

found her now; the woman in that den had on that bracelet."

He rose, took the little box from Ronald's hand, replaced it in the drawer, reseated himself and fixed his gaze on the fire.

Ronald picked up the paper, started but said nothing. He had found these headlines in the evening news;

"Miss Margaret Fields, daughter of J. F. Fields is at last found."

Lindley Welch, '11.



The Westland.

You may prate about your culture and its benefits, and then
 You may laud your greatest cities full of educated men;
 But give to me the Westland, where the mountains can be seen,
 And the sunshine floods the prairies and the grass is always green.
 Give to me the waving forests, where the pine tops always moan,
 For there amid the mountains is the place that I call home.

It is only a rude cottage, midst the mountains and the streams,
 Not fitted out with luxury (to cultured minds it seems);
 But around it are the mountains, God's sentinels are they
 And the valleys filled with wheat fields, and the hill sides sowed with
 hay,

And all your famous artists, never showed with skill so rare
 The color of my wheat field when the autumn days are there.

You may talk about your scholars, filled with all the ancient lore,
 Who have studied all the mysteries, speak three score tongues or
 more;

But show me of your scholars anyone, with talents rare,
 Can tell me why the birds fly south when frost is in the air;
 Or tell me why the mountains or the valleys or the plains,
 Seem to make man feel so little, and put awe within his brain.

L'Envoy

You may keep your crowded cities, full of money and of din,
 You may laud your greatest scholars, who are men, and all men sin,
 But give to me the Westland, where the pines are always green,
 Way out yonder on the border; where the hand of God is seen.

—C. W. Robison, '11.