

order on the paper. The proof-reader then checks the copy for mistakes. See, he is just showing one to the operator, who will now type out another sentence to replace the faulty one.

Over here we have the fellow who makes up the pictures for the paper. They too are made on metal. He first procures what is called a "mat", which resembles a piece of cardboard. After this mat is moulded into the shape and lines necessary for the picture, it is then placed in another machine with a pot of hot lead attached to it. The operator pushes a lever and the liquid lead spreads on top of the mat to form a lead plate. In a minute or so he snaps down the handle again. The hot lead has taken an impression off the mould, which is then torn away from the hardened metal. After that he has the picture, or the cut, ready for the printer.

You say that you find it stifling in here? Come into this room, then, and we shall see the make-up man at work. There is his desk over there; that big, flat, stone table. Homey, isn't it? His job is to collect the metal columns and the cuts from the last two men that we watched. Then he takes an iron frame, much like a picture frame, and arranges the columns and the pictures in such a way as to make up a page.

But who wants to read a metal newspaper? No, I thought not. Here is where the pressman enters the scene. His job is to "run off" all the papers, and for this he has the largest machine in the plant. He places the metal frame, prepared by the make-up man, in his machine and locks it in. Then the machine starts rolling; ink rollers pass over the forms; the part of the machine that contains the frame begins to rotate and each time that it goes around it inks a new page. Each page as it is inked is carried out on the far side, where it is cut to the desired size and folded. Finally the papers emerge on this side of the machine, where they are stacked and bundled, ready for delivery.

"Paper Boys!"

I have to go now; that calls means me.

—ALEX McINNIS '50

IMAGINATION

Alone in pensive moods my thoughts take wing;
They dart about in search of brighter ways;
In spite of time and space, to me they bring
Small worlds of mine or deeds of yesterdays.

Sometimes they take me back through woods to view
The wondrous fairy circle, darker green,
Where elfin feet so early shook the dew,
And left the orb so plainly marked in sheen.

In moments, oft the years I quickly span
To help Augustus guide the Roman state,
Or see great Caesar fall 'neath Brutus' hand,
Or rescue Carthage from her sorry fate.

Again I watch with open-wondering eye
The Greeks upon the fields of Marathon
Deny the Persians but the right to die;
And, dying, in posterity live on.

As years go by imagination dims;
I cannot picture battles in my mind.
No more I hear the strains of fairy hymns.
We suffer loss when childhood's left behind.

—ANON.

MARY AND JIMMY, YOU AND I

Little Mary and Jimmy looked very happy as they ran along the narrow country road on their way home from school. The hot June sun smiled down on them, this little boy and girl, as they ran down past old John Hawkin's General Store, and around the bend in the road which leads to their home.

It's so long since we were their age that I suggest you all come along with me and follow them just to see if they are much different than we were. Agreed? Let us hurry around the bend in the road now, or we shall lose all sight of them. There, we can slow down now because they are just up ahead. Don't they seem content swinging along hand in hand?

You remember how, when you were six, you had a special place along the road home from school where you sat and just dreamed. Well, just under that big tree up a little further is where Jimmy and Mary always stop on their way home from school, to sit and dream, and plan what they are going to do when they grow up. Of course we know that many of the things they plan for the future, in their childish minds, will never come true. Because many of our dreams never come true. You know the ones: you were going to become captain of a big white vessel which would travel to all the mysterious places in the world; or you were going to find the loot on Treasure Island. Even though we know this, we would not ruin their dreams by telling them. I hope that they stop by the big tree to-day, and maybe we can get close enough, without being seen, to hear what they are saying. Oh, look, they are stopping now and sitting down in the tall blades of green summer grass. Let us creep up close, but be careful not to make any noise. Is everybody comfortable? Fine. Well for those of you who cannot see Jimmy and Mary clearly from where you are because of