

The Salemite

"Oh—yes, it's the latest thing. I'm dying to have it—everybody's talking about it!"

Every little white, words such as these are spoken; every little white some one wants something new, something to break the monotony. A newness is discovered in some particular fall, and the crowd seeks it as a new pleasure, a new amusement.

But do we know that there is nothing new under the sun? That after all the tinsel and sparkle has tarnished and faded—after the music has died away—and we find a bareness in our search for "something new"? Nothing is created, and when we go on the trail of a fad, it's only something we've known for a long time in a different form.

The world, in all its gaiety and sadness is every day finding something new, and is turning to it with zest. And, even as we do it, we remark that "superficially exists," that "people have forgotten how to be serious." But are we realizing that we're having happiness, and on the whole, coming here to our every-day tasks and finding that life as we should live it is best after all? Skeptics will say that a great percent of the world falls to return to our once every-day life, but in the long run of things, doesn't that happen in every case? As long as the world goes on, that will exist, but that percent includes a very few of the vast throng that sweeps on. This newness of things brings the joy of living, and love of life, and realization of the fact that we have safety and contentment in coming back to live our lives. On with the new!

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

"Yesterday is but a dream, Tomorrow is only a vision, But today well-lived makes Every yesterday a dream of happiness, And every tomorrow a vision of hope— Look well, therefore, to this day."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

A more or less correct saying states that "first impressions are lasting." There is a good deal of truth in that statement.

Everyone, when meeting a person for the first time, forms an opinion of that person. Unless something comes up which greatly changes this opinion, it will become a fixed impression, and will consequently be difficult to change.

This is a well-recognized fact in the business and social worlds and whether recognized or not, is constantly exerting an influence in social circles.

The impression made by a professor on the first appearance before a new class, is indelibly recorded on the minds of the students in that class; and fortunately or unfortunately, the same cataloguing of each student is going on in the professor's mind. All of which leads up to the thought that the student who begins a class with a business-like and earnest manner, and who is thoroughly familiar with his subject matter and can talk about it is bound to make a good impression and one which will last as long as he continues along that line. In fact should he falter a little, he will undoubtedly be given the benefit of the doubt.

On the other hand, the student entering a class unprepared for the first four or five days of the term gets off to a bad start and consequently must do an increasing labor's piece of work daily. It is more satisfying to go along day by day in a fair sense of security, or is it more thrilling, if at times uncomfortable, to be in doubt four hours or more a day, 12 weeks a term, and 36 weeks out of the college year? We ask you.

ON WITH THE NEW—

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INTROSPECT

Nicholas Murray Butler, in his essay on "The Open Mind" describes three types of minds—the closed, the mind open at both ends, and the open mind. Have you ever stopped to consider which mind is yours?

The closed mind is one which has a fixed formula with which to reach a quick and certain answer to the new question. The great issues of life are settled once for all, and the world is a finished product.

The second type of mind is not closed but quite open at both ends. It remembers nothing and learns nothing; a type to be abandoned.

The third type, the open mind, is one to be desired. It does not consist wholly of openings as does the second type, but receives facts and fairly, new facts, ideas, teachings, tendencies and also estimates them. It is slow to yield itself to the new until it has assured itself that the new is also sound. Otherwise it is slow to reject that which is old and customary until it is certain that it is also false or futile. The open mind searches the records of the past for their lessons so that it may be spared from wasteful wrong doing.

Are we striving for that type of mind? Let us "introspect" to see wherein we are weak. By improving ourselves we can also improve those around us in a sense. Open-mindedness in college will teach us open-mindedness in later life. Let us begin now to practice for that desired type of mind—the open mind.

The Lily
Since the Twelfth century the lily has had precedence over every other growing thing in Christian art, and has symbolized purity. The lily of assyria is sometimes called the Madonna lily. It is said to be a native of the Levant, but was spread with the spread of Roman civilization throughout Europe.

It is easy to understand why the lily stands for purity, with its straight and upright stalk, its plain, narrow, almost severe leaves. Its simple yet noble form, its soft, its markedly pure and luminous whiteness of its firm petals.

Barber: Haven't I shaved you before, sir?
Customer: No—I got those scars in France.

SAL TO EM

SAL, CHILE.

You just don't know. Exams are over. Imagine my delight. The school has heaved a sigh of relief. The faculty has showered the student body with blue slips and the weeping caused by the downpour has subsided to the usual talking and hammering during study hour. Honest, my head is so empty, after depositing all the knowledge accumulated in one week into millions of blue books, that I can actually hear it rattle.

Last time I wrote you methinks I related the adventure of "our president," well here's one concerning "our editor." She must have gotten her days confused for at the "crack of dawn" Sunday morning she was up—imagine it, up and on the porch of Main Hall planting a flag in its socket, the only flag in sight. Perhaps Dr. Rondthaler should have addressed the Seniors rather than the student body when he made the announcement that flags would fly Mondays, or does the editor need a calendar? Personally I believe was all caused by an overdose of exams. At any rate, until she recovers she is using my calendar for, you know, I would hate to see her walk all the way to church on Wednesday morning to attend Dr. Ansonbe's history at eleven Sunday morning.

At a big banquet last Monday night given for a lot of men called trustees, you may know, I was there but they didn't look a bit different to me—just like ordinary men, anyway, at this banquet a girl read out a list of things that students had requested. She talked like we would get them—so before long guess we'll have a new dining room, a new gym, a music class room, a whole lot of lockers, etc. They seemed to want the phones night laid.

Wish you could come up next Monday night and see a play that some kind of Players are giving. Just peeped in the window the other day—"saw them practising" and a little fat guy who did a dance in shape and other movements. During a night funny, and a handsome blonde got mighty romantic with a little brunette.

Keep the "old home town" straight and don't let the cows on Main street. You're until the seniors sing the processional with the organ.

Wave's Height Deceptive

Waves rarely have a greater height than 50 feet, but they appear to be much higher when seen from a ship in the open ocean. These waves frequently have a greater height, however, in breaking upon a rocky coast. The Bell light on the Scottish coast, 115 feet above the sea, is often hidden by foam and spray. The Eddystone lighthouse, formerly 72 feet, had to be rebuilt to a height of 132 feet to prevent the waves from sliding over the top of the lantern. During a storm of exceptional duration in February, 1917, R. M. S. P. Oruba, sailing from Southampton to the Barbadoes encountered waves of five feet high. This was in the North Atlantic and South Pacific oceans, Atlantic. In the South Atlantic and South Pacific oceans, storm waves have been recorded that reached 60 feet in their fullest development.

He Won

Douglas Jerrold simply had to have his puns. A friend of his was telling him that his wife had been brought up in a convent and was apt to take the veil when she met him and accepted him as her husband-to-be.

Jerrold listened patiently and when the man had ceased his speaking the wit replied: "So, she simply thought you better than 'nun'."

—Los Angeles Times.

He: Bill has a new siren for his car.
She: What happened to the blonde?

Post Mortem

If we did not hate to appear before the jury, we would but our head against the wall and shout, "Whoop!" or perhaps we would feel more like exclaiming were we to hang our fists on the table or jump up and down. Anyway exams are past, they have been passed or not. Ha-ha-ha-ha, weren't we clever to think of that little play on words, and it was entirely spontaneous, unpremeditated. But come, come, Enripiles, you've jumped off the beam of thought. The point is, everybody should be happy, because we have landed in all of our notebooks, term papers, blue books, or what-have-you for last term (and they have just begun weighing us down again)—what a relief!

Those of us who flunked anything probably weren't very fond of the cause and are delighted not to be bored by further exposure to it, so they are happy. Those who made a D, or two, will no doubt pass the re-exam; and they are blissful. Those who made mediocre grades at least passed everything, and hence are joyful. The amazing majority who made all As and Bs glory either in their own consciousness of superior efficiency, or in the grace of God and the faculty. Yes, girls, and how did you ever guess? This is little Pollyanna speaking as representative of the "Sunshine Club."

Listen, dear, have you a little sunbeam in your home? If not, now is your chance, cultivate one immediately. There is no time to waste. You, too, can have a little sunbeam all your own. Step right up; there now, please don't push. Curtain.

Barlow . . . Tonight, tonight is show night! Sleek crackles against the windpump. Wind whistles around the corners of the prison walls. We feel like the Cat Who Walks Alone—all places are the same to him. . . . Somewhere . . . tick-tack-tick-tack, etc., etc. A handsome gray mouse stares at us disinterestedly. Fascinated by his shiny black eyes we return his gaze. He tries to ascend the radiator, fails, tries again, and then despondently walks away and disappears among the tiles on the wall paper. Under a spreading green desk lamp the blank-faced literatus-leet . . . Tick tick-tick-tick. We succumb to the witchery of sleep.

"SHAKESPEARE, AMATEUR OF MUSIC," SUBJECT OF WEDNESDAY CHAPEL

(Continued From Page One)

In a sonnet to a friend on the concord of married life by one placing note of father, mother and child, Shakespeare transferred the idea of the sounding of three notes to produce successfully one pleasant chord. In *Richard II* and *Henry II* the author makes mention of the natural cadence or fall such as exists in harmony.

Those who are not extremely sensitive to music might not be alert to every allusion to it in Shakespeare's plays. Dean Vardell pointed out the fact of familiarity with the instruments, an old type of cello mentioned in the *Twelfth Night*; Bottom's calling for instruments in *Mid-Summer Night's Dream*; the thundering organ pipes with which Ariel confuses the listeners in *The Tempest*. Hamlet knew that the flute

was played by blowing and by the use of stops, while the lute was a stringed instrument.

In the conclusion of this instructive lecture, the audience learned something of the history of the hexacords as well as the fact that Shakespeare knew the theory of the hexacords exceedingly well. In the *Taming of the Shrew* Shakespeare makes Hortensio teach his lover the scales on the lute as invented by Guido of Arezzo. Mr. Vardell gave the following Latin hymn to Saint John as a sort of guide to an understanding of the origin of the uniformly existing scale:

Ut queat laxis
Resonare fibris
Mira gestorum
Famula rotarum
Solve polluti
Labiis rotam.

Art of Misquotation

At a banquet at the Biltmore recently a prominent Broadwayite made a talk, part of it including a sentence by an immortal poet. After the speech the guest next to him whispered: "You had that line of Kats' a bit twisted."

"I did it that way purposely—I didn't want them to think I had only been reading before!"—New York Evening Journal.

SPORTS

Who wouldn't feel athletic? With examinations all finished either safely or never mind, who isn't ready to play. If you passed your exams with marvelous grades do not let go with just writing home about it but show your exuberance of spirit by playing. If you did not do so well or even if you flunked miserably do not be a permanent wet blanket, but forget your troubles in playing. Whatever you did in the past or whatever you are going to do in the future play, for in the present play is the thing. You say "Play what?" Why, play soccer and volleyball of course. How can you be so dumb? Recently there have not been very many girls out for these two sports. Very shortly it will be time for the class games, and then it will be easily discernible which classes have done the most practicing. There is not much time left for these two winter sports, for soon there will be the spring sports, baseball, track, and even swimming. Of course with the present weather conditions there can not be much soccer, but then there is always the old gymnasium to fall back on and to fall down in, and volleyball.

Come on out for these last practices before the class games.

Far From Perfect

"Why don't you call me a donkey and have done with it? You've hinted at it long enough," said the bepecked husband.

"It wouldn't be quite true," replied Mrs. Meek.

"I suppose not. I haven't ears long enough for that animal."

"Oh, yes you have. You don't seem to remember that."

"What I need then?"

"Two more legs and a better voice."

EAT

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