

AMONG OURSELVES

THE NEEDED DRAMATIC CLUB

What good school or A1 college you know beside Salem has no dramatic club or society? Salem has had a dramatic club up until a year or so ago, but with the "hurry and worry" of our college life it dwindled away to nothing. The crying need of the reformation of this club at Salem has been felt in the last two years by both teachers and students, especially those taking English courses.

The benefits which would be derived from the formation and maintenance of a democratic dramatic club are numerous. Students themselves would learn the art of self-composure in speaking and acting before an audience, an ability which the majority of us lack in greater or lesser degree. A club would enliven the social side of Salem to a great extent. How many Saturday nights have we wished for "something to do!" The dramatic club might put in a bid for all the free Saturdays nights and present interesting and worth-while plays, with now and then a purely "stunt-program." Throughout the year the right inter-class spirit would be fostered by class plays and pageants, for the best of which a prize might be offered. A dramatic club, incorporated in the budget, would be an organization of as many members as there are college students. This might be thought a drawback by some, but it really would not, if the club were put on an inter-class basis. Everyone would have a chance; and many girls of real dramatic talent, who couldn't be bothered to "try out" for a picked club, would try for the honor of their class. Let's talk up the idea and see if next year we can't organize a real dramatic club!

SOPHOMORE.

EASTER HOLIDAYS

Shall we have Easter holidays hereafter or not? It is a question that we, the students of Salem College, can best answer. We have been given the spring vacation this year only as an experiment—it is not at all a settled fact that it will become an institution in the college. Many teachers have doubts as to the wisdom of this new departure, saying that it is unwise to break into the semester by giving a two weeks' recess. If we make it apparent to the faculty, however, that there is no after-holiday slackness or lack of interest, the success of the idea is proved.

So let's get down to work again and make these last six weeks count.

FRESHMAN.

DAVIDSON BUILDS HOMES FOR PROFESSORS

Davidson, N. C.—Davidson College is planning to build at least three new professors' homes this spring. The three dwellings, which will be modern in every respect, will be erected on North Main Street.

It has always been the policy of the College to provide suitable homes for her professors. The building of the new residences became necessary in

view of the fact that a very considerable enlargement of the faculty is contemplated. As yet there is no definite information available as to the number of new professors that will be secured or to what departments they will be attached.

PUPILS' RECITAL

The recital of Academy Music pupils in Memorial Hall Thursday was enjoyed by all. The following program was given:

Romili—Tarantella—Emma Mebane Hunt and Evelyn Graham.

Curran — Sonney Boy — Dorothy Shivers.

Gurlitt—Polonaise—Elizabeth Hahn. Herrmann—Spanish Dance—Isabel Wenhold.

Nollet—Elegie in C sharp minor—Marian Schallert.

Schyte—Berceuse—Elizabeth Gerald.

Sobeski—There, Little Girl, Don't Cry—Marian Murphey.

Scharwenka — Polish Dance — Sue Carleton.

Neidlinger — Sweet Miss Mary — Dorothy Cargill.

Nollet—Tarantella—Alice Dunklee. Del Reigo—Shadow March—Tempe Ellen.

Grieg—Dance Caprice—Sophia Hall. Weil—Somewhere I Know—Margarette Foreman.

Friml—Waltz—Evelyn McGehee.

Bohm — Moto Perpetuo — Edward Mickey.

Beethoven — Menuet; Grieg — Elfin Dance—Anna Pauline Shaffner.

Emmeil — Philosophy — Emma Mebane Hunt.

Grieg—To Spring—Anna Adams.

ORGAN RECITAL OF MISS EVELYN SMITH

Miss Evelyn Smith gave her graduating recital in organ last Monday night. She was assisted by Miss Alimae Temple and Miss Charlotte Mathewson, Soprano. The Memorial Hall platform was beautifully decorated with quantities of roses and ferns, which made a background for Miss Smith's frock of changeable rose taffeta. The program was as follows:

Bach...Fantasie and Fugue in G minor

Miss Smith

Spross.....The Awakening

La Forge.....Song of the Open

Miss Temple

T. Tertius Noble..An Elizabethan Idyll

Pietro A. Yon.....Humoresque "L'

organo primitivo"

R. S. Stoughton.....Persian Suite

a. The Courts of Jamshyd

b. The Garden of Iram

c. Saki

Miss Smith

Chadwick.....The Danza

Gretchaninoff.....Cradle Song

Densmore.....A Spring Fancy

Miss Temple

Widor..Finale from Eighth Symphony

Miss Smith

Each number was enjoyed by the audience of Salem girls and town people.

Miss Smith is a member of the class of '21. Since her recital in piano last spring she has been doing graduate work in piano. She will receive her diploma in piano and organ this com-

mencement. She won in the music contest of the Federated Music Clubs in the State of South Carolina and also in the district contest in Atlanta. We feel sure our talented musician will bring even more glory to herself and Salem in the future, and perhaps in the national contest at Davenport, Iowa, in June.

EASTER AT SALEM—AN APPRECIATION

There have been two kinds of Easters in my life: those that I have not spent at Salem, and the two that I have. Of the first I have only the vaguest impressions, and those of egg-hunts and children's exercises, in which I participated. The two which I have spent here have left an everlasting memory of the sacredness and beauty of the services and the underlying thought. Before I came to Salem, Passion Week and the suffering and death of Jesus Christ had little if any real meaning for me: I didn't understand them; but since attending the Passion Week services at the Moravian Church I feel almost as if I had witnessed those scenes with my own eyes. The early Easter morning service, in commemoration of Christ's Resurrection, was the most impressive of them all, with the huge crowd gathered at such an early hour; the beautiful floral decorations; the sun rising over the trees; the awe-inspiring music; and above all, the sweet solemnity of Bishop Rondthaler's remarkable voice. The whole custom of the observance of Easter week is, I think, the sweetest, most impressive, and most sacred in my knowledge.

WEATHER WISDOM

A sunshiny shower  
Won't last half an hour.

Rain before seven,  
Fair by eleven.

The south wind brings wet weather,  
The north wet and cold together;  
The west wind always brings us rain,  
The east wind blows it back again.

March winds and April showers  
Bring forth May flowers.

Evening red and morning gray  
Set the traveler on his way;  
But evening gray and morning red  
Bring the rain upon his head.

Rainbow at night is the sailor's delight;  
Rainbow at morning, sailors take warning.

If bees stay at home,  
Rain will soon come;  
If they fly away,  
Fine will be the day.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,  
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

"Old Professor Gobbs has been teaching here a long time, hasn't he?"  
"I should say he has! Why when he began teaching, he lectured on current events; now his subject is medieval history."

First Landlady: "I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do."

Second Landlady: "Oh, I don't know. You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are."

"Auntie, can you change a dime for me?"

"How do you want it changed, dear?"

"Into a quarter, please."

Sadie critically viewed the eggs she was sent to purchase.

"These are not fresh," she told the grocer.

"Strictly fresh, little girl," he assured her.

"No," she persisted; "my papa told me there's a corner on fresh eggs; these are all smooth."—The Epworth Herald.

Disgusted Professor—What did you come to college for, anyway? You are not studying.

Bobby Rahrah—Well, mother says it's to fit me for the presidency; Uncle Jim, to sow my wild oats; sister Helen, to get a chum for her to marry; and dad, to bankrupt the family.—Boston Transcript.

"Daddy, I don't think mother knows much about raising children," said little four-year-old Dorothy.

"What makes you think so?" asked her father.

"Well, she makes me go to bed when I am wide awake and she makes me get up when I am awfully sleepy," was the reply.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

McMackerel was defending a man in a murder case. The case looked hopeless; the prosecution was soon done. Then McMackerel rose.

In a quiet, conversational tone McMackerel began to talk to the jury. He made no mention of the murder. He just described in vivid colors a pretty country cottage hung with honeysuckle, a young wife preparing supper, and the rosy youngsters waiting at the gate to greet their father on his return home for the evening meal.

Suddenly McMackerel stopped. He drew himself up to his full height. Then, striking the table with his fist, he cried, in a voice that thrilled every bosom: "Gentlemen, you must send him back to them!"

A red-faced juror choked and blurted out: "I tell you, sir, we'll do it!"

McMackerel, without another word sat down, and ten minutes later the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. The prisoner wept as he shook his counsel's hand.

"No other man on earth could have saved me as you have done, Mr. McMackerel," he sobbed. "I ain't got no wife or family, sir."—Exchange.

"Two penn'-orth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time of the night," cried the infuriated druggist, who had been aroused at 2 a.m., "when a glass of hot water would have done just as well!"

"Weel, weel," returned Sandy, hastily; "I thank you for the advice, and I'll no' bother ye after all. Good-night."—Glasgow Scotsman.