

She receives a letter, opens it frantically, (with the usual foreboding of trouble) and takes out—her picture with a bullet hole right through the center.

Usual business of fainting, hysterics, etc.

ACT III

Six months later:

Stage setting: A sitting room.

Heroine discovered alone with the conventional book of poetry. A step is heard outside. She gives the usual start and listens intently. Door opens suddenly and hero enters, alive and well, except for a pronounced limp. He stands inside the door and conventionally holds out his arms. Usual scene.

"But—the picture?" as soon as she can catch her breath.

"Yes, I know," he falters. He sees that he must tell the truth, and goes on bravely, "Before the battle I had been looking at your beautiful image, and when the firing started, I was—rather disturbed, and—er—absentmindedly—put the picture in my—hip pocket, instead—"

Tableau. Quick curtain.

—C. McC. S., '09.

To an Oak Tree

A king uncrowned, yet worthy of a throne,
A monarch, towering, leader of his kind,
Erect, undaunted by the fiercest wind
And fearless of the tempest's threatening tone.
For years he's stood and battled for his own
Against a world whose forces seemed unkind,
But made him strong as iron bands entwined,
And brought a monarch from a seed there sown.

Outlined againt the winter's still, gray sky,
He waves his spectral arms sheathed o'er with snow,
And bids defiance to the piercing wind.
But soon the summer's soft, green mosses lie
Along his branches and the first leaves blow
For Nature's Lord is gentle, now, and kind.

—C. C.