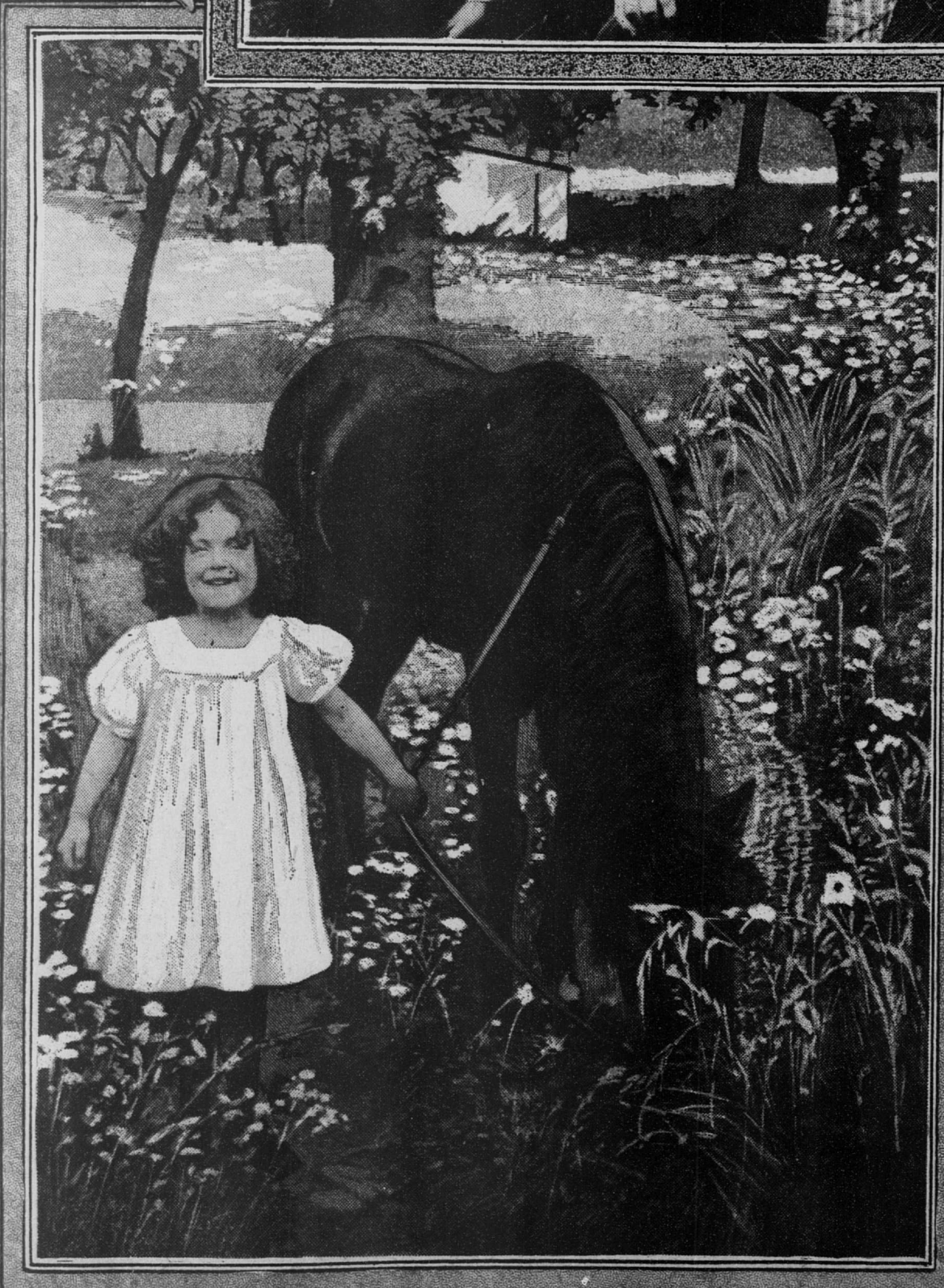


MAGAZINE SECTION

ST. PAUL GLOBE.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 1904.

Farewell to Glad Vacation Days



Vacation days, vacation days!
The sun is warm and bright,
With laughter gay we romp and play
From early morn till night.
"Ding dong! Ding dong!" 'Twill not
be long
Before a horrid bell
From summer's sleep will madly leap
And sound vacation's knell.
Its noisy throat will send each note
To field and swimming pool,
And this command will thrill the land,
"To school! Ding dong! To school!"

Vacation days, vacation days!
We gallop and we drive,
And ponies are the best by far
Of all the things alive.
They see the fun in romp and run,
And we can all indorse
The man who cried before he died,
"My Kingdom for a horse!"
With fields and brooks and shady
nooks,
And swimming holes so cool,
It seems a crime that bells must chime,
"Ding dong! To school! To school!"

Vacation days, vacation days!
They're drawing to a close;
Such holidays are jolly days,
How swiftly each one goes!
Too soon the trees, the flow'rs, the bees,
The ponies fleet and kind,
And other friends vacation sends,
Must all be left behind.
What lass or lad would not be glad
To be a pony free,
And gaily tell the horrid bell,
"Neigh, neigh! No school for me?"
EARLE HOOKER EATON.