

The Salemite



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THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note. The entrance of such a person into the room is as if another candle had been lighted.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its causes.

Henry Ward Beecher.

The making of friends, who are real friends, is the best token we have of a man's success in life.

—Edward Everett Hale.

FROM FIREFLIES

The blue of the sky longs for the earth's green, the wind between them sighs, "Ah."

Day's pain muffled by its own glare, burns among stars in the night. * * *

The two separated shores mingle their voices in a song of unfathomed tides. * * *

The closeness of power spoils the key, and useth the pickaxe. * * *

While the rose said to the sun, "I shall ever remember thee," her petals fell to the dusk. * * *

Man discovers his own wealth when God comes to ask gifts of him. * * *

The darkness of night is in harmony with day, the morning of mist is discordant. * * *

I am able to love my God, because he gives me freedom to deny Him. * * *

Let your love see me even through the barrier of nearness.

THE LITTLE FAIRY WITH THE BROKEN WING

In the dimness of a cool green ravine there lived a saucy little fairy whose chief pleasure in life was the playing of practical jokes. She had the respect for age or infirmity, and all alike suffered from her pranks. Her very special victim was old Dr. Simpkins, who had a wooden leg which he took off every night before going to bed. The first time the Minx stole his wooden leg, the old doctor scratched his bald head in dumbfounded anxiety and hopped ponderously all over the house in search of it, while the Minx, who was hiding under a corner of his shadow, laughed in wicked glee, because she knew an even better part of the joke. His leg was tucked away in the crease of the window-sill, when the doctor was trying most desperately to court.

When the Minx's deeds were first reported at the Hollow Stump Court, gracious Queen May had laughed indulgently, but had admonished the Minx to let that be the last time, because she might give the fairies a bad name among the country folk. But the Minx persisted in her devilry, and the Queen grew angry. One winter night the Minx changed herself into a shadow, slipped into the room where the doctor was wheezing peacefully, and spirited away his detachable limb. In the middle of the night a neighborly child, who had influenza, had a relapse and, before Dr. Simpkins could find his leg, died.

All of the fairies were passionately indignant at this new crime of the Minx and demanded that action be taken against her. Two unceasing black beetles were sent to fetch her from her nest, from which she had, characteristically, driven a robin, in order that she might have a private dwelling without running the risk of roughening her dainty hands, or ruining the wave in her shiny gold-hair, or snagging her exquisite, shimmering wings. The beetles did, before the throne upon which the Queen sat in awesome severity. The Minx paled and shrank from her stern frown and the disgusted, sympathetic looks of the courtiers who had formed a semicircle behind her. The Queen gave the Minx a good scolding, and then she and her councilors retired to decide what should be the punishment.

When the Queen, followed by the solemn councillors filed back into the court room, the Minx broke into trembling sobs, and even some of the bushy brows and ladies-in-waiting, Queen May continued to look stern but two pear-shaped diamonds shined down her cheeks. "You have made others to suffer, Minx," she said, "and now they turn. Together with my councillors, I decree that your left wing shall be broken, and that you shall serve in my court as an humble handmaid to looky dress until, by your sweetness and patience, you shall be delivered by the hand of some compassionate fairy."

The Minx was truly repenting for now she realized the unflinching cruelty of her deeds. So for two years the Minx worked hard. She brushed clothes, polished boots, made beds, washed dishes and performed every kind of other menial task with all with a grace that astounded the court. Besides this, every Saturday afternoon, which was the only time she had free from her drudgery, she toiled up the steep ascent to the ravine over which she had once so easily flown, and went to the home of the little boy who had died because of her wickedness. Here she did all manner of hateful tasks, with such dexterity that the little cottage glinted happily in its shining cleanliness.

One Saturday afternoon, just as she had finished scouring the kitchen sink, she heard a fly buzzing around her head. She reached for the fly-swatter, but as she did so her heart was stirred with pity and instead she tried to show the fly the way out the back door. Just as the fly crossed

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POETRY

TULIPS

Tulips in the window, For all the world to see! Red and yellow tulips Draw the heart of me!

I would believe in any folk, Whatever neighbors said, With tulips in their window, And a little garden bed.

I would marry any man, And serve him with a will, Who, living all alone, should plant, 'Tulips on his sill. —Margaret Belle Houston.

FOR ALL WHO MOURN

That he was dear to you so many a year But darkens your distress? Would you he were less worthy and less dear.

He was a golden fount that freely poured And though that fount be gone, its bounty stored And treasured, still is yours.

The past is deathless. Souls are wells too deep To spend their purest gains. All that he gave to you is yours to keep While memory remains.

Who never had and lost, forlorn are they Far more than you and I Who had and have. Grudge not the price we pay For love that cannot die. —Arthur Guittelman.

ALL ANSWER

"Beauty disastrous, broken and unloved; Beauty remembering, tortured and long scarred;

Beauty forlorn, alone and weather-traced, Has kissed the lips of men and made them married. And made them married and made them bliss.

Driven from fires fool-scattered down the night, She has gone where the fierce and barren trade;

And here and there a man has seen her, while And terrible with silence, and has made Her path his own and followed to her door

And smathed his heart—and thanked his God, therefore."

I DO REMEMBER YOU

I do remember you as music tuned The lowest notes upon the deepest string—

I do remember you as light that floods Through dust-beams, melow to the empty aisles—

—Roberta Teale Seartz.

WEEK-END TRAVEL In the Realms of Gold

Many students remember Miss Bertha Conde who was with us last year, and it is with pleasure that we find an opportunity to read one of her inspiring books. The particular one which we read this week is Spiritual Adventures In Social Relations, and it is delightfully reminiscent of its author by virtue of its direct frankness, its sympathetic and understanding attitude and very atmosphere, and its rich store of wisdom and plain common sense. Indeed, "for all sorts and conditions of men" is this little book seemingly been written, but it may be particularly helpful and stimulating to the modern college girl.

Poetry is like a patent elixir to weary souls—to some like a glass of champagne, bubbling to the brim—to others it is like the crystal gazing glass through which men may look and see their world as it is. But these thoughts are not here or there except as they have bearing on some particular poem or group of poems. Compelling and magnetic, purposeful and direct, beautiful and warmly thrilling is the poetry of Matthew Arnold. In his Collected Poems is found the real spirit of his age, which he has caught and revealed both in poetry and in prose.

Here is flippant humor; here is sprightly wit; here is astoundingly apt irony; in short, here is a certain little book called By Way of Art. According to the author this book is composed of "little penetrations by way of art"—what may or may not be meant by the term "Penetrations" is unfortunately vague and inexplicable—certainly, here and now—but truly, "Penetrations" is almost self-explanatory in its original sense, and hence we may worry no more over the author's definition of his book. We pause only a second to say that it is delightful, it is at times beautifully descriptive, and it is strikingly apt and pertinent—both in subject and style.

Willa Cather is a woman with a sound mind—even a brilliant one—and her dominative style and diction are naturally a product of a trained and versatile intelligence. Her Death Comes For The Archbishop is a veritable masterpiece and those who have not as yet read it, should take an early opportunity to do so. If such a thing is possible, its merit is greater than that of her renowned O Pioneers!

Spiritual Adventure In Social Relations Bertha Conde Collected Poems Matthew Arnold By Way of Art Paul Rosenfield Death Comes To The Archbishop Willa Cather

TOMORROW'S MUSIC LOVERS

Rhythm is Life. Early and late, morning and night it carries the world along with its mighty waves that beat forever on the timeless shore. It may beat fiercely for a time and then slip softly into low, swinging pulsations, quiet but not uneventful.

Rhythm is the motion of music. In importance it outranks melody and harmony, two other essentials of this orb. Perhaps it is for this reason that music in education is wonderfully effective as a builder of souls. Its relation to life itself makes it dearer than ever to the individual and opens the way to a part of one's inner self not reached by all phases of education.

The latter word seems almost too cold to apply to the glowing experience of becoming acquainted with music. I am interested not so much in the knowledge of the skilled performer as in that of the average listener and even the scorer of the art. The former finds his own reward; happily enough he has discovered for himself the kingdom of sound and rhythms that lies open to all who will enter. Pity those who listen with deaf ears and those who do not pause even to catch the simplest beauties of melody and harmony.

Everyone in modern days is aware of education's larger duty above instruction in details and trivialities. Unfortunately the importance of musical appreciation as a part of the broader influence of knowledge has not been universally recognized and those wise teachers who do know its value find difficulty in presenting the subject.

Indifference on the part of the student is the first problem and a state of mind for which the remedy is slow. There is a current idea that one is either musical or non-musical; one plays or does not play. Since music is a part of life it belongs to all people in spirit, although its technicalities are mastered by a comparative few. If education can substitute this latter truth for the present misdeed of indifference to music, it will open still wider realms of glory to the student.

The second difficulty is that of learning how to give this knowledge. Indifference, the first problem, makes this one harder. It means to me that the most important part of this training is providing opportunity for the study of music when the student finally becomes aware of its worth. Before one awakes to the musical beauty all around he cannot receive instruction sympathetically. The spirit must be first enchanted in order that the mind may become interested.

If education performs its duties well along these lines the knowledge seekers of tomorrow will not be divided into musical and non-musical classes. All students will have recognized their natural need of music and they will become a united band of devotees to music. To be sure, some will still listen while others play; some will still play while others compose, but all will possess musical souls turned to the world's harmonies—conscious of her discords which they will strive to change.

"And other spirits there are standing apart Upon the forehead of the age to come;

These, these will give the world another's heart And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum Of mighty workings?— Listen while ye nations, and be dumb." —John Keats.

Albert Einstein: Well, at last I've discovered perpetual motion. G. B. Shaw: Where did you discover it? Al. Einstein: In America at a Woman's Club meeting.