

# The Salemite

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### THOUGHT FOR WEEK

The men who are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticize.—Elizabeth Harrison.

Fearless minds climb soonest into crowns.—Shakespeare.

### Paragraphs

The question is—will it be a banquet or a prom?

An instructor came early to his class, left his hat on the table and left. The class entered, waited fifteen minutes and disbanded. The instructor gave him all a doublet for he said "My hat being there indicated my presence." The same instructor was surprised to find a row of hats at the next meeting of his class. Are colleges the same the world over?

### The College Paper

One of the state papers, in referring to the expulsion of members of the staff of the Iconoclast, a University of Georgia paper, said "Student papers are the hand of college presidents and faculties." This, however, need not and should not be the case. College men and women should have outgrown the childish practice of giving way to prejudice against the faculty and of criticizing unreasonably everything they do, for they are old enough to look at questions sanely and logically and to see both sides.

The college paper, instead of being a medium through which one group harshly criticizes the other, may help to bring about a spirit of friendliness and co-operation between the students and faculty. If each group cultivates an attitude of open-mindedness, free from sensitiveness, the columns of the paper may be used for kindly and constructive criticism given in a friendly manner and accepted in the same spirit in which it is given. Not only criticisms, however, should find a place in the paper. Appreciation on the part of one group for what the other group does may be expressed here, and may be expected to have a large part in bringing faculty and students together. We make them one closely united group rather than two distinct groups.

## Another's Point of View

To be able to see another's point of view is the first evidence of that intangible quality—personality. The world is made up of one-track minds—the great majority of them. Those who have overcome their narrow attitude, have broadened by their contact with others, and accepted others' viewpoints. We learn to have a goal, a definite purpose; to focus our interests and concentration on its accomplishment—yes, but does this fact leave no opening for foreign suggestions, no desire to know of another's opinions? We think so.

In this age of progress, of advancement in education, increasing interest in knowledge, broadening advantages that offer great opportunities for success, the narrow mind that shuts out all advice, that turns a deaf ear to suggestions of others; that fails to see another side of an issue, that soon stamps a failure—his abilities are limited, his promotion stopped.

It need not be necessary to accept another's point of view—to do so without first weighing the matter carefully, certainly shows lack of faith in one's own ability and consequently no stability. But the success of it comes when two sides of the question are seen clearly and definitely, and blended together.

Who admires or respects the individual, who has a point of view—on the other facts in the case—who can see one point of view and that only, is not in any manner intelligent, the person who thinks his own ideas, his own opinions are the only ones worth considering. He has no personality.

Success is promised to the one who listens eagerly to another's point of view, and combines it with his own, using the best points of both. He has displayed the first evidence of personality.

## Kind Words

How many of us creep stop to think of the happiness and encouragement that a kind word, spoken with no thought of our own benefit and consequently no selfishness, can do. To offend, to incur our own duties, we forget that there are many who need just the word of encouragement that we could give to spur them on. We are all human enough to know the depths of our own despondency, and to look for at some time during our lives we have been there ourselves. We are all sympathetic, a pleasant smile, a kind glance given, even though it be through accident, by friend or stranger, makes the whole world seem brighter. Do not be too ready to criticize a friend, or neighbor, who is not on the heights of happiness and frivolity all of the time. Remember that there are times when we, too, are not as friendly or as pleasant as we might be. Remember that often our friends are the victims of our ill temper, and many times, it is only through kindness and sympathy that they endure us. Can not we make the same allowance for our friends, and our neighbors, that they make for us? Speak kindly to your neighbor, be sympathetic to his happiness and encouragement you have given him, but always there will be a warm spot in his heart for you—and you will be the happier for doing a kind deed.

"May a heart be hungry, starving, for a little word of love, Speak it then, and as the sunshine Glids the lofty peaks above So the joy of those who hear it Sends its radiance down life's way. And the world is brighter, better For the loving words we say."

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

The final hockey games will be played on Monday, April 4. It is important that all girls come out to help for the late class.

Miss Torbert announces that the tennis tournament, both single and doubles, will be played off as soon as possible. The faculties of the College and Academy will also take part in a faculty tournament.

## "After Infirmary Hours"

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" The exuberantly cheerful peal of the alarm clock announces that it is quarter of seven, and that time for all good but painful to become "healthily, and fluently," even though rising is out of the question. Being in the throes of the flu ourselves, we turn over with a groan, vainly hoping to be allowed to go to sleep again. (Vain hope indeed!) A moment later, in answer to a mild but unmistakable tap on the shoulder, we open our mouth and the thermometer is deftly inserted. Three minutes of anxiety, and then all hopes are extinguished. 99.9—three more days. It sounds like a prison sentence. Complacent smiles and litter tears in other parts of the room announce the results for our fellow-sufferers. Two lucky ones rise and dress, preparatory to going forth into the outer world once more.

Gloom settles down upon the unfortunate who are left behind, until the sound of approaching trays is heard. With one accord all leap up in bed and sorrow vanishes like the mists of the night. Breakfast is ushered in, the daily orange, cream-of-wheat and—eggs.

Breakfast over, the patients are one-by-one brushed out of their beds like inoffensive flies, and whisked in again soon as the doctor has been made. Then there enters in the ward, a formidable figure in a white uniform and cap, and holding a vacuum cleaner. For some moments we have music wherever we go, and the already immaculate floor is swept and dusted within an inch of its life. After this ceremony, the figure in the cap and white uniform and gown, but robe made more appropriate; however, let us say uniform—disappears in pursuit of a score of instruments of torture, from the heap of which may be extracted gargles, medicine glasses, thermometers and mustard plasters. We begin to see our covers around us in an agony of anticipation. We pretend sleep but it is useless. There we except Miss Agnes, quivering, fan grip us up by the shoulder and speedily quells all weak resistance.

Twelve o'clock brings dinner trays, of blissful moment. We search wildly over ours for a few minutes and finally discover in it, wide and apparently void expanse, soup, milk and eggs. We are not so proud. In the quiet of the afternoon we try to go to sleep, oh, yes, we try nobly. We have just sunk into a delightful doze when in come the thermometers, agents, looking reproachful. That ordeal over, we compose ourselves with difficulty, and are just losing consciousness, when an inviting little glass of medicine is proffered by the "Woman in White," less romantically termed Miss Heath. We suppress a sigh and drink obediently but with a very protest. Quiet once more, and long eyes close. Follows an interval of ten minutes. Enter a mustard plaster. We grind our teeth with rage, are not so calm and obedient, and cool down gradually. Oh, well! We did not want to sleep anyway. A yawn follows.

The most exciting event of the afternoon is the visit of Dr. Pihl. Miss Heath's "Our Doctor." He comes in chattering as usual; we really cannot get a word in edge-wise, and our timid request finally subsides unheeded. He has thumped a bit, staid a bit, and is finally left strictly to ourselves. Five o'clock! Surprised. More eggs!!! The hens are on the job this year. We find the hall enticingly bright, but the door is ajar; our faces—quite ruddy too. We take this philosophically enough, and turn to our next-door neighbor, who has had neither is a better term. She is reading, blissfully unaware of us and we sulkily pick up one of our own books. We're on a page, between us and the printed words there comes a shadow. We grow excited but—it is not that exciting thermometer! We would like to chew the thing to bits if we were not afraid of violating the mercury with disastrous results. Nine o'clock is our bed-time.

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**CURRENT EVENTS**

Tax reductions assured by heavy increase in income tax revenues.

Dr. Cook was granted a release from prison.

Governor Richards has not signed modified Sunday blue laws.

Allen must register under Red-List law passed by last assembly.

Mrs. J. P. Caldwell, pioneer newspaper woman of the South, died Wednesday.

Senator Reed outlined the defense in Anton Sapiro's million dollar libel suit against Henry Ford.

Harry E. Sinclair was convicted for contempt of the Senate at Washington.

Joe Martin, a North Carolina boy, mysteriously disappeared from his home.

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