

only thought being, when one came close enough, to "hit 'em," and if the stone came anywhere near the guiltless songster, every waiting milkman or maid of the town could hear us yell, "Gee! that was a close one," and thereby knew why the herd had gone to feeding again. A well known voice would generally, at this interval, bellow across the cornfield that separated the river from our house. It was then that we hurried through the dusk toward the scattering cattle and home.

At the parting of the way we would linger long enough to plan tomorrow, backing away and talking. I used to watch till he was hid from sight by the willows along the path, as he turned and ran for home. Being left alone always brought up the question in my mind as to whether or not my somewhat irritated sire would deem it advisable to bring again the customary barrel-stave into play upon my person, because of my untimely arrival. Boys are optimistic and the day is always an hour ahead of what it is to grown-ups. Why should I worry over coming events? It was nice anyway to stop at the gate and listen to the whip-poor-will, or some other night-bird pour his plaint to the peeping stars or lonely moon, and hope you wouldn't have to wash your feet again tonight.

S. R., '11.

The Call of the Prairie

When the wind blows o'er the prairie
All its grasses sway and bend
Like the waves of a great ocean
Rising, falling without end.

And the running grass-waves ripple,
And the lark soars high above,
And the clouds at the horizon
Cool the mountains that they love.

Then the full voice of the prairie
Swells up from the breezy sea,
Swells rich with deep-toned message,
Calling "Be thou boundless, free."

R. F.