

side and cocking it on the other; and showing signs of fatigue and an approaching charley horse. She asked me how I liked her choice of hats. I told her they were lovely—all twenty-five of them, and that I would return in a couple of hours when the field would be narrowed down a bit, and after I had done a little exploring on my own.

When I returned to Sportman's Paradise I found that Dorothy and Elizabeth were starting for home, so I strolled along at a suitable distance. Their homes lay in a very pleasant and well maintained section of the town. Through the window I could see Elizabeth tucking Bobby, her little cocker spaniel, into his crib; while from next door came a most vicious sneeze. Bobby's sister, Belinda, was going to give George another sleepless night. But from the house across the street danced the joyous laughter of little children mingled with the soft strains of a mother's lullaby.

—EMMETT ROCHE '53

WINTER

Low, hov'ring clouds obscure the sun from sight;
The morning comes too late; too soon the night.
From out the North cold winds with fury sweep,
Cross plain and hill and down the valleys deep;
Searing and blighting all things in its path
With frigid blast and all too wicked wrath.
The lakes and rivers fast with ice are bound,
A fleecy mantle covers all the ground.
And trees once garbed in green now naked stand
Unlovely in this sun-forsaken land.
For Old Man Winter, cold and grim and white,
Now rules this Northland with his icy might.

—B. F. '52

A sonnet is a moment's monument—Rossetti.

Who will believe my verse in time to come.

—Shakespeare.

The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name as the loud laughter of buffons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen.

—Sir Richard Steele.