

The Salemite

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

The conscience is the most elastic material in the world. Today you cannot stretch it over a mole-hill, tomorrow it hides a mountain.

—Bulwer-Lytton.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

—Lorraine Sterne.

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great.

—Ralph Emerson.

PARAGRAPHS

We congratulate Virginia Martin upon her prowess as a golfer. More laurels to you, Virginia!

There seems to be a conflict between the junior-senior sandwich sellers and the efficiency campaigners. We wonder who will win. Both support worthy causes.

Miss Saffie can now Yao-Yo twice once weekly, but she always fails in her third attempt. She offers a reward to anyone who can teach her the triple stroke in two lessons. (The line will please from to the left.)

Mr. Higgins' radio certainly was a great help yesterday to those who could not see the Carolina-Gorgia Tech game (on account of the great distance between Winston-Salem and Athens, which was, of course, the only handicap.)

Anybody who thinks teachers have an easy life please come to room 214 A. C. B. and help us correct test papers and illegible compositions from grade 9A. R. J. Reynolds High School!

Walt: "I'm crazy about you!"
Lib: "Well, run, this is no insane asylum."

"Just one more glass, boys, and we'll all go home," said the dish washer as he laid down the soap.

New with football season here and all that, some of these defensive backs will know how it feels to have men making passes at them all the time.

EFFICIENCY OR DEATH

Up and down the avenue, singly, maybe or in groups of two or six, many are now walking. With eyes straight ahead and slightly quickened steps, they pass a building whose front windows tell enticingly of hot chocolate and delicious sandwiches for sale. The girls ignore the curb service boy, with the pleading eyes, who leans against the doorway. A tall, buxom blonde, puffing and red faced, strives vainly to keep pace with her lithic, athletic companion. They all wear low-heeled shoes, swing their arms and walk with a swagger. They stride briskly and from time to time, closely examine their wrist watches. Can these ambitious, exercise-loving creatures be the "tired-slump" artists who only last week sauntered leisurely along in very high heels and ate ice cream sodas with great relish; (Relish meaning salt, not pickle.) Surely they are not the same! But look more closely, that tall blonde and the red-headed girl are certainly the ones, who, the other day, sat in the drug store, eating sandwiches and drinking dopes. Why the sudden change? Why have they become so athletic? Why do they and their companions bravely if a little breathlessly dash past the drug store? Forsyth, the whole campus is becoming efficient. The Efficiency Campaign is sweeping the college like a broom, and passing over no trashy habits.

Besides working briskly, the girls who once panted over a stroll now find an extra energy to play soccer and tennis for long hard hours. They conscientiously keep count of the number of glasses of water they drink daily, the number of hours they sleep nightly and the number of colds they have weekly.

Should they lag in their efforts? They have two incentives to urge them on and make them take new courage. One, and foremost, is the thought of that handsome living couple in the possession of the Sophomores. Each class is hoping to own it for a while.

Then another thing which will inspire a number of the most obese maidens, is the idea that moderate eating and much exercise are sure to bring about its reduction. It is our firm belief that, through the Efficiency Campaign, the Athletic Association is going to produce, not bigger, but surely better girls at Salem.

Book Review

"BY SOOCHOW WATERS"

An old Chinese garden gay with brilliant-plumed birds, and multi-colored flowers; lanterns drapping from trees covered with foamy cherry blossoms—all this is a bit of Soochow, old in years, in tradition, and custom, but still young in its Chinese heart.

In such an atmosphere Louise Jordan Mlin places her latest novel, "By Soochow Waters." Mrs. Mlin is known to thousands of readers as a writer thoroughly familiar with and sympathetic to her subject. Here we find the old, old story of an inter-racial love told in a new way. For the first time in a new way.

World News

Hilo-Worldway!
This is Station H. L. D. broadcasting the everyday news.

Our first subject of interest took place at Washington, D. C. Great Britain sent invitations to the United States, Japan, Italy and France for a five power conference for the promotion of Naval Armaments and the promotion of world-wide peace. The United States has accepted.

The British Premier Ramsey MacDonald is paying a visit to the United States. He spent last week with President Hoover at Hoover's Mountain retreat in Virginia.

Hoover reached his decision regarding the Conference during MacDonald's visit.

Let's watch the clouds and Lindy. He has completed his 800-mile trip exploring British Honduras and Mexico. Tuesday's flight covered nearly 400 miles and most of this territory had never been seen before by white men.

Mr. Lindbergh, Dr. Oliver H. Ricketson and W. W. Blumke accompanied Colonel Lindbergh. It is reported that they are all well but tired, and that they have acquired a good coat of tan.

Come back to earth again—and here we are in Raleigh, N. S. Governor O. Max Gardner has decided he does not have authority to appoint a committee to investigate affairs at Marion. This is referring to the recent strike at Marion.

Up in Chicago the annual baseball carnival is being held, to decide who the world champions will be for 1929. Connie Mack, chieftain of the A's is there with his team.

A million dollar series is expected and scuffs are in high demand.

Way over in Bucharest Queen Marie is seeking the post left vacant by the death of Garfionu Budagun, Head of the Court. It is thought that if she gets the position she will allow Prince Nicholas to return.

Here at Salem College things were on the same old way; getting better, of course, lessons to study, full days and something new to do every minute.

Who's Who and Why

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! The swimming meet will begin promptly at three o'clock. Everybody be on hand as there is no charge, so we feel safe in guaranteeing your money's worth. We know you have guessed who this is already, especially Freshmen, but in case you haven't let us introduce Anna Preston, manager of swimming.

A stern look; a curt request; another stern look; that an imperative demand; then when least expected, smiles and dimples—that's Mary Mitchell Norman, President of the Sophomore Class.

The Lights of Salem College suddenly went out—leaving us in total darkness. We wondered why; nobody knew or understood. Then, we turned and from the darkness we got our explanation. Virginia Martin, the President of the Student Government, had not returned to school. The mystery was no longer a mystery—we understood the darkness.

Marching, marching, marching, hundreds and hundreds are going all in the same direction. They cross the street now—stairs are before them, up, up, they go; then down a long hall and take their seats. The Pre-sessional is played. Down the halls march the SENIORS. The Audience rises. The Seniors march on the stage. Dr. Rondthaler rises; he speaks. A member of the class rises and walks across the stage, and there before us stands—Fritz Frey, the President of the Senior Class, making an announcement.

The Freshmen are together in a

room. Watching and waiting for something to happen. They wonder what that something will be. Someone, however, does not wonder—she knows. Freshmen must have class colors and who but Elizabeth Allen, Junior President, is better suited for the task of helping them select those colors.

A versatile maiden from old Salem College—
She can run, ride and jump; she has plenty of knowledge;
She can read and she can act;
She can do most anything in fact. Oh! Give the little girl a hand, Who could it be, but Edith Kirkland.

Far above us a voice sounds, soaring to the very clouds. Millicent Ward accompanies it. I need not go farther into the subject; if you have heard Millicent, you understand.

Patter, patter, patter,
Running down the hall
Something passes by us,
And we see it's very tall.

We turn and gaze in wonder,
It is really flesh and bones!
Oh—we've made an awful blunder.
It was only Eleanor Jones.

As a conclusion we hope Miss Jones will go out for track.

SO IT SEEMS

My grandpa notes the world's worn coes
And says, "We're going to the dogs."
His granddad in his home of dogs:
Swore: things were going to the dogs.
The caveman in his queer skin togs:
Said, "Things are going to the dogs."
But this is what I wish to state:
"The dogs have had an awful wal."
—Anon.

Miss Lilly: "Elizabeth Cox, how would you punctuate this sentence: "The wind blew a ten-dollar bill round the corner!"
Elizabeth: "I'd make a dash after the ten-dollar bill."

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