

Sunset

Nestling down in a valley is a large ranch. It is almost surrounded by hills. It is a late afternoon in June. The day has been warm, but the air is slowly cooling off as twilight approaches. The most beautiful time of day is at hand. Sunset!

Seated at my window I gaze out over the hills and valleys up into a world of magic. Silvery clouds can be seen floating lazily across the brilliant sky. The glorious sun sends its rays of light over the clouds, paint them a lovely hue. They appear gold, then light pink, and change gradually to a deep rose. Slowly it fades, then

suddenly a horseman can be seen coming up out of a hollow mounted on a startling black horse. He climbs up and up until he reaches the topmost hill, up into the path of the sinking sun and stands silhouetted against the sun. He stands motionless as if turned to stone, and then the sun, as if loathe to go, brightens, then fades and disappears beyond the hills in the west.

Again comes the end of a perfect day and I lean back satisfied as the twilight shadows creep down over the valley and night is at hand.

ANNA HOFSTAD.

Honorable Mention—Freshmen.

The Person Across From Me at the Table

Again there is the scraping and banging of chairs as all the students sit down for their dinner.

The person across from me draws his chair from the table, gives it a tilt forward to remove from it the crumbs from the last meal or any other miscellaneous objects which may be there. He sits down and helps himself to a generous drink of water. After this, he leans back in his chair, and looks around for the waitress. When he sees her coming, he comes down on the four legs of his chair with a thud, moves his knife and fork to a more suitable position, and waits with a look on his face that reminds me of a football player waiting for the signal which puts him in action. He takes the dishes of food from the host and helps himself from each in turn and passes them along

with one turn of his wrist. After all the dishes have been passed he begins to eat, moving his fork from the plate to his mouth at a rate of speed which insures his getting his dinner over in the shortest possible time. Then, as the last forkful of food is in his mouth, he slides his fork over his plate to gather some of the small particles of food which happen to be left. A half slice of bread follows the fork and the plate is clean.

Now, with a look of satisfaction he glances around to see how we have been getting along in the meantime. Satisfying himself that we are a slow group of eaters, he takes his napkin and carefully wipes his hands. He then sits back in his chair and waits for the rest of us to get through with our meal.

LEROY PETERSON.

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