

# The Salemite

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## EDITORIAL

America in gratitude for her freedom from war and for her blessings in peace asked, through the World Y. W. C. A. that every branch organization observe a week of quiet and of prayer. In no more fitting way could Armistice Day and the week which followed have been observed. The world as a whole and every insignificant corner if it has need of this period of rest.

There are countless turmoils and troubles which affect all, from individuals to organizations and nations; it was to recognize the heartfelt need of comfort and of peace that these seven days were observed. They were not selfish ones, however; conditions of helpless countries still desolate from the ravages of war, earthquake, and flood were not forgotten while the needs of our own country were occupying our time and thought. It was the World Y. W. C. A. which offered this solace and remedy for evils and it was the great brotherhood of man which has been considered.

Evening Watch and portions of the chapel services have been devoted to this special observance of prayer and rest. It has been an inspiration to know that students, not only in one college, but in many throughout the world have all turned their thoughts towards the same worthy goal.

There can be no doubt of the need of such a week in order that its help and inspiration may continue throughout the year. Neither can there be any doubt of its welcome from those who are weary of turmoil and restlessness, and who wish to come into more friendly contact with others who recognize the value of such a week.

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Recent vicious attacks upon North Carolina's honesty and integrity have aroused the wrath of many of North Carolina's citizens, but have failed to arouse even the remotest interest among citizens within the walls of a school building.

Students in North Carolina know far too little of the history, past and present, of their own State. Loyalty and devotion to customs and to ideals are not fancies of the dreamer; they are the foundations upon which everything worth while exists, but no matter how staunch a defender may be, he can never answer denunciations unless he has full knowledge of all the details of that work which he loves. No

student can be an intelligent citizen of his State until he knows thoroughly its failures and its successes. It has been truly said that no organization need fear the outcome of any issue provided that the facts are well known. So long as these facts are distorted half-truths, there will be cleavages and disagreements.

North Carolinians should never be at a loss for arguments with which to boost or to defend their State. We hear that Irvin Cobb has "discovered" North Carolina, and his important discovery about her is that "North Carolina needs a press agent." No, she does not need a press agent, she needs many of them—as many as there are citizens within her borders. North Carolina is one of the most progressive States of the Union and is among those most blessed in her natural resources. She is a State of which to be proud.

Some weeks ago Dr. Rondthaler gave a most helpful and interesting lecture on "The Boundaries of North Carolina." The lecture was well named, for he sketched the outline of a great and glorious State. It is, then, for us to search the interior of those boundaries, and to discover the multitude of things which lie within the lines which have been drawn.

† † †

The week beginning with November 18th has been set aside as Education Week, during which time the people of the United States are to be brought into closer contact with their schools, in order that a wider knowledge may be given to children of every class.

There is little that college people can accomplish directly in the furtherance of such observances as these, yet if the students are to become leaders of their community, it is important that they be not wholly oblivious of outside events.

In the chapel service last week Miss Kelly, a prominent Social Service Worker, gave a glimpse of the need of a thorough education in North Carolina and appealed to the students to disregard advantages gained from the large high school, and to find a greater happiness through unselfish work in the poor and illiterate districts. The call is one which always makes its appeal but one which is too often forgotten within a week's time. It would be profitable if, during this Education Week, North Carolinians would discover the needs of their own people and investigate their opportunities for giving aid. These seven days

need not exclude everything save a preparation for life after graduation, however. Each student, no matter how indifferent to thoughts of positions which he may hold in later years, can render a very real service by doing every thing in his power to boost his own college, his old high school, and the education which they should represent.

## EXCHANGES

### HOW ATHLETICS ARE INFLUENCING DRESS

Henry D. Curtis, writing in the Physical Education Review, expresses as to the ideal in dress that it "shall hamper physical activity and the circulation as little as possible and that it will not, through its concealments, remove all incentive to physical perfection." If we might bring our little girls up to wear knickerbockers, we should find that many of the ills from which woman suffer would disappear, he says. This movement has already gone further than many of us realize as in some of our Western normal schools practically every young woman appears in trousers on Saturday, and almost no hikes or outings are taken in any other costume.

—The Nation's Health.

### NATIONAL FRATERNITY

Another National Fraternity was installed at Wake Forest College when the Alpha Gamma Sigma fraternity merged into the Chi Tan National fraternity.

The initiation took place at State College, Saturday night, October 27, 1923, and after that a banquet was held at the Woman's Club. The program concluded with the management of the business affairs.

The members of the Wake Forest Chapter are as follows: W. A. Brewton, M. G. Stamey, L. E. Andrews, C. M. Townsend, W. J. Wyatt, J. E. Hilburn, R. H. Herring and G. C. Mackie.

—Old Gold and Black.

Mrs. Henry Weil of Goldsboro, N. C., donated \$6,000 to North Carolina College for Women to be used for the establishment of a Fellowship Fund at the college. According to the provisions of the donor of the money, it is to be used as a reward to encourage graduate work and it is to be administered by the president of the college and a committee from its faculty. The fund will be a progressive step to establish a number of fellowships in order that more scholarly graduates of the institution might be encouraged to continue their studies in some special field.

## CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 20th, 8:15 P. M.—Memorial Hall—Concert by Carolina Glee Club.

Wednesday, November 21st, 11:00 A. M.—Memorial Hall—Extended Chapel Service.

Thursday, November 22nd, 3:45 P. M.—Memorial Hall—Illustrated lecture, "What is Classical Music."—Mr. Charles G. Wardell, Jr.

Thursday, November 22nd, 6:30 P. M.—Meeting of French Club. Lecture by Dean Shirley.

Friday, November 23rd, 8:15 P. M.—Memorial Hall—Lecture by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith.

Saturday, November 24th, 4:00 P. M.—Weekly hike.

Sunday, November 25th, Main Hall. Talks to Episcopal girls by Rev. Gribbin of the Episcopal church.

## THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

The following story was written by Miss Miriam Brietz, News Editor of the Salemite, and won a prize in the Short Story Contest conducted during the summer by the Raleigh News and Observer. The story will be published in two installments.

The message from the dead has nothing to do with spirit writing nor ghosts. It is only a soiled, torn little scrap of paper, yellowed by its fifty years of existence, and disfigured by a few brown spots that might be spilled coffee or might be spilled blood. Yet in spite of its seeming insignificance, this bit of paper with its faded and ancient writing, is one of the most precious possessions of the North Carolina Hall of History, and has influenced the lives of countless numbers of pilgrims, from many places and of many classes. It may seem incongruous to think of it in connection with—but then that is the story.

Jonas King, a hardy inhabitant of the Blue Ridge Mountains, during the discharge of his duty in the matter of a certain old score not yet paid off, had aimed too well—and, unfortunately, at the wrong time. Revenue Officer Huntingdon, returning from an unsuccessful search for a maker of moonshine (the vicious kind) had heard the shot, and under the theory that one arrest is as good as another, had very inconsiderately interfered. When King's target was discovered to be permanently unable to rise—or breathe—or move, in short, was found to be dead, the mountaineer was haled before the courts of justice. He was very properly found guilty and sentenced to be electrocuted one month from that day.

So, having accounted for his presence in Death Row, let us observe how captivity affects one of the wild, primitive sons of the Land of the Sky. Jonas reclined calmly on the little cot in his cell, feet propped up on the wall, cigaret sending blue smoke rings in the air. His whole appearance bespoke the calm, indifferent mental state of one who is assured of every precaution toward personal safety. Indeed, there was small danger. His enterprising kinsmen, besides furnishing the endless supply of "Camels" which he was so rapidly cremating, were exerting every atom of influence in their possession toward his release. Needless to say, this was no small amount. Moonshining is a profitable business, and brings in quite a large income to the judicious and careful man.

A pardon had been applied for, signed by the names of many of the State's most prominent men. On the whole, there was not much to worry Jonas—not much but inaction, and he could endure that. Never before had the man come quite so close to death, and he resolved to play safe until out of the penitentiary. He would not attempt escape unless a chance simply threw itself in his face.

How largely small things affect the lives of human beings! The weather was warm—extremely warm for June in North Carolina. The flies were very annoying. The guard was thirsty. A fly lit on the prisoner's nose. The guard rose to quench his thirst from the "cooler" at the end of the corridor. The prisoner raised his hand to slap the fly. Just as the guard passed the cell door, they both looked up, and presto, change! the whole courses of both men's lives were altered.

"Dan!"

"Shet yo' fool mouth!" cautioned the guard, "an' forgit 'Dan.' My name's Tom—Tom Jones—now. How'd ye git in hyar?"

"Same way you outa be. It's all

right fer you to be Tom Jones down hyar, but 'Demus Pratt ain't fergit 'bout how his pappy got kilt, and no Tom Jones ain't goin' fool him," returned Jonas dryly.

"No, an' no Dan Westbrook ain't goin' to fool him, neither—ner try to. Things is goin' too easy for me t' go back an' have another fight on my hands. Reckon you want t' git out?" queried Tom.

"I ain't hankerin' to mighty particular. Reckon I'll git a pardon or commutation somep'n. What'll y' take t' lemme out?"

The reply was short and to the point: "Hesh up Demus Pratt."

"I reckon it mought be done. A leetle powder an' a leetle lead at jest the right time. Yep, I'll do it. When do I git out?"

"All right, I'll be long some time t'night. Keep yer trap shet. So long." The guard went on down the hall and took a long, deep drink from the tin dipper. Jonas knocked the persistent fly off his nose, and settled back to a philosophic contemplation of the spider web across the barred window.

"Hey, leetle spider!" This talking for his own ears was a whimsical habit formed during the three weeks' captivity. "Ye're addin' yer leetle bar to them iron ones, too, ain't ye? An' it'll keep me hyar 'bout as much as the others will. 'S funny how people want to shet up other people in jail, ain't it? Specially when Jim woulda kilt me ef he'd seen me fust—which he didn't, thanks be. Spos'n he had—I'd be shet up in 'bout six feet o' damp ground and he'd be shet up down hyar, same prospect in sight. Would Jim a run away? You bet he would—ef'n he could. Ho-hum-s' funny!"

The dwellers in Death Row were slumbering noisily. The guards, popularly supposed (by all but the prisoners) to be watchful, had joined them in dreamland. The State Penitentiary was one scene of peace and contentment. Suddenly, like the villain in a ten-twenty-thirty show, came Dan, alias Tom Jones, alias the Lord knows what, passing the guard warily and pausing before a certain dark and silent cell. A low whistle; an answer; Tom unlocked the door; entered.

"Hyar's a suit of clothes fer ye, Jonas. Better put 'em on now an' leave de others. I'm gonna put his key on de super's desk an' nobuddy in de worl's ever gonna know I let ye out—ef ye don't tell 'em."

"All right. Thanks. Reckon I'll be goin', now. I won't fergit ye—ner Demus Pratt, neither. So long."

"So long."

Tom Jones retraced his steps; a dark object that might have been his shadow except for the fact that it moved in an opposite direction from him, passed out at the other end of the corridor. Trained to silence by a long career of moonshining and escaping revenue officers, Jonas was like a cat for soft-footedness. Round the corner—past a guard—another and another—down the steps—to the gate! Then, "Oh, hell! I done forgit the gate. How am I gonna git out?"

Suddenly there was a foot-fall behind him. He turned—and stood face to face with the priest, returning from a late visit with a man who was to die the next day. "How-dedo, father; locked you in, too? I bin up talkin' with my brother, an' fergit whut time it wuz."

The guileless priest answered simply, "I have been conversing with a doomed man, trying to save his soul before he goes. I shall awaken the guard."

Touching that individual on the shoulder, he made his request, blissfully unaware that he was a lawbreaker. "We have been visiting late. Will you open the gate and let us out?"

(To be continued next week)