

Mrs. Glop, along with Mrs. Flop, always took the side of the strikers, right or wrong, and demanded certain concessions for them. The cause of the present strike was the dismissal by Glopo of a certain laborer who had demanded four and a half smelts for one hour overtime. Mrs. Glop lost her temper entirely this morning, and ordered her husband to attend a meeting of all the workers which she and Flopa had called. Many millions of moons later, this would be known as compulsory arbitration.

Finally Glopo arose and called his two sons to come to the meeting with him. He picked up his cudgel which was lying by a tree, and gave the dog a kick as he passed. (The dog, who also partook of the familial patronymic, was called Gloporum).

The three sauntered down the main drag to a deserted cave at the end, where the workers had already assembled. Though the procedure of this group was rather dissimilar to our parliamentary procedure, it certainly achieved more decisive results.

Glopo no sooner showed himself in the cave-mouth with a son on either hand, than a volley of stones came flying from the darker recesses. The meeting was open for business. Glopo first pleaded with them to be quiet. After they had subsided, he addressed them.

"Last month I fired a man," he said,—probably in the same tone of voice with which Spartacus spoke the words: "Yesterday I killed a man in the arena."—yes, I fired him, but at that time I didn't know that you, the workers of Glopborough, wanted time and a half for over-time. I have come here today to make an announcement. In the future, the rate of pay for overtime will be four and one-half smelts per hour!"

With this announcement came a wave of applause which shook the very cave in its foundations. Labor had won another victory! Clearly the time was near at hand when all labor-management disputes would come to an end. Hurray for us, hurray for Glopo!

—JAMES E. TRAINOR '49

NATURE'S GIFTS

God's gifts are bountiful, flowing from His hands in lavish splendor,
Sprinkling the earth with signs of Him Whose love for man
Has been so oft rejected, wasted, scorned,
And left unclaimed, since first the world began.

A brook whose laughter echoes through the sheen of night,
In careless effort as it onward glides,
A night of mystic grandeur, a silver-tinted moon,
Winding lanes, and quiet countrysides.

A placid lake, her starry face a mirror
Earth's glittering glory to reflect and seek,
A beam of moonlight shining through an open door,
A limpid tear upon a maiden's cheek.

Nature's gifts to man, but do we see
Their mystery and their charm, their power to turn
The mind of man from little things, and through
Their poignant beauty plead with him—"To God return!"

—ALICE McCLOSKEY '49

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE TAILOR

The timid looking little man walked down the street, gazing straight ahead through his horn-rimmed glasses, unmindful of the crowd of passers-by. He clutched a newspaper in his hand. He was thinking of the headline, "Police baffled by series of daring robberies", and he looked worried. He stepped into a tailor-shop and looked about bewilderedly.

"Yeah? Over here, buddy. What'll it be? C'mon, c'mon; what's on your mind. It's ten to five. We're almost ready to close."

The booming voice of the big tailor came out of the gloom on the far side of the room. The little man stepped forward, peering through his glasses.

"Well, I—I was just wondering if you'd have time to press my pants before you close."

The big tailor looked at his assistant. "Well, how do you like that, Joe?" he said, "Imagine him coming in here at this hour and wanting his pants pressed."

His assistant did not even look up from his work; he kept on sewing.

The tailor turned to the little man.

"O. K. Shorty," he said, "Get behind that screen there and pass 'em out to me."

The little man went behind the screen quickly. In a moment the pants were passed out to the tailor.