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THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality to the state of the state o

Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.

—Shakespeare.

But noble souls through dust and heat rise from disaster and defeat. The stronger. —Longfellow.

FROM FIREFLIES

In the drowsy dark caves of the mind dreams build their nest with frag-

ments dropped from the day's caravan

Leave out my name from the gift if it be a burden, but keep my song.

April, like a child, Writes hieroglyphs on dust with

flowers, Wipes them away and forgets From the solemn gloom of the t

rom the solemn general ple
ple
Children run out to sit in the
dust,
God watches them play
And forgets the priest.
—Tagore.

"Was Izzy talking when you hit Yes, and I hit him right between

WHEN A LADY IS NOT A LADY

Through the centuries poets have sung of woman's charm and novelists have woven plots about this clusive quality until we have come to fed that it is our most valuable attribute. The really delightful person is one in whom this quality is fundamental, and good manners are an inevitable part of her make-up. Without consideration for other people and a care for the little niceties of life we can never hope to be worthy of the name "lady." And in spite of all our culcustion we feel that this is a title very much worth having.

Life here at college rolls along at

But you hid both away within Your jewel box.

Life here at college rolls along at such a fast tempo that we are inclined to forget our manners in the Rescued them,
mad scramble to keep pace with And burst their freein glocks,
what is going on. We rush out of So did you with my heart;
buildings slamming doors in the faces of friends, foes, and faculty, we You resched and buried it
drop our bicycles where they can be
most easily fallen over, and we Tumbled stones, and strings
thrust ourselves and everyone else
rritlessly through the mail rush.

There is no doubt that aware the strings of colored beads, and silver dripprints.

There is no doubt that extreme interest in a subject contributes to class discussion but if in our anxiety to expound our ideas we constantly to expound our ideas we constantly interrupt the professor or wheever is holding the floor we only succeed in being annoying. Also if one of our friends is enjoying herself huge-ly by telling us all about the escapades of her last week-end it is only courteous to let her finish at least one paragraph before we burst in with our own reminiscences.

Most of us have had the experi Most of us have had the experi-ence of returning to the boson of our families expecting to be admired and spoiled only to have them ex-claim in horror at our table man-ners. We toll on the tables, we seize, we shove, and we talk with our mouths full, which is a feat that no one can do and still remain charm-ing. The fault may be in the fact that our luncheon hour is necessarily so short, our breakfast hour prac-tically negible, and our hunger rav-enous at dinner, but none of them is sufficient excuse for our carclessness.

We approach the next item or We approach the next item on our list of offenses with great reluc-tance. Perhaps our dentist advised chewing gum, or we feel the rythmic rotation of our jaws brings on a mood conducive to study, but chew-ing gum, no matter what its sensuous pleasure may be, is certainly not a pretty habit and really should not be indulged in during class hours. We all want to be pleasant, agree-

We all want to be pleasant, agree able 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."—Vassar News.

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. First he chopped the tree down.—Fort Worth (Tex.) e tree down.—Fort W That's thinking fast.

STAIN MAN" PLAYS: JEWS-"SLAIN MAN" PLAYS JEWS-HARP TO SHOW FIANCEE HE LIVES—Headline. In the Evening World. If you call that living.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR INNERSPRING 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, else

the fun of!

Wild Earth and Other Poems
The Ring of the Lowenskolds
The Deepening Stream
A Doorway in Fairyland

FOR SALE CHEAP-Nearly n You may be the whole cheese to Phone evenings 5041.—Adv. in Ann to me. Whey! Whey!

Hearty Laugh Locks Jaws of ROUND THE WORLD FLIER
Wife at Breakfast Table.—Boston
Traveler.
This shows the value of a good
joke.

This shows the value of a good

POETRY 2

TOY

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

a pine
And brought it back to you;
And when you asked these shifting
lights
That pearl the sea,
I dove for them—
But you hid both away within

But you hid both away within

pings
That you caught from the stars—
Unless you wear it now and then,
Or even run it through your finger

carelessly
To shake the dust

For further service; years that went before Locked out of sight forever by the door Of silent Time, their only impress shown

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 ...

his earthly guise—

For Death is God's

dear shadow to the wise!

—Wood. Cruelly distorted in

FELLOWSHIP

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
To comfort her, because I, too, had

known A sorrow that my heart had borne

I know that I am glad that pain has

stayed
Awhite with me,
For through it I learned sympathy
With every fellow mortal, hurt,
dismayed,

dismayed, Who prayed as I have prayed For quick release, and then has turned to wait The answer that will come, though soon or late.

Oh, it has taken longer than it should

For me to see That grief and pain might work in Some ultimate reward, some lasting

Some Ultimate good, I did not dream it could.
But now I know that only through these things
Can we reach out and touch Life's

DREAMS

A brush of mist against the night's dark cheek . . . A cobweb of laughter spread over a hurt . . . A light through the dusk, memories

"Much have I traveled in the Realms of Gold" Our travel this week-end is unusually delightful, and interesting

Our travel this weck-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 weck-end we will go from the simple hearths of the Irish with Padraie Column to Sweden with Selma Lagerlof. We will go with Dorothy Canfield to explore the depths, the transparency or the weakness, the swiftness of her newest novel The Deepsing Stream, and we shall fitt on to a land of an enchanted life through a Doorway to Fairyland.

nue througn a Doorway to Fairyland.

Padraic Column 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. They are Irish poems—for the most part of the simple labover, revealed without glamour and the shield of words. There is a haunting quality very often revealed, and a superstitious element creeps in rather frequently. There is a touch of the classic, too—for that is Padraic Colum.

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 Loxensholds is her nevest book, and it is a simple but vitally compelling one. As is usual with Lagerlof there is fascination—you'll like it. It is Swedish in setting, and an overpowering one, for Sweden breathes reatlessly everywhere in the book.

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. What a fascinating task for a dull week-end. Because it is new, because it severy different, it somehow holds a vestige of belongingness. You'll find reading The Deepening Stream a pleasant occupation but also—when you finish—you'll still be wondering whether it is childishly naive or whether it is subtly impenetrable—but that's

Away we go and leave all these controversies for a time to play with our dear playmates, the fairies. To know them and to love them, however, one must pass through A Doorcag to Fairyland, and thereby become enchanted. I don't believe we grow up so horribly and completely that we lose interest in the "efin groups" of fairyland; we are all imaginative children at best—let us be thankful for it!—and our imaginations may run riot now. A Doorcag in Fairyland! It sounds utterly entrancing. Let's peep through it—and who knows? We might see Rumpelstiltskin!

Padraic Colum Selma Lagerlof
Dorothy Canfield
Laurence Housman

Dreams that come and go, their pas-sage fleet-

THE PRODUCTS OF THE COLLEGES

Editor's Note: The following edi-torial is printed from The Char-lotte 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 Milwauker teacher who was recently

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 an-

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

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 or he may never in his life rise above a salary of \$50 a week, either way, the college has done its job if the form of the college has done its job if the form of the college has done its job if the form of the

(Continued on Page Three)

WEEK-END TRAVEL IMPENDING MURDER In the Realms of Gold

February the fourteenth! Valentine's Day!! I arise with the dawn, my nerves all a-tingle. Somehow I consume the hours between them and mail time. The moment arrives. I fare forth, moving in a haze of red 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 stealthy tip-toe, I edge around the corner, make a dash through the door and arrive. And lo-the box contemptuous haste I hurry over the obviously ordinary letters, but ah! I clutch the last one to my bosom. It is a thin envelope, addressed in large is a thin envelope, addressed in large strange printing, and boldly stamped Winston-Salem. Perhaps some lo-cal swain has lost his heart to my languishing beauty and has taken cal swain has loot his heart to my languishing beauty and has taken this touchingly sweet way of telling me. I am all atwit and can searcely tear the envelope open; at last the valentine is in my hands! With a sigh of bilss I unfold it—and spread it out before my gaze—on rose decked message of love, no lacily tender sentiment—but the picture of a perfectly hortel individual, clasping a hymn between the power of the proceeded to the provided of the provided by the provided b

except this:

A prominent man was murdured
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 clues
and get everything ready. Beware
the Ides of March!