

The Salemite

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EDITORIALS

An appeal which cannot fail to touch the hearts of every college student has been made in behalf of the foreign students who are struggling under tremendous difficulties. It is hard to realize that the dollars which mean to us only a few hours of enjoyment represent to them life itself. It is a privilege to be able to sacrifice a few of these pleasures in order to help others who are rendering a great service to the future of their countries by continuing in their work. They are fellow laborers and lovers of the same work; it is then not only a pleasure but a duty to send to those starving students some of our many blessings.

The drive in Salem is not managed through the Y. W. C. A. It is sanctioned by it, but it is an universal call from the college, from the classes and from a former faculty member who is at present actively engaged in this work. It is a drive for the success of which every girl is personally responsible. Thanksgiving Day would be a most fitting time to make contributions to this fund in order that our own happiness may extend to others less fortunate.

† † †

Dr. Rondthaler's emphatic suggestion that Salem girls learn to budget their time is a very proper one at present. It is a common complaint that college students "haven't time" for this activity or that outside work. Doubtless many idle moments could be effectually eliminated if a carefully planned schedule were strictly followed. Class attendance would be nothing more than chaos were it not for definite schedules; the benefit from systematic work during the remainder of the day would probably be as great.

Budgeting time does not apply exclusively to lessons and duties however; it applies as well to pleasures and recreation. Every well ordered day provides for each of these necessary components of life, and gives to each its proper amount of time.

Budgeting has been found advantageous in the business world, why not in the student one? In this manner a concise judgment of the amount of time it is profitable to spend in each subject and on each division of the work can be formed. Students complain of lack of time; perhaps a systematic attempt to arrange each day's work would be of benefit.

† † †

Thanksgiving Day, the day of joy and gladness, of renewed life and vigor, has once more come with its blessings to the American people. On this day as on few others there is the complete co-operation of physical and spiritual activities. Many are the schools which anticipate with delight the games to be held, but few are those which forget in their enthusiasm the real meaning of the day. Sincere thanks find an outlet of expression both in the church service of the morning and in the games of the afternoon.

It is customary at this time to view the past year in appreciation of the kindnesses which have been bestowed upon us. As a nation we have suffered losses but we have also been blessed in numerous ways; as individuals we have had disappointments and sorrows but in these we have gained a greater understanding which, in unison with our many joys, has made the year one of which to be truly thankful. It is easy to take success as a matter of course and to forget that little of the credit for our prosperity really belongs to us. We are glad that our nation calls us to show our gratitude on this day set apart especially for that purpose.

True thankfulness is hard to express in words; it is better acted than spoken. Thanksgiving Day, therefore, is not to be observed and then forgotten for the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days; it is to be for us the day of renewal activities and of daily gratitude. Neither does Thanksgiving Day extend through the services of the morning and disappear with the coming of the games and the festivals. It is no less observed on the basket ball court, particularly in the realization if the joy of well-being, clean, hard playing in the games and enthusiastic co-operation on the side lines have their place in the proper observance of this joyous day. Let us all then enter with hearty joy and thanksgiving into the spirit of the day, and make the year one of happiness to all with whom we come in contact.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT POSTURE

The following theme, written by Louise Anderson, of the Academy, was awarded first place among those written by members of the Academy on the subject of "Posture," during the recent S. U. S. campaign conducted by the College Hygiene Class:

Correct posture is of utmost importance to everyone because it concerns your standing, walking, and sitting. First, physically, if you do not hold yourself up and keep your spinal-cord straight, it will develop all kinds of diseases. Not only that, if your body slumps, your mind also slumps and you cannot think as well. Consumption has often been known to develop from not holding yourself up straight. A slumped, crooked person does not look good either. They look as if they were deformed. If you sit with your body all bent over, soon your body will take that position and then it will be too late to overcome it.

Next, it helps morally. If you can have a good, correct posture and can hold your face up as if you weren't afraid to face the world, it gives you courage to meet failure or anything else that may come into your life.

Y. W. C. A. MEETING FRIDAY EVENING

It was indeed a privilege for Salem College students to hear the talk which Miss Lois MacDonald, general Y. W. C. A. secretary at N. C. C. W., made Friday evening. Her subject was, "The Revolt of Youth," and it proved to be especially interesting as it was the first time this subject has been discussed at Salem. It was very interesting to hear of the work being done by students in other countries, and to know their ideas about the problems confronting the world. Miss MacDonald has a real grasp and outlook on the problems of the day. She has had the great honor of attending two National Commissions, and is going over to Southern Europe next fall to study further the question of the Youth Movement. Miss MacDonald possesses real friendliness and a vigorous, pleasing personality. During the two days she was at Salem, she interviewed all Y. W. C. A. Cabinet girls, and other girls interested in this work. Miss MacDonald made many friends here, and did much to benefit the Y. W. C. A.

FOUR RULES FOR A GOOD SPORTSMAN

(By HENRY VAN DYKE)

1. When you play a game always wish to win and try to win, otherwise your opponent will have no fun; but never wish to win so much that you cannot be happy without it.

2. Seek to win only by fair and lawful means according to the rules of the game, and this will leave you without bitterness toward your opponent or shame before others.

3. Take pleasure in the game even though you do not obtain victory; for the purpose of the game is not merely to win, but to find joy and strength in trying.

4. If you obtain this victory which you have so desired think more of your good fortune than of your own skill. This will make you grateful and ready to share with others the honor bestowed upon you, and truly this is both reasonable and profitable; for it is but little that most of us would win in this world were our fortunes not better than our deserts.—Exchange.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

(By MIRIAM BRIETZ, Selma, N. C.)

(Continued from last week)

The sleepy guard, taking Jonas in his civilian garments for a pastor's assistant, opened the gate and the two men walked out side by side—the priest and the murderer. An involuntary sigh of relief passed Jonas' lips. It was pretty much of a nervous strain, this escaping from prison. Now for Raleigh, where were those influential friends. He boarded a street car and sat down beside an open window, so the cool air could touch his cheek. It was pretty good to be outside four square walls again—and free.

The car bumped and rattled into the streets of Raleigh—passed the Governor's Mansion, the home of the man of whom, a few moments ago, had depended the decision of Jonas' life or death. Now he could glance at it with contempt. "You wouldn't a pardoned me, would ye? Naw, suh. Spos'n ye knowed I wuz ridin' all my myself an' free. Feel funny, wouldn't ye? Reckon it's a good joke on all of 'em. They shore will be surprised ter fin' Jonas King's done runned away." The car stopped before the Capitol building. "Reckon I better not git off hyar. They don't seem ter take no pertickler fancy tuh me—makin' a law which says fer me tur be all shriveled up in a 'lectric cheer." The car passed a three-story white stone building, with an air a little different from the others. It was more quiet and dignified.

Here, again, Fate took a hand, using an art known only to herself to put an idea into Jonas' head, for at the next corner he descended the car steps and, returning, stood before the building. "Got to spen' the night some whar," he said to himself. "Park benches too handy for the cop—too public fer one of my retirin' natur. This looks like a nice, quiet place whar a man kin have some res' whar he bothered. Reckon I'll go in." The man mounted the steps, swung open the big front door, and climbed the stairway. At the top he waited. "Now what in de worl' is dis hyar place, anyhow?" Seeing a large sign, he read laboriously, "Hall of History." "Holy Moses! An' I'm intendin' ter spen' de night with all these hyar ghosts—jes' escaped frum jail, too! Nice, pleasant place, ain't it? Well, there's one thing shore, I cain't go to sleep any time soon; might as well have a look at some history things. Mought git so eddicated I wouldn't never make no mo' moonshine!" Like a ghost himself, the man wandered among those relics which are the visible signs of the souls of Carolina men and women of the past. He stood before the empty uniform of one mountain boy, a soldier in the World War. With painstaking care, he read, in the lim light, the words of the original "Dixie." He stared solemnly at the chapeau of Santa Anna, worn in his last battle when conquered by Carolina troops. "We're a purty good 'l' State, after all, ain't we? An' 'obuddy ain't never run away yit."

The mountaineer passed on, studying the history of his State, until he stood before a tall glass case, set off by itself. In it was only a soiled, torn little scrap of paper, followed by its fifty years of existence and disfigured by a few brown spots that might have been spilled coffee or might have been spilled blood. In the faint light he could not decipher the words of the writing which straggled across the page, but above it he read the inscription: "The officer who wrote the 'Message From the Dead' was Col. Isaac Erwin Avery, of the 6th Regiment, North Carolina State troops. He

was mortally wounded at Gettysburg in a terrible charge, but when the regiment retreated and found him again, he had written on a note pad with his left hand these words, addressed to Major Tate of the regiment: "Tell my father I died with my face to the enemy. I. E. Avery."

For a long moment Jonas paid the tribute of silence to the great deed of a great man. New thoughts were coming too fast to find coherent expression. Finally he spoke slowly, feeling for words, "His face to the enemy! That's all he had ter say to anybuddy, 'cause thet's all he wuz a thinkin' about, an' a-dyin'! An' ef thet leetle scrap o' paper's the only thing he lef' in the worl' thet's enough! I didn't never think about nothin' thet way before, but—wait a minute, lemme see how to say it—he mought a been kilt an' couldn't fight no more, but it don't make no difference, 'cause everybuddy knows he wasn't afraid an' maybe they'll read this an' they won't be afeard neither—of nuthin'!" The words came haltingly. When a soul is in the throes of revolution, it is hard to say what one is thinking. This was an entirely new idea to the big mountaineer who had never before thought of anyone else but himself and who had considered death only oblivion. Now he was finding that death of a certain sort may be more valuable than life of another sort. He stared with new respect at the brown spots—he knew now it was not spilled coffee. It was the seal of this precious letter, drawn from the heart's blood of the writer.

A frown had gathered on the man's brow. Evidently these new thoughts were disturbing. "He was a North Ca'lina man—an' purty nigh a mountain man—Morganton. Golly, but he was some fellow. Kinder makes me wisht I could do somep'n—well, why cain't I? I'm as good as he wuz, I reckon. I don't half to be afeared." There was a strange sort of irritation in his voice, as if someone had disputed his right to be not "afeared." "Face to the enemy. Hum." With a new resolution on his face and a new determination to his chin, Jonas King turned and strode out of the room of ghosts, down the stairs and out again to the brilliantly lighted 11 o'clock street of the city. As he reached the sidewalk, a hand fell on his shoulder, and a drawing voice, which spoke his own language, whispered, "Glad to see ye. Tho't you'd git out. Come on away from hyar afore they git ye back agan." It was his brother.

Jonas pondered a minute: "Naw, not right now, got some bizness to tend to. Wait a minute, lemme write a note." There was grimness in his smile. "Reckon Mr. Avery ain't the only one kin write a message from the dead." Placing a bit of paper torn from a paper bag on the wall, he laboriously wrote a few words, and handed it to the other man. "You kin read it in a few minutes—wait till I'm outa sight. O, don't worry. I'm not crazy. Ye'll see me purty soon." He hurried away with the long swinging stride of the free and happy man, and for the second time that night boarded a street car—only this one was going back the way he had come.

A few minutes later his brother read:

"Sandy: Tell the folks I could a escaped but no Nawth Ca'lina man ain't never yit run away an' I ain't gonna be the fust.

"JONAS KING."

Willie—"Say, uncle, how much do you want for your dogs?"

Uncle—"Well about two dollars apiece."

Willie—"Two dollars apiece? Who'd want apiece of a dog?"