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The Road

Night of the low and moonless sky,
The earth unturned, the bramble lost
Within the brush, the summer frost
Catching the flower on the vine,—
You hold the road that runs for me
Down through the highwood, down to the sea
Between the web of tree on tree,
Green-brown of leaf, grey-brown of cone,
Crimson of berry, purple of pod,
And black between the black-brown trunks,
Dusty yellow of goldenrod,
Dusty reddish of new turned sod,
And shadows like mists on a swamp;—
These are the things you hold for me.

—D. G. Roberts.

“That Red-Head Gal”

It was a perfect summer day, sunny, warm, though not too warm, and most admirably adapted to the occupation of Sandy Carleton, which consisted of lying comfortably sprawled on the hammock on the cool, shady veranda of her home, reading the popular novel of the season. Tiring of the story which was not of a type to appeal to her, Sandy impatiently closed the book, which slipped unnoticed to the floor, and fell to lazily contemplating the pleasant and familiar scenes before her. Her reverie was interrupted by the sound of voices coming through the half-open doors of the living-room.

“Oh, Mother, surely you aren’t going to allow Sandy to go—why, she’s a mere baby; my whole evening will be ruined if I have to have a kid like that trailing round after me all the time”

Sandy recognized her sister’s voice and sat up with a jerk. “The mean old cat,” she thought resentfully, “trying to keep me from going to the Club dance! Mother won’t listen to her though; she’s just wasting time and energy,” and with this comforting reflection she resumed her former ungraceful posture and waited her mother’s reply.

Her sister Marion, however, had not yet voiced all her complaints and continued to remonstrate with her mother.