The Salemite

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association

Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

$2.00 a Year :: 10c a Copy

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Josephine Courtney
Managing Editor .. Dorothy Heidenreich
Associate Editor ..... Elinor Phillips
Associate Editor ..... Patsy McMullan
Literary Editor ..... Susan Calder
Literary Editor ..... Courtland Preston
Local Editor ..... Martha Binder
Music Editor ..... Mary Absher
Music Editor ..... Rosalie Smith
Alumnae Editor ..... Elizabeth Gray
Sports Editor ..... Mary Ollie Biles
Sports Editor ..... Margaret Long

REPORTER

Cora Emmaline Henderson
Lucy James
Lois Torrence
Celeste McClammy
Gertrude Schwalbe
Virginia Nall

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Sarah Horton
Advertising Manager ..... Mary Sample
Ass't Adv. Manager ..... Ruth McLeod
Ass't Adv. Manager ..... Isabelle Pollock
Ass't Adv. Manager ..... Grace Pollock
Ass't Adv. Manager ..... Claudia Foy
Ass't Adv. Manager ... Mary Delia Irvin
Ass't Adv. Manager ..... Caro McNeil
Circulation Manager ..... Jane Williams
Ass't Cir. Manager ..... Eula Mae Jones
Ass't Cir. Manager Mary Frances Linney

LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

To attain the highest good
Of true man and womanhood,
Simply do your honest best—
God with joy will do the rest.
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

PARAGRAPHICS

It is time that some one should have an opinion to print in the Open Forum. Is there anything you would like to praise or blame? Unless someone volunteers to write his thoughts for publication, the editor is going to leave a blank space on the editorial page for you to fill with your notions on how this school ought to be run. Wouldn't that draw comment!

For instance—would the readers of the *Salemite* like a column on beauty culture? The paper is at your service and will be glad to collect authentic information, on fashions or care of the skin and hair if the subscribers want it. Would a continued story be acceptable? Ask for anything except pictures. Ask the business manager why.

Among the members of the Salem Day at the Ideal Committee there was some talk about a "Prosperity Ship." What could that mean? Two such attractive words as "Prosperity" and "Ship" written closely together sounds good to a depression-struck community.

An announcement of a faculty tea and faculty meeting brings cold chills to some of the poor students who hear it announced in chapel. All afternoon cars are kept burning, and at dinner when the teachers from their secret meeting, the expressions on their faces are too mysterious to bear. Couldn't the time of the meeting also be kpt secret? It would relieve a great deal of worry.

TO THE BLUE TRIANGLE

The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. are not sufficiently appreciated. These associated organizations, with the vast work and world of good which they do, could probably never adequately be given all the recognition that is due them, so vast and far reaching are the things which they accomplish. In Y. P. M. on Wednesday the speaker mentioned activities of the Y. of which he had never heard, activities which saved lives of some people and enriched the drab existence of some others. It was one of the most appealing talks tha has been heard at the expanded chapel hour, and it was one which will not soon be forgotten.

We are members of this organization which spends its time, labor and funds in doing good over the world. At the first of school it was the Y. W. girls in their neat blue dresses who greeted us at the door, and with friendly smiles dispelled the first lonesomeness or signs of homesickness. They invited us to tea and filled the first Sunday, which is apt to be a day of nothing to do, with entertainment and inspiration. Their vesper services and mid-week worship are needed at the college.

The purpose of this organization is to unite in the desire to realize full and creative life through knowledge of God, and to have a part in making this life possible for all people." It is a joy to be a member of this association and to receive the help which is gladly given by the Y. W. C. A.

MAY DAY

There is no doubt that the Presidents' Forum made an important step for the welfare of Salem when it voted to make the May Day Festival a school wide affair, rather than the organizational undertaking which it has heretofore been.

This year eight committees working under the leadership of experimental chairmen will plan and direct the features of the spring event. Each student, however, will have the opportunity through the committees to do her share for the festival.

Such an innovation is welcome at Salem. Not only does the new plan lessen the responsibility that has been placed on one club, but it also creates a greater sense of school spirit. It is not hyperbolous to say that there are many students who, feeling that May Day has been an event for and by a few, have been insouciant and apathetic toward the May Day Festival. This indifference should vanish with the school-wide May Day Festival, because that day belongs to every student. It is the duty of every true Salemite to make it her own May Day Festival.

Adelaide Silversteen, contributor *extraordinaire* to this publication, should be recognized in some way. Where can her name be placed? She is neither reporter nor editor, and she can't be a whole contributors' club by herself.

Attendance is very gratifying. Until this year it seemed to be hard for the students to understand that the thing to do afer supper on Sunday nights was to go to vespers. Perhaps it is a habit, but more than likely it is the assurance of an interesting program which draws the crowds.

Mr. Satterfield, man-about-campus, and one of the most dependable of the crew of helpers which take care of the college, deserves particular praise for his faithfulness. When the college lacked a night watchman, he volunteered, to add to his services in the day time the duties of lantern bearer.. Only after Dr. Rondthaler's insistence that no man can work both day and night did he consent to sleep instead of attend to his job.

Yesterday was the birthday of James Whitcomb Riley the Hoosier poet and "Idol of Indiana." To most of us he was a favorite poet in childhood. Has the study of greater and better poets than he altered our love for the author of "Little Orphan Annie" and "The Raggededy Man"?

SOCIETY

TEACHERS HONOR MRS. SIMPSON

In compliment to Mrs. Taylor Simpson, a bride of the past summer and instructor in the department of modern languages at the college, several teachers who are residents at the college entertained at tea at the Winston-Salem Country Club on Tuesday afternoon. The hours were uesday iiseeeeT etaoin shrdl ucmfw

At the front door Miss Kate Smith graciously received the guests and presented them to the receiving line. Mrs. Simpson, the honor guest, Miss Atkinson, Miss Lilly, and Miss Ferguson were in the reception room. Decorations of dahlias, golden rod, and autumn leaves carried out the colors of the fall season.

At the tea table Misses Brown and Fuller greeted the guests and served delicious refreshments of tea and sandwiches. The table, where Mrs. Rondthaler and Miss Virginia Wilson poured tea, was beautiful with its cloth of imported lace, candles, and autumn flowers. Guests at the tea were members of the college and academy faculties.

MRS. MCKEITHAN ENTERTAINS KAPPAS

The Alpha Pi Kappa Sorority members and pledges were delightfully entertained on Friday afternoon by Mrs. Harold McKeithan at her home on Eden Terrace. At four o'clock the twenty guests were greeted by Mrs. McKeithan, who before her marriage of the past summer was Miss Millicent Ward. During an enjoyable afternoon the hostess served delicious refreshments.

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

It sounds incredible, but nevertheless it is true. If everybody in this world of ours were six feet all and a foot and a half wide and a foot thick (and that is making people a little bigger than they usually are), that the whole of the human race (and according to the latest available statistics there are now nearly 2,000,000,000 descendants of the original Homo Sapiens and his wife) could be packed into a box measuring half a mile in each direction. That, as I just said, sounds incredible, but if you don's believe me, figure it out for yourself and you will find it to be correct.

If we transported that box to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and balanced it neatly on the low stone wall that keeps people from breaking their necks when stunned by the incredible beauty of that silent witness of the forces of Eternity, and then called little Noodle, the dachshund, and told him (the tiny beast is very intelligent and loves to oblige) to give the unweildy contraption a slight push with his soft brown nose, there would be a monment of crunching and ripping as thewooden planks loosened stones and shrubs and trees on their downward path, and than a low and even softer bumpity-bumpity-bump and a sudden splash when the outer edges struck the banks of the Colorado River.

Then silence and oblivion.

The human sardines in their mortuary chest would soon be forgotten.

The Canyon would go on battling wind and air and sun and rain as it has done since it was created.

The world would continue to run its even course through the uncharted heavens.

The astronomers on distant and nearby planets would have noticed nothing out of the ordinary.

A century from now a little mound, densely covered with vegetable matter would perhaps indicate where humanity lay buried.

And that would be all.

—*Van Loon's Geography.*

Week-End Travels
In The Realms of Gold

"Much Have I Traveled in the Realms of Gold"

It is autumn now, and time has come for the grain to be harvested. Such was the time for the Norwegian Oien to have his crops stored in the granary. Louis Hauglum, a strong, big, open-hearted thresher, and young Lizzie Oien decided to be married, buy a farm and work it together . They had joy in each other and pride in their farm because they prospered. But tragedy came to these two congenial people through the love of gold. A single piece of gold caused them to hoard their money, to drift apart, and even to lose faith in each other. But these ignorant people were terrified by the false statement about the coming of Doomsday, and destruction came to their evil lives through fear and dread. Thus O. E. Rolvaag, in this quickly-moving story, *Pure Gold,* paints the characters of those who are lured by that precious yellow ore.

From idealistic stories turn to novels of realism—such as *"Dolly Madison, The Nation's Hostess,"* by Elizabeth L. Dean. Dolly Madison's life is interwoven with more than a half-century of American history, and in this book are related the sweeping changes that took place from the Revolution to the middle of the nineteenth century. Telegraph messages took the place of post riders; the stage coach was supplanted by the passenger train; the gas-jet superseded the crude tallow dip. These are a few of the changes which increased the development and growth of America. In this true story, Dolly Madison, as a little girl, felt the thrill of patriotism; and she was the last to leave the Executive Mansion when the British entered Washington to burn the capital. Until her death she was recognized as a person of national importance. In the biography the writer has portrayed the material so colorfully and vividly that one would hardly be bored by dull details.

"An American Epoch" by Howard W. Odum is a story of the South. John Washington Southern and Major Thomas Leaven are the characters used in this book to portray the first of the four generations of culture in the southern parts of the United States. The second generation is composed of their sons and daughters, who may be called the architects and builders of the New South of the post-reconstruction period. The children of the twentieth century comprise the third period, and the fourth generation will be represented by their future descendants. In this book is romantic material of history and literature, realistic events, and partial pictures of changing stages. The wonderful piece of literature expressing portraiture of our Country is both enjoyable and educational.

Pure Gold ..... O. E. Rolvaag
Dolly Madison, The Nation's Hostess ..... Elizabeth L. Dean
An American Epoch ..... Howard W. Odum

OYSTERETTES

Are you acquainted with Society Hall's favorite question? Here it is: "Is it cut on the bias?" Figure out its significance for yourself.

Two years ago there was a victrola in practically every other room. Today, I dare say there are not more than six in the entire school. This is just another instance where economic influences have promoted an appreciation for classical literature. Keats once said: "Played melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Did you ever hear of prairie mice going on field trips? Our own Prairie Mice (Mary Price) went last Saturday.

Ask Mrs. Berry at the Robert E. Lee Hotel how much Georgia has aged recently. My dears, Mrs. Berry hardly recognized her.

Pena Letree is not very fond of the way in which McEwen returns Education papers—We wonder why.

Jo Walker yesterday expressed a desire to go to China. She is fascinated by the way in which Chinamen wade in the flooded rice fields and pull op weeds with their toes. We hope you get there, Jo. And please wear one of those huge hats. You would look grand.

If any one finds a stray o'possum, please send him home; he's mine.

THE ROAD TO FAME

One is always attracted by little peculiarities and eccentricities of people, and our interest is magnetically drawn to the famous. James Whitcomb Riley is certainly outstanding in American literature, and it is interesting to note that he was always very sensitive about matters pertaining to his age. This peculiarity accounts for the question as to the exact date of his birth.

According to custom, Riley was destined to follow in the footsteps of his father, but not liking law, he left his home and roamed the Ohio Valley painting commercial signs on fences and farmhouses. Riley led this free and easy existence, happy and carefree, until his late seventies. About this time he wrote a poem satirical of the notable style of Edgar Allen Poe, thinking that such a famous name would draw attention to his work.

It was stated that a traveler in an old inn near Richmond, Virginia had discovered the poem on the flyleaf of a dictionary, and had taken it away with him. Excitement arose immediately over the publication and supposedly true story of the poem, and the traveler was requested to exhibit the original treasure. In some places, the poem was accepted, and in others it was denounced as a fraud. Riley, very much delighted over his success as a poet, suddenly and sadly realized that he had ruined his future with the public.

Once more a sign painter,—then, soon afterward, famous for his publication in the Indianapolis *Journal,* Riley was at last recognized as the "Burns of America." He was to American poetry what Mary Twain was to American prose.

REVELATIONS OF A PRACTICE HOUR

You've often heard of the idosyncracies of famous people, and many times these little instinctive peculiarities strike your sense of humor so that you really appreciate their humanness. Far be it from me now to tell you of such, but I do want you to know of an ultra-recent discovery of mine. Perhaps you have never linked an idiosyncracy with a discovery in thought, and it was not until five minutes ago that I found any connection whatever, myself.

All music students have to bear the daily hours of practice, in which some find pleasure, and others, utter

(Continued on Page Three)