

## The Salemite

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**THOUGHT FOR WEEK**  
Guard well within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.—George Sand.

**Paragraphics**  
We suggest a skating rink on top of the swimming pool cover.  
Lost: Faculty Varsity, net weight 750 lbs, color blue; answers to the name of *Where*. If found straying, return to former agreement!  
Commencement is provisional—a certainty if rumor is true that a few of the seniors will graduate. What hopes!  
Poor Juniors—this time next year you'll reap your rewards—and eat the sandwiches you've made this year.  
Great Expectations—Davidson Glee Club.

Salem attempts to develop girls who will be trained in the four essentials constituting a well-balanced life. Every student is given advantages and opportunities for development and improvement mentally, physically, socially and spiritually.  
As students who are now attending school here we do not realize or fully appreciate this, but we have sufficient proof in the repeated testimonies of the Alumnae. In these busy days on emphasis on present activities and interests, there is a tendency everywhere to neglect spiritual training. This is not true at Salem, and with the beginning of Lent comes one of the times in the school year when Salem students may profit most spiritually. The Lenten Services under Bishop Bondthaler's direction are of two-fold value to all of us. They are instructive and profitable to themselves but become doubly so because they are conducted by one who is loved and admired by every Salem student.  
With the continuance this year of the long established and highly cherished custom each individual should realize the opportunities which this special season of the year offers to her.

**What's Wrong**  
Added to the number of student suicides, a boy in a Chicago college was found dead the other day, after taking an overdose of a sleeping potion. Age craves the neck and says what? The younger generation killing itself under the pretext that life is futile, and wonders what lies beyond? What is the world coming to? College presidents shake their heads in grief, and attempt to fall on the motivation of student suicides. Psychologists attribute the deeds to mental distress, to overpowering circumstances.  
Some say that colleges teach too much theory and idealism, that there is too much analysis and questioning among the students. Fundamentalists ask who probes facts? Modernists ask why seek the truth!  
Looking into this turmoil of disorientation, belief, unbelief, restriction, liberty, promoted by cultivated well-educated people, what is the student to think and feel?  
The basic trouble or cause, if we might venture a bold suggestion, lies in the failure of the college to teach the joy of living. It has failed to teach the application of the great truths that it sets forth. It has been unsuccessful in its attempts to broaden a student's outlook, and has failed to guide him safely across the turmoil of dissection and unbelief in life.

**THEME**  
I thought that by the time it was over, I would absolutely be a "nervous wreck." But since it is really over and I am in as good condition as ever before, I will try to relate my story to you.  
The whole household had been in a state of excitement and nervousness since the very start—To think that our sister Nancy was going to marry that rich Bob Marshall!  
Mother was simply delighted but father was softly upset and said that, from the first, he didn't like the fellow's looks. The boys seemed to be pleased too, but I, being a girl, knew that I would miss Nancy dreadfully.  
These wedding preparations were certainly a source of trouble to us especially considering the way it all turned out. First there were all the parties and teas which mother and Nancy attended. Mother said that they were given in Nancy's honor but I didn't see why people should particularly honor Nancy. Of course I did not go to these parties as they said I was only a kid, but stayed at home to tend to Jimmy and I just couldn't keep the twins clean. When Nancy went up town she always returned with a lot of boxes and packages which were for a treat. We couldn't even walk without stumbling over something of hers.  
At last the wedding day arrived, which was worse than all. I think I was as excited as Nancy. Mother had at last, with much coaxing on my part, consented to my being a bridesmaid. I wasn't a bridesmaid though, after all, and this is how it happened.  
Bob Marshall had thought that we were wealthy! If he had known that I had to wear Nancy's old clothes, I guess he would have thought something different. In some way he found out that we were really poor, and when we drove up to the church, Bob wasn't there, and of course he never came. You see he himself wasn't worth a penny, and why Nancy and mother thought he was rich, I don't know. Anyway when he found out that he wasn't marrying "greenbacks," he decided not to marry at all—at least for a while.  
Later Nancy told me she guessed she was glad she didn't marry Bob because she didn't love him at all, but why she got herself engaged to him is more than I can see.  
—*Adelaide Haney*.

The seventh annual convention of the North Carolina League of Women Voters will be held in Chapel Hill March 10, 11, 12. The call was recently sent out by the president, Miss Gertrude Weil, of Goldsboro.  
In connection with the convention a school of citizenship will be conducted by the University. Some professors, eminent in that respect, will speak at the school.  
—*The Har Heel*.

**DORTEK'S MA**  
Kschow, Kansas.  
Dere Miss Sallum:  
I just wantcha to no that my dotter Calamity Ann is alikin your place pretty part, an she won't never quit singin your boost as long as her singin apparatus keeps greased. She rit me the other day that that Mr. Short done made her make a fortunin something whatcha stan behind the backs of when somethin like guns is contain in front of where youe standin behind what ye are. Now I dun mine no dotter of mine bin prepared, but if there's a was anywhere, I want my dotter in the ole nest. So please crater up, and sender collect if you have a broakin out up there.  
We're havin it pretty refrigeratory out here jest now. Josh's cars here frum a week now an the hens have been purched on the roost since same Tuesday. Pa says if it dont thaw out, he's agoin to buy one of these barrels of smulle what Mr. Krass sells.  
Josh and Pete were slidin on the creek thotter day, and the ole thing run up and met em where it hurts to tell about it—they liketa dille of grape that nite and I was spattin Miss Annies fagatience onem every tick of the clock.  
I wish youd tell Miss Blizzard that me an Pa got Calamity's menu, an werr; that proud of her Fines and Dandy's, she got one of em on each icon—an F or D. I thinkem not recommendable, an I'm sure Miss Blizzardd put her on the helix list.  
I gotta run put the soapuds on the vinegar pie. Please take kecer of Calamity—ain't no tellin what she'll do when she does what the others do do.  
Gours till the sun sinks in the east.  
—Mrs. Josiah Plankett Ruggles.

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Leerie, the faithful, has gone—but streets still need lighting. And in whatever communities college men and women elect to live, they should take a lively interest in civic improvements—including street lighting.

"For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door, we've learned steps to light it as he lights so many more."  
—*"The Lamp lighter"*  
Robert Louis Stevenson

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