



Macbeth on Examination

The announcement of examination time comes: "A heavy summons lies like lead upon me."

The days draw near: "Discomfort swells."

Teachers warn against over-confidence: "Security is mortals' chiefest enemy." They exhort to earnest study, for, "The labor we delight in physics pain."

The girls advise: "Screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail."

Now the day is at hand: "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

Sister would have each girl at her best: "Remove from her the means of all annoyance."

When we see the questions, they seem "as cannons overcharged with double cracks."

We look longer, but must still shake our heads at the questions, for, "That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose."

We are tempted to cheat, but, "Fear and scruples shake us."

A neighbor is writing steadily, and we should like to ask, "Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence."

We copy an answer, and when Sister looks at us, "False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

We know an answer, but cannot express it: "I have thee not, and yet I see thee still."

Discouragement overwhelms us: "Had I but died an hour before this chance."

The ordeal is over at last: "What's done is done."

After the papers are handed in, "My heart throbs to know one thing" more—my grade.

If our average is one hundred per cent, we shall win "Golden opinions from all sorts of people." If we do so, let us beware "lest this enkindle vaulting ambition," which might lead us to "go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

Florence Roth, '33.