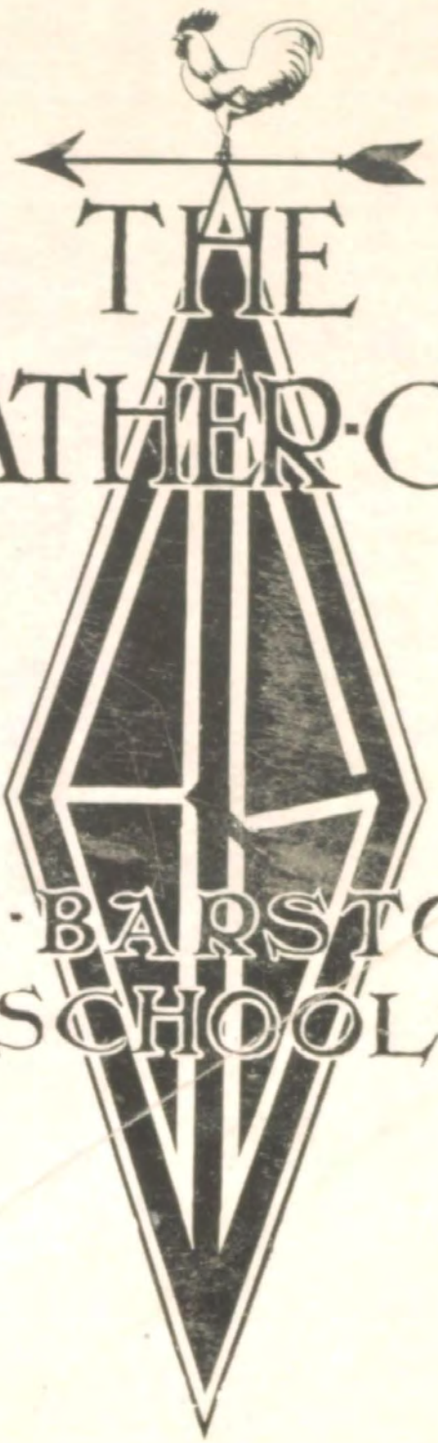
The Weather Vane

1917



THE WEATHER-COCK

MISS BARSTOW'S SCHOOL

1917

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1917.

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Our "Knitters in the Sun."

The Year of 1916 and 1917

A Senior at last! Think of it! Those of you who have forgotten, or never experienced, the trials of being an underclassman may not think that is anything so wonderful. But you are mistaken! The joys of being an honored and respected top-class girl cannot be equalled—and they are so many that they can hardly be numbered. In the first place, a Senior has an entirely new view of everything—both work and play. She has a fuller understanding and a more mature realization of what it is she has been striving for all these years, when Latin and mathematics seemed unbearable, and study halls deserts of drudgery unless relieved by an occasional whisper or laugh. Even those, in retrospect, seem only idle caperings of foolish children.

The Senior is resolved to make the most of every opportunity to master hard work so that play may be the gayer when it comes. "Sweet is pleasure after pain," according to Glorious John of Will's, and glorious Seniors of Miss Barstow's agree with him. They feel, sincerely feel, an enormous satisfaction in work well done. They know, when they have translated a particularly long passage in Vergil, or solved a difficult original in geometry, that they are better fitted to meet the next and more difficult problems. It is the Senior's endorsement of "preparedness." Moreover, the Senior's attitude is a new one toward her teachers. No longer do they seem to be figures of dread to be shunned, "natural enemies"—but friends and comrades, ready to help as always, but now easier to approach, easier to talk to, easier to confide in: in truth, the most inspiring, beloved, and ever-to-be remembered figures in our school life.

And then what "special privileges" the Seniors possess! Do we not strut proudly up and down those time-honored Senior steps? Do we not grace the imposing end of the study hall with our imposing selves? Do we not, now and then, conduct the opening exercises? Do *we* ever come in tardy—or are *we* ever absent? Do not even Juniors, and irreverent Sophomores bend the knee to us?

And in this, *our* Senior year, the days have been filled as never before with pleasures and interests of many sorts. Hallowe'en, horseback rides, cross country hikes, basketball, hockey, plays—so they have come—and gone! Basketball enjoyed, as a new home, the court at the Armory, where with our *Toll* baskets, we romped and roared, and beat and were beaten, until *real* soldiers in a *real* war drove us forth. Our Pretender plays have seemed to thrill us more than ever. We have given them in a place that seemed a lit-

tle more like a theatre—although it is a church. No longer could we allow our friends to sit on window sills or fire-escapes, or our fathers to pace up and down outside the glass doors, through which they could see, but not hear, their daughters as Petruchio or Viola. And for the first time we have had a play written by one of our own members—"The Gypsy Cross," by Marion Ellet—the play which won the Drama League Prize for 1916. Marion Ellet, a Senior! One of the happiest events of the whole year—one that could be enjoyed by all classes in school—was the coming of Alfred Noyes. Almost every girl heard his reading that memorable night—and the enthusiasm over all he said and read has never waned.

But in the midst of all these pleasures, do not think for an instant that we have been forgetful of the world outside the school. The war has had its way with us, as elsewhere. You could judge for yourself could you see us Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, knitting sweaters and scarfs—our tongues wagging as fast as the knitting needles—or carefully folding bandages and surgical dressings. If we cannot enlist and carry a gun, still we can show that we respond heart and soul to the call in our way. Our friend of last year, Miss Fell, came again and spoke to us about the penniless orphans in France. Her vivid picture of their sufferings—so like what ours might have been, or might become—made every heart go out to her appeal, and sixty-seven fatherless children of France are now ours—two heart beats, almost, to every one last year when we registered over thirty. Many other war speakers have been with us—we shall always recall with special pleasure the fine stories and the green shamrocks of Lady Kingston of County Cork, Ireland; and the "Sons of toil buried under tons of soil" of Mr. Burgess Johnson of Vassar College. To us he conveyed a gracious compliment when he said he had, during his absence from college, left his classes in charge of one of our recent graduates, Julia Coburn.

So do you now understand why this has been a profitable year? a year rich in promises and fulfillment—a golden year always to be a source of inspiration? But, alas, all good things come to an end. Just now we feel that we cannot bear the thought of leaving the dear, familiar school and the loved ties which have bound us all together for so many years. How many years? Some of us began in the first grade, some in the second, one light of the class in the third, some in the fourth—so on by steps—but *all* of us twenty-two strong, the largest class ever, have come up together to the Senior steps. Nor do we forget that two of our *strongest*, of our *best*, of our most *loved* and *honored*, have gone far beyond

even the Senior steps, where, as yet, we may not follow. Since they went we have never forgotten them, day by day they have been present with us—always a part of our Senior Class, always a part of its memories—and of its inspiration. Graduating seems like the end of everything—we would like to jump off the Senior steps only to go back along the walk and enter once more at the lower door and creep up the stairs to the Primary Room; go along the whole way from "I see the cat" to "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" But it is Commencement time—just *what* we are to commence we do not know! But we must face *it*, whatever it be, venture upon the "untrodden ways," knowing in our hearts that "come what come may" we are ready—by the fortitude and strength we have caught glimpses of as Seniors!

ANNA MARGARET HASTINGS, '17.

It Does Not Matter

THERE is a conflict coming—and you so far away.
I had not known how much I looked to you for
strength, my hills.
Yet sometimes when I need you most
An elf-like shadow comes to me—my other self,
And leads me forth into your quiet depths again.
I find the mists, blue, as I left them long ago,
In white, moon-silvered through the night;
And then I know it does not matter any more;
Just so the mists keep rolling on to God,
Just so the winds keep calling through the wood,
Just so my freed soul answers them,
It does not matter how the strife may turn,
It does not matter though the conflict should be lost.

MARION ELLET, '17.

"L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"

ALL our moods are more or less complementary. One day we may be buoyantly care-free; on another we may view the world with a steady philosophic gaze tinged possibly with sadness; on the third the two moods may shift, one into the other. And it is rather in the light of two varying moods of the same person, than as two people of opposite temperaments, that we must enjoy Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Milton himself was a passionate scholar; to him philosophy was "not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute"—and it is this mood he portrayed in "Il Penseroso." But he was also young, and sensitive to all forms of beauty; although a Puritan, the "Lady of Christ's College," he loved people, their society, their pleasures; he could not always pore over his books, or ponder the infinite spaces of the heavens—and then it was he became "L'Allegro."

The first ten lines of these strangely complementary poems are taken up with the banishment of the spirit of the opposite mood. "L'Allegro" orders out of his sight "loathed melancholy," and "Il Penseroso" dismisses all "vain deluding joys." Not all melancholy does the happy man send from him—only that "born in Stygian caves forlorn," menacing man's happiness with its "ragged locks;" for even happy people sometimes enjoy making themselves more happy by being sad. Nor is the studious man prejudiced enough to desire *all* happiness to leave him. Far from it! He waves away only the "brood of Folly," those joys that do not "bested a man," but dwell only "in some idle brain." Then the poet invokes the goddess of these two moods. But what a difference in the manner in which he speaks to each! Mirth is just a jolly companion to whom he may beckon with his finger, "Come thou goddess fair and free!" Who could be better playfellows for a day of frolic than her light train:

"Quips, and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Or who so light a comrade, tripping "on the light fantastic toe" as "heart-easing Mirth," born of Venus, goddess of love, and Bacchus, god of graceful revelry—or possibly of Zephyr, "the frolic maid" and Aurora, goddess of the morn.

"There on beds of violet blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed with dew."

But to "divinest melancholy" Milton bends as to a wise and holy queen, as indeed she was, daughter of solitary Saturn and Vesta, goddess of the home-hearthside. Her companions are "calm Peace and Quiet" and the "Cherub Contemplation." One feels her at once as a being of unlimited power, worthy of awe and reverence; her face, "too bright for human sight" is "o'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue." There can be no feeling of easy companionship with her; forever she keeps her stately step, forever is she a goddess, "held in holy passion," "forgetting herself to marble."

Naturally enough, "L'Allegro," the happy follower of mirth, starts his pleasures in the early morning when first one hears

"the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night."

His are the joys of sunrise skies, of the early hunt over frosty fields, of "dancing in the chequered shade" "on a sunshine holiday" with the youths and maidens of any upland haunt to which he may have wandered. When night falls, and they creep to bed, he seeks fresh pleasures in towered cities amongst knights and lords, where brilliant ladies with their passages of wit "reign influence and judge the prize." There he finds marvelous masques and pageants to delight his heart; there, too, he loves to hear,

"Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild."

All the beautiful things of the world are there " in the busy hum of men"—best of all, music, "soft Lydian airs,"

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,"

music so sweet that even Orpheus must lift his head from golden slumbers on Elysian flowers to hear it.

But "Il Penseroso" in the mood which balances "L'Allegro" starts his pleasures in the cool of eventide, walking unseen "to behold the wandering moon," and to feel "the mute silence"

"'Less Philomel will deign a song."

In his garden, he loves the quiet of an unbroken night under the skies to study "the heaven's wide pathless way." Or he holds his evening retreat by some hearth lit with glowing embers. After midnight his lamp may be seen in some high tower where he "out

watches the Bear" and contemplates those world-old questions of death and immortality. He, too, delights in the drama—but his choice is "gorgeous tragedy in sceptred pall," or the ancient sorrows of "the tale of Troy divine." He, too, loves music—such notes as "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek, and made Hell grant what Love did seek." When sunny day dawns he still seeks for shadows—he wanders to "arched walks of twilight groves;" he listens to the murmuring of a brook, or the humming of the bees, until they entice him to "dewy feathered Sleep." And when he wakes he still has music in his ears—that of "the unseen genius of the wood." From this quiet choir invisible he goes to the full music of the organ in the "dim religious light" of the cathedral

Never once does "Il Penseroso" ask to be admitted to the train of this goddess. The life of quietness is the natural one for him—he knows every mood and feeling of hers. But "L'Allegro" must ask Mirth to admit him to her crew, "to live with her," and become one of her merry company. Does this in itself not prove the poems simply two separate moods of one man? Neither Milton, nor indeed any one, could wish to be forever "L' Allegro," or forever "Il Penseroso;" but to combine these two, as varying moods, perfectly complementary to each other, gives to one man all the meaning of life. With a hand out to each—to both at the same moment—who would not say—

"These pleasures give,
I with thee will choose to live."

ELIZABETH HULL, '17.

The Call of the Prairie

WHERE in summer, golden wheatfields
Just before the harvest season,
Glisten in God's pure warm sunshine,
Something's calling—what's the reason
For this something—ever calling?

Where the cottonwoods are sighing
Low at midnight, near a river,
And the cornfields blowing gently,
Whisper softly, seem to shiver
In the moonlight—ever calling.

Where the saucy yellow sunflowers,
Oft in unexpected places,
Toward the sun in expectation,
Turn their happy smiling faces—
There is something—ever calling.

When a moment comes at twilight,
Silent, misty, almost holy,
When pale pinks, and blues, and purples
Lingering, mingle softly, slowly,
There's a something—ever calling.

There's a message in the calling
Of those prairies rolling slowly
Towards the mountains in the distance,
For the lofty or the lowly,
That's the something—ever calling.

EMELIE SELLERS, '17.

The Masterpiece

GIOVANNI Conti was a very great painter. At forty-five he was so great that he need never work unless he wished to, and could wear an orange smock and no overcoat whenever he chose. And now he was painting his masterpiece, and he was very happy. All his life the Maestro Conti had grown up in the shadow of a beautiful cathedral, so quite naturally his painting centered about it. It really was the most beautiful cathedral in the world. The stone-paved floor seemed endless in length and breadth, and all the dark corners of the chapels were filled with mysterious mosaics. Royal pillars rose everywhere from the pavement; gloomy and heavy they were at the base, but as they went up and up the sunlight touched them, sifted through some high stained-glass window, and all their gloom became soft gray shapeliness. About the high altar at the end of the cathedral shone many twinkling stars—tall ivory candle-flames that never went out.

This was the theme of Conti's masterpiece. I have said that he knew the cathedral well, so of course he knew and loved the people who came to kneel in its dim chapels. Always he had wanted to put them into a picture, and now he was doing it. His canvas represented a group of people kneeling in rapt wonder before the high altar, awe and exalted frenzy in their faces. He meant to show all types of people in that group, standing out against the rich setting of the cathedral. To obtain this atmosphere he got special permission to work in the cathedral itself, and many a sunny day the painter sat in the chancel, his red smock glowing like a drop of blood in the grays and blues and blacks of the cathedral shadows. Usually the apex of a mound of pallets and paint-tubes, he and the easel rose supreme. And always on his face was the intense look of a man who works on his masterpiece.

A year ago the painting had been finished except for the principal figures. They were to be in the very foreground, two men kneeling side by side, with the yellow candle-light of the high altar falling upon their upturned faces. Conti wished one to represent all that is good in the world, the other all that is evil. It is not only the good who go to church. For a year the painter had searched and toiled, always to end by scraping his pallet-knife across the two figures. He could paint angels to make critics rave, but for once he wished a good *man*. And although he became the frequenter of thieves' dens and gambling houses, he could not find the other face, either. For the face of a mere assassin, brought up in crime, and innured to

bloodshed and dishonor, somehow did not satisfy him. He could paint devils, too, but he wished a *man*, a man who had done a great wrong, but who was, nevertheless, still possessed of some small remains of conscience. And although he knew there would be no mistaking these faces when he found them, his imagination alone could not call them up. And so he waited.

One morning he sat as usual in the shadowy cathedral staring impatiently at those two white spaces on the canvas. He recognized genius in every touch of the picture, but he would never give it to the world unfinished. He knew so well what he wanted! Why, why, could he not paint it? But he laid his brushes down again. Presently a tourist came in behind him, wandered around for a moment, passed him by, stopped, and gazed over his shoulder. Visitors were not uncommon, and Conti scarcely realized that anyone was there until the traveler spoke.

"Ah, that is a fine picture, Maestro—if you will pardon me! But why have you left the center bare? It is far too great to go unfinished!"

The speaker's voice was young and pleasant, with a deep little bur-r-r in it that attracted one's attention. Conti glanced up, smiling wistfully. On the instant the smile froze! The easel toppled over with a crash, the pallet cracked like a bomb, but he only gaped at the man before him. He was a very young man, with an aureole of golden hair, and corn-flower blue eyes, and he carried himself like a radiant god. The Maestro Conti gasped.

"For months that picture has been so—" he pointed to the prostrate canvas. "I wanted the face of a human angel to put there, but I could not paint it. Signor, Signor, you are he whom I have hunted! Ah, you will let me paint you—now?—It is more than life or love to me!"

"I don't quite understand, but you seem so anxious, of course, Maestro, I shall consider myself fortunate."

* * * * * *

Maestro Conti was sixty-five. He had become greater and greater, and his pictures hung in galleries and exhibitions the world over; but his masterpiece still stood in the center of his studio—unfinished. Critics who came to look at other things stared at it silently, and went away with misty eyes. Somehow or other it gripped one's heart, that painting of Conti's—only a cathedral full of kneeling people, and in their center a manly god who turned his radiant face up to the altar. There was a blank space beside him. Giovanni Conti would never explain it; he only said that if the space

were not filled before he died, the picture would be destroyed.

Even after twenty years, he still sometimes took easel and pallets over to the beautiful cathedral, and sat for hours staring at the blank.

So he sat one day, when he saw a man enter whose walk he could not help but notice. He was an old man, and yet his gait was swift and strong, and he carried his head like a prince. But there was something—Conti thought it must be his shoulders—that made even his back look not quite right. He wandered slowly through the chancel and chapels, and after a while he came and stopped before Conti, gazing at the high altar. Conti glanced at his upturned face, and then went sick all over. It was a terrible face, surrounded by wild gray locks, the face of one who had fought some titanic battle in his soul, and had lost; the face of a strong man become craven; the face, not of Satan, the devil, but of Lucifer, the fallen angel. Giovanni Conti rose unsteadily.

"Signor, Signor, I have been awaiting you twenty years! You are not a vision? You are real?—and I may have your face—to put in a picture—immediately? Ah, but the search has been so long! Signor, may I not paint you *now*?"

The tall man turned his sunken blue eyes upon the painter in surprise and some displeasure, but when he saw that Conti was already working feverishly with brush and pallet, he nodded without speaking and again turned his face up to the altar.

The Maestro Conti finished his masterpiece in fifteen minutes. Then he turned fascinated eyes toward the man before him.

"Come and see," he said.

He came behind the painter and gazed at the painting. First he looked at the part just finished, and flushed. But that same moment his eyes rested upon the other figure, and he cried out, as a rabbit does when wounded to the death. Perhaps it was only natural, for those two painted faces were such as to haunt one—all that was good in the world, and all that was bad, personified. The man put his hand to his heart, and his eyes looked wild.

"What is it, Signor?" queried Conti quickly.

"It is nothing—nothing," answered the other. "That boy there—he looks like someone I used to know—twenty years ago. He has been dead a long time—"

He turned and almost ran from the cathedral. Afterwards the Maestro Conti remembered that his voice had had a deep little bur-r-r in it that attracted one's attention.

ESTHER HILL, '18.

Charon

THERE is a man whom literature has slightingly passed over, but who was at one time invaluable to his country. We can quote no words of Charon himself to prove this, we can tell you no personal anecdotes of his life, nor can we say whether, in reality, this man was a Greek or a Trojan, a god or a spirit. But we do know that Charon, guardian of the land of the shades, was a force which humbled princes and called forth the respect of even gods. As this old ferryman rowed day after day back and forth over the muddy stream of Acheron, now leaving behind him the pale flickering shades, now approaching the dismal shadows of the dead, we wonder of what he was thinking! May it not have been of his youth and of the times when he once ferried the haughty heroes of Greece over the tossing waves to lands of war and conquest? Now he guides over the Styx the same haughty heroes of Greece that once sailed o'er Erymanthus' stream. They are not laughing now as once they laughed, there is no boasting of arms, no talk of conquests proud. The boatman, too, is strangely changed; neither does he laugh, and his thoughts wander—wander to the regions of light where he daily remembers there is still youth and hope. The ceaseless tragedy of life and death, the thought of those unburied spirits who must wander a thousand years before they can enter the threshold of Orcus weighs heavily upon the heart of Charon. Now he can only dream of a proud youth who once dared to challenge Triton to a race of boats and who so was doomed forever to pilot the dead across Acheron, "until the stars turn back in their courses." His is the despair of lost illusions.

ALICE QUARLES, '17.

The Dresden Bowl

JACK Barber sank wearily on the steps at his wife's feet. Jack had just finished mowing the second strip across his eight foot square of back lawn and, tired out, was now gulping down the icy stream of lemonade which his wife had prepared in a tall shiny goblet. "Delicious, my dear," he sighed over the frosty glass. Betty beamed, but soon the joyful look gave place to one of sudden tragedy.

"Oh! Jack, there she comes! and she's got the Dresden bowl again! — — Good evening, Mrs. Collier," she continued, "won't you sit down?"

"No, my dear, thank you! I've just brought you a mite of frozen

custard. When one is working"—here her smile fell full upon Jack—"a little cold refreshment is so-er-er—spurring to one's lagging efforts!"

"Splendid!" agreed Jack.

"Very thoughtful," murmured Betty politely.

Betty watched the starched skirt disappear through the hedge and heard a screen door slam before she stirred.

"Jack, it's the tenth time!"

"The tenth time?"

"Yes," nodded Betty. "First it was candy, then pudding, then dates, then apples, then figs, then—oh! Jack the tenth time! I don't know what to put in it now!"

"Why put anything in it?" he inquired mildly. "Why not return it empty?"

"Oh! Jack!" she cried, "you don't understand! I can't."

"No—er—er—of course—not," agreed Jack, patting the small hand on his knee.

"You don't seem to understand, Jack, you don't remember."

"No," denied Jack, knowing (rare intuition) that the telling of a grief always helps.

"On my birthday—you remember—she brought me a bowl full of the most delicious candy. I didn't know whether she meant me to keep the bowl or not. So I made some fruit salad and took it over in the bowl. I thought if it were hers she'd keep it. But she brought it back with pudding and I returned it with flowers! Now what am I to do? You're a lawyer Jack, you ought to know. Think!"

Accordingly Jack concentrated his great mind for the rest of the day to such an extent that he carried the parlor clock to the back piazza and began to wind the cat's tail. Betty came speedily to her pet's rescue, and also treated—in true Red Cross style—the long scratch on Jack's finger.

Such mental efforts could not help having results. Quite suddenly Jack sprang up.

"Betty!" he cried, "I know, I'll smash it!"

"Smash what?" asked Betty.

"The Dresden bowl!" was the triumphant answer.

"Well I guess you won't!" cried Betty. "What does a *man know about a woman's problems!*" * * * Throughout the following day the Dresden bowl sat in state upon the buffet, a mute reminder of a lawyer's inability to cope with feminine perplexities. To Betty it a menace threatening to over-throw the amiability of her friendship

with Mrs. Collier. Both husband and wife regarded it with disapproving eyes.

At breakfast of the second day it still leered at them over coffee and letters.

"Jack!" exclaimed Betty, suddenly looking up, "Mother's ill and I must go to her. I haven't returned the bowl—you'll have to!"

"What shall I put in it?"

"How do I know!" answered Betty over her shoulder.

Jack followed her into the pantry—"But—Betty—i—if you—I—leave it until you get back— — —"

"Please don't come in here with me, Jack, you take up too much room!"

Jack retreated to the dining room and fixed upon the bowl a hopeless gaze rapidly growing into an angry stare. And as Jack gazed, his fingers tapping restlessly on the shining surface of the buffet, Fate intervened in the form of the cat. Tabby, blinking on her chair, saw those fingers. Stealthily she crept near its edge. There was a sudden flash of fur, a sharp exclamation from Jack as he grabbed his fingers—and a smashing crash! Betty running in, beheld Jack nursing two bleeding fingers, but with a broad smile, for his eyes were resting on a thousand pieces of what had been a Dresden bowl lying on the floor—and behind him Tabby was strutting back and forth proudly waving her tail.

MARY ABERNATHY, '18.

Senior Sonnets

With Apologies to Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth

I

WRITE not the Sonnet; it's a sinful thing
To cramp the mind in chains and iron bars.
You ask those free-verse fellows how to sing.
They'll tell you it's a gift sent from the stars
That won't be tampered with or hampered much,
Or be annoyed with rhymes, sestets, and such;
Life's cramped enough, my friend, don't cramp the verse!
There is no sacrilege, no sin that's worse;
But "safety first!" We've left the beaten path,
We've snubbed Conventionaiity—that's bad!
And we've incurred a burst of righteous wrath,
Condemning us—"iconoclasts"—"a fad."
Write not the Sonnet, it's a sin, but oh!
It's worse to tread upon Tradition's toe!

MARION ELLET, '17.

II

NO LADY grand, art thou, no princess fair—
Thou wear'st no purple robes, no golden crown—
No priceless jewels are sparkling in thy hair,
Thou art a lady of no great renown,
Thou dinest not with kings in banquet halls—
Thou drinkest not of wine and nectar sweet,
Thou reignest not at gorgeous country balls,
Thou hast not jeweled hands nor tiny feet.
But oh my lady! thou art kind and brave;
Thy cloudy robe no ornament need bear;
A tender smile and loving heart thou gave
To those who came and asked comfort there.
As high as any haughty queen thou stood,
Thy crown and sceptre, they were Motherhood.

ANNA MARGARET HASTINGS, '17.

III

THY SNOWY height upholds the very sky,
The world itself is prostrate at thy feet,
About thy summit fleecy clouds float by,
Thou art the place where Earth and Heaven meet.
Oh Fujiyama, thou art fair indeed!

The Mecca of this beauty-loving race,
Old Glory of Japan, thy children need
Thy inspiration; so to keep the pace
Of human progress, always pushing on
To loftier greater heights of earthly fame.
But thou, mysterious God of old Nippon,
To them thou always dost remain the same,
An ever-present balm for worldly woe,
Regardless how the ages come or go.

JUDITH HANNA, '17.

IV

OH DEATH! to some how welcome thou dost seem;
Oh thou, the Pilot to another life—
Thou Blessed Angel, who in white dost gleam,
Thou Silencer of "Here-say's" bitter strife.
How strange some others' view whose knell doth ring;
Afraid, reluctant, Thee they go to meet
With nothing more to take than they did bring,
Except this wish—another day to greet;
Oh Death! eternal Question of each age,
Unanswered by the last as by the first.
Upon thy mystery ponders every sage,
Thou Messenger by mortals wrongly curst.
Wilt thou not whisper in my dying ear
Some hope to groping souls, some dark mist clear?

MARGARET MOSES, '17.

V

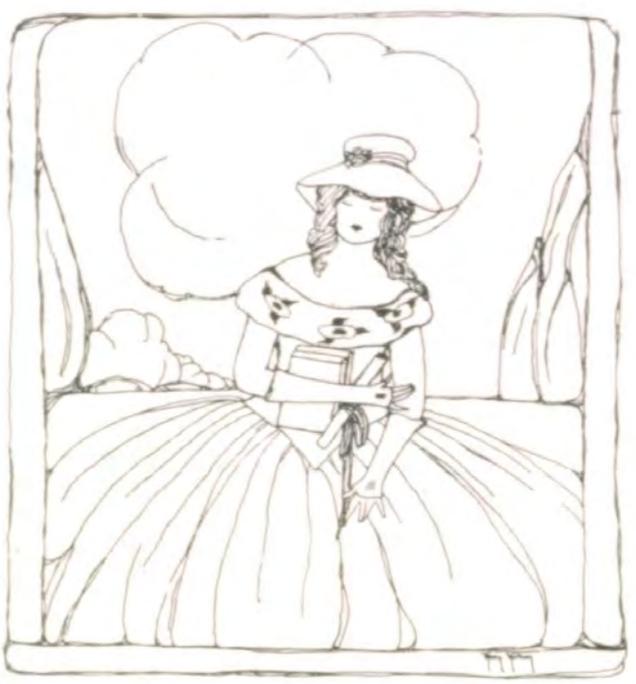
THIS DAY so fair comes ling'ring to an end,
With purple shadows length'ning far and wide,
While weary toilers of the day who've tried
To reach the goal, their way do homeward wend.
So with these toilers I my place shall take;
I wish my youth, my strength, my all to give,
That I may aid my fellow-men to live
More humbly and a better likeness make
Of One Great Life. And then I hope to stand
Upon some peak and watch one last fair day
Fade softly into twilight, that I may
Begin the journey towards my dream-clad land.
And then, when I have passed on into space
May some proved comrade come to take my place.

RUTH FEDERMANN, '17.

VI

OH, LOVE o' mine, thou'rt like a gold June day,
When all the world is singing like a bird,
When roses blushing, bow, by soft winds stirr'd,
And dancing light-motes fleck the sun's gold ray.
Thy hair's like golden butterflies at play,
Thy voice the sweetest music ever heard,
Which holds my life-strings vibrant at thy word,
Or at thy whim can turn my world to gray.
But that which most I love, dear, is thy heart,
Which beats unmoved by thoughts of selfish gain.
Thy soul, which from thy eyes gleams like a star,
Shows faith and full contentment with the part
Thou play'st. Thou'st known the bitter-sweet of pain,
And yet thy soul shows clear without a mar.

ELIZABETH HULL, '17.



SHE HAS HER DIPLOMA
Drawn by Mary Watson

Two Heroes

JOHN Duncan lay in a narrow white cot in the ward of St. Ursula's Hospital. It was the first rational day since the accident. As it was he had pieced things together something like this.

He had left college, yes—that was quite clear—and having left word that he was going home, of course no one would think of looking for him in the ward of an unpretentious hospital. At the station he had taken a taxi and given the driver the name of a prominent hotel. He remembered his delight when he looked at the brilliant electric signs over the theatres and cafes and knew they were his to enjoy for a week. Then the crash—and that was all. It must have been some time ago, but each time he had tried to ask the nurse she had quickly silenced him by thrusting a long shiny object under his tongue.

He lay there and pondered over the unusual state of affairs. Here was he, Jack Duncan, Captain of the Eleven, winner of the biology scholarship, and endowed with plenty of this world's goods; and yet, he was lying in the ward of one of the poorest hospitals in New York.

Presently, from the other side of the screen, he heard two voices. Everything was deathly still. It would be fifteen minutes before the nurse made her rounds again.

"But it can't be done," came the deeper voice. "We have her in a room on the fourth floor back, overlooking the court."

The other man's voice was low and Jack was unable to hear all that followed. Then the nurse could be heard coming down the long line of cots and the conversation abruptly ceased.

When the nurse had passed on Jack pondered over the overheard remark—"We have her in the room overlooking the court." How horrible! Jack shuddered. Perhaps it was a girl, young and innocent, in the hands of merciless men. No doubt she was bound and gagged. And, as he let his feverish brain dwell on this gruesome subject, the imaginary girl underwent one hardship after another.

He listened! The deep voice behind the screen was saying, "We'd like to get her over to the continent, but it can't be done. She is perfectly safe, however, and in two days you may see her. Here is my card, Suite 40, Nouveaux Arts Building—fourth floor. No one ever goes into the back room, in fact, very few know it belongs to me, so let your mind be at rest concerning the safety of—."

But here again the nurse interrupted. Jack heard the scraping of a chair behind the screen and a tall foreign looking man stepped out, passed slowly in front of Jack's cot, and disappeared.

On the nurse's chart by Jack's bed, one might have read that night the following report: "Patient delirious. Keeps repeating words, 'fourth floor, Nouveaux Arts Building, Suite 40—.' Temperature risen three degrees since five o'clock."

Two weeks later, accompanied by a fraternity brother, Jack stepped into a taxi in front of the St. Ursula Hospital.

"Until you've been in a hole like that, with a barricade of nurses, doctors and white beds, you'll never know how good it feels to be free again. Tell the driver to go to a hotel and let me order everything except milk toast, broth, or soft boiled eggs. Give me something indigestible," and Jack settled himself comfortably back in the seat.

"But Jack," said Tom Carlton, as he and Jack sat opposite each other at the table two hours later. "It's all a wild chase and after all it may be a lunatic they have concealed there. Besides, how do I know, man, but that this is some wild delirium tale. You may not have heard that at all, you know such a thing could be possible. But, granting that you did overhear this conversation what do you expect to do? You can't go up to this office and demand whatever they have concealed in this back room overlooking the court. Absurd, Jack, absurd!"

"Certainly not," Jack answered. "It all has to be done systematically. Now this is my plan. You see—." And Jack unfolded his plan.

It was eleven o'clock the same evening.

"Hold the lantern steady," said Tom, "I'm almost ready to step off into that bottomless pit beneath me now. I've stood on this two inch ledge until I'd almost welcome a quick sure death to this awful suspense. Who knows but that we may fall into a den of thieves when we do get these bars off. Whoever is in there is either deaf or speechless—each screw has come out with a thud that would awaken the dead. At last it is finished." He put the last bar on the ledge. Six of them there were and it had taken two hours of steady work to remove all of them.

Jimmie Vaugh, upon hearing the tale Jack related, had kindly let Tom and Jack out of his office window and by the aid of a dark lantern they had felt their way around the court, on a ledge ten inches wide, to the window which they had located early in the afternoon as the one mentioned in the hospital by the foreigner.

And now they were on the eve of discovering the mystery which was being so carefully preserved in this room.

"Ready now! Look out for the bars!" and first Jack, then Tom vaulted over the sill. It was all done with the care and ease of professionals. Little would one have thought that these two were fresh from college, and not old at the game.

At first glance the room seemed perfectly bare. A dismayed expression came over each face at the same moment.

"'Twas delirium, my boy, delirium," said Tom, "and I have blisters that never can be accounted for to the fellows and here we are at eleven-thirty in a hole—" but the sentence was never finished.

Standing in one corner of the room was a picture—a picture all the world knew. Even a newsboy would have recognized it as one which had been stolen from a famous collection. It was partially covered, but the beautiful head of the woman was exposed. Its theft a year before had caused an international stir.

"Jove! she is a beauty," said Tom, forgetting where he was.

Steps were heard in the next room. Just as two figures cleared the window sill, a key grated in the lock.

"The fire-escape," whispered Jack, and in a second they were descending the spider-like iron steps, four at a time.

At one o'clock a. m., two rather dishevelled men appeared at a ticket window in the Grand Central Station.

"Two tickets for New Haven," curtly demanded one.

"All aboard, New York, New Haven and Hartford, track thirteen," sang the monotonous voice through the deserted room.

LOUISE HUTT, '18.

Thy Faith Shall Make Thee Whole

THEY say He made the lame men walk,
And made the blind ones see,
And helped the deaf and dumb men talk,
So will He not help me?

If you believe as those of yore,
You will not lose your soul;
For He will say as long before,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

ELIZABETH ELLISON, '17.

Revery

A COLD winter evening, a crackling fire, and a deep arm chair—justification enough for musing and delving into the past. An old, time-yellowed letter brings back vividly old acquaintances and friends. On its dim and dusty leaves there still can be traced feelings and thoughts of the long ago. One of these I was scanning by my fireside last night—an affectionate letter, an expression of love and condolence (it was sent after the death of my mother), the embodiment of everlasting friendship. It was written by Will Young, my youthful companion and former colleague in business. I was wondering where he was and what he was doing at that moment; if his lanky, clumsy form was as grotesque as it used to be; if his spirit was as retiring, yet kindly and loving as ever; and if he was as poor and happy as of old. He might have uttered, as well as Shakespeare through the mouth of Henry VI:

> "My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
> Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
> Nor to be seen; my crown is called content,
> A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

He was ever a generous friend in need—*un ami jusqu'a la bourse*—for which reason his pockets and stomach were often empty. Will and I were masculine representations of Celia and Rosalind. Friends since childhood, our thoughts and very souls were intertwined—we were "with two seeming bodies, but one heart." Will had a knack for word-play which was an *assidua occupatio* for those about him. The chorus of his conversation, instead of being laughter, was a satisfying chuckle or an undefeated smile. A rich man may always be witty, but a poor man's wit must be wit to be laughed at. This poor man never failed to steal a smile from any face, whether it were the face of a burgess or a beggar.

As I mused on, staring into the dancing flames, I unearthed other memories of old companions and schoolmates that had been buried in my mind for years. My memory lit on one odd fellow, especially—John Lewis, by name—who was not generally liked about the school. Probably the most tangible reason for this was because he was very brilliant in his studies and was ever flaunting this fact in the eyes of his suffering fellow-students. No one knew whether he did this without thinking, or to get the high opinion of others, or to antagonize them. At least, he did not sufficiently bear in mind that to excel others makes enemies, while to let others excel you makes friends. This Lewis was a dreamy, imaginative sort of

person who loved, as a small boy would, to fancy whole worlds, and to him, "All impediments in fancy were motives of more fancy." He loved nature deeply, and on our leave days he used to wander into the woods and commune with the animate and inanimate beings of the forest. He possessed one accomplishment, however, which redeemed him to a certain extent with the students of both the higher and lower schools. This was the art of fortune-telling which he practiced as would a Sibyl. *Ut mea memoria est*, it was said that he acquired this art from wandering gypsies and players. At any rate, eight or ten boys would often gather about him, awaiting their turn to see their futures spread out before them. No doubt Lewis oftentimes amused himself greatly by inventing all kinds of destinies for these boys—the younger ones, especially.

There are other companions of my youthful days, the memory of whom now blossoms fresh in my mind. But these memories—of what use are they and why do they live once more? I cannot say. But, "go ye and do likewise." Toasting in the warmth of a winter evening's fire, uproot forgotten comrades in the hope that, perchance, in the remembrance of them, they will remember you.

MASON CRITTENDEN, '18.

The Golden Crown

I HEARD a song from the depths of night,
As clear as the notes of a silvery bell.
It rose and throbbing reached its height,
Then stopped—and again hushed silence fell.
A silence vibrant with the pain
Of deepest love poured forth in song,
To plead that life is not in vain,
If love but lives, life lasts as long.
I slept to dream that Heav'n bent down
To hear the song of the golden-crown.

ELIZABETH HULL, '17.

They Always Do

ONLY one more hour until sunrise! The mist was still thick, but along the eastern horizon a thin, pale thread of light could barely be seen. Inside the harbor all was restful and lifeless. The only human beings in sight were two plain clothes men on extra duty. As they stood together near a large pile of dry goods boxes, the larger one remarked, "Oh, he'll come back all right. They always do." He accompanied this remark with a satisfied chuckle and continued, "There's no danger. We'll nail him before nightfall. Mark my words!"

"How did it all happen?" queried the second figure.

"It's a hard thing to explain. Young Wellingsworth was known to be wealthy, and the family is a prominent one. He left the theatre in the company of an old acquaintance. He was not seen for several days. Finally his body was discovered in a skiff just outside this harbor. Old man Wellingsworth was heart-broken. Seems the kid was his favorite. He was just out of college, and, to all appearances, the main hope of the family. The old man ordered no expense spared in finding his son's murderer, and swore he'd follow up the case until the man was hanged. Four detectives from our station were put on the case and I was ordered to meet you here and watch that boat yonder. Pretty little boat, ain't she? But, as I said before, this here murderer will come back for another look at the boat. He can't help himself. They always do."

They continued their discussion for sometime, then moved off a short distance, always, however, keeping a careful eye on the skiff.

Crouched in among the boxes, a haggard man had taken in every word. "So, they think I'll come back, do they? Well, this is one time they get left. Lord! if I could only swim! If those two cops would only turn their backs for a minute! I suppose I'll have to wait 'em out, but it'll be a long wait." He shifted his cramped position and then rested breathlessly while the two guards passed. How he feared death! What if they caught him! He shuddered. Why hadn't he realized that Wellingsworth had only tried to help him out of a scrape? Why had he gotten drunk? And why had he lured the boy to the lonely anchored skiff, and there taken his life? Here he was, without food for days, nearly famished. He hadn't murdered Wellingsworth! It was all a dream. Why couldn't he wake up? Oh! he couldn't have killed Wellingsworth! It *was* all a hideous nightmare! Why *didn't* he wake up? Those weren't real

detectives. It was just part of the dream. He hadn't murdered Wellingsworth! He laughed. Wasn't it stupid of him to have such a dream? He'd just get up and take a look at the boat, for good measure, anyhow.

The two detectives were startled to see a tall youthful figure with a dazed expression, rise slowly from among the boxes. They made a dash for him—then, struck by the same idea, came to a sudden standstill. The lone figure seemed utterly ignorant of their presence. "Wait!" muttered the taller in a hoarse whisper. "He'll go back. They always do!"

CATHERINE DICKEY, '18.

HERE

IN the trees blithe birds are singing,
Up above the skies are blue,
Down below the flowers are blooming,
In my heart sweet songs for you.

AWAY

IN the trees no birds are singing,
Up above the skies are grey,
At my feet no flowers are blooming,
All because, dear, you're away.

ANNE ASHLEY, '17.

Our Patriotism

MY dear young ladies—you have probably heard that a very cruel and barbarous war is being waged among our foreign relatives at this time—in fact it has been going on for some time now, but I have not thought, until lately, that it was a matter of sufficient importance upon which to address you. The time has now come, however, when I must reveal my plans. Firstly, knowing as I do the perfect conduct of my dear charges, I can only say that we cannot be too careful in avoiding the excitement, clamor and useless activity of the present crisis. You must always remember that a true gentlewoman can never be too quiet, calm and unobtrusive. Then I request you to learn our national anthem through all its verses. Singing this beautiful song just before we take up our knitting on Thursday afternoons, we shall show our true patriotism in a most simple and girlish manner."

Thus Miss Prunella Prism probably started war time activities and patriotism in her school in those fair old-fashioned days when the daughter of the family was an ornament (to be seen but *not* heard) for the parlor, and the wax image of the inner household shrine.

But not so goes it in these patriotic days of 1917. A small cyclone of enthusiasm has been gathering strength for the last two years and has finally burst forth with untameable force in our well-known institution of learning. Various aspects of recent events in the war have been thoroughly discussed morning after morning—various sides of the preparedness campaign have been explained—and several put into operation within our walls—and best of all, a *true* spirit of patriotism and loyalty to our glorious allies and our own fair country has been aroused.

On approaching our school one sees "Old Glory" floating majestically over the entrance way. On entering the school one sees figures flitting through the halls; some carrying ponderous (?) books and others deftly manipulating orange colored knitting needles, dripping with sweaters and scarfs for lucky sailors. Alas, there are other figures, however, that do not flit, *they* pace gently but *firmly* the path of the "grave and revered senior." These are probably the most powerful of all the "inmates of the institution." With one hand they shuffle the pages of a much be-thumbed Vergil, while they openly knit with the other (figuratively speaking). One eye watchfully scans the ranks of the trembling freshmen who secretly knit under cover of their desks or, gymnastically speaking, behind their backs or between their knees—and the other eye, well, sometimes I think they sleep with it. On coming into the presence of these versatile creatures one is fairly bombarded with the fiery and warlike eloquence of our ancient friend, Edmund Burke, and even though it is a far cry to the Revolutionary War of our forefathers, the spirit of his eloquence suits beautifully the spirit of our present day. Returning for a visit through the school, one enters the big study hall, and sees the bright hued flags of the allies displayed in the most prominent place and black boards covered with the verses of the "Marseillaise" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

But the evidences of our patriotism are not all visible—some are invisible today. There have been speakers—about the war—on various mornings and we have spoken ourselves to the whole school, explaining the preparations America is making for her part in the war. The preparation of the army both in the country at large and in Kansas City was explained by Tess Walton and Mason Crittenden respectively, while Anne Ashley took the preparations of the

navy for her subject. The especially interesting topic was that of explaining the preparation of the Women's Leagues throughout the country and in this city also. This subject was so clearly and temptingly explained by Constance Prescott and Mary Askew, that there was a near riot at their "recruiting office." Then one morning was spent in learning about the Revolution of Russia—and still another in reading the President's address and the resolutions of the War Congress. And very lately there was a very exciting Monday morning conference spent in discussing Kansas City's thrilling welcome to the French Ambassadors. At this meeting Mlle. Trousseau held the place of honor and spiritedly led our halting voices in singing the "Marseillaise."

Still another form of activity practised in the school on certain afternoons is the Red Cross work. In this class the girls are becoming familiar with the use and methods of making bandages of different kinds. And last but not least, must be mentioned the class for the study of canning. This class is learning the most modern and hygienic ways of preserving our perishable food-stuffs and in case of real trouble, will they not be the most popular and sought-after class? We shall put them in the same classification as the farmers for deserving the most praise.

This is the process of making a patriotic young woman and no one will be surprised these days when the daughter of the household leads in singing every note and every word of our "Star Spangled Banner," while mother and father can uphold her only with a valiant tum-tum.

RUTH FEDERMANN, '17.

The Chinese Chest

WHAT hidden lore is locked in you
Musty chest?
What slant-eyed, pig-tailed Chinaman
Long gone to rest,
With nimble finger carved those quaint,
Queer symbols on your door?
What mouldy measured manuscripts
Are hid in secret drawer,
Whose Open Sesame is lost, forgotten now,
Buried in patient past?
How many secrets can you tell
That are locked fast
Within your carv'd breast, stocky, stern,
Black chest?

MARY WATSON, '19.

The Scout

HE watches while the sun sinks low,
And darkness settles o'er the hill;
He's all alone, he's not afraid,
God's starry heaven guards him still.

He's staunch, he's true, he's brave, he's kind,
His big brown back is bare;
He's watching, thinking, peering through
That nothing over there.

He ne'er looks back, he looks ahead,
He's ready—come what may;
Go, watch him, lad, his strength shall hold
And guide thee to the fray.

EMELIE SELLERS, '17.

Sea, Earth, and Air

I.

Out to Sea in a Cat Boat.

THE wind is challenging you to come on. It flaunts its ragged white flags of clouds across the sky, and rolls the huge translucent waves headlong on your bow; it tantalizes you with spray; it tilts the boat till you ship water, and tugs at the sail till you sit on the floor and brace your feet on one of the seats and even then have hard work to hold the straining tiller. At first it seems to outdo itself in its own extravagance. It piles up such a high wave that the little cat-boat slides swiftly up the giddy height unharmed. But look out for the next one! Before you have descended the first it will be upon you. You duck instinctively but uselessly. It comes pounding over the gunwale, drenches you thoroughly, and rolls off the stern in a seething, hissing mass. However, you are so wet already that another shower only gives you a sense of tingling ecstasy. So you head her up a little in defiance.

The whole ocean is before you, tempting you with an irresistible fascination. You cannot think of the strange lands far across it or the familiar one close behind you. You see only its swirling, blue-green depths. You feel its exhilarating, swinging, sweeping motion. You hear the music of its sloshing, slopping play about the boat. You want to go on and on forever. What of hunger, what of thirst, what of exhaustion? The wind is daring you, the ocean calling you!

II.

The Woods As Seen on a Coon Hunt.

THE night was dark because there was no moon, and darker because the air was filled with a chilly mist. The dampness fell from above on our faces; it rose from the wet, matted leaves below us, and was shaken off low hanging branches and underbrush as we pushed past. Things had a startling way of leaping up before us in weird, vague shapes, resembling nothing in this mortal world, and then resolving themselves into gate posts, or brushwood piles or something equally commonplace. The tall jagged trunk of what was once an elm tree, with a white lightning-made gash in it, jumped at us first from the left side and then from the right, though we could have sworn we were going directly west all the time. It was impossible to tell if the substance under our

next foot-fall would be hard and sharp or soft and sinking, if it would tilt quickly up in our faces or slide suddenly away and land us neatly on our backs.

I had thought that there was only one brook in that vicinity, and I could not account for the number we crossed that night. First we would find a narrow one and clear it at one jump. The next time we would wander for seeming hours ankle deep in the cold water. Then it would be both wide and deep and we would find ourselves crawling along-side the stream, one foot slopping in the water, the other sliding on the mud bank, for it seemed alike impossible to find a place suitable either for climbing up or crossing over. Finally we would make a wild spring, feel the slipping mud under our feet, grab at some tangled tree roots, and haul ourselves desperately on to dry land.

But always we talked in whispers and cried out only under the greatest provocation, for the silence of the woods was too oppressive for us to struggle against. No wind stirred the trees, no insects chirped or frogs croaked; the trickle of water, and even our blundering footsteps were deadened.

On Horse Back

IT is an early morning in very early spring. The air is crisp and cold with only a faint hint of warmth to come. The earth is brown and tan and green, with a thin white layer of hoar-frost in the long shadows between the sun spots. The horse is going at a fast trot—a swinging easy gait that sends you up and down on the saddle with no effort at all on your part. But you must keep a firm hold on the reins. He is pulling hard and has one ear turned back invitingly for a signal to canter. Every once in a while it is necessary for you to shift hands on the bridle and wrap one in a corner of your coat to keep warm. Watch him while you make the change. Did you get that sideway toss of the head—the red nostril and the foaming bit? That means business. There is going to be war between rider and ridden. The sleek neck becomes rough and foamy under the rein and there is a smell suggestive of hot leather. Here you come to a very peculiar concrete pipe in the road, ahead and to the left. It is truly a dreadful sight. You must slow down until you pass it. After a little argument you accomplish this, although you get one uncomfortable bump in changing gaits. But never mind, there is no one to see. The pipe is passed with only a side-step, and then you're off again. Cantering this time!

MARIAN HOWES, '18.

For France

WE were working in France's fields,
When we heard a distant noise;
'Twas the far-off rumble of guns,
And the shouting of men and boys—
The army of France was coming!

There was one among us, old,
And she had a son in the war.
From her cottage she heard the noise,
And she came and stood in the door—
The army of France was coming!

But her son was not among those,
No one of them so fair!
He was fighting away in Alsace,
And her heart was with him there—
The army of France was passing!

Some one gave her a message,
Dull silence fell upon her,
'Till we heard her whisper numbly,
"Dead on the field of honor!"
The army of France was passing!

"It's for France! It is war!"
Her hand on her younger son's head,
She said, "Now you are my soldier lad,
You must go, for Armand is dead!"
The army of France passed on!

ANNA SEARLE DICKASON, '17.

Based on an incident in Frederick Palmer's "The Old Blood."

The "White Comrade"

DOWN in a deathly crater,
Had been dug out by a bomb,
Amid the mass of blood and bones—
—T'was along the line of Somme—
I opened my eyes one midnight
In that deathly still and calm.

Not a breath in "No Man's Land;"
The guns had all quieted down;
The Boches lay within ten yards;
But my groan was the only sound.
I stifled that for fear of them,
For mercy comes not from a hound.

My arm lay in a pool of blood,
  My hand on a shattered face,
And I prayed to God to rest his soul,
  And save him by His Grace.
Just then I heard a sound draw near;
  A quiet, intrepid pace.

The "white comrade" stood there before!
  I looked!—Was it a cloud?
Just then the Boches' guns boomed up;
  He turned to them, head bowed,
His arms out in entreaty stretched;
  Back to the trench they cowered.

A wayside cross, he looked so still;
  From his eyes dropt down a tear.
"If they had only known," he cried,
  "Those whom you wished to be so dear!"
And then, he turned and came to me
  And leaned o'er me so near.

I opened my eyes long afterwards
  In a cave by a little stream.
The "comrade" was tenderly nursing me.
  Oh! it seemed to be a dream;
And as he prayed, from his hands
  The blood ran in a stream.

He saw that I had noticed it.
  "The old wound's troubling of late,"
And he smiled a sweet sad smile.
  But oh! the feet that had borne my weight!
I saw the cruel wounds in them too—
  That was the first time that I knew!

MARY E. ASKEW, '18.

Our Knitting

THE smooth snick of needles, the clatter of many voices, the tinkling of the order bell punctuating the steady flow of conversation like a series of colons and dashes—and the knitting class of fifty is underway. There is a great demand for experienced knitters to wind and "cast on," for the skeins soon become mixed and tangled, and baleful glances glower at the unoffending wool. Mingled with these are the joyful cries of those who have escaped the Scylla of lost stitches and the Charybdis of added ones. Through this runs, like a minor note, the droning of the discouraged voices of those who have not. But through all this medley of sounds the most persistent is the sharp staccato click of the needles, ticking off the stitches at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

FRANCES FAXON, '19.

Ballad of the Knitters

THE girls all sit in study hall
Knitting the battle grey skein;
"Oh, where will I get a good knitter
To pick up this stitch o' mine?"

And up and spake a pretty lass
Was sitting close behin'
"O I will pick up the stitch for you!"
Indeed she was sair kin'.

She steppit up and grab my yarn
And a puzzled look had she.
At last she spied my dropped stitch
And proud was I to be.

I knitted daily, on and on,
Until I reached the end,
I held my work up in my hand,
A' finished now to send.

"Oh daughter dear, O daughter dear,"
My mither said that day;
"Don't send that sweater over sea,
O keep it home, I pray!"

"And why and why, my mither dear,"
I answered angrily;
"Why can't I send my work away,
Across the troubled sea?"

I've gained my mither's word at last
Altho' she ha' told me,
"Your work is only fair, my bairn,
Stitches more trim should be!"

Five miles, five miles from Paris towne,
Where the Red Cross nurses be,
My sweater now is a swinging bed,
That hangs for a French rookie.

KATHERINE YEOMANS, '18.

THE PRETENDERS OF 1916-17.

The Pretenders of 1916-1917

Miss Barstow	Miss Witham
Anne Ashley	Tess Walton
Anna Margaret Hastings	Thelma Hale
Katharine Histed	Ruth Federmann
Emelie Sellers	Alice Quarles
Margaret Jones	Anna Searle Dickason
Nancy Toll	Meda English
Katherine Yeomans	Mary Askew
Mary Abernathy	Faye Rice
Catherine Dickey	Mason Crittenden
Lucille Robinson	Dorothy Wolcott
Judith Hanna	Constance Prescott
Marion Ellet	Jane Harwood
Marian Howes	Alice Schmelzer

President ..... Anne Ashley
Vice-President ..... Emelie E. Sellers
Secretary ..... Katharine Histed
Treasurer ..... Thelma Hale

The Pretenders' Log of 1916-1917

November 17—First meeting of the year. Election of officers. President, Anna Margaret Hastings; Vice-President, Alice Schmelzer; Treasurer, Tess Walton; Secretary, Ruth Federmann. Lucille Robinson, Marion Ellet, Faye Rice, Thelma Hale, Nancy Toll, Margaret Jones and Emelie Sellers asked to try for membership. Miss Witham read Marion Ellet's prize-winning play, "The Gypsy Cross."

November 26—Second meeting. "The Gypsy Cross" discussed and it was decided to give it at a later date than Christmas. The trials of Emelie Sellers, Thelma Hale, Marion Ellet accepted.

December 6—Special meeting after school to hear the second trial of Lucille Robinson and Margaret Jones. Both accepted.

December 21—Gave three short plays. "The Maker of Dreams," "On the Road," an interlude, and "The Neighbors." These plays were the first to be given outside of the school, in the Unitarian Church.

January 16—Third meeting. All signed the "Pretender" Constitution. Everyone enjoyed looking over the highly prized collection of programs of former plays and letters from celebrities. Decided to invite Anna Searle Dickason, Mary Abernathy, Catherine Dickey, Mary Askew, Marian Howes, Katherine Yeomans to try for membership. Miss Tough read selections from Alfred Noyes's poems.

January 26—Fourth meeting. Trial of those invited January 16. Mary Abernathy and Mary Askew accepted, and the second trial of Faye Rice accepted.

January 30—Special meeting. Trial of Katherine Yeomans, and second trial of Catherine Dickey and Anna Searle Dickason accepted.

February 8—Special Meeting. Trial of Marian Howes.

February 17—"The Pretenders" went "en masse" to see the plays presented by the "Portmanteau Players" under the direction of Stuart Walker. The program included "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree," an interlude "The Very Naked Boy," and "King Argimenes."

February 20—Fifth meeting. Second trial of Marian Howes accepted. Discussion of April plays. Miss Witham read "How Tricotrin Saw London" and "The Traitor."

April 4—Presented "How Tricotrin Saw London," "The Gypsy Cross," and "A Welsh Honeymoon," at the Unitarian Church.

April 25—Sixth meeting. Election of new officers. Anne Ashley, President; Emelie Sellers, Vice-President; Katharine Histed, Secretary; Thelma Hale, Treasurer. Mary Abernathy and Katherine Yeomans appointed to be the executive committee with the officers. Invited Mason Crittenden, Amelia Long, Jane Harwood, Constance Prescott, Dorothy Wolcott to appear at next trial.

May 9—Seventh meeting. Decided not to give any more plays this year on account of the war; knitting has been adopted by the "Pretenders" for the benefit of the sailors. Accepted trial of Constance Prescott.

May 23—Eighth meeting. Second trial of Jane Harwood, Dorothy Wolcott, Mason Crittenden. All accepted. Miss Witham gave us the dramatic career of the Seniors, as it was their last meeting. Then she wound up the year by reading, "Across the Border," a war play.

The Shakespeare Cup

IN all our Pretender activities after February last year there was a gap that nothing could fill. So far as human thoughtfulness and friendliness could, it was filled for us by Mrs. Downing, who in her own great sorrow was so gracious as to remember ours. She brought us just before the performance of our Shakespeare play a beautiful silver cup, purely Greek in its modeling, with lines of grace and fineness that expressed Jean. She wished the cup to be presented each year to the girl who was "the best Pretender." She must have proved herself a sincere lover of good plays, must enter her roles with real artistic appreciation, must be willing to share the work as well as play of "The Pretenders," must take a small and unlovable part as cheerfully as a large and commanding one, must untiringly give to her work her interest and devotion. After the Shakespeare play, the evening of June 5, was finished, and Mr. Ashley had presented the Drama League Prize for an original play to Marion Ellet, Miss Witham came before the curtain with Jean's cup in her hand, while the Pretenders gathered round her, expectant, but quiet and deeply touched. She spoke of the wonderful spirit and quality of Jean's dramatic work, of her fine feeling for what was great in a play, of her reverence for the moral and religious significance of the part she played, of her adoration all her life of Shakespeare and his plays. It was a moment's memorial service, full of meaning for all Pretenders. Then she assigned the cup for the year to Elizabeth Bowersock, who had just stepped off the stage out of a most unlovely part, that of the shrew Anne Hathaway. But she played it with all her heart and soul and strength, as Jean had played all her parts from the page in "The Winter's Tale," her first, to the tramp in "Dust of the Road," her finest and last. And so she won the cup and so shall it be won by the girl who admits no obstacle to giving her best in all things. Elizabeth carried it away with her in triumph to Vassar, and in a letter to Miss Witham she writes: "When I think of all that Jean Downing was, and is, and all that the cup stands for, it seems that if I could live up to the full meaning of it I should be living up to everything a girl ought to be. The best thing I can wish for the girl who is to win it in 1917 is that it may become as much a part of her daily inspiration as it has been of mine." The cup this year will be awarded on Commencement night. The Pretenders are glad to have this opportunity to thank Mrs. Downing again, and to assure her that so long as Jean's memory lives in their hearts so long is her cup their treasure—and that means always.

The Christmas Plays

DECEMBER twenty-first, 1916, saw a hurrying crowd pressing good naturedly into the entrance of the Unitarian All Souls Church on Baltimore Avenue. No, this was not a prayer meeting nor a Ladies' Aid, but a genuine presentation of three splendid plays by the "Pretenders." All the audience was thrilled at the thought of having good seats. Everyone could see!

Presently a hush came and our beloved Glee Club sang a Christmas hymn. Then the curtain parted majestically and one looked on the first scene of "The Maker of Dreams." This play was a charming little fantasy with a most adorable dainty Pierrette and a deliciously spoiled Pierrot, who finally had his eyes opened by the kindly Maker of Dreams.

Emelie Sellers' poise and dramatic ability as Pierrot astonished even those who knew her best. Katharine Histed was a lovely Pierrette and everyone enjoyed her graceful dancing, while Thelma Hale made a perfect Maker of Dreams with her rainbow cloak and beaming smile. Miss Peppard and Miss Richards deserve the greatest praise and thanks for their help in producing this play.

The second play found a little family sitting on a bale of hay on a dusty road. There is the young husband, eager and strong and unable to secure work, anxious to share the loaf of bread with his weak, starved young wife. They both look fondly at their babe who, having had no milk for hours, is "Drinking like a fish," as soon as he gets it. Anne Ashley adapted herself to the part of the young husband with her usual success. Anna Margaret Hastings as the wife, pulled at our heart strings, and Ruth Federmann, the old laborer, took the small part wonderfully well.

In order to give the proper Christmas spirit to the evening the last play was a humorous, kindly little sketch and, judging from the laughter and applause, it was not a failure. "The Neighbors," is by Zona Gale and is full of the homely spirit of friendship and neighborliness. Alice Quarles was a sweet little old grandmother, who was tired of her carpet rags and wanted "Something human to do." Nancy Toll every one adored as the clumsy, bashful lover, and Tess Walton, as Inez, was just her winsome self.

Miss Trot was killing with her "Buffalo Bug," and Margaret Jones did the part full justice. Marion Ellet groaned her groans admirably, and Judith Hanna, an old and trusty Pretender, proved her worth as Miss Ellsworth. Meda English should have been

a man named Ezra Williams, and Alice Schmelzer's bonnet won laughter, even from Diantha Abel. The play ended with the words "Folks is Folks," and our audience went its way with a warm spot in their hearts. We wish to thank Catherine Dickey and Mary Abernathy for their help. Only the "Pretenders" know how much of the praise they received belongs justly to our loyal, splendid stage manager and director, Miss Witham.

THE MAKER OF DREAMS.
By Mrs. Oliphant.

Pierrette ..... Katharine Histed
Pierrot ..... Emelie Sellers
Maker of Dreams ..... Thelma Hale

ON THE ROAD.
By Wilfrid Gibson.

Reuben ..... Anne Ashley
Jessie ..... Anna Margaret Hastings
Peter Nixon ..... Ruth Federmann

THE NEIGHBORS.
By Zona Gale

Grandma ..... Alice Quarles
Diantha Abel ..... Alice Schmelzer
Ezra Williams ..... Meda English
Peter ..... Nancy Toll
Inez ..... Tess Walton
Elmira Moran ..... Marion Ellet
Miss Trot ..... Margaret Jones
Miss Ellsworth ..... Judith Hanna

"The Portmanteau" Plays

THE plays presented by the "Stuart Walker Players" opened an entirely new scope to amateur plays. Hitherto plays, as accepted things, must have scenery, accessories, and explain everything to the audience. But Mr. Walker has proved these are not at all necessary. That the average audience is intellectual enough to use their imagination and understand the setting without an aggregated mass of "props," it has been his endeavor to prove.

The first play "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree" was a fantasy of old Japan. The scenery was managed wholly by lighting effect and shadows in the background represented the weeping willow tree very effectively.

"The Very Naked Boy," a charming interlude, was probably the "hit" of the evening. So different, and yet so pleasing, it completely fascinated everyone.

Gruesome, horribly weird, yet fascinating was "King Argimenes." Bones rattled, bones were thrown, bones were dug up. Mysterious swords of centuries past were unearthed, penetrating groans were heard, and the climax to all was the feverish exultant cry of the banished king, "I feed, I feed."

These are the only plays the "Pretenders" attended "en masse" this winter; and it is our regret there were no more better things to see at the theaters of our city.

The Easter Plays

WE are extremely proud of the Easter Plays. We are proud of the appearance presented by our new scenery and of the way it took successfully the parts of a French girl's room, of an ancient Scotch castle, and of a Welsh kitchen. We are proud of the home talent shown, for "Tricotrin" was dramatized by Miss Witham and "The Gypsy Cross" was written by Marion Ellet. We would be proud of them even if they had not come off quite so triumphantly for all of them were difficult. The first, "Tricotrin," would have taxed the ability of real stage stars, but I doubt if any of them would have given it more charm than our romantic poet and graceful Rosalie did. The chief difficulty in the "Burns Play" as we always called "The Gypsy Cross," was that all the characters except two were men. However, the Pretenders are not phased in the least by smoking, drinking, swearing, or even fighting. In fact, the most boisterous scene in this play seemed to make the biggest hit. But we go to all extremes, and could furnish also a charmingly lady-like heroine and a kissable old landlady. The difficulty in "A Welsh Honeymoon," seemed principally to be the inability of the actors to keep straight faces. As the play required absolute solemnity and the rehearsals usually ended in shrieks of laughter, some people had their doubts. But these proved entirely groundless and it came off wonderfully.

The caste was as follows:

TRICOTRIN.

Gustave Tricotrin ..... Nancy Toll
Rosalie ..... Mary Abernathy
Slavey ..... Alice Quarles

THE GYPSY CROSS.

Robert Burns ..... Emelie Sellers
Nancy Stair ..... Anna Margaret Hastings
Sir Harry Stuart ..... Anne Ashley
Lord Stair ..... Mary Askew
John Richmond ..... Ruth Federmann
Hughey Parker ..... Meda English
The Landlady ..... Katherine Yeomans
The Butler ..... Lucille Robinson
The Coachman ..... Marian Howes

A WELSH HONEYMOON.

Vavasour Jones ..... Catherine Dickey
Katherine Jones ..... Margaret Jones
Eilir Morris ..... Katharine Histed
Howell Howell ..... Judith Hanna
Mrs. Morgan ..... Anna Searle Dickason

This is the list of those who overcame all the difficulties I have mentioned, and made the evening so much a success that giving up the June play seemed not to endanger our reputation in the least. We have found it possible to dramatize our own plays, write our own plays, have real rain, get champagne corks and striking clocks off on time, to have firelight glow, and winds outside blow—what worlds shall we conquer next?

Invitation from Juniors to Senior Pretenders

THERE were two classes in a club,
The name o't was Pretenders;
The one class were the Juniors gay,
Tither were stately *enders*.

The Senior class it worked so hard
In School and in Pretenders,
O' its broken heart and its cracked head
Juniors wad fain be *menders*.

"Now hie thee, hie thee, Junior class,
To meeting o' Pretenders,
And to each one o' the Senior class
O' this greeting be the *senders*.

"O, on some gay fair even soon,
Which suiteth each Pretender,
The Juniors a vast spread will give
To all the weary *enders*.

And gin ye wad this spread go to,
I wot 'twill be the ender
O' all your trials and troubles blue,
O' that I'm no *Pretender*.

MARIAN HOWES.

This is the formal invitation from the Juniors to the Seniors for a party at the shack on the night of June 2nd. Then for the last time we'll tell the Seniors what we think of the class of 1917!

A Tribute to "The Pretenders"

AMATEUR THEATRICALS! Does that suggest to your mind a tiresome conglomeration of poor scenery, worse costumes, half learned lines, and dull awkward action through which you must sit and wax hollowly enthusiastic over your next door neighbor's infant prodigy? Nay, they are not all of this gruesome brand! Rather let us agree that there is nothing better than a good play naively presented by these young actors, *abnormis sapientes*; for although I myself cannot act, yet, as "Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent," I enjoy hugely all sorts of acting well done.

The pitfalls that lie in the path of amateurs are many. How often do we see some frightened would-be actor come upon the stage with a determined expression of *aut vincere aut mori* on his face, and hear him rattle off his lines with no meaning whatever! He seems never to remember that a careful and appropriate *facon de parler* gives a certain charm to his characterization which no amount of suggestive scenery and fine costuming can ever hope to give. And what care the amateur must take with scenery! If he is not careful it is likely to be more bothersome than helpful in giving the right atmosphere. No scenery at all, or a plain curtain has been the background of some of the most successful bits of acting I have ever seen. And the costumes, those bits of scenery in motion, can either add to, or detract from, the true effect. They can make the players—graceful, mysterious, ludicrous—and alas! what may they not do? But well done they are the prop of the actor—in them he forgets himself and becomes the character he

plays. Lines poorly learned! That is the unpardonable sin of the amateur—for in his world as in ours, *Labor omnia vincit.*

Not many nights ago I had occasion to be present at an exhibition of amateur theatricals given by young girls—and I was much interested in this as a fine example of well presented plays. They were three one-acts—a program that gives a chance for a great variety of atmosphere and characters. I found they gave closest attention to all these points which so often painfully distinguish amateurs from professionals. There was no attempt to show out door scenes, for which I was thankful, for to me these crude imitations of nature are abominable. The scenery, making no attempt to be elaborate, was natural and suitable; the costumes were correct, and stage motions, and lines, and enunciation were carefully trained. In all the plays the atmosphere of the periods was carefully sustained—making their semblance of word and deed not merely a long string of lifeless speeches, accompanied by a purposeless puppet show of gestures. The scenes changed from London to Edinburgh in Burns's time and then again to a cottage of quaint country folk in Wales. I cannot begin to tell half the merit of these good amateur theatricals, but I have been converted, and now I shall always like this child of the professional stage.

KATHERINE HASSON, '18.

Drawn by Margaret Lackland.

The First and Second Basket-ball Teams

ATHLETICS

The Spirit of Athletics in 1916-'17

THE interest displayed in athletics this year has been as great as that of any previous year. It was indeed with sad hearts we realized our dear old basket ball court was gone, and the threatened street was at last a reality. And we wondered if we could have any basket ball and where we would play. Miss Barstow and Miss Dunlap planned for practice at the Armory, and we quickly fell to work and were trained not only for our class games, but the first and second teams played there twice a week all winter.

In November, we accepted the challenge of St. Teresa and later played two other games with them, winning two out of three. We also played Loretto, but unfortunately were defeated. Afterwards we were victorious in one game with Hyde Park. A return game had been arranged, but alas, war was declared and as the soldiers took possession of the Armory, we had to flee for our lives and bid farewell to basket ball for this year.

The success of the first team is due to the perseverance of the girls and to the untiring efforts of our coach, who has always been an inspiration to us to put forth our best efforts and to enter the games with a determination to win or to fight to the last.

The teams were as follows:

Catherine Dickey, captain; Katherine Yeomans.....Forwards
Katherine Sawyer, Dorothy Wales .....Forwards
Mary Abernathy, Margaret Jones .....Centers
Meda English, Charlotte Lincoln .....Centers
Nancy Toll, Martha Belle Aikins .....Guards
Amelia Long, Jane Harwood .....Guards
Dorothy Wolcott .....Substitute

MEDA ENGLISH, '17.

Our Class Games

THE first round of class games this year lasted nearly all winter. The season opened with six teams—one from the "A" Class, two from the Junior Class and one from every other academic class. The Seniors, "entirely too busy for basket ball," played two class games and then their team vanished as if by magic. But the "A's" came in with a fine team and in the final standing ranked above both the Seniors and Freshmen.

RECORD FOR THE YEAR

	Won	Lost
Junior First Team	3	0
Junior Second Team	2	1
Sophomore Team	2	1
"A" Class Team	2	2
Senior Team	1	1
Freshman Team	0	4

In the preliminary spring games the Seniors were defeated by the Juniors 31 to 5, and the Freshmen by the Sophomores 21 to 6.

In the finals the Juniors defeated the Sophomores 31 to 17. This victory gave the Frances Fennelly Cup and the school championship to the Junior team. The Freshmen won their first games of the year by defeating the Seniors 16 to 6.

TEAMS

SENIOR

Walton, A. M. Hastings ..... Forwards
Schmelzer, English, Hanna ..... Centers
English (captain), Cooper, Ashley ..... Guards

JUNIOR FIRST

Dickey (captain), Yeomans ..... Forwards
Abernathy, Jones ..... Centers
Toll, Harwood ..... Guards

JUNIOR SECOND

Wolcott (captain), Sawyer ..... Forwards
Howes, Kenney ..... Centers
A. Long, Hutt ..... Guards

SOPHOMORE

Stout (captain), Wales ..... Forwards
Lincoln, Perry ..... Centers
M. B. Aikins, Peet ..... Guards

FRESHMEN

Ridenour (captain), Moore ..... Forwards
Turner, R. M. Long, Houston ..... Centers
Carpenter, Hoit, Parrish ..... Guards

"A" CLASS

F. Aikins, Shields ..... Forwards
Sutton, Mastin ..... Centers
Knollin (captain), Hastings, Lombard ..... Guards

LUCILLE CARPENTER, '20.

Barstow vs. St. Teresa
Victory for Barstow
9 to 5 ! ! ! !

TALK about hair raising basket ball games! You should have seen ours at the Coliseum on Friday, December 15th. We had to fight like demons to wipe out our defeat of last year. People usually say "forwards make the game"—but you should have seen our guards and centers! No ball ever got through Mary Abernathy and Margaret Jones—and what did come their way they chased up and jumped for. Nancy Toll and Martha Belle Aikins certainly did stick like leeches, and had as many arms and legs as centipedes. Catherine Dickey ran up the score and had nerve enough even to umpire the umpire. And Margaret Yeomans and Dorothy Wolcott played so hard that they lasted only fifteen minutes apiece. Training never showed up better. "No sweets between meals" did the work! Excepting what Miss Dunlap did! To her is due the clean game, the perfect passing, the cool headedness and pep! Hats off to our coach!

The setting for the game was most inspiring. On the St. Teresa side was a solid phalanx of girls in yellow sweaters; like perfect ladies they squealed and sang continuously. On our side was a quiet, but well trained bank of cheerers led by Anne Ashley and Anna Margaret Hastings, who knew just when to call for a demonstration. "Boom-chick-a-boom" warmed up our players at every turn.

The St. Teresa team was strong in guarding but weak in passing, and more successful in free throws than goals. But they are strong opponents.

MARTHA STOUT, '19.

St. Teresa vs. Barstow

ON St. Teresa's gaily bedecked gymnasium the whistle blew! The game between the green and the yellow was on! Once we scored, twice, up and up rolled our score until the last quarter. Then Windmore's score shot up until we were even. Now they were ahead! Now we were ahead! So on until the whistle ended the struggle. One more half minute! The whistle blew! Windmore had fouled. And then as if an echo, the time whistle blew. The score was a tie! In deathly silence we watched Kiffy. Our only chance! Straight as a die the ball went into the

basket. We had won! We had won! The score was 24 to 23.

Kiffy made eight out of ten free throws. Although the floor was very slippery, our team managed to keep on their feet most of the time, due to a supply of wet towels on the side lines. The whole team played up to the mark and there were no blunders.

The line-up was as follows: Goals—Dickey, Yeomans. Centers—Abernathy, Jones. Guards—Aikins, Toll.

MARTHA STOUT, '19.

Barstow vs. St. Teresa

ON the 23rd of February our team met Windmore, for the third time this year, in deadly combat. Three was our unlucky number and their lucky one. Though the whole team did their best the score was 15 to 11 in Windmore's favor. But next year instead of two out of three games we shall win three out of three from them.

The line-up was as follows: Centers—Abernathy, Jones. Guards—Toll, Aikins. Goals—Dickey, Wolcott, Wales.

MARTHA STOUT, '19.

Barstow vs. Loretto

WITH valiant hearts and grim faces our team marched out to meet the Loretto team at the Coliseum on the 23rd of March. The teams took their places on the court and, alas, each girl on our team was hidden under the towering height of her opponent. Nevertheless good training showed up, and our team played with the swiftness and sureness that is always theirs.

"Kat" played so hard she had to be taken out, and Dorothy Wales took her place and held her own well. "Pat" was everywhere at once and not a mite flustered by the size of her opponent. Margaret played so fast and hard to get around her giant that she had to be taken out and Nancy Toll, who took her place and had been playing guard, did full credit to both. Dorothy Wolcott, though she was in less than a quarter, played like a streak. And Kiffy and Martha Belle, our two old steadies, played as usual, without a fault. But size became the master and the score was 25 to 18. But there is always another time coming. Just wait till next year!

CHARLOTTE LINCOLN, '19.

Basket Ball Game with Hyde Park

WHEN Hyde Park School first challenged us to a game of basket ball we really felt quite old and superior, but as the day of the game drew nearer we had a few misgivings, especially as we realized that although the Hyde Park girls were younger, they nevertheless might be perfect little whirlwinds. Just before the game the sentiment that was passing almost everybody's lips in a solemn undertone was, "Wouldn't it be awful if those little 'kids' should beat us."

The Hyde Park team looked meek enough, and I think we all had the feeling that victory would be pretty easy; but when those girls began to play—well, they weren't whirlwinds, they were tornadoes. At first our girls were utterly flabber-gasted, for this was their first real scrap, but it didn't take long for their blood to boil and then it was the Hyde Park team's turn to look out.

At the end of the first half, I really think the spectators were as tired as the team itself, but when the whistle blew again everybody was all excitement as before. The game was nerve-racking, to say the least, both teams working their very hardest for the honor of their respective schools. Finally, of course, the Green and White emerged victorious by one point, the score being 9 to 10. We Barstow girls had absolutely no voices left, but we managed to send forth two resounding cheers; one for our own victorious team, and one for the team which fought so bravely.

NANCY TOLL, '18.

Drawn by Marguerite Munger

Horse-back Riding

LAST year, as horseback riding was a new sport, a great many girls took it up more as a matter of curiosity than anything else;but this year it was not curiosity that prompted such a large and enthusiastic number of girls to join the class. Last year's "experiment" had been successful, and this year riding is considered as much of an established sport as basket ball itself.

After the very first lesson each girl picked out her own favorite horse, and unfortunately for all concerned, in several cases two or more girls chose the same horse. Henceforth, as surely as Monday afternoon came around, the entrance to the stables of the Park-view Riding Academy was the scene of a lively tight. "He's mine this time because I got here early just so I could have him."

"Why, I haven't had him for two weeks."

"Well, I got here first!"

"Well, I don't care, I couldn't get here any sooner—and you can't have him every time." And so on!

Our poor riding master, on whose shoulders the burden of all these quarrels rests, is blissfully unconscious of how many friendships he has temporarily—for one whole afternoon—ruined.

At the beginning of the year it was an accustomed sight as one passed the Academy to see a class of beginners jogging painfully and laboriously around the track shouting "Whoa!" in a masterly tone and trying—oh, so hard—to keep their toes turned in. Those who pass the Academy now, however, see only an empty track, for the girls are out racing over the fields enjoying the happiest afternoon of the week.

NANCY TOLL, '18.

Our Trip to Mr. Ridenour's Farm

IN THE spring the student's fancy lightly turns to "Ridenour's Farm." And so it was with the anticipation of an extremely pleasant day that we left the school Friday, March 30th, to motor to this delightful place. A twenty minute ride brought us to the farm yard gate. Here we left the cars and hiked for about a mile to a small stream, where we ate our luncheon. One of the girls accidentally stepped into the muddy water and found it such an attractive sport that we all followed suit. When this ceased to interest us, we chose sides for our time-honored game of scout. This proved especially thrilling, since in nearly all the pastures through which it was necessary for us to go there

are numbers of pigs—and I am mortally afraid of pigs! When Miss Dunlap thought that all the girls had come in from the game we climbed into the cars and found, to our great dismay, that two of the number were missing. A loud hubbub arose and a couple of girls were sent to search. In a short time they returned, bringing the lost ones, whom they had found seated under a tree, chattering away, blissfully unconscious of having caused any excitement. Once more we started home, a tired but happy crowd of girls.

LOUISE HUTT, '18.

An October Jaunt to Mr. Toll's Farm

ONE passing by our school about 10 o'clock one sunny Saturday last October might have wondered at the row of motors parked in front. If he had listened a moment to the chattering of the many girls who, coming out of the school house laden with bloomers, lunches, sweaters and cameras, were rapidly filling the cars, he would have learned that this was the long-looked-for day of the picnic at Mr. Toll's farm. When everyone had found a place, and the chaperons, Miss Dunlap, Miss Babbitt and Miss Johnson, were safely stowed away, we started. After an hour's ride, uneventful except for the loss of Esther's hat and the excitement caused by the burning of the brakebands on Margaret's car, we arrived at the farm.

Quickly donning bloomers and sweaters (two dignified Seniors dared to venture forth in "knickers"), we went down to the creek where we built a huge bonfire and ate our lunch. And such a lunch! Memories of it haunt me still! When we could eat no more we explored the barn, slid down haystacks and climbed over the roofs until we heard Miss Dunlap's whistle. Gathering round her we found that next on the program was a hike and a game of scout. Captains and teams were chosen for scout, and Miss Dunlap and several of the girls started on the hike. For two hours we climbed barbed-wire fences, stumbled through corn fields, chased pigs, and ran in terror from the peaceful cows. The game finished, we returned to the house and waited for the hikers, who presently appeared on the scene—even more weary and disheveled than we. Much talk and merry laughter occupied the time until the lengthening shadows reminded us of the long ride before us. So reluctantly we gathered our belongings, waved farewell and started homeward, singing,

"What's the matter with Nancy? She's all right!"

LOUISE HUTT, '18.

Field Day

OUR 1917 Field Day was appointed for Friday, May 25th. Unfortunately the clouds gathered by 9 o'clock, and by 10 o'clock the floods descended! So we had to postpone the contests until Friday, June 1st. A very interesting innovation this year will be a "wig-wagging" exhibition, superintended by Miss Dunlap, who has been learning the code in a class of the Woman's Service League.

The order of events is as follows:

	Academic	Intermediate		Primary	
		Class I	Class II	Girls	Boys
1.	Class Shuttle Relay	Shuttle Relay "A" Class vs. "B" Class.	Shuttle Relay "C" Class vs. "D" Class	Relay Race	Relay Race
2.	High Jump	Broad Jump	High Jump		Potato Race
3.	Preliminaries 50-yd. Dash	Preliminaries 50-yd. Dash	Preliminaries 50-yd. Dash		50-yd. Dash
4.	Basket Ball Throw	High Jump	Broad Jump	High Jump	High Jump
5.	Broad Jump	3-Legged Race	3-Legged Race	3-Legged Race	
6.	Finals—50-yd. Dash	Finals—50 yd. Dash	Finals—50-yd. Dash	Broad Jump	Broad Jump
7.	Hop, Step and Jump				
8.	3-Legged Race	Hop, Step and Jump			
9.	Class Basket Ball Relay				

The cups to be awarded are as follows:

THE PRINCIPALS' CUP—For the best spirit shown in athletics throughout the year.

THE ACADEMIC CUP—For the winner of the greatest number of points on Field Day.

THE CLASS BANNER—For the class winning the greatest number of points on Field Day.

THE FRANCES FENNELLY CUP—For the class winning the school basketball championship.

THE LUCILE FETTY CUP—For the winner of the high jump on Field Day.

THE CATHERINE DICKEY CUP—For the winner of the broad jump on Field Day.

THE KATHERINE LESTER CUP—For the winner of the fifty-yard dash on Field Day.

THE INTERMEDIATE CUP—For the winner of the greatest number of points on Field Day.

THE PRIMARY CUP FOR GIRLS—For the winner of the greatest number of points on Field Day.

THE PRIMARY CUP FOR BOYS—For the winner of the greatest number of points on Field Day.

THE GLEED GAYLORD CUP—For the best work in gymnastics in the primary room throughout the year.

Catherine Dickey, of the Junior Class, has given us this year a beautiful silver cup to be awarded to the girl who wins in the broad jump.

The Senior Class

THE LARGEST EVER—22!

CAN you picture the early days in September, 1913, when a certain group of seventh graders suddenly found themselves emerging from what seemed almost nonentity into a bright and hopeful Freshman Class? That group had the earmarks of a record breaking class—at least that's what we thought—and seemed to have a most enviable future.

Look, for instance, at our poet—the pace-setting poet of the world. Why, even in her childhood she could create poems, easily mistaken for Shakespeare's. Let it be hoped that she will not permanently vitiate her career by marrying a C. D. S. boy.

Remember, also, the "snuff episode," which proved one thing to our credit, namely that we could actually keep a secret for four years. Will I ever forget the will power it took to keep from all, except a certain dear Latin teacher, how scandalously we had treated a Latin room by throwing snuff between all of the precious pages of "Caesar," "Vergil" and "Cicero." But why couldn't we think up an original prank?

And, oh yes—whoever said we were not economical? Why we have one of the best economical brains in this country right in our class. Such rare things are needed greatly, in war times.

Now don't you ever accuse us of being grave and reverend Seniors. We are not. Two mighty Seniors are leading the Scandalous Club in this very "Weather-Cock." If you care to turn over a few pages, you will find their most noteworthy work.

But isn't it strange with all these original characteristics that luck should have been so hard against us? We are just a little insignificant class, looked upon as babies. I hear someone asking, "Why is this so?" I must confess. We are guilty of many dreadful crimes, but I am afraid to tell them here, as they would never pass the "Weather-Cock" board of censorship. It is as stiff as Hindenburg would like to have the German line of defense.

SUSAN DE MCGEE, '17.

P. S.—For Seniors only:

Seniors, go to the front with a brave face graduation night! And maybe you can win applause if nothing else.

Our Defence

(Merely an outline containing a few of the reasons why the Seniors should be venerated.)

A—Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, everybody, should venerate the present class of Seniors, for

I.—The nature and condition of the Senior Class command veneration for,

a—Their numbers are large.

b—Their brains are superior.

c—Their beauty is surpassing.

d—Their talents are numerous.

II.—Those who advocate snubbing the Seniors are foolish for,

a—Snubbing is a weapon used only by snobs.

b—Snubbing has no sting for persons of self-respect.

c—Snubbing casts no reflection on the object.

d—Through the ordeals of Freshman and Sophomore years snubbing has proved unsuccessful with this class.

III.—The temper and character of the Seniors require veneration for,

A—A love of homage is their predominant trait, for,

1—They are the true inheritors of the wisdom of Solomon.

2—They are a self-governing body.

3—In religion, they are broadly tolerant.

4—But three months lie between them and the goal of their ambitions.

5—They are well informed, especially concerning their own worth.

6—They are remote from the verdancy of the Freshman.

IV.—Any struggle against venerating the Seniors would shake all fixed principles of school life, for

1—Seniors have always been looked up to.

2—This particular class has been regarded as phenomenal ever since its arrival at Barstow.

3—By refusing to do homage to the present Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen lessen their own chances for homage when they have reached the enviable state of being Seniors.

V.—Of the only three ways of dealing with the Seniors, you must adopt the third, for

A—The first way (to remove the causes of the Senior's love of homage) is impossible, for,

1—You cannot decrease their numbers by flunking them, for,
a—Their brilliance and attainments are too great.
b—Their determination to succeed is too positive.
2—You cannot deprive them of their inalienable gifts of brains, beauty and talents.
3—You cannot alter their temper and character, for,
a—You cannot persuade them that they are not as wise as Solomon.
b—You cannot make them narrow-minded.
c—You cannot lower their self-esteem.
d—You cannot deprive them of their powers of self-governing.
e—You cannot lengthen the time which lies between them and glory.
f—You cannot "turn back time in its flight."

B—The second way (to prosecute this spirit as egotistical) is impossible, for

1—There is no way of convincing a body of its own egotism.
2—Such a course might teach them that self-confidence is not conducive to success.
3—The school cannot be a just judge in its own cause.
4—This plan has proved unsuccessful in former years.

C—The third way is to comply with the spirit of the Senior Class, to applaud its courage, to admit its justice, to exult in the promise it gives of future achievement—in a word, to venerate the Senior Class. This method, you Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Faculty, must therefore, adopt.

(Apologies and thanks to Burke.)

WILLIS MUNGER, '17.

One Long Tale of Woe

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1916, in all the new glory of our "Seniority," we came back to school for our last year. Full of hopes, we, for the most part, carefully forgot to arrive at 8:30, and spent rather a subdued morning getting used to our dignity. At the west side of the room, no longer under the eagle eye of the study hall desk, we had more of a desire to maintain our aforesaid dignity, and in quiet and sedate voices, we discussed our hopes. Why, the Juniors would not dare to beat us at basket ball! They would surely be respectful. If not that, they would at least be charitable, since it was our last year. But how little we reckoned the true mettle of those Juniors!

On a bright and moonlight Hallowe'en, came our first downfall. We had congratulated ourselves, rightly or wrongly, on our former prowess in Hallowe'en "stunts." We depended on our reputation, and came forth in all our confidence, this last year, with a "stunt" that would have disgraced us as Freshmen. So we pretended, for the rest of the evening, that it was beneath our high mark in life, or in school at least, to stoop to the revelry of the lower classmen. In this way we met our first defeat.

A month later, November 29th, we sallied forth, in battle array, to terrorize the Junior second team. But, with apologies to Mr. Burke, terror, I maintain, is the result of force, which we lacked, and lost.

We have had but one oasis in the desert of gloom. Then we became our normal selves once more. To the surprise of everyone, concerned or otherwise, we beat the Freshmen in a fairly waged battle, January 25th, on the basket ball field! So, for a time, we went about, our heads in the clouds, our resolutions newly resolved.

But our joy was short lived! Again, and this time in all the glory of the pick of their two teams, we met the Juniors. Again we were mercilessly defeated. This time we had two excuses; first we were not in practice; second, the Junior team was the first team of the whole school. Why should we be expected to win? We weren't, and, as I have said, we didn't.

And then, but ten short days later, May 10th, oh, woe piled on woe! disgrace added to disgrace! the Freshmen mustered out their forces, and once again the hopes of the Seniors lay prostrate in the dust.

Alas! this class so noble, so brave to start the year, has—I dare not name it, but I will not miscall it—fallen short of their criterion in athletics. *Spoliatis* knitting *supersunt.* At least we have (dare I say excelled) in that! If the worse comes to the worst, we may say, "We have sacrificed our personal glory for the good of our country."

And so ends the tragic history of the class of 1917. Although Field Day is soon to be here, we can enter only for the purpose of showing that we are, at least, not quitters. Our only hope lies in Commencement. Even then, the Juniors may have flowers and dresses, in our last heat, to put us to shame—but, our one glimmer of hope, in a well of woe, they will certainly have no diplomas!

JUDITH V. HANNA, '17.

The Editors wonder why no chronicler of the Senior Class has mentioned its records in scholarship!

The Junior Class

"WE celebrate ourselves, we sing ourselves."

The Junior Class is the whole cheese. It *is*. Witness the way in which it (I'm too modest to say "we") has covered itself with glory. To begin with, in October we found that every girl but one on the first team was a *Junior*. Now the first team is the pet of the school, also its sword and shield against invasion. *We are the first team*, and we hold the Academic championship. I shall pass on to the next glory—our Hallowe'en stunt. It cuts us to the bone to boast, but that stunt was *clever*. Cleverness implies knowledge, and knowledge implies brains, and surely brains, with a small thatching of hair, are a crowning glory for any girl. Next comes a folly of which I shall speak, a la Cicero, but slightly. It was a hair cutting epidemic. Now many other classes cut off hair, but no other class cut off so much hair. This was wasteful—a blot upon our rep, and a stain upon our 'scutcheon. Furthermore, owing to our brilliancy (some call it harum-scarumness), an unusual number of Juniors were invited to "try out" for the *Pretenders*, and many of them "got in"—to act, later, many important parts. Was there ever a feminine Roscius? If not, you may pick a fine one from our collection.

(The following must be put in the future, but it is safe to say it can be read in the past perfect tense.)

On Field Day we shall cover ourselves with *more* honors; we shall win the banner for the third time; we shall receive so many "B's" that they will be a nuisance; we shall be the proud possessors of caps—in short, we shall be IT. And then——!

ESTHER HILL, '18.

The Spirit of 1918

DID you say conceited? Well, perhaps we are. But, just consider why the Junior class takes such a pride in its SPIRIT! Oh, yes, the other classes have spirit in one sense, I know, such as, wanting their class to win this, that, and the other thing; but not in all the senses of the word. Some of them come back to basket ball, hockey, or practice "when they feel like it." The Juniors come back as a sense of duty to their class; they put off other engagements; and the result is that they not only have one full team but two! Each fights for the name of the class which has already won two goals, for the Juniors were vic-

torious in the Thanksgiving games and have laid out the Seniors and the Sophomores this spring.

However, it is easy to be a good sport if you have any class pride at all; but it is a different matter to keep up the lessons! This must be done or the girl who flunks through her work cannot be on the team. So you see, if a girl wants to help her class, she must not only help in sports but, which is the most important—and the hardest, pass well in studies.

But lessons and basket ball are not foremost in our minds now, for we have our eye glued to our third goal, namely the class banner! We have won it two years in succession and if we win it, this year it belongs to the class of 1918! When we first started practicing this spring it seemed rather dubious, since the majority of the class were so fat they could hardly heave themselves over two feet! However, since then we have worked wonders by practicing tooth and nail. And, I see now no reason, if luck goes our way, why the SPIRIT OF THE CLASS OF 1918 should not win the much coveted banner for eternity.

MARGARET JONES, '18.

Our Alphabet

Now list, oh ye Juniors, and contemplate!
In this our third academical state,
Never were we, with our woes,
Embedded so deep in Latin Prose,
Tangled up so in old English verse,
Entwined as it were—and aye, what's worse!—
Entombed 'neath great volumes of German and French,
Now what shall we do? Pine here on a bench?

Exactly just what is the course to pursue,
Indeed is a question—but we are true blue.
Girls, we have with us some regular sharks,
Helping themselves to all the high marks.
Tempus fugit—and now the judgment draws near,
Each girl must not lose what her heart holds most dear!
Etudions! Our motto—Hurrah White and Green!
Now—now—all together, for Nineteen Eighteen!

KATHERINE YEOMANS, '18.

THE STAFF OF THE WEATHER-COCK OF 1917.

The Sophomore Class

ON the twenty-eighth of last September, the Sophomores abandoned forever the sunny, carefree Freshman desks to take their places in the gloomy, serious seats of superior knowledge. We were soon initiated into the secret mysteries of Caesar, higher Algebra, and our beloved English Rhetoric. From the words of wisdom of this last, we improved our minds so rapidly that by Christmas we were able to write and edit a paper of our very own—the Cock-Sparrow, the fledgling of the Weather-Cock. Of course we were generous enough to give half the credit to the Freshmen, just to encourage them and pluck them out of their settled melancholy, but every one knows that we did all the work.

Before this, however, we had made our real debut as Sophomores at Hallowe'en, when we presented to an admiring audience a charming little skit, called "Selecting the Trousseau," written by ourselves and produced by ourselves, in which everyone scored a great hit.

Having shown what we could do in a literary and dramatic line, we turned our attention to the sportive and athletic. The result was dazzling. We completely overcame the Freshmen in two games, 21-6, and 14-13. Not even the invincible Juniors were safe from our wrath, for we beat their second team, 12-9. Our other games are better not mentioned. "Into each life some rain must fall."

Last month when the knitting for the sailors was started, every Sophomore appeared, armed with wool, needles, and determination. Since then our knitting, which is of the extreme Futurist style, has progressed rapidly, "all along the line of attack." In spite of this, we have not neglected Field Day practice—and this is a secret—on Field Day we intend to carry off the class banner, and prove the truth of what certainly ought to be our motto: "Venimus, vidimus, vicimus!"—with no apologies to Caesar.

FRANCES D. FAXON, '19.

Our Genius

SOME people think that we're a bore.
But that's because we're full of lore
That they don't understand.

And others oft do deign admit—
Though *we* appreciate our wit—
That there are wiser in the land.

Geniuses of all the arts
Can be discovered in the parts
Where Sophomores love to stay.

I'm sure they'll all ascend the heights,
And come back here to show their rights,
Some far-off future day.

Sophomore's color now is blue,
And blue is fine, and bold, and true,
The Sophomores are some class, too,
Oh! you!

MARY WATSON, '19.

The Class of Nineteen Nineteen

SINCE we have left behind in the dust the ranks of the frightened, frowned-on Freshmen and entered the row of the safe and sane Sophomores, we have also abandoned the ways of the Freshmen and have become sērious literary beings.

But our great genius did not sprout until before Christmas vacation. Wishing to make a name for ourselves and our talent, we pounced upon the idea of publishing a humorous paper entirely without the aid of the "superior" Juniors and Seniors. Being very democratic, for no one dares to be otherwise in this time when Autocracy is aligned against Democracy, we chose by the vote of the "mass" our editors. Having selected them, we asked for contributions which came in a flood. To sort out these, write more, if needed, and decide the many weighty questions which confront busy editors, we called a council. So on one Thursday, armed with tablets, pencils, and critical minds overflowing with ideas, we boldly brought our desks into Miss Witham's recitation room. We pulled down the shades, giving an air of deep mystery and secrecy, barred the doors against intruders like a prison, and inspired by Shakespeare, Milton and Emerson from the walls and Poe, Scott, and Blackmore from the bookshelves, set to work. Never was there a more ardent newspaper staff. Soon our pens were steadily scratch-

ing and many a budding author came to light that afternoon. On that same never-to-be-forgotten day we selected a name, the "Cock Sparrow," thought of by Miss Barstow. But this fledgling of the "Weather-Cock," who stepped forth so bravely upon a wintry world, certainly made his appearance worth while. For the "Cock Sparrow," brimming over with wit and humor, was the sensation of the winter and scored a tremendous hit. And the upper classmen marveled open-mouthed, that such wisdom should proceed from the brains of mere Sophomores and Freshmen. But although we were brilliant as writers we have not contented ourselves with that and have broadened our field into the realm of athletics and fun-making, from all of which we almost always successfully emerge triumphant as the invincible Caesar whose victories we have had instilled into our minds. Like him, if defeated at first, we go on until "after much fighting the enemy are overcome with great loss."

KATHERINE MARSH, '19.

The Freshman Class

September 28—Six Freshmen flew down from their perch above and found that they had eight new sisters to share their nest with.

October 31—At the Hallowe'en party the Freshmen acted out the "one" book they do understand "Mother Goose."

November 27—The "mighty" Freshmen were beaten by the "A's" in the class games.

November 30—Thanksgiving Day, which was spent in giving thanks that the tests were over.

December 21—The Freshmen and Sophomores gave the "Cock Sparrow Dinner" for the benefit of the "Pine Mountain School."

January 8—The Freshmen came back to school to "cram" for the examinations.

February 7—The Freshmen returned to school looking as if they had lost their last friend—the report cards were out the day before.

May 6—The Freshmen played for the first time a game of Basket Ball at the Y. W. C. A. It proved to be a game of Slip and Slide.

May 10—WE BEAT THE SENIORS!

May 25—Field Day—We hope to decorate ourselves with a great many "B's" and carry away the cup and banner.

June 4—More torture for the Freshmen—examinations begin.

June 6—School closes—We leave the title "Freshmen" for that of "Sophomore," and begin to SWELL UP.

ROSA MARY LONG, '20.

Our Spirit

NO Freshman class is appreciated half or one-third as much as it should be. Our class is not an exception. The Seniors tolerate us; with the Juniors we are "to be seen and not heard;" with the Sophomores there is a slight, very slight feeling of sympathy. The teachers are the most unreasonable. Why can't they understand that what H—— says to L—— (though it has nothing to do with the lesson) is of the utmost importance, and why will they insist on moving H—— to the other side of the room? In spite of these hardships, Freshman classes as a rule are jolly ones.

Our class is exceptionally so. Besides keeping ourselves amused, we keep the Academic Room also. On Hallowe'en we gave them a play called "Mother Goose," not thinking till too late how well suited some people might think the "goose" part was to our class. Then each Freshman has entertained the Seniors by being sent to the office and in full view of their class carrying on a conversation with the principals.

All classes enjoy playing Basket Ball with us for we allow them to win. We are so soft-hearted we can't bear to see them disappointed. Once, however (when a Freshman kept score) we won a game from the Seniors.

Hockey is a favorite sport of ours. We loved it so much that we invented a game resembling Hockey which can be played in classes. It is very exciting and is another excuse the teacher gives for changing our seats.

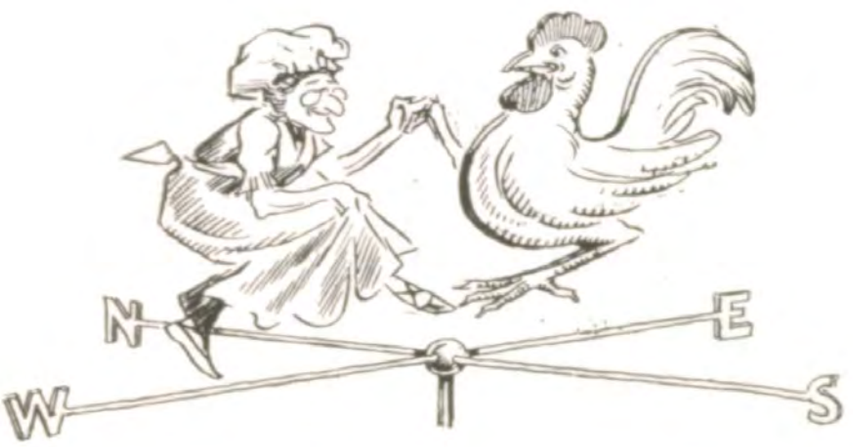
In bluffing through lessons we are far superior to other classes, though the day of examinations we do not look quite so gay, for staying up till very late trying to learn a Latin and a French grammar at the same time gives us a sad, sleepy appearance. It is only the night before that we realize failing is possible. Immediately a picture of a second Freshman year looms up before. We know we have enjoyed that year, but still going over it a second time might not be such fun, so we start cramming and keep it up until the examination papers are passed, then in some unknown way we pass and become Sophomores.

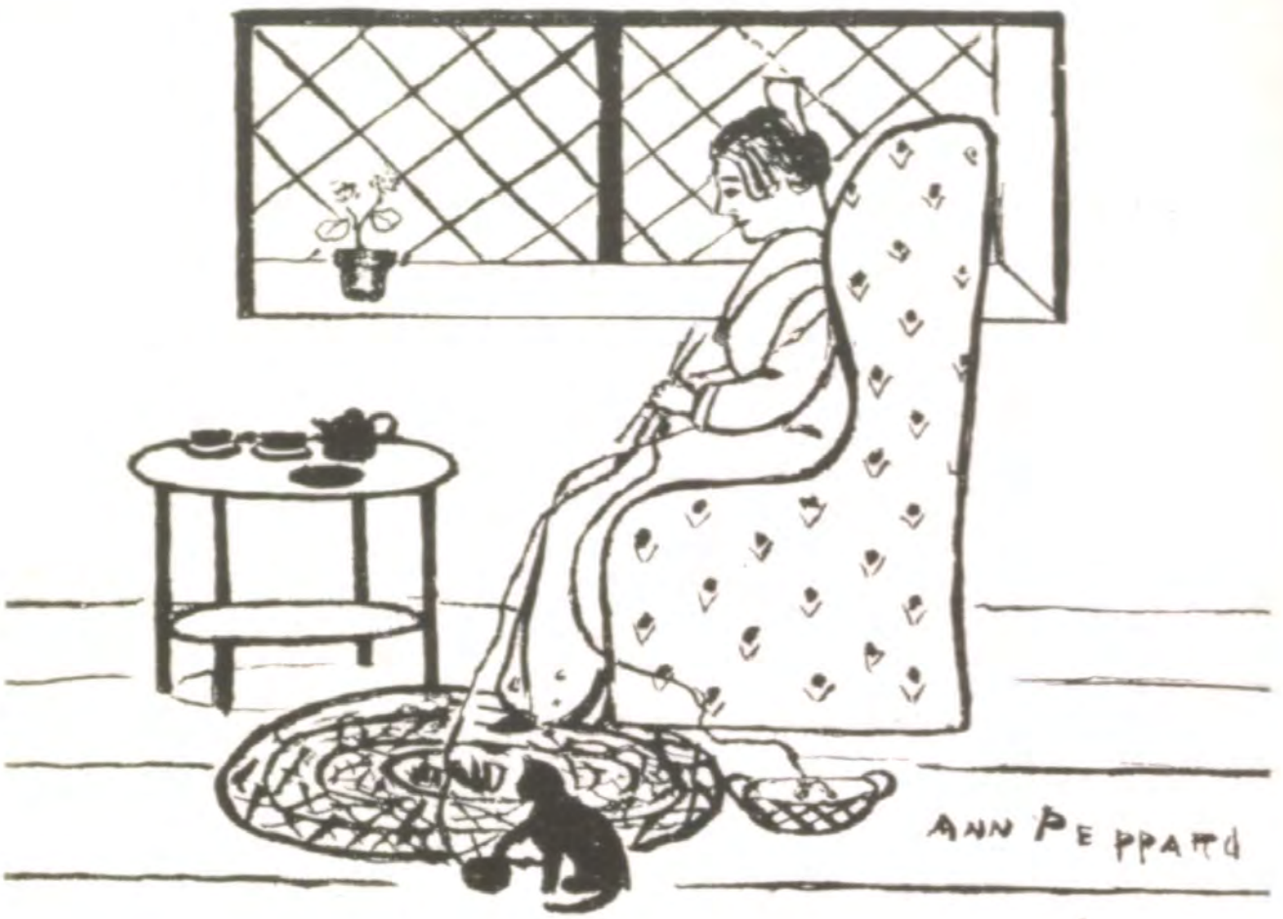
SARAH HOUSTON, '20.

Freshman Follies

ON the first day of school, as we entered the hall,
We felt twice as big as we were tall.
But before we had answered the morning roll call
With fear we had shrunk exceedingly small.
We carefully prepare *one* lesson each day,
On the rest we just manage to bluff through our way.
But for innocent Freshmen we felt pretty wise,
When combined with the Sophomores we sprung a surprise.
It turned out to be, as you very well know,
A sprightly young "bird" with plenty of "go."
We scribbled and wrote, forgetting to fool,
The profits were sent to the Pine Mountain School.
With some study and training before the exams,
We were safely pulled through as docile as lambs.
On "Field Day" our lavender colors you'll see,
For right on the spot we surely will be.
Now don't try to shake us for we just won't shake,
Next year we'll be Sophs, what a difference 'twill make!
There I've worked all day on this poetry sprint,
And bless you! it fills now a mere inch of print!

WINIFRED TURNER, '20.





The Scandalous Club

A Typical Thoughtful Senior

I WOULD love to scribble a ditty,
But I cannot even begin;
If my ditty should prove to be witty,
I would love to scribble a ditty.
But shame on me, oh, what a pity!
Fame is not mine to win;
I would love to scribble a ditty,
But I cannot even begin!

I Wonder

1. Whom Mary Hastings waits for every morning on Morton's corner, gazing raptly at the Rockhill car?

2. What is it that Harriett Ridenour smuggles across the room under her middy blouse?

3. Why every one always has her geometry originals every Monday morning?

4. Why Hastie is always late on bright, beautiful mornings?

5. Whom it is the large mob of intermediates waits for at the foot of the stairs each morning?

6. Who could resist those sweet innocent eyes of Nancy?

7. What syfph-like Venus said when he presented McKeck with his lodge pin?

8. Where M. L. got that southern drawl?

9. Why Pat keeps stationery in her desk?

10. Why Marie is absent every Monday?

11. Why the Independence Boulevard Christian church is so interesting these days especially to a certain young Freshman who is seen there every Sunday arrayed in all of her glory.

Sensible Sayings We Say

"Do you want to see something swell?"
"Sure."
"Well, put a sponge in the water."

"Wouldn't you simply die if you were choked to death?"

"You know I didn't recognize your voice until you spoke."

"I thought you took Algebra last year?"
"I did, but the faculty encored me."

"My sister is coming out soon."
"What was she in for?"

"Have you done the lesson?"
"Yeah."
"What's it about?"
"How should I know?"

Kiffy's eyes!
One look—you're gone!
Blue as the skies—
Kiffy's eyes.
She's pretty wise;
A stifled yawn,
Kiffy's sighs.
One look—you're gone!

Songs Popular With Us

"Watch Your Step"—Marie Cooper.
"I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier"—Anne.
"'Till the Clouds Roll By"—Hasty and friend.
"Pretty Baby"—Frances Reynolds.
"That's Where My Money Goes to Dress My Baby"—Faye.
"You're a Dogon Dangerous Girl"—Betty H.
"Oh, that Fascinating Personality"—Kiffy.
"Charms are Fairest Even When They're Hidden"—Anna C.
"I Can Tell by the Way You Dance, Dear"—Louise H.
"I Want to Marry a Male Quartette"—Skit.
"One Who Will Understand"—Pat.
"They Always Follow Me Around"—Susan.
"What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?"—Conny.
"Be a Little Sunbeam"—Dorothy Braley.
"In the War Against Men"—Mary McKeck.
"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl"—Katy.
"We're Out for a Great Big Time."—Senior Class.

"You're already there, kind sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going crazy, sir, she said.
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

Class Room Wit

G. B. (in Latin): "Miss Allen, I didn't get the verb in the last sentence."

Miss A.: "Gessit." (Guess it.)

G. B.: "I can't."

Miss R. (in History): "Who was the smallest man ever mentioned in Roman History?"

Class gives usual blank stare. Miss R.: "The guard who slept on his watch."

Mrs. C. (in History): "What is dyer, Mary?"

Mary: "An undertaker."

(In History). Miss R., after having patiently told the class that in Egypt they dug up old diadems, says she was a bit discouraged when, the next day she asked:

"Jane, what relics were found in Egypt?"
Jane beamed and said: "Diaphragms!"

Clever Vergil Translations. E. E.: "Then I will return to my native Greece." (Grease.)

A. I.: "He lay prostrate in the air."

T. W.: "All their faces made terrible noises." (We wonder if the "Star of Hope" was thinking of her classmates, the Seniors.)

Miss A.: "Where did the Alban Fathers come from?"

R. F.: "Albany!"

A. Q.: "He stood on the deck and shed wine."

The Wail of a Tortured Sophomore

Caesar conquered many nations,
A mighty man was he,
And in examinations,
He surely conquered me.

Clever Sentences Composed by Freshmen

1. Wanted—A saddle horse for a young lady not afraid of the cars.
2. The old man came in and sat down upon my invitation.
3. One should not drink lake water without being boiled.

The Seniors as Seen in the Oxford Book

Anne Ashley—"A sweet disorder in the dress kindles in clothes a wantoness."

Anna Carlat—"Dark with excessive brightness."

Anna S. Dickason—"I have tranquil solitude and such society as is quiet, wise and good."

Meda English—"The wildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Marion Ellet—"Like Niobe, all tears!"

Elizabeth Ellison—"Even a single hair casts its shadow."

Ruth Federmann—"We grant although she had much wit, she was very shy of using it."

Katherine Ground—"I have often regretted my speech—never my silence."

Thelma Hale—"She's worth her weight in gold."

Judith Hanna—"Neat but not gaudy."

Anna M. Hastings—"I cannot tell how the truth may be—I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Katherine H.—"Her very frowns are fairer far, than smiles of other maidens are."

Betty H.—"Her blue eyes strayed to the western star, for lovers love the western star."

Susan M.—"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Willis M.—"All I ask is to be left alone."

Dorothy P.—"A small still voice."

Alice Q.—"Happy am I, from care I am free, why can't they all be contented like me?"

Faye R.—"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

Lucille R.—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in a woman."

Alice S.—"There buds the promise of celestial worth."

Emelie—"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

Tess W.—"Laugh and be fat."

THERE was a young lady named Nancy,
Who was so exceedingly dancy,
That wherever she went,
She always gave vent
To her feelings so funny and fancy.

Marie had a bull dog named Peter,
Who was very much tempted to eat her,
So she took him away
And she took him to stay;
She came back, and he ran out to meet her!

HAS she some pep?
Pep! I should say!
But that's not it,
It's just her "way"!

What's that you say?
Her eyes? Quite blue!
And when she laughs,
They dance at you!

It's not her looks,
But some fine day,
She'll steal your heart—
It's just her "way"!

Intermediate Department

A Pool in the Woods

THE world was one mass of streaming, writhing, suffocating heat. I was searching in the wood for some cool shelter, when—a stream gurgling and laughing, mocking the fierce sun and happiiy dashing over smooth pebble and stone into the cool depths of a pool beyond!

On one mossy bank of the laughing brook was a turmoil of water where dozens of springs sprang from the hiding depths of the earth and rushed into sunlight and air.

Immediately I was cooled by the look of coolness alone. Then no longer able to resist the calling waters, I jumped into the pool. Down, down I went until the water grew so cold as to make me shiver with sheer delight and when I rose the now seemingly soft warm breath of air was welcome.

I was cool, the world was cool, life was cool! What hidden delights has a pool in the wood!

MABEL KNOLLIN, CLASS A.

White Flowers

AS I was going to dreamland, where all things have to go,
I saw a bed of flowers as pure and white as snow,
They loomed up in the twilight, upon their tall green stems,
And looked at the dim stars, which seemed to be white gems.
And then, a lovely lady robed in a long white gown
Came to the bed of flowers and slowly she stooped down
To pluck the frail pale blossoms and take them to her home,
And there she put them on a grave of some sweet one unknown.
Now, as I pass to dreamland, where all things have to go,
I see the lovely lady, robed in a gown of snow,
And as I pass upon the road, I see her pluck the flowers,
And there I know she's spending her many lonely hours.

DOROTHY SUTTON, CLASS A.

The Storm

I STOOD on the beach by the ocean,
And watched the swift tossing waves,
As they leaped with a wild weird motion
O'er the rocks and into the caves.

Once the sky flashed bright with lightning,
The moon grew dim on high,
There was no sound in that stormy night
But the whir of wings as a bird flew by.

Then far o'er the raging waters,
A ship wildly rolled and tossed,
For a time she struggled with wind and storm
Then floundered and all were lost.

So in life's struggles and blunders,
The strong ones win the fight,
They live through the lightning and thunder,
But some, like the ship, go down in the night.

CAROLINE SHIELDS, CLASS A.

Mother Love

IT was a beautiful morning in May and no sound broke the stillness but a symphony of bird songs. As we followed a winding path, we came to a clump of pines and peering among the branches, we saw a large nest. We had not long to look, however, for with a frightened fluttering a bird flew out almost in our faces. It half stopped, half flew along the ground with every appearance of having a broken leg. It was a mother turtle dove, trying to lead us away from her brood. What a heroic effort and what presence of mind she had to protect her little ones from danger!

RUTH B. SMITH, CLASS A.

Suffer to be Beautiful

OW—OW—! Can't you do it a bit looser?"

"No, marm, in this 'ere permanent 'air wave ye've got to stand a little pullin'."

A very much agitated young woman was lying in an easy chair and if an unsympathetic listener were to pass, she would

smile at the way the woman was suffering to be beautiful.

"Three more strands, marm," consoled the hair dresser.

After what seemed an interminable time, there came from the little room an audible sigh of relief.

"Now I want a massage and a manicure and then you may arrange my hair, as I am going out this evening."

"Yes'm. Luzann——e!" she fairly bellowed, "she want you ter fix 'er 'air."

"All right!"

And she suffered more.

About two hours later a blooming young beauty with waving chestnut hair, bearing a newly acquired peach and cream complexion, stepped from Madame Slovoskinsky's beauty shop.

What fools these mortals be!

MARGUERITE MUNGER, CLASS A.

A Romance

ONE beautiful summer night,
When the moon sent forth her rays
Sir Corn, a fine and gallant knight,
Went to visit Miss Lettuce Days.

They took a walk together,
In a garden near a lake,
Said Sir Corn, "Could you tell me whether
My hand or Sir Carrot's you'll take?"

The lady blushing, turned her head,
And said she'd think it over.
Sir Corn or Sir Carrot she would wed,
Who first found a four leaf clover.

At the moment who should come
But jolly Mr. Radish, to say
That poor Sir Carrot had now become
The dinner of old Mr. Jay.

Now why find a four leaf clover
When Sir Carrot has lost his chance?
Miss Lettuce need not think it over,
As Sir Corn is her only romance.

AMALIA PARTRIDGE, CLASS B.

A Happy Day

ONE evening Tiliy, a very, very fat negro woman, sat on the back steps telling Eliza, her friend, of the marvelous time she had had on the picnic the Saturday before.

"Yes'sar," she said, "we sho' did have some good time! We started pretty oily in de mornin' in a big wagon what was filled with hay. All o' dem chillens was jest a hollerin an' we was singing' and blowin' horns. Oh, gracious! We all'er us had ar lunch baskets an' dey was sho' filled wid good 'tings. Wal, when we got to de picnic place, it was pret' near time ter eat so some er 'em put down de table cloth an' de chillen took er pail and started to de brook fer water.

"Wal," Tom sed ter me, so he wouldn't have ter work I spec', "Lilly, let's take er walk, wha d'ye say?"

"A-right," says I. So we started off to de woods. Pret' soon we come to de brook and when Tom he looked at me and nen at dem stepping stones he says what we'd better set an res' a bit.

We set and talked a bit an nen Tom says, seems as how he just couldn't fin nothing else fer ter say, so he says, "Lilly, will ye hev me?"

"Yais," says I right off, fer I tended before he was going ter ast me and I'd de answer ready. Den he took off dis ring, wher' dat nigger got it lor' knows, and slip it on my finger." Tilly displayed the plump hand bearing the ring to her admiring friend and resumed her story.

"Then we trapse back and begin to eat. After eatin' some o' de boys played de banjo an' some played de mouth organ while we dance. I dance nine dances wid Tom an' des only had ten. De odder I jist had to let him res'.

"On de way back I sit next ter Tom an—there Liza, I mus' go and put the baby ter bed."

"Will ye tell me de res' tomorra, Lilly?"

HAMILTON SIMPSON, CLASS B.

Spring

WHEN the earth is fairest,
And the leaves are starting,
When the flowers are rarest,
And from winter we are parting,
'Tis then that spring comes bounding,
Like sweetest music sounding.

When the leaves are falling,
And the fields are turning brown,
When north wind to south is calling,
And the old world wears a frown,
Then we know that spring has left us
And winter has come round.

ELIZABETH HALL, CLASS B.

In The Canadian Woods

THE snow was drifting silently in the dusk of a wintry afternoon, when the sledge with Pierre and Jaques Lemoine, headed by twelve pairs of dogs, and Baptiste, the leader, came through a deep forest of a small province in Canada into a clearing. They had had many instructions as to which paths to take, for this forest was the most treacherous of the province.

Suddenly the pack came to a dead stop, and urging them with the whip did no good whatever. Jaques said laughingly, "I suppose the reason the dogs are so stubborn is that they smell an elk!" The boys were only seventeen, and little did they know of the danger from the horns of an elk.

When the dogs still remained obstinate, Pierre said, "It is too late to turn back, now, and we must find a doctor for Father."

Just then the head of the dreaded animal, which had been made bold by a long and severe winter, showed itself between the trees, and a low growl from one of the dogs warned them to make haste. Not a sound came from the boys, and with hurried fingers, they unharnessed the dogs, and with one accord the little party set out at a smart pace for a fire that gleamed through the dusk in the distance. With this encouragement they reached the hut of the hunter, and the elk, frightened by the fire, returned to his lair in the woods.

JESSIE DOWNING, CLASS B.

An Amusing Incident

ONE summer the Randolphs spent their vacation in San Diego. The first night they spent at their hotel, they discovered, much to their annoyance, that there were no screens in the windows; so consequently the mosquitos were almost unbearable.

The next day Mrs. Randolph bought some Pennyroyal which was said to be splendid to get rid of mosquitos. The directions said

that after the lights were out, if a mosquito came near, the person must dip his fingers in the bottle and rub it on his face, or hands, or wherever he needed it.

It worked so splendidly that the next day Mr. Randolph got a bottle for himself, and that night used it the same as before.

The next morning as he got out of bed he happened to glance in the mirror opposite, and saw—a regular tattooed man! For by mistake he had dipped his fingers, not in the Pennyroyal bottle as he had thought, but in the ink!

MARY HISTED, CLASS B.

A 'Possum Hunt in Old Kentucky

THE fire leaped and crackled, shooting flames of red and gold into the dark night. A cloud of smoke curled up and up, even above the tree tops. Dark shadows and shapes of bushes and trees danced fantastically about the little group of possum hunters. Like a sentinel from the east the moon rose and peered through the dark recesses of the forest.

"Now, boys, le's have a good ol' song befo' this 'ere possum hunt! Sambo ha' yo' got yo' banjo?" cried old Shep.

"Ma law! man! what would I be doin' wi' a banjo at a possum hunt?" indignantly questioned Sambo.

"Oye reckon yo' are right!" replied Shep.

Then the clear darky voices (old and young) rang out in "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground." Over and over they sang it, their melodious voices ringing out on the otherwise still night. The occasional bay of a dog was the only other sound.

"Ma land! that 'ere moon ha' got clean up in them heavens! It's time to sta't on this 'ere possum hunt!"

The darkies all shouldered their possum poles (poles with a slit, in which to put the possum's tail) and started off.

At last old Shep cried out, "Oye sees one! Oye sees one, boyees!" and started climbing the tree in spite of his fifty odd years.

Shep came down victorious. He opened his possum pole and snapped poor possum's tail in it.

"Ma law! That possum am sho' some scrapper!" exclaimed Shep, and started off for town singing "Old Black Joe."

As the moon began to sink in the heavens, Shep's "Ise a Comin', Ise a com——in," died away on the clear, keen air.

JOSEPHINE CHESNEY, CLASS B.

The Goat and the Poet

I AM a plain ordinary goat. I have not long silky hair, it is short and rough. My beard is my long point and I'm sure no other goat in town has one as long, if I do say it.

One day I was grazing in Squire Gunny's pasture and enjoying myself immensely, when Mrs. Gunny came along. She was arrayed in a red waist with glaring white polka-dots and had a red sun bonnet which she was swinging by the strings. She held in her hands, very close to her eyes, a piece of paper. Now Mrs. Gunny was a poetess, at least she thought she was and some people seemed to agree with her. This is what she read:

A POEM TO THE MUSE.

Oh, muse of poetry,
I weep tears when I think of thee
And how accomplished you be!
How beautiful on the lyre thee can sing,
While on mine naught but noise can I bring!"

Now really I don't know which enticed me more to butt, the red waist or the poetry. I thing it was the poem. Anyway I butted and she flew over the fence, lively! When she was safely over she looked me boldly, straight in the eye, till I was cowed. Yes, I was cowed, by her "Force of Character" she said. I know it was the poem!

MARY WALDO BULLARD, CLASS B.

The Awkward Man's House

IN the peaceful village of Greenville, some boys and girls were walking along the well-worn path from the Greenville School. The conversation was getting interesting.

"But Gladys," remonstrated Johnny Beck, "you know the Awkward Man isn't married."

"I know; but Aunt Cindy said that when he went into town once he left open the door of a little room nobody had ever been allowed to enter. There, lying across the bed was a blue dress, and on the floor near by were some blue slippers. On a table was a well-worn book of poetry. Taking it up, Aunt Cindy read on the fly-leaf: "To George, from Gloria."

"Yes, and the room was in blue and gold," put in Alice Redmond; "and on the wall was a painting of a very beautiful woman!"

"Well, it certainly is a great mystery," agreed Jim Comstock

"It makes me so nervous when I want to find out a thing and can't," said Gladys. "Who will go with me to explore?"

There was a chorus of "I will!" So all the children trooped down to the Awkward Man's house and made Aunt Cindy promise to tell them the next time her master went out.

Three days later the curious little crowd were gathered in the pretty blue and gold room. There, just as Aunt Cindy had said, were the blue dress and the little blue slippers.

Suddenly they all became aware of another presence in the room. Turning around they discovered, to their horror, the Awkward Man.

"Well," he asked quietly, "what are you doing here?"

Everybody looked at Gladys. Finally she blurted out, "We—we—"

"Were trying to find out the mystery of my house, weren't you?" finished the man. "Well, I'll tell you. A long time ago my sister Gloria and I lived happily together. That was before I was called 'The Awkward Man.' One day Gloria went down to the lake for some water—and she never came back. This was just the way she left her room. Not a thing has been moved."

The silence was deep as the man finished. Finally, "We're sorry," stammered Gladys, and rushed from the room, followed by all the boys and girls, ashamed.

The Awkward Man was left to dream of his sister.

MARY ESTHER HOVEY, CLASS C.

Silly Miss Fawn

ONE day when Teddy Bear was walking along near a woods, Miss Fawn spied him. Thinking he was so handsome, she fixed her hair and walked by in high spirits. She hoped he would think her beautiful and would fall in love with her at first sight. To her great surprise he did not notice her.

She was determined she would make him pay some attention to her, perhaps even hold her in his arms. So what did she do but jump off a cliff, not very far from where Mr. Teddy Bear was standing. As she jumped she screamed for help.

There was a marshy pool at the bottom of the cliff. Mr. Teddy Bear looked down and saw Miss Fawn struggling in the water and mud. Then, to her dismay, he walked away without offering to help her.

Poor Miss Fawn! She had to crawl out without anyone to help her. But she had learned a lesson.

HESTER FRANCES PETERSON, CLASS C.

Spring Flowers

SPRING is here
Making cheer,
With all the little flowers.

Some are red,
Some are pink,
Some make yellow bowers.

Some go to sleep
When the stars do peep,
And some go to sleep at four.

But roses rare
Are always there,
And never sleep by my door.

Sun flowers with big eyes
Look toward the skies.
Pansies with their sweet faces,
Spirea with her laces,
Always bring in Spring.

EDA MARIE PECK, CLASS C.

An Attempt to Escape

SAID Johnny to Jamie one sunny fine day,
"I'm so hot and so tired. Aren't you?"
Said Jamie to Johnny, "Let's run away.
'Tis the easiest thing you could do."

Over the fence they went so fast!
Just as the last blue coat disappeared
A mother called after. So at last
They came back and said: "As we feared!"

DRUSKA CARR, CLASS C.

Why Pigs Have Curly Tails

ALONG time ago pigs did not have curly tails, and this story is to explain why they have them now.

One fine day, about a hundred years ago, little Piggy came running to his mother, crying, "Oh, Mama, Jimmy Pig is going to have a birthday party, and he wants me to come. Can't

I? It's going to be tomorrow afternoon."

"Well, I guess you may go," replied Mrs. Pig. "I'll make you look so pretty you will not know yourself. I will buy a curling-iron and curl your tail. Won't that be splendid?"

So the next morning Mrs. Pig went down town and bought a curling-iron. It was her first experience with one, and she did not know how long to keep it on the fire; so she guessed at it. She kept that iron on the fire for five hours!

It was so hot when she took it off that she had to get fifteen rags to hold it with. Poor little Piggy wiggled and screamed a great deal, it burned his poor little tail so. But at last it was done, and Piggy went to the party.

When he got home, Mrs. Piggy tried to straighten out little Piggy's tail; but no matter how hard she pulled, it would not uncurl. She had left the iron on the fire too long.

That is why pigs now have curly tails.

BARCIA JONES, CLASS C.

April

THE robins have come to town,
And the trees have budded forth,
Sending all their blossoms down
As the wind blows from the north.

The mocking and red bird, too,
Have made their homes in our trees,
And sing all day long to you,
With each wave of the gentle breeze.

DOROTHE S. JONES, CLASS C.

A Narrow Escape

PROFESSOR Henderson with several men and boys, was sailing in an airship, a queer kind of craft that the professor had invented himself. As the professor had long hoped to discover the North Pole, the party was headed north.

Suddenly one of the men, who had been looking ahead through a spy-glass, gave a startled cry.

"Quick, bring your guns!" he shouted. "There are eagles ahead and if they tear the silk bag above us we will sink!"

All the occupants of the airship hurried forward with their guns, for the eagles were close upon them and some were pecking at the bag. The men shot as fast as they could load their rifles. But when they saw one large eagle tear a hole as big as a man's hand, they gave up hope. The airship began slowly to sink.

"Will anyone venture up the rope ladder and try to mend the bag with cement?" Professor Henderson asked.

Mark said he would try it. He pulled off his shoes and climbed slowly up. Soon he had mended the place; but the professor started the machine too soon. Mark lost his balance and fell. Professor Henderson groaned and turned away. He could not bear to look.

A shout made him turn around. Mark had caught at the ropes as he fell, and was soon drawn into the airship by the eager hands of his friends.

PENELOPE HALL SMITH, CLASS C.

Mother and Father

OH, I love my mother!
I never would have another,
She is so good and kind.

Yours is not as good as mine.
I'd like a brother,
Though it is nothing like a mother.

I love my father, too,
But I know what I'll do:
I'll run right up and hug them both!

HELEN MARY DEAN, CLASS D.

The Little Wood Folk

ONCE upon a time,
By a rippiy running stream,
A mother squirrel with her babies
Lived happily and serene.
They lived on nuts
And the water they drank
Was from the stream so clear.
One day some hunters bold
Came to the forest where
The mother squirrel with her babies
Lived so happily there.
The hunters shot and killed
The poor little Wood Folk there.
A sadder day was never seen
In that forest so fair, so fair.

The mother squirrel was killed
And the wee babes died, too.
Their bodies fell in the water,
And were washed to the river so blue.
But the ripply, running stream
Still ripples and runs along.
The flowers on its bank are blooming,
And the birds are singing a song.

KATHLEEN HORNER, CLASS D.

Our Fright

ONE night, Mother, Daddy and Holmes, my brother, were out riding, and Jack and I were at home sitting on the sofa. Jack was trying to learn a poem and I was helping him.

All at once we heard a noise like someone trying to get in. At first we didn't pay any attention to it; but after a while Jack said, "I wonder what that is." I said it was probably someone next door.

We kept hearing the noise, though, and soon we began to get afraid. Jack told me to stay in the hall, and he went into the kitchen to see if he could hear it there. As soon as he left me, the noise began again. Thump! thump! The doors began to rattle. I ran as fast as I could into the kitchen.

Then we went upstairs, but we still heard it. By this time I

was terribly frightened and didn't know where to go, because I thought someone would jump out at me. Finally we went into Mother's room. We could still hear the noise. Thump! thump! Then Jack said he was going to Gleed's house, and I said I was going, too.

Suddenly we heard a loud shout. I ran down stairs screaming and Jack was behind me. Then we heard Holmes' voice calling out that we must let him in, and that he was on the porch outside Mother's room.

When we let him in, he said that at first he had stamped his feet to let us know he was outside. Then when he saw we were frightened he thought he would have some fun with us, so he kept it up.

KATHERINE HUTTIG, CLASS D.

A Dance in the Nursery

"HOP into bed, now children," said the nurse. "It's eight o'clock and you're not in bed yet."

Just then the grandfather clock struck eight. If you had been there and had seen the face of the clock you would have known there was something going to happen.

Four hours later the clock struck twelve. Then there was a hustle. All the pencils and pens and chairs, all the toys, the dolls and soldiers, even the clock, became alive. Then Mr. Pencil asked Miss Musicbox to play for them, for they were going to have a ball. Mr. Fire gave light for the dolls to dance by, and then the ball began.

Mr. Chair went over and asked Miss Rockingchair to have the first dance. Mr. Black Pencil asked Miss Pen to dance with him. Pretty soon everybody was dancing.

At a quarter to one a doll dressed as a maid came out of a toy house with supper for the dolls. There was turkey, mashed potatoes with gravy, and last of all, there was ice cream!

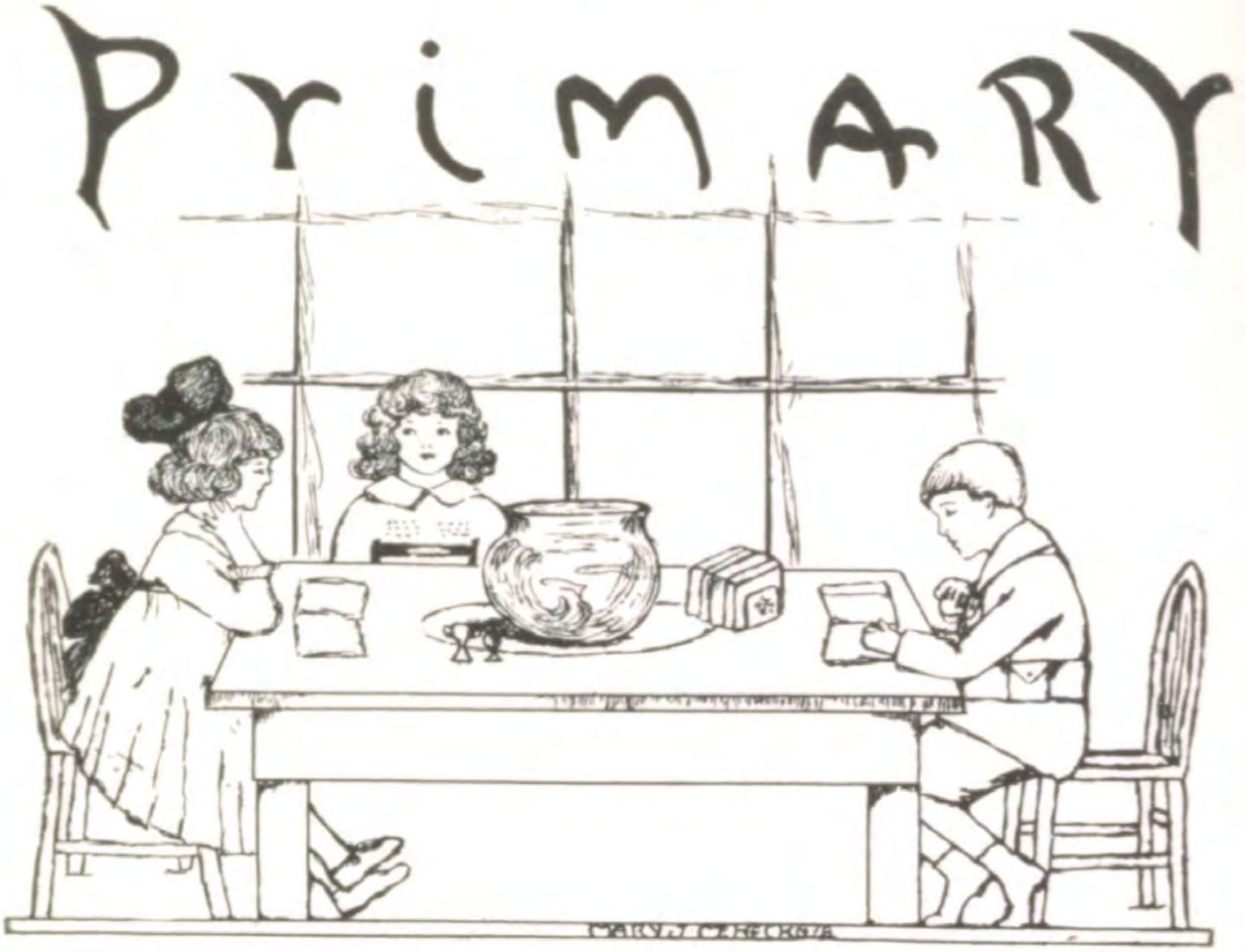
Just then the dolls heard some footsteps, so they all ran back to their places. But they forgot to shut off the music box! The door opened and the nurse came in. She said:

"Are you awake, children? I heard the music box going and wondered what it was."

"That is very curious," she said, "for the music box to be going without anybody starting it."

Ever since then she has wondered about it; but the dolls never told.

CLARA VIRGINIA AIKINS, CLASS D.



When I Grow Up

WHEN I grow up I want to be a Missionary. Then I can go to China and tell them about God. I could build up churches and tell the people about idols and how unreal they are. I could teach them not to bind their babies' feet.

Then I could go to Africa and teach them how to get trade with other countries, and how to make their own clothes. I would teach them not to kill white people.

Then I would go to India and I would teach them not to throw their babies to the crocodiles. I would teach them to be their own doctors. I would give a little money to the poor.

To be a missionary you have to be good, unselfish and humble and have good health. You do not have to be rich.

I once read a little story about a Missionary. She was sitting at her little window in India and she was discouraged. She looked at her bare door yard but she kept saying, "I ought to plant some blue grass seed."

After a while an infidel came walking up the road. He came up and knocked at the door of her little house. The Missionary rose to her feet. The infidel said, "I want to leave my little granddaughter with you, and I am getting tired of being a sinner."

After the infidel had gone the Missionary said, "I will plant the blue grass, after all!"

You do not have to go to China to be a missionary for there is work enough to be done around your own door. You can help the poor and sick. I remember a man at our church once saying that you could help men by giving them jobs when they were sent from prison. That's a good thing to do, too.

I will try hard to be a Missionary.

HARRIET GREEN, GRADE III.

An Exciting Day

ONE day Maxine Maxwell and Lucia Doris Jones came over to my house to play. Now right next door to me there is a vacant lot and after a while we all went out to play in this lot. Pretty soon we were way up at the other end of the lot where there was a dried up stream with a cave at the end of it.

At first we were afraid to go in, because we thought there might be bats and snakes there. But pretty soon we ventured in and saw at one end a little bit of light. Then Maxine ran across the street and found the place where the light came through by wiggling a stick. Then Lucia Doris and I saw the stick from the inside.

We called Grandpa and had him fix up steps on an old rotten stump. He fixed two seats, too.

Two days later, Lucia Doris and Barcia came over and we dressed up in Indian and cowgirl suits. Then we went over to the cave and took a bell with us. Pretty soon we heard some children right over our heads and we rang the bell and shouted, "If you want to have your bones crushed up, come down here," and other things like that.

My! they were frightened! They clung to their nurse and nearly cried. We could look out and see them without their seeing us. Finally they went off, the children still clinging to the nurse, and after a while we went back to the house.

Next we wanted to make a telephone. So we got a tin can and took the top off, then we made a hole in the top and bottom of the can, and put in a long string. Then we put the tin can and

the top on each end of the string. We ought to have had wax on the string but we could hear through our telephone about as well as when you have wax on it. We took it down to the cave and talked through it.

By and by the machine came for Lucia Doris and Barcia so that was the end of an exciting day.

JOSEPHINE REID, GRADE III.

Something Burning

ONE day when I was eating my lunch, my mother heard a sound like some one coming up our driveway. But my mother's curiosity got the better of her, so she went to see what it was.

To her surprise it wasn't someone coming up the driveway, but Mr. Ashley's barn was on fire!

Quickly my mother called up the fire engine. Then my father said, "Let the boys go and see the fire engine."

A moment more and the fire bells were ringing, so my mother took us out. We went into Mrs. Fox's driveway and saw some firemen. We saw Mrs. Ashley, too, walking along as anybody would just taking a pleasant walk.

The flames now were dashing up the door of the barn and had almost reached the upstairs window. They soon reached the upstairs window and began to burn it.

Some boys who had bare feet were down in the yard in front of the barn—not the barn yard. At last the fire was put out and we went back to lunch.

Mrs. Ashley phoned my mother and told her that when she smelled the smoke she said to herself, "I wonder what the Snyders are burning."

WILLIAM SNYDER, GRADE III.

A Good City to Live in

A FEW days ago the third grade went on a Geography trip. We went down past the Stock Yards, Peppard Seed Co., Kansas City Vehicle Co., Cudahy Packing Co., Armour Packing Co., Swift Lard and Morris Packing houses.

In fact we saw most of the wholesale district.

Coming home we saw the U. S. A. soldiers guarding the water station. I will tell you why they guard the station. If a German spy got in there, he would try to blow it up, then there would be

no water for any one to drink in Kansas City, none to put out fires with, and that's why they guard the pumping station.

Kansas City with its parks, boulevards, buildings and streets is fine to look at. Armour boulevard is the best. Boulevards are increasing, but I don't like them much. I like the country roads best because they are easier to ride on. It's not so hard on tires either. The scenery is much more interesting because I like little farm houses and green grass and trees better than city buildings.

Kansas City needs a new police station and a new post office.

DAVID STOUT, GRADE III.

When General Joffre Came to Kansas City

THE first thing General Joffre did on arriving in Kansas City was to have breakfast. All the party with Joffre went to the Union Station restaurant. Mayor Edwards sat next to Joffre. Mayor Edwards did not know how to speak French and Joffre did not know how to speak English. Viviani who was on Mayor Edward's left did not know how to speak English either, so they could not hold a conversation.

After breakfast they took a drive and went by the French Convent. There, all the children had bouquets which they threw into Joffre's car. The convent was beautifully decorated with French flags and shields on the windows. Then he went by my house, but they were going so fast I did not recognize him.

After the drive he went to Convention Hall and all the people stood and sang "The Star Spangled Banner," "Onward Christian Soldiers," and the "Marseillaise."

I went to the Union Station to see them off and Joffre saluted David and me for we were dressed in soldier suits. I had on a light blue coat and a French chauffeur's cap.

When Joffre left he kissed Mayor Edwards on his left cheek, but Mayor Edwards didn't kiss Joffre on his. It is considered very impolite not to return a kiss.

Probably Joffre will never come to Kansas City again, but we shall never forget the visit from the French Commisison.

RICHARD T. SHIELDS, GRADE III.

Kansas City, Missouri, March 29, 1917.

DEAR Miss Barstow:

I hope that you will be back soon. The Third Regiment is very busy training men and getting recruits. I would give anything to be old enough to join it.

Today they were training recruits right in front of our school. They were teaching them to march, salute, right face, etc. They were dressed in delivery clothes, postman's clothes and only a few had on khaki.

We have an army at school now. The names of those who have enlisted are posted on the door. I am the Major General. The Major General is not the highest position even though it is a very high one. The Major General in battle stays back of the firing line giving orders.

The Second Lieutenant has one of the most dangerous positions for he has to go right in where the fighting is the thickest.

I wish this war would end, don't you?

I must close now,

Sincerely yours,
FRANKLIN PADDOCK, GRADE III.

If I Were President

NOW the first thing that I will say is, that I am for votes for women! And if I were President I would try to help suffrage as much as I could. In the first place, I think that those who are interested in suffrage should try to encourage others. I think suffrage is a great, great thing!

It is hard to believe that colored men can vote while white women cannot. I think it is terrible! From the richest to the poorest, I think they all ought to have a chance. It is not always the poor people's fault that they are poor. Sometimes they are just born poor. Then again it is their fault, in fact, it quite often is, especially when they are lazy. I hope that at the next election there will be votes for women. If I were President, I would see that everybody could vote.

I wish Wilson had not waited so long to declare war. I don't think it is so much the President's fault, though. It's mostly the senators who are pacifists. I feel sorry for Wilson with one senator telling him to have peace and another telling him to have war, until finally he doesn't know what in the world to do! If I were President I would try to solve that U-boat problem. Then I think it would be easier to beat the Germans.

I shall have to acknowledge that Wilson is a fine, fine President, and that I couldn't be a better one.

LUCIA DORIS JONES, GRADE III.

Autumn

IN autumn when the leaves fall down,
Each one dressed in crimson and gold.
It looks like a painted picture,
Even when they are dry and old.

I've often heard a story like this
That one morning long ago,
Never so pretty a sight was seen,
As the leaves drifting to and fro.

I like that story very much,
And I think it might be true.
I like the idea very much,
Now really, tell me, don't you?

I saw a maiden very fair
Yes, very fair was she.
But not nearly so fair as the leaves I love,
That were drifting down to me.

The thing in the autumn I love the best,
Is, it seems as though we were near
To God, to whom we sing and pray,
Whom we thank and love so dear.

LUCIA DORIS JONES, GRADE III.

The Submarine

THE Submarine looks like a fish,
Although it has no tail,
It never minds the winds and waves,
Its torpedoes seldom fail.

The monster's eye is out for prey,
It never tires nor sleeps.
But goes right on with its deadly work,
And always boats it reaps.

They are sent by the Kaiser strong and fierce,
But cannot stand very long.
For we are going in with our ships,
And show them their terrible wrong.

This little new bird looked so tired that they asked him to sleep with them but he did not trust them. However, the birds insisted, so he had to do it.

That night the little bird slept soundly and forgot all his troubles.

The next morning the bird went out to get breakfast. But all that day he was lonely for he thought of the lovely nest he had made and left so far away.

FLORENCE SNIDER, GRADE II.

The Naughty Woodpecker

THERE was once a little woodpecker and his mother told him not to go out of the nest while she was gone. The little one said he would not, so the mother flew off.

Now the little woodpecker stayed in the nest till he saw some other birds playing. He thought it would do no harm to go out and play if he got back before his mother did, then she would be none the wiser.

So out he went and played but he was so intent on playing that he never thought of his mother until she came up and said, "Come home, did I not tell you to stay at home?"

So the little woodpecker went home feeling quite comfortable until his mother took a little switch and switched him. Then she tied him into the nest until morning and then she let him go.

But do you know, children, I believe that bird was good ever after, don't you?

ELIZABETH BACHMAN, GRADE II.

In Chicago

ONCE I went to Chicago with Miss Tough.

We had a big room in a hotel.

We took naps every day.

Mr. John Tough came to be with us for a little while.

We lost my blue coat walking along the pavement to the station. Miss Tough had it over her arm. I should have worn it myself.

We bought a brown sweater and that's gone too, now.

I'm going to Atchison this summer and have a good time.

HELEN HUNT, GRADE I.

Birds

I LIKE birds because they sing so prettily.
They keep worms out of the gardens.
They eat the flies that buzz around and make old ladies miserable.
I think it was thoughtful of Jesus to make them, anyway.

DOROTHY MUNGER, GRADE I.

The Robin

ONE day at breakfast the cook called mother out into the kitchen. Mother looked out of the window and saw a robin. It had some string in its mouth. It was fluttering around.

The robin was flying through the trees when the string caught on a branch.

Mother called all the rest of the family and we asked Daddy to help. So Daddy got the man next door to help him. They got a ladder and cut the string off the branch and the bird flew away.

HELEN CURDY, Grade I.

BUSINESS EDITORS FOR 1917.

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