

The Salemite

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

It is not that a man gets, but what a man is that he should think of. He should first think of his character, and then of his condition. He that has character need have no fears about his condition. Character will draw after it condition.

—Henry Ward Beecher

It is not a question of how much we are to do, but how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.

—Ruskin

STORM AHEAD

Green leaves, blue skies, hot weather, smiling faces, colored frocks, week-end parties, summer plans, sunshine—two more weeks—Greener leaves, bluer skies, hotter weather, anxious looks, exams, and the year at Salem has ended. Is it possible? Just a few days ago it was Christmas, Valentine, Easter. Now, a dark cloud looms—Exams! When the first tiny bloom appeared on the peach tree about a two minute walk from Salem, we heard that Spring was coming. Spring with its pink and white blossoms, its daffodils and violets, the time of the year when every thing takes on new life. It is not as glaring as summer, as fading as fall, nor as dead as winter; it is the time of awakening. Why should so pleasant a time come but over a year? Now we would throw off the shackles of our wintery woes. But, worrisome conjunction, nothing is ever perfect, and for some, one short week can spoil three wonderful months. There is no need to try to dodge them. They must come. They take away our carefree spirit; they fatigue us; they make us have circles under our eyes; they are exams, days are too hot, the leaves too green; the skies too blue, and mere existence becomes a trial. One can't send out the message to forget them (it isn't diplomatically) but, one can say live on, for if exams come can vacation be far behind?

THE STUFF OF FAIRYLAND

The light of day was fading from the sky. Chill and solemn rose the evening wind over the hills. And in their nests in the tall tree tops the birds sang their evensongs. When the songs were quired, all would be still. Then the stars would come out and shine, the little night things, all the little ghostly, flitting night children would dance by the light of a great golden moon.

From far away over the white road, the road that led to the world, a white horse came galloping, and on his back was a man. The horse galloped to the edge of the great meadow and then the man stopped him and got off. They stood, both of them, gazing at the band of red low in the sky, all that was left of the sunbeams. They stood amidst the pink honeysuckles and the red anaryllis, the pride of the forest. Their feet rested upon the blue and white forget-me-nots planted in the cool, green grass by the fairies at twilight. Then the man took off his plumed hat and his golden hair shone brightly in the grey of the evening. When the birds and the blue dragon flies and the fairies in their hiding places saw the man, they stared at him in wonder and admiration. For he was the most beautiful creature they had ever seen. He was more beautiful than the stars gleaming in the velvet night, more beautiful than the silver web of the spider when the dew is on it, and the sunbeams when they glitter and the fairies in the trees. Then she gave him a suit of soft, green velvet and a pair of soft, green shoes, and a green cap for his shiny hair.

"The fairies will care for your horse," she said. Then taking his hand, she led him down the road to Fairyland.

rose to his feet, staring at her in wonder. She turned toward the forest and showed him three roads which lay before them.

"That road," she said, "is the road to 'richnessness.' He looked at it and saw thorns and briars along the sides and great sharp rocks in the center, and the road was narrow. "That road," said the Queen, "is the road to 'wickedness.'"

Gareth saw that the way was white and smooth and broad in the moonlight.

"This road," she pointed to the one in front of them, "is the road low down which we travel."

He was glad, because there was sweet grass to walk on, there were flowers to pluck along the way and the great trees whispered overhead.

"This road," said the Queen, "leads by Fairyland, and that is where you are going, Sir Gareth. You are going where the moonbeams are woven from threads of silver, the sunbeams from threads of gold. Where the voices of the birds are made from the swaying, sighing rushes and the happy laughter of the fairies. You are going to a land where everything is beautiful, everything perfect. And there is never any sorrow or sickness or sobbing and no one ever grows old. You are to remain there seven years. But you must promise to be silent when you go back to the world, fair prince. The secrets of Fairyland must never be known to men with twisted souls."

"As silent as the dead, O, my Queen," he promised with a bow.

She took his shining armor and his glittering sword and hid them in the trees. Then she gave him a suit of soft, green velvet and a pair of soft, green shoes, and a green cap for his shiny hair.

"The fairies will care for your horse," she said.

Then taking his hand, she led him down the road to Fairyland.

Mary Myers Faulkner.

LOST and FOUND

LOST—One black and white fountain pen. Finder please return to Ann Meister, 121 Alice Clewell.

LOST—A tennis racket. If found please return to Sarah McArthur, 108 Alice Clewell.

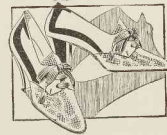
LOST—"History of Europe" by Schvell. If found return to Mary Katherine Thorpe, 106 Alice Clewell.

LOST—Top to a black Waterman fountain pen. Finder please return to Glufau Hall, 219 Alice Clewell.

FOUND—A small leather purse. Containing some bills and change. Owner see Claudia Bradford.



WALK-OVER



Reptiles...

With no lessening of popularity, reptile leathers are very much in evidence in this season's shoe showings. There is irresistible charm to the sparkling iridescence of these models. You will need at least one pair of reptiles in your spring foot-wear wardrobe.

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