

And we are the dreamers of
dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-break-
ers,
And sitting by desolate streams.

10. Music has charms to soothe a
savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knot-
ted oak.
(Answers found on page 17.)



ON GOING TO SLEEP

HAL TOWNSEND

There is a multiplicity of habits that are common to all people no matter where they may be. Each individual is partial to at least one of these habits. It may be that the person has a definite passion for eating or drinking, or his taste may run into sleeping whenever and wherever he can without being obnoxious to friends and neighbors. Of all these tendencies the one thing indulged in most extensively is sleeping.

The very thought of going to bed is a thrilling and comforting one. "Surely." I muse, contemplating silently the occurrences of the day, while sitting with half of my body draped across the bed. "Surely, that fat evil-looking lady could have been more polite and decent. Yes, she would have been gypped if she had not mentioned it to me that twelve ounces does not make a pound; but that's no reason for her to call me such names as my Sunday school teacher never taught us. She was wrong, wrong as [censored]. Man, but she was a fat dame! I pity the

poor soul on whom she clamps one of her huge, heavy paws." Unconsciously, I have released my feet from the constant companions of the day and have begun to disrobe. Here again I interrupt myself and fall into a trance thinking of the unnecessary troubles man has taken on himself. Inventions and precautions, some people call them, but I prefer to think of them as cumbersome accessories. Were there no such thing as clothing, the matter of preparing for a peaceful rest would be considerably abbreviated. And that's not all. Just think how much money a guy with a wife and a handful of kiddies could save if they didn't need apparel. It's a shame, a low down dirty shame that so much money has to be wasted to buy clothes—clothes for the winter, clothes for the summer, clothes for the spring, clothes for formal affairs, clothes for informal shindies, clothes—. Here I am disturbed from my reverie by the injunction from my brother, "Stop thinking of your girl friend, will you, and turn off the lights. I'm sleepy." O.K., but if I have anything to do with