

The Salemite

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Keep on Keepin' On

If the day looks kinder gloomy
And your chances kinder slim,
If the situation's puzzling
And the prospects awful grim,
If perplexities keep pressin'
Till hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keepin' on.

NEW YEAR AND THE COLLEGE STUDENT

Again we stand at the portals of an opening year with our minds firmly resolved to make 1929 very successful. In every kind of endeavor the workers are hopeful of bigger and better returns. As we look out over the coming twelve months we see a great stretch of days which promise us time for many things. January first always finds people reformed who are promising themselves that they shall use their energies more profitably during the coming year than in the past. How long these resolutions hold good, we need not say!

However, the college student does not welcome the new year, for to him it means that he must get the habit of study again after two or three weeks of blissful idleness. When January arrives, a student is carefully reminded that examinations will soon follow. The results of these examinations are quite likely to cause undue distress to the student as well as to the parents. On the other hand, almost one-half of another school year has passed; school days—oh painful moments!—are gradually drawing to an end. The passing of time and age counts little with one still in school, for that one is forever looking forward to vacation days, home and friends, and most of all freedom from any responsibilities.

Scholastic or not, we students think in this way.

I wanted to buy a cigar, so I went by der cigar store and said to ds girl vot vas dere "Haf you Perfektos?"

Und she says, "No, I has buttons."

SELF-ANALYSIS

Making new year resolutions is an old custom which has fallen into disrepute through lack of use, and has finally become entirely obsolete. Even when it was customary to make these resolutions it is very doubtful that many of them were made in seriousness since few of them survived the first week of the new year.

It is not necessary, then, that we regard the new year as a time to solemnly resolve to do this or that. The time to do this is when we realize the need of reforming—the time to break some bad habit or form some good one. A good practice for the new year, other than making resolutions, is to stop and seriously consider where we have succeeded or fallen short in the activities we have undertaken. The habit of self analysis is a valuable one and one which we should all strive to cultivate. It is not easy to see our own faults, but if we try we see where others fail to measure up to the standards which either they or society have set, yet when it comes to our own "shortcomings" we are not so eager to find them. If instead of a few resolutions carelessly made, we should resolve to take stock of our own character during the coming year and should strive to build up the weak points and eliminate the bad ones the new year would have an entirely new meaning. It would be an excellent time to take inventory of ourselves. "Greetings, old chap. I have clasped since the new year it is not too late yet to begin this practice. Why not give it a trial?"

SAL TO EM

Em, Deah:

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year art over and it's too soon to say "Be My Valentine," so I'll just say, "Greetings, old chap. I tell me, is this ye old time earth I've hit. I was surely up in the air during the three weeks of vacation, and while up I saw some other of the "Salem Gals." From some of the dazed looks around here I beat some of them back to earth. But it was a grand and glorious feeling!"

"The Rat" seems to have caused some awful commotion around here. Or was it the effects of Christmas? My dear, have you ever heard of some amusements or frivolities at some of these Salem girls participate in? Imagine my embarrassment when they mention, or openly speak of twenty-one or thirty-two dances in twenty-one days. Are we from the sticks or do we live in seclusion? After all we may be so young!

But, my dear, we are facing more fun. Two weeks till exams and they have no definite pleasure in them, you know. So you see, I really mean it when I say I must go cause I must study.

Come see us soon, but not before exams, you hear, Your cutie friend, —SAL.

BOYS SHOULD HAVE MORE THAN ONE FAIR FRIEND, SAYS PARSON

Columbus, Ohio—(IP)—"Boys should have more than one girl friend," said Rev. Walter S. James in a talk at Y. M. C. A. meeting at Ohio State University on the subject "Petting as a Pastime."

"One of the prime duties of a college man," he said, "is to show by living example that the age of chivalry is not dead, and girl friends offer the finest way of developing chivalry in a man."

The Rev. Mr. James pointed out that there are two types of petters, only one of which really can be called a petter. The first type is the man who loves and respects a girl, but does not have sufficient money to marry her. The second is the man who does not care for the girl, but who pets because he thinks it is the thing to do.

"This second type," he said, "is the one we should strive to eliminate."

Bed Time Story

It was eight o'clock p. m. on third floor Alice Cleveland Building; it was also the same hour at other places in that vicinity. In room 1602 two room-mates sat on opposite sides of a desk—that is, in chairs on the floor facing each other, with a desk in between. We didn't realize it was going to be so hard to keep that sentence from being ambiguous, or we would have written about chipmunks or something. You never can tell. Sentences are like that.

The brunette was studiously writing a diary of her Christmas holiday. The blond was industriously filing her pink-and-white nails. "I'm tired of this Greek," said the blond. "So am I," declared the brunette. And being of one accord, but with no expression on their faces, they arose and jumped out the window. Then up rushed our hero, Dan McGrew, just in the nick of time—whatever that means. He took them in a paper bag. Visualize his chagrin when they stared at him and queried in a monotonous voice, "Who invited you to our garden party?" and with that they fled away into the garden thoughtfully chewing artichokes, while he stood holding the sack.

"It's all the same to me," shrugged Dangerous Dan lighting a Murad; because he was a well-read man, who knew how to acquire poise without reading for twenty minutes each day in those amazing books published by the North American Institute (3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1382, Oshkosh, Wisconsin). When the cruel damsel were out of sight Dan jumped into his glider, shaking like a leaf on a tree, for the night was forty below. "Often a hero, but never a husband," he sighed, and luckily his glass eye lighted on a copy of Family Frazzle which revealed the true secret of every man's success. "Liquid Wix will glorify your eyes. Now the secret of lovelier eyes is yours. . . do this. Apply it to the lashes with absolute peace-of-mind." Alas, his hopes crashed. "Those are not my ships!" sobbed Dan McGrew; for he had no absolute peace-of-mind. Life was just one disappointment before and after another.

The girls were all having a big bull session. "Two weeks ago to-night I was getting glad for the Christmas dance at Rural Retreat," reminisced the girl in the green hat. "Well," said the brunette, drying her eyes with a towel, "there isn't so sweet man that's worth a drop of my tears!" So she stopped peeling onions for the potato salad and made Otto eat at the Ritz.

AFTER GRADUATION

Emphasis in the college is coming to be placed more and more on preparation of the student for some little niche in the huge and intricate business world. The little pamphlet received by seniors at Columbus College the other day is a sign of the times. It bears the imprint of the University and is apparently sent out for the purpose of preparing the students for their place in the business world. The title is "How to Get and Keep a Job," and the author is Mr. C. R. Dooley of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The young man, Mr. Dooley says, must work hard, be docile, must possess "a great deal of lightning ability" and "some of the characteristics of the politician." He must throw aside any Aristotelian nonsense about material goods as means for the Good Life and must accept Babbitt's philosophy of money-making as an end in itself. He will, with Mr. Dooley, look with scorn upon the "pathetic spectacle" of those who "seek a job and nothing more; it matters not to them what kind of a job it is so long as it does not require many hours and provides a reasonable income." —The New Student.

"Yesterday I saw five men standing under one umbrella, and not one of them get a drop of water on himself."

"Big umbrellas?"
"No; it wasn't raining."

GOD AND THE STUDENT

The college student's religious credo, according to a student writer in *The Stamford Daily*, Stanford University.

Probably fifty per cent of American students believe in God, but not the orthodox God. The atom, infinity, some physico-chemical force yet not known—these and other vague definitions constitute their conception of the Deity.

The average student neither prays nor believes in the efficacy of prayer, except as a sedative. Under stress of some great crisis he may pray silently, as a reversion to childhood training.

He does not believe in the soul or in life hereafter. Analyzing his deep sleep, he has concluded that death is the same sort of oblivion, plus the ceasing to function of certain nerves and muscles not controlled by the will. The thought of ceasing to be entirely is discouraging; therefore he covers it with some such philosophy as: you're here only a while—make the most of it. Or perhaps he believes that only through procreation is man immortal.

He has never read the Bible. Not all of it, anyhow.

He considers organized religion unnecessary in this age. For the persecutions of Galileo, of Copernicus, of Scopes, and hundreds of others who disseminated truth, he finds it difficult to forgive organized theology.

The average student has evolved, or is in the process of evolving, a personal religion which is actually a philosophy. His other tenets may vary greatly. To orthodox people most of them would seem sinful and blasphemous.—The New Student.

Shattered Dreams

Country Maid: "Do you really love me, Herbert?"
Her Swain: "Of course I do!"
"Then why don't your chest go up and down like the men in the film?"

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CLOTHES for the College Girl