

DESCRIPTION OF A SCHOOL BOY COM-
PELLED TO WRITE AN ORIGINAL
POEM BEFORE BEING RELEASED

THE frogs were singing
In the tree.
Now—that sounds queer
It seems to me.
Oh—I know what's wrong,
I see—
It's birds I meant,
Not frogs.
Oh, gee!

The stars were shining
Under foot,
That's right, I know,
Saw it in a book.
Oh, come,
I say?
Was it overhead,
Not, foot,
I read
That day?
Oh, shucks!