





# Heart Throbs of a College Soph

(First Prize Story)

Berkeley, California.

April 10, 1923.

Dear Joe,

You will probably be incredulous when you hear that yours truly stands in a fine way of creeping through the needle-eye of exams in this man's school. Say what you please, old boy, but U. C. tops them all for good instruction and congenial association. Of course, you meet all kinds of people here, but each school has a different spirit, you know. This one suits me to a "T." You were a chump to stick yourself off in the woods there in Nevada where you see nothing but canyons and hills. You may think, from all this, that I like to be right in the big swim where I can associate with the greatest number of people in the least space of time. Right, old top, but you may stake your last iron man on it, I'm confining my social activities to a circle comprising frats and clubs, with a week-end hop few and far between.

There are some nice girls here, you know, but hang it all, that's all I can say. I like to guide one of them through a fox trot once in a while, but when they get to indulging in what some people are pleased to call small talk, I am up in the air. I can't seem to get the hang of their way of talking. Joe, these girls have the fellow who invented perpetual motion looking like an also-ran. I don't say they can talk, but they certainly can make noises come out of their throats and work their tongues to transpose it into English. I bet they would run Lady Macbeth a close second for sleep-talking honors. Well, old boy, it's not worrying me a particle as I am as immune to their silly flirtation as you are to a revival meeting.

Must hit the hay now.

Your old harness-mate,

Frank.

Berkeley, California.

April 29, 1923.

Dear Joe,

Next week come the try-outs for crew. I am going to break my back trying to make a first crew berth. We have a likely looking bunch of boys here that seem to take to rowing like a tramp to a porterhouse steak. I'll have to hump myself to make it.

Just between you and me, Joe, I'm in somewhat of a fix. You remember that big adle-pated Susie Asquith that thought she had a case on all of us back home. You know also how I would walk around the block to avoid passing her house. She would always insist on walking to school with me. Well, I ran across her on the campus the other day. She acted as if I were a long lost brother. She always was as effusive as the dickens. This time she certainly overdid herself. There's going to



be a big dance week after next, and, before she got through talking, she almost had me admitting that I was under bond and indenture to take her to that dance. So, Joe, to get out of it, I told her that I was already honored with the position of escort to a girl. Can you imagine little Frankie telling a lie? Not on your life! I may have been beguiled into telling a lie by the Satanic effulgence and adhesiveness of a woman, but, by the gods of Olympus, I am going to buckle on the armour of fortitude and reinforce the whole thing with interwoven threads of unconcern and determined self-sacrifice. Nobody will be able to say that I can't rise to the occasion. I'm going to screw my courage to the sticking point, as the trite saying goes, and ferret out some mute, tongue-tied, shy little creature who will allow me to get in a word once in a while.

Old Boy, I need your good wishes. Think of me in my trouble.

As ever,

Frank.

Berkeley, California,

May 11, 1923.

Dear old pal Joe,

This old globe isn't such a bad place after all. I feel rather ashamed of myself after all the ranting I indulged in in my last letter. I might say, "I came, I saw, I conquered." That refers to my fear. I told you of the tight place I was in a couple of weeks ago. I can't for the life of me imagine how I could have been so worked up over a matter as to think that I was in a dilemma. Opportunity presented itself unexpectedly a few days after my encounter with Susie. I had the good fortune to save a young lady's Easter hat from a drenching the other day by offering her my umbrella. She couldn't say enough to thank me, Joe. Imagine my delight when she disclosed to me the fact that she was a student here. Why, before I had time to debate the question, I had asked her to go with me to the dance, and she had accepted.

Joe, I didn't know that a girl could be as sociable and agreeable as she was. Her conversation wasn't half bad. She seemed to have the faculty of knowing what interested a fellow. When it came to dancing, she was as light as a spring zephyr, so light, in fact, that if I hadn't the evidence of my eyes I would have doubted her existence at all. Take it all together, Joe, she is a darn desirable girl. Well, your little Frankie is getting sentimental now, and that's detrimental to his future success, you know.

The varsity and second crews took a jaunt on the water the other day. Incidentally, I am assured a permanent berth on the varsity, but, by George, if I can't keep my mind concentrated on my studies and athletics, I don't know what is in store for me.

The name of the little girl is Alice Carew. Wonder if I'll see her again and when.

Your old Frank.

One Hundred Thirty-seven



Berkeley, California,  
May 16, 1923.

Dear friend Joe,

Well, old horse, since my last, things have been happening with a rapidity that would bewilder even your steady brain. In order to get as much said in as small a space of time as possible, I shall have to organize this letter as I would a speech.

I am going to divide the following little dirge into two parts, the bad news and the signature. Joe, I don't know why I can calmly sit down and give physical, readable utterance to my thoughts, when those thoughts are such as would tempt the devil to commit suicide. Well, I flunked in Latin and chem, so was suspended from the crew. I could stand that, Joe, though I'll be hanged if I can figure it out. Here I was at the first of the semester sailing high and wide with fine prospects of making the grade. Then like a bolt of lightning, I lost interest in my studies. I burned the midnight Mazda with the best of them, but when it came time to convince the profs that I know what I claim to know, my knowledge oozed from me like water from a leaky sponge.

Now, listen, Joe, because you are the only one to whom I would have the nerve to tell my most secret thoughts. There is no one here I would care to confide in for fear of ridicule, and you are so far away that your guffaws can't reach my sensitive ears. To make a long story short, Alice invited me over to her place the other evening—she lives across the bay—and I met papa and mama and sister. They're nice people and hospitable as the dickens, but I wonder with what irony did Alice invite me to be a very small partaker of her radiant smiles. Joe, if she was attractive on the street or at a dance, she was inexpressibly magnetic that night at her home. This poor piece of metal was drawn to her like iron filings to a magnet. But there were other iron filings in the way, and especially one big, pretty boob who was altogether too familiar with Alice. She seemed to favor this Stacomb artist all evening. He's a half-baked track man who by good luck, takes a first place in the forty-four once in a while and is pretty handy at the hurdles. If I thought Alice was worth it, I'd hurdle his frame. But after seeing the direction in which her taste lies, I'm not so sure that I crave her company. I also have a sneaking suspicion that my mooning over Alice is partly responsible for my failures. Therefore, old boy, I am entirely in accord with your hermit-like heart. No more girls for mine! I also hereby highly resolve and swear that I am going to get my chem and Latin on a one hundred per-cent basis and forget what the word "flunk" means. I am also going to get back on the Varsity crew and help clean up on everything that comes our way. I'm going to show up a certain smug-faced lady-killer who believes he has all the requisite manly attributes, and, Joe, it will be all for the glory of the old school. U. C. now and for evermore, and no girls for me.

Crabbily,

Frank.

Berkeley, California,

May 29, 1923.



Dear old hermit,

The bitter, raging storm subsides and the troubled waters settle back into a contented calm. Old friend, I feel as if something within me had given me the power to throw off the sickening shackles of sentimentalism which have lately controlled my conduct toward Alice Carew. I am a new man and so far from feeling antagonistic towards Alice, I am now number one man in the line that is formed to do her honor. Here is the cause thereof:

I was put back on the crew sometime after my last letter to you, but it certainly took prodigious effort. Last week we cleaned up on Washington and stand in a fair way to break all records this year. You can imagine my surprise, after we came off the water from our tussle with Washington, to see Alice in the front ranks of those who lined our victorious march to the club-house. The hero worship in her eyes was as plain as if it had been printed there. Why, man, I felt as if I was cheating her. I put in a few minutes of paltry efforts for her, and she paid me back with an eternity of bliss in one short minute. That day I won an indisputable first place in her affections.

I have a little roadster now, and we burn up the highways into the country now and then. Joe, I swear as I hold this pen in hand that to get to paint such a picture as Alice presents when she trigs herself in riding attire, Rembrandt would have risked his skin, but when she is disencumbered of her formal clothes and heavy riding coat and lets herself out in delirious joy at being alive, Rembrandt and all his pupils would have pawned their souls and thrown away the tickets for the privilege of painting her.

She has golden brown hair with a tantalizing wisp that will blow now and then into your face as you speed along. Her eyes are a scintillating blue that hold more love and mischief than all the rest of the world contains. As for her lips and indescribable cheeks, you will have to consult Shakespeare. He came the nearest of anyone to describing their attributes, though he didn't seem to voice my sentiments adequately.

So, Joe, old friend, I have about exhausted my poor vocabulary. But you always were a sympathetic cuss when occasion demanded. So extend your ear in my direction and catch the last few words which are about to fall from the pen of a love-lorn lover. It is now twelve-thirty A. M. Before twenty-one hours shall roll around, I shall have popped the question. Then from her lips will come the fateful words which will crush my spirit like a frost-withered plant or give it such impetus as will carry it into the seventh heaven. I feel confident as to what the answer





will be, so I can be pardoned in fitting the poet's words to my own case:

"Why man, she is mine own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas if all their sands were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

Your pal,

Frank.

—EMMETT E. LITTLETON.

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### A MEADOW IN JUNE

The splendors of the Orient  
Were in that carpet softly blent;  
And over all the meadow's green  
The dew had spread her diamond sheen.

\* \* \*

Golden light  
Groweth wan,  
And anon  
Day is gone;  
While the night  
With a star  
Clear and far  
Twinkles bright!

\* \* \*

I was happy to-day  
For I heard the breeze sighing  
As it lilted away.  
I was happy to-day,  
For the clouds were at play  
With their pennons all flying.  
I was joyous to-day,  
For the breezes were sighing!

—R. F. E.



# Slip'ry Ely

(Second Prize Story)



THE little judge with the big idea sat alone in his chambers that evening. He was much alone, for the possession of a big idea, when it is a new and disturbing one, makes for loneliness. He was likewise tired, for it had been a hard day among hard days. He was thinking more or less of human beings who had shuffled past since early forenoon.

There was a small but determined-looking clock on the desk, and its voice was sharp in the empty room. The judge came out of his musings to stare at it and began to gather up his books and papers.

Before he had finished, the door opened, and an overcoated and muffled man came in, and with him came a large slice of the December night. He was a tall man, thickly made, with a face of fixed and massive melancholy.

"Well, Henry?" The judge left off the clearing of his desk and sat back in his chair.

"Lo, Judge." He let himself heavily down into a seat and loosened the shrouding of his throat.

"Anything new, Henry?"

"Nope. Just passin.'" His somber eye roved about the room and came to rest on the clock. "Trying to kill yourself workin' all hours?"

"I was just going. I've been waiting for a boy I felt might drop in."

Henry grunted. "Uh-huh. Thought he might drop in; did you? Well, more likely he's dropped out—out of town."

"Oh, I don't believe he has, Henry," said the judge mildly.

"Sure you don't. You never believe nothin' you don't want to. You're a smart little feller, someways, but you're stuck on this kid stuff. Now, I've been in this game longer than you have, and I tell you, Judge, I know it from A to Z. A bad kid is a bad kid, and you gotter handle 'em as such. You gotter cut out the 'Little Eva' business."

"And stick to the Simon Legree effect? Now, that's where we part company, Henry! It isn't possible to have a final opinion about anything as variable as a boy. He's good in spots and bad in spots, and you can make the spots widen and spread till he's all one or the other. I tell you, Henry, a bad boy is a sign of somebody's failure. He wants restraining, correction. He wants help and healing! A bad boy is a sick boy!"

"Well—if that's so, then we got a dickens of a sick boy over to the jail."

"Who?"

"Kid named Ely; 'Slippery,' they call him. You know—the leader of the seven boy burglars."

"And you've got him after all this time?"





"Yep. Got him is the word. Had him about a week now, but he hasn't loosened up."

"And you've had him—you've been giving him the third degree for a week?"

"Yep. Say, Judge, listen—don't get any of your Little Eva ideas about this bird. I know kinds, and I'm tellin' you he's hopeless. Hopeless is the word."

"How old is he?"

"Seventeen."

"Satin himself wasn't hopeless at seventeen!" The judge was working himself into his overcoat. "I'll just step along and see him."

Henry started. "This time of night—and this weather?"

"Yes," said the judge briefly.

Henry looked him over with deep disapproval. "And you a sick man!"

"Well," grinned the judge, "I'm going to see a sick boy."

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The judge's visits to the boy in jail had not been ineffective. Slip'ry was going to have a chance for probation.

"The thing that counts," said the judge, "is this new idea I'm working on, about kids—the idea that they can be trusted; that it isn't square to treat them the way you've been treated. And, you see, it's pretty hard to get a new idea started. Every time a kid stands by me, the idea gets a boost, and when a kid goes back on me, it gets a kick. Well, it's up to you, now. You know what I think of you, and you know what Henry thinks. You're the only one that knows."

The judge fumbled among his books, his back to the boy. A long wait, and then a choking sob broke the silence. Slip'ry Ely spoke.

"I'm gonner stay here wit' you, and make a monkey outa dat cop!"

Later that night, while Henry was locking up the jail, he mentioned to his assistant the fact that Slip'ry hadn't returned yet—his first time on probation.

"Nope. He'll never show up. No chance a-tall. Well, I guess mebbe it'll learn somebody somethin!"

"I guess maybe. 'Night, Henry."

"'Night, Tom."

Henry dreamed of Slip'ry—and woke up suddenly to hear the persistent ring of the jail door-bell. Half awake, he went to the door—and stared. There stood Slip'ry—or his ghost. No, it couldn't be his ghost because hearty, reassuring, natural speech issued from the phantom.

"Lemme in, can't yer, yuh big boob! Goin' ter let me freeze here all night?"

\* \* \*

Slip'ry was before the little judge—white, restless-eyed, shaking.

"Judge, I'm here, tellin' you like you said. I gotter break loose, somehow."

"Anything wrong with your job?"







"Nope. Nothin' wrong. But—but I just gotter—fly out!"

The judge regarded him soberly. "I suppose you have—I suppose you have. Well, you might go down to Mexico and find your old pal, Eddie Flynn. I want you to find Eddie, explain our system to him, and bring him back here. But I want you back in three weeks. Let's say, the seventeenth of next month, at six o'clock. Can you do it?"

"Can I? Just watch me," said Slip'ry, evidently relieved.

"Now, as to money, I'll have to give you some of my own. The state doesn't supply any for this kind of trip. Make it as easy on me as you can; will you?"

The boy scowled for a long, silent moment.

"Aw, gimme five bones," he said.

\* \* \*

It was five minutes to six on the seventeenth. The judge was uneasy. Henry was more positive than ever that Slip'ry had gone for good.

"Yep. He flew out for good, all right. I told you once, a bad kid is a bad kid. Say, Tom, is there anybody on the stairs or in the hall?"

"Nope."

"There y'are, Judge. We're right. Tough luck, old fellow, but as we was wise to—"

The window at the fire escape opened, and through it stepped Slip'ry—and Eddie Flynn. The little clock cheerfully chimed six clear notes into the silence.

"Lo, Judge. Say dat train de loox is a scream for speed, I don't think."

Slip'ry's eyes ran rapidly over the faces before him. He looked a little white, his eyes blinking at Henry, at Tom, and the judge. He smiled like a seraph.

"Slip'ry," said the judge, not quite steadily, "boy, I—you—" He got up out of his loosely fitting chair, and, as he went past the jailer, he seemed, curiously, to glow and grow until he was the biggest person present. He held out his hand. "I want to tell you what I think of—"

"Aw," said the one-time leader of the seven best-known boy burglars, "aw—" Suddenly he brightened and embarrassment slid swiftly from him. "Say, I'm holdin' out on you! Wait a shake." He thrust a dark fist into a sinister looking pocket.

"Here! You get eighty cents change!"

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Note—This story has for its foundation an incident which happened in Judge Ben B. Lindsey's court, Denver, Colorado.

ALBERTA RIEBENSTEIN.



# The Open Door

## A One Act Play

TIME—The afternoon before Xmas.

PLACE—In a cottage in Hunter's Beach, on the coast of Maine.

SCENE—A rudely furnished room of a cottage. A table, on which are a few books, a lamp, and a jar of nuts, stands on the left side of the room. A few chairs. Hunting jackets, guns, and fishing nets hang on the walls. A large fireplace, in front of which is a beautiful large fur rug. A great wooden door opposite the fireplace is fastened wide open.

### CHARACTERS:

LUCIEN MONGÉES—A young Frenchman.

YVETTE ABBEY—His young bride.

GEORGE HAMMAND, BILL LEYDEN—Men of Hunter's Beach, friends of Lucien.

CHILDREN.

(Enter BILL and GEORGE, calling.) Oh, Lucien! Lucien! My friend! Lucien!

(They look around the room.)

GEORGE: There is no one here, Bill.

BILL: 'Tis as I thought. He is drawn by the beach, no doubt, gazing far out to sea.

GEORGE (sadly shakes his head): Yes, if he is not here musing, he is surely to be found there.

(They stir up the fire, and sit down.)

BILL: Ah, what a pity that so young a man should mourn his life away as Lucien is doing, tho' he does try to be cheerful and kind.

GEORGE: Yes, not one who knows him but loves him. But tell me the story of his sorrow, George. It has a strange fascination to me; yet it brings tears to my eyes whenever I hear it.

BILL: It was five years ago this Xmas that the good ship 'Steadfast' left France for America. In mid-ocean a storm arose. The ship was wrecked. The women were hurried into life boats. The men awaited their inevitable fate with silence, yet each one's heart was crying out to the dear one from whom he was parting. Among them was a French boy, who gazed with unblinking eyes at his bride as she climbed into the life boat and it shoved off. But there was one boat left unoccupied. In every man's heart arose the question: "Which ones shall get into the boat?" But brave as they were, not one spoke a word. The five nearest the boat scrambled in just as the last of the ship was about to disappear beneath the waves. Hours later, they were picked up by a passing ship. With anguished hearts they awaited for news of the remaining survivors. Weeks—months passed, and no word. Finally, each one realized the awful truth that he had feared—the boats were lost!

. . . . The boy, Lucien, lives in this house today, George, but you



know that not a day passes but that he gazes out to sea, where last he saw his Yvette.

GEORGE (greatly moved): Oh, 'tis sad, Bill, old man, but somehow I can't help thinking that some day Lucien's heart will be glad again. For was it not said that "The open friendly hand shall receive—into only the open heart shall Joy come?" You know yourself, Lucien's door has been open all these years to friend or foe. Not once has he closed it.

BILL: That's a great truth, George, and it has been proven to be so. But let us be on our way; we shall see Lucien later.

(They leave.)

(A band of children are heard laughing and shouting. They scamper in at the door, and crowd around the fire, all talking at once.)

FIRST CHILD: Oh, but this fire feels good!

SECOND CHILD: Where's Lucien? Oh, Lucien!

THIRD CHILD: Let's get some nuts; Lucien said they were on the table.

FOURTH CHILD: Let's play something.

FIRST CHILD: No, let's tell stories.

THIRD CHILD: Aren't you glad tomorrow is Xmas?

FOURTH CHILD: I wonder what I'll get?

SECOND CHILD: I wish Lucien were here; he'd tell us a story.

(In the midst of their chatter, a dark, delicately featured man, with black hair and eyes, enters and stands quietly watching them. Suddenly one boy spies him).

SECOND CHILD: Oh, good, here's Lucien!

ALL: Merry Xmas, Lucien!

THIRD CHILD: Can we have some nuts?

FIRST CHILD: Tell us a story.

FOURTH CHILD: Where've you been; we've been looking for you!

(Lucien come to center of group and sits in chair. He smiles a sad, wistful smile.)

LUCIEN: Well, well, mes petites, I see you are all as happy as can be. But get some nuts and sit down, and I'll tell you a story.

(They all sit on the floor, eating nuts. Lucien tells them a Xmas story. When he finishes, they clamor for more, but he rises, smiling, and shakes his head.)

LUCIEN: Now run along, all of you, and have a merry time. A Merry Xmas to you all, my dears!

ALL: A Merry Xmas to you, Lucien!

(They all leave, and their voices finally die away in the distance. Lucien sighs deeply and dejectedly sits in a chair, staring into the fire. He muses aloud.)

LUCIEN: A Merry Xmas, yes, for them. But not for Lucien . . . Oh, Yvette! Yvette! How can I be merry when I think of none but thee? . . . How well do I remember that last Xmas. Ah! I see her dear face now, smiling up at me as I kissed her. How happy she was





when I placed the bracelet on her arm. How our hearts were made happy, thinking of our wedding day—

(His voice drifts off in somewhat of a groan, almost a sob. Voices are heard, and two men enter carrying hollyberries and mistletoe. Lucien arouses himself and greets them.)

LUCIEN: Welcome, mes amis, and you have been gathering hollyberries, I see!

BILL: Yes, and daughter Betty told me to be sure and not forget the mistletoe— (He laughs.)

GEORGE: A happy time we'll all have tomorrow. But we stopped in to see you, and you were not home; so we came back to tell you good news, Lucien. The chimes shall ring at sunset this evening. We have waited long to hear them. Now their mellow tones shall sound far over the snow. What a beautiful symbol are the chimes! They are the angels' voices themselves ringing out cheer and blessings to mankind.

BILL: You know, Lucien, not one hears the chimes but receives some blessing or some bit of happiness. Well, come, George, let us go and spread the good news to the rest of our friends. Goodbye, Lucien.

GEORGE: Goodbye, Lucien, and God bless you. (They leave.)

(Lucien, seeing that darkness will soon come upon him, lights a lamp, and once more he sinks into his chair.)

LUCIEN (wistfully): Some blessing, some bit of happiness; oh, if it could only be true. But how can I be happy without her! Yvette! Yvette— (His voice becomes gradually slower and sinks to a whisper. The fire blazes high, and outside the snow is falling fast. Then a figure in ragged clothing creeps in through the door, stumbles across the room, and sinks into a small, motionless heap upon the warm fur before the blaze. Lucien slowly turns his head and sees it.)

LUCIEN (quickly putting aside his own sorrow): Ah, a lost child. Poor thing! I'm glad the door was open. I wonder—

(He stops abruptly and jumps up, staring at a gold bracelet around the arm of the figure. Slowly, as one in a dream, he goes to the figure and kneels. His hand goes out to the bracelet. He feels it. He slowly pulls back the clothes from the face, a beautiful face, outlined with dark hair and with eyes closed. With a glad cry he gathers the figure to him.)

LUCIEN: Yvette! Yvette! My beloved! My wife!—

(Her eyes slowly open. She gazes at him stupidly for a time, then—)

YVETTE: Lucien!

((They are silent for a while, then—))

LUCIEN (bewildered): But, Yvette, the boats—how came you here?—

YVETTE (interrupting him): Oh, Lucien, my husband, 'tis a long story. (Still bewildered, she strokes his face.) Our boat was picked up by a ship when we were nearly exhausted. . . . I've wandered ever since from place to place along the sea shore—hoping—hoping—yet hardly



daring to believe I would find you. And now, I was so cold—I saw the fire—the open door—

LUCIEN: And you sought shelter. Oh, Yvette, my darling, if the door had not been open! (While he speaks, the chimes begin to ring, and he smiles through tears of joy.) The chimes—my happiness—“Open thy hand and receive, for only into the friendly heart may Joy come.” (Chimes still ring.)

(Curtain)

YSABEL F. NELSON.





# Judge Baumonte's Chicken Dinner

(Third Prize Story)

THE darkness of night had settled on Judge Baumont's henhouse some hours ago, leaving only the dim outline of its whitewashed walls distinguishable in the silent obscurity. The judge's prize Minorcas, which had netted him highest honors at the state fair, slept on, fondly dreaming of fields of perpetual feed, little suspecting the black peril that hovered near.

A nearby tom-cat howled, in the distance a clock struck twelve, and all grew silent save for the crackle of a dry branch. A dusky form stole up to the coop. It stopped, entered the coop, and emerged with a muffled squawk.

Suddenly lights flashed—night became day. Running footsteps sounded. A voice shouted, "Run around and cut him off, Jamison."

Jamison intercepted the retreating figure, and after removing a cackling hen from the stranger's personage, he turned the nocturnal visitor over to the town marshal for safe keeping.

Morning found Sam Johnson peeling potatoes in the county jail.

"Anybody what swipes three times a week from the same place deserves sixty days," said old man Burdock, the jailor.

"Ah suppose so," answered Sam with a grunt.

One week later, Sam and old Burdock were busy preparing a banquet for the city officials. Old man Burdock had been on duty all night, and consequently, seated at the kitchen table, he fell asleep in the act of performing some culinary operations.

The telephone rang, and Sam answered it. The grocer was unable to deliver the poultry. Sam scratched his kinky head. He must have the chickens. He contemplated the sleeping Burdock—it was his only chance.

Quietly he tip-toed out of the kitchen, scaled the brick wall surrounding the jail, and did not stop running until he reached Judge Baumont's hen-house. If anyone had happened to be passing by the thoroughfare leading to the county prison a few minutes later, he would have seen Mr. Samuel Johnson escorting six of the judge's finest hens to their untimely doom.

It was not until the six chickens were picked, cleaned, dressed, and put in the oven that Burdock awoke. "Gosh! Have them chickens come yet?" asked Burdock nervously.

"Yes, suh. They's in the oven," replied Sam smiling broadly.

The banquet was served in the jailor's office. It had been a long time since the visitors had eaten such roasted chicken. Even the judge admitted that it was almost as tender as his prize-winning Minorcas. After the city officials had finished a hearty meal, they sat around the table smoking and talking contentedly.

"Yes," Judge Baumont was saying, "some dirty scoundrel broke



into my hen-coop and stole a half dozen of my best Minorcas. It was done in broad daylight, too." As Sam came in to clear the table off, the judge pointed his finger at him and said, "If that black rascal wasn't in jail, I would have arrested him for it."

"Yes, suh, Ah 'spects so," chuckled Sam.

REGINALD TUMELTY.

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### A SONNET

(Honorable Mention)

With what dismay I look upon the snow  
When first it tells me summer time has gone!  
So white and silent is the cold, drear dawn,  
From which distrust and sadness seem to grow.  
It is, indeed, a feeling all of woe,  
A vague and dull despair that's from me drawn;  
And gladly would I home and hearthfire pawn  
If to some sunny country I might go.  
But when I think of sun, I think of spring,  
Of cool March winds and merry April showers,  
Of scarlet-breasted robins on the wing,  
Of myriads of waxen-petaled flowers;  
And once again my heart begins to sing  
With joyful love for all this world of ours.

REVA HORWITZ.





## Beyond

(First Prize Poem)

When the dreaded shadow blots out the ray of light  
That men call life, and my soul wings through the night,  
I wonder if 'twill find that glorious paeon of sound  
That sets my pulse a-throbbing and my heart a-bound—

Harmony of chords that broke the bounds of song  
And sent its raptures to a sky with stars a-throng.  
Perhaps my soul, ascending in triumphant flight  
And peering through the starry shine, will see behind the  
night,

And drink its fill of color the immortal artists fling,  
More than gold of Autumn or silver sheen of Spring.  
'Twill climb the road of glory, the mighty task complete,  
'Twill view the astral marvels unfolding at its feet.

Perchance my soul will sweep through endless halls of fame,  
And, searching not for tablet chiseled with my name,  
Will reach at last the temple, shining white and fair,  
And then my raptured soul will find Love waiting there.

MARJORIE TAYLOR.





## THE LINK OF LIFE

(Second Prize Poem)

As the sea of life rolls ever on,  
We look for twilight e'en at dawn.  
Then gazing back at evening's glow  
We drop our oars and cease to row,  
For youth must dream, and age remember  
That life is spring and bleak December.

BETTY COFFIN.

\* \* \*

## NATURE'S PICTURE BOOK

(Third Prize Poem)

I love to sit at eve and watch  
The crimson banners flung on high  
While castles, isles, and battlements  
Mount upward in the western sky.  
I sail a ship in seas unknown,  
And guide it from afar,  
But ere I pilot it back home,  
It hides behind a star.  
O'er spreading vale and mountain range,  
The living colors interchange  
Their hues of flame and molten gold—  
Daily treasures, wealth untold,  
Left by Him who paints for me  
The pictures that I long to see  
In darker hours, that I may know  
The solace of their afterglow,  
Until His spirit, like morn's first rays,  
Speaks of hope and peaceful days  
And happiness for those who look  
Into His wondrous picture book.

AGNES MULLER.





# FAMOUS SAYINGS

