

not be my own heinous crime," I thought, "if I should let time steal from me, even as he has taken from me before? And if I, ignoring the old man I am to someday become, should not use every moment and every day to their fullest worth, shall I not be aiding time in that robbery of a poor old man? Will not that old man, someday sitting in a silent and almost visionless world, look out through his milky eyes at a spring day and wish, with much sadness, that he had walked more often in appreciation when he had had the body and the senses of a youth? And more important, would he not deeply regret, in the smallness of an aged man's capacity to do any good, or even evil, to his fellowman, if he had neglected as a youth a thousand opportunities and a thousand obligations to help others?" If only for the sake of an old man's conscience, the importance of the obligation could no longer be denied in my mind.

The importance of an obligation can make many changes in one's life. The young man, having realized he wanted to go to college in the fall, but that coming from a poor family he would need money, was given strength, in the strength of his obligation, to find ways and means. Always weak, he received strength to work that summer as he had never worked in his life. He, who once read Professor Van Loon's three-inch thick volume, *The Arts*, for the simple enjoyment of it now sweated as a laborer on a construction crew. He, who had once been in love and had written sonnets, now dug a ditch and paid respect to his foreman—a man who could neither read nor write his own name. He, who once lazed away summer afternoons sketching old women, and telling lies to a girl he would never meet again, found himself sitting atop a 70-foot steel tower on a windy summer day and thanking God he was a Christian, just in case he did fall.

The kid loved his ice-cream cone,
But it melted
Before he could eat it.

Jerry Frederick