

When the sun's riding high in the heavens,
The world below bathed in its beams;
It's then happiness seems to come natural,
And smiling is easy it seems;
When the children are laughing and playing
Beneath the deep blue of the sky,
When the leaves and the flowers are growing,
All's right as the world hurries by.
As the sun in the west is declining,
To give a clear sky to the moon,
And the flowers all hang their heads weeping
To see the night coming so soon,
We look long at the beautiful sunset,
And think as we go on our way,
Human beings have made many wonders,
But God alone gives us a day.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50

THE EASY ROAD

The kid was scared. It showed in his every action. He came walking down the aisle of the lurching passenger car, his eyes shuttling back and forth, as if seeking a possible avenue of escape. Every now and then he would look furtively behind him, and reassured, would make an unsuccessful attempt to look casual and nonchalant.

Joe Mowery, sitting alone and reading his paper, glanced up casually from the sports page as the youth slid into the same seat; then burrowed back into the paper again. The kid fidgeted for awhile then he nudged Joe and said, "Got a match bud?" "Yeah", said Joe noncomitally, and without raising his head from his paper, he passed his companion a packet of matches "Keep 'em", he said briefly.

"Want a smoke?" ventured the youth.

Definitely annoyed, Joe lowered his paper, stared at the young fellow and tried to keep the edge out of his voice as he said, "No thanks! I just had one."

It was then that he noticed the other's nervousness, tiny beads of sweat stood out on the youth's forehead, and a muscle twitched spasmodically in his face.

"What's the matter son, are you sick?" he inquired, a kinder note in his voice.

"No! I'm not sick," the youth replied shakily; then he added in a barely audible voice, "but I'm damn scared."

The kid searched Joe's face and then he blurted, "You look like a square guy, mister; you wouldn't turn down a guy in trouble, would you?"

"That just depends on what your trouble is" replied Joe, "What are you afraid of?"

The youth almost stuttered in eagerness to rid himself of the burden on his mind. In a low tense voice he said, "D'you see that big fellow in the tweed suit, standing in the vestibule of the car; he's a detective. I heard him telling the conductor that he was going to wait until the train got to Tormentine before he made the arrest, and I'm sure it's me he's after."

"Start at the beginning;" said Joe with a little more interest, "why should he be after you?"

"It's a long story," replied the young fellow, "I guess I might as well start at the beginning."

"Well," continued the youth, "when I was a baby my father disappeared, leaving my mother and me all alone. No one seemed to know what became of him. There were investigations by the police, of course, but the only conclusions they could arrive at were that he either ran off, or was drowned in the river, which runs through the Island village where we lived. The river was dragged but no body was ever found. My mother supported herself and me by taking in washing, and cleaning other people's houses. Well after seven or eight years had passed, my father according to law could be presumed dead, and mother free to marry again. This she did, and at twelve I had a step-father." Here the youth's face tightened and a malevolent gleam came into his eyes.

"Then what happened?" queried Joe softly.

"Well I started to work," replied the young fellow, "not a regular job, you understand, but for three years my step-father carefully trained me in the art of shop-lifting; and under his coaching I soon became an expert. My step-father and I worked the towns of the Maritimes, and once a month we delivered the stuff to a fence in St. John. Then we would get out and repeat the same thing all over again. My mother did not know for certain what was going on, although I think she suspected. My step-father told her that he was a travelling salesman, and that he was teaching me the business. You see she lived in our old home over on the Island, all the time we were on the road. He told me not to open my trap or I would get just as big a sentence as he. Once when I told him I was going to give up the job, he beat me until I was unconscious. Anyway, to make a long story short, I got my chance in Moncton. While

the old man was asleep in his hotel room, I tipped off the cops, and caught the train for the ferry. So here I am, and now I'm as good as caught. The old man likely squealed on me; but I'll jump off the train before I let them take me. It wasn't my fault. I was young and scared of my step father. Will you help me get on the boat? I might be able to hide and then sneak off at Borden."

"O. K. son, I'll do all I can," said Joe Mowery quietly.

"Will you keep him occupied? I'll jump the train before she stops; it's my only chance," said the youth urgently.

"Okay son," said Joe, "I'll keep him occupied."

Just then the conductor came through the train, and intoned in a bored voice, "Tormentine next! Change for the boat."

The young fellow arose as the train slackened speed, and started towards the rear of the car.

"Good Luck, son," murmured Joe, but the kid was too far away to hear him. As the train slowed to a grinding stop, the large man in the tweed suit came down the isle towards Joe's seat. As he came abreast of the seat, he stopped. "Okay, Mowery," he said quietly, "I guess we won't need the cuffs; there should be a couple of R. C. M. P.'s with a car outside."

"No, we won't need the cuffs," said Joe quietly.

"What on earth made you break out of Dorchester, when you had only six more months to go?" queried the big man.

"Oh, I just got a yearning to see my wife and child I deserted over on the Island about sixteen or seventeen years ago," said Joe with a faint smile.

"By the way," said the big man in the tweeds, "who was the scared looking kid you were talking to?"

"Oh, just a young fellow who found out in time that the easy road is not always the best road," said Joe Mowery with an ironic grin.

—JAMES MORRIS '48

STREET CARS

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