

The Salemite

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association.
Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

\$2.00 a Year 10c a Copy

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THOUGHT FOR WEEK

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should think of. He should first think of his character, and then of his condition. He that has character, need have no fear of his condition. Character will draw conditions after it.—H. W. Dressler.

Paragraphs

"Time is man's ministering angel."

Such Clapping

The reaction of the college and Academy audience to the recent concert of the Davidson Glee Club was nothing short of rapturous, and no disgraceful adjectives can be too detrimental in criticism, and we do not help wondering what the people of Winston-Salem, who were interested enough to come, thought of the behavior of a supposedly intelligent audience. The Glee Club was given unfair criticism in one of the city papers, and we venture to say that its performance was a reflection of the majority in the audience who practically ran wild in their derisive applause.

The conduct of those students—Academy and College—who forgot themselves, their position and their responsibility, was sufficient to arouse the utmost disgust in the minds of outsiders who also witnessed the concert. The riotous behavior was a disgrace and nothing short of it—to the College and the Academy, the institution as a whole, and was certainly an opening for unfavorable criticism among people who otherwise would have enjoyed parts of the concert.

We wonder now what other state college organization would be willing to be greeted by an audience of such thoughtlessness, and we wonder simultaneously what spirit of support and co-operation can be expected in the future from a people of the minority of the audience.

One writer has said that "part of a university's business is to educate students." This does not relieve the situation to the extent that all responsibility for individual and group conduct is removed from the students. It seems to us, that if college students are not capable of maintaining a decent kind of behavior, and uphold a certain moral in the audience while attending a performance of some delight, such opportunities should be removed until the college audience has been trained.

Carelessness in Speech

We are often told that it is the little things which help to make or mar our character and personality. One of the careless little habits which is especially prevalent, and which grows upon one unconsciously, is that of incorrect English. We all know what is correct, or at least, we should know, but very few of us are as careful in our speech as we should be. It cannot be ignorance, it must be carelessness or indifference. We may consider this slovenly habit to be all right when we are here among friends, but like all other sins, this one will become so firmly established that it cannot easily be shaken off. The ability to speak correct English is of an inestimable value in after life, and the place to learn how to speak correctly is in school or college. Slang, vulgarity, and slovenly habits of speech are all of them place on Salem Campus. Let us institute a campaign for good English which shall last always.

BE DEFINITE

To be definite is to be clear, and clarity is the first evidence of ability. Always to be rambling, always to be wandering, always hesitating and lack of thought shows indolence and lack of ability. Always indelicacy, always inconsiderate, always translates foreign weakness in character.

It is true that some problems require thought to be solved, and a certain time for reflection, but those are only the large problems to small ones there is a definite answer and a definite solution. The solution may not be right in the eyes of the world, but evidently it has a basis and a foundation in the solver's own mind and experience, and those should not be questioned.

Congratulate the one who has thought things through, arrived at a definite conclusion, and who holds his own convictions—whether their verity seems questionable or not. Above all, be prepared with a keen foresight to argue your own conclusions definitely, quickly and boldly. Indefiniteness means laziness and laziness is a symptom of failure. To be definite is to be successful.

The articles in the Open Forum column of the last issue of *The Salemite* do not present all the facts in the case in question relative to the two sides of the situation. This fact should have been considered when judging them.

Exchanges

Students entering a new college just founded in Illinois, must sign a pledge not to use tobacco or liquor. Dances and fraternities are also prohibited and there is neither inter-collegiate athletics nor student government. They made a serious mistake when they forged to ban eating and sleeping.—*Fla. Alligator*.

Girls will be barred from the second "college cruise around the world," it was recently announced by sponsors of the "Florida University," now on its first tour of the globe, with five hundred men and women students aboard. The organization was given the barring of girls from the second cruise.—*Dallas Excambour*.

Because chapel groups to hear "prominent speakers" named "barely enough to start a good basket of scones," and because voluntary excused absence, the Richmond College, University of Richmond, Virginia, pleads for the return of compulsory services.—*The New Statesman*.

A non-technical course in philosophy is designed to give the student a view upon the universe that he may better know the aims of life and the value of reading, than will be offered by the University of Oklahoma. It will be entitled "Man and the Universe," and will treat of philosophical theories of man's origin and the progress of his conquest of his environment.—*Technique*.

North: "Do you know what a stiver is?"
South: "Sure!" The one in my flivver is a good part of the time.

WE WONDER

What Virginia Welch would do without her little pink rubber gloves.

How many love sick girls there were in school last Tuesday morning.

If Lib Wilson thought Ed Wilson sang "Consolation" for her special benefit.

If Easter holiday will ever get here.

How La Verne Waters can talk so much and still say nothing.

Why Kat Long was borrowing a diamond ring and football for a date last Wednesday night.

If Henrietta Underwood ever happened to get to a meal on time.

Why some girls still insist on having such an unconcerned attitude towards the work that the Athletic Association is doing for their special benefit.

If Elizabeth Roper has heard Bill Green since her little flirtation Monday night.

If anybody ever saw Doris Isabel, and Truman when they weren't raving about the opposite sex.

Why Dot Trrazier is so excited over next week-end.

Why Dot Siewers wants to make her long speech on the College Press.

All ships need light but corn-ships—*Snieper*.

Grandmother Speaks of Long Ago

My grandmother seemed to meditate deeply before she decided on a story to tell. Then in her wonderfully musical voice she began to tell me the story that she told; but it was the custom of the peasants in Ireland when a cow was milked in the evening to leave some milk for the calves to get for their little ones during the night.

One evening Biddie, the old servant on an Irish farm, neglected to leave a little milk for the calves during the night she heard a soft crooning coming from the direction of the field in which the cow was kept. Thinking that perhaps someone was trying to steal the animal, she arose, dressed, and went out to investigate. When she first came out of the house she saw in the field, which was at a little distance, a bright light over which hung a white mist. Although she was frightened she decided that it was her duty to investigate, so she walked slowly toward the field.

As she approached it the light gradually became fainter and when she reached the field there was a woman standing beside the cow. She was dressed in the peasant garb of Ireland and was holding an infant in her arms. She was not tranquil, but there seemed to be an excitement somewhere about her. While Biddie was watching, the woman began singing to the child.

"Sleep my little sleep. Sing they always leave milk for the calf, sleep."

When she had finished she turned and looked at Biddie. Biddie never told anyone what happened after that, but she was blind until the day of her death.

This was the story that my grandmother told, after which we went silently to bed.

—Athens Compaoraki.

My grandmother and I had been sitting on her shady back porch all day of the afternoon. She had been telling me of her girlhood days, when, pointing to a little stand in the corner, she said:
"Would you not like her story of the little stand?"
"Why, of course I would," I answered. "Please tell it to me."

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stand, which was the bottom of the old grandfather clock, in which the gold was concealed, and all the remains of the old family clock." With a sigh of remembrance, grandmother told her story of the little stand which stood in the corner of the porch.

OPEN FORUM

BEHAVIOR

Last Monday night the Davidson College Glee club gave a concert in Memorial Hall which was sponsored by the Senior Class. The program presented was a typical college glee club program; it was composed of selections by the Glee Club as a whole, by a Symphony orchestra, by the Wilcox Serenaders and several solo groups. The program was well presented, and thoroughly enjoyed by the largest portion of the audience.

It was his very appreciation that was responsible for the actions of the audience. It is true that the minority were responsible for, and engaged in the stomping and yelling, screaming and whistling that took place; and yet the group as a whole was criticized. What do you think of the reception the Glee Club received at Salem College? Little barbarians or savages would hardly have acted in a more depraved manner.

Salem has a reputation to uphold. We, as Salem girls, have no right to act as the minority did during the concert. A performing artist, or group of artists, is entitled to an appreciative audience, but there can be no excuse for such screaming and stomping and squalling when there was during the performance.

It is true that the program was not highbrow; but, then, very few of us went to the concert expecting to hear a high brow performance. The truth of the matter is that we received the program as a decidedly low-brow sort of thing. That we had no right to do. Those boys were carrying out their part of the evening's entertainment in a very creditable manner; and we, Salem girls, had no right to act as the minority did the first time in my life I was ashamed of Salem girls as a group.

After this, the clock was torn to pieces and the parts scattered about in many places. Now, that little

That grandmother told me the story of the little stand. "The little stand has been in the family for almost one hundred and fifty years. It was formerly the little of an old grandfather clock which belonged to my great grandfather in the time of the Revolutionary War. It was in great very stand that he hid half a bushel of gold and silver, so that the Tories could not find it. One day the Tories came to the house to search for the gold of which they had heard. They asked where it was hidden. Grandfather refused to tell. In their anger they killed him and then asked grandmother. She also refused to tell but they agreed not to kill her, and finally passed on, without thinking to look in the clock for the gold which the old man had concealed there."

At grandmother's death, the clock was taken by her son who kept it until he died, when it went to his son and so on until the present day. During that time, the clock grew tired and stopped, refusing to run again. After a time its place in the hall was taken by a new piece of furniture and the clock was stored in the attic where it remained for many years until it was forgotten. One day the family was startled to hear the clock strike. They investigated, but found that the hands had been moved and that it was just as it had been left. A few days later my great grandfather became ill and died exactly two weeks after the clock was heard. It seemed that the clock had foretold his death.

The people wondered over this a great deal, but soon forgot about the coincidence. Several years later the clock struck again and two weeks later my great aunt died. Again the clock had foretold a death in the family.

By this time, everyone had been a great deal, but soon forgot about the coincidence. Several years later the clock struck again and two weeks later my great aunt died. Again the clock had foretold a death in the family.

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