

## Sketches

By Alfred Wheeling

### The March

Through mist and clouds the sun sent lazy rays upon water laden, soggy earth. Away to the west, up hills, through valleys, a long sluggish stream, wound a weary road, mile after mile. This should have been a happy road, for on it marches a victorious army, but it was not. Each soldier, khaki clad, dragged slowly onward as if the next step might be his last. There was one who, exhausted by a hundred miles, could no longer place one foot before the other; and so he sat, or rather lay, beside the road while others passed. His aching feet were blistered; for on his back he had carried a fifty pound pack—the sum total of his earthly possessions. His stomach lacked essential food, and hunger seemed to gnaw at his vital organs; as he sat his mind refused to think. There was no hope to stir him on, for well he knew his bed, at best, that night

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## Sketches

By Elizabeth Hillier

### Term Examinations

Term examinations, I believe, are the most useless and valueless things which a teacher can inflict upon his students, especially when they so greatly influence his final marks. In fact, they often go beyond the valueless stage and end in being harmful. To put upon a student, at a time when he is easily excited, the strain of a test is quite unfair. In the preparation for such a test he often works himself up to a great peak of anxiety, so that when he is actually confronted with the test he cannot think as clearly as he should. Under such conditions it is hardly fair for the teacher to mark the student for his whole semesters work. Certainly after eighteen weeks in which they two have worked together, the teacher should be able to judge the worth of the pupil without the use of a final examination.

### Sudden Storm

It was dark—a darkness that foretells an oncoming storm; and it was silent—a silence that hushes all before it breaks. Then, as though timed by a given signal, the storm broke, and torrents of rain, cold rain, ripped and dashed through trees and houses. Lightning flashed in white zig-zags across the sky. Sweeping wind hurled huge limbs to the ground and slapped soaked leaves against everything in its path. Trees crackled and groaned under the strain. Then, just as suddenly as it came, the storm left, and an October sun peered feebly from behind a few grey clouds.

## While the City Sleeps

By Wilma Seabrooke

How different from the zipping rush of day is the placid stillness of night in a city street. Night and the stars have come to town. The street is still. The vacant windows look down like darkened eyes. The street is a hollow tomb, haunted by ghosts of echoes that lurk in the looming walls to challenge any sound. Far away a sleepy motor hums. The wind walks up and down, shuffling its feet in the litter of papers strewn on the pavement. Down from a distant steeple a deep bell note solemnly tolls.

For a time the city is left to the rustling wind and the omniscient silence of the buildings. A sparrow wakes and chirps. Now the milkman comes, routing the silence and awakening the echoes as he jangles by. The night is gone. In a little while the daily crowd will throng the street again. With cries and horns and clank of doors the town will pour forth to feverish work or play. The pavement will reverberate to rumble and swish of cars and trucks. A steady procession on sharp heels will grind and crush the papers and dust into the sidewalk. The wearp windows will look down upon clamoring mobs in a roaring street.

## Night Woods

By Wilder Michael

There came a lull in the warm, drizzling, late Fall rain, and the soft light of a half-waned moon, showing dimly behind wind-driven, misty clouds, came sliding through the drop-jeweled branches of tangled hard wood tops, and buried itself in a blanket of fragrant leaves. In the deep woods where the three of us sprawled, half lying, half sitting against a moss-cushioned log, it dimmed our smoky lantern, made queer shadow-pictures about us, and in the short distance, starting, stopping and turning among the part shadowed tree trunks it created any sort of creature or figure that the imagination might desire. A hoot owl's mourn, far in the distance, might turn the scene from an Elfin dance to one of Goblins and "Headless Horsemen". Then a puff of moist wind, that whirred through the tops, shook off thudding drops, and sent by cart-wheel leaves, whispering protest against being driven from their sheltered spot, drove a curtain of black and silver between the moon and earth leaving the damp, steaming night dark and melancholy.

God loves adverbs, and cares not how good but how well.—Joseph Hall.

## Meadow

By June Welker

Last summer we had a picnic there, and it was very beautiful. In the shade of the giant willows the creek slid along, catching the little golden glints of sunshine when they peeked between the tree leaves. Along the banks splashes of color, daisies, buttercups, and the bright devil's paint brush bobbed in the warm breeze, and a little brown bird sweeping low over the meadow called loudly and swerved as he saw us. A freshly dug hole in the creek bank lent itself to our wonder and observation, and we lay on our stomachs on the bank and gazed into the water. There, surrounding our own faces, we saw floating white clouds, dancing shadows, and, far below the surface the silvery flash of a twisting fish.

Today I was there again, but the place is not the same. The stream flows, black and forbidding between white cakes of ice. The clouds, the birds, the flowers—all are gone. The bare soggy meadow stretches bleakly under a heavy grey sky, while the willows stand silently begging for new foliage to cover their nakedness.

Persaps, next summer, there will again be bright water and sunlight, and life. Then we shall go back.

## An Airplane Ride

By Clarence Boerstler

My eyes watered somewhat as we tore across the tarmac. The plane picked up speed every second. At the airport boundary was a web of high tension lines which we had to clear. Grimly, Lloyd gave the ship full gun, held the stick back and zoomed. Shadowy lines of cables streaked beneath the fuselage as the "Bird" climber higher.

As he leveled off at ten thousand feet came the thrill. Wing over wing, glittering as its fuselage caught the rays of the sun, the ship corkscrewed down toward the field as though it were out of control. The ground whirled and leaped toward us in a dizzy spiral. A wierd scream filled our ears as the grey-blue tree-tops whirled to meet us. Lloyd's foot shot ahead on the rudder pedal, the stick moved forward. We strained against the sudden pressure. The controls moved neutral as the ship moved into a planing dive. I heard the motor thunder and soad to a higher wailing note. The sprawling earth rushed up to meet us with inexpressible speed. Closer and closer it came. Then the softly waving tree tops slid beneath us. "Phew," I murmured, feeling a cold drop of perspiration trickle down the inside of my soft helmet; It was just another tailspin.

## Chained Thoughts

By Gilberta Bartoo

The thoughts of a child are free to follow investigation and imagination each thing that fascinates him; butterfly, word, or toy. Notwithstanding this, his thoughts may be limited by distracting physical discomfort, by his acceptance of the sayings of his parents, and by the narrowness of his experience. They are chains to himself and can hardly go far beyond him.

Chains, too, are the thoughts of a frenzied college student. His work and his lessons may hold him with strong bonds. Under a schedule which calls for more time than he actually possesses, teachers feel that they must try to lure away their share in stiff competition. They may have discovered that through threats and through requiring such tasks as comprehensive outlines, work books, miles of outside readings, and elaborate notebooks they can quite effectively fill the pupil's time and gain a lion's share of it.

Of course, certain types of short-cuts have been found, but to the conscientious student these mean loss of time and lack of mental freedom. Much time must often be taken in a rushing for marks, and this, with setting of time limits in the case of projects, must often decrease free play of imagination and originality

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## My First Barn Dance

By Olive Huff

The dance was held in a huge hay-filled barn on a good old fashioned farm.

Partners all", shouted the caller, and the floor was immediately filled with fellows and girls, eager for the dance to begin. The strains of "Darling Nellie Gray" filled the air. The old organ, sadly out of tune and with a few keys that refused to respond to the touch, managed to wheeze out a few muffled sounds. Shrill, squeaky tones came from the ancient fiddle; the banjo, minus one string, strummed an occasional note. Feet shuffled on the crude, splintered barn floor. Girls screamed as husky farmer boys swung them off their feet. Mosquitos buzzed about in the stifling night air, and moths fluttered about the dim lanterns. Bats swooped eerily in one window, dipped down and around and then out the other. All the while the sing-song voice of the caller rang out.

"Oh, the next couple lead to the couple on the right, and circle right and circle to the left." Restless feet shuffled on the sidelines, keeping time to the rhythmic music, as the couples continued to sashay and promenaded the hall.

THE SPECTATOR

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Editorial

A literary number of the school paper can have several values beyond the mere recognition of excellent composition. The most important result is, no doubt, the exchange of student ideas through this publication. A paper devoted exclusively to news cannot express the thoughts of all students; a literary paper can do so much more easily.

A second result is the appreciation that is developed among students for the good writing of their fellows. When a person writes well, or, for that matter, does anything well by honest effort, he is even further stimulated by well deserved applause. To see his name "in print" often brings him the reward he should have.

By this interchange of ideas and opinions we hope that students will gain a deeper insight into other peoples problems and interests, and will thereby learn to be better thinkers.

Characterizations From  
 "Summertime Ends"  
 by John Hargrave

"Sir John Jordans, really only a heaviness; a thumpiness—a hhrumph!

"Mrs. Len Smith, no more than a wheezy asthmatical backache floating in soapsud steam.

"Ditmold, a spiritual war, a psychological conflict raging round a symbolic Cross.

"Mrs. Hotchkiss, a mere deafness.

"Dr. Senlac—a tired bedside manner rushing from one illness to another and kept going by compressed cheerfulness.

"Lord Swingletree, nothing in particular talking of nothing in particular a propos nothing in particular.

"Jenny's mother, a busy motherliness.

"Len Smith, a mechanised stumble.

"Lady Jordans, an automatic Almanack watching the days go by, and waiting, waiting . . .

"Puddlefoot, a scowling growl prowling.

"Robert, a vague belief in nothing unconsciously groping for something.

"Sylvia, a thwarted desire running away from itself.

"Ismay Jones, a themeless theme trying to form itself.

"Sir Solway Jones (his brother), a simple political weaselishness.

"Sir Otto Speidlehus, an international financial interdependence spinning a numerical web in vacuo.

"Lady Speidlehus, a hard bright determination to defy decay, a painted laugh echoing down the corridors of time.

Mr. Doucette was in Nashville, Tenn., last week attending the Western Art Conference. He left Monday, March 30, and returned Monday, April 6.

"Jenny, a hope flying on a Lucky Swastika.

"Lady Swingletree, a longing to fly away, spellbound in a dream within a dream.

"George, an impulse impelled to pulse . . . each one the same, only different . . . and only different in egocentric slant

"George, nearer the protoplasmic norm than any of them; less formed, less finished, rough hewn, more simply no one, a slab, a rude dolmen amidst a multitude of intricately engraved god-images, mere body bulk—a clod, an animal? Yes, so it seems and so it was."

\* \* \*

"is that Slyvia with Teddy Barlow? His slidback forehead permanently puckered

his damp blue eyes midly puzzled his voice a thin, tired mew his ego a flatfish dying on a mudbank and . . . is that Robert over there with Nina Tolly?

whose face is like an oval cake of buttermilk soap

whose mouth is a large overripe cherry

and gummy like an overripe cherry whose voice is a husky hoot of wind blown through a dried-up hemlock stem

so fascinatingly fatuous, forlorn and flippant . . . ?

\* \* \*

"cosmic explosion in space a flash, a flare of speeding gas—a gaseous clash!

all so dim and long ago a blinding glint, a blaze of light—head-on starcrash!

is that the planet Earth in a spinning wobble—newly born?"

DEFINITION OF AN OPTIMIST

A man who does cross-word puzzles with a fountain pen.

A man who takes down snow fences on St. Patrick's Day.

A Soldier Speaks

Tom asked, "What is war like?" Could I tell him what was is like? When asked the question the whole horrible picture came before me. I saw war; heard its ghastly noises. If I could only shut my eyes to the raging, thunderous cannons that mowed down human forms as a farmer swinging his singing scythe in a grain field! But those perpetual obliterating noises have become an obsession.

At night there comes the shrill whining of the air raid and the staccato beat of shells exploding on earth which brings back the loud, hoarse shouts of men and the piercing, emotional cry of women; then all is still and the vague whisperings of frightened beings grows again into shouts, shaken by the last fright. This is just routine, but the hell of battle with its machine guns vomiting death in every direction still beats its rhythms in my brain. The sudden silences and then the burst of noises, which split my eardrums in just thinking of them are enough to make one mad. Perhaps we are mad because in these periods of silence we listen for death which we imagine floats in the dumb silent spaces. When the roar of cannon, the sharp crack of rifles and the muffled throbbing of machine guns are interspersed with shouts of men lustful for victory, and the wails of dying soldiers, we are mad. We wait, tense for the bark of orders and then we hurl headlong into the confusing chaos of rumblings and shoutings. These ceaseless noises deaden our minds, they deaden our feelings so that we may carry out the selfish plans and insanity of ambitious distators.

"War is not kind, Tom, that is all I can say. Always strive to keep your country out of one."

A Theme Defined

By Anita Veith

A theme is the subject of topic or discourse. For students a theme means a type of exercise which may result in the form of a masterpiece on the part of some, but which for the great majority proves a burdensome task. It requires the racking of the deep crevices of the brain for suitable ideas and then an hour or two of writing and rewriting and crossing out of words and phrases.

A theme for radio performers is a song which opens and closes their programs; it is Kate Smith's "When the Moon Comes over the Mountain" and Fred Waring's "Sleep". In a debating society a theme is a proposition or subject for argument; while in music it is a simple melody repeated several times throughout the composition. On the whole, a theme is the text or basis for either talking or writing.

Kommuter's Kolumn

By Flora Harding

So J. Streit goes in for animal husbandry in a big way. We wonder if he wasn't mixing his formulae when he illustrated on the blackboard that wool plus accessories yields cow. That was pretty cute, also the one about the dog in Arizona! Well, well, well, guess what we found in Grignol's vest pocket—a hairpin. The little man asserts innocently but oh, so vehemently that he uses it to dig the wax out of his ears but we doubt it very much. Rather afraid that Seabrooke is going to get curvature of the spine the way she twists herself around when masticating a doughnut. By the way, she got the blue ribbon for doughnut dunking at the "Fried Cake Exhibit". Clemy Chromick should enter the auto races at Minneapolis this year. The dashing Speedster says that to him forty miles an hour is just like being in second gear. Clem got an E in Psychology this quarter which signifies intelligence in the superlative degree, don't you think? Lois Miner admits that her favorite pastime is knitting. Shields has been doing a little "Sherlock Holmesing" on the side—he can't just decide how he rates with F. Peters. A hundred paths present a hundred difficulties, as the Chinese say. Wonder where Olsen comes in? The A's and B's seem to be in the limelight lately; with A. B., B. A., and B. B. comprising the eternal triangle. (Lost—A couple of hearts within the vicinity of the "Gem City" or thereabouts.) Bill will never be the same again. Even O. O. MacIntyre knows when to stop which should be my cut. Rather fear that this column is doomed to perdition. Adios and buenos noches.

College Men Prefer

We find college men frantically eager to express their opinions. The following list is taken from "Vogue".

1. Prefers smart girls to pretty ones.
2. Wishes to heaven girls would do away with trains, muffs that drop, long earrings that dangle, and do-johnnies in the hair.
3. Likes these qualities—neatness, vitality, sex appeal, beauty, distinction, style, sweetness.
4. Prefers sport clothes (unanimous); sweater, skirts; tweeds, ankle socks and sport shoes.
5. Like perfume (not too much).
6. Dislike imitation jewelry.
7. Hate make up, and red finger-nails.
8. Detest slang and low-heeled shoes.
9. Loathe baby talk.

Isham Jones' vacation dance in Erie looked like an Edinboro Old Grad night.

Vacations are the thing you rest up after during school.

**W. A. A.**

By Betty Kafferlin

More big news! The W. A. A. girls are just as successful in bowling as in anything else they attempt. On Wednesday afternoon the Phi-Delta Tournament was staged. The Deltas had one game to their credit from a previous date and on Wednesday, the Phis won two games; thus capturing the championship. In the first game, Covert had highest score, 118, and in the second Boyce ranked high with 130 points. The Delta team was composed of: Boyce, Hillier, Russell, McQuilken, and Swiecki. They were opposed by the following phis: Covert, Forrest, Dinges, Kilgore, and Fishcr.

Last Tuesday the W. A. A. held an important meeting to discuss spring sports. Speedball, hockey, archery, golf, tennis and volleyball appeared as the popular choices of the group.

Next Tuesday, a group meeting is scheduled for the purpose of awarding emblems, sweaters, E's, blazers, and National Pins to the Phi and Delta girls who are eligible. Following this meeting a tea will be held. It is to be in the form of an Easter event and quite different from former ones. The group of girls who participate in 3:15 activities will act as hostesses. We assure you it will be a delightful affair and urge you all to come.

Social dancing classes in charge of Miss Ruttle and Misses Bole and Walz are making splendid progress. Tap dancing has also proved to be very popular with all the girls.

**Y. W. C. A.**

By Rachel Williams

The Y. W. C. A. held its regular weekly meeting on Wednesday evening, April 1. Ruth McFadden and Vergie Fuller had charge of the devotions, with Marjorie Welsh assisting at the piano. The speaker for the evening was Miss Jane Ludgate, who spoke on "What the Bible Means to Me". She gave a fine picture of what the Bible means to people who do not have access to its teachings. She also talked about the Bible as a great piece of literature and pointed out the characteristics of the various books of the Bible from the literary viewpoint.

On April 8 the Y. W. is sponsoring an Easter party for the girls of the college. This gathering will be held in the Haven Hall dining room at 7:45. Jean Kilgore, chairman of the social committee, is making elaborate plans and intends to have this party one of the most unique that the college has given. Refreshments will be served. Come out and support the Y at the Easter party.

Ned Whipple has had a tough time finding out which keys fit which locks, but he's winning out at last.

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By Walter Hall

Things look pretty bright in the future at Reeder since we have locks on the switch boxes....Jim Pogue's new radio seems to hold the spotlight at present. Fellows in nearby rooms find his aerial a most convenient place to hang towels, etc....Bert is certainly making a nice stay of it; hope he isn't ill.

Arden Davies had a bad break—was placed under the "knife" a little over a week ago. The chances are he won't return this spring....Wonder how Benny likes his new home....George Hctra looks lonesome lately without him....You know, of course, that the well known Hastie-VanSlyke combine in Room 34 has disintegrated.

Yes, Bill Crunick still lectures on student teaching...Thanks to Dr. Ross, two rooms in the basement seem to have been completed. These bright new rooms will certainly be appreciated.

Merle Andre's brother got him out of bed the night of April 1st to be best man at his (the brother's) wedding. Merle got all dressed up and made arrangements for his departure when—yes, you guessed it; it was all a joke.

I see James Wilson is going to remain with us at Reeder this quarter. It had been rumored that he was going to commute....Spring must be here, for the golf enthusiasts are back on the football field, whipping themselves into form after the winter lay-off.

**Rain**

By Margaret Miner

I like to walk on a rainy day. I peep from beneath a slouchy felt hat at strange things. Tiny puddles of water are formed on the roughened muddy path. Every twig is drenched with the steady downpour. Birds are huddled on branches, their feathers ruffled around them.

The feelings on a rainy day are even more appealing. A fine spray of vapor on your warm face is cooling. Even the steady dripping from the bottom of a rubber coat or an occasional drop trickling down your neck is soon forgotten as a small pool comes into view. Here one can pause and then wade to the depth permitted by two shiny overshoes, in sucking, feet-tugging sand.

Even the dull grey clouds overhead are not a cause for gloom, for the rhythmic pelting that they cause sends thrills of delight up your back. A feeling of mastery comes when the wind lashes against your unflinching figure. It is pleasant to walk in the rain.

**Faculty Freaks**

Mr. Mallory wears Mallory hats.  
Mr. Wheatley's favorite breakfast food is Wheaties.  
Miss Hudson drives Hudson cars.  
Mr. Haller uses Haller's Catsup.  
Mr. Bates catches fish.  
Does Mr. McNees have a niece?  
Dr. Crawford teaches in Crawford county once a week.

**Dorm Doings**

By Ruth McFadden

People come and people go but nothing ever happens....That is your columnist's thought every week as the time approaches for this epistle to be written.

Sis Bole and Barbara Reed certainly enjoyed themselves April Fool's day by heckling people at the dinner table.

Paul Pfeiffer makes poor Sneddon lose lots of sleep. Tuesday she had to wait until he returned from a basketball game to find out if they could go to the Bowery Brawl. And speaking of that affair, wasn't it one of the best dances this year? An orchid to ourselves.

Tuesday afternoon everyone on and off campus gathered around the radio in Haven Hall to listen to Clara Behringer make her radio debut. She gave a grand performance and Edinboro has every right to be proud of its talented daughter.

While we are discussing people on the second floor, we might mention the fact that the residents of this floor are taking up a collection to buy the Misses Jones and Walters new bathrobes.

Not to be outdone by Eileen Yeager's ducks, Louise Carlberg has started a garden, beginning with a pot of ivy. Some day soon those quiet people who live on first floor promise to do something that will be real news. When it happens we will devote the entire column to explaining it.

To start a heated argument, just discuss the Hauptmann case. Fay Parker received an unexpected and unwelcome shower bath the other day and she is still hunting the culprit. Helen Kessler's niece and nephew, who were visiting her last week, provided the whole dormitory with amusement. Especially with their vocal numbers. We are hoping for their return in the near future.

Dottie Duncan's theme song is "Brother can you spare six cents".

One of Peg Adler's pupils asked her if she weren't a lady the other day when someone called her a girl. Ah me, the trials and tribulations of approaching age. Various flood yarns are being swapped by those who had a difficult time getting home last week-end.

So bidding all my six readers a very happy Easter. So long until next time.

If it takes two men four days to mow a field, how long does it take four men two days?

How much does a gram of hydrogen weigh?—Chemistry class.

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## Things We Can Do Without

By Eleanor Harned

There are a lot of things in this old world I could do without, but I don't want to do without them. For instance, I could do without pillows to sleep on, but I like to sleep on pillows. I like cream in my coffee, silk stockings, radios, and a million other things. Humans are all like that. We are such selfish beings that we think we must have all the things we can possibly afford to buy. If we should stop to count all the things we could do without, we should certainly be surprised at the large number. There are some things, however, that are necessary and are very much finer and nobler, but we never stop to be thankful for them. We rush on, wishing with all our hearts for some luxury. A few of nature's priceless gifts should be made the most of and appreciated more.

## Spring Ebullitions by Contemporary Poets

April Snow Storm

Softly, softly, see it come,  
See it fluttering to the ground  
Like a million fancies drifting  
Through your mind without a  
sound.

Here today and gone tomorrow—  
Lots of beauty, not much sense,  
As the April snow-storm quarrels  
With the springtime's recompense.

### SKETCHES

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would be some rain-soaked turf, or hard board floor.

#### The Man

No doubt at some time he was the son of a proud and happy mother; but alas! now he had no one to whom he may turn for sympathy. His back is bent until he has assumed almost the exact form of a question mark. By his neighbors he is called "Old Hook"—a name appropriate to his shape. His long thing face is covered with a shaggy beard. His hair, if one were to judge from a casual glance, might be that of an unkept collie dog. His hands resemble more some vulture's claws than human form. Some nearby cornfield scarecrow could well have supplied his entire wardrobe. The trousers which bag at the knees, are covered with untidy patches, while the buttons of his entire costume have been replaced by bent and rusty nails. He wears no shoes in Summer, but seems to enjoy entire comfort with his shoeless feet. To see him gives one the impression of complete delapidation and forlorn despair.

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## If I Could Be Someone Else

By Loretta Walz

How often have I heard this trite expression voiced; it is the expression of that old human urge to overpower, to be looked up to, to be catered to, to be sought after. Little boys have wanted to be policemen—a man of great power in his little mind; little girls have longed to be beautiful princesses, envied by every other little girl, worshipped by all the little boys. Big boys have dreamed of suddenly inventing some great thing, of being a man of great political powers. Big girls have dreamed of being the world's most famous actress, sought after.

And so it goes in big and little ways. I have heard girls say "If I were the dean of women", etc., etc. I have heard fellows say "If I were President of this place, I'd make it..." etc.

Sometimes I wonder at such common discontent, this feeling of unfounded superiority. I dare say that those people whom we admire and secretly enjoy, are just as happy and just as unhappy as we ourselves are. We all could find some nice things about us—if we would stop to analyze ourselves, and to capitalize on them, to stick to working on

## On Following One's Nose

By Eleanore Harned

What does it mean to "follow one's nose"? Taken literally, everyone follows his nose. Taken for what it's worth, I don't think following one's nose amounts to much. Sometimes the follower of an inquisitive nose finds himself in unpleasant situations because he is curious to the point of being rude and personal. But it may be just as unpleasant to follow a turned-up nose as an inquisitive one. And yet there is no surer way of becoming the main topic of conversation than to follow a turned-up nose. But would the conversation be complimentary? No, I wouldn't want to follow a turned-up nose. After all, just a plain nose used as nature intended is better to follow than any fancy kind. Why "follow one's nose" anyway? We are supposed to have some intelligence stored away behind our noses; that is what we should follow. I think "following one's nose" is a silly expression. If it has any sense or humor I shall have to admit that my nose fails me in finding it.

them; we might in some soon day produce the idol of our dreams; mirror the image of ourselves.

## The After Effects

By Winnifred Bannister

The game has whirled to a close and the team was screamed to a victory. In two and threes' the packed group filed out the door. A girl with a soprano voice calls out—"what a game, what a game". A boy whose voice ran from bass to soprano was yelling "yippee! Told you! Yippee!" and the victim whose neck he had encircled grinned joyously as he pounded the boy in front of him on the back. A string of girls sailed by screaming variously about the ice cream, the team, the opponents, and the six chapters to read before eleven. Feet squeaking on the snow, small boys, large boys, medium size boys galloped along behind a campus width and their total expression seemed to be "o-boy-o-boy-o-boy-what a-game". In the dorm windows slammed and doors slammed. Some "basket bug" gave the kitchen bell a wild yank and its wagging tongue gave fresh starts to others—a penny whistle shrieked, a gust of laughter and handclapping came and died. soon the gym doors closed hollowly. The dorm squirmed with excitement. Now the lights in the gym are out and my pen nibbles merrily along all alone.

### CHAINED THOUGHTS

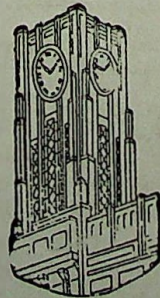
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as the student sits late at night over his work.

Because of the time taken by lessons his leisure is markedly decreased, and many opportunities are systematically kept from him. As he assists in extra-curricular activities he may find some of these opportunities if the activity is suited to his inclination, otherwise it, too degenerates into a time-killer. Time for reading newspapers, magazines, and good fiction is shortened and time for free study and reading on outside subjects ceases to exist. However, I think he might be immensely better off if teachers would try to cooperate in methods of efficiency, not time wasting; if upon our curriculum was imprinted the doctrine of quality as well as quantity, if the student and faculty could make arrangements for a sensible and wholesome budgeting of his time, and if he might be on all sides encouraged to think of his highest possibilities and follow his highest inclinations; then his thoughts would not be chained, but stimulated, and to a greater extent would be his own.

### NEW CATALOG

Our next year's catalog is expected to be in the hands of the students before Easter vacation. The proofs for this publication were returned April 2. As the catalog for the summer session has been published and distributed, we are looking forward with keen interest for next year's program.



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