

A FRESHMAN'S DREAM

I dreamed a dream; or was it all a dream? I thought I had been through Aycock's classic halls, and had accomplished, oh, so much in the realm of knowledge, of sport, of life; and lo! I waked to find myself a Lilliputian and heard with distinctness a group of giants singing:

*"Ding dong bell,
Pussy's in the well;
Ding dong dong,
Freshmen in the barn."*

Kind-faced guardians guided my suddenly uncertain self along the boardwalk into a strange new room and then left me with a group that I had known and recognized as mere babes in knowledge.

Happily I waited for some familiar task to fill the hour, but a stranger task than cross-word puzzles was laid before me. Strange words—I was taught to say *agricola, agricolae, agricolae, agricolam, agricola*, and this they told me meant a farmer, and if I should learn this and many more, with Cæsar I should conquer Gaul, and so advance myself in the good graces of those huge Seniors.

Then awhile I paused and seemed to find some comfort in English, though even it had become a matter of "complex sentences" and "figures" very strange.

At last when my poor brain was very weary, a welcome period for lunch arrived. How good the food, and how kind the faces of those in charge of it seemed! But yet that smile which they gave us seemed to say, "Simple Freshmen!"

On the ground, wise Sophomores, super-wise Juniors, and dignified Seniors lurked here and there, each with the same smile, until I longed for the hour to end and to be once again among familiar faces in the proper Nursery, our Barn.

After Math, Science, and Civics, the horizon began to widen and make one seem so very important. Before the hour came for release and refuge at home, I was wide awake. I knew my place in the nursery of high school, and the high ladder I must climb.

*"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night."*
EMMA GRIFFIN.

Yesterday vs. Today

Let us imagine ourselves back in the days of hoop-skirts. The modest young lady with the curls peeping out from underneath the dainty little bonnet comes walking out into the garden. Look! The beautiful ruffled hoop-skirt with the tight waist and the tiny puff sleeves make her all the more enticing. There, as she cautiously steps about, she slightly raises her skirt and shows her ruffled pantaloons; her tiny feet, prettily slipped, peep out as she steps. Quiet she is, at all times. Sly and blushing like a rose she stands if a young gentleman comes around. She is an example of innocence and purity.

But what a change! The modern flapper and that real old-fashioned girl are anything but alike. The flapper with her boyish bob comes laughing down the street. Her narrow dress, coming scarcely below the knees, shows her rolled hose and rouged knees. Her lips are skillfully painted bright red, her cheeks are rouged a deep pink, and her nose carefully powdered. The flapper's eyelashes and eyebrows are blackened very delicately. She is neither quiet, shy, nor blushing when her counterpart comes around.

Which would you rather be?
JEWELL DICKS.

The Sunshine

*A big red ball of love
Up in the sky,
Sending rays below
As clouds float by.*

*A little bit of green
Above the ground,
Just because God sent
The sunshine down.*

*A tiny bit of beauty
Looking above,
Rendering thanks
For all God's love.*
MARGARET HACKNEY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT THE MAN

The amateur writers of the 18th century were extremely fortunate in living in Scott's era, especially if they took the liberty of visiting him in his home at Abbotsford. There is nothing I would enjoy more than to call back two centuries or more and drop in for a week's visit with this great writer.

I can see his jovial countenance light up as he greets his visitor and welcomes me to his home. The kind of conversation he would start and keep up as we traverse the long, panelled halls is easily imaginable.

His art was story-telling. Who would not like to sit at his feet, as his children did, and drink in some marvelous tale of the Scottish spirits?

Of course he would have a hunt—maybe through Cambus-Moore, up Loch Vennechar, and around the Trossachs. That would be wonderful! Here I could see Scott, the man—the lover of nature, of beauty, the fearless spirit, the picture of courage.

I, among his other guests, would not disturb his business in the slightest degree. From nine to one in the day he worked at his desk. The children, free to roam in and out of his study at will, took the privilege with innocent gaiety of interrupting the steady swing of his pen. This, I think, is efficiency in its most extreme sense. How we wish we could cultivate such capability!

Scott considered Sunday the day of rest for animals and the day of pious study for him and his children. I do not believe he meant the long-faced gravity we connect with piety, for which he certainly did not indicate an intention. Bible in hand, Scott and his family—dogs included—walked down to a little nook where they spread their cold lunch, and enjoyed a most pleasant three hours in which he called before their minds' eyes the Biblical characters. It would not be hard to believe the most miraculous of the Old Testament's stories with Sir Walter Scott to picture them. I believe he showed his children, during these delightful hours, the God of Beauty, as he saw Him. His godliness was further revealed in his respect, even worship, of nature.

His life was not destined to run smoothly and brightly all his years. "Adversity is man's true touchstone." He was put to the test, and he came forth as pure gold. Honorably and persistently he worked to pay off his debt. Death claimed him, though, before he could complete his task.

His life was a success. He has set before the world an example of noble manhood. It is summed up in the words uttered on his death-bed to his son-in-law: "My dear Lockhart, be a good man—be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

The world needs more like Sir Walter Scott. We cannot all write a "Marmion" nor a "Lady of the Lake," but God grant we may develop our lives to inspire humanity as his great life challenges.

ZADEE SMITH.

The Apostrophe to the Harp

*"Harp of the North! that mouldering
long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's
spring."*

This is the call of Scott, the ballad-lover, to the long dead minstrels. Scott, as we know, is a lover of the old Scottish ballads as well as an authority on them. He felt that if the minstrels might be awakened, for a short time only, the people would be heartened.

*"O wake once more! How rude so'ere
the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to
stray."*

Then the farewell—
*"Harp of the North, farewell!
The hills grow dark!"*

The harp has responded to the call, the dying echoes resound o'er the hills, and Sir Walter Scott has given us his beautiful "Lady of the Lake."

HELEN SHUFORD.

We hear that America is importing a shipment of Italian eggs. We hope they are not the Lays of Ancient Rome.—
Literary Digest.

ONLY A DREAM

*I see again my fair homeland,—
The oaks a-towering broad and grand,
The rippling stream, a silver band.
It is only a dream!*

*The purple mountains towering high,
The verdant valleys stretching by;
Oh, what a scene to greet my eye!
It is only a dream!*

*I see again the cool woodland,
The waves a-sparkling on the sand,
Two forms in the dark, hand locked in
hand.
It is only a dream!*

*I press her cheek; 'tis warm with love.
Her words are soft like the cooing dove,
Her eyes more bright than the moon
above.
It is only a dream!*

*Oh, when can I forget those eyes?
Their sweet, dark image ever lies
Upon this soul that fiercely cries,
It is only a dream!*

*Only a dream, this nightmare life,
Filled with care and vulgar strife.
O God! give me back her life!*

WAKE ME FROM THIS DREAM!
RAY HENDERSON.

Aquarium Fantasy

*A spritely sunray caught you in the Occi-
dental sky;
He caught you, and he brought you when
the day had 'gun to die.
He brought you through my window and
he gave you filmy wings;
He blew you and he threw you in a globe
of ferns and things.
The globe is silvery water and you know
it all by heart;
It's hallowed, and it's colored by each
graceful quirk and dart.*

*You, Solis Occasu, and you, Tia Fa Min,
Why the lurching and the searching
For the place where you got in?
Aren't you happy in your beauty,
Oh, you restless little fellows?
Start thinking, and stop drinking
With those tiny, gulping bellows.*

*I'll tell you what is lacking—you've a
heart, one artery,
Two veins, a brain, a liver, but not a
soul like me.*

ZADEE SMITH.

The Moth

*Do you not know that within these walls
Nothing but death you'll gain?
'Tis only a glittering light that calls
Which can but give you pain.*

*Be not like us mortals frail,
Who all for pleasure give;
Put not your little life on sale—
'Tis better far to live.*

*Flutter farther from the flame,
And never your tiny wings burn;
Life tonight may seem dull and tame,
But your future is my concern.*

*So, far away from my window fly,
And let me this lesson learn—
If after pleasures vain I hie,
My pretty wings I may burn.*

FRANCES BURCH.

Summer

*Everything is all aglow
Because summer is here;
In the trees the birds are singing
Notes to us so dear.*

*"Summer is here," says every bird
By his loud, clear notes,
They are so very, very happy
It pours from their little throats.*

*The beautiful flowers are blooming now
In every meadow and tree;
God puts them here to make things bright
As bright as they can be.*

*Beds of flowers to be seen
Everywhere you look;
Single, graceful, slim ones, too,
Are growing by the brook.*

*Enjoy the birds while they are here,
And their charming music, too,
And smiling flowers on God's earth
Are here to brighten you.*

MARGARET HACKNEY.

Speeder—It is true that I was traveling a little fast, but I can explain if you will give me a little time.
Judge—Ten days.

A LUCKY NOISE

This is a secret—a secret that you must never tell; for not even the teachers believe that the wheezing of the Mt. Airy train has any peculiar virtues. Nevertheless, there is some good in everything—especially a roaring locomotive. I would not have taken this determined and revolutionary stand were it not for an especially important incident of a few days in which my record as a Latin student was saved from shameful ruin.

Charles was reciting a new Latin vocabulary. He was getting along fairly well until he came to the word *lead*, and there the poor boy hung. The bad part of it was that everyone else she called on also hung. Zeroes were flying thick and fast! My time was sure to come, and I had an uneasy feeling that I also was doomed to the hanging squad. She called on me. I stood up, trembled, stuttered. Summoning all of my courage, I answered amid the roar of a passing freight, "I dunno."

"Duco is right," she answered. Then in a very encouraging manner, "Alvin, you are improving."

Thus the roaring noise of the generally annoying train gave a new interpretation to my answer and saved the day by changing an English sentence into a Latin verb.

ALVIN SCHWAB.

My First Evening Dress

A delighted cry escaped my lips as I opened the lid of an old trunk and found there an article that I had long ago discarded. A dainty pink dress made of the sheerest materials, drawn up with a huge rose. I lifted it from the trunk. This was my first evening dress, and it had been the pride and joy of my life. There on the side was the rip that I had so carelessly torn when jumping out of some handsome hero's car. Oh! There hidden among the soft folds were punch stains! I thought of how I had spilled that punch while hurrying across the gaily bedecked dance hall. A tear fell down my cheek as I thought of the many times my silly young heart had fluttered under that gown. I heaved a sigh. I let the dusty pink cloud fall back into place. Why, I do not know, unless it was that the days of the dress were past.

MARGARET HIGH.

My Favorite Illusion

I have an illusion; regrettable, yet true, nevertheless. Sometimes I enjoy playing with that bubble in my mind, turning it over and over and observing its excellence from all angles. It is not a phantom that one can vault before the world with pride, a phantom that one can wear brazenly like a loud necktie; but it is a secret dream, condemned by reason, by common sense, by conscience. Yet, when it steals softly into my mind, I have not the strength of will to cast it out. No, since it has once been received with a welcome, it will come again, and never find the door closed against it. It is not a vision of fame, of glory, of heroism. It is—shall I confess it? Perhaps I had better, though if the world knew the truth it would condemn me with its accustomed speed and cruelty. This phantasy is one of delusion; it can never be realized; it is—the perfect dream of a loafer. There you have my illusion—a dream of complete cessation from all work, all responsibility. The whole of my present effort is unconsciously bent toward that one end; the spirit of laziness is deep in my blood, and will never be separated from my being. When I am hard at work, as I occasionally (very occasionally) am, I tell myself that I will not be for long, that soon I shall feel the exquisite intoxication of doing absolutely nothing. That time never comes, and I know that it never will till after the complete cessation of consciousness. Then I will not care. Still, I feed my hope on the vision; very light nourishment, true, but having a delicious flavor to one who is a born drifter.

CARLTON WILDER.

'Tis far better to keep silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.

The back door to the cafeteria is greatly patronized since the Glee Club meets in the basement of the new building.

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER DO?

Hal, a red-headed, freckle-faced, overgrown boy, was hoeing corn on his grandfather's plantation. The day was hot and sultry. Mopping his forehead with a red bandanna, Hal muttered: "Huh, this sure is some vacation. Yes, it ain't. Pop said for me to come down here and eat all the watermelons that I wanted. Now, here I am working harder than I ever did in my life, just 'cause his fussy old sister blessed that little ole nigger out, and he got mad and left. I wish she had bit her ole tongue off!"

"You do, eh? Well now, just for that you hoe that other row and come to the house and chop some wood."

Miss Lyde Plump belied her name. She was tall and skinny with hair drawn tightly back from her face; she had a long, peaked nose, and anything but a sweet disposition. Some people say she had been disappointed in love, and others said that no one would have had her. But whatever had happened, or never happened, it did not sweeten her temper or dull her tongue.

Hal lifted his hot head and blazed out, "Just you wait till next summer. You won't find me here again. I'll go where there ain't no such things as cornfields and hoes. You make me do what a nigger wouldn't. I don't like it at all."

"Is that the way your mother taught you to speak to ladies? If you were my child, and I heard you speak like that, I'd wear you out."

For a moment there was silence, and then Hal showed that he was a gentleman, though he did have freckles and a fiery temper. "I beg your pardon. Ma didn't learn me to speak like that, but my head aches, and I don't like to dig around this ole corn. Did your Ma tell you to make people work like this?"

Miss Lyde stared thoughtfully at the boy. At last he had touched a soft spot in her heart. "No," she said softly, "my mother taught me to 'Do unto others as I would have them do unto me.'" And I think I will. Come on to the house. I am going to teach you better English."

"Oh, gosh," sighed Hal, "I'd rather hoe this corn."
KATHLEEN LASHLEY.

Tears and Their Uses

Tears are little drops of water and mineral substances that drop from the eyes to express emotion.

Tears express great joy. Up races a car and out of it comes the whole family. "It seems like a dream!" exclaim certain members of the long-parted families. Tears trickle down the cheeks of the loving brother and sister as they rush into the house.

Tears are used to express grief. The world is wrapped in a veil of sorrow. The spring is not the same beautiful, joyous season I have always known. The hearse ventures to take my dearest friend from my sight forever on earth.

The third and most important use of tears is this: A Freshman takes home a report card. D's, five of them, seem to tremble before the eyes. Mother stares; a far-away look comes into her eyes. Silence—then the sad eyes fill with teams. The Freshman's head is bowed. Bead-like tears drop, drop. Oh, if something would only happen; Then the private scene of forgiveness and newly-made resolutions.

Tears are the most useful little things in the world. Cry and get it all over with. Lamentation is best expressed by tears. The heart of a person who cannot cry aches harder and the throat is strained until it is sore. Tears—the beautiful gushing little comforts!

EVELYN PARKS.

The Vanity Case

Ah! The darling, the precious, the ever-existing object always on display by members of the fairer sex. Whether in the school room, on the street, or in church, one can see this shining delicately perfumed object. Its clear mirror reflects the beauty of her face as she gently applies the contents of the oval, round, or oblong case.

This is so essential to that "schoolgirl complexion" which is much desired not only by the flapper, but also by those who, if it were not for "Brownatone," would have locks as white as snow.

HAZEL JENKINS.