To each of you, we, the Students of 1925–1926, express our sincere appreciation for your unselfish and whole-hearted cooperation.

THE MIDDLE ROAD

By Lillian M. Perkins

Some men take the upper road and some take the lower But those who take the middle road number many more.

The upper road is trod by few Who travel o'er this earth, For the thorns are sharp And the rocks are steep, The pace is toilsome, They can barely creep— For the mire of Unbelieving Mirth Drowns out the heralds of the New.

Most frequently the middle way Men follow. There the road Is marked out clear By Custom's brand. No need to seek, On every hand The chosen path is clearly showed By previous men. Your choice today

Does hinge on what in your inner heart You deem success, which may mean Wealth to you, or yet Just—happiness, When throughout life You win perhaps less Outward show, but gain instead a keen Enjoyment, peace of mind, and singing heart.

For some men take the upper road and some take the lower But those who take the middle road number many more.