The Salemite

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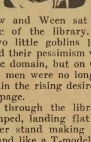

Hallow and Ween sat moping in the attic of the library. All year these two little goblins had quietly concealed their pessimism within their own attic domain, but on October 31, the little men were no longer content to restrain the rising desire to ravage and rampage.

Down through the library ceiling they jumped, landing flat across the newspaper stand making the framework sound like a T-model Ford on a cobble-stone street. Quickly the two hid behind some books until the folks had settled back to work again. Silently and slyly then, they slipped over to the glass case. In his eagerness to see all the display, Ween broke through the glass cover and had not Hallow swiftly pulled him out he would become the joke of the whole library.

Seeing the door Hallow speedily led the way through it and entered the dining room. Dancing over the tops of the tables to the music of broken dishes proved to be great sport for the goblins until a big broom began to maul too near.

Away the goblins raced toward Alice Clewell where they rang and rang the doorbell and immediately entered, going up the hall they began the deadly damage by knocking on every door in sight, then quickly scooting around the corner.

Great devastation was committed in the office of the dean where the goblins threw ink in the dean's eyes, then rode up and down on the little blue beads on the shade. Next they rang the fire bell and locked all the exit doors.

Hallow and Ween then rushed up the street ringing doorbells and throwing rocks until they reached the church. Mounting the stairs skillfully and speedily they soon came to the chimes on which both little fellows entertained themselves by playing and singing,

"Today is October the 31.
This is our day."

Iney Are Like That

Steeplejack—" 'Ullo, Bert! Where's that mate you took on—the chap that used to be an artist?"

Second Ditto—" 'Aven't you 'eard Soon as he laid a couple of bricks, he stepped back off the scaffolding to admire 'is work."

The time of meeting for the Latin Club is the first Thursday night of each month.

The officers are:

Virginia Allen .....President
Dorabelle Graves .....Vice- Pres.
Martha Binder .....Sec. - Treas.

HALLOWE'EN

Do supernatural influences prevail on Hallowe'en? And when is Hallowe'en? It's the 31st of October and believe me we might do well to start getting afraid of everything in general and nothing in particular. It's almost as bad as an exam. Answering the last question first and the first question last. If you don't believe in ghosts and things—you know, "things" —then you don't belong to the 18th century. Oh, pardon me—I mean you had better stick around, because Alice Clewell and even little self-conscious Louisa Bitting might turn "flocks of ghosts" over night. With a woof, woof, here, and a woof, woof there. Here's a "woof" there's a "woof", everywhere a woof, woof. Grrrr WOOF! WOOF!

Seriously, Hallowe'en is a relic of pagan times and we're just pagan enough to live up to traditions. Don't mind us, we live here. The corn is stacked in heaps, and pumpkins are strewn all around; there is a cat outlined on a fence against a lighted window; things creep; things are swishing along with white drapes haunting dark corners. OoWah! Don't you get the sensation? There's none like it—so Beware BEWARE!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Little Orphan Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire, an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'll get you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Once there was a little boy who wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His mammy heard him holler, an' his daddy heard him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' ever where, I guess;
But all they ever found was this! his pants an' round about!
An' the gobble-un's 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl'd allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one an' all her blood an' kin;
An' onct when there was "comp'ny", an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, and said she didn't care!
An' this as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things, a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'for she knowed what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphan Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes moo—oo—
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightening-gubs in dew is all quenched away—
You'd better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers, fond an' dear,
An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' help the poor an' needy ones 'at cluster all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

—James Whitcomb Riley

WORK

Work thou for pleasures.
Paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest,
Though the body starve.
Who works for glory
Misses oft the goal,
Who works for money
Coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake,
Then, and it might be
That these things shall
Be added unto thee.

Kenyon Cox

ON MUSIC

In a commencement address at Syracuse University, William H. Woodin, secretary of the treasury, said: "There are songs in the soul of every man. Some have many, some have few. But consciously or unconsciously, there is a deep-rooted desire in all of us to express something which can be expressed only in music. Fear, more than anything else, has been responsible for the failure of so many of our financial institutions. The right kind of music overcomes all fear. The vibrations of fine music put a mysterious initiative, resolution and courage in to every normal irrelevant; life will seem finer, deeper, nobler; ecstatic instincts will flood your heart and soul. Many there are who need "Psychological baths," more often.

By T. D. Kemp, Jr.
(*Charlotte Observer*).

ATHLETICS

Tennis

The Freshman Tennis Tournament has been finished with Mavis Bullock winning over Cornelia Maslin in the finals, 6-1; 6-0. Agood number of the games went to deuce. Cornelia Masin seemed to have trouble with her service, while Mavis Bullock kept a good service throughout the play. Cornelia Maslin, who from the beginning seemed ready to put up a good fight, but was out-classed.

The Upperclassman Tournament has not yet been played off. The semi-finals have just been played with Marion Hadley and Margaret Wall winning out. The final match will be played in the near future.

Hockey

The practices of hockey are not well attended. There are only a few white suits, yellow suits, red suits, and one black suit that report each day. Where are the people that know they play hockey? Where are the people who think they can play hockey? Come on down. You will find you know nothing about it. Where are those who do not know how to hold a stick? Come on down. Learn to play as we learn, for according to Miss "At', all of us have room to improve.

"BROAD SHOULDERS"

"Such nice broad shoulders," murmers dear Aunt So and so, patting me on the back with a smug smile of satisfaction over her Mary's perfectly rounded ones. I smile back brightly and inquire about Mary, inwardly gritting my teeth at all girls in general who have soft feminine shoulders.

Broad shoulders—football players are entitled to them, massive ones, rippling with muscles; soldiers require them, straight wide ones with a military cock; any hero needs them to match his slim hips; but broad shoulders for girls—they are simply out of their realm.

"Think of the outdoor, breezy, look they give one," you say—but suppose I don't want to appear as the outdoor girl, faintly tanned, poised on a diving board or swinging a tennis racket with a free easy stroke—I had much rather be feminine and alluring; besides, I blister in the sun and dive like a rock. I admit I do like sports, but nothing about me suggests athletics except my shoulders.

As if the curse of just having broad shoulders was not enough, there is still the problem of holding them erect. Half of my pleasure of my life is spoiled by a slap on the back and a "Hold your shoulders up, dear". Secondly, there is the problem of fitting clothes. On every shopping tour, the usual remark of, "Don't you think that is a little tight across the back, honey?" is accompanied by a side remark, sotto voice, to the clerk, that my shoulders were so wide and my arms so long that I always take a larger size.

PIERRETTES ON PARADE

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder who you are,
'Way up in the sky a-restin'
Looks to me like Cokey Preston.

Sister, I have a confession to make. Honestly, now, I didn't wonder a bit about who that wavey-haired star was with the mow 'em down dimples, and the soap-and-water complexion, and the friendly smile. Of course, I knew it was Cokey all the time. So did you.

Do you remember the time she played the part of an old wobbly-kneed Irish woman with her hair done up in a tight peanut of a knot on the back of her head? That was in "Riders to the Sea." Great performance, wasn't it? Yes, ma'am, it was worth twinkling about.

Well, what brought the sudden grin of reminiscence to your pan? The time she played "Jerry" in "Peg O' My Heart?" Slick number, that was. Why, the gal was no slouch of a Romeo with her padded shoulders and Mr. Campbell's Sunday suit on. Didn't know he had another suit, did you? All kiddin' aside, Cokey really deserved the big hand that night. 'S no joke to have to bass for three acts out of your diaphragm when you naturally have a lyric soprano.

Then, there was the time she did "Alice" in the new fangled Wonderland. Bet she could land that coveted role in Hollywood right now, if she weren't needed by the Pierrettes here.

By the way, do you believe in magic? No? I was afraid of that R. K. O., sister, just mozey over to the box office sometime and watch how the magic word "Cokey," shoots up the gate receipts.

THESE PRACTICE TEACHERS

Have you seen a group of quivering seniors sttting on the steps of Main Hall about a quarter before nine every morning? (Saturdays excepted, my patient readers.) Or have you seen one of those wise young ladies rushing up towards the same dignified building about the same early hour of a breezy day, yelling in a freshman-like voice to know if the taxi has gone? They, my most illustrous dears, are the brave practice teachers.

Teaching is a grand profession, girls, especially when one i syoung and doing her work under the critical eye of a person who has been in the profession several years. (To be frank with you, the teachers under whom the girls are working are very considerate.) The children! The dear children!

Once upon a day one of the teachers left the room. In the back sat one of the young ladies with whom this unexcelled bit of literature had to deal. One little boy turned around and said, "Oh, teacher!" in a voice that was—maybe it wasn't exactly mocking, but it was half-brother to such a voice. That's the kind of respect that these girls get.

Here's another little bit of something that I want you to see. Haven't you heard of hero worship? Well, I believe that there is also such a thing as heroine worship. This thought comes to me from a striking incident that happened a few days ago. One of the young ladies who is a budding teacher, received a note from one of the male students which said:

A rose is red,
The stem is green,
You're the sweetest teacher
I've ever seen.

Quite a noble and original thought, n'est ce pas?

One of the Salem martyrs must have made a good impression, for she began teaching current events during her second week. Such bright girls that this school produces!

There is another smart girl who is teaching English. Some mornings she tries to be smart—or make people think that she is smart—by walking out to her school before the others are out of bed. She posts her assignments a week ahead of time, gives speeches on the conditions at Salem College, and talks so much that she forgets to leave in time to get back to her own classes. By the way, she is noted for being able to rattle away for hours. One day last year she was showing some strangers around the campus when somebody yelled out a window, "Don't believe a word that she tells you." Is that the way that her fellow students regard her?

One girl has to tell hr pupils what wesson oil is. What kind of impression will you have of this girl when I tell you she takes up time in having her pupils fall off stools for the entertainment of the class?

Have I gossiped enough for one night? I haven't told you about all of the bright, the noble, the fair yet. Maybe it would be better to let affairs rest as they are. But, anyway, from the extraordinary impressions that I've given you of the noble teachers that this school is laboriously producing, I know that you will flock with eager hearts to join the eager throng. You'd better try it. You'll never have another opportunity for such experiences. Take this from one who knows, from one who has waded through the deep waters herself.

SALEM PLAY HOUSE

THE THREE LITTLE PRIGS

by Annie Secret Willdo

Once upon a time there were three little prigs. It was said of these three that

When they were good (and that was all the time)
They were very, very, ve-e-ery good
And everybody consequently tho't they were horrid.

Well, so it goes—the good 'uns are too good, and the bad 'uns too bad. Too Bad!

Scene I

A voice is in the dean's office off key—It is the voice of the first little prig.

First Little Prig (singing): "Oh, I'm a smart little girl, they say,
I study all day;
And never play.
I'm s. s. and g. in the old fashioned way.
So I'll sing my round-e-lay! Hey! Hey!

She skips around waving hornrimmed glasses in one hand and fountain pen in the other, in the meantime, scattering ink all over the pink office walls. However, as the pen is filled with sweet lavendar ink, the scatterings look quite lovely, and Miss Lawrence is much pleased with the artistic decoration.

Scene II

We see and hear the . . . .

Second Little Prig: "Oh, I am never up to tricks,
I make people's beds and never fix
Them a la pie"—(rhyme ends here, but Prig continues in prose)
"Eloisa, may I make your bed, darn your socks, or wash your hair for you this morning? Or maybe I could brush your teeth or eat your lunch. I'd love to."

She cavorts up and down the hall on a broomstick in search of someone whom she may help (a broomstick. Aha! There's the hidden hint of the impending fates of all three prigs.)

Scene III

Third little prig is sitting beside a barrell of apples, singing.

Third Little Prig: "Oh, I'm a healthy, wholesome girl
Eat spinach and your hair will curl!
Tira-lira! Tira-lira!

Red Apples make a rosy world!"

Switsch! From behind a curtain slips Big Black Witch. It's Hallowe'en that's why the witch is able to get away from work at the "hant" factory; and that's why she happens to be a witch instead of a wolf.

Big Black Witch: "Heh! Heh!" (chortling, chuckling, snickering, and growling, she changes herself into a hunk of invisible air and proceeds to do her dirty work).

Act I of the Big Black Witch:

Puts indellible Carter's ink (in place of the lavendar) into pen of 1st Prig. Miss Lawrence comes to the door just in time to see her dainty office being blackened and ruined—and also just in time to get an eyeful of the indellible fluid.

Once upon a time there were three
little prigs,
Now there are only two.

Act II of B. B. Witch

Second prig is making up a bed for an upperclassman. The witch crawls between the sheets and stays there till nightfall. When the owner of the bed gets in it that night, and feels the witch with her toe, she naturally considers that she has a pie bed, and search of the second little prig.

goes out with horrible intentions in

Act III of B .B. W.

Sunday dinner: Witch changes herself into a chicken leg, five rolls, a glass of milk, two pickled peaches, and a slender slab of ice-cream. After the meal she jumps deftly into the open hands and arms of the third little prig, who is forced to carry her from the dining room in blushing confusion amidst the horrified glances of her well-mannered companions.

What terrible fates to befall such a proper trio of prigs. They were good while they lasted, but they just couldn't last. After their downfalls, they all three turned socialist, left school, and joined the Navy.