"Sic Transit Gloria"

By Lee Nicols

A slight misunderstanding. . . . . .

NOT until the third day of the house party did Elizabeth get around to unpacking the tennis outfit we all were waiting to see, but that morning she wore it to breakfast. Being very "ultra-ultra," it consisted of high-waisted trunks, a pause, and a sort of handkerchief with shoulderstraps. Elizabeth was unusually gay. With charming vivacity she conducted an extended discussion of the day's plans: tennis at Templar Park in the morning, back for luncheon at noon, town or swimming for the afternoon—or should the boys get the boat this morning before all the good ones were taken? The boys were slow to commit themselves, and in the resultant conversational lull, Elizabeth's father spoke. "What's that you've got on?"

"It's my new tennis outfit, Daddy." Elizabeth was adorably meek

"Hmmm." Her father glanced toward the foot of the table as his wife rose and went into the kitchen.

ELIZABETH returned precipitately to the subject of boats. "Maybe you kids should get that boat today, because last year they didn't have any that were powerful enough for surf-riding left when we . . ."

"Elizabeth, will you bring me the—the cream-pitcher, please?" came from the kitchen.

"Liz," said her older sister as Elizabeth reluctantly rose to obey, "I'd like to see you for a minute before you leave this morning."

The cream-pitcher was returned, the meal finished, and tennis declared the order of the day. The boys went out to the car and waited. When the girls appeared, Elizabeth was somewhat quieter, but as charming as ever—in a skirt and blouse.

To A Mosquito

By Claude Frazier

You little pest,
You buzz around
And sink your barb
Into my neck—
Already chafed
By heat and sweat—
And then, with that
Colossal nerve
And insolence
Of yours you heap
Upon the injury
The curse of that
Evasive sound,
That maddening whine
That serves you for
A battle cry—
And victor's song.