

*"Flatford Bridge," England*

Literary

# The Fuse Plug Murder

By Gardner Young  
FIRST PRIZE



JUDGE ADAMS had retired, but because of his long experience in dealing with people, especially those inclined to misdeeds, he was often called upon to help solve problems for the local police.

Thus it was on the night of the murder that Chief of Police Scott called on him for aid. I was talking politics with the Judge at the time. He gave me my choice between going with him and excusing him. I went with him and have never since known whether to be sorry or glad.

We hurried to the roadster at the curb, and two minutes of mad driving brought us in front of a house which I fear I shall always see in my dreams, especially after three pieces of mince pie.

The house was a handsome structure of modern design. It occupied the approximate center of a corner lot of about ninety feet frontage on each side, leaving a yard about twenty feet in width entirely around the building. It was evident that the owners of the house were enterprising, for the whole yard, with the exception of a border of tulips around the house, had recently been conquered by spade and rake, and was now covered by a delicate green carpet which bore witness of the new seeds below.

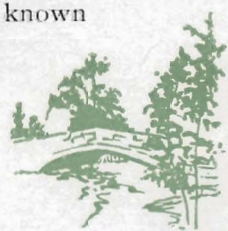
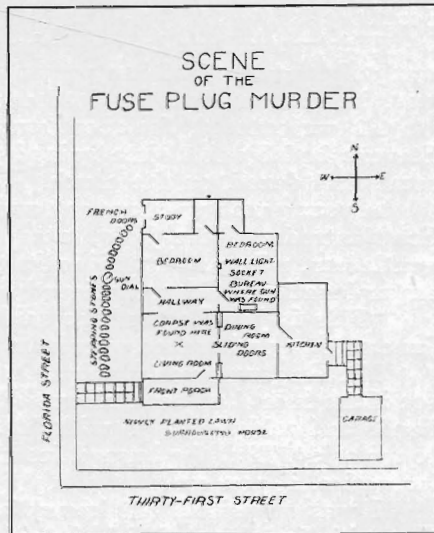
The house faced the west on Florida Street, the entrance being through a covered porch running about twenty feet along the south side of the house from the southwest corner. From the walk to this porch, a path of stepping-stones led to a sundial in the middle of the front yard, and on to a pair of French doors opening into a room at the northwest corner of the house.

I had little time for admiring the scenery as we hurried to the house and were admitted to a softly-lighted living room which faced the south and west.

As we entered, a clock from some shadowy corner tolled nine bells as if to make official proclamation of the tragic fate which had left a bloody corpse in the center of the room.

An awful silence seemed to smother us,—a silence broken now and then by strains of the mad derisive dance music which faintly floated from some radio a block or so away.

I will as briefly as possible outline the facts which were already known





and which Chief of Police Scott divulged to the Judge and me on our way to the scene of the murder:

Art Stevens and his sister June were living in the house which I have already partly described. Art was about twenty-nine years of age and June about twenty-five.

June Stevens was engaged to a promising young man by the name of George Osborn. On the evening of the murder George Osborn and June Stevens had gone out for a ride in Art Steven's roadster, leaving Art quietly reading at home.

When they had unexpectedly returned at eighty-thirty, George, who was driving, put the car in the garage, which faced south on Thirty-first Street and adjoined the house through the kitchen at the rear.

June got out of the car and walked leisurely around by the sidewalk to the front of the house. In the meantime, George locked the car and garage, entered the house through the kitchen door, and proceeded through the dining room to the sliding doors which led into the living room.

As George pushed the doors open, he saw Art Stevens, lying in the ghastly position in which we found him. At that instant June entered by the front door and saw George, his face pale, staring at something on the floor.

June Stevens, however, was temporarily spared the ordeal of seeing her dead brother, for at that instant the lights went out, and she screamed and fainted. George felt his way to the telephone and called the chief of police, Scott.

This was all we knew of the case. In fact, we didn't know this, for it was only the story of one person, George Osborn, who, as far as we know, was the first to find the dead man.

As we entered, the room was lighted only by a pair of candles. June Stevens had by this time gained partial control of herself and was sitting, somewhat dazed, on the couch.

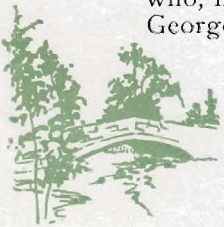
A young man with an easy manner introduced himself as George Osborn. Scott introduced the Judge and me and, noting for the first time another gentleman, who was standing in the shadow near Miss Stevens, waited for an explanation. George relieved our curiosity at once:


"This is Joe Rogers," he said, "who lives across the street. Joe heard June scream and rushed over here to see what the trouble was."

Mr. Rogers quickly volunteered his services, and so Scott sent him to see if the fuses had been blown. Judge Jackson thrust his flashlight into my hands and told me to go with Joe. Before I went, however, the Judge said to me aside, "Put the burned fuses in your pocket without attracting particular notice, if you can."

I was surprised, but knew that the Judge had some theory in connection with the plugs. With the aid of the flashlight, Joe and I found the fuse box and replaced the burned plug. I noticed that the burned fuse was of heavy capacity and pocketed it.

When we returned, the doctor had arrived and was examining the victim, who, he pronounced, had died about eighty-thirty, the approximate time that George and June had come home.





A .32 caliber bullet was taken from Art Steven's head. Both George and June were startled at this bit of evidence, for both admitted that there was a loaded revolver of that caliber in the bedroom which opened off the east end of a hall which ran along the north end of the living room.

Judge Jackson and I went into this bedroom and found the pistol where June had said it was kept. One empty shell was with the other cartridges in the gun, and it reeked of freshly burned powder!

The Judge made this known to Scott, then started an investigation of the bedroom where the gun was found. "You notice," he remarked to me, "that in order to leave this room, a person must pass through the hall which opens on to the living room."

There was a light socket in the wall of the bedroom. He screwed the bulb from this and examined the contacts of the socket carefully. They were somewhat burned as if short-circuited by a piece of metal.

We then went to the other end of the hall (at the front of the house) from the north side of which a door opened into another bedroom. A door from the north side of this bedroom opened into a study with French doors, from which ran the path of stepping-stones, which I have already described.

When we returned to the living-room, the Judge called Scott aside. "I have made certain," said Adams, "that no one could have left the room where the gun was found, except through this hall, which is plainly visible from the living-room—"

Scott was plainly bored, and broke in on the Judge's discourse, "Never mind the evidence now! The case is 'sewed up.' June has admitted that her brother had a heated argument with George just before they left. George and June wanted to be married right away, but Art had bitterly opposed it."

Scott, the Judge, and I were in the corner of the room and our conversation could not be overheard by the other people. Scott continued:

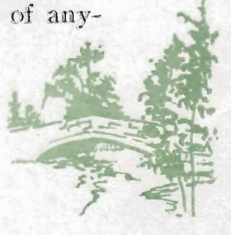
"Joe Rogers, who has known the Stevens family for years and had recently been negotiating with Art for some patent rights, also intimated that there had been hard feeling between Art and George.

"It's simple. George came in 'mad,' got the gun which he knew was loaded, shot Art, and put the gun back. June stopped on the corner to talk to a friend; so she came in after it was all over." Scott was so interested in what he was saying that he didn't notice the exasperated expression on the Judge's face, but rushed right on, "I'm sorry to have troubled you, Jackson, on such a simple case. I'll arrest Osborn right away. He is putting up a mighty good front, but he'll confess as soon as he feels the bracelets."

"SCOTT!" The young officer jumped at the new tone in the Judge's voice, "You are a fool! Wait. Watch every move of every person in this room while I explain my theory to the rest of them. If I am right, the murderer will be strongly affected by the explanation."

Scott reluctantly submitted to the older man's will.

The Judge then started to enter some notes in a small notebook, broke his pencil point, and asked Rogers for his pocket knife. I thought I caught a puzzled expression on Joe's face but thought nothing of it. The Judge sharpened the pencil, wrote for a few seconds, placed the pencil and knife in his pocket, and stood with half closed eyes as if he didn't know of anything special to do.





Then, without warning, his manner changed. He was suddenly animated. He began speaking: "George Osborn, Scott is sure that you are the only man that could have shot Art. He is wrong! A man could have come in to see Art. He might have gone into that bedroom, procured the gun, shot Mr. Stevens as George was coming in the back door, and returned to the bedroom with the gun before George reached the living-room. But when George and June had reached the living-room, he could not escape through the hall, for they would see him. He could not have left by the window, for the new lawn outside shows no fresh tracks. But come into the bedroom with me."

We followed him into the bedroom. The Judge continued, "A criminal sometimes has an amazing burst of genius when trapped. Thus the murderer might have conceived the idea of turning out the lights. To prove my point, allow me to put a witness on the stand—"

Here the Judge placed the fuse plug which I had given him on a table under the socket which he had previously examined. "Here is a heavy duty fuse which supposedly blew out of its own accord. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the murderer unscrewed this light from its socket and thrust a piece of metal into it? Look! Scott, wouldn't it leave burned places very much like that? Wouldn't the fuse be blown? Couldn't the murderer then pass unobserved through the hall to the front bedroom, thence to the study and through the glass doors, which I noticed are not locked from the inside now?"

"From there the fugitive might walk on the stones without leaving the sign of a trail."

Here the Judge paused. Then as if he had forgotten something: "Incidentally there is one more thing. If the piece of metal which caused the short circuit were a knife, wouldn't it be likely to have a burned notch at the point and another one or two farther up on the blade like this?"

To our amazement he drew forth Joe Rogers' knife which plainly showed the burned notches which he had described.

Suddenly Joe bolted from the room. Scott stood motionless, gaping like an idiot.

"Go get your man, Scott!" said the Judge.



## The Highest Mountain

*Dorothy Van Gelder*

I climbed the highest mountain,  
And at the top I found  
A little silver streamlet  
Come gurgling from the ground.

The sunlight and the shadow  
Were playing hide and seek;  
And I had found a fairyland  
Upon that highest peak.



# The Green Parcel

Gerhardt Stabbert

SECOND PRIZE



BEING a postal clerk is a pretty good job. I wish though there were a little excitement once in a while," said Jim Rody to himself. Jim had just finished reading about the adventures of a certain hero. Jim was a young man of nineteen years and four months. He had chosen civil service because he had lived that kind of work for years past. After his graduation from Salt Lake High School, he had successfully passed the civil service test and was fortunate in finding a job on a train which ran from Salt Lake City through a few mountain towns, to Pleasant

Grove. Only one mail car was usually attached to the train. This car was occupied by Jim and a young man slightly older, but none the wiser, named Jerry Powers.

On the evening following his wish for excitement, Jim went to one of the theaters. While on his way home after the show, he took a short cut through an unlighted street. He soon overtook two men who were conversing softly. Because of his noiseless feet they did not hear his approach. Therefore he got close enough to them to hear a few of their words. The name of his train was mentioned in connection with a small green package. Jim passed them whistling softly as if he had not heard, but he saw the suspicious glances which the two men shot at him.

These men and their mumbled words stayed in Jim's mind all evening. They set him to thinking. "Could it possibly mean a planned robbery?"

"Why should my train be mentioned in such a manner?" Jim found that the problem kept him awake for many hours. When he finally fell asleep, he dreamed that his train was being robbed. All through the night his dreams centered around a small green package. The next morning found him resolved that he was going to keep a strict watch on all incoming mail.

Jim worked on duty alternate weeks, working until midnight. The present morning started his week of work. When all of the day's mail had been taken in, Jim found himself slightly excited. He wondered whether there was a small green package in one of the bags. As he spread the mail on the table for sorting, his heart suddenly gave a jump. Sure enough, there was the small green package. He looked at the address of the sender and saw that the package was addressed to a jewelry store in Pleasant Grove, and that the sender was a large company in Salt Lake City.

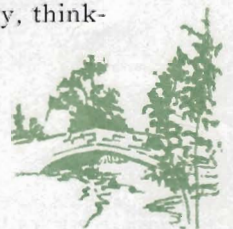
Jim decided to tell Jerry all he knew.

"Say, Jerry, you see this green package here?" asked Jim of Jerry who was working at some odd job.

"Yes, what about it?" asked Jerry, becoming interested.

"Well, I'll tell you all I know about it. You see who's sending it, and where it's going, don't you?"

"Yes. Hah! looks like it's a precious little article," answered Jerry, thinking of the valuables there might be in it.





"Possibly. Now listen. Last night when I was going home from the movies, I took a short cut through a dark street. I overtook two men without their hearing me. When I got close enough, I heard them talk about this train in connection with a small green package. Well, draw your own conclusions just as I did."

"Gosh! do you think we are going to be robbed?" asked Jerry with his features suddenly lighting up.

That expression on Jerry's face assured Jim that Jerry could be counted upon in any pinch.

"Say, old top, listen! I've got a plan to fool any bandit," exclaimed Jim. "I think you will agree with me that a robbery would be attempted at no other place except in the mountains between Spruce and Pleasant Grove. Well, we'll ditch that package somewhere in this crate for safety. Then right after we dump the Spruce mail we'll get on the top of this car and wait for developments."

"Well, I'll be blown! You've surely got a head on your shoulders. Why that's a good idea," exclaimed Jerry. "Say, I'll bet they'd try the robbery at that switch where we wait for the north bound."

"I'll bet they do, too," answered Jim enthusiastically.

The two young men now believed that the robbery would surely be pulled off. When the Spruce mail had been dumped at that depot, the two young men hid the small green package in the best place they could think of. They then examined their pistols carefully, clothed themselves warmly, and buckled their pistols over the clothes to make them ready for immediate use.

"I think it would be best to leave the door open a few inches, and let the light shine out to attract the bandits, don't you?" asked Jerry.

"Good idea," answered Jim. "Well, good luck, Jerry."

The two youths shook hands solemnly, realizing how dangerous their adventure might prove to be.

"Remember that we've got the law behind us, and therefore, do not hesitate to shoot if you have to, Jerry."

The door was left open about three inches, and the two young men started for the top of the car. Jim warned Jerry to watch for hidden bandits. He also told him that he would start whatever there was to start. The young men then hid themselves as best they could at both ends of the car.

The night was dark and cold, and the wind shrieked past the ears of the two young men as the train was heading toward the mountains. Before long the speed of the train grew slower, due to the fact that it was climbing. The air gradually became colder as more altitude was reached. The highest point of the trip was reached at last. After descending a little, the train finally reached the switch, where every night it waited for a large north bound train.

As the switch was reached, the hearts of the two young men beat very rapidly. They clutched their pistols with slightly unsteady hands. They both strained their eyes toward the switch. The night was dark, the clouds obscuring the light of the stars. The silence of the heights seemed charged





with a hidden danger. Both young men lay as flat as the circumstances permitted, but they felt as if they were as towers on the roof of the mail car. The train stopped while the conductor opened the switch. It then slowly moved into the switch, but nothing happened. The young men held their breath as the conductor stepped back into one of the passenger cars. Suddenly Jim thought his heart stopped. There, looking right into the mail car, with pistol leveled, stood a masked bandit. It took only a moment for Jim to steady himself. Holding himself as low as possible, he pointed his pistol at the bandit.

"Hands up! Drop your gun!" firmly commanded Jim. The bandit jerked up his head in great surprise and tried to see where the voice came from. He saw the faint outline of a figure pointing a gun at him. He was standing in the light of the mail car, offering a good target, and so he decided to do as he was bidden. Suddenly from behind some bushes there came a flash and a report. A bullet whistled past Jim. But only a moment later there came a report from Jerry's gun. A soft thud was heard as the other bandit fell. Jerry immediately scrambled down from the car while Jim kept his pistol leveled at the bandit, who now stood with uplifted empty hands. While Jerry took care of the bandit, Jim also came down.

The engineer, fireman, and conductor immediately came bounding out with pistols leveled, yelling, "What's up?"

"Don't get excited; it's all over," replied Jim. "Jerry, you had better see what you did to that other guy."

The engineer, followed Jerry into the brush. The excited passengers crowded at the windows and doors, trying to see what the matter was. Jerry and the engineer soon reappeared, carrying a limp form. After careful examination they found that the bandit was not seriously hurt, he having received only a crease on his skull. The impact of the bullet had momentarily stunned him. Jerry gave a sigh of relief on finding that he had not killed the bandit. When both bandits had been tied securely, the engineer asked the youths to explain. When Jim had related all he knew, the other train was heard approaching. The fireman having flagged it, the train stopped alongside.

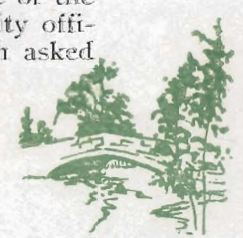
"What's the matter?" demanded the engineer.

"We've been held up a few minutes ago, and the bandits were captured by our two postal clerks before we knew what had happened," replied the engineer. "We'd like to have you take the bandits to the police department in Salt Lake. We'll give particulars when we get back. Please mention the fact that Jim Rody and Jerry Pound were the heroes."

The bandits were dumped on the north-bound train and the two trains departed.

When Jim and Jerry were again in their car, they carried on a happy and exultant conversation. The small green parcel was removed from its hiding place and put into the Pleasant Grove bag.

The next day all Salt Lake was talking about the brave capture of the bandits. Jim and Jerry received congratulations from the various city officials and also received a message from the police department, which asked







them to report. When the youths entered the office of the chief, that personage gave them his congratulations and presented them each with a five thousand dollar check.

"I want to express my utmost appreciation for the deed which you two young men did. There was a ten thousand dollar reward out for the bandits whom you captured. They have been at the game for a long time."

When they received the checks, Jim and Jerry were so taken aback that speech almost failed them.

When they were outside the office, Jerry said, "Gosh, Jim, all this credit really belongs to you. If you hadn't done all that to prepare us for the robbery, look where we'd have been."

"Nonsense, old top, look where I would be now if you hadn't shot that other guy. You know, the funny thing about it is that a few nights before I was wishing for some excitement, but I think I have had enough now to last a lifetime.



## Thrush

*Art Struckman*

Sweetly on the wind are wafted  
Thy mellow notes, O thrush.  
Soothing, quieting, inspiring,  
The golden melodies rush.

Meek bird, drab fellow,  
Awkward to behold,  
Yet nature was most kind to thee,  
Bestowing in thee song of gold.

Humble as you seem, in costume drab,  
Much happiness you bring to earth.  
Would that I, in my humbleness,  
Could near approach thy worth.



# Buried Damnation

Art Struckman  
HONORABLE MENTION



OM'S queer ways worry me. He always was mischievous, but now he has lost all sense of right. In the last two weeks, he shot at an airplane with Dad's big rifle. Luckily the shot took no effect and the aviator didn't notice. Then he drowned the pup in the watering trough, watching it blow bubbles. He didn't feel sorry for it as I thought he would. He said, "There are plenty pups left." A few nights ago, Father caught him as he was sneaking out of the house. He had a flashlight, the rifle, and some chisels. He doesn't seem to pay any attention to the beatings Dad gives him. I don't know what he's coming to. He told me later, "I wanted to rob the bank as they did in that story I read. It was a good story." Here Mary broke down and cried bitterly.

I tried to comfort her. I told her, "Don't take it so hard, Mary. I think he will be different soon. Forget it. Boys get over a spell of that kind in a little while."

I was very sorry for her. She was so nice and good and her brother so mischievous.

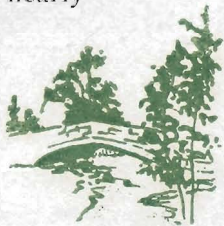
She broke out again between her sobs, "Just think, if he had gone to rob the bank and had been caught, people would blame us. He's my brother." She stopped a moment to collect herself. Then, she quietly went on, "He has told people that he will run away soon, never to return. When I heard that, I made him promise me that he would go straight. He told me, then, 'If I get away from here, I will do as you wish, Mary, but I can't here.' I think he will keep his promise."

What Mary confided to me that evening troubled me for many days and nights. I doubted whether Tom would go straight until he had learned his lesson. He was fifteen and wanted adventure.

Then, one night, while I was lying awake thinking of Mary, something disturbed the turkeys. They flew about, crashing against fences, walls and trees and were making terrifying, hollow, squawky noises. I feared that a thief was prowling about.

Without a light, I quietly slipped into my clothes and fetched a flashlight and double barreled shotgun. The creak of the hinges of every door rasped on my nerves. The boards under my feet squeaked terribly. I thought I would surely be heard. I was glad to get on solid ground. I softly crept up to the turkeys in the dark. They were quite disturbed. They moved about and squawked discontentedly. I crouched low and waited. Soon everything became quiet, except for an occasional flutter of a discontented turkey.

I became cold, shivering slightly. I had a queer feeling inside me. Adventure! The chilling autumn night air seemed to hold something strange and foreboding. I liked it. Filmy clouds were drifting over, obscuring nearly all the stars.





Then my whole body was jarred into rigid attention! Footsteps sounded softly in the distance! Someone was coming! My brain was in a whirl. It was jumbled with questions. "Who was it? Was he a murderer? Was he a thief? Would he kill me? Was he alone? Was he human or superhuman?"

He came more carefully now. His bulk seemed menacing in the half-light of the few stars. He crept close past me! Something was beating heavily on the drums of my ears. I felt certain that he would hear it, too. Everything seemed queer to me. My breath would not come right.

He carefully lifted several turkeys from the roost. One flapped his wings and squawked excitedly. The thief cursed under his breath. I thought my time to act had come. I was frightened, but I couldn't let him get away. I wanted my turkeys let alone. I dreaded to break the silence. My throat felt dry and paralyzed. With great effort I forced an almost indistinguishable, "Hands up!"

In the faint light, I could see him straighten up as if prodded with a needle. He dropped the turkeys, whirled quickly, and fired from his pocket.

I pulled the trigger. The roar of the shots, the kick of the gun, the crumpling over backwards of his body, all happened so quickly that my brain could hardly keep pace. I grabbed the flashlight and rushed to his side. Turkeys were stampeding in all directions. Several awkward ones crashed clumsily against me and beat my face with their wings.

When I found the switch on the flashlight, I received a terrible shock! It was her brother! Tom! His throat was almost torn in two. His face was a horrible, gruesome, bloody sight!

Blood poured over his horribly mutilated face and neck in torrents. I tried to stop it. The steaming blood on my hands upset me. I felt very queer! I didn't like it! I became faint. He struggled feebly! His eyes were filled with pain! He was visibly growing weaker. Oh! what should I do? Then, he quit struggling. The blood flowed in only a small trickle. It clotted on the surface! Suddenly he stiffened! He quivered a moment. Then, he was dead!


It seemed as if a year had been crowded into those few minutes. My mind was in a whirl. I knelt by his side for some time in a daze, trying to think. I tried to enumerate incidents as they had happened. Had I done right? Why did he wish to kill me? What should I do now? Should I tell Dad? Should I tell his parents? Should I fetch the police?

I saw people pointing out Tom's parents as thieves and murderers. I saw newspaper reporters coming to me for the "dope." I saw Mary sobbing with grief.

Then an idea struck me. I saw just what to do. No one, who had been awakened by the shots, had taken their significance. They probably thought that the turkey stampede was caused by an owl flying over, for no one came to investigate. I believed that no one would know what had happened unless I told them or left evidence in sight.

After carefully wiping my bloody hands on Tom's shirt, I quietly ran and fetched a shovel. I dug a shallow grave, about three feet deep, beside Tom's body. Then I carefully laid him in. I could hardly hold back the tears. I was truly sorry for him. When I had filled the excavation and





tramped the dirt well, I carefully covered all traces of blood and fresh earth with litter that lay about. The spot appeared undisturbed when I had finished.

Going to the road in the same direction he had come, I found the truck belonging to his father. Several turkeys were in it. These I turned loose. Then I drove the truck to the boy's home, about three miles distant. The truck shed being quite a distance from the farmhouse, I didn't fear being heard.

On the way home I felt very glad for Mary. Mary's worries were buried. She would not be disgraced. Her words constantly ran through my mind, "Tom will run away soon, never to return. He will go straight; he promised me he would."



## Night

*Dorothy Van Gelder*

Night is coming down the valley  
In her robes of clinging black.  
The stars are shining in her hair,  
And the moon is at her back,  
The soft sweet sounds of evening  
Fill the darkening air.  
Night comes on;  
And, the whole world's waiting  
For the coming of the golden dawn.



## Mark Twain Returns

*Elizabeth Granlees*



ARK TWAIN once wrote a short story about a jumping frog. It was a true story about the old mining days of Angels Camp. The town is situated in Calaveras County, and so Twain called his story "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras." Now for several years the people of Angels Camp have had an annual celebration of the old days, and the main feature is the jumping frog contest. The Jumping Frog Jubilee is a great event and people from far and wide come to Angels to celebrate.

The Jumping Frog Jubilee was on full tilt. Everybody was in old time clothes. Ten gallon hats, chaps, spurs, and calico dresses flourished. The old saloons were open and all of the main street buildings were covered with cedar bark. Men and women dashed here and there on skittish horses. You couldn't blame the poor animals for being fussed for that crowd of people was the largest that had been seen around Angels for many a day, if there had ever been that many there before. Oh, it was terribly crowded. One had to elbow to get any distance and at the end of a ten-minute struggle would find himself back at the starting place.

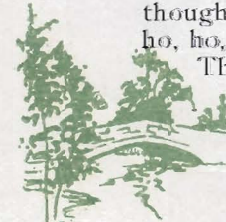
Suddenly the crowd was pushed back off the street and amidst yelling and shouting, up the cobblestones clattered an old stage coach dragged by crazy acting horses. Around the coach rode men yelling at the tops of their voices. The men wore bandanas over their faces. They were the wild and woolly bandits of the west, holding up a stage. After the holdup the bandits were captured by the sheriff and his deputies. Black Bart, the well known bandit of the olden days, was to be hung there in the streets of Angels Camp. He was hanging by the neck when Joaquin Muirietta, another bandit, arrived in the nick of time to save his friend. How spectacular it all was.

At the edge of a huge group of people stood an old man. His clothes were realistic of the old mining days. If one looked closely he could recognize the face of Samuel Clemens alias Mark Twain. Ah! Ha! He had come back to see the great Jubilee and make merry with the giddy crowd. No one noticed him. He had seen the very spectacular holdup stage. The throng had gasped as one to the thrill of the robbery. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Oh, how he laughed.

The old man wandered about. He examined the old funeral coach that stood near a red barn. He went to the left front wheel and inspected it closely. Yes, it was the same old coach. There were his initials carved in a spoke. Ha, ha, ha, ha. He wondered if any one had ever discovered the tiny initials and recognized them as Mark Twain's. No, they couldn't have or that old coach would be in a museum and not behind the old red barn. Why his name was pasted all over town today! What wouldn't they do for his own initials?

Hurrah! the frogs were off. Some jumped and some did not. The people yelled at the tops of their voices. After a few jumps the contest was over. "Clarice" had not won after all. The frog from Los Angeles had triumphed. Some people standing near to Samuel were talking about the great celebration and one of them said, "Say, I wonder what old Mark Twain would have thought of this Jubilee? Gee! I'll bet he'd have laughed."—Ha, ha, ha, ha ho, ho, ho.

The old man tottered up the street and faded from sight.





## **The Dance of the Daffodil**

*Dorothy Van Gelder*

PRIZE POEM

The daffodil is laughing ;  
The daffodil is gay ;  
The daffodil is dancing,  
In her daffodilly way.

She ruffles up her yellow skirts  
And shakes her bright green leaves ;  
And the daffodil is dancing,  
Dancing, dancing, in the breeze.

Oh, the daffodil is laughing ;  
Oh, the daffodil is gay ;  
For the daffodil is dancing,  
In her daffodilly way.

## **Sunrise**

*Helen Matthews*

SECOND PRIZE

The world was covered with a silver  
veil  
Until the sun rise  
And silhouetted the Eastern horizon  
With a soft pink flush  
Which magically changed to rose,  
Orchid,  
Gold,  
Salmon,  
All immortally mingled  
To give the effect of a rainbow  
Running riot  
Over the eastern sky.





## Through The Stillness of Night

*Lillian Wall*

HONORABLE MENTION

The stranger asked, "Who are you?"  
I said, "I am he who would  
Fly through the stillness of night."  
He said, "Look at your hands;  
You'll never fly through the stillness of night.  
You were made to work on the ground."  
I said, "The planes land on the ground.  
I'll work on the ground  
Near the planes, and  
Some day a plane will take me to fly  
Through the stillness of night—to eternity."



## Frail Beauty

*Helen Matthews*

HONORABLE MENTION

A dainty cob web is caught  
Between the window and the screen.  
Something must have built it.  
It didn't just "happen" there.  
It reflects the sun beams in tiny  
Patches on the window sill.  
It's such a master piece of fragile beauty  
I can't destroy it forever with  
A common dust cloth.

