

The Salemite

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We are reminded now and then that the Juniors are really in existence, though they are few in number. Their request for co-operation, and for the giving spirit is worth our notice, for if we are seniors, we have been in their place, and if we are Sophomores or Freshmen we soon will be asking for help. This energetic class is struggling, as its predecessors have done, to defray expenses for important class business, and it is up to us to help them. They do not ask for financial gifts; they give something in return, but the spirit of co-operation behind the giving means much to this working class.

Seniors! remember you once were Juniors! Sophomores and Freshmen! Don't forget that you soon will be! Co-operate!

College life is prone to become monotonous during the middle of the semester, and especial energy should be devoted to keeping the spirits high, doing each task well, and then enjoying a certain amount of freedom from duties. Our work often prevents us from enjoying a time of rest and recreation, but a schedule well planned and arranged will include a period for exercise, and for forgetting of duties. While working, concentrate on the work before you, learn it well, and then enjoy the satisfaction which follows a task well done. The trouble with most of us is that we have so many things to be done, that we "skim over" all of them, and do none of them well,—then the unfinished work haunts us while we are engaging in recreation, and fairly tears at our minds, for we know that it has to be done.

The moral of this discussion, is that "a little fun now and then, is cherished by the best of men," but make the now and then fit in after lessons have been learned, duties done, and when the mind as well as the body can rest. The haunting spirit of an unfinished task will

mar a whole evening's enjoyment.

It was the ancient Chinese philosopher Lai tze who remarked that "the journey of a thousand miles begins with one pace". This is as true today as it was thousands of years ago, but Lao-tze might have added that if the traveler took no more than the first pace he would never reach the end of his journey. The first step is necessary, but so are the ones which follow; it is well to make a good beginning, but unless the beginning is followed up by steady, persistent and unremitting work, little will be accomplished. Many people start out brilliantly, who never attain the goal; success belongs to the one who can keep on working when work has grown irksome, and who can finish better than he began.

The girl who puts most into College life is the girl who gets most out of it. The student who stands aloof with lofty scorn and refuses to enter into college activities, refuses the opportunity to be an active member of an organization, refuses to be a worthwhile member of the student body is not getting a great deal of benefit out of her college life. Association with other girls in sports or in some sort of student enterprise is a vital part of the experience and training given by a college, and the girl who neglects this phase of her training is losing a valuable experience.

The Salemite receives college newspapers from other Colleges and Universities all over the South, and these exchanges are placed on a table in the library. We recommend that every student take advantage of this opportunity of learning the activities and opinions of other schools. A narrow point of view is evidenced by the person whose ideas are so cramped that they are confined to only one school, one set of people, one opinion. It is well at all times to know what is happening in the rest of the world, and particularly well for students of our college to get the ideas of students in another college. The newspaper is representative and in almost every case gives individuals a chance for expression in some sort of Open Forum. Every student will profit by reading the exchanges, and will get a great deal of information and enjoyment from these papers.

ACADEMY NEWS

The Iit Pin base ball game was played Tuesday afternoon between the eight and ninth grades. Much spirit was shown among the players; this made it most thrilling and interesting. The game was announced in the morning and in the afternoon there was quite a crowd of on-lookers.

The lineup of the winning team was as follows:
Pitcher — Virginia Harris
Catcher — Josephine Hawley
1st Base — ——— Mary Taft
2nd Base — ——— De Lois Osborne
3rd Base — Carrolle Do Planty
Short Stop — Hortense Carson
Right Field — ——— Sara Reynolds
Center Field — Mary Duggins
Although the eighth grade came out victorious, the ninth grade put up a splendid fight



Sunday evening, October 18, at six o'clock in Memorial Hall, Dean H. A. Shirley will give an organ recital. The vesper service will take the place of the regular Y. W. C. A. meeting on Friday night.

For several years at the same hour, Dean Shirley, a gifted musician has enchanted the audience with his wonderful playing. Many people hope the service will become a fixed custom. Surely it would be outstanding among others, for his music at twilight is a true inspiration.

Dean Shirley has been Dean of the music department at Salem College since 1896. Many people send their daughters here because of his presence. His musical ability is recognized far and wide.

Dean Shirley was born at Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, September 11, 1865. He graduated from the New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass., in 1887, studied organ under S. B. Whitney, Boston, and piano under the late Edward MacDowell, after which he was organist and teacher of piano at Winchester, Mass., for eleven years. He has held a prominent place in musical circles as a colleegees of the American Guild of Organists, a member of North Carolina Music Teachers' Association, and director of many choruses and orchestras here and elsewhere.

Those girls who cannot attend the recital at the Vesper Service will indeed miss a rare treat.

ACADEMY PERSONALS

Mary Virginia Dunn and Virginia Perkins spent the weekend in Raleigh.

Don Arnsfield spent the weekend in Thomasville.

Nannie Russell went to Durham for the week-end.

Margaret Hughes went to Raleigh the past week-end.

Louisa Watson attended a house party the last week-end at Davidson.

Anne Cook went to Salisbury for the past week-end.

Mary Cavanaugh visited in Greensboro the last week-end.

Ruth Hopkins spent the weekend in Greensboro.

Stella Whiteheart visited her sister in the city the past week-end.

Elizabeth Marx was elected president of the Y. W. C. A. at a recent meeting of the Academy students.

The regular Sunday meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was opened by a number of hymns. Miss Lucile Chandley was at the piano and Elvira Hudson and Daisy Litz accompanied her with violins. A scripture lesson was read from the Bible by Elizabeth Marx; Mrs. M. L. Schneider, told three delightful stories, which were enjoyed by everyone. After this, sentence prayers were led by Mrs. Herndon and closed by Miss Zachary. The meeting was closed by the Y. W. C. A. watch word.

Margaret Hauser, Christine Hays, Beth Sloop, and Mary Anderson spent the week-end in Dallas with Mary Neal Wilkins.

THE VIOLIN

I believe there are some benighted mortals who are so prosaic, so practical, so utterly unemotional, that they do not care for music. They are few, but do exist. I cannot understand those who, as I may, are so much characteristic is beyond the limits of my comprehension. It seems to me as though love of music should be a natural instinct, a part of every human being, without whose life is empty and incomplete.

From my earliest childhood I have been passionately fond of music; I love it in any form, of all instruments of music, the violin has for me the greatest appeal. There is something exquisite, something of almost heavenly beauty in the strain which flows from the fingers of a violinist. I can almost carry more easily imagine the angels in Heaven, playing on violin than I can see them forever playing on golden harps. The harp is a noble instrument; its music is inspiring; yet it cannot carry one through clouds of airy fancy, through mazes of mystic enchantment, to the heights of delicious joy, to the depths of poignant sorrow. The music of the violin sometimes transports its listener to a land of dream and of unreality, and again it seems the expression of all the deepest, most real emotions that stir the soul of man. It is hauntingly unforgettable, and at the same time, elusive and intangible. One moment it lives in the imagination, the next it is gone like an airy spirit of fancy.

I would give up a dozen trifling amusements for the pleasure of spending one evening in the company of a great violinist, Kreisler, Elman or Heifetz. To sit for an hour, or two, or three in a great concert-hall, among hundreds of fellow music-lovers, representing all types and classes of society, to recognize the bonds of common love and common understanding which unite, though unknown, to each other, that is true happiness.

A woman of wealth rustles up the aisle in her silks and jewels, and is ushered into her private box. She appears cold and indifferent; yet there is a faint gleam of anticipation on her placid, cultured face.

A group of laughing, chattering college girls occupies one of the front rows.

Well towards the back sit a scholarly-looking professor and his wife, devouring their programs, but keeping a careful watch on the stage entrance. A frail little music-teacher has an end seat on the first balcony. She plainly expects to have a concert to begin. Back on the last row of the top balcony, are two poor working girls, wearing mended gloves and last season's hats, but with such shining, eager faces that one knows they are having a real treat even though it may have cost them some sacrifice to procure it. All these people, who in every-day life are as far apart as the poles, are together for this one night breathing the same air, experiencing the same feelings in a greater or lesser degree.

There is a slight stir on the stage, a sudden hush, and the musician steps out before his waiting audience. He gives the conventional smiles in acknowledgement of the applause which greets him and then there is either hush, a silence absolute. He raises his violin to his shoulder; his bow is poised

and his sensitive fingers rest for a moment on the strings of his instrument. Then a flood of exquisite music bursts upon the audience, thrills it to its fingertips carries its soul away on a tide of over-powering melody. The crowd is motionless, speechless, fascinated by the magic of that frail block of wood and those flying fingers. The musician is oblivious of those whom he has charmed into silence; he is held by a spell of his own weaving.

Perhaps the reaction of each listener is different, yet all are unaccountably stirred. There are tears in the eyes of the music teacher; the professor appears to be in the highest state of bliss; the two girls are clasping hands and the lady in her box is clasping her gloved hands in silent, but no less sincere appreciation.

What a genius the maker of the first violin must have been! What awe he must have experienced as he drew the bow over the strings of the newly-created instrument and realized that he had made something which would live forever and give happiness to millions of people, down through the ages! Surely he was a man with a divine spark and an immortal soul.

—Margaret Schwartz.

EXCHANGES

The University of North Carolina has a record enrollment of six thousand five hundred students, two thousand three hundred of whom are resident students.

Incipient orators in twenty-one colleges and universities will soon commence exercising their lungs in dormitories, empty classrooms and vacant lots in anticipation of the fourth Oxford debate team to visit American colleges.

The three young Englishmen being brought over this fall by the Institute of International Education are all experienced public speakers, all were at one time president of the Oxford Union, the Oxford debating society which is a training ground for British statesmen.

Mr. H. V. Lloyd Jones of James College (Liberal) was the most recent president, for the second term during the past year. His predecessor in that office, Mr. R. H. Bernays of Worcester Union, is also a Liberal, having campaigned for his party at election time. Mr. H. J. S. Wedderburn of Balliol (Conservative) is not only an orator but has a wide range of interests, which include journalism, dramatics, cricket and football.

No colleges further west than Pennsylvania are included in the Oxford itinerary. The subjects for debate are: Prohibition, Russia, International Court of Justice, Socialism, "Ignorance is Bliss".

—The New Student.

"What was the name of the last election we stopped at, Mother?"

"I don't know. Be quiet; I'm working out a cross-word puzzle."

"It's a pity you don't know the name, mother, because little Oscar got off the train there."

LOST: Waterman fountain pen on brown ribbon. Dr. Willoughby.