

The Salemite

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALPHA CHI ALPHA

HANGMAN'S NOOSE

YAPPING

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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

There is genius and power in persistence. It conquers all opponents; it gives confidence; it annihilates obstacles.

-Orison Swett Marden

The grand essentials of happiness are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

-Chalmers

AN AUTUMN ETCHING

Down through the valley creeps a finger of soft grey mist among the ragged edges of the darkening wood.

From a dim, forgotten distance the sound of monastic bells floats like a dream enveloping the valley and the hill in a glow of silver haze.

THE POLITICAL OVERHEAD

"I wonder," jokes a journal journalist, "What politicians do for a head gear, after they throw their hats in the ring?"

In Scotland a "Dead-End" street is one with a toll bridge at the end of it.

Photography—what a magic art! Only those who have been subjected to its spell know the true pleasures which one experiences in the process.

After countless last touches, the fatal moment finally arrives, and finds the camera, with its creature who believes in the unlimited possibilities of human nature—and of the camera, let us add.

After the sun's dazzling beauty and of the world's blue sky To push the clouds where you will With your soft hands—Even Were it your desire to hide the brilliance.

DAWN

I glimpsed the artist through his picture from afar, His picture through a mist Of rose and green and molten gold.

The girl about to travel alone was not wont to talk to strange men. At the station the conductor asked: "Where are you going?"

A French magician performs the spectacular feat of making a horse disappear. That's nothing. Henry Ford has made thousands of them disappear.

on to the check. The once proud, now utterly humbled individual, spends a frantic hour trying to decide, whether it is the best of friends, whether it is the best of friends, whether it is the best of friends, whether it is the best of friends.

No! They had done no wrong. He had taken her life; they were justified in taking his. No, they had done no wrong; they had killed him and they were glad glad glad!

Even though Minda and her father had been two of the queerest persons they had ever known, they had loved them. But they had loved Minda much more than they had loved her father.

Something like a low rumble of thunder broke from their lips as the rope grew taut and his shriveled old fingers ceased twitching and no longer retained their hold upon the bit of paper he had begged them to read. It was a poem. They all knew that. He always wrote a poem after each of his crazy escapades.

Usually the people read the poem, but this time they had not. What was the matter? He had killed Minda. They were sure of that. Why only two days before in a sudden—but not unusual burst of temper, he had threatened to do this very thing.

They mocked him. "Justification!" They sneered now; hadn't he killed Minda? Of course he had, and "an eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth" was their law.

With quivering lips, tongue out, and swollen eyes—this time not with an exultant cheer, but with some inarticulate sound. His face was deathly white. Some one near took the bit of paper from his limp fingers and read the few lines of the poem.

A great quiet fell on the crowd. The wild excitement of the moments of the hanging had passed. Instead of satisfaction on their faces, there now was fear and pain and understanding. How could they have known—even if Minda had been queer, they had never dreamed of her taking her own life.

DOUBLY DEAR

You are so dear to me I can't forget That moment rapturous when first we met.

You had a little dingus on your head You looked at me so soulfully and said, "I knew my life was incomplete, as yet. Until you caught me in your golden net."

The day for me as well is marked in red. That little dingus, I know what it set

You back, now that you always let Me pay the bills. And had I known you fed.

At such expensive places, I'd have spent, Our parting. Now I only can regret You are so dear.

-M. M. Waterman

"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.

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