

The Beggar seeing the Rascal ahead quickened his pace and caught up to him, greeting him with, "Good morning, brother."

The Rascal looked askance at his ragged companion and said: "Insolent fellow, how darest thou presume to call me brother?"

"Hold, my fine one," said the Beggar, "let us not be angry with one another, for do we not both live off the people? But I would fain ask of thee another question. Why dost thou fare so well while I so meanly?"

To this the Rascal replied, "Thou appealest to the people's sympathies and what they give out of pity is slight. I appeal to their vanity and desires; therein lieth my success."

The world was bright and glorious, the birds were singing and buds were bursting into bloom. It was Spring.

A child came to play in the fields. He was very happy, for the world was so beautiful.

One day as he was walking among the flowers he met a little girl; but he only looked at her and passed along.

Another day he again met her, and this time he offered her some flowers.

Thus they met day by day, and as Spring softened into Summer they were playmates. They were full of joy, for everything around them was full of music and fragrance.

One time while they were playing together he felt something pass over him. He looked up; she too looked up. Their eyes met. His flashed, hers gently fell.

They were no longer children. They understood. Gradually the softness and beauty of Summer ripened into the fruitful Autumn—the season when all life reaps a harvest.

But Autumn, too, must not endure, and it hardened into Winter when all life is no more.

G. J. YUNDT, '99.

#### COLLEGE VERSE.

Why is it that doctors cut open the skulls  
Of some people after they're dead?  
Why don't they save time and examine the brain  
When the patient has panes in his head?

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We stood beneath the telescope—  
Just we two, May and I—  
And gazed at Saturn with her rings  
Outlined against the sky.