

YOUNG IDEAS
by MIRIAM BRETZ



We once had an old pal named Socrates, who had an obsession with the habit of standing in the streets and asking questions.

New York—or Gopher Prairie—and visiting harmless citizens with seemingly innocent questions. Always? Oh, yes! But they haven't had a catch to them. We are going to follow Socrates' example and ask a question which to all outward appearance is perfectly simple.

"What is a vacation?" Oh, ha! Now answer that if you can! The victim of our query stutters, cogitates, and finally comes to the conclusion that a vacation is "a period of rest." Not if you know it! Let's try trying it in a hammock for two weeks—or a month, according to the generosity of his employer.

Well, he says petulantly, "what is a vacation?" At that, it is our turn to blush and look foolish, because we don't know either. He hits us to our old friend Webster, wondering at the same time if Socrates had a dictionary, and turns over the pages of the weighty volume until we come to the 'V's. Then we bury our literary noses in the book and hunt frantically until we rise up again, triumphant, having found that a vacation is "an intermission of procedure."

We rush back to tell our questioner of our discovery, but he goes: "Poor soul! He lacks the scientific turn of mind, which is the spite of all the scientists say, is only a polite form of cursivity."

Our audience has cruelly deserted us, and alas, being human, we can not perform without an audience. So I shall inflict our ideas on the reading public, none of whom, except the proofreader, has to read this unless he pleases.

"An intermission of procedure?" How exceedingly vague and indefinite is Mr. Webster on the subject of vacations! There is a touch of Scotch caution in this reticence, as though the old gentleman knew someone would contradict him if he were more specific.

Rationally and carefully we consider the matter, and find the vacation to have so many possibilities that "an intermission of procedure" is practically the only definition broad enough to include them all.

To a schoolboy, for instance, every Saturday is a vacation, and he spends it in a manner which, to his father, would be the hardest labor.

To the college girl, Easter week is a vacation, and during this period the use to which she puts her time would be to her mother the most intense boredom.

The farmer, for his vacation, lays on his plow, puts on his Sunday suit, slicks down his hair, puts lemon juice on his freckles, (perhaps it is his wife who does this) and goes to the city, where he sits in the parlors, visits all the roof-gardeners and luxuriates in the use of electric lights and street cars.

The business man goes to the country, dons overalls, acquires a superficial coat of tan, carries drinking water in heavy buckets from a spring half a mile distant, and enjoys the novelty of oil lamps.

The school teacher gets as far away from sight and sound of children and books as it humanly possible.

The columnist throws his fountain pen down the drain pipe, deposits his available dictionaries, synonym books and writing paper in the fireplace, and goes far away from the turmoil of newspaperdom.

with vaseline, according to the temperament of the afflicted one—and when the bones have begun to heal, then the vacationer resumes his work, the reaction and again resumes his "intermittent procedure." The next Socratic question is, "Is a vacation worthwhile?" The answer to this cannot be found in Webster.

The only conclusion to be drawn from our scattered examples is that human interests are diversified and human nature is everywhere—the same—and we know that all the while.

MID-WEEK LEANTEN SERVICES CONTINUE

(Continued from Page One.)

room, and the disciples bring in the food, spreading a cloth on the table, upon which to put the meal. The food is very simple. It consists of roasted lamb, which is the center dish, unleavened bread, and a salad made of bitter herbs. At each place there is a small cup filled with wine, a sip of which each guest will drink between each course of food.

Then Jesus enters with the other ten disciples. They remove their sandals, and wash their feet. This is a custom which all the disciples are too proud to wash each others feet. This fact is mentioned for a while, while the guests are seating themselves on the low benches around the table.

Christ is in the center, John seated next to Him on one side, and Peter next to John. Judas is there, with his grim face, with his impulsive and his treacherous expression. All is excitement, the disciples are trying to get the best places at the table. They do not realize that at this time with Christ is limited, that He is soon to die. During the contention Christ calmly and quietly gets the basin and towel from a side table, stoops and in the humble manner of a servant washes the feet of His followers, who were too proud to wash their feet themselves. Peter, in his impulsive way, rises and protests His Master humbling Himself, but Christ takes this as the basis of His commandment of love.

Then there arises a dispute among the disciples concerning which one should be the greatest. Christ tells them that none should be greater, that they should "love one another even as I have loved you."

The roasted lamb is cut, signifying that the Lamb of God was to be sacrificed for the sins of the world. Then Christ, in His calm, quiet way, says that one of the disciples present at the feast, is going to betray Him. Excitement is aroused, and all answer "not I, Christ, I shall not betray you." Peter whispers to John "Ask the Master," and John asked: "Tell us, Master, who is going to be the betrayer?" Christ reached down with a piece of unleavened bread, and dips it into the bitter herbs. He looks at Judas and says: "What you are going to do, do it." Judas leaves. Thus the meal continues, course after course, and between each course a sip of wine is taken. Then Christ lifts the unleavened bread, takes it in His hands, that were to be nailed to the cross, breaks it and says: "Take eat, my body which is given for you."

This he lifts in remembrance of me; then he lifts the wine cup and says: "Drink ye all of it; this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye as oft ye drink it, in remembrance of me." Thus passed the first Communion.

The scene was a moonlight glimpse into the Garden of Gethsemane. Moon is shining on the olive trees, and there under its rays a kneeling figure is seen. It is the Christ. He is there praying on the night when He is to be betrayed. Christ is not afraid to die, even a death of shame, but Christ was in agony because He had everybody's sin upon Him, everyone's guilt was loaded on Him, and His Father had turned away from Him. Christ died as a criminal. He was in agony, but He said: "Thy will be done." Half of the sacrifice was over, the rest was coming on Calvary, and then the great burden would be lifted—His sacrifice would be finished.

Judge—"What is the verdict of the jury?" Foreman of the Jury—"We find the culprit not guilty, sir; but we recommend that he be warned not to do it again."

JOKES

Teacher—Jakie, use the word "pencil" in a sentence.
Jakie—If I don't use pens in my track suit the pencil fall down.

Mrs. Nubbs—Will my boy learn to drink at your school?
Professor—Sorry, but we can hardly find enough for the faculty.

"What's the charge, officer?"
"Frazzney, sir, he's been drinking perfume."

"They tell me the League of Nations is a good thing, Mrs. Harris."
"Well let's hope they have none o' them furnurers in it."

INTRODUCTION LACKING

Rural Visitor (Trying to cash a check in a city bank)—Why won't ye cash it, mister?
Cashier—I don't know you.
Rural Visitor—Well, I'll swan! I never seen such a stickler for etiquette.

A lady out shopping one day entered a butchers shop and asked for a sheep's head. She emphatically stated that she must have English mutton.

"Sorry, mam," said the butcher, "but we only stock Scotch mutton."
The lady was most anxious to purchase the sheep's head but she was persistent that it must be English.

Turning to the back of the shop the butcher called his boy assistant to him, and said quietly, pointing to the head of the sheep lying on the counter at the far end of the shop, "Jack, tak' the brains out o' that head."

THE GREEN APPLE SEASON

Two boys coming from opposite directions met in the street. One boy had his mouth and hands full of green apples. The other boy, looking up as they passed, exclaimed: "Are the green apples ripe already?"

Colonel Berry's wife and daughters were returning to the camp late one night and there was a new sentry on duty, who refused to let them in without the password.

"But my dear mam," said Mrs. Berry, "we're the Berries."
"I don't care if you're the cat's whiskers; you can't come in here without the password!"

Little Willie—Do you like candy?
Stranger (expectantly)—Oh, yes, little Willie—Thanks, I'm collecting statistics for Whitman's.

Hubbard (starting on a deer hunt):
"I'll bring you back a handsome deer head for over the mantle in the library."
Wife: "Oh, do get one with intelligent eyes."

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