

WONDERING

I sometimes wonder as I sit
 In the ease of my old rocking chair
 How my A. C. friends will all succeed
 In that wide old world out there.
 How they will meet the cares of life
 How they will bear the pain
 How they will toil in life's turmoil
 How they will lose or gain.
 I know that many will gain success
 And I know a few will fail
 I know that some will stay at home
 And some will take the trail.
 And I like to think as I ponder here
 On the qualities of a friend
 That no matter how hard the task may
 be
 That they will fight, fight to the bitter
 end.
 That even if life in its cruelty
 Gives them only a pauper's place
 That they'll fight fate with all their soul
 And will live with a smiling face.
 I hope I may have the chance to meet
 My friends in later years
 To see the progress they have made
 In spite of clouds and fears.
 Though we may fail in life's hard race
 Though cares may line my brow
 I'd like to meet them face to face
 Some twenty-five years from now.

—Marie Dablow and brother.

HOW LIFE LOOKS TO A FRESHMAN

I am dropped into an ocean. Once I
 was thought to be a good swimmer, but
 the same stroke seems futile in these great
 waves that topple over me. There are
 ropes thrown out to me; I catch one and
 pull my way to shore. I begin to struggle
 up the dock and wipe the sea water
 from my eyes. But this is a strange
 land. It is filled with strange people.
 There are labyrinths and words to fight
 the monster. I go on—on into the sun-
 shine, and there before me is the world
 of knowledge to which I have the key.

THE SENIORS' PSALM OF LIFE

Tell us not, in mournful numbers,
 "Aggie's life's an empty dream!"
 When we're wakened from our slumbers,
 Then things are not what they seem.
 Life here's real! Life here's earnest!
 For to graduate's our goal;
 To our homes, then, we'll return
 Every one an inspired soul.
 "Forward ever," and no sorrow
 Can obscure this end or way;
 So we work, that each tomorrow
 Finds us nearer than to-day.
 The Alumni all remind us
 That we, too, must be sublime,
 If we hope to leave behind us
 Fitting tributes of our time.
 Tributes, that perhaps another,
 Passing o'er the campus main,
 A forlorn green freshie brother,
 Hearing, shall take heart again.
 We will, then, be up and doing,
 Full of pep for any fate;
 Daily schedules still pursuing,
 Learn to study and to wait.

—Evelyn Bain.

Knocking is one of the easiest things in
 the world to do. It only takes a thimble-
 ful of brains. And it is the cheapest
 and easiest way to attract attention but
 it is mighty expensive amusement.
 Everybody hates a knocker, and by and
 by everybody is afraid of him. No man
 ever got very high by pulling people
 down. The intelligent merchant does
 not knock his competitors. The sensi-
 ble worker does not knock those who
 work with him. Don't knock your
 friends. Don't knock your enemies.
 Don't knock yourself. However you
 may feel, don't allow yourself to say
 cutting things. Speak pleasantly of every
 body whether you are pleasantly disposed
 or not. Shakespeare said, "Assume a
 virtue if you have it not." Boost and
 you will be boosted. Knock and you will
 be knocked.—Dr. Frank Crane.