

and a keen determination, and you shall soon be able to boast, justly, "I have more enemies than have any of my enemies."

—AMBROSE FLYNN '49.

Autumn

The happy days of summer now are gone,
 Into the distant past on wings they fled.
 And now with autumn comes the time of year
 When Mother Nature puts her brood to bed.

The fading flowers, the gathering of the birds,
 To seek new homes in climes less hard than ours.
 The melancholy wailing of the winds
 Among the trees and in the leafless bowers.

The lowering sap, the falling of the leaves,
 The bare brown fields as if in loneliness
 For all their children of the summertime,
 Of beauty passing fair and rapturous dress.

These all proclaim the never-ending care
 That Nature for her children e'er must take;
 So that when Spring renews the world again
 Once more from every bud new life shall wake.

— JOSEPH CAIRNS '49

"That Is Best Which Lieth Nearest"

This is a line taken from one of Longfellow's famous poems, "Gaspar Becerra", which I read in my early school days. At that time it meant very little to me, but since then I have learned to realize its full significance. It could be applied to many of our daily activities but I am here going to apply it to only one phase, the search for pleasure.

When our forefathers arrived in this country many of them had wives and small children and no means of support other than a strong body backed by a fervent spirit of perseverance and determination. We may shudder at the thoughts of leading a life such as theirs, but their lives may have been much happier than ours. Their joys consisted in the winning of their daily bread, peace of body and soul, and the simple things of their rude home life.

In this modern age, we are attracted by more elaborate things as means of obtaining pleasure,—the automobile, the airplane, the movies and the theatre, ostentatious social gatherings,—in short, any entertainment that can be procured with money. The Moderns are turning away from the things cherished by our ancestors; could this be why there is more discontentment in the world in our age? Very often many things which we plan in advance end in disappointment. Frequently, indeed, our time could have been spent more enjoyably by sitting at home, or by going for a stroll and enjoying the beauties of nature which are present the whole year round. What could be more beautiful than the warm spring days, the choruses of the birds as they return from the south, and the fresh, green meadows of the countryside? What could be more enjoyable in summer than passing our leisure hours along the beach in the summer sun? What is more beautiful than the autumn leaves, or the snow-draped trees of winter? If we exclude these things from our lives, we are shutting out all the real beauty of life, thus depriving ourselves of much pleasure and happiness.

— PETER SULLIVAN '49.

Why, I Remember 'Way Back When . . .

The music was soft and soothing, and I was tired. The floor was filling with dancers as I slumped into a seat in an unoccupied corner, and drowsily watched the gay couples swing and sway their way around the hall. An empty corner is somewhat of an oddity at a dance hall to-day. It has taken the place of Ye Olde Parlor Sofa now that Mom and Dad must entertain all night. Much to my amazement I saw two old people, replicas of my long-dead grandparents, take a seat next to me. Strange,—no one took any notice of them, although they certainly looked out of place. Naturally my curiosity was aroused. If it hadn't been, I would have been all the less human. They began a scarcely audible conversation; my nose twitched, and my ears strained, and the anger of a frustrated gossipier surged through me. I edged closer so I could pick up the conversation. Since curiosity is a common trait, I will let you in on the conversation too.

"You know, Annie, I don't know as if I'd like to be young again. D'ye mind when we was courtin'? We seemed to have so much more time then. I used to go callin' fer you in the ole horse and buggy an' we jest took