The Salemite

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With this issue, the present staff of The Salemite offers to its reading public the final product of its efforts. The year has been a successful one from practically every point of view and this fact is due in no small measure to the sincere co-operation and loyal backing of the administration, the faculty, and the student body of the college. To their encouragement, the editorial and the business departments of the newspaper owe a great deal of their enthusiasm for their work and whatever achievements they may have attained in their own particular fields. It is with a grateful knowledge of this assistance and a whole-hearted appreciation of the spirit which has been displayed by the subscribers, that the members of the retiring staff would express, in the homely but most sincere of fashions, its "thank you."

To the staff of 1925-26, those of us who are withdrawing from the field after the publication of this issue extend a cordial greeting. We have traveled the road which you are now entering and we trust that our progress over that road may have beaten down a few of the roughest places and assisted in smoothing some of the stony paths which inevitably appear. Our wishes for you are many and chief among them is the hope that you will delight in your task as we have delighted in ours. If this is realized, there need be no fear for the success of your undertakings, for no work of such a splendid nature can fail when it has behind it the unselfish interest and enthusiasm of an efficient staff.

We are turning over to you what has been our most cherished interest, and we have no concern for its future. Your ideals and your standards, along with your invariable, unquenchable college spirit, will make your publication an outstanding one. We yield you our pens and our inkpots, with regrets that we are no longer in the game, but with a deep sense of satisfaction that you are our successors.

With the first of May comes the assuming of new duties and new responsibilities by those who have felt them only slightly in the past. Seniors, a little sadly and at the same time joyfully, are dropping their mantles on the shoulders of their younger sisters and wishing them God-speed as they take the helm for 1925-26. Juniors, gratefully and perhaps a little fearfully because their steering is going to determine the course of things, are entering upon the offices that will make them the acknowledged leaders of class and organization. It is a time of change in practically every department of campus activity and the most important thing is the realization by the new leaders of the gravity of their responsibility. As representatives of their classes and their Alma Mater, they are, of necessity, filled with the truest, most worth while type of college spirit. The constant exhibition of this spirit will make the coming year a remarkable one in every respect and those who have stood at the head will be entitled, at the end of the term, to a feeling of certainty that theirs has been a period of real service.

Don't forget the presentation of *The Mollusc* on next Tuesday evening. The Pierrettes have been working faithfully and steadily at practicing and the production promises to be a splendid one. Incidentally, this is the last dramatic presentation of the club for this year.

Merton of the Movies Is MacDowell Picture

Glen Hunter Stars in Light Comedy; Last Regular Picture For the Year.

The MacDowell Club presented *Merton of the Movies* Saturday night, April 18, in Memorial Hall. The picture was a light comedy and proved very humorous and interesting.

Glen Hunter as "Merton" was a poor orphan boy working in a small grocery store. His highest ambition was to be a movie actor—a real movie actor. Handicapped by lack of money, he had to strive for many years in the employ of the grocery-man in order to earn enough to pay for a trip to Hollywood. Close to the store was a moving picture theatre, in which its proprietor displayed all sorts and kinds of pictures and advertisements. Among the wide assortment were numerous pictures of movie stars, and these proved to be the stimuli for Merton's desire. He longed to give the world something better and finer in movies. He was tired of the silly comedies, the tearful tragedies and the flapper heroines. He longed to show the world that there was one actor (himself) who could introduce really good pictures into the realm of movie-dom.

Day in and day out, Merton, after his duties had been performed at the grocery store, would steal away to the news stand, and with eyes fixed on the pictures of popular stars, he would gaze in admiration at their dramatic poses. He would even go so far as to pose himself, in imitation of his favorite stars.

Then one day a disappointment came. Merton was to have his picture taken by an admirer. Naturally he longed to be dramatic, so he dressed in a cowboy fashion, and posed beside an old horse. The photographer asked him as a favor to sit on the horse. Merton was a bit doubtful about the "substantiality" of the horse, but at persuasion he leaped upon the nag's back. With a dash, the old horse was off, running past trees and horses, yards and fences, finally landing in the churchyard as people were retiring from the service.

As a result of his uselessness, and too-high aspirations, Merton's employer fired him. But this deed was an incentive to go to Hollywood. With one hundred and seventy-five dollars in his pocket he went to Hollywood. There he sought a glimpse of his favorite actor, in his idol Parmelee. While in Hollywood, however, through the efforts of Flips, (Viola Dana) a comedy actress, he was given a part in a picture; all the while, he continued to harbor the desire to give the world something better and finer in movies. His first picture proved a success, and the director asked Merton to sign a contract for future pictures. Although his dreams were not accomplished in the first picture, he later realized them. During his struggles in the realm of movie stars, cupid plays with the hearts of Merton and Flips and the inevitable occurs.

STUDENTS ATTEND SUNDAY MEETING

On Friday night, April 24, Salem College and Academy students attended in a body the address by Rev. William Sunday at the Tabernacle. One feature of the evening was the rendering of college songs and cheers by the various classes. High school students were also present at the lecture.

Phil—"Why do you wear those riding clothes when I never see you on a horse?"

Betty—"Oh, it's just a habit."

YOUNG IDEAS

by MIRIAM BRIETZ

This is the sixth page we have started in a vain attempt to express a non-existent idea. The other five followed each other in rapid succession on a downward path to the waste-basket, located somewhere near our feet. On glancing around, we see that most of the paper missed the basket and lies about the floor —for the reason, possibly, that the wastebasket was already full. We glare angrily at the floor, at the discarded pages, at the ceiling, at the waste-basket—oh, the waste-basket!

At this point an idea strikes us forcibly, and our eagle eye sees a chance to moralize on the subject of wastebaskets. We have mentioned that ours is full and even spilling some extraneous matter upon the floor. It might be interesting to take an inventory of the contents.

Perched jauntily and precariously on the top is the first page which we discarded. It is torn and crumpled and shows signs of our recent irritation. Visible underneath are remnants of a voluminous correspondence, large, square, white envelopes, torn into small irregular bits. Here and there a whole word can be read, but for the most part these letters would rival the cross-cut cross word puzzles.

Our prying fingers delve deeper and uncover a large and vivid bulletin, explaining in full detail the excellent qualities of a certain brand of cold cream. We pass this by as a souvenir of the commercial world beneath our notice, and go further in search of something of greater interest.

A tennis shoe with a large hole in the bottom is the next treasure. Sad and lonely and mateless it waits among alien surroundings of letters and advertisements. There is a small mystery connected with the shoe, because we do not remember placing it there, and we wonder where its mate is. Who would throw away one shoe and keep its mate? No one could wear one shoe, and such an article is almost too bulky even for the most weighty of memory books. This problem, however, is merely one of the many unsolved enigmas contained by waste-baskets.

Lodged cosily beneath the shoe is a bit of yellow paper, which we give only a cursory glance at first and then recognize as an unfinished verse or two. We remember beginning it optimistically, in the hope of writing a real poem, but later give up in despair at not being able to find a suitable word that rhymed with "hope." None of the words ending in this sound were poetic, and some had a distinctly humorous association: dope, mope, rope, elope. The tone of our poem was lofty and serious and we could not bear to let it sink to a lower level.

At the very bottom of this receptacle of mysteries and buried hopes, lies a battered, out-of-date telephone directory. To us, this seems the most pathetic article of its contents. There is nothing in the world more utterly useless than a directory which has been superseded by a new one. The information which it contains is no longer true; it lacks literary merit to make up for this defect, to read it would be the height of boredom. In short, it is forsaken and despised by all mankind.

We do not even gaze on it tenderly, but carelessly throw it back, together with the other discarded articles—letters, advertisement, shoe, poem.

Then we meditate a while on the significance of waste-baskets. They are great conveniences—almost a necessary part of modern civilization. They are suitable outlets for hasty tempers. It is not even impolite to kick a waste-basket when one is angry, whereas it would be unwise to smash a clock or break a window.

When one is struggling with a refractory composition and finds it impossible to round out a sentence in an agreeable manner, violently to throw the offending page in the waste-basket is both satisfying and safe.

Our own waste-basket is comparatively sharmless and uninteresting, but think what the contents of more famous ones must be—rejected manuscripts, applications for positions, drafts of treaties of international importance! The existence of such a waste-basket must be indeed thrilling.

This is the idea that came out of a waste-basket, and we send it to the editor with the hope that it won't wont go in again.

Letz String Quartet Heard at High School

(Continued from Page One)

The entire program was as follows:

I

Quartet, Op. 10—*Debussy.*

Anime et tres decide
Assez vif et bien rythme
Andantino doucement expressive.
Tres modere, tres mouvements et avec passion.

Letz Quartet

II

Chopin—*Ballade A flat; Etude C sharp minor; Prelude G major; Prelude F major; Mazurka D major; Waltz A flat.*

Mr. Shattuck

III

Variations on "Death and the Maiden"—*Schubert.*

Molly on the Shore (Irish Reel) —*Grainger.*

Letz Quartet

IV

Schubert—*Impromptu.*
Balfour Gardiner—*Noel.*
Debussy—*Clair de Lune.*
Sauer—*Music Box.*
Liszt-Busoni—*Polonaise.*

DR. FREDERICK HANES AT EXPANDED CHAPEL

Dr. Frederick Hanes will speak at the Expanded Chapel Service on Wednesday morning, April the twenty-ninth. His subject will be "The Physician in Daily Life."

PIERRETTE PLAYERS MEET APRIL 17th

Arthur Wing Pinero is the Subject Of Interesting Program.

The Pierrette Players met for their bi-monthly meeting in the campus living room, on Thursday evening, April the seventeenth. There was no business to come before the club and immediately following the roll and reading of the minutes of the foregoing meeting, the program was begun.

The life and works of Arthur Wing Pinero were presented in an interesting manner by Miss Elizabeth P. Parker. This was followed by the reading of Pinero's "Widow of Walsdale Inn" by Miss Ruth Pfohl.

TRACK PRACTICE IS IN FULL SWING

Track practice is in full swing. Contrary to general public opinion, track is not a sport limited to a few girls calling for rare dexterity and skill. Its range is wide and varied and the average girl will find many things in which she can participate. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons are the days set apart for track practices. The practices will take place on the athletic field at five o'clock except when the weather is bad, in which case practices will be held in the gymnasium.

There is a certain amount of training and technique required and this may be obtained only by steady work. Fourteen of the twenty-one practices are necessary in order to be eligible for the events on Field Day.

The main features for track this year are: the running high jump; fifty yard dash; two hundred and twenty yard class relay race; baseball throw for distance, and basketball throw for distance.

Archery will be an interesting and important event for Field Day this year. The teams will be chosen from the four classes and will compete for points.

Every girl cannot jump but she can run or throw a ball. The head of track says: "Come out to practice with plenty of pep and we will guarantee to find something that you can do."

Baseball Season Begins at Salem

The baseball season opened at "Salem" last Friday afternoon, April 17, with some girls on the athletic field ready for work than on any similar occasion in previous years. Freshmen were in the majority, but there was a fair representation of the other classes as well. There was much enthusiasm and impatience on the part of eager students anxious to make the team. The organization of temporary teams was quickly made and practice began immediately under the supervision of Miss Briggs and Helen Griffin, head of baseball.

With such a promising beginning baseball will surely take its place among the leading sports of the Spring season on Salem campus. Preliminary to the final games which will be played on May 18, inter-class matches have been planned which will take place as soon as the class teams have been fully organized.

The weekly schedule is as follows:

Monday—5:00 P. M.
Tuesday—4:00 P. M.
Wednesday—4:00 P. M.
Friday—4:00 P. M.

Eleanor—"Your brother is awful careless. Last time he came to my house he left his rubbers. He'd leave his head if it were loose."

Katherine—"Yes, I know. I heard him say he'd have to go to Denver for his lungs."

Juliet—"What a pity it is that handsome men are always conceited."

Romeo—"Not always, little girl. I'm not."

He—"What is a four-letter word entirely surrounded by water."

She—"Fish.'

"Mother, have you got a nickel for a poor old man?"

"Where's the poor old man, my son?"

"Down at the corner selling ice cream cones."

"Why do you want to excuse that juror? He says he will give your client a fair trial."

"And I believe he wanted to do it too," whispered the lawyer, with some agitation.

Lady—"Why have they let all the monkeys out of the cages?"

Zoo Attendant—"Holiday, mum. This is Darwin's birthday."

Pete claims that the oldest joke is the one about the Irishman who was blowing dynamite in a quarry. He let a stick drop and the whole box went up, taking Mike with it. The boss came around and said to the other Irishman: "Where's Mike?"

"He's gone," replied Pat.

"When will he be back?" asked the boss.

"Well," replied Pat, "if he comes back as fast as he went he'll be back yesterday."

A soldier from the front applied to the hotel for a job as cook.

"What can you cook?" asked the hotel man.

"Anything, sir," was the reply.

"Well, how do you make hash?"

"You don't have to make hash, sir," said the soldier. "It just accumulates."

A commercial traveler visiting a large insurance office, boasted to the manager that he could pick out all the married men among the employees. Accordingly he stationed himself at the door, as they returned from dinner, and mentioned all those he believed to be married. In almost every case he was right.

"How do you do it?" asked the manager.

"The married men wipe their feet on the mat and the single ones don't," was the reply.

The blind man picked up a hammer and saw.

The dumb man picked up a wheel —and spoke.

"Do you love me, darling?"

"Of course I do, Herbert."

"Herbert! My name's Arthur!"

"Why, so it is. I keep thinking that today is Monday."