# The Salemite

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

$2.00 Per Year — 10c Per Copy

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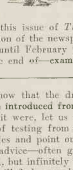

With this issue of *The Salemite*, publication of the newspaper is suspended until February 7 one week after the end of—examinations!

And now that the dread subject has been **introduced from** the wrong end, as it were, let us consider the period of testing from all its various angles and point out a word or two of advice—often given, seldom followed, but infinitely worth while, as you will find yourself if you give it a fair trial. In the very first place, examination week too often means a week of desperate struggling to fill one's mind with knowledge on any number of different subjects—history, English, French, math, science, and the like; a week of grinding and cramming; a week of sleepless nights and days full of worry and dread. The exercise of a little common sense will make examination week, on the other hand, a week of careful, well-planned review which will result in the satisfaction of a thorough knowledge of the several subjects and a "bird's eye view" of the material covered in each, all of which takes for granted, of course, that one has done a fair amount of work during the semester. Planning—thoughtful planning which includes in addition to other things, the budgeting of one's time—is a necessity; haruni-scarum methods are seldom successful. So plan your work, set aside certain hours for it, and stick to your schedule. Lack of recreation means a dull mind and a stuffy sensation that tends to headache; therefore, if you are wise, you will see that you have a moderate amount of exercise daily. Sleep— and this is more important than you think—refreshes physically and mentally and makes possible greater accomplishment; and you will find yourself far better able to give the instructor an idea of your knowledge of a subject if you let someone else burn all the midnight oil while you insist on eight good hours of sleep each night.

That's the common sense part of it, the part that affects you yourself. But there's another side which makes it possible for you to assist others and this side has been made clear in one of the "pre-examination" chapel talks. Don't forget that in Main Hall and the Science Building examinations are in progress and that in the dormitories, other people are studying. Be as "noninoise producing" as possible; in other words, be considerate.

We are adding a new feature to our publication this week—a section entitled *Young Ideas* which will be in charge of the Managing Editor. *The Salemite* has long wanted a sure-enough *colyumist* and now that it has found a genius on its own staff, it has great hopes for furnishing amusement, as well as now and then a bit of moral instruction, to its readers. Tell us if you like our new column; and if you don't, please let us know what it *does* take to entertain you.

# Young Ideas

*by* Miriam Brietz

On our desk, staring us in the face with cavernous eyes, is the head of a gentleman who has long since gone to join his ancestors. The head is of plaster of Paris, hollow bone; but the effect is realistic and quite sufficient for our purpose — which is to draw a moral, as is the duty of all good *colyumists*. His name is "Bony." The name has a double meaning—one refers to the substance of which heads are often constructed; the other was derived from the fact that some critical soul thinks that the skull of the illustrious General Bonaparte resembles our friend.

Now "Bony" has several missions to perform. For one thing, he keeps us reminded that life is a finished thing, that all men come to the same end, that some day our own rosy cheeks will resemble his sallow bones and that at any time our fate may overtake us—at the hand of some enraged professor, wronged roommate or gay and carefree Ford. So much for the dissertation on Destiny!

There is **another peculiarity about** "Bony." It is—whisper the word—a Habit! Yes! Even a skull may have a Habit—a terrible one, too. He wags his lower jaw! Up and down, up and down, up and down! I am not at all polite to explain the mechanics of a person's anatomy, but for once we will forget our manners, for no one will believe that a skull can move unless one can explain. "Bony" has wires in his head (which are better than sawdust, Mr. Critic) and there is a weight on the end of the wire. When anyone shakes the table, or gives our friend the **slightest provocation**, he begins to wag, and wags until tired—but by that time, he usually starts again.

Contrary to your idea, he is a cheerful soul and there is something friendly and reassuring in the untiring motion of "Bony's" jaw. It reminds us of someone chewing chewing gum—only "Bony" never pops his. And then—while he wags his jaw all the time, he never says anything—which fact makes him resemble some people we have seen.

But the best thing about him is this: he never contradicts! Of course he never exactly agrees either, but what difference does that make? "None at all!" wags "Bony" agreeably. One may always interpret his wags as one likes.

And oh, another thing we forgot to mention—an important thing, too! Bony rests upon a book—bulky (in proportion) and of the same material as Bony himself. That ought to be significant, but we haven't time to work it out. The printer is waiting for this copy. The point is this: He is absolutely oblivious to the book! His head is in direct contact with it continuously, and he does not even know it is there, but wags on in happy ignorance. What are books to "Bony"? Merely a pedestal upon which to rest and wag his jaw!

A short time ago, we had occasion to open a box. Now this seems a simple statement, not worth putting in this august *colyum*. But there is a deep and hidden meaning, not at first apparent to the naked eye. The box was locked; nay, more—it was Yale locked, and the key was lost. Here one has the three elements of a perfect problem—locked box, lost key, desire to view contents of box. First, we contemplated the box—it was large and wooden—in deep thought and **some consternation**, but withal hopefully. Then we glanced around in search of implements. Ah! What luck! A leg—a hard, carved, wooden, detached table leg! Grasping the piece of wood, we swung it high over our shoulders and delivered a smashing blow to the lock. At least, it sounded smashing, but on examining the supposed damage, we found it to be **non-existent. Several** times we smashed and then gave up the table leg as too unwieldy. Finally, hidden in the depths of a friend's waste basket, we discovered a hatchet—used and decrepit, and well-nigh dead from long labor, and a bit of moral instruction, to its readers. Tell us if you like our new column; and if you don't, please let us know what it *does* take to entertain you.

But alas for our hopes! At the first blow, the hatchet developed hysteria and entirely lost its head. Later the head was found forty feet away, **nestling comfortably** behind a pile of rubbish. With a wild despairing shriek we rushed out the door and down the stairs. Any watcher might then have seen our flying figure (we are really only one person, but it's good form journalistically to call ourselves "we") tearing across the campus. We finally found the Man, who listened calmly to our excited pleas. He accompanied us to the scene of the recent struggle, strewn with the bones of **abandoned hopes**, and surveyed the box with a masterful air. Magically, he produced a screw driver, and like a dentist pulling teeth, extracted the screws from the lock. Was easy as that! Of course the box contained not at all what we wanted, but that is not the point. The moral is this: If there is a box, a lock, and a lost key, don't **struggle with Destiny. Yield to** fate, and at once summon a Man with a screw driver. It is wiser and consumes less energy.

## Afternoon Hikes are Scheduled Exam Week

Not all of next week will be spent in intellectual preparation for examination and it has been announced by the Physical Education Department that walks will be taken every afternoon directly after examinations are over. It is just as necessary to have some physical recreation between the examinations as it is to prepare for them and it is to afford this recreation that the walks are scheduled.

### ATHLETIC CALENDAR

Monday, January 26:
4:00 P. M.—Walk.

Tuesday, January 27:
4:00 P. M.—Hockey Practice for Juniors and Freshmen.
4:00 P. M.—Walk.

Wednesday, January 28:
4:00 P. M.—Hockey Practice for Seniors and Sophomores.
4:00 P. M.—Walk.

Thursday, January 29:
4:00 P. M.—Hockey Practice for Juniors and Freshmen.
4:00 P. M.—Walk.

Friday, January 30:
4:00 P. M.—Hockey practice for Seniors and Sophomores.
4:00 P. M.—Walk.

Saturday, January 31:
4:00 P. M.—Walk.

## PIERRETTE PLAYERS EXHIBIT SPLENDID DRAMATIC TALENT

*(Continued from Page One)*

tion of the audience. Miss Dorothy Rosamond as Pierrette deserves the highest praise, for so light, graceful and dainty was this Miss that she seemed indeed a "phantom of delight." She **beautifully interpreted** the spirit in her sufferings and joys. Miss Dorothy Siewers was the proud singer, Pierrot. She captivated everyone by her lovely singing. Pierrot longs for fame and the love of some beautiful woman and each day he goes on a search leaving Pierrette almost brokenhearted. It is left to the good kind "manufacturers of dreams" to show him that his jewel dwells by his own fireside. Miss Miriam Brietz took the part of the tender old man —Cupid grown up. Her make-up was extremely clever. In fact she looked as if she had walked right out of a fairy book. She behaved too, as one would expect the Maker of Dreams to behave, leading Pierrot to realize that after all it is the lovely Pierrette that he loves; and all is happiness as the two youthful dreamers sit by the fire with Pierrot singing his song of love.

This **dramatic presentation** is indeed an event in the life of Salem. It shows the real ability of the members of the dramatic club. It reveals also the interest and efforts of those in charge of the training. Salem students, faculty and friends will eagerly await the next appearance of the *Pierrette Players*.

# OPEN FORUM

## HONOR ON EXAMINATIONS

Now the examination time is looming up in the near future, the question of honor arises again with redoubled force. Although honor is an every-day matter which affects every person all the time, it is a point for particular attention during examinations. To cheat on examination should be considered as preposterous a thing as to rob a bank. The principle is exactly the same, and even though in the eyes of the world, the former is a lesser crime the effect on the character is equally bad in both cases. Such an estimate may seem **exaggerated**, but on thoughtful consideration, it will be found not too emphatic.

Cheating should be such an unheard-of offense that any warning against it would be entirely unnecessary. As a general thing, I believe that **dishonesty among college** people on examinations, is uncommon. I do not believe that it is usual, or that it occurs on every examination. But still there are a few cases where it is present, and these cases are what lower the standard of honor among college men and women. Recently there has been a great deal of agitation over the statement that college women are less honorable than college men. Now is the time for us to prove this statement false. Women have always been the standard bearers, who brought light and truth and beauty into the world. Is it for us to fail, to prove ourselves unworthy, to show ourselves incapable of doing something fine and honorable? Sometimes temptation is great. Sometimes it would be pitifully easy to glance at another paper or to whisper a word of information; and sometimes the need seems desperate. But to those who resist the strong temptation is the greatest reward—the reward of knowing themselves to be strong and clean and honest.

There are some girls who never even feel the slightest desire to cheat in any way—from whom the idea is so remote that they do not even hear the warnings. But for such as these, too, there is a duty. There is danger that in their honesty they may forget that someone else is more vulnerable, and needs to be protected from herself. It is easy to let papers lie around face up, offering information to all who seek them. It is quite as easy not to make a page conspicuous, but to keep all one's own writing private, and thus prevent the danger of some other person's being tempted.

The greatest price in the world is far, far too small to purchase honor. When the price is only the passing of a college course, it is ridiculously small. Such passing is not really passing. It adds not one whit to one's knowledge of the subject. It is merely a grade and not worth the ink with which it is written. Such a grade is, to the eyes of the public, satisfactory. To the person who receives it, it is, or ought to be, hateful. She knows it is not hers, and, I imagine, she derives as much pleasure from it as does the little boy from the ice cream bought with the stolen nickle. Stolen goods! Dishonest honors! What can come from them except shame and remorse and unhappiness? And for the accessory before the fact, or the one who supplied the means of cheating by deliberately displaying her paper should be the same self-disgust as for the cheater. Both are equally guilty. Neither is more honorable than the other. Honor is a jewel without price. What it is sold for as paltry a return as this, the seller is worse than foolish.

For one hundred and fifty years, Salem college women have held aloft the standard of purity and honor. For one hundred and fifty years, it has been handed unspotted from one generation to the next. The traditions of years are behind us. Our **predecessors were women** "pure and fearless and without reproach." The have given us a heritage which it is our duty and privilege to pass in turn to those who come after us. Is it for us, who receive the standard whole and unblemished, to hand it on stained with our guilt? Or is it for us to add new honors to the old traditions, to set new and higher standards, than have ever been set before? The question is a challenge. Our answer will mean more, perhaps, than we know. The time for the answer is at hand.

—*Miriam Brietz.*

## February Third To Be Fireplace Day

Students Will Raise One Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars for New "Hut"

Sometime during the Fall, the student-body of Salem College and Academy voted to raise one-half of the amount necessary to finish the fire-place in what was the old "gym" but is now on its way to becoming the "student hut." The matter was referred to the President's Forum for **immediate action** and, as a result, there will be launched, during the week after examinations, a campaign for securing the money.

One hundred and twenty-five dollars is the amount to be raised. The method is an old one with "new trimmings." February third is the date. Class members will do the canvassing and more than twenty-five cents per person is necessary to finish the fireplace.

Tuesday, February 2, is "Salem Day"; February 3 will be "fireplace" day. Show your Salem spirit and influence your neighbor. "Don't have cold feet!"

## Resentment Against Women at Oxford

Life at Oxford is not very pleasant for the thirty-two American girls who are studying at the English institution this year, according to the New York Evening Post.

"The grand old men of the University, the class fellows and heads of Colleges who lived through the **suffragette days when enthusiastic** women poured acid on college lawns and corn syrup into college letter boxes, still look upon women students with mistrust and suspicion.

"While there is not among Oxford undergraduates that feeling of resentment against women students which leads Cambridge men to smash the gates of Women's Colleges and to stamp and groan when a woman enters a lecture room yet their regard for the newcomer is far from kindly."

The company of the "undergraduettes" is not at all desired by the men, her life is hedged with exacting restrictions and she is the "fair butt of much crude humor and harsh criticism," yet the American girls are much more popular than the English" partly because they dress more stylishly, and partly because the Oxford man shares with the rest of Europe the pleasing notion that all Americans are millionaires.

Any Oxford don or professor who sees fit may exclude women from his lectures. Where they are not excluded they attend with such zeal that men students complain bitterly that they take the best seats.

Aloofness and opposition on the part of the men of the university have driven the women to rely more and **more upon themselves** and they are slowly developing a social, academic and athletic world of their own, like that of Smith of Wellesley.

Meanwhile the life offered to an American girl student is not an attractive one.

*The New Student.*

## SEMINAR COURSE OPEN TO ENGLISH MAJORS

Attention is again called to the Seminar course which gives two points of college credit and is conducted by Dr. Willoughby, head of the English Department. It will include an intensive study of Milton's works and is opened especially to Seniors or those who have had two years college credit in English.

## BIBLE 10 WILL INCLUDE THE STUDY OF POETRY

Miss Forman has announced that Bible 9-10 will include the study of Psalms and other poetical books of the Bible such as Proverbs and Job for the next semester's work. These books, so called the "greater classics," will be compared in a most interesting manner to the "little classics' such as the books of Ruth and Esther.