

THE HIGHWAY AND THE PATH

HILDA ALDRIDGE, '25

(Honorable Mention)

The cathedral doors stood open,
'Twas cool and quiet within,
But without its cloistered walls
 There was harrowing shout and din.
Within there was peace and quiet;
 Without there was noise and strife;
Without there was sunshine and death;
 Within there was shadow and life.

Two men stood on the spot
 Where path and highway part.
The path to the cathedral led,
 The highway to the mart.
They stood in sad perplexity
 And knew not which to take.
The highway seemed to beckon them;
 The pathway seemed to wait.

The highway lured with golden smiles,
 But it had many a bend;
Gay pleasures lurked along its sides
 And death hid at the end.
The pathway, trodden single file,
 Led straightway to the door,
And danger lurked on every side;
 Its end was life forevermore.

One took the highway with its smiles,
 And one, the narrow road,
And with each step the first one took,
 It added to his load.
The one who took the pathway,
 Its dangers overcame,
Until at last he stood before
 The cathedral of Fame.

THE POPPY FAIRY

ROSA HOHNE, '26

(Junior Story)

The fields gleamed golden, as the bright sun shone down upon the poppies in their orange dresses. Meadow larks had their tiny homes among these poppies. They were their golden palaces. No farmer would plow this land of beauty this year, for the man who had owned it had died, and as yet the property had not been sold. Thus it was that Marilyn felt perfectly free to go and come, to visit this joyous spot of golden thoughts. Even now she was coming to this field, for see—there was a Mother Meadow Lark, giving an imitation of a bird in dire distress to lead the girl from her nest. However, if Marilyn tried to follow the bird to catch it, it would fly off. This was not Marilyn's reason for coming. She had come to revel in her golden thoughts, the poppies.

She trod ever so carefully among the flowers to pick an armful. This accomplished, she traced her steps to a restful oak which stood in the corner of the field. One could sit under its low, widespread branches, and gaze out on the heat waves caused by a hot summer sun. Or one could watch the idle spring breezes as they wafted over the poppies and carried a subtle poppy odor with them. To do this was Marilyn's pleasure. She tossed off her pretty straw bonnet and deposited it beside her as she seated herself among the flowers. Her blue eyes were bluer than usual and her pink cheeks, pinker. Three poppies she joyously placed in her corn-colored hair.

From her cool shelter Marilyn watched the poppies dancing on a playful breeze, touching each other lightly as if playing tag. She laughed merrily at the lovely picture they made and leaned against the gnarled oak and closed her eyes.

Startled by a light caressing touch on her right shoulder, Marilyn's eyelids fluttered open. She wasn't frightened when she saw the bright little creature before her. It was a fairy, a good fairy, one could see at a glance. Kindness and good will shone from the fairy's eyes. She wore a dress of poppies, with a green emerald girdle. Her stockings were a soft orange color, and her shoes were made of soft green filmy stuff. The color of her hair was yellow, and her eyes were a deep amber.

The little girl noticing all the details of the fairy's costume exclaimed, "Why, I know you! You are the Poppy Fairy. Your picture is in my little green flower book."

"And my picture is also among the poppies that you see waving out in the field," said the Fairy gently, "for, you see, I'm guardian of all the poppies."

"I wish I were a fairy," replied the little girl. "You all do such wonderful deeds."

"We must show our true merits," said the Poppy Fairy; "otherwise the Fairy Queen would never give us the responsibility of taking care of a particular flower, and seeing that it has its season."

"Oh, dear," said the little girl, "you do have a great responsibility, don't you?"

"Yes, we do," the fairy affirmed, "and once—but this will not interest you, I'm afraid."

"Oh, what is it? Do tell me," cried the little girl. So the poppy told her story.

Well, once upon a time, there was a fairy, a bad fairy, I'm afraid. How-

ever, bad as this fairy was, everybody had patience with her, just because of her mother. Her mother was a wild morning glory fairy, and wore a dress of pure white. This sprite was one of the purest of all wild flower fairies. Her daughter, as I have said, had become as wicked as any misled fairy can become. She laughed at the misfortunes of others. She never held out a helping hand. She was indeed a miserable creature, selfish and stingy beyond words, and never tired of worrying her patient mother. The Fairy Queen saw that the bad little fairy had no responsibility, and, although her mother had begged that she be made a flower fairy, the Fairy Queen had to refuse.

"Every fairy who takes over the care of a flower must show her true, good, kind character," declared the Fairy Queen. "Your daughter must pass the test first."

Of course Bad Fairy's mother felt very sad over this, but Bad Fairy became more impudent than ever. She did not care how she bruised her mother's heart. Her only chum was a wee, crimson colored Spring Beauty Fairy. One day Bad Fairy underwent a great shock. She and Spring Beauty Fairy had planned to go on a little journey over some fields together. On her way towards her friend's house Bad Fairy met Fairy Queen.

"Come, gather some leaves for the gay colored caterpillar," suggested the Fairy Queen.

Bad Fairy tossed her head, and impudently retorted, "Let him gather his own."

Fairy Queen found it necessary to forbid Bad Fairy to continue her journey to Spring Beauty Fairy.

After this, Bad Fairy left all the other fairies to themselves and hid in dark bushes whenever she saw other fairies come. She sulked and pitied herself and made secret declarations to go away and show them all. She thought it mighty mean that even Spring Beauty seemed loath to have her society, just because she refused to cater to the Fairy Queen. She didn't care, but she told herself that she wished she could see this snobby little Spring Beauty Fairy suffer. This was not an idle wish as it at first seemed.

That spring all the fairies held gatherings to discuss their May Carnival. This was a day of great festivity for the fairy folk. On this day the Fairy Queen also created new flower fairies. Each flower fairy saw that her particular flower looked nicer than those of other fairies. This was the day of friendly competition. This the day on which Mr. Sun and Miss Moon showed their brightest lights. This was a day which no true fairy would want to miss.

The Bad Fairy told herself that she wouldn't go. She thought the flutter and excitement of the other fairies just silly.

"They're silly little fools; that's what they are," she said to herself. One could see that she was very envious.

On the great day all the fairies were to gather very early on the selected spot. This spot was a beautiful emerald green knoll surrounded by tiny bushes, on which sat the guests. The guests were all the beautiful spring birds, the blue birds, robin red breasts, black birds, and meadow larks. Bees and bugs and butterflies were invited. The birds would pay by the songs that they would sing. The butterflies would show their aeronautical talents; the bees would hum gaily. The bugs would show their appreciation in various ways; the tumble bug would stand on his head; the daddy long legs would show how difficult it is to walk on long legs; the ant and caterpillar would stage a mock fight, with the ant the victor. Thus each guest would show his kind appreciation to the flower fairies. The flower fairies would bring forth their bright

colored changes and show how beautiful they would be this spring. Then after the flower tableau the Fairy Queen would come forth, and from a long list would read the names of the deserving ones. Then their merits would be enumerated, and each would be put in charge of some new wild flower.

Thinking of all this the Bad Fairy found her unwilling feet carrying her to this spot. She knew, however, that she was not eligible to enter; so she hid behind a bush and saw the crowd which had gathered. Everything seemed even more beautiful than usual. The Bad Fairy felt a growing pang in her heart for the first time. "If I had only obeyed my mother," she thought.

All the flower fairies were there, she noted, but no—she checked herself. Spring Beauty Fairy was not there with her train. Fear crept about her heart. She saw the Fairy Queen look about with puzzled lines on her forehead. She had also noted that Spring Beauty Fairy was not present. To miss this festival was not the thing for a flower fairy to do. This would cause her to be banished from her position. "Aha, I have my revenge," cried Bad Fairy to herself. Nevertheless, her heart felt heavier than she had ever known it to do. "She shan't bother my thoughts," she said. "I don't care." Still the charming scene no longer held a charm for her. There was a lack, yes a great lack.

Suddenly a heroic thought flashed across this not altogether Bad Fairy's mind, and she felt her heart lighten. "Why, if I can't ever be a flower fairy, I can at least see that Spring Beauty Fairy is here. Perhaps she is in trouble. I would not like to see her banished by the Fairy Queen. She was my friend once."

Hurriedly Bad Fairy crept away from her hiding place and sped to Spring Fairy's home. She ran up to her house, but the door was locked, and call as she might she did not get an answer. A terrifying thought flew across her mind. "Perhaps Stub caught her," she thought. "Then I must hurry. I know where he keeps his prisoners." Stub was a surly black spider, who did not believe in fairy folk; he always tried to catch them. When he did succeed, he had a plan whereby he could keep them, so he had explained to Bad Fairy, when he had thought her a kindred spirit. His method was to weave a huge net and thus hide the fairy from nature. He had shown Bad Fairy the place where he could take them out. No one else knew.

Bad Fairy flew to Stub's house, and found that he was away. She searched for his prison and found it. She opened it quickly, and there she saw Spring Beauty Fairy broken with grief. Spring Beauty Fairy was surprised to see her and gasped, "But I thought that you no longer liked me." Bad Fairy urged her to come quickly. Hurriedly and with great fear lest Stub return they directed their footsteps toward the festival grounds.

Spring Beauty Fairy tried to make Bad Fairy enter the circle with her, but Bad Fairy wouldn't come. Just then a messenger, who had been sent out by the Fairy Queen, saw them and hastened forward. Ignoring Bad Fairy, he informed Spring Beauty Fairy that Fairy Queen was becoming angry. He glanced at Bad Fairy and said something about being seen in bad company. Then Spring Beauty Fairy told him the tale of Bad Fairy's heroic deed. "We must tell the Fairy Queen," said the messenger. He hustled them before the Queen, who gravely listened to their tale. She turned and made Bad Fairy kneel before her and said, "I hereby make you fairy of a most glorious new flower of an orange shade, meaning flower of bravery. You will be guardian of the poppies."

The voice ceased speaking and when Marilyn glanced in the direction, from which she was sure she had heard it, she saw only a nodding poppy.

THE OUTLAW'S GHOST

PATRICIA CLEMENS, '28

Oh, I am the ghost of the outlaw bold,
Who roamed the wind-blown hills of old,
And down from my hills would I steal at night
To plunder and rob 'til the day became light;
Then up in my lair would I go for the day,
With my rifle I would keep all disturbers at bay,
Oh, I was ne'er bothered or careworn with toil,
I would take all from them who got their gold from the soil.
I took from all alike, the young and the old,
I had no use for work; all I'd want was the gold.
And that's why they hanged me to yonder tall tree,
Where my soul went I don't know.
In the coals, it must be.
But that didn't keep my ghost from coming back here,
To haunt them and taunt them and thrill them with fear.
Yes, I've had my revenge, and I'm now satisfied,
I'm going back to those hills where forever shall I ride,
So do not be frightened if some day you'll spy,
While riding those hills my ghost passing by.

GOLDEN POPPIES

ROSE GRAGLIA, '27

Poppies, golden poppies, glowing in the sun,
Dancing with the clover e'er the day is done.
Drowsy little murmurs hover 'round your play;
Honey-laden bees that watch your languid sway,
Woo you, buzz about you, wild-bird melodies
Mark the time to your gay dance with the fragrant breeze.
Now your heads are drooping—shadows come and go,
Children tired from playing sleep now, rest and grow.
Poppies, golden poppies, nodding in the sun,
Closing up at evening when your play is done.

SWEET SIXTEEN

(Sophomore Story)

HELEN JORZ, '27

Dorothy Dwaine was reclining in a hammock in the huge garden court of the Bronson's private grounds. Her young hostess, Jean Bronson, sitting opposite her, was reading a tragic poem from a book of "romance." Jean was reaching the dramatic climax, and her voice was intense with emotion. She was reading in a hushed voice—"Lady Geraldine swooned at her lover's feet." She raised a pair of deep blue eyes to the brown ones of Dorothy.

"Just imagine, Dorothy, of fainting at your lover's feet! Why imagine it!"

Dorothy answered, "Wouldn't it be thrilling! Look! I will show you how it is done," and she arose gracefully from the hammock. With arms outstretched and eyes pleading, she moved toward an imaginary lover. In a broken voice Dorothy repeated the words of the book.

"I love you, Sir Winfield—I love you." With the last words Dorothy swooned in pretense at the base of a rose tree.

Jean was delighted. "Oh, Dorothy, how wonderful! I could just vision you as "Lady Geraldine." Dorothy's black curls were pinned high in profusion over her small head, and she tossed them disdainfully as she answered, "Oh, that was nothing."

The two chums were interrupted by Dorothy's small brother, Teddy, who came running into their midst. "Mother says for you to hurry and come home. Uncle Stanley is going to bring the new minister from the city out for dinner. Hurry!"

"Oh, dear! I hate to go home. I suppose the new minister will bore us to death just like the old one. Anyhow, I'll have to go. To have an old minister over this evening will just spoil a perfect day."

Jean answered, "I'm sorry that you have to leave now, but come over tomorrow afternoon, and we'll 'rehearse' again."

"All right, I will. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Dorothy and her brother left by the gate in the hedge of the garden, and proceeded on their way down the avenue to the Dwaine home. Ted was busy snapping at everything with his sling shot, but Dorothy was thinking of "Lady Geraldine" and the handsome, blonde "Sir Winfield." They turned into their lane, and Dorothy ran to the library to find her mother.

"Oh, mother, how could you! I just know the new minister will be as old-fashioned as the last one. I can't see why Uncle Stanley is bringing him."

"Dorothy!" reproved her mother. "Go change your dress; it is quite late."

As her daughter left the room with a frown on her pretty face, she mused with a half smile, "I wonder if she'll ever see anything but the romantic side of life? Sixteen, but she thinks she is grown up!" Upstairs Dorothy was standing before a pier glass in a trailing blue kimona. She was again rehearsing the scene between "Lady Geraldine" and "Sir Winfield." She was addressing

a carved chair as the dashing hero, "Sir Winfield." She visualized him resplendent in evening clothes holding out his arms to her.

At a quarter of seven Dorothy came demurely down the stairs, prepared to see a tall, gaunt minister with false teeth and a bald head. Her father standing at the foot of the stairs watched her devotedly.

"You look charming, Madcap."

"Thank you, Daddy."

There was a ring at the door bell, and Dorothy went to the reception room to wait for the guests. While there, she again thought of the poem that she had heard that afternoon. She was picturing "Sir Winfield" to herself as being tall with golden hair and blue eyes, when the drawing room door opened. Her eyes became wide with amazement when she saw a tall, young man, unmistakably a blonde, and with handsome features beside her father and Uncle Stanley. She arose and went toward the group. Her heart was thumping hard.

"This is my daughter, Dorothy," spoke her father as if far away. "I hope that you and Mr. Burton will become great friends," he ended.

"Oh! I—I am so pleased to meet you Sir-er-Mr. Burton," stammered Dorothy, her cheeks becoming hot, as they shook hands. It seemed as if she were in a dream. Wouldn't she have news for Jean! This was too entrancing for words!

Dinner was announced, and Dorothy found herself being seated by the minister's side at the dining table. She was almost tongue tied, and she dropped a roll in the minister's lap, which added to her dismay, and to the amusement of her seven-year-old brother.

After dinner, which seemed an endless age of church affairs and the ministry, everyone went to the library, where they grouped themselves about a huge fireplace. Mr. Burton told of his school days, and to Dorothy's surprise she found that he had gone to college with her Uncle Stanley. She resolved then and there to be especially nice to her jolly uncle.

Dorothy studied the minister as he talked, and he caught her looking at him with such an adoring expression in her eyes that he became quite embarrassed. Suddenly he asked, "Dorothy, do you attend church regularly?"

She was startled, for she had always stayed home a great deal of the time on one pretense or another. "Why, yes—I just love to go." The answer astounded her parents, and her uncle smiled behind his hand.

"I'm glad of that," answered Mr. Burton, and Dorothy fancied that he gave her an intense look. The family began speaking of other things, and she said no more until the minister and her uncle were leaving.

"Goodbye, Mr. Burton, and I hope to see you again."

"Thank you, Dorothy, I hope to see you, too. Goodbye." Again Dorothy thought that she saw an understanding flash in those blue eyes.

"Goodbye."

She turned and ran upstairs to her pretty rose and white room. She ran to a mirror to see if her cheeks were flaming. "I love you, 'Sir Winfield,'" she murmured softly. Then she began undressing. She turned out the lights, and then tiptoed to the honeysucked window. She leaned out and blew a kiss in the air. She saw before her "Sir Winfield," debonair and smiling in the garb of a minister.

The next day was Saturday, and that afternoon Dorothy went to visit her confidante, Jean. Her first words were, "Oh, Jean! Jean! I've met Sir

Winfield." The two ran to a charming nook, where Dorothy told of her experience.

After an afternoon spent in "rehearsing" scenes from romantic poems and stories, they decided to walk by the minister's study to see "Sir Winfield." As they went on their way, they began discussing him again; soon they came in sight of the parsonage, where the "hero" lived.

They walked slowly by, but did not see him; so they went on to the drug store to buy sodas. On the way home they walked slowly by the study again. The minister was not to be seen, and they went on their way lamenting his absence.

Jean and Dorothy decided to go to church the next day, and to sit in the front pew. This they did, and they listened to everything Mr. Burton said with earnest faces. Jean was also coming under the charm of the minister.

In a back row Mrs. Dwaine was whispering to her husband, "Just see how those two are worshiping Mr. Burton! I'm sure we'll have no trouble with Dorothy's coming to church," and she nodded wisely. Silence reigned, as the pretty, dark haired organist, Edna Franklin, began playing a soft prelude.

After church Dorothy and Jean were among the members of the congregation to congratulate the minister on his success. As Dorothy introduced Jean, she lingered to talk as long as she dared.

"I thought your sermon was wonderful, Mr. Burton. I'm going to be here every Sunday to hear you." Then with a stately bow she and Jean left the minister.

Many months passed, and Dorothy and Jean still chummed together, and still went regularly to church to see "Sir Winfield." One evening in June, Dorothy confided to Jean that Mr. Burton had called many times, and in all probability, he had done this to be with her. Jean regarded her friend with a tinge of envy.

"You can't forget him for one moment, can you?"

"No," responded Dorothy, "I can't, because—" and she paused dramatically—"he holds my heart!"

"Aren't you afraid that he might break it?" inquired Jean in scorn.

"Oh, but he won't. He shows his love in his eyes." The jealous Jean did not answer this, as she could find no retort sharp enough. They began talking of a dancing party, and Mr. Burton was forgotten for awhile.

It was a week later, and Dorothy was overjoyed to know that the minister was to be the Dwaine's guest for dinner that evening. Dorothy ran to her room and selected a shimmering rose dress and combed her curls high. She posed several times, and then decided to wait for "her hero" to come before going down stairs. Promptly at seven the door bell rang, and Dorothy began descending the stairs.

There at the foot stood Mr. Burton. She smiled, and paused for a moment, and then went down and bowed prettily.

"You look like a lady from a painting," was the minister's greeting.

"Oh, thank you! You flatter dreadfully," and Dorothy nodded knowingly.

At dinner that evening Mr. Burton seemed all gayety and charm. He delighted everyone with his wit and humor. Dorothy was enchanted. Mr. and Mrs. Dwaine knew the reason for his happiness.

At nine he rose to go, and Dorothy accompanied him to the door. As he

stepped to the veranda, he said softly, "Dorothy, I'm going to tell you something wonderful that has happened!"

"Yes? Do tell me!"

"You have been so charming that I'll tell you a secret."

Dorothy's heart seemed to stop beating. He was going to make love to her? The thrill of it! She stepped closer, and like "Lady Geraldine," placed a hand on his sleeve.

"I'm in love with the most beautiful girl in the world," said the minister. Dorothy's hand trembled.

"Do you know who it is?"

After a moment of breathless silence—"Oh—oh—no!"

It was coming! Dorothy knew he was going to propose to her. She thought of Jean, and of "Lady Geraldine," and "Sir Winifield." She remembered the words of the book; she knew what to say in answer.

"I love her more than life," he went on—"I won't be half good enough, but then"—and his voice seemed to stop in awe.

"Oh, please—who is it?"

"Why Dorothy! Didn't you know? All through these many months I have loved—Miss Franklin."

Dorothy gasped; then everything whirled about her. Miss Franklin! that couldn't be! How dared he say such a thing! Through a blur of tears, she saw the minister smile to himself, with a glow on his face. She heard faintly the words, "Edna and I will be married in September, and you shall be bridesmaid!"

"Oh—" and Dorothy choked.

"Now I must go; it is quite late."

"Goodnight," unsteadily from Dorothy. Then she paused—"I hope you'll be happy."

"Thank you, little Dorothy. Goodnight!" Then "Sir Winifield" passed through the gate, taking sixteen year old Dorothy's romance with him.

AN OLD GARDEN

MARGUERITE RINN, '25

In a quiet, old-fashioned garden
In a dear old-fashioned town,
Bloomed the sweet, old-fashioned flowers
All the garden walks around.

Marigolds in yellow splendor,
Crimson peonies aglow;
On their stems, so tall and slender,
Hollyhocks their blossoms show.

And the pansies' happy faces
Peering shyly through the grass,
Shooting stars with dainty laces,
And the bluebells' azure mass.

Bridalwreath, festooned and flowing,
Near the sweet crab-apple tree
Where the petals pink and glowing,
Set their perfumed odors free.

There are many fragrant flowers
Blooming in this garden old,
Dewy with the summer showers,
They all have charms untold.

Bumble bees went droning, humming,
Tumbling round to steal its sweet,
On the dusk the great moths coming,
Flying, fluttering to the treat.

In the dusk when stars are showing,
And a fragrance comes to stay
On the summer breezes blowing,
The blossoms hide away.



A TALE OF A MEXICAN MISSION

DORIS ROSS, '28

(*Freshman Story*)

In the year 1897, I went into Mexico with some friends. They were going on a scientific expedition and asked me to accompany them. After visiting a few of the larger cities and towns we turned toward the Sierra Madre Mountains. We stayed a few days at Fresnillo, a sleepy little Mexican village.

One day, while visiting the interesting places in this old town, we stopped at the Santa Rosario Mission to get a refreshing drink of its famous spring water. In the garden we found an old padre smoking a pipe. We stopped to speak, and he motioned us to be seated. We exchanged greetings, and after telling of our reasons for stopping, we began talking of different topics.

Suddenly one of my friends said, "We have heard that there are many interesting stories connected with this Mission."

"There are, indeed, many stories of this Mission, and also about the town. Some are of people who come here unhappy and return comforted, while some are about people who do not find happiness here. There is one strange tale about a woman who came here and who never went away. Her story has always been a mystery to our people. Perhaps you would care to hear it," he added, as he turned his gaze upon us.

"Indeed we would!" we exclaimed, anxious for anything that would amuse us.

Our friend began to refill his pipe, meanwhile gazing about the garden as if to recollect the tale which had occurred so long ago. When he had refilled his pipe and relit it, he began very slowly.

"This Mission was established many long years ago; to be exact it was in the early 1700's. It was established by the Franciscan Fathers, who came here from Europe. They named it Santa Rosario and began their work of helping and converting the natives. Several years after the Mission was established, there came to this village a beautiful woman. Who she was, where she was from, and her reason for coming here were a mystery to everyone of the village. She understood and spoke the language of the natives, but for the most part she was silent. She went about from house to house, bringing joy and comfort: she helped the poor and cared for the sick and was a playmate to the children, who went to her whenever they were in trouble. She had a sad, wistful smile playing about her lips all the time. Every morning and evening she came to the Mission to pray. Five or six years passed; she still remained here and was still as mysterious a personage as at first. The natives came to call her 'Our Mysterious Lady.'

"One day she became very ill and for weeks was unable to be up. Each day found the peasants, whom she had helped, waiting silently and hopefully for news of her health. After a long illness she became well and was able to be around, but she was not as strong as before. Her face was whiter, her smile sadder, and her eyes held a far-off look.

"One day while tending a sick native, he asked her to tell him the story of her life. For several moments she did not speak; then, shrugging her shoulders, she answered, 'What does it matter? Yet I will tell you something. My native land is Spain, and I spent the greater part of my life there. Not very many

years ago I did a great wrong, but what it was I can never tell. I have come to this land to repent of my great wrong and to make other people happy. That is all I can tell you.'

"Several days later a padre found her lying dead in a corner of this garden. She had a pearl rosary clasped in her hands, and a radiant smile was on her face. What caused her death and how her body come to be in this spot no one knows, and it has remained a mystery ever since. Not long after her death two vines of roses grew up where she had lain. They are the two which you can see from here." We followed his gaze and saw two rose vines; one was a deep crimson and the other was a pure white. The padre continued, "A strange thing about these roses is, that, although they grow so closely together, not one leaf or rosebud touches one of the other vine. The people believe that the red roses are a symbol of the great wrong she had done and the white roses are the pure spirit that had gone to meet its Maker. According to the stories now, anyone who picks of the white roses will have good luck, but he who picks of the red roses will have bad luck. That is all I know and that is all the people know, for all the rest of the story of her life will be a mystery forever." As he rose from his chair he knocked the ashes from his pipe and gazed sorrowfully at the two roses.

"Thank you, Father," we said, "and now we shall pluck a white rose for good luck before we leave for the Sierra Madres."



IN THE GARDEN

HILDA ALDRIDGE, '25

It was the witching hour and
The moon was shining bright.
I was walking in the garden,
For sleep was slow that night.

Right in the path of the moonbeam,
Where it fell on the garden wall,
A little elf was standing;
He couldn't have been very tall.

His coat was of red rose petals,
His cap was of sparkling dew,
And the sash that bound his tiny waist
Was a strip of the rainbow's hue.

His trousers were white lily velvet,
His stockings of spider-web bars,
And the tiny shoes on his twinkling feet
Were of gold from the shining stars.

I stood entranced in the moonlight;
I dared not make a sound.
He must have thought I was a statue,
For he fearlessly jumped to the ground.

And first he watered the flowers,
Gave them silvery dew to sup,
And then he fed them nectar
From the God's own honeyed cup.

He blew on the reeds near the brooklet
An echo of all the sweet sounds,
Till the fountain caught up the wild music
And tinkled it over the grounds.

Then he called the mockingbirds to him
And placed in their tiny throats
The fruit of all his endeavors,
The last songs' haunting notes.

His labors were almost over;
The moon was sinking low
When he drew from a jewelled bag
The last gift he could bestow.

He opened the bag and scattered
Its shimmering contents far,
And all the perfumes of the world arose
Like incense from rose of attar.

The last faint light of the moon lay on
The wall like a silvery scar.
When the little elf of the garden
Flew up to a beckoning star.

Then darkness descended on the garden
And peace and sweet repose,
And the stars looked down on the quiet scene
Till the sun once more arose.

A LULLABY

RAMONA NUNNEMAKER, '28

Quietly we'll go to sleep,
You and I,
You and I,
While the flocks of starry sheep
Pasture in the sky.

With your crook, O Shepherd Moon,
Guard your sheep,
Guard your sheep,
And slip down in golden shoon
Where the children sleep.

When you come to custard lane,
Sing a croon,
Sing a croon,
Sprinkling dreams like summer rain
On a night in June.

TRIBUTE TO A COW

ELSIE NEUMANN, '26

We have a noble blue-eyed cow
That wears a deeply wise expression;
A thoughtful look rests on her brow;
She is a valuable possession.

Sometimes I stand beside the fence
And watch her regulated chewing.
She keeps it up so steadily,
I often think she's over-doing.

She turns her placid eyes on me
Who thus disturbs her meditation,
And then returns my scrutiny
With just as close examination.

A dainty, dear to hearts of kine
I offer her with hand extended,
And say, "Come eat this, Caroline.
I hope my gaze has not offended.

"You poor old bovine quadruped,
I fear your useful days are over;
You even lack the energy
To come and take this offered clover.

"And when I throw it on the ground
You do not graciously receive it,
But merely tumble it around,
And slowly hobble off, and leave it.

"Oh, Caroline, you're growing old!
Your flattering name no longer suits you;
I think you would be better off
If some kind soul would come and shoot you.

"I'm wishing you no harder luck;
You know I'm always sympathetic,
But you are getting stiff and slow,
For ancient cows are not athletic.

"The years have left their mar on you
But I should spare my criticism;
Perhaps I would be weary, too,
If I had chronic rheumatism.

"Forget the painful things I've said,
And please renew your ruminating.
Forget my wishing you were dead.
Forget, and keep on contemplating."

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY UP TO DATE

OWEN NETTLE, '26

Not for a thousand dollars would I be like Mr. DeCoverly, and yet I am his friend. He is a careful man—one of your every-day philosophers, and he wouldn't yell "Hip!" if New Years, Christmas, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July were rolled into one, and his precious champagne was knee deep all over the street.

When a beggar asks Sir Roger for alms, something like the following conversation ensues:

"You say your name is Thompson?"

"Yes."

"It may be Thompson—it may be Brown; how am I to know?"

"But I'm hungry."

"You may be hungry—you may not; it's an open question and a very serious question. If you are hungry you should have food; if not, any extra food at this time would impair your digestion."

"I'm almost sick," says the beggar.

"You may be—you may not," is the reply. "I am not a physician, and I am not able to say. If sick, you should have medicine; if not medicine would be simply thrown away."

"I have five children."

"You may five—you may have fifty; I shall not pretend to say, as I do not know. No one, my dear man, should ever say he knows this or that when he does not know. They say it is ninety-five million miles to the sun, but I do not say so. How do I know it is; I cannot measure it, and it may lack a hundred miles or overrun a thousand. They also say—"

If I meet him on the street, I say:

"Howdy Roge, old boy—fine day, isn't it?"

"It is a fine day here," he replies, "but I do not know how it is in Liverpool, Bombay, Warwickshire, or Berlin, and I cannot answer in a general way."

If I hear the fire gong tolling, I grab my hat and rush out and plunge around, and if I see DeCoverly, I shout, "Ho! ha! whoop—fire on Harrison Avenue!"

"How do you know?" he inquires.

"Because the alarm is from box seventeen."

"But it may be a false alarm."

"No—I see smoke."

"Which may be caused by a bonfire."

"But I see flames."

"It may be a burning chimney."

I feel mad enough to boot him, and I can't half enjoy the balance of the evening.

When Sir Roger dies, as he will some day, I hope he reaches Heaven. If he does, he will engage in a conversation something as follows: "Is this the gate of Heaven?" he will ask St. Peter.

"Yes, come in."

"Then this is Heaven, eh?"

"Yes."

"How do I know that it is Heaven?"

"This is the gate—come in."

"I can't do it. It may be Heaven—it may not. I'll sit down on this log until I get some reliable news."