

"Oh, no, this is just warm enough to be enjoyable. You surely don't mind the heat?" With a twitch to his moistened collar and wriggle in his seat he started on, inwardly consigning that vest to a hotter place still.

He had not gone far, when, goaded to desperation, off came the coat, with a sigh of relief, exposing his brilliantly flower-lined vest. Fate had decreed different, though, for around the bend she sent the deacon, the fashion-plate for the village, in his neat car. The sigh turned to a scowl, but on went the coat. If the deacon saw, he would be the joke of the grocery store for the coming week.

"Good morning, Brother Stocker; it is right warm weather we're having."

Aloud, Stocker managed a grunt of recognition, but to himself, "Confound the man; if people don't stop their everlastin' harping about the weather I'll go crazy."

At the Widow Malone's he made the first stop. The widow was young, nice looking and well-to-do. No one could dislike a widow, and Mr. Stocker never disliked anyone except the tax collector.

The widow had seen him from the window and had come to open the gate.

"Good-morning Mr. Stocker. It is so warm. Come right in here in the shade and sit down. Let me take your coat, please!"

"Oh, oh, ah-er, no, thank you, Mrs. Malone, with a hasty dab again to his forehead and another hitch to his collar. "Really, I am suffering from a—ah, summer cold."

"In this weather? Impossible! Let me get you a cool drink."

As Mrs. Malone went out Mr. Stocker looked around with a glance of desperation. No one in sight. Off came the coat and right-side came the vest!

—*I. FitzPatrick, '25.*

Out to Sea!

Away, away, at break of day,
Give me a ship.

The pilot I, the bright blue sky,
Blue waves—a perfect trip.

The rising sun has just begun
His upward path;
Gold glint on wave, in far off cave
The billows surge in wrath.

On coral shore, where pirates store
Their wealth of gold,
I'll make my stay while they're away,
I'll quickly fill the hold.

When twilight falls and evening calls
The silvery moon,

By Northern Star from lands afar

I'll guide my ship home soon. —*I. FitzPatrick.*