

A BIG FISH

The family was seated at the table with a guest, who was a business acquaintance of Dad's all ready to enjoy the meal...

A RELIABLE WITNESS

First Tall Story Teller: "Yes, sir, I actually saw a man swim the Atlantic." Second Tall Story Teller: "I sure am glad to hear you say so..."

DINNER STORIES

IMAGINATION WORKS

The country farmer had given permission to an old Irishman to sleep in the barn. That night the farmer went around to the barn to see that the man was comfortable...

A GOOD COLLEGE JOKE

"You in the back of the room what was the date of the signing of the Magna Carta?" "I dunno."

QUADS PAY QUINTS A VISIT



The famous Quads quadruplets of West, Ontario, Mary, Beata and Roberta (left to right) were pictured as they boarded a train that took them to Collingwood, Ont., where they met the Dionne quadruplets and invited them to visit Texas during the centennial year...

SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK



by R. J. SCOTT

ONE OF THE TALLEST MEN EVER KNOWN WAS THE RUSSIAN, MACHNOW, EXHIBED IN EUROPE BEFORE THE WORLD WAR. HE WAS 6 FEET, 3 INCHES TALL. HIS HANDS WERE ABOUT 2 FEET LONG.

The Free Press Short Story

THE CROSSROAD OF LIFE

By EARL NEED SILVERS

MATTHEW BALDWIN seated himself beside me on the steps of Willetts Hall. "How are you, General?" he asked.

He relapsed into silence, his chin cupped in his hands. It was nine o'clock of an evening in late spring and the scent of warm earth and growing plants was in the air.

Matthew had come to college from one of the city high schools. He was distinguished among the members of the Freshman class by an ease of manner and a grace of bearing which were unusual in an eighteen-year-old boy.

Matthew made no attempt either to deny or to affirm the rumors. In his Freshman year, in spite of the fact that some of his classmates were inclined to resent what they termed his "high-backed business," he was elected vice-president of his class and Freshman representative on the Student Council.

None was more interesting than the story which Matthew Baldwin recounted one evening at the end of his Sophomore year. I had just finished a casual inspection of buildings and had returned to the porch of the dormitory.

"I have refused the election," stated Matthew quietly. My eyes opened in amazement. He must have noted my surprise, for he stood up and smiled rather quizzically.

"The very fact that you were elected means that you are worthy," I argued. "You don't understand the half of it, General." He picked a paper weight from the desk and juggled it thoughtfully.

"There are card games down there," continued Matthew tentatively. "I can't be faced with a choice so full, although they think they are. But I know all my father's tricks, and the urge is in my veins. I could go to Lockner's, General and in a few nights of playing win my expenses at college for next year."

"You could do that," I agreed. "I could return next fall and not worry about finances. I could have Pete Almswood, the football captain, for a roommate—and I could join the Honor Club."

He relapsed into silence, his head bowed over his clasped hands. I waited, my heart heavy within me. A year ago Matthew had refused election to Cap and Bells because he felt he was not worthy of membership; now, offered a still greater honor, he would stoop to gambling in order to attain it.

"The society wouldn't want me if they knew I am the son of a gambler."

"It doesn't make any difference what your father was," I said, "so long as you yourself have measured up to certain standards."

"He smiled rather twistedly. "Perhaps, General! But I'm not sure that I've measured up to the standards required."

"There is," he maintained, and avoided my eyes. "I am the son of a gambler, and sometimes the temptation to play cards is so strong that I can hardly resist. I've managed to hold off so far, but there's no telling when I might weaken."

"You're up late," I suggested. "Yes," agreed Matthew gently. "I've been sitting at my window, looking out over the campus. I didn't realize until lately how much it all meant to me."

"You'll accept, then?" "I leaned forward on the steps, his elbows on his knees. "It's a question of money now. Some investments which the trust company made for me have decreased in value. I had expected to have enough to see me through college, but next fall there will be very little except what I can make this summer."

"Do you feel that you may not be able to return to college?" He nodded. "It wouldn't be right for me to join the Honor Club knowing that I might not come back. And the chances are that I won't have enough money."

It occurred to me that it would be an easy matter to arrange a scholarship and a loan for Matthew, and I was just about to tell him so when he spoke again. "I want to come back, General, and wear the white hat of the Honor Club. I want to wear the pin which is an emblem of honor."

"There's only one way that I know of," his voice was suddenly hard. "You have heard about Lockner's, haven't you, General?" "Yes," I said. Lockner's was a soft drink store downtown. It was the headquarters of a group of men, old and young, who constituted the gambling element of Collingville. They were townsfolk, not college boys.

"There are card games down there," continued Matthew tentatively. "I can't be faced with a choice so full, although they think they are. But I know all my father's tricks, and the urge is in my veins. I could go to Lockner's, General and in a few nights of playing win my expenses at college for next year."

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ubook my head. "I'm afraid not, Matt. You are standing at a crossroad, as you say, but you will have to decide yourself what road you take. When you have decided, you will need to follow it—alone."

He made no reply. After a time he stood up. "I'm turning in," he announced. "Good night, General!" "Good night!" I said. I sat alone on the porch trying to convince myself that I had done right in not offering a guiding hand to Matthew at the crossroad.

I had left the decision to him, however. It was the best way. If he chose the right path, he would go straight ahead to success. On the night before the annual elections to the Honor Club, I stood at the entrance to the old King's building. The next day at noon, the members of the Junior class would march out of chapel and take their places in two long lines in front of King's. Active members of the club, dressed in cap and gown, would tap on the shoulder those Juniors who were deemed worthy of membership.

Would Matthew Baldwin be among them? I asked myself the question, and could find no answer. A feeling of restlessness possessed me, and I walked across the campus to the porch of Willetts Hall. Seated on the top step, I became lost in reflection. Two days before I had visited the Dean of Men and arranged for a scholarship and a loan for Matthew. I wanted him to have his chance, provided he was worthy of it.

The door of the dormitory opened, but I did not look up. Some one sat down beside me. "Hello, General!" said a voice. "It was Matthew." "You're up late," I suggested. "Yes," agreed Matthew gently. "I've been sitting at my window, looking out over the campus. I didn't realize until lately how much it all meant to me."

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