

THE WEEKLY THEME

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Theme! That mere word of five letters is the cause of many a headache to every college freshman. There is probably no phrase which is held with more contempt than that weekly one which begins, "Now, students, for your theme next Tuesday you will write on one of two topics." Before the sentence is half finished, the face of every pupil in the room increases an inch in length as he mechanically searches for his notebook and pen with which to write down the topics. While he is writing them down he suddenly has the happy thought that he has a whole week to write the theme, so there is no need to worry about it now. He will wait until he has time to think about it. Strange enough that time never comes. Of course the student means well, and no doubt he would have written the theme on Friday night if the gang hadn't come by, or on Sunday afternoon if he hadn't decided to sleep; but unfortunately Monday night arrives and he reaches the unhappy realization that it is now or never.

With this idea in mind, he sits down at his desk with a dictionary on one side and his notebook on the other. For the first time in a week he glances at the topic. "Heavens, the professor must have lain awake at night to think of this one," he decides. Nevertheless, he begins scribbling down whatever ideas he has about the subject. At this point little brother pops his head through the door and asks for help with his long division. Although little brother probably knows more about it than he does, the college student can't let him get the idea that he can't work the pro-

blems, so he struggles with long division until, by the aid of the answers in the back of the book, he finally arrives at the correct answer. Twice as much time is spent in attempting to show the kid brother how simple it is. By this time the favorite radio program is in progress and so for half an hour the theme is again forgotten.

When the program is finished, he plunges into the theme and rushes through it in order to get his chemistry assignment. About eleven o'clock the need of sleep overtakes him, and he decides to get up in the morning to correct and type this theme. So to bed.

Just in the middle of a peaceful dream he is suddenly awakened by mother who says it is six o'clock and he must get up. Muttering something about it being the middle of the night, he turns over and proceeds to sleep another fifteen minutes. Then he remembers the unfinished theme! He jumps up; dresses; and hurries downstairs to breakfast. This he hastily swallows while mother begs him to eat slower or he'll have indigestion. Breakfast over, he rushes to his room and starts to type the theme. His fingers seem to go everywhere but the place they are supposed to, but he finally finishes it and reaches the car line just in time.

The morning slips away, and ten forty-five finds him writing his name on his paper and handing it in with a sigh of relief. He no sooner sits down until he once again hears the familiar, "Now, students, for your next theme——." Again he fumbles for his notebook and has the happy thought that Tuesday is a whole week away.