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THOUGHT FOR WEEK

Our doubts are traitors,
And makes us lose the thing
we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

—Shakespeare.

Paragraphs

"Most of my vote against people, not for people."

Politics

We were boasting sometime ago, unfortunately now, of the fact that there was no evidence of politics in our organization elections, and now the statement appears untrue. The student body seems on the verge of forgetting the chief requisite for an office, and is about to stoop so low as to consider personal prejudices, favors, and dislikes, besides conferring with others, and probably causing their conception of the ability of the probable officers.

How many times need we say that it is the ability of the girl that should be the one great consideration when voting—not her popularity, nor her leniency, and certainly not the fact that her lack of strength leaves a loophole for any dishonesty to laws and rules.

The girl who is a leader, who has executive ability, who will be firm in carrying out the aims and purposes of the organization is the girl who should be made its president.

In the nominations for president of the Student Government, the merits, ability and strength of candidates of each girl possible for the office, were weighed with great deliberation, and the two girls finally made nominees were the ones eligible, and had proved their ability in countless incidences. It will not only be unjust, but an insult to the judgment of the Council if any one else is nominated from the floor.

Theoretically, we admit that the floor nominations are right, but in this incident, is wrong practically. Those who know best about the situation, the Council, have put before the student body their ultimate decision, and that decision should be respected. It is not right for a great number of students with radical tendencies to nominate a girl favored by them because she is too kind and lenient to report them for disobedience to laws and rules.

The organizations at Salem are

of vital importance, especially the major ones, and above all, the Student Government which needs the strongest girls on its council, and at the head it needs the girl who is firm and unprejudiced, who thinks thoroughly and clearly, and who is definite in her decisions.

Are We Keeping Up With the Times?

With the recent occurrences in China about which many girls on this campus were ignorant for several days and about which some may still be uninformed, it seems to be an opportune time for arousing others and considering whether as college women this is the right attitude to take towards questions of world importance.

We are attending school supposedly to obtain an education. Is it possible that people who have reached college years have made as much progress towards securing a true education as they should have if they know practically nothing of current events, of which the present complications in China are only one important example? Newspaper readings deserves a part of our daily routine, so that we can have some knowledge of things happening around us and of events of universal importance, and be able to discuss such problems intelligently.

Clippings From The Infirmary Memory Book

Six-thirty o'clock, my morning: "Ting-ling, ling!" and Friend Alarm is starting the day.

The nurse stretches out a bony hand, silences the insistent demand and rolls over for another snooze before hopping out of bed.

And then—what a day! Anything may happen from the calling back to a world of reality while the world is asleep in the world of sleep. I will, till once more, buried beneath a pile of blankets, each one has been safely tucked in for the night. It is a day in which—yes, really and truly!—meals have been planned * * * of eggs and more eggs! temperatures taken, treatments given, the telephone answered, girls interviewed about everything from a pin prick to strong infirmary hours and chewing gum, with interspersed between it all, the answering many times of the never-ending question: "When shall I get out?"

Spring, 1925. The nurse, hectic and worried, was walking around the Infirmary in the Sisters' House, when Lardner McCarty, pale and shivering, sank languidly upon the couch, that historic couch made forever famous by the innumerable pills found between its cushions, sea and substantial back. Five minutes later a fierce battle ensued, at the end of which, trembling and subdued, the victim went quietly back to bed.

Spring, 1927. One more Lardner visits the Infirmary, this time in the coyally outlandish and cheerful new home for the physically and mentally ill.

"Who is my dinner?" she authoritatively demanded one day, causing concern among the initiated. The Woman in White is consulted, and, needless to say, a second dinner is not served!

Across the ward, the gentle face of Katherine Rigan beams happily, for now that Lardner has joined the imprisoned ranks, she no longer needs to worry about her welfare.

"Katherine, what kind of cereal would you like for breakfast?" as with pencil and pad in hand, the memos are being jotted down.

"It doesn't matter to me," says Katherine. "Anything that will keep you." The Woman in White trembles with indignation and Katherine is given a lecture on unnecessary verbosity.

This time two of the young teachers are enjoying a visit and from the girls they enter to the limit of their exultant exit the nurse's head is in a whirl due to the many pleasurable: of Miss Bessie and back and forth, and the various

references to the Blue Willow Tea Room.

But at last there is law and order. Even the dignified Principal of the Academy, who visits now and then, is usually reduced to meek obedience. Usually—there is an exception!

Speaking of Principals, our College President did once actually cross the threshold search of Mr. Burrage. Mr. Burrage, (looking for all the world as if he were kin to Santa Claus), was probably paying one of his surprise visits, leaving in his trail nice little donations of saw-dust and shavings and trash.

The nurse's birthday. In the drawing-room, or as Alice Baccante would say: "the waiting-room, where, indeed, you do wait," a large crowd is assembled for advice in the midst of interviews comes a wild call from the Academy: "Bring the stretcher!"

"Impossible! Make the patient lie perfectly still until it can be brought!" flies back the answer. "An urgent ring from upstairs! Hearing out her friend Miss Jeffrey which may prostrate on the floor, the nurse rushes up,—and there she finds a lovely birthday party guests her! But she can spend only a moment or two because she must be on duty.

Another Academy call: "Bring the stretcher!"

Mr. Tally arrives. This time he and the nurse sally forth, but just as they reach the Infirmary fountain, with its basin upheld by long-legged storks, bring messengers from the Academy bring the good news that the patient has recovered. And the birthday party? She finally did get there—just as the guests were leaving.

It is a Sunday evening with Mother Herndon the honored guest. Candles are lit, the ward assumes a festive air, and Mother Herndon arrives to have supper with some of her wild children, who for the time being are held down by sheets, blankets and the disposal of the Woman in White.

What a happy little supper! Eggs? Not with toast, but just the piece-de-resistance prepared for our welcome guest, Mother Herndon! How would we have managed without her in a certain time of stress? Not only is she renowned as a dispenser of pills, but as a fine cook and expert hair-dresser.

Miss Agnes, good humored and kind is hurrying so fast as her neck to two hundred pounds will allow her, for the mail from way down South! Ask her why!

Saturday, March 19th. Bessie, the tender of trays, preparatory to a half day of rest, is restraining, but thereby lumps a tale.

Any day at any time—build excitement among the victims who, but a few moments ago there was dignified silence. Anxious queries from one another: "What did he say about me?" "When will he be out?" And so on.

"How can I tell," languidly replies the nurse. "You know our doctor's motto: 'What you don't say, you don't have to take back!'"

On the back Campus standing among the trees is a home which we will know, a home of hospitality and kindly cheer. Every day the nurse's willing feet hurry thither with her morning report, and almost daily a motherly lady lies down to cheer the sick-abeats with her sympathy and humor. There are occasional days when she fails to come, and then she is promptly reminded of the exact location of the Bahnsen Memorial.

Are there other memories? Yes, there are. There are humorous memories of Piney, who has been forth into song about her "sundering boy"; of faithful Miss Anna; of T. G. Currie, after her "wifely" forswearing out of other people's management affairs; of Lucile Reid, Harry and Mrs. East, of winsome little Miss Mollie; of a child, who doesn't want to eat, whose big, brown eyes would melt the most aluminous heart; of Miss Bessie and Oyster, the grey cat; of the dear

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with Shirley Mason

It's Raining! It's Pouring—and you'll soon be roaring! What a flood of fun. What a storm of action. Doug says it with showers—of laughter!

friendly little mice; of longing beaux who had to be turned away; of Lab Rindhalder and her great craving for peppermint tea; of the Dean of Women and her abnormal love for fresh air; of the time when the nurse, a weary nervous patient herself, was so kindly helped by the then convalescent patients from Margaret Holbrook, the nurse, devotee of eggs and milk.

It's a busy life, and sometimes one feels as if one would spontaneously combust, but—as the Woman in White, ignorant of his matrimonial state, once innocently remarked to an eligible widower—"Yes, it is lovely! I have the home and the children—everything but the husband!"

"My Widow On the one hand, I love you, but"

"He's On the other hand, you have a wedding ring"—Technician.

Five Cents Worth—Customer (on Sunday morning): "Give me change for a dime, please."

Dragoons' "Mrs, and I hope you enjoy the sermon."—Technician.