The Weather Vane

1915

THE WEATHER-COCK

MISS BARSTOW'S SCHOOL

1915

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1915

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ITS LAST SERVICE

SHOVELS tugged and dug into the firm earth. Shouts and songs of the busy little workmen rose from the fast enlarging hole. Quick commands and suggestions filled the air as the young sons of France toiled on with glee. For their cave was near completion, and joy and pride filled the hearts of the youngsters. Two weeks now the young bloods of the neighborhood had been enveloped in a mystery of delight and determination. And now they leaned back gratefully against the brown clay walls and surveyed their work. There was a smooth, hard dirt floor about ten feet down, a hole and flue in the side for a chimney, and through the opposite wall—most wonderful—a short tunnel leading to a step-ladder, the gate to the outer world. The top of this underground house was covered with strong beams and wood, with a trap door to let in the light. Here was a storehouse for their treasures, a haven of rest where the little chaps could meet, and feel themselves in a land of gnomes and wonderful feats. And here it was that Roland and Pierre and their comrades spent boyhood days of intimacy, of loyalty, and dreams of great ambitions. And then the catastrophe came that smothered Pierre.

Ten years passed by. In half that time friends can be made and lost, memories beaten back, and a new life begun. Pierre now was adopted and established in the house of his uncle in Vienna. His father had died soon after they had been despoiled of their land by the French government. Oncoming ruin faced him when his home, farms, and treasures were lost, and, spurred on by hatred and injustice, he had instilled in Pierre the bitterness of being a boy without a country. But Pierre's spirit was one not to be downed and he lived buoyantly his new life. His uncle was too shrewd to allow him a moment to think of what was lost to him. Pierre was rising to position and achievement. And he gave his all to Austria, even as France had failed to give to him.

Then nations rose against one another. Germany and Austria defied the world, and Pierre was enlisted against the Allies. Hard, cold, sickening days of campaigning came, and then it was that Pierre realized how bitter was his struggle. "Pushing into France—?" His mind was torn by thoughts more torturing than rending flesh,—yet on he marched, head erect, lips drawn taut. Beaten on and on, yet still he held his pride. Then there came a day when he was summoned

to headquarters. He had been riding in the wagon with the wounded, till the gash in his shoulder should grow together, and the men's ceaseless talk of home was as great a suffering as that inflicted by the shell.

He heard faintly the commandant's sharp question, "From these reports I believe you are acquainted with this country. Is that so, sir?"

He turned and looked, looked—silently—dumb, numb. They were standing on a hill-top, and below was stretched a valley,—the road, the mill, the old—

He swayed forward as the familiar land-marks reeled before his eyes. Years flew black; he was again wandering over ragged fields of sweet corn, fields now sown with weapons whose points were all against him. And then he recalled why he was there, and, fighting off the misty shadows, he murmured, "Sir, I know the land."

Then the commandant began, and told him of his daring scheme. They were now at the seat of hostilities; plans and maps of intended attacks, of buried explosives, and sham bridges, were all within that farm house. That was the key to their success; whether they would advance or be repelled depended entirely on the discovery of those intrigues. The words came to him slowly as dull, heavy, blinding blows: "You will leave this evening at dark. We will wait. Choose any disguise,—but succeed!"

The darkness pressed down heavily and bent the shoulders of a figure creeping under the bridge. It crushed to the bushes the stooping thing that crawled through the hedges, and paused outside a circle of yellow light. It was Pierre—Pierre, the boy without a country,—the son of an adopted country. He waited patiently till the sentinel's back was turned, then slid lightly and swiftly into a concealed opening, into the cellar window. He swung in the rusty hinges of the door to a hidden passage; it was easy; for this was the house of his fathers, his home! Only half conscious, he acted as if crazed. His home,—home again—but why? Why in this guise?

The door connected with the study; that was probably where the plans were concealed. He saw a sleeping guard, softly drew him into his hiding place and bound him. He removed his clothing and carefully garbed himself in the stolen uniform. Then he waited.

As the light of dawn crept into the windows, the house was awakened to the bustle and excitement of a full day's work. Orderlies dragged out ponderous maps and instruments for the general's consultation. And in the midst of this was Pierre, Pierre the Austrian, on duty, his keen eyes busy, his hands busier concealing on his person records of great importance, his face averted, and his broad uniformed

back turned to any careless glance. Soon the officers trooped in, visibly tense and nervous under the responsibility of war. What was that,—that straight, tall figure, that mass of yellow hair,—who so graceful,—who—who?

A startled cry came from Roland's lips as he recognized him,—a curious sound, impulsive, full of many things— Then the men recognized the spy, saw him vault through the window, and run wildly over the ground. In an instant the alarm was spread, and the soldiers started in pursuit. Pierre dashed blindly on. Let them catch him, drag him back, him, a disgrace—disgrace to his country! "Pierre, Pierre the Frenchman! O, God! My countr—!" Pierre's feet crumbled beneath him, he was falling, falling down, down into dark safety, away from swift pursuers, away from treachery to his fatherland, and on to the Father of us all. And Roland was the only person of that grim pack pressing in for their prey that knew the miracle by which he had escaped. The door, the old trap-door in the roof of their forgotten cave had done its last and most faithful service. Down there against the carved initials and childish figures on the mud wall lay a crumpled figure, peaceful at last in the protection of a faded rag which he crushed to his breast, the flag of France.

DOROTHY SCARRITT, 1915.

THE NIGHT WIND

I HAVE left a world of sorrows,
I have left a useless fight,
I have joined the wind that's calling
Through the shadows of the night.

I have left ambition's jostle,
I have striven to be free;
For I hear the wind a calling,
Hear the night wind calling me.

I have fretted with my fetters,
I have wearied of the fray;
Oh, I hear the night wind calling
Hear it calling me away.

It calls with wild persuasion,
Like a vagrant gypsy's lay;
Hush! I hear the night wind calling,
When it calls I cannot stay.

MARION ELLET, 1917.

THE PASSING CLASS

"ANOTHER yet—A seventh!—I'll see no more;
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more."

Another Senior class is here and soon to go to make room for the next, and that in turn for countless others which always come and then pass on. What do they stand for—this passing line? Why do they come but to depart? We are here today; tomorrow we shall be gone. And in our passing what do we leave behind? Our deeds good or bad, our ambitions great or small, our ideals high or low, we leave these to be borne on by all succeeding classes.

Our deeds—they have been numerous. Starting with the first event of the year, the Hallowe'en party, we ushered in the present universal cry—"Moving Pictures." Then followed fast the Weather-Cock Dance, the Basket-Ball games, the Barrie plays; and now are coming on more Basket-Ball, more plays, Field Day, entertainments for us by the other classes, and last of all our Commencement. In all of these we have striven not to fail in giving to our last year in the old-school the memory of jolly times together in good fellowship, that shall hold us close forever by the bonds of dear associations. Our struggles have been many, our victories not few, in defeat we have striven to be "good losers," and when a victory has been won we have rejoiced not only for our class but for all Seniors who have been or are to be,—we have held aloft the waving standard that all Seniors shall honor.

This standard signifies our goal, our aim, and our ideal. What is our ideal? To be in spirit as well as in deed the worthy successor of 1914, and to fulfill its faith in us; to avow new faiths to be fulfilled by 1916; and finally to fulfill our own promises to ourselves. We strive to keep this standard steady, secure in the knowledge that it will not fall. We beckon others to cluster round its base. We step forth, fourteen girls with high desires and courage and strength to walk erect. What has given us this courage? All our school years; most of all our Senior year. Now is the time when we pass out upon our separate roads; each to take with her all that these years have given her, each confident of the success of all, true success,—victory won or loss turned to victory. Oh, you younger classes! You do not know what a responsibility is placed on your shoulders merely because you are someday to bear the name of Senior. To be in the dignified end of the room, to possess the Senior steps; to be mentioned in an awed tone by under classmen,—these are only a few of the distinguishing privileges

of our high position. We must set the pace; you who follow must immediately swing into line, and advance all together. May we hear you say,—"The class of 1915 represents in every way its chosen color—the true blue. Where they have led, we will follow!"

STELLA HOUSTON, 1915.

A CHARM FOR A WISH

CHOOSE first from the tallest spire of grass,
By a pool where a water nymph dwells,
The topmost seed of its feathery plume,
To the sound of the brook's clear bells.

And next a grain of granite dust
From the ruins of Merlin's tower,
And a four-leafed clover wet with dew
That hid in a fairies' bower.

Then place these charms in the heart of a pearl,
And breathe on them, three times three,
In the new moon's light, on mid-summer night
Where the wild rose blooms on the lea.

Now whisper your wish to the rising sun
And all of the winds that be,
And whisper it soft with your lips to the ground
Then give your charm to the sea.

RAMONA DEAKYNE, 1918.

IN QUEST OF MARY

MARY!

It all came back to me; that month at the sea shore, the girl I had danced, sailed, played tennis with, and finally proposed to. Then she had gone away, leaving only a memory, and a note to the effect that she was just a working girl and was vanishing to save me the trouble of throwing her over when I found it out. Months of search had followed, with only the usual results of such searches,—detective bills and discouragement.

But here she was at last!

Calling upon my football training, I plunged through the crowded hotel lobby to the place where I had first caught a glimpse of her.

She was gone! Vanished! Faded absolutely away! Not there! Such is life; I had found her only to lose her again. Fate as usual was against me. Still, Fate could be overcome, and I dashed for the sidewalk. But, all that held for me was the comforting sight of a taxi, half way down the street, through the window of which I could see Mary's head bobbing up and down as they hit the high bumps.

As always, in an emergency, there were no other taxis within reach of my lungs, strong as they were. But I soon found that a taxi was entirely unnecessary.

Vaguely, amidst my pleasant thoughts concerning the world in general and chauffeurs in particular, I heard a yell.

"There he is!" Some people express themselves thus loudly, and I turned to see who was the cause of the disturbance. I **saw** all right! For, though strenuously expressing my disapproval, I was hustled into a big limousine between two gentle, though firm and decided, kidnappers.

However, on hearing the chauffeur ordered to follow the "taxi ahead" my objections stopped like the end of a sidewalk, and I settled back to enjoy the ride, and wonder who my unsociable captors thought I was. As long as I was getting a free chase on the car containing the object of my abused affections I was happy; so I decided to let things go their way and see what would happen.

What did happen was rather more than I ever dreamed of in the wildest nightmare.

I was let out at a church, and, after seeing privately that Mary had gone in, I consented to being led meekly, through numerous passages, around to the back door, and, my once collected senses scattered in the breezes again, to the front of the very altar! This was almost too much; and, between my terror at the envious eyes of the congregation, or whatever it was, and my curiosity concerning what I had gotten myself into, my thoughts were rather complicated. Was this a wedding, funeral, or merely a religious gathering; was I to be bridegroom or minister? Undecided whether to make a dash for liberty,—it's been done before, that dash,—or stay and face the music,—it's been done before,—I thought of Mary somewhere in that gaping throng and decided to stay.

Taking advantage of my position I started a scientific search for Mary. I examined each row in each section separately, starting with the first. Was that a wedding party coming down the center aisle? Oh! —— but maybe that pillar of silence at my side was the bridegroom and I the best man. Matter for prayer in the meantime. But I had almost forgotten my quest of the elusive adored one. Where in

all that sea of faces ——— Heavens! The bride was at my side!! **I was getting married!!!**

This seemed to me to be stretching matters a little too much to be pleasant. I was willing to be scared, kidnapped or killed for Mary; but when it comes to getting married to an unknown party, I object. What would I better do? Make a rumpus before all that gazing crowd? And probably be arrested for disturbing the peace! No, I'd stay right here and get married like a man; maybe I could slide out of the nice little comedy later, without any bones broken.

My faithful best man, who had serenely brought me into the mixup, seemed to know I wasn't accustomed to being married, and helped me along with an occasional shove or punch when I was off in the land of Mary and policemen. Thanks to him, I did it halfway gracefully anyway. But why wasn't I recognized as a mistake, and a big one and a sad one? Where was the real bridegroom, so easily left behind and forgotten? For even the bride, I dared not look at her, took me for the real thing.

The ceremony was over! No rightful bridegroom had dashed in, no father had interrupted, no pistol shots, no earthquakes, no bolts from heaven had marred the peace of that lovely wedding. And I was marching up the aisle with my bride clinging to my arm!

But **where** was Mary? Lost again! And what was the penalty for marrying in another man's place? How could I explain myself to this trusting bride! In torture I dragged myself,—and my bride,—out of the stifling church.

At the door of temporary safety from neglected husbands—fathers, and things, I stopped. A little man tapped me on the shoulder. Something sank inside of me.

"The bridegroom! All is lost!" I groaned.

"Fine, fine!" he cried. "Report tomorrow morning, early," and was off.

"Fine!" I muttered in bewilderment, "must be the father! Wonder what it is I drew!" And I hustled myself into the car after my suddenly acquired wife, relieved at the absence of interruptions on the part of the rightful "B. G.", and yet wondering if it wouldn't have been better to explain to a man than to this silent bride, not knowing how girls take such things.

Judgment had arrived! What must I say! I felt the eyes of my bride on me, as we passed down the brightly lighted avenue. Oh, why do we feel such things!

"Is—is the camera on us now?" ventured a timid, familiar voice from the farthest corner of the seat.

That voice!

"Is WHAT still on us?" I managed to gasp. Impossible! This was too much! I wouldn't stand another shock in that evening.

"Why the movie—"

I switched on the light.

"Mary!——— At last!"

"Jack———!"

I switched off the light, quick. Again that voice from the darkness, though **not** from the farthest corner of the seat.

"I don't like these movie weddings, do you?"

"No, but I like the movie bride!"

RUTH B. RIDENOUR, 1916.

THE ROBIN'S SONG

ABOVE the street, at close of day
A lilting, pulsing note rings out—and lo,
The dreary hum of hurry to and fro
The roar of busy streets—all die away;
The dusty pavements vanish, and there lies
In my day dream a stretch of freshest green;
Instead of towering city walls are seen
Low swinging orchard boughs and blossoming spray;
The lilac's purple plume and perfume rare
Mixed with some subtle fragrance fills the air;
I hear the whispering leaves, the music sweet
Of care-free laughter—as, above the street
When twilight gently falls, and day is done,
With throbbing, cheerful note the robin still sings on.

ESTHER CONNELLY, 1914.

THE BUT'S AND IF'S OF DRAMATIZATION

DRAMATIZATION. What does the word mean to you? The presentation of a story or play upon the stage? The putting of one's ideas and ideals into living action? Life which we can really see with the eyes and not in the mind only? The satisfying of the great human desire to express by gesture and significant manner of speech, the desires, feelings and ideals of all people? Boys playing at soldiers, little girls making believe they are "Little Red Riding Hood" or "Cinderella" or "Mother," or "Teacher",—all show the desire to act parts of characters, real or fictitious, whom they know.

Then the day comes when they add the charm of scenery, costume, make-up, and foot-lights, and they give us "a play." If this is dramatiation, then dramatization is an excellent thing, because it makes characters and ideals live for a few hours so vividly that the picture never fades. Childish dramatization of this kind is always a good thing—because it is the child's creation. But professional dramatization, like everything else has its "but's" and "if's." And in these days when theaters have multiplied by thousands, when every little empty space in a side street is filled by a moving picture show, when acting clubs have sprung up like mushrooms, these "but's" and "if's" are connected quite as much with flaws in the plays themselves as in their presentations. The conventional play long ago ceased to supply the enormous demand, and managers have had to turn to novels, poems, and scenes in history, and hire some would-be playwright to turn "the stuff" into a play. There have been some books which we have been accustomed to cherish, and whose characters we have loved as our own friends, and who we feel could never be changed to us no matter what happens. We find their titles painted on a billboard. We think what joy it would be to really see them before us, to see those whom we have dreamed of these many years. Then suddenly we find them before us—and changed so that we scarcely know them! They are neither fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring! Such a heart-rending process has recently our beloved "Little Women" gone through.

I think I can safely say that more young girls' ideals,—of lovers, sweethearts, heroes, heroines, old grandfathers, cooks, cross-patchy old aunts, sisters, and good times were and are centered in that one book, than in any other in the whole world. Could anyone estimate how many girls,—little girls, I mean, when they have sat poring over that book have not really fallen in love with "Laurie" themselves? My first bad "case," I might mention, was with him. I used to wake with a start from a long day-dream, expecting to find him sitting before me. (This, I wish to add, was many years ago.) I had in my mind a tall, handsome, fun-loving, irresistible youth, with dark curly hair. I wish to emphasize the **tall,** for to me his extraordinary height was his greatest attraction. It was so wonderful to have him able to look down upon the tops of everyone's head. But the "Laurie" of the play? How did he live up to my expectations? Well, he was fun-loving—if going up and down stairs like a tin monkey full of rubber strings is such,—and he had dark, straight hair,—I can say that much for him. But as to his beauty and irresistible charm,—I'd rather keep silent. I always supposed that if Laurie wasn't anything else he would be tall, but when I went to the theater and saw a Laurie scarcely high

enough to see "lofty Jo's" head, my castle in the air went CRASH! But Laurie was only **one.** It had always been a disappointment to me that Jo hadn't married Laurie, but I had slowly begun to be reconciled. Then I had grown to be fond of him, then to become greatly attached to my idea of "Father Bhaer," just what the name implies,—a big-hearted soul, who treated his "little men" somewhat as a gentle old grizzly might treat so many little cubs. When Professor Bhaer came on the stage my heart sank. I felt that if Jo really married a person like that, I couldn't stand it. My dear old "Vater Bhaer"—this! And Jo herself? I hate to begin on Jo because I shouldn't know where to stop. I liked her, yes indeed I did, but somewhere in me, I can't tell where, I felt a pang of regret and disappointment every time I saw her. The kind of feeling a boy might feel if for years he had worshipped some great man, and that man had suddenly turned out to be a fraud.

These are only a few characters in just one story, which has been dramatized, and these horrors are just those that I, myself, suffered. And yet in the same way I saw "Oliver Twist" shrivel and shrink before my eyes in London a few years ago! I have learned something. Now if I should see any of my well loved books,—say "Henry Esmond," or "Lorna Doone,"—posted as plays, I would think twice before buying a seat,—for I cannot bear that characters I have lived with and learned to love in the mountains and valleys of my dreamland for many years, should suddenly appear before me, imperfect spectres of suddenly and rudely broken dreams.

KATHERINE M. LESTER, 1916.

DREAMS

WILL someone please tell me something
That I've always longed to know?
It's the place where all dreams come from,
How they come and how they go.
Some tell me the way we get there
Is to pass through a golden gate,
Where two little fairies are sitting
Weaving dreams for us while they wait.
So as soon as our heads touch the pillow
We are off to the gate of gold
Where a tiny bag each one receives
Filled with a dream, I am told.
Sometimes these dreams are bright and gay

But sometimes dull as lead,
Sometimes they carry us far away
Into the Land of Dread.
But keep our dreams we can never do,
For before the light of day,
We must fly back to the golden gate
And the fairies take them away.
Each night these dreams are used again
And that is the way, you know,
That our old dreams often come back to us,
For the fairies told me so.

ANNA MARGARET HASTINGS, 1917.

MON DEVOIR

IT WAS a long, tiresome day for Miss Priscilla Parker, and she lay back in her steamer chair, and closed her eyes for a nap. Suddenly she sat bolt up-right, drew from her somewhat worn bag an envelope containing several letters. She carefully selected one, and unfolded it. It was not the first time she had read this letter; in fact, she could have repeated it word for word. She read it twice again, and then settled back in her chair and closed her eyes once more. An hour later she was awakened by a stiff wind blowing her small straw hat awry. It was almost dark; she rose quickly, placing the envelope which still lay in her lap in her bag. As she hurried away to her stateroom she did not see the piece of paper that fluttered to the deck. It blew into the faces of two rollicking boys who came walking briskly around the corner, just as she disappeared through the doorway of the saloon.

"By jinks! A letter! Where did it come from? Where's the pigeon?"

"Let's see what it says." And with four arms resting on the rail and two heads very close together they scanned the lines in the fast falling twilight.

Dear "Prism": ("Gee that sounds rectangular. She must be a cubist.") Dear "Prism":

You see I cannot give up my old time nickname, dear sister, for I know you still reflect the same beautiful light that brightens all around you. The sun just shines straight through you; you reserve not a ray for yourself. It is time now for **you** to bask. You are "doing unto others" continually, but never letting "others do unto you." By Jove!

You are going to have a vacation. Do you remember how we used to plan a trip to Europe, and all the wonderful places we were going to visit together? That was before I came across to old Ireland, and you took up your abode in the Vermont Hills. That was just twelve years ago. The little legacy Uncle John left has put me on my legs again, and I have gotten the matrimonial bee i[illegible] my cap. Oh yes! Blue eyes, brown hair, sweet as a peach—little Irish girl. And now this is what **you** are going to do. No excuses a[illegible]out not being able to quit teaching or doing church work will be acce[illegible]ed. You are going to take that slow boat over; the one that leaves [illegible]gust third, and join me in Switzerland. I'll meet you at the dock a[illegible]laples and I'll not have to wear a shamrock in my button hole, nor [illegible]u a green hat wi[illegible]h a red feather. I would recognize you anywhe[illegible] That little kodak picture you sent me last spring is enough for anybody. I know you are thinking you do not remember how I look, but don't you worry. Since I have finished my education at Oxford I am not depending on my face value alone to carry me through, and make you proud of your big brother.

There is considerable disturbance over here, now—nothing serious of course, but I can "present arms" at a minute's notice. By the way, I was about to forget to tell you. Jim O'Donnell is a daisy! He's the best friend I've got! He measures right up to your ideals, and you see I have something else besides Greek and Latin tucked away in my upper story—I'm a match-maker. I've reached that stage where I think every fellow ought to settle down in a home of his own. You'll hear more about that later.

The draft that will cover your expenses is enclosed. Use all and buy plenty of fine feathers for yourself. In the meantime write the exact date of your sailing. Affectionately yours,

"Tom."

"Prism, sunshine, Vermont Hills, legacy, Ireland, colleen, Oxford, check, Present Arms—all listens well. Good luck to you Miss Prism, and Tommy Atkins."

"Hold on there Jack, you'll drop that letter overboard. Now what did I tell you!"

Perched on her knees, and gazing through the porthole of a small cabin, a bright, rested little face watched with eagerness the narrow line of land that was barely visible in the distance.

A knock at her door brought her to her feet and a gentle little hand took the envelope handed in by the steward.

"Marconi for Miss Priscilla Parker.

Princess Irene arriving August 3."

Very nervous fingers hastily opened the envelope.

"War declared—to the front at once—letter to Kaiserhoff, Lucerne. Tom."

It was an agitated young woman that hastened into the "Kaiserhoff," Lucerne, a few days later. She had scarcely spoken for two days, and now when she addressed the clerk the words stuck in her throat. With Spartan-like resolution the little New England woman forgot she was an American. She knew enough of war conditions to have every spark of patriotism aroused in her loyal young heart and her Irish, English, New England blood boiled. There was a letter hurriedly written without date or place.

"Dear Little Sister:

If I could only get this great big lump out of my throat I might tell you all I would like to. I did not realize how soon I was to be in the thick of the fight when I wrote you last June, but it has come at last and every Briton will see it through to the end. I got down into Belgium on my way to meet you just in time to join the army. Jim is right with me; he crawled a quarter of a mile the other day with a bullet in his leg—under fire every minute of the way. Red Cross doctors and nurses are giving grand service; every able-bodied man is in the field. The one cry is "Mon devoir."

I am writing this in snatches, and by candle light as I sit waiting for my turn to watch. Once when I was without my uniform I stopped at a little French Hotel. How they did greet the English with "Vive l'Angleterre," and the "Frenchies" had already dug trenches for us at Mans. How I wish we had something like the German's pea green uniforms! You can't see the "Deutschers" at all, but you can spot a "Frenchy" a mile away with his red trousers and cap, and blue coat. "Shoot at the red," the German officers shout. Stay right where you are, little sister. You are safe in Switzerland.

Your devoted brother,

Tom."

Priscilla lost no time in going to the legation where the secretary had turned stump speaker, and tried in vain in German, French, and English to quiet the fears of the hysterical women and children. With the little words "Mon devoir" ringing in her ears she hurried to the station and boarded the first train north. When she reached Brussels she found the main streets hung with flags, black, orange, and red—the Belgian colors. The statue to the city of Liege had around its neck the great bronze cross of the Legion of Honor which France had given that brave city. On her early morning ride to Brussels she saw the

wonderful little gardens that are the pride of the Belgians. From every little house floated a flag in honor of the valor of the garrison of Liege. Women and boys were working in the fields; old men and old women were walking out arm in arm; but no evidence of strong manhood. All had answered their country's call.

Every ounce of strength and fortitude that a Red Cross nurse could muster was brought into service. Priscilla now wore the neat new uniform of those Angels of Mercy. She administered to the wants of the poor fellows on their cots who had sacrificed family and home to answer the call to arms. She so quietly and efficiently aided in their care and listened with such tender sympathy to the sad stories of fallen comrades, that more than one waited impatiently her coming. One stalwart fellow had appealed to her especially. He had a bullet wound in his shoulder. His eyes had been injured by an accidental explosion, and she admired the brave manner in which he bore his affliction. He had learned to know her step, and always called for her to assist the doctor with his bandages. She would not allow him to talk, nor would she answer any inquiries as to who she was and where she came from.

The day had arrived for the bandages to be removed from his eyes. She had been in attendance all day. He had just finished telling her of the story of a comrade whom he had buried on the battlefield. Then as if he would like to forget the sad episode, he hummed softly to himself:

It's a long way to Tipperary,
  It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
  To the sweetest girl I know;
Good-bye Picadilly,
  Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
  But my heart's right there.

Just as he finished, the doctor softly entered, and with deft fingers removed the bandages from his eyes. His first glance was in the direction of the little nurse standing by his bedside. For a moment he was silent and then with outstretched arms he cried, "Priscilla, little sister!"

MARGARET YEOMANS, 1915.

MISS SAMANTHA

MISS SAMANTHA, standing at the door of her ugly little cottage, looking out at the sere grass and leaden sky, was discontented. For since the death of her father and mother, she had been left with nothing to do, plenty of money, and no place or desire to spend it, except for food and clothing. Brought up to dress frugally, and eat only simple food, very little of her fortune was squandered on pleasure. She knew that all the neighbors talked about was her ugly house, her garden, which after all was only a vegetable garden, her stinginess, and her plainness.

Miss Samantha, having seen the leaden sky become somewhat brighter, returned to the house, through the stiff old parlor into the kitchen, where the morning dishes were waiting to be washed. She went to the stove, lifted off a pan of hot water, and put it down on the table. Then going into the closet, she got her apron, rolled up the sleeves to her tight-fitting, brown calico dress, and got to work.

Half an hour later the knocker thundered through the house, and a young girl and man stood before the weather-beaten door. Miss Samantha removed her apron, hung it in the closet, rolled down her sleeves, smoothed her already smooth hair, and went to the door. She noticed the stylish dress and hat of the girl, the trim suit of the man; and decided that they were "city folk." Now Miss Samantha had very little use for "city folk"; but a handsome car attracted her attention and she forgot to be snippy. The man explained that he only wanted a little gasoline and would like to borrow some.

Miss Samantha said, "I reckon I might skeer up a mite,—'bout a half gallon."

The man introduced the girl and himself as Miss Lee and Mr. Bosher.

While Miss Samantha went to get the gasoline, Miss Lee remarked to her companion, "Jack, wouldn't it be fun to take Miss Samantha up to Glenston, and show her the sights?"

Jack agreed, so when Miss Samantha returned with the gasoline, he said, "Couldn't we take you up to Glenston with us? We could have luncheon and then see the 'Amherst' or go to the motor show, which ever you prefer. We can get you back before supper, Miss Samantha. Will you go?"

"Oh!" gasped Miss Samantha, "git a ride in an auti? Well, I reckon, if you kin wait a short spell, while I change my dress, I kin go."

Oh! what a day for Miss Samantha! Sitting in state on the back

seat of the car, in her best black silk dress; bouncing on the luxurious cushions; looking at the lovely houses, the well kept lawns, and all the beautifully dressed women; she was a different person—all life and energy. The delicious lunch, served in a wonderful French café; and best of all the "auti" show, marked a change in her life. On the way home, Miss Samantha saw the "Orphans' Home," and decided instantly what she had been revolving in her mind for years, that she could give one of its little inmates a pleasanter home than the one she now occupied. Mr. Bosher had discussed cars with her, and in the same frenzy of youthful excitement she had ordered a certain gray run-about; and a man was to come the next day to show her how to run it. When she reached home, if her thanks were not profuse, they were at least hearty.

A month later, Mrs. Rice and Miss Bowman were sitting on the latter's porch chatting when they were startled by a long, shrill siren. A gray car shot past, while a hand waved to the two on the porch.

"Land's sakes, I never saw sich a change in anybody as in Samantha. Why, what with the car, and the house bein' white, and all them flower fixin's in the garden you'd think someone else lived there now."

"Mrs. Rice, I declare to goodness, I don't know Samantha no more! Them dresses and hats, and that new way o' fixin' her hair make her look almost purty!"

"Miss Bowman, think of her, a woman o' thirty or more, actin' like she was twenty. But I will say that her an' that little girl, the one she took to raise out of the 'Home,' seem to git along right smart together."

Once more the long, shrill siren, and Miss Samantha got—no, jumped—out of her car, walked up the path and stood looking at her now pretty little cottage, at the green grass and pretty flowers, the blue, blue sky, and her little girl. All looked so different from the ugliness of a month before. She gave a sigh of content; and went into the house—and left the door open to the summer sun and wind!

ALICE SCHMELZER, 1917.

THE HERMIT

I KNOW no rule, no creed of church or law to bind
My restless footsteps to an all misunderstanding world.
I live all free from men. I rove these wooded hillsides all alone
Within the dead of night when earth is still.
I find in them a world all of my own.
A world of peace, and freedom, and of truth.
Yet oft' a tired traveler wanders to my hermitage,

Foot-sore, and weary with the world's harangue.
To me he tells of busy cities and their throngs;
Of churches where men come and kneel with hearts as hard as stone,
And drink of wine within a presence they have never felt,
And sing soft hymns in praise of Him who is a stranger in their lives.
Alas this is not Truth! It is a poor insipid something, bred within the crude domains of men.
And yet, forgive them, for they do not understand.
I can but pity them, I who dwell far from the haunts of men.
I roam the wooded hills by night.
I see the moonlight play upon the grass, and in it see His face.
I hear the sighing of the pines, and in it hear His sacred yet unwritten verse.
I hear the roaring of the cataracts, and feel His strength.
I throw all idle creeds far to the winds.
I live all free from men.
I worship God, the God of nature and of peace;
And in my home upon the mountain side I find a life of truth.

MARION ELLET, 1917.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

WHAT I like best about "The Vicar of Wakefield" is the portraiture of character, and the atmosphere which it creates. The ladies, with their quaint costumes and quainter ways, can be seen as clearly as though they were alive today and curtsying to us over the top of the book. They are just as vivid to me "drest out in splendor—their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind and rustling at every motion," as they are when they abandon pomp and patches and cut up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, putting into effect the Vicar's dictum that "the nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain." Mrs. Primrose is as real to me as if I knew her, and her daughters, too—from their finest silks down to their face-washes. Mr. Thornhill is so much of a rascal that his villainy makes me shiver when I wake up at night and hear the screech owls wailing. Also Mr. Jenkinson—I should know that man—or any of his doubles—if I met him on the stone wall of China, whether he quoted his-much-used-and-almost-worn-out Greek phrase "ek to biblion kubernetes" or not. The story is so very different from any modern "best-seller"—so quite impossible—that it gives the feeling of reading the pleasant happenings of

a leisurely fairy-tale. What does it matter that some of the characters are not in their actions quite true to life at all times? such as the Vicar, when entirely forgetting his beloved and long-lost daughter, for days and days, when he started out expressly to hunt for her the world over till he found her—what does it matter that sometimes the snow comes where the night before roses had been? I do not love my Greek myths any the less because I hold them not quite true. And certainly the life of the eighteenth century was like that pictured in the book. The musical and well balanced sentences, the non-classical education of the ladies, "who could read any English book without too much spelling"; the little details of home life constantly given, were all things Goldsmith was familiar with in his own life, though they seem old-fashioned to us now. I like the fun and farce in the first half of the book. Whenever anyone mentions it I know I shall immediately think "Fudge!" and "Green spectacles with gold rims!" The wood "gross" will never be properly applied in my mind, to anything else than that burden which poor Moses brought home from the fair. And the highly enlightening conversation of Lady Blarney (fit name, indeed!) and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (such an appurtenance to fasten on to one poor, foolish, flighty freak!) makes one feel aristocratic beyond all fond hopes—what with "the Duchess" and something "his lordship said" and the utter baseness of "Jernigan," who had to be called three times before he would come with the longed for and much needed garters. Having the acquaintance of such people is amusing, if they are a little "high faluttin'."

Somehow, reading "The Vicar of Wakefield" made me more familiar with Goldsmith; it seemed as if I could almost see him writing it—his gaiety, his generosity, his love of the quiet and pastoral in life, perhaps because he had but little of it, his likeness to the Vicar in his utter unworldliness. There is a tale of this book which I like much, though 'tis very absurd; that one day Dr. Johnson went to Goldsmith's rooms and found his friend locked in, a fat constable sitting on the stair-steps and a weeping landlady and two children outside the door, who explained to him that Oliver was locked in because he couldn't pay his board. Dr. Johnson stalked in and demanded in his gruffest voice, "Why!"—"Saw a poor beggar girl," announced Goldsmith, "so I gave her all I had, a considerable sum, I believe, so she," nodding his head at the landlady, "thinks I ought to pay my long due rent." "Well?" queried Dr. Johnston. "What are you going to do about it?" asked Oliver. "I, sir! Are you a fool, sir? What have I to do with this mess?" with a thump of his great cane. Goldsmith smiled his most winning smile and answered, "Yes, sir,

you! What's a friend for if it's not to rescue his friend when he's in trouble?" What could Dr. Johnson say? Eventually he stalked out as he had stalked in, but with a package of manuscript under his arm; and a few moments later England's first novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield" paid its charming and unworldly, Vicar-like author's two months' over-due room rent, bought this same author a fine and utterly unnecessary and extravagant new plum-colored suit of silk; and then left a guinea apiece for the landlady's girl and boy. Like a child in lacking sense—you will say—Oliver ought to have saved it for his next rainy day. But can you expect the man who could live as well as write such a tale as "The Vicar of Wakefield," to concern himself with such things as a roof to sleep under or the wherewithal for his evening meal?

ESTHER HILL, 1918.

THE MOCKING BIRD

THE sun long since has laid himself to rest
In robes of gold and crimson Tyrian dyes;
Under the moon's more gentle radiance now
Silent and still and bright the whole world lies.

The trees have hushed their softest whispering;
Bathed in the mystic half revealing light,
Silver and calm and awed they stand; for hark!
A mocking bird is singing in the night.

With peace and hope thou with thy song hast stilled
The heart of the great restless weary day;
O, silver sound from out a silver world,
Would I might know the meaning of thy lay!

MARION HOWES, 1918.

CANOEING IN ROUGH WEATHER

I LIKE to put on my bathing suit and go out in my canoe, on a day when the waves are running high. Of course, if you've never done it you can't possibly know how much fun it is to paddle out into the water, working with might and main against the strong waves, and to feel the cool water ripple against your fingers while you wonder if the next wave will upset you. If it does, what fun to be thrust very quickly, but gently and firmly, into the soft green ocean which closes over you like a blanket until you come dripping

to the surface, laughing and swimming through the water, letting it slide through your fingers like so much fine sand. Now you are floating, tossed this way and that, now closing your eyes and turning your back to a big wave which breaks over your head while the little white crest which seems always to be hurrying to get ahead of the smooth body of the breaker, tickles your face as it runs down in little rivulets. But now, enough of playing! A dash must be made for your overturned canoe, lest it float off. Swimming and swimming, imagining yourself to be a fish, you finally reach it, but as you stretch out a wet hand to grasp its slippery bottom, the capricious craft turns over, burying you beneath it. After vainly trying to release yourself you subside to choking and gurgling, thinking wildly of the misdeeds of a misspent life as you give up all hope! Is it fancy, that creak of oars in oarlocks, the drip and plunge of oars? No, it is not fancy, for the canoe is giving up its victim with a regretful, blub-lub-woof! You are none too gently pulled into your brother's rowboat and are alternately preached to and pounded on the back to remove what seems to be fully a ton of salt water and sin. A few weeks later, your fright is over and in spite of commands from the whole family you try it again but this time you think it much wiser to be where your feet can touch something stable than to be far out over your head.

MIRIAN AVERY, 1918.

AT DAY BREAK

IT WAS in a camp of the French army, stationed near the frontier. Soldiers were everywhere, repairing guns, washing clothes, getting "mess," or those unoccupied telling stories, singing songs; for the regiment was not yet at the front.

One of their number had just come back from prison, and hidden himself in the solitude of his tent to think. Kutter was only forty but crouching there in the twilight, wrapped in blind bitterness, he looked an old man, so rigid was his face, and so helpless his attitude. His son had gone with the Germans—he could have borne that—but he had been captured, was to be hanged, a spy. And the order was to go to him by the hand of his own father—and he, that father, was powerless.

The French had him in their power now. Kutter had said all he dared in his behalf, but the general was immovable. The general did not yet know of the prisoner's identity.

The shadows of dusk deepened. Fires were being lighted in the

camp. The Colonel arose, straightened his shoulders, set his jaw: he was determined.

An orderly's quick step sounded, a sharp call, a moment of waiting, then Kutter was ready to face his general.

The Colonel entered his tent, sat down, and waited for General Powells to finish his letter. After a pause Powells looked up and said easily: "You will see that the prisoner is hanged at day break. By the way, have you learned his name?"

Innocent as was his tone it seemed to Kutter that his general suspected the truth. But he calmly said:

"He still refuses to disclose it."

"Oh, does he? Well, he doubtless wishes to spare the feelings of his family. It would be extremely unpleasant to read in the dispatches that a brother or a son—had been hanged for a spy—eh?" Did the general know? Was that a spark of pity in his eye, or only a glint of hardness. "But he will let the secret out before he swings. They always do. Perhaps you had better report to me after the affair is over. I am anxious to know who he is. He is not a bad looking fellow. It struck me as I was examining him yesterday—no offense, mind—that he looked something as you did when I first met you, twenty years ago."

Disinterested enough was the general's tone but his eyes——. There could be no mistake. He understood the situation, but for an old friend's sake he was sparing Kutter the pain of confession.

"I noticed it," said Kutter in an absent sort of way.

"You did, eh? Then I was right. Well, I shall expect you before breakfast. You will need something to cheer you up."

"I shall, indeed."

"Good night," said the general as if he were dismissing the whole affair.

No sentinel watched the jail that night—no guard was awake in the prison. By order of the general every man was given "relaxed duty."

MIGNON DOWNING, 1916.

PERFECTLY HOPELESS

A SORRY sort of Dunce am I,
At nothing I excel
My hardest efforts end in naught—
I cannot even spell!

All studies are the same to me
No matter how I try
I rack my brain without results;
A champion Dunce am I.

I'm no addition to my class,
No decoration lend;
Quite firmly fixed in my place
I'm always at the end.

At dances and all social stunts
I decorate the wall,
The beaux all look and pass me up.
I have no fun at all.

In sports of every kind I fail,
I always lose my head.
Were I to ever win a race
I'd surely drop down dead.

My only consolation is
I cannot further fall,
I've no position to maintain
I do not count at all.

FRANCES FENNELLY, 1916.

HOPELESSLY PERFECT

A SORRY sort of Dunce am I
To contradict a poet,
Her statements here are quiet misled
And you may all well know it.

At studies she is quite a whiz
No matter how we try,
We rack our brains without results
With her we cannot vie.

She is the leader of her class
  All inspirations think,
Quite firmly fixed in her place
  This decoration pink.

At dances and all social stunts
  She fascinates the hall,
The beaux all look and step right up,
  One glance does them enthrall.

At sports of every kind, alas!
  Opponents quake and pray;
Each victory's due to one cool head
  Thatch'd o'er with fiery hay.

This simple verse, against her style
  May well seem most uncouth,
Some consolation yet—we'll not
  Apologize for truth.

DOROTHY SCARRITT, 1915.

THESE "sorry dunces" both I know,
For I, too, am "a poet,"
"A statement" they may misbelieve
But soon they'll really "know it."

They're **both** the "leaders of their class,"
Both "decorations" brave,—
And both in this feigned modesty
But play the "champion" knave.

"My only consolation" is—
"May well seem most uncouth"—
I needn't mark—scale A to E—
Their "rhythm" or their "truth."

THE WEATHER-COCK.

AS THE WIND BLOWS

THE GIFTS OF THE WEATHER-COCK OF 1914

Drawn by Esther Hill

IN JUNE of the year 1914, the wind blew unnecessarily hard one bright sunshiny day. The Weather-cock veered round and round, seeming not to know where to stop or what to do. Then the leaves began to fall, yes, early in June, the leaves really did fall—and such leaves and such quantities of them! Strange as it may seem they fell in one place—a large hall in a large house where live a large number of girls—you, and I, and the rest of us!

Once inside they quickly sorted themselves, and gathered together between neat leather coverings, to be placed by careful hands on the shelves of our bookcases in the hall. On the top shelf they were all labeled "Waverley Novels," by Scott. My! but there were a lot of them, twenty-five volumes. Just below were six volumes of Robert Browning's Poems, and next a long row, twenty-four of the books that were written by the lady with a man's name. Then we found that the wind had brought us something else that we had wanted for a long time, twelve of Jane Austen's books; but you can never find the one you want, someone else always has it.

Much to our surprise we saw flying along with the wind a statue of Mercury, which we captured and set firmly on the top of our book-case, so that if any of the leaves should think of flying away, he would be all ready to fly after and bring them back. Two large pictures were also blown into our school, pictures that brought vivid recollections of Ancient History and the Fall of Rome, the ruins of

the Forum and the Coliseum. And best of all fell a Weather-cock book-plate so the leaves can never scatter again.

ELIZABETH HARWOOD, 1916.

VISITS OF COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

THIS year we had two splendid opportunities to revel in college enthusiasm, for President Burton of Smith, and President Pendleton of Wellesley, both made us flying visits and gave us never-to-be-forgotten talks, teeming with college interests and college spirit. At conference period on the sixteenth of November, President Burton during his half hour talk shattered our accepted idea of a college president as an ancient and moth-eaten individual. He made us long fervently to go to the college that boasted such a head as he. He gave us tangible views of wholly intangible subjects and a clear idea of what life, true ambition, and real education mean, in that concise and convincing manner which only a man accustomed to startle the "young idea" into thinking for itself can ever use. We at length realized that "education is a sense of personal responsibility"; before we might have believed that it was a matter of half hour periods from nine to one fifteen, of French lessons of ten pages that have to be "gotten." Under his words we broadened and expanded miraculously for that thirty minutes and delved into the deeps of real things. He left us with a sort of slogan that, written over our program, has gone with us throughout the year, helped us over many a rough spot, and been a salutary warning against too easy a contentment with our achievements: "We only live by escaping the death of attainment."

A few weeks later President Pendleton of Wellesley spoke before us with such charm and diction as to attract at once our enthusiasm. Her talk was more of the details that are of vital interest to the every day life of the college girl. Beginning with the rising bell at seven and outlining the daily program to the quiet bell at night, she led us through the halls and well known dormitories of Wellesley, through the chapel and over the campus, till at length we sighed with contentment over a well spent day. She explained the necessity and advantages of college education for girls. After her talk she met in the office all those girls who were laboring for their life ambition to go to Wellesley. Little tots from eight to seniors of eighteen were equally proud to meet her, and our school was the only one favored by her presence on this trip.

ESTHER CONNELLY, 1914.

THE MONDAY CONFERENCE PERIODS

OUR Monday morning periods have been this year pleasures to be looked forward to and to be afterwards long remembered. Beside the College Presidents' visits and the debates on picture shows and standing army, there were many others of great interest. Bishop Partridge gave a most entertaining and instructive talk upon the Chinese language. He has lived in China for a number of years, and from all he told us, we believe he must know everything about the language, although he said that it took a native four years to learn it thoroughly. He told us many of the Chinese customs, and it was so interesting that we must forgive him for mentioning that little girls aren't wanted in China. When Miss Barstow returned from the council meeting at Wellesley, she told us all about her trip; and about the life and customs of her Alma Mater. Colleges and college life are always welcome subjects to us, and Wellesley surely "scored" after Miss Barstow's talk. Miss Witham also visited her college, Smith, as a councillor, this year; and on her return gave us a most interesting account of the girls' activities there. It is because of the enthusiasm of our principals that so many of our girls are willing to plod through Latin and Mathematics to the final goals, and under their guidance feel so sure of winning.

We were all delighted to welcome the Misses Fuller again, who came one Monday morning, all sweet little smiles and bows, to sing to us the ballads they taught us to love last year. They were so gracious that our calls for another and another song threatened to keep them the whole morning, instead of a meager hour.

Another Monday morning Mrs. Sherwood came to talk to us on "Seeing Things;" and a third college president, Doctor Gaines of Agnes Scott College, presented to us a vivid picture of his student life. Several Monday conferences have been devoted to the discussion of school interests, finally ending in the appointing of councillors from each class who collaborated in drawing up the "Customs of our School" printed in this issue of "The Weather-cock."

CYRA SWEET, 1915.

OUR DEBATES

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR DEBATE

RESOLVED: Moving picture shows are detrimental to public taste and morals." On the morning when this question was to be debated every trace of dignity had vanished from the walls of the academic room; they were literally papered with sensational posters from The Warwick, The Alamo, and other neighboring "movie" theaters. There they hung, eight by four—a chaos of color that never was on land or sea—robberies, burglaries, hold-ups, murders, kidnappings, hangings, train wrecks, and every other item in the category of crime. Back of the academic desk a gloomy horror, depicting the death of our martyr president, bowed solemnly over our opening exercises, and cast a lurid light upon the pages of calm Epictetus! And then the debate began! Dorothy Scarritt and Stella Houston fought valiantly on the affirmative of the question against Elizabeth Bowersock and Clara McCord on the negative. But all fluency and eloquency on both sides—and there was plenty of both on both—seemed to lead inevitably back to the awful "handwriting upon the wall." The fiercest appeals from the Juniors to think of the legitimate pleasure and uplift of the workingman could not flutter their silent refutations. When the debate was thrown open to the house —the posters had done their work! Almost all the speeches were on the affirmative side—and the Seniors had won. "Clever but not debating," do I hear you say? Why not? What so strong? So convincing? What fact, circumstance, instance, what appeal to authority, precedent, principle, could proclaim a truth so loudly as these "screaming" horrors? Why should not this stationary picture show be the telling argument against the moving picture show?

THE FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE DEBATE

ON MARCH twenty-sixth a fierce and heated debate between the Freshmen and Sophomores took place during the Academic "conference" period. The subject to be discussed was, "Resolved: that United States should maintain a standing army and navy." A team composed of seven Freshmen on the affirmative side argued against seven Sophomores on the negative. During the entire week before the debate, these girls ceaselessly pored over magazines, swallowed yards of statistics, and orated diligently in private. There were secret consultations with Miss Witham, and before and after school girls were rushing up to class-mates to say excitedly in stage whispers: "Look at what I've found! Won't that be fine?" Ponderous books contain-

ing the opinions of famous men on the subject were in circulation everywhere. As the fateful day drew nearer the hearts of the debaters grew fainter as they thought of standing up and speaking before the mighty Juniors and Seniors. And then there was the fear of losing, for only one side could win. So the seven little Freshmen and the seven little Sophomores had to work hard to conceal their inward quakes and shakes. The Sophomores succeeded in this disguise better than the Freshmen, for many of the teachers said afterwards that the trouble with them was that they were so perfectly confident of victory; which, I hasten to assure you, being a Sophomore myself, was far from the true case. Monday finally came; school seemed to open earlier than ever, and Miss Barstow seemed to read only two or three verses from the Bible; and then she and Miss Scofield sat down with us, each with a large tablet of paper, prepared to judge, while Miss Witham, "Madame Chairman," in a voice that tried to be stereotyped and impartial announced the question of the debate. Then a blooming young Freshman arose and reeled off a flowery, convincing opening speech which thrilled the hearts of the Juniors and Seniors and sent the hearts of the Sophomores into their shoes. I can't describe the debate in detail, for I was trying to learn my speech, listen to the others, and write down refutations all at the same time. And besides, there was a queer feeling all through me which one of my co-debaters has described unusually well by the word "clammy." Yes, I felt horribly clammy. First, three affirmative girls spoke and then three negative, until the closing speeches when only one Freshman spoke and then one Sophomore. I got through my speech without forgetting any save the important words, and then sat down with a gasp of surprise to think that the worst was actually over. Then the debate was thrown open to "the house;" and finally, all having said everything they could think of and had the courage to try to utter, the debate ended. Miss Barstow and Miss Scofield withdrew to talk it over and the Juniors and Seniors voted on the merits of the question and the merits of the debate, in both of which the affirmative won. The judges and the votes both decided in favor of the Freshmen, and I quite agree with their decision for the Freshmen did debate astonishingly well.

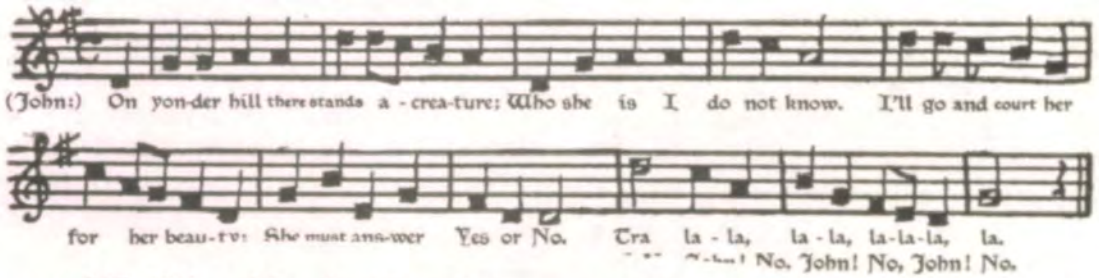
The debaters were: Freshmen. Mary Askew, Katherine Yeomans, Mason Crittenden, Ramona Deakyne, Miriam Avery, Mary Abernathy, Esther Hill; Sophomores. Marion Ellet, Elizabeth Ellison, Anna Margaret Hastings, Elizabeth Hull, Anne Ashley, Sallie Faxon, Jean Downing.

JEAN DOWNING, 1917.

THE FULLER SISTERS AGAIN

Dorothy Fuller, Her Work.

O No, John!



ONE "blue Monday" in February, Miss Witham announced that the Fuller Sisters were to sing for us that morning during conference period. As many of us had heard these delightful ballad singers last year, we hailed this announcement with delight, for well we knew what a charming half hour to anticipate. As they were singing to the primary children first, we had to wait some minutes for them, which you may well believe we fidgeted away instead of studying. Suddenly I heard a timid, little voice say, "May I sit with you?" and I looked around to see that the Intermediate Department had come to share in our good luck.

Then came the Fuller Sisters! They looked like three flowers in an old-fashioned nosegay, as they stood before us dressed in their silken gowns of olden style. Music seldom has failed to "prove its own expressive power." So gracefully, so unaffectedly were these simple little ballads sung, that we all were transported from one magic scene to another: from children's games to spy on lovers, then to the baby's bedsire, then to frisk with the elves and fairies; and each succeeding song seemed prettier than the one before. But when we

heard our old favorites, our faces were unconsciously wreathed in smiles, as under our breaths we hummed with them the tunes our grandmothers used to sing to us. Again and again our gracious entertainers complied with our demands for more, until finally they asked if there was any particular song we should like and, as a beautiful ending, the three little ladies sang "Came Back to Erin." The exquisite harmony of their voices to the accompaniment of the little green Irish harp was truly enchanting. Then these lovely singers, whose names, Cynthia, Dorothy, and Rosalind are to me as sweet as the picture they made, curtsied themselves out of our study-hall and we, with much regret, had to settle down to our lessons.

GERTRUDE MASTEN, 1916.

HALLOWE'EN AT OUR SCHOOL

Drawn by Mary Abernathy

IF YOU ever did crave, for any reason whatever, the air of tensest excitement or of very badly suppressed agitation you ought to have gone to Miss Barstow's school about seven thirty on Friday evening, October thirty-first, 1914. For surely there never was so much jolly hustle both necessary and unnecessary anywhere else on earth, nor so much whispering and scurrying and peeking as on that night.

All the forces of the Academic room were mustered in their big room. The Intermediates by reason of the virtue of being infants started the ball of merriment a-rolling and imbued us all with the true spirit of Hallowe'en. They were divided into four groups, and the herald announced each group representing one of the four most noted and enjoyed seasons of the year; Thanksgiving, with its traditional turkey; Christmas, with mother and father and a whole brood of children and of course Santa Claus; Washing-

ton's Birthday, with George and a live cherry tree, and a live hatchet: and then as a climax, Hallowe'en, with the customary jack-o'-lanterns and witches, who danced about a seething pot, crooning wierd incantations.

As though heralded by the dispenser of the black art, darkness descended upon us all and we prepared for something ghostly. We were not disappointed. For, with long arms flapping wildly from head to feet in white winding sheets, the Freshmen, for such were these apparitions, came swaying into the room to form a ghost dance which must have warmed the heart of the unearthly spirit of Hallowe'en whom we all felt hovering near.

With a brief transition from the unreal to the real the Sophomore "stunt" was announced. Of course, we had expected something quite foolish from this capricious class but nothing quite so ambitious as a mimicry of the faculty. They put into it enough real acting to make the different characteristics of our beloved teachers recognizable without further introduction. And the roar of laughter which greeted each new "teacher" as she came out to conduct her class was aided and abetted in its roof-raising process by the teachers themselves.

Following close upon the vanishing head of the last member of the fictitious faculty came the Juniors. How much we expected of them and how much we got! A vaudeville performance that would have put any Orpheum Circuit to shame when it came to a question of quantity and quality. The program was headed by Mr. and Mrs. A. M. B. Dextrous, slight of feet performers and ended all too soon with Miss Loula Short driving her coach drawn by two fine steeds! Oh! they spared us nothing—they had swimming acts and talking acts and dancing acts, both ancient and modern, strong men acts and minstrel acts and suffragette acts. Their entertainment alone was sufficient to amuse anyone of normal capacity—for one night, at least.

Drawn by Esther Hill

And then came the Seniors. We waited with bowed heads and

hushed voices for the renowned, solemn ones to appear and flaunt their superhuman knowledge in our innocent young faces. "They're going to give us a reading from Browning!" cried one poor misguided Junior just as the grand old Seniors came trooping out. Very little, to my mind, would the distinguished poet Robert care to have had any claim upon what followed. It was what is uncommonly called a cinematograph, a wild and winsome drama of the wild and winsome west, with the customary display of fire arms, dark looks, and death dealt out promptly and zestfully. And, "alas, how are the mighty fallen!"—a bar-tender of the stereotype species who added greatly to the dramatic power of the piece. It was so very touching that the audience wept tears of laughter. Besides this touching reel we also had the audience itself to divide our attention between the double-dyed deceiver of a villain who was about to walk off with the bar-tender's daughter and a fussy old lady who insisted upon not removing her hat but knitted complacently all the while.

Drawn by Lillien Wright

When this mad scene had been passed by the National Board of Censorship, we waited expectantly for the faculty to wind up our evening with something overwhelmingly clever and when they appeared with their massive brains concealed from sight at least in huge paper sacks we were duly impressed with their frivolity as goops.

Did I say that they put an end to the evening—excuse me—it didn't end there at all. For then came that vitally interesting moment when we all "rush down to the gym" which had been transformed into a sort of fairy wilderness as was befitting the night—there we found such food and so much food that we could hardly drag ourselves upstairs again to dance "like unembodied joys whose Hallowe'en has just begun."

SALLIE FAXON, 1917.

AN OUTING AT THE RUHL FARM

ON a bright, sunshiny morning in November, about fifteen girls and Miss Dunlap left school for a hike to the Ruhl farm. We rushed madly for the "always-too-much-on-time" Dodson car and landed in a laughing heap on the back platform—just in time. "Better late than never," you know. To our great pleasure we discovered we had the car to ourselves. Did we ride sedately to Eighty-Fifth? Oh! No! That was where we were supposed to ride sedately to, but we neither rode sedately nor to Eighty-Fifth. We rode almost to Dodson by mistake. Woe to us! There we were stranded, with nothing to do but to walk back to the farm. Although this sounds rather appalling it did not daunt us in the least. We shouldered, handed, and dragged our lunch baskets and boxes bravely along. We certainly looked like a small sized army on parade as most of us were dressed in "middies," skirts and sweaters. We marched three and four abreast down the middle of the road all singing and cheering. Miss Dunlap was pointing out to us away off in the distance, and, oh such a distance, near a clump of trees, the Ruhl farm. The more we walked the farther away the trees seemed to get. Finally our road came to an abrupt end. Now where and how were we to get to that clump of trees? We argued and discussed and discussed and argued until another girl and myself mustered up enough courage to go to the fork of the road and inquire. We walked briskly up to the front door of a house and rang the bell. We waited. We rang again. Again we waited. Finally inside the house we heard someone shuffling around. At last an old colored woman opened the door and stuck her head through the crack, and asked rather sharply what we wanted. Very timidly we asked for direction and after a rather blank stare she shut the door! Was she coming back? Time would tell and time did tell but time took a long time! After about five minutes a middle aged white man came to the door. Perhaps he would vanish and send a yellow baby! But no! he actually gave us the desired directions. After more walking we arrived at the much talked-of Ruhl farm. The house was closed but the first place we made for was the well. Sputtering, choking, giggling we all quenched our thirst out of the old wooden bucket. Then we selected a lovely spot in the orchard and built our fire and ate lunch. A few of the very active girls climbed the trees and we sent their lunches up to them on strings. Lunch over, we cleaned up, browsed around on the grass awhile; and played base ball out in the field. Then we turned our attention to hunting for "a shack"—the first quest of the fall term—two little gray houses

we saw in "the offing" and how one of them became ours I shall tell you here:

THE HUNTING OF THE SHACK

WE HAD trudged many miles, we had walked many weeks,
(It seemed like four weeks, not a lack;
But never as yet ('tis Miss D—— who speaks)
Had we caught the least glimpse of a shack.

We had tramped many days, we had toiled many hours,
(Many hours of the day, I'll allow)
But the shack where to go for to lighten our woe
We have never beheld it till now!

Come, listen, girls all, while I tell you again
Some clear unmistakable fact
By which you may know, wheresoever you go,
A warranted, genuine shack.

Let us take them in order—the first is the size—
Which is tiny, though nothing should lack
Or else is a mansion exceedingly huge—
A collapso-extensible shack.

Our habit of staying too late you'll agree
That we carry too far when I say
That we frequently miss e'en the ten o'clock car
And awaiting the owl is no play.

The third is the height of its towering spire
Which it constantly sports on its roof
And believes that it adds to the draught of the fire—
A sentiment open to proof.

The fourth is the garden, our next task will be
To extinguish each separate weed
Distinguishing those that nothing can kill,
From what really comes up from the seed.

You may seek it with diligence, seek it with care,
You may hunt it with vigor and hope,
You may threaten its life with many a dare,
But we've charmed it with smiles and with soap!

LUCILE FETTY, 1916

HUSKY HOLLOW

A SHACK, whither we will fly when studies begin to press us too vehemently at school! Just far enough from the car line to give you a good appetite; and when you catch sight of it, nestled contentedly in the "husky hollow" of a field, among some young apple trees, you just want to squeal with delight, for it is too darling for words. The first visit to the shack was made by the Seniors and Juniors, who had the joy of washing windows, putting up the curtains, cleaning and fixing things up generally for the Sophomores and Freshman. (It is a real delight to think of the Seniors working!) The next excursion was made by all the Academics for inspection, and they pronounced it the coziest, most adorable little thing yet. After that the different departments of the school went separately, and the fun began. Husky Hollow, as it was finally named, pleased everybody in the school, though it has an individual attraction for each class. One class always climbs up among the boards near the roof and nobody can, before it is time to leave, startle these young "pigeons from their perch on the sombre rafters."

JEAN DOWNING, 1917.

OUR MARCHING SONG

WE HAVE found a little cabin in the middle of the plains
A home for Latin refugees, a cure for Latin pains;
And when our brains are weary, to the shack we hike with glee
And call it Husky Hollow, for a husky lot are we.

Chorus.

It's a long way to Husky Hollow,
It's a long way through the snow,
It's a long way to Husky Hollow
Where the cheerful fires glow;
Good bye maddening Mid-Years,
We're fleeing to the shack,
It's a long, long way to Husky Hollow
And we may not come back.

Drawn by Judith Hanna

THE HOUSE WARMING AT THE SHACK

IT WAS a cold, chilly day in December, when we went out to fit a new winter gown to the shack. Many of us had not been there before so we were all filled with curiosity to see if it would be anything like the vision of our dreams. When we arrived within "seeing distance," we knew our dreams had come true and our hearts were filled with pride to think that we had "a little gray home in the south," like this. On nearer approach we noticed that the windows were slightly dimmed by gray, dotted veils of dirt and dust and white paint. But we knew that before we started home, they would shine like crystal and we would be able to see distinctly Apollo in his chariot riding across the western skies. Arrived, hats and coats were off in an instant and we were ready for the work. Work? Play, I should say. We explored the kitchen for a pail for water and then started on a journey down to the brook. A muddy and rough one it was for most of the way. Sometimes we sank down to the shoe tops in mud, but that was only a trifle! Perilous, too, was the crossing of the brook on one narrow plank balanced on an old tree stump—but that too a mere trifle! Then, armed with soap and water, work began. Some had putty knives and scraped the paint off the windows while others followed with coal oil and soap and water. If one washing did not do the work two or three followed. A brigade of the girls inside with buckets of paint and brushes painted brown everything in sight that could be painted. And still others were sweeping and scrubbing and putting dishes on shelves, nailing cooking utensils to the wall, filling the book shelves, and last but not least, blacking the stove. How that old iron stove drank up the blacking! And the blacker it grew the blacker grew the girls who were at work on it—until the kitchen was one vast thundercloud. All of us did things that we would never think of doing at home, but that was the fun of it! Mops, paint brushes, hammers, screw drivers, and brooms were our playthings—and we never played so hard! By the time we had finished, the shack shone too. As we started on our journey homeward we knew we had done something worth while, even though we were a little tired—and to this day the shine has not come off!

RUTH CLARK, 1915.

THE FURNISHING OF THE SHACK

UPON entering the shack the simple aspect of the rooms fill you with delight. The furniture is all one dull, brownish, harmonious tone. The orange crepe curtains hanging straight from the windows, the brown upholstered cushions of the window seats, with pillows plumped invitingly in all corners, give an air of comfort and repose. Breaking the somber color are the bright touches of the Hallowe'en posters and a few English prints. On two sides of the room are large, high shelves filled with interesting books which the girls have generously donated. There is also in this cozy sitting room a capacious wicker chair, beside which is one antique table and lamp. The fire-place's sole duty in life was to smoke, until the "mother of the shack" brought from far-away Boston a Cape Cod Fire Lighter and ever since then it has snapped cheerfully.

In the dining room is a large round table upon which is a cheerful lamp and in the corner a big cupboard to hold our silver and some plates. Upon a shelf in one of the corners is the china, which is of an old-fashioned type decorated with large pink roses. To seat all the eager girls who never tire of coming out to the "shack" are a lot of camp stools which are kept in another corner of the dining room.

In the kitchen is a large wood-stove and hanging on the walls are pots, pans, mixing spoons, and toasters. Along both sides of the walls are two large kitchen tables; and shelves are filled with all kinds of cooking utensils. The dish towels hanging in a corner add a domestic touch to our beloved kitchen. Most of the furnishings in the "shack" were given by **us;** the whole place we are invited to believe belongs to us; it is ours to enjoy always—and the only rule we are asked to obey is the one stencilled and framed in our dining room:

"Let the kytchen, the butterye, and the larder house be kepte clene," **Pepys.**

MARGARET JONES, 1918.

THE SOPHOMORE "BLOW-OUT"

As Seen by a Senior

AT FIVE o'clock on Friday, April thirteenth, a crowd of baskets, boxes, thermos bottles, and sweaters raided the Dodson street car, rode out to Eighty-First Street, and hiked the rest of the way to the shack, where we were welcomed by Miss Witham and Miss English and soon had a blazing fire in the large fire place. The Seniors were then invited to withdraw and enjoy the scenery while the feast was

set by our hostesses, the Sophomores. At six o'clock we were bidden to enter and oh! what a sight met our eyes! In the center of the room was a huge round table with heaps upon heaps of the most luscious food imaginable. Miss Witham and the eleven Seniors were seated in state at the table and served by the Sophomores. To attempt to do justice to the wonderful "eats" with mere words would be an unforgivable crime. Where did they come from? The Waldorf? Delmonico's? No—from the Sophomores! During the feast toasts were given. The first was by Jean Downing to our class president, Dorothy Scarritt, the "vanilla" of society. The next, by Anne Ashley to Esther Connelly, our illustrious post-graduate class; the third was to Stella Houston, the "star" of her class, also by Anne Ashley. The last individual toast was given by Anna Margaret Hastings to An Nette McGee, the winner of "victories without blood." Then followed toasts by the teachers, Miss Scofield's ending with a rousing cheer for "the shack when it's full, when they're all of a kind," Miss Witham's with a cheer for the garden where she wants to be planted as a "hardy annual," and Miss English's with a cheer for the Seniors. The teachers, the Seniors and the Sophomores, all having been duly cheered and toasted, Miss Witham suggested that we write a telegram to Miss Barstow in California, which when finished, turned out to be a rarely artistic bit of poetry:

Dear girl of the Golden West
Come back to our little gray nest,
Come back from the Heathen Chinee
Come back, come back, to we!

We then sang Miss Witham up the lane, visited our neighbor's prize cats in their kennels, and returned home tired, muddy, but very happy.

We shall always keep the place cards as souvenirs of the class of 1915, with their following appropriate quotations:

Harriet Buchanan—"Heaven, where I may sit and rightly spell."

Dorothy Scarritt—

"They gazed and gazed and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

Stella Houston—"The chaste, the fair, the inexpressive **she.**"
Margaret Yeomans—"As sound as a nut."
Ruth Clarke—"Good folks are scarce, take care of me."
Dorothy Gorton—"Hitch your wagon to a star" (Stella).

Marjorie Steele—"Speak that I may know you."
Elizabeth Harwood—"Not so soon healed as hurt."
Esther Connelly—"She's pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, and oh! so pleasant to think of."
An Nett McGee—"Victories won without blood."
Helen Baker—"There be shadows large and tall."
Jane Gallagher—"It's the little things that count."

TOASTS

To the Shack: "It's better to have a house too small for one's friends one day in the year, than too large all the other days."

To the Shack Garden: "I was common clay till you planted roses in me."

The Seniors: "We hope our friends will not so prosper that they will forget us."

JANE GALLAGHER, 1915.

THE SHACK

To Be Sung to the Tune of "Love's Own Sweet Song" from "Sari"

I

OH COME, and let us dance for joy,
Since we shall soon be free,
The closing bell will loudly ring
And we shall shout in glee;
Songs so light and laughter bright
Shall beckon us to follow,
Whither we shall haste along
To our own Husky Hollow.

II

We run and nearly break our necks
To catch the Dodson car,
And when we do we wonder then,
Where all the others are.
For those who ran not fast enough,
Had found the way too far,
Must loud and long bemoan their fate
And curse that Dodson car!

III

Oh come and let us tell you why,
We seem to sadly grieve—
'Tis for we've learned to love the place,
And so we hate to leave.
Come and catch that midnight car,
You know that there will follow
Many and many another trip,
To our dear Husky Hollow.

CLARA McCORD, 1916.

OUR GOVERNMENT

RULES and regulations! How tempting they sound—giving us the immediate desire to learn every one by heart in order that we may see how many we can break at the first opportunity —but of how little real value they are! We have always known that our school boasted of having no rules, but we never wholly realized why this plan prevailed until one Monday morning when Miss Witham surprised up by announcing, "Everyone take paper and pencil and answer these questions to the best of her ability." We obeyed, wondering what kind of test could be given to the whole room at once. Much to our surprise the questions ranged from "How many hours a day do you spend on Latin?" and "How many hours do you spend on exercise out-of-doors?" to "What regulation do you make for yourselves about eating candy?" and "How much time a day do you waste telephoning?" These unusual questions, some thirty, we duly answered and the papers were collected. Then Miss Witham asked each class to elect a girl whom they desired to represent them in conference with her, not necessarily the most popular girl but the one who stood fearlessly for the highest ideals and ambitions of the class. So the Seniors elected Stella Houston; the Juniors, Elizabeth Bowersock; the Sophomores, Jean Downing; the Freshmen, Margaret Jones; and these four girls comprise the Student Council for 1914-1915. In another conference period, later, the duties and purpose of this organization were discussed among the Senior and Junior classes together with only the representatives of the Sophomore and Freshmen classes. At this meeting, for instance, we voluntarily decided to abolish the babyish habit of writing notes; later the four class representatives conferred with Miss Witham and drew up a list of customs and approved habits to be given in printed form to each member of the Academic room. This list is not a printed sheet of rules and penal-

ties, but a collection of habits approved and disapproved of by the school, as a whole; a guide which each girl will follow willingly hereafter if she has not done so naturally before. Following Miss Barstow's fine precedent, we have made not even one rule, so there are none to be broken; but we print plainly what we, as a school, know to be for the advantage of the majority, by their own voice, and we hope in following these customs you will realize that for you and by you is this collection made.

STELLA HOUSTON, 1915.

We, the girls of this school, take pride in governing ourselves without rules or penalties. Believing that the school session is that part of the day set apart for study, recitation and conference with our teachers, we know that only three things are needed to make it both pleasant and profitable:

1st. A steady attention to the business in hand.

2nd. An active co-operation in both recitations and study periods.

3rd. **At all times**, the courteous manners of a gentlewoman.

In accordance with these principles, the following have grown to be the customs of our school.

I. **Our work requires planning.** An average of three study periods a day makes the following amount of studying necessary: for Freshmen, 2½-3 hours; for Sophomores, 3-4 hours; for Juniors, 3½-4½ hours; for Seniors 4-5 hours.

II. The above time includes study periods at school, so these must be planned also for **concentrated work.**

III. We strongly disapprove of spending any of our study time at home in telephoning other girls about our lessons: this becomes a pest to a good student and a poor crutch to a lazy student.

IV. To further the quality of our work we discountenance, except in special cases, any form of amusement during the five school days of the week—such as theaters, moving picture shows, teas, parties—and we strictly abstain from Wednesday matinees. The exceptions to this custom are such lectures, concerts, and plays as are of educational value and cannot be seen at any other time.

V. We have **proved to our satisfaction** that, inasmuch as permission is never refused for necessary communication during study periods, the writing of notes is a **childish waste of time.**

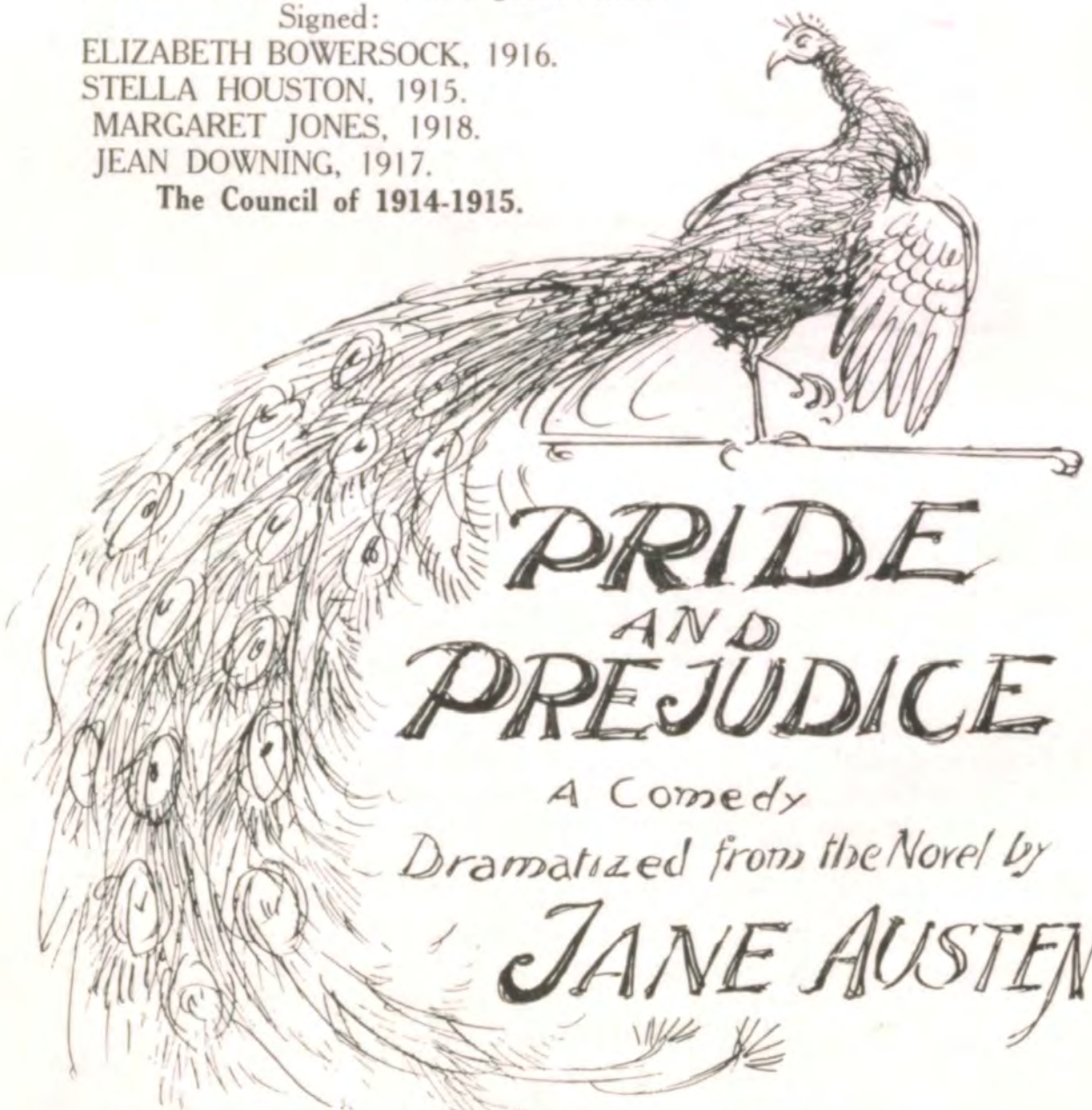
VI. We disapprove the **planning** of our studying if it does not leave a comfortable margin every day for out door exercise ; for piano practice; for duties at home which contribute to the comfort of our

family life; and we agree that we cannot honorably make our school duties an excuse for the omission of any of these.

VII. We believe that every day should hold some time, however short, for good reading apart from our studying.

VIII. We feel a pride, both personal and for the school, in cultivating refinement and control in our conduct **wherever we are,** in our voices, our conversation, our acts, our dress, our entire demeanor; we consider no detail at any moment too slight for the notice of a girl who wishes to be known as a gentlewoman.

Signed:
ELIZABETH BOWERSOCK, 1916.
STELLA HOUSTON, 1915.
MARGARET JONES, 1918.
JEAN DOWNING, 1917.
The Council of 1914-1915.



The Play that Suggested the Organization of "The Pretenders"
Played in June, 1907

Drawn by Airy Smeltzer

THE PRETENDERS
1914-1915

Officers from October to February:
President, Esther Connelly.
Vice-President, Cyra Sweet.
Secretary, Frances Moss.
Treasurer, Betty Smith.

Officers from February to June:
President, Stella Houston.
Vice-President, Frances Fennelly.
Secretary, Elizabeth Bowersock.
Treasurer, An Nett McGee.

MEMBERS

Miss Barstow
Miss Witham
Miss Scofield
Miss Welsh
Miss English
Dorothy Scarritt, 1912-1913
Esther Connelly, 1912-1913
Stella Houston, 1912-1913
Cyra Sweet, 1913-1914
Betty Smith, 1913-1914
Frances Moss, 1913-1914
Frances Fennelly, 1913-1914
Margaret Yeomans, 1913-1914
Helen Baker, 1914-1915
Mignon Downing, 1914-1915
Airy Smeltzer, 1913-1914
Harriet Buchanan, 1913-1914
Lucile Fetty, 1914-1915
Mary Louise Hoefer, 1914-1915
Clara McCord, 1914-1915
Dorothea Dickason, 1913-1914
Katharine Lester, 1913-1914
An Nett McGee, 1914-1915
Frances Shryock, 1914-1915
Elizabeth Harwood, 1914-1915
Ruth Ridenour, 1914-1915
Elizabeth Bowersock, 1914-1915
Ruth Clark, 1914-1915
Dorothy Gorton, 1914-1915

THE PRETENDERS' LOG

OCTOBER 28—First meeting of the year. Election of officers: President, Esther Connelly; vice-president, Cyra Sweet; secretary, Frances Moss; treasurer, Betty Smith; Miss Witham, Miss Scofield, Frances Fennelly, Esther Connelly, Dorothy Scarritt, and Stella Houston, executive committee.

November 11—First trial, members taken in: An Nett McGee,

Clara McCord, Elizabeth Bowersock, Mary Louise Hoefer, Ruth Ridenour, Frances Shryock, Lucile Fetty, and Elizabeth Harwood.

November 16—The Pretenders went together to see Forbes-Robertson in "Hamlet."

December 3—We discussed going to the shack for our next meeting and giving a play while there; Miss Scofield read "An Entr 'Acte" and "The Futurists," by Mary Macmillan.

December 16—Snow storm and smoky chimney prevented our trip to the shack. More smoke and even real flames did not prevent our banquet and two short plays here at school: "Ilda's Honorable" and "A Woman's a Woman for a' that" by Gertrude Robbins.

January 13—Miss Witham read us a play by Barrie: "Rosalind," and told us the story of another: "The Will." We discussed the advisability of giving these instead of one longer play.

January 15—Parts were given for the two Barrie plays.

February 3—Miss Witham read us parts of an extraordinary amateur play called, "The Shakespeare Play." Parts were assigned for short scenes to be given at Pretender meetings from different novels. We decided to invite girls from the Senior and Junior classes for the next trial.

February 19—Election of officers: President, Stella Houston; vice-president, Frances Fennelly; Secretary, Elizabeth Bowersock; treasurer, An Nett McGee.

March 2—The second trial. Members taken in: Mignon Downing, Dorothy Gorton, Ruth Clark and Helen Baker. After the trial a scene from "The Vicar of Wakefield" was given, and two original monologues by Dorothy Scarritt and Frances Fennelly.

March 12—The Barrie plays were given with great success.

March 17—The Pretenders went to the shack for supper. The scene from "The Vicar of Wakefield" was repeated.

April 12—Parts assigned for the three new short plays.

April 21—Mrs. Carr gave us a delightful talk on Gordon Craig, the man and his work. We decided not to give a Shakespeare play this year but the three short plays instead.

April 24—The Pretenders went to the Country Day play "en masse." We enjoyed the humor of both the play and the actors very much.

May 3—The parts were assigned for a fourth short play, with an "all star cast."

THE PRETENDERS' CHRISTMAS FEAST

LONG before "the shack" was completed, the Pretenders had been dreaming "pipe-dreams" about going out there for supper on the night of some meeting, even stretching our imaginations to the point of planning to spend the night there. We were finally told that the shack would be ready by Christmas so we planned our party for December 16th. The weather proved rather uncertain, but our spirits were keyed up to the pitch, in spite of the doubts of our families, braving all storms. It was an exciting day. In the morning the roof of the school-building caught fire, and the Pretenders' hearts were heavy, until we were reassured that it was too slight to interfere with our pleasure. So at five o'clock we assembled at the school, only to he told that there was an inch of ice all over the floor of the shack. Our disappointment was short-lived. We soon became interested in arranging a table upon the stage—a fit place for a dramatic society's dinner—a feast fit for the gods was the result of our labor—one whose crowning glory was a huge plum pudding blazing "blue." After the meal there were jolly toasts from Miss Barstow and Miss Witham. In hers, Miss Witham read the "Star's" account of the school's little blaze, in Shakespeare's language, with no apologies to our master. Then we adjourned to the "office" where two plays were given, "Ilda's Honorable" and "Woman's a Woman for A' That," without costume and with only such stage properties as can be conveniently tucked under one arm. The cast for "Ilda's Honorable" was Elizabeth Bowersock, mother: Esther Connelly, 'Ilda; Dorothy Scarritt, the Honorable Teddy. The cast for "A Woman's a Woman" was Frances Fennelly, the sick son: Stella Houston, nurse; Betty Smith, the fond mother; Clara McCord, doctor.

The delightfully informal evening ended with one grand dish-washing on the third floor. Everyone went home tired but with a happy satisfaction that the "shack party" was a success.

CYRA SWEET, 1915.

FORBES-ROBERTSON'S "HAMLET"

FORBES-ROBERTSON is coming next week" was the whisper that went the rounds at the school one morning last winter and as this gentle "zephyr" passed the trained ears of "The Pretenders," all were pricked to receive the news. They were to have again one of the great joys of the year—going "en masse" to see, we are more than proud to say, a "Pretender," Sir Forbes-Rob-

ertson, in a great Shakespearian role, "Hamlet." Excitement ran wild! And oh! how we suffered during that awfully solemn Wednesday evening meeting when Miss Barstow, in her most serious manner, laid before us the errors of a Monday evening theater party. But Monday was the only Hamlet night, so after many promises from us as to lessons and sleep, the iron rod was raised, and we knew we could go.

This all important question out of the way, another equally grave one confronted us. What token could we send to the actor, that would express our admiration and friendship? A bunch of flowers for Julia Marlowe was easy enough, but what for him—a man? What should it be? Splendid suggestion! A comfy pair of lounging slippers! Red or green? All knitted by hand? But somehow that plan faded away under a warm discussion as to his size! A fine box of cigars? Quite proper until a sage presented the possibility of his dislike for that weed. Finally after much worry we gave up trying to arrange a cheerful fireside for him and decided to write a letter to voice the delight and enthusiasm with which we all awaited the performance. With this note we sent a large bunch of gloomy Hamlet-like roses, hoping that he would place them in one of the scenes. The night arrived at last. Oh! the thrill, when that great curtain rolled up and we heard the voice of our "prize member." Will you ever forget it?

Every significant line, every fine gesture, every stage picture had our heavy applause and our disappointment at not seeing the Halls of Elsinor beautified by our flowers was fully assuaged the next day by Hamlet's precious letter of thanks to us. That letter we intend to place in our Pretender's cabinet, and when as grandmothers we see it, it will help us to remember one of the most enjoyable evenings of the many which the Pretenders spent together during the year 1915.

HARRIET BUCHANAN, 1915.

Drawn by Frances Moss.

OUR BARRIE PLAYS

THAT they were a great success everyone knows. That they were lots of fun as well as hard work only the actors and trainers know. Kind compliments and kind applause were only the climax of three weeks of joy! In the first play, "Rosalind" was surely the most tantalizing, the most beautiful, the most fascinating coquette that ever paced the Pretender boards. "Charles" was the most inconsistently lovable, handsome hero one could desire, and "Dame Quickly" was a model of English middle-class propriety and gossip—if you can imagine the two traits combined. In "The Will" we had the fun of watching our characters age, from the first scene to the last, thirty years; Mr. Devizes, Jr., changing from a fresh, presumptious, care-free young Oxford graduate, to a gray-haired, serious-minded lawyer of fifty; Mr. Devizes, Sr., from a middle-aged business-like man of the Bar to a childish, decrepit, old shadow; Mr. Philip Ross, from a humble, thrifty clerk, devoted to his little wife, to a middle-aged magnate, and finally to a cynical, revengeful, old man, who has lost faith in everything and everybody. Mrs. Ross appears as a positive weeping willow in "love's young dream" at first, then as a stubborn, contrary, selfish woman, and finally dies before the third scene takes place; and all the time the clerk in the law office grows a younger and more impertinent type as the lawyers become more staid and settled. The cast was:

"Rosalind"

Rosalind . . . . . Betty Smith
Charles . . . . . Stella Houston
Dame Quickly . . . . . Frances Fennelly

"The Will"

Mr. Devizes, Sr . . . . . Esther Connelly
Mr. Devizes, Jr. . . . . Harriet Buchanan
Philip Ross . . . . . Frances Moss
Mrs. Ross . . . . . Eliabeth Bowersock

Surtes . . . . . An Nett McGee
Sennet . . . . . Mary Louise Hoefer
Creed . . . . . Lucile Fetty

Perhaps better plays may be staged by "The Pretenders," but certainly never any that will be more thoroughly enjoyed by all.

ELIZABETH BOWERSOCK, 1916.

THE PRETENDERS' MEETING AT THE SHACK

HAIL Saint Patrick's Day, all ye good Pretenders, and ever let us keep a star on the calendar for it. For surely was never a Saint's Day better spent.

Two o'clock and all is well; two thirty o'clock and all is well; two forty-five and all is———. Well, we're not so sure about that until we've made a thorough look around us. Miss Welch is hastily counting noses and calling the roll as the Dodson car comes speeding into sight. Regardless of manners, age or beauty, everyone climbs on, elbowing their nearest companions out of the way, as if their lives depended on getting a seat. A few lone passengers gaze wonderingly. Are these, those select young ladies from Miss Barstow's School? Oh, what a shock!

Forty-five minutes has flown, and all is well, and we're now piling off the car with the speed of a Country Day School fire drill. Parading down the road for a mile and a half or more, we cause several heads to be thrust out of windows, and provoke numerous dogs to announce our arrival. Pandemonium breaks loose; a race is on. Who will reach the "shack" first? You ask, "What is this shack?" "Why, our own "Little Gray Home in the West." "Who are those two sad looking creatures, who walk as if to the gallows?" They are marching to their trial. They are candidates for the right honorable "Society of the Pretenders."

Enter shack. Wraps, bundles, baskets, all deposited in a heap. Sight-seeing tour is under way. Everybody wants to be in the kitchen at once. "Chef Scofield" garbed "chicly" in a huge kitchen apron; a pound of cheese in one hand, wildly waving a butcher knife with the other, sends her visitors flying. A rude reception indeed, but if we chat with the cook we have no supper. In the little two by four dining room everybody sets the table, and it certainly looks like it until Miss Witham's artistic hand comes to the rescue. At each place is an aluminum cup that in our eyes shines like silver. Also stacks and stacks of sandwiches are placed on the groaning "board;" a suf-

ficient variety of beverages to start a soda fountain. Welsh rarebits are under way. A huge wooden bowl of salad is in the center of the table resembling a flower bed; trays of celery; figs by the yard.

One thing more before we can sit down to this luscious feast. Adjournment to the living room for the Pretender trial. First came Helen Baker and then Ruth Clark. Wild and thunderous applauses follow for both. And both are welcomed to our family.

First call for dinner! Two people to a seat. The food disappears as in a miracle. Yells of delight greet the cream-puffs. Bids are estimated for Miss Barstow's cook. The cleaning squad now on duty. Everything flies into order. "The would-be choir" in the living room painfully howls "Sy-imp-a-thy." They surely needed it but didn't get it.

Drawn by Harriet Buchanan.

Box seats are chosen for the coming performance, "The Vicar of Wakefield," our after dinner entertainment. Poor Moses was waylaid so Miss Scofield kindly consented to read his part. Many in the

audience were afflicted with hysteria. Everybody was in danger of a collapse. The third thunderous applause of the afternoon nearly raised the roof.

At last we must depart, but before we go, for the benefit of all you girls who keep diaries, memory, or good times books, Miss Dorothy Scarritt has consented to sum up the afternoon's events in this lively form of suggestive composition.

CLARA McCORD, 1916.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

ANNOUNCEMENT: Dodson car, discarded gum, eager chatter, muddy walk, shouts of joy, shattered milk-bottle, trail of eggs and olives, jeers; a lane at the left, cavernous ruts, an orchard, a "little gray home in the West," red chimney, tin top chained to it, thin wisp of smoke puffing out, huge billows rolling in, comfortable, cheery living-room, worlds of books, downy cushions—not needed.

A round table groaning under festive array, St. Patrick decorations, spotless pans, blazing stove, seething mixtures, enticing aroma, arrival of cream puffs—their debut and courtship, salad crispy, clinking cups, great hum of industry, cook reigns supreme.

Retreat into sitting room, hungry mob subdued, victims led out, few murmurs of sympathy—quiet; pins dropping thunderously, sudden burst of eloquence, waving of arms, stamping of feet (one at a time), audience entrenched behind chairs, "Santa Anna came storming;" gasps of applause, second Demosthenes on floor forty-five minutes, listeners enthralled, trials over, presentation of "Vicar of Wakefield," elaborate stage-properties, Mrs. Wakefield at state on camp stool, pedestal disturbingly near collapse, huge joke to audience, serious business to artists, audience too appreciative, shrieks and roars, tearing the hair, Thornhill's mellow baritone wailing hunting dirge, spirited orchestra inclined to "Tipperary," agony abated in discord, absent treatment by young Moses on his father, Olivia's foot in guitar, great success.

Rush into dining room, sun parlor, receiving room, hall, and pantry, sharp young fire logs for chairs, got the point alright, luscious spread, hot rarebit, salad, sandwiches, celery, buns, food for the gods; all formality absent, civilization left at home, noisy clamor, gleeful chatter, joy unconfined.

Delights of dish-washing unexpressed, tub of boiling water, Fraulein's dive therein, quick service, dish towels waving, plates and pans

shining, pots christened, general clean-up; musical accompaniment from drawing room, sextetts and duets, ukulele's heathen strain, old songs, shouts, shrieks, laughter, pandemonium, all nerves outside.

The hour of departure, falling dusk, sad farewells, slow return, high spirits still emerging from the mud, wait for car, innocent (?) pranks, sleepy ride homeward, grateful for soft bed, and happiest memories.

DOROTHY SCARRITT, 1915.

GORDON CRAIG

EVERY other Wednesday night is a gala occasion in the reception room at our school for then and there we hold our beloved "Pretender" meetings. Many a time a modest girl has gone into that room with a calm, composed face and come out a few hours later with excitement in every movement. For who wouldn't get excited if she were suddenly given the part of the "Fascinating Widow" or the Jew Shylock! Oh yes, many thrilling things happen in that office! By day it may be a terror to us, but on "Petender Wednesday," when the wood fire is crackling and the candles sputtering in their sockets, and everyone dressed in her fluffiest it becomes a haven of good will and cheer. I could go on forever telling about these happy evenings but I am telling you now of just one—one given up to Gordon Craig.

Have my readers an excited expectant thrill at the mention of that name? No, I think not; that is allowed only to the very lucky "Pretenders" who had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Carr's account of him. Craig to us suddenly became a reality.

"For two years I worked with Craig in Florence (I only wish I could make "Craig" look the way she spoke it!) and if I had remained longer with him he would have worked us to death. From 5:30 A. M. to 11:30 P. M. he was "on the job" and expected the same devotion of his employes. Of course **he** had occasional "day off" days which he spent luxuriously in bed, but we worked feverishly on, always ready to follow whatever turn this man's genius took.

"What did we do in the long work hours? You might ask what we didn't do! Craig's idea was to separate dramatic art from the actor. That probably seems very impossible and twisted to you." Then followed a careful explanation of his unique costumes, wonderful stage lighting, and effective, artistic scenery; of his personal charm—"a tall handsome aristocratic looking man, never lacking inspiration but always lacking money. A typical woman hater, who never al-

lowed his stenographer and me to speak to each other. 'For,' said Craig, 'one female voice is bad enough, but when two get talking together, it nearly drives me mad.'

"Queer, yet fascinating, was Craig to everyone. The postman gave up his government position and came to Craig to work madly, without salary; the cab drivers fought to carry him home, although they knew no fee awaited them at the end of the long drive. And, when reasoned with about this neglect, Craig always answered, 'Oh, such a little thing! Why worry about it; it's the big things we should worry about,' and so dismissed it from his mind."

So many interesting things Mrs. Carr told us that we all felt we could listen all night. And now, if we dared we'd ask Gordon Craig to join Forbes-Robertson as an honorable member of "Pretenders."

BETTY SMITH, 1916.

THE LAST PLAYS OF THE YEAR

OUR one-act Barrie plays were so successful that we again decided to invest our talent in four more short sketches to be presented soon. This form of entertainment has made such a striking impression upon our urban contemporaries dramatically inclined, that such organizations as the Comedy Club have deemed it worthy to follow in our footsteps. Such a selection from these various types of expression gives ample chance for the portrayal of every extreme in dramatic art. The first of these, "In the Haymarket," typifies the chivalrous spirit of romanticism. This is a merry, buoyant play of the unrepressible spirit of youth, who stakes his all for the love of a woman, on a single throw of the dice. Most strongly in contrast to this is a play of the suffering and all-powerful faith of a woman as shown in "Toller's Wife." The deep tone of self-sacrifice and submission which vibrates in this struggle of love finds its reward in the husband's awakening to light and joy. The third play, "Air Castles for Sale" is very whimsical and pleasing in the petty intrigues of the lover's courtship. The crowning success of the evening is the "all-star cast's" presentation of a new pastoral romance, "The Awakening of Barbizon." These pastoral effects have been heretofore unattempted because of our limited scenic properties consisting of Venice on one side and a kitchen on the other, which, with a little shifting and practised arts of sleight-of-hand, have ably represented even the office room of an attorney. But just lately have we invested in a balconied castle, wall and gate, and rolling fields. The actors have

been long tried and true. Our poet-hero has chased donkeys with the characteristic ire of Betsey Trotwood, and paced the stage with the thoughtful tread of a consulting lawyer. The school ideal and beauty, our fair heroine, has long been versed in the gentle arts of being a mob, a courtgentleman in velvet robes and curtains (98° in the shade) and (going up!) leading man in the delightful comedy of "Rosalind" where she displayed the charm and polish of a finished artist. In this triumph, the lady Yvonne is wooed and won by the long-dormant bravery of the quiet poet, Barbizon. Guinnerre, the brave, bragging, swaggering soldier, is attempted by the utility man, an adept in the manners of a court gentleman, Pickwick spot on the carpet, Irishman, Swede, African, and cockney, "whose many successes make her marvelous portrayal dim the light of stardom." The noble Henchmen, Coitier and Lavasse, are thrown headlong out of the castle still eating on ham-bones, and are subject to the graceful manoeuvers of climbing walls and being killed. Our Lavasse, notwithstanding his lumbago, has often starred as Silas Marner, the Marchioness, and the shaky-kneed father in "The Will." Fat Coitier, in her slender days, has gone through the trials of Nicholas Nickleby, and has lately fascinated her breathless audience as "Rosalind" with her Marlowe-like charm. Her beauty and grace carried the watchers into the land of enchantment, and it was only the howling applause that brought them back to earth.

CAST OF THE PLAYS

"In the Haymarket"

Mr. Beverly ..... Dorothy Scarritt
Lord Cranford ..... Clara McCord
Mr. Betterton ..... Ruth Ridenour
Mr. Wells ..... Dorothy Gorton
Bates ..... Mary Louise Hoefer
Mrs. Minchant ..... Airy Smeltzer
Lady Betty Burnay ..... Mignon Downing

"Toller's Wife"

Captain Arthur Toller ..... Katherine Lester
Major Frank Ingleby ..... Stella Houston
Dr. Micheldene ..... Margaret Yeomans
Donelan ..... Elizabeth Bowersock
Mary Toller ..... Dorothea Dickason
The Nurse ..... Ruth Clark

"Air Castles for Sale"

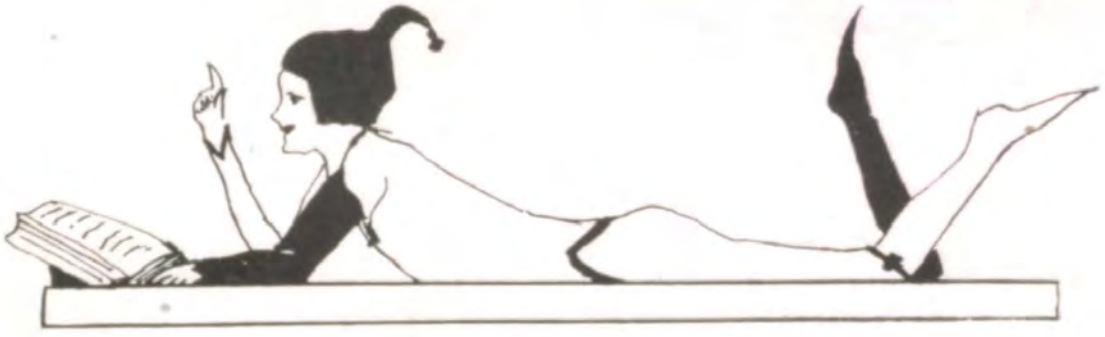
Mr. Henry Robertson ..... Cyra Sweet
Harry ..... Harriet Buchanan

Arthur Tilney.....Elizabeth Harwood
Mrs. Robertson.....Frances Shryock
Phyllis.....Frances Moss
Beryl Mac Murdo.....Frances Fennelly
Cookie.....Helen Baker
Henry.....An Nett McGee
Telegraph Boy.....Lucille Fetty

"The Awakening of Barbizon"

Barbizon.....Harriet Buchanan
Yvonne Lacours.....Stella Houston
Guinnerre.....Dorothy Scarritt
Lavasse.....Esther Connelly
Coitier.....Betty Smith

DOROTHY SCARRITT, 1915.



Drawn by Esther Hill

"SILAS MARNER"

THURSDAY evening, December seventeenth, the Sophomore class gave a splendid presentation of the play "Silas Marner." It was given for the benefit of the Pine Mountain School. Two years ago when Miss De Long came to Kansas City to tell us all about these little children, who have such an eager desire for an education, we simply couldn't "rest easy" until we had done something for them. Last year a general subscription was taken up, netting an amount of one hundred dollars, the exact amount for a scholarship. This year the Sophomores were so ambitious to raise the same amount that they begged to be allowed to give a play. Now everyone knows that ever since the founding of the Pretenders, five years ago, it has been their privilege to give the Christmas plays. However, we gracefully gave place to the Sophomores on one condition, that we be allowed to have a small part in the "raising of the funds."

All the Pretenders agreed to bring home-made candy that evening and sell it before the performance. Everyone was so generous, that we made about twenty odd dollars.

The play was a "howling success" and each and everyone of the actors deserve the greatest of praise. We were pleased to see what splendid material we have to choose from for the Pretender trial next year. Also thanks should be spoken to our responsive and appreciative audience.

The play netted about sixty-five dollars, which added to the twenty-five dollars the candy brought, left us still unfortunately about ten short of the amount we had planned to send. As usual Miss Witham came to the rescue. Happy once more and grateful to our fairy godmother, we were able to renew the scholarship, which we had sent the year before. We felt more than rewarded for our efforts, when we received a note of thanks, telling us our contribution had come in the nick of time, really an answer to a dream. The Sophomores, by nature never satisfied with what other people say of them, wish to add their own praises here.

CLARA McCORD, 1916.

AS SEEN BY OURSELVES

WE SOPHOMORES may not be "Pretenders" but you may be sure we are all "Intenders" and we certainly **intended** when we dramatized and gave George Eliot's "Silas Marner." I can't say that we did it **all** alone because we had the much appreciated aid of the whole Post-Graduate class in the title role, and Dorothy Scarritt as Dolly Winthrop with her winning ways. Nor must I forget Dorothy Munger as the baby Eppie. One couldn't ask for a better portrayal of Silas than Esther Connelly gave us with her loom and money bags. Where could we find a better looking, more dignified, upright Godfrey than Jean Downing? She was always just right—as the boy, Godfrey, in the first scene with Dunsey; as the lover Godfrey, all eyes for his Nancy at the Christmas ball; an older and perhaps sadder and more tender Godfrey in the touching scene with Nancy (when many people in the audience secretly wiped away a tear); and in the last scene with Nancy, Silas and Eppie, Godfrey showed still a different side and perhaps even a more lovable than ever before. All these parts she brought out with a touch more than "Intenderish." I am sure that Susan McGee was exactly the Nancy that George Eliot had in mind, sweetly sober and unselfish. I have heard it said (perhaps it was by boys themselves) that girls are absolutely no good at taking boys' parts and that when it comes to making love they are out of the question. I wish that person could have chanced to be a footlight that night. I think he would have changed his mind when he saw dignified Alice Schmelzer taking the part of Squire Cass in the beautiful ball costume with its frills and knee-breeches, or Tess Walton boldly smoking a large-bowled pipe (which between you and me and the gatepost held coffee); or Anna Margaret Hastings with snuff-box and cane as old Mr. Macy. And if they want to test girls' love making let them dare Jean Downing! We had a villainous enough looking Dunsey but when the same girl took the part of Eppie, grown up, I am afraid we fell down. For there she was, supposed to be a beautiful young girl but—alas! alas! due to the inevitable hand of fate she had a terrible looking swollen up black eye. "A black-eyed Susan" would have been very appropriate but I'm afraid a black-eyed Eppie was a little sad. However, the rest of the cast were perfect down to the least of minor parts which were played with as much pep and spirit as if they were the stars.

The Cast

Silas Marner.....Esther Connelly
Godfrey Cass.....Jean Downing

Dunsey Cass.....Anne Ashley
Nancy Lammeter.....Susan De McGee
Squire Cass.....Alice Schmelzer
Dolly Winthrop.....Dorothy Scarritt
Ben Winthrop.....Tess Walton
Aaron Winthrop (as a child).....Caroline Ridenour
Aaron Winthrop (grown up).....Doris Chappell
Eppie (as a child).....Dorothy Munger
Eppie (grown up).....Anne Ashley
Mr. Macey.....Anna Margaret Hastings
Mr. Crackenthorp.....Elizabeth Ellison
Mrs. Crackenthorp.....Alice Quarles
The Misses Gunn.....{Marion Ellet
{Anna Carlat
Priscilla Lammeter.....Elizabeth Hull
Priscilla's Maid.....Anna Searle Dickason
Mrs. Osgood.....Maude McDearmon
Mr. Lammeter.....Lucile Robinson
Doctor Kimble.....Judith Hanna
The Fiddler.....Grace Wheeler
Mrs. Kimble.....Elizabeth Federman

ANNA ASHLEY, 1917.

"LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME"

As Presented by the Country Day School

A PLAY at Country Day School? Yes, and all the Pretenders were invited. So on that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday evening of April the 24th, they poured forth in glad array, high spirits, and full force, "to see the game and cheer the winner." The play was named "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" by Moliere. Of course, you understand that perfectly without a translation and can imagine how this mouthful lent to the dignity and professional atmosphere of this grand performance. And here before I go further, I will frankly admit I never enjoyed anything more, and my first thought was, do we girls in the Pretenders make as bold and manly men as they did dainty, coy girls?

John Fennelly carried with great ease the leading part of Mr. Jourdain and during an ungrateful remark to his parents for the sad neglect of his education, pointed his fist straight at his own father and mother—a threat or a dare? His wife, Buchanan Bernardine, played well with snippy, squelching speeches at the attempts of her "social

climber" husband, and with a grace beyond description threw herself into a chair.

Quite in contrast to the sharp, rude manners of Mme. Jourdain was the elegant, coquettish behavior of Marquise Dorimene, or rather Irvine Hockaday. And from an evening gown quite decolleté, and with a long train, she displayed the delightful grace of a fine, flirting lady and the entrapper of the heart of her fond lover, Count Dorante, Schuyler Ashley.

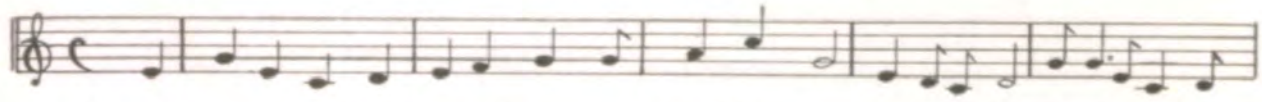
I must not forget to mention Nicole, a maid of Mme. Jourdain, Barse Stonebraker, who amused the audience greatly when a white petticoat began to appear beneath his brown costume and threatened the dignity of the whole play.

W. B. LaForce, as Cleonte, was a very noble, handsome suitor for the hand of Lucile, Holmes Huttig, the daughter of Jourdain, who was exceedingly chaming in a dainty pink gown, though a little pale from weary, sleepless hours, suspense, and loss of appetite—are those not the symptoms of true love?

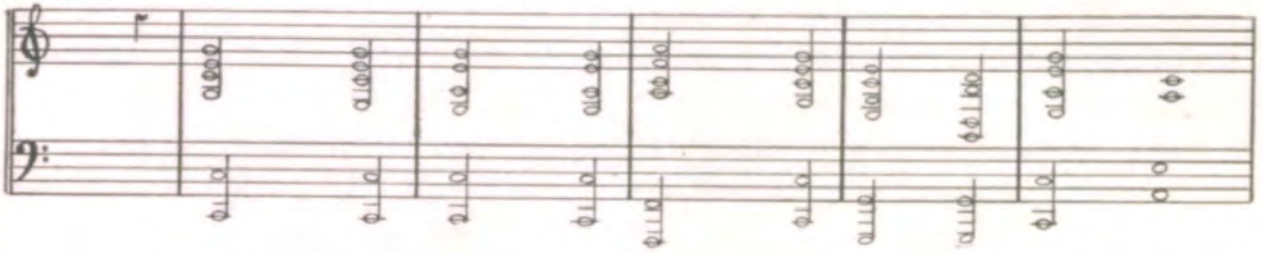
The masters, in music, Gilson Gray, dancing, W. B. La Force, fencing, Hugh Ward, and philosophy, Stuart Carkener, displayed great knowledge and learning; and the artistic scene of the dervishes was quite unique and clever in its portrayal of the oriental speech and customs; nor must we forget to praise and applaud the splendid orchestra of eight courageous souls who gave quite a finish and charm to a most delightfully spent evening.

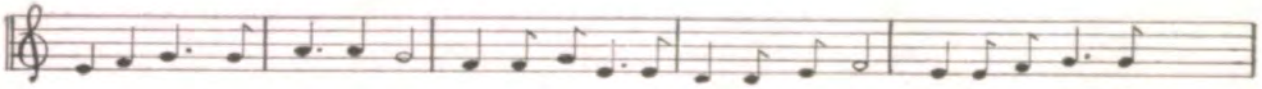
AIRY SMELTZER, 1916.

OUR SCHOOL SONG

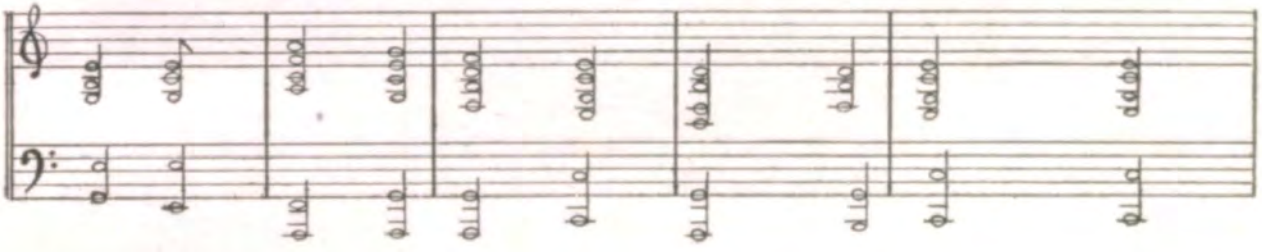


Sing we our lays of Barstow days to teachers dear raise we a cheer Loyal and true sing
Love we thy name-guard we thy fame with grateful heart we'll do our part Thy light shall glow where





we to you Thy trust, thy truth, guided our youth, So songs we raise singing thy praise, So
ere we go Hap - py are we thinking of thee To Barstow dear, raise we a cheer, To



songs we raise singing thy praise.
Barstow dear raise we a cheer.

Words and Music by Elizabeth Hull, 1917.

THE CLASS OF 1915

A YEAR has come and gone since the Class of 1914 sadly gave up their much-coveted steps to us and now, in less than one month, we, in turn, will also give up our place to the Juniors. In less than one month all that has been said and done will be memories. But such happy memories.

In October, when we first raised the lids of those desks of dignity in "Senior row," strange to say, no transformation took place in us; there we were, just as before, ready to see fun in everything and quite as ready to let a desk top bang! At times, we fear we have made life seem "a worthless bauble" to those who have patiently tried to lead us in "the straight and narrow way;" and often we have emerged from our fiercest battle with only the blazonry "babies" added to our shields. Then, surely, the study-hall will never forget us; its floor has been literally worn away by numerous changes of residence caused by woman's proverbial tongue.

But, you know, "there's something good in everything," and in dramatics we are great! "The Pretenders" may justly be proud of its Seniors "stars" this year and the whole school of our two "hits" entitled "The Bar-keeper's Daughter" (if the Board-of-Censorship could have lived through the shock there might have been chance of their passing it) and "The Alarm-Clock Shall Not Ring Today," a little sketch prepared at a minute's notice.

Not only are we destined actors, but also rivals of those old Olympian athletes. All who have not the honor to be on the "first team," stand on the side lines and gain distinction for the wonderful carrying qualities of their voices. And now that "Field Day" is almost upon us, we are practicing our bows and "murmured thanks" to be given in return for silver cups.

Proficiency in dramatics and athletics has been the common boast of all Senior classes but in one point we're original! The Class of 1915 is the first class of the school to be entertained by the "lower-classmen." Our appreciation of all the good times is very deep—classes '16, '17 and '18—and our sincerest wish is that this custom may become a rule!

And now in the few remaining weeks of our school days our eyes are ever turning to those glorious ones when, having endured "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" in the form of final "exams" we shall stand at the beginning of a new period in our life.

"We will rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the earth slips from our feet!"

DOROTHY GORTON, 1915.

THE CLASS OF 1916

AND now it came to pass in the fall of the year of nineteen hundred and fourteen, five and twenty Sophomores arose and passed into the Junior class, and dwelt there. There they waxed very great, everyone according to her learning with ever the Banner of Glory sparkling, green and white, before them. And the Juniors grew in mind and intellect and prospered greater than their adversaries, the Freshmen and the Sophomores and the Seniors.

They dwelt in peace unto the third month of the first term. And then behold, three and ten fell away from the path of study, and hearkened not unto the voice of the Counsellor, but sinned a great sin in the sight of the Leader.

And for forty days they remained in a period of weakness, and wrote notes and whispered and ate sweets, which were an abomination unto the Leader, having lost to view the vision of the Banner of Glory in their forgetfulness. For the Junior Tribe was a forgetful Tribe.

But on the seventh night after the period of darkness, the Counsellor dreamed a dream. And she beheld that a wisp of hay appeared belonging to a score of rats. And behold three small companies of mice came and nibbled at it with a great greed. On the morrow she awoke and beheld it was a dream, and her spirit was sore troubled.

And she sent and called for all the wise students of the Tribe thereof. But there were none that could interpret it unto her. And one sayeth unto her, "Counsellor, the Captain of the Basket Ball team shall appear as interpreter."

Then the Counsellor sent and called the Captain. And the Counsellor said, "I have dreamed a dream; canst thou interpret it unto me?"

And the Captain said, "This is the interpretation thereof. The score of rats are the Junior class and the wisp of hay is the Banner of Glory, and behold, the small companies of mice are the Seniors and the Sophomores and the Freshmen."

And the thing looked dangerous in the eyes of the Counsellor. And she commanded to be called together the whole of the tribe of Juniors unto the English class room. And behold, as they drew nigh

the Banner of Glory appeared before them and spake, "Fear not nor be dismayed, be strong and good of courage.

And the whole tribe cried, "Let us find peace in thy sight, Oh Counsellor and Leader; give us our own for possession, and let not our inheritance fall from us nor lesser people eat us up." And the Counsellor made answer, and the Leader, "Every place that the sole of your foot-size" shall beat upon, shall be given unto you. And once more the whole Tribe rejoiced and were glad at heart.

FRANCES FENNELLY, 1916.

THE CLASS OF 1917

HERE'S to the Class of 1917, the finest and foremost class of all. What other class can equal us in anything? If there be such, speak right out for we have many points to prove against you.

We are the leaders of all the fun in the school. Are not we always the first to think of something that means a good time? Who else but us thought of giving the Seniors a farewell party, and such a party, too, consisting of a trip to the shack and all sorts of wonderful things to eat, and do, and say? But, of course, the other classes must follow suit, and so now the Freshman and Juniors are preparing suitable little enterprises; really the Seniors ought to feel much indebted to us for being the first to start the merry round of entertainments. If it were not for us the world would be a dreary place to live in: everybody would be "sticks" and "grinds" giving no thought to the things we hold of so much account. Our motto is "Laugh and the world laughs with you." I suppose that in the school's consideration we are rather loud and boisterous; but give us time, for when we in our turn become meek and august Seniors no flaw will be found either in our manners or morals. Even now we are not so frivolous as we may seem; although we don't believe in enough studying to bring on brain fever we manage to know a little something every day, and a lot by the time examinations come around and maintain as a whole a splendid average. If we were like some people we know we would go about from morning till night bragging about what we can do. What other class can boast of possessing a real live poet whose work has even been published? A fluent orator? A talented musician whose greatest delight is to sit and compose melodies by the hour? And an artist whose drawings you have probably seen in the Weather-cock? If we were like ordinary human beings this would affect us so that our heads would be turned completely around on our shoulders. That's what almost happened to the Freshmen when they beat us in the Thanksgiving basket ball game and in the debate.

They never will get over that to their dying day and maybe we won't either, but just you wait, Freshman, another game is coming on and we are going to beat you so hard that you'll have nothing else to do but lie right down and die. We are also going to win in everything when Field Day comes and when you see us marching forth in bright array with the class banner floating proudly over our heads you will be ready to take off your hats and cheer for the class of 1917!

ANNA MARGARET HASTINGS, 1917.

THE CLASS OF 1918

WE FRESHMEN marched into the Academic room last October with our heads high and very serious, very studious looks upon our faces. But in June as we march out our heads will be higher (or lower) and we will wear a gay, care-free expression; an expression that shows we are ready for a long (or short, just as you look at it) four months of genuine fun, and pleasure; a four months in which we intend to forget all about school work, and do nothing but enjoy ourselves. We think that if one spends all summer worrying about how bad Caesar is going to be, she will not get along as well as she who forgets all terrors. So we are for forgetfulness—only there are some things that we must not forget, but continue to be proud of, and among them are the following:

We all ought to be proud of the basket ball game with the Sophomores last fall, in which we beat them "all to pieces." The game with the Seniors is nothing to be ashamed of as it was a fair square game all around, as fair as it could be with the Seniors so much taller than pigmy Freshmen. We thought it hardly fair anyway to beat the Seniors because it was their last chance in this school. We also won in the debate with the Sophomores on "a standing army," for the judges knew that we had the only right side of the question and we defended it well. So, as right always conquers wrong, we received the applause of the admiring A girls, the loyal Juniors, the surprised Seniors, and the downcast but generous Sophomores. The Sophomores certainly do make the best losers, much better than we Freshmen could, I think, so I think to avoid a fuss we would better beat them every time.

I wish Field Day could come before the Weather-cock is printed so that I might tell all about our victory then. But we know we are going to win; we are sure to get the banner; and one of our little athletes is sure to get the Academic cup. By that time we shall have weathered two sets of examinations and Physiology and Mythology—and be calling ourselves Sophomores.

MARY ASKEW, 1918.

THE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

Drawn by Hortense Meade

The Basket Ball Teams of 1914-1915

FIRST GAME WITH LORETTO ACADEMY

HOW happy it makes one to have it her duty to relate a basket ball game. A thrilling, exciting, joyful basket ball game! And oh how it adds to your joy when at the end you can say we won. But different from others I am going to tell you at the very beginning. We beat Loretto in Basket Ball! Square and fair! (Of course we could never do otherwise with Miss Dunlap for our coach). They challenged us in November and we joyfully accepted, it being only our second outside game. The day appointed they arrived looking mighty big and husky to our eyes but we still kept our courage. The first half the score was 11 to 4 which was followed by an intermission of school songs and yells going back and forth from the two sides of rooters. The second half like the first was grand (for us) and the game ended with a final score 18 to 6 in our favor. Oh, how we do love the first team after a game like that! Why, they all have crowns of glory over their heads and I am sure we would kiss the hem of their green middies if they wanted us to. But they are not the only ones to thank for the game. Who coached them and drilled team work into their brains? Miss Dunlap is the mighty person and we will give her our due thanks.

Our team was as follows: Forwards, Dorothy Scarritt, Stella Houston; Guards, Margaret Yeomans, Betty Smith, Frances Fennelly; Centers, Frances Shryock, Elizabeth Bowersock.

Drawn by Esther Hill
After the Futurists

CLASS GAMES

FRIDAY, November 20th, the preliminaries of the class basket ball games were played off. Sophomores vs. Freshman, Seniors vs. Juniors. The Freshman walked over the Sophomores with a score of 19 to 9. The Juniors and Seniors played a far more exciting game, the score being very close. It was a tie all the way through until the end when the Senior forward, Dorothy Scarritt, made a goal, making the score 19 to 20 in the Seniors' favor. On account of the weather the finals between the winning teams were postponed until the first of April, the Seniors winning the championship, 28 to 12. The spring games will not be played off until the middle of May and so will be too late to go in the Weather-cock.

CLASS TEAMS

Senior

FORWARDS, Stella Houston, Dorothy Scarritt; Guards, An Nett McGee (captain), Margaret Yeomans; Centers, Frances Shryock, Elizabeth Harwood, Helen Baker.

Junior

Forwards, Frances Fennelly (captain), Lucille Fetty, Ruth Ridenour; Guards, Clara McCord, Betty Smith; Centers, Frances Moss, Elizabeth Bowersock.

Sophomore

Forwards, Anna Margaret Hastings, Alice Schmelzer; Guards, Jean Downing, Susan De McGee (captain); Centers, Anne Ashley, Judith Hanna, Sallie Faxon.

Freshman

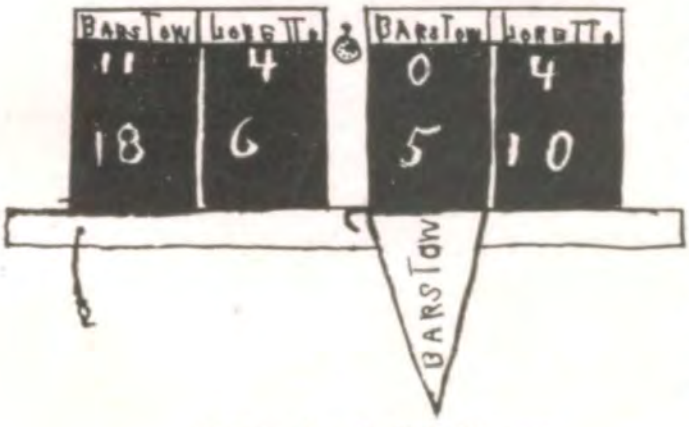
Forwards, Katherine Yeomans (captain), Catherine Dickey; Guards, Nancy Toll, Jane Harwood, Marian Howes; Centers, Dorothy Wolcott, Margaret Jones.

Drawn by Frances Moss

The Class Mascots

SECOND GAME WITH LORETTO ACADEMY

THIS spring we played Loretto a return game of basket ball on their court and with their ball. Their court, sad to say, is indoors and is a brilliantly waxed floor. But don't think our team was afraid. They were not. The day appointed was April 23rd and we are proud to say a large portion of our school assembled on the auditorium stage to watch the game. My, but our girls looked good to us when they came on the court; they were the only thing about the place that looked familiar, and we greeted them with a hearty cheer. Then the whistle blew and the game started! At first there was just deep breathing and sighs heard over the place but after Loretto made the first goal the real shouting commenced. It is a wonder to me we didn't all leave the school deaf and dumb. Both sides played like tigers and it was real fighting, the way they went after the ball. Our team used a great deal of their strength trying to keep on their feet on the polished floor but, I am glad to say, there were no necks broken. At times the referee looked as if he had gone mad, tearing around after the ball that never stayed put anywhere. At the end of the first half the score was 4 to 0 in Loretto's favor. Sad but true! and Loretto well deserved it, for they had played a fine game. The second half was still the same raging battle and as our girls tightened up considerably it made every second even more exciting. Frances Fennelly went in the second half as guard and proved herself worthy of her position. Then the game ended suddenly! It had been so fast none of us realized where the time had gone. We were beaten 10 to 5. But we have lost no hope. And to tell the truth, I am glad for one reason, and that is it is showed what good losers the Barstow girls are.



Drawn by Judith Hanna

The Team.

Forwards, Dorothy Scarritt (captain), Stella Houston; Guards, An Nett McGee, Margaret Yeomans, Frances Fennelly; Centers, Frances Shryock, Elizabeth Bowersock.

HIAWATHA ON THE TOLL FARM

IN THE golden month October,
On the third day of the third week,
Gathered many at the station
At the station, large, imposing,
Waiting for the smoky steam cars,
Noisy steam cars to the country,
To the meadows of the Toll farm.
Thither were they bound, invited
For a hike across the farmlands.
Luncheon had they in their baskets,
Luscious luncheon, sweet to palate,
Pickles, olives, chicken salad,
'Taters, bacon, chops, and apples,
Cakes and cookies, many "weenies,"
Sandwiches, all sorts and sizes,
Planned to fill much space within them,
Empty from the toilsome travel,
Empty from the hours of fasting.
Came they to another station,
Greenwood station, grand, o'erpowering,
Where they left the stuffy steam cars,
Filled the place with noisy hubbub.
From the station flocked the maidens,
Maidens with their laughing clamor,
Up the long and dusty hill road,
Followed by an automobile
Automobile large and spacious,
Held Miss Witham, well contented,
Held Miss Scofield, warmly smiling,
Held Miss Babbitt, laughing at them,
Laughing at their dusty plodding.
When at last their journey ended,
Glad were they to see the farmhouse,
Mrs. Toll upon the doorstep
Waving them a hearty welcome.
Soon they started farther onward
To the lake-side for their luncheon;
For that luncheon sorely needed,
For that luncheon wildly cried for.
Many brave ones ventured outward
On the lake in heavy row boats;

Many came back dripping water,
Shoes and stockings dripping water.
Cries of longing heard Miss Dunlap
Longing for a pair of dry shoes
Or a dry skirt, 'ere they settled
Round the sparkling, blazing wood fire,
Settled to their luscious luncheons.
Then, as soon as all had finished,
Off they started on their long tramp;
Miles of dusty, stony roadside,
Miles of mud and burrs and thistles,
Miles of woods and prickly thorn trees,
Passed they, 'ere they reached the rock spring,
Reached the cave, their destination.
Many calls and songs they chanted,
Many waded in the mud pool,
Many climbed the rocky hill side.
Then, when all were rested, started
On the long way to the farmhouse,
Passing so through many ventures:
Pig sty full of pigs and piglets,
Grunting in the miry wallow,
Fearful dogs and many mad bulls.
Then much scrubbing, washing, combing
Did they all before departure.
Then, with half sad, half glad faces
Tramped they back to Greenwood station,
Waited for the long slow steam cars;
Waiting, played they baseball madly
On the tracks, while all onlookers,
Chewed much gum of evil smelling,
Almost chewed Miss Welsh to madness
Almost chewed her to destruction.
Then the long, slow moving steam cars
Carried them, tho' tired, yet happy
On their dark way to the city,
Carried with them many mem'ries,
Mem'ries of a happy outing,
Spent upon the lovely Toll farm.

ELIZABETH BOWERSOCK, 1916.

FIELD DAY

THIS year the "Weather-cock" staff planned to have the books published and in circulation on Field Day, so it will be impossible for us to give the final athletic records, or in fact, any records at all. We do hope the result will be so impressive that instead of having them down in black and white, they will print themselves in your memory, just as some wonderful scene clings to your mind. I close my eyes and am lost in the sparkling moments of that day of all days. How our hearts beat, pulses throb, and breaths quicken! There is a continual buzz of voices, as bees droning around a honey comb—excited calls, challenges, shouts of laughter burst forth. The air is filled with a tensity that is felt even by the sparrows, blue jays, and robins, as they flutter to and fro, chattering above us. The revival of the Olympic games in us reaches its climax! If some of the wonderful Spartan athletes were in existence now, how they would be put to shame! Even the strength of Hercules and the speed of Mercury are rivaled. What want we with the Talaria and Petasus—winged shoes and cap of the messenger of the gods? Now comes the proclamation of the victors. How delightfully pleasing it is to our ears when we hear one of our class-mates proclaimed victor! Such cheering, such crowding around to congratulate! We fairly jump for joy. In place of the Greek laurel wreathes and vases, we have six silver cups—the Academic point cup, the Principals' cup for the best spirit in athletics, the Intermediate point cup, the Primary point cups for both boys and girls, the new cup given by Gleed Gaylord for that one of the Primary Department who has done the most efficient work in gymnastics throughout the year—and a banner given to the class, in the Academic room, winning the most points. Surely no other day in the school year is looked forward to with as much enthusiasm and expectancy! Because of the great number of contestants the preliminaries will be held the twenty-fifth of May; and to shorten the program, the basket ball games will be played off the week before Field Day. Following are the events:

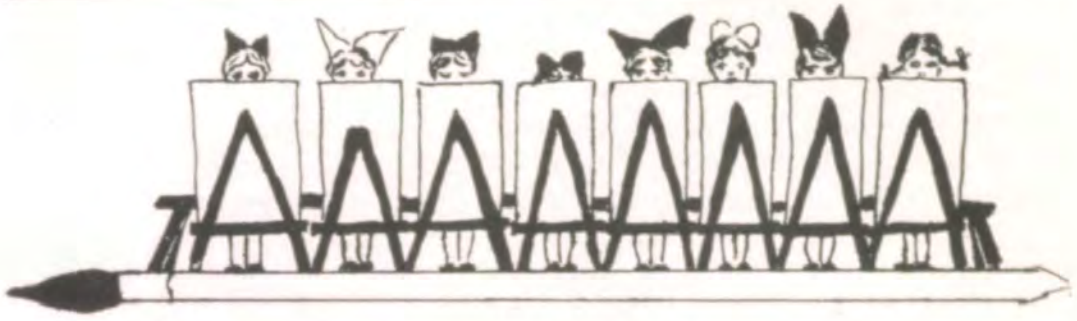
March, drill by the whole school.

Track events, Relay race, Academic, Freshmen vs. Sophomores, Juniors vs. Seniors, Relay Race, Intermediate, A. vs. B., C. vs. D., Relay Race, Primary; Third Grade vs. First and Second Grade; 50-yard dash, Academic; 3-legged race, Academic.

Field Events, running high jump, Academic; running broad jump, Academic; running hop step and jump, Academic; basket ball throw, Academic; basket ball relay, Academic, Freshmen vs. Juniors, Sophomores vs. Seniors.

FRANCES SHRYOCK, 1915.

THE ART DEPARTMENT



Drawn by Esther Hill

DO YOU suppose the only blaze our fire could boast of was in the studio, because genius burns there so hard? The classes in required and advanced drawing are prouder than ever of their work this year. The absolutely new and most interesting features were the free hand cutting of landscapes in colored papers; the designs in fish and flowers in imitation of the Japanese artists; designs for dimities and other textiles; designs for weather-vanes; covers for "Vogue," and place cards. "The shack" also thanks us for carrying out our designs in table covers and runners and for the old English lettering of mottoes for our living room and dining room. To pride in our own achievements we add great pride in our teacher, Miss Hilliard, three of whose drawings were shown at the Fine Arts Exhibit of Kansas City Artists in May. We quote from "The Star:"

"Kansas City's accomplishment in providing an Exhibition by Artists of Kansas City and Vicinity continues to arouse wonder among visitors. . . . There is no escaping the charm of three black chalk drawings by Alice M. Hilliard, as delicate as if they had been done from stone." These drawings were made by Miss Hilliard in Mr. Charles Woodbury's sketching class at Ogunquit last summer. There is also an honorary mention of "Railroad Yards," by Mr. R. L. Lambdin, who executed for us the Weather-Cock bookplate from a design sketched by Mr. W. T. Johnston. We are glad that so much of this good work has a real connection with us and our work.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT

LAST October the class of 1914 scattered to the four winds. During the first month of school, enthusiastic letters came fluttering back, from Claudia Gaylord, Amarette Root, and Julia Coburn at Vassar, from Doris Howes, Margaret Hanna at Smith, from Frances Young at Sweet Briar College in Virginia, and from Mary Lee

Toll who was going through interesting continuations of Pretender "try-outs" at the Sargent School in New York. These were all read aloud to us—and our college enthusiasm mounted high. But a few of us—older and wiser ones—said, "Let's wait until June and hear what these joyful Freshmen say after a nine months' grind—perhaps they'll be wiser—and sadder!" But here are their June letters written at the end of a full and happy year—even more enthusiastic. They win—and they win us!

VASSAR SPORTS

ATHLETICS play a very important part in college life. Even those who do not take an active part in any of the sports are filled with enthusiasm over the class hockey and basket ball games. As soon as college opens in the fall hockey and basket ball practice begin, and the athletic circle is a very busy place in the afternoons. Soon the hockey games begin and the enthusiasm waxes strong. The upper class teams have an advantage over the Freshmen, as their teams have played together for one year at least, while the Freshmen make their first appearance as a team playing together. But the Freshman team puts up a brave fight and is enthusiastically cheered on by loyal classmates. To be sure, the victories are usually few and far between, but they are royally celebrated.

Then there is the basket ball practice which also begins soon after college opens. A first and second team are picked after about a month's open practice under the training of the Junior basket ball manager. During the long winter months comes hard practice indoors, preparing for the class games in the spring. These games are even more exciting than the hockey games and everyone goes, each class wearing the basket ball costume adopted Freshman year.

At present, Field Day practice is going on and there is much talk of breaking records, winning "Vs" and gaining the cherished class banner.

CLAUDIA C. GAYLORD, 1914.

SOCIAL LIFE AT VASSAR

OF COURSE, since Vassar is the most wonderful place in the world in every respect, it is to be expected that it has the most delightful social life of any place. And I, who am not at all prejudiced (?) know whereof I speak for have I not been a mad reveller among this crew of girls for almost a year?

Like any other community, we have our teas, and our parties.

Yet even these parties are a bit collegized, for we sometimes come in our "kimmies" and "nighties" and sit on the floor, and act out movies after the quiet bell has rung. But it is not of these commonplace things I wish to speak. It is of the distinctive college activities.

Step-singing is the most typical. Step-singing is a joy all fall and all spring. College girls like to sing because they are so happy. But I must not forget that there are benighted individuals who don't know what step-singing is. Between dinner and chapel there are about fifteen minutes. In this time the Seniors and Sophomores gather on "rocky" steps while we (the Juniors and Freshmen) take the steps of Strong Hall. Of course, the Juniors have the steps and we stand respectfully in the street facing them. We sing to each other—and cheer, too—until the chapel bell rings. Then the Freshmen make a mad dash to line the wayside with two long chains of girls, linked each to each, while Juniors form their marching ranks. And that is the way we go, clear to the "nose" of Main beyond which it is not decorous to sing—the Juniors six abreast, shouting a stirring song, we skipped beside them in our long chain. Twice a week all four classes join together in college singing, which is almost as splendid as "odd and even singing."

Singing lasts night after night. Throughout the year we have "one night stands" which are more condensed excitement. The first of these takes place at the beginning of the year. It is a Sophomore party given for the Freshmen. The Freshmen are treated royally. Nor can a Freshman find out aught about it save that it is a masquerade, until she sees for herself. This year it was a play, a clever skit, full of music and dances and college jokes. The next week was the party the Juniors gave us. This was a good deal the same type of play—yet widely different in development. For this is always the night when the Juniors "take-off" some of the prominent Freshmen, when the basket ball squad is announced; and when the class banner is presented to our first president—all events of intense excitement.

This is the way the year begins, nor does it ever stop. There are five plays throughout the year; there is Junior prom; and Junior-Senior boat ride; the Resurrection and Burial of Livy; and May Day; and Founders' Day; and any day is a "bacon-bat" day; there are lectures every Friday night for the "high-brows"; and for the frivolous there are West Point and New York at our very door.

How soulless college gayeties look in print! The only thing to do is to come to Vassar and live these pleasures for yourself.

AMARETTE ROOT, 1914.

A WEATHER-COCK LETTER FROM SMITH

DEAR Girls:—

I wish I could write you a very carefully worded letter about my college, but I haven't the time. So I shall have to make it very informal and just tell you what a wonderful time I have had here.

When I first reached Northampton, I doubt if there was anyone more bewildered in the whole world. The streets were filled with girls and suit cases, going and coming, all shouting and laughing, and all looking so glad to see each other again that I felt quite lost. My suit case was put in the hands of a small boy and I was told to follow him. He brought me to my present abode. There I found several more bewildered Freshmen whom I clung to for my life. That afternoon I was taken in hand by a friendly Junior who took me to teas, showed me the different buildings, and gave me hundreds of directions, not one of which made any impression upon me. When I got into bed that night all I could remember was that I had seen hundreds and hundreds of girls, and had six or seven cups of tea.

Then the next day was spent in registering, making out course cards, and attending lectures for the direction of ignorant freshman. I felt then that I would never know any of those girls, or ever be able to find my way about.

But you would be surprised to see how soon you get acquainted. Everyone seems to want to meet you, and they spare no pains to make you well acquainted. First there is the Freshman frolic in the gymnasium. You are taken by a Junior and introduced to everyone she knows. You are given a card to put down all their names on—you could never, never remember them all, and such a crowd. Our class alone is no small class, we are five hundred and sixty-eight, and with a Junior for each one of us, there was quite a gathering. They sang songs to us, sometimes making fun of us, sometimes giving excellent advice. Afterwards we broke up into small groups and went to some girl's room to "feed." Of course everyone had peppermint ice cream with fudge on it—that is the specialty here. Then such a scramble to get home before ten, because lights must be out then.

The Sophomores, too, give a reception to us, a very "stylish" one, with refreshments, and dancing, where you meet everyone that you haven't met before.

But it is when the sports begin that you make real friends. It is so much easier to make acquaintances in bloomers and middies, than in silk gowns and long gloves. And there are so many sports

you can go out for. Of course, basket ball and hockey are the most important. Then there's cricket, and volley ball, and clock-golf, and archery, and tennis, and even croquet. I myself am playing basket ball, hockey and taking archery. Besides that there is rowing on Paradise and that is best of all. Paradise is really a river, not a lake. It is not very wide, but it is long and winding, and at its head there are many rocks and above them "the rapids." It is here that you go in the spring, with sandwiches and bacon to fry, and cook your suppers. Then there is "Bide-a-Wee," the house in a distant village where hot waffles and maple syrup are served to hungry trampers and "Rose Tree Inn" for more substantial food.

I wish you were here to walk out across the fields with me to the Connecticut river, and cross on the rickety old ferry, and then climb Mount Holyoke. It is the straightest, steepest climb you ever tried, but when you reach the top and can look out and see the river winding for miles and miles, and all the little towns along its banks, you feel that it is quite worth the exertion.

Another thing that comes with spring is the step-sings. The Senior sings are on Tuesdays and Fridays. The Seniors sit upon the steps of Students' Buildings, the Juniors opposite, Sophomores to the right, Freshmen to the left. Everyone skips dessert that evening, and hurries over to get a place in the front row. It is a lovely thing to hear the voices of a thousand girls singing in the dusk. One of the most inspiring sights I think, I ever saw. The Glee Club has its sings on Mondays and Thursdays, so you can see dessert is of very small importance in the spring term.

Oh, I could tell you of so many things, of the dances, big basket ball games, class meetings, base-ball games, but I want to leave something for you to find out when you get here.

Of course, it is not all play. Classes go on regularly, and work must be done. Sometimes you wonder yourself how it gets done. The secret of it all is this—**work when you work, play when you play.** When a lesson hangs over your head you cannot play well. It is better to take your books under your arm, go to the "grind" room in the library, and conquer that lesson. In the "grind" room you cannot help studying, bare walls, bare floors, tables and chairs offer no diversions to the mind. The mornings are filled by classes; each class lasts fifty minutes, and requires two hours' preparation, so we consider three classes a day quite sufficient. But even if the lessons do seem irksome at times they are really very interesting. Horace is interesting, oh, ever so much more than Virgil; geometry is almost fun at times; French is fascinating; the English I have met before, so

it is very easy. Some people even like History; personally I despise it.

It is a strange feeling at first, to be only one of a class of thirty or forty, and you begin to think that you will never be called upon to recite; but woe to those who go upon that principle, for you soon find out that you are quite as liable to attack as in a class of ten or twelve.

I have forgotten to tell you of one of the most inspiring things in the college—that is the chapel exercises. Our chapel begins at twenty minutes of nine in the morning. We do not have either regular seats nor compulsory attendance. The only regulation is that Freshmen sit in the balcony. Here we sing a hymn or two, and President Burton reads from the Scripture, and then gives a short prayer. He always knows just what to say. He seems to look right into your heart and read it. You feel that he is speaking to you personally and every morning you leave feeling uplifted and bettered. I think this part of the day, where we all meet together as one body, is one of the best parts of college life.

I wonder if any college has more unity than ours. We often get together to serenade President Burton, or to hang May baskets on President Seelye's door, or to sing all together. The spirit between classes is so fine and there is such loyalty in every class, in every girl, even. The sister classes are always ready to help each other, or to play with each other.

One of the first things I noticed was the universal spirit of democracy. There are no clans, no sororities, no snobbishness. One girl is as good as another **if she is.** The girl who works her way is often more popular than the girl who has everything; the captain of our basket ball team is one of these. A girl is **not** known here by what she says she is, or pretends to be, or what she says she can do. Nothing counts but **real worth.**

I wish I could take you by the hand and show you everything—our buildings, our gardens, our athletic field, our athletic club house, our boat house, and Paradise. I wish I could take you to the waffle house, to the Municipal Theater, where you only have to pay a quarter for the best plays, and climb the mountains with you, and show you what a fine, healthful, happy life this is. And I sincerely hope to do so some day—may I?

Sincerely your friend,

DORIS HOWES, 1914.

THE SCANDALOUS CLUB

Why?

OH, WHY should Latin be studied so much?
And why should so many things be?
And why should all notes be forbidden to touch?
And why doesn't twice two make three?

Oh, why isn't right sometimes wrong pray tell?
And why should all fun be so rare?
And why should you know all your lessons so well?
And why isn't here sometimes there?

Oh, why shouldn't x's be equal to y's?
And why in the dark don't we bask?
Won't somebody answer these few little whys?
I've millions of others to ask!

TESS WALTON, 1917.

Freshmen—The ones that know not and know not that they know not.

Sophomores—The ones that know not and know that they know not.

Juniors—The ones that know and know not that they know.

Seniors—The ones that know and know that they know.

Help!

"Broadway Jones" found "Seven Keys to Baldpate" in "The Melting Pot." He called "Come On Over Here" to "Old Black Joe" and they went "All Over Town" looking for "Sherlock Holmes." "Officer 666" was excitedly shouting "Stop Thief" when "Along Came Ruth" and solved the mystery. "Charlie's Aunt" had given the keys to "Little Mary" and she dropped them in "The Black Pit." The little "Big Blue-eyed Baby" lisped, I'm "Sari." You may take this "As You Like It" but "Safety First" is best.

Miss Welsh: "What does 'der Tor' mean?"
A. S.: "Door."
Miss Welsh: "Fool!"

Miss English (in M. and M. History): "Most of the children that went on the children's crusade were sold into slavery in Egypt." (Ten minutes later): "On the next crusade why did the people go to Egypt?"
M. H.: "To get their children back."

Discussing the origin of man H. S. asked Miss English: "Where do the colored people come from? Was there a black Adam and Eve?"

Oh where, or where, has your little "A" gone?
Oh where, oh where can it "B"?
Wherever it is, you surely must "C"
That it never turns into a "D."

L. F.: "In sooth, Mag is a good bluffer."
E. C.: "Egad, she comes from a bluffy part of town."

There was a Miss D——p, a teacher,
Who had this distinguishing feature,
That whatever was said
She would blush lobster red,
Would this wonderful, charming, young creature.

Miss W. (explaining a German construction, and incidentally the cause of the present war): "The Germans never say, 'It is I,' but 'I am it.'"

From a Geography examination paper: "Russia is an absolute monkey."

Miss B.: "Don't you think the Odyssey would be a good book to take on a sailing trip?"
(Pupil under her breath): "I'll take it swimming and it will be dry enough to keep me from sinking."

Miss W.: "How are the important words emphasized in print?"
H. A.: "They are idolized."

Miss English (discussing "The Mill on the Floss"): "What was the last dramatic event that we read?"
M. E.: "She combed her hair."

Read It If You Can

cur f w d dis and p
A sed iend rought eath ease ain.
bles fr b br and ag

The Best Teas

For the Poor—Plen-tea.
For the Dull—Varie-tea.
For the Solitary—Socie-tea.
And for the Sinful—Pie-tea.

There is a young maiden named Jean,
When Sothern was here she was seen
Each night and each day
One can easily say,
Hero worshipping back of the scene.

Miss. W. (in English class): "Find a quotation in "Proverbs" that alludes to a fish."
Bessie: "My heart leaps like a roe."

April 30—Sophomores gave Seniors a blow-up.
May 14—Juniors gave Seniors a puncture.
May 22—Freshmen will tire them.
June 8—Seniors will retire.

Miss Jenkins (in Virgil): "What English derivative do we have from 'ululare'?"
M. Y. (inspired): "Eulogize!"

Teacher to H. S.: "Do you know who Horatius was?"
H. S. (very knowingly): "Oh, yes, Horatius of the bull rushes."

A. M. H. (translating Caesar at sight): "They lived on the flesh of cattle and on milk, and were vegetarians."

Futility

THE firemen ran here and there,
And pulled some hose about,
A little smoke, a little blaze
And then—the fire was out!

OUR LAST THRUST

Our Dor is a mighty fine lassie
For the tilt of her nose is quite sassie,
And as for her smile
And her cute dashing style,
There's no one in K. C. so classie.

Our basket ball star is An Nett
She keeps the ball hot you can bet
None walk over her
If they do they'll need myrrh
To heal the wounds made with regret.

There is a young lady named Ruth
Who never could tell an untruth
She's good and sedate
And never is late
Our wild stunts she must think uncouth.

In her seat sulks our bad little Jane
She is mad that surely is plain
No child, woman, or man
In this world of ours can
Ever make her a good girl again.

Hark! what is that noise that we hear
That soft (?) little giggle so dear?
Why it's Hattie so coy
May we always enjoy
That "cute" little ripple of cheer.

There's at least one among us who's clever
And that is Marg Yeomans as ever
Her divine gift of gab
And her sparkling confab
Will never dry up—oh, no! never!!

Who is this young lady so tall
Who majestically towers above all?
Why it's our Giant Baker
And, believe me—no fakir!
For, beside her, the tallest look small!

The most kind of all is Marj Steele
For whom deep affection we feel
There's never a bump
Over which we all slump
But she's ready to help us "right weel"!

We have a wee mousie named Frances
And over the whole school she dances
With nary a word
Just like a scared bird
And she casts such demure little glances.

There was a young maiden named Dot
Who suffered a terrible lot
For she so loved French verbs
That despite healing herbs
She keeled o'er and died on the spot.

And last but not least is our Steller
Our wonderful, blunderful, Steller
The "star" of her class
She shines for the mass
There's nothing you ever can tell her!

THE MYSTERY OF THE SHACK

ACROSS the valleys and up the hill,
With the blood-hounds on the trail;
Down over the dales and towards the mill,
And so we crept to the shack so still;
A piercing shriek!

We hastened and faster and faster we came
Our lanterns all dark but our hearts all aflame,
Again and again through the fog so dense
The shriek smote on our feelings, intense.

At last clear up to the shack we came
We beat on the doors and the window panes
The house was shrouded with ghostly fog
And in the grate crackled a huge red log.

The door swung back without a sound,
We held our breath and glanced around,
And low! and behold we saw on the ground
"Hot dogs" and "Catalogs" chasing around.

HELEN OLGA TRUITT, 1916

"The buzzing of
innumerable
bees!"

BBBBB

HAVE YOU WON ONE?

The INTERMEDIATE ROOM

Drawn by Helen McCune

MY BATTLE WITH THE WEEDS

THERE has been a great war going on in my garden these last three months. The whole family of weeds even unto the third and fourth generation have joined in the sacred strife. I have learned many things about weeds—in many cases have learned to respect and admire them. In the first place, a weed never stays down. No matter how badly wounded there is always plenty of fight left in him. This, as all country editors tell us, is the cause of their success, and ours. Another point I respect in them is their fidelity. If one of their brave numbers falls, pierced by an exceptionally sharp foe, his widow and all of his family plant themselves on his grave and mourn in weed fashion. Our chief place of encounter was the tennis court. A weed is always a sporty athletic creature. Many and many is the set I have lost to their vigor and skill. Those weeds grew with a rapidity which Jack's bean stalk never equalled. It took only a few days of not playing on one of the other courts to develop an innocent appearing weed patch into a jungle of African proportions. If a professor of weedopathy ever wishes to conduct a really successful experiment he has only to try on a tennis court—and one he wishes to play on himself.

FRANCES FAXON, Class A.

BOBBY'S ADVENTURE

HE HAD made up his mind. His country needed him. So, when the clock struck twelve the following night, he, Bobby Deeringforth, would leave home and friends for the sake of the English flag!

This all happened the morning after his father had refused to let Bobby drive their new car. He began preparing for enlistment at once, getting down two pistols and an ancient sword from his father's library. That night Bobby went to bed so much excited that he couldn't sleep, and as the clock pealed out the hour of midnight Bobby silently arose, with sword and pistols, descended the grand old stair case and went out into the night.

Before many weeks, for bravery at the front, Bobby was made Captain Deeringforth.

One day the English thought it wise to retreat a little, and while doing so their general, bearing important papers, was wounded. This was not noticed until they had fallen back about a quarter of a mile. In order to save him someone must dash across the field in a war machine and bring him back. Bobby undertook this dangerous ride. He started at a tremendous pace in a car he knew little or nothing about.

In less than a minute he reached the general, but he could not stop! In less than two, a thousand bullets rushed by his ears. Now he could actually see the uniforms of the Germans! What should he do! One more minute, and he would be in the trenches of the foe—and then death! Something must happen! Something did! Bobby woke up!

HARRIETTE ANNE DAVIS, Class A

FOUR FLOWERS

BY THE rippling brook-side
Under the leafy trees,
Grew four little flowers
Swaying on the breeze.

One was a purple violet,
With shy and modest head,
Hiding under green leaves
On its mossy bed.

One, a brown-eyed Susan
Was winking her bright eyes,
And peeping in the mirror
Where the small brook lies.

One, a little wild rose,
Dressed in rosy pink,
Shyly looked about her,
Watched Miss Susan prink.

One a sleepy poppy
Gowned in glowing red,
Never looked about her—
Deigned not to turn her head.

Oh, when I pluck the daisy
She still stands straight and tall,
But when I pluck the others,
Their lovely petals fall.

Yes, the violet's blue is fading,
And the roses' petals fall,
The poppy's red is withering,
But the Susan's fresh and tall.

MARY WATSON, Class A.

HUNTING FOR WILD GRAPES

EVEN the word wild grape brings to your mind delightful recollections of their sweet, luscious fragrance. You will leave whatever you happened to be doing and start on the woodsy trail that leads to it.

To hunt before the sun has risen is rare fun. Everyone indoors may be asleep but without nothing is still. The birds are all a-twitter, squirrels are scampering here and there, storing away their nuts for the winter; everything is stirring to begin the day. As soon as you enter the woods the sweetest scents meet you. Crystal dewdrops crown the blades of grass and flowers bloom their brightest in the sunlight. But I must not stop to enjoy these beauties. In and out, backwards and forwards I go through brambles and over fences, until at last, tired and out of breath I see hidden among the branches of a tree my long-sought-for fruit. It has twined itself about the trunk and then

followed the branches up and up where I may never go. With eager hands I gather the low hanging bunches, and at last sit down to revel in their sweetness. Who has ever tasted anything better under a shady tree on a sultry August day?

Sitting at home some cozy winter afternoon, dreamily looking into the fire, I suddenly glance up to see the tea table spread before me. What is that fragrance that I have loved before? Outdoors! Something growing! Something one has to climb for! Then I recollect the woodsy wild grape. But it is no longer my fresh grape, but a tame grape picked, boiled, civilized into jelly. As I catch its delicious taste on my toast I go back to my dreams again; but this time I do not build castles in the air; I dream of the lovely afternoons spent hunting for wild grapes.

MARTHA STOUT, Class A.

NIGHT IN THE FOREST

IN the forest hides a pool
Where the Fairy Queen doth rule.
All her little fays at play,
Joy and dance the night away.
While the moon, bewild'ring, bright,
Maddens all with her soft light,
Merry little madmen they
Turning night time into day;
Now the sun peeps through the trees,
Fly away fairies on the breeze!
Leave no trace but, deep and cool,
Quiet forest, quiet pool.

EMILY BOCK, Class A.

MARY ANTIN'S "THE PROMISED LAND"

ALTHOUGH this book was written by a very young girl, it has attracted the attention of all Americans. A girl coming to America for such purposes as Mary Antin came, would naturally be most serious in whatever she wrote about her experiences. She was not the kind of woman to write sensational, or trivial articles for magazine fame; but in true earnestness she wrote down what she honestly thinks about us. I think her serious introduction makes a great impression on you; it makes you think a great deal more deeply and have more real sympathy for the "Jew Peddler." What if the

creature with the untidy beard carries in his bosom the citizenship papers? What if the cross-legged tailor is supporting a boy in college who is one day going to mend your state constitution for you? What if the ragpicker's daughters are hastening over the ocean to teach your children in the public schools?" What if this were really all true, then would not our opinion change of the immigrant, the "greasy alien?" Mary Antin wrote this book for a purpose as sincere as that of Harriet Beecher Stowe in writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to awaken us to the horrors of the tenement districts populated by those poor immigrants, to tell us the high ideas a foreigner has of "Free America," and to shame us if we do not show that we have lived up to them.

But yet there is always something to laugh at in life, so even Mary Antin found her jokes at our expense. I admire her humor in many things. In speaking of "Greenhorns" you easily catch her quiet laugh; for what could be serious in seeing five little heads popping out of a hackney coach window, all staring and gaping as they drove up through the new city from the wharf where they had just landed. The descriptions of the Wilner Family; how "they swung out of the windows like monkeys, slid up the roof like flies, and shot out of trees like fowls. Even a small person like me couldn't go anywhere without being run over by a Wilner; and I could never tell which Wilner it was because none of them ever stood still long enough to be identified; and also because I suspected that they were in the habit of interchanging conspicuous articles of clothing, which was very confusing." Her account of her first use of the rocking chair was also very humorous, "for we found five different ways of getting into the American machine of perpetual motion, and as many ways of getting out of it. We laughed immoderately over our various experiments with the novelty, which was a wholesome way of letting off steam after the unusual excitement of the day."

I particularly liked her description of the beach, "I ran out to meet the incoming storm, my face full in the wind, my being a-tingle with an awesome delight to the tips of my fog-matted locks flying behind; and stood clinging to some stake or upturned boat, shaken by the roar and rumble of the waves. So clinging I pretended that I was in danger, and was deliciously frightened."

Though many may think her criticisms hard and unjust I think she is justified in criticising us for not living entirely up to our reputation. I think we should do more for the immigrant and not turn our eyes away from him with scorn. Many of our government laws are hard on the ignorant alien, "the hope of ward politicians," and has not she a right to criticise them?

KATHARINE MARSH, Class A.

SPRING IS COMING

SPRING is coming soon;
Brighter shines the silver moon;
Violets open, yellow, blue,
Roses red of many a hue,
Spring is coming soon.

Spring is coming soon;
From his hole comes striped coon,
From the skies come April showers,
Waving trees and shady bowers,
Spring is coming soon.

LILLIAN PARRISH, Class B.

FROM MY WINDOW AT NIGHT

WHEN I lie in bed at night, I see and imagine a great many things. The wind is still, but not too still to make the leaves of one large elm flicker. The bright stars seem to dance between the leaves and branches. At one side of my window where the tree does not get in the way, the full moon shines brightly down at me. He seems to say, "The broader I smile, the longer you stay awake, so I intend to laugh as hard as I can, until Mr. Sun comes over the house back of you and shines me out of sight." It seems awfully mean of Mr. Moon to try to keep me awake all night, but I just turn my back on him and go to sleep. I guess it is just as rude of me to turn my back as it is of him to try to keep me awake. In the large elm is a bird's nest. The mother bird patiently watches her little ones all through the night. Beyond the tree and beneath Mr. Moon is a large house. Most of the people seem going to bed or else already there. Once in a while a cloud floats over the moon, and for a while his shining does no good, although he does not know it. Oh! but look at that pretty little fairy, who seems to be painting spring! No, is she painting spring? I cannot see plainly! I wonder why! The more I try to see, the more blurred it all becomes! At last I can see nothing for I am in a deep slumber. But the next morning upon thinking again, I discovered that Mr. Moon, shining in my face and eyes had given me the idea that I had seen the little fairies. Is this what it is to be "moonstruck"?

HARRIETTE RIDENOUR, Class B.

EVENING

WHEN the sun has gone behind the hill,
And the evening shadows fall;
The moon comes up above the mill,
And the stars shine over all.

The flowers close up and go to bed,
And everything is still;
The children sleep, their prayers are said,
And all obey God's will.

JANEY SMITH, Class C.

THE ROBIN

LITTLE Robin Red-Breast
Where did you get your pretty dress?
You are the finest bird I see
Up in the tree tops far from me
You of all birds have the prettiest home,
Dear Robin Red-Breast, you do not roam.

Please stay and visit me all of the year,
Do not go South when the days grow drear;
Just wrap yourself up in your little brown coat,
And tie your red muffler under your throat.

MARY HASTINGS, Class C

JOHNNY-JUMP-UP'S BLUE BLOSSOM

OUT in the forest a tiny little Johnny-jump-up worked just as hard as ever he could to make a blossom. He coaxed the sunbeams to stay with him, he welcomed the dew drops and urged them to rest by his roots. He worked and he grew in every hour. He was so anxious to make a beautiful blue blossom!

"I want a blossom! I want a blossom!" he sang to himself, "I want a beautiful blue blossom!" And the more he thought and the more he sang, the harder he worked to make his wish come true.

Finally, before many days, he succeeded in making some tiny green leaves and then at last, the blossom itself! Oh dear, but Johnny-jump-up was proud of that blossom! He didn't care if it was tiny—so tiny that its head hardly stuck up above the green leaves. He only

sensed its fragrance, he only saw its blueness, and felt through it the rapture of the spring.

But, there came a time when he wanted more than the blossom—he wanted someone to see the blossom he had made, someone to enjoy and smell and love it with him. So he watched carefully and before long he heard a fairy passing by. "Fairy," he called in his soft little voice. "Fairy, come here and see what I have made!"

The fairy gladly stopped and looked at the blossom; she loved and admired it till even Johnny-jump-up was satisfied. He smiled and smiled and was as happy as a king.

"I've been working a long time to make that flower," he explained to the fairy, "the very first flower of spring is always the hardest to make. I suspect that is the reason I always love that flower the best, don't you suppose so?"

The fairy thought it very likely and told Johnny-jump-up so; then she added, "But why don't you make a longer stem for it! The stem is so tiny nobody can see it and that is too pretty a flower to bloom unseen."

"But it isn't unseen," replied Johnny-jump-up sturdily, "I see it."

"To be sure," answered the fairy laughingly, "but it's so pretty everybody ought to see it, it would make them feel better to do their work if they did."

"I expect it would," replied Johnny-jump-up pleasantly. "I know I do, but you see there is nobody around in the woods yet, because it is too early in the spring for violets."

"Oh, I will fix that up alright," she cried, and with that away she flew, and that very night she went to every house in the city, and whispered in each person's ear a lovely dream of violets, and the very next chance they had, they went out in the woods to hunt flowers. Of course, they found Johnny-jump-up, and they thought that his blossom was so beautiful, that every time they had a chance they would come and see him because he made their work seem easier, and Johnny-jump-up lived happily ever after.

FRANCES AIKINS, Class C.

THE BLUE BIRD

ONCE upon a day so sunny
In the country that we love,
There I saw a flock of blue birds,
Shining like the sky above.

Suddenly there came a maiden,
Lovely as the new born day;
She it was who fed the blue birds,
Fed them in her gentle way.

Then there came the maid's companion,
Creeping shyly by her side;
When she turned to feed the blue birds,
They had flown away to hide.

NANCY MASTEN, Class C.

RAPHAEL

WHEN we look at the different pictures Raphael painted we only think how lovely the pictures are and we forget about Raphael himself.

He was born in Urbino in Umbria, Italy. His father was a great artist and he inherited his love of art from him.

When Raphael was eleven years his father died and Raphael was left alone.

The studio rang with angry voices because everyone wanted the Santi estate for himself.

Then when no one was paying any attention to Raphael his uncle arrived and took him to Perugino who taught him to draw. Perugino had many pupils but he liked Raphael best. "He is my pupil now but soon he will be my master," he said as he watched him paint. Many years passed and Raphael learned all that his master could teach him. Little by little Raphael stopped painting as Perugino did and began a style of his own.

For many years after this he lived in Rome and some of the greatest frescoes that ever have been painted were done by Raphael. In Rome he met a lady named Margarita whom he loved all his life. In the Sistine Madonna it is her face that is the Virgin. Another picture is Madonna della Sedia. It is said that once he went to a shop and got some beer. When he had finished he found he had not any money to pay for it so he painted the Madonna della Sedia on some canvas and gave it to the man who owned the shop.

Raphael had been hard at work, when he got a very bad cold and died a few days afterwards. It seemed as if it could not be so as he had been so well a little while ago. But there he lay and over his head hung the great picture called the Transfiguration which he had been at work on and the paint was still wet as it hung there.

He was buried in the Pantheon where he had designed his own tomb. Everyone flocked to his funeral and he left behind him a fame that can never die, a name that has never lost its greatness.

CAROLINE SHIELDS, Class C.

OUR GARDEN

A DREAM I had the other night,
A sight I ne'er had seen;
Our class was a garden of flowers,
That grew on our Barstow green.

Frances was a violet blue,
Nancy a Johnny-jump-up,
Marie was a sweet little pink wild rose,
And Janey a buttercup;
A daisy white was Marguerite
And Mary a lily fine,
Caroline a nodding poppy red,
And Grace was a columbine.

And who do you think was a Bachelor's Button,
The author, yours truly, Dorothy Sutton.

DOROTHY SUTTON, Class C.

PLEASE SEND BY MAIL

I'VE lost my little yellow dog,
His name is Flee,
If any of you find him,
Won't you send him home to me?
He has a tiny little tail,
He's small enough to send by mail.

His eyes are just as black as jet,
And he's my only little pet.
If you find him give him bread,
Meat makes him sick, my mother said.

Drawn by Hamilton Simpson

He's just a little curly ball,
He stands about one-half foot tall;
And oh, he is so very cute
And such a naughty little brute!

HAMILTON SIMPSON, Class D.

OUR VISIT TO THE SHACK

MONDAY afternoon all of our class started to go to the shack. Miss Scofield took us out on the car and Miss English and Miss Welsh took all our lunches in Miss English's electric.

We hadn't eaten our luncheons, so we all were certainly hungry when we got out there! You never saw so many sandwiches and things to eat in all your life! Carolyn Ridenour even brought some wieniewurst, and Miss Welsh cooked them in the chafing dish.

Drawn by Mary Hastings

After we had eaten all we could we went over to the "haunted house" (a house with windows and doors all broken) and played "Robbers." Hamilton Simpson and I were the robbers.

Some of our captives ran away and hid from us. When we found them, they were sitting by the brook. Someone suggested that someone go back and ask the teachers if we could go in wading.

While the girls were gone the rest of us tried to catch Polly-wogs for Dorothy Josephine Chesney. We also caught a beautiful bug, or rather Amalia Partridge did.

Drawn by Mary Hastings

By that time we saw the girls coming back, and they said we **couldn't.** Just then Nancy Davis sat down and started to take off her socks and slippers. We said, "Why you said we couldn't!" and they said they were just fooling, that we **could."**

Then such a scramble as there was! Josephine, Eileen Hoffman and Jane Marsh's mothers didn't want them to go wading. The mud was all nice and soft. When you put your foot down in the water you thought you would sink to the bottom it was so soft.

Finally, one by one the girls went off, until only Mary Waldo Bullard, Nancy, Hamilton, Amalia and myself were left. After a while Mary Waldo and Nancy went away. About fifteen minutes later we heard Nancy and Mary calling to us, and it sounded like, "The horses have eaten the washout," or "Look out for the wash out," so we decided to turn back. As we were scrambling up the bank Nancy and Mary met us and said, "Hurry up, or they'll have to go on and leave us!" We hurried to the shack and put on our socks and slippers and went over to the cat farm, where a lady has a whole lot of angora kittens.

Just as we were leaving Mary Waldo caught her fingers in Miss English's electric. Miss English was afraid she would faint it hurt her so! After a while she got them out.

Miss English took us all to the car line and she left her electric and we all got on the car.

When we got to Westport we bought some ice cream cones. Just as we were going towards school we saw our machine coming. I took all the girls home. My! but we had a fine time! I did anyway!

MARY HISTED, Class D.

MY SHIP

Drawn by Amalia Partridge

I saw a ship out on the sea,
Sailing to some far country.
And as I saw its sail go by.
I saw the moon, too, in the sky,
And both were sailing by.
And as it sailed far out to sea,
I saw it sailing back to me.

AMALIA PARTRIDGE, Class D.

A DOG'S DIARY

THIS morning after breakfast I was chasing a squirrel. It ran under the wood pile. I ran in it after the squirrel. When I was in the wood pile, all but one foot, I found that I could not get out. I cried and cried. I was still crying when Barbara came out, calling, "Here Bobby, here Bobby!" Then I gave a yelp and with a great deal of pulling I got out. I had a good lunch then, but I did not get the squirrel after all.

After lunch I was as well as ever. I was playing with Barbara when I heard music. In a minute I saw Barbara running across the street. I ran after her. I knew it was wrong but I did it.

There was the funniest little thing I ever saw. It was gray, it had a face like a man, and it was dressed like a man. Afterwards Barbara said that it was a monkey. The minute it saw me we began to fight. When the thing found out that I was a foe, not a friend, he climbed a tree, the coward, and stayed there until I went home.

BARBARA JAMES, Class D.

THE BLUE-JAY

OH! some blue-jays came to our yard to stay,
One beautiful sunny day in May.

Those naughty birds flew from tree to tree,
And cocked saucy little heads at me.

They tried many a branch for a place to nest,
That would for their birdies be the best.

And soon 't was built of sticks and clay,
And they flew in and out all day.

Now pretty mama bird must stay inside,
Till the babies come, there she must hide.

But now you see papa flying around,
Trying to get worms out of the ground.

For seven big birdies with mouths so wide,
Who wait for bugs down their throats to slide.

Now they are growing and learning to fly,
If they work hard, they'll learn by and by.

All summer they've played, and we've watched them here,
Now 'tis nearly the fall of the year.

Now those seven big babies can southward fly,
'Tis winter again and they say good-bye.

JANEY MARSH, Class D.

CAMPING IN THE WOODS

WHEN mother and father were away my cousin stayed with Jack and me. My cousin thought it would be wiser if we went camping for a week. Jack and I were glad to hear this good news.

We went on a little steam-boat up Lake Michigan and then into Lake Huron and then into so many lakes I cannot remember the names. In one we went in a canoe. We made a little camp every night. When we stopped I guess you think we were alone but a good friend of my cousin's came with us. Soon we had to ride on a train and we did not like it as well as the dear canoe. We had another canoe trip, though, before we reached camp. Finally my cousin pulled the canoe up a little beach and said, "This is the place we're going to camp, how do you like it?"

It was a darling place to camp. It smelled so good and was all thick with fir trees and a lake in front. They put up tents and fixed beds and then they started to cook lunch because we all felt as though we hadn't ever had anything to eat. We had to have hard boiled eggs because my cousin boiled them too long and bacon and coffee and cocoa for Jack and I.

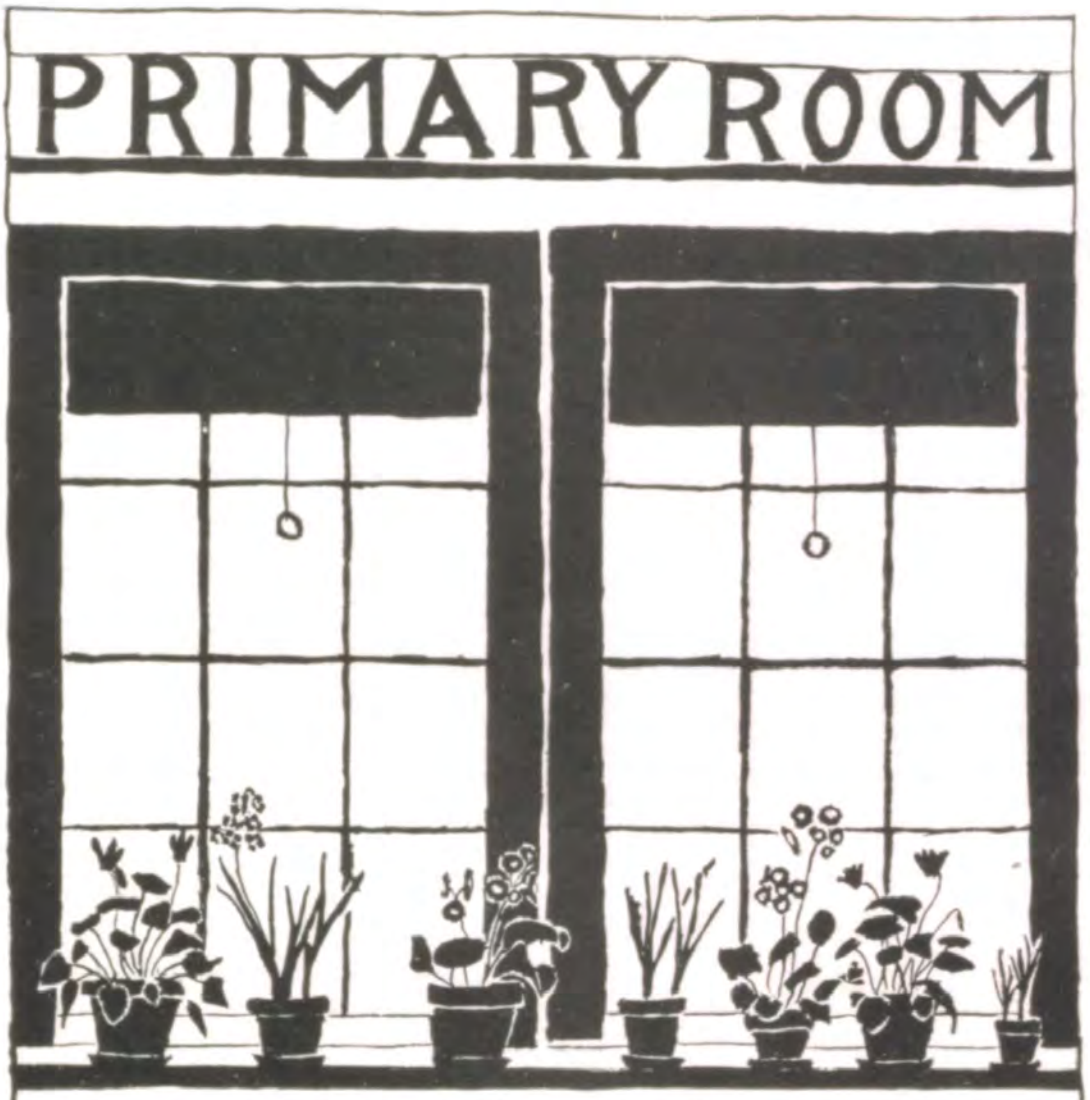
Next morning we explored and found some other camps near us and they were nice, but no children. We used to go to each other's camp after dinner and sing and tell stories by the fire.

I was sorry we could not stay a long, long time, but I was glad to see my father and mother again.

EILEEN HOFFMAN, Class D.

Drawn by Harriette Ridenour.

The PRIMARY ROOM



Drawn by Marguerite Munger.

A RUNAWAY

"IT IS very dark and crowded in this box" thought Tige, a small Airedale puppy. "I wish I could see for myself the big world that mother is so fond of talking about. If that door were open and I were a little bigger or the sides of this box were a little lower, I would not stay here very long."

After a few days he found that, by standing on his hind legs, he could see over the edge of the box. The door was not open, but even if it had been, it would have made little difference because try as he might, he could not get out of the box.

A few days later he discovered to his delight that he could jump out and how good it did feel to be where one could stretch and roll. He suddenly remembered and looked to see if the doors were open. Oh joy, it was! With a bound he was out and tearing around the yard. He also remembered to look for a gate. He found one, but it was closed. If only he could get through a hole in the fence it would be fine. Suddenly he thought of trying to go under the gate and after a few minutes of wiggling he was out of the yard. He thought it best to get as far as possible from the house, so he trotted along down the street. Suddenly he looked around and what he saw made shivers run up and down his spine. A big creature with long legs was looking straight at him.

With his tail between his legs he turned and ran as if he thought that dog—a Russian Wolfhound—paid altogether too much attention to a little mite of a pup. After Tige had recovered sufficiently from his fright he started to cross the street, but was astonished to hear a frightful noise that made him jump into the air and start running before his feet touched the ground. He had just time to get out of the street before there was a flash and something big went past with a noise worse than before.

It was lucky for him that he decided not to cross because a big English bull was standing on the opposite side staring at him. He trotted down the block a little way and was about to cross when he saw a wagon coming up the street. He was just going to investigate when, to his surprise, a large stream of water shot out at him.

After he succeeded in getting away from that he was glad enough to crawl back home through the fence and rub up against his mother and go to sleep, a much wiser pup.

JEMUEL GATES MARTY, JR., Grade III.

OUR HIKE TO THE SHACK

AT ABOUT half past one a party of merry girls were walking down the little lane that leads to the school shack. Some of the girls who were a little ahead fell over the barbed wire gate because they were talking and didn't see where they were going.

It really shouldn't be called a "shack" for it is so cozy with pretty brown curtains at the windows, a comfortable couch, some wicker chairs, books, fireplace, and an old fashioned clock. I wish that no one would have a clock or a watch so that we could stay there all day.

In the dining room is a large round table, some camp stools and a side board. In the kitchen is a large coal stove, a table and cooking utensils. Each dish is named, such as Polly, which is the large frying pan.

Outside, in front, a little to the north is an apple orchard; the trees instead of being laden with apples were laden with children.

After lunch we all went outdoors; some played in the tall grass or climbed trees; some climbed the huge tree that overhangs a small creek, while most of the others hunted for wild flowers and came back with violets and wild strawberries. By the creek in a tree stump is a flicker's nest.

Although I have only been there once I think this is the nicest place to have a picnic I I have ever seen, because it is so far away from everybody and automobiles.

Drawn by Mary Askew

JESSIE DOWNING, Grade III.

OUR NEW BABY

ON THE fifteenth day of April at eleven o'clock a little baby boy was born at my house. We had been expecting him for about two weeks.

Now I am going to tell you what he looked like when I first saw him. He had on a little linen night gown and a little kimono with a pink edge of ribbon around it. He is quite a little baby, for he weighs only six pounds and a half and is twenty inches long. He is two weeks old now and is beginning to stay awake some in the day time.

Every Sunday mother lets me pick out a dress for him to wear but the rest of the week he wears a little night gown with tatting down the front.

One morning when I was asleep in bed, I heard mother and papa talking in the baby's room and I waked up and listened for a little while; and this is what I heard. Mother said to Papa, "Come and see all of these little dresses I have for the baby." So papa looked at them for a little while, then he said, "I don't see why you got so many of this kind of clothes for him. I want some boy's

clothes for him, like pants and shirts and collars." Mother said he was not going to put on pants until he was four years old.

The next day the lady that made his other clothes came and mother told her what papa had said and in about a week or two, the lady brought a little dress that had tucks down the front like a man's dress shirt. The baby wore it last Sunday.

When he grows up to be about four years old and goes to Miss Barstow's School, I want him to dress like Jack Hoffman and play all the little games the way Jack does. Then when he is about fourteen years old I want him to be like John Slavens, and I want John to teach him how to play tricks and tennis and how to speak pieces!

NEWELL McGEE, Grade III.

HELEN KELLER

TWO or three Saturdays ago Helen Keller came to see us. She brought with her her teacher, Mrs. Macy, and her secretary, Miss Polly, and her mother, Mrs. Keller.

About six o'clock at night, daddy went down to meet them and mother and Lucia Doris and I stayed home because there would not be room enough for us all in the car.

When Helen Keller first came into the house and said "How do you do," to us, I was rather afraid of her, for she talked in a low trembling tone. She did not say anything more then for she went upstairs to get dressed for dinner.

At seven o'clock they came down looking very nice and we all went into the dining room and sat down.

It was a funny way they had of talking to Helen Keller for she cannot see or hear, she can only talk. When the bread was passed to her, Miss Polly, who sat next to her, took up Miss Keller's hand and made some funny little movements on it with her hand. Anyhow it means, "Will you have some bread?" and she would answer whether she wanted any or not.

After dinner it was pretty late and mother told Lucia Doris and me to go upstairs to bed and that we could see Helen Keller in the morning.

Next day was Sunday and everybody stayed in bed for breakfast except Lucia Doris and me, but about ten all came down and mother took them out to see the flowers. Helen Keller, Miss Polly, and I went around by ourselves. When we came to a tulip bed we picked a tulip and handed it to Miss Keller and asked her what it was. She felt of it and said right off, "A tulip." It really was wonderful how she could tell about the flowers. Some of those we

gave her didn't even have buds, but she would feel of the leaves and tell what kind they were.

After everybody got through looking at the flowers, we went and sat down under a tree. Pretty soon I asked Miss Polly if she would teach me how to talk to Miss Keller with my hand. She said "yes," and taught me how to talk to her a little bit that way.

They left on Monday at three o'clock and they kissed us good-bye and we asked them to visit us again.

BARCIA JONES, Grade III.

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

LAST Christmas instead of giving a play as we usually do to celebrate Christmas, Miss Babbitt suggested that we play Santa Claus to a poor family she knew of.

The family consisted of Mrs. Lynch and the four children, Eleanor, Dorothy, Ruth and Buster. Eleanor was nine years old, Dorothy six, Ruth four, and Buster two.

Mrs. Lynch's husband had left them and poor Mrs. Lynch had the care of the children, so we thought it would be nice to come to the rescue. (I call her "poor" for it is a task to take care of any four children!)

On the afternoon that school closed we all were there to pack the basket. For Eleanor there was a plaid school dress, some underclothes, four pairs of black stockings, two pairs of shoes, about five books and a doll. Dorothy had another plaid dress, underclothes, a gray sweater, a few books, a little toy wagon, stockings, black and white, and two pairs of shoes. For little Ruth, there was a dress with bloomers attached to it (I know because I brought it), two little dolls, two pairs of shoes, any number of stockings for we all happen to be her size, a pair of rubbers and some underclothes. Buster got three rompers, a horse, a wagon, plenty of underclothes, leggings, mittens, stockings and shoes.

We gave Mrs. Lynch a nice warm coat, some money in a pocket book, candy, and quite a lot of other things. We tied all the things up with pretty ribbon, sealed them with Christmas stickers, and wrote little greetings on each one.

My mother came in the morning to see how things were getting on and I asked her if we could take the basket and mother said, "Yes, we can take it."

So on Christmas eve, father, mother and I delivered the basket to sixteen sixteen Cherry street.

I think we all had a better, more joyable Christmas because we did a Christmas deed, don't you?

MARY ESTHER HOVEY, Grade III.

BOARDING CONTRACTING

YOU do not hear much about boarding contracting so I am going to tell you about it. My father does this kind of work for the G. T. P. R. and for the Missouri Pacific Railroad.

Boarding contracting is fitting out camps where railroads are having new rails laid. These camps are little cars fitted up as houses. Some cars are divided into halves and in each half there is a bed made out of wood called a bunk. There are two bunks in each half car and a table is nailed to the floor. One whole car is kept for an ice box where the meat is kept and the butter. They never have less than twelve pounds of butter and they usually have sixteen pounds at a time. In another car are barrels of apples and bags of flour and all the other things which you find at a grocery store. My father buys from different firms such as Swift and Armour.

In Winnipeg we have a very small warehouse where we keep some of the food for the camps near there. It is very interesting to go through any kind of a warehouse. There are never any women or children in these camps and the men do their own cooking and mending.

One time I went out to one of papa's big camps in Canada. It was so long ago I can remember only one thing and that is the poor food. The only thing we could eat was the nut bread. I do wish my father was in some other business because he is away all the time.

HESTER PETERSEN, Grade III.

MY EASTER RABBIT

I AM going to tell you about my little rabbit. I got him on Easter morning.

My father said he heard something in the basket and he called us to the basket and under the papers there was a little rabbit and so clean. But the night before he came daddy knew he was coming so he made a box for him to live in.

After Ada and I came down stairs, we took him with us down to his little house and after our breakfast, we took him his breakfast of little lettuce leaves and carrots.

When we got home from Sunday School we let him out of his little box and he jumped and ran and ran and ate and ate.

One evening we heard Ada scream and we all ran out to see what the matter was. She told us that Peggy, Janey Smith's dog, had caught our little rabbit and run home with it. John, our chauffeur,

got it and brought it home to us. We buried it in the back yard and keep flowers on the grave all the time.

MARIE TUREMAN, Grade III.

OUR JACK AND ROBIN

YESTERDAY I saw a bluebird in our yard. His name was Jack and he was taking a bath in our dog's pail of water. After he took his bath he shook himself and then I put some bread crumbs out on the grass and he came very slowly and ate every bit up. Then what did he do, but walk right over to Mr. Robin Redbreast and they talked together and seemed very happy.

After a long time Mr. Jack and Mr. Robin Redbreast walked over to a tree and flew up on a branch. The day before Mason had built a double house on that tree and so they happened in and I did not see them again for an hour. Then they came out and flew away. I suppose they had been talking about which side of the house their families were going to occupy and how nice it would be to live in the same apartment house. When they did come out I think they had fixed a nice little resting place for the night.

About a week later there were four little Robin Redbreasts and six little Bluebirds and I wish that you might see them now; you wouldn't think they were the same birds! The fathers and mothers look very dreary, just like our mothers and fathers when they have children.

ANNA CORRELEA THOMPSON, Grade III.

GRANDFATHER'S FARM

I THINK I'll tell you about grandfather's farm. The first time I went there in my life was before I could walk very well. They had two great big tiger cats. They were the most good natured cats I ever saw in my life; they would let me pull their tails. I would take hold of their tails and they would pull me across the porch. I would run my finger around the dish they ate out of, and then lick it off.

Now I must tell you about the cows, horses, pigs and chickens. He has about forty cows and calves and ever so many horses. Grandfather has guinea hens and guinea pigs. Grandfather had a mad bull, too. He had to have a shed of his own. A little while ago he hooked a man, so grandfather sold him to someone.

The last time I was there, there were two baby calves and a

hen and her chicks; they were so pretty! There are two kinds of chickens. Those they keep in a little coop behind the barn are for eating, the others are to lay eggs. Once grandmother told the man to kill one or two of the white chickens for dinner and he killed every one in the pen!

As you walk up the road you see three big barns and a couple of little buildings which are the chicken coops, the dairy, the place where they make butter and butter milk, and the farmer's houses. The first barn you see is the horse shed. I like this next to the best. The next is for the cows and calves. I like it the best of all because there is an old wagon in it and Florence and I play there. The other building is for the farm tools.

He is planting about one hundred and fifty shrubs all over the place.

We are going there this summer.

VIRGINIA SNIDER, Grade II.

A SURPRISE

ONE morning Miss Witham was taking a morning walk around the yard when to her surprise she found six little kittens and a mother cat in a box. I think the mother must have been wandering around looking for a home and when she saw the healthy children in the school yard she said to herself, "Well, I guess I will bring up my children over there." So she put her babies into a crate filled with hay that was under the runway. Shall I tell you the color of the six little kittens? There are three brown and white cats, one gray one and two black ones. Two of the brown and white ones died so there are only four left. Miss English brings the mother raw meat every day. She seems to know more about cats than anybody else; one day the gray kitty almost went blind but she made his eye as good as new. She calls the old cat a "nice woman."

The crate they live in is like an express box and we wanted to send them to Miss Barstow when she was in California but we were afraid that she wouldn't bring them back. When school closes we are going to give the cats away. I can't take one because the neighbors said our last one caught birds, but nearly all of the children want one.

CLARA VIRGINIA AIKINS, Grade II.

OUR SCHOOL PICNIC

LAST Friday we all went out to Miss Barstow's shack for our annual picnic. The shack is out at Eighty-first street, just a pleasant ride from town.

When we got there we went right in and took off our coats and hats. Then we went out into the orchard and played house in the trees until our luncheon was ready. Some of us had thermos bottles of grape juice, and ice water and lemonade. Besides that we had potato chips, sandwiches, cake and dressed eggs.

After luncheon, Virginia Snider started to wade in the spring but Miss Babbitt saw her right off and told her she would be drowned, and said, "Virginia, what would your mother say to me if you were?"

We played hide and seek and I was "it" and had to find everyone. Virginia Aikins and I went down to the little stream and picked flowers. Across the stream I found a little blue flower and it had two or three great long leaves. I don't know the name of it.

We kept on playing around until it was time to go home. Then we all got in our cars and Miss Babbitt came to see if we were in all right; then we left the little cottage and started down the lane. I wish I could go again some time real soon.

MARGARET JACKSON, Grade II.

ENGINES AND CARS

ONCE, long ago, we had no engines and cars and now it is the commonest thing to see them. A locomotive's wheels are made this way: they are as high as a man or a foot higher. The outside ring of the wheel is the flange and it is about two inches back of the side. An engine has eight or ten wheels.

You see how we are improving. A little while ago we had wooden cars and now we have steel cars. Way back the locomotives had no cabs and now they do. Now, again, our smoke stacks are taller than the old kind. The wide part was the cinder catch and now the cinder catch is in the boiler.

Way back the cars were stage coaches. The cars now have eight or ten wheels. Now we have couplers so that men do not have to couple but the cars couple themselves.

I suppose that in a hundred years they will have cars that will fly, because we have aeroplanes and still later we will have trains that fly!

LATHROP DOUGLASS, Grade II.

OUR SHACK

LAST week we went on a picnic to Miss Barstow's shack and had the best time anyone could have. I am going to tell you now what Miss Barstow's shack looks like.

As I went down the lane the little cottage looked so cute I could hardly take my eyes off it. It had a long flower bed at one side with a row of iris opposite and lots of apple trees and green grass all around.

Now I am going to tell you about the inside of the shack. It had a big table in the dining room and chairs and a little side board with dishes on it and pictures on the wall. In the living room there was a little fire place with a rug beside it and chairs and a couch and seats all around the room to sit on. There is a neat little kitchen, too, with pots and pans and a little stove in it.

About sunset we got our things together and went home and told our mothers about the nice time we had at the picnic.

MARGARET DELANY, Grade II.

CATS

PERSIAN kitties are not very common for they are hard to keep alive if you don't know how to raise them. They eat raw meat and drink milk out of a saucer. They eat eggs, too.

We used to have just a small black stray cat. Daddy found it on the street and brought it home to mother and me. When mother saw it she was so happy. The first thing she did was to go out into the kitchen and get some meat for him. But one day mother said she was going to get a Persian cat and the very next day she did. He had beautiful eyes and his hair was long and gray. He's dead now and mother thinks I dropped him too hard.

She sent him to a cat hospital and there they didn't know how to take care of him. So when mother found out that that hospital didn't know how to take care of him she sent him to another and they said they had to chloroform him. So they did and now we have another that we got from Mrs. Speas just like that one. I hope this one will live.

HELEN DEAN, Grade II.

MY MOTHER'S TRIP IN AN AIRSHIP

LAST summer in Marblehead about nine o'clock, we all went down to the bay of the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Webster who was going to take mother up in an airship was already there. In a minute we were all in a boat that we were going to watch mother from. She was nervous at first, but daddy said, "You'll never have the chance to go again," so she went.

She went up three hundred and fifty feet. When she got up she was dizzy. I forgot to tell you that the seat was in the middle and on each side were two wires and that's all. She said she kept thinking she was going to fall but she didn't for she held on to those same wires. When she got up she looked like a little spot. She was in the air for about half an hour. When she came down she landed on the water. She was still dizzy when she got on to the ground and said she never wanted to go again.

LUCIA DORIS JONES, Grade I.

A VISIT TO A COAL MINE

LAST week I went down in a coal mine in Muskogee. We walked down a steep hill into the mine. It was dark there, not quite so dark as night, for you could see the coal shining along the sides. The miners wear a little search light on their caps to see with.

I saw a car of coal come up on ropes. A man at the end of the rope pulled the car of coal out to the day light. Another man went behind and pushed until the car got out on to the level ground. The bad coal he dumped and the good coal he put in coal cars to send away to sell. Then they let the empty cars go back down into the mine to bring up more.

Good coal is black and the bad coal is whitish.

JACK HOFFMAN, Grade I.

A FARM

A FARM is a pleasant place. I should like to live on a farm all the time for I sleep better at night. I had rather be a farmer than a newspaper man because a farmer's life is like play all the time.

We have a wonderful dog at the farm and he has killed many snakes. Once he was bitten by a snake but they put some milk down him and he got through it all right.

When I am a middle aged man I'll be a farmer and I'll have that same dog.

DAVID STOUT, Grade I.

MY DOG

I USED to have a dog and I got him at the dog show. He was a bulldog and he had a brother who had been sold. His brother took the first prize which was a blue ribbon. Then my dog had next prize which was a red ribbon.

He would slide down the slide in my back yard every time I did. He could climb up the steps of the slide and each time he did I gave him a lump of sugar.

But he ran away one day and I think he has some babies of his own, now.

JOSEPHINE REID, Grade I.

Drawn by Lillian Wright.

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