

MANY ENTERTAIN FOR THE SENIORS

Many Social Functions Mark Closing Days

KENNETH LANE HENDERSON ENTERTAINS SENIORS

Kenneth Lane Henderson, Mascot of the Seniors, entertained the class (with the aid of his mother and father) at a card party in the Y. W. C. A. hut on Tuesday evening, May, 17th.

The hut was never prettier than on this occasion when it was decorated with pink roses and sweet peas. Kenneth Lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Henderson welcomed the guests at the door.

As soon as all had arrived, tally cards were distributed, and places were taken at the tables indicated on these cards. Rook was played for about two hours. High score prize, a memory book, was won by Emma Jacobs. The prize for low score went to Rosalind Robinson. The prize was a hand-painted vase.

Among the guests present was Mrs. Ray Johnston, who was a member of the class two years ago, and was then Miss Priscilla Austin.

The refreshments proved to be ice cream with strawberries, surrounded by lady-fingers. Kenneth Lane, the most entertaining host, was also a very competent waiter, for he supplied the wants of every one present.

SOPHS HOSTESSES TO SENIORS

The Sophomores proved to be most excellent hostesses when they entertained their sister-class mates recently at a theatre party. The party met in Dormitory B where each Senior was met by her Sophomore maids and escorted to the movie "Three Hours."

After the show the party assembled at Horne-Staton Drug store where ice cream with cake was served. Solo dancing, special exhibitions of the quaint old Charleston and the new Black Bottom added much to the merriment of the group. Showers of paper strings of many colors were twined in and out, binding Seniors to the Sophs, and visa-versa.

This was, in Senior words, one of the best-spirited parties ever participated in during the four yeears. The two classes now have a closer contact than ever.

LANGUAGE SENIORS DINE WITH DEALS

The Seniors in the language department were most delightfully entertained at dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Deal on Thursday evening, May 19th.

The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Deal, Miss Huggins, and Miss Read, and were welcomed into the living room. When dinner was announced those present were led into the dining room by Mrs. Deal. The dining room was decorated with pink and white roses and sweet peas. Two long tables held the dinner which was not only very attractive, but extremely appetizing. The place cards were petite French girls, bearing the Latin motto of the class translated into French.

The dinner consisted of fried chick-

Make Commencement Addresses.

Some of the officers and members of the faculty of our college have recently made commencement addresses in the eastern and even the western part of our State. We feel it an honor that members of Teachers College should be asked to make the closing addresses for such a large group of schools. President Wright, Mr. Deal, and Mr. Meadows have recently made such tours. The following is a list of some of the places at which President Wright has spoken: Magnolia High School, Englehard, N. C., Fairfield, N. C., Kenansville, N. C., Roanoke Rapids, N. C., Littleton, N. C., Aurora, N. C., Rocky Mount, N. C., Snow Hill, N. C., Williamston, N. C., Forest City, N. C., Rich Square, N. C., Scotland Neck, N. C.

MR. MEADOWS SPEAKS AT VESPERS

On Sunday evening, May 22, the Y. W. C. A. held a vesper service at the platform on West Campus. Mr. Meadows spoke on the "Teachings of Nature." There are three things he stated which she teaches us—the presence of a God, the immortality of the soul, and life after death. The choir rendered special music. A vocal selection and a piano solo were also enjoyed.

ELECTION OF PHI EPSILON OFFICERS

The following girls were elected May 19, 1927, as Phi Epsilon Officers for the year of 1928: President, Mary Campbell; Vice-President, Lillian Colson; Secretary, Emily Smithwick; Treasurer, "Bug" Frisbie; Doorkeeper, Clyde Stokes; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Slay; Teco Echo reporter, "Kin-ky" Austin.

Wins First Place For Drama

Bessie Willis, Junior, won first place, according to student critics, for a drama, "Sea Call", written in the theme course under Mr. Meadows. The play, which is a tragedy, deals with the fisher folk on the North Carolina coast, and is quite representative, since Miss Willis writes from experiences among them.

Other plays that were given honorable mention were: "Hands," by Mary Hocutt; "A Waitin'", Doralita Larkins; "Seventeen to Twenty-one," by Annie Batts; and "Four Hearts," by Irene Kahan.

The judging Committee was composed of Zilpah Frisbie, Gladys Parsons, and Mary Holt.

en, green peas, rice, spiced potatoes, hot rolls, iced tea, ice cream and cake

The evening was one of the most pleasant that has been spent by the members of the Senior class. Every part of the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present, and if this is to become a precedent, those in the language department for next year have much to look forward to.

EDWIN SWAIN APPEAR HERE

Noted Baritone Will Sing At Alumnae Concert

One of the biggest events of Commencement week here will be the appearance of Edwin Swain, Baritone, in a concert sponsored by the college in honor of the Alumnae and graduating classes. Mr. Swain has been here several times, and it is with much pleasure that his next appearance is anticipated.

Edwin Swain is said to have a voice of wide range and marvelous flexibility, always being recalled again by his vast audiences. His hearers are always held spell-bound by the sincerity and excellence of his accent. Swain is a musical genius, and all those whose pleasure it has been to attend his former concerts here at the college praise him highly and assure others of the wonderful treat in store for them.

Y.W. HOLDS STUDENT PROGRAM

Sunday evening the regular Y. W. C. A. services were held in the auditorium of the Campus Building, at which time a student program was given. This is to be the last regular Sunday evening service before commencement, and was well attended.

The program was as follows:
Scripture reading—Virginia Blount
Reading, "The Angels of Buena Vista"—Zilpah Frisbie
Vocal Solo—Gladys Parsons
Reading, "Gradatim"—Gladys Tingle
Selection by College Quartette.
Violin Solo—Jean Morton

ENGLISH CLUB HAS INTERESTING MEETINGS

At the last regular meeting, over which the new president, Mildred Mangum, presided, a very interesting program was given. The program consisted of the following selections:
Piano Solo, "Slumber Song", Schuman—Evelyn Jennings.

Talk, "Paul Green and 'In Abraham's Bosom'"—Zilpah Frisbie
Reading, "A John Masefield Poem"—Irene Kahn.
Essay, "On English Teachers"—Nina Ruth Rouse.

Next Year's Plans Outlined—Doralita Larkins.

The following night Mr. and Mrs. Mangum entertained the club at a Weiner Roast, which proved to be of the best socials of the club year.

Lucille O'Brian Carpenter, '16, has a little son, Billy, her second boy. Her husband, who is pastor of Baptist Church in Greenville, S. C., will have his leave of absence this spring in order to complete his work for his doctorate at Yale. We hear from them occasionally through the family of her brother, Rev. L. R. O'Brian, who is pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Greenville, N. C.

HIGH SCHOOL BAND GIVE PROGRAM

Laniers Give Shower To Ex-President

On Saturday evening at seven o'clock the Laniers met in their society hall to hold their regular meeting. The foremost event of the evening was a kitchen shower given in honor of the Ex-President, Virginia Blount. The new President, Catharine Clark, presented her with a society pin, in behalf of the Lanier Society.

Virginia was asked to occupy the chair which represented the throne. Two girls entered and placed the gifts at her feet. Then she opened the gifts and presented them to the society.

Afterwards iced tea and sandwiches were served.

Aside from the social event of the evening the following officers were elected:

Vice-President, Nancy Hinson; Secretary, Julia Minor Wood; Treasurer, Goldie Harrell; Critic, Eliza Laughinghouse; Cheer Leader, Evelyn Ewell; Teco-Echo Reporter, Hazel Bowers; Tecoan Representative, Hilah Sutton.

Donates Books To The Library

Phi Epsilon, the science club, demonstrated the spirit and value of the organization, when last Saturday morning, Margaret Williams, former president, in behalf of the club donated four volumes of "The Outline of Science," which will be placed in the library. President Wright, in fitting words, accepted the gift, and praised very highly the spirit which prompted its giving.

Phi Epsilon was organized in 1924, and since that time has grown in strength and purpose to a recognized club in campus activities. It is the purpose of the club to do something worthwhile for the college each year, and the books donated are the results of four years' work.

The club, though comparatively small also has many desirable social activities, that of most recent nature being the weiner roast at Public Landing.

ATTENTION SENIORS!

Please be on time at every practice, and be present at every meeting called for you. Seniors practice Class Day Exercises at 4:30 P. M. on the Wodland stage; "D's" practice at 8 A. M. Daily; and entire student body practices Commencement music from 11:50 to 12:40 daily.

SHOWER FOR MARY CHAUNCEY

The East Carolina Teachers College Alumnae Association of Raleigh entertained Mary Chauncey, whose wedding is to take place in June, at a miscellaneous shower on Thursday afternoon, May 18, at the Elms. Many beautiful and useful gifts were presented to the bride-elect, to whom the shower came as a complete surprise.

Dedicated To Instructor Eugene T. Robeson

On Monday evening, May 23, at 8 o'clock the Greenville Sea Scout Band under the direction of Mr. Eugene T. Robeson, gave its fourth Annual concert in the old auditorium. The concert showed concentrative effort of both the Greenville High School Boys and Mr. Robeson, to whom the Concert was dedicated in appreciation of the work done by him with the band. The ensemble numbers were greatly enjoyed and appreciated by an unusually large audience, and the special selections—"Do Dreams Come True" by Lowell, Glenn Robeson, cornet, and Bruce Sugg, flute obligato; Saxophone Duo, by Holmes, James Skinner and Lewis Skinner; "Lucky Stars," by Heede, Morris Le Hue, piccolo; "Mother Machree," by Olcott, James Moye and Archie Sugg, were exceptionally good. The entire program follows.

Part One—Entire Band

"The Pride of the Wolverines," March—Sousa.

"Southern Melodies"—Fischer Composition.

"Colds of Michigan"—Fischer Sousa.

"El Captain," March—Sousa.

Part Two

G. H. S. Little Symphony Orchestra Oriental Sketch—Zamecnic.

Thoughts of Youth—St. Clair.

Repace (tone poem) Jackson.

Glee Club March—Wellesley.

Do Dreams Come True—Lowell.

Glenn Robeson, Cornet, Bruce Sugg

Flute Obligato.

Intermission

Part Three

Saxophone Duo—Holmes.

James Skinner, Lewis Skinner.

Lucky Stars, Piccolo Solo—Heede, Morris LeHue.

Mother Machree—Olcott, Archie Sugg, James Moye.

Part Four

Washington Post March—Sousa.

Finale, The Star Spangled Banner

—Key.

A most entertaining little "entr'acte" was the stunt given by Glenn Robeson and Bruce Sugg. Glenn Robeson, taking the part of the lovely Prima Donna, sang several popular song hits, with Bruce Sugg, dressed as a modern flapper accompanying.

The "Sailor's Hornpipe," a folk dance, given by the two girls, members of the Band, was very good and showed excellent training.

Retruning To Campus

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Wright returned Friday afternoon from Columbia University where Mr. Wright has been studying for the past several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Frank are back for commencement; they arrived about May 31. Both of them have been studying for the entire year at Columbia University.

Mrs. Ray Johnston, known as Priscilla Austin, of Holden, Massachusetts, is visiting relatives and classmates here until after commencement.

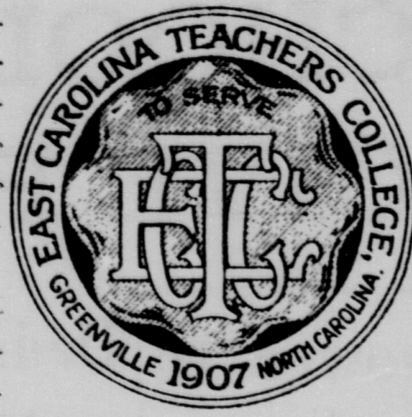
THE TECO ECHO

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THINK ON THESE THINGS

The Bible says to think on whatsoever things are pure and of good report, but what do we, as college students, think on? What are our thoughts when alone and unoccupied? Some are afraid to have thoughts, afraid at least to think philosophical.

ly, for fear of their friends calling them back numbers. But has modernism, indeed gone that far with the college youth? It can be no breach of intellect to do some abstract thinking, it rather marks one as individually intellectual. Students like for the professors to think that they read the best literature and do creative thinking, but the student who carried the "Atlantic Monthly" constantly to class but scorned it outside, gives us the impression that some would rather seem than to be.

It may be that some students do not trust their intellect to peer into unknown realms when no one is looking. Then again, if they are inquisitive enough to read what is not required, to think out a project, they are ashamed at it.

No matter how far removed from the course of study or the professors views, if the thing is of good report, the students mind will be benefitted by thinking on it.

SPENDING OR USING?

Everyone can spend what money he makes, but spending time, which we do not make, is a poignant question. A true test of a college education is a wise spending of time—a wise use of leisure. This does not mean that every "off" moment shall result in some tangible, visible piece of work, but that time once wasted cannot be re-directed. Leisure moments could at least be spent thinking, thinking real thoughts, higher than the next tea, dance, or ball game.

Just what do college students do with their leisure hours? Do they use them injudiciously as the day-laborer with his Saturday off and the street calling him? For some this is true. Of course at this college students do not have time to waste, but they do it. The perpetual marcher in the Fifth Street parade, the full time poser in Flapper's Fairground, and the constant haunter of the campus seats and hedges, will never get beyond the watered-stock knowledge and a Saturday afternoon mentality.

You probably know some students who accomplish a remarkable amount of work because they use their time

wisely. One student here says that she saves three hours every day by using five minutes to outline her work and get her bearings for the day. "No, I don't flop on the bed unless I have something to think about," she replied when asked if she ever rested. "Oh, yes, I get as much rest as I need, and kill two birds with one stone."

Students should watch carefully the leisure hours, for those free, glorious, golden hours should be brought to creditable account. Since the best education is one that teaches a wise use of leisure, the way we amuse ourselves is indicative of the education we have received. May we use our time, not merely spend it.

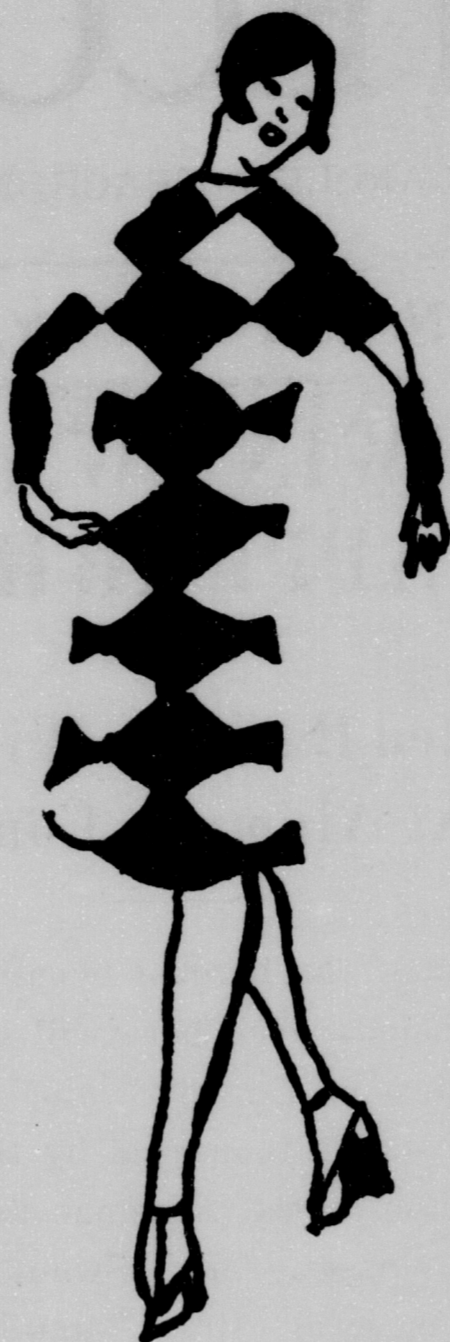
ALMA MATER DEAREST

For the thousandth time since we began our sojourn at East Carolina Teachers College have we heard it said, "You are going out to teach the youth of our State," which every senior realizes is true. For four years our Alma Mater has harbored us, our mistakes, our ramblings, and a score or so of diversified interests, all to culminate in one definite end, that of becoming a school teacher.

There may be those who are disappointed in college and even in their Alma Mater, but the college is not at fault. There have been times when Alma Mater's name hung in the balance, and was weighed by her students. Alma Mater's ideas may have been obscure at times, but she has never surrendered one, so if we as studentss have failed to become saturated with her ideals and purposes then it is not the fault of the college.

There have been many changes in four short years, many students have passed out to begin work, and college is still the college in fundamentals and principles. We have criticized as we came along; we have seen many desired reformations, and often talked too much; but now in the glaring light of the present, the imperfections dwindle to mere absurdities, and unpleasanties sink into oblivion—the college is to us, Alma Mater Dearest.

In the story of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" by Mark Twain, Simon Wheeler proved to be a good teacher. He taught a frog to jump by touching him up from behind. A second man filled the frog up with bird shot so that when Simon touched him up from behind, he only shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman. What kind of teachers shall we be? We had better punch our children and keep them jumping than to fill them up with indigestible solids that make them sit down unable to do any more than shrug their shoulders like a Frenchman.



KATE KALKILATE
SAYS:

I can't imagine anything worse than turning a deaf ear to a blind date.

INK SPOTS

"What price glory?" "What price graduation?"

"Three Hours," "Before or After?"

"The Call of the Wild"—Home, Sweet hearts, and camps.

The Seniors, in this issue, are blowing their own horns to beat the band.

That "Clothes don't make the man" was proved when a female attired as the opposite, won a prize in a recent picture contest.

All Seniors have either secured a position, or expect to, so please don't ask embarrassing questions.

Student writes: "Here lies a man." Professor remarks: "He often lies in life."

The new staff tried it's wings last week, and have compared it to Lindbergh's lone hop to Paris, almost a leap in the dark.

Mothers and Dads, brothers and sisters, and um-hum—yes, they'll all be here.

All Seniors say they are now working to obtain the skin you love to touch; first the sheepskin, and then the "toad skin."

Truly we are inter-dependent. Ever the Seniors could not resist using a good article by a Junior.

Instructors at this institution need never fear that they have failed to create a very personal interest on the part of students here toward their class work. Miss Morris reported that after every meal crowds of girls stor mher with the question, "And she isn't any better?" This happens every time an instructor goes to the infirmary.

What a person needs to get a job after graduation is not a college diploma, but a good pair of shoe soles—Selected.

Open Forum

COLLEGE HONOR

Sometimes we stop to ask ourselves the question, "Is college honor on the wane?" In the past we had two columns, one for the affirmative and one for the negative, and how pleasant and cheerful we felt when the negative side far overbalanced the affirmative. But as we listened to a chapel talk a few days ago we threw our tabulating list aside and stamped our feet in disgust, and lowered our heads in shame.

In our library we have managed to place sometimes one at a time, an accumulation of 7000 volumes or more. We have often felt the need of a greater library, and to us the need will be felt more poignantly if college honor and higher principles are not used in connection with our library. Two hundred ninety-five books are missing from the shelves, and there is no way of tracing them. They were simply taken, and not borrowed. It seems now that there never was an intention of replacing those books.

Better by far is it to take the book than to cut from its pages the handsome colored illustrations which ornament as well as inform. That has been done in our college. Some said, "Why that was done last fall!" That is all the more shameful, my friends. You had done this act of vandalism and apparently forgotten about it. How much better that you should let it be constantly in your minds and try to make amends. Do the honest and honorable thing. It will take more real courage and "backbone" than you have ever had to manifest before, but it's the only decent thing to do—offer to replace those books.

What kind of demands can you honestly make upon your schoolroom when, in just a few days for some of you, you leave this college? For those who are to be here longer, we only hope that not by restrictions and rules will you raise your ideals of conduct, but that by a building up of new ideals of your own accord will you live and be governed.

Examination time is here and whether we realize it or not we are being tested for other qualities besides that of retaining book information. Unconsciously, professors and students are always facing that test. How sad it is to see one who cannot pass that test of honest principles. A professor in this college spent much time and effort to prepare some test questions for the days assignment. Someone in this college stole those questions for the purpose of studying them. By ill luck or good luck, which ever it was, she did not get a chance to return those questions. To us, who have always preferred the lower grade to one that was higher, but stolen, this act is the blackest blot on our college honor. Sometimes I think all honor has gone—at least from some of us.

We are college girls and have long lived in the age of accountability, whether you teach or not, your life will be an example for someone. You ought to be glad to do the finer thing for the sake of the growth of character. Get what you get honestly and there will always be a pleasure in possession. College honor is a power by which we live, and while here our lives should move in accord and harmony to its music. Rise up, girls, and say that honor shall never go as low as it did the past week, and let us not disappoint those who still, faithfully, trust us.

Bessie Willis.

SENIOR T. N. T.

A few of the seniors have some pet hobbies and topics of conversation, which indicate the trend of senior thought. Some of the opinions are rather mild, but true.

WANTED—EXPRESSION

If you would attend a few more meetings, class meetings, or business meetings of any kind on our campus, I am sure that you would agree that we need a more expressive open forum, which is typical of the entire student body, rather than the select "rag chewers" of the campus.

Then look at our paper; who writes most of the articles appearing in the open forum section? The same few who are brave enough to squeeze in a word publicly.

How often we have heard said, "There is no use talking or expressing yourself in any way concerning the things you want put across, for there are just a few who always have things their way?" Just why is this statement true? Simply because "the few" are willing to take a stand and work for the thing they want. They know what they want and will remain of the same opinion unless you or some one else changes their mind. It is up to you to take a stand and stick to it, or people will run over you like they do the hesitant hen on the public highways.

Gladys Kilpatrick.

WHY STUDENTS DON'T CUT

The reason why most students do not cut can be said in a few words. They are afraid to. Immediately some one will ask, "Afraid of what?" We are afraid that our class attitude and apparent interest is such an important factor in any one class for certain teachers, will greatly imperil our grade. The attitude of the teachers toward the cut system, as seen by some students, means feigning a lot of interest in a course or a fourth period class on Saturday when a trip to Bayview is being sacrificed. Other students—the ambitious type—simply will not cut a class because their chief purpose in college is to learn—not merely to draw credit. However impossible it may seem, some "us" really enjoy a class or recitation more than we do a period "loafed away" down town.

Gertrude Mercer.

PRACTICE TEACHING A "BOOG-A-BOO"

Why is Practice Teaching a "boog-a-boo?"

From the time a new student comes to our campus she hears the woes of Practice Teaching. Hearing so much of the bad part of Practice Teaching through mere talk, early in her college life it becomes a "boog-a-boo." We must blot out this "boog-a-boo." It is disastrous to the course.

If each individual would go into this work with a will and determination to do it well, keeping in mind the benefits she will derive from it in life, the joy she will have in really knowing in a small way how "To Serve", she would forget it was once a "boog-a-boo." If she would forget the critic and teacher and the little 'jip she expects to get when the period is over, she would soon enjoy each class met. We can do these things if we try. Let's make Practice Teaching the most interesting course in our curriculum. If we can't improve the course, we can at least stop "low-rating" and "hard-boiling it."

Virginia Blount.

ALUMNAE

THE MERCER GIRLS OF FOUNTAIN

An unusual record is that of the six Mercer girls of Fountain. All six of the sisters have received training at East Carolina Teachers College, and all save one graduated here.

Martha Mercer, '19, was married last Christmas to Mr. Bill Sauls. They are living at Woodland and began housekeeping last week. Martha has taught for three years at Oak Level, and expects to teach there next year.

Ruby, '20, (Mrs. Bernice Stone), lives at Nashville and keeps house, she has been married three and a half years.

Carrie, '22, taught at Cerro Gorda last year and will teach at Burgaw next year. She has taught every year since her graduation.

Sarah Mercer, '25, taught at Burgaw this year and will teach there again next year.

Gertrude, who is the youngest of the six, is to receive her degree in a few days. She says that her father is thankful that she is the last one to be sent to E. C. T. C.

Dear Alumnae:-

Saturday, June 4th, is our day. The business meeting is at ten thirty, the luncheon at one, and the concert at eight o'clock. We are expecting you to come and help make this one of our very best commencements.

Everything that can be done will be done for your pleasure. We hope that many of you will take advantage of the hall prepared for you, and enjoy it to the fullest. Mr. Wright, as well as the executive committee, will be disappointed if you do not use it.

The business meeting this year will be a very important one, as the officers of the Association will be elected. Several plans and topics will be discussed and passed upon. The luncheon is always an enjoyable occasion. The concert is being given us by the college. Edwin Swain, Baritone, is to be the artist.

The class of 1917 is planning to observe its tenth anniversary. If you are a seventeener, you cannot afford to miss this reunion. Mr. Meadows, our advisor, is giving us a party Saturday afternoon. Many classmates have already written me that they will be there.

Remember that we are expecting to have you with us, I am,
Cordially yours,
Ruth Lowder, President.

Annie Laurie Brown, '24, who has been teaching at Black Creek, N. C. visited the college for a few hours between trains on May 25th. She was greeted joyously by her friends, with whom she attended chapel. Annie Laurie is to teach for her third year at Black Creek next year, and is planning to attend summer school with Sallie Pearson, '23, as a roommate.

The Class of '24 is represented by four students in the college, three of whom expect to complete their work and receive a degree this year. The four are: Rosalind Robinson, Blanche Wilkins, Louise Robinson, and Nancy Withers.

Dorothy Johnson, '24, who has been teaching at Cramerton has a visitor on the campus Sunday. School teaching has put no damper on Dot's good nature.

Nancy Withers, '24, is beginning her Junior work at the college this term. She has been teaching at Wentworth schools.

T. N. T. Continued

WHAT IT SEEMS

Study hour on our campus should mean a time set aside for preparation and study of class work, but it seems now, to mean just the opposite. Some seem to think it is an hour for fun, while another may spend the time in yelling down the hall, to obtain some desired information, instead of quietly going to the person to find out what she wishes to know. We seem never to think of the person who may be studying at that time.

A real education can not be gained through fun and frolic. Therefore, by giving us a definite time for concentration and preparation of class work we can do better work and accomplish a greater number of things.

Our motto is the same as the State's, "To be rather than to seem." Study hour at present is enveloped in a cloak. It is not what the optimist would have it seem.

Margaret Williams

CLEAN CAMPUS AND A CLEAN COLLEGE

A clean campus indicates the cleanliness and character of the college, so it behooves us to set the standard for its judgment.

We talk about the unfinished part of the campus surrounding dormitory B, but is there any logical reason why money should be spent in beautifying it if students follow the landscape artist with napkins and paper caps? We have no right to even request a beautiful and well ordered campus unless we show ourselves worthy.

Ella Wheeler Tucker

TOWN GIRL, OR OTHERWISE

"Oh, you lucky girl!" has often been the comment when I have made the statement that I am a day student and that Greenville is my home. As I am completing my fourth year of college work, I wonder about that statement. Are we day students really lucky? Or, do the dormitory girls have the advantage? Personally, I have a decided opinion on the matter—in favor of the dormitory. But, maybe that is due to the human trait that makes us consider the other person's lot better than our own.

"I hate this jail!"

"What is the trouble?" I asked the poor prisoner, a classmate of mine. "Everything!" was the enlightening reply. Then, "My cousin and Jim came today and wanted to take me out to dinner. But, No, I can't go!"

I tried to make her see that things happen that way sometimes. There have to be some rules. My effort was in vain. She told me how she envied me my freedom.

Like envy has been often expressed when town girls have told of parties or other outside activity they have enjoyed. I must say that it is great to be able to go when and where you wish without "signing up," and we really have many good points. But there are some handicaps also. Another cry of the dormitory girls has been, "I could study at home. But here, someone is forever in my room, making it impossible to work." She had forgotten that home is not always the dwelling place of a hermit. It should also be considered that town girls can not work in the library at night as easily as the others.

One of the greatest problems has been knowing what we were supposed to do. Sometimes announcements have been made in the dining room; we heard of them when it was too late; meetings are held of which the town girl does not know. She is expected to abide by what is decided there just the same. There are many other points I might bring up, but I shall only mention one more. Girls are

praised for their Y. W. C. A. work. They should be! But town girls' work in organizations outside the college is equally praiseworthy.

Why have I written this? Simply because there are good and bad points on each side—could be made a most interesting topic for debate—so when you argue your points, whether you are a town girl or a dormitory girl, remember that there is just as much on the other side. Neither should envy the other—there should be a closer union, co-operation, and understanding.

E. F. '27.

LEISURE, LAZINESS, OR AMERICANTIS

The hurry-flurry, on-the-go that characterizes the American people has been dubbed as Americantitis. There are those who hurry too much, and there are those who listlessly amble along. We, as college girls shall probably desire to strike a medium gait, lest we be classed with those who are hurrying to the dogs or with those whose idle minds are the Devil's workshop.

Below are some quotations that may help students to draw the line between laziness, leisure, or Americantitis:

I believe that our present failure to produce great painters, great musicians, great poets and writers, is due in large part to the lack of leisure in our life . . . The consequences of our present-day over-activity are more serious than we realize. If we are living under too high pressure, the quality of our work is certain to suffer and the quality of our lives and characters will suffer also.—Bishop Manning.

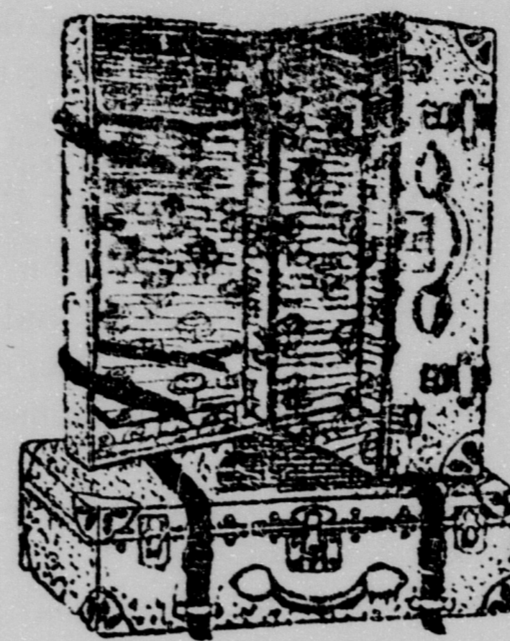
The Leisure time of the American people constitutes one of our gravest problems. No doubt the increase in crime is due in part to having lengthened the leisure time of the American youth without having taught him how to use that leisure. An idle mind is still the devil's workshop. Leisure in the life of persons unprepared for it is as dangerous as dynamite.—George L. Omwake, Ursinus College.

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"BRITCHES"

A Play in One Act
by
ZILPAH R. FRISBIE
MARION, N. C.

Characters:

Ceph Biggerstaff
Mary Jo, his wife
Rachel, his daughter
Dock, his son.

SCENE. The interior of a kitchen in a mountaineer's cabin. Around a long table covered with a gaudy oil cloth are several hand made chairs, and one long rough bench. Behind the stove, a few pots and pans are hung on the wall, together with strings of red pepper and "leather breeches" beans. On a small shelf just above the stove is a kerosene lamp, and a few fruit jars, some of which contain seed beans. On a goods box nearby is a tin washpan, a wooden water bucket, and a gourd. The rusty safe in the corner reveals shelves adorned with notched newspapers—the only visible attempt at beauty. The entire scene is one of utter meagerness. A middle-aged, sallow-faced woman, wearing a dull chambray dress and checked apron is paring potatoes from a pan she holds in her lap. Near her, engaged in the same task, is her daughter of sixteen. She wears a gaudy checked dress of gingham and coarse shoes. She has bobbed hair, showing that she herself would like to "primp up" a bit.

Mrs. Biggerstaff—These taters er so wizzened up thet I don't hanker after peelin' 'em much.

Rachel—Well, fer me, I done been a hatin' 'em a long time. Never did like to peel taters no way.

Mrs. B.—Now ye needn't be so fiesty about hit. Ye'll have to peel a many un' more 'fore ye git a man, an' a many 'un more aterwards.

Rachel—I ain't so sure mam. I ain't plannin' on doin' the same ole things allus.

Mrs. B.—(stops peeling and looks at Rachel frowningly). Yeah, I knowed hit. Thought thes somethin' wrong with ye. Whut ye thinkin' on now?

Rachel—Nothin' special. Jest a thinkin' that it's mighty tejus life jest t' set down an' an' never do nothin' but git a little snack o' somethin' to eat, an' do the other little turns about the house (peels while she talks).

Mrs. B.—Yer gettin' kinda uppish, ain't ye? Knowed it wuz bound to come as soon es ye got goin' to town, an' a seein' them fine folks a walkin' the street with nothin' to do.

Rachel—Well, mam, who wouldn't think about 'em when a little more than a month ago I seen 'em fer the first time? All I've ever seen is peelin' taters, washin' dishes, an' tendin' to young 'uns. Don't guess I'd a ever seen Marion if Miss Jimison hadn't a took me.

Mrs. B.—That's one thing I've allus hed agin school teachers, they're allus nosin' aroun', tryin' to git our children out from home to see things, an' then they ain't never satisfied no more.

Rachel—Mam, you'd been to Marion, many a time, an' I hadn't never been. It hain't but twenty miles neither.

Mrs. B.—Yeah, I've been, but I didn't git no hi'flutin ideas in my head. I had sense enough to know that I wasn't natered like them little white-faced women I seen. I knowed I couldn't never be like 'em, so I allus come back.

Rachel—I wasn't thinkin' much about tryin' to git in with the high-flyers. They have to have people to work fer 'em, an' I might could get a job. Marth' Ann an' Edner got jobs down at the mill. They git Satidy

evenins' off an' they go to town an' see the picture shows.

Mrs. B.—Now listen hyere Rachel. I ain't never been hard on ye, an yore pap's done the best he could fer ye. An' you ain't go no call ter go to the mill. Jest wait till he comes home an' he'll put a stop ter sech talk.

Rachel—An' Pap ain't got no call ter sey nothin' ter me, if I want to do some honest work. He ain't never done none hisself. He works, yeah, but I'm gettin' old enough so's I'm ashamedd o' his job. It don't take much work to make likker, an' he works most a runnin' frum the revenooers.

Mrs. B.—Whut I said a while ago 'bout you bein' biggity, is so. I've seen it commin' on fer quite a spell. One o' these days I'm goin' to thank Miss Jimison hot and heavy fer gettin' you above yer raisin'.

Rachel—I ain't a gittin' above my raisin', but I do wish Pap 'ud change his job.

Mrs. B.—Well, so long's he kin make a good livin', he'll do hit. En' you know thet yore Pap makes the best likker on Muddy Creek. Ef he made bad likker, it 'ud be ddiffrent. I wouldn't keer much if they did ketch 'im.

Rachel—When do you low Pap will come home? He's been gone nigh on four days.

Mrs. B.—This is the first time he's ever staid this long 'thout comin' back fer somethin' to eat.

Rachel—Ye don't know but whut the revenooers hev got 'im. They got Jeb's still down about a mile frum where um Branch runs into Muddy Creek. Thet wuz Friday an' we ain't seen him sence he lit out after break-us' Satidy mornin'.

Mrs. B.—I been right smart worried about him not gittin' much to eat. Hit's the time o' year when stuff's mighty scyearce.

Rachel—Ef we jes' knowed somethin' we might could slip 'im a little bite to eat.

Mrs. B.—Well, the men folks with such risky doin's don't think much about their wome'n's worries, so I low as how Ceph kin shift fer hisself.

Rachel—Guess I'd better put some more wood in the stove.

Mrs. B.—Rachel, I guess you'd better plan to go over to Mis' Patton's tomorrer an' git some turnip salat. She allus has a purty patch.

Rachel—Yeah.

Mrs. B.—En' I guess you'd better git some seed beans from her while yer about hit. I planted one row good Friday, but we ought to have some more comin' on. I'm goin' to plant my cucumbers tomorrer, 'cause the signs are in the twins, they allus come out better.

Rachel—The sun's gittin' pretty low. Ain't hit time that Dock was bittin' in frum school?

Mrs. B.—An' long past time! He orter been here 'fore now. He's just a ambin' along somers, er upthar playin' with them Walker young uns. Go out on the corner of the hill an' yell fer 'im (exit Rachel and calls).

Rachel—D o o o ck! Oh, Dock!

Dock (from a distance) Who-ee?

Rachel—Come on home.

Mrs. B.—(putting potatoes in the pot to cook) Is he comin'?

Rachel—I guesss so, he answered.

Mrs. B. Now I meant t' send 'im to the store this evenin'. Reckon he thought it wuz time an' he staid away. He ain't done nary hands turn over this week.

Rachel—It's late mam. We don't jest have to have somethin' frum the store, do we? (Begins to sweep the floor with a sedge broom).

Mrs. B.—We shore do. They ain't a sprinklin' o' salt in the house, an' taters without salt ain't much eatin' 'n my opinion (Rachel continues sweeping while Mrs. B. sings "Sour-

wood Mountain").

"Chickens a Crowin' on Sourwood Mountain

Hey, ho, diddle-dum-dee,
Geet yer dawgs and we'll go huntin'
Hey, ho, diddle-dum-dee,
I got a girl she lives up the holler
Hey, ho, diddle-dum-dee,
She won't come an' I won't foller,
Hey, ho, diddle-dum-dee."

Dock—(Barefooted and bareheaded wearing ragged overalls and shirt, carrying a small dinner bucket and a book, makes his appearance in the doorway). Well, I'm hyere!

Mrs. B.—An' it's high time. Whut ye mean projectin' along like this after school?

Dock (a little fearfully)—Nothin' 'cept Jim and me's been a makin' a sling shot outer rubber the mail man give us from his ole inner tube.

Mrs. B.—Well, you've got to go a hittin' hit back over the hill to the store. They's no tellin' when yore pore ole Pap will come back, and then he's liablin to come any time. They ain't a dust o' flour in the house ner no salt.

Dock—Mam, do you low fer me to tote a whole poke of flour?

Mrs. B.—I shore do. If you can play ball all day like you do, you can tote a little poke o' flour. Now you take these aigs an' swap 'em. They won't quite pay hit all, but tell ole man Crawley thet I'll be a sendin' more this week.

Dock—Yes'm. Don't ye reckon it'll be sundown afore I git back?

Mrs. B.—Ye kin git Jake to go long if he will. He's been a workin' down at the gyarden all evenin'.

Dock (nods meekly)—Well, 'um.

Rachel—Mam, I keep a thinkin' about Pap, an' the more I think the 'fraider I git.

Mrs. B.—Guess he thinks them revenooers is still a layin' fer 'im.

Rachele—I'm afraid they done got 'im.

Mrs. B.—They might hev, fer all I know, but the Biggerstaffs has allus been a shet mouth bunch. Ye ain't never hyeard o' one of them tryin' to find out truck frum his neighbors.

Rachel—I heered the old dawg a rowlin' las' night an' he allus smells bad luck. Thet's one reason I've been 'ceered about Pap all day.

Mrs. B.—Hit's thisaway, Rachel. We'll jes' hafta bide our time. An' whut's more we don't want the folks over the ridge to know thet he ain't hyere, 'specially Mis' Jimison.

Rachel—No, I shore don't want her to know it, 'cause she's got company frum Marion—been hyere sence Friday.

Mrs. B.—What air they a doin' down hyere? I seen 'em go past hyere Satidy mornin' with britches on, ridin' britches.

Rachel—She told me yestidy that they hiked to Dysortsville Satidy.

Mrs. B.—Hikin'! La, trollop in' over the country in men's britches ain't no fittin work fer decent wimmon folks 'n my opinion.

Rachel—Well, I don't see nuthin' specially wrong in 'em wearin' britches if they want to. She says everybody does it now.

Mrs. B.—An' she says, I guess thet you looked good with yore hair cut off an' you would believe hit if she said hit.

Ceph (Looking much dejected, haggard and weary appears in the doorway during the last speech. He wears ragged dirty overalls and jacket, a frayed, floppy straw hat and brogan shoes. He looks on frowningly). Hyere, Hyere (gruffly) Whut's the 'acket all about?

Mrs. B.—My lord a'mighty!

Rachel—Hit's Pap fer shore!

Ceph—Yes, I'm hyere, same es al-

lus.

Mrs. B. (Surveying him suspiciously)—An' whar have you been?

Ceph.—I been a layin' out.

Mrs. B.—I lowed ye wuz, but whut fer?

Ceph.—Them damned revenooers been down hyere agin, an' I figgered they's justa waitin' fer me.

Rachel—Pap, when did ye find out they wuz down hyere?

Ceph.—Satidy as I went to Dysortsville.

Rachel—Why wuz you down at Dysortsville?

Ceph.—You askin' a blame lot o' questions, but I done seen 'em when I wuz by there.

Mrs. B.—Seen 'em? Whar?

Ceph.—The revenooers. I walked out in the woods with my old gun Satidy mornin' after bragfus. I wuz justa oozin down the mill path an' I hyeared somebody comin' down the path by the branch pretty peart-like. Well, I just quiled down to the grown' an' waited. I saw four of 'em cross the foot log. All I could see wuz their feet, but I counted 'em.

Mrs. B.—Whut did they hev on Ceph? The four of 'em?

Ceph.—They had on khaki britches. Some of 'em had on leggins, an' the others had on fancy stockin's pulled up over they britches.

Mrs. B. (shaking her head knowingly)—Yeah, yeah!

Ceph—Then I lit out for Pilot Mount'n, an' thar I've been, livin' on wild truck an' rabbits ever sence, and they're pretty scyearse too.

Mrs. B.—Well, Ceph! (Puts her hands on hips and gives him a good look up and down). You dad-blamed fool! Thet four wuz no more the revenooers than I am. They wuz the school-teachers and their company hikin' to Dysortsville.

Ceph—Hell's banjer! Whut ye mean Mary Jo?

Mrs. B.—I mean whut I said. Every thing that wears britches these days ain't men, and yer a bigger fool than I ever took ye to be, Ceph Biggerstaff.

Ceph (Opens eyes and mouth and takes it all in)—Not jesta fool, Mary Jo, but a damned fool! Layin' out in the woods fer four days starvin' to death, fer a gang o' wimmen galivantin' around the country in men's britches!

CURTAIN

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To those who are leaving we say good-bye with very best wishes, and to those who will return we extend a hearty welcome back to our college and our town. It will be a pleasure to be allowed to serve you at all times.

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Imaginative Column

Imagine one seeing Viola Jones without her saying, "I know I am going to 'flunk.'"

Imagine Ruby Knowles having a date.

Imagine Louise Grissom and Laura Sloan becoming inseparable when walking in the evening.

Just suppose Zilpah Frisbie and Gertrude Mercer not going to the show with "Roy" and "Owens."

Imagine Mamie Copeland being the leader of a health crusade, which is to be started by a certain "M. D."

What could be more astonishing than seeing Gladys Kilpatrick without a pleasant smile and a light fantastic step?

Imagine Nora Lee Gaddy being dignified, precise, and attentive on some classes.

Imagine Ella Wheeler Tucker without her jolly laugh and Margaret Williams without her witty remarks.

Suppose Virginia Bleunt were to ever grow taller.

Imagine Mary Heit becoming a brunette.

Imagine Gladys Parsons, Hortense Mazingo, Pauline Martin, and Gladys Fingle writing a book entitled, "How to Become a Vamp."

Imagine Lucy Grey King and Louise Robinson, becoming murderers, assassins, criminally swatting mosquitoes.

What if Ruth McGowan and Ella Fleming were to lose their sweet dispositions.

Imagine Mary Grey Moore without making this announcement in the dining room, "The glee club will practice immediately after this meal."

Imagine Mildred Teal "speeding-up."

What if Bessie Sumerell and Lucy Wells were to become opponents in a talking contest?

Imagine Emma Jacobs visiting the Haberdashery Department, getting a free demonstration of the new patented rouge, "The Never Fade."

Imagine Eloise Riggs becoming a chef cook in a quiet, secluded, little house.

What if Alverta Brendle were to become an old maid in her profession.

PAY ALL BILLS!

President Wright has already advised every one to settle accounts of all kinds before the last moment. The following offices should be investigated by every one to see that no charges are made against her: The Bursar's office, book room, library, stationery room, and Treasurer of Student Fund. It is necessary for all accounts to be provided for before the student leaves in order to avoid unnecessary correspondence.

The office has adopted a report book for each individual student, which will last for four years. At the end of every term the books are returned to the office for the new grades to be written in them.

This is a great time-saver as it does not have to have the students name re-written every time, and the students themselves write in the catalogue name and number of the courses. For the report that is to come out after commencement the students place the book in a self addressed envelope, thus reducing this enormous task to the University.

FOUR YEARS AT COLLEGE

Someone has said that the only apology for four years spent at college lies in the fact that here we have an environment which tends to the development of right habits of living; habits that will continue to operate after the pressure of college life has passed.

To finish the four-year college course means that one is an asset, not a liability, to society. (The primary work of a college is to produce efficient, intelligent christian citizens, and a college that fails to produce such citizens should be forced to close its doors.)

After living in a college for four years, one continues to live in much the same way after commencement. A student holds the same ideals and habits. If he forms the habit of independent thinking and acting in college, he will continue to think and act so later. If he is of the unstable, "wish-washy" type we cannot very well expect him to turn over a new leaf and become an outstanding influential citizen overnight.

To finish a four-year college course means that one goes through life carrying the stamp of his alma mater upon him. Ideals and habits are not the result of one day—they are the result of many days. One is not likely to confuse a graduate of the Normal with a graduate of a college of an entirely different type. Each college has an individual soul, a different personality. All, however, have one fundamental aim in common—the desire to make life fuller and more worth while.

What does it mean to finish a four year college course? It means an a-year college course? It means an abundant life.—Highland Outlook.

STUDENT IDEALS

Students have ideals of high cultural and intellectual value and through these standards of ideals they are forming the foundation of solving the world problems of tomorrow.

A teacher of the senior class asked, "What world problems are you thinking about?" In response to this question the students eagerly named some of the most important world problems at issue. Through the ideals of living each suggested a way in which to solve some of the problems. We feel that if each nation had ideals as high as students we would never have witnessed the horrors of the world war.

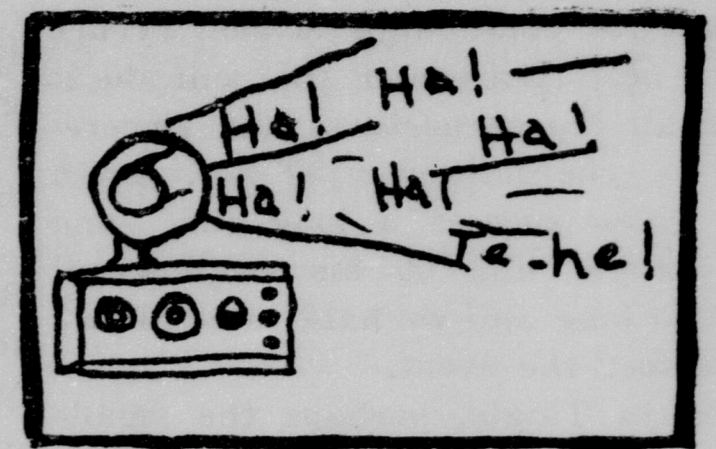
Students have such high ideals of appreciation for the pure; they can see the beauty in each touch of God's own work in His great art gallery of their own surroundings. They have the power to look beyond the beauty and perfectness of the lily and rose and there see God and feel His presence.—Highland Outlook.

A girls college in Germany has discontinued the study of biology as incompatible with maidenly modesty.—New Student.

Another college has joined the ranks of those prohibiting the use of automobiles by students matriculated at the institution. St. Bonaventure College made this announcement recently, to be effective at the beginning of the fall semester.—Davidsonian.

College authorities are active these days in banning ancient traditions at the various universities. At De Pauw the authorities have prohibited all pajama parades which the students were accustomed to hold. Also, the college authorities at Oberlin have banned the midnight serenades with which the eds were wont to entertain the co-eds.—Davidsonian.

IT IS TO LAUGH!



"I want to buy a pencil."

"Hard or soft?"

"Hard, it's for a stiff exam."

Sid—What is your car, a five-passenger?

Bill—Yes, but I can get eight in it if they are well acquainted.

Harold—I heard that someone had recently given 500 kisses. What would you do if some boy friend asked you to help him outdo this record?

Isabel—I'd tell him to beat it!

A Collegian's Prayer

Oh, Lord, I thank you for that pass on Math, and I appreciate the C on History. But, Lord, the boy in the next seat beat you to it for an A on Chemistry.

Good Example

"Surely, Miranda, you're not going to marry again when the Lord just took Smith."

"Yes, I shuah am," replied Miranda. "As long as the Lawd takes 'em, so will I."—Messenger.

Cross-Eyed

Scarboro—Doesn't that boy have passionate eyes?

Bo—Why so?

Scarmoro—Because they are always looking at each other.

Poetical Sympathy

A son at college wrote to his father:

"No mon, no fun, your son."

The father answered:

"How sad, too bad, your dad."—American Boy.

"Heard the multiplication song?"

"Nope. What is it?"

"How many times?"—Notre Dame Juggler.

Why was there such a crowd trying to get in?

Poster said "Girls may attend this dance, but no dresses are to be worn above the knees."

Doctor: "How did that fellow get along—the one I fixed up with the mule glands?"

Nurse: "He kicked himself to death."

That's Right

Redd: "Is it a fact that it costs you more to keep your automomile than it costs to buy it?"

Greene: "Oh, yes."

"Well, I don't want anything that costs more money to keep than it does to get."

"Why, you've got a wife, haven't you?"

PHOTO

Readings by Miss Zilpah Frisbie and Gertrude Mercer were features of a recent Saturday night program. A solo dance was also greatly enjoyed. The photo gallery was quite a unique affair on the campus and the girls received much real enjoyment from it.

The Gamecock, University of South Carolina paper, was first published in 1908, one of the South's first collegiate newspapers.—Davidsonian.

Senior Directory

Laura Sloan will be Mademoiselle Sloane to some high school French class next year, and she will do it with all the earnestness and sincerity so characteristic of her. Laura has given success a long run, and she caught him by his swallow-tail coat so long ago we hate to admit we remember the event.

Gladys Tingle, perhaps the smallest product of our college career, is there with her History. We don't know where she'll be next year, but that place was surely born under a lucky star.

Zilpah Frisbie, we've heard, may not really teach; she'll no doubt go into newspaper work somewhere. We don't blame her; "Zip" has gone through a long year of editing our college paper, and she has come through radiant with success. Capability, good judgment, common sense, love for beauty, and a keen sense of right and wrong—"Zip" is truly a combination worthy the priceless gift—esteem.

Alverta Brendle has answered the call of the West—and next year, she's going West—back home, to begin her teaching career. We can predict for Alverta only success in all her attempts, for she is a girl who isn't even on speaking terms with "I can't" and "I won't"; she is thoroughly capable and willing.

Ruby Knowles will be a good History-French teacher somewhere next year. She has shown determination in every college undertaking, and it is safe to say she will show the same determination to make a success of her work next year.

Beulah Carr will teach next year, but we don't know just where—she's a rather reticent person. Anyway, Beulah has that quality so essential to success in any line—perseverance; and she will arrive at her goal with all the honors of the deck in her hand.

Mildred Teal is going to teach History; she is quiet and unassuming, but one likes to find a quiet person once in a while.

Effie West is going to spend her vacation in the completion of her college career, and in the fall, she will begin teaching near her home town. Effie is a capable girl, and we foresee a successful future for her.

Viola Jones is going to stay with her mother next year. Viola, through her work as S. G. A. President this year, crept into the heart of every girl on the campus, and incidentally she made no mean success of her executive position.

Gladys Kilpatrick is leaving us, to make some school the same genuine leader that she has made for her class both last year and this, and as chief marshal this year. We could say no truer thing of Gladys than that she is a thoroughly all-round real friend and girl.

Pauline Martin, another member of that school which believes that everything can be comprehended in terms of numbers and geometrical figures, will doubtless go back near East Bend to begin her teaching career. Wherever she is, Pauline's indomitable will to do something and do it right will take her far into the promised land of her profession.

Gladys Parsons needs no one to sing her praises—her capability, her leadership, her willingness to help, her great capacity for sympathy and understanding. Gladys is going to teach Math next year, and where she is, there will be success; for success follows in her wake.

Virginia Blount will teach Home Ec.; next year at Roanoke Rapids. Virginia is an exceptional leader, which fact has been manifested by her own work as President of the Lanier Society this year. The fact that, out of approximately seven

hundred girls, she was chosen May Queen, speaks all but too eloquently of Virginia's position on the campus.

Mamie Copeland will be in Roanoke Rapids next year. Also, Mamie is a genuinely capable girl, and we predict great success for her, a cheerful smile and happy way—that's Mamie.

Ella Fleming will teach English at Belvoir High School next year, and she will do it well. Ella is a thoroughly competent girl, and will enter conscientiously into every undertaking.

Nora Lee Gaddy will teach in the High Point City schools next year. Nora Lee came to us in our Junior year, but, in that time she has gained the goodwill and esteem of us all, she has filled a big place in the hearts of the Seniors of '27, and her capability and frankness predict for her great things next year.

Louise Grisson is one of those math fanatics. We don't know where she will be next year, but we'll wager her determination and sincerity will take her many miles on the road of success.

Emma Jacobs is a really capable first grade teacher, as shown by her excellent work this year. Emma has a charming personality and a willingness to do, so success must be hers.

Mary Gray Moore has shown herself a real leader, both as President of the Y. W. C. A. and in other official positions on the campus. We know success, in even a greater measure, awaits her in her teaching career.

Hortense Mzingo is one of our best Latin students, and we are convinced that she will be just as good a Latin Teacher. Hortense takes studies quite seriously and worries over "imaginary 5's," but she always arrives first at the goal of any race.

Ruth McGowan is one of our "book worms"—History books. If she's as successful in the bigger game as she has been in making true friends here we need never worry about Ruth.

Eloise Riggs is a real "Home Ec." girl, and she's going to be an A teacher. We know success awaits her just around the corner.

Ella Wheeler Tucker is very quiet about her work, but we'll stake a lot she knows a great deal about Home Economics. "Success comes to him who waits," and it comes, just as surely, to him who perseveres.

Margaret Williams is one of the most wide-awake Home Ec. students we have; she expends her every effort in behalf of her subject, her class, her college, her friends. Margaret must be successful, for success never failed so fine, capable, determined a student.

Bessie Sumerell never says much about it, consequently we do not know what she is planning to do next year; but we know she'll come out the big end of the horn, wherever she is.

Gladys Arnold came to us rather recently, but in that time we've discerned ability, willingness to work co-operate, and a fine sense of friendliness.

Ruth McKellar is a hard worker; she's always there when there's something to be done, and she always does it well.

Louise Robinson came to us after having completed the Normal Course and taught two years. Louise has capability and willingness to do—two essentials to success.

Lucy Wells is quiet, calm, unassuming in her work and manner, but, for all that, she's a good Home Ec. teacher. Lucy has that priceless faculty of friendliness that all of us would like to have in larger quantity.

Blanche Wilkins completed her Normal Course, taught two years, and then came back to graduate with us. Blanche is a very competent girl, and whatever she does will surely be done successfully.

Mary Holt another Senior midget;

proves to us that "precious things are often stored in small packages." Aside from holding many enviable student positions on the campus, Mary was last fall elected as the most representative Teachers College girl. Her scholastic record is of the highest, and as a Latin teacher in Dunn next year, she can't miss success.

TO THE FOUR WINDS

O, sweet girl graduates, of the spring of '27, gather 'round me and listen to my story.

An awful terror stole over me; I could not move nor speak, for lo' within my room were moving figures, slowly but steadily passing my bed, while on the wall I could see quite plainly the calendar marked June 19, 1940. The clock struck a pronounced seven. "Goodness" cried a still voice, "let me be gone for this is my wedding day—oh, Roy!" said she as she passed on, and I looked up and saw that it was an old, old friend, Zilpah Frisbie. Then, I saw another, Effie West, who in passing, whispered in my ear, "I am the great president's secretary," and who is the great president," I asked.

"It is I," spoke another, and in the mad throng of women, I espied Gladys Kilpatrick.

Then upon my ear fell a melody sweeter even than the skylarks, and I gazed intently to see from whence it came. The great musician, Laura Sloan, was seated at the piano, running her fingers dreamily over the keys, while the noted violinist, Ruby Knowles, like Israefel, drew the magic bow across the violin, and through the air floated the swan voice of Gladys Parsons and Gladys Tingle.

Others were rushing madly as from some cruel world, and as they entered the little room, they were served delicate cakes by three leading college dietitians, Virginia Blount, Margaret Williams, and Ella Wheeler Tucker, while from Louise Grisson's hand I could hear the clanking of coins, and could see her bending over a large book keeping figures. There were others weeping and crying. I could not see their faces for their veils were drawn. On the river there floated a barge, and like the lilly maid of Astolot, there lay one, her face was also covered and I could not tell who she was.

From out the little stream there arose a group of Niaads fluttering and dancing on a little island and among them were two tall and graceful figures, the figures of human beings, who stood apart and danced such dancing as has never been seen. I gazed intently to see if they were not divine, but they were no spirits nor nymphs, only humans, the great artists, Mary Holt and Hortense Mzingo. They danced to my bedside and there it seemed they vanished and in their place stood a stern and shuddering woman pleading in a legislature for money to enlarge a Teachers College at Greenville, N. C. It was Viola Jones, and beside her stood the solemn priest, Nora Lee Gaddy in the midst of her sermon. "God lives," she said, as she clenched her fist and struck my bed to emphasize the statement.

I jumped up, wiped the perspiration from my brow and started to speak, but lo, I was alone, not a figure was near me, and in voice of awe I cried, "Oh dream, wilt thou come true?"

Gertrude Mercer, Prophet

"DON MANNERS"

Table manners cannot be worn with an evening dress only. It is far more difficult to assume good manners temporarily than it is to dress suitably for a banquet. Everyone at some time in life desires to make a good

impression, and to do so depends, in the final analysis, upon what manners one is accustomed to practicing day by day. Good manners, unlike silk dresses, do not wear out with frequent usage. Sooner or later our habits of eating will exhibit themselves to those whom we wished to deceive.

Of what do good manners consist? Emerson answers for us, saying: "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices." Being courteous involves being thoughtful of others, thoughtful enough to treat others as kindly and gently as we ourselves like to be treated. The best mannered people are those who are not conscious of being mannerly, who are so habitu-

ally courteous to one and all that their manners have become too deep-rooted to be a mere surface feature of their natures, but have imbedded themselves into inherent character.

Though a girl should possess all knowledge, would you care to dine with her if she insisted upon talking of unpleasant things at the table, and as her final gesture wiped her food-soiled fingers discreetly upon the corner of the table cloth?

While we are gaining knowledge at E. C. T. C. it is fitting that we add to our knowledge courtesy and thoughtfulness, for "Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world."

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Seniors and Sophs

SOPHS AS LITTLE SISTERS

We have noticed all this year, and especially lately, the tendency on the part of the Sophs to show the Seniors just how much they think of us. It is, or if it is not a reality that they love us, they certainly have us believing it. They have a quiet way of doing things that appeals to us very much. We hardly understand just how they bring it all about, but we are satisfied in that they do. It is the mystical that interests most of us, anyway.

As we draw near the end of our college career, we begin to realize just how much they have really meant to us. There has never been a time when they were too busy to favor us with their attentions. The college would never be complete without them, and no other group could take the place they have filled. We are thoroughly convinced that they are the best "little sisters" that a class ever had.

Pauline Martin, '27.

WHAT THE SOPHS THINK OF THE SENIORS

It is a known fact that there is just a bit of difference in a Soph's opinion of a Senior. This difference was unmistakable in the fall when the Sophs gloried in torturing the Freshmen. But the Seniors are just different with the polish of four years of college training. They have dignity, noise, and assurance that they usually do the right thing. Yet, beneath the outer appearance the Sophs have found an ever ready helpfulness and friendship in their sisters. On graduation day when the seniors are adorned in their caps and gowns, and when they appear in their stateliness for which their elevated position calls, the Sophs will want to swell their chests and say, "They are our sisters, ain't they swell?"

Mary Frances Jenkins, Soph.

"PICTURES SHOW"

Did you ever think of pictures telling your character? Think of the pictures in the different girls' rooms and see if they do not in a way correspond to the girls' character. A mother while visiting her daughter in college was taken to different girls' rooms. As they left the first girl's room the mother said, "Mary, I hope she is not among your best friends."

Mary was surprised and asked "Why?"

"I am afraid her thoughts, ideals, and conversation are not much higher than the pictures upon her walls."

Mary said nothing for she knew it was true. The next friend cared for a different type of pictures. On her walls hung two lovely pictures; the kind that makes one grow, not the "Ten Cents" or ten-cents-novel type that the other girl had displayed.

We do not put up pictures to tell our character necessarily, but to serve as beautifying our rooms, in causing us to grow by stimulating pleasant thoughts of nobleness, honesty, liberty, freedom, and joy; and by leading one's imagination into deeper thoughts of life.

It is a great beyond. We like to build air castles and like to build air castles why we like our pictures.

There is a whole store house of pictures and novels. They stay much longer time. Can you select them with

Lucy Wells.

Senior exams are completed, all except those who get encores.

Those who don't like the music may be told to "beat it."

Sophomore maids are not bad things at all. They aren't always at one's beck and call, but are ready with good deeds and frequent invitations.

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DIVORCE

An Essay

In my opinion the greatest evil, and certainly the most popular and most abused practice of the present day is the comparative ease with which divorces may be obtained. This fact has tended to make people cease to look upon the subject of marriage as a sacred institution, but as a relationship which may be terminated at will.

With the issuing of a divorce comes the breaking up of a home—home, the basis of our civilization. No structure nor country can be stronger than the foundation upon which it rests; therefore it behoves us to make our homes stable. Divorce may mean that home conditions are really becoming worse or it may be merely an long existed; although, it may be a way of refuge from intolerable environments, its effect leaves a dark mark upon society, our civilization.

In many ways divorce tends to disrupt our moral code, lower our standards of living, destroy the very ideals which we have cherished and on which our country was built, as well as to make of us all cynics, incapable of appreciating the worthwhile things in life. Moreover, it makes us prone to capitalize on the mistakes and eccentricities of others, and tends to make us regard our contracts, obligations and oaths lightly. It often brings shame and suffering to the innocent who might otherwise be happy, and it makes pessimists out of

the best of us.

Separations and divorces are directly attributable to loveless marriages, or at least they occur when love ceases to exist, because love will endure many hardships, and without happiness, congeniality, and understanding are lacking, and this condition tends to make insurmountable barriers out of what would ordinarily be considered petty differences of opinion. Before entering into a marriage contract both parties should consider the subject from every angle or the relationship is at its best a game of chance at which both parties lose,—and when LOVE is lacking it is very likely that either one or both parties are going to lose.

Among the causes of divorce the first one often named is that of too early marriages. Boys and girls leave school during their "teen" ages and marry one whom they would scarcely associate with, were they to complete their education course. Such cases as these can result only in tragedy, heart-ache, and suffering. Character and environment both have a direct bearing on married life inasmuch as the cause for dissensions always hinges on our strength of character, or our weakness of character in failing to give due consideration to the thoughts, desires, and actions of others. Every person is, to some extent, master of his own soul, and to that extent everyone's destinies are shaped by his own actions. Where the desire to live and do right, with tolerance for the peculiarities and faults of others, is predominant, happiness is the natural sequence when these essential characteristics are lacking unhappiness, usually divorce follows.

Divorces are sometimes caused by

mere differences of opinion while some are planned long in advance; this is usually where wealth and luxury, along with social prestige is the prime consideration of the contract.

Some of the leading judges of the city of New York have even said that matrimony, followed by alimony, appeared to be the most remunerative profession for the women of today. If this be the case, a mercenary and unscrupulous woman can assure herself of a life of ease and luxury so long as she does not remarry and provided the man she has promised to "love, honor, and obey, until death us do part" has the wherewithall to pay. Several years ago a very wealthy and prominent banker in New York and his wife became estranged. Numerous law-suits resulted in a divorce and a handsome alimony. Several years later the parties met again, renewed their friendship, and were re-married. It was then both parties stated that they would probably never have separated had it not been for their attorneys and others who had brought about undue influence. This brings out another question in the money-side of divorces; judges and lawyers are receiving enormous sums for "meting out justice" to dissatisfied home-builders; thus, they encourage the appeals that are made and the number of divorces increases. Even if the majority of our judges are honest and conscientious men, the fact that money is a potent factor in any law suit cannot be denied.

What the world needs most of all is real men and women, and when we reach that height of perfection, the millennium will be close at hand. The highest tribute and the noblest inscription that can be placed on any man's tombstone is,

"Here lies a man."

Gertrude Mercer, '27.

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