The Salemite

Member Southern Inter-Collegiate Press Association.

Published Weekly by the Student Body of Salem College.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

$2.00 a Year :: 10c a Copy

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!
—Kipling's L'Envoi.

SPRINGTIME

What is it we like best about the month of March? Indeed it can not be her howling, whipping winds. It is the advent of spring. Far across the winter's days we have sat, complained, and longed for the return of bright, blithsome spring.

We might ask ourselves what there is in this approaching season which arouses both the young and the old. The whole world about us seems to be of a new spirit at the sound of the first-returned robin's call, at the sight of the blossoming crocus or the budding maple, and by just the feel of the air, for all these are indicative of another beginning. In spite of the ill winds of March, one has cause to rejoice in nature's reawakening.

Over and over again springtime has represented youth. The buoyancy, jollity and vivacity of frolicsome youth shine forth in the dancing daffodils, the nodding tulip and the bold showing of new green. The aged find enjoyment in feasting their eyes upon these things which are suggestive of the glories that have once been theirs. Then the constant recollection of the helplessness of age and all of its inactivity is removed when the bleak winter days lengthen into happier, brighter ones. A certain sweetness breathes in the air.

To the young person springtime opens countless opportunities for closer associations with nature and her great out-of-doors. There is a sort of allurement that makes

" . . . the young man's fancy
Lightly turn to thoughts of love."

This is simply the best season of the year, we all will agree; and it truly should be a season for renewing friendships, building stronger body and character and forgetting grudges.

Mood

Undeniably, yes, Spring has came. Certainly the birds tweet and twitter idiotically, tunelessly, without rhyme, reason, earlier now—even before the usual cold gray mist of dawn has dispersed. Are not these daybreak songsters (damp jaybirds) reputed to be among the harbingers of Spring? Also, the puffy-checked March winds are blowing, blowing, just as you used to read about in legends. But who cares? They blow skirts over heads and hair into eyes. They dry up puddles, then hustle up some dull blue clouds in a hurry; again it rains. And as it rains, pigs stand in the mud grunting hymns of Love and Hate. The very sunshine looks black . . . . . Oh, misery!

Way off on a High Place is a lodging lighted by the cynical lantern—in which smolder the flames of doubt and unbelief. Somewhere within pale, beshadowed alabaster walls a bitter-faced woman called Lucerne touches icy lips to the mouth of a brass saxaphone and plays a blatant tune . . . Slowly her fingers relax their hold of the keys; saxaphone drops to her knees. With a tired gesture she pushes her red hood back from her forehead. The mask falls from her face (Thanks to Mr. O'Neill.) Lucerne is revealed as a lovely young girl who has evidently been under a great strain. She is by no means the hardened sophisticate that she first seemed to be. Her face is tinged with sadness and her eyes bespeak a deep hurt . . . disillusionment . . . lost faith . . . a hurt too deep to overflow in tears. Curiously she stares at the brass saxaphone, recoils from it as if it were some strange creature, then hastily puts it away in a dark, cobwebby corner.

She opens a high casement window first gently wiping away the dust from the panes—in order to see again the richly-hued glass; and looks longingly out at the full orange moon and at the trees swaying in the wind, a fantastically graceful silhouette. Then, as if suddenly remembering a momentarily forgotten danger, she turns quickly to cast a frightened glance around the vast room . . . An expression of relief replaces that of fear. From a great carved chest she takes a violin. (Her mask, from the floor, laughs at her lightly, scornfully; but she ignores it.) She pulls a silken cord, and the folds of a velvet curtain form a wall opposite the casement window, shutting out the rest of the room. Next she extinguishes the lamp; and the risen moon casts, through the open window, a shaft of silver, which caressingly touches the soft dusky hair of Lucerne and lends to her sad eyes and lips an ethereal beauty. Softly she plays haunting melodies—laments for departed love; protests against the deceit of men; sighs of a breaking heart.

. . . . The harsh sounds of mirthless laughter breaks the spell. Lucerne clutches her violin to her breast as if to protect it from the grasp of a rapacious hand. There is anguish in her face as she listens with bowed head to the great green owl which chants to her from the window sill—and his emerald eyes flash in the moonlight . . . "Take care, woman, lest the Cruel Many behold thee without thy mask, discover thy wounded pride, and see thy breaking heart. How ready to laugh thee to shame, to decide thy loneliness, to trample thee down—if once they should suspect! Forget not thy shield of indifference. Thou must be cynical Lucerne—the gay, the flippant Lucerne."

There is a loud knocking at the portal . . . The sound of laughter . . . voices . . . guests arriving. Like an arrow the owl flies into the night. The woman called Lucerne looks fatigued, but determined, and strangely beautiful. Quickly she closes the window, pushes aside the velvet curtain, puts away her violin, and lights the gay lanterns. In a moment she has donned her mask; again she appears to be gay and insouciant. She picks up her brass saxaphone and hastens to welcome her guests—laughing . . . Oh, Misery!

SAL TO EM

Em how,

Speaking of "tempus fugiting," I'm sure it's the weather that is "fugiting" from one extreme to the other. Now, I ask you, how can a body know what to wear in such weather as we are having?

Only two weeks my dear until we shall take ourselves "each to her respective home"or am I presumptious? Anyway, if the time doesn't hurry past, there will be a few cases of first degree murder around here. Isn't it odd, how the most loving natures can experience, at times, the desire to commit murder? Is it Spring or is it nerves?

After last Tuesday afternoon, I'm willing to believe anyone who says D. A. R. means "Dating Alumnae's Return." I didn't believe Salem could have so many alumnae as I saw that day. And those who weren't such professed to having attended the convention *only* in the hopes of seeing "Salem" and the beloved Bishop Rondthaler. How proud we Salem girls are to be able to call these two treasures our own.

Sore sides and happy memories. But don't forget, folks; it's what you get, folks, for making "whoopee." I mean the "Junior Whoopee" was the best yet. Poor little Millicent Ward and her short stubby army. But, Lucy Currie suggests that Millicent drink milk, for that's how she, Lucy, grew nice and tall.

This must cease, and how. Remember

Isle of View,
—SAL.

Volley Bawl

Well, critters, I've decided not to present this game from the ball's point of view or to write it up in a form suitable for outline for three splendid reasons. First, because that is old and stodgy, second, because that is old and stodgy, third, because that is old and stodgy. If I may be permitted to plunge head first into my narrative, I'll describe the situation of some twenty Salem girls who had plunged headfirst into their clothes, the street car, and the Y. M. C. A. gym in rapid succession and had found themselves faced with a trying ordeal. The trying part was trying to keep track of the handsome, black-headed star and the measly, little volley-ball at one and the same time. No solution was tendered, so the tittering females continued to lean over the slanting rail until it offered some cutting suggestions that they sit down, and insisted upon breaking a rib, if they refused to comply. The playing was interesting and instructive and several other things expressed by lengthy words, and the pepsodent smiles and palm olive complexions of the players received due attention. (I'm describing a volley ball game. Don't mention it! I was happy to enlighten you.) Our side won by a wide margin, but the rejoicing was weak and wobbly. Evidently we weren't on the right side after all, but never mind, nothing ever comes back from the wash.

This wasn't intended to be interesting, so snore on in peace, it has served its purpose beautifully.

—A Nony Moose.

HYMNS IS Y. W. C. A. VESPER SUBJECT

(Continued From Page One)

for a group of children to march to a festival to be held in Yorkshire. He could not find a suitable song, so on the night before the great day he sat down and wrote the stirring song. Picture the group of children as they marched forward carrying their banners and singing that wonderful hymn led by the composer of it. Is it any wonder that a hymn written with such inspiration should live through the ages?

Drunk: (bumping into lamp post) "Excuse me, sir." (bumping into fire hydrant) "Excuse me, little boy." (bumping into second fire post and falling down) "Well, I'll just wait till the crowd pashes."

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