

A Magic Class Pin

IT was a cold Sunday evening in December, 1910, when I thought to myself, "Here it is, only 5 o'clock, and nothing to do. Guess I'll go to that lowest drawer in my desk and throw out some of the trash." No sooner said than done. I went to the desk and the first thing I pulled out of that drawer was an old cardboard box. Looking into it what should I see but my dear old Armour class pin. Yes, there it was, the same old pin with an owl holding the "nought" in one hand and the "one" in the other. "My," I said, half aloud, "I wonder what some of those chums I had those nine long years ago are doing now."

No sooner had I said that than the lights in my room began slowly to grow dimmer and fade away. Notwithstanding that it became totally dark, I could still see my pin as plain as day, and I was also conscious of the fact that I became paralyzed, unable to move a hand or foot. Then it seemed as if the owl and pin began to grow larger. They continued to grow until the owl became almost life-size. Then it stepped off the pin and said in a solemn and even voice, "Take the 1 to your ear and listen. Take the 0 to your eyes and look through it, but ask not a single question."

Spellbound, I did as I was ordered, and almost instantly there appeared before my eyes a house; a young and beautiful woman with a little girl at her side stood by the open door. Then a man came in sight and the woman ran down to meet him. "Hello, Jack, my dear," she said, as she kissed him. "My God!" I thought, "it's Jack, my most intimate chum while I was at Armour." He had become married to this beautiful woman and had the blessing of a child. It was right and fair that he should have these joys. He deserved them. He had always resisted the temptations to which the rest of his friends had bowed. Yes, it was heavenly justice, and