

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only love enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.

—Thomas Hughes.

PARAGRAPHS

Time waits for no man—or woman. Neither does the bus which conveys the "practice teachers."

To be or not to be school teachers. That is the question now being decided by many fair seniors.

The fight is on! Three big drives going over the top! Y. W. C. A., Pierrettes, and MacDowell!

MACDOWELL CLUB PROMISES EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT

For its first Saturday night feature the MacDowell Club will present, in co-operation with Sosnik's, an elaborate fashion show in Memorial Hall. Models for this show have been chosen from the student body. They are: Anna Preston, Annie Koontz Sutton, Eva Hackney, Sara Sutton, Mary Gwen Hicken, and Elizabeth Allen. There will also be representatives from the Academy in this group.

Many beautiful fashions of every type will be modeled, and musical entertainment has also been provided.

He: Every morning you are my first thought.
She: Your roommate tells me the same thing.
He: Oh, but I get up an hour before he does.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

WHAT IS CHAPEL TO YOU

Most of us are prone to take many things in our own life as mere happenings, tucked in here and there, fill up time and space, or run through mechanically to keep alive in a half-hearted manner some old custom begun in years past.

The chapel services which are attended five days in the week do not just happen; they are "fillers" included in our program to make it work out correctly as to the hours and the minutes, or for outside appearances. Instead, they are definitely planned services with an object to give something worth while to each student which will help her in the problems likely to arise in college life.

Those who enter Memorial Hall with an open mind cannot fail to find each service full of pity and helpful advice. Because they are planned does not necessarily mean they are cut and dried, set speeches and the like, but, rather, one will find them charged with interest and lively challenges. To fail to realize the purpose or to see the value, and, on the whole, receive no benefit whatsoever from this half hour each morning is uncomplimentary to the mental caliber of a college student. Each service presents an opportunity, an outlet, a revealing of heretofore hidden knowledge; a hundred varying cross sections of life—do these all pass you by? Is going to chapel merely a process of marching in a four-walled building, spending a boring twenty or thirty minutes, and then a wild rush for the outer door? If this is so, something vitally important has slipped by you; something that might have adjusted the wrong or made the difficult easier.

Try keeping your eyes and ears open in chapel services. If you are smitten with a guilty conscience. It will be surprising to find the many golden threads dropped there which you may wind into the daily activities that will add to the liveliness of the pattern of your life.

SCARFS

Scarfs are rainbow wisps of loveliness as gossamer as cobwebs. There are scarfs everywhere, tangled in the tree tops, flung across the earth, mirrored in the silver lake, glowing with beauty.

Autumn is a gypsy's scarf thrown across the earth. A living scarf of pulsing lines; scarlet and gold, orange and brown. Scarf of a fan, ever little and free, with bare tanned feet and scarlet lips; of a wild gypsy with dusky hair. As she lived, so died in a flash of color.

Autumn is in a grey scarf, too. Not a colorless, drab gray this delicate scarf, but a grey as soft as a veil drawn across beauty too sharp. This scarf lies folded in my drawer, dead, uninteresting, until I pull it out and see a hillside warm with the blending colors of late autumn and my scarf a curl of smoke rising through the trees.

Again I see my scarf above a lake with the rays of a sinking sun. Flaming orange fading into the black barrenness of winter trees. Higher, where the sky is still blue there is a streak of grey, that shades from pale into deeper shadows—my scarf. The sun has gone and in the deepening dusk a grey mist creeps over, another clinging drapery. Soon night is woven into a bit of its, woven of dim shadows and drowsy starlight. It is cool, delectably cool and fragile, an aird scarf soft as rose petals drenched by dew. It is a breath of fragrance sweet with the scent of dreams and of moonlight on dreaming flowers.

—Shirley Glenn in *The Aurora*.

TWILIGHT

The mountains lie in curves so tender
I want to lay my arm about them
As God does.

—Oliver Tilford Dorgan.

CHANT OF THE JUNGLE

Why lie you away to the wilds of Africa to indulge in big game hunting? Is it true that one is not quite the thing socially, if not engaged in this womanly sport. Yet many of us, being tied down by the sordid search for learning, cannot enjoy it and consequently spend our days in bewailing our lowly social status. But take heart! The day has come when it is no longer necessary to leave all and penetrate into the depths of the jungle. For big game hunting has entered our very door and all social leaders are taking it up with zest and vigor.

If doubt lingers in your mind, drop over by 102 Louisa Biting at about eleven o'clock of a night and witness one of the most exciting hunts your imagination could possibly conjure up. For I was one of the first to espouse the sport, and I have developed a system all my own and a skill that is truly amazing. As the plaintive tones of the clock sounding the eleventh hour die away, I cease all labors and arise from my desk. It is my huckle call. Stealthily I creep about, lowering the shade, closing the doors, and turning up the lights. Then, weapon in hand I bravely charge my victims. Though I be outnumbered by the scores, not a hint of fear, not a waver of doubt will you detect. I leap, I crouch, I turn, I twist, and I shout aloud in my excitement as fly after fly falls under my skillful blows. Clever indeed is he who escapes. For most of his brothers meet their deaths even on the wing. 'Tis great sport and unparalleled exercise (the secret of my sylph-like figure, in truth) and, when at last I sink to slumber, it is even an exacting regimen, compared alone on the battlefield, surrounded by corpses of his own slaying.

Especially to one of our number would I reiterate the above invitation. For I am told—much to my grief and contempt—that one of the foremost dangers of society itself suffers from a fear complex at the approach of the animals. In fact, during an attack the other night instead of entering the fray with zest as a true huntswoman should, she cravenly arose, donned a wide-brimmed taffeta hat and, thus protected, again sought slumber. Now knowing best psychology as I do, I can well imagine the effect that a vision in red polka-dot pajamas, lying 'neath bright green coverlets, and topped by a pale blue taffeta hat, would have on them. The poor things, surely died of fright. Can you blame them?

Now, you can see at a glance, that no true huntswoman would take advantage of their weakness in this way. It just isn't done. Therefore, in the interests of the sport, I am offering lessons in courage and endurance, sportsmanship and skill each night at eleven o'clock in my parlour. With tears of shame and pity in my eyes, I implore my sister of the taffeta hat to come. To all others I extend a cordial invitation. (It is necessary that a nominal fee be charged for weapons, upkeep, and burial expense.)

Lost and Found

- LOST—A Waterman fountain pen by Rachel Bray. Finders please return to Room 251, Alice Clewell Building.
- LOST—A green Parker Fountain Pen. If found return to Joe Walker.
- LOST—A post-office key for Box 36. If found, please return to 310 Alice Clewell Building.
- LOST—Typing book pad, Livy Book, Latin Dictionary and pencil in front of Main Hall. Please return to Sara Graves, Room C, Society Hall.
- LOST—A black and white Conklin Fountain Pen. The name of owner is engraved in red. Return to Grace Pollock, 322 Alice Clewell Building or to Miss Stipes' office.

FROM "FIREFLIES"

Days are colored bubbles that float upon the surface of a fatuous night.

My flower, seek not thy paradise in a fool's buttonhole.

The departing night's one kiss
On the closed eyes of morning
Gleams in the star of dawn.

Wealth is the burden of higness,
Welfare the sadness of being.

Leaves are silences
around flowers which are their words.

—Tagore

HOW TO GET A COON OUT OF A TREE

Write editorial about coon. Condemn tree sitting as silly creature sweeping nation. Coon will read at breakfast. Opinion of coon muddled by newspaper. Coon will come down. Canvas tree, till coon you are working way through college. Coon will be sympathetic. Will do best to help. Will give its all. Part with for coat.

Put on show for coon. Coon will realize self is in balcony seat. Will be humiliated. Descend at once. Demand front row on aisle. Be prey of speculator.

Talk common sense to coon, say it has lead in clouds. Coon will lose idealism. Will come down to earth. Get both feet on ground. Become plodding animal.

Install stock ticker in tree. Coon will follow same. Will gamble. Hold stocks for rise. Coon wiped out by raid of bears. Will sink to lowest depths. Be gone coon.

—W. W. Scott, from *Life*

BOOK REVIEW

LAMENTATIONS FOR THE LIVING DOROTHY PARKER

The Viking Press
The name of Dorothy Parker had become a watchword even before she broke into prose. How often we have been laughed out of a depressing mood or diverted to greater laughter in a gay one, by the delightful whimsicalities of *Enough Rope* and *Sunset Gun*. It is good to find the ironic point of view of these two volumes of verse (Miss Parker would be the last one to call it poetry) and a new note of pathos, even tragedy, in the group of short stories, monologues, and character sketches that make up *Laments for the Living*. There is skilful characterization here, there is emotion but never sentimentality, and there is a sanity, a balance, a humor that is highly salutatory. Hundreds of would-be sophisticates tried to copy the delightful satire of *Enough Rope*. They failed. The vivid starkness and philosophical despair of Dorothy Parker's prose will prove to be less imitable.

"We are to wear troubles—along life's dusty way—
If any man can play the pipes—in God's name let him play."

Books

Books are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money.
If you approach them, they are not asleep.
If investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing.
If you mistake them, they never grumble.
If you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

SILK HOSE

SILK HOSE

\$1.49 Pair

With all the special care and attention centered on the clear chiffon we weave, the dainty heels and pitted edges top, the extra-long length, the reinforced points where you need them most... No. 455 justifies its popularity! With so much attention centered on hosiery this season... only the smartest shades are included. Sizes 8½ to 10½.

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"Electricity—The Servant in the Home"

It does the cooking, refrigerating, sweeping, washing, ironing and other tasks—and does them all more efficiently and with the expenditure of less effort on the part of the housewife than you can imagine. If your home is not thoroughly electrified you are missing much that makes life worth while.

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