

The Salemite

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"It is words," someone has said "which reveal our interests and standards. Probably more injury is produced by words than by any other single weapon." Silence is not always the best policy but it is advisable. "Let your speech be all ways with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how to ought to answer every man."

Of all the different attitudes manifested by students, pessimism is one of the worst—not the most common, but certainly the most unpleasant. Some people cultivate a chronic cold and dark and dreary gloom and maintain it whether the rain falls or the sun shines. Perhaps it is a pleasure to them; they associate it with it. Not, they are like the old woman who "enjoyed poor health." The person who wails mournfully "I know I can't pass that exam" is taking the stress day to day to fail it. Of course no one is expected to be exactly hilarious on the eve of an examination—but a little self-confidence will make a little information go further. Pessimism weakens self-confidence, it lessens ability; and it detracts from the joy of living. Moreover, it is contagious. One big scowler is an awful nuisance, and the first scowler is responsible for all the others. Pessimism is useless. It is an optimist to quite a way as to a pessimist—and much more satisfactory.

Trinity is no longer Trinity! It has become Duke and a university! During the holidays, the condition came about and already the face of the *Trinity Chronicle* has been changed in certain respects. Large headlines announce the new state of affairs and smaller ones assert the glories of Duke; but we note with relief that the name of the publication will be modified but slightly. According to the editor, "It was not deemed best to change the name entirely, but only so as to hold on to the old Trinity name in part and get follow-on with the new university."

With the beginning of another year, the turning over of new leaves and making of resolutions, every student may well take into consideration the joint made by Dr. Manson in her address concerning personality. Personalities, it seems, can be made by application, and the traits of character most useful in the "making" process are the simple homely ones: kindness, honesty, friendliness, courtesy, and liveliness.

Certainly there has been no more inspiring and worthwhile message brought to Salem students than that by Miss Lindsay at Chapel on Wednesday. Besides presenting the situation at Bryn Mawr and expressing somewhat the need of additional schools similar to the one conducted there, she made clear the lasting influence of the eight short weeks on the life of each girl privileged to attend. In the following extract from the publication cited by students in the Bryn Mawr Sun-

ner School of Industry, one catches a glimpse of the really lasting impression made by these few days of a different sort of life than that which these young women had been accustomed:

"To us all it meant a desired break in the twenty, fifteen or ten days' work, work, work, work, had little conception of the nature of each, so some none at all. But each of us carried with her a vague hope or wish to find in the school something that would make life take a little different form. Though every one of us dreamed that perhaps in these few weeks we would get a little glimpse at something we have missed all the time before, and just this little glimpse may lighten our rays of happiness to brighten our days of work when they sometimes will become exceptionally dull and dreary. One day perhaps some one of us will suddenly find a Sunday that will seem unfamiliar to her fellow-workers, and she will tell them of the day when the wonderful tunes of Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner revealed to her the beauty of the music she had never heard before. Another day she will tell of the falls upon the loom or machine, which will not fill us with recollections of those delightful hours when the secrets of these rays have been revealed to us? Shall I wonder further? Shall I venture to think of the time when some of us will be confronted with an economic problem that will be so much easier to understand than before? and if needed we may apply some of the methods to remedy these problems. I wish to be sure that we are not to begin to doubt if we are really able to accomplish anything even with the aid of our friends? This, I thought will soon be banished when we shall suddenly remember at least one day when we create something we never thought we could. We shall perhaps remember the secret prize when our first poem was written, and the "golden star"—the reward of a golden soul for work we did in science."

Deeply and more deeply we feel the need. The will you ever have a fairer day when, working at our daily task, we shall be filled with longing. Yet the realization of that distant hour brings assurance of a sweet memory of the days when we lived a different life.

Major Vivian Gilbert In Splendid Address

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From the lios, he came to the gates of the city, where he was welcomed with open arms and was presented with the keys of the city by the mayor. The cook informed the mayor that he did not want the city, he merely wished to get some "hugs." When this incident was reported, successive triumphal entries were made by three generals before the matter was formally taken over by General Alley.

Of special interest was the taking of the city of Micahish. Since spies had reported that the conditions outlined in the Bible were true, the general decided upon Saul and Jonathan's method of attack, and the result was exactly the same as outlined in the Bible. A heroic effort was made in crossing the Jordan. Many lost their lives while trying to swim the river under the steady machine gun fire of the Turks. When at last a pontoon bridge was constructed, the troops continued their march until the Turks had been killed, captured, or put to rout.

Major Gilbert said that in order that there might not be any blood shed in the streets of the sacred cities of Palestine, the Turks were forced to withdraw without a single shot being fired.

"The whole town's gone to heaven."
"How come?"
"Fire down the street."—Yellow Jacket.

An ancient or charged painfully up to the gate of the rats. The gate-keeper, demanding the usual fee for sunrise, called:
"A dollar for a car."
The owner looked up with a pathetic countenance of relief and said, "Sold"—Bison.

Miss Lindsay Speaks In Chapel Service

(Continued from Page One)

A PRAYER

Dear God,
Since time immemorial There have been race prejudices, And since time immemorial We have heeded the dictates of ugly convictions. And we, the Youth of the world, Have been in the background And now— We want to come forward And think for ourselves And rule our own lives; And—we feel That the happiness of the world Rests on the shoulders of Youth. It's up to us to sweep aside all race prejudices And to break down barriers every where Between color, race and creed, And it's up to us to say— There shall be no more war. Dear God,

We believe this—our greatest fault Is race prejudice. For it holds more baseness and cruelty Than any other fault In the wide world.

If we, the Turks, had not nursed it, There would have been no atrocities, Which horrified the world.

If we the British had not nursed it, There would be no Indian situation.

If we, the Americans, did not nurse the negro problem, No such books as "The Martyred Race" could be the best seller in India today.

Dear God— Help us to overcome these—our faults, Help us to forget our international suspicions, Our animosities and hates; Help us, the Youth of the world, To bring all nations together in peace; Help us to meet the world as brothers; Help us to walk joyously in the open sunshine of world-fellowship.

THE SONG OF A FACTORY WORKER

Red Brick building With many windows, You're like a vampire, For wherever I go, You know I'm coming back to you. You have held many under your spell, Many who have served Their life away, With your war-mills. You say to me, O, you may leave But I'll still come back. You'll miss They sing, The whir, whur, whur of the machinery, The click of the tacker, The happy laughter of the girls, Telling jokes, You'll miss the songs They sing, And the tired-eyes ones Watching the clock, The pieceworkers, Sewing fast, So fast till it makes you dizzy To watch.

(They haven't time to look up.) And under the sky, The red-haired girl, When the sun sets her head aflame, You'll miss the noise and the bustle, And the hurry, And you'll come back, You'll see, All this and more With many windows.

Bryn Mawr is doing a wonderful work, and hopes that other schools of its kind will see that the experiment has been successful, and that they will be open by opening their doors to the same great cause.

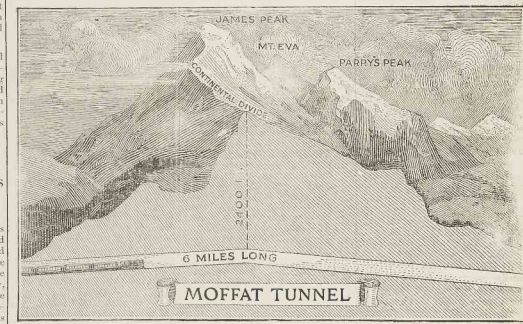
French Club Has An Interesting Program

The first meeting of the French Club for the new year was held Wednesday evening in the Alice Clewett living room. A portion of the program was given over to learning a number of new French songs and singing others already familiar to the members. In response to roll-call French proverbs were given.

Dr. Payel entertained the members and stimulated their thought by asking a number of clever and witty "devinettes." She also related several humorous and amusing anecdotes.

The February meeting which will be devoted to the study of the great women of France, promises to be very interesting as well as instructive.

Mac Hairston: "Was David Copperfield the author of *The Pecc of Whitechapel*?"
"No."
"Well—what did he write, then?"



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