

In Other Schools

The co-eds. at the Iowa state college at Ames put out a special girls number of the I. S. C. Student in April. It was a twelve page paper and deals very with the girls' ideas on the new dances.

At the University of Wisconsin a co-ed has been elected business manager of the Badger. This is the first time that a girl has ever held a position on the college publications.

At the University of California, the girls edit the college paper, give the program at convocation and present an historical play.

At the University of California the Senior girls have a singing one evening shortly before graduation. This singing takes the place of the regular band concert. One entire week is given over to the girls. The girls edit the daily paper, give the program at convocation, and give an historical play in which from 300 to 400 girls take part. All the en-

tertainments given this week are free to the public. The object of these entertainments is to advertise the university and show what the girls can do without masculine aid. The graduate students are planning a new dormitory.

One hundred and fourteen girls are out for track work at the University of Washington.

The co-eds at the University of Minnesota took part in the Twin Cities suffrage parade.

At the University of California the girls voted at the polls for the first time the fall.

Associate Editor—"Here's a poem from a chap who is serving a life term in the penitentiary."

Managing Editor—"Well, print it with a footnote explaining the circumstances. It may serve as a warning to other poets."

THE DREAM IN THE LIBRARY.

"Oh, what's the use, anyhow?" I grumbled to myself, as I leaned back in my chair to rest my weary body.

The air in the old library was hot and close and not conducive to energetic study or for the inspiration of brilliant plots. I had been writing on a rhetoric theme for two hours and as yet I could see no end to the thing. Around me lay sheet after sheet of half written manuscript. I must have used up nearly a dime's worth of paper.

For some unaccountable reason I could not concentrate on the subject at hand. It was to be a short story. In vain I had read the samples prescribed for an idea, but in vain and I had almost decided that the place for a short story on spring days was in a remote and dusty corner of the library shelf.

Now I have given the root of the trouble. It was a spring day—not one of those doubtful days, half mild, which come early in the year, but a sure enough spring day. You could see the leaves coming out on the trees. The tulip beds on the campus made gay spots of color. The girls had on their new hats and suits, surpassing even the tulips in color.

A certain languidness seemed to pervade everything and made you want just to sit down and do nothing.

But, alas! I had little time to reflect upon the beauties of nature. All the long afternoon I searched for main ideas and transitions, while the students around me came and went.

Then a pretty girl sat down beside me. She opened her book, but did not look at it. Her attention seemed to be fixed on something else. Presently a man came up and whispered to her. Without a moment's hesitation she closed her book and the two went off together, to spend a laboratory hour at bench work.

"Silly things, to waste their time like that," I said to myself, feeling quite virtuous.

Next came two girls with a sack of chocolates. They whispered and giggled a great deal while consuming the candy. One of them was going to a dance that evening and was consulting

with her friend as to whether she should wear a tulle bow or beads in her hair. The question was doubtless of vital importance and needed to be settled at once. Still, I was not sorry when the librarian requested them to go, which they did, very indignantly.

Presently the five o'clock bell rang. One of my friends came in and remarked on the beauties of the weather and asked me to walk home with her. I told her rather shortly that I hated spring weather and that I would spend all the rest of my life writing themes.

Deciding that I was too much of a grouch to be a good companion, she left me.

Six o'clock came and I heard the whistles blow and those from five o'clocks go past the library. A feeling of freedom came to me for I had dutifully held myself to my task.

After the commotion came an awful hush; the slow ticking of the clock was the only sound that broke the death-like silence. I looked around—every chair was deserted. Yes, there was one. I looked again and knew him to be a Phi Beta Kappa, who knew everything. Tonight I felt that I had a common interest with him—that of being a grind, but now he, too, rose and prepared to depart.

Suddenly I realized just how weary and worn-out I was, and in the hope of obtaining a little rest I laid my head on my arms and closed my eyes.

Then came the vision—a figure of a woman, tall, thin and prematurely aged; her eyes deep set and shining with a strange unnatural brilliance. She was severely dressed and took no notice of anyone as she seemed to pass by. I saw her lips move and heard her say: "A short story must have five parts—theme, character, character trait, completion and a final outcome." One of my friends turned to me and said: "Awfully sad case. Miss Bates, you know. She was always writing themes and was so conscientious about her stories; why she couldn't even enjoy spring weather." With a shudder I awoke. What if I should go insane from overwork? It was enough; I straightway picked up my books and left the library.

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