

It's Weather

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. Let's take another tour with our friend, Mr. Weather-or-Not, and see what his observations for today are. I might remind you to take special notice of the pick-up as we go along, just like the new knee-action Chevrolet. Now we are just stepping along beside Mr. Weather-or-Not. Let us listen to his musings. It certainly is a good thing that we have this invisible powder to put on ourselves so that he cannot see us, or he might not be so obliging as to give this report to us gratis, free, without any charge.

"Seven-thirty and does it look nice out! (We think so too!) Well, I don't mind the seven blocks to Wallace's this morning. And here comes the old weather prophet, Joe. How do you like the weather, Joe, isn't it nice for a change?"

Joe, always ready to make an encouraging and cheery remark to start the day right: "Yes, but it's going to get colder." (Now isn't that nice.)

"Did someone once say *seben-com-ehlen*, and call it lucky? Oh, well, maybe Joe isn't a weather prophet, after all." (We will have to hand it to old Weather-or-Not for always looking for a cheery lining in the old musty cloud anyway.)

Hmmm, someone else adding their bit, in the form of a casual remark from the rear of the bus, "Oh, look at the sky, isn't it the most beautiful rosy color you ever saw?"

"It is lovely, isn't it? But what is that old saying 'Red at night, sailor's delight; red in the

morning, sailor's warning.' Yes, someone is always 'throwing a wrench in the machinery'—hope that prophesy is wrong, too!"

"Good morning, good morning, isn't it nice today? Hope it stays this way. I guess I will walk to town tonight. Hello, isn't this the grandest day? It makes one feel like a new person. You can even take time to lift your nose out of the snug little igloo in your coat collar without endangering its future health, to call a gladsome 'Good morning!' to everyone in sight!"

(And so through shorthand and English literature. It doesn't look so nice out now, we might venture to suggest. Hasn't our reporter noticed it, I wonder?) "Is it blowing out?" (Who is that bright pupil?)

"Is it blowing out? Just listen."

Who-o-o-r-r-r-m-m-m! Grr-rr-ll-mmm-oooo! (Sounds like the wires got crossed or something. It reminds me of what a fiery blast from the furnaces of the north pole might be.)

"Will it never stop? What a country! It's a 'great life if you don't weaken,' but then it's 'all in a life time' so cheer up for 'better times are coming.' It may be nice tomorrow morning, too!" (Some optimist.)

Yours for less weather,

Weather-or-Not.

DONNA CASS.

Honorable Mention—Junior.