

thin, crooked nose and a curious, crooked mouth. On his head he wore a tall, crooked hat and about his shoulders a black, crooked cloak. He supported his thin, crooked legs by a gnarled staff that he clutched in his old, crooked hand.

One evening not long ago I was reading Mother Goose rhymes to my small brother. As I finished the last poem, "There Was a Crooked Man," the evening paper bumped against the front door with its usual peculiarly pleasant sound. I went to get it, and as I walked inside leisurely unfolding it, my eyes fell upon the headlines—"Wealthy Wall Street Magnate and Politician Taken into Custody by Paris Police"—or something to that effect with a sub-head reading "Faces Deportation Charge to U.S. Authorities." Perhaps my mind was still concerned with the last poem I had read, but instantly I knew who the Crooked Man of nursery fame was. The fellow was a politician to be sure!

In a flash it was all very clear! The crooked lane was the Crooked Man's term in office. The crooked six-pence that he found against the crooked stile was the money gained illegally under the guise of public benefit. The crooked cat was his "stuffed shirt"—I've heard that expression somewhere! And the crooked house—ah, yes! That was his influence that protected him from the dubious people.

Suddenly I laughed aloud at my stupidity for not having guessed his identity long ago.

20th Century College Student

By

James Jordan Stewart

A twentieth century college student is a misnomer, for he is, in reality, a student of nothing but folly. His father has sent him to school because it is the conventional thing to do; the qualifications of the institution being either its athletic supremacy, its social superiority or its purported aca-

demical advantages. The first element of his education is initiation into some esoteric society, where he will be first subject of, and then participant in, all kinds of gross barbarities.

After four years of dissipation and debauchery his marks of seniority are a proficiency at cards, drink, sports, and women. His sole serious concern has been to successfully pass his examinations without resorting to actual study, for all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar. To this ignoble end he has shown great ingenuity and has learned the manifold method of cheating, oblivious to the fact that had he employed half as much time and effort in honest study he would have reaped a much more prolific harvest.

However, at his graduation he will pass from a brother in the bond to a brother in the "Bond and Trust"; and if he is an "all around good fellow," which he is sure to be, he will become a member in good standing of that great cult of mutual "soft-soapers"; and so his education will have served its end.

Guethary

By

Louise Garrigus

I lived in a small town for several years and I have spent a good many years in Indianapolis, and a few years in large cities. But I lived six months in a village. I knew my circle in that small town, and friends in this Indianapolis, and not so many friends in those larger cities. But I knew everyone in that village.

Its name was Guethary, and it was down in southwestern France, right on the Bay of Biscay, and only a few miles away from the Pyrenees—and Spain. But the sea, while so near, lay always below the village, and the mountains, while so far, loomed always down upon the village; and when I think of Guethary, I think of those mountains first, and then, always after