

The Salemite

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association.
Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
\$2.00 Per Annum in Advance

EDITORIAL STAFF
Flora Bimler, 28, Editor-in-Chief
Miriam Bristol, 26, Managing Editor
Katie Hutchinson, 26, Assistant Editor
Frances Jarrett, 27, Music Editor
Pearl Martin, 28, Feature Editor
Lyle Collier, 26, Reporter
Agnes Carter, Announcer-Editor
Dorothy Siewers, 27, Reporter
Leo Womble, 27, Reporter

BUSINESS STAFF
Margaret Hamner, 28, Business Manager
Ruby Eldred, 26, Asst. Business Manager
May Hairston, 26, Circulation Man'gr



To the most of us, Dr. Mims' talk on Wednesday opened up an entirely new field of ideas in connection with the study of poetry. If they had thought of it as touching human life at every point, as a real revelation of life of nature, of God and of poetry, we had considered the work of poets, as he suggested, impractical, visionary, sentimental; we had not found that the fight for poetry is a fight for life, for nature, for patriotism, and for religion. From the standpoint of human need, we had thought of it, perhaps, as recreation but not as of any particular value as consolation or inspiration. His summing-up sentence was full of a new significance for all of those who have loved for the productions of great literature artists. "Poetry is shot through with significance for eyes that can see and shot through with melody for ears that can hear. How can the tired people of the world get along without it?"

There's been a single line running through our editorial here, if you like a line rather inconspicuously out of place among the many plaintive wails we hear on every side. It is this: here is, that the weather is too beautiful for that, that "Spring Fever" is a legitimate excuse for laziness. But we venture to offer it to all the same and we beg to suggest that a little extra effort during those early Spring days will save more concentrated, hurried work when real Springtime weather comes. The line is an old familiar one, "Let us be then up and doing."

Do you know that Salem girls are being characterized as almost entirely lacking in enthusiasm; that they are being criticized as being fairly passive and unresponsive to appeals from college, class, or organization? Our knowledge of the criticism is due to the fact that an individual made a remark to us to that effect only recently. She was not a caring critic who finds no good at all in us, but a really inspired friend who sees our faults as well as our virtues; and who tells us our weaknesses for our own best good.

It is a serious charge, this statement that we are for the most part cold and uninterested; it is particularly serious when we are told that it brings into question our real loyalty, our college spirit. We should react promptly an accusation that we fall in our duty towards our Alma Mater but a great part of our duty is interested in the activities of our campus, in our classes, in our organizations. Enthusiasm is a big factor; it counts for more than we realize until we are given a particularly pertinent and supported by only a few, perhaps half-hearted, persons. It makes up for the lack of a number of other qualities and it obscures faults too numerous to mention.

Dr. Edwin P. Mims

is Chapel Speaker

(Continued from Page One)

of things found everywhere. They have been a great resource to the human spirit. The fight for poetry is a fight for values of life, a fight for nature, for God, for country. In the positive side, poetry presses thoughts and emotions as one is not able to express them in any other way. It has never fully realized until an expression is found for it and to one weak word the use of without the most essential. Imagine how, on a beautiful spring morning, one who is familiar with certain lines from Shelley, Browning and Lowell, is able to feel and express his emotions and thoughts by means of these lines.

Poetry may be considered, also, from the standpoint of the human mind. There is recreation in poetry. In reading one can almost go long distances on a vacation. At least the routine and drudgery of the everyday tasks can be brightened in this way. How can the tired people of the world get along without it? The consolation in poetry is often brought out in time or sorrow and trouble. "To many people poetry has been the source of 'peace' and 'passeth all understanding.'" Poetry is a great source of revelation. People are accused of having eyes that see not and ears that hear not. Poets have a wonderful habit of revealing extraordinary aspects of things so familiar that they are overlooked. Poetry brings inspiration for every worthwhile cause. One must have inspiration to fight, but there is no need or place for inspiration in an unworthy fight. The influence of poetry is felt, first, the personality back of the making of the country; and the words and ideas of the country. One is able to know England by seeing through the eyes of Wordsworth, Shakespeare, George Eliot, Milton, Cranston, Dr. Johnson, Kipling, and numerous other great writers, so it is able to learn to love and know its own country, its own national literature, and especially its poetry. Poetry is shot through with significance and cry that will see; it is shot through with melody for ears that will hear."

ALPHA PHI KAPPA'S ENTERTAIN MEMBERS

Several Alumni Members Present at Banquet at Robert E. Lee.

On Saturday night, March 7, the active members of the Alpha Phi Kappa party entertained for their few members, Louise Whitaker of Lynchburg, Virginia, and Lucy Ragsdale of Jamestown, North Carolina. The Orangerie of Robert E. Lee hotel was decorated with cut flowers and ferns. In the center of the table there was a bowl of yellow jonquils, and each place was marked by an attractive place card with the golden-yellow geraniums, and bearing in black the letters of the society was at each place. The color scheme was the society's colors, gold and black.

A delicious seven course dinner was served to the following members: Louise Whitaker, Lynchburg, Va.; Lucy Ragsdale, Jamestown, N. C.; Lois Cawley, Concord, N. C.; Lillian Trask, Lakeside, N. C.; Myrtle Caldwell, Albemarle, N. C.; Rosa Caldwell, Concord, N. C.; Elizabeth Braswell, Burlington, N. C.; Mary Ragsdale, Jamestown, N. C.; and alumnae members, Katherine Bayless of Hills, Lenoir, N. C.; Ruth Arfield, Asheboro, N. C.; and Mesdames Owens Bristol and Goddard Kipling, of Hillsville, N. C.

During the dinner, a number of telegrams from members of the society who were unable to be present at the banquet, were read to the honorees. They were presented with corsages of yellow rose buds and white lilies.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF FACULTY MEETING

The faculty of the college will meet on Wednesday, March 18, at five o'clock.

OF YOUNG IDEAS



by MIRIAM BRISTOL

"Would you not be in Troyon, Now that the spring is here, And mocking birds are praising The fresh, the blossomy year?"

This effectively warbles one enthusiasm for the blossomy year. Let us answer her plaintive query in the affirmative. For in spite of her poetic imagination, the literal, literal truth is, that Spring is here, and so are we—although here is not exactly Troyon. The title of the poem, however, is April in North Carolina, and we maintain firmly that we are in North Carolina. But we regret that the fair poetess, at the time she committed the above-mentioned poem, was not.

Yes, we believe that she was somewhere in chilly New England, toasting her poetic toes before an open fire. There is more of the poem which supports this view; for various reasons we do not quote it—one of the reasons is that we have forgotten the lines. And now some person of delicate sensibilities and artistic tendency rises excitedly and protests against our theory. He is sure the lady was lying on a bank of violets, gazing rapidly into the blue sky which supported the sun. In the first place, she never saw banks of violets—although they may exist. In the second place, people don't write poems outdoors. Modern poets have desks and typewriters. In the third place, she would do anything in the spring if it can help it. Unless she was hungry for Spring, she would not have been hungry. It isn't that kind of poem.

Now to sit in a rocking chair, with a big fire, and think about spring, is quite pleasant, and certainly likely to bring on an attack of poetry. But we wish about spring in the springtime—impossible! Spring is the ideal time of the year to lay and it takes more will power than April in North Carolina shows, to settle down and work while "mocking birds are praising the fresh, the blossomy year."

The only reason we are being sarcastic is that we are sure that we have to write something; and the first warm weather naturally makes people sarcastic. We should prefer lying on a mossy bank and gazing at the sky—only we'd be afraid of the snits and spidery.

To continue our salubrious remarks about spring—it is the time of year when bashful legislators, mad pies and Romans come into their own. Windows are broken, laws are made, children are spanked and fathers wish their daughters were in the mathematics genus. In the senior class boys a ukulele and playing it beneath the window of a girl who sits at the desk of the staid professor wears a tie of many colors. Everyone wants to play and everyone has to work. Spring is a time of making a new set of examinations and precedes another.

This is all we can think of about spring, so we will give you more reasons to prove the fallacy of the theory that spring means a new set of examinations in the spring. All spring poems are in praise of this season, with so much interesting while we wait. Therefore, the poems are written in the winter. At Christmas, spring seems utterly desirable, and some of all attainment. But, alas! when spring is here, it is found, like everything else, to have defects, and one is angry about it. Christmas is the only exception. There have been many poems written about spring, and we do doubt if any of them and they are all written in the winter—when the poet probably imagined, with no doubt anything while we wait, the way the poem says it feels. Of course, he discovers his mistake, but by the next winter has forgotten it, and writes another. This is the only explanation of how there can be poems about spring.

We have revised the poem at the behest of the "disappointed." Please compare the two. Ours was written in the spring:

Would you not be in Iceland Now at this time of year, Or maybe in Alaska, or maybe Oh, anywhere but here!

CALENDAR

- Tuesday, March 17—4:00 P. M.—Hockey Practice for all classes.
- Wednesday, March 18—8:45 P. M.—Clogging class.
- Thursday, March 18—11:00 A. M.—Bishop Road theater at expanded chapel service.
- 4:00 P. M.—Hockey Practice for all classes.
- 6:00 P. M.—Walk.
- Thursday, March 19—3:45 P. M.—Music Hour.
- 6:30 P. M.—Clogging class.
- Friday, March 20—4:00 P. M.—Hockey Practice for all classes.
- Saturday, March 21—4:00 P. M.—Walk.

Banquet for Members Of Theta Delta Pi

Robert E. Lee Orangerie is Scene of Theta Sorority Activities

The Theta Delta Pi Sorority of Salem College was hostess to its new members at a banquet on Saturday night, March 8, at the Robert E. Lee Hotel. The orangerie was beautifully decorated with the sorority colors, into green and white. The Easter lily was carried out in flowers, favors and decorations. An elaborate six-course dinner was served. Each of the new members of the sorority was presented with an attractive string of colored beads, stationary embossed with the Theta Delta Pi coat of arms and lovely covers of pink roses and valley lilies. The visiting alumnae were given sorority stationery.

The guests of honor were: Mary Ella Robbins, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Louise Anderson, Gastonia, N. C.; Rachel Perkins, Lexington, N. C.; Eva Flowers, Mount Olive, N. C.; Mary Irene Bowie, Farmington, N. C.; Louise Cook, Silerburg, N. C.; Dupine Raper, Wilson, N. C.; and Rose Hadley, Greenville, N. C.

The orangerie members of the sorority who attended the banquet were: Mesdames William Perkins, Winkler, St. Albans, N. C.; Curtis Perkins, Wilkinson, N. C.; Misses Lucia Wilkinson, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Louise Cook, Silerburg, N. C.; Laura Latta, Chapel Hill, N. C.; Laura Tillet, Charlotte, N. C.; Julia Stanley, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Mildred Barnes, Wilson, N. C.; and Adia Jones, Greenville, N. C.

The active members of the sorority are: Jean Adams, Silerburg, N. C.; Margaret Welton, Smithfield, N. C.; Elsie Barnes, Wilson, N. C.; Anna Frances Belmont, Mount Olive, N. C.; Elizabeth Hogwood, Durham, N. C.; Ella Raper, Lexington, N. C.; Anna Frances Belmont, Mount Olive, N. C.; and Ruth Patisat, Durham, N. C.

DEAN SHIRLEY LECTURES ON MRS. H. H. BEACH

(Continued from Page One)

Her husband died in 1911, and for a number of years afterward Mrs. Beach lived in seclusion. Later she went to Germany where she spent her winter months and returned with great success. At the outbreak of the war she returned to America where she has lived since then.

At the close of the lecture, Miss Koney sang two groups of Mrs. Beach's songs. The songs were taken at the piano by Miss Ruth Duncan, and Miss Read played the violin accompaniment for the first two. The songs were as follows: "Stranger—Why, why, why, believe I have. Have you found one?" "I find out how you are. I just wanted to find out how you are. I just wanted to find out how you are. You makes ninety-ty."

L. P. CERLE, FRANCAIS HAS MORE THAN PROGRAM

Members Discuss Place of Author In Literature of "Le Housquet Gentilhomme"

The regular meeting of "Le Cerle Francais" was held Thursday evening, March the twelfth, in the living room of Miss Chewell Building. The meeting was the most interesting and most important meeting of the year. It was an open meeting with all guests were invited and their presence was an inspiration to the members and made the evening all the more so. What was interested in what they are doing. The topic for discussion was Moliere, that world-famous, beloved dramatist. This subject in itself made the evening a particularly enjoyable one.

An excellent program had been prepared and the members of the club entered into the spirit of the meeting with much gusto and enthusiasm. A great deal of time and thought had been given to the preparation of the program and the criticism of his place in literature. One of the most entertaining parts of the program was the famous scene of "The Bourgeois Gentleman," so well given by Miss Reynolds and Lackland.

Aside from the music by the concert club, which consisted in the singing of several songs, there were two solos beautifully rendered: one, "A Spanish Serenade," a "Chatinade" composition by Miss S. S. East; and another, "Elegie—Massetin," by Miss McAlpine.

The complete program was as follows:

- Response a l'Appel—Litation de la France.
- L'Avare—Mlle. Yost.
- Spanish Serenade—Chatinade—Miss S. S. East.
- Moliere, l'homme et son oeuvre—Mlle. Nance.
- Taruffi—Mlle. Webb.
- Elegie—Massetin—Mlle. McAlpine.
- Les Precieuses Ridicules—Mlle. McAlpine.
- Les Femmes Savantes—Mlle. McKelvey.
- Le Malade Imaginaire—Mlle. Jarrett.
- Le Misantrophe—Mlle. Brown.
- Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme—Mlle. Sutherland.
- La Leon d'Orangerie—Le Malade Imaginaire—Mlle. Reynolds.
- Musique—Gardini—Mlle. Lackland.

FIFTEEN STUDENTS ENJOY WEDNESDAY HIKE

One of the most pleasant walks of the year was enjoyed by some fifteen girls Wednesday afternoon, March 13. This is not to be wondered at when one is reminded of the loveliness of that particular afternoon. March was surely giving her workers a holiday for there was not a hint of the usual blistering weather of the ill-spoken month. It was much too beautiful to miss by sitting indoors with one's head crammed between the lids of a book.

The afternoon consented to lead them a few days before while out horse-back riding. They followed across the hillsides of Spring. They had the hard pavement. Through field and wood, over fences and across babbling streams, Spring made their way until they came to a meadow through which was flowing the white water of Spring. They were for the banks of the little stream were literally covered with beautiful dark blue violets. The temptation was too great. Each girl soon had her hands full of the lovely flowers. Then the hikers went across the meadow to the woods where they rested for a few moments while Mrs. Forman read from a book of poems about Spring. The girls felt rested and refreshed and made the return to the campus in a most happy and short time.

O. R. Upton

Small boy (to stranger)—"Did you see a girl?"
Stranger—"Why, why, believe I have. Have you found one?"
Boy—"Yes, yes, I just wanted to find out how you are. I just wanted to find out how you are. You makes ninety-ty."