

The Salemite



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

If you want to succeed in the world you must make your own opportunities as you go on. The man who waits for some seventh wave to toss him on dry land will find that the seventh wave is a long time coming. You can commit no greater folly than to sit by the roadside until someone comes along and invites you to ride with him to wealth or influence.

—John B. Gough

This above all—to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to a man.

—Shakespeare

PARAGRAPHS

As others see us:

Two high school boys were overheard to make the following remark as the special bus bearing the fair practice teachers rolled into view. One: "Here comes Salem."

The other: "Now, that's not Salem—that's a nuisance!" Agreed, Percival! The nail is yours.

We should like to make a few recommendations to the Glee Club since seeing and hearing the Pierrette play last Saturday night. Congratulations, Pierrettes, on your melodious performance!

Stupendous secrets surround stunt shin dig! Showing—on a Saturday soon.

The young man and the girl were saying good night on the doorstep when a window above them was suddenly pushed up and a voice wearily said:

"My dear fellow, I have no objection to your coming here and sitting up half the night with my daughter, nor even to your standing on the doorstep for a couple of hours saying good-night, but out of consideration for the rest of the people in the house who wish to go to sleep, will you kindly take your elbow off the door-bell?"

—David Hansman.

"What do think of the Museum of Art?"

"Oh, the pictures are good enough, but there ain't no good jokes under them."

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF NORTH CAROLINA

Student government has come into the colleges and universities of North Carolina to stay. A government by the students, of the students, and for the students is the most practical and effective type of government that can be instituted to guide, protect, and develop correctly all phases of student activity. Until a student has learned to govern himself properly, he is unprepared to cope with the fundamental problems of life and is therefore unworthy of a college degree.

In order to promote the growth and development of student government throughout our state and to improve the relations between our various student bodies, the North Carolina Federation of Students was founded. Since this is the first year of the Federation's existence, this organization will be subjected to many difficult situations and intricate problems. Knowing this fact, the Federation officials realize that they must have the united support and co-operation of every student body in North Carolina in order to succeed in making this student union a real and vital force in the life of the state and nation.

I, therefore, as president of the North Carolina Federation of Students and as the spokesman for the staff of officials, call upon the students of this great state to join our new movement for a more effective and stable student government in all our colleges and universities and for more friendliness and co-operation between our student bodies in all kinds of athletic and scholastic contests. The success with which the Federation shall meet in carrying out this much-needed work depends largely on the way in which each student in this state discharges his personal responsibility in this state-wide undertaking. It is not up to the students of this state to make this new student movement a state-wide success.

I sincerely hope that the coming of this Student Federation and for this state marks the dawn of a new day for a greater and nobler student government in all our collegiate institutions and for the most friendly co-operation between all our student bodies of North Carolina. Signed: JOHN A. LANG, President, N. C. Federation of Students.

OPEN FORUM

DO U. R. S.?

This summer, I knew a boy who was registered to enter a certain college. His mind was fully made up, and for years he had looked forward to entering this particular one. In the latter part of August, however, he was thrown with a group of students of that college, and such was their conduct that the boy was thoroughly disgusted and immediately transferred his application to another school, saying that he did not care to enter an institution whose student body contained such representatives.

This summer I heard of two Salem girls who were staying in the mountains at a boarding house much frequented by young men. The land lady inquired of their mother which college they attended, and when she was told Salem, she said she might have known it, for in all her experience with young people, she had never met any that were so well trained in good manners, in proper conduct, and in thoughtful consideration of other people as Salem girls.

Think about these two examples for a minute. You have entered Salem College and now, whether you will or not, you are a part of the institution. What of the other part are you going to be? Are you going to make prospective students be all the more eager to enter or to try some other colleges? Shall your college be known by its own people, by its faults? You represent Salem. The responsibility rests with you. —Lucy Currie.

GREAT VARIETY IN FURNISHINGS OF BITTING LIVING ROOM

There has been much comment made on the different types of furniture in the lovely living room of the Louisa Wilson Bittling Laboratory. Through the kindness of Mr. Morris of Morris-Early, the most outstanding pieces in this room, as well as the carrying out of the color scheme, are explained and catalogued. The following is a brief description of the room by Mr. Morris: "The living room in the Louisa Bittling Building is a splendid example of the grouping together of harmonious pieces of furniture of different periods. It is interesting in the study of furniture history to note how furniture produced by different countries under similar economic, political or social conditions has similar characteristics which relate the pieces, although each is stamped with its national character. "The two large English wing chairs are interesting pieces, as one has the cabriole leg which originated during the reign of Queen Anne and the other chair shows the square leg and under-framing characteristics of the Chippendale pieces, which show oriental influence. The two tables arranged in formal balance on each side of the room are exact reproductions of the Duncan Phyfe set table, graceful in line and beautiful in execution, as are most Duncan Phyfe pieces. The large table is also Duncan Phyfe in character. "An interesting grouping is that of the Adam console and mirror showing the Classic feeling in both line and ornament. The desk is the English knee hole type, a graceful piece and of nice proportions for ladies use. The Heppelwhite shield back chair completes this group.

"Comfort as well as beauty was considered in the selection of the two large sofas with down cushions and spring backs. The small occasional tables and rush bottom chairs are Early English and Early American character. "Color plays a most important part in the beauty of this room. The deep mulberry plain colored rug gives a rich beautiful foundation for the furniture. The draperies of hand knitted linen crash strike the key note of the entire color scheme. The flowers forming the bouquets are blue, mulberry and wine, with green leaves, which colors are repeated in the green of the two sofas, the blue of the love seats and in smaller quantities in the chintz of the two chintz covered chairs, and in the figures in the upholstery of the other pieces."

BOOK REVIEW

THE BRACELET

By Robert Hichens

Readers who are used to thinking of Mr. Hichens' stories as playing in the romantic, soft desert of Africa, as in the past, are doomed to disappointment in this latest novel. There is nothing of the desert in the desert or the desert people in it; it is all cold and foggy and dim and disingenuous and gloomy, both the mise-en-scene and its characters. It carries, however, in part, the drama that he always manages to inject into his books and which makes you persevere, not only if only to see what happens to the main character. Despite this dramatic strength "The Bracelet" takes a very long time getting started, and one begins to wonder if all the artifice and trials and disparities of his chief character are important.

However, once the male cause of the trouble has by his own death practically resolved the matter of the bracelet being cleared up properly, the story starts to move and begins to interest. This despite the fact that it is perfectly obvious to the reader who the guilty party is, and yet one is content to wait and see how soon everybody else will find out the truth of the matter. The interminably long dialogues and the fact that the character of Olive wins little sympathy for her plight, operates greatly in disfavor of the book. —Saturday Review of Lit.

THE SPELL OF AUTUMN

"How good is man's life—the mere living . . ." How true that is these autumn days—these sparkling, intoxicating days that don't last long enough to hold the joy that overflows in us. The sunlight pouring itself like melted gold over the earth and leaving bits of the precious metal on the trees, perhaps in generous payment for the soft delights of summer which are being taken from us. A walk in the late afternoon with some one who can see with you the madcap wanton lass of autumn, who is masquerading in every shade of orange and gold and violet and crimson lest you see her aching heart! You can feel her loneliness by the torturing response in you . . .

The last suffused rays of the sun, making the parbed and withered corn stalks beautiful in the soft glow, and the slender spires of autumn haze that rises slowly in the gathering twilight, and that will hold for you, until you come again, the little joys that must be left behind as you walk down the hill. For the hush of twilight must be left behind—that breathless hour when the world about you retreats and that distant immensity of the spirit becomes the only reality. Beginning the descent, you are grateful for the twinkling little lights that emerge from the darkness. They make a rather beautiful bridge from the gloom to the world to the world of things as they are—at the bottom of the hill!

There is the day when rain comes rain as fresh as that of spring, but with the gentleness, the peace, the understanding that is a part of autumn. The monotonous of the falling drops is of the very essence of peace. One by one the leaves desert the trees—seeking the silence and rest of the damp earth, and at intervals seems drop startlingly on the lush ground. Walk in the rain, with face uplifted, and come back with muddy shoes and a high heart to a warm room and shaded lights and the intimacy of only things.

Autumn—was the loveliest and the most companionable time of all the year—so much the most beautiful time! It is inordinately good to be alive in autumn. "How fit to employ all the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

Lost and Found

LOST—A black hat. If found please return to Louise Harrison, 125 Alice Clewell Building.

LOST—An English book entitled, Great English Poets, by Madeline Thompson, 307 Alice Clewell.

NOTICE—A copy of Chase and MacGregor's The Writing of In formal Essays has been left in Miss Stipe's office.

LOST—A green Schaeffer fountain pen. Finder please return to Virginia Tompison.

LOST—A copy of the Sombrero De Tres Picos. If found please return to Ida Baker Williamson, 210 Alice Clewell Building.

TALES FROM THE LILY POND

I am Adolph, the goldfish, and I dwell in the lily pond. To be more truthful, I am no longer a goldfish, for, alas! there are silver scales among the gold, and soon, too soon, there will be little trace left of my former crowning glory. You careless school girls, who stand on the brink of my home-to watch me with curious prying eyes and to laugh your mocking laughs, should kindly turn away and pass on with pity and reverence for my white scales. But stay—I'll tell you my tragic story, and perhaps I'll be the means of turning your own foolish feet from the primrose path ere it be too late.

As a young fish I was a bit wild—not more than most, but I understand, but enough to give my poor dear mother a great deal of trouble. Perhaps I was a better fish, but a better fish however, had she lived, but she ate too many young spring mosquitos one day and died of acute indigestion. Ah me! from then on I went from bad to worse and at last entered upon that career of frightful dissipation which has streaked my gold with white.

As you know, the cardinal sin in our pond is to flip one's tail. I don't mean waving it, as must be done to assist in swimming—but flipping it, wantonly and sensitively. There is no written law against it, but for obvious reasons society has banned it, and the fish who flips is beyond the pale. For years, fallen though I was, I withstood that last great temptation. Yet each time the clock struck and each time the college bell tolled, it was all too easy to keep from flipping in spite of the melodious notes. I remained firm however and kept myself rigid even to the tip of my tail. And so, for years I was accepted by society, somewhat feebly it is true, but nevertheless accepted.

But woe is me! I must now come to the saddest part of my tale—pardon me, tale; bear with me a moment while I wipe away the brimming tears on my feebly lily pad. These last two years, fallen though I was, I withstood that last great temptation. Yet each time the clock struck and each time the college bell tolled, it was all too easy to keep from flipping in spite of the melodious notes. I remained firm however and kept myself rigid even to the tip of my tail. And so, for years I was accepted by society, somewhat feebly it is true, but nevertheless accepted.

Why go on? Can't you see that from then on I was lost, for I was constantly flipping? I am now a social outcast. I am, as you see, a dissipated wreck, but I no longer care, for I exist only to flip. And—but list! The chimes begin to ring. Leave me, girls—you shall not view my shame. But first promise me—for your own sweet, innocent, untainted sakes that you yourselves will avoid that first social flip!

"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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