

The Salemite

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The real spirit of Salem seemed to have actually saturated the faculty and students of the College and the Academy during the fireplace campaign launched on Tuesday, "Salem Day." Devoted slummers, scattered over the country, had no monopoly on doing their best. Miss Alma Mater this year; Salem students actively participated in a movement that means much to the past and future generations who will "warm their feet" around the big stone fireplace, whose very material is rich with association and sentiment from the past.

And now that Spring is on its way and the campus begins to cheer up and look festive again, it wouldn't be a bad idea, perhaps, to keep a wary eye out for banana peels, paper cartons, and other articles suggestive of the drug stores and particularly disgusting when they are displayed in conspicuous places about the grounds. Furthermore, suppose we try to use the *walks* that lead to Alice Clewell Building instead of carelessly "cutting across" and making numerous little by-paths which save no appreciable amount of time and by no means improve the general aspect of the place. Grass cannot grow when pushed under foot and unless somebody exercises a little more care, these foot-paths will be wearing more than unsightly brown patches when the campus has on its new coat of green.

We were glancing over an issue of *The New Student* the other day when we came across an editorial that gave us abundant food for thought; and, very naturally, we pounced upon it with an entirely audacious gasp of thankfulness—at least, so our nearest neighbor protested—because we have an ever-increasing need for food material. We had been thinking, appropriately enough, of the dread testing of the week before. We had been thinking it were suitable, perhaps, to draw a moral or so from the fact that we had seen others fail and do (and what we, ourselves—alas, we cannot rise above the average mortal—had also felt and done) and point on to others who may not have grasped the moral for themselves. Finally, we had been thinking, or should we say, endeavoring to think—and believe it, it was a sadly fruitless endeavor—that we should say and how we should say it so that those who read us would not see that the self-same morals had been pointed out by editors of college publications since the early days of college journalistic aspirations.

Our thought material had long been exhausted when we found, by purest accident, as 'tis often the case, someone else—some editor possessed of reader wit and a more easily flowing pen than ours—pointing out what we had longed to do and couldn't. And so, we merely quote; and do not seem us for the practice. Not all minds can be creative geniuses; ours isn't, and when our own thinking fails us, we must resort to some other means. This editor said: "Every dog has his

day. If we were writing an editorial on seasonal examinations and material is not lacking—we should cite it *The Book-Worm's* *Review*." This is not all; but it will point our moral. Draw your own conclusions and use your own judgment about next semester. We've already made up our mind; and we've decided not to be one of the "prostrate mortals" (again quoting) who followed the line of least resistance with scarcely a thought to studies.

MADOWELL CLUB WEEKS AT END OF EXAM WEEK

(Continued From Page One)
descended to the ground. He dashed to the stairs in time to see the banker's daughter from the club of Mr. Bulger. By chasing the darling Mr. Bulger throughout the village, and finally overpowering him in the steeple of the church. Tom was able to rescue the money stolen from the bank.

In conclusion, Tom convinced the broken-hearted daughter of the banker that he was really a "strong oak" upon which she might lean and Sally Jo was restored to her mother, who was the darndest paranoiac actress.

Former Salem Teacher Dies on Wednesday

Miss Carrie Vest was 1800 Intimate friends of her with Life at Salem. At ten o'clock on the night of Wednesday, February 3, occurred the death of Miss Carrie Vest, who was for many years associated with the life of Salem Academy and Salem College, having been appointed in the General Instruction Department in the year 1890 and held the presidency of Rev. J. H. Clewell. As a teacher of Mathematics, she continued in the service of the school, becoming "room company teacher" of the "Fifth Room" in 1893, in association with Miss Odella Barber. In this position, she continued until 1896, at that time being given charge, with Miss Lena Wilborn of the "Fifth Room Company." Miss Jennie Richardson was her associate in 1897; and the late Miss Emma C. Carter in 1898. She was continued with the latter, in charge of the "Ninth Room Company," until 1900; and in this year, she was associated with Miss Lizzie Heiler in the Park Hall Room Company, upon the completion of that building. The following year she was "room company teacher" with Miss Lou Shaffner in the "Junior Room Company," and in 1902 held the same position.

In the year 1911, Miss Vest was given charge of the Book department and was later made secretary in the Department of Music, in which capacity she continued in systematic and faithful service until within a year of her death. She is known to many hundreds of former Salem girls and her conscientious performance of duty and high regard for responsibility will long be remembered by those who came into contact with her.

Hikes Help to Make Exams Less Trying

The walking club did a valuable piece of work during examination week in providing a walk each afternoon during the week. After a trying concentration, Miss Briggs led the girls away to forget that there were such things as examinations and to clear their brains for more effective concentration. A great many girls failed to take advantage of this splendid opportunity. The small percent who did were unanimous in their approval, for as one girl remarked, "it really did help us." The weather was extremely disagreeable but this did not halt the enthusiastic hikers who braved the most trying wind and rain storms. On Saturday the usual walk was led by Miss Chase.

YOUNG IDEAS BY MIRIAM BRIEZ



Some kind soul recently presented the Editor with a gift with what we optimistically believe to be good intentions. We borrowed it, hoping to be provided with an inspiration, and now sit gazing solemnly—albeit somewhat vaguely—at its smiling countenance. Yes, countenance; the gift is a doll wearing a coat of red paint, and a cheerful grin—none of which is remarkable. But the hair—oh, the hair! Ann has not the beautiful golden locks of the doll we used to cherish, nor yet the smooth brown bob of the modern child's beloved. Her hair is black and straight and looks as though it was cut by an unlicensed barber (if barbers have licenses). But the remarkable, the peculiar, the extraordinary characteristic of our friend, like Sampson's, lies in the hair. It rises. At a slight pressure from the finger on the hidden spring, Ann's hair slowly ascends until it stands erect in a broom-like mop on the top of her head. Then it wags—wags the reason for her name—which is, in full, "Scary Ann." As her hair rises, it is possible to imagine the extreme terror which is the cause of the unusual phenomenon. It is impossible to imagine the cause, though many fearful things may be suggested. A burglar under the bed—a malignant and vicious mouse—a shadow which might be anything—a baby kissing candidate—a bearded Balshew—all are among the list of terrors which might alarm "Scary Ann." But not even one of these seems awful enough to inspire the literally hair-raising fright which in-

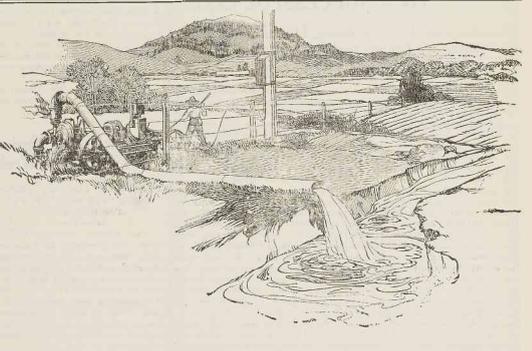
tervals attacks the young lady. And then, too, there is never any visible cause for her dismay, unless, indeed, she possesses supernatural powers, and sees Things of which mere man is unaware. But we are of the opinion that "Scary Ann" is human like ourselves, and that we have traits in common. The only explanation, therefore, of her peculiar behavior, is that her alarm must come from the imagination. In fact, we positively refuse to believe that there is anything in the world sufficiently terrible to warrant the emotion which seizes Ann. In that case, she is a good bit like the general run of humanity, who are continually fearing misfortunes which never come to pass. (Our grandfathers called it crossing bridges before we get to them.) Yes, then, the moral. No matter how much we dignify it, you always search around till you can get triumphant. "Ah, ha! I knew it!" You remind us of the little boy who sucked the sugar coating off the pill and spit out the bitter part. But we lose sight of the point, which really is a pleasant moral, after all, and one exceedingly agreeable to accept—simply that fear is always imagination and not of any use at all. Take for instance, the example of the man who was chased by a bear. Well, the bear had nothing to fear, for if he got the man, he had a meal, and if he didn't he could probably find something else. The man had nothing to fear, for if he escaped, he'd probably never be in such a tight place again; if he overtook the bear, his troubles were over. The editor is touting over our shoulder and she says "Cut!" This column isn't a place to air your philosophy! Obviously, we stop and leave the rest of the moral—to your imagination.

We humbly beg suggestions for the other three hundred words, and she replies brilliantly, "Oh, anything!" But Scary Ann's color scheme—red and black—reminds us

of a story we read the other day in a magazine, we've forgotten which one, but it wasn't the *Literary Digest*, and it wasn't *College Humor*. It was a story about a woman—not the moving picture variety, but a real, old-fashioned, blood-sucking vampire, with blue-black hair, flashing eyes, and small, sharp teeth. It was a story about friendship and the manner in which one man saved another from the wicked woman—whose name, by the way, was picturesquely and appropriately Klean. But the friendship wasn't what really held the attention at all. The center of interest was the fascinating and dangerous Elena. She made our hair stand on end in imitation of Scary Ann's. We shivered at her scarlet coat, flashing round a corner, and we shuddered as she drank quarts and quarts of red wine. It isn't often that we find a story with a real vampire in it, and Elena gave us a satisfied little feeling that "All's well with the world." It's many a long day since Anderson wrote of witches and fairies and since Hansel and Gretel was appreciated by anyone but second graders; and even they, in these enlightened times, regard the witches with a sophisticated and skeptical air. But we feel that Elena heralds the return of fascinating and terrifying creatures of unready and we welcome her, in the name of all those who still believe in fairies.

NOTICE

Beginning the new term, book accounts will cover only books, music, and necessary supplies, such as paper, ink, pencils, etc. All other goods on sale in the Book Store must be paid for in cash unless the student brings a note from home to Mrs. Best, signifying that the parent is willing for the student to charge stationary and other articles.



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