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As most of our readers know, the results of the Short Story Competition have already been announced. It but remains to us to congratulate Miss McLachlan on winning the prize offered by Prof. Grant. We have equal pleasure in congratulating Miss Macallum, who came in such a good second and received honourable mention. We are sure that readers of the Journal Supplement will thoroughly enjoy both the prize-winning story, "Birthright Pottage," and "Little Asdoor."

Birthright———Pottage.

"AND Esau said to Jacob: "Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom."

"And Jacob said: 'Sell me this day thy birthright.'

"And Esau said: 'Behold I am at the point to die and what profit shall this birthright do to me?'"

They rode across the prairie, the unbroken, houseless prairie, and the gophers scuttled into their holes, and the badger stuck a villainous head up, and then disappeared. Away to the left a coyote slunk insolently off. And they rode quick, and fast, chased the coyote, and laughed with the joy of life, and rode.

All the afternoon they had ridden,—their last day together,—a day given by the gods. Its sweetness, and fresh frosty tang entered their veins, and made the blood bound, and the eye brighten, the lips curve, and the throat thrust out deep, low, laughter. The great, boundless prairie held them with wide, quiet, kindly sympathy.

They talked of next year. Was she coming back? No. Well perhaps she would have a school near this one? Perhaps. They spoke of the kiddies in the school, the funny things they said, of the dance the night before, wondered why Molly wasn't there, of the last snapshots they had taken, of how terribly she might have been hurt the day Doll, the little broncho, had "piled" her.

Then they passed Dinton's ranch house, and he told her how Buck Dinton had taken his life two years ago. Those hard years had strained his nerve to the breaking point, and he had funked, and gone out of life like a coward, leaving his wife to face it alone.

Shades of meaning entered, and life was glad, and young, and possible. But Isa fought against the lure of it all; the prairie, with its promises, for she