

Isn't It True?

That sound of the radiator—singing like, isn't it? Now, doesn't that remind you of the good old summer time, when, on a warm summer night, the frogs and the bugs and the crickets, chirping in their happy homes, all join in together and make one grand chorus? Each note blends

in with another and follows along on the current of the lazy summer night breeze. Suddenly the notes become harder to hear—have they gone, back into my thoughts like a dream?

HAROLD SANDEN.

First Place—Junior.

The Effect of Hill-billies Upon Stephens Hall

"Bing-Bong-Bong-Bong——. This is station WDAY in the Black Building, Fargo. All right, folks, here's Lem Hawkins and his Hill-billies all ready to give you a half hour of fun and foolishness. Hello there, you folks out in radioland——dad gum it——" and so forth.

No sooner has the announcement been made than "bang-bang-boom-tramp-scuffle-crash"—and the doors of Stephens Hall open with a jerk and close with a bang. Everybody is heading for the parlor where the radio stands, sending forth its glamorous, hilarious, and musical nonsense.

The Freshmen and Juniors, with a sprinkling of Seniors, Advanced, and Special students, bundle around the radio, as a crowd would gather around an injured pedestrian; or as a group of football players, huddling around a quarter-back, trying to tell him that eighty-six would be a better signal than forty-five, and why.

The parlor is fairly alive with the rustling and tussling students who have at least one great ambition,—and that is to hear Lem Hawkins and his

Hill-billies when they put on their program at "noon-thirty—" as Lem Hawkins would say.

There are songs, there are advertisements, there is music, and there is fun; and from the parlor of Stephens Hall comes peel upon peel of laughter as Lem Hawkins lets loose with an exceptionally funny joke.

Time flies; the students are free and enjoying themselves; Texas Ranger is singing a pretty, new song that every one likes to hear; when b-r-r-r-ing, like a thunderbolt out of the clear atmosphere, comes the sound of the class bell, telling everyone it is time he must scamper if he is to get to class on time. So with great disappointment, each and every member of the bustling multitude emerges from his position of rest and contentment, and sallies forth into the vast, bleak region of subzero, stormy weather than lies between Stephens Hall and Hill Building.

NOEL HANSEN.

Honorable Mention—Junior.

