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# The Salemite

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
THE STUDENT BODY OF  
SALEM COLLEGE

Member  
Southern Inter-Collegiate  
Press Association

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - \$2. A YEAR - 10c A COPY

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## SHORT IF NOT SWEET

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We've had editorials about not snobbing our fellow students. We've had editorials about not cluttering up the smoke house floors. And we've had editorials about not stringing a bunch of flags up on the flag-pole. Well, here's another one. But honestly it's not a supercilious,, down-the-nose affair . . . It's just that sometimes we almost have to have a poke or two to remind us of little things we've known all the time.

We're all well-bred girls, we know . . . and we'd get mighty mad if someone were to accuse us of being anything else. It isn't, however, much a mark of breeding to see us noising about in chapel the way we do. You may say that chapel conduct doesn't matter; but, actually, it does. When someone speaks to us individually, we have the courtesy to listen even though we probably don't give a rap about what's being said. And yet, we squirm and fidget in chapel so that even the organ can't be heard. Don't you occasionally feel sorry for the poor speaker? Don't you sometimes wonder that he doesn't slam his fist down on the rostrum and quit? If we were up there spouting forth at an audience of chatting freshmen and studying sophomores and sleeping juniors and eating seniors, we'd more than likely burst out crying. So let's try just once golden ruling and see what happens . . . will you?