

in this short day, they deserve their reward, but, Pa, it's me for the hens and chickens.

"What'll we sing," said the old man with a twinkle in his eye, as he cleared his throat, and brushed his whiskers to one side. Charlie stuffed his collar in his breast pocket and replied:

"I guess we'll have 'There's no place like home.' "

R. G., '25.



LAND OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

Joy fills my heart when I do think of thee,
 On whose dear slopes it was my lot to stray.
 So sweet the glen wherein the light of day
 Encircles all that is most dear to me.
 Peace to thy vales until eternity
 Has ended all, and earth has passed away.
 Come, though they may, on life's uncertain way
 A host of sorrows yet the thought of thee
 Must ever be to me a balm of peace.
 Places of long renown and mankind's boast,
 Beauties of nature may amaze my mind;
 E'en though it be, yet I shall never cease
 Longing for thee who to my heart brings most
 Loved memories of what is left behind.

J. E. C. '25.



A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breath
 —John Keats.