

## THE QUEST

### PRELUDE

Far away in the land of make believe,  
Where blithsome breezes blow,  
Where fancy and dreams dance hand in hand  
In the morning's blushing glow,  
They whispered this secret to me,  
Which I in turn will tell to thee.  
Senior Class of 1920.

Far away in a foreign land  
There lived a man of toil,  
Who reaped his joy from science  
And earned his bread from soil.  
But when his daily work was done  
At ev'n before the fire,  
He read from an ancient book.  
Here sprang his first desire.

An adventurer so long dead  
Told of a flower rare,  
(Nestling in distant jungles,) Petals of tinted air.  
The farmer closed his book and dreamed  
That he had found the flower.  
Saw his name light up the ages,  
Blazing with mighty power.

His home became a prison dark,  
His family jailers seemed,  
And duty binding, cutting chains.  
Thus as he dreamed and dreamed,  
One day he broke those binding chains  
Told wife and children all  
A farewell restless at the pause.  
Happy answered he the call.

Weary with wandering and hope  
He fought thru jungles' depths.  
Still fancy beckoned far ahead,  
Resolve hit his faltering steps.  
At last gave he up to nature.  
Tired by a lake he fell,  
Forgot the beasts that sought his flesh,  
Which he had evaded well.

And then he awoke refreshed  
At the lake bathed his eyes.  
Then he smelled a mighty fragrance  
Like whiffs of paradise.  
"The flower, flower true," he screamed,  
"Lovely bit of painted air."  
He vainly tries to pull the root  
Which centuries rooted there.

And maddened yet with great reward  
He quickly plucks the flower  
The roaring of wild animals  
Says, "Oh pow'r, mighty pow'r!"

At last near death he gains his door,  
Knocks bring no happy shouts.  
Again he calls the name of them,  
Heart torn with fears and doubts.  
The door gives way to fainting strength.  
He falls on dusty floor.  
His wife, his home, his children, where?  
Where are they any more?

He picks up now the withered flower,  
No one would ever know!  
Weary he begins the search  
For joys of long ago.

Senior friends, I've shown the lesson true  
In this rhymed compound:  
The greatest thing in life may be  
In simple home things found.  
But have your dreams, your high desires,  
Without—no life is blest.  
But lose not simple things that count  
Thru useless wand'ring quest.

M. L. M.

### JAMES OSBORNE'S BILL POSTING EXPERIENCE

Jimmie Osborne was not "work-brittle." His older brother openly deplored it and his mother faintly suspected it. Only his grandmother was a staunch believer in him. She thought Jimmie too young to work—he was ten—and, by the way, it is entirely without that young gentleman's permission that I call him "Jimmie." In fact, he would be in a fuming rage if he knew it, for, as he is very undersized and feels the nick-name "Jimmie" to be decidedly kiddish, a flaring advertisement of his deficiencies in stature, he aspires to be called "Jim."

When he came home one Friday night, the successful applicant for a bill-posting job, he, contrary to expectations, did not rush in and announce it to his family. No indeed, for in his mind's eye the money thus earned was already spent and he did not propose to take them into his confidence regarding the manner of it. Families are coldly unsympathetic at times. Thus Jimmie spent a very unsatisfactory evening. He felt as if the term "laboring-man" must be written all over him. And so we come to the root of Jimmie's trouble. It was a girl. He was irretrievably tied down by a "movie" engagement. By questioning his mother cleverly he learned to his great chagrin, that he would be expected to pay for both tickets. He had rather hoped that she would pay for her own. He thought it decidedly foolish for the first boy who took the first girl to the first theatre to pay for her ticket. He had set this precedent. He should have remembered that his successors would not be so wealthy.

The following morning, however, found Jimmie strutting bravely along, his roll of bills tucked under his arm. He was to post them on Mr. Hanley's fence, in return for which he was to receive two dimes. He paused before the fence, dark, dirty, and unpainted. He began work. He worked steadily on, feeling proud and exhilarated. He was three-quarters done, when a hand fell surreptitiously on his shoulder.