The Salemite

## PHOTOGRAPHY

 Photography-what a magic artOnly those who have been subjected o its spell know the true pleasures First of all, there is the process. preparation which affords true oncayament to the feminine heart we imagine, also to the masculine, but
those arc cmotions which we can exthose are emotions which we can experience only vicariously. Fixing a
four-in-hand for the benefit of posterity, should not be too ardous a provess. The period of training be gins twenty four hours in advance, at which time those who are bless-
ed with a superfluity of this world's ed with a superfluity of this world's
goods make a pilgrimage to the hair goods make a pilgrimage to the hair
dresser, and those who are less for tunatr- spend an afternoon doing set ting-up exercises over the lavatory
to impart haster to flowing locks Both types of individuals spend more or less restless nights; the former trying to lie softly lest they destroy others, trying to find a position in which the numerous combs will not make too deep an impression on the tender brow. For those who are
enlisted in the crusade for learning, this time of potography is indeed
disasterons, as they find little time to devote to the pursuit of truth. However, since credence is given to the poct's theory that beanty and
truth are identical, their striving for the former may have its effect in the acquisition of the latter.
Of course, the last minutes befor, the mirror are very important. If personal appearance, prior to that ome, they should certainly be dis who believes in the unlimited pos-
sibilitics of human naturc-and of the camera, let us add.
After countless last touches, the
fatal moment finally arrives, fatal moment finally arrives, and
finds the patient-our vocabulary finds the patient-our vocabulary
seems sadly lacking for an adequat term, unless it be "vietim"-ushere into the august presence of the
photographer. If slie has had any photographer. If she has had any
doubts as to the effectiveness of hei doubsonal appearance, they are im personal
mediately seattered, and she car imagine hereself Miss America with out any trouble, being quite confident that the camera will perform mairacles which her mirror proclaim
cd impossible-if slie leaves this task to the camern, she will prob ably feel much more confident and
feel that there is little else to be done than to make a true impression, for her image to be preserved for postcrity as a paragon of beanty, a
joy forever. There are little items to which attention has to be paid, but what is easier than to sit up rittle straighter, "smile just a little we don't want to have you look too
mad,", "look right out of the win mad,", "ook right out of the win-
dow,", "blink the lips and moisten
the", the " beg pardon, that should be sure that nothing is the matter wit one's appearance; that the smile will reveal a row of pearly teeth, that the
hlossoming rose will appear on the hossoming rose will appear on the hurnished gold lying in soft ripples and that even the Lady of Shalot would appear pale in comparison. placent little smile as the photo grapher assures her thet all will be
well, and walks on clouis for a week That picture will be the image of Venus herself.
However, reports $t$ hat pho-
tography is not quite the miraculous process she has imagined it to be destroy some of her self-confidence, and the girl goes to see her proofs
with a little more trepidation than she showed in the stadio. Then can that ngly picture be a re production of her charming features human nature, calls fire and brim stone down on every one who calls himself a photographer and decides to take the veil, lest people really find out the stark reality of all her
blemishes. These pearly teeth look like those of a rclative of the hyena those smooth, rosy cheeks, are full There are even traces of wrinkles. chin which is absolutely false and that mass of burnished gold It looks like a reproduction of fade

## ALPHA CHI ALPHA

 The articles on this page wern 1lpha Chi Alpha, Salem's national ournalistic sorority. It is one of sation to this honorary gani art of creative prose and verse and to advance the study of the Vith this in mind, the members of Alpha C'hi Alpha hope that the publication of a few of their riginal compositions at frequen ing their wirle aid them in enlarg ing their circle through some in ing efforts.In the ne
dent zeill be given an opportunit to join weith the society in for hopes to foster a more universal expression of original ideas in Salem College. are Margaret Moore, Elizabeth Marr, Kitty Kirkland,

THINGS I WOULD GIVE
would pray for the key
o loosen the shackles of your mind To a sunlit valley
Brush your grant wings.
grant wings.
And trembling
Would crush down the barricade Depression has built around yo

Then could the lovely dreams
That lie decp within your eyes,
With quivering lips touch your With quivering lips touch your ow Thiat lights.s your face like a perfect Cuat ligh
dawn
After a night of rain.
would give to you
The range of the world's blue sky With your soft hands-Even Were it you
brilliance
Of the sun's dazzling beauty
And wrap your slining body
In the dusk of deep night
These things would I give
nd unveiled for curain,
Thic splendor of God's world

## DAWN

glimpsed the artist through his picture from afar,
Of rose and green and molten gold.
faint and pulsing glow
nto a glimmering light
Twas but a glimpse
thentist drew a silken curtain
And hid His picture's
beaty from my sight.
ther sight.
The girl about to travel alone was arned not to talk to strange men
t the station the conductor asked Whese are you going?" "To Detroit" she answercd, so he put alled a Detroit train. As the train Ha, ha, I fooled him that tine, Im going to Chicago.

A Yrench magician performs tic spectacular feat of making a horse
disappear. That's nothing, Henry Ford has made thousands of them lisappear.
on to the check. The once proud, ow utterly hambled individual, pends a frantic hour trying to de-
dide which is the best of the proofs, cide which is the best of the proofs,
whether it is the best likeness or not, finally gives up in despair and hooses the one which layd first tared her in the face, and seeks the privacy of her budoir to find out whose fault the wreck is. Did me one tell her she would break he camera? It had managed to break her, she would never be the same again. Life has too many bitnot what they seem. The search for beauty had only ended in a lation of the truth.

HANGMAN'S NOOSE
No! They had done no wrong. je had taken her life; they werc
ustified in taking lis. No, they had done no wrong; they had killed him and they were glad! glad! glad Fiven though Minda and her fath$\rightarrow$ had been two of the queerest perhoved them. But they had loved Minda much morc than they loved oved her father.
Something like a low rumble of rander broke from their lips as the ld fingers ceased twitching and no longer retained their hold upon the
hit of paper he had begged them bit of paper he had begged them
to read. It was a poem. They all knew that. He always wrote a poem fter each of his crazy escapades, giving his reasons and explaining in hie had done thas and so.
Several times his poems had been b neficial in proving his innocence, fut more often they convicted.
Usually the people read the poem,
but this time they bad not. What
da. They were sure of that. Why only two days before in a sudden but not musual burst of temper, he
had threatened to do this very thing. had threatencd to do this very thing.
Well, he had carried out his threat, and now he was paying-paying for the life he had taken-and paying

As the mob turned to leave the scene of the langing, the hanghna aying as he did so, "Here is ou instification,'
They mocked him. Justification The needed none; hadn't he killed
Minda? Of course he had, and "an cye for an eye a tooth for a tooth' vas their law. Again they turned to leave. And again the hangman stopped them-this time not with an ulate sound. His face was deathly white. Some one near the bit of paper from his limp fingers and of paper from lise limp fingers and A great quiet fell on the crowd The wild excitement of the moments of the hanging had passed. Instcad
of satisfaction on their faces, there now was fear and pain and under
standing. How could they have known-even if Minda had been
quecr, they had never dreamed of her taking her own life.

DOUBIY DEAR
You are so dear to me I can't forge
That moment rapturous when firs
You had a little dingus on you head $\begin{aligned} & \text { hou looked at ine so soulfully and }\end{aligned}$ suid,
I knew my life was incomplete, as
Until you caught me in your golden
The day for me as well is marked
That little dingus, I know what it
You back, now that you always le
Me pay the bills. And had I known
at such expensive places, I'd have
sped,
You are so dea
M. M. W'aterman

## YAPPING

To be or not to be? That is the Iacstion! With all due respects to individual who lacking in self-assur ince, ask "am I a 'yap' or am I not?" o, are you a "yap" Refrain, and
How ar adequate definition of yap,"
Quoting: "A 'Yap' is one who carries with him the aura of his own hake it off nor ever loose it,"

If yon aren't one of these crea ures, comp-an-ce at-tenshum, about indoor, outdoor and all time sport, being a "Yap" or "being yourself," Many a person in this present day of pretense and camouflage denies
limself the ultimate pleasure of ex ercising his naturalness. This, by nature, is one's most becoming pose, cannot be covered up and is forever "Yap" is never concealed in a coat Yap is never concealed in a coat
of pretended sophistication (the of pretended sophistication (the
seeming envy of the modern girl). To the observant eye, this creatur is recognized in his true value, de spite the war paint, the battle cry
the would-be-Roulffo Parap' or Vionnets'. Nature is observable and can't be smoothed out
No mortal need to smother a blush
because he is a mortal. If cruel because he is a mortal. If cruel
truth will out, as W. C. Simms as sures us murder will do, the indi vidual is never noticed. Ah-h-a Thes the rub-"Be yourself!"
This is direct chall $n$ en This is a direct challenge to fol Then get out and go after that im Then get out and go after that im-
pulse, catel up with it and do some thing. But "be yoursclf." Where membered are these whon indulge in the simplicity of being thicmselves. Then "Be yourself" and you'll be seen. But just dare pretend and the old adage gets under the coatall know, "your can fool some of the people, all of the time-etc." Be
yourself. (Another thing about "Yaurself. (Another thing about a "Yap," gentle reader, is that the true ters of no con yan abr mat ters of
stance!
L.D-FASHIONE

There's a garden of dreams, where the crepe myrtle swings,
the roses are white in the gloaming re the hush of old beanty lies heavy and sweet.

## are roaming.

There a tiny swing hangs from a gnarled old tree,
There the larkspur's a bluepetaled There the gray flagstones lead through a way that is dim,

There time holds its breath, there shrubs grow to trees,
There beauty grows old in its quest
d the garden dreams on in its
Where even the shadows are resting
Elizabeth Eggleston.

## Electricity-The

Servant in the Home

It does the cooking, refrigerating, sweeping, washing, ironing and other tasks-and does them all more efficiently and with the expenditure of less effort on the part of the housewife than you can imagine. If your home is not thoroughly electrified you are missing much that makes life worth while.

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