

The Salemite

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Something to Think About

Ovid said: "To wish is of little account; to succeed you must earnestly desire; and this desire must shorten thy sleep." This does not mean worry. As a matter of fact worry has the opposite effect from that desired.

PARAGRAPHS

"If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same,"

The above quotation reminds us that grades and flunk slips have simultaneously appeared, with varying effects upon the persons concerned. Remember, a deficiency is not final—neither is an A or a B. Either one may change for better or for worse. The time has not come to stop working, because of disappointment or because of self-satisfaction. The time has come—to quote the walrus—to think of many things, primarily, of beginning to study harder in order to redeem or to keep up the grades received for the first semi-semester.

THE LAUGH THAT KILLS

Supersensitiveness to the glance or ridicule of others is one of the most unfortunate qualities which an individual, particularly a college student, can possess. In the small college community, where relations between students are more intimate than anywhere else, adverse opinions have a greater pressure and criticisms acquire a more bitter significance, than they would in another place where one could more easily escape the opinions of others. Most of us suffer from sensitiveness in some degree. We shrink from incurring the displeasure of our friends or professors, and, most of all we shrink from ridicule. A mocking laugh though undeserved, seems to hurt more, and self-respect seems to be more terribly, than a well-deserved rebuke. Why should that be true? If we know ourselves to be in the right, why should more ridicule from un sympathetic on-lookers cause us to hesitate and draw back? This sensitiveness to ridicule is no more than a painful self-consciousness, a higher regard for our own selfish feelings than for truth. Probably the greatest thing which an editor has to fight in solving a free expression of opinion is the part of students not connected with the staff of the paper, is this same fear of ridicule. Girls know what

they think, and have clearly formulated and well-defined opinions, but they draw back from the publicity of the college paper. They will not write an Open Forum article for the paper, or express their views from the floor of a Student Government meeting, because they cannot face the judgment, be it mocking or condemning, of the few girls who form the circle of their immediate friends. For no greater cause than this, editors plead in vain for contributions to the Open Forum column, and very, very seldom is an article handed in which has not been asked for, by one of the editors.

In spite of this fact, opinions are certainly in existence. We are not a stolid, unthinking group of automatons; we are a thoroughly representative body of wide-awake, intelligent college women, and often our ideas are of more worth than they seem. These ideas should be brought forward, fearlessly, most of all. What, after all, is the importance of another person's ridicule? It brands him as unintelligent, and lacking in insight; but he is unchallenged save by a temporary hurt. "The man worth while, is the man who can smile," with enough belief in himself and in his ideas, to disregard a little ridicule, and to hold fast to his opinion, no matter how much popular favor may stand against him.

CO-OPERATION

The spirit of co-operation seems to be well developed at Salem, for most of our students most themselves willing to help in any plan. In one thing, however, this spirit is conspicuously absent—and that is in patronizing the events put on by the student societies. Neither the classes nor the Pierrette Players get the backing which they deserve.

For any form of entertainment, some one has to sacrifice time and work, and those who do this want to see the success of their efforts. It is discouraging to plan something interesting and to work hard to make it a success, then to have it fail because few girls are interested enough to attend it. One group of girls on the campus has planned an attractive feature, but such small crowds have attended their other entertainments this fall that they have become discouraged as almost to give it up.

We should criticize the school if it did not provide some form of entertainment for those who stay here over week-end, or some occasionally during the week; and yet we won't give these things the support to make them successful. We leave school on Saturday nights even when there is something just as important here as elsewhere, and more important to us. We spend our money at the picture show and drug store rather than give it to the school organizations. We need not feel that we are giving to charity, though, if we patronize the programs at school, for we are sure to find something that we will enjoy.

Let us begin now by co-operating with the Pierrettes tonight in their first fall play.

AT LEISURE

FOR YOU

- Somebody's thoughtful
- Somebody's true
- Somebody's wondering
- Dear, about you.
- Somebody's hoping
- The days will be fair
- Somebody's sending
- A wish on the air.
- Somebody's waiting
- A day drawing near,
- Somebody's longing
- A sweet voice to hear.
- Somebody's praying
- And if prayers come true,
- All days will be days
- Of gladness for you.

She: "How is it that you didn't marry Vera?"
He: "Oh, I boasted a lot about my rich uncle in order to impress her, and now she's going to be my aunt."—Everybody's Weekly.

UNKNOWN TEACHERS

As it is the "unknown soldier" who makes successful wars possible, so it is the great body of "unknown" or untrumpeted teachers, the patient, intelligent daily workers in the class room, who lead, discipline and bring the light of knowledge to the country's youth, and send the rising generation forth prepared to take up the work which the older generation must gradually resign. It is to these obscure but faithful educators that Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in connection with "Open School Week," pays deserved tribute, without regard to sex, as follows:

"I sing the praise of the unknown teacher. Great generals win campaigns, but it is the unknown soldier who wins the war. Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the unknown teacher who delivers and guides the young. For him no trumpets blare, no clarionets wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty, he strives to conquer the evil powers which are the enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which, in later years, will shine back to cheer him. This is his reward. Knowledge may be gained from books, but the love of knowledge can be transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the Republic than the unknown teacher."
—The Winston-Salem Journal.

Announcements

On Monday evening from 6:40 to 8 o'clock in Memorial Hall there will be a most interesting lecture on "How Life Begins," with a four-reel film and also with a special message for all college and academy students. The lecturer is Florence Wells Slater, B. S. of Cornell University, who has for many years taught biology in Washington Irving School of New York City, and who is a member of the School of Education in the College of the City of New York. The lecture, in an interesting way, deals with modern development of plants and also embryo animals from the earliest forms through mammals. All college and academy students are urged to attend.

On Saturday evening, November 19, Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler are having the Academy students and faculty as dinner guests.

Dr. Rondthaler will address the Business and Professional Woman's Club on Tuesday evening, November 22 at the regular meeting.

The Home Economics Club will meet Wednesday evening, November 23, at seven o'clock.

At the regular Y. W. C. A. Vesper service on Sunday evening, November 20, there will be a special Thanksgiving program, which will be in the hands of students. Special music and readings will form a part of the service.

KRAZY KALENDAR

Saturday, November 12.—A few people who are not expecting deficiency grades remain for the week-end.

Sunday, November 13.—Interval 24 hours.

Monday, November 14.—Lillian Newell, alias Mr. Kake-cater, appears at her (his?) own wedding in a highly unsuitable state. She should be informed of the etiquette for such occasions.

Tuesday, November 15.—Miss Heath reports that Dr. Rondthaler has visited the infirmary for the second time since she has been in possession. Strange to say, he got out again without very much trouble.

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Some of the girls who have been freshly detailed on more than one occasion, would like to know how he did it.

Wednesday, November 16.—Mr. Vardell stands on the "rostrum" and announces the "menu" for music-hour. This only goes to show that Dr. Rondthaler's command of words is still unequalled.

Thursday, November 17.—K. J. Rigan makes an "indelicate" remark in English class, and Dr. Well-toughly is too horrified to reprove her.

Friday, November 18.—The Salemites goes to press. Too late for further news.

MUSIC HOUR

The first students' recital of the year was given at Music Hour on Thursday, November 17. The program was an interesting and varied one. Each department of the school of music was well represented since there were organ, violin, voice and piano numbers. The program, which was as follows, was typical of the real work which is going on in the School of Music:

- a. Canonetta (Hollaender);
- b. Cradle Song (Hauser)—Miss Hilda Hester.

- Marche Grottesque (Sinding)—Miss Margaret Herndon.
- One Spring Morning (Nevin)—Miss Daisy Litz.
- Minuet (Macklin)—Miss Laura Price.
- Amarrilli, ma bella (Caccini)—Miss Annie Sue Sheets.
- Etude (Friml)—Miss Elizabeth Roper.
- Phyllis Has Such Charming Grace (Wilson)—Miss Estie Lee Clore.
- Petite Etude (Pechon)—First Violin, Miss Emily Sargent; Second Violin, Miss Daisy Litz; Viola, Miss

Adeleide McAnally; Cello, Mr. Kenneth Frial.

The False Prophet (Scott)—Miss Mary Ruth Sellers.
Berenice (Chopin)—Miss Susan Luckenbach.

Large cantabile, from Sonata in D minor (Veracini)—Miss Emily Sargent.
The Maiden and the Butterfly (Chadwick)—Miss Evelyn Horton.
a. Cradle Song (Delrueck).
b. Fanfare (Duboise)—Miss Irlah Albert.
"Alli! je vous ennuie" (Gounod, Romeo et Juliette)—Miss Lilyan Newell.
Allemande and Gavotte (d'Albert)—Miss Elizabeth Sifford.

DANGER

At a small country station a freight train pulled in and sidetracked for the passenger train. The passenger train arrived and pulled out. Then the freight started to do its switching. A placid, well-dressed woman had alighted from the passenger train and was passing close to one of the freight brakemen when he yelled to his buddy: "Jump on her when she comes by. Bill, run her down to the water tank, cut her in two and bring the head end up by the depot!"

The lady picked up her skirts and ran for the station yelling murder at every jump.

He Was "It."

Norman ran lightly up the steps and gave the door-bell an impatient pull. The door was opened by a new maid who had never seen the young man before.

"Is Miss Edith in?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," said the girl, "but she's engaged."

"I know it," he replied, "in what she's engaged to."

Student—"How do you like my translation into French, Sir?"
Professor: I advise you to translate it back into English, as soon as possible.