

The Salemite

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THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Concentrate all your thoughts upon the work in hand. The student's rays do not burn until brought to a focus.

To speak wisely may not always be easy, but not to speak at all requires only silence.

Stop that reducing!

The Managing Editor thinks any student who writes in a head for the "picnic that the picknickers" partook in at the power plant" write-up.

Dr. Willoughby's verbal autobiography was surprisingly brief when delivered orally to the English class.

Statistics are funny things—they laugh at their own jokes.

Rules for entrance to Salem! Hollywood via Signs and Sights! Moisten the lips with the eyes, smile sweetly if possible, round the shoulders, and look at me.

"Why is the desire to excel one's own previous record preferable to striving for the highest marks? This is a question that came to our attention the past week, and we pass it on for further thought. In colleges, among the conscientious students there is always the nagging consciousness to beat the other fellow, to make the highest grade. This is one form of egotism that inevitably creeps in, and it is with great difficulty that it can ever be expelled or so overshadowed by virtues as to make it completely invisible.

But the question is pointed—why should one strive to excel one's own previous record rather than strive for the highest marks? Of course it is perfectly legitimate to work for the highest grade, but what is a grade, save two figures on a sheet of paper which show too plainly sometimes what one has learned or has not learned? After all, what is gained if the final grade has been the highest and no purpose?

Education is not only preparation for life, but it is living. When one's education is completed there will be no grades to work for, no marks to achieve. Life is made of greater deeds to accomplish, deeds whose success depends not on grades, but on the way they have been done.

Then, if the lesson has been learned to excel one's record, to do just a little better each day, to do the daily task, to accomplish just a little more, to find satisfaction in the completed job, to do more than just the duty, then will the reward come.

We've been told that life is a battle—if we try to outrun our former selves, we are sure to win in the great race for success.

There is too much criticism on the campus. Why, if anything has to be said to pass away the time, cannot some intelligent conversation be engaged in? Why become so little as to augment and illuminate the faults of others? It's a good sign of the lack of culture and refinement when two or more people get together in suspicious attitudes

and discuss to the heart's content the injustice of the world, the cruelty of the owners, the neglect of the family, the disposition of each one, and finally the character of their next door neighbor.

Zerogue can criticize destructively—that's a barbarian instinct that has not been substituted by the gift of constructive criticism in our civilization, but it is only to the highly cultured and refined that the gift of constructive criticism is given, or the gift of utter silence is critical conversations.

And, too, the gift that is mentioned is a gift and not a gift, too, it can be inductive or acquired, that is the beautiful part about culture, it is open to all—the one who is not blessed with it by inheritance can attain it.

Why waste time in dwelling over some one else's affairs? Life is too short to spend in frivolous criticism, and friends are too valuable to lose.

One of the pet sins of student life is procrastination. It is a failing which, having once taken hold upon one, is almost impossible to be shaken until. One of the easiest things in the world is to put off till tomorrow what is not absolutely necessary to do today, and the habit once established becomes enduring and firmly fixed. In the many activities and distractions of college life it is sometimes difficult to prepare all the tasks assigned for the day's work. This neglected work which must necessarily be done up at some later date becomes an unbearable burden if allowed to accumulate to any large extent. Time spent in useless idleness and aimlessness is sure to be regretted when tests and examinations are in sight. Don't leave that notebook or term paper until the last minute, but go to work on it now, and avoid much worry and distress in the future.

Having recently heard several complaints about excessive noise in connection in the dining room during meals, we thought it might be timely to say a few words about this custom by the way of letting it off, if possible. It is perfectly natural for each one to relax and enjoy oneself during meals, but not in such a way as to annoy those who do not feel quite so gay and happy as they might. Visitors in the dining room may form a wrong opinion of the manners of a crowd of college students who talk and laugh loudly, rush through the meal with all possible speed and lack of regard for the hostess, and who even fail to become quiet and attentive when an announcement is being made. Be happy and sociable during meals without being boisterous and rude, and spare the nerves and feelings of others.



Miss Stella Scurlow, of New York, one of the National Student Secretaries of the Y. W. C. A., will visit Salem on Saturday and Sunday, October 9th and 10th. Miss Scurlow will speak at the weekly Yester service Sunday night at six o'clock. She has a charming personality and all Salem girls are invited to meet her. Miss Scurlow was at the Blue Ridge Conference in June and was one of the most popular group leaders there. We feel that Salem is very fortunate in securing her for this service. In addition to the talk there will be special music. All students in the academy and college and members of both faculties are invited.

PATRONIZE THE 'Y' STORE!
It is open from 10 to 10:15 every night except Sunday.

Peggy Parker—"These fleas should be called the 'arithmetic breed'!"
Pearl Martin—"Why's that?"
Peggy—"Because they add to my misery; they subtract from my pleasure; they divide my attention; and they howl they do multiply."

MA'S DORTER

Salem, October 8, 1926.
Dear Ma,
Well, we're in the middle of pasture week now, and if it ain't one thing its mother. Mr. Jim what I told ye about has waked got into his head that we ain't sportin ourselves properly, we gotta buck up now, an' while ye're out in the pasture we gotta drink 8 glasses of water or take a cold sponge in the mornin'. You ain't never tried that cold sponge Ma, an' you don't know what its but O gee golly its a-r-f-a-l. You fele like the burasid is after ye, or like Josh fell was Pats left him in the coffin Pa made for Jerusha. Lightnin rods go zing-zing over yourself, while ye loose clutter to the tune of ye of this stuff. These Mr. Jim's says alls ye teach spoor for your condition, what ever that is, but it ain't gonna do me no good, cause I ain't got nothin' but have to have it to be good for.

Well, we all were ake to come to meet Ma and some like my brother monk gave us a big sheet of paper and told us to write on the dashed line what we want the best girls in the skeels. All the boys what at me an' ed they put my name down for everything, but I went to the highest anookity monk whose name was Squawkins and told her that ye told me to be modest and to not accept all the honors what these girls might give to me cause ye wanted your dorter to be sweet, simple and girlish just the same as I was before, was where I am now. Miss Squawkins was very nice and told me she'd do so the followin week she'll give what she wants to be what you wanted before I left.

Miss Sallum—A. P. (that names Albanan an' Pacific) showher (she's a good mixer Ma, she made me some corn plaster las week with coconut oil and mushrooms).

Miss Boom around—Lard M. Garrity (she's the one what gave me a wop in my right side Ma, what I wrote ye about, but she's gettin better now she's round all the time).

Best bookroom, Dash Swaggins (she's that quar girl what wriggles her arms when she helps us sing in the choir).

Best Fresh Air Inn—Period Freezer (she's allers playin' ball in the backyard. I'm gonna ask Gabriel to give her a pearl from the ruby gates to toss. (Miss Polc says that's what the mule did to Josh when he was ought to be where he was when the mule did it to make her happy).

I am an so popular I ain't never seen myself by myself yet. Miss Showfuser ask me to join the I. R. S. yesterday, that menes I *Heat* Soverly an' I told her I would if I wouldn't make me president. She look disappointed like but accented: "After the meetin I'll tell ye what we didn't do."

I gotta go to the yard now to watch our history teacher show us how Sharlemann turned cart-wheels.

Tell Pa if he run short of his bean creep they plenty round here, goin to wait. Tell Josh there's a cute girl here name Thee Ninety Straws that says she wants him to be the cousin of her father's uncle's stepfather.

Please rice mine, I ain't had but one letter since I here here, and that was from a smart man who had some fine some false teeth on the installation plan. I gotta run in my stockings—it has a contented disposition, and although she's a big pet she is never very fat in cow's. Also dairy products. When she's dead they set her side for it's value as a food, called steak, and her fleas is very useful in making the chief ingredient of chicken salad.

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FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
TOM MIX
—In—
"No Man's Gold"

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Society

Miss Mamie Hanne was the guest of friends at N. C. C. W. last week-end.
Dr. Ansonwe went to Mount Airy Sunday to hold services at the Friends' Church there.

Mr. and Mrs. Huske, of Fayetteville, spent the week-end here with their daughter, Miss Virginia Huske.

Misses Rosa Caldwell, Beth Sloop and Anne Turner, students of last year, were week-end visitors at Salem.

Misses Elizabeth Hogobord, Ruth Platt and Rose Frazier spent Sunday at their homes in Durham.

Miss LaVerne Ware was the guest of her parents in Greensboro last week-end.

Miss Mary Kent, of Lenoir, spent the week-end at home.

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Little Joan: "Mamma, what's this funny thing I've found?"
Mother:—"That's called a hair-pin, dear. If you take it to Granny, she'll show you how it was used."