

Falling Snow

Ah! winter and its falling snow is indeed a lovely time of year. It reminds me of a young millionaire pouring beautiful, sparkling diamonds and crystals into his sweetheart's lap.

I can just seem to taste the crisp, white, sparkling snow. It is like eating the cocoanut off one of mother's icebox cakes.

The falling snow as it falls upon my face is like small fairies kissing my cheeks quickly and softly, then fluttering away.

The falling of the snow sounds like a nurse walking very carefully and quietly in a sick person's room.

Snow smells fresh and crisp, like frozen clothes just taken in from the line in winter.

FRESHMEN—FIRST PLACE.

Grace Olson.

A Winter Evening in the Sunken Garden

It is a quiet, cold evening in January. A recent snow has covered the campus with a soft, cold blanket of white. It lies in all its beauty in the soft, yellow light of the moon.

Before us lies the snow-clad sunken garden. In its cloak of winter it is even more beautiful than when clad in the blossoms of June. In one corner stand the evergreens, rigid and grim in the moonlight. Their spreading branches hold a soft, cold burden. The willows, mere skeletons, stand defiant in the yellow light. The cannons look bare and lonely against the blanket of white and the stone flowerpots peep timidly out of the snow, as if searching for their companions, the

benches, which have long since disappeared. Tall above them all, unchanged by the winter king, the flag pole stretches its height into the dark sky.

The sullen, cold tyrant, winter, reigns and broods in the sunken garden, as if planning to spring into a fury of whipping, biting wind and blinding snow. Winter plots and plans in its lonely, bleak retreat, but inside the halls it is warm and cozy; hearts are light and we go about our work without a thought of winter's plotting.

JUNIORS—FIRST PLACE.

James Weckwerth.