The day-dreamer is not necessarily lazy or incompetent. He is—poor fellow!—just impractical, blind to realities. Often the hall griper, the bolshevik of the campus, he doesn't see the real reason for his troubles.

If he would devote a bit of sound thought to himself, his first amazing discovery would be that day-dreaming is the biggest reason for his discontent. It is this weakness that keeps him in an imaginary world where he is king.

The imaginary world is all his, created only for his pleasure. Its laws are for only his protection. Its people are his servants or friends, never his superiors, never those who oppose him. Its duties are what he prefers, and the time devoted to them depends upon his impulses and whims. If work should conflict with sleep in the morning, with golf in the afternoon, with an outing in the evening, then work, of course, must yield.

This is a picture of the only world that the day-dreamer cares to live in, his haven of escape from cruel reality. How impatient he becomes when forced to face life as it really is.

There are at least two bad effects from day-dreaming. The first is that it convinces the dreamer, who finds the actual world far different from his dream-world, far harder to get along with, far harder to satisfy, far more demanding. To his mind actual people require too much. They are unjust. That is why he is the griper. That is why he is against law and those who represent law.

The second evil effect of day-dreaming is that it prevents one from preparing himself to meet the problems he must actually face. It does not allow the dreamer to equip himself with sound ideals, with lasting motives, with the determination to solve the knotty problems of living. Through his formative years it causes him to shy away from difficulties. Instead of taking the hurdles in stride, it urges him to run around them or to slink off the track. Instead of helping him to overcome greater difficulties, it causes him to remain weak and flabby, with the voice and the arms and the beard of a man, but with the will of only a child.

Within a few days college men will begin their huge exodus. Some will stay out only three months and then return. Others will remain out the rest of their natural lives.

Is it a dream-world they are prepared to enter? That depends upon how much idle dreaming they have done in school.

Have you the courage, Dreamer, to come out of the cave of your idle dreams into the sun and the wind and the storms of life? The raw world you are to enter is not more to your taste than this college world. It is not less restricting, and its people may make sterner demands upon your powers of body and soul.

Only a few days of the scholastic year remain, but you can yet wake up to this: You must conquer the world as it is to make it what it ought to be. If you are to help form environment you must be a man of personal power, not a dreamer who never wakes up.

And personal power is made perfect through wakeful thought and self-discipline and through constant application. Day-dreamer, wake up!

Another Letter From Spain.

This paragraph from a Spanish Rationalist conveys the high spirit that animates Franco's men:

"Today in the liberated zone we all employ our resources, our minds, our life in the service of the free Spain of Franco. When the war is ended and we are free from the cursed marxists, the world will tremble with horror as it learns the perverse crimes and barbarities committed by that degenerate mob. But we go forward. We fight for civilization. The world is with us so we are in the right....I am a militiaman and volunteer my services locally, but if I were fifteen years younger I would be at the front to participate as a true Spaniard in the heart of the fighting. Pray to God for victory. Long live Spain! Long live General Franco!"