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THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship...

Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low...

But noble souls through dust and heat rise from disaster and defeat...

FROM FIREFLIES

In the drowsy dark caves of the mind dreams build their nest with fragments...

April, like a child, writes hieroglyphs on dust with flowers...

From the solemn gloom of the temple Children run out to sit in the dust...

"Was Izzy talking when you hit him?" "Yes, and I hit him right between the 'o's.'"

You may be the whole cheese to your mother, but you're just a curd to me, Why? Why!

Hearty Laugh Locks Jaws of Wife at Breakfast Table.

This shows the value of a good joke.

WHEN A LADY IS NOT A LADY

Through the centuries poets have sung of woman's charm and novelists have woven plots about this elusive quality until we have come to feel that it is our most valuable attribute.

Life here at college rolls along at such a fast tempo that we are inclined to forget our manners in the mad scramble to keep pace with what is going on.

There is no doubt that extreme interest in a subject contributes to class discussion but if in our anxiety to expand our ideas we constantly interrupt the professor or whoever is holding the floor we only succeed in being annoying.

Most of us have had the experience of returning to the bosom of our families expecting to be admired and spoiled only to have them exclaim in horror at our table manners.

We approach the next item on our list of offenses with great anxiety. Perhaps our dentist advised chewing gum, or we feel the rhythmic rotation of our jaws brings on a mood conducive to study, but chewing gum, no matter what its sensuous pleasures may be, is certainly not a pretty habit and really should not be indulged in during class hours.

We all want to be pleasant, agreeable people, so let us look to these little habits of ours and let it never be said again, "That's no lady; that's a Vassar girl."

EXCERPTS FROM THE NEW YORKER

Fred Call, a national forest fire guard, recently saved a giant tree by crawling into the hollow part, which was aflame, and cutting away the burning wood.

"SLAIN MAN" PLAYS JEWS. HARP TO SHOW FIANCEE HE LIVES.—Headline.

In the Evening World. If you call that living.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR INTERSPRING MATTRESSES. For the first six weeks sleep on it continuously at the same time turning regularly.—Directions that came with a Montgomery Ward mattress.

While things pile up at the office, eh?

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Nearly new Evnrite motor and pair of oars. Phone evenings 5041.—Adv. in Ann Arbor (Mich.) News.

That's complete enough. ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIER FINDS HE HAS TWO WIVES.—Headline in Omaha newspaper.

And maybe a girl in every airport?

POETRY

TOY FELLOWSHIP

Why do you treasure things The way you do, With such miserliness? When once you sought the moon I snatched it from the branches of a pine...

I think that I can truly say today That I am glad For all the sorrow I have had. I came upon one weeping by the way, And I had words to say...

I know that I am glad that pain has stayed Awiate with me, For through it I learned sympathy With every fellow mortal, hurt, dismayed...

DREAMS

By the degrees my spirit like has grown. How shall I smile to think that once I feared This kindly commander whose dread shape appears Cruelly distorted in my charby guise—

A brush of mist against the night's dark cheek . . . A cobweb of laughter spread over a hurt . . . A light through the dusk, memories For Death is God's dear shadow to the wise!

WEEK-END TRAVEL In the Realms of Gold

"Mach have I traveled in the Realms of Gold"

Our travel this week-end is unusually delightful, and interesting because it is extremely varied. While in reality we shall be all the while in our own rooms and in our own private and particular positions, this week-end we will go from the simple hearths of the Irish with Padraic Colum to Sweden with Selma Lagerlof.

Padraic Colum is a familiar name to a great number of us, but to "week-enders" who will meet him for the first time we present a very versatile and a most charming author. The setting in which we shall see him on this particular week-end is Wild Earth—short, strangely significant poems.

Selma Lagerlof is an amazing woman, and you will like her as a companion for this week-end. She is tense, yet frankly natural. Her Ring of the Loowenolds is her newest book, and it is a simple but vitally compelling one.

You shall decide whether you can see through The Deepening Stream as through a transparent glass or whether its significance is too deep for you. You shall be the sole judge.

Away we go and leave all these controversies for a time to play to your dear old playmates, the fairies. To know them and to love them, however, one must pass through A Doorway to Fairland, and thereby become enchanted.

Wild Earth and Other Poems Padraic Colum
The Ring of the Loowenolds Selma Lagerlof
The Deepening Stream Dorothy Canfield
A Doorway in Fairland Laurence Hausman

THE PRODUCTS OF THE COLLEGES

Editor's Note: The following editorial is printed from The Charlotte News of February 8, 1931:

American colleges are glutting the market with white-collar applicants for jobs, handing out too many degrees, becoming mere machines for producing a certain class of professionalists that some of these days are going to be unable to place themselves in profitable positions of employment.

All of this is the lamentation of a Milwaukee teacher who was recently voicing such conclusions in a public meeting of his city.

There is nothing especially new or startling about the complaint. Criticisms of the same general character have been accumulating within recent years, but it is worth looking at if for no other reason than to appraise properly what a college education is really intended to be.

A college, after all, is not primarily a place where a young man can be taught how to get ahead in life. Except for the technical and professional schools, it is not greatly concerned with the earning power of the people it sends out into the world.

It is the process of living, rather than the process of earning a living, that a college deals with. A graduate may become a millionaire, but he may never in his life rise above a salary of \$50 a week; either way, the college has done its job if the graduate's life is richer, fuller and freer because of his college training.

For if there is on thing on earth which any college worth its salt does teach, it is that success in life does not at all depend on the amount of money one is able to make. If that concept is wrong, then Harry Sinclair, Babe Ruth and Al Capone are more illustrious citizens than such a scientist as R. A. Millikan, for example, or a jurist like Oliver Wendell.

(Continued on Page Three)

IMPENDING MURDER

February the fourteenth! Valentine's Day!! I arise with the dawn, my nerves all a-tingle. Somehow I consume the hours between them and small time. The moment arrives. I see a box of candy in a haze. If that hearts filled with candy, pink rose buds, tender verses lace-be-trimmed, perhaps if I sneak up on the box, the results will be better. So on my tip-toe I edge around the corner, make a dash through the door and arrive. And lo-the box contains mail! I snatch it out. In contemptuous haste I hurry over the obvious, but I find a letter. I clutch the last one to my bosom. It is a thin envelope, addressed in large strange printing, and boldly stamped Winston-Salem. Perhaps some local swain has lost his heart to my languishing beauty and has taken this touchingly sweet way of telling me. I am all awit and can scarcely tear the envelope open; and just the valentine is in my hands! With a sigh of bliss I unfold it—and spread it out before my gaze—no rose decked message of love, no lacy tender sentiments—but the picture of a very horrid individual, clasping a hymn book to his bosom and preceeded several feet by a blazingly red nose! Beneath is inscribed the following: "Hypocrite!"

On Sunday's journey To church every week. But tell us what gives you That rosy hued beak? I draw the kindly curtain. There's not much more to be said—except this: I once took to a correspondence course in "How to be a Detective" (complete in six lessons) and graduated at the head of my class. Besides that I wear rubber-soled shoes. And that's about all except this: A prominent man was murdered on the Ides of March—in fact that day is regarded by all as a good day for blood smattering. The Ides of March is three and a half weeks off—that leaves just about the right time for me to follow up my class and rub everything ready. Beware the Ides of March!