

If all the world were music
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter,
In the quiet arms of grief.

You complain that on a rainy day nothing seems to go right, and I certainly agree with you. In the first place, you're not in a mood to make things go right, and secondly,—well, I don't think there is any secondly, but rather that it all lies in the person himself. Honestly, now isn't a rainy day restful? Why, you can rant and rave and tear your hair if everything does not fall into place. You can stamp up and down the floor, pull down a mirror and jump on it, defying the gods and their threats of seven years' bad luck. In fact, you feel so utterly at odds with those Arch-Jesters of the Universe that you'd walk under a ladder, spill a whole bag of salt on the floor, and, as a final defiance to the denizens of high Olympus, go around the house all day with an open umbrella over your head. That may not sound very restful, but you can easily imagine how it would relieve your mind and the best part of it all would be you could blame it on the weather.

There are some people who are always unhappy. They wander around in a dejected and aimless manner wearing a mournful look that reminds you of a lost cat on a wet night. They are the ones,

“Who would like to sit by the window,
And groan in peace, and weep and sigh,
And watch the waters flood the basement,
And see the funerals go by.”

Consider how a rainy day helps make such people happy and convince them that fickle Dame Fortune has not entirely forgotten their existence.

It is the man who smiles that makes the world seem brighter. The days cannot be always fair. Even Homer nods, so may not Phoebus sleep? Resolve then that next rainy day you'll look on the bright side of those dark clouds. Make yourself believe that the farmers need the rain, think that melancholy people welcome the sight of a dismal sky.

At any rate, think it over.

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