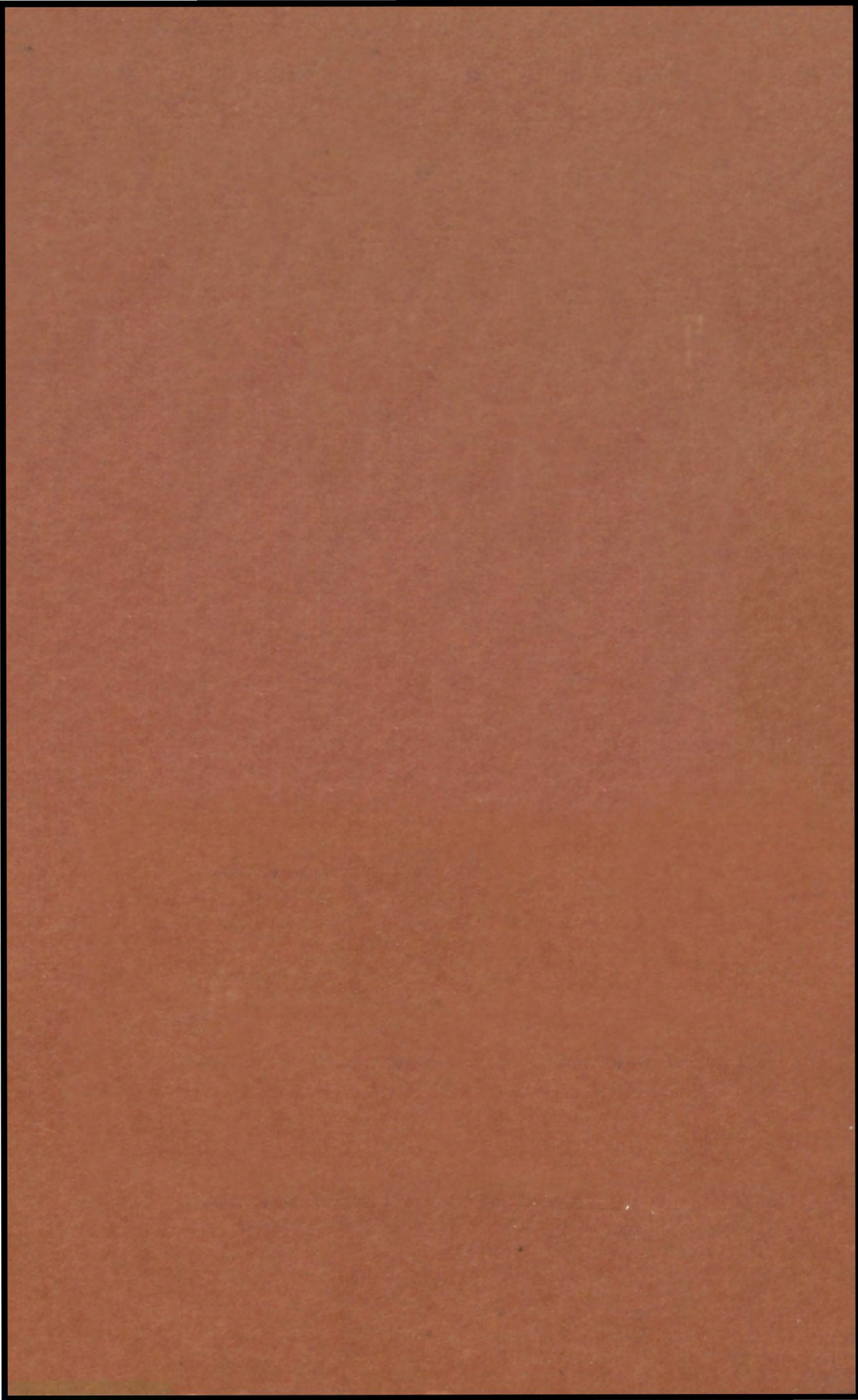


The Weather Cock

Barstow School



The Weather Coats



1924

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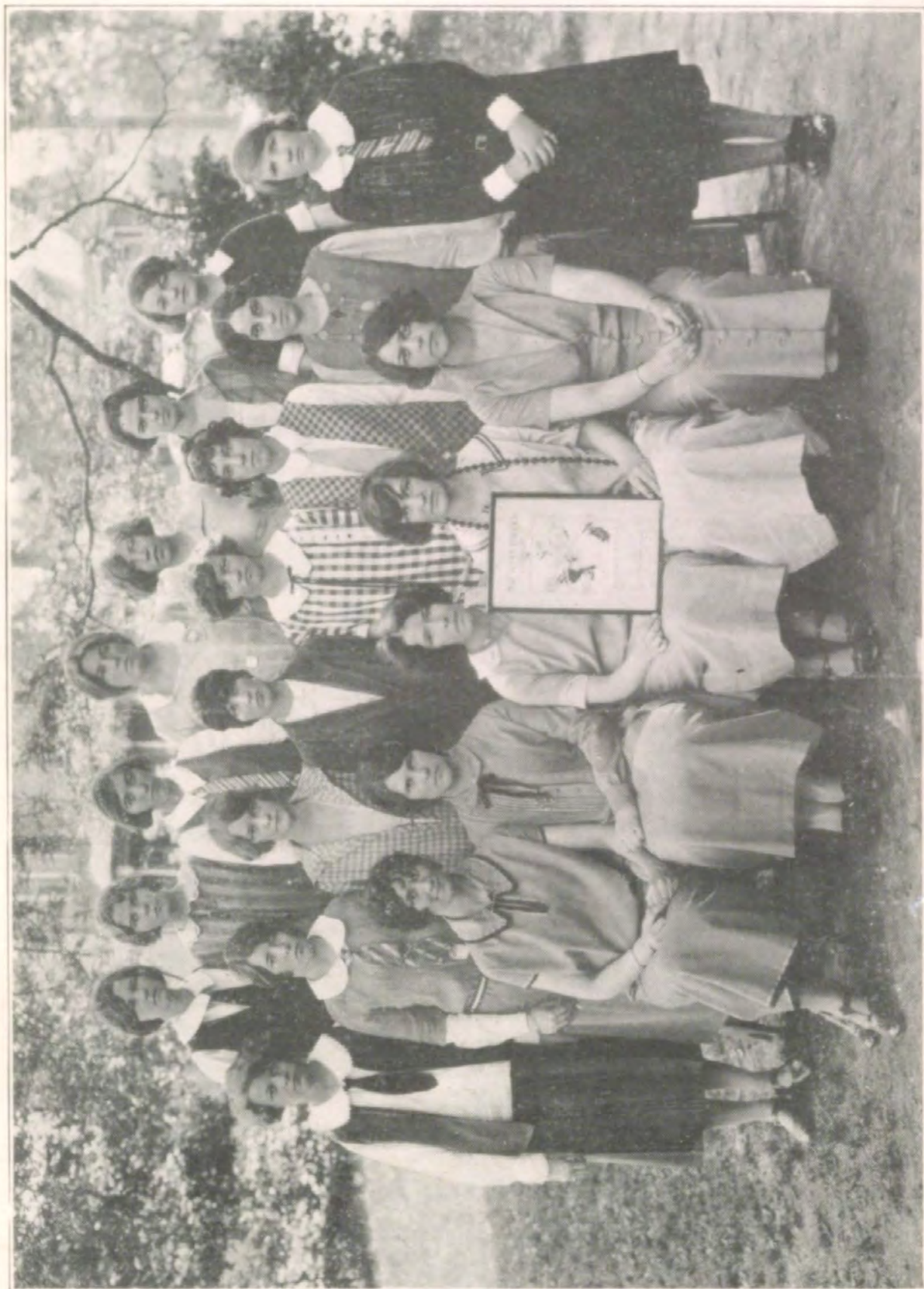


THE
WEATHER-COCK



THE BARSTOW
SCHOOL

1924



THE WEATHER-COCK BOARD OF 1924

The Staff of The Weather-Cock

1924

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Change

I.

EVENING falls, and the slender creeping shadows
 Slip across the empty room, and through the echoing hall,—
 Bare are the walls, and silent as in deepest sleep,—
 The quiet of a finished task is fallen over all.

Shadowy and still, what phantoms fill those rooms tonight,
 Moving to the echo of a joyous, well loved song?
 Thoughts of the girls who dreamed and played and studied there,
 Carried back in spirit by a bond forever strong.

Theirs is the past,—they made it and remember it,—
 Yours to mold the future that is waiting to be born;
 The old school is past, but its spirit lives reincarnate,—
 And the future lies before you in the splendid, joyous dawn.

HARRIET LYON, Wellesley, '26

II.

I WATCHED beside my misty hill,
 To merely catch a glimpse
 Of her sweet face. Oh, had she gone
 To grace some other valley with her song?

I waited for her dancing tread,
 The flash of scarf, blown blue
 Against her cheek, her smile so rare,
 That steals away within her hair.

I sighed beside my misty hill,
 I never caught a glimpse
 Of her sweet face. Ah, she had gone
 To grace some other valley with her song.

VIRGINIA AIKINS, Senior

Goodbye



GOODBYE forever, goodbye, goodbye." How easily we sing those words every Wednesday, and how easily do we say them,—for an evening, a week, a month, or even a year. There is no note of sadness in our voices, for there is a certainty that there will be another meeting, either by design or by accident. Romeo and Juliet even found a kind of happiness in their gentle adieu,

"Goodnight, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow."

They had confidence that they would see each other again. They knew none of the bitterness of the Queen of Sheba's farewell to Solomon, she who "turned away, with her gifts, to her own country," knowing she would never again see the wonderful king she had come to prove with her questions—and who had won her heart.

Such bitterness we now feel—we who are Seniors especially, for we know that this June we are saying a final farewell to the old school, as no Senior Class has ever said it before. Such a goodbye is not easily said. Not only all our happy days here are ended, but the old building, too, ends its school life this June.

What will become of its hospitable halls? Is it possible that they will be pulled to pieces, and their loved timbers scattered to the four winds? What could be for us, in years to come, a duller pain than to go down Westport Avenue and find no longer standing our old refuge from the childish cares of our little world? What rack could inflict more tortures than the mere thought that our beloved Senior steps may vanish forever? Laugh ye who will, and mock ye who will; but pray, leave us our grief for these last few days in our well-loved, long-loved school!

Memories in these hours come thronging back to us; and those that were once tragically painful are now painfully sweet, for the tragedy is lost in the years, the wounds are healed by time. And through them all the dear old building sheltered us. Who cares whether it needs painting? Who cares whether one trips and slips on the worn old stairs? Who cares that a bit of plastering now and then falls upon one's head? or that the blackboards, shiny with use, refuse to take the hard chalk? Who cares whether the Senior steps sag in the middle? or the banisters wobble? As we love our friends for their weaknesses, even so do we love and number these personal flaws,—honorable scars won in honorable service.

Truly I have grown up in this school; and as I look back over the years, pictures long forgotten pass before my mind. Well can I recall incidents that happened even in my third grade. That one

tragic day when, after eating candy in school, our whole class was ordered to the hall, to stand with our faces to the wall. Oh death, where, in comparison, is thy sting? Miss Barstow came, saw, and turned away—smiling, I now believe! And then in my Freshman year, when we were as dust beneath the feet of the studious Sophomores, the mighty Juniors, and the austere Seniors, I, poor little ignorant I, committed a crime! I walked up the steps sacred to the Seniors; and for this ghastly offense I was called before the Senior Council, discharged, sent home trembling, to be put to bed with a high fever.

Besides these fond, but foolish, memories, I see the truly great moments that the old school and I have seen. Greatest of all, perhaps, were the days of the World War, when the building hummed with tensest patriotism. The call of our country turned every one, from the third grade to the Seniors, to knitting, to whole wheat bread without butter, and to sugarless desserts. Soldiers in uniforms, both men and women, from all parts of the globe, came to talk to us and to bear away our money and our sympathy back with them to the other side. Young as I was then, I learned the meaning of "German Atrocities," and "Belgian Refugees,"—and I adopted my own French orphan!

What bright days as well, have I seen here! Field Days—long lines of green and white clad girls marching down the field; their eyes turned ever towards the bright array of silver cups under the walnut tree—rewards of prowess. Pretender plays have I watched, and many different characters have I myself acted in these last years. How many thousand times have I filed from classroom to classroom; to the French room where we explore the labyrinths and mazes of reflexive verbs; to the English room, where Shakespeare and Milton become our intimate friends; to the Mathematics room, where lines and angles make up our round of life; to the History room, where the greatest names of the ages flow trippingly from our tongues; and last but not least, to the Latin room, where the dead language is brought once more to life on our nimble lips. How many Commencements have I seen with the white-robed girls filing solemnly down the aisle. And this year it is I and my own classmates who must say a last goodbye to the building, with all its ideals and traditions.

Now, as a Senior, I realize and appreciate more deeply these traditions. Truly they are imbedded deep in my heart. Is it possible I shall ever forget them,—my unchanging companions through the years? If ever I wander from the "Narrow Path" I can cast no reflections on my high school days. Barstow stands for me a column of white, kept spotless by us who love its ideals, and who keep our faces turned ever toward its light. Many are the battles fought and won, many are the temptations overcome, through the power of our re-

spect for the school's principles. And the old building is now seeing its end draw nigh. For the last time its halls are echoing with laughter, and its floors re-echoing to hurrying feet.

"The Weather-Cock" is also saying its goodbye, for this is its last edition in its old home. Next year its cabinet must find a new niche, and its sign a new wall space. There will be a private room where its editors may accept and reject manuscripts with a haughty air, and where business managers may plan their wicked campaigns for "ads." And the "Board" of 1924, photographed for the last time under the thorn tree, may be the first to find its place upon the new mantel. In all these material ways the new school may surpass the old, but its spirit could never be greater than in the old building and the hearts of the old girls who love it.

"Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others' weal avail'd on high,
Ours will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky."

Katherine Huttig, Senior

Our Garden

NOTHING on God's earth shows more
Of patience, love, and diligence,
Of beauty and perfection,
Than a garden in full bloom!
Beds carefully laid and gently tended,
Paths all brushed and neatly trimmed,
With infinite care and love.
And each bud, sheltered from sun and storm
By Wisdom and Understanding,
Ever expanding, ever unfolding toward its perfect flower.
Such a garden has been our school!
Grown from tiny plot to acres broad;
But as of old centered around one dial,
Marked by sun and shadow,
Weathered and proud emblem
Of years of joy and success.
Through an archway of poplars, tall and commanding,
Like buglers proclaiming glory,—
Stretch the gay garden ranks.
At first, low and shy,
Bright rows of violets and pansies,
Timidly shining in the sun.
Beyond these taller flowers,
Gayer, more orderly in rows,—

Hyacinths, tulips, poppies, dahlias, and peonies,
How eagerly they upward run
Toward their god,—the sun.
Then a proud pathway,
Trellised and shady, leads
To deeper hues, richer perfumes,—here,
Leaning close to the dial,
Beats the Heart of the Garden.
Here the plants are strong and straight,
And here by their own strength
Push upward, towards the light.
Here and there are tiny props
Where the Gardener has some waywardness arrested,
Or by Her touch again turned erring blossoms sunward.
A rustle from ruffled leaves,—
And yellow and purple iris
Bow and murmur for our attention;
Gaudy asters, busy in their triangle,
Trying to outdo each other in their own brilliant ways.
Then still and quiet lilies,—
Dignity and serenity
Are their repose.
Oft they cease their worshipping of Grace
To watch the Gardener's quiet face
Ever bent, most intent, over
The radiance of Her roses,—
Each petal exquisite,
The reward of ceaseless toil,
The ultimum—Perfection.
And back of all,
What is this strong, protecting wall of dusky pines—
It is the forest of Buried Love,
Where yearly each departing rose
Plants a tree,
Token of everlasting faithfulness
To her loved garden.
“A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.”
Back again we turn to the sun-dial;
The Gardener tells us there
Of wider spaces, warmer sun, and freer air;
There she must now transplant her garden.
“Rejoice!” she says.
But even then, her voice breaks:

All one anticipates—as she speaks—
 Is tinged with sadness,
 For the old garden,
 Her garden,
 Is all too lovely, too well loved, to leave.
 It has been, truly, a wondrous thing;
 Patience, love, and diligence, all,
 Have been at work there,
 Beauty and Perfection have been the reward.
 “By their fruits——.”

VIRGINIA AIKINS, Senior

Insistence

THE lapping waves are flirting with the shore,
 Daintily advancing and retreating,
 Shy, coquettish, always curious:
 The high waves are more insistent,
 Beating, storming, ever threatening
 The unresponsive shore;
 Angry, foaming, loudly roaring,
 Hurling shells and broken pebbles
 In unrelenting strife
 With the unresponsive shore.

VIRGINIA E. SNIDER, Senior

Circles

I DROPPED a stone in the river bed,
 The river so deep, so still and wide;
 And watched the circles widen out,
 Till they reached the bank on the other side.
 Who would think that a stone so small,
 Could trouble that placid depth at all!

So it is with the thoughts of men
 Cast at random upon the tide
 Of a mighty world. Again and again,
 They shall circle and widen as earth is wide.
 Good or evil, which e'er they be,
 Each thought is a ripple on life's great sea.

HELEN STEVENS, Senior

Night

M OONLIGHT in the garden,
 Shadows on the wall,
 And somewhere, out in nothingness,
 A nightingale's soft call.

Shadows in the garden,
 A firefly in the gloom;
 Up to my balcony rises
 A mist of strange perfume.

Memories in the garden;
 Pain within my heart,
 That stabs my glittering golden dreams
 Like daggers in the dark.

MARGARET NEAL, Senior

Reverie

T HERE'S a singing, ever singing,
 When the matin bells are ringing,
 And the cock crows forth his greeting to the sky.
 There's a calling, ever calling,
 When the evening shades are falling,
 And the twinkling stars come forth, and shine on high.
 There's a murmur, there's a pleading
 Tell me true, may I be heeding
 To this voice within which calls me far away?
 Tell me truly, may I follow
 Over hill, and vale, and hollow,
 To the woods where velvet pine trees bend and sway?
 Let me answer, onward wending
 Where the rippling stream is sending
 Spray to dash against the mossy crag.
 Where the daffodils are gleaming,
 Where the golden sun is streaming,
 Where the violets make my footsteps slowly lag.
 Happiness could not be wanting,
 Thoughts of sadness ne'er be haunting,
 While with joy I tread the world anew.
 Woodlands mine, if you be calling
 Once again when shades are falling
 You will win, I follow—follow you.

KATHERINE HUTTIG, Senior

True Love

THERE'S a love as light as a summer breeze,
 As a perfume wafted through whispering trees;
 As a fairy step it follows us,—goes,
 Where, do you ask? Ah, no one knows.

There's a love that lingers, memories sweet,
 The sound of a voice, a vision fleet,
 Then it passes on with a smothered sigh,
 Leaving gladness behind, or,—a tear in the eye.

There's love that's endless, rare, divine,
 It grows more true with the passing time;
 One knows no sorrow and fears no wrong,
 Who sings in his heart this lover's song.

KATHERINE HUTTIG, Senior

Si J'Étais Roi

OH, quand je pense a toi
 Une emotion si rare,
 Me saisit et m'accable,
 Car, je t'aime, ma chere.

C'est vrai que je t'aime seul,
 Tes mains, tes bras, tes yeux,
 Tes yeux si grands, si beaux,
 Tes yeux d'un profond bleu.

Mais n'importe tout cela,
 Mon reve,—fini, je crois,
 Car tu ne m'aime, cherie,
 Dieu, si j'étais roi.

Alors tu aurais tout,
 Le ciel, quoi que ce soit!
 Et tout saluerait
 A toi, si j'étais roi.

Et toi reine supreme
 Assise tout pres de moi,
 Tout serait pour toi,
 Pour toi, si j'étais roi.

KATHERINE HUTTIG, Senior

The Chink and the Child

LIMEHOUSE,—dingy lights, unseen voices, sinister deeds. The location is a small back alley of Coventry Garden, known and frequented by every cockney in London. Here unknown jewelers re-cut stolen jewels; here meet the masters of crime known in the upper circles of society; here in the old armory, near the docks, the weekly boxing bouts between the champions of the Limehouse district are held each Friday evening. Here, too, a slip of a girl waits on these Friday nights for the champion of the armory, the man who is aware of every questionable movement made in the East End, and the man who is, in the eyes of the girl, an undisputed hero.

On this night Patsy O'Donnell, waiting for the outcome of the match, allowed her thoughts to drift to more important things. She wondered in what mood Pete McCaul would chance to be and in what manner he would greet her, if at all. Whether it would be a word of welcome or a black rage, she never was sure, until she saw him standing in the door. Her thoughts drifted to Wang Foo, the old Chinaman, in whose small store, the Blue Lantern, one could find almost anything. A smile crossed her face at the thought of the good fortune which had been thrust upon her so suddenly, only a few weeks ago. What sudden impulse had come over this man that he should choose to invite her into the small dingy room in the rear of his store and show to her beautiful stones which he had spent the greater part of his life in collecting? The fact was, that he had promised her, that on the day when he should be fortunate enough to lay his hands on the one stone which he lacked, he would place the collection in her hands. This one lacking piece was a wonderfully carved piece of jade. This to Patsy meant a great deal. Not that she wanted the jade; but the stone meant money, and money meant her education. But what would McCaul think of her good fortune? Would he allow her to accept, and what should she do if he refused?

And then McCaul burst from the building, his face flushed and his arms flinging even more wildly than his tongue. Patsy heard from passers-by that he had at last been defeated. She realized that he would be worse than angry at finding her here. She tried to slip down the street. He was at her side before she had gone three yards. It was the first time that she had really seen hatred in his eyes and the first time that she had felt it in her heart. He seized her by the arm and dragged her with him along the street. His eyes blazed and she could hear him muttering and grumbling to himself. As they passed the Blue Lantern, Wang Foo, standing in the doorway, nodded knowingly, and a few moments later followed them down the street.

Upon reaching their lodging McCaul opened their door and threw Patsy in, as one would throw some burden he had carried.

"I'll learn ya' to prowl round my affairs!" he growled.

A muffled sob was the only response from Patsy. Words meant but little to her. What she feared was the beating.

"You and that Chink! A fine pair you'd make. So he's awaitin' for that piece of jade? Well, he'll never get it and you'll never see them stones. Instead of him a' addin' my stone to his collection, I'll be a' addin' his to mine."

Patsy's eyes glistened as she asked, "Then YOU have the missing stone?"

"Yes, and it's me that's a'goin' to keep it too!"

"But Pete, Wang Foo would pay you for the stone,—and then he could finish his collection?" pleaded Patsy.

"And what good would that be for me? Do you think that I would just sell that Chink this stone for the pleasure of seein' him finish his collection and in time turn it all into your hands? Why should I end his worries and fix you a' sittin' pretty for life when I could just as well have all them glories myself? You needn't worry about yourself when I am dead and gone 'cause you'll both be a'lyan under the soil afore they ever turn a spade for me. He's a bothern' meddlin' old Chink and you a girl worse than a leech, but I'll learn ya'. Why was you a' hangin' around the docks today? I told you the next time I caught you there I'd beat you. I meant it! Get that strap!"

Patsy, shaking, shrank into the corner, but Pete McCaul was not to be put off this time by tremblings.

"Did j'a hear me? Get the strap and hurry! I've other things to do."

In his rage he picked up the stove lid and fumbled with it. Patsy hesitated for a moment and the stove lid left McCaul's hand with all the strength of a boxer behind it.

At that same moment the door behind him opened slowly, and Pete McCaul fell to the floor, and, falling, revealed the figure of Wang Foo crouched in the door way. He glanced at the man at his feet and then ran quickly to the girl lying in the corner. He turned her over and knelt beside her, bathing the gash on her head with his handkerchief. She regained consciousness and opened her lips to speak—but the words came slowly and painfully.

"The stone - - it's in - - , in his - - ."

She did not finish, and the old Chink laid the head of his dream child on the pillow. What did he care for this last stone? or any other? They meant nothing to him without this child. He bowed his head on the floor beside her, crushed to think that he had been too late to save his all!

ELIZABETH DICKEY, Junior

The Auction

QNLY two dollars, ladies? Think of it! Come! Come! Some one make it two and a half! It's going for a mere song. Going! Going! Gone!"

The hammer resounded sharply and the exquisitely wrapped package was handed to the highest bidder who immediately unwrapped it.

"Soap!"

The hills echoed with the laughter that followed this announcement.

The auction was being held at a Girls' Camp and the proceeds were for charity. It was a lonely spot, the nearest town was five miles away. The grounds formed half the shore line of a lake bordered by a high bluff with a deep ravine semi-circling it. On this bluff were the tents and the bungalow.

All the girls were at the auction—all but one—and all were bidding ridiculous prices for ridiculous things. In one corner sat three of the older girls bidding now for another of those mysterious packages. Ellen had just made it three dollars.

"Three-ten," cried Ruth.

"Three-fifteen," Jean made it.

"Three-twenty-five," came from Ellen.

Jean toppled over backwards. "Unheard of," she gasped. "It's yours so far as I'm concerned."

They turned to Ruth. She solemnly raised her hand over Ellen's head. "Blessings on thee, little maid," she sighed. "I lose."

With a triumphant shout, Ellen leaped for the package as if it were purest gold. She hurriedly opened it.

"A tooth-brush!—Well, I need it! I lost mine yesterday."

Ruth, Ellen, and Jean were tentmates, and Ellen now spoke of the thing that had been on the minds of all three for the last ten minutes.

"We haven't gotten any water for the morning," she said tentatively.

"I know it," said Ruth and Jean simultaneously.

"We might as well all three go. It'll take two to carry the pail and one of us will have to light the way with a flash." It was Jean who solved this weighty problem.

"Good idea," agreed Ellen.

"Wonder how Marion is?" said Ruth as they walked along.

"We'll go and see when we have the water," said Jean.

"The battery is down in my flash!" Ellen seemed to have the faculty of always being in trouble.

It was Jean who helped her out this time; someone always helped Ellen out.

"Mine is still usable and yours wouldn't be wanted if it were in the most perfect condition, which it isn't—as usual." She laughingly dodged Ellen.

Marion occupied the tent farthest from the bungalow. She had asked to be left quietly in her tent that night and the quiet and the darkness, except for the flickering candle, seemed to have soothed away at last the terrible throbbing in her head.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of something crashing down the ravine. She was startled but not frightened. Rocks were always rolling loose on the side of the bluff. Her eyes were opened now, though, and she was thoroughly awake. She got up and crossed the tent, and turning, she looked up—and stopped dead, as if paralyzed.

What she saw was a man standing at the back of the tent. He was dirty, uncouth,—hideous'y so.

After what seemed to the girl an eternity, he grinned, and that seemed to galvanize her into action. Screaming, she ran from the tent. She did not look around, but she could hear the man running heavily behind her. Suddenly she saw a flash light far in front of her.

She screamed again. "Run for the bungalow! Run! Run! Run!"

Ellen, Ruth, and Jean ran. They didn't know why, but they ran. The screams aroused the bungalow, too. Since it was lighted only by the fire in the fire-place and one lantern swung from the ceiling, with all the shades drawn it was not distinguishable until one fairly bumped into it.

The three girls were screaming now at the top of their voices. They had finally realized that when one ran as Marion was running one always ran for or from something. It was evident that Marion was running from something! They were now hardly ten feet from the door.

"Girls!" The voice was soft and yet distinct and they recognized it as Chiefette's, as she was affectionately called, the head councillor.

"Run right on past me and keep screaming. I have my flash and this." She showed them the shining little revolver she always carried with her at night.

The girls did as they were told, and Marion, thinking in her fright that she had misjudged the position of the bungalow, led her pursuer straight into Chiefette's hands, so to speak.

Suddenly a flash light was thrown on the man. It focussed on his face and for an instant blinded him. When he recovered, it was to see a leveled revolver as well as a search-light. He saw

also that he was caught and that he had no chance of escape. The Chiefette's quiet eyes told him that.

"All right girls!" she called out.

The cabin door opened and the girls rushed out, in a flood of light from their flashes.

Chiefette spoke to one of the councillors, "Max, will you please call the town authorities and have them come right over here?"

Max had been the auctioneer of the evening and she was ready now, as then, to relieve the tension. Striking an attitude she cried, "Only two German Marks! Won't anyone raise it to three? No? He's going for two German Marks! Going! Going! Gone!"

FRANCES JANE JONES, Junior

Harbor Lights



IT was all arranged. Dorcas was to go home with the Martins. Dan and Mary Littlefield stood on the porch of their tiny cottage and wondered how it would feel when there was no Dorcas playing as she had played for four years on the beach in front of them. It would be hard to give her up; but it would mean to Dorcas, clothes, money, a cultivated home, education. The mother and father had weighed all these against their little cottage, the weather-beaten fishing boat, a meager schooling and—the scales had swung to the Martins.

"Howdy, Dan, going out on the lake today?" queried an old fisherman as he stopped before them. "Looks like a good haul."

"No, I'm not going out, Jim." Dan's voice sounded strange. "We're going to see the Martins off on the noon train. They're taking Dorcas with them."

"Takin' Dorcas with 'em? Where are they takin' her to?"

"Home to live with them in New York. Remember two years ago when the Martins' little girl was drowned? Ever since—they've been looking for the right youngster to take and bring up. Kind'a' hard on us, but Dorkie'll have everything! He stifled a sob as he picked up the brown eyed four year old who had just slipped out from the cottage.

"We're all going to miss her," said the old fisherman, touching her curls. "Sure I think you're a good one fer lettin' her go."

In three hours Dorcas was gone and her father and mother stood together silent on their little porch and looked out at the blues and greens of the lake, which stretched on and on until they met the blues and golds of the late afternoon sky, and then on and on in a blur of colored mist.

Sixteen years later Dorcas Martin sat on the deck of her yacht. They were cutting through the blue waters of Michigan and the

shining spray shone like myriads of tiny jewels in the brilliant sun. The girl had not changed, only grown up. She had the same red brown curls, now sloped in a shingle bob, the same brown eyes, and the soft curves of young womanhood.

"Don't you just adore the lake, Millie?" She nodded to the girl next to her.

"Oh, yes! But do look at that dilapidated boat out there! Can you imagine any one daring to go out in it?"

"Millie wouldn't do for a fisherman, would she?" laughed Dick Williams at the wheel.

"Hardly. You're too afraid of a ducking, Millie," laughed Larry.

"You boys are always teasing me. Why don't you pick on Dorcas once in awhile? If I'd been seeing so much of a young coast guard, as some one I know has, I'd never hear the last of it. But not a word to Dorcas."

"Millie, how can you be so silly? Besides Mickie isn't just a coast guard. He's at Ann Arbor studying to be a doctor. He just earns money that way in the summer."

"All right, Dorcas, but there's no use letting him think you're crazy about him, as he's pretty sure to; especially since you're almost engaged. Come on, Millie, let's go have a look at the barometer," and Dick jumped up followed by Millie.

"Near dead never filled the church yard yet," sang out Dorcas after them.

"Just the same, Dick's right. We are nearly engaged, Dorcas. You know nothing on earth could ever come between us, but I'd really rather you wouldn't see so much of this person," said Larry.

"Well, so long as Daddy and Mother Martin don't care, I don't see what difference it should make to you. Look, Larry, see those rocks over there? That's where the Martins' own little girl was drowned. I don't see how Mother Martin can stand coming here, do you?"

"Of course! They have you! But don't you ever wonder who you were before you came to live with the Martins?"

"Yes. All I know is that my father and mother were too poor to keep me and so they let the Martins adopt me. I would love to see them, but Mother Martin always begs me not to ask her; she says I'm their's now, and that my real parents don't want me to know who they are. I believe they're dead now, but I'm going to ask Daddy Martin tonight; it's fairer to you, Larry. Besides, the Martins know that it won't make any difference to me, now; I shall always love them. Do look at that cunning white cottage by the pier there. See the old fisherman and his wife on the porch. Aren't they dear quaint old people? Can you make out the name on the old boat? The 'Dorcas!' Isn't that funny? Oh, I say, Millie, you didn't know I had a boat named after me, did you? Look out, or we're going

to hit that breakwater, Dick! Ship ahoy! See you all tonight." Dorcas jumped to the landing and ran up the stone steps to the grey cottage that was her summer home.

"Call for me about nine, Larry! I'm going to ask Daddy Martin now. Bye, bye!" With a wave of her hand she was gone.

Promptly at nine Mr. Lawrence Carter presented himself at the cottage.

"My, but you're punctual, Larry," laughed Dorcas, radiant in her smart gown. "I wanted you to come early because I'm simply wild to go out on the breakwater. It's always so lovely at night. Besides, I've something to tell you."

They crossed the sands to the great line of rock jutting a quarter of mile into the lake, defying the grip of winter as well as the high seas which often break over it. There is something wonderful about a breakwater: on the lake side is always the choppy sea; on the other the calm harbor lies a glistening mirror for the boats.

"If you're going to tell me anything about your family, you needn't, Dorcas. Nothing can make any difference to me, and besides, you haven't seen them for sixteen years and probably never will."

"That's just it, Larry. I saw them today. They are those quaint old people we saw this afternoon. And, Larry, it nearly killed them to give me up. They didn't want me to know who they were for fear that I'd be ashamed. They gave up their happiness so that I'd have a chance. I've been thinking it over, Larry. They're old now, and they haven't any one to look after them. I've decided that after I'm married they'll come and live with me."

"Live with us? Why, Dorcas, that's impossible. You know Mother and Dad would balk at that. We can send them money, of course, but— They're so different, you know."

"I thought you might feel that way, perhaps, Larry. But they aren't different. They are my very own father and mother, and I'm going to take care of them."

"Very well, if you feel that way, Dorcas. You'll soon change your mind though. Come on, let's find Millie and Dick, or we'll be late to the dance."

"You go on, Larry, I'm not coming. I don't feel like dancing to-night. And Larry, I shall never change my mind. Goodbye."

She heard him walking away. She knew he would not argue; Larry never did. He would just wait for her to change her mind; and if she did not,—there were plenty of girls in the world with red brown shingle bobs. She looked out at the lake, a tumbling mass of black water and white foam in the moonlight. On shore the twinkling lights of the cottages glistened against the pine trees. Farther east the little red light of the "Dorcas" bobbed

on the waves. There was a sudden hiss and the green rocket, thrown by the coast guard, skimmed through the air, showing that the harbor was clear for the nine-thirty *Piere Marquette*.

Yes, the coast was clear! And Dorcas turned towards the little cottage from which she would launch her own craft on the sea of real happiness. Was she really sacrificing anything? Wealth was nothing weighed against love; and this time the scales tipped towards the "Dorcas" and home.

KATHLEEN SPENCER, Junior

India

Sent to us from across the seas, by request



THINK of India—

The Taj Mahal in all of its ethereal beauty comes first before my eyes. About it there is something so exquisite, so heavenly,—it has a charm that will never wane, because there is a definite appeal of a soul,—the soul of love and beauty which has been embodied in this beautiful tribute erected by a man for the love of a woman.

I loved the Taj in the silvery light of the full Indian moon, I loved it in the misty early evening, I loved it in the rosy glow of early dawn, but I loved it most in the full, blazing afternoon sunlight.

Oh, the lure of the Taj Mahal! I know that I will never be content, and my soul never be truly appeased until I have once more entered those portals that separate the celestial beauty of the Taj from the hurried world that lies beyond.

I think of India—

The hot penetrating sun shines down on a space of brown, arid ground. An old Indian, whose brown face is wrinkled, whose long beard is white, is playing weird Eastern strains upon his flute. Before him, uncoiling from his basket, a cobra writhes under the spell of the haunting notes.

I think of India—

Upward, upward, I am being borne through the freezing starry night. There is a faint sing-song, the rhythmical chant that the chair-bearers hum as they plod onward. The stars are very, very close; the wind is very, very cold, and the mist hangs low,—the snowy peaks are invisible. Then comes dawn,—dawn on Tiger Hill, with pink, soft glows that touch the peaks of Kinchinjunga. The mists part, and Mount Everest, the unconquerable, is revealed.

I think of India—

In the pale twilight of a December evening, with the new, crescent moon just rising above the British flag; the old Residency in Lucknow,—such a mute yet eloquent ruin—is outlined against the fading Indian horizon. Covered with green vines, the pinkish colored ruins when seen in the soft, swift twilight hour, carry to your heart an appeal from the spirit of those who suffered for the cause in which they believed, and this mute call still lingers long with those who see.

With such indelible impressions as these, does the traveller say goodbye to India,—India, the land of the Ganges, the holy Hindu river, which seemed to me a river of human sacrifice; India, the land of Maharajas, Gaekwars, and Nizams,—the land of marble mosques and gold pagodas,—the land of palaces and old deserted cities! One must say goodbye to all these and their lure, but the memories of them will linger always.

LUCIA DORIS JONES, Junior

Night Wind

THE cool night wind was softly sighing
To the vague and misty world,
And the great black blurs of moths
Around the pale lights swirled.

The tired little leaves that fretfully rustled,
Are hushed and silent now,
And the nodding tulips in the garden,
Are speechless as they bow.

The little stars forbear to twinkle,
As they watch the night go by,
And opaque shadows, dim and dark,
The cold moonlight defy.

But the wind goes gaily onward,
For her night's work is done,
And the smiling moon looks down and knows,
There's another day to come.

HELEN HAYS, Junior

Gardens

I PLANTED flowers in my garden,
Blossoms rich and rare,
Hoping some lonely traveller,
Might pause an instant there.

Roses whose fragrant beauty
Hath charm for the maiden's eye,
Marigolds, stately bearing,
To challenge the passer-by.

But thorns grew up in my garden,
And weeds to choke the way,
The fragrant blossoms wilted
And faded quite away.

But still in the mind of the gardener,
One picture is painted clear;
The weary smile of a stranger,
Who rested a moment here.

So may the Great Good Gardener,
Looking from Heaven see,
The earth, a well kept garden,
Tended by you and me.

And though there are thorns midst the blossoms,
Let us pray for a memory too,
Of a stranger helped by some kindness,
That in our gardens grew.

KATHLEEN SPENCER, Junior

To The Old School

HOW lonely will your portals be,
Without our voices clear,
Singing your praises, school of ours,
Whose walls we hold so dear.

More stately halls, and broader fields,
May win our hearts away,
But all will pause to shed a tear,
On leaving you today.

And as we sang your praises here,
 And struggled for your fame,
 So in our newer home we'll plant
 The glory of your name.

As friendships old are laid aside,
 When friendships new are made,
 So time will even lift the dreams,
 That round your walls are laid.

The years may even down your roof,
 Nor all your pleading heed,
 But still your righteousness shall stand,
 A guide post for our need.

So rest in peace, dear school of ours,
 Our lives by you were bent,
 Your Spirit shall outstand the years,
 A glory Sacrament.

KATHLEEN SPENCER, Junior

More Junk!



MAH-JONGG! Mah-Jongg! It is all one ever hears, sees, thinks, or reads about! Everyone has been captivated by its oriental charm, its fantastic tiles, and its grotesque figures.

To many homes it has brought happiness, and has afforded a novel pleasure for leisure moments. Never before have families, from grandfather to infant in arms, so thoroughly enjoyed a game and agreed so harmoniously on its good points. Instead of attending the theatre, as usual, everyone seems content to remain at home and engage in a noisy game of Mah-Jongg.

To other homes it has brought discontent; for mother does nothing all day long but shuffle the tiles, build her wall, shake the dice, draw her hand, then pung and chow until someone Mah-Jonggs. Finally, at bedtime, she complains of a pain in her back, which, although she will not admit it, is the typical Mah-Jongg pain, caused from picking up the tiles.

Never had a game more unusual and artistic properties. Who ever before heard of green, red, and white dragons? Some are coiled upon their tiles like contortionists; others crouch and peer strangely over their claws, with terrifying expressions. The counters, as well as the countings, of this intricate game are confusing. Some are long, slender pieces of ivory marked by dots of red and black; others

are small, round, metal coins, painted in gay colors, and stacked on poles. The dice, too, are far from ordinary; some are so minute that it is an accomplishment to grasp them; others are so overgrown that they resemble large square candies of clear amber color. The boxes that contain the paraphernalia are indeed individual. Some are Chinese chests, made most elaborate by ornate brass carved dragons, and fascinating, painted figures (these fall apart within a month without fail); others, made for practical use, are portable cases of black leather.

More unheard of still, are the queer expressions used in playing. Who ever heard of a supposedly sane and intelligent person call a blank piece of ivory "a white dragon," or wildly call out "a cake of soap?" If one plays long and patiently enough, he may draw a "bouquet," which is no more than four unique tiles, called "seasons,"—denoted by a tiny house, a willow tree, a bird, or a bridge. Wherein is the logic? When playing, take care not to make the irreparable mistake of calling a "season" a one "bamboo," for those cocky little birds are difficult to distinguish. One of your best friends will order you not to "dog your hand", or will turn and ask curiously, after discarding a "cake of soap," if you have "cleaned house" or, perhaps, if your "hand is clean." Unexpectedly, your opponent may announce triumphantly that she holds the "seven twins" or the "thirteen orphans."

No phase of family life escapes the lure of this game of the "Heathen Chinese." The children have toy sets and tease their playmates to "make up a fourth": older sister has dresses made out of Mah-Jongg material,—her latest frock may be an "East Wind" design; even the maid has forsaken the kitchen to search for the lost "green dragon." The magazines in the library are full of rules for playing, and all through their pages are jokes about the game. The bon-bon dish no longer contains chocolates, but candies that represent the tiles. Oculists declare that everyone is getting Mah-Jongg eyes from watching the discards so closely. Family doctors worry over the skin irritation caused by the lacquer on the boxes. Architects are bursting with new ideas for houses to be built under this oriental influence.

The whole world seems to be crazed with this game of the ancients; it has swept over us like a great tidal wave, engulfing everything,—our reason, our perspective, and, worst of all, our sense of humor, in its swirling current. But I say, pung and chow, double and Mah-Jongg, read your Babcocks to your heart's content,—the game will never mean more to me than just "More Junk!"

MAXINE MAXWELL, Junior

Electric Blues



HERE are tints of blue, and shades of blue; Alice blue, Harding blue, Copenhagen blue, and King Tut blue, but none compare, if not in beauty, at least in endurance, to that remarkable color that we call the "Electric blue."

I refer to that extraordinary and persistent blue which adorns an old, time-worn vehicle, top-heavy and sagging with age, which you will recognize as that blue Electric, familiar to us all. In spite of the attempts which have been made to paint it a sombre black, its blue glares defiantly through the new coat, promising to remain undulled and unchanged by time.

What a busy life the Electric has had with us. Often have I seen it sailing down cool shaded avenues, swinging around sharp, dangerous corners, pluckily skidding about on icy streets, or careening up precipitous terraces at the touch of an unfamiliar hand; again, I have seen it resting after its hard day's work, jauntily drawn at the curb, reminding me of a high, top hat cocked at a rakish angle, as if to defy a later style to replace it. Its tail light had been broken and a struggling wire trailed out behind; the fine old leather upholstery had cracked and the blue silk top had faded to a dark gray,—but still it performed its duties; an aged servant, bent by years of usefulness,—but indispensable.

It now stands in a garage window on Westport Avenue,—a true antique. Its left headlight is gone, its fenders are bent, the straps have been torn from the doors,—but its color is still blue. It sees through faded eyes a new gas car speed up the street and stop before 15 Westport,—a sedan marked by a white triangle, and armored with resilient bumpers, fore and aft, to save it from shocks which the older generation was not spared; it sees the familiar hands on a round wheel instead of on a plain, straight bar; it sees the new car full of laughing girls,—sees them stop and admire it on their way into the yard,—but it can only stand in its window, on "dead storage" and wish with sad complacency that it were young again to receive the tribute awarded only to youth.

But to us who loved the old blue Electric, no handsomer vehicle can take its place. No other can bear with patience so many burdens; no other can carry so many stage properties for "The Pretenders;" no other can help build the new school. For us no black can outshine its startling azure; for us its color will never fade.

The old blue Electric is covered with dust,
 But sturdy and staunch it stands,
 The little wire spokes are covered with rust,
 And the steering wheel feels no hands.

Time was when the little Electric was new,
And the tires were full of air,
And then came the time, when the Electric blue,
Was placed in storage there.

Ay, faithful to dear Miss Witham, it stands,
Still in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of familiar hands,
And the smile of a well-known face.
And it wonders, while waiting the long years through,
Surrounded by walls, so bare,
What has become of its Mistress true,
Since she left the Electric there.

JOSEPHINE REID, Junior

The Wisdom of Ignorance



ALTHOUGH the "wisdom of ignorance" is a course not advised in schools or colleges, it is a course which might prove of value to both the undergraduate and the worldly wise. How often has it been recommended by sages and fools from earliest times to the present age! How often have mothers been confronted by their children demanding answers to startling questions? And how often have the mothers, taken unaware, displayed their ignorance, or, perhaps, their wisdom, by telling these seekers of knowledge that it would do them more good to look it up themselves. Had Eve chosen the wisdom of ignorance instead of the curiosity for knowledge, it would have been better for Adam, the world, and us! In mythology, Pandora denied the wisdom of ignorance in opening the chest, and freeing the evil spirits. Perhaps the ardent lover has often gone his way blissfully unconscious of the fickleness of his idol. But it were better to have him remain in ignorance than to have his dreams shattered, and learn the bitter wisdom of truth!

The wisdom of ignorance has touched even my sheltered life. A summer's night in the mountains convinced me of the authenticity of this paradox. We had climbed a mountain near our resort, and it had grown quite dark when we started home. We had counted upon a moonlight descent, but alas, the ever fickle moon did not appear and we were without illumination. All trustingly followed a member of the party who had made the vain boast that he could find the path with his eyes shut. Little did he know that his remark was so soon to be put to the test. Darker and darker it became. Blacker and blacker grew the sky. We stumbled on, becoming more and more suspicious of the reliability of our leader, who soon verified our doubts by admitting that he had lost the trail. Slipping, sliding, stumbling, falling, groping at ledges and loose rocks, we de-

scended the mountain. In the distance we could hear the occasional cry of a coyote, or the weird hooting of a screech owl rend the night air. The wind rustled the leaves overhead, and once we saw a pair of unfriendly green eyes stare at us, and then mysteriously disappear. Just as dawn was breaking, bruised, torn, and disheveled we at last reached the lodge. Looking back we saw the precipices down which we had slid in our eager descent. Ignorant of the dangers, we had come down without an accident. On account of the darkness we had passed over places that in daylight we would not even attempt.

How many chances would we take if we knew the outcome? Wisdom would only serve to intimidate, and make us hug our firesides, while ignorance tends to whet our curiosity and encourage our adventurous spirit.

HELEN HAYS, Junior

Inspiration

O H Inspiration, happy thought,
 Why stand you there so dumb?
 You seem a little fairy bright,
 No bigger than my thumb.
 And yet when I reach out to stroke
 Your golden, radiant hair,
 You slip between my fingers—
 I just dreamed that you were there!
 RUTH RUBEY, Sophomore

Verses

A yellow bowl, flat, undecorated,
 Placed on short yet graceful legs,
 Inside, yellow and white lilies
 With many leaves, smooth and dull—
 Yet having an inner transparency.
 Long shadows, purple and black,
 Steal 'round the silent bowl,
 Shrouding its clearness and beauty,
 Reaching like fingers of ugliness
 Anxious to cover such grace.

The spray gently dampens my face,
 My hands and arms and ankles;
 The wind tears at my clinging skirt,
 And wildly disorders my hair;
 The keen salt briskness fills my nostrils
 And the dead still calmness of the sea-weed;

The gulls swoop over my raised head,
 Upward, downward, gliding with the wind;
 The waves beat and roar at my feet
 And beg me to join their abandon—
 I am home.

The call of the woods is upon me;—
 I can smell the fragrant pines
 And hear the chattering squirrels
 Running through their silent arms.
 I can feel the noisy crunching
 Of twigs beneath my feet,
 And see the poised head of a yellow snake
 As frightened and silent as I,
 And the cool, luring blackness of woods,
 The sun trying in vain to pierce their darkness.
 I can hear the small wood folk scatter
 As my heavy foot drops on their earth.
 'Tis spring,—and the call of the woods is upon me!

A tramp at the back door,
 Asking for food but not work,
 The inevitable marbles and ropes
 Shot and swung by the children,
 The curtainless stripped houses
 And the starchy-aproned wives, girded for cleaning—
 Blossoms all over the city—
 Tulips, flags, grass all bright,
 Motors pursuing stretching roads,
 Stopping for anemones and violets,
 And merry people, and millions of smiles,
 All announce, Spring!

DOROTHY MAY DAVIS, Sophomore

Punctuation



UNCTUATION! Will I ever be free from the hold it has upon me? I see it written in red letters across my mind when I close my eyes at night. I see it dancing above my dressing table as I dress for a party. I find myself watching for punctuation as I read some thrilling novel; wondering whether I put as many colons per page in my last theme as I see in the book which I read. I look for comma omissions in the "ads", as I ride on the street car; I scan the movie captions, and can hardly restrain my glee when I recognize a well learned rule illustrated. I once startled a whole row at the Newman by shouting, "Two

appositive adjectives standing after a noun are set off by commas. They did that right!" The other day I found myself reading a letter, pencil in hand, inserting dashes and semicolons at the proper places.

I have used many and varied methods to perfect myself in this mysterious art of depositing small, black marks at the proper intervals. In my younger days I looked in books, found commas scattered by no apparent principles, and proceeded to put them after every four or five words. Pen cannot describe the disastrous results. Then I tried rules, long and tedious ones, with slightly better success. Now, at last, I have risen to "punctuation sheets," those white pages where multitudes of words and sentences crowd together into one chaotic mass, which I have to marshall into order by means of "Punctuation".

Not long ago I dreamed that I was condemned to death for the purely negative crime, "lack of punctuation." Before my death, I was forced to walk around the city with P-U-N-C-T-U-A-T-I-O-N, written in flaming letters across my brow. How the school children laughed at me, tossing commas, semi-colons, periods, and question marks at my unprotected face! As I went up the steps to the executioner's block, I heard a voice saying, "Know ye that in the hereafter, as well as here, "A dependent clause standing first is set off by a comma." Ah me, if only I had remembered that! I wrote my last word and handed it to the priest. He glanced at it and said sternly, "You did not put a period at the end." Even in death I was to have no peace or rest from PUNCTUATION!

FLORENCE SNIDER, Sophomore

The Cost of Hatred



HE figure of a man, hurrying along the white, twisted road, attracted the attention of a group of fishermen, lounging on the steps of an old, ramshackle building, with the words "Herring Gut Post Office" painted in sprawling letters over the tipsy door frame.

"Thar's thet Louis Godard," drawled one, whose yellow oilskins, long whiskers, and red face, gave him the appearance of a sea lion.

"He looks as if he war come fer business," remarked another, winking at the enormous Swede on his left.

Everyone knew that Sven Holgersson and Louis Godard had been sworn enemies ever since Godard, the Frenchman, had come to Herring Gut some years ago, from no one knew where. Although Godard was usually peace loving, he was hot headed enough when roused. He looked roused now! One could tell by his quick, decisive walk that he was angry.

"He bane no good," muttered the Swede, glaring ferociously at a black haired man who looked beseechingly at him over a pair of shell rimmed glasses.

Godard soon came up to the men. He was short and thin, and a little stooped. His untrimmed brown hair fell over black eyes, filled with rage and hate. He saw Sven, clenched his fists, and rushed at him, but was held back by the strong arm of the "sea lion."

"Thar, thar, now boy," said he soothingly. "You h'aint got no chanct agin thet thar giant."

Godard stood still, panting, his arms pinioned. Suddenly he realized how absurd it was. His eyes filled with outraged tears. "You thief!" he cried, his hand trembling with fury as he pointed at the cringing Swede. "Arrest him, he is a thief!"

Sven Holgersson was pale, but he stepped forward, his chin outthrust. "What d'ye mean by thet?" he snarled, "I'll larn ye."

"I mean", shouted Godard, "that you stole the gasoline out of my boat last night, and I didn't find it out until I was seven miles down the coast, near the big cliffs. The wind came up and my boat was wrecked on the rocks off Eagle Island. You wretch! You - - - -!"

The fishermen were aghast. Never before in their simple and honest community had such a thing happened.

"I haint done nothin o' the kind!" shouted Sven, his face purple. "I bane down ter Len's, warn't I?" turning to the black haired man.

"Y-yes", stammered Len, rolling his eyes.

"See thar", cried Len triumphantly, "say——".

"Yes, Louis", interrupted the "sea lion", "it couldn't hev been Sven, if he war down ter Len's, now could it?"

How black the world seemed! He had been trying to earn an honest living for three years. He had invested his last cent in the motor boat, the pride of his heart and his only means of livelihood,—and now that was gone. The fishermen, the simple fishermen, who had trusted him since he had lived there, believed the Swede, and just because silly, weak Len had been frightened into lying! Poor Louis! He was ruined. Even the trees mocked him. For him, the birds ceased their singing. For him, the day lost its beauty. He ran on, on, on through the woods,—the tears streaming down his cheeks.

That night, seated in his cabin, the gray seas tearing away at the cliffs below, the trees moaning and creaking in the wind, he swore revenge. He could imagine the face of Sven Holgersson, if he had him clutched about the throat. How his eyes would bulge! How the blood would rise in his neck, and purple his ears! Oh, how

he would enjoy the slow torture of wringing his neck! Suddenly he stood up, determined, left his cabin, and slipped away into the wet darkness.

The next morning there was a scandalized meeting at the Post Office. There had been a loud explosion just before dawn, and the mangled body of Sven Holgersson had been found lying on the remains of his dory, its engine blown to a thousand pieces. There was one answer to the hideous question. Louis Godard had filled the engine of his enemy's boat with gunpowder and then fled,—and this was, indeed, the horrible truth.

There is a certain town on the Maine coast, called Mount Desert Long. It is the favorite resort of the scum of the sailor world. No one would recognize Louis Godard in the swaggering bully who is now known as the worst of the men who frequent the gambling houses along the shore. He is red and stumped. He looks like a frog. He is ruined!

CYNTHIA MOORE, Sophomore

Friendship

THE happy thoughts of my school days,
The friendships which I made there,
Will go with me through a lifetime,
In spite of sorrow or care.

The games, the thoughts, the pastimes,
That my comrades shared with me,
Bind us close as trusty sailors,
On life's tempestuous sea.

But when these days we love are gone,
And each seeks a fresh new trail,
In spite of time or distance,
Our love will never fail.

KATHLEEN FLEMING, Sophomore


Fantasy

HER thoughts are the music of the leaves,
Her breath is of tropical flowers,
Her eyes are the night and the stars,
She moves like the flight of the hours.

Her voice is the wind in the trees,
Her hair is the shadow of the sun,
Her fingers are pale moon-beams,
And her age is a thousand and one.

CYNTHIA MOORE, Sophomore

The Jade Idol

 HIS eyes are gleaming red jewels, and his broad, full lips are curled in a sardonic grin. One wonders just what the little jade cynic is thinking, as he squats on his cushion in the shop window, watching the world that passes in an everlasting stream. Perhaps he is glad he is a jade idol and not one of us,—restless, ever seeking something we cannot find.

“What a beautiful piece of jade!”

“Yes, to look at, but not to own. Its fame is wide spread. Destruction followed everyone who ever bought it, and, strange as it may seem, it always manages to return to this shop window. Chow Sing is the only one who ever profited by owning it”.

The two figures left the window. The idol mocked through half-shut, gleaming eyes.

Several years had passed since Ming Ti, the ill-omened little idol, had last returned to Chow Sing's window. Everyone seemed to know his story, and no one was willing to risk his life for a Chinese god. Late one afternoon, however, just as Chow Sing was closing his little shop, two figures appeared in the doorway—a man's and a woman's.

“I say”, called the man jovially, “how much for your little green mocker, out there?”

“He two hundred dollah”.

“Rather high, eh, sister?”

“Yes, Joe, I don't think I'd do it for a silly bet. I'm sure Mr. Porter did not know its price”.

“Mr. Porter and the price go hang. A bet's a bet, my dear. Besides, it means more than just that. I must prove that a little jade idol can't bring disaster to me. Here, my man, is your money. Give me your little hoodoo and kiss him good-bye, for I intend to make an heirloom of him.”

They went away, leaving Chow Sing shaking his head over the crisp, new bills. “Clazy Amellicans! My Ming Ti be back soon.”

Black clouds hung ominously over the horizon. Occasional claps of thunder shattered the heavy stillness brooding over the sullen sea. Lightning flashed fitfully, splitting the falling darkness. In the bow of the boat, watching quietly with smouldering, slanting eyes, sat Ming Ti.

“Oh, Joe, I'm afraid we've made a mistake. That foolish bet of yours—these Oriental people are so weird—do you suppose it is cursed, Joe?”

“Now, Anne, don't be foolish. This is just a thunder shower. We shall be at the Hotel before dark.”

The little boat gave an awful lurch as a huge wave swept by. The sea and sky were becoming more threatening.

"Oh, dear, why did we bring it with us? When we return, you must take it back to Chow Sing."

"We bought it because one of the conditions of the bet was that I should carry it constantly till the end of the year. I shall certainly not take it back to Chow Sing. What can a little jade idol have to do with a thunder storm?"

"I'm sure I don't know, only I do wish we were safely home."

A terrific crash broke the silence that followed. A brilliant flash lit the surrounding expanse of water and Ming Ti's grinning face. A shiny black object raised its head before the boat.

"The Rocks!" The man grasped the Chinese idol. "This is good-bye to you, you little green devil." His arm was raised,—Ming Ti was about to be flung into the sea. But he was not to perish thus. A crash, a rending of boards, and the boat was on the rocks.

It was morning. The sea, as if ashamed, had hidden its rage under a calm surface. The sky was a panoply of blue. A little fishing boat passed the scene of the night's disaster. On the rocks lay two bodies—a man's and a woman's. In the man's hand was clutched a green jade idol with red jewel eyes and a sardonic smile.

The next day Ming Ti was again installed in Chow Sing's window, regarding the world with half-shut, gleaming eyes, brought there by a Chinese coolie, and sold to Chow Sing for fifty cents.

RUTH RUBEY, Sophomore

Twilight

TWILIGHT—is the mystery that comes at the close of day—
 It absorbs you, swallows you,
 And as you lie and dream, it lulls you slowly to sleep
 As did your ole black mammy in years long gone by.
 You sleep, you dream, you 'waken,
 Twilight is gone—
 Gone like all the other things you let slip by you.
 That is its mystery.

BLUE BELLE PAXTON, Sophomore

Night in the City

THE smoke hangs like a smothering care
 On the restless night of the city.
 It, too, is restless and shifts like a vague nightmare,
 Full of unending hurry.

The city with heavy smoke is gray,
 The crowded houses loom black;
 The moon through the thick smoke makes its way,
 And all things look unearthly.

With a hollow roar, the street cars roll past.
 The watchman steals down the dusky street,
 Pushing his way with his lantern and dog,
 Through the smoke hanging like a smothering care
 Over the night of the city.

JANIE LOW, J. H. S., II

Fireflies

THE sun is hid in purple mists,
 And day is on the wane,
 No living thing now stirs to break
 The silence of the plain.

Then falls the mellow dusk of eve,
 A coyote's bark is heard,
 From far off comes the vesper song
 Of a single drowsy bird.

And dusky bats fly to and fro
 As darkness comes, and faint starlight,
 And soft warm yellow fireflies
 Are lanterns for the night.

MARY KATHERINE RASCH, J. H. S., II

My Hills

THROUGH valleys gray with tufted sage,
 The hills rise steep and bare,
 Covered with rocks all red and gold,
 Baked in the sun's fierce glare.

'Tis not with Indian war paint,
 These hills are splashed up there,
 But a Master Painter colored them
 Who worked with lavish care.

MARY MOSSMAN, J. H. S., II

The Mysterious Belfry



HE mellow sound of an old bell, tolled as if with great effort, rang out over the campus of Bartworth College, and echoed and re-echoed among the ivy-covered Gothic buildings. It reached the ears of Lucille Warner, who sat upright in bed and listened.

"There it goes again! We haven't heard it for ages, but I guess it's off on another spell now", groaned Lucille, as she slid further under the covers.

The old bell which had awakened her was a mystery to everybody. It hung in the belfry of an old haunted church, which had stood unoccupied for over fifty years on the edge of the campus, and often unexpectedly and mysteriously burst into song.

Towards dawn Lucille was again awakened by the tolling of the bell.

"Four thirty. I'll never get to sleep before the rising bell. I may as well get up and dress and see if I can lend a hand to the solving."

In a few minutes she emerged, clad in knickers and shirt.

"Let's see, I must take a flashlight and pocket-knife. I'll have to be very careful in going down stairs."

She opened her door and cautiously crept down the hall, carrying in one hand her flashlight. She reached the lower floor, carefully slid the bolt in the great oak door, and slipped into the driveway.

An air of mystery and quiet hung over the dark campus. Her soft tread scarcely scraped the gravel. As Lucille approached the grim old church, in whose belfry hung the mysterious bell, she noticed that it really had a haunted look. The ivy hung thick over the windows, whose panes had long since been knocked out. It hung over the old, rust-covered, iron door, that was hanging by one hinge. She felt a cold chill run up her spine as she walked up the rotten steps.

"I wonder," thought she, "if Dad and Mother would approve. Although I don't believe I'll run into anyone, I might fall through this old, decayed floor and never get help."

As she reached the top of the steps, she stopped. She thought that she heard something fall. It startled her,—but she kept on. She entered the church. There was nothing but a deep, thick blackness. As she became accustomed to the darkness, she could distinguish musty, cobwebby pews huddled together. She remembered her flashlight, but the feeling of some presence near her stayed her hand.

She stopped. She could not move. What was that? It was a

figure, a tall thin figure, silhouetted on the west wall! Who was it? Where was it going?

Then her pluck returned. She would find out who it was. Creeping along until she was quite near, she made a wild dash at the victim's coat. Just as she caught it, the bell clanged again. The person gave a severe jerk, and Lucille fell, only to find herself in her own room, in her own bed, listening to the third clanging of the breakfast bell. She was half an hour late!

SARA JANE GORTON, J. H. S., II

Night in the Woods

MY camp fire light, makes red the night,
The glowing embers seem to say,
"Day is done, gone the sun,
So rest, and sleep, and pray."

The stars shine bright,
As night wanes on,
And all is right,
When comes the dawn.

BETTIE JONES, J. H. S., II


Effort

I TRIED to write a verse—
At least in name,—
The more I thought, the worse
The task became.

I bit my pencil tip,
I scratched the paper o'er,
But this is all of it,
There can't be any more.

RUTH STERLING, J. H. S., II

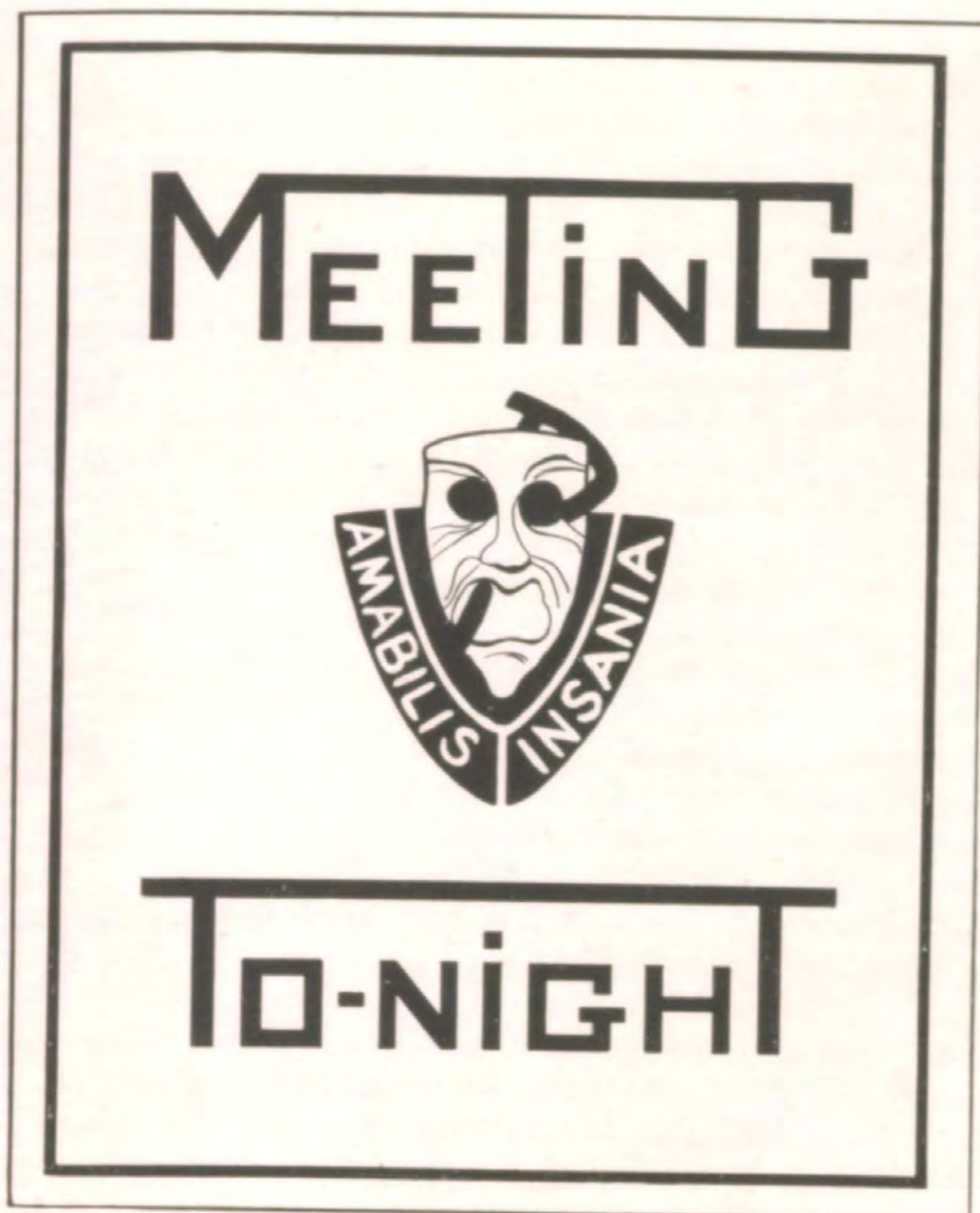
The Cock-Sparrow

WO weeks before Christmas large signs announced the "Feast of the Cock-Sparrow." Excitement ran riot, for no one knew what such a feast could be. On the day our vacation began, we were presented with "The Cock-Sparrow." Into our midst he came, fluttering his brilliant red and green feathers, and scattering his jokes, his jingles, and his Christmas news in all corners of the school,—a truly literary feast, edited by the Junior Class. Although a mere fledgling, the baby of the "Weather-Cock," he did his duty well and sent us off on our vacation gurgling with laughter over his humor.

K. H.



THE PRETENDERS OF 1924



THE PRETENDERS OF 1923-1924

Miss Witham

Mrs. Gates

Miss Babbitt

Miss Gasaway

Virginia Aikins

Katherine Huttig

Margaret Neal

Helen Stevens

Virginia Snider

Elizabeth Dickey

Maxine Maxwell

Helen Hays

Ruth Parker

Josephine Reid

Anita Sterling

Kathleen Spencer

Sidney May Smith

Lelamae Sutherlin

Frances Jane Jones

The Pretenders



ON Wednesday evening, October twenty-fourth, "The Pretenders" held their first regular meeting. So few were we that the couch in the office would hold us all comfortably. Four "Pretenders," four offices. We each held one for the first term: Katherine Huttig, president; Helen Stevens, vice-president; Virginia Aikins, secretary; Virginia Snider, treasurer. As there was immediate need of swelling our membership, Margaret Neal, Maxine Maxwell, Kathleen Spencer, and Elizabeth Dickey were asked to "try-out" at the next meeting. Even with these additions we still felt that "The Pretenders" should be larger; so Helen Hays, Ruth Parker, Josephine Reid, Anita Sterling, Sidney May Smith, and Lelamae Sutherlin were asked to "try-out" and were accepted as members. Soon after this, at the Alumnae Tea, Helen Hays gave her original selection from "The Fool", Josephine Reid her Shakespearian selection from "Romeo and Juliet", and Sidney May Smith hers from "Nevertheless", just to show "there isn't a thing 'The Pretenders' can't do." For the second term the following were elected officers: Virginia Aikins, president; Virginia Snider, vice-president; Helen Stevens, secretary; Josephine Reid, treasurer.

All the year Miss Witham has been reading different types of one-act plays. Besides the fun we get out of this, we get many good suggestions for writing our own plays for the contest for the "Anne Ashley Cup". Character plays, situation plays, catastrophic plays, humorous plays, sad plays, problem plays, allegorical plays,—plays of all kinds. Our efforts must be in by May twenty-sixth; then the long wait until Commencement night to discover the winner.

"The Pretenders" have been devoted this year in their attendance at the theatre. On December fifth Mrs. Gates took us to see the "Kansas City Theatre's" production, "The Romantic Age." One of our old "Pretenders", Amalia Partridge, played in it. Next, in January, we all went to see another "Kansas City Theatre" play, "The Torch Bearers" with Mrs. Gates as the leading lady. Now we all know that we have a real actress coaching our plays. When Sothern and Marlowe came later we attended "Twelfth Night." "The Pretenders" sent Mrs. Sothern a corsage, and though we didn't see her wear it we received this note:—

My dear Miss Witham,

To the dear Pretenders give an affectionate greeting for me, and great appreciation for the beautiful little bouquet. With every good wish and the hope of the continued interest of "The Pretenders" in the Shakespearian cause. I am,

Very sincerely yours,
Julia Marlowe Sothern

The Junior members were particularly attentive, for, I have heard it whispered, they want to try it next year. Last, we went to see Lenore Ulrich in "Kiki". Quite a change from Shakespeare.

And now for our plays. Just before we started on our spring "production" we divided into two groups with Katherine Huttig at the head of one and Maxine Maxwell at the head of the other. Katherine's group gave "My Lady's Lace" by Edward Keeblock, Maxine's, "Scruples" by Octave Mirbeau. Very early in the year we had decided to try either some modern three-act play or three one-act plays and not attempt a Shakespearian comedy. Finally we decided on three: Mary Waldo Bullard's prize play, "Righteous Members"; "Hunger" by Eugene Pillot; and "The Locked Chest" by John Masefield—the thriller of the evening. We hope our audience enjoyed seeing them half as much as we did doing them. What rehearsals! What wigs! What soldiers! Half the proceeds went to make up a scholarship for the "Pine Mountain School". After all the expenses had been deducted and the scholarship completed, we had seventy dollars left to help furnish our "Pretender" room in the new school.

The activities of "The Pretenders" ended for the year in a wonderful dinner given by Miss Witham for Mrs. Gates and Marguerite Munger, an old "Pretender" and a bride-to-be, at the Country Club. After dinner we were entertained with amazing stunts by some of the old "Pretenders",—an original demonstration of a Stephen Leacock story by Amalia Partridge and Lucy Waldo, our most devoted alumnae members this year, and a real Punch and Judy Show by Miss Peppard, Miss Gasaway, Miss Jones, and Miss Askew. By request we repeated "Righteous Members."

Next year "The Pretenders" will live in luxury. We have our own room in the new building with an open fire-place before which we will toast our toes, a long window seat under a triple French-window which looks up a long hill, green with trees and ivy, a closet just for our "Pretender" records and costumes. Miss Barstow has just given us the couch from the office for our room. In the "Gym" we have a stage with dressing rooms all ready for us; no more unfamiliar stages for us! But best of all on the outside of the "Gym" is a stage facing the Main Building. Between the two buildings an amphitheatre is being built with money given by the old "Pretenders"—we have now our six hundred dollars. And the mail still brings in checks! Won't that be a wonderful place to stage our Shakespeare plays?

THE ANNE ASHLEY CUP

This cup for the best original play was awarded June, 1923, to Mary Waldo Bullard for her one-act "Righteous Members."

THE SHAKESPEARE CUP

This cup, given in memory of Jean Downing, was awarded June, 1923, to Kate Lorraine King. VIRGINIA E. SNIDER, Senior



THE GLEE CLUB OF 1924



Director	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Allen Hinckley
President	-	-	-	-	-	Virginia Aikins
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	Elizabeth Dickey
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	Ruth Parker
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	Katherine Huttig

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Witham	Miss Marion Talley
Miss Barstow	Miss Margaret Lackland Stoddard

MEMBERS

Virginia Aikins	Maxine Maxwell	Dorothy Davis
Katherine Huttig	Elizabeth Dickey	Sara Jane Gorton
Margaret Neal	Ruth Parker	Kathleen Fleming
Helen Stevens	Josephine Reid	Mary Katherine Rasch
Helen Hays	Aurea Thompson	Janie Low
Anita Sterling	Cynthia Moore	Bettie Jones
Frances Jane Jones	Jane Irvin	Ruth Sterling

1923-1924



HE Barstow Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Hinckley, has progressed rapidly during the past year. He has taught us much about singing that we had never known before; he has done a great deal to create a good Glee Club spirit among the girls; and he has well succeeded, for everyone is most enthusiastic and more than willing to do all in her power to help. The work, too, has been exceedingly interesting, and we all feel that this year in the Glee Club has been most profitably spent.

Our study has included songs by Wagner, Schubert, Grieg, Franz, Franck, and von Fielitz. Each composer was taken separately, his best known songs were studied, and something was learned about his life and compositions. We also started work on a French opera, "Monsieur Chaufleuri" by Offenbach, which we shall give next year, perhaps in the amphitheatre at the new school!

On December 14, the Barstow Alumnae gave a tea at the home of Mrs. Marvin Gates, and the Glee Club was asked to help entertain. We were so proud and puffed-up at having so great an honor bestowed upon us that we could scarcely warble. We sang two songs by Grieg, the topical song with a new verse for the alumnae, by Miss Helen English, and the school song.

On the night of the Pretender plays, April 11, the Glee Club was again asked to sing, between the plays, and at the end of the performance.

The last thing planned for the Glee Club this year is a radio concert, broadcasted by the Kansas City Star.

The Alumnae

A new verse for the topical song

THE Barstow alumnae though out in the world,
Still rally around when the banner's unfurled,
Forgetting their husbands, neglecting their cats,
Not dusting their houses, arranging their flats,
To see the school building finished quick,
They're perfectly willing to lay the brick.

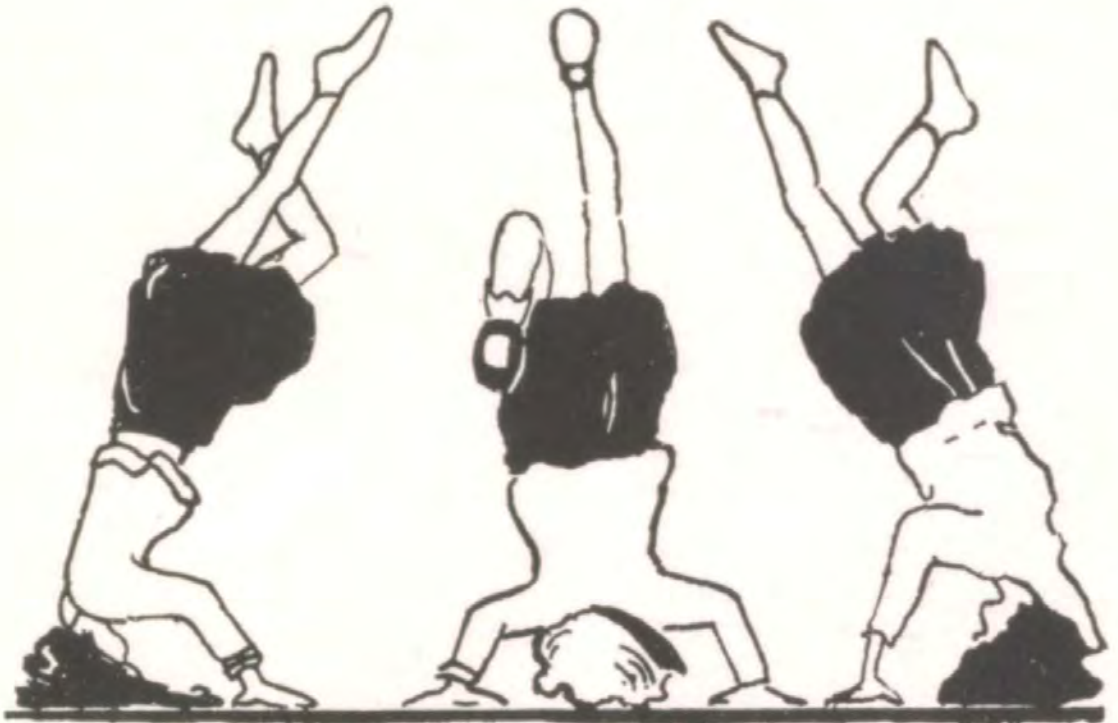
My word, how they are carrying on!
The thin, the fat, the round, the flat!
Hear them yell at basket ball.
They're on the square behind it all,
You ask "Are they carrying on?"
Take my word,—they are carrying on! HELEN ENGLISH

The Glee Club Cup

THE Margaret Lackland Stoddard cup, presented the night of Commencement to the girl who has shown the best spirit in the Glee Club, was given to Katherine Huttig, for the year 1922-1923.



THE CUP WINNERS ON FIELD DAY



ATHLETICS

Barstow vs. Sunset Hill



THE first of this year we were all very much excited over the fact that Sunset Hill, according to arrangements made last June, was to meet us in a series of basket ball games; two, and in case of a tie, a third. The first game was played on our court, November 16, 1923. The line up was as follows.

BARSTOW

Katherine Huttig
Virginia Aikins
Helen Stevens
Kathleen Fleming
Cynthia Moore
Aurea Thompson

Forward
Forward
Center
Side Center
Guard
Guard

SUNSET HILL

Mary Robinson
Margaret Mackay
Eleanor Beach
Mary Parker
Mary F. Woods
Arthie May Schutz

In these teams was much untried material, but we determined to be good sports and do our best. Much to our disappointment, we lost the game, the final score being 36-28. But the team worked hard and each girl played her best. The game was followed by a tea in the school office.

The next game was played November 20, 1923, on Sunset Hill's court. This time we were the victors and won by one point, the score being 23-22. There was a slight change in the team for this game. Fleming played guard in place of Moore, and Dickey played in Fleming's place.

The last game, which was to decide the tie, was played on our court. The final score was 30-23 in favor of Sunset Hill. Stevens was not able to play on account of the death of her grandmother, so Sutherlin played in her place for the first half, and Dickey for the second half, Paxton substituting.

So our games ended, and we are still friendly enemies, hoping to play each other again next year. We will have lost our three best Senior players by then, Helen Stevens, Virginia Aikins, and Katherine Huttig. But new material is coming along always!


Greens vs. Whites

Instead of the regular class games this year, the school was divided into two teams, the Greens and the Whites. The Greens were the Freshmen and Juniors, and the Whites were the Sophomores and Seniors. The annual basket ball game was held as usual, and the Greens were sadly but completely defeated. The score was at the point of being comical when the whistle blew for the last time, 47-7! It seems only fair to mention that all of the girls but one on the Whites' team were also on the school team, so their victory was expected, and agreeably taken by the Greens.

Baseball

The weather was not such that we were able to play much baseball this year, but we had several good weeks and made the best of them. In the final game between the Greens and the Whites, the Whites were the victors and added one more laurel to their wreath. More baseball next year!

The Gym Exhibit

N Friday, March 28th, at 11:30, the upper, middle, and lower schools gave an indoor gymnasium exhibition. First the Juniors and Junior High School II's drilled and did boom work. Then the Middle School girls had a wheel-barrow race, stood on their heads, and did all sorts of athletic stunts, for which they are famous. Next came the Lower School, who ran a relay race and turned hand-springs. Last, but far from least came the Seniors and Sophomores, in drill and boom work. Two Sophomores, Kathleen Fleming and Blue Belle Paxton, did a special exercise on the boom, for which they were greatly applauded. Altogether the exhibit was a success, according to the spectators, mostly proud parents, who did us the honor to be present.




STANLEY
PHOTOGRAPH

THE BASKET BALL TEAM OF 1923-24


Tennis

The 9th of May was a happy day for the Sophomores. Kay Fleming, its athletic star, wrested the tennis championship from Virginia Aikins, Senior, who had he'd it for two years. The cup was awarded on Field Day 'midst the enthusiastic cheering of delighted class mates, and friends in the side lines.

Our Hare and Hound Chase

N March the Whites challenged the Greens to a Hare and Hound Chase. Of course, it rained, but Barstow spirit cannot be quenched and the chase started from the new building at three o'clock despite the weather. The Greens were the Hares; the Whites the Hounds. The chase was on! Over hill and down dale, through the mud for which our dear state is famous, we chased madly. The mud proved too much for Maxine Maxwell and Ruth Parker, Greens, who dropped out very early. The Greens, fearing a shortage of paper, were extremely economical in their distribution of it. This, combined with the wind blowing it hither and yon, made the trail difficult to follow. Perplexities arose at each corner. However, after circling Rockhill Road, the Hounds arrived at the end, which was also the beginning, of the chase, only to find the victorious Hares awaiting them.

Field Day

N the morning of Field Day, Tuesday, May 20th, we were all in the usual panic over the weather. Would it rain, or not? At recess we went out and fairly sang and cheered the sun out of the clouds,—and an hour later we could not have asked for a bluer sky. Our excitement was trebled this year because this was to be the first public occasion at the new school. The ground had been put in fine condition for the march, drill, hurdles, dashes, and jumping. Hundreds of parents, friends, and alumnae came to join their enthusiasm to ours. The march, headed by Seniors, and ended by the valiant Kindergarten, started sharp at 3:30, and from then on there was not a break in the order of the afternoon.

VII. Field Events

I. March	The School
II. Free Gymnastics	Upper School
III. Stunts	Middle and Lower Schcols
IV. Military Marching	Upper School
V. Games	Kindergarten
VI. Bat Ball—Greens vs. Whites	Middle School

Probably the stunts by the Middle and Lower Schools gave as much amusement as anything,—and the squad drills of the Upper School were so good—at least the Juniors and Seniors—that even our judges could not decide the cup.

The other cups were awarded as follows, by Mr. Samuel W. Sawyer.

THE PRINCIPAL'S CUP—For the best spirit shown in athletics throughout the year—Virginia Aikins

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

THE ACADEMIC BANNER—For the class winning in competitive drill.—The Senior Class

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

THE NANCY TOLL CUP—For the class winning in competitive gymnastics.—The Junior Class

THE FRANCES FENNELLY CUP—For the class winning the school basketball championship.—Classes 1924 and 1926

THE LUCILLE FETTY CUP—For the winner of the High Jump on Field Day—Virginia Aikins

THE CATHERINE DICKEY CUP—For the winner of the Broad Jump on Field Day.—Helen Stevens

THE KATHERINE LESTER CUP—For the winner of the 50-yard Dash on Field Day.—Mary Katherine Rasch

THE ANNE WEBSTER CUP—For the winner of the Hurdles on Field Day.—Elizabeth Dickey

THE ALICE WEBB CUP—For the winner of the Hop, Step and Jump on Field Day.—Mary Katherine Rasch

THE ANNA CORRELIA THOMPSON CUP—For the winner of the Tennis Singles—Kathleen Fleming

THE TUREMAN CUP—For the winner of the Intermediate High Jump.—Pauline Snider

THE MARGARET JACKSON CUP—For the winner of the Intermediate Broad Jump.—Ruth House

THE MARY BAIRD CUP—For the winner of the Intermediate Hop, Step and Jump.—Elaine Lathrop

THE KATHERINE HUTTIG CUP—For the best spirit in Intermediate Athletics.—Cara Lee Goodwin

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

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

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

THE GLEED GAYLORD CUP—For the best work in Gymnastics in Primary throughout the year—Elizabeth Scarritt

We want here to thank all the judges who worked so hard for us, and particularly to thank Mr. Samuel W. Sawyer for his speech before giving out the cups. The spirit and interest of our judges means much more than they realize in the success of our Field Day. Most of all we wish to give three cheers for Miss Staats, and her year's work!

LIST OF JUDGES

MR. WYAN GOODWIN

MR. HARRY MINTY

MR. BRYSON JONES

MR. MARVIN GATES

MR. SAMUEL W. SAWYER

MR. HAYWOOD HAGERMAN

MR. WHITFIELD MULFORD

MR. RANDOLPH ROGERS

MRS. N. W. HOPKINS

MISS AMORETTE ROOT

MR. W. H. SCARRITT

MR. A. B. H. MCGEE

MR. HENRY JONES

MR. LEO CRABBS

MR. KENNETH SNYDER

MR. H. M. C. LOW

COL. WM. H. HUGHES





THE UPPER SCHOOL



THIS time next year though far away,
We'll fondly think of days of yore;
So let this—our reminder stay,
For we are gone to come no more.

And now as statues of the past,
'Miss Witham and her "little deers"
Will haunt you to the very last,
Inspire you in the coming years.

HELEN STEVENS



IN the fall of 1923 our Junior airship had a good take off from the Barstow flying field with Miss Witham as our pilot. It was only a short trip as we were forced to land for the Halloween Plays. After this joyous sojourn, we soared once more into the heavens. Suddenly a member of our crew spied in the distance the Elysian Fields of "The Pretenders". Only the fittest of our number were allowed to alight there. We had only a brief respite, before we left these enchanting shores to seek other lands to conquer. We then spent a delightful vacation; but landed with a jolt for Midyears. When we at last hopped off, our colors were still flying, although one wing was slightly bruised. Alas for us! the air was full of pockets which made it extremely bumpy. Nevertheless, within a week, our plane was speeding on its way again, showing hardly a sign of its misuse. After we had covered miles of Latin and geometry, we saw an athletic field below us. Athletes were contesting with each other in various sports. But far away we glimpsed the dread land of Finals, which dimmed our joy a little at the merry scene below. But in both of these contests, the one in athletic skill and the other in intellectual knowledge, we hope that we will be victorious and will uphold the honor of our crew. We hope, also, that we will not arise with a battered wing this time so that we may make a good landing in our final hangar on Cherry Street.

JOSEPHINE REID



SOPHOMORE

One day
when I was trying
to write on the girls
of our class,
I realized
I could not write
on lessons,
We are so divided
in our classes,
So I decided
to write on
"Spirit".

Jane's spirit
is shown
in her music.
She loves
to play.
We like
to hear her.

Bluebelle
likes dresses.
She buys one
most every
day.
We like
to see them.

Ruth adores Latin
and English.
She is so good,
she has a class
all her own
in Latin!

Florence entertains
boys.
She entertains
so well,
her house
is always full
of them.

"Kay" adores
— — — — —
and athletics.
She is so good
in tennis
she won
the silver cup.

"Kay" Garner is
a new girl.
As yet
We do not know
what she uses

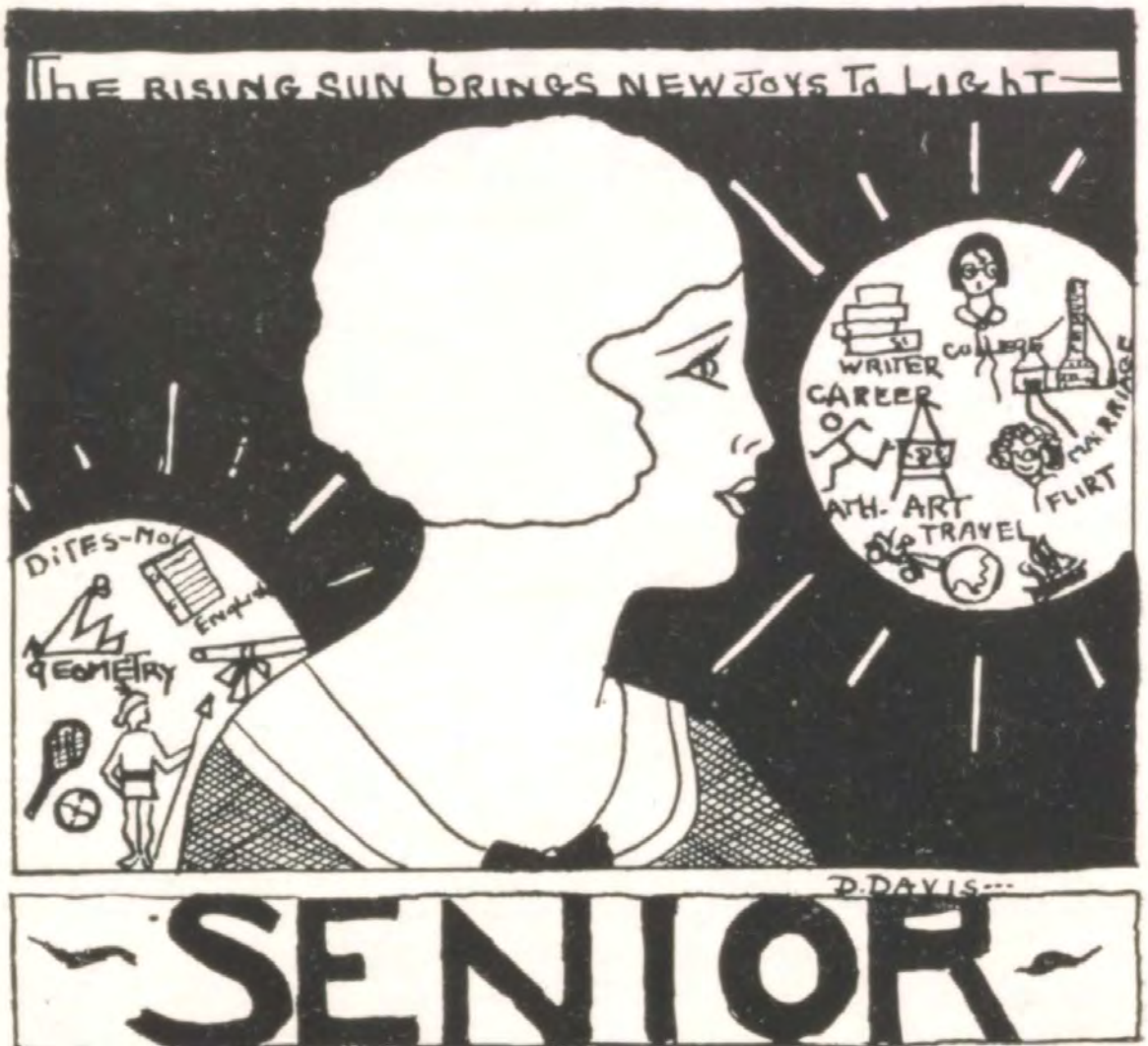
her spirit
for.

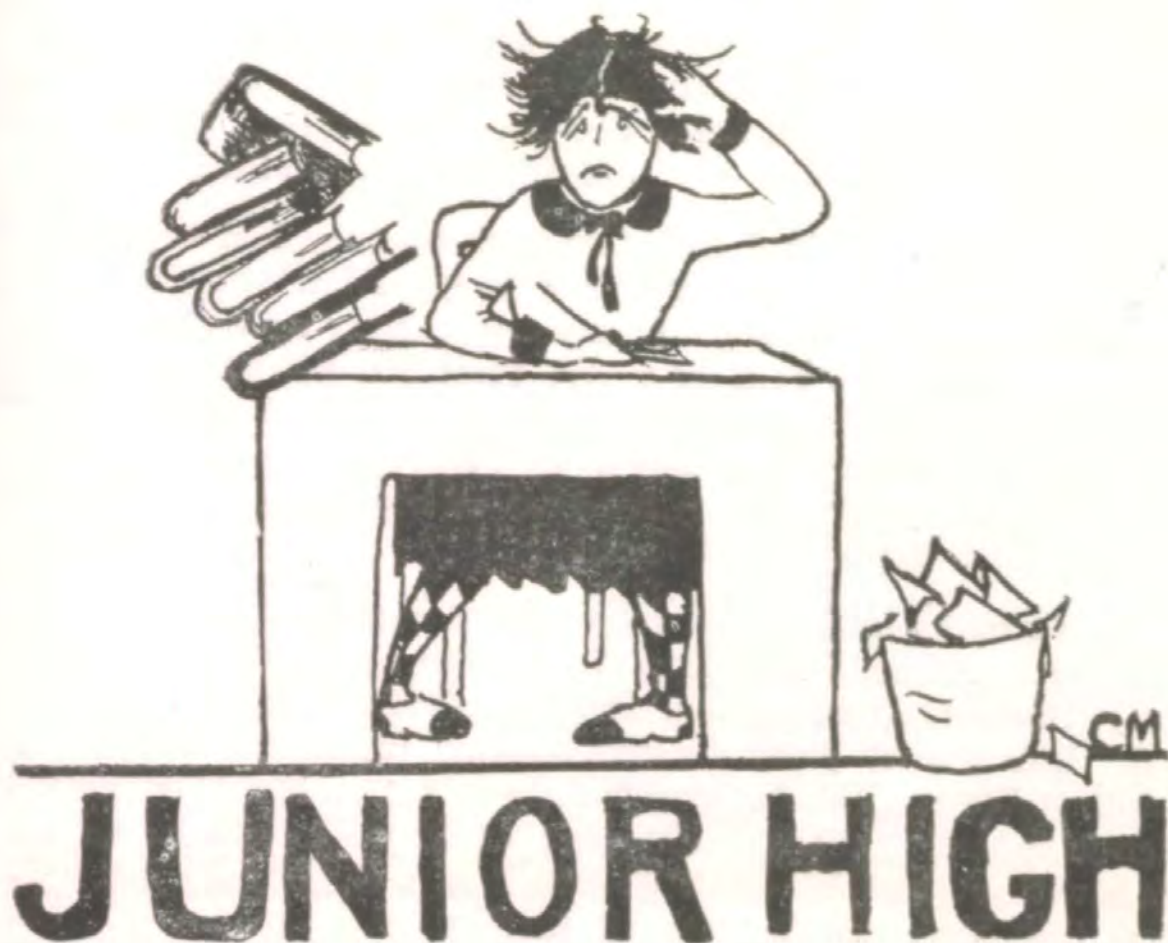
Cynthia and Aurea
go to Art
every Thursday.
Cynthia's a genius
in her style
and Aurea
in hers.

Dorothy
is another artist
and poet, and
our class editor.
We appreciate
her spirit
all right!
(By Ruth Rubey)

Though we may
not
study too much,
and may
talk too much
in study hall
about
different—well
people,
I can say
we have pep
and spirit
and
can say,
because we
are abused
and need
some praise,
"We're fine."

HERE'S TO OUR SISTER CLASS





Making a New Class, J. H. S., II

ALONE, alone, all, all, alone The Ancient Mariner had nothing on me. Going to The Barstow School to be in a class all by myself! growing old all by myself,—being taught all by myself,— and doing everything all by myself!! In the morning I started to school, all by myself, with a heavy heart. There I found, to my relief, Ruth. Together, we had lots of fun, but one thing we had to be careful of. If one of us were absent, the other was in danger of reciting the whole lesson, or being scolded.

JANIE

We came back to school the next September, together. We found to our dismay that we had to go down stairs to the Academic room with the "big girls", and that with all our dignity we couldn't even be called Freshmen, but had to go under the new name, Junior II. This sudden change of scenery, at first, frightened us, but soon we were put at our ease (if you could call it that), for we found that we were to be supported (some support too) by one Sara Jane Gorton.

JANIE and RUTH

We three were enjoying ourselves getting acquainted with one another and with the teachers, and being taught the way high school girls in The Barstow School should act, when we heard of

a fourth girl who was to join our wonderful class. "Her name is Mary Mossman, and she is from New Mexico!" We wondered if she would come in riding a horse and wearing knickers! Gracious! We hoped not!

JANIE, RUTH, and SARA JANE

When I first arrived the girls told me they had expected me to be looking like an Indian or a cowboy. After two days of getting into the whirl, we heard of a young camper called Bettie Jones who was coming the next day. We described her to ourselves as wild and athletic. What a disappointment! The Jones slouch was anything but athletic! But her camp habits still remain with her; she falls down stairs one day, and out of her chair, the next. But, we still have hopes! She'll learn!

MARY

The months have passed rapidly, and now it is January. There is great excitement—for there is another new girl. Her name is Mary Katherine Rasch, and such wonderful adventures she has had. Riding with Mary Roberts R—and lunching with President Harding! We know she's going to help us out on Field Day with her high-jump and dash! And oh! what could we have done in civics class without her! We couldn't have had a single anarchist in our class if it were not for Mary Katherine!

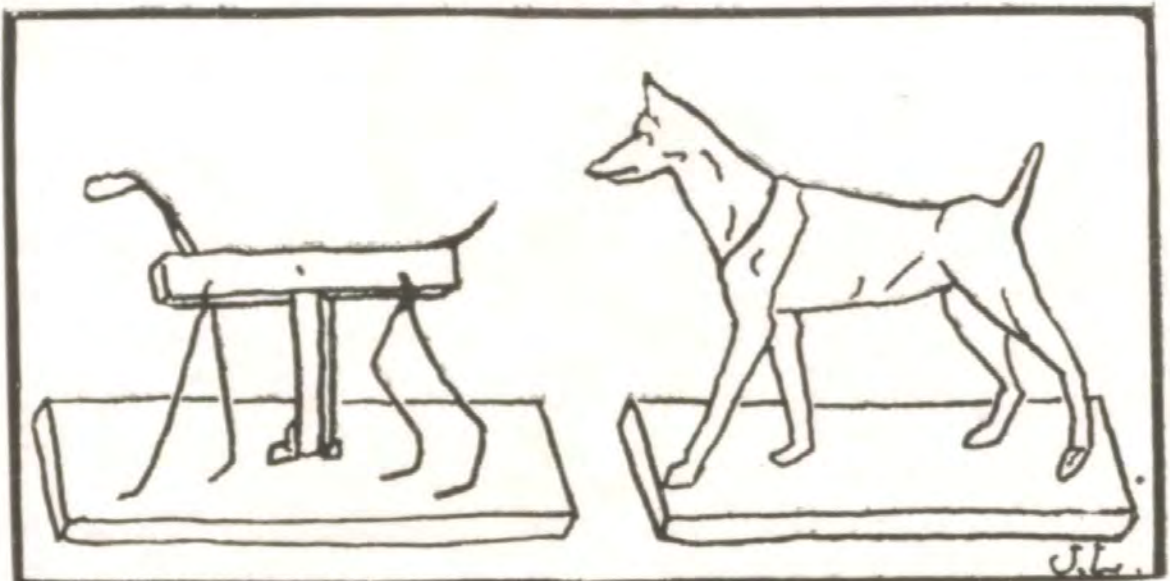
THE FIRST FIVE

Now, all six of us learn our lessons, as all good children should, and try to learn how to act in study-hall, so as to escape the, "Junior II's, not so much noise!" and the hard, unsympathetic glances from the Juniors and Seniors. But after all, we really are trying to make the first Junior II in the history of The Barstow School a good one!

THE SIX OF US

By RUTH STERLING

EVOLUTION IN THE STUDIO



The Poetry Cup of 1923

POETRY has ever been a noble art, and one who employs it is worthy of the greatest praise. In ancient Greece, poets were crowned with wreaths of laurel, but in this material world of ours, we need, besides the honor, an everlasting emblem that shall not fade. So, last year Miss Witham presented a Poetry Cup,—to be given on Commencement night to the year's "poet laureate." Berenice Maxwell's "Inevitable" was the first to claim it. This year poems have simply deluged the school, and who knows but what this cup might be an inspiration to another Shelley or Keats?

VIRGINIA AIKINS, '24

THE SCHOLARSHIP CUP

This cup, presented by Martha Bell Aikins, was awarded in June, 1923, to Elizabeth Travers.

THE GERTRUDE KENDIG CUP

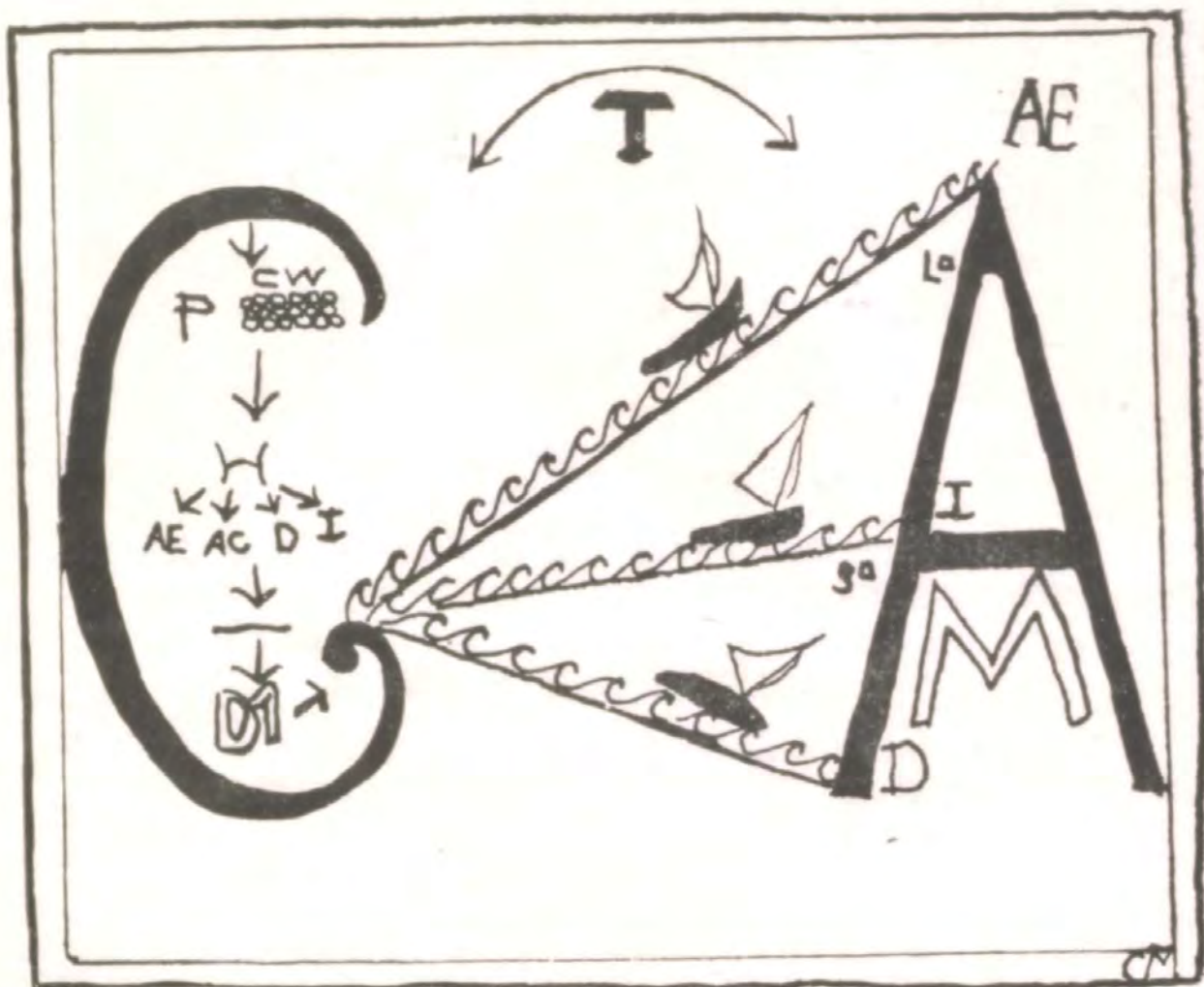
This cup, given for the best original essay, was awarded in June, 1923, to Mary Waldo Bullard, for "The Newness of Things".

THE WEATHER-COCK CUP

This cup, presented by Martha Stout, was awarded in June, 1923, to Eda Marie Peck, for pre-eminent success as Business Manager.



Histogram of Early Greek Migrations



DM = { Dorian
Migration

T = Thrace
G = Greece
CW = Cyclopæan Walls
P = Pelasgians
H = Descent from Hellen

AM = Asia Minor

AE-AC-D-I = { AEolians
Achaeans
Dorians
Ionians

Histograms

Behold the festive histogram
 Within whose limits one may cram
 A thousand years of history (or even more)
 On land or sea.
 This Sophomore disdains to cram,
 She leaves it to her histogram!



The Scandalous Club

The Index

THE scandals of the school are here,
 And many dreadful tales, we fear,
 Are found within these pages few,
 Of things both said and done by you.

"The books we've read," "The movies seen,"
 The many "Triumphs" that have been,
 Questions, answers, something more,
 Quatrains by our poets galore.

If you have read this far, dear friend,
 Then read right on until the end.
 For all these things, if written true,
 Should prove most interesting to you.

Checks

YOU check your hat at the stand over there,
 With the maid with the saucy smile,
 'Cause you can't be bothered to fool with it,—
 And you may stick around awhile.

So the hat is flung to its place on high,
 With a flop that will hold it there,
 And it kneels to show its submissive state,
 To the girl with the flippant air.

Don't we also carelessly check our hearts,
 With the maid with the tricky smile,
 To be thrown away on a peg to wait
 While she checks other hearts meanwhile?

And there we sit in a row, so meek
 To the maid with the startling smile,
 And we know she checks with a heartless heart,—
 Yet we still stick around awhile.

VIRGINIA AIKINS, Senior

The Legend of the Bells

WHEN night with mystery-haunted veil,
 Wraps this, our school, around,
 Some little imps just once a year,
 Come forth on mischief bound,
 Come summoned by the muted bells,
 That 'gainst the wall you see,
 The bells whose silence always piques
 Our curiosity,
 The skeleton from third is first
 To answer, so I hear,
 And though we dread his creaking bones,
 The elfins never fear.
 He quickly joins his lady love,
 Who rules the studio,
 And quite a romance there is found,
 The old clock told me so.
 On second, French and Latin elfs,
 Their studies both forget,
 And tripping lightly through the halls,
 By History are met.
 The Math imp is a horrid thing,
 So gnarled and bent with years,
 His eyes red-rimmed and blood-shot, too,
 From measuring the spheres,
 From out the English room we see,
 The English elfins go,
 A-bounding through the halls to join
 Their comrades down below,
 Through half the night the elfin throng,
 Will sport with fullest glee,
 Until the warning clock will sound
 The dreaded hour of three.
 Then sadly up the stairs they go,
 To cupboards dark and drear,
 For only once they come to life,
 Through out the whole long year,
 Oh, might we then be there to hear,
 The bells their summons fling,
 And join the many dancers gay,
 Within the mystic ring,
 For all the funny things they see,
 The secrets dark they know,
 They gossip of while dancing there,
 The old clock told me so.

KATHLEEN SPENCER, Junior

X + Y

ALGEBRA, oh Algebra,
 You are my bane and horror,
 Poring o'er your pages dry,
 I drain a cup of sorrow.

Droning on in endless rhyme,
 Finding "x" and "y",
 Day and night your figures haunt me,
 Help me, ere I die!

RUTH RUBEY, Sophomore

Impressions

Freshmen:

Chatter, chatter,
 Noise and clatter,
 Tumbling down the stairs,
 Then wildly scatter.
 What's the matter?
 Falling out of chairs?

Sophomores:

Profoundly serious,
 Learned, mysterious,
 Like so many elves,
 Seeming so imperious,
 Ever quite delirious,
 Keeping to themselves.

Juniors:

Pep and animation,
 A snappy reputation,
 Perks and quirks and glances,
 Great self-valuation,
 Usually "on probation;"
 Parties, boys, and dances.

Seniors:

Tall girls, stately,
 Grown up lately,
 Very dignified,
 Move sedately,
 And deliberately,
 Barstow's pride.

ANITA STERLING, Junior

Buttons

Buttons, Buttons, everywhere!
 You can hear her climb the stair,
 You can see and hear her pass,
 As she walks across the grass,
 Blue Belle's buttons sing a song,
 On her dress the whole day long.

MARY MOSSMAN, J. H. S., II

Triumphs

Kay Fleming's unerring shot at the waste basket.
 Liz Dickey's sprawl.
 Ruth Parker's handwriting.
 Josephine's daily pile of books.
 Miss Gasaway's attempt to make the electric take the hill on high.
 Stevens' broad jump.
 Betty Jones' broad grin.

Do You Expect ? to Die ?

Take a Dead
Language and
Avoid Being
Lonely—

Study Latin

DO YOU LACK
INSPIRATION?

TAKE ENGLISH

Write Snappy Stories
Write Verse by the Foot

Germs of Authorship
Cultivated

We Guarantee to Use
All Your Spare
Time

TWO INSTRUCTORS

Have You a Plane Face ?

Then
Geometry Is
Your Sphere

We reduce the curves
or fill out the angles
in any figure

Which ???

\$
Disease
Death rate
Taxes

OR
POISON

Civics
will
help you
decide!



Lost in Paris!

Avoid That Dilemma

TAKE BARSTOW FRENCH

Menus and Taxi-
Fares Explained

Original Accents
Encouraged

1,000,000 Facts and Dates

Learn What Napoleon
Thought in His Last
Fifteen Minutes

Histograms in Colors to Suit
Your Personality

Take M. & M. History

Civilization Traced
While You Wait

Circus Performers in Great Demand!

Fit Yourself in Five
Lessons

Elephant Walk and
Clown Acts
Specialties

Horses Guaranteed
Safe

BARSTOW GYM

Build Your Own
Cathedral and
Worship at
Home!

!!!

History of Architecture

Shows You
How

Our Spring Book Shelf

Behold the Dreamer	Janie Low
Big Game	With Sunset Hill
The Dream	No Exams! ! !
The Failure	? ? ? ? ? ?
Race	Three legged
The Wrath to Come	After exams
Footlights and Spotlights	The Pretenders
How to Write Short Stories	The Juniors
The Better Understanding	The Seniors
The Magic Carpet	Pretender Try-outs
The Gay Ones	The Sophomores
The Nervous Wreck	Dickey after exams
The Second Chance	Make-ups
A Houseful of People	Barstow School
So Big	Maxine
The Measure of a Man	Cynthia
Blue Blood	Josephine Reid
Locker Room Ballads	Told after gym class
The Hawkeye	Miss Gasaway in study hall
Sunlight and Health	The new School
The Steadfast Heart	John
The Call of the Canyon	M. K. Rasch
Flaming Youth	J. H. S., II
The Way of All Flesh	Ginny S. and Sara Jane
Dramatis Personæ	The Pretenders
The Dance of Life	Liz and Maxine
Tales of Unrest	The Sophomores
The Genius	Ruth Rubey

Ads

You Just Know She Wears Them—Ruth Parker
 Gives Results Never Before Achieved—The Seniors.
 By Special Appointment—Geometry Class After School.
 The Foot Aristocratic—Maxine Maxwell.
 College is the Goal Today—Virginia Snider.
 It Disappears—Knowledge Before Exams.
 French Line—Mrs. Peabody.
 The Final Touch of Charm—Miss Witham.
 Heavenly Twins—Parker and Dickey
 100 Years of Mystery—Who is the (?) following Miss Babbitt abroad.
 Don't Have Tired Aching Muscles—Gym Classes.
 Bon Voyage—Miss Staats
 Beautiful and Practical—Ginny Aikins.
 Delicate and Dainty—Florence Snider.
 See That It Is Correct!—Miss Gasaway.
 How to Write a Tragedy—Ask the Juniors.
 The Peace and Joy That Comes with Music—Mr. Hinkley.
 Let Us Send Our New Catalogue—Our New School.
 Extremes Meet—Dickey and Maxwell.
 Money Talks—At Recess.
 The Gray Old Dog—Sidney May's Cur.
 The Duchess Who Waits—Kay Huttig.
 This is the (K)night life—Every week-end.

Barstow Movies

"Out of Luck"	Monday without your theme
"Phantom Justice"	Exams
"The Fighting Strain"	Tennis Tournament
"In Search of a Thrill"	Juniors
"The Knock at the Door"	Miss Jones
"The Dangerous Hour"	Math
"The Breathless Moment"	1:15, June 4th
"Triumph"	Kathleen Fleming
"The Drivin' Fool"	Sidney May
"The Eleventh Hour"	Cramming
"The Uninvited Guest"	One night at Glee Club
"The Call of the Wild"	Sophomore to Sophomore
"Rouged Lips"	They are no more
"The Untamable"	B. Jones, S. J. Gorton, and M. K. Rasch
"The Rendezvous"	The Dressing Room
"When a Man's a Man"	Our Singing Teacher

The Answer Man

Tootsie:

Of course, I love to hear from you. Mlle. Blue Belle's latest release is "Button, Button!" They can't decide on her leading man.

A Movie Bug:

Enjoyed your card so much. Well, here it all is; Bettie Dickie won't reveal her age. She was born in Kansas City, I believe. Has just entered the movies. Signed contract with Parker Co.

Tokeka Belle:

Maxine Maxwell's latest appearance was under Gates directorship in "Hunger." Don't believe the ugly rumor that she tried to imitate Mary Pickford.

Twinkles:

Glad to hear your troubles. So you have alluring eyes? Did you know that's what Helen Stevens attributes her success to? Be patient, my child, your chance will come.

Turner Fan:

Candidly, I agree with you that John Turner far exceeds Jackie Coogan as a child wonder. Address him, Babbitt, Inc., Kansas City, for photograph.

Mello Dee:

Yes, I drink buttermilk. Why, of course Sidney May is a girl and an American, too. Who ever told you that she was King Alfonzo's step-brother? Her last picture was a "A Reckless Ride."

ANITA STERLING

Oh, Those Names!

A dim Hays hung over the mountain. They were seated on a Low bench near a Mossman close by a sparkling Challise. He was seen to Neal and give her a Sterling ring, set with a Rubey. She refused it and said with Rasch judgment, "Is there any Moore?" She played with a Reid at her foot, and he said, "I can Run-see, for I am Tom's son. They stepped in her Maxwell car, and as she stepped on the Gas, away they went, taking the ring With-am.

S. J. GORTON
B. JONES

Believe It or Not

The Freshman squad marched thirty-six times without a mistake.
 Frances Jane broad jumped 28 feet 8 inches without a run.
 Tippy held a note in singing for three minutes without taking a second
 breath.
 Liz fanned twenty players, and yet lost the game.
 Ginny A. was on time four mornings the last semester.
 Kay Huttig can weep black tears.
 Madame Peabody's small child eats collar buttons, tacks, cigarettes,
 and can openers, and still lives.
 Mr. Hinckley has fatih in young ladies' singing.
 Ginny Snider no longer falls in the study hall.
 Sidney May has controlled her laugh.
 Miss Gasaway reigns supreme in the study hall.
 The Juniors refrained from powdering their noses for one week.

Original Latin Translations

It was the first time that I was ever found in the city wearing a toga.

The Roman fleet was sneezed at by the king of Pontus.
 He kissed the wandering earth.

It is very pleasing to me to embrace the bones of my long dead father.

I could say no more, for my voice was rooted to my jaw.

Miss B.—Mary, read the next sentence and let's see what the bull did.

Mary M.—The bull came toward the dog with a grin on his brow.

“Hist-eria”

An inspiring comment on ancient sculptors: “These people made their art of mud.”

Will the Junior who referred to the Mohammedan Koran as a “scared book,” kindly suggest the cause of its terror?

According to a Sophomore, “Hammurabi was noted for the oldest cods.” The ancient fishy smell about this statement is almost too strong for endurance.

Will somebody with a steady hand venture to plunge into the sweet confusion of the following statement, in which phraseology and fact are in the death throes? “The city states is held together by a constitution, which was religion.”

Did you ever hear of a national assembly composed of seven electors? It does seem a trifle small, but go ask that Junior.

J. I. and D. M. D. refer interestingly to the “dyeing Gaul.” Mr. Thomas Dods would undoubtedly be glad to hear of this matter.

An illuminating reference to Anglo-Saxon: “Some of the words of this language are used in the English language.” Some, yes! !

A new and incredible piece of information about Luther: from S. M. S. “He translated the Bible into French.”

Geometry girls beware of Capitoline! “At the foot of the hill was a formulae.”

A. T. submits this puzzle: “Africantus Spicio.” Now guess!

The most lachrymose assembly on record: “The Boston Tear Party.”—and this from a Senior!

Through the Keyhole

Miss Staats (in Gym)—"Both legs to the side raise!"
Class—"Impossible, Miss Staats."

In Sophomore French: Madame Peabody, translating, "He was trembling in the limbs."

Irrepressible Kay: "He was trembling in the branches."

Jane, bumping against the corner of the table, "Gee, I almost lost a fender."

Miss Gasaway: "What were the assizes?"

Answer, in English accent: "They were the petty co(r)ts."

Betty: "Oh grand, we have a holiday on Wednesday."

Mary M.: "Well, it won't do us any good. We don't have Latin and Algebra that day."

Miss Gasaway: "What is a German flute?"

Max: "Sounds like an instrument."

Miss Runcie: "Why was the king weak in the knees?"

Eager Sophomore: "Because he had lost his supporters."

Ruth Parker: Dickey, stop! The door's unbuttoned!

Mrs. Bowman: "What's the good news from Josephine?"

H. H.: "She's sick in bed."

H. S.: "Weren't those sonnets good in the Weather-Cock two years ago?"

Kay H.: "Yes, fine."

H. S.: "Have you read them?"

Kay: "No, not yet."

Miss Runcie: "What is parliament composed of?"

Tippy: "Members."

Madame Peabody: "What is a tit-mouse?"

Mystified Junior: "I think it is a kind of a mouse with wings."

"I think that 'The Fall of the House of Usher' is the most glue-some tale." Chinee Jones.

Miss W. (in geometry class): We will now answer the review questions and I will run right around the class."

In Pretender Try-out: "She has been more than my husband, and I have been more than her wife."

"The ballads dealt with trivial matters, such as life, death, and domestic tragedies." E. Dickey.

"Antonio borrowed three thousand ducats from Shylock so that Bassanio could press his suit." Blue Felle.

"He was taking out his civilization papers."

"It was as if a big dog were bound up in his little tail."

"He put the chickens, chuckling with laughter, on the stove."



THE MIDDLE SCHOOL



INTERMEDIATE

THE SCHOOL

I, the Old School, about to end my usefulness on earth, do hereby bequeath and bestow upon my proud successor, the things I do most cherish:

No. I. To the New Library, my books of poetry, fiction, and reference.

(a) "Poems that Every Child Should Know."

(b) "Wonder Tales."

(c) "Book of Knowledge."

No. II. To the generous care of the Sixth Grade my pet charity.

No. III. To Barstownians, large and small, my beloved traditions.

In sound mind, memory, and understanding do I write, this,
MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

OLD SCHOOL

No. 1-A

Poems that Every Child Should Know

A Saner Thought

DOWN from the blue lake's dazzling grace,
 A noble collie sped;
 His snowy ruff was gleaming white,
 His coat was burnished red.

His bright black eyes were glazed with fear,
 His tongue was flecked with froth;
 Straight down the city street he dashed,
 His face was filled with wrath!



Oh, why could not these humans dull
 Grasp what he wished to say?
 He barked to them that by the lake
 A dying baby lay.

The people, when they saw him thus,
 Could scarce forbear the cry,
 "Mad dog! Mad dog!" — that fiendish ill
 By which do good dogs die.

Two pistol shots rang crisp and clear;
 A crumpled heap of red,
 And on the pavement's stony breast
 The hero fell—stone dead!

And then one day not long ago,
 Some workmen chanced to pass;
 They saw with pangs of mortal fear
 The babe there in the grass.

Now to this day no person knows
 From whence that baby came.
 A saner thought, a quicker act—
 Now was that dog to blame?

DOROTHY MUNGER, Grade VI

A Tropical Dream

TO the far away Tropics my thoughts often stray
 With the lazy breeze and the palms asway,
 And the Persian blue of a tropical sky,
 While the sun looks forth with a glittering eye
 At the colors of God in rainbow dyes,
 In the evening lights which fall and rise.
 Oh, far away Tropics, I'm longing for you,
 With your beautiful world of azure hue!

Oh, the Southern Sea, with its luring lulls,
 Softly calls and beckons to flying gulls,
 While a silver moon, with an amber glow,
 On God's jungle shines, while breezes blow
 On the sun-baked sands of hot Panama,
 Where are lovely herons and gay macaws.
 Oh, the far-away Tropics are calling to me
 But here I must stay till, like them, I am free!

MARY SCOTT CRABBS, Grade VI

April

UP in the sky,
 Look up very high,
 See the spring birds go a-fluttering by.

Down on the earth,
 A-laughing with mirth,
 See the spring rose in the joy of its birth.

Long by the stream,
 The sun seems to gleam
 On the bright fish and the mosses so green.

AGNES LOW, Grade V

Armistice Day

I WAS a soldier in a cloud of mist;
 Big shells went whining by,
 When suddenly a silence—hist!
 What was that joyous cry?

“The war has stopped, the fighting’s done!”
 Each man went wild with joy;
 And each man thought of his loved ones,
 Of home, his girl, his boy.


And now since these five years have passed,
 Of glory and of fame,
 We must not yet forget today
 The dead, the blind, the lame!

GERVICE GATES, Grade VI

NO. 1-B

Wonder Tales

Pitchers Have Ears

 DOROTHY VERNON, my best friend, and I were taking a trip from California to Chicago. It was a very long trip for two little girls to take, but we got along very nicely, spending our time reading and talking.

Just after we had left Kansas City, the waiter announced dinner. While we were ordering, an elderly gentleman came in and sat down across from us at our table. Later, a young man in a loud suit sat down next to him. The two began to talk, but we heard only the last part of their conversation.

“May I see your ticket?” the man of the loud suit asked of his companion. “It seems to me that a part of mine is missing.”

The gentleman passed his ticket across the table.

“Yes, I’m sure the buss-man tore off too much of my ticket. By the way, if you are in New York, here is my telephone number on the back of your ticket.”

Then, having finished our lunch, we went back to the Pullman. The young man soon came in and sat in the section across from us. After a little while the conductor came along, taking up the tickets. When we had given him our tickets, he turned to the man across the aisle.

“Tickets, please!” demanded the conductor.

“You already have my ticket,” replied our neighbor.

“No, I don’t think you have given me your ticket,” said the conductor in a firm voice.

"I have written the number 1359 on the back," answered our neighbor, turning with a bored expression to the landscape whizzing past.

The conductor looked through the tickets, found the one with the number on it, and, with a nod of his head, passed on.

Dorothy and I talked it over and decided that we would tell the conductor what we had seen take place in the dining car. He was very much interested in what we had to say. He called the brakeman and both of them went back and told the man that he had not told the truth. They had telegraphed ahead, so at the next station, the sheriff got on and arrested the man.

We were very much surprised, when we arrived in Chicago the next morning, to see in the paper how two little girls helped the sheriff arrest a dangerous criminal.

ELIZABETH ANN LEMON, Grade V

The Cat's Children



ONE day when my brother, sister, and I were lying cosily beside our mother in our little squirrel nest in an old dead tree, we heard an awful chopping sound. We waited unhappily for a few minutes, which seemed a very long time to us. Then the tree began to sway uncomfortably. We were all much frightened and mother jumped out of the nest and ran away. We could not follow her because our mother had not yet taught us to climb. Cuddled into an unhappy little bunch, we lay perfectly still while we continued to hear those awful chops. All the time the tree kept swaying back and forth.

Suddenly the tree fell with a crash. Then a great big human hand reached in and brought us out. Then we heard someone say, "I'm going to give them to the cat."

So we were taken away and put into a basket where we felt something very unpleasant was going to happen. But, when the black thing called "cat" came, my brother, sister, and I were quite surprised, for, instead of eating us, she sat down and began to lick us.

From then on she took care of us, and when we grew up she took us out and taught us to climb trees. Oh, how surprised she was when we easily scampered all around and climbed to dizzy heights! She was afraid we would fall. Sometimes she would scold us, for she didn't seem to be able to understand our queer antics,—and I don't think she ever did.

RUTH HOUSE, Grade V

No. 1-c

Book of Knowledge

Lost



AM the missing knowledge in the missing book from the series of the "World Books." I belong on the table in Miss Sharpe's room in The Barstow School. Many people seek me but never find me. The reason they do not, is because I cannot find myself. As you probably want to know how I disappeared, I shall tell you.

One day I was talking to the radiator. We had a quarrel and the radiator began to spit.

"Turn him off, he is too hot!" cried Miss Sharpe.

I quite agreed with her. In a second a girl had quieted him. He was still angry and said he would get even.

He did. One day, when my house, Volume six, was left on the window sill by a careless little girl, he let off so much steam that my house flew right out of the window. So you see why I have been homeless ever since.

If anybody picks up my house he will wonder where the know'edge is. From its title it ought to be there, but it isn't, and it isn't my fault if I'm straying about where I cannot be found.

ELAINE LATHROP, Grade VI

Romulus and Remus



OMULUS and Remus were sons of the war god Mars. Their uncle was Numitor, the rightful king of Alba, but his cruel brother Amulius stole his throne. When but new born babes, they were tossed into the River Tiber in a strong basket. They soon struck a root and were thrown up on dry land. At that time a she-wolf came along and took them home. She nursed them and brought them up. After that they were found by a shepherd who took care of them. Romulus killed Remus in a burst of anger and founded Rome.

I do not think it possible for a wolf to bring up two big babies like Romulus and Remus. In the first place, how did she get them to the den? A baby's skin is tender and close-fitting and she would bite them badly. Also, when she smelled blood, she would have killed them instantly. It is said that for a change in diet, woodpeckers brought them berries. This again seems impossible, for I know that birds or small beasts will not venture near the den of a wolf.

This is my frank criticism of the story "Romulus and Remus."

DOROTHY MUNGER, Grade VI

Contentment is a Blessing



NOT minding the clamour and bustle going on all about them near Tut-ank-hamen's tomb, two horses were neighing together in a secluded spot. They were, as I have said, two horses, but at a glance you could see that they belonged to different species. One was alive, in fact very much alive, for his manner showed that he was in an argument. The other horse, on the contrary, was immovable, and placid, not all aroused or angry; a fortunate disposition to possess when one is leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees against a sandy cliff.

"You think that because you are made of gold, you are better than I," retorted the living horse. "Humph! I wouldn't give a bagful of oats to be in your place!"

"My dear friend," answered his companion, "you are right in some ways, but think of the pleasant life I lead. I haven't a worry to my name. Until these silly men came, all I had to do was to sit and doze as long as I wanted to, while you were ploughing in the hot fields."

"How lazy you are! Think of all the fresh air and sunshine you miss by standing in this gloomy tomb. You have no chance to increase your strength. I could knock you down in a minute!"

"Yes, of course," returned the golden horse, "but I never feel a blow, while one might hurt you very much. Besides, look how handsome I am, and how brilliantly my golden hide shines!"

"You vain creature," retorted the first horse, "what does beauty mean without strength? I am so strong I can knock my master down anytime I wish to. However, he doesn't often mistreat me."

"Who is that man running and shouting to us?" queried the second horse.

"I— I think it is m— my master," answered the other, pawing the ground nervously with his hoof.

"Giddap, you lazy, good-for-nothing beast," yelled the man, hitting him at the same time.

"Knock him down, knock him down," advised the second horse.

But the first horse pretended not to hear, and rode off at a fast gait.

"Believe me!" declared the golden horse, "I'm perfectly satisfied to be what I am, an effigy of a horse!"

PAULINE SNIDER, J. H. S., I

The Castle Moat



AM the water in the Castle moat, where I trickle merrily along. I consider it a great life, for here I can witness all the great battles, which are to be fought outside the wall or inside. There is a second moat which is inside the wall. This divides the king's private grounds from the rest of the city. Here, also, I can see the tournaments, which are very interesting.

The other day a great army camped in front of me, while several of their company tried to swim me. Failing utterly, they abandoned the thought, but tried to throw a chain to the wall, hoping that it would catch, thereby enabling them to swing over instead of swimming. This, too, failed and one man was so angry that he began to shoot his arrows over me to the wall, but they fell in me and I carried them hurriedly to the inner moat.

When the people saw the arrows they knew that they were besieged. Thus, I saved the castle for I just warned them in time.

BARBARA TURNER, Grade VI

No. 11

My Pet Charity

The Quest of the Golden Fleece



HE heroes of the Sixth Grade of the Midland Country, a land located between Academia and Primaria, set off in quest of the Golden Fleece, which King Pelias of Pine Mountain School demanded. It was a difficult task, for it so happened that his fleece was scattered throughout many lands, for powerful kings, from time to time, had sought to carry off this valuable hide to their own countries. However, monster "Failure," which guarded the fleece day and night, had proved so strong that only small portions were scattered away from his vigilant care. Many and diverse were the perils which must be met with in order to wrest the fleece from its proud owners.

People said unto one another that these heroes could never win the Golden Fleece. But they were strong of limb and brave of heart and waxed exceeding wroth. Straightway they chose Sir Dofon to be their leader and fitted out a ship which they called "Determination." A goodly store of energy, food, and fudge was loaded aboard the bark. And when all was prepared the ship sailed away to "The Dark Land of Adventure."

After four days of rough weather, the good ship "Determination," carrying aboard the mighty Sixth Graders was stranded by

mischance on the Island of 15 Westport Avenue. Every hero was in the throes of anxiety for he knew full well the nature of the Barstownians who inhabited the Island. Brave and warlike they were, but they loved beauty above all else.

Dofon not only knew that the Barstownians possessed a great handful of the Golden Fleece, but also that he must get it all or his quest would be of no avail. But this task was not so easy, for King Witham, the ruler of the land, had placed the monster "Laziness" to guard it. But Dofon laughed at the dragon and set to work to think of a plan to obtain the Fleece. He bade his men first draw from the sacks on their backs small cans of polish and then set to work to beautify the dusty feet of the Barstownians.

Now, as I have said before, the people admired beauty above all else. When they saw how magnificent their feet looked, they swarmed "around the poor heroes and begged for shines, even giving the heroes the much coveted Golden Fleece" as a reward. But so eager were they to keep Dofon and his companions forever in their land that they guarded them day and night.

Now J. Dofon well knew at the end of one moon that he had all the Barstownian's Golden Fleece, for then the dragon, having nothing to guard, swam far out to sea and was never seen again. His one idea now was to plan a way to escape. He bade his men take other cans of polish, and call all the Barstownians to come for a free shine. At once they came fast and furiously, swarming around the heroes, who, with Dofon's cheers, shined as they never shined before.

Dofon laughed when he saw the lovers of beauty stumble about and hold their arms before their eyes, in order to keep out the blinding rays from their shoes. But quickly he ordered his men to run like the wind to the ship before the Barstownians recovered from their blindness.

Away they sailed, the prow of the good ship "Determination" cutting the white waves, while on the shore the Barstownians bewailed the fact that they had been "fleeced."

Dofon and his crew were stranded on the Isles of Lunch Rooms where were other portions of the Golden Fleece. An oracle said to Dofon, "Oh, Dofon, if thou wilt get the inhabitants books to read they will give you their little share of Golden Fleece." Dofon agreed to this plan, told the heroes, and they started the library.

But in about eight moons they knew they had all the fleece of the Primarians, for such was the name of the inhabitants of this land. So they went unto Prince Babbitt and said, "We must depart straightway, for our time's precious."

"So great has been thy courage that I shall beseech the god Zeus to keep the waters calm for six moons," replied the prince.

The heroes manned the ship and skimmed o'er the waters, ready to meet their next adventure.

Many long nights passed over the sea before they saw any land. They must soon reach land or they would starve. At last they came to the Kingdom of Persistency.

"Why art thou here?" demanded the king, when Dofon and his followers were brought before him.

"We come to ask thee if thou wouldst tell us where we might find the Golden Fleece," answered Dofon.

"Before I tell thee, O hero, for I see thou art a hero, thou, with the aid of thy companions, must conquer the two giants, Gasaway and Runcie, who terrify and ravage the land of Academia. That is the task I set before thee."

Dofon immediately thought of the fudge which they had stored in the vessel. When the giants sniffed the wonderful aroma, they became so tame that Dofon and his followers had no trouble in subduing them.

The king then gave Dofon his portion of the Golden Fleece because he admired his bravery and persistency. With grateful hearts the crew of the "Determination" set sail on their journey.

On and on sailed the vessel until a terrible snow storm stopped the ship entirely. The heroes were all frightened to death but Dofon cried, "Scottes, shovel thou the snow away, break the ice and make a pathway for our good ship!"

Like a well trained hero Scottes did as he was bid, cutting through the ice floes so that the good ship sped onwards to the land whereon the Golden Fleece was guarded by the monster "Failure."

"Hark, the god Sharpe throws his thunderbolt and Jones churns the sea!" Dofon cried suddenly to his men.

"There is an island on the horizon," shouted Babus to Dofon, "which is known to men as the Isle of Hunger. We must go thither and sacrifice our lunch to appease these gods."

"Steer the ship to port there," sadly replied Dofon.

Soon the "Determination" reached the island where the heroes leaped as one man to the ground. Straightway they sacrificed two portions of their food to Sharpe and the remaining portion to Jones. Lo! the waters ceased their angry play and the heavens smiled once more on the heroes rejoicing in being so near the Golden Fleece.

Soon Dofon saw the land of the Golden Fleece which was guarded by the dragon "Failure." So skillful and so clever had the heroes become because of their many adventures, that the dragon was speedily slain. The last forty handfuls of the Golden Fleece were now in their possession!

Dofon and his mighty Sixth Graders have now returned from their perilous journey. There are great feasts and sacrifices taking place in honor of the occasion. The Fleece has been sent to King Pelias who lives upon a hill called Pine Mountain. He has received it right joyfully and vows that the great heroes, who have accomplished this task, will be honored forever.

THE SIXTH GRADERS

No. 111

Traditions

The Weather-Cock

A Weather-cock sat on a chimney high,
 A twisting while winds blew across the sky;
 He turned to the north for some weather gray,
 Then turned to the south for a bright new day.

Our Weather-Cock isn't a weather vane,
 It doesn't care a bit about snow or rain,
 It comes to us once throughout all the year,
 A time when skies should be bright and clear.

It isn't a cock of the sort you know,
 With comb, a bright red, and with eyes aglow;
 Our Weather-Cock is a booklet small,
 Composed by our girls to be read by all.

CARA LEE GOODWIN, J. H. S., I

Our School

EACH and every one of us
 Is a good sport at play;
 To do our work as best we can,
 We try harder every day.

Each and every one of us
 Is loyal, brave, and true;
 To classmates and to green and white
 We're "Barstow" through and through.

Each and every one of us
 Makes it a golden rule
 Always to think, and talk, and shout,
 "Long life to Barstow School!"

THE FIFTH GRADE

Our Old School

I 'm feelin' kinder lonesome;
 My doors are creakin' bad;
 My windows, they won't open
 Because they're feelin' sad,
 The girls, they all have left me,
 To Cherry Street they fly.
 They'll soon forget me surely,
 When leavin' they ne'er did sigh.
 I'm angry, hurt, and weeping,
 Because of that new school,
 No longer I'll be keeping
 The home of Barstow Rule.
 BETTY BELLE WOODWARD, J. H. S., I

Nightmares

P — R — T = I, you see,
 Is the formula we use in school,
 For interest, percent, and time, and rate,
 It's really the most simple rule.

I don't see why they don't invent
 A formula for verb and case,
 For desk inspection, and geography names,
 For muddy ties, a broken shoe lace.

Some day I shall so clever be,
 That a formula I shall find,
 Then shall my conscience cease to prick,
 And I'll have a model mind.
 MARTHA IRVIN, J. H. S., I

The Seniors have a lazy time,
 A-setting in the sun,
 The steps they have to hold them up,—
 They do not have much fun.

But if the Senior steps were boys,
 They might not stand for that,
 For they would think some Senior girls
 A little bit too fat.
 GERVICE GATES, Grade VI

Long May it Wave on High

Sung to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

BARSTOW stands for everything that's loyal, good, and true,
 Barstow stands for honor, and the very best in you;
 Barstow's banner gives a thrill that ever glows anew,
 Long may it wave on high!

B - a - r - s - t - o - w, B - a - r - s - t - o - w, B - a - r - s - t - o - w,
 Long may it wave on high!

Far away though we may go from this dear school of ours,
 We'll ne'er forget the joyous times and many happy hours;
 Barstow's banner brings to light the greatest of our powers,
 Long may it wave on high!

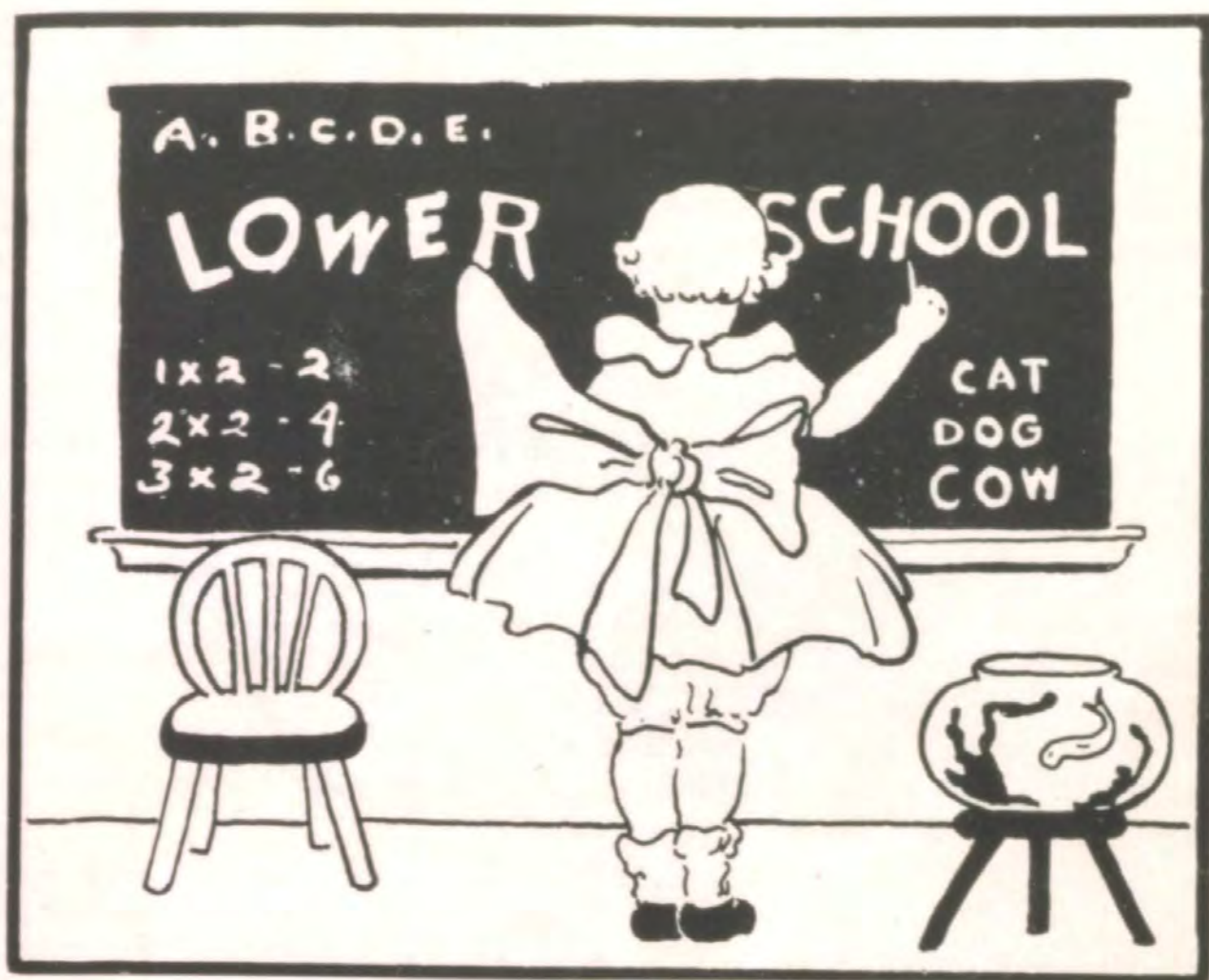
Chorus, etc.

BETTY BELLE WOODWARD, J. H. S., I





THE LOWER SCHOOL



The Old Stone Wall



AM the old stone wall that goes around the new Barstow School. I have been there for years and years. I'm so old I've forgotten how old I really am. I have grown moss on me just as an old man grows whiskers.

Once in a while an automobile would go by and some times a boy and a girl would come and sit down on me, but that wasn't much fun for me. Years after I had been put there some men came to build a new school. I was just tickled to death when I heard that; because I knew I was going to have some children to listen or talk to.

Later some one said there was going to be Field Day there. I didn't know what Field Day was, but I was glad that I had on my new Spring clothes, like green moss, ivy, and nice green vines.

Tuesday! What a day! Thousands of children came jumping over me. Soon some lazy ladies came by and said, "Oh this wall is so high, let's tear it down!" So they made a big hole in my side. It didn't look very nice and it hurt me a little.

An hour later Field Day began and hundreds of children marched by me.

They raced, high jumped, broad jumped, and did everything. Some girls won cups and they were beauties too. I won one of them.

After a while it was over and the children started home; it grew dark and the stars came out. The old wall is happy now because he knows he will have company for the rest of his life.

ELIZABETH SCARRITT, Grade III

The Not-Sure Animal



WHEN I was going up to the new school I saw a little brown thing running through the grass.

Goodness! it might be a snake and yet it might be some other animal, so the best thing to do would be to catch it. I reached down cautiously and picked up a furry little something. It was a little brown animal about five inches long. I put it in a box and took it home.

On the way home I met Leo Crabbs, who asked what was in the box. I told him I did not quite know what it was; it was some kind of animal.

When I reached home I showed it to my mother, who was frightened by it. Papa, who had just come home, said it was a mink. Everybody who saw it said it was something different. Two of the girls thought it was a marten. Later I found out it was a weasel.

I gave him warm milk from an eye-dropper and raw meat. At last papa said, "You'd better not keep him any longer; he is too fierce." So I gave him to John, the janitor of Barstow School. Now he is big and you dare not touch him for fear he will bite you.

MILLY CLAUDINE DAVIDSON, Grade IV

The Autobiography of a Monkey



WHEN I lived in the jungle with all the other monkeys we played in the trees and had a lot of fun. One day some men came into the jungle. They had guns and nets to catch animals with, and they ran after us monkeys and we all were afraid.

I got so afraid that I ran up a tree and out on to a rotten branch. I hung by my tail and thought I was safe. But there was a crash, the branch broke, and I fell to the ground and was caught in a net.

Oh, how sick I felt when the man swung the net over his back and my beautiful tail dragged on the ground. The men put us in a Ford and we were jolted over the road for about

seven hours. When we reached Calcutta the car stopped and my! I was glad to hear one man say, "Hobkleaoush-da-caefe!" which means "Here we are at last!"

Then we were carried to a boat on the Ganges River and sailed down to the Indian Ocean; then on for days and days.

All went well till the boat stopped and a man came into the hold where we were. He took one of the monkeys and carried him ashore and gave him to one of the natives. Then I heard a man say, "Oh, these are the Hawaiian Islands.

In ten days we reached San Francisco. I know it was ten because each day a man came in with fresh cool water. At San Francisco, after being swung off the boat in a net, we were put in freight cars and in six more days arrived in Kansas City, Missouri.

There we were transferred to a truck and taken to Swope Park. When we came to the zoo some men threw nets around us and carried us in, put us in cages, and I suppose we'll stay here as long as we live.

CLINTON HAYES GATES, Grade IV

Fairy Gold



LONG, long ago a little girl lived with her mother on the edge of a forest. Every day her mother had to go out and work. She could scarcely keep the wolf from the door.

One day while her mother was away, Betty went out into the woods to gather wild flowers. All at once, a little voice called out, "Oh! don't step on me, get off—please get off."

Betty stopped, half-paralysed! Again the little voice said, "If you'll get off me, tonight when you are in bed I will visit you. That is, if you leave the window open." So Betty stopped picking flowers and went home.

That night while she was in bed a little fairy came. It said, "I am the one whom you stepped on. Whatever you wish I will grant."

Betty said, "I wish my mother would not have to work anymore, and that we were rich."

"Alright," said the fairy and disappeared.

When Mrs. Taylor had fixed breakfast she went back into the kitchen and what did she see but a pile of gold, lying on the table!

"Betty, Betty, come here quick".

Her mother didn't go to work that day or any other days. The next day an old woman came up to the door and asked for food. She said she was poor and hadn't any money. So Betty's mother gave her half of the gold and something to eat.

After the old woman had gone, Betty and her mother went into the kitchen to put away the food and money that were left, and both of them were surprised to find they had just as much money as at first.

The following day the woman came again, but instead of asking for something to eat she said, "I have come to return your money".

"But why?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

"Because I am the fairy that gave it to you. I was just testing you to see if you were stingy or not. If you had been stingy you would have lost all your money."

"I haven't seen you before, so I am going to thank you now", said Betty's mother.

"No, you're not", said the fairy as she vanished.

MARY VAUGHAN CROPPER, Grade IV

My Lady Gay

My Lady Gay vanished away
 All on a summer's day;
 Whither she went I did not know,
 She was so light up on her toe,
 Like thistle down!

ROSEMARY WILSON DOUGLASS, Grade III

Our New School



ONCE I stood on a lawn; there was but grass and wind and trees.—

One day a pretty lady in a gray suit came. She looked around and said, "Yes, this will do!"

The next day a man came and said, "Yes, this will do;" and right away more men came with shovels and spades. They dug and dug, and finally they dug me up.

I expect you are wondering who I am and where I stood.

I am a tree and I used to stand on the New Barstow School grounds.

Yes, they dug me up and split me into pieces. It hurt a little. The reason they dug me up was because I was just where Miss Witham (she was the lady in the gray dress) had decided that the new school ought to be.

Although I was split up I could hear and see very sharply.

The men were mixing something which they called cement, and with it and stone they made a foundation. Then they began to put up boards and some funny looking things which they called ladders. One man climbed up a ladder and began hammering. Soon the building was finished and Miss Witham came again.

"This school is all right," she said, "and look at the pile of wood. That will be fine for the boys in carpentry."

Then I was glad for I was to be put to some use in the new school after all. GRACE KEMPER HOPKINS, Grade III

King Hector I



WHEN I was a puppy one year old, I lived in a cage.

You notice that I have two names and no other dogs on the block have because they are not thoroughbreds.

When I was two, some boys drove up in an electric. They were Jeffy and Evans Griffith. I was so happy when they picked me out. They carried me over to a counter and put a red collar on me. Then they took me out to the electric and Evans's mother said, "Isn't he cute?" Then she picked me up and said, "I just adore him."

Then the boys went down to lunch and they took me down with them; but I ran under the maid's legs so she could not serve.

One day I came to school and that was the happiest day I'd ever had. I hope I'll grow up to be a fine dog and make my masters proud of me. HENRY EVANS GRIFFITH, Grade III

The Chimney Swallow



CHIMNEY swallow lived in a chimney with his wife and children.

One bad rainy day he heard some voices coming up from below. He thought he would go down and see who was there. About half way down he saw a little fairy sitting on a brick with her feet crossed. So the swallow asked the fairy if she knew what was down there. She said, "Goodness yes, I come here every day to listen to those children."

The swallow asked her if she would tell him some of the things they were saying and the fairy answered, "I will do better than that. I will touch your ears so that you can hear for yourself." Then she gave him a bottle and told him to put a drop from it on each ear.

He did as she said, then crept down a little farther. How surprised he was to hear some one say, "Isn't that a cute little dog!" He went down still farther and peeked from under the top of the fireplace. He saw a little dog sitting out there in the room near the children. At first the swallow was afraid, but when he saw the dog was in a cage he felt better.

He saw on one side of the room a circle of chairs filled with children. They were telling stories about Uncle Remus and the

swallow was so interested, for he had been down South and knew all about the animals there.

After a while he decided he had seen all he wanted to see, so he thanked the fairy for giving him the drops and went back to his wife and children and told them what he had heard.

MARTHA ANN SAWYER, Grade III

Margaret's Journey



EARLY one Spring morning, as Margaret lay in her bed waiting for getting-up-time, she heard a strange scratching sound. What could it be? She went down to the door but nobody was there so she went to the window and a fairy hopped in!

The fairy said, "Margaret, do you want to go for a ride instead of going to school this morning?"

"Oh yes," said Margaret, "but who are you?"

"I am a fairy named Helen; come on!"

So they went out together to the Youp Castle in the mountains. When she reached the castle she had to say her table of eights before she could go in. After she had said them, the door opened, and they walked in.

Before she could go through the next door, she had to read a story, and she began to think it would be just as well to go to school!

Just as she came to the next door, she heard a voice say, "It's almost eight o'clock, Margaret, and you'll be late for school!"

She shivered because it was such a familiar sound and then she realized that she had been dreaming all the time.

MARGARET TOMLINSON SMITH, Grade III.

The Little Yellow Chickens



ONE day the boys at school made an animal cage in case some little live thing should come to visit school.

A few days later I came to school and was put in the cage. When the Third Grade came down to Reading they all came up to my cage and frightened me.

When school was over my master was in such a hurry that he forgot all about me, and went home without me. At first I was a little frightened, but I was not lonesome because a lady in a green suit went humming around the room. I think her name was Miss Babbitt, for I heard the children call her by that name, but soon she too left.

Just about the time I began to get frightened a man, with a white coat on, came into the room with a long thing with whiskers

on it. He began to push it around the floor and I shivered for fear he would sweep me out. Presently the man left and I snuggled down on my bed which was a gunny-sack.

After everybody had gone I hopped over to the sand table and looked all around. I saw what looked like a mountain with a hole in it.

So much hopping made me tired so I cuddled down to rest and soon dropped off to sleep. The sweetest music awakened me. I thought I must be dreaming, but when I stretched my short little neck I saw the Pied Piper playing on his pipe. The rats that weren't drowned stood upon their hind legs and danced, and the children had on their best dresses. I was a little too stiff to dance. In the morning when the children came to school and looked at the sand table they knew I had been there for they saw chicken tracks all over the sand.

After another day in the cage my master took me home and I never thought of school any more.

MADELEINE M. SMITH, Grade III

The Animal That Was Left Behind



HERE was once a lot of wooden animals that went to school. Every one was pretty old, so they were placed on a window sill.

One day near the end of May they were put away, and the teacher talked about a new school. When the animals were being put away, the old horse was broken. It had a leg cracked and it came off so the old horse was left behind—alone.

One day some men came to tear down the old school and one of the doors was left open. The old horse thought he might be able to get out to the new school on three legs so he got out of the door and hobbled down stairs. The other animals had left only three days before so he thought he might catch up with them. At last the first night came and he was awfully hungry, but he found some crumbs to eat. Then, he found a hiding place and stayed there for the night. It took him three days to get out to the new school.

The next day a boy found him and took him into the carpentry shop and mended him and he was glad to be with the other animals once more.

GARDINER LATHROP, Grade III

The Thorn Tree

A THORN apple tree on a lawn stands straight.
 Its branches are spread both high and great.
 Its blossoms are white, its fruit is red,
 And the sky and the sun shine over its head.


For years to the old tree the children have clung.
 And from its boughs they've swung and swung.
 Now the tree is sad for he's heard them say,
 From these grounds the school is moving away.

And now the children have all gone,
 And only the fairies come out on the lawn.
 And when the old tree looks down on the ground,
 There isn't a creature, there isn't a sound!

So he dreams till the sun creeps out from the sky,
 And looks like ribbons floating by.
 Red and blue and 'most every color,
 Then they fade, and the sky grows duller and duller.

PEGGY-SUE NEAL, Grade III

That Day I Was Chased by a Bear!


 NE day I went horseback riding in the woods. I got off my horse to pick flowers and my horse ran away. I ran after him and thought I saw him, but when I took another good look at him I found he was a bear! I turned and ran the other way but he came up and lay down by me and growled.

That growl meant, "Get on my back and I will take you for a ride." So I got on his back and held on to his long hair and he went very fast. Finally he stopped and I got off to pick some more flowers.

He dashed off into the woods and soon came back to me with a rabbit and some honey. Then he broke a branch off a gooseberry bush and laid it at my feet, and went to the brook and brought me some water in a big leaf. We sat down and ate together. Then he took me for another ride and at midnight brought me home.

HENRI M. C. LOW, Grade II

A Cafeteria

 HAVE been to a Cafeteria only once but I hope I can go again. A Cafeteria is a place where you go to eat. You take a tray near the door and slide it around the room on little rails and you can have whatever you want to eat. I mean I can have any vegetables I want. Finally you come to the end where the desserts and cherry pie are. Then you come

to a counter, and a lady gives you a check that tells how much your dinner costs. The most fun is to get the water. You get a glass from the shelf and press up a little round thing and the water comes out into your glass. And you eat and eat!

That was a nice night for me for we all went to a picture show afterwards.

Our maid was out and that was why we went to a Cafeteria for our dinner. ALICE PARKER SCARRITT, Grade II

A Conversation

Time—Midnight.

Place—The Barstow Primary Room.

CHARACTERS—Things in the Room.

Fireplace—Bettie Byrd Rogers; Horse on Mantel—Henri Low; Clock—Peggy Sue Neal; Buffalo—John Turner; Blackboard—Alice Parker Scarritt; Tiger—Dan Berger; Table—Nancy Crowe; Old Desk—Josephine Jobes; Fern—Judith Harris; An Old Inkwell—Billy Hughes; Geranium—Harriett Pullen; Mouse—Dorothy Middleton; Miss Babbitt—Dorothy Middleton.

Fireplace—I am going!

Clock—No, you're not; you're too old!

Fireplace—Well, I think I ought to go! I've warmed these children's hands for years and years!

Blackboard—I certainly ought to go. I've let them put chalk all over me and never once complained.

Clock—That makes no difference Your old back would crack before you ever got out there. Anyway, they use slate boards now.

Geranium—I hope they'll take me. I've made this room pretty for quite a while. And I don't want to be left behind.

Blackboard—You wouldn't look like much out at that grand school. And you'd die in the winter!

Geranium—I'd be willing to die after I'd seen that new school!

Table—How could they have an arithmetic lesson without me? I'd hold up the children's books, and—

Horse on Mantel—They'd better take me, and if the bus didn't come I could take the children home!

Fern—I've stayed in this old pot for ages and never said a word when they forgot to water me. I'd like to go!

Buffalo—Boom! Boom! Listen to me! They'll certainly need me. If a robber should come in I'd say, "Presto, Chango!" and I'd jump and chase them away.

Blackboard—You'd scare the children to death.

Buffalo—I'm a good Buffalo. I'm only fierce to bad people.

Clock—I think I ought to go. I've never been to a shop to be fixed once!

Blackboard—They say you're too old, too.

Clock—Well, some things grow better as they grow older! And I think—

Tiger—I've stood guard from this window for years at night. If a robber had come, I'd have broken this window with one blow of my paw and beaned him on the head!

Old Desk—I've taken care of boys' books for years and never lost one. They've scratched me and bumped me, but I liked it!

Old Inkwell—Well, I for one am glad to be left behind. They've rattled me and fingered me till I'm tired and sick—and I wouldn't fit the new desk anyway.

Mouse—Sh! Sh! I hear footsteps! There's a human coming! Quick, all to your places! But keep your eyes open and we'll meet tonight at the same time and place!

Miss Babbitt—My— It's just remarkable that nothing is ever out of place in this room. And how quiet it always is in the morning!

This is the verbatim account of a play as constructed and acted by the Connecting Class and First and Second Grades during a half hour of spontaneous dramatization of "things in the room."

A Scary Day

ONE day I went to Kansas. It began to rain and it rained and rained and it did not stop until night. Even when night came it did not stop. A man went by with a rope in his hand. Father said to the man, "Will you please give me that rope to pull this car out of the mud?" "Yes," said the man. So father tied the rope on to the car and he pulled and pulled. Finally the car was out of the mud and we went on. Mother said, "I certainly am glad to get out of that mud."

Just then I heard a little growl and I said to father, "Stop, I want to see what that is?" So father stopped and there in the bushes were three baby bears. I took one home to our farm and he lived there until he was four years old.

JOSEPHINE JOBES, Grade II.

Wishes

JUDITH JOYCE HARRIS, Grade I

I WISH I were a bird,
I would have a good time,
I would fly about the trees.
Up among the leaves!

KATHERINE DICKEY, Grade I

I WISH I were a lily,
Living in a pool!
I'd be all pink and white,
And have green leaves so cool.



KINDERGARTEN

The Child Garden



OME, let us live with our children," seems an excellent motto for the Kindergarten, which started so happily the first Monday in October, in the Rockhill Tennis Club.

In such delightful quarters, opportunities for work, vigorous exercise, and play were wonderfully fine. Such space for a breathless gallop on a fiery steed! And where could one have found a more enjoyable spot for the games and dramatizations, than the big sun porch just outside the lounge? The work shop, too, proved most attractive, with its diminutive green tables and chairs, and the fascinating implements of the Kindergarten trade. All the opening day, exclamations of delight were heard on every side, as the children became absorbed in molding the sand, stringing the brightly colored beads, or building leaning towers of Pisa, which did fall with a soul satisfying crash.

The minutes flew, and terribly soon "Goodbyes" were said and a happy Kindergartner was left to gather her wits together, and lay her plans for the development of the wonderful garden to be. A garden in which it was hoped would blossom the flower of courage, purity, obedience, respect for law, self control, judgment, social responsibility and self reliance. Through what mediums could she best gain the attention, and the co-operation of her little ones, with this ideal in view?



THE KINDERGARTEN

The problem was solved day by day, for children's interests center almost exclusively about every day experiences, the changing seasons, or the coming holidays.

The first holiday to be celebrated and prepared for, was Hallowe'en. This was to be a particularly joyous occasion, because Miss Babbitt and her bigger boys and girls were coming to share the fun. The children worked like beavers, making Jack O'Lanterns, cutting out black cats, pasting orange and black chairs, while conversation waxed fast and furious as to costumes and ways of entertaining the parents, who were to be honored guests. When the day came what a lovely crew of revellers met the eye,—fearless Robin Hoods arrayed in green and buff, fairies golden clad, and gorgeous forest queens in draperies of orange and black, first a long gay line of maskers, then small groups, bobbing for apples, hunting for peanuts, or trying in vain to pin the tail on the black calico cat. And when all was over the big room, dim and silent, was filled to the eaves with gracious memories.

Next, plans were laid for the Thanksgiving celebration. The story of the first "Thank you" day was told and all were busy as bees, making Indian head dresses, fashioning tepees, molding clay canoes, or building log huts in the sand table. The little girls made Pilgrim bonnets and cut out brown capes, while the boys were soon strutting proudly about wearing truly remarkable Pilgrim hats, made of stiff wrapping paper.

On the day before Thanksgiving, dressed in their Puritan best, wee John Aldens and Priscillas, preceded by brave Indian scouts, marched to church, in true Pilgrim fashion, church in this instance being the circle of chairs near the piano. And another red letter day was added to the Kindergarten log.

The holiday over, the children returned to Kindergarten, full of the wonderful snow storm, and their subsequent good times, which were soon in process of reproduction in the sand table.

The chief topic of conversation from now on, was Christmas, and the children were thrilled by the thought of making real presents for mother and daddy. The "what" of this momentous question having been solved to the satisfaction of everyone, the Kindergarten told about some boys and girls who might not have a very Merry Christmas, and after countless suggestions, it was finally decided to make a scrap-book for each child, and to decorate a Christmas tree for all to enjoy. The next morning the Kindergarten tables resembled miniature news stands, laden with magazines. Scissors were busily wielded, and the picture pile grew by leaps and bounds. Each day from then until Christmas, found the work shop a perfect hive of industry, as the gifts and decorations grew apace, carols were practiced, and games rehearsed.

The great day arrived, and the Kindergarten was gay with Christmas greens and Christmas candles. At one end, glistening and tall, stood the beautiful tree which was soon to gladden the hearts of other less fortunate little ones. Its branches drooped beneath the weight of decoration and gifts, and at its base lay the scrap-books.

A happy hour followed, while the Christmas story was retold in song and verse. The precious presents were distributed, and after a final "song" in which every one was assured that:

"Santa Claus would come to town,
With his sleigh and reindeer brown,
Bringing toys and candy too,
For you, and you, and you!"

Away they all went, while Merry Christmas wishes filled the air.

The weeks following the coming of the New Year, were interesting ones indeed. Work and play, story and song, all related to the busy world round about. The woodman with his glistening axe, the carpenter and his hammer, the miner with his pick and shovel, the blacksmith and the cobbler, how industrious they were and how necessary their labor!

In February, Patriotism flourished anew, and the Kindergarten was turned into a miniature armory, where stern martinets drilled their raw recruits, and the flag was saluted with vigor and enthusiasm.

And then, one day, when Spring gave an alluring call, news of the first robin was received with cheers, and each morning brought tales of bursting buds, grass grown green, and of queer gray pussies who never scratched nor purred.

The rapid growth of the new school was by now a subject of great interest, and the first excursion to the spot was the cause of much excitement. Animated discussions arose,—“Where is our room?” “Where is the sand pile?” and “Will there be a slide?” The building was swarming with workmen, and the children had the thrill of their lives watching the plasterers astride the ridge pole, finishing off one of the chimneys.

And then one morning, Mary Lou arrived, carrying a mysterious box. She held it so carefully that in a moment everyone was whispering, “What is it?” “Let me see!” The precious bundle was deposited in the center of the circle, and two tiny baby rabbits were disclosed. The Kindergarten seized this opportune moment to speak of the glory of the Easter time, and the awakening of everything to new life and beauty. This started an almost endless chain of stories as to what was happening out of doors, of busy birds building their nests, the new family of fluffy yellow chicks next door, of flowers blossoming everywhere. Spring borders began to make their appearance on the walls of the Kindergarten,

and busy artists painted marvelous tulips and daffodils. Flower pots were molded in clay and the children had great fun painting and shellacing them. Then came the business of planting three nasturtium seeds in each pot. The suspense was terrific until the tiny green shoots finally appeared, and it was indeed a proud moment when they were pronounced old enough to be transplanted in the garden at home.

The first of May found the children entirely surrounded by a veritable rainbow of brightly tinted crepes and tissues, as flying fingers fashioned dainty May baskets and plots were laid to surprise mother, father or baby sister.

What an attractive self-reliant little group to be sure. And what a happy year lay behind! Vacation days were near indeed, for, with Field Day, an event looked forward to with keen delight, and just beyond, Summer beckoning from around the corner, the months of jolly comradeship would be at an end.

The garden had bloomed and if there were any bare spots, any rude tangle of weeds, it was because of the limitations of the gardener who;

“Dug the Garden, and sowed the seeds,
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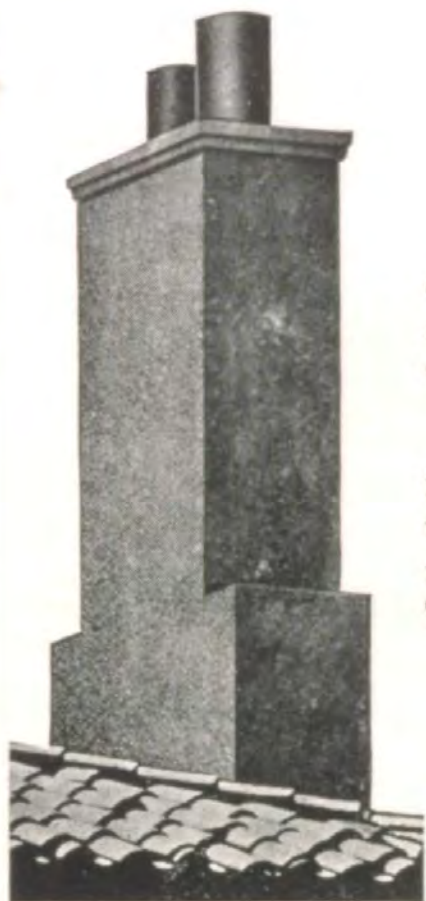
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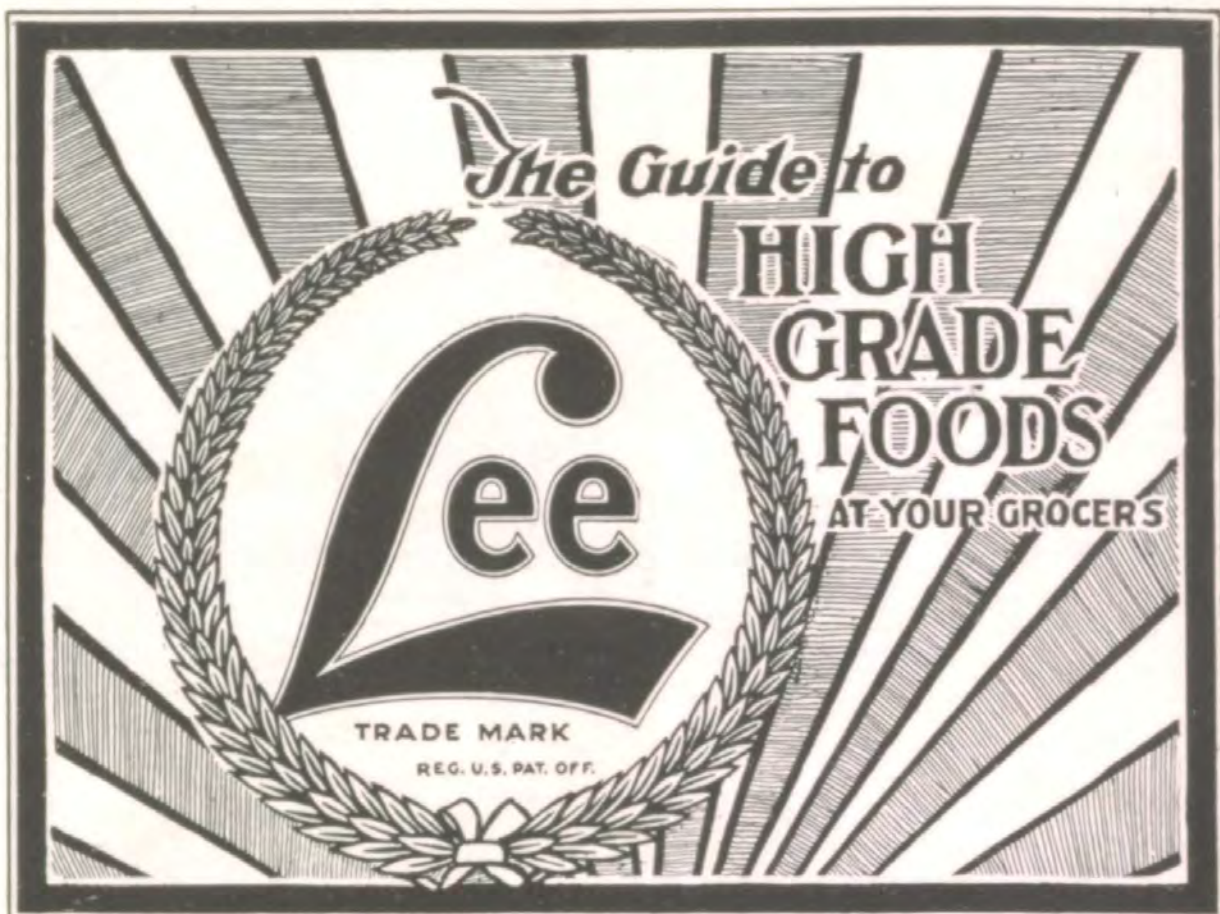
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