

The Salemita

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

I pity from my heart the man who has no pattern-man whom he can thoroughly admire and esteem. Admire, yes, wonder at, look at, as something beyond, above, and truly better than himself; honoring his friend so purely that he himself is purified and glorified by the worthiness of the honor he bestows. —Phillips Brooks.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and what people think of you. —Charles Kingsley.

THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN BOOK HOUSES

As I remember, Robin Hood was Master of Ceremonies, and Cinderella played at being the hostess. Of course, it all seemed very strange at first, but as I became engrossed in everything that was going on, I forgot that it was all at all out of the way. I think it was because I had been away from home such a long time that my friends decided to give their party while I was still gone, and could not interfere, as any normal would, with their merriment. The first person I saw was Alice, and she was carrying on the most outrageous flirtation with Tom Sawyer. Poor Tom! He must not have had a shirt, because he was all ragged, and, in my afraid, quite dirty—but, any way, Alice didn't seem to mind. King Arthur was sitting on a big wooden chair and was doing his best to make the Diamond suit, but Eliza would wander around weeping copiously over nobody knew what. Peter Pan and Wendy were having a glorious time, and finally they flew out of the window and away to the Never-Never Land to call on the boys. Lady Macbeth was most disconcerting. She wandered all around the room, wiping her hands and moaning about her sins. She was terrible, but the Queen of Hearts ran her a close second. She tramped up and down followed always by her executioner, and shouting "Off with his

Home Economics Bazaar Proves Successful
New University Founded With No Student Rules

Proceeds of Sales to Go For Telephone in New Practice House

The Home Economics Club held its annual Christmas Bazaar on Monday between the hours of twelve and six in the lobby of Main Hall. As a suggestion for gifts, a very attractive assortment of Japanese Novelties was offered. Fruit cakes, Candies, Sandwiches and hot coffee were sold by the members of the club. A neat sum was realized with which the club intends to install a much needed telephone in the new practice house.

head, every other minute. The Deschere Cat grimed ferociously, directly over Aladdin's head. Aladdin, however, was so engrossed in his conversation with Ali Baba that he didn't even notice his feline foe. He cast an inquiring glance toward Danny Devere to come to a party on this night of all nights because all he could do was drift here and there thinking both privately and aloud of the hanging he was to have the next morning. After a while, Bluebeard came in, and all his liver-tripped after him. Poor David Copperfield had an awful time. I remember how very she is. Well, Puck insisted on bringing all of Bluebeard's barren over to land on David at one time and it was most embarrassing. Puck was in the uproarious mood, and did his very best to make everybody uncomfortable. He unreserved Long John Silver's wooden leg and hid it. Imagine John's embarrassment when he tried to get up and couldn't find his leg anywhere. The Mad Hatter tripped lither and you with a guinea under each arm, listing like pieces out of his teacup, and waking up the Doornoo who tried to sleep through everything. Old Scrooge sat back in his chair and gazed in amazement at the antics of everybody in general, but especially at poor cringing little Tiny Tim, who was unfortunately seated between the White Rabbit and that little of Satan, Huckleberry Finn. The one was continually bemoaning the loss of his white gloves, and the other insisted upon explaining the mysteries of dead and buried. He was very much interested in the fire, but presently he was rudely interrupted by Robinson Crusoe who stumbled over his legs in an unguarded effort to get away from the wiles of Guinevere.

You will probably think that this was not much of a party—and perhaps it wasn't—but it at least it was unusual, and at least, was not a "sticky" party.

All of a sudden, Lochivar burst dramatically into the room, with his spurs clanking and his curls flying. He grabbed up one of the pale maidens at the table, and dashed off with her into the west. My gaze followed them, and when I turned back to the party, everything was in an uproar, and everybody seemed to be yelling and shouting all at once. I never did discover what caused all the confusion for even as I looked all the guests seemed to fade away, and I only heard a hoarse, low, sound. Finally the only ones left were the Three Musketeers who stood on guard in front of the fireplace, and above their erect heads I saw all of my old friends safely back in their book houses until the next party. I hope I shall have a real invitation next time because I, too, would like to play with Puck and chat with Ali Baba and Aladdin over lamps and treasures, and doors thereunto, and other such topics of discussion.

I turn over and go back to sleep. This time not to dream, but I hardly expect to wake with my head on my shoulders after seeing in what a terrible temper the Queen was last night, and how set she was on having everybody beheaded.

THE WIFELY VIEWS

"My dear, you spend too much," "Say Da, you found I live tough," "My dear," said our friends, "You just don't make enough."

New Institute Founded With \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund

New York.—A university without rules for its students, lacking impressive looking buildings, and with its entire work centered about a small but distinguished faculty is to be established here.

It is the Institute of Advanced Study, made possible by a gift of \$5,000,000 endowment made last June by Louis Lamberger and his sister, Mrs. Felix Feld.

The aims of the new university, which will bear many of the aspects of the original university of the Middle Ages in its form of organization, was outlined here by Dr. Abraham Flexner, director of the new institution, who gave four general principles on which it will be established. "The first of these," he said, "is that there shall be no intrusion of those collegiate ideas and practices that are necessary in a college but hampering in a university. I mean by that that we shall have no room or time for athletics or extra-curricular activities, and no attempt will be made at paternalistic control of the student body."

"Secondly, we will make no attempt at great size. Quality will be the first concern. For example, if we can find no first-rate teacher of mathematics, we will have no course in mathematics."

"The faculty will co-operate in the management of the institute and have places on the board of trustees. We hope that the remuneration of our faculty members will be more fully commensurate with the importance of the positions."

"Although these principles, in many ways, are the expression of a break from tradition, we intend to imply no criticism of other universities."

"We can hope to do what I have described only because we are starting new and are not bound by tradition. Most of the post-graduate schools in this country were built on college lines. We have the advantage in that we are starting fresh and free. This freedom may result in many mistakes which the older universities have escaped. But that is part of freedom."

"So far as other universities are concerned this is in every way a friendly effort."

The Davidsonian.

PERSONALITY AND PROBLEMS

Personality? The term personality, or the field covered by the term, is extremely broad, but even in its broadest sense it has no suitable substitute. In all of the grounds of life the word personality stands for one thing... has one definition. According to Wilfred E. Powell, "Personality is what the individual is as a whole." Quoting from Wetton's essay, "What Do We Mean by Education," "Personality is one's whole self, in its weaknesses as well as in its strength, in its moods as well as in its principles, in its disposition as well as in its will, in its relation to the whole of its surroundings. From the above quotations we readily surmise that personality is the WHOLE PUPIL "in all his activities, in all his relations, and in all his aspirations." Your personality is the total way in which you think, feel and act. It is YOU... a product of all the forces both within and without yourself."

A pupil's personality is forming throughout his youth. First there is a fickleness, then, a change when the individual becomes consistent in his reactions to difficulties. Some of us have already reached the stage where our elders can almost definitely point out our reactions to a given problem. Others of us are still in the plastic state... we react somewhat differently to each problem. Our personality is being molded. If we are to be the proud (?) possessors of a "pinched personality," if we are to be a perpetual gripe, etc., we now have it in our hands. So, to know, you've take hold of ourselves, as far as

THE COLLEGE GIRL

There are many sweet and persevering women who never studied beyond the district school, women who help every one near them by their own unselfish loveliness; but the intelligently patient, the woman who can put themselves into the places of all sorts of people, who can sympathize not merely with clear and eminent griefs, but with every delicate, far-reaching of the human soul, who must command a respect in intellectual as well as moral, reach their highest efficiency through experience based on college training.

College life, designed as it is to strengthen a girl's intellect and character, should teach her to understand herself better from contact with other beings, should fortify her individuality, her power of resisting, and the determination to resist, the contagion of the unwomanly. Exaggerated study may lessen womanly charm, but there is nothing so masculine about it. The only characteristics of women that the sensible college girl may lose are feminine frivolity, and that kind of headless incoherence in thought and speech which withholds the intellectual respect to educated men.

At college, if you live rightly, you will find enough learning to make you humble, enough friendship to make your heart large and warm, enough culture to teach you the refinement of simplicity, enough wisdom to keep you sweet in poverty and temperate in wealth. Here you learn to look at both sides of a question, to respect the point of view of every honest man or woman, and to recognize the point of view that differs most widely from your own. Here, too, you may see that "after doom comes revenge, after adversity peace, after faintness courage, and that out of weakness we are made strong." It should be one of the supreme joys to be a college girl.

—A. I. R. in The Pioneer.

possible and help to mold our personality or shall we let go and... come what may?

It is a recognized fact that the growth of the personality depends on (1) physical condition, (2) instincts and capacities, (3) environment, (4) self. We easily see that the last three of these components of personality are to a certain extent inflicted upon us by our place in the world while the fourth is being continually developed. In spite of circumstances and physical defects we can if we desire, take hold upon self and expand it, creating a submissive, self-assertive; sensitive or non-sensitive self. It lies with us as to whether or not we shall allow our self to become too one-sided. We must see that we combine the better elements of each of the above types of self. The self depends to an unlimited extent upon the pupils ideal-self, upon the self or individual which he seeks to imitate.

As the conflicting elements which are brought out in the individuals effort to fit into the varied situations of life are brought into harmony with the ideal-self, the individual becomes more consistent and Personality' energies.

—The Criticograph.

GET A HORN

Put your hammer in the locker With your hand as do likewise; Anyone can be a knocker, Anyone can criticize. Cultivate the building habit, Though it hurts your face to smile; So you start it may go awkward, But you'll get it afterwards.

WRECKAGE

I built a little house o'dreams For you I built it out of the timbers of my song, And I shingled it with the stars; But the wind came; And the rain descended; Now my house is a mass of debris.

Four out of five have it, and the fifth has to walk.

He: "You've got a good pair of feet for dancing haven't you?" She: "You don't know, you've dance all over 'em!"

A Corner in Verse

CHRISTMAS MORNING

If Bethlehem were here today, Or this were very long ago, There wouldn't be a winter time Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate, And down along the pasture walk; And far beside the cattle barns I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain And pull away the wooden pin; I'd push the door a little bit And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens And all the cows would stand away; Their eyes would open wide to see A lady in the manger hay.

If this were very long ago And Bethlehem were here today,

And Mother held my hand and smiled—I mean the lady—who I would take the woolly blankets off Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep, And he would look like our John, And he would be all crumpled too, And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out, His little clothes would be all white, I'd slip my finger in his hand To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, "Take care,"

The mother, Mary, would, "Take care,"

And I would kiss his little hand And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back The gently talk would soon begin, And when I'd tiptoe softly out I'd meet the wise men going in.

—Elizabeth Mador Roberts.

SAND DUNES AND SEA

Blue skies and bluer sea with its white beeth showing, Gold dunes made sweet by yellow jasmine growing, And over sand and sea a keen wind blowing.

Grey skies and grayer days and the years swift going, Youth's golden dunes all white with winter's snowing...

And in my heart the bitter wind o' memory blowing. John Richard Morland

"TO"

Out of Chaos—a voice; Out of darkness—light Great Sculptor, shaping and moulding Youth, and day, and night Created; then—gone is His blessing...

Pat me here, dear; Then— Sent me you. A voice! A light! A blessing! Oh! If you knew: If you knew.

"DEATH"

Let not my death be long, But light; As a birds swinging; Happy decision in the light of song— Then light, From off the ultimate bough! And let my wing be strong, And my last note the first Of another's singing. See to it, Thou.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY

Lo, Love's obey'd by all 'Tis right That all should know what they obey, Let erring Conscience damp delight, And softly laugh our joys away; Thou Primal Love, who graetest wings

And voices to the woodland birds, Grant me the power of saying things 'Too simple and too sweet for words.' —Patman.