WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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FORMER EDITOR OF HYPHEN IS DEAD

MARGARET GARNER, BELOVED AT WARD-BELMONT REACHES THE END OF LIFE'S SHORT JOURNEY

Died at University of Missouri on December 16, After Short, Sudden Illness

The Hyphen joins all who loved Margaret Garner in grieving over her sudden death, which took place at Columbia, Missouri, where she was a student, on December 16. She was a Senior in the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, and was studying her work practically also by serving as assistant society editor on the "Columbia Evening Missourian." She had a heavy course, and had been working very hard during the fall. A deep cold settled on her for a week before she died, but she refused to give up her school work, and finally, when she became too sick to go on, walked to the Parker Memorial Hospital, in Columbia, where the physicians at once pronounced the case serious, and summoned her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Garner, of Louisiana, Mo. Mrs. Nellie Runyon, chaperon at the Chi Omega House, at which Miss Garner lived, was also with her. Quickly the disease—influenza—became more critical, and hen affected her brain. She died four days after going to the Hospital, leaving besides her parents and two brothers, uncounted friends to sorrow over the untimely end of a bright young life which promised so much of value and of sweetness.

Margaret Garner was the editor of the Hyphen the first half of the year 1920-21, being succeeded by Louise Jerrell, for the spring term. She had a real vocation for such work, and had wisely recognized it, and was specializing in it at the University when death ended her life story. She was bright, capable, tireless in the preparation of every task, and gifted with the capacity for expression that made her an easy and graceful writer. She was original in her ideas, and expressed that trait in a number of special features in the Hyphen. She received a General Diploma, and Expression Certificate, in 1920, and a Diploma in Expression also in 1921. Her

(Continued on page 7)

THE OWL



When pale cheeks turn to roses,
And tired eyes turn to bright,
When the yawning mouth closes,
We're in the swing just right.

At This Time Last Week

When a girl's eyes get big and dreamy,
Don't labor the cause to seek,
You see the poor dear's just thinking,
Of what happened "At this time last week."

You may tempt her with candies so dainty,
Into novels invite her to peek,
But the poor dear still will be thinking,
Of what happened "At this time last week."

You may talk of your themes and lessons,
With talking you'll soon become weak;
Because the poor dear is yet thinking
Of what happened "At this time last week."

But there'll come a time of exams you know,
When her brain with worries will creak,
And the poor dear will wish she'd spent less time
On what happened "At this time last week."

W.-B. GIRL INHERITS SOUVENIRS OF PARENT COLLEGE

One of our students, Pauline Osborn, of Frederick, Okla., has a very interesting souvenier, which has descended to her from her aunt, Miss Hattiiu Osborn, of Cleburne, Texas, a graduate of the first session of Belmont College, which was one of the forebears of the Ward-Belmont of today. It is the Commencement program of 1891, and Miss Osborn's aunt was one of the three graduates that year. She was a charming and very talented girl, whose academic work was supplemented by a course in Expression, in which she specialized. Naturally frail, she was supposed to have worked too hard, and undermined her health. Two years after her graduation she died. A medal, won at Belmont College, and this quaint invitation, were presented by this first graduate's father, to his granddaughter, Pauline Osborn, when she came to Ward-Belmont to school. She cherishes both of the interesting mementoes, and especially the Commencement invitation and program. It is an illustrated but very small, four-page folder, with parchment covers on which the year "'91" is dimly seen. A picture of a graduate girl in cap and gown adorns the first page. Then the Commencement schedule on the second; and the Class Roll of graduates on the last. The baccalaurate sermon was preached on Sunday, May 31, by Dr. Jere Witherspoon, then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who has long since passed to his rest. The planting of a Class Tree, on June 2, was a feature of the Commencement exercises.

Mother: No more pumpkin pie, Ellie; you've had enough.

Ellie: Well, I think a fella ought to be allowed to eat too much on Thanksgivin' without anyone buttin' in.—Ex.

FAMOUS ESTATE OF THE OLD SOUTH

ACKLEN PLANTATION TO BE TAKEN BY LOUISIANA FOR PRISON FARM.

(The following Associated Press dispatch, printed in the Nashville Banner this week, will have an interest for readers of the Hyphen, since the private residence of the Acklen family, which is referred to, is none other than the main building of Ward-Belmont. Around it as a center, the extended wings, for dormitories and music have been erected.)

"New Orleans, La., Jan. 11.—(By Associated Press.)—The breaking up of one of the largest estates of the Old South is about to be made complete with the acquisition by the state of Louisiana of the celebrated Acklen plantations, which are to be taken under the right of expropriation for state uses in connection with the convict farms. While the breaking up of the large estates in Great Britain is a subject of frequent coment the division of the largest estates of the South has received little notice.

"The Acklen plantations were part of a great estate which for many years had remained in one family. Prior to the civil war Col. J. A. S. Acklen, the father of Joseph Hayes Acklen of Nashville, Tenn., was the owner of seven plantations in one body on the Mississippi river. The plantations surround the Lake of the Cross, where the explorer LaSalle and his priests planted the cross on the discovery of Louisiana. Besides his plantations Col. and Mrs. Acklen were the owners of many thousands of acres on Matagorda Bay, Texas; a town house in the city of Nashville, and the largest stock farm in the South, Fairview, six miles from Gallatin, Tenn.

"After the death of Col. and Mrs. Acklen, Belmont passed out of the hands of the family, and has become one of the most flourishing of schools for women in the South, Ward-Belmont.

WARD-BELMONT HEARS NOTABLE SPEAKERS

DR. TALCOTT WILLIAMS OF NEW YORK SPEAKS ON ORIENTAL WOMEN

Appropriate Talk on Andrew Jackson by General W. H. Washington.

Ward-Belmont girls had the privilege of hearing one of the most distinguished men of America speak at the chapel hour this week, Dr. Talcott Williams of New York.

Dr. Willams was born in Abeih, Turkey, and has without exception had one of the most notable careers of any man now listed in the world's finer activities. He is not only an editor and journalist of distinction but also a man who takes a great interest in the betterment of the negro situation of the day. Dr. Williams' message to us was concerning "Women."

The universe first began with women and woman still rules," said he. "The Oriental women wear veils, but are better advocaters in the affairs of state and are far more successful than men. Being as she is behind a screen, it is not possible to tell the mood she is in, or whether or not she is approving or is being persuaded to the point which is to be gained. The Eastern woman has her husband so completely to herself, that she has a much greater influence over him than the woman of America has over her husband. The Oriental women sacrifices more in forms and gains more in substance. One of the greatest heroines I have ever known was a Hindu woman who led the charge in front of her army. All races are alike in many respects," said Dr. Williams in closing; "those Eastern women of good breeding and home training may be distinguished, just in the same ways as those of America."

Dr. Williams expressed his approval of the Hyphen most enthusiastically, and stated that it was one of the best school papers he had read. This word of encouragement from such an authority in this work, means much to us as an inspiration.

Dr. Williams is now the Dean Emeritus of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University; and was at one time the editor of a New York daily paper.

Ward-Belmont's celebration of Jackson Day took place on Tuesday, January 9th, as the school's weekly holiday, which is on Monday was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. At noon chapel hour Dr. C. E. Crosland, associate president, presented Gen. W. H. Washington. Gen. Wash-

(Continued on page 7)

BACK AGAIN!

We returned—all fresh and spic and span from our vacation—and the first thing we saw was a sign "FRESH PAINT." Further observation revealed new rugs in "Rec" hall, freshly papered rooms, higbly polished floors, wondrously white clean curtains. While we were having a merry time in our home towns, a small army of workers were busy preparing for our return.

"Lawsy, but dese heah halls sho was lonesome," exclaimed one who had labored against our return. But it seems necessary at times for the "mob" to leave in order that our ravages be repaired. So uncomplainingly we went out and our return was made happy by the sight of fresh halls and trim campus.

Still, the school was not entirely vacated during the holidays. Beside the twenty or more members of the Ward-Belmont faculty and household who remained, there were four students, who, owing to the great distance of their homes from Nashville, found it convenient that they stay at the school. A most elaborate entertainment program was arranged in their behalf. Among the social events which they were privileged to attend, was the tea given by Mrs. C. E. Crosland on Friday of Christmas week. Mrs. Anne Rankin Murrey was the chaperone provided for the girls, and one of the school's cars was placed at their disposal during their vacation. A Christmas tree and a delightful Christmas dinner were features which made their stay most pleasant.

So it can be seen that although most of us had departed on December 15, all activity did not cease with our going. Ward-Belmont and "busy" are identical.

CHAPEL

RED BIRD SCHOOL-HOUSE

Miss Mary R. Norris, Dean of our splendid faculty, spoke to us most vividly on the subject, "The Little Schoolhouse on Red Bird Creek," this week in chapel. The schoolhouse is a little Baptist mission situated on Red Bird Creek in the Kentucky Mountains. She told us in an appealing way, how the school life is carried on in this remote mountain region, and how many are the hardships that its scholars endure. When we at W.-B. hate to rise in the morning, let us think of the Mission school where students are obliged to rise in the early dawn, often before daylight, and do several hours of strenuous labor before their actual schoolroom work begins.

Miss Norris' splendid and inspiring talk made us realize more than ever how much we have to be thankful for, and how much we should make of our opportunities while here at W.-B. In after life maybe some of us will give our time and training to work and better conditions in some of the little mission schools of the mountains.

THE ORGAN

During chapel last Friday, we were all very much interested in the information Mr. F. A. Henkel, director of organ, gave to us concerning the big pipe organ. Of course, everyone had noticed the new console in the chapel, and had wondered just how it differed from the old one.

Mr. Henkel began his explanation by telling very briefly the history of the organ. It was originated in the church of the ninth century. The first requisite of an organ, called the tracker action, is an ample and steady supply of wind with which to blow the various pipes. About fifty years ago the first successful attempt to remedy the manifold defects of the tracker action were consummated. These improvements led to the present day tubular pneumatic action. In this organ the tubes are provided, one for each key, manual and pedal, running from the keyboard to the chest. By utilizing a puff of wind in these tubes a valve in the chest is opened and the chest action is set in motion. Our organ in chapel was equipped with the tubular pneumatic action, but because it was slow in speaking and was hard to play on a very rapid movement, the organ has been changed from the tubular pneumatic action, to the electro action, and now the organ speaks instantaneously, when the keys are pressed, this being a very great advantage.

Mr. Henkel removed the front part of the organ and allowed us to watch the bellows move up and down as the organ played. We were all surprised when we learned that there are 3,848 pipes in our chapel organ, and that the largest pipe is sixteen feet high and the smallest pipe is one half inch high. This information gives us a better conception of the organ and enables us more to appreciate its lovely tones when we hear it played.

Belhaven Entertains Millsaps Y. W. Cabinet

Recently the Belhaven College Y. W. C. A. cabinet entertained the Millsaps cabinet girls at a dinner, given in honor of Miss Skerlock, the field secretary of the Y. W. C. A., who was in a similar position at Ward-Belmont last year.

The room was delightfully cosy, with the broad-armed chairs arranged about it, and a table in the center upon which were ferns and rose-shaded lamps. Interesting Thanksgiving place cards with riddles written upon them afforded much amusement between the three delicious courses.

At the conclusion of the meal, the girls talked informally with Miss Skerlock. Miss Claudia Sentell, president of the Belhaven Y. W., expressed a desire for the Millsaps and Belhaven girls to be together oftener.

"Did you ever employ college boys on your farm?"

"I tried it one year," said Mr. Gobbles, "but they were not satisfactory."

"Didn't they work hard?'

"Oh, yes. But every time they got through with a little job they'd gather around to give their college yell and stampede all the cattle on the place."

The Boy: If I was a father like you an' had a boy like me, I'd help him first, and I wouldn't spring any old drumsticks on him either.—Ex.

Nora Nelson, of St. Joseph, is at Smith College this year. Her sister, Erma Nelson (class of '20) finished at the university of Missouri last June.

Virginia McCoy, who is expected on a visit to Ward Belmont during January, is attending the University of Ohio at Columbus, O., this term, and other Ward-Belmont girls who are with her, include: Jane Van Cleve, Dorothy Dougherty and Kathryn Urshel.

Invitations have been received from Mrs. Charles T. Fincham of San Antonio, Texas, to the debut reception of her daughter, Hallie Fincham, (class of 1921) on Monday afternoon, January 15, from 4 to 6 o'clock, at the family home, 1301 Belknap Place, in San Antonio.

Josephine Adams (class of '21) whose home is in Lewisburg, Tennessee, is leading an actively busy and useful life carrying on both civic and educative work. She is teaching a private class in History of Art, and in Expression. She is taking an active lead in the Parent-Teachers' work, is a member of the Chautauqua Club, is doing settlement work, teaching a class in Sunday school, and serving as secretary of the Junior Missionary Board in her church.

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WITH THE ALUMNAE

Rosemond Coles (class of '22) who is at the University of Illinois this winter, has decided on the work she will take up after her school days are over. She means to become a newspaper woman, and has begun her preparation by taking the University course in Journalism. Besides, she is getting valuable practical training as a member of the staff of the school paper, and this takes between three and four hours of work every day, as it is a daily paper.

She is rooming with Helen Stone; and Dorothy Cochrum is in the same house. She and Catherine Thompson (class of '22) belong to the same fraternity, the Tri Delta. There are quite a number of former Ward-Belmont girls in the University, and the four mentioned are planning to came back to the school for a visit this spring. Rosemond writes:

"While I am very fond of Illinois University, and glad that i am attending, no other school can ever take the place that Ward-Belmont has in my heart. It will always be my Alma Mater. I feel that it has done a great deal for me, and that I owe it a great debt, which I hope to repay by a few successes in after years. My Senior year work, especially has been such an inestimable benefit to me."

Audrey Bright, (class '22) whose home is Gonzales, Texas, is teaching English in the high school in that city. In sending in her dues to the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association recently, she wrote:

"Please see that my name is kept on the Alumnae list, because i always want to be associated with the school and still have a part in it in every way possible. More than ever before I realize how much I benefited by my two years at Ward-Belmont."

Mrs. Arthur E. Seymour, of Los Angeles, Cal. (Portia Green, class of 1917), in renewing her subscription, and dues in the Alumnae Association, writes:

"The weekly copy of the Hyphen keeps me in touch with the school, and I do enjoy it."

Edna Mason, (class of '22) has removed from Clorinda, Iowa, to St. Petersburg, Fla., where she is teaching the advanced Fifth Grade in the city public schools. She has thirty-six pupils, and next summer is planning to go to the mountains of North Carolina, and probably will be here for a visit en route.

Louise Elizabeth Galloway, of Hillsdale, Mich., (class of '22), is a recent addition to the Ward-Belmont Alumnae rolls. She is attending the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor this term, and while she enjoys it, and expects to receive a diploma there next year, still keeps the warmest place in her affections for Ward-Belmont.

Margaret Duncan, (class of '22), is at the University of Texas this year, and is pledged Kappa. Among other Ward-Belmont girls there are Virginia Sledge, pledged Pi Phi; Fay Underwood, Theta; Louise Wilder, Chi Omega; and Minnie Mae French, Zeta. Writing back to a friend in Ward-Belmont, Margaret Duncan expresses her enjoyment of the weekly visits of the Hyphen, commending the editor and her staff, and says: "You have no idea how good it is to read about everything that is going on at Ward-Belmont, and I don't want to miss a single copy. I am in love with this university and with university life, but many times, I long to be back at Ward-Belmont, and I think of how much my year at the school helped me. I love it, and everybody there."

Mattie E. Row (class of '22), of Rosedale, La., writes: "I am so glad I am a member of the Alumnae Association, and I always feel so proud that I attended school first at Ward-Belmont. I miss the dear school and all of you, and I cherish the memory of my three happy years spent there. I enjoy the Hyphen immensely."

After her graduation last June, Miss Rowe went home for two weeks, and then, with a party of friends, to New York, where she attended summer school at Columbia University. She continued the work she had taken at Ward-Belmont and passed in her examinations at the end of the term. En-route home she made quite a trip, going to Albany by boat, and on to the Falls, and thence to Chicago, where she met some of the girls who attended Ward-Belmont with her, and made a short stay there.

Eleanor Long (class of '18), of St. Joseph, Missouri, is doing civic work and giving club readings at her home this winter, in every way trying to live up to the active traditions of her Ward- Belmont training. As a volunteer State Sunday school worker she has recently traveled over 1,000 miles in six weeks, visiting the county units, and spending two or three days in each town organizing the work. She enjoys it immensely, and find that one of its pleasantest features is the opportunity it gives her to meet so many of her Ward-Belmont schoolmates. She graduated (A.B. degree) at the University of Missouri last summer, and she expects to go back to school either at Boston or Berkley, to do graduate work.

Alice A. Marseilles, of Clinton, Mo., and Mildred Long, of St. Joseph (both of the Ward-Belmont 1920 class) are doing graduate work in the University of Missouri, at Columbia, this winter, having received their A.B. degrees there last spring.

Susan Mary Roberts (class of '22) and now at the University of Missouri, at Columbia, Mo., who is an officer in the Missouri Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, is also one of a coterie of W.-B. girls at the University who have organized a W.-B. club there. She was made president. The club plans to meet once a month at least, and carry on the ideals and standards instilled at Ward-Belmont. Just before the holidays the club had a Christmas luncheon. Several of the members take the Hyphen. There are twenty W.-B. girls in the university this term.

FRANCES VANITY BOX

UNUSUAL GIFTS AND NOVELTIES

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CONSERVATIVE PRICES

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont.

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Communicatione newe iteme, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

The book of life is opening upon a new page, the year of 1923. The most enchanting thing about this page is that no one has ever opened it before. To those who have lived in the past, its mysteries have never been known and to those who will come in the future, it will be only a tradition. The page belongs to us alone—it is entirely ours.

As the page opens to our view, it is clear, unmarred and unknown. Circumstances in its dull impersonal tones of black and white will make prints upon the page. But the coloring of these prints is an individual matter, and the finished effect will indicate the personality of the artist.

These prints may be tinted in lovely, cheerful shades that mirror life in its fullest and most beautiful sense. On the other hand, they may reflect the ugliness and sordidness of life without any element of beauty.

The effect of beauty is not the result of an artist's genius. It is rather the reflection from within of a beautiful soul of love and cheer.

The prints are before us, the palette and the painter's brush are in our hands. They are ours to wield. Shall our page become a masterpiece of beauty, or a smeared blot of failures?

HYPHEN, A MODEL SCHOOL PAPER

(The Gleam, Independence, Mo.)

Beyond doubt one of the best papers on our entire exchange list is the Ward-Belmont Hyphen of Nashville, Tenn. This is a paper of a girls' school that is put out by girls entirely. The make-up of the paper is especially good, and is balanced in a way that few papers are. There is just the right amount of ads, and they are put in, in such a way that they add rather than detract from the rest of the paper.

Several of William Chrisman's graduates have gone to Ward-Belmont, among them are Helen Wood, Mary Mildred Zick, Julia Ott, Gladys Ramsey, and Mae Bowdle. The second number of our paper this year printed an account of the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Shelton to Mr. Earl Seifers. Miss Shelton was a graduate of Ward-Belmont in 1919.

ACADEMIC

Interest is being shown by Miss Matheny's pupils in a bulletin board which has been placed in her room and which displays clippings of interest to her English classes. Peggy Kahn and Virginia Haley have the board in charge during the month of January.

Miss Scruggs, also, brings clippings and pictures from the current magazines and newspapers before her classes. These deal with the modern drama and the players who are becoming famous now. Much interest is being shown in John Barrymore's production of Hamlet.

EXCHANGES

1. The School Bell, Big Stone Gap, Virginia. Although we have only received one copy of this snappy little paper, we like it very much. Come again!

2. The Flash Light, Searcy, Alabama. Very well organized.

3. Wallace World, Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn. Some excellent short stories.

WATER POLO

Although there are not many girls out for water polo there is a great deal of interest shown by every one and the practices progress nicely.

In order to have a winning water polo team there should be a sub for each player, and each one would have a chance to play in a number of the games. More girls who swim are urged to come out to practice and especially those who signed up are expected. No teams have been picked and every girl has an equal chance to make her club team. More girls must come out if they expect their team to win. Be loyal to your club!

"RAIN"

Blessings on you little girl,
Does your hair refuse to curl?
Does this everlasting rain
Make you wonder if you're sane?
When you plead, "Oh do refrain!"
Haven't you some mighty notion
You will soon have great emotion?
Cheer up, let's not be blue
For these rainy days are few
When the sun shines in the sky
You will say, "Why did I cry?"

DAY STUDENT COLUMN

After the shortest eighteen days ever spent, we are again around at an early hour of the morning and rushed to the Alma Mater. Memories are all that we have left or rather would be all, if it were not for the Digamma party, which is to be given Friday afternoon. But with the prospects of this entertainment, and judging by rumors of a vaudeville and much food, it is to be a very live affair. We can't be down hearted.

Polly Baird, after a rather brief sojourn in the East, became impressed with the possibility of the center of learning in her own home town and is now officially installed as a boarder in Ward-Belmont. She is "at home" to all callers at 328 Fidelity. All that is necessary to get an audience is permission from Mrs. Gaines. Let's hope Mrs. Gaines is hospitable!

SATURDAY NIGHT MOVIE

When our first Saturday night after vacation, drew near, nearly everyone remarked "Oh, I do hope we have a movie." We certainly were not disappointed and the picture we enjoyed was Earle Williams in "The Silver Car." We had a good time laughing at the dresses which were a little out of date but nevertheless the plot was very exciting, and there were seven reels of real thrills.

MARRIAGES

Cecile Gibbs (1916 to 1919) of Huntsville, Texas, to Mr. James Gilliam Gee on Thursday, December 14, 1922, at the First Methodist church at her home. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clifton Gibbs, spent three years at Ward-Belmont, taking a High School Certificate in 1917, and a Diploma in 1919. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the bride's home.

Mary Louise Stewart Grisham, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Orin Medicus Grisham, (1919-20-21) to Mr. Robert Long Kellogg, on Thursday evening, December 28, 1922, at 6 o'clock at the First Baptist church of Monroe, La. The bride took an Expression as well as a General Diploma at Ward-Belmont. In a preliminary announcement of the marriage, a Monroe daily paper made the following interesting comment:

"Miss Grisham is one of Monroe's favorites, and numbers her friends by her acquaintances. Very distinctive is her personality and by her lovely charm of manner has endeared herself to all. Miss Grisham is highly cultured and educated. In 1919 she graduated with honors from the Monroe High School and in 1921 graduated from Ward-Belmont School.

"Mr. Kellogg is a former resident of Minneapolis, Minn., but for the past two years has made Monroe his home. He is the manager of the Kellogg Lumber Company at Fondale and in the business world has won for himself many friends."

Geraldine Shafer Armstrong to Mr. Thomas Charles Scott, on December 24, 1922, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Buell Armstrong, in Kokomo, Indiana.

The approaching marriage is announced of Marion Hutchinson of the class of 1921, to Mr. Kellar Jackson, which will take place at Shreveport, La., in the M. E. church, on February 15. The officiating minister, Rev. Foster, of New Orleans, also baptized the bride in her infancy, and officiated at the marriage of her sister, and at the marriage of the groom's parents. It will be a large and brilliatly arranged affair, and will be of sincere interest in Ward-Belmont, where many friends remember the bride-elect affectionately. The engagement was announced at a bridge luncheon given by Mrs. John Glassel, who was formerly Lois Hodge, of Rustin, also a W.-B. student.

Ann Katherine Hebert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis James Hebert, of Lafayette, Ga., to Mr. Wilbur Lee Morrow, on October 25, 1922. The bride and groom are making their home at 516 Giddins Ave. Tampa, Florida.

Mildred Florine Chambliss to Mr. Willis Jenkins Richardson, on Monday, December 11, 1922, in Washington City. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Oliver Chambliss. Her home is now in the Sweeney Apartments, in Washington.

Y. W. C. A.

CONCERNING PEANUTS

Dear Roommate and Roomie:

This letter will introduce to you Mr. and Mrs. Peanut whom I am delighted to highly recommend. Mr. and Mrs. Peanut will, in turn, present you with a card. On this card you will find the name of your own peanut. Now this peanut of yours is going to need a great number of thoughtful little deeds done for her. Cheerful words, and a helping hand when she is blue, will come under regulations, too.

Under no circumstances must you divulge the name of your peanut to her or to your best friend. Just do all the nice things you can for her incognito, and your guests, Mr. and Mrs. Peanut, who are really the little mixers who make friendship, will not have called in vain.

Very sincerely yours,
Faith Ywca.

CABINET MEETING

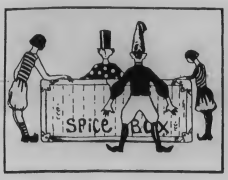
The Y. W. held the regular weekly cabinet meeting Sunday morning. It was decided that new officers for the coming year would be elected in the early part of February and would hold their respective offices until the following February. So those being elected at that time would have the experience and be best ready to carry on the Y. work at the beginning of next year.

Plans were also made to visit the "Old Ladies' Home" some Sunday afternoon, in the near future and to entertain the residents with a little program consisting of a few musical numbers, and readings by some of the cabinet members. The Home residents at Thanksgiving time were so appreciative for all that W.-B. had done for them and expressed a desire for the girls to come and pay a visit.

VESPER SERVICE

The Vesper service Sunday evening was opened by singing several songs. The Scripture lesson was given by Alice Nixon. Florence Bell introduced the speaker, Dr. Kesler, from Vanderbilt. He told us a very beautiful story, "What Makes Men to Live." The service was closed by a song, after which Dr. Whitson dismissed us with a short prayer.

"Fare enough," exclaimed the street car conductor as he pocketed our seven cents.



Extra! Shades of the ancients!

One W.-B. girl who followed the mandates of fashion was actually forced to lift up her skirts in climbing the church steps Sunday.

In a play recently when the heroine, Charlotte, was plotting against the villian, one brilliant W.-B. girl remarked, "That would be a Charlotte ruse, wouldn't it?"

Thomas Meighan may be playing in "Back Home and Broke," but most of us are stars in that drama of W.-B., "Back to School and Changing Roommates."

Perhaps it was the result of foul play; perhaps it was the result of pressure on the toes. At any rate, one girl who went home for the holidays thrust her cantilevers in her closet and went happily on her way. On her return, the toes of the cantilever were turned upward and it required all the efforts of the neighbors to restore them to their natural state.

Speaking of a spice box, we are reminded of our delicious sausage on Sunday mornings.

We have heard of one bright English student who wrote about being "upheld by a robber." Sort of up in the air, what?

HYPHENETTES

The Grammar teacher was explaining the use of the subject, predicate, and object. After a detailed dissertation, she began making up sentences and asking the sixth graders to identify the component parts of speech. At last she came to the dumbell of the class.

"Eldon, take this sentence: 'Johnny refused the pie.' Now what was Johnny?"

"Johnny was a darned fool," came Eldon's unexpected reply.

She: "Oh, doesn't that candy look good!"

He: "I'll say it does. Let's stand here and look at it awhile."

A university freshie arrived on the farm unexpectedly. His parents were having dinner. There were only two pieces of meat in the meat course. The freshie decided to show his dad a little stuff.

Freshie: "Dad, I bet I can prove that there are three slices of meat on that plate."

Dad: "Uh?"

Freshie: "See! This is piece number one. This is piece number two. Well, one piece and two pieces make three pieces, don't they?"

Dad: "Unhuh. Wife, you take piece number one and give me piece number two. Son, you may have piece number three."—Ex.

AS YOU MEASURE TO YOUR NEIGHBOR

(With apologies to Amy Lowell and Walt Whitman.)

The other day,
Between classes,
A fellow
Went over to
Another fellow
And borrowed
A pencil;
He also borrowed
A book.
Between the next classes,
The same fellow
Borrowed another
Pencil.
He also borrowed
Another book.
Between the classes,
That same fellow
Borrowed
Another book;
And he borrowed
Another pencil.
Now, I've nothing
Against that guy,
And this is why.
He was I.

—Exchange.

Economics Prof.: "Name some production in which the supply exceeds the demand."

Student: "Trouble. Everybody is making it."—Ex.

Tall handsome bandit (holding up train)—"Now, I'll take the money from the men and a kiss from every woman."

Short Partner—"Never mind about the kissin,' Jack, get the dough."

Old Maid in the Rear—"You mind your own business, the tall man's robbing this train!"

"Good morning ma'am," began the temperance worker. "I'm collecting for the Inebriates' Home and—"

"Why, me husband's out," replied Mrs. McGuire, "But if ye can find him anywhere's ye're welcome to him."

She: This Italian coin smells just like garlic.

He: Yes, my dear; most Latin quarters do!

There was a man named McGirth;
Who was born on the day of his birth.
He married, so they say,
On his wife's wedding day;
And died on his last day on earth.

—Exchange.

Sign at Restaurant: Don't divorce your wife because she can't cook. Eat here and keep her for a pet.

"Mother," said a college student, who had brought her chum home for the holidays, "permit me to present my friend, Miss Specknoodle."

Her mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear.

"I'm sorry, Mary, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

"I say, mother," shouted Mary, "I want to present my friend, Miss Specknoodle."

"I'm sorry, Mary, but—what was the name again?"

"Miss Specknoodle!" Mary fairly screamed.

The old lady shook her head sadly "I'm sorry, Mary, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."

Ruth rode in my new cycle car,
On the seat in back of me,
I took a bump at fifty-five
And rode on ruthlessly.

Dad (Seriously): My boy, don't you think it's about time for you to stand alone?

Son (cheerfully): Sure, dad. I can stand a loan anytime.

Said a philosophical student—"Well, my roommate can borrow most of my clothes, but he can't take my coat of tan."

The case of Allie Johnson vs. Rufus Johnson (colored) was being tried in the divorce court of a Southern city. The judge announced the decision of the court, concluding with the following words:

"The plaintiff, Allie Johnson, is granted a decree of absolute divorcement from the defendant, Rufus Johnson. Said defendant, Rufus Johnson will pay to the support of plaintiff, Allie Johnson, $2 a week allmony."

The defendant listened with pleased interest until the judge mentioned changed to one of puzzled surprise. the allmony, and then his expression Finally, he edged up close to the judge and said:

"Jedge, it's all right, and I onderstands everythin' 'cept'n' bout dis here 'Allie-Money.' Seems lak to me dat orter wuck bof' ways. S'posen' dat 'oman is makin' good money an' I ain't got no job? Don't I get no 'Rufus-Money'?"

Paul: At the party I thought your costume was ripping.

Pauline: Well, if you were a gentleman, you would have told me so.

"Jim, I see that your mule has U. S. branded on his right leg. I suppose he was an army mule and belonged to Uncle Sam?"

"No, suh, dat U. S. don't mean nothing 'bout no Uncle Samuel. Dat's jess a warnin, dat U. S. 'n jess stands fo' Un Safe—dat's all."

Pat: Hey, Mike, what are you doing?"

Mike: "Helping Jack."

Pat: "Well, what's Jack doing?"

Mike: "Nothing".

"Everybody's simply mad about me," observed the insane asylum keeper.

Chester: "I haven't broken a single one of my New Year resolutions."

Gump: "I didn't make any either."

"What are you going out for on the football team?"

"Drawback, I guess."

Sympathetic bystander (to a man searching for his lost latchkey): "Do you know where you lost it?"

Victim (on hands and knees): "Of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places to kill time."

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

PERSONALS

Miss Jane Campbell had dinner with her grandmother, Mrs. W. S. Riddle Friday evening.

Misses Lucy Pennybacker, Ruth Johnson, Zelma Potter and Cecil Jones enjoyed Saturday evening in town, chaperoned by Miss Moore.

Miss Genevieve Peters enjoyed the afternoon and dinner, Saturday, with Miss Scovel.

Miss Elizabeth Engeler had a pleasant time in town Sunday with Miss Wisner.

Miss Margaret Rush enjoyed Sunday with Mrs. A. T. Jones.

Miss Mildred Parks enjoyed Sunday afternoon with Miss Marie Parrent, a Ward-Belmont day student.

Miss Hortense Beave spent a pleasant Sunday afternoon in town with Mrs. Gilbert.

Miss Lucile Warner spent the day in town, Sunday, with Mrs. Gilbert.

Miss Mildred Hunt enjoyed Sunday in town with her aunt.

Miss Peggy McNutt had a delightful day, Sunday, with Mrs. Charles Ford.

Miss Rebecca Thatcher enjoyed Monday at the home of Miss Elizabeth Liggett.

Miss Mary Alice Beazley enjoyed Monday with her aunt, Mrs. J. S. Kennedy.

Miss Mabel Patton spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. King.

Miss Jenn Franklin had a Sunday afternoon visit with Mrs. Harlin.

Miss Sisson and Miss Morrison took the following girls to the Y. W. C. A. Saturday evening to see a basketball game between the Y. W. and the Normal School of Murfreesboro: Athleen Dickey, Ruth Kendall, Eddie Lawrence, Jean McKnight, Pauline Westmoreland and Dibbie Shepard.

NOTICE

It is rumored that the members of the Y. W. cabinet are planning a surprise, to be staged in the near future. Whether it will be a Mardi Gras, a barn dance, a reception, or a tea, we cannot say, but we feel sure that whatever the Y. W. plans will be an enormous success. Watch for future developments.

Little boy, to his mother: "I've named my cross-eyed teddy bear 'Gladly'."

Mother: "That's a queer name for a teddy bear. Why call him that?"

Little boy: "At Sunday School we sing, 'Gladly, A Cross I'd Bear'."

HYPHENETTES

"The sun never sets on England's possessions," said an Englishman proudly.

"No," replied the Irishman, "the good Lord is afraid to trust her in the dark."

"Judge," cried the prisoner in the dock, "have I got to be tried by a woman jury?"

"Be quiet," whispered his counsel.

"I won't be quiet! Judge, I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women! I'm guilty."

A man traveling on a steamer had just fallen overboard.

He shouted, "Drop me a line."

"What's the use," exclaimed one of the passengers, "there's no postoffice where you are going."

Touch me not with begging fingers—
Come not hence with your lament,
For with me the same state lingers.
And I haven't got a cent!

A Winner never knocks,
A Knocker never wins,
A Winner is too busy to knock, and
A Knocker is too busy to win.—Torch.

Pat (going to battle)—"Why are you carrying that comb?"

Mike—"Sure, 'n faith 'tis the easiest one to part with."

Customer—"Gimme a soda without any flavoring."

Soda Slinger—"Yes, sir! What flavor?"

"What flavors have you?"

"Chocolate and pineapple."

"Without pineapple, then."

"Sorry, we're out of pineapple."

"All right, without chocolate."

"What's the matter with the professor's eyes?"

"Nothing, as far as I know. "Why?"

"Well, I had to go and see him in his office yesterday, and he asked me twice where my hat was and it was on my head all the time."

Orchestra Drummer—"I'm the fastest man in the world."

Violinist—"How's that?'

O. D.—"Time flies, doesn't it?'

V.—"Yeah."

O. D.—"Well, I beat time."

Tired Tim knocked at the door of a cottage. It was a chilly day and he was very hungry.

The old lady who opened the door was a good sort. She asked him into the kitchen and placed before him a nicely cooked meal and asked him why he did not go to work.

"I would," replied Tim, "if I had the tools.

"What sort of tools do you want?" inquired the old lady.

"A knife and fork," said Tired Tim.

"Remember," said the serious friend, "your country is calling you."

"I know that," replied Senator Sorghum; "but different parts of the country are calling me different things."—Ex.

HEARS NOTABLE SPEAKER

(Continued from page 1)

lington made a very interesting talk on Andrew Jackson. It consisted of a brief outline of Gen Jackson's achievement, but went into detail on some of the intimate and more interesting events in his career.

After touching upon his lineage, from Irish blood, of which he was always proud, of his obscure birth, and his early days of hardship, Gen. Washington pointed an argument that the brilliant achievement of his life, and the marks that he left upon the history of his country, were an incentive to all American youth, as an illustration of what can be accomplished in this country of freedom. He told of the thrilling period of the world's history in which Gen. Jackson lived, having been born two years before Napoleon Bonaparte. The speaker said that Jackson breathed the air of conquest, and was always a fighter, not only for his personal liberty, but for the honor of his country.

Like all positive characters, Gen. Jackson made bitter enemies; and from this the speaker went into the story of Gen. Jackson's duel with Charles Dickinson, brought about through the undercurrent of enemies' work, and involving a supposed slight upon the fair name of Gen. Jackson's wife. With dramatic effect Gen. Washington described the scene and the incidents of the duel, and characterized General Jackson's love for his wife as "the most beautiful and charming example of devotion that American history presents to the world." He used a number of striking expressions describing Gen. Jackson's attitude in regard to life, for instance, saying: "His contempt of danger and death was hardly equaled by that of any other American soldier except Sergt. York."

"A man of that courage," said Gen. Washington, "who had been supreme judge, a member of the United States senate, judge of the Circuit Court, and district attorney; and then achieved world fame as a soldier at the battle of New Orleans, was compelled to reap the presidency of the United States."

He touched upon the death of Jackson's beloved wife, which preceded his inauguration, and of Gen. Jackson's championship of Peggy O'Neal, and concluded with an amusing incident in connection with Van Buren's worship of Gen. Jackson.

"Gen. Jackson played the game fairly," concluded Gen. Washington. "He did not lie or steal or deviate from his beaten track of fair dealing; and he maintained his honor in all circumstances. His life stands out as a beacon light among all citizens of America."

CALENDAR

Jan. 20, Tri. K. to Woody Crest.
Jan. 20, Indiana and Louisiana Dance.
Jan. 22, Stunt Night.

"Hey, frosh, what time is it?"
"How'd you know I was a frosh?"
"I guessed it."
"Then guess what time it is!"

FORMER EDITOR DEAD

(Continued from page 1)

work in Expression ranked exceptionally high, and several of her roles in Shakespearean productions, and in short plays given under Miss Townsend's direction in the school of Expression, are recalled with unmixed pleasure. Best of all, she was lovable, and true and upright, with the beauty of holiness in her heart.

Her teachers, and her schoolmates at Ward-Belmont will always cherish her memory and her bright example, and they extend to those bound nearest to her by ties of love and duty, the assurance of their mutual sorrow. She was the first member of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association to be called from earth.

The "Columbia Evening Missourian," concludes its story of her death, with the following:

"Miss Garner was a conscientious worker and had been studying very hard this term. Every morning she spent two hours on the society desk of the Missourian. Today, after her death, a note in her handwriting was found on the loose-leaf calendar of the society desk under the date of December 20, when the term ends. It read: "We shall rest, and faith we shall need it."

Miss Garner was graduated from Ward-Belmont School, Nashville, Tenn., and also attended a dramatic school in New York City before coming to the University of Missouri last year. Her scholarship was unusually high. She was prominent in many student activities and member of several honorary and social organizations, including: Chi Omega; Theta Sigma Phi, women's honorary journalism sorority organization; the Parliamentary Club; and Ward-Belmont Club.

POST CHRISTMAS ENROLLMENT, 1922-23

Marvelle Burton, Dallas, Tex.
Dorothy Cope, Chicago, Ill.
Alma Crawford, Indianapolis, Ind.
Viola Dierks, Ewing, Nebr.
Epple Edsall, Lubbock, Tex.
Christine Harwood, Trenton, Tenn.
Edwina Polhill, Macon, Ga.
Frances Robinson, Detroit, Mich.
Helen Savage, Denver, Colo.
Elizabeth Shelton, Columbia, Tenn.
Susie Spragins, Huntsville, Ala.
Montgomery, Ala.
Mildred Stallworth,
Alice Wagnor, Indianapolis, Ind.
Orra V Waters, Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Dorothy Edna Wilson, Detroit, Mich.

Cornell College co-eds, loyal supporters of all Royal purple athletics, are taking a course of football lectures under Director of Athletics Sherman W. Finger, to thoroughly familiarize themselves with the game so that they may root intelligently.

Palmist: Tell your fortune?
Passerby: No thanks. I know how much it is.—Ex.

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UNDERTONES

The following article taken from the Cornell Sun might be read very profitably by us:

"There is nothing more detrimental to the morale of an organization than an undertone. Specifically speaking, an undertone is a sort of low guttural muttering that creates a lot of disturbance without being discovered. You can't walk around the audience and catch an undertone, and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have in my hand a large, well-fed, thriving undertone!' no, indeed. If you want to catch an undertone, you have to disguise yourself as a Bolshevik or a Soviet or something, and slink around thus taking the undertone unawares.

"To get down to specific cases, an undertone is something like this: Say, buddy, you think Cornell has a football team, don't you? Well, let me tell you that if they ever got up against a real team like Yale or California, they couldn't win in a million years. The trouble with that team is this. * * * And so on, ad infinitum. Or this: 'The honor system is my idea of a good joke. The only place they can afford to have an honor system is at Sing Sing, where they're all in separate cells. So don't let anyone ever kid you into thinking you've got to stop cribbin,' boy.

"That's what an undertone is. It goes slinking around knocking something all the time, and doing its best to start a revolution. But if you tried a million years you couldn't get it out in the open where you could get a full swing on its receding jaw. It is essentially a jungle reptile.

"If you've got a kick coming, get out in the middle of the field and kick, but DON'T BE AN UNDERTONE."

LETTERS HOME

Dearest Family:

You remember those after-the-war cartoons—"Slowly zigzagging back to normal"—well them's my sentiments exactly. Crooked is the path—so say we all of us. I really think since we can say—"a week ago now we were here" that the atmosphere has cleared up some and I believe the W.-B. rainy season is almost over.

You all don't know how I hated to leave—but I'm afraid if I had stayed much longer the whole family would have forgotten to "appreciate" me, and you know that wouldn't be right. I truly felt myself in the Papa's-pride-and joy-position all vacation. It's quite a come-down to a room-mate who just can't understand that phase of my many-sided character.

The two weeks we were gone did not seem to bring about any great change in our alma mater except the dining room is slick. No,dad, that isn't "collegiate slang" it's the slippery truth. No new student on the campus creates a larger sensation than "Dubbie." He is getting an awful rush—but I really think he's going either Tri K or XL. He has an awful crush on those sponsors. You can't tell though he may alienate his affections yet. Collie pups are fickle creatures, you know.

We are all preparing for the big thrill tonight when we see the "Cat and the Canary"—I'll write you all the harrowing details later. In the meantime—the Orpheum tonight means study this afternoon, so here goes for a library date.

Right now it looks like a Hard Winter but (Shades of English B!) "If Winter come" can June he far behind?

Love like everything,
from your
Dutiful Daughter.

HOME

The same old tender feeling
Is awakened in the heart
Of everyone who hears the name of "home"
And thougths again are turning
To the place we love the best—
The dearest spot, wherever we may roam.

A lovely, glowing picture
Flashes bright before each one
As Memory opens wide her golden door,
And Fancy paints with loving care
Each well-remembered spot
In tender thoughts of those dear days of yore.

To some there comes the vision
Of a stately mansion grand,
Where Fortune seems to smile on every side—
A brightly shining vision,
Of a fine palatial home,
Where comfort, ease, and luxury abide.

To others there is painted,
When their thoughts to home are turned,
The picture of a cottage by the sea.
They seem to hear again the sound
Of dashing waves, and feel
The tang of salty breezes, brisk and free.

Some see the vivid picture
Of a home out in the West,
Bathed in the sunlight of a dying day;
While others dream of cotton fields
And negro melodies,
In dear old Dixieland so far away.

But though a different picture comes
To everyone who hears
The magic name of "home," in every one
That word calls forth the tenderness
That grows throughout the years—
Devotion that will last till life is done.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1923 | NUMBER 12

PEANUT STUNT BY "Y" BACK OF MANY KIND DEEDS

It's the talk of the campus!

"What did you do for your Peanut today?"

"Just look, what my "Peanut" did for me!" It may sound like nonsense to those not actively interested in Ward-Belmont doings, but to the girls who are attending school here, these questions and exclamations are very familiar and bear a significant meaning. Beginning with Monday, January 15, a Friendship campaign is being waged in a new and very novel way. The campaign is being carried on by the entire student body and all the members of the resident faculty and the household.

"Peanut Week," was explained in detail at Vespers on January 14, by Florence Bell, president of the Ward-Belmont Y. W. C. A. This plan has been tried and found very successful in other schools and colleges and from the very evident enthusiasm with which the W.-B. girls took up the idea, its success is assured here also. Sunday night, at nine o'clock, each girl drew from a large sack of peanuts, one peanut. Inclosed she found a slip of paper on which was written the name of another girl in her dormitory. This girl thus became her "peanut." The first girl must do some kind deed every day for her "peanut" without disclosing her identity. All "peanut relations" must be entirely secret until the end of the two-weeks' campaign. Some of the "kind deeds" suggested were: make your "peanut's" bed; give her an apple; leave a "Hershey" bar on her dressing table; write a cheery note to her. However, never tell anyone who your "peanut" is and never let her find out whose peanut she is.

The idea was enthusiastically received by the members of the household, too. One sedate lady was so pleased over the name she had drawn that she exclaimed, "Oh, I drew a bird." Another one, a learned French teacher, declared that she would write a note every day to her "peanut" and tell her just how beautiful she is.

So far, everyone is having a fine time under the supervision of "Mr. Peanut," who was introduced in last week's Hyphen. The Y. W. is to be congratulated for bringing him here and for helping him to spread joy and close friendships among all who live at Ward Belmont.



THE OWL

What have you done for your peanut today?

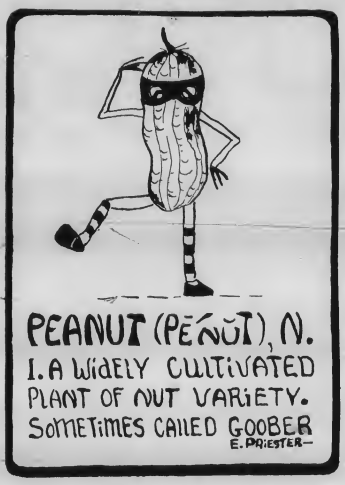
To The Rain

Shining little rain drops
Falling all around,
Splashing softly on the roof,
Dancing on the ground;
Tapping on the window pane
As they're passing by;
Homesick school girls look at them
And begin to cry.

Pretty little rain drops,
Can't you look and see
That you're causing all those tears,
All that misery?

Don't you know that when you come,
Days are dreary quite?
Little rain drops, can't you come
In the dead of night?

Sunday is the bluest day
When you frolic 'round,
Tapping on the window panes,
Splashing on the ground.
We are girls away from home,
Little rain drops, dear;
Please don't come on Sunday, please,
Ever while we're here!



THE ATHENIANS' MASCOT

Dr. Blanton's baby granddaughter has been chosen as the mascot of the Athenians Athletic Club. The colors, green and white, have been forwarded to her small ladyship, and she is now wearing them, as her badge of office. When she comes to Nashville, it is hoped and expected that she will make her appearance on the athletic field, or in the gymnasium, when she will act as a magnetic inspiration for her team.

The arrival of Little Miss Anne Landon Townsend, occasioned great excitement at Ward-Belmont, as well as in New York City, her birthplace. She is predestined to be a Ward-Belmont girl, so a group of the enthusiasistic Athenian members decided to give her without delay, the position of greatest honor in one of the most important circles of the school activities.

SENIORS WITNESS INAUGURATION OF GOV. AUSTIN PEAY

That it pays to be a Senior was the conclusion reached by all the members of that class, when on Tuesday, January 16, they were privileged to attend the inauguration of Hon. Austin Peay as the new governor of Tennessee. Radiant in new spring hats, and dressed in their most becoming clothes, the girls assembled early, in order to be assured of good seats in the Ryman Auditorium where the inauguration was to be held. For the marvel of it all was that they were allowed to go out of uniforms.

The ceremony at the Ryman, including addresses by both the out-going and the in-coming governors, and the formal administration of the oath of office, was intensely interesting, and was enjoyed very much. The Seniors, representing the highest Academic class in Ward-Belmont were permitted to attend the inauguration services through the courtesy of Dr. J. D. Blanton, and Miss Leila D. Mills, sponsor of the class and dean of women at Ward-Belmont.

STUDIO RECITALS IN DEPARTMENT OF EXPRESSION

On Thursday there was a very interesting studio recital given by the college and high school students in the Department of Expression. All members of the student body were invited, and many took the opportunity of being present. The program was smoothly and cleverly done. It follows:

When Malindy Sing ..... **Dunbar**
Miss Helen House
The Proud Lady ..... **Van Dyke.**
Miss Marie Louise Pittman
How Gentlemen Are Made ....
Miss Rosa Lee Dadisman
Two Lyrics: The Lost Chord **Proctor.**
Crossing the Bar **Tennyson.**
Miss Roberta Louise Tucker
A Child's Sketch Diddie, Dumps and Tot
Miss Mary Louise Edwards
Monologue ... April Shower .... **Fiske.**
Miss Mildred Goodpasture
Monologue Norman in the Pullman **Fiske.**
Miss Gertrude Melat.
Monologue .....
Miss Margaret Frantz

CALENDAR

Jan. 20. Indiana-Louisiana Dance.
Jan. 22. Stunt night.
Jan. 24. Madame Butterfly."
Jan. 27. Illinois Dance.

FACULTY FACTS

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of interviews which will be arranged between members of the **Hyphen** staff and the members of the Academic faculty. In this issue we give an account of and the results of an interview with Miss Mary R. Norris, dean of the Faculty.

As the two reporters entered the dean's office, Miss Norris had a **Hyphen** on the desk before her and was reading the Alumni column. This gave a decidedly good opening for the interview which was to follow. Throughout the entire half-hour, the girls' interest was held at the highest point by Miss Norris' very entertaining story of her life.

"I am a Yankee to the bone," she began, "My mother's people came over in 1640. My father was a Connecticut man. He was a home missionary in the forests of Michigan, so I was born there, but I spent most of my life in Connecticut and feel that I belong to New England."

Miss Norris attended Bryn Mawr where she majored in Latin and Greek and received her A.B. and A.M. degrees. Her first teaching experience was at the Veltin school in New York, where she taught the girls preparing for Bryn Mawr. Later Miss Norris and her sister conducted a day school for children in Germantown near New York. After this, she taught history at a preparatory school in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. While at Hollidaysburg, Miss Norris heard a speech given by the man who founded the Redbird School in the Kentucky mountains, in which she became so greatly interested, and told us about in chapel last week.

"I have traveled much as other people have," Miss Norris said, "I was abroad one summer and during another summer I was on the Western Coast.

"I had one very interesting trip," she continued, "While my sister and I were in Canada, we went to visit an old friend of ours who had a homestead in Northwestern Canada. It was the most desolate place I have ever seen. The little town had only one inn, a store and two houses. I never realized before how much dirt there could be. The people seemed so primitive. There was one clean, respectable-looking girl whose father kept the inn, and to this girl we clung protectingly.

"The church seemed very strange to me. In the rough, barren room, a dirty, uncouth backwoodsman delivered a short, incoherent sermon. The only people attending the service were the minister's wife, one man, and my sister and I."

Miss Norris expressed her delight in exploring and finding new things for herself, and this experience in one of the most unsettled and almost uncivilized sections of Canada, has meant a great deal to her.

Miss Norris also told of her interesting experience on a desert ranch in California. When asked about her hobbies she told of her interest in Y. W. C. A. work.

"Aside from the little dogs next door, my walks and my garden, I believe my greatest outside interests are the Y. W. C. A. and the Nashville College Club of which I am corresponding secretary. This noon I am to speak to the working girls of the Tennessee Biscuit Company at the Y. W. C. A."

It was truly inspiring to the girls to see from the informal accounts of her experiences how Miss Norris, the busy faculty dean of a large school, had found time to do so many unusual things and so much for other people.

"I think it is a pity," she said, "that people don't have time to do more unusual things."

As the girls rose to go after their very interesting interview, Miss Norris added a word about the **Hyphen.**

"I think you get out a fine paper," she said, "Your news, so full of life, is most interesting, especially, because of its freshness and variety."

ACADEMIC NEWS

Madam Bezlat's fourth year French class is studying the plays of Racine.

While waiting for the spring style books, before commencing their taffeta dresses, the third year sewing girls are making various small articles.

Miss Shouse's English A class are studying the structure of paragraphs, preliminary to writing their term theme.

Miss Rhea's History A classes are studying the rise of various countries leading up to the French Revolution.

The Victorian period of English Literature is being studied by Miss Ross' English D girls.

Quite a great deal outside reading is being accomplished also, such as Carlyle's, Essay on Burns, Heroes and Hero-Worship, and various selections from Ruskin.

Miss Scruggs' Psychology classes are studying perception. A very interesting and profitable half-hour was spent Friday discussing "The Cat and the Canary" from a psychological standpoint.

Dr. Hollinshead's Chemistry A classes are studying the Oxygen compounds of Chlorine this week. They prepared chlorine in the laboratory also.

The Glee Club is going forward steadily, and rapidly developing into a splendid musical asset for the school under the training of Mr. Strick, director of Musical Science. The carols rendered so beautifully on the night before the holidays began, gave a foretaste of the fine work the organization will do in the future.

The Musical Science classes in the Appreciation of Music have been studying Puccini's opera "Madame Butterfly" preliminary to hearing it given in Nashville by the San Carlo Opera Company.

MacDowell's anniversary will be appropriately observed by the History of Appreciation classes on Wednesday, January 24, with an interesting program carried out under Mr. Strick's direction in the Musical Science Studio.

THE LETTER S

Have you noticed oh, reader of Ward-Belmont catalogues and of Ward-Belmont's newspaper news, or have you thought, how strongly the letter S is leading the names of the school's faculty and household staff? Well, if you have no', read the list and be enlightened. Here is proof:

Mlle Schoeni.
Miss Scruggs.
Miss Shouse.
Miss Sheppe.
Miss Marjorie Shappard.
Mrs. Jean Shepard.
Miss Sisson.
Miss Sloan.
Mrs. Estelle Roy Schmitz.
Miss Saunders.
Mrs. May R. Stewart.
Mr. Alfred H. Strick.
Miss Sutton.
Miss Swift.
Miss Shea.

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LETTERS HOME

Dearest Family:

In the midst of all this hectic rush of practicing, costume making and worrying I have at last found a moment when I could "take my pen in hand." You remember that old poem in my Fourth Reader—well a line or so more or a few changes seem to fit in right here.

"It's not to make reply.
It's not to reason why
It's but to do and die.
It's the night of stunts
The 500.

There your sentiments but here goes anyway. I wish you all could be here Monday night and see us arrayed in all our glory. I hope you will be thinking of me and hoping my club wins. Mental suggestion, you know is rather high in modern society, so do your best.

The very latest word in W. B. society is Peanut Parties! You remember the article in last week's Hyphen by Miss Peanut. Well, he and his wife and all the little peanuts arrived by radio Sunday evening and great has been the fun at their expense since their arrival. My special peanut is showering me with stamps and Hershey, buds and sweet little notes. Not having had any mail for the last few days it certainly helps out.

Our high and mighty seniors shook the dust of W.-B. campus from their unaccustomed feet and gave the natives a treat at the inauguration of the new governor, Tuesday morning. The joys of being "upper class." Their luncheon conversation consisted mostly of "If I were goveror."

We changed tables again this week and are getting accustomed to the new surroundings and appetites that are to be with us for the next few weeks. Nothing seems to embarrass this W. B. appetite of mine.

Everybody write me and Daddy, dear, one of your little specials would certainly be appreciated. They can't be beat, you know the kind I mean—that begin—"Enclosed find check."

Love, and lots of it from
Your Laboring Daughter.

A LA PEPYS

To see "Cat and Canary" in the best of humors. My wife did me the kindness to remark that it was a pity I was not always so. I settled myself for an evening of entertainment—good seats, excellent show. 'Twas satisfactory! And then—just in an exciting part, I heard a moan—blood-curdling. My skin tingles; my ears strain to listen! I kept my eyes on the hands—hands were hands after all, they were skin and bones—human—but that moan! It continued steadily yet never the same. It was nerve racking—first a shriek, then a querulous clucking sound. I did grow to listen for it—to pray for it—to have it over. Even the hairs on my head bent in a listening attitude. For mark you, it did not come from the rear! At last, I did whirl around and there—sat my old friend Ward-Belmont. There She sat with her eyes shut, fingers in her ears moaning. A strange sight forsooth! Yet, as I left weak, wan and weary she turned to the girl on her right and said, "Wasn't it wonderful. I could see it all over again!"

WATER POLO

The water polo practices are progressing nicely and the teams will soon be picked and the match games will be played. The following schedule of games has been arranged, two games will be played each week.

Jan. 29. Panthers vs. Athenians.
Feb. 2. Olympians vs. Regulars.
Feb. 5. Athenians vs. Regulars.
Feb. 9. Olympians vs. Panthers.
Feb. 12. Regulars vs. Panthers.
Feb. 16. Olympians vs. Athenians.

The following girls have been chosen as team managers. Panthers, Sue Hilliard; Regulars, Fannie Wells; Olympians, Willa Starkweather; Athenians, Helen Condon.

ATHLETIC BOARD HAS MEETING

An athletic board meeting was held Tuesday, January 16 in the Y.W.C.A. room.

A report of the water polo season was given by Sarah Jeter and a report of hockey was made by Helen Campbell. The two girls who have made the varsity hockey team for two years are Elizabeth Shepard and Martha Williamson and they will receive a silver hockey stick for making the team two years.

Ruth Kendall resigned the vice-presidency and Eddie Lawrence was chosen in her place.

The regular water polo team is handicapped by not having any subs which are necessary for a winning team, so it was decided to let Doris Cone sub for the Regulars in case this was necessary.

After discussing water polo the meeting was adjourned.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Miss June Fisher, former graduate of the Ward-Belmont School of Expression, and now head of the Expression Department in Oxford College, will produce in February, "Alice in Wonderland," a dramatization by Miss Townsend.

Willie Clower (Class of 1919) whose home is in Memphis, Texas, is taking an important and useful part in the musical life of that city. She is soloist in her church choir; secretary of the local music club, and holds the same office in the Literary Study Club.

WARD-BELMONT GIRL WINS ESSAY PRIZE

Miss Marie Louise Pittman one of the most talented of the Special Expression class received last week a $25 prize for the best essay on movie stars as related to character and action.

If pork is pig and beef is cow, is mutton Jeff?—Ex.

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

What does your signature mean to you? What would you have it mean to other people? A person's signature Is a very valuable thing—it may establish a bond of friendship, it may sign away another's life, or it may cause a war; it may aid, destroy, establish, legalize or condemn. It stands for one's approval or disapproval of the thing to which it is affixed. Everyone wishes to have his name honored. A good name is an asset in all circles of society, for the possessor of a good name is trusted and admired by all who know him. So it is with that person's signature. To whatever he signs his name he intends to uphold as the thing for which he stands. As long as he honors his own signature it will be honored by others, but if at any time, he places his name, as the sign of his approval, upon a lie, or upon something unworthy, or upon anything which he knews in his heart to be wrong, he at once lowers the value of that signature.

For example, it should not be necessary for ~~any~~ one to write a certain form of pledge at the end of an examination paper. The fact that she has affixed her signature to that paper, should identify it beyond all question as her own work. No girl who wishes her name to be honored would ever sign that name as a mark of approval upon any test paper which she knows is not her own. Guard your signature, honor it, and use it only in the way in which you would have others use your name.

DR. BLANTON GIVES BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR JANUARY GIRLS

The first January birthday dinner for the Ward-Belmont students was given Tuesday evening, when Dr. J. D. Blanton, president, entertained nineteen of the forty-eight girls at the school, whose birthdays fall in the first month of the year.

Like its predecessors, the dinner was very elaborate in form, and combined many artistic details of decoration and service. The table, in crimson, white and green colors, had a placque of red carnations in the center. A surrounding wreath of white narcissi was fringed with a delicate border of maidenhair fern, and small knots of the white and crimson flowers lay at each of the four corners. The name cards were decorated with red roses. A typical midwinter menu also brought out the colors in several details.

Miss Mills, dean of women, and Mrs. Solon E. Rose, assisted Dr. Blanton in entertaining the party. It included:

Miss Geraldine French, of Corsicana, Texas; Miss Carolyn Landauer, of Davenport, Iowa; Miss Gertrude Plowman, of Hanover, Pa.; Miss Frieda Derdeyn of Paul's Valley, Okla.; Miss Elizabeth Thompson of Peoria, Ill.; Miss Marion Sullivan, of Jackson; Miss Mary Belle Sullivan, of Gordonsville; Miss Margaret Price, of Mt. Morris, Ill.; Miss Mildred Baker of Greenwood, Pa.; Miss Ramona Houser, of Elwood, Ind.; Miss Louise Baker, of Port Arthur, Texas; Miss Alice Nixon, of Eureka, Kan.; Miss Marie Myers, of East Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Martha Fraiser and Miss Virginia Jones, both of Schlaier, Miss.; Miss Elizabeth Woodberry of Council Bluffs, Iowa; Miss Margaret Rust, of Cairo, Ill.; Miss Clyute Edgar, of Newport, Ark.; and Miss Annie Louise Fuller, of St. Louis.

MORE AND MORE DELIGHTFUL FOOD IS SERVED US

Excellent breakfasts; delightful lunches, and three course dinners. "Just like mother makes!" Which means, "day by day, and in every way we are getting fatter and fatter."

Shades of Caesar's ghost! What will they do next, to make us feel at home? Send us home altogether, it seems to me!

The Kitchen Department is playing "Peanut" and bringing forth all kinds of surprises for us!

Three cheers for Ward-Belmont! Three cheers for "Peanut!" And three cheers for the Kitchen Department! Rah! Rah! Rah!

SATURDAY NIGHT MOVIE

Thrills and heart throbs!—Thomas Meighan in "The Bachelor Daddy!" Excitement ran high when the announcement was made about the movie in the dining room—Good reason why, too!

We enjoyed it more than any "heavy" picture we have ever seen, and wish there were more "Bachelor Daddies" produced on the screen.

FLORIDA AND WEST VIRGINIA DANCE

On last Saturday night the Florida and West Virginia state clubs gave one of the most delightful and artistic dances of this season.

Heron Hall was transformed into a jungle inn by the use of palms, Spanish moss, bamboo and orange blossoms. Palms and Spanish moss made the walls most attractive while moss hung from the ceiling in garlands and festoons. The guests entered through a fence made of bamboo, and a fence of bamboo enclosed the orchestra.

Lois Boone and Miss Olive Ross, president and sponsor of the West Virginia club and Joe S. Roof and Mrs. Mary R. Davis, president and sponsor of the Florida club, received the guests. Miss Ross and Mrs. Davis carried bouquets. Joe S. wore red roses and Lois a pretty corsage.

The dance was opened with the customary grand march which was made doubly attractive by the entrance of Dr. Blanton and Dr. Pugh. Soon after this, the Florida girls led out to the strains of "On the Shores of Old Miami" and the West Virginia lead out was to "Hail to West Virginia." Two specials were given, one an Indian dance to the evil spirits, was danced by Clara Tucker of the Florida club. She was assisted by Antoinette and Ida Kellum.

In this dance genuine Seminole Indian costumes were used. Lois Boone and Lucile Warne of the West Virginia club were very attractive in a clever school boy and girl love affair.

During the evening fruit cocktail in grape fruit baskets, mint ice, chicken salad sandwiches and wafers were served. Dainty little baskets filled with candy were the favors.

Among the guests were: Dr. Blanton, Miss Mills, Dr. Prentice Pugh, rector of the Church of the Adveni, Mrs. Rose, Dr. and Mrs. Whitson, Miss Hollinger, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Tarbox. Dr. Hollinshead, Mrs. Plasketl Miss Blackwell, Mrs. Davis, and Miss Ross.

SECRETARY OF M. E. SUNDAY SCHOOLS SPEAKS AT VESPERS

It was the pleasure of the Ward-Belmont girls to receive a beautiful talk last Sunday evening from Miss Kennedy, the secretary of the Southern Methodist Sunday schools. Miss Kennedy told of what lies in store for youth "around the corner, and just over the hill." Joys, expected and unexpected, await us; pain, physical, mental, and heart-rending; but is this last not meant as a test for us? Testing shows our strength and Miss Kennedy spoke on this theme inspiringly, occasionally illustrating her remarks by personal experiences.

The Y. W. C. A. is to be thanked for securing such an interesting and inspiring speaker as Miss Kennedy, to talk from the Ward-Belmont platform.

GRANDMOTHER'S EXPERIENCE TO BE REPEATED

The same thing that happened to your grandmother in 1866 and 1888 is going to happen to you this year. And furthermore, this queer thing hapened to her on February 14 and April Fool's Day and it is going to happen to you on these very days.

Perhaps she received a lovely Valentine gift; perhaps she put salt in her coffee on April Fool's; perhaps you will do the same thing. But this coincidence of which I speak is an entirely different thing.

In 1866 and 1888, Ash Wednesday fell on St. Valentine's Day and Easter Sunday on April Fool's Day. The same thing will happen this year. This queer combination of days will occur only three times in another century—1934, 1945 and 1956.

MINERVA

As a special incentive for good work in our studies Miss Norris offers a little statue of Minerva to the class ranking first in scholastic record. Minerva is the goddess believed by the ancients to represent knowledge and wisdom. It is indeed an honor for a class to receive her image and be allowed to march down to Academic building, singing the class song, then to place her in the library above the class banner.

The points which count toward making Minerva are as follows:

Two points for each A received by a pupil.

One point for each B+ received by a pupil.

One point lost for each D or cut.

Two points lost for each E

The total number of points is then divided by the number of girls in the class and this gives the percentage.

The first quarter, the Junior Middles ranked highest with one hundred thirty-seven per cent. All the higher percentages this year far exceeded the highest ones of the first quarter last year.

For the second quarter Minerva is to be presented to the class showing the most improvement over the first quarter, so this will give everyone an equal chance. Girls, let's show our class spirit in making points for our class. The struggle for the proud possession of Minerva should inspire us.

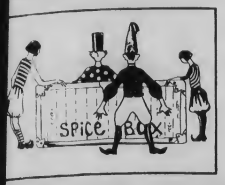
MISS THRONE OF SCHOOL OF PIANO IN NEW YORK

Miss Amelie Throne, of the Ward-Belmont School of Piano, who has leave of absence from the School for a year to do special work in piano in New York under the great Stojowski, has had innumerable splendid advantages and interesting musical opportunities while there. The list of artists whom she has heard includes the great names of Paderewski, Gabrilowitch, Shattuck, Leitzki, Schelling, Hoffman, Powell, Hutcheson and Ideyl Rubenstein, whom she had not heard since he was a child, and played at Ward Seminary.

In opera she had the rare fortune of hearing in the "La Tosca" cast both Jeritza and Edward Johnson. These two great artists singing together being almost breath-taking in the perfect. In "Boris Godownoff" she heard Chaliaphine, rated now the greatest basso in the world, and this opportunity she considers one of the finest of her life.

T. C. C. MEETING

The T. C. C. Club held its regular weekly meeting in the clubroom Wednesday night, January 10. An important business session was held, after which there was a short but very interesting program.



While getting on a special car the other day, with the crowd pushing against her, one agonized voice cried, "Oh I have a crush!"

We heard a girl who gets a spec[illegible] every day remark that the [illegible] mistreated her. We ask, what is the [illegible] world coming to?

THE DAILY HALF-DOZEN, A LA PEANUT

Y[illegible] to a bed.
W[illegible] a sweet note.
L[illegible]ve a candy bar on the dresser.
S[illegible] the your sweetest.
L[illegible]nate your reddest apple.
S[illegible]e again!

Extra! A Flood! Don't be alarmed [illegible]ctly a flood of house mail caused by the numerous sweet peanut notes.

We move that Nell Atwood be given a vote of thanks for playing every Saturday night at the movie. All in favor say "Aye." **The Ayes have it!**

At the inauguration as W. B. enters.
Usher No. 1—This is the biggest 75 I ever saw.
No. 2—Yes, but the best looking 75 you ever saw!

Seniors, make your bow!

One seemingly intelligent damsel, wrote as an answer to the examination question, 'What are mosaics?" "Mosaics are paintings that deal with the life of Moses."

Miss Scruggs in Psychology class: "I do not get the manipulation of a Ford mixed up with that of Buick. Of course, if I had two cars it would be different, perhaps."

Papa: "Marian, what are you doing out there?"
Marian: "Looking at the moon."
Papa: "Well, send the moon home at 9 o'clock."—Ex.

Polly had been brought up in a Presbyterian minister's family. Once she and her father were visiting some Episcopalian relatives. The subject of rising to church came up and she and her father were invited to attend the Episcopal church, but her father replied that it would be better to attend their own church.
"Oh, papa," said the little girl, "if you will only let me go I'll promise not to believe a word they say."—Ex.

Frances longed to see a pig killed. Her mother suggested that such a desire in her part was unwomanly.
"Yes, I know," said Frances, apologetically, "but couldn't we pretend that it was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots?"—Ex.

History Teacher: "Can anyone of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"
Pupil: "I don't know, or I'd take some myself."—Ex.

A certain young man wrote the following letter to a prominent business man, ordering a razor:
"Dear Sir: Please find enclosed 50 cents for one of your razors as advertised, and oblige. John Jones.
"P. S.—I forgot to enclose the 50 cents, but no doubt a firm of your high standing will send the razor anyway."
The firm replied as follows:
"Dear Sir: Your most valued order was received and will say in reply that we are sending the razor as per request and hope it will prove satisfactory.
"P. S.—We forgot to enclose the razor, but no doubt a man with your cheek will have no need of it."—Ex

"Robert! Robert! Here's another car rounding the corner. How shall I steer?"
"Try to hit it, mother; try to hit it."—Ex.

"Father," said the sharp little boy, as they sat around the family tea-table, "I saw a deaf and dumb beggar in the street this afternoon with an impediment in his speech!"
"A deaf and dumb man with an impediment in his speech!" exclaimed father. "Don't talk nonsense!"
"But he had, father," insisted the youngster; "one of his middle fingers was missing."—Ex.

I did laugh and she did cry.
I got husted and she got by.
Tell me not in a mournful tone,
When you weep you weep alone.
—Ex.

"How on earth, Harold, did you manage to get your clothes so frightfully torn?"
"I tried to save a little boy from getting licked."
"That was good of you, darling. Who was the little boy?"
"Me."—Ex.

Lady (to guide in Yellowstone Park)—Do these hot springs ever freeze over?"
Guide—"Oh yes! Once last winter a lady stepped through the ice here and burned her foot."

During the lessons one afternoon, a violent thunderstorm arose, and, to lessen the fright of the children the teacher began telling of the wonders of the elements.
"And now, Jimmy," she asked "why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"
"Because," said Jimmy confidently, "after it hits once, the same place ain't there anymore."—Ex.

Winifred—"Elsie, you've got that math. on your brain."
Elsie—"It's better to have it on my brain now than on my hands next year."

"That's a deuce of a note," said the monkey as he sneezed into the trombone.—Ex.

If you have a bit of news,
Send it in.
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in.
A story that is true,
An incident that is new,
We want to hear from you—
Send it in.
Never mind about the style,
If the news is worth the while,
It may help or cause a smile—
Send it in.

P. S.—Contributors should write their jokes on thin paper so that they can be seen through.—Ex.

DO YOU KNOW THE SECRET?

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Push," said the Button.
"Beat your way through life," said the Heart.
"Never be led," said the Pencil.
"Have nerve," said the Tooth.
"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.
"Look pleasant," said the Camera.
"Put up a bluff," said the Mountain.
"Keep to your bed," said the River.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Drive things in," said the Hammer.
"Make light of everything," said Ives.
"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.
"Never do anything off-hand," said the Glove.
"Have a purr-puss," said the Cat.
"An egg a day," said the Hen.
"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.
"Be sharp in your dealings," said the Knife.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

PRAISE BE TO THE GIRL

Who gets up in the morning, puts down the windows and turns on the heat.
Who always has thread and needle to sew up a "runner."
Who always shares her true love's five-pound box of candy.
Who gives her peanut daily chocolate bars.
Who uses adjectives other than "precious" and "dumb."
Who doesn't **push others aside** in the rush for the street car.
Who smiles at the whole world.

AGORA ACTIONS ABBREVIATED

All
Gaily
Observe
Rehearsal.
Answer?
Stunt Night.

Ruth Francis—We've got to cram for our history quiz tomorrow.
Kotsie—Oh! Let's get H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," and have it all in a nutshell.—Ex.

Student—Beg pardon, sir, but what is this you have written on my theme?
Professor—I told you to write more legibly.—Ex.

Maiden (to Steward)—There's my fiance on the pier. I wonder if I could go down and say good-bye to him?
Steward—"I'm afraid not, Madame. The boat leaves in two hours.—Ex.

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

PERSONALS

Mrs. Harold C. Douglas, of Oberlin, Kansas, arrived in Nashville, Friday. Her daughter, Miss Isadora, who is a student in this school, spent the week-end with her mother at the Hermitage Hotel. Saturday they entertained Miss Ruth Hardy at dinner and the theatre.

Miss Boyer chaperoned a party of girls to Loew's Saturday evening to see "To Have and to Hold." The members of the party were Misses Jean Wilmarth, Marion Kendall, Florence McHenry and Lee Lewis.

Mrs. W. B. Greenlaw and her son, of Columbia, Tenn., arrived in Nashville Saturday to spend the week-end with Mary Katherin. They were the guests of the school Sunday at dinner.

Miss Clotilda Mitchener spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. John Killibrew of Belle-Meade—Mr. Killibrew is one of the many Nashville men who are deeply interested in the school and his several daughters have attended Ward-Belmont at different times.

Miss Julie Stone spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. House of Nashville. Her hostess entertained her very charmingly at tea.

Miss Marian Sullivan spent Monday in town with her mother, Mrs. B. O. Sullivan.

Misses Alice, and Martha Fraiser spent Monday in town with Mrs. Margaret Kennedy Lowry. Mrs. Lowry is the head of the Domestic Art department and her home is in Nashville.

Miss Zelma Lee was entertained at lunch Monday by Mrs. F. L. Foster and her daughter Elinor of Nashville. Elinor was at one time a boarder at Ward-Belmont but for the past year or so she has attended the school as a day student.

Misses Marion Williams and Susie Spragins who are post-graduates, spent the day Monday in town. They had lunch at the Y.W. tea room and later went to Loew's.

Miss Ann Richardson was entertained by Mrs. Pendleton at a lovely luncheon Monday at Mrs. Pendleton's home.

Monday the following girls spent the day with Mrs. Goode in town: Fay Boyd, Grace Morrow, Elizabeth Jordan and Marian Goode. They had lunch and saw "To Have and to Hold."

MARRIED

Della Jeffries (Class of 1921) to Mr. Rukin Jelks, at her home at McCrory, Texas, on January 10, 1923.

Ruth Nolen, former Ward-Belmont girl, to Mr. Harry L. Myers, on Saturday October 10, 1922, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Nolen at Wichita Falls, Texas.

Carrye Neal Herring [illegible] Expression Certificate class, 1920-21, to Mr. Gustav E. Moe, on New Year's Day, at the home of the bride's parents in Glasgow, Montana. They will be at 3121 Columbus Avenue, Southeast Minneapolis, Minnesota.

From Shreveport, Louisiana Times-[illegible] taken the following account of the marriage of a former Ward-Belmont student:

"The marriage of Miss Fannie Mae Giddens and Thomas Crain Stead Lewis, which was consummated on New Year's night, was a brilliant society event, the wedding taking place at the First Methodist church [illegible] the presence of a large concourse of friends and relatives, with Dr. Brooks officiating.

The altar was beautifully decorated with southern smilax and lovely pink roses entwined in a lattice of white with a background of palms, while the chancel rail was banked with ferns and dainty pink hydrangeas.

"Preceding the ceremony Mrs. Herbert Atkins gave several numbers 'At Dawning' and 'Because,' in her usual charming manner. Miss Katherine Smith presided at the organ. At the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march the bridal party entered, maids and men alternating, led by the two ushers, Holy Barret and Joe Hunter.

"Miss Helen Files was in orchid, Miss Margaret Jordan in green, Miss Betty Lawrence in apricot, Miss Julia Smith in blue, the dainty colors blending in harmonious effect, as they ranged themselves in front of the altar. The men were Burford McGuffin, Ford Currier, Merrell Currier and Twain Giddens.

"Mrs. Joseph L. Ewing attended the bride as matron of honor.

"Two dainty children immediately preceded the bride, little Mary Jane Hunter and John Gibson.

"The bride entered on the arm of her father, Mr. T. K. Giddons, radiantly lovely in a gown of white satin with lace overdress. Her long flowing veil of softest illusion, falling over a train of white satin, was fastened to her hair with a lace cap and bound with a wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley.

"A brief reception was held in the home of the bride's parents, in Fairfield avenue for only the immediate families and the bridal party.

"The gifts were numerous and very handsome, and included silver, crystal, pictures, etc., with a number of checks of large denominations.

"During the evening telegrams were received from the members of Mr. Lewis' company of which he was captain while in France.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lewis left the same evening for a short trip to New Orleans, and upon their return will be at their nome on Elizabeth street which has been completely [illegible] for their occupancy."

CHAPEL TALK ON TRAFFIC

One of our most enjoyable chapel exercises this year took place last Thursday morning when Mr. Charles Pe[a]y, secretary of the National Automobile Club of Nashville, spoke to us.

Mr. [P]ay began his little talk on the subject of "Traffic" by telling a funny incident in his youth when he says, he came near to being a Ward-Belmont girl and then said:

"I pays to be careful in traffic. For traffic is a real problem and one that needs thought. It is especially important that the ladies of the land get the right viewpoint, as no amount of regulations can be successful if there is not the cooperation of the home. Nashville has a safety council which meets once each week and deals with traffic regulations and their enforcement.

"I believe on the whole women drivers are safer than men but in case of a pinch a man is better." Mr. Pe[a]y closed his talk warning us to be always very careful in traffic and upon entering a new city to learn first the traffic regulations of that city. Besides the seriousness and importance of the message which he brought to us, he also spoke in a most humorous way of his first visit to Ward-Belmont as a gentleman caller; and all students thoroughly enjoyed that.

DR. WHITSON

Our own favorite Bible professor, Dr. Whitson, was conductor of the chapel services Friday morning while the remainder of our faculty were engaged in a meeting. Dr. Whitson also served successfully as speaker of the morning by presenting to us in a very interesting style some of the most important current topics. We are always especially glad to have the current topics discussed for us in chapel once each week as we do not always have sufficient time to keep posted as we should by reading daily papers.

DR. BLANTON FILLS CHAPEL PULPIT ON SUNDAY

We were obliged to remain at home Sunday morning for services because of the great downpour of rain. Dr. Blanton gave us a most instructive talk taking as his text the first and third chapters of James.

"The Bible," said Dr. Blanton, "is purely practical truth. It matters little as to what interpretation or view we take toward baptism and the like, but we must have faith and live up to those things which we think God would have us do.

"Visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," he said; "we may do all this, but if the motive is to make one's self more popular in the eyes of fellowmen, it is of no avail. Not only does the text say, 'Visit the fatherless and widows in their distress' but also, 'keep thyself unspotted from the world.'

"Be careful of your speech. Gossip is a very natural thing, we find it everywhere, but let us remember when once a word is spoken it may not be recalled. Without the tongue there would be no evil saying. 'Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from guile.' 'I will keep my mouth with a bridle.' Say the thing that is helpful, strengthening, upbuilding and worthy. Make our charity world-wide. That is the religion of God and will make us more like our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ," said Dr. Blanton in concluding his inspiring message. After having heard his most practical and helpful application of the text, and feeling the uplift of thought and purpose that Dr. Blanton can always give us with such earnest and stimulating effect, we were more than glad that it had rained at church hour, thus giving us the privilege of hearing our loved and honored President.

BARNARDO HOMES

The cause of the Barnardo Orphan Homes was very appealingly presented at chapel on Wednesday by Mr. J. N. Stephen, of London, England, who is a representative of this superb charity, which is established already in England, Australia and Canada, but not in this country. Mr. Stephen stated that many worthy and useful American citizens had at one time or another received the shelter and protection of some one of these homes. They were originally established about sixty years ago by Dr. Thomas Barnardo, a young medical student, who became impressed with the pitiable condition of London's friendless and homeless boys, and determined to begin a refuge for a few of them. The first shelter was found in a donkey stable, which was rented and floored and opened for some of the desolate street boys. Since the founder's death, seventeen years ago, the work has been carried on in his name, and is now accomplishing a mighty work of reformation and relief, through a chain of well equipped and comfortable homes.

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PIANO RECITAL BY MISS MASSEY'S PUPILS

On Wednesday, January 17.

Blue Danube Waltz ..... Straus
Miss Mary Belle Glasgow

Fare Thee Well ..... Farrar
Miss Grace Ellen Glasgow

3 Part Invention ..... Bach
Study No. 19 ..... Cramer
Miss Ludie Everson

Cradle Song ..... Cimadori
Miss Elizabeth Simpson

To the Sea ..... MacDowell
Miss Josephine Willis

A Night in May ..... Krentzlin
Miss Evorine Sweeton

Ballet Scenes 1 and 2 Coleridge Taylor
Miss Annie Sullivan

Waltz Caprice ..... Hoffman
Miss Margaret Wakeman

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HYPHENETTES

Parent: Helen do you ever s... reflect?
Flapper: Every time th... s ... ror to reflect in, Mater."—Ex.

"Sometimes a luxury ... com... necessity."
"Yes—Immediately if ... ur ... bor has it!"—Ex.

The collection of Germ... man... a hobby is another form ... Zere... ship.—Ex.

Doctor: When did you ... rst ... that Mike was sick?
Mrs. O'Flanahan: Sure, ... nd ... swearing day before yis... rda...

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Student's Recital

Thursday Evening, January 18, 1923
At Five O'clock

Ward-Belmont Auditorium

1. *Piano*—On Loch Lomond . . . . . *Brosen*
   MISS VIRGINIA BLEDSOE
2. *Violin*—Indian Lament . . . . . *Dvorak-Kreisler*
   MISS IONE AIKEN
3. *Piano*—Asphodel . . . . . *Scott*
   MISS MARGARET WAKEMAN
4. *Piano*—Valse Caprice . . . . . *Scott*
   MISS LUDIE EMERSON
5. *Voice*—(*a*) Land of Heart's Desire . . . . . *Coleman*
   (*b*) Swiss Girl's Lament . . . . . *Folk Song*
   MISS ELEANOR TERRY GRINTER
6. *Piano*—Four Preludes . . . . . *Chopin*
   MISS HELEN ENGEL
7. *Violin*—Romance . . . . . *Wieni...ski*
   MISS EVELYN PREWITT
8. *Piano*—La Filcuse . . . . . *Raff*
   MISS MARJORIE STEELE
9. *Piano*—Sonata in E minor (first movement) . . . . *Grieg*
   MRS. ROBERT COONEY

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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MISS WILLIAMS GIVES INTERPRETATION OF "'OP O' MY THUMB"

At Ward-Belmont on Saturday evening, a gifted post-graduate in the Department of Expression, Miss Marion Wil'lams, of Bushnell, Ill., gave a very clever interpretation of a drama "'Op O' My Thumb." Miss Williams arranged the dramatization herself, and achieved a remarkable success both in this part of the work, and in her interpretation. The scene was laid in London, and the characters were were charmingly portrayed. The faculty of Ward-Belmont constitu'ed a beautifully receptive audience.

Miss Williams has been at Ward-Belmont for eight years. She was a member of the 1922 graduating class, and is specializing in post-graduate Expression this year. Her talents have been wonderfully trained, and her creative ability marks her for great future success.

LOUISIANA AND INDIANA DANCE

On Saturday evening, January 20, the Louisiana and Indiana state clubs entertained with a very charming Oriental dance in Heron Hall. The atmosphere of the far East was successfully carried out in many details; first the programs, which were Oriental lanterns. Also in the decorations; in the entrance—a little dimly lighted passageway; and even to the incense which pervaded the atmosphere.

As the guests entered the room from the little passageway they were greeted by two Louisiana girls, Mona and Louise Atkins in Oriental costume. The receiving party included the president of the Louisiana Club, Fannie Julia Phelps, and the sponsor, Miss Sally Beth Moore, the president of the Indiana Club, Julia McKinsey, and the sponsor, Miss Kathryn Kirkham.

As special features of the evening Monair Lindsey and Fannie Julia Phelps did some very clever Oriental dances in costume. Refreshments were served at nine-thirty o'clock.

The faculty guests invited included: Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Crosland, Miss Lelia D. Mills, Mrs. Solon E. Rose, Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, Mrs. Thos. Gaines, Miss Leaveil, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Whitson, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rose, Miss Mary Harris Cockrill and Miss Matheney.

CALENDAR

Feb. 2 and 3—Examinations.
Feb. 3—Kansas Club Dance.

THE RISING BELL

In the cold, gray, early morning,
Out it sends metallic warning,
That the hour has come when school girls must arise;
Not one tone of understanding,
Mingled with its harsh commanding,
As its hollow pealing in the distance dies.

Oh, that some misfortune painful,
Swift and horrible and baneful,
Would o'ertake that clanging, banging, hated bell—
Eeat its iron sides together,
Stop its noisy tongue forever,
So no more could it the rising hour tell!

But forever and forever,
Will that cruel monster sever
Sleeping maidens from their happy, peaceful dreams
Always with satanic mocking
Will it call out, rudely shocking
Those who sweetly sleep to wakefulness, it seems

Never will it cease its clanging—
Stop its harsh, untuneful banging,
Always will it shout aloud in fiendish glee!
On and on througout the ages—
Time forgotten while it rages—
On and on and on throughout eternity.

Osirons Win Prize In All-Club Stunt Night Program

The "stunt night" program given by the ten social clubs, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium, on Monday evening, developed a wonderful amount of originality and art in presenting of stunts; and so excellent was each one that the three judges, Mrs. Leslie Cheek, Mrs. Sam H. Orr and Dr. W. E. Hibbett were puzzled to decide where the prize should be awarded. It fell, however, to the Osiron Club, of which Miss Emily Schenk is president, and Miss Sally Beth Moore is sponsor. The prize is a handsome pair of tall silver candlesticks, which are to be placed on the mantelpiece of the club quarters.

The Osiron stunt, listed on the program as "The Mystic Hour," was a marvel of beauty and grace. Lights were turned low, and with the face of a full moon, dimly showing through the clouds, a beautiful tableau of festival dancers was arranged, in front of which a wonderful exhibition of carnival dancing way done by Frances Williams and Fannie Julia Phelps. The dancing was accompanied by piano, violin and humming. Other features of the stunt were equally artistic, but the dancing and the tableau pictures were worthy of professional standing.

The Agora Club, which presented a clever play called "Inside Dope" was awarded second place by the judges The play represented the various things found to be on a girl's mind, when she is examined in the infirmary after being hit on the head with a hockey stick. There were many clever take-offs on individuals and activities of the school.

Others who received honorable mention were the Dei Ver's who presented three very pleasing skits under the name of the "Dei Ver What-Nots;" and the F. F.'s who represented, in a graveyard scene, the ghosts of departed Ward-Belmont notables.

The A. K. Club in "Memories," scored one of the hits of the program, with human representatives from "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Favorite Poems," "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

The Anti Pandora Club presented "An Oriental Scene," showing a powerful Sheik with his attendants and servants on the stage, with incense burning. The captive desert princess rose and gave an oriental dance. After she had finished her dance an oriental song was sung.

The next stunt was that of the

(Continued on Page 7)

WE BOW TO WARD-BELMONT'S ART DEPARTMENT

Recently an art student of Nashville, who is interested in Poster work, considered taking up a post-graduate course in that line at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, and wrote to that school in regard to beginning. This is the reply that came back from the Executive Secretary of the academy:

"You have there in Nashville, such a splendid Art Department in the Ward-Belmont School, that I cannot believe correspondence study will in any way equal their residence criticisms."

SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM

On Sunday evening after vespers a very large number of girls gathered in Luca. The program which was most artistic and all too short, consisted of a group of songs:

By Mr. Fletcher
"What Shall I Say to My Love?"
"Bon Jour, Ma Belle"
"Lift Up Thine Eyes,"
By Mr. Davis
"A Rose."
"How Do I Know I Love You?"
"Give A Man A Horse He Can Ride."
"Flirtation."

We have been promised another such concert for next Sunday evening and are looking forward to it with pleasure.

MISS TOWNSEND TO LECTURE BEFORE THE HALCYON CLUB

Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, director of Expression, has accepted the invitation of the Halcyon Club, of Nashville, to lecture before its membership on Tuesday afternoon. Her subject will be "Browning and the Dramatic Monologue," illustrated by readings from Browning, and also from Amy Lowell and Vachel Lindsey. The meeting will take place at the Nashville Y. W. C. A. and the poems Miss Townsend will read will include: A Woman's Last Word, Confessions, Youth and Art, The Patriot, Spanish Cloister, and parts of Rabbi Ben Ezra and Andrea del Sarto and Death in the Desert.



THE OWL

"No, only the week "Going to a fire?" before exams."

BRILLIANT OXFORD SCHOLAR LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE

Ward-Belmont students were given the privilege of hearing the brilliant Oxford scholar and Cambridge Extension lecturer, Miss Elizabeth Drew, of London, speak in Chapel on Thursday on "Shakespeare's Theatre." The speaker appeared in Nashville only at Ward-Belmont, and before the Centennial Club, an organization of five hundred prominent Tennessee women. She came here, enroute to the West, where she has speaking engagements until April, and was directly from New York, where lectures through the East have kept her engaged since September.

The coming of Miss Drew to Ward-Belmont was a rare and valuable opportunity, which the students eagerly enjoyed, and for which they feel the sincerest appreciation. The management of the school scored another great advantage for us in securing her.

Miss Drew, before her lecture, was entertained at luncheon by our president, Dr. Blanton, who invited to meet her: Dr. C. E. Crosland, associate president; Miss Leila D. Mills, the dean of women, and some members of the faculty, including: Miss Olive C. Ross, Miss Theodora Scruggs, and Miss Shouse, of the English department; and Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, director of Expression.

Miss Drew spoke for more than an hour, and held our closest interest throughout. Her choice English, the information and descriptive pictures that she gave us, and her charm of personality made her appearance very notable.

She brought out the fact that the art of Shakespeare's time was that art which is closest to all life, the art of the drama, and contrasted the power and popularity of the drama with that of the novel in this day, the reason for the novel's supremacy being the fact that the novel has to do with the spirit of the age. Mentally we are not now so alert as in the Elizabethan age, and the dramatists of the Elizabethan age are more difficult to understand.

"The novelist," said Miss Drew, "is not only his own stage manager, but his interpreter as well. He controls the secret of his character's actions, and still is within the scope of the stage. The dramatist can explain nothing, and must ask for more active co-operation from his audience. It is harder to appreciate the drama, and in this age, we are poor in the art of dramatic appreciation."

Going at length into the mechanical construction of Shakespeare's theatre, Miss Drew described the main stage, with its platform running down into the audience; the stage only being roofed over, and the audience seated in the open air; scenery being only sparsely provided, and no effects of light or color to suggest the hour, or the condition of the atmosphere. As to the method of acting, Miss Drew reminded her hearers that all women's parts were taken by boys, and explained why Shakespeare never ended his plays with a crisis, being due to the construction of his stages, by reason of which he must, after the combats and the slaying of characters, have a milder interlude when the fallen bodies could be removed, and the violence of battle could clear

"You must remember," said Miss Drew, "that there was an absolute lack of what we call the pictorial element in Shakespeare's drama. We have become so weakened by the constant current of cinema dramas, that we can hardly understand how powerfully those early dramatists pictured the human emotion solely through the spoken word. It was a case of hearing more but seeing less, for Shakespeare had to produce his pictures entirely with his words. For instance, in Juliet's balcony scene, the coming of dawn was powerfully suggested, though there was no background of misty clouds and rising sun. His technic was so great that he even brought before his audience the obscurity of night (when all his crisis scenes were staged), although he knew the plays would be produced at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He played to the groundlings in the long speeches and abundant poetry of Henry V; and in the use of the jester in many plays. In every way he gave his audiences what they wanted, and used the effects of much fighting, violent noises, tolling of bells, processions of soldiers, the appearance of mad women; explosions, and every stimulus to the popular love of excitement. As seen beside Shakespeare's wonderful and colorful technic, the modern melodrama becomes pale and tame by contrast."

LETTERS HOME

Dear Folks:

The morning after the night before! That's Ward-Belmont on this Tuesday—January 23, 1923. This Tuesday being the one after Monday—Stunt night. Well, your mental suggestion helped just a lot—our stunt went through without a hitch anyway and even if we can't put our light in the prize candlesticks we are satisfied and that means a lot. I do wish you could have been here. I am sending you a program with this week's Hyphen. I can't begin to go into detail—but I shall say the beauty, talent and wit that W.-B. displayed—well it was almost appalling. And then when one considered the time and work and worry—well, it was more than appalling!

So much for that. Now that stunts are over we are all just beaming with joy at the prospect of our old friend, Mr. Ex—amination, who is bringing his children to visit W.-B. next week-end. A large time is anticipated by all.

We had some good old rice for dinner tonight—to get us in tune for "Madame Butterfly" tomorrow evening. I hated to part with the money, but Dr. Blanton's endorsement of the opera decided me not to resist such a bargain, so my name went up "among those paid."

Peanutitis continues to rage through our dorms. I am all originaied out after almost two weeks of it—I'm really beginning to feel like a Boy Scout with my good deed every day.

Has that Martha Washington candy shop closed up or something? I suggest you investigate and tell me with a pound or so.

In the meantime, don't forget to write to you

Devoted Daughter.

OSIRONS AT WOODY-CREST

The Osiron Club spent a most delightful and also profitable week-end at Woody-Crest over January 14, for although the bad weather presented any out-of-doors activities, it was a splendid opportunity for the club members to practice their "stunt" undisturbed.

The spacious old rooms were the scenes of much gaiety, and all the girls declare that "they never have had a better time." Some of the girls fully believe that Woody-Crest brought luck to the Osiron stunt. At any rate it added to the effectiveness of its presentation, "Practice makes perfect."

If the tea leaves, will the coffee have grounds for divorce?

Why, yes, if the teaspoons.

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SOME WORDS AND DEEDS INSPIRED BY "PAPA PEANUT"

"Papa Peanut" has been a busy "nut" around Ward-Belmont campus during the last two weeks, in spite of Stunt Night and other necessary evils. He has found time nearly every day to bind people together, by some kind deed, into a closer and more lasting friendship. Many are the "wise cracks" he has made, and often has he proved that the "peanut shell" is not the thing that counts, but the "peanut" within.

"Papa Peanut," although naturally very shy about making himself known, has consented to the HYPHEN'S wish to publish some of the notes which his presence has inspired. So here they are.

"I sought a muse who knew,
I sought the woods clean through,
Tell me, kind fates, just who
Are my real friends, a few.

"Then down beside me flew
An owl, all dusky blue:
I said, 'Wise Owl, please do
Tell me who'd to me be true.'

"He answered me, 'Whoo, Whoo!
I'll send you one P. Q.'
Now, Peanut dear, 'twas you,
With Joy I say, 'Adieu.' "

Another clever "peanut" sent in the following:

The sea hath its pearls,
And heaven hath its stars,
But my heart, my heart,
My heart, hath—its peanut!

And here's another, which was accompanied by a beautiful tin ring!
"With this ring I do proclaim
My love for you but not my name.
When in time I grow less shy
Then I'll tell you, bye and bye;
Until then, dear peanut mine,
Know I'm ever truly thine."

One student took advantage of the "peanut" occasion to write an anonymous note to one of her instructors:

"I just can't pass by this wonderful chance of telling you how much I enjoy being in one of your Latin classes. Although I am not really your "Peanut," will you excuse my substituting for her just this once. I've been longing for ages to let you know what an inspiration you have been to me.

"Of course, you will never guess who I am—and I will continue to listen to your fine and (believe me) much appreciated teaching.

"I sincerely hope that you will not be offended at my trying to express in this horribly crude manner how very much I like and admire you. (This is not meant to be a prank, but the truth.) Signed, 'P. Nut.' "

Favored ones have received oranges, "Hershey's" gum, candy, and, in fact, everything from soap to ostrich plumes. Dr. Blanton has supplied his many "peanuts" with hot biscuits and hot cakes. Dr. Whitson received cigarettes (candy ones). On the whole, "Peanut Week" has been quite a success, and we move that this custom be established and a week set aside at Ward-Belmont every year for its observance.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Helen Leatherman Rensselaer, of Indiana (Class of 1918) who is now Mrs. Neal Graham, of Maywood, Ill., writes:

"I hate to lose a single copy of the HYPHEN. I enjoy receiving it so much, and the Alumnae column especially puts me in touch with several old friends I have lost sight of. After leaving Ward-Belmont, I went to Northwestern University, and then was married, on the twenty-seventh of last August. It does not seem possible that five years have passed since I left Ward-Belmont. It certainly is the finest school in the country, and my two years have left an impression that can never fade."

Helen A Stone writes from the University of Illinois, where she is now in school: "I like the University immensely, but more times than one, I would give anything to be back at Ward-Belmont. I will always think of it as my Alma Mater, for it was there I got my start, and where I learned to deal with girls from various parts of the country. I think that learning to mix with other people of widely different tastes and environment is a real lesson in itself, and Ward-Belmont certainly gives one that opportunity."

Miss Stone and Rosemond Coles are rooming together at the university, as they were at Ward-Belmont, and they are planning a visit together to the school this spring. There are about fifteen Ward-Belmont girls in the University this term.

PAULINE II

Third Floor Founders is happy to announce the arrival of Pauline II. Since the death of Pauline I, our dear fish, Paul has been in a state of despondency hut with the arrival of a new soul-mate we know he will be happier and take a new interest in life.

Pauline arrived safely after a long journey from New York, and has been entrusted to the motherly care and guidance of the Third Floor Founders. Because of her noble lineage these are the following directions that must be carried out in her care:

1. Very fond of water.

2. Do not leave alone, this fish craves company.

3. This fish hates music so much that it has discarded the scales on its back.

4. Should he rocked to sleep every night at 10:15.

5. This fish is not of a playful disposition due to its ferocious ancestry.

Do Not Tease!!

Note: If the above directions are carefully carried out this rare specimen is guaranteed not to die. In case of accidental death or injury notify the doctor at once. Use artificial respiration. "Pauline the first is dead! Long live Pauline the second."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

"They're just the friendliest girls I've ever known." That's what a certain W.-B. girl said of her fellow students the other day.

We want to congratulate the girls of Ward-Belmont on the wonderful spirit of friendship that has been evident of late, especially since Mr. Peanut came to the campus. Isn't it worth while to know that you are able to do a few little things to make happier the life of some other girl? Isn't is better still to know that she appreciates every little deed, and that the two of you are forming the foundation of a friendship which will later mean much to you? Aren't you glad that we are not merely 537 individuals but that we are 537 friends enjoying the happiness of companionship?

We want to carry on this spirit of friendly feeling. Tomorrow when we decide the identity of each of our peanuts, let's dedicate our smiles and kind deed to 536 peanuts—to all our W.-B. friends.

FACULTY FACTS

Editor's Note: This is the second of a series of interviews which have been arranged between members of the HYPHEN staff and the members of the academic faculty. In this issue we give an account of the results of an interview with Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, director of the Expression School at Ward-Belmont.

"I would rather talk about my work than about myself," Miss Townsend began, so the eager reporter, knowing that her work had been so interesting, sat down to write as fast as possible the many details given by Miss Townsend in a thirty-minute interview.

Miss Townsend first studied voice and piano at the New England Conservatory in Boston, and at the same time took lessons in Expression and the general literary course at Boston University, during her four years' residence in that city. She next studied Expression in New York, with Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, president of the American Academy of Dramatic Art. Having finished her course there, she became a public reader and gave readings in every state of the union excepting two, and also in Canada.

For a few years Miss Townsend studied in Europe, taking up Pageantry in London and studying also with a very noted French actor, at Paris. When she returned to New York, it was to take up teaching and studio work, during the summer session of the New York University, as the assistant of Dr. Curry. Dr. Curry was the head of the School of Expression in Boston, from which Miss Townsend graduated. While in New York Miss Townsend sudied also with a New York Doctor's Clinic for defective speech.

Miss Townsend produced the first large American pageant given in the United States, entitled, "Pageantry of the Western World."

Since her arrival in Nashville, Miss Townsend has been very active in the civic life of Nashville. Under civic auspices she gave a pageant, with three thousand people taking part, at Centennial Park in Nashville. The Nashville Parthenon, the only "inch to inch" reproduction of the Greek Parthenon in the world, made a splendid background for this pageant, which was itself perfect in details of beauty and movement. Another pageant, given under the direction of Miss Townsend, was "The Electra of Sophocles," using only Ward-Belmont girls. This pageant, one of the most beautiful ever produced under the direction of Miss Townsend was given for the Art Association of Nashville, at Centennial Park.

In 1913, Miss Townsend gave an Indian pageant embracing the historic, legendary and fictitious indians of North and South America. A copy of the manuscript of this pageant is in the Hispanic Museum, in New York.

Other remarkable productions by Miss Townsend are: "The Pageant of Shakespeare," or "The Procession of the Drama," given in 1918 with the aid of Ward-Belmont girls and 100 Vanderbilt University boys; in 1920, after an exhaustive study of five years, Miss Townsend prepared a pageant in honor of the Pilgrims, having first visited all the supposed landing places of the Pilgrims in order to assure correct local color. An invited audience filled the Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, to capacity, while all Mayflower descendants in Nashville were given special seats, numbering about forty.

Miss Townsend was the first person to bring Irish drama into Nashville, giving several programs of the plays of the Dublin players, some of which were sent to her by the authors.

During the war, several authors of prominence gave Miss Townsend permission to produce their plays without royalty, i. e., Alfred Noye's "Sherwood," Henry Van Dyke's "Rimmon," Mrs. Trask's "Beyond the Border," and Percy Mac Kayes "Jeanne d' Arc," which was given at the Vendome Theatre with special scenery and costumes designed from the De Monval pictures.

Miss Townsend is the possessor of the "Artistic Diploma" of the School of Expression in Boston. This diploma was presented to her by Dr. Curry and the trustees of Boston University, for persistent working toward an ideal in plays and pageantry. She also holds the "Philosophic Diploma," with about six or eight other people for research work along the lines of voice and pantomime.

Among the creative work which Miss Townsend has done during her career at Ward-Belmont, are a number of plays for children, a dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland," given by the Senior-Middle class of W.-B. in 1920, and the dramatization of Witter Bynner's "The Canticle of Pan," which the same class presented in 1922.

All those who have been trained by Dr. Curry are placed in a rank of high distinction and prominence in dramatic circles. Dr. Curry led the advance in vocal expression for the last fifty years, having published sixteen books upon the philosophy, training, foundation imagination and outlook upon the voice and body as expressive agents. Miss Towsend aided Dr. Curry in editing his book of Expression for grammar-school children.

In expressing her great love for the work in which she has been able to do so much Miss Townsend said:

"Expression now is taught, not simply as recitational work, but with a law of unfoldment through the training of the agents, voice, mind and body—and the unity of these trained agents is the purpose of the School of Expression's teaching. The training of the student ethically, aesthetically, and technically is carried on, to form the youngest to the oldest student. Expression is training for leadership, command, handling of powers under a well developed and tried method of work. The law of the School of Expression, impiies from within, outward; it is the law of growth toward development."

Miss Townsend is to be congratulated for the splendid service she has rendered in bringing joy to thousands and in inspiring others to take up the work which has meant so much to her.

WARD-BELMONT TO OBSERVE MacDOWELL MEMORIAL WEEK

In line with the musical movement all over the United States to observe the week beginning January 22, as "MacDowell Memoriai Week," Ward-Belmont had two very artistic commemoration programs. MacDowell's birthday fell on January 23, and throughout the week it has been noticeable that a great deal of his music has been played in the studios and on the big pipe organ.

The mid-week celebration given under the direction of Mr. Alfred H. Strick, director of Musical Science, took place in his studio on Wednesday, in the presence of the combined classes of Appreciation and History of Music. It was introduced by an interesting paper by Miss Louise Allen on the "Life of MacDowell," closing with an artistic poem from Mrs. Elizabeth Fry Page, of Nashville.

Mr. Strick paid a tribute to MacDowell for his fine standard, his art of expression, his achievement and his untiring love of music in all its forms. Miss Kathryn Kirkham, assistant director in Mr. Strick's department, sang two MacDowell songs, "To a Wild Rose" and "A Maid Sings Light," which was followed by the Tragic Sonata played on the Duo Art Piano.

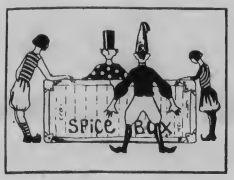
Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose, of the School of Piano, gave a beautiful program in celebration of the MacDowell anniversary week, on Monday afternoon at her apartment, when she played, before a limited number of her class and a few friends, three MacDowell numbers: "Eroica," (last movement) The Shadow Dance, and Hungarian.

Mrs. Rose is one of the most brilliant pianists in this section, noted especially for her fine powers of interpretation and expression. Her MacDowell program was a notable illustration of these special gifts.

A LA PEPYS

And did you see it? Were you there? At all club stunt night at W-B. Ah! you missed a treat most rare! An evening well spent I deem it. So many stunts and all most clever! 'Twas a task, indeed, to judge! On every subject—in any land— a most varied programme. "Memories" of ye olden day when the fairies did creep abroad, and you listened to those stories of how "the goblins'll get you if you don't watch out." Or if the Orient pleases you 'twas there, arrayed in glorious hue. From the Sultan to the rejuvenations of the faculty. Alack! my brain's in a whirl. Dr. Johnson and yet—Dr. Blanton. To be or not to be, that is the question! Spirit of Ward-Belmont, toss high your head. Friends, Style, Personality, Tri K, 'tis yours! Del Ver singers, dancers, actors, too. Del Ver tell me truly "What Not" have you? Forsooth, the Agoras did give us the inside Dope of the size and elegance of our brain. The revelation did set me all agog! Quick wit with rhythm and a mighty theme! The X L's did try to tell all, that "Every Day In Every Way, They're Getting Worse and Worse." Albert, we know well that the XL's are known to excell. Those Broken Blossoms and beauteous maids. Could only Griffith just see you —another star added to his cinema crown. if pretty is as pretty does Penta Tau's beware. Someone will snatch that Russell Rose and garden, too. Penta Tau's, take care! F F's you'll rise to heights unknown—you don't know what you did, Forsooth 'twill be immortalized "For I've forgotten how I died." Osiron, to thee I come on bended knee. "The Mystic Hour" will long stand forth with praises for thy name. To thy beauty and thy youth, my homage I gladly bring. Osiron, listen well! "if a thing of beauty is a joy forever"—Osiron Club, you're safe!

Just one more word I beg to say to one and all of you. You did "the" best—you know you did and Ward-Belmont's proud of you!



Happy thought! Next Saturday night we can all rejoice. Stunt night and exams will be gone forever——at least for a while.

In the F. F.'s graveyard scene there was a conspicuous absence of students. Just wait until after exams!

Congratulations, Osirons! During your stunt the other night, someone said, "I feel as though I were in the Orpheum."

Hypothesis: Feminine ingenuity has reached its height at Ward-Belmont.

Proof: The handsome men (?) participating in stunt night.

We ask—were the many black dresses at dinner last Friday night a sign of mourning for Wallace Reid? Dame Fashion informs us that they were merely the result of her mandates.

We, at least, learned one great truth from stunt night. If you want a thoroughly secure moustache, use paint, not paste.

Last Tuesday revealed a strange sight to our now color-blind eyes. We firmly believe that Ward-Belmont girls possess umbrellas of every known hue.

The tongue is like a race horse. It runs lighter the less weight it carries.—Ex.

"My husband is just get ing over a spell of sickness and I want to buy him a shirt,' said Mrs. Binks.

"Yes, mam" replied the clerk. "Would you want something in a stiff bosom?"

"No sir," said Mrs. Binks, "the doctor says he must avoid anything with starch in it."

Sonnie: "Why do they put holes in Swiss cheese, Pop?"

His Pop: "Why the stuff needs ventilation."

William Doublex is noted for his nerve, his shortness of temper, and his scarcity of cash. While he was seated at a lonely breakfast in his club one morning, a debt collector broke in, through the drowsiness of the porter at the door, and presented his bill.

"Sir," said William, glaring at him, "is this all you know of the usages of decent society? To present a bill to a man breakfasting, sir? Do you know that you are an intruder in this club, sir? Do you know I could call the servants and have you thrown out? If you wish to talk business, go outside and send in your card."

The collector went out and sent in his card. William picked it up between thumb and forefinger, adjusted his monocle, and read it.

"Tell the gentleman," he said, sweetly, "that I am not in."—Ex.

A man came into the club the other day with his face half-hidden by sticking plaster.

"A motorist friend of mine has just met with a nasty accident," he explained.

"But what have you been doing?" we asked in chorus.

"Oh, I was the nasty accident!"—Ex.

Marjorie and Eddie had both been told that they must write letters of thanks for the outside Christmas gifts they had received. Marjorie sat down and quickly wrote:

"Thank you so much for the fountain pen. It's what I've always needed."

Meanwhile Eddie was chewing the end of his penholder for inspiration. As his sister laid aside her first letter, he surreptitiously glanced at it. Then he wrote:

"Thank you so much for the handkerchiefs. They're what I've always needed."—Ex.

"How much for the carpet!"
"Four dollars and ten cents."
"Huccum the extra ten cents."
"Carpet tax."

A hot mince pie may be eaten rapidly at the end of a large meal by a middle-aged business man of poor digestion without harm, provided it was baked by his mother.

Every relative, no matter how remote or disagreeable, is the most congenial, charming and witty person in the world, if met at a family Thanksgiving dinner.

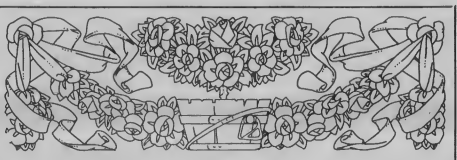
Every farmer has in his cellar an enormous quantity of hard cider and spends all of his waking hours consuming it from a dipper and winking knowingly.

Any degree of chill, wet, crowding, fatigue and expense constitutes the highest form of enjoyment in the annual crucial football game of one's own college.

The line in the newspapers, "Do your Christmas shopping early," is heeded by thousands of persons who, without it, would not shop until 11:50 p.m. on December 24.—From American Autumn Folklore.

NARCISSUS

There was once a Narcissus, by the name of Ulysses,
And it lived, and it bloomed, and it grew,
Till one day Narcissus
Whose name was Ulysses
Took cold and contracted the "flu!"
And now poor Narcissus, whose name was Ulysses,
Lies dead, and sodden and torn,
Ah, poor dear Narcissus,
Whose name was Ulysses,
'Tis sad that thou ever were born!



WARD-BELMONT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Student Recital

Thursday Evening, January 25, 1923

At Five O'clock

Ward-Belmont Auditorium

1. *Piano*—The Shepherd's Pipe . . . . . *Gregh*
   Miss Betty Boyer
2. *Piano*—Barcarolle . . . . . *Godard*
   Miss Louise Handley
3. *Piano*—Under the Leaves . . . . . *Thorne*
   Miss Frances Bledsoe
4. *Voice*—(*a*) Who Knows . . . . . *Clough-Leighter*
   (*b*) Rose Dreamed She Was a Lily . . . . *Brown*
   Miss Nola Arter
5. *Piano*—(*a*) To the Sea . . . . . *MacDowel*
   (*b*) Veil Dance . . . . . *Friml*
   Miss Carol Tyrrell
6. *Piano*—Lento . . . . . *Scott*
   Miss Helen Engel
7. *Organ*—Toccata . . . . . *Dubois*
   Miss Elizabeth Morrison
8. *Piano*—Improvisation . . . . . *MacDowel*
   Miss Jacqueline Stice
9. *Piano*—(*a*) From the Old Mission . . . . } *Goldmark*
   (*b*) In Prairie Dog Town . . . . }
   Miss Louise Morawitz



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PERSONALS

Mrs. W. T. Goode, of San Antonio, Texas, arrived in Nashville Saturday, to spend a few days with her daughter, Marion. Saturday evening, Marion went into town to spend the week-end with her mother at the Hermitage Hotel.

Miss Lucille Warne spent the week-end in Nashville with her aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Murdock, of Oregon, Ill., arrived in Nashville Friday, to be with their daughter, Ione. They had dinner at the school on Sunday and then took Ione in to the Hermitage, to be with them over Monday.

Mrs. P. C. Flemister, of Cartersville, Ga., arrived in Nashville Saturday, to spend the day with her daughter, Charlotte.

Mr. Ben A. Phelps, of Shreveport, La., arrived Monday, to be with his daughter, Fannie. Mr. Phelps made a special trip just to be with Fannie on stunt night. He remained until Tuesday afternoon, when he had to leave for Shreveport. He entertained, while here, several of Fannie's friends and many will wish him a quick return.

Mrs. A. E. Rust, of Cairo, Ill., spent the week-end with her daughter, Margaret, who is a student at Ward-Belmont. She spent Saturday at the school and Sunday Margaret spent with her in town.

Sunday, Miss Virginia Hainsfurther spent a very lovely day in town with her aunt, Mrs. Sara Hirsch.

Mrs. P. Riddle entertained her neice, Jane Campbell, at tea, Sunday afternoon.

Misses Mona and Louise Atkins were entertained very charmingly at tea, Sunday, by Mrs. L. D. Hartfield.

Miss Martha Ellington spent the day, Sunday, with Mrs. A. J. Porter, of this city.

Miss Marjorie Reynolds spent Sunday afternoon in Nashville with Mrs. T. G. Nester.

Mrs. Douglas Wikle, of Franklin, Tenn., spent Monday in Nashville with her daughter, Helen.

Miss Genie Chenault was entertained at a luncheon Monday, at the home of a schoolmate, Miss Julia Blair.

Miss Frances Young, of Alberta, Canada, spent Monday in town with Mrs. W. B. McLean.

I've been told that Noah was wise,
But I don't believe its true,
For why in the world didn't he swat the flies,
When there were only two?

ACADEMIC NEWS

The second year Domestic Science classes finished their breakfast coats this last week.

The sight-playing classes under Miss Blythe have been playing old Southern melodies this week.

Dr. Hollinshead's Chemistry A class is studying chlorine. The girls took a great deal of interest in preparing this in the laboratory.

Mlle. Vimont's French B Classes began the play "Mlle. de la Seigliere," by Jules Landeau, this week. The various parts are read by different members of the class, thus increasing the interest.

Miss Morrison's Kinesiology class is studying the muscles connected with respiration. This very interesting subject is limited to the Senior Physical Education students.

The second year Domestic Science girls prepared a day's menu for a family of six one lesson last week. The three meals were limited to the cost of $2.00. The following Saturday a very interesting trip was made to the public market. While there the girls collected the data for working out the accurate cost of their day's menu. With one or two exceptions the menu planned came within the specified amount.

The Department of Expression has had several studio recitals that marked a high degree of excellence. Individual talent and splendid dramatic training imparted by Miss Townsend and Miss Cockrill combined to produce some artistic work. The programs of the various units appear in other sections of this and the previous issues of the Hyphen.

The weekly student recitals by the Music School, which take place every Thursday afternoon in the chapel, are a great stimulus to the good poise, easy platform work and grace of the various performers. The programs appear elsewhere.

THE OHIO CLUB

Though the rain was falling steadily Tuesday afternoon, January 23, the spirits of the sixteen girls of the Ohio club were not dampened, and they, with their sponsor, Miss Boyer, left Ward-Belmont in the school cars at three-thirty and motored to the Belle Meade Country Club.

The afternoon passed swiftly and happily with dancing and bridge, and the climax was reached in the dainty luncheon which followed.

Those girls who were so fortunate as to be from Ohio and share in this pleasure were: Dorothy Allen, Bernice Bish, Margaret Bish, Martha Bantingham, Dorothy Conner, Helen Bliss Enderlin, Isabel Enderlin, Florence Franche, Kathryn Forsythe, Margaret Harkins, Majorie Klever, Betty Longfellow, Marion Mulhall, Marie Myers, Esther Seifert and Marion Weber.

DR. WHITSON SPEAKS ON BIBLE AT SUNDAY A.M. SERVICE

The rainy weather on Sunday morning, prevented our attendance at our usual churches in town, so a service was held at 12:15 in our own auditorium. After a hymn and the reading of the responses, a sermon was given hy Dr. J. H. Whitson, instructor in Bible Study at Ward-Belmont.

Dr. Whitson's sermon developed, in a most interesting and beneficial manner, the subject of the varied attemtps to destory the Bihle. We learned how, in ancient Rome, the Christians were persecuted and the Bihles were hurned; how the men who wrote the Bihle were put to death hy torture.

Then came the attempts to destory the Bible and its influence, hy ridicule. Voitaire, although one of the greatest Frenchmen who has ever lived, and although he did much toward furthering the cause of the common people in France, and throwing down the monarchy, was, nevertheless a great skeptic and declared that "the Bihle would he an unrememhered hook in the nineteenth century." Thomas Payne, in this country, and aiso Robert G. Ingersoll, in his lectures directed many shafts of ridicuie at the Bible.

Another attempt to destroy the Holy Scriptures is seen in the ignorance of friends of the Bihie. Dr. Whitson told the story of one man, much interested in the early manuscripts of the Bihle, who found some ignorant monks using pieces of very valuahle Bihle manuscript to start a fire.

"But, the worst enemy of the Bihle is indifference," Dr. Whitson exclaimed earnestly. "We have the Bible printed in nearly 300 different languages; copies of this book are spread throughout the world; Bibles are placed in every hotel room in the United States, through the efforts of a traveling men's society known as 'Gideon's Band;' we aii have the Bihle in our homes, and yet. . . . we do not read or study it as we should. Our Bihles become dusty through disuse and neglect. We destroy the Bihle through indifference."

Dr. Whitson then gave a comprehensive definition of the Bihie. He said, "The Bihie is the clearest message that comes from God to the world. It is a wonderfui hook, composed of and divided into parts representing history, poetry, prophecy and emotional appeal, drama and law. It tells of the actions of God, hehind the actions of his people. As a result of our neglect of the Bihie and our failure to study it, we hreak many of the commandments. The first commandment which says, 'Thou shait have no other God hut me,' is cast aside, while people make gods out of amhition, money, and position. The world wouid he peaceful now if men did not covet and steal and kiil; if they but kept the commandment to love our neighbor as ourself.

"The Bihle, its contents, its teaching, its preservation, and Christianity, its growth and its hlessings, are outstanding miracles." Dr. Whitson urged that we, possessors of youth, read the Bihle and enrich Christianity hy adhering strictiy to its laws.

VESPERS

At Vespers, Sunday night, Dr. Prentice Pugh, rector of the Church of the Advent, addressed us. He gave a very interesting short sermon in which he compared people to lead pencils. "It isn't the outside of the pencil that makes it a good one, it's the lead." he said. "The pencil must he sharpened to be any good, or of any use to others. It must have an eraser to clean away aii the mistakes that it makes. So it is with human beings; it isn't the outside appearance that counts, it's the quaiity of the soul. The hard knocks that come to us, sharpen our ahility to make ourselves of some use in the world. We have a heaveniy Father who forgives our mistakes and permits us to start with a clean sheet."

Dr. Pugh urged that we make the best use of the things God has giveu to us; "make our marks" in the world, gain something from each hard knock that comes aiong and be the right kind of a "iead pencil."

OSIRONS WIN PRIZE IN ALL-CLUB STUNT NIGHT PROGRAM

(Continued from Page 1)

Twentieth Century Club, which presented "Rejuvenations a la Carte." The program explained it thus:

"All the members of the faculty have some secret amhition of the inmost heart, hut we feel that they are a iittle timid about expressing these desires. However, you shali not long remain in ignorance for our inside information on the subject enables T. C. C. to reveal the secret to you."

Each member of the faculty was represented as they are now, and again, after the grind turned them out clothed in their secret ambitions.

The Tri K Ciub showed the various types of girls here at Ward-Belmont and the various types needed here (if we do not already have them). Before "The Spirit of Ward-Belmont came Sports, Style, Dancer, Self-Esteem, Singer, Sense of Humor, Quick Wit, Miss Prattle, Leadership, Personaiity, Social Life, Procrastination and their friends.

"We fixed our stunt and now we hope
That it will fiii the hill,
If our smaii effort pieases you,
Then name it what you wiii."

The X. L.'s presented "Every Day in Every Way, They're getting worse and worse." The stunt was a take-off on the movies. Those represented were "Beyond the Rocks," "Manslaughter," "The Four Horsemen," "Dancing Fools," "Blood and Sand," "Nice People," and "Broken Blossoms."

The Penta Tau Ciub appeared in a beautiful representation of a flower garden with the girls dressed as the various flowers. "The Penta Tau Rose," gave a very pretty dance, and won the heart of a hitherto foriorn suitor.

Inexperienced young bride: "I want some lard."

Clerk: "Paii?"

Bride: "I didn't know it came in two shades."—Ex.

We Have the Kind of Clothes A Young COLLEGE GIRL Would Love To Wear Always
—*Because They Express "Youth and Beauty"*
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Before Buying
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of Nashville is on the balcony in
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A NEW STYLE EACH EXPRESS

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Special Menu on Mondays for
WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

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CHAPEL

DR. POWELL.

Chapel services the morning of January 19, were opened by singing, "How Firm a Foundation," the favorite hymn of Robert E. Lee, whose memory we commemorated that day. Dr. W. F. Powell, pastor of the First Baptist Church, was speaker on this special occasion, and paid due tribute to "The Conqueror" in a most inspiring way.

"Robert E. Lee," he said in part, "was the greatest of men, with regard to the appreciation of his duty. The general in blue, U. S. Grant, and the general in gray, Robert E. Lee, are the greatest men of history. The world called Grant, he came and conquered, but Lee conquered himself, which is greater than he who takes a city. For every day that he wore a gray uniform he prayed for the flag and for the men in blue. There was no bitterness between Lee and Grant. The time has come when there is no sectional feelings, no resentments on the part of those who were for the blue and those who wore the gray. The time has come when England and America will see that Robert E. Lee was the greatest of Anglo-Saxons from the point of view, first, his incomparable devotion; second, his supreme sense of duty; third, his fine gentleness. The greatness of his soul is shown in his last earthly words: 'I can only say I am nothing but a poor sinner, trusting in Jesus Christ alone for salvation.'

"In this age when men think they have grown out of God's sight, let them remember Lee's self-denial, his absolute surrender, and his sacrifice. Let us come back to a personal conviction of the God of Robert E. Lee.

"He still lives in the cause for which he gave his life," said Dr. Powell in bringing his splendid tribute to a close.

DAY STUDENT COLUMN

Even the greatest expectations were realized at the Digamma party given Friday in the old library. This party the first appearance of this club, was a forerunner of what the club is going to put forth during the year. Vaudeville was the program for the afternoon's entertainment, the keynote of which was cleverness and originality, coupled with quite a bit of talent. The first act, was a piano recital by Miss Frances Rose, aged four. This, of course, was greatly enjoyed as Frances is a very promising young artist. Every stunt following went with the same success and enthusiasm. After the program delicious refreshments were served which, of course, added greatly to the felicity of the occasion.

The Digammas proved themselves to be most charming and entertaining hostesses.

The next party will be on the fourteenth of February. This party will be given by the Beta Club.

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That likes Ward-Belmont girls.
That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
We all love to wait on you.
Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
Come and see us often
We want you.

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THE SATISFACTORY STORE—FOUNDED 1862
NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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ALLURING ITINERARY OF WARD-BELMONT'S EUROPEAN PARTY

The Ward-Belmont School party to Europe is already receiving applications for the summer tour of 1923. The party is limited, and the success of the recent tours under the management of the school has been so notable that this trip is rated among the most desirable which can be offered for a foreign tour de luxe.

The trip for this summer has been planned on unusually comprehensive and interesting lines. The itinerary has been arranged to include the best of Europe from the point of view of the experienced traveler. The school has sent out sixteen touring parties, and this is the fourth one since the great war. They have all been so rich in educational value that the school feels it is meeting a distinct need among its patrons, and is filling an obligation to its friend, in offering this travel opportunity under experienced and trusted leadership.

Miss Olive C. Ross, who has conducted the last ten of the Ward-Belmont European tours, will be directly in charge. She will be assisted by several other members of the Ward-Belmont faculty. Every member of the party will receive personal care with regard to health and comfort as well as individual attention in all matters of sightseeing.

Miss Ross' splendid ability as a travel conductor was signally demonstrated last summer, when, under her management, the Ward-Belmont party was conducted safely and swiftly through the difficulties of a railway strike in Italy, which was followed by a protest strike of all the laboring classes practically; and this without the loss of an hour of time, or missing a single train. The matter was so notable as to arouse considerable and very wide comment and congratulation at the time. This feat of Miss Ross was due to expert planning, and contracts made months ahead by which the members of the party were able to see and do many things that the strike conditions denied to a number of last summer's European travelers.

Another feature in which the Ward-Belmont parties excel is that the experience of 20 years being brought to bear on the preliminary plans enables the conductor to have the party in different sections of Europe when condi-

(Continued on page 7.)

CALENDAR

February 9—Rotary Club.
February 10—A. K. Dance.
February 13—College Special Trainer.

Ward-Belmont Current Events

One sad event is ended—
Exams are over now.
Perhaps we didn't pass them—
They're over, anybow.

Elections are upon us
With candidates galore.
With all this talk of voting
My head begins to roar.

This precinct is quite modern,
The women have the vote
And hold the office here, too,
Exclusively, you'll note

Those ardent "peanut poems"
Affectionate and sweet
Are not at all discarded
Another fate they meet.

For since that game has ended,
Those sentimental lines
Are being neatly written,
On pretty Valentines.

The rainy season lingers;
And so at every dance,
Some girls appear with "straight bobs"
Where curls have been, perchance.

But everybody's happy
And smiles are quite the thing—
Exams have come and gone, you know.
"Let all the people sing!"

BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR W.-B.'s JANUARY GIRLS

Girls at Ward-Belmont, whose birthdays fall in January, were entertained Monday evening by Dr. J. D. Blanton, president, at a handsomely appointed dinner, served at 6 o'clock in the school's private dining room. The host, in the absence of Mrs. Blanton in New York, was assisted by Miss Leila D. Mills, Dean of Women, and Mrs. Solon E. Rose.

The dinner table was an artistic picture in pink and lavender, with a silver loving cup in the centre, tied with pink and lavender gauze.

A surrounding circle of silver candlesticks, had pink candles. Quaint Chinese maidens dressed in pink and lavender, decorated the name cards, marking the places for an elaborate menu.

The young ladies composing the party were: Miss Lenoir Liner of Waynesville, N. C., Miss Ina Marie Chason of Cbatom, Ala, Miss Nellie Peters of Princeton, West Va., Miss Elizabeth Carter of La Grange, Tenn., Miss Mildred Yates of Rantool, Ill., Miss Sara West of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Miss Annie Lu Boyce of Delhart, Tex., Miss Margaret Curran of Kansas City, Mo., Miss Eleanor Blood of Webster Groves, Mo., Miss Bernita Jacobs of Virginia, Ill., Miss Wilma Beckman of Bloomington, Ill., Miss Ludie Emerson of Fort Worth, Texas, Miss Rebecca Gilbert of Athens, Ala., Miss Dorothy Jones of Worthington, Minn., Miss Diana Fair of Medicine Lodge, Kans., and Miss Katherine Moore of Texas City, Texas.

If a man tells a woman that she is beautiful and her mirror tells her the opposite, she believes the man—and buys a new mirror.

WHAT TYPE ARE YOU?

Did you know that your physical characteristics had metal counterparts called temperament? And would you like to know what your temperament is? Perhaps you have already heard that the Anthropometry class, under Miss Sisson, recently studied this interesting subject and perchance you have already found your classification. But for those who have not been informed we have arranged an abbreviated form of "temperament?" Hereafter if you are informed by some kind-hearted Physical Ed that you are "bilious," you need not feel insulted.

There are two heads under which temperament is placed, the Normal or Psychological, used by schools and temperament from the standpoint of hereditary or pathological tendencies used by Doctors. Let us consider the normal psychological classification just now. You may not be a pure type but in all probability you must "fit in" to one with few exceptions. Place yourself.

I. Sanguine (optimistic).
A. Physical characteristics.
1 Reddish hair (or light with reddish tinge.)
2. Blue eyes.
3. Light complexion (usually high colored.)
4. Square face.
5. Large, well developed nose.
6. Short, thick, set neck.
B. Mental Characteristics.
1. Impulsive.
2. Buoyant and cheerful.
3. Favorable conclusions thoughtlessly reached.
4. Usually excitable.
5. Easily provoked but easily reconciled.
6. Emotional.

(Continued on page 7.)

DR. HARRY CLARK SPEAKS ON W.-B. TYPE OF GIRL

According to our pleasant custom, last Sunday being the fourth Sunday of the month, we remained at home for our church services.

Dr. Harry Clark, who was already known to us, and who is Professor of Education in the University of Tennessee, and now secretary of the association of Tennessee Baptists, was speaker of the morning. He took as his text the twelfth Chapter of Romans, and the seventh Chapter of St. Matthew, speaking to us on the subject, "The W-B Type of Girl."

"There is a W-B type of girl," said Dr. Clark, "as well as a Harvard type of man. When you think of W-B type do you think of a girl who is not jealous, who is not a snob, who is not given to gossip but on the other hand is charitable to her friends, devoted to religion and stands for the highest ideals of hospitality? There are four different types of girls, namely, the sensitive, individualistic, jealous and faultfinding type. The girl who's feelings are easily hurt, who takes every little thing the wrong way is not happy herself, and only adds to the discomfort of others. One day a young bride was riding along with her would-be clever husband, who chanced to remark that a cow along the road side remind him of some of her relations." "Yes, by marriage," she replied "quite right you are!" "Every girl in school can pass over things that don't amount to any thing—smile it off."

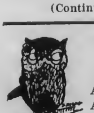
Then there is the individualistic type of girl, who just won't fit into the plan. She wants to outsing everyone in the quartet, outplay everyone on the basketball teams, forgetting there is such a thing as team work, always wanting to be the star. Don't be a grandstand player, remember there are other girls, too.

The third, and posibly the most miserable girl is the type who is jealous. She not only makes herself miserable, but those in her home, and she will carry this trait with her in after life.

What does it matter who sings the song, as long as the song is sung?

Last but by no means the least, is the critical, fault finding type of girl who always has something to tell about some one else. She carries a pouch with her own faults in the back,

(Continued on page 5.)



THE OWL

Melodrama in 3 Acts
Act I.—Cramming.
Act II.—Exams.
Act. III.—Celebration.

THE K. P.'s OF WARD-BELMONT

"Don't you simply adore those cinnamon rolls?"

"Well, I should smile, and those luscious pies!"

"Oh, and the fruit salad and the beans, and the cake, and hot biscuits and that divine thousand island dressing! Honestly, they are wonderful!"

These are common expressions, in the terms of the usual W-B vocabulary, which express in some measure the appreciation felt by everyone for the splendid service rendered by W-B's commissary department. The work is very well systematized and is managed most efficiently by Mrs. Howard Robertson, Miss Harris and Miss Jordan. On Monday morning an "inquiring" (and perhaps hungry) reporter went down to visit the kitchen. She was met by Miss Jordan who very kindly "made the rounds" describing the order in which the waiters filled their trays, and explaining the working of the huge stoves which are all along one side of the kitchen, near the various dish and glass washing machines. Every thing is in apple pie order, and the kitchens are ventilated in such a way that there is practically no odor from the cooking, and very little heat.

First, upon entering the door of the white tiled pantry, one sees rows and rows of cups, glasses, silverware and the extra chinaware, arranged in an orderly way upon shelves which extend from the floor to the ceiling. There is a long table, down the center of the room, where four women are busy making the salads. These women along with one man prepare all the salads, (with the exception of the salad dressing) and also cut 50 pounds of butter every day for table use only. The butter and the milk are kept in a large refrigerator, made especially for this purpose, which is reached by a door from the pantry.

One passes, then, into the kitchen proper, and meets Ramsey, the head chef. He has been feeding Ward-Belmont girls for ten years and likes it. He greets one with a smile on his face and with ready answers to one's numerous questions. In fact, he is as noted for his good disposition as for his salad dressings, and his ability in overseeing and supervising the many cooks and the food which they prepare. He tells us with a chuckle that he is now preparing 300 pounds of steak for this evening's dinner, and that when chicken is served, we only sonsume 260 pound. We gasp at the outlay of figures, when he says that it takes from twelve to fifteen gallons of oysters to satisfy the "hungry mobs." He shows us the "steamer" where the milk is heated for chocolate and where the chickens are steamed. It requires twenty-five gallons of milk to make cocoa for one meal, and on Friday when butter-milk gains popularity, eighteen gallons of this is made. From three to four bushels of potatoes are prepared for "potatoes au gratin," with none left over, and in this preparation also twenty-five pounds of cheese are used. Amazed by things which we have never even dreamed of before, we inspect the large disb washing machines and the racks where the dried dishes are placed and warmed. The cups and the silverware are washed "by hand" but there is a machine for washing the plates, saucers, vegetable dishes, platters and one for the glassware. Before the meal, the waiters and waitresses line up to receive the food for their tables. The line extends from the pantry to the far end of the seventy-five foot kitchen, and every tray-full is inspected by Mrs. Robertson before it leaves the kitchen.

We go now to the bakery where William Blackman with four assistants is making pie crust for ninety pies, to be served at dinner. He makes all the delicious rolls, the cakes, the hot cakes, the bread, the "kisses," the macaroons that every one likes so well We wonder if you could do what he does, that is, bake 2,000 cinnamon rolls for one meal, or, without a thermometer, regulate the heat of the 20 x16 foot oven, and never burn a single one of the 3,000 rolls which he bakes for dinner? He has a large machine in which he mixes his batter, and this machine also has appliances for beating, frosting and for whipping cream. The sauces for ice cream and the salad dressings are also prepared in this marvelous contrivance. A barrel and a half is the amount of flour used, including pastry flour, in one day's baking.

We recommend, since Miss Jordan is always so willing, that every girl in school take some time to visit this very important institution, in order that she may see for herself the workings of the K. P's of Ward-Belmont.

THE RIDING CLUB

Riding is a sport in which every one is interested and Ward-Belmont is now offering riding as one of its many attractions.

The riding club was organized in the fall and about fifty girls have taken advantage of it. The school owns a dozen or more fine saddle horses and new ones are being added from time to time.

Miss Giltner an accomplished horsewoman has been secured as riding mistress. She is a graduate of the Faulkenburg Riding School of Chicago and had training at Pinehurst and Raleigh, N. C., and she also attended Normal College at Murfreesboro.

A horseshow is to be held in the spring and exhibits will be given in horsemanship.

ACADEMIC

Miss Mathenay's Second period English I class presented some scenes from "Ivanhoe" before the first period class, Thursday, January 25. The students dramatized the crowning of Rowena and the final scene between Rowena and Rebecca. The girls planned the entire affair themselves, and arranged attractive costumes.

"Is this seat close to the stage?"

"It's in row B, madam. If you was much closer you'd have to perform."

—Exchange.

CAMP COHECHEE GIRLS HAVE SOCIAL REUNION

Girls at Ward-Belmont, who were members last summer, of Camp Cohechee, in the Maine woods, over which Miss Sisson and Miss Morrison have supervision, had a charming social reunion on Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Crandall in West End Park. Their daughter, Miss Estelle Crandall, was one of the camp girls for the season of 1922, and will probably return there again this summer.

After a tempting buffet supper, there were stunts, merry take-offs on some of the happenings of last summer's camp, and Mr. Verner Moore Lewis, impersonated Dr. Coue with witty success.

Besides Miss Crandall, the party included: Miss Sisson and Miss Morrison, Miss Louise Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Verner Moore Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. S. Lewis and Miss Mary Lewis, Misses Katherine and Jeannette Sloan, Miss Helen Howse, Miss Elizabeth Bayer, Miss Gertrude Lewis, Miss Marjorie Cooper of Chicago, a former Ward-Belmont girl who is now a guest of the school, Miss Elizabeth Sloan, Miss Julia Blair, and Miss Mary Frances Blair.

MEADORS

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Distinctive Dress for Young Women
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MR. PEANUT, AU REVOIR!

Mr. Peanut, and his family of joy-bestowing imps, has ended his visit here, but the spirit of friendship which he brought with him is here to stay, a permanent gift for which everyone is grateful. It may be interesting to Hyphen readers to know of some of the ways in which various "peanut shells" revealed themselves to their respective peanuts. Many surprising revelations were made, when, on Sunday noon, the game of peanut ended. Some, wrote notes revealing their identity and presenting their peanut with a parting gift. Some informed their peanut that by a certain dress, or flower they would know them. Other less boastful "shells" boldly proclaimed their relationships, with shrieks and squeels of surprise as the result. One elusive, but clever shell, wrote the following rhyme to aid her peanut in discovering who her faithful benefactress had been.

"We have reached the end of the game;
Now you may wish to know my name.
There is a plant that's always green
On Christmas day it will be seen.
It's common name all children know:
'Ibex' it is, the botanies show
It serves to drive away all gloom
With berries red following the bloom.
The 'common' one was my nick-name,
When camping on a lake of fame.
The nick-name was my own, cut short:
Now can you guess it, Dear good sport?"

(Answer: Miss Hollinger.)

An English or American peanut is hard enough to "handle," but when one is endowed with a French peanut, it takes a double amount of cleverness to be a satisfactory shell. One member of the faculty, who most assuredly filled all these requirements wrote the folowing "billet-doux" to her "goober":

Au Revoir But Not Goodbye

Peanut, Peanut, I've been thinking
What a sad world this would be,
If all Peanuts were transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea.
Peanut, Peanut, can't you stay here
Though the game comes to an end?
Will you not, my dearest Peanut,
Promise still to be my friend?
I shall greet you on the campus,
Though I cannot 'parley-vous',
I shall long to send you letters—
Satisfied?—Oh, pas du tout.
These two weeks have brought their blessings—
Joys that I shall not forget,
Though you've looked upon me daily
With no recognition yet.
You never walk when you're invited
You've never sent a letter yet:
Now a stamp, I'm sending to you:
Answer please! You'll not regret.
If both are here in '24
And I a peanut-shell shall be,
I shall hope to draw once more
My prize Peanut of '23.
Adieu, ma chere amie!
J 'espire gue vous toujourr serez
En bonnie sante' De temps en temps
Pensez a notre amitie

The author of the above poem was found to be Miss Cason. It would seem that she is qualified to teach French as well as Latin.

One peanut who fared exceptionally well, handed us the following lines penned by her admiring shell. The verse accompanied a beautiful bar pin.

"There's a tax on gold,
There's a tax on tea
But golly, I'm glad
That lovin's free."

On the whole, everyone enjoyed being peanuts and shells, and the weeks in which this friendship campaign was carried on will be remembered by everyone as very happy ones. Even "Dubby" the latest addition to the Physical Education department, had a shell. Miss Jones, of the Academic Dean's office sent him a box of raw meat, which was duly appreciated.

Dr. Blanton's peanut still remains a mystery, and not even the diligen efforts of a Hyphen reporter could prevail upon him to divulge the secret. He has been nice to so many possible candidates for the position that he has everyone completely "stumped," and he has also evidently sworn his peanut to secrecy, so that no clues may be found.

LETTERS HOME

Dear Folks:

You remember, Mother, dear, how I used to sit wide-eyed and wondering when you told me about Noah and the flood—and how it rained for forty days and forty nights? I don't believe I ever really and truly thought it could rain that long until now—but seein's believin',I guess—at any rate I'm almost persuaded after this taste of Tennessee January.

Your letters have helped a lot this week—I hardly know how I could have stood the strain without them. You remember those detailed descriptions of exam week that I gave you when I was home at Christmas time—well I don't believe those descriptions—hard and terrible as they were—could begin to do this last week justice. That horrible sensation of—"what did I learn those weeks before Christmas and that week afterwards."—Some of us are still wondering.

I didn't tell you about the good old water-polo games did I? My noble team—with proper assistance (vocal of course) from your dutiful daughter came out way ahead.

Everyone participated, if getting soaked had anything to do with it.

Dr. Blanton announced Sunday at dinner that Miss W.-B. who has been under the ban on account of the severe cases of "peanutitis" was quite out of danger and this school and those who dwell herein are free to wander abroad at their own sweet will. It was more than fun to be in quarantine for such a pleasant disease—and I hope that some of the cases prove incurable.

The crowd has stopped in on their way to the Y. W. to play the Vic, so I'll join them.

Love and kisses from,
Your Devoted Daughter.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont.

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Assistant Editor .....JACQUELINE STICE
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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

Have you ever heard a great symphony orchestra in which every instrument blended into a beautiful harmony of colorful tone? Wasn't there something almost majestic in the powerful beauty of sound? And then, on the other hand, have you ever heard an orchestra in which one instrument was out of tune? It could spoil the entire effect by its own jarring tones.

A school is just like an orchestra. Each has her part to play and if one instrument is out of tune, the harmony of an entire school may be upset. Each has her instrument with its notes of co-operation, cheerfulness and kindness. When each note is tuned to its highest pitch of beauty, school life is a veritable symphony of harmony. The ensemble, however, is a purely individual matter. We are the best tuners of our own instruments. Are you in tune?

FACULTY FACTS

Miss Theodora Scruggs Instructor in English Literature and Psychology.

Did you ever stop to think of what it is that makes the Psychology students go around expounding their recently accumulated knowledge to every willing listener, or why "dreams" and "the will" have become breakfast table topics? It is true that it must be caused by the unusual interest in these subjects, but there is something back of it all, that stimulates and inspires these interests more than could any amount of printed facts—and this something is the ability of Miss Scruggs. She meets her classes in a dignified, yet informal way, which invites interesting class discussions along many lines.

Miss Scruggs studied first at Ward Seminary which her mother had attended before her. She then went to Wellesly where she majored in English and Psychology and received her A.B. degree. While at this college she studied Psychology under Colkins and English under Katherine Lee Bates and Sophia Jenet. Miss Scruggs has had graduate work at Cambridge, England, and is a graduate student of the University of Chicago, where she studied Psychology with Dr. Angell, then head of the Department of Psychology and, now president of Yale.

For a few years, after finishing her work at the University of Chicago, Miss Scruggs taught English in Virginia and a little later became an instructor of English and Psychology at Ward Seminary.

In 1914, Miss Scruggs, and Miss Best, of the music department at Ward Belmont, took a walking trip through Southern England, and attended lectures at Cambridge They were in Cambridge when the World War broke out and were privileged to see the mobilization of the English and to observe, first hand, the attitude of the English people toward the situation.

In 1920, Miss Scruggs was granted one year's leave of absence from Ward-Belmont where she was then teaching English Literature and Psychology, in order that she might travel extensively through the Mediterranean region. She spent a month in Egypt, visiting Palestine and also Greece, France and Italy. She was able to watch the reorganization of Palestine, when it was turned over to the Jews by England after Lord Allenby's victory. While in Egypt, Miss Scruggs took a trip up the Nile, in a boat following that of the Sultan, who was paying his first official visit to his people. This afforded her the unusual opportunity of watching the people and noting their relations with, and a titude toward their ruler.

Miss Scruggs likes to travel and enjoys motoring very much. She has driven all over the state of Tennessee.

Ward-Belmont is richly fortunate in being able to secure the services of Miss Scruggs for with her ability for teaching, her wide experience both in college training and in travel, and her very attractive and charming personality, she is an instructor of brilliant attainment and magnetic contact and a friend, whose interest all her scholars try to win.

ILLINOIS CLUB ENTERTAINS WITH FEATURE DANCE

The Illinois State Club at Ward-Belmont, which is the largest in the school, held a feature reunion on Saturday evening, when members of the faculty and invited guests from the student body swelled the number entertained to nearly 200.

Artistic decorations placed by the secretary of the club, Miss Jane Hamberger, of Winnetta, Ill., transformed Heron Hall, which was the scene of the gathering into a bit of Holland, suggested by a small windmill, a garden of tulips, a small dyke and a little Dutch stove, from which refreshments were served, hot and appetizing. Tulips were presented as souvenirs by two little Dutch-clad maidens, and the whole club danced to the old melody of "It's Tulip Time in Holland." The state song, "Illinois Loyalty," was sung, and there were many well-planned details of the quiet little country of the Dutch folk to carry out the feature plan of the entertainment.

The guests were received by the president of the club, Miss Helen Williams, of Rantool, Ill., assisted by the soponsor, Miss Sisson, and Mrs. Mary R. Raines, with the other club officers, the secretary, Miss Hamberger; the vice-president, Miss Dorothy Hanley, of Oak Park, Ill.; the treasurer, Miss Nola Arter, of Kewanee, and the sergeant-at-arms, Miss Sara Johson, of Danville.

A feature Dutch dance was gracefully done by Miss Virginia Lurton Smith of Pontiac and Miss Vena Fouldes of Alton, Ill. The invited members of the faculty included Dr. J. D. Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Crosland, Miss Leila D. Mills, Mrs. Solon E. Rose, Miss Mary C. Blackwell, Mrs. Joseph Plaskett, Mrs. C. W. McComb, Miss Olive C. Ross, Miss Townsend, Miss Alma Paine and Miss Hollinger.

CONFIDENCE GETS RESULTS

Many a fight is won before it takes place. It is won in the mind of one of the persons concerned. Many a tussle is lost before the first gong rings, because of lack of nerve. If you think you are beaten, you are. If you like to win but think you can't, it's almost certain you won't. Success begins with one's will. It's can, they surely can't.

Almost every day a classroom struggle fails, because some one loses confidence in herself. There are too many F's given just because the students don't believe they can make the grade. If they don't think they can, they surely can't.

Self-confidence can be overdone and run into the ground, but this error is comparatively infrequent. A little brace will serve to take one over the obstacles.

PAUL PARKS, NEW YORK BARITONE, SINGS FOR W.-B.

Ward-Belmont girls and faculty had the supreme delight of hearing an artistic and all too short vocal recital on Wednesday from Mr. Paul Parks, noted baritone from New York, who is now making a Southern tour, and scoring brilliant success on every program. He came to Nashville to sing before the Centennial Club, and the management of our school promptly secured him to sing at Chapel. He gave a program full of artistic expression and descriptive power, and his voice is an organ of wonderful range and beauty. He had an artistic piano support from Mrs. Robert Caldwell, Chairman of Music of the Centennial Club.

"That woman is the most awful actress I ever saw," said the mild-mannered man to his neighbor.

"That lady is my wife," replied the neighbor.

"I am wrong," said the m. m. m.: "she is a good actress struggling with a rotten play. I wonder what fool wrote it."

"Unfortunately, I am the author," said the neighbor simply.

—Exchange.

A FRENCH STUDENT'S DREAM

I sat in my room the other night,
As sleepy as could be
But I wanted to study my
French book through,
I just had to pass, you see!

But first I thought I'd take a walk,
For fresh air I did pine,
But when I tried to leave my room,
I was stopped by a long thin line!

I tried my best, but couldn't halt
Those tall black-garbed reserves,
"Aud who are you?", I loudly asked
They wailed "We're irregular verbs!"

I strained my sight some aid to seek,
I strained my voice to call,
But as I struggled for escape,
I struck a hard stone wall!

"Oh what is this?" I wildly shrieked,
"What force that makes me tarry?"
"You can't pass," said it, "till you
scale this height;
For I'm vocabulary!"

"Oh, let me by," I madly called
My soul with terror did teem!
But as I called I fell right in,
The sea of a five page theme!

I rubbed my eyes—had I been asleep?
To be sure not one inch had I moved
And before me lay my unopened book
Without one single thing reviewed.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Three January birthdays were celebrated Monday evening in Heron Hall at a party given by Miss Marion Sullivan for Misses Sue Hilliard, Anna Lou Boyce, and Elizabeth Thompson. Covers were laid for eight and among the guests were Miss Neal, Hostess of the hall, Mary Ellen Bregasse, Carmen MacDonald and Nell Atwood. Delicious refreshments of club sandwiches, hot chocolate and French pastries were served. Nell Atwood gave a short musical recital and later in the evening cinnamon toast was served.

MISS BEST'S PUPILS IN MacDOWELL PROGRAM

Miss Louise Best, in her studio at Ward-Belmont, gave a very interesting MacDowell program Friday afternoon, with part of her piano class participating. Preliminary to the music she made a brief talk on the life and music of MacDowell, weaving in many instructive facts.

The musical program follows:

"To a Wild Rose"—Miss Frankie McMurray.

"Shadow Dance"—Miss Mildred Yates.

"To a Water Lily,"—Miss Eva Shallcross.

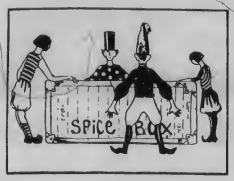
Improvisation—"Brer Rabbi."—Miss Jacqueline Stice.

Prelude in E Minor—Miss Louise Allen.

The Caller: Your master promised faithfully to settle my bill today.

The valet: Not if I know it—it's my turn first!

—Exchange.



Capt. Latimer, in addressing the Ward-Belmont girls the other day, mentioned that the experience would be a green spot in his memory. We wonder, was there any inference?

We have a brilliant suggestion to make to the girls who live in the "exit rooms." If they feel that the rooms are too hot, they can open the windows and watch the fire escape.

With first-of-the-month checks and the cessation of peanut expenditures, we should be prosperous once more.

We have discovered a way in which "we mortals" have the better of the seniors. We can enjoy the Arrow collar ads on the street cars while they tread the weary foot.

Let us present an indirect suggestion for civic improvement:

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow
But when it come to Nashville
That lamb did sooty grow.

A GOOD SPORT

He never believes he has played his best.
He never quits.
He has no alibi.
He smiles when he loses.
He is a quiet winner.
He plays fair.

—Exchange.

ACADEMIC NEWS

Miss Townsend gave a very instructive lecture to Miss Scruggs' English E class on "Hamlet As Interpreted By Barrymore." In connection with this lecture, Miss Clara Haddox, and Miss Marion Williams gave a very clever interpretation of the grave-digging scene in "Hamlet".

Mlle. Vimont's Spanish A class is studying an elementary book of Spanish sketches, entitled, "Spanish Life".

Miss Scruggs' class in Psychology is at present undertaking the very interesting subjects of "Personality", "Will" and "Hypnotism". Dr. Hollinshead gave a lecture and demonstration to the class illustrating thereby some of the principles they have studied.

Dr. Hollinshead's Chemistry C class, 15 at present engaged in the study of qualitative analysis, in which they are required to work out the composition of certain mineral salts.

The first year History of Art class, under Miss Ross is studying the various forms of Gothic and Renaissance architecture.

Miss Lowry's class in Domestic Art is making very pretty satin slips. They have previously completed several pieces of lingerie.

The Art department had the privilege of borrowing for their use during the past week, several of the pictures from the famous Parson Exhibit, which is being carried on in the city of Nashville.

Mr. Strick's History of Music class was entertained by a Macdowell recital on the anniversary of this great artist's birth. Miss Kirkham rendered some very beautiful selections which Macdowell had written.

The bearer of the smile finds it negotiable and worth its face value.

—Life.

"I guess I'll have to take a day off," said the student, as she tore off a sheet from the calendar.

DR. HARRY CLARK SPEAKS ON W-B TYPE OF GIRL

(Continued from page 1)

where they are very hard to be seen, and all of her friends' faults in front where she has them before her constantly. "Judge not, that you be not judged. What so ever things are true, kind, lovely, honorable and of good report think on these things. Look at the roses in your friends instead of the thorns."

"Could we but draw back the curtain" quoted Dr. Clark from Kipling's lives in bringing his most beneficial message to a close.

As a special musical number, Miss Nola Arter, sang a beautiful solo, accompanied by Miss Boyer

"There's a poor man outside who wants something to eat."

"Give him some bread and potatoes."

"But he seems to have seen better days."

"All right; give him a napkin, too."

—Life.

LIBRARY RULES

1. Absolute silence must be observed in the library. Girls seen talking will be requested to leave.

2. Books of fiction may be taken out for one week. If kept overtime, there will be a fine of five cents a day charged.

3. Anyone taking a reference book from the library without permission of the librarian will be fined three dollars.

4. Girls must not come to the library to write letters.

5. Girls must not bring such things as hockey sticks, foils, tennis rackets, etc., into the library.

WARD-BELMONT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Student Recital

Thursday Evening, February 1, 1923

At Five O'clock

Ward-Belmont Auditorium

1. *Piano*—Bird Caprice . . . . . *Blatterman*
   Miss Lena May Rowland
2. *Piano*—Echoes of Spring . . . . . *Friml*
   Miss Sarah Shepherd
3. *Voice*—(*a*) Calm Be Thy Sleep . . . . *Grant-Schaefer*
   (*b*) Baby . . . . . *Brown*
   Miss Pearl Hartere
4. *Piano*—May Night . . . . . *Palmgren*
   Miss Mary Elizibeth Lewis
5. *Piano*—Nocturne . . . . . *Scriabine*
   Miss Nell Atwood
6. *Piano*—Elegie . . . . . *Nollet*
   Miss Nettie Broach
7. *Organ*—Andante, Scherzo } from Sonata in E minor . . . . *Rogers*
   Miss Louise Allen
8. *Piano*—Spirit of the Nile . . . . . *Vargas*
   Miss Harriet Ingram
9. *Piano*—Sleigh Ride . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*
   Miss Annie Sullivan

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

PERSONALS

Martha Vordenberg of Cincinnati, who was graduated in the class of 1921, and has since been doing university work, will spend the week-end at Ward-Belmont visiting old friends. Her brilliant academic work, her fine school spirit, and charm of manner, added to the great success she achieved as editor of the 1921 annual, "Milestones," combined to give her a place of high distinction among the school's alumnae.

Judge Frank Mulholland of Toledo, Ohio, who is a very prominent Rotarian arrived in Nashville Sunday to be with his daughter, Marion whom we all know as president of the Agora club, and to attend to several matters pertaining to Rotary. He had dinner at the school Sunday and Monday he entertained Marion and her roommate, Martha Brantingham, at luncheon at the Satsuma. The old girls all anticipate his return as a speaker at our chapel service.

Mrs. Arthur McKinsey of Frankfort, Ind., is spending a few days with her daughter, Julia. While here she has entertained several of her daughter's friends. Monday a very lovely luncheon was planned at the Satsuma for her daughter, Julia and guests, Misses Margaret Winfield and Margaret Waldlowe.

Miss Helen Wikle spent Monday with Mrs. Robert Lyons whose home is in Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. G W. Killebrew of Nashville invited Clotilda Mitchener to spend Saturday night and Sunday at their home. Mr. Killebrew, whom we all know, is Clotilda's uncle.

The Sudekum girls, Viola, Elizabeth and Marie, spent the week-end at their home on Harding Road of this city.

Athleen Dickey left for her home in Fitzgerald Georgia, Saturday night to attend a wedding. She is expected to return in the middle of the week

Marion Green had a pleasant time over the week-end at her home in Franklin, Tennessee, with her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Green.

Saturday, Miss Rose Berry Campbell enjoyed the afternoon in town with Mrs. DeHudson.

Misses Virginia and Mildred Hicks enjoyed the wek-end in town with their aunt, Mrs. Williams.

Miss Jane Campbell had a pleasant time, Sunday in town with her aunt, Mrs. P. Riddle.

Several parties went in town to see Rodolph Valentino in "The Young Rajah," Saturday evening. The parties included Carmen McDonald, Mary Ellen Bragassa, Nell Atwood, Marion Sullivan and Ruth Day, chaperoned by Mrs. Plunkett; and Margaret McRae, Tully Beth Conner, Alleen Thompson, Anna Laura Foster and Catherine Richards who were chaperoned by Miss Boyer.

During the past week, Miss Lucie Neal Dekle, a student at Ward-Belmont in 1921, was the guest of Miss Edna Nellums, of Nashville. Miss Dekle was president of the Florida club during her year at Ward-Belmont.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Writes Jane Van Cleve from Columbus, Ohio; where she is attending the State University:

"I wonder how many of the Ward-Belmont girls of today, who rush to Middlemarch madly, to secure their Hyphens, know really what beautiful days they are spending? I wish they could feel it, for it would give them a new attitude toward the flying days they are living in our beautiful school. Perhaps it is like so many other good gifts, not to have its true meaning until it has passed. There are four Ward-Belmont girls here on this Campus, and we often meet and have long chats about dear Ward-Belmont."

Ruth Lemley, (1917) is now a student at the University at Columbus, Ohio, beginning her Junior year. Since she was graduated from Ward-Belmont, she has done capable work in a bank in Delaware.

Hallie Fincham of San Antonio, whose coming-out party was a recent handsome event in her home city, writes again to Ward-Belmont, expressing the warm feeling of appreciation she holds for the school. She writes to Miss Mills:

"I haven't forgotten my wonderful two years at the school, and I am looking forward to coming back on a visit some day. Memories of Ward-Belmont are all happy ones, and you are largely to thank for the very happiest of them. Best wishes to you for continued success in the role you grace so well."

WATER POLO

The water polo season opened Monday when the Athenians met and defeated the Panthers 16-4 and the Olympians lost to the Regulars by the score of 18-7. This is the first time water polo has been played at Ward-Belmont so the games proved interesting and exciting to the fans. Lineup and summary:

Athenians 16—Panthers 4.

Smith	F	Plonsky
Work	F	Hilliard
Condon	C	Reynolds
Pope	G	Kellum
Joy	G	Lindsey

Goals: Condon 6; Smith 2; Plansky 2.

Olympians 7—Regulars 18.

Shepard	F	Buckingham
Schurman	F	Elckner
Watson	C	Cone
Kohrs	G	Lindsey
Bish	G	Wells

Goals: Shepard 2; Schurman 1; Cone 7; Buchingham 2.

ALLURING ITINERARY OF WARD-BELMONT'S EUROPEAN PARTY

(Continued from page 1.)

tions are at their best and most interesting. For instance, the party visits Scotland in heather blooming time; it goes to Switzerland when weather conditions are at their fairest, and i. times every step with an eye to getting the best results.

A very interesting feature to be incorporated in this year's travel is a visit to Holland. The trip will include besides: Hamburg, where their steamer, the Empress of France, will land on July 1; Berlin, Dresden, Nuremberg, Munich, Oberammergau, (well worth a visit for the quaintness of the village life, a sight of the Passion play site, and the opportunity o make acquaintance with the players of 1910, and 1922), Lucerne, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Moutreaux, the Castle of Chillon, Geneva; the Italian Lake District; Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Genoa, the Italian Riviera, Nice, Monte Carlo, the French Riviera, Avignon, Paris, Versailles, Chatean Thierry and Belleau Wood; Oxford, Kenilworth Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon; Windemere, Keswick, the land of Burns, Glasgow, Loch Lomond, the Trossachs, Edinburgh, Melrose and Abbottsford, London, Amsterdam, the Isle of Marken, La Hague, Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Ostend and Southampton, from which the party will sail on the S. S. Empress of France, September 5, and land at Quebec on September 11.

The same steamer will be used for the out-going trip. The party is to sail also from Quebec on June 23.

The trip for this summer will include a great deal of outdoor life, and many motor parties to places of interest. The announcement of the sailing date, made by letter, among patrons of the school, has been followe i already by many inquiries.

WHAT TYPE ARE YOU?

(Continued from page 1)

7. Ardent.
8. Not enduring at work.
9. Not persistent.
10. Adaptable.
11. Fairly good at anything that is easy.
12. Muscular pursuits preferred to intellectual.
13. Usually as happy doing small things as large—if it's what they like to do.
14. Firm and outspoken in speech but not well informed.

II Lymphatic (slow movement).

A. Physical.
1. Hair fair or light brown.
2. Eyes any light shade.
3. Complexion colorless (dense and opaque).
4. Face square.
5. Good (large) nose.
6. Short, thick, set neck.
7. Usually fat.

B. Mental.
1. Not impulsive.
2. Not readily provoked but not easily reconciled.
3. Very persistent but not ardent.
4. Not enthusiastic.
5. Are very enduring at work.
6. Avoid muscular pursuits.
7. Happiest when doing things that please the senses.

III. Bilious. (dark).

A. Physical.
1. Not optimistic as a rule.
2. Dark complexion, eyes and hair.
3. Nose spread.
4. Face square.
5. Neck short and thick set.

B. Mental.
1. Not impulsive.
2. Very serious.
3. Conclusions thoughtfully reached.
4. Emotions very strong as a result of seriousness.
5. Extreme.
6. Passionate.
7. Revengeful.
8. Jealous.
9. Persistent.
10. Zealous.
11. Cool and resourceful.
12. Unscrupulous.
13. Prevent gameful pursuits yet whatever they do they do well.
14. Happiest in pursuit of wealth and power and whatever promotes family welfare.
15. Well informed therefore speech strong and good.

IV. Nervous type (quick response to nervous impulse.)

A Physical.
1. Brown or light hair.
2. Eyes any light shade (from hazel to blue).
3. Light complexion, clear and usually pale.
4. Narrow face (broad forehead)
5. Neck long.
6. Build slight, usually tall and always thin.

B. Mental.
1. Impulsive.
2. Animated.
3. Conclusions so rapidly reached that they are soon discarded.
4. Excitable.
5. Easily provoked but easily reconciled.
6. Imaginative.
7. Particular (often cranky).
8. Irresolute.
9. Very persistent.
10. Very enduring at work—never give in.
11. Enjoy intellectual and muscular pursuits.
12. Enjoy things which appeal to the sense and stimulate the mind.
13. Speech rapid and undecided but forceful.

Note: This type is apt to do things to excess and must carefully guard against overexertion mentally and physically.

The Sanquine type is most common, though very frequently there is a combination of Sanguine and Nervous. People with temperaments of the nervous type are usually the best leaders.

In the Players' scene in "Hamlet" the following lines occur:

Player Queen: In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed the first.

Hamlet (aside): Wormwood, wormwood.

It is reported that, at one performance, recently, Mr. John Barrymore changed Hamlet's comment to "Hollywood, Hollywood."

—Life.

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CHAPEL

Veteran R. R. Man

At a chapel service this week we had the opportunity of hearing Capt. J. H. Latimer, eighty-four years young, who spoke to us in his own way, telling us the history of his life during the Civil War. Capt. Latimer at the outbreak of the war was a conductor on one of the first railroads constructed in this section and he amusingly portrayed to us, the picture of its now seeming crude rolling stock. Instead of enlisting in the Confederate Army he reminded conductor serving in that way and ran his train between Nashville and Chattanooga carrying Jeff Davis and his cabinet at one time, when they were fleeing south.

"We were living like two separate nations, the north and the south," said Capt. Latimer, "but now we are joined together and are brothers, and it was all for good that the war was fought, even though it was mighty hard on us. No one knows the privations and suffering the people at that time endured."

The engines in those days were all named after great men and countries, and one of the "old timers" known as the "General" still stand on the tracks in Chattanooga yards and when we go to Chattanooga we are all going to pay the "General" a visit and recall the stories Capt. Latimer told of the now historic old engine.

MARRIED

Helen Chairmion Aikins, (1915-1916-1917-1918, General Diploma and Domestic Art Certificate) to Mr. Hilen Ketcham Wallace, on Monday, January 20, 1922, at 7 o'clock in the evening, at Christ Episcopal Church in St. Joseph, Mo.

Invitations have been received at Ward-Belmont to the marriage of Janie May Abbey (1918) to Mr. Charles Seiden Japp, on Thursday, February 22, at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Webb, Miss. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Benton Abbey, and was very popular in Ward-Belmont during her student days. Marjorie Cooper of Chicago, who is a guest at the school this week, is en route to the wedding, at which she is to be the maid of honor.

Fannie May Giddens (1921-22) to Thomas Craighead Lewis, on Monday, January 1, 1923 at the M. E. Church in Shreveport, La.

Nell Allen (1919-1920) to Peyton Skipwith, Jr., on Wednesday, December 20, 1922, in Memphis, Tenn. The address of the bride and groom is 1647 York Ave.

Mrs Young Bride: "I'd like to get some chestnut coal, please. Do you guarantee it to be free from worms?"

—Life.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1923 | NUMBER 15

COUNCIL ELECTION GIVES NEW OFFICERS TO SCHOOL

On Friday, February 2, there was held an election of members for Student Council for the second semester. To he a student officer in Ward-Belmont is a great honor, and the positions are those of responsihility and require girls who are fair-minded, who possess initiative and ability and who have the interest of the school at heart. Of the retiring Council we wish to say that its members have revealed their excellent capability and have been instrumental in carrying out the ideals which the school stands for. They deserve a great deal of praise for their fair decisions and for the time and effort which they necessarily were required to put forth in their positions.

The new candidates had previously heen nominated hy a committee composed of the hall proctors. These names were then passed by the Governing Board and submitted to the

(Continued on page 8.)

FRENCH STUDENTS ATTEND ALLIANCE FRANCAISE BANQUET

The following girls of Madame Beziat's French D Class chaperoned hy Mrs. Mims and Madame Beziat attended the hanquet given by Nashville group of the Alliance Francaise, Tuesday evening at the Centennial Club: Corinne Aishuler, Ruthana Wright, Gladys Feld, Theo Donnell, Margaret Phillips, Vivian Pew, Jean Wilmarth, Margaret Leffingwel, Marie Parrent, Mary Campheil, Margaret Marling, Ethel Smith, and Frances McMurry.

Among the toasts given by the students of the educational institutions of Nashvile, and various members of the Alliance Francaise, was one by Margaret Marling. Her subject was the exchange of students hetween French and American colleges, and she said: "Les allocutions qui vienent d'etre prononcees ont toutes exprinie le desire on indique le necessite qui l'impose d'un rapprochement toujours plus cordial entre les deux grandes republiques du monde occidental.

"Un des moyens tres pratique que

(Continued on page 3.)

CALENDAR

Feh. 13—College Special Dinner for Seniors.
Feh. 15—Goodman Concert.
Feb. 16—Birthday Dinner.
Feb. 17—Tennessee Dance.

THE SNOW

Beautiful, dainty, feathery, flakes,
Fluttering all around.
Whirling and twirling up in the air
Gracefully floating down.

Softly they came like butterfly ghosts
Robed in celestial white,
Drifting daintily, gently down,
Feathery, airy, light.

Covering bare and frozen ground,
Clothing the leafless trees,
Mingling noislessly everywhere
Like swarms of angel bees.

Soft as the touch of a Fairy hand,
Silently on they go;
Leaving the world a paradise
Of beautiful drifted snow.

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS STUDY LIVING ON TWO DOLLAR A DAY BASIS

"How a Family of Six Can Live Wholesomely and Well on Two Dollars a Day," is being taught in the Ward-Belmont Domestic Science Department. The results of the lesson are very illuminating. The subject is worked out on practical lines, and the answer is one that any family can get, if the purchasing member uses thought, and knows something about the relative nutritive value of food.

This family is supposed to he divided thus: Parents, three children, aged two, six and ten years, and a grandmother. The ages of the children have a bearing on the proper selection of food, and explain the large quantity of milk used daily, which is three quarts.

The second year class in Domestic Science was given this problem to solve. The Director of the Department, Miss Alberta Cooper, herself an expert, verified every figure by the existing market prices. The class was sent to the Market House, and the grocery stores, to get prices, and this without the knowledge of the uses to be made of the prices. They were the same made to any housekeeper or buyer. Then, with lists, food and figures in hand, the class set to work to plan out several menus, on which the family of six could live well at a cost of two dollars a day. Miss Cooper went over them, cutting off here, and adding there, and the class worked again, in order that the menus should combine the right amount of food value in order that every member of the family might be not only wholesomely fed, but properly nourished. The results proved that the family, number of six, could live well on just this amount, and here are some of the menus, and prices to prove it:

Menu Number 1.

Breakfast.
Creamy Eggs on Toast
Rolled Oats — Cocoa

Lunch.
Cream of Potato Soup — Wafers
Cottage Cheese Salad — Bread
Baked Apples

Dinner.
Salmon Timbales with White Sauce
Potatoes in Half Shell
Buttered Peas and Carrots
Whipped Jello — Vanilla Wafers
Coffee

Prices for Same:

Rolled Oats, 2c, 5c a lb. ..... .05
Creamy Eggs, 4 used at 45c a doz. .15

(Continued on page 7.)

COMPETENT TEACHING FOR YOUNG STUDENTS IS RARE

Study Never Ends, Says Sophie Braslau, Soprano.

By Alvin S. Wiggers, in Nashvile, Tennessecan

(Editor's Note The folowing article from the pen of a cultured Nashville music critic, who is often at our school on professional assignments, is of special interest to students of music. It has also its note of congratulation for us, since for those of us who want it, Ward-Belmont offers a Musical faculty of the finest ability and skill, capahle of imparting vocal training of pre-eminent excellence).

Sophie Braslau is a contralto with a rich, powerful voice of great flexibility. In the past few years she has given real song recials, both at Ward-Belmont and at Ryman Auditorium. For several seasons she sang at the Metropolitan. In the December "Etude" she says, among other things: "While contralto soloists are not as numerous as sopranos, there

(Continued on page 3.)

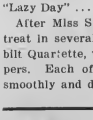
MISS SLOAN GIVES BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM

Miss Helen Todd Sloan, of the Vocal Department of the School of Music, kindly gave for the entertainment of Ward-Belmont girls, an exquisite Sunday evening program of songs, in Recreation Hall. It was an informal assemblage of students, and the numbers were given in heautifully smooth succession. Miss Sloan's voice is a pure, very high and sweet soprano, and her program was made up of lovely selections. Miss Alherta Reeves was at the piano, playing an artistic accompaniment to each number. The program follows:

"Peep O' Day" ..... Adsit
Pastorale ..... Curran
"Love Sings the Lark" ..... Bischoff
"The Little Green Leaves" .... Spross
"Mavourneen, My Darling" .... Lester
"Lazy Day" ..... Lawsap

After Miss Sloan, we had a further treat in several songs by the Vanderbilt Quartette, which had sung at Vespers. Each of their numhers was smoothly and delightfully given.

THE OWL



Weather Reports, Feb. 5th: Whipped cream effect on all shrubs. Strong appeal to Eskimos.

BARBARA

(A Short Original Story)

By F. C. McMurry

Mrs. Feldsbury hurried into the library of Colonel Reel, and there was quite a determined look in her face as she said, "Peter insists that he saw a ghost last night. I have tried to persuade him of the absurdity of such an idea, but he will not give it up and is quite unfit for work this morning."

Col. Reel smiled, leaned back in his chair, and placed his hands behind his head.

"All right," he said, "I will see what can be done with Peter."

He chuckled softly as he let his eyes wander along the great oak beams of his library, and Mrs. Feldsbury hurried briskly from the room. After a few minutes of staring into space his eyes fell upon the portrait of a beautiful young girl dressed in the style of the Civil War period. His face instantly grew very grave, and as he continued to gaze something like a tear glistened in his eye, though perhaps it was only the light reflected in his spectacles. It was the portrait of his youngest sister, who had died at the early age of nineteen. There had always been a beautiful bond of sympathetic understanding between this brother and sister. Barbara was her name. Her face was so tender and so perfect that Col. Reel loved to look at it. Her lips were full and delicately moulded. Her nose was small and straight. Her eyes large dark brown pools, of unfathomable depths. They could soften in an instant from a merry twinkle to tears. Col. Reel had often said that to look into Barbora's eyes was to read her character; they were indeed the habitation of her soul.

Spot, the old coach dog, had slipped into the room unobserved, and now he rested his head on his master's knee, and looked up into his face. The Colonel placed a hand on the faithful creature's head but did not lower his eyes from the picture, and the dog as though understanding the solemnity of the moment dropped on the rug at the feet of his master.

Col. Reel was living over days long past. He had been faithful to his sister. He had not told of the secret meeting at the old oak, until it was made necessary by the death of the man his sister loved. Barbara had come to him for help, her eyes all wide with excitement. She had hastily told him how her soldier, Jack, had agreed to meet her at the old oak, thinking he could get back to camp before he was missed. And Col. Reel remembered how pale she had grown as she told him that in climbing the fence Jack's revolver had been discharged.

They hastened to him, and Col. Reel saw at once that the man his sister loved had not long to live. Between them they managed to carry him to a vacant cabin near at hand, where Jack had died in the arms of Barbara.

The brother did much to try to console his sister, but all attempts were in vain. Barara was never the same from that day, and as Keath's "Isabella" she forgot.

"And she forgot the sun, the moon, the stars,
And she forgot the gentle autumn trees,
And she forgot the dells where water runs,
And she forgot the gentle autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done
But sat repining ever!"

So it was with beautiful Barbara Reel. She would often steal away to the lonely cabin. Her friends saw her fade slowly away. After a few months had passed wearily by, one dark, starless night, just at midnight, her restless spirit left her tired body, and they laid her away with heavy hearts, that a life so short should have been so full of sorrow. And——

It is said that promptly at twelve on moonlight nights the loving spirits have been seen by more than one as they faithfully meet at the old log cabin near the oak tree.

Did Peter glimpse these shadows of the past, these memories of a great love made tangible for the hour, by some power unknown, and not to be measured or understood? Did he? the Colonel wondered as he continued to look sorrowfully at the dead and gone Barbara's picture.

THE SNOW

Exams were over! It was necessary that we should have excitement of some kind. It was suggested that we have some snow; so snow it was!

Saturday morning about ten o'clock, the huge flakes began to fall and did it create excitement? There was nothing else but excitement! The Southern girls, many of whom had never seen snow, were "thrilled to a peanut" —as the saying goes. The rest of us were delighted to think of the week-end ahead of us with this wonderful background for snapshots, and the snow-balling, and coasting which those of us who were lucky enough to have access to a sled could enjoy. We did enjoy it, and we are hoping it will stay with us for many days yet.

Some girls had an argument as to whether one could wash the other's face in that snow, which had fallen, to give us all so much fun. It was decided to try and see, so out into the snow they went, taking with them a troop of girls who were to act as seconds. The seconds gave the signal, the two girls picked up handsful of snow and rushed at each other.

There was excitement galore—one minute, one girl had the advantage, then lost it. On the ground they rolled, until finally, breathless they were both willing to quit.

It was great sport, and from the looks of the two girls faces, there will, no doubt, be many a like contest in the near future if the snow lasts.

Small Boy (at zoo'. "Gee, mom, that giraffe looks just like papa."

Mamma (in horror): "Willie, aren't you ashamed?"

Small Boy: "Aw gee, the giraffe didn't hear me."—Ex.

THE KANSAS KARNIVAL

At the bidding of attractive invitations in the shape of masks, a gay crowd of brightly dressed masqueraders flocked to Heron Hall last Saturday night to attend the Kansas Karnival. The hall, in festival array, was decorated with bright colored paper streamers flying from the ceiling; and two booths containing myriads of colored balloons added to the gay effect. Miss Mary Harris Cockrill, as sponsor, and the president, Miss Helen Engel, who was quaintly gowned in an old-fashioned dress and carried a round bonquet, received the guests. All joined in the grand march, and every one received a balloon as a souvenir. By way of entertainment, Miss Leola Clark presented before the revellers a "carnival" dance, which was excellent.

During the evening punch was served, and later all were refreshed with chicken salad sandwiches and hot chocolate. The merry celebration ended all too soon for the most of us, but we are sure one and all will congratulate the "sun-flower" girls on having one of the happiest parties of the year.

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COMPETENT TEACHING FOR YOUNG STUDENTS IS RARE

(Continued from page 1.)

is something about the vocal quality that, like the cello, is very moving to the general public. My own career as a singer commenced at the age of 15. This is too early. A little singing every day would be beneficial all through childhood, but 17, or 18 is early enough to begin to get the right foundation and technique.

"The voice teacher often spends many valuable vocal lessons in correcting things which ought to be taught to every child in the day school. I mean frankly, how to speak right. A kind of jargon is permitted in many schools scantly resembling the English language. When people sing they speak music. The child should learn how to utter consonants distinctly, the vowel tones with the best standards of good taste, without affectation, and to 'speak forward.' Not only children of foreign parents, but college and high school students squawk in their throats or whine in their noses.

"Most vocal beginners fall into very band hands. The tragedy is that the pupil or parent cannot tell whether the teacher is a good one. Some teachers make reputations by being fortunate enough to secure a few voices. Others have been celebrated singers, and have had a wide experience in singing, but not in teaching. Many famous vocal masters themselves sang with only fair success.

"The best guide is to hear as many of the teacher's pupils as possible, but the usual method is to blunder around from teacher to teacher. The vocal teacher question is so much more imoprtant than that of the piano or violin teacher, as the voice teacher in a few lessons may do irreparable damage.

"One of the hardest things for the possessor of a big voice is to relax. No singer with a body and a mind built like a fortress can sing freely and move a large audience. The voice must be free like a bird. Relaxation with a controlled breath is the basis of all good tone emission. There are very few real contraltos. Most of the singers who pose as contraltos are mezzo-sopranos who affect a mannish tone. Some succeed in sounding like female baritones. Trying to change a mezzo into a contralto is like dyeing your hair. You get the color but the public knows intuitively that it isn't real. I sing high C in 'Trovatore' and low D in Schubert's "Death and the Maiden"—three octaves, but contralto straight through.

"Just as a cellist is expected to play pieces with lightning-like rapidity, so should the contralto have a voice as flexible as Galli-Curci. Flexibility adds smoothness and richness, and greatly eliminates the 'baying,' hoarse quality which in some contraltos reminds one of a dog serenading the moon.

"Avoid heaviness; the voice will be heavy enough as it is. More than this, the ocntralto often seems to be prone to grow heavy herself, and often stouter than sopranos. Singing is a good exercise, promoting the appetite; one eats abnormally, and there you are. My first vocal exercises every day are taken lightly and softly, a few notes at a time. I often study my roles in opera, and oratorios on a walk or when riding in my car. It pays to think much and sing little.

ticularly fond of contraltos, Sealchid and Schumann-Heink, both born abroad, have made their biggest success.

"The American public seems parcesses here. America loves to hear the contralto in simple songs as well as in the more elaborate arias. But study never ends and great fame, like Rome, is not built in a day or on a frail foundation. I often say to myself 'Goodness, will I ever arrive?'"

FRENCH STUDENTS ATTEND ALLIANCE FRANCAISE BANQUET

(Continued from page 1.)

j'ai en l'occasion d'observer est l'echange d'etudiantes qui se fait depius quelques annees entre les colleges et ecoles normales de France et des Etats-unis.

"J'habite la ville ou est situee l'universite de Wisconsin ou s ont recu uu grand nombre de ces etudiantes. La, tout pres du parc de l'universite est la Maison Francaise ou demeurent ces jeunes filles. Cette Maison Francaise est ouverte aux professeurs ainsi qu'a toutes les etudiantes qul saisissent avec l'empressement ce moyen de developper et perfectionner leur conversation francaise tout en faisant la connaissance de ces demoiselles.

"A leur cote ces dernieres ont leurs entress dans bancoup de maisons de professeurs ou d'autres etudiantes se rendent egalement le dimanche pour passer quelques heures charmantes a echanger leurs idees.

"Quel moyen plus efficace pourrait on desirer que ce rapporchment de la jeunesse des ecoles des deux pays?

"Et le resultat? Ces jeunes filles que la France envoie ici sont celles qui se destinent a l'enseignement dans leur pays et l'influence qu'elles auront ainsi chez elles, lorsqu'elles parleront de nous, sera des plus considerables. Elles feront connaitre aux francais la veritable Amerique. De meme, les Americaines qui sont envoyees en France pour y perfectionner leur connaissance de la lague et des moeurs francaises, raporteront chez nous et repanderont autour d'elles leurs nombrenses observations personnelles. Par cet echange reciproque de vues, de connaissance, de pensees l'union de deux peuples ne pourra manquer de devenir plus intime-ce qui est n'est-ce pas, notre voeut le plus cher?"

"I lead a fast life," said the permanent color as it splashed into the tub and dyed.—Ex.

"I'm on the track," said the detective as he watched the train approach.—Ex.

There's a little difference between chasing cows and golf balls. Merely a matter of "bawls" and "balls."—Ex.

Student: "Professor, what is the distance between two human ears?"
Biology Prof. "One block."—Ex.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

During the past week, many old W.-B. students have been returning to their Alma Mater, just to see again the old familiar faces and the cherished spots of joy and happiness. Somehow Ward-Belmont casts a magic spell over those within her gates. A binding spell which can not be broken by time or distance. Only such a truly great school has an appeal of that kind.

It is a school full of noble ideals. It is a school with fundamental qualities of permanence, exercising its influence for good, far and wide, a vital force in the up-building of womanhood.

We love you, Ward-Belmont! We love every majestic column of your buildings; we love every nook and corner of your campus. We are glad that we have the privilege of being a part of you. May your beautiful spirit always be with us. We love you, Ward-Belmont!

EXPRESSION DEPT. STUDENT RECITAL

Loves of Lizette .....Weeden
Mammy
Miss Bonnie Jennings
Georgie Becomes a Member
.....Tarkington
Miss Margaret McHute
Papa and the Boy
Miss Catherin Teague
What the Jaintor Heard .....Fiske
Miss Jenn Franklin
The Gala Dress .....Wilkins
Miss Elizabeth Somers.

T. C. C. MEETING

At the last T. C. C. meeting on Wednesday, January 31, Dr. Hollinshead addressed the club, taking as his topic, "Robert E. Lee."

He discussed the great Southerner in a most interesting way, delving first into those traits and habits which made him the military genius and loved leader that he was. He then discussed "Lee, the Man." He showed clearly, by illustration and facts, why Robert E. Lee was a man to be admired and patterned after, and why the beauty of his personal life influenced his public career.

In his talk, Dr. Hollinshead brought out many unusual and gripping little facts which no other speaker at Ward-Belmont, had disclosed, concerning this great Civil War hero, thus giving the address more than the usual force and interest.

Happy Announcement

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Waterhouse (Elie Edwards, 1917-18) announce the birth of their son, Alden Columbus Waterhouse, Jr., born the first day of January, 1923. Their home is in San Francisco, Calif.

TWO NOTABLES COMING HERE

The management of Ward-Belmont announces two notable speakers engaged to appear before the students and patrons of the school in the next ten days. Dr. Richard Burton, of New York City, one of America's leading critics along literary lines, will lecture in the school auditorium on Saturday, Feb. 10, and the following Monday, Feb. 12, the school will have two lectures from William Webster Ellsworth, formerly president of the Century Company. In the morning he will give one of his two most successful lectures, either "The Joy of Writing" or "The New Poetry." Dr. J. D. Blanton will decide between these two subjects. In the evening Mr. Ellsworth will give a new and richly illustrated lecture on "Moliere and His Times." This lecture is full of illustrative material relating to the history of the theater from the days of the miracle plays to Moliere. The most interesting models and other objects in the dramatic museum at Columbia university are effectively reproduced in color. In this lecture also Mr. Ellsworth will give extracts from the most amusing scenes in a number of Moliere's comedies.

Dr. Burton is well known in Nashville from his previous lecture courses on modern drama, and his marked success in special talks at Peabody College. He is a Browning authority, having written much Browning criticism.

He is also author of poems and essays. His "Life of Whittier" and "Literary Leaders of Ameirca," are authorities. Among his literary positions he was assocate editor of Warner Library of the World's Best Literature editor of Lothrop Publishing Company, head of the English Department, University of Minnesota, and professional lecturer on English literature in the University of Chicago.

Both these attractions will be without cost to the students and patrons of the school.

DE LUCA WILL GIVE OUTSIDE MUSICALES

Signor De Luca, Ward-Belmont's able Director of Voice, has been designated to direct a very brilliant afternoon benefit musicale to be given at the country home of Mrs. R. T. Wilson of Nashville, on Monday evening, February 12. He has also accepted an invitation to give a recital program at Gallatin, Tenn., on February 14, before the Woman's Club of that city; and he is to appear also in a similar program on February 24 before the Woman's Club of Clarksville.

PARTY IN PEMBROKE

When the nine-thirty bell rang Monday night for election of Proctor, we all gathered on the first floor just outside Mrs. Charlie's room and after a few words from her we were all delightfully surprised at the sound of a piano in the basement and an announcement that we would finish our meeting there. The Domestic Art room afforded a good place to dance and after a few minutes we were further surprised when ice cream was served. We all cast our votes for the new Proctor, and when they were counted it was found that Margaret Marling had received the highest number. Margaret Price our former Proctor made a short talk, giving over her office, and Margaret Marling responded. After a few words from Miss Morrison who is sponsor of Pembroke, and after we had congratulated "Marty" we returned to our rooms, having enjoyed a most delightful half hour.

OUR COMPOSITE VALENTINE

We think that our W.-B. Valentine would have:

Hair like Nell Atwood.
Eyes like Mildred Peery.
Nose like Emily Schenck.
Mouth like Mary Ellen Bragassa.
Complexion like Florence Bell.
Clothes like Eleanor Rench.
Style like Vivian Pew.
Originality like Jean Wilmarth.
Athletic ability like Helen Condon.
Grace like Fanny Julia Phelps.
Pep like Athleen Dickey.
Personality like Sara Jeter.
What do you think?

LETTERS HOME

Dear Folks:

I've been more homesick this week than I ever was before—and it is all nature's fault too. Just in the midst of my worst examination it began to snow and wonder of all wonders—kept it up for several hours until this great campus was a veritable fairyland. It was wonderful enough that afternoon, but when we awoke Sunday morning and found the trees loaded with snow we were almost beside ourselves with joy. It was delicious walking to church on privileges, to feel that cold, cold, wind making hard, red apples of our cheeks. Monday morning we coasted—true we used our imagination concerning the hill and the condition of the snow but it was loads of fun anyway. The only drawback was that it made me want to go home fearfully.

Everyone is planning spring clothes. A most significant statement—subtle and to the point. Yes, mother dear, the worst is yet to come. Enclosed find some sketches I think are most attractive—and some suggestions I've made perhaps you will find attractive too.

Speaking of soap box speeches—I've certainly had some opportunity to show my training these last few days, and I'm beginning to believe I should go in for that sort of thing—everyone I wanted was elected.

Examination papers have been coming in this week—I haven't enjoyed it so much. Perhaps you will know why when you receive my grades. Please don't judge me too harshly. Remember I've worked hard and studied madly and

I'm your your own
Dutiful Daughter.

ATHLETIC BOARD MEETING

The athletic board held its monthly meeting Tuesday, February 6, in the Y. W. room. After the minutes were read a report of the plans for the swimming season was made by Helen Kohrs. Sarah Jeter gave a report of water polo, the Regulars won first place being undefeated and the Athenians won second place.

The resignation of Ruby Wooten as treasurer of the athletic association was accepted and Fannie Wells was chosen in her place.

The awarding of letters to team members was discussed and it was decided not to award them until the end of the season. The awarding of trophies to the club winning a season was also discussed.

After an open discussion of the spring schedule of sports and competing in matched games with other schools, the meeting adjourned.

VESPERS

The Y. W. was unusually fortunate in being able to secure as a Sunday evening speaker, Mr. Hardwick, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Vanderbilt University. The Vanderbilt quartet accompanied him and sang three beautiful sacred songs which was indeed a treat.

Mr. Hardwick made a fine talk on "What I Can Do to Help My Friends." His personal experiences and practical applications, told in such a sincere and earnest manner made a great impression upon us.

We also had the privilege of hearing one of our own voice teachers, Miss Sloan, sing a beautiful solo, which helped greatly in making our Sunday evening service a success.

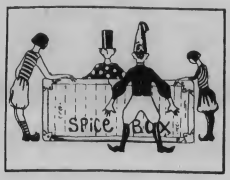
TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

In this issue of the Hyphen we print our initial short story, by F. C. McMurray. We deem it one of the best outside contributions which we have received, and wish to urge others to hand in similar articles. Wouldn't you like a short story every week? Who can furnish the next?

"Sweet young thing: "Where is that new frat everyone is talking about?"

He: "What new frat?"

S. Y. T.: "Why, haven't you heard? Eska Mo Pi!"—Ex.



We hear that on the fourteenth of February the U. S. Government is to conduct an examination for women desiring to do police duty in Washington. We consider this an admirable opening for W.-B. monitors.

When the snow came we all went back to our infancy. Two especially playful girls of our number went sledding on the top of a huge tin candy box.

Yes, we admit that the girl on first floor Heron is a wonderful musician, but, you see, she was born in A flat.

We believe that Ward-Belmont girls are indeed ingenious. At the Kansas dance a pirate had a handsome dagger made from a letter opener, and a demure colonial dame had buckles made from Hershey tinfoil and a mask made from the front of a program.

Some girls were born lucky. Other never get to sit at a girl's table.

COMPLIMENTING MISS INA MARIE CHASON

Complimentary to Miss Ina Marie Chason, one of our seniors who has completed her course of studies and will return to her home in Alabama the latter part of the week, a prettily appointed luncheon was given at the Satsuma, Monday. On the table a color scheme of gold and white, the senior class colors, was carried out. After the luncheon the guests enjoyed a theatre party. The party was composed of the guest of honor, also Miss Cockrill, the charming chaperone, and Misses Martha Swisher, Isadore Douglas, Mildred Montgomery, Irma Kuster, and Edythe Cameron.

STUDIO RECITAL BY MISS BLYTHE'S JUNIORS

Junior Piano Pupils of Miss Blythe were heard in a studio recital on Wednesday afternoon. The following artistic program was given:

Jack of Hearts ..... Farrar
Ivadelle Smith
On the Meadow ..... Lichner
Katherine Wade
Barcheita ..... Nevin
Florence Hayes
Mazurka ..... Denner
Frances Harris
Ballade ..... Burgmuller
Evelyn Reid
In the Hills ..... Frontini
Anna White
Pomponnette ..... Durand
Mary Wade

"Oh, well," sighed the old oaken bucket.—Ex.

DR. STOVES

We were so glad to be able to welcome Dr. Geo. Stoves, pastor of the West End Methodist Church, back to our chapel platform. He spoke to us most interestingly on "The Fundamentals of Christianity." "There is something in the heart of humanity that calls out for religion and for the divine," said Dr. Stoves. "God is the foundation of all religion. Your religion is commemorated with your idea of God. The idea of God has ever throbbed in the heart of humanity. Many people today call themselves Christians who do what my devil would do. I don't want a God of that kind. Love is the most commonplace word in the English language, but no people have the faintest conception of love unless they know God, and know that divine passion. The only enduring love is the love that we get from God. Young ladies," said Dr. Stoves in bringing his message to a close, "I want you to get properly related to this God, and to this life which is so essential to your happiness, and to the great plan of God."

ACADEMIC

Through the medium of the scenes in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, the High School Expression classes, have been studying by pantomime, the action of the mob-spirit as shown in scenes with the mob and the two Roman soldiers, Act I, Scene I. The voice of authority and the voice of the mob.

In the Mark Antony and Brutus scenes over Caesar's body, they have been studying by means of voice and pantomime political oratory as applied to methods of today.

Miss Townsend feels that oratory is a dead issue unless it pursuades, inspire and wins to the cause in hand. The giving of these are tests of students voice and mental grasp.

The College A Expression classes since January have been concentrated on the telling of Shakespeare stories, followed by scenes from the play chosen.

This has aroused a living interest in Shakespeare, which will improve the diction as well as dramatic insight of the students.

The Certificate students (Expression B) have begun to work on interpretation of plays as well as advanced voice programs and pantomime. Their scenes are taken from 18th Century Comedy. Misses Marion Williams and Clara Haddox are working on two modern plays. These girls were seniors in W.-B. last year and this year are doing post-graduate work for extra credit in Vanderbilt and Wisconsin Universities. They are taking a course in Expression in Pantomime and Dramatic production. They will soon give two interesting modern plays.

On Friday at 8 o'clock in the large expression studio, Miss Townsend gave a talk on the production of the three Shakespearean plays in New York this winter. Hamlet with John Barrymore and Robert Edmond Jones as scenic producer, Ethel Barrymore in Romeo and Juliet, with same artistic producer and contrasting these productions with David Warfield as Shylock.

The College Expression students, Miss Scruggs' English E and Miss Olive Ross' English class were present.

It is not often one has such an universally interesting audience—so ready to receive because they are ready through **preparation.**

WATER POLO

The water polo season, which has been most successful, is drawing to a close. This is a new game at Ward-Belmont but one in which every one is interested. All the games have been fast and exciting and good sportsmanship has prevailed throughout the season.

Last Wednesday, January 31, the Panthers defeated the Olympians by the score of 8 to 4 and the Regulars won from the Athenians 14 to 8.

Lineup and summary of the games:

Panthers 8		Olympians 4
Hilliard	Forward	Kawin
La Due	Forward	Schurman
Reynolds	Center	Watson
Quinn	Guard	Latimer
Lindsey	Guard	Bish

Substitutions: Plansky for La Due, Shepard for Kawin, Legan for Bish.

Goals: Reynolds 1, Hilliard 1, Plansky 2, Shepard 2.

Regulars 14		Athenians 8
Buckingham	Forward	Dickey
Brown	Forward	Smith
Cane	Center	Condon
Wells	Guard	Hackenberger
Lindsey	Guard	Pope

Substitutions: Landy for Brown.

Goals: Cane 1, Buckingham 2, Landy 1, Condon 1, Dickey 1, Smith 2.

Free throws: Cane 3, Buckingham 3.

Monday, February 5, the Regulars defeated the Panthers in a close and hotly contested game by the score 8 7. The Athenians defeated the Panthers 6-0.

Lineup and summary:

Regulars 8		Panthers 7
Buckingham	Forward	Hilliard
Eickner	Forward	La Due
Cane	Center	Reynolds
Oberdorfer	Guard	Lindsey
Brown	Guard	Kellum

Substitutions: Tandy for Eickner.

Goals: Cane 3, Buckingham 1, Reynolds 1, Hilliard 2.

Free throws: Hilliard 1.

Olympians 0		Athenians 6
Schurman	Forward	Franke
Kawin	Forward	Jeter
Watson	Center	Condon
Kohrs	Guard	Joy
Latimer	Guard	Pope

Goals: Condon 1, Franke 1, Pope 1.

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PERSONALS

Miss Mary C. Blackwell, of the Home Department, has had a visit from her sister, Mrs. J. H. Dagg, of Hopkinsville, Ky., the past week.

Ruth Scott, Martha Phillips and Lois Whaley spent the week-end of February 4, with Helen Davis, in Franklin, Tenn.

Isabel Buckingham's mother, Mrs. T. D. Buckingham, of Flint, Mich., arrived Thursday morning to be with Isabel for a few days. Isabel enjoyed the week-end in town with her mother. Saturday night Mrs. Buckingham chaperoned Marguerite Yow, Mary Margaret Harris, and Beatrice Lunt at dinner and the picture show.

Several of the Columbia, Tenn., girls enjoyed the week-end at their homes. Among them were Martha Ellington, Mary Katharine Greenlaw, who took as her guests, Cassie Leta Ganett and Bessie White, and Myrtle Thomas with her cousin, Delphina McDonald, as her guest.

Elizabeth Harris enjoyed Saturday evening in town with her mother, Mrs. I'. N. Harris, of Smith's Grove, Ky.

Miss Polly Baird enjoyed the week-end at her home here in Nashville. Polly has just been with us since Christmas but some of the old girls remember her from last year when she was a day pupil.

Mary Elizabeth Ricketts had a lovely week-end in town with her father, Mr. Robert Willis Ricketts, or Leland, Miss., who is here for a short visit.

Misses Bernice Gingars and Joe S. Roof, both Florida girls, enjoyed Sunday afternoon and tea in town with Mrs. Chestnut.

Miss Mabel Patton enjoyed the week-end in town with her aunt, Mrs. J. J. King.

Miss Marjorie Cooper has been visiting school for the past week. Miss Cooper attended school three years ago and was a well-known Physical Ed., as well as President of the Senior class.

Mrs. F. D. Buckingham chaperoned her daughter, Isabell, Mary Elizabeth Levis, Marion Mulholland, and Martha Brantingham in town Monday for the day.

Misses Louise Packard and Lucille Wane had a lovely time, Monday, with Mrs. Pope.

Mary Alice Beazley enjoyed Monday in town with her aunt, Mrs. J. S. Kennedy.

Hortense Beare's mother, Mrs. Robt. L. Beare, of Jackson, Tenn., is spending a few days with Hortense. Hortense spent the week-end in town with her. Monday she chaperoned Elise Priester, Sara Jobson, Margaret Rust, Ruth Day, Alice Ingram and Jacquelyn Rieke, in town.

MARRIED

Grace Stamp Holbert (1920, and member of the Dei Vers Club) to Mr. Walter Hunter Stamper on Tuesday, January 30, 1923, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Holbert in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Invitations have been received to the marriage of Marian Hutchinson, (1919) to Mr. Thomas Haller Jackson, on Thursday evening, February 15 at 7:30 o'clock in the First Methodist Church at Shreveport, La. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Joseph Hutchinson. She took a Special Diploma in Home Economics at Ward-Belmont, and also had the distinction of being President of the Student Council.

CHAPEL

Dr. E. E. George, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Memphis, read the scripture and offered prayer at one of our Chapel exercises this week. He also spoke for a few moments extemporaneously on the scripture lesson, leaving with us this splendid advice, "Shun the appearance of evil and you shall avoid the affects of it."

Miss Theodora Scruggs, our own splendid instructor in English Literature and Psychology, gave us a most inspiring and helpful talk at a chapel hour this week.

She began by telling us several amusing stories which illustrated the child's point of view concerning God and showed what childish conceptions we do have until we become quite old. Christ said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

"In the course of these next few days" (exam. days), said Miss Scruggs "measure your values and see how they run. Do not only be strong yourself and see that your eye does not stray from your paper, but help the other girl who is not so strong. You would help her if she were in great physical danger, and does she not need your help just as much when in great moral danger? Let each and every one of us be able to repeat this little verse Saturday night after all examinations are over," said Miss Scruggs in closing.

"I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be fit for myself to know.
Always to look myself in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I want to go out with head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect,
I can never hide myself from me,
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know,
And so, whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free."

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS STUDY LIVING ON TWO DOLLARS A DAY BASIS

(Continued from page 1.)

Bread for Toast	.10
Cocoa 6 tsp @ 25c	.02
Sugar, ½ lb. @ 7½c	.04
Milk, 3 quarts @ 12c	.36
Potatoes, 12 @ 3 c lb.	.02
Cottage Cheese, ½ lb. @ 15c	.10
Apples, ½ doz. @ 20c a doz.	.10
Salmon, 1 can and 1 egg, @ 30c	.34
Peas, 1 can @ 20c	.20
Carrots @ 5c	.05
Jello and Fruit Juice	.15
Vanilla Wafers	.10
Coffee @ 35c a lb.	.03
Butter, part of lb. @ 52c a lb.	.19
Total	$2.00

Menu No. 2

Breakfast.
Oatmeal with Milk and Sugar
Creamy Eggs Coffee Toast
Milk
Lunch.
Peanut Loaf with Tomato Sauce
Jelly Biscuit Milk
Dinner.
Veal Loaf
Baked Potatoes
Greens Bread and Butter Milk
Orange Jello Hot Tea

Prices for Menu No. 2:

Oatmeal	.04
Milk, 3 quarts	.36
Sugar	.06
Eggs	.30
Toast	.16
Peanuts	.15
Biscuit	.07
Jelly	.04
Butter	.19
Potatoes	.02
Greens	.15
Jello	.10
Oranges	.10
Tea	.01
Ground Veal for Loaf	.25
Total	$2.00

Menu No. 3.

Breakfast.
Toast Eggs Milk
Coffee
Lunch.
Spinach Rice Souffle Bread
Dinner
Sweet Potatoes with Marshmallows
Veal Roast Lettuce with Dressing
Gelatin Rolls Milk
Coffee

Prices for Menu No. 3:

Butter	.23
Bread	.09
Rolls	.19
Eggs	.36
Spinach	.15
Rice	.05
Mayonnaise	.05
Coffee	.03
Milk, 3 quarts	.36
Veal	.40
Gelatine	.10
Sweet Potatoes	.03
Marshmallows	.05
Total	$2.00

Menu No. 4.

Breakfast.
Quaker Oats and Cream
Shirred Eggs Stewed Prunes
Toast
Coffee Milk
Lunch
Cream Tomato Soup
Baked Potato Corn Meal Muffins
Milk
Dinner.
Meat Loaf with Tomato Sauce
Fried Potato Carrots and Peas
Lettuce with French Dressing
Bread and Butter Baked Custard
Coffee Milk

Prices for Menu No. 4:

Coffee	.04
Quaker Oats	.02½
Sugar for Day	.05
Prunes	.12½
Eggs for day, 1 doz	.45
Bread	.08
Tomatoes, 1 can	.10
Potatoes	.02
Cornmeal	.01
Lard	.01
Steak (ground for meat loaf)	.20
Carrots	.05
Peas	.15
Lettuce	.14
Butter	.20
Milk, 3 quarts	.36
Total	$2.00

In addition to these daily menus, the department is working out a food program for a week at a time, when the buying may be made in larger quantities, and the meals served at less cost, because of the possibility of utilizing left-overs.

Not only in daily menus does this department score, but it is equally successful and practical in preparing economical menus for small entertainments. Recently, a small evening entertainment at the School was given, and this Department worked out the question of refreshments so skilfully that thirty guests were nicely served at a cost of $5.50 and this is what they enjoyed: Fruit salad, made of apples, dates, pecans and white cherries with whipped cream dressing, sandwiches with cottage cheese and hot chocolate.

SENIOR "PHYSICAL EDS" ENTERTAIN IN NASHVILLE

On Saturday night, the Senior Physical eds, chaperoned by Miss Morrison and Miss Marjorie Cooper of Chicago, spent a pleasant evening in town.

The physical eds were greatly disappointed when they could not spend a long looked forward to week-end at Woody Crest so they arranged an entertainment in town, first dinner at the Satsuma, then an enjoyable evening at the Princess.

The Juniors are sorry they did not get to be initiated into the mysteries of "physical ed" and the Seniors are more than sorry, but every one is looking forward to a pleasant week-end in the near future and the Seniors are planning lots of interesting things for the Juniors.

The girls who went to town are Sarah Jeter, Eddie Lawrence, Dibbie Shepard, Athleen Dickey, Ruth Kendall, Marie Pregler and Pauline Westmorland.

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COUNCIL ELECTION GIVES NEW OFFICERS TO SCHOOL

(Continued from page 1.)

student body. The election took place from three fifteen to five o'clock, Friday, in room 100 Academic.

The ballots read as follows:

President
Jean McKnight
Jaunita Willis
First Vice-President
Margaret Price
Maxine Day
Second Vice-Presidehnt
Myrtle Tomas
Zelma Lee
Secretary
Capitola Bassett
Mary McKeever
Treasurer
Marion Mulholland
Marion Sullivan
Chapel Proctor
Dorothy Work
Margaret Quinn
General Proctor
Jane Carling
Mary V. Latimer

The candidates are all capable girls and girls who would he excellent for their respective positions, consequently the results of the election were very close. After the final count the names of the girls having the greatest numbers of votes were read at dinner.

For President, Jaunita Willis.

For First Vice-President, Maxine Day.

For Second Vice-President, Zelma Lee.

For Secretary, Capitola Bassett.

For Treasurer, Marion Mulholland.

For Chapel Proctor, Dorothy Work.

For General Proctor, Mary Virginia Latimer.

The following Monday evening elections were held in the various dormitories for their Proctors. The candidates were as follows:

Fidelity
Helen Harris
Betty Lindsay
Founders
Nadine Candler
Eleanor Grinter
North and South Front
Nannie Gay
Katherine Sidey
Cottages
Esther Seifert
Alice Nixon
Pembroke
Ida Kellum
Margaret Marling
Heron
Annette Wilcox
Maxine Ronna

The following girls wereelected:

Helen Harris, Eleanor Grinter, Nannie Gay, Esther Seifert, Margaret Marling, Maxine Ronna.

The first meeting of the new session of Council takes place Tuesday afternoon and we feel confident that our new members will be as efficient a body as we have always had.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Miss Martha Bordenberg (class '21), is here from Cincinnati, visiting Ward-Belmont. Her work in both academic and special departments is remembered by all who knew her and especially notable was her success as Editor-in-Chief of the "Milestones" in her Senior year. She is now a Senior in the University of Cincinnati, where she will take her degree this spring. Last summer she was at Wisconsin University, at Madison, Wis., where she took a summer course. She is a Kappa Alpha Theta, and also has the distinction of being elected to "Mystic Thirteen" a Womens Honorary fraternity, composed of upper classmen. The membership is based upon congeniality and school activities, and she is the first two year girl who has ever made it.

Miss Virginia Eckley, of McLeansboro, Ill., (class '21), spent the weekend at Ward-Belmont. She is entering Washington University, at St. Louis, this semester, and will take up law.

Mrs. Ruth Cruse Moorehouse, of Beaumont, Texas, who was at Ward-Belmont in 1915-16, writes to Miss Blythe of her unfailing love and happy memories of her school days here. She has a cousin, Mittie Johnson, in school now. Mrs. Moorehouse has a little daughter of two and a half years, whom she is already training as a future Ward-Belmont girl. Another member of the same family is Jack Cruse Graham (1917) whose daughter, of a few weeks old, is also designed to come to the old school, when her schoolgirl days arrive.

Mrs. L. M. Tinnin, of Mindem, Louisiana, is member of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association. Who is she? Her maiden name was Lyndell Bullock, and she was a popular member of the 1921 class. She was from Shreveport, but her marriage takes her to another Louisiana city.

Two Ward-Belmont girls of other days are now together in Chicago taking a course in Community Service, in which they expect to enroll as expert workers. They are Olive Pepper, of Allensville, Ky., and Irene Mott, daughter of John R. Mott, the great worker of the Student Volunteer movement. Since she left Ward-Belmont, Olive Pepper has taken her A.B. degree at the University of Wisconsin.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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DR. ELLSWORTH LECTURES ON "WRITING" AND "MOLIERE"

Dr. William Ellsworth, former president of the Century Publishing Company, and a man of importance in the literary world, delivered two excellent lectures before the Ward-Belmont girls on Monday, February 12.

The first lecture was on "The Joy of Writing", and Dr. Ellsworth said, "I would rather be a writer of good books than anything else in the world." The lecture was indeed inspirational, not only for the prospective poet or novelist, but also for the girl who desires to attain the highest degree of facility in writing. Dr. Ellsworth displayed a remarkable knowledge of many of the eminent writers of modern time, and his accounts of their eccentricities and characteristics were most delightful. He especially emphasized the importance of practice in learning to write. "No day, without its written line," was his parting admonition to us.

The illustrated historical lecture given in the evening on "Moliere" was very entertaining as well as instructive. Dr. Ellsworth traced the life and career of Moliere with all its reverses and exceptional attainments. The plays were made especially real by the illustrations of theatres and scenes from various dramas; accompanied by extracts (in excellent English transiation) from the most amusing scenes in a number of Moliere's comedies..

SOCIAL HONORS FOR MISS LOUISE BELL

Louise Bell, a popular member of Ward-Belmont's student body for three years, and Presideut of the Senior Class of '22, was crowned Queen of the Mardi Grass ball in Nashville on Shrove Tuesday evening. The ball was a large beautiful affair, held at the Hermitage Hotel. The ballot giving this honor to Louise is an evidence that her popularity lu Nashville's social world is in line with that she always had at Ward-Belmont. Louise is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Arnold Bell of Nashville. She was a Physical Ed. graduate, and held many school honors.



THE OWL

True Fable of W.-B.

6:45 Bell rings—girl goes back to sleep.

7:45—Breakfast bell—hurried dressing. On time to breakfast!

NIGHTS

You've heard of nights in Venice,
You've dreamt of nights in Spain
You've longed for nights when glorious sights
Caused pleasure-vanquished pain!

You've read of nights in Naples,
You've pictured nights in France,
You've seen those good old English nights
When the air teemed with romance!

But there's another sort of night,
In the U. S. A. you see,
It's the cool bright starry moonlit night
We have at W.-B.

We haven't line gondolas,
Our trips are just to "Ac"
But, oh, those nights are beautiful.
They have what others lack.

They haven't perfumed splendor,
But they're filled with vim and zest,
They're nights for youth and friendships,
And say, aren't they the best?

—G. F.

MILESTONES ELECTION

During the Chapel period on Friday February 9, the student body cast its vote for the Milestones S'aff. The Milestones, which is Ward-Belmont's annual, has always been a most interesting publication and we look forward to this one which we are sure is to rank among the best put out in years. For the candidates were every one girls of unusual ability and under the direction of any of them success would be assured.

The nominees were:

Editor-in-Chief: Rebecca Thacher. Vivian Pew.

Art Editor: Jane Hamburger, Helen Pape.

Business Manager: Frances Allen, Ruth LeMar.

Assistant Business Manager: Louise Smith, Theo. Donnell.

Reporters: Lucile Astracan, Louise Schwab, Virginia Beauchamp, Irma Welcker, Mildred Goodpasture, Grace Barnhill, Corinne Aischuler, Billy Cook, Clothilde Mitchener, Bonny Morgan.

Those elected were:

Editor-in-Chief: Rebecca Thacher.

Art Editor: Jane Hamburger.

Business Manager: Frances Allen.

Assistant Business Manager: Louise Smith.

Reporters: Virginia Beauchamp, Corinne Aischider, Clothilde Mitchener.

Corinne Aischuler has been transferred by appointment to the position of assistant editor.

DR. E. E. GEORGE

Dr. E. E. George, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. work of Memphis delighted us by returning to speak to us at our chapel hour, on the subject "What is your life?"

"Whence am I?"

"What am I?

"Whither am I going? are three great questions of interest to everyone of us," said Dr. George in beginning his helpful talk. "Is your life a vapor that appeareth for a little while then goes away? No—your life is a gift from God. There is a divine spark in every human in the world.

"God has a right to expect that you use your life for a worth while purpose. The vast majority of young men and women today live without realizing that God has any plan for their lives.

"There are three different ways in which you may determine God's will for your life, first by making a study of the Bible, second, by praying with God, and third, by correctly interpreting the divine providences that come into your life," said Dr. George in bringing his message to a close.

DR. RICHARD BURTON LECTURES ON BARRIE WITH GREAT SUCCESS

"An old year dies, and a new year is born;
The World holds lies and pain and scorn,
But love and laughter are in it, too
Laughter and love, they can be for you.
Dark things pass, but the dear things tarry,
Lo, here is Barrie!"

With this original verse written in a Barrie play which he presented to a young friend, recently. Dr. Richard Burton, who has given a brilliant series of talks in Nashville during the past few days concluded a typically interesting lecture on "Barrie, the Poet in a Playhouse," at Ward-Belmont on Saturday morning. Quite a number of students from other institutions, and some of the patrons of the school availed themselves of the invitation extended by Dr. J. D. Blanton, President, to hear Dr. Burton, whose lectures are always among the best platform utterances heard in Nashville.

Briefly he traced Barrie's career, from his peasant boyhood, to the day when he became Sir James Barrie, and achieved England's high distinction, the Order of Merit, drawing the conclusion that physical size, either in man or in country does not signify in the line of accomplishment. He told of his literary beginning, as a writer of fiction, and of short stories in which he won his first fame, alluding charmingly to the merits of "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," "Sentimental Tommy" and its sequel, and then went on to his plays, which he pronounced the most difficult form of story-telling, but that in which Barrie peculiarly excels. The thirty plays that he produced, some of them being inspired by his association with the master play producer, Charles Frohman, indicated in superb array, his traits of whimsey, insight, and humor, and the power that enabled him to produce a succession of plays that left no smirch on the soul or bad taste in the mouth. He was a pioneer in one act plays, and a past master in this brilliant new form of play-writing. Following this, Dr. Burton concluded with reading extracts from Barrie's noted St. Andrew's Address, which has been published in the form of the little booklet, "Courage," and which he recommended all the students to own and study.

Many so-called self-made men and women would have made better men and women if they had let their mother and father had a part in their making.—Ex.

NEED FOR MENTAL OUTLET MAKES WOMEN TALK

Women talk more than men, but it is not just through plain flightiness, as so many believe. It is because passive and attractive woman never has had to perform acts that absorbed all of her intellectual energy, and so she has taken it out in talk. At least, that is the explanation offered for the greater volubility of women by Dr. A. A. Brill, professor of psychology at New York University, in an address before the delegates to the convention of the National Association of Teachers of Speech and the Eastern Public Speaking Conference.

"Women of today, like their more primitive ancestors," said Dr. Brill, "can cook, crochet and talk at the same time, and giving so much time to the child with whom she babbles and teaches to talk, she has thus developed her own speech.

"It has always been asserted that women are more volubie than men, and there is no question about it. Jesperson, the philologist, states that the superior readiness of speech of women is a concomitant of the fact that their vocabulary is smaller and more central than that of men . . that the highest linguistic genius and the lowest degree of linguistic imbecility are rarely found among women. The greatest orators, the most famous literary artists have been men.

"This is not a slur on women, but it simply shows that there is a greater variability of the male sex; that whereas the latter shows the great orators, it also shows a much greater number of men than of women who cannot put two words together intelligibly, who stutter and stammer and hesitate and are unable to find suitable expression for the slightest thoughts.

A Study in Blank Verse
entitled
"The Last Minute Before Exams"

"To be or not to be, that is the question."
Bonjour, bonjour, madame.
"All Gaul is divided into three parts."
What did Bacon write?
No, the comma goes after that word.
Will she ask about the treaty of Pressburg?
What did the molecules have to do with it?
Which way do you swing the dumbbells?
Oh, there's the bell! Pray for me!

(To be continued next quarter.)

LET EDUCATION LIGHT THE WAY

A noted speaker has said that success is likened unto a spiral stairway which winds up and down to regions unknown. As each individual climbs this stairway his way is lighted by a candle, the candle of education.

One can readily understand that the larger the candle the farther the individual is able to climb. Thus the successful man, whether in a business or a social way, of not only today, but of any time, is the educated man.

It's up to you to get your education now. It's up to you to determine just how successful you will be. It's up to you to prepare yourself for the climb up the stairway. You are the captain of your fate.

BRITON'S IDEA OF WOMAN'S NEEDS

Exeter, England (United Press.)—Girls, here's what you need to become a successful business woman, according to Miss Margaret Partridge, leading woman engineer and social expert:

1. The impudence of a small monkey.
2. The epidermis of a hippopotamus.
3. The patience of an elephant.
4. The energy of an ant.
5. Good business address.
6. A long-suffering landlord.
7. Quarts of publicity.
8. Good introductions or friends in the neighborhood.
9. A modicum of knowledge of the job.
10. As much capital as possible.
11. A pinch of optimism.

Women workers generally confirm Miss Partridge's views, although ingredients 1, 6 and 10 are open to question in some quarters, and the old-fashioned type give greater prominence to No. 9.

INDECISION

"Indecision causes more human misery than crime. Measured in terms of the disagreeable effects it causes, it is worse to be afflicted with indecision than it is to be malicious," writes Dr. Frank Crane, in one of his latest articles.

It is popularly considered a clever characteristic among some women, to never know what dress to wear, or to be undecided about ornamenting one's self with the jet or jade beads, or whether to go to the matinee on Wednesday or Saturday.

Leaving the flippant side, it is noticeable than when indecision becomes a matter of life or death, it is an entirely different matter. Statistics state that more people are killed each year on crowded thoroughfares by a slight hesitation rather than by their choosing the wrong decision. The man who acts as if he doesn't know in which direction to go or lessens his speed is much more apt to be killed than the man who walks calmly and assuredly across the street amid a traffic congestion.

Men who are filling positions of national importance are men having a decisive character, a character that can decide without useless hesitation regarding many situations of life that they have to face.

An English poet said, "Be bold, be bold, and everywhere, be bold."

"You tell 'm, dictionary. The words aren't in me." Ex

LOS ANGELES SCHOOL CENSORS BAN EXTREME DRESS

From now until the end of the term it's going to be "out of order" for girl students of the Jefferson High school, of Los Angeles, to appear at school wearing earrings, cosmetics, silk or satin dresses, sheer georgette waists, fancy hosiery, high-heeled shoes or sheer organdie or volle dresses.

That is the edict of the school's "simplified dress" committee, composed of members of the faculty.

The "dress censors" approve gingham and ratine dresses, woolen dresses without beading, linen and pongee dresses, sweaters and skirts, serge suits, plain hosiery and low-heeled shoes.

The new rules are to be enforced by means of a "complaint box" in the high school office. Any girl, boy or faculty member who thinks a girl's costume is breaking the regulations is empowered to put the offender's name on a slip of paper, explaining the rule she has broken, and deposit the accusation in the fateful box.

All fair violators of the new edict will be dealt with by a committee chosen by the censors.

MEADORS

SHOES AND HOSIERY

Fancy Slippers a Specialty

408 Union Street
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Distinctive Dress for Young Women
The Denton Company
608 CHURCH STREET
Coats, Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Blouses, Sweaters, Silk Underwear, Silk Hosiery, Fur Chokers and Silk Scarfs

The Linen Store
512 UNION ST.
GIFTS Japanese and Chinese Novelties. Handkerchief Linen, Fine Linens of All Kinds. Hand made Handkerchiefs. Artificial Flowers.

UNQUESTIONABLY
The South's Fashion Center
Exclusively Ready-to-Wear Garments, Millinery and Shoes for Women and Misses
RICH SCHWARTZ & JOSEPH
THE "READY-TO-WEAR" STORE

H. J. GRIMES & COMPANY
215 Public Square
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear, Notions, Gloves, Hosiery and Handkerchiefs, Carpets, Floor Coverings and High-Class Dry Goods
TELEPHONE M. 670 NASHVILLE, TENN.

VESPERS

Vesper services last Sunday evening were made unusually interesting by the appealing address of Dr. W. D. Weatherford of Vanderbilt. Dr. Weatherford was with us once before, leaving a delightful impression after his splendid talk, and this time, he strengthened that impression by a practical address on "Friendship." He said that without forming a fast friendship, a college career loses its main point. He then told us many things applicable to our daily life, which are essential in forming that friendship and among them he mentions self-revelation, trust, and sacrifice, the giving of self without thought of profit or return.

A special musical number, a beautiful solo was sung by Miss Edna Mae Gay, one of Miss Boyer's out of town pupils, which added much to the service. Everyone felt that the time had been well spent and that a benefit had been derived from the short hour together.

DR. HIBBETT HONORED BY W.-B. GIRLS

Dr. W. E. Hibbett's place in the affection of the Ward-Belmont colony was expressed on Sunday, in the form of a birthday dinner arranged for him as a surprise by some of his friends in the school, including Miss Alberta Cooper, Miss Matheney, Miss Kathryn Kirkham, Hiss Kate Urschel, of Toledo, O., Miss Helen Campbell, Miss Sallie Beth Moore, and Miss Martha Williamson.

When Dr. and Mrs. Hibbett returned from church, the sound of singing led them to the dining room, where a birthday cake with lighted candles had a place on the center of the table, and an elaborate dinner was prepared and ready. The fairy god-mothers who provided it, waited to serve it, and later a tea wagon was rolled in loaded, not with cakes and sandwiches, but with little gifts for the much beloved friend of the school.

VIRGINIA POPE ENTERTAINS WATER POLO TEAM

A very delightful party was given by Virginia Pope, Monday afternoon, in honor of the Athenian water polo team. She took her guests to the theatre to see Gloria Swanson in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew." This was followed by tea at the Satsuma.

TEACHER CALLS ENERGY, GREAT NEED OF RACE

Dr. Baker Urges More Intellectual Effort.

The maintenance of the energy of the race is the real task of civilization, said Dr. Thomas S. Baker of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, in an address at a sectional meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently held at Cambridge, Mass.

"The energy of the race can only be conserved through new ideas, discoveries and the application of these discoveries. Mankind will degenerate unless there is a continuous flow of new ideas from the brains of great thinkers to fertilize and inspire the actions and the lives of the un hinking masses.

"We often mistake restlessness for energy. We may be making great display of energy on enterprises that have no permanent value. If we believe that the conservation of man's energy depends on high thinking he should attach more importance to repose and contemplation than we do at present.

"We have no assurance that our civilization will be permanent. But so long as we believe that our culture and our ideals of living ought to be conserved, our chief means of testing our success in maintaining them will be the amount of energy and especially intellectual energy that is being produced."

FIGHTING FOR THE TEAM

(Basket Ball World.)

It's all very well to have courage and skill
And it's fine to be counted a star,
But the single deed with its touch of thrill
Doesn't tell us the man you are;
For there's no lone hand in the game we play
We must work to a bigger scheme.
And the thing that counts in the world today
Is how do you pull with your team?

They may sound your praise and call you great,
They may single you out for fame,
But you must work with your running mate
Or never you'll win the game.
For never the work of life is done
By the man with a selfish dream,
For the battle is lost or the battle is won
By the spirit of the team.

It is all very well to fight for fame,
But the cause is a bigger need
And what you do for the good of the game
Counts more than the flash of speed;
It's the long, long haul and the dreary grind
Where the stars but faintly gleam,
And it's leaving all thought of self behind
That fashions a winning team.

You may think it fine to be praised for skill,
But a greater thing to do
Is to set your mind and set your will
On the goal that's just in view;
It's helping your fellow man to score
When his chances hopeless seem,
And it's forgetting self 'till the game is o'er
And fighting for the team.

The History A class under Miss Rhea has finished "Political and Social History of Modern Europe" and this quarter will take up "Modern and Contemporary European History."

FRANCES VANITY BOX
UNUSUAL GIFTS AND NOVELTIES
501-A Church Street

YOU who have discriminated between good and bad service in Ready-to-Wear, know Castner's to be your choice. We are certain that you will agree to the alphabet given below:

G—is for Courtesy—that delightful and friendly characteristic that all of Castner's salespeople have.

A—is for that atmosphere of refinement and ease so necessary to your comfort while shopping.

S—is for Suits that express the present and coming modes for sport, street and traveling wear—the delight of all Ward-Belmont girls.

T—is for the Time you save by coming to Castner's for your Ready-to-Wear, and especially to a college girl who must count the hours when shopping.

N—is for the Newness of all materials, trimmings, styles and colors used in making Castner's Ready-to-Wear for every wear.

E—is for everything desired by the college girl and which Castner's has in abundance, because our buyers select their Ready-to-wear with you in mind.

R—is for richness of materials that express refinement, good taste, and even fastidiousness, that reveal you.

S—is for Service with style that is not too apparent, that is dependable even when the most exacting demands are made upon it.

The Castner-Knott DRY GOODS CO.
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"Nashville's Most Popular Department Store"
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CONSERVATIVE PRICES

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont.

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Editor-in-chief .....JEAN WILMARTH
Assistant Editor .....JACQUELINE STICE
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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

We were impressed by the jolly good nature of the Nashville Rotarians and their seemingly careful dispositions, evident in their clever circus stunt at Ward-Belmont, on Friday night. If they had any worries, they had left them behind, and one and all entered into the game with a lively interest and a co-operative spirit. We wonder if this good-nature," of which every Rotarian seemed to have such a plentiful supply, isn't a result of the standard which they preach and practice?" He profits most, who serves best."

It is a proved fact that merely striving for individual happiness, brings morbidness, loneliness, the "blues." Always wanting everything for one's self is an attitude which is frowned upon by all those who have a true appreciation of democracy. On the other hand, the fellow who is always looking out for something to do for another, who always wants to share his pleasures, and is willing, when necessary, to make a sacrifice in order that his friend may have happiness, is the sort whom the whole world admires and loves.

A closed hand can neither give nor receive. If your hand is closed, make this the time to open it. Spread sunshine—hand out smiles, and the response which you will receive from your neighbors will doubly repay you for your efforts.

ROTARY CLUB DINNER

On last Friday evening Dr. Blanton entertained the members of the Nashville Rotary club and their families at a dinner given here in the school dining room. It was a very delightful affair with the orchestra playing throughout the entire time, and many interesting features. After dinner the entertainment for the evening was a circus given in the Chapel by some of the members of the Rotary Club. On the platform the circus teut was set up and back of it there were a number of cages for the wild animals. It limitated a real circus with side shows, a parade, "gravity and death-defying" leaps, educated donkey, and a thrilling Roman charlot race, all these take offs being very well done. After the main part of the circus, a fashion show was held which although last was not least by any means. There was nothing lacking to make this a real circus. Balloons were passed around to every one, later bags of popcorn and peanuts were also distributed throughout the crowd. After everything was over the orchestra continued to play until the party had adjourned.

SORROW COMES TO ONE OF OUR NUMBER

Cassie Leta Garrett was called to her home in Montgomery, Alabama a week ago on account of the serious illness of her father, Mr. C. A. Garrett, and on Wednesday morning came the mournful news that he had been called by death.

Members of the Senior Class, of which she was a member, and of the F. F. Club of which she was President, have wired Cassie Leta their sympathy, and have sent her flowers for her dead, and letters full of love and tenderness. Uncounted friends whom she hold in the school are wishing that they could do something tangible to help her, and her mother in this lonely hour.

A. K. VALENTINE DANCE

Through a large red heart the guests entered the A. K. Valentine court on Saturday evening. Miss Hortense Shurman, Miss Margaret Winfield and Mrs. Flora J. Whitson, sponsor of the A. K. club, received the guests.

Red and white were the colors in which the hall was decorated and red hearts were interlaced with crimson streamers.

The grand march led by Miss Shurman and Miss Winfield passed through a little bower of ferns and through a little vine-covered gate at which Cupid opening the postbox presented each of the guests with a little arrow.

Very effective was the ballet dance given by Miss Helen Kohrs, portraying the Queen of Hearts, with Miss Alice Frazier as Jack of Hearts.

Fiery red satin hearts were the favors for the dance. Confetti added much to the fun of the evening. Refreshments were served.

COLLEGE SPECIALS GIVE DANCE FOR SENIORS OF 1923

The College-Special party for the Seniors which took place in "Rec" Hall Tuesday evening, was quite the affair of the year. "Rec" Hall looked its prettiest, decorated with hearts, large, small, and middle-sized. The gateways to the long apartment were kept by two Seniors, who let the good pass and made the uninvited stay. In one corner, seated in a heart-shaped box, was an excellent orchestra.

The party began and ended with dancing. Everyhody danced, for who could resist such music? Midway came the dinner, served buffet in the drawing rooms, and consisting of chicken croquettes, peas and mushrooms in heart-shaped pattie-shells, fruit salad, hot rolls, mint ice, cake and red-and-white heart-shaped ice cream.

It was a glorious evening. About two hundred guests were in the party, including the membership of the two classes, and invited guests from the faculty and student body.

DR. WHITSON

We are always glad to welcome Dr. Whitson, our own splendid Bible Instructor, to the Chapel platform each week, as he reviews for us in an interesting style the current topics. Owing to the great number of outside speakers last week we were unable to hear from Dr. Whitson, so he summed up the events of the past week, in addition to this week in his Chapel talk which we so greatly appreciated.

KATHERINE URSCHEL

It is certainly a pleasure to all of us who were here last year to welcome back Katherine Urschel—not one of us could forget her—she was interested in all the campus activities and had a very prominent part in many of them.

As president of the Agora club she was an inspiration to all her club girls to do their very best—her grace of movement was evident at many of the social and state club dances, in fact many of us think of her as the tall, graceful person who was either doing a Spanish tango or something rather eccentric but always as the embodiment of grace.

It is so lovely to have the old girls return, we only wish they would remain with us much much longer than any of them do.

CORRIDOR CHARACTERS

F or a physical Ed—or a senior she's fine,
L ook you at her assets and say
O n the hockey field—do you remember her there, and
R emember Y. W. C. A?
Everyone liked the peanuts she introduced here—
N ow I am sure we know she is clever.
C an we help but admire her in all of her ways, when
E ach day we know her better?

SPRIG IS CUBBIG!!!

Thusly observes the wonderer when he catches sight of our campus. The grass is getting greener every day (so are we), and the tulips and jonquils seem to have decided that the upper world appeals. The result is that along with the robins and red-birds, which are daily becoming more numerous, we are feeling better, more "springy," ourselves.

The idea comes to "us" that it is about time to start the annual "keep off the grass" campaign. If we do keep off, in a very short time the dear little crocuses will come up, and all the "old girls" know just how pretty the campus is when dotted over with these tiny patches of color. So here goes—Keep off the grass!!!

T. C GIRLS HOSTESSES AT MOVIE

All social clubs of Ward-Belmont were the guests of T. C. Club Wednesday night February 7, at a "movie" shown in the chapel auditorium.

T. C. was the first club, this year, to offer a movie in the way of "something different" for club night. The picture shown was "Love Never Dies" with Lloyd Hughes and Madge Bellany taking the leading roles. The story was one replete with excitement and thrills. Not one foot of film lacked its breathless, or at least, very interesting episode, so that, the picture provided an hour of very lively and evidently much enjoyed diversion.

PUPILS OF MISSES BLYTHE AND BOYER

Piano pupils of Miss Blythe, and vocal pupils of Miss Boyer gave an interesting studio recital on Friday afternoon before a student audience. Following is the program that was successfully presented:

Prelude ..... Chopin
Miss Elizabeth Carter
Under the Lanterns ..... Sanderson
Miss Julia Chandler
A Mid October Afternoon ..... Lane
Miss Henrietta Prewitt
Down in the Forest ..... Ronald
Miss Madalyn Edginton
Waltz ..... Jensen
Miss Jenet Kerr
Only a Tiny Garden ..... Wood
I Went A'Roaming ..... Brake
Miss Edna Mae Gay
Dedication ..... Forjussen
Miss Annie Lu Boyce
Sonny Boy ..... Curran
Awake Little Flower ..... San Souci
Miss Bernita Jacobs
Hungarian ..... MacDowell
Miss Katherine Price
Maids of Province ..... Delacqua
Miss Annie Sullivan

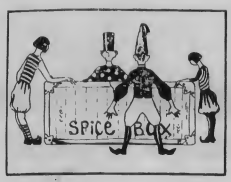
PUPILS OF MRS. HAZEL COATE ROSE GIVE RECITAL

Piano pupils of Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose, of the Ward-Belmont School of Music, gave a delightful studio recital on Saturday afternoon. The work of the performers was smooth, and excellent in style and interpretation. The following took part: Misses Susan Brandau Ethel Walker, Laura and Louise McAlister, Mary Ellen Dale, Mary Ogden, Helen Engel, Tora Hockenberger, Jean Hayes, Mertis Ward, Sara Shepherd, Myrtle Thomas, Carolyn Lusk, Anne Leslie Nichol, and Frances Rose.

PENTA TAU

At the last meeting of the Penta Tau Club, the members were entertained by the following program which was delightfully presented:

Piano Solo .....Margie Lee Steele
Reading .....Bernita Jacobs
Violin Solo .....Alma Moore
Piano Solo .....Lenore Stone
Reading .....Billy Lindley



SPICE BOX

Miss Sisson (getting nervous)—"Knees raise, heels bend!"

A lecture on Monday morning is such a pleasing diversion from swimming or shopping.

Tale of a "Water-polo Hero-ette.
Dash
Splash
Rash (towel)
Mash

Extra! Some W.-B. girls almost drowned the other night. They were playing a Galli Curci record on the Victrola, and they hit the high seas.

We have discovered the ideal roommate. Last Wednesday she presented her "better half" with a large heart-shaped box of chocolates.

We consider the girl a true pessimist who sings "Tomorrow" during an apparatus gym class.

Strange—how the malls were flooded last Wednesday and how special packages swarmed in, isn't it?

Some people who are frequently in the vicinity of the Union Station may wonder why W.-B. girls always gaze upward when in front of the building. Rest assured, ye curious ones. It is merely an attempt of the artistic souls who study History of Art to see "Flying Mercury."

"Why do you turn out for every road hog that comes along?" said the missus, rather crossly. "The right of way is ours, isn't it?"

"Oh, undoubtedly!" answered he, calmly. "As for our turning out the reason is found plainly suggested in this epitah which appeared in a newspaper:

"'Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong." Ex.

The Happiest Author—Gay.
The Most Fiery Author—Burns.
The Most Talkative Author—Chatterton.
The Most Distressed Author—Akenside.—Ex.

Smith: "Sir, could you tell me if there is a man in this hotel with one eye by the name of John Head?"

Jones: "Maybe I could help you. Do you know the name of the other eye?"—Ex.

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Three guesses as to what makes the loudest whisper.

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12:00 A. M.
Ward Belmont Chapel.
Hymn No. 4 Section 12
Subject for To-morrow
"Diseases of the Cranberry and how to treat them."
by
Dr. A. Nonymuss.

LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT

Found

1 Bone hairpin
1 Tea-check — (Owner may identify same by naming denomination.)
2 Ear-rings—(not mates).

Lost

1 2c stamp.
1 comb.
1 bone hair-pin.
1 tea-check.
1 ear-ring.
1 ear-ring.
(Both different.)

Mrs. Pinsket at the front door will get you anything you want—Come often.

STOP!
LOOK!!
LISTEN!!!

It's Coming

Fire Drill

Watch For It

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

PERSONALS

The Rose Cottage girls spent a pleasant afternoon in town Monday, Feb. 5, chaperoned by their hostess, Mrs. Means. They had luncheon at the Satsuma and later enjoyed, "The Voice of the Minaret" at Loew's.

Miss Grace Barnhill enjoyed the week end at her home in Madisonville, Kentucky, with her mother, Mrs. E. P. Barnhill. Miss Minerva Gordon also spent the week-end at her home in Madisonville, Kentucky.

Miss Elizabeth Schnabaum had a pleasant week-end in town with her aunt, Mrs. Billings.

Miss Ariel Moore enjoyed the week-end in town with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Fuld.

Misses Helen Campbell and Martha Williamson, chaperoned by Miss Kirkham, enjoyed Sunday at the home of Dr. W. E. Hibbett.

Mary Katherine Greenlaw enjoyed Sunday at the home of her aunt, Mrs. C. D. Hughes.

Misses Elizabeth Engeler and Ruth Huddy spent Sunday afternoon and tea at the home of Mrs. F. P. Weisner.

Mary Alice Beazley had the day Monday downtown with her aunt.

Monday, Sara C. Smith had a pleasant day with Mrs. Malcolm Chambers.

Corinne Alschuler had a very pleasant time, Monday, with her aunt, Mrs. Fischel.

Miss Eleanor Kincaid was entertained for afternoon tea by Mrs. R. L. Proctor and her daughter Van Meter.

Miss Sudie Emerson spent Monday in town as the guest of a former Ward-Belmont student, Miss Roberta Shillinglow.

Mrs. Rose chaperoned Misses Esther Allen and Isabelle Enderlein in town Monday.

Miss Jane Grice, Sara Dorcey Brown, and Helen Wikle were entertained at luncheon by Helen's mother, Mrs. Douglas Wikle, of Franklin, Tenn.

Miss Helen Williams spent Sunday with Miss Van Ness, who is an assistant in Miss Hollinger's department.

Miss Roseberry Campbell was entertained at tea Sunday by Mrs. Fowler of Nashville.

MARRIED

Mr. and Mrs. James Ford Johnson have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Emma Miller, to Mr. James S. Wilson Jr., on Tuesday afternoon, February 20, 1823, at 3 o'clock, at their residence in Columbus, Arkansas. The bride was a popular Ward-Belmont girl, in 1916, and the news of her approaching marriage is of sincere interest in the school.

Marian Swartz (1918-19) who, after her years at Ward-Belmont, took a degree at the University of Wisconsin, is to be married, and her engagement is announced in the following clipping from her home city paper:

"Announcement was made at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house, Friday, of the engagement of Miss Marian M. Swartz of Gary, Ind., to John P. Cornelius, of Madison. Miss Swartz was graduated from the university last year, and has enrolled for graduate work the second semester. She is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority.

Mr. Cornelius is enrolled as a senior in the Course in Commerce. He is a member of Kappa Sigma and Haresfoot.

ACADEMIC NEWS

Madam Beziat's French D class is greatly interested in the work for this quarter. The members are reading the great philosopher Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois." As outside reading they have taken his "Lettres Persones."

The second History of Art divisions under Miss Ross' able teaching is preparing to take up the study of painting. About a week will be spent on Ancient painting before taking up Italian painting, which will occupy most of the last two quarters.

As both classes have now had Architecture, Miss Ross is planning to test their practical knowledge by visiting the various important buildings of Nashville.

The Domestic Art classes have their spring work fairly well outlined. The first year girls are to start gingham dresses next week, after this making some dainty voiles or organdies. The second and third year girls are beginning a six week's course in millinery. Then they intend to make more elaborate spring dresses. Some of the Seniors are even now planning their graduation gowns.

Miss Ross' Sociology class is studying the development of the city from ancient times. Starting with Babylon, Ninevah, Athens Thebes they will trace the growth up to a modern city.

Miss Scruggs' Psychology classes have taken up "Psychology of Childhood" by Norsworthy and Whitley. As always the girls are greatly interested in this most fascinating course, directed in Miss Scruggs' usual inspiring way.

The third year Domestic Art girls have studied a six week's course in millinery. Each girl is first to make a simple spring hat. More elaborate work will be taken up later.

The Playground Supervision class will have one more lesson in folk dancing before taking up outdoor games.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Julia Hill, (1921) who received a Secretarial Certificate at Ward-Belmont, is finding it to be a very valuable asset. She is using the training thus acquired in an important business. Her father and brother own a saw mill in the country, near Montgomery, Alabama, which is her home. The location is at Grady, forty miles from Montgomery, and Julia is now serving as the Book-keeper and Secretary of the plant. Her work in that line being of the greatest assistance to her father. She also enjoys the occupation.

Theo Thomas of Rembert, Ala., is now Mrs. Leon Porter, and her little daughter bears her maiden name, Theodosea Vaughn III.

Anna Mae McClain, (1921), of Coffeyville, Kans. is at Athens, Ala. at the University.

Dorothy Turner of Ridgewood, N. J. (Class of '21) in renewing her dues in the Ward-Belmont Alumnae, writes:

"I don't believe I have ever signed a check so gladly as I did the enclosed, for my 1923 dues in the Alumnae. It means to me a connecting link with my W-B. days and friends, not only in my thoughts, but tangibly through the Hyphen. I actually count the days between Hyphens, and enjoy them even more than when I was at school."

Mrs. William Sylvester, of Carrollton, Mo., who was Katherine Cole, (1920) writes to Miss Mills of her continued interest in Ward-Belmont, she being one of its most loyal Alumnae Association members. Although it is three years since she was graduated here, she writes that not a day passes that she does not think of the school, and her friends of those days.

"Ward-Belmont ideals have stayed with me," she writes; "and I know that the influence of yourself and Miss Morrison and others there will go with me all my days. It is such a source of pride to me to say that I graduated, at W-B. that I have become a field agent for the school by my own volition. I get the Hyphen every week, and it is such a joy. I especially enjoy the Alumnae notes, and mentions of the Faculty. The Hyphen is now like a letter from home. In my six-room bungalow, I enjoy keeping house, and am very happy."

Mrs. Schmitz has received a very interesting letter from Bessie Allen, (1914-15) from Tupelo, Miss., who is now Mrs. C. L. Issacson of Hanford, California. She was married seven months ago, and has an apartment home, where she puts in practice the fine training she received in Ward-Belmont Domestic Science Department. She writes:

"I do my own work, as most California housewives do, and I am certainly very grateful for my training in Home Economics at Ward-Belmont. The only help I need, or have, is a Jap or Hawaiian boy for cleaning. Your letter brought back such a flood of memories, that for a moment I felt as if I could knock at your studio door, find it lesson time again, and have you labor with me over that terrible last page of the Cracrovienne Fantastique.

"How I did toil over that! I know you will be grateful to learn that after a lapse of several years, I have resurrected the score again, and play it now with more ease than I ever did, and more enjoyment—this due to my own greater maturity no doubt. We have a new piano, with a wonderfully sweet tone, and my husband has such an appreciation for music, considering that he is a "mere man", that his enthusiasm has renewed my interest in practicing. How it makes me miss you, though! I think of you often, and so fondly always. There was no happier feature in those wonderful days at Ward-Belmont than my association with you."

Mrs. Issacson was a pupil of remarkable charm, and talent, whose musical development was very marked while she studied in Ward-Belmont.

LETTERS HOME

Dear Folks:

I have spent the whole week-end writing letters and now if that old box of mine does not offer any more than the usual "real estate" I'm going to be angry.

As a Senior-Middle I was distinctly "on the outside looking in" Tuesday evening when the college specials were hostesses at a most beautiful Valentine dinner-dance for the mighty and dignified Seniors. Solomon in all his glory could not compare with that gorgeous company that graced Rec Hall. Well, maybe I was a social pecan this time—just wait—every dog has his day and the Senior-Middles will have theirs soon.

Surely it wasn't just last week I wrote you about the snow—I saw a darling yellow crocus on the campus today!!!

I have been reading Barrie all week—perhaps you noticed in this week's Hyphen that we had a most charming lecturer last week which has put the Cosmopolitan and Saturday Evening Post off of our tables.

By the way, have you all forgotten we can still receive candy from home—I was just wondering. Don't ever let me wonder. The girls on the hall had a wonderful box of apples from a girl who was here last year. Something tells me I'd like to know that girl.

I am sure of one thing—after I graduate I'm coming back to visit so that I may receive what I consider proper respect and attention. What is the price of a fare from Chicago to Nashville compared to waffles in bed at Ward-Belmont. I say again—they cannot be compared.

Whoo, whoo!!!—That's the call of the unfinished theme—I must fly!

Lots of love for the pup and the car and incidentally the family.

Yours (for awhile yet,)
DAUGHTER.

"You can never tell," said the bright boy to the dumb man.

We Have the Kind of Clothes A Young COLLEGE GIRL Would Love To Wear Always
—*Because They Express "Youth and Beauty"*
ARMSTRONG'S

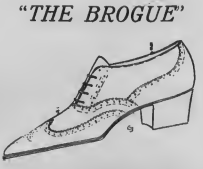
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SCHUMACHER photographs are faithful likenesse's softened by the rare hand of an artist.



This Mortal Coil

"How are you feeling, Sam?"

"Ain't no 'count, boss. Ain't fit foh notbin' no moh. Don't think I'd miss mahself much et'n I drapped dead."

At a chair factory in a North Carolina town an old negro had been loading chairs all day on a huge truck, to be taken to the depot for shipment The shades of night were falling and the old man was very tired. He thought his day's work was over, when the truck backed up to be loaded once more, whereupon the old man exclaimed: "It do look like dis here world would get sot down after a while."

A Matter of Dates

"This," said the guide, showing a party over an historic mansion, "is the room occupied by Queen Elizabeth when she visited these parts, and that's the bed she slept on."

"My dear sir," remarked one of the visitors, an elderly antiquarian, "haven't you made some mistake?"

"What d'yer mean—mistake?"

"Why, the bedstead is of Jacobean pattern, and apparently a reproduction at that."

"Well, she wasn't particular about the pattern of the bed she slept on."

"But it belongs to a much later period. The house itself is very late Tudor, and really I am not aware that Queen Elizabeth ever sojourned in this neighborhood."

"Oh, all rite—taking the bread out of a man's mouth! This ain't the bed what Queen Elizabeth didn't sleep on when she wasn't 'ere before the 'ouse was built. 'Ow will that do?"

HYPHENETTES

Author: "I have a hair-raising story."

Editor: "Tell it to some bald-headed man."—Ex.

Police Chief: So you got the guilty man, eh?

New Member of Force (apologetically): N-no sir. But I got the guiltiest-looking man I could find.—Ex.

Old Lady: Here's a penny, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute?

Beggar: I was like you, mum—a-giving away vast sums to the poor and needy.—Ex.

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WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

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That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
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Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
Come and see us often
We want you.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1923 | NUMBER 17

BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR FEBRUARY GIRLS VALENTINE AFFAIR

"I love thy bobbed and curly hair,
I love thy lips, so loudly red,
I love thy skin, suspiciously fair,
I love thy lashes, dark with lead,
I love the plucked arch of thy brow,
I love thy manner, free and fine,
I love thee, rashly, madly I vow,
My 1923 Valentine!"

This clever verse decorated one of the name cards at the birthday dinner for February born girls at Ward-Belmont, which was given on Friday evening by Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton. At every place an old fashioned lace paper Valentine held a tiny card on which an original verse was written, and the sentiments were exceedingly clever. The centerpiece for the table was a typical Valentine bouquet of the fashion used in former years. It was made of different spring flowers, and was laid flat on the cloth, and tied with ribbons of lovers' true blue. Four miniature replicas of the larger bouquet were laid at the four corners, and there were silver candlesticks with candles of pink, blue, yellow and white to make another contrast of color.

An elaborate spring menu was served. Dr. and Mrs. Blanton were assisted by Miss Lelia D. Mills and Mrs. Solon E. Rose. The party entertained included: Miss Martha Blantingham of Toledo, O., Miss Virginia Beauchamp of Montgomery, Ala., Miss Marion Williams of Bushnell, Ill., Miss Mary Samuel of Boswell, Ind., Miss Elizabeth Jordan of Carlinville, Ill., Miss Evelyn Reid of Bay City, Mich., Miss Louise Packard of Greenville, Pa., Miss Mildred Willi of Murphysboro, Ill., Miss Jane Harvey of Memphis; Miss Louise Kroenert of Arkansas City, Kans.; Miss Frieda Davis of Tusla, Okla.; Miss Clyde Pierce of Atlanta, Miss Helen Jacobson of Topeka, Kan.; Miss Ruth Johnson of Gainesville, Tex., Miss Champe Towson of White Plains, N. Y.; Miss Frances Coe of Hutchinson, Kan.; Miss Helen Tomlin of Pleasant Plains, Ill., Miss Virginia Pope of Hagerstown, Md., Miss Hazel Berry of Greenville, Miss., Miss Willa Starkweather of Anadarko, Okla.

EX-PRESIDENT VISITS CLUB

We were all very glad to have Miss Katherine Urschell of Toledo, Ohio, our president of last year, with us last Wednesday evening. All the old girls were "thrilled" to have her back and the new members enjoyed meeting her very much. Dancing, singing, and just talking with Kate once again made the club hour pass all too soon.

SATURDAY NIGHT

There's a lot of happy times we have
All during the long week,
For it's fine to work together,
And united, knowledge seek.

But there's one time that beats them all,
I'm sure you will agree,
It's the merry, joyful Saturday night,
Which we have at W-B.

Our cares are all forgotten,
Laughter shines on every face,
Every maiden wears her very best,
And all is warmth and grace.

And there's our dear old movie,
With our thrills and smiles of glee,
And our sighs of expectation
While we're waiting for part three.

Then we have confabs together,
When we talk of youth and dreams,
When our aims grow big and stronger,
When with hopes each girl-heart teems.

Ah, some day, when we're old and worn,
And life's but a memory,
We'll treasure those thoughts of the Saturday Nights.
Which we spent at our W-B.

—G. F.

LETTER COMES FROM THE ATHENIANS MASCOT, ANNE LANDON TOWNSEND

It will be recalled that the Athenians recently selected by unanimous approval, Dr. Blanton's baby granddaughter, Anne Landon Townsend, of New York City, as the club mascot. The colors of the Athenians, green and white, were forwarded to her, with a letter of notification.

The president of the Athenians has been complimented, in the past week, by receiving the following cordial letter of acceptance:

Columbia University Club
4 West 43rd Street
New York City.

Dear Fellow Athenians:

It is wth the greatest pleasure and enthusiasm that I acknowledge the unique tribute of being elected mascot of the Athenians, and I am looking forward with the keenest anticipation to assuming my duties. As much time as I can spare from my rigorous social activities I expect to devote to athletic training. Indeed, I have already mastered a commanding variety of yells, the efficacy of which has been tried, that found true. I feel, therefore, that confidence in the future is justified.

I proudly greet you, my fellow Athenians, and wish you the fullest measure of joy and happiness.

Zealously for the Cause,
ANNE LANDON TOWNSEND
435 W. 119th St., Feb. 10, 1923.

T.C.C. VALENTINE PARTY

The T. C. Club assembled in the gym Wednesday night, February 14, for regular club meeting. After a short business session, the evening was devoted to various Valentine games. Miss Marie Sudekum won the large heart-shapped box of candy which was offered as the prize in one of the games. Later light refreshments were served.

WARD-BELMONT STUDENTS HEAR MME. EMMA CALVE

On Monday evening, the entire student body was privileged to hear Mme. Emma Calve, noted operatic star Mme. Calve is acclaimed as one of the greatest "Carmens" which the grand opera world has ever known. She is especially remarkable now, because of her grace, her dramatic ability, her youthful manner and her clear, unbroken soprano voice. These and further charms are all her own still and seem to have suffered not the least from the passing of years.

The entertainment Monday night was one of the features of the Star Entertainment Course which is included in every student's opportunities here.

AH OUI

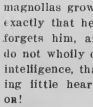
Something is missing on the Campus!

A bright little presence, a frolicsome pet, a scampering piece of activity, full of the winsomeness that belongs to those of the dumb-brute kingdom whose affections are tuned close to the higher sense of the humans whom most they love.

Ah Oui! the little dog, who had a personality, a faithfulness and intelligence that was almost human, is gone! His loyalty was all given to his beloved mistress, his master and his few chosen friends. He would have little to do with any of us, in passing; yet all the girls looked for him, and gave him pet names, and admiring looks, and enjoyed his little ways, and his very real charms, and they treasured the occasional, and rare advances that he recognized.

We miss him, and we catch ourselves watching for him at the water lily fountain, where the gold fish swim in the spring, or under some of the big shrubs on the campus, or chasing his natural enemies the special delivery mail men, or, curled cosily in the easiest chair of his mistress' sitting room.

Some of us visit his little grave, down by the Conservatory, where the magnolias grow, and still cannot feel, exactly that he is far away. No one forgets him, and remembered things do not wholly die. Surely that superintelligence, that loyalty, and that loving little heart have gone marching on!



THE OWL

Crocuses bloom! Robins sing! Spring is coming.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Purdum, of Wichita, Kansas, were interesting and much interested visitors at Ward-Belmont a few days ago. Mrs. Purdum was a Ward-Belmont girl back in 1912-13-14. She was Miss Mary Shoop, of Wichita, and as she and her husband were en route to Florida to spend a month, they stopped here to visit her alma mater, and, incidentally, to call on two of her home town girls in the school, Jacqueline Stice and Margaret Ransom. Needless to suggest, they were delighted also, to welcome guests from home. Thanks to Miss Mills' thoughtfulness, both girls were invited to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Purdum at Dr. and Mrs. Blanton's table. Mrs. Purdum found many wonderful changes and improvements in the school since her day.

"I thought it was the best, the most home-like and inspiring school in the world then," she said; "but now, it is so changed and glorified, I may say, that it almost makes me want to come back to school and go over my student days again in this lovely place."

Consuelo Cogdell, of Mexia, Texas, has been teaching for seven years, since she went out from Ward-Belmont's doors, a Senior in 1914, and has given excellent service to the cause of education.

Dora Sims, a former Ward-Belmont girl, is now living in McKinney, Tex.

Susan Mary Roberts, writing from Columbia, Mo., where she is in the University, says: "I am enjoying myself at the University; however, it could never compare in any way with my two happy years at Ward-Belmont. I am so in hopes of being able to attend Ward-Belmont's first homecoming of the Alumnae this spring, and several of the old girls who are here also, are anxious to come.

Glenn Rochelle, of Lucy, Tenn., in renewing her Hyphen subscription, writes: "I enjoy the Hyphen so much, and wish to compliment the editor on the splendid edition she is getting out. The Alumnae column is specially interesting to me, as each week I find in it news of school friends. I am a primary teacher in a consolidated high school just out of Memphis, and find my work very interesting. As time passes, and I look back over life, no years stand out as being happier than the two spent at Ward-Belmont, from 1916 to '18. It is a grand old place."

Sara Agnes Farrar, of Bainbridge, Ga., spent a few happy days at Ward-Belmont, last week and thoroughly enjoyed her alma mater again. After her student days here she went to Goucher College in Baltimore, where she graduated in 1918, taking an A.B. degree. The next year she spent at Columbia University, getting her Master's degree in French and Romance Languages. Feeling a strong urge for dramatic work, she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, encouraged to do so by Miss Townsend, who has a high opinion of her talents. After her graduation there last spring, she was so fortunate as to be selected as the ingenue in a visiting stock company in Washington, called the "Garrick Players." She is strongly interested in the Little Theatre movement, and while she was at Mardi Gras in New Orleans (whence she went from Nashville) she planned to study the very excellent Little Theatre in that city. Her talents have been recognized in a very tangible way, and a career of notable success seems to be in her future.

Of Ward-Belmont she loyally said that it surpassed even the Coue descriptions, as, "Every day, in every way, it was growing better and better."

THE DEL VERS CLUB

The Del Vers Club entertained at a very attractive Valentine party, last Wednesday evening in their club room. The members of the club, dressed as small boys and girls, together with several members of the Faculty, special guests at the party, enjoyed a very interesting program, of which Maxine Ronna had charge. Phyllis Bales, Mildred Willi, Frauces Wilson and Helen Pope presented, "In the Photographer's Gallery," a comedy of a modern American couple, who are having their baby's picture taken for the first time. Katherine Moore then gave several readings in her usual pleasing manner. Followed a piano solo, which was beautifully played by Louise Hanley.

This closing the program, the girls danced until refreshments were served, which included very appropriately, red and white ice cream in heart shapes.

CORRIDOR CHARACTERS

We want music! Could there ever be a true Ward-Belmont movie without this familiar yell? And would a movie seem complete without the response to this call, by one who is not only the most willing, but the most talented "ivory-tickler" on the campus?

You can always pick her out in a crowd. First, because she is nearly always the drawing attraction, and, second, because her hair seems to be the focal point where all the rays of the sun are gathered together to be reflected again. In fact, if hair has anything to do with it, she could certainly qualify for a "Sweeheart of Sigma Chi," but a pin she is wearing would seem to indicate that her affections are anchored in the harbor of Phi Delta Theta, instead.

Besides playing the piano, she can successfully wield a hockey stick with the Athenians, and they say that "It's an X. L."

Freshman: "I've been looking for a word for two weeks.'

Senior: "Why don't you use fort night?"—Ex.

Jennings: Good-bye, I'll give you a ring tomorrow."

Orian: "Oh! You dear! Do you mean it? This is so sudden."—Ex.

CHAPEL

Two Chapel hours, this week were spent in celebrating in a memorial way, the birthday of our simple, modest, yet world renown—Abraham Lincoln. Miss Townsend, our own splendid Expression teacher, and Dr. Crosland, were the chosen ones to pay the tributes.

Our dean of the faculty, Miss Mary R. Norris, spoke most interestingly to us one day this week on the subject of "Growing Old." We are always glad to hear from Miss Norris as she brings us such a beneficial message.

We were indeed fortunate in being able to hear from Dr. Charles E. Little, acting president of Peabody Teachers' College, who has just returned from a winter's stay in Europe. Dr. Little spoke to us very interestingly on "The Winter Landscape in Italy" at Chapel this week. We sincerely hope he will be able to pay us another visit in the near future and speak to us on his promised subject "Art."

"Pa, what are the great majority?"

"Fools."—Ex.

MEADORS

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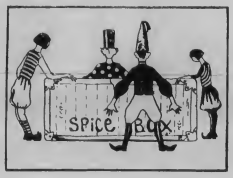
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At the last picture show, one of the gentlemen on our faculty sat down in the midst of a large group of girls. The worthy gentleman was a trifle flustered. "I seem to be in a regular chicken pie," he murmured.

Last Sunday we discovered a new little out-door sport which is incidentally a double-chin reducer:—standing on the campus and gazing at an aeroplane.

We Wonder

If Billie Cooks will Dorthy Wark?
If Aima wants Moore will Marjorie Lee Steele?
If Catherine's Mean will Diana be Faire?
If Marion's Goode when Nannie's Gay?

It was during a class of English that Ruby Wooten was heard to say. "Washington and Lincoln both are dead, and I feel sick today."

Which reminds us that Mr. Strick told his class that Mme. Calve made her debut the year he was born.

True Fable:

It seemed so nice and warm out-side,
I wandered forth to see,
To take a little walk I tried
All happy and with glee.

The next day I was sad to see,
A cold within my head,
I was in the infirmary
All tucked away in bed.

Moral: Even though it looks sunshiny always be on the safe side and carry a thermometer.

Some people are born lucky. Others weren't invited to the Tennessee Dance.

A new little indoor sport is that of craning one's neck around some of the large combs that are sometimes worn at picture shows.

THE INFANT PRODIGY

Lady Visitor (**as little violinist pauses in home recital**): What's he waiting to go on for?

Fond Mother: He is waiting for the bus to go by. The vibration helps him so much with his tremolo.—**Ex.**

Landlady (knocking at bedroom door): "Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock!"

Prof. Creech (sleepily): "Did you? Better call a physician."—**Ex.**

Pres. Warren: "This bill has been running for over a year."

Gordon: "Don't I know it? Look how it has followed me around."—**Ex.**

Tramp: "I've eaten nothing' but snowballs for three days, Mum."

Lady: "You poor man! What would you have done had it been summer time?"—Ex.

Mrs. Hall: "You girls are so useless nowadays. Why, I don't believe you know what needles are for."

Margaret: "What a dear mother you are. Why they are to make the victrola play, of course.—**Ex.**

"How would you like riding in a patrol wagon?"

"Oh, it might do in a pinch."—Ex.

"Are the directions clear to you, Jefferson?"

'Yes, sah, all except one thing, doctah: Was I to take dose little pills externally or befo' meals?"

Santy: "I got stuck in your old chimney."

Host: "Well, this is a stucco house."

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

For hours they sat on her front porch. The moon cast down its tenderl gleam on the young couple who sat strangely far apart. He sighed. She sighed. Finally:

"I wish I had money, dear," said he; "I'd travel."

Suddenly she slipped her hand into his, then rose and sped into the house.

He looked at his hand. On his palm lay a car-check.—Ex.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Brown!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "What a coincidence meeting you! I ran into your husband half an hour ago."

"How funny," replied Mrs. Brown, "and how did you think he was looking?"

"Pretty poorly."

"Well, I'm surprised to hear you say that. Everybody says he's looking much better lately."

"Well, he looked seedy enough just now," said Mr. Smith.

"I wonder why it was," said Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, I can tell you that!" said Mr. Smith. "You see I was in my car when I ran into him."—Ex.

"Mama, Tige's begging. Must I give him a piece of my cookie?"

"Of course you must."

"Well, I haven't any cookie."—Ex.

"What is the matter, little girl?"

"Two boys were fightin' and I got struck with a stone."

"That's it; the innocent bystander always gets hurt."

"But I don't know as I was an innocent bystander. I was what they was fightin' about!"

—Exchange.

Hostess: Such a charming book! The characters so exquisitely drawn; the psychology of the heroine simply delicious, and there's a philosophy running through it, a wonderful revelation of the human soul.

Friend: When did you read it?

Hostess: Oh, I haven't read it yet, but I've read every review of it.

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Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont.

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Assistant Editor ..... JACQUELINE STICE
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Communications newe items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

We have heard many tributes to George Washington. We know of his ability as a general, as an executive; we know of his splendid code of personal honor; but primarily, we think of him as a patriot. He was a man to whom patrotism meant more than merely waving a flag. He appreciated the advantages and the possibilities of his country and he served it by developing those possibilities.

We are all citizens of that same country. As Americans we are surrounded with advantages and opportunities, with prosperity and happiness. But there is more in America than prosperity and happiness. There is ignorance and suffering and injustice which will only disappear when Americans wake up to active patrotism. Within a few years American womanhood may have great influence in that active patrotism which will eventually remove the blemishes from national peace and prosperity. As girls and as patriots it is our duty to study and understand the problems before the country today, that we may help to make America a thoroughly ideal nation.

VESPERS

It was the "Y. W.'s" good fortune to be able to secure as our Sunday Evening Vesper speaker, Miss Cage, the head of the elementary Department of Education at Peabody College, one who is nationally noted in this line of work. She spoke to us in a very personal and most inspiring way on the subject "Our Talents," taking as her text the twenty-fifth Chapter of Matthew, fourteenth to the thirtieth verses.

"I am in favor of the much talked of Modern Girl," began Miss Cage. You are facing life very much as it is, and are doing exactly the things that the girls of my youth wanted to do down deep in their hearts. You are more honest with yourselves but with this freedom, girls, there comes great added responsibilities. Are you using these gifts you are endowed with? What are you doing with what you have to do with? Let each and every one of us take an inventory. Be yourself, live your own life, and make the most of your endownments or talents. Really true happiness is an accompaniment to work; let us begin now girls, to live more richly and fully the lives that are ours, and find ourselves doing a work that will have a meaning to us, and a real significance. He who multiplies his responsibilities in proportion to his gifts will win happiness from within and will make progress that is worth while. Each and every one of you has a talent. Develope it girls, and help make this old world of ours a better place. You, the womenhood of today are the ones who can do it," said Miss Cage in bringing her splendid message to a close. A special musical number, a beautiful solo, was sung by Miss Evanelle Lewis, accompanied by Miss Boyer, which added greatly to the service.

COUEISM AT WARD-BELMONT

Every day in every way—

We all are growing busier and busier,

Lessons are growing longer and longer,

Chapel is growing quieter and quieter,

Hair is growing whiter and whiter,

Meals are growing longer and longer,

Dubby is growing bigger and bigger,

Piano practice is observed better and better,

Spring is growing nearer and nearer,

Riding Club members are sorer and sorer.

SWIMMING

Much interest is being shown in swimming, the squads are practicing regularly and are getting in shape for the club swimming meets, which will be held soon. The inter-club meet will be held about the middle of March.

The events will be: 50-yard dash, 100-foot back stroke, 50-foot breast stroke, under water swimming for speed for 100 feet, fancy and plain dives for form, plunge for distance and relay race.

ELECTION OF GEO. AND MARTHA WASHINGTON

It has long been a custom at Ward-Belmont to have an old-fashioned costume dinner, on George Washington's birthday, and for the students to elect from their midst two who preside for the evening as George and Martha Washington.

This election took place on Tuesday, February 20, and, from a large group of nominees, Martha Williamson and Helen Campbell were chosen to be "George" and "Martha", respectively.

With these "Masters of Ceremonies" the entire affair could be nothing but a brilliant success, and they are to be congratulated upon receiving one of the most noted honors, which it is the privilege of the student body to confer.

VARSITY WATER POLO TEAM

On Friday, February 16, the tryout for varsity water polo team was held. The following girls won places on the Varsity:

First Varsity	Second Varsity
Buckingham	Dickey
Forward	
Smith	Shepard
Forward	
Condon	Watson
Center	
Wells	Joy
Guard	
I. Kellum	Pape
Guard	

Subs—Marian Lindsey Reynolds.

MISS MASSEY'S PUPILS HEARD IN STUDIO RECITAL

Part of Miss Massey's Piano class gave an excellent and smoothly rendered piano program on Wednesday afternoon in her studio. Following is the program:

Two Part Inventions I & VI....Bach
Miss Ludie Emerson

June Song ..... Marshall-Loeppe
Miss Grace Ellen Glasgow

Sunset Dance ..... O'Hara
Miss Mary Belle Glasgow

Sparklets ..... Miles
Miss Jewel Stone

Valse Lucile ..... Friml
Miss Dorothy Wade

Melody Waltz ..... Schuett
Miss Frances Spears

Romance ..... Gruenfeld
Miss Jenny Zoe Graves

Badinage ..... Herbert
Miss Sue McQuiddy

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US

According to the following comments, we have evidently risen in the estimation of the "Hamiltonian," a quarterly magazine published by the students of Hamilton College, Louisville, Ky. The first item is clipped from their fall number and the second is taken from their December issue.

"We are glad to have the Ward-Belmont Hyphen" again. Out of much that was not good we found a number of articles that showed a decided glimmer of the light. One of the editorials, "A La Samuel Pepys," we liked because it was not "cut and dried," as most editorials for school papers are. "Bed Spreads" has all of the sameness of school life. To one who knows comes the sense of hours spent idly gazing which should be employed in study. The article, "Courtesy in the Library," gives helpful hints which might be followed to advantage in any school. The jokes copied from other exchanges show good discrimination."

And what a change!

"We like almost everything about the "Ward-Belmont Hyphen." If "we" wrote such "Letters Home" more often we might be able to talk joyously of checks, too. It is very good and we congratulate you."

THE APPARATUS CLASS

Much interest is being shown in the class in apparatus work which has recently been organized. About 50 girls are attending these classes which meet on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

The work is done with the horse, the parallel bars, the hoom and the spring board.

Apparatus work will be a competitive event in the gym meet, which is to be held in the early spring. The competition in the spring-board jump will be for height, while in the other events good form will score. The contests will be between the four athletic clubs, teams being chosen for the various events. The good practice which the girls in the apparatus classes are getting will be of great assistance in helping them to make one or more teams.

ACADEMIC NEWS

Dr. Johnson's Spanish B. class has just started a new book of short stories, "Victoria" by Julia De Asensi. This contains a number of very interesting short stories.

Mrs. Whitson's English M class has just finished reading "The Cathedral" by Hugh Walpole. In order to bring out more clearly the excellent character sketches in this novel, groups of girls acted out short selections from the most interesting parts.

All English B girls are required to read before the end of this quarter "Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey" by Jane Austin. The books are now on sale at the book room.

Miss Townsend lectured to the first year Expression girls last week on the structure of the modern stage. Next week the classes will take up the staging of plays and then one-act plays. As outside work for last week each girl gave her own interpretation of some story she had selected.

Several groups of girls from the Playground Supervision class worked up folk dances to present before the other members of the class last week. They now intend to take up outdoor games.

DAY STUDENT COLUMN

On Thursday afternoon the Beta Club entertained the Digamma Club with a valentine party. The decorations were symbolic of the day and were done in red and white hearts strung across the ceiling. These combined with Jackson vine gave a very charming effect. The king and queen of hearts presided over the court. The court dancer, Helen Iverson, gave a very clever and original dance. Several other stunts were given. After the entertainment was over valentines were given the guests. The refreshments served also carried out the valentine effect, being ices molded in red and white hearts.

The next party will be given by the Digamma's for the Beta's.



AUNT ALLINE'S ANSWERS

GEO. WASHINGTON —A PARABLE

Once upon a time there was a little boy named George Washington. This little boy went to school at a big building, surrounded by beautiful statues. But every little boy had to wear a little black suit and hat. One day our little friend George wore a hat with a silver button on it, which was against the rule, so he had to go to a little after-dinner party and tell about how naughty he had been. "I cannot tell a lie," he said. "I did it with my little hatchet." Then little Miss Latimer said, "Well, Georgie, be careful next time." So little Georgie went to his room, took out his little hatchet again and chopped off the naughty silver button.

JOIN THE KEWPIE KLUB

Every little Ward-Belmont girl who wants to have her picture in the annual should join the Kewpie Klub right away. The object of this club is to prepare all the little kiddies to face the great camera. All those desiring to look dignified will be instructed in this art by little Miss Elizabeth Terrel. The little maid who would have a picture wreathed with smiles to show to those at home, should consult Mrs. Hooper any morning before nine o'clock. Those who desire to register a resigned expression, or one of utter despondency may take lessons from any member of the Hyphen staff.

The annual membership fee, payable upon entrance into this most worthy organization for young people, is one twenty-five cent tea-check. Leave your dues at the Hyphen office in charge of the Editor-in-chief.



Dear Aunt Alline—

I am a little Senior. I go to Ward-Belmont in Nashvile, Tennessee. It is a girls' school, unreservediy, but much reserved. The Seniors are going to give a dinner. I do not know any Vanderbilt man to ask. What shall I do?

A Worried Senior.

Dear W. S.—

You are certainly in a bad fix, but: Hush little Senior, don't you cry, Dr. Blanton will get you a Sigma Chi.

Aunt Alline.

Dear Aunt Alline—

I am a Ward-Belmont girl. I have always behaved as Miss Morrison would have me. I get along with nearly everybody, History teachers included, but there is something that is weighing on my mind, and I feel that I must confess to someone. I **have skin all over my face.** What would you advise me to do?

Green Eyes.

Dear Green Eyes—

If you had not signed your true name I would probably have been unable to help you, but luckily I can detect your trouble. The shade of your new evening dress does not harmonize with your eyes. Put in long sleeves and wear a silk scarf about your neck, and you will have no more trouble.

Aunt Aline.

Dear Aunt Aline—

My trouble is the tendency to go to sleep in chapel. I am really interested in our chapel speakers, but some way sleep will overcome me. Can you tell me a remedy for this?

Ima Child.

Dear Ima—

When tempted to close your eyes, fix them steadily on the number of the seat in front of you. Memorize it, backwards, forwards, and upside down and inside out. By that time the speech will be ended and you will have escaped an embarrassing situation.

Aunt Aline.

BED TIME STORY

Once upon a time when little Ward-Belmont monitors didn't knock lights out at 9:30 on Sunday night—away back there when Miss Blythe and her fire drill were unknown and when there were no rising bells to disturb one's peaceful slumbers—once upon a time, I say, my children, little Dubby, the collie, decided to join a "gym" class. Now Dubby was still very young and knew nothing of the complications in which he would be involved, once he came under the gentle but firm gaze of the instructor. So he entered the gymnasium and, gently, but firmly, took his stand among the other members of the class. Everything went well at first until some annoying person discovered that he was gently but firmly, making the last of a beautiful orange-colored coat-lining. The instructor came toward him, speaking strange, meaningless things, but Dubby's instinct told him that it was time to step sideways, gently, but firmly. So he sidestepped very gracefully, to the tune of "Leave Me With a Smile" and tried to kid the instructor into believing that he really "knew his stuff." But the instructor was very experienced in dealing with such children so she, very gently, but firmly, picked him up and carried him into the "gym" office, where he was forced to remain until the class was dismissed. He never told what happened in between time, but Sappy, the Sparrow told, Soupy the Squirrel that he saw him making a meal of a couple of middy ties, a pair of "gym" shoes and several variColored water-polo letters. For this accumulation of offenses he was spanked, gently, but firmly (or should have been if he wasn't), and the moral of this little tale is—don't cut "gym" more than eight times a quarter or you will wish you hadn't, gently, but firmly.

THINGS EVERY LITTLE GIRL SHOULD KNOW

Perfume is to be sprinkled, not poured.

Nice little ladies never climb the magnolia trees.



QUESTIONS FOR LITTLE TOTS TO ANSWER

1. What were the two countries that fought in the Franco-Prussian War?
2. When was the War of 1812 fought?
3. When is the Fourth of July celebrated?
4. Give the name of a great general and statesman known as Andrew Jackson.
5. What is the isiness of was?
6. Who wrote Dickens' "David Copperfield?"
7. What makes the board walk?
8. When will rubber tire?
9. Why is cheese souffle? If so, when?
10. How many rolls does Jane Lloyd Fleming eat for iunch?
11. Why does Dorothy Work.
12. Is Mary Muesse?
13. Is Helen Savage
14. Can Becky Thatcher?

CLEVER SAYINGS BY SOCIETY LEADERS OF TOMORROW

"Doing little things all over everything"—3rd floor Founders.

"All for Paul"—Peggy Ogden.

"O-o-o-oh, yes!"—Viv Pew.

"Oh, isn't it Sweet"!—Sarah Jeter.

"Oh, Gee"!—Angela Searle.

"That's all bunk!"—Florence Bell.

"Toot"—Dibbie Sheperd.

"Still on the other hand"—Marion Kendall.

"Quack, quack, I'm an alligator"—Florence McHenry.

"Chut up, Chugah"—Athleen Dickey.

"Gad"—Edna Lawrence.

"!?!!?*"—Becky Thatcher (too numerous to mention).

"Ss s-s-sh!"—Lives there a Ward-Belmont girl who has not said it?



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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

PERSONALS

Like the truly "good old times" it is to see Mrs. J. D. Blanton back in her accustomed place at Ward-Belmont. Since before Christmas she has been with her daughter, Mrs. Landon M. Townsend, and Mr. Townsend in New York City. In the 1921 Milestones, a feature, "Starring In," presented certain members of the faculty and the household staff under the names of popular plays. "The Beloved Woman" was the appropriate selection made to designate Mrs. Blanton, and the name has clung to her.

Misses Majorie Campbell and Lillian Callaghan spent a delightful day Sunday with Miss Marie Parrent, at her lovely home on West End Avenue.

Miss Virginia Lee Moss spent the week-end in town with her mother, Mrs. G. R. Moss, of Martin, Tenn.

Mr. T. J. Pennybacker, of Dallas, Texas, arrived in Nashville Saturday to be with his daughter Lucy. On Saturday evening he entertained several of his daughter's friends at dinner and the theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hillmer, of Freeport, Ill., are spending several days with their daughter Jean. They arrived Saturday morning and took Jean with them to the Hermitage, where they registered for the week-end.

Mrs. Charles Hourn and her eldest daughter arrived Saturday in Nashville en route to Chattanooga, Tenn., where they took Marion and Carol Speed to spend the week-end.

Miss Hester Fant spent the week-end in Bowling Green, Ky., with friends.

Mrs. Milton Tibbetts, of Detroit, Mich., is spending several days with her daughter Alice and she took Alice in town with her Sunday for the day, and Monday she entertained several of Alice's friends.

Miss Joe S. Roof was entertained at dinner Saturday evening by Mrs. Donnell, of Nashville.

Misses Julia Stone and Pauline Westmoreland spent Saturday in town with a friend, Mrs. House.

Miss Lucille Burton spent the week-end at her home in Simmons, Ky.

Mr. C. A. Russell, of Parsons, Kans., has been here, to see his daughter, Frances.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stallworth, of Montgomery, Ala., arrived in Nashville to be with their daughters Thelma and Marjory. They took the girls in town for the week-end and Monday they entertained several of their friends for luncheon.

Miss Clotilda Mitchener spent Sunday with Mrs. Dickerson in Nashville.

Miss Dorothy Cope spent the day with Mrs. Charles D. Kirkland, of Nashville.

Miss Sue Hilliard spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Cobb and daughter Margaret.

MARRIED

Mary Louise Bliss (1919) to James Blair Gibson, on Wednesday, January 31, at Los Angeles, Cal. They will be at home in the Biltmore Apartments, in Anaheim, California.

Geraldine S. Armstrong (1919) to Thomas Charles Scott, on Sunday, December 24, 1922, at the home of the bride, in Kokomo, Indiana. Their home will be in the Sweeny Apartments.

Della Jeffries (1921) to Jefferson Rukin Jelks, on Wednesday, January 10, 1923, at the M. E. Church, in McCrory, Ark.

Carrye Neal Herring (1920) to Gustav E. Moe, on Monday, January 1, 1923, at the home of the bride in Glasgow, Montana. The home of the bride and groom will be at 3021 Columbus Avenue, S., in Minnneapolis, Minn.

Rebecca Cornelius to George William Monts, Jr., on Wednesday, January 10, 1923, at Clarksville, Texas.

Lucy Hurst (1919), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lightfoot, to Arthur V. Pace, on Tuesday evening, September 5, 1922, at eight o'clock at Christ Episcopal Church, in Houston, Texas. Since October 1, the bride and groom have been at home at Goose Creek, Texas.

"ZE FLAPPAIRE"

"I like these, what you say, flappaire?
Theez sweet bebby, zey are so neat,
Ze skirt what so short, so—so—dappair;
Ze hair bob, she so bard to heat.
Since summer I watch zem and wondair,
Why flappair, you calla ze dame;
I puzzle ze poor head—where undair
Ze heavens you make it, zat name?
But since it have snow, I intendo;
I meet, what you call it? Galosh?
Sapristi, Carramba, Perfecto—
She flap wiz ze feet, Si? By Gosh!

(The above poem was sent to us by a Hyphen reporter of last year, Betty Vorhis Hughes. Everyone remembers the clever "Corridor Characters" which she originated, and the many feature articles she contributed to make the Hyphen a success. In the "A. B. C." contest she won the well deserved honor of being elected the most original girl at Ward-Belmont. She is now studying at the University of Illinois.)

The easiest way to get rid of a crowd is to take up a collection.—**Ex.**

LETTERS HOME

Feb. 23, Fish Day.

Dear Folks:

Can you feature your precious child budding forth like a second "father of our country"? You should have seen me last night. We certainly had the large time. There's nothing quite so fetching as a suit coat turned wrong side out. For ruffles, I ripped those ruffles off my white net dress. You don't mind, about the dress, do you, mother? I need a new white dress anyway—And we had the most heavenly dinner!

The good old five hundred charged forth to hear Calve' the other night. I always feel so elevated perched up in the balcony. Everyone looks at us, you know, and of course I had to trip over Mary's cantilevers, and I almost fell down.

That makes me think of breakfast Sunday. A bit of plaster got playful and came tumbling down for the first course. Only a few grape-fruits were injured. I gave the plaster over my head a good inspection, but I believe it's learned its place now.

Mother dear, do you believe in dreams coming true? I do, and I hope I'll never be disillusioned. I dreamt the other night that you sent me the most adorable flame colored chiffon with a low girdle of silver roses. It was just the kind I've always wanted. It made me so happy that I actually got up when the rising bell rang.

Speaking of bells, there goes the chapel bell, which means that it's only half an hour until we tackle the sea animal. I hope it will be croquettes.

Please write soon to

Your Devoted Offspring.

MISS ALEDA WAGGONER CHARMS

Sunday evening was made particularly delightful by the concert given by Miss Aleda Waggoner in Recreation Hall. The program which she executed with charming ability was as follows:

Cradle Song ..... Kreisler
Today ..... Huerter
The Greatest Wish in the World ..... Del Riego
Thou Brilliant Bird, from "La Perle du Brasil" ..... David

As encores Miss Waggoner responded with:

Fairy Tale
Daddy's Sweetheart.

These numbers were cordially applauded by the audience which filled Recreation Hall to capacity.

Miss Waggoner is a pupil of Signor de Luca, with whom she has studied for the past five years. She is a soprano of marked ability and one of Nashville's leaders in music circles. Miss Alberta Reeves was her artistic accompanist, on Sunday evening.

Definition of stubbornness—

In ourselves, firmness, strength of character, determination, resolution, decision.

In others, bullheadedness, obstinacy, stupidity, lack of intelligence.—Ex.

HYPHENETTES

INFLECTIONS IN THE VOICE

"Why I once knew an actor who could read a menu so as to make his audience weep."

"He must have read the prices." Ex.

IT'S THE UPKEEP

"How's the new car go, Bill?"

"Like it fine, but it costs a lot to keep it up."

"So? And how are your wife and daughter?"

"Just the same, thank you."—Ex.

OUCH!

Attempts are being made by superdentists to isolate the toothache microbe. It is supposed that they want to teach it some new tricks.—Ex.

Delia: Ye can get a hat just like your missis' velvet wan for sivin dollars at Brown's Bargain Store.

Norah: Yes, an' I can get wan for nothin' by tellin' me missis about the wan in Brown's Bargain Store.—Ex.

A horse that was lost was found in the cellar of a house. Those who try to explain it say that somebody probably had bet on it to do something else.—Ex.

PLAIN CLOTHES MEN

Dubbs, late sergeant, A. E. F., had gone to a South American country where a revolution was on, searching for excitement. The president, who had just risen to power, promptly appointed him quartermaster-general, and then produced sketches made by himself as designs for uniforms for his forces.

"I get most of this, President," remarked Dubbs, after studying them for a while. "This here seems to be for the Army and this for the Navy. But what's this thing with the green plume on a three-cornered hat, yellow, swallow-tailed coat trimmed with purple, and—"

"Ah, zat!" exclaimed the president triumphantly. "Zat is my masterpiece. Zat is for ze Secret Service." —Ex.

"I'll steal a march on them," said the shoplifter as she entered the music department.—Ex.

It's better to wait a minute at a railroad crossing than forever in a cemetery.—Ex.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any.—Ex.

I stepped into a shoe shop to get
myself re-shod,
And chanced to hear a blushing
bride inquire,
As she scrutinized with care a pair
of patent leather shoes,
"How long before the patent will
expire?"—Ex.

He (as canoe rocks): "Don't be afraid, we're only ten feet from land."

She (looking around): "Where is it?"

He: "Underneath us!"—Ex.

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... delicious refresh-... and everyone ... dance on until midnight but as all good things must come ... departed with the ringing of the bell ... hour.

... PERFECTLY ...

... thank ... all in the ... sympathy and in good ... who, when he ... beautiful ... work on the ... as ... ideas ... and ... shw ... is ...

... "What a pretty ... ing is ... with the ... Bright ... Yes, I've ... man has one short leg, ... always longer."

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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BRILLIANT PIANO RECITAL BY MR. LAURENCE GOODMAN

(Nashville Banner Feb. 16.)

The second descriptive piano recital given this season by Lawrence Goodman, director of piano at Ward-Belmont, took place on Thursday evening in the school auditorium and was heard by a large audience of music lovers and patrons, in addition to the students and faculty. In style the performance was similar to the opening recital given before Christmas, in which Mr. Goodman told the audience, before each number, of its meaning to him, and then gave his interpretation on the keyboard. The innovation was received with enthusiastic expressions of approval both times. Mr. Goodman's brief talks were illuminative, full of imagery, and poetic thought, and his execution deserved all of the clamorous applause which swept the house after each number. Three times he was compelled to give an encore, and then the audience asked for more.

The program was well selected. The

(Continued on Page 7.)

KENNETH ROSE GIVES BRILLIANT RECITAL

Art of Violin Department Head at W.-B. Pleases Large Audience.

By Alvin S. WIGGERS.
(Music Critic of the Tennesseen.)

The annual violin recital by Kenneth Rose, director of the violin department at Ward-Belmont, was last evening, as always, the cause of much rejoicing among his friends and admirers of his art, and a large audience was present in the school auditorium to hear the unusually interesting program, which he is always sure to present.

Mr. Rose's skill as a violinist is so well known that one can only repeat that his technical skill is finished to a superb degree, that his playing is full of poetic feeling, and that in rapid passages he invariably maintains an admirable clarity.

The Nardini Concerto in A, edited a century and a half later by Nachez, began the program in brilliant style, the mere accidental breaking of a string in the Adagio movement, necessitating the temporary change of instruments, having no effect upon the beauty of his playing.

The "Symphonie Espagnole," first performed in 1875 by Sarasate, was featured because of the recent centenary of the composer, and is a tremendously big thing which Mr. Rose played in a masterly manner.

(Continued on Page 7.)

MY SUBJECT

Now you must write a poem"
Said my editor to me;
Something cute and clever
That will please all W-B."

So I sat down one sunny morn,
When all the world was bright—
And I strained my mind—oh! very hard
A poem for to write.

Something cute and clever
That will please all W-B."
I chewed and chewed my pencil's end,
And still no light did see.

For when I did a subject seek
I could only find one thing,
A subject old, and worn, and trite—
Just spring—spring—spring!

And then my Better Judgment spoke,
"Don't write of flowers and trees—
'Tis but a foolish sort of folk
That try to prate of these."

But when I out my window peeped,
Still in my ears did ring,
That same persisting old refrain
Of spring—spring—spring!

For the campus was more beautiful,
Than the glory of a king,
And every flower just breathed to me
Of spring—spring—spring!

And so you see I did my best,
But why try to evade,
A thought that 'bove all others stood,
And, staunch, refused to fade?

For after all, and every year
Spring's meaning something new,
This year it's full of joy and hope,
For me—as well as you.

So just be glad and happy,
Let's all rejoice and sing,
At the subject old that's ever new,
O spring—spring—spring!

—G. F.

WARD-BELMONT GIVES $2.500 TO CHINESE MISSIONARY AND STUDENT RELIEF

Ward-Belmont's students, faculty and house staff combined in a generous response on Friday to a call for the support of the School's Missionary in China, and help toward the European Student Relief Fund for the benefit especially of students in Russia. The sum of $2,500 was subscribed in ten minutes, and a great part of it was given in cash.

For several years the School has provided for a Missionary, whose work has been in South American fields until last year, when the support was transferred to a worker in China. The sum has always been willingly and gladly given by the students and faculty.

The appeal for the students of Russia was eloquently made by Mr. G. R. Huributt, who represents the Student Relief work, and in a general way the world wide missionary field. He worked for three and a half years in Russia, taking the same hard lot as the natives, and suffering many privations and hardships in the field of Y. M. C. A. work. He told of the stoic courage with which the young Russians are enduring cold, hunger almost to the point of starvation, and distress of mind, as well as bodily suffering in order to gain the education which will enable them to give Russia the only help that will save and uplift the country. He did not tell of horrors, but only of conditions as they exist. His talk was so earnest and so simple that it carried all hearts and sympathies with him to the brave students who are working out their own salvation through such bitter fines. The subscription was taken at once, and was gladly given. Dr. Blanton introduced Mr. Huributt, and headed the subscription with a large gift from himself and Mrs. Blanton.

"LIGHTNIN'"

The Ward-Belmont girls had the exceptional opportunity of being able to see, last Friday night, the play "Lightnin'." All the girls who attended the performance enjoyed greatly, this splendid tragic-comedy, in which the hero an aged, intoxicated fellow, even with all of his fantastic fallacies kept firm to whatever promises he made. The other members of the cast offered excellent support and the result was a most artistic production which furnished us a treat long to be remembered.

GEORGE WASHINGTON COLONIAL DINNER WAS ANNUAL SUCCESS

And as the music softly played
A waltz of days of yore,
A dozen graceful figures swayed
A-down the ball-room floor.

With ruffs and hoops and wigs of white
Colonial, the set
Of dames moved from left to right.
'Till buckled slippers met.

Each Sir unto his Lady bowed,
She curtesying low,
The one with adoring looks endowed
The other—none may know.

Yet all did see the moon which hung
From out a cloud of jet;
Thus, the dance ceased, my song's sung:
Adieu, fair Minuet!

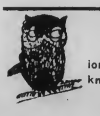
The dinner and dance celebrating the birthday of George Washington, February 22, [illegible] attain even a greater mea[illegible] than it has [illegible] previ[illegible]

[illegible]

Carrying the artistic succ[illegible] the series which preceded it, a [illegible] dinner for the February-born girls at Ward-Belmont on Monday evening was a delightful hospitality offered by Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton to nineteen of the students. The table, set in the private dining room, was decorated with the most typical of spring flowers, hyacinths. Masses of white, pale blue and pink blossoms were arranged in a silver receptacle in the center of the table. Several dozen of the fragrant flowers were employed, and made an effect of striking loveliness. Around the base of the silver stand there were fringes of asparagus fern, and about on the buffet and window ledges numbers of potted hyacinths were placed. The name cards were very attractive, being in the form of rose rings with candles in the center. The menu was essentially spring-like. The young ladies entertained included:

Miss Corinne Hull of Parkersburg, W. Va.; Miss Henrietta Prewitt of Winchester, Ky.; Miss Edna Law-

(Continued on Page 6.)



THE OWL

You tell 'em Seniors. Minerva says you know.

PUPILS OF MISS MAXWELL GIVE PROGRAM

Piano Pupils of Miss Maxwell gave the following artistic program in her studio on Wednesday afternoon:

The Brook ..... Sartorio
Miss Virginia Bledsoe

The First Violet ..... Behr
Miss Frieda Derdeyn

Reverie ..... Schutt
Miss Sarah White

Dance Moderne ..... Dennei
Miss Rosalie Dadisman

Irish Lullaby ..... Barron
Miss Catherine Richards

Arabesque ..... Myer-Helmund
Miss Bonnie Morgan

Prelude ..... Hopekirk
Miss Ruth Hardy

Shadow Dance ..... MacDowell
Miss Frankie McKinney

Fourth Barcarolle ..... Godard
Miss Mary Muesse

Dragon Flies ..... Chennaude
Miss Bertha Cagle

Widmung ..... Schumann-Liszt
Miss Margaret Quinn

Variations in A ..... Paderewski
Miss Louise Cook

DE LUCA'S PUPILS GIVE CONCERT IN CLARKSVILLE

Signor De Luca accepted the invitation last week of the Community Service and Federated Clubs of Clarksville, Tenn, to present in that city a concert program by his vocal pupils. They were assisted by Miss Waid, a piano pupil of Mr. Lawrence Goodman, director of piano, and Miss Angie Orgain of Clarksville, a pupil of Mr. Kenneth Rose, director of violin. Signor De Luca and the performers made the trip from Nashville, through the courtesy of Dr. Blanton, in four of the school autos. Dr. Blanton accompanied the party, and also Mrs. Anna S. Brown, Mr. George Bennie, and Mr. Goodman. The success of the brilliant program is told in an extract from Daily Leaf-Chronicle, Clarksville's newspaper, as follows:

"Clarksville music lovers enjoyed a rare treat last night in the artistic program given by a company of Nashville musicians, pupils of Signor G. S. De Luca, director of voice at Ward-Belmont. An added pleasure were the numbers by two of Clarksville's most talented young musicians, Miss Angie Orgain, violinist, and Miss Minerva McCraw, vocalist, the former a pupil of Kenneth Rose, of Ward-Belmont, and Miss McCraw, studying with Signor De Luca.

"Every seat in the spacious auditorium of Cannon Memorial Parish House was taken, all standing room was utilized and many others were turned away.

"Community Service and the Federated clubs are to be commended for their enterprise in bringing this splendid musical attraction to the city. That the citizens appreciate and are interested in good music was evidenced by the large attendance and the rapt attention paid the performers.

"So beautiful and artistic was this concert that comment is difficult. Miss Kathryn Kirkham and Mr. Thomas Fletcher were especially pleasing in the solo and duet from La Boheme. The Sextet from Lucia was also an appreciated number.

"The only piano number, Waltz in E major by Moszkowski, showed Miss Willa Mai Waid, pupil of Mr. Goodman, of Ward-Belmont who is a school girl in short frocks, to be possessed of much talent and ability.

"Mr. Eugene Bugg, Mr. Harold Davis, Dr. Clifford C. Woods, Miss Eula Skinner, Miss Miller and Mr. Young were the other musicians. Delightful piano accompaniments were played by Miss Alberta Reeves.

"Following the concert the Music Club entertained informally for the visiting musicians. Among those receiving were Mr. James Murtland, Mrs. J. E. Elder, Mrs. Henry M. Lupton, Mrs. John R. Beach, Mr. John B. Dodge, and Mr. W. L. Hayes, of Community Service.

The program presented follows:

Adelaide ..... Beethoven
Mr. Thomas Fletcher

O Robin, Little Robin ..... McCollin
The Bird and the Babe ..... Lieurance
The Piper of Love ..... Carew
Miss Kathryn Kirkham

On the Shore ..... Neidlinger
Noon and Night ..... Hawley
Mr. Eugene Bugg

*Waltz in E major ..... Moszkowski
Miss Willa Mai Waid

Vale ..... Russell
Mr. Harold Davis

Solo, "Mi chimano Mimi," and duet, "O soave fanciulla," from La Boheme Puccini
Miss Kirkham, Mr. Fletcher

Invictus ..... Huhn
Tommy Lad ..... Margetson
Dawn ..... Curran
Dr. Clifford C. Woods

Bedouin Song ..... Dunn
Heart's Longing ..... Barbour
Miss Eula Skinner

Slavonic Rhapsodie ..Dvorak Kreisler
Miss Angie Orgain
Accompanied by Miss Aline Fentress

L'ultima Canzone ..... Tosti
Across the Hills ..... Rummel
The Bitterness of Love ..... Dunn
Mr. Fletcher

The Jasmine Door ..... Scott
Flirtation ..... Curran
Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride..... O'Hara
Mr. Davis

Sextet, from Lucia Lammermoor..... Donizetti
Misses Kirkham, Miller, Messrs. Fletcher, Young, Woods, Bugg.

CHAPEL

On George Washington's birthday we duly paid tribute to him in a memorable and fitting way, having as the speaker of the occasion the Honorable J. C. Higgins, of this city, who reviewed for us the life history of the great man, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The Glee Club made its second public appearance this week in Chapel when the members sang, for us, four beautiful Ward-Belmont songs. We are very proud of our splendid new Glee Club and we hope that it will soon favor us again with a similar expression of ability. The songs given us were offered for our ultimate selection of an Alma Mater song.

We had the unusual opportunity of being able to hear as a Chapel speaker this week, one who is President of the National Board of Rabbis, Dr. E. N. Calisch, of Richmond, Va., who assisted in the installation of the new Rabbi of the Vine Street Temple in this city. Dr. Calisch spoke to us most inspiringly on the subject of "The Possibilities that lie before the Womanhood of Today."

"You are the young womanhood of America, participants in this transitional period which will have a great influence upon the future generation," he said. "The doors of opportunity are thrown open to you, there is nothing now that a woman cannot enter, not as an intruder but as co-worker. I am profoundly impressed with this great institution; the usefulness and the opportunities it offers you young ladies, is beyond my words to express. May you always realize your great place in this world, and your power; and use it for the good of mankind."

Sweet Young Thing (Looking up from market reports her glance happened on)—"Dad, did par go up any on the Exchange today?"—Ex.

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Y. W. GIRLS VISIT OLD WOMAN'S HOME TO GIVE PROGRAM

Sunday afternoon the Y. W. Cabinet consisting of eighteen girls, with their secretary, Miss Sheppe, visited the Old Woman's Home. An interesting program was given which included the following numbers:

Reading ..... Billie Linley.
Song ..... Evanelle Lewis.
Violin Selections .... Marvelle Burton.
Reading ..... Alice Nixon.
Song ..... Nola Arter.

The sentiment of the "Y" girls is expressed in the following little poem:

"We represent the month of May,
Happiness is ours each day,
As the days go by, we must remember,
That soon we will be December.

So as we pass from the Spring of Youth
To the Winter of Old Age;
Let us be thoughtful and stand for the truth.
Then to Him we can give an unspotted page."

A NICE DOG'S LIFE

(Editor's note: The following article comes from the pen of one of the much talked of and often, unfairly criticized "Physical Ed's." May we mention the fact that some of the most able and conscientious girls in the entire school are found in this group: i. e., President of the Y. W., President Senior Class, President Athletic Board, President Tri K. Club, General Proctor, and many other minor officers.)

"Those noisy Physical Eds." Is there anyone in Ward-Belmont who hasn't heard that remark from some member of the faculty or household? Yes we are noisy, but so are all other normal, happy girls.

People here seem to labor under the impression that the life of a Physical Ed is all play. Not at all. On Saturday, alone, we have four hours of "gym," including fencing besides our regular academic work of three to four hours. At the end of a week of days almost as strenuous as the one mentioned above we welcome a rest, and I think we can be forgiven for a little noise as an expression of our relaxation. The life of a Physical Ed is a dog's life—but it is a pleasant life for all that. We enjoy our work, and we wouldn't trade places with anyone, but we wish that the members of this institution would not judge us so severely and would realize that we are doing things worth while, as well as having a good time.

"Elizabeth Shepard."

CHURCH SERVICES AT HOME

According to our custom, we remained at home last Sunday morning for church services, since it was the last Sunday in the month.

Our own Bible Instructor, Dr. Whitson, was the speaker of the morning, and took as his text, "The Book of Job." His subject was especially helpful and appropriate as we are to be extended the great privilege of attending one of the most wonderful dramatic productions of the year, "The American play of the Book of Job," which is to be staged in Nashville, Saturday of this week.

"The Book of Job in many ways," said Dr. Whitson, "is the most remarkable book in the Bible. It is a great dramatic poem dealing with the problems of human suffering. Why should God, who is good, permit good men to suffer? is the great question that is aroused. Why does God permit suffering? The problem of human suffering goes to the foundation of life itself. We can't advance without suffering. In school here, we cannot advance without suffering, in one sense, digging into the work, making toil of it. To get something out of it one must suffer. The same principle holds true with life. You can't go flitting about always. Suffering is the thing that is responsible for our telegraph, our aeroplanes, all our inventions. You have to suffer to advance.

The greatest suffering in the world was that of Jesus Christ who suffered on the cross in order to save the world. In short the theme of the Book of Job is human suffering and God's method of dealing with it," said Dr. Whitson in closing.

SENIORS WIN SCHOLARSHIP TROPHY

The Senior Class has been awarded the little statue of Minerva, because members have, as the rules of the scholarship contest between classes state, made the greatest improvement in class attendance and grades, over their record of the first quarter. By earnest effort every member of the class has improved her grades, even though all of these could not count for points in determining the average of the entire class. However, the increase in B plus's and A's was sufficient to raise the average of the second quarter to 1.56 points.

The well deserved trophy was presented by Dean Mary R. Norris, to Miss Sarah Jeier, president of the class on Tuesday morning during the chapel hour. The Senior Class, each member being dressed in white, then filed onto the stage, and, standing in a semi-circle with their banner in the foreground, sang their class song.

Minerva is now standing in her place of honor in the library, conspicuous above the yellow and white banner of the Seniors. The class that wins the honor of calling the goddess of wisdom its own is always to be congratulated, and the Seniors are justly proud of their success. They declare that it is their intention to keep it for the remainder of the year, which declaration portends the necessity of even more diligent study on the part of the other classes.

NEWS OF MILESTONES

Vivian Pew will be a co-assistant editor of Milestones, working with Corinne Alshuler, whose selection as assistant editor was announced several weeks ago. Louise Schwab is to be one of the Annual's reporters.

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S—is for Service with style that is not too apparent, that is dependable even when the most exacting demands are made upon it.

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

We beg to disagree with that misled Puritan who formulated the creed, "A whistling girl and a crowing hen always come to some bad end." We venture to say that few have ever seen a crowing ben, but we do know that girls who like to whistle are quite numerous, especially in this feminine locality. We also contend that whistling is the outcome of a perfectly legitimate desire to be cheerful, and that any girl who wishes to whistle, when that performance is not anoying to others, is within her rights. True, anything carried to excess is annoying, but we can conceive of no objections to a tune whistled during hours of recreation, either on the campus or in a dormitory. Under existing circumstances, we consider it neither unladylike nor boisterous. Whistling is a sure cure for the "blues" and we recommend it highly, for that purpose. When everything and everybody seem to be going against one—that is the time when one wants to "pucker up and whistle though the day seems dark"—to use the words of a popular song. Whistling is always a good way to get rid of a little excess energy without much effort, but still with a very pleasant sensation. We are "strong" for the "whistle calls" and the cheery tunes which can be executed with so much pleasure and we feel sure that the majority of the student body take the same stand.

NEW HYPHEN-HELPERS

With this issue a few of our Hyphen staff members are retiring from the work on account of their number of points, which makes them ineligible. In their places new workers have been found and appointed. The Hyphen is fortunate in being able to retain its Editors. These leaders have given their best service, and it is with gratitude that the Schooi will receive the announcement that they will carry the Hyphen through to the end of the year. The new reporters are entering upon their work with real energy and fine spirit. Meanwhile, contributors to the Hyphen are not limited to the names published at the head of the Editorial page. Any girl in school who feels an interest in the Hyphen, or has an idea suitable for the school paper is asked to send it in "written on one side of the page only." It will be welcome.

DAY STUDENT COLUMN

Miss Norris very delightfully entertained the entire day student body with a party on Thursday noon. The occasion was a social meeting in order to present Miss Julia Blair, who is now filling Mrs. Armstrong's position. Miss Blair who is a student and a popular representative of a Nashville family has decided very wisely to put in her time being "Mrs. Armstrong" at Ward-Belmont. The party, Miss Norris and Miss Blair, were all voted a rousing "fifteen rabs" at the close and it is with much pleasure and confidence that we will look towards Miss Blair for guidance during the rest of the year.

AGORA CLUB HAS NEW OFFICERS

Due to the fact tLat our president, Marion Mulholland, and our secretary, Capitola Bassett, had the honor of being chosen as members of the incoming student council it was necessary that we should have a change of officers. The results of the election held last Wednesday night are as follows:

President .....Martha Brantingham
Vice-President .....Lyda Anderson
Secretary .....Jessica Bright
Treasurer .....Roberta Townsend

FACULTY FACTS

MADAME BEZIAT

Of the many interesting members of the Ward-Belmont faculty, one of the most engaging is Madame Beziat, head of the **Modern Language** Department. She has had splendid educational advantages. She received her A.B. degree from Vassar and her A.M. degree from Cornell in addition to spending one year as a graduate student both at Johns Hopkins University and at La Sorbonne (The University of Paris).

Madame Beziat has traveled over practically all of Europe and has crossed the ocean from America to Europe about sixteen times. One very unusual overland trip that she enjoyed was a bicycle tour through France and Spain before the war.

During the first year and a half of the war, she lived in Toulouse where a large infantry and artillery camp was located. There were many hospital in the city and for several months, Madame Beziat visited one of them every day. During this time she became acquainted with many French and Belgium refugees.

The last two years of the war she was a French teacher in a school at Washington, D. C., and at the same time she taught French classes which were organized by the Presbyterian church in Washington, for women war workers who were to serve in France. Madame Beziat also assisted in editing a French book about the war, "Sous Les Armes."

She has always been loyal to her Alma Mater and in the Vassar drive for a three million dollar endowment she was treasurer for the district including Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

When Madame Beziat came to Ward-Belmont she became interested in developing the French section of the school's library and today we have a very large and excellent French library, including over 200 books and the school subscribes also for the weekly, "Illustration."

LETTERS HOME

Saturday, March 3.

Dear Folks—

Please draw all the chairs into the family circle and prepare to faint, for I have some very startling news to divulge. I have had a date—yes, with one of that rare species known as man. Have you recovered from the shock yet? Well, now to be perfectly frank and candid, the lucky individual was only the red headed boy who lived across from us on Vine Street. You remember him don't you? He is here in Nashville with his mother on the way to Florida.

We really are getting to be quite the theatre goers. Last Friday went to "Lightnin'." Everybody thought we were prematurely gray, because the corn-starch hadn't quite disappeared after George's birthday. Tonight we're going to see Stewart Walker in "The Book of Job"—which makes me think, daddy that your welcome special arrived just in time, the way it always does. Really, daddy, you have a wonderful mind. It's strange I didn't inherit it, isn't it?

I did just have a brilliant idea though. Just think! There are only five more bed spreads and then—you will say "Welcome home" again to

Your affectionate
Daughter.

I WISH

The March Wind Would Blow Me
A complete new spring wardrobe
A patent invention to make beds
A special permission to have breakfast in bed.
A daily special.
A shine for my Cantilevers.
A freedom from writing themes,
A visit from my family.

CORRIDOR CHARACTERS

"Ps-s-s-s-st—Wait a minute!"

You look around, too, don't you—you just can't help it. Did you ever see a little person who could wear a middy—and get by as **big** as she can? She is "permanently" on the jump. Perhaps Pembroke is where she hangs her hat but—did you ever happen into the Y.W. just before dinner, and didn't you wonder how in the world she had had time to acquire that "right-out-of-the-bandbox" appearance—because, you had seen her, yourself—not half hour before, leading that college "gym" class around the floor. But you must admit that the Victrola, and "You Gave Me Your Heart," combined, are incentives to hurry through that dressing for dinner episode.

You go to Heron, don't you? Well then, you've seen her dashing around with her petite and peppy room-mate or others who frequent the "ology" and "ilgy" regions of W-B.

Did she let you in on that College Special dinner?

But it's in the "Whispering Gallery" that she shines—every night and every night—but I guess she doesn't count because she is, in every sense of the word, a "Physical Ed."

"THE ISSINESS OF WAS"

Editor's note: This is the only correct answer received to the question put forth on the children's page of our last issue, "What is the issiness of was?"

The "Issiness of Was" and "What the Dead Sea died of' have been preying greatly upon my mind of late. Realizing that many other kindred souls must also be troubled with these pensive problems, I decided to project a discussion of them. After many hours and weeks of unceasing toil and research, I am at last prepared to discuss the first of these subjects with intelligence, namely, "The Issiness of Was."

Now the issiness of Was is not at the present time what it used to be in the olden days. We are told by many great authorities that the Issiness of Was used to correspond somewhat to the Wissiness of Oz. I am sure we have all read the great stories of Oz sometime in our early childhood, for literature is a part of our education considered invaluable by all parents. Now taking that point for granted, we will remember that without the Wissiness there could have been no Oz, likewise, without the Issiness there could have been no Was. In this way we see that they are quite similar, both being the primary necessities to form the secondary results. But in this day and age, things have so changed, that Issiness is no longer connected with Wissiness any more than Was is connected with Oz.

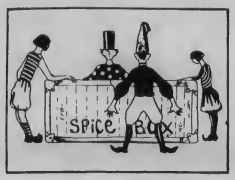
My dear friends, the solution of today, as stated by authorities, is simply this—"The Issiness of Was is merely the third person singular of the present indicative appearing previous to the first and third person singular of the past indicative of the English verb 'to be'."

ANTI PAN CLUB

On February 21, the Anti-Pandora club assembled in Miss Blythe's studio. After a short business meeting, we were most fortunate in having Dr. Crosland as our guest.

He gave a delightful talk on "Continental Universities," a subject of great interest to students. Many interesting aspects of European student activities which are radically different from ours, were told to us. We heartily recommended this subject to those clubs desiring a very interesting evening.

"Here's where I pull a good one," said the dentist, as he fixed his tweezers on a sound tooth.—**Ex.**



We couldn't help thinking, as we marched into the dining room for the "George Washington Dinner," that an appropriate piece for the orchestra to play would be "George and Martha Ain't what they Used to Be."

And while we're still on the subject we would like to inquire wether the said orchestra thought we were mourning Washington's death or celebrating his birth.

All aboard for spring via new taffeta dresses, blue hats and several new sweaters. Some of us, for more or less personal reasons, have decided not to make the trip till later.

Library hound, wandering aimlessly throughout her favorite (?) abode: "I can't find Damascus!"

We think that the parody on "If Winter Comes," applies directly to Nashville. It is entitled "If Winter Don't" by **A. B. C. D. Don't know much & Son.**

Senior—What is your idea of a mis-spent minute?

Senior-Middle—The minute between 6:44 P. M. and 6:45 P. M.

Who ever started that rumor about Seniors being allowed to sleep through breakfast? Still we can't help thinking that it wouldn't be a bad idea! How about it, Miss Mills?

Dickey (giving her opinion of crossing the street in the middle of the block)—"Well, I'm from a small town and I don't know anything about "blue jaying!"

Somebody ask the president of the Y. W. how to spell Job.

First Senior-Mid.—What is our English lesson for tomorrow?

Second Ditto—Samuel Pepy's Diary.

First Senior-Mid.—Can you tell me who wrote it?

HYPHENETTES

"It's a hard life," said the traffic policeman.

"What's the trouble?" asked the genial old gentleman.

"I had to call down a fashionable dame just now for violating a traffic law. The look she gave me was bad enough, but the way her poodle dog yawned in my face was positively insulting."—Ex.

Captain—Ahoy, there, let go the anchor.

Sailor (near the anchor)—I ain't touched it yet.—Ex.

Conductor—This train is making forty miles an hour, madam.

Old Lady—Now don't you try to fool me, young man. We've only been gone twenty minutes.—Ex.

Excited traveller—"Can I catch the 4 o'clock express for Birmingham?"

Railway Official: (calmly)—"That depends on how fast you can run. It started 13 minutes ago."—Ex.

Tramp—I've eaten nothin' but snowballs for three days, mum.

Lady—You poor man! What would you have done had it been summertime?

Old Dame—"When I was your age, a young man would never let a lady stand in a tram-car."

Young Man—"No. At that time, ma'am, people traveled in stage-coaches."—Ex.

In spite of repeated warnings from his father, little Bobby persisted in driving nails into blocks and boards. He had arrived at the play at carpenter stage.

One morning Dad heard the familiar pounding, and looking out he saw Bobby banging away— his little sister Mary sitting beside him, apparently looking on.

"Haven't I told you, Bobby, that you will smash your fingers if you drive nails?" the father asked.

"Yes, I know, Dad, but Mary's holding the nail."—Ex.

A lady with her hand in a sling explained to a friend that the damage was due to reckless driving.

"Of your motor car?" asked the friend.

"No," said the sufferer, "of a nail."—Ex.

Dear Father! When you get my card
You'll realize I've studied hard.
At last I think I can state
That I have learned to concentrate.
Now A means awful. Aren't you glad
That not a single A I've had?
And B means Bad; I hope you see
That no such shame has come to me.
C is Careless; I will admit
I'm proud no C appears on it.
But D—Delightful! Isn't it fine
That all those splendid D's are mine?
And E means Excellent; if you knew
How hard these came i'm sure that you
Would send a check—and that's the truth.
Adoringly your daughter—Ruth.—Ex.

The typewriter is faster than handwriting, but you can't make a nuetral wiggle when you don't know how to spell it.—Ex.

Mistress—"I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I shall take the milk myself."

Maid—"It would be of no use ma'am he's promised never to kiss anybody but me."—Ex.

Prof.—"Your recitations remind me of Quebec."

Fresh—"Why, Prof.?"

Prof—"Because it's founded on such a tall bluff."—Ex.

MARRIED

Following is an account of the marriage of Marian Hutchinson of Shreveport, La., who was graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1919, after two years here. It is taken from her home paper the **Shreveport Times,** and will be read with much interest by many former students. The account was illustrated with excellent pictures of the bride and her attendants. It reads:

"One of the most beautiful weddings of the winter, was that of Miss Marian Hutchinson and Thomas Holer Jackson, which was solemnized on Thursday evening, February 15, in the First Methodist church, in the presence of a large concourse of relatives and friends.

"The altar was banked with palms and ferns, with boughs of southern smilax, making a charming background for the bridal party.

"Preceding the ceremony, a short musical program was given by Mrs. Walter Crowder, with Miss Katherine Smith at the organ.

"Mrs. Herbert Beavers, of New Orleans, was most attractive in a gown of blue georgette, with silver trimmings, and carried an arm bouquet of red sweet peas and red fresias.

"Mrs. John Glassell was in emerald green georgette, beaded with crystal, and carrying a shower bouquet of red fresias and sweet peas.

"The maid of honor, Miss Carrie Jackson, wore a handsome gown of coral georgette, heavily beaded with pearls, and crystal beads, and carried a shower bouquet of lavender sweet peas.

"Little Dorothy Robinson, in a pink silk frock, and carrying a colonial bouquet of pink rose buds, and Master John D. Wilkerson, in a black velvet suit, preceded the bride, who was radiantly lovely as she entered on the arm of her father, attired in a robe of chiffon heavily beaded with crystal over georgette. Her beautiful veil of real lace was caught to her auburn hair with a band of orange blossoms, and she wore a pair of handsome pearl ear-rings which had belonged to her grandmother. Her shower bouquet was of exquisite orchids and lillies of the valley.

"The impressive ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Foster, of New Orleans, a life-long friend of both families. A sentimental feature of the occasion was that Mr. Foster had been the celebrant at the marriage of the groom's parents, and had baptized the bride.

"The groom's attendants were Huffman Lewis and John Glassell, with Scott Wilkinson as best man.

"Immediately after the marriage, an informal reception was held in the home of the bride's parents on Fairfield Avenue, members of the bridal party forming the receiving line.

"Mr. Jackson's gift to his bride was a handsome platinum and diamond bracelet.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jackson left the same evening for New Orleans, and upon their return will be at home with the groom's father and sister, Mr. T. D. Jackson and Miss Carrie Jackson, in South Highlands for a short time.

"The bride traveled in a handsome three-piece suit of Poiret twill beaded with steel beads, with modish hat to harmonize.

"Mrs. Jackson is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hutchinson, of Fairfield Avenue, and much beloved for her charming personality, and both are poular members of a large circle of friends."

Lois Horne, of Chickasha, (Class of 1918) and Mr. Porter Kelly of Los Angeles, Cal.

A marriage which will be of interest to many Ward-Belmont girls, is that of Miss Mabel Brandon to Mr. Richard Sloman of New York City. ceremony took place at the bride's home in Little Rock, Arkansas. Mrs. Sloman was one of the most popular girls at Ward-Belmont during the time she attended here, 1921-22. She was the president of the Arkansas club during 1921 and was elected to the presidency of the A. K. Club in 1922.

She and her husband will make an extensive wedding tour visiting in California and Ohio. They will make their home in New York.

ACADEMIC NEWS

Miss Townsend gave her first year Expression girls a very interesting lecture on Pageantry. In connection with this she asked all her pupils to attend "The Book of Job" to be given Saturday night at the Orpheum.

Mme. Beziat's French D class is studying Rousseau and his two great works: "Emile and "Contrat Social." After finishing these the class will write themes on Rousseau and his works.

Miss Shouse's English A class is preparing for the fifteen page term theme to begin shortly, with various talks from the members of the class relative to their chosen subjects.

Mlle. Vimont's French B class finished "Mlle. de la Seigliere" this week. A work dealing with French history will be taken up next.

In connection with the artis's of the Gothic period of Italian painting, members of the History of Art class have given short talks on contemporary great men such as Dante and Boccaccio. This brings in the history of the period and gives the pupils a knowledge of the literature as well as of the art.

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore,
Could say when he had told a joke,
"I've heard that one before."
Ex.

Prof.—"Hand in a slip saying that you have read French aloud for three hours. It won't take long."—Ex.

Stage Manager—"All right, run up the curtain."

Green Stagehand—"Say, what-cha think I am—a squirrel?"—Ex.

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PERSONALS

Dr. C. E. Crosland, associate president, and Miss Leila D. Mills, Dean of Women, left Thursday of last week for Cleveland, O., to attend the annual meeting of the Heads of Schools for Girls, and the National Educational Association which met consecutively.

Miss Amelie Throne, one of the most gifted of the piano teachers, in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, who was granted leave of absence by Dr. Blanton last fall, in order to allow her to take special work in New York under the great teacher, Stojowski, has returned to her home on the Hillsboro Road. Besides studying six months under the celebrated master, Miss Throne took advantage of many notable musical opportunities, attended grand opera frequently, and enjoyed the best of the noteworthy offerings of the winter in New York's musical, theatrical and literary circles.

Misses Margaret and Dorothy Hahn spent Sunday with Mrs. R. D. Cohn, of this city.

Miss Marcelle Burton was entertained at tea by her aunt, Mrs. Jessie Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Sledge, of Kentucky, spent Sunday in Nashville. They made the visit particularly to be with their cousin, Miss Ruth Borders, whom they entertained for the day.

Mrs. Joe Fowler entertained at tea on Sunday Misses Roseberry Campbell, Bonnie Morgan and Clynte Edgar.

Miss Betty Baxter spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Corinne Webster.

Mrs. M. T. Clendenin, of Nashville, was hostess at a luncheon given Monday for two of her daughter Ernestine's friends, Miss Marion Mulholland and Miss Martha Brantingham.

Mrs. Manie C. Foulds and youngest daughter, Mary Helen, arrived in Nashville Thursday to spend several days with Vena. While here they entertained many of Vena's frinds. Monday, Mrs. Foulds took a party of girls to the Satsuma for lunch, among whom were Misses Helen Sullivan, Edna Cantrall, Mary E. Levis, Nadine Candler and Mary Helen Foulds. After luncheon she took the girls to the Princess theatre.

Mrs. C. A. Abbott, of Oskaloose, Iowa, arrived at the school Saturday to spend several days with her daughter, Maxine. Monday she entertained Misses Jane Hamburger, Margaret Taliaferro and Emily Schenck at luncheon at the Satsuma. In the afternoon they went to Loew's to see Thomas Meighan in "Back Home and Broke."

Mrs. C. E. Crosland chaperoned several girls to lunch Monday. In her party were Misses Francis Stokes, a neice of Mrs. Crosland, Virginia Beauchamp, Elizabeth Ricketts, and Florence Dean.

Mr. Romeo Johnson, of Jacksonville, Texas, has spent several days in Nashville visiting his sister, Sweetie. Monday they spent the day together in town.

Mrs. Margaret Kennedy Lowry chaperoned Misses Alice Fraiser and Virgina Jones to lunch at the Satsuma Monday. In the afternoon they shopped.

Misses Stanley Pendleton and Fannie Wells spent Monday with Mrs. F. D. Lusk, of Nashville.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Nellie F. Townsend, of Sidney, Ill., whom Ward-Belmont friends will remember, has just completed a commercial course at the University of Illinois, and intends to go into the accounting field.

Elizabeth Harper, organ pupil of Mr. Arthur Henkel, has been the organist for Loew's picture show organ for some time, and has worked very successfully.

Ellen C. Johnson, of Danville, Ill. (class of 1920), in joining the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, writes: "I am grateful for an opportunity to become a link in the great chain binding Ward-Belmont graduates together and I always hope to keep in touch with my alma mater and my classmates." She has become a successful teacher in her home city.

Myrtle Head, who is now Mrs. Bertram Lacy Ryan, of Shreveport, La., was the recent hostess of an afternoon Valentine reception, which her home paper describes as being notably artistic and successful.

FEBRUARY GIRLS COMPLIMENTED WITH ARTISTIC DINNER

(Continued from Page 1.)

rence of Webster Groves, Mo.; Miss Antoinette Kellum of Helen, Ga.; Miss Ruth Scott of Pittsburg, Kan.; Miss Catherine Richards of Hope, Ark.; Miss Magdalene Oehlrich of Columbus, Neb.; Miss Ferne La Forge of Rockford, Ill.; Miss Sylvia Klein of Kansas City, Mo.; Miss La Veine Wineman of Greenville, Miss.; Miss Margaret McNutt of Rockwood, Tenn.; Miss Marion Kawin of Evanston, Ill.; Miss Clara Kramer of Tulsa, Okla.; Miss Charlotte Waugh of Ashland, Ky., Miss Dorothy Wilson and Miss Dorothy Webster, both of Detroit; Miss Margaret Manling of Madison, Wis.; Miss Helen Sullivan of Springfield, Ill.; Miss Mary J. Latimer of Port Arthur, Tex.; and Miss Elizabeth Shepard of Kansas City, Mo.

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the earl has cabled me to come across."—Ex.

BRILLIANT PIANO RECITAL BY MR. LAWRENCE GOODMAN

(Continued from Page 1.)

music used was full of opportunity for colorful descriptive work in which Mr. Goodman excels. While the Chopin group was perhaps most enjoyed, the Schumann "Carnival" music, in itself bits of musical scenery, was ideal in displaying Mr. Goodman's superlative facility for interpretive work. He played an exquisite waltz theme by Levitzki, with Levitzki-like success, and another example of his skill was in "The Sea," by Palmgren, which was repeated by general request from his earlier program. Free from mannerism, and full of sincere understanding of music, and the artist's love of it, Mr. Goodman is a true master of the piano.

His program follows:

Carnival ..... Schumann
Etude in C Minor..... Chopin
Nocturne in F sharp ..... Chopin
Polonaise in A flat..... Chopin
Valse ..... Levitzki
The Sea (by request) ..... Palgren
Serenade .....Borodin
Juba ..... Dett

GEORGE WASHINGTON COLONIAL DINNER WAS ANNUAL SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1.)

ate custom at Ward-Belmont, it has been handed down for a number of years as one of the most delightfully anticipated and excitedly realized events in the school's calendar.

The guests, in fancy costumes of the "Spirit of '76," were gorgeous, to say the least. True, the costumes were composed of just anything available, from brightly flowered trunk covers for "milady's" hoop skirts to George's ruffled and lace bedecked coat, contrived from wearing a suit-coat wrong side out, and applying several yards of net, ripped off of that beloved high school graduation dress. But the whole effect was all that could be wished, and the happy couples, with powdered wigs and much hilarity, assembled in Recreation Hall, from there to be led by the George and Martha, elected by the students to be master and mistress of ceremony, during the evening. Martha Williamson took the part of the "Father of his country," and Helen Campbell was the beloved Martha.

The dining room was appropriately decorated with red, white and blue streamers and flags. At each place an attractive menu card was laid and every course was carried out with such fitness and harmonious detail that nothing could be found lacking in the plan of this most delightful dinner. During the meal, an orchestra played and at various times the students stood and sang a song which especially appealed to them.

After the dinner, everyone adjourned to Heron Hall, where George and Martha were escorted to a dias placed at one end of the hall. Before them the girls chosen to dance the minuet performed their act with ability and grace. General dancing followed, in which all of the guests participated, thus making a fitting close to a happy evening.

NEBRASKA-IOWA-WISCONSIN DANCE

The Nebraska, Iowa and Wisconsin clubs entertained very successfully with a dance, on Saturday evening, February 24. Heron Hall, decorated with tropical moss, green streamers and realistic pirates' caves, represented a deserted island where a band of fierce pirates ruled. The guests, had, however, been assured of safety in their revels, for they entered most willingly through a cave and were received by Miss Margaret Marling, Miss Tora Hockenberger, and Miss Helen Kohns, presidents of the Wisconsin, Nebraska and Iowa clubs respectively. A five-piece orchestra furnished good music for the dancing which was not interrupted until about the middle of the evening, when Miss Helen Kohns performed an oriental dance in appropriate costume.

Following this, a band of pirates dragged a large treasure chest from a cave, and contrary to one's ordinary idea of the generosity of pirates, gave to each guest a bag of golden treasure (little candy kernels of corn and one penny). Dancing then continued until salad and ices were served, at 9:30 o'clock. Everyone who was fortunate enough to be invited declared the dance to be one of the most attractive which has been given this year.

KENNETH ROSE GIVES BRILLIANT RECITAL

(Continued from Page 1.)

The variations on a Corelli theme by Tartini, teacher of Nardini, are a test for any violinist, and last evening the many facets of the theme sparkled as they did when last played here by Kreisler. Schubert's "Serenade" was the encore.

A special appeal to the student body present was the simple melody, "Paradise," by Krakaur-Kreisler and the girls applauded as if they wished a repetition.

"From the Cotton Fields" by America's well known violinist, Albert Spalding, was a dreamy sort of a Southern melody, "Guitarre" by Moszkowski-Sarasate, and Sarasate's lilting "Malaguena," were brilliant and difficult, but the gem of the program was the "Berceuse" by the Moscow-Berlin violinist, Paul Juon. Another encore was the "Conzonetta" of d-Ambroslo, but in spite of much applause, Mr. Rose could not be induced to add another at the close.

Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose's presence at the piano gives one confidence that the accompaniments will be in good hands, as she has played so often for her gifted husband, that the ensemble work of this artist couple is remarkable for its unity of spirit and perfection of detail.

Soph.—"I shall never marry until I find my direct opposite."

Junior—"Well, there are a good many real intelligent men around here."—Ex.

Teacher (angrily)—"I'd just like to be your mother for about ten minutes, young man."

Bright Boy—"Well, I'll speak to father about it."—Ex.

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Two special musical numbers, a beautiful solo sung by Nola Arter, and an unusually fine organ selection played by Marjorie Campbell, added greatly to our evening service.

X. L.

A dash of colored sport hats, a flash of merry eyes, a run for the cars and the X. L's. are at Woody Crest.

Glowing fires, causing flickering shadows on the walls, received us. With cards, dancing and much laughter we spent a happy evening. Sunday morning brought a call from Joy's. A gorgeous box of roses and spring flowers caused not the slightest displeasure. Thank you, very much, Mrs. Delong and daughter, Betty. (Catherine Sidey's aunt.)

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Marling of Madison, Wis., and their daughter, Margaret, whom they are here to visit, were our guests for dinner.

Sunday evening a delightful fireside vesper left us all a little wistful and perhaps more thoughtful.

Monday morning, Susie's hot-cakes—jammed bags—the mail!

VESPERS

One of our own professors, Dr. Johnson, was our Sunday evening Vesper speaker. His subject was "The Essentials of Religion," telling us that no matter what our religion might be that there were two fundamental and essential points to be observed: namely the keeping of the Ten Comamndments and obedience to God.

"The things men quarrel about," said Dr. Johnson, "are the little things. We take some little technicality and quarrel about it rather than give our thought to the big things in life." Dr. Johnson's message was most beneficial and to the point. We sincerely hope we will be able to hear from him again before the year is over.

"I taught school among my own people in the Tennessee mountains for several years after I graduated from college," said a Southern lecturer. "Funny things happened. Hearing a boy say, 'I ain't gwine thar,' I said to him, 'That's no way to talk. Listen: I am not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?'"

"'Yessur, I gits it all right. They ain't nobody gwine'."—Ex.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1923 | NUMBER 19

FRENCH CLASSES HEAR FAMOUS LECTURER ON "THE FRENCH GIRL"

Delivered in French, a very illuminating lecture was given before the members of the faculty and classes in the French section on Tuesday evening by M. Firmin Roz, the distinguished man of letters, who came to Nashville to speak before the local Alliance Francaise, and at Ward-Belmont.

After being entertained at dinner by Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton, Monsieur Roz was introduced in the Chapel by Dr. Andre Beziat, of the Vanderbilt University faculty, who is the husband of Madame Beziat, chairman of Ward-Belmont's French section.

The subject treated was "The French Girl, Her Education and Social Life," and the speaker, after explaining the changed status that the French girl has had since the Great War, said that she had previously had no place in literature, because the young girl had formerly no importance or meaning in France's social life. French novels made their female characters married women, because it was not until after marriage that the French woman's life begins. She was educated in a convent, and lived within secluded family bounds until marriage gave her a place in the world. The war, which left many wealthy families impovished, and laid the burden of earning a living on the shoulders of the girls, because war had taken such heavy toll of French men, also forced her out into the world, and she is now entering the professions as well as business life. So far, however, she has shown no desire for the vote. Many girls of fifteen, he said, were supporting whole families, and were doing their work quietly, and happily. He commended the spirit of willingness and modesty which they exhibited, and his whole interpretation of the subject was charming as well as very educative.

ART HISTORY STUDENTS MAKE BENEFICIAL TRIP

At 3:15 on Friday afternoon, March 2, three of the school's cars carried eighteen happy girls and their chaperone, Miss Olive Ross, director and instructor in Art History at the school, on a most interesting and beneficial excursion to some of the architecturally notable buildings of Nashville. The first stop was made at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is built in the style of the early Christian basi-

(Continued on Page 7.)

SUNDAY A GLORIOUS DAY ON WARD BELMONT CAMPUS

The weather man must have felt sorry for us here in "sunny" Tennessee. He hadn't given us a sunny day for quite awhile until this last weekend. But he quite made up for his neglect then. The promise of a beautiful Sunday caused a rush for films, and, incidentally, many thankful hearts. It looked as if every girl at W-B was out on the campus "sunning" on Sunday afternoon, and all the cameras were busily clicking. It was so much like a real spring day that coats of sunburn and fresh freckles were seen the next day. Of course there are always a lucky few who may step jauntily into cars, and are whizzed away, while we, who are left behind, imagine what we'd say

(Continued on Page 7.)

THAT MOMENT

'Twas one beautiful morning,
And all through the hall,
Not one word was heard spoken,
Not one murmur let fall!

I ope'd my eyes slowly,
And 'round the room glared,
And from that much hated clock
My doom at me stared!

Ah! worst of all times
That could ever arrive,
That moment that comes then,
Before six forty-five!

Oh! is there a maiden
Who lives in this clime,
Who craves not the power
To turn back the time?

Oh, dear Mr. Edison,
Hark to our plea,
'List to the maidens
Of old W-B!

With your marvelous brain,
Oh, can't you contrive
An invention to keep from us
Six-forty-five!

SENIOR HALL IS PROPOSED

At a called meeting of the Senior-Middie Class one day during the past week, Miss Mills explained to the girls a new and very delightful plan; that is, to make Heron Hall, a Senior dormitory, exclusively. The plan if carried out as is proposed, in 1924, will include installing of parlors in one end of the hall, added attractions in the way of room decoration and, probably, more Senior privileges. The Seniors have always enjoyed more privileges than the other classes, rightfully so, and surely this enticing plan should be a big incentive for many Senior-Middies to return and work for their diplomas. The rooms will also be offered to post-graduates. Each Senior will be given an opportunity to mark her room with her name and date, on a small brass plate.

This delightful plan was suggested by a committee from the Senior class of 1923.

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS STAND EXCELLENTLY IN OHIO STATE "U"

Dr. C. E. Crosland, Associate President; and Miss Mills Dean of Women, have returned the past week from Cleveland, Ohio where they attended two notable Educational meetings, first the Annual meeting of the Principals of Girls Schools, followed by the American Association of Junior Colleges.

En route home Dr. Crosland visited Ohio State University where he found the records of six former Ward-Belmont girls who have attended Ohio State this term, all to be excellent. Several were in Ward-Belmont last year. They included: Jane Van Cleve of London, Ohio; Maurie Shober of Columbus, Ohio; Virginia McCoy of Sistersville, West Virginia; Dorothy Glider of Ashland, Ky., and Dorothy Dougherty of Waverly, Ohio.

Not only did these students measure up well, but Dr. Crosland found Ward-Belmont girls receiving full credits for their work here, and from an authority high in the educational world, the President of Ohio State had received an official notification that Ward-Belmont's students would be found fully prepared for University work, and would measure up to high academic standards.

One of the important topics of discussion at both meetings, which interested Miss Mills and Dr. Crosland especially, was the problem of student government, which form or organization is so successfully carried out at Ward-Belmont. In these great meetings every educator who spoke on the subject was found to show a strong leaning toward student government, all believing that it had justified itself, and was coming more into favor every day.

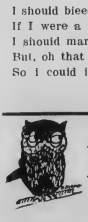
Dr. Crosland had the distinction of being placed upon the Executive Committee of the Junior College Association, at the meeting.

A FLOWER FANTASIE

Dear Lily:

If I were a tulip my 2 lips would be for you.
If I were a bleeding heart
I should bleed for you.
If I were a marigold,
I should marry you,
But, oh that I were a lilac,
So I could lie like you!

A Mildue



THE OWL

There, Senior Middie!
Don't you cry,
You'll have a Senior
house by and bye.

WARD-BELMONT SONGS

Under the direction of Mr. Alfred H. Strick, Director of Musical Science and led by the fine voices of the Glee Club Girls, the whole student body is enjoying steady practice on our Alma Mater songs and we want to be not only letter perfect, but able to sing them with real musical accuracy and good spirit.

Every one of the songs embodies a world of sentiment and loyalty.

The music for two of the songs has been written by Mr. Strick. The late director of Violin at Ward-Belmont, Prof. Fritz Schmitz wrote the music for the March song, and the words of two others have been written by deans of Ward-Belmont. By request the songs are published as follows:

1.

TIPPERARY SONG

It's a long way to Ward-Belmont,
It's a long way to come;
It's a long way to Ward-Belmont,
Far from folks at home;
Good-bye, scenes of childhood,
Farewell, home so dear.
It's a long way to Ward-Belmont,
But my heart's right here.

2.

PLEDGE SONG

Words: Miss Norris.
Music: Miss Boyer.

Giver of gifts,
Treasurer of beauty,
To thee we bring our youth
In glad surrender,
That we and thee,
Both giving, may be blessed.
Ward-Belmont, Ward-Belmont.

3.

MARCH SONG

Words: Genevieve Patton Steere.
Music by Fritz Schmitz.

Ward-Belmont, Ward-Belmont, the bright skies above you
Are reflecting thy colors so true;
Gold from the rays, the rays of the sunbeams,
The arches of Heaven, of Heaven the Blue,

Nine rahs for the Gold and the Blue,
Nine rahs for the Gold and the Blue,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah
Nine rahs for the Gold and the Blue!
Thy praises, thy praises be sung from the Hilltops,
And echoed from shore unto shore,
Oh, Ward-Belmont, our dear Alma Mater,
The Gold and the Blue ever more, ever more.

4.

PRIDE SONG

Words by: Penelope McDuffie
Music by A. H. Strick

Ward-Belmont, the pride of our Southland,
With hearts that are loyal and true,
We stand side by side to salute thee,
And offer our homage to you.
By the faith that we have in your future,
By our love that is fervent and true,
We will lift toward the heavens our standard
And we'll plant it, Ward-Belmont, by you.
Nine rahs for the Gold and the Blue,
Nine rahs for the Gold and the Blue,
Ward-Belmont, Ward-Belmont, forever,
Nine rahs for the Gold and the Blue.

5.

BELL SONG

Words by A. H. Strick
Music: "Bells of St. Mary's"

The Bells of Ward-Belmont! Oh, hear they are calling
The Old Girls, the New Girls to meet once again;
And so my beloved, when Autumn leaves falling
Our Alma Mater sings to us its old refrain.

6.

LOYALTY SONG

Words and Music: A. H. Strick

Dear to us all is our Alma Mater,
Bulwark of strength is she,
Love and devotion all down the ages
Ever we'll sing of thee.
Tho far away must we ever wander,
Mem'ries of thee will be
Tender and fonder, as time grows longer,
Pledging our loyalty.

7.

PEP SONG

Words and Music: Hermosa Brown

There's a school in Tennessee
Where all of us just love to be;
Every one should want to see
The sports at W-B
We've tennis in the Spring and Fall,
In winter we play basketball;
We stand together, one and all,
And loyalty's our call.

Chorus

O Ward-Belmont,
O Ward-Belmont,
That's the place where we
Stand together, loyal ever,
Dear old school to thee.
There are girls who live in Dixie
Look away, away;
From East and West and Yankee Land,
We're the Ward-Belmont girls.
We have pride in everything,
And that is why we like to sing
About our athletes big and strong.
To cheer them with our song.
We have many who can swim
And others who are good at gym;
You should see our girls in track—
Is there anything we lack?

8.

COLORS SONG

Ward-Belmont, Ward-Belmont, your daughters salute you
With hearts that are loyal, devoted and true.
The love that we bear to our dear Alma Mater
Is shown in the colors—
The Gold and the Blue
The Gold is for beauty,
For honor the Blue.
Ward-Belmont,
Ward-Belmont,
The Gold and the Blue.

WHAT DID THE DEAD SEA DIE OF?

The Dead Sea is dead—that is an established fact upon which we all agree. But of what it died is a subject that has been under much discussion for hundreds of generations. It is thought by some to have died of indigestion, pirate ships, you know, but the fact that other seas were even more frequented than it was, and are still living, disproves this theory.

It has been suggested by some professors of ancient history, whose word is considered invaluable on such subjects, that it died of a weak foundation, or lack of energy. It has also been rumored, though not lately, that it had no constitution whatever, and anyone who knows anything at all about hygiene knows that nothing can live without a constitution. This statement is favored by the general public as being the most plausible of the many put forth. But personally, after giving due consideration to all material available, I wish to state, that in my sagacious opinion the Sea died of lonesomeness.

The Eleventh Commandment—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's Hyphen"—Buy a copy yourself.

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WITH THE ALUMNAE

Celeste B. Roberts of Nevada, Mo., in writing Mrs. Blanton to ask for a catalogue for a prospective pupil for next year, says: "I am still, and always, interested in dear old Ward-Belmont, and hold in fond remembrance my happy two years there."

Inez Adrian, of Wichita Falls, Texas (Class of 1922) in sending in her dues to the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, expresses her love for her Alma Mater in earnest terms. She says:

"I miss being at school so very much, and especially at this time of year when I think of the Campus with its coming flowers. Isn't it a happy thing to know that our memories of school days will always be ours,—that no one can ever make us forget? I always want to be identified with my school."

Inez, whose musical gift gave so much pleasure to her fellow students, is continuing her study of piano under an eminent teacher in her home city, and practices regularly four hours a day. She was a prominent member of the '22 Senior class, an Agora, and held office on both the Athletic Board and the Y. W. cabinet.

Elizabeth Coggins, of Canton, Ga., who spent four years at Ward-Belmont and graduated in the class of '20, being one of the moving spirits of that year, has joined the Alumnae Association with the wish that the "former students may do something for Ward-Belmont, in remembrance of all she has done for us."

Evelyn Smith (Class of 1922) of Merrill, Wis. who is at the University at Madison, Wis., this year, is planning a return visit to her Alma Mater this spring. She writes interesting things of her life at the University.

"Madison is full of basketball spirit at present," she says. "Outside of that there is tobogganing, skating and skiing. The other evening, Margaret Campbell and I hiked out and cooked our dinner in the snow. The professors have kept us busy so far this semester, and so have the Chapter members, for now I am a Theta pledge.

"It is always a pleasure for me to do anything in connection with Ward-Belmont," says Mary Dyer Dovenmuehle (Mrs. George,) class of 1922, who is sending in her Alumnae dues. Her home is now in Chicago.

"I spent two of my happiest years there," she continues, "and shall always keep in close touch with it."

Mildred Park, whose time at Ward-Belmont is pleasantly remembered, has developed into a business woman of fine standing and many activities. The death of her father left a prosperous business at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., without a logical head. No one was quite in line to take it over, and in the emergency, it was Mildred who came to the front, and with determination and fine courage, began to gather up the lines her father had laid down. From him she had learned something about the grocery trade, and with that, and some experience she had gained when helping her father, during his last year, she set herself to operate a large business. Maybe she made some blunders at first. No one has heard of any, however, and it is certain that she is successfully carrying on her work, acting as manager, and director, with full charge of the shipping and distributing of a large grocery output; and she has firmly established herself in the confidence and respect of worthy competitors and associates in the business world.

CORRIDOR CHARACTERS

Now speaking of crushes—
There's one girl in school
More fortunate than most of the rest,
For all of her crushes
Have crushes on her—
With mutual crushes she's blest.

She's very athletic,
Unusually so;
Is classed as a physical Ed.
She swims and she jumps
With exceeding good form;
Is a Senior and Tri K, 'tis said.

She's one of the few
Who did not bob her hair,
Yet who would with that natural wave?
And in battles of hockey
Or Water-Polo
She is also exceedingly brave.

Now who could this be,
This remarkable girl,
So many that are good in sports—
But out of them all,
With exceeding good points,
You'll find only one of this sort.

AIN'T IT GREAT WHEN—

You're stuck on a geometry proposition and the fire bell rings?

When you come up with a "P," instead of "D"?

When the lights stay out during study hour?

When the chapel speaker stops before the bell?

When Miss Mills calls you to her office,—and it's a mistake?

When Emma rings the sixth period bell fifteen minutes early?

When an old friend of Dad's takes you riding on Sunday afternoon?

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

"Liz" Terrell not chewing gum?
Emmie Lou Rhimes not smiling?
Carmen MacDonald in Prussian boots?
Pocky Thacher with the blues?
"Sis" Buckingham and Gladys Winders as gym partners?
Juanita Willis in a pink silk dress?
Ward-Belmont without Miss Morrison?
The Hyphen without a staff?
A shopping party without a chaperon?
Saturday night without a movie?
A week without excess laundry?
Fannie Julia Phelps six feet tall?
Always having the right clothes to wear?

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont.

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

We had a real treat one night recently, and we want to thank Dr. Crosland for making it possible. "Mighty Lak a Rose" was the best movie we have seen for a long time. It was a clean, wholesome, inspiring, artistic, entertaining picture. It is said to have no star, yet we thought every member of the cast was a star. We want to express our appreciation to the producers for giving us such a splendid picture, and it is our sincere wish that we may have more of this type in the future.

It was the first time that Ward-Belmont had had a movie on Sunday evening, but the subject and treatment of the picture, and the beautiful organ and violin music which accompanied it, was most appropriate to the sacredness of the day. "Mighty Lak a Rose" is one of the leaders in the movement for better motion-pictures. If they are all like this one, we are for them.

U. OF CHICAGO OFFERS ELEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS

Eleven one-year scholarships will be given away by the University of Chicago to American high schools for the students best in various high school studies.

The scholarships will cover tuition fees for the college year of 1923-1924, which is $180. Only members of 1923 classes may compete for the scholarships. Examinations in ten studies will be given, and each person having the best grade in any one of these will be given a scholarship. In addition, an eleventh scholarship will be given to the student having the second best grade in an examination with unusually large competition.

The scholarships will be awarded May 10 and 11. The names of the contestants must be sent to the university examiner not later than April 2. The University of Chicago reserves the right to reject any students whose general scholarship is not superior.

Tests will be given on the following subjects: English Composition and Literature, Mathematics (2 1-2 units), Latin (Caesar and Cicero), German, French, Spanish, Physics (one year or more), Chemistry, Botany and American History.

Further information may be obtained from the University Examiner, the University of Chicago.

VESPERS

The Y. W. had as it's Sunday evening speaker, Dr. Harry Clark, who has spoken to us once before, during our chapel services, this year. As previously the message which Dr. Clark brought was most inspiring. He speaks in a friendly way that makes us feel that he is a friend from whom we are glad to take advice,—a friend who understands us, our problems and perplexities. Sunday evening, in his short, simple, direct address, he urged us to make the most of our opportunities. "Neglect not the gift that is in thee," was his text, and in its development he showed us the value of conscientious striving toward high ideals, of developing in the highest measure our talents, and all of our native abilities. He told us not to dream along, leaving our work and the completion of our plans to some future day. For "Now is the accepted time," to realize the fulfillment of our desires.

Dr. Clark, we enjoy your talks Come again soon.

MOTHER AND DAD

There are lots and lots of problems
That a girl has 'way from home,
There are many situations she
Must work out, all alone.
And the thing that often helps her
To choose the good from bad,
Is that wonderful, helpful, bracing
thought,
Of Mother and of Dad.

When the road seems sort of slippery,
And you're 'fraid you might go wrong;
When your friends seem turned
against you,
When you're blue the whole day long;
When you wonder what you ought to
do—,
(Now tell me, aren't you glad?)
You know, the very best thing to do
Is the wish of Mother and Dad.

Your reason may not help you through
Nor your conscience safely guide,
But the thought of Mother and Dad,
you know
Will help you through the deepest
tide,
Of errors black, temptations strong,
The worst you ever had,
And you will thank the merciful
One,
Who gave you Mother and Dad.

OSIRONS AT WOODY CREST

The Osirons have spent their last week end at Woody Crest, and what a glorious one it was! The weather was beautiful and everyone that went seemed to be imbued with a spirit of making the "last the best of all."

Saturday evening we danced, played cards and told ghost stories about the open fire. Just before bed-time we all gathered around Miss Kirkham, who sang many lovely old familiar songs.

Just before noon Sunday Arnold played postman and brought us each a letter, which, of course, gave us added happiness to finish out the day. During our stay Mart and Vivian entertained us with a twenty-act comedy which caused many laughs.

Those of us who will not return next year agree that it was a perfect week-end and we hope those whose trips to Woody Crest are still to come will have just as jolly a time.

CHAPEL

Ward-Belmont girls were given the opportunity of being able to hear at a Chapel hour this week a unique visitor, Mr. Charles C. Gorst, of Nebraska, and Boston, and known to all as the friend of the birds.

Mr. Gorst delightfully interpreted the song of the canary, and showed us how there is suspense in it, and how it builds up to a climax and might well be considered a perfect piece of audible art. He also sang the songs of the Cardinal, Robin, Dove, Meadow Lark, Franklin Gull, and the Mocking Bird, in a most beautiful and realistic manner.

We feel very much indebted to Mrs. J. C. Bradford, of the Nashville Art Association, who was responsible for bringing Mr. Gorst to this city, and to Ward-Belmont.

TRI K—X. L. MEETING

The Tri K and X L clubs had a very successful joint meeting Wednesday evening, February 28, in Heron Hall. The meeting took the form of a Bohemian Party, the Hall being decorated to represent Greenwich Village, and the girls being in costume characteristic of Bohemians.

An interesting program followed after an interval of dancing. The numbers presented were by members of both clubs and consisted of an Apache dance, given by Irma and Eunice Weicker; a reading by Rosa Dean Campbell; a clever free verse improvization by Rebacca Thacher, and solo dances by Laura Dean Thomas and Helen Iverson.

Refreshments of ginger ale and ginger snaps were served, and the party ended with fifteen "rahs" by each of the clubs for the other.

IMPORTANT DOCUMENT SIGNED

On the first day of March when most of us were celebrating the entrance of a new month there were three of our number who were making a great decision—a solemn decision;—in fact, they were drawing up an all important document. Without mentioning the names of the participants we will publish this weighty (?) announcement.

"On this, the first day of March, the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-three, we, the undersigned, as true friends, as believers in the theory that the world already has too many fat women, and that all the world may love a fat man, but not a fat woman—being of sound mind and of great avoirdupois—do solemnly swear to obey the following rules of diet, faithfully:

"No potatoes.
"No cake or pastry.
"No plain white bread.
"Only one biscuit or roll at a meal.
"No eating between meals.
"No milk or buttermilk.
"Only one-half pat of butter at a meal.
"No macaroni and cheese.
"No sauce on ice cream.
"No salad dressing.

"The only exception to the above is in case of a party, at which at least three must be present. Should either of the undersigned fail to comply with the requirements SHE SHALL PAY FIVE DOLLARS! Necessary amendments may be made with the consent of the undersigned."

Signed ?

Needless to say there have been many "parties" when boxes of candy have arrived, or when there was ice cream at the Tea Room. For lack of space we refrain from publishing amendments.

LETTERS HOME

Wednesday, March 7.

Dear Folks:

Bon jour, bon jour, ma famille! You see, we just had a French lecturer last night and I haven't yet recovered. Then, too, spring has come, and that make a great difference in your fond daughter. Who could be the same old girl with jonquils blooming, strawberries for Sunday dinner, and a full moon? The only barrier to my complete bliss is the fact that I can't see the new ginghams in the shops at home. If you should think of a way for me to see some of them—don't hesitate!

You should have been here Sunday. We had the most wonderful movie in the evening. I had the grandest time crying to my heart's content. It was rather difficult, though, because only one girl on our row had a handkerchief. It was about a girl who played the violin. My sole ambition has again changed. I'm going to be a violinist.

The domestic science girls have been cooking and serving meals for the household members lately. Since I'm not taking domestic science, I think it's a great thing. By the way, my own dear sis needs a little practice in making fudge. 'Nuff said!

If I don't get a letter soon, I'll have to invest in a feather duster. My P. O. box is a disgrace to a self-respecting girl. Please save me from this humiliation.

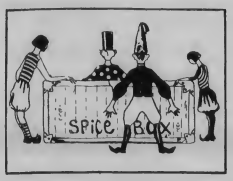
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A TRULY GREAT NOVEL

A truly great novel is a tale to the simple, a parable to the wise, and a direct revelation of reality in the light of a unique consciousness to the man who has made it his own.—J. W. Murry.

"You may leave the room."

"You didn't think I was going to take it with me, did you?"



A Ward-Belmont girl out riding in a school car passed a moss-covered spring house. "Oh look," she cried, "there's a mausoleum!" Moral: All is not moss that is green.

Two "physical eds" were enthusiastically speaking of Miss Morrison's and Miss Sisson's new car the other day. A prep, hearing the conversation, remarked: "I knew they'd get a go-cart for Dubby."

And speaking of dogs, we hereby warn all ye who possess apples to beware of a certain playful little pup that plays on our campus. He has a singular fondness for fruit and has been known to carry away apples from unsuspecting girls who have them on the campus.

"In the spring a young man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love," but we are quite sure that "In the spring, a fat girl's fancy heavily turns to thoughts of dieting."

We fear that we will soon need an officer to regulate the congested traffic of before-breakfast campus-walkers.

Straw is the surest sign of spring—strawberries and straw hats.

Miss Morrison, Miss Sisson,
With Dubby and the car,
What a splendid quartet
The four of them are!

"I suppose Robert will be looking words "sight" and "vision" vair ze same.

His Friend—Sure they are.

"Well, mon Dieu! Why did my girl give me ze vod you call?—razz berries when I call her a sight?"—Yale Record.

DOG LANGUAGE

Agitated Hotel Manager—"Say, don't you know that you shouldn't whistle in the lobby like that?"

Bell Boy—"Boss, I ain't whistlin.' I'se 'pagin' Missus Jones' dawg."—Life.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
Everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

Uh huh, we tooled you that time.
—Ex.

Visitor—"And poor Sam was killed by a revolving crane."

English Woman—"My word! What fierce birds you have in America."
—Ex.

"They called her Poison because no one would take her."

Clerk: "Sir, I'd like my salary raised."

Boss: "Well, don't worry, I've raised it somehow every week so far, haven't I?"

Teacher—"Billy, give me a definition of the word 'trickle'."

Billy—"To trickle is to run slowly, ma'am."

Teacher—"And what does anecdote mean?"

Billy—"A short tale, ma'am."

Teacher—"Now, make a sentence using those words, so I'll see that you really know them."

Billy—"A little dog trickled down the street with a tin can tied to his anecdote."—Ex.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Puget sound does not come from an organ?

Muscle Shoals is not a wrestler?

There is no wood in a club sandwich?

Rebecca did not go to the well with a baseball player when she went with a pitcher

The Mexican border does not pay rent?

New Jersey is not the latest thing in sweaters?—Ex.

Prof.—"Nothing ever was, now is, or ever will be that did not come from something that was, now is, or will be."

Student—"That explains the hole in the doughnut."—Ex.

Insane Man—"Bring me a piece of toast."

Attendant—"What do you want with a piece of toast?"

Insane Man—"I am a poached egg and I want to sit down."—Ex.

Said the friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded an A.M. degree.

"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph.D. next?"

"No, he will be looking for a J. Q. B."—Ex.

A pin is a sort of funny thing,
Yet one is like the other—
They're always pointed in one direction
Yet headed in another.
Ex.

Helen—"I've seen the least conceited person in the world."

Sarah—"Who's that?"

Helen—"The girl who said she didn't believe she'd miss herself much if she went an' dropped dead."—Ex.

THE W-B HYPHEN

(A Parady)

Oh The Hyphen, the Hyphen,
The dear Ward-Belmont Hyphen;
No other news has ever amused us
Quite as much as the Hyphen.

On our study table small
You will see it when you call
Its pages old and worn with age,
But still in our room all the rage.
Is the Hyphen, the Hyphen,
The dear Ward-Belmont Hyphen.

ADDED TO THE LOUVRE'S TREASURES

The Louvre's Museum has recently augmented its treasures by two important pictures. One is a portrait of Albrecht Durer of himself, painted in 1493. The artist, in a three-quarter pose, holds a branch of thistle in his hand. It had been in the collection of Leopold Goldschmidt in Paris, then became the property of his grandson, M. Villeroy, a German, in spite of his French name. At the outbreak of the war, in 1914, the Durer picture was placed under custody, and now the Louvre has bought it for 300,000 francs.

The other picture is a pastel by Berthe Morisot, Manet's sister-in-law and pupil, who ranks with Sisley, Monet and Pissarro as one of the foremost representatives of the impressionist school. It is a portrait of Mme. Pontillon, Berthe Morisot's sister, and was given to the Louvre by Mme. Pontillon's children.

Many important changes have taken place of late in the distribution and disposition of the Louvre collections. The return of many works of art, exiled from Paris during the war because of the city's dangerous proximity to the front and to the "Berthas," has not been effected without several transpositions and some healthy reorganizing.

The last reform—affecting the other French national museums as well—consists in requiring an entrance fee on certain days. While museums in Italy and other countries generally require an entrance fee, the French national museums, following an old democratic tradition, were free every day and for every one. With the present need for new taxes, it has been observed that the thousands of tourists, French and foreign, hurrying through the Louvre rooms and galleries free of charge, might easily contribute each one a small amount to the upkeep of the national collections.

Artists and students will retain the privilege of free use of the museums, and Sundays will remain free, for the partial maintenance of the tradition. In the meantime, the State has found a new and legitimate source of income.

GRIEF'S INCOHERENCE

My love has flew,
He did me dirt;
I did not know
He were a flirt.

To those unschooled
I do forbid
To be not done.
As I were did.

He cannot come to I
I cannot went to he;
It cannot was
Oh cruel world
To I unkind
Is take he way
And leave I hind!
—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

Joe: "Is Stockell a careful driver?"

Polk: "Very. He even watches the corners when he has the right of way."

GLEE CLUB SINGS AT FIRST PRESBYTERIAN EVENING SERVICE

The Glee Club, which is constantly increasing in musical value, made its Nashville debut on Sunday evening, when it sang, with great success and beauty, at the evening service of the First Presbyterian Church. This is one of the largest and most important churches in the religious life of Nashville. Mr. Alfred H. Strick, who is our Director of Musical Science, is the church organist there. His work in organizing and developing the Glee Club has been notable for its success.

The Club numbers thirty-five voices, evenly balanced, and finely trained. The part taken are: soprano, mezzo soprano, and alto. On Sunday evening the girls, in addition to leading in singing the hymns in the service, gave an anthem: "Christ in Flanders," by Ward Stephens, and the Offertory: "God of All Nature," by Tschaikowsky, the latter being an arrangement of Tschaikowsky's "Andanta Cantabile" from Fifth Symphony.

THE PURPOSE OF COLLEGE TRAINING

The faculty of the college of liberal arts of the University of Kansas, at a recent meeting, accepted the report of its committee on the aims of college training. The statement, which met with the general approval of the faculty members, is as follows:

1. To awaken the student to the problems of the personal and civic life of his own day.

2. To develop in him, with relation to these problems something both of the historical sense and the scientific spirit; an understanding of the origins of present conditions and the spirit of fearless, disinterested, critical thought in analyzing these conditions.

3. Since the college course is to be regarded not as end but as almost the beginning of the lifelong process of orientation in the world of men and ideas, to equip the student with such tools, in the mastery of his native tongue and in serviceable acquaintance with other tongues, and to cultivate in him such tastes for literature and other arts as shall make his citizenship in the world both effective and profitable.

4. To give training in some specific field, that the student may become immediately useful to society.

WELL PUT—HENCE WELL TAKEN

According to Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, writing in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin, Michigan, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Chicago, and Columbia constitute the six "national" universities of the country. These six institutions are the only ones which may be said to meet the test of size, scope and variety of professional training offered, and wide distribution of enrollment. "They come nearest to being national, academic melting pots," Professor Hart writes, "and so help to make the world acquainted."

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PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. William Farr, of Riverside, California, were at Ward-Belmont for a brief visit on Wednesday. Their daughter, Margaret Farr, now a happy wife and mother, was a student here several years ago, and they enjoyed exceedingly visiting the school. They were en route from Florida to their home, and while here were entertained at dinner by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton.

Miss Dorothy Hanley's mother, Mrs. R. E. Hanley, of Oak Park, Ill., has spent the past week visiting at Ward-Belmont. Dorothy enjoyed the week-end in town with her mother.

Miss Alice Ingram had a pleasant week end at her home in Jackson, Tennessee.

Mrs. O. L. Dortch has been with her daughter, Ernestine, for the week-end from Columbia, Tennessee. Saturday night she chaperoned Misses Dorothy Holmes, Elizabeth Terrell, Charlotte Flemister and Ernestine for dinner, and for the evening. Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Dortch took Misses Nell Atwood, Frances Hassell, Elizabeth Terrell, Mary North and Ernestine out for a drive.

Miss Frances Cochrane spent the week-end in town with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. William Cochrane, of Red Oak, Iowa.

Misses Mildred and Virgia Hicks passed the week-end at the home of their parents, Dr. and Mrs. John W. Hicks, of El Dorado, Arkansas.

Misses Edwina Polhill and Florence Francke spent Sunday afternoon with Dr. and Mrs. Dargan.

Misses Dorothea and Margaret Kahn had Sunday afternoon and tea with Mrs. C. Cohn.

Misses Carolyn Landauer and Virginia Hainsfurther spent Sunday with Mrs. Leon Hecht.

Misses Elizabeth Engeler and Ruth Huddy were guests on Sunday afternoon and evening at the home of Mrs. Weisner in Nashville.

Miss Sara Hilliard spent the week-end with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence.

The Sudekums, Viola, Elizabeth and Marie, spent Monday at their home on the Harding Road, Nashville.

Miss Elizabeth Vaught, an old Ward-Belmont girl, of the 1922 Senior Class, is visiting her friends who are back this year. Monday she took Misses Stanley Pendleton, Evelyn Prewitt and Henrietta Prewitt to town for lunch and to the movie.

Mr. Spencer—" Do you think your sister would make me a good wife?"

Mr. Saucier—"No, really I don't, five dollars, please."

SWIMMING MEET! BIG WATER EVENT STAGED FOR SAT.

The four club swimming teams have been picked and have been practicing and training for the inter-club meet which is to be held on Saturday afternoon.

The following girls have made the club teams and will compete in the inter-club meet. **Regulars**: Brown, Grice, Lindsey, Eickner, Jackson, Winfield, Buckingham. **Panthers:** Quinn, Kellum, Jackson, Meade, Orr, Reynolds, Lindsey, Hollinshead. **Olympians:** Kahrs, Kawin, Packard, Wharton, Watson. **Athenians:** Williamson, Cordon, Dickey, Work, Joy, Jeter, Crandall.

The events will be—50-yard dash, underwater swim, back-hand for speed, breast stroke and fancy and plain dives. Come out and help your team win!

PHYSICAL EDS ENJOY AFTER DINNER SWIMMING PARTY

A swimming party after dinner delighted the Physical Eds on Monday night. Everyone was greatly surprised to hear shouts and sounds of splashing coming from the pool and many eager student visitors made an appreciative audience.

Every swimmer displayed her ability at fancy dives and strokes, while some were even made the victims of the life-saving class. It was a perfect evening and we are looking forward to many more just as nice.

Don't you wish you were a "physical ed?"

AGORA CLUB PRESENTS P. D. Q. TO SCHOOL

On last Wednesday evening the entire school was entertained by the Agora Club, who presented in very alphabetical manner a little four-act play without words, entitled P. D. Q. The plot dealt with a very popular young girl who was courted by three suitors; a poet, an egotistical golf fiend, and just a real man. Her stern parents forbade her marriage with the one of her choice, so she was forced to elope. The infuriated mother and father at last became so lonely without their beloved daughter that they allowed her to return and, like the characters in fairy tales, they all lived happily after. All the parts were well played; that of the girl being taken by Elizabeth Harris; of the maid, Nadine Candler; the lovers, Carolyn Chaney, Jean Wilmarth and Henrietta Prewitt; the callers, Elizabeth Woodbury, Ernestine Clendinen, and Roberta Townsend; the father, Martha Brantingham; and the mother, Mary Simonton.

Between the third and fourth acts a picturesque Gypsy scene was presented.

And when it rains, it rains alike
Upon the just and unjust fellah,
But more upon the just because
The unjust steals the just's umbrella.

ART HISTORY STUDENTS MAKE BENEFICIAL TRIP

(Continued from Page 1.)

lica, and has an interesting campanile separate from the main building. The interior of the church is richly beautiful with rows of marble columns dividing the nave from the side aisles. An example of the much talked of clerestory was also seen, and the elaborate decorative bas-reliefs of the side walls were noted.

The Parthenon, in Centennial Park, was visited next. This wonderfully and beautifully proportioned structure is with regard to dimensions, an exact reproduction of the original, in Athens. The simplicity of the style, and the delicate entasis of the columns have been copied with infinite care. The building is still under construction and the girls were able to see the carefully built molds for the figures of the metopes. Some of these are finished and are in place, each of them being reproductions of the old bas-reliefs in the outer frieze of the Greek Parthenon.

The chapel at Vanderbilt University was visited for the purpose of viewing the windows, which are beautifully designed and executed with the use of colored glass.

Tennessee's beautiful State Capitol was included in the tour. And after the girls had noted the style of architecture, they were taken inside to see the Senate Chamber and the House.

After a drive which included the city square and market place, with glances at the eastern domes and minarets of the Jewish Temple, and at the Renaissance and Romanesque details of the Union Station, the party returned to the school, everyone appreciating the opportunity of seeing, under Miss Ross' direction a few examples of the things that had been studied in class.

SUNDAY A GLORIOUS DAY ON BELMONT CAMPUS

(Continued from Page 1.)

to a similar invitation. Isn't it maddening to see the cars drive around the campus in order to allow the occupants to pity the girls enjoying a nice afternoon? It seems like the last straw. And did you see that shiny new red car standing in the driveway? At one time a group of girls were discovered admiring it from every angle. However, that was not the only dash of color on the campus. Here and there a crocus stood in competition. They peep through at the most unsuspected places and bring the atmosphere of spring. Spring-fever seemed to have attached a few girls at this early date, for they lounged on pillows and rugs, taking life easy and enjoying every minute. Altogether, the campus was an interesting and pleasing sight, and we hope Mr. Weatherman remembers us again some time soon with other days just like that.

The Danish legation in Washington has announced that Dr. August Krogh, the winner of Noble Peace Prizes for 1920, will arrive in America soon and deliver lectures at Yale and Johns Hopkins.—Ex.

ACADEMIC NEWS

Miss Hawks is trying a most interesting experiment between her first and third hour trigonometry classes. Her first hour class is working the problems with a Burroughs' Adding Machine instead of the usual way, by logarithms; the third hour class is using logarithms for their work. Miss Hawks believes that the class using the adding machine can finish the required work six weeks before the class using logarithms.

Mr. Strick's History of Opera has just finished studying the famous opera, "Aida." In addition to Mr. Strick telling his class the history and story of "Aida", he has given them the oportunity of hearing various selections from the opera on the Victrola.

One class to which we can look for interesting class work, is Miss Sisson's Playground Supervision. At present, the girls are taking singing games and such games as will amuse children of all ages. The first game in this group is one for children of the kindergarten age which was worked out by several groups of girls.

Mlle. Vimont's French A class is preparing to give a short play in class which is called "Deur Pieces." Various members of the class are to take part in giving the play.

Miss Cooper's second year domestic science class has been carrying out quite a unique scheme for giving each girl an opportunity to have some practical experience in home training. The girls work in groups of two in preparing a meal, one taking the part of the cook and hostess, while the other serves the prepared meal.

Miss Plunkett's Art class has found its work in costume designing very interesting, as well as profitable. For the first lesson the girls dressed the figures, which they drew, in a simple tub dress; a little later, the girls designed fluffy organdie dresses; at present, they are working on street costumes which may consist of either a wash dress or a suit.

The students in Miss McFadden's Chemistry A class were quite proud of their latest chemical achievement. The girls decorated their watch glasses with various designs and they say that the method was very simple. They, first, covered the glass with wax, indented their design with a pin and put the glass over a dish containing hydrofluoric acid; about a half hour later, the girls scraped off the wax and found their design had been eaten into the glass. The reason was that the hydrofluoric acid had no effect on the wax but, as was stored, a decided effect on the glass.

Aileen F. (passing the freshly painted lions on the campus)—"You know these lions out there?"

Lucille A.—"Yes?"

Aileen F.—"Well—they don't know you!"

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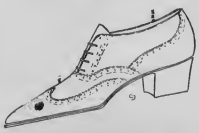
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"BOOK OF JOB"

A large number of Ward-Belmont girls had the pleasure of attending last Saturday evening, the Biblical production, "The "Book of Job." The lighting effects were indeed exquisite, and the intensely dramatic speeches were rendered in a most forceful manner by capable actors. This production served to make even more interesting to us, one of the most wonderful books in the Bible. The work of the actors was notably artistic and delightful.

O COME!

O come with me into the field,
Where we can see the sky.
Clear-shining underneath its shield
Of woven gold from high.

O come with me unto the hill,
Where sweetest flowers grow,
And silver brooklets laugh to spill
Their drops on beds below.

The loveliest of all the gems
Of nature, we'll not pass,
But stoop to pluck them from their stems,
As village lad and lass.

O let us watch the winged flight
Of morning's early lark,
When all the world is fresh from night,
And rosy after dark!

V. B.

PENTA TAU

The Penta Tau club enjoyed a very full meeting last Wednesday night. During the first of the evening the club initiated the new member, Miss Josephine Tucker of Wichita Falls, Texas, after which there was held the semi-annual election of officers. The result of the election is as follows:

Geraldine French, president.
Elva Killingsworth, Vice-president.
Helen E. Snyder, secretary.
Lois Caldwell, treasurer.
Louise Packard, Sergeant-at-arms.
Gladys Teld, reporter.

"Did you enjoy the lecture?"

No—it was so easy to understand that it kept me awake."—Ex.

No, alimony isn't a chemical compound—it's a physical reaction.—Pitt Panther.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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DR. AND MRS. BLANTON GIVE DINNER FOR MARCH STUDENTS

The first spring dinner, in the birthday series given by Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton, complimenting students at Ward-Belmont, took place on Thursday evening in the school's private dining room. Appropriate to the season, spring's floral colors were employed in the decorations. The flowers used were pink roses, and combinations of lavendar, white and pink sweet peas. They were placed in gracefully shaped, tall, white baskets, tied with butterfly bows of tulle in corresponding shades.

The roses in the center, had baskets of sweet peas, in contrast, on either side The place cards were charming decorative roses in yellow and pink, laid by a tea cup, which held a written fortune for each guest.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton were assisted by Miss Leila D. Mills, and Mrs. Solon E Rose and the young ladies entertained were: Miss Elizabeth Harris from Smith's Grove, Ky., Miss Helen E. Scott, of Independence, Kansas; Miss Frances Allen of Delevan, Ill., Miss Margaret Leonard of Woodward. Ala., Miss Sarah Grulke of Atlantic, Iowa; Miss Helen Snider of Wichita Falls, Tex., Miss Lena Graley of Pontiac, Mich., Miss Mildred Parks of Omaha, Nebraska; Miss Ariel Moore of Arthur, Iowa; Miss Ramona Kinkead of Henryetta, Okla., Miss Florence Deavers of Birmingham; Miss Thelma Heard of De Ridder, La., Miss Mildred Benton of Lucerne, Colorado; Miss Mary Ellen Dale of Eminence, Ky., Miss Mary C. Stice of Youngstown, Ill., Miss Lillian Johnston of Detroit; Miss Sara Jobson of Denville, Ill.

FOR THE LOVE OF ST. PATRICK

"Shure, and it's the truth! Is it nothing to your Irish soul that March 17th is St. Patrick's Day, that you be a-doing of chores and tasks as on any other day of the Lord's year? Indeed and it seems to me, this world is a-coming to naught!

"Shame on you! A-claiming to be Irish and give nary a thought to the father of your country, on this birthday o' his. Faith, to my mind, you're never Irish 'cep when you're on the beat! Michael McClaugherton don't you hear me a-talking to you?

"Come, Michael, like the good lad you be. Pin this bit o' shamrock on your coat! Michael, humor your old mither, leave your tasks for love of St. Patrick and ould Ireland."

SWIMMING MEET BETWEEN CLUBS WON BY ATHENIANS

Great interest and enthusiasm attached to the Inter-club swimming meet on Saturday afternoon. There was a large gallery present, and a splendid exhibition was put on. Following are the events and the officials:

1. 100 foot back swim—Record 28.8 seconds.
2. Plain dives.
3. 100-foot front swim—Record 22 3-4.
4. Plunge for distance—Record 50 feet.
5. Fancy dives.
6. Underwater (two lengths for time)—No record.
7. 50-foot breast stroke—No record.
8. 200-foot relay—Record 45 3-5 seconds (Regulars).

OLYMPIANS
REGULARS
PANTHERS
ATHENIANS

Officials

Clerk-of-course—Miss Sission.

Judges and Timekeepers—Miss Morrison, Miss Cone, Mrs. Hall.

Starter—Miss Cone.

Recorder—Marie Pregler.

Scorer—Elizabeth Shepard.

Assistants to Judges—Jean McKnight, Ruth Kendall.

The meet was won by the Athenians on 98 and 1-2 points. The Olymplans won second place with 65 1-4 points; the Panthers, third with 56 1-2 points; and the Regulars, fourth with 52 points.

The individual winners were: Condon, first place, with 66 1-4 points; Watson, second, with 28 3-4 points; and Buckingham, third, with 27 points.

Miss Helen Condon, of Nebraska, who holds already the Middle West championship, was easily the star of the meet, she broke the school's record on the 100 ft. back swim, the first event on the program. The record was 28 8 seconds, and she made it in 27 1-5 seconds. She also won the fifty foot plunge, and the fancy dives event.

The winners of events in order were:

1. 100 ft. Back Swim—Condon, with Margaret Lindsey second, and Williamson third.
2. Plain Dives—Harriet Hollingshead, with Grice in second place, and Brown third.
3. 100 ft. Front Swim—Condon, in 20 1-5 seconds, the school record being 22 3-4; Watson second, and Buckingham third.
4. Plunge for Distance—Record, 50 ft., Condon, with Kawin second and Williamson third.
5. Fancy Dives—Condon first, Buckingham second, and Brown third.
6. Underwater (two lengths for time) no record—Watson 35 4-5, with Grice second.
7. Breast Stroke (no record)—Buckingham, in 13 2-5, establishing new record.
8. Relay—Record 43 3-5 seconds (Regulars), won by Athenians, in 45 4-5.

THE MODERN MARINER

You don't need to read of murders
If you're in search of thrills,
You don't need to seek for stories
That will furnish you with chills.
For I'll just tell you something
That happened in W.-B.,
And like the Ancient Mariner,
Mine own eyes did it see.
'Twas on the holy Sabbath night,
And I had said my prayers,
And laid my head so calmly down,
With sleep to soothe my cares;
But, oh! my hopes were blasted,
No rest and peace for me
For no sooner had I shut my eyes,
Than I rocked as if at sea!
I ope'd my eyes, and lightning flashed.
And I felt my heart grow cold,
And in my ears the thunder growled.
In accents loud and bold!
The wind came whistling through the trees,
And oh, I quaked with fear!
The rain came pouring down in floods,
And I longed for mother dear!
I thought of all my awful sins
Dire falsehoods I had told,
And I wondered if I was bound for
That place that isn't cold!
I tried to summon up courage,
To exercise self-control,
I tho't of all my Soc and Psy,
E'en these did not console!
And then before my awe-struck eyes,
I saw the window pane
From its foundation bend and crash—
I prayed that I was sane!
I saw my choice possessions,
All faded and apart,
And I wished that I'd been neater.
From the depths of my trembling heart!
Then finally when the storm was o'er,
And respite to me was sent,
My dreams were a maze of horrid things—
My brain with despair was rent!
Ah, I lived a thousand years that night.
Then dawn sent the shadows away,
I awoke in peace and comfort
To a bright and sunny day!

—G. F.

EXPRESSION STUDENTS INTERPRET POEM AT VESPER SERVICE

Students of Ward-Belmont were deeply impressed by the beautiful Vespers service on Sunday. Service is the appropriate name for the beautiful program given by Miss Townsend, and her certificate pupils. John Oxenham's "Sacraments of Everyday Life" was read by Miss Townsend while the different poems were represented in pantomime by groups of girls. Every day things in life are treated inspiringly by the author of these poems: He presents them in a sacramental way, and gives us a new idea of everyday elements in life.

Among the poems read were "The Sacrament of Work," "The Sacrament of Pain," "The Sacrament of Food" and "The Sacrament of Life and Death."

In all of these, the author tells us to be thankful for the element treated, and that each one has its place and purpose in life. The different groups posed by the girls, were effectively arranged on the platform, and the whole service was carried out with sweet, quiet dignity that brought home to each individual the fact that work, prayer, pain, each must occur in every life to make it complete, and should be met with an understanding and thankful heart.

WEDDING INVITATIONS FROM MATTIE ROW AND VADIS NORRIS

Friends at Ward-Belmont have received invitations to the marriage of Mattie E. Row, to Dr. Eric Llonel Major, on Saturday, April 7, at 3 o'clock in the church of the Nativity at Rosedale, La. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Row, and was a popular student at Ward-Belmont from 1919 to 1922. She was graduated in the class of that year, taking a diploma in Home Economics, and is a member of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter John Norris have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Vadis, to Mr. Thomas Walter Jeter, Jr., Thursday, March 22, at half past seven o'clock in the Buntyn Methodist church at Memphis, Tenn. The bride elect was a College Special at Ward-Belmont and specialized in music, being a member of the Ward-Belmont orchestra



THE OWL

You tell 'em St. Patrick, you know why they're wearing green!

ACADEMIC NEWS

Mrs. Whitson's English M class is now studying the delightful mystery story, "Victory," written by Conrad. The girls are enjoying their work under Mrs. Whitson; a fact which is not to be wondered at, when every book which the class studies is presented to them in such a way as to make the work enjoyable as well as profitable.

All of the English B students are requested to read Jane Austin "Persuation" and "North Anger Abbey" before the end of this quarter. The girls are finding these two stories very interesting and they say that it is, indeed, a pleasure to read the books.

Madame Beziat's French class is writing a synopsis of the last three acts of the delightful play, "Mlle. de Seigliere," a book which the girls have been studying for the past few weeks. The French class having finished reading their play, is anxiously waiting to begin work on their next book, which is to be "French History."

It seems almost impossible to the majority of us to imagine that Latin A is immensely interesting; yet every girl in Miss Caslon's class says that she knows of no subject which she enjoys any more than her work in Latin. At present, the class is reading Horace's "Odes and Epodes," and the girls expect to find Horace as interesting as Cicero's "De Amicitia" which they have just finished reading.

Miss Alberta Ross' sociology class is now taking up a very interesting study. The girls are studying the condition of municipal ownership in America as well as in Europe at the present time; in connection with this study, the class is making an outline comparing the conditions existing in American, British and German cities.

Miss Townsend's expression A pupils are working out a series of ten plays, each of which will enable every girl to display her talents along the lines of expression. The girls are divided into several groups—each group practicing on one play; when the plays have been entirely worked out, they are expected to be given in about seventeen minutes. It has been rumored that these plays may be given at chapel at sometime—Let us hope so!

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

(With Apologies)

When the history of the United States was still in short pants and the Pilgrims were yet chasing angle worms up and down our Atlantic shores, there lived in the colony of Plymouth a man named Miles Standish. History makes no mention of his ancestors and it is probable he never had any. Miles was in the military business, so he didn't have much to take up his time but spring chickens and poetry.

One day a tramp who said he had served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War came to the house, and Miles took him in. The man's name was John Alden. They grew quite fond of each other, and got along nicely. John took care of the stock, and fed the cat and was always willing to wait when they had company for supper, and not enough chairs to go around.

There was a young maiden in the colony who entertained steady company twice a week, and Miles was deeply smitten on her. Every time the cook baked an extra good pie or the cow gave cream two days in succession, Priscilla always received some of it, and Miles' livery bill often amounted to $3.40 a week. At last Miles found that he was in love. Love: that shy little fellow that induces a man to hold a dead weight of 300 pounds on his lap for three hours and a quarter and call it his "little turtle dove."

As soon as he found out what was the matter with him, he tried his best to cure it. Slept out-of-doors for three weeks, but it did no good. So matters went from bad to worse, and he had been measured for his coffin, when a bright idea struck him. He leaped out of the door, ran around the house seven times and decided he was well.

Miles made up a beautiful little couplet about "Roses red and violets blue, won't you marry me, P. D. Q.?" and told John to take it to Priscilla. John had been casting deleterious eyes upon Priscilla—he was thinking of purchasing a laundry around the corner and setting up housekeeping with Priscilla himself. Priscilla's old man was president of a feed store in the next block, and had laid up quite a bunch of greenbacks, so John was sad when he saw how slim his chances were getting to be.

When he got to Priscilla's house he was weeping salty tears as big as dollars. He gave the letter to the old folks and he and Priscilla went out to gather the eggs. While doing so they killed, skinned, and hung up to dry, a couple of Indians that were prowling around and then they went into the house.

When the old lady told Priscilla what the note said, she was so shocked she went out and gave a chunk of meat to the cow, and brought in a dozen ears of corn for the cat. She then told John if he didn't marry her at once she would throw herself off the cliff and perish on the rocks 500 feet below.

John was so tickled at this that he borrowed $46 from his father-in-law-to-be before he realized what he was doing. Then he and his Priscilla took the 3:30 train to Boston to be married and they lived happily ever after.

SO WOULD WE

Prof. (in Freshman English) "How would you punctuate the sentence, 'A beautiful girl was walking down the street'?"

Freshman—"I would make a dash after the beautiful girl."

—Ex.

The Ward-Belmont Hyphen: Yours is a most attractive paper and is well balanced.—The Mississippi Heights Review.

PHYSICAL EDS AT WOODY CREST

On Saturday night, March 10, amidst a downpour of rain, the physical eds left for their much longed for week-end at Woody Crest.

The party was composed of fifteen Juniors, three Seniors, Misses Morrison, Sisson, Cone and McKinney.

Bridge and various other games kept us entertained Saturday night until time for bed.

Sunday morning we found that the weather man had decided to give us one clear day. Therefore, after a wonderful breakfast we had a delightful morning out of doors.

During dinner Sunday, the Juniors, at the request of the Seniors, gave several amusing little interludes.

The Juniors also gave a very pleasing response Sunday evening after tea.

However, the most thrilling hour of our stay came during the storm Sunday night, which proved very stirring indeed, for about six of our number.

Monday morning after another of Susie's marvelous breakfasts, we left Woody Crest, everyone agreeing that they had spent the best week-end of the year.

MEADORS

SHOES AND HOSIERY

Fancy Slippers a Specialty

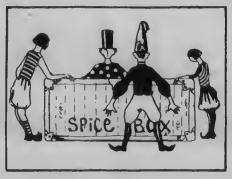
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Three guesses as to what kind of salad dressing we had Sunday!

While we're on the subject of dressing, we hereby offer a prize to the hieroglyphics on one of the new Egyptian frocks.

We have two questions which have been puzzling us for a long time. when was Pem broke? and, what was the Hair on?

By the request of some of the faculty we inform our readers that the proverb "silence is golden" does not apply to the classroom.

We have discovered the most ignorant girl in the world. She thinks a squirrel choker is like a mousetrap.

Have you heard that one about the girl carrying lemonade in a paper sack? Well, it hasn't leaked out yet.

An item in the check book this week was: "To Ward-Belmont, sixty cents for "Courage."

Miss Morrison—in Wand Drill—"Now girls let's see you go through your arms."

....

A good title for a book this week is "When Paddy Went to College."

SCHOOL HEARS HEIFETZ

Ward-Belmont had an unusual pleasure in hearing Jascha Heifetz, the famous young Russian violinist, and rarely has Nashville given an artist such an enthusiastic reception. He was most generous with encores.

His program was as follows:

I.

Sonata No. IV, in D Major..Haendel
Largo Maestoso Allegro ..Haendel
Larghetto—Allegro con bris.....
..... Haendel

II.

Concerto in D Minor ....Wuniawski
Romanze Andaute non troppo
Finale a la Zingara

III.

(a) Ave Maria ...Shubert-Wilhelmy
(b) Minuet ..... Mozart
(c) Nocturne inD Major .....
..... Chopin-Wilhelmy
(d) Charols J. Dervishes (Etude) ..
..... Beethoven-Auer
(e) March Orientale (Scherzo) from Ruins of Athens ..Beethoven-Auer

IV.

(a) Melodie .....Ttchoikowski
(b) Ronde des Lutens .....Bozzine

Misses Sue Hillard and Elizabeth Thompson were entertained by Mrs. B. O. Sullivan and Marion Monday at a very lovely luncheon in their home.

IF YOU BELIEVE IT ---IT'S SO

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."—Frankie McKinney.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—Helen Jacobs.

"She has the flowing strands of wavy hair requisite to a scene of moonlight romance.—Annie Lou Boyce.

"Not in the shouts and plaudits of the strong, but in ourselves are triumph and defeat."—Fannie Julia Phelps.

"She is one of those good natured, all around students that are entirely too rare in this vicinity."—Juanita Willis.

"She is one of those girls you are always glad to see."—Athleen Dickey.

"Be gone, dull care; Thou and I shall never agree."—Elizabeth Lewis.

"She goes without saying."—Ruby Wootten.

SONG HITS

"Funeral March" ..Sociology A Class
"Rose of No Man's Land ....Seniors.
"The Voice on the Wire" ..Miss Seinfl
"Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here....
.....Physical "Eds."
"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning .....W. B. Girl.
"I Don't Know Where I Am Going But I'm On My Way"
.....Miss O. Rose.
"Arkansas Traveler" ....Clynte Edgar
"Nobody Lied" ..... Edna Lawrence.
"There's a Long, Long Trail"
Saturday Night Movie Line.

EXCHANGES

Tinker—"Is Professor Ploof absent-minded?"

Blinker—"Well, a little. Yesterday he thought he left his watch at home, and then pulled it out of his pocket to see if he would have time before class to go home and get it!"

—Ex.

"Do you know, our new minister is just wonderful. He brings home to you things that you never saw before."

"That's nothing: we have a laundryman that does the same thing."

—Ex.

"Why did you say these college seniors reminded you of 'Rose of Washington Square'?"

"No sign of a future but Oh! what a past!"

—Ex.

The Ward-Belmont Hyphen—One of the best edited papers on our exchange list.—Criticism from the Wallace World.

THE IDEA

Lady (at ticket office)—"I telephoned for tickets for Sally yesterday. I believe those are mine in that envelope."

Clerk—"No, they aren't yours. They are for 'Nice People'."

Lady—"Sir."

.....—Ex.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Helen Campbell, Eleanor Rench, Rebekah Lyons Ruth Kendall, Jane Loyd Fleming, Carolyn Chaney, Irma Wrecker, Gladys Feld, Marion Sullivan, and Lucile Astracan.

Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

Seniors! What memories, what friendships, what delightful associations throng into one's mind at the thought. The last year at Ward-Belmont—the culmination of school-day desires—the place of esteem among the rest of the students—could any other year be a happier one? It is full of added work, and harder struggles to be sure, but the infinite number of increased advantages and opportunities make this short—yes, too short, space of time, a period which will long be remembered with happiness. Ward-Belmont grows dearer to every Senior as the end of the school year approaches. "Oh, to have a chance to live it over again," is the sincere wish of many a girl who feels the time slipping away—stopping for no one. And yet, would it be so pleasant to live it over again? Would things still be interesting? The Seniors as individuals, have solved many problems, have lost some battles and won many others; as a class the Seniors have led the way in school spirit, manifested in the firm establishment of W.-B.'s code of honor, co-operating for the strength and beautification of the school in high scholastic standing and in constant consideration of the ways in which they might be of service to their Alma Mater. We would say that their year has been a most successful one up to this time, and from all evidence, it should continue to be such until the end. At that time the girls of the class may go out to their homes, to other schools, or into the professional world, feeling bigger, stronger, more capable, because they have done their bit at W.-B.

"And our love for the class of old '23,
Will grow fonder, day by day."

CORRIDOR CHARACTERS

!?!!*—Here she comes—is she chewing gum or talking? We can't tell from this distance, but it's bound to be one of the two. Did you ever see a girl, or in fact, anyone, who could get off so many clever remarks in so short a time? Neither did we, and if there should be an international contest along this line W.-B. would surely send her representative to bring home the prize.

And speaking of eyes—is there any girl who has not, sometime in her life, longed for the "laughing brown eyes" she read about in stories? One thing is certain there wasn't a girl on the St. Louis train, coming down to school, last fall who didn't get a mad desire to have brown hair, brown shoes, brown gloves, brown scarf, brown suit—in other words to be a symphony in brown set off by snapping, lustrous brown eyes Somehow they feel that if they could acquire the external appearance of this "woman in brown" that they would imbibe some of that personality which sets her so unquestionably apart from the rest.

We think her motto, if she has one, must be either "Keep Smiling" or "To have a friend, be one." We can't decide on either one, because she always lives up to both of them.

Already a Club President, she has recently been chosen for another high office, and best of all, she is Third-floor Founders' pride and joy.

WHAT DID LEVITICUS DEUTERONOMY?

What, did Levlticus Deteronomy?
Take him to a show,
Or take him on a fishing trip?
Perhaps you think I know.

Perhaps he took him for a walk,
To have a little smoke,
Maybe he wanted to see him
To tell him, some good joke.

He may have wanted to fight him.
He might have been a foe;
He may have known what he wanted to do—
But do you think I know?

They may have gone to hunt a deer
And carried an arrow and bow—
Did they have arrows in those old days?
Perhaps you think I know?

Perhaps they just went swimming,
Or took a horseback ride,
And Leviticus didn't do a thing—
Just went to be his guide.

You're not expected to know all this—
Enlighten you?—no, I won't,
Perhaps you think I know these things—
Well, maybe I might—but I don't.

MILESTONES

Work on the Milestones is going forward rapidly. The Milestone dinner is being planned, and very soon we are all going to be given a chance to have a Milestone of our own—just by signing a little card.

As to the actual work, the class histories have been given out to members of the staff, and will soon be finished. This is one of the most difficult features, and when it is finished the worst work will be over.

We are all proud of our Annual but how much work do you do for it? Let's make it our Annual truly this year, and contribute some of your own thoughts, then it will be your Milestones.

FIDELITY HAS PARTY

Thursday night, 9:45 couldn't come quickly enough for the girls who room in Fidelity Hall. Immediately upon the ringing of the bell, a jazz orches ra, situated at the side of the stairs on the second floor, "tore off" in typical "Dixie Syncopator" fashion, some peppy dance pieces. Dancing and a general good time was enjoyed until 10;15 when Eskimo pies were served to everyone. It is rumored that some seemingly dainty damsels consumed four of these delicious confections. The hall is justly proud of its enterprising orchestra which consists of a piano, three violins, a banjo and a drum. The members are practicing regularly now on some of the latest song hits from New York and expect to give a sample of their perfected work at Heron, in the near future. Later they will be open for engagements, for club meetings, hall parties and dances.

LETTERS HOME

Wednesday, March 14.

Dear Folks:

When you can think of nothing to say, say it! So here goes! They say wind blows the cobwebs out of one's brain, but it took my brain, too. You see March is enjoying itself immensely. It really isn't playing square with the lamb, though; the lion seems to get all the attention.

We had a big storm Sunday night and my roommate was so scared that I had to be the martyr and put the window down. Of course, I wasn't frightened, but then, it's such a bore to put down windows!

There is no question about spring now. We had strawberry short-cake Sunday and lots of fond mothers are arriving, wearing spring suits. Which makes me think, my mater, that I simply can't wait to see you.

We went to hear Heifetz Monday night and he is perfect. I was consoled about my French breaks when I heard how he mixes up English. He asked for a Cola Cocoa at a drug store.

Tonight is club and we're expecting a large time. Last Wednesday the Agorats gave the cutest stunt. U. C. it was all done by saying letters with expression.

This is a good time to remind you that letters still reach me when you just write my sweet and girlish name Ward-Belmont and Nashville, Tenn., on the back of a stamped envelope. I thought you might have overlooked it in the rush of spring house cleaning.

Your own loving
Daughter.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

June Fisher, 1919, graduate of Ward-Belmont's School of Expression, and who is now at the head of the Department of Expression at Oxford College, Ohio, has just put on "Much Ado About Nothing," with great success. While at school at Ward-Belmont, she took one of the leading parts in "Much Ado About Nothing," put on by Miss Townsend. In her own performance, she had a very unique presentation, using only a back drop and curtain of gray with artistic lighting effects. Miss Fisher is only one of the many Ward-Belmont expression graduates now filling responsible positions; Miss Helen Darnell in Oklahoma; Miss Jane Douglas Crawford in Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Ruby Rives in Miss Allison's School in Nashville, and Miss Eloise Sandlin in the Oklahoma High School.

Eleanor Best is studying in Chicago this year at the Art School of the Art Institute, and makes her home at the Three Arts Club.

Susan Mary Roberts, who is one of a number of Ward-Belmont girls now at Missouri University at Columbia, Mo., is also a moving spirit in the Ward-Belmont Club, which is flourishing there. The members all hope to be present at the first homecoming of Ward-Belmont graduates if the date does not conflict with the opening of the spring semester at the university.

Dorothy Louise Ham writes from the West Texas State Normal College, which she is attending this term, of her happiness and success in her work there. Study takes up much of her time, as she has school six days a week. Her home is in the State Dormitory, Cousins Hall, but her family home is only eighteen miles away. She has been chosen to provide some work for the annual, and also is a reporter on the college bi-weekly paper.

ACADEMIC

The Expression classes are studying "Situations," as revealed by means of the two agents of expression, voice and body. The greatest enthusiasm is being shown and much student originality is in evidence. All college and high school classes have had rigorous courses in voice, vocal expression, harmonious program and pantomime, and this is followed by demonstration. The members of these classes have recently given a program of scenes and one-act plays. The plays produced were: Six from "The Beau of Bath," and Austin Dobson's delicate studies of "Secrets of the Heart," "The Cap that Fits," and "Good Night, Babette."

The scenes presented by the Certificate Expression Class were from the eighteenth century plays and Shakespeare.

Recent improvements and additions to the Biology Laboratory enhance greatly the attractiveness and usefulness of the vast collection of specimens and the apparatus which the department owns. New cases have been provided which display the various specimens to much better advantage. The instruments also have new cases, and all of the equipment is better placed. One large, long case has a velvet lined bottom on which the specimens show to fine advantage. There is one whole case of birds' nests taken from the haunts of native birds.



A BEDTIME STORY

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight feed of Sue, the dear,
Who felt the need of some kind of thrill,
Who wanted some food, her hunger to still.

With the sound of the monitor's "Lights out please,"
Do you think that mere darkness could quiet the tease
Of her appetite strong, and adventure bold,
When the food next door was worth more than gold?

Not on your life, for at W-B
A grape-fruit tastes best in the A.M. at 3:00;
"An apple or orange wouldn't be very bad,"
This was the thought which the little girl had.

So after the monitors all had retired,
With hands quite a-tremble, by ambition fired,
She slipped from her room in the silence of night,
And entered her neighbor's—disobediant?—quite!

But a thought of a rule did not enter her mind,
As she tried in the black night, an apple to find,
She groped toward the table and then —oh, alack,
Her toe and a rocking chair met with a whack.

She stifled her groans, with the natural fear
That a monitor, waking—the racket would hear,
And stumbling back to her room that night,
She resolved in the future to do what is right.

And the moral is this,
As has often been said:
"Si vous avez faim,
Take an apple to bed.

FOOLISH FABLES

Once upon a time there were some little girls who always spilled crumbs from their ginger cookies. These little maids didn't like to wear bibs, so they thought, and thought, and thought, of something else to use. One day one of them said, "Why not wear a pretty handerchief to catch the crumbs?" So the little girls began wearing pretty little squares of fancy colored silk around their necks. But they didn't want to call them "bibs," so again they thought, and thought, and thought, and at last they decided to call them Deauville scarfs because the crumbs came from the cookies that were once dough.

So the pretty little maids wore their pretty little Deauville scarfs and lived happy forever after.

Little children have always loved to play with pretty little blocks and with bright pictures. The little girls who went to school in the pretty big school liked to play with these things so well that they wanted to always have them. So the little girls began to wear dresses all covered with bright pictures. They called the dresses Egyptian printed dresses. Then they lived happy the whole day long looking at the pretty pictures.

AUNT ALLINES ANSWERS

Dear Aunt Alline:

This crush business is getting on my nerves! In the first place, I often get in terrible situations because I mistake a close friendship for a crush. Please explain the difference. Also, why is it that people who have crushes are so sensitive about it?

IDA NOE.

My dear Ida:

I worried about the same thing for many long days, and still do. Perhaps this analysis will help you.

Two girls, A and B, have several classes together. They walk to and from these classes in the prevailing mode, that is to say, with their arms around each other; they are gym partners, they play tennis together once in a while, enjoy dancing with each other and occasionally go to the Tea Room together; but their interests are not entirely bound up with each other: they have other friends whom they like to be with; each one goes to many places unaccompanied by the other and has a good time. These girls are good friends. They are justly indignant if they are accused of "having a crush."

Now, there are two other girls, let us call them C and D for convenience. They do not have classes together but at every opportunity afforded between classes or other appointments they meet at some appointed place, and there exchange vows of their eternal affection for each other. They are together as much as possible and C is often miserable if D so much as smiles upon another, and vice versa. Neither can have a successful time with other people if her companion is not among them. They can be found "billing and cooing" in a darkened room after the movie on Saturday night, and one of their favorite occupations is "holding hands" at the dinner table. And yet if you were to even so much as suggest that they have a crush they would be intensely horrified and hurt. "We are just good friends," they say. Yes, that is all it really amounts to, or ever can, but in what way, I would like to ask, do these silly manifestations of affection, these jealous fits, and this utter disregard of other people and their desires, enrich a friendship? I cannot answer your question, Ida. You are too young to understand.

AUNT ALLINE.

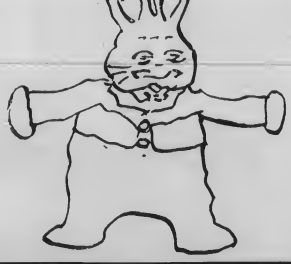
RHYMES FOR LITTLE W.-B. GIRLS

Little Miss Mush
Has lost her crush
And doesn't know where to find her.
Leave her alone
And she'll atone
With candy and flowers to remind her.

Mary has a little sweater
Its wool is white as snow
But when she comes to W-B
The wool will sooty grow.

Little Miss Rumpus
Sat on the campus
Eating an Eskimo Pie.
Her room-mate came up
And took a big bite
And said "What a fine girl am I."

Old King Tut
Was a merry old nut,
And a merry old soul was he.
He started the fashion
To dress in that dashin'
Egyptian figured pongee.



A B C's of W.-B.

A—is for action and ability, too.
B—ad behavior at Belmont is absolutely "taboo."
C—an't cut campus, because it's a crime to
D—amage the pretty grass all green and fine.
E—quals education, which we're here to get,
F—'s what we don't do, for we never fret;
G—stands for gay girls never guilty of gloom,
H—abits of happiness all kinder doom.
I—'s for improvement, what we all "crave;"
J—ust jest and be jolly but never too grave. 'Tis
K—nowledge we seek and for it we
L—abor. L—learn a little but leaves
M—ore for M. We want a maximum and so let it be—
"N—ever, no never, will we negligent or narrow be, in
'O—ur opinions." We hold such opinions absolutely
P—asse. P does her part with persistence and pleasure so she can
Q—ualify in the fullest of measure.
R—anks high for we like recreation as in
Swimming, society, sports and the Station!
T—is for talk, thoughts, etc Try to be true and
U—ll happy be. Yes, U is for urge, that unexcelled word,
V—ocabularies without it are very absurd.
W—'s what we want without woe or worry.
X—is the unknown, just supply any story. Hold on to
Y—outh from morning to night, and then you can
Z—eta yourself, "I did write."

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

PERSONALS

Mrs. M. Richardson, of Lawrenceburg, Tenn., arrived in Nashville Saturday to spend the week-end with her daughter, Miss Ann Richardson. They spent Sunday and Monday in town.

Mrs. E. B. Warren, of Green Bay, Wis., arrived Saturday to be with her daughter, Grace. Monday she entertained several of Grace's friends at luncheon and the theatre. In the party were Misses Edna Cantrall, Helen Sullivan, Helen McCormick, Margaret Curran, Laura Dean Thomas and Eleanor Rench.

Mrs. M. T. Clendenin entertained Monday at lunch two of Ernestine's friends, Misses Marion Mulholland and Martha Brantingham.

Dr. Charles W. Day and his son, Joe Ed, arrived very unexpectedly Saturday evening to be with Maxine and Ruth. They stopped over for the week-end on their way from Tulsa to Cincinnati. Sunday they had dinner at the school and in the afternoon they took a very lovely drive in a school car. Monday Dr. Day entertained several of the girls' friends at lunch at the Satsuma. Among those included were Misses Frieda Davis, Madeline Shaw, Tora Hockenburger, Frances Williams, Hortense Sherman, Mildred Perry and Mary Ellen Brigasse.

Mrs. Otto Kramer, of Tulsa, Okla., arrived in Nashville this week to spend several days with her daughters, Catherine and Clara. She has entertained the girls' friends on several occasions. Tuesday evening Mrs. Kramer, her daughters and Madeline Shaw went to Loew's to see "Clarence."

Miss Marvelle Burton was entertained at tea Monday by Miss Pauline Kimons, of Nashville.

Miss Jane Campbell was entertained at tea Sunday by Mrs. P. Riddle, of Nashville.

Miss Kitty Price spent Sunday in Nashville with a friend, Mrs. R. L. Pound.

Miss Myrl Anderson was entertained at tea Sunday by Dr. Harvill.

Miss Edna Neilums accompanied Mr. and Mrs Fulcher Jones and Dr. Milton Thorp on a motor trip to Muscle Shoals over the week-end.

Mrs. M. E. Holcomb, of Harrisonville, Mo., is here to visit her daughter, Dorothy.

Mrs. Brown—"Gracious, Mary! Why are you trying to feed that birdseed to the cat? I told you to feed the canary."

The New Maid—"Well, there's where the canary is."

—Ex.

Misses Catherine Teague and Marjorie Campbell spent a most enjoyable day, Friday, in town with friends from Catherine's home.

MARRIED

Woody Ruth Dixon to Mr. La Baume Elliott, on December 27, 1922, at Vernon, Texas, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Arthur Dixon. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott are making their home at Breckenbridge, Texas.

DIED

Bernice Kaufman, a Junior Middle Class girl, who was at Ward-Belmont the early part of the term last fall, died suddenly on Sunday evening at her home in Detroit. She was compelled to give up her studies and go to her home before Christmas on account of frail health. She seemed to be improving, and happy letters had been received at school from her. The immediate cause of her death was a heart attack. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman, will have the sincere sympathy of their daughter's schoolmates and the assurance of their sorrow over her loss.

CHAPEL

Our Chapel services for this week were especially interesting. We heard from Miss Mary Norris, Dean of our splendid faculty, on the subject, "Our Lenten Season." She portrayed to us in such a beautiful way, this time of rest, and told us, how, in the Bible, we would find rest from hurry, worry, and business. We are so glad to hear from Miss Norris, as she always brings us such beneficial and inspiring messages.

Dr. F. B. Dresslar, of Peabody College, known to all as the friend of the trees, spoke to us in a very interesting way, on the subject, "The Ethics of Trees." Dr. Dresslar has written a splendid book on this subject, and we were indeed fortunate in being able to hear the author read from its pages.

At a Chapel hour this week, Miss Rebecca Thacher, one of our popular Seniors, spoke on the subject, "Removing Reference Books from the Library," and asked for cooperation from the student body in seeing that no books are removed without permission from the librarian.

Miss Sarah Jeter president of the Senior class, also made a splendid little talk on "Cutting the Campus," and as a result it was unanimously voted that there would be no more cutting the campus.

Our own Bible instructor, Dr. Whitson, reviewed for us in a most interesting way the curent events of the past week. We are always glad to hear from Dr. Whitson, as so often we do not have time to read the newspapers as we should.

Mr. Kenneth Rose presented on Tuesday, a very instructive and delightful aftermath of the wonderful Heifitz performance by telling us many facts about the great violinist, and his work and personality.

MICHIGAN AND OHIO CLUBS GIVE JOINT ENTERTAINMENT

The Michigan and Ohio clubs entertained very successfully with a dance on Saturday evening. Heron Hall was decorated in gold and purple, the state colors. From the ceiling hung a mass of streamers; the lights were covered with very attractive shades on which brilliant parrots were painted. The door, by which the guests entered, was also ornate, with its large parrot keeping guard. They were received by the two club presidents and ttheir sponsors. Miss Betty Lindsey and Mrs. Schmitz representing the Michigan club, and Miss Marie Myers and Miss Boyer, the Ohio club.

A five-piece orchestra furnished excellent music for the dancing which was not interrupted until Misses Fannie Julia Phelps and Frances Williams did a charming tango, which was so much enjoyed that they gave a short encore. At a little past nine o'clock delicious refreshments were served and Misses Florence Franke and Isabelle Buckinghaun gave out the favors which were little paper parrots hanging on perches.

The 9:45 bell rang all too soon, for, everyone who was fortunate enough to be invited declared it to be one of the loveliest parties of the year.

Tennessee had another honor bestowed upon it when it was selected as the place for the first meeting of the Federation of College Students on April 20 and 21. Leading universities of the South will be represented by male students with fifteen Carnegie credit units. About 150 representatives are expected to attend.

Measures are being taken by the physical training staff of the University of Texas to correct the evils of fallen arches and weak ankles, as well as other foot defects, which recent examinations have shown are very prevalent among the girls. Proper exercise and strict supervision of footwear are the measures endorsed and being enforced by Miss Anna Hiss, director of physical training for women.

"The first college paper," says the Harvard Crimson back in 1911, "was not established by the oldest university, but by one of her younger sisters, Dartmouth. Realizing what an excellent thing it would be to issue at stated intervals a paper of the college, written by its own students, a band of young men got together in 1800 and organized a journal called The Gazette. This paper was a "howling success.' It was contributed to and made famous by Dartmouth's most distinguished son, Daniel Webster. It was not until 1810 that Harvard made her first venture into journalism, and then Edward Everett, with seven associates, issued Harvard Lyceum.—Exchange.

Three foreign students who are investigating American institutions criticize them on the ground that American students pay no attention to religion or politics during their college courses. Their interests are centered on less important matters than is usual in foreign universities.

WITH THE AGORAS

In honor of St. Patrick a very clever Irish program was enjoyed by the Agora club last Wednesday evening. 'Shure an' we all changed our names to "Maggie" or "Tim" so we could have the "luck o' the Irish" for just one night. Then some slips of paper with a green flag pinned to them and St. Patrick written across the top were passed around and a prize was awarded to the one who could make the most words of the good Saint's name. Pattie Colvin gave a very interesting talk on the history of St. Patrick's day. The "Green Eyed" dance by Marjorie Reynolds and Evelyn Prewitt made us think we were really in Ireland. And who could help but laugh when we tried the Potato Race? Hot dogs and dill pickles were served for refreshments "Shure an' altogether, 'twas a foine party,' as the Irish would say.

JULIUS CAESAR

(In My Own Words)

Once upon a time there was a fella named Julius Caqueezer. He was an officer in the city of Athens. He lived in a beautiful bungalow at the bottom of a hill. He had a wife whose name was Hippolyta.

One night Julius had a dream. He told it to his wife and she interpreted it thusly: "This dream tells me that if thou goest to thy work today, thou wilt be dead to morrer. So please do not go to the office, dearie."

Julyus answered, "The brave man, my dear, is usually the one that does his duty, even in the face of death. So, therefore, I will go." And he rushed to the street just in time to catch the Dinasaurus Limited to town.

He was just about to sit down when a fella, who proved to be Brutus, stabbed him in the back of the neck with an ice pick. Cassius cut out Julyus' heart with a grape fruit knife, while the others put the finishing touches to him.

Just before he fell, Julyus said, "Et two Brute." I think that this was his soul giving St. Michael his stall number, interpreting it 812 blue. The 812 is his stall number and blue is the place.

The conspirators all went home that night and the next day Brutus made a speech to the people of Athens. First he praised Caesar and especially his wife, but he worked around until finally beyond bimself against Caesar and everything he had said about him. But the worst of it was he carried the people with him. I think they threw the body in the river, but don't say anything for fear Hippolyta will hear it.

And so the story ended.

I've read my history over,
From the present, way back to the ark,
But which of the Smith
Brothers name was Trade,
And which of the boys was Mark?

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WE BOW

To see ourselves in the rosy light that one outsider saw us, is very delightful, and to be perfectly accurate, makes us glow with happy gratitude toward Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, gifted special writer on the Nashville Banner's staff, who printed in her page of "Song and Story" on last Sunday, the following notice of our street car manners:

"Take it as you will, but when you come to name the polite people of this town, be sure you do not overlook the Ward-Belmont girls. Everybody who rides the Belmont line has noticed those young girls. You seldom see one occupying a seat on a crowded car; and certainly never while an older person is standing. And with it all, they are quiet, seemingly indifferent to the fact of a crowded aisle and themselves sandwiched into a squirming, jostling, and impatient mob of cultured, civilized people trying to ram each other off the map. When the girls give up a seat to another, hardly anyone—no one unless one shall be watching—notices them do so. There is none of the hop-up, show-off—'Watch me; I'm younger than this woman, see how polite I am.' Not at all, the exchange is made so quietly, so utterly without affectation or show-off that anyone seeing would suppose the young lady merely getting ready to leave the car. These girls always are loaded, for the sweet weakness of boarding-school girls is a shopping tour. Sometimes someone reaches up and relieves one of these of their packages, and the smile and thanks of that girl are as sweet as the breeze on a glad May morning. Yes, sir; when you come running around with blue-ribbons, nosegays of gay laurel and honor-medals, be sure not to overlook the Ward-Belmont girls, the nicest, happiest and most courteous little bunch of sweetness you'll see this many a day."

AND HE WANTED IT

She—"It's six o'clock. I told you to come after supper."

He—"That's what I'm after."

Mrs. Derr—"Why did you become a tramp?"

Flibey—"The doctor's fault, mum. He told me to take walks after meals, an' I've been walking after 'em ever since."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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DR. HURLBUTT'S BABY SENDS THANKS TO W. B. IN VERSE

Who does not remember the day that Dr. G. R. Hurlbutt painted for us so vividly the picture of the suffering of Russian students, and so inspired us that we girls of Ward-Belmont, in this land of plenty, where educational opportunities literally knock at our doors, giady made a contribution toward the maintenance of these less fortunate students. But how many of us know that at the very hour when Dr. Huributt was speaking to us, his own home, in Atlanta, was in flames, and burned to the ground, his wife and little eight months baby, escaped with their lives, but lost furniture and all their possessions, even their clothes?

When this came to the knowledge of the "Y" Cabinet, they at once decided to send Dr. Hurlbutt's baby a present, which, consisted of an entire outfit.

Dr. and Mrs. Hurlbutt have both written most appreciative letters, but most interesting of all is a poem which was sent to the Cabinet in the name of the little eight month old baby Marjorie, who is to be a future Ward-Belmont girl. It follows:

My daddy, he's a funny man;
Enthuses like a girl.
Comes rushing in in such a way,
Sets everything a-whirl.

For instance, brought a package out,
'Twas just the other day—
Kissed mama, me—just acted up
In the most outlandish way.

To tell the truth, I was happy, too,
You see, the things were mine,
Aw, gee! I needed them, you bet,
And everything was fine.

But shucks! My mama dressed me up,
To show off the pretty things,
I had to laugh and coo and such
Till I almost sprouted wings.

Daddy said he felt so small,
For him they'd done all this!
But mama was the proudest thing,
Gave daddy one big kiss.

I really don't quite understand,
What it was all about,
But they were mighty happy—
Of this I have no doubt.

And mama didn't fuss at all,
And showed no jealousy
When daddy said he loved those girls
Of dear old W. B.

And daddy said: "It's things like this
That make life so worth while."
And so I send my love to you,
And greet you with a smile.

MARJORIE HURLBUTT.
* Her Mark.

BLUES

There's been a million kinds of blues
That we've all heard talked of,
But I've the newest sort of blues
That's under the heavens above.

For ever since a college prof.,
Put a thought into my head,
I've ceased being young and carefree—
I'm old and wise instead!

He told me of a mystic power
That would make you tall or stout,
He told me it would make you wise
If e'er you were in doubt.

He called it simply "thyroid"
But gee, that funny word
Has raced and raced all through my brain
More than anything I've heard!

When e'er I on the campus walk
To breathe the springtime air,
I cannot feel a bit of joy,
I'm laden down with care!

For I crave that magic potion
That will make the stout grow thin,
I want that bit of heaven,
That will brighten one within!

Oh! What a balm—a blessing
To possess that wondrous brew,
No need to work then, to reduce,
I'd take a sip or two!

No need o'er books to worry,
Lessons, I'd cast aside,
With just one drop of thyroid,
In bliss I could abide!

Oh! If I had Aladdin's lamp,
Or a magic wishing ring,
I wouldn't ask for jewels bright,
Or the wealth of a royal king.

I'd just ask all the fairies
In quaint old Fairyland town,
To rush me up some thyroid,
And I'd turn the world around!

I'd make every single dumbell
As bright as she could be,
And I'd make all the smart alecks
Look dumb then, don't you see?

But oh! This isn't fairytime,
I've no wishing ring to use,
And so please, please do pity me,
I've got the thyroid blues!

G. F.

WARD-BELMONT PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

The Second Annual Gymnasium Meet will take place on Saturday, March 24, and the following are the scheduled events:

1. Entrance March and Folk Dances.
2. Free Standing Work—Intermediate and first year High School students.
3. Fencing—Normal Physical Education class.

†4. Marching Tactics.

*5. Athletic Series—Second year college students—Rowing, Paddling, Swimming, Diving, Archery, Shot Put, Ball game, Bowling, Signalling.

†6. Horse and Parallel Bar Work (for form).

*7. Indian Club Drill—First year college students.

†8. Spring board Jump (for height).

*9. Band Drill—Second and Third year High School and College students.

*Class competition between four Ward-Belmont Athletic clubs: Regulars, Panthers, Athenians, Olympians.

†Competition in elective work: Club Teams.

VESPER SERVICES

The Vesper Services Sunday night were both beautiful and impressive. As we were seated awaiting the beginning of the service, the sound of voices came to our ears: then, through the portals of our chapel white robed girls, composing the Glee Club, came in a procession singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

After the Bible reading and prayer, the Glee Club, led by Mr. Strick, again rendered a beautiful selection, "Christ In Flanders."

Dr. Pendleton of Peabody talked on "The finest of the fine Arts—Silence," an made a very interesting speech telling us just when silence is golden. Among these times are: When we would gossip, brag,, make petty talk, be sarcastic, make unnecessary exclamations. Dr. Pendleton said that egotism and self depreciation would make us break these golden silences.

In a glow of rose tinted light the Glee Club sang "God of All Nature" and "Just a Song at Twilight" after which the service closed as they receded chanting "O Mother Dear Jerusalem."



THE OWL!
Tramp! Tramp!
Tramp!
The girls are marching!

ACADEMIC NEWS

The English A Classes, in accordance with Miss Shouse's suggestion, have just finished a fifteen or twenty page paper. Each girl chose for her theme, a subject which held an especial interest for her such as: tapestry, Greek Architecture, Oriental rugs, Russian music, American portrait painting, American landscape painting, French cathedrals, Egyptian tombs, and many other topics of equal interest and importance. The aim of the Instructor was to stimulate the students to investigate some subject of special culture value to her. The knowledge of each student was broadened by talks made by the members of the classes on different phases of their subjects. Many talks were illustrated by pictures: for instance, the students who talked on Oriental rugs brought pictures of the different types and showed the designs and colors peculiar to each country. The student who talked on tapestry obtained pictures of not only the earliest tapestries woven, but of those showing the most exclusive of the Gobelin collection. The class also had an exercise in handling a large amount of material, also lesson in compiling a bibliography.

Mrs. Lowry's third year Domestic Art class has been spending its last few weeks most profitably: the class has just finished its last lesson on millinery. During this course, each girl has made three or four hats of the type that she perferred; in fact, several of the class have made their uniform hats. The girls are looking forward to their next few lessons for they say that they are to begin work on taffeta dresses—can we blame the girls for looking forward to such an accomplishment as that?

Miss Leavell's History A class is studying the "Revolution of 1848" at present. The class is required to study the principal events of the war; for instance the causes which brought the war about, the part each country played in the revolution and the results which followed after the war. We can, readily see that the girls must find their work in History very beneficial as well as well as interesting.

Miss Hollinger's Biology class has been finding its study in Zoology most interesting. At present the class is studying the lower types of animal life, which include the star fish, sponge and sea anemone. The laboratory work is so well planned that it runs parallel with the lecture work.

The Anatomy Class, with Miss Morrison as its instructor, has just finished its study of the bones and ligaments of the human body and is now, beginning its study of the muscles. The girls are finding the work very interesting indeed.

Miss Scrugg's Psychology class is at present, studying "sense preception." The class work is most fascinating, for the girls often tell of interesting experiences that happened in their lives, in connection with a discussion on the same subject in the classroom. Many unusual and interesting subjects are being studied and the girls are enjoying their work immensely.

The History of Art classes, under Miss Olive Ross, are most interested in their latest study—painting. The girls are tracing the development of painting from the earliest times. Miss Ross adds much interest to the class discussions by her criticisms of the many excellent copies of great paintings that she has and that she can exhibit to her classes. The girls, also have individual prints of a few of the greatest works of art; each girl keeps these prints in her note-book along with a short discussion of each picture.

Madame Beziat's French D class has has just finished studying the French writers of the eighteenth century and is preparing to begin its study of the nineteenth century French writers. The last noted author that the class has studied is Mirabeau, one of the French writers with whom we are all familiar. In addition to the work in the text book, Histoire de la Literature Fraincaise, the girls are requested to read several French plays.

Miss Ross' Sociology class has taken up the study of American cities this quarter.

Dr. Whitson's Bible A class has just finished studying the lives of Samuel, Saul and David.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Louise Howell, a Nashville student who won her piano certificate at Ward-Belmont under Miss Throne, is making a successful business woman in New York City this winter. She is doing an important work in the legal department of the General Motors Company, and is living at the Parnassus Club, which is a club home of many advantages for business women. Her sister, Isabel Howell, is also there with her.

Mary Marvin Moore writes recently to Miss Mills of her interest in the Hyphen, and the pleasure it gives her every week, bringing news from her former schoolmates. For the past two years she has spent most of her time in New York studying art under Frank Alvah Parsons, and going to her home in Ashland, Ky., for vacations, but this winter, having been in poor health, she went to Colorado and was there for four months. At present her father and mother are in California, and part of the Moore home has been rented to, Mrs. Richards, who was a former hostess in Heron Hall. Eleanor Stewart, who was roommate with Mary Moore in Pembroke, in their Ward-Belmont days, is visiting her now.

Elizabeth Jane Hendrix, of Corinth, Miss. (class of 1920), is a recent addition to the rolls of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae. "I am always interested," she writes, "in anything and everything that concerns Ward-Belmont. I am so glad to be able to join the Alumnae."

Alex Morrison, of Waycross, Ga., (class '21), who was the able Student Council President, the first semester of 1921-22 is expected in Nashvile soon to visit her sister Margaret, (Mrs. Frank Blair), and her coming will be delightedly welcomed at Ward-Belmont.

THE HALL HOUND HUNT

PEMBROKE PEP

Council wishes to state its mistake in omitttting from its list of misdemeanors, the statement that Dubble, a resident of second floor Pembroke, was given six days campus (absolute) for accumulation.

Does environment mean anything? this, but after viewing the pictures on Linsey and Retteamalers' walls, and then looking them over, we wonder no more!

The other night in Pembroke, a little scene was enacted from the intensely dramatic production "Rain." Miss Tora Hockenburger assisted by Miss Margaret Curran took the leading

MEADORS

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roles. Miss Hockenburger's costume was made by Hart Schaffner.

Pembroke girls have the unique distinction of having in their hall a "perfectly precious" crocodile—of course it's stuffed, but you just walk into Ida Kellum's room some day and look at it—you'll be scared, too!

FIDELITY FUN

Ever since the rabbit has become Fidelity's mascot, the girls have been thankful to Miss Mills that Fidelity is a college hall, as all green stuff must be kept away.

Fidelity has everything, even its rogues' gallery! Just peek into the Baxter-Jacobs room some day and judge for yourself.

Can you imagine anything worse than the lack of a middle name? Neither can we, so the other night to the strains of violin music, and the proper application of a few drops of water, we gave one of our minus inmates Sylvia Klein, the addition of Eleanor. Remember girls—**Syl E.**

Will someone please donate a waste basket to the Fidelity monitors? The poor dears are at present forced to deposit their Herschey wrappers and apple cores in the boxes originally designed for laundry slips!

HERON HILARITY

We suggest that Heron institute, at once, a roof garden, for the benefit of its inhabitants. Judging from appearances a great many of the Heron girls are fond of an elevated atmosphere even if they are only lowly preps!

Judging from the sounds emerging from the Heron practice rooms, on an otherwise peaceful Monday, we mark that as "Iron bars do not a prison make" neither do vocal chords a voice!

Puzzle—"What is it that Mary Margaret Harris has found in her closet that is gray in color, 5 in number, and can be used as an excuse for screaming?

NORTH FRONT NONSENSE

Every night at North Front you may hear a volley of splutters and splashes that absolutely convince you that North Front girls have a private swimming pool. Upon inquiring however, we find it is only Mary E. Duncan, taking swimming exercises by submerging her head in water for periods of 2 to 3 minutes each. Good luck to you, Mary Elizabeth.

Hey, Skinnay! Don'cha wish you lived in North Front?

FOUNDERS FROLIC

Alas and alack! We fear Founders the pride of W.-B. is fast falling into decay. Even our most hardened physical Ed., Dibble Shephard has taken to detached looks and love poetry!

WANTED—Some memory aids to remind our monitors to come to their meetings. Won't some one please help?

North Front girls are a spirited bunch—here's what Eva Shellcross says in praise of her hall:

We are sixty small you see
But we're the best in W.-B.
Our windows large give a view
Of all the things that people do.

In early morn, when bells we hear
We act quite calm and have no fear
Tardy has never been our fate;
Our hall is too near for us to be late!

Our hostess, dear, does lead them all
For she, as you know, is sweet Mrs. Hall;
With dignity, and grace and ease
She lets us do just as we please! (not)

Please don't think Founders girls have been converted to paganism if you happen to see some queer movements from your window after lights out—we're just aiming for aesthetic forms that's all.

We wish to announce that due to the excellent training of Professor Ogden our menagerie is daily improving in looks and cleverness.

Did you ever know Ward-Belmont had a heaven? Now don't get that cynical "quit your-childish-joking" look on your face. Just listen to this from an angel—that is if angels have lustrous black hair and sparkly jet eyes!

THE ABODE OF THE ANGELS

There's one hall
In this school
Where everyone
Likes to room
Because its so
Nice and chummy.
There are only eight,
With Miss Mills,
Miss Paine and
Miss Blackwell, also
We claim the Blantons
Belong to our gang.
We had a party
At Woody-Crest.
The fact is
We have one
About every day
In some way or other.
We have just
Lots of talent—
Some undiscovered.
Miss Blackwell is
Our illustrious poet,
Whose poems are most original.
Not forgetting
Miss Mills and
Miss Paine, whose
Position in this,
Our perfect school,
Is one most honored.
There is no
Need to tell
About the
Blantons, whom
Every girl says;
"Are just simply precious."
It doesn't take
Any thought
To know this
Hall is the
Ancestral abode
Of the 'original angels' of W-B
In conclusion—
For the benefit
Of those still
In doubt
It is officially known
As South Front.

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

A newly organized activity gives us an opportunity to write about something of which we have been thinking for a long time. The activity in question is "marching." It appeals to us, more than any other particular interest, as illustrating facts which one can apply to many other situations, both at school and elsewhere. In marching it is necessary to be constantly on the alert, not only in response to the leader's commands, but also to the movements of the group in which one is marching. To "guide" is one of the most important details of perfect and uniform marching. There is nothing prettier than an even straight line of marchers and nothing more disappointing than a crooked line. A good marcher marches with his team, not for it. That is our point. A certain business man has said that he would give nothing for an employee who worked for him; he must be with him at every stage of his game, understand his own personal line of work and get immediately into step to work with the rest. So it is, in all of our work. Individualism has had its day,—co-operation is being sought after, and has been applied in all of Ward-Belmont's athletic activities. Let's apply this rule to a few more of our work and play activities, for as Kipling said:

"It ain't the guns nor armament
Nor the funds that you can pay,
But the close co-operation
That helps to win the day.
It ain't the individual
Nor the army, as a whole,
But the everlasting team-work
Of every bloomin' soul."

CHAPEL

One of the most beneficial chapel talks this year was given by one of Peabody's able Professors, Dr. H. A. Webb, Professor of Chemistry.

Dr. Webb spoke to us on the subject "What We Are," and told us those things which regulate and determine what we are. His talk was one which we will always remember and will benefit by. We sincerely hope that he will be able to speak to us again this year.

We were so glad to welcome Mr. R. A. Henry back to our chapel platform, he always brings us such interesting and beneficial messages. On this occasion he told us in a most interesting way of "The Founding of this country of Tenn." which was a continuation of a series of lectures on "Intimate things concerning Tennessee History."

PUPILS OF MISS SLOAN GIVE RECITAL

In Miss Helen Sloan's Studio at Ward-Belmont on Thursday afternoon, the following pupils' recital program was carried out:

In Open Secret.....Woodman
Miss Katherine Greenlaw
Springtide ..... Denner
Miss Julia Wylie
Queen of the Earth.....Pinsuti
Miss Kathryn Forsyth
Land of Delight .....Sanderson
Miss Helen Pope
Love Me Well .....Bernberg
Miss Olive Sumner
Dance the Romaika .....Ware
Miss Sweetie Johuson
I Love You Sweet .....Bartlett
Miss Vela Dorsey
Athlone ..... Spross
Miss Pearl Hartert
Merrily I Roam .....Scheifforth
Miss Ruth Arnoff

BASKET BALL SEASON OPENS

Many are out at practices.

Practices for basket ball have been begun on the cement courts. At the first practices each athletic club was well represented and the interest in the clubs is high. Most girls are probably more interested in basket ball than any other sport and this accounts for the large numbers out at practices. With the present material each club should have a winning team and one that any girl would be proud to cheer on to victory and claim as her own.

WHEN WAS PEMBROKE?

I don't know the exact date of Pem's birth, but I do know this sad fact about his life. He has been broke ever since he came into this world, and far worse off than the old woman who lived in a shoe, because he has always had at least a hundred and twenty-five children to support. All girls, too, and girls are much more trouble than boys, with all their dresses, and dances, and talk, and commotion.

But Pem seems to be living through it nicely, and is said to be the best looking fellow on the campus. The girls are all crazy about him, and reports say that he is just as crazy about them. He shows them all kinds of good times; which they will never forget.

Some say that Pem is too young to have such a large family to look after, but that will always be said, for he is one of those sturdy good-looking people who never show signs of age. Most people who are constantly broke show some signs of it in their appearance, but Pem, unlike the rest, always looks like a wondrous painting, always has and always will.

ARTISTIC RECITAL BY PUPILS OF MISS MASSEY

Piano pupils of Miss Massey gave the following program very successfully in her studio on last Wednesday:

Schoen Rosmarin ..... Kriesler
Miss Mary Katherine Greenlaw
Orientale ..... Cody
Miss Frances Spears
Musette ..... Fronti
Miss Evorine Sweeton
Spring Song ..... Mirowitch
Miss Margaret Wakman
Springtime in the Forest ....Dennee
Miss Elizabeth Simpson
Fragrance from the Garden.....Pesse
Miss Dorinda Hollinshead
Nocturne ..... Arensky
Miss Lorraine Hodges
Intermede ..... Schuett
Miss Mildred Pool
Ziganerelle ..... Schuett
Miss Josephine Willis
Arabesque ..... Dubussey
Miss Margaret Marling
La Fileuse ..... Raff
Miss Frances Patrick
Valse Brilliance ..... Manna-Zucca
Miss Whitefield Morelli

TRI K'S AT WOODY CREST

Our last week-end at dear old Woody-Crest and you can understand that we made the most of it.

A big glowing fire threw out a warm welcome to us when we arrived Saturday night. After cards, dancing, and much laughter we retired to our respective rooms and there enjoyed those little chummy fireside talks which every girl loves.

Sunday we spent in doing all sorts of things. We certainly "stole a march" on the rest of the W. B. girls, too, thanks to Miss Morrison's vigorous drill after dinner. Vespers was held that evening after tea, after which we sang songs and told stories.

Monday morning we awoke to discover that the thermometer had dropped during the night and we lost no time in getting down to Susy's hot breakfast. And surely cakes and coffee never before tasted quite so good.

The cars came for us and we said a lingering farewell to our Woody-Crest until next year.

ATHLETIC BOARD

The athletic board held its regular meeting Tuesday, March 13.

Plans were discussed for the coming gym meet and a report of the plans already made was given by Jane Carling.

Sarah Jeter gave the final water polo report.

The basketball season was discussed and plans for the season were read by the basketball manager, Mary Muesse.

The standing of the various athletic clubs was given, the Athenians hold first place, the Regulars second, the Olympians third and the Panthers fourth.

Elizabeth Shepard and Martha Williamson were presented with silver hockey sticks by Helen Campbell, manager of hockey teams. These trophies are given as a reward to the girls who made the hockey varsity team for two years.

"Dubbie," who has lately become interested in physical education and is quite able to perform many athletic feats, has been chosen as the mascot of the athletic board.

MARCHING SQUAD IS DRILLING FOR GYM MEET

Have you been awakened by unaccustomed noise of early risers this past week? Of course, we all know now it is only the "marching squad" hustling around to get into line by 6:45. But the first morning the squad reported, those who were awakened by the sound of hurried movements couldn't quite realize the "why" of it all.

It is a good habit to cultivate —this early rising. A good brisk walk before breakfast has many recommendations. It fills one with vigor and pep for the rest of the day; gives a hearty appetite to those who welcome one; and gives those who don't eat breakfast strength and determination not to yield to the temptation to eat! But outside of this, the purpose of this early morning marching is to develop a crack marching squad for the coming gym meet.

The girls have been faithfully reporting every morning and working hard to make the squad. It will be one of the many features of the gym meet—perhaps the best.

So, when you hear the early risers and are inclined to be out of patience with them, and turn over to try to steal another forty-winks, remember, they have the right spirit. It might do everyone good to be out in the early morning air whether she is in the marching squad or not. For proof, look at the rosy cheeks, shining eyes, and diminishing waist lines of those energetic marchers.

MISSISSIPPI CLUB ENJOYS AFTERNOON IN TOWN

Monday afternoon, with Miss Leavell as chaperone, the members of the Mississippi Club saw May Murray in "Jazzmania" at Lowe's. After the picture show was enjoyed, the party went to Kleeman's and had lovely refreshments.

These Mississippi girls who spent such a delightful afternoon were: Helen Dornbrush, Elizabeth Rickets, Bessie Conn, Earle Hillborn, Emma Lou Rhines, Irene Jones, Julia Chandler, Virginia Jones, Lilly Belle Mitchener, Ellen J. Fraiser, Alice Frasier, and Martha Frasier.

HYPHEN INTER-CLUB CONTEST: ANTI-PANDORA

INTER-CLUB HYPHEN CONTEST

One page in this issue is given over to the Anti-Pandoras, one of Ward-Belmont's ten social clubs. Each number of the Hyphen is to have a similar page, with the various clubs contributing in the order in which their numbers were drawn. All the articles on this "Contest Page" will be written by members of the club contributing to that particular issue.

A prize is to be awarded at the close of the contest to the club which has, in the estimation of the judges, contributed the best page. Articles will be judged according to originality of content and presentation, including cleverness and worth of the material contributed. The judges will be: Miss Scruggs, Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Beard.

EDITORIAL

Most everyone has heard that old saying, "you smile, and another smiles and soon there are miles and miles of smiles, just because you smiled." Now we've all noticed how faces light up when they smile; and we find ourselves smiling too just because we saw another smile. But have you ever thought what was behind that smile? For a smile to be cheerful and contagious, there must be a smile in the eyes, and a smile in the heart. How hard that is to do sometimes. Few of us have found a time when we cannot smile at all. But the laughing, bubbling smile that will not be supressed comes from a heart with a conquering spirit and a wealth of sunshine. A wan, sad, little smile tells of the sorrow and pain underneath. How we admire the bravery and courage of the girl who will smile in the face of trouble. But have you ever seen a wonderful beaming smile, and stopped to wander what a struggle it might have cost? The bravest spirit of all is the one that fights and really conquers; the one that merges and o'er comes the pain, and does not merely cover it up with a wavering attempt at cheerfulness.

Smile! "Safety lies in numbers." It is impossible to be "blue" in an atmosphere of fun and joy. No matter how big our grievances may seem, we can always find some one who is bearing so much more, that our trouble becomes, at once, trivial, and of small importance. When we smile at the other girl, and she responds with such spontaneous enthusiasm, we smile again and again. How selfish it is to let our trouble rob someone else of the smile and encouragement she needs and deserves. Let us all be Pandoras—pack deep in our hearts all the pains and sorrows and troubles—and lock the great chest with a little golden key of a wonderful smile.

DID YOU KNOW IT?

And did you know that Anti-Pan is the club that is the best?
And did you kuow that Anti-Pan is the club that leads the rest?
And did you know that Anti-Pan's of their girls are very proud?
And did you know that Anti-Pan is a jolly, peppy crowd?
And did you know that Anti-Pan's are the girls you want to meet?
Because you know that Anti-Pan has girls that are athletes;
Has girls that dance, has girls that draw and sing;
Has girls that do most everything!
And did you know that Anti-Pan is a true Ward-Belmontite?
And everything Ward-Belmont does is just about all right.
Did you know it? We did!!

THE POPPY

The Prince was sad, he was gloomy. All night long he had sat at his window, and save for an occasional low murmur and a tightening of his lips he had remained motionless

In the next apartment lay his sick wife. If she were to die—and the court physician thought she would not last another day—what would life mean to him? Only maddening, memories and a loathsome existence. If she lived what would life mean to her; weakness, helplessnes, the terrible sleeping potions, and at last the welcome deliverance of death. He could not sit and see her suffer, and yet he could not live without her. He did not heed the joyous breeze as it announced the dawn to the sleeping birds, and lightly swayed the heavy silken curtains. He turned from the window and went out into he garden.

Sighing, the Prince bent over a large red rose, and with closed eyes inhaled its fragrance. It brought visions of a thousand southern nights, of star studded skies, of dark hair and eyes, of crimson cheeks and lips, and he heard soft laughter and tender words. He turned quickly away for he hated to remember.

The Prince saw the small blue flowers, scarcely visible among the grasses, but he did not stop for he was restless and could not stoop so low.

He paused before a tall lily, and bending over it, he let its stainless petals touch his lips. He saw an altar crowned with fragrant white lilies. He smelt sacred incense, and saw the snowy garments of the altar boys. He saw the beautiful many colored windows, and the majestic columns, and before the chancel lay a long black object, and at either end burned a candle. Shuddering, the Prince brushed his hand across his eyes, and staggering back, he sank upon the ground. Beside him grew a large red poppy. He inhaled its mystic perfume. He touched its silken petals and its cool leaves; again he drank in its perfume and plucking the poppy he crushed it to his lips.

"Ah, how delicious," murmured the Prince, "to forget!" and stumbling dizzily to his room he did not "hear the tolling of the castle bell.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF MISS ANTI PAN

Sunday, Oct. 22, "Woody Crest."

We've just been here one night and I am not well acquainted as yet. Last night we had a heavenly, heavenly, time. Some of the girls in our club gave a darling play, afterward we ate apples and sat around the fire and told ghost stories. Ruth told one about a certain room upstairs and I wouldn't have slept in that room for anything. The house is on the top of one of some little hills which look just like Marcelle waves. Susie is a wonderful cook and for breakfast we had bacon and eggs and biscuits (real Susie biscuits) and cakes—and a great deal of conversation. Last night we had a regular concert, the frogs sang and the crickets chirped. I just can't write any more I am going to explore.

"I don't know the date and I haven't a calendar."

The Panthers were beaten in water polo today—If we could only win tomorrow I would be willing to be black and blue all over, and stay in bed a week in a witchhazel compress. I have never been as excited over anything in my life as I am over Stunt night. It's going to be a great success I just know.

Stunt Night"

Everything and everybody was wonderful! The Osirons got the prize and they deserved it. Our girls did well and I really did get a large sized thrill when the Shiek rushed out on the stage. The club put such a lot of work on the stunt but they always do enter right into anything. I have never seen anything that would equal the way Marty danced and the Sultan! Oh! my! Dorothy looked wonderful in all her pearls and everything and made a wonderful "favorite."

Mercy how it keeps pouring. We shall have to swim to tea tonight I am afraid. We didn't get to church this morning as it was raining too hard. I just can't wait until Wednesday night 'cause I heard we were going to have a style show. I was talking to one of the old girls today and I explained about how much our club was doing. She said that the club wouldn't be the Anti Pan if it was not doing something every minute. Yesterday I nearly stepped on one of the fattest, biggest, juciest, toads I have ever seen. The only thing that keeps me from starting a collection is that no rule exists against it.

"Blue Tuesday"

Such a lot of troubles! I didn't hear the rising bell this morning, I broke my shoe string while I was hurrying to dress and I dropped three hair pins down my back. Also I was late for breakfast and the first hour class. I forgot to take any blotting paper to English and my pen leaked. Getting an education is an awfully wearing process but harrah—club tomorrow night!

"After Club"

The style show was a scream. The Ward-Belmont girl with her middle suit and books, after she leaves the chaperon at the station, going to a Fraternity dance Christmas, going out to tea, shopping at home, and on "the morning after the night before." The clothes were clever and everyone thought it a huge success. I did get a little bit homesick when Marty came out in her evening dress and fan. There was only one thing the matter, the show didn't last long enough!

THE FIVE LITTLE PANS AND HOW THEY GREW

Once upon a time, many, many, years ago, five little rolls of bread were neatly patted and smoothed and put in five little pans. As the heavy oven door swung open, five little pans silently took their places, each beside his brother. There in the warm and cozy oven, these nice little rolls grew fatter, fluffier, and more delicious as the minutes passed. With every fraction of an inch they rose, and all wondered how soon the cook would proclaim them good looking enough to fill five hungry bread-baskets.

Click! Click! Suddenly the oven door flew open. Sure enough it was the cook. One by one the little pans were carefully tested; then each in turn was gently lifted out. Finally all but one of the pans had been removed. As a gust of air entered the oven, his little fellow shivered and decided not to join his brothers out in the cold hard world. Besides, this particular pan was very curious to learn just how it would seem to be a little browner and crisper than the other little pans. So he shrank back in a dark corner of the old oven, and, as the door closed, felt quite satisfied with himself.

While the four happy, good little rolls were having a jolly time greeting all their bakery friends, and being admired by many hungry eyes out in the great cheery kitchen, this naughty little pan was not as contented as he had expected. There inside the big oven he was having quite a warm reception. Browner and browner, harder and harder grew the poor little curious pan. His light tempting coat turned from brown to black, and his snowy white self soon became as hard as a rock. In fact, that little

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

roll burned so badly that when finally the cook did detect him she had to hold her nose; and none of his brothers ever recognized him. And how was Mr. Curious pan feeling? Humiliated beyond words.

Placed on the table beside his brothers poor little pan suffered cruelly.

"Well, that's what he gets for being curious," remarked one disgusted brother.

"Do you remember the story of Pandorex?"

"You mean curiosity that stole a glance from the magic mixing box?"

"Yes, the bad girl who mixed up the flour and pans and made the dough all queer. I should think our brother would have heeded from her experience."

Thus, from that time forth, all the little female pans have firmly resolved to be Anti-Pans. "Be not curious" is their motto. The best little loaves of bread ever turned out are just those baked in Anti-Pans.

CLUB CHARACTER

Yes, you know her well, I'm sure,
Sweet, lovable, and demure,
She is famous—not in athletics—
But in friends and disposition.
And another clue to her identity
Is a song that bears her name
All the school knows about her Edward,
And he must be quite a sport
To have captivated such a golden-headed flirt.
"She ain't good lookin' but she's got good sense"
May be true about some others but not our Dear "Tense."

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Margaret Phillips keeping still?
Irene Powell in love?
Ann Marsh looking dignified?
Nannie Gay with blond hair?
Jennie Mahon short?
Gladys Winders on roller skates
Susie Spragins with a dutch bob?
Irene Jones without her gum?
Elise Priester out of mischief?
Ione Murdock a toe-dancer?
Viola Sudekum looking pale?
Margaret Price stupid?
M. L. Leffingwell with nothing to do?
Dorris Fitzel without her weekly date.
Helen Engel hating music?
Olive Sumner fat?

JOKES

Father (reading to mother a letter from son at college)—"John says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing."

Mother—"I just knew he'd win something in his athletics.

Mrs. R. (reading letter from daughter at college)—"John, I'm astounded! Helen writes that she is now on the scrub team. Who ever would have thought she'd take a course in housekeeping!"

Teacher—"Who was that wi o laughed aloud?"

Student—"I did ma'am, but I didn't mean to. I laughed up my sleeve and I didn't know there was a hole in my elbow."—The Buzz.

LETTERS HOME

Dear Folks:

Congratulation are in order! Your supposedly weak and misunderstood child has developed athletic ability. I have made our clubs' marching squad, I think, perhaps, mother, it is because you taught me so thoroughly which was left and which right. If you're going to send sis to W. B., don't neglect that part of her education.

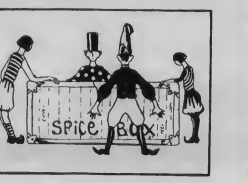
Another startling development in my young life is the fact that I have parted with five more of my hard-earned dollars. But then, you see, it was for a subscription to the Annual and—well, it's worth it to see your daughter's bright and smiling face, don't you think, dad?

Just think, Easter is almost here! I remember how I used to have a new Easter dress every year when I was a little girl. It wouldn't hurt my feelings a bit if some of these childhood memories should come true again.

Well, I'll have to bring this to an ending, as it is about time for my evenings' nourishment. The next time you are inspired to take your pen in hand please remember

Your Athletic Offspring.

P. S. Dad, don't you think Annuals are rather trying on a girl's allowance?



"Never try to raise a window 'till you unlock it." This is a very good suggestion for the ignorant; at least, two Fidelity girls who tried for two days to put up a locked window have discovered that it is the sad truth.

We have thought of a poetic description for some of our less fortunate members who are suffering from colds. Instead of the plebian name of nose why not say,—a geranium in a cottage window.

Sometimes we poor "literary slaves" agree with the Vesper's speaker Sunday night who said, "The finest of the fine arts is silence."

We've discovered a man with the most "taking ways" in the world. He recently ate 27 spoons at a (shall we say it?) Kansas hospital.

One brilliant young horsewoman says she doesn't see why a horse should get hungry: he always has a bit in his mouth.

Florence Bell (hungry for candy)—"I'd like to open a little shop across from the school."

Helen Savage—What kind of a shop? A pawn shop? Would be rather convenient. Of course we are never broke, why the pawn shop?

PERSONALS

Mrs. W. H. Crum, of Springfield, Ill., arrived Saturday to be with her daughter, Miss Edna Cantrall for the week-end. Ward-Belmont is, indeed, glad to welcome Mrs. Crum on her second visit to the school. Monday she entertained several girls at lunch. In her party were Misses Vena Foulds, Grace Warren, Helen McCormick, Margaret Curran, and Helen Sullivan.

Miss Hollinger chaperoned the following girls on a lovely drive Sunday afternoon. Jean Wilmarth, Florence Bell, Sara Jeter and Edna Lawrence, They drove out to Radnor Lake and then back to Woody Crest.

Mrs. J. F. Boyd of Wichita Falls arrived in the city Friday evening to spend several days with her daughter, Fay. Monday she entertained several of Fay's friends at lunch and the theatre. Among her guests were Josephine Willis, Archie Le Bus, Grace Morrow, Addie Keynerd and Margaret Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Weinbrenner, of Waukatosa, Wis., arrived Saturday afternoon to spend Sunday with their daughter, Julia. Mrs. Weinbrenner, who has visited the school before, is indeed a welcome guest. Julia stayed in town with them Saturday night and Sunday they were guests of the school for dinner.

Miss Florence Blood, of St. Louis, Mo., arrived in Nashville Thursday to be the guest of her sister, Eleanor, for several days. Miss Florence is a former Ward-Belmont student and is surely a welcome visitor. While here she roomed in Fidelity hall. She had a high scholastic record and was a very popular girl.

She has entertained her sister and her friends at various times during her stay. Monday the two girls and Katherine Forsythe had lunch at the Satsuma and then went to Lowe's.

Misses Eleanor and Ramona Kincaid were certainly fortunate in having their mother, Mrs. J. W. Kincaid, of Henryetta, Okla., to come Saturday, to spend several days with them. Sunday the girls took several of their friends for a drive in and about Nashville.

Mr. J. W. Fisher, of Kissima, Fla., surprised his daughter Clara, Sunday, by stopping over for a few days with her on his way north. Monday he took Clara and Sue Hilliard to the Y. W. tea room for lunch and then to the theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Murdock, of Oregon, Ill., are spending several days in Nashville with their daughter, Ione, who is a student in the school.

Mrs. Morris Klein, of Kansas City, Mo., spent the week-end with her daughter, Sylvia. Monday she entertained Alma Moore, Marjory Steele, and Lee Lewis at luncheon and the theatre.

Mrs. C. F. Guinn, of Perryville, Tenn., arrived in Nashville to spend the week-end with her daughter, Helen. They spent Sunday and Monday in town.

Dr. and Mrs. Hayes, who are intimate friends of Mildred Hollister, a former student in the school, took Marion Mulholland, Martha Brantingham and Lee Lewis for a delightful drive Sunday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. Hibbett entertained Martha Louise Williamson Sunday afternoon and evening. They went for a drive out to the Doctor's farm, and in the evening the family all went to the Belmont M. E. church to hear Bishop Mouzon.

Mrs. R. M. Pool, of Princeton, Ky., spent the week-end with her daughter, Mildred.

Mrs. Leo. Feld, of Kansas City, Mo., arrived Saturday to spend the week-end with her daughter, Gladys.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Reid, of Bay City, Mich., arrived in Nashville Saturday to be with their daughter, Evelyn and on Monday they entertained Irma and Eunice Weicker and Diana Fair for lunch at the Satasuma. In the afternoon they went to the Princess.

MILESTONES DINNER

Another of Ward-Belmont's wonderful dinners, complete in every detail, was given Monday evening, March 19. This one was given over to the presentation of the annual publication, Milestones, to the student body.

It will be remembered that only a short while back the editorial staff of this publication was selected.

Between the delicious courses of dinner, several members of this staff, Miss Norris, our Dean, and Dr. Blanton, our President, gave most interesting talks taking as their subjects: "The Milestones—what, where, how, and why?"

A new and surprising feature of the dinner was an orchestra—Ward-Belmont's own, composed of three violins, a saxaphone, a guitar, the piano and drums played by Lee Lewis, Florence Bell, Nola Arker, Fannie Julia Phelps, Hilda Morris, Helen Savage and Jean Wilmarth, respectively. These girls have organized the orchestra for their own amusement and that of the whole school and their playing added much to the enjoyment of the dinner.

The menu was all that we could wish for. The table decorations, subscription blanks and blank checks, were the best that could be employed for such an occasion.

Almost five hundred subscriptions were received from the borders alone. And it is expected that the day students also will subscribe one hundred percent.

HERE'S A THOUGHT

Why pay a doctor bill when you can go to the window and remove the pane?

This is where I shine, said the girl when she discovered that she had forgotten her vanity case.

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MARRIED

Beatrice Johnston (1921) of Evanston, Ill., to Mr. Emmett Swisshelm, on Wednesday, February 21, 1923. After April 1, the home of the bride and groom will be at Lima, Ohio. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Johnston, of Evanston, Ill. Many at Ward-Belmont will remember "Be" Johnston, whose fine athletic record, and attractive personality made her an outstanding figure in the school. Recently she has been studying Journalism, and in that atmosphere, her romance culminated, according to the following newspaper mention which has just appeared in her home paper:

"True life romance lurked in the Medill School of Journalism's news laboratory while Beatrice, Johnston, 21 daughter of George S. Johnston, 624 Lincoln street, Evanston, studied there beside Emmet Swisshelm a fellow senior from Louisville, Ky. Their marriage, solemnized February 21, was revealed Wednesday by Mrs. Swisshelm when she departed for Lima, O., to join her husband, who is employed on a newspaper there."

CORRIDOR CHARACTERS

As there is so much to say, it can best be expressed in outline form.

I. Introduction.
  A. She needs none.
  B. She is known to all.

II. Discussion.
  A. Appearance.
    1. Tall.
    2. Blond.
    3. Athletic.
  B. Abilities.
    1. Athletic.
      a. Plays hockey.
      b. Plays baseball.
      c. Plays basket-ball.
      d. Swims.
      e. Runs.
      f. Jumps.
    2. Social.
      a. Plays bridge.
      b. Dances.
      c. Clever conversationist.
  C. Tastes.
    1. Sweaters.
    2. Oxfords.
    3. Sport clothes.
  D. Affiliations.
    1. Osiron.
    2. Athenian.
    3. A Girl from Detroit.

III. Conclusion:
  A. A success.
    1. Athletically.
    2. Socially.
  B. A W.-B. Senior.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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PRESIDENT GIVES BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR MARCH GIRLS

The color of Spring's first flowers, yellow, was appropriately chosen for the table decoration of the birthday dinner, given at Ward-Belmont on Friday evening by Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton, to compliment a number of the students whose birthdays fall in the first Spring month. Brass baskets filled with jonquils, and brass candlesticks with pale yellow candles, were arranged with strikingly artistic effect. The menu further suggested the color scheme in several details, and the name cards were decorated with jonquils.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton were assisted by Miss Mills, and Mrs. Solon E. Rose, and the young ladies entertained included: Miss Elizabeth Cheatham of Washington, D. C., Miss Francis Robinson of Detroit, Miss Virginia Hainsfurther of Winchester, Ill., Miss Mary Catherine Greenlaw of Columbia, Tenn., Miss Margaret Ogden of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, Miss Marion Mulholland of Toledo, Ohio, Miss Marjorie Reynolds of Riverside, Ill., Miss Gladys Lorts of Rollo, Mo., Miss Mary Beth Campbell of Kansas City; Miss Pearl Miller of LaTrobe, Pa., Miss Eva Shallcross of Cannellton, Ind., Miss Rebecca Thacher of Waterville, Kansas; Miss Cassie Leta Garrett of Montgomery, Ala., Miss Mary E. Duncan of Princeton, Ind. Miss Esther Selfert of New Washington, Ohio; Miss Frances Stokes of Abbeville, Ala., Miss Frances Sample of Eurake, Kansas; Miss Lyda Hackett of Chicago and Miss Edwina Polhill of Macon, Ga.

CHAPEL

As a continuation of our interesting series of nature studies, given at Chapel hour, we heard from another of Peabody's able faculty, Dr. J. M. Shaffer, Professor of Biology.

Dr. Shaffer spoke to us on, "Nature as an Aesthetic Study," and left us with a far more appreciative eye for the beauties and wonders of nature than before.

We were entertained most interestingly at a Chapel hour this week by Mr. R. C. Binyon, of Commerce, Texas, a visitor in the city of Nashville.

Mr. Binyon told us two stories most typical of Texas, which were so thrillingly interesting that we were sorry to hear the lunch bell ring.



THE OWL!

Entire school to have "Free Day"—April Fool!

Easter

(1)

Easter, lovely Easter!
Fairest season of the year
What stories do you tell to us!
What message of good cheer!

(2)

Easter, lovely Easter!
Flowered earth and bluest skies,
What feelings in our hearts have birth!
What thoughts in us arise!

(3)

Easter, lovely Easter!
Budding trees and gorgeous hues,
What breaths of romance do you waft!
What thoughts in us infuse!

(4)

Easter, lovely Easter!
Colored eggs and bunnies white,
What joy you bring to little hearts!
What smiles make beam so bright!

(5)

Easter, lovely Easter!
Birthday of hope and love,
Brighter than any holiday!
And sent from heaven above!—G. F

LETTERS HOME

Dear Folks:—

The grandest thing has happened! You don't have to be invited to the dances any more. We have a little orchestra all our own—the Syncopatin' Seven. You should have been down to the dance in the gym last Saturday. As our dally astonisher would say, it was a "most successful affair, a happy and congenial crowd being asembled."

But please don't labor under the impression that life is just one long dance for your poor child. It is quite the opposite.

My table looks as though our friend, Mr. Carnegie had just happened by and left a little donation. And, like good old Postum, there's a reason—exams! I hope you'll be with me in spirit when the ordeal comes. I need moral support.

However, mother dear, personal support would be much better. Every time a yell w cab drives up I search for your face, but I search in valn. Please don't disappoint your

Studious Daughter.



PHYSICAL EDUCATION STUDENTS GIVE DEMONSTRATION

The Physical Education Students gave a demonstration in the annual exhibition of gymnasium work done by the schools and colleges of this city.

The work done by Ward-Belmont consisted of fancy Indian Club swinging, fencing to command and vaults on the horse. The other schools did fancy tumbling, dancing, marching to command and apparatus work. These were done by Peabody, Hume-Fogg High School, the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. where the exhibition was held.

THE SPIRIT OF THE "SYNCOPATIN' SEVEN"

Who says Ward-Belmont girls haven't pep, originality, and ambition? No one does, because they know we have in more ways than one. A few of the girls demonstrated this spirit recently when they organized an orchestra. Their fame increased from day to day until, in fact, they were so rushed with requests that they decided to incorporate and name themselves the "Syncopatin' Seven." The orchestra consists of Helen Savage, pianist; Florence Bell, Nola Arter, and Lee Lewis, violinists; Fannie Julia Phelps, saxaphone; Hilda Morris, guitar; and Jean Wilmarth, drums.

Last Saturday night after seeing Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense," we all went down to the gym, paid our ten cents a piece and enjoyed an hour of real fun in dancing by the music furnished by this new organization. The proceeds, which go towards buying a new drum, amounted to nearly $19. Let's boost our school orchestra. We want them every Saturday night, because we like their pep and spirit.

CHURCH SERVICES AT HOME

Dr. J. O. Reavis, president of the Presbyterian Mission Board of this city, was our speaker at our church service on Sunday. He took as his text the third chapter of Proverbs and spoke to us beneficially and inspiringly.

"Each life is a plan of God," began Dr. Reavis, "and each blue print of life is different from all the others. We all want to measure up to God's plan for our lives. In order to do this, 'in all thy ways acknowledge Him.' God promises to make plain the paths for us to follow.

"There are two lessons in our spiritual field glasses, one of faith, one of will. If you put these spiritual glasses

(Continued on page 8.)

ACADEMIC NEWS

Miss Olive Ross' English B class is studying the development of the English novel. The class has learned many interesting facts concerning the origin and the development of the novel; one of which might be interesting to mention; for did you know that the novel actually originated from love letters? The origin of the novel from this source was brought about in this way: very few of the young women of the eighteenth century were able to write and in order that they might communicate with their loved ones in far away countries they would have a clerk, or any man who was fortunate enough to be able to write a letter, write love notes to their sweethearts. Among these clerks was a Mr. Richardson, whose interest was stimulated by the young women who would come to him, weeping, and ask him to write a love letter to their sweethearts, and he, after much experience, made a collection of love letters and published them. From such a collection, our modern novel grew. Many writers have had a great deal of influence on our novel before the modern novel became what it is today; and many of these men lived and wrote before Mr. Richardson's time while many others have lived and written since his death.

Madame Beziat's French A class is, now, studying "Mon Oncle et Mon Cure" written by Colin. The class has just finished reading "Eel Beau Pays De France," a book which presented the complete history of France in a single style that was very well adopted to beginners in French. The contents of the book included descriptions of the Provinces of France and also a fine discussion of Paris as well as several historical stories and many legends of French history and even a discussion of several of the French generals in the World War; other features that the class enjoyed very much were two short plays and several French poems and songs.

Mrs. Plunkett's first year Art class is studying costume designing more in detail than it has previously done; the girls are drawing figures in various poses taking both the "side turn" and "front" views. For the first lessons, the girls dressed their dummy figures in simple wash dresses made of ginghams or some similar material; a little later during the course, they dressed their figures in costumes that were made of some transparent material such as organdie or voile; for the next few lessons, the girls designed street costumes which included either suits or tailored dresses; and at present, they are working on party dresses. The girls not only draw the figures and plan the style of the various costumes but they, also, paint the dresses in colors that are best suited to the type for which they design the dress.

Dr. Whitson's Bible A class is finishing its study of the books of the Old Testament; during the course the girls have done quite a good deal of work on reference books outside of class. Dr. Whitson has made this class very profitable by the lectures which he gives the class on interesting subjects connected with each days lesson.

The girls in Mlle. Vimont's Spanish A class can tell any one that they are enjoying their class work, very much indeed, and is that fact to be wondered at when we remember that Mlle. Vimont has studied Spanish with Senor Solalinae, author of the book that the class is using, at present,—"Sketches From Spanish Life," and she can, therefore, present the work in the most interesting way. Not only are the girls studying this book, but they are also studying Spanish grammar and at present they are working on irregular Spanish verbs.

Miss Scrugg's Psychology classes are writing a paper on "The Life of Helen Keller." The girls have read the Life of Helen Keller in various books and in addition, they have tried to find any interesting facts about Miss Keller's life. The paper, which the girls are writing, is to treat Miss Keller's life from a psychological standpoint.

Miss Blythe's Sight-Playing class is fast becoming very proficient in reading music, which the girls have seen for the first time. Each girl is required to play the same piece with three other girls while Miss Blythe counts for all four. They have been playing hymns until quite recently, and they are, now, working on duets.

The English B classes are reading "The Jessamy Bride" written by William Black, in order that they may get a vivid picture of a few of the leading authors by the eighteenth century. The novel is most enjoyable, dealing with the life of Oliver Goldsmith, as well as many other literary men of his time. The girls are not required to read this book but every girl in the English B department is taking advantage of this opportunity to read and enjoy it.

TO FOUNDER'S HOSTESS

On the fourteenth of March at nine
forty-five,
All the Founders girls were very alive
To honor the birthday of their "Mother" Rose,
Whom they love and respect as every
one knows.

So they all came together, in groups
or in pairs,
To visit their hostess at the head of
the stairs
And give her a gift of a fine silver
vase
Which she received with her usual
grace.

Then to first floor, they did journey
to dance
Where the time passed so quickly that
it seemed a mere glance;
After several cold pies, and pleasant
"Good nights"
To their dearly loved hostess,—they
turned off the lights.

YE EDITOR IS NOT FORGOT

It is good to be remembered, and better still to live in the home folks' memory.

Such is Jean Wilmarth's happy luck, for her home paper, the Muskogee Times Democrat in a recent issue, printed her picture, with the following cordial comment:

"In Ward-Belmont School for girls, in Nashville, Tenn., it is considered a distinctive honor to re-appoint an editor-in-chief of the "Hyphen," the weekly publication of the college, to serve more than one semester.

"But Miss Jean Wilmarth, who was appointed editor-in-chief of the Hyphen in September, has recently been chosen to fill this position for the entire school year.

"Miss Wilmarth, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilmarth, 2319 West Broadway, has shown unusual ability in her journalistic efforts. As an editorial writer she has gained distinction seldom accorded to a student.

"A graduate of Central High school in the class of '21, Miss Wilmarth will graduate from Ward-Belmont in the spring and has expressed a desire to enter the University of Illinois next fall to take a library course."

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Jeter, mournfully surveying the hole in the sole of her shoe: "Now isn't that heart rending?"

Lee Lewis: "No, I would call it soul rending."

Eddie Lawrence suggests that "the" new car be called the "Kitty Kar."

Wouldn't the above have been good for the Tri K page? At that, we'll have to hand it to them that they brought in a lot of "K's" unknown to us!

Heard as Miss Morrison marched the girls off of the cement court to breakfast: "Gness you would call this breakfast by aversion."

"Naw, breakfast by invasions more like it."

It is always exciting to go to Woody Crest, but it affects some people very strangely. Mary Muesse, on the way out for the week end, startled a carload by crying, "Oh, I broke my gum in two and threw it out the window!"

One thing, we certainly can say for the Anti-Pans: "They're square—but then, they've had a checkered career."

Now that all the English A ciasess are having banquets, there is a great rush for senior middle classification.

A great little indoor sport is standing in the bank line on Monday mornings. Come early and avoid the rush.

Some people are born lucky. Others always have a sneak in trumps.

Teacher—"Use Idaho in a sentence."

Johnny—"I'd a whole lot rather answer some other question."

"Ma, can I go out doors and play?"

"What, with those holes in your stockings?"

"No, with the kids next door."

THE PEN vs THE SWORD

Down through the ages it has been proven that the pen is mightier than the sword, time and again. And we have been reminded of this recently by one of our chapel speakers. How very true that is, especially on our own campus. Of course our minds do not run to battle—except in a few cases—we being the "gentler sex," but did you ever stop to consider the many advantages belonging to the simple little every day article—the pen?

First of all come letters! Breathes there one girl on our campus who is indifferent toward the daily communication with home and and the outside world? If it weren't for the precious pen our families and "other interests" could never be heard from, except, perhaps when they trusted to the telephone. Even then there would be a terrifying possibility that negligent central would answer—"lines busy" at the absolutely "wrongest" time. What sword could make us more downcast than a missing greeting of the pen in our mail boxes?

But sometimes that penned note within our box strikes terror to our hearts when we see "council" written thereon. That simple little paper spoils many a victim's afternoon to say the least. What pointed implement of war would we not face rather than that assembly that does naught but bring back to us those foolish mistakes we've made? Did you ever stop to think that the welcome "granted" on returned requests is also a product of the pen?

Our very life almost depends upon a Waterman or some other species. Just stop to consider how Mr. Tut's hieroglyphics and colors could have appeared on the campus in all their spring glory unless the thoughtful one at home had not penned his signature to the welcome check. The tea-room, Satuma's and Loew's would lose a few patrons if it were not for the valuable article mentioned above.

And last—but not least—here's one thing to be thankful for at exam time, at least. What if we were forced to strain our vocal cords telling all we knew every quarter, instead of being able to write it? Of course there are some few who always contract a bad case of writer's cramp in writing all they know, but in the general run of cases a great deal of embarrassment is saved by writing instead of explaining by word of mouth what we (don't) know. So powerful and necessary has the pen become that a great majority of people cannot even think well when not holding one between the fingers.

POURQUOI

You may not call this adequate cause for complaint, yet others would call it so, and I place myself on the side of the "others."

We are told that all men are created equal. Now that is not so—(perhaps it is for men), but it is not true especially when one considers the subject of the "weekly spread of printer's ink."

When told to select their own topic for discussion, these poet people write rhyme after rhyme on having nothing to write about. But what is one to do if one is not gifted in the art of rhyme? Venture into the field of music, and you find that devoting so much time to the pen you have not the real appreciation of the best in music. Venture into the field of athletics and sport, and you find that others have been assigned that task and there you will crowd them.

It is the same in criticism or whatever else you turn to—always someone there before you.

It is a hard life, and the hardest part is that we are told to select our own subject at just that time when our minds are unusually slow to creak ideas.

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

We like praise—everyone does—and we admit that we even like to praise ourselves sometimes when perhaps the "outer world" does not know of our accomplishments.

At any rate, we deem it both feeling and proper that we should speak of something of which we have a right to be proud, at this time. One day of exams is passed. (Do we hear sighs from the "zoo"?) They are strenuous to be sure, but are we not meeting them with a much better spirit than in "quarters" past? Do we, now, ever connect any thoughts of dishonorable conduct with our exams? We are proud to be able to answer with an emphatic "no"! Cheating has been thrown into its proper sphere of nothingness where conquered mistakes are dumped and from that place they are powerless to rise to give battle again. Our student opinion has made dishonor a bygone thing. Fairness and squareness are the accepted rules which are obeyed at Ward-Belmont. Do we not deserve praise? We think we do!

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Katherine Garrett, of Princeton, Ky., whose stay of some years at Ward-Belmont endeared her to many friends, is a Senior of Ogontz School at Rydal, Pa., this term, and besides a full study schedule, she is Editor in Chief of the Ogontz Mosaic, a monthly school paper, and is assistant editor of the Senior Class book. This is her second year at Ogontz, and she has so much enjoyed it, that she has decided to go as Counsellor to the Ogontz White Mountain Camp, during July and August.

Recently when she was spending the day in Philadelphia she met Charmian Aikins and her husband, (Dr. Hylan K. Wallace) when they were on their wedding trip. Writing to Miss Mills, Katherine expresses her loyalty to Ward-Belmont in emphatic terms. She says:

"I keep up with life at Ward-Belmont through the Hyphen, and look forward to its arrival each week. I am not able to tell you just how much I enjoy it. I often wish I could be back with you all again, and I shall always think of Ward-Belmont as my "second home."

In the same line, another former Ward-Belmont girl, Martha Barnum, writing to the Hyphen says: I long to be back at Ward-Belmont. My year there will always be the garden spot of my memory, and the flowers blooming in it are my many friends I made there. I may go to many schools before my education is completed, but Ward Belmont will always be the school home that I have loved. "I find the Hyphen very clever this year. Always I long for W. B."

Miss Clara Haddox, graduate of the School of Expression, was recently chosen to read at a brilliant social meeting of the Drama League in Nashville, at the residence of Mrs. R. H. Lacy.

Elizabeth White, of Masson, Texas, writes a letter of greeting to the School, in the course of which she says: "U" know I could never be happy in any other school, after spending three years in Ward-Belmont."

FACULTY FACTS

Mlle. Vimont

One of the most interesting members of our faculty is Mlle. Vimont, professor of French and Spanish. She is noted for her fluency in all of the modern languages and is a most capable and interesting teacher.

Mlle. Vimont has been thoroughly prepared for teaching her subjects. Natively French, she studied Old French at the College de France under M. Joseph Bidier. At the Sorbonne she studied French literature under E. Faguet, and G. Lausou, taking, meanwhile, courses in Education and Philosophy with E. Durkheim, and G. Seailles.

When Mlle. Vimont was only sixteen years of age she taught at the Polish Institute, a school for Polish girls of noble birth which was supported at that time by Princess Isa Czartoriska, daughter of the founder and granddaughter of Louis-Philippe. Later Mlle. Vimont taught at the Institution Duchenine, the most fashionable of the private schools in Paris. From this place she traveled in Poland and studied German at Hanover.

She came to the United States where she received her A. B. at Adelphi College in Brooklyn, New York. Although Mlle. Vimont still claims France as her home, and has made many return trips to her native country, being active in the French Red Cross during the war, she has passed the greater part of the past ten years in the United States. She received her A. M. degree at Columbia University and was through with all of the necessary courses for her Ph.D., and ready for her examinations in 1914 when the war interrupted her studies and she returned to France. Her thesis has been accepted and will be an edition of a poem of the thirteenth century of about 8,000 lines.

Mlle. Vimont has had accorded her a great many very high honors. We would call attention to the fact that she is an Officer d' Academic and also Ellve Titulaire de l' Ecole des Hautes Etudes at the Sorbonne.

She is a member of the Society of the French Professors of America, and was for ten years on the Council of Administration of this society. She belongs to the Anciens Eleves de l' Ecole des Hautes-Etudes, to the Association of Modern Languages and to the Instituto de Las Espanas.

Not only have Mlle. Vimont's extensive studies fitted her for the work which she carries on, so well, in Ward-Belmont, but her experience as a teacher has benefitted her greatly. She has taught at Miss Armstrong's School, in Cincinnati, Ohio, at Adelphi College, at Oxford College, Oxford, Ohio; at Vassar College, and is now conducting some of the most beneficial and interesting classes in the Language Department at Ward-Belmont.

"DREAM OF EASTER EVE"

Presented by Expression Students

As an appropriate prelude to Easter joy, the college students and little girls in the School of Expression present a beautiful Easter meditation, called "A Dream of Easter Eve," in the Chapel on Saturday evening. It is really an Easter miracle play, and is given in a reverent mood. The whole school attends, and many friends and patrons from Nashville, join us to enjoy the beautiful work of Miss Townsend's students. The whole audience joins in singing an Easter hymn, as they disperse. By Miss Townsend's request there is no applause. Music from an unseen choir, trained by Miss Bozer, adds much to the effect of the production.

The program follows:

The Place: The Tomb of the Saviour in a Garden.
The Time: The First Easter Even: The Soldiers' Vigil.

THE PEOPLE

The Three Soldiers Who Guard the Tomb

The Soldier Who Plaited the Crown of Thorns . MARGUERITE FISHER
The Soldier Who Pierced the Side . . . ELIZABETH NELLUMS
The Soldier Who Won the Seamless Coat . . CLARA HADDOX

The Galilean Children

The Little Daughter of Jairus . . . . . JEAN HAYNES
The Boy Who Was Cured of Epilepsy . . FRANCES WILLIAMS
The Lad Who Had the Loaves and Fishes . JANE CAREY FOLK
A Little Child Whom Jesus Blessed . . MARY LOUISE EDWARDS

THE DREAMS OF COMFORT SENT TO THE SOLDIERS

The Child with the Cross . . . . . ELIZABETH COX
The Child with the Lance . . . . . HULDA CHEEK
The Child with the Seamless Coat . . LORELL LADD
The Child with the Crown of Thorns . . BARBARA CROSLAND

THE ANGELS

The Angels Who Roll the Stone Away . . {BETTY LINDSAY, MYRTLE THOMAS
The Angel of the Resurrection . . . . BERNITA JACOBS
The Angels Around the Cross . . . . {BESSIE CONN, HELLON GUINN, GRACE MORROW
The Angels Who Sing "Alleluia, He Is Risen!"

THE ANTI-PAN DANCE

If black is white, where do the silhouettes come in? Anyone at the Anti-Pan dance, last Saturday night, would have been glad to have answered the above questions.

Through a bewitching gateway we stepped into a land of black squares, and white squares. Before us, from behind a checkered piano, black and white caps bobbed up and down. At our feet lay a life size checker-board, black and white posts supported a checkered ceiling, and on either side of us tall Pierrots beckoned gay Pierrettes to join in the dancing. The music swept us among the Pierrots and Pierrettes of everyday life; who were eating candy from checker-board boxes and wearing tall caps. Did we have fun?—Was it peppy?—Was the food delicious? The only reply needed in this: It was an Anti-Pan dance, Anti-Pan food, Anti-Pan pep, and Anti-Pan fun! Three cheers for the Anti-Pans!!!

HYPHEN INTER-CLUB CONTEST: TRI K

TRI K

Klever Kampus Krier
Editor—Ima Tri K
Asst. Editor—So'm I
Power Behind the Throne—Itsa Sponsor.
Business Mgr.—Iv'a Lotta Dough.
Publicity Agent—I Toota Horn.

KLUB KRITICISM

K-l-t-t-y spells cat,
But A-g-o-r-a ain't that,
Catty is as catty do,
And Cats are never P. D. Q.
S-N-I-C-K-E-R S-N-I-C-K-E-R

In Student Government you shine.
'Fact in almost any line.
Your movie skit was done quite well,
But then you always do X. L.
C-L-I-C-K C-L-I-C-K

Pierrot to Pierrette—"Wilt Thou be mine?"
"Of you I sing—for you I pine."
Pierette to Pierrot—"That would be wrong"
"For to the Osirons I belong."
B-O-O- H-O-O

Your dance and stunt were quite the thing.
To this we will all agree.
The chapel with your praises ring,
Our hats off to you T. C.
B-O-W B-O-W

To the grave-yard let us went;
But let us hope we're never sent
To have our prophesies fore-told
By the F. F. Club so bold.
Q-U-A-K-E QU-A-K-E

There are good and bad fairies,
We will all agree.
The bad ones we slight
But the A. K's. we see.
S-O-A-P S-O-A-P
This Spanish bunk is all the rage,
You see it on most every stage.
But Valentino has nothing on us.
Del Vers sure can spread their stuff.
S-H-I-M-M-Y S-H-I-M-M-Y

Roses in January cannot be,
So nature says, and so said we
Until one winter night we saw
The beautiful rose of Penta-Tau.
TRA-LA.

Once there was a story told
Of a desert sheik so bold.
The desert, W. B.; the sheik, so tan,
Was the wicked Sheik of Anti Pan.
T-H-R-I-L-L-S

KORRIDOR KHARACTER

First of all she is "kind"—the kindest person we know. Little heartaches we carry to her like we do to mother, and always we receive a sympathetic smile, a word of cheer and always we leave her with a determination to smile. Maybe sometimes we've been a bit careless and she tells us we shouldn't have been—and we promise ourselves we never will be again because she cares. She is kind enough to help us when we're in trouble, and especially to keep us out.

Next she is "klever"—very. At jingles we can find no one better and ideas seem never to fail. Humor in her is a thing that is constant and absolutely no one could get away with a laugh as she does.

And last of all she is exceptionally "keen"—perhaps you have long ago decided that when she spoke to you by name before you had been here a week and you had no idea that anyone even knew that you were "among those present." And maybe you think her eyes are very keen when she shakes her head at you—in a certain large room—and you feel so ashamed.

She is frequently seen with a brunette of whom we are particularly fond and both of these interesting persons spend much time and attention on a little "strawberry" blond that walks on four legs.

But this interesting personage is a real K. K. K. you see—"kind, klever, and keen." And she has many, many more assets but I wouldn't know just where to stop if I should name them voc

KUBLA KHAN KORAN

We Shall Not:

1. Knt Kampus
2. Kick about Konditions
3. Have Krushes
4. Lack Kurtesy
5. Be Kritical
6. Be Kalled Kwitters
8. Lack Kindness
9. Be Kalled to Kouncil
10. Kreate Kuarrels.

KORRESPONDENCE

My Dearest Family:—

Yes—we arrived home safe and sound—tired but happy!—with the grand conclusion that Woody-Crest is the place we'd all like to call "Home Sweet Home"—fully impressed on our minds! Of course Tri K's had been out before but this time was a grand climax—(Sad fate!—we may never go again this year!) and now we've all (at least most of us!) thrown all air-castlish—I always coin words when old' Daniel can't come to my rescue or my mind refuses to register more than about 10% efficient,—you know that happens in the best regulated families! Ambitions to the winds—and all are set for a good ole' life of comfort and ease—with piles of time, pillows, books and etc. and hearth fires!—and f-o-o-d!—especially at Woody Crest. Anyway Susie has "down pat" all the cooking tactics—and we—well I guess it isn't quite necessary to tell you, mother, about our birdlike (?) appetites. Call 'em anything you like but we're still endeavoring to recuperate from that biscuit-eating contest.

I 'spect you're tired of all this raving but I'm just full of Woody-Crest inspirations—and too—my serious days are alternate Tuesday and Thursday and this is only Monday—so bye—

Your own eldest
Daughter.

P. S. I guess this is a "Melody in I" but it can't be helped!

KAN YOU DEVELOPE LIKE A FILM?

Can you develop like a film
And make a finished picture?
Well, I'm here to tell you now
You can do it after this lecture.

First develop common sense—
It is the most essential—
And you cannot get far without,
This quality potential.

Next acquire some history,
Background for understanding,
Then help others over woes
With sympathetic handling.

Thirdly: learn just how to talk,
And why and when and where,
Discuss all things with interest,
Intelligence and care.

Then develop graceful bearing;
Have poise, yet be at ease,
Remember to moderate your voice,
And you are sure to please.

Your dress should not be in ex'reme,
Nor its color be too bold,
But modulate the fashions too.
Yet don't let them be old.

Instead of sixth, just let us try
To sum up what's been said
It all blends into the old group—
Personality has led.

Now if you hear of charm and
Refinement, you're a mixture
Then you've developed like a film
And made a perfect picture.

KONSTANTLY KATCHING

1. Becky Thatcher in search of work in and around Pembroke.

2. Dibbie Shepherd wondering if a certain petite brunette is home—in Pembroke. Also wondering how to bar harrettes that won't behave.

3. Someone (Jinny Smith in particuluar) telling Jeter all the intricate troubles of the Tri K decorating committee.

4. Liz Terrell having to "park" that gum.

5. Jane Carling "Kurring Komet."

6. Joe S. Roof wearing those lovely "korsages."

7. Those Florida girls wondering why they insist on calling this "Sunny Tennessee"—especially at Woody-Crest when the Klimate turns Kool over night.

8. Dot Cope and Daugherty Collins seeking inspiration for poetry—kind and otherwise.

9. Peg and Ginny "Kutting Krazy Kapers."

10. Dicky "Kopping Amos Koat.

11. Helen Condon having a spring "kleaning."

12. Ruby Wooten belnk kute—just natural.

13. Betty Baxter getting kleverer and klever in every way, every day—especially in modes of arranging hair what ain't!

KATCHING KOLDS

With a cold in by head,
I ah lylg id bed
Id this popular pesthouse of ours,
Ad I cough ad I blow,
Oh I do suffer so
That I feel like I'b locked id a tower.

I would like veay buch
Oo play teddis ad such,
Or take out by golf clubs ad ball.
But Biss Rucker is boss,
Ad I'b at a loss
As to whether I'll leave here at all!

Oh, please tell be what
Base cobe over us? But
I guess I cad tell you id suh,
'Tis the sabe old thig,
It's sprig, it's sprig,
Yes, I tell you, by dears, sprig has cub!

KOMPLIMENTARY KOLUMN

My Testimonial

When I first came to W. B.
I was as blue as blue could be,
I watched my post box all the while,
And 'most forgot the way to smile.

But I remember—twasn't long—
I found my first impresions wrong.
Because it wasn't many days,
Until I knew some good Tri K's.

The very best in every way,
Active both in work and play,
I'm always proud when I can say
That now I am a good Tri K.

Komradeship

Though some folk may deny
It's proved to be quite so
The best side of humanity,
Are the comradeships that grow
In just the every day affairs.
In school, in work and play,
And most of all we're proud to add
We are Komrades of Tri K.

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KLUB KINDNESS

If your president called on you to work,
Should you do it gladly or try to shirk?
Really I think you would want to do
Something to prove that you are true,
To the club you love best of all.

Just think of all the little deeds
That would help us in our needs.
Do it gladly when you're asked.
Never think to shirk that task
That should be done without delay.

Courtesy you must not forget,
If you do you will regret
When your friends will say of you:
"Don't ask her, she's not true blue,
Ask someone else more courteous."

She cannot pick out each little thing
That joy to your club would bring.
Do it gladly, do it well,
So your club of you will tell!
"She's the girl you want."

KNICK KNACKS

Cats are after all merely tale-bearers.

Something has been worrying me—who is this goat that always does nothing else "but."

Teacher—"Will you please run up the blind?"

Tri K—"Well I'm not a wonderful athlete, but I'll try."

Have you thought how many things have been added to our environment since September?

Here are a few:

1. Dubby.
2. A new coat of paint on most everything. (We thank the kind painter for the compliment he gave us in painting the little iron man black and white. But we hope no wearer of the colors ever looked so down-hearted.)
3. The horses.
4. A bright little car on the landscape.
5. Victrolas.
6. A Glee Club.
7. Birthday dinners.
8. Blue hats, ear-rings, two-toned shoes.
9. Additional privileges.
10. W. B. belts.
11. A diving tower.
12. Three-course dinners.
13. Water Polo.

—And plans for that Senior Hall!

Kubla—"I wish I had Eve for a wife."

Khan—"Why?"

Kubla— she only cost Adam one bone."

Peroxide isn't good for "Klass Kuts."

We wish those Kunning Krocuses would Krop out again.

BASEBALL

Prof. in English: "What do you know about Fielding?"

Student: "Professor, I don't know much about fielding. I was always a pitcher on the team I played on."

WE KONCLUDE THAT

A—Is for our peppy Athleen
As president she's the best ever seen.
B—Is for the best club of all,
With loyal members, small and tall.
C—Is for courtesy they all show,
To all the people wherever they go.
D—Is for Doris who is our chief pride,
Does everything from a swim to a ride.
E—Is for efficiency in every thing,
In sports, in games and in the way we sing.
F—Is for friendship, loyal and true,
For friends you know will remember you.
G—Is for the girls—every single one,
Who are just running over with pep and good fun.
H—Is for helpfulness each girl gives,
To all in need everyday that she lives.
I—Is for idleness we try to crush out,
Just as we do the frown and the pout.
J—Is for joliness, with laughter and fun,
All are expected from everyone.
K—Is for K.K.K. the best of the best,
We think it far outsteps all of the rest.
L—Is for love shown among us,
A symbol of comradeship and trust.
M—Is for Miss Morrison, our sponsor so fine,
We think she stands at the head of the line.
N—Is poetic license for knowledge,
Which is why we come to college.
O—Is for the organization, which certainly is great,
I think out club could never meet with sad fate.
P—Is for our pride in what our girls do,
We have the best athletes I think, don't you?
Q—Is for quality we all possess,
We cast out the bad and keep the best.
R—Is for our riders, we've certainly some of the best,
(You should see them ride the mules at Woody Crest.
S—Is for the spirit, the very greatest part,
Tri K's show the kind that springs from the heart.
T—Is for the truth we each and all will tell,
I think that shows we are doing all that's well.
U—Is for the uniform we wear out each Sunday,
(Not counting the socket-fits we all wear on Monday.)
V—Is for the verity of all we have said,
It is for the verity of all you have read.
W—Is for willingness to help the best we can,
That will help make spirit too, best in all the land.
X. Y. Z.—all last you see,
They stand where Tri K will never be.

If a woman spends an hour
Dying blouses all the while
Can it be that she is dying
Just to keep herself in style.
(The Green Gander).

PERSONALS

Mrs. Clarence Shephard, of Kansas City, Mo., arrived in the city Saturday to spend several days with her daughter, Elizabeth. Saturday evening she took Elizabeth, and Martha Williamson in to MacFadden's for dinner and to Loew's in the evening.

Mrs. R. C. Jeter, of Florence, Ala., arrived Saturday noon to spend a few days with her daughter, Sara. She entertained several of Sara's friends while here. Saturday evening she and Sara took Athleen Dickie and Edna Lawrence in to the Satsuma for dinner and later the party went to the Princess. Monday they entertained Martha Williamson, Jean Wilmarth, and Florence Bell.

Mr. Guy Davis, of Tulsa, Okla., spent the week-end with his daughter Freda. Many of Freda's friends from Tulsa gave Mr. Davis a hearty welcome and while here he entertained very extensively. Saturday evening he and Freda took Madeline Shaw and Maxine Day to MacFadden's for dinner and to the Princess in the evening Sunday Mr. Davis had dinner at the school, and in the afternoon he chaperoned several girls for a drive. Monday he gave a very lovely luncheon at the Satsuma for Freda. Among his guests were Misses Helen Williams, Maxine and Ruth Day, Helen McCormick, Hortense Schurman, Tora Hockenburger and Margaret Curran.

Mrs. Crum, who has been spending some time with her daughter Edna Contrell, entertained Eleanor Renels, Eleanor Blood, Maxine Ronna, and Marion Weber at luncheon Monday. In the afternoon she took her guests to the Princess.

Mrs. C. J. Price, of Mt. Morris, Ill., is spending several days with her daughter Helen. She entertained Marie Pregler at lunch Monday.

Mrs. George I. Thatcher, Rebecca Thatcher's mother, arrived last week from Waterville, Kans., to join her own mother, Mrs. C. O. Knowles, who had come from Florida, and spend several days. While here they entertained many of Rebecca's friends. Monday they took Dorothy Work, Peggy Ogden and Virginia Smith to lunch. Rebecca spent the week-end with her family. Sunday they drove out to Woody-Crest and were guest of the Twentieth-Centuries for dinner.

Miss Nobe Edgar, who was a Senior in Ward-Belmont last year, is spending sometime in Nashville. She has been the guest of her relatives first and on Sunday she came out to the school where she is to visit her sister, Clynte Edgar, for several days. We are indeed glad to welcome Nobe back.

Mrs. Grace Francke, of Toledo, Ohio, arrived in Nashville Saturday to spend sometime with her daughter Florence. Sunday afternoon she took Misses Marion Mulholland, Martha Brantingham, Edwina Polhill and Dorothy Wilson for a very lovely drive about Nashville.

Vivian Few was entertained very charmingly at tea Sunday in the home of Miss Cornelia Martin of this city.

Mrs. W. H. Hardy, of Waukesha, Wis., is spending several days with her daughter, Ruth.

Mrs. Richard Hobbie, of Montgomery, Ala., spent the week-end with her daughter Catherine. She took Catherine in town with her Saturday.

Benita Jacobs was entertained at dinner Sunday by Mrs. Shaver.

Mrs. Joel Funkhauser, of Plattsburg, Mo., arrived in Nashville Friday to spend several days with her daughter Alice. They spent Sunday and Monday in town together.

Mrs. Paul B. Stone, of Oklahoma City, entertained a few of Lenore's friends at dinner and a show on Saturday. Those entertained were: Margaret Marling, Virginia Bennett, Eugenia Hill, Mildred Yates, Polly Stacks, Sara Dorsey Brown and Louise Packard.

Miss Alma Morowitz of Hannibal, Mo., has been a recent guest at the school, visiting her sister Louise Morowitz. The former was a graduate in music last year, and both young ladies were members of the Ward-Belmont European party last summer.

HALLIE FINCHMAN'S INVITATIONS RECEIVED AT WARD-BELMONT

Hallie Fincham, a popular Senior of 1920, whose home is in San Antonio, is to be married on April 11, to Mr. Stephen Maston Nixon. The wedding will take place in the evening, at St. Mark's Church in San Antonio. The young couple will make their home in Robstown, Texas.

Hallie is affectionately remembered here. Besides graduating in the English course, she took a certificate in Music. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thornton Fincham. The ceremony at the church will be followed by a large reception at the family home, 111 East Grammercy Park.

Mary Katherine Bresler, of Detroit, was married on Tuesday, March 20, to Mr. Kenneth White Matheson.

Accompanying an attractive picture of Helen Hyman, of Memphis, the Memphis Commercial Appeal of recent date, makes the following interesting announcement:

"Miss Hyman is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hyman, her engagement to Dr. Wallace C. Ryan, being announced today. Miss Hyman attended St. Mary's School here and Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, and Dr. Ryan is a graduate of the University of Chattanooga and the dental department of the University of Tennessee. The wedding will be a notable event of June."

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and be a missionary or another and be something still different? Just ask God for the answer. He speaks to you through your conscience. God's spirit speaks to you and persuades you to do the will of God. The Bible is your guide book.

"The Providences in life, sometimes seem like storms beating upon us, but they are directing us into the harbor of peace, and the love of God Himself who always goes with us every where.

"As you go out into this world, young ladies, will you not let God lead you through, and help you to always take the right road?" said Dr. Reavis in bringing his most appealing mesage to a close.

DO IT NOW!

If you've got a job to do,
Do it now!
If it's one you wish were thru,
Do it now!
If you're sure the job's your own,
Don't hem and haw and groan,
Do it now!
Don't put off a bit of work,
Do it now!
It doesn't pay to shirk,
Do it now!
If you want to fill a place
And be useful to the race,
Just get up and take a brace—
Do it now!
Don't linger by the way.
Do it now!
You'll lose if you delay.
Do it now!
If the other fellows wait,
Or postpone until it's late,
You hit up a faster gait—
Do it now!

The Normallte.

CHURCH SERVICES AT HOME

(Continued from page 1.)

to your eyes, and were able to see God's will, suppose you said to Him, 'I will not,' then a mist forms over the glasses and you can no longer see God's path. 'It is a long, long, trail a'winding,' and there are many cross-roads. We do not know the road. God holds the key.

"Acknowledge God in all thy ways, not just on special occasions, but in the daily routine of your life. God touches every force that touches your lives, and will make plain your paths. Day by day we come to the cross-roads. God won't let you miss the right road. When you don't know what to do, just ask God and He will show you. Shall I follow this road and be a trained nurse, or another

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1923 | NUMBER 23

GREAT BRAZILIAN PIANIST PLAYS AT WARD-BELMONT

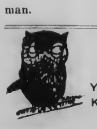
On Tuesday before Easter, the great Brazilian pianist, Gulomar Novaes, was presented by Ward-Belmont, before an overwhelming audience, which included the music lovers of Nashville, and many visitors from near-by towns. Called by critics the feminine Paderewski, and she abundantly proved her right to that great title. Ward-Belmont has had the distinction of bringing a number of notable pianists to Nashville—Godowsky and Levetski having come in very recent years—and none have been greater than this young girl, yet in her early twenties, who was sent by the Brazilian government to Paris to be educated, and quickly took her place there among the greatest piano students of her time. Miss Massey, of the Ward-Belmont music faculty, was her fellow student in Paris under the great master Philipp.

Novaes was brilliantly marvelous in her technical work, full of temperament and poetry of expression, and her lovely pure tone is a treat to remember a lifetime through. Ward-Belmont's piano students received in her appearance the greatest inspiration they could have had, and Nashville was afforded one of the notable musical events of the year.

VOCAL PUPILS GIVE PROGRAM IN FRANKLIN

With notable art and success Signor De Luca of Ward-Belmont, presented a musical recital in Franklin, on Monday evening under the auspices of the D. A. R. It was largely attended, and pronounced as a distinct success, both from the standpoint of musical perfection, and financial benefit.

Those who accompanied Signor de Luca to Franklin, and took part in the program were: Miss Kathryn Kirkham, Mrs. Jean Shephard, Miss Nellie Miller, Miss Willa Mai Wald (the latter a piano pupil of Mr. Lawrence Goodman), Dr. Clifford Woods, Messrs. Harold Davis, Thomas Fletcher. William Young and Eugene Bugg. Effective support at the piano was given by Miss Alberta Reeves. Others who accompanied the party were Mrs. Harold Davis, Mrs Clifford Woods and Mr. Lawrence Goodman.



THE OWL!

You tell 'em Tri K's
You put life back into
King Tut.

Love's Labor Lost

'Twas a moonlight night in Egypt
Isabellkha was all dressed up
That night of all nights was propitious,
For King Tut with her was to sup.

She had thoughtfully laid the table
And carefully planned the food,
The oldest linens and finest silver,
For nothing could be crude.

The cook had been given a clean apron,
A butler been borrowed next door,
The nuts had been plentifully ordered
In case King Tut should wish more.

The Sunflowers had been imported
From old Cairo that very same day,
They were strewn o'er the house picturesquely,
And everywhere sent forth their bright ray.

The astronomers had predicted fair weather,
So Isabellkha's heart was light.
The gods in their benevolent kindness
Had set everything to right.

She took herself to the tower,
Which stood outside their gate,
And looked in vain o'er the desert,
"Oh, heavens, he's going to be late!"

But no, ah no, there's an hour more,
Until he's due to come.
So she ran down stairs to the kitchen,
And once more toasted the buns.

The phone, the phone, 'tis ringing!
What, O what can it be?
Isabellkha wonders who is calling—
And quickly runs to see.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ten Minutes Later

T'was a moonlight night in Egypt,
Isabellkha is all dressed up,
But what, oh what, does this matter,
King Tut with her will not sup!

He had called her and told her just then,
And it was nothing to him it seemed
But he must consult with the Pharaoh that night
About the way his pyramids leaned!

—Mary Elizabeth Watkins.

ENGLISH "A" BANQUETS

A series of function exhibitions of class work, entirely new and unprecedented in Ward-Belmont, have been taking place under the supervision of Miss Shouse, our English A instructor.

Miss Shouse's classes have been studying toasts, and in order to make this study more interesting to them, she envolved the idea of allowing each of her classes to hold a banquet in honor of some supposedly festal occasion, during which the best toasts of the class would be given by their authors.

The first of the series of banquets was given simply in honor of the Freshman class itself. The table decorations of this banquet were carried out in the symbolic color of green, and the toasts were clever eulogies of the downtrodden Freshman class.

A very effective banquet was held by another class in honor of the supposed birthday of our own Mother Eve, and her consort Adam. Much clever badinage was expressed in the toasts which this group gave.

Another very delightful banquet was given by one class under the title of "Farewell." The place cards, which were constructed in the shape of hand grips, fitted in most appropriately with the subject matter of the toasts.

One class had as its banquet subject "Miss Shouse's humor'ais." The idea of a reunion held ten years from now, was carried out in a most original fashion, and many were the fortunate fates ordained for the class, by the speakers in their forecasts.

One class which was especially smitten with the Egyptian craze, gave its banquet in honor of that very ancient-modern person—King Tut. The girls all wore the popular Egyptian figured dresses which are so much in vogue, and the table decoration of dates on close observation was seen to spell out "3,000 years ago." A very Oriental atmosphere pervaded during this banquet, and many were the high compliments paid to the empty chair of the guest of honor.

The food served, though not of the sumptuous variety which usually graces dinner tables, was nevertheless very delicious, and the girls who participated in these banquets feel that they have derived not only enjoyment, but truly beneficial knowledge which will aid them in later life.

SOLDIER TELLS OF SERVICE IN NUMEROUS WARS

Maj. R. C. Schoof, member of the Canadian Provisional Police, now on a lecture tour through the South, spoke before the students of Ward-Belmont on Tuesday evening, giving a talk of remarkable and unique interest. Due to the rigors of the Canadian climate, he is compelled, since having his lungs frozen, while on duty when the temperature was many degrees below zero, to stay in the South through the winter months, and this time he employs in lecturing, chiefly to schools and colleges.

Maj. Schoof's talk was full of strange and varied interest. He told first of his coming to America, from the land of his birth, Germany, when quite a boy, to seek adventure. He first tried the life of a cowboy, then he became a citizen of the United States, and fought through Indian wars, but when they ended, finding a life of peace too tame, he drifted to Africa, and enlisted in the British army. Soon his daring and skill as a rider drafted him into the ranks of the Rough Rider mounted police. He served through some of the tribal wars, and also in the conflict when Great Britain fought to subdue certain rebellious sections of the country. His work in description of this fighting was very vivid. He showed many relics of the country, skins, and heads of the jungle beasts, and of mammoth snakes, robes and ornaments of the native people, and some of the weapons of defense. In this connection he exhibited quite an interesting collection of martial headgear, one of the helmets having been used in the battle of Waterloo.

Finally, he gave a remarkably dexterous exhibition of sword play. His particular work now is in guarding through the summer months the fishing and game preserves in the region around Banff.

The following day at noon chapel hour, Major Schoof continued his talk telling us many interesting facts in connection with his work with the Canadian Provisional Police.

WATER POLO TEAMS GIVE DEMONSTRATION

The varsity polo teams gave an exhibition of water polo, playing before the Tennessee State Teachers' Conference which was held at Peabody. The teams are: Isabel Buckingham, Louise Smith, Helen Condon, Fannie Wells, Ida Kellum, Athleen Dickey, Elizabeth Shepard, Frances Watson, Virginia Pope, Ruth Joy, Marjorie Reynolds, Marion Lindsey and Helen Kohrs.

LETTERS HOME

Friday, April 6.

Dearest Family:

Well, the worst is over. We have our exam papers back, and I'm sure you'll be glad to know that in spite of all sad news conveyed therein, I still feel healthy, but not so wealthy and wise.

Your flowers for Easter were too good to be true. I felt like a million dollars sporting my corsage at church. There were lots of other lucky girls, too—although of course, none of the flowers were so pretty as mine. But altogether, the effect was like a florist store or a perfume factory.

We, the Senior Middles, entertained the Seniors with a banquet and dance last night. We had a wonderful menu. Which, of course, soothed my downcast spirits after the horrible French exam.

You know, when I sit here looking at my dresser I can see a blank space that would be so greatly improved by a picture of the dearest mother and dad in the world. Please take the hint.

Your affectionate offspring.

P.S. My mail-box also has that blank look.

EASTER PLAY PRESENTED BY EXPRESSION STUDENTS

On Saturday evening, March 31, we were deeply impressed, and filled with the Easter spirit by a beautiful play given by a group of Expression Department pupils. "Thy Kingdom Come, a Dream for Easter Even," was the play presented. A request made by Miss Townsend that the performance be accepted in a reverent, mood, without applause, was respected, and everyone was left in a quiet thoughtful mood, appropriate for Easter Sunday.

The play shows the reaction of the three Roman soldiers who took part in the Crucifixion; the one who planted the crown of thorns, he who pierced the the side of the Saviour and he who wore the seamless coat, while they guarded the tomb. The tomb is visited by the Galilean children, who believe in, and love the Master, and who have seen some of the miracles performed by Him. Their stories perplex and trouble the soldiers, who fall asleep—and receive the dreams of comfort sent to them, after the Galilean children leave. While the soldiers sleep, the angels roll the stone away.

The scene was beautiful. A sense of awe and wonder could be felt throughout the audience. The singing of a choir trained by Miss Boyer, added impressiveness to the production.

THE F. F. CLUB

The F. F. Club held a social meeting in Heron Hall Wednesday, March 28. Each member of the club dressed as a movie actor or actress, and after the program started it was found there were quite a number of stars in the club. Helen Jacobson, as Wesley Barry, won the first prize.

A WORD WITH OUR EXCHANGES

The Central Luminary: (Kansas City High School) The good variety in your paper, which is especially shown in your well-written articles and good features, makes your paper one of the best on our exchange list.

The Wallace World. We find your magazine very interesting and enjoyable. Especially commendable are your exchange and joke departments.

The Bing-Tum Phi, (Washington and Lee University): Your paper is very well arranged and you have a good variety of articles—why not make your paper more cheerful with a few jokes?

The Crimson Tulip, (Whittam High School) Bellingham, Wash.): Yours is a most excellent school paper. The paper is exceedingly well organized and your articles are well written. There is plenty of variety.

Orange and White, (University of Tennessee): We look forward to reading the Orange and White because of its interesting articles that are so excellently prepared and displayed.

University of Michigan has recently started work on a new set of dormitorory buildings that are expected to fill a long felt need. The money for this purpose was raised by a group of alumni who formed a corporation and put shares of stock on the market. It is expected that financial returns from the dorms will make it possible to take up this stock within fifteen years. —Orange and White, University of Tennessee.

Some profitable lunch counters for the Dietetics class and children of the local grammar schools are being run by the small but vigorous class of girls in Tennessee University. The class is divided so that each girl plans, buys, prepares and sells a cheap and nutritious lunch one day a week at the various schools. In this way lunch is furnished every day for the children and the class in gaining a great deal of experience. However, the wealth is coming more in experience than in worldly goods since the aim is to make fifty cents a day by selling a bowl of soup and a sandwich for five cents. Only a Home Economic girl could do this. Such work is in line with Miss Cooper's practical training of Domestic Science classes in Ward-Belmont.

The editor makes a lot of mistakes,
So does the staff bunch, too;
But, just stop and think what the paper'd be like,
If the material was written by you.
Some words would be upside down,
Some verbs stuck in the wrong place,
And on the whole the paper'd be a rather hopeless disgrace.
Just take this to heart, my critical friends
And see if your thoughts don't change,
You'll be grateful to see the paper come out,
With one column of bright "exchange."

MISS RANSOM'S PUPILS GIVE STUDIO PROGRAM

Piano pupils of Miss Ransom were heard Saturday afternoon in the following excellently presented program:

Flame Dance.....Dunn
Miss Dorothea Barnes
At the Tavern.....Jensen
Miss Mary Josephine Mouzon
Old English Dance.....Smith
Miss Anna Raine
Nocturne.....Raff
Miss Helen Smith
Musette.....Bach
Miss Callie Welch Fulcher
Valse Poetique.....Friml
Miss Carrie Sue Barnes
Serenade.....Sinding
Miss Ernestine Dortch
Valse Chromatique.....Godard
Miss Katie Fischbein
Romance.....La Forge
Miss Elizabeth Sudekum
Two Preludes.....Chopiu
Miss Annette Wilcox
Impromptu.....Schubert
Miss Dorris Fitzell
Barcaroll.....Rubinstein
Miss Earle Hilbun

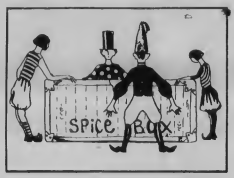
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We suggest "They Shall Not Pass" as an appropriate motto for the poor unfortunates who go to exams without having studied.

Some people are born lucky—others didn't get Easter flowers.

Many a good father is working his daughter's way through college.

We can't certify that this is true but we heard it rumored that a very bashful young man was out to dinner recently. He tried all evening to say something nice to the girl on his left. Finally she ventured a remark: "What a small appetite you have," she said sweetly. "To sit next to you would cause any man to lose his appetite," he gallantly replied.

Isn't it a relief to know that black hats are good for spring?

Ask our editor how she likes her new bed. Rather hard, don't you think?

Last Thursday, the height of many a prep's ambition was to be a Senior or a Senior-Middle.

HOLY WEEK OBSERVED

On Maundy Thursday, the Chapel speaker was the Rev. Stephen A. Alling, locum tenens of Christ Church, who spoke to us with eloquent effect of the appeal which our Savlour made from the Cross. He told of the value and meaning of Holy week's observance by all Christian people, and left us very much impressed.

On the following day, Good Friday, Dr. Blanton closed the school. There were no bells and no lessons. Girls who belonged to the Episcopal or Roman Catholic Churches attended the Good Friday services.

WARD-BELMONT DEFEAT NASHVILLE Y. W. IN SWIMMING MEET

Ward-Belmont's swimming team defeated the Y.W.'s team by the score of 49 1-2 to 5 1-2 in a meet held in the W.-B. pool. The events were plunge for distance, 50 ft. dash, plain and fancy dives 50 back and the relay race. The results are as follows:

Plunge: 1st, Condon, 2nd, Kawln, and 3rd Gentry.

50 ft. dash: 1st Condon, 2nd Watson, 3rd Buckingham.

Plain Dives: 1st Condon, 2nd Gentry, 3rd Brown.

50 ft. back: 1st Condon, 2nd Williamson, 3rd Gentry and Elkner tied.

Fancy dives: 1st Condon, 2nd Buckingham, 3rd Gentry.

The relay was won by Ward-Belmont.

ACADEMIC NEWS

Madame Beziat's French D Class is beginning the new quarter's work studying the French writers of the nineteenth century. Among the works to be studied by the class, are Victor Hugo's novels and the works of the Romantic writers. M. Lamartine is the first of the latter writers that will be taken up; "Joselyn" and "Nouvelles Meditations" and "Graziella" constituting the work of M. Lamartine that the class will read. In addition to the class work the girls are expected to read French plays, etc., that are found in the library.

The American History Class under Miss Rhea is studying the state of affairs that existed in America after the Civil War. Among the topics that the class is working on included the political and financial readjustment after the Civil War; and the political and economic reforms during the latter part of the nineteeth century during Mr. McKinley's term as president of the United States. The class is now ready to start work on the "Great Industrial Combination" that existed in our country. The girls are urged to read seventy-five pages of "outside history" each week in addition to the classwork.

Miss Sisson's Playground Supervision girls are firm believers in the old maxim "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"; and they are, therefore, learning to play a great variety of competitive games. Miss Sisson teaches the girls how to play games which they do not all know, such as: various types of ball games, etc., so that the girls, after their lessons, are prepared to teach these games to children of all ages.

Mr. Strick's Harmony A Class is studying the "Dominate Seven Chords." Mr. Strict gives the girls the bass notes in the bass cleff and they are required to write the tenor, soprano, and alto notes of the treble cleff that will harmonize with the given bass notes. In order that each girl will be certain of getting the correct treble notes, Mr. Strict gives them the figured bass notes. The harmony class is enjoying its works very much.

The English class, with Miss Scruggs as the instructor, has just finished studying the dramas of the Puritan, Restoration, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Periods of English History. In addition to the classwork the girls have read about twenty plays of the four periods mentioned above, as well as the history of these periods. The class is now ready to begin work on the modern drama.

Mrs. Lowry's Second year Domestic Art class has just finished making linen dresses. The girls selected the style that they wished for their dresses and cut the dresses from the pattern. They are ready to begin work on the dotted swiss and voile dresses.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

One is greatly impressed by the fact that Easter, perhaps more than any other day is celebrated and observed in all of the Christian countries of the world. Notice the great amount of publicity which this day is given. Newspapers devote their editorials to the subject, merchants inculcate the Easter idea in their advertisements, churches conduct especially beautiful services in commemoration of the event, florists are rushed with orders, the telegraph wires are busy with the hum of Easter greetings sent from one friend to another, Easter carols, Easter pageants and all kinds of Easter entertainments are held at the schools; even the little children are made happy on this day with their Easter bunnies and eggs. It is a time of life, when hope and beauty are not local feelings but world-wide interests.

May we call attention, in this connection, to another interest, which, in the past fifty years has also become world wide in its scope and influence—that of higher education. It is said that during the period of enlistment of our men in the World War, those who could say that they had been to college were exceedingly proud of the fact, while those who had failed to gain such an advanced education were inclined to be ashamed This illustrates the attitude which the world of today takes toward the educated. The present age is one of specialization. Specialization calls for efficient training and it is the trained, educated man that is of the most use to the world.

So we see that even in starving Russia and China, the rising generation is striving to secure an education which will enable it to take up its country's interests and to unite these with those of the other nations. In this country many fathers and mothers are denying themselves in order that their children may have a good education. It is true that "many a father is working his daughter's way through college," but as a whole, the girls of today appreciate the effort it takes to send them away to school, and realizing the limitless possibilities which await the educated woman, take their college education seriously and work to gain a solid foundation for their life work.

With education already an international interest it would seem that this is the thing which will eventually bind the nations together, in the longed for "brotherhood of the world."

A LITTLE SISTER'S IMPRESSION OF W.-B.

My gweat big titer asked me to tum here to see her so I tame. I iike It here. The girls are so nice and they tweated me as if they weally liked me. I like it, too, because you can wear bloomers instead of stirts 'scept for meals and the teawoom. I do have an awful time, though, wushing to turn out the light when the dirl starts knockin'. She always knocks either early or late, the lates make up for the earlys. I do like the pwoctor and her wed bafwobe, but you hat to be awful good while she's awound.

When I firs' tame, my titer met me at the choo choo. She had a slapalong wif her. Then I met a fousand diris. They all knew me but I didn't know them. It's an awful funny place. The church bell wings every hour but no one seems to go. They must be heafens. And the diris talk so queer. They forget to ponounce some letters an' stick in some funny ones where they don't belong. The meals are good but I's afwald they fink I'se a piggy wiggy 'cause I ate so much, but I was so hungry.

Ward-Belmont's awful nice, though, I'se a tomin' here if my pa an' ma'll let me when I'm old eonugh.

W. B. GIRLS HEAR JERITZA

A large number of Ward-Belmont girls were fortunate enough to hear Mme. Maria Jeritza in concert at the Ryman Auditorium Thursday evening, March 29. The concert was a delightful one and Mme. Jeritza quite captivated her audience. The program was brilliantly given.

T. C. C's AT WOODY CREST

With happy geniality and gay anticipation as key notes the T. C. C.'s began their week-end at Woody Crest, prepared to overlook nothing in the way of pleasure.

The first evening was largely spent in initiations into various unique—oh, quite unique—clubs. Any of the time left was spent in playing bridge, in dancing, and in reading.

Despite the fact that you know just what is coming next, we can't resist saying it, once more, "Susy's biscuits!" For Woody Crest would hardly be Woody Crest without having them to start off a meal, if not an entire day right. After having indulged in as many—no number mentioned! Sunday was spent very happily, with the idea of not losing a minute, uppermost in each mind.

Monday morning came with alarming rapidity, and tiny groans and ponderous sighs greeted the announcement that the cars had come to take us back to school, and as the girls went sadly out to the cars, a bystander might have been tempted to say, "They're leaving physically but certainly not mentally."

SENIOR-MIDDLE—SENIOR BANQUET AND DANCE ATTRACTIVE AFFAIR

The Senior-Middles entertained the Seniors Thursday evening, April 5, with a most delightful banquet and dance. The decorations, menu and entertainment were characterized by a pleasing beauty and dignity.

Purple, yellow and white were predominant in the dining room decorations, thus carrying out the colors of both classes. The tables were arranged in horseshoe shape with the speakers in the center. Yellow roses were specially effective on the tables. Colored lights were hung from each of the arches, and were shaded in purple and yellow. Streamers of the same colors were everywhere in evidence. Place cards and programs, cleverly fashioned, carried out the same attractive color scheme. Dainty paper ruffs of purple and yellow were given as favors. A delightful menu, in which the predominant colors were also evident, was served. During the dinner the orchestra furnished music.

A very clever toast program was presented, Miss Jacquiline Stice acting as toast-master. The following toasts were given:

Looking Forward.. Miss Ruby Wooten
On our way.....Miss Maxine Day
Ode to the Seniors—Miss Nola Arter
(Song composed by Miss Gladys Feld.)
Foolish Fancies.....Miss Sarah Jeter
Looking Backward..Dean Leila D. Mills
In the Spring a Young Girl's Fancy.....Dr. C. E. Crosland
Rare Birds.....Miss Florence Lyle
Peg and Punch..Miss Athleen Dickey
All's Well that End's Well—Miss Florence McHenry.

When read backward, the first letters of the toasts read APRIL FOOL. In addition to the toast a most attractive jester's dance was given by Miss Leola Clark and Miss Laura Dean Thomas.

After the banquet, the guests adjourned to the gym, which was very prettily decorated in yellow and purple. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

Honor guests for the affair were; Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Crosland, Dean Leila D. Mills, Dean Mary R. Norris, Mrs. W. M. Leftwich, Miss Hood and Miss Ellene Ransom.

EASTER VESPERS

The true spirit of Easter pervaded vespers Sunday. The very atmosphere of the chapel, in the soft light of candles, seemed holy. Palms, suggesting those which strewed the pathway of the Master as He triumphantly entered Jerusalem, formed a background for the golden cross which was uplifted in the commemoration of His crucifixion. White candles, one on either side of the cross, seemed to symbolize the divine Trinity. Lilies of the springtime proclaimed that, through Christ life is victor over death.

The Cabinet girls dressed in white, entered just before the singing of the Coronation hymn. A solo by Nola Arter, vibrant with the joy of Easter, lifted us to an appreciation of the meaning of this holy season. Kathryn Capel read from the Gospel the story of the resurrection, the sacredness of which increases each time it is read Inspiring strains from the organ, played by Louise Allen, offered praise to the risen Christ. Bernita Jacobs in a short reading expressed a beautiful sentiment of Easter. Further praises to our Saviour were given in a violin solo by Marvella Burton and a vocal solo by Evanelle Lewis, both of which did much to instill in every one present the spiritual gladness of Easter. A joyful hymn by all and a prayer of gratitude, concluded the Easter Vespers. May the spirit there felt ever abide with us, and guide us in the way of Him through whom life eternal is insured.

MISS MASSEY'S PIANO CLASS GIVES PROGRAM

Parl of the piano class of Miss Massey gave the following excellent program in the studio on Wednesday afternoon:

Hide and Seek ..... Ellenberg
Miss Grace Ellen Glasgow.
Dance of the Flower Girls..Ellenberg
Miss Mary Belle Glasgow.
Forget-me-nots ..... Miles
Miss Evorine Sweeten.
Gavotte ..... Czibulka
Miss Jewel Stone.
Song of the Volga Boatman...arr. by Cady
Miss Harriet Ingram.
Intermede ..... Shuett
Miss Margaret Wakeman.
Elegie ..... Bauer
Improviso ..... Martucci
Miss Jennie Zoe Graves.
Water Lily ..... MacDowell
Miss Whitfield Morelli.
Two Scenes from an Imaginary Ballet ..... Coleridge Taylor
Miss Annie Sullivan.

EASTER MORNING WATCH SERVICE

Before breakfast Easter morning, a short but most impressive service was held in Chapel.

Our dean of faculty, Miss Mary R. Norris, was the speaker of the morning. She brought us a very beautiful Easter message which started our Easter Day program off inspiringly.

As a special musical number, Miss Nola Arter, sang a solo accompanied by Miss Corinne Hull who gave the violin obligato.

PENTA TAU

The Penta Tau club enjoyed a very clever program last Wednesday night, which was given by a group of its members. The feature was a pantomime entitled "A Bachelor's Dream."

HYPHEN INTER-CLUB CONTEST: DEL VERS

SPADES

Now once upon a time
(That's how all good stories start)
There was a little girl
Who to college must depart.
She searched for one in the east and west
But in Nashville, Tennessee,
She found the school she liked the best
Our own dear W.-B.
Mrs. Brown met her at the station,
And brought her out to school,
She told her what she couldn't do,
And every sort of rule.
She left her in the chapel
Where she got a little card,
Telling where she'd go to find her room
And who would be her pard.
She met so many "precious" girls
Who treated her so fine,
But she wasn't long in finding out
Just why they used that line
About their clubs and all that stuff,
And she drew her own conclusion;
She chose Del Vers as her own club,
Without any disillusion
She loved their Irish dance,
And their stunt on Stunt night, too;
She liked their social gatherings
And the things they'd always do.
She went with them to Woody Crest,
And thought the trip right rare,
She knew right then that with this club
No other could compare.
The moral to this little verse
As you can plainly see,
Is that the only school to choose
Is that of W.-B.
And since your're in the best of schools
In clubs you must not stop
But choose the best one of Del Vers
You see, they're on the top!

"SPADES"

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT BUT IT'S SO

One quiet, starry night I had gone down to Mr. Strick's room to concentrate on psychology, and towards the end of the evening, when I discovered it was almost time for light bell, I went over to the back window, which looks out upon the tower and green houses to B-R-E-A-T-H-E, as exprcssion students advise us.

The outline of the tower and its windows was very clear, for the half-light of the bright moon and stars threw it into silhouette against the sky. I heard a faint creaking from the direction of the tower, and, straining my eyes to see more distinctly, I saw strange white shapes moving up and down the staircases which I could see across the windows. The figures floated slowly, majestically, mystically, back and forth, up and down, the stairs. Finally one, more graceful than the others, glided out of the tower at the bottom, and at the same time another ghostly shape moved toward the first one from the shade of the magnolia trees. They met on a circle of grass, made bright by the moon's beams, and embraced each other with the tenderness of unearthly love.

Presently the other white figures that had been traversing the stairs with silent steps, emerged from the tower and stood in a ring about the phantom lovers, pointing their long, boney fingers at the pair, in attitudes of derision and scorn.

Just then the 9:45 bell rang and at its first notes every single trace of a figures or form vanished right there before my eyes, as if frightened away by reminders of the present world. I ran to Pembroke so hard that I dropped my books, and I was very much afraid my permanent never would go back in place, so stiff and straight my hair stood on my head.

Now, girls may say that there's nothing to the tale about the girl who jumped off the tower, and the ghost lovers who haunt it, but I tell you I saw them.

"SPADES"

Ward-Belmont.
April 5, 1933.

My dear old chum:

Here I am, back at the scenes of our childhood, as 'twere; and believe me, the scenery has surely changed—for the better, too. I'm on my way to Atlanta and have stopped off here to see how old Ward-Belmont has fared at the hands of Time.

I was quite pleased to find the train stop at the new "Belmont Station" out in front of school where we used to alight from the far-famed "specials." I went straight on up to Miss Mills old office and found there as Dean of women (get the smelling salts) none but Grace Warren. A good many miracles seemed to have happened since our day. The fact of Grace's deanship may explain some of the changes.

As we strolled out on the campus I noticed the girls wearing the latest in New Zealand heels to classes (beside which our old French heels would look tame). Besides they use all the rouge we 1923 girls could have desired. Since Grace's duties called her, I proceeded alone to view the ravages of time.

Senior Hall is all it was planned, and more, too. The rooms are cute as a puppy, many of them with perfectly darling little baiconies—oh! and these girls have realized our great desire. There is a Senior Prom. to come off soon.

You'd be surprised at the new buildings which have sprung up. All the land adjoining the campus proper of 1923 has been bought up and such buildings as are now seen! The new Music Hall is of very impressive architecture. In it are all studios and practice rooms (which the old Heron and Fidelity girls will undoubtedly appreciate. Frances Rose is one of the most illustrious of the violin prodigies now. There is a wonderful building for gymnasium purposes alone. Jane Hall is assistant and occupies the place in the girls' hearts that Dos had in ours. Quite an "infantry" equal to that of Peggy Ogden's follows her everywhere. Ward-Belmont must certainly have happened on a buried treasure for the stadium throws Vanderbilt s completely in the shade. There is an excellent race track near hy, where a Derby is held each spring. Wonderful horsemanship is displayed. Julia McKinsey is riding mistress.

I found Katherine Moore as head of the Expression Department and sponsor of the Del Vers.

There is a lovely artificial lake behind the campus, as we know it, where I found many girls enjoying water sports. They have hoat races ever so often.

I saw a big garage near and upon inquiring I found that every girl who wishes may bring her own car to the school, and can drive anywhere at any time.

Back of Ac. are the clubhouses. They are all darling, but you just ought to see the Del Vers—Barbara Crosland is now President, you know.

I heard beautiful chimes from the old tower, placed there by the alumnae, telling us it was lunch time. Imagine my delight to find that lunch was served on a broad veranda off from the east side of the dining room. It was decorated a la Japanese. They always dine here it seems in good weather. Sis Levis has Mrs. Robertson's place.

Lunch over, I went to see the new hall room the girls were raving about. it is in the basement of Academic and, of course, there are no rules against the presence of men at any time.

The rooms in all the dormitories are perfect. There are suites of four rooms for every three girls. Each girl has a bed room and they all open into a lovely big living room. At one end there is the coziest fireplace, in front of which is a big divan. There is a telephone to every suite by which the girls can communicate with each other. Breakfast may be served in the rooms, at the push of the button.

Now I know that you don't believe any of this; but it's the truth, I've seen every bit of it; I repeat. Time accomplishes miraculous things! if the class of '23 could only see their Alma Mater now!!

As ever,
Margaret.

"SPADES"

WHAT WE FOUND OUT ABOUT CLUB PRESIDENTS

Name	Description	By Word	Besetting Sin	Destiny
Marion Weber	Dignified	"Oh gee!"	Too much study	Preacher's wife
Julia Weinbrenner	Flapper	"Got a date?"	Flirting	Artist's model
Martha Brantingham	Petite	"Aw say!"	Sleeping late	Waitress
Athleen Dickey	Oh Boy!	"Hey!"	Lacks pep	Book agent
Cassie Lela Garrett	Immense	"Heck!"	Talks too fast	Acrohat
Margaret Phillips	Young hopeful	"Oh my!"	Breaking hearts	Dancing teacher
Emily Schenck	Peachy!	"All aboard"	Boistrousness	Telephone operator
Hortense Scherman	Resembles Mary Pickford	"Fine"	Writing letters	Seamstress
Geraldine French	Sleepy	"I don't understand"	Nightmares	Old maid
Isabel Enderlin	Childish	"That's grand"	Chewing gum	Manicurist

CRITICS ENTHUSIASTIC OVER "WHAT-NOTS."

New York—(By Associated Press.)

"Out of the ten stupendous performances given in the Ward-Belmont chapel on "All Club Stunt Night," the "What-Nots" walked off with honorable mention.—Sun.

Chicago:

"The What-Nots were composed of three remarkable skits, the first "Reuben and Ruby" exhibited appealing singing and dancing of unusual merit. Grace Warren and Helen Pape bid fair to rival the "Denishawn Dancers." —Tribune.

London:

"For extraordinary dramatic ability and character portrayal, Geannie Che-

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nault, of the What-Not Company is unrivaled on the American stage."—Times.

Paris:

"From start to finish the audience was held hypnotized by the extraordinary dancing of Dorothea Barnes and Phyllis Bales in "Bailadoras Espanolas."—Le Temps.

"SPADES"

OUR DIGGIN'S.

You've probably puzzled about the garden implements scattered over this page. We'll beat you to the answer. The spade's our symbol.

"SPADES"

When you're down in the mouth think of Jonah. He came out all right.

"SPADES"

It's a good thing for the poets that the little cro-cusses come up.

"SPADES"

Why don't the Seniors hide their banner in the interior regions of the big fish in the pond?

"SPADES"

The other day we heard one of those Psych. bugs boast:

"My memory is excellent. There are only three things I can never remember. I can't remember names. I can't remember faces, and I forget the third thing."

"SPADES"

Lost!—A fountain pen, by a Prep.—half full of ink.

"SPADES"

Prof.: "According to Milton's idea of the universe, where is Hell, Miss Smith?

Miss Smith (awakening suddenly at the sound of her name): "Here, sir."

"SPADES"

The parlor sofa held the pair
Heandshe;
But hark! a step upon the stair
He and she.

"SPADES"

"I thought Bill was rushing a blonde."

"Oh, she dyed."

"SPADES"

Tourist (in village notion shop): "Whaddya got in shape of motor car tires?"

Saleslady: "Funeral wreaths, life preservers and doughnuts."

"SPADES"

A pint of milk (without the bottle) weighs just one pound.

This is the discovery of co-eds of Ohio State University who have been going to the dairy detpartment of Townsend Hall every noon to partake of a liquid lunch, consisting of a pint of milk sipped through a straw. There is a scale in the department and these co-eds have put it to scientific use. They weigh themselves immediately before drinking and immediately afterwards, and this is the result: A pint of milk raises their weight just one pound.—Ex.

DEL VERS IS THE OPEN SESAME

I knocked at the gate of Heaven,
St. Peter heard me and came,
He asked me from whence I was,
What I wanted and what was my name?

"I was a student at Ward-Belmont,"
I said
Quite sure that this would gain,
An easy admittance for one who was
So tired of this world and its pain.

"But tell me first, fair one,"
St. Peter asked of me,
"What have you done in the world below,
To deserve this place in God's country?"

"O, lots of things," I cried,
"I'm sure you'll let me in,
Why I wore Cantilevers all my life,
To me, high heels were a sin."

"No rouge or lip-stick did I use
My face 'twas always pale,
And at 6:45 every morning
I marched, not once did I fail."

"Bacon and grits I ate without complaint,
Still, always hoping for something better,
I never rushed for a street car seat,
And always fed Dubby, when I met her."

"I was—" but here St. Peter interrupted me,
"Those deeds were all good, I admit,
But unless something greater than any of these,
I cannot you into Heaven permit."

Discouraged and in the depths of woe,
I sighed and dropped my head,
But then I thought and triumphantly—
"St. Peter, I was a Del Vers," I said.

Beaming pride showed on his face
As he tenderly drew me in,
"You'll stay with us forever," he said,
"What a wonderful girl you've been."

"SPADES"

HEARD AT W.-B.

1—"We want music."
2—". . . . in room B immediately after lunch."
3—"Come here, Dubby."
4—"Cinnamon rolls!!!"
5—"Is the mail up?"
6—"Sit down in front—!"
7—"Who is that 'MAN?'"
8—"Bacon and apples???"
9—"Clean Bed-spreads."
10—"Just 54 more days."

"SPADES"

D—earest of clubs at old W.-B.
E—ver we'll strive to be loyal to thee
L—ove thee, cherish, honor thee ever.

V—owing to reverence thy teaching forever
E—ach keeping her vows because she cares.
R—etaining unbroken, the circle she shares,
S—o shall we always be loyal Del Vers.

"SPADES"

PERSONALS

Miss Irma Kuster left here, Saturday morning, to spend Easter at her home in Newport, Ky.

Miss Monael Lindley spent the week at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee R. Lindley, at Marion, Indiana.

Miss Grace Barnhill left Saturday night to visit in Dalton, Georgia. She will return for school on Tuesday.

The Misses Minerva Gordon and Peggy McNutt enjoyed the week end at the home of Minerva in Madisonville, Ky.

Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Johnson, of Gainesville, Texas are visiting their daughter Ruth. Mrs. Johnson was here before Christmas and spent two weeks with Ruth.

Miss May McKeever enjoyed the week-end in town with her mother Mrs. H. G. McKeever, of Enid, Okla.

Miss Eleanor Blood was called to her home, in St. Louis, on account of the illness of her sister, Miss Florence Blood, a former Ward-Belmont girl. We all hope for Florence's speedy recovery and that Eleanor will be able to be back with us in a few days.

Miss Myra Williams, a Ward-Belmont graduate of 1921, is visiting her sister, Helen for a few days. Saturday, she took Maxine Day, Freida Davis, Mildred Yates, and Helen Williams to town for the afternoon. Miss Williams is now attending the University of Illinois.

Misses Ruth Lamar and Eppie Edsall enjoyed Sunday afternoon and tea at the home of Mrs. Donnell.

Miss Polly Baird had tea at the home of her parents in Nashville.

Miss Grace Sears had a pleasant week-end in town with her aunt, Miss West.

Mrs. J. F. Boyd, of Wichita Falls, Texas, arrived on the seventeenth to visit her daughter Fay. Fay Boyd and Marion Goode enjoyed two week-ends in town together with their mothers. There were many drives, luncheons, dinners, and theatre parties. Sunday Mrs. Boyd and Fay had Mrs. Goode and Marion to dinner after which they had a lovely drive to the Hermitage and Woody Crest. Wednesday Mrs. Goode and Marion took Mrs. Boyd and Fay to dinner and to hear Farrar. Friday Mrs. Boyd took Fay, Marguerite Fisher, Elva Killingsworth, Helen Snider, Gertrude Melat, Gertrude Hines, Florence Deavers, and Josephine Tucker, all of Wichita Falls, to dinner and to the Princess.

Ward-Belmont has had in the past ten days visits from many parents, sisters and other relatives and friends, coming to spend a few days with happy students, always eager to welcome their parents and friends to their school.

Among those whom Ward-Belmont has welcomed are: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Zorn, Michigan City, Ind., Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Johnson, of Gainesville, Texas, Mrs. Joel Funkhouser, of Plattsburg, Mo., Mrs. Paul Stone, of Oklahoma City, Okla., Mrs. C. R. Babcock, of Gary, Ind., Mrs. T. D. Winders, of Aledo, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. William Cochrane, of Red Rock, Iowa., Mrs. J. T. LaPrelle, of San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. S. C. Iverson, of Chicago, Mrs. W. H. Moore, of Anadarko, Okla., Mrs. C. F. Speed, of Evanston, Ill., Mrs. G. G. Pape, of Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Henry White, of Atlanta, Mrs. M. J. Franz, of Enid, Okla., Mrs. H. G. McKeever, of Enid, Okla., Miss Mamie Kebman, of Courtland, Ala., Miss Margaret Scruggs, of Brewton, Ala., Miss Logsdan, of Indianapolis; and three of the school's alumnae: Misses Helen Stone, of Potomac, Ill., Myra Williams of Rantoul, Ill., and Rosemond Coles, of Kokomo, Ind., who are now students at the University of Ill., and came back to spend Easter holidays with their alma mater.

Mrs. J. E. Shaver, of Springfield, Ill., has returned to her home after a visit with her daughter Pauline.

Misses Helen Stone and Rosemond Coles, chaperoned the following girls to a theater party Saturday afternoon. Bernita Jacobs, Anu Marsh, Hortense Cuthbert, Irene Powell, Champe Towson and Ruth Kendall.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Pomeroy Coolidge, of Helena, Ark., have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Mr. John Russwurm Miles, on Wednesday afternoon, April 18, at 5:30 o'clock, in St. John's Episcopal Church.

The bride-elect was graduated from Ward-Belmont in the class of 1920 after two years spent in the school.

News has just been received of the coming marriage of one of last year's most popular Seniors, Harriet Seagle, who is to marry Mr. Harry C. Walton, of Monroe, La., on June 7, at her home in Chattanooga, Tenn. Harriet was President of the F. F. Club, and active in all school work.

X. L.'s. AT BELLE MEADE

On Wednesday, March 28, the X. L. club spent a delightful afternoon at the Belle Meade Country club.

The girls with their sponsor, Miss Sisson, left the school about four o'clock, returning about eight. The short time went all too quickly with dancing, and walking around the grounds, and the delicious dinner prepared for them.

Every X. L. declared that she awaits the next trip eagerly, which proves that Belle Meade stole their hearts.

At the ball game—"Isn't that fine, we have a man on every base."

"That's nothing. So have they."

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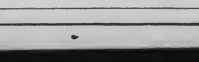
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She's little,	She's there,
She's small,	She's every-
She's a blond,	Where,
She's all	At once
That a	It seems
Charming girl	To me.
Should be.	Her hair
She's smart,	Is curly
She's peppy,	And bobbed;
She's brave,	Her eyes
She's every-	Are grey
Thing that	And clear
We long	As
To be.	The sea.
She's witty,	If you
She's clever,	Don't know
She's athletic,	Her name
She's better	By now,
Than most	You never
Of the girls	Will—
We see.	Oh, Gee?
She's laughs,	Oh—yes—
She's expressive,	I most
She's possessive,	Forgot
We all	Her twin,
Enjoy	And this
To see.	Describes
She's loved,	Her too,
She's adored,	This one's
She's admired,	A Siren,
She's scored	Athenian too,
A—I	And now
Ac,	Her name
W—B.	I've most
She's here,	Told you.

HYPHENETTES

TABLE MANNERS

Cornell students seem to be eager to maintain the proper social standards.

Lectures were given on table etiquette last week; they were well attended. Many of the doubts of upper classmen as well as of the Freshmen were quelled forever by the proper form of procedure demonstrated.

It would be impossible as well as inadvisable to print here the formulated rules.—Ex.

Teacher: "What makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Pupil: "I don't know; if I did I would take some."

Prof.—"Success, gentlemen, has four conditions."

Voice from back row—"Tough luck, the dean will kick it out of college."—Ex.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1923 | NUMBER 24

EXPRESSION PUPILS ENTERTAIN CLUB

The ten social clubs in Ward-Belmont enjoyed an unusual treat on Wednesday evening when, instead of ten separate meetings, they united in Chapel for a program of plays, given especially for their entertainment by first year college girls in the Department of Expression. Club Night was royally celebrated in this clever program of plays, which included "The Consecration," "In the Name of Charity," "The Dream Makers," and "The Silver Lining."

Those taking part in the plays were: Misses Mildred Goodpasture, Annie Richardson, Anne Alice Hunt, Dorothy Nelson, Hazel Edwards, Edith Cameron, Margaret McNutt, Mary L. Delker, Helen Jacobs, Ina Marie Ashcroft, Helen Jacobs, Alice Nixon, Margaret Farrar, Eleanor Blood, Jennie Franklin, Marion Kendall, Ruth Borders, Katherine Teague, Addie Kynerd, Elizabeth Harris and Ruth Huddy.

TRIP TO MAMMOTH CAVE IN NEAR FUTURE

We were so glad to welcome Dr. Blanton to our chapel platform with a very interesting announcement:

"Plans have been made," said Dr. Blanton, "so that at some date in the very near future all girls who desire to do so may go on the annual trip to 'Mammoth Cave,' one of the wonders of the world, which no girl can afford to miss."

We are all anxiously awaiting the time to arrive for this trip to take place.

VESPERS

Our vesper service last Sunday evening was one of the very best this year as the "Y. W." was so fortunate as to be able to secure as speaker of the evening, Bishop Mouzan, of the Southern Methodist Church.

Bishop Mouzan's message on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," was delivered in a most forceful manner, and proved to be one of the most beneficial talks of the year.

We sincerely hope that we will be able to hear him again. As a special musical number, Miss Katherine Kirkham sang beautifully, accompanied by Miss Sloan, which added greatly to the service.



THE OWL!

You tell 'em, Agoras, when it rains, it pours.

OLYMPIANS WIN WARD-BELMONT GYMNASIUM MEET

Miss Elizabeth Shepherd Breaks School Jump Record

The brilliant work of Miss Elizabeth Shepherd, who broke the school record for springboard jump was the great factor in the victory of the Olympians Tuesday afternoon in the Physical Education Department's Second Annual Gym Meet, and Miss Shepherd made a new jump record for the school, by two inches. She cleared the line at 6 feet, 4 inches. Besides achieving this feat she was the individual winner of the meet, with a total of about 25 points.

The various classes in gymnastics, folk dancing and apparatus work gave demonstrations of the year's work.

The program follows:

1. Entrance March and Folk Dances.
2. Free Standing Work. Intermediate and first year high school students.
3. Fencing. Normal physical education class.
4. Marching Tactics.
5. Mimetic Exercises. Rowing, paddling, swimming, diving, archery, shot put, ball game, bowling, signaling. Second year college students.
6. Horse Work (for form).
7. Indian Club Drill. First year college students.
8. Springboard Jumps (for height.)
9. Wand Drill. Second and third year high school and college students.

Marching tactics, horse work and springboard jump were competitive in elective work, between the club teams.

Mimetic exercises, wand drills, and Indian club drill was class competition between the four athletic clubs, the Regulars, Panthers, Athenians, and Olympians.

To see the six hundred students march onto the athletic field was a most impressive sight and one not easily forgotten.

There was keen interest in the competitive events, each girl was sure her club would be the winners of the meet.

Miss Louise Smith, an Athenian, won second place and Miss Helen Kohrs of the Olympians won third place. The clubs' places in the meet are, first, Olympians; second, Athenians, third, Regulars, and fourth, Panthers.

The results of the competition events are:

Marching Tactics: 1, Regulars; 2, Athenians; 3, Olympians.

Mimetic Exercises: 1, Athenians; 2, Olympians; 3, Panthers.

Indian Club Drill: 1, Regulars; 2, Panthers; 3, Olympians.

Wand Drill: 1, Athenians: 2, Olympians; 3, Panthers.

Horse Vaults: 1, Shepard, Olympian; 2, Orr, Panther; 3, White, Regulars.

Springboard Jump: 1. Shepard, Olympian; 2, Smith, Athenian; 3, Kahrs, Olympian.

All three winners of the spring board jump broke last year's record of 74 inches, and Elizabeth Shepard, the winner, without a failure set the new record at 78 inches.

SPRING SOCIAL SEASON

They used to call Ward-Belmont
A place of peace and quiet
A place for work and study—
Perhaps they were quite right.

But Spring's come to Ward-Belmont,
As it's come to all the world,
And into a furious flutter
Our old W.-B.'s been hurled!

'Member those busy functions?
We all were meek as lambs,
Perhaps you'll recognize the names,
They called them—er—exams!

And then those many dances,
Pandora—Tri K, too,
With the syncopatin' seveu folks
That play for me and you!

A lecture, too, we sweetly graced
Which we wished would never cease,
As we heard the wild tales
Of one of Canada's own police!

Then came that awful riot,
You all know the reason why—
The Vandy boys were in our plays,
Did we laugh?—we didn't cry!

We swung and swung those dumbells, too,
And marched our weary feet,
But say, weren't we a picture
At that annual field meet?

And the clever Seniors tell us—
They know everything—they say
That we'll soon be in preparation
For that glorious fete—Mayday.

So we just want to tell the world
If we neglect them, there's a reason,
We're all just swallowed in the throes
Of our Spring Social Season.

—G. F.

WARD-BELMONT GIRL SUCCEEDING IN EUROPE

Back from Frankfort-on-Main have come some very attractive Easter cards from the studio of a former Ward-Belmont girl, who is now a successful artist in that far away place. She is Valerie Klee, who, after a course of art training at Ward-Belmont, went to New York for further study. She was a member of a well-known Cincinnati family, and since the Great War, her father, having bought an estate in Germany, part of the family are living there, and with them, Valerie, who has transferred her art work there, and is succeeding in a very unusual measure.

Her work is original, notable for its color combinations, and very graceful in line.

One of the pleasures in store for the Ward-Belmont European party this summer will be a visit to this former student's home in Germany. She has already written to the school, asking the time of the probable visit to Germany, as she is planning to entertain the members of the tour.

"APRIL SHOWERS" ONLY AN AGORA DANCE

"April Showers" appeared in the gym on Monday, April 9. Although the country might need a shower for spring crops, this was a shower of flowers and confetti—the Agora Shower. Because of the cool weather, the dance could not be given on the roof garden as planned, and a quick move was made to the gym. The decorations were lovely, and at one end of the room a spring rainbow appeared. In the centre of the room there was a fountain, and a well containing mint ice was at the other end. Everywhere one saw only flowers climbing trellises. Bright umbrellas were artistically hung from the ceiling, and patches of cornstarch sunlight shown through them on the floor. The orchestra, which, by the way, was our own very good one, occupied a pretty summer house in a corner of the room. The special number, a spring dance, was given by little Miss Jane Hall. She looked and danced like a fairy in all the spring atmosphere. Refreshments were carried out in the spring idea with ice cream in flower molds, individual cakes, and mints. The guests were pleasantly surprised by being presented with the most attractive favors—little bright colored baskets filled with candies. The affair was chaperoned by Miss Mills, Miss Sheppe, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Whitson, and Miss Blackwell. Everyone had a happy afternoon and left at 6 o'clock, by the pretty wicket gate placed at the door.

PERSONALS

Miss Zora Taxman, of Kansas City, Mo., arrived Saturday morning to spend several days with her sister, Ione. Monday she chaperoned Misses Mary Elizabeth Levis, Vera Foulds and Jone down town for lunch. In the afternoon the girls shopped, arriving home in time for dinner.

Mrs. F. T. Rench, of St. Louis, Mo., spent the week-end with her daughter, Eleanor. Sunday she took Misses Mary E. Levis, Helen Sullivan and Madelyn Shaw to the service at the Presbyterian church. She was a guest at the school for dinner and in the afternoon they went driving. Monday she entertained several of Eleanor's friends at a lovely luncheon at the Satsuma. Her guests were Misses Martha Williamson, Helen Sullivan, Grace Warren, Edna Cantrell, Madelyn Shaw, Helen Campbell and her daughter, Eleanor. In the afternoon, Mrs. Rench took the girls to see "Hearts Aflame," at Loew's.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Rettenmeier of Detroit, arrived Sunday to spend a day or so with their daughters Kathleen and Dorothy. The girls spent the week end with their parents at the Hermitage hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Webster of Detroit, arrived Sunday to spend several days with their daughter, Dorothy. Dorothy spent much of the time in town with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Enderlin, of Chillicothe, Ohio, arrived Saturday to spend several days with their daughters, Isabel and Helen Bliss. They entertained several of the girls' friends while here.

Mrs. M. J. Frantz of Enid, Okla., arrived Saturday to spend the week-end with her daughter Margaret.

Mrs. Ilah Polhill, of Macon, Ga., spent several days with her daughter, Edwina. Monday she gave a luncheon at the Satsuma for her daughter. Covers were laid for eight and her guests included Misses Frances and Marian Stallworth, Alice Bump, Dorothy Nelson, Ada Kellum, Fane Phelps and Edwina. In the afternoon Mrs. Polhill took her guests to the Princess.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Marsh of Milton, Pennsylvania, who have been visiting their daughter, Ann have returned to their home. On Sunday afternoon they entertained Irene Powell, Champe Tawson, Hortense Cuthbert and Ann by a lovely drive to the Hermitage.

Mrs. Henry Jacobs of Virginia, Illinois, has been the guest of her daughter Bernita. Monday she entertained Misses Irene Powell, Ruth Kendall, Hortense Cuthbert and her daughter, Bernita, at luncheon and the theatre.

Mrs. John B. LaDue of Chicago, Ill., has been visiting her daughter, Marian. Monday, she chaperoned Helen Williams, Emily Schenck and Jane Hamburger to town for the day.

Miss Hortense Beare enjoyed the week-end at her home in Jackson, Tennessee. Her room-mate, Ruth Day spent the week-end with her.

The Misses Florence Deavers, Helen E. Snider and Gertrude Melat spent a pleasant week-end in Birmingham, Alabama.

Miss Geaunie Chenault enjoyed the week-end at her home in Albany, Alabama. She took Lucy Pennybacker and Margaret Bryan with her.

Misses Anne Lou Boyce, Sweetie Johnson and Margaret Rust had a happy week-end at the home of Margaret in Cairo, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Euderlin of Chillicothe, Ohio chaperoned Lucille Parks, Esther Allen, Marjorie Klever, Marian Weber, Frances Robinson, Carmen McDonald, and their daughters, Isabel and Helen Bliss to town Saturday night for the evening.

Misses Bonnie Jennings, Hazel Edwards, Louise Williford, Blanche Bacon, Mary Pearl McClanahan, and Frances Conley enjoyed Saturday night with Billie Waters and her mother.

Mr. C. A. French of Corsicana, Texas has spent the past few days with his daughter, Geraldine, who spent Saturday afternoon and evening with him. Monday he took Josephine Tucker, Ruby Wooten, Juanita Willis, Laura Deane Thomas, and Mildred Peay to town for the day.

Mrs. Henry Jacobs of Virginia, Ill., visited her daughter, Bernita, over the week-end. Monday she took Irene Powell, Hortense Cuthbert and Ruth Kendall to town for the afternoon.

Mrs. Charles A. Lindsey of Detroit, Michigan, enjoyed a visit with her daughters. Margaret and Marian. Monday she chaperoned Anne Peterson, Sarah Grulke, Dorothy Wilson and Margaret and Marian in town for the day.

Louise Pfeiffer's mother, Mrs. P. C. Pfeiffer of Port Arthur, Texas, visited here for a few days. Saturday evening and Monday she chaperoned Louise Handley, Lella Tarkington, Evelyn Baker, Louise Baker, and Mary Virginia Latimer to town.

An unusually large number of parents and visiting relatives and friends spent the past week-end in Nashville, to be near students in Ward-Belmont in whom they were interested. All of them were guests at the school at some time during their stay, and most of them enjoyed visits to the Ward-Belmont Country Club, beautiful Woody Crest, and drives around Nashville in the school cars. Among those who spent the week-end here were: three former graduates, Misses Ruth Wurtzbaugh of La., Dorothy Cockrum of Indiana, and Ilah Watson of Georgia; and Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Rettonmier, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Taxman, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Nelson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. F. T. Rench, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Henry Jacobs, Virginia, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Faurest, Elizabethtown, Ky.; Mrs. Martha Waters, Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Mrs. C. R. Work, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. S. H. Franklin, Glasgow, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Marsh, Milton, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Landauer, Davenport, Iowa.; Mrs. C. H. Bales, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. P. C. Pfeiffer, Port Arthur, Texas; Mrs. O. C. Erickson, Arthur, Iowa; Mrs. John Wrigglesworth, Howell, Mich.; Mrs. George LeBus, Electra, Texas; Mrs. Ed Jones, Schlater, Miss.; Mr. and Mrs. Kellum, Ft. Myers, Fla.; Mrs. W. H. Moore, Arnadarke, Okla.; Mrs. H. G. McKever, Enid, Okla.; Mrs. M. J. Frantz, Enid, Okla.; Mrs. Earl Conner, Eastland, Texas; Mrs. Bew, Shell Mound, Miss.; Mrs. J. B. LaDue, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. T. L. Cagle, Coushatta, La.; Mrs. C. G. Pape, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Enderlin, Chillicothe, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Buckingham, Flint, Mich.; Mrs. Myrtle Tomlin, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. LeRoy Yow, Martin, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Griffith, Austin, Texas; Mrs. T. D. Winders, Aledo, Ill.; Mrs. Ilah Polhill, Macon, Ga.

CALENDAR

April 14—Osiron dance.

April 16—Eastern Virginia, North Carolina and Colorado dance.

April 16—Senior picnic at Shelby Park.

April 18—Twentieth Century at Belle Meade.

April 19—Senior dinner.

April 21—Texas Club dance.

April 22—Mr. Henkel's afternoon recital.

MEADORS

SHOES AND HOSIERY

Fancy Slippers a Specially

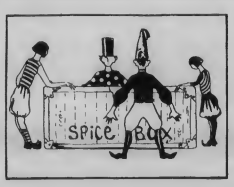
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TELEPHONE M. 670 NASHVILLE, TENN



After seeing the 10-inch dancing in the Expression play last Friday evening, one visiting mother suggested that her daughter return to school next year and study expression.

Some people are born lucky. Others don't have visiting parents.

Noted Lecturer: "You girls are now in the flower of young womanhood."

Whisper in audience: "Yes, all blooming idiots."

Sad events, such as the returning of examination papers, frequently happen. As the hash said, "I'm all cut up about it."

THE THREE GRACES
Man's Humble Assets.
At first sight of her—you stop.
When you know her—you look.
When you marry her—you listen.

Senior—"I call my course 'true love'."

Senior Middle—"Why?"

Senior—"Because it never runs smooth."

Won't someone please help a poor prep out of a dilemma? She has grown thin and wasted in body, and broken in spirit over the following question: How is it possible to cut the campus without a knife?

CRYSTAL GAZING

Place: Boston; living room of Webster Manse.

Time: Seventy years ago.

Daniel Webster, seated before the fire, surveys large crystal ball, whose owner, Sahib Rhajo, Indian magician in regulation costume a la Alexander stands near.

Webster: "Do you mean to tell me that this ball, a mere glass sphere, can bring to me realizations of the next century? Impossible, Sahib, impossible! I would be more inclined to believe that I would live a hundred years longer and become a part of the next generation."

Rhajo: "Entirely possible, and most probable, M'sieur. Certainly I do not pretend to make the 'quid futurum est' visible through the medium of the glass alone, but with the aid of concentration on your part and 'similar seance' on mine, I am really able to make you realize the 'to-be.' All I ask is that you give me a trial. That's the best proof."

Web: "Well, really, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and I would be foolish to turn down a possible glimpse into the future. Yes! I'll give you a trial!"

Rha: "Then, gaze into the crystal while I lower the lamp! So! You are now being transported to a scene unobtainable in dreams and unimaginable in this era."

Five Minutes Interim.

Rha: "You are now in that large city, Nashville, Tennessee, on the campus of the factory of intellect for young ladies, Ward-Belmont."

Web: "Caesar's ghost! Be these the 'modern girls' which I see before me? Such queer monstrosities! Why! nothing but mops on atrociously bedecked bodies. Is this wearing of mops on their heads compulsory?"

Rha: "I'm afraid so. Compulsory, at least, to the dictates of Dame Fashion. They, you see, are the latest Bobs—Castle style—and are the characteristics of the school."

Web: "For shame! And their dresses, too—no! Yes! Really to their knees! Can it be true? Look! The Aurora Borealis!

Rha: "No, friend, just a new sport sweater and skirt. And this young lady in pants, carrying a sword in her hand, is from the gymnasium."

Web: "What! Girls practicing fencing! Never!

Rha: "Yes, and swimming, too."

Web: "Sahib, I dread to think what the next generation is coming to. I've had enough of the bob-haired atrocities. Let me gaze where women dress in civilized fashion."

Rha: "I'm afraid you've asked the impossible, Webster, but you may now take a peep at the city life."

Web: "Behold! The yellow monster panting and snorting down the street."

Rha: "Yes! An electric trolley conveyance for tired working man—always crowded at this hour. (Sometimes it is used like cattle cars in conveying W. B. girls to auditorium!"

Web: "And that following—where's the horse? It——"

Rha: "Oh, that's a gasoline buggy—the auto—sometimes known as a 'gadabout.'"

Web: "But this little young one—how it snorts and cavorts!"

Rha: "Just a frolicsome Ford out for its daily promenade."

Web: "And where is all this crowd going? They are rushing madly in that door of the huge red building. What's the attraction?"

Rha: "Don't you know? Gipsy well-known evangelist, is trying to renovate the inmost soul of the city."

Web: "Well, I don't think his purpose is an uncomplimentary one. What are these awful crashes and shrieks? Must be a building falling to ruin."

Rha. "No. It's Fuller's Superb Jazz Band, aboard the truck advertising and advocating Ima Winner for Mayor."

Web: "What! Women in politics?"

Rha: "Yes, and knickers, too. Observe!"

Web: "Sahib! I've had enough of crystal gazing! The modern shocks, a la 1922 mode are quite too much for ye honorable Webster! Give me back those good old days of quietude in Boston."

Thus Webster emerged from the spell a sadder but wiser man. As for Rhajo, perhaps he was a richer man. Perhaps he faded away like a dream. For this is the stuff dreams are made of. Perhaps this was a dream. Perhaps not! Who can tell?

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The Vogue!

—is expressed in the delightful number of charming frocks we are showing. Weird and fanciful designs show the way of spring with these smartest new frocks. Their straight simple lines are given an added youthful grace by the clever introduction of lace and ruffles, inverted pleats, or accordian pleating.

True feminine charm lurks in every fold of the lovely georgette frocks. Some gleam with myriads of beads while others are softly fluttering with graceful draperies.

Come in at your earliest opportunity and see these dainty frocks.

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CONSERVATIVE PRICES

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

This old adage is not merely a convenient justification for lazy people, in fact, it does not apply to the lazy at all, for it implies a highly developed sense of proportion, a sensible valuation of the relative merits of work and play.

How many students, spurned by an ambition to succeed in many things, lose a sense of proportion, and at the same time fail in their chosen tasks. We grant that they may have the honor and recognition that goes to those who attempt great undertakings, but we seriously question the value of work done at the expense of other and perhaps more important things. In the first place, whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. In the second place, only through play in its broad sense, may one attain real success in work. Play in its broad sense includes not only recreation, but also all freedom from routine, whether it be the reading of good books and magazines, or merely a leisurely, friendly talk with one's self. This latter is especially essential to a students well-being and it is an impossibility in the rush and hurry of many duties.

A sense of proportion is one of the most valuable assets one may possess. Besides being a leveling influence, it is a safe-guard of health and the keynote of true mental development.

EXCELLENT PLAYS ARE GIVEN BY EXPRESSION STUDENTS

The week's interest was doubled for us this week by a presentation Friday evening of one-act plays by Miss Townsend's advanced students and two lovers of dramatics from Vanderbilt University. Immediately after dinner a great crowd gathered outside the chapel doors eager to see some real acting from our own Expression department. There was a very good house, and, as Miss Townsend said, "Those who were there were most welcome, and those who were not there, could readily be pitied for missing such a good performance."

The Syncopatin' Seven played during intermission. It was just like a show downtown, and just think—all our very own talent. The plays presented were, "Flowers for Two," Psycho Analysis," A Tempest in a Teapot," "Jane Jones."

They were excellent and artistically done and everyone enjoyed them immensely. A great interest in the Expression department has been aroused recently and it is safe to wager that many dreams of being able to do a piece of acting as well as that we saw Friday evening have been woven by various members of W-B.

MISS LEFTWICH'S PUPILS GIVE STUDIO PROGRAM

Piano pupils of Miss Alice K. Leftwich gave the following artistic program in her studio on Friday afternoon:

Melodie ..... Friml
Miss Lillian Fowler

To Spring ..... Greig
Miss Lily Meadors

Amour Coquet ..... Friml
Miss Dorothy Hanley

Barcarolle ..... Ludebuhl
Miss Myrl Anderson

The Spring ..... Goumod-Lebean
Miss Katharyn Sidey

Romance ..... Grunfeld

Autumn ..... Moszkowski
Mrs. Wm. H. Jackson

The Fauns ..... Chaminade
Miss Edith Davis

Prelude ..... Rachmaninoff
Miss Helen Savage

Romance ..... Siberlius
Miss Marion Tanksley

THE PARADE OF THE LITTLE GRAINS

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land."

Some little grains are in the shape of squares, and some in cubes, and some in cones. But each grain has its own cut. There are queer little points and holes that characterize each stone. The point of one stone fits into the indentation of another, and they lie compact, gripping each other. Only one thing is lacking—a common interest. The mason applies this in the form of cement, and the tiny stones are held together by sticking to a common substance.

Every now and then may be found one member of this group that is so smooth and round that it refuses to connect himself with the others. When the wind blows over the beach, and the other little stones are holding each other tight, this one skips merrily here and there, never finding anything to cling to. He does not fit in with his neighbors to make a compact path, but blows into the stroller's eyes. When the cement is applied to his smooth surface, there is no clinging compact. The little stone falls from his place, and rolls carelessly here and there, leaving behind a hole to weaken the whole structure.

If the grain had persistently clung to its more uneven fellow, sooner or later a small hole would have worn to fit the curve of his neighbor. He would have become a useful member of the group, instead of just a rolling stone. So the first thing the little stone lacked was a common interest with his neighbors.

Then he defied the authority of the cement. He did not realize that no group of individuals can be of any use unless there is something to exert authority. The cement was one of them. Sack after sack of sand had been mixed with it. The little grain did not know that it was his fellows that was holding him. He did not know that it was just a chance that he was not one of the dominating group himself. The little stone did not know how to accept authority nor how to administer it. Perhaps if he had really been one of the more powerful members, he would have been more willing to have been underneath. Yes, I am sure of it.

The third fault of the little grain was in the fact that he thought that the others could get along without him. Again he pleaded ignorance as his excuse. He did not know that the cement could do nothing without his help. He did not know that he was really the important one, and the cement was only a minor aid.

And last of all when the little grain of sand went rolling gaily around, he was rubbing against the pattern of his neighbors, and making them just as smooth and round and useless as himself. A "rolling stone" means a great deal more than a mere lack of "stay-with-it." I am not the only drop in the bucket nor the only pebble on the beach.

DANCING EXHIBITION A GREAT SUCCESS

Saturday morning we were indeed given a treat when Miss Morrison announced that the little girls in her Junior class were going to dance for us. The program was not planned, and was just a sample of class work.

The first group was given by little girls from four to seven, who danced as if they were enjoying every minute of it, and their memory and execution were remarkable, considering their ages.

The little girls who gave the next group were slightly older and were mostly from Miss Cavert's department. They were very graceful, and there has rarely been a program more enjoyed in our chapel. Mrs. Margaret F. Hall played the accompaniments.

LETTERS HOME

Thursday Morning.

Dearest Family:

Thanks so much for those perfectly precious pictures. Now, if I only had a fireplace instead of a radiator, it would really seem like "Home, Sweet Home."

I have developed remarkable athletic ability. I can now swim, row, dive, paddle, shoot a bow and arrow, bowl, and signal. I did it in the gym meet Tuesday, and aside from getting a little confused about which was my left and which my right foot, I exhibited that wonderful athletic talent that runs in our family—you know.

You should have been here to see the Expression plays last Friday. One especially, "Psycho-Analysis," was quite a large success. It was all about suppressed desires and dreams, and all those fascinating things. The queerest thing was that I dreamed about a wonderful new Egyptian print dress that night. It's very dangerous for one not to express a suppressed desire. I think perhaps I better confess to you now that my suppressed desire is for an Egyptian print.

You know, I should like to spend the whole day telling you all the news but unfortunately, classes seem to interfere. I am about to journey forth to English Lit.

Please don't forget

Your devoted offspring,

P. S.: I forgot to say that suppressed desires should always be gratified.

TRI K DANCE

King Tut's tomb was opened and there was found the keynote of the Tri K dance which took place Saturday evening, April 7.

Those favored by fortune entered through the tomb and found in Heron Hall a most wonderful "Egyptian night." The crescent moon, cast characteristic silhouettes on the walls. The dance, itself, was a costume affair, many beautiful and unique costumes being worn by the dancers.

A special dance, given by some ten or twelve girls of the club was well worked out and displayed some of the club's great store of talent. A second special number, in the form of a playlet, occasioned much laughter.

Music was furnished by the local orchestra, the Syncopatin' Seven. Refreshments consisted of ice cream, cake and candy; punch was being served throughout the evening. Favors of tiny toys were given the guests.

The color scheme carried out was black and white, the club colors.

TO CORRESPOND WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Almost one hundred Topeka high school students will correspond with young people of foreign schools, either French, Chinese or Japanese. Opportunity to do this has been furnished by the Peabody Institute of Memphis, Tennessee. This is the United States Bureau for furthering international correspondence among the high school students.

The student may schoose between nationalities enrolled in the bureau.

The purpose of this correspondence is to promote a better understanding between the young people of the various countries. Friendships formed in this way should in time result in closer friendships between the nations.

Ward Belmont Hyphen. One of our best exchanges. We are always interested in the activities in a girl's school.—The Bayonet, Tennessee Military Institute.

HYPHEN INTER-CLUB CONTEST: T. C. C.

JINGLE BELLS

To all of the adjectives that you know,
Add many more and this will show,
What in mere words cannot be said,
You cannot describe our own dear "Web."

We are prepared for peace or war,
For "Bullets" we have with us,
This feature added to the rest
Makes our club the very best.

The syncopatin' Seven made a hit at W.-B.,
For right there on the spot was our own Lee,
She plays her fiddle in a jazzy way,
In the gym where social peanuts sway.

Our club excels them all,
For we have one who is very tall,
Her type does to us all appeal,
Yes, you have guessed, it is Lucille.

They say there is nothing in a name,
But we have found that names bring fame,
This is true of a well cultivated voice
For two Katherines have been our choice.

Two days stand out from all the rest,
These to us are the very best,
Now we will admit the truth,
Our days are Maxine and Ruth.

Helen Snyder is one of fame,
Two there are who have the name,
One difference lies in the middle "D,"
And then this one is a T. C. C.

Talent in all lines heads our lists,
One we would not have you miss,
The violin she plays with all ease,
It is none other than our Louise.

Many here are hailed as "Sis."
One there is who lives up to this;
She is clever, different, and keen—
Now you all know whom we mean.

THE T. C. GIRL

IS

Talented as Louise McCrary,
Witty as Edna Cantrell,
Effervescent as Carmen MacDonald
Natural as Marian Weber.
Tall as Lucile Burton,
Intellectual as Corinne Alschuler.
Enthusiastic as Madeline Shaw,
Tactful as Helen Smith,
Happy as Lee Lewis.

Chic as Clara Kramer,
Efficient as Eleanor Blood,
N-ticing as Mary Ellen Bragassa,
Trim as Ione Taxman,
Unique as Virginia Moore.
Radiant as Jacqueline Stice
Youthful as Marie Sudekum.

MODERN FICTION

"This Side of Paradise"—All T. C. C. Girls.
"Beginning of Wisdom"—Frances Hassel.
"This Freedom"—Lee Lewis.
"One of Ours"—Marian Webber.
"Seventeen"—Frances Russel.
"Lavender and Old Lace"—Maxine Day.
"Leave It to Psmith"—Helen Smith.
"Butterfly"—Clara Kramer.
"Silver Moon"—Frances Robinson.

MOVIE TITLES

"Something to Think About"—Miss Kirkham.
"Forbidden Fruit"—Jean McKnight
"Vanity Fair"—Eleanor Rench.
"Salome"—Virginia Moore.
The Dangerous Age"—Ruth Day.
"Delicious Little Devil"—Lois Lindley.
"Mighty Lak a Rose"—Ina Faulconer.
"The Gilded Lily"—Freda Davis.
"Fascination"—Carmen McDonald.
"Adam's Rib"—Vena Foulds.

T. C. C. PEP SCHOOL

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Testimonials from

Pleased
Patrons

Since joining the T. C. C. Pep School I have learned to do gracefully that which cannot be done gracefully—to come down the stairway, at Woody Crest, on a broom. If you desire, you may publish my name as a further proof of my deep-felt sincerity.

Helen Sullivan.

When my friends ask me where I learned to play "Jingle Bells" so beautifully, I gratefully reply, "At that good old institution, T. C. C. Pep School, when we practiced the T. C. C. parody. It was certainly a great stepping-stone in my musical career!"

Mary Elizabeth (Sis) Levis.

T. C. C. Pep School has made a new woman of me. I have learned all the little intricacies of etiquette, including never to appear in public unchaperoned, with a young man, never to tuck my napkin in my dress, and never to eat with my knife. These little points, exposed at one of our meetings, have revolutionized my existence.

Betty Lindsay.

T. C. C. Pep School has taught me the gentle art of making snow and icicles. I have also become skilled in impersonating our honored faculty members. I am thankful for all small favors.

Lee Lewis.

T. C. C. Pep School has developed in me an unconquerable appetite for Eskimo pies. I have had an opportunity to taste these delicacies at some of the meetings, and ever since, the cry of my starved soul has been, "My kingdom for an Eskimo pie!"

Elizabeth Sudekum.

This remarkable institution has given me a wonderful ability in waiting on tables at respectable country homes. I also learned to catch the pretty birds at Woody Crest by salting their tails.

Eleanor Rench.

This academy of learning has made me infinitely wiser and more versed in club work, for after having been initiated into several very "different" clubs and orders, such as the National Sorority, "Boots Without Shoes," all initiations having taken place at Woody Crest, I feel that it is really T. C. C. Pep School which has given me my start as a successful club woman and forceful leader.

Helen Smith.

This wonderful school has taught me to eat Eskimo pies and to dance at the same time. I further say solemnly that I neither drop any of the pie on my partner's toe, so excellent is the instruction.

Clara Kramer.

FROM WITHIN THE PEARLY GATES

A short farce with a twofold purpose: To look into the future; to show what a mark Ward-Belmont lays on its students.

Cast of Characters

Marie Myers—Who died a peaceful death.
Madge Shaw—Who broke her neck doing trapeze work for Ringling Bros.
Lee Lewis—Who choked to death when making a speech.
Sis Levis—Who died of heart failure when asked to lead Metropolitan Grand Opera.

Prologue: One of the back streets of heaven.

ACT I. On Dr. Whitson's Burning Planet.

(Curtain rises disclosing four old and worn angels. They are seated on the golden curbstone playing their harps. They wear Ward-Belmont belts.)

Madge:—You know, I've been thinking!

Sis:—How remarkable!

Madge (continuing):—How long ago since we were at Ward-Belmont.

Lee:—Ward-Belmont, well, well, well! Let me see—ten, twenty, thirty-seven years ago.

(Angels all sigh and Sis mournfully starts to play "Bells of Ward-Belmont.")

Marie:—Them was the days! What do you suppose has become of the girls of good old T.C.? We four are the only ones up here.

Sis:—Well, maybe some of them are—

(She is interrupted by a shout from the other angels.)

Here comes St. Peter!

Lee:—Sh—sh—sh.

(A characteristic which never left her after her departure from W-B.)

St. Peter:—Ah! My dear angels, I bring glad tidings.

Madge:—I can't wait!

Marie:—Oh, my dear!

St. Peter:—Dr. Whitson, the famous astrologer has tamed one of our planets. It is quite close to the earth and is just above Nashville. I wish to extend a cordial invitation to you to come down tonight and view the happenings in Nashville!

Madge:—Perfectly marvelous!

St. Peter:—I will send Gabriel up with four asbestos suits. Be ready at eleven-thirty, Western Union. Adieu!

ACT II

(Curtain rises. St. Peter, Gabriel, and the four angels are standing on Dr. Whitson's planet. The angels wear gold and blue asbestos suits.)

Gabriel:—Just take these opera glasses and just below, you see Nashville.

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LADIES' SPORT APPAREL

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

Marie:—Oh, yes! There is a skyscraper. Look, it said on the cornerstone, Louise Kroenert, Architect.

Lee:—And look there on the corner, Alschuler and Blsh, Peanuts and Hamburgers! Can you feature that?

Sis:—What is that big electric signboard in front of the Princess?

Madge (reading):—Louise McCrary and Catherine Forsyth, Jazz Maniacs! And look at the ticket office, if that isn't Helen Gwinn. To think that they have come to this.

Marie (very excitedly): — Look! Look! There is a Ward-Belmont special, and what do I see? Frances Hassel is the conductor!

Sis:—Look there, that traffic cop is Mildred Montgomery.

Gabriel:—To your right is Ward-Belmont. It is now one of the great higher colleges.

(Angels register astonishment.)

Marie:—Do look at Queen Cantrell, the head of the expression department! Queen always did have an active tongue.

Lee:—Look, they are leaving chapel. Alice Bates is making the announcements, who would have dreamed she would be a Phy. Ed. teacher!

Madge:—But do you see Lucile Burton? The Dean of Women! Girls, this is too much.

Sis:—But just look at that faculty. Catherine Mobley has taken Mr. Strick's place. Isadore Douglass is Dean of the faculty.

Marie:—Really, St. Peter, I feel rather weak. I can't stand any more tonight.

St. Peter:—Well, well, you can come back anytime.

(The angels slowly and solemnly go back to heaven. The gate clangs behind them.)

P.S.: If you have managed to read this, please take it with a grain of salt.

THE T. C. GIRLS

Yes, we are "modern girls," all right—
We go to W.-B.,
And we are loyal members of
A modern club—T. C.

"T. C." for "Twentieth Century,"
Of course that's up to date.
We have the name; we have the girls;
We're lucky, sure as fate.

But that's not all; we're clever, too—
At least that's what folks say—
We take the honors right and left
In the usual T. C. way.

In fact, we do most anything
That modern girls can do
We're quite a peppy, jolly crowd—
Efficient workers, too.

The T. C. girls can dance and swim,
In out door sports they're fine.
In work and play at home and school
They're good in any line.

And then, because they're up-to-date,
In their own modern ways.
They have the true refinement of
"Those good old-fashioned days."

The perfect type—the ideal girl.
Right here at W.-B.
Just ask what club she's in, she'll say,
"My dear, of course T. C.!"

ACADEMIC NEWS

Miss Alberta Ross' Sociology class is studying the problems that confront the German, British and American cities of the present time. The class, first, studied how cities were planned and the necessity of careful observation in planning a city in order that a beautiful as well as healthful place might be the result of the planning. The important city problems that the class has studied so far are, the sanitary conditions of the cities; the housing problem and public health in the modern cities. The girls are learning many important things that they had heretofore never known or thought of seriously; surely they will take a deeper interest in the problems which confront their home towns after having taken this interesting course.

Miss McFadden's chemistry A classes are studying nitrogen, at present. In connection with the study of this element, the girls are taking up the preparation of properties of the element itself in addition to the compounds of nitrogen. Among the compounds of nitrogen which the classes are studying, they have found the hydrogen group which includes ammonia, hydrozine, hydronetic acid and hydraxal amine, and the oxygen group of nitrogen compounds, the most important mixture being air which is made up of four-fifths nitrogen and one-fifth oxygen of which the rare gases constitute a very small per cent. The laboratory work is planned so as to be parallel to the lecture work in order that the girls will get both the practical and theoretical side of chemistry.

Miss Ross' History of Art class is studying the art of the Restoration period, which is the most important period of art. At present, the class is on the art of the High Renaissance, a part of the great Restoration period. Leonardo de Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian are the four great painters of this part of the Restoration period. As each artist is studied, Miss Ross shows her class prints of the works of these men explaining carefully each picture and giving the girls many interesting facts about the painters themselves and their works.

Miss Scrugg's English E class is studying the dramatists of the nineteenth century. The class is reading Ibsen's plays at present, having already finished The Doll House. The girls are preparing to read The Wild Duck and The Lady From the Sea as soon as possible. After the class has finished its study of Ibsen, the writers of the latter part of the century will be studied.

For the first three quarters of this year, Miss Shouse's English A classes have been studying exposition, taking both grammar and composition; but they are now ready to begin work on narration which will constitute the work for the last quarter of the course.

At the next lesson each girl is required to write a four page paper describing either a person, place, or in-

cident and a week later, the girl will hand a three page paper describing an incident. These two papers may or may not be used by their authors in the short story that each girl is to write before the end of this quarter.

Dr. Johnston's Spanish B class is reading Senor Ingram's Victoria, which book is a collection of Spanish short stories. The class is enjoying Victoria for the stories have very interesting plots and are well suited to the needs of second year Spanish students. The class also studies Broomhall's Spanish Composition.

WHEN OUR MISS SHOUSE ENTERTAINED ALFRED NOYES

The poet, in place of the instructor, claims the "Faculty Facts" space this time. The change was as much a surprise to me as to you, dear reader, for when I asked Miss Shouse for some interesting facts of her life she told of a time when she entertained Alfred Noyes. Miss Shouse was, at the time of this interesting episode, head of the English department in one of the Texas colleges. At her suggestion, the literary clubs unanimously voted to entertain Alfred Noyes for a short time at the college, this being the first occasion of a great poet's visit to the school. Upon the acceptance of the invitation by Mr. Noyes, Miss Shouse prepared to entertain the guest at her home, as it was the custom for Mr. Noyes to be entertained by some prominent person in the town. As Miss Shouse said of her home, "I did not expect to serve a life sentence in Texas, and I purchased only a small five room house which I furnished in the informal manner of a summer house, using as my motto, a purely transcendental one—'Plain Living and High Thinking.'"

The officers of the clubs, whether through sentiment or courtesy to the coming guest, offered all of their choice, movable house furnishings for his entertainment, and with each load they would say, "When we hand these heirlooms down to our grandchildren we can tell them that Alfred Noyes used them." The house was gaily decorated to welcome the guest. The simplicity of the house was mentioned in order to show the beautiful adaptability of both Mr. and Mrs. Noyes to their surroundings; for although they had been entertained in the homes of English royalty many times—inasmuch as Mr. Noyes barely escaped being the poet laureate of England—never a time during their twenty-four hour stay did any hostess feel that a single detail was lacking for their comfort. In fact, at breakfast, Mr. Noyes insisted that "he had never tasted such eggs," and by way of proving his statement, he ate four; what these eggs lacked in value of not being the proverbial golden eggs of history, they made up in freshness; for the old hen next door presented them as her bit for the poet's entertainment. Mr. Noyes, particularly, made his hostesses feel the enjoyment of freedom in the house for they had literally presented him with the keys.

One of the great delights in being with a man like Mr. Noyes is to get opinions of the great men whom he knows intimately. Mr. Noyes discussed several of the leading literary men of America, saying of Thomas Hardy, that his early pessimism was due to his unfortunate marriage to an Archdeacon's daughter who felt herself greatly his superior; and his later optimism was due to the happy marriage to his secretary; furthermore, he said, "Mr. Hardy had a delicate sense of humor as one met him socially," which is in contrast to the gloomy, depressing philosophy of his books." Mr. Noyes also mentioned the fact that Bernardo Shaw was a genial, sympathetic person in daily life, which is in contrast to the biting, sarcastic humor of his plays.

Among the living American poets, Witter Bynner is Mr. Noyes' favorite. Of all the American poets past or present, Mr. Emerson was his favorite and he spent a whole hour reading Emerson aloud, surrounded by a group of poetry lovers.

Mr. Noyes had a most decided opinion of free verse, stating that "no great writer will ever come out of free verse." The writers of free verse, like the writers of the heroic couplet of Pope's time, put forth no great effort in writing, for great effort comes in composing metrical lines and in finding rhymes, and the rhyme in free verse is too easily found. Free verse, instead of enriching our literature is pulling it down and cheapening it, he said.

Mr. Noyes did not spend all of his time reading or discussing literary men; he had a joke for every person he met and he met a great many at two receptions given in his honor. The first snowfall came while he was in Texas and he actually delighted the girls by playing snowball. In view of his perfect adaptability, he will be, always remembered with great pleasure by all who were fortunate enough to meet him.

HYPHENETTS

Selected

There's something in the air
That's new and rich and rare.
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day,—
It's Spring. —Ex.

Miss Annie: Who was Homer?
Bearden: The guy Babe Ruth made famous.—Ex.

Howard Zink—"Why do you call your alarm clock Macbeth?"
Clifford Crane—"Macbeth doth murder sleep!"—Ex.

Stay—"I hear you have taken up commercial art."
Comb—"Yes, I draw my allowance every week."

School Spirit. Do you just talk about it or do you make it?—Ex.

A baseball player is seldom musical. He always slides when he reaches first base.—Ex.

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A WORD FROM A FEW OF THE STATE UNIVERSITIES

The University of Missouri at Columbia, Mo., is noted for its school of journalism. The students have five different publications, two of which are dailies. The school always puts out strong teams for all the Valley athletics.

One of the most unique features in the school year is the Farmers' Fair given each April by the students of the agricultural school. They give carnivals, follies, circuses and parades. It is the largest student stunt in America, netting sometimes more than $5,000.

The University of Illinois, situated between the twin cities of Urbana and Champaign, is a large and most progressive state school. Contrary to what is usually the case, there are more men than women enrolled; this is due to the fact that the engineering school is a part of the university.

The state medical school is located not at Urbana, but at Chicago.

Several W.-B. girls and now attending the University of Illinois.

EXCHANGES

U. T. GETS NEXT STUDENT CONFERENCE

The Third Annual Conference of Mid-Western students was held at Northwestern University on the 15, 16, and 17 of March. The students of the University of Tennessee are members of this conference and have been represented for the past two years.

This Conference will mean more to the University than any meeting that has ever been held at the University for it will bring to the student body the viewpoint of the leaders of student thought of all of the largest Mid-Western institutions.

In 1919 there were only 61 students from the United States enrolled in French universities. In June, 1922, there was a total of 1,384 Americans enrolled, nearly half of whom were women.

No man is a failure until he admits it himself. The supreme test of a man's power is ability to work under difficulties.

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We want you.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1923 | NUMBER 26

GIRLS WHO GO CAMP COHECHEE WILL ENJOY WONDERFUL TRIPS

Comradeship,
Health,
Cheer.

These are foundation stones for the life and success of every summer camp, but they are the special watchwords of Camp Cohechee, in the Maine woods, near East Fryeburg, which under the management of Miss Sisson and Miss Morrison, of Ward Belmont's School of Physical Education, is attracting so many Nashville and Ward-Belmont girls, as well as a prominent representation from St. Louis and Louisville, New York, Boston, Florence, Ala., Cheatham, N. J. and Providence, R. I. Mrs. Claiborne N. Bryan, also of the Ward-Belmont staff, has just returned from a trip to both the first two cities in the interest of the camp, and brought a splendid list of girls who are signed up to go.

The camp opens on June 30, and continues through August 28. After this the management offers a very attractive chaperoned trip to Boston, New York, and Niagara, which the camp girls may take if desired, as a final sip at a summer's cup of pleasure, brimming full.

Besides Miss Sisson and Miss Morrison, who are signally equipped for the successful direction and management of a summer camp, their splendid abilities insuring a summer of

(Continued on page 2.)

MISS SLOAN'S PUPILS HEARD IN RECITAL.

Vocal pupils of Miss Helen Todd Sloan were heard in a very well rendered program on Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock in her studio and following is the program:

All for You.....D'hardelat
Miss Helen Savage
'Tis All I Ask.....Campbell-Tipton
Miss Lucile Wade
Day is Gone.....Lang
Because I Love You.....Hawley
Miss Rebecca Gilbert
Sunbeams ..... Ronald
Miss Mildred Baker
Once on a Day in Arcady..De Koven
Rain Song .....Hahn
Miss Mildred Pool
The Moon Flower.....De Koven
My Love in the Garden.....Lawson
Miss Diana Fair
Summer Rain ..... Woodman
As the Dawn .....Cartor
Miss Mary Prickett
Sing, Birds on the Wing....Nutting
Miss Julia Wylie
Stolen Wings .....Willeby
All the Leaves Were Calling.Hawley
Miss Mary Samuel

ODE TO THE SENIORS

(By Gladys Feld, read at Senior Senior-Middle Dinner.)

Here's to the good old Seniors,
Best in our W.-B.
You're all good sports we know
Because you've showed us so,
You're true and loyal
In play or in toil,
You've got just loads of pep and spirit so fine
And out of school they tell us you have a line!
Hail to you, good old Seniors,
Best in old W.-B.

Hail to the good old Senior,
Best in our W.-B.
Tear-drops will dim our eyes
When we realize
That you are leaving,
And we will be grieving,
Although you'll be far from old W.-B.
Please don't forget us 'cause
We'll miss you, you see.
Good luck to you, dear old Seniors,
Best in old W.-B.

PARTY OF STUDENTS MAKE TRIP TO MAMMOTH CAVE

We came, we saw, it conquered!

Even crawling out of bed at five fifteen couldn't daunt the spirits of the 240 girls who had been looking forward to Mammoth Cave for many months. Every one was awake when breakfast was served, and it was only a few minutes until the entire crowd was safely installed in the big W. B. special train.

What a thrill it gave us to be on a train again,—especially, too, on a train going to Mammoth Cave. There was nothing monotonous about that journey. We had been on the cars but a short time when our second meal—fruit and peppermint candy was served. Before we knew it we had reached the Junction Point and with one mad dive for bloomers and sweaters we were off the train—making our way for the little narrow guage track where our tiny little red coaches were waiting for us.

Then the fun began. All the peddlers offered their wares—bandannas, postal-cards, "Mammoth Cave History," etc. Those who could, bought; those who couldn't, borrowed what those who could, bought; and everyone was happy. The little engine was soon chugging up the mountains. Higher and higher we went—the shrill blast of the whistle announcing our arrival to all the children who were out in full force to wave to us. At last we reached a plateau. Some one cried "Mammoth Cave!" and out we piled. There was a grand scramble to the dining-room and regardless of the two meals of the morning—we ate like starved workmen.

What excitement there was when the parties started to the cave. Some of the dignified gentlemen of our faculty dressed in overalls and the girls with hair fairly swathed in bandannas! We all smiled our prettiest, nevertheless, when the photographer snapped us. Then, lanterns in hand, we started down into the cave.

The sights we saw there were beyond description. We investigated the mysteries of the wine cellar, and the Dead Sea. We looked into the fathomless depths of the Bottomless Pit. We followed the little bridge around the River Styx, we experienced all the thrills of an evening in an Italian gondola as we sang in our boats on Echo River. We felt all the adventurous spirit of "Treasure Island" as we sat grouped about our guide in Bandit Hall. We were impressed more than ever by the very immensity of the cave as we looked up into Mammoth Dome. We had a fitting culmination to the most wonderful four hours of our lives as we climbed, crawled, pulled, and slid perhaps, through the never ending Cork-Screw. We bumped our heads, of

(Continued on page 2.)



THE OWL.

Three guesses as to what the Seniors are going to do at Woody-Crest. All three don't count.

IMPRESSIONS OF A MOTHER ON LEAVING WARD-BELMONT

Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click; on and on the train kept going, mile after mile—carrying me farther and farther away from Nashville, and as I reviewed the events of the few days spent in visiting Ward-Belmont, it seemed a marvelous thing that I felt such a calm in leaving my daughter, even though it meant a separation of many weeks and several hundred miles. What gave me this feeling of assurance and peace? The answer came quickly, for my little visit had thoroughly convinced me that the girls in this school are so carefully guarded and cared for that for any mother anxiety has nothing upon which to stand.

My impressions of the school might better be called appreciations. Perhaps no one thing gave me greater pleasure than the unvarying courtesy and hospitality which I received—every one had time to be courteous. The beautiful campus; the absolute order and cleanliness of the buildings; the sensible dress of the girls; the attractive dining room and appetizing food, and the perfect organization of the school as a whole, running as smoothly as a wonderful piece of machinery, were sources of continued admiration and pleasure.

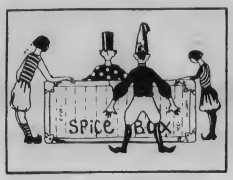
Every time that I heard the greeting, "Hi!" which form of salutation the girls use with one another, I was im-

(Continued on page 2.)

VIOLIN PUPILS GIVE EXCELLENT RECITAL

Mr. Kenneth Rose's advanced violin pupils gave a remarkably fine and well executed program on Wednesday evening in the Chapel. Guests from Nashville were invited and many came. Following was the program rendered, with Mrs. Rose at the piano:

Hejre Kati ..... Hubay
Frances Drane
Ave Marie ..... Schubert-Wilhelmj
Evelyn Prewitt
Concerto (1st Movement) .... Viotti
Elizabeth Lusk
Koi Nidrei ..... Bruch
Corinne Hull
Country Dance ..... Mac Fayden
Helen Engel
Pupil of Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose
Waltz ..... Brahms-Hochstein
Coquette ..... Yost
Angie Orgain
Cappriccio Waltz ..... Wienioawski
Sarah Shepherd
Canzonetta ..... Tchaikowsky
Marvell Burton
Mazurka ..... Zarzycki
Ailine Fentress



First Young Thing—Oh, I accomplished more things in Hygiene this afternoon!

Second Ditto—Really—was it interesting?

F. Y. T.—Yes, four and a half pages on both sides to the family.

If anyone can wheedle the results of the A B C contest out of the members of the Milestone's staff, we'll resign in their favor.

We would like to know, however, how many fair customers at the polls, just knew that if anyone would look at them twice they would surely see that they were worthy of "Ensemble."

PARTY OF STUDENTS MAKE TRIP TO MAMMOTH CAVE

(Coutinued from page 1.)

course; we had to crawl in many places; but it was all worth an untold amount to us.

We came out of the cave, awed, tired, and hungry, to find waiting for us the proofs of our pictures and a most appetizing supper.

After a short stay in Cave City, we boarded the little red cars again and in no time we were on the return journey. A wonderful journey it was. Not even the perils of a Cork-screw and the fears of a narrow slippery walk beside the River Styx could make a W. B. girl lose her pep—or her appetite. This latter was displayed to advantage when sandwiches, pickles, cake, fruit, and candy were served.

Tired, did you say? Yes, but happy. Mysterious caverns, the dark waters of underground rivers, sandwiches and fruit in untold quantittes, bloomers, middles, bandannas, lanterns—these will always spell to the fortunate girls of W. B., the most wonderful day in school—the Mammoth Cave trip.

GIRLS WHO GO CAMP COHECHEE WILL ENJOY WONDERFUL TRIP

(Continued from page 1.)

healthful comfort, and many notable pleasures, the camp will have also the services of Mrs. Claiborne N. Bryan, Miss Annie Cavert and Miss Louise Gordon, of Nashville, as councilors, and Miss Sarah Jeter, of Alabama, president of the 1923 Senior Class at Ward-Belmont, and Miss Margaret Early of Nashville as Junior councilors.

While the invigorating, clean air of Maine, the bracing wealth of the nearby mountains, and the fine schedule of sports and diversions planned out for Camp Cohechee, insures a round of constant healthful pleasure, this camp offers some special advantages not possible in many other locations, and which belong especially to that particular section. It abounds in spots of picturesque and historic interest, some marvelous mountain views, and has a charming short cut to the sea, all offering a series of special trips that all the campers delight to set out upon. Each of these trips is chaperoned. The campers go in large or small parties, though the limited membership of this camp does not allow of any crowding or cramped quarters.

The first of these trips is a White Mountain auto trip. The drive is made in two days, and covers 200 miles. It is a loop trip, taking in pauses beside beautiful Lake Winnepesaukee, several charming summer resorts, and other picturesque spots. The schedule begins with an early morning breakfast at the camp, before the start. The party drives until noon, when a hot lunch is served in the open air, and at night the party sleeps around a huge camp fire. The return trip is taken late the next afternoon. This trip is made four times a session, in order to take in every girl at the camp.

Another trip is made on canoes. The party starts with supplies for four days, takes down the Saco river, passes through several lakes, including Lovewellis, and the large Moose Lake, where a visit is made to the well known Camp Wyonegonic, which is the pioneer girls' camp in this country. A night is spent there, and the party breakfasts at the noted Denmark Inn.

The hike to the top of Mt. Washington is one of the most alluring of the trips offered. This is a three-day mountain hike. Autos take the party to the foot of the mountain, which is forty-five miles from camp, and the climb to the summit is made through Tuckerman's Ravine, where the party spends the night in the steam-heated hotel, the Summit House, a favorite resort for the members of the Appalachian Mountain Club, an exclusive Eastern climbing club. A day is spent on the top of the mountain visiting the Lake of the Clouds, making a climb to the Lion's Head peak, and enjoying the tang and inspiration of the air, and the pleasant association of other campers. The descent is made the third day, when the party crosses four mountain peaks, a distance of twenty miles. Then back to lower levels, at Randolph, New Hampshire, where cars are waiting to carry the climbers back to camp.

In delightful contrast is the trip to the seashore, which takes up three days. The party goes to Casco Bay, near Portland, where they will enjoy a boat trip among the islands of the bay, and spend happy hours in the surf, and on the beach.

Among the notable events of the regular life of the camp is the weekly Camp Fire ceremony, where all assemble around an open fire, and a reading, a pantomime or some feature stunt is carried out to portray the life and spirit of the camp. At this meeting, Miss Morrison singles out each week some member who has in some special way, given most evidence that week of some nobility of character. It may be a spiritual or material proof. The Camp Log for the week is also read, and marching around in a closed circle, the camp song is sung.

The quarters of the camp include a roomy old farm house, full of attraction, and comfort, and an artist's lodge, which is the centre of the camp's social life, and a new assembly or play room. A special car will carry the Nashville campers to Maine, chaperoned by Mrs. Bryan, leaving on June 28. Another special will be attached at Louisville or Cincinnati. The camp is limited to fifty girls.

IMPRESSIONS OF A MOTHER ON LEAVING WARD-BELMONT ...

(Continued from page 1.)

pressed with their joyousness. I realize that it would take the pen of a poet to describe the girls, and I am just a mother, but to me they were like beautiful flowers placed, for a time, in the hands and care of splendid, proven men and women who are teaching them how to grow and unfold into fine American womanhood. It must be this lofty purpose which permeates the whole school, giving it that undefinable something which we are pleased to call "atmosphere."

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WITH THE ALUMNAE

Josephine Adams (Graduate in Expression in class of 1922) who is teaching in the High School in her home, Lewisburg, Tenn., has sent Miss Townsend a program of her pupils' work. She has given, with her children's demonstration class, her own dramatization of "Hansel and Gretel" as well as two plays by the mature students, "The Mystic Hour," and Zona Gale's "Neighbors." Carrying out the spirit which the Ward-Belmont School of Expression instills, that of community service, her work has evidently made an impression on her home community, for the local paper says of her work:

"Miss Adams' work was appreciated because she has given freely of her time and interest to her class. She has responded freely to local calls made upon her and has won from her community a deep affection and appreciation."

Another first year Expression student, Miss Helen Wallace, has been appointed to do summer work in the Playground Supervision at her home. Last summer Miss Wallace gave Miss Townsend's "Fantasy of Childhood," and will give another arrangement by Miss Townsend of "Alice in Wonderland," with the children this summer. Miss Wallace is now a junior at Oklahoma University.

Lyda Kennedy, 1922, and Editor of the Milestones of that year) now president of the Missouri Alumnae Association, whose home is at St. Joe, is taking a forward step in adding to the strength and interest of the general Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association work. She is sending out a circular letter, with the assistance of the school, to all of the Kansas and Missouri girls at present in the school, and all whose names are on the Alumnae rolls, making about 200 letters. The object is to bind together in a local association, the girls from that section of the country who have attended W.-B. Writing to Mrs. Blanton of her plans of organization, she says:

"The Alumnae Association is a wonderful help in keeping the old girls attached to their Alma Mater, and in bringing them in contact with the new girls. And I am certain it is in many cases through the old Ward-Belmont girls that many new girls desire to enter there. A school is known by the kind of girls it turns out. We are planning a delightful reunion luncheon this year, with an unusually fine program by girls who owe their ability to Ward-Belmont training."

Writing from the University at Champaign, Ill., Rosemond Coles, who was a recent guest of Ward-Belmont, says: "I always want to keep in close touch with Ward-Belmont, and I know that the best way to do that is through the Alumnae Association. The Hyphen is also a great pleasure, and I look forward to its coming each week."

Katherine Squier (1918-1919), of Evanston, Ill., has changed her College course to a professional course, and is learning to be a kindergartner. Many of her summers, since she left Ward-Belmont, have been spent in the open, climbing mountains and riding horseback, and this summer she has accepted a position as councillor at a girls' camp in Maine.

From Laureame Royer, of Franklin, Pa., (Class of 1915) an interesting letter has come. Since the death of her mother, she has been mistress of the Manse of the Presbyterian Church of which her father is pastor. And the manifold duties of that position have kept her occupied. She looks back with pleasure to her teaching days. After leaving Ward-Belmont she entered the University of Minnesota and received her A.B. degree in 1917. The following year she returned there to do graduate work in English and Ancient History, and then accepted a position to teach in a Central Missouri High School. The year after that she was called to the head of the Department of English in a large High School at Crosby, Minnesota, near Duluth. Later she taught English and Ancient History at Oak Hall, a private school for girls in St. Paul. Then her father accepted a call to Pennsylvania, and she has lived there since. She writes to Miss Ross:

"I have not lost sight of my old school, and each year I have hoped to come down to Ward-Belmont for a visit. Each week brings me the Hyphen, and I read it with all the eagerness of a present day student. Sometimes it makes me feel very strange, so many changes have taken place, and I note so many improvements and innovations. All of the names of the students are strange, but when I find something about 'Miss Ross' English class' or something about Miss Mills,' and a few others who were there when I was, I am so happy. You form a connecting link between me and the present school.

Misses Jacqueline Hill, Edna Duncan and Wilma Lyon, certificate students of the Ward-Belmont School of Expression, will receive diplomas in August at the School of Expression in Boston, having received full credits for the work done in Ward-Belmont.

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Bright, and peppery, and full of fun,
And small, yet stately, too.
Small in waist, not small in height,
And always smiles at you.

She's very intellectual,
And always says, "Oh, gee!"
At any time of day she is
A charming sight to see.

She also is athletic,
She made the hockey team;
And when it comes to jumping high—
Well, she's just simply keen.

She ranks in every circle
Among the first; has such
A charming personality,
And skin you love to touch.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

Just about five more weeks now, and we step on the train for home! All of us are counting the days until we can see the home folks once again. In fact, we think so hard about it that the inclination, around this time of year, is to let down on every thing—even the food! The time seems so short, and we wonder, "What's the use?"

If we stop to consider, these last weeks are the hardest ones to get through, though the most important. Some of us become desperately homesick, some become stricken with spring fever, some become sad at the prospect of leaving, not to return next year; but all of us find it difficult to keep a firm hold on our wills, and keep reasonably normal.

Outside of all this, the spring is the busy part of the year socially, and there is an endless chain of committees to be confronted. Something seems to come over us, suddenly, to make us feel the desire to break loose just once—to be home—and we become irritable and preoccupied.

But remember, these are the last few weeks of a profitable year. They should be the climax to all the accomplishments of the past month. If someone thinks she has not accomplished all she hoped to, "it is never too late." Instead of "letting down," let us keep firm hands on ourselves, and make the family proud of us these last few weeks. This is the time to prove ourselves, to ourselves and to outsiders.

FACULTY FACTS

It seems as though our faculty has lived in one continuous round of interesting experience, but Miss Hollinger has had one experience that will be hard for anyone to surpass for a practical, interesting and enjoyable time all in one. Miss Hollinger has received a Bachelor of Arts and a Masters of Art degrees as well as a Teacher's Diploma from the University of Michigan, in which school she majored in Science, paying especial attention to the study of plant and animal life. In connection with the Biology course, offered at the Michigan University, there is an eight weeks summer trip to the Great Lakes where the students study plant and animal life from actual observation. It was on these summer trips that Miss Hollinger had such an interesting time, for she spent eight weeks of two summers at this camp. The camp was ideally situated. It covered about a thousand acres in the Lake region; she, as well as all of the fortunate campers, enjoyed perfect health, in spite of the fact that they often worked many times in the rain and mud. Also, the biological work which was intensely important to the campers, could be carried on here in the most careful way. The soil was divided into three very different types, namely: sandy, water, marsh, and on each kind of soil there are different kinds of plants and insects. In regard to insects, I might tell you what Miss Hollinger said of the mosquito, which was very fond of the campers and they were also interested in him. Miss Hollinger said that she had never known that a group of mosquitoes sang in perfect symphony before she had listened to their songs; she then realized that they sang just as human beings sing. Furthermore, she said: "You can't imagine the wonderful feeling one gets when he is safely protected from the mosquito by a net canopy over his head and when he knows how anxious are the mosquitoes who are swarming about his head, to get under the canopy, too.

But the mosquito was not the only insect that inhabited the island, for a very small black fly proved to the campers that he was very much present. However, the campers avoided both the fly and mosquito by using citronella, which Miss Hollinger said that she learned to love. Then, too, Miss Hollinger said that after the campers had gone to bed, the whip-poor-wills came out to sing. If their call might be so named. Miss Hollinger said they came so near them that they could distinctly hear the "chuck" at the end of the well known cry—"Whip-poor-will." During the time spent at the camp, the students studied many plants, as well as many of the animals, and after hearing Miss Hollinger's experience, it is easy to realize what a very interesting time she had.

AGORA ACTION

Last Wednesday the Agora Club spent a profitable and interesting evening listening to an informal talk given by Miss Olive Ross, who told us about the most famous old and modern pictures, and also about our own American architecture. We were all pleased to be able to hear such an interesting talker, and when the bell rang for study hour we regretfully went to our "dorms."

ACADEMIC NEWS

The majority of the classes that recited on last Thursday and Saturday mornings in the Academic building were, no doubt, quite alarmed by the peculiar garlic-like odor which arose from the basement of the building. The unpleasant odor was due to the phosphine that Miss McFadden, the chemistry instructor, was making for her Chemistry A classes. Miss McFadden made phosphine by placing a few small pieces of phosporus in a strong solution of sodium hydroxide in a small retort furnished with a delivery tube which dipped under water. The flask was filled with coal gas in order to drive out all oxygen (for when phospine comes in contact with oxygen, it bursts into flame) and was, then, gently heated. As the bubbles of gas, phospine, rose to the surface of the water and came in contact with the air, they burst into flames, making beautiful white rings; in fact, the class was so fascinated by these rings that they did not mind the odor of the gas.

Miss Olive Ross' English B Class has thoroughly enjoyed its latest Scottish writer, Robert Burns. The class has studied the new movement that came into British literature during the eighteenth century and, also, how Burns was connected with this trend. The girls have read many of Burns' delightful poems outside of class. During the class period, Miss Ross delighted her class by reading "Tam o' Shanter" in Scottish dialect and also by showing several views of a few incidents in "Tam o' Shanter." The class is now ready to begin work on William Wadsworth.

Miss Leavell's History A. class is studying the Political and Social Democracy in Great Britain. Miss Leavell has her history course so well planned that the students obtain the greatest amount of knowledge possible in the three recitations they have a week. On the first recitation of the week, the girls take a test over a chapter in the text book which they have outlined before coming to class; during the other two class recitations, the class recites on the day's lesson. Each member of the class is required to read fifty pages of history a week, outside of the classroom work.

Miss Townsend is giving her Expression A classes a test on Voice and Body Programs; this test is the first important examination that Miss Townsend has given her classes during the course. The girls have spent some time working out short plays, which the student body had the pleasure of hearing; the class will give more time to "reading," however, from now on. The classes are also starting work on pagentry; all the interesting phases of Miss Townsend's work makes us very envious of her pupils.

The Spanish A classes, with Dr. Johnston, Mlle. Vemant and Mlle. Shoeni as teachers, are studying Flores de Espana, which book includes a number of short stories or legends that are very well adapted to beginners in Spanish.

Miss Sutton's second year Typewriting class is preparing to take the "speed test" for which the Remington and Underwood company offer certificates. The companies send out their own speed material and the girls are to take the tests in ten minutes. Card cases are offered to the girls for about a fifty word test; pins are given for about a sixty word test and a typewriter is given for about a ninety-word test. Each girl, who is taking this course, is most interested in her work.

LETTERS HOME

Tuesday evening.

Dearest Family:

After mailing you that post-card of the "Cork-Screw" before I went into Mammoth Cave, I thought perhaps you'd like to know that I pulled through without any grave dangers,—or rather my roomie pulled me through.

I wish you could have seen the cave. You might have had a few difficulties, though, because almost the whole thing is a "tall man's misery." I don't believe any circus freaks, tall or otherwise, would have a very pleasant time of it. Of course, I don't mean that you are freakish.

The funny part of it was that all our perfectly neat and proper young ladies looked like a crowd of pirates. I'm sending you a picture of your offspring and "some of her little playmates" before we went into the cave. In case you don't recognize me I have marked myself with a check. I also have a large streak of dirt on my left cheek.

After all my dissipation, I had a straight program today and I'm really tired this evening. But did want you to know that I wasn't on the casualty list,—in fact, we didn't even have one.

Your tired but thrilled daughter.

P. S. I am inclosing a picture of the Bottomless Pit. That is the sort of thing your darling daughter goes in for.

TEXAS DANCE

The Texas Blue Bonnet Dance was held in Heron Hall, Saturday evening, April 21. It was original and enjoyable, and the many guests had a very pleasant evening. The programs were printed with a blue bonnet peeping through the outside cover. The whole scheme of decoration was consistent with the blue bonnet idea. The ceiling of the hall was decorated in green leaves and blue flowers, representing a field of blue bonnets. At the front and sides, the lattice work was also woven in and out with blue. At the back a curtain fell. Also, at the back and to one side, was a huge blue bonnet beneath which the orchestra sat.

The special member represented the various types of Texas girls, and they were called out by a "man" who was supposed to have fallen in love with them at some time, while their "characters" were suggested in a most artistic way on the piano, by Miss Josephine Tucker. After the special number, refreshments, consisting of sherbert, sandwiches and nuts, were served. The favors were toy pistols containing caps—which could be heard from quite a distance. The dance was a perfect success.

The Bashville Nanner

Published by Penta Tau & Co.

THE STAGE

Plays that one may see at our own Penta Tau theatre.

Virginia Bennett as "Kiki." Miss Bennett scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant impersonation of a little gamin of the Paris music hall.

"Romeo and Juliet." Mildred Peery in her performance gives a remarkable impression of youth in love.

"The Dancing Girl" with Eugenie Hill, portrays a most beautiful Spanish dancing girl.

"The Gingham Girl," a very tuneful and interesting musical comedy with a chorus of four lively flappers, Florence Deavers, Gertrude Hines, Gertrude Melat, and Mildred Swanson, led by Myrtle Thomas, the sweet and charming country lass. A triumph of quality over quantity.

"The Comedienne," featuring Jo Tucker and Sis Buckingham. Filled with pep and thrills from beginning to end.

"Little Butterfly" with "Tiny" Schnabaum. Slight as to plot, but a charming musical comedy.

"Whispering Wires," one of the numerous mystery plays now attempting to puzzle Broadway. This one succeeds. It features Mary Beth Campbell.

"Polly Preferred." A comedy of modern society in which Polly Stacks does some wonderful acting.

"The Last Warning." A mighty play that fairly congeals the audience with terror, featuring Elva Killingworth.

"The Clinging Vine." A comedy with music. Clean, musical, and the welcome vehicle that brings Allene Thompson back to Broadway.

"Hail and Farewell." A picturesque play, giving Bernita Jacobs the opportunity to run the gamut of human emotions.

PERSONALS

Frankie: Meet me in Middle March. All is forgiven. Don't be stubborn.
—Sis.

Alma: Come back to Excelsior Springs. Life is dull without you.
—Marjorie.

Tilly: We need you in North Front. Please come back.
—Silly C.

Gladys: Bring back my inspiration. No questions will be asked.
—Syl.

Lady who stepped on my foot in chapel please see me at 9:45 in Miss Ramson's old studio.
—Joe T.

Esther: Return Marceller—We need it. First Floor Fidelity.

WARD-BELMONT LABOR STRIKE RUMORED!

Many reports have been circulated concerning the Ward-Belmont labor strike, and propaganda is running wild, but no authentic statement has come to our desk up to the time this paper went to press.

Several diligent reporters have been following the case closely, and valuable information has been secured regarding it. It seems to involve the time old battle between W. B. capital and W. B. labor.

W. B. laborers feel that thetr individuality is being crushed, that the strain of work and long hours is undermining their morale, and that the consequent monotony of existence is becoming unbearable. They are firm in their convictions, but they lack the necessary organization and leadership to put the strike over.

On the other hand, capital, or more properly authority, stands as a solid wall—indominable and unsurmountable. Due to labor agitation it has been recently offering some concessions, which have helped matters greatly. For instance those laborers long in service have been given almost complete freedom in leaving the grounds, and have even been promised new living quarters for next year!

However, labor still holds for breakfast in bed, mail delivered at work, three nights a week off to receive callers and complete liberty of dress—this last to recover their individuality.

Whether the strike goes through or not remains to be seen. Later reports will be printed in this column.

SOCIETY

Penta Tau Club of Ward-Belmont Gives Return Dance to Pa Jamma Delta Fraternity.

Tuesday evening the majestic drawing-rooms of Ward Belmont School were the scene of one of the most important and altogether successful social affairs of the school. The occasion was a return dinner dance given by the Penta Tau, one of the select Women's Clubs, of the institution, in honor of the Pa Jamma Delta Fraternity.

Unique decorations in silver and rose transfigured the spacious halls into a dreamland. The buffet dinner was carried out delightfully in rose and silver. The favors were the Penta Tau Russell roses. Music was furnished by the "Teacher's Tantilizers" who surpassed their usual perfection, Tuesday evening.

The feature dances were the climax of a perfect evening.

DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS BEAN VERSUS BEAN

The sensational divorce of M. T. Bean, Jr., and Flapper Ette, has been one of the most talked of proceedings that has ever come to the "Divorce Mill."

The wedding of this couple was one of the most prominent events of the social season, and it is with deep regret on the part of the too long imposed upon and suffering families of the ex-bride and groom that this scandal should be the culmination of a seemingly perfect union.

Flapper Ette was guilty of violating the vows taken on her initiation into the awful state of matrimony, for as stated and proved by M. F. Bean, Junior, she brazenly smoked before her husband, did not stay at home on the two evenings a week agreed upon, and to cap the climax carried on more than two affairs at one time.

Bean stated that ever since the commencement of their married life, they have lived in a state of mutual incompatibility, on account of a wide dissension of interests.

The divorce was granted, and so thus ends the dreams of two youthful citizens whose paths from now on will be taken in separate directions.

This wedding is the typical outcome of the lives of heedlessness and vice into which our present generation has been plunged. The **Bashville Nanner** wishes to hold this example up to the young Bashvillites to show them what their future may be, unless they mend the error of their ways.

ETTE-BEAN WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Kit Chen Ette announce the marriage of their daughter Flapper Ette to Mr. M. T. Bean, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Bean, on April first, nineteen hundred twenty-three. The whole assembly wore very appropriate sport clothes as the ceremony was performed on the Sausage Links by the Reverend Tie M. Loosely.

Miss Slim Slinker sang, "I'll love you as long as I can do what I please."

The young couple have the best wishes of the entire community of Bashville.

BULLETIN

(By Associated Press Reports)—Ward-Belmont, April 26.—Dispatches here tonight from latest sources announced that no tea-room checks would be accepted after May 21.

MURDER

Miss Billy Lindly, who has been arrested on a charge of murder, pleaded guilty yesterday in a testimony given to Miss Helen Snyder, council for the defense.

Miss Lindlay's statement is as follows:

"Yes, I admit that I am guilty of such a crime! I shall tell the story from the beginning.

"I came in early one morning from a Vanderbilt dance, sleepy and much wearied. I saw him on the floor crawling toward me. I knew that his huge brown eyes were upon me and I was afraid to meet them squarely. That look—his whole manner!

"It seemed that eternity had passed in those short moments. Oh! he was going to attack me. I shall kill him, I thought. Vainly I struggled for vocal expression—alas! Come it would not. He was drawing closer and closer. Soon he would be upon me and kill me. It had to be done! I threw one last glance at those soft brown eyes, then I firmly crushed him —that cockroach—beneath my hefty cantilever."

MUSIC

The music recital presented by the students of Ward-Belmont in the chapel Friday, April 13th, was voted a huge success by all who were fortunate enough to attend it.

The chapel was very appropriately decorated in green crepe paper, and pink roses which were artistically draped about the piano.

The program presented was as follows: "Lost a Wonderful Curl." This selection was beautifully and sympathetically played by Miss Ina Redman. The next number "Whoa, Tilly Take Your Time" was written in (middle) march time, and was interpreted in a dreamy manner by Miss Lenore Stone. "Don't Think You've Been Missed," written by a General-Monitor, was delightfully rendered by

OBITUARY

On behalf of Mrs. Winter Uniform's many friends, the **Bashville Nanner** wishes to express its sincerest affection and sympathy. As the deceased spent a great deal of her time with us, we were naturally very much attached to her, hence it is with much sorrow that we hear of her demise. Mrs. Winter Uniform was known to be very conservative in taste, and rather quiet and pensive in spirit. She is survived by her young daughter, Miss Spring Uniform.

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

Miss Myrtle Thomas. This little number was by far the most popular on the program for the audience seemed to have had a keener understanding of it than any of the other numbers.

Another selection, which was a close rival in popularity was, "You Gotta Come to Council on Friday Night" (by request).

The last number on the program, which was "Rose of Penta Tau," was rendered in a superior manner by Miss Geraldine French.

FASHIONS

What the Well-dressed Girl Will Wear During Commencement Week

(By Madame Penta Tau)

Monday—

As this is the day of the formal dance, Milady must appear in something striking. Gowns by Deavers of heavy wicker cut to the figure, liberally trimmed with matches, will give the desired degree of brightness. Perhaps gasoline would be the desired perfume.

Tuesday—

Milady may now become more frivolous in appearance and wear one of those little Frooks of tin, fashioned by Peery. There yet remains the keynote of formality, which may be increased by the introduction of a can-opener.

Wednesday—

Fabrics of fluffy felt, starched at the hem and scalloped at the bottom, may be worn on this day. Toothpaste by Steele and soap by Moore will be the only trimmings. A little Frenches bird seed sprinkled in the hair will give a touch of individuality.

Thursday—

Graduation exercises being the chief event of the day, Milady should appear in a white Turkish Sport Towel designed by Caldwell. This noted designer creates an alluring King Tut atmosphere. The towel may be worn with or without fringe. Slippers of elephant hair complete this startling costume.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Help Wanted—

Experienced girls to dust out mail boxes that have been empty since 1462. For information see Miss Swift.

A memory course for sweet young girls, who cannot remember the rules. Address Chapel, General, and Hall Monitors Meetings.

For Sale—

Jelly, at reasonable price. Inquire third floor Pembroke.

Found—

Two majors or the equivalent in minors. Owners please be at room 100 Academic on Tuesday at five o'clock.

Lost—

Privileges by young ladies of great notoriety. Of value only to original owners.

POETIC PLAGARISMS

"His Master's Voice," "Cantilevers," "Save Your Feet," "Wear Evers," "Ward-Belmont Special," "Say It With Flowers," "In Cold Drinks," "Cooler With Showers," "Hole-Proof Hosiery," "Shake Well Before Using," "Telephone," "Slow Down," "Danger," "Live Wire," "Redeeming Records," "On Sale Today," "A Little Which Goes a Long Way," "Quaker Oats," "School-Girls' Friend." This is a Good Place for "The End."

DIE IT

The Fat Girls' (including most of us) Lament

What would we not give to be slender and thin
To lessen our waists and have only one chin,
To drop in a penny and stand on the scales
In public, perhaps, without quiver and quails;
What would we not give to be slender!
What would we not give to breathe deeply anow
To keep all our buttons, books and snaps on.
To tie our own shoe-strings and see our own feet,
To sit in a trolley on just a half seat.
Oh! What would we not give to be thin!

JOKES

Jane Grice—Gee! my head's hot.

Sarah Dorsey—Thought I smelled wood burning.

Marjorie Steele—Why do they call your sister "Postscript"?

Almas Moore—Cause her name Adeline Moore.

Lois—I wish there were no such thing as money.

Rosa—Don't worry, old dear, we have no proof that there is.

Jellye—My lips are so chapped! What shall I do?

Joe T.—Eat onions—that will keep the chaps away.

Polly S.—I suppose your father will be all unstrung when he hears about your exams.

Jane H.—Oh! no, I wired him last night.

"Billy" Lindley—Say, Polly did you know Miss Thatch was looking for you?

Polly S.—Sure I do. That's why she can't find me.

Miss Shouse—Mozelle, explain space.

Mozelle Glover—Well, I've got it in my head but I can't explain it.

THE ACADEMIC TOUCH

Dean (absent-mindedly, writing a dinner invitation)—"Failure to observe this notice will not be excused."
—Harvard Lampoon.

PERSONALS

Mrs. C. D. McComb at Ward-Belmont had a visit the past week from her cousins, Mrs. W. W. Alexander and her daughter, Miss Burnette Alexander, who, en route from Florida, stopped in Nashville to visit her.

Miss Margaret Shropshire, of Cynthiana, Ky., who was graduated at Ward-Belmont in 1918, has been in Nashville visiting Miss Jacquine Hall, and her former roommate at the school, Mrs. P. L. Woodward (Frances Lovin) and incidentally paying several welcome visits to the school.

Parents and relatives of Ward-Belmont girls, who are here from a distance spending the week-end to visit them include: Mrs. E. F. Knauer, of DuQuoin, Ill.; Mrs. Charles Von Weise, of Ardmore, Okla., Mrs. P. M. Atkins, of Monroe, La.; Mr. Thomas Huddy, of Williamson, W. Va.; Mr. B. C. Schwab, of Sepulpa, Okla.; Mrs. C. O. Williams, of Bushnell, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Harris, of Smith Grove, Ky., and Mr. Ross Harris, of Madison, Wis.

Ward-Belmont had a visit on Sunday from Mr. Lewis B. Springer, of Willmette, Ill., who is the Representative from the Seventh Senatorial District, in Cook county. Mr. Springer is a staunch friend of Ward-Belmont, and always its welcome visitor. His interest in it is inspired by the loyalty of his daughter, Charlotte, who was a member of the Ward-Belmont European tour of 1922, and is a graduate from the School of Expression, and also has a diploma from the Boston School of Expresion and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Miss Springer has at present been appointed to the responsible post of Librarian of Legislative Reference Bureau at the Capital, Springfield, Ill. Miss Townsend is very proud of the fact that she has taken both the Boston and New York Expression courses. Members of the European party who spent a pleasant evening with Mr. Springer included Misses Ellen J. and Alice Fraiser, Roberta Wikle, Ruby Wooten, Mildred Peery, Susan Spragins, and Louise Morowitz, all now students in the school, and Mrs. Rose, Miss Townsend and Mrs. Plaskett.

WEDDINGS

Charlotte Marie Meeds (Expression and General Diplomas, 1919) to Ralph Austin Smith, 3rd., of New York City, on Thursday, April 26, 1923, at the First Presbyterian Church at 8:30 o'clock, in Meridian, Miss., the home of the bride. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dalton Meeds. After the first of June Mr. Smith and his bride will be at home at 102 West Eightieth St., New York City.

Marjorie Emily Echols, of Morrilton, Ark., to Mr. James Edward Farquhar, Jr., on Wednesday, April 11, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Effie Echols. After May 1, Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar will make their home in Little Rock.

Margaret Tone (Class of 1918) to Mr. Walter Shirley Rowland, on Wednesday, April 4, in Los Angeles, Calif., the home of the bride's father, Mr. Harrison Tone. The home of the young couple will be at 5910 Pasadena Avenue, in Los Angeles.

Mary Juliet Penick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nathaniel Penick, to Capt. John Cooper Adams, Field Artillery, U. S. A., on Tuesday, April 17, at high noon at St. John's Episcopal Church in Albany, Ala.

Emily Dinwiddie, to Mr. Alfred Henry Schimdt, on Wednesday, March 28, at New Orleans, the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Bledsoe Dinwiddie. The home of the young couple will be at 1010 Jeannette Street, in New Orleans.

Hilda Suetholz (H.E. Dipioma, 1919) to Mr. Samuel Lea Rieley, on Wednesday, April 18, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henry Suetholz, in Louisville, Ky. After May 5, Mr. Rieley and his bride will be at home at Corydon, Indiana.

Zilpah Smith to Mr. Paul Condon Matthew, on Wednesday, April 4, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Morillo G. Smith, in Upper Sandusky, O.

Mary Elizabeth Coolidge (Class of 1920) to Mr. John Russwurm Miles, on Wednesday, April 18, at St. John's Episcopal Church, in Helena, Ark.

CHAPEL

DR. J. M. KING

Dr. J. M. King, one of Nashville's most prominent dermaiologists, spoke to us at a chapel hour this week on the subject, "The Care of the Skin," which was a most interesting and instructive talk.

MRS. F. B. DRESSLOR

Mrs. F. B. Dressior, formerly Miss Minnie Fisher, an old Ward Seminary girl and Dean of Alabama Polytechnic, spoke to us most ably and instructively on "Our Choice of Vocations."

At a chapel service this week we were fortunate in hearing from Dr. Vance, "our friend and neighbor," whom we are always glad to welcome to our chapel platform. Accompanying Dr. Vance was the pastor of McKendree Church, who led us in prayer, Dr. W. P. Merrill, of New York, and Dr. Charles Levermore, of the Non-Partisan Organization for World Peace. Dr. Levermore spoke to us inspiringly on the subject. "Our International Opportunities and Obligations," and gave us a much clearer understanding of the League of Nations, its purpose, its possibilities, and he made a striking point in giving the number of nations already belonging to the League, in contrast to the few outside.

A school paper is like a flivver. The fewer kicks the better it goes.

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—Because Thy Express "Youth and Beauty"
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Your Hat, Dress or Coat
Go to
HOUK'S MILLINERY
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ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED

"Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Hill announce the engagement of their daughter, Julia May, to Mr. John Stroud Morton, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Morton, of Smithville, Mo., the wedding to take place in the early Fall." So read an announcement in the daily paper of Smithville, Mo., the home of the bride-elect, a graduate of Ward-Belmont in 1918.

Since her graduation Julia has been teaching English in the Smithville High School, and in announcing her engagement to Ward-Belmont friends, she writes: "My work at Ward-Belmont, especially my splendid English courses, has surely been of great help to me. Those days at the school were wonderful. It is such a pleasure to re-live them, and to hear from old friends, through the Hyphen. The Alumnae members are certainly indebted to the editor and her staff."

Accompanying a handsome picture of Harriet Seagle, of Chattanooga, the Chattanooga Sunday Times of April 15, makes the following interesting announcement:

"Mr. and Mrs. Finlay A. Seagle announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Harriett Elizabeth, to Harry Christian Walton, of Monroe, La. The wedding will be a brilliant social event of early summer.

"Miss Seagle is a beautiful and charming young woman, and since returning from college has been a popular member of the younger set. She is a graduate of Ward-Belmont, Nashville (Class of 1922). Her sisters are Miss Glyndoh Seagle, Mrs. Robert E. L. Cooke, Mrs. Jesse G. Prince and Mrs. Fred K. Shelton. William A. Seagle is a brother. The bride-elect is a niece of Oscar Seagle, the internationally known singer and teacher of voice.

"Mr. Walton is the son of the Rev. H. L. Walton, of Rayville, La. He received his education at Sydney college and the University of Virginia. Mr. Walton is general manager of the Louisiana Gas Product corporation at Monroe.

"The exact date and details of the wedding will be announced later."

Remember the kettle, though up to its neck in hot water, it continues to sing.

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Specialty Shop for
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That likes Ward-Belmont girls.
That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
We all love to wait on you.
Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
Come and see us often
We want you.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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WARD-BELMONT GIRLS HEAR VANDERBILT GLEE CLUB

Wasn't Ward-Belmont deserted last Friday evening, April the 27th? Two events were opened to the student body, The Vanderbilt Glee Club concert and "Robin Hood." The Glee Club program was thoroughly enjoyed by the girls, who chose this entertainment; the old favorites that were sung proved to be especially popular with the Ward-Belmont girls. The concert was a great success and Ward-Belmont wishes the Glee Club the best of luck in all their undertakings.

ATHENIANS' MASCOT HAS ARRIVED HERE

Accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Landon M. Townsend, the Mascot of the Athenians, little Anne Landon Townsend, grand-daughter of Dr. Blanton, reached Ward-Belmont on Monday night for a visit of several weeks.

Soon after the birth of this favored little baby, she was selected by unanimous voice, as the mascot of the Athenians. She has accepted the distinction, and is wearing the colors, of the Athenians, which were forwarded to her early in February. Her efficacy in the position to which she has been chosen is shown by the notable success that has attended the work of the Athenians in the list of spring sports. Her arrival here just before the tug-of-war final meets is very timely. Her appearance on the Athletic Field is eagerly awaited, and will be acknowledged with a special greeting.

The presence in the School of the Mascot was acknowledged by the Senior class, with a beautiful basket of specially selected flowers, sent to her door on May Day, when it is the traditional custom of the head class to hang May baskets on the doors of the faculty and the school's honored guests. Tucked among the flowers was a toy stork which solemnly extended a card, on which the Seniors sent a loving message to the little girl.

First One—Why do the boys always smile at me?

Second One—Maybe they're too polite to laugh out loud.—Columbia J.



THE OWL.

Have you had your spinach today?

The Reason or ?

There's a flutter and bustle everywhere,
There's a stir in the very breeze;
And it isn't the sweet soft lulling stir,
That's wafted from valleys and leas.
It's the stir of battle—political strife
Of a joust, of a tourney, a game.
There may be no loyal knights in sight,
But there's spirit here just the same!
There are whispering groups
Which confer thoughtfully
Gatherings all about.
Even the passerby looks perplexed
And remarks, "Something's up without doubt."
There are early morning risers—
No crowd late to breakfast these days,
And the fact that something's brewing
Can be seen in countless ways!

So lest the world get too upset,
And think our actions queer,
I'm giving them one little hint
To free them from all fear:
There are two classes in the school,
Who, though friends they profess to be
Wish to show their superior strength
Each over the other—see?
So on the seventh day of May
In a meet they will engage,
And in the cause of ardent sportsmanship
Relentless warfare wage!
So that's the reason for the fuss,
The restlessness and flurry,
The reason for Excitement's reign,
For early hours and hurry.
And though I've no authority,
In this unofficial way,
Allow me to announce to you
Senior—Senior Middle day!

First Annual Horse Show Is Great Success

Christine Bryant, an Olympian, won the first annual riding tournament or Horse Show which was held on the athletic field Monday, April 30, and was given under the direction of the Department of Physical Education. Helen Grovier won second place and Jane Carling third place. Soldiers of Troop C, United States Calvary, gave an exhibition mount drill at the close of the tournament. There was an immense crowd of students and guests, and great enthusiasm.

The program follows:

1. Five-gaited horses.
   Walk, running walk, trot, canter, rack.
   (Management only considered.)
2. Jumping.
   Performance of horse 25%
   Form of rider 75%
3. Three Gaited Horses.
   Walk, trot, canter.
   (Riding only considered.)
4. Ring Race.
   Competitive.
   (Number of rings caught to count.)
6. Hurdling.
   Demonstration.
7. Five-gaited horse.
   Demonstration.
8. General ride.
   Riding—dismount.

The winners of the events were:

Five-gaited.
1st Jane Carling.
2nd Helen Grovier.
3rd Christine Bryant.

Jumping.
1st Christine Bryant.
2nd Ruth La Mar.
3rd Jane Carling.

Three-gaited.
1st Helen Grovier.
2nd Christine Bryant.
3rd Jane Carling.

Ring Race.
1st Christine Bryant.
2nd Tilly Mitchener.
3rd Louise Delker.

Musical Chair.
1st Amelia Oberdorfer.
2nd Clara Tucker.
3rd Betty Longfellow.

Musical Ride.
1st Anna Lou Boyce.
2nd Tilly Mitchener.
3rd Bernice Schlesihger.

The hurdling was done by Miss Doris Cone of the Physical Education Department and Miss Giltner rode Mr. Alex Barthel's five-gaited black horse in the five-gaited demonstration.

The Olympians won first place in the meet, the Athenians second, the Regulars third and the Panthers fourth.

ATHENIANS AND PANTHERS WIN FIRST GAMES

The first basketball games of the season which were played Tuesday afternoon were won by the Panthers and Athenians. All four teams played well and fought for a victory, the team work of each being a feature of the games. The goal shooting of all the forwards was good but the work of Shepard, Williamson and Plousky was outstanding. The Athenians defeated the Olympians 32-24 and the Panthers defeated the Regulars 20-6.

Lineup and summary:

Athenians 32;		Olympians 24.
	Forward	
Moore		Schurman
	Center Forward	
Williamson		Shepard
	Forward	
Wilson		Kohrs
	Guard	
McKnight		Cope
	Center Guard	
Muesse		Besh
	Guard	
Jeter		Ligon

Substitutes: Horn for Wilson.

Goals: Williamson, 8; Moore, 4-1 foul goal; Wilson, 3-1 foul goal; Shepard, 7-2 foul goals; Kohrs, 3; Schurman 1.

Panthers 20;		Regulars 6.
	Forward	
Welcker		Kahn
	Center Forward	
O'Rear		Wells
	Forward	
Plonsky		Buckingham
	Guard	
Powell		Huddy
	Center Guard	
Cacye		Ricketts
	Guard	
Fair		Lindsey

Substitutes: Harris for Huddy.

Goals: 6-2 foul goals; Welcker, 3; Kahn, 2; Buckingham, 1.

FRENCH STUDENTS ATTEND ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

French classes, chaperoned by Madame Beziat and Mademoiselle Czoeny, were indeed fortunate in attending a meeting of Alliance Francaise, Wednesday evening, April 26.

Two very interesting dramatic productions were presented: "Les Derniers Moments De La DuBarry" and a one-act comedy "Un Inter Prete Sans le Voulior." Monsieur Pierre Briquet, of the Ward-Belmont faculty and Monsieur Audre Beziat, the husband of the head of our French department, both had important parts in the two plays.

SENIORS AT WOODY-CREST

Twelve car loads of Seniors left the school on Saturday evening, April 28, to spend the week-end at Woody-Crest. This supposedly sedate and dighified body of upper-classmen immediately became a hilarious and frolicsome crowd of revelers as soon as the cars were well on their way. Twenty minutes of riding along the smooth pike in the moonlight brought them to their destination, where the usual scramble for favorite sleeping quarters ensued and, when, after everyone had been settled to their satisfaction, they assembled on the large veranda.

Several of the most talented (?) members of the class produced a vaudeville show. Special features of the performance were: the acrobatic stunt, with Miss Carolyn Landauer and Miss Tora Hockenburger displaying marvelous skill. The following is a quotation from this act. "Ur-ump; ur-ump; I gotcher, I gotcher!" There followed a tight-rope dance, several other thrilling performances, and the asbestos curtain managed entirely by Miss Vivian Pew was quite extra- ordinary. The Victrola did its share in adding to the enjoyment of everyone especially when it was honored with the privilege of accompaning Miss Helen Kohrs for her "Frisco."

The Seniors, believing in being absolute all-around girls, mix a little work with their play, so that, as soon as the entertainment was over, several business matters were attended to. The exact content of said business has not been released for publication.

Dancing, bridge, games, and a general good time were enjoyed until bedtime and it was with difficulty that the merry crowd quieted down even after lights were out. Eventually sleep overcame them all and peaceful slumber was the "order of the night."

With no rising-bell to disturb them, the Seniors arose only when their "noses knew" breakfast was coming. By nine o'clock everyone had assembled outside the dining room waiting anxiously for a chance at Susie's celebrated biscuits. Several good sized breakfasts were devoured by each of the hungry girls. Some of the girls began to pick the violets which grew in profusion all over the front grounds. Several "Richard Fenveral's" were much in evidence throughout the day, but the lure of the beautiful grounds and the sunshine drew even the most studious away from their books. Woody-Crest looked its best with the white and pink dogwood in bloom, the beautiful trees and flowers; and the delightful weather added to everything else to make the Senior's enjoyment complete.

Miss Morrison and Miss Sisson chaperoned the Seniors on Saturday night, and Sunday morning their sponsor, Miss Mills, arrived, accompanied by Miss Paine, Dr. Blanton and Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

A lovely dinner, with after-dinner mints donated by Dr. Blanton, and after with dinner speeches, requested by Miss Carolyn Landauer, as toastmistress was enjoyed about 2:00 o'clock. Several clever toasts were offered to the much beloved Senior Middie Class and to some of the poor unfortunates who could not be with the Seniors over the week-end.

After dinner pictures were taken, while some of the girls settled down to read magazines or to spend a quiet hour on the shady porch. Tea was served buffet style, and a pleasant evening passed all too quickly. At nine o'clock the cars arrived to take the Seniors back to school again, and as the girls rode out through the big gate they glanced back at the lovely place where they had spent so many happy times and sighed with a mixed feeling of joy and sorrow as they thought of the wonderful time they had had together there and of the time which will pass before they will see Woody-Crest again.

EXCHANGES

The Popularity Standard

It is one of the frailties of human judgment that we measure a man's worth by his popularity. And popularity is a frail thing.

Onto a college campus come all kinds of persons. Some are of a decorative nature. Some are timid. The rest range in between. The eyes of the old timers are in between them. Judgment is hasty that follows the popularity standard. The individual who does no declaring often is overlooked.

It requires time to complete the process in which the popularity bubble of the much heralded individual often is burst to disclose an inferior being, and, conversely, in the unpopular youth often are revealed qualities and deeds that prove him great.—Willamette University Collegian.

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

—Which was the first woman's college founded in the United States, is a religious but non-sectarian woman's college. Its ideal is democracy. All rooms are the same price and there are no secret societies.

The college has its Honor Court to insure observance of the standards upheld by the school.

Today the students number more than 1,000. Entrance is by examination only. Many customs are observed, among them the "sings" held twice weekly on the steps of Rockefeller Hall, election night serenades, and the faculty-student baseball game.

Blind Student Aspires to Become a Newspaper Man

Blind but confident of success, Carl Bostrom, student at Northwestern University, has decided to become a journalist. He is attending the college of liberal arts.

Bostrom insists that he "sees through his cheeks." Each building in the university area imparts a distinctive sensation, he declares.

"And besides, I have a nose for news," he added in discussing his fondness for newspaper work. "My family wants me to become a lawyer, but I believe I can become a success as a journalist."

Bostrom has made a splendid record in the class rooms.

College Women Have Longer Lives

Red Cross experts are authority for the statement that college women live longer than women whose school life was short.

Myra M. Huist offers statistics which declares that the death rate of graduates of three women's colleges, between the ages of twenty and sixty-four years was only 3.24 per 1,000 Statistics were complied from a list of more than 15,000 graduates. For college women between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four years the death rate was 2.77 compared with a percentage of 6.19 for non-college women.

It was found that few college women engage in "non-hazardous" occupations but the articles declared that 58 per cent of the graduates included in the survey were engaged in teaching.

University of Minnesota students pushing the two million dollar drive for the memorial athletic stadium and auditorium at the university, are erecting a miniature of the proposed structure and will set it in the heart of the campus as a spur in attaining

MEADORS

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the $500,000 quota of the present enrollment. A cannon will be fired for every $40,000 subscribed.

A graduate of Columbia University at the age of fourteen and a half years is the record Daniel Berman, twelve-year-old Freshman expects to make. Berman expects to attend every summer session, thus enabling him to be graduated in two and one-half years. At the present time, he is carrying an unusually heavy course, including mathematics, languages, and contemporary civilizations.

Columbia has joined with seven other colleges and universities of the East to form the Intercollegiate Golf League. The rivals of the Blue and White in this new association are Cornell, Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth, Harvard, Penn, and Williams.

The abolition of chapel, the abolition of Thanksgiving recess and the changing of the opening of the academic day from 8 to 8:30 will be voted upon at the straw balloting conducted by The Dartmouth.

According to statistics compiled by Prof. Ralph H. Power, of the University of California, the co-eds of his college talk more about men than they do about any other subject. Here are his figures: Talk about men, 57 per cent; talk about dress and fashion, 27 per cent; talk about amusements, 3 per cent; just gossip, 7 per cent; jokes old enough to be retired, 1 per cent; miscellaneous, 5 per cent. The observing eye will notice that the talk about studying is conspicuous by its absence.

DR. CROSLAND ON THE MAMMOTH CAVE

After our return from the happy trip to Mammoth Cave and while our interest was still lingering over its wonders, Dr. Crosland made a timely talk on the subject in Chapel, which was so interesting that we reproduce parts of it—

He said: "One work of nature in America, at least, has remained untouched by commercialism — Mammoth Cave. There are those who have expressed the hope that the cave would soon be electrified, but I for one, hope that such will never be the case.

"The Cave's present protection from man is due partly to its isolated location, partly to its immensity, and partly to its peculiar ownership and history.

"Mammoth Cave is located in Edmondson County, Ky. It is a part of the Limestone Formation that forms the central part of the State, the line of which makes the Bluegrass section so fertile.

"Edmonson County is filled with caves—over five hundred caves have been explored aud named, while there are over 4,000 sink-holes or embryonic caves have been counted.

"Tradition and the guides say that the cave was discovered about 1802 when a hunter named Hutchins chased a wounded bear into the cavern. But the mouth of the cave is mentioned in land records first in 1797. Gradually and with great difficulty it was explored, although it has by no means been mastered as yet. Some of the most important and beautiful parts were first entered as late as 1907, and there are other parts now awaiting visitation. Corkscrew very recently discovered. There are 150 miles of accessible passages known; of this 100 miles have been charted. Our trip Monday covered between 4 ahd 5 miles, so that you can see how little of the monster was visited. The cave area is ten miles across. It lies in five levels, the lowest being 350 feet below the earth's surface.

"Remarkable to state, there is no foul air in the cave—the air is unusually pure and clear. This in spite of the fact that in the early days the only light available was the pine or pitch torch, which smoked dreadfully and in many cases blackened the walls and ceiling of the cave. The cave temperature remains at 54 degrees at all seasons. The gale of wind at the mouth blows outward in Summer, and inward in Winter. Just now it is lulled.

"The purity of the air and the uniformity of the temperature are such that in 1843 some physicians conceived the idea that the cave would be the place to cure consumption, or pulmonary tuberculosis. Accordingly a colony of consumptives built a dozen cottages in an innermost chamber of the cave and took up their abode there. Of course, they all died, and only two of their cabins remain.

"The earth in the cave is heavily impregnated with nitrates, and in the War of 1812, it was our country's chief supply of saltpeter for making gunpowder. Soldiers, slaves, and oxen were used in its manufacture, and the vats and the hollow wooden pipes are still in perfect condition.

"The lower levels of the cave are filled with water, making several rivers, one of which (Echo River) our party visited. There is no true Echo, the cavern simply has the ability to hold sounds of certain pitch for several minutes.

"The cave contains no plant life, save fungi. Of fauna there are a number of interesting species.—The fish are eyeless, as are also the crawfish. There are also crickets, bats and rats, but these live partly outside. All the cave animals are colorless.

"The history of the cave's ownership is interesting. In 1811 it was bought for $40 together with 200 acres of land. In 1816 it was opened as a "show place." About 1840 it was bought by its last owner for $10,000 and an estate of 2,000 acres was added.

"In 1849 this owner died, childless. By the terms of his peculiar will, the Cave property was left to his nine nieces and nephews, with the proviso that it could not be sold while any of them was alive, but that at the death of the last survivor, the trustees should sell the property at public auction. The last of these nieces is still living, a woman of ninety odd years in California. At her death the property will be sold at auction. It has been suggested that the government buy it and make the property a perpetual National Park."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont.

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

Loyalty is a queer thing sometimes. It often seems quite inconsistent. On one afternoon certain girls may be contesting with each other for a basketball title with all the energy that they possess, and the next day these same girls may be allied against some other group in the interests of their class or social club. Throughout the week the members of both the Senior and Senior Middle classes have been exceedingly loyal to their own sides. Monday, competition will be fierce and strong when these two classes clash on the athletic field, and the next day Seniors and Senior Middles will be working side by side to win a baseball game for their team. It is queer how other relationships may be forgotten when one is interested in one specific event. Here at school we have competition in all lines of endeavor, and where there is competition there is certain to be loyalty. Perhaps it is a good thing to have this variety of interests that call for our support in many different directions. It tends to keep us united by mixing up our separations, and while we may be antagonistic to certain parties at certain times, when it comes to being loyal to Ward-Belmont, we're all there!

SENIOR MIDDLES WIN MINERVA

At the chapel exercises last Friday, the Senior Middle class was awarded the Minerva for the third quarter ending April 3.

The Seniors still held the highest per cent, but since the count was taken on the basis of improvement, the Senior Middles came up from second place, held last quarter to first. There was also a remarkable increase in indnvndual honors.

The class was dressed in white and wore purple ruffs for the occasion and on being presented with the little goddess of wisdom filed out of the chapel and made their way to the Library singing their song. Here they hung their banner and placed the little statue that all might know the Senior Middles excelled in scholarship.

CHURCH SERVICES

Sunday morning services, held in the Ward-Belmont Chapel was both beneficial and enjoyable. Rev. Mr. Saterly, secretary of the Methodist Publishing Co., delivered a message on "The Bank Check." His comparison of our blessings to drafts drawn from a bank was vividly impressed on our mind. Though the school year is drawing to an end, we would welcome Rev. Mr. Saterly again to our services.

Those attending Vesper services enjoyed Dr. James I. Vance of the First Presbyterian Church, who delivered an impressive address on "Service."

The previous Sunday we were glad to have with us the Rev. Prentice Pugh, of the Shurch of the Advent, who always brings a valuable message.

MRS. SCHMITZ' PUPILS GIVE STUDIO PROGRAM

A program of marked interest and success was given by the piano pupils of Mrs. Estelle Roy Schmitz in her studio on Monday afternoon. Following the students program, Mrs. Schmitz played with beautiful expression Paderewski's Theme Varie.

The student's program follows:

Valse Chromatic ..... Godard
Miss Bernice Collier

Etude ..... Chopin
Miss Louise Morawitz

Love Song ..... Stojowski
Mrs. Robert Cooney

The Eagle ..... MacDowell
Miss Louise Morawitz

May Night ..... Palmgren

Moto Perpetno ..... MacDowell
Miss Lena May Rowland

Polonaise ..... Chopin
Mrs. Robert Cooney

Polichinelle ..... Rachmaninoff
Miss Clemence Thuss

Gardens in the Rain ..... Dubussy
Mrs. Robert Cooney

Tarentelle ..... Leschetizky
Miss Louise Morawitz

ACADEMIC NEWS

Mrs. Plunkett's second year Interior Decoration class has just finished its second problem which was the designing of a living room. Since furniture must conform to certain specified conditions, the girls could not plan original patterns for any piece of furniture; otherwise, the working out of a living room plan was left to the student's own choice. The arrangement and style of the furniture and the color scheme of the room were planned in accordance with the student's own ideas. Many artistic, beautiful and well drawn plans were the result of the students work and the drawings can now be seen in the art studio.

The Chemistry A classes have been doing some very interesting work in the laboratory. Not only is the laboratory course most attractive to the Chemistry students, but its practical worth is most valuable to the girls. One of the latest experiments which the girls have carried on might be called an investigation of baking powders. The instructor, Miss McFadden, gave the girls three brands of baking powders, and told the class to find the constituents. They tested for eight substances that likely would be used in baking powders, namely: starch, carbonate, sulphate, phosphate, alum, calcium, tartate and ammonium. They found each baking powder to consist of a very different combination of substances. Throughout the laboratory course, the girls have studied the things that will be of practical use to them, and they have thoroughly enjoyed every experiment that they have performed.

The English A classes under Miss Shouse are writing short papers of descriptives of narrative character. For the last two lessons, the girls have written of interesting experiences. These short papers are paving the way for a short story that each member of the classes will write before the end of the quarter. In addition to the written work, the class is studying Diction in Century Handbook and also The Seater Grammer.

The Life Saving Class, with Miss Cane as the instructor, has been progressing very rapidly. The girls are preparing for the examination, that will be given at the end of the quarter, on life saving work, and the girls who satisfactorily pass the test are awarded lusignia. Each member of the class is striving to pass the tests and is, therefore, working conscientiously in the preparation for the examination. The girls say that they have enjoyed the course immensely.

EXPRESSION RECITAL

A recital of fine one-act plays was given by the expression students Thursday afternoon. The plays were all interesting and showed good work and concentration. These are the last of the plays worked out by the expression classes. They received their parts and worked them out to the best of their ability with as little help as possible. Through them they have gained a great deal of help and interest in play work. Now the classes are ready to pass on to another more advanced phase of the expression study.

The program was given as follows:

LUNCH IN THE SUBURBS

By Helen Ludington

Time: Present.
Place: Ellindale, a suburb.
Characters:
Mrs. Jenkins, Jr., hostess, Miss Katherine Porter.
Mrs. Brown, her friend, Miss Leila Tarkington
Kitty, her child, Miss Iris Lovellette.
Mary, a daughter of Erin, Miss Eula Stacks.
Ellen, the loyal maid, Miss Estell Collier.
Mrs. Martin, deaf and curious, Miss Isadore Douglas.
Miss Lanson, up-to-date, Miss Virginia Pope.
Mrs. Mount Stuart, proud and rich, Miss Gwendolyn Seaton.
Mrs. Jenkins, Sr., Miss Mecca Vicare.

NO MEN WANTED

By Rachel Gale

Time: Present.
Scene: Living room.
Characters:
Miss Isabel Granger, Miss Elizabeth Ranley, two girls who have foresworn love and "dates," Miss Alice Fraizer and Miss Virginia Jones.
Prynella Abercrombie, a darktown belle, Miss Maurine Grey.

GRETNA GREEN

By Constance Mackay

Time: 18th Century. A romance about Richard Sheridan.
Characters:
Aunt Avis Linley, Miss Martha Edmonds.
Maria Linley, Miss Georgia Thomas.
Mr. Linley, Miss Elizabeth Terrell.

THE SILVER LINING

By Constance Mackay

Time: 18th Century. A romance about Fanny Burney.
Characters:
Richard Burney, the uncle, Miss Irma Weicker.
Fanny Burney, the writer, Miss Archie Le Bus.

NOT GUILTY

Scene: A convent.
Characters:
The Lawyer...Miss Dorothy Holcomb
The Old Servant, Miss Thelma Meade
The Mother.....Miss Helen Pape
The Nun...Miss Virginia Beauchamp
The Child.....Miss Marion Kendall

LETTERS HOME

Dearest Family:

You're about to receive a package from me. It is a very large package, but I thought I better tell you not to get too thrilled over it, since it is only my bedding, my winter clothes, and a few pillows.

I had quite the large time last Friday. We went to see "Robin Hood" and I really could have seen it all night. It was so romantic. I'm rather disappointed because I wasn't a lady with a capital I there, instead of being a lady with a little "i" now. But I'll try to make the best of it.

Please think hard about me Monday. It's Senior-Senior Middle Day and, of course, you know which side simply must win. If there is anything in concentration, please make some mental pictures of your offspring hitting a home run.

There isn't a shortage of stamps in the old home town, is there? If you don't invest in some pretty soon, I will have to hire someone to dust out my post-office box. It is getting to be too much for

Your abused but affectionate
Daughter.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that I'm sending the package C. O. D.

Salesman:—"I'm selling invincible wire, Mister, why don't you fence your field and be up to date?"

Farmer:—"Speakin' of bein' up to date, young fellow, can't you see I am using wireless."

The Normalite.

HYPHEN INTER-CLUB CONTEST: F F CLUB

CORRIDOR CHARACTER

I wonder if you know someone
Who bathes three times a day,
Who gets up with the rising sun
And studies by its ray;

Who takes a book beneath her arm
Unto the tennis court,
Assuring you in accents warm
"Morning's the time for sport!"

After each ball she studies some,
Nor has she failed to score;
I wonder if the time can come
When she will study more?

She exercises to reduce,—
Her weight is ninety-four!
Her appetite is mostly fruits,
Diet permits no more.

She has a rare assortment, too,
Of creams, and all "what-nots;"
So if your mirror makes you blue,
Go try her beauty-spots.

Yet spite of all, perhaps we'd gain
By following her way;
For who else goes out, shine or rain
On every Sunday?
There is another good thing, too,
She gets for time so spent:
The which I do not need tell you:
She is an "A" student!

ACCUMULATION

O Henry said, "There're many things"
'Sides shoes and ships, sealing wax,
cabbages and Kings.
There's bananas and bandanas,
Rising bells and dumb bells,
Saxaphones and telephones,
There's darned hose and radios,
Dubby's flu and fraternities,
There's laundry slips, and week-end trips,
Pillow slips and package slips.
There's study-hall and basket-ball;
Hockey teams and crooked seams,
Swimming fetes and council meets,
Party treats and chapel seats, also
Cement walks and chapel talks, then
Glee Club sings, doorbell rings,
Dates arrive, divan sighs. Then
Cubby crams and final exams.
Home going blanks and rush on pranks,
Time flies, and home ties."

TO THE F. F. CLUB

We dream great dreams,
We scheme great schemes
For our Club so dear;
Our castles high
Most touch the sky,
Rising far and near.

F. F. is first!
None other durst
Take away her due;
She's right on top,
She'll never stop—
F. F., here's to you!

RING! RING! RING!

(With apologies to Alfred Tennyson)

Ring! Ring! Ring!
O'er the campus' green, O Bell!
And I would that my tongue might utter
The thoughts that in me swell.

"O! pity the sleeping ones
You wake at early morn;
O! pity the stupid ones
You send to class forlorn!

But your pealings must go on
'Till the thirty-first of May,
When the girls will all be gone,
And studies are "passé."

Ring! Ring! Ring!
O'er the campus, green, O Bell!
But when June is come, and I am fled,
I shall not hear your knell!

"The F. F. Girl"

Oh FF
Girl we love you
To you we shall be true
As long as skies within your eyes
Reflected find their hue in mirrored tender blue
Within this heart your Your image will forever
letters spell, dwell—

One "F" is for Fi- And stands for FF
delity loyalty,
The other, Friend- And great tribute
ships true to you
So let this heart enshrine
O Girl divine
Our love for you
F F

"WHAT DO"

You get a minor when you talk,
Or when at any rule you balk;
You get a warning when you're late
"No shopping tour" is your hard fate.

You get a major when you rouge
Or wear your high heeled satin shoes;
You get a major for hiding food,
Get compussed for being the least bit rude.

If out of uniform you go,
A punishment you soon will know;
So be advised by little me
And keep the rules of "W.-B."

"LE RETOUR IN PRIMTEMPS"

Le primtemps est ici,
Le primtemps est venu,
Voici! oh voici
Il retourne a nous!

Tous les oiseaux chantent,
Meme que les petits,
Qui restent contents
Dans leurs heureux.

Les beaux fleurs elevent
Apres leur sommeille;
Et nous tous souhaitent
Une annee merveille!

"A HUNDRED-WATT

Of course we knew it was not right
To buy the hundred-watt;
But just the same, we wished that light,
And so that light we got.

We proudly hung it in our room.
It cast a brilliant glow!
O little dreamed we of the doom
Its rays on us would throw.

The very next night, on our floor
Miss Neal came to inspect,
Bright shone our light from our open door,
Nothing did we suspect.

Miss Neal walked in, and we jumped so
(Alas! I hate to think!)
That, pushed by some startled elbow
Down fell the purple ink!

We gazed in horror at the sight
'Twas all that we could do;
And just then Miss Neal saw our light—
Her words were none too few! !

Now we are campassed a whole week,
For council voted so;
Besides, our pocket-book is weak—
A new rug costs, you know!

Now we are campussed a whole week,
But profit by our lot;
Even if "brilliance" be your aim,
Your goal, a hundred-watt!

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS for A W-B DANCE

I. Accept three or four bids to a Club dance. You can only go to one but it pays to keep the Club guessing.

II. When a girl invites you to her dance invite her to yours instead. You'll have the pleasure either way.

III. Don't bother about an evening gown. They aren't being worn in W.-B. this season.

IV. If your hostess wants to ride you insist on walking. Riding on the campus is "out."

V. Never sit out any dances. Council might object.

VI. Don't flirt with the banjo player. He's a Nashville boy and might tell.

VII. Ask the sponsor to dance. Maybe she will.

VIII. Don't attempt to stay later than nine forty-five, or your hostess might consider you an outsider.

IX. When it's time to leave, ask to see a chaperone home. Make her think you're a nice girl.

X. When you say good night tell the girl you hope your own Club dance will be as good—that's what you do hope and a little bit more.

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LADIES' SPORT APPAREL

Joe Morse & Co. Clothiers & Furnishers

LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

A PRAYER

Teachers to the right of us,
Teachers to the left of us,
Teachers **behind** us,
Flunked the six hundred.

Exams to the right of us,
Exams to the left of us,
Teachers, we ask of you
Pass the six hundred.

A SCHOLASTIC CRUSH

"It's 'Je vous aime' in French," said he:
Said she, "In Latin, 'amo te'."
'And 'yo le quiero Vd'," said he,
"Is what the Spanish always say."
Said she, "And when the Germans wish
To woo, they say, "Ich liebe dich'."

WARD-BELMONT "DATE"

"O he meets her in the parlor,
When the golden day is done—
Two chairs are placed so far apart—
"You be seated here, I'll take that one."

O WHAT IS SO RARE AS

No chapel exercise.
No chaperone.
No excess laundry.
No gym.
No rain for five days.
A polo game.
Sunday Church services at school.
A trip to Mammoth Cave.
A bid for every Saturday night dance.
A school orchestra.
Ice tea with ice.
Strawberries.
Tulips.
Strapped slippers for uniform.
A full moon.
The first day of June!

Chapel Speaker: "I tell you, young ladies, develop your talents."

W.-B. girl in dancing class: "I do—take a long walk every day."

BY WAY OF CLOSING

Now that you've read the F. F. page,
I wonder which thing is your pick;
But don't forget this, our adage,
"Yours, 'till Dr. Coue gets sick."

PROCRASTINATION

My brain I've been racking,
But the power is lacking;
So what am I to do?
My "comp" I must write,
And it must be to-night,
But how can I ever get through?

I should like to be sleeping,
Instead of here weeping,
And feeling so very forlorn.
So I think I shall rest,
It would surely be best
To finish this up in the morn.

Nannie: Do you know Ione Murdock?

Virginia: Yes, she sleeps in my class.

FAMILIAR?

A knock, a door shut, a click, silence. Stealthy look up and down, a click, continuation of suspended operations. Listening, footsteps, louder, suspense, intake of breath, retreating footsteps, regular breathing renewed.

Did you know that no girl on the marching squad wore watches?

Why?

Had to keep time with her feet.

AROUND THE WORLD FOR A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

A floating college with the ocean for its campus what could be more thrilling than this? Impossible and unique as it seems, such a school is now being planned. A group of southern millionaires, backed in particular by Colonel E. T. Wilson, of Atlanta, Ga., whose slogan is "More visualization, less theory," have purchased the steamer Logan, a $200,000 vessel with the capacity of 2,500 persons, to carry around the world 400 students who will study as they go. The ship is to be equipped with classrooms, libraries, gymnasiums, swimming pool, laboratories and lounge rooms. Sports will be in charge of a trained athletic director. There will be a school band and orchestra. Religious activities will be directed by a member of the faculty, and in every way the life of the school will be conducted with a view to refined, healthful and intellectual living.

There will be six days a week for work and there will be intervals for recreation, which will be called "shore leave," when carefully supervised tours to the interesting parts of the world will be made. The faculty will be large and well-equipped, and there will be surgeons, nurses and dentists aboard to safeguard the health of the students. A picked man from the Navy Department has been chosen for skipper and a crew of experienced sailors has been secured. Newspaper correspondents from the leading newspapers are to accompany the tour, and leading educators from both America and abroad will be invited by Mr. Candler, the president of the college, to accompany the school as guests.

The S. S. Logan will sail from New York, on September 15, 1923, and after a voyage of 50,000 miles will return in June, 1924. The total individual cost of the tour will amount to about $2,000, which is no more than that of many leading preparatory schools. Six hundred applications have already been received, but only four hundred students can be accommodated on the first trip. The promoters of the school feel confident of success and are planning to buy two more ships next year, one of which will be for girls. The following are among the ports which will be visited: London, Edinburg, Antwerp, Havre, Barcelona, Gilbraltar, Marseilles, Venice, Naples, Athens, Constantinople, Port Said, Calcutta, Singapore, Manilla, Yokohama, Nagasaki, San Francisco, Panama Canal, Havana, and Bermuda.—Smith College Weekly.

PERSONALS

Miss Ernestine Dortch spent the week-end with her parents in Columbia, Tenn.

Mrs. D. H. Franklin of Nashville, entertained Misses Doris Plonsky and Jocelyn Hamburger Saturday afternoon and evening.

Miss Lois McCormick arrived in Nashville Wednesday morning to spend some time with her sister Helen.

Saturday evening she took several of Helen's friends to the Satsuma for dinner. Among her guests were Margaret Curran, Rose Dadisman, Miss Moore, Helen Campbell and her sister. They went to the theater after dinner.

Mrs. Joe S. Roof of Live Oak, Fla., arrived last week to spend several days with her daughter Joe S.

They spent Sunday and Monday in town at the hotel.

Lenora Liner spent Monday afternoon in town with her brother.

Miss Alice Dale Durr, who was the guest of Mary Bell Sullivan for the week-end chaperoned Mary Bell Monday to lunch and to the theater.

Mrs. Whittemore of Nashville entertained Enla Stacks, Swetie Johnson and Margaret Rust in her home Monday.

Lucile Warne spent Sunday with her aunt Mrs. Pope of this city.

Virginia Pope was the guest of Miss Estes at a very lovely luncheon at the Satsuma, Monday.

Mrs. Pounds entertained Christine Bryant Sunday afternoon. Miss Bryant is the rider who won so many ribbons at the horse show Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Ryan of Nashville entertained Eleanor Terry Grinter Sunday afternoon.

Dorothy Cope spent Monday in town as the guest of Mrs. Alex Stevenson and Miss Kirkland.

Mrs. B. O. Sullivan entertained ten of her daughter's friends Mohday for the day. Her guests were Nell Atwood and Elizabeth Thompson.

Mr. T. J. Pennybaker of Oklahoma spent the week-end with his daughter Susy. He entertained several of Susy's friends Monday at a luncheon at the Satsuma. His guests were Zula Potter, Ruth Johnson, Zenie Chenault and his daughter.

"The sun never sets on England's possessions," said an Englishman proudly.

"No," replied the Irishman, "the good Lord is afraid to trust her in the dark."

DR. AND MRS. BLANTON CELEBRATE BIRTHDAYS OF TWENTY APRIL GIRLS

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton's series of birthday dinners for students at Ward-Belmont was continued on Thursday evening, with an exceptionally charming hospitality, at which the birthdays of twenty young ladies were celebrated. Miss Leila D. Mills and Mrs. Solon E. Rose assisted the host and hostess. Dinner was served in the private dining room, where an elaborate Spring menu was carried out around a round table decorated with typical Spring flowers. The centerpiece was a simulated lake, bordered with ferns and violets, and in its center, in a crystal bowl there was a mass of narcissus, tulips, pansies, iris and violets, like a clump of Spring blooms growing out of the center of the water. Pale yellow candles in crystal candlesticks surrounded the mirror and at each plate there was a cluster of narcissus. The name cards were decorated with small roses. On the buffet, there was a panel mirror with a crystal basket of Spring flowers.

The young ladies entertained included: Miss Annette Wilcox of Janesville, Wis.; Miss Loretta Harms of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Miss Marion LeDue of Chicago; Miss Mary Board of Okemah, Okla.; Miss Margaret Frantz of Enid, Okla.; Miss Alice Dump of Mt. Carmel, Ill.; Miss Katherine Faurest of Elizabethtown, Ky.; Miss Ruth Arnof of McCrory, Ark.; Miss Mildred Hicks of El Dorado, Ark.; Miss Gladys Winders of Aledo, Ill.; Miss Geannie Chenault of Albany, Ala.; Miss Grace Warren of Green Bay, Wis., Miss Mary E. Bragassa of Tulsa, Okla.; Miss Dorothy Halcomb of Harrisonville, Mo.; Miss Frances Britt of Thomaston, Ga.; Miss Myrtle Thomas of Columbia, Tenn.; Miss Jocelyn Hamberger of Columbus, Texas, and Miss Mildred Culley of Terre Haute, Indiana.

VANDERBILT GLEE CLUB

While part of the Ward-Belmont girls were enjoying Robin Hood, some of us had the pleasure of hearing the Vanderbilt Glee Club last Friday night. We were glad to hear some of our old favorites and also some of the solos as well as the group songs, which were given with so much spirit.

ROBIN HOOD

Many of the Ward-Belmont girls enjoyed "Robin Hood" at Loew's Theater last Friday evening. The quaint old story of the outlawed band was portrayed in a marvelously realistic manner by capable actors and the spectacular effects were very elaborate and unusual.

Gym Teacher to Girls—"Lots of girls use dumbbells to get color in their cheeks."

Bright One—"And lots of girls use color in their cheeks to get dumbbells.—Ex.

We Have the Kind of Clothes A Young COLLEGE GIRL Would Love To Wear Always
—*Because Thy Express "Youth and Beauty"*
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Go to
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Schumacher— *Photographic Artist*

CALENDAR

[illegible]nce
[illegible] Science Picni[illegible]
[illegible]enior Middle D[illegible]
[illegible]rs at Hermitage
[illegible]th Centuries
[illegible]ade
[illegible] Garden Dance

[illegible]hat the chief indoor
[illegible] spring housecleaning.

[illegible] Get set! Go!!" Just

When [illegible] tea what is
[illegible]—t? (A[illegible]t year's annual).

"What is the greatest joy of school life?' a visitor asked a sweet young thing on a warm afternoon.

"Iced tea," she replied, in a chilling tone.

A TRAGEDY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Once there were 2 room-mates
They each had one fifteen.
There were 2 entertainments,
But they were at different rates.

The first one went to Robin Hood,
The second heard them sing.
And now the first one is ahead,
She's 60 cents to the good.—
I'm Not Apoet.

Professor's wife: "Why my dear, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet."

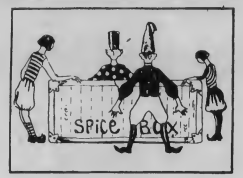
Professor: "But Henrietta, they're the only feet I've got."—Ex.

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McFADDENS

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If a lassie meet a lassie
Cutting the campus,
Should a lassie say to a lassie,
"Don't hurt that crocus"?

Miss Inquisitive wants to know why everyone waited after the picture was over Saturday night. I wonder.

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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SENIORS HOLD THE CLASS CUP IN CONTEST WITH SENIOR MIDDLES

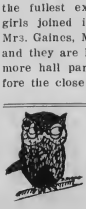
Monday, May 7th, dawned bright and clear for the big field day, the challenge to which had been offered by the Seniors and accepted by the Senior Middles during the week before. Many clever "stunts" had been staged by both of the classes previous to the final match. Among these were the moving picture slides featured by the Seniors during the Saturday night movie, and the Senor-Middle news sheet that was distributed throughout the dining room Saturday night. Both classes had many songs and yells, written and learned especially for the occasion which is always the most exciting day of all the year.

Early Monday morning the campus was decorated with the colors of the contesting forces. Purple and white vied with the yellow and white streamers of the Seniors' in occupying the most conspicuous places on the campus. Promptly at 6:45 the Senior's "town-criers" went through the halls of every dormitory with their bells, announcing with lusty cries the message that their hand-bills proclaimed. These hand-bills were nailed or posted to every door, post, and tree and were most effective in gaining Senior followers from the Prep and College Special Classes.

(Continued on page 3.)

FIDELITY GIRLS ARE ENTERTAINED WITH SURPRISE PARTY

When a hall meeting was called in Fidelity at 9:45, Tuesday evening, everyone assembled prepared for a lecture on "How to behave during these last few weeks." But greatly to the surprise and delight of all those present, Helen Harris informed the girls that, since some money had been left from a previous party, ice cream had been ordered and that if the members of the "Syncopatin' Seven" resident in the hall would start functioning, a pleasant half-hour could possibly be spent in dancing. These suggestions were immediately seized by the enthusiastic girls and the entire time was enjoyed to the fullest extent. All the Fidelity girls joined in on yells for Harris, Mrs. Gaines, Miss Cason and Fidelity, and they are hoping that at least one more hall party may be enjoyed before the close of the school year.



THE OWL

Yea, Senior Middles!
Bring on the banner.

Mother's Day

You may prate of happy holidays,
Of merriment and fun,
But i've another day in mind
That excels them every one!
It's pure, undefiled and holy,
And it shines with a heavenly ray,
And wafts the sweet odor of flowers,
You know it—Mother's Day.
Oh! it tells the sweetest story
That you and I can ever know,
It stands forth in a halo of glory,
To soothe all our sorrows and woes!
No matter how far we may have strayed,
From the place that we call home,
At the dawn of that Sunday morning,
Our thoughts do homeward roam;
And we think of that dear mother,
Who has lived and served for us,
And our minds are immersed in that vision
Of infinite loveliness!
Most precious gift of heaven,
That's sent us from above,
More radiant than all earthly things,
Warm, soulful, mother-love!
To it we pay this tribute,
And we pray that in every way,
Each heart may be blessed and ennobled,
On this beautiful Mother's Day!

DR. BLANTON'S HOMECOMING INVITATION TO WARD-BELMONT ALUMNAE ASSCCIATION MEMBERS

(The following letter sent out last week by Dr. Blanton to the enrolled members of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association explains itself. Happy indeed will be the former graduates who can avail themselves of the delightful hospitality embodied in that invitation.)

To The Members of Our Alumnae:

"We are planning our first home coming of Ward-Belmont graduates as united in the Alumnae Association. The object of this letter is to remind you that the doors of Ward-Belmont are still standing open to you, and to extend to you a most cordial invitation to be our guest from Saturday evening, May 26, to Thursday, May 31.

"It is especially to this home coming that your presence, your cooperation and interests are so vital. We assure you of the heartiest possible welcome. The Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, formed almost three years ago by the class of '21, has grown to such proportions that a meeting will be full of interest and pleasure to all of us.

"We are already feeling the press of the gaiety and celebration of Com-Commencement. Our program is full—recitals in music and expression, May day, horse show, fashion show, teas, receptions, club dinners. These, not to mention the remorseless finals, recall to our mind memories of other years, of former senior classes, and of the graduates that have gone out from Ward-Belmont from year to year. We wish you could be here to enjoy with us all these events, but we urge you to arrange now to join us for the days of Commencement proper.

"We wish to plan adequately for your entertainment, so please regard this as R. S. V. P. letter, and let us have your reply two weeks ahead. We shall earnestly hope for acceptance. A most hearty welcome awaits you.

"With cordial good wishes for you and yours, I am,

"Yours very truly,
"J. D. Blanton, President."

ILLINOIS GIRLS

Now is the time for the Illinois Girls to show their pep and loyalty. There is a good time awaiting all, for the new girls, and for the old, at the Annual Banquet of the Illinois Alumna Association of Ward-Belmont College, to be held in Peoria on Wednesday, June 20th, at 12:00 o'clock, Jefferson Hotel. Pay your dues $1.00 and banquet fee, $2.00 to Virginia Smith. Girls, it is up to you to make this hanquet a success.

Betty Capron, Vice-Pres.

Address: 4442 Malden St., Chicago, Ill.

EXPRESSION STUDENTS APPEAR OUTSIDE SCHOOL

Students in the school of expression have recently been selected and invited to give two notable productions outside the school. On Saturday afternoon, May 5, twenty-one girls, assisted by five gifted children presented "The Sun Goddess?" a charming Japanese sketch, on the lawn of Colemere, the home of Mrs. E. Q. Cole, before the Drama League of Nashville. All of those taking part were certificate pupils, as follows: Misses Marguerite Fisher, Corinne Seschuler, Marie Myers, Helen Williams, Bettie Lindsay, Helen Guinn, Mildred Graves, Margaret Phillips, Lyda Anderson, Grace Morrow, Bettie Conn, Elizabeth Woodbury, Bernita Jacobs, Mabel Farahan, Myrtle Thomas, Marion Williams, Catherine Moore, Clara Haddox, Sara Jeter, Edna Lawrence and Helen Kohrs. The children parts were taken by Mary Lohise Edwards, Hulda Cheek, Barbara Crosland, Jane McTigue and Jack Spore.

On Saturday, May 12, before the College Woman's Club at Peabody College, "The Hour Glass" by W. B Yates, was presented by a section of College Expression students, including: Misses Rosa Lee Dadisman, Mildred Goodpasture, Margaret Curran, Helen Jacobs, Elizabeth Kramer, Nadine Candler, Katherine Teague and Helen Jacobson.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE PICNIC SCORED MORE THAN USUAL SUCCESS

At 3:15 on Saturday all of Miss Cooper's domestic Scinece pupils boarded the "special" for Shelby Park. It was a jolly crowd, all ready for a jolly time which every one had. Shelby Park is an ideal spot at which to spend an afternoon. There is a little alke with available rowboats, and a lodge in which to have supper. We lost no time in securing boats and we rowed until our arms ached. Then we entered into a baseball game. The two captains who were Dr. Blanton and Dr. Crosland, chose sides and Miss Morrison unpired. It was just the thing to aid us in acquiring an appetite, so that when Miss Cooper called us, we ran as fast as we could to our picnic, buffet style. At the lodge we found Miss Mills, Mrs. Crosland and Miss Paine who had driven out to have supper with us.

Needless to say, the edibles prepared for us were delicious; that goes without saying for the fame of our domestic science picnics will all go down in school history, due to the fact

(Continued on page 3.)

PERSONALS

The Louisville Post in a recent issue, printed an attractive picture of Evanelle Lewis, and made the following complimentary mention:

"Miss Evanelle Lewis, of Greenville, Miss., is a student of Ward-Belmont School, Nashville, Tenn. She visited Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Van Pelt and other relatives here during the spring vacation, and charmed many Louisville people by the beauty of her voice."

Miss Marguerite Tuttle of New York City, who is in charge of the Eastern School bureaus of several high class Eastern publications, was at Ward-Belmont recently, while making a tour of inspection. She expressed her great admiration for the school, the beauty of its campus, its handsome and extensive buildings, and especially was she struck with the large enrollment, having expected to find a school of only about four hundred students.

Mrs. John W. Hicks, of El Dorado, Arkansas, is spending a few days with her daughters, Mildred and Virginia. Friday night she chaperoned Jane Nancy Eula Stacks, and Clynte Edgar to town, for dinner. Mildred and Virginia left Saturday to be out with their mother for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Thompson, of Peoria, Illinois, took their daughter Elizabeth, out Friday afternoon and for dinner.

Minerva Gordon enjoyed the week-end at her home in Madisonville, Kentucky.

Willa Starkweather spent the week-end visiting friends in South Grove, Kentucky.

Mr. Charles W. Scarrett, of Kansas City, Missouri, has been with his daughter, Lois, for a few days. Saturday afternoon he took her out with Marvel Burton and Ivie Aitken. Mr. Scarrett is a notable Vanderbilt University Alumni, and has many old friends in Nashville made during his student days here.

Anne Richardson left for her home in Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, to spend the week-end.

Evelyn Prewitt, Semietta Prewitt, Stanley Pendleton and Nannie Gay had a pleasant week end in Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Nancy Arnold enjoyed Saturday afternoon and evening in town with her cousin, Miss Vi Patterson.

Virginia Lee Moss enjoyed Sunday in town with Mrs Sam Douglas.

Mozelle Glover spent Monday in town with her sister Mrs. Ray.

Mr. John B. Pew, of Kansas City, spent the week-end here, at the Hotel Hermitage, visiting his daughter, Vivian, member of the Senior class. Mr. Pew stayed over Monday especially to witness the Senior-Senior-Middle field-day sports, and was an enthusiastic spectator on the field.

Mary Catherine Greenlaw enjoyed dinner Sunday in town with Mrs. Hughes.

Bonnie Morgan and Dorothy Nelson had tea Sunday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Hill.

"IN A PERSIAN GARDEN"

(One of the most perfect student productions given at Ward-Belmont in many seasons was the beautiful Song Cycle, "In a Persian Garden," under the direction of Signor de Luca. By some oversight in the make up of the Hyphen, the account of the program, taken from a local newspaper, has been omitted for two issues. It is here produced, with apologies for the delay, to the gifted director and the gifted singers.)

"In a Persian Garden," literally fragrant with the sweetness and delicacy of the Oriental music, and refined by the magic touch of the composer, Liza Lehman, was given with unmeasured success Friday evening at Ward-Belmont before a large local audience, which joined the students in hearing the lovely music. Signor de Luca, director of voice, presented the charming song cycle, the words of which are selected from The Rubaiyat of Omar Kahyyam. The production was sung by his vocal pupils, assisted by Miss Louise Allen, organist, who is a pupil of Arthur Henkel. The soloists were Miss Kathryn Kirkham, Soprano; Mrs. Jean Shepherd, contralto; Thomas Fletcher, tenor, and Dr. Clifford C. Woods, baritone. Miss Allen at the organ, gave, with lovely tone and expression, the beautiful "Garden of Iram" and "Saki."

The succession of solo, duet, quartet and recitative parts followed in smooth and lovely succession, the cycle reaching its culminating point of vocal supremacy in the final quartet, "Alas! that Spring Should Vanish With the Rose," although equally appealing was the familiar tenor solo, "Ah, Moon of My Delight," given with consummate art by Thomas Fletcher.

Miss Kirkham, in her solo, "Sent My Soul Into the Invisible," attained the notable vocal height of reaching high C without a perceptive effort. Her high-class soprano was at its best, and a storm of applause followed her songs.

DR. AND MRS. BLANTON ENTERTAIN IN HONOR OF SENIORS

A delightful dinner was given on Thursday night, April 19, by Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton, in honor of the Senior Class. Each member of this class was privileged to invite a gentleman to be her guest for the evening. Covers were laid for 180 guests in the small dining room, which was decorated in a most attractive way. Yellow streamers hung from the ceiling lights while white baskets filled with jonquils and tied with big bows of yellow and white tulle formed artistic centerpieces for the tables. Eight guests were seated at each table where one of the Senior girls was appointed to be hostess.

The affair was in every way delightful, and during the pauses between the various courses of an elaborate menu, Miss Susie Spragins sang "Today" and "The Top o' the Morning to You." She was accompanied by Miss Alberta Reeves. An unexpected but much appreciated feature of the entertainment was a performance at the piano by Mr. Francis Craig. Several of the Vanderbilt men joined in on a few popular songs which added much to the gaiety of the evening.

After the dinner, the guests assembled in the drawing rooms, where the rest of the evening was spent enjoyably in conversation.

This is the first year that the Seniors have been allowed to give a dinner for some time. All of the recent graduating classes have been entertained with formal receptions, but the members of this year's Senior class declared that a dinner would be the most appreciated way of entertaining, and the evident success of Thursday night seems to be a point in favor of their judgment.

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SENIORS HOLD THE CLASS CUP IN CONTEST WITH SENIOR MIDDLES

(Continued from page 1.)

At breakfast the Seniors presented, in a parade through the dining rooms, the likenesses of the Senior-Middle class "before and after". "Baby Do-do",—"only seven years old",—answered questions in regard to the outcome of the day. Tora really showed marked ability in imitating the "infant prodigy".

Soon after breakfast the two classes and their rooters held separate mass meetings on the campus. The Seniors distributed kazoos and Senior buttons to those upholding their side, made pepping up speeches and sang their songs. The Senior-Middles, lead by Florence McHenry, Ruby Wooten, and Peggy Ogden, delivered peppy songs and yells with great gusto. Their fine spirit was very commendable and was of great aid to their girls who were contesting on the field.

At nine o'clock the Senior and the Senior-Middles advanced to meet in the middle of the campus, the former bearing shields and the latter carrying battle axes. Sarah Jeter, the president of the Senior class presented the challenge to find the Senior pennant which has been hidden some place on the campus. This challenge was accepted by Ruby Wooten, the president of the Senior-Middle class.

The first event scheduled for the day was a base-ball game which was played immediately after the challenge at 9:00 o'clock. The result of this game was a victory for the Seniors, being won only after a very close and exciting fight. Six and a half innings were played, since the Seniors were already ahead when their time came to bat last. The score at the end of six and a half innings was: Seniors, 20; Senior Middles, 18.

The swimming meet ended in a victory for the Senior-Middles, since they took first place in the plunge, the 100-foot front swim, the dives, and the relay race. The only swimming event won by the Seniors was the 50-foot back swim, although they took second and third places in several of the other events. The final score was 34—12 in favor of the purple and white.

Since in the total score of the day base-ball was to count 30 points, and swimming 20 points, the Seniors were ahead when the events of the morning were over. At length the Senior-Middles presented some clever take-offs on various members of the Senior class. These were very amusing and served the purpose of letting the Seniors "see themselves as others see them".

The track meet, scheduled for 3:00 o'clock was held on the athletic field, where the Seniors were again victorious with a total score of 24 as against the 22 points of the Senior-Middles. All of the events were closely contested. First places were taken by the following girls: Louise Smith, base-ball throw; Sarah Jeter, basket-ball throw; Marie Pregler, archery for accuracy; Lee Lewis, archery for distance; the relay was an exact tie between the Seniors and the Senior-Middles.

The result of the basket-ball game gave the day to the Seniors, although the Senior-Middles fought a good battle to the finish. The score was 36—3.

The cup was presented to the class of '23 by Dr. Blanton, president of the school, and their numerals will be engraved upon the cup for a second time. It has been suggested that the cup, having been won by the Seniors for two successive years, become their permanent possession.

As a fitting celebration for a perfect day, the Senior class entertained the entire school with a moving picture, the Senior-Middles being the guests of honor. During an intermission, the Senior-Middles sang a farewell song to the Seniors, which was very beautiful in poetry, music and sentiment. Both classes proved themselves good sports, the Seniors by taking their victory in the most sportsmanlike way and the Senior-Middles by being good losers.

A Farewell Song
(Senior Class to the Senior-Middles)

Here's a farewell song to you,
In days to come our friendships sweet
Will last the long years through.
Sister class! Sister class!
You've been pals good and true.
In our eyes you're the best,
You excell all the rest,
So goodbye and good luck to you!

DOMESTIC SCIENCE PICNIC SCORED MORE THAN USUAL SUCCESS

(Continued from page 1.)

that Miss Cooper is an unequalled cook.

After a second baseball game we all walked back to the car and then rode in and around Nashville for several hours. Our cheer leader led us in cheers for Miss Cooper, Miss Moore, and Mrs. Lowry, and also in singing our favorite school songs; and at about 9:00 we were served ice cream and punch, as a farewell treat.

Let this picnic be a warning to all who didn't go, to add domestic science to their course next year, or they'll surely be sorry. Nor is the picnic the only reason. The instruction is thorough, expert and valuable beyond words to express, as a part of woman's training. No better school of Domestic Science exists than that taught by Miss Cooper at Ward-Belmont, with all of the school's splendid equipment, and generous policy behind it.

MARRIED

Sue Ragsdale (Class of 1917) to Mr. Claude Kerry McCan on Saturday, May 12, at 8:30 o'clock at Trinity Episcopal Church in Victoria, Texas. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James William Ragsdale was a popular student at Ward-Belmont, and a member of the Del Vers Club. After leaving here she went to the University of Texas. After June 1, the young couple will be at home at La Casa del Llano in Marianna, Texas.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

When the year is ending, and there are so many things to be thought of and to be done, we are rather prone to forget out own actions in the rush. Yet when we think of it, that is not fair to ourselves or our friends. In Mr. Barker's lecture one of the rules for happiness was consideration "for those who are around you all the time your room-mate and best friend."

People are going to remember us for years to come by our actions during these last weeks. If we are busy, and all of us are, let's not forget at least to be pleasant and have a smile for the other girl who is not too busy to smile at us. Then we can truly make this last month one to be long remembered with joy and happiness in the coming years.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Dorcas Willyard, of Otto, Ind., and her mother will spend this summer in the west, making a long stay in Arizona, and she already has a plan of going abroad with the 1924 Ward-Belmont party.

Leola Blackman, who is majoring at Columbia University in Physical Education for a B. S. degree, is classified as a Junior with full credit for her Ward-Belmont work, and if she continues her good grades will be a Senior next year. She is the only Ward-Belmont girl entered at Columbia, and she writes that she gets homesick for the school here. "It has been wonderful," she says; "getting the Hyphen and keeping up with what the clubs, athletics, etc., are doing."

Emma Hibshman, who took a Classical Diploma at Ward-Belmont in 1922, writes from Vassar, where she entered in September, the gratifying fact that she has received full credit for all of her Ward-Belmont work practically, and will probably be a member of next year's graduating class. She has taken several strenuous exams, and says, in a letter to Dean Norris: "All this has meant a great deal of work, but with the work I have managed to have plenty of pleasure, and to make many interesting friends. Indeed I am getting more fond of Vassar every day, although I do not believe I could like any school so well as Ward-Belmont. I certainly did enjoy my two years there, and I shall always value highly the interest and help you gave me. I hope to come back to Ward-Belmont again."

Jacqueline Hill, who has been studying in Boston at the Currey School of Expression, is planning to do Junior work with the Redpath Chatauqua this summer, her line to be story telling and pageantry.

Rondeau Evans, (1922) has written a very interesting letter to Miss Cason, thanking her for the splendid training she received in Miss Casons classes, which enables her to go forward so easily with her special work this year at Walla Walla, Wash. She is at Whitman College, under an eminent Latin teacher, who tells her that she had received very thorough training at Ward-Belmont, and Rondeau writes: "I feel that the comfort and enjoyment I am getting out of my Latin work this year is due in large measure to the labors I put in on my Virgil last year under you, and the careful training that you gave me. Latin has ceased to be a burden to me, and I truly enjoy it, so much so that I have about decided I shall change my Major study to Latin." She received the Hyphen regularly, and keeps in touch with the school which she expects always to cherish.

Mildred Watts is now at the University of Oklahoma, and in common with most of the former students of Ward-Belmont, looks back with regretful eyes to her happy days at this school. She will get her degree at the University this June. She writes to Miss Ross: "I am realizing all the more now how truly valuable were those days at Ward-Belmont, and I am always so delighted to hear of any news concerning the school. I pore over the Hyphen, and almost live again those happy days."

Alice McElhinney, of Grinnel, Iowa, is taking a course in English and American Art at Grinnel College this term, being inspired to further study along that line by Miss Ross. History of Art work at Ward-Belmont.

Beatrice Brumbaugh, who was a student at Ward-Belmont the year in which social Clubs were inaugurated is a senior at Indiana University. She was a member of the Del Vers Club. Elizabeth Paul, another Ward-Belmont girl, and member of the Del Vers Club at a later date is also at Indiana, where there is quite a Ward-Belmont colony, among them Pauline Blair, whose engagement was recently announced.

Miss Rucker (to a W.-B. girl feigning sickness)—"Stick out your tongue."

Girl (in desperation)—"No tongue can tell how bad I feel."

ACADEMIC NEWS

A week was recently set apart by the Nashville Branch of the American Association of University women as girls' vocational week. Several members of the Ward-Belmont faculty took an especial interest in carrying out the plans for the week; our Dean of Faculty, Miss Norris, spoke before the girls of the Hume-Fogg High School on "Choosing One's Vocation"; Miss Ransom helped in the publicity work by contributing an excellent article to the Nashville Banner; and Mrs. Bowen stressed the week by giving "My Vocation" as the theme subject to her English classes for that week. Many interesting and well-written themes were handed in by the members of Mrs. Bowen's English classes. Among the professions that were chosen by the pupils, we notice: Interior Decorator; Nurse in Girls' Boarding Schools; teachers of various subjects, such as: music, physical education or literary work; missionaries in foreign countries; writers; store-keepers; secretaries and care-takers of their father's estate. Several girls who could not find their talents along work that a girl might do in life, put themselves in the place of boys and told of the profession that would interest them had they been boys. The subjects for these themes were: a railroad engineer; a doctor; a naval officer and a lawyer. The majority of these subjects were worked out into very interesting and artistic themes; especially commendable are: Charlotte Tandy's paper on the proprietoress of a shop, either an exclusive ladies' shop or a toy shop; Virginia Lee Moss' theme on using paints; Janice Zyan's theme a railroad engineer, in which profession she would have chosen if she had been a boy and Aliene Wharton's paper on a missionary in the far North. Although the girls in these English classes are doing high school work, the themes which several girls handed in were written in a most able and pleasing style. We take our hats off to you, High school English girls.

For the third quarter's work in the English D. Class, the class made a thorough study of the great English Poet, Alfred Tennyson, and enjoyed the work immensely; in fact, the girls regretted to begin the last quarter's work for they felt that it could hardly be as enjoyable as their study of Tennyson. However, they were pleasantly surprised when they began for they found the work equally as interesting as that of the preceding quarter. Miss Olive Ross, the instructor, made the work very delightful to her students by her own interest in the writers and their works. Among these that the class studied are: Browning, Meridick; Mathew Arnold and several other of the great authors of modern poetry and prose. At present, the class is working on a theme in modern poets, a subject which holds a great deal of interest for each member of the class.

Miss Scruggs' English B. classes have just finished a most delightful study of Charles Lamb and are now ready to study Sir Walter Scott. We can be sure that the class will enjoy this immensely. In addition to the class work, each girl is asked to read the novel which to her mind presents the best picture of the times.

The history A Class, with Miss Leavell as the instructor, is studying The Russian Question. Throughout the study of each country, the class bears in mind the fact that the happenings of past centuries will have their affect on future centuries. The class is keeping up with the history of the present day through newspaper reading.

CHAPEL

Ward-Belmont girls were so fortunate as to be able to hear Dr. Charles E. Barker at a chapel hour this week. Dr. Barker spoke on the finest of all fine arts, "The Road to Happiness."

"Happiness does not come from possessing certain things," began Dr. Barker, "happiness comes from what you do in this world. There are five points which I shall bring out that are most essential to happiness.

"I. Cultivate the habit of looking on the bright side of everything. This is hard to do but the habit can be formed until the unhappy things in life will not effect the mind in any way.

"II. Accept cheerfully the place in life you find yourself each day believing that while you are there, that is the best place on earth for you. Happiness is around you if you look for it.

"III. Throw your whole soul and spirit into your work and do it the best you know how.

"IV. Form the habit of always being kind and courteous to all people who touch your life each day. The more of happiness you give away the more you get back.

"V. Adopt and maintain a simple childlike confidence in God. God will always give what is best for us," said Dr. Barker, in bringing this most inspiring and beneficial message to a close.

PEACOCKS AT WOODY CREST

Those of us who have been so fortunate as to visit Woody Crest since the peacocks were sent out there have, no doubt, enjoyed observing these beautiful birds.

The birds, three in number, were raised on a farm at Cedar Hill, in Robertson County, Tenn. They are very interesting to observe, having most curious habits.

You have doubtlessly heard the story of the peacock's feathers drooping whenever it looks at it's very ugly feet. Whether this is the truth or an "old wives' tale" we cannot say.

They are also said to be quite shy, and go into hiding if their feathers are clipped and will not show themselves until those feathers have grown out again.

The peacock has the habit of perching on fences or any object off the ground and a fine habit it is, for they are so much more beautiful when seated on a good vantage point.

HYPHEN INTER-CLUB CONTEST: A. K. CLUB

The A. K. Club Presents

ANTI KLIMAX

A Komedy in Four AKs.

A KAST OF KHARACTERS

(In order of their appearance.)

Mr. Kant B. Beat striving for an A. K. degree.
Mr. Wit.....A Klever Advisor
Miss Stud Ent.....A Freshman
Miss Athe Lette.....A Sophomore
Wit's Son..A friend of Mr. Kant B. Beat
Miss Social Set.....A Junior
Miss A Knockout. A Senior and an All around girl who has attained her A. K. degree.

Prologue

To obtain an A.K. degree one must be:

Assiduously—Konsiderate.
Alluringly—Kute,
Amazingly—Klever,
Abundantly—Knowing.
Approvingly—Knobby,
Aristocratically—Kultured,
Absolutely—Korrect.

AK 1.

Scene: A Klub House on a Kampus, A Kollege. Time: A few days after opening of a Kollege.

(Mr. Wit and Mr. Kant B. Beat are sitting in a Kozy Swing of the A.K. Fraternity House.)

Mr. Wit: The best thing to do, my boy, is to study hard, to establish your reputation as a scholar and your next three years will go much easier.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: Thanks, old man, I'll try it; Know of any one who likes to study?

Mr. Wit: (looking around). Oh, there is Miss Stud Ent, working as usual. She could help you. (Calls Miss Stud Ent.) (The latter glances up, smiles and comes at the beckoning of Mr. Wit.) I want you to meet Mr. Kant B. Beat—Miss Stud Ent—Mr. Kant B. Beat. (They murmur their acknowledgment of introductions.) This young man is working for his A.K. degree and wishes someone to help him with his studies and I, knowing you as a very good model, thought that you would be willing to help him.

Miss Stud End: (She beams through her tortoise-shell rimmed glasses and turns toward Mr. Kant B. Beat.) Do you study music? (He shook his head in the negative.) We have some wonderfully helpful recitals here! Science? (trying again.) Our campus is very fascinating. It affords many kinds of birds and flowers to be studied by the Biology classes and many stray dogs to be found and cared for by the physiology students. Our chapel affords an ample place to perform experiments and we have only to ask the chemistry students the mystery of the experiments. It is all deliciously frozen. But, perhaps, it is art. All of the buildings on the campus are studied from the Base of the Column. On the third floor of our dormitory, the girls design their own clothes and actually wear them. The boys make cartoons—you can see them on any blackboard Or, mathematics? A problem that puzzles some of the students is 52:1::1:52 but just ask any A.K. and he will explain it to you.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: Sounds interesting. I am specializing in English with languages as a minor.

Miss Stud End: Then we are sure to be good friends for I know we will like the same authors and i dearly love to write themes.

Mr. Kant B. Beat (groans): Well, I certainly hope that I can catch some of your enthusiasm! it is hard for me to forget the grand times of my past summer vacation. The fact is, I have a theme hanging over me now!

Miss Stud End: Oh, let me help you!

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (winks at Prof. Wit and takes Miss Stud Ent by the arm), By all means. Right this way.

(They sit down at A Korner Table to one side and write a theme entitled "Advertisement Kampaign" which he reads to Prof. Wit.)

Mr. Kant B. Beat: That's great; you're a wonder.

Miss Stud Ent: Oh it's nothing (blushing profusely) i enjoy it. You are so easy to work with. I'll help you any time. Goodbye. (Exits at wrong.)

Mr. Kant B. Beat: Say! i could almost get A Kase in that girl!

Mr. Wit: Careful, my boy, you are young yet, plenty of time, plenty. Go slow.

(Mr. Kant B. Beat looks after Miss Stud Ent. Prof. Wit shakes his brilliant head giving his friend, Mr. Kant B. Beat, the following advice.

Don't ask to go home Thanksgiving—we have it here.
Don't talk in your sleep—you might say something.
Don't go off the campus—you might get lost.
Don't study too hard—you might get brain fever.
Don't roughhouse on your roommate's bed. You might be orderly.
Don't read novels in the library—You might get interested.
Don't think you're the whole thing.—The school might stop if you had to leave.
Don't expect an office.—You might get disappointed.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: I'll sure take your advice. Thanks, old man.

A Kurtain

AK. II.

Scene 1: An Athletic Krowd at A Korking football game, A Kollege.

Time: One year later.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: I never liked a football game until today. Thanks to you, Miss Athe Lette (who is sitting by his side, thoroughly engrossed in the game.)

Miss Athe Lette: Oh, I knew that you would like it. Why didn't you go out for the team?

Mr. Cant B. Beat (eagerly): Do you think that I would have made it? (Throwing back his shoulders and expanding his chest).

Miss Athe Lette: Made it! Why, of course! Look at Dubby, hurt! He will not be able to play a single game and there is no one good enough to fill his place! (She turns her attention from the game a moment and she looks at Mr. Kant B. Beat squarely. I believe that you could do it if you would! (Challenge number two. He became excited and watched the game intently.)

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (very excited) I'll do it! (the next moment a touchdown is made and A Krowd drowns all further conversation. They screamed more than W.B. girls at a Vandy football game or at "The Cat and the Canary".)

SCENE II: SAME AS SCENE I.

Time: Two weeks later.

(Miss Athe Lette sitting between Mr. Wit and Wit's son.

Miss Athe Lette: There he is! There he is! I knew that he would do it. Look at him go! Good! Kant B. Beat has made a touchdown.

A Krowd is applauding A Kaptain for his touchdown.

Mr. Wit: You are A Kause of his being A Kaptain on the team, Miss Athe Lette.

Wit's Son: You are A Korker, Miss Athe Lette! This is A Knowing game to end the season and we may be glad that he is not A Kripple after his hard playing for he endangered himself a great deal. He is A Kapital player and no mistake.

Miss Athe Lette: Of course he is; He has not only been playing football but also tennis. We play almost every morning before our swim.

Wit's son: Tennis! Swimming! Well, I never! What A Klever change in this fellow from a scholar to a letter man—He Kant B. Beat.

Miss Athe Lette: Let us wait here for him (people are shouting as they leave the bleechers during the preceding conversation). He ought to be here any minute. (Enter Kant B. Beat.)

Wit's Son: Congratulations old man! You're a wonder!

Wit: Nobly done, my lad, nobly done.

(Mr. Kant B. Beat murmurs his thanks to the Wits but his eyes are on Miss Athe Lette to get the praise which he sees in her glowing eyes.)

Miss Athe Lette: Wonderful! I have never seen such playing in my life. Such A Klean game, too. A Kick after your touchdown saved the day.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: Thanks, I care more for your approval than winning the game itself.

Miss Athe Lette: Oh, but you must not, that is A Knavish idea.

Miss Stud Ent: (Coming up to the little group) Oh, Mr. Kant B. Beat, you are as good a student as a football player. I have had your theme copied for you.

Miss Athe Lette: Oh, let me read it.

Miss Stu Dent: (continuing her conversation) That is splendid. I know you will get another A K orrect marked on it. Shall we go to A Klub House? The crowd has almost dispersed.

Mr. Kant. B. Beat: Right this way.

A Kurtain

SCENE: A KONSERVATORY OFF A KOURT AT A KLUB DANCE

Time: One year later.

(Miss Social Set and Mr. Kant B. Beat are sitting in A Kosy corner talking.)

Miss Social Set: This is a lovely party.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: You make it so.

Miss Social Set (ignoring his remark except for a slight flushing of her cheeks): I like to sit out here and watch the people dance. There is Miss Stu Ent and the Professor dancing. You like her pretty well, don't you?

Mr. Kant B. Beat: She helped me a great deal in my freshman year and I am grateful to her for that. But for that matter Mr. Wit was A Kause in the beginning. I owe more to Mr. Wit than to anyone, for he introduced me to you.

Miss Social Set: Miss Athe Lette is dancing with Wit's son.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: She is not half as good a dancer as you.

Miss Social Set: Oh yes, but I don't swim or play tennis and all of the other strenuous things that she does.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: You don't have to.

Miss Social Set: Wit's son is a good dancer.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (anxiously) Do you like to dance with him?

Miss Social Set: Not half as well as I do with you, you know that.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (solemnly) I am not so sure.

Miss Social Set: He is all right but—.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (anxiously) But what?

(Enter Wit's Son)

Mr. Wit's Son: Hello, our dance I think.

Miss Social Set: Oh, yes. (She glances over her shoulder to Kant B. Beat who walks over where he can

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watch her in the ballroom. He lights a cigarette as he hears the music in the ballroom.)

Mr. Wit (entering from the side, unnoticed by Kant B. Beat): That's all right, you know but you can not dance your way through life.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (continues smoking) Your son seems to enjoy it. i like Miss Social Set but she is a social butterfly. She does not play tennis or swim nor does she care for her studies. But then, I wonder if there is a girl can do all three?

Mr. Wit: Of course there is. I am glad to hear you talk so sensibly. I knew you would come to A Konclusion like that.

Enter Miss Social Set, who says: I slipped off to come to—Oh, how do you do, Mr. Wit. I did not know that you were here. Where have you been all evening. I have failed to see you.

Mr. Wit: I would rather watch the dancers than be among them.

Miss Social Set: Do listen to that peppy music! I want to dance. Will you excuse us, Mr. Wit?

Mr. Wit: Of course.

(Mr. Kant B. Beat is compelled to go to the ball room but before he goes in to dance, he tells Mr. Wit to wait until he returns for he has something to ask Mr. Wit.)

(Mr. Wit complies with Mr. Kant B. Beat's wishes and he soon sees Mr. Kant B. Beat returning to him.)

Mr. Wit: Where is she?

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (Shrugging his shoulders) Dancing. Say, who is this all around girl that I have been hearing about?

Mr. Wit: Oh, you mean Miss A. Knockout?

Mr. Kant B. Beat: Yes, one of the boys was saying she liked sports and was good at all of them. Miss Stud Ent says she is getting her A. K. degree next year and keeps up in her school work besides keeping all of her social engagements.

Mr. Wit: O, yes, and every one likes her. She is Assiduously Konsiderate of every one. Abundantly Knowing and Amazingly Klever as we have just said. She is also, Alluring Kute and Approvingly Knobby. See how she is holding the attention of such a select group. Her family is Aristocratically Kultured and she is Absolutely Korrect.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (excitedly) I must meet her tonight. Will you introduce me?

Mr. Wit: Come on, my boy.

A Kurtain.

Intermission

SCENE: A KNIGHT, A KANOE, A KANAL.

Time: In the following summer.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (paddling just once in awhile) I will never forget this night. It is the Anti Klimax of my life.

Miss A Knockout: (Smiling) Mine, too.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: Do you know that the night when I first met you seems years ago and yet, you have brought so much into my life since then that it does not seem possible that you could accomplish so much in such a short time.

Miss A Knockout: Are you sure it is all my fault?

Mr. Kant B. Beat: Dearest, from the moment I met you things changed for me.

Miss A. Knockout: What about those other girls?

Mr. Kant B. Beat: Oh, they were all one-sided, one a scholar, another a sportsman and another a social butterfly. None of them, however, know a thing about A Kook book or a sewing machine. They are interested in one line and are satisfied merely with following that desire. You, my dear, can do them all with an ease and grace that adds to your charm.

Miss A. Knockout:: You are a regular advertising manager for me but let me be one for you. I watched you succeed in your studies during your first year at A College; your second year showed me your wonderful athletic ability; and your third year established a social position that anyone would be proud to have. And, dear, now you see that you have all three in one and you are truly an all around man.

Mr. Kant B. Beat: (breaking in) And when i met—

Miss A. Knockout: (stopping him) And that goes to prove you live up to your name, you Kant Be Beat!

Mr. Kant B. Beat: I still maintain that you did everything. But let us look into the future for you know we are ready to receive our A. K. degrees.

A Kurtain.

LETTERS HOME

Dear Famlly:

In the midst of my mad search I stop to remind you that I'm still alive. It's really a wonder, though, because I have gone into every conceivable place looking for that Senior pennant. It would take a second Columbus to discover a hiding-place that I haven't searched, but I haven't given up yet. That's the right spirit for a child of yours, isn't it, mother?

You made the big mistake of your lives in not coming down for Senior-Senior Middle Day. It was a perfect fight. Everyone was a good sport and a good athlete too—and some how the score didn't mean so much to us. It was the spirit that counted. We shall hate most awfully to say good bye to the seniors.

I much go back to my search. I never felt so much like Sherlock Holmes before in my life. Wont you please have a little family conference, get out the birds-eye view of the campus in the front of the catalogue and try to find the hiding place for a strong box. If you're inspired, please wire me immediately.

Your distracted child.

P. S. Dad, dear, what is the fare home? I was wondering.

Still Distracted.
Daughter.

We've never yet heard of the absent-minded Prof. who put an A on an exam paper when he meant to put an F.

STUDIO RECITALS ARE GIVEN WITH SUCCESS

Several of the teachers in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music have held studio recitals the past week with marked success. While the audiences are restricted to the class mates of the performers, the work is always carefully and artistically done, and is a very important part of the year's work, being especially valuable in imparting good poise and the ability to play easily in public.

On Friday afternoon, May 4, part of Miss Massey's class in piano gave the following interesting program:

Waltz ..... Pesse
Miss Vallie Smith
Air de Beliet ..... Thome
Miss Evorine Sweeton
Poeme Evotique ..... Crieg
Miss Harriet Ingram
Valse Lente ..... Strauss
Miss Mildred Poole
Summer Night ..... Crieg
Miss Dorinda Hollinshead
Uncle Remus ..... MacDowell
Miss Whitefield Morelli
Asphodel ..... Scott
Miss Sue McQuiddy
Spanish Caprice ..... Wachs
Miss Jennie Zoe Graves
Dawn ..... Friml
Miss Elizabeth Simpson
En Bateau ..... De Bussey
Miss Loraine Hodges
Nocturne ..... Spinelli
Miss Margaret Marling
Concert Etude ..... MacDowell
Miss Ludie Emerson

Monday afternoon the following piano pupils of Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose gave a program; Misses Laura McAllister, Mary Ethel Dale, Ethel Walker, Susan Brandau, Frances Rose, Florence Sawrie, Jean Hayes and Joselyn Hamburger.

Another section of Mrs. Rose's class was heard Thursday afternoon in the following lovely numbers:

In Indian Summer, .. Cecil Curleigh
Polonaise A. Major ..... Chopin
Tora Hockenberger
Evening in Naples ..... Friml
Louise McAlister
Song ..... MacDowell
Myrtle Thomas
From an Indian Lodge ... MacDowell
Carolyn Lusk
Melodie ..... Huerter
Della Martin
Impromptu ..... Remhold
Helen Engle
Melody ..... Cadman
In the Canyon ..... Dennie
Anne Leslie Nichol
Lento (Violin) ..... Cyril Scott
Sarah Shepherd, pupil of Mr. Kenneth Rose
Asphodel ..... Cyril Scott
Tarantelle ..... Dennie
Mertis Ward

Miss Helen Todd Sloan's vocal pupils gave an interesting studio recital on Thursday afternoon. Much was heard by other members of her voice class. The program follows:

My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose.. ..... Hastings
That's the World in June .... Spross
Miss Jocelyn Hamburger
Break O'Day ..... Sanderson
Miss Thelma Langdon
Mammy's Song ..... Ware
The Rose in the Garden .. Neidlinger
Miss Maxine Ronna
Felice ..... Lieurance
Miss Mary Katherine Greenlaw
Love's Echo ..... Newton
Miss Louise Cook
The Temple Garden ..... Spross
Morning ..... Speaks
Miss Sweetie Johnson
You ..... de Koven
Miss Alice Frasier
Nymphs of the Rhine .... Werkerlin
Miss Ruth Arnof
Slave Song ..... del Riego
Miss Julia Seligman
Songs of Spring ..... Neidlinger
Miss Margaret McRae

WARD-BELMONT ORCHESTRA GIVES BRILLIANT PROGRAM

A large number of music lovers in Nashville crowded the school auditorium on last Wednesday evening for the occasion of the annual program by the Ward-Belmont Orchestra, directed by Mr. Kenneth Rose, Director of Violin. The Orchestra numbers fifty musicians, trained to a high point of efficiency of musical excellence. The beauty and success of the orchestra's annual programs have made them notable events in the musical life of Nashville, and critics unite in placing them on the calendar of the city's worthwhile musical opportunities. The program of Wednesday evening was marked by even a greater success than usual. Miss Sarah Shephard, the soloist scored an individual triumph. The program presented follows:

1. Overture: Zampa .... Heroid
2. Ballet Egyptian ..... Luigini
   Allegro non troppo
   Allegretto
   Andante sostenuto
   Andante expressivo
3. Violin Solo, Concerto E minor ..... Mendelssohn
   Allegro molto vivace
   Miss Shephard
4. (a) Gavotte ..... Gluck
   (b) Andante Cantabile ..... Tschaikowsky
   (For String Orchestra)
   (c) Valse Bluette ..... Drigo
5. Polonaise (Eugene Onegin) ..... Tschaikowsky

JUNIORS ENTERTAIN JUNIOR MIDDLES

The members of the Junior Middle class were the guests of the Juniors Monday afternoon at a movie, Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable." After the show Eskimo Pies were served and small boxes of candy given to the girls as favors. Everyone declared it to be a grand party and one which they would not forget soon. "Hurrah! for the Juniors!" say the Junior Middles.

What is the difference between cinnamon rolls and pineapple ice?

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Extra! Eighth wonder of the world! Kathleen Pettenmier is planning to write a history of the world, including all the little fine points, so that in the future students won't have to do outside reading.

One thing of which we are sure is that the weather man doesn't believe in prohibition.

If a girl should eat a watermelon and then die what would her phone number be?
812 Green (ate one too green.)

PHYSICAL EDS HAVE PICNIC

"There will be about thirty in the party and we want food for twice as many. Because Physical Eds do not play with anything to eat."

Such was the committee's statement to Mrs. Robertson.

"Is there any more chicken? Sandwiches? Cake? Ice cream? Not now, thank you, come back."—"It's been a perfectly marvelous afternoon; perfectly precious!"

These are a few of the select remarks heard from members of the party themselves.

"Where is our department of Physical Education? There's only Miss McKinney left out of some thirty students!"

This was Dr. Blanton's inquiry on Friday morning, and the result thereof revealed that it was the "morning after the night before". Also it was left to Miss Cone to explain why Miss McKinney was the only one left.

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Scene: Senior movie.
(Villian grips heroine's hand across table.)
Elva K.: "That man certainly has the boardinghouse reach."

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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THREE NOTED SPEAKERS FOR COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMS

Dr. Blanton has announced the names of three of the Commencement speakers, who are among the most notable in the Southern country. The Right Rev. Charles E. Woodcock, Bishop of Kentucky, will deliver the address to the graduates on Commencement Day, May 31, and Mr. William R. Webb, Jr., of the Webb School at Bellbuckle, one of the best known of Southern educators, will be the speaker for the High School Commencement program, on Wednesday evening, May 30. The Baccalaureate sermon, on Sunday afternoon, May 27, will be preached by the Rev. Henry Sweets, of Louisville, one of the leading officials in the Educational and Ministerial work of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

FISK UNIVERSITY SINGERS GIVE SUNDAY NIGHT PROGRAM

The wonderful Fisk University chorus gave a beautiful program for us on a recent Sunday evening, their splendid united voices making a marvelous volume of sound and unique melody. Besides the folk songs and spirituals in which they excell, there were several solo numbers of great beauty and interest.

X. L. DANCE

The X. L. Garden Dance was to have been held on the Roof Garden, but because of the weather, took place Saturday night in Heron. The long hall was decorated as a garden, and guests entered by a gate, with vines and flowers climbing over it. All aronnd was a picket fence with vines and flowers.

At one end was a cottage, with white columns, and at the other a summer house for the orchestra. The dances were all named for clubs, and on the porch of the cottage, girls dressed to represent the various dances, announced them with appropriate verses. For the X. L. Stunt, Marion Kendall and Tora Hockenberger, dressed as a gardener, and a flower girl, did an attractive dance, and gave out the favors, which were dainty net-bordered handkerchiefs. A delicious salad course was served during the intermission.



THE OWL

You tell 'em, Seniors, we hate to see you leave.

HOW ?

I'm s'posed to write a poem,
(Oh, you've heard this tale before,
But kindly hold your patience please,
You're doomed to it once more.)

For how can I write of spring delights
Of the fragrance of lily or rose,
When one of those beastly spring-time colds,
Is a guest of my Roman nose?

Now how could I prate of sunny skies,
Of days serene and fair,
When my daily papers tell me
That its raining everywhere?

How can I write of schoolday joys
That to everyone arrive,
When I was forced to see just the Seniors
Sleep after six forty-five?

How can I write or how nice it was,
To have sent my home boxes away,
When my need for the clothes that have gone before,
Increases day by day?

So pity me my fellowmen,
Drop for me a tear or a sigh,
For I have to write this poem for you,
And the question rings forth
How can I?

FRENCH STUDENTS PRESENT SONGS AND PLAY

The students of the French department, of which Madame Andre Beziat is the head, presented a "Soiree Dramatique et Musicale" on Tuesday evening, May 15, before the student body, the faculty, and guests from the Alliance Francaise.

The program included three songs by a chorus of girls, dressed in attractive peasant costumes. The songs were: "Il Pleut Berger," the popular "Madelon," and as a fitting conclusion to the evening the national anthem, "La Marseillaise."

The following girls took part in the chorus: Minerva Gordon, Mabel Patton, Lucile Burton, Ferrell Tatum, Elizabeth Terrell, Carol Tyrrell, Delphine McDonald, Mary Sue Thomas, Frances Watson, Ruth Le Mar, Esther Allen, Alice Tibbets, Ellen Jane Fraiser, Catherine Hill, Louise O'rear, Margaret Quinn, Vera Wrigglesworth, Helen Tomlin, Telen Dornbusch, Emmeline Boyer, Earle Helburn, Margaret Winfield, Ruth Arnoff, Virginia Ogden, Mildred Montgomery, Elizabeth Woodbury, Vivian Pew, Lucile Astracan, Frances McMurry and Jean Willmarth. Miss Theo Donnel accompanied the chorus. A quaint solo, "Au Claire d' la Lune," was given by little Miss Esther Bridges, only 12 years of age. Miss Emmeline Boyer sang a lovely number, "Ouvre tes veux bleus, ma Mignonne" by Massenet.

The play of the evening was "La Lettre Chargee" by Labiche. The participants presented it in a most artistic way. The cast was as follows: Hortense, Mlle. Jacqueline Stice; Hector de Courvalin, Margaret Fisher; Peters Fougasson, Rosa Lee Dadisman; Francine, Corinne Alschuler.

The story concerns a young widow, Hortense who is to marry her cousin, Hector de Courvalin. An American Peters Fougasson, having seen her portrait, falls in love with her because of her resemblance to his late wife, Betsy. When Hortense refuses his offer of marriage, he attempts to hang himself, but he is thwarted by Hector, who arrives with a telegram announcing that Betsy is not dead after all. Thus Hector and Hortense are brought together again.

Much of the remarkable success of the evening is due to Madame Beziat who trained and directed the performance.

ANTI-PANS AND AGORAS "A-MAYING"

A week ago Wednesday afternoon the Anti-Pan and Agora clubs boarded the waiting trucks, busses and cars which were to take them to the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson. Once there, the girls became absorbed in enjoying the interesting relics which fill the old home; and the beautiful garden which adjoins the house. After a good picnic lunch, they reluctantly came back, singing many Ward-Belmont songs en route.

He—"If I marry you can you make the bread my mother used to make?"
She—"Sure, if you'll make the dough my father used to make."

MR. HENKEL GIVES ORGAN PROGRAM OF GREAT ART

An organ program of great art and beauty was given by Mr. F. Arthur Henkel, Director of Organ on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. It was an open program, and many Nashville music lovers joined the students and faculty in enjoying the recital. Besides the program numbers, two numbers were added by special request. They were LeMare's lovely "Audantino," and the majestic Funeral March by Chopin. While every number was given with scholary art and charm of expression, it was in the classical music of Bash, Chopin and Wagner that Mr. Henkel specially excelled. The program follows:

1. Heroic Suite .....Rowley
   (a) Heroic Postlude.
   (b) Lament.
   (c) Mood Fastasy.
   (d) Trimuph Song.
2. Chorale—"Heartily Do I Desire" ..... Bach
3. In a Cloister Garden .....Lester
4. The Fountain .....Matthews
5. An Indian Legend .....Candlyn
6. Love-Death, from "Tristan and Isolde' .....Wagner
7. Toccata ..... Widor

T.C.C. AT BELLE MEADE

While the greater majority of W.-B. was partaking of the usual Wednesday night dinner, members of the Twentieth Century Club were enjoying dinner at Belle Meade.

Sans regulation uniforms, sans responsibility, the girls, in their bright spring hats and dresses, left for the country club about 3:30, expecting an unusually good time, and a beautiful place in which to have it. Belle Meade more than lived up to the expectations of those never having seen it before; and everyone undoubtedly enjoyed their "unusually good time," whether dancing, playing cards, or merely strolling around in order to view better the extensive grounds.

All too quickly the time flew around to 6:45, the unwelcome hour for leaving. But with each girl went memories of an afternoon delightfully spent, and replete with geniality and gaiety.

CALENDAR

May 19—Oklahoma Dance.
May 19—Junior Middles at Woody Crest.
May 22—Junior Middle Tea.
May 23-26—Examinations.
May 26—Senior Garden Party for College Girls.

PERSONALS

Corinne Alschuler was a happy Ward-Belmont girl the past week end, for on Saturday her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Alschuler of Aurora, Ill., arrived to visit her. They were at the Hotel Hermitage during their stay and Corinne spent part of the time with them.

Mrs. Kathryn Kirkham, of Sallman, Ohio, is spending a few days in the city to visit her daughter, Miss Kathryn Kirkham, assistant in the Department of Musical Science. She came especially at this time to hear Miss Kirkham sing in the reproduced song cycle "The Persian Garden," on Saturday afternoon at the home of Miss Elizabeth Bloomstein, a prominent Nashville club woman. It was given with great success by Signor de Luca, in April at the school. The same singers will take part.

Mr. and Mrs. Brevard D. Miller, of Red Cross Life Saving Corps, Souththeir daughter Margaret, for a few days, giving examinations to the Ward-Belmont students who have taken the prescribed course.

Mr. and Mrs. Brevard D. Miller of Shelbyville, Tenn., have been with their daughter Margaret for a few days. Margaret enjoyed the week-end in town with them.

Miss Jane Harvey had a pleasant week-end in town with her mother, Mrs. T. D. Harvey, of Memphis, Tenn. and her younger sister.

Miss Vivian Pew enjoyed the week-end in Franklin, Tennessee, with some of her relatives.

Miss Charline Hinkle, a graduate of last year, is with us again this week. Margaret Phillips went out with her both Saturday and Sunday.

Mildred Lowenstein had a pleasant week-end in town with Mrs. I. Lowenstein.

Miss Mildred Hunt enjoyed the week-end in town with her aunt, Saturday. She took Margaret Watkins and Mary Elizabeth Leffingwell to town for dinner.

Misses Martha Brantingham and Mirian Mulholland enjoyed Saturday afternoon with Miss Hollister.

Vena Foulds and Mary Katherin Greenlaw spent the day Sunday in town with Mary Katherine's mother, Mrs. W. B. Greenlaw of Columbia, Tennessee.

Marjorie Marx enjoyed Sunday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Solinsky.

Miss Rachel Harris had a pleasant visit Sunday, with Judge and Mrs. Stevens.

Dorothy Savley spent Sunday in town with her aunt.

Misses Mildred Culley and Grace Barnhill enjoyed Monday afternoon with Mrs. J. B. Wirt.

Misses Cassie Leta Garrett, Clynte Edgar and Jean Wilmarth had a pleasant afternoon at the home of Miss Cornelia Martin in West End Park.

ELECTION RETURNS

Much interest was manifest in the election of student council officers for the year 1923-24, which took place on Friday May 11.

The ballots read as follows:

President—
Irma Weicker
Dorothy A. Work

Vice-president—
Zelma Lee
Eleanor Grinter

2nd Vice-president—
Mary U. Latimer
Katherine Sidney

Secretary—
Virginia Beauchamp
Grace Barnhill

Treasurer—
Maxine Ronna
Evelyn Prewitt

Chapel Proctor—
Margaret Quinn
Mertis Ward

General Proctor—
Ida Kellum
Louise Pfeiffer

The results of the election showed:
Dorothy Work—President.
Zelma Lee—1st Vice-president.
Mary U. Latimer—2nd Vice-president.
Grace Barnhill—Secretary.
Evelyn Prewitt—Treasurer.
Margaret Quinn—Chapel Proctor.
Louise Pfeiffer—General Proctor.

We are confident that under their regime we shall have a most successful year.

NEWS OF OLD WARD-BELMONTERS

Arva Lee Epps is graduating at Rivers Academy at Athens, Alabama. The commencement exercises taking place May 19 to 22.

Former students of Ward-Belmont will receive with interest the announcement of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Ross, of Mobile, the baby receiving the name of Thomas McIntyre Ross, Jr. The young mother was Miss Katherine Toussmiere, a daughter of a former hostess in the School.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Hambaugh, of Newport, Tenn., announce the birth of Peter Catlette Hambaugh, Jr., on May 3, 1923. The mother was Willie Mae Sparks of Newport, who was very popular in Ward-Belmont. She was especially gifted in music.

MARRIED

Invitations have been received at Ward-Belmont to the marriage of Ruth Sawrie Shipp, daughter of Mr. William Pleasant Shipp, of Centerville, Tenn. to Mr. Edwin Hamilton Gregory, on Saturday afternoon, June 2, at 1 o'clock, at the Methodist church in Centerville.

A THEME IN CONVERSATION

Time—Any Monday morning before 9 o'clock.

Scene—Ward-Belmont School for girls and young women; Middlemarch.

Characters—Mary, Ruth, Margaret, Ellen, Frances, Jane.

Mary—Well, do you suppose she has even begun to put up the mail?

Frances (looking at her watch)—I doubt it. It is only a quarter of nine.

Ellen—She's putting up some; I see her.

Jane—Oh, I have some- Look girls, and its's from—

Margaret, Ellen, Ruth—Yes, we know. From him!

Jane—You're wrong! It's from my last year's roommate.

Ellen—What has she to say?

Margaret—The usual stuff: Dates, dances, dinners.

Ruth—Men, money, marriage.

Frances—Romance, rings, and Robert.

Jane—Guess again! She's at a place where the mail isn't up till 3 p.m.! (They all faint.)

CURTAIN.

—Virginia Pope.

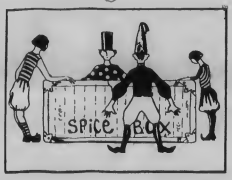
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Dodo, the child wonder, seems to have awakened an interest in geography. At one table the other evening, the discussion had to with the capitals of various states. "What is the capital of New Hampshire?" some one asked. "Oh, I know," a learned one replied with all sincerity, "It's Vermont."

Where you heart is, there will your mind be also. The other day Elva K. was studying her hygiene.—"What is rickets?" she asked her room-mate. Mary was making out an Athenian practice schedule. "I think she's jumping center," she answered.

It doesn't require a musician to play the green-horn.

They say in physics that of heat or cold, heat travels the fastest. We wonder if it is because we can catch cold.

The most perplexing problem of the day is "What shall I wear home?"

The best known little indoor sport in school is memory book signing.

WHERE SHE LIVED

Girl: "When a man bores me I always tell him I live in Vineville."

Davis: "Clever idea, and where do you live?"

Girl: "In Vineville."—Emory Wheel

Eleanor Rench: "Do students get killed often in Chem. Laboratory?"

Miss McF: "No, only once."

Well—Well!

It was the end of the second act, Lucy, the heroine, was starring.

"Bread!" she cried, as she sank to the floor. "Give me bread!" And just then the curtain came down with a roll.—Otaknum.

Rehab—Napoleon, Lee, Washington and Grant were cool in battle.

Second Rehab—Were you cool in battle?

First Rehab—Cool? Why man, I was shivering.

Meditating Freshman—(softly)—Break! Break! Break on thy cold gray stones oh sea—

You could break and break for a thousand years, and never be broke as me.

An elderly examiner was putting George Hahan through his paces. "Supposing," he began, "there was a gun-powder explosion and a man was blown into the air. You, as the nearest doctor, being called in, what would you do?"

"Wait for him to come down again," was the prompt answer.

EXCHANGES

IN OTHER SCHOOLS

The Pasadena high school has a flower garden valued at $5,000. No, flowers are sold, but are distributed during the Easter vacation and furnished to the board of education, assemblies, banquets, caffeteria, the various offices and class rooms; and each week a large bouquet is taken to the hospital by the Girls' league.

COLE LECTURER BEGAN ADDRESSES ON SUNDAY

Dr. Samuel S. Marquis, rector of St. Joseph's Church of Detroit, Mich., has been chosen as the Cole lecturer at Vanderbilt this year. The first lecture of a series of six will be delivered Sunday afternoon at four o'clock in the University chapel. The remaining five lectures will he given on Monday morning and night, and Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights.

The Cole lectures for this year have a touch of sadness connected with them. The Right Reverend Charles D. Williams, bishop of the diocese of Michigan, has been chosen as the lecturer, and had selected as his theme, "The Gospel of Fellowship." He had prepared five of the six lecturers, dealing with the Christian solution of the inter-racial, international, industrial, and interchurch problems when his untimely death, on February 14, abruptly ended his sixth lecture. Dr. Marquis was secured to complete and present these talks.

The subjects for the six lectures follow: "The Need and Nature of Fellowship," Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

"Fellowship Between the Races," Monday morning, 11 o'clock.

"Fellowship Between Nations," night at 8 o'clock.

"Fellowship in Industry," Tuesday night, 8 o'clock.

"Fellowship of the Mystery," Wednesday night, 8 o'clock.

"Fellowship Among the Churches," Thursday night, 8 o'clock.

What is so rare as a day in June? A U. S. postage stamp in a W.-B. mail box.

SHOES

Why are we continually hearing, "Don't cut the campus!" Has anyone been cutting it up? I'm sure I haven't seen anyone using a knife, scissors, spade or ice-skates on it. Oh, I know what they mean! They mean not to wear shoes with French heels or pointed toes. Haven't you noticed how easily this kind of shoes sink in and leave marks, making the campus look as if it were all cut up? Yes, that's the reason. And the new general monitors are helping the slogan along, so remember girls, don't cut the campus, wear cantilevers.

She—Your brother says you've been telling him about my affairs.

He—That is not true.

She—But he says you have.

He—I say it's not true. It's just like you, always more ready to believe other people's lies than mine.—Humorist (London).

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

We wonder if the recitals and expositions of the various departments of the school work are being appreciated as fully as is their due? They express a resume of the year's work, —they show the progress of the students along special lines,—they show the steady growth in improvement of the departments, as a whole. Do we appreciate the work which has been expended to make the art exhibit represent the art department at its best? Do we recognize the hours of labor and practice necessary to produce a successful certificate recital? Do we really understand that many students have given up their recreation hours to practice Expression plays, or to memorize French dialogue?

Teachers have trained and taught, explained and prepared their students throughout the year for higher things, and the students have, in their turn, worked and studied in their earnest endeavor to learn more,—to become proficient along one or more special lines.

So, now, when they give us proofs of what has been taught and what has been learned, let us give them their well-earned applause. They are the girls who are and will forever remain a credit to Ward-Belmont.

VESPERS

Ward-Belmont was indeed fortunate to have as its speaker for Vesper services last Sunday evening, Dr. George Stoves, of the West End Methodist Church. Dr. Stoves has spoken to the girls before, and he is always welcomed at Ward-Belmont by an eager audience.

The message which he brought to the girls last Sunday was exceptionally fine. He took his text from a passage familiar to all of us, the last verse of the nineteenth Psalm, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." Dr. Stoves' interpretation of the verse was that the theme of David's message was "high thinking." He pointed out to us the fact that "the book of Psalms is the finest philosophy of life ever written. It is the culmination of the study of the law of Love, and of Nature. It is filled with passages unequalled by other literature." Then Dr. Stoves gave his opinion of the modern conversationalist and correspondent saying: "The greater part of this life is serious, but the present age is spending most of its time on funny things. The man who tells the newest joke is looked on with awe and the once fine bits of conversation and letter-writing are arts no longer."

Dr. Stoves stated that he did not mean for his message to convey the idea that he thought civilization not reaching upward, but simply, that by the study of the Bible, we might percieve wherin we are not succeeding.

The talk which Dr. Stoves gave the girls will linger long in their hearts, together with his magnetic personality. Ward-Belmont will look forward to the time when it will again have Dr. Stoves as its speaker.

PENTA TAU DANCE

"Imagine yourself in a glorious clime,
Throw far all your cares,
Have a glorious time!"

So read the command on the front of the dainty tinted Penta Tau dance programs, and was the command executed? Well, just ask any one of the privileged group who were fortunate enough to be present, and your mind will be cleared from any possible doubt, for on Monday morning, Heron was the scene of one of the most successful dances of the whole school year.

The visitors were greeted by diminutive maids in charming oriental costumes. They next were conducted over a quaint little Japanese bridge, and then, presto!—they found themselves surrounded by the perfumed splendor and attractive coloring of a Japanese garden.

During the course of the morning, a delightful little Japanese song was rendered in a most winning manner by Miss Pearl Hartert. This was followed a picturesque dance and song number led by Miss Lois Caldwell.

Delicious refreshments were served and artistic little hand-painted fans were distributed as favors. When the girls reluctantly dispersed at one o'clock they were all unanimous in proclaiming the veracity of the "last but not least" adage.

A.K.'S AT WOODY CREST

The cars could hardly drive fast enough to take the A. K. girls to Woody Crest on Saturday night, May 13. But who would blame the girls for being overly anxious to get to Woody Crest, where they have such glorious fun. Pep and all 'round amusements? The first load of girls had claimed their beds and were enjoying card games by the time the second load came out to join their club sisters. All of the girls "took to" the barracks" about eleven o'clock where, in spite of some protests, they played "Antie Over" with enthusiasm and vim. It was rumored that several girls, in the club, were slightly troubled by ghostly noises during the night. The following day was all the A. K's. could wish for in beautiful weather and they made the most of it by staying outdoors. Ask any A. K. about the food. I could not do it justice, if I tried to write about it. There was almost an over supply of Strawberry Short-Cake—but "Babe" saw to that part of it. When the cars came for us at eight o'clock, every girl told Woody Crest "goodbye"—for awhile at least—but did any one of them miss saying that she had the time of her life? Well, I'll say she did not for we are: 52:1::1:52.

DR. AND MRS. BLANTON GIVE BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR THE MAY GIRLS

The fresh beauty of Spring's out door flowers lent attraction to the table at which Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton entertained a party of Ward-Belmont students on Friday evening, the occasion being arranged to mark the passing of May birthdays. The combination of iris, pansies and snowballs was effectively made, and the pale yellow, white and lavender iris were arranged in central baskets, surrounded by smaller receptacles filled with pansies, sweet peas and snowballs. Colonial baskets placed on the buffet and window ledges were filled with the same flowers. The name cards, in the shape of old time girls, were done in lavenders, yellows and greens, and half a dozen silver candlesticks held pale yellow candles. An elaborate menu was inaugurated with specimen strawberries.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton were assisted by Miss Mills and Mrs. Solon E. Rose. The young ladies entertained were: Miss Hilda Morris, Miss Ida Kellum, Miss Virginia Cox, Miss Mary E. Riggs, Miss Helen Kohrs, Miss Lucile Maxwell, Miss Pearl McClanahan, Miss Athleen Dickey, Miss Fannie Julia Phelps, Miss Kathryn Hill, Miss Thelma Hardeman, Miss Lucile Wade, Miss Annie Richardson, Miss Frances Williams, Miss Louise Handley, Miss Sarah Jeter, Miss Irene Jones, Miss Lois Boone and Miss Marie Baucom.

LETTERS HOME

Dearest Family:

I've been a social peanut uearly all year, but just lately I've been quite stepping out. I wish you could have seen the XL and Penta Tau dances. They were both so clever. I've been so busy haven't had time to write.

Last Tuesday night we had a French play here at school. There were several jokes in it, of course. I didn't see a one of them, but I sat next to a smart girl and every time she laughed, I did, too. I really succeeded in looking rather intelligent.

Your darling daughter is going to appear in the fashion show tonight in a dress she made herself. Aren't you proud of her? A dress made is a dress earned—don't you think?

I have been sleeping wonderfully the last few nights when I think that I'm under the last bed spread of the year. Just think! Only 2 weeks from today and you'll see.

Your eager offspring.

ACADEMIC NEWS

Miss Townsend's Certificate Expression students are to give Shakespeare's play, **As You Like It**, to Ward-Belmont on May 28. The Certificate pupils are to be assisted by Miss Townsend's College Expression pupils. We, the students of Ward-Belmont, are looking forward with pleasure to May 28.

Miss Hollinger's Biology class has been studying the behavior and structure of minds, from the lower to the higher forms, for the last half years

Miss Ross' first and third period English D classes are studying Brownings **The Ring and the Book.** "The psychology students, who are taking this course, are very fortunate, indeed; for Miss Scruggs is going to talk to them on the psychology of the book.

Miss Alberta Ross' sixth period sociology class is studying the history and development of the family. The seniors, taking sociology, are now required to attend the last weeks' recitations but they are invited to hear Miss Ross talk to the class on Crime. The seniors are looking forward with pleasure to Miss Ross' talk.

Dr. Whitson's Bible A class has finished the course offered for this year. For the last lessons, the class is studying a bare outline of the Life of Christ.

Miss Shouse's English A classes are writing short stories that are to be from five to ten pages in length. The girls in her classics are enjoying the work in narration immensely.

Miss Kirkham's theory II classes are studying the joining of triads, and are so beginning on the first steps of harmony.

STUDIO RECITALS

With the closing days of school, come numerous studio recitals in the Music department, and while the audiences are limited to the pupils, the programs represent a high degree of musical excellence and skill. One of these was given by part of Miss Maxwell's class in Piano on Friday afternoon, when the following program was given:

Purling Spring ..... Schytte
Frieda Derdeyn
Caprice ..... Lack
Evelyn Neadstine
Barcarolle ..... Jensen
Jeannie Chenault
Romance ..... Sebelius
Sarah White
Coquettrie ..... Heller
Ruth Hardy
At the Carnival ..... Grieg
Mary Muesse
Scherzo ..... Mendelssohn
Frankie McKinney
Autumn ..... Moszkowski
Margaret Quinn
Etude Op. No. 9 ..... Chopin
Bertha Cagle
Ballade in A flat ..... Chopin
Louise Cook

THE X–LSIOR COUNTY RUSTLER

W-B COUNTY, MAY 19, 1923

SO THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW

Since the X-Lsior County Rustler has been under the new management, have you noticed any difference in the selection of news and method of procedure? Perhaps, those of you who read it religiously have already divined our purpose, but we find it advisable to put forth our aim in order to be understood. Ours is not a so-called "yellow journal." We aim to publish the best and most beneficial news, leaving out such scandal as unauthorized feeds, unexcused absences, hall battles, etc., of which enough is speedily heard through daily conversations; and printing only that which will rouse the inhabitants of W.-B. county to a civic and social pride. We have many things to be proud of, such as our beautiful surroundings; our Senior Peach, through the success of which we are able to start the magnificent edifice named "Senior," after the peach; and our Willis form of government which cannot be excelled for producing happy, healthy citizens.

These are the affairs we try to emphasize, along with some help to every class of citizens through our Helpful Hints and Snort column. Watch us, and see how we develop!

CAMPUS VALLEY PRODUCE

Farmer Morrison and Head-Gardener Work have reason to be proud of the splendid crops that are being produced in Campus Valley this spring. Frequent pruning every Thursday afternoon has not been in vain, and every section of the valley is in splendid form.

One product of special interest is the Senior Peach that flourishes in the first rows of the central portion of the valley. This is by far the best crop W.-B. county has ever known and when the final shipment is made for "Most Everywhere," on June 1, there will be at least 87 varieties of this Senior Peach on the market.

A strange crop has grown up on the south side of the valley—we have been puzzled as to its name and worth but a committee finally decided on a name —"Pepurtheschool"—and the patent has been applied for. This crop will be weeded out by September and the best specimens tranferred to the central sections of the valley.

"Our friend and neighbor," Crosland has had on display on the platform, at the west side of the valley, several specimens from Peabody Park and elsewhere. Someone has called his display the 57 varieties, ranging from freaks of nature to **Happiness Hounds.**

A rare type of potato is also flourishing in the valley. Small crops of Physical Eds have been raised for several years, and owing to the success of former crops due to constant care, this "spud" is becoming more and more plentiful each year.

LOVELORN

A True Love Story

Act I.

The following announcement was received by A. L. L. Borders, 930 Housemail Route, Middlemarch, Tennessee, on September 15, 1922.

Mr. and Mrs. W.-B. Foot
announce the engagement of their
daughter, Every,
to
Mr. Ungodly Cantilever.
The marriage to take place October first, nineteen hundred and twenty-two on Campus Grounds.
All are urged to attend.

Act II.

December 15, 1922.

My Dear Jim Office:

I am a constant reader of your Bulletin Board, and I am coming to you with my trouble. Two and one half months ago I was forced into a marriage with one I did not love. Since then my life has been utterally miserable, especially since my husband has forced me to adopt two very troublesome children—Corn and Bunion. As it is my duty to remain with this inhuman creature, please advise me.

Your tortured
Every W.-B. Foot (Cantilever).

The Answer:

You Poor Every W.-B. Foot:

I am very sad to hear about your unhappy state. Why not separate yourself from your mate for, say, about three weeks. Go out with other friends until about January 3. After the vacation, perhaps, affairs will run more smoothly.

Hopefully,
Jim Office.

But

Act III

June 1, 1923. Miss Every W.-B. Foot plaintiff, was granted a decree of absolute divorce today from Ungodly Cantilever, defendant. The charge was bitter and inhuman treatment. Two brothers, Mr. Satin and Mr. Hi Heel Slippers were named as co-respondents.

Ward-Belmont.

Dear Uncle Sam:

I am in love with two young men who constantly avoid me. These young men are Special Delivery and Tela Gram. How may I gain their attention?

Distractedly
X-L (my mark)

P.S.—I am constantly pursued by Two Cent-er, a boy I do not love.

Dear X-L:

The two elusive men to whom you refer, doubtless, do not know of your devotion to them. Content yourself with other young men of your acquaintance. Two Cent-er is probably a very desirable friend—at least, he is faithful, and that should count for something.

PERSONALS

Miss Margaret Ogden leaves June 1, for New Jersey to fill an important engagement.

The farmers from Senior Valley and Senior Middle Hill have returned to their respective homes, much battered and bruised, but looking forward to peaceful days.

Miss Christine Bryant, famous Oklahoma horse-woman, has been spending the winter in W.-B. county, and is leaving soon for her summer home.

Little Miss Dodo, from Senior Valley, who is seven years old, and remarkably developed intellectually, has been visiting in the county for a couple of days. She has now left for the west coast of Zealand where she intends to take up the study of clogging.

'TIS A PRIVILEGE TO LIVE IN W-B COUNTY

'Tis a privilige to live in W.-B. county. This sentiment has been voiced by many recent spring travelers who have stopped to give our county the "once-over." We never seem to appreciate fully the number of our advantages until our attention is called in that direction by strangers.

The first and most obvious of our blessings is the beauty of the surrounding country. Campus drive, taken by so many visitors, with its soothing southern beauty is especially worthy of mention. The green fields, beautiful trees and shrubs, and the interesting canine species, that are to be found in the county are a few factors which help to make it what it is. Such a restful, quiet atmosphere prevails on Sundays, when the hard-working peasants may be found lounging or playing in the fields, resting from their heavy weekly labors, and showing their contenment with their simple serious life.

Not only is there beauty wrought by nature, but also that of man. The well-built, beautiful buildings and homes are also much commented upon. We are fortunate in not having the grave question of housing facilities, as other sections of the country. Therefore, no houses or buildings built in a hurried, slip-shod manner are to be found in W.-B. county, a thing to be proudly boasted of.

Then, too, our county is blessed with a great supply of valuable water power. Campus Fountain Falls, located in about the center of the colony, and equalling Niagara Falls in beauty and power, is one of America's seven wonders. Another important body of water, which supplies the entire county with water, is Power House Reservoir. Our county is, indeed, rich in natural resources.

Within recent years, owing to the excellent school system, originated by Mr. Academic, and practiced in our state institution, Academic Building, we have brought to the front three or four poets, artists, and scientists. In athletics, too, we excell. Ours is a healthy, intelligent population. The important X-L society, which acts as our Chamber of Commerce and our newspaper editors cooperating with the county council is the last important factor in making our prosperous county, too.

SNORT COLUMN

Sleep with your mouth shut! Also keep it shut when angry.

If you like corsages, and do not receive any, all you have to do is become president of a club and promote a dance.

You will never get the reputation for generosity by handing out free advice.

It is always a good excuse to study French and Spanish at the same time so you can easily get "mixed up."

Life is harder out in the great open spaces, no doubt, but at least you don't step on chewing gum.

Don't destroy your socket fits! You may live in the north sometime, and they will make excellent snow-shoes.

Never henna your hair—look at Dubbey's!

Don't pick the tu-lips. They are only flowers.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Through this column we strive to solve some few problems of every day life by the busy housewives in this county. If you have any suggestions send them in. This week's hints are as follows:

In order that no mice be attracted to your pantry, it is absolutely necessary to keep every bit of cake, candy or nuts in small air-tight tin boxes.

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LADIES' SPORT APPAREL

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

To keep your clothes clean—don't wear them (unfortunately this doesn't apply to teeth).

In planning your meals, do not fail to include a reasonable amount of iron (nails, etc.) in order that your family's complexion may be its best.

After cleaning your last summer's hat, buy a new one.

Club sandwiches are appropriate for all occasions. We suggest an X-L Club sandwich as the "best ever."

INGREDIENTS.

X-L Justice—Juanita Willis.

X-L Dependability—Julia Weinhrener.

X-L Pep—Beckey Thacher.

X-L Sincerity—Marguerite Fisher.

X-L Charm—Nell Atwood.

X-L Good Humor—Alice Hunt.

X-L Artistic Ability—Margaret Farrar.

X-L Conscientiousness—Mary Board.

X-L Wit—Tora Hockenberger.

X-L Snap—Alice Logsdon.

When feeling grumpy, try this as an excellent (bracer—both physically and mentally. Its a sure cure for anything:

Scatter a few tacks on the floor of your bedroom. Early in the morning put Sloan's liniment on your chest. Leap out of bed, and while dancing on the tacks sing the Pep song. Finally break a light globe and yell—"May 31st!"

EXCELSIOR

(Apologies to Edgar Guest?)

The shades of night were falling fast.
The day, June, had come at last,
A girl, who tried both straw and hay,
To pack her scattered things away,
Was searching wildly to and fro,
(The time had almost come to go)—
To find the very best of mixture
In which to pack her crush's picture.
An X. L. girl came strolling by,
And seeing a tear in the poor girl's eye.
Offered some advice and soon confessed
"Our club can tell you what's the best.
This motto's often pulled us through,
And now I'll pass it on to you.
For quality in everything,
This compound's praises we will sing
Excelsior."

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS IN THE HISTORY OF MAMMOTH CAVE

"Be careful, girls, or you'll all go trickling down the Cork Screw."—Martha Williamson

"Have you any more Bottomless Pits?"—Kathleen Ruttenmier (in search of postal cards.)

"Mammoth Cave History, just 50 cents."—The peddler.

"Have another sandwich."—Dr. Crosland.

"Please pass the salad dressing."—my share. You carry it."—Everyone.

"Oh, just look!"—The same.

Sis Lindsay.

The boy—"You look sweet enough to eat."

The Girl—"I do eat—"Where shall we go?—The Buzz.

CONDUCTORS AND MOTORMEN

(From the Johnson City Staff.)

As a rule the humor in Harper's Magazine is none of the best. It seems to lack something of the hilariousness which characterized the sayings of the late and much lamented Mark Twain. Countless readers have become bewildered and not a few have gone crazy, in attempting to comprehend just where the fun was. But in the April number the magazine has made good for once and atoned for all former delinquencies. The jest is well worth repeating.

It is an illustrated joke, showing the interior of a street car, with the motorman barely discernable at the further end and the conductor, good worthy man, shaking hands with a dear old lady from the country, who is preparing to leave the car, having apparently reached her destination. The leave taking is not of the conductor's ordering, but of the dear old lady from the country, who as she smilingly grasps his hands says to him, says she:

"Goodby, Conductor; say goodby to the motorman for me, please." No wonder the conductor and the passengers look dumbfounded. For never before on that or any other car had any one been known to say goodby to a conductor. To the conductor it must have been beyond the range of earthly experience that any one should tell him goodby. And even if it was comprehensible that some good soul fresh from the hinterland should wish to take an affectionate leave of him, why should it be thought necessary to lug the motorman in? A conductor was supposed in a way to move in good society, he was by nature an affable man, courteous, bland, much given to helping people on and off his car, a man of dignity and culture. But a motorman, good heavings! The courtesies extended the conductors and motormen of our street car service are, we think, all too scant, and we trust the example set by this considerate old lady from the country will be followed by our citizens in general. How it must gladden the heart of a conductor, accustomed as he is to the jeers and scoffs and ribaldry of the multitude, to have some one speak to him. While to have some one from time to time extend a hand in parting and say goodby and wish him well, must be to his troubled spirits like balm in a weary land; an oasis in the desert of his life.

Teacher—"Louise, I'm nearly tempted to send you to the office."

Louise—"Do you do as the Bible says?"

Teacher—"Never mind about tha ; just now."

Louise—"Gee, I'as in hopes you did. The Bible says: 'Yield not to temptation.' "

Dorris F.—"If you go to the station and buy a ticket for a dollar and a half, where are you going?"

Betty L.—"I don't know."

"Well, what did you buy a ticket for then?"

THE YOUTHFUL MAIL CARRIER

(Original)

Jean Palmer had been teasing her mother for something to do until her mother's patience had been worn threadbare. "Jean, why can't you go out and play with your dolls like good little girlies do?" asked the tired mother.

Upon seeing that her mother had no good suggestions for amusements, Jean decided to take matters into her own hand. After a few moments of deep though she ran up the shaky old steps to the attic. Her keen sharp, little eyes, soon spotted out a queer looking little old trunk lodged in an obscure dusty corner of the storeroom. After much struggle, she finally succeeded in opening it and there she found some letters, yellow with age, tied up in neat packs, with faded pink ribbons. She hurriedly untied the missives and decided to play mail man. In another corner of the attic there was an old book satchel which Jean secured for a mail bag. She gathered her epistles together, and at the sound of the postman's whistle she ran down the steps and out into the street to "help the poor tired postman."

Jean sauntered up to every door and with an air of importance said, "Madam, here is a letter for you." Not a single person was slighted. Every one received one of those nice letters tied up with pink ribbons.

Mrs. Varden, the nearest neighbor of the Palmer's, consumed with curiosity opened her letter, and read.

"My own dearest.

"I simply cannot tell you how much I did enjoy your dear, sweet letter. It cheered me so much, sweetheart, and I feel when I read each epistle, that I must try to be a better man and in some way be worthy of the wonderful love you have given to me.

"Sometimes I feel that I cannot go on day by day without you, but dearest, I have discovered that love makes all things possible.

"When I think of my love for you and know that you are waiting somewhere for me, a song comes into my heart and I work happily as I think of our future.

"You know, sweetheart, that I could not write these things and mean them unless they came from the depths of my heart. Please, love, if you care for me as I do for you, write me soon, for I shall be in torture until I hear from you.

"In my hear, always your,
John."

Mrs. Varden burst into peals of laughter and decided to save that delicious piece of noncense for her husband to read. When he came home that night she handed him the love missive, and after reading the contents, he laughingly, exclaimed, "What a fool he must have been in those days. I did not believe the serious, stone-faced John could write so fluently. I must question him about this newly discovered talent."

The same thing happened in many homes that night and everyone enjoyed the letters Jean had brought. "Wait until I see John!" some exclaimed. After her morning's work, Jean entered the house with pride and happiness glowing in her face like radium in the dark. "Mamma!" she cried, joyfully, "I've been helping the postman!"

Mrs. Palmer gathered her baby into her arms and tenderly stroked Jean's pretty brown curls. A feeling of pride arose in her as she gazed down into the sparkling, brown eyes of her child and she fondly kissed the soft lips offered her. When Mr. Palmer came home that night, Jean ran to meet him and informed him of her great accomplishment. He picked up his little daughter and proudly said, "Someday you are going to be a fine woman." Jean did not always understand what her father meant, but she loved to be carried away in his big, strong arms and she nestled contentedly in his grasp.

The next morning the terrible blow fell. When Mr. Palmer went out to get his morning paper, he was greeted with a "Good-morning, my own dearest" to which he replied in a curt, ill mannered way, "Good Morning."

He was just about to enter the house, when another voice called, "Hello, sweetheart." With that greeting Mr. Palmer slammed the door and walked disgustedly to the breakfast table. "Why, dear, what is the matter?" questioned his wife.

"Oh, nothing," tartly replied her husband. "Our neighbors seem to be a bit sentimental!"

All day at the office Mr. Palmer was addressed in honeyed words which caused him to become so angry that he left two hours before closing time. On the car he met Mrs. Varden, who informed him that the letter he had written was just "too sweet for words." "Letters!" ejaculated Mr. Palmer, "why, Mrs. Varden, I fail to understand what you are referring to."

"Why, the letters little Jean gave us yesterday," replied his neighbor.

Mr. Palmer stormed into his house that evening and in angry tones demanded the presence of Jean. "Jean, where did you get those letters you passed around to the neighbors?" roared the enraged father.

"I found them in the attic, daddy, tied up with pink ribbons," innocently replied Jean.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Palmer, in anguish, "My love letters, the ones you wrote me, John, before we were married." She turned accusingly to Jean and asked her why she had taken the letters.

"I only wanted to help the poor tired postman, mamma," returned Jean with a weak little voice, choked with sobs. The pathetic expression on the child's face caused both parents to laugh, but Mrs. Palmer had learned her lesson. She secured her letters and burned them.

Charlie: "Hello, I want to order a box for tomorow."

Man: "What size?"

Charlie: "There will be six of us in the party."

Man. "But they only come in single sizes—we'll have to have it made special."

Charlie: "Is this the Lyceum?"

Man: "No, this is the undertaker."

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A VACATION

Helen—"Did you know that we get off at the end of fifth period?"

Hester—"What for?"

Helen—"To go to the sixth period."

The dear old Scotchwoman tramped miles over the hills to get a bottle of medicine for a small boy who was ill in her remote village. When she had described the symptoms, the doctor set about preparing the mixture, one ingredient of which was a poison which could be administered only in the smallest quantities. She watched him pouring it out with the utmost care into the measuring glass. He poured a little from the bottle, held the glass up to the light, and then put in a few more drops. "Ah, doctor," she said reproachfully, "you needna be sae stingy. Remember, it's for a puir wee orphan laddie."—Ex.

Professor (very near-sighted)—Hullo, Jones! You look like some one else.

James—I am. This isn't Jones.—Pitt Panther.

Gentleman in town: "What are you doing in town now? It's after five."

W. B. Girl: "There now! I knew I had forgotten.

The Normalite.

"Want to buy some insurance?"

No, if I would die it would take my family the rest of their lives to get it."

"Ho, ho—I guess that you haven't heard about the Lightning Insurance Company, have you?"

"I can't say I have."

"Well, to show how speedy we are I'll tell you what happened this morning.

"We have our office in the second floor of the Goophus Building and this morning one of our policy holders who was insured for ten thousand dollars was washing windows up on the tenth floor. Well, he slipped and fell and as he passed our window on the second floor we handed him out the ten thousand in cash."—Yellow Jacket.

A Southern colored woman calls her little boy "Prescription."

"What an odd name," a visitor said to her. "Why in the world do you call him that?".

"Ah call him dat," was the reply, "becuz Ah has setch hahd wuk gittin 'im filled."—Rambler.

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We want you.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1923 | NUMBER 30

FINAL BIRTHDAY DINNER GIVEN FOR MAY GIRLS

Pink peonies in splendid profusion, were used to decorate the dinner table at Ward-Belmont Friday evening, when Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton gave the last in a series of handsomely appointed dinners, at which they have complimented the passing of the students' birthdays. The custom, inaugurated last Fall, and continued semi-monthly since then, has entertained the greater portion of the students in this elaborate way. This final hospitality was one of the most beautiful of the whole series, both in arrangement and decorative plan.

Clusters of huge pink peonies were massed in a silver bowl on the table, and set about on the buffet and window ledge. There were pink candles, and the name cards were Spring maidens in pink frocks. By each plate there was a cluster of pink roses. An elaborate menu was interspersed with toasts offered by the guests for each other, for their summer plans, and a return to Ward-Belmont in the Fall.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton were assisted by Miss Lelia D. Mills and Mrs. Solon E. Rose, and the young ladies whose birthdays were celebrated were: Misses Mona Atkins, Rachel Harris, Mary L. Williford, Virginia Bennett, Julia Weinbrenner, Sara Cox, Ione Aitken, Norma Loeber, Anne Marsh, Margaret Miller, Marion Lindsey, Evorine Sweeton, Katherine Mobley, Martha Meade, Katherine Hobbie, Helen Campbell, Emily Schenck, Susie Spragins, and Rosa Caldwell.

MRS. BLANTON'S TEA FOR JUNIOR MIDDLES

A very lovely tea was given by Mrs. Blanton for the Junior Middle class on Tuesday afternoon, May twenty-second, from four to six o'clock. Beautiful shaded pink and white peonies exquisitely arranged made the parlors and drawing room attractive.

During the course of the afternoon, a group of songs, including "At Dawning," "A Seville Love Song," and "To You," were well sung by Miss Lois Caldwell, a member of the class. Delicious refreshments were served. In the influence of such a hospital atmosphere, every guest present thoroughly enjoyed the social time.

Mrs. Blanton was assisted by Miss Mills, Miss Norris, Mrs. Solon E. Rose Miss Shapard, who is the Junior Middle Sponsor, and the class officers: Miss Caroline Chaney, president; Miss Katherin Sloan, Vice President; Miss Eleanor Foster, Secretary, and Miss Henrietta Prewitt, Treasurer.

"AN REVOIR BUT NOT GOODBY"

Is the glory less of the sun's last rays,
As the day draws to a close?
Or is it not its loveliest
As it journeys to repose?
When the blazing logs of a fireplace
Cease to flicker and glare,
Is not the soft glow that they leave behind,
Softer and much more fair?
And so it is with us, dear friends,
As our parting time draws nigh;
And we feel the pangs of that moment
When we're forced to say—goodbye.
But oh, if we could only know,
Goodbye it could never be,
For we're bound by such links of friendships and love
That can never be broken, you see!
We may separate our persons,
But in spirit we'll never be far,
For even unlimited distance,
Cannot our memories bar!
So even though you're sad today
Smile, girls, while you sigh
For it's only "au revoir," and oh!
It can never be **"Goodbye"**!

COMMENCEMENT EVENTS

It cannot be the happy province of the Hyphen to chronicle the Commencement events, for the reason that our last issue will precede the Finals Schedule. But this much may be said: Every event on the program will be up to the High Water Mark of Ward-Belmont standard. Three of the most notable speakers in this section will deliver the addresses at the open programs. Dr. Henry Sweets of Louisville, will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday afternoon, May, 27; Mr. William R. Webb, of the famous Webb School, will deliver the address to the High School Graduates on Wednesday evening, May 30, and Bishop Woodcock of Kentucky, will make the address on Commencement Day, May 31.

Besides those pinnacle occasions, there will be two splendid musical programs, open to the public; the Certificate Recital, when fourteen music students who are to receive Certificates will be heard; and the General Music recital on Tuesday evening, May 29.

On Monday evening, May 28, the Department of Expression will present "As You Like It" in the School auditorium, and, as always at the open programs of our Expression work, there will be a large attendance of Nashville people. The stage will be without curtains, and will represent as a background, the old Swan inn, and theatre, with old houses of that period. Miss Townsend has written the prologue, and, assisted by Miss Cockrill has arranged and rehearsed the program. The costumes are elaborate, and to insure correctness, many have been made at the school.

The social features include a Senior Garden party on Saturday afternoon before Commencement week, and the all Club dinner, which takes place on Wednesday evening, following the Class Day program in the morning. Besides there is to be a very interesting hospitality in connection with the First Annual Home-coming of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association. Another delightful event also will be the traditional step singing on the steps of Academic Building on Sunday evening, after Baccalaureate Sermon.

"Are you on the Milestone's Staff?"
"Yes, I pen for the book."
"Well, you ought to be booked for the pen."

NEW COURSES TO BE OFFERED NEXT TERM

The coming year affords several additions to the Ward-Belmont curriculum. Due to the general demand and interest manifested by the students, Dr. Blanton has arranged to add the following subjects to the courses of study: Journalism, History of Education, German, higher mathematics and Greek. The students are keenly interested in these new subjects and we feel sure that their installation will prove to be a great success.

VARSITY BASKET-BALL TEAM

The Athenians won the undisputed championship of the school by not being defeated in a single game. They also led with championship points, the Olympians were second and the Panthers third. The girls who made first and second varsity are:

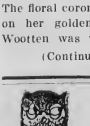
First Varsity	Second Varsity
Shepard, O.	Plansty, P
Forward	
Williamson, A.	Moore, A.
C. Forward	
Wilson, A.	Kahn, R.
Forward	
McBright, A.	Ligon, O.
Guard	
Muesse, A.	Powell, P.
C. Guard	
Jeter, A.	Fair, P.
Guard	

MAY FESTIVAL IS REMARKABLE SUCCESS

The Ward-Belmont Spring Festival, held Monday, May 21, on the west campus was pronounced by many to be the loveliest affair ever given at the school. Certain it was that the delightful program was received very enthusiastically by the large audience which numbered largely over 1,000 people.

With beautiful Miss Florence Bell as May Queen, the court was an exquisite assemblage. The queen was lovely in a beautifully modeled robe of white sateen. She carried an enormous bouquet of Russell roses. The floral coronet was most attractive on her golden hair. Miss Ruby Wootten was winsomely lovely in a

(Continued on page 7.)



THE OWL

Good News! The choo-choo's comin'—comin' for to carry us home!

PERSONALS

Dr. John W. Hicks of El Dorado, Arkansas, has been with his daughters Mildred and Virginia. Friday evening he took Maurine Gray, Rebecca Gilbert and Mildred and Virginia to town for dinner and they had a very pleasant time. The week before, Mrs. Hicks had been with Mildred and Virginia.

Dorothy Volkerding enjoyed the week-end in town with her mother, Mrs. Mary E. Volkerding, and her sister, Miss Ruth Volkerding.

Miss Amelia Oberdorfer enjoyed Saturday night in town with her aunt.

Miss Florence Bell spent the week-end in town with her aunt and uncle. Her sister and brother were here at the same time visiting Florence.

Miss Miriam Lowenstein enjoyed the week-end with her aunt in Nashville

Misses Dorothy Webster and Dorothy Rettenmier made a Sunday afternoon visit with Mrs. James A. Cayce.

Zelma Lee and Lillian Callaghan had tea Sunday with Mrs. Pitsinger.

Vela Dorsey was entertained Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Thomas.

Miss Olive Ross chaperoned the following girls to dinner at the Satsuma and to Loew's on Saturday night: Mildred Swanson, Alma Moore, Sylvia Klein, Mabel Patton, Margie Steele, Dorothy Holcomb, Pearl Hartert and Gladys Feld.

Mrs. Lucy Montgomery arrived this week to be with her daughter, Mildred, until the close of school. Saturday night she chaperoned Ima Kuster, Martha Swisher, and Mildred in town for dinner, Mildred spent the week-end in town with her mother.

Misses Martha Williamson and Helen Campbell spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Hibbett.

Miss Hortense Blair enjoyed tea Sunday at the home of Mrs. Gilbert.

Lucile Warne had a pleasant visit Sunday at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Pope.

Misses Betty Baxter and Helen Jacobs enjoyed Sunday afternoon and tea with Mrs. Jackson.

Miss Margaret Petter, of Hannibal, Mo., was the guest of Louise Morawitz Monday. Miss Petter was a former student of Belmont and Ward-Belmont.

TAKE THAT

"You would lose your head if it wasn't attached."

"That's all right! I heard you were going to Colorado for your lungs!"

EXCHANGES

The Song of Tutanhamen

(With apologies to Henry W. Longfellow.)

In the sands of Luxor, Egypt
Found they there a tomb of ancients.
Tutankhamen's tomb they found there;
Ancient "Tut" the mighty Pharoh;
"Tut" the mighty, much-ruled monarch.
"Tut" ruled by his wife's fond mother
The mother with her raw bone jawbone;
The much protruding rawbone jawbone.
But "Tut" lay there a lowly mummy;
A spice filled, cloth-bound, dried up mummy;
A mummy in a golden casket,
Far below the wind swept desert;
Far below the stately palm tree;
Far below the rays of mankind.
Sent they there a man of science;
A learned man in exploration;
The great American finder, Carter,
Sent by England's Lord Carnarvon.
Went he there to find some relics;
Relics of a bygone kingdom;
Relics of an age old nation.
There they dug into the hill side;
Dug with picks and dug with shovels.
Shovels out the dirt and debris.
Loosed the rocks and bared the doorway;
Bared the golden, much-carved doorway;
Bared the secret hidden doorway;
Broke the mystic seal asunder,
And a hollow sound fled outward,
As a sigh from out the darkness.
'Twas the last of all the strongholds
Of the ancient kings of Egypt.
Last despoiled and pulled asunder
In the search of modern science.
Then they lighted lights and torches,
Lighted up electric flash lights;
Flashed them here and all around them
Flashed them far and wide undaunted
Daunted not by ghostly mummies,
Grim and silent in the darkness.
Forth they fared into the passage,
Long and dank, hushed and narrowed,
With the lust of conquest in them.
There they found a host of treasures;
Treasures priceless in their value;
Priceless not for merely money;
Priceless not as gaudy trinkets;
But their value to the future
Is beyond all comparison.
Homer'd thus by primal nations;
So in modern times is honored.
All the people do Tut hómage!
For his value to the future
Far outranks his bygone splendor,
And the treasures that surround him
Are not counted as the rubies,
Diamonds bright and sapphires splendid,
But the documents and the records:-
Reign in state they shall forever
As an epoch in discoveries
For the treasure of all treasures
Was the casket of the monarch.
All surrounded by his riches
In a way to do him honor
As the mightiest of all Pharohs,
As the mightiest of the mighties!

—Exchange.

"Boy, call me a taxi."
"All right, you're a taxi."

SENIORS ENJOY FREE DAY

One of the most important events of the school year, in which the Seniors are particularly interested is Free Day. This day was celebrated to the fullest extent by the Class of '23 on May 16. As has been the custom the Seniors were privileged to sleep past the regular breakfast hour. They were permitted to go into town, unchaperoned, out of the regular uniform, and to take lunch, shop or attend a moving picture show. Their only restriction was the request that they return to the school for dinner at 6:00 o'clock.

Every Senior, from their vivid accounts of the good times they had, seemed to enjoy Free Day immensely, and their advice to the undergradnates is,—"Come back and be a Senior—it pays!"

"Physical culture is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed a young miss just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp this rod in both hands and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well," replied dad, "What won't science discover next? Why if that rod had straw on the other end, you'd be sweeping."

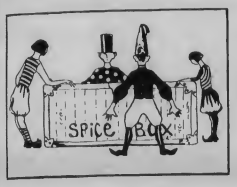
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Betty (admiring her coiffeur in the mirror)—"I'm an architect at doing my hair."

Louise—"Yes, an architect building on wood.

Who says the weather man isn't a friend of the W-B girls? He co-operated beautifully on May Day.

Kathleen Rettenmier made her debut into the new Senior Hall the other day, a little earlier than she expected. Moral: Don't try to jump ditches.

Impromptu members do not frequently have a place on May Day programs—but what can one do when a campus character like Pat decides to assist with the festivities by giving the dance of the ballet slippers before the queen's throne? We move that our dog Pat be rechristened "King of the May."

A convenient way of getting around the difficulty of writing a toast in a W-B memory book is to say: "I can't give you any toast. I ate mine for breakfast."

A stranger might have wondered why "Brother" was the topic of conversation among so many girls Monday. Ask our May Queen.

"My husband is never happy when I am out of his sight."

"Mine don't trust me, either."

They say "Seein' is believin," but I've saw folks use the'r tongues 'zackly like they wuz tellin' th' truth, an' ye couldn't b'leeve nary word they said.

Papa: (3 a. m.) "Good morning, child of Satan."

Daughter: "Good morning, father."

Everything is going down in price except pens and paper. They are "stationery."

No, Clarence, "The Book of Job" not put out by an employment agency.

"How did you keep your donation secret?"

"I sent an anoymous check"—Lampoon.

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

In 1866 and 1888, Ash Wednesday fell on St. Valentine's Day and Easter Sunday on April Fool's Day. The same thing happened this year. This queer combination of dates will occur only three times in another century—1934, 1945, and 1956.

Editors Note:—

Yes the Hyphen knew it and printed the fact six weeks ago.

EXCHANGES

VANDY DEBATERS NOW BUSY ABROAD AND AT HOME

Debating the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That organized labor should enter politics as a separate party," Walton Whitewell and D. H. Rozier, representing Vanderbilt defeated the University of Texas at 8:00 p.m. Friday evening in the University chapel.

Alfred W. Taylor and Leo Bearman, debating the same question, lost to the University of Mississippi, won from Tulane University, and from Baylor at Waco, Texas, and lost to S. M. U. at Dallas, alternating both the affirmative and the negative sides. Paul S. York and David Wade left Wednesday for Sewanee where they will debate with the Universtiy of the South that evening. From there they will go to Emory, Auburn, and to Georgia. All of these debates will be on the question of the cancellation of allied war debts. E. B. Wiliams and A. D. Stephens will debate Kentucky here April 21 on the same question.

IN OTHER SCHOOLS

Posture Week was inaugurated, March 3, at the Pasadena high school to promote better individal posture. Each pupil was given a pennant every morning which he forfeited if any teacher caught him during the day in a poor standing position. The pupil holding the greatest number of pennants at the end of the week was duly rewarded.

The Wit and Humro club is the newest organization at the Piedmont high school, California. The purpose of the club is the study of wit and humor, in order to create a more appreciative attitude toward it.

One of the largest radio outfits in the west was installed at the Boise, Idaho, high school. The outfit was put together by students at a cost of $150.

A PROTEST

The digging up of Old Man Tut
Has met with some slight opposition.
To me it makes no difference, but
I'll add my name to this petition:
There in his valley let him stay—
You wonder why I make this prayer? Oh!
How could I miss a chance to say,
"None but the grave deserves the Pharaoh"?

—Desmond Carter, in London Opinion.

The average student of the University of Iowa walks 8.1 miles from 8 o'clock in the morning to 8 o'clock at night, according to records made there in the past week. Pedometers were worn by eight people, four men and four women, for the twelve hours which comprise the average school day. The extremes were 13.4 miles made by a man, and 12.95 miles made by a woman who lives ten blocks from the campus.

He—Is my memory correct as to your last name?

She—You'd better try to remember my middle one. The last one changes so often.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont.

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

This is the last issue of the **Hyphen** which goes to make up Volume XII. It has been our privilege to fill this volume with the news of Ward-Belmont activities throughout the year. We stated in one of the earliest issues our sincere desire to make the **Hyphen** a worthwhile representative of the school and its ideals. It is not for us to say whether or not we have achieved the success we so desired; but in all true sincerity, we desire to express our appreciation, to the many members of the student body and the faculty who have helped to make the way easier and more pleasant for us, for the excellent co-operation and consideration shone to every member of the Hyphen staff.

We feel a little tearful at having to leave our positions on the Hyphen. We all appreciate to the fullest extent the honor conferred upon us with our appointments to these positions. But we are not going to make our leave-taking an unhappy one. Our motto is, "Keep Smiling When You Part," and we suggest its adoption by every girl in school.

The world is a very small place, after all. We will always cherish the friendships which we have formed here and there are a great many chances that we will meet each other again and again in the paths of the future. The Alumnae Association with branches in every State of the Union plays a great part in preserving the ties of friendships which exist between Ward-Belmont girls. The girls of the State Clubs have already planned many reunions of the girls from their own states. We suggest that every girl take advantage of these reunions to keep alive her friendships and her interest in Ward-Belmont activities.

We also suggest that every girl who is leaving school for the last time, continue her subscription for the Hyphen. Let us try in every way possible to keep in touch with the place which has become so dear to us....And let us always remember that back at our dear Alma Mater, the gates stand open ready with the welcome which greets a return visit from us all.

To insure our keeping in touch with our beloved school, the very safest and surest link is by joining the Alumnae association, and every member of the 1923 class should leave her membership dues, and have her name enrolled in that body, before Graduation Day.

PSYCHOLOGY CLASSES ENJOY LECTURE

One evening recently, the two classes in psychology under Miss Scrugg's supervision were privileged to attend a short lecture delivered by Dr. Mary Ronderbush, on the subject of "Exceptional Children." Dr. Ronderbush is resident physician at Peabody, a member of several clubs, and practicing physician also.

The lecture supplemented in a most beneficial way the work which the two classes had been taking up.

WARD-BELMONT'S ART EXHIBITION

(Nashville Banner of Sunday, May 20.)

Ward-Belmont's art exhibit, which opened Thursday and will continue free to the public for the next ten days, is pronounced by critics one of the ablest in all respects which the school has ever made. The art department of Ward-Belmont is one of the largest in the South or Middle West. Its instructors have received the best training obtainable in this country. Mrs. Cora Gibson Plunkett, director, and her assistant, Miss Louise Gordon, were both graduated from the Parsons School of Fine and Applied Arts in New York, and studied also at the Chicago Art School. Miss Edith Flisher, assistant, studied at the Philadelphia School of Fine Art.

The work embraced in the Art school course includes complete instruction in outdoor work, interior decoration, costume and poster design and many varieties of craft work. Specimens of each are shown in the exhibit, and are done with the utmost skill and correctness of line and color.

Perhaps the most striking section occupies one wall devoted to views of interior decoration. They include many varieties, and as original conceptions are full of strength and beauty. There are stately halls, living rooms and drawing rooms, entrances and courts, each one with notable features of arrangement and fine color application.

A series of costume drawing is very complete. The dress designs are confined strictly to the present-day modes, and they make a very interesting display, worthy of reproduction as fashion models.

The poster display by Ward-Belmont is always notable. It will be recalled that the students in that line in 1922 won a prize in a national poster contest. The exhibition this term is limited as to the number of pieces, but is very effective. Two that are done in strikingly brilliant colors against a bright blue background make an eloquent plea for sparing the lives of plumage birds.

In the line of craft work the collection is varied and very large. It includes many branches of craft work, and every piece is finshed with perfect art and painstaking attention to detail. Interesting to housekeepers will be the old-fashioned "tip-top" tables now come back into fashionable vogue. They are made of ebonized walnut, which takes a high polish, and have inlaid central panels of bright-colored flowers, similar to the Dutch flower pictures so much admired. Some lovely flower pieces are also shown. There is besides a fascinating assortment of parchment lamp and candle shades, some lovely candlesticks and scenes, many wicker trays and baskets, pieces of painted glassware for the table and quantities of smaller objects.

The exhibit is placed in the Y. W.

CHOOSE YE!

In the spring, a young girls' fancy lightly turns to diplomas, certificates, millstones, packing, tears at parting, home, family, and last, but not least—those boys it will seem so good to see again. And here's where the difficulty often comes in. When we see girls sitting on the campus looking off dreamily into space, moving their lips in an unconscious fashion at this time of year—immediately our minds think **exams!** In some few cases this is true enough.

But just a moment, please. Something tells me this is not all these various thinkers are troubling over. After working hard all year, there is a great tendency to turn the mind away from academic lines, toward something new and different. Some are thinking of travels this summer; some of the university experiences they will know next fall; some of the positions they are going out into the world to fill.

A great number of our girls are perplexed over tangled love affairs, and it is to those we want to give a little advice. It is so hard to choose between Bob and Jim. Why do they both have to be such marvelous dancers, so considerate and thoughtful, so mysteriously magnetic? We have heard of girls who became crabbed and cranky over such puzzling conditions.

Well, here's a little story. Once upon a time, not so many years ago, an attractive W-B girl had just such brain racking affairs to puzzle over. She could not straighten it all out, so far away from home, so she decided to wait until she could be nearer to activities, and there to think again.

She went home. Both possibilities met her with a hearty welcome. She dated and danced with them both all summer. She was still in an undecided frame of mind, when she happened to look through her W-B milestones one day. As her thoughts flew back over the previous winter, she suddenly came to the conclusion that she could be happier away from all this worldly strife—back at dear old Ward-Belmont. It suddenly came to her that she loved neither of her attentive pursuers. So the following fall saw her on the good old campus again, becoming wiser and wiser through her knowledge gained there. It seems such shame not to have everyone back next year.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

ACADEMIC NEWS

The practical work of the Playground Supervision course, which the class is now studying, is track work. The class is very interested in this phase of the course, for the track work is most enjoyable in addition to being very useful. The class is learning to run, to jump and the starts for both of the former phases of the work.

The first and second year Art classes have been preparing for the Art exhibit. The excellent work of the pupils has been praised most highly by the many people who have been privileged to see the exhibition.

Miss Scrugg's Psychology classes have been doing some very interesting work in connection with the courses. As we, probably, already know, the last half year of this course is devoted to child study. The girls in the classes have been visiting the various Nashville Public schools in order to get the practical side of child study. In visiting the classes, the girls noticed particularly the system of educating the child; in addition to this observation, the girls criticised the teachers' appeal to the child and the benefit the child was getting from the teacher. After the girls have visited the school, they will write papers criticising the system and the other things that they observed in the schools.

Madame Beziat's French A classes are preparing a paper, written in French, on the book which they have finished translating. "Mon Oncle et Mon Cure."

HYPHEN STAFF FOR 1923-24

The election of the new members of the Hyphen staff was held during the chapel hour on May 22. The candidates for election were all very capable girls and the results of the election were as follows:

Editor-in-Chief .....Gladys Feld
Assistant Editor.....Jacqueline Stice
Business Mgr.....Irma Weicker
Asst. Business Mgr..Katherine Sloan
Art Editor ..... Helen Pape

Reporters

Louise Schwab, Lucile Astracan, Katherine Faurest, Margaret Curran, Carolyn Chaney, Ina Mae Ashcroft, Bonnie Morgan, and Louise Saiu.

Several of the girls will be serving their second terms. With such a capable staff the Hyphen seems to be assured of a successful year in '23-24.

Freshie—What was that man giving the elephant to drink?

Senior—Camphor.

Freshie—Why camphor?

Senior—To keep the moths out of his trunk.

Exchange.

OSIRON OWL

ORDEALS

DEAR AUNT ALLINE
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity! Please tell me where I may obtain some kind of a combination kit, with a comb, mirror, and powder puff, for Angela Searle to use out on the baseball field. I have been a spectator on all gym days and have noticed Angela's need for something of that sort.

Sincerely,

DUBBY.

DUBBY DEAR:
Your dear old aunt suggests that Angela do her primping at home.

As ever,

YOUR AUNTIE.

(*Continued on Columns Two and Three*)

SOMEONE

There's someone who comforts and guides us,
In all of our pleasures and woes,
There's someone who has many true friends,
Has not, nor shall ever have foes.
There's someone who brightens Osiron,
By her personality sweet,
And sets us a perfect example,
For keeping appearances neat.
There's someone who's an inspiration,
To us always to put forth our best,
And she is so talented that we all strive
To do the impossible best
This someone should be disappointed in us.

And then, of course, you all know
That nothing's impossible for us to do
As long as she wishes it so.
Perhaps you have guessed whom we're talking about,
Who it is we so love and adore—
She's perfect in every sense of the word,
She's our sponsor—our
Sally Beth Moore.

I—u

W-B without Osiron,
Is like the day without the sun;
Is like a bird without her feathers;
Is like the ten without the one.
The school without Osiron
Is like a house without a wall;
For, of all the rest,
She's the very best—
She's the Club that excels them all.

I — u.

To begin to praise Osiron is indeed an endless task,
For all the laud and honor comes so very thick and fast;
Therefore let's not enumerate, but take it as a whole,
And show just why Orison is such a worthy goal.

When you first came to Ward-Belmont, what was it you first did hear?
That the club they called Osiron was the very best, and dear
In all the hearts of all the girls that come from far and wide—
The truest, fairest club there is—for her was prophesied.
She's always filled this prophesy, and always had first place
In honor, love, and brilliancy—in fact, in every case.
Her members are so happy 'cause they're Osirons, while
The others aren't, that they all wear a bright and sunny smile.

So if you see a beaming smile a-coming 'cross the lawn,
You'll know the girl behind it's an Osiron—sure as dawn.
And if you want to know something, just ask her what to do,
For ten times out of nine she will be able to tell you.

Where Dreams Come True

There's a school that's called Ward-Belmont, down in Nashville, Tennessee,
Where every girl is happy—happy as a girl can be;
And in this school there is a club with colors Green and White,
An owl stands for its wisdom, and a cedar for its might.
Its members are all talented in one way or another,
And stand together one and all, as brother unto brother.
Its standards reach unto the moon, its aims unto the stars,
Its honor's true blue as the skies, its good name nothing mars.
And in this club reigns harmony, and love, and happiness,
And in our meetings the good times we have are of the best.
Our members true and loyal are always for the cause
And that's why we are perfect, and haven't any flaws.
This club is like a lovely bower where fairies dance and play
With moonbeams every evening, and with sunbeams every day.
It's like the land of mystery where grievances are few,
Osiron is the land you know where dreams come true.

ALL TEN REPRESENTED

Dicky's full of pep and punch,
She's right there every time,
And Julia's dignified and just,
An' we all like her fine.
Web is entertaining, lively
Too, and very neat.
While Cassy's always diligent,
So dainty and so sweet.
Isabelle Enderlin's always nice
To everyone she meets,
And Philipp's live and wicked eyes
All other lines defeat.

Jelly is vivacious and
Black-narcissus rates,
And Martha's winning smile and eyes,
And good nature, always takes.
Hortie's darling and demure,
Our Cinderella girl,
And Em—we've saved the best till last,
She sets us in a whirl.
She's always willing—ready to he'p—
Loyal, staunch and true—
The idol of Osiron Club,
Our Em—so here's to you.

ORDEALS

(*Continued from Column One*)

MY DEAR AUNT ALLINE:

I can not help but overhear and see some of those queer things that are continually going on in the "Y. W. C. A." Every Wednesday evening I sit perched up on the top of the book-case with my ears wide open, because I get rather tired during the week for want of excitement. Of course you know that the officers of the club sit directly below me and conduct the meeting. Well, this night, just before the meeting was called to order, I heard a black-haired girl with flashing brown eyes (one of the officers, but I'm not acquainted with her name) utter some peculiar words entirely unfitting for a Ward Belmont girl, and then write furiously on a piece of paper. Her words were mumbled, and it looked as though no one but the president was concerned with what she was doing.

You are better acquainted with things of this sort. What could it all have been about? Waiting patiently for your answer, I am,

Devotedly,

OSI (Osiron Owl).

DEAREST OSI:

That person you saw writing angrily must have been Rosalie Daddy's Man.

You must not get excited over such common occurrences. She was merely writing the minutes of the previous meeting, and the president was rather disturbed because, I believe, you had visitors that night, did you not?

Affectionately,

AUNT ALLINE.

MY DEAR AUNT ALLINE:

I wonder what is the matter with Helen McCormick! Ever since the Osiron dance she has looked as though she had the mumps. I am terribly distressed over the fact. Will you tell me whether she is incurable or not?

Hopefully,

DOS'S YOUNG PUP.

MY OBSERVANT YOUNGSTER:

Have patience and I'll tell you all about it. While the Osirons were preparing for their dance, the pump broke, and Helen kindly offered to lend a hand in blowing up the balloons. I think she will soon recover from the effect.

SAME OLE AUNTIE.

DEAREST AUNT ALLINE:

While I was out at the riding tournament the other day I saw our old friend Em. I would like to know whether she is going to let her hair grow out, or if she is just trying out this new style hair bob.

Inquiringly,

COMET.

DEAR COMET:

I think she is going to let it grow out. Jim prefers long hair.

Faithfully yours for 5 more days,

AUNTIE.

DEAREST AUNT:

If you could be somebody else, who would you like to be?

Airily,

A. GOLDFISH.

DEAR MR. GOLDFISH:

That's a very simple question to answer. I would prefer being a member of the Osiron Club to anybody else in this world.

Most assuredly yours,

AUNT ALLINE.

RULES *for* TRAVELING

We need some rules for traveling,
Since we're going home so soon;
For we haven't traveled since X-mas,
And it's long from December to June.
But if you'll use these pointers
You'll get along alright.
This very minute I'll begin
Some instances to cite.
If you hear a bell at six forty-five,
You mustn't jump right out of bed.
And if someone rings for the porter,
For goodness sake don't bow your head.
Don't hang your head out of the window
When the train stops at a small town;
And every time that a man passes
It isn't necessary to frown.

When the porter says, "First call for luncheon,"
Don't make a wild dash for the door,
Because from now until September,
You shall be marked tardy no more.
If you drop your dorine or your hat-pin,
And a young man restores it to you,
Don't look all around and stare wildly,
Be polite, and say, "I thank you."

And when you arrive at your station,
You may run, laugh, and yell, if you want,
For there'll be no monitors present
To hush you, and say, "You must not."

OF WHAT DOES THIS REMIND YOU?

Pigtails and red noses,
Ghosts and chains,
Caps and 'kerchiefs,
All aboard!
Peanuts,
"Pierrot and Pierrette"
Powdered hair,
Snow-flakes and icicles,
Tuxedos and evening gowns,
Flying figures and wet towels,
Yellow and white vs. purple and white,
Maypoles,
Daisy chains,
Diplomas,
Good-bye!

NOW IS THE TIME OF CASTING UP ACCOUNTS

Various girls will do this in various ways. All will do it, though it may be an unconscious process for some. For some it will be a simple matter of a certain amount of time in the class-room, and the opportunity of learning so much. A very simple mathematical problem. But the girl who lets her balance end there, makes a mistake.

In addition to the time for casting accounts it is a time of parting. There are going to be friends it will prove difficult to leave. Some of these you may never meet again, others you may see often, while still others you may run across perhaps once or twice in later life. But whether you see these friends often, seldom or never in the future they must be taken into the reckoning when you balance your books.

Close associations cannot but have their effect on one's life. Your room-mate, the girls you are with in classes, those you play with, and against, on teams, the other members of your club, your teachers—these are due to have either a positive or negative effect on your life. One cannot live in close intimacy with another for any length of time without having that other mean something definite, one way or the other, in one's life.

And so, when you cast up your account, include the companions of your stay at school. They will prove definite assets in your life. The time will come when many of them will be gone, but their memory will come to you, times without number, to add a joy almost unaccountable to your life.

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LADIES' GYM OUTFITS

PEMBROKE HALL

Pembroke Hall has held its last hall meeting of the year, the last meeting that Mrs. Charlie will conduct as hostess of Pembroke. She has been with us for nine years, and badly as we hate to have her leave, we feel that it is only to Senior Hall that we could give her up. After the first preliminary business such as instructions how to pack, the hall presented Miss Morrison with a gift of appreciation for her loyalty and guidance throughout the year. She responded very appropriately with the following poem:

"Here's to our dear old Pembroke Hall,
Hall that we all love best.
Here's to the hall that's best of all,
Better than all the rest.
Though other halls may claim loyalty,
True we will always be,
To Pembroke Hall, that is first of all
Dear in our memory."

JUNIOR MIDDLES RECOGNIZED

"All we got was just a little hint
That said we might be recognized, too."

This is what sixty-four Juniors Middies sang when, dressed in their class colors, white and blue, they appeared in chapel on Tuesday. The audience was welcomed and the class sponsor and officers introduced through some clever limericks sung by Ruth Joy and Annette Wilcox. A short talk presenting the part that the Junior Middle Class takes in school closed with the following thought:

"As the highest class in Ward-Belmont's preparatory, we have always striven to be an example to the lower classes and in our activities to give due respect to our class colors, the blue for honor and the white for purity. So, we hope that in years to come the Junior Middle classes of Ward-Belmont may have a higher standard to live up to and may profit because the Junior Middle class of '23 has been here."

Marching diagonally across the platform the members of the class sang this song in closing:

"We're the class that wears the white and blue
Of dear old W-B.
Other classes are fair,
But they can't compare
With the class for me and you.

And when in after years we'll sing. . .
We'll make this pledge to thee,
To this Junior Middle class of ours,
The class of '23."

Thrills

"Your first A.
Your name in The Hyphen.
When you had your hair bobbed.
Walking up the hall with your favorite crush.
Being the center of attraction in English A.
When you make an announcement in chapel.
Your first initiation.
When the 'only one' asks you for a date!"

AN INCIDENT

I had to write a paper
For English as you see,
And my mind had never been so blank
That no subject would come to me.

The paper must be interesting,
And good in style and form,
But all I could think of this morning
Was the sunrise after the storm.

Last night I tried to write it—
But ended with a yawn
As my gaze wandered with the shadows
And the moonlight over the lawn.

This morning I went to breakfast and
Then to a first-hour class—
My paper was still unwritten,
And my thoughts were scattered—alas!

I took my seat in the classroom
And opened up my book.
The lesson was quite interesting,
Yet my eyes toward the window would look.

Just outside the window
Was a large and spreading tree;
I was feeling rather nervous,
And it soothed and comforted me.

As I said, the tree was spreading
Its branches all around
And the sunlight glistened through them,
And the wind made a whispering sound.

I thought of days in the summer,
A picnic in the wood,
And a lake o'er shadowed with willows,
Where those might swim who could.

'Twas a play on imagination,
That beautiful window square,
One that would cause any artist
His canvas at once to prepare.

I thought of sketching it myself,
Yet who could trace the breeze
With its murmuring whisper to the leaves
Just budding from the trees?

And who could with a pencil
Obtain the mellow light
Of sunshine and shadows blended there?
It was a beautiful sight.

I sadly laid my pencil down;
That scene was not designed
To ever appear before human sight
Lest brought up by the mind.

The teacher called upon me;
I answered, "I don't know;"
My mind was outside the window
In those branches bending low.

I took again my pencil,
And thought to write a verse
Describing the wonderful beauty
Of the trees in the universe.

I stopped—I wrote a single line
When these words came to mind,
"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

UNIOR MIDDLES AT WOODY CREST

For the first time the hospitable oors of Woody Crest were open to Junior Middle class of Ward-Belmont. Nothing could have been more preciated and enjoyed than this ecial occasion." In spite of the ril showers which had remained to end some time in May, about forty ns including our chaparones, Miss ppard, Miss Rhea, and Miss Wilson, ily started off on our treat. The ening was spent in playing games, which our sponsor proved her mpionship in "Spin-the-plate," ncing, and best of all gathering on broad veranda in the cool night to sing many of our class songs well as others. Reluctantly we nt to bed and we would have gotten of bed reluctantly the next morng if we had not all been sure that good breakfast was waiting. Talk diets all you will, but just try to p one out at Woody Crest! We y it can't be done. "What's your mber?" (No, not gym or post ofe box, but he number of biscuits n have eaten) was a by-word at eakfast. Altogether the weather uld not have been better, the strawrries could not have been more deious, Woody Crest, to us, could never ve been more attractive, and the irit of the class could never have en more fun-loving. To the Juniors ddies of '23 it was a perfect week d.

FASHION SHOW

On Friday evening, May 18, the omestic Art classes presented, in -operation with the Expression udents, a delightful Fashion Show ay.

The idea was unique and carried ut with a great show of talent in very detail.

The gowns worn were designed, cut, ted and made by the students of omestic Art. These girls are to be raised for their wonderful work! hey will doubtless be the inspiraon of many to take up this line of ork.

A number of Nashville guests apeared to enjoy the exhibits, which ere presented under the auspices of rs. Margaret Kennedy Lowry, diector, and Miss Sallie Beth Moore, ssistant in the Domestic Art Department.

May Festival Is Remarkable Success

(Continued from page 1.)

eavily embroidered frock of white anton with a wide band of brilants in her hair. Miss Nell Atwood, the Prep maid, was very handsome in a robe fashioned of white anton, with pearls twisted in her air. The girls of the Senior class n dainty frocks of pastelle shades were the attendants.

The ten social clubs, in original costumes carrying out the club colors, gave clever dances about the gay May poles.

The dances were carried out as Sherwood Forest Revels. Miss Helen Kohrs and Miss Marion Williams displayed remarkable grace and interpretative ability as "Robin Hood" and "Maid Marion."

The entire festival was presented under the excellent direction of the Department of Physical Education.

The complete program follows:

I Procession:

Outriders
Heralds
Ward-Belmont clubs with May poles
Dancers

II. The Court:

Queen's Court.....Senior Class
Queen's Maids ... { Ruby Wootten / Nell Atwood
May Queen ..... Florence Bell

III. Sherwood Forest Revels:
Frolic of the Elves
Dance of the Wood Nymphs
Shepherds and Maiden
The Bishop's Men.
Court Jester.
The Baron's Swordsmen
Knights in Combat.
Strolling Minstrels
Maid Marion ....Marion Williams
Robin Hood .....Helen Kohrs
Robin Hood's Band.

LETTERS HOME

Dearest Family:

Just think! This is the last letter you'll get from Nashville for a long time. It seems rather touching, don't you think? Its doubly touching for me to write this last epistle right in the midst of exams, too.

You missed the largest event in the South last Monday when we gamboled on the green, celebrating the Annual May Festival. Moving pictures of it were taken and I thought perhaps I should prepare you for the shock. It would be rather startling to be sitting in a picture-show without any warning of the spectacle you were about to see, and then to have your own offspring flashed on the screen. Please don't start a riot or anything when the great day comes.

I have just had a most touching scene with my uniform. I said goodbye to the dull black forever, and let down the colored embroidery on the hem and sleeves.

I have one request to make of you. Please stand right next the door of the coach when the train pulls in, so I won't have to make a flying leap as I did Christmas. The skirt to my new dress is too tight.

Don't forget to have the band all ready to meet

Your Loving Daughter.

The recent criticism of college men by Thomas A. Edison brought forth a reply from Dr. Henry Van Dyke, author and professor of English at Princeton University. "He is right in saying that our colleges are not what they should be," said Dr. Van Dyke, "but he is dead wrong in thinking he could make them so. The trouble with Edison's idea of education is that he merely wants labor that he can use in business. The colleges, at least most of them, want men who can use their minds intelligently and sympathetically."

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A CHEMISTRY LETTER

A girl in Chemistry lost her note book and, when returned, in it was found the following letter:

Denton, Texas, March 9, 1923.

My darling C 12 H22 O-11:

I know you are sweeter than sodium benzo sulphide. Surely, my heart flutters like floculant precipitate when I feast my eyes upon your hair of Mr. O 2 and Cu So-4 eyes. Oh, my love, I would like to take you to the parson and place upon your Ca hand the No. 2 ring. Oh, Miss Carry Sene, when you tie the (mg) ribbon aromnd your hair and have on the flowers of sulphur I will still be your old Ben Zine. Now Saccharine, if you refuse me this my heart will break like a red hot test tube placed in cold H-2O and my dreams shall be shattered like l'quid air before a furnace. I a chemically yours until you precipita in my arms or till H-2 S is used incense burners.

P. S.—I read a story yesterday a is sure was some Bromide, it was titled "Sodium," By Carbonate.

Yours,
Bro. M. O. Selcer
—Exchan

T. C. C.

True to her club is each T. C. gir
Willing to do her part;
Entering gladly in work and play
Never with fainting heart.
Trying to win for the purple a white,
In T. C. club you'll see
Energy, loyalty, pep and vim,
Things that will prove we are "in t swim,"
Here at old W-B.

Courtesy, courage and cheerfulness
Efficiency, friendship so true—
Nothing we lack for we have all the and
The talent and willingness, too.
Under our banner of purple and whi
Right at the top we stand, all right
Yes, T. C., we're loyal to you.

STANDARD HIGH

The new ruling at the University Kansas holds that no student will granted a degree from the college w has received "D" in more than 25 p cent of his work. By this meth the more hours of "D," the great the total number of hours needed graduation. Fifty hours of " would require two hundred hours graduation.—Ex.

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Sept. 5-1-, 1923

N. P.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XIII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1923 | NUMBER 1

THE BELLS OF WARD-BELMONT

Daily Program.

Rising Bell	6:45
Breakfast Bell	7:15
Class Bell	8:00
Chapel Bell	12:00
Lunch Bell	12:30
Class Bell	1:15
Dressing Bell	5:30
Dinner Bell	6:00
Study Bell	7:20
Recreation Bell	9:45
Silence Bell	10:00

Sunday Program.

Rising Bell	7:30
Breakfast Bell	8:00
Church Bell	10:00
Dinner Bell	1:00
Quiet Bell	3:15
Tea Bell	5:30
Vesper Bell	6:00
Lights Out	9:30

OUR ORGANIZATIONS

To explain fully to anyone the different organizations at Ward-Belmont would be too large a task for the size of this paper. For Ward-Belmont is one large unit composed of many smaller but important organizations. And it is through the influence of these organizations that the minds of the girls become broadened.

The most important organization of the school is the Student Council. It is composed of four officers elected by the girls, and the proctors who are also selected by the members of the school. The proctors consist of the hall, general, and chapel proctors. The Council carries out the democratic ideals of Ward-Belmont in that the members consist of one's fellow classmates. A girl, brought up before the Student Council for misdemeanor, is given the fairest chance she could wish. A word to the new girls—do not be afraid of the Student Council as it is happier when it helps than when it disappoints.

No doubt, by now, the reader has discovered what an important item is

(Continued on page 5.)

WARD-BELMONT'S MECCA

As long as Ward-Belmont has been Ward-Belmont; as long as beginnings of terms have been beginnings of terms—in short as long as girls have been girls there is just one spot on the campus that needs no pointing out or no accompanying list of instructions namely our tea room!

To it we repair daily after school hours to chatter over sundaes and sandwiches—to relax, and to taste the delights of its dainty concoctions after our school day. It is the Mecca of the campus—long may it live—selah!

Welcome Everyone

Not many hundred years ago
In this quaint old Tennessee,
There gathered hostile armies
Of those Generals—Grant and Lee!

Today Ward-Belmont welcomes
Those from North, South, East, and West;
Today we all are sisters,
Each one pledged to do her best!

Let's take our oath of fealty,
Let's fix our goal sky high,
And as those same forefathers,
Let's swear "to do or die."

A large united body,
All breathing as if one;
All filled with the ambition
To see the race well run!

So onward, then, all classmates,
Together—work or fun,
And loud that joyous greeting ring of
Welcome, Everyone!



RECORD ENROLLMENT AT WARD-BELMONT

"From East and West and Yankee Land
"We're the Ward-Belmont girls!"

Ward-Belmont today opens its doors to the American womanhood of thirty-seven states. Enrollment for this year has surpassed that of any other, due to the expansion of buildings and courses.

The new Senior home which stands at the extreme end of the campus marks an epoch in Ward-Belmont life. The new gymnasium affords splendid conveniences for the entire student body, and especially those who are specializing in Physical Education.

The erection of the new club houses is the fulfillment of a long cherished dream of faculty and students, and they are sure to make even more delightful the club life which has always meant so much to Ward-Belmont.

The subjects of Journalism, History of Education, German, higher mathematics, and Greek which have been introduced into the college curriculum, are a real addition to academic life, and give the girls a much larger range in their choice of electives.

OUR BUILDINGS

The building in which the offices of the home department as well as the postoffice is located, is known as Main Building. Main Building also contains two dormitories. Founders in the left wing, and Fidelity in the right. Directly opposite Main Building is the Academic Building in which the offices of the president, dean of faculty, as well as the library, gymnasium, and classrooms are located. To the left of Main Building is Heron Hall for preparatory girls, wherein is also located the popular Tea Room and dance hall.

Next to Heron is Pembroke, a dormitory for first year college girls, and at the extreme end of the campus is our newest addition—the beautiful and spacious Senior Home.

Back of Academic there is rising rapidly the handsome new Gym, and still farther on, dotting the South Campus, there are the longed for, the cherished new Club Houses.

NANCY LAWSON'S WEDDING INVITATION

Invitations have been received at Ward-Belmont to the marriage of Nancy Lawson, class of 1921, to Mr. Paul M. Jones, on Saturday evening, September 29, at the Methodist Church in Liberty, Missouri. The bride-elect is a well remembered figure in Ward-Belmont, where many cordial good wishes are expressed for her happiness.

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WHO'S WHO AND WHY

If you've been imagining Ward-Belmont's president as a stern, frowning, pedagogical creature, you're sure to be delightfully disillusioned. Affable, fatherly, jocund, in a word human—that's Doctor Blanton!

There's something in the quiet, though stately bearing of our, "first-lady," as we often call her, that inspires one to instant confidence and admiration. You will respect Mrs. Blanton, but more than that, you will love her.

There is one person in Ward-Belmont who inspires and desires all the eulogistic admiration we can possibly give her. Day after day she sits at her desk, thinking only of our interests—willingly giving her time and ability to the cause of keeping us contented. Allow us to present, with pride, our dean of women, Miss Lelia D. Mills.

In the days when Mrs. Davis was a chaperon there wasn't a girl in Ward-Belmont who wasn't desirous of being in her party, for ever since her stay in Ward-Belmont, Mrs. Davis has been known as an untiring person who radiates the excellent spirits which are but a part of her charming personality wherever she is. If anyone is blessed with that far-famed quality of DeLeon perpetual youth it is Mrs. Davis—that is why we are willing to sacrifice her as a companion in our shopping parties to a position which will bring her infinitely closer to us—that is assistant to Miss Mills.

The position of the dean of faculty has always been among the most difficult of any in the school. The person who is entrusted with it, must therefore be intensely capable, and patiently understanding. The above mentioned are qualities "choice and rare"—that is why the faculty is congratulating itself, on having procured to fill the vacancy left by Miss Norris, Miss Lena Hawks. We take this opportunity of welcoming Miss Hawks, and assuring her of our sincere co-operation.

You probably wrote to Miss Paine regarding your room even before you came to Ward-Belmont. You always could rely on a prompt obliging reply from her, and everyone wondered "what she would be like." Happily no one will be disappointed—we want you to know personally, our charming registrar, Miss Alma Paine.

She is in charge of all Miss Mills' correspondence; she manages sundry affairs of the home department; she heads the lost and found department, and with all these myriad occupations, she is never too busy to give you a smile and a word as you pass her by. We are more than pleased to greet once more Mrs. Plaskett.

When the seniors have a party—when the clubs have a dinner—when Ward-Belmont entertains on any occasion whatsoever, the one who is responsible for the artistic color schemes, and exquisite floral decorations is the much adored hostess of Founders and assistant to the home department, namely, Mrs. Selon E. Rose.

All your lives you've read of the irate old college librarian, who stared piercingly over fat glasses at the joke book which you were attempting to conceal in your Psychology text. Miss Saunders and Miss Wilson are proofs that fiction isn't always fact. They aren't old—they don't wear fat glasses and they only stare reprovingly. They're always ready to assist you, and they're not only librarians—they're friends to all Ward-Belmont girls.

We gaze upon our post office ladies with awe—more with reverence. How we envy them at the task of sorting out all the fat letters from 37 states! You probably knew who they were, before you did anyone else in school, for they were the ladies who gave you your blue book and P. O. box. Allow us to formally introduce however, Miss Swift, and her assistant Miss Shea.

And the lady who stands behind the bars guarding for us our much wanted packages from home, until we are able to procure them, is Miss Lester. Miss Lester, the girls, girls, Miss Lester.

The last thing we want to think of as happening to our dear little selves is getting ill. However, when we've eaten too many of those famous cinnamon rolls, or over-patronized the tea room, to the very topmost nook of Founders we rush to be restored to our own abnormal selves by the infirmary. Miss Susan Rucker is the queen of that little establishment, and 'as most queens, she certainly is to be pitied, for she sees us at our worst. But you like us anyway, don't you Miss Rucker?

Although our auditor is a general favorite on the campus, there's just one person in our family we never want her to meet and that's the paternal end. Oh, what she could tell our fathers about where their hard earned money goes! She knows exactly when we're bankrupt, and she can spot instantly the "my allowance has come" smile. But she really isn't a bit formidable and you'll all like her lots—meet Miss Nellums.

WELL, WELL!

The Raspberry Press and The Stanford Press, student publications of the University of California and Stanford University respectively, are sponsors of a movement to eliminate all co-eds from their institutions. Co-eds are charged with extravagance and lack of regard for self-supporting students. Many of them, it is charged, come to college for social purposes alone, seeking eligible young men, and thus distract men from their studies.—Ex.

Miss Rucker: "Oh, Helen, your cough is much better today."

Helen: "Yes. It ought to be. I practiced it all night."

MISS HYPHEN HELPS

Dear Miss Hyphen:

I am dying of homesickness. I haven't had a bit of mail yet. I asked a girl how to get some and she ratted off something like "Wait around the middle of March." Now I am naturally very patient, but I simply can't wait until 1924 to get my mail and I don't like to rob Uncle Sam, either. What shall I do?

Desperate Dorothy.

Dear Desperate Dorothy:

Do let me inform you that Middle March is a place, not a time. You will find it just west of the delivery door as you come out of the dining room. Stand in line and get your P. O. box number. Here's all sorts of luck to you.

Dear Miss Hyphen:

I once heard of a man who died of fatigue just from standing on his feet. I feel that my days are going to be shortened considerably if I have to stand in many more lines. Can you offer any suggestions?

Miss Standing Still.

Dear Miss Standing Still:

Your fatal mistake was made when you first prepared your wardrobe, etc. I am indeed sorry that you were not informed that one of those nifty little chairs such as are in use at funerals is an indispensable item in the college girl's outfit. Bring one next year, if you still survive.

Dear Miss Hyphen:

My trunk hasn't come yet and I am getting most awfully tired of passing a mirror and seeing a reflection of the same old blue suit. Please put me out of my misery.

Tired Tilly.

Dear Tired Tilly:

Be of good cheer! Just turn the jacket of your suit wrong side out and you will have a most fetching and colorful costume. Nothing is smarter than a bright coat and dark skirt. Let me know how you like the arrangement.

Dear Miss Hyphen:

Could you tell me where I could buy a gas mask? This Nashville smoke is most trying to me.

Sooty Susan.

Dear Sooty Susan:

A gas mask might make you miss the smoke and that would never do. Smoke is one of those far-famed blessings in disguise, for when you wash your face it looks so much whiter and more lovely than ever before.

Dear Miss Hyphen:

Is it true that Ward-Belmont is a military school? Everyone tells me to look out for General Monitor. Is she commander-in-chief?

Frightened Florence.

Dear Frightened Florence:

Don't be alarmed. General Monitor is suspicious but not cruel. He doesn't even believe in militarism. Let me refer you Article VII, Section V, and Article XI of the Constitution.

PERSONALS

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton have been at home this summer, except for a business trip of two weeks which Dr. Blanton made to New York City, Albany and Cleveland, Ohio. In New York he was with his daughter, Mrs. Landon M. Townsend, and Mr. Townsend, and the lovely "First Grand-Child," whose picture sent out to Ward-Belmont student-family and friends, with the Mid-Summer Hyphen, gave pleasure that could not be measured.

Miss Mills spent the summer with her sisters, Mrs. Green Brandon and Mrs. George Stockton in Atlanta and Winston-Salem, N. C. She returned to the school the first of September.

Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend has returned after a summer full of interest and opportunity. From the University of Wisconsin, where she made a brief stay early in the summer, she went to New York, and was quartered there for six weeks in the National Arts Club, and carried on an intensive study in matters of producing and stage light, with special regard to college productions. She enjoyed the new productions at the theaters, witnessing the mystery play by the Equity Players, Booth Tarkington's new humoresque, Mary Roberts Reinhardt's "Breaking Point," and "Magnolia," a play of 1841, with special aesthetic and artistic pleasure. The community singing in Central Park and the community music in the New York stadium she also heard with peculiar delight.

Mrs. Solon E. Rose has been occupied at the school this summer, except for a short visit to her mother, on her Giles County plantation, early in July.

Mlle Leone Vimont, of the French faculty, has returned from Columbia University, where she did special work during vacation. She had the distinction of being coached under Prof. Joseph Bedier, professor in the College of France, and several of his colleagues, with whom she had studied in the French Academy in Paris.

Signor de Luca spent the vacation in Chicago, New York, and at his family home at Mt. Vernon, N. Y. He made the trip in his motor car, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Robertson, Jr.

Mr. Kenneth Rose, director of Violin, has had a most interesting as well as valuable summer, attending the audition classes of Leopold Auer, teacher of Heifets and Elman. These classes were carried on at the College of Music in Chicago. Mr. Rose was there for the full term, attending five classes a week, of three hours duration each. It was a great advantage and inspiration to come in such intimate contact with the master teacher of the world, and besides Mr. Rose met many of the great violinists of the country there, and enjoyed a succession of wonderfully fine concerts.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

The artist surveys his snowy canvas with a feeling of satisfaction—more, of possession, for his is to be the high task of filling the surface before him with all that is most exquisite. We are artists. Our canvas is the year which lies pure and unblemished before us, and ours, too, is the task of the artist—that of covering the now immaculate space, with the magnificent rainbow colors of achievement!

Let us enter into the years' activities with all the energy and vigor which is within us! Let us make for Ward-Belmont a picture which will excel all others which it has ever known before—a living picture which will reflect all the tender emotions—all the deep loyalty, which we have for our Alma Mater! And in this picture of Ward-Belmont life, of which we are to be the creators, The Hyphen takes its place more prominently than it ever has before—as one of the many organizations which make the backbone of the school.

In this, our welcome issue, we are attempting to convey to the new girls in as concise a form as possible, all the information which will aid them in hastening to make Ward-Belmont their home.

The Hyphen takes this opportunity of assuring the student body of its desire to co-operate and be helpful to its readers all through the year. We wish also to state that the contributors to our paper are not limited to those who have been chosen to lead the work, but that we are most anxious to receive contributions from the student body at large.

We procure from Ward-Belmont the highest educational advantages, along with what is still more precious—that incentive which is responsible for the elevation of our ideals. If we give to Ward-Belmont's organizations all the strength and interest of which our youth makes us capable, will not our hearts be donbly happy with the two-fold joy of having given and received?

OUR STOREHOUSE

Walk straight into Accademic building, open the two wooden doors which face you, and you are in it—that heavenly sanctum of quiet (?) and undisturbed peace, where you may zealously pursue your studies unannoyed by a garrulous roommate—the library!

Our library is a veritable storehouse of the world's finest works—both fiction and history, science and fact. In it can be found all the necessary references which are required of the students during the year, as well as ample material for mental diversion.

Our library too, for the old girls is a storehouse of lovely remembrances of the closest friendships they have ever known—of happy though busy moments spent with those dear to them.

We hope that the new girls in their turn, will also have many honrs of pleasant association and profitable gain in that ever popular hannt of all Ward-Belmont girls, the library.

SPORTS AT WARD-BELMONT

We have hardly gained our equilibrinm in our new Sonthern home, when we find hockey stick or baseball bat in our hand—in short, when we realize all the joy of one of the most prominent phases of Ward-Belmont life—its physical training advantages.

These benefits are innumerable and are seen in the outdoor fall sports as well as the indoor military training, and aquatic matches.

The four athletic associations to one of which every girl belongs, exist for the purpose of fostering athletic enthnsiasm and vie with each other in frequent competitive meets.

All year long Ward-Belmont encourages athletics— before our very eyes we see the many unenthusiastic, languid girls who entered in the fall, undergoing a complete metamorphosis which leaves them with rosy cheeks, and wholesome interest in games which in many cases was never felt before—but once being felt can never be lost.

WITH THE ALUMNAE

Jean Wilmarth, successful editor of "The Hyphen" for the whole term of 1922-23, has removed with her parents to Eau Claire, Wis., where her father, Mr. George H. Wilmarth, will occupy the position of vice-president and general manager of the Wisconsin-Minnesota Light and Power Company. Their home was formerly in Muskokee, Okla. Jean will be a student in the University of Wisconsin this winter, and Martha Williamson, Eleanor Rench, Elizabeth Shepherd and Betty Vorhies Hughes will also be there.

Alice Marseilles, of Clinton, Mo., class of 1920, after her graduation from Ward-Belmont, attended the University of Missouri, where she was a member of the Phi Mu, National Social fraternity; the Gamma Chi, National Honorary advertising fraternity, and the Kappa Tau Alpha, Honschool of Jonrnalism. It corresponds to the Phi Beta Kappa in the College of Arts and Science. She took her A.B. at Missouri in 1922, and at last Christmas time completed the requirements for a Bachelor's degree in Journalism, and it was conferred at the regular commencement in April. Immediately she began teaching in a high school near her home, taking the place of a teacher who dropped out from illness.

Florine Ashcroft, of Sulphur Springs, Texas, another editor of "The Hyphen," one year removed, will be at the University of Texas this fall. Her sister, Ina Mae Ashcroft, a student at Ward-Belmont last term, will be one of the "Hyphen" staff this season.

Ruth Shipp, of Centreville, Tenn., who was married to a Nashville man, Mr. Edwin Gregory, on Jnne 23, 1923, is established in her new home, which is quite near Ward-Belmont. Her address is 2607 Essex Place, in the Hillsboro section.

Lila Burford, of Brunswick, Ga., class of '18, in renewing her dues to the Alumnae Association, writes: "I always enjoy the Hyphen so much, and I know that our Alumnae Association will be a wonderful pleasnre to all Ward-Belmont girls."

Equally cordial is Mrs. Maurine Loonan Bens, who writes to the Hyphen from her home at Sioux Falls, Sonth Dakota: "I am wishing every good thing for the Ward-Belmont Alnmnae Association. The Hyphen is always more than welcome, and especially when it brings news about the 'old girls.' I love Ward-Belmont, and am always so glad to hear from the place."

Merle R. Welch, of Sparta, class of '18, expresses her loyalty to Ward-Belmont in a letter to the secretary of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae, Mrs. Frank Blair, saying: "I count it a privilege as well as a pleasure to be a member of the organization, and I shall have a pride in doing my 'bit' to help out in the good work already begun."

Rosa Caldwell, of Lumberton, N. C. (a sister of Lois), is one of the certificate members of the Alumnae recently joined. She took an Art Certificate in June, and plans to go to New York for further study.

Rebecca Thacher, brilliant editor of the 1923 Milestones, and one of the Senior class leaders, although she is entered for the fall term at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, and also for the School of Journalism at Columbia, writes that the "bells of Ward-Belmont" are ringing in her heart, and calling her back—back here to the school she loves. She is still at her home in Waterville, Kansas, and leaves later in the fall for the East.

Alex Morrison, of Waycross, Ga., whose earnest and exceptional work is well remembered at Ward-Belmont, has been traveling abroad this summer with her mother, and her aunt, Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis, of Chicago, and plans to remain in Paris to study piano through the winter. Her mother has returned home, but her annt will remain abroad with her.

Mildred King, of Franklin, Ky., piano pupil of Mr. Goodman, whose success has been manifested on a nnmber of public programs, gave a very successful recital recently at Carthage in connection with Miss Emmaline Boyer, vocalist, pupil of Miss Royer of Ward-Belmont.

Willa Mai Waid, another piano pupil of Mr. Goodman, with a brilliant record to her credit, was heard recently in Fayetteville in a beautiful piano recital. She will return to Ward-Belmont as a day pupil this term.

Dorothy Work, to the regret of many friends, is not returning to Ward-Belmont this term, but there is a possibility that she may be back after Christmas. So loyal is her affection for her Alma Mater, that she entertained last week at the Detroit Yacht Club in honor of two new girls from Detroit, Marie Kremmel and Dorothy Greene, whose welcome at Ward-Belmont, she has assnred by introductory letters about them. Dorothy has a younger sister who will probably enter Ward-Belmont next fall. She will spend this fall traveling with her parents.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS

Mrs. Blanton—a brown butterfly on a yellow rose—cherry blossoms in the sunlight—a fraternity house mother—a rainbow dotted with white clouds—lamp-light gleaming on the snow.

Dr. Blanton—a velvet armchair by a cheery fire—a leader and a scholar—light throngh an open door of a Colonial Mansion—a friendly handclasp and smile—blue smoke rings floating on an Autumn breeze—books—high ideals.

Miss Mills—a silver and blue tapestry in a rose room—purple mists over a tree-tipped ravine—pearls—lilacs in a silver vase—moonbeams on a marble balcony.

Mrs. Rose—a lovely bit of Dresden china—a cluster of forget-me-nots—"Just a song at Twilight"—a soft call through a hushed night—amethysts on silver lace.

Miss Paine—Diamonds and ermine—delicately carved statuary—afternoon tea, in a fashionable home—pews in a shadowed church—reflection in a marble faun fountain.

Mrs. Plaskett—a merry confidence—golden-rod nnder blue skies—the happy tinkle of sleigh-bells, accompanied by gay laughter—a canary, singing in a gilt cage—the sweep of magnolia trees beside a gravel path.

Mrs. "Charlie"—a mischievons little girl, peeping through velvet portiers—a brilliant Christmas tree, seen through a frosted window-pane—a rabbit, scurrying through a sunny brown vale—a brisk tramp through the snow—fragrance from a rose-tree.

PATTY JEAN'S DIARY

Monday, Sept. 17.—It was a weepy
d-bye today to "home, sweet
me," for three months. The fam-
and all the bunch were down to
me off. Got two corsages and a
of Whitman's—wore Dick's violet
sage, because he came part way
h me. It was miserable telling
good-bye—he's so good-looking!
et a glass of water at dinner—
erwise no excitement. . . . (Won-
r whom Dick took to the dance to-
ht?)

Tuesday, Sept. 18.—Girls! Girls!
rls! All I can see or think, and I
pect to be dreaming them in a pair
minutes. This Special sounds like
made-house—hnt a nice one. Some
the cutest girls and spiffiest
othes! Am going crazy trying to
member at least a few of the
mes of the girls I've already met.
veral have jabbered excitedly to me
bont cluhs with the funniest names
—Oh Siren and Pentataugh and T.
C. C. (that doesn't look quite
ight.) Have promised to consider
em all.

Wednesday, Sept. 19—Woke up this
A.M. and found it raining; wasn't ex-
ctly thrilled to death to find I'd left
my new umhrella in the car at home.
Found myself getting excited as we
eared Nashville. Paddled out into
the drizzle under somebody's um-
brella. Tripped over my traveling-
bags under the zealons stare of the
Wandy inspection line-up. Discovered
I'd lost my haggage check—found it
in my pocket after turning contents
of traveling bag upside down. An-
noyed look from chaperon. Black
looks from suffering haggage man!
And then we got here! My impres-
ions were—columns and columns
nd columns! More girls running
ut falling on the necks of my com-
anions! A deer posed artistically
the front lawn! More girls!
reat luck! The duckiest girl I've met
Marianne Miller—is my roomie.
d grand lunch, as preparation to
three-hour wait in line for my maif-
x. Was cheered though, to find
ree letters for me—one from Mother
d Dad, one from Sis and—Dick, of
rse! After dinner, danced at
ron Hall—it's great to be a
hee!!!

S.: Paipitations. Dick stagged it
the dance!!!

Thursday, Sept. 20.—The end of
e Thnrsday for me! Missed being
e to breakfast hy two minutes—I
never get dressed in a miserable
le half-hour!' Went sound asleep
le standing in line for matricula-
n. Signed up for the heaviest
rse in school, then went to chapel.
hawled out for talking—they
't like that here, I guess. Had
en minute classes this afternoon,
I got all mixed up and missed
entirely on two. Then another
less "stand-in-line" wait—this time
books. Have discovered W-B's
-word—"wait in line!" More ex-
ment at Heron—can't choose be-
n the clubs! Ten minutes later—
thrill of a life-time! A special
n Dick!!! Thus the perfect end
sad day.

HEARKEN YE HUNGRY ONES

In order to spare the new girls any unnecessary annoyance or trouhle, allow us to present for their disapproval, the Ward-Belmont pure food laws:

1. No girl may receive any sort of food whatsoever, perishable or tinned, with the exception of candies and nuts and,

2. Only candies and nuts may he kept in the room—this being significant of the fact that,

3. No perishable or tinned food may be purchased in town which means that

4. All hunger pangs must be satisfied at the tea room, or put away until the next meal when

5. All may eat and be merry.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Dr. Blanton wishes to announce to the members of the school that there will be no school for the months of June, July, August and part of September, 1924. This is announced in advance so that letters of appreciation may be written early to avoid the rush.

Whenever the members of the Expression classes quarrel, Miss Townsend threatens to hand them some actors paint and then they will "make up."

A new girl was hurried to the infirmary yesterday when she was informed that the hockey coach did not have four wheels. The shock was almost fatal.

Teacher: "We borrowed our numerals from the Arahs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can anyone think of any other examples?"

Freshman: "My curling iron from my snite-mate, my nail file from the girl three doors down, and this shirt-waist from my roommate."

LETTERS HOME

Dearest Family:

I've been exploring and I finally discovered the place where you mail letters. It was completely hidden hy several layers of girls—both "ig" and "in" (ignorant and intelligent, that is the class distinction down here, and I easily fall in the first group.) Anyway, I discovered where to mail letters and if I ever find it again, you'll hear from your offspring.

Well, I arrived this morning, and so did a great many other girls. They seemed most numerous where I had stumhled over a few bags and snitcases getting into the street car, only to find that several other girls were better stumhlers than I was.

When you first see the Main Building it looks something like the Methodist Church at home, only larger and with hordes of statnes right out in the yard. I've discovered that they don't take them in at night, either.

Of course, yon'll want to know abont my room-mate. I don't know much about her yet myself. She didn't look overjoyed when she saw me. I guess I did look a little fagged out. Bnt the tronble all started when I asked her name. She murmured something as though she were starting to say moth balls and just said moth and then she hesitated with a drawled out "ah." It seems that was her name. I knew that hack in home, sweet, home, they didn't name anyone "Moth-ah." I asked her to write it for me. She wrote it and it was Martha. Then I understood. She is a Southerner. I have about decided that the hest rule is, "When South meets West, use the sign language." However, we're progressing rapidly now, and we don't even need an interpreter.

I almost forgot to tell you the most important thing of all. Luncheon today was perfect. They may leave out their r's when they talk, hut they don't leave out a thing when they eat. I just have a feeling that I shall never he late to meals.

Well, dearest family, I think I should start on my search or rather my re-search for the mail-hox. Please, please, if you see an extra stamp idling around, don't forget

Your Affectionate Daughter.

OUR ORGANIZATIONS

(Continued from page 1.)

the Hypen at Ward-Belmont. This paper is the unifying organ of all student activities. It is published once a week and presents to the students news of interest in all lines connected with life in the school. Although the staff is already selected to a certain extent, any articles are appreciated. New girls or old ones for that matter, may contribute articles, such as original poems or unusual news of interest around school.

Closely connected with the Hypen is onr annual, the Milestones. Of all things a girl carries home in her trunk at the end of the school year, this is the most treasured. It tell everything of a glorious year, and it is read and re-read with enthusiasm. It is still too early to plan for the end of school, hut to those who have not yet had the honor of enjoying a Milestones, we wish to say that there is a great treat in store.

Is there any school in the United States without a Young Woman's Christian Association? No, and Ward-Belmont is not an exception. That organization plays as large a part here as in any other place. The Y.W.C.A. Cahinet girls are helped permanently by their experience in this work. Not only are Sunday night Vesper services conducted by them, hnt drives are put on which give all girls better chances for a large acquaintanceship. Will any old girl ever forget the "peanut" contest last spring? Besides work in school, they do district visiting and put on relief drives. The spirit of the Y. W. C. A. enters into everything in school. It is not a clnh, church or a creed, hut comradeship and to the new girls it extends a hearty welcome to come to its various meetings.

There is still another phase of school life that has not been touched upon, and that is athletics. Ward-Belmont is known for its wonderful training in this line, and it is through the Athletic Association that it is furthered. The Association has charge of all athletic questions which might arise. The Board of the Association consists of the officers, the captains of the four athletic teams, and the captains of the major sports. Every member of the school is eligihle to membership in the Athletic Association.

Last, hnt not least, there are the ten social cluhs. No douht hy now the new girls have heard a lot about these clubs and wondered what it all meant. And no douht, hy now, the old girls have rejoiced in the fact that they are hack with their cluh sisters who mean so much to them. Every girl in school helongs to some clnh and is scheduled to take some part in the program of activities. Rushing is carried on for a period of two weeks, at which time, each new girl will have an opportunity of making her choice of the clubs and each club will make a choice of girls in order of preference. In this way, the Ward-Belmont cinhs are democratic in their standards, and also they are democratic in their influence.

In each and everyone of these organizations there is expressed the highest ideals of Ward-Belmont. And for each and everyone of the new and old girls, it is hoped that you will ohtain these ideals through work in these five phases of your school life.

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WEDDINGS

During the summer, wedding bells have rung merrily for a number of one-time students of Ward-Belmont. The echoes of some have reached to the school, and some have not been heard. The Hyphen is anxious to keep a record of its brides, and it asks the co-operation of its readers in getting the news of any marriages of former students. A few lines, giving the names of bride and groom, and the date of the wedding, will be gratefully received.

The engagement of "Betty" Capron was announced formally at the annual Alumnae luncheon of the Illinois Ward-Belmont Association which took place at the Jefferson Hotel in Peoria, Ill., on June 23. The bride-elect was toast-mistress of that happy occasion. Her marriage to Mr. Walter Sheridan Reilly took place in Chicago on Friday, August 31; and after October 1, the bride and groom will be at home at 7715 North Hermitage Avenue, in Chicago. Mrs. Reilly is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Flagg Capron, of Chicago, and was a prominent and popular figure at Ward-Belmont during her student days. She was graduated in the class of 1920.

Florence Marshall Basset, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Houston Basset to Mr. John Arthur Jarrel, on Thursday evening, June 28, at the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Hopkinsville, Ky. Their home will be in Atlanta, Ga.

Emily Frances Sconce, to Mr. Ray Allen Washburn, on Saturday, June 2, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey James Sconce, Farview Farm, Sidell, Illinois.

Elizabeth Coles, of Nashville, day student, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Van H. Coles, to Mr. Clay Alexander. The marriage was an event of August.

Charlotte Seward, of Arcadia, Fla., to Mr. Harrison Chesley Ryker on Thursday, August 9, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Seward. Their home will be at 103 Bayo Vista Avenue, in Oakland, California.

Calesta Bursom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Burson, of Corsicana, Texas, to Mr. Albert Monroe Pearson, on August 28, 1923, in the First Baptist Church, of Corsicana.

Calesta Bursom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bursom, of Corsicana, Texas, to Mr. Albert Monroe Pearson, on August 28, 1923, in the First Baptist Church, of Corsicana.

Alice Hall Lindsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Lindsey, and sister of Martha Lindsey, member of the Alumnae Association; to Mr. Joseph Pembroke Hart, of Chicago, on Tuesday, September 4, at the home of the bride's parents in Nashville. Their home will be in Chicago.

Fatine Dowdle, to Mr. William Grieve Smith, on Tuesday, September 4, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dowdle, in Graham, Texas. Mr. Smith and his bride will make their home in Houston, Texas.

Nina Marie Pipes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Pipes, of Dublin, Texas, to Mr. John Walker Bleyins, on June 21, 1923, at the First Baptist Church in Dublin.

Isabel Jean Welsman, of Marshalltown, Iowa, to Mr. Chester J. Michel, of Des Moines, Iowa, on August 1923. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Allen Welsman.

Eugenia Hill, of McKinney, Texas, to Mr. John Glenn Halsell on July 26, 1923, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hill.

Florence Shaw Kelley to Mr. Joseph Rodney Irwin, of East Chicago, Indiana, on July 14, 1923, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Patton Kelley, in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bonita Bligh to Mr. Rettig Arnold Griswold, on August 8, 1923, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Bligh, in Rochester, Ind.

Elfreda Elizabeth Lauter to Mr. John McShane Caylor, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lauter, in Indianapolis, Ind., on Wednesday, June 20, 1923.

Mary Lucile Abernathy to Mr. Oliver Lee Steele on Wednesday, September 5, 1923, in the First Methodist Church of Lenoir, N. C. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Abernathy.

Eunice Spicer, daughter of Mr. John Mason Spicer, to Mr. Paul Walker Latham, on Saturduay, August 1 1923, at home in Spicer, Minnesota. The bride is a member of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, and was graduated in the class of 1917.

Ines Betsey Priday to Mr. James L. Coleman on Wednesday morning, September 19, at the Presbyterian Church in Taft, Texas. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Willis. Their home will be in Rockdale, Texas.

Martha Ross Pope, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph William Pope, to Mr. Edgar Allen Lee, at the home of the bride's parents in Pikeville, Tenn., on August 19, 1923.

Lelia Glenn to Mr. Henry Richard Dyer, Jr., on Wednesday, August 1 1923, at the home of the bride's parent's, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Glenn Hartford, Ky. Their home will be at Central City, Ky.

Willouise McClellan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bancroft McClellan, to Lieut. James Stark Warren

..., on July 26, 1923, in the city ...w York.

... Rives, whose work in the De... of Expression has brought ... and distinction in ... places, was married to Mr. Wil... M. Stover, of Baltimore, on Fri... September 7. She is the daugh... Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Rives. The ...ville Banner printed the follow... account of the wedding:

... company of 150, which included ... the relatives and close friends ... invited to the wedding ceremony ...ies Ruby Rives, daughter of Mr. ... Mrs. Jesse Warren Rives, and W. ... Stover of Baltimore, that was ...tantly solemnized Friday evening ...he home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. ...is on Eastland avenue. Dr. W. M. ...od, pastor of the Edgefield Bap... church, officiated, and a musical ...ram was a feature of the service. ...rs. Samuel Gross attended the ...e as matron of honor and Jesse ... Rives, Jr., brother of the bride, ...ved as Mr. Stover's best man. ...s Corinne Owings, Miss Mary ...raline Brent, Miss Sadie Herrin ...d Mrs. Raymond Rogers held the ...in ribbons, which formed an aisle. ...ey also assisted in receiving the ...ests.

"The bride was gowned for trav... in a Paquin model of taupe ...our with mole fur trimmings and ...broidered in gray. Her hat was ... mole fur velvet with ostrich trim...gs. She carried a bonquet of pink ...e and lilies of the valley. Mrs. ...s' costume was bine crepe satin ...broidered in gold and with this ... wore a black hat which had the ...d trimmings. Her flowers formed ...ouqnet of pink rosebnds.

"Mr. and Mrs. Davis were assisted ...entertaining at the reception by ... and Mrs. Jesse W. Rives, father ... mother of the bride; Mrs. W. A. ...stead and Miss Owings, Miss ...t, Miss Herrin and Mrs. Rodgers. ... guests were served informally, ...e seated throughout the home.

"Mr. Stover will take his bride to ...more, from where they will go on ...tensive motor trip, which will ...de visits to Atlantic City, New ... and Boston, at the completion ...hich they return to Baltimore to ... their home, where the groom is ...ciated in business. Mrs. Stover ...ularly known in musical and re... circles, not only in Nashville ...roughout the state. She is a ...ate of both the music and expres... departments of Ward-Belmont ...as appeared, always successful... many recitals sponsored by both ...al and literary clubs in Nash... She served as president of the ...esday Music Club and is an ac...worker in philanthropical socie... in addition to these activities ...s held with honor, a place in ...elty of the Girls' Preparatory ..."

... Davenport, Iowa., comes the ...ng account of the wedding of ... C. Silber (class of 1922), ... took place the past week:

...enport, Iowa, Sept. 8.—To at...e wedding of Miss Deborah C. Silber and Morris Frank Schwarts, a company of 135 guests assembled Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at the Davenport Outing Clnb. The company included the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Schwarts, Dan May and Richard Frank, all of Nashville. Rabbi J. L. Barron officiated at the marriage service. Miss Elisabeth Schwarts, of Nashville, was bridesmaid. Mrs. Carroll Klein and Miss Eleanor Mueller, of Davenport, matron and maid of honor, and Mrs. Eugene Schweig, of St. Lonis, bridesmatron.

"Leo Schwarts, Jr., Nashville, was his brother's best man, and the party of ushers incinded Morton Lebeck, Samuel Joseph, Nashville; Dr. H. C. Heinberg, Pensacola, Fla.; and Carol Klein, of Davenport.

"The bride was charming in her wedding gown of white imported crepe beaded in crystal and pearls. The veil was held with a dnchess lace coronet and a high ruff. Miss Schwarts wore orchid and green Georgette and silver lace, and the other girl attendants were also in orchid and green.

"A dinner, reception and ball followed the wedding ceremony.

"Mr. and Mrs. Schwarts will go to Signal Mountain for a stay before returning to Nashville, to be at home at 3800 Whitland avenue.

"Mrs. Schwarts is already popnlarly known in Nashville, having been a gradnate of Ward-Belmont. Mr. Schwarts ranks among the snccessful yonng bnsiness men of Nashville.

VALUABLE DON'TS TO NEW GIRLS

1. Don't misplace your Cantilevers—it can't be explained.

2. Don't look at a Vandy man, no matter how beautiful he is, unless you know him.

3. Don't get "that school-girl complexion" otherwise than naturally, and expect to go nnnoticed—some rouge smears.

4. Don't forget to extinguish flashlights as well as electric lights, at 10:15 p. m.

5. Don't be afraid of hurting yonr new evening dress by giving it an added touch of sleeve.

6. Don't be late to breakfast—dress on the way, if necessary.

7. Don't get flowers every week nnless yon have a vase—yonr roomie might need hers some time.

8. Don't read Jimmie's special in class—the teacher might not understand.

9. Don't expect to do anything without standing in line for two honrs first—acquire the patience of Job, and you won't lose your temper.

10. Don't fail to subscribe for The Hyphen—your name may be in print some day.

Probably the smallest fish in the world are to be found in the mountain lake Buhi, in the island of Luzon, Philippines. This fish, which the natives call the amarapan, is the most minute vertebrae animal known to science. It weighs only half a grain, and half an inch is its maximum length.

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What to wear at Ward-Belmont—that is a question everyone is asking now. It is an important question—one we have given much study to.

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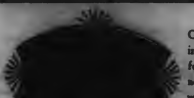
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There's an added satisfaction in styles presented here for Fall—that they remain in style though you wear them several months.



Good Hosiery, satisfying in every respect, featured here in all the new Fall colors and weights. Perfect finish woven into them.

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Eldora. . . . $10

Black suede, camel kid, suede suede, grey kid, green suede, blue suede, log cabin suede, bronze kid.

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ALL AMERICA SHOE STORE

Monitor (at new girls door:) "Lights out."

New Girl—sympathisingly—"What perfect shame—nothings wrong wi mine."

New girl sleepily as she hears b on first morning, "Mother— I do thi you could answer the phone nex tionality."

Vain new girl after Miss Morrison physical exam—"Did Miss Morrison say anything dove-like about me?"

Assisting physical ed—"Yes, sh said you were pigeon-toed."

Senior Mid—That fellow means n the world to me. What would you a vise me to do?

Senior—See more of the world.

Miss Scruggs: "And what have yo got to say of 'Adam Bede', Ruth?

Ruth, roused from dreams: "Wel he wrote the 'Ecclesiastical Histor of England'."

Dad—Son, there's nothing wors than to be old and broken.

Young Hopeless—Yes, father; to b young and broke.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

The birth of a daughter, Priscilla Jean Pearson, on August 11, 1923, to Mr. and Mrs. Paris C. Pierson, of 33 College Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., is announced. The mother was a student in Ward-Belmont as Mildred H. Dole.

THINK

If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win but think you can't
It's almost certain you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will,—
It is all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

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That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
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Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
Come and see us often
We want you.

Loveman, Berger & Teitelbaum
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

Sept 26, 1923.

N. P.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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LAST LETTER FROM W. B. TOURIST PRAISES MISS ROSS

The Hyphen, feeling that it should have its own message from the Ward-Belmont party which toured Europe so successfully the past summer, is privileged to print exclusively the last letter written home by Miss Martha Annette Cason, of our faculty, who was the joint party chaperone with Miss Ross on the tour.

Miss Cason, writing from Liverpool, just before the party began the homeward voyage, said:

"Nothing I can do will bring the words that are adequate to express my joy and wonder over the things that England and Scotland have shown us. As I have said several times on this trip, 'Surely this is the best yet.' Just here I am willing to admit that whenever I make the above statement it is done with mental reservation, for I always say 'except Naples,' and today I have a feeling that I might like to make an exception of Liverpool. But wait! I'm hasty, for Liverpool is the port through which I pass to reach the best country in the world—your country and mine.

"We have outwitted the demons of rain, and revelled in the beauties of these last two countries. England seemed like one great garden prepared for our pleasure. Such hedges, such hillsides, such roads, such years-old turf! Really walking on the grass is like walking on soft green velvet carpets. And the quaint little roadside inns fascinate us. I think we have not yet learned their full function, for one day while we were motoring in the Shakespeare country, the guide said: 'Miss Ross, have you made arrangements anywhere for afternoon tea?' He seemed disappointed when she replied: 'No, we are Americans.'

"I can't tell you how 'Merrie England' clutches at my heartstrings. I feel something drawing me back to it for a whole summer—it and Scotland I can.

"Yes, Scotland is no less interesting to me than England. Sometimes I think I like it better. It's worth a journey of many miles to see those heather-covered hillsides; to visit places made famous by Scott, Burns and Stevenson. We loved to walk and motor in the Highlands. We sailed on Loch Katrine, saw Ellen's Isle, motored across the Highlands to Loch Lomond in the funniest, shall I say, charabancs or shock-and-shakes? The roads were wet and wooden and much of the time it was 'misting' as the Scotch say, but I thought it was rainy. Anyhow it was a coach-and-four in which we rode and the coachman wore a red coat and a high topped grey hat. It was picturesque and made its appeal in spite of the rain. The entire trip on Loch Lomond was made in the rain bnt we had a treat in having on board a band of Highland bag-pipers. We enjoyed their music, and were greatly interested in their costumes of red kilts, picturesque red caps, and funny little caps cocked up on one side. Of conrse they had the regulation bare knees.

"From the Trossachs we came down to Ayre to worship at the shrine of Bobby Burns. One of the most beautiful gardens that we have seen on our entire trip was around the Burns monnment which the people of that district have erected out on the banks of Bonnie Doone near the bridge (beig) where the witches chased Tam O'Shanter. The monnment was splendid, and was located in a spot where everything reminds one of Burns and his verse. We visited the birthplace of Burns and felt sorry somehow that he had not been buried in the old churchyard, nearby his father. It seems that Ayre instead of Dumfries should have claimed his ashes.

"I am sure it's the nnimons vote that we have had a wonderful trip, and that Miss Ross is a conductor par excellence who knows what to do and when to do it. She gave us a lovely party night before last. It is characteristic of her to be always thinking of the interest and the pleasure of her party. We should not be willing to exchange our conductor for any we have seen or heard of on the entire trip. Parents need never hesitate to send their daughters with the Ward-Belmont party. They will have rare personal care the entire time."

WARD-BELMONT OPENS WITH LARGEST ROLL IN ITS HISTORY

That the "bells of Ward-Belmont" have been ringing to good account during the summer, was made apparent by the large attendance of Ward-Belmont students in assembly Wednesday morning, September 19. The boarding pupils represent thirty-seven states and every quarter of the country. The day student registration has been increased so that it exceeds any registration of day pnpils in the records of Ward-Belmont. During the summer, extensive building and many improvements have been added which will add immeasurably to the convenience and ease of the student body as well as the entire faculty.

The girls boarding in the school arrived on the special trains according to the usual schedule. The girls from Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Mississippi and Arkansas arrived Tuesday, September 18, on the N. C. & St. L. at 6:30 p.m. The L. & N. railroad was chosen for the Alabama and Louisiana girls who arrived at 6:15 p.m., September 19. A large party of students from Illinois, Kansas, and Missouri was welcomed early the morning of opening day. The other students who arrived theu were the girls from Florida, Georgia and Tennessee on the N. C. & St. L. train and those from New York, Pennsylvania, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Kentucky.

On Wednesday morning, the girls assembled for the opening exercises with Doctor Blanton presiding. Seated with him on the platform were Dr. W. F. Powell, the speaker of the day; the Rev. Prentice Pugh, Rector of the Church of the Advent, who read the Scripture lesson; and the Rev. A. C. Hoit, assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who is to have charge of the Ward-Belmont chapel services this year.

Dr. Pugh introduced Dr. Powell, who took as the theme of his address the verse known as the "Student's Prayer" from the 90th Psalm, 12th verse:

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Dr. Powell welcomed the old and new students with a beautiful tribute to Ward-Belmont as a tremendous civic asset; a superb social symbol and as an invaluable spiritual arsenal. He spoke of the citizens' approval of Ward-Belmont in the past and of their sincere hope for a glorious record in the future. The girls were made to feel the hospitality of the South as expressed by the open arms and smiling welcome of both Ward-Belmont and the city of Nashville.

"The text of time," Dr. Powell said, "began with the building of the first school room; and Moses who prayed the student's prayer became what he was because he was trained and educated. It is the best prayer that any saint may pray, and in America it is peculiarly fitting, for it is solemnly true of us, that constructive, democratic government functions only through enlightenment of the people, and we must educate or we must abdicate.

"A good teacher is the torch-bearer for any people. It is enlightenment which liberates the world. Enlightenment buys liberty. Ignorance is bondage. To one point of view, we say that Ward-Belmont is a more important body than Congress, for Congress can make laws, but Ward-Belmont and kindred institutions make lives that can live above laws. Enlightenment prepares for national as well as individual leadership. And since great issues turn often on individual preparation, it is the patriotic attitude to educate yourself, as an expression of loyalty to your flag. You can defeat error with truth, and, therefore, see to it that, as young Americans, you get your facts straight. And, therefore, in our international plan we must be educated in order for America to gain the peace of the world. There can be no permanent world peace without education.

"A girl who turns her back on the opportunity for an edncation is a traitor to her flag. She must face her obligation to her edncation, and to her God, remembering always that there are two perils: education without religion, and religion without education. No man is fit to teach in America who cannot go before his classes

(Continued on page 4.)

Would You?

?

Would yon find the rainbow's pot of gold?
Would you taste Life's choicest fruit?
Would yon like to find the garden sweet
Where the flowers of joy take root?
Would you like to experience adventure's thrill?
Would you find that broad sea of content?
Would you feel all the bliss of a giver's delight—
Every comfort which heaven has sent?
Would yon have all these things?
Wonld you heed my advice?
Then hark to the message I send:
You can find all these—and, yes, even more
In the heart of a real friend!

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Just Any Old Time

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CHAPEL

Yes—it's not the same! To the old girls the chapel services seem quite different this year. Of course we still feel quite at home—for does not Miss Morrison still encourage Dr. Blanton's vocal aspirations by keeping him supplied with the psalm book—always opened at the correct page? At the very beginning were we not welcomed, and advised, as in days of yore, by our same beloved president? Then there's the faculty—some changes—but many familiar faces. Monitors are still on duty—not the same girls but monitors nevertheless.

And yet it's not the same. Our chapel services are for the most part in new hands. We miss the old—Dr. Crosland, Mr. Strick and Miss Norris—but we gladly welcome the new—Dr. Holt, Mr. Webster and Miss Hawks. Chapel is a place of pleasant surprises and we have been "fortunate indeed" in our services for the last two weeks. We remember especially:

Dr. Blanton's inspiring addresses on Thursday and Friday on "Character and Reputation" and "Clean Hands and Pure Hearts."

Dr. Pugh's excellent talk on "The Sower went forth to Sow"—girls—be sure to sow this year! Let's not just sew with a needle and make things to beautify ourselves—but let's sow with deeds and beautify our school and the world around us! Dr. Pugh also gave us a good talk on Sunday evening on "The value of work:"

Miss Mill's valuable talk to the old girls on Thursday night, and the new girls on Monday night:

The services on Tuesday—These were especially interesting to us. After a short talk by Miss Morrison, Mr. Webster asked us to sing our hymn in words to be remembered "Let's make it Snappy Now." Needless to say we did! Then Miss Hawks introduced our new Bible teacher and director of religious services—Dr. A. C. Holt. He quickly won the good will of the girls by his pep, as well as his promise to observe the laws of brevity.

The student mass meeting, the athletic rally, and the Hyphen pep meeting were all of great interest to the students.

Dr. Saunders' five-minute talk gave us more than five minutes worth of value and, more than ever, we enjoyed and appreciated our Chapel services.

W.-B. MUSIC STUDENTS GIVE SUCCESSFUL RECITAL AT CARTHAGE

Two of Ward-Belmont's most advanced music students, Miss Mildred King, piano pupil of Mr. Goodman, and Miss Emmaline Boyer, vocal student with Miss Boyer, gave a very artistic and successful recital at Carthage, Tenn. A large audience assembled to hear them, and paid cordial tributes of appreciation. The following program was given on Friday evening, September 23:

I (a) Prelude .....Schutt
(b) May Night .....Palmgren
(c) Valse Humoresque .Stojowski
Miss Mildred King

II (a) April Morn .....Batten
(b) Caro Mio Ben .....Giordani
(c) Love's a Merchant .....Carew
Miss Emmaline Boyer

III (a) An Autumn .....Moszkowski
(b) Libestraum .....Liszt
(c) Polichinello .....Rachmannoff
Miss Mildred King

IV (a) The Answer .....Terry
(b) Until .....Sanderson
(c) Staccato Polk .....Mulder
Miss Emeline Boyer

V (a) Nocturn .....Chopin
(b) Valse Brilliante ...Mana-Zucca
Miss Mildred King

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS

Ruby Wooten—President of Senior Class.—A tiny white cottage, with blue morning glories and golden honeysuckle by the door—a violet and tea-rose corsage—a splash of orchid against jade green—a moonlight waltz at a summer dance—a little golden-haired Dutch girl, standing at the foot of a windmill, at sunset.

Zelma Lee—President of Student Council.—An autumn twilight—a cushioned canoe, on a placid lake—pearls and sapphires on a Sigma Nu pin—a diary, bound in blue and gold leather—yellow crocuses on a green and brown slope.

Louise Smith—President of Athletic Board.—A scarlet sweater and hat—a melody, syncopated to guitar accompaniment—the first robin of spring—everyone's "buddy"—the swift swing of a tennis racquet through crisp morning air—sunshine on a bubbling spring.

Nola Artz—President of Y. W. C. A.—A faint whiff of violet perfume—"Kashmiri Love Song," on the violin, in the evening shadows—a Wallace Nutting print—a sun-parlor, with chints, and canaries—ashes of roses in a cloisonne jar.

An interesting book has been translated by an illustrious McGill graduate, president of the American Institute of Mining, Dr. E. P. Matthewson, who received an honorary degree at the Centenary celebration.

The original work was written by a Catholic priest, Alvaro Alonso Barba, in the sixteenth century. Although a priest, he appears to have studied deeply all the early methods of mining, to have practiced them himself, and to have staked out valuable claims in Bolivia. His original book was condemned by the Inquisition, so that only three copies now survive; all are in the British Museum.—Vanderbilt Hustler.

A NEW STORE
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With the Alumni

Lenore Cornwell, remembered as an excellent vocal student under Signor de Luca for several years; and Mrs. Melba Cornwell Budge, pupil of Mr. Boeman, are having a successful career as teachers in St. John, Kansas, and recently gave a joint pupil's recital, which the Mackville, Kansas, Enterprise pronounced as one of the most interesting and well rendered in the local record of recitals. Mrs. Budge has about sixty-five students, and Miss Cornwell, who has only been teaching during the past summer, also has a large enrollment and is meeting with similar success. On the recital program another Ward-Belmont girl, Miss Jane Aitkin played a violin solo to the orchestral accompaniment. All of the ensemble numbers were directed by Mrs. Budge without the score.

Of others in the series, the St. John News made the following complimentary notice:

"Last Monday afternoon and night, two series of public recitals were given by the music students of piano, violin and voice of Mrs. Melba Cornwell Budge and Miss Lenore Cornwell. The first two recitals were held at the First Baptist Church. The young people were greeted with an enthusiastic audience at both recitals, the church being well filled in the evening and many automobiles were parked on the outside where it was cooler. All of the numbers given received generous applause and each student showed marked advancement."

Miss Cornwell took a certificate in Signor de Luca's class, and from Nashville went to New York to study under Samailoff, the great Russian teacher. She will go to New York again this winter to continue her work with him.

Lillian Rhodes of Iowa City, Iowa, will graduate at the University of Iowa in June '24, and is making her home here in Kappa Kappa Gamma House. She was a graduate of Ward-Belmont in the class of '22.

Beatrice Johnson Swisshelm, now of Ada, Ohio, who was graduated from Ward-Belmont in the class of '21, and was married the past February, writes that she is continuing her work in English, having finished by mail several of her courses, looking toward a career in Journalism. Having married a successful newspaper reporter, she has plenty of practical instruction and inspiration near at hand.

Marion Goode, of Austin, Texas, in renewing a subscription to the Hyphen, writes: "I don't want to miss a single issue." She is at Texas University this term.

The following W-B girls are entered at the University of Wisconsin this year: Hortense Sherman, Maxine Day, Angela Searle, Martha Williamson, Elizabeth Shepherd, Eleanor Resch, Jean Wilmarth, Elizabeth King, Margaret Price, Florence Nelson, Marcelle Rutherford, Grace Morrow, Janice Boardman, Dorothy Pedigo, and Jean McKnight.

Elva Killingsworth, Mayde Pedigo, Sarah Dorsey Brown, Mittie Johnson and Marian Goode are pledged to Pi Beta Phi at Texas University.

Adelyn Jane Wolfe of Neligh, Nebraska, in sending in dues to the Alumnae Association, writes: "It would be very lonesome without the Hyphen, bringing with it memories of my days at W-B, having my share in all its activities, and I send my love and good wishes for a happy and successful school year to all Ward-Belmont's family."

Grace Barnhill remembered with so much pleasure from last year, writes to Miss Mills of her great disappointment at not returning to school this term.

Mrs. Harriet M. Edwards (Harriet McClure) in writing to Miss Mills to introduce two new girls, Margaret Snell and Claribel Castle of Carlinville, Ill., who are friends of hers, in her home city, says:

"I shall always love Ward-Belmont, and everything connected with it. I have a daughter whom I am already planning to send there as soon as she is old enough to go to boarding school."

Bonota Bligh (now Mrs. R. A. Griswold) of Louisville, Ky., in a letter to her Alma Mater, tells of the real Ward-Belmont reunion which took place at her wedding on August 8. Among her attendants were Mrs. Elana Born Cochrane of Texas, Mrs. Ruth Wine Fox of Chicago; Mrs. Helen Wilson Bradey of Texas, and Miss Elisabeth Coggins of Georgia.

Built For Ages

Reports from Egypt about the tomb of King Tutankhamen are very illuminating to most people. The splendor in which he was put away, and the state of preservation in which he was found, shows that a high degree of civilization had been attained even at that time.

Preservation that will endure through 3000 years illustrate a thoroughness of preparation that has never been equaled by any present day culture of science.

The Egyptians built for the future. They constructed their edifices to last through eternity. Expediency was not even contemplated and only a permanency meant for the ages was thought of.

Modern arts' sciences might learn a lesson from this ancient people. The doctrine of stability can be read from these wonders unearthed from beneath the dust of the centuries. Beautiful structures, yet as substantian as the most rugged mountain, the work of ancient Egypt stands inexorable to the rigors of nature, an object lesson to a modern race.

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Accessories:
Dainty blouses that add a French touch to the three-piece costume. Hats both large and small in colors, brown, black and popular high shades. Shoes that harmonize are the thing. All waiting for you at Castner's.

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CONSERVATIVE PRICES

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

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EDITORIAL

There is nothing more strikingly detestable, more absolntely unattractive than an obvious egotism which bespeaks a smug self-satisfaction—such a condition shows the existence in an omnipotent position of that psychological instinct of self-display which we shonid attempt to show as little as possible.

And yet there is the other extreme—equally unlovely, equally uncommendable—that tendency present in so many of us which causes us to discredit the existence of qualities in ourselves which we know are worthwhile. it is the instinct of self-depreciation which so many of us are evincing during these first few weeks of school.

You are responsible for yonrself—you shape yonr own future—with yon rests the issue of whether or not you will get the best out of LIFE. Yon would be violently angry if anyone accused you of falling down on your job—it is only reasonable then that you yonrself should not be willing to admit defeat.

Don't vaunt or boast over our achievements, but don't lower your own and everyone else's opinion of you, by making yourself an obsession, by talking of your lack of accomplishments—get busy and fill up the vacancies in your make-up—strike the happy medium of knowing yourself for what you are worth, and yon will have acquired an art which will ald yon all through your life.

DAY STUDENTS, AHOY!

Our Day of recognition has come! Have yon noticed all the improvements in our honor? There's the new study room soon to be opened in Senior Hall, and there's Mrs. Armstrong back with us after a year's absence, (this is much the best of all.) How glad we are to have her with ns again, healthy and cheerful!

Our day-student enrollment has greatly increased, proving that our school offers better opportnnities for the education of young girls than those in other cities. Miss Annie Allison has closed her school, on account of ill health, and has wlited over to Ward-Belmont most of her pupils. We welcome these, and all the other Nashville girls who are enrolling for their first term here.

It is with pride that we point to the new additions in the grammar department, of third, fourth, and fifth grades.

The two day-stndent clubs, Digamma and Beta, have not been reorganized as yet, but the old girls who were here for the gay parties of these clubs last year, are eagerly looking forward to the first meeting, and they can promise to the new members some good times in store.

This term our student council is increased to ten members, over the customary five.

And now let all day-students start the term with such vim and enthusiasm, in both our work and play, as we've never had before, for though we wish snccess to the boarders, we must remember that it is the duty of the Nashville girls to set the standards for our visitors.

TEXAS ALUMNAE ENJOY REUNION AT AMARILLO

The Ward-Belmont girls of former years are organized in many places, and from time to time there comes back to the school echoes of happy reunions which they hold, usually linked up with a pleasant social feature. A recent very successful occasion was developed at Amarillo, Texas, from which place numerous girls have come to Ward-Belmont, and its predecessor in former years tot be educated, or at least to receive a part of their educational training. Mrs. Horace D. Jones, who was Mabel Holland of Amarillo, the president of the Ward-Belmont Ex-Students Association, of that section, presided at the Amarlilo luncheon as toastmistress. The affair took place early in September, and every guest present was a former student of the school. The Amarillo daily newspaper makes the following notice of it:

"Students and ex-students of Ward-Belmont assembled Saturday at 12:30 o'clock, at the Amarillo Hotel for their first annnal linncheon, which easily found itself among the prettiest events of the week.

"The table appointments were unnnally beautiful and carried out very effectively the Ward-Belmont colors of blue and gold. Fall flowers and tendrils of fern were scattered at random about the table, while in the center and at either end, tall gilded baskets filled with yellow flowers were artistically arranged, the handles of each being tied with fluffy bows of blue and yellow tnile. Dainty place cards carrying out the chosen color or motif, with corsages of blue and yellow flowers marked the guest covers, and a lovely seven course linncheon was served.

"Mrs. Horace D. Jones, president of the W-B Ex-Students' Association, presided as toastmistress, extending welcome to the guests, while each introduced the person to her right, giving her place of residence and the year of her graduation from Ward-Belmont.

"Covers were laid for: Mesdames George, Hedgecoke, Horace Jones, George Turnely, Jack Wheatley, Frank Rand of Denver, Roy Slay, McGlasson, A. W. Hinchman, Misses Tnia Norwood, Fay Underwood, Lillian Callaghan of Panhandle, Georgia Thomas, Lucile Astracan, Elizabeth Granberry, and Dorothy Harris.

FACULTY FAVORITES

Editors note—you may be under the impression that after endless hours of attempting to poke knowledge into your brains, the facnity has lost its sense of humor—You're wrong—the above process jnst enconrages it. We are attempting at present to prove our discovery to yon, by printing each week the favorite funny story or joke of some member of our facnity—we open our colnmn with the following contribution by Miss Alberta Ross:

After Pat, the Irishman, had spent a year in the United States he sent for his brother Mike to come over. On Mike's arrival, Pat decided to play some jokes on him. He took Mike out to a persimmon tree, and climbing up into the tree he threw a nice ripe persimmon down to Mike. Mike ate it, and said that it was fine. Pat threw down another one and Mike said he liked it fine. Then Pat threw down a green persimmon. Mike ate it and called to Pat.

"If you want to hear abont the folks back home, yon'd better hurry down becanse I'm closing up!"

KANSAS-ILL.-MO. GIRLS MEET AT AN INTER-STATE TEA

Anyone passing throngh Recreation hall on Saturday, September 25, between the hours of four and six, would have fonnd it a scene of unusual reveiry—subdued lights, bowls of fragrant red roses, yonthful visions in dainty dinner dresses, chatting gaily with the faculty and each other—and if familiar with the signs, would realize that the first inter-state tea was taking place, and that the social season at Ward-Belmont had begun.

All of the girls, both old and new, from Illinois, Kansas, and Missouri, were invited by Mrs, May R. Stewart to have tea with her, to meet the faculty informally, and become acquainted with each other.

Piloted by Virginia Smith, Nola Arter, Dorothy Cope, and several others of the "old girls," each newcomer passed down the receiving line, which incinded Dr. Blanton, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Mills Mrs, Selon E. Rose, Mrs. Allen G. Hall, and Miss Vivian Slaught, an alumnus and visitor of the school.

At four o'clock, delicious refreshments appeared in the form of iced tea, and sandwiches.

The guests left the scene of enjoyment very reluctantly, all agreeing that Mrs. Stewart was a charming hostess, the girls all delightfully friendly, the afternoon one of the most pleasant ever spent, and old W-B, the finest school in the world.

WARD-BELMONT OPENS WITH LARGEST ROLL IN ITS HISTORY

(Continued from page 1.)

with the Constitution of the United States in one hand and the Bible in the other. Education is more than the question of onr origin. Let us rather think of our destiny. Let us remember that truth untaught is powerless, and truth educated is the greatest force in the ages. The greatest concern of Ward-Belmont today is the spiritnal welfare of its students; therefore, attain that educated individuality that will unlock for you other treasure of the ages, and give you a lengthened vista and a lifted sky."

After assembly, for the first time, the girls were together. The last of the girls, except for a few who arrived late, had been welcomed to the school. Old girls sought their former classmates, new girls looked for the sight of their new acquaintances. Especially might be noted the Ward-Belmont spirit with which the old girls cared for their new sisters in their great Ward-Belmont family. It was indeed a joyons home-coming. To all the girls, Ward-Belmont gives this "Southern toast."

"Sweet as the song which the robins sing,
Pure as the flow of a crystal spring,
Deep as the depths of a mother's love,
True as your faith in the God above;
With a harvest of smiles and a famine of tears,
Through all the conrse of the coming years,
So sweet, so pure, so deep, so true,
Be the joys Fate holds in store, now, for you."

WARD-BELMONT BREAKFAST FOR FORMER STUDENTS

Lenore Cornwell of St. John, Kansas, whose stay in Ward-Belmont is so happily remember, has recently given a porch dance at her home, which assembled a merry party of former and present Ward-Belmont students. It was written up in the columns of the local newspaper as follows:

"Miss Corsinne Tincher, daughter of Congressman and Mrs. J. N. Tincher, returned to her home in Medicine Lodge, Tuesday, after a visit here with Miss Lenore Cornwell and other friends. Miss Cornwell gave a porch dance for Miss Tincher on Wednesday of last week, Mrs. Melba Cody gave a luncheon in Mackaville for her and last Friday Miss Cornwell entertained with a Ward-Belmont breakfast for Miss Tincher. Ward-Belmont students for this year at the breakfast were: the honor guest, Miss Tincher of Medicine Lodge, Miss Dora Farr of Gt. Band, Miss Hinda Bowker of Mackaville, and the former students were: Miss Janice Jones of Kansas City, Missouri, Miss Ione Aitken, Mrs. Melba Cody of Mackaville, and the hostess, Miss Lenore Cornwell."

n the Sport Light

r-d Ward, don't forget to put the hyphen in—
i-n-o-n-t, that's where we fight to win.
ou haven't pep,
you're out of step,
haven't got a chance,
if you do everything
the athlete's ring,
're surely bound to advance.

thletics in any educational institn help more in installing a strong ool spirit than any other factor. have found that this is very true W-B. Four organizations: Panther, gular, Athenian and Olympian, were wn to the best advantage in the p rally on last Thursday night, as ch club came on the scene, with b song and yells.

Louise Smith, president, called the eeting to order. After a short interting talk she introduced the memers of the athletic board. Fannie ells, vice-president; Eunice Weicker, cretary; Virginia Smith, treasurer; ne Carling, manager of sports; Marit Lindsey, manager of hockey; ances Nelson, manager of track; ne Fleming, manager of tennis; Ber- Ward, manager of bicycling; Grace arren, manager of riding; Katherine oan, manager of gym; Helen Conss, manager of swimming; Ida Kelum, manager of water polo; Mattie owell, manager of baseball; Ruth Joy, anger of basketball; Daughtery Colns, manager of archery. A talk rearding each sport was given by the anager. The four captains were next troduced. Captain of Regular, Virnia Smith; captain of Panther, Marret Lindsey; captain of Athenian, artha Ellington; captain of Olymn, Mary Ligon.

Show your spirit, come out and win ints for yourself and your club!

STUDENT-COUNCIL PRESENTED

If you were asked to name the most portant body of people in the whole ited States, there is not a girl ong you who would not at once re- , "The legislative body at Washing- ." Our school, Ward-Belmont, corponds to a country, in that it is small world, and there is no doubt t our legislative body, the Student uncil, is the most powerful and imtant organization in Ward-Belmont. this reason, the doings of the Stut Council are of vast interest to us

Tuesday evening, September 25, the uncil members were respectively inoduced to the student body. The eting was of an informative rather an a reformative character. Zelma , who has accepted the responsiity of presidency, opened the meet- with a short address. In her talk included the welcome of the new and the introduction of the Coun- members, who are as follows: Mary ginia Latimer, first vice-president and Katharyn Sidey, second vice-president; Eleanor Terry Grinter who is the new secretary, and Henrietta Prewitt, who is the treasurer, were next introduced. Then followed the proctors, who are: general proctor, Louise Pfeiffer; chapel proctor, Margaret Quinn; Senior Hall proctor, Catherine Faurest; Pembroke proctor, Hazel Edwards; Heron proctor, Patty Colvin; Fidelity, Alice Logsdon; Founders, Jane Campbell; North and South Front, Sarah Bradford.

After this informal introduction of the Council and the student body, nothing but the best of co-operation could possibly result. We're not wishing any hard luck for the Council, but we hope that few girls, if any at all, will receive invitations to the regular Tuesday meetings of that body.

ONCE MORE

WE WANT MUSIC!!

(Mnch applause—noise in general—uneasy attitude evidenced by new girls—undignified shouts.)

SIT DOWN!!

WE WANT MUSIC!!

(Instead of music, a spasmodic selection by Miss Liz Gerrell—unusual talent—delicacy of technique—fullness of tone.)

We admit that it was, rather nerve racking for the new girls, but the old, familiar screams and howls certainly sounded good to some of us. Thanks to our Y. W. C. A., we found out a few faults of the average feminine type of today. It wasn't very encouraging, though, no doubt, enlightening —especially to those poor, unsuspecting Seniors who (if fortunate) will soon be cast upon the mercies of the cruel world.

Of course the new girls haven't cultivated, or rather developed, the fine art of gripping the section in front, or even the hair of the girl in that seat, breaking out in a cold sweat etc., etc., tears—smiles—some more etcetera's—really the new girls will enjoy the movies lots more, though of course it's rather disconcerting during the holidays to say to your escort at the ticket window, "You buy the tickets while I run in and save the seats." Or to find yourself weeping freely on Ethelbert's best shirt front, still, we hope that you will like our movies.

TEXAS LEADS!

Cheer Texas girls! For, of all the states represented at W-B, the lone bonnet state has the largest number of girls registered!

South Dakota, South Carolina, Maine, New Jersey, Massachnsetts, New Mexico, North Dakota, Minnesota, and Maryland each have a sole representative of one student and, strangely enough, in every case the student is a new girl.

Closely following the minimum of the above states, are Wyoming, Pennsylvania, New York, Washington and North Carolina with an enrollment of two girls from each state. The number of girls from other states varies greatly, but Texas leads them all, with 89.

NEW GIRLS ARE HAPPILY PRESENTED ALL-CLUB PARTY

"Eat, drink, and be merry!" And with this command, the All-club reception at Ward-Belmont, Saturday night, September 29, began with a whirr of conversation, and a shower of smiles.

"I'm so glad to meet you. I want you to meet Miss ————," and with a rejoicing smile, the new girl met Miss ————, who passed her on to a glowing-faced club sister. The new girl and the old girl passed smile for smile, pleasantry for pleasantry. The evening moved on, its brilliant gayety typified by the bright, artistically decorated club rooms, and by the lovely gowns of the girls.

"My dear, don't you dare forget us!" the club girl would remark, in angared tones, said sacharine remark being accompanied by a fervent squeeze of the hand, or a desperately pleading glance. Whereupon the rushed new girl would affably reply, while daintily munching some form of food, "My dear, how could I?"

Straggling groups moved toward their dormitories at the close of All-Club Reception, their voices prattling of the evening's excitement. And here and there one might distinguish, "Oh, and my dear! Just let me tell you!" while the thrilled friend listened in awe.

It is easy enough to make a noise in the world; getting an encore is the hard part.

A foolish optimism is better than a wise pessimism.

Camp life is just one canned thing after another.

To our fat friends: May their shadows never grow less.

Maybe the man who boasts that he doesn't owe a dollar in the world, couldn't if he tried.

Autos rush in where mortgages have dared to tread.

A cold bath will be found much more comfortable if hot water is used.

An economist is usually a man who can save money by cutting down other people's expenses.

That the best way to keep a fountain pen from leaking is not to put any ink in it.

PERSONALS

Miss Jane Campbell was the guest of Mrs. Riddle Sunday afternoon.

Miss Lena Minetree and Miss Myrt Anderson spent Monday in town with Mrs. Duke Crouch.

Mrs. Coleman chaperoned Alice Wagnon, Mildred Pool and Mary Ellen Dale to town for lunch Monday.

Mr. L. H. Phetteplace, of Erin, Tenn., spent the week-end in this city. His daughters, Misses Dorothy and Mary Phetteplace, spent Sunday and Monday in town with their father.

Miss Luella Fraser, accompanied by Mrs. Southgate, motored to Columbia, Tenn., Sunday.

Miss Rachel Harris spent Sunday in town with Mrs. Stephenson.

Miss Dorothy Dugger spent Sunday and Monday in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Dugger, of Dugger, Indiana.

Misses Sara and Elisabeth Sudekum spent Saturday afternoon with their parents.

The Indiana club, sponsored by Miss Katherine Kirkham, had lunch at the Satsuma Monday. Later the matinee at Loews was enjoyed.

Miss Ernestine Hull spent Sunday afternoon in town as the guest of Mrs. Erwin.

Miss Moore and Miss Matheny chaperoned the Louisiana Club to town Monday. They attended the matinee at Loews.

Back in 1890

The world's most famous automobile manufacturer was working in a bicycle shop.

A millionaire hotel owner was hoping bells.

America's steel king was stoking a blast furnace.

An international banker was firing a locomotive.

A President of the United States was running a printing press.

A great merchant was carrying a pack on his back.

A railroad president was pounding a telegraph key.

There's always room at the top—where'll you be in 1954?

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WEDDINGS

Invitations have been received at Ward-Belmont to the marriage of Lila Burford (class of '18), to Mr. William Dittis Taylor, on Wednesday, October 16, at seven o'clock in the evening, at the First Methodist Church of Brunswick, Georgia. The bride-elect was a leader in Ward-Belmont student life during her two years' stay here, and left many friends to be interested in her happiness. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Lee Burford, and is a member of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association.

Julia May Hill (class of '18), to Mr. John Stroad Morton, Jr., on Wednesday, September 12, at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Clifton Hill in Smithville, Mo.

Mary Dolores Pearson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George O. Pearson, to Mr. Walter Harte Mothersead, on September 23 at Miami, Oklahoma.

FACULTY WEDDINGS

Ward-Belmont's family will read with much interest of the recent marriage of two former members of the faculty, Miss Rebecca Gilkeson and Mr. Edward Gould Meade.

Miss Gilkeson, who was for some years a valued member of the teaching staff, was married quietly on August 29, at her home in Virginia, to Mr. William Wallace of Mint Springs, Va., the ceremony being performed by her brother-in-law, Dr. J. A. McClure of Petersburg, Va. The bride is a woman of charming personality, and during her residence here made many friends. She was an active member of the Nashville chapter of the Association of College Women, and led in the movement inaugurated by the college women to establish a vocational bureau here. She was graduated from the University of Chicago, taking a Master's degree. She specialized in sociology.

Mr. Meade was director of musical science at Ward-Belmont in 1921-22. He was a Harvard graduate, and also of the New England Conservatory of Music, and was an accomplished organist. His marriage to a Vassar graduate took place early in September. His home will continue to be in Boston.

APPRECIATION OF W.-B.'S EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

From the Shaw High School at East Cleveland, Ohio, has come to Ward-Belmont, Katherine Shrock whose home is in Euclid, Ohio, her special purpose being to study Expression. She has had a leading part in plays given at the Shaw School under the direction of Miss Whittington for the past year; and has studied Expression for three years with the same teacher, who recommended that she come to Ward-Belmont to have advanced training before she goes on to the famous School of Expression in Boston, which is now past award in that art as expression in America.

So highly does Miss Whittington rate the advantages of Ward-Belmont, that she has been sending some of her best pupils here for some years, among them Dorothy Whitelaw, Vernon Henry, Catherine Bonett, Helen Ammerman, Manrine Hunt and Marie Myers.

The latter, after attending Ward-Belmont last year, studied at the University of Virginia the past summer, and has just been elected assistant in the Shaw School, Expression Department. Her fine work at Ward-Belmont's commencement production of "As You Like It" last May is happily remembered. She was in Miss Townsend's certificate class.

At the Shaw School Katherine Schrock was vice-president of her class with over two hundred members.

JUST TO REMIND YOU

In the Y. W. room every Sunday morning right after breakfast, twenty girls assemble in a circle—a round table of discussion as it were—to talk over questions of interest to us all. The old girls will recall with pleasure our peanut campaign of last year, and, also, the faithful work of these girls, our Y. W. C. A. cabinet, in planning that campaign. Do you know who plans our vesper services? The "Y. W." cabinet; in fact, the Y. W. girls are ready and willing at any time to help in any worthy cause.

The Y. W. works for you; won't you support the Y. W.?

RATING PERSONALITY

Dartmouth has come forward with a new selective process in the way of college entrance requirements. Beginning with next fall, this college will rate its candidates not only on intellectual ability but upon character and personality. It is the belief of Dartmouth that "positive qualities of character, wide range of interests and capable performance in school activities should operate as determining factors in selection."

This requirement is sufficiently flexible to keep out undesirable or unworthy students and represents a great advance over the old system of selecting by references from school principals and from friends. It does not, however, solve the problem which confronts the universities of the country.

Personality and character, in a young man of freshman age, are hard to rate even by his most intimate friends. Furthermore it is one of the greatest duties of a college to develop these very things. Should it ever become imperative that institutions of higher learning limit their enrollment, and the present rapid growth would indicate such, a method like the one adopted by Dartmouth would be indefensible, for it would strike at the very roots of the fundamental principle of this country, equal opportunity for all.—Daily Iowan.

...ity Jean's Diary

...day, Sept. 23.—About 10:15 a.m., ...w the anguished scramble for ... seats in chapel. Went to ... with the other W-B angels, ... us in aristocratic black. Some... stepped on my instep, and ... my hat over one ear, other... I was intact when I reached the ...el. Nearly wept with envy when ... lucky Seniors paraded in, all ...themselves, those pet, benevolent ... on their faces as they recog... me. No other excitement, ex... that I ancased at a most inoppor... time.

...onday, Sept. 24.—Had heavenly ... loafing this a.m. Loafed for an ... in the library, wishing Ferdinand ... died when he was young, so ...re'd been one less celebrity to take ... pages of notes on. Loafed two ... hours reading and answering ...k's special. In the afternoon—...o swarms of little fuzs!!! Tea ...m opened and I had a date for it. ...d two orders of ice cream and ...ry cake—gained two pounds more. ...er dinner, new girls were called ... to chapel—good-bye, little rouge ...—until next summer!!!

...esday, Sept. 25.—Classes will be ... death of me yet—struggled ...ough them all day, trying to look ...ligent and failing utterly. An... tea room date—can't decide for ...!! After dinner, another sum... to chapel, where Student Coun... gave us several thousand more ...s which they say are easy to re... ...mber when you learn them—well, ...urally!

...ednesday, Sept. 26.—Have been so ...ppy all day—drank coffee for din... last night, and couldn't sleep at ... Woke up and listened to Mari... ...e for awhile, talking in her sleep; ...rly perished with fright for fifteen ...tes, imagining someone was get... in the window, then discovered ...was the night watchman on the ... below, dragging his feet. Went ... sleep at last, and dreamed I was ...g over China in a little gold aero... ...e, and my bobbed hair was a ...rmaid queue, and mother was say... "How much sweeter you look ... your queue grown out."

...ursday, Sept. 27.—Nothing at all ...ing, today, including me getting ...all whatever. Managed to drown ...grief in chocolates and salted al... ...s—two more pounds—I don't ...—guess maybe I'll never write to ... again. Went to a peppy athletic ... tonight after dinner (speaking of ...tics, Dick's a wonderful football ...r)

...day, Sept. 28.—Have just re... ...d from another session with ...d library. Just for a few minutes, ...ve to have been "a rollin' stone ... rollin' home," just to see if the ... there was still the most gor... one in the world. Gibyl and I ... just a second to look at the ... moon, as we were on our ... back from the library—it's huge ... golden tonight—the campus ... a misty, glowing fairyland beneath it. It almost inspired me to poetry, to outbursts of song, or something jubliant. Oh, to be Keats, or Shelley, "Just for tonight."

Saturday, Sept. 29.—"I'm so glad to meet you!" My brain is still whirling with that phrase, uttered in a thrilled tone. Footsore and weary, I've just returned to my room from All-Club Reception. The set smile is still on my face. Oh, and I've eaten entirely too much—I should have used discretion. I started out feeling so spry and excited, in my new violet chiffon and silvercloth evening dress—but a half hour ago, I realized I must look wilted. All the club rooms did look darling. The old girls must be dead tired, too. My right arm is paralyzed and I'm too hoarse to speak otherwise than in perfect imitation of a frog. Here comes Marianne, with the same thrilled stare and Cheshire-cat grin—enough is too much! It's me for bed—I'm too tired to even look at the moon!!!

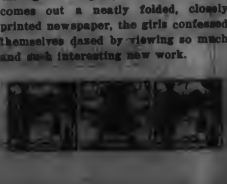
CLASS IN JOURNALISM VISITS NASHVILLE BANNER

Did you know that the Ward-Belmont class of journalism, under Miss Shouse, set their seal of approval on the Monday, October 1, edition of the Nashville Banner?. It was unanimously voted at a visit which the class paid to the office of that well-known afternoon paper. The object was to see the practical working of that great American agent of public opinion, the newspaper, and the members of the class felt that their visit was eminently successful.

The class was cordially greeted by Mr. Lewis, who conducted the party to the editorial rooms, where the girls had the pleasure of meeting the owner and publisher of the Banner, Maj. E. B. Stahlman, who gave them a courteous welcome, Mr. W. E. Beard, state news editor, and Mr. R. H. Perry, assistant city editor. Mr. Beard very kindly told the girls many things connected with his own department and provided a guide to conduct them to the composing room.

In the composing room, the class was tempted to linger long, gazing at the intricacies of newspaper compositions. Expressions of regret that the whole of Ward-Belmont could not see the wonders of the setting of type, inking of huge rollers and the appearance, in the paper-mache mats which are used as molds, of our old friends Andy Gump, Walt and Skeezicks, Toonerville Trolley and other favorite comic-friends.

After a visit to the press rooms, where a blank roll of paper runs through a huge printing press and comes out a neatly folded, closely printed newspaper, the girls confessed themselves dazed by viewing so much and such interesting new work.



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College Clothes

What to wear at Ward-Belmont—that is a question everyone is asking now. It is an important question—one we have given much study to.

Our buyers have selected for this Fall, one of the most complete, varied and up-to-the-minute-in-style displays we have ever seen.

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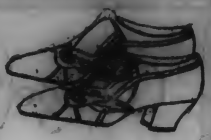
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It takes a Freshman some time to get over her school daze.

The Bored of Edication is the Teacher of the Flapper Class.

Best mathematics are multiplying joys and dividing the sorrows of others.

You have to dig to cultivate y mind.

A country school board was visiti a school and the principal was g ting his pupils through their pa "Who signed Magna Charta Rober he asked, turning to one boy. "Tha sir, twasn't me," whimpered t youngster. The teacher, in disg told him to take his seat; but an countryman on the board was s satisfied, so he said "Call that th boy back. I don't like his manner believe he did do it."

For a brief interval the old walked rapidly in a circle around t cranium of an old Tennessean; th pausing, the old fy stroked his ch meditatively, and said, "There is tradition in our family my childre Before the time of Ward or Belmo this barren plain was covered wi a dense forest!"

A timid little Freshman
To the new joke box did come.
She there dropped in a penny,
And waited for the gum.

Cheek is the sub-soil of Rouge.

Louise Schwab when studying S ciology the other day asked Nadin Candler what Soicety is. We hav proof that Nadine gased reproachingl at her friend, and answered scornfu ly, "Society? Why that's somethi you go out in when you're at home!

One of the worst habits of which w know is that of a carpenter who co tinually bites his nails.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1923 NUMBER 3

VINCENT LECTURES TO BEGIN THIS WEEK

Former students who know the delights of Dr. Leon H. Vincent's lectures on English and American literature received with keen pleasure the announcement that he will come to Ward-Belmont again, and begin a course of five lectures, with supplementary class talks, the latter part of each week. New girls, who have never heard Dr. Vincent, have a treat, and have opportunity in store. He is not only one of the most scholarly and best lecturers on the platform today, but he has the gift of a charming style, bright, humorous, full of personal touches which fix facts in the memory as no other trick of speech could do, and he lectures right into the interest and most receptive feeling of his student audiences.

Dr. Vincent's subjects for this course will be:

"Carlyle and His Wife."
"Ruskin: A Personal Study."
"Charlotte Bronte."
Robert and Elisabeth Barrett Browning."
"Anthony Trollope and His Lit[illegible] Adventures."

In addition, he will give a number of class talks before Miss Ross's and Miss Scruggs' classes in English. Besides his Ward-Belmont appearance, Dr Vincent will also be heard at St. Cecilia's Academy, and probably other educational institutions during his time in this section. His home is in Boston, and the greater part of his work is done in the East, but for the past two summers he has been brought South to the Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, as a member of its summer faculty.

THE SATURDAY EVENING MOVIE

That was fine, new girls—and we appreciate your co-operation! Of course, we realise that it wasn't your fault, but such things take time to develop properly. In three or four more Saturday nights our movie will indeed be a howling success. Now next time throw your whole soul into it (rather than your entire lung capacity) and yell a little more very beatest.

Speaking of the movie, imagine balancing a good sized flower garden on your head—and dragging three or four hundred yards of dress behind you. Inside—if they were socket fits?

The picture carried us back a few years to [illegible] the costumes and customs—though they say ours isn't a very moral age, at least, it is comfortable.

Our Hall of Fame

They builded a house at the end of the road,
Where Youth with its visages come,
The portals of love—the stones all of dreams
They called it the Hall of Alm.

Now the sunshine of joy shines down all the day,
On that roof that is raised to the sky,
And inspires all within it with purpose intent—
To keep every ideal high.

And the shadows of peace hover near it at night,
When the sun has sunk low in the West,
And fill each young heart with hope and desire.
Onward to march in each quest!

So they live there together—our Seniors—our pride,
With Happiness at the helm—
God bless them and fill with Heaven's own light,
Each corner of their little realm!

History of the Organization of W.-B.'s Social Clubs

That Ward-Belmont must have a more democratic social life was the decision which led to the discontinuation of the sororities of Belmont College days, which had been inherited by the combined schools, and the installation of the ten social clubs which we now enjoy. The social organizations in Belmont College consisted of six national, or local, sororities. The first of these sororities was Phi Mu, a national sorority, later taken out on account of a raise to a regular four-year college standard; next, Tau Phi Sigma, a local sorority, which later became national under the name of Phi Mu Gamma: Sigma Iota Chi, a national sorority; Beta Omicron Pi, a national sorority; Theta Kappa Delta, a local sorority; and another local sorority, which was put in during the last few months of Belmont and which was formed chiefly by Alice Wilson, niece of former President Woodrow Wilson. These sororities, sponsored by Miss Martha A. Cason, were organised and carried on according to regular sorority ruling.

Miss Mills and Dr. Martin, who was vice-president of the school at that time, were instrumental in withdrawing the sorority chapters because they felt that in a school of the type of Ward-Belmont sororities were not the ideal social life. After the sororities were done away with, a year followed without organizations to take their places. Then, in response to the repeated requests of the girls, the clubs came into existence.

A group of ten of the leading girls in the school were called together. They were told of the intention to organise ten social clubs and were asked to select ten other girls. These girls formed the nucleus of the clubs and carried on the rushing of the other girls. Every girl in school became a member of a club.

And thus were organised the ten social clubs which are so dear to every girl in Ward-Belmont: X. L., Tri-K, Osiron, Penta Tau, T. C., F. F., A. K., Del-Vera, Agora, and Twentieth Century.

Their success is unquestioned.

Their influence is excellent.

Their programs afford one of the school's happiest features.

Ward-Belmont could never do without them.

Miss Townsend—"Have you had any theatrical experience before?"

Gladys Winders—"Oh, yes, I used to play the front legs of the horse in Paul Revere's Ride!"

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Students of Ward-Belmont Should Return the Co-operation of Nashville Merchants

Most students who come to school think that they are the only ones interested in the school itself. But this is not so. There are hundreds of alumnae scattered all over the country who are eagerly looking forward to news received from their Alma Mater. And they are looking for encouraging news, showing that the school is progressing. There are, likewise, many firms and places of business in Nashville that are interested in the progress of the school. And here again it is up to the students themselves to show these business firms that we are progressing. These organizations, down town, are showing their interest in the school by putting advertisements in our paper. Since they are doing their bit, why can't we return the favor and patronise them to our fullest?

Whenever you have any shopping to do, do not ask your room-mate or some friend of yours where to go, but simply pick up your last issue of the Hyphen and find out for yourself the best place to trade. For the firms which advertise in your paper are the best in town, or else they would not have taken the trouble to advertise there. And when buying, a firm appreciates a word or two about their advertisement which you have seen. So, let's get right down and patronise our willing advertisers and thereby help to make our own school a greater one, and our paper a good co-operating medium.

MISS CHAMBERS OF OUR FACULTY TELLS OF WORK IN CHINA

From a girls' schools in Chengtu, China, to a girls' school in Nashville, U. S. A., is a vast distance. Miss Irene M. Chambers, a member of the Ward-Belmont faculty this year, spent six years in Chengtu, the capital of Szechwan Province which is about eighteen hundred miles inland from Shanghai.

Miss Chambers went to China in 1911, the year of the revolution, that marked the close of the Manchu Dynasty. It was in that year the Chinamen began cutting their queues which had been an emblem of subjugation.

After leaving Shanghai, Miss Chamber's party traveled by steamer and then by house-boat up the river. In Chengtu she was an instructor in an interdenominational Normal School. It was a girls' boarding school and Miss Chambers says that the routine of life

(Continued on page 7.)

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RICH SCHWARTZ & JOSEPH
"THE READY-TO-WEAR" STORE

HARRISON BROTHERS
Florists
CHURCH STREET—OPPOSITE CAPITOL BOULEVARD

ALUMNI

From far and wide there comes back to Ward-Belmont news of the worthy work, the earnest achievement and the frequent successes of former students, whose names are more and more a source of pride to the school and its management. In philanthropic, benevolent and industrial fields they are known and honored.

One of the recent examples is that of Irene Mott (1915), the daughter of the world-famed Student Volunteer Worker, John R. Mott, who is to sail on October 17, for India, accompanying her brother, who is in the Industrial Welfare Work in the India Cotton Mills. Irene is to co-operate with him, taking charge of the work with the women operatives. She goes out full of enthusiasm and ardor, and in a recent letter to Mrs. McComb tells of her hopes and aspirations. She will be located at the Y.M.C.A. Student Hotel at Nagpew, India.

Mrs. Frank Stites, Jr. (Louise Armstrong), of Franklin, Tenn., who went to Korea with her husband, a medical missionary, five years ago, it at her home in Kentucky, she and her husband having the customary year's leave of absence. Her work among the Korean women has been very successful, and she has enjoyed its many-sided opportunities.

Olive Pepper (1916), of Allensville, Ky., has organized a Junior Agricultural Club in her home county, and will work also in an improvement club with the high school pupils of Allensville, for the general civic betterment of the community. She has received special training for the work that she has undertaken, having studied for two years at Columbia University after she left Ward-Belmont, and going later to the University of Wisconsin where she received her A.M. degree. Last winter she went to Chicago University for a special course in community service training.

Margaret Mallory (1917), of Hampton, Iowa, is teaching French in the high school of Jacksonville, Fla., and for two years previously has been teaching in Texas.

Helen Guinn of Perryville, who was a member of the Expression Certificate class of last term, is teaching this fall in the high school at Linden, Tenn. Her class gave a pageant at the County Fair which received much approval.

Lucile Astrachan, of Amarillo, Texas, a member of last year's Hyphen staff, remembered for her very capable work, will attend school in New York this winter.

Helen Wallace, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, directed Miss Townsend's dramatisation of "Alice in Wonderland" on September 7 for the Park Commission of her city, using 700 children from all of the city parks, to take part in the presentation. Margaret Lee took the part of Alice, and both young ladies were members of the W-B Expression A class in 1921-22. The presentation was wonderfully successful, being attended by thousands of people. The local paper pays the following tribute to its excellence:

"Cars were parked all through the park and for a radius of blocks in every direction. Special details of traffic policemen kept the driveways clear enough to permit the passage of cars. Long lines of buses waited to bring home the crowds. All of which attest to the marked success of Miss Helen Wallace.

"To be thus outwardly successful, a move must be essentially successful in achievement of ideals. The professed aim of Miss Wallace in supervising the play of the city's children is to "develop the child in honesty, integrity and cleanliness, through aronsing the imagination of children to create in them a desire for the higher things of life and a love for the beautiful.'

"Miss Wallace pioneered in this work last summer. This is the second annual pageant they have presented. It climaxes the work they have done during the summer in supervising the

At the University of Wisconsin, play of the children of the city."

Theta chapter announces the pledging of Maxine Day and Martha Williamson; Kappa chapter announces the pledging of Margaret Marling; Phi Beta Phi chapter announces the pledging of Virginia Cox and Jean Williamarth; Alpha Omega Pi chapter announces the pledging of Eleanor Rench.

Katherine Capell, of Harrisburg, Ill., certificate pupil and graduate in the class of 1923, and well remembered for her wonderfully good interpretation of Orlando in the commencement production of "As You Like It," last May, is at the University of Illinois this winter.

Mary Sue Thomas of Watonga, Okla., a student of last year, writes Miss Townsend of her entrance at Oklahoma University this term, and of the pleasure with which she anticipates her work, although she keenly regrets not being a member of the Expression Certificate class at W-B this year.

Sylvia Klein, of Kansas City, Senior Middle of last year, is at the University of Wisconsin this term.

Juanita Willis (1923), and president of the student Council, is at Oklahoma University, where she is pledged Kappa.

A NEW STORE
A SANITARY FOUNTAIN—
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...berry Campbell, of Shawnee, ..., is at the Oklahoma University, ...is pledged Kappa.

...raidine French, Corsicana, Texas, ...sident of Penta Tau in 1923, is ...ged Zet Tau Alpha at the Uni... ...ity of Texas.

...rankie McKinney, of Cooper, Texas, ... also pledged the same sorority.

...Bettie Baxter, of Kansas City, Sen... Middle of last year, is attending ... University of Missouri at Colum..., Mo., and is among the list of ...ta Gamma pledges.

...Dorothy Malcomb, of Harrisonville, ..., is at the University of Missouri, ...t has pledged Pi Beta Phi.

VESPERS

Sunday night, as we assemble in the ...apel, to the strain of soft organ ...sic, we felt that a message—a talk ... real importance was to be given ... us.

Even our opening song seemed to ...ntain more than the usual feeling. ...ter Madeline Edgington had so ...utifully sang "Face To Face," we ...re indeed 'keyed up' for the climax, ... Edwin Mims's talk on "Religion ...d the Development of the Mind." Dr. Mims told us "That religion is ... harmonious development of all ... powers that go to make for work ...d beauty of human life. One must ...velop self-expression as well as self-...alization by service." To develop ... aesthetic taste, a good memory, the ...ility to concentrate, is important. "To neglect intellectuality is a sin: on ... other hand, to neglect the social ...de of life is a sin." Dr. Mims em...atically stated that we have every...ing, or any thing, in our power.

We left the chapel, with a new feel... of strength, with greater ambi...on, and ego with just a bit more ...ide and faith in our own ability.

FACULTY FAVORITES

One day at luncheon Miss Scrugge ...d the following joke: An English...an and Irishman and a Scotchman ...re telling about the closest races ...y had ever seen.

The Englishman said: "The closest ...e I ever saw, was a horse race, ...d the race was won just by the ...gth of the horse's head."

The Irishman said: "The closest ...e I ever saw was a boat race, and ... boat won by the depth of a coat ... paint."

The Scotchman said: "Weell, the ...osest race that I have ever seen is ... Scotch race."

Miss Scrugge says that a young ...man who heard the joke seemed ... have some difficulty in seeing the ...int. A few days after the luncheon ... met her and the young woman ...d: "Miss Scruggs, I wish you would ... me that joke about the stingy ...e again."

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CHAPEL

THE WITCHING HOUR

"And then the clock struck twelve." This is a sentence which always brings one, when reading a story, to a feeling of great expectation, curiosity and suspense concerning just what is going to happen next. There is always some significance attaching to the fact that the clock strikes twelve. We hasten on to turn the page, and find out what the event is going to be. Even so it is with the story of our lives at W.-B. It is not the "witching hour of midnight" which our gong announces. Oh! No! But, nevertheless, there is much significance in the fact that the bell tolls when the old Seth Thomas says, "twelve." As in the proverbial story, our interest and suspense are aroused, and goaded by some invisible force. (Can it be Miss Morrison?) We hasten down the path to discover what is going to happen next. [Our own curiosity—so we learned to-day—will henceforth have one minute less time within which to be satisfied.] What really does happen next is always CHAPEL.

In the story, the thing which comes to pass, often disappoints us. This seldom is the case with our chapel services, and this week especially has been full of satisfaction and interest to the girls.

Dr. Holt has delivered talks to us of the most intensely interesting nature. He has brought us stories of his personal experiences and linked them in such a way with stories of the Bible that we gain a moral and are still interested. And which one of us before, ever realized that humor may be found in the Testament? Not many—to say the least. However, the laughter which filled the chapel on Friday was sufficient proof that W.-B. girls have at least learned one lesson in the Bible—if no other. It would be particularly beneficial if all of our humor might henceforth be gleaned from such a holy and substantial source, as well as along the lives of true humor—as Dr. Holt pointed them out for us.

Aside from Dr. Mims' address at Vespers Sunday night, we have had no outside speakers, but we all enjoyed and benefited by that highly intellectual discussion on "What is Religion?"

Farmer—"What are you doing up in that tree, young feller?"

Tiny—"One of your apples fell down mister, and I'm trying to put it back."

Learning By Degrees.

Foreman—"Yes, I'll give ye a job sweepin' and keepin' the place clean."

"But I'm a college graduate."

"Well, then, maybe ye better start on somethin' simpler."—Life (New York).

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Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

Just when we think it's time to lower the curtain on the era of starched ginghams and voiles; just about the time we feel called upon to weep a briny tear when looking at our childhood possessions—just when we feel that it is highly apropos for us to look wistful and sing, "Backward, oh backward, oh Time in your flight"—just about that time something unusual happens to show us that we're not near so grown up and worldly wise as we think we are!

It seems a long stretch back since we organized all those little civic leagues to keep the orange peelings and paper sacks off the ground of "the little red school-house," and yet, even now, with all the additional knowledge which we have accumulated; in spite of all our acquired savior faire, it behooves us to awake to the need of similar organizations on the campus of our own much-loved school.

Even the most discriminating connoisseur of beauty could not criticize our Southern campus at this time of the year—with its winding walks, its artistic floral pots, its well kept grounds. As a lovely setting for the majestic buildings it stretches forth—a panorama of loveliness which should inspire and fill each girl with pride. To be guilty of detracting from such a picture of scattering unattractive debris here and there deserves a black star of the first magnitude!

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

PHYSICAL EDS AT WOODY CREST

If you see anyone limping around school, or with her arm in a sling, or with a black eye, do not think that Jack Dempsey has come to town. For she is probably a junior physical ed. and her ailments are only a result of a glorious week-end at Woody Crest. For the physical eds, both seniors and juniors, spent the past week-end at our beloved country club where the juniors were duly initiated into the ranks of the much-envied physical eds.

The girls drove out Saturday evening right after supper and spent the remainder of the evening in dancing, making "pie-beds," and reading. Everybody was contented to just be there, and not do much. An exploration of the grounds by the new girls, and reminiscing by the old girls, took up most of Sunday. And then! Treats of all treats! Tea in the dining room in the house-proper. It was all so home-like that everyone wanted to eat on and on forever just to be able to sit around on the floor in that majestic dining room, and talk.

Ask any junior physical ed how she enjoyed Sunday evening! She will probably tell you it was not bad, and that "those awful seniors didn't get away with a thing." But Sunday evening was the doomed time, and every junior had to come forward with a brave face and stand the test she was put through in order to determine whether or not she could be eligible for membership in the school as a physical-ed. Each and every junior stood this test very well, although there were several who "skinned thru by the skin of their teeth." But the compensation offered later by the lower class, was enough to make up for any mistakes made by any of their members.

And last, but decidedly never least, what would a physical-ed week-end be without Miss Morrison and Miss Sisson? For the former lends us a cheery or a sympathetic word when needed, and don't you just "adore" to sit around that huge grate fire and listen to her read aloud to us? But we know what a week-end is like without Miss Sisson, and we all confess that it seemed mighty lonesome. The fact that Miss Sisson was not able to be with us, was the only blight on the whole party, but wait until the next time—we will all be there with the usual pep and enthusiasm.

All the physical-eds wish to thank Jane Carling most heartily for her wonderful supervision of the whole affair.

UNNECESSARY

Some things are so entirely obvious that further comment seems altogether unnecessary. So it is with the joys and advantages of the seniors in their new home—Senior Hall. The beautiful and cozy living room; the charming suites, with their cedar lined closets, their over draperies, and tiled baths; indeed the very structure and architecture of the entire building stand proudly upon the campus to say to all who behold it "Nothing but happiness can reign within my walls"—and so it is!

Then, putting all other considerations aside—what more could we need—to realize that this home is truly complete—than the following happy fact: Mrs. C. D. McComb is hostess of Senior Hall. Hostess? Yes, and more than that—Mother. What home is complete without a mother? In this respect Mrs. Charlie—for such we love to call her— gives some of us a blessing here at school which we have lost at home—and we appreciate it.

Joys? Why merely look into the faces of each and every Senior! It is radiant, happy, satisfied. Again look upon the faces of the Senior Mids—they are strained, restless, searching—yea, verily—searching and digging for the knowledge that will some day open the gates of this "Hall of Aim" to them.

A last, but nevertheless potent factor on the list of Senior "privileges" is that of having Miss Katherine Morrison for our hall sponsor. We admit that she will work you till you drop, on the athletic field; she will spot every misbehavior in chapel; she will make you tremble to your very foundation in monitor's meeting. But have you ever lived with her in Senior Hall? Well, then you don't know what you've missed!

And Miss Morrison, you should take special notice of the Seniors in monitor meeting this year—they will be very conspicuous by their absence, for:

Lives there a Senior with a heart so dead,
Who to her friends has never said
I'll watch my step—I'll do no folly
I'll swear it's true as Dnb's a collie!

FASHION NOTES

By Buck Wheat

Good afternoon ladies—I have some astounding news! Just think my dears, the long ultra mode of wearing bracelets is evidently becoming passe! The other evening in the spacious loveliness of Rec Hall, palatial home of Mr. and Madame Bianton, I noticed that Mme. Rosalie Dadisman exhibited nearly three quarters of an inch of bracelet space on one arm! On the other hand, however, at a recent affair at Chapelle, I observed that the comtesse Tillice Belle Mitchener, also a conniseur of fashion's latest, was ushered in to a tune reminiscent of childhood and Christmas bells, which issued entirely from the metallic appendages on her arm.

One evening, at a very smart gathering of the young girls of L'Universite de Ward-Belmonte, I saw an unusual headgear, which particularly attracted my attention—a multi-colored scarf was wrapped about the head and held in place by two grotesque ornamental hatpins, stuck in the front at a dangerous angle. The effect was that of horns.

The latest fad in the sport world is that of having garments fashioned to represent one of the popular games—for instance, the ingenious Mlle. Nadine Candler is astonishing members of her set, by appearing frequently in a bizarre blue and white creation designed to represent the ever absorbing game of checkers.

Freshman Logic.

Prof.: "How much does a six-pound shell weigh?"

Frosh: "I don't know."

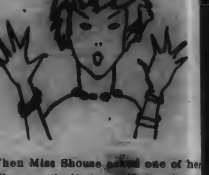
Prof.: "Well, what time does the twelve o'clock train leave?"

Frosh: "Twelve o'clock."

Prof.: "Then what is the weight of the six-pound shell?"

Frosh: "Twelve pounds."—Juggler.

They Tell me That



When Miss Shouse asked one of her pupils recently if she could "spell correctly," the questioned one answered enthusiastically, "I should say I can—I wish all words were as easy to spell as that one!"

One of the dear girls among us who so well merits the nickname of "Queen," states that her reason for her calling her "one and only 'King,' is because he has a gold crown.

One of the faculty in the history department recently startled a young woman, whose mind was off on a far away tangent, by asking her why America was so slow in entering the war. We have proof that the dreamer, so rudely awakened, answered truthfully, "Not prepared." Imagine then her bewildered delight when the teacher smilingly retorted, "Exactly right."

You girls are terribly curious.

In an attempt at conversation one of our ever-lofty Seniors asked of a newcomer, "Do you use Colgate's tooth paste?" Imagine the arrows of scorn which must have pierced her heart, when the new girl timidly responded, "Why no, I'm not rooming with her this quarter."

We editors may dig and toil
Till our finger-tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say
"I've heard that joke before."

Even members of the high and mighty staff are not immune. When asked recently to relate the account of a historical duel, one of the aforementioned calmly replied, "I don't know—I was in the infirmary, so I didn't see it."

When one of the victims of the crush epidemic was asked why she called her heart's ideal by the rather unlovely name of "Realtor," she answered reproachfully: "Why because she knows lots, of course."

Frosh Calendar

Monday morning, late to class.
Tuesday, quiz; I didn't pass;
Wednesday had a two-hour date,
Thursday found the girl don't rate.
Friday flunked another test—
Saturday's my day of rest.
Tomorrow morn I'll sleep 'till one;
Another week of toil is done.

Patty Jean's Diary

Sunday, Sept. 30—If one has as great a Sunday every week as one or some weeks, one would have a glorious existence, wouldn't one? This has been the cutest day!!! (My pet adjective at present). Pattered down church, of course, this A.M. and got the greatest thrill ever—saw Jimmie Marshall at church! Now, considering what he's the most gorgeous looking man! And considering that he smiled and spoke adorably, I gave him a radiant ear-splitting grin, thrilled to death that he remembered me, and got yet over the shock of knowing he's in Nashville, I sang both hymns with the book upside down, and put my gloves in the collection plate. Then spend a special from Dick awaiting me at school and enjoyed it tres beaucoup, except that he seems to be too happy and having too jolly a time for such a lonesome person as he's supposed to be! Peace and quiet for the rest of the day.

Monday, Oct. 1—No mail, no candy from Dick, no phone call from Jimmie, he MUST have been excited over seeing me) no excitement a-tall! Had a music lesson and didn't know it! I'm furious—good-night!!!! Hope Dick's date stands him up tonight!)

Tuesday, Oct. 2—Isn't it funny how heavenly some days are? Today's one of 'em! Jimmie Marshall is SO nice! Got a phone call from him today, which flustrated me completely—he's got the nicest voice over the phone! If it's possible, I'm going to have a date with him Friday night—wonder what I'll wear! Anyway—competition, Dick! Bring on your specials and candy, or I'm betting on Jimmie!

Wednesday, Oct. 3—Forgot everything today except deciding what club to pledge—Got pulled and pushed and grabbed, after dinner, till I lost my mind, and greeted everyone with a vacant stare and a gentle nod. Then I went in and signed exactly what I wanted to, so I'm happy.

Thursday, Oct. 4—French is Greek to me and I don't like History, so I expect to flunk everything and disgrace me, myself, and Patty Jean. Filed my request for a date with Jimmie and found out that an armload of references were necessary first. Called over Jimmie to enlighten him. He was very sweet about it, so am hoping by the end of next week, MAYBE, to get to see him.

Friday, Oct. 5—Everything comes to those who wait. Jimmie certainly does things in a rush (maybe he WAS excited to see me—he says he was). He had people phoning Miss Mills all morning, saying awf'ly nice things about him, I guess; because I filed again this afternoon for a date tonight, and it came back granted. Oh dear! We just come back to my room from the date! He brought me a precious box of candy—it was so good I hated to eat it. And Jimmie himself is too good to be true. We didn't have half enough time to talk over things so he's coming again next week. I could NOT keep my eyes off his fraternity pin—it's lovely—pearls and opals!

Saturday, Oct. 6—Classes all A.M. and then a long letter from Dick at noon. I'm all muddled up! Dick said the weekly box of candy was on its way. I could argue with myself all day over who is the nicest and not get anywhere! Of conrse, I like Dick the best—I've known him five years—but Jimmie certainly is fascinating!!!

AUNTIE BELLUM'S COLUMN

Are you forced to face the problems of every young girl of today? Do you cherish a desire to be lovely, even though you toil daily at the Ward-Belmont factory? Be of good cheer then, for Auntie Bellum has solved your problem! Fill out one of our conpons, and by enclosing one dollar and a half, you will be helped as have thousands of others. Below is a letter from one of Anntie's own girls; read it, and see for yourself.

"Dearest Anntie Bellum:

Oh, you old duck, how can I ever thank you enough for all you've done for me? Why, Auntie, before I knew you, I was the original ont of date fashion plate, but you should see me now—the ugly duckling has been transformed!

Taking you excellent advice, I have, with no expense to myself, acquired two adorable dresses—just the very sort that are worn by the ladies of fashion everywhere! One is a Peggy Ogden model, delightfully chic, and just think, I made it out of Mother's old drapery! Then I delved abont in Dad's belongings until I fonnd a handsome striped shirt, very little worn, and ont of it, I have made, unaided, a charming Marion Kendall tnb silk frock.

Then, I found in my policeman uncle's trunk, a pair of handsome handcuffs. My friend, the blacksmith, has separated them, and behold! as effective a pair of Margaret Fisher earrings as can be secnred anywhere!

With your suggestion, I have manufactured from brother Bill's marbles, an exquisite pair of the latest choker beads, which add much to any costume.

So here I am, Auntie, all arrayed in my finery—all my friends admire and wonder at my refined apparel; all the yonng men of the community stare at me kindly—I am sought after wherever I may be; all the sweets of popularity are mine, and I have you to thank for everything. I hope all girls will profit by my wonderful experience.

Gratefully,

BEE GONIA.

APPRECIATION FOR DR. LEON H. VINCENT

Ward-Belmont students, and patrons, who are enjoying the very scholarly and delightful series of lectures by Dr. Leon H. Vincent, now in progress, will be interested in knowing that he has been called to repeat in Murfreesboro, before the students of Tennessee College, his lecture on "Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning," that we are to hear on next Thursday. Also Dr. Vincent, during his stay here, will fill an engagement at St. Cecelia Academy, a large Catholic School, where he will speak on "Dickens."

GONE TO W-B

(Sulphur Springs, Texas, Hi-Life.)

Miss Marjorie Morehead, who was editor-in-chief of The Hi-Life last year, is now attending school at Ward-Belmont, and everyone is sure that she will make a fine student.

It was through Miss Morehead's untiring efforts that helped to make Hi-Life a success last year and to make it possible that the paper might be continued this year with a clean record.

The present staff of The Hi-Life and public who know her expect great things of Miss Morehead and wish her success and honors in her school work.

SUCCESS

(Sulphur Springs (Tex.) Hi-Life.)

Success is being friendly when an other needs a friend;
It's in the cheery words you speak, and in the coins you lend;
Success is not alone in skill and deeds of daring great;
It's the roses that you plant beside your garden gate.
Success is in the way you walk the paths of life each day;
It's in the little things you do and in the things you say;
Success is in the glad hello, you give your fellowman;
It's in the laughter of your home and all the joys you plan.
Success is not in getting rich or rising high to fame;
it's not alone in winning goals which all men hope to claim;
It's in the man you are each day, the rough happiness or care;
It's in the cheery words you speak and in the smile you wear.
Success is being big of heart and clean and broad of mind;
it's being faithful to your friends, and to the stranger kind;
It's in the children whom you love, and all they learn from you—
SUCCESS depends on Character and everything you do.

LOVELY FRIZZES AND HOW TO GROW THEM

By Al Faifa

No Ward-Belmont girl can flatter herself as having reached the zenith of physical perfection unless her frizes stick out at various angles all over her head.

If your frizzes do not frizz all over, do not despair! By using "magic curler" night and morning, by putting them up on rags frequently, you, too, can have frizzments that frizz, and when, some day, the wolf is at the door and you have not even money for the tea room you will have the blissful knowledge that no harm will come to you, because of the hole in your black hat where you removed your rhinestone pin. With straight hair it might slip through, the hole in the hat, and both discomfort and embarrassment result, but with frizzes you are secure and happy.



Elizabeth Terrelle.

"A lack of frizzes is a dangerous thing." Elizabeth Terrelle, famous tragedienne, celebrated for her frizzly frizzes, says: "I attribute my phenomenal success on the stage to my bushy and frizzly locks."

Success! it's found in the soul of you,
And not in the realm of luck!
The world will furnish the work to do,
But you must provide the pinck.
You can do whatever you think you can,
It's all in the way you view it.
It's all in the start you make yonng man:
You must feel that you're going to do it.—Guest.

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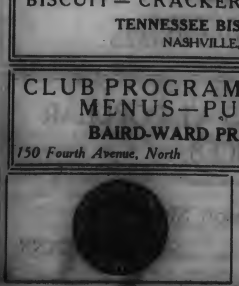
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WEDDINGS

Of the marriage of Nancy Lawson, (class of '21), on September 29, a Liberty, Mo. paper furnishes the following interesting account:

"The marriage of Miss Nancy Lawson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin E. Lawson, Liberty, to Mr. Paul M. Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Jones, of Kansas City, was at the Methodist Episcopal church, South, in Liberty at 8:30 o'clock last night. The ceremony was performed by Bishop W. F. McMurry, of Louisville, Ky. The church was decorated with palms, ferns and standards of bronze and yellow crysanthemums and cathedral candles. Before the service Mr. Martin Eichenlaub sang "All for You" and "At Dawning." He was accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland Adams, organist, who also played the wedding music.

"The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of ivory satin, embroidered in seed pearls. The court train, embroidered in pearls, was veiled, with the tulle veil held in place by bandeau of pearls and orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley and orchids.

"The matron of honor, Mrs. Harry Roark, of Rilhmond, Va., was gowned in sunset brocade velvet and gold cloth and carried an arm bouquet of sunburst roses. The maid of honor, Miss Louise Gilmer, was gowned in orange brocade velvet and gold cloth. Her colonial bouquet was of Ophelia roses. Miss Thelma Cafall of Beaumont, Tex., and Miss Janice Jones, of Kansas City, the bridesmaids, were gowned in mahogany brocade velvet over gold with side-drapes. They carried colonial bouquets of Ophelia roses and delphinium. The flower girl, Martha Hansell, of Kansas City, wore a white frock trimmed in blue and carried a basket of rose petals. Bobby Jones, the ring-bearer, wore a blue velvet Oliver Twist suit and carried the ring in a lily.

"The best man was Mr. Charles Jones, brother of the groom, and the groomsmen were Mr. Charles W. Scarritt, Jr., Mr. Aubrey Marshall, Mr. Edward Scarritt, Mr. Robert Sweet, all of Kansas City, and Mr. Harry Roark of Richmond, Mo.

"Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Jones received with Mr. and Mrs. Lawson at the reception following the ceremony. The assisting friends were: Mr. and Mrs. Scarritt Jones, Judge and Mrs. Ralph Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. John Dow, Mr. and Mrs. Milburn McComas.

"Miss Claudia McMurry of Louisville, Ky., Miss Maxine Christopher and Miss Mary Bess Meservey.

"After an Eastern wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Jones will be at home at 3913 Scarritt avenue, Kansas City, Mo."

Virginia Winifred Sells, to Mr. Theodore La Rue Latkins, Jr., on Sept. 15, 1923 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison G. Sells, in Auburn, N. Y. After Nov. 16, the bride and groom will be at home at 68 Montague Street in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Announcements have been received at Ward-Belmont of the marriage of Eddie Lou Buford, of Sulphur Springs, Texas, to Mr. Virgil Garrett, on Sunday, September 30, at Dallas, Texas. The bride will be remembered as a popular member of the student body during her two years' stay here ('21 and '22). The sister of the groom, Mary Belle Garrett, is attending Ward-Belmont this year.

James Leila Glenn, of Hartford, Ky., a former Expression pupil at Ward-Belmont, to Mr. Henry Richard Dyer, Jr., on Wednesday, August 15, 1923, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Glenn. Since September 1, the bride and groom have been at home at Central City, Ky.

The parents of Margaret Wingfield, of Logansport, Ind., who was president of the A. K. Club the latter half of 1922-23 term, have announced her engagement to the instructor of aviation in Culver Military Academy at Culver, Indiana.

The engagement of Addie Kynard, of Dallas, Texas, and Grace Barnhill, of Madisonville, Ky., have been announced.

WARD-BELMONT WILL HAVE A GLEE CLUB

Announcement made in Chapel on Wednesday, by Mr. George A. Webster, Director of Musical Science, of the immediate organization of a Glee Club was received with evident delight. He announced that the testing out of voices to secure vocal material was to begin at once, and on Thursday evening in Signor De Luca's studio, many girls appeared to have their voices heard and examined by the Director of Voice, who has always been cordially interested in the formation and excellence of a School Glee Club. Membership in the club will not be restricted to vocal students alone. There are in the school a number of good, and some most promising voices not being cultivated at present. The discovery of these vocal gifts by Signor de Luca will mean the enrollment of these names on the Glee Club, and in addition to the number of good voices already being cultivated, the Glee Club promises to be one of marked importance and musical excellence. Mr. Webster plans to have at least one public concert, and expects the Club to function at school occasions appropriate and helpful.

By the old girls, the lovely Glee Club program given on the night before the 1922 Christmas holidays began, is happily remembered. The stage was lit with candles, and a beautiful program of carols and old songs was given with great success. It is with cordial interest that the management of the school as well as the student body will welcome the new organization.

When in doubt—read our ads.

PERSONALS

Winnie May Hall, who is improving after a short illness, had the pleasure of a visit from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F.-C. Hall of Chickasha, Okla. They were at the Hotel Hermitage during their stay. Mr. Hall is a large operator in oil properties, and business interests called him home after a short stay. Winnie May is a cousin of our own Ruby Wooten who means much in the life of the school.

Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Hall took Beatrice Dortch, Martha Ellington Ruby Wooten, Josephine Tucker and Annie May to the football game in the afternoon and to dinner at the Batsuma, followed by a pleasant evening at Loew's.

Miss Mildred King, who has been for two years one of the most brilliant pianists in Mr. Goodman's class, will leave next week for Boston, to continue her studies at the Boston Conservatory of Music under DeVoto, whom Mr. Goodman has selected for her further instruction. Her mother, Mrs. F. G. King, of Franklin, Ky., will go with her for part of the winter. Miss King, and Miss Emmeline Boyer, pupil of Miss Boyer of the Department of Voice, have recently given very successfully an artist recital in Carthage, Tenn.

Miss Isabel Buckingham returned Tuesday afternoon from Mammoth Cave, where she met her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Buckingham of Flint, Mich. She went to the cave Sunday morning.

Miss Louise Rosenborough spent Saturday afternoon and evening in town as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Daniels.

Miss Mary Hicks spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Hicks at her home in Tullahoma, Tenn.

Misses Margaret Quinn, Elisabeth Low, Dorothy Green, Ula Shepherd, Clara Tucker and Lillian Johnson were chaperoned by Miss Kirkham to town Saturday evening. They had dinner at the Satsuma and thence enjoyed the performance at Loew's.

Miss Love May Brandon spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Brandon, at their home in Springfield, Tenn.

Miss Delphinia McDonald spent the week-end in Clarksville, as the guest of relatives.

Miss Boyer chaperoned Misses Ruth Grossman, Hilda Black, Mary Louise Coleman, Ruth Idelson, Ruth Lestinsky and Bess Hainsfurther to town to dinner Saturday.

Misses Marie, Sara and Elisabeth Sudekum spent the week-end with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Tony Sudekum, at their home on Harding Road.

Miss Mary Banks was the dinner guest of her aunt, Mrs. Ivy, Saturday.

Miss Sarah Barr spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. R. O. Tucker.

Misses Clotilda Belle, and Ailine Kitchner spent Sunday afternoon in town with their cousin, Miss Katherine Killebrew.

Miss Isabel Buckingham spent Sunday and Monday in Cave City. She was joined there by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Buckingham, of Flint, Mich.

Miss Annie Greenlaw spent Sunday in town with Mrs. Hughes.

Misses Fay Boyd, Josephine Willis and Margaret Fisher spent Sunday with Mrs. May.

Miss Belle Holbert spent Sunday with Mrs. Payne.

Miss Ruth Joy, day pupil had as her guests Monday, Misses Frances Russell and Sara Wittenburg.

Miss Belle Holbert was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. L. Waldick on Wednesday.

The members of the Kansas Club spent Monday in town with Miss Cockrill. They had lunch at the Satsuma and later the matinee at Loew's was enjoyed.

Miss Clara Bell was the guest of Mrs. John Cheek, Monday.

Misses Margaret Marx and Helen Moss were the guests of Mrs. H. D. Simon, Monday.

Miss Helen Barbee spent Monday with Mrs. George Dibrell.

Miss Delphino McDonald spent the week-end in Clarksville, Tenn., a guest of her aunt. There she met her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McDonald, and sister, Rebecca, of West Palm Beach Florida.

MISS CHAMBERS OF OUR FACULTY TELLS OF WORK IN CHINA

(Continued from page 1.)

there is much the same as that of any boarding school. They had about thirty girls who had been sent from other mission schools all over the province. In the school the Chinese language is used exclusively. Miss Chambers says that the mastery of the Chinese language is a pure feat of memory.

In speaking of the girls, Miss Chambers said with a smile, that while girls are essentially the same the world over, the very different conditions and customs have developed in the Chinese girl, characteristics that differ widely from those of the American girl. One outstanding difference is that virtue which they term "Filial piety." It amounts almost to religion with the Chinese.

Miss Chambers noticed particularly the total absence of any athletic type, either among the men or the women. The Chinese pay much attention to the development of the mind but give little of their time to that of the body, and none at all to the great developing agency—sports.

However, academically speaking, Miss Chambers does not find any great difference between the Ward-Belmont girl and the girls she knew in Chengtu. She sees the same crushes, the same little pastimes, and illusions of youth, even the same fondness for dress. She said that she only wished that she might be able to really acquaint the Chengtu girl with her western sister—the Ward-Belmont girl.

Uncle—"Well! Well! Seventeen and in your Senior year at High. What are you going to be?"

Julia—"Eighteen."

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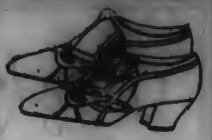
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In the Sport Light

And they call it hockey!!! To the bystander, it looks somewhat like a game of "I See You!" on the part of the steel ball, as it sails directly toward someone's head. This is the aspect when someone with a wild stick has hit out with Herculean vigor, and, hitting out, has sent the steel obstacle far into the air in a noble curve, much to the open-mouthed distress of some members of the beginning team. Then, there is the other aspect; the one where some zealous amateur joyously ploughs up earth and tuft, in a "never-say-die" attempt to dig up the ball, and sends it, out of a hilarious little dust-storm, into a series of excited bounces, until it is stopped again. And then the team, all panting and blowing like a school of walruses, begins the deadly struggle over again. But 'tis in these wildly leaping figures that W-B is looking for team and squad material, and, according to what Morrison and Miss Sisson, the prospects this year are better than ever.

Turning directly around from the hockey field, one may see the charges of W-B's light brigade. The riding classes, in plainer English, are in session. Exhibitions of superb horsemanship are in review before the most critical. True, some of the riders make one decide it would be much simpler to fall off than to stay on, if one is to judge by painful appearances. Nevertheless, this branch of outdoor sport makes its progress in even steps with the others.

"A sure slide for nothing" is the exciting offer found on a softly sawdusted strip between the hockey field and riding corral. But — the said softness lies on the surface only, as many would-be stars on track have precipitously discovered. If "pride goeth before a fall," W-B will become noted for its now humble track athletes.

But don't be discouraged! Argue with yourself even as Hamlet did. Come on out! STUMBLE forward, instead of hopping properly, when attempting the discus throw (the Greeks themselves had to learn by practice)! Slide gently to earth, instead of remaining firmly on both feet after a broad jump! Fall off the horse, if you can't stay on, with a handful of mane in your hand! But through it all GRIN like the happiest Cheshire cat alive!!! 'Tis for the glory of you, and ye old Alma Mater!

When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on.

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Come and see us often
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WARD-BELMONT H

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BE

VOLUME XIII — NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1923

STUDENTS' BIRTHDAYS REMEMBERED BY DR. AND MRS. BLANTON

The first in the series of bi-monthly birthday dinners for Ward-Belmont students which are given by Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton, took place Tuesday evening in one of the private dining rooms of the school. Students whose birthdays fell between the first and middle of September were included in the party entertained, covers being laid for twenty-two.

A table in the school's private dining room was decorated in pink with pink candles lighting an artistic decorative plan. Masses of pink and white cosmos were held in three silver baskets. Very decorative place cards furnished a fund of entertainment with the clever conundrums which they offered. Pink notes came out again in several details of an elaborate menu.

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SENIOR SONG

We're pledging our faith to our old W-B.
We vow to be ever true.
We pledge too, our love for our dear Senior class.
God bless them, the old and new.
We'll hold high those colors, the gold and the blue,
Our banners will kiss the sky.
Our faith all-resisting,
Our goal for life's best,
Our motto "to do or die."
The joys we have here will not fly as the leaves,
They'll last us life's journey through.
And the love we have now for the friendships we've made.
Will live in our memories, too.
And though we must part from each other some day,
As loved ones have parted before,
The spirit will linger though years fade away.
Of the Seniors of '24.

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ass Dry Goods
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Coat:
be fur trimmed at collar, cuffs and bot- —rippling skirt border relieves the plain sette. Embroidery runs rampant.

Dress:
h no waistline apparent; any sort of es you desire. Capes effects ripple gaily skirts vary from eight to ten inches for —ankle length for evening.

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In the Sport Light

And they call it hockey!!! To the bystander, it looks somewhat like a game of "I See You!" on the part of the steel ball, as it sails directly toward someone's head. This is the aspect when someone with a wild stick has hit out with Herculean vigor, and, hitting out, has sent the steel obstacle far into the air in a noble curve, much to the open-mouthed distress of some members of the beginning team. Then, there is the other aspect; the one where some zealous amateur joyously ploughs up earth and tuft, in a "never-say-die" attempt to dig up the ball, and sends it, out of a hilarious little dust-storm, into a series of excited bounces, until it is stopped again. And then the team, all panting and blowing like a school of walruses, begins the deadly struggle over again. But 'tis in these wildly leaping figures that W-B is looking for team and squad material, and, according to [illegible] Morrison and Miss Simms, the prospects this year are better than ever.

Turning directly around from the hockey field, one may see the champs of W-B's light brigade. The riding classes, in plainer English, are in session. Exhibitions of superb horsemanship are in review before the most critical. True, some of the riders make one decide it would be much simpler to fall off than to stay on, if one is to judge by painful appearances. Nevertheless, this branch of outdoor sport makes its progress in even steps with the others.

"A sure slide for nothing" is the exciting offer found on a softly sawdusted strip between the hockey field and riding corral. But — the said softness lies on the surface only, as many would-be stars on track have precipitously discovered. If "pride goeth before a fall," W-B will become noted for its now humble track athletes.

But don't be discouraged! Argue with yourself even as Hamlet did. Come on out! STUMBLE forward, instead of hopping properly, when attempting the discus throw (the Greeks themselves had to learn by practice)! Slide gently to earth, instead of remaining firmly on both feet after a broad jump! Fall off the horse, if you can't stay on, with a handful of mane in your hand! But through it all GRIN like the happiest Cheshire cat alive!!! 'Tis for the glory of you, and ye old Alma Mater!

When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on.

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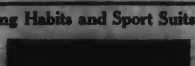
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Come and see us often
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT H

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-B

VOLUME XIII NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1923

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We vow to be ever true.
We pledge too, our love for our dear Senior class.
God bless them, the old and new.
We'll hold high these colors, the gold and the blue,
Our banners will kiss the sky,
Our faith all-resisting,
Our goal for life's best,
Our motto "to do or die."
The joys we have here will not fly as the leaves,
They'll last as life's journey through.
And the love we have now for the friendships we've made.
Will live in our memories, too.
And though we must part from each other some day,
As loved ones have parted before,
The spirit will linger though years fade away.
Of the Seniors of '24.

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Patty Jean's Diary

Sunday, October 7.—I think I'll probably expire quite soon. Didn't see Jimmie at church this A. M. (He's like all other men, I guess, can't tell the truth very often). But I did get a ducky special from ye old faithful, Dick. It is so nice to have some one you can depend on—at least part of the time. Dick says he is a man of moods, but so far, I've found them all nice moods.

Monday, October 8.—Went downtown this morning and spent nearly all my allowance. I'm afraid I have a will like the back-bone of a jelly-fish—but I can't resist pretty things. Got the dearest new turban for my blue evening dress—all silvery and glisteny and bine. And besides that, I invaded all the sales, and came ont trampled, but trinmphant. Bought four new bracelets, these real heavy Cleopatra-effect ones, that sound like heavy chains, or stones, when they hit suddenly—but cute! My! Also collected a new chapple coat, and a clever brown walking stick. And on the car coming home, I saw dear Jimmie and got the biggest thrill in the world, speaking to him coolly. He phoned me this afternoon though, and everything is lovely as ever. He certainly has a persuasive gift of gab—some boys do have, you know. Reckon maybe he'll be ont this week, if I decide to let him come.

Tuesday, October 9.—My poor bank account! A dollar here, a dollar there t'll I'm all broke—sure' 'nuff! Poor Dad—perhaps I'd better say—but he's such a duck! Don't know whether I'd better go penniless, and thus do penance for awhile, or tell him the condition at once. Suppose I'd better tell him, because unexpected things so often happen to one, don't they? And one would hate to be financially embarrassed—and I'm sure Dad would not want me to be, so guess I'll send out an S.O.S. immediately. No news from either Dick or Jimmie today, but I'm not worried.

Wednesday, October 10.—The only thing I can think of now, is that I made the club I wanted to—untold bliss, etc., eh? Tis true, and I'm the happiest child in the world. The club bids all came out today and I was powerfully worried before hand, bnt feel like attempting to fly now. I'll probably feel slightly let down tomorrow—yes?

Thursday, October 11.—Tell me not of misery! Tell me not of humility! I have been the meekest little ignoramus in the world today. To begin with, fag day makes one look so beautiful (let sarcasm reign supreme, eh?) and I am sure that my fag-master has the most ingenious mind in the world—she didn't forget a thing to make me hideous. I can't decide whether I looked like a scarecrow on the way to her first fancy ball, or Julius Caesar doing gymnastics. Anyway, praise be that neither Dick nor Jimmie could see me today—fidelity is a great thing but I fear theirs couldn't have stood the strain.

Friday, October 12.—After yesterday, I can think of nothing worse than having a bad day today, which was precisely what happened to me. Got a little scrap of a note from Dick and a phone call from Jimmie saying he was so sorry, but he had to go ont of town today and couldn't come out tonight, whereupon, I told him he couldn't anyway, because initiation was tonight—vindictive delight on my part, eh, but I felt mean! Initiation in an hour, so had better stop this—to be continued tomorrow night.)

Saturday, October 13.—Did you ever tread on clouds? No, I didn't either, very often, but I've felt all thrilly and elated ever since that gorgeous, beautiful initiation last night. It was so impressive and sweet! Today was as perfect as yesterday was awful! A letter from Jimmie—a corsage from Dick!—and, best of all a box of food from home. I'm sure I was born tender a lucky star!!!

HOLLYWOOD VERSUS WARD-BELMONT

(With apologies to Fag Day.)

As I strolled out on the lot (campus), a kaleidoscopic picture met my fascinated eyes, negroes, monkeys, dogs, cats, little children, belles and beaux, the fat woman, the rah rah boy and innumerable others, all dressed in the brightest of colors cavorted on the green. Here and there were groups interested only in themselves—they evidently were working on special sets, for though I could see no one with a scenario, I saw several people who seemed to be in authority and were probably the directors, authors, property men, etc. The camera men were everyplace.

Little work was done in the early morning, because the lot was honored by visiting royalty, and the actors and actresses had to stop in the middle of the scenes and prostrate themselves before their majesties This was hard on them because of the loss of time (?), but it surely lent atmosphere to the place.

At breakfast time they all retired to the restaurant, kept by the W. B Company, and ate quite heartily. I was somewhat surprised at the way some of the most dignified carried on, and the antics they performed, but I suppose the only enjoyment they have ont of life are those few moments of relaxation, they have at meal time. As soon as the bell sounded they hurried back to their sets, and recommenced work.

I was sorry that I was then forced to take my departure, bnt I heard from the general manager that they were to "shoot" some of their most important scenes that afternoon.

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS

Helen Condon—an excited whisper from behind a coral feather fan—rhinestones on blue brocade—a smart gray sport roadster, in front of a country club—froth-tipped ocean waves—a soft blue velvet hat pulled low over brown curls—a bronze statuette of "The American Girl."

Virginia "Jimmy" Smith—the god Pan, piping, half dreamily, in a sunlit vale —— the sound of a swiftly trotting horse on a hard pike —— cloudless blue skies —— a roguish smile, half-concealed —— a starry night, and a Canadian hunting lodge —— a photograph, in a gray and blue frame.

CONFESSIONS OF A FAG

I awoke, from my happy dreams of flowers and singing birds, and ten thousand other delights, to my day of annihilation. Thousands of thousands of pities for me, expressed by myself, ushered me into the swift routine of agonies, as the natural order of the day began.

An apparition appeared, as I struggled blindly to my feet. The apparition insisted that it was my roommate. I did not believe it, but as it was doing no harm otherwise than injuring my sense of beauty, I let it stay in my room. I began the jubilant process of transformation.

After all my features had disappeared during the transformation, I believed, with penitent ears, all the apparition said, for I had become an apparition myself, and could speak with it on common terms. I studied myself long and earnestly in the mirror. Dr. Jekyll had nothing ahead of me. I gazed, in wild hopes of seeing even the faintest resemblance to a human being, or the slightest trace of intelligence. I saw none—the glass cracked with disgust.

As the bell tolled at 6:45, I joined in the screeching stampede of the other slaves for the day. I was gifted with a fag master who neglected neither me nor my attempts to escape. She forgot nothing, she overlooked none of my possibilities of misery. I was spared nothing.

I am now a convert to reincarnation. I am sure that I was once an Egyptian slave, with a lovely white ivory collar around my humble neck, and on this collar, there must have been "Fag," lettered in onyx.

I performed for everyone. I took turns at being all the animals in captivity, but I think I did best as the barking dog, because my fag master had me repeat that before all the celebrities in sight and they applauded hilariously. Success at last! ! !

I am an artist at eating with either my fingers or my knife. I was brought up to always oppose hunger strikes. I let nothing keep me from eating, so breakfast and lunch afford me great happiness, because I was permitted to return to the primitive, and either swallow my food whole, tear it ravenously with my fingers, or hack it with a dull knife. I tore and hacked quite successfully.

I was thankful for small favors, though no one suspected it—but how peaceful my classes were! Blissful interludes! 'Twas a sad matter when I was frequently called upon to salaam my noble to-be club-sisters—hockey had rendered me stiff!

The day died painlessly in the west. My dual personality died with it. My sad reflections and I were left alone. The apparition once more was my room-mate, and the Egyptian slave became weary me. I liked me much better as my true, unaffected self.

I slept once more, and dreamed, not of flowers, and singing birds, but of long files of Egyptian slaves, patiently carrying stacks of chairs, ruffled with alarm clocks. I slept—and dreamed no more.

POLLYANA PROPHESIES

You chronic gloomers
And
I wish I was home
Club members
Reflect on this:
That we are
Going to have a
Peppy Hockey Season
That will make
That Home Football games
Look like a Sunday-school picnic
And that
Halloween is almost here,
The Spooks
Will get you
If you don't
Look out.
That before long
You will be at
Woody Crest
With the jolliest girls
You know,
And that the
Dance
And
Theatrical Season
Has just begun,
And before you
Can wish twice
You will be eating
The fattest
Thanksgiving turkey
You have
Ever tasted;
Then you will
Have to start
Christmas shopping,
So put
Red rings aronnd
All the dates
On the
Calendar
And whistle
When the Rising Bell
Rings at
Seven-fifteen.

TO ONE WELL-LOVED

"A master made music tonight;
And I took each glorious tone,
And shut it away in my heart
To save its beauty for thee,
For I heard all things of light,
Then when we come to our own
We may never know or fear the dark,
O sharer of life with me."

"What is a goblet?"
(Thinking of brother in navy) "A small sailor."

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CONSERVATIVE PRICES

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Assistant Editor ..... Louise Schwab
Business Manager ..... Dorothy Cope
Asst. Business Mgr. ..... Katherine Sloan
Art Editor ..... Helen Pape

REPORTERS

Margaret Curran, Elizabeth Granberry, Ina Mae Ashcroft, Bonnie Morgan, Louise Sain, Billy Waters, and Ina Faulconer.

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

It is a safe thing for everyone concerned, that Ward-Belmont authorities do not allow 32-caliber revolvers to lie carelessly about just anywhere—there are some of us who even, with all our reserve supply of will power, under strained circumstances could not resist using them!

Those circumstances come when we are vainly attempting to add to our rapidly dwindling supply of knowledge and are trying to listen to a lecture in a classroom—they come, too, when we are in the library or in our rooms struggling to exercise all our psychological power of concentration and . . . some of our "friends and neighbors" seem to be exerting every power within them to keep us from satisfying our desire!

Be they acting in the spirit of antagonism—be they impelled by the instinct of levity—we know not—we shudder to even give ourselves a moment of serious contemplation on the subject—we fear that the scales would not balance on the best side.

Consideration for others is something that never becomes trite and passe'—it is as constant and lasting as any element of nature—with it you are possessed of one of life's greatest assets—without it, we can only proffer our sympathy.

Sympathy, under normal conditions, is welcomed only by the weak—the strong-minded resent and find it distasteful. Which classification is your choice?

VESPERS

As a lighted candle shining through darkness, the Y.W. stands before us, calling ever to us in the name of service and good fellowship.

Sunday night singing, "Holy, holy, holy," the cabinet marched slowly into the chapel, each girl holding a burning emblem of her faith ahead of her; this impressive feature opening the Y. W. Recognition service.

After both old and new girls had been welcomed into the Y. W., musical offerings were made by Alice Funkhouser, Nola Arter, and Alma Fentress. Miss Townsend read to us an article on service, stressing especially its value and its beauty.

After a short prayer, our meeting ended, each girl having the spirit of the Y.W. in her heart, and all, united under our banner the motto of which is: "Service."

MRS. BLANTON ENTERTAINS FACULTY AT AFTERNOON TEA

The annual afternoon tea at which Mrs. Blanton, the beloved "first lady," of Ward-Belmont, entertains the Faculty took place on Thursday, October 5, and was exceptionally successful and pleasant. Mrs. Blanton received, assisted by Miss Mills, Dean of Women, and Mrs. Solon E. Rose, and in the reception room adjoining the drawing rooms, tea and sandwiches were served, with Miss Townsend, Mrs. J. B. O'Bryan and Mrs. W. E. Beard at the tea table. The drawing rooms were decorated handsomely with Fall flowers, stands of dahlias and cosmos and roses predominating.

The new members of the Faculty were the special honor guests of Mrs. Blanton's hospitality.

FAG DAY

The turmoil of Dante's "Inferno" compared with the heavenly quiet of the "Divine Comedy" could not form a more striking contrast than the calm of initiation after the turmoil of Fag Day. At seven o'clock Friday evening gronps of girls clad in white began to emerge from the dormitories and scatter to their respective club rooms. They were met by solemn girls, ready to conduct them through the initiation ceremonies.

Of course, only a choice few were allowed to see the interiors of the different club rooms but from the rapt faces and the reverent faces which returned to their likewise awed classmates, the club-rooms were all of equal beauty. It is certain that initation is one of the epochs of every year at Ward-Belmont. There is no other ceremony which transcends the beauty, the reverence, and the sincerity of the welcome given by the old girls to their new club sisters.

WHO'S WHO ON THE CAMPUS AND WHY

Jo Tucker (on very rare occasions called Josephine) born in Australia. Has the honor of having New Zealand named for her, because of her new and unusual zeal in undertakings. Possesses a peculiar grace, whether acquired or natural, statistics not given. Affiliated with Penta Tau, Texas, Stickbob, and Jazzmania clubs. Shows preferences for sweaters, mail (anywhere from five to twenty letters a day) and music, whether a la Nora Boyes, or a la Zez Confrey. Ambition—to see W.B. in "A Music Box Revue." Motto—"Say it with Music."

"Slim" Watkins (has Mary Ellen both engraved on calling cards). Born in Argentine. Has the distinction of being the only person who can do the Argentine Tango without forgetting more than two-thirds of it. Possesses great possibilities, and wit that fairly scintillates. Affiliated with Del Vers, Georgia, Applied Energy, and Smiles Clubs. Shows preferences for middies, strenuous exercise, and heavy drama. Ambition—to star in "The Bright Shawl." Motto—"Tell me not in mournful numbers."

VINCENT LECTURERS.

(Continued from page 1.)

ventional, despising every form of trickery;

Third: He is a master of perfect technical command;

Fourth: He believes that all enduring art must have as its end, a moral aim.

"Ruskin's definition of art;" said Dr. Vincent; "is that it has two objects: it must be full of truth and full of use. He was whimsical, he was full of peculiarities, and apparent inconsistencies, but in recent years, there has not lived a man of such command of all the resources of the English language."

Of Charlotte Bronte, whom he pronounced one of the most celebrated authors that England ever produced, Dr. Vincent spoke on Tuesday afternoon and according to his usual happy custom, illuminated the subject with the personal touch of his own conception and appreciation of the author, and gave many facts from the history of Charlotte Bronte and her family that threw lights of understanding on her literary production. To the severe and benumbing experiences and surroundings of her earlier days, Dr. Vincent attributes the tragic atmosphere of her books, and the rather severe workmanship of her style. In answer to one of her critics who pronounced her "un-humorous," Dr. Vincent said that her home environment, often not without real peril, her bleak surroundings and her harassing family would effectively throttle any development of a sense of humor. He quoted Thackery's high estimate of her abilities, and in conclusion pictured the immense literary success that came to her before her early death.

They Tell me That



One little maiden who had recently emerged from the awesome and inspiring ceremony of initiation remarked exuberantly to her "most-intimate."

"My dear, it was grand, when they took the covering off my eyes, and I saw it all. I felt just like I was in a transom!"

The fifth hour Psychology class emerged from its classroom on its EAR last Friday. Will Rosalie Dadieman please tell us the why and wherefore?

Some of the social aspirants among us were discussing ancestry. One little miss tossing her head flippantly said:

"Our family springs from a line of peers." Her comrade, showing herself entirely equal to the situation, calmly rejoined, "That's nothing, I jumped off a dock once myself."

Florence MacHenry recently inquired of Irma Welcker,

"Why did you tell that girl I was a fool?" We have proof that Irma answered remorsefully,

"Heavens, I'm sorry, I did'nt know it was a secret."

Our venerable (?) athletic president asked perplexedly of the young physical education instructor, Miss Jeter, "Say, Jete, was Robertson Crusoe an acrobat?" Miss Jeter looked rather baffled, and answered,

"I don't know, why?" "Well," responded the inimitable "Smitty," "it says here that after he finished his days work he sat on his chest."

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Sara Sudekum,
Sarah Barr,
Lyall Kaufman,
Janie Ellwood,
Maxine Spradley,
Elizabeth Hileman,
Adelaide Lidikay,
Fern Frase
Polly Klock,
Dorothy Wittenberg,
Louise R. Crowder,
Nan Kurtz,
Marguerite Gullicksen,
Emelyn Land,
Lucille Boxley,
Ruth Robinson
Mary Bracy,
Lilla Moore,
Helen Dunlap,
Louise Miller,
Agnes Duncan,
Irene Lyan,
Marion Pinnell,
Julia Wilson,
Helen Loewell,
Margaret Frances,
Mildred Marsh,
Dorothy Dill,
Cora Graybeal,
Sarah Whittenguburg,
Mary Swensen,
Louise Romeborough,
Audrey Von Housen,
Mary L. Kullman,
Helen Murtagh,
Dorothy Huthsteiner,
Flora Caroline Sawyer,
Dorothy Knight,
Georgia Maxwell.

DEL VERS

Caro Christiancy,
Mary Young,
Mildred Bromman,
Claribel Castle,
Blanche Crider,
Betty Wilson,
Margaret Snell,
Jane Nicholson,
Minnie Bender,
Harriet Nyce,
Elizabeth Foggy,
Lucille Price,
Ruth Neff,
Varneie Van Deventer,
Helen Smith,
Genevieve Hyde,
Ruth Hendrickson,
Virginia Welty,
Kathleen Reeder,
Lena Mmetree,
Maribel Buford,
Helen James,
Grace Wetherby,
Jane Bender,
Fay Young,
Iona Scofield,
Maray Banks,
Sarah Stevenson,
Beatrice Armstrong,
Josephine Nelson,
Helen Bittler,
Lavon Fletcher,
Mable Burleson,
Vera Fitzerich,
Betty McCuddy,
Alleen Grant,
Louise Waggemon,
Mary Virginia Redden.

PENTA TAU

Frank Addicks,
Helen Barbee,
Helen Seyler,
Adelaide Coxe,
Betty Burgess,
Margaret Bryant,
Evelyn Roberts,
Josephine Plaskett,
Dorris Borne,
Ruth Grossman,
Sally Todd,
Mary Joe Kell,
Elizabeth Carrigan,
Jane McCalister,
Mary Alice Skiles,
Marjorie Bardin,
Birch Williams,
Louise Smith, (La.)
Marian McCrary,
Katherine Gee,
Carro Daviss,
Josephine Murcheson,
Evelyn Barber,
Elowee McKee,
Dorothy Phetteplace,
Alma Potts,
Camilla Prewitt
Rhea Morrette,
Sarah Virginia Covert,
Bessie Senter,
Wanda Forney,
Louise Millican,
Floy Moore,
Marjorie Smith,
Wonda Forney,
Mary Harr,
Betty Bonnie,
Eleanor Kemp,
Helen Brice.

ANTI PANS

Margaret Griffin,
Virginia Schaize,
Lorraine Clay,
Alene Connar,
Mildred Adcock,
Lillian Andrews,
Lola Barker,
Emalene Hamby,
Mary Belle Garrett,
Alice Kennedy,
Theo Hand,
Elizabeth Latimar,
Annie Ruth Jennings,
Wanda Makintosh,
Valeria Rogers,
Opal Tarleton,
Gertrude Shafer,
Frances Scudder,
Margaret Winn,
Edna Brown,
Lelly Duval,
Georgetta Alexander,
Christine Ward,
Lillian E. Irwin,
Mary Hill,
Adell Biattner,
Gertrude McKintosh,
Lucille McGilvray,
Florence Rasmus,
Ernestine Hull,
Evelyn Roesh.

A. K.

Emalyn Atwood,
Hilda Black,
Elizabeth Browder,
Belmont Brodie,
Margaret Cook,
Juliette Callihan,
Mary Miuetta Cron,
Mary Culinm,
Elizabeth Dunham,
Dorothy De Moit,
Francis Fuller,
Zaidee Lee Foster,
Helen Ann Gottschalk,
Bess Hainsfurther,
Maxine Hudson,
Esther James,
Dorothy Johnson,
Lucy Lee Long,
Florence Loyd,
Elizabeth McCluer,
Mildred McNeff,
Helen Moss,
Martha McCutcheon,
Clara McConnell,
Bennie Milburn,
Eva Neal Porter,
Frances Payne,
Katherine Payne,
Alleyne Raphael,
Mary Stephenson,
Mary Snodgrass,
Edith Swink,
Lena Smith,
Josephine Taylor.

TRI K.

Jeanette Bailey,
Louise Bowden,
Pauline Bowden,
Elizabeth Buckner,
Rachel Buntin,
Mary Chelf,
Jessie Clover,
Sarah M. Cole,
Lillian Condon,
Dorothy Davis,
Jane Davis,
Marion Dinning,
Elizabeth Ebbett,
Luella Fraser,
Lillian Fraschtencht,
Edith Gaines,
Gertrude Gibson,
Margaret Goodwyn,
Dorothy Green,
Anue G. Greenlaw,
Ruth Haldeman,
Winnie Mae Hall,
Gladys Herts,
Janet Ifield,
Velma Jones,
Alice Killion,
Ellen Marten,
Alline Mitchener,
Dorothy Mooklar,
Josephine Morrison,
Mildred Morrison,
Estelle North,
Irene Rogers,
Harriet Sargent,
Ula Shephard.

F. F.

Margaret Anderson,
Virginia Bieder,
Virginia Brandenburg,
Mary Frances Byrd,
Ruth Bruington,
Velma Capps,
Dorothy Cafarelli,
Feroi Cheeves,
Natalie Farmer,
Evelyn Fisher,
Hazel Gaskins,
Virginia Harsha,
Mary G. Hicks,
Helen Henderson,
Virginia Hendee,
Charlotte Ingles,
Ruth Idelson,
Emily Johnston,
Crete Kearney,
Marjorie Laing,
Mary Moulton,
Pauline Murphy,
Martha O'Connor,
Helen Potts,
Fay Roberts,
Hortense Rayl,
Margarite Roberts,
Elanor Robbins,
Evelyn Sherman,
Virginia Snider,
Mary H. Vaught,
Nell Willingham,
Lorraine Watts,
Phyllis Kehman,
Eleanor Brantin.

X. L.

Dorothea Abbott,
Clara Bell,
Alice Berry,
Catherine Berry,
Nellie Berry,
Ruth Bonnin,
Douglas Coen,
Helen Jo Denby,
Lottie Davis,
Donuella Evans,
Ruth Gallup,
Helen Hook,
Louise Irvin,
Ernestine Jones,
Sue King,
Margaret Kirk,
Helen Kohl,
Dorothy Lewis,
Bernice Martin,
Ann McKinsey,
Marietta Moss,
Mildred Mullendore,
Marjorie Morehead,
Virginia Old,
Dorothy Jo Parsons,
Blanche Paris,
Margaret Pearson,
Jane Reed,
Margaret Stouter,
Alouise Shedd,
Marjorie Sweet,
Grace Thomas,
Margaret Timmons,
Janice Thompson,
Alexandria Ware,
Lillian Warnock,

OSIRON

Louise Smith, Nashville,
Marie Braselton,
Sarah Dunlap,
Ruth Adamson,
Alverta Colins,
Leola Blackwell,
Margaret Wise,
Janis Cleveland,
Rosalie Oltorf,
Vivian Woodard,
Elisabeth Gregory,
Beula Blim,
Katheryn Warren,
Martha M. Jacob,
Gladys Curnow,
Dorothy Brown,
Ruth Martin,
Alice Hudson,
Margaret Clement,
Helen Davis,
Ruth Hornback,
Nina Sauford,
Alice Reynolds,
Irene Poorman,
Catherine Stum,
Ernestine Yates,
Katherine Wolfe,
Love Mae Brandon,
Virginia Waldon,
Dorothy Scott,
Corinne Tincher,
Mary Ruth Strother,
Mary Shriver,
Dorothy Parker,
Rebecca Pardue,
Mary McLarry,
Mary Liudemann,
Mary Maxine Jones,
Belle Holbert,
Jean Heighway,
Nell Gwyn,
Francis Griffin,
Luella Cudlip,
Mary Collins,
Carol Baedeker,
Lynwood Bope,
Marjorie Hawkins,
Marian Packard,
Louise Edens,
Ruby Sprouse.

AGORA

Marjorie Abbott,
Mildred Ashbough,
Carolyn Bassett,
Charlotte Bucker,
Mary Elizabeth Curry,
Dimple Fox,
Mary Louise Frost,
Mabel Gail,
Julia Garrett,
Genevieve Hollingsworth,
Mable Holthues,
Margaret Humphrey,
Reva Kemp,
Rose Emma Kolitasky
Marwood Layton,
Lnia Maxwell,
Mary Sudie Moore,
Ada Lee Morriss,
Lela Parkhill,
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PERSONALS

Miss Nell Matheny, returned Tuesday night to her home in Dayton, Ohio, after a visit to her sister, Miss Cleo Allen Matheny of the English staff.

Saturday night Mrs. Rose chaperoned Misses Mertis Ward, Lorraine Hodges, Margaret Stauffer, Margaret Bryant and Edna Brown to town, where dinner at the Satsuma was enjoyed.

Miss Mary G. Hicks spent Saturday afternoon in town with her sister.

Miss Helen Laswell spent the last week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Laswell, at her home in Owensboro, Kentucky.

Miss Helen Smith spent the week-end at the home of her uncle, Mr. L. B. Smith.

Saturday, Miss Townsend took Misses Geannie Chenault and Lyda Anderson to town to dinner.

Mrs. W. O. Hileman of Kansas City, Missouri, spent the past week-end in Nashville, visiting her daughter, Elizabeth. They were at the Hermitage Hotel during Mrs. Hileman's visit.

Miss Ernestine Hull was the dinner guest of Mrs. Erwin, Sunday.

Miss Mary Hull spent Sunday in town as the guest of Mrs. S. H. Simpson.

Sunday afternoon, Mrs. G. A. Harrington of this city, entertained the following girls at her home: Misses. Jane Grice, Marjorie Reynolds, Jean Richardson and Margaret McRae.

Mr. G. Kahn, of Youngstown, Ohio, father of Dorothea Kahn, was in Nashville on Sunday and Dorothea spent the day in town with him.

Miss Louise Robinson spent Sunday in town with Mrs. D. R. Carpenter.

Miss Evelyn Roesch, who is recovering from a recent illness, spent Sunday in town with her aunt, Mrs. McClellan.

Miss Elizabeth Ricketts was the guest Sunday afternoon of her aunt, Mrs. Lotta.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones, of Bristow, Okla., arrived Saturday to visit their daughter, Velma, and on Sunday afternoon they entertained the following girls: Misses Florence McHenry, Frances Stokes, Ruby Wooten and Virginia Welty.

Monday they took a party of girls to town for lunch and the matinee at Loew's. This party was composed of, Misses Frances Stokes, Ruby Wooten, Dorothea and Marjorie Abbott, Virginia Welty, Virginia Old, Marion Kendall and Florence McHenry.

Miss Louise Rosebrough spent Monday in town with her aunt, Mrs. Daniels.

Mrs. O. L. Dortch, of Columbia, Tenn. spent Monday with her daughter, Ernestine.

Miss Annie G. Greenlaw was the guest Monday, of Mrs. Felix Dodd.

Miss Anita Harell, who was operated on for appendicitis three weeks ago, is recovering rapidly and will be back in school next week.

Miss Mary Sudie Moore was entertained Sunday, in the home of Mrs. Frank Jarman.

Miss Mary Belle Garrett was the guest of Miss Margaret Lightfoot, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Lila Vicars has been visiting her sister, Mecca, this week. Miss Vicars had as her guests in town Saturday afternoon: Mildred Morrison, Mary Hardin Vaught, Thelma Meade, Fay Roberts and Mecca Vicars.

Miss Delphina McDonald spent Wednesday in town with her parents who were here from West Palm Beach, Florida. Wednesday night, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald had as their guests to the Satsuma and to the Knickerbocker; Kathryn Means, Mary Chelf, Grace Holly, Myrtle Thomas, Evorine Sweeton, Margaret Quinn, Ina Maye Ashcroft, and Delphine McDonald.

CHAPEL

HILL-CLIMBING

Hill climbing has been introduced into W.B by Dr. Holt as the latest indoor sport. With glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes the girls have all willingly followed our delightful chapel guide up the difficult hills of Caleb, Moses and Self-Denial. Strange to say, we are not wearied by the climb!—and show no distressing effects from jaunts of the imagination.

The impressions made upon the usually passive chapel audience are quite noticable. The girls like these travels with Dr. Holt immensely—perhaps more so, because he gives each girl a little hill of her own to take home with her—oh yes—a ripple all her own, in the smooth gray matter of her cerebellum (take note ye struggling psychologists).

To add to the erstwhile athletic atmosphere which we have enjoyed in chapel this week—the Association for that purpose—took advantage of the students' privelege to use chapel—and furnished the student-body an enjoyable half hour of seeing and hearing these notable Herculean stars.

Following the Athletic Board's exercise and club pledges and songs, Dr. Blanton delivered one of his characteristic talks, illustrated by a stalk of cotton, sent to him from Missouri by the father of one of the students.

ALUMNI

Elizabeth Woods of Louisville, who is remembered pleasantly in Ward-Belmont, has received a B.S. in Home Economics from Wisconsin University since she was here.

Bertine McCrary (1917) taught the past term in the Junior High School at Battle Creek, Mich. She had an interesting summer in the West, traveling through the Yellowstone, and spending a few weeks in California.

Eloise Sandlin, who was graduated two years ago from Ward-Belmont, and took an Expression certificate at the same time, taught last term at her home in Ardmore, Okla., and taught in the Summer School at Ardmore.

Mary McKeever, an A. K. of last year, has pledged Theta at Kansas University.

Margaret Farrar, an X. L. of last year, is touring Europe.

Margaret Phillips, former President of the Anti Pandora Club, is visiting in Florida, and her cousin, Martha Edmonds also a former member of the Anti-Pandora Club, is attending art school in Chicago.

Virginia Jones, a former A. K., is attending Mount Vernon School in Washington, D. C., and Frances Cogdal, also of this club is attending Kansas University.

Eleanor Kincaid, an XL. of last year, is attending Oklahoma University.

Louise Baker, a former Anti-Pandora, is attending Texas University.

Frances Allen, former business manager of "The Hyphen" and "Milestones," and Osiron treasurer of last year, has pledged Delta Gamma at the University of Illinois, and Helen Williams of the Osiron Club has pledged Alpha Zeta Delta at the same University.

Other Ward-Belmont girls enrolled at the University of Illinois are: Leah Affron, Charlotte Affron, Helen Swike and Helen Jacobson, all F. F.'s of last year.

Hortense Shurman, A.K. president of last year, has pledged Kappa Alpha Theta at the University of Wisconsin.

Nannie Gray, one of last year's girls has pledged Kappa Gamma at the University of Kentucky.

Capitola Bassett, Secretary of last year's student council, has pledged Pi Beta Phi at the Kansas State agricultural School at Manhattan, Kansas.

Helen Sullivan, a T.C. of last year has pledged Kappa Kappa Gamma at Ann Arbor University.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Mallison, who was so well remembered a graduate of Expression as Miss Elizabeth McClure, visited Miss Townsend last week with her husband. Mrs. Mallison has since graduating from Ward-Belmont school of expression done most interesting work, being connected with the Swarthmore Chautauqua association. She has compiled and edited several books used for Story Hour in the different Chautauquas. An extract from her letter will give an outline of the work done by Elizabeth in the last three years since leaving Ward-Belmont.

"Girls often ask: 'Of what use is expression? How can we use expression?'

"Here is one answer: 'Elizabeth McClure was a student of expression in Ward-Belmont for four years. She has had no other training, yet she was enabled by her training in our pageantry classes and regular voice and body training classes to handle thousands upon thousands of children with exactness and skill, and go from Florida to Canada; and from Philadelphia to California, leaving with the children a new outlook on life.'"

Leila Thompson, of Sioux Falls, S. D., who received a Piano Certificate in 1922, and on that record comes into the Ward-Belmont Alumnae, in sending her dues, writes:

"I have missed Ward-Belmont a great deal, for there are few of my former school mates near me. Maurine Loonan Bens is the only one very near me. The new buildings interest me very much, and especially the new club houses. I am anxious to receive my Hyphen. I have been at home since leaving Ward-Belmont, but expect to go to school again after Christmas."

Misses Maurine Thompson and Louise Irvin were chaperoned on Monday in town by Miss Boyer.

WEDDINGS

Miss Sarah Ewing, who graduated from the Prep school here last spring, was married on October 4, to Joseph Mann Ford, of Birmingham. The ceremony was quietly but beautifully solemnized at the home of her parents.

Miriam Watson to Madre Lamar Morton, on Saturday October 13, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Lee Watson, of Macon, Ga. She was a member of the class of '22.

Miss Susan Hamilton Baxter, of Nashville, former student of voice under Signor De Luca, sends invitations to Ward-Belmont friends to her approaching marriage, on October 30, to Mr. Thomas Prescott, of Druid Hills, Atlanta, Ga., where they will make their home. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Baxter.

ORGAN RECITAL BY MR. ARTHUR HENKEL

An organ recital on Thursday evening October 26, by our Director of Organ, Mr. F. Arthur Henkel, is a treat in store for Ward-Belmont students, and a number of the friends and patrons of the School, to whom Dr. Blanton will extend the invitation to come. Mr. Henkel's eminent gifts as a musician, his facility and skill in handling his instrument and his ability as a program maker insures the occasion being one of exceptional musical interest.

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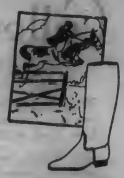
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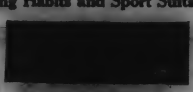
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In the Sport Light

It was the Athletic Association that held the first "Student Chapel." Yes and doesn't that show exactly where the "vim, vigor and vitality" of the school is found? You know now don't you?

The Athletic Board made its appearance on the platform with the Varsity Pep song; that song can never be started without having the entire student-body joining in with all of the pep and spirit they possess.

Louise Smith opened the meeting with a short talk in which she said, "Athletic membership means (1) the membership into one of the four athletic clubs and (2) the use of all athletic courts and fields."

The four captains of the teams were called forward to take their pledges of office, which were as follows:

"As Captain of my club I pledge myself to uphold the ideals of the club and to do all in my power to increase enthusiasm, to inspire loyalty and to promote good sportsmanship."

They in turn gave the pledges to the clubs. Several announcements were made. "Sis" Lindsey made one in regard to Hockey. Jane Fleming for Tennis. Grace Warren, Riding; Mertis Ward, Bicycling. Jane Carting enlightened the new girls by telling them they could find out their club assignment on the Athletic Bulletin Board. Aren't you anxious to find out to which of these peppy organizations you belong?

To make the meeting successful the four clubs in turn sang their pep song and gave an enthusiastic yell for their club.

The "Bells of Ward-Belmont" made a most appropriate finish for the inspiring Athletic chapel.

You've taken your pledge
You must do your best,
Let's all be "good sports,"
Work with spirit and zest.

FAVORITE JOKES OF THE FACULTY

Miss P. S. Townsend.

A very pretty young American sightseeing in London, stepped out of her cab. At the same time she dropped her little vanity box, or the so called "dorine." The London cabby with elaborate courtesy, picked it up and handed it to her with this brief remark, "Allow me."—De Luxes.

Shopping this week? Let the Hyphen direct you.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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LATE OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS CELEBRATED AT DINNER

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton celebrated the birthdays of those Ward-Belmont students whose birthdays fell in the last half of October, with a handsomely arranged dinner on Tuesday evening. Several girls with September birthdays were also included in the invitations to the delightful occasion. Dinner was served in the private dining room of the school, where autumn colors were effectively employed in decoration. Bright colored autumn leaves were used about the walls, and scattered on the table cloth, and the same brilliant colors were emphasized even more richly in the clusters of superb dahlias that filled three center piece silver vases. Candlesticks with white candles lighted the table, and the plate cards were lovely scenes of autumn sports done also in bright colors.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton were assisted by Miss Mills, Dean of Women, and Mrs. Solon B. Rose, and the young ladies entertained included: Miss Elisabeth Tuttle, of Kirkwood, Mo.; Miss Marie Brazleton, of Waco, Texas; Miss Helen E. Dunlap, of Paris, Tenn.; Miss Marjorie Hawkins, of Sharpsville, Ind.; Miss Marion Kendall, of Manhattan, Kansas; Miss Ruth Grossman, of Kansas City, Kansas; Miss Nola Arter, of Kewanee, Ill.; Miss Lorraine Clay, of Paintsville, Ky.; Miss Bernice Schlesinger, of Hampton, Iowa; Miss Katherine Payne, of Lee's Summit, Mo.; Miss Dorothy Parker, of Mexia, Texas; Miss Alice Wagnon, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Kathryn Price, of Glasgow, Mo.; Miss Doris Born, of Great Bend, Kansas; Miss Rebecca Lyons, of Roanoke, Va.; Miss Virginia Wells, of DeVall's Bluff, Ark.; Miss Lillys Duvall, of Arkansas City, Kansas; Miss Feroi Louise Cheeves, of Temple, Texas, Miss Rhea Morrette, of Akron, Ohio, and Miss Mary Cheif of Jacksonville, Florida.

WELCOME TO DR. CROSLAND

Old girls have not forgotten the friendly former Associate Vice-President, Dr. C. E. Crosland. For two years the Chapel, the Academic building, the whole school, in fact, was brightened by his presence, his merry conversations and his informal chapel talks. Is it any wonder then, that the entire body of his friends, the students, applauded with one accord, the sight of that familiar face when Dr. Crosland appeared to visit his old surroundings at Ward-Belmont, and have lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Blanton on last Friday.

The Senior Poem

The dawn of hope shines down today
Upon life's golden shore,
And reveals a beauteous vision
To the Class of '24.

And Fate weaves her fantastic web
Of rainbow tinted hue,
And ties a knot of Friendship's cord
That will last the long years through.

And the doves of peace fly swiftly,
Bringing joy from far and near
To make glow in ethereal splendor
The bliss of our Senior year.

But the mellow rays of Love's harvest moon
In glory all others surpass
And urge us on to give our best
To our school and our Senior class.

SENIOR RECOGNITION

To the soft accompaniment of the Senior Song, four lines of whiteclad girls filed into the Chapel, Saturday morning, to tell us who, what, and why they were. An intense silence reigned as the Senior class, softly singing, walked down the aisles, took their seats on the platform, and began their impressive recognition ceremony. Ruby Wooten, President of the class of '24, opened the recognition services with a short talk embodying the qualifications, spirit, and the aim of the class. Ruby also thanked the school for the confidence placed in the Senior girls as examples to the rest of the student body.

The President next introduced Daugherty Collins, Vice-President, who spoke for a few moments on the value and inspiration, to the class, of our Sponsor, Miss Lelia D. Mills; Marion Kendall, Secretary, who told of the three very important things in the life of every Senior, Mrs. Charlie, Miss Morrison and the Senior Hall; Dorothy Cope, Treasurer, who challenged the other seven classes to a contest for the Minerva; Miss Lena Hawks, Dean of the Faculty, who spoke to us on the significance of the rainbow as applied to character; and last, and, as our President said, best, Dr. Blanton who spoke on the strength of the Senior Class.

There were many accessories of the occasion which added to its interest and beauty. The Seniors wore the colors in their white gowns and yellow ties, and the colors were repeated in effective decorations on the columns and woodwork of the rostrum. The class numerals "24" in large yellow figures, had a place against a white background high on the west wall, and there were other smaller details equally artistic.

REGISTER EARLY TO SECURE A GOOD ROOM IN WARD-BELMONT

Showng the demand for space in Ward-Belmont, and the eagerness with which patrons make sure of an entrance for their student daughters, Dr. Blanton read a so-called letter of application in Chapel recently, and the gales of laughter that followed, showed the interest that Ward-Belmont students feel in the new member of the friendly Leftwich family, so long neighbors to the School, as well as their appreciation of the fun in Mr. Leftwich's letter, which read as follows:

"Dr. J. D. Blanton, President
Ward-Belmont School,
Nashville, Tenn.

My dear Sir:—

"We note by your catalog that early registration is necessary to secure admission to Ward-Belmont, and our knowledge of the large waiting lists that you carry over from year to year, stresses the importance of such action. We therefore request you to enroll the name of Evelyn Wilson Leftwich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Leftwich, for your complete curriculum, leading up to and including the highest courses of study available in your school.

"Although slightly less than a day old, this young lady is acquiring knowledge so rapidly that she will soon be able to enter above the primary grades, and we sincerely trust we have registered her in time to secure a choice room in your lastest dormitory.

"Yours very truly,
"Grand-pa Leftwich."
(W. M. Leftwich.)

DR. VINCENT'S LECTURES GIVE GREAT PLEASURE

Dr. Leon' H. Vincent's series of five lectures before the Ward-Belmont students came to a close on Saturday, with his talk on "Anthony Trollope and His Literary Adventures." Trollope, he declared was too much neglected by the rising generation, and he stressed the vigor, clearness and interest of his stories, urging that a systematic reading of them should be undertaken. He told of Trollope's dogged perseverance, of his industrious habit, and of the success which finally crowned his long continued effort. He literally wrote by the hour, as he set himself a daily task of so many words, and accomplished it. He has an enormous number of books to his credit, said Dr. Vincent, the greatest of which is probably "Barchester Towers," although "Can You Forgive Her?" had a great success.

Probably the most talked of lecture of the whole Vincent series was that on "Robert and Elisabeth Barrett Browning," given on Thursday afternoon, and attended by numerous Nashville residents who supplemented the interested student audience.

Dr. Vincent sketched the early life of the Brownings, told of their meeting, and their courtship, when both were in middle life, of the opposition of Miss Barrett's father to the marriage, and of the private ceremony, which took place in Mary-le-Bone Church.

Very delightfully, Dr. Vincent pictured the fourteen years of happy married life that followed, the immortal literary work that the husband and wife accompanied, though Mr. Browning's poetry fell on deaf ears for years, he went unrecognised, and

(Continued on page 3)

NOTICE

Have you a guest coming?

Have you news from some of the old girls?

Are you going out of school to visit?

If any of these are true, won't you make a note of it, put it in the Hyphen box which you will find in Middlemarch, and let us pass on the news to the rest of the School?

We want to make the personal column up to date, and accurate.

We cannot do it without your help.

We can,. if you will follow the suggestion, and respond to our earnest request.

Please do.

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Patty Jean's Diary

Sunday, Oct. 14.—It's always good to fall up the church steps, as I did this morning. Made it all the more hectic to have Jimmie standing there, going into polite hysterics over the sight. The girls have nicknamed me "Grace," which is terribly funny I guess—they seem to think so. Had a fat letter from my family and a fatter special from Dick. Spent all afternoon composing the answer—hope he appreciates it.

Monday, Oct. 15.—Jimmie recovers from the giggles enough to call me today, and tell me he'd be out tomorrow night. He has a very masterful way about him really. He tactfully forgot to mention my excited ascension of the church steps and so did I. Had a long letter from Miriam, my best chum, and oh, they're having the BEST times at home! I'd be sure to be rushed were I home, because so few girls stay at home in the winter. I'm afraid they'll forget to invite me to the Christmas dances. Miriam says Dick has been home twice for the week-end—(He didn't tell me he had—wait till I write). She said in the SAME paragraph that there was a perfectly ADORABLE new girl in town (wonder what THAT means!) The new girl's name is Carolie Carese. Most idiotic name I ever heard!!! Apparently she's Cleopatra's reincarnation because Miriam says ALL the boys are frantically dating her. (You'll be sorry, Dick!)

Tuesday, Oct. 16.—Nothing of any interest during the day, but my date with Jimmie tonight made up for it. Another box of candy accompanied him. I believe he has a very deep intellect—he says he has, anyway. But I DO know that he's sinfully good looking and never lacks for words.

Wednesday, Oct. 17.—Have jumped puddles and sunk in the mud all day. They say that rain is Nashville's trade-mark. I like rain, when you have a cosy fire, good fudge, and apples. But, today instead I had a smelly new radiator, wet Hershey, and green apples. The substitute wasn't so bad, only I had to cram for a quiz besides. Got out of gum though—I'm thankful for small favors. Found out today I'd gained eight pounds. My family will have to see to believe. I gain any more ————!

Thursday, Oct. 18.—Large heaps of little thrills! Got a new dress from home today, it's jade chiffon, all studded with rhinestones, that look like drops of crystal on green fluff. It's made real long and droopy, so it will make me look as thin as usual. Mother sent me some silver brocaded slippers, aussi, and a precious silver turban. Aren't families wonderful? It's still raining today, but it isn't raining rain, its raining smiles to me! (I'm really perfectly sane!)

Friday, Oct. 19.—Heard grand opera tonight. The second flood ended today, so a petite representative group of the noble "600" charged into the Ryman to hear "La Boheme." Enjoyed it beaucoup, only I got all nervous and shivery at the death scene. I'm afraid I was never meant to be a grand-opera singer.

P. S.—Matter of slight interest — letter from Jimmie. Matter of lighter interest—special from Dick. Conclusion: I'm a cynic!

Saturday, Oct. 20.—Thrilling chapel this A. M. Oh to be a Senior! It was Senior Recognition Day and they were accordingly recognised. The Seniors all filed down the aisle and upon the platform to the tune of their class song, which is so sweet, only I almost wept. They all wore white, with artistic touches of yellow paper (the wealthier ones wore real silk ties). There were several speeches, then they all filed down and out again, and we sat down again. Greatness claims its own I guess! Whenever I saw a Senior the rest of the day, I'd smile sweetly, she'd smile graciously, and we'd pass matter of factly. Screamed myself hoarse at the show tonight, otherwise all serene for a half-hour's more sleep in the morning!

CONTRACTING "HOCKEY-ITIS"

"Hockey-itis" is a very popular disease at W-B at present. Everyone babbles unceasingly about the last roll-in, and how slow the left-full was, and how the right half simply couldn't hit a balloon, my dear; a few lucky ones even bear the marks of their peppy playing in raw knuckles, swollen ankles and the like. To be a victim is to be in style. Everybody is doing it. Acquirement is comparatively simple, though it takes quite a bit of nerve on the part of the beginner. The only thing to be done is to go out for practice.

The very first time is a fearful ordeal. You come timidly forth, the last remarks of your friends about Bess' black eye and how the girl down the hall simply can't put her foot to the ground after the crack someone gave it yesterday, ringing in your ears. You feel as if you were carrying your life in your hands as well as your roomie's hockey stick. While sitting on the side lines you observe the game. As you see it, it seems like a hybrid between football, croquet and a pack of hungry timber wolves sighting prey. As you sit there, shuddering, someone comes up, hits you on the back and says, "Look here! we need a right inside. Come on and play."

Upon your feeble protest that you don't know the game, haven't much desire and any way have to meet a friend, at the tea room in five minutes—this is the stock excuse of all terrified beginners and is always disregarded—she takes you by the arm and leads you out on the field. The whistle blows and every one moves. You move too. You can't help it. In a second three excited and shrieking girls swoop down in your direc-

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tion bearing the ball somewhere between them. You politely step aside, whereat the whistle blows to reward you for your courtesy. The Voice of Authority says in tones none too dulcet, "You, right inside! Where are you? That was your ball! Get into her! Tackle her! This is hockey you're playing.—Play ball!"

Aggrieved and surprised, you attempt to comply; but it is hard. Every one seems to have some definite reason for doing something every second except you. You trail along dejectedly. Then, suddenly, a quick pass brings the ball near you. Someone shrieks, "Get it, right inside!"

With dim memories of Bess' black eye and the girl down the hall, you grit your teeth and plunge in. Your opponent is just bringing back her stick for a blow that will smack the ball down to the other end, when you see it clear, hit, and watch it dart between two posts at the end of the field. "Goal! Goal!" shouts everyone, and "Good work, right inside" says the Voice of Authority. You smile happily and trot back into place. It's a wonderful game, you think, and oh, such fun!

From now on you will fast succumb to hockey-itis. Your symptoms are unmistakable, and there is no such thing as immunity. With equal pride and joy you exhibit the scratches on you and your hockey stick. If the slightest opening is presented, you seize it and rave on ad nauseum as to how you got them, the team, and most of all, The Game. You are then a hopeless case of hockey itis. You go about exclusively with other sufferers. The ravages of the disease are terrible but you enjoy them. Even the fact that there is no known cure except sudden death, or the end of the season, does not trouble you.

Almost every girl in Ward-Belmont suffers from this malady. You are out of everything if it has not assailed you. The beginning is hard but the rest is wonderful. No one knows when the epidemic will die out, but it is probable that as long as the two hockey fields can be used, sufferers will continue to haunt them and the epidemic will steadily grow worse.

DR. VINCENT'S LECTURES GIVE GREAT PLEASURE

(Continued from page 1)

was forced to publish at his own expense. Many people distinguished him because of their liking for his wife's lighter production, yet his unselfishness allowed him no sense of irritation at that. The devotion of the two was immortalized not alone in their love letters written before marriage, but in the Sonnets of the Portuguese, and many other parts of his work. Dr. Vincent told of her death at Florence on June 29, 1861; and of Browning's years later on Dec. 13, 1889.

In a valuable dissertation on Browning's poetry, Dr. Vincent said:

"It must be remembered that one's enjoyment of any poet depends on the habit of reading poetry. You must understand a common language before the flights of any poet will be fully appreciated and understood. It is not enough to read Shakespeare, you must know his contemporaneous writers. And it is my belief that Browning is so generally called obscure because of three reason: First; a difficulty in the themes; his recondite allusions for instance to many facts in Italian and mediaeval history with which the common reader is not familiar. Browning was a philosopher as well as a port; he was a learned man, versed in many tongues with a host of information, that he made use of, and very often it was not understood. "Second: he was very profound, and his thoughts on God, and man were very weighty, and not easily assimilated by the ordinary good mind; Third, the verbal difficulties, he wrote a language of his own. But if the thought is worth hearing, we will have the verse. There are easy Browning passages and many of them, and it is certain that he was a great master, and a stimulating poet." He closed with the inspiring and comforting lines on what is to be after death found in "Asolanda."

Besides the five lecturers before the School, Dr. Vincent was called on to deliver lectures, while in this section, before the students of St. Cecelia Academy, Nashville; the Webb School at Belle Buckle, Tenn., Tennessee College at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and also at Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville. His wonderful literary insight, his scholarly information and his charming habit of speech made his lectures notable among the great opportunities that Ward-Belmont girls receive.

PICNIC ENJOYED BY SCIENTIST GIRLS

Just ask any one of the Christian Science girls if they had a good time on Monday afternoon.

A most unexpected treat awaited them when after a long ride into the country they were driven to a little rustic cottage secluded among rocks and birches on a high bank of the picturesque Cumberland River.

Then followed good times long to be remembered—Canoe and motor boat trips up and down the river—scrambles among the rocks and bluffs. Needless to say, after the afternoon spent out of doors on a brisk autumn day, they welcomed the huge stone fireplace in the home of the hostess around which they all gathered for refreshments. Ward-Belmont girls are noted for their appetites, and they certainly kept up the reputation, say the happy members of the party.

Following supper they adjourned to the garden where a large bonfire was built, and sitting around the blaze they toasted marshmallows and popped corn.

When the cars finally rolled up to school again, they had all reached the conclusion that no more delightful outing could have been planned and carried out. For this the girls were indebted to some of the ladies of the Seventh Avenue Christian Science Church.

Porter: "This train to Dallas and points east."

W. B. Student: "Well, I want a train to Dallas, but I don't care which way it points."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Assistant Editor ..... Louise Schwab
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Asst. Business Mgr. ..... Katherine Elsan
Art Editor ..... Helen Pape

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Margaret Curran, Elizabeth Granberry, Ina Mae Ashcroft, Bonnie Morgan, Louise Sain, Billy Waters, and Ina Faulconer.

Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

"So many roads—so many paths
So many trails that wind and wind,
Yet the one need of this old world
Is just the art of being kind."

There have been varied and sundry essays written on the virtue of being kind; we have been taught that kindness encompasses a multitude of lifes best qualities—generosity, self sacrifice, love, charity and innumerable others.

Yet I, even thought an amateur, even though far out of sight of that hill of fame of which those others have attained the topmost peak, would add even another quality to those already mentioned, namely the much eulogized though often forgotten, attribute of courtesy.

If we could only broaden our vision enough—if we could only look through the great magnifying glasses of wisdom, we could perhaps realise in a small measure all the limitless joys—all the soothing sweets of self-satisfaction, and best of all the additional strength of character which being courteous brings to us, we would not hesitate in striving for its benefits and even putting these facts out of our consideration. even the most heedless and careful of us cannot be dormant to the fact that in every moment of the day those about us are unconsciously but certainly putting us into the pigeonholes of their opinion for a permanent place. No one wants the dusty lower shelf of unworthiness for her residence, therefore it behooves each of us by the merit of even the most commonplace acts to make ourselves eligible for the most peerless, topmost corner of the shelf labeled "Worthwhile." Unvarying and daily courtesy is one of the safest rungs of the ladder by which we may climb to that height.

CHAPEL

Senior Recognition Day was the event of most note in our chapel exercises for the past week.

Aside from that, the chapel exercises have consisted this week of the usual and highly appreciated talks by Dr. Holt, and a very illuminating exposition of the two Grand Operas heard recently in Nashville. These talks were given us just before the performances by the Director of Musical Science, Mr. George A. Webster. His explanation and brief synopsis of the two musical stories were very helpful and delightful.

MR. HENKEL'S RECITAL

With great interest the students of W.-B. are looking forward to the Organ recital to be given primarily for the school, though open to the public also, by the Director of Organ, Mr. F. Arthur Henkel, on Thursday evening. The following program will be presented:

1 Sanata in C Minor .....Baldwin
2 Song of the Basket-Weaver .... Russell
3 Hora Mystica ("The Mystic Hour") Bossi
4 Scherzo . . . . . .Dethier
5 Sketches of the City .....Nevin
6 Study for Pedals Alone ....Henkel
7 Allegro from First Symphony .. Maquaire

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

The Sophomores had their class election Thursday. Margaret O'Connor was elected President, Elizabeth Bartheli, Vice-president; Helen Dickinson, Treasurer; and Mary Elizabeth Cayce, Sergeant at Arms.

"THE EYES OF TEXAS"

"Fifteen rahs for TEXAS!!!!!" says every one of the ninety girls who represent that state in Ward-Belmont. On the face of every Texas girl in the dining room, Saturday night there was an ear-splitting grin, in every heart, a perfect orchestral riot of sounds blending in the harmony of "The Eyes of Texas;" for Texas had, after a series of defeats, succeeded in downing her gridiron enemy, Vanderbilt University.

Texas University and Vanderbilt clashed in one of the most important games of the season at Dallas, Texas, Saturday, October 20. After a hard fought battle, Texas triumphed over Vandy to the tune of 16 to 0. The news came from the hilarious Texas students to their friends at Ward-Belmont, Saturday night. So again we say, "Hats off-!!!! FIFTEEN RAHS FOR TEXAS."

FACULTY FACTS

No need of an introduction to our new Musical Science Director, Mr. George Albert Webster, for who among us has not stood on both feet, lifted her head, and made an attempt to sing, at his urgent request? But those who are fortunate enough to take a Musical Science course from him or be in the Glee Club, know him as other than director of the song service at chapel. They know him as a splendid instructor and an efficient leader of the Glee Club.

Mr. Webster is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music. He has had a successful teaching record at Annapolis, both in St. John's College and the high school; at the Fessender School for Boys in West Newton, Mass., and at Hebron Academy in Hebron, Maine.

At Annapolis, Mr. Webster also was coach for the Naval Academy Glee Club, and was organist in old St. Ann's church. He is an expert in community singing work, and is a very able chorus leader.

Mr. Webster is a musician of successful achievement in the East, where he has previously made his home and we predict the same success for him in our "Southland."

VESPERS

Across the stage of fancy and into the realms of reality comes a picture of an ideal woman, a man's ideal woman, brought to us by Bishop Wm. G. McDowell, coadjutor Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Alabama, at vesper service, Sunday night.

After Francis Sample and Leola Clark had sung "Come To Our Hearts and Abide," Bishop McDowell talked to us on "Woman, Her Duties and Her Influences." True woman is trustworthy and sincere, not a creatnre of whim, said Bishop McDowell. She is benevolent, kind to the poor, and gifted with the love of God. "For each of you there is some man waiting to be guided and inspired unto better deeds," he said.

Let us keep this ideal woman before our eyes as a high mark to which we may attain.

HAIL TO THE BOOK ROOM

Every Ward-Belmont girl is more or less well acquainted with the Book Room. At the opening of the year she is initiated into its mysteries by long hours of waiting in line. However, few really consider what a real department the Book Room is in Ward-Belmont.

Mrs. Bryan has been, for several years, in charge of the Book Room. This year she is being assisted by Miss Julia Blair. Mrs. Bryan, during the summer period, orders the books for the following year, all books being ordered direct from publishers. Sometimes as many as three hundred are ordered for a single class, the extra ones to be carried over into the next year. A stock book is kept by Mrs. Bryan, in which every article bought or sold is listed.

Until this year the Book Room has handled the jewelry, pennants, and pillows. Now they are placed in a department of their own. Every girl who buys a pennant, or a pin is at the same time contributing toward Ward-Belmont athletic activities.

Another popular feature of the Book Room is the club and Ward-Belmont stationery. Mrs. Bryan says that stock depends entirely on the popularity of a certain style. She orders that style which she finds the girls most like.

Mrs. Bryan concluded smilingly. "You've no idea what an interesting psychological study my work in the Book Room has been. We learn to know the girls very well, perhaps better than they would care to have us. A girl is very easily influenced by her companions. Some girls give just twice as much trouble as others. Some are doubly attractive and courteous. I find the study of human nature very interesting in this work."

CALENDAR

Oct. 25—Organ Recital.
Oct. 27—Kentucky Club Dance.
Oct. 27—Class Day Program.
Oct. 31—Halloween Dinner.

WHY TEACHERS GO CRAZY
"What is the plural of child?"
"Twins."

"Name three strong nouns."
"Onions, garlic, and Limburger."

Our advertisers support the Hyphen—show your appreciation.

They Tell me That



A reporter from the school of Journalism said to the editor, "What shall I say about the professor who died?"

Sarcastically the editor replied. "Say that he was a finished scholar."

Jane Fleming accosted Fanny Wells the other day and inquired. "What shape is the hockey in this year?"

Fanny looked rather surprised and said, "Rectangular, same as last year, Jane."

Hockey comes in three Seasons.

1. Pre-season:
   Boast!
2. Mid-season:
   Boast!
3. Post-season:
   Roast!

Miss Ross, calling the roll of the English D Class, stopped when she came to the name of Louise Sain, and said, "Humph! One sane girl in the class anyway."

One of the many musically inclined individuals who infect (?) our halls, instructed her friend who was shopping-bound to buy her a C violin string for her ukelele. The friend walked boldly into the music store to ask for the desired article. Editors note: They are friends no more—the violin has no C string.

CLUB CHATTER

ANTI-PANDORA ANTICS

Cool brisk walks; large blazing fires, toasted marshmallows; dancing; good fellowship—in other words the anti-Pans at Woody Crest!

Last Saturday, for the second time this year, the Ward-Belmont cars were loaded up with girls and were sent whissing out to the country club, where genial Mr. Osmond met the girls and told them "to have a good time."

His invitation was readily accepted, and the girls set about to have a day of merriment. When dancing and bridge grew tiresome, the sponsor, Miss Cockrill, was always on hand to provide something original.

From the arrival of the first cars, until the last load left the old home, the week-end was an unquestioned success, and the Anti-Pans are only waiting until their time comes again.

PENTA TAU PRATTLE

The first program for the new members of the Penta Tau Club was a short parody on rush week, entitled, "A New Girl's Dream."

Miss Marjorie Steele as the new girl "got a big rush." The following girls represented a social club and its mode of rushing: Misses Jane Grice, Osiron; Alma Moore, Tri K; Del Vers, Monae Lindley; Anti-Pandora, Isabelle Buckingham; Twentieth Century, Jane Harvey; A. K., Hasel Edwards; X. L., Mary Beth Campbell; F. F., Gertrude Hinds; Agora, Ann Richardson, and Penta Tau, Helen Snider.

DEL VERS VERITIES

Wednesday after school sixty happy Del Vers girls hurriedly pushed each other into two busses, and after an hour's delightful ride, found themselves at the most beautiful spot one could imagine. This was Radnor Lake, several miles off one of the Nashville pikes.

No sooner had everyone safely dismounted from the busses than parties of threes and fours started out towards the woods. "Crinch," "crinch," "crinch," sang the leaves as the wanderers plodded on their way. But they couldn't go far without noticing—Oh! The most beautiful sunset that could ever be seen!

Every girl of them started out to walk to the very end of this sunset and find the "Pot of Gold" that surely must be hidden some place in it, to make it have such a dazzling golden tint. But tempting odors brought them out of their quest, and soon every girl was back near the lake and eating the most delicious weiners ever cooked over a bonfire.

Someone must have found the "Pot of Gold" and pulled it way down below the horizon, for soon, the only light left was that given out by the fire. Then the girls grouped themselves around it, and ghost story after ghost story was told, between the eating of apples and delicious toasted marshmallows.

Since these were school girls one and all, the time for departure came only too soon, but the happy spirit prevailed on the homeward journey and songs were sung until the busses stopped at the very door of our school and then—each and every one declared that she had had "The' time of her life."

T. C. TIDBITS

Woody Crest once more! for the old girls; Woody Crest at last! for the new girls. All the sections were out by ten o'clock and after the first wild clamor of sightseeing the girls settled down (?) to various occupations. One could write letters in the Red Room or gather around the fire in the wide hallway. The long mirror in the Green Room looked down on a very spirited Virginia Reel, probably a little different from the older Virginia Reels it has looked down on.

But there was a zest in the air that brought one out—to take pictures, ramble over the hills and pastures, slide down the hay loft, and some girls tried to strike up an acquaintance with the horses and pigs in the pasture.

To make this a nice column, we won't mention food. Of course one is never hungry at Woody Crest! Apples! Marshmallows!

Then, with the glorious sunset, came Homeward Bound! Was there ever a more perfect day? "Never!" say the T. C's.

OUR SURPRISE PARTY NOTED IN COLUMBIA

'A number of visitors from Ward-Belmont surprised the C. M. A. faculty and their wives Tuesday evening with a picnic. The picnic was given on the porch of the Administration building.

"The following were the visitors who gave the picnic: Dr. J. D. Blanton, Mr. E. A. Hall, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Howard Robertson, who was Miss Elisabeth Cason of Columbia, Miss Mills, Miss Paine, Miss Carrie Moseley and Miss Louise Moseley. The faculty reports a very enjoyable evening."—From "Bugle Call," Columbia, Tenn., Military Academy.

Quite matchless are her brown III
She talks with perfect EEE,
And when I tell her she is YYY
She says I am a TTT.

YES, WE HAVE NO—?

She (1): "Let's make some money."
She (2): "How's that?"
She (1): "Rent an establishment for the insane and get them to write songs for us."

When in doubt—read our ads.

DON'T YOU?

I think that life is quite a bore
Don't you?
But yet I want to live some more,
Don't you?
When lessons pile up, and I know
The grades I'm pulling are quite low
'Tis then, in thought, I homeward go.
Don't you?

Yet when I'm home, I think of school.
Don't you?
I really hate to be a fool,
Don't you?
So now I study night and day
And raise my spirits in this way.
I think that life is now quite gay.
Don't you?

—Ruth Muirhead, in College Greetings

Be a booster; a knocker never wins.

THREE GOOD RULES.

1. Forget yesterday.
2. Work today.
3. Plan tomorrow.

THE AWFUL TRUTH.

Last night I tumbled into bed
With Latin verbs inside my head.
I dreamed of dragons, ghostly things
With Latin written on their wings;
Of lions and giants and unicorns
With Latin tied around their horns;
Of bakeries with Latin buns,
And half-wits springing Latin puns;
Of Latin dogs and Latin cats,
And men with Latin in their hats;
Of Mary with her Latin lamb,
Miss Muffet eating Latin jam;
Of Latin lovers parked around
In Latin Fords on Latin ground.
I woke, alas, it must be so,
Not one bit of Latin do I know.

Prof., "Come, come, this is a serious proposition."

Freshman, "Aw gwan! I heard you tell that to my big sister last night."

Disgusted Cop (to Edwards): "Say, yon're a peach of a driver. If you was crossing the Sahara Desert, you'd run into a hydrant."

Of all the things that bother us
The worst of all is this:
Why do we strive for knowledge
When ignorance is bliss?—Ex

In the Sport Light

"This is to be a most successful hockey season," declares "Sis" Lindsey, Manager of hockey. "There are over 160 girls trying out for teams and the teams are to be evenly matched."

The season will be opened by the Regular-Olympian game on Wednesday, October 31st. The remainder of the season is as follows:

November 3rd—Athenians vs. Panthers.

November 7th—Regulars vs. Athenians.

November 10th—Olympians vs. Panthers.

November 14th—Panthers vs. Regulars.

November 17th—Athenians vs. Olympians.

The championship game will be played on Thanksgiving.

Don't miss one of these games!

The athletic board held an interesting meeting in the Y.W.C.A. room on Tuesday, October 3. They have a wonderful surprise in store for you.

WHO'S WHO IN WARD-BELMONT

Phyllis "Phil" Balea.—Born in Tunis, Africa, has distinction of starting bobbed hair and the toddle in her native land. Possesses refreshing frankness and a musical laugh. Affiliated with Del Vers, Indiana, Pepper up, and Clever Clubs. Shows preference for athletics, independence and Ward-Belmont ideas.

Ambition.—To do cart wheels around the campus.

Motto.—"That's a good little number."

Peggy Ogden.—Born in Philippine Islands. Has distinction of never frowning—when people can see her. Possesses Jinny and an Alpha Kappa Kappa frat pin. Affiliated with Tri "K," New Jersey, Engagement, and Happy Clubs. Shows preferences for shirts, straight bob and violins.

Ambition—To be a good wife.

Motto—"All for Paul."

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM
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623 CHURCH STREET,

PERSONALS

Miss Mary Shouse of the English Faculty returned Tuesday morning from Lexington, Ky., where she attended the marriage of her niece, Alice Katherine Shouse to Dr. C. A. Nafe of Indianapolis. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's father, Dr. A. F. Shouse on Saturday evening at eight o'clock, and was a large and artistically planned occasion. The ceremony, at which Dr. Fortune, pastor of the First Christian Church, officiated, was followed by a reception at which one hundred and fifty guests were present. The bride, and groom, after a stay at French Lick, will go to their home at Indianapolis, where the groom is head of the medical staff in the local city hospital.

Virginia Weldon and Sara Dunlap spent the past week-end in Paris, Tennessee.

Jeannette Bailey has returned from a visit to her home in Atlanta.

Mrs. I. J. Roseborough of Hopkinsville spent the week-end in Nashville at the home of her sister, to visit her daughter Louise at Ward-Belmont. On Monday night she was the guest of the school for dinner.

Jean Richardson and Clara Bell were guests of Mrs. John Cheek at lunch and a picture show the past week.

Dorothy Mooklar and Dorothy Cope were the guests on Monday of Mrs. Beard for lunch at the Y.W.C.A. Tea Room and a movie at the Knickerbocker afterwards.

The old girls were so glad to see Miss Minerva "Buddie" Gordon, a member of last years Senior-middle Class, who visited here Sunday.

Mrs. Vernon Petrie, Vernon Petrie Jr., and Jean Cleveland, from Pekin, China, were dinner guests of Mrs. C. W. McComb on Thursday evening and remained to attend the Organ Recital given by Mr. F. Arthur Henkel. Jean Cleveland will enter Ward-Belmont in January, when her mother and brother will return to China to join Mr. Petrie, who is the auditor of the American-Chinese Bank.

Katherine Moore, a Senior-middle of last year, has arrived from her home in Texas, to swell the numbers of the Senior Class of 1924. Her classmates welcome her affectionately into the fellowship of Senior Hall after the sorrows through which she has been called to pass.

Tillie Mitchner leaves Saturday for Mt. Pleasant to remain over for the wedding of Amelia Ligon (W-B. 1917-18), and Mr. Leon McDonald, of Carthage, Tenn., which will take place on Tuesday, October 30. The bride's sister, Mary Ligon, of the 1924 Senior Class will be the maid of honor, and Tillie Mitchner, Helen Killebrew, and Emily Wheeler (all present or former W-B girls), will be bridesmaids. The ceremony will occur in the Presbyterian Church, at Mt. Pleasant, followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Ligon. The wedding will be attended by several supplementary entertainments, including a card party given by Helen Killebrew at her home; a dinner by James Killebrew at the Belle Meade Country Club, Nashville, and a rehearsal party and buffet supper at the Wheeler home on Monday night. The bridesmaids will wear different shades of orchid velvet, and the bride's gown will be of white velvet. The bride and groom will live in Louisville.

Mr. E. L. Walter, of Dover, Tenn., chaperoned his daughter, Lois, and her school friends, Clyde Pierce and Elise Porter, to the Satsuma for lunch, and then to a movie on Monday.

Hilda Block and Bess Hainsfurther spent Sunday in town with Lonise Frank.

A good proportion of Ward-Belmont girls spent the week-end in Columbia, Tennessee. Among them: Martha Ellington, who went to her home; Ernestine Dortch, of Columbia, who spent the week-end there with her parents; Luella Frazer, whose home is also there and Miss Frances Stokes, who was the week-end guest of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Crosland.

Miss Myrtle Thomas had as week-end guests, Miss Mary Beth Campbell and Miss Katheryn Sidey.

Catherine Richards spent the week-end in Lebanon, Tenn., as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. B. S. Rhea.

Tillie Beth Conner also went to Lebanon for the week-end, to visit Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lauerence.

Margaret and "Sis" Lindsay returned Monday from Henderson, Ky., where they spent the week-end with friends.

Willa Starkweather spent the week-end in Smith Grove, Ky.

Anne Greenlaw was the week-end guest of friends in Spring Hill, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay L. Murray had as a tea guest on Sunday, Miss Alverta Colina.

Monday afternoon, Mrs. Englar and her daughter, Viola, took Sarah White, Alice Tibbets and Alverta Colina for a delightful drive through, and around Nashville.

Lonise Smith spent the week-end with her mother. We didn't need to ask "Smitty" if she had a good time—we know Mrs. Smith.

Emma Elizabeth Green Spent the week-end at Cowan, Tenn.

INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements of the birth of Jane Jamison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jamison of Evansville, Ind., have been received at Ward-Belmont. The baby's mother, as Miss Helen Felds, was a student, and later an instructor at Ward-Belmont, and was very popular in both capacities.

Betty Howe, is the name given by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Jerome Howe of Cordova, Ala., to their small daughter born the past summer who is just now at the most winsome baby state. Mrs. Howe was Miss Willa Middleton, assistant in the Expression Department for three years, whose marriage took place in June 1922.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Brennan on September 24, Dorothy Brennan and Kenneth Brennan.

All who remember the beautiful talent of gifted Miriam Applebee, both as student and teacher in Ward-Belmont will rejoice with her in the birth of twin children.

As Miss Applebee, she was the leading lady for the Vanderbilt University Dramatic Club, and interpreted such characters as Jeanne in McKays Jeanne D'Arc. Shapespeare in Miss Townsend's procession of the drama, given on Ward-Belmont Campus before an immense audience; and "Rada" in Alfred Noyes' famous Peace play.

MOVIE ENJOYED ON SATURDAY

Now that all the new girls seem thoroughly initiated to our "movie methods" the volume of, "We want music!" has increased astonishingly and it seems that their lung capacity must even out-rival that of the old girls in spite of the amount of practice that the old girls have had.

A great amount of enthusiasm was displayed last Saturday night when the title, "Wandering Daughters" was flashed upon the improvised W.-B. screen. Maybe most of us had forgotten, since our sojourn within the stately portals of Ward-Belmont, that "Wandering Daughters" ever existed.

However the interesting film gave ample proof that the age of jazz tempted quite a few girls to shuffle away from "Home Sweet Home," and the school days lover—but—"all's well that ends well" that was the case this time.

We do enjoy our movies—don't we girls?

Response to Stimuli

Apropos of certain current work in Sociology.

Fred Stone, the comedian, and Eugene Wood, the author, were talking on Broadway, when a woman, very beautiful and dressed in the latest style, passed. Wood turned to Stone, Stone turned to Wood, and they both turned to rubber.

Tell them you saw their ad in the Hyphen.

ALUMNI

"Miss Allene Parks, of Newbern, who was enroute to Tokyo, Japan, as a missionary, at the time of the recent awful catastrophe, was safe, her ship not arriving at that point until 36 hours after the earthquake."

The note above will interest friends of Allene Parks, who knew her when she was a student of W. B. in 1917-18. Her career as a missionary has been full of success and faithful leadership.

Pearl Hartert, Senior Middle of last year, has pledged Gamma Phi Beta at the University of Washington.

Peggy Kahn, Junior Middle of last year, who may be remembered as having been voted the most "Intelligent" in the A.B.C. contest conducted by the Milestones staff of last year, is pursuing her studies at Radcliffe College.

Elizabeth "(Dibbie") Shepherd, former President of Athletic Association, and graduate of class of '23, who is well remembered for her many athletic achievements, and now a student at the University of Wisconsin, writes that, while she is enjoying college life, she misses "dear old W.-B. almost as much as home and mother."

WEDDINGS

Invitations have been received at Ward-Belmont to the marriage of Judith Brewer, (class of 1920) to Dr. Frank Whitney Godwin, on Saturday, November 10, 1923 at 7.30 o'clock in the Main Street M.E. church of Suffolk, Virginia. The bride-elect is one of the most loyal members of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association and was a guest at the first Homecoming of graduates which was so successfully carried out last Commencement time. She is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Lewis Brewer Jr., of Suffolk, and was a popular and splendid student during her W.-B. days.

Ola Farley Bertram to Mr. Charles Edward Close, on Tuesday, October, 23, 1923 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Bertram in California, Mo., the bride is a graduate of the class of 1919.

The Kentucky New Era of Hopkinsville, Ky.. prints the following account of the marriage of Ethel Wallace and Mr. Thomas Bass Covington: on October 13:

"Miss Ethel Wallace and Mr. Thomas Bass Covington were married last night in Clarksville. The wedding came as a surprise to many friends. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Wallace, and is one of the most popular and attractive girls in this city. Mr. Covington is prominent in both business and social circles."

We Have the Kind of Clothes a Young College Girl Would Love to Wear Always

—Because They Express "Youth and Beauty"

ARMSTRONG'S

College Clothes

What to wear at Ward-Belmont—that is a question everyone is asking now. It is an important question—one we have given much study to.

Our buyers have selected for this Fall, one of the most complete, varied and up-to-the-minute-in-style displays we have ever seen.

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Smart Misses' Apparel

Gloves — Hosiery — Lingerie

Exclusive Sale of

PEGGY PAIGE DRESSES IN NASHVILLE

There's an added satisfaction in styles presented here for Fall—that they remain in style though you wear them several months.



Good Hosiery, satisfying in every respect, featured here in all the new Fall colors and weights. Perfect finish woven into them.

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Special candy to harmonize with color scheme—

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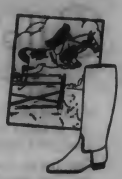
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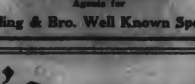
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Superior Service

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SUSAN SAYS:

Now that
Club initiation is over
We will find out
Whose hair
Is
Naturally curly;
And will see
Those old dresses
We wore
Last year
And in general
Settle down
To a
Comfortable and easy
Mode of living.

"Lo, Mary."
"Lo, Jane."
"Ain't this a rotten school?"
"Yes, rotten school."
"No spirit."
"No, no spirit."
"How did the game come out?"
"Don't know, didn't go. Did you?"
"No, didn't go."
"Goodbye, Mary."
"Goodbye, Jane."

A Hymn of Praise To:

The girl who wears her own
The teacher who cancels a test for the day after the Symphony.
The cookie that breaks in four pieces.
The room-mate who closes the windows in the morning.
The friend who returns the borrowed dime.
The teacher who realizes that you may have an individual opinion.
The maid who refills your water-glass when the mustard is hot.
The girl who answers the corridor phone.

"What is art?"

"A pitcher you can't pour anything out of."

Huebell—"What's the 60 on your report card?"

Sabboth—"Dunno, guess it's the temperature of the room."

She—"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

Kennel—"Of course you wouldn't. You'd get killed in the rush."

Isn't it grand to come back and find out a lot of things about yourself that you really never knew, but that so-and-so wrote so-and-so were absolutely true and, therefore, must be facts?

Jane Fleming—"I like those religious girls."

Rachael Harris—"What do you mean—religious?"

Jane Fleming—"Those kind that make you feel as if you were in heaven all the time you are near them."

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That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
We all love to wait on you.
Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
Come and see us often
We want you.

J. Everman, Berger & Fall-Braum

NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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W.-B. GIRLS HEAR THE GREAT MARTINELLI

Ward-Belmont was a part of the large audience that filled the Ryman Auditorium, Monday night to hear Giovanni Martinelli sing.

Martinelli takes an immediate hold on his audience by his friendly personality, which seems to get over the footlights. His magnificent tenor voice has a golden quality much like that of Caruso's. The perfect tone of his high notes and the almost baritone quality of his low notes give him amazing power. It was easily seen that Martinelli is at his best in operatic arias and that he possesses great dramatic power.

Like Martinelli, Miss Flora Greenfield, the assisting artist, pleased her audience by her agreeable stage presence. She has a mezzo-soprano voice and sings with artistic finish. The Duet, "Tomb Scene," from Aida won great applause.

Salvatore Fucito at the piano displayed a finished perfection as an accompanist. As he ran his fingers over the keys before each number, he seemed to command the audience.

Martinelli has in a large sense filled the great void left by Caruso's death. Ward Belmont girls feel very fortunate in having heard him, and Martinelli can be said to have won our admiration as few artists have done.

He was a guest at the school on Monday, entertained at lunch by Dr. Blanton and Signor de Luca, and afterwards the party enjoyed a drive to Woody Crest.

THE KENTUCKY DANCE

Frivolity and Fun were masters of ceremonies in Herron Hall last Saturday night at the first state dance of the season, which was given by the Kentucky Club. The entire affair was everything that one would expect of a successful Hallowe'en party. The shaded lights cast a soft and mysterious covering over the room. Huge pumpkins sat with fiery eyes and mouth in every window, nook and corner,—watching with steady and jealous glances, the weird black cats on the wall. Musty looking corn stalks sheltered the tall white column of the Hall and the same decorations covered the bars of the orchestra cage.

The refreshments—oh welcome thought—also typified the occasion—pressed (cider in case you don't know) and unpressed apples, ginger cookies and nuts graced the plate.

Needless to repeat it was a success, and everyone had a perfect time.

Mr. Johnson—"Tomorrow, we shall take the life of Thackeray; come prepared."—Ha.

IMPORTANT NOTICES

When subscribing to the HYPHEN in chapel several weeks ago, some girl filled out a check and did not sign her name to it. If she remembers this, will she please come to the HYPHEN office IMMEDIATELY and sign the same? She, naturally, can not receive her HYPHEN unless she does this.

Some one has sent a dollar bill to the HYPHEN office in payment supposedly for a subscription to the paper, but did not send her name. Will this person please send in her name IMMEDIATELY, for she also can not receive her HYPHEN!

All girls wishing to contribute anything to the HYPHEN must secure some regulation copy paper upon which to write her contribution. Anyone at Mrs. Beard's desk will be glad to give this paper out. Thank you.

IMPRESSIVE CLASS DAY EXERCISES OBSERVED ON SATURDAY

The students of Ward-Belmont, dressed in white and wearing full class insignia, stood facing the faculty before the Academic building, Saturday morning, to participate in the solemn and beautiful exercises, which constitute one of the most impressive ceremonies of Ward-Belmont, the class day program.

Following the Seniors, the entire student body marched by classes from the chapel, where they had assembled to the academic building. As the classes marched slowly across the campus, they were distinguished by their colors. Ruby Wooten, President of the Senior class, walking with the class sponsor Miss Leila D. Mills, led the Senior class, their colors, being white and gold; Virginia Smith, the Senior-Middle class wearing purple colors; Alene Mitchener, the Junior class, with green; Majorie Reynolds, the Junior-Middle class blue; Marie Pittman, the Special classes, white; Josephine Tucker, the College Special class, rose; Mary Ligon, the Post-graduates, black insignia; Helen Condon, the Prep Specials; pink; Margaret O'Connor, the Sophomore class, lavender; Edna Lewis, the Freshman class, turquoise blue; Nancy O'Connor, the intermediates, in red.

When all the classes had taken their positions, Dr. Blanton opened the exercises with a short address, introducing Miss Theodora Scruggs, the speaker of the occasion, as one having a long connection with the school not only through her own affiliation but also through that of her mother who also attended Ward Seminary. Miss Scruggs spoke to the student body on the changes which had taken place in the ten years that have passed since Ward Seminary and Belmont College were consolidated. Miss Scruggs emphasized the contrast by illustrations taken from daily life and at the completion of her address, she was voted unanimously by the student body as one of the most charming and interesting of all the class day speakers who have favored us from year to year.

The presidents of the different classes, acting as a representative, then received from Miss Hawks, the Academic Dean, a letter and a few words of inspiration. As each class president received her letter she took her place on the steps of academic, and held aloft the letter which made a part of the name "Ward-Belmont."

The class day exercises were witnessed by an audience composed not only of the faculty and house staff, but also of a number of out-of-town patrons who were spending the week-end here with their daughters.

CALLER'S NIGHT AT WARD-BELMONT

You're either excited to the point of foolishness, you're bored, or you're merely casual, when you have a male caller at Ward-Belmont.

To the spectator, it is amusing; to the individual, it is often pathetic. Some girls enter the Reception Hall with the "And Alice was ushered into Wonderland," expression on their faces. They employ their most sugary smile, as they advance on their victim, and accompany said sacharine gleam with a palpitated coo of welcome. They then point their admirer to some comfortable place to sit, and begin the evening of conversational wit, with a thrilled remark, probably about the weather, if the devotee has not already made some appropriate

(Continued on page 3.)

LEARN AND EARN

If someone should offer you $6.25 for each letter that you wrote them, provided that these letters arrived daily, is there a girl who would refuse such a windfall of luck? Not unless she should happen to be incurably lazy.

"Why," you say, "the whole idea is preposterous. No one would give you $6.25 for a letter!" And yet, there IS someone who is doing that thing for every single girl in Ward-Belmont. It may not be understood, and the benefactor may be so lenient as to allow the girl to be careless about her contract but the fact remains that she receives the money. Is it fair to receive and not make some return?

Living, in the present age, is more expensive than it has ever been, and every father and mother who place a daughter in a high type of school, surrounded by luxury and culture, is expending an average sum of $6.25 per day for the daughter's use. While a girl is still in school there is little that she can do to show her gratitude and love for those who plan constantly for her every need. Sometimes the return that she can make seems so small that she considers it of no importance and does very little at all. Is this right or fair? Absolutely because they are the work of the child, does seem very great to their parents because the yare the work of the child. A letter a day, or even every other day, may bring more joy, to those at home, than can well be estimated or realized.

So let's consider that we are bound by an unwritten contract to send home a letter at least every other day. Remember that Father and Mother never back down on their part of the bargain and that we want to be quite as honorable as they. So tomorrow begin sending home the letters and earning the $6.25 per day.

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Patty Jean's Diary

Sunday, October 21.—The most unkindest cut of all! Didn't see Jimmie this morning, and didn't get a special from Dick! Men are the most inconsiderate brutes sometimes. Selfish pigs!—I've decided what the ideal life is! To be an old maid! I'm going to find some kindred soul and we'll go to live in a cunning little cottage, and be old maids together! I'm going to get an aquarium, several dozen canaries, a couple of kennels of dogs, and a whole realm of cats, preferably pedigreed! and, unless they all eat each other up, we'll all be happy together. And I'll have priggish corkscrew curls, and make my life's work a book entitled, "The Lost Intelligence—Man."

Monday, October 22.—I'm inconsistent but can't help it. An old maid's life would not be so wonderful—Sibyl has argued me down. Of course, Sibyl is engaged and that would make her point of view different. My mail box was dustier than ever today. But I couldn't help but notice how much better looking Dick is than Bill (Sibyl's fiance). I've mentioned before how good looking Dick is, and Dad says he is a "man's man" (Dad thinks the sun rises and sets around him). But he's so faithful—dear me, I mean he used to be—that I think he's quite a lady's man, Aussi.

Tuesday, October 23—When it rains, it pours! Got a special and ordinary letter from Dick today, a box from home, and a phone call from Jimmie. Dick is just too devoted! Now Jimmie has a rather lofty way about him that makes him interesting. I have a date with him tomorrow night. Dick said he'd forgotten to mention his week end trip home. And he was so rushed for space in this ten-page letter that he didn't tell me anything about it. Oh well, I didn't have to worry about him.

Wednesday, October 24.—I have too many worries for one woman! I was informed today that Jimmie is one of the most devoted worshippers at the shrine of one of the debutantes, who, they say, eclipses Helen of Troy for looks. I suppose he dates me when she has an engagement, or else for the sake of competition. I may be an old maid from force, not choice!

Later—Well! How beautifully things work out! Jimmie is the goddess' first cousin! Isn't that too sweet? And he says that he goes around with her quite a bit, because she's such a good sport, and he'd like for me to meet her sometimes, and she's a graduate of W.-B., and she's practically engaged to a Princeton man, and I do think that Jimmie is the nicest man!

Thursday, October 25.—This day stands for nothing in my life! Had a stingy note from Dick, and that was all the mail. Got bawled out in two classes. I am an awful dumbbell, I reckon.

Friday, October 26.—Today was my birthday and it has been perfect—truly I was nineteen. I certainly feel ancient, although I don't think my wisdom has caught up with my years, yet. Mother and Dad sent me a fur scarf and a mammoth box of candy. I love life sent! Dick sent me a lovely jewel case (blue leather) with his frat crest on it. Poor boy—he's about run out of things to put his crest on for me. He also sent me a darling violet corsage. Miriam sent me a precious bracelet, and Jimmie sent roses. I don't know how he knew 'twas my birthday. I got some other things too—its great to be remembered!

Saturday, October 27.—Saturday's always a nice day for me. I have no classes in the morning, and just easy ones in the afternoon. I've looked forward all day to going down town for dinner, and then to see "The Covered Wagon" tonight. Marianne, Sibyl, Alice and I are going. It will be thrilling I think. My only regret is that it's not cold enough for my new fur coat! However, I'm wearing Dick's violets—hope I don't run into Jimmie.

OHIO GIRLS

In spite of the fact that the enrollment of the Ohio girls is the largest from that state ever made in Ward-Belmont, its representatives by means of being divided into two parties enjoyed a most delightful time these past two week-ends.

The first party, chaperoned by their beloved, sponsor, Miss Boyer, and accompanyed by their guest, Miss Holinger, also a "Buckeyean" dined at the Satsuma, Saturday evening, October 20, and attended, "The White Rose," at Loews.

The second party, chaperoned by Miss Boyer and Miss Matheney were participants of this same form of entertainment on Monday, October 29. On both occasions the table was appropriately decorated for Halloween with fitting black cats, witches, pumpkins, and place cards.

ORGAN RECITAL BY MR. ARTHUR HENKEL

One of the most delightful musical treats of the year was the organ recital given Thursday evening, Oct. 25, by Mr. Arthur Henkel, Director of Organ, at Ward-Belmont. Mr. Henkel's eminent gifts as a musician and his ability as a program maker insured the occasion's success.

The enthusastic applause that greeted each number attested to the appreciative attitude of the audience. Especially was interest manifested in the original composition, "A Study For Pedale Alone," which is the work of Mr. Henkel.

Exceedingly good were the "sketches of the city" in which the following numbers were included:

(a) The City from afar off.
(b) On the Avenue.
(c) The Grandmother.
(d) Urchin whistling in the Streets.
(e) The Blind Man.
(f) In Busy Mills.
(g) Evening.

In our "chest" of musical treats we will store This recital as one of The Best.

Every advertisement contains valuable information. Read them.

ALUMNI

Mary Elizabeth Lodingwell (1921-22) of Ashland, Ky., is spending the winter at her home, but writes to Miss Mills of her longing to see Ward-Belmont out again, and her intention to pay the school a visit next spring. She is hoping, too, that the Kentucky Club will have a Hallow'een dance this year, as last recalling the success of that happy occasion. She says: "In this morning's mail, came several copies of the HYPHEN, and I cannot tell you how much pleasure they bring to me. It is so good to hear all about the dear place."

Equally loyal is Helen Guinn, of last year, who writes from her home in Linden, Tenn. "A Ward-Belmont girl can't realize how very much she does love the school, until she gets away. The HYPHEN is always for than welcome, because it brings me news of the school, and of the old girls."

Anelta Lavely (class of 1921), whose home is in Corning, Iowa, is teaching French and some Mathematics in the High School there, and expects to teach again next year, and then has happier plans in view. The past two years she has spent in the University of Nebraska, specializing in French and English, as she had planned when she was at Ward-Belmont. Showing the hold which Ward Belmont had taken upon her, she writes in a letter to Miss Ross:

"The work in the University, the life in the sorority house, the social activities were all thoroughly enjoyable, but so often while I was there, I was more than glad that my first two years were spent in Ward-Belmont. There are so many fine things there that are not found in a University."

Miss Athleen Dickey, prominent graudate of last year, who will be remembered for her successful year as President of the Tri K. Club, her athletic activities, and her winning of the title of the most "popular" girl in school, in the A.B.C. contest held by the Annual Staff, has the position of instructor of Physical Education at Washington Seminary, in Atlanta, Georgia. She writes back to friends here that although she is enjoying her position, she misses Ward-Belmont very much, and that she looks forward to the HYPHEN to keep her in touch with the events which take place at the school she loves.

Maxine Ronna, formerly of Walnut, Iowa, now of 301 North Euclid, Pasadena, California, writes to Miss Paine, on October 22: "Thank you so much for the HYPHEN. I am planning to have them sent to me regularly as I wish to keep in touch with Ward-Belmont."

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to each other. —Goethe.

CALLER'S NIGHT AT WARD-BELMONT

(Continued from page 1.)

comment, on how beautiful she is, and how much he's missed her letters lately. Whereupon she blushes at his original remark. That is the thrilled girl, the one that is so flustered and coy, that you have no doubts on the score that she has never before had the privileged pleasure of gazing at a handsome masculine face for a whole two hours.

Then there's the girl who's bored. She saunters in fashionably late, she sits calmly down, she jingles her bracelets complacently, and she remarks, with a friendly grin, "I'd give my shoes to be home tonight." After that caustic remark, smacking of feline variety, she settles back elaborately. Her caller blushes uncomfortably, if he's young, or if he's an older man, assumes a condescending air, and brings forth the gay box of candy, and tumbles it, as a peace-offering, into the lap of the goddess. The said goddess displays very human-like greed, and rewards her slave with a heavenly smile and slight show of excitement. They crunch candy softly.

The girl who is very casual about her dates is really the most interesting. She displays an interesting mixture of thrills and boredom. She drinks in every word he says, and begs for more of his cleverness. She laughs spontaneously at all his jokes, even those borrowed from Noah. Then, she neatly suppresses a slight yawn behind a perfectly manicured hand. She may merely nod at every thing he says, whether agreeable or not. She may become interested in the style of her slipper, and study it intensely. Or, she may think it feasible to rise suddenly, and escort him around the Recreation Hall, improving his sense of beauty by pointing out all tapestries, pictures, etc.

No matter if the caller may, by the slightest chance, have been bored during the evening, he is always stubborn about starting on his homeward way. When William mournfully says, "Go!" however, they mechanically begin to leave by rising and getting as far as the Reception Hall, where they compete for hats and coats. Here the couples pause indefinitely, chatting madly, vouching to write, etc. A warning that William is again approaching, is sometimes the only thing which will make same caller break the heavy ice of leaving—that is, actually, getting outside the door, and out of sight. Even the most ardent says, "Good night, ladies," and a caller's night at Ward-Belmont is ended.

An alumnus asked of one of our students, "How are conditions up at college this year?"

The questioned student answered instantly, "Still in the Dean's office."

Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Pogue have named their little daughter, Ann Franklin. Mrs. Pogue was formerly Miss Mildred Timberlake and was a day student of Ward-Belmont for several years.

Tell them you saw their ad in the Hyphen.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

OUR PLEA

The Editor, she sits around
And wonders what to write;
She looks for news the whole day long
And prays for it at night.
Well, let's all help the Editor
With the contribution stuff;
Let's deluge her with newsy news
Until she cries "E-n-o-u-g-h!"

"To have enough to know the joy of giving.
To thrill to every sweet response of life—is living."

Don't you admire and love those girls in our midst who seem to radiate good cheer and happiness wherever they are? Don't you marvel at the seemingly colossal amount of joy they appear to draw from every new activity—from even the most ordinary daily happening which to the majority of us is banal and commonplace?

And yet they're not over Pollyanish—their manner is not obviously kind; they feel life's rough places even as the rest of us, only the fact that they are equipped with the golden shock absorbers of contentment and Good Humor, keeps them from minding worries which to the average person seem hopelessly unsurmountable!

They are the girls who do things—who achieve success along various lines, and still if you'll notice they always steer far from that uninviting coast of "Boredom"—they refuse to be blase, bask instead in the warm sunshine of good fellowship, and seem to be filled with a surplus amount of energy and interest in even the most minute occurences which take place about them.

That old adage of "tis far better to give than to receive," as antiquated as it may seem, has withal withstood the acid test of time—girls call up all that is best in you, glory in the apportunities and advantages that are yours, and become one of the giving type of girl—until then you will really not have lived!"

VESPERS

Strains of Oriental music—soft, dreamy, and elusive, brought us into a world of mystery—prepared us for the talk on China by Miss Chambers, our new Y. W. C. A. Sponsor.

Miss Chambers told us that the Chinese are lovers of beauty, showing us as a proof an artistically embroidered Imperial robe which she wore as she talked; that they are respectful and very religious—she explained how very hard it is to make the Chinese subetitute our Christianity for their time established religions, and she wove into her delightful talk a world of education and interesting information.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is delighted to announce the beginning of what the members believe will be a successful and happy year under the leadership of its new sponsor, Miss Chambers.

Have you heard of the Y. W. Specie of "Peanut"? On exhibition, very soon.

WHO'S WHO IN WARD-BELMONT

Florence McHenry—Born in Guatemala, South America. Has the distinction of making grotesque faces at everyone and anyone. Possesses a brother at Harvard. Affiliated with X. L. Oklahoma, Never Say Die, and Theatrical Clubs, shows a preference for "Howdy," the Golden West, and heart rending drama.

Ambition—To play "Hamlet."

Motto—"X. L. and Oklahoma."

Eunice Weicker—Born in the Azore Islands. Has the distinction of doing the double shuffle without tripping over her own feet. Possesses an unusual gift o' gab. Affiliated with X. L. Colorado, Original, and Study Sometimes Clubs. Shows a preference for irma, jewels, dancing, and mountain atmosphere.

Ambition—To dance with Rudolph Valentino.

Motto—Long Live Irma.

IMPRESSIONS

Ina Falconer—a blue ruffled silk parasol—little black bows on gray velvet—Houbigant sachet—a tiny Colonial doll, in rose crinoline—a little golden haired girl, asleep in a big arm chair before a fire—a delicately-cut Cameo.

Rosa Lee Dadisman—A scarlet and black Spanish shawl—a girl, wearing a black velvet and ermine gown, in a box at the opera—rubies—purple lightning through steel-gray skies—a huge gold lace fan, with ebony sticks.

Nadine Candler—A bluebird on a white window still—chocolate parfait—sunshine on drops of rain—a finely wrought gold chain—morning mists over a rose garden—ice skating by moonlight.

FACULTY FACTS

They tell me that "best mathematics are multiplying joys and dividing the sorrows of others," but for further information on the subject of mathematics, please consult the new member of our faculty, Mrs. Donald Davidson.

Mrs. Davidson received an A. B. degree and an A. M. degree from Oberlin College, and an L. L. B. from Vanderbilt University. She attended college for women, Western Reserve University and Law School, Ohio State University. She is a member of the Tennessee bar.

Mrs. Davidson taught at Martin College from 1915 to 1917 and also at a summer session of Oberlin High School.

She is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity and of the Phi Delta Delta, a woman's honorary Legal Fraternity. Ward Belmont School feels indeed fortunate in having secured Mrs. Davidson as a member of its faculty.

MORALITY PLAY SCORES SUCCESS

Miss Townsend's presentation of "The Hour Glass" done by a group of Certificate Expression pupils made a tremendous hit in Chapel last Friday. Like all of the Expression Department's work it was eminently good. Rosa Lee Dadisman as the "Wise Man" was excellent. She has unusual ability, and Miss Townsend has a future in headlines already made ont for our young genius. Mildred Goodpasture made a charming little "Fool"—and quite a wise fool. And the scholars, Florence McHenry, Alice Nixon, Ina Mae Ashcroft, and Bernice Schlesinger did indeed look studious in their caps and gowns.

The thought of the little morality play was admirably expressed, and the acting and poise of the participants was good in every particular.

In the evening of the same day Miss Townsend, with the caste, had dinner with the Business Men's Club of the Methodist Church at West End Methodist Church, and before the club they presented the same play. The success of it may be judged by the close attention of the audience throughout the performance. Miss Townsend was highly complimented on her work and was asked to present another play at some future date.

COHECHEE REUNION

If "Ma" Bryan had had one other packages—regardless of size—a little Lizzie would have climbed the trial to Sycamore with a couple of occupants on edge. Nevertheless by the time we landed "Boots" had a ripping fire going in the lodge and in no time Lindy and Mattie Lou had food fit for a king on the long table under the trees—we ate!

Today took us to the dam—two Councillors of year before last—not in sympathy with the rest, were very silly! We had the moon—water—all but a canoe.

It took one of the Directors some time to manage sleeping quarters but it was well arranged, all the little confidences of the Porch were enjoyed by all.

Sunday—Bebe and the Brigade had a fine time annoying everyone but we don't get together every week-end so they were excused.

Just in time for dinner Dr. Blanton arrived. He did justice to the food and added his contribution of fruit to the larder. If actions speak Dr. Blanton will be our first camper—But he ate and left, taking with him Mrs. Bryan and Sarah.

The Councilors can play ball! Even held the campers in a state of fear for some time. The Pitcher for the Councilors—Director of the commissary department at Camp had to be remonstrated with for lack of form but it made no impression on the speed and exactness of the ball.

The Junior Councilors did their best to get in a few winks of lost sleep but it seemed impossible.

Undaunted by the drizzle, Jndy led us on a grand hike to Sunset Rock—back to the spring and home to the fire. Sycamore resounded with the many voices singing old camp songs that were sung around many an old camp fire in the open woods of Maine.

We were very tired and that night we slept, dreaming of "neath the silent monntains, Camp Cohechee, mine."

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM

Special Menu on Mondays for

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

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CLUB CHATTER

AGORETTES

The Agora Club spent a most delightful week-end at Woody Crest. With each car came a crowd of enthusiastic, eager girls. Woody Crest at last! The new girls immediately set out to explore the country.

The first evening was spent in initiating the new members into the secret Club, after this, dancing was enjoyed by many.

Sunday the girls took kodak pictures, hiked, and best of all, toasted marshmallows by that grand old fireplace that almost makes us home-sick. The feature of the evening was a mock wedding.

When Monday morning came we were a tired but happy hunch, looking forward to our next trip to Woody Crest.

OSIRON OWLETS

A full moon, music, dancing, fortune telling and cider. Yes, all that did actually happen. Where? At the Osiron Halloween party.

After the usual club preliminaries, if you call anything that the Osirons do, usual, the best of programs was given. If you think you have heard duets, then consider that you were mistaken until you have heard Ruhy Sprouse, Love Mae Brandon, Alice Reynolds, and Mary McClarry. (Not quar.ets hut duets.) You know the kind—haunting, rhythmic, Oriental.

Leola Blackwell and, Alverte Coline in a very clever skit, delved a hit into the future for the benefit of a few Osirons. Elizabeth Gregory told some startling fortunes.

Then followed the event—cider in which we were able to toast the chairman of this entertainment, Miss Rosa Lee Dadisman.

TRI K KUMBACKS

And it came to pass on the evening of the 24th day of October—in the full of the moon—under the reign of "Peggy" Ogden, that maidens to the number sixty and two together with their sponsor and member in faculty, assembled at the steps of Senior Hall at the ringing of the bell. These are they that are numbered as Tri-K's.

And it came to pass after this assemblage that Miss Morrison, as sponsor, spake unto them, saying, "Let those with the food pass on; and let those with the appetites follow over the hill and down the road." And, behold, they didst obey!

Thus it was that the hilarious K. K. K's came upon the chosen site for their bacon-hat. Then the sponsor sent and called "reliable Jane," and they brought her hastily to preside over the distribution of food—that the club perish not from famine. And, behold, on the same night, they saw "Dos" Cone, the famous horseback rider, peeling potatoes, and "Mitch," the promising athlete, peeling onions —and others preparing all manner of vegetables, for the cause of "chowder."

And the chief steward lifted up her voice and spake, "Thou shalt search hereabouts for green sticks to the member of one for each, and thereupon return to me for bacon and white bread. Go ye then to the fire and cook ye the morsel!" So sayeth Jane Carling. And the thing was good in the ears of all those present! And they builded up a stronger appetite by arising, playing "leap-frog," and finally gathering themselves into a "football" squad—for, behold, the darkness covereth the earth.

And when they had emptied their dishes, every girl came to the light of the fire; and when they and their guests and Mr. Sargent, saw that a circle had been formed, they lifted up their voices in songs of the North, South, and good old Tri-K. Now the "Sargent" saw that there was candy in store, and hegat herself up from the ground and passed sweets unto all, saying: "So will I deliver you your dessert."

And it came to pass after these actions, and after the full moon had appeared above the tree-tops, that the jovial group of Tri-K's wended its way across the field, over the hill, and down the road—back to the famed halls of dear old Ward-Belmont.

PENTA TAU PRATTLE

The Penta Tau Club spent Monday, October 29, at Woody Crest. It was the new members first visit and they said they enjoyed it very much.

The usual round of games, sleeping, bridge and reading was broken in the afternoon by the appearance of Mantinelli. Doctor Blanton introduced him to the girls, much to their delight.

X. L. XCERPTS

Imagine, if you can, a purple and gold bonfire, surrounded by a mound of golden coals and sending up a shower of glowing sparks into the twilight-purpled sky where, lo, they remain, innumerable tinsel bits of stars! Imagine, too, a circle of nodding trees, black in the twilight, stretching their ragged arms to catch a silver moon rising slowly above their reach. Imagine this, and you have the scene for an occasion of gaiety which will live long in the heart of every X. L. girl.

Then to come down to material things, picture, in the hungry part of your mind, a feast of weinies, buns, pickles, apples, marshmallows and coffee, coupled with an appetite sharpened hy wood-gathering and you will have some idea of further bliss. After the meal was over, the happy participants gathered about the fire to sing the club songs and watch the moon rise over the tree-tops. How many glowing images appeared in the fire! And even when the time came to return, there was a charming tramp homeward across the white-lit meadow! Imagine—if you can!

DEL VERS VERITIES

Rainy weather cannot dampen the spirit of a Del Vers, thus the meeting of October 17, was a huge success.

Each member showed her loyalty by remaining quiet during the reading of the constitution of the Club, by Catherine Moore and the interesting talks of Miss Hollinger, club sponsor and Helen Page, club president.

Due to the vacancy in the office of the vice-president, nominations were held and of the three candidates, Phyllis Boies was successful.

The standing officers for the year are:

Helen Page, President
Phyllis Boies, Vice-President
Katherine Moore, Secretary
Grace Warren, Treasurer.

As a special request from the treasurer, all girls are asked to pay their dues before the next meeting.

DAY-STUDENT CLUBS

About one hundred girls have pledged for each day student club, and initiations, similar to that of the boarders, proverbial "fag days," are in progress this week.

The Betas have as their officers:

Mary Frances Blair, President; Mary Dudley Dake, Vice President; Rebecca Porter, Secretary; Mary Elizabeth Leonard, Treasurer, and Miss Julia Blair, Sponsor.

The Digamma Organization consists of:

Ruth Joy, President; Charlotte Tandy, Vice-President; Katherine Sloan, Treasurer; Estelle Crandall, Secretary.

There are plans for two big parties during the year, and a third one to he given hy the club losing in general average to the victorious organization.

NEW DIGAMMAS

Danelle Weinbaum,
Pauline Simon,
Marion Sullivan,
Eleanor Brown,
Ethel Hawkinson,
May Irmie McDonald,
Marcella Hamilton,
Dorothy Yeargin,
Elizabeth Harris,
Louise Panis,
Polly Gilbert,
Estelle Collier,
Edna Lewis,
Louise Woods,
Jewell Meadows,
Kathryn Parish,
Adelaide Douglas,
Anne Fitzgerald,
Virginia Lowe,
Sara Bennett,
Ann Lucy White,
Grace Todd,
Leanora Allen,
Hettie Ellis,
Sue McQuiddy,
Odelle Spotswood,
Mildred Baldwin,
Kathryn White,
Allie Willis,
Frances Hardison,
Margaret Dorris,
Maria Calhoun,
Viola Engler,
Mary Blackman Bass,
Florence Cavert,
Frances Eselle,
Freda Cates,
Rosehud Murray,
Bernice Weinberger,
Frances Russell,
Elizabeth Kirsch,
Julie Rittins,
Helen Bevington,
Louise Crawford,
Elianor Gorham,
Eleanor Guthrie,
Kate Barksdale,
Mary Tolman,
Elsie Gross,
Kathryn Jennings,
Elizabeth Knox,
Elizabeth Morelock,
Frances Neil,
Gertrude Morehead,
Louise Frank,
Dorothy Wade,
Virginia Beauchamp,
Anna Mary Hudson,
Stella Hawkinson,
Mary Bielker,

NEW BETAS

Henrietta Estes,
Sarah Powell,
Jacqueline Richardson,
Fay Anderson,
Virginia Bailey,
Ruth Bailey,
Betsy Bailey,
Betty Boyer,
Flora Baffett,
Virginia Billings,
Elizabeth Barthell,
Celeste Burnett,
Naomi Bandy,
Loraine Britt,
Georgia Brower,
Frances Bush,
Beulah Cohen,
Josephine Cooper,
Elizabeth Callendar,
Mildred Cowden,
Katherine Edmison,
Nell Fall,
Christine Ford,
May Fletcher,
Elizabeth Finney,
Ann Amelia Greer,
Gertrude Grizzard,
Nell Garis,
Eleanor Graham,
Mary Harrington,
Wendel Johnson,
Emmie Keeble,
Bernice Luck,
Mary S. McCouilough,
Margaret Morton,
Gene McCoy,
Mary McEwin Moore,
Laura McAlister,
Anne Morton,
Lily Meadows,
Mary Morelock,
Genevieve Newkom,
Julia Fay Norwood,
Elsie Pfasterer,
Marion Pearson,
Loraine Ralls,
Frances Stuart,

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Elma Lee Simpkins,
Frances Saunders,
Thelma, Slaughter,
Elizabeth Thompkins,
Dorothy Thompson,
Susan Vaughan,
Emaline Williams,
Louise Whitsitt,
Aileen Wright,
Alene Gray Wharton,
Gene Wilson,
Elizabeth Creighton.

MOVIE

When, Saturday night, the movie, "Has the World Gone Mad?" flashed across the screen, there was a tense, interested silence. We won't repeat what the girls said about the picture show but the purpose was that the producers, if not the whole world, had certainly gone stark mad, when they launched THAT on an innocent public.

The plot was one of these complex affairs in which the characters enjoy one melodramatic mix-up and then nicely straighten themselves all out for the grand finale and are, by that time, all acting as nicely as little docile lambs. However on the whole the picture was pretty good——as a time-filler.

PERSONALS

Saturday night Mrs. Killebrew took the following girls to town for dinner and later to the Orpheum to see "The Covered Wagon": Ernestine Dortch, Martha Ellington, and Clotilde and Aline Mitchener.

A large number of Ward-Belmont Girls spent the last week-end with their parents or relatives. Among those going out of town were: Alice Bump, who spent the week-end with her parents in Mt. Carmel, Ill.

Elizabeth Browder and Belle Holbert who visited their parents in Chattanooga.

Alice Funkhouser who visited friends in Carrollton, Ky.

Alice Logsdon spent the week-end in Columbia, Tenn.

Clyntz Edgar spent the week-end in Athens, Ala., with one of our former students, Miss Rebecca Gilbert.

Bonnie Jennings and Ina Ashcroft spent the week-end in Henderson.

Mary Hill was at home with her parents at Sparta, Tenn.

Ruby Sprouse visited her parents at her home in Springfield.

Ruby Wooton was the guest of Minerva Gordon at her home in Madisonville, Ky.

Emalene Hamby spent the week-end in Smyrna, Ga.

Miss Boyer and Miss Hollinger took the Ohio Club to town Saturday night to dinner and to see "The Covered Wagon."

Miss Matheny and Miss Moore chaperoned the following girls to the foot ball game Saturday afternoon: Mona and Louise Atkins, Margaret Frances, Genevieve Hollingsworth, Marjorie Marx, Marie Louise Kullman, Mary Pearl McCalahan, Mildred Marsh, Alma Potts, Gladys Taylor, Birch Williams, and Haselle Edwards.

Ellen Terry Grinter had tea Sunday evening with Mrs. Morton.

Annie Greenlaw spent Monday in town with Mrs. Hawkinson.

Dorothy Webster was the guest of Elizabeth Jackson Monday.

Maurine Gray and Bonnie Morgan spent Monday in town with Mrs. C. W. Pohlman.

Mr. A. H. Sargent, prominent lawyer of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, spent a part of last week with his daughter, Harriet. Mr. Sargent and Harriet had as their guests at luncheon, Wednesday, Margaret Ogden, Martha Swisher, Irma Custer, Sara Margaret Cole and Ruby Wooten.

Sarah Stephenson had as her guest for the week-end, her mother, Mrs. A. Stephenson, of Hartselle, Alabama.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Hileman, of Kansas City, Mo., spent the week-end with their daughter, Elizabeth Hileman.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Pentreath, of Clinton, Illinois, were with their daughter, Derexa, during the week-end of October 27th.

Polly Klock had with her for the week-end her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Klock, of Benton Harbor, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ingalls, of Chicago, Illinois, spent the week-end with their daughter, Charlotte.

WEDDINGS

EASTERN PAPER WRITES OF JUDITH BREWER'S WEDDING

Town Topics, published in New York City, recently made an interesting mention of some facts recalled by the approaching marriage of Judith Brewer (class of 1920), one of Ward-Belmont's most loyal daughters and Alumnae member, to Dr. Frank Whitney Godwin, of Chuck-a-Tuck, Virginia, which is to take place on Saturday evening, November 10, in the Main Street Methodist Church, of Suffolk, Va., that city being the bride's home. The story appearing in Town Topics follows:

"After all, Judith Brewer, of Suffolk, Va., has elected to marry a plain American citizen, notwithstanding that few Virginia girls ever had the opportunities the lovely Judith has had of meeting the highest British nobility, dining at Buckingham Palace as a guest of King George and Queen Mary, having the British nation as a

host for a week, and last, if not least, a week-end at Cliveden, the home of Lord and Lady Astor. Such was the lot of Judith when she accompanied the Virginia Commission to London two years ago and unveiled the statue of George Washington, a replica of the Houdon statue in the Virginia State Capital (the only one in existance made from life), which was presented to England by the Old Dominion. Judith's father, the Hon. Richard L. Brewer, Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, was a member of the commission with James Henry Smith, President of the Washington and Lee University, John L. Williams and Lieut. Gov. Buchanan, of Virginia. The statue stands in Trafalgar square and Judith Brewer, who drew the cord, was a representative of beautiful girlhood of which Virginia had every right to be proud. Dr. Frank Whitney Godwin, son of Captain and Mrs. Charles B. Goodwin, of Chuckatuck, Va., is the bridegroom-to-be. The wedding will take place in Suffolk this fall and a large contingent of Richmond society folk will, of conrse, turn out for the occasion."

Eunice Spicer, one of the first Presidents of the Student Council, who was at Ward-Belmont in 1915-17, and graduated with the class of '17, to Mr. Paul Walker Latham, on Saturday, August 18, 1923, at the bride's home. She is the daughter of Mr. John Mason Spicer, of Spicer, Minnesota.

Patti Douthit, (Ward-Belmont, 1920-21) to Mr. Halton D. Hyde, on Wednesday, September 19, 1923 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Douthit, in Abilene, Texas.

Louise Montgomery (1918) to Mr. John Hubbard Stayton Bonner on Thursday, September 27, 1923, at 9 o'clock in the evening at the First Presbyterian Church, in Wichita Falls, Texas. The bride's parents are Mr. and Mrs. James Taliaferro Montgomery, of Wichita, Falls.

Frank-Alexander Montgomery, to Mr. James Sullivan Porter, Jr., on Thursday, October 11, 1923, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Frank Alexander Montgomery, at Tunica, Miss. The bride was an Expression graduate and a popular Ward-Belmont girl. The young couple will make their home in Jonesboro, Ark.

Invitations have been received at Ward-Belmont to the marriage of Ruby Dan Murphy (Ward-Belmont 1916-17), to Mr. Augustus Clueweil Carver, on Thursday, November 15, 1923, at 4 o'clock at Grace Church, Whitestone, Long Island, New York. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mrs. Howard Richard Kiroack, and cards are also being issued by Mr. and Mrs. Kiroack, to a reception which will follow the ceremony, at their home, Malba-on-the-Sound. The bride and groom, after December 15, will be at home at 1631 Quarrier Street, in Charleston, West Virginia.

Frances Grinter Street (class of 1916), to Mr. Philip Edward Chappell, on Tuesday, October 23, 1923, at 7:30 o'clock in the evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Edward Robert Street, in Cadiz, Ky.

Virginia Winifred Sells (1923), to Mr. Theodore La Rue Lutkins, Jr., on Saturday, September 15, 1923, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison G. Sells, in Auburn, New York. After November 15, Mr. and Mrs. Lutkins will be at home at 68 Montague Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Margaret Louise Taliaferro, to Mr. Philip Reynolds Doane, on Monday, October 15, 1923, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young Taliaferro in El Dorado, Kansas.

A paper from the bride's home town prints the following interesting account of the wedding:

"The marriage of Miss Margaret Louise Taliaferro and Philip McReynolds Doane was solemnized at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at Trinity Episcopal Church, in the presence of a few of the closer friends and relatives of the bridal pair.

Before the ceremony, Mrs. Ray Wright, cousin of the bride, sang "Because," by Guy D'Hardelot, Mrs. Leonard Tiets, at the organ, playing the accompaniment. As Mrs. Tiets began the exquisite Mendelssohn wedding music, the bride entered with her father, Mr. Robert Y. Taliaferro, and was met at the altar by the bridegroom and Rev. A. W. Pannell, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, who read the Episcopal service. The bride was given in marriage by her father. Pink Ophelia roses and fern banked the altar. The bride was radiant in a modish dress, shoes and gloves of the same shade, of bunny-colored charmeen, with hat. Her shower bonquet was of brides roses and lilies of the palley.

Following the impressive service, a reception was given in honor of the bridal pair at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Taliaferro, the guests including only those who were present at the wedding.

Mrs. Doane has an innate graciousness that has always made her a social favorite. She is lovable and charming, and her marriage is of more than ordinary interest because of her own engaging individuality and the prominence of her family and the wide circle of friends that every member of the family enjoys. Mrs. Doane was born and reared here, and is a graduate of the El Dorado high school. Last year, she attended Ward-Belmont, at Nashville Tenn., where she was a member of the School's Twentieth Century Club.

Mr. Doane is a son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Doane, of Arkansas City, and since completing his study of mining engineering in the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, has been with the State Highway Commission. He is now assistant to the resident engineer in charge of the paving being constructed in Butler County. Mr. Doane's fraternity is the Kappa Sigma.

Mr. and Mrs. Doane will live at Augusta.

We Have the Kind of Clothes a Young College Girl Would Love to Wear Always

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College Clothes

What to wear at Ward-Belmont—that is a question everyone is asking now. It is an important question—one we have given much study to.

Our buyers have selected for this Fall, one of the most complete, varied and up-to-the-minute-in-style displays we have ever seen.

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They Tell me That



One morning recently a group of hearty breakfast consumers, who have not as yet joined the ranks of Dieters so much in vogue on the campus, were waiting patiently(?) for the dusky maiden who serves their table to bring in the much desired substance. "Well," one remarked in an astounding burst of originality, "they say everything comes to those who wait." "Yes," rejoiced her neighbor dryly, "but it comes cold!"

One of our fair maidens who bears the delicate floral nickname of "Poppy" turned excitedly to a friend the other day, and said joyously "My dear, do you remember that adorable gold pin that I lost last week?" The friend replied pleasantly, "Why, yes, have you found it?" "Oh, no," rejoined the other brightly," but I found the little hole in my pocket it went through!"

Women don't like radios because they can't talk back to them.

Two of our little darlings were shopping in town recently. They walked up in as dignified manner as possible to a counter in one of our finest stores and one of them, assuming an air of extreme savoir faire said to the clerk, "What colors have you in window blinds?" The young man addressed looked at the youthful shopper reproachfully—yea even scornfully, and answered, "Window blinds, Miss, are all shades."

CALENDAR

Wednesday, Oct. 31, Halloween Dinner.

Saturday, Nov. 3, Indiana-Louisiana Dance.

Saturday, Nov. 3, X. L.'s at Woody Crest.

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That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
We all love to wait on you.
Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
Come and see us often
We want you.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XIII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1923 | NUMBER 7

A WORD FROM THE BUSINESS MANAGERS

Fellow Students:

Remember—that without the aid of the advertisers of this paper we would be unable to publish it so successfully.

And what would Ward-Belmont be without its HYPHEN?

Let us show these kind merchants our appreciation by reciprocating and giving them our business in preference to all others.

Dorothy Cope,
Katherine Sloan,
Business Managers.

W.-B. GIRLS WIN TWO POSTER PRIZES

Elise Priester of Paducah, Ky., and Coley Irwin of McGehee, Ark., are the happy winners of two first prizes for posters in the Apple Week Poster Contest, just conducted by a committee of Nashville Business men. The contest grew out of the Apple Week Demonstration carried on in Nashville for a week past. The Demonstration Committee, composed of Mr. Hugh F. Smith, Chairman; Mr. Albert G. Lowe and Mr. R. H. Perry offered a series of prizes for the best student poster illustrating the three slogans of Apple Week. They were:

1. "An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away."
2. "Health's Best Way: Eat Apples Every Day."
3. "Oh, You Pippin, Get the Habit."

The prizes were: First prize, $10; second, $5; and five $1 prizes. When Ward-Belmont's Art Department was notified, Misses Priester and Irwin entered the contest, each submitting one poster. The time was very short, but they worked steadily, and so well that their posters were given first place, and the Committee on making the award was so impressed with the originality and fine workmanship, that they found themselves unable to decide which of the two was best, and therefore gave each one a first prize of $10. The Nashville papers have printed pictures of the two posters, and paid the two young artists and the Ward-Belmont Art Department many compliments on the work.

"Don't the football boys ever wash their suits?

"Why, certainly. What do you think the scrub team is for."

1923 Peanut Drive Successfully Incorporated

"For when the One Great Scorer,
Comes to write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game."

—Tom K. Karney.

The game, in this case, has been the most popular one at Ward-Belmont during the past week. For isn't the "peanut" idea a game?

Last Sunday night the second annual peanut drive was formally ushered in to Ward-Belmont. It was preceded by an especially clever skit given in chapel Saturday noon. Dorothy Cope and Virginia Snider, dressed as peanuts, gave a dialogue, showing how the "peanut" idea brings friends and cheer to blue and lonely girls. They brought in a large piece of canvas on which were painted peanuts, each peanut containing a hole. Much to the surprise of the student body, the heads of the members of the Y. W. cabinet came through these holes. Sentence by sentence, these girls told of the great coming event. A very original song, to the tune of "I Never Miss the Sunshine," ended the very clever act. The Y. W. C. A. cabinet is to be complimented on such an unusual exercise for chapel hour.

Many wonderful friends are made as a result of the peanut idea. The girls who "play the game" are those that make new and true friends through this medium and show the real spirit of the Y. W. C. A. There are, sad to say, some in school who do not live up to these ideals and who break the chain. They are missing a lot of fun besides harming themselves more than the other girl, if they refuse to play the peanut game. Some very clever ideas arise out of the attempts of the girls to fix up nice things for their peanuts.

The whole spirit of peanut week can be summed up in one incident. Some girl, showing the true spirit of Ward-Belmont, although the latter had a "shell," and the former already had a peanut of her own. This girl wrote a very clever note to her, saying that since Miss Swift was so sweet about helping other peanuts, that she wished to show her appreciation by "adopting" her for a peanut week. Isn't that the true spirit of the Y. W. C. A. and the peanut drive?



OUR PEANUT POTPOURRI

They filled with Friendship's nectar
A cauldron of mystery,
And flavored it with pep and spice—
This peanut potpourri!

They added merry smiles,
They drained out every frown,
They let the sunshine filter in,
And then the lid went down!

Now this marvelous mixture was left to rest,
For seven wondrous days,
And it formed the perfume of happiness,
Of a fragrance that lasted always!

And they scattered it with lavish hand
On all in W-B,
And made themselves famous as brewers
Of this peanut potpourri!

I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know,
I want to be able as the days go by
Always to look myself in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for things I've done.
I want to go out with head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect.
I can never hide myself from me,
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know,
And so, whatever happens, I want to be
Self respecting and conscience free.

LOUISIANA-INDIANA DANCE

Venice with its soft lights, glittering canals, gondolas slipping noiselessly from shadow to shadow, serenades sung softly beneath balconies—Venice, at Carnival time when all the world is make believe, could never have had more life and color than the Carnival of the Louisiana and Indiana club on Saturday night.

Carefree young pirates danced with dainty colonial ladies, and pirouettes flirted outrageously with old and learned scholars, while the Spanish dancer deliberately deserted her shiek for a freckled faced boy in overalls.

"Be gone—dull care," and Gloom promptly gathered up his frowns and dark clouds and fled for his life amid a shower of confetti and streamers.

Such music! Dreamy melodies, hinting of romance—pirouette looked into the eyes of her time worn students and—such a look—t'would have melted stone, or a scholar! Then catchy tunes—a burst of laughter!—shouts!—why even the Sultan of Turkey placed his dignity carefully upon a chair, and came down to whirl and twirl—with the bell hop.

A pause—(while one got one's breath) and Periot and Pirouette danced. They finally patched up their small quarrel, after much pouting—pleading and beseeching, on Pirouette's part.

At last it was all over and you found that you were home—and—just you, instead of a Spanish lady, or a bewitching dancer of the Orient—and also you were tired! Honestly tired, but a nice happy tired feeling and "oh roommate dear we did have such fun! So saying you promptly turned over to dream the whole lovely thing over again.

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RICH SCHWARTZ & JOSEPH
THE READY-TO-WEAR STORE

HARRISON BROTHERS
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CHURCH STREET—OPPOSITE CAPITOL BOULEVARD

ALUMNI

TO THE ALUMNAE

You have gone out of your school home.

Do you not want to keep in touch with those dear old days at Ward-Belmont? It is very sure that you do, and the aim of this department of the HYPHEN is to aid yon in this very thing. Bnt the success of the effort mnst depend, in a great measure on yonr co-operation, and feeling sure of this, we are taking space to thank yon for your help during the months to come before next May.

Your help can be given in this way: If you know of any piece of information about a former student that interests you, be sure it would make good news to other old girls, and therefore wonld be most welcome to the HYPHEN. Write it on a postal card, if you do not have time for a letter, and mail it in. If you see a newspaper notice anywhere, about any of the former W-B girls, clip it, write the name of the paper on the back, and also, mail it in. Let us hear from each individual. The news of your whereabouts, your work, or your play, and your success and happiness will always be welcome. Please send it in, and let the HYPHEN pass it on.

Alumnae Editor.

From Mrs. Arthur E. Seymour, of Los Angeles, California, (Portia Greene, 1917), comes a delightful greeting, accompanying the renewal of her dues in the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association. She says:

"You do not know how happy I am to receive the weekly HYPHEN and each one is jnst like a letter from home, so yon know I do not want to let one copy slip by without being read. I missed these messages this summer while school was closed and felt a pang of home-sickness last night when reading about the opening of school, the mention of Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills, Mrs. Rose, and the many others that go to make Ward-Belmont the ideal home for the girls. The happiest year of my life was spent nnder their care.

"I sincerely hope that California is represented this year in the student body."

Senia Mary McCoy, (W-B 1918-'20-'21) from Burlingame, California, writes to a Ward-Belmont friend, Mrs. Tandy, of her snccessfnl work as a business woman. She was a student in the Business and Secretarial department here.

Ward-Belmont girls of the years, 1915-'16 will feel great pride in hearing of fine work accomplished by one of their number: Frances Sinclair, of Sullivan, Indiana, who has recently been made head of the Welfare Department in Marshall Field Co in Chicago, and has won that distinction on the rating made by the officials of the store, that she made the best advance of any one individual in the whole organization. Something to be proud of, eh? Frances Sinclair entered the Welfare Class, which was composed entirely of College women, when she took up her work with Marshall Field, two years ago. Her advance has been remarkable for its steady, swift progress.

Mrs. Ellen Roberts Foster of West Point, Miss., one of the old Ward-Seminary graduates, has written Miss Mills asking about membership in the present School Alumnae, wishing to be united with the descendant of the School to which she looks back with such happy memories.

Katheryn Spence (1920-'21) is teaching in New Mexico.

Helen Guinn of last year's student body, writes back of her appreciation of the HYPHEN and the news it brings her of her much loved alma mater. She is at her home in Linden, Tenn., this year.

Gertrude Thompson, (class of 1921) whose home is in Sullivan, Ind. is taking a course in Commercial Art in Millikan Presbyterian University at Decatnr, Ill. She has pledged Tri Delta.

Valeria Johnson (1922) of Arkansas City, who was a member of the Twentieth Century Clnb when she was at W-B has remembered her successors with a splendid box of apples, which came to the Clnb with her compliments during Apple Week.

Musetta Usrey (W-B 1920-21), is now teaching English in the High School at her home, Snllivan, Indiana. She was graduated from Indiana University, after leaving Ward-Belmont.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bradley of Tulsa, Okla., on Oct. 28, a son. Mrs. Bradley was Mildred Reed, of Sullivan, Indiana, whom Ward-Belmont students of 1914-15 will remember with interest.

WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mr. A. J. Thuss announce the marriage of their danghter, Elizabeth, to Dr. Whit Terrill, on October 3. Elizabeth was a day student at Ward-Belmont in '20 and '21.

Ida Mae Bowers, to Mr. Irvin A. Clement, on Wednesday evening, October 24, 1923, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Duke Cayce Bowers, in Memphis, Tenn. The home of the young couple will be at 32 South Evergreen, Memphis.

Speaking to the Student Mind

(Editor's note—In this issue we wish to introduce a column devised by the staff, entirely for the benefit of the school at large. We wish, with your co operation, to discuss in it problems which are really vital to the members of the student body—which will bring forth a really intelligent discussion that will be of aid and interest to us all. An announcement of the subject which will be taken up the following week will be made in each issue, and statements from students regarding it are cordially invited.)

CRUSHES?

A dance—a curl—a clever girl
And she is gone
A line—a sigh—a fond good-bye
The "crush" is on!

How true this is! Whence come? How go? We know not—only this—that for this long time, the word "crush" has been a familiar, much-discussed, much-despised, and often much-scorned word in the W-B girl's vocabulary!

All the fervor of a Brutus—all the soulful love of a Mark Antony swell the hearts of those victims, who, whether or not they admit it, have succumbed to the influence of this popular goddess, Crushes!

Do you know the rituals of the services to this all-demanding deity? Are you one of the adoring worshippers at her shrine? Or are you a non-conformist, and a believer of the fact that the existence is a menace to true friendship?

Exactly what is the definition of a "crush?" Is it, or is it not synonymous to the word friendship? Here are the answers of certain representative members of the student body:

Josephine ("Jo") Tucker.

"A crush is an unnatural, exaggerated fascination which cannot last. It is far from a true friendship that a girl values so, and it is a shame that such an unlovely form of association should exist in our school, yet we must look at things as they are, and try to stamp this out.

"True friendships are to be sought and are an integral part of school life."

Helen McCormick.

"Crush—a sentimental form of hero-worship—which is often misapplied to sincere friendships and which results in the absorbtion and oblivion of the weaker personality into the stronger.

"I think so called crushes are definite signs of weakness of character in any girl. They result in worry, jealousy, rivalry and petty fusses in the social side of the school life and frequent neglect of the academic side.

"Crushes are positively not analagous to friendship—they are something far below the true friendship and should not even be associated with anything deserving or worth while."

Jane Harvey.

"A crush, as defined by our learned friend, Daniel Webster, is 'the process of overwhelming by pressure, to reduce to fine particles by pounding or grinding' or 'to subdue totally.' Now what, I wish to ask, has this to do with the friendships at W-B? I cannot connect the two at all, since friendship is defined as 'attachment of two people by esteem, respect, or affection.' Why does a girl have to be accused of having a 'crush' just because she admires another girl, or because she really respects her and her ideals. There are so many girls in school who are supposed to be 'crushed' when they are honest-to-goodness friends. Don't start the rumor that 'So-and-So' is crushed just because you saw her walk to class, or dinner, with someone else. There are some girls in school, who have been intimate friends for perhaps two or three years. Still some insist upon saying they are 'crushed.' They are not—and I'll wager that if you'd mention 'crush' to them, they would let you know pretty quickly what they thought about it.

"I really do not know of any 'crushes' existing in W-B, because, for my part, I refuse to apply that term to any friendship. However, you can have friends without making a public show of affection. This latter has often been the cause of the application of the term 'crush' to many friendships.

Edna ("Queen") Cantrall.

"I think that a crush is misplaced affection of two selfish girls. I do not approve of them because they make enemies with the friends that they did have and cause the 'crush' to be very unhappy at times. I do think crushes, though they are in the minority, exist in this school, and are a hindrance to true friendships. Let's stamp out this undesirable form of association and make Ward-Belmont girls one united group of friends."

Peggy Ogden.

"Having never accused anyone of being exposed to this much-talked of disease called 'crush,' I feel unable to express any opinion. If there is such a thing, I think I'd define it as being merely an exaggerated form of infatuation where sincerity is forgotten. I should hate to know that such a thing existed in W-B. You've heard it expressed that your school days are the happiest. Can anyone be happy without friends? So girls! why misinterpret and destroy the beautiful meaning of true friendship by calling it a 'crush?'"

QUESTION FOR NEXT WEEK

Is the attitude of the Ward-Belmont Saturday evening picture show audiance too unrestrained to be considered well bred?

Tell them you saw their ad in the Hyphen.

Teacher: "Johnny, can you give me a good example of a coincidence?"

Jonny: "Yes, mam. My mother and father were married on the same day."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

Repetition of the above motto, after the manner in which Dr. Holt impressed it upon us the other day, seems almost superfluous, and yet when we meet those outstanding gems of helpfulness on the sometimes desert-like area of every day life, does it not behoove us to cherish them—to apply on them the glowing veneer of merit so that they will stand out as one of the foremost beacons on our shore of Life, to aid us on our way?

To execute even the most unimportant task to the best of one's ability—to virtually "fill each unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run," are happenings choice and rare, to be sure, but not at all impossible, if we will but summon up all the reserve funds of will power and determination which each one of us, whether we realize it or not, possesses, and use it all in one concentrated effort to do the best that we are capable of, in everything we undertake!

Girls, this is our golden opportunity to disprove all the ruthless comment that has been heaped upon what has been deemed "the gentle sex!" Let's show our male adversaries what we can really do—let's refuse to accept anything that even tends to mediocrity, so that the world will really have been a better place for our having lived in it!

HAPPY OUTING

Assemblage at Hudson—an hour's hike—return to Lawarence pasture building of a fire—eating of wieners and accessories—campfire singing—this is the order of events that marks the occasion of a happy evening for thirteen girls.

Miss Cockrill and Miss Spaller chaperoned the girls who have sat at their tables in the dining room the past three weeks, on this frolic, Thursday, November 1, it was a happy conception on the part of the originators of the idea and the party is grateful for an evening of merry fun. The members of the party were: Miss Cockrill, Miss Spaller, Edna Cantrall, Maurice Baucaum, Marjorie Steele, Adelaide Lidikay, Mildred Poole, Margaret Clemens, Sarah Margaret Cole, Mary Ruth Collins, Marjorie Campbell, Clarihel Castle, Clyde Peirce, Thelma Stallworth and Edna Brown.

MR. HENKEL GIVES CANTATA AT CHRIST CHURCH

A number of the Episcopal girls in school were privileged to attend the beautiful cantata, "The Woman of Sychar" at Christ Church on Sunday evening. They were chaperoned by Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, and enjoyed to the utmost the fine chorus work, the soloists, and the lovely, reverent thought of the Cantata which was presented by a vested choir of about forty voices, and directed by Mr. F. Arthur Henkel, Ward-Belmont's Director of Organ. The soprano soloist, Miss Aleda Waggoner, was also a former pupil of Signor DeLuca, so we felt quite a sense of personal pride in the whole of the lovely production.

EXPRESSION GIRLS TO GIVE PLAY AT PEABODY COLLEGE

Ward-Belmont's Certificate students who scored such a hit with the clever morality play, "The Hour Glass" recently in Chapel, and also before the Business Men's Association of West End Methodist Church, have been invited to repeat it before the students of Peabody College, and will do so on Friday, at that College's Noon Assembly Hour. The play was first given under Miss Townsend's capable direction before the Southern Womans' College Association, Nashville Chapter, and made such an impression that repeated invitations have been received to have it given in other places.

POWYS IS COMING TO WARD-BELMONT

Dr. Blanton has just engaged, by wire, a lecture from John Powys, the distinguished Cambridge lecturer and critic, to be given before the School on December 5. As one of the most eminent speakers before the American and English public today, Mr. Powys' appearance will be an event of great literary and educational importance to the School.

THE BAT

"The Bat" flew back to Nashville last week. Although the play is now in its fourth year it is undoubtedly holding its own in popularity.

Numerous Ward-Belmont parties saw the famous mystery play Saturday and were duly thrilled and excited. However no girl could be found to exclaim "I knew it would turn out that way, all the time!"

Mary Roberts Rhineheart and Avery Hopwood have put their best and most sensational ideas of mystery, into this play. Lizzie, who acts as a "tension-reliever" is always popular with the audience.

We predict that the Bat's activities will be followed for a good many years to come.

OUR SYMPATHY

The sympathy of the School is offered Mr. Lawrence Goodman, Director of Piano, whose mother, Mrs. I. Goodman, of Baltimore, died at her home on Tuesday night. Mr. Goodman was summoned to her bedside on Monday, and left immediately, but she passed away before his arrival. Mrs. Goodman's illness was very brief. She and her husband were in Nashville last June to be present at the marriage of their only son to Miss Alberta Reeves.

SIGNOR DE LUCA'S MOTHER ILL

Ward-Belmont students share with Signor DeLuca his anxiety over the severe illness of his mother, who suffered a critical surgical operation on Wednesday. She is at her home in Mt. Vernon, New York. We hope for her a sure and speedy recovery.

Patty Jean's Diary

Sunday, October 28.—Well, nice things do happen today! Five letters this morning and another phone call from Jimmie. My letter from Miriam was very newsy, as usual. She says that Caralie Carew, however, has conquered Conrad Wyndham, at home, completely, besides several others. Now I know she's mighty wonderful because Conrad is so handsome, and so eligible, but has never taken any interest in any girls whatsoever, before. I bet she couldn't conquer Dick—he's so everlastingly faithful!

Monday, October 29—Spent all day—nearly—in the library and then jumped to bliss! That is—I went to hear Martinelli! Well, there are some things too wonderful to describe! Martinelli's one of them! If I had a voice like that, I'd sit up all night and watch it. Can't write a bit more now, because Marianne has finished rolling up her hair and wants to go to bed Adios!

Tuesday, October 30.—Jimmie sent me his picture today. A little bit previous perhaps—but it's a grand picture, really. Dick's on the dresser, so I put Jimmie on the desk. Everytime someone comes into the room, there's a violent argument as to which is the best looking. I usually have to settle it. It depends on the type preferred—Jimmie is a la Valentino, and Dick resembles Dick Barthelmess. It's sad to think they go with a girl that resembled nothing or no one in particular.

Wednesday, October 31—Shades of witches! I've lived through Hallowe'en. It was wonderful really. The food grand, and decorations cute as a bug. nevertheless, I have a violent crick in my neck and my left eye is still crossed from trying to eat, and watch ghosts at the same time. My ability to shriek hadn't disappeared as I discovered frequently. Enjoyed Hallowe'en so much here that I wasn't a bit homesick.

Thursday, November 1.—Just three more hed spreads till Xmas! How time to fly around here. Nothing of any importance today, except my usual letter from Dick. Date with Jimmie tonight.

Friday, November 2.—Sometimes I donbt my bravery! At "The Bat" tonight I doubted it entirely. If "The Bat" had leaped straight over the footlights at me, I couldn't have torn up my handkerchief any faster. Enjoyed it beaucoup, but I'm a nervous wreck. Oh and I saw Jimmie—with some girl. It may have been the goddess, but he didn't look like a disinterested cousin.

Saturday, November 3.—All things have an end—so does this week. It's rather flown—and I'm wondering what excitement will turn up next week! Probably that Jimmie has decided not to come out any more—or Coralie and Con will probably elope. Oh well—so long as she doesn't select Dick to elope with!

CALENDAR

Nov. 10—Osiron club at Woody Crest.

Nov. 12—Tri K. club at Woody Crest.

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CLUB CHATTER

DIGAMMA DOINGS

If Flo Zeigfield conld have visited the basement of Senior Hall, Ward-Belmont, on Wednesday afternoon of last week, he would have signed up an entire team for his "Follies of 1924" without further delay or consideration.

The Digammas are all "stnck np" over the theatrical ability discovered right in their own midst and displayed by the new members. Realising that the more active part one takes in a party, the more the enjoyment derived from it, the officers of the club on that afternoon arranged a program of several acts to be carried on by the new girls.

Of especial merit were: Advance nnmber, "How Like a Feather!" by Eleanor Gnthrie; a song, "Silent Bells of Ward-Belmont," with Bernice Weinburger, Elizabeth Harris, Pauline Simon, and Grace Todd, representing the bells; a lecture, "Why I Should Be Allowed to go to the Dog Wagon," by Katherine White; a "Fashion Review," by Anne Lucy White and Virginia Beauchamp; and an acrobatic juggling act, by Virgnia Lowe.

The enthusiasm of the old girls and the faculty who furnished the audience proved that the amateur's efforts were successful.

Interesting talks were made by Miss Hawks, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Jones and the sponsor.

After a quisz on "Mother Goose Rhymes" refreshments were served, and then the party adjourned, everybody smiling.

Meanwhile Zeigfield remains in ignorance of the talent he is missing.

BETA BABBLE

The Betas like lively activities, sports and rustic entertainments. The appeal of the ontdoors was so great to them last week that they decided to entertain the new members with a "weinie" roast. On Friday afternoon they met, and went to a field near the school, started two big bonfires, prepared and enjoyed a typical feast grouped around the fires, and chatted away a happy afternoon. Plans were discussed for some good old times during this year.

A. K. ACTIVITIES

Oh girls! Do you know how to receive a gentleman caller in Shanghai, China, on New Year's morning? Or, how your parents would announce your engagement if you had lived in Pekin instead of St. Louis, Los Angeles or Miami, all your life? Or how you would go about getting an English lesson in a Manchurian school?

All the A. K. girls do! Just ask them to tell you what a wonderful evening they had in their last club meeting when Miss Irene Chambers, of the English Department, told them some of the answers to these questions that she learned during her seven years stay in China. We heard the nursery rhymes, Manchurian songs, descriptions of the Chinese wedding customs, festivities—and all about the schools.

Miss Chambers came dressed in costume and now every A. K. girl can tell you how a Chinese flapper dresses and all about her!

Please come again, Miss Chambers!

DEL VERS VERITIES

Listen my children and I shall tell
Of a wonderful playroom that's near a well.
There sixty weary children gather
Every Wednesday night,
And of the way that they behave
Which sometimes is a fright
Now at times folks read stories to them,
Sometimes people sing,
And maybe—if they're real good—
Clever actors come in the ring,
And take off Shakespeare
Maybe Pope,
Telling here and there a joke,
Sometimes funny, sometimes sad
These playlets are,—but never bad.

This isn't a make believe play house,
It's a real-for-sure one,—so there!
It's the lovely new home of our friends and our pals.
'Tis the club house of our own Del Vers!

HALLOWE'EN

Black shades of witches, restless spirits of the doomed, green-eyed cats, and all imps of torture, were let loose from dusky regions, for their annual night of fiendish frolic, when the Ward-Belmont dining-rooms became a melting-pot of fun on Hallowe'en.

The girls, in elaborate dinner gowns, assembled for dinner, expecting something very nnusual. The first notes of the spirit of All Hallow's Eve were the decorations, in gleaming golden and black. The dimness of the rooms added the customary spookish atmosphere while cats, witches, and bats guarded the scene.

Scarcely had the girls begun their first course of dinner when howls of anguish, and cracking clank of chains disturbed the usual atmosphere of peace. From then on, till the end of the meal, peace flew out the window, and eerie yowls and eerie figures came down the steps, and the Reign of Spooks began.

No one was slighted. Each received her proper amount of attention, whether it was having ice rubbed soothingly on the back of her neck, or having cold, clammy hands attempt a handshake, or just having her pet ghost growl at her. Sad indeed was the lot of the girl who attempted to eat without watching ont of the corners of both eyes at once.

The keynotes of the printed menns were originality and hints of Hallowe'en witchery.

Hobgoblin Brew
Sorcery Stew — Witches Staffs
Autumn Rubies
Frog Eyes and Toadstools
Magic Herb — Spirit Chilis
Abracadabra
Fairje's Delight — Satan's Special
Wands — Runes
Cantraps — Spells

This, being interpreted, meant a delightful dinner, served under the matchless direction of Mrs. Howard Robertson. The dining-room decorations, from the witches' caldron just outside the door, to the shaded lights on every table, were wonderful in their appropriateness. Mrs. Solon E. Rose planned them and made them a perfect picture. Hallowe'en suggestions, black cats and witchery and pnmpkin heads descending from the ceiling and on every table there was a transparent lamp shade with clever illuminated verses. Pretty favors were also laid by every plate.

The names of the girls who impersonated ghosts at the dinner were:

Mary Beth Campbell (witch at the dining room door), Marion Lindsey, Phyllis Bayles, Margaret Ogden, Grace Warren, Ellen Martin Aileen Mitchener, Dorothy Cope, Virginia Smith, and Florence McHenry. As they came in the dining room they chanted in solemn tones, the words:

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
You don't want to be one of us,
But soon you must! Soon you must."

One of the cleverest featnres of the whole program was the bright verse hits made by the ghost company, as they marched slowly from table to table, and, pausing where they would, spoke their solemn pronouncements in hollow tones. Of Senior Hall, they made the following allusion:

"How do you know that Senior Hall is a popular Play House?"

"Because—for six weeks there has been standing room only."

To the Golfers in school they said:

"On earth I gaily teed and putted on every green;
The niftiest golfer you've ever seen;
But I can't make the hazard at St. Peter's gate;
So—to wander on, and on, is my sad fate."

The ghosts paid their respects to the students' habit of rushing to and from the dining room thus:

"How did you lose your life so early, my pretty child?" said one ghost to another; and the answer came:

"Well, you see,
I was new at W-B,
Leaving the dining room all unaware,
In the mad rush npon the stair,
I was canght in the melee,
And couldn't get awsy,
And was trampied, and crushed, and beat upon the head,
Until I was very sad;
And very, very dead."

One of the hits of the evening was made by a ghost who offered a prize for being correctly named, and she was a very popular ghost, "The Ghost of a Chance."

In the Sport Light

Regulars won over Olympians to tune of 9 to 8 on Wednesday, October 31.

After hard, strenuons fighting and work, on the parts of both the Regular and Olympian teams, the first hockey game of the season ended with a score of 9-8 in favor of the Regulars.

The Regular colors, red and white, and the Olympian blue and white decorated the goals. The banners of each club were high. On the side lines we found a large crowd of loyal Regular and Olympian rooters, with, of course, a few Athenians and Panthers to help out. Every one brought all the enthusiam and pep she possessed and put it into the yells and songs that were to lead their team to victory. The cheer leaders also were dressed in colors.

It was a most exciting game, the teams were evenly matched, the ball was in possession of one team, then the other, making the greater part of the game played in the center of the field.

The line-up for the game was as follows:

Regular		Olympian
Harris		Cope
	C. F.	
Buckingham		Scott
	R. I.	
Lewis		Ligon
	R. W.	
Morrison		Huddleston
	L. I.	
Faurest		Moss
	L. W.	
Wells		Fleming
	C. H.	
Sloan		Starkweather
	R. H.	
Lindsey		Tatman
	L. H.	
Grice		Latimer
	R. F.	
Delker		Savage
	L. F.	
Mabley		Blackwell
	G.	

Subs were Thompson for Buckingham; Martin for Lindsey; Watson for Starkweather. Goals: Harris (3); Morrison (4); Faurest (2), Regular; Cope (4); Ligon (1); Moss (2); Fleming (1) Olympian.

Referees: Sisson, Morrison.

Umpires: Jeter, Cane at goals, Dortch, Crandall at side of field.

Time keepers: Smith, Carling.

Scorers: Warren, Nelson (Frances).

On account of the rainy weather the Athenian-Panther game, which was schedule for Saturday, November 3, was postponed.

WARD-BELMONT ETIQUETTE

A Rule a Week.

Girls at the dining table are expected to wait until the hostess begins to eat before they touch their food.

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PERSONALS

Saturday night Miss Craig chaperoned the following girls to town to dinner: Frances Stokes, Winnie Mae Hall, Ernestine Dortch, Martha Ellington, Mildred Morrison, Ruby Wooten and Elizabeth Ricketts.

Mecca Vicars, Helen Barbee, and Adelaide Coxe were chaperoned by Miss Alberta Ross Saturday night to see "The Bat."

A large number of girls spent the past week-end at their homes, or as the guest of friends. Some of these girls were:

Frances Hassell, who spent the week-end at her home in Clifton, Tenn.

Rachel Buntin spent the week-end in Hermitage, Tenn., with her parents.

Josephone Plaskett was the guest of her aunt in Winchester.

Hortense Beare, who lives in Jackson, Tenn., spent the week-end with her parents. She had as her guests Ruby Day and Alice Schaff.

Maude Alexander visited in Gallatin, Tenn.

Marie, Sara, Viola and Elizabeth Sudekum spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents at their home on the Harding Road.

Mary Snodgrass was the guest of friends in Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Margaret Miller had as her guest for the week-end at her home in Shelbyville, Tenn., Helen Hunsaker and Theo Hand.

Anne Richardson was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Richardson, in Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

Helen Moss spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Moss, of Cleveland, Ohio, who are here visiting Helen.

Love Mae Brandon visited in Springfield, Tenn.

Clotilde Belle Mitchener spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Louise Bell, a former student.

Mrs. Frank Kell, of Wichita Falls, Texas, who is visiting her daughter, Mary Jo, chaperoned the following girls to town Sunday afternoon: Frank Adicks, Mary Alice Skiles, Georgia Maxwell, Elizabeth Carrigan and her daughter, Mary Jo.

Jane Campbell spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Riddle.

Helen Barbee was the guest of Mrs. H. M. Murray, Sunday.

Mary Hill was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. H. Wood, Sunday evening.

Belle Holbert spent Monday as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. L. Waldick.

Mrs. J. C. Ellington came Monday from Columbia to see her daughter, Martha.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Zorn from Michigan City, Ind., spent the week-end with their daughter, Marie, at the Hermitage Hotel. Saturday evening they entertained Dorothy Edna Wilson, Janis Cleveland and Helen Davis at the Satsuma for dinner and at the Princess Theatre afterward.

Lucille Price spent Sunday in the City. She was the guest of Mrs. J. W. Webb.

Valeria Rogers spent the week-end with her parents at Elizabethtown, Ky.

Belle Holbert and Betty Browder spent last week-end at their homes in Chattanooga.

Monday they entertained Marjorie Reynolds, Dorothy Edna Wilson, Jane Grice, Dorothy Green and Isabelle Buckingham at the Satsuma for dinner and the Princess Theatre afterwards.

Mrs. W. H. Porter of Bessemer, Ala., has been here to visit her daughter, Eva Neal.

Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Moss of Cleveland, Ohio, spent the week-end in Nashville, to be with Helen.

Mr. Ross Harris of Madison, Wis., has been in Nashville the past week to visit his daughter, Mary Margaret.

Mrs. Charles Roberts of McPherson, Kansas, mother of Evelyn, driving through with Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Spradley of Salina, Kans., parents of Maxine, arrived on Saturday, November 3, for the week-end.

Mr. T. A. Bell of Indianapolis, has been here to see his daughter, Clara.

Katherine Sloan, Argie Therrod Neil and Mary O'Bryan spent the week-end at the home of Helen Dickerson on the Franklin Pike.

Saturday night a possum hunt was given by Helen Dickerson and was greatly enjoyed by all the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stamper announce the birth of a son on Tuesday, October 25, at their home in Chattanooga. Mrs. Stamper was formerly Miss Grace Holbert and a student at Ward-Belmont.

VESPERS

It did not take the girls long to come in to Vespers last Sunday night as the excitement over the approaching "Peanut" drive was great. And if they had known of the lovely program in store for them, they would have been even quicker in assembling.

To the old girls, the playing of Marvelle Burton on the violin, brought back many happy recollections of last year. And to the new girls it gave a new and happy sensation. There is not a girl in school who would ever miss the opportunity of hearing Marvelle play, for she has developed her talent to a fine point.

The speaker of the evening was Mr. James T. Hardwick, a student secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at West Campus, Vanderbilt University. He gave a very interesting talk on the ideals of Christianity and gave several very appropriate illustrations. In closing, he left the impression with us that through the Y. W. C. A. and such organizations, we are able to keep up our part in holding the world in a Christian place.

Then the event of all events—we got our peanuts! Instead of having to put something into the basket, the girls took something out—their peanuts!! Wasn't that a thrilling moment when we discovered who we must do a good deed for each day? Let us make the moments which come as a result of it even more wonderful and happy.

Poets Corner

(Open to the School)

Ward-Belmont stands upon a hill;
With buildings tall and mighty,
The products of this human mill
Are studious and not flighty.

This school has many a steadfast rule,
To hold the ladies down,
But the little fishes in the pool
By not a rule are bound.
Athletics hold a prominent place,
For old and young alike,
We do not wear fine silk and lace
But cantilevers hard and tight.

Each Sunday to church we all must go.
In our suits of blue and black,
In a street car rough and very slow
Along the same old track.

WHAT WOULD YOU?

Just what would you do
If your best friend turned you down?
Would you always smile and laugh,
Or would you turn away and frown?

One day you really think
That she loves you the best,
But next day she makes it plain
You're no different from the rest.

Would you let her know your sorrow,
That she was always on your mind?
Or would you lead her to believe
You've seen others of her kind?

You know that you have lost,
And you don't know what to do,
But you try to make the best of it
Well—I would, too!

OUR ROSARY

(Only it is not of roses—but of thorns.)
The hours I spent within your class
Can mean naught but exams to me;
I think of them, and, saddened, sigh—
They're tragedy,
They're tragedy!

Each hour a test, each test a fluke,
In quizzes still my thoughts are flung;
I always fail to satisfy—
If I fail more swan's songs sing.
Oh, future tests that terrify!
Oh, puzzling questions asked in class!
Before each test I cram and strive
Only to pass, teacher—
Only to pass.

THE GIRLS WHO WALK

By the sound of tramping feet,
I am roused at the break of day
And the sound to my ears is sweet,
Cause I don't have to tramp that way.

Around and around they go,
'Till I'm dizzy from watching them there,
Some of them go, oh, so slow,
While others frantically tear!
You're wondering why they go
(These numerous maidens fair)
At this pace either fast or slow,
In the stinging morning air?

Well listen and you shall hear
Why they are working like that,
Christmas is drawing near,
And they're out there working off fat.

—From a Tin Poet's Pen.

M. RANSOM ON POETRY

Before A section of Miss Rose' Art History classes, Mr. John Crowe Ransom lectured on Tuesday morning, his subject being the "New Movement in Poetry." As a writer of notable verse, and as Editor of the local Poetry magazine, "The Fugitive," as an eminent scholar and teacher, Mr. Ransom's talk had the true ring of authority as well as keen interest. He dwelt at length on the recent poetry, and among other interesting things said, that the most productive period for the new poetry, was between 1914 and 1917 when America was largely looking on at the World War, and therefore had the gift of untrammeled expression.

"THE COVERED WAGON," AN INSPIRING PICTURE

My friends told me that I "Just must see 'The Covered Wagon,' it was simply wonderful." I had no objection to seeing it although I was somewhat skeptical about getting a dollar and a half's worth out of it. However, the final performance found me among the many, many others at the Orpheum.

From that first inspiring panorama of covered wagons stretching across the prairie; and through the succeeding scenes, one's emotions are many and thrilling. We have a deep realisation of our debt to our forefathers, and our respect for them grows into reverence. There is romance, struggle, joy, grief and hardship all told in the picture which is a rare masterpiece of superb production and intense human interest.

The players recreate the pioneers for us. The old pioneer leader, the lovely girl, the adventurous young major, the usual villian, and the burly guide whose characterisation often brings us out of dread and forebodings; all maintain the human interests.

In time we will forget the story that ran through "The Covered Wagon," but we shall never erase the picture of the endless line of covered wagons making their way towards the setting sun to build our nation. We must be worthy of our heritage, and keep our tryst with our forefathers who traveled those lonely plains through days and nights of weary toil, heedless of the fear of the unseen Indians, and the anxiety over possible uprisings in the train. They traveled throughout the long trail to reach their goal in order to found a civilization on which, today, many of our own homes are built.

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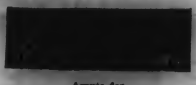
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GIFTS THAT LAST

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They Tell me That



It is better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall.

• • •

Janice Thompson recently asked, "Marietta, are you going to read 'If Winter Comes?'"

Amazed at her friends stupidity, Marietta returned, "Oh, I think I'll read whether it comes or not."

• • •

The class in History was undergoing a written examination. Alverta Colina was sailing through it beautifully until she hit a snag. The teacher had asked an odd question. Alverta pondered at length. Finally inspiration came to her.

The question was: "What was the Diet of Worms?"

Alverta's answer was: "Just another sure cure for rheumatism?"

• • •

One of our girls recently asked of a friend, "What are you going to do on your birthday?"

"Oh, take a year off, I suppose," cleverly replied the young lady.

FIDELITY HALL PARTY

News spreads quickly, a well-known fact in Ward-Belmont, and it did not take the Fidelity girls long to feel that there was something stirring in the air on last Tuesday night. That something came in the form of a hall party, given by the old girls to the new ones. Second floor became the scene of great merriment and the dancing began. The bell rang all too soon for the Fidelity girls. Delightful refreshments of ice cream were served.

The new girls thanked the old girls for such a wonderful time and declared that the party could never have been a success without their hostess, Mrs. Gaines, and their sponsor, Miss Cason.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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MISS MILLS TALKS TO DAY STUDENTS

Miss Mills made a most interesting talk to the day-students Saturday at chapel hour in the basement of Heron. She introduced to us our council, which consists of: President, Louise Cook; 1st vice-president, Harriet Hunter; 2nd vice-president, Louise McAllister; secretary, Charlotte Tandy; treasurer, Helen Dickinson; General Proctor, Mary Frances Blair; Academic Proctor, Katherine Sloan; and Head Monitor, Mary Elisabeth Warren. After this introduction, she read our constitutional laws and rules, asked for a general vote on them, and then suggested the inauguration of a Y. W. chapter among the Nashville girls.

We heartily appreciate Miss Mills' kind attitude toward our body, and we hope that when the year is over, she will feel repaid for her interest in us by the record of the day students of '23 and '24.

BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR NOVEMBER GIRLS BY THE PRESIDENT

Beautiful in its artistic arrangement as well as the happy sentiments it inspired, was the dinner, celebrating the birthdays of November born girls, which Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton gave on Tuesday evening for a party of the Ward-Belmont students.

Yellow, the chosen color of autumn was used decoratively. A centerpiece of yellow chrysanthemums was surrounded by yellow candles in silver stands and the dainty name cards, representing maidens in current styles, were done largely in yellow tones. A tempting menu was served.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton had to assist them Miss Lelia D. Mills and Mrs. Solon B. Rose; and the young ladies entertained were: Miss Velma Jones of Bristow, Okla., Miss Marion Dinning and Miss Jean Richardson both of Detroit; Miss Clara Tucker of Kissimee, Florida; Miss Pauline Murphy of Temple, Texas; Miss Belle Holbert of Chattanooga; Miss Viola Sudekum of Nashville; Miss Alice Kennedy of Hazard, Ky.; Miss Frances L. Russell of Parsons, Kansas; Miss Lois Walter of Dover; Miss Nellie Berry of Stillwater, Okla.; Miss Mary Frances Byard of Warren, Ohio; Miss Elise Priester of Paducah, Ky.; Miss Ruby Sprouse of Springfield; Miss Emelyn Land of Richmond, Ind.; Miss Catherthe Basset of Okmulgee, Okla.; Miss Delphine McDonald of West Palm Beach, Florida; Miss Anne Peterson of Princeton, Ill.; and Miss Herminie Bender of Cleveland, Ohio.

Tell them you saw their ad in the Hyphen.



"APPLE WEEK POSTER" WINS GENEROUS PRIZE

By invitation of the Apple Week Committee, the Ward-Belmont Art Department entered the Poster Competition, the awards to be made for the posters which best expressed the slogans adopted by the Committee on the Demonstration of Apple Week. Two posters were submitted by Ward-Belmont art students. The judges found both so excellent that it was impossible to decide between them, and both were awarded first prize. Each award was for $10. The picture of the poster above was executed by Miss Coley Erwin, of Mc Gehee, Ark. The slogan which it illustrates accompanied the poster. Miss Elise Priester was the other artist. Her poster expresses the slogan: "Health's Best Way, Eat An Apple a Day." A pottery bowl filled with specimen apples is set near a window, through which there is a glimpse of apple tree boughs in full bloom. The lighting and drawing in her poster was notably fine.

THE FIRST DAY

In the year book of our school life,
The first page now is filled—
And we wonder if it's written
Just the way we would have willed?

Let's pause to take account a while,
Upon the task that's done.
Does it tell a story of our best
Of a race that's been well run?
Or, is there a twinge of conscience
As we stop to contemplate,
And a feeling that our balance
Comes—just a bit too late?
But wish not for the Time that's past
All you who now regret,
For the book is filled with snowy space
That can be covered yet!
And though a record now is made,
'Tis but one in our harvest sheaf,
And let's make the others far surpass—
The worth of our first leaf.

WARD-BELMONT HOLDS ARMISTICE PROGRAM

MR. REAU E. FOLK DELIVERS PATRIOTIC ADDRESS

The flags of the allied nations, with America's stars and stripes in the center, had a place on Ward-Belmont's chapter rostrum Saturday, when an Armistice Day celebration was carried out, with Mr. Reau E. Folk as the speaker of the day.

After an invocation, by Dr. A. C. Holt, of the Faculty, and a song, "They Are Not Dead," by Miss Kathryn Kirkham, accompanied by Miss Hattie Thula Paschall, a song was sung by the entire student body.

Mr. Eustace A. Hall introduced Mr. Folk, paying him the tribute of saying no one could speak from a better record of war service than he, who had given liberally of his means and his time to stimulate Tennessee in the drives carried on to take the State over the top in furnishing her quota of war funds. He also alluded to Mr. Folk's ten-year record of services with the state as Treasurer and Fire insurance Commissioner, "from which he retired with an unexcelled record and an unblemished name," said Mr. Hall.

"This day calls into play some of the dearest memories that we cherish." Mr. Folk said, "It is one always to be celebrated with increasing confidence in its perpetuity. It stands as a great epoch, marking the conclusion of a gigantic struggle between the powers of might, and the powers of right. Without the United States, there would have been no

(Continued on page 2)

"CHILDREN OF THE DUST"

Unanimously agreed, the picture "Children of the Dust," on Saturday night, was the best movie of the year at Ward-Belmont. Some few, who had seen it before, said, "Oh, you'll love it," and we didn't fail to.

We all agree with Terwilliger that it doesn't hurt to look at the stars, even if we never reach them, but perhaps, like him, we may reach them. Almost every girl gave her assent to the fact that "To say good-bye is to die a little," but some of our more homesick companions declared that it was put too mildly. Quite a number of handkerchiefs became damp, and some of our faces were a little stained with tears when we saw of picture that we all love to see, for picture that we all love to see, for all that.

What could have been more fitting for Armistice day than "Children of the Dust?"

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ALUMNI

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. N. Madison Cartmell, on Tuesday, October 30, a son. Nathaniel Madison Cartmell, Jr. Mrs. Cartmell was Madeline Aikens, class of 1916, of St. Joseph, Mo., and is one of the most interested and loyal members of the Ward Belmont Alumnae Association. It has been her plan to create a Ward-Belmont Club in New York City, which is her present home, and to that end she asks all former W.-B. girls who now live there, or in that vicinity, to communicate with her, at her home, 430 West End avenue, New York City. The object is for the old girls to keep a closer touch with each other, and to have at intervals, re-unions and regular business meetings.

Florine Ashcroft (1922), former editor of the Hyphen, now at the University of Texas, at Austin, has pledged Zeta Tau Alpha.

Seana Mary McCoy, (W. B. 1920-21) of Burlingame, California, since her residence became California has had many interesting experiences. She has been there with her mother and sister. After taking a business course, in July, 1923, she began working as a typist, and enjoys her work and her position very much. Writing back to Margaret Warden (1922) she says:

"How I should love to go back to Nashville, and visit the school again. It is true that the thoughts of Ward-Belmont stay always in my memory, and I count the hours spent there the happiest of my life."

Miss Linda McElwrath, of Mayfield, Ky., who spent two years at W.-B. and received a certificate in Physical Education in 1922, is now head of the Department of Physical Education at Athens College, Athens, Ala., and she writes that she is enjoying her work immensely.

Annie Lu Boyce (Ward-Belmont 1921-22-23, graduate of '23), who studied piano under Miss Blythe, writes from her home in Delhart, Texas, of her missing Ward Belmont and her friends here, even in the midst of her happy home surroundings. She has kept up her music faithfully.

Regina Tatum (Ward-Belmont 1921-22) who took an Art Certificate and won the gold Milestone Medal for Art work in 1922, is at Bethany College in Lindsborg, Kansas, working for her College degree. In the spring of 1925 she hopes to win her A.B. and B.F. (Bachelor of Painting) degrees. Her art instructor is in Europe for this winter, and she is not working at art until his return.

Susan Mary Roberts (1922) expects to receive her B.S. degree at the University of Missouri next spring. She is planning to attend the next Homecoming of Ward-Belmont graduates.

WARD BELMONT MOLDS ARMISTICE PROGRAM

(Continued from page 1)

Armistice day to be celebrated throughout the world. Our forefathers had a vision of a government founded upon liberty, and their experience has proven not only successful, but a beacon light throughout the world. Their principle of right being the controlling power of the world, has been reflected back to the motherland, which echoes its patriotic song."

Mr Folk pronounced Lloyd George one of the greatest Englishmen produced in the last 50 years, and told something of the great part he played in the great conflict when the mighty world forces met. He recalled the thrilling scenes of Armistice day, and said:

"It was worth while to have lived on such a day. It has left with us an obligation to preserve what it really means. We should remember that the greatest freedom of peace and justice was embodied in the document that grew out of the treaty of Versailles, and was brought back to this country by President Woodrow Wilson. That it was not signed by Congress was due to the fact that it was permitted to get into politics, but whether signed or not, we Americans cannot escape the responsibility laid upon us to lead our sisters in Europe in those things which will make Armistice Day a living thing in our hearts. For in just the proportion that a nation, or an individual, has a purpose of enlightened unselfishness, in the same proportion will that nation, or individual, advance."

The rostrum was adorned with stands of the flags of the allied nations, with the large silk flag of America in the center.

"What is the world"? I asked
And you replied,
"Myself and you, by millions
Multiplied."
I said, "If what you say is true,
The world is what we make it,
I and you."

Odd Jobs for Frosh

Hanging clothes on a bee-line.
Fitting a belt to a waste of land.
Looking for a footrail on the bar of justice.
Filling the teeth in the mouth of the river.
Making a coffin for the Dead Sea.
Looking for toes on a two-foot rule.
Falling into a cherry pit.
Embalming the dead of winter.
Paving a street with cherry stones.
Fitting a shoe on the foot of the mountain.
Tying tin cans to a tale of woe.
Wiping the mouth of a funnel.
Mopping the sweat from the brow of the hill.

—Central Luminary.

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Speaking to the Student Mind

"Is the attitude of the Ward-Belmont Saturday evening picture show audience too unrestrained to be considered well bred?"

Custom and Precedent are exacting masters. With all of humanity as their slaves, they lay down certain rules of conduct which we dare not defy. We must not defy them because if we do we are bound to call down punishment on our heads.

This punishment comes, if we are observed in any misconduct, which should prove us not Well-Bred. In the realms of Best Society which these monarchs rule—such an accusation means certain persecution and final execution.

The proverbial omniscient eye is in the possession of Custom and Precedent. Very little that we do, which is against their laws, escapes notice. However, should anything happen to slip by—Poetic Justice (if we may call it that) handles such miscellaneous cases, for though we may not be called to account immediately, Bad Habit will give us away at some time or other, before official eyes.

Considering these facts—let us view the Saturday audience at Ward-Belmont. Shouting, sighing, yelling, singing, and other spontaneous evidences of appreciation, or disgust, are constantly heard throughout the audience. Do Situation and Place alter circumstances and remove the weekly entertainment from the borders of the Dominion of Conduct and Precedent or must we consider the actions of the girls and Saturday night too unrestrained to be well bred?

Ruby Wooten: No.

To me, the Saturday evening movie is indeed welcomed, after a week of hard study. To restrain us from feeling free would take away the novelty and much of the recreation of our movie. I do not think our audiences are too unrestrained to be considered well-bred; they are free, yes, but not so free that they infringe upon the rights of others—or rather, I have not heard of them doing so. It is at the movie that the school comes together as a unit to be entertained. Our audiences are interesting both to us and to the visitors. I don't think our visitors would ever consider us in any way ill-bred.

"Just how would it feel to be restrained at our own Saturday night movie?

Nola Arter: Yes.

"The attitude of the Ward-Belmont girls is too unrestrained at the Saturday night movie to be well-bred. Not only does the free manner in which many girls conduct themselves annoy those who enjoy a quiet movie, but it soon becomes a habit; and this habit would certainly be considered ill bred out "in the world."

"Some of the girls who were here last year may recall the occasion of a certain lecture we had after an entertainment in town, at which we had too freely expressed our feelings.

"If we were in the habit of restraining our actions at our own entertainments we would not be so apt to forget ourselves other places."

Helen Savage: No.

"Too often the great amount of enthusiasm that is exhibited in our Saturday night movies is classed as boisterousness, instead of plain pep. After a week of hard work, it is only natural that a relaxation should follow. We go to the movie, and there all the pent up energy of youth, which has accumulated during the week, finds an outlet. When this enthusiasm is carried to such an extent as to become annoying, then it may be termed ill-bred; but who can say that the contagious zeal of youth, which seems to predominate in our Saturday night movies, is annoying?"

Phyllis ("Phil") Bales: Yes.

"Whenever we have an athletic game, there is always difficulty in getting enough rooters. If some of the girls who root in the movies on Saturday night would give vent to their suppressed feelings at a Saturday afternoon hockey game, they would feel relieved by the time they were ready to see the movie at night—then, perhaps, others about them would be able to enjoy the picture, without deafening roars and shrieks in their ears."

Harriet Sargent: No.

"Why shouldn't we enjoy ourselves on the only night we are free from lessons and restraint? We all have our own way of finding enjoyment. If some of us like to laugh and talk during the picture show, it's all right as long as we don't exceed a certain limit, and allow ourselves to become loud and boisterous and so take away from the pleasure of others."

Virginia "(Jinny") Smith: Yes.

"Saturday night picture shows are just for us to enjoy, but not a 'Rally' or 'Pep Meeting.' We must consider those about us and use discretion in the manner of our behavior.

"Remember! 'Good Breeding is Above Boisterous Exuberance!' We can enjoy ourselves without these frequent outbursts of enthusiasm."

Question for Next Week:

Why should any of us affect discontent if—in our secret hearts,—we are really loyal to our school?

Lost—Checkbook by a lady that folds in the middle.

Flubb "My girl's mother is from a very old family."

Dubb "How do you know?"

Flubb "Because she's always saying "Tut! Tut!"

Our Human Failings

Why is it that we always:

Push the wrong light button first;

Make faces when tying our ties;

Dry our hands before washing our face;

See all the news on the other fellow's paper

Draw cubist designs when waiting on the telephone.

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Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Art Editor ..... Helen Pape

REPORTERS

Margaret Curran, Elizabeth Granberry, Ina Mae Ashcroft, Bonnie Morgan, Louise Sain, Billy Waters, and Ina Faulconer.

Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

Morals are strange things—I sometimes wonder how the scales are to be balanced up there "beyond the blue"—how the ineradicable dividing line between right and wrong will be drawn?

There are girls who shudder at the thought of thieving—who regard willful stealing as the lowest, most inexcusable of deeds existing—that's as it should be, of course, yet, isn't it queer how the same girls are guilty of the same type of wrongdoing, though in a milder form?

Were this the day in which evil spirits traversed the earthly sphere, you and I and the entire faculty, would be in an unceasing state of tremorous fright—so seemingly miraculously do those much expostulated upon, and withal virtually intangible, library books take flight daily!

Occasionally they return to their native roost—brought home—by what power we know not—only never in open view—but most frequently there is just an empty void in the nook where once they smiled down—old and tattered, perhaps, but nevertheless containing invaluable information, the lack of which brings chagrin to many an honest seeker in the realm of knowledge.

What's the use of preaching about being square and playing the game, if we refuse to abide by the first fundamental of its statutes—fair play?

So girls, please do your outside reading during library hours, and don't take books out without permission—if you do, well, someday, the ghosts of those whom you cheated are going to haunt you!

VESPERS

"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Ah, but the good angels, our missionaries, who guide these chidren's footsteps are they not blessed?

"Missionaries—you think of us as being outside the realm of real people, don't you?" Mrs. W. G. Cram began: but if our beliefs had been so, they were decidedly altered at the end of her delightful story of her work as a missionary in Korea. Mrs. Cram served twenty-one years with her husband as a missionary in Korea. They are home now on a furlough, working for the Century Movement. She told us of the peculiarities of the Korean; of his medieval beliefs in evil spirits, of his language, of his habits,—so unlike ours,—of his attitude toward the missionaries. She told us many of her own experiences and of the narrow escape she and her husband had made; and after these experiences, she professes to believe that, the old adage should be slightly altered to have it read: "God looks after missionaries and children."

DID YOU KNOW?

That Ward-Belmont has increased its enrollment in recent years; from three hundred to six hundred, a point at which the enrollment has remained for three years?

That Heron Hall, the red-brick preparatory dormitory, was constructed in 1917 and Mrs. H. W. Adams was installed as hostess. In 1923, all girls were moved from the cottages and were placed in dormitories on the campus. A step which has been voted, "the greatest improvement ever made".

That the new gymnasium will probably be, on its completion, the finest in the South?

That the faculty has been increasing as rapidly as the enrollment, and that especially, in the French, English, and Spanish departments, many able teachers have been added?

That the department of music is believed to have reached a standard of excellency that few schools can surpass?

That, as the school grew, new territory was added, including the athletic field, and a country club which was located at Edenwold; however, during the war, the building of a war powder plant, nearby, made that site undesirable, and it became necessary to substitute Woody Crest as a country home?

That Dr. Landreth, president of the institution for two years after its consolidation, was followed by Dr. Blanton, long the notable president of Ward Seminary, who has been at its head ever since. There have been several deans of faculty—Dr. Cox, Miss McDuffy, Miss Norris, and Miss Hawks. Mrs. Blanton, first dean of women, was succeeded by Miss Mills.

That the first uniform was a combination of the Ward and Belmont uniforms—a navy blue suit with brown trimmings, and that it was very impractical because big, little, long, and short had to wear the same size hat, and the same type of suit.

That governing was done at first by the teachers and hostesses. Then, one year, the girls of Pembroke decided to try out student government, and chose Ethel Payne, of Greenville, Missouri, as president. A three-month test showed that there were many merits in the plan, which was then adopted by the whole school, with Eulace Spencer as president. The general monitors department is only three years old.

That "Mrs. Charlie," (Mrs. C. W. McComb), hostess of Senior Hall, who was so kind as to tell the girls these interesting facts concerning our school, has been a witness of these marked changes in the growth of the school and will testify as their truth?

ON HYPNOTISM

"Hypnotism?—Well, I think that it is based on the dual phase of the mind; that is, there is the objective mind, the part of you that is listening to me now, the part through which all ordinary contact with people, enters your conscious self; and also, there is the subjective mind which never sleeps, never forgets, and which has direct control over all the normal functions of the body, even to making the heart beat. And in order to hypnotize, you must get control over the subjective mind through the objective mind." Dr. Witt Hollinshead explained this morning, when asked how and why he was able to exert a mysterious influence which compels a person to obey his will.

"Let me see"? Dr. Hollinshead continued, "the first time that I ever noticed this peculiar power was when I was still in school. It was at a party where boys and girls were experimenting with fun hypnotism, making one another pick up books and so forth. I thought that they were touching their subjects so as to push them gently where they wanted them to go. Well, by the by, some one noticed me and said,

'Henry, you don't seem to put much faith in it.' And I emphatically said that I had no belief in it. To prove to them that I was right, I decided to show them that there was nothing in it.

"So I blindfolded a girl (Mertice her name was) and led her from the room. When she was gone, I said, Mertice, I want you to stand under the chandelier and get me the hanging basket. Now, the basket was hanging where it would be directly above her head. I chose that because I knew that it was something that I could not push her to,—I'd have to lift her to that. I did not believe that she would get it. Some of them brought her back into the room, released her, and I placed the first two fingers of each hand upon her shoulders, making my arms as limp as possible, mind you. Instantly, she moved under the chandelier. That struck me as strange, but it did not convince me, because that movement might have been accidental or even caused by a slight pressure which I was not conscious of, so I still didn't believe it possible for her to get the swinging basket.

"She hesitated, groped her way about, and murmured, 'I can't seem to get away.' In words, I said to her, 'Go anywhere you want to' but what I actually said with all my being was, 'Don't you dare move from that spot.' She hesitated, for what seemed to me an infinite length of time. Then as if an invisible string had pulled her arm as high as her head, and was suddenly cut, her hand lifted slowly and then dropped to her side. In another second, she said, breathlessly, 'Oh! I have it now!'—and she reached up and took the basket down.

"You see, I did not believe it, but I was determined to give the thing a fair trial. And I concentrated with my whole body."

"Why, I read the other day where a man in France was persecuted by being made to think that he had had his wrists slashed open. This was brought about by blindfolding him, jabbing at his wrists a little and pouring warm water across his wrists into a bucket below. He thought that the water was his own blood and suffered the same agonies that he would have suffered, had it been his blood. Why, his heart eventually ceased to beat. And not one drop of blood was shed! I myself, have never seen anything like that tried, but I believe that it is possible to kill a man with no weapons save the mind. That shows the tremendous power of the mind."

"Are you sure I don't frighten the baby."

"Dear me, no, sir. I had him to the zoo yesterday and he laughed like anything."

Smile, and the sun will pierce the shadow,
Trust, and the mists will roll away,
Give, and the heavens will shine with glory,
Work, and you'll have a happy day!

It's easy to be a good winner. Good losers are scarce.

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CLUB CHATTER

T. C. TIDBITS

The Twentieth Century wedding of the New Girls to the Old Girls was an impressive event of Wednesday evening, November 7. The club colors of purple and white were used in the beautifully decorated room.

The bride was a lovely picture in her white satin gown with lavender and white accessories. Her veil was caught by a bandean of French flowers, and she carried an arm bouqnet of chrysanthemums. The maid of honor and the bridesmaids were attired in pastel shades of chiffon.

Miss Agnes Duncan sang "Oh Promise Me," preceding the ceremony. Miss Marian Pinnell accompanied her at the piano, and during the processional and recessional played the Lohengrin and Mendelssohn bridal music. The wedding party was preceded by the ring-bearer, dressed in purple and white, carrying the ring on a purple cushion.

The wedding was symbolic of the unio nof all Twentieth Century girls.

DEL VERS VERITIES

There were to be solos and readings,
A marvelous time was in store;
For every Del Vers knew that Armistice Day
Would we here in a day or two more.

But alas and alack! When Dame Silence once reigned,
And our Honorable President took charge,
The sad tidings were giving that our Program had ridden
With the piano, out to sea in some mysterious Barge.

Not for the moment did we look sad,
For our own Alice Nixon we knew would be glad,
To give us a reading or tell us a tale,
In this act of service, she never does fail.

So a reading we had, and other fine treats,
Which all goes to show in the end,
That every Del Vers knows her stuff and is "there"
When her talent she is asked to lend.

OSIRON OWLETS

OSIRONS AT WOODY CREST

If the Good Fairy would give you three wishes, what would you wish for? Any Osiron would answer—two perfect nights—with a new moon. One, more perfect day with the Osirons at Woody Crest. And this same fairy would grin broadly and say that she had made a wise choice.

We arrived with great speed Saturday night (the usual track work being performed for various rooms.) Yes, and danced, danced, 'till the terrible hour of eleven o'clock.'

Sunday was an Indian Summer dream made to order. In every direction girls flew to read, write and mostly talk, snuggled down in a bed of leaves or against a tree. It was most too good to be true and we had to ask ourselves, is this really such a perfect day or—are we dreaming. But it seemed to really exist—for the meals were very real, and we proved our appreciation for the same.

Dr. Hollenshead came out Sunday night and gave us a most inspiring talk.

Then music—Miss Kirkham sang—that's enough to say. We took extensive "airplane rides" and entered mysterious organizations. Dr. Hollenshead informed several girls that they could not open their eyes, and more than one believed him.

Last, but certainly not least, we toasted marshmallows and told ghost stories. More than one girl looked shiveringly under her bed that night.

We did have a wonderful time and we do thank all those precious folk who made it so fine—guests, especially. Was it Heaven?—No—just the Osirons at Woody Crest.

A. K. AUR-A-KLE

Thrills! Thrills! Monday—and we spent the day at Woody Crest. All the loads were out by 10:30 and after the first wild rush, the girls not being able to see for looking, settled down(?) Some playing cards, some reading, and others—studying.

Of course, we won't mention food, because one doesn't usually get hungry at Woody Crest(?) Ate so much we were scared to sit down, so we all retired to the Green Room to take reducing exercises. And after all our efforts—Marshmallows! Apples!

Then, when the big wood fire looked most inviting—it was time for us to start back to W.-B. Did we gather merriment?? Nothing else.

We were so glad to have Miss Shouse and Miss Cockrill as our guests. Hope they liked us—so they'll come again!

TRI-K KUMBACKS

Not only do Miss Ross's classes in English D have the opportunity of learning about the modern poets, but so also do the members of Tri K. If any information along this line is desired, just consult a K. K. K. All admirers of Edgar A. Guest may be interested in knowing that one of his nieces is a Tri-K.

By the way—have you noticed the sudden change in etiquette? Well, trouble yourselves no longer in sending for Emily Post's noted "Book on Etiquette"—just watch the Tri-K's! The reason for this overnight improvement is due to our club sponsor, Miss Morrison, who, with her noted ability in every field of work, has been giving us some valuable lessons on etiquette. Miss Morrison's talks are most interesting and inspiring, and every Tri-K eagerly awaits Wednesday nights to benefit by them.

Monday, November 13, the Tri-K's spent a most satisfying day out at our own beloved country club—Woody Crest. The most popular sports indulged in were Mah Jong and baseball. The two baseball teams—Sisson's vs. Morrison's—met in an exciting and argumentative game which finally put the Sisson's on top. Appetites were quickly aroused but soon satisfied by our very efficient cooks. At the close of such a glorious day, all returned to the school,—tired, but happier, and filled with bright memories.

F. F. FLASHES

Have you 'listened in' on the new W. B. Radio that entertained the F. F's so highly Wednesday night? Weather conditions were good, so the operator was able to pick up several interesting solos and speeches sent from broadcasting stations over the country.

Among these were a piano solo by Ruth Idelson, sent from Pittsburgh; a vocal solo by Elizabeth Ricketts from Schenectady, New York, and a "Moment of Jazz" by Katherin Price from Montreal, Canada.

Realizing that the girls had not had the pleasure of hearing political speeches, Operator Byard connected us with station KSD, St. Louis, where an important meeting was in progress. They heard an (interrupted) address by Ida Keilum on "Governor Pinchot and the Bar Hunt." "Another enjoyable feature was the telephone call which was being made by Edith Cameron to her mother in Parkersburg, West Virginia. The concert closed with a bed-time story by Ada Ferrel Tatum, sent out from station K. Y. W., Chicago, Ill.

Patty Jean's Diary

Sunday, Nov. 4.—After an exciting week, it was good to have a quiet day. The sermon was unusually good, and when I came home, I found five letters waiting for me. They were all so newsy and good, and peppy. I wonder how I'll ever wait till Christmas! I'm going to have Mother and Dad get up on a little pedestal, so I can just sit and feast my eyes on them. Peanut Week started and I got a darling girl for my peanut. Just wrote her.

Monday, Nov. 5.—After spending two hours in the library this morning, making the acquaintance of Richelieu and Mazarin, I came over to the room, and slept the sleep of the just, till lunch. This afternoon, I got a box from home. They are always so exciting and thrilling! One end of mine fell out on the driveway, as I was lugging it home, it was so heavy, but fortunately nothing breakable fell. In "The Rules of Good Behavior," it says "Thou shalt not be a glutton," but how can I help it when I have such temptations as candy, apples, figs, et cetera, et ce'era, indemitely? Well, I did a noble thing for my peasnnt—sent her some of my food from the box.

Tuesday, Nov. 6.—I am a ghost, wandering in the land of the living! Now, truly, undiscovered insanity hasn't broken forth, but those exams next week have already gotten their clutch of terror on me. I walk with, eat with, think with and sleep with the awful thoughts of 'em. I'm a ghost from worry, I know just how ghosts feel—all clammy and weak, and painfully ignorant. All I need is the white robes—I have the glassy eyes and petrified expression down pat. To turn to happier subjects—assume my other personality, as it were—I got a wonderful caramel apple from my shell today—It was the only thing that sustained me through my hour of studying French. I sent my peanut a magazine today.

Wednesday, Nov. 7.—Woe me! I'm even losing interest in Dick's letters, and Jimmie's phone calls, under this realization of next week's mental strain. Wore my sweater backwards all day, but maybe that'll be good luck next week-end, I feel rather as if I were preparing for the guillotine. My pride will be whacked off at one cut.

Thursday, Nov. 8.—Thought my shell had forgotten me yesterday, but last night I got the dearest little dorin possible——and I did want one so! Sent my peanut two "hersheys" today. My originality was resting.

Friday, Nov. 9.—We had gym today, and played games—among them dodge ball, only I never could dodge it very well—I learned to, though, and gave a perfect imitation of a frog leaping over a boulder. My shell gave me a box of club stationery—just adorable! I sent my peanut some chewing gum, to help her through those trying hours next week—nothing aids my concentration like chewing gum.

Saturday, Nov. 10.—Tomorrow I find out who my shell is! Can't wait! Today, I gave my peanut a guest box of Three Flowers articles. Tomorrow, I'm going to present her with a little address book. Had a letter from Dick today, but was too excited over a letter from Miriam, to notice much of what he said. Miriam has just been down to the University for the last week-end. Needless to say she had no end of fun.

GOOD ENGLISH

G oing toward the highest
O ver the top for good speech
O n to the goal for our language
D own with the enemy of speech.
E ver climbing the ladder
N ever missing a rung
G ood speech will help you succeed
L and you a better position
I nsist upon a good deed
S lay that demon bad language
H ead the line, be in the lead.

"Is this the Fire Department?" yelled the excited professor over the phone.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"How far is it to the nearest alarm box? The laboratory is on fire, and I must turn in the call at once!"

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PERSONALS

Louise Smith spent the past week-end at her home in McDonough.

Miss Cockrill chaperoned the following girls to town Saturday evening: Alice Kennedy, Virginia Scholse, Ruth Borders, and Lorraine Clay.

Betty Wilson visited in Russellville, Ky., the last week-end.

Mr. J. A. Rayl visited his daughter, Hortense this past week-end. Saturday afternoon he took Hortense and Luella Fraser to the foot-ball game.

Martha Phillips, Marjorie Campbell, Anna Richardson, Marianna Lovette, Dorothy and Mary Phatteplace and Lucy Lee Long were chaperoned to town by Miss Kirkham, Saturday evening to see the picture play at Lowe's.

Rachel Buntin went to her home near Hermitage, Tenn., for the week-end.

Fay Roberts was the guest of her sister in Chattanooga during the past week-end.

Clyde Pierce was among those going home also.

Margaret Fisher, Josephine Willis and Fae Boyd spent Sunday in town with Mrs. May.

Katherine Sloan, day pupil, had as her guests Sunday, Virginia Smith and Peggy Ogden.

Ellen Terry Grinter spent Sunday with Mrs. F. Hall.

Louise Whaley and Sara Bradford spent Monday in town with Mrs. Hull.

Ida Kellum was the guest of Miss Sallye Beth Moore, Monday.

Miss Sara Jeter chaperoned Louise Smith to town Monday.

Marjorie Marx spent Monday with Mrs. Schwartz.

Mrs. Lee O'Rear returned Wednesday to her home in Mt. Sterling, Ky., after a visit to Nashville to see her daughter Louise.

Among other girls whose parents were with them for the week-end were Martha Swisher, whose mother, Mrs. B. F. Swisher came from Boswell, Ind.; Jane Davis, whose father, Mr. W. P. Davis of Knoxville, and Evelyn Irwin, whose mother, also from Knoxville, were here.

Mrs. F. O. Mooklar of Richmond, Va., is here with her daughter, Dorothy, who had an attack of appendecitis, but is recovering satisfactorily now. Mrs. Mooklar will remain with her until she is convalescent.

Mr. Irving Roseborough, of Hopkinsville, spent Saturday in Nashville, at the Hermitage Hotel, having come specially to visit his daughter, Louise Roseborough.

WEDDINGS

Eleanor Vance Stuart's invitations have been received at Ward-Belmont. She is to be married on Tuesday, November 27, to Mr. Theodore Alcorn Carr. The ceremony will take place at half past eight o'clock in the evening, at the Madison Heights Methodist Church in Memphis, Tennessee. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hiram Stuart and was at Ward-Belmont in 1920.

Dolores Pearson, of Miami, Okla., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George O. Pearson, was married in September, and her old friends here will enjoy reading of her wedding though the news comes in a bit belated. From a newspaper in her former home in Joplin, Missouri, the following account is sent to the Hyphen:

"A very pretty wedding occurred Sunday, September 23, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George O. Pearson, in Miami, Okla., when their daughter, Miss Dolores Pearson, became the bride of Walter Hart Mothershead of Muscogee, Okla. The ceremony was read at 1 o'clock by the Rev. A. P. Cameron and only the family and immediate relatives were present. The fireplace in the living room was beautifully banked with ferns and pink and lavender gladioli and formed an altar where the bride and groom stood. Large baskets of the gladioli and other cut flowers in the harmonising colors were placed about the room. The bride looked very beautiful in a gown attractively fashioned of lavender and pink chiffon, girdled with silver and a rich corsage of silver and pink roses. Following the service and the congratulations, refreshments were served in the dining room, where the color scheme of lavender and pink also was effectively carried out in the decorations and appointments. The table was centered with a tiered wedding cake, topped with a miniature bride and groom, and decorated with tiny cupids and doves. The ices were in the shape of pink roses. The bride and groom left for Muscogee where they were met by the groom's parents. The bride wore a traveling suit of gray cloth with squirrel trimmings and a becoming black hat and accessories to correspond. She is very popular in Miami and also is well known in Joplin. She was extended a number of pre-nuptial courtesies. Mrs. Mothershead was a graduate of the Miami high school in 1920 and attended the Ward-Belmont school in Nashville, Tenn. Last year she received her A.A. degree from the Miami School of Mines. Mr. Mothershead is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma. He is head of the science department of the Muscogee high school. Mr. and Mrs. Mothershead will reside at No. 522 1-2 Okmulgee avenue, Muskogee."

WHAT AN ACADEMIC COLUMN IS THINKING

'Tis a hard life to be a column of Ac.! I have upheld the porch of the Academic building for thirteen years and were it not that the girls gathered around me, I would be very lonely.

For the last seven weeks I have been enjoying myself immensely. The days have been fair and the girls gathered around me, gossiping, singing, playing, and altogether carefree. The girls seem to like me very much,

particularly, Jane Fleming, who always leans very heavily on me.

Tuesday, the morning of the twelfth, I was very puzzled. Something had happened. At first I thought that someone had died. But, no, there had been no funeral bells. Wednesday came and matters were only worse, and the doleful quiet was most depressing. It was on Thursday that I had the first hint of what was happening. Lo! I spied Helen Condon and Eunice Weicker coming down the driveway, both completely buried in a book. I guessed then (having known them last year), that it must be examination time.

Friday I found myself in the midst of a hubbub. Girls hurried here in feverish haste, their heads hidden behind a book, their lips moving excitedly. Once upon the porch, the buzz began.

"Sis, please tell me, was Gaul divided into four or five parts?"

"Wop, tell me girls, was Phillip the Second, Richelieu's son? No, no; that's wrong I know."

"Oh, be quiet, you've mixed me all up."

"Say, listen, did Beowulf or Chaucer write the English ballads?"

By this time the flutes on the top of my column were in a whirl! When the bell rang the door would disgorge dozens of careworn, harrassed, girls who would promptly begin:

"It was simply terrible. She covered the whole book."

"Well, I said for that first one that Marlowe's principal work was Hamlet, and I knew all the time it was Macbeth."

"Hoop la, I got that right!"

Saturday was worse than Friday, but at three-fifteen a mighty tremor shook the campus! The whole school joined in one united sigh and I said to myself, "Now we will be happy for another eight weeks! Exams are over!"

IMPRESSIONS

Helen McCormick—heavy jade, studded with pearls—sunset on a rose-window in a cathredal—a cluster of trees in rich autumnal colors—purple evening shadows around a snow-tipped mountain—deep cream lace, on black satin.

Lee Lewis—holly over a fireplace—a cool, invigorating breeze—"I'd like to Live in a House by the Side of the Road," by Foss—campfire confidences—a silhouetted figure, at the end of a mountain trail—great pines, snow-covered—an Indian serenade by the flickering firelight.

Helen Snider—yellow chrysanthemums at a Thanksgiving football game—a sapphire-hue velvet evening wrap, with a white fox collar—Venice at night— a dinner dance at the Country Club—Shelley's "The Cloud."

If you think before you speak you may have nothing to say.

Algebra Teacher—When I was four years old I was left an orphan.

Pupil: What did you do with it?

CAMPUS BORES

(1) The girl who never needs to study before any class—she gets A's by listening well in class,—so she tells us.

2. The girl who had three frat pins offered her last September, and just couldn't decide on which to take, but it's fun to talk about them, anyway.

(3) The girl who is, loftily, NEVER "broke," like most of us, so often are.

(4) The girl who casually remarks, upon seeing you glue your eyes on your vacant box: "My DEAR, I'm so THRILLED! Nine letters today, and eight yesterday!"

(5) The girl who gets one of the telephones, and becomes so deeply interested, that the other fifteen waiting in line, go down to dinner, finally, wondering how they can best explain to relatives or friends why they didn't call.

(6) The girl that makes you consider murder in the first degree when she blithely leaps ahead of you in line at the Tea Room, after you've resignedly snoosed away an hour, standing there.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club is in full swing. Rather, we should say in full "tinkle." If you've been in the library on Monday night, you are, no doubt, well aware of the fact.

The first selection has something to do with bells, we know, because we heard them. But these Glee Club people are so secretive, they positively refuse to make known their intentions. They have something up their sleeves, though, because they are ever so interested in these Monday night rehearsals.

Mr. Webster says that he is indeed pleased with the quantity and quality of material, and is positive that this will be a Glee Club that Ward-Belmont will be proud to claim as her product.

So "Tinkle" on, only hurry up with the surprise—please!

PARTY IN PEMBROKE

Thursday evening, November 9, shortly after the ringing of the study bell, the girls of Pembroke received a summons to a hall meeting at 9:45.

At the appointed hour they assembled and their hostess, Mrs. Nuckols, in the most serious manner imaginable, told them that the meeting was called by the old girls, and that the hall was much too public a place in which to discuss the weighty question before them.

Much to their perplexity and alarm, the girls were told to go to the domestic art room; where equally to their relief and pleasure, they found that the old girls were giving a party in their honor.

Eskimo pies were served and all the girls enjoyed several good dances to Jo. Tucker's music; in fact, the dance was a great success and the Pembroke girls sincerely thank Mrs. Nuchols for allowing them to spend such a happy evening.

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They Tell me That



The other day one ancestry-loving individual was making herself a nuisance by her detailed accounts of her family tree. A versatile listener turned to her neighbor and murmured sotto voice. "Well—she must be the sap!"

The father of our piquant little Winnie Mae Hall has always been a great stickler on etiquette. When Winnie Mae was sent to Ward-Belmont, her father told his much adored offspring to wire "yes" if she found everything satisfactory. She did so, but her busy parent had forgotten the arrangement, and, being puzzled, telegraphed back, "yes, what?" The answer came: "Yes, father."

"Mike" Lindsay, said angrily, not long ago, during the course of a heated discussion: "There are no fools in our family!" We have proof that the Titian-haired "Sis" in a vain endeavor to sooth the muchly-ruffled "Mike" said reproachfully, "Now, sister, don't forget yourself!"

A Freshman, like a telescope, is easily drawn out, seen through, and shut up.

The staff instructor in physiology says that in reply to a question in which she asked her pupils to describe the process of digestion, she received the following enlightening answer, "Digestion is the process of taking the food into the body after it has been mashed."

Only telephone girls have good connections.

A detour is the longest distance between two driven points.

A young incorrigible, who answers to the name of Grice, was being severely rebuked at a monitors meeting. When asked if she had anything to say in her defense, she calmly responded, "Yes, I do things like that 'cause I'm like necessity." In answer to the proctor's "how come" look, she said, "You see, necessity knows no law!"

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XIII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1923 | NUMBER 9

JUNIOR EXPRESSION GIRLS GIVE PLAY IN CHAPEL

Once again we enjoyed one of the Expression Department treats. This time it came in the from of a play given by the children in the intermediate classes who are used for demonstration purposes by the senior expression students.

The play, entitled, "The Dryad's Fairy Tree," was written seven years ago in the mountains of New Hampshire and was presented to Miss Townsend, to be used by her in her elementary classes.

The outstanding factor of the little play was the ease and grace with which the characters worked out their pantomine. They showed a great deal of creative ability, inasmuch as each little player developed her own character with few suggestions from Miss Townsend and Miss Cockrill.

The fairy-like atmosphere of the play was enhanced by the dainty dryad dances for which the dancers were coached by Miss Morrison. Mrs. Margaret Frierson Hall's incidental music gave an added touch of inspiring realism.

The work of Nancy O'Connor, as the old shepherd, Johan; and of Mary Elisabeth Edwards as the Dryad of the tree was particularly excellent. Jean Haggard was remarkable in her song, as the mayor, and in the minor parts, Elizabeth Walters, the Echo Dwarf, and Jane Carey Folk as one of the shepherds were notably excellent and the narrators, Susan Brandau, and Louise Tupper gave clear, fine interpretations.

The play was first given on Saturday afternoon in the Orpheum Theater in Nashville, for the benefit of the Nurse Fund of the local Old Woman's Home, and it was repeated at the school at the noon chapel hour on Wednesday.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—La Roachefocauld.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK

Thursday, Nov. 22, Concert at Ryman Auditorium.

Saturday, Nov. 24, Tennessee Dance.

Saturday, Nov. 24, F F Club at Woody Crest.

Thanksgiving

God took the warm radiance of Easter-tide,
The sweet Christmas joy of giving,
The glorious New Year spirit of hope,
And gave us our Thanksgiving!

Then He put it on Life's calendar,
To come once in the year,
And sent with it the harvest blessing
Of brother-love and cheer.

It brings too a message eternal,
Age-old yet perpetually living,
And the roseate hue of Friendship's sun,
Shines down on Ward-Belmont's Thanksgiving!

CURRENT COMMENT

A dispatch from London, Nov. 20, states that the British government considered that all danger of disagreement with France on the subject of the ex crown prince and the resumption of interallied military control in Germany had passed. In Paris, there is considerable skepticism as to the effect of the note, which the ambassadors are composing and which is thought to be the salvation of the entente, on the German government.

J. C. Walton's gubernatorial career, as spectacular as it was brief, ended on Nov. 19, when he was ousted from the governorship by the Oklahoma impeachment court. Walton intends, it is said, to continue the fight in the Federal courts.

The rosy glow which illumined the sky on Sunday evening at acout five-thirty o'clock was the costly result of an immense fire which completely destroyed the Hermitage Elevator Company, causing a loss of one million dollars.

Modern science seems in a fair way to change the order of the entire world. Its various wonders are being brought more and more into every phase of life. For instance, we have the new, hand-disc, X-ray machine which has been found to prove useful in fitting shoes, to ascertain whether or not the shoe presses the bones out of place; in purchasing clothing, for the examination of the quality and perfection of the materials; for testing checks to see whether or not they have been changed; and last, but very, very important, for use by the housewives in determining the freshness or, er-r-r undesirability, of eggs.

The "Bookman" stars the following books in the reading list for the month:

"Black Oxen," by Gertrude Atherton.

"One of Ours," by Willa Cather.

"The Enchanted April," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German

"Faint Perfume," by Zona Gale.

"Babbitt," by Sinclair Lewis.

"Where the Blue Begins," by Cristopher Morley.

"The Fascinating Stranger," by Booth Tarkington.

We don't know that it is an instinct of self-preservation but we have the fact before us that Texas has, at its capital, Austin, a bat roost, which houses thousands of bats. These bats have proved of great value in the extermination of the malaria mosquitoes (a fact which is not singular when we know that each one of these animals eats an average of 360 mosquitoes per meal).

BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR NOVEMBER GIRLS GIVEN BY BLANTONS

Concluding the November series of birthday dinner for Ward-Belmont students, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton entertained very handsomely at the school on Tuesday evening, using the private dining room for their hospitality. The table was decorated with white and yellow specimen chrysanthemums, carrying out a white and yellow plan, and the yellow candles in silver sticks, and silver flower baskets completed its adornment. There were appropriate name cards, showing maidens gowned in yellow and black with black furs. Dinner was elaborately served, after the guests had been welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton assisted by Miss Mills and Mrs. Solon E. Rose.

The young ladies who were the honor guests included: Miss Gladys Feld and Miss Ione Taxman, both of Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Jane Nicholson of Boardstown, Ill.; Miss Charlotte Buckner of Fort Crook, Neb.; Miss Jane Major Reed of Anderson, Ind.; Miss Marguerite Roberts of

(Continued on page 6.)

"AS OTHERS SEE US"

The editor of the "HYPHEN," Gladys Feld, has received a very gratifying letter from the Kemper Military School, at Boonville, Mo., giving evidence of the kind feeling which our work on the "HYPHEN" has inspired among fellow students. It follows:

Kemper Military School,
Boonville, Mo., Nov. 17, 1923.

"Editor-in-Chief,
Ward-Belmont Hyphen,
Nashville, Tenn.

"Your publication has been coming to my desk quite regularly during the past month, and I want you to know that it is the best exchange I have received in several years.

"The HYPHEN is a remarkably clean, well edited paper, and as editor-in-chief, you are to be commended for its splendid appearance and impression. Your editorial columns are particularly interesting and sincere. Just what is your method of securing such finely written articles?

"As faculty supervisor of the Kemper News I find much to be changed in our publication and would appreciate any criticism you may be pleased to offer at any time.

"Most cordially yours,
(Signed) Lieut. E. W. Tucker.

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CHURCH STREET—OPPOSITE CAPITOL BOULEVARD

ALUMNI

Miss Elizabeth Shepard, prominent Senior of last year, who is notably remembered for her many athletic achievements, as well as her efficiency as President of the Athletic Association, has pledged Alpha Chi Omega at the University of Wisconsin.

Miss Theo Donnell, Senior of last year, remembered for her excellent musical work, is holding a position as head of the musical department in a high school in Rifle, Colorado.

"HUMAN WRECKAGE"

An enthusiastic "O—oh" went about the dining room Saturday night when it was announced that "Human Wreckage," was to be the picture that evening.

The picture has caused much comment since its release last spring. Skeptical critics who had expected a sensational melodrama were disappointed. They found in its stead a powerful theme presented with simplicity and appeal. James Kirkwood's performance was a most powerful one and shared honors with Mrs. Wallace Reid. Her role was marked by its artistic simplicity and straightforward appeal. The caste was extremely well balanced and the character work of George Hackiathorne was particularly notable.

The girls were very pleased to have had "Human Wreckage."

The atmosphere was very different from that of the customary Saturday night picture show. We hope this is a beginning of "Bigger and Better Pictures."

"Let us dishonor war."—Victor Hugo.

"The working people . . . can end wars if they have the independence to think and to give their convictions reality by trying to do."—A. F. of L. resolution, 1921.

She had sent off a telegram and was waiting for the answer. Suddenly the halting tick of the receiving machine was heard, and she said to her companion, "That's Harry, I can tell his stutter."

A certain country fellow says that patent medicine ads are made to look so attractive that it makes a man who has his health feel like he is missing something.

Twinkle, twinkle, little A,
I know now why you are so gay
High above by grades you B,
Twinkle, twinkle, little C.

Twinkle conditioned P.
I am glad you're not a D
Though at you the Prof did sniff,
P, I'm glad you're not an E.

Twinkle, twinkle A and B,
Twinkle, also C. and D.
Faint and failing E to me,
You might as well have been a G.

LAND NOT PLOTTED

On a wall in a certain business office a few days ago I saw a map of a city. The city was laid out in plots and streets. The streets intersected at right angles. The railways were at one end of the city. The residential section was in a desirable location. The churches and schools were evenly distributed and shops and manufacturing plants at one end and it seemed to be the height of perfection in planning.

To the South of the beautifully planned city was a blank space on the map with the above caption, "Land not Plotted."

The thought struck me, Are my lands plotted? Do I have a blank place in my life, and I thought that I would pass it on to you students, asking you the question—Are your lands plotted? Do you have plans in your mind for this year? Do you know what you are going to do in life? Or do you have a blank place in your life. These are the days of blue prints and plans. To succeed we must have a plan and work for and by it.

A new anesthetic has recently been discovered by Professor Luckhardt of the University of Chicago. Formerly nitrous oxide and ether have been used, but this new anesthetic called ethylene leaves no after effects like the older discoveries. This new form of anesthetic has been used in the largest hospital in Chicago for the past three months and about 350 successful operations have been performed with it. When a patient is under the effects of ethylene the heart beat and breathing are regular. The discoverer himself has been anesthetised about a dozen times and has noticed no bad effects from it.

Foreign woman (to clerk): "I want to buy some powder."

Clerk: "Mennen's."

F. W.: "No, vimmens."

Clerk: "Well, do you want it scented?"

F. W.: "No, I'll take it."

Why
Worry?
Worry
Won't
Win—
While
Will-power
Will
Work
Wonders.
Why
Worry?

Johnnie—"Oh, teacher, I just saw a man runnin' down the street."

Teacher—"Johnnie, you left off the "g."

Johnnie—"Gee, teacher, I just saw a man runnin' down the street"—Ex.

Every man must educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps. The work is his.—Webster.

Mr. Smith: The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Bill.

Speaking to the Student Mind

The Hyphen staff has spent considerable time and effort in devising a column for the purpose of dealing with the questions of interest to the student-body as a whole. We have asked the students to co-operate with us by turning in to the Hyphen box their opinions concerning the questions, or to turn in questions which they would like to see discussed in print.

So far there has been very little voluntary response from the girls. The staff is continually obliged to seek the desired answers. Are we to take this lack of enthusiasm for the column "Student Mind," as meaning that there is no student mind, or is it due to lack of interest?

With the help of every girl we could have a distinctly fine Ward-Belmont column — of the students — for the students and by the students!

So please girls—Show more pep!!! Make YOUR column live!!!

EDITOR, Hyphen.

Question—Why should any of us affect discontent, if in our secret hearts we are loyal to the school?

If you want to be in the kind of a school
Like the kind of a school you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And go on a long, long hike.
You'll find what you've left behind,
For there's nothing new—
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school—
It isn't the school—it's you.

If more girls could only understand and appreciate the point in the little poem above — there would surely awaken in their minds the too often dormant idea that criticism of their school is a very dark reflection on themselves.

Would we not all look in amazement upon the girl who would enter an art museum, and finding herself there—exclaim, "Oh! I just hate this place—why don't they have golf links here—I want to play golf?" Without a doubt such a strange flower of maidenhood would be immediately plucked from her ordinary environment and placed in a hot-house for purposes of close observation.

When we go into a picture show, we do not complain because there is not a formal dance in progress! When we go down town, we do not register disgust because buttercups are not growing in the streets!

No, in this day and age of specializing there is a place for everything and every normal thing should be in its place. Hence, unless we are mentally deficient we do not expect to buy hats, or umbrellas, in a shop advertising, "Birds for Sale." Why then should we enter an institution of learning and expect to find for ourselves beds of flowery ease?

Ward-Belmont has definite and clearly stated ideals and standards. If she did not—would we be here? No! Why then do we pass unfavorable comment upon laws and regulations which were made to maintain her well advertised and familiar policies?

Ward-Belmont officials do not enter our homes and lead us handcuffed to the school. Quite to the contrary—the large number of girls refused admittance every year proves that considerable effort is required on our parts to gain entrance into Ward-Belmont.

Our very presence here declares that this is the school of our choice—else why would we be here? Is it not then absurd and inconsistent to utter speech which our actions prove false?

Is it because we wish to do the smart thing? Is it because we desire to live up to the fiction idea of boarding school life, or is it because we lack sufficient brain power to find suitable, intelligent, and sincere topics for conversation that we effect discontent when we are really loyal to old Ward-Belmont?

DOROTHY WITTENBERG

Why should any Ward-Belmont girl be discontented? The school makes every provision for a jolly school life; if any girl does not take advantage of it, she has only herself to blame. We should be loyal, not only to our school, but to ourselves. There is not a girl in the student body who could not be happy if she would make the least effort.

Disappointments come to everyone, but the girl who wins is the girl who can smile and say, "I will succeed." Don't have a discontented attitude, because you soon broadcast it over the whole student body. Use your ability to broadcast by sending out a smile, and let your smile reach to the four corners of the campus.

LEE LEWIS

The girl who assumes the attitude of a knocker is disloyal, not only to the school but to herself. If she would only stop and consider the proposition, she would soon realize that she was merely deceiving herself. The knocker has absolutely no place in our school. She spreads discontent and a spirit of restlessness among the girls. If one should look around closely, she would see many types of the so-called knockers, but the most dangerous of all is the girl who is heard to say, "No, I can't stand to come back after Christmas. I don't like the school, I'm not happy, and I don't like the girls." Beware of her, for if she gets you in her clutch, she may try to persuade you that you'd be more contented at home —and you really would not.

Personally, I'm not in favor of adding a motto to the one we particularly like—if we have one—reading:

"Down with the knocker and three cheers for the booster." Let's show our loyalty to Ward-Belmont by boosting. You never saw a Californian who didn't think—out loud—that California was the most wonderful spot on earth. Let's adopt their plan and weed out the knockers forever from Ward Belmont. We'll be a great deal happier and somehow, I think the officials of our school will be happier also!

JANE CARLING

One who affects discontent, even though down in her heart she is loyal to the school, is not loyal. A girl who affects discontent may spread true discontent. Loyalty to our school means being true to our school, its faculty, its rules and, its ideals. And could there be any finer? Let us not affect discontent—it is unbecoming and makes you an undesirable citizen in Ward-Belmont. Co-operate!

Question For Next Week

"Is the unnecessary confusion which precedes the vesper service appropriate to the spirit of the hour?"

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF

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Art Editor ..... Helen Pape

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Margaret Curran, Elizabeth Granberry, Ina Mae Ashcroft, Bonnie Morgan, Louise Sain, Billy Waters, and Ina Faulconer.

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

If you have a bit of news,
Send it in.
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in.
A story that is new,
An incident that is true,
We want to hear from you—
Send it in.
Never mind about the style,
If the news is worth the while
It may help or cause a smile—
Send it in.

That power behind nations—that inestimable force which leads armies to victory, in short, that omnipotent, all encompassing element that makes the wheels of life revolve—without which the whole machinery is innate and useless—exactly what is it?

Why girls, it's no supernatural fairy-like gifts of heaven which only the fortunate few have received—it involves the web of Fate or Destiny—its the simple ordinary quality of everyday life which, though it may lack potent originality and inexorable cleverness, is nevertheless a vital necessity in every phase of life—it's SPIRIT!

It's something which all of you, whether you avail yourselves of it or not, possess in your makeup, and girls it's not something to be stored in your rainy day reservoirs for future use, for, as inexpressibly precious as it is, SPIRIT is a quality which increases in strength and excellence only with usage.

To disregard what is given us for a purpose is a violation against the basic principles of the laws of nature.

"And the goblins will get you of you don't watch ont."

All little children that live in Mr. and Mrs. Ward-Belmont's house must be good, and mind their teachers, because if they don't the Big Monitor goblins will get 'em and them, oh-o-o!

So let's all be good girls, and the one that's the best is going to get a big gold star from Miss Mills—isn't that fun?

CLASS OFFICERS

Freshman Officers: President, Edna Lewis; Vice-President, Mary Bleecker; Secretary, Florence Cowert; Treasurer, Mildred Baldwin; Sergeant-at-Arms, Nell Fail.

Sophomore Officers: President, Margaret O'Connor; Vice-President, Elizabeth Barthell; Treasurer, Katherine Durrett; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mary Elizabeth Cayce.

Junior Officers: President, Alline Michener; Vice-President, Louise McAlister; Secretary, Virginia Jones; Treasurer, Elizabeth Creighton; Sergeant-at-Arms, Irene Davis.

Junior Middle Officers: President, Marjorie Reynolds; Vice-President, Marion Pope; Secretary, Charlotte Tandy; Treasurer, Roberta Lightfoot.

Prep. Special Officers: President, Helen Condon; Secretary and Treasurer, Ione Taxman.

College Special Officers: President, Josephine Tucker; Vice-President, Bonnie Jennings; Treasurer, Marjory Steele; Secretary, Gertrude Melat.

Senior Middle Officers: President, Virginia Smith; Vice-President, Carol Davis; Treasurer, Ellen Martin; Assistant Treasurer, Elsie Stokes.

Senior Officers: President, Ruby Woolen; Vice-President, Daugherty Collins; Secretary, Marian Kendall; Treasurer, Dorothy Cope.

MISS THRONE'S PUPILS GIVE STUDIO RECITAL

The first of the winter series of studio recitals took place on Saturday afternoon, when members of Miss Amelie Throne's piano class gave an excellent program, well balanced, and smoothly done, before their fellow students. The following numbers were given:

Waltz in B flat.....Godard
Virginia Ford
Orientale ..... Manzanares
Margaret Bryant
Berceuse ..... Flynski
Elizabeth Buckner
II Part Lurention No. 6.....Bach
Cache-Cache ..... Pierue
Whitfield Morelli
Fragrance from the Garden.....Pessi
Dorinda Hollinshead
Serenade ..... Sinding
Wandering Leeburg.....McDowell
Sue McQuiddy
Romance.....La Forge
Nell Willingham
Old Vienna.....Godowsky
Annie Sullivan
II Part Lurention No. 3.....Bach
Prelude ..... Schnett
Josephine Willis
Preinde to Holberg Suite.....Greig
Jennie Joe Graves
La Fileuse.....Raff
Francis Patrick

VESPERS

"And she was the woman God called great." Dr. C. E. Burroughs, Baptist minister formerly of Wichita Falls, Texas, told us as he referred to the passage in 2 Kings 4: 8. In a very interestingly dramatic way, Dr. Burroughs suggested why God called her great; was it because she aspired to greatness? No, this woman was great because she made the best of her own place in life, because she was faithful to her own duty, perhaps because "whatever her hand found to do, she did it with all her might."

From this woman who lived centuries ago, we of the 20th century may learn a lesson of allegiance to our duties in life.

CAMPUS BORES

(1) These girls you can never excite about anything, even the definite date for Christmas home-coming.

(2) These "Alibi Anns" who always prick their fingers, or bruise their wrists, any excuse to get out of their assigned jobs.

(3) The girl who always locates secretly in your favorite swing on the campus, and calls gally to you, as you pass by, disguised as a young thunder cloud.

(4) The girl who stands in front of your box in the post-office, diligently guessing from whom all her five letters come, while you agonisedly try to crawl under her elbow, in order to see if you might, by any chance have one.

(5) The girl who never lacks for sarcastic witticisms at the movie.

(6) The girl who drags herself feebly around, with an injured, doleful expression on her face, so closely wrapped in self-pity that she doesn't even see her friends.

FLORENCE LUTZ, READER, WILL GIVE PROGRAM HERE

Florence Lutz, Dean of the Boston School of Expression, will appear at Ward-Belmont on Friday evening giving a reading, to which the whole student body, and the expression students especially, are looking forward with keen anticipation. She was for five years identified with the American Academy of Dramatic Art (Sargent's School of Acting), and from there was called to the University of California, until the death of Dr. Currey, when the Trustees of the famous Boston School selected her to become its Dean. She has given readings with great success in all of the larger cities of the Middle West and South.

GLEE CLUB MAKES FIRST APPEARANCE

The Glee Club made its bow to the student body at Chapel on Wednesday, singing a descriptive number with fine effect. The ensemble work was excellent, when the short period of rehearsals is considered, and the volume and strength of tone showed the fine training which Mr. Webster has given to the organization. It is a large body, and while the usual elimination will probably reduce the number somewhat, the Club will still be a large and important factor among the school's activities.

Mr. Webster has discovered some wonderfully fine voices through this means, and is giving to the Glee work a great deal of effort and thought. The members also are very enthusiastic over it.

IMPRESSIONS

Isabel (Sis) Buckingham—the snap of a rubber band—tobasco sauce—a red senia—Monday's steak.

Frankie Addicks—bandoline on black hair—a crisp cracker—chocolate covered cinnamon drops—the buzz of an electric fan.

Josephine (Joe) Morrison—a caramel apple—a crumbly doughnut—yellow polka dots on a green background—Hicksville by day.

FIRE DRILL

What could be more exciting than a fire drill in the middle of the night? especially on exam night, and last, but not least, a cold night? It should head the "Happy Thoughts" column for the month. But why grumble?—our morbid souls crave the unusual. And even though it meant a momentary nightmare, until you realize that your suite mate was not a six-headed monster trying to snake you off of the water tower. And of course the mere fact that you had just gotten warm and in a comfortable position, all set for a good old sleep, only enhanced the delightfully freesing escapade—W.-B.'s 11 o'clock Fire Drill—(Birrrr!!). But the girls did it perfectly, and we can smile and say, "safety first."

Y. W. C. A. TEA ROOM
Special Menu on Mondays for
WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

STYLISH SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES
Endicott-Johnson Shoe Store
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CLUB CHATTER

DEL VERS VERITIES

"Del Vers! Del Vers!" Thus the last notes of the club song still rang in the breeze when the lights from "the Big House upon the Hill" began to be seen. To the old girls these lights brought back pleasant memories of their last year's visit to the house but to the new girls, the mad scramble for rooms, and the discussions as to who would sleep where, added to the thrill of the occasion and gave them no little cause for bewilderment.

Soon after our arrival the old girls decided that they would "show off." The Dance of the Three Veils, was the first on the program. The veils being repectively, Poppy, Phil and Graceful. In order to give a little competition, Sline Watkins and Francis Wilson portrayed the love scene from Romeo and Juliet. 'Sline' proved a symbol of a daring maiden of untold beauty while Francis was the tall and gallant Romeo personified. Thus ended the program of that evening.

Now if you have the impression that the new girls were a bit in the background the program of the second evening shows that they wouldn't 'stay put' for long. Margaret Snell was in charge of that program.

Virginia Welty sang two beautiful songs. Helen Bittler gave the reading, "Keeping a Seat at a Benefit," and what was it that she said, in the course of it that made Mr. Webster, our guest for the evening, laugh aloud? The spooky part of the evening came when the lights were turned low and toasting marshmallows was in progress. From one corner of the room came the gruesome details of a Ghost Story. That one finished, another was told and still another until 'most everyone was looking straight ahead. When Betty Wilson added her real-for-sure experience to the list, we decided that she deserved the prize, but in the same breath it was suggested that the lights be turned on.

Vespers on Sunday evening was in charge of Alice Nixon and W.-B.'s Mr. Webster was there to lead us in song. The familiar poem "Home" by Edgar Allen Guest was given by Jane Nicholson. To make the evening complete Alice gave a very good talk on "Friends."

As Miss Ross said at breakfast next morning, "Luck is with the Del Vers." The sun had come out bright and early and one couldn't desire a prettier spot to photograph or a memory book.

On the homeward journey as the club song was again sung, many were the memories to be associated with the last words of the song—"But most of all we love what you mean to us, Del Vers! Del Vers!"

"They met on a railroad crossing,
Ne'er will they meet again—
One was a speeding motorist
The other a railroad train."

TRI-K KUMBACKS

Who knows who's who in the Tri-K club? Who knows but that in the future some of our own Tri-K's may be sitting in Congress? Who knows, better than the members of Tri-K, the "Parliamentary Rules of Order?" Who knows the value of such educational subjects? Who knows what is meant by "interesting travelogues?" Who knows what state has the best material for a travelogue? Who knows how great the thrill from having your back-yard disappear in a Panama landslide? Who knows about the uncivilised characters in the swamps of Georgia? Who knows about the ferocious animals of Florida, such as the alligators and "Teddy" bears? Who knows about "Way Down East" in Maine? Who knows about the merits of Camp Coheeche? Who knows about the wilds of Texas? Who knows what it means to be a Tri-K? heart and soul? Nobody knows—but my pillow and me

ANTI-PAN ANTICS

"Backward, turn backward, O, time in your flight!" pleaded the president of the Anti-Pans, and any one who witnessed their "kid party," Wednesday night, would have decided that Father Time had obligingly obeyed.

Bashful little boys in knee breeches and windsor ties brought shy little girls with their hair in curls and a doll under each arm.

Games—"London Bridge," "Farmer in the Dell," and "Sugar-Loaf Town," were followed by delicious Eskimo Pies.

Then, the Agoras invited the Anti-Pan children to come, "play in their back yard," and the two clubs concluded a happy evening with a dance together.

OBEYED TO THE LETTER

A woman going from home the other day locked everything up carefully and for the milkman's benefit left a card on the back door:

"All out. Don't leave anything."

On her return, she found the house ransacked and all her choicest possessions missing. To the card on the door were added the words:

"Thanks. We ain't."

More than two months ago the "longest" word was stated in this column to be 'antidisestablishmentarianism". Last week a reader in the West dug up a mate to it. His word is "antitransaubstantiationalism". —Grit.

IRRITATING

"A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Held a match to a vial,
And after a while,
They found his front teeth and one cuff.—Ex.

ONCE

Once there was a schoolhouse
Down in Tennessee—
And a lot of happy little girls
Learned lesson there you see!

And they all had the mostes' fun
And laughed all through the day—
They always tried to do their best
Both in work and play.

Once there was a lovely park
As pretty as could be—
With flowers and great big giant trees
That grew for you an' me!

Now this little tale I told to you—
Is once and now you see—
It's an everlasting fairyland
Our wonderful W-B!

BEAUTY SEEKERS, HEARKEN, HALT, HEED!

My dear Girls:

We often think that nature must be cruelly given to partiality, due to the fact that some of us feel sadly neglected in our lack of "a skin you love to touch," "soulful eyes," etc.

But at last, dear girls, I have found a way to remedy some of the disfiguring qualities that Nature has so unjustly wished upon us. These beauty hints were given to me by my dear friend, the noted beauty, Madam Al Lean Mitchener.

"First, dear girls, for the undesirable "pug" nose I would suggest a clothes-pin. Press the pin tightly over the nostrils until they contract and allow the pin to remain in, this position at least twelve hours.

This often makes the process of breathing rather difficult but the mouth may be used for that purpose at this time. If the pin is applied at night, it is advisable to sleep on your back in order to avoid nnnecessary discomfort.

"Mineral Lava" has been suggested as an instant producer of "that school girls' complexion," but due to the price of said product, and lack of funds among the girls, we have found a solution to this problem. Clay may be found in large quantities just back of our "Ac" building, and this admirably serves the same purpose as "mineral lava" if it is moistened and applied in the usual manner.

For further information please address all questions to

Your sincere friend,
MADAM DE FORMED.

In the Sport Light

THE LATEST IN ATHLETICS

If hockey is too mild for you come out for jacks! The season is now open. We hope all will try out and especialy those who made the hockey team for they will be well trained for this strenuous sport. The first game was played Monday on the cement basket ball court which will be used for this purpose. The winner Ellen Martin, having successfully defeated "Teddy" Tucker, "Phil" Bales and "Mitch" Mitchener. Early morning practices will aid greatly in developing the muscle needed for this sport. Knuckle protectors and complete jack outfits will be on sale in the book room soon. We hope all will show a great deal of interest in the early morning squad practice. Teams will be picked soon, and the finals will be held January 1st.

"1, 2, 3, 4, Who are we for?
Kiddie Kars, Kiddie Kars, Yea!"

And now my children, we shall hear of the defeat of the Kiddie Kars in the annual race to the north pole against the Veloc ipedes. The most exciting and hair-raising event started at the rear door of the famous Academic Building in the forest primeval, and ended three months later at the belfry of the renowned Main Building standing superb in its majesty above the other buildings in the Northern part of this territory. The participants are all well known in the world of sports, and upon their return to the country are to be given a most welcome reception, featured by refreshments of candied apples, which have become so famous since their departure for the races, and favors of balloons, which we hope will help them on their way in the next race.

These annual races are held under the auspices of the Junior League of Rations. This organization is to be complimented for the wonderful handling of some of the serious difficulties that they encountered, such as the ripping of some vital pieces of wearing apparel, and a few black eyes.

Teacher—"Now Johnnie, can you tell me what became of Noah and the Ark?"

Johnnie, Yes'm the baby sucked all the paint off'n Noah and Pa stepped on the ark and smashed it."—Ex.

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PERSONALS

Misses Crete Kearney, Martha Darst and Ruth Adamson were chaperoned by Miss Craig to the Satsuma for dinner, followed by the picture play at Loew's on Saturday evening.

Miss Sloan chaperoned Misses Alexandria Ware and Marjorie Sweet to Loew's Saturday evening.

Dorothy Mooklar, of Richmond, Va., who has been ill with appendicitis for two weeks is rapidly recovering.

Mrs. S. Davis, of Chicago, was here for the week-end with her daughter, Dorothy.

Mrs. R. F. McCuddy, of Russellville, Ky., arrived the past week-end for a visit of a few days with her daughter, Bettie Edward McCuddy.

Misses Ina Rebman, Annie R. Richardson, Marjorie Campbell, Hortense Rayl, Frances Stokes, and Elizabeth Ricketts were chaperoned by Mrs. Means, on Saturday evening to see the picture at Loew's.

All the girls are glad to welcome back to the Dean's office, her assistant, Mrs. Elizabeth Plaskett, who was ill at the St. Thomas Hospital for several days and away from her desk for a week. Mrs. Ada Means substituted for her in her absence.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Snider, of Wichita Falls, Texas, have returned to their home after a visit to Nashville and Ward-Belmont to see their daughter, Helen.

Lilla Moore has recently had a visit from her mother, Mrs. Vivian E. Moore.

Mrs. B. B. Cobb, of Tuskegee, Ala., arrived on Monday for a short visit to her sister, Miss Eva Massey, and they both left for New Orleans on Wednesday.

Myrtle Thomas went to her home in Colnmbia, for the last week end.

BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR NOVEMBER GIRLS GIVEN BY BLANTONS

(Continued from page 1.)

Wray, Colo.; Miss Theo Louise Hand of Jenkins, Ky.; Miss Irma Louise Whaley of Oxard, Ala.; Miss Elisabeth Granbery of Amarillo, Texas; Miss Katherine Wolfe of Dallas Texas; Miss Leona Ruth Neff of Walnut, Iowa; Miss Betty Longfellow of Bellefontaine, Ohio; Miss Eula Shepherd of Lakeland, Fla.; Miss Sara Stephenson of Hartselle, Ala.; Miss Alma S. Potts of Monroe, La.; Miss Edna Cantrall of Springfield, Ill.; Miss Florence Lloyd of Carlin, Ill.; Miss Edna S. Brown of Rochester, Ind.; Miss Dorothy Cafforelli of San Antonio, Texas; Miss Josephine Nelson of Waupaca, Wis.

A PRESIDENT'S CREED OF JOURNALISM

An examination of the late President Harding's creed of journalism which he put forward when he was editor of the Marion Star, gives a character insight into our former leader and shows to what high aims this rapidly rising profession can point:

Remember there are two sides to every question. Get them both.

Be truthful. Get the facts.

Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong.

Be decent, be fair, be generous.

Boost—don't knock.

There's good in everybody. Bring out the good and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody.

In reporting a political gathering give the facts. Tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there is any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial column.

Treat all religious matters reverently.

If it can possibly be done never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds on misfortunes of a relative.

Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking, and above all be clean and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type.

I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.—Daily Cardinal.

NOT FOR STUTTERERS

Once I heard a mother mutter:
"Daughter, go and shut the shutter;
"Shutter's shut," the daughter uttered;
"I can't shut it any shutter."
—Christian Observer.

SO THIS IS COLLEGE

When Sally Brown
Came back to town
For Christmas and vacation,
We neighbor guys
Were thick as flies
To meet her at the station.

But when that Jane
Climbed off that train
We stared in consternation,
And Deacon Jones
In mournful tones
Groaned "That is Education."
—Grove Comment.

WRONG NUMBER

Voice over the phone: "Is Mike Howe there?"

At the other end of the wire: "What do you think this is, the stockyards?"
—Pittsburgh Sun.

History Lecturer—"Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Corpulent woman in front row—"I don't know or I would take some myself."

True hope is based on energy of character.

The Junior Hyphen

The Story Club or little ladies met at its usual time on Monday afternoon in the Y.W.C.A. playroom.

Miss Sara Jeter, sponsor of the club, promised her little listeners a surprise after their usual hour of story-telling. The stories this week were told by the children themselves, instead of the sponsor, so that she might see by their selection, what stories were their favorites.

The first little narrator, was Jane Lloyd Fleming, who told, with quaint precision and soft clearness, the old favorite, "Sleeping Beauty." This appealed to her, she said, in her own childish terms, because of its delicate beauty and quiet romanticism.

The next story was "Bluebeard," excellently told by little Katharyn Sidey, who is fond of "blood-and-thunder," types of stories.

"Red Riding Hood," was given with realistic grimness and childish ferocity, by Florence McHenry. The little girl made the story more realistic by imitating the character's faces.

One of the members, who is usually timid, Aileen Mitchener, surprised her young club members by telling one of Grimm's Fairy Tales, with very mature charm. This concluded the program, and the little girls sat eagerly, waiting for their promised surprise.

Miss Jeter did not disappoint them. She announced that she was taking them all down to the Carnival, to allow them to ride the merry-go-round. The rest of the afternoon was gaily spent downtown, in this quick moving occupation, Little Eunice Weicker fell off one of the horses, but fortunately was not hurt; the afternoon was otherwise perfect.

The little girls of Ward-Belmont were given the happiest surprise that even their joyous little souls could imagine, when no one other than the venerable, dearly loved Santa Claus spoke to them during the chapel hour.

Now, all little W-Bers have been such obedient, polite children that none of them were afraid of Santa Claus, as naughty children are sometimes. The jovial old man was greeted with hilarious squeals in childish trebles, and little Jo Tucker arose, unafraid, and stood for a minute before her breathless audience. "Who is awful sweet?" little Jo asked in her small, but powerful voice, "Santa Claus!" six hundred little girls answered, and Jo returned to her seat, satisfied at her sisters' enthusiasm.

Santa Claus rewarded the young admirers by bringing out a large red bag, which immediately called forth more squeals of pleasure. Their dear little eyes just bulged with curiosity and anticipation. Santa Claus always had such delightful surprises for good children. Little Ruby Wooten, because of her tiny stature, could not see, so stood up in her seat, rather than miss anything.

Santa Claus beamed and made his jolly speech on how good they all had been. Billy Lindley giggled unexpectedly, but subsided immediately upon receiving a slight warning glance and a vigorous pinch from the little girl beside her. Then, the large red bag was opened, and gifts distributed. No one was neglected but we mention only a few of the most original and typical gifts.

Jane Carling, despite her tender years, was believed old enough not to fall off a handsome hobby horse; dainty little Tillie Belle Mitchener plays marbles—you wouldn't believe it would you? with very unusual marbles. None other than in the shape of little gold footballs; so Santa helped her collection along. Helen Condon received a beautiful pedigreed gold fish, trained to do tricks. A kiddy-kar was awarded to eager-eyed little Billy Waters; to Lucile Boxley, went a very beautiful dancing doll, dressed in Grecian robes. A shriek of delight followed Lee Ola Clark's reception of a French harp—she immediately began practicing. Jimmy Smith and Peg Ogden precariously, but ambitiously began their duty of learning not to break their necks on their shiny new roller skates. One other gift is worthy of special mention, the set of beautiful blocks, that Santa, with a nod of approval, gave Dorothy Cope. Little Dot, as she is called by her playmates, immediately began to construct a postoffice.

THE KIDDIES ALPHABET

A is for Arter who always knows Y.
B for V. Bennett, a regular guy!
C is for Carling, who rides a black horse,
D for M. Delker, who plays ball with force.
E is for Edgar whose fruit is the date
F for K. Faurest who never is late.
G is for Gallup who knows how to dance,
H for G. Hines who does us entrance.
I is for Irwin who paints with such ease,
J for B. Jennings who tickles the keys,
K is for Kellum who sure can play ball,
L for A. Logsdon, so fair though so tall;
M for McKinsey, who of Ross does tell;
N is for North who swims very well
O for our Orr with his pigtail so long,
P is for Pfeiffer who won't let us do wrong,
Q for M. Quinn who chapel does rule.
R is for Ricketts, the pep of the school.
S for Fan Stokes whom the F. F's. call queen
T is for Timmons whose antics you've seen.
U for us all—a letter unknown.
V is for Vaught for whom our love has grown
W for Wells—an athlete, too,
X exercise indeed by me and you
Y for the Yow girls—always so sweet
Z is for Zorn and our list is complete.

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Our buyers have selected for this Fall, one of the most complete, varied and up-to-the-minute-in-style displays we have ever seen.

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GIFTS THAT LAST

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They Tell me That



The other evening at the birthday dinner, the occasion was made merry by the many clever comments of its host, Dr. J. D. Blanton. Among them we take the privilege of quoting those which follow:

A young husband came home one evening shortly after the honeymoon was over, to find the inevitable scene—the young and beautiful bride in tears, over some domestic catastrophe. Upon fevered questioning, the young husband discovered that the cause of the trouble emanated from the fact that the dog had eaten the cake which she had baked for his consumption. Giving an inward sigh of relief, he responded instantly, "Don't worry my dear, I'll buy you another dog.

William Tell Junior must have been a firm believer in the idea that "no metal can touch you."

A college education is supposed to fit you for a job—not entitle you to one.

Sport prophecy — America's best cook will win the gridiron title of the year.

Somebody's comin' purty soon—tain't your aunt May who yuh don't like—tain't the big black Bogie man that maw tells about when you're bad—its old fat Santa Claus—oh, goody, goody!

Mary Jane says Santa Claus is your father 'n mother—tain't so—'cause my daddy ain't got no horse tail off the end of his chin, and Santa has, so there!

Hope Santa won't use the chimbley this year—if he does we won't be able to tell him from our colored man Rastus—'cus we live in Nashville!

"We want an alert office boy."

"Yes, sir," said the applicant for a job.

"Are you alert?"

"No, sir, I'm Aleck."

—Vanderbilt Hustler.

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Will do anything you want done.
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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CLASS OF JOURNALISM ON NEWS GATHERING TRIP

The class of Journalism made a practical study of newsgathering on Monday morning, on a trip down town visiting some of the notable institutions. The three places selected were the Juvenile Court presided over by Judge Barton Brown, the City Hospital and the Tennessee School for the Blind. It was with a feeling of true thankfulness that the girls made these visits. Thankfulness for our own innumerable blessings, and thankfulness that, by the use of those faculties for usefulness with which we have been endowed, we might better the conditions of those less fortunate than ourselves.

The fact that, when the class arrived at the Juvenile Court, there were no cases to be witnessed, proved a blessing in disguise, for the girls had a most interesting and profitable opportunity of hearing a short talk by Judge Barton Brown, who spoke to them concerning the Juvenile Court, its purpose, problems and solutions.

"The purpose of the Juvenile Court," said Judge Brown, "is primarily for correction. It is in this, that the Juvenile Court differs from the Criminal Courts which are primarily for punishment. It is my earnest desire that the people should bear this point in mind, since it is rather universally misunder. In dealing with a boy only recently, we met with opposition from his mother who said, 'I don't want my boy corrected, if he wants to roam the streets, let him go.' It is this lack of co-operation which makes it necessary for us to have reformatories which will take the youthful offender entirely away from his harmful environment." Judge Brown was kind enough to illustrate his valuable information with interesting cases which had come before his notice. That the work in the Juvenile Court is vital and appealing was shown by Judge Brown's earnest and thoughtful attitude. It is expected that the Journalism class may later have the opportunity of seeing certain cases dealt with.

Hospital Visited

The Journalism Class was conducted around the City hospital by Dr. Hearne Bradley, an interne, who offered much interesting and necessary explanatory material.

The hospital takes all of an average of four hundred cases a month. At present there are about 135 patients. Those not serious are merely treated in an emergency room and sent to their homes.

There are charity wards—indeed, the majority of City Hospital patients come under this provision. But there are also some private wards, with rooms ranging in price from $6 to $40 a week.

The Ward-Belmont party first visited the Baby ward, which has an unusually large number of little patients now. The girls saw there the very tiny little babies—some only a few days old; on up to babies of two or three years. One particularly pitiful case attracted their sympathy. It was a baby, just thirty-nine days old, which weighs only four and a half pounds. Its mother announced she did not want it, so the hospital may do what it can for its maintenance. To add misery to sorrow, the baby girl will probably always be deformed, if she lives. There are many kinds of problems to be found in a City Hospital.

The main thing to know about babies is how to feed them. Their weight is the indication of their physical development; so the babies are weighed every other day and a careful record made of each weighing.

The City Hospital has finely equipped operating rooms and their spotlessness typifies the absolutely perfect sanitation of the entire hospital; including even the shining floors.

There are at present thirty-five nurses, and fifteen internes in the hospital. There is a comfortable living room for the nurses during their free hours, and also one for the internes.

To facilitate the transmission of news about the patients to their friends there are two reports a day made to the telephone operators, concerning all important cases.

A Board of Commissioners now constitutes the managing force of the City Hospital. Dr. Snil is the head resident surgeon.

Blind School

The third institution our class of Journalism had the pleasure of visiting Monday morning, was the Tennessee School for the blind, just back of the City Hospital, located on a bluff of the Cumberland River.

The school was established in 1848, one of the first of its kind and among the most notable and best equipped of the blind schools in the South.

The State of Tennessee makes appropriations annually to cover all expenses of the institution, except the clothing, transportation, and incidental needs of the individuals. Applicants are examined well before entrance, and the only eligible ones are those whose eyes require careful and constant watching or treatment. Partially sighted boys and girls are under the vigilant eyes of the nurses and

(Continued on page 4)

READING BY MISS LUTY WAS RARE TREAT

Ward-Belmont was accorded a rare pleasure Friday evening, November the twenty-third, when Miss Florence Luty, Dean of the Boston School of Expression, read, "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Miss Luty was introduced by her old friend and co-worker, Miss Pauline Townsend. With her first words, Miss Luty's audience is struck with her rich quality of voice and as she reads, with her superb command of her voice. Her characterisation of Shakespeare, Lasander, Hermia, Demetrious and Helena, will always make them live for those who heard her. Particularly lovely was her conception of Puck, the fairy. The audience was delighted with Miss Luty's presentation of the guild play within Midsummer Night's Dream. It will be a long time before the girls will forget her "Thesby."

Miss Luty's performance was one that comes only from perfection of technique and strong artistic sense. Her poise, her exquisite pantomine and grace, as well as her perfectly trained voice, all bear witness to her artistic power.

We are indebted to Miss Townsend for bringing her here and we only hope that we may hear her again.

EXPRESSION PICTURES FORECAST THANKSGIVING SCENES

The Expression Certificate pupils at Ward-Belmont were chosen on Wednesday at noon chapel hour to represent certain picures from the lives of the Pilgrims, in recognition of the return of Thanksgiving Day.

The effective work of the students, the sympathetic understanding of the subject which they expressed, made a very appropriate and inspiring prelude to the day of national Thanksgiving. The pictures presented were the Departure from England; the Larding of the Pilgrims; the Compact for Religious Liberty; On the Way to Meeting; and the First Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The words read in the prologue were taken from Governor Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," and those taking part were: Reader: Miss Marguerite Fisher (a Senior); Governor Bradford, Miles Standish, Pastor Robinson, Gov. Carver and other Pilgrims, parts taken by Misses Dorothy Cope, Winders, B. Jennings,

(Continued on page 2)

DOMESTIC SCIENCE BANQUET

On Monday night, November 26, the Senior Domestic Science girls delightfully entertained with a Thanksgiving dinner. The table was decorated with white and yellow chrysanthemums, and the yellow candles in silver sticks and silver flower baskets completed its adornment. At each place was a tiny ribbon, alternating yellow and white, which, upon being pulled, brought forth a dainty menu card. Tiny nut baskets added to the beauty of the table. With Miss Ida Kellum as hostess, the following dinner was elaborately served:

Fruit Cocktail
Roast Turkey and Oysters
Mashed Potatoes
Cranberry Mould
Mushroom Timbales
Frozen Turkey
Cakes Coffee
Mints Nuts

Those enjoying the lovely dinner prepared by the Senior Domestic Science girls: Misses Thelma Lee, Alice Beery, and Ida Kellum, were: Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Miss Lelia D. Mills, Mrs. Solon Rose, Mrs. Margaret Kennedy, and Misses Sallie Beth Moore, Katherine Kirkham, Shouse, Matheny, Mary Harris Cockrill, Hawks, and Spaller.

A feature which drew the enthusiastic comment of all the guests was the skillful work of Ida Kellum in carving the turkey.

Miss Eva Spaller, Director of Domestic Science, planned and supervised the occasion, which was one of faultless success.

AN EXPLANATION

The editors of the HYPHEN beg to explain that the articles and parodies in last week's issue, which aroused the questioning surprise and the merriment of the student body, were not meant seriously, but were intended as parts of a "Juvenile Hyphen Page," planned as a feature of that issue. Due to some mistake of directions, these little stories appeared scattered through the paper, instead of collected under the "Juvenile Hyphen" heading, which would have explained their meaning.

We realise, perhaps better than others, how little point they had without that guidepost head.

Drop in to See Us—
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ALUMNI

Capitola Bassett of Okmulgee, Okla., who was at Ward-Belmont last year, specialized in Domestic Science, and Music a council member, and a leader in her class is now at Manhattan, Kansas at the University of Kansas. She writes to Mrs. Schmits of her longing to be back at Ward-Belmont, and her interest in the news which the Hyphen brings to her. Recently she had a week-end visit from Rebecca Thacher (1923).

"I am working hard, here," she writes, "and enjoy the place and the work immensely, but—it isn't Ward-Belmont. I get so homesick for the school some mornings, and I think about so many things we used to do at Ward-Belmont on Saturday nights, and the recitals and plays! When the Hyphens come I almost devour them."

Capitola has two sisters in Ward-Belmont this year. Katherine a Senior, and Carolyn, a Senior Middle.

"The memory of my two happy years at Ward-Belmont, I hold very dear," writes Elizabeth Elverson, (1920) of New Brighton, Pa. Since her graduation she has been at home with her family, and has been very busy and happy with her home duties and her work with the boys and girls in the local church and the Presbyterial.

Laurena Peck (1920) of Roswell, New Mexico, has taken a position in the Mortgage Department of the Pacific Southwest Trust and Savings Bank in Los Angeles, California. She took secretarial work while at Ward-Belmont.

EXPRESSION PICTURES FORECAST THANKSGIVING SCENES

(Continued from page 1)

Edwards, Carrigan, Hines, Huddy, McHenry, Meiat, Snider, Starkweather, Terrail and Tone.

The Pilgrim women were: Misses Borders, Cameron, Falkoner, Garrett, Holmes, B. Martin, Meade Schroch, Simonton, Thomas and Wooten.

Due to the concentrated efforts of the students taking part, they were able to produce this with only two rehearsals. Mr. Henkel was at the organ, and Miss Kathryn Kirkman was the soloist, and Misses Edgington, Arter and Sample, the singers.

The quaint song used in "Pilgrims on Their Way to Meeting" was a traditional song of that time.

OUR SYMPATHY

The HYPHEN, on behalf of the student body, wishes to express its sincerest and deepest sympathy to Virginia Wells in her recent sorrow. Her father died in her far-away California home, too far for her to go. She is away from all those she loves best, but she may know that the hearts of these new friends are in sympathy, and we all stand ready to do anything we may to comfort her.

IN DEFENSE OF PHYSICAL EDS

Have you heard this—"Oh, she's a physical Ed! She doesn't do much but take gym!"

Sure she takes Gym, and most anything else that comes along, too.

That same physical Ed, is taking Kenisiology, Anthropometry (at present four hours of each), Psychology, History of Education or perhaps Spanish or some other election. Nothing to do? Try it. Four hours of Gym per week—and she is expected to go out for all sports. Others are excused from Gym when they play hockey, is the Physical Ed? She is not.

Yet she has nothing to do. She stays out to practice until dark—comes in to dress. Tired—no—not at all. But she must study, for somehow, knowledge of bones and muscles is not a "native trait" but must be "acquired" whether or no.

Some day you studious folk, come out for three or four hours of gym—go to all your classes, study at night—then you are welcome to say, "She's a physical Ed—She does not have to work!"

Please do not think we are complaining—for there is not a single one of us who would swap with any girl in school. But we do not like to hear that Physical Eds merely play. For we are surely trying to work—and towards a definite end.

Perhaps someday, some of your daughters will be Physical Eds, and maybe we will teach them. If not now, they surely will, then you will know. "Physical Eds take more than Gym." We thank you.

OLD GIRLS RETURN

WELCOME, "DICKEY!"

New girls were much puzzled on Wednesday morning at the breakfast hour, to see a huge assemblage of interested and happy spectators massed around a seemingly invisible object, but the old girls soon disseminated their doubts, and brought proudly forth the reason for the hubbub—an excellent reason, as they all agreed—namely, a blond, smiling girl, no other than Athleen Dickey, prominent Senior of '23, who is at present filling the position of physical training instructor in Washington Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.; and is back at Ward-Belmont for a short visit.

Athleen or "Dickey," as she is fondly called by her friends, meant a great deal to the school life of the past two years, and it is with great pleasure that we welcome her back once more.

WELCOME, CASSIE LETA!

Thursday morning when we walked in to breakfast, we found one more blessing to be thankful for—the presence of another dearly beloved Senior of '23, former president and pride of the F. F. Club, as well as the school—Cassie Leta Garrett, of Alabama.

We are more than happy to have Cassie Leta with us again.

Put off until tomorrow only the things you should not do at all.

Speaking to the Student Mind

Is the unnecessary confusion at Vespers in accordance with the spirit of the service?

The often peppy and informal nature of our daily chapel exercises has had a tendency to make the girls disregard the dignity and seriousness of our Sunday evening Vespers. The students' uncertainty as to whether or not the exercises are conducted after the fashion of regular church services or in a manner like that of our everyday chapel, is often noticeable when the girls do not know that clapping is not a church-like diversion.

The attitude of the girls going in and out of the chapel is, also, entirely out of spirit with the true solemnity of the occasion. Few girls would consider making themselves conspicuous by laughing and talking loudly when entering a church. Should we or should we not consider our Vespers as truly a time of earnest worship as we do church? If we do consider it as such, should we not treat it accordingly?

MARY LOUISE DELKER

Vespers to every Ward-Belmont girl means that half hour or forty-five minutes on Sunday morning, when we all assemble in the chapel and listen to several musical numbers of religious nature and a short informal talk. The ideal attitude in vespers is the same as that in our own churches. This hardly includes the shrieking to someone five or six rows in front of you, any boisterous conduct or a slouchy ungraceful postnre. But why should we be required to walk in and file out without speaking a word? The Y.M.C.A. encourages the friendly spirit by fostering a peanut campaign; so I think the practical application, speaking quietly while entering and leaving should be allowed.

MARTHA "WOP" ELLINGTON

To my mind, Vespers should be considered as a religious gathering and not as a meeting conducted by the chapel government and the school. A girl should consider Vespers sacred, as a regular church service. One does not have to be corrected in church, then why should one be corrected at Vespers? Most girls do not realise that Vespers are the same as a church service. Sometimes the speeches are exactly in coherence with the sermon heard at church, and the principle brought out amounts to the same thing. I think a girl who thinks she is constantly being watched is much more liable to do some little thing at Vespers, which she would not do at church.

Owing to the fact that she was not in a spiritual mist but in a confusion of giggles conversation and fun. If Vespers would be conducted on a purely religious basis, I feel sure the conduct would be greatly improved.

LOUISE PFEIFFER

The general disturbance before Vespers is very inappropriate. Have you ever been in the balcony and heard the girls coming into this service? They do not realise how much noise is made by their laughing and talking. The spirit of the girls is one of true reverence; but our visitors could not be favorably impressed by their attitude at such a time and such a place. There should be no need for monitors in Vespers. The girls should be quiet after entering the door, because they know it is right to be quiet in a religious service and Ward-Belmont must stand for the right then and at all times.

MARION KENDALL

Do you enjoy a football game if you are there with a person who is planning her next dinner dress? Certainly not! Do you enjoy your Vesper service, if your friend keeps laughing and talking of the good time she is going to have Xmas? No! To enjoy that which we are doing we must concentrate our mind upon that, and an effort made upon the one point. Forget your troubles and doctor yourselves to the task at hand.

Vespers is one hour of Sunday worship together, and to enjoy this hour we must enter and participate in an interested and reverent manner. There is a message waiting for us and unless we are in a receptive mood, it will be lost.

If we will work together, we can make Vespers one of the most helpful hours of the week.

Surely we should not have a rule demanding absolute quiet, while we are entering our service. This would seem as absurd as if we were commanded not to speak another word after entering our church.

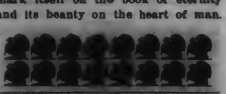
MONAEI (Billie please) LINDLEY

From the confusion which precedes our Sunday Vesper services, one would think that we were mere infants not yet old enough to comprehend that "Vespers" means a sacred evening service. We surely do not, upon entering our own churches continue to shriek and gossip at the top of our voices. Why? Because it is not an appropriate time and place for such unladylike acts. We are in God's house and should have enough respect for Him and for ourselves to keep our churches quiet and dignified. Likewise, we should show the same respect in our own Sunday evening services. The confusion is certainly not in sympathy with the remainder of the hour, and is really quite a disrespectful way to thank the ones concerned for making this hour so helpful and interesting to us. Please, let us all co-operate, and make the spirit of the hour what it should be.

VESPERS

Mansions, glorious mansions, built with precious stones—we dream of them, but are we really going to possess one? For the glory is enhanced by our attitude toward life and our fellowmen while the stones are unselfish deeds, as we observed in the beautiful reading Mansions, by Miss Florence Luty. Are we, like the self-gratifying egoist, to be assigned to a barren hut of no kind deeds, when we enter the world beyond? After all, the monument that we leave here on earth counts little; only the one that we are constructing day by day in heaven is truly representative.

After Madeline Edgington, accompanied by Marjorie Campbell, on the organ, had sung, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," by F. F. Horker, Dr. Prentice Pugh, of the Church of the Advent, continued the theme in "Mansions," by his talk on "Good Deeds." He told the story of the good Samaritan, who saved the thrice scorned Levite, thereby lowering himself in other Men's minds. No fellow creature is too low for us to help; no deed, too difficult to perform to mark itself on the book of eternity and its beauty on the heart of man.



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Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

Did you ever wish that your anatomy was arranged a little differently so that in some hitherto unpreconceived fashion you could literally give yourself a firm determined—yea even violent physical chastising? We do—only we would feel dreadfully sorry for ourselves, because the manner in which we would feel it incumbent upon ourselves to approach ourselves would be the very opposite of mild! Not that we are over-angelic only, the trip, which we with the Journalism class were privileged to take on Monday morning, brought us face to face the real significance of Thanksgiving, with conditions which brought home to us as well as the rest of the group, barren side of life, the many tragic

The pitiful cases on our Juvinile Court records, which seem only the sad appalling cases which confront one at the City Hospital—most especially that of those tiny infants bravely struggling for existence—for the overcoming of conditions of which birth and circumstance have made them victims, and the remarkable activities which are the daily routine of the children in the School for the Blind arouse in the heart not pity—but something far bigger and better than that—Admiration.

Thanksgiving—what has it meant to us before, but a holiday for the satisfying of our pleasure? Thanksgiving—what shall it mean to us this year? A day, to be employed even as did those Pilgrim Fathers of yore to thank God for all the innumerable blessings which He has bestowed upon us.

CURRENT COMMENT

Germany is still of great interest in the current columns of news. It is something to be able to hold this position even though the Germans keep it by virtue of their many misfortunes. There has come a report from Germany, which states that Frits Kreisler, noted violinist, will give concerts to obtain money to help to feed three thousand scientists, artists, and teachers of Berlin who are unable to buy food even at cost prices. The American teachers who feel that their salaries are not what they should be, may take consolation from the thought of these starving German teachers.

Of national interest, is the arrest of Laddie Boy. The dog pet of the late President Harding was locked up in the police station on a technical charge of trespassing on the lawn of the estate of John W. Weeks, Secretary of War. The dog was "bailed," however, by his present owner, Mr. Clarence Barker and the case was placed on file.

An enormous flea collection was the recent bequest of the late Nathaniel Rothschild, to the British Museum whose scientists in the field of nature research are delighted by the novel and remarkable donation. The flea collection is said to be the most complete collection of this kind in the world; it consists of several thousand specimens, which are each carefully preserved in a tiny bottle. Only a wealthy enthusiast could afford to gather such an exhibition, as no government would be willing to spend the money which it cost Mr. Rothchild, and no scientific institution could afford to do so.

CLASS OF JOURNALISM ON NEWS GATHERING TRIP

(Continued from page 1)

when they leave the school, they often have almost normal vision restored.

The campus is a veritable playground, dotted with chute-the-chutes, merry-go-rounds, and other devices for the pleasure of the younger children. There are three main buildings of brick, and several smaller ones. The school is made up of three departments: the primary grades, the intermediate, and the high school department. All the grades are required to take Physical and Manual training, and vocal music. Individual lessons are also given in the last named.

At present there are about 99 boys and 58 girls from 6 to 12 years of age enrolled. Mr. Thurman Foutch, supervisor of large boys, escorted us through the various departments. It is remarkable to see those sightless children performing with ease, tasks that seem difficult for those of us who have perfect vision.

A class of Glee Club girls gave some Thanksgiving numbers, and the leader, it was interesting to note, keeps time by beating in rhythm against some object with her baton.

In a study hall, several high-school boys were busy studying Algebra, which is worked out on slates with tiny little steel blocks. One young man read a few paragraphs orally from "Ben Hur," a giant book of 158 pages, and having six supplementary volumes. The slate writing is interesting and most intricate in that all the letters have to be written backwards, so that protruding dots will be in correct line and direction for the touch when the paper is reversed.

Interesting books were in the cases, among these were of especial note, being Othello, Ivanhoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, and the Braille magazines, some of which were French.

In the sixth grade Arithmetic class, slates and stilettos were being used rapidly in solving the problems of a usual class of that grade.

Mr. Fontch illustrated the great expense incurred to run the school, by the large, low-relief map of the states used in Geography classes. This map alone cost $257.50. One set of spelling books that we can buy at any book store in ordinary sight reading for forty cents, cost them, in Braille system, $13.50. So you see why the state defrays expenses.

Every boy and girls has one period a day in manual and domestic training respectively. In the shops it seems that there would be frequent accidents caused by the sharp instruments and other machinery, but the supervisor said that boys were seldom hurt, and that when they were, it was mostly the result of carelessness rather than of any handicap of being unable to see.

In a year's work of the shop, there are from 200 to 250 dozen chairs, 150 to 200 dozen brooms, and 100 dozen mops made, and many mattresses renovated. As an illustration of the intricacy of the work accomplished, six strands of bamboo are interwoven in each chair bottom. This requires the utmost skill and percision. The girls weave baskets, make rugs, garments, use the loom, and become proficient seamstresses, by means of only the "touch" system. Self-threading needles and machines are used.

Over in the gymnasium a treat was in store for us. A small girls' class was playing relay pass ball. Enthusiasm was great and the girls with partial sight in true sisterly spirit, helped the blind in all ways possable. This wonderful spirit of love and unselfishness seems prevalent throughout the school.

One little girl, totally blind, climbed a twenty-five foot ladder to the ceiling and came down, head foremost.

"Gymnasium is one of the most helpful things for the blind," Mr. Fontch explained. "Many people come here, frail and delicate, without having had the proper amount of exercise at home. When they leave, their physical condition is always improved by this muscular development."

Strains of music from a nearby building reached our ears. This was probably practice hour for the Tennessee Blind School Brass Band, famous in Nashville for its most excellently and willingly prepared concerts given frequently at various events of the town. The music course at the school is especially strong, and all pupils are required to learn to read Braille music as soon as they become proficient in the alphabet.

The large dining room is spotless. Cleanliness seems to be one of the chief attributes of the school. Each dining table seats six pupils with an officer or teacher at the head.

There are two doctors and a nurse resident in the school. Records are kept of the individual pupils' eyes, and they are treated and operated on as necessary.

The entire work of the school is remarkable and what seems to us the impossible, is being accomplished there.

CAMPUS BORES

(1) The girl in the suite nearby who gets up early every morning and runs bath water in, at top speed, meanwhile singing inspiredly to herself.

(2) The girl who sleeps through lesson assignments, and trails in your room regularly every night to get the said lesson assignments from you.

(3) The girl who borrows your pen, or pencil, probably both, in a moment of industriousness, then unconsciously annexes them for all time as her own.

(4) The girl who nearly knocks you down in order to get ahead of you, and thereby right back of the chaperone, when walking from Ryman to the waiting special.

(5) People who knock you down on the street car and serenely try to walk on you.

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CLUB CHATTER

DEL VERS VERITIES

At the last meeting of the club, the girls were very fortunate to have with them Miss Chambers, who gave a talk on "Travel in China." This topic proved interesting to the nth degree. We could easily vishalise the old house-boat, with its slow progress, namely, by means of men walking on the shore, pulling hard or languidly, just as the spirit moved them.

We are indeed grateful for this very interesting evening and take this means of thanking Miss Chambers for her kindness in speaking to us.

The evening concluded with a piano solo by Mildred Pool and a vocal solo by Virginia Welty, who was accompanied by Ruth Neff at the piano.

AGORETTES

Wednesday was current event night for the Agoras. A clever Ward-Belmont Greenwich Village was held. The following members took part:

Reading, Bernice Schlessinger; Piano Solo, Pattie Calvin; Reading, Catherine Schrock; Solo, Mildred Ashbough; Piano Solo, Reva Kemp; Louisville Lou Dance, Julia Ganet; Dance, Mary Elisabeth Currey; Book Reports, Carolyn Basset, Edmnnd Snell.

F. F. FLASHES

At last the new members have seen Woody Crest! But even the thoroughly initiated felt the same thrill, when that grand old place came in view. Exams over—Christmas holidays just three weeks off. Nothing to worry about—and one week-end of perfect contentment in store for us. On with the eats, let dieting and the daily dozen be forgotten!

Following the well-known mad scramble for the rooms, we settled ourselves to the delightful task of renewing old friendships with books and magazines long since forgotten in the frenzied mastering of Psychology, Chemistry, History of Art and the like. Those who did not feel the call of the open fireplace and the enthralling love-story danced to the very best of music—that of our own Kitty Price. Others gathered about the card tables and played bridge and Mah-Jong.

Did we sleep? Well, if those beds in the Barracks could talk, they would try to outdo each other in telling about those memorable nights. Perhaps the General herself could not silence them.

Sunday we wrote to our own "Dicks and Jimmies," took numerous snapshots with the aforementioned well in mind, and then gathered around the fire to just talk, talk, talk.

We had the pleasure of having Miss Thatch and Miss Dickson with us. Mr. Manchester, who came with Mrs. Manchester for dinner, delighted us with his songs, and we expressed our appreciation in no uncertain terms.

Vesper services were simply, but beautifully conducted with Ida Kellum in charge.

Every Ward-Belmont girl knows the rest. But perhaps you don't know that the F. F's are more than proud of one thing. We are immeasurably proud of that feeling of comradeship and close fellowship that manifested itself in our one glorious week-end together.

OSIRON OWLETS

Osiron shows that she is wise by her symbol—the owl. Thus using her wisdom she chooses her "party night" on a "full moon night."

"Moon light makes things beautiful," the owl said. Perhaps its this fact that makes these parties such fun.

We hereby warn Ibanes to hold fast to his laurel wreath, for soon it may be torn from his brow by none other than Miss Leola Blackwell, the rising young dramatist. Her play, entitled, "The Four Horsemen of the Epileptic," was remarkable in its technique and finish! The horsemen should be especially mentioned for their skilled riding.

Mary McClarry played very beautifully. Then, we danced. Prominent among the dancers was Miss Billy Waters. She shrieked with great enthusiasm.

"Impressions of doughnuts" would make a lengthy subject—too lengthy. Thus we say—they were consumed.

We parted thusly, munching doughnuts looking at the moon and feeling very happy.

The owl asks, "Who-oo?"
Osiron answers, "All."

A. K. ACTIVITIES

At our Club meeting on November the —, we had the pleasure of having Dr. and Mrs. Hollingshead with us.

Dr. Hollingshead gave us a most interesting and instructive lecture on Hypnotism and the very practical use that it is being put to at the present time. We had always had the idea that it was a "freakish" and "queer" subject, instead of being based on the science of mind control. We were glad to learn that the Medical Profession is making use of this "mind control" in lessening the amounts of anesthetics given, and in helping many nervous disorders.

Much merriment was caused by the practical application of "hynotic stunts."

TRI-K KUMBACKS

To be lucky and yet still dignified seemed to be the foremost thought in the minds of all members of the sister clubs, X-L and Tri-K, on last Wednesday night, November 21. After dinner club-bell summoned a crumby crowd to the basement of Heron Hall for an hour of dancing and social festivity. The combination of the talent of these two clubs made possible the portrayal of such noteworthy characters as "Mutt and Jeff," "Barney and Sparkey," and "Al Jolson." Thirst and hunger were appeased otherwise than by plain H_2O and the "staff of life"—cider and doughnuts being the hardy substitutes. When the "good-nights" were in order, sincere were the expressions of enjoyment at this initiatory duo-meeting of X-L and Tri-K.

Time out was taken for Roll Call, and, in the case of Tri-K's, for the reading of a note from an absent sister, Dorothy Mookler, who has been in one of the city's hospitals the past two weeks.

ANTI-PAN ANTICS

Do not be surprised if you see an Anti-Pan wearing a daring new frock. Just remember that she attended the delightful style show of Mlle. Alice Kennady, famous French Modiste, last Wednesday evening.

Mlle. Kennady, dressed in a beautiful new creation, introdnced her models, who came in two by two. Each French frock was accompanied by its American imitation, sadly lacking in style.

When the models had been sufficiently admired and applauded, they assembled to sing an appropriate song on "Styles."

DAY GIRL NEWS

Mercer Jackson's possum hunt Saturday night, was immensely enjoyed by all the guests.

Misses Morrison and Sisson spent the week-end at Fairview Farm, the home of Mary O'Bryan.

Helen Dickinson spent the past week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. John Thompson, on the Franklin pike, while her aunt, Mrs. W. G. Ewing was visiting Martha Dickinson, a former W. B. girl, at Rosemary Hall.

The following girls who were at Camp Coheechee last summer were here for Thanksgiving: Christine Jones will be with Ted Lewis; Alice Chatman with Florence Cavert; Missac and Alice Hoxie with Estelle Crandall, and Mary Norris Bruce with Con Thompson. Many social courtesies were arranged for them.

"For goodness sake! Why do you keep wringing your hands?"
"I've just washed them."

ISN'T IT QUEER?

Now isn't is queer how we delve and delve
Into works of the long ago,
And search in those beauty-laden lines;
Some untasted joy to know?
And isn't it queer how we travel far,
For the kiss of a mountain breese,
For the mystic lure of Eastern shores,
For the glimpse of foreign seas
Yes, isn't it queer how we pine and pine
Our precious hours away
Longing for conquests out of our sphere—
Reaching for stars, as they say?
Oh isn't it queer, how we long every hour,
At unknown sights to pen,
When the things of the moment that we disregard,
Are alone more wondrous and dear?
Why there's a heap more of loneliness;
A world more of real cheer,
That comes in your heart and lightens your cares,
When a pal that you love is near!
And why long for beauties far away,
When right here in our W-B,
There are trees, and a sun, and a sky of bine—
All made just for you and me!
Oh why are we blind to the gifts that we have—
And lament for what we can't possess,
When the two brightest gems in the crown of the world
Are Contentment and Happiness?
Lets live for each moment and put all our best
Into that which we have with us here,
Lets change our day dreams into acts of the hour—
But we won't— now, isn't it queer?

In the Sport Light

The Olympian team swept to victory, Saturday afternoon, in one of the most thrilling games of the hockey season when the game ended with the score 4 to 3 in favor of the Olympians who, incidentally, were playing against the redoubtable Athenians. The game by quarters was: First quarter, Olympians made one goal; second quarter, Olympians and Athenians tied one to one; third quarter, teams tied two to two; fourth quarter, Olympians scored one making the final score 3 to 2. It was a fast, peppy game and both teams showed the Ward-Belmont fighting spirit.

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PERSONALS

Lavon Fletcher spent the past week-end with her aunt in Chattanooga.

Annie G. Greenlaw spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. John Thompson.

Fern Frase, Wanda Forney, Gertrude Schafer and Louise Wageman were chaperoned to town by Miss Sloan to spend Saturday evening.

Josephine Taylor spent the week-end with her parents at her home in Catlin, Ill.

Sarah Stephenson spent the week-end in town with her mother, Mrs. A. Stephenson, of Hartselle, Ala.

Fay Boyd and Josephine Willis were the guests of Mrs. May, Saturday evening.

Louise Roseborough spent Saturday in town with her aunt.

Virginia Schose spent the week-end at her home in Evansville, Ind.

Helen Bittler wern to Evansville for the week-end.

Mary Jo Kell and Frankie Adicks were the guests of friends in Columbia during the past week-end.

Mary Hill spent the week-end in town with her mother.

Delphina McDonald and Katherine Means visited in Clarksville, Tenn.

Larson Fletcher went to Chattanooga to visit friends for the week.

Louise Smith, Opal Tarlton and Bonnie Jennings had dinner in town Saturday night.

Tully Beth Conner spent the week-end in Lebanon, Tenn.

Elizabeth Hileman visited in Jackson, Tenn., for the week-end.

Mary Ruth Strother went to her home in Madisonville, Ky., for the week-end.

The girls were glad to welcome Vela Dorsey, one of our last year girls, back Sunday. She will be here for a few days.

Edith Gaines and Jane Davis were the guests of Mrs. W. W. Smith, in town Sunday afternoon and evening.

Miss Blythe chaperoned Anne Richardson, Marvelle Burton and Majorie Campbell to town Sunday.

Jane Campbell spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. P. Riddle.

Jesse Clover visited Mrs. Emett Dowty.

Bonnie Morgan spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Pohlman.

Mrs. A. E. Greenlaw, of Spring Hill, Tenn., visited her daughter Annie G. Monday. Annie G. spent the day in town with her.

Frances Russell spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. J. O. Hawkinson.

Belle Holbert was the guest of Mrs. Will Payne, Monday.

Maurine Hunt and Margaret Hawkins spent last week-end at Dickson, Tennessee, visiting Maurine's relatives.

Our Mrs. Solon E. Rose entertained as a Thanksgiving guest her son, Mr. Solon E. Rose of Detroit, who reached here Thursday morning to spend the holiday with her, and his sister, Mrs. J. B. O'Bryan, and Mr. O'Bryan at their home, Fairview Farm.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton's Thanksgiving house guests were their aunt, Mrs. James Wharey, of Henderson, N. C., and cousin, Mrs. J. B. Wharey, of Austin, Texas. The latter, the wife of a distinguished educator, who holds the chair of English in the University of Texas, was, before her marriage, a member of the Ward-Seminary faculty.

Mr. Lawrence Means, of Camden, Tenn., spent the Thanksgiving holiday with his mother, Mrs. Ada Means.

Colored Mammy to ticket agent—"I'se wants a ticket for Florence."

Ticket Agent—"Where in the world is Florence?"

C. M.—"She a sittin' ovah there on that bench."

Teacher—"Johnny, Take this sentence—"The cow was taken out into the barn yard! What mood?"

Johnny—"The cow!"

WEDDINGS

JUDITH BREWER'S WEDDING WAS BRILLIANT EVENT

From a Norfolk, Va. exchange of Nov. 11, we clip the following account of Judith Brewer's wedding, which will be of cordial interest in Ward-Belmont, where she was graduated in 1920:

GODWIN-BREWER

"Of interest in Norfolk society and throughout Virginia, is the marriage of Miss Mary Judith Brewer, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Richard Lewis Brewer, Jr., of Suffolk, and Dr. Frank Whitney Godwin, son of Captain and Mrs. Charles B. Godwin, Sr., of Nansemond County, which took place last evening at 7:30 o'clock at the Main Street Methodist Church in Suffolk. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. B. Ogiesby, pastor of the Oxford Methodist Church, assisted by Rev. F. B. MacSparren.

"The church was attractively decorated with smilax, chrysanthemums, cathedral candle, palms and ferns. The altar decorations were white flowers against a background of palms. The wedding music was played by Mrs. F. B. Ogiesby, accompanied by Miss Nina Oliver on the violin. Just before the ceremony Mrs. J. C. West and Mrs. W. S. Beamon sang.

"The bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore a gown of white panne velvet, draped, the panels lined with Nile green chiffon, and the train bordered with embroidered white panne velvet, upon which was appliqued Nile green chiffon, and finished with orange blossoms and real lace. Her veil of tulle was arranged from a coronet of real lace and pearls and orange blossoms, and was worn by her mother on her wedding day. Her flowers were a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids. The bride's only ornament was a string of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Helen Hester was the maid of honor. She were a gown of shaded chiffon in pink and the bodice was

beaded in crystal and trimmed with silver ribbons and pink roses, made bouffant style.

"The bridesmaids were Misses Louise Brinkley, Margaret Causey, Margaret Butler, Mary Willis McLemore, Elizabeth Shoop, and Mary Lee Stott, of Smithfield. They were gowns of shaded pink chiffon over orchid and made bouffant style and trimmed with gold lace and pink roses, and they wore turbans of pink and orchid tulle with silver ribbon trimming. They carried arm bouquets of sweet peas. The flower girls were little Misses Minette Fisher Vellines, of Smithfield, and Virginia Reed West. They wore pink taffeta frocks, colonial style, and carried French baskets filled with sweet peas and roses. Miss Anne Corbitt was the ribbon girl. She wore a frock of flesh crepe de chine and carried roses. The ring bearer was Miss Mary Pegram Wilson of Rushmore. She wore a frock of white georgette.

"The bridegroom had as his best man his brother, Charles B. Godwin, Jr., and the ushers included: George Ben Scott, M. Anderson Maxey, Pepple Burton and Jesse Harrell. The groomsmen were J. R. Saunders, Dr. Archie Bagley, of Richmond; Joe Phillips, of Newport News; Ernest E. Jones, Wilmer Godwin and Bernard Godwin. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride in Washington street. Later in the evening Dr. and Mrs. Godwin left for an extended northern wedding trip, after which they will make their home in Washington Street, Suffolk."

Bertha Cagle, who won a Certificate in Piano at Ward-Belmont last term, was married to Mr. Stanley B. Catlett on Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1923, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Cagle at Coushatta, Louisiana. Bertha was a member of the X. L. Club.

Anne Bankhead Lane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hector Davis Lane, of Courtland, Alabama, will be married to Mr David Larkin Martin on Wednesday morning, Dec. 5, 1923 at 10:30 at the First Presbyterian Church of that place.

Elizabeth Rindfoos to Mr. Ferdinand van Geisten, on Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1923, in New York City. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Samuel Rindfoos, and the home of the young couple will be at 12 West Ninetieth Street, in New York.

WEEKLY WARD-BELMONT ETIQUETTE

It is always well for girls to remember that good breeding is not shown by numerous whispered and private conversations at the table during meal times.

If a desire for good manners does not swell in your heart, at least have sympathy enough for your fellow-students not to make them strain their ears, as well as their curiosity, in wondering what it's all about.

STUDIO RECITAL BY PUPILS OF MISSES BOYER AND BLYTHE

Friday, Nov. 23, at 4:30 P. M.

Rejoice Greatly ..... Handel
Sara Covert

Twilight ..... Frimi
Frances Harris

Quel Ruscelletto ..... Paradies
Alice Funkhouser

Danse Moderne ..... Dennee
Anna White

When the Dew is Falling . Schneider
Mary Belle Garrett

Rondo Villageois ..... Dennee
Minnie Hayes

The Last Wish ..... Claude Warford
Eleanor Terry Grinter

Barchetta ..... Nevin
Mildred Harris

Somewhere a Voice is Calling . Tate
Marjorie Morehead

Souvenir ..... Jadassohn
Rebecca Hall

Caro Mio Ben ..... Girodani
Serenade ..... Tosti
Edna May Gay

In the Mountains ..... Frontini
Florence Hayes

Longing ..... Anna Case
My Love is a Fisherman .. Strickland
Madlyn Edgington

Two Preludes ..... Chopin
Glenyce Woodward

Alleluia ..... Mozart
Nola Arter

Chanson ..... Frimi
Henrietta Prewitt

Nympha and Sylphs ..... Bemberg
Emeline Boyer

IMPRESSION

Miss Katherine Kirkham—moonlight on a statue by a lily-pond—— soft notes of a pipe organ——summer and a garden party——fragrance of violets through a grey dusk——real amber——"A Chinese Lullaby," sung softly, with violin and harp accompaniment——a girl in French blue velvet, coming down a broad stairway.

THE WAY PAVED

First Stude: "Are you sure your folks know I'm coming home with you?"

Second Stude: "They ought to; I argued with them a whole hour about it."—Royal Gaboon.

A MIND OF HIS OWN

Judge: "Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."

Prisoner: "That's all right, judge, I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."—Mount Union Dynamo.

ACUTE SENSES

Two students on a train were telling about their abilities to see and hear. The one says: "Do you see that barn over there on the horizon?"

"Yes."

"Can you see that fly walking around on the roof of that barn?"

"No, but I can hear the shingles crack when he steps on them."—Awgwan.

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College Clothes

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GIFTS THAT LAST

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They Tell me That



That the campus favorite "Mitch" was lamenting her lack of grey matter and wailed disconsolately, "Oh, why must I struggle with this Geometry?" Her helpful sister, who happened to be nearby, responded: "Don't be discouraged—think of the mighty oak—it was once a nut like you!"

Someone asked of the Titian-headed Mac, after she had returned from a prolonged sojourn at the infirmary, "I suppose your roommate misses you a great deal, doesn't she?"

"Why, no," thoughtfully responded the questioned one, "she has a remarkably straight aim!"

Our little Panther cheer-leader known by those who know her best as "Teddy" entered one of her classes the other day considerably late. We have proof that the teacher, looking at her reprovingly, said, "Clara, what is the cause of your tardiness?" and that she of the orange and black responded, "Well, you see, class started before I got here."

HOCKEY-ROSARY

"The hours I've spent with thee, dear field,
Are as a string of pearls to me.
I count them over, every one apart;
My poor bumped knee! My poor bumped knee!
O, memories of great hard sticks,
O, broken bones and a sunset shin,
I mourn a chunk of my hand every night.
Would I were tin! Would I were tin!"

A real friend is a person who likes you in spite of what you are—not because of it.

CALENDAR

Thursday Nov. 29—Thanksgiving Dinner.

Saturday, Dec. 1—A. K. Club at Woody Crest.

Monday, Dec. 3—Anti Pandora Club at Woody Crest.

GIFTS

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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CAMP COHECHEE VISITORS RECEIVE SOCIAL COURTESIES

Adding to the social gayety of Nashville for the Thanksgiving holiday were the visits of a party of prominent girls from Louisville and St. Louis, who joined the Ward-Belmont party at Camp Cohechee last summer. They came as the guests of Nashville girls, who were also there, and the reunion was very delightful socially, as well as personally. In the home of these Nashville girls and their friends constant social courtesies were showered upon the visitors, but two of the entertainments belonged to Ward-Belmont. One was a tea, given jointly by Miss Sisson, Miss Morrison and Mrs. Claiborne Bryan at the latter's home, and the other was a buffet supper given at her home by Miss Julia Blair.

The tea was a very charming occasion, attended only by the Camp Cohechee party, the visitors being the honorees. They included: Misses Alice and Ann Chapman, Jane Mesick, Christine Jones and Alice Hoxie of St. Louis; and Miss Mary Norris Burge of Louisville. The Camp Councillors also were present, and Miss Doris Cone poured tea at an artistic table set with old silver and decorated with ferns and chrysanthemums.

MISS BLAIR'S BUFFET SUPPER

Miss Blair's buffet supper was full of merriment. The guests were asked to come, wearing their dresses backward, to carry out the form of the entertainment, which was "Backward." The guests entered by the back door of the spacious Blair residence on Craighead avenue, and walked backward as they came in. A tempting buffet supper was served backward, beginning with coffee and cheese, and proceeding leisurely toward what would have been the first course, according to accepted standards.

The house was decorated with many gift bouquets of chrysanthemums and other fall flowers, a merry supper was followed by games and music. The party which numbered forty, included only the Cohechee campers, with the addition of Miss Martha Annette Cason, and Miss Edna Neilums.

CAMPUS BORES

(1) The girl who insists on reading her own letter to you and doesn't think that your own are in the least interesting.

(2) The girl who has permission to go home December 14th.

(3) The monitor who sits in chapel looking for trouble while every one else listens to the lecture.

Jus' Rain

I've tried to think of a subject—
I've racked my poor old brain,
I've gazed at all the great outdoors,
And found just rain—rain—rain!
I called upon my muse—alas,
She frowned in dire disdain
"Why you poor hopeless boob," she said,
"Just write about the rain!"
I implored my friends to aid me
If they would keep me sane,
They smiled and donning their slickers—
Murmured, "Write about the rain!"
But I won't write about those showers,
They make the flowers grow—
And how dewdrops shine like fine pearls!
'Cause all that stuff you know!
And I refuse to concoct
Dainty little fantasettes,
For if it isn't raining rain,
Show me the violets!
So please do feel some pity for a groping writeress,
And pray the gracious heavens,
To make the rain some less.

DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR LECTURES AT WARD-BELMONT ON JOHN MILTON

Wearing his academic gown, Mr. John Powys, staff lecturer for the extension societies of Oxford, Cambridge and London Universities, lectured before the students of Ward-Belmont Wednesday morning at 11:30 o'clock on "John Milton." Introduced by Dr. J. D. Blanton, president, Dr. Powys delivered a lecture of wonderful brilliance and power. He called Milton the great Puritan poet, whose Puritanism was transfigured by the supreme art of his soul.

"All art now, said Dr. Powys, "is on the side of the enemies of Puritanism, and if, we could assemble the spirit of Puritanism with the idea of beauty, here in this America, the country which is the hope of the world, the great psycho-analytical miracle would be performed.

Alluding to the antagonism which exists always between women and Milton, because of his being arrayed against women from the beginning, Dr. Powys, said he realized he would be speaking to the minority in his discussion of Milton, whose genius, he said: "is absolutely alone among all the poets of the world, and he created his own world. He is the most masculine artist the world has ever known, and in building up his imagery he was the greatest egoist who has ever written. Brought up in the country, he yet knew little of the real beauties of nature, a fact, proven by the blunders he made in nature allusions. He was devoted to his father, their relations being always exalted and beautiful, but never mentions even his mother,—his antagonism to women again manifest. He was the supreme example of the scholar-artist, and he actually invented religion, part pegan as he was. Much of the Puritan Protestantism is Miltonic. He was not a Catholic—maybe not even a Christian as we would use the term.

"His attitude towards sin, is simply uncleanness like a festering sore. He turns Christ into a Pagan God, a little Hercules, and when he comes to describe the great head of sin, Satan, he makes him beautiful, because Milton had no conception of sin. He made Lucifer heroic. His sin was merely voluptuous degeneracy, he knew nothing of the sins of malice, and cruelty and vindictiveness, because he had the all of these."

Dr. Powys pronounced the little poems, "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," not Milton's most beautiful, or best, though so much memorized by students, which he considered unfortunate. He alluded to the poem "The Clock" as faultless production, and devoted considerable time to a clever discussion of "Cosmos" and spoke at length of his favorite of them all, "Lysidas." In Milton's technic, and matter of arranging words, he said they were so clear any child could understand them. His success lay wholly in his arrangement of the words with his imagination back of them. He was a cubist, and a futurist in poetry, and understood it ever mortal did, the mathematics of beauty. His pure style, and pure art, he wrestled with great powers of imagery. He made an appeal to the students to study Milton for his beauty of imagery especially, and told of his blindness, and the climax of his life and his work.

ATHENIANS WIN HOCKEY TROPHY FOR THEIR OWN

The Athenians have won the hockey cup, and it is their very own.

The final game of the season, postponed from Thanksgiving morning, was played off on Saturday afternoon, and the victory that team won them over the Regulars, by a score of 7 to 4, gave them their third victory on successive years. That won the trophy for them, as their permanent possession. The Athenians all rejoice. Their mascot, wee Anne Landon Townsend, though far away in New York, again proved her value as an asset.

Both teams, however, played good games throughout the season. The playing of the Regular halfbacks, Fanny Wells, Katherine Sloan and Ellen Martin, were the features of the final game. Estelle Crandall, center forward of the Athenians scored several of the winning goals. The work of both teams, especially the wings and defense, was notably good. The Regulars kept the ball at the Athenian goal a large part of the time, but the superior shooting ability of the Athenian forwards won the game.

VARSITY TRY-OUTS

The Varsity try-outs have taken place, and the members of the first and second Varsity teams will be announced in the next issue.

SIGNOR DE LUCA TO BE MARRIED

Students of Ward-Belmont are greatly interested in the announcement that was made in the local newspapers on Sunday, from Mr. William Francis Rice, of Nashville, of the engagement of his daughter Nancy Bell, to Signor Gaetano da Luca, of Mount Vernon, New York, and Nashville. The wedding will take place during the latter part of the month. Signor de Luca is a well-beloved member of the Ward-Belmont faculty, being the head of the Voice Department and also instructor of the advanced voice pupils. The Hyphen, in the name of the student body, wishes to congratulate Signor de Luca.

CALENDAR

Tuesday, December 4—Sign Home-Going Blanks.

Saturday, December 8—Tri K Club at Woody Crest.

Saturday, December 8—Movie.

Monday, December 10—Ostron Club at Woody Crest.

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CHURCH STREET—OPPOSITE CAPITOL BOULEVARD

ALUMNI

Mrs. C. C. Williams, of Bushnell, Ill., the mother of Marion Williams, who was graduated in 1922, and did Post-Graduate work the year following, was at Ward-Belmont last week, for a short visit. She was en route to St. Petersburg, Fla., where Marion, who is studying for a degree in Tallahasse, Fla., will join her for Christmas.

Virginia Beauchamp, of Montgomery Ala., who was a Senior-Middle last year, and will be remembered as the author of the very remarkable Milestones poem, sailed a month ago, for Africa, with Sir George Walker and his mother, he being the U. S. Consul to Greece, and who went to his post, via the trip to Africa. Sir George received his title from the King of Greece who knighted him. It is possible that Virginia will go to England to study following this trip.

Sara Simpson (Class of '22), of Troy, Ala., is teaching school successfully in Opelika, Ala.

Cassie Lota Garrett, of Montgomery, Ala., (1923) is now a teacher in the city schools of her home city. Her Thanksgiving visit to Ward-Belmont was a source of great pleasure to the girls who knew her here. She left Sunday morning.

Claire Murphy, College Special, of 1921-'22, is a teacher in the public schools of Selma, Ala.

Catherine Hobbie, of Montgomery, (1923) is in Asheville, N. C., with her mother, and aunt, the latter being in ill health.

Lenore Cornwell from St. John, Kansas, is playing in La Boheme the part of Mimi and the part of Margurite in Faust in the Art Institute in New York City. Her sister, Mrs. Meiba Budge, is having undreamed of success. She plays the violin and is studying in New York this winter.

WONDER WHAT P.O. BOX NO. 152 THINKS ABOUT

Oh dear! I'm getting so hungry! Wish they'd put up the mail. I haven't had anything in me for two days except an excess laundry list—which doesn't count. Look at those specials being brought in. Hope I get one. Oh, look! Number 151 got two! Here, you! That's not fair! One of those ought to be mine! No? Well, that's the way things are in this world—unfair. 'S'nough to make a self-respecting P. O. box turn socialist.

Here comes the girl who owns me. "Sorry I haven't got anything for you now. Maybe, if I try, my combination will stick and you can stay around until something comes in." Good! They just put two letters in one. It's about time. From the way that girl acts I guess one of them has the check in it she's been waiting for all week. "Oh, girl! I'm glad you got your check." I guess the other one's very private as she's taken her six bosom friends off into a corner to thrill over it.

What's that? Mail all up? Well, I shouldn't complain. I've done my duty for today. Unless that girl gets troublesome and has a telephone call or something, I'm free for a while and can settle down and have a nice comfortable argument with that snobbish 149. It's a gay life, all right, if only I get my meals regularly.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES

There are several rules to which Ward-Belmont fire drill always conforms. First, it (wisely) always comes when you are least expecting it. There are three favorite times for it. The first, when it consumes the precious minutes between the end of dinner and the beginning of study-hour, the second, when you are simply laden down with an impossible number of assignments due the next Friday, and last when you are just sinking into a delicious doze wherein Jimmy comes down to see you every week, and Miss Morrison gives a big dance for him; or some other delightful fantasie.

Whenever it comes, the moments of preparation are utterly agonizing. You dash madly around, feeling in your heart that the ominous tolling of the bell is only guiltless William obeying Miss Mills, but you are panicky all the same. Your coat is always in the back of your trunk which is invariably locked. You never fail to estrange the trusting affection of your room-mate by wearing her latest lace stockings—and ruining them. The towel is never where it ought to be.

Naturally, you forgot all the regulations, and, with a hideous feeling descend into the floors, below after carefully raising your windows and extinguishing the light.

Getting ready for fire-drill is really the greatest trial. Once outside you discover that what you thought might be smoke is only a Nashville drizzle. After giving your number you begin the tortuous walk to "Ac." It is a point of honor with every fire-captain to pick out the largest and sharpest stones everywhere and lead you over them. Yours is, of course, no exception.

However, there is an end to all things—even fire-drill. After interminable hours of waiting the patient William rings the bell again, and you dash home. In ten minutes fire-drill is only a dim memory and all is peace and happiness—until next time. But you discover anew its value each time you go through it, and every time practice makes it easier and more perfect. The fine system and ease with which the Ward-Belmont fire drills are carried out is a great asset to the school, and a tribute to the excellence of the drilling given the students by our "Fire Chief," Miss Blythe.

Speaking to the Student Mind

SAVING SEATS FOR THE PICTURE SHOW ON SATURDAY NIGHT

"What is your opinion on the wholesale saving of seats by girls in the Saturday night picture show."

Indigestion from a hastily eaten meal and subsequent dreams, nightmares and sleepless nights; a black eye, a broken head or leg, a cracked rib or two, scratches, bruises, or internal injuries are all possible results of the mad dash made by girls to save seats in the Saturday night picture show.

The probable results are: mussed hair, torn hairnets, ripped and dishevled dresses, and trampled and crushed toes and shoes!

Beginning with the dinner hour the rush is on! A bowl of soup is drained in one breathless second! The main course is eaten—one eye on one's own plate and the other on the surrounding vicinity to make sure that no other table is getting through first. And woe to the girl who lingers over desert! Her reputation and friends are gone forever!

The first table is at last out! The competition is no longer among tables but among individuals! Who is to get first place at the door? The girl forgets the valiant way in which her table-mates sped through dinner. Sharp elbows jab into hitherto friendly sides; all the world is forgotten; etiquette and civilization is thrust aside in one mad effort to secure First Place.

The dining room is soon emptied of its unwilling guests. A surging, pushing, straining crowd stands outside the chapel doors! The portals swing open and as one mighty wave—the mob swells,—sways—falls—pushes its way down the aisles.

As the first few girls get in—the chapel is gone! To the victors belong the spoils—a girl puts her hand firmly on the first seat of the first row and looking with the appraising eyes of a connoisseur says: "The first six rows are mine"—so they are! No official decree could mean more! Be it said to the honor of every W.-B. girl—she abides by the W.-B. code! No questions—no grumblings are heard concerning the rights of that girl to her six rows! All said girl's friends get seats and the rest she bestows at the 11th hour to some humble appliant for a seat! Often there are many seats left vacant in the center, while some unfortunate battler imagines what is on the screen from her stronghold behind a tall white post!

Is this attitude right? The privilege of one girl to save seats is well recognized by all W.-B. girls, but to what extent and how far can this privilege be carried—with justice to all and without being carried too far?

ERNESTINE DORTCH

There are hardly two distinct sides to this question, for I believe most of the girls think it is perfectly fair to save a few seats in chapel for Saturday night movie just as long as it isn't carried too far.

Of course, when one girl comes in and saves about four or five rows—it doesn't seem exactly right—does it?

In my opinion it is all right to save seats for a few of your friends who are less fortunate than you in getting there early.

LILLIAN FRENCHTENICHT

Seats! Seats! I Seats!! The bane of our existence every Saturday night. In fact, our only worry after three fifteen. A sip of tea, one roll, with a desire to omit the desert. Exit the dining room! With a raging determination to be the first in line to buy the ticket. After choosing the shortest route to chapel, lo! and behold! we find the whole middle section being held by three or four girls who have learned to repeat their little speech, "These seats are reserved!" until we wonder how she can have so many friends. With nothing else left to do, we trudge up to the balcony and sit on the last row, taking in the picture by stretching our necks from one side and then to the other—not from a birds-eye view but from the post in front of you!

FLORENCE McHENRY

It was on a Saturday night,
Rows upon rows of seats were in sight;
The movie was good, even startling, yea new,
But we couldn't find seats, not even for two!

Now tall girls and short girls with trafic cop's arms
Steered us away from row after row with their wild alarms,
We covered much distance in fact, the whole center section
And finally sought the side lines in utter distraction.

Up loomed a post, just half down the aisle
Placed a bump on my head and wiped off my smile
You see, just in there, out went the light
Now need I ask you?—Can this be right?

ALICE NIXON

I think the monopoly on the good seats at Ward-Belmont, whether at the Saturday evening movie, on the street cars, or any where else is wasteful, and unfair as any business monopoly. There is a national law limiting the latter, but only each of more seats to save, limits the former. Student opinion is our law—and government. It has brought us better pictures; why can it not bring us good seats through consideration of others? We resent being told to, "get in line girls," yet we'll sit for a half an hour before the "specials" arrive and then land on the last row in the balcony in the Ryman, and defeat our own purpose, besides wasting time.

By a monopoly, I mean the wholesale saving of seats by the first girl out of the dining room. Because of this, there is hurry through dinner, which although not the crowning menu of the week is enjoyed by those not dieting even though they are in the vast minority. I do not think, however, that saving a seat for one or two girls, your "roomie" and a friend, perhaps, is selfish. It is only when one girl in possession of a number of rows only partially filled, loudly beckons her friends and impatiently informs you that they are "saved," that we resent it. In fact, the idea goes so far, and is so impressed upon us that we heard of a certain Texas girl who came home to find her roommate asleep in the wrong bed. When the owner politely asked the sleeping one to move we understand the weary "roomie" responded, "Huhhuh! It's saved!"

In the first place this system is wasteful because many of the good seats in the greedily saved rows are not filled. If the first girl in, would save only one or two and each following girl the same, the seats would be filled more rapidly, quietly, and completely, and those whose waiters are slow won't have to dodge pillars or sit so far to the side that the actors look like bean poles.

In the second place it is a bad habit and to anyone else but W.-B. girls appears very greedy. Why cannot we maintain last year's reputation of courtesy in street cars, within the school and thus build good habits and not encourage obnoxious ones?

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EACH new arrival offers another suggestion for varying the popular slim silhouette in the most effective way and to keep that youthful line, so desirous in girls' coats. Miss Kelly keeps Ward-Belmont girls in mind while she is visiting the eastern markets, and as a result, we find these—her favorite models for your Autumnal and Winter wear. COLORS—NAVY, BLACK AND BROWN.



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Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

Did you ever leave a room full of girls and kill a mad desire to hear what they were saying about you after your departure?

It's an unlovely realization that comes to us at times—one of those stark unornamented truths which make it infinitely more difficult for us to keep intact our trust in human nature—the consciousness that those who outwardly profess to be our friends are guilty of the violation of the most essential law in friendship's compact, honesty!

Our real friends are those who love us in spite of our faults, who are conscious of our weaknesses as well as our virtues, and who do all in their power to correct the one and strengthen the other—they are not people who deluge us with a flood of compliments and fortify our ego, only to later criticise it when we are not in their presence!

Gossip is the most destructive disease that ever existed. It has ruined forever some of the finest associations that ever existed in our school! Do not let it draw you into its snares—do not become a sanctioner of its doctrines! Do all in your power to destroy it, girls—be true blue to your comrades.

True it is, that they may forgive you and overlook the wrong you have done them, but to be sure, they forget not.

IN THE MUSIC STUDIOS

Not only full of interest, but very valuable to the music pupils are the class programs that are taking place in several of the studios, preliminary to the Christmas vacation. In addition to giving other members of a particular music class the opportunity to hear an individual's best work, it is a valuable aid to the performer in that it enables her to gather the assurance and poise, so necessary in playing in public.

Mr. Lawrence Goodman is conducting two classes in Pedagogy that are rich in musical opportunity to those who take advantage of them. He does not require any of his pupils to attend them, except Certificate pupils, on whom attendance is obligatory. There are two of the classes, one meeting on Wednesday mornings, for day pupils, and one on Tuesday evenings at 7 o'clock for the boarders. In these classes, Mr. Goodman deals with the science of teaching music, making a comprehensive study from the preliminary and elementary steps, up to advanced work. He shows beginners how to apply their knowledge of music, and to those who are preparing for teaching, his instruction is invaluable. It is a part of his regular class instruction.

A very interesting class program was given in Mr. Goodman's studio by part of his pupils on Tuesday afternoon, the following numbers being rendered:

Deep Woods ..... MacDowell
Miss Margorie Campbell
Shadow Dance ..... MacDowell
Miss Sarah Dunlap
May Night ..... Palmgren
Miss Ruth Neff
A la Mexicana ..... Armstein
Miss Josephine Tucker
Tambourin ..... Rameau-Godowsky
Miss Mary McLarry
Hungarian ..... MacDowell
Miss Evelyn Bakers
A Song ..... MacDowell
Miss Rosalie Oltarf
Humoresque ..... Rachmoninaff
Miss Ruby Sprouse
Valse ..... Chopin
Miss Willa Mae Wald
Etude Mignonne ..... Schutt
Miss Marion Packard
(a) Spinning Song ..... Mendelsohn
(b) The Sea ..... Palmgren
Miss Ruth Grosseman

Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmits, followed a class program by part of her pupils on Tuesday afternoon, with a personal number which was immensely enjoyed. She played with great skill and beauty of tone the G minor Ballade of Chopin. The class program was given with intelligent expression and ease, as follows:

Pizzicate Bluette ..... Lack
Virginia Williamson
What the Old Oak Said ..... Orth
Helen Snider
Persian Song ..... Burmeister
Evelyn Roesch
Rushing Waters ..... Orth
Maurice Baucum
Consolation ..... Dennee
Mildred Whitsitt
Improvisation ..... MacDowell
Arabesque ..... Mana Zucca
Jenita Brown
May Night ..... Palmgren
Snow Birds ..... Barleigh
Dorothea Abbott
Romance ..... Grumfield
Frances Scudder
Valse Brilliant ..... Mana Zucca
Maurine Hunt
Rhapsody ..... Brahms
Clemence Thuss

Cicero says: "When you get in deep water, keep your mouth shut."

A NEW DATE

There is a new date in History! A date which completely eclipses in importance, fourth of July, eleventh of November, or Idea of March, is the TWENTIETH OF DECEMBER. It is mainly after light bell, snugly tucked into bed, that the many W.-B. girls who intend to celebrate this date, find time to anticipate the coming of that glorious day. Then, their mind carrying a tiny suitcase, runs out North Front entrance, catches a street car and is soon at the Union Station.

After traveling for x hours, Miss Student Mind gets off at a place where a group is waiting for her. The group closes in and our friend is hidden from view for ten minutes, after which she emerges "tired but happy." The greetings are over. The group, plus Miss Student Mind, whirls off to a place, familiar to us all, called home. It is a long time before Miss Student Mind will return to Ward-Belmont; it is ten hours before the ringing bell will call her owner to other duties. Miss Student Mind must discard her traveling bag and shoulder a stack of books—until the glorious TWENTIETH OF DECEMBER.

VESPERS

Sunday night, after Nell Willingham had played a beautiful Christmas carol on the organ, Dr. Hounshell, candidate secretary of the Nashville Methodist Episcopal Church, spoke to us on "Religion and Its True Worth." He proved by various renowned instances the fact that any factor, person or nation, to be great, must have religion back of it—after all, religion is a reality—not just a form, a ritual of duty; it is that state of mind that can face the world unafraid. Dr. Hounshell asked us if at any time, we had been ashamed, or afraid to claim religion. Have we? Surely true religion is the most essential and beautiful part of our human make-up.

CURRENT COMMENT

At a gathering to commemorate the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the famous Monroe Doctrine, the diplomatic representatives of several Latin-American countries joined in extolling the government. Envoys from Honduras, Panama, Uruguay, spoke on the benefit of the Monroe Doctrine to their respective countries. The United States has upheld the Doctrine for many years on her own responsibility and shall, continue to do so in the future.

Work has been continued from last year upon that most interesting discovery, King Tutankhamen's ancient and myaterious tomb. It will be remembered that Lord Carnavon, the discoverer of the tomb, died after he had carried on the work for some time. The cause of his death was unknown although unusual theories were advanced concerning the matter. One of these theories, the one advanced by the Egyptians, was to the effect that the spirit of Tutankhamen, angry at the presumptious explorer of his final resting place, had destroyed the valiant man. At any rate the work is being carried on again under the personal supervision of Mr. Howard Carter and those engaged in the work of unearthing the mummy itself, have hope of soon completing their task.

The largest telescope in the world is to be built at Mount Saleve, on French territory, a few miles from Geneva. The telescope is to be the gift of the Hindu millionaire engineer and scientist, Assan Bina, and his wife, who was Mary Wallace-Shillito, of Cincinnati. The buildings, instruments and installation will cost $6,000,000.

Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones,
Oh Sea!
I'll bet you could break for forty years
And not be as broke as me.

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CLUB CHATTER

PENTA TAU PRATTLE

"There will be a very important meeting of the Penta Taus, immediately after lunch." How many times has this announcement rung ont in the dining room during the past week, sending wonder into many minds and causing deductions to be made of varied and sundry natures as to what the club of the silver and rose was going to do.

By the time this issue sees the light of day, you will all know what it was that the Penta Taus have been working on at both seemly and unseemly hours, and we hope you liked watching us as much as we liked doing this for you.

TRI-K KUMBACKS

To be thankful we are living Life,
To be thankful we obtained independence from England,
To be thankful we are Puritanic descendants,
To be thankful for such great ancestors as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Theodore Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln.
To be thankful we are friends to Man,
To be thankful we possess homes,
To be thankful we possess loved ones,
To be thankful we are girls,
To be thankful we are healthy,
To be thankful we possess five senses —and sometimes a sixth.
To be thankful we are college age,
To be thankful for an education at Ward-Belmont,
To be thankful we are Tri-K's,
To be thankful for high ideals,
To be thankful for character development,
To be thankful for rendered service,
To be thankful for able leaders,
To be thankful for scholarly attitudes,
To be thankful for Christmas,
To be—or not to be; that is the question.

X. L. X-CERPTS

That songsters flourish in Ward-Belmont and that a large number of these are members of the X. L. Club, was shown by the entertaining and instructive program which the clnb had the pleasure of hearing on last Wednesday night at the regular club meeting. The program was given as a studio recital of Signor de Luca's voice pupils, and the recital opened with a short introdnction by Signor de Luca, impersonated by Florence McHenry. The pupils appearing in the recital were Helen Savage, Margaret Stoufer, Evorine Sweeton, Marjorie Sweet, Frances Sample, Marjorie Morehead, and Josephine Willis. The history, story, or other interesting facts, were given concerning each song by the singer. The girls left the meeting with a new respect for the talent which exists among their number.

T. C. TIDBITS

Every T. C. and Del Ver enjoyed herself immensely last Wednesday evening, when, instead of having regular business meetings, the two clnbs gave a party together in the basement of Senior Hall. The entertainment for the evening was enjoyed very much. The program consisted of a Twentieth Century young men's glee club, which sang all of Ward-Belmont's favorite songs beautifully.

The Del Vers added a great deal to the program, by the dialogue of "Jonah and the Whale," and by the lovely songs of one of the members.

After the entertainment the girls enjoyed the dances which preceded the serving of the lovely ices and cakes.

The girls thank those who made this party possible for them, and are anticipating more evenings, which will be just as delightfully spent.

A. K. ACTIVITIES

The "Belles of Ward-Belmont" made their first appearance in the history of the school at the regular meeting of the A. K.'s on Wednesday evening.

The "Belles" were the former students who had stood out as "shining lights" in 1923, but now—twenty years hence at a houseparty given by Mrs. W. B. Seminarie (Margery Mae Marx) a charming hostess who displays all the little points of etiquette, which she learned twenty years ago.

The guests who made up the cast were:

Elizabeth Browier ..... Musician
Margaret Cook ..... Widow
Belmont Brodie ..... Home Manager
Juliette Califihen .. Music Instructor
Thelma Meade ..... Reader

Mary Monetta Cron, as Lucy Lee Seminairie was a model child of 1943, and much of everyone's merriment was "the most talked of member of the houseparty."

The houseparty ended by all the "Alumnae" singing the "Belles of Ward-Belmont."

ANTI-PAN ANTICS

Dr. Hollinshead talked to the Anti-Pan Club Wednesday evening on "Hypnotism," and, to see the eagerness with which the girls listened, one would have said that he was using his hypnotic powers on them.

"Most people have an erroneous idea of hypnotism," stated Dr. Hollinshead. "It is no uncanny thing; it is merely the working out of natnre's laws."

The ideal condition for exercising control, he explained, is when the subject is stretched out before a fireplace, gazing into the fire. Then he has put conscious thonghts aside and one can get control of his subjective mind.

Dr. Hollinshead related many interesting experiences. One evening, when a friend was starting to leave, he said, "You cannot get np," and, indeed, she conld not rise from her chair.

At another time when he had hypnotised a woman, he said, "I am Mr. Bok, editor of the "Ladies Home Journal. Yon are Margaret Sangster, I want you to write a four-line poem expressing the Christmas spirit." She wrote the verse and then started to sign her real name. She hesitated a moment and then exclaimed, "My name is Margaret E. Sangster!"

One day a lad, a natural psychic, came running to Dr. Hollinshead, crying, "I cut my knee! Stop it from bleeding!" Dr. Hollinshead wiped the blood away and said, "Not another drop will come." The wound remained clean; no more blood appeared.

Hypnotism can remove all feeling from parts of the body. Mr. Hollinshead declared that he had driven pins through his hand without experiencing the slightest pain.

The following incident will interest students! One night a girl who was studying for a Latin examination called on Dr. Hollinshead to help her. He said, not out loud, "You will read Latin more quickly than you have ever read it in your life. You will remember all of it tomorrow. You will go to sleep at twelve." The next morning the girl came downstairs, smiling happily.

"I read that Latin better and more quickly than I have ever done!" She exclaimed. "And I remembered all of it. I was getting along well and was wide awake, but when the Vanderbilt clock struck twelve I was so sleepy I had to go to bed."

Many other amazing incidents were cited, and Dr. Hollinshead concluded by saying that hypnotism is a force which can be used for good.

SATURDAY NIGHT MOVIE

"The Meanest Man In the World" with an all-star cast, including Bert Lytell, Blanche Sweet, and Bryant Washburn! An oh-h-h! went over the dining room when the announcement was made. We had always had a curiosity to see the "Meanest man in the world"; now was our chance.

Despite a greater attendance caused by the popularity of the picture, the auditorium was quickly and quietly filled, due to our new system of selling tickets. The picture was exceptionally good and remarkably true to life. It was full of interest, excitement, and humor. We left, feeling better for having seen it.

THANKSGIVING

Despite pattering rain and gray skies as a damp background for a holiday, Thanksgiving Day prospered merrily as a happy one for W-Bers.

The day was full of activity, from the time of the morning chapel bell to the "lights out" bell that night. At nine o'clock, on Thanksgiving morning, the day was started off with just the right touch of good fellowship and sympathy, by the traditional chapel service. At this service, all W.B. girls give freely of clothing and money, which is distributed among the less fortunate girls found in Nashville. You can not help but feel thankful when you realize that it is your great privilege to be the giver, rather than the receiver. Following this silent devotion, there was a short, helpful and appropriate address by Dr. Holt, whose talk sounded the keynote of the Thanksgiving spirit.

The lunch hour found many paddling along in the rain, on their way to a very exciting Thanksgiving meal downtown. After endless amounts of mince pie, plum pudding, etc., had been recklessly consumed, the party would venture forth to a show. Others marched forward to the annual Vandy-Sewanee football game in Dudley Stadium. Many of the girls, the lucky ones, wore huge yellow and white chrysanthemums—and, yes, you saw some lavender ones for Sewanee, too Perhaps everyone didn't recognize the famous 600 on that exciting Turkey Day. Why? Colored hats were on glorious, brilliant, and unlimited display, while the faithful black headgear languished dustily at home on the closet shelf. What matter that you got slightly drenched as long as you watched a Vandy hero scrape the mud out of his eyes before sliding several feet for a vengeful tackle? You composedly let the rain trickle down your neck and pushed your best hat slightly over your eyes in order to see better.

After deciding that you would never eat again, after your endless lunch, you came home and hastily changed the orange velvet turban for the demure Puritan cap and 'kerchief then proceeded to the dining rooms for the traditional Ward-Belmont Puri-

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tan dinner. Six hundred Puritan maidens with very actual enthusiasm partook of the bounteous dinner. The menu follows:

Puritan Soup Crispies
Roast Turkey
Sweet Potato Croquets
Spiced Sauce
Peas and Mushrooms Rice
Celery Curls Olives
Cranberry Conserve
Rolls
Thanksgiving Salad Wafers
Ice Cake
Nuts Coffee Bon Bons

Throughout the dinner, the state clubs sang their songs and there were several beautiful solos.

What more appropriate as a happy ending for the evening than to see Charles Ray in "A tailor Made Man?" After laughing through the picture, which is really very good and entertaining, the great secret was at last solved. We found out what "Volta" meant. And with nothing left to wish for, W-B girls went to their rooms to write, to read, or perhaps to eat unabashedly something more from that wonderful box from home.

WHISPERS FROM A WIGWAM

Pale Moon, the loveliest of all princesses, smiled her enchanting smile down upon the village Campusooka, during her visit this month, making all hearts who dwell in the wigwams on Campusooka, flutter anew. Pale Moon was accompanied by some beautiful little relatives, Bright Stars, Pale Moon, from her glorious height, brought a message of romance and silver splendor, from Black Sky, chieftain of Pale Moon's tribe, November Night.

Chief Cram-like-a-Mad-Man, and his tribe have been vanquished temporarily by Chief Study-Calmly-Now and his sturdy tribe, in the recent bloody war of Awful Examsas. Chief Study-Calmly—Now once again sits casually and thoughtfully with his braves, in either the small tent, Room-of-Your-Own, or the big Council Tent, Heap-Happy-Librarie, where the tribe members genially partake of the food found in the Bowl of Anguish, and the name of that food is Concen-tra-tion.

Ritual fires have been held for the last week in all camps and villages, to do honor to the sacred birds, Turkees—for—Thanksgiving. On the day and night of Thursday, of the coming week of seven days, these fatted birds will be offered up as a sacrifice by Chefs—Very-Skillful, to the Good Spirit of all tribes, Hungry-unto-the-point-of-Famishing-for-Turkee-meats.

All tribes join and partake of a hearty Stomp Dance, whenever the Great Chief gives the command that they are moving forward on the war-path to Ryman Village. The Stomp Dance begins at the exit of the great tent Main-of-the-Buildings, and gains force and yelling enthusiasm until the steeds Ordinary-Street-Car-Seats, in the corral Special-for-Wa-Ba, are reached. Because there are not enough steeds to go round, many of the inhabitants of Campusooka walk patiently beside the lucky members of the tribes. The unlucky ones grasp and hang thankfully onto, leather straps, which are suspended from poles above the steeds.

TENNESSEE DANCE

Colorful, clever, and full of life, the Tennessee dance, November 24, showed thoughtful planning, careful detail and above all the "stroke of a master hand." It was indeed beyond criticism. Never were hostesses more gracious. Never was music more lively, and surely no one than this master genius could have conceived of a more clever special feature than the dance of the Puritan boy and girl. To the mournful strains of Chopin's Funeral March, they came down the center of the room, heads bowed and eyes downcast——a crashing chord! ! !—followed by a volley of hurried, syncopated notes! SHE looked at him, and with a careless toss of her head, swung lightly into the steps of the Argentine, from that to "Frisco." HE looked bewildered, but only for a second, and, not to be outdone by such a mere slip of a girl, danced with such pep, that Mother and Daddy Puritan decided times had indeed changed.

But as Cinderella was ruled by a hateful old clock, so did a Minor chord stop, "Finale hopping" of these two 17th Century heathens, and as slow, dignified minor chords again sounded dolefully through the room, with heads bowed, and eyes downcast, the dancers went slowly down the center of the room.

Fruit salad, hot chocolate and wafers were served, and as a preparation for Thanksgiving, a tiny, but plump clay turkey, and a cunning basket of candy corn were placed on the side of each plate—(And the Turkey ate the corn? Guess again!)

Our cup of thankfulness was indeed running over, and the whole thing would have been perfect, had it ended there, for really we couldn't imagine anything nicer—but for a postscript we had four more perfect dances. The music was better than ever, if that were possible, and when "Home Sweet Home" time came—everybody sighed real deep, murmuring something about "Three weeks from now—wasn't it a clever dance? —Isn't Jane Harvey the most precious thing? Did she dance with you? Um, hum, me, too! —good night, honey!"

No Free Lunch

"The Radiophone has wonderful possibilities."

"Yeah. When they get it perfected we can visit with relatives without having to feed 'em."—Judge.

There, little Freshman, dry your tears
You'll be a Senior in eight or ten years.

Modern Mother Goose

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean. You see they spent their money for the jitney's gasoline.

PERSONALS

Mrs. J. D. Blanton, the beloved, "first lady" of Ward-Belmont, left on Saturday morning for New York, to spend Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. Landon M. Townsend, and Mr. Townsend, and the lovely grandchild, Anne Landon Townsend, whose winsome baby grace captured the hearts of all Ward-Belmont girls when she came on her first visit to the school last spring.

Miss Lena James Hawks, Dean of the Faculty, has spent most of the week in Richmond, Va., representing Ward-Belmont at the meeting of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges, which has been in session there.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace A. Hall, and Miss Alma Paine have returned after a motor trip of ten days to Ocean Springs, Miss.

Miss Grace Thomas, Secretary to Dr. Blanton, is again at her post after a month's vacation trip spent with friends in Florida.

Miss Cassie Leta Garrett took Frances Stokes and Clynte Edgar to town Friday evening.

Margaret Goodwyn and Maurine Gray had dinner with Mrs. Edward Craig Wednesday night.

Ina Rebman spent the past week-end at her home in Courtland, Ala.

Mrs. R. L. Beare, of Jackson, Tenn., spent the Thanksgiving holidays with her daughter, Hortense. Monday Mrs. Beare took Gladys Hall, Mary Ellen Bragoess, Mary Swenson, Lucile Boxley, Alice Schaff, Elizabeth Hileman and Ruth Day to town.

Elizabeth Terrell spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. M. N. Kirkman.

Eva Nell Porter spent Monday with Mrs. John Lowry.

Miss Blanche Withers took Frances Stokes, Clynte Edgar and Ferrell Tatum to town Saturday evening to dinner.

Mary Stephenson spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stephenson, of Danvers, Ill., who were here for the week-end.

Valeria Thomas spent the week-end in Lebanon, visiting friends.

Frances Hassell spent the week-end in town with her sister, who is visiting here from Clifton, Tenn.

Rachel Buntin went to her home in Hermitage, for the week-end.

Marie, Viola, Elizabeth and Sarah Sudekum spent the week-end at their home on the Harding Road.

Nina Sanford was the guest of friends in Dyersburg, Tenn., during the past week-end.

Mr. F. J. Reynolds, of Chicago, Ill., came to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with his daughter, Marjorie. Quite a few of the girls were entertained by Marjorie and Mr. Reynolds, during his visit here.

Mrs. F. D. Harvey, of Memphis spent Thanksgiving here with her daughter, Jane. She was accompanied by her son, Fletcher Jr., and little daughter Margaret Emily. Jane was in town with her mother during her visit here.

Love Mae Brandon and Virginia Weldon spent the week-end in Paris, Tenn.

Virginia Snyder was the guest of friends in Lebanon during the past week-end.

Hazelle Edwards also went to Lebanon to visit friends.

Ruby Sprouse went to her home in Springfield for the week-end.

Theo Hand and Margaret Miller spent Monday in town with Miss Chambers.

WEDDINGS

News comes to Ward-Belmont, of the intended marriage in the early part of January, of Isabel Kemp (1921-'22), of Atlanta, to Mr. Dan Manry. It will be a large and brilliantly solemnized event, which has been already much written up in the Atlanta papers.

Lillie May Bailey (1922-'23) is to be married to Mr. Charles Sullivan, of Zebulon, Ga. The wedding will take place at the bride's home in Atlanta.

Elizabeth Brantly, Troy, Ala., who was a college special in 1921-'22, was married last summer to Mr. Gerald Henderson a brother of Elizabeth Henderson, of Troy, Ala., who was at Ward-Belmont at the same time.

WEEKLY WARD-BELMONT ETIQUETTE

All Ward-Belmont girls rise in the presence of their elders and when directly addressed by any member of the faculty, or household. This of course does not apply to girls reciting in classes—but on all other occasions.

For example: Should a group of girls be sitting in Rec. Hall, and Miss Morrison walk by and stop to speak to one girl—the entire group should rise immediately from their chairs—and remain standing as long as Miss Morrison stays there unless she either seats herself, or bids the group to resume their seats. Under the latter circumstances only the girl being addressed would remain standing.

Remember girls—it is not being done this season—to sit like bumps on logs in the presence of school officials, or your elders.

PLAYING AT WARD-BELMONT NOW AND FOREVER

"The Eternal Three"—Bacon Biscuits, Grits.

"Children of the Dust"—Our Track Celebrities.

"The Meanest Man in the World"—William at 6:45 A. M.

"Human Wreckage" — Usn's after Exams.

"Safety Last"—Our Hockey Team.

"This Freedom"—Christmas Vacation.

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What to wear at Ward-Belmont—that is a question everyone is asking now. It is an important question—one we have given much study to.

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YE GIFT SHOP on the mezzanine, a Treasure House of unusual gifts

SCHUMACHER — **Announcement** — SCHUMACHER

If you are going home for Christmas — we can take your picture as late as Dec. 17th—mailing them to you in ample time for Christmas.

If you are to remain in Nashville — you may pose for pictures as late as Dec. 20th. We guarantee delivery before Christmas.

EARLY APPOINTMENT APPRECIATED



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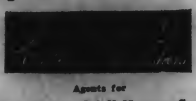
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They Tell me That



If you have an iron constitution you should not drink water, it might rust it.

There are three classes of women, the intellectual, the beautiful and the majority.

A wise old owl lived in an oak.
The more he saw, the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard,
Why can't we all be like that bird?

Gazing at one's self in the mirror is by no means vanity. In many cases it is humor.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Hyphen has one of the largest exchange departments of any school paper of its size. There are twenty-five states represented on the exchange list. Following is a report of the states with the number of papers coming to us from each state:

Alabama	3
Colorado	1
Delaware	1
Dist. Columbia	1
Georgia	4
Illinois	6
Indiana	3
Iowa	1
Kansas	2
Kentucky	3
Louisiana	1
Minnesota	2
Mississippi	2
Missouri	6
Nebraska	1
New York	1
Ohio	1
Oklahoma	2
Oregon	1
Pennsylvania	1
South Carolina	1
Tennessee	11
Texas	4
Virginia	5
Washington	1

The Hyphen exchanges with 19 universities, 7 military academies, 12 women's colleges, and 27 high schools.

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That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
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Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XIII | NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1923 | NUMBER 12

WARD-BELMONT PREPARES FOR XMAS VACATION

There are many occasions when the spirit of Ward-Belmont is one of absolute tension, hut never is the animation so evident—never is expectation and restlessness so much in the air, as that intervening period when the girls are told the date on which they depart for home, until the time when they are put on their trains and sent to the four corners—or at least three and one-half of them, of the earth!

The Christmas vacation for 1923 will extend from December 20 to January 4, when the girls will once again, refreshed by their vacation, and reinforced with a new supply of energy, resume their studies.

To the President, to Mrs. Blanton, the faculty, administrative and home departments and to all the other girls, we take this means of wishing a very happy Christmas holiday.

ART EXHIBIT

An excellent exhibition made by the Ward-Belmont Art Department on Friday attracted many visitors to the display room in the Main Building. It included specimens of costume designing, interior decoration, and craft work, the latter especially being expressive of great originality and fine color combination.

About two dozen pieces of craft work included some inlay tahles that were veritahle hits of heauty. The inlay was so well done as to suggest the far-famed Dutch Marquetry, and the delicate lines of the miniature "gate legged" tahle being faithfully reproduced. In addition there were the new metal waste paper baskets, trays, fruit bowls, book ends, baskets and various sizes of dainty Christmas and boudoir boxes.

The costume designs were of period styles, very chic and effective in their color combinations, and their beauty of line. Especially interesting was a display of costumes drawn on a dynamic symmetry board done on the diagonals of the square and rectangles, being a revival of the old Greek idea of art, now so much taught by the Harvard professor, Hambridge, and applied to embrace the principles of all drawing.

The interior decorative plans were equally up to date and full of life and good style. They included some lovely suggestions for breakfast rooms and bed rooms.



Christmas

Once more that guiding star heams down,
The heavens grow roseate bright,
And glow in the same holy glory
Of that first natal Christmas night!

Once more the holly's red is seen,
The mistletoe's lure enthralls,
And again that Spirit of Peace reigns o'er,
With a splendor which never palls.

Once more our Faith is strengthened,
The banner of Friendship, unfurled,
And our hearts are filled with happiness,
For its' Christmas, in all the world!

Christmas Cheer for City Charities

Perhaps the happiest feature of Christmas to Ward-Belmont girls are the occasions of their gifts to certain Nashville charities just on the eve of their happy home-going. Annually, certain institutions are remembered, and the girls who have a part in this work give a very personal touch to their Christmas presents.

The Protestant Orphan Asylum of Nashville, a non-denominational institution of old and splendid reputation, is one of the charities selected. For this charity, the Texas girls for the past three years have prepared dolls and toys, making an attractive selection of worthwhile things, which are sent to the orphanage on Christmas eve, in the name of the Texas club, of which Miss Mary Venable Blythe is sponsor. The same body

(Continued on page 8.)

BISHOP JOHNSON OF COLORADO SPEAKS TO US AT VESPERS

Bishop Johnson of Colorado, who is in Nashville, leading a mission at the Church of the Advent, after Nola Arter and Nell Peters had sung "The Dawn of Hope," Sunday evening at vespers, talked to us on **Religion, Grace, and Worship.** He defined religion as being one's own relationship with God: grace, as the possible state existing between a mortal and his Maker; worship, as the act of giving ones true worth. To be truly religious we must advance from the subjective, or ourselves, to the objective which takes in humanity and fellowmen. The Egoist may survive in youth through his external beauty, hut in old age, he must wither since his motives have always been subjective. Bishop Johnson compared religion to a race track, where in contact with our heavenly Father is the goal, and salvation is the prize; he warned us never to rush toward the prize for possession of it.

In closing, Bishop Johnson stated that any relation with God must find expression through worship and service.

EUROPEAN TRIP

Christmae is none too soon to plan for the summer, especially when the coming summer will offer again the privilege of a Ward-Belmont tour ahroad, under the same excellent management of Miss Olive Ross, who has met with such phenomenal success in the tours of the last few years.

Already the suhject is one of live interest in the school, half a dozen or so Ward-Belmont girls having their names on the list to go. It is planned by the management of the school to have the 1924 tour extended heyond its former limits. It is hoped that the itinerary may be extended to some points not reached readily for the last ten years. An unusually attractive tour has heen mapped, and that it will more than realize the expectation of all who engage to go with the party, the unvarying experience of the past ten years insures.

If a girl is straight all the way thru.
And has a good spirit, is unselfish, too,
If she's neat, uncomplaining, a regular sport,
In my estimation, she'll never fall short.

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CLUB CHATTER

AN APPRECIATION FROM THE DEL VERS

The members of the Del Vers Club take this means of expressing their appreciation of the splendid work done by the Penta Tau's on their night of entertainment for the benefit of the faculty, household staff, and the other clubs. It would indeed be hard to single out any particular Penta Tau for special compliment, each one was so good in her own place.

So we bow to you all, clever Penta Taus! We admire and we thank you once again.

The Twentieth Century girls wish to express their appreciation to the Penta Taus for the lovely entertainment, "Opera Versus Jazz" which they so cleverly presented to the student body last Wednesday evening. It was a delightful fantasy that was enjoyed very much.

A. K. ACTIVITIES

"Can't she play wonderfully?" "Did you ever see anyone with quite so many talents?" "Just a regular old three in one!" were the murmurs of the girls, as they came away from our last meeting, held on Dec. 21. No wonder! Just look who we had with us! Miss Evelyn Porter, of Bessemer, Ala. Yes, she was visiting her sister, Eva Neal, for the week, and she consented to play for us on the harp. It was certainly a rare treat, especially for those who had never heard one before. She also played several beautiful selections on the piano—and last but not least, she read, "How a Girl Studies," by Kipling. You can imagine the happy frame of mind in which we left the club.

TRI K KUMBACKS

How dear to our hearts are the scenes
of Woody Crest,
Where pleasures were found every
turn of the way!
The old-fashioned fireside, with logs
all aglow,
Brought back to memory the loved
ones we know.
Apples were roasted—marshmallows
too,
And oh—how regretful when we
found they were few!

The barracks was the scene of frolic
and fun,
Where contests were held and races
were won;
At midnight came ghosts, in all their
wonder,
With rattles and bangs till it sounded
like thunder.

Some stayed below, but—never again,
For the house was in a tremor from
beginning to end.
And, now that it's over, we can't wait
'til next year,
When we shall return to our Woody
Crest dear.

OSIRON OWLETS

Rain—sure and gobs of it! What difference does that make? An owl can hoot with as much force in rain as in sunshine.

The scene of action was shifted from outdoors to indoors—All this to say that the day at Woody Crest was spent around the fire—letters—great numbers of them—conversation more than that.

A great day with still greater girls. Someone said—"Comradeship is one of the finest facts and strongest forces in life!" Truly this day at Woody Crest enables all of us to get a fine taste of just such comradeship.

OPERA VS. JAZZ,

Queen Jazz fluffed her plumes of pleasure, figuratively speaking, and summoned all her riotous devotees, in a merry battle with Queen Opera, stately and graceful, who replied to the clash of cymbals with melodic beauty, when the Penta Tau Club of Ward-Belmont presented in original revue "Opera vs. Jazz" in the Auditorium Wednesday night.

Miss Anne Richardson filled the role of Opera perfectly, while Miss Gertrude Hines was a rollicking, laughing Jazz. The first scene was "Watch What we Show to You," sung by Miss Carro Davies, and her chorus, which consisted of Misses Frankie Addicks, Josephine Plaskett and Helen Brice as sleek, bobbed-haired interpreters of the frisco, and Misses Louise Blacksheare, Wanda Forney and Mary Alice Skiles as true representatives of the Opera.

The second scene was "A Night in Japan." The three Japanese maidens flitted demurely back and forth over the stage while Miss Marian McCreary sang "Poor Butterfly." The other two girls were Doris Born and Rhea Morrette.

The next scene threatened to end in a riot so hearty was the approval of the orchestra. Just as "A Night in Japan" belonged to opera alone, so "Buckingham Busters" belonged to Jazz, heart and soul. The Busters were simply a very peppy, very clever six-piece jazz orchestra consisting of Isabel Buckingham at piano, Josephine Tucker and Marjorie Steele on banjos, Margaret Bryant on the saxaphone and Alma Moore on the violin. Alma Potts, as the Penta Tau vamp was undoubtedly the best to be found as she danced, in a flame-colored dress, until the audience nearly wept with joy. For the second encore, Jo Tucker, sitting pathetically behind black improvised bars, sang in true Jo-fashion, "Waitin' for the Evening Mail."

Opera claimed attention by the next scene, one from Il Trovatore. The characters were Sarah Virginia Covert, Jane McCalister, Elizabeth Carrigan, Marie Zorn, Nell Peters, Marjorie Smith, Katherine Gee, Sally Todd, Mary Samuel, Hazel Edwards, Betty Burgess, Helen Seyler, Birch

Williams, Eleanor Kemp and Mary Phettiplace.

Sally Bressen Senter and Margaret Bryant were very good indeed as the leading characters in scene five, "Salyettes." They sang "Sally, Won't you come back?" with the aid of an apron-clad chorus consisting of Josephine Murchison, Ina Rebman, Louise Millican, Floy Moore, Myrtle Thomas, and Evelyn Babers.

Scenes six and seven were in direct contrast. Operatic Orgies, introduced by Opera, has as it's sole character Miss Ruth Grossman, who played a charming piano solo. Australia's Oraiite was Josephine Newtoniatus Tuckerinski, introduced as "Whis-Bang Jo." Her last dedication to jazz was "Savin' for a Rainy Day," which she sang as she played.

Penta Tan Pavlowa whirled lightly over the stage in a dance which was quite pretty enongh to make Opera heave with pride. Miss Monael Lindley took this part.

Scene nine was entitled Spanish Sparklings. Senorita Borne and Signor Bennetti danced, not unlike Valentino, and were then joined by their brilliantly clad chorus consisting of senoritas Thomas, McKee, Barbee and Harr, and signors Melat, Pruett, Campbell and Keil. The castagnets rang with the song of Jazz.

The Ensemble made up the final scene, and dancers, senoritas, taps, the jazz orchestra,—they all were gathered for the final song to that most popular of summer songs "Swingin' Down the Lane."

Pages for the evening were Betty Bonnie and Louise Smith; ushers were Adelaide Coxe, Evelyn Roberts and Dorothy Phetteplace. Jane Harvey acted as stage manager.

IN THE MUSIC STUDIOS

The continued series of class programs in the various Music Studios, which go on preliminary to Christmas, are full of interest and instructive value to the participants and their class mates.

Miss Alice K. Leftwich of the Piano Staff has had two very well done programs in her studio, the first taking place on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 6. When the following program was presented:

Fluttering Leaves ..... Kolling
Miss Lena Minetree
Minuet Antigue ..... Seeboeck
Miss Lily Meadors
Serenado ..... Sinding
Ghosts ..... Schuytte
Miss Elizabeth Polak
Wedding Day in Troldhangen..Grieg
Miss Isabell Buckingham
Song from the East ..... Scott
Miss Ruby Wooten
Arabesque ..... Leschetizky
Miss Myri Anderson
Marche Grotesque ..... Sinding
Miss Ruth Idelson
Danse Negre ..... Scott
Miss Virginia Weldon
Polonaise ..... Chopin
Miss Alexandria Ware
Scherza ..... Martucci
Miss Marion Tankaley
Serenade of Harlequin ..... Schutt
Miss Frances James
Sequedilla ..... Albeniz
Miss Edith Davis

Miss Leftwich's second program which took place on Wednesday afternoon Dec. 13, follows:

Minuet in G ..... Beethoven
Miss Grace Ellen Glasgow
Will-o-the-Wisp ..... Lemont
Miss Mary Belle Glasgow
Scarf Dance ..... Chaminade
Miss Sara Whittenberg
Poupee Velsante ..... Poldini
Miss Alice Schaff
Valse in A flat ..... Brahms
Miss Hortense Beare
Serenade ..... Sinding
Miss Idelle Ottarson
Fireflies ..... Rogers
Miss Alice Ingram
Balancelle ..... Wachs
Miss Dorothea Huthsteiner
In Old Vienna ..... Godowsky
Miss Anne Amelia Greer
Nocturne in G minor ..... Chopin
Miss Virginia Moore
Autumn ..... Chaminade
Miss Ruth Day
Nocturne ..... Grieg
Miss Helen Savage
Humoresque ..... Rachmaninoff
Miss Mary Elizabeth Duncan

Members of Miss Buda Love Maxwell's piano class, assembled in her studio on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 5, where the following excellent program was given:

Iris ..... Trind
Laura Bledsoe
Dance Modern ..... Dennie
Marguerite Roberts
Woodland Echoes ..... Frimi
Sallie Todd
Gavotte ..... Brink
Virginia Smith
Romance ..... Sibelius
Sarah White
Romance ..... Schumann
Louise Cook
Ghosts ..... Schytte
Josephine Plaskett
Les Sylvanus ..... Channade
Virginia Welty
Autumn ..... Moszkowski
Margaret Quinn
Rondo Capriecioso ..... Mendelssohn
Louise Cook

The vocal pupils of Miss Helen Todd Sloan gave a bright and delightful program in her studio on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 12. The numbers were:

The Spring Has Come ..... White
Miss Mildred Pool
Baby ..... Brown
Miss Lucile Boxley
Angels' Serenade ..... Braga
Miss Clara Bell
Your Smile ..... Forster
Miss Margaret Kirk
Ma Lindy Lou ..... Strickland
Bid Me Goodbye ..... Tosti
Miss Catherine Richards
Rose in the Bud ..... Forster
Narcissus ..... Nevin
Miss Eleanor Branning
Peep O'Day ..... Adsit
Sweetheart, Sigh No More .... Lynes
Miss Julia Wylie
The Mission of a Rose ..... Cowen
Miss Mary Stephenson
Serenata ..... Tosti
Miss Louise Wagenman
Sealed Orders ..... Willeby
Spring Song ..... Lynes
Miss Thelma Langdom
Duet—Thro' Valley, Thro' Forest .... Blangini
Misses Pool and Bell

Mrs Kenneth Rose's Piano class has given two recitals, one on Thursday when the following took part, Florence Sawrie, Frances Rose, Laura McAlister, Susanne Warner, Susan Brandau, Emmie Keeble, Mildred Clements and Ethel Walker.

The other took place on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when the program presented with artistic taste contained the following numbers:

Eu Bateau ..... Debusy
Lorraine Hodges
Melody ..... Cadman
In the Canon ..... Dennie
Clara McConnel
Melodie ..... Huerter
Hazel Edwards
Isle of Dreams ..... Torjussen
Mary Ellen Dale
Esprit du Soir ..... Dennee
Ann Leslie Nichol
Valse Miniature ..... Huerter
Bell Holbert
Du Bist die Ruh ..... Schubert-Liszt
Margaret Staufer
March Grotesque ..... Sinding
Jean Haynes
Bucouse ..... Moszkowski
Mrs. Cheek
Autumn ..... Chaminade
Mertis Ward

The following program was artistically presented by Miss Louise Best's piano pupils in her studio on Friday afternoon:

Allegro in F Minor .... C. P. E. Bach
Mildred Poole
To a Wild Rose ..... Mac Dowell
Jane Reed
Balancelle ..... Wachs
Nancy O'Connor
Whims ..... Schumann
Margaret Miller
Dance Moderne ..... Dennee
Bonnie Jennings
Prelude ..... Henry Holden Huss
Ariel Moore
Shadow Dance ..... Mac Dowell
Grace Thomas
Lento ..... Cyril Scott
Zaidee Lee Foster
Valse Brillante ..... Mana Zucca
Marjorie Steele

Pupils of Miss Ransom on Saturday afternoon gave the following program:

Waltz ..... Crawford
Alice Bump
The Breathing Rose ..... Orth
Marjorie Prichett
Aeolian Harp ..... Arndt
Lucy Lee Long
A Night Song ..... Lynn
Lucy May Bond
First Movement of Sonata, Op. 79, ... Beethoven
Merrilie Cooper
A Night in May ..... Krentzlin
Irene Bowman
Hobgoblins ..... Williams
Watchman's Song ..... Grieg
Ludie Mai Sensabaugh
Romanza Appassionata ..... Orth
Elizabeth Stevens
Traumerei ..... Strauss
Elizabeth Sudekum
Theme for Left Hand Alone ..... Pirkhert
Margaret Anderson

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Wall, of Honesdale, Pa., has been announced at Ward-Belmont. The mother was a Ward-Belmont girl, Lonise Riefler, whom many friends here will affectionately remember. The son is to bear his father's name.

"I heard Polly Orr was quite a star in hockey," said a visitor.
"Yes, a regular meteor!"
"How is that?"
"Oh, she is always falling."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Friday by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Assistant Editor ..... Louise Schwab
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Asst. Business Mgr. ..... Katherine Sloan
Art Editor ..... Helen Pape

REPORTERS

Margaret Curran, Elizabeth Granberry, Ina Mae Ashcroft, Bonnie Morgan, Louise Sain, Billy Waters, and Ina Faulconer.

Communications news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year.

EDITORIAL

Christmas! What a world of ineffable joy and pleasure the very sound of the word brings in it's wake! What an unceasing panorama of mental images does it cause us to conjure up in our mind's eye!

What is it about the Christmas holiday that causes it to stand out perpetually omnipotent—effectually preeminent—ever powerful—never diminishing in glory through all the centuries of it's existence?

Is it because Christmas is a period ever-welcome in our daily lives, when we give ourselves up to the carefree bliss of pleasure, the seeking of which paradoxically enough, provides the relaxation which we require?

Yes, it's that, but it's infinitely more—why, girls, isn't it that Christmas spirit—that marvelous combination of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," which floods the world at this time of year, that accounts for the fact that Christmas is the most heralded day on the calendar?

Let's make our Christmas spirit of '23 more potent—more far-reaching than it has ever been,—let's aim to make it endnre not only for the time being, but on through this year and all the years to come!

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS

The various clubs will have happy Christmas tree parties on Wednesday evening, and parties by different halls will also be scheduled the final few days of school. Fidelity, Senior Hall, North and South Front, Heron and Pemhroke girls will all assemble for a merry exchange of Christmas cheer, just before the home-going days.

The Glee Club gave a beautiful program in chapel, its tribute to Christmas being in true Christmas carol spirit.

Students of the Expression Department gave a very artistic Christmas mystery play, "Eager Heart," in the Auditorium to honor the season. The students taking part were from the Senior Expression class, Misses Lyda Anderson, Ellen Couch, Jeannie Chenault, Marguerite Fisher, Mabel Farnham, Katherine Moore, Marie Parrent, Ada Ferrell Tatnm and Myrtle Thomas. The Prologue was read by Misses Marie Pittman and Roberta Tucker. The action of the play was smooth, and reverent, the work of the performers being supplemented by the singing of an Angelic choir, composed of Miss Boyer's vocal students as follows: Misses Myrl Anderson, Nola Arter, Lee Ola Clark, Gladys Curnow, Elizabeth Corrigan Madlyn Edington, Alice Funkhauser, Mary Belle Garrett, Eleanor Grinter, Bernie Martin, Marjorie Morehead, Margaret Stouffer, Frances Stokes, Evorine Sweeton, Nellie Peters, Lucile Howard, Frances Sample, and Marjorie Morehead. Mr. F. Arthur Henkel was at the organ.

The day students at Ward-Belmont planned and carried out a very delightful Christmas party in their new Senior Hall study room on Thursday afternoon, at which the Digamma Club entertained their sister club girls in the day department, the Betas.

The whole of the spacious apartment was brightly decorated in Christmas colors of crimson and green. Many windows were hung with green and crimson transparencies, and there were wreaths of cedar and holly tied with red ribbons. From a big fireplace, Santa Claus (interpreted hy Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce), descended and distributed favors.

The hostess club numbers about 100 members, and the guests about as many. The guests, who included also members of the faculty and household staff, were received hy the club officers, Miss Ruth Joy, president; Miss Charlotte Tandy, vice-president; Miss Katherine Killebrew, treasurer; and Miss Estelle Crandall, secretary, the club sponsor, Miss Louise Gordon, and the head of the Study Hall, Mrs. M. R. Armstrong.

For the entertainment of the party there were several clever stunts; a whistling stunt, an auto stunt done by Misses Katherine Durrett, Elizabeth Harris, Louise Sain, Helen Bevington and Charlotte Tandy, and some jester work by Misses Louise Sain and Elizabeth Harris.

W.-B. GIRLS SEE THE VANDY-PRINCETON FOOTBALL GAME

There was a ripple of excitement Friday morning in chapel when Dr. Blanton led in "a dark stranger," who was in due time introduced as Mr. Frank Murrey. Mr. Murrey told us of the Vandy and Princeton all-star game to be played Saturday afternoon, the proceeds to go to relief of the crippled children, and the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home. He gave us a most cordial invitation to attend the game, which Dr. Blanton accepted for us, a half-holiday thrown in. We enthusiastically seconded the motion.

To make a long story short, we set out, four hundred strong, for the Dudley Stadium Saturday afternoon, colorfully arrayed in our best hats. It was an ideal day and we found the best section of the stadium reserved for us.

Promptly at two o'clock, Vandy kicked off. Princeton got the ball and managed to keep it the first half. Vandy scored the first touch down while Princeton followed up by one, leaving the score 7 to 7 the first half, and for the final score. The game was one unusually interesting to spectators because of the exceptional football played. Vandy played a fine offensive and defensive game while Princeton used many trick plays and forward passes. The Princeton men were all stars in their day, and it was most interesting to see great eastern football heroes in action against the greatest football machine in the South.

The Southern girls loyally rooted for Vandy while the northern girls spit their lungs for old Nassau. Between quarters we enjoyed hot dogs, popcorn, and pop. Well contented with the results of the game we trudged home, hoping that the year would hring forth more exciting surprises. None could be better!

DECEMBER BIRTH-DAY DINNER GIVEN BY DR. BLANTON

Eright suggestions of holiday color were evident in the first Decemher birthday party for Ward-Belmont students, which was given by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton on Tuesday evening in the private dining room at the school. Splendid poinsettia hlooms were massed in a glowing centerpiece for the table, and the surrounding candles were crimson, burning under crimson shades. The holiday color was evident also in the confections that followed an elaborate menu. The name cards were imitations of poinsettia blooms.

Dr. Blanton, assisted by Miss Mills, Dean of Women, and Mrs. Solon E. Rose welcomed the guests, in the absence of Mrs. Blanton in New York. The young ladies in whose honor the handsome dinner was arranged were: Miss Phyllis Bales of Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Miss Margaret Clement of Waco, Texas; Miss Clara McConnell of Ironton, Ohio; Miss Corinne Fincher of Washington, D. C.; Miss Maurine Hunt of E. Cleveland, O.; Miss Jane Heighway of Ladoga, Indiana; Miss Wanda J. Forney of Wellington, Kansas; Miss Mildred Stevens of Skintook, Okla.; Miss Martha Ellington of Columhia, Tenn.; Miss Birch Williams of West Monroe, La.; Miss Jane Elwood of Freeman, West. Va.; Miss Gertrude McIntosh of Seattle, Wash.; Miss Louise Schwab of Sapulpa, Okla.; Miss Harriet Sargeant of Cedar Rapids, O.; Miss Aline Connor of Dangerfield, Texas; Miss Madeline Edington of Laredo, Texas; Miss Thelma Meade of Castlewood, Va., Miss Dorothy Scott of Ft. Worth, Texas and Miss Fay Roberts of Wise, Va.

ALUMNI

All the members of the faculty and student body were pleased to welcome once again for a visit to her alma mater, Miss Susan Spraggins a graduate, and post-graduate of Ward-Belmont.

Amidst all the hubub and excitement of the preparation for their stunt on last Wednesday evening, any observer could have noticed that the Penta Tau girls were watchfully waiting for something that seemed to be needed to make the joy of the occasion perfect, and when that something pnt in her appearance, no one blamed the Penta Taus, for the old girls were more than happy to welcome back once more Miss Florence Deavers of Birmingham, Alabama, College Special and Penta Tau of last year.

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Christmas Carolings

THE HEART'S DESIRE

A chilling draught swept along the wide, softly carpeted, staircase, circling around the legs and face of an old grandfathers clock on the landing, which ticked away the reinctant minutes. The faithful hut cooling walls crached and shonted forth their protests to the dying embers of the fire. Even the stairs groaned snd squeaked, as a figure, clad in flowing white rohes, crept continuously down them.

A tenant monse, returning to his home, paused to watch the drama being enacted before him. There was something so expectant yet so fearful ahout that white-robed figure—something at once innocent yet snspecting.

The wise old mouse murmnred to the dozing cricket on the hearth—"Wstch! Poor girl! She's coming to see what Santa has left in her stocking.

"Ah," murmured the drowsy cricket. "She comes? Alas! My heart mourns for her. She has heen tricked I fear. Yes! But we will watch—surely she will weep when she finds only the few small things in her stocking!"

Slowly the figure glided in, and moved with timid, syiph-like motions toward the long hlack stocking hanging over the open grate. No fur coats or diamond bar-pins were in sight, no dainty lingerie, or latest looks, greeted the searching gaze. In fact nothing was in evidence but a pitifully lean looking silk hose, dangling from the mantle-piece.

The sweet young thing paused not—hut hracing herself as for a hlow—hopefully, fearfully, delved into the dark ahyss. The tender heart of the mouse went out to this slip of a girl!—hut wait!—yes—she must have found something. Her hand came up, clutching a small silver ohject. The cricket chirped with surprised glee as he saw her face glow with pleasure.

Time after time the nervous hand went eagerly down. Time after time it returned with a small piece of cloth, a scrap of paper, a letter or other equally insignificant looking objects.

The bewildered little animals could not comprehend the fervent "ohs" and "ahs" which escaped the girls lips. But they were glad to see her so happy.

Soon a nearby tahle supported all the nnusual gifts. This happy member of the less stern sex leaned feverishly—yes—gleefully—almost gloatingly over her apparently meager possessions. As the unimaginative old clock struck four, the beautiful apparition tore herself reluctantly away from the treasures, murmuring in an ecstatic sigh as she left,

"Dear—DEAR Santa Claus!!"

The curious eyes of the mouse and cricket fairly popped.

"I'll explain thla queer phenomenon if it has a sointion," declared Mr. Mouse, climhing to the tahle. "I'm an educated fellow, having digested so much good literature in my day."

"Quick, tell me what you see!"

And the mouse read in high, even tones "One silver hockey stick for making Varsity two years; one acceptance of all credits and a Ward-Belmont diploma in academic work and Physical Education; a grade slip having, A in Psychology, A in Bihle, A in anthropometry, A in English E, and A in French K; one excuse from gym for the year, one method to Eat and still be Thin, a 'Letter' in hockey, basketball, track, swimming, and baseball; a hlue ribbon from the W.-B. horse show; and a letter saying, "Do not return to school until Jannary 10, he sure to have a good time, signed: J. D. Blanton."

"Ha! the mystery clears—the plot thins! She is from Ward-Belmont!" shrieked the cricket. "We might have known!'"

"Well—of all th—goo' night" breathed the mouse, jumping from the treasure laden tahle and scampering hurriedly away.

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Xmas and all through the honse, not a creature was stirring, not even the daughter home from boarding school. She was asleep, and had heen for several minutes, hlissfully dreaming of the good nsh she had gotten at that evening's dance.

Little Brother had heen put to hed very early in the evening, without the usual Herculean struggles, for he was thrilled at the thought of Santy's annual visit. Younger sister, Dorothy, after remaining awake to hear a detailed acconnt of the dance, had finally given up to sleep also.

Eldest daughter awakened in the night to the tune of a bang—Mother and Dad had probahly dropped Billy's patrol-wagon. No, that wasn't possible because they had completed trimming the tree—(she had helped them upon her return)—and had put all the presents around it. E. D. speculated. A hurglar perhaps—no, nothing exciting like that would happen. Probably Dorothy was having her weekly sleep—walking trip. E. D. rose and peered into the room. No one in sight. She leaped back into hed again. More specniation. She certainly had had a good time at the dance—as long as no one was around to accuse her of hragging she could tell herself that without a donht, she had looked rather stnnning—her new evening dress was so thrilling. Wonderful rush—particularly from one or two. The clock struck weakly—someone forget to wind it—if it would only snow during the night—maybe that thud had heen the tree falling over—agonizing thought! E. D. reached down and pulled the tiny alarm clock to make sure it was set to awaken her fifteen minntes before anyone else was up—she wanted to put Mother and Dad's presents around the tree hefore breakfast—was it the left or right panel she tore nearly off her dress? Car doors have a way of doing that when shut firmly on a dress—the engine of the car might be too cold to run in the morning but she hoped it wonldn't—it would be nice if she got a lovely corsage for Xmas—well.

Eldest Daughter awoke in the morning to a "Xmas Gift to you!" chanted hy the rest of the family. E. D. smiled then shamefacedly felt feebly around for the alarm clock which failed in its duty—" 'Twas the night before Xmas and all through the house!" sang Billy. E. D. hlinked—"You're mixed in your dates, infant!" she declared loftily, then prepared to descend from the hed. Little Billy scampered aronnd in an uproar of uncontrollahle mirth.

"Did yon hear Santa last nite?" he cooed, "I did—Papa said he saw him when he dropped your hee-utiful new week-end hag!—

OFF OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Santa's Christmas-tree was well-laden thia year and it was unusually large for he was not going to forget a single one of "the six-hundred."

Where should he begin? His eyes fell upon a long desk file dangling from the tree and his decision was made in a moment. It was fitting that Miss Mills should receive her gift first. Santa, more than anyone else, realized her need for a sharper and longer file to accommodate the requests of the incoming year. Having delivered this present, Santa started away, glowing with righteous pride.

He chuckled as he untied two uncomely packages from the tree and sped across the campus to Heron, left a package at the sponsor's door, and hurried to Senior Hall, there also depositing the other package at the Senior sponsor's door. Two pork spareribs for Duhbie! !

Santa had forgotten someone in Fidelity, yes he had forgotten Douglas Coen. With satisfaction at his own thoughtfulness in purchasing the gift, he returned to Fidelity with a pair of shining new Cantilevers, for a little hird told him that she had worn a hig hole in her's from frequent journeying around the drive, the "main drag."

Santa next gave the lion a new coat of hrown varnish, for he saw the place where the paint had worn hecause the night watchman's elbow had rested there for three months.

He sped to Pemhroke and deposited under "Dumh" Willeford's door, a special from Jimmy and flunk slips in the three snhjects. At Katharine Fanrest's door he left a pair of soft tread hedroom slippers. Yes, Santa was smarter than most people snspected. At the door of Dorothy Holmes' and Elisabeth Terrells' room he left a package of "golden-glint" but on second thought he crept back again and deposited another package of this "hair beantifier."

Last, hut not least, Santa left a hright new tahle at the door of every senior's room.

Now the tree was stripped, and Santa started on his journey ouce more, hoping that he had made Ward-Belmont a happier place.

CHRISTABEL CHRISTMAS SHOPS

I went downtown last week
To do my
Christmas shopping early.
And when I reached
Church Street
I found 50,000 Nashvillans
Absorbed in a like
Occupation.
So trying to look like a
French tank,
I forged ahead, and
Entered the fray.
After two line plunges,
To say nothing of
Several drop kicks,
I frantically hegged
The clerk for six pairs of
Choker heads.
Then turning, I made a
Headlong dash
For the gift shop
Where I bought vases
For all of my
Feminine friends
Who dislike jewelry.
I compressed myself into a space
Of one cnbic foot
On the elevator
Holding aloft the vases.
In the Men's Department
I descended into an
Avalanche
Of wives, sweethearts, sisters,
All
Bnying presents for
Him.
With decision in my voice
I demanded some
Red ties.
To indulge in the
Spirit of Xmas
I crawled around a counter to get
A Holly Wreath.

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I was whacked on the
Cerebum
With a Kiddy Kar.
I woke up on a street corner.
My hat was gone,
I knew not where,
My coat draped fantastically
Over one shoulder.
And the wreath hanging
On my wrist
But Oh! where
Oh! Where were my beads
Vases.
Red ties
Ah! quoth I,
To the surging crowd
About me
"Do your Xmas shopping earlier."

CHRISTMAS EVE REVERIE

June was suffering from the malady known to most of us—Loneliness! What an unfortunate mood for said young lady on the night of all nights —Christmas Eve!

Curled up in a big arm-chair before a blazing fire she was the picture of comfort, but the disconsolate expression on her pretty face bespoke the fact that June was discontented.

"Everything's so dull," she fretted. "Why can't something exciting happen—maybe a fairy appear to me first as she did to Cinderella! Wonder what the other W.-B. girls are doing to amuse themselves?"

Suddenly, out of the glaring flames there appeared a tiny figure, clothed in garments so closely resembling the flames that June could hardly distinguish her.

"I am the fairy of Christmas cheer," she said in an unusual voice. "Look into the fire and yon shall see, according to yonr desire, how some of your friends are spending this Christmas Eve."

Before June had recovered from her surprise there appeared before her many blazing lights. She was dazzled by their brightness but soon she saw clearly the interior of a New York theatre.

Her gaze wandered over the audiance but she was unable to discern any familiar faces.

Suddenly the entrance curtains to a box on the left, were pushed aside and June saw faces vaguely familiar to her. Who were they? With a start she recognized Miss Townsend and—why surely that's Rosalie Dadisman! Oh! yes—and Katherine Moore, Jean Chenault and Marguerite Fisher too. What fun!

But this scene dissolved rapidly and before her were waving palms and moonlit waters—a Florida scene! A canoe drifted idly on the placid waters and—well "Teddy" Tucker! Who is that with her? Certainly a member of the opposite sex that seems to be highly pleasing to "Teddy."

The scene again changed before June had satisfied her curosity and she saw before her a brilliantly lighted ballroom. Her eyes wandered curiously over the gayly dressed throng and she was suddenly surprised to see Eunice Weicker and Irma too! They were not dancing together this time but—well, this wasn't a Ward-Belmont dance. Why there's "Savage" too, and

—Her thought's were again interrupted by the changing scenes before her and a picture of dazzling splendor met her eyes. A splendid castle of blinding whiteness confronted her, presenting the kingdom of the snow fairies and their queen. In the center of the ice palace a slender figure whirled in fantastic motion, holding her audience spellbound by her skating. But who, June puzzled, could this be? Suddenly with a low bow the figure turned to leave the throne room and June beheld " 'Steel" North, the Princess of the Ice Carnival, and the Queen—! she seemed vaguely familiar—why Margaret Lindsay! The attendant on the right of the Queen—why it's "Sis" herself. It seems—

The brilliance of the scene changed and June felt that the atmosphere must be greatly changed too, because before her was an electric sign flashing the letters, "Welcome to California!" However she was not quite prepared for the scene that greeted her. It was not the palms and moonlit beaches that June had expected but instead great drifts of snow piled high about a small station where crowds of gayly dressed people were waiting. The flash of a scarlet jacket against the white background attracted June's attention and to her surprise she saw Sarah Margaret Cole evidently engaging in a heated argument with a member of the waiting party. But surely this isn't California? Oh—California, Missouri!! The ringing of the bell of the approaching train told June that she was soon to see "the cause" of the excitement in California.

But what's that? Not a train bell? —the 'phone? June sat up rubbing her eyes and looking around her in dosed surprise. Was it all a dream or what had happened?

The insistent ringing of the 'phone interrupted her puzzled thoughts and she ran to answer it.

"Who? Jack!!! Where in the world did you come from? Why-er-I've been having the most wonderful dream and I'm sure this is part of it! What? Well, you see we weren't expecting you until tomorrow. Certainly! Come right on. Good-bye."

June hung up the receiver dreamily and gazed about her still wondering if the scenes of the evening could have been a dream or reality!

"Anyway" she mused, "this is a wonderful Christmas Eve, after all.

PERSONALS

Nell Willingham was the guest of friends in Carthage during the past week-end.

Frances Stokes visited Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Crosland in Columbia for the week-end.

Hortense Beare was the dinner guest of Mrs. Gilbert Saturday evening.

Miss Mamie Rebman, a former W.-B. student, spent the week-end here visiting her sister, Ina. Satur-

day afternoon she took the following girls to town: Alma Potts, Marye Moulton and Ina.

Saturday evening Miss Craig chaperoned Elisabeth Ricketts, Marye Moulton, Louise Smith and Hazel Edwards to town.

Marie Zorn spent the week-end in town with her mother.

Helen Barbee spent Sunday afternoon and evening with her aunt. Mecca Vicars was with Helen also.

Lee Lewis was the guest of Miss Fentress Sunday evening.

Louise Swift spent the week-end in town with her mother.

Sunday afternoon Mrs. C. P. Smith had as her guests Rosa Lee Dadisman, Helen McCormick and Margaret Curran.

Monday Miss Cone chaperoned Ruby Wooten, Aline and Clotilda Bell Mitchener to town to spend the day.

Annie G. Greenlaw was the guest of Mrs. Hawkinson Monday.

Love Mae Brandon and Virginia Wedon were the guests of Mrs. Floyd Porter Monday.

Jane Campbell spent Monday with her aunt, Mrs. Riddle.

Alice Wagnon, Mildred Pool, Lois Walters and Virginia Snyder spent Monday in town. They were chaperoned by Mrs. Coleman.

Ward-Belmont was pleased to have as its guest for Thursday, Mrs. James E. Farquhar, of Greenville, N. C. Mrs. Farquhar, who was formerly Marjorie Echols, stopped over in Nashville for the day enroute to her old home in Hamilton, Arkansas. It was with genuine pleasure we welcomed her back. She specialized in music with Mr. Goodman and Mr. Henkel.

Maurine Hunt and Genevieve Hyde spent Sunday with Maurine's aunt, Mrs. S. E. Hunt, of Nashville.

Mrs. Robert Zorn, of Michigan City, Indiana, spent the week-end with her daughter, Marie. Saturday they entertained at dinner and the theatre, Dorothy Edna Nelson, Ruth Martin, Evelyn Prewitt, Jane Cleveland and Helen Davis. On Monday they entertained Dorothy Green, Jane Grice, Marjorie Reynolds and Isabel Buckingham.

Bernice Schlesinger spent Sunday with Mrs. Chas. L. Simon.

Miss Evelyn Porter, of Bessemer, Ala., spent the week with her sister, Eva Neal Porter, at W.-B.

DOMESTIC ART SHOW

Showing the valuable and very practical instruction given in the Ward-Belmont School of Domestic Art, the director, Miss Margaret Kennedy Lowry, put on an exhibit Thursday evening in the school auditorium, at which eighty-five students in the first, second and third year sewing classes modeled considerably over a hundred dresses, which had been entirely designed, cut, and made by the students themselves. A number of the girls presented more than one garment, and they ranged from the simple gingham house frocks to middy suits, challie and woolen dresses, and the more elaborate toilettes of silk, velvet and crepe, appropriate for elaborate social occasions.

They all were excellently made, and expressed the latest fashion styles in keeping with modest taste. A new department which Mrs. Lowry and her assistant, Miss Sallie Beth Moore have introduced this term, deals with the making of children's clothes, and two large dolls on the stage served as models for some of these dainty products. Two students of Expression, Misses Rosalie Dadisman and Florence McHenry gave a clever little stunt, to lend realism to the work of the models. Bright music was furnished by Miss Josephine Tucker at the piano.

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If you are to remain in Nashville — you may pose for pictures as late as Dec. 20th. We guarantee delivery before Christmas.

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CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR CITY CHARITIES

(Continued from page 1.)

of girls sends to each of the residents in the Nashville Old Woman's Home a box of the best candy, accompanied by an individual Christmas card.

The annual Christmas party of the Junior Middle Class for the children of the Tennessee Home gave unmixed joy to the little ones for whom it was prepared with so much care and tactful thought. It is an annual custom with this class to provide for these children, and the usual happy methods were carried out. Christmas letters were sent by the children to the members of the class, and their wants thus made known, were gratified to the last letter. Not only were the proper toys and gifts selected, but money was provided to buy a feast of ice cream, fruits and wafers to crown the happiness of Monday's realization of the coveted invitation to the children, extended by Miss Mills and a committee of Junior Middle girls ten days ago.

COLLEGE SPECIALS TRA - LA !

Saturday the College Special Class made its first appearance in chapel. Dressed in white middies, black ties, dark skirts, tunics, shoes and shell-rimmed glasses, which costume was most collegiate, they made their appearance with an enthusiastic song to the tune of "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

Josephine Tucker, president of the College Specials, presented the class and the officers in a delightful manner. Their next song, to the tune of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," was:

"Yes, We are College Specials.
And we want you to know it today;
We take cooking, sewing, music and art,
And we'll make good wives some day.
We have loads of old spirit
And we want you to fear it;
For, yes, we are College Specials,
And we want you to know it today."

The pretty ceremony was brief but full of interest and novelty.

CALENDAR

Friday December 14.—"Denishawn Dancers."

Saturday December 15.—College Special Recognition.

Saturday, December 15.—T. C. Club Dance.

Saturday, December 15.—Penta Tan Club at Woody Crest.

Monday December 17.—Buy tickets.

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