

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

"To keep good company, especially at our first setting out is the way to receive good impressions."
—Lord Chesterfield.

It is better to fall amongst crows than amongst flatterers; for the former will till we are dead, the latter eat us alive."
—Aristophanes.

PARAGRAPHS

The Sophomores are being very sweet and sisterly this week, but we wonder if they won't undergo a complete metamorphosis next week.

We've heard several seniors lamenting the telephone arrangement in A. C. B. which prevents their being able to enjoy the "Oh, that you Be-e-re-ek-ek?" which entertained them in Junior Hall last year.

One night recently an upper-classman aroused a certain freshman from his slumbers to tell them it was against the rules for them to go to bed without putting an "Asleep" sign on their respective doors.

Have you heard about the newly adopted Junior-Senior privilege song? "Lover Where Can You Be?"

It is very gratifying to note that notwithstanding the overcrowded condition of the school there has been a noticeable absence of busting and confusion during registration, in Chapel, in the dining room, and in class rooms.

HARK!

The Salemite extends a cordial greeting to the students and faculty of the college and academy.

We hope that the newcomers especially will avail themselves of the opportunity to use this publication as a medium of communicating any constructive criticisms of or praise of campus institutions. Open Forum will be at your service to express your opinions. Also, The Salemite will welcome any literary (perhaps that is too imposing a term for mere collegians; however, we will presume) contributions which you may care to offer, or any suggestions for the improvement of the paper. We welcome interesting innovations.

With your assistance we will endeavor to afford you a weekly sheet of fresh and readable material, with a real surprise now and then, mostly then.

We hope to be more inspired and less rushed at our next editorial attempt.

THE PRESENT CUT SYSTEM

The new cut system at Salem has caused much comment. On account of a few students taking too many cuts it seemed necessary to change the system. But, what about the majority of students? Did they take advantage of the privileges by over-stepping regulations?

An advocate of the present system suggests that a person should not always seek a reward for his labors—that a conscientious student does not expect special compensation for doing his duty. Rather, he feels that his gains, intellectually, are entirely enough. That is wise advice. It might be added if it were more a Utopia. But, unfortunately, most people have human weaknesses, and they do appreciate recognition of a duty well done.

Another point—this year no student went to cut classes before and after holidays. Heretofore such cuts have counted double so that it was hardly possible for many people to make use of them in this way. If a student was absent from many classes either prior to or following a holiday, it was generally with a good excuse. The majority of girls were very careful not to overcut. The penalty for the offense seemed enough to warrant most people in being careful. And yet because of a few students, the majority must suffer.

We are hoping that some basis may be adopted establishing a relation between the quality of work done and the number of cuts allowed.

Costume Ball

Never has the Alice Clewell Basement been in such a whirl of laughter and dancing, such a riot of color and music as it was Saturday night at the Costume Ball given in honor of the freshmen and new girls.

Costumes, original and unique, colorful and charming, but the atmosphere of the Land of Mak, believe it or not, a mixture of Arabian Nights and a modern New York Night Club, when one had been transported on a magic wishing carpet. The music was furnished by a negro orchestra, who without doubt lost themselves in their instinctive qualities of rhythm and melody and were at their best.

Mary Fowler stepped into the spotlight with her sympathetic rendition of a famous opera, and other clever "take-offs." Up to her old tricks again, Millicent Ward captivated the merry makers by singing several popular songs. Nor is the freshman class without talent in their midst for Adelaide Silverstein pleased herself capable of "ticking the ivories" most pleasing to the spirit of the evening.

After such pleasant entertainment and such really jolly fun it is easy to understand why there was an uproar and why there were so many requests for encores from the musicians when the jubilee fancy dress ball came to an end!

LOVESOME

I think about you often
And I'll write you every day,
But there seems so very little
That it seems worth while to say.
It either rains or doesn't rain,
It's either hot or cold—
The news is all unit-restaurant—
Or else it's all been told.
But the only thing that matters is
The fact that you are there,
And I am here without you
And it's lonesome every where.

FOOTING THE BILL

Automobilist: "I am prepared to make a fair settlement, and you ask \$500 just because I ran over your foot. Why man I'm not a millionaire."
Injured Party: "I'll have you understand I'm not a centipede, either."
—Exchange.

Vacation in retrospect

The vicissitudes of a school girl's life are divided into two definite seasons, namely, summer and winter. Through the steady drone of winter's toll can be heard the merry, all most irresistible Pipes O' Pan—be-witching and enticing, bringing memories of that summer night sunbath, and things you walk a mile for. The vacation season is like coasting downhill after a nine months lug up the steps—so Life goes on, just one up and down after another.

Once again begins the uphill struggle. Our last minute dreams are strangely disturbed by visions of mountains upon mountains of textbooks. Showers of ink and tears of the homesick beat in our faces, but we push bravely onward with a grin (in spite of the fact we use Public instead of Pepsodent). 'S' funny how quickly we get out of breath, it must be from the lack of exercise (foiled you!) and finding from past experience that a psychology book is the easiest thing to sit on, we settle down to rest. (Singing us to sleep.)

A mist, like a silver veil of cobwebs, floats slowly by fore us, and through its sheen appear the well remembered scenes of our irrevocable summer.

We see ourselves on a yacht with Tom, Dick, or Harry (who cares? maybe all three!) just off of Wrightsville Beach, Myrtle Beach, or the Gulf of Mexico (we don't see that makes so much difference either). The water laps gently along the sides of the boat, and from within the cabin, through the courtesy of Mr. Atwater-Kent, Rudy Van der Grinte is singing "Deep Night" in his usual captivating manner. Oh yes, of course, there is a moon that hangs like a great yellow globe in the sky, and sends arrows of light skimming along the quiet water. We stretch lazily in our deck chairs, try to forget torturing pangs of sunburn, and cut Russell MacPhail (his *cajo*), of course, how'd you ever get in Salem, anyway?)

Now we are in somebody's roadster, top down, wind playing havoc with our hair, and the joy of living at a high speed making the use of cosmetics entirely unnecessary. The scenes change so quickly we recall feeling this same way years ago at our first three-ringed circus. One more we are indulging in sleeping late, breakfast in bed, lunch at the drug store, picture show, dance at the club—Mother waiting of head of stairs. Now a review of the "Him Book"—that late for the June Gene, the precious boy at the Black Cat dance, the good looking councilor at camp Son-So. "We to the lake, to the lake and me and me. We find ourselves rushed from a morning dance at Lake Lure to view the fascinating lights of Broadway, and remember the beautiful "first visit" to a genuine night club, Chinatown, East Side, and all around the town.

Our heads swim with the vision of the summer school rush—whether at Carolina, Lake Junaluska, or Duke, there was always a rush. And then the visits we paid, here, there, and everywhere. Such bridge parties and teas for guests, bridge-lect, and other unfortunates! Whatta life.

"This really is a strain on one's mind, and we are somewhat glad to see the skies grow dark and the pictures make a regretful fade-out. The walls of Education, less liberal than we have known these past weeks, close about us with insinuating formality, and we know these children of memory must be rocked to sleep (if it doesn't bring desired results, use chloroform) We sigh to think that the only enjoyment of life in the near future will be the meanness of innocent Freshmen—may they be greener than ever!

The toady old gentleman turned to the strange archer who had been following him around the course.

"You'll never learn to play golf by watching me," he declared.

"'Tsk, 'sk, chif," agreed the stripping, "don't I know it? But I wasn't watching you; I'm going fishing when you lie up enough worms."

THE BLUSHING BRIDE

They tell us of the blushing bride Who to the altar goes,
Down the center of the church
Between the friend-filled rows,

There's Billy whom she married with
And Bob with whom she swam,
There's Jack, she used to golf with him,

And Steve who called her lamb;
There's Ted, the football man she owned.

And Don of tennis days;
There's Hubert; yes, and blond Eugene

Who had such winning ways;
And there is Harry, high school bean
With whom she used to mush,
Ye gods, she ought to blush.

WELCOME BACK.
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