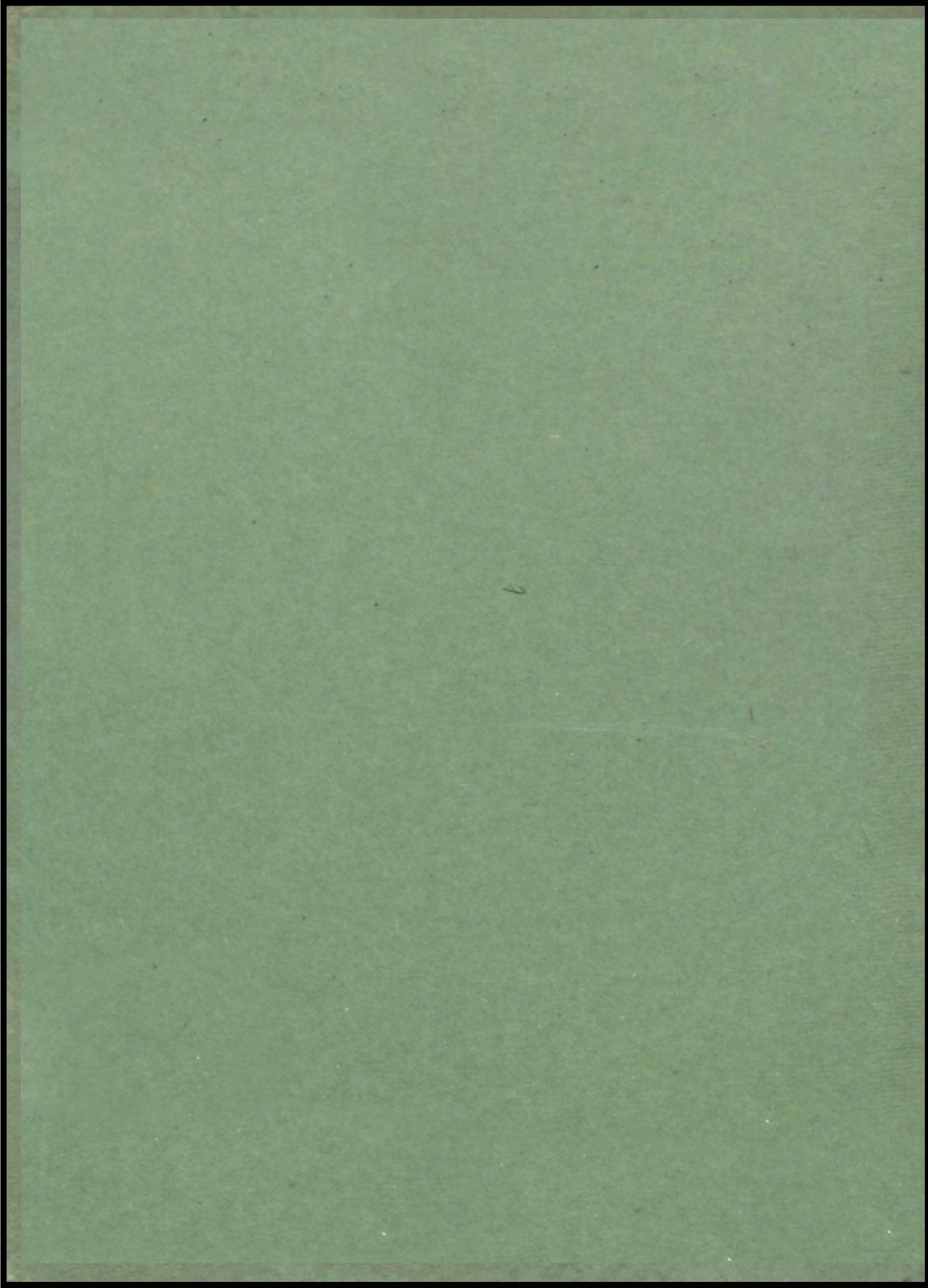


The Weather Cook



1913















A weathercock logo featuring a rooster perched atop a vertical staff with a horizontal crossbar. The rooster is facing left. The staff has arrowheads at both ends.

THE  
WEATHER-COCK

A large, stylized diamond-shaped logo with a black and white geometric pattern. The pattern consists of several overlapping lines forming a central vertical shaft and a horizontal crossbar, creating a complex, symmetrical design.

·MISS·BARSTOW'S·  
·SCHOOL·

1913





The Senior Steps and Porch



# The Staff of the Weather-Cock

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HARRIS





## Literary Department



### A DETERMINED CHARACTER.

**W**HO could know Berkshire without loving it, with its thickly wooded rolling hills, its occasional rocky crags like Monument Mountain, immortalized by Bryant, its clear, sparkling rivers, filled with swift trout, darting here and there, its splendid old trees, its quaint New England villages made up of a few scattered farm houses, and its rocky pastures? It was my good fortune to spend a month in one of these so-called tiny villages this summer. It consisted of a post office kept by a woman of eighty, a meeting house, and one farm. This was the village itself, but scattered around were many of the proverbial thrifty New England farms.

In one of these farm houses lived the most interesting character I have ever known. With only a high school education, he had entered a book store in New York and soon he became vitally interested in collecting rare old editions. After years of confinement he had been forced to leave the city and had come to this little village. Here he had bought a house, two horses and several acres of land. His house had no porch, so he built one himself; his lawn was rough and unshapely, so he graded it to his own satisfaction; there was a large rock in the road in front of his gate which annoyed him, so he went to work and blasted it; he wanted a boat for fishing in the neighboring ponds, so he built one, as well as a wagon to carry it on; he painted his own buggy, he made a door handle for one neighbor, and a wheelbarrow for another; when the bell in the church was broken he was called upon to mend it. He, a book seller, had all his hay cut, while the plodding farmers were still looking for some one to help them. In short, it was impossible for the village to get on without him.

As for his books, he had not only a wonderful collection of them, but an equally wonderful knowledge of what was in them. The amount of botany, zoology and ornithology he knew was amazing. One of the many interesting things in his collection was a beautiful edition of Thoreau with exquisite illustrations; beside several other editions, he had every book that had anything to do with Thoreau; these books alone filled an entire book case. Among his treasures, too, were several old parchments, many first editions, and autographs and letters of famous men.



This education of his meant perseverance, determination, and tremendous strength of character. For the most part he was very quiet; when he spoke it was with a New York accent, but his grammar was never sure. There was an occasional substitution of "we was" for "we were," or an unexpected "air't." But it was wonderful that it was not worse, for his mother, although kindhearted and gentle mannered, was without any education whatsoever. He was certainly a self-made man. And his strong, powerful face and thin, lithe, quick body spoke of the strong will that had "made him."

This will, as would be expected, sometimes carried him beyond bounds. His house was about five miles from the post office, and every morning he rode over there for his mail. At one farmhouse, which he passed, a dog often came out and barked at his horse so that the horse plunged and Mr. Roberts was almost thrown. He saw the farmer to whom the dog belonged, and told him to keep it chained up. The next morning the same thing happened again.

"If you don't keep your dog home I'll shoot him," said Mr. Roberts in his determined tone.

Out came the dog the next morning again and began yapping around the horse's legs, and out came Mr. Roberts' pistol.

Another man might have lost his temper, or sued the farmer: Mr. Roberts calmly gave his warning, and when it was unheeded, calmly shot. So, for better or worse, his will was trained for determined action—and, although not the most lovable, by any means, he will always remain in my mind as the most determined man I have ever known.

ELEANOR HOFFMANN, 1913.

### THE HOUSE IN HYANNIS.

"**E**VENIN', Mr. Kelly," murmured Mrs. Brown as she trotted into the waiting-room of the tiny station. Mrs. Brown always trotted. When she was neither cleaning house, nor washing clothes, nor baking bread, this was her outlet for surplus energy.

Mr. Kelly returned the greeting cheerfully.

Mr. Kelly sat behind the iron bars of his ticket-office. Officially, he was the ticket agent of this little fishing settlement; but, as the old sailors were far too occupied with their boats and fishing to dream of



ever taking a train trip to the grimy city, he might just as well have inhabited the village jail.

"Any news?" Mrs. Brown urged. She guessed from his face that there was, but Mr. Kelly never wasted words.

"Well, nothin' much. Except I suppose you've heard about that city man rentin' 'the haunted house'?"

Mrs. Brown nodded. Had she not discussed this subject in detail with every inhabitant of the town?

"Well, I 'spect he'll be down on this train."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes; he's that chap that calls himself a real estate agent, you know. He sent a telegram that he'd be down the end of this week."

"I hope he brings plenty o' courage along with him! Gracious! I've never dared go into the yard, much less the house, ever since I was a child. There comes Mrs. Robinson, I'll go tell her!" And Mrs. Brown trotted out on to the platform.

The setting sun shone along the main street, casting the shadows of the giant trees upon the groups of villagers assembling to wait for the evening train, the one excitement of the day. Along the shady side of the station sat the weather-beaten sailors, looking like a row of strayed-away Santa Clauses with their snowy beards and ruddy faces. The women, in sunbonnets and gingham aprons, formed a knot about Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Robinson, who together supplied the lack of an evening newspaper.

"Isn't that the train," asks one. The babbling stops. Yes, it's whistling at the crossing. "There she comes!" And all crowd around the two shabby "parlor-cars" as the steaming monster slips up and comes to a stop, snorting and blowing like an angry dragon, hating to be delayed.

"There! look! that must be him!"

A gaunt, hollow-eyed man was lifting down a cascade of black drapery, which leaned heavily upon him for support, and from whose depths emerged a small, gloved hand.

"His wife," announced Mrs. Robinson in a stage whisper, and no one contradicted her.

There followed her another man with a blank, faded-looking face, as indefinite as people seen in dreams, whose countenances you can never analyze. He propped the black drapery on the other side, as they turned up the main street.

All the men who happened to live down the street suddenly re-



membered their intention of having a look at Cap'n Brown's new dory, and all the women, equally unfortunately situated, developed an unusual interest in the intricate pattern of Mrs. Brown's new bedquilt. Perhaps it is needless to say that Mrs. Brown lived opposite the haunted house.

But the strange trio did not notice their followers. They glided up the street and disappeared in the yawning darkness of the lonely house.

No one knew when this dwelling was built. It had originally stood outside of the village, but little white cottages had sprung up like so many snowy flowers around it, and it had just gone on standing like an ugly weed in their midst. The grass that spread so thick and green in other yards, grew sparse and sickly within the shadow of its crumbling grey walls; the shabby lilacs leaped upward to escape that evil spell, and where the sunlight encouraged their tips, nodded a few faded blooms, the best they could do, and the knotted vines shrunk from its cursed touch. In the memory of four generations no one had dared to enter the house.

Three days passed away, during which Cap'n Brown's dory was of paramount and permanent interest to the men, and Mrs. Brown's quilt proved most baffling in its design. But still nothing was seen or heard of the strangers.

Mr. Kelly, together with Mr. Mark, the postmaster, as professional men, were alone denied the privilege of inspecting the boat. They, or rather Mr. Mark, carried on a lively speculation as to the significance of this event.

"They may be counterfeiters," he suggested to Mr. Kelly. "I read in a book written by a detective (Sherlock Holmes was his name) that they often take out o' the way places like this for their business."

"Pooh!" snorted Mr. Kelly, "they wouldn't drag a half-dead woman down with 'em for that work."

"She wasn't really sick," confided Mr. Mark in a dramatic undertone. "She wasn't even a woman!"

"Huh! No man would ever wear all those rags!"

"He would if they were to hide something."

"What?" asked Mr. Kelly, growing interested in spite of himself.

"Gold and silver; I tell yer they're goin' to melt it and make money."

"But," Mrs. Robinson said, "there hadn't been a sign of fire, nor any light there since they came. She spent the night with Mrs. Brown



a purpose to see and she said you couldn't even guess anyone was there if you didn't know it."

"Wait and see," nodded the postmaster sagaciously, and fell to sorting his uncalled-for letters.

At last the perseverance of the neighbors was rewarded. At the end of three days, the man and his servant left the house, glided back to the station as quietly as they had come, and took their train back to town.

"But where is his wife?" asked the neighbors. "Is she ill and has he gone for the doctor? Why did he take the servant? Why did he leave her alone? Perhaps the servant went only as far as the station and returned without us seeing him."

Mr. Kelly, as oracle of the village, was referred to. Yes, both man and servant had taken the train, that was certain. As to the lady, he didn't know. If they were so worried about her, why didn't they go and see?

"In the haunted house!" they gasped.

"Oh, all right, if you're goin' to let a few ghosts keep you from helpin' a dyin' woman!"

"Maybe she's been murdered," suggested Mr. Mark, thereby creating much emotion amongst the ladies.

"She!" grunted Mr. Kelly, "she was a man last night."

"I didn't say for sure. It'd be a mighty good way to get rid of a person if you was tired of her."

"Whichever she is," Mr. Kelly stated boldly, "something's got to be done about it and I move we go up and find out," and he slammed his desk down and locked it, preparatory to marching forth. Mr. Mark, after a frantic search for his revolver, which he finally located in one of the letter boxes, followed with an audacious swagger.

"Well," said Mrs. Robinson, "if that woman is really sick, and they've gone off and left her, I'm not goin' to hang back on account o' ghosts."

"Maybe it's the ghosts have got her," said Mrs. Brown.

"Anyhow they won't be out this time of day; you might as well come along with me."

"Wouldn't it be better if you went in first and then you can call me if you need me?" ventured timorous Mrs. Brown.

"Mrs. Brown, I'm every bit as scared of them ghosts as you be, but I'm not goin' to let anybody know it. Come on!"

And Mrs. Brown meekly trotted after the advancing line of battle.



while the rear guard sauntered down the opposite side of the street.

A short stop, a whispered argument, and Mr. Kelly marched boldly up to the door and gave a timid rap. No answer.

"Louder!" whispered Mr. Mark, hoarsely.

Mr. Kelly thundered, so far as fear can, on the wooden panels, and the echo rolled back and forth through the empty rooms inside. Still no answer. Then another consultation.

"Here, some of you men come over here," shouted Mr. Kelly, "and help us break in!"

"Oh, you don't suppose anything's happened to her," gurgled Mrs. Brown.

"I don't suppose *anything*," said Mrs. Robinson, trying to choke down her fright.

The group of men threw themselves again and again at the sturdy old oak door. Finally it began to weaken. One more blow and it swung wide open. The glaring sunshine weirdly lighted up the dim interior. Dust, nothing but dust; dust lying deep on the floor; dust hanging in festoons from the ceiling, the undisturbed dust of years.

"Not even a footprint!" gasped Mr. Kelly, wide-eyed with surprise, and fear.

An inquisitive gust of wind swept through the door, the cobwebs trembled, and in a distant part of the house a door creaked ominously.

"The ghosts!" shrieked Mrs. Brown, clutching at the terrorized Mrs. Robinson. "I'm going home!" and she fairly galloped away, with Mrs. Robinson close behind.

"Let's search the house! She must be in here!" cried Mr. Mark. "Dust is cheap when it's wanted to cover tracks!"

The band ventured cautiously into the parlor,—nothing but the same covering of dust. Then they grew bolder; cellar, kitchen, pantry, dining-room, hall, bedrooms, closets, attic revealed nothing but the same undisturbed dust. They grew frantic in their search; Mr. Mark ran back and forth tapping floors and walls with the butt of his revolver, half hoping, half fearing to find a secret room, but no clue came to light; Mr. Kelly tried to convince himself and others that they had merely dreamed of seeing the strangers arrive, but with small success, for could a whole village dream the same dream? What then was the explanation? Nobody knows. Could even you tell? You may hear the story told to this very day in that superstitious little town. But the house has never been entered by a human being since Hyannis made its one tragic attempt to investigate the occult.

DORIS HOWES, 1914.



A VALENTINE.

**I**N olden days when plumed knight  
Strode staunchly to the battle's front,  
He wore a favor from his love  
And better bore the battle's brunt  
Than he who singly fought for right.

'Tis true no silken token fine  
Bedecks the arms of men to-day  
Inspiring them with love's sweet strength.  
And yet, methinks, for favor gay,  
I'll send my knight this Valentine.

AMARETTE ROOT, 1914.

THE FIRST STAR.

**W**HEN the sky in the west is flushed  
By the rosy setting sun,  
And the world worries on still unhushed,  
Pursuing some prize never won,  
There, in the blue that is clear of the blush  
My star! I forget the prize—and hush.

ESTHER CONNELLY, 1914.

THE ESCAPE.

*A True Story.*

**C**OULD James Still have known the tragedy of the present hour earlier in life, he would have been tempted to pray for death to come to him as a child. For there he sat, a large, finely built, middle-aged man, limp, crumpled, with cap pulled over his eyes and head bent low,—the picture of despair. One could not help but notice the difference between his weary, distressed face and the contented faces of his fellow travelers sitting quietly together in the observation car.

My first thought as I glanced at him through the glass from the platform where I stood, was that he had lost some dear friend or relative; but death to James Still would have been easy to bear. He did not move a muscle for some time, but sat as if stunned by intense pain of body or mind.



James Still, all unknown to us, was turning over and over his tragic story, until the vivid picture of his home became unbearable. Was there no way to solve the problem which was boring, boring into his brain? He was contrasting his present with the past of four years ago, at the time of his marriage, when life was complete happiness to him! He had never been able to give her luxuries; but she could never once have complained of lack of love and consideration. James Still could not believe that he was really to blame for his fate; it was his long sickness, his brother's harshness in demanding too quickly the debt which the illness had incurred—and then the temptation! *Steal*—the thought of the word, even, made him shiver and tremble. He could see his wife and boy now as they stood in the doorway two nights ago with arms stretched out to him as he walked out of his warm little home into the cold outer world. He leaned for want of strength on the men whose stars were hidden—he thanked God for that; for if the child had seen them he could never have called out in the eager, pitifully sweet voice, "Daddy, what time will you be back home?" His wife surely would not tell the child where he was going. But the boy might forget him in four years; and he would seem only a visitor at home, if they had a home at all. He *must* go back now or never! That was his one thought. He could see the child now in his wife's arms. What would take care of them for four years? Must James Still pay for his brother's injustice and let his wife and child go unprotected? He knew the treatment they would receive from that brother while he was paying his debt in prison. And he would not, could not stand it.

It was early yet; only two hours out of Chicago, and plenty of time. He knew the country well. Why not try to escape? He could not see any moral wrong in it.

The train moved on rapidly and James Still's mind was working as swiftly. He glanced up and caught sight of his two bear-like companions, who eyed him now and then as if proud of their prey. Both of these men were fat, common, comfortable detectives who never had done a day's work in their lives, but, rather, enjoyed the easy existence of traveling policemen. The only trips they ever took were for some such errands as this. This time they were James Still's escorts and proud of 'their catch.' They had made themselves comfortable for the hot evening by removing their collars and putting on their slippers and checked traveling caps. They were the picture of comfort as they sat reading the Chicago News. They only occasionally glanced



across at Mr. Still. Of course they knew the back platform was crowded with lovers of fresh air, those who were willing to sacrifice clean linen for the sake of a cool breeze and those who love to leave the track behind them. And of course they knew there were few stops made along this road and had actually looked these up to see when they might really have to watch their victim keenly. Just now they seemed justified in being perfectly care free.

The train was restless. It sped through town after town at full rocking speed and Mr. Still began to lose all hope of escape. Suddenly we felt the brakes drag a little. Could we be stopping at this small town of only a few buildings around the tiny station? Mr. Still raised his head slightly. His chance! Without a moment's hesitation he dashed out of the open door, sprang through the crowd on the platform like a fox and leaped over the side railing before we knew he had left his chair. We gazed in utter astonishment and wonder at the diminishing black figure at the side of the track, as it made several attempts to get up and finally succeeded in hobbling off.

The crowd of thoughtless girls at the left of the platform who had just been talking with enthusiasm over silly nothings, now with fast beating hearts talked of the escape in broken sentences.

"I noticed that man as I got on the train this evening!"

"He had his hat pulled down all the time over his eyes!"

"He has been sitting inside as if in a stupor all the evening!"

"I wonder if he's insane!"

Little did we think we had been traveling with a convict. But the story was soon out. The two companions had waked up at last. "Stop the train!" "Back the train!" they called out foolishly. It was miles and miles farther on when, bag and baggage, the two fat idlers piled off in rage, collars in one hand, and long revolvers in the other. I'm afraid the revolvers were of little use to their muddled-headed owners. And so they had not covered their innocent prey and Mr. Still had been too lively and desperate for them.

ATHELIA SWEET, 1913.





## A SWIM IN THE MISSOURI RIVER.

**I** THOUGHT the summer would prove to be an uneventful hot weather, when one day I picked up the paper.

## "MARATHON SWIM."

"Many people are entering the twelve-mile swim in the Missouri River, etc."

The paper also said something about politics and a murder or two,—but for me, nothing else was of importance. Here was my chance! But could I convince my family that there was no danger connected with such an expedition? Would they allow me to swim in the river which tradition called treacherous and full of whirlpools, a great, mad, rushing torrent? But my task was not so difficult as I had imagined. In fact, they desired that I should go, if only they could think it safe. On that one point I directed all my energy. I told them how gentle and mild the river really was, how the whirlpools were but myths. And, indeed, I was right. There never was a more gentle and docile stream than our "big muddy." "But, cramp," they objected. I was ready for them there, too. For my swimming master, a world famous swimmer, had consented to follow me in a canoe, and I had the use of a motor boat for my father to follow me, also. Thus it was that I was allowed to attempt the swim with the other thirty-six men and two women.

My preparations were most amusing. There I was, on the wharf, my abbreviated bathing suit hidden by a veritable rug of a bath towel, enveloping me from my head to my bare feet. Bare feet are not comfortable in a jostling, heavily shod crowd. For a large crowd there was, and an interested one. There was among them, one old man, so old he ought to have been at home holding yarn for his wife, who came toward me. "Little girl," he said, "here is some butter for you. You must rub yourself with butter," extending toward me a dripping lump of melting grease. But my brawny friend told him I needed no butter, and he went away disappointed. Then a young man touched me nervously, "Ahem, oh, ah, excuse me, but I'm a reporter." The cub, with his first assignment, coughed feebly. "You feel pretty sure of yourself?" he queried. "Oh, yes," I said, "if I were afraid I wouldn't be here. One must put on a brave face to the world, whatever qualms one may



have." At this point he entirely broke down. Stage fright had struck him, and his carefully prepared interview was forgotten in his mad desire to get away. "Excuse me," he faltered, "I'm looking for a *nervous* girl." And with that he hurried off, and I have never seen him since. At this juncture I saw my grey-haired friend tottering again toward me. This time he proffered cotton. "Little girl," he quavered, "you must put this cotton into your ears." This time, it took a good deal of eloquence to persuade him that I needed no cotton. This was finally done by convincing him that the strain of carrying so much extra weight would overpower me. And thus the time dragged on until the order came, "All off the wharf but the swimmers."

Then came the excitement. We three girls were put on the edge of the wharf, waiting with palpitating hearts, for the start. An instant's pause, a sharp pistol crack, and, my towel dropping behind me, I sprang into the air. Then, before I knew it, I was in the river. "Swim!" came the command from my teacher, who was floating along by my side. "Come along, fast, now, and shake the crowd." So, before I had had time to become accustomed to the genial warmth of the river, I was putting all my strength into my initial sprint. After ten minutes of this vigorous swimming, came the command, "All right, slow down," and glad enough I was to swim lazily and catch my breath. Then, and not until then, did I begin to enjoy myself. For now I began to feel a strong, masterful current sweeping me along, and I felt light and joyous. Under the Armour bridge I went, swift, like an arrow, for between the piers of that vast new bridge the river is like a mill-race. Then I settled down into a long, slow, rhythmic stroke, with nothing to do but follow my pilot canoe. The afternoon was lovely, the river gay with canoes and motor boats, brilliant costumes and friendly people. But sometimes I was all alone on the broad, flat waters save for my boat. And then was it pleasant to glide along, watching the sun dance on the water, and the ever-varying landscape, changing now this, now that disappearing canoe into the craft that bore away King Arthur, or the barge of the "Lily Maid." But after the next bridge was past, I had no more time for daydreaming. For at that point are many choppy waves. And these would continually break over my face and the muddy water splash into my eyes and there was the slightest suggestion of a cramp in my right leg. But none of these difficulties lasted long, and I was, before I knew it, close to the landing place, a log projecting into the river at the mouth of the Blue. But I was also in "the Big Eddy," which unpleasant current swept me past the log before I could reach it. There



was nothing for it but to turn around and swim back against that current which had so kindly borne me along to the log. Luckily for me, I had my English friend along, for he knew "the nearer the bank the slower the current." So using all my muscle, I flung myself against the water, but little headway did I make. I felt like "Alice in Wonderland," trying to run to keep in the same spot. But just as I was nearing the goal, the judges decided that my finish would be legal if I omitted the formality of touching the log. Like Horatius, I came "safe to the landing place;" but unlike that warrior, I was not tired, but as chipper and perky as could be.

So, after it was all over, that long twelve-mile swim, I walked up the bank between the white haired old man (how he got there I never knew) and my fine, strong master, muffled again in my once white towel, my cheeks streaked with the mud of the river. But what cared I how I looked? I had swum the whole distance, and in a creditable time, and life was very pleasant. That night I slept most sound, and, wit ye well, I woke not till nine in the morning.

N. B.—This swim was, in reality, about four miles, as the current carried me eight of the twelve miles.

AMARETTE ROOT, 1914.



*Drawn by Elizabeth Hull*

## MOTTOES

*For a Quiet Reading Nook.*

**G**OOD books like old friends  
met again

Grow dear when better known,  
Enjoy with these a quiet hour—  
And make them all their own.

ATHELIA SWEET, 1913.

*For Our Pretender's Room.*

**P**RETENDERS merely, we in sportive play  
Assume tall heroes' strides and manly poses;  
E'er hasty time our gay mask tears away,  
And our true selves upon life's stage discloses.

DORIS HOWES, 1914.



*For a Shelf of Fiction.*

**T**ALES by great masters here are found,  
 In love, adventure they abound,  
 So if you find your day confused  
 And long to rest and be amused,  
 Take friendly volumes from this shelf  
 And in their pages lose yourself.

HELEN MARTY, 1914.

*For a Fire Place.*

**W**ANDERER, come from out the night!  
 As a lover I would hold thee,  
 Give thee rest and cheer, and fold thee  
 To my heart in warm embrace,  
 'Till faint blushes I can trace.  
 Then, with memories of my light,  
 'Twill be easier to face  
 Storms again.

LEILA SMITH, 1913.

*For Our Pretenders' Banquets.*

**H**ERE'S to our actors both serious and gay,  
 Here's to our costumes *expensive*,  
 Here's to our music and excellent play!  
 And here's to our scenery *extensive*.  
 Let the toast pass,  
 We'll drink but a glass  
 And pledge that we'll all do our best for the class.  
 Let the toast pass,  
 Fill up the glass,  
 Pretentious Pretenders, pretend to the last!

HELEN YODER, 1913.



## THE SONNET.

**A** SONNET is a wave of melody  
 From heaving waters of the impassioned soul;  
 A billow of tidal music one and whole  
 Flows in the 'octave': then returning free,  
 Its ebbing surges in the 'sestet' roll  
 Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea."

In these lines lies the secret of the sonnet, for though it has its definition stated in the technical terms, "a sonnet is a brief poetic form of fourteen rhymed verses, arranged according to prescription," Watts has here broken the sonnets heart's seal, and, in words which themselves hold us spellbound, gives us a sacred interpretation.

First the Italian blessed the English language with the sonnet's heavenly form,—Dante, Petrarch, and Michael Angelo, all knew its divine trumpeting notes, and Wyatt and Surrey gave it to England to hand down forever, as a golden legacy.

Into but fourteen lines, "a scanty plot of ground," the poet must pour the whole of his overflowing heart; nay, more, he must mould even this bit into the five beating notes of the iambic pentameter; and the most difficult of all, divide his lines into an octave and a sestet, each with its own scheme of rhyme and movement. So Richard Watson Gilder's warning is a serious one:

"A sea this is—beware who ventureth!  
 For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid  
 Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls."

And yet its very restrictions have made this verse form a fascination to poets. Wordsworth, "feeling the weight of too much liberty," at times found solace in its confinement:

"In truth the prison unto which we doom  
 Ourselves no prison is: and hence for me,  
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
 Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

So the perfect sonnet has become the comfort of quiet hours of intense thought—often broader than merely personal; it does not sing of the trivial things of life, of gayly nodding flowers, light-tripping feet, the slighter aspects of love, or mere plaything subjects; but in a mood of solemn sincerity it springs from the poet's heart of hearts. Death, immortality, the significance of nature, of character, deep grief and true love, devotion to country, are its true subjects:

"With this key  
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody



Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
 With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief;  
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle wreath  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd  
 His visionary brow: a glowworm lamp  
 It cheer'd mild Spenser, called from fairy-land  
 To struggle through dark ways: and when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

Some of them are friends we have all known for a long while,—Milton's on his Blindness, Wordsworth's on Westminster Bridge; Keats' beautiful one to "sootheest sleep"; Shakespeare's "I never writ, nor no man ever loved," and Mrs. Browning's Portuguese sheaf. But never until we studied these, and many others, minutely, could we appreciate the subtlety of perfection that a good sonnet must have. And then, after weeks of the pleasure of reading came the order, "See what you can do yourselves." Our attempts follow; judge them kindly, ye critics, for we are not poets—yet. But we learned as we could never have learned in any other way that the sonnet is

"A precious jewel carved most curiously  
 It is a little picture painted well."

And she who gave the order, when we laid our best efforts on her desk, said, "That is all I wanted you to comprehend."

NATHALIE BONTECOU, 1914.

### SPRING.

**T**HE naked trees that stand all brown and sere  
 While rough winds roar around them and between,  
 Shine now in silvery shimmer of soft green;  
 The leaden clouds have dropt a glistening tear  
 And fled. The sky so blue, so deep, so clear,  
 Is filled with the sweet songs of birds unseen,  
 And on the pale pool glows a golden sheen;  
 And lo! the miracle of Spring is here!  
 A slow soft tune my heart sings low to me,  
 Of peace, and joy, approaching ecstasy!  
 "Death is but winter in our earthly stay,  
 And when our years like leaves are blown away,  
 The bright warmth of another sphere shall bring  
 New life, and we shall wake to find it Spring."

DORIS HOWES, 1914.

## THE MOON.

**T**HE mellow harvest moon shone o'er the land  
 And bathed my little cottage in its light,  
 And over yon, the river gleaming bright  
 Was flowing slowly through the silvery sand.  
 I thought how many lovers hand in hand,  
 Had wandered on some balmy summer night  
 Along the winding river, safe from sight.  
 I thought the place fit for a fairy band.  
 Then winter came—the moon shone on the snow,  
 The land took on a bleak and desolate look,  
 A gust of wind whirled shivering by and shook  
 My little cottage, and as I bent low  
 To throw a ruddier faggot on my fire,  
 The whistling wind touched low his mournful lyre.  
CLAUDIA GAYLORD, 1913.

## A DAY IN MAY.

**A** day in May! Oh tell me what's more fair!  
 The trees reach up, and out, and interlace  
 The hills are freed from winter's cold embrace,  
 Their slender branches tracing network rare.  
 Hid in some quiet nook from Phoebus' glare,  
 A modest flower lifts up its dew-kissed face;  
 And happy in his cool, green resting place,  
 The little songster's shrill trill fills the air.  
 Then sun-set, with its golden glimmering hour,  
 Then night—and still its beauty does not wane;  
 Still clings a memory, that will not fade,  
 Of awe, and wonder, at the unseen power  
 Of this that comes, and goes, and comes again,  
 A fleeting dream, each morning fresh re-made.  
LEILA SMITH, 1913.

## PIEDRO AND HIS WINE CASK.

**P**IEDRO lay quietly dozing in his gay old wine cart, made, as  
 he would have proudly told you, after the plan of the great  
 maestro, Michael Angelo. He was heedless of his horse for it  
 had traveled with Pedro and his dog, who was a direct de-



scendant of the Roman wolf, on many a long journey to Rome. He loved his trip through the beautiful campagna at sunset, when the old aqueducts were outlined against the rosy sky, like the arched portals of some Norman cathedral, and things assumed but the dim shadows of what they really were.

He often met his dear friend Angelo, the shepherd, who, leaning on his worn staff, would talk to his friend while his sheep hurried across the road toward their fold. Angelo made a picture, too, resting beside Piedro's gay cart, with his shaggy goat-skin trousers, his bright sash wound around his waist in wide folds, and a red handkerchief around his neck which seemed to tone in with his swarthy, sunburned face.

Poor Piedro was to have few more talks with his shepherd friend, however, for the peace of the campagna was beginning to go with the coming of the foreigners in their automobiles. Heartbroken, Angelo moved farther and farther into the campagna, away from the highways toward Frascati and Tivoli; while Piedro's peaceful slumbers were disturbed all night and he was filled with uneasiness all day, for his cart and produce.

Thus things went on for some time, the automobiles increasing in number from year to year and Piedro mumbling more and more bitter curses on these invaders. No serious inconvenience was caused, however, until the fateful day when Margo, the crooked, bent, old witch, cast the spell of her evil eye upon him.

It had rained all the way from Frascati on that last journey of Piedro's. He felt out of joint with the world and he missed more than ever his evening talk with Angelo. Just as he was thinking how very miserable he was his reverie was interrupted by the honk! honk! of an automobile. Instead of whizzing by him as usual, it skidded in the soft campagna mud against Piedro's cart, spilling it, bursting his wine casks, and letting Rome's supply of wine that day waste on the dreary campagna.

The foreigners were politely apologetic and tried to appease the poor Italian, who was wringing his hands and shrieking in unintelligible English: "Per Bacco signore! It is the life—mi carta is broka,—mi vino is spilta,—mia wifa needa th' moneta—five dollar! it is no mucha."

Finally the price was paid; Piedro went his way, grumbling "Per Bacco," and other invectives with a strange contentment as he felt the signore's gold safe in his pocket.

HELEN MARTY, 1914.

## SPRING.

**S**PRING stole into the wintry heart  
 Of the world the other day;  
 Gloomy faces and doleful thoughts  
 Sped at her coming away.

The world looked up and smiled again  
 At the sight of her blooming face,  
 Rushed to the meadows and woods and brooks,  
 A joyous, reckless race.

Spring's face glowed with joy and love,  
 For bewitched by the glow of the sun,  
 The world had forgotten its care and grief  
 And man and nature were one.

ELEANOR HOFFMANN, 1913.

## A LETTER TO A CHILD.

**D**EAR Little Friend:

I just flew in on the back of a fat, brown bumble-bee who saw a vase of roses on the desk and, feeling hungry, dropped in for a meal. Then, when he dropped me off on the ink-sponge—he very thoughtfully picked on a nice, soft spot—I saw some paper and a pen and thought of this letter to you.

These last few days have been most too chilly for me to venture out but this morning I went to tailor spider's and ordered an overcoat—a nice, warm one, made of a cottonwood leaf lined with milk-weed fluff, so from now on I'll be able to see more of you. Were you very much surprised that time I spoke to you from Tricky Bill's ear? Your surprised expression made me hold my very sides and how worried you were that I might fall out—me fall out! My dear—I've lived all my life in risky places and know perfectly how and when to relax myself for a bump. The only time I can remember of being at all surprised or hurt was when you pulled me out of the buttermilk—thinking I was a fly. I really think I forgot to thank you because that milk was very queer tasting stuff and I was dazed. How can you mortals drink such things and really pretend to like them? Now I myself really prefer sweetened dew drops for a cooling drink, but tastes differ of course.

My friend, the bumble-bee, has gotten his fill and flown out the



window without even so much as a passing glance at me. That is gratitude from a lazy fellow whom I saved from being frozen last winter by taking him into my own acorn shell. I was very much crowded, too, for it's a very snug house and built for one. This winter I shall have to find another house because an inquisitive squirrel picked my dwelling up thinking it had a kernel and then carelessly dropped it. Rents are much higher this year and though you may think humans are the only ones that have real estate trusts you are mistaken. There's a horrid little English sparrow that owns everything in my neighborhood—nobody can dispute him for he stays here the year round and so has an eye on outsiders. His partners are two fussy red squirrels and between them one has no peace.

Another thing I wanted to know was if you would mind keeping your bothersome kitten away from the places I frequent. Now I don't want to seem squeamish but it is very annoying to have something around that one isn't sure won't gobble one up with other things. For example, the other day I was sitting on the edge of that little water dish splashing my feet in the water and along came the animal and playfully pushed me off into the icy water—laughing fiendishly the while. As you will agree a sudden chilly dousing is no pleasant surprise even to one accustomed to living outdoors. But enough of complaint.

I'm going tonight to see my sister who lives upon Lake Michigan and makes skates for water bugs. She is very old—two or three hundred years I think, though I don't exactly remember. Anyway I remember her for the first time when she tickled General Washington's horse and made it run away with him—this shows she is of a more mischievous disposition than I, but nevertheless very amusing. If I get back by tomorrow night, I'll slide down to your room on a moon ray—so be on the lookout and leave your window open. I just called to a friend of mine who happens to be a grasshopper so I'll leave now as he'll be able to carry me some distance.

Of course you needn't believe anyone if they say there aren't such things as elves and fairies—just look wise and keep this missive to yourself. Good-bye till tomorrow!

ESTHER CONNELLY, 1914.



## "THE PLEIADS."

(*The Mythology class in despair sometimes breaks into sportive verse.*)

**O**RION from the heavens chased Diana through the trees;  
 But she was an artful dodger, so he grabbed the Pleiades:  
 But the Pleiads were too frisky, and so without more words  
 Old Jupiter got busy, and changed them all to birds.  
 Miss Electra, sad, is missing; and but six are left to roam;  
 Old Orion still pursues them, but I bet they'll beat him home.

KATHARINE HISTED, 1916.

## Sir Roger de Coverley is Alive Again and Visits Us.

Spectator No. 48187.

Wednesday, January 29th, 1913.

"Nec liber indicium est animi

Plurima mulcendis auribus apta refert."—Ovid.

"Nor is the book the index of the mind,

But just an honest wish to find

Some way of pleasing, be it grave or witty."

**A**S I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger, he requested me to stop with him for a few minutes at Miss Barstow's School, where his granddaughter receives her instruction. I, who have for some time been desirous to know something of the modern education of girls, readily assented. Upon our being shown into the office, I was informed that it was recess time, and so, knowing there would be no young ladies to embarrass me, I stepped across the hall into the school room until Sir Roger should complete his interview. Upon finding this large room entirely deserted, I ventured to glance through several of the books I saw strewn about on the desks, thinking to find what studies the young ladies pursue. Of the books that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

A Geometry—A study for which I can see no use to a young lady.

Jane Eyre—A novel.

A Grammar, written entirely in French, of which I suppose the young ladies understand not more than one word out of ten.

The Atlantic Monthly—A modern magazine of a very deep nature for women.

Several German books, of which I could not read even the titles.

Caesar's *Bellum Gallicum*, from the leaves of which dropped



a paper closely written, and luckily headed "Latin Prose Composition," as otherwise I should not have recognized it.

A Book of Tully's Orations.

On seeing the two last mentioned books, my first impression was that the young ladies of today must be serious-minded, to be reading the classics in the original. However, this impression was rather shaken when I saw, on a page of Tully where there were illustrations of the different kinds of Roman helmets, this inscription:

"CLARK THE HATTER,"

"Advance Styles for Spring—B. C. 61."

I wondered how much good the study of the classics would do, if treated thus lightly. In the midst of my speculations I was joined by Sir Roger, who had found the head-mistress almost as fascinating as his widow, and we departed almost immediately.

Upon regaining my lodgings, I could not forbear resuming my meditations on the subject of education; I thought of the difference between the modern curriculum and that of my time. Then every boy learned Latin naturally and easily, as a matter of course; and women, even the most cultured of them, contented themselves with translations, if they wished to read the classics. And it seems a pity to me that the present day young ladies spend a good part of six or eight school years upon the study of Latin, and are probably neither wiser nor better for it. Certainly they cannot be any more accomplished in the housewifely arts; in fact I saw no signs of sewing, cookery, patching, pasting, dancing, or riding. Surely these are a woman's province!

As for bodily exercise, I did see some creatures clad grotesquely in what looked like white sacks and full Turk trousers, doing some fantastic, wind-mill like movements on a squash court; but on my telling Sir Roger this, he remarked that he could see no benefit in this; that he was sure the widow had never partaken of such exercise!

JULIA COBURN, 1914.



## BOBBY, MY PONY.

*Drawn by Mary Abernathy*

BOBBY adores his dinner and will never go into his stall unless there are oats in his dish. He stands so that it is impossible to close and fasten the door, and pokes his little inquisitive nose about. One day Peter, the coachman, was in so great a hurry to go out that he had no time to loiter over anything, but unluckily for him my Bobby was in a loitering mood. After about five minutes of an unsuccessful struggle to close the door, he grew impatient and left Mr. Mischief standing innocently just inside. Bobby waited until Peter was way out of sight then stepped daintily and cautiously out into the main part of the barn. Oh, but it was nice to have a great big empty stable to wander about in all by one's self. But was it empty? There were some great big black things standing over in the corner; now was his time to get even with this troublous monster which had frightened him horribly many times. I think he believed it to be a giant black cat, for he hates cats worse than anything on earth; one got in his stall once and being there all night Bobby never got a wink of sleep, and was very cross the next day. There he stood trying to find out what the engine was and, not solving the problem, he went around to the back of the car; then getting tired he gave one little vicious kick at the unresponsive thing and galloped out into the yard, never minding a pail of water in the door which he sent flying every which way. Half an hour later I found him playing circus in the front yard on the best flower garden.

I don't know what I shall do when Bobby grows too old to play his tricks, but I think I shall put him in my "Animals' Home." For when I was a tiny little girl and my mother took me down town I used to beg her to let me pick up in my arms and carry home all the poor little miserable looking dogs that ran about the streets.

As I grew older I kept still wishing to do this, but I had added on all the poor unfortunate horses that were beaten by their cruel masters so unmercifully. If ever I have enough money I will buy a big lot and have built on it a large roomy stable where all the poor little animals that are kicked and shoved out of the pathway of the people of this busy world, can stay. And Bobby can be King among them; for although this was a childish daydream I now believe in it so firmly that I have made it one of my life's ambitions.

BETTY SMITH, 1916.





*Drawn by Sallie Doggett*

*The following masque was written by Marie Collins, a Literary Editor of the "Weather-Cock" in 1909. She has very graciously given us permission to reprint it here from the Wellesley Magazine.*

CHARACTERS A Mother, An Angel, Three Children.

SCENE—An open woodland.

TIME—At the close of day.

*Mother:* Only one moment they are gone from me,  
Yet my poor, miser soul stands robbed and dark,  
Hungrily brooding on their last bright looks,  
Thirsting to catch the rainfall of their feet  
Returning straight, unerring to my heart.  
To-day I felt a change creep past my care,  
Into my flock; it rested on my boy;  
His eyes grew hungry for big thoughts, his mouth  
Quite lost its flowerlike pout and wore a look  
Of wistful sweetness, sadder far than pain;  
Older than eyes of old men ripe to die,  
More piercing than the Crucified, such sadness  
In a child. But here they come to me!

(Enter the children singing.)

*Children:*

The trees are running to play with us,  
The waving grass is laughing,  
The wind keeps teasing to stay with us,  
As he catches our hands in passing.  
The clouds like ships go creeping,  
The night is coming soon,  
The stars are angels peeping,  
And the moon,

Is God's balloon.

(The Boy lags behind the others. He does not join in the singing.)

*Boy:* Mother, what is the night?

*Mother:* Night is the time,  
Soft slumber comes to end the cares of day.  
That jay that quarrels yonder with the squirrel,  
The bees, those honey-craftsmen, busy ants,  
Our friend the dog, and all us human folk  
Lie down at night in soothing care-free sleep  
To heal us from the weariness of day.

*Boy:* Why have we weariness? And why have care?

(But the other children now dance through, catch the boy by the hand and pull him along with them, singing.)

The clouds like ships go creeping,  
The night is coming soon,  
The stars are the angels peeping,  
And the moon,  
Is God's balloon.

*Mother* (sighing): The change has come. Within my eldest's heart,  
Thought has awaked and its attendant, pain.  
Who calls me?

*Angel* (appearing): I am he.

*Mother:* Thy will be done.

*Angel:* The Master sends to thee another trial  
Of motherhood, to pierce, to purge thy soul.

*Mother:* The yoke bears ever heavier. The pangs  
Of birth far easier than these later pains.

*Angel:* Life-giving endeth not with birth. It is  
A duty ending but with life itself.  
He bids thee choose thy children's destiny,  
The pattern of their fate, the warp and woof.

*Mother:* Nay, Nay! not that! My children they are free  
To shape their own desires and mould their fates.

*Angel:* The choice is thine. Escape it thou canst not.  
As thou hast steered their toddling, baby steps,  
As thou hast made their infant bodies grow,  
So must thou guide the budding of their thoughts,  
So must thou tend the garden of their souls.

*Mother:* True thou hast said—I cannot leave them free.  
The mother-nature in me pants to choose;  
To pick for them the brightest thread of life



- Through pleasant places, haunts of love and dream.
- Angel* (As he produces two plain little wooden boxes and holds them out to the Mother):  
Here are two caskets; all thy duty lies  
To choose between them. Think it no light task;  
Drift not to choice, nor even trust desire,  
But let love be thy guide and stretch thy heart  
To measure the eternal love, for so  
Thy love be great enough, it cannot err.
- Mother*: Help me, eternal cross of motherhood,  
As I now stake upon this feeble choice,  
My children's souls, thrice dearer than my own!
- Angel*: Within this casket lie the fairest days  
Steeped in a sunshine mellow as old wine;  
Starred nights as dreamless as oblivion,  
Cool winds that neither scorch nor even chill,  
All that shall fire the blood, the hearts of men  
To wanderlust, to dreams of chivalry,  
To epic fancies, swallowed up in turn  
By dreams more Titan, more Utopian.
- Mother*: Surely this is the casket!
- Angel*: Wait to hear.  
The other offers fogs and drab twilights,  
Some bursts of sun, but quickly overcast.  
Necessity, whose stern goad pricks to blood,  
Marches behind and shadows pleasant days.  
She drives man out far in the frozen north,  
Becalms him in a trackless southern sea,  
Or withers him in cities with the blast  
Of furnaces or numbs with bitter toil.
- Mother*: Has this man no reward?
- Angel*: Thou answerest.  
The one has beauty, suppleness of form,  
The other has it not—or if he hath  
Small worth accounts it, unless grace may be  
Linked to an inward beauty—hard to trace.  
The one hath glistening riches, broidered gowns,  
Chased flaggels, fragrant Flavian, soft silks,  
Perfumes and flowers, jewels rare, long-sought,  
And all his days are spent in joy of them.

*Mother:* Surely this is the happy life.

*Angel:* Yet wait.

The other scarce hath shreds enough to screen  
His body from the blast. His purse is cold.  
He hath no pleasure in such soft delights,  
For all his thought is bent another way.

*Mother:* Such poverty, such meanness for my boy!

*Angel:* The one is lapped in pleasure all day long.

He cherishes the arts; the lofty pile,  
The gleaming statue and the lush ripeness  
Of old portraits, the poet's frenzy, too,  
But most he loves the sobbing lilt of song.

*Mother:* My flow'rlets shall be handmaids to the arts  
And tug chords from the world's old rusty heart

And pluck their strings to notes sheer heavenly.

*Angel:* The other shall not dawdle with the arts,

His goal is set in life, his knowledge there.  
Deeply he drains the hearts of men; their heights  
Of hope half-uncreate, their brutishness.

Steadfast he looks upon the page of life,  
Striving to read the mystic meaning there.

*Mother:* It is too sad. My child must not know life;

To-day my boy ate the first bitter fruit  
Of thought and pain. He shall not taste again.

*Angel:* The one shall do no work, only admire

The work of others: live in palaces  
Piled up by horny hands and wear the cloth  
Wrought by eyes dimmed with weeping and long toil,  
And read the books of them that wrote with blood  
And sing the songs that burst the makers' throats.

*Mother:* O, am I dreaming! Cruelty, the price,  
By which to gain the beauty of this world?

*Angel:* The other one shall labor without rest,  
Unceasing till life cease. Stern tasks shall call:

The groan of war, the pettiness of peace,  
Dull, grinding labor, mingling curse and balm.

*Mother:* All men must toil; yet this seems strangely hard.  
Which wins the goal of his desire?

*Angel:* Who knows!

The one with riches surfeits his desires  
Till they are dead. Then he desires desire;  
They come not back. The other fails his end.



What matters it? His pathway flowers with deeds  
Of love and faith that overtop his goal.

*Mother:* A light! A vision! I begin to see  
Which hath the true reward—yet tell me more.

*Angel:* The one has love; a wife, a comrade's love,  
Arms that enfold him sweetly throughout life.  
The other, few that bide; his comrades die,  
Yet greater love enfolds and strengthens him,  
The everlasting wings shall bear him up,  
The love of Christ, which passeth not away,  
Shall help him to endure all things with joy,  
Shall exalt life into a miracle.  
Now choose!

*Mother:* Help me, O cross of motherhood!  
(Unseen voices sing.)

O lonely tree atop the world,  
O cross of blood and strife,  
Upon thee broods the holy dove,  
Thy healing leaves I see unfurled,  
O blossom, miracle of love!  
O blossom, tree of life!

*Mother:* I choose this casket for my children, filled  
With labor, sorrow and the love of Christ.

*Angel* (disappearing): Well hast thou chosen.  
(The boy comes back.)

*Boy:* Mother, who was here?  
I thought I heard broad wings—thy face is bright!  
(The mother opens the casket and taking out a thorn, gives it  
to the boy.)

(The other children now enter, singing.)

The wind is singing the trees to sleep,  
The hungry lambs are bleating,  
The night is weaving her magic deep,  
The soft stars give us greeting;  
And mother's voice is calling,  
O come, O come, O come,  
Hasten, the night is falling,  
Come home, come home, come home!

CURTAIN.

MARIE T. COLLINS,  
Wellesley, 1913.

*Drawn by Elizabeth Bowersock*

“THE PRETENDERS” OF 1912-1913.

*“Amabilis Insania”*

*President.*

Claudia Gaylord.

*Vice-President.*

Marion Fratt.

*Secretary and Treasurer.*

Nathalie Bontecou

Miss Barstow  
Miss Witham  
Miss Scofield  
Miss Feltus  
Miss Welsh  
Miss Dickinson  
Miss Babbit  
Miss Walton  
Miss Wilcox  
Miss Hilliard  
Mlle. Sarau  
Amarette Root  
Doris Howes  
Helen Yoder  
Athelia Sweet  
Mary Lee Toll  
Margaret Hanna  
Esther Connelly

Isabel Reed  
Eleanor Hoffmann  
Emma Rynerson  
Florence Haight  
Frances Keith  
Marian Meriwether  
Dorothy Scarritt  
Julia Coburn  
Alice Krugh  
Margaret Perry  
Frances Young  
Leila Smith  
Annette Pratt  
Helen Marty  
Katherine Barton  
Stella Houston  
Estelle Ball  
Virginia McDearmon

Marion Fratt



"THE PRETENDERS' " LOG.

1912-1913.

November 2nd.—First meeting of the year. Miss Oglebay's delightful talk on her dramatic work in the slums of New York.

November 18th.—Election of officers: President, Claudia Gaylord; vice president, Marion Fratt; secretary and treasurer, Nathalie Bontecou. First trial. Members taken in: Alice Krugh, Dorothy Scarritt, Frances Keith, Marion Meriwether, Margaret Perry, Florence Haight, Julia Coburn. A vote was passed that no more monologues be accepted at trials.

December 9th.—Miss Witham discussed with us and assigned to us the parts for "A Christmas Carol," and Mlle. Sarau for the French play. A vote was carried that simple refreshments be served at each meeting by a chosen committee.

December 20th and 21st.—"A Christmas Carol" presented. The proceeds of the second night were donated to the Swope Settlement.

January 17th.—"La Duchesse Couturière" given to an interested audience.

January 20th.—"The Pretenders" were held spellbound by Mr. Ashley's talk on "Great Actors in Great Parts." Mr. Ashley was added to our list of honorary members.

February 2nd.—Second trial. Members added: Frances Young, Leila Smith, Annette Pratt, Helen Marty, Katharine Barton, Stella Houston, Margaret Hanna, Esther Connelly, Estelle Ball, Virginia McDearmon.

February 12th.—The whole club swarmed to the Shubert to see "Much Ado About Nothing" and to applaud uproariously two of our most appreciated members, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, and to see her carry our flowers in her last act.

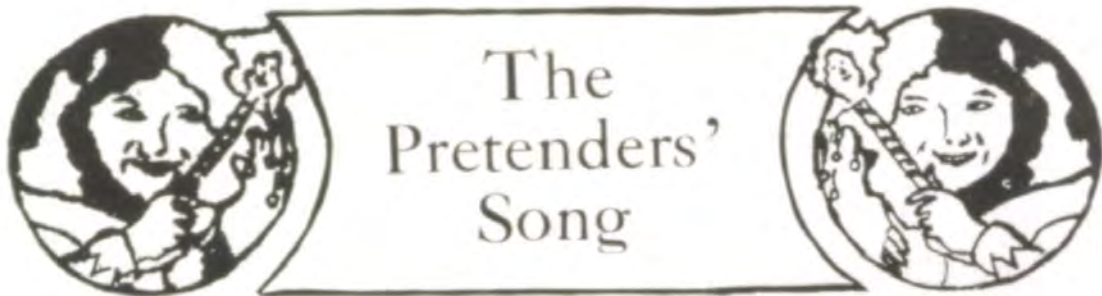
March 2nd. Rehearsal of the Irish play by the new members before a critical audience of the more experienced.

April 11th.—"The Twig O' Thorn" presented to an enthusiastic audience. A rollicking feast given by the faculty crowned the evening.

May 5th.—The parts assigned for "The Winter's Tale."

And so ended successfully the fourth year of "The Pretenders."

NATHALIE BONTECOU-DORIS HOWES, 1914.



*Drawn by Grace Wheeler*

## WARWICKSHIRE.

*The music for this song was most graciously written for us by a friend of Miss Scofield, Mr. John H. Davies, who spent much of his boyhood in the Shakespeare country.*

Ye Warwickshire Lads, and ye Lasses!  
 See what at our Jubilee passes!  
 Come, revel away! Rejoice, and be glad!  
 For the Lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire Lad!  
     Warwickshire Lad!  
     All be glad,  
 For the Lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire Lad!

Be proud of the charms of your County;  
 Where Nature has lavished her bounty!  
 Where much she has given, and some to be spared;  
 For the Bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire Bard!  
     Warwickshire Bard!  
     Never paired!  
 For the Bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire Bard!

Each Shire has its different pleasures,  
 Each Shire has its different treasures:  
 But to rare Warwickshire all must submit;  
 For the Wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire Wit!  
     Warwickshire Wit!  
     How he writ!  
 For the Wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire Wit!



Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden;  
 And half a score more, we take pride in!  
 Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill;  
 But the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will!  
 Warwickshire Will!  
 Matchless still!  
 For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will!

Our Shakespeare compared is to no man;  
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman!  
 Their swans are all geese, to the Avon's sweet Swan;  
 And the Man of all men, was a Warwickshire Man!  
 Warwickshire Man!  
 Avon's Swan!  
 And the Man of all men, was a Warwickshire Man!

As ven'son is very inviting,  
 To steal it our Bard took delight in!  
 To make his friends merry, he never was lag;  
 And the Wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire Wag!  
 Warwickshire Wag!  
 Ever brag!  
 For the Wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire Wag!

There never was seen such a creature!  
 Of all she was worth, he robbed Nature!  
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief;  
 And the Thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire Thief!  
 Warwickshire Thief!  
 He's the chief!  
 For the Thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire Thief!  
 —DAVID GARRICK, 1769.



*Drawn by Dorothea Simpson*

## THE CHRISTMAS PLAY.

*Drawn by Miss Hilliard*

**T**HURSDAY NIGHT, December nineteenth, eight o'clock, found us—an expectant audience—crowded before the red curtains; and a few moments later when they were pushed back we beheld the printed pages of "Christmas Carol" come to life, for there was crabbed old Scrooge and browbeaten Bob Cratchit, bending over their desks and scratching their pens by the light of one economical candle. One by one, the bright and sombre figures passed before our delighted eyes. Marley's ghost, with a clanking of chains and a rattling of keys passed judgment on lonely, selfish Scrooge,

and the lovely little Spirit of Christmas, with her fairy light as a guide, led him forth into the night to visit the lands of Christmas Past and Present. At a wave of the Spirit's hand he saw himself again a school boy and his boyish heroes filed before his eyes: Ali Baba, Crusoe, and man Friday. He found himself once more with the delightful Fezziwigs and watched graceful Mrs. Fezziwig and all the little Fezziwigs trip the light fantastic. Then back into the land of the Present the Spirit led him to the little home of the Cratchits and there his hardened heart was touched and softened by the sweet quavering voice of Tiny Tim singing his carol. To complete her work the Spirit guided him to his nephew's house and there also he sees Christmas all cheer and gayety, ending in a poor perfunctory toast to himself.

When a kindlier look finds its way into his face and the dim suggestion of a smile is on his lips, then the Spirit knows her task finished, and once more the fairy light flickers, and Scrooge finds himself at home, a wiser and happier man, eagerly awaiting the chance to make others happy.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

STAVE I.

Scrooge . . . . . Claudia Gaylord  
 Bob Cratchit . . . . . Amarette Root  
 Scrooge's Nephew . . . . . Margaret Perry  
 Subscription Man . . . . . Alice Krugh  
 Marley's Ghost . . . . . Isabel Reed  
 Carolers—Ramona Deakyne, Anna Searle Dickason, Betty Forest,  
 Elizabeth Hughes, Mary Warner.

STAVE II.

Spirit of Christmas . . . . . Elizabeth Hull  
 The Boy Scrooge Was . . . . . Ruth Harrison  
 Ali Baba . . . . . Jean Downing  
 Robinson Crusoe . . . . . Dorothy Scarritt  
 Friday . . . . . Frances Keith  
 Mr. Fezziwig . . . . . Julia Coburn  
 Office Boys—Katherine Dickey, Margaret Jones, Anna Margaret  
 Hastings.  
 Fiddler . . . . . Grace Wheeler  
 Mrs. Fezziwig . . . . . Susan Dee McGee  
 Misses Fezziwig, Martha Belle Aikens, Mary Abernathy, Judith Hanna

STAVE III.

Bob Cratchit . . . . . Amarette Root  
 Mrs. Cratchit . . . . . Marion Meriwether  
 Peter Cratchit . . . . . Ann Ashley  
 Belinda Cratchit . . . . . Judith Hanna  
 Martha Cratchit . . . . . Marion Howes  
 Little Cratchits . . . . . Mary Watson, Martha Stout  
 Tiny Tim . . . . . Nancy Toll  
 Scrooge's Nephew . . . . . Margaret Perry  
 Scrooge's Niece by Marriage . . . . . Emma Rynerson  
 Topper . . . . . Harriet Smith  
 The Plump Sister . . . . . Florence Haight  
 Assembled Guests—Harriet Davis, Katherine Hasson, Katherine  
 Marsh, Alice Schmelzer.

STAVE IV.

Scrooge . . . . . Claudia Gaylord  
 Intelligent Boy . . . . . Anne Ashley  
 Bob Cratchit . . . . . Amarette Root

ESTHER CONNELLY

## THE FRENCH PLAY.

La Duchesse Couturière by Eugene Scribe.

**S**HORTLY after Christmas the ambitious "Pretenders" presented a French play. This was something entirely new, but everyone entered into it with such enthusiasm that with the aid of Mademoiselle Sarau's splendid coaching, it became another addition to "The Pretenders'" long list of successes. Although the highly prized dress when torn from the hands of the unrelenting countess by the desperate Hélène, was a bit slow in burning, I am sure the audience overlooked it. Except that, not a hitch or a halt, mistake or pause, marred the effect of the performance and we felt unusually proud to hear our old reliable Shakespearean performers roll off their lines glibly in French. The roles of the successful French modiste with her able assistants, La Barronne, her faithful friend, the beautiful aspiring Madame de Berny, La Comtesse and her charming daughter, and La Marquise were effectively played as follows:

Hélène, Duchesse Couturière (orpheline, nièce de la Comtesse de Lèsneven, de la branche aînée) . . . . . Mary Lee Toll  
 Corinne (première demoiselle de magasin) . . . . . Doris Howes  
 Esther (deuxième demoiselle de magasin) . . . . . Athelia Sweet  
 La Baronne de Kerbriand . . . . . Eleanor Hoffmann  
 Madame de Berny . . . . . Isabel Reed  
 La Comtesse Donairière de Lèsneven . . . . . Marian Fratt  
 Christine (petite-fille de la Comtesse) . . . . . Nathalie Bontecou  
 La Marquise de Menneville . . . . . Helen Yoder

HELEN YODER, 1913.

## "A TWIG O'THORN."

The Irish Play.

**T**HE standard of "The Pretenders" has been rising year after year; and year after year the two annual trials have become more and more serious. The try-out this year took in ten or twelve new members whose talent seemed assured and whose enthusiasm and good spirit refreshed and strengthened the society's loss of last year's seniors.

Then some were seized with the happy thought of the new members giving a play which the older ones would train and rehearse.

After some discussion the play was selected. It was a beautiful fairy love story, "A Twig O'Thorn." The date that was at first



thought of was appropriately St. Patrick's Day, the seventeenth of March. It proved, however, harder to work up than at first supposed, and it was therefore found necessary to postpone it to a later date.

Five girls who were considered "old" and "experienced" were chosen to hear the rehearsals of the first act. It was certainly not hard. The entire cast was found so willing to work seriously that it was not long before this act was ready to present to the whole of "The Pretenders."

Miss Witham and Miss Scofield then took up the work of the rehearsals, and in an incredibly short time the three acts of the play were ready to give to an audience.

The night of April the eleventh a "full house" was assembled; and from the moment the curtain rose until it fell everyone was intent upon, not so much his daughter, but his daughter's acting; and, what is still more unusual, all were interested in every other man's daughter who was in the play. The keen, jolly, lovely interpretations of the different characters was so charming that as the curtain went down on the last act everyone sighed, and it was agreed that "A Twig O'Thorn" ranked with the best successes that "The Pretenders" have ever achieved.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

(In the order of their appearance):

Nessa Teig . . . . .	Frances Young
Maurya . . . . .	Dorothy Scarritt
Oonah. . . . .	Katherine Barton
Angus Arran . . . . .	Virginia McDearmon
Father O'Brien . . . . .	Julia Coburn
Kathleen . . . . .	Esther Connelly
Funella . . . . .	Estelle Ball
Sheila . . . . .	Stella Houston
Sheamus . . . . .	Margaret Hanna
Martin . . . . .	Annette Pratt
Tumaus . . . . .	Frances Keith
Aileel . . . . .	Helen Marty
Fairy . . . . .	Leila Smith

MARY LEE TOLL, 1914.

## THE SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY.

**R**EHEARSALS are now on for the new Shakespearean play, "The Winter's Tale." Although we lack at present the velvet cloaks, white plumes and clanking swords which will adorn the gallant courtiers of the jealous Leontes' court, the absence of these accessories does not dampen our ardor. The time is short but the girls have shown the true "Pretender" spirit and no complaints of prolonged rehearsals or tedious parts are heard. The girls are unusually well suited for the different parts. The long suffering queen, Hermione, as portrayed by Mary Lee Toll arouses our intense sympathy; Athelia Sweet as the stern, unrelenting king, Leontes, commands our deepest admiration; Annette Pratt takes the part of the handsome, gallant Polixenes admirably. Helen Marty as Paulina pleads eloquently for her mistress, the queen. The second act is brightened by the light-hearted rogue, Autolycus, interpreted by Helen Yoder; the foolish clown who is in real life Claudia Gaylord, and the old shepherd, well played by Eleanor Hoffmann. The many parts of lords, ladies, shepherds, shepherdesses and servants are well taken by other loyal "Pretenders," and two "Intenders."

CLAUDIA GAYLORD, 1913.

## "THE PRETENDERS' " BANQUET.

**H**APPILY to be remembered is the banquet given to "The Pretenders" by several of our teachers after our Irish play was safely over. It took place in the gymnasium which was radiant with many colored Japanese lanterns, steaming chafing dishes, candle lights, and happy faces. A "festive board" this was—surrounded by the glowing faces with the rouge and "blacking" still on. The table fairly groaned under the weight of the tempting viands served to us by the teachers, who were quaintly garbed in caps and aprons of green tulle. Clever indeed was the sudden appearance of our "hunger phantom," Miss Witham. Her mournful wail—"Give me a taste of food"—was a happy signal for the girls to take up the cry and enjoy the spread before them. "The Twig O'Thorn," that omen of ill luck, was entirely forgotten, in oysters, sandwiches, salads, and ices.

Yes, the banquet was a great success—and, "well we know what made it so"—the efforts of our loyal teachers, who are not only good enough to join our society, but also to fortify our inner man after



our maiden attempts on the stage. These four lines written by one of our Theme Class were criticised at the time as being rather "too convivial," but they fit this occasion well!

"Here may you feast on banquets fit for gods,  
Ambrosia, nectar and the purple wine;  
Drink to mirth-loving Bacchus and partake  
Of joys that make a mortal feel divine."

KATHERINE BARTON, 1914.



*Drawn by Miss Hilliard*

### THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

**I**F the young ladies care to listen, Singing Sam will now render one of his comic selections," Big Singing Sam swaggered as he rose from his chair with a self-conscious bow. Then with a great swing of his wheezy bow across his cello, he carried himself off into ecstatic, darky rag-time; head thrown far back, eyes closed and shoulders rolling, he sang—sang until his black face grew shiny with joy. Even his bright tan shoes with their bull dog toes caught the spirit in snappy melody and patted in breakdown time on the echoing boards. His whole body followed the swinging bow as it thrummed the strings of the cello 'till they verily growled. Catching the great awkward instrument he would swing it dizzily around and roar out:

"Dat coon done got fooled!"

Perhaps because he did not seem aware of it himself—perhaps because his every movement was so sure, it was hard to realize that Sam was blind. To look at that beaming face and those sightless eyes brought a lump to our throats and a catch in our breaths. It was unbelievable that even his cello that he handled so familiarly, was to him only a vague something of wooden outlines and strings—that the jack-o-lanterns which grinned down from their places meant nothing to him save an odor of scorching pumpkin—that the bright colors we girls wore were but names in his mind. To think he knew

no faces! Not even those of the men that played with him; they were only voices that came out of the darkness filled with sounds—sounds that made up his only happiness and interest in life. How could he sing and be so happy when he had not that which goes to make up the best part of living—the power to see all that makes the world beautiful? Yet in his efforts to make others laugh and be glad he seemed to have found the secret for himself: the secret that we search for long with our wide open and eager eyes he had closed his eyes and found.

ESTHER CONNELLY, 1914.

### THE NEW CLOCK.



*Drawn by Katherine Dickey*

ARK! the door bell? Don't make me smile!  
 "My goodness, no! that's what makes us file!  
 "It's a clock that *talks*, it's just a 'flower',  
 "And it rings on the tock, *sure*, every half hour."  
 "What's that? You never saw one before?  
 "'Cause they never had 'em in days of yore.  
 "It's a 'lectric clock, it's just a 'flower',  
 "And it rings on the tock, *sure*, every half hour."  
 "But if you're bad, your lessons don't know,  
 "You wish 'twould be *not* quite so sure and slow,  
 "But it's a clock to bank on, it's a 'flower',  
 "And it rings on the tock, *sure*, every half hour."

MARY LOUISE HOEFER, Class of 1916.

# 1912

## OUR 1912 CLASS DAY.

ONE of the most interesting events of last June was our Senior chapel exercises held the last morning of school. It is needless to say that we were truly proud of our "brave old Seniors" of 1912, who had worked so hard and accomplished so much during the year. So we lower classmen all went up to the assembly room first and stood, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" with the greatest seriousness and respect, while our upper classmen marched up with Miss Witham and took the front seats. As we looked upon



them, we thought they well deserved the seats of honor; they deserved, too, the interesting talks which were to come, and they must have been glad that they were not to be the actors on that day.

Never did we enjoy anything so much as the speeches of that morning. Miss Barstow gave first a short eulogy upon our Senior class, and then she introduced in a charming manner the other speakers of the day.

Mrs. John H. Thacher talked to us of the benefits and joys of college aside from the knowledge gained there from books. Next Colonel C. F. Morse, one of Miss Barstow's early trustees, spoke to us of the past life of our school, of its birth, of its different homes, and of its unvarying high standard. Mr. D. J. Haff's subject was most fitting to follow, for he told of what we should and would soon have for the building and equipment this good work deserved. What is more delightful than dreams, and especially those which we are assured are to come true?

Last of all, Mr. Hal Gaylord in a speech full of wit and humor gave out the Field Day trophies,—the letters, the banners and the cups. The winners of the latter were as follows: Academic Department, Anna Witham; Intermediate Department, Katharine Lester; and the Principals' cup for the girl who had "shown the most helpful spirit in Athletics for the year" was given to Amarette Root. The morning hour was full of applause and enthusiasm, and we felt we were indeed fortunate to have such loyal and interested friends to speak for us.

ATHELIA SWEET, 1913.

# 1913

## THE CLASS OF 1913.

**A**NOTHER year has swiftly sped by and another Senior class holds the right of using the front steps at Miss Barstow's School. For many years its members have been slowly struggling up the ladder at the top of which were the golden letters S-E-N-I-O-R and the numbers 1-9-1-3. Now we have reached the topmost rung, and are almost ready to begin again at the bottom of the longer and more difficult ladders of

college, life and experience. We will not forget all the good times we have had here, all the strolls over the lawn at recess, all the confidences given and taken on the front steps, all the exciting games on the basket ball court; and we hope we will not forget all the Latin, geometry, all the English, French and history that has daily been fed to us.

As usual the class of 1913 has been very prominent this year. Last fall we won the basket-ball championship and we fully expect to do the same in this spring's contest. For the Hallowe'en party several of our accomplished composers wrote most attractive and appropriate words to four of the popular songs and we all forgot our dignified position as Seniors for a few moments as we gaily filed into the room on that happy evening and, with our bodies swaying to the music of the familiar tunes, sang at the top of our voices:

"You ought to be, you ought to be, you ought to be a Barstow Senior,  
For the girls are doggone glad to play  
Basket ball on a sunny day!  
You ought to see, you ought to see, you ought to see us beat those  
Juniors!

You can tell the world that we are some  
S-E-N-I don't know how to spell it,  
But we are, you bet we are, we're the best class in the land.

"Every little period has a lesson all its own,  
Every single teacher by her hobby now is known,  
And every small thought that comes a-stealing  
O'er your being be not revealing  
Lest they catch you while you are speling  
Out your troubles to other girls.

"Take a little tip from the Seniors,  
Oh, take a little tip from us,—  
If you don't get your lessons every time that you ought,  
Believe me, kids, you'll sure get caught!  
First it's Themes! then it's French!  
And then Latin, too!  
But if you study hard as we did  
You'll get to be a Senior, too!

In the gymnastic exhibition this spring we had the difficult task of swinging Indian clubs and we are happy to say that no damage was



done to any of the spectators as we were all able to hold on to our clubs and keep them from flying through the air as they had occasionally done in our "gym" class.

There is one reason especially that we feel we have an unusually great honor and that is that we are the last class to graduate from the old building. Next year the girls will be enjoying more spacious rooms, broader, magnificent corridors, and more splendid equipment in the new school. We wish you all joy, but we know that you will always have a tender spot in your hearts for the old yellow building on Westport Avenue, and we, the class of 1913, feel proud and happy that we have the privilege of being the last class to receive diplomas in that dear place which we all love so well. MARION FRATT, 1913.

### The Junior Middle Class.

PLEASURE lies rather in Tranquility than in Activity." Such is the blissful existence of a Junior Middle on the entrance of the hard toiling Senior Class, the mark of jealousy to the quibbling lower classmen. As this carefree band strolls to class, to the pleasant task of Latin, they think gladly on the virtues of the Review Latin Class in comparison with the dark and woeful passages of Caesar and Cicero reluctantly dug out in years gone by. These same joyous mortals sit in a group about the waste paper basket to cut out their History of Art pictures while the serious minded Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior are valiantly conquering battles, killing kings and making constitutions in American, Ancient and Medieval History. The years spent in the puzzles and riddles of Algebra and Geometry are reviewed in one headlong dash of only a semester to be conquered finally in an examination while the year is still young. But the heights of joy are the revelations of the English novel class in which every round of the ladder of pleasure has been ascended from the placid "Vicar of Wakefield" to the turbulent "Richard Feverel," and in which we have a happy chance to "swap souls" on every problem in the world. Then the allurements of the basket-ball field, the joys and tribulations of rehearsals, can all be partaken of with sincere pleasure by a Junior Middle for to her there is never the overhanging dread of lessons but all that was promised us by our principal, of solid enjoyment in work, of ease and power of a steady pace instead of a rush for graduation, of a chance to put in extra courses that would enlarge our general knowledge. To those who envy us, to you who are jealous of us, never let this name of Junior Middle be blotted from our list of classes, for now since we have stamped its name as a sign of peace and pleasure, let there be one from now on added to the traditional number of four. NATHALIE BONTECOU, 1914.

# 1914

## THE CLASS OF 1914.

Tune: "*Old Kentucky Home.*"

**O**H, let's sing a rousing song  
 For this dear old Junior class,  
 For the Barstow Junior class of 1912;  
 It's a class we'll long remember  
 And a name we're proud to own,  
 J-U-N-I-O-R-S !

Then cheer our crimson colors,  
 The hue that spells success;  
 We will fling them high in air  
 And our pluck will keep them there,  
 J-U-N-I-O-R-S !

Last fall the Juniors adopted this class song, first singing it at the Hallowe'en party. Since then everyone has seemed to expect great things of our class, and we have done our best to live up to their expectations. True, we haven't broken any records, or performed any Herculean labors, but still we think we can be justly proud of our more modest and steady achievements. We point with pride to the charming hero and heroine of the Irish play, as well as most of the minor characters, as products of our class. Several of the principals of "The Winter's Tale" have been chosen from our ranks. Last fall our basket-ball team made a good showing by coming out second in the championship games, and we are confident that Field Day will show that the team is invincible.

But perhaps our most distinguishing characteristic is our choice collection of epithets, though uncomplimentary, we must confess, bestowed on us by the Faculty. We soon became oblivious to such mild admonitions as "You are Juniors now!" "You cannot get your geometry in less than an hour and a half!", and "Il faut que vous etudiez cela!"; and then we were dubbed "wooden images," and even "totem poles," until we ourselves are almost convinced that there never, never was such a class! Last year's Junior class is held up to us daily as the acme of perfection. And



although we are really white lambs, we never seem to be able to live down our "black sheep" reputation.

And yet we really do study at times! In fact we may often be heard lamenting with Mr. Mantilini that "this life is just one dem'd horrid grind!" In spite of all the skepticism about us, we insist that we are going to graduate next year and that we are going to college.

And so, dear teachers, forgive us for our "wuzzy" lessons and our fun-loving tendencies, for this year. Perhaps, who knows? next year the honor of being the first graduating class in the new school, added to that of being Seniors, will make sedate and dignified grinds of us, as model Seniors should be! Perhaps next year we will be able to so far live down our reputation that you will feel repaid for all your efforts and exertions and think us *almost* as good as the Seniors of 1913.

JULIA COBURN, 1914.

# 1915

## THE CLASS OF 1915.

**A**LTHOUGH the class of 1915 has progressed in its career only as far as its second year, yet everyone knows well the name and motto of the Sophomores, "As much fun and as little work as possible."

Well do they live up to this motto for no other class can boast of having the same reputation that the Sophomores have. No other class can crowd the same amount of fun and work into eight short months. Their fun is unceasing for they wear a continual smile; whether for something that is happening, something that has happened, or something that is going to happen, it makes no difference. Many of their smiles are caused by jokes of their own creating which in their eyes seem more laughable than to others. For the Sophomores are the leaders of the merriment of the school. They are the most active class and can never be accused of the grave crime of idleness, for if a girl is ever discovered committing such an outrageous deed she is not considered a true Sophomore. Of course, many times this energy is turned toward their studies for it must be admitted that without some study-

ing the teachers cannot possibly be convinced that they really have enough knowledge stored away, which if dragged to light on their judgment day will enable them to leap the final bar to freedom. But their class spirit will always hold true and with one great rush they will all fly over the many, mighty obstacles and land safely in their Junior year.

Their daring spirit also leads them safe to victory with cheers for the blue and the white. For even now, with Field Day looming up in the near future, the Juniors and even the Seniors, high and mighty though they are, are shaking their heads gravely and pondering the ways and means of obtaining some obstacle to stop their headlong dash to victory. (The Freshmen are not even worth mentioning in any connection whatever with the Sophomores although these same Sophomores have to forget their pride once in a while long enough to show them what inferior beings they are in every way.) So unless the saying "Pride cometh before a fall" comes true, even we, the awful Sophomores, will end our Sophomore year with many victories on Field Day and will sing with undaunted spirit:

**H**URRAH for the colors of nineteen fifteen;  
 Hurrah for the white and the blue!  
 These are the colors they wear on the green  
 As they break all the records in two;  
 Loud are the cheers as they rise on the breeze,  
 Bright are the colors that shine through the trees;—cheer!  
 Cheer for the colors of nineteen fifteen;  
 Cheer for the white and the blue!

STELLA HOUSTON, 1915.

# 1916

THE CLASS OF 1916.

**W**HY does everybody look at us in such a scornful, superior way? Aren't we *Freshmen* now? What does that mean, you ask? It means that we are out of the Intermediate room and in the Academic room where all the "big girls" are. We are really grown up now, you see.

Please tell us why the teachers always look in our direction, always are saying: "Too much noise on the Freshman side of the room." We are really not so bad, just mischievous, "don't you know." No



matter how careful we may be, it's always, "B— take this front seat," or "E— turn around," and "D— every time I look at you, you are talking." Alack! You teachers don't know that you always look at the wrong time. You might look at us when none of us was doing anything, for, I assure you, that often happens. Freshmen were the first suffragettes and we have been suffering ever since.

But, alas! when examinations come we Freshmen do not feel quite so fine. For just think; suppose we should not pass, then we would have to stand the tortures of being Freshmen all over again. O the moans and the groans we utter a week before examinations are pitiful to hear.

We twenty-seven Freshmen of 1916 have proved ourselves superior to the other classes in many ways. We covered ourselves with glory by beating the Sophomores at the indoor meet at the different feats of "medicine-ball." That is something we will never forget and I suppose the Sophomores won't either, as they were so sure of winning. And at basket-ball, an old game, for our grandmothers used the baskets,—the market basket, the sewing basket, and the clothes basket,—while we simply added the ball, we have shown even the proud Seniors that we are not quite so easy to beat. The Juniors also find that they have to work to overcome the Freshmen. On Field Day the Freshmen will again show you what they can do.

Hoorah, hoorah for the Freshmen all,  
On Field Day we'll show you what we can do,  
In running,

Jumping,

And Basket-Ball,

We'll beat you through and through!

We don't belong to the common kind

Of Freshmen that usually are,

And soon through

All contests and trials

You'll find

We'll outnumber you all by far.

Beware, beware, ye Sophomores, Juniors or Seniors of singing

the following song, for if you do something may happen!

Twenty-seven little seeds were planted one day  
 In the Academic room of our school,  
 They grew up quite fresh and green, they say,  
 Never once did they mind a rule.  
 These queer little seeds were the Freshmen green,  
 Who continually are bothering all,  
 Every day of the year they are to be seen  
 Sprouting more fresh, green and tall.

KATHARINE M. LESTER, 1916.

"DON'T BLAME IT ONTO US."

E are but Freshmen, so don't make a fuss  
 If when a noise is made  
 Our sober looks do fade;  
 It's 'cause we're Freshmen, "don't blame it onto us."

If in school we other things discuss,  
 It's not that we are bad,  
 It's just that we *aren't* sad,  
 And long's we're Freshmen, "don't blame it onto us."

But next year when we're Soph'mores friv'lous,  
 Other Freshies'll get the blame,  
 While we'll go free from shame;  
 But now what they do you "blame it onto us."  
 RUTH RIDENOUR, 1916.



*Drawn by Grace Wheeler*





*Drawn by Louise Haas*

# ATHLETICS

## BASKET-BALL.

**T**HERE was a large, enthusiastic waiting list ready for basket-ball at the beginning of the last fall including both the experienced players and those who were new to the game. All alike were hopeful then although the hard practicing brought to the poor Freshies, Sophs and Juniors many bumps and scratches which were of no avail for, alack and alas! the Thanksgiving game was won by the Seniors. The Sophomores and Freshmen were beaten in the preliminaries the day before and the Juniors met their downfall in the finals. This spring the practicing between the Sophomores and Freshmen has kept the gymnasium teacher on the jump for the players spirits have often run away with them. Sometimes they seem entirely to forget that they are playing basket-ball and imagine themselves on a foot-ball field chasing the pigskin. The only thing that has been able to calm their enthusiasms to any degree and keep them within bounds is the promise to let them have a tug of war against each other on Field-Day, when they will be allowed to put all their overflowing energies and strength into pulling the knotted rope. Each of these two teams has its hopes for the honor of playing on Field-Day. The preliminaries are to come off on Thursday, May 22, with the Seniors under Claudia Gaylord as captain, playing the Juniors under Annette Pratt as captain; and the Sophomores led by Annette McGee, the Freshmen led by Frances Fennelly; then the two winning teams are to play the decisive game on Friday. But even the grim determination of the Sophomores and Freshmen may not be able to win for them this honor, as the Seniors and Juniors are noted for their steady and spectacular playing. However, we are hoping and holding our breath ready to let it out in a shout of triumph, or in a wail of woe as the events of Field Day may tell the tale.

FRANCES FENNELLY, 1916.

*Drawn by Louise Haas*

## CROSS COUNTRY RUNS.

**A** CROSS country run to-morrow!" The announcement sends a thrill through every girl in the Academic room, for these words bring forth visions of a long stretch of lovely road with maybe a stream or deep green wood on either side, and any number of blissful things to eat and do at the end of the tramp. Sometimes, of course, these happy dreams change to stern realities of roads thick with dust, and no possible chance of a drink for miles to come, luncheons that grow heavier every minute to all, except to one ingenious girl who had hers wrapped in numerous small parcels hanging about her shoulders on one long string. But

what care we for these small discomforts!—the dust we can kick up in wonderful clouds, the boxes will lose their weight before we return, and our thirst is forgotten in the glory of a rolling view of pastures, woodland, and little farm houses. And then those sandwiches, those burnt chops, those "weenies" covered with ashes when our fire has been built and gridirons and forks improvised out of sticks!

Our first of these ventures was to Swope Park where our chief source of amusement was an old suspension bridge about a foot wide, swinging over a deep ravine. Our second "hike" proved more thrilling for, thinking we were chased by a man with a gun, we tried to escape and were confronted by a cow. But our excitement was soon cooled and our fears forgotten when the man assured us that we weren't the object of his hostilities, the cow was tied and the land we were on was not his. Fortunately the rest of the day we suffered no more shocks and straggled home, tired but happy.

These and other long jaunts to Sunset Hill and almost to Shawnee, where half of the party rode and where we also had delightful spreads and novel experiences, took place during our school year, and for the coming one we have the greatest hopes and plans in prospect.

RUTH RIDENOUR, 1916.



A NEW FEATURE IN ATHLETICS.

**A**THLETIC exhibitions have been given in this school in almost every conceivable manner; but as a novelty, the meet this year was held indoors and all the floor work of the regular school gymnastics was given to shorten the program on Field Day. Although the afternoon was very warm, the girls' enthusiasm did not wane, and they went through their drills with plenty of vigor.

First came the "Setting Up Drill," all classes, both Academic and Intermediate, a swaying mass of arms and legs, uniform in motion, keeping time to the music. This drill lasted for twenty-five minutes, working up to a climax in the swimming, rowing and shooting move-

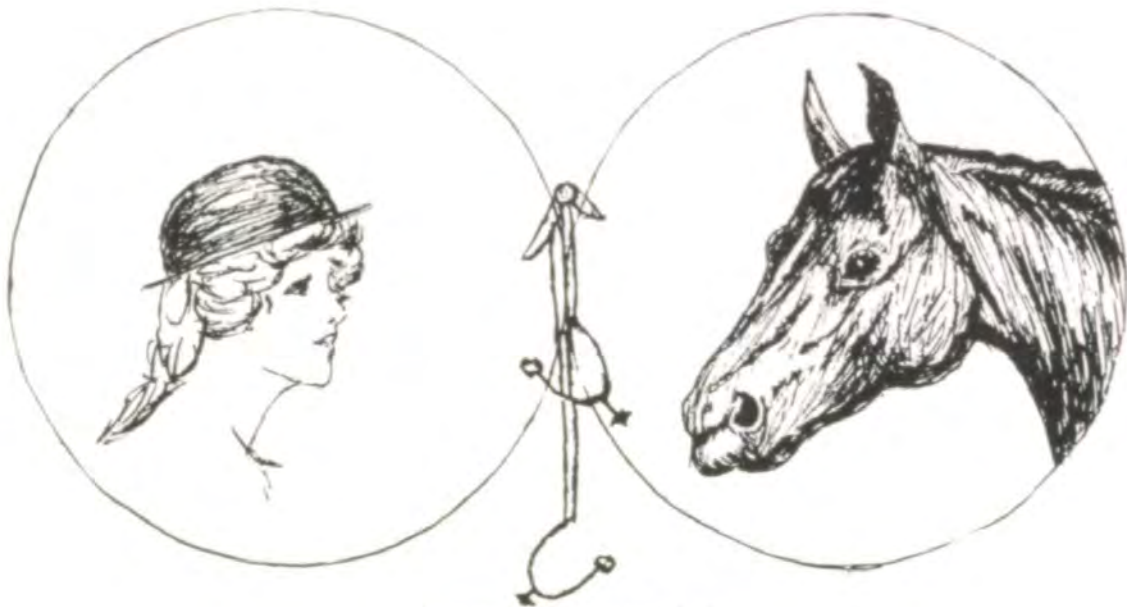


*As the "Cubists" would have drawn us*

ments. It was followed by a wand drill of the Intermediate, an example of skill and grace, and then by the dumb-bell exercises of classes A and B, smooth, regular and perfect.

The live ball games between the Freshmen and Sophomores in which the Freshmen proved victorious, furnished plenty of excitement and laughter on the part of the spectators. The Juniors gave a stately dumb-bell quadrille to the music of the "Anvil Chorus," and then the Seniors exhibited their graceful drill with Indian clubs, the climax of the athletic numbers on the program. All these exercises were performed with great ease under the skillful direction of Miss Wilcox, and her thorough training received much praise. We could not see ourselves, but our kind friends said it was wonderful to see this mass of girls, a hundred or so, moving together as one person, a solid body, swaying, bending, and turning, now down, now up, each separate part working for the perfection of the whole. Each girl, when through, sought no praise for her single performance, but was glad to hear that her co-operation had helped in making perfect unity. So the new athletic feature of the year was a great success, and we all look forward to another of its kind for 1914 in our *new* gymnasium.

DOROTHY SCARRITT, 1915.



*Drawn by Estelle Ball*

Ready for a Cross Country Ride.





*Drawn by Louise Haas*

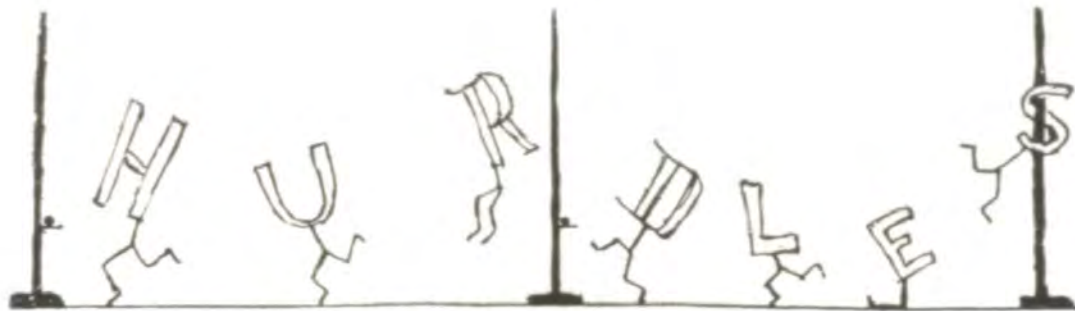
### FIELD DAY.

**A** fair day, a gay crowd, and a joyous school ushered in Field-Day, that Amazon of days. Great and valiant were the deeds done, worthy and true were the gallant athletes. Olympian games ne'er saw such feats of skill and strength.

In a blaze of music and color the Grand March swung along,— a long tramping column headed by His Royal Highness, The Senior Houn' Dog, and ending in the tiniest toddling kindergartner. On the consecrated basket-ball field filed the regiments and gave their lusty song of greeting to the Day, and praise to "the General reviewing her troops."

Then came the stern, joyous work of winning B's, for the honor of class and individual. Then, too, came the stern hard work of the judges, Mrs. Marvin Gates, Mrs. Ralph Stout, Mrs. Arthur Morse, Miss Helen English, Mr. Walter Root, Mr. Henry Jones, Dr. St. Clair Street, Mr. Henry Schott—those tireless, devoted ones "to whom all praise is due," for their labor of love makes our day possible.

Wonderful were the deeds the Peerless Judges judged. An



*Drawn by Estelle Ball*

*Drawn by Estelle Ball*

enthusiastic audience saw Constance Prescott win the Hurdling, and the Broad Jump with her 12 feet 1 inch spring; saw Dorothy Scarritt clear the bar at 4 feet; and Betty Smith run to victory in the 70 yard dash. In the Intermediate Department the Running High Jump was won by Katherine Dickey; the Hop-Step-and-Jump by Marion Howes; the Obstacle Race by Susan Dee McGee, the 70 yard dash by Anna Searle Dickason; the Three-Legged Race by Jean Downing and Judith Hanna; the Relay Race by Anne Ashley's side. In the Primary, Frances Ward carried off the High Jump; Frances Ward and Sara Houston captured first place in the Three-Legged Race; Capt. Frances Aikens' team won the Walking Relay, while Capt. Frances Ward's team won the Flag Relay. The event most interesting to the public, the Kindergarten Potato Race, was run in a professional manner, Miss Virginia Aikens "bearing the palm alone."

The Juniors defeated the Seniors, and the Sophomores beat the

*Drawn by Miss Hilliard*





*Drawn by Airy Schmeltzer*

Freshmen at the noble game of Basket Ball. But the finals were not played off, owing to the lateness of the hour. It will also be noticed that the Intermediate Basket Ball and the Academic Three-Legged Race were likewise postponed, and so the Athletic Cups have not yet been given out.

As a fitting close to the perfect day, Mr. Ashley in his happy speech presented the most valued and coveted Principals' Cup to Betty Smith, the "Dead Game Sport" of the school.

Then let us thank Miss Wilcox for her indefatigable work and care, and let us remember with warm hearts the last glorious Field Day in the dear old building.



## AESTHETIC DANCING.

EVERY year Miss Barstow has given as one of the events of the school year, an aesthetic dancing exhibition. In 1908 this exhibition under Miss Ballard was given at the school. In 1909 it was given under the direction of Miss McKenzie at the school, but the following year, for a still greater burst of talent, under the same teacher, so great an audience was expected that the school proved too small and they overflowed into Morton's Hall, and people still talk of that as one of the most beautiful exhibitions ever given. In 1912 there was another splendid performance given again at the school, under Miss Hamblen.

This year the usual showing of the dances was combined with indoor athletics and given at the school under Miss Wilcox. There were many fathers, mothers and friends each pushing hurriedly into the hall to get front seats and all oblivious of the fact of their being trampled on, and their best hats being bent out of shape in their laps, so eagerly were they watching the doors which were to let in the dancers. The music finally started and in skipped about twelve little girls and little boys who danced around and around singing a happy little May song. They hopped, jumped and skipped at their own sweet will, each watching the teacher and, as little children will, failing to do the right thing at just the right moment, but as they were all having such a good, happy, free time everyone applauded and smiled their enjoyment. And a second group of boys and girls came running in and danced and sang "When I Was a Bachelor," and other song dances which came to a close as joyfully as they had begun. Then about eight little girls danced the "Carrousselle," a pretty little May dance. Following that there was a solo dance given by Lucile Fetty in the "Spirit of the Spring." After that the class of the Intermediate Room flitted in to pirouette through the "Matinee Waltz" and a Mazurka." The B class followed with the "Majeste" and a Russian scarf dance called the "Russian Nobleman," which received enthusiastic applause. Then in came the Academic class to do a Spanish dance with such spirit that the spectators could almost imagine themselves in sunny Spain. This was followed by a Spanish dance in couples which was equally appreciated. For the finale the whole school joined in the gay folk dance, "Ace of Diamonds" around the hall. I am sure every one went away with toes tapping and skipping in remembrance of the gay music, and looking forward with pleasure to the dancing of next year.

LUCILE FETTY, 1916.





# INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

*Drawn by Miss Hilliard*

## THE INTERMEDIATE SONG.

① when we came to school this fall,  
Hooray! Hooray!  
We found they'd put us in the hall.  
Hooray! Hooray!  
We scaled the stairs with a mighty cheer  
And vowed we'd run the school this year,  
And they all give way  
When we'uns come marching on.

So when the clock is striking nine,  
Hooray! Hooray!  
We find we're very slow to climb,  
Hooray! Hooray!  
But when we hear the recess bell  
We simply jump two flights pell mell.  
And they all gave way  
When we'uns go crashing down.

We hold our heads up mighty high  
Hooray! Hooray!  
For we're the top crust of the pie.  
Hooray! Hooray!  
We daily go upon the stage;  
You never could have at our age,

So off with your caps and wave away  
When we'uns come marching by.

We're far above the Freshmen crowd,  
Hooray! Hooray!

We're even over Seniors proud.  
Hooray! Hooray!

We needn't even file or fuss;  
The teachers have to come to us.  
So cheer the C's, the B's, the A's  
As we'uns come marching on.



*Drawn by Miss Hilliard*

### THE NEW INTERMEDIATE ROOM.

**T**HIS fall when we came to school instead of going into our old room, much to our joy, we were marched upstairs to the hall where we found our desks all arranged and waiting for us.

Our own special recitation room was the old stage where we were accustomed to see "The Pretenders" strut and play their parts.

"Now we daily go upon the stage,  
They never could have at our age."

Never was a bunch of girls so happy as in this particular Intermediate year. You ask me why? Well, in the first place,

"We needn't even file or fuss,  
The teachers have to come to us."

That is, from one recitation to another we do not have to go off our own floor, except for gymnasium, and you may be sure we are always so eager for that that steps down two flights don't matter to us



"For when we hear the recess bell  
 We simply jump two flights pell-mell,  
 And they all give way when  
 We'uns go crashing down."

Another reason for our being so happy is that we are not just individuals by ourselves, but we're a whole body of girls all working for one another; and our department spirit is so strong that we even dare sing,

"We're far above the Freshmen crowd,  
 We're even over Seniors proud."

We have some special advantages all our own, too: the Dickens' Christmas play, the May-Day breakfast at seven o'clock under the old locust tree with literary exercises *by ourselves*, botany picnics, cross country runs, and the quieter delights of every day, including the daily companionship of Sothern, Marlowe, Joan of Arc, and Sir Walter Raleigh, which you may read about in this "Weathercock." Once a week Miss Walton gives us an interesting program of current events and Miss Witham comes in and reads to us or talks to us.

We always are sure of a play once a year and Miss Witham and Miss Scofield work just as hard for us as they do for "The Pretenders." Oh! I couldn't begin to pen all of the "scrumptious" things in the Intermediate Room, so I'll just ask you to

"Cheer the C's, the B's, the A's  
 When we'uns come marching on."

ANNE ASHLEY, A.

### THE RUE ANEMONE.

**D**EEP in the spring time, in the wood  
 Is where I find thee most,  
 With head uplifted toward the sky—  
 Fair flower among a host.  
 Thou art not shy, but unashamed,  
 Thy pretty face to show;  
 And what a wealth of glad surprise  
 And joy to thee we owe!  
 Your purity to us appeals,  
 A joy in beauty rare,  
 A work not made by hands of man,  
 Which shows the Father's care.  
 Oh, little rue anemone,  
 That blooms so white and sure,  
 I would my soul were like thy star,  
 As simple and as pure.

ELIZABETH HULL, A.

## MISS VIRGIL'S LEGACY.

**I**T was not such a very large sum of money but to the simple country folks in this little village of New England, it seemed a fortune. To Miss Virgil herself, after the first shock was over, it seemed like paradise and she fervently blessed her rich uncle of whom she had never even heard until he had died and left her a "tidy sum" of money. She had been used to skimping herself, that now the thought that she could buy what she wanted and live as she pleased, was appalling. She planned to go to the city the first thing in the morning to buy herself a pink dress. All her life she had wanted one but had dressed in black because it was cheaper and did not soil so quickly.

As she sat there looking out of the window, she saw one of her neighbors bustling up the drive-way. Miss Virgil would have much preferred her own thoughts to the conversation of her neighbor, but she rose to greet her with all the appearance of a cordial welcome.

"Landsakes!" gasped Mrs. Matterhorn, as she wedged herself in sideways through the door-way, "I do declare; it does take a body's breath away to walk up that steep hill. Why, I'm panting like a porpoise."

"Do sit down," urged Miss Virgil, handing her a huge palm leaf fan.

Mrs. Matterhorn started to sit down in a rocker that stood near, but as she and the chair were too near of a size, it took a long while for her to get settled.

"Landsakes, Miss Virgil," said the fat lady. "As soon as I heard you'd got all that money, I just thought I'd come over here and see if I couldn't get some for my ten children. Being's I'se a poor widow they run around with hardly a stitch of clothes on their backs; and seeing's you're so fond of charity, I thought I'd just come up here to see what I could do. You know the Bible says, 'Charity begins at home.'"

Miss Virgil gasped. In the pleasure of receiving the money she'd forgotten all about charity and had considered only herself. Now, with a reproachful look, she handed Mrs. Matterhorn a check which made even that grasping lady gasp. She was sputtering out her thanks, with many hopes that Miss Virgil's life in heaven would be joyous, when she saw the minister walking up the path towards the house.

"Sakes alive!" she gasped, "I weren't at prayer meetin' last



Wednesday night and he'll be sure to want to know why. I'll have to be goin'."

She tried to rise from her chair as she spoke, but was unsuccessful. Seeing the minister about to enter the open door, and not wishing him to observe the check in her hand, she managed to get out of the room, although she and the chair were not yet separated.

The minister came in, removing his hat at the door. He was a pompous looking man, despite his two summers old, shiny, black suit, and he had a benevolent smile for all whom he met. He greeted Miss Virgil with this smile and sat down in the chair opposite her.

"My dear Miss Virgil," he began, "hearing of the great blessing you have received and well knowing your generous nature, I have come to ask you for a large sum, one hundred dollars, for our Indian and Negro mission. I realize that this is a great deal to ask, but, as during your earlier life you have helped us with little, I venture to ask it, now that you have the means."

After receiving his check, he departed with many polite thanks, and assured Miss Virgil that her generosity would be well rewarded.

Following him came the grocery man and the ice man, each presenting a large bill which had been running for some time. After she had paid them, Miss Virgil began to see the pink dress, the hat with feathers, and the elaborate restaurant dinner rapidly fading from view, but she assured herself that duty came before pleasure.

Just as she was setting the table for tea, she had another visitor, a young girl who was very ambitious and had longed all her life to go to college. When she came in Miss Virgil knew just what was going to happen. Before the girl went out, her face wore a most radiant smile and she was happily clutching a check that promised college.

A little boy and girl came next, each begging for ten cents to buy candy. This was willingly given.

As Miss Virgil settled herself in her bed that night, she quoted Mrs. Matterhorn's "Sakes alive!" and added, "I ain't never had as many visitors in one year as I've had to-day."

ANNA MARGARET HASTINGS, A.

## AN APRIL SHOWER.

**T**HE wind blew south,  
 The wind blew west;  
 High in the tree  
 Rocked the robin's nest.  
 The sky hung dark,  
 Clouds gathered fast;  
 A long low hush,  
 Rain came at last.  
 A lightning flash,  
 A roll of thunder;  
 People on earth  
 Gazed with wonder.  
 Down comes the rain;  
 Each little flower  
 Raises its head,  
 And blesses the shower.

MARTHA STOUT, C.

## MR. HOCKEL, THE GODSEND.

**T**HAT'S right, my boy. Never give up trying. One is never too busy to help somebody else. And remember this, it's the little things that count." Thus spoke Mr. Hockel, as he left the house of Professor Buddon, on the round of visits which he made daily. Mr. Hockel had, as he himself put it, been a godsend to the busy people of the neighborhood ever since he had arrived; for while Mrs. Skibe was busy cleaning house, or old Miss Kervel was on her knees scrubbing the floors, or the Professor was preparing his lecture for the next day, and all the others were busy working at some task, Mr. Hockel was going from house to house advising people as to what they would better do. Mr. Hockel always carried the Bible under his arm, a note-book and pencil in his pocket with which he set down all the good things that people were doing; he wore a high silk hat, bluish purple trousers, and a white coat; his spectacles were always properly adjusted on his nose, and he also wore a monocle, which always hung in a conspicuous place. Altogether, Mr. Hockel was a person to be remembered.

After paying a call on Mrs. Skibe to advise her to leave her house while it was being cleaned, as there were so many germs about then, he sauntered slowly home. When Mr. Hockel arrived at his house, he meditatively walked into his study, removed his high silk



hat, readjusted his spectacles, sat down, and taking out the note book and pencil, proceeded to carefully set down the various good deeds of his neighbors. Then he opened his Bible and read of Job's troubles, about Paul and the Apostles, and was just in the midst of the story of Jonah and the whale when a tap at the door interrupted him, and in walked his little ten year old girl. "Father, mother wants you to come and chop some wood for the fire."

"Sorry, but I am busy now, and cannot be bothered. Consideration for others is a great thing, my child, and you'll realize it when you get to be my age. Couldn't Harry do it? He must learn to help people, and would better begin early as I did. 'Do unto others as you would be done by.' This neighborhood is certainly progressing. There's old Mrs. Foose now; just to-day she was busy writing her great novel, when she heard that her next door neighbor was sick, and what did she do but go right over and entertain her until her husband came home. Mrs. Foose won in good deeds to-day. Well, go on and tell Harry to get the wood chopped and I'll light the fire for him," and with these words Mr. Hockel earnestly set to work.

Yes, he had been just the man that town needed, one who would start people to thinking of others besides themselves. What a good example he was!

JEAN BURNHAM DOWNING, A.

### PICKLES.

**H**ENRY Simpson George Washington was extremely fond of good things to eat, so much so that the other little darkies called him "Pickles," for he was only contented when he had a large juicy one in hand or mouth. Every spare penny he got was kept only until he could buy "one o' dem pickles what de white folks eats."

Once he had the large sum of a nickel to buy his pickles with. When he arrived at the store he saw an especially large one in the barrel and he approached the storekeeper with, "How much you want fo' dat dere pickle, suh?"

"Five cents, sonny," answered the amused shopkeeper, for he knew "Pickles" well. "Pickles" wriggled uncomfortably for he hoped to get it for less. He was standing near the other barrel of little sweet pickles and slyly put one into his mouth.

"Don't you think that's too much for jis one li'l pickle?" said he, putting another sweet one into his mouth.

"No," was the answer.

"Well, suh, I giss I'll be 'xtravagant 'n git it," and "Pickles" purchased the large, juicy pickle.

He stayed there to talk with the storekeeper and eat it, always by the little pickle barrel. When he finished he said, "Thank you kindly, suh, for dem li'l pickles," and walked out.

JUDITH HANNA, A.

### A WILD ROSE TO A HOTHOUSE ROSE.

**I** CERTAINLY long for my native home in that shady dell with the ferns growing on the huge rock near by. There the breeze blows back your petals and caresses your face; the bee buzzes drowsily over your head and buries himself as he gathers the honey; and, best of all, is the song of the birds in the trees overhead."

This was said by a beautiful wild rose who was pining, as all patriotic wild roses do, for its native home.

"Well," came the answer at last, "all my life I have been confined in this hothouse so I cannot sympathize with you, but I myself would love a taste of outdoor life."

Just at this moment the first glowing rays of dawn shone through the glass roof of the hothouse and silence prevailed, when before might have been heard the soft delicate rose voices.

During the morning the hothouse was rather quiet, but toward noon this bit of conversation startled the rose: "Yes, mum, we'll have this here rose out sure by twelve o'clock. Is that all, mum?"

The rose grew pale, and at half past twelve it found itself being lifted hastily into an automobile and being driven over the city streets with many other flowers, all awaiting their unknown fate.

At one o'clock this rose found itself being lifted out, and heard a very sweet looking lady say, in tones most unbecoming to her style of beauty, "I was told that these flowers would arrive promptly at twelve. It is now half past and my guests have been waiting half an hour."

"Sorry, Missis. I did the best I could," answered the driver as he staggered up the steps under his heavy burden.

Our rose soon found herself in a dining room among many other roses. As she settled down to get acquainted with her neighbors, she saw her friend, the wild rose, who smiled affably. Just



then a swarm of people poured in remarking, "The lovely decorations," and, "The beautiful day!"

After the party the hothouse rose was taken up into the sweet lady's bedroom, and there she found the wild rose. Because of her longing for the trees, the bees and the gentle winds, the dainty wild rose had begun to wilt and fade. When the sweet lady saw this, she put the rose on the window ledge. The birds sang in the trees, a bee buzzed drowsily over and gathered her sweet pollen to make his honey, the wind caressed its face, and the rose died happily.

NANCY TOLL, B.

### THE BUTTERFLY'S ONE DAY.

**T**WAS a dull and dark and dreary day  
When she slipped her cocoon to come out to play;  
She'd hoped so much for the merry sunshine,  
Had so wanted the air to be balmy and fine!  
And to think that her one and only day  
Must be spent 'neath a sky all cold and gray;  
So, under a wet and dripping leaf  
She sobbed and sobbed away her grief.

ANNE ASHLEY, A.

### A SUFFRAGETTE BABY.

**S**ARAH Anne, take care of Baby. I am going to make an address at the meeting of our suffragette's club on 'How to Raise Children,' and shall not be back until evening," remarked the suffragette as she put on her gloves.

"Yaas'am," replied Sarah Anne, yawning.

Upon hearing the door close, Sarah Anne, a tall, gawky, stupid girl of fifteen, gave another deep yawn, supplied herself with an over-generous amount of gum and fell to chewing vigorously. Glancing at Baby, she picked up one of the latest dime novels which she had recently purchased and began to read, leaving Baby to take all further care of herself.

Perhaps it was some tendency inherited from her mother, but

Baby "wanted her rights" and was resolved to have them. Her idea of "her rights" was to see everything that there was to be seen and to monopolize everything she saw.

She gave one glance at the nurse maid, turned and crawled away. Down the stairs she went. The first place to attract her attention was the kitchen. Some grocer's boy had recently brought a large jug of molasses, which was none too securely corked, and had placed it on the floor. Being unable to thrust her chubby fist into the small opening, Baby made use of the next easiest way and tipped it over on its side.

Over it went, covering Baby up to the waist. Attracted by its sweet odor, Baby next tried the plan of sticking her fist in, getting it well covered, and then licking it. Thus she managed to cover the greater part of her small face. Meanwhile Sarah Anne read on.

Into the living room went Baby, leaving a sticky trail on Mother's prized Oriental rugs. Chairs, rugs, everything was covered with the molasses.

Up the stairs she went heading straight for Daddy's den. Having ruined his choicest set of books, she started for Mother's room. Now Mother's sister was to be married within a few days and Mother's dress, a lovely affair of pink chiffon, was hanging in the open closet. A few jerks from Baby were all that was needed to bring it to the floor, where it was appropriately mauled. Seeing a pillow on a low couch and some scissors lying near, Baby next contrived to cut a hole in the pillow. Then she tossed the pillow around until she was a mass of feathers.

"Then with a cry of suppressed horror and triumph our heroine darted forward! Upon the wall the brave girl beheld the bloody finger marks of the villain! She would trace him to his lair and demand the child!" read Sarah Anne, and half glanced around as though expecting to find bloody finger marks on the wall beside her. Instead she saw strange dark marks on the floor. She started to trace them as "our heroine" had been about to do when she had been thus rudely interrupted.

Into Daddy's room they led, where the ruined books lay on the floor. Bang! What was that noise in Mother's room? Abandoning the trail, she ran to Mother's room. What a sight met her eyes! A ruined dress lay in one corner, the cover had been pulled from the dressing table and near it was a mass of broken china and dented



silver. In the middle of the floor a feather ball was rolling around. Picking up this queer looking object, Sarah Anne carried it to the nursery, where it was made to look more as the child of a mother should look, who delivers lectures on "How to Raise Children."

KATHERINE KEZIAH HASSON, B.

OLD MOTHER WEST WIND.

**O**LD Mother West Wind  
 Came over the hill,  
 And there she found it  
 All quiet and still.

Little wee daisy  
 Hung her white head.  
 If fresh rain came not,  
 She'd soon be dead.

Sweet purple violet  
 Who dwelt very near,  
 Thought the same thing,  
 The poor little dear.

Old Mother West Wind  
 Who's hovering by,  
 Hears the faint wish  
 Of the daisy shy.

Then swiftly she goes  
 To old Father Rain,  
 And quickly tells him  
 To come forth again.

Now he comes swiftly,  
 Large rain drops fall.  
 Old Mother West Wind's  
 The Queen of them all.

MARY McKECKNIE, C.

SOTHERN AND MARLOWE.

**S**OUTHERN and Marlowe are the two gold fish in the Intermediate Room. One day Marlowe felt, as we thought, very sick and Sothorn seemed very gay, indeed; but if you really want to know what was the matter with Marlowe, I will tell you. She was sleeping and saving her strength for that night.

When night came and no one in the building, not even a mouse, was awake, Sothern suddenly called out,

“Oh, bien loin de la voie  
Ou marche le pecheur,

and all the objects in the room began to move. The big vase on the mantelpiece came down and the people in all the pictures came to life. Now, on the wall is a picture of Joan of Arc. She stepped down from her horse and out of the picture saying, “My friends, it is a pleasure to be here to-night.”

Then all the books, pencils, pens, ink-wells, and vases came to life. All the people of the pictures in our books came out of their houses, as they call books. Young Sir Walter Raleigh, followed by the pirate who had been telling him tales of far distant lands, jumped down from the picture which is over the fire-place on the stage. His slender boy companion came beside him.

Soon all was quiet, and just as Joan of Arc was about to make a speech, they heard some one call, “Entendons, entendons!” Everybody looked about and there were poor little Sothern and Marlowe trying their best to see out of the side of the bowl, but in vain. Finally Joan and Sir Walter Raleigh went to the bowl and took it over to a desk where they could watch Joan make her speech.

This is what she recited:

“Bien souvent Dieu repousse  
Du pieds les hautes tours;  
Mais dans le nid de mousse.  
Ou chante une voix douce,  
Il regarde toujours!”



*Drawn by Elizabeth Hull*



When the speech was over, the piper, who hangs over the black-board, played on his pipes. The pencils capered on the floor and the fish flapped their tails with joy. The pens skipped about and Joan of Arc danced gaily with Sir Walter. Oh! They did have such a good time. Joan ran to the desk drawer where the fish food is kept and fed Marlowe and Sothern. Then the two fish danced by themselves.

At last Joan saw, beyond the hills, a streak of red and crimson. She watched another and another appear until lo! the sun was almost risen. Everything ran to its proper place except that in the hurry Mary Watson's pencil jumped into Katherine's desk.

BETTY FORREST, C.

#### WHY WINDOW GLASS IS MADE OF SAND.

**ONE** morning I woke to find that the sun, shining through the glass doors on one side of my room, had made a rainbow-colored streak appear across my bed.

"I am glad you woke up," said a faint tinkling voice, "I have been waiting to talk for ever so long and until you woke, I had no one to talk to except the furniture, and I think furniture is so uninteresting, don't you?"

"I never thought about it," I replied. "Indeed, I never spoke to any furniture, so I don't know. But how is it that I can't see you?" I asked.

"I don't wonder you can't see me," laughed the voice, "I am the glass in the door of your room and that rainbow on your bed is my voice. I can only talk when the sun shines through me and makes my voice appear."

"How wonderful!" I exclaimed, "I never thought that window glass could talk. Do tell me about your life, and how you came to be window glass."

"It is a sad story," sighed the rainbow, turning quite blue, "but I will tell it. I was once the finest and softest of sand on the beach of Houlabagoola, but because I was the best sand pile I was very vain and haughty. One terrible day the Ginn of the beach of Houlabagoola came to see if each sand pile were behaving as it should. Unfortunately, I did not recognize the Ginn so I slipped beneath him purposely. I wanted to make him fall down and get his turban

full of sand, as I had so many times made other people do. But the Ginn saved himself by stepping to a safer pile."

"Who dared to slip beneath my feet?" demanded the Ginn, dancing wildly about, "I will not stand for any such impertinence."

"Now I was disobeying orders when I slipped, and the Ginn had good reason for being angry, and as a punishment he said that I must be made into invisible window glass."

"One day some men came and took me away. I was so scared that I lost consciousness and stirred only when I felt hot. How I got here I do not know, but I do know that all sand that is disobedient must be made into invisible window glass."

"Oh, dear, that sun has moved so far that I can't talk any more until tomorrow. Good bye." The voice died away and the rainbow on my bed vanished.

RAMONA DEAKYNE, B.

### JIMMY'S AND BILLY'S CIRCUS.

**J**IMMY Martin sat in his aunt's back yard picking flowers. He was a short, chubby little fellow with red hair and merry blue eyes. His aunt, whom he had come to visit for the summer, had just gone off to the sewing circle. Billy Jones, of the freckled face, lived next door, and seeing Jimmy, he hurried over to get acquainted.

"What are you doing here?" said Billy, puffing from scaling the wall too fast. "Don't you know that Miss Martin don't allow anybody in her yard picking her flowers?"

"You must think you're pretty big, little smarty," returned Jimmy, "speaking to me in such a way. Don't you know I've come here to spend the whole summer?"

"Well, of all things!" said Billy. "Come on, let's play. My mamma has gone out, and the cook, she's washing down in the cellar, and if Miss Jane Martin's gone, too, we might have a little fun."

"Yes, Aunt Jane's safely out," said Jimmy, "but what can we play?"

After a moment's thought, with shining eyes, Billy cried, "I've got it! We can play circus, 'cause I went last night and saw a lot of stunts that anybody can do. We can get Sambo and my donkey, and we'll have a peachy time."

"Who is Sambo?" asked Jimmy.



"Oh, he's a colored boy that's the son of our cook's second husband's first wife's aunt, and he's great at clown stunts."

"We'd better hurry," said Jimmy, "or Aunt Jane will be home."

An hour later Billy, Jimmy, Sambo and the donkey were gathered in the back yard behind an old screen, while in front sat all the neighbors' children, who had been asked to be the audience. After many whispers behind the screen, Jimmy stepped forth with a grand bow, which delighted the children who had never seen him before, and who were wondering what the visitor would be like.

"Ladies and gentlemen," screamed Jimmy, in a high pitched voice, "Sambo here is going to let this fine horse try to pull him off this ladder which is nailed to two boxes two feet from the ground. If he does not succeed, he has to root the peg before you." At this moment Sambo stepped forward with a bow, and Jimmy continued: "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce Mr. Sambo Paul Andy Cotton, Billy's cook's second husband's first wife's aunt's son." Then Jimmy walked off behind the screen.

Billy and Jimmy then nailed the ladder to the boxes, tied a rope around the donkey's neck and then around Sambo's. But just then the donkey, being uncomfortable, jumped into the air, then kicked and ran across the yard pulling Sambo face down over the ladder, down the yard, across the drive, and into the barn. All of the children ran screaming after, but it was too late for poor Sambo had finished his tour across the lawn and now lay stunned on the barn floor.

Billy's and Jimmy's circus ended by their having a good whipping and being put to bed. But they did not stop at this for having good times, for before the summer was half over, they had had many more whippings and even more scoldings.

SUSAN DEE MCGEE, A.



*Drawn by Mary Louise Hoefler*

## "PENNY WISE."

*Drawn by Marian Howes*

LONG ago there was no money anywhere. When anyone wanted to have another person's horse he would exchange a cow for it. But when anyone wanted to buy a horse and keep his cow, he had nothing with which to pay for it. So soon people said that instead of handling cows it would be more convenient to have something to represent their value. Among some people, shells were used and after a long time metals that bore certain marks; and then the name "money" came into use.

The penny, sometimes called a copper, has an interesting story. It is not made of copper, but copper, tin, and zinc, which together really make bronze. First of all, tons of bronze are stacked up in long bars. These are weighed and sent to the rolling room. The metal is put into closed crucibles like big pans. These pans are put into a closed furnace where the heat melts the metal until it runs like water. The pure bronze is poured into moulds and cools in bars. These bars pass between rollers which make them the thickness of a penny.

The next process is the cutting which is done by a machine that cuts five hundred disks a minute. All metal left from cutting is melted again so that none may be wasted. The little, plain round disks have a long journey before them; for two hours and a half they must pass through a fire, and when well baked, are ready for stamping. When a design has been marked on both sides, each coin must be tested by three men, and imperfect ones are put aside to be melted again. The finished coins are then weighed and afterwards taken to a counting machine which makes no mistakes. At last the bright new pennies are put into bags and begin their strange wanderings among us, growing duller and duller the longer they live, but none the less useful to us,—much easier to manage than cows!

MARY ABERNATHY, B.



THE QUIRK IN THE PIG'S TAIL.



ERY many years ago, when there were no men and the earth was peopled with animals, King Lion gave a party.

All the animals borrowed the things which they admired most in other animals. The Giraffe borrowed the Elephant's ears; the Elephant borrowed the Giraffe's legs, but of course broke them the first thing.

The Pig (for there was only one Pig in the world) had no tail, but asked the Monkey to lend him his for he thought it would be a wonderful thing to go to the party with a tail on which he could hang from a tree.

The Monkey agreed but thought to himself, "I will lend only part of my tail because it's so long that I shall not miss that much. I know that the Pig, who is the most greedy of animals, is not likely to return it."

The Pig went home delighted and thought how fine he would look at the party. He was so proud that all he would say to anyone was, "Um, Um."

At the party all the animals did some tricks, and the Pig, who before could do no tricks, said, "Dear friends, I will show you how well I can hang from a tree."

The animals, at his request, boosted him up and, catching a limb with his tail, he ordered those who were holding him, "Let go!"

The animals looked on admiringly, but suddenly they were startled by a crash. The Pig had fallen on his snout, which had been pointed, and crushed it flat. From that day pigs have always had flat snouts. The worst of all, however, was that the branch had come, too, with his tightly curled tail. Although he pulled out the branch, he could not uncurl the tail, and from that day to this the Pig has had a curly tail.

MARY E. WATSON, C.

## WHY THE CLOCK MUST SAY "TICK-TOCK."

**A** GREAT many years ago there was only one clock in the world. Every person had to go to the clock and ask him the time of day. A very peculiar thing was that the clock had the face of a man and could open its mouth and tell people the time of day.

One day the clock became very, very proud. He said to himself, "I am the only clock in the world and I can do anything I wish. After this if any person asks me what time it is, I'll just say tick-tock."

The next morning a man went by. He stopped and said, "Clock, what time is it?" But the clock said haughtily only, "Tick-tock."

A short time after another man went by and asked the clock the time, but the clock said only, "Tick-tock." A few hours later a nobleman passed by and he also asked the clock the hour, and again the clock said, "Tick-tock."

Finally, after a great many people had asked the clock what time it was, the King sent one of his men to find out. But even when the King's man asked the clock what time it was, he said only, "Tick-tock." The King could hardly believe this and said, "I will go myself and see if this be true."

When the King asked the clock he said as before, "Tick-tock." At this the King was very angry and said to the clock: "For this you no longer shall have the face of a man, and be able to talk. Instead you shall have numbers on your face, and I will give you hands to point to the numbers, and I will also give you a bell which will strike you hard, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve when each hour comes. I will also teach the people to tell the time instead of you."

Then the King went away. The clock tried to talk, but to this day can say only two words, "Tick tock."

KATHERINE MARSH, C.

## THE FAIRIES IN OUR APPLE TREE.

**T**HERE was a great stir going on in the old apple tree, for the fairies were getting ready for their new queen. Every branch had been scrubbed till it shone, and the one that was to be given to the queen was so clean that one hated to step on its shining floor; even the kitchen, far down in the roots, was painfully clean.



All the gentlemen and ladies in waiting were grouped around the foot of the tree, wondering what kind of queen their prince had chosen.

Just then the peal of a tiny bugle greeted the ears of the waiting fairies and the first thing they saw was their prince riding on a fiery grasshopper by the side of a little chariot drawn by two gentle old beetles.

In the chariot was the most beautiful fairy that any of the little people had ever seen. She had brown, silky hair and a complexion as delicate as the apple blossom itself; her dress was made from the petal of a rose, her slippers from a butterfly's wing, and the veil that fell from the top of her head was a web of millions of little sunbeams all woven together.

When the procession reached the gate, the fairies dismounted, and, headed by the prince and his queen, marched gaily in to the wedding feast. The table cloth was an enormous violet petal, the cups were little separate blooms of the Lily of the Valley, filled with dewdrops, and the plates tiny anemone petals that were filled with good things that fairies like best; so the prince and his bride had a lovely welcome.

But the best for us, this was the thirtieth of April, so they danced all night in the apple tree until we all came trooping out the next morning to our May breakfast. We all knew they were there—we heard the tinkle of their voices and caught the shining of their little feet—and one of them, it must have been Titania herself, peering into one May basket, whispered approvingly, "Just what my master, Will Shakespeare, back in old Warwickshire always ordered for his May-day breakfast,—“a thin bacon sandwich, crisp lettuce, red radishes, and field strawberries from the hillside.”

RUTH HARRISON, B.

### OUR MAY BREAKFAST.

**A** FEW minutes before seven on a bright sunny morning, the first day of May, a crowd of happy and excited girls were chattering together in the cloak rooms of the school. The long anticipated day had at last arrived; for a week before there had been so much talk about what to bring to eat, whether it would rain or not, and so many lamentings that April was such a long month, that one would have thought there was something very important about to happen, and that everyone would die a terrible death if it did not come off successfully.

As each girl entered the room, the others would all press forward to see the basket she had brought, for all of them were decorated with flowers or covered with bright colored tissue paper.

At a signal from Miss Walton we all marched out into the beautiful sunshine singing, "Oh, when we came to school last fall—Hooray!" our intermediate song, with Grace Wheeler fiddling the tune for us.

A gay Maypole stood in the middle of the lawn, and some of the girls danced an oldfashioned Maypole dance, while the others sang a merry little song written by Anne Ashley for this occasion. Then there was a rush for the breakfast things, and we all sat down in a circle to eat. We were very hungry, and the strawberries, sandwiches, and hard boiled eggs tasted better than they ever did before. The hot chocolate made one's mouth water to look at.

As the time was going rapidly, it was decided to have our stories and poems read as we ate. First, four of the A class girls recited "Corinna Goes A-Maying." Then other girls were called upon for their original papers. Anna Margaret Hastings had written a brilliant parody on Tennyson's "May Queen," and Mary Watson read a pretty story about the fairies' May-Day. Ramona Deakyne, Margaret Jones, Catherine Dickey, Judith Hanna, Susan De McGee all wrote splendid poems about May.

Then Miss Barstow gave a little talk on how she used to spend the first of May when she was a little girl, and we enjoyed every word from beginning to end.

Next came the planting of the snow-ball bush, which was great fun. As each person threw on a shovelful of earth, she made a wish out loud. Most of the wishes were for the continued happiness of the school. Miss Witham did not consent to make the speech which we all begged for, so some of the girls wished that she should be made to speak, too. At last the bush was safely planted, and then Miss Witham did as we had insisted, though it was not exactly the kind of speech we had expected. But the bell was already ringing so she just said off-hand:

"When I was just a little tot,  
I used to loathe my A B C's;  
But now I love them best of all,  
*These loyal loving A B C's.*"

This sent us off happily enough to our lessons,—sorry to leave our fun, but feeling refreshed for the day's work.

JEAN B. DOWNING, A.



THE MAYPOLE DANCE.

**H**ERE we go winding in and out,  
Dancing in time with the breeze;  
Come with a shout and skip about,  
Come forth and dance with the leaves.  
Here we go twisting and twining around,  
Lightly trip over the ground.  
Come every one, and join in our fun,  
Come and be happy and gay;  
Come every one, and join in our fun,  
And welcome the coming of May.

ANNE ASHLEY, A.

INVOCATION.

**W**AKEN, lads and lassies gay,  
And gather on the lawn,  
For this is the brightest May,  
Since ever you were born.  
Waken, lads and lassies gay,  
And gather round the tree,  
And make this the happiest May  
With all your songs of glee.  
Waken, lads and lassies gay,  
Yes, lassies here I see,  
But ye sleepy heads in bed,  
Laddies, where are ye?

SUSAN MCGEE, A.

A MAY-DAY REVEL.

**A** LAUGHING little breeze,  
Pausing in its merry play,  
Thus addressed the budding trees:  
"Shed your gowns of sombre gray,  
Dress yourself in Spring's own green,  
Let your leaves in sunshine glance,  
For I've heard the children mean  
In these woods to hold a dance."  
The birds and bees and butterflies,  
Hearing of the coming pleasure,  
Flew about in glad surprise,  
Eager each to do his measure.  
The ground was spread with lovely flowers,  
The rocks were decked in mosses green,

When gathered there the woodland powers  
 From their midst to choose a queen.  
 And the laughing breezes said,  
 Seeing all in beauty clad,  
 That they should choose to be their head,  
 The one that made the woods most glad.  
 Then they turned with one accord  
 To where the Fairy Violet stood,  
 And as one voice that fairy horde  
 Proclaims her mistress of the woods.  
 And when the May-Day party came,  
 Glad from books to have a rest,  
 Of all the flowers of righteous fame,  
 They liked the modest violet best.  
 And when each went upon his way,  
 Remembering that happy hour,  
 He took with him to keep him gay  
 A bunch of that most lovely flower.

MARION HOWES, B.

#### MAY-DAY.

**T** WAS on the morn of a bright May day,  
 When the sky was clear and the trees all gay  
 That twenty-six young maidens we  
 Gathered 'neath the Locust tree.  
 Out we came, tripping in twos and threes,  
 Out to the shade of the Locust trees,  
 Popping as lively as peas in a pod  
 And never once thinking of rule or rod.  
 The little breezes had cleared a place  
 And each small flower held up its face,  
 The children to greet with a look of grace,  
 And of gloom or sorrow there wasn't a trace.  
 At last we went sorrowfully into the house  
 Wishing 'twas starting instead of at end,  
 Knowing upon whom we could depend  
 (Cheers for Miss Walton!)  
 To hurry and scurry us back from our play  
 And sober us down to work for the day!

CATHERINE DICKEY, B.



## THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

**F**VERY year at Hallowe'en we have a party at school. This year in our speaking period Miss Witham came in with our song all ready. It began, "Oh, when we came to school this fall, hooray! hooray!" and on Hallowe'en, while singing this to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," we all filed into the Academic room by twos with Anne Ashley for Drum Major. Just behind her were the "combers" and "fifers." We certainly did enjoy singing "We're even over Seniors proud," and "When we'uns come marching on." Our costumes were pretty fine, we thought. We wore orange cheese cloth bloomers, black shoes and stockings, a black band across one shoulder, black ties, and black hats with orange faces.

Soon it came our turn to listen to the Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, so we sat upon the floor and I'm sure we must have made a pretty group.

Between numbers I noticed that Miss Barstow had disappeared, but in a little while she came in wearing a little paper pumpkin hat; it really was quite becoming to her and everybody began clapping loudly.

Next all the teachers marched in wearing pumpkin hats. Miss Scofield stood out in front and said a very cunning verse about the faculty, "eleven little pumpkin heads." She made all the others turn around for each had something funny upon her back. Miss Witham had the funniest. It was a program with crooked lines and such lessons as "lunch," "bridge," "basket-ball" and "sorority." I liked this best of all.

Soon Dance Programs were given out and after dancing a while we went to the gymnasium for supper. It was a ghostly place, but how good the pumpkin pies, the candy and fruit looked! We liked the punch in the corner best for we were so thirsty.

On one table were little lead teapots, coffee pots, and money bags which Miss Welsh melted over a spirit lamp. When one of these was melted, she threw it into a basin of water and up bubbled a piece of paper with your fortune on it; the only trouble was that it was in German. Mademoiselle translated the fortunes for us. Miss Welsh said that this is a New Year's custom among the Germans.

We bobbed for apples and did many other things, but at last our fathers came for us and we had to go, leaving behind the great evening of fun.

MARGARET JONES, B.

## OUR BOTANY PICNIC.

AT about a quarter past one on a Wednesday in May, two teachers and nine girls climbed into an automobile and started for Swope Park. They carried their lunch and were prepared to spend the afternoon at the Lake in the Woods. When the automobile stopped the girls climbed out with a shout and everyone

began to exclaim over the lovely flowers which grew along by the water, but a rule was made that no one should pick any until after lunch, then all scattered to find as many specimens as possible.

Wild geraniums, marsh buttercups and sweet-williams were found along the water; May-apples, columbines, bellwort, blue star-grass, and many others were found farther back in the woods. The large leaves of the May-apples could be distinctly seen on all sides, but the fragrant white flowers were always hidden underneath. The columbines in their red and yellow dresses grew on the sides of large rocks, and loud were the shouts when the first of these brilliant flowers was found. The drooping leaves of the bellwort almost obliterated their pale yellow flowers, and the star-grass was very shy and hard to find. Two girls found Jack-in-the-pulpits and one found two lady's slippers. Finally the automobile came for us all, and a



*The Botany Luncheon*

very happy, flowerladen group returned to the school.

ANNA SEARLE DICKASON, A.



TO JOAQUIN MILLER.

(Joaquin Miller read some of the poems of this young author and wrote her a very kind letter of encouragement, to which she refers in her second line.)

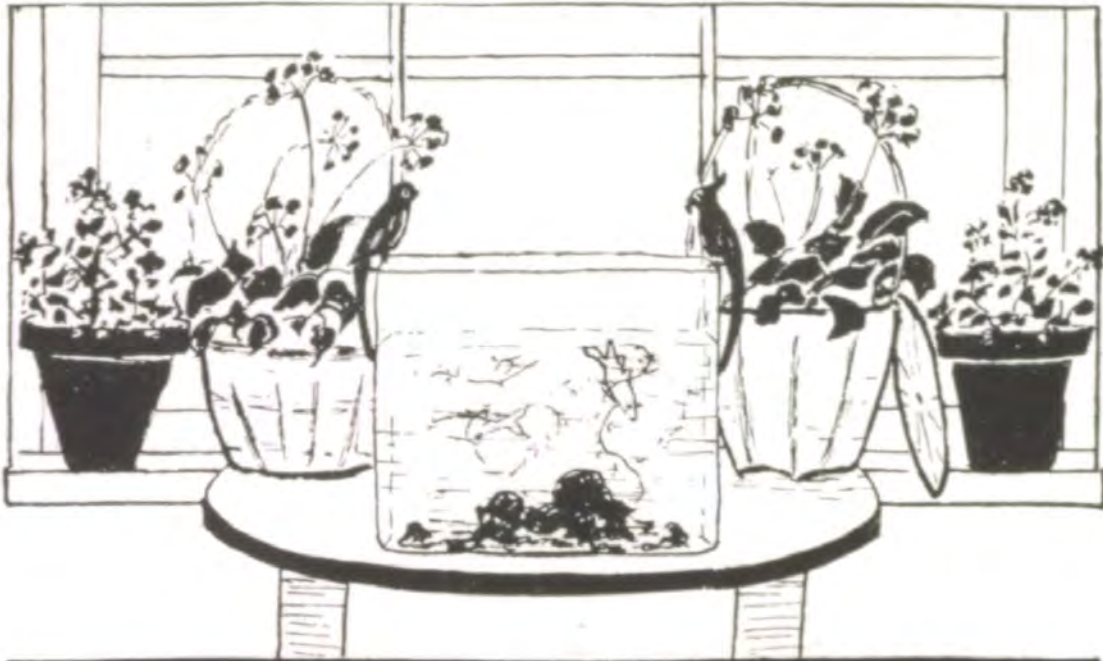
OH! poet, take these lines from me, I plead,  
In thanks for that one kind and loving deed.  
Thou didst toward one who blindly groped for power  
and fame,  
Encouraging, nor didst thou even blame  
That weak yet human longing of the soul  
That yearns and strives to reach the goal.  
And on thy deep-mourned grave I drop this tear,  
And muse if thou, who art in Heaven, my prayers of  
gratitude can hear.  
Oh! poet, thou wert broad and kind and strong,  
Thou lovedst the snow-clad mountain peaks, the moaning  
pines, the wild bird's song.  
Thou strove through all thy lofty, manly ken,  
To make us stronger, wiser, better men.  
And half unconscious to thy mellow strains we list,  
Strains sweeter than the poppies by the evening dew-  
drops kissed.  
We list as to the roaring of some distant fall  
And hear thy voice far stronger, grander, rise above us all.

MARION ELLET, A.



*The Remnants of the Snow Fight*





# PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

*Drawn by Miss Hilliard*

## THE FIRST ROBIN.

**ONCE** a little robin thought that he would come back to Kansas City for he had been down South all winter. This little robin's name was Bobby, but all his friends called him Bob. He said "goodbye" to his friends and to every robin that he knew.

"Would any of you like to come with me?" he said.

Seven of them said they would like to come and off they started. When, one by one, they went back South, little Bob was left alone. He was brave and flew on through the cold and wind.

First he flew very fast and it began to get very warm but as he neared Kansas City, his wings got tired. Then he flew down to the ground and took a rest. When he woke up he found some nice fat worms for breakfast.

Bob watched some gypsies travelling in a wagon until finally he could see Kansas City far off. When he reached the city, he flew into a big tree and made his nest. He made a very good one so that the cold and wind could not get in and make him cold.

It grew warmer and the little robin was quite contented. He stayed there all summer, and when winter time came, he went back to the South and told the other robins what a nice time he had had in Kansas City.

The next summer all the other robins came with him to Kansas City and were very happy until they died.

CAROLINE SHIELDS, Grade III.

### THE BROOKLET.

**T**HE brook goes running down the hill  
 With flowers leaning over;  
 Above it are the shady trees,  
 Far off are fields of clover.

Within its waters play the trout,  
 The birds in the trees above,  
 They fly and sing their joyous songs,  
 Above the homes they love.

The brook stops; now it hurries on,  
 For the river it must see.  
 No more it thinks of woodland friends,  
 "At last," it said, "I am free."

FRANCES WARD, Grade IV.

### MY VACATION.

**I** SPENT my vacation in the air! About the first thing we boys did was to go to Overland Park to see McMillen fly in his Curtiss biplane. After fooling with the machine for hours, he rose and flew for about half a mile with the spectators running after him; suddenly he had to land in a bumpy field. He tried out the engine to see if he had power enough to get back to the aviation field but he hadn't, so with the help of the spectators, he began to push it in. Part way back they came to a gully and several men had to lift the machine over it. A little farther on they came to a barbed wire fence and they had to pull out the stakes and take down the fence to get the machine over. Next they came to a road-racker and had to drag it away to keep it from injuring an aileron. When McMillen got back to the field he put his machine in the Hangar. This was a very interesting flight.



The next time we saw McMillan he flew all right. I mean he flew *in the air*, crossed the Missouri River and landed near a school house on the other side.

After this trip I got a good look at the machine. The front wheel was tied to a big stump with a rope; the steering wheel was strapped back to the swinging seat with a book strap, and the engine was disconnected; there were holes in the wings that the rain and snow had washed in; the machine was actually a wreck.

After this sight I decided to build a Curtiss biplane of my own. I made one five feet wide and five and a half feet long; it is four inches across the tail plane and a foot wide. The front planes are a foot across and five feet from tip to tip; it is ten inches from plane to plane, stands about seventeen inches high from the ground to the top plane and is strengthened by guy wires which are necessary to all machines whether biplane or monoplane.

After this was finished I started in on a Curtiss Convertible Hydroaeroplane but my parents kept begging me to "come out of the air" so I'm turning my attention to boats.

However, when I'm grown up I'm going to be an aviator and pilot a Curtiss biplane. I shall stay East where the factory is and all those great flyers stay. And Glenn H. Curtiss and Augustus Post and J. A. D. McCurdy and Casey Baldwin and I will break the records.

FAUN FREEBORN, Grade II.

### WHY I WANT TO BE LIKE MY FATHER.

**I** SHOULD like to be like my father because he is courteous to ladies.

He helps poor people on Christmas.

Sometimes he tells me stories when I go to sleep.

I want to be like my father because he loves other people and has manners at the table.

I would rather have him home than away.

If we didn't have him we wouldn't have any one to earn our living.

He does many things that I should like to do, such as golf and solitaire.

I want to be a newspaper man because I like his work.

When I am as old as my father is now, I want to be as nice as he is.

GLEED GAYLORD, Grade II.

## SCHOOL TEACHERS.

**I** AM pretty little to be talking about school teachers, but I have my opinion. The schools that I have visited I do not like as well as my own, for the teachers are as cross as two sticks, and you have to sit up like a stately lady and I don't like that at all.

When a class is reciting the teacher should not skip around the class, but should go right down the line, because if you skip around some child will get two turns before one child gets any. If you go right down the line each child will get a fair chance to recite, and if they don't recite it's their fault. I don't believe in having pets either. If one is liked better than another, some one's feelings are hurt. I don't think a child should be kept in at recess or after school unless they are very, very naughty. I never would keep a child after school for if she was late home her mother might be worried and of course no one likes to be worried. I do not believe in praising a child too much, for then they will not do good work.

My father tells me that I should be good for my school is a great advantage. When he was a boy there were only three months of school in a year.

One teacher I like especially well; she has almost my whole idea of what a teacher should be.

This is all I may explain about teachers, but when I grow older I will write a better and more interesting story.

SARA HOUSTON, Grade IV.

## TIGERS.

**A** TIGER is a middle sized animal with four legs and two ears. They live in bushes and in jungles. They eat smaller animals and they chase bears up trees.

They are used for coats and gloves and rugs and mufflers and furs.

Once I was over in Africa and I was out hunting. I shot at a tiger and missed him. I was on a horse and the horse jumped, threw me off and I ran behind a tree. Another tiger bit me on the leg and I lassoed him and he is in the zoo here now.

Maybe you will see him if you look for him.

JO FENNELLY, Grade II.



A PUZZLE.

**I** KNOW somebody who is very nice and she dresses up to date. She wears glasses and she has gray hair. She is medium old, like my grandmother.

Sometimes she wears a gray skirt and sometimes she wears a blue skirt.

She comes into our room almost every day. Sometimes she comes around and looks at our papers.

We love to have her come around.

I think she likes us for she is nice to us and is almost always smiling. She never looks cross.

Sometimes she sits in our room and hears us read.

There is something about her face that tells you she likes children.

I think that she has a little granddaughter, for nearly every woman has.

I think that she is happy with all these children around her. Don't you think so?

We think she likes us. In fact I know she does.

EILEEN HOFFMAN, Grade I.

OUR PILGRIM VILLAGE.

**A**T Miss Barstow's school there is a sand table which the Primary children use for modeling little scenes and villages.

I am going to tell you about the Pilgrim village we made.

The top of the table is covered with sand and there is a wide rim around the table to keep the sand from falling off.

First we made a little street and the first and second grades made the log cabins to go on each side of the street. They were made out of paper and painted brown with a chimney at each end.

At the end of the street is a larger log house which the Pilgrims use for a meeting house on Sunday and for a fort when the Indians attack them.

In the background was a little forest of pine twigs and an Indian wigwam just in front of it with a squaw sitting in the doorway. A lot of bears were around in the woods.

A little piece of water showed at the side which was made with blue paper and had glass over it.

The children made people out of paper and dressed them in old colonial costumes.

The meeting house had a fence of sticks around it and soldiers to guard it.

This village is very cunning and I like it for I have always been fond of the Pilgrims.

MARGERETHA SMITH, Grade III.

## THE RAIN.

**W**H see the rain, let's run for the barn  
 Before it does us any harm.  
 Sad are the girls  
 Because it spoils their curls.  
 Glad are the flowers,  
 They like April showers.  
 Sad is the mole,  
 It beats down his hole.  
 Unhappy are the sheep  
 For they can't see Bo-Peep.  
 Glad is the lion, it makes him clean  
 And maybe also makes him lean.

HAMILTON SIMPSON, Grade II.

## MY VACATION.

**M**Y little kittens are just large enough to play with each other.  
 They get down on their backs and paw and bite and roll  
 around.

They go behind the boxes and peek out at me. They love to  
 play with my feet.

When they eat their dinner sometimes they get all of their faces  
 in the milk.

Just yesterday they noticed their tails. They looked at them  
 so funny, then they would grab at them. They would chase them  
 and go around and around.

This morning one of them ran to me and put its little paw on  
 my foot and cried. I took it up and it kept still.

One is named Beauty, one's Judy, one's Pounce and one is Smut.

I have had a nice vacation and now it seems good to get back  
 to school and work again.

MARY HISTED, Grade II.

## A CLASS REUNION IN 1933.

**O**NE day when I was painting a picture of one of my children,  
 whom I called Caroline, one of my maids, whose name was  
 Marie, came in with a note; it said:

Dear Marguerite:

Kansas City, June 1, 1933.

We are going to have a class reunion on June 8th and we want  
 you to be sure and come for all in your class will be there.

Your faithful teacher,

Miriam Babbitt.



"Caroline, I will finish this picture, then I must write a note to Miss Babbitt," I said.

So as soon as I had finished the picture, I wrote a note and it said:

4628 Broadway, New York,

Dear Miss Babbitt:

June 1st, 1933.

I shall be very glad to come for I was hoping our class would have a reunion. This is all I can write for I must go right away and pack my trunk.

Your loving pupil,

Marguerite Penfield.

Then I called my four children, Caroline, Marguerite, Williston and Dudley. They all scampered to me and said "What is it mother?"

"Children, I am going back to school for a reunion," I said.

"Oh I do hope you will have a good time, mother," said Caroline.

"I will dearie," I said.

So I packed my trunk and got all ready to go. I kissed my children goodbye, got into an automobile and went over for Marie Muhlfeld.



*A Primary Ball Game.*

When we got to the station we bought our tickets, got on the train and rode away.

In three days we were in Kansas City. We got off the train and whom should we see but Jane Smith.

She said, "Hello, Jane and Marguerite! How are you?"

We said, "Just splendid!"

We got into a taxicab which we had ordered and went out to the old school. As we got out and went up the steps, whom should we see but Peggy Smith.

She told us she was a ballet dancer and we were so surprised.

We went right up to our room and saw Miss Babbitt fixing flowers and things for the reunion.

All of the old class were there. My children were very glad to see me when I got home.

MARGUERITE MUNGER, Grade III.

#### PAPER.

**I**N the ancient time the people did not know how to make paper so they carved on stone what they wanted to write. Later on, in Greece, the people used to get a block of wood and cover it with wax; then they got a sharp piece of steel and carved the words into the wax. When they had finished, they scraped the wax off, then melted it and poured it over the block again.

Today you can see the rag man coming along and shouting for rags. We ought to give him all the rags we can spare for these rags are made into paper. I will tell you how it is made.

After the ragman has gathered all the rags he can get, he takes them to the paper mill. If there happens to be any woolen rags among them, the women take them out for they would spoil the paper. Then the rags are thrown into a pit where they are bleached. As soon as they are white the workmen put them in grinders which grind the rags into powder. Then they take the powder and mix it with water which makes pulp. The pulp is put through five or six heated rollers. If it is going to be cheap paper the rollers are heated very hot, but if it is going to be good paper like bank notes or checks, the rollers are heated very slowly and the paper is rolled a good deal to get it dry. When that is finished the paper is oiled which makes it smooth.

One-fifth of all the paper is made in the United States.

Germany was the first country to have a paper mill.

BILLY KEITH, Grade IV.

#### OUR ROBINSON CRUSOE TABLE.

**M**ISS Babbitt has a table made by a little German man. On this table we illustrated Robinson Crusoe's home.



We made a cliff of rocks and sand and a little cabin of paper which we put in front of the cliff.

There is a cave right back of his cabin so he can not be seen going into it.

We planted corn, seed and rice seed around the cabin.

We made his raft and a lot of things that he brought from the ship on it.

The water is made of blue paper and we have a wrecked vessel out a little way from shore.

Robinson is dressed in skin and furs. Friday, his little colored servant, has only a strip of fur around his waist and a cap on his head.

There is a ladder around his house so he can get over the fence, but no one else can.

JANE SMITH, Grade III.

### EASTER MORNING.

**W**HEN I left school for our vacation I was kind of glad and kind of sad.

Easter morning very early I woke up and found a big rabbit with a little wee rabbit next to the big one. There was a paper on the floor too, and on the paper it said a lot of funny things.

I got dressed and went into mother's room and said, "Good morning." I could not say "Good morning" to papa because he was away. Mother said, "Go down stairs in the parlor and you will find something you will like."

I dashed down stairs and looked all around and I found about a hundred chickens and ducks and thirteen eggs.

The maid gave me a little automobile with a rabbit in front.

The cook made me go down into the basement to find the thing that she had for me. I looked all over the basement until I found it. It was a little girl dressed in a rabbit dress.

The cook gave me a chocolate pig too. I asked mother if I could eat the chocolate pig and she said "yes," so I ate it all up.

My! It was good!

I had a good Easter and I hope that Easter will come again.

School has begun and I am glad.

AMALIA PARTRIDGE, Grade II.

### A PICNIC.

**L**AST Friday we had a picnic and you know it was exciting.

When school was over we all got our hats, coats and lunch too. The automobile that I went in was Mrs. Evans'. When we got there it was nice and cool. The place was called the "Lake of the Woods."

We got ready to eat right away, and we all sat down on coats and pieces of paper.

Some of us crowded around Miss Walton. We had eggs, cake, grape juice and a lot of other things to eat.

The funniest thing happened. After lunch Glead Gaylord went fishing and he said when he pulled his pole up there would be a fish on the line. Do you think there was? No! After a while Miss Babbitt went with some of the girls to pick wild flowers.

We played Indian and white man while some others hunted. There were ditches full of dry leaves and we plunged in. When the children came back they had more flowers than you ever did see. And now it was four o'clock and we had to go.

JANE MARSH, Grade III.

### OUR CHRISTMAS PLAY.

**A**BOUT three weeks before Christmas, 1912, Miss Babbitt announced to the Primary room that we were going to have a Christmas Play. Of course it made us very happy. We were very excited when she said she would give out the parts.

Billy Keith was Old Father Christmas, Jane Smith was his Light, Star Bright, and Jo Fennelly was sleigh bells.

Ten children were different nations, Japan, Spain, China, France, Germany, and a few others.

The First Grade were the gifts that the nations brought such as a parasol from Japan, a plum pudding from England, a mechanical toy from Germany, a box of Delft dishes from Holland and many more.

We were told to come back the next afternoon and rehearse. Then Miss Babbitt gave out the papers for us to learn the verses from.

When the next afternoon came, the Primary came into the Kindergarten room, but it was too small to rehearse us all in so we went into the gymnasium.

The teachers had placed two chairs up at the head of the room for Billy Keith or Old Father Christmas to sit on. I will tell you about the play when I get to it.

The rehearsal was a success that afternoon. The next day when the third and fourth grades were supposed to go to gymnastics, Miss Babbitt said "Just the Aurora Borealis dancers go to gymnastics." So the dancers went and practiced on their dance. It took them about four days to learn it.

Well, when the day came for the play, everybody went into the Primary Room and dressed.



Billy Keith wore a white ermine robe, a white wig, a long white beard and sat on a throne.

Jane Smith was dressed in a white dress with stars all over it. Jo Fennelly wore a suit covered with bells. Faun Freeborn was dressed in an Indian costume with feathers in his hat. Barcia Jones was a Scotch girl, so she wore a brown skirt, a green sweater, a red tam-o'-shanter. Sarah Houston was dressed the same. Gleed Gaylord wore a white Chinaman's suit, and a queue made of yarn and an old hat.

Georgette Leiter carried a cherry branch and Helen Evans a parasol. Eda Marie Peck had on a white dress with little fans all over it. Ruth Patton wore a brown skirt and a little laced-up bodice. Her hair was fixed like a German girl's.

Each in turn came in and said his piece and the audience enjoyed it very much.

GRACE GUTHRIE, Grade III.

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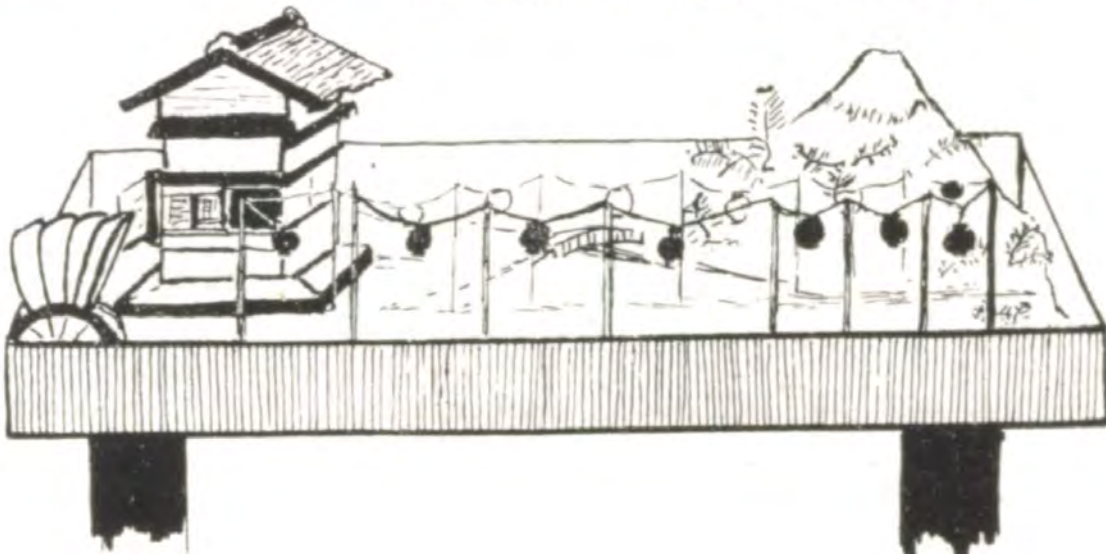
**M**Y father's smelter is a very big one and is for lead.

When the lead first comes it is like rock. Then the men put it in big furnaces. After the lead is baked, it is like silver water.

It is poured out of the furnaces into a kind of bowl. Then they drain it out of the bottom of the bowl through a pipe and it goes into a kettle. This big kettle turns around. It has little cups and the lead goes into the middle of them. The men take picks and pry it out.

All the bad lead they put in little cars which are pulled up on the dump by a little electric engine. They put the good lead in railroad cars and ship it to cities in other places.

WILLIAM ALLEN SMITH, Grade III.



*The Japanese village on our Sand Table. Drawn by Miss Hilliard.*



*At Work*

### A GLIMPSE AT OUR MONTESSORI SCHOOL.

**I** PREFER to call this "The Children's Room," for on the sixth of January I turned it over to the children. They have all but "turned it over" many times since, but it is theirs to use and care for—and so far has proven a never ending source of pleasure and absorbing interest, judging from the general disinclination to leave at the appointed time.

Not having an all-day session, we cannot take all the time in the world for some of the lesser, or should I say greater, joys of digging in the sand or washing hands; so timely suggestions *are* made, and gradually a desire to be classed with the workers overcomes the desire to dissipate entirely, and, unless you happen upon one of the days when they all revert to the savage, you really can see an orderly, quiet, busy room, with no apparent directing or disciplining.

The most popular Montessori material has been the outlining with crayons of the metal insets and frames. A child will work for days drawing squares, circles, triangles, etc., sometimes filling in with colors (paints or crayons), or, as in one case, applying the design.

One mother said to me, "Is there anything *wrong* with my child? Can't she think of anything else to do?" Have faith, dear mother, that same child suddenly began to draw,—a house, a man, a tree,—her muscles and brain could at last act together.

The cylindrical insets also have great fascination for the child, and I find their use most beneficial in many ways, especially in the use of the kindergarten blocks.





Planting the Garden

Control of the fingers is acquired more quickly and precisely with the Montessori material, so the results are most satisfactory in the use of the broad kindergarten material that we still use.

We have a half hour's sing and chat in the morning, when we find out the exact time we changed from winter to spring underwear, what we had for breakfast, when we saw the fire-engine, that "father tells us we must let *other* people tell us our eyes are bright." We have wonderful stories, just on the borderland of truth, daydreams voiced before we know the world will laugh. We get acquainted with V—'s chauffeur's little girl, who is "just as *tame*, Miss Bessie, and goes upstairs by herself," and J—'s grandfather, who thinks "California is a good place to live," and who "says 'Lord's at the table.'" We decide highly moral questions, "why it is right for the robin to kill the worm, when *we* must not." In fact we get just as near together as possible before we separate for our daily tasks. Then there is clay to model with! paints to paint with! blocks to build with! buttons to button, hooks to hook, laces to lace, bows to tie, snappers to snap, stairs to build, silks to match, crayons to draw with, baskets to sew,





Our Ball Game



Work Over



puzzles to make, the fish to feed, the table to set, the floor to sweep, the garden to make, the seeds to plant, the weeds to pull, the lawn to rake, the tree to climb, and ball to play! and, somewhere in the midst of all this, some music or a story and a time to *listen*.

Surely, surely, this is the Children's Room, with God's out-of-doors so near, and so lovely, to escape to at odd moments.

Could anyone desire more for a child?

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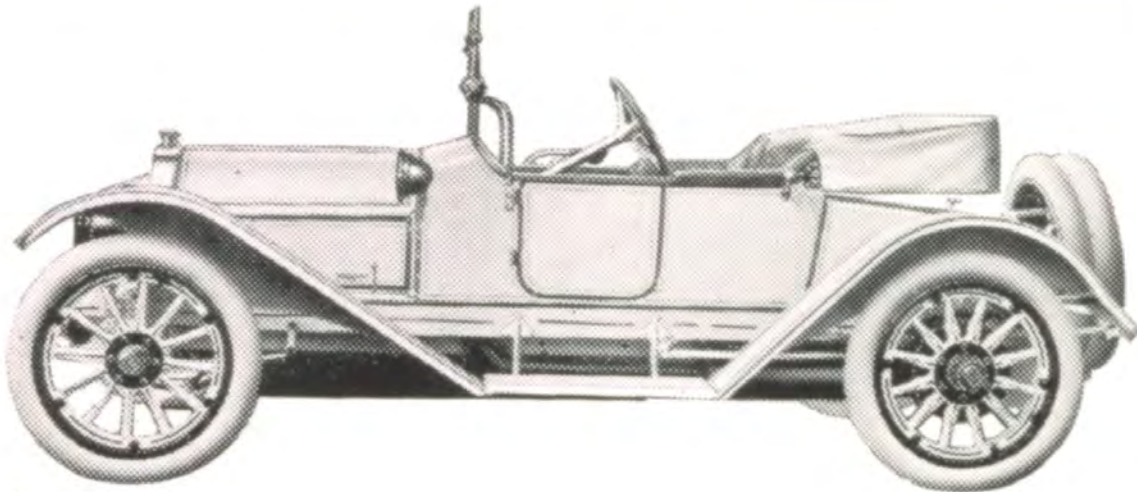
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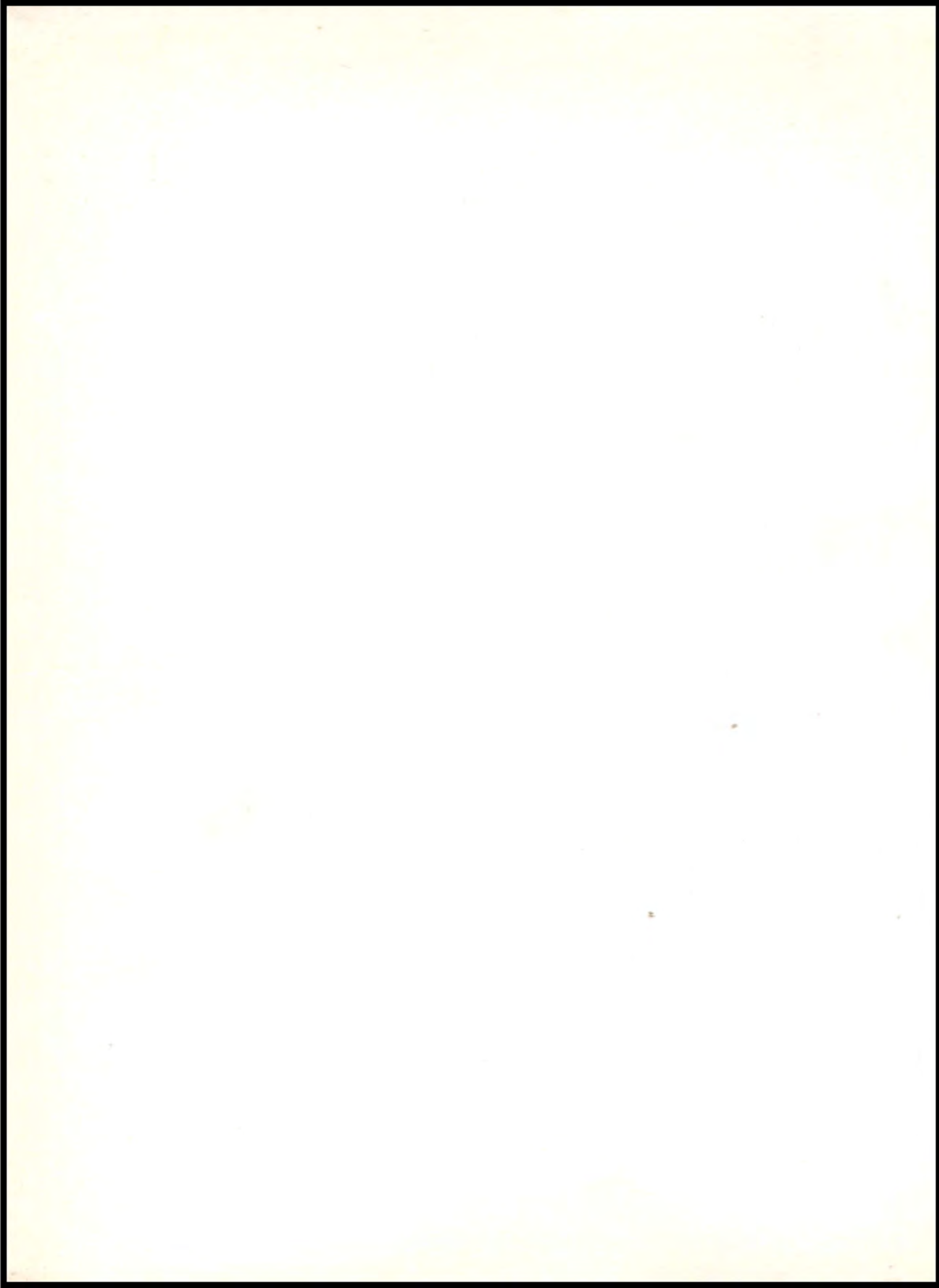
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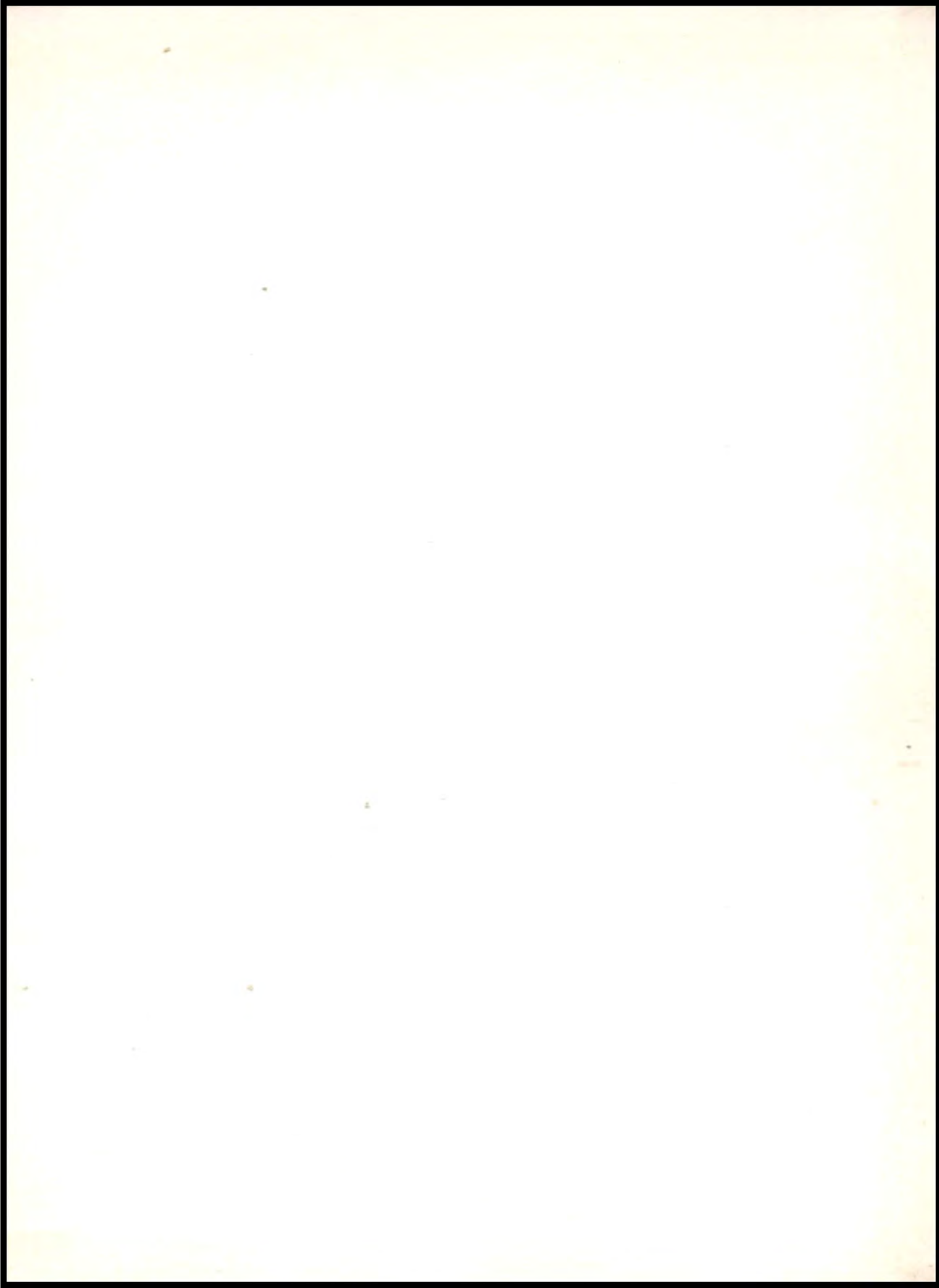
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