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## Echoes from the Middlers

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Ouphes, come help the spider spin  
 Stretch his webs for mist  
 and moon;  
 Rim with rounded rain, or, thin,  
 Curve into frosty lune;  
 Lift the mushroom's rosy chin,  
 Help it win  
 Through the leaves that lie aboon;  
 While the cricket  
 In the thicket  
 Makes it faery fiddle din.  
 Brim the lichen-cups with rain;  
 Blow to feather the golden-  
 rods;  
 Help the touch-me-nots, astrain  
 To explode their ripened pods,  
 Sow their pattering seed again;  
 Help to stain  
 Every freckled flower that nods;  
 While with glee,  
 In its tree,  
 Chants the owl its wild refrain.  
 Drop the acorn in its place;  
 Split and spill the chestnuts'  
 burs;  
 Trail the weeds with pixy lace  
 Of the moony gossamers;  
 And with tricky colors trace  
 Form and face  
 Of each leaf the wild wood stirs;  
 While the fox  
 Mid the rocks,  
 Barks, or times with ours his  
 pace.  
 Elfin, ouphe, and imp, and gnome,  
 Ye who house the bumblebee,  
 Ride the slow snail to its home,  
 Wrap the worm up silkenly;  
 Ye who guard the wild bee's  
 comb,  
 And the dome  
 Of the hornets in the tree,  
 Hear the call—  
 One and all  
 Gather! gather! autumn's come!  
*Madison Carwin in Youths Companion*

## Echoes From the Middlers

We have returned in large numbers and with good health to do a year of good conscientious work. We have come back with fresh inspiration and newly gathered zeal to press forward to the mark of a higher calling to take the coveted place of the outgoing middlers. So much for one determination. After a lavish exchange of hand shakes and smiles and "glad-to-see-you," we met in class meeting on Friday, October the tenth and elected officers for the first semester as follows:

President, Mr. J. A. Brown;  
 Vice President, Mr. J. Lacey Doss;  
 Secretary, Miss Hattie May Harris;  
 Assistant Secretary, Miss Carol Washington;  
 Treasurer, Mr. S. D. Brown;  
 Chaplain, Mr. Luke Williams;  
 Journalist, Mr. J. Hewlett;  
 Parliamentarian, Mr. F. Swan;  
 Critic, Mr. L. B. Capehart;  
 Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Marshall Ross.

After the numerous speeches of acceptance, which had they been written would have made Miss Barker's blue pencil work over time, the members of the class separated full of keen spirits and best wishes for a successful year's work. Oh! I forgot to mention that we all returned with more or less cash—mostly less.

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Let every loyal member of the Academy subscribe to this paper. It always is the last word.