

A JUNIOR'S DREAM.

One evening as I idly thought of school days
long ago,

A mist seemed o'er my vision drifting;
I saw my classmates' faces,
I heard their voices low.

First I seemed on board a steamer,
Eugene Williams stood on its deck;
He was a captain of the ocean liner,
Short and sturdy and erect.

Then the scene was changed a little,
Along the streets of a city I seemed to walk;
At the door of a large millinery store,
With Katie Henry I stopped to talk.

Then in Europe I was wandering,
Paris was the town I knew,
I caught a glimpse of Lizzie Beaver,
Then Leon Reinken, my classmate, too.

Then on the baseball field I gazed,
Thinking of good times in the dormitory;
For long and loud the cheers were raised,
For the great pitcher, Thomas J. McCully.

And next into a high school room I looked.
There stood the teacher at her desk;
Yes, Sara Brewer, was the teacher,
Trying, as in school, to do her best.

And again I saw the leader of a woman's club,
Vernie Cliff, as I could plainly see;
And at her desk there was a girl I knew,
'Twas her secretary, Margaret Lowry.

And next I saw the president of an odd club,
Ed. McClellan, as I could plainly see,
And his secretary was Clarence Lewis,
Who at his desk looked natural to me.

Switzerland's beauties next appeared to me
And at a famous Alpine inn
I saw the two well-remembered trackers,
Big Joe and Calvin Darnell were on the
scene.

Again I gazed into a schoolroom bright,
This time it was a kindergarten room;
Levi Sortor tried with main and might
To teach the children what was right.

Next, a mighty shouting I then heard,
And saw a great crowd in a park;
'Twas Geo. J. Williams, the great politician,
At whose eloquence I could not help remark.

And then into a city power house I looked,
There stood the boss right at his post;
Yes, Fred Lewis was the boss,
Trying as always, to do his very best.

And then in Boston to a concert great I went,
And heard two wonderfully great musicians
play,

None other than our old friend Walter Miller
And our other classmate, Alex Cajete.

Then as the occasion became a little brighter,
Into a cozy city home I seemed to peer;
There sat John McCush and Michel Wilson,
Great writers with pens behind their ears.

Next a bugle call I heard,
It rang out loud and clear;
I saw General Albert Garry
fighting for his country dear.

Then in a lawyer's office next I saw,
There swiftly writing with his pen,
Sat Loulin Brewer, the great lawyer—
I thought of school days again.

Alas! the vision fades softly away,
And I see not my classmates dear;
I see only life's clear reality
But in mind these words I hear:

"Oh! here's to the class—the Juniors—
This class of nineteen-nine;
We'll try to do our best in life's pathway,
And to success we'll endeavor to climb."

Juniors yet, we need not say farewell,
Another year ere school life will be past;
Then we'll wish each other well
And friendship's faith will still hold fast.

—THOMAS G. HOLDEN, '09.

"Affection for children is an Indian characteristic," says Dr. Charles S. Moody of Idaho. "I have never seen an Indian Mother or Father punish a child, nor have I ever seen an Indian child cry. An Indian child never sobs when hurt. Just an extra snap of the bright black eyes and a slight frown is all to indicate to the observed that the little fellow is suffering. I have never heard even an Indian baby cry."—Portland Journal.