

on the evening she was to make her debut at Carnegie Hall. As she was driving there, some fool crashed into her car. It sprang almost at once into flames, and by the time help arrived her hands could not be saved. Poor soul, she keeps thinking she is making that debut."

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Star Dust

Barbara Dolen

"OH, what a beautiful morning," I cheerfully whistled as I popped out of bed on Monday, eager to set the world on fire. I usually think of Mondays in that typical blue way, but this Monday was bound to be different. Why? Because my horoscope for today had predicted: "One of those wonderful days. Think of anything you want—the chances are you can have it for the asking." Of course I don't believe in fortune telling, the stars, and all that; but I decided to see just how much those little glittering things could change my day.

"Anything I wanted" kept running through my mind as I walked out to the car. "O K, I'd like not to have to go to school today," I thought as I turned the ignition. The motor gave a spurt, died, and there I was without a car, or a way to school—my wish to a tee. However, I felt under the circumstances it might be more healthy if I procured a ride. I managed to get to class only twelve and one-half minutes late.

Arriving at my third hour class, I absent-mindedly made the comment to my friend: "Boy, how this hour drags! If only he wouldn't lecture." And he didn't. The professor announced after the gong had tolled that since the last of the week was being occupied by Teachers Convention, the mid-semester test scheduled for Thursday would have to be given today. He was really very generous though, and said he would curve the grades, since the students might not be prepared so early in the week. Sure enough, with the curve I made a 94, or was it a 49?

Lunch time finally rolled around, and how I longed for at least one glance at our tasty lunch. Just to be obliging, I'm sure, the actives decided that today was the day for Penny Pledge to help the cook in the kitchen. For one solid hour I got to do nothing but *look* at food.

Realizing that today was "one of my wonderful days" and everything I asked for would be provided, I decided after the above incidents to postpone further indicating of my desires. Above all I vowed never to look at my horoscope again; but that night when quite by accident I ran across it, I was startled to see—"Keep to your normal routine and don't be too experimental. Not your day for putting innovations into practice." The stars—bah!