

DR. ALPHONSO SMITH SPEAKS IN MEMORIAL HALL ON FRIDAY

Interesting Statistics Regarding State's Place in Literary Field

On Friday evening, November 23, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Professor of Literature in the United States Naval Academy, and author of the well-known work, entitled "What Can Literature Do for Me," delivered an address in Memorial Hall under the auspices of the North Carolina Library Association, which, during the several days preceding, held its annual convention in Winston-Salem. The subject of the lecture was, "The Most Ominous Statistic that Faces North Carolina Today."

As an introduction, Dr. Smith briefly described the unusually varied resources of the state; the rank of North Carolina, not only among her Southern neighbors, but also among all the states that go to make up the United States of America; and the eager, energetic responses her citizens have always made to any suggestion by which she might better herself along any line whatsoever.

In only one particular—and that because she is not aware of it—is North Carolina behind the remainder of the states in any worthwhile endeavor. In the eyes of the reading world, however, she is a negligible factor.

Literature may be classed under three heads: the newspaper, which corresponds to a single word, and which contains a bare statement of current happenings; the magazine, corresponding to the sentence, the first reaction to and interpretation of the facts; and the book, or finished paragraph, the final interpretation by some person who has spent months, or even years, in contemplation of the subject, and reached a definite conclusion.

North Carolina is singularly behind in the matter of newspapers. There are, in the state, twenty-six dailies, with a circulation of one to every thirteen persons. The circulation average of newspapers in the United States is one to every three, and this lagging behind in North Carolina can be due only to lack of interest in world events. History is being made over again and it is obligatory on North Carolinians as world citizens, to keep themselves informed on world matters. The fact that one out of every thirteen residents is asleep indicates that there is very little international, national, or even community mind in the people; that while they are vaguely aware that the world is, as it were, in a hospital, they are not filled with interest enough to ask the question every morning: "How is the world today?" and to seek, in the daily newspaper, the answer to the query.

As to magazines, which constitute the advance guard on the firing line, one out of every eighty-five persons in the United States is a subscriber to one of the twelve "best sellers" in that line, while in North Carolina the average circulation is on to every one hundred and thirty-eight. Practically, the same condition exists in the realm of books. This is illustrated by taking account of the number of libraries

in North Carolina. Of the towns in which there is a population of more than two thousand, there are twenty-seven which have no library at all. The standard throughout the country essential for an up-to-date institution of this sort is one dollar for each citizen; the amount appropriated in Winston-Salem is eighteen cents per capita, and Winston-Salem leads the state in the per capita appropriation for libraries.

North Carolina has produced a number of great writers, but if one judged her patriotism by her reading of these writers, one would be forced to conclude that she appreciates her own literary producers to no great extent. John Charles McNeill, the author of the little volume entitled "Poems Merry and Sad," was dust in his grave before a mere handful of copies had been disposed of; seventeen years elapsed before the first five thousand were sold. Walter Hines Page, a native North Carolinian, is a man who has reflected undying honor to his state in the volumes containing his "Letters," full of pathos, beauty of style, personal charm, and historic insight. A monument has been erected to this great man in Westminster Abbey, and lists of best selling books rank his work as second only to Papini's "Life of Christ," but only two hundred and thirty-nine have been sold in North Carolina. O. Henry's fame sprang up almost overnight. His stories are now used in such universities as Harvard as models in the art of narration, and there are translations into Spanish, French, Italian, Japanese, Norwegian, and Russian. The state of Oregon, with its small population of seven hundred thousand, spent ten thousand dollars in one year for the books of O. Henry and Walter Page. Connecticut's one million, three hundred thousand people invested thirteen thousand dollars in the same volume; and North Carolina, the state which produced these two famous sons, with its more than double number of inhabitants, has bought only six thousand dollars worth.

The teachers of North Carolina are, in a great measure, responsible for such deplorable conditions. An education is no education unless it connects with the present; unless it has a keen and compelling interest in current history. It cannot be potentially influential without such an interest. Native curiosity must be aroused and quickened. It is poor training which gives one an appreciation of the pre-Victorian essays of Addison and his fellow-essayists, and utterly neglects the modern type, representatives of which are found in the "Atlantic Monthly" and other current magazines. Instructors emphasize the study of lyric poetry of former periods; the short story, portrayed by Poe and Hawthorne; the old time ballad of England and Scotland, without realizing—or if they do realize it—without emphasizing the fact that O. Henry, the most brilliant short

(Continued on page three)

COL. BLAIR SPEAKS AT CHAPEL SERVICE

Accounts of Numerous Famous Acquaintances

Colonel W. A. Blair, a member of the board of trustees of Salem College, was the speaker at the expanded Chapel service last Wednesday morning. The subject of his address was "Reminiscences of Interesting People that I have Known." In his address, Colonel Blair gave a very realistic picture to his audience of the noted men of his acquaintance. He represented them in such a way that they did not seem to be men of a world other than ours but men who would be attractive as personal friends. The simple, humorous stories that he told concerning them will remain for a long time in the minds of those who heard the speaker.

In the very beginning, Colonel Blair said that he wanted his audience to realize that these friendships were both real and personal, and that only a comparatively short time had elapsed since he met those who took such a large part in them. In his unassuming way, Colonel Blair also insisted that it was through no merit of his own but merely by chance that his meeting them had ever occurred at all. However, it takes no secret to realize that the same opportunity might have been given to another with very different and inferior results.

The first class of people of whom Colonel Blair spoke was composed of business men. Among these were the great financiers of modern American business: John D. Rockefeller and son, J. K. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, and James K. Hill. Colonel Blair showed us that while these men might be brisk in their business, they were very liberal in their contributions to worthy causes, and were very human at all times.

He next spoke of his friends of the stage. Here we find the great Booth, the incomparable Sarah Bernhardt, and the humorous and quick-witted Joe Jefferson. The picture of the young students acting minor parts in plays in order to see the great actors was very realistically and vividly portrayed in connection with this part of the address.

The speaker said that he had personally known every president of the United States since Grant. With this personal knowledge, he said that the two who to him seemed the strongest were Cleveland and Roosevelt. Both had a very keen insight into the ideas and needs of the people of the country.

Among the orators, the first man mentioned was the highly gifted Ingersoll. His ability to speak on almost any subject was shown, but his address at the grave of his brother was pointed out as especially deserving commendation. Other orators including James G. Blaine, Gough, Connor, and Pugh were also mentioned in the list of those who were not only gifted speakers but were often humorists as well.

The first name mentioned among the great preachers was that of the world-renowned Philips Brooks.

(Continued on page four)

THANKSGIVING A GALA DAY AT SALEM COLLEGE

Sophomores Win Trophy in Basket Ball

This year, for almost the first time in the history of athletics at Salem, on account of the weather, the class basket ball teams had to play their final Thanksgiving games in the gymnasium instead of on the open outdoor court. Nevertheless at 2:15, Thursday afternoon as many spectators as could possibly crowd in the small space between the outside lines of the court and the walls of the room were gathered to watch three of the most spirited and closely contested basket ball games ever played at Salem.

The room literally rocked with cheers as the teams appeared on the court. First came the Seniors decked out in their colors, red and white, led by their mascot, little Donald Pfohl. The Juniors followed with their mascot, Sam E. Welfare, Jr., carrying their black and red pennant. Jane Rondthaler, arrayed in purple and white led the Sophomore team upon the field. But the Freshmen deserve the prize for showing the most originality in choosing a color scheme. Their captain, Ella Raper, carried an enormous basket, covered with yellow crepe paper in which calmly reposed two black kittens which seemed to take as a matter of course the honor conferred upon them of being asked to mascot the team of '27.

As soon as everyone had given a rousing cheer for everyone else, the Junior and Senior teams, who were to play the first half, ran to their places and the whistle blew for the first toss-up. In spite of the fact that the practises had all taken place on the outdoor court, the players readily adapted themselves to the rather cramped conditions of the gym, and played good clean basket ball for fifteen minutes until Dr. Rondthaler called time. The Seniors had worked hard but had not succeeded in making but two points while the Juniors had run their score up to eleven. During the next half the Sophomores and Freshmen had the field. Although the Freshman team was taller and heavier, the Sophomores were quick and, sticking fast to their opponents they fought with all their might. First one team was ahead, and then the other while the sidelines nearly went wild as the scores mounted side by side. Tall Mary Buckner at one end and little Elsie Barnes at the other each seemed to have a gift for sending the ball right in the basket while the four centers ably supported their forwards. At the end of the half the scores stood 12-11. Then the Juniors and Seniors came back on the field for their final contest. Excitement ran high as the Seniors gradually began to raise their score and it looked as though they would give the Juniors a close fight, but those Juniors were resolved not to be beaten after such a propitious beginning and, since they had the material to back up their resolution, their score began to climb along with that of their opponents. The Seniors got in some excellent passwork but the opposing forwards were sure throws and, whenever the ball reached the

hands of Polly Hawkins, the goal was as good as made. Thus the victory finally went to the red and black with a score of 17-9. It only remained to find out who would be up against the Juniors in the final game. The Freshmen and Sophomores seemed to stand an equal chance and each was resolved to make the best of that chance. The spectators literally held their breath as the ball went with incredible rapidity from one end of the field to the other, through the basket and back to the center again. At last the Sophomore score reached seventeen while the Freshmen stood at fifteen, and for the last few seconds no other goal was made so that, when time was called, the victory was with the team of '26. If the other games had been exciting the last one between the Juniors and Sophomores almost produced riot along the sidelines. The Juniors seemed at first decidedly the stronger and the Sophomores had to work hard for the six points they made during the first half as against thirteen points of their opponents. During the last half the purple and white reasserted its power and, in spite of the hard fight put up by the opposing team they ran the score up to twenty, winning the college championship by a score of 20-15.

The spirit of the games was the true spirit of sport. Each team was out for the fun of playing as well as for winning, and each team was desirous of fair play and a clean wholesome game. The entire afternoon's work was a credit to the efficient coaching of Miss Charlotta Jackson, Physical Director.

Promptly at 6:15 the volley ball and basket ball teams led by Miss Jackson and the guests of the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler, Mr. and Mrs. Heath, Bishop and Mrs. Rondthaler, Miss Stipe, Miss Chase, Mr. Higgins, and Mr. Long, the referee, marched into the dining room and took their places at the long team table in the center of the room. The Art Department under the direction of Miss Rodgers had taken charge of the decorations and the dining room had become a bower of yellow and white streamers. An immense fern was in the center of the long table and smaller ferns decorated the windows and other tables.

Four girls sang the first two stanzas of a Thanksgiving blessing printed in THE SALEMITE, and the entire company joined in the third stanza. During the courses the college orchestra under the direction of Laura Howell furnished music which added greatly to the enjoyment of the dinner. After the first course everyone joined in singing "Sociability" led by Eloise Chesson.

At the end of the second course Ella B. Jones, head of basket ball who acted as toastmistress, introduced Dr. Rondthaler. He congratulated all on the games of the afternoon and then read the following messages from various alumnae and friends whose thoughts had turned toward Salem as Thanks-

(Continued on page three)