

The Salemite

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THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

Do not conclude that a man is modest because he lowers his eyes before you. Observe rather, whether he holds his head high before just criticism.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place, as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

FROM FIREFLIES

Spring catches the petals of flowers that are not for the fruits of the future, but for the moment's whim. Joy freed from the bond of earth's slumber rushes into numberless lanes, and dances in the air for a day.

SKIES

"I could not sleep for thinking of the sky, The unending sky, with all its million suns Which turn their planets everlastingly

I see the sky at dawn—a promise. I see the sky at dusk—a fulfillment. I see grey skies and blue, misty skies

What am I? A being and a nothing I am—a will-o'-the-wisp all ways seeking new skies. They haunt me and intrigue me. . . I am a sailor pacing the dawn watch upon a still, chill sea in that calm before the storm.

"The western sky is turning gold, 'twill shortly now be grey, And o'er the state's mountain heights fade glimmers of the day."

There is a waning sky, a wasting, empty sky that fades like a forgotten fire. There is a sorrow in the evening sky, a pathos, a poignancy, which I, the poet, may feel and hold within my being.

At last I am the lover waiting impatiently beneath a midnight moon and a sky of darkling blue—for what? This sky serenely smiles and tilting her stary disheveled hair, she whispers "Beauty and love; peace and peace"

A FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVE

The Battle of Brandywine was fought near Chadds Ford in Pennsylvania. It was a famous victory—for the British. But now after a hundred and fifty four years, we can smile with N. C. Wyeth when we see his handsome sign done for Chadds Ford's only barber.

CHADDS FORD SHOP THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE WASHINGTON & LAFAYETTE HAD A VERY CLOSE SHAVE

POETRY

CRY

I am learning with every year How to hold my life straight and still. And how to curve my mouth at fear

I have swallowed cream thick with curds And held my lips still and straight. After listening long to clocks

And lie down quiet in a box With all my questions still unasked. Sometimes tho', before I am sealed

ALWAYS

Dear, if I leave unasked A word or two, Gather up all in this— I do love you!

Love you with life between Your hand and mine; Love you for all of earth And all of time;

WEEK-END TRAVEL In the Realms of Gold

"Much Have I Travelled In The Realms of Gold" Some books are like dull, nondescript stones which give never a sparkle nor a gleam to lighten the world; other books are like intricate mosaics-bit of "many-coloured glass"

Folktales are almost always alluring even to a casual reader, although casual readers do not necessarily appreciate their worth. A new folktale which is particularly well done is The Phantom of the Shore.

The Irish of the Irish writers is with us again. This time Paddy comes dancing along in the pleasant guise of Lady Augusta Gregory. The occasion is Our Irish Theatre.

The Oxford Book of Gregory Verse Edited by Milford The Phantom of the Shore Leads Our Irish Theatre Gregory

BEAUTY

"Life has loveliness to sell, All beautiful and splendid things, Blue waves whitened on a cliff,

Life has loveliness to sell Music like a curve of gold, Scent of pine trees in the rain,

Spend all you have for loveliness, Buy it and never count the pang; For one white singing hour of peace

LIFE

How marvelous the plan that I shall Pass into some other life, When I have finished all my tasks Upon this earth.

Oh, yes, I shall gladly go And with a joyous cry fling my frayed Banner to some dauntless youth Who stands alone Upon a wind-swept hill!

"ON GENTLE RAIN"

After the first sharp pang of sorrow, weeks, years, and perhaps a lifetime of gentle, aching grief follows. But these years should be brightened and strengthened by hope and promise of regained joy.

One can see in gentle rain a parallel to these years of grief. One night last week the rain was pouring down. The wind whizzed around our house; it sounded as if it were destroying all it possibly could.

The next morning I put on a heavy coat and a beret and walked out in the garden. The air was soft but cold. A steady, gentle rain was falling, and a gentle wind eddied noiselessly through the black trees.

But always the gentle rain was pouring. It fell so softly that I could not hear it. And it was so misty that I could scarcely see it.

As I walked through the garden, I saw results of the rain of the preceding night. Almost all of the jonquils and hyacinths were bent over and touching the moist earth. Those which still stood erect were covered with tiny beads of water and were flecked with dirt.

But as I looked more closely, I saw that everything was not drooping. Fresh green tulip plants were coming up, and iris plants were already budding. These seemed to have been refreshed and invigorated by the rain of the night before.

The violet leaves, which bordered the flower beds, were crisp and green. But I feared that the violets were dank like the pansies. When I delved down among the leaves, however, I saw that the violets were fresh and radiant. There were purple ones, and blue ones, and white ones tinted with blue.

And still the gentle rain was falling. The storm had come, had done its worst, and had gone. The rain made one think of the storm and also of the bright days before the storm. Now in spite of the new plants coming up, one felt that there would never again be sunny days.

But sunny days will come again, however, had gone. The rain made one think of the storm and also of the bright days before the storm. Now in spite of the new plants coming up, one felt that there would never again be sunny days.

A FAMILY TRAGEDY

In the decade which we fondly term the "gray nineties," when our fathers were just little boys, a certain family was moving from a small town in the western part of this state to an even smaller one in the eastern part. The journey was so long and transportation at that time was so slow that they were obliged to stop twice during the journey.

Papa and Mama, as we shall have the audacity to call them, with their six children spent the night in the Empire Hotel, the most modern in the city. It had flowered carpets, brass cuspidors, over-stuffed furniture, feather beds, and flowers glimmering lamp shades. But the crowning glory of the Empire was the perfectly beautiful gold and silver starred oil cloth on the wall back of the wash stand. The children glori-

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