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## Dean George J. Cummings; A Suggestion; and What Fools These Mortals Be

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Dean George J. Cummings, A. M.

Our honored Dean, has spent twenty-nine years of his life in the making of men and women in the Academy. He is loved, honored and respected by all. His fatherly affections, ready sympathy, earnest devotion to the interest of those under his charge are some of his strong characteristics. All students can at all times take their troubles to him and find help and solace.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

### A Suggestion

**P**RESIDENT Ira Nelson Hollis of Worcester Polytechnic Institute at the annual meeting of the High School Masters' Club in Boston on March 27 said many good things and among them was the following: "I should much prefer that a boy, entering a technical school should be a graduate of a good Latin school than of a school of shop work. Technical training is of little use unless the pupils have the power of expression."

We read Caesar in our fitting for College—it is real history.

How many of us can give a clear and intelligent account of it from beginning of Book One to the close of Book Four or to the end of the portion read, or how well can you tell the story you have read? Try it the next time you read a story and find out.

Try it again and again. It will be good.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

### "What Fools these Mortals Be"

"Hence, vain deluding Joys,  
The Brood of Folly without father bred;  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!"

*John Milton*

'Tis sad to see vain mortals here  
Strive pleasure to attain;  
Deceive themselves and dream  
their dreams,  
So empty, gay and vain.

Deluded folk, that will not pause  
To reason, hear, or think,  
Enjoy in full your ecstasies  
In song, in dance, in drink.

But, sometime in the later years  
Must sober moments come,  
To pause, to think and to reflect  
O'er past life's sober sum.

Then will you see the emptiness  
Of joys you fancied real;  
The froth, the crust, the idle  
worth  
That sober thoughts reveal.

But life—alas!—is lived but once;  
So you can only sigh,  
And fill the days with vain regrets  
For now 'tis time to die.