

we may be able to give them to somebody else. A Freshman gets a lot in his first year that goes into the Days Otherwise piece-bag, but did you ever have a piece-bag you prized more and laid away in lavender more carefully? And, too, it's a bag we gloat over on every possible occasion, and try to make others gloat over also, little as they may care to dig out other people's possessions.

And then there's the piece-bag that contains your first beau, or his memories, rather. That's a bag we take out and laugh at as often as we have a clean-up day, and for some reason or other, that worthless affair goes back in its old corner and there it stays until dug out again. What a wonderful set of days those were, how serious it all was, and how little its real value in all the rest of our Days. Yet, at the time our whole horizon was filled by just one idea; like all things, though, it had its time and place and ended in the lumber-room of personality. Ah, truly, that couldn't be classed among the Days Wise!

The whole stock of memories, how little they are worth to other people, how small an insurance policy we could get on the whole business; yet we value them, wouldn't part with a single thing if we could help it. Some things we're proud of, others we don't talk about, and then there are things we keep only for our own self-abnegation, and they perhaps are worth most of all to us.

—M. HARRINGTON, '17.  
*Barnes*

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### A Tale.

DO you know what makes the pine trees moan and wail? It sound like the lament of some lost soul, and it is, for it came about this way: Long ago a certain king by the name of Vitzman had a beautiful daughter whose name was Isabel. This beautiful girl was carefully guarded by her father all her young days, for when her mother, who could foretell the future, was on her deathbed, she called her husband to her and told him that unless their daughter died unmarried their wonderful kingdom would be taken away from them.