

# 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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## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

If all the world were apple pie  
And all the sea were ink,  
And all the trees were bread  
and cheese,  
What would we have to drink?  
—Anonymous.

### PARAGRAPHS

Happy April Fool,—and we wish you the same!

Since the juniors have made thousands, selling movie tickets, and sandwiches, the seniors can expect nothing less than a dinner-dance with a four-day trip to Washington thrown in.

It's a good thing that Commencement comes but once a year! If it came oftener some seniors would be nervous and financial wrecks.

The News of the Day informs us that some anarchist is planning to burn down the Statue of Liberty and blow up the Washington Monument.

After reading the ready-filled-out application blank in this issue we understand why so many seniors obtain teaching positions. We recommend said application blank to the new Teacher's Agency Bureau, since it might be framed and hung up and used as a model for the convenience of other seniors.

Do your Christmas shopping early—and avoid the rush!

### APRIL FOOL— WHY BE QUIET?

With saddened mind and aching heart we have come to the conclusion that Salem girls are not as they should be. Fine as this student body undoubtedly is it has one glaring abnormality, it is too quiet. Never have girls of college age been discovered who are as subdued and decorous as Salem girls. It is positively painful to walk through the silent halls in the evening during study hour, to enter a class-room where the teacher's voice is absolutely the only sound, to see the quiet, almost funereal line marching out of Chapel without uttering a word.

Why should we have rules demanding quiet at certain times? We

need no such rules. We need rather some influence which may remove this death-like stillness, this heart-breaking, dog-like silence which falls on everybody at the slightest word from teacher or student.

We cannot help protesting against this deplorable state of affairs. Something must be done. Salem girls must learn to make some noise and to deserve a call-down, now and then. The call-down system is positively rusting from disuse.

We suggest that specially organized pep-meetings be held in every hall during study hour, that loud talking be made compulsory in the dining room so that the faculty will not die of ennui, and that regular troops of girls be appointed to punch their friends as they come out of chapel, and make them shriek.

Let us all get behind this thing and make it go through. A special prize should be offered to the girl who can make the most noise in one week. Let our slogan be: "Why be quiet? Let's make some noise!"

### STOP STUDYING!

In the role of general critic, admonisher, or conscientious promoter of all activities on the campus, we have taken it upon ourselves to issue a word of warning concerning a certain dangerous tendency which we have been viewing with alarm, that is—too much studying. There is nothing more dangerous to happy college life than to follow the line of least resistance and become a confirmed book-worm. The faculty does not demand it, common sense should point out the wisdom of becoming too conscientiously and profoundly interested in mere lessons.

There have been unmistakable and regrettable signs of too intensive application to books recently exhibited on the campus. Fits of strange absent-mindedness, jaded and weary appearances, the dwindling number of those who indulge in shopping and movie-going, and the ridiculously high grades which have gone out at mid-semester all point to the sad fact that the proper balance between work and play has been lost. Do not become one-sided in your college career. Heed the admonitions of your solicitous faculty and give time to work and more to recreation. If these admonitions are unheeded it seems to us that serious steps should be taken by the administration with the welfare of the students in mind, to discourage alarming signs of assiduity, and to offer attractive opportunities for attractive leisure employments.

### APRIL FOOL— We Recommend

#### FOR YOUR SPRING READING

- The Perennial Bachelor—Roy J. Campbell.
- Wild Animals I Have Known—Peggy Parker.
- The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table—Miss Stipe.
- The Hard Boiled Virgin—Minnie Atkinson.
- This Freedom—Cason and Barber.
- These Twain—Harrison and Richardson.
- Heart of Darkness—Freshman Class.
- The Professor's House—Dean Shirley.
- My Wife, Poor Wretch—R. W. McDonald.
- Grammar for Grown-ups—Dr. Floyd.
- How to Command Your Faculties—E. Kirkland.
- Rebellion—C. Miller.
- Men Without Women—Higgins and Campbell.
- Reminiscences of a Long Life—Willis.
- The Virginian—P. V. Willoughby.
- Cook's Tour—E. Osborne.
- What Price Glory?—C. Sells.
- A President Is Born—T. Rondthaler.
- Face Value—Ray Anderson.
- Of Human Bondage—Adelaide Winston.
- The Outline of History—Katherine Taylor.
- House of Mirth—Society Hall.
- Fate Knocks at the Door—K. J. Riggan.
- The Legion of the Condemned—Infernal Imator.
- Best Short Stories of 1928—English B.
- Calamity Jane and Her Lady Wildcats—Jane Harris.

Uncertain Treasure—Bill MacDonald.  
The War on Modern Science—Billology 1—2.  
If I Were Dean—Helen Hall.

### APRIL FOOL— AT LEISURE

They told me Welfare's had gone broke  
And gilded youths had ceased to check  
That Call-downs had gone out of style  
And chapel was a total wreck.

I learned that hard-billed Mac had ceased  
Her bans on talk and chewing gum  
And now that life was like a feast  
Of wit and song and fire and drum

I learned that Cousin Pearl no more  
Did freeze the heads of the jaunty youth,  
But split infinitives instead  
With Colgate smile and grin, forsooth.

I heard that derbies were passe  
That prexie sported a discreet  
And presidential high silk hat  
Was a worn sombrero on the street.

I learned that Mrs. Best had turned  
A Lorelei and urged in trade  
With blandishments and never spurned  
An open door or lemonade.

All this I learned and more as I  
Btook my way about the school,  
But as I shrieked in elén glee  
Some rude voice yodded "April Fool!"

### APRIL FOOL— What Everybody Is Reading

"Sweet Sybil of the Sweetshop;  
or the Millionaire's Mate," by Laura Jean Libby.

Outstanding among recent fiction is this gripping drama of young love. The story at first glance is light and simple but the thinking reader will view it as a step upward in intellectual development. As a study in ethics it is unsurpassed. The author has a sure command of the narrative style unsurpassed in tenderness and vividness. Passages like the following are unforgettable: "Suddenly she rose to full quickly height and her features began to work convulsively. Uttering a terrible hoarse cry, her face slowly whitened to a death-like livid hue and her eyes dilated luridly like glowing coals of fire."

### APRIL FOOL— H-O-S-I-E-R-Y

"Proudhon's Solution of the Social Problem."—Henry Cohen, F.d.  
Here is a charmingly amusing little volume written from the cosmic point of view. It argues in a chatty manner that space may have changed from a hyperbolic continu-

um to a Euclidean. A changing value of pi on the other hand is not inconceivable. The radical hypothesis on the other hand is psychologically useful since it leads inevitably to the conclusion that the limited evolutionary hypotheses are also metaphysical if held as final and as excluding the radical hypothesis. Such an idea has been advanced by Heraclitus. But when a scientific hypothesis is elevated to a complete philosophical theory such claims cannot be safely ignored.

This is a humorous little friendly argument and we anticipate many a heated campus discussion, the withal good-humored.

"Denver Duke, the Man with Sand; or Centipede Sam's Lone Hand," by Bill Jones.  
This is a red-blooded he-man novel of the great open spaces where men are men. It is resident of the fresh air of the plains and the swift moving action of the round-up. And girls, whisper, there is a sweet clean little love plot, too. The lucky girl's name is Daisy, and she certainly is one. Three rousing cheers for Denver Duke and little Daisy and how the cross-eyed man—but you must read that for yourselves.

Among the new fiction we note the following:  
"Was She Sweetheart or Wife?"—Laura Jean Libby.

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"Joe, the Bootblack"—Horatio Alger, Jr.

"Dainties' Cruel Rivals"—Mrs. Alex McVee Miller.

"Garnetta, the Silver King's Daughter"—Caroline Hart.

### APRIL FOOL— JOHNSON AND DUNN EN- TER BEAUTY CONTEST

Salem Girl May Carry Off International Honors

The student body of Salem College will be surprised to learn that Mary Johnson and Isabel Dunn have entered their names in the International Beauty Contest for 1929. The time and place for this contest has not yet been set, but it will probably be held either in Zanibar or in the Aleutian Islands. There are a large number of entrants besides the Salem beauties, but competent judges are agreed that insofar as an advance statement can be made, the final decision will have to be made between Mary and Isabel. A hotly contested battle between the winner and K. J. Riggan will probably be necessary to decide which shall hold the coveted title of Miss Salem.

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