

SALEM GLEE CLUB GIVES ANNUAL CONCERT

(Continued from Page One) tana, a spirited melody by Kreisler. Mr. Dickenson caught the spirit of both pieces and played with his usual ease and musical feeling.

The splendid song, Pace, Pace Mio Dio "La Forza del Destino," by Verdi was sung by Miss Margaret Bagby, a Freshman at Salem. This piece was well adapted to show the wide range of her lovely soprano voice and the fine control she has of it.

The Glee Club brought this varied and interesting program to a delightful close with a second group of songs. "The Gathering Song of Donald the Black" was a clever imitation of bagpipes, and the part singing for this was especially good. The Glee Club next sang a tender and beautiful song, "My Little White Rose," by Bliss. The closing song was the gay and lilting Vocal Polka "Merry June," by Vincent.

Miss Elizabeth Wallis, Miss Dorothy Thompson, and Miss Ruth Marsden were accompanists for the evening.

While praise is due everyone who participated in the program, especial praise is due the Glee Club and Mr. Schofield. The girls of the Glee Club, in their evening dresses of gray and pastel shades made a pretty picture on the platform. They followed minutely the competent direction of Mr. Schofield, and they sang with ease and poise, with finish and yet with fine spontaneity.

JUNIORS SPONSOR FILM

Beginning with next week, the Carolina Theatre is giving three pictures instead of two each week.

The first picture, on Monday and Tuesday, is sponsored by the Junior class. It is "The Wandering Lad," with Claudette Colbert, Edmund Lowe, and Stuart Erwin. This is a long and short.

Wednesday and Thursday

"Are You Listening?" to the screen favorites of you? Do you know what they are doing in their private lives? This is a new story with your old favorites in it. Neil Hamilton, William Hanes and the new and charming Madge Evans are anxious to tell you their secrets. It's witty and wise.

Friday and Saturday

"The World and the Flesh" is the title of a fascinating drama. The scenes are laid in Russia, in 1917. Miriam Hopkins is a charming woman of the world, George Bancroft, an image of strength and power, makes a fascinating Russian. They are both swept into a romance while civilization crumbles about them.

AT THE STATE

Monday and Tuesday with Beautiful Loretta Young with James Cagney in "Fast".

Wednesday and Thursday

"It's Tough to Be Famous" is the title of the new picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. And he ought to know! This is the story of a young aviator who becomes famous overnight and finds things changed. But how—see it for yourself.

Friday and Saturday

Thrill drama of the Northwest with William Boyd, "Carnival Boat".

APRIL RAIN

I never knew how words were vain Until I strove to say The thoughts that fall like the gray rain Upon my heart today.

The April rain falls on the earth, That waits a while for words, And then becomes articulate. In birds and bees and birds.

The thoughts that rain upon my heart Bring nothing fair to birth; O God, I kneel before it, Of this great lyrical earth.

—Kenneth Slade Alling.

Kind Old Aunt: And why didn't Santa Claus bring you anything, Elsie?

Child-faced Doll: Doggone it, Auntie, I trumpeted father's ace in a bridge game Christmas Eve.

THE WHITE DOE

(Based on a French ballad as translated by Andrew Lang.)

In the forest country of Platonina there once lived an old woman who was so disagreeable that she had no neighbors. So loudly did she rail at every creature who crossed her path that even the hunting dogs learned to stay far from the door of her hut, and no hunters ever came near her well to ask for a drink of water. Now, this latter circumstance was a great misfortune, you may be sure, for her two young daughters, who would have appeared beautiful and charming to any young hunter whose trail chanced to lead him near their dwelling.

To speak truly, only one of the maidens was the daughter of this old woman, for the younger, whose name was Wanda, was her stepdaughter. It was she who had to live, with what patience she could, her stepmother's outbursts of temper, to keep the pot boiling for tea time, and to mend the three-legged stool which her mother hurled when she was vexed. Wanda's hair was pitch black, her eyes the color of the first spring violet, and her voice like a mermaid's song. Moreover, she could run like the wind, because she used to race with the breezes to escape from her mother's loud scoldings.

The elder of the maidens, Paulette, was also very pretty, with her lemon colored hair and her chestnut brown eyes. Sadly, sadly, she had a crooked nose and a mouth that drooped at the corners. Were not these facts distressing to a maiden who secretly was jealous of her sister? Dear no, she was indeed jealous! She would spend whole hours trying to devise some plan to be rid of her rival in beauty.

At length she contrived to her mother "Wanda spends all her time playing in the forest, and she never even fetches the wood to build the fire to boil the kettle for tea."

This was by no means true. Every evening Wanda gathered faggots and lighted the fire, and while the kettle boiled, she would run a mile and back again.

"The lazy wretch!" said the old woman, her face turning white and covered her with temper. "I know a way to make such a girl run so much that she will be glad to rest by the fire when tea time comes." Then she cackled a wicked laugh and covered her wrinkled face with her knotted hands. "There is a magic potion, made of the stone from a crayfish's head mixed with pomegranate juice; in a trice it can turn her to an animal, and thus she will remain until a sword touches her side."

That evening, as usual, Wanda gathered the wood to build the fire to boil the kettle for tea. While the fire crackled and the broth sizzled, she ran out the door and down the hill, a mile into the forest and back. When she returned, the broth was done, ready to be poured into the three bowls where set on the kitchen table.

Her stepmother said, "None for me."

Her stepister said, "None for me."

"Very well," said Wanda, "I shall drink it myself. I am hungry."

With a wicked gleam in her two green eyes the old stepmother watched the maiden drink a bowl full of broth. No sooner had she done so than her body was covered with soft white fur, her face became pointed,

and her ears grow long and sharp. She stood before the fire, place, a snow white doe.

"Learn what befalls a runaway!" laughed the old woman.

Out into the forest ran Wanda, a little frightened, but happy to escape from the lust of the shrewish old woman. For ninety days she lived in the forest, subsisting on tender blue grass and pink berries.

One day she heard the horns of a huntsman-sounding through the trees. As fast as the wind carried the blast, so fast did the white doe run, never losing the sound of the hunting horn. On she pursued it until the sound reached the Echo Rock, where it turned to go straight back. Wanda sped with the echoing horn blast toward the hunter's horn. Gradually the sound grew fainter and the doe right at the feet of the huntsman.

Now, this hunter was none other than the Prince of Platonina, who was as handsome as handsome and as kind as gentleness.

Over the fallen doe the prince bent, his jewelled sword clanking at his side. As it touched the animal, the charn was broken. There lay the maiden Wanda, so beautiful that the prince could only gaze at her in admiration. He lifted her to his horse and carried her away to his castle.

Josephine Courtney.

King Albert Tours Egypt

Albert, King of the Belgians, is now touring Egypt. He has just returned from a visit to the Belgian Congo. Recently when he travelled down the Nile, it was necessary for him to rough it in a native craft.

New Prime Minister Appointed

Chang Hsiao-hus has recently been appointed first Prime Minister of the new Manchurian state of Manchoukuo. Hsiao-hus, who is 78 years old, was tutor of Henry Pu Yi, first president of the new state, and is the author of nine books of poetry.

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