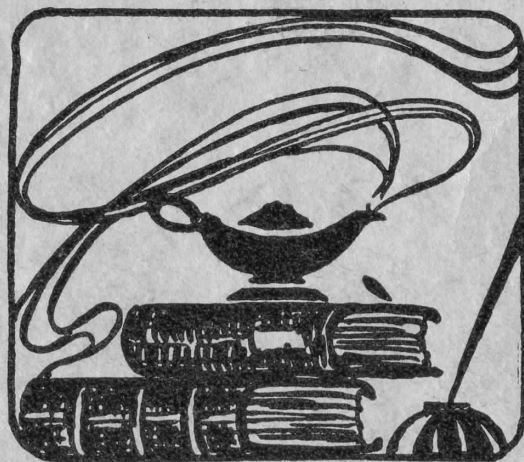


# THE PHOENIGAN



WESTMONT UPPER YODER  
HIGH SCHOOL



WESTMONT - UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL  
SENIOR NUMBER 1920-21



## To Miss Blair

Who, by her interest and never failing support,  
during four rugged years, has helped us cut  
a path through a trackless wilderness:

this book is dedicated  
by the Class of 1921

## The Staff

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Mary Wright .....	Junior Assistant
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## Foreword



THE graduating of the Senior Class  
Does close our trying days as pioneers.  
The school for these four years has struggled on  
To find an open path or make it one.  
Full many a problem has beset our way,  
Which we have met with efforts ever true.  
And therefore have we gained a mighty school;  
Yet not by deeds of splendor, but by toil.  
This Senior number represents our task.  
And yet the steps already taken, but point  
To us the golden roadside of to-morrow's way.  
And "some there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay there just hands on that golden key  
That opes the palace of eternity."  
If bright success do us attend in this,  
We do but thank our friends that made it so.  
If darkest failure should greet us instead,  
You that our footsteps follow, harken now  
That you may not our gravest errors make.  
This is our wish, our earnest hope for you.  
"The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on."

THE EDITOR.



# Autographs

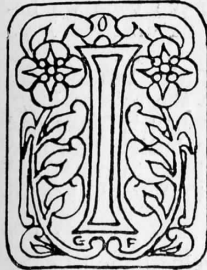
**LITERARY**



THE COLORADO OF MR. MILLS



## THE COLORADO OF MR. MILLS



It was a real pleasure to me, on entering High School, to find that the first book we read in English was a collection of stories entitled "A Thousand-Year Pine," by Enos A. Mills. They are based on his experiences in Colorado and his study of nature there. Having lived near the scene of the stories and being familiar with the natural beauty of Colorado, I could truly appreciate these works which brought back to my mind my own experiences in that state.

Anyone who has read Mr. Mills' "Dr. Woodpecker, Tree Surgeon" or "Beaver Pioneers," feels that he is an ardent lover of nature and the wild folk of the woods, and I know this to be true by the many wild pets he has had at different times, which you may be sure, he did not secure by the usual cruel methods. I recall particularly hearing my father tell of two bear cubs belonging to Mr. Mills, which he photographed on a trip through Estes Park.

Enos Mills' home is in Estes Park, which although not very large, is one of our most beautiful National Parks. It is little wonder that it is popular with summer vacationists for nature has been more than bountiful in supplying beauty which is unsurpassed and which cannot be realized unless one has actually seen it, the nobility and grandeur of the mountains with their heavily wooded valleys alone drawing numbers of travellers each year. It is interesting to note the extremes to which nature often goes. In one place there may be stretches of dry, barren prairies, while almost bordering upon them will be cool, shady woods, carpeted with wild flowers, some of the most common being the columbine, snow-on-the-mountain, anemone, primrose, and the mariposa lily.

In his "Colorado Snow Observer," Mr. Mills tells of the many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes he had on a trip across Long's Peak to Grand Lake, on snowshoes, while serving in the position of State Snow Observer; and from his description of Long's Peak, that beautiful leader of Colorado mountains, the

reader can judge the glory, yet treachery of the mountains in winter.

Enos Mills has written many stories besides the ones I have mentioned, and all are true though perhaps unbelievable to those who have never lived there. His writings are very popular for his manner of recounting his adventures and his beautiful word-paintings of Colorado scenery are appealing to everyone.

CATHERINE SCAMMELL.

## SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

(Senior Thesis).

In the beautiful sunshine of a bright May morning, the little Scotch village of Kirriemuir lay peacefully calm, as it had lain since time immemorable; as it would continue to lie in the unknown years to come. And yet on this beautiful day, May 9, 1860, was born one who was to make this peaceful village a living reality to men the world over. He was named James Matthew, by his Bible reading parents, his surname was Barrie, and the sunshine of his birthday he is carrying through all the years of his wonderful life.

James Matthew grew up and was educated much as were the other boys of Kirriemuir. He took an academy course at Dumfries. Then he went to the University of Edinburgh from which he graduated at the age of eighteen with the degree of Master of Arts and with honors in the English literature class.

There was one difference, however, between this boy and all the others. There had been magic in the sunshine of his birthday and on account of it, James Matthew has really never grown up—or is it that he has grown beyond us?—for from the happy medium in which he dwells, he is able to tell us not only of the joys and sorrows of our actual life but of the wonders of the dream world of fairies and spirits, about which we all enjoy hearing because we more than half believe in it—consciously or unconsciously—in spite of all we may say in denial.

It must have been when he was feeling particularly young—or old—that Barrie wrote "Peter and Wendy." It is one of the most charming of his books and one would almost think that the author of it had lived longer and thus had more experience than the rest of us. Wherein lies its charm? In the plot? It is a clever little plot—having the children go to Never Never Land—

but that is certainly not its chief charm. Is it, then, the manner in which the story is told? Certainly not, for we grow so accustomed to Barrie's unique way of telling things—that would of itself make another author great—that we require something more in a book by our beloved Barrie. But can it be the characters? Ah! There we have it. Who but Barrie could have portrayed for us a Peter Pan?—that lovable, provoking, scatterbrained scamp, half mortal, half spirit, who would not grow up. Can we ever forget him? We think not, for he is recalled to us by every thoughtless, adventurous, altogether captivating boy we meet. Then Wendy—that adorable little soul—who could not resist the plea of the motherless Lost Boys! Who can watch a little girl playing with her dolls without seeing Wendy mending, darning, cooking for the boys of Neverland? Then, too, who can resist a laugh at the penitent and sorrowful father, who, however, is not too sorrowful to enjoy the notoriety of his position; or a tear for the bereaved mother who opens the window and plays "Home, Sweet Home," hoping that her children will return to her soon. And what rejoicing when they do come back, bringing the lost boys—all but Peter Pan. And what laughter at seeing Mr. Durling in Nana's kennel! Yet what truth, what sorrow at the end of the story, in the very closing sentence of our charming tale. Is it not so that—as Peter Pan forgot Wendy and took her daughter for his mother—so youth forgets those who befriend and help it? Herein is one of the most difficult lessons for youth to learn and one of the most bitter experiences of age.

An altogether different type of story is "A Window in Thrums." To it we are indebted for one particularly good idea. That is the suggestion of one of the characters, Tammas Haggart, that a home be built where all Geniuses may be kept and properly cared for. We suggest, though, that the Geniuses be exercised very extensively every day so they will not have excess energy for indulging in temperamental fits in which they might exterminate each other. This would be quite fatal, for if all the Geniuses were collected in one home we would be quite without Geniuses until another crop could be grown. This leads us to suggest further that Tammas change his plan—as we know he will after due consideration—and have two or three homes so there will not be so much danger of losing all at once.

But Barrie has written dramas as well as stories—and quite as ably, too. "The Admirable Crichton" is one of the best liked of

these. Here the unreal is again introduced. Now, as we look back upon the play, we begin to doubt but at the time we believed everything implicitly. It seemed but natural to have Crichton change from a butler to a king and back again, and to have Mary Lasenby look down upon him as a butler but look up to and adore him as a master when he played in the role of king. We have often wondered what would have happened if Mary had married a king and found herself the wife of a butler, and also what changes would take place if we all went back to a natural life and began over again. They are questions that would bear a great deal of discussion.

"Half-Hours" is a collection of short plays, very entertaining and very profitable. Of these we liked "The Twelve-Pound Look" the best. We found it to be very entertaining as well as a little pathetic. We cannot help laughing with Kate at her former husband for his egotism and self-sufficiency, but we also feel a desire to help his present wife from him and from herself. In fact we wish that she, too, would get a typewriter and start out for herself; not only to save herself, but—now we fear this is a bit cattish—to prove still further to her husband that he is not the authority on women that he thinks himself. We fear, however, that nothing short of a miracle could destroy that faith.

We find these plays very interesting, very entertaining, and very profitable, but we prize even more those stories of Thrums' life for which Barrie is so famous. "Sentimental Tommy," "Tommy and Grizel," and "The Little Minister" are books that will live in our memories forever, like old friends. Who can resist a sympathetic tear for Tommy and wish that he might have had better success or a laugh at the cleverness of Babbie; or fail to delight in the happiness of Gavin? We feel that they, and a host of others with them, are living people whom we have known and loved and with whom we have laughed and cried in their joys and sorrows, as we have with our closest friends. But this is Barrie's charm and just what we expect—and receive—from each of his books.

The book, however, that we love best is "The Little White Bird." The pathos and humor of it seem richer and deeper than that of any other story. We smile at the way Mr. Anon does his generous acts and the motives he assigns for them, but we love him the more for all that, and wish more heartily than ever that Timothy might have been a real person, so that Mr. Anon could have directed the love of his warm heart to some more worthy

object than his dog, Porthos—although Porthos is a very loyal and deserving animal and we really love him, even though he is a dog. Then, too, we love Mary for her quick understanding and sympathy. She realizes how great and generous is the heart of Mr. Anon and that he has no one on whom to bestow his affections. She does her best for him by sharing her boy, David. David certainly wins a great deal of that affection and we almost have a feeling of envy for him—but not quite. For we know that Mr. Anon's heart would be great enough to take us all in if we could but get to him.

But is this really Mr. Anon, of whom we are thinking? Of course that is the name under which he goes in this particular book, but we like to think that it is the creator of all the characters, whom we are seeing and loving. If Sir James Barrie did not have in himself the imagination of sentimental Tommy, the whimsicality of Babbie, the steadfastness of the Little Minister, the daring of Peter Pan, the warm and generous heart of Mr. Anon, how could he portray these lovable characters so delightfully, so realistically, and so affectionately? So we have come to the conclusion that we love Barrie and all his "children" and we make a heartfelt wish that the light of the Muse may never go out nor the magic sun of his birthday ever set.

MARGARET MCGAHAN, '21.

### THE ELEPHANT DRIVER

"I tell you, Tom, he was a good eighteen inches. A speckled beauty! If I hadn't eaten him out there for lunch, I would have brought him home and proved it."

"O, cut it out, Farr," said Tom Perry wearily from the other side of the fireplace, slouching still lower into the depths of his easy chair, "we've been sharing that story every day for three weeks."

"Yes, for the love of mud!" this from Osgude, sprawled on the lounge, "forget it, Farr! Besides, I don't think you ever saw an eighteen inch fish."

We were gathered about a crackling fire in the living room of the Elk Run Hunt Club. The lights had been turned off, and the light of the flickering flames danced from the split oak logs to illuminate Farr's round, good-natured face, Tom's lean one, with

its scornful, unbelieving expression, surmounted by his ruddy hair,—you might have called it red,—and the recumbent figure of Osgude. Farr was relating his usual after dinner story, one which we had once liked and almost believed, but of which we were now extremely weary.

"Can't somebody tell a new one?" went on Osgude, and then, as Farr, with a ponderous "ahem," opened his mouth to speak, "No, not you, you porpoise! Consider yourself disqualified. Any man who dares spin the same yarn as many times as you, and such a bad one at that, ought to have to remain quiet, at least one evening a month, until spoken to. This is your evening! But how about the rest of you fellows? Anything new."

There was no answer forthcoming, and we were settling into a gloomy silence when the door was unobtrusively opened to admit a stranger. He was a young man, well dressed, and, as we saw when he removed his hat, possessed of a luxuriant crop of bright red hair. His assured air and the small satchel which he carried instinctively told each one of us that he was a member's guest, here for the night—"Good evening, gentlemen," he said.

Tom Perry rose grandly to the occasion. He heartily echoed the young man's "good evening" and shook his hand warmly. Perhaps he felt a bond of color between them. "Permit me to present my friends,—Mr. Farr, Mr. Osgude, Mr. Cantrell,"—he indicated each of us in turn.

"Thank you," the young man smiled amiably. "My name is Bowden."

"Mr. Bowden," Perry grasped eagerly at the one chance of enlivening a monotonous evening—"Mr. Bowden," he said, "will you not favor us by joining our fireside circle?" Something in the stranger's daring eye and dauntless demeanor told that he must have had adventure aplenty and ought to be able to tell a good story.

"Thank you," responded our young friend again, "I shall gladly do so." He settled himself upon the lounge next to Osgude who was now sitting up.

"The fact is, Mr. Bowden," continued Tom, "we are extremely short of stories. Even our champion, Mr. Farr, is out of material, except for a moth-eaten yarn which we no longer permit him to use. Now, sir, you would be doing us a very great favor if you would condescend to relate to us one of your experiences, for, I am sure, you have had many."



Farr looked positively jealous at this request. I was relieved to see that Bowden was not put out by the suggestion that he entertain his hosts, as it were.

"I do not know, Mr. Perry," he said, "whether or not I can tell a story to rival Mr. Farr's, which I am sure, I should be glad to hear. But I have in mind an experience of mine in Africa of which you might like to hear.

"What, Africa! You've been there?" we exclaimed as one.

"Oh," he waved a depreciating hand, "The Sahara, Senegal, Cape Town, Cairo, The Congo, The Soudan,—they're all the same to me. I have always been a wanderer. But my particular story takes place along the lower Niger, about seven degrees north of the equator."

"What were you doing there?" demanded Farr suspiciously—almost hostilely.

We silenced our jealous friend with a look and again politely turned to Bowden. He was still smiling his amiable smile.

"Why," he said, "I was working for the British government. A surveyor. We were there for the purpose of enlarging the harbor of the thriving little town of Lagos, which, as you may know, is on the Gulf of Guinea on the south coast of Southern Nigeria. It was a big job, and it took a long time; so, of course, we had plenty of time to become acquainted with the townspeople. The majority, naturally, were natives, some of them educated, but there were a few good English families, too. I don't know why they stayed there, except those who were exporters, unless it was on account of the climate.

"One day, as I walked up the main street, I was attracted by an unusual sight. Down the dusty way plodded a large elephant with a small summerhouse on his back. Not that elephants were unusual, but they were used mainly for heavy work,—in the lumber yards and so on,—horses and camels being the usual thing for riding.

"As the elephant approached, I was aware of two people in the canopied enclosure on his back. One was a gray headed, distinguished looking man, the other a girl,—apparently his daughter. Incidentally, she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. I noticed that they received the utmost respect from all the townspeople, so I lifted my hat and slightly bowed as they passed. It did not take me long to find out that the elderly gentleman was

the British Governor-General of Southern Nigeria and the young lady his daughter, Miss Avenda.

"Four days later, at the English quarterly ball, I met Avenda. From that time on my one object was to win her for my own. In six weeks I had asked her to be my wife and had been accepted,—on one condition,—her father's consent. This stipulation I was absolutely unable to meet. Her father was very much displeased that a penniless surveyor should aspire to the hand of his daughter when, previous to my arrival, she had been about to accept a very wealthy British exporter by the name of George. Needless to say, I was on good terms neither with Mr. George, who still lavished his attentions upon Avenda, nor with her father. His final word had been that I might have his daughter when I could show him a bank account of £1000,—about as likely an event as my inheriting the island of Madagascar.

"Then came the news that the government intended to establish mail service by elephant, connecting Lagos with points to the northwest and terminating at Bida on the Niger River. £1000 was offered for the swiftest elephant. The test, or race, was to be held in three months at Bida.

"Plainly, Providence had given me my chance. The offer was for me. The reward would enable me to marry Avenda. I was told that the swiftest elephants were the wild ones, and I resolved to resign my position and to stake all on an expedition to the interior in quest of a racing elephant.

"Accordingly, in a week, after bidding good-bye to Avenda, I went by rail to Kano, four hundred miles north. From there, after hiring five native gun bearers, I struck into the jungle.

"On the third day we chanced upon the tracks of an elephant herd and four hours later we suddenly came within full view of them. A great bull, the leader, charged us at once. I called frantically for my guns, but the bearers were running so fast they could not hear me, and besides they had no inclination to return.

"The great beast was almost upon me and coming at express train speed. I turned to run; my pith helmet blew off; the monster trunk wound about me. I closed my eyes, expecting death;—but what was this? The great trunk ran caressingly over my hair, which, gentlemen, as you have noticed, is very red and very luxuriant; and, trumpeting loudly, the elephant lifted me to his broad gray back. He then trotted placidly back on the homeward trail.

"At Kano, I was greeted with great acclamation by the populace. This very elephant, I was told, had been in captivity before. He was acquired by a red-haired trainer some years previous in the same manner in which I had become possessed of him. His trainer becoming bald, the elephant had one evening picked him up and thrown him against the ground, head foremost, with such force that his perpendicular figure was used as a hitching post for several days. Also, I learned to my great delight he was considered the swiftest elephant in the country.

"So it was my red hair that had turned the trick! I was devoutly thankful for its fiery color and prayed that it might be more permanent than that of my predecessor.

"With Hadri, as I had named my new pet, I travelled back to Lagos in a box car. Then came two months of intensive training to put my elephant in condition for the race. Red hair must have been Hadri's controlling god, for he never permitted me to come near him with my hat, nor would he allow any other to approach or ride him. I tried to keep the nature of my power over him a secret, but, as you will see, it must have leaked out somewhere. During this time Samuel George was even more ardent in attempting to supplant me in Avenda's affections; but she showed no sign of wishing to break our engagement.

"Finally the day came when the race was but a week off, and Hadri and I set out overland for Bida, arriving there on the sixth day. The little town was crowded with drivers, owners, and spectators, awaiting the event of the next day, and I was forced to take up quarters in a squalid little hotel, leaving Hadri in the barn. As I crawled into bed, my heart beat with confident expectation of victory, for never in all West Africa had an elephant shown such speed and endurance as had mine in his trials.

"There was but one cloud in the sky. In the crowd that day I had glimpsed a rascally servant of Samuel George, a man whom I knew to be capable of almost anything. While he might be present on his master's business or as a spectator, I was in no wise sure that he was not here with his master's orders to practice some of his villainy on me, in order that I might lose the race and Avenda's hand. With this thought in mind, I had warned the stable keeper to guard Hadri closely, and, with the same thought troubling me, I dropped off to sleep.

"My sleep was sound but troubled, nevertheless, by dreams, and when I finally awoke it was to see the full light of day

streaming into the room. A suffocating odor assailed my nostrils; my head ached dully. Stupidly wondering where I was and what was the matter, I staggered to the window and hanging half in and half out, drew deep breaths of cool morning air. Then the truth of my position struck me. I had been chloroformed while I slept! Hadri had probably been stolen or killed! With a hoarse cry I stumbled down the rickety steps and into the stable yard. For some unknown reason the stable man sniggered when he saw me; but, when I violently laid hands on him and roughly questioned him, he volubly protested that the elephant was all right and led me to his stall to prove it. There was Hadri calmly munching his hay; but, when the elephant saw me, he trumpeted shrilly and flew into such a rage that the very building trembled and shook. The keeper and I fled,—he to some hiding place and I to my room. I was bewildered—I did not know what to think of the matter,—as the elephant had never before behaved in such a manner. I looked at my watch. Nine o'clock, and the race was to start at two! Still nonplussed, I turned to the mirror,—and the mystery was explained. I was bald! My head had been shaved bare during the night! Full well did I now understand the mission that had brought Samuel George's servant to Bida.

"And now I was overtaken by dumb despair. What was I to do? It was worth my life to approach Hadri in my present condition and I knew that he would detect a wig in five seconds. Besides, there were no wigs.

"My future happiness depended on the race. In an agony of mind, I dropped to the floor. I lay there for some time. Then I got to my feet, pulled on my cap and rushed madly out and into the shop of a half-breed druggist across the street. I pointed frenziedly to my bald head and demanded his best remedy. He yawned disinterestedly. According to the native custom, I would be waited on in an hour or so. I reached across the counter, grasped him by the hair, and pointed to where mine was not. He yawned again and handed me a little green bottle. 'Three drops a day,' he said. I threw him a coin and dashed back to my room. Before the mirror, I inverted the bottle and allowed the entire contents to flow over my shining skull. Of course, there was no result. I was a fool to ever seek a remedy. The race was lost and Avenda too! I lay down again, despair gnawing at my heart.

"In half an hour I arose. It was ten thirty. I walked to the window and looked out. Already the streets were thronged. I paused before my mirror, and the wonder and amazement of

what I saw almost threw me over backward. All over my head were tiny red bristles! I stood and watched them grow. In two more hours, my head was covered with its former luxuriance of bright red hair!

"Providence had favored me again. I could not lose now! I ran to the stable, relieved the astounded keeper of Hadri, who now obeyed my every command with the utmost docility, and rode out to the course. Here my first act was to borrow a pair of scissors and cut my hair, which by this time fell almost to my shoulders.

"Promptly at two, the starter's pistol barked, and the race was on. It was to be five miles out the road and then back. Hadri and I easily led the rest, finishing when the closest contestant was yet a mile back.

"My prospects were now as rosy as could be desired. I rode back to Lagos and received the £1000 for Hadri, warning the postmaster (after I had been paid) that the elephant must have a redhaired driver. Avenda's father could no longer oppose our marriage, in fact he took quite a liking to me. About a year later, the climate disagreeing with both Avenda and her father, the three of us came to New York. We now live in a suburb of that city,—and that, gentlemen, is the end of my story."

\* \* \* \* \*

We sat in silence, even Farr too deeply moved to speak. Here was a man who had achieved his end working against almost unsurmountable odds and difficulties. A man with force—character—ambition!

Finally Osgude broke the silence. "Mr. Bowden," he said, "you have held our interest completely from the beginning of your story to the end. But the most remarkable part of your narrative, to my mind," he passed his hand through his sparse hair,—“is the remarkable restoration of your hair—almost unimaginable—if you will pardon my saying so.”

"Yes, Mr. Bowden," supplemented Tom, "that part of your story seems to me, also, to be little short of miraculous. Did you ever discover, if I may ask, what were the constituents of this strange remedy?"

"Oh," said Bowden. "I intended to mention that. Several weeks later I went to Bida and persuaded the native druggist to divulge his secret. He made the stuff from the chichula plant, a growth, the possibilities in which, science has entirely overlooked."

Here he drew his satchel to him and took therefrom a small greenish bottle.

"For baldness," he said, "or any hair trouble whatsoever I have here the greatest remedy in the world. It is composed chiefly of fluid extract of chichula. At present I am introducing the tonic in a small way. These half dozen bottles I am selling for the small sum of seventy-five cents each. If any of you gentlemen are in need"—

Farr hooked his finger at James, the burly butler, who had just put a log upon the fire. His round face bore an expression at once malevolent and triumphant. The rest of us were stricken dumb. A hair tonic drummer!

As the door closed behind Bowden's outgoing figure, Tom turned to Farr. "Say, old man," he said fraternally, "as a personal favor, would you mind telling us that good old fish story?"

EDWARD CAMPBELL, '22.

## GLEANINGS FROM "PICTURE STUDY."

### "The Angelus."

"The Angelus" is probably the most famous painting by Jean Francois Millet, who belonged to the group of French painters known as the Barbizon School. In this picture we see Millet's favorite subject, the French peasant. "The Gleaners" and "The Sowers" show the same subjects working steadily at their monotonous tasks. The scene in "The Angelus," however, is entirely different. This is what it means to me.

The sun is nearing the end of its course, and the work of the day is nearly over. The rosy tints of sunset cover the sky in the background, and from the spire of the distant church, slowly and clearly the bell peals out the signal for the evening prayer. Immediately a strange, peaceful calm comes over the land. The peasant man in the foreground removes his hat, both his wife and he drop their tools, bow their heads, and then these plain but faithful people pour out their hearts in prayer to the Father, Maker of all.

The scene is full of quiet, calmness, repose and peace; even the colors are subdued, so as to be in harmony with the spirit of the scene.

MARION VIRGINIA LONG, '24.



## APPRECIATION OF REMBRANDT'S "NIGHT WATCH"

Rembrandt, a painter and etcher in the Dutch school, lived during the early part of the seventeenth century. He was ordered to paint a portrait of the Civil Guard of Amsterdam. Instead of producing a mere portrait, Rembrandt wished to execute a great work of art that would show the suffering and spirit of his Fatherland. Although Rembrandt devoted one full year of his time and energy to painting this picture, it was received very inhospitably. Each member of the Civic Guard expected to see his picture standing out foremost. But this was not Rembrandt's aim. He sacrificed both fame and fortune in order to give to the world a great masterpiece.

The picture shows a large number of men rushing in answer to the sudden call to arms. In a uniform of black velvet we see Captain Coeq leading the way. At his side is his lieutenant clad in yellow (to bring out the great contrast between the two.) They are unmindful of the bustle around them. The other members are in a triangular group. There is the figure of a man loading a musket, on the left; and on the right, to balance it, is a drummer calling them to arms. A little nearer the center of the group is a small child of unearthly appearance clad in a pale green dress. She is placed near the musketeer in the red costume, thus clearly showing their contrast in dress. Why she is brought into the picture is unknown unless it was the purpose of the artist to break the darkness of his production.

The action and spirit is the central thought of the picture, and the Captain and Lieutenant are the center of interest. Because of the search-light lighting of this picture, Rembrandt has been named the "Prince of Light and Darkness."

In studying the history of this picture, we find that it first hung on the blackened walls of the armory unnoticed for many years. Later it was reduced in size and placed in the new town hall to decorate the walls. Finally it was moved to the Ryk's Museum where it was cleaned and hung up. It is counted among the twelve world pictures.

RUTH LANGSFORD, '22.

## THE CANTERBURY MURDER

A black spot passed through the thick fog and met another. A sickening thud—a muffled cry, followed by retreating footsteps, sifted through the dense atmosphere—then silence.

Waynefield Amberson, the noted English criminologist, was seated, musing, in his quaint rooms on Fleet Street, in grey London. The heavy massive oak furniture, the strange assortment of firearms and swords on the walls, the bookcases that lined the one side of the room, gave evidence that this was the abode of a deep thinker who also loved adventure. Amberson had been reading a heavily bound book on the characteristics of the different types of noted criminals. He was settled back in his chair, his eyelids half closed, his hands resting on the lion heads that were carved on the arm of his grotesquely figured seat. Suddenly his thoughts were disturbed by a sharp ringing of the telephone. He arose lazily and lifted the receiver.

"This is Amberson," he said in a professional tone.

"Hello!" came over the wire. "MacDowell from headquarters speaking. We have a very strange case to work out and we want you to look it over. How soon can you be in?"

"Right away, MacDowell," was the reply.

The telephone clicked as Amberson rested the receiver on its hook. Going to a hat rack on the wall next to the door, he took a grey felt hat, and placing it on his head he went out.

"I wonder what is the trouble now?" he said half aloud as he walked out on the paving and turned towards the Central part of the city. "The last time it was a jewel robbery; the time before, the Sin Chow murder; and now what? It must be important or the chief wouldn't have been in such a hurry."

At the corner of the next street he boarded a bus and took a seat on the upper deck. Still musing he gazed blankly at the figures that whirled by. In front of the police buildings in Scotland Yard he got off. Walking swiftly, he crossed the street and entered the main building. The desk sergeant immediately took him to MacDowell's office. Without a word, the big police chief handed him a cigar and having offered him a chair, by a motion of his hand, settled back with an impatient air. Amberson sat down and lighted his cigar.

"Well, what's the trouble now, Mac?" he asked. "Has the 'Scarlet King' or 'Maggie the Crank' slipped the pen and started on the war path again?"

"No, it is worse than that. Last night Lord Canterbury, the prominent Member of Parliament, was murdered. It was late at night—about 11:00—when the meeting of the Banker's Association adjourned. Lord Canterbury's car, that was to meet him, was wrecked in the down town district. His Lordship received no word of this till after all the other directors had gone. This necessitated a walk home or the chance of meeting a bus. According to the watchman, he set out to walk about 11:05. At 11:19 his body was found in front of 139 Coliver street by the patrolman of that section. Canterbury's head had been badly battered by some blunt instrument, probably a jimmy. The only resemblance we have to a material clue is the fact that a black moustached person was seen hurrying from the place of the crime."

"Had Canterbury any very bitter enemies?" asked Amberson, as he jotted the last statement of the inspector in his notebook.

"No, at least not as far as we can learn. That is, no real enemies. The staff detectives have two theories as to the motive. The first is that some yegg bounced him with the intention to rob him, but when he found that he had killed him, fled without carrying out his purpose. The other theory is that Canterbury's brother did the job. This is altogether possible because at the time the old Lord died, there was a great deal of trouble from this source, and after a family squabble the brother disappeared. Three weeks ago he turned up again and has been seen in the company of Lord Canterbury. A clause in the will climaxes this theory. The younger brother was to receive the estate in the event of the late Lord's death. There it is—all in a nut shell. At the present time the brother is being shadowed continually. There is only one way out of it. The public will demand some adjustment, and if no other evidence is found that leads away from this theory, the brother will be brought to trial. I used to know the lad and I confess I have a liking for him. For this reason, I wanted you to look into it before we take any decisive steps, because he could be convicted on the evidence alone.

Amberson rose, puffing his cigar thoughtfully, "I will go over the facts immediately. I think I can have a report by Friday at the latest. By the way, what do you know of the man who drove the other car in the wreck?"

"A Chauffeur employed by Lord Hedgeclow," replied Mac-

Dowall. "He was very seriously injured and is at present in the City Hospital."

"Very well," said Amberson, "I will be in later."

On the following Thursday evening, Amberson held a smoker in his rooms. The guests included several prominent men, who were his club associates. Strange to say, Inspector MacDowall was in the little gathering and under an assumed name. He was on this occasion Lord Astenwalt, of Liverpool. They had been playing cards for awhile but tiring of this, began to talk. The general run of conversation had turned to the Canterbury murder. All the ideas and newspaper theories were discussed fully. One of the guests, Lord Hedgeclow, at the mention of how badly battered Canterbury's head had been by his assailant, paled slightly and nervously suggested, "Let's talk of something more quiet and nerve soothing. As a matter of fact I think that the rumor of the brother being implicated is true." With this he walked to the buffet and prepared to mix a cocktail.

"Lord Hedgeclow," asked the quiet voice of Amberson, "tell us just why you murdered Canterbury?"

As if an electric shock had pierced the party, all action stopped. Hedgeclow stood at the buffet, with one hand on the shaker and the other raised half way to its path to the whiskey decanter. "What!" burst from the accused. "How do you know?"—then he stopped, realizing that he had gone too far. Limp, and sickly pale, he dropped to his knees, quivering with fear.

"MacDowell," said the detective, addressing Ostenwalt, "there is your man."

The inspector placed handcuffs on the glassy-eyed murderer and then called to the station for the patrol.

Addressing the other guests, Amberson said, "I am sorry to have brought you to such a scene; but when I noticed Hedgeclow's nervousness, I was afraid he would disappear. That is natural you know, for when a man commits murder he is usually under a very high-strung nervous tension. This tension was just beginning to break within Hedgeclow and when it did, he was likely to leave London, so I thought I had better have his confession."

No one interrupted the detective; but when he had finished, all demanded how he had come to fasten the crime on Hedgeclow.

"Well, this snake," motioning to Hedgeclow, "merely fastened the crime on an innocent man by forging what seemed to be perfectly plausible evidence. This innocent man is Canterbury's

brother. Unfortunately for Hedgeclow this brother is a very good friend of MacDowall's so that when things turned to point the guilt at the brother, I was summoned. On interviewing the suspected, I found he could account for every minute of the night of the murder. Seeing it was impossible for him to have carried it on, I started home. As I was walking along my mind went over the details that were known. Turning the corner, I was confronted by a car that had jumped the curbing and was standing on the side walk. This turned my attention to the wreck connected with the murder. I then determined to interview the Hedgeclow chauffeur.

"Accordingly, my steps turned to Hedgeclow's residence. Just as I arrived there an ambulance drove up in front, and a man was carried into the servant's quarters on a stretcher. I learned that he was Hedgeclow's chauffeur and that he had been injured in an automobile accident a few days before. After the attendants left, I walked up to the servant's quarters and posing as a doctor, gained admittance. I asked the man's wife to go for some water and while she was gone, turned to the chauffeur, showed him my badge and asked him for the particulars. He was so nervous and excited that he confessed everything. It seems that Hedgeclow had offered him a hundred dollars to wreck the Canterbury car or in any way detain it. Accordingly, in an old runabout, he set out to do what was required. He hit the other car with such force that the Canterbury chauffeur was nearly killed and he himself severely injured.

"It was an easy matter from then on, for I found from some friends that Hedgeclow is the proprietor of several public gambling houses. You wonder, I suppose, what this has to do with the murder. It happened that Canterbury was at the time of his death, trying to force a bill into the House of Commons, through his financial and political power, that would prohibit such public places. He would have succeeded, I am told, in a very few days. Hedgeclow saw this and fearing that his source of revenue would be cut off, tried murder. His little plot failed as you see."

Just then footsteps were heard on the stairs as two policemen ascended. They entered the room and at MacDowall's orders, escorted Hedgeclow to the awaiting patrol. After he had gone, the guests congratulated Amberson, and securing their hats, left the detective alone. Amberson lighted his pipe and seated himself in

a chair before the fireplace. For a long time he sat there looking into the fire and thinking.

CHARLES TARR, '21.

## THE PALACE OF EURYDICE.

Day dreaming is a pastime, to some; to others it is a means of shirking work; and to still others it is a sub-conscious flight of the mind. To be interested in a subject; to suddenly feel your interest slipping; to lose all sense of size, color, and sound; to assume a stony external appearance; to find your mind wandering in the land of thought, where the Miltons and the Shakespeares roll on like mighty rivers, is by some called a Psychic Phenomenon in which the mind leaves this corporal rind. However, I call it day dreaming.

It was a hot morning in early May; the sultry beams of the sun cast few shadows as they poured through the high school room windows. The class recitation was dragging; it was painfully tedious, uninteresting, and dry. The class was just as painfully stupid; we knew absolutely nothing; and we were trying to impress the fact on the teacher, who could not, or would not be impressed. The sun must have been responsible for the fog that gradually arose and filled my brain—I say the sun for I was powerless to help it. This fog grew denser and denser; I could just hear a girl's voice reading—then the dim prompting of the teacher's voice—another answer from far off—oh, so far—I was lost in the country of thought. The fogs of oblivion rolled around me; I staggered along the road of forgotten knowledge, haunted by an indescribable fear.

As I groped on, the fog suddenly cleared away, as I had often seen it do on a morning at home; but now it was night. A few paces in front of me, outlined against the starry sky, I saw a long pair of winding stairs leading into the depths of the earth. I stood at the uppermost one and gazed down; and as I did so, I thought of the realms of Pluto in which the lost bride of Orpheus was doomed to sing forever. I decided to follow these stairs to their end; maybe I should meet Eurydice in this strange land.

## II

I stepped into a huge vaulted cavern. Rugged rocks draped the entrance and hung like petrified water from the dome. Along the sides of the strange room, in regular order, were

very small arched doors, all closed but bearing inscriptions. At the back was a very large door, also closed. I took this in at a glance, for my main attention was attracted—held spell-bound rather—by the magnificent throne in the center, placed between the rows of small doors, and just in front of a large one. On the throne sat a woman of tall stature, beautiful features, and airy figure. She was dressed in a long flowing nearly transparent black robe; she wore no jewelry of any kind. On either side of her was an attendant; the one on the right side, gay, happy, and laughing; the one on the left, sad, morose, and weeping. It was the Eurydice, the goddess of music, attended by Comedy and Tragedy—I know not how I became possessed of this knowledge, I simply did, that's all.

I tried to speak to her, but I was not successful, and after many attempts I gave it up and started to wander through this palatial cavern. I gazed curiously at the small doors—engraved upon each small plate were the words: Vaudeville, Burlesque, Musical Comedy, Concert, Light Opera, and Grand Opera. I next, human like, wished to open these doors and investigate. Accordingly, I started toward the first door on the left, Vaudeville, and was about to turn the lock when I glanced at the throned woman; her face warned me to draw back; but I would not—the door slowly swung open. Out rushed a troupe of gayly dressed, loud mouthed, and vulgar men and women—singing? Oh, no, but trying to. They danced and entwined their way around me, and I would have fallen victim to the vaudeville habit if Comedy had not rushed to my aid; together we drove the noisy mob back into their proper place, slammed the door, and locked it securely. I gingerly passed the next door and took but a peep behind the third. The next three, on the right, I opened one by one; it was the same in all three cases—a lone singer, or group of singers would appear, sing most beautifully, glance around shyly and step back again. While I sat enchanted before her throne, Eurydice listened to “*Ill Trovatore*,” “*Carmen*,” and “*Aida*.” These seemed to awaken her, she was aroused, and became almost happy—happy until she glanced at the doors to the left; then her face would again become gloomy. At last she spoke:

“Fragrant and starry were the nights of old,  
When men the true drama did love and sing.  
T’was then, that I, myself did bring  
Into this cavern of Pluto bold.”

Her voice was exquisitely soft and harmonious; its tones seemed to sink into my soul.

“Since then, to now, have things gone wrong on Earth.

Hence, vain deluding and enticing mirth.”

I asked her in what way had we gone wrong, and how could we remedy it.

“True music you have not. The Opera Grand  
You have o’er looked and trampled in your land;  
For remedy there is but one in store;

If you would know it—go, open that door.”

As she said this, she half arose and pointed to the great door. Breathlessly I ran to the door, unlocked it, and tried to pull it open. The doors were heavy—oh, so very heavy. I tugged, I tugged, and tugged; they came slowly—a little more—still more—I could see through the crack—it was beautiful—a little more—still more—I could see.

### III

Somebody was shaking me, and pulling me. The old fear came back to me and the fog again enveloped me. Far off I could hear voices calling—quite angrily—was it my name? What could anybody want with me? But it was my name and I came to earth with a start. The sun was still shining through the windows; the class was in an uproar—why? Because instead of pulling open the secret doors in the palace of Eurydice, I was pulling the crown-glorious glory of the girl in front of me.

I have since often thought of what the solution of the modern day question of poor plays, obscene burlesques, and general dramatic inexcellency would have been. The more I think of it, the more convinced I become, that the inscription on the great door of that palace would have been.

The National Theatre Of America.

FRANCIS BYERS, '21.

### “BABY” MARSTONE.

“Wow! look what the wind blew in,” yelled “Red” Williams, as Clarence Marstone lazily entered the dressing room, where the candidates for the foot-ball team were assembled. This remark caused every one in the room to gaze at the figure in the door way. There quietly closing the door was a young man, about six feet tall, with a fair complexion and light hair, weighing at a good



guess about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, an ideal size for a full-back.

Marstone was a Junior, having entered Wharton High the previous year as a Sophomore. Hopes of a successful foot-ball season rose high when his stalwart form was seen in the halls. But, alas, among the eager candidates his face was not seen. He claimed that his parents would not allow him to play. This excuse was in no way accepted by the students. The words of enthusiasm turned to words of scorn. He was immediately dubbed "Baby." This appearance of Marstone as a foot-ball candidate caused some comment throughout the school. Many thought it was just a false alarm; while others claimed that he would quit as soon as he received a slight injury.

Time passed quickly, but the "Baby" learned quickly. At first his manners were awkward and drew forth many comments from the students watching the practice and also from some of the other players. But he was constantly advised and encouraged by Bill Handley, the Captain, a veteran of three years' struggle. He had substituted for McKnight in a few easy games; and although he made a few brilliant plays, the name "Baby" still stuck.

At last the big game of the season was at hand. Wharton was to meet its most formidable opponent, Parkersburg Academy. The weather man proved false (as usual) in his prediction of clear, snappy weather; the leaden clouds deposited their ware in the form of a steady down pour. Unlike the preceding game, Wharton started off with a rush and before the surprised visitors could pull themselves together, Wharton was ahead 6-0. But the next two quarters told a different story. The heavier opponents slowly but surely crept toward the goal. A few minutes later the line was crossed. The score was tied! Then to the surprise of all Booth kicked the wet, slippery ball over the bar. Such yelling was never heard before. Even the Parkersburg players themselves made enough noise to drown the cheers of their own rooters.

From then on till the fourth quarter the ball was carried up and down the field without either side scoring. Early in the fourth quarter the teams started on their way to the goal. It was here that the poor sportsmanship of the Academy players came to light. McKnight, the hero of the game so far and the driving power of the Wharton team, was deliberately injured in order to check the progress of the team. As McKnight was being carried off, the field the coach jumped up, and looked over the subs on the

bench. To these anxious subs it was tantalizing to see the coach stand there and calmly scratch his chin. It seemed an hour before he called out,

"Marstone, snap out of it and also tell Wentworth to try a few attacks through left guard; I think it's a weak spot."

Instead of the suppressed moan he had heard when he had substituted before, there was a great cheering. Quick as a flash it came to Marstone; the school was behind the team. They were willing to back the team to the limit; now was his chance. After whispering the coach's advice to the quarterback, he took his place and the game began. The coach's thought that the place was weak proved true, and right through it Marstone plowed for seven yards. For the second time he went through for four yards. The goal to go, first down, and three minutes to play. How the team did work! By a fake play the half-back gained three yards. Only seven yards to the goal! Then with good interference and hard work Marstone gained the remaining seven yards and made a touchdown. Through mere excitement, the half-back was unable to make a successful placement kick. Marstone was hoisted on the backs of his fellow players and carried around the field. The name of "Baby" still stuck, but it changed from a name of scorn to a name of praise.

MANUEL HIGGINS, '23.

## TWO MEMORIAL DAYS.

It was Wednesday, May 29, 1889. Louise Brown rushed in from school. On entering the house she cried, "Oh—h—h! It smells good here. You can tell by that appetizing odor of apple pie that Grandpa Brown is coming. The pies you bake then seem the best of the year. O, Mother, when will they be here?"

Just then, Louise, glancing into the living-room saw her Grandmother and Grandfather already there. How surprised she was, and how happy—but—what was the matter with Grandpa? He did not seem nearly so jolly as on former visits. Was he getting old? No. She didn't think that was it for he really looked younger. Louise couldn't help thinking of it. What could the matter be? The day passed. The evening passed. Bed-time arrived. Still Louise wondered. At last she decided it was merely imagination, so she fell asleep.

The next day, Memorial Day, Browns were up bright and

early. The sun was shining, and everything seemed to indicate an ideal Memorial Day.

When they were seated at the breakfast table, Betty, the elder daughter, looked up. She had a queer expression on her face, almost an expression of sadness. "I had an odd dream last night," she said. "I dreamed that ever so many of our Johnstown friends were being married at one grand wedding. They were dressed ever so funny. And do you know?" she continued, "I don't like to be suspicious, but, within me, I have a funny feeling. They say a dream of a wedding means a death. What could a dream of many marriages mean?"

Louise now looked at her Grandfather. She noticed that the expression on his face was even more serious and changed than it was the day before. "Ugh," said Louise, "don't speak of such things. You make me shiver."

Then Father spoke. "I agree with Louise. Let us not speak of death. Besides, I'm sure your dream means nothing. Let us forget about it. By the way, Grandfather, are you going to parade with the rest of your pals this afternoon?"

"I surely am," said Grandfather, his face brightening up.

Then the subject changed. Conversation drifted on. Time passed till it was the hour for the parade.

When our friends were returning from the parade, it started to rain. It rained steadily all that night. Before morning, the river backed into the town. Mr. Brown was called to work to pump the water out of the pits. He waded home through two feet of water. When he reached his house, he found the cellar flooded with water. The water had even started to come into the first floor. The kitchen floor was so wet that the Browns had taken refuge in the upstairs.

Dinner time came. They seemed hungrier than ever before. What should they do? They would all have wet feet if they went downstairs. At last it was decided that they should eat on the back steps. Mr. Brown, putting on boots, did the cooking, bringing the food to the stairs.

"Mother," said Louise, "the water is constantly rising. Can't we take those pies and that bread you baked yesterday, and put it upstairs in safe keeping?"

As everybody thought the idea a good one, Father brought those large loaves and those delicious pies to the steps. The

other members of the family carried them upstairs, where they placed them on top of a large old-fashioned dresser.

The Browns then went upstairs, to the front room to pass the time. How glad Louise was that there could be no school. She now stood, with the rest of the family at the windows, watching the people below. Children were enjoying a new sport—playing in water. People were using boats to go from place to place. It reminded all of Venice, a Venice in Pennsylvania.

About four o'clock, a great crash was heard. It was very near. From the windows they saw the brick house across the street, on the corner of Vine and Market streets, fall. They soon learned that the afternoon train had been washed off the tracks, through town. They found that the water was still coming—coming in torrents. What excitement there was! What noise! The South Fork Dam had broken!

All realized that something must be done—at once. Louise tried to keep presence of mind, but the naturally nervous and excitable Betty did not know which way to turn.

Father spoke. "Come quickly! To the roof! Make haste! The water comes fast! Wife, take Louise! Betty, go with Grandfather. Come, Mother, with me! Again, I say make haste! There is no time to waste! The water comes so fast; soon the house will be floating!"

What a rushing and scrambling to the roof. All obeyed the command without question.

Our friends had not been on the roof long, when the house was moved from its foundation. They could feel it swerving out, like a boat. Still the roof seemed safe. That was a great consolation. When they had been on the roof a long time, Louise began to feel hungry. She thought of all the bread and of those wonderful pies down on the dresser. How she, as well as the rest of the family wished for them. How good they would taste now. But, what good was wishing? The bread was by this time, so filled with water that each loaf would look as large as a dishpan.

Time passed on. Darkness came. Then to add to the already great excitement, fire broke out, near the large stone bridge. Each minute the fire crept nearer. There was fear and trembling in every breast. Even Louise failed to see a bright or funny side to the matter. The only thing to tell them the time was the striking of the Lutheran church clock. Each stroke of the clock sounded like a funeral knell. But Providence was with



Browns. The flame did not harm anything near them. How thankful they were.

When, after a night of weary waiting, morning came, everybody was so tired. What a sight met their eyes! There were crashed ruined homes, and dead unknown bodies. There was not the slightest resemblance to the Johnstown of yesterday. It was truly an awful sight.

While the Browns were trying to plan a way of escape, a party of men came along, "Mr. Brown," "they cried," come and help us build a road over the house tops and debris. We're going to build the road of old doors.

All the Browns exclaimed, "Saved!"

MARGARET JONES, '23.

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### "DON QUIXOTE."

"Speaking of books," said my friend, M— one day, "Have you ever read 'Don Quixote'? I've never enjoyed a more clever story. That old man Cervantes certainly knew how to make one laugh." It was indeed, this remark which finally led me to read "Don Quixote." I had often heard it spoken of, but I had always thought it would not interest me; for, I must confess, the title frightened me not a little. However, when I began to read the book, my interest was at once arrested, and I, too, was very much impressed.

In the first place, the story is really funny. The hero is Don Quixote, an elderly Spanish gentleman, who is passionately fond of wild tales about the days of chivalry. In fact, such is his engrossment in the subject that he spends many hours pouring over impossible books of adventure, with which his library is well stacked. As a result, his brains become so saturated with these yarns that, his mind being just a wee bit turned, he decides to be a knight errant, to roam about seeking his fortune. So, our hero digs from somewhere a rusty suit of ancient armor, mounts an old, lean, lanky horse, and sets out on his adventures. And, I assure you, he has many of them, not the least of which are his fights with the windmills and the flock of sheep. At the end of all these feats, he returns home to die peacefully, as was befitting such a valorous and adventurous knight.

Such is the story of "Don Quixote" as it appears on the surface. But, after I had pondered this novel history, I discovered

the hidden meaning underlying its impossible, yet laughable incidents. First, you must understand that Don Quixote was under an illusion. To him, his armor was not old and rusty, but new and shiny; his horse was not aged and worn, but young and frisky; the windmills were not windmills, but giants; the sheep were not sheep, but a monstrous army; lastly, to him, his adventures were not fantastic, but real, and it was only his onlookers who viewed his gallant deeds with ridicule and even disdain. So, Cervantes is really representing a type of people through the medium of our illustrious hero; he is trying to tell us that those who retain their youthful illusions are only scorned by the rest of the world.

Having deduced this inner meaning from the otherwise ludicrous story, I found that I enjoyed "Don Quixote" even more than before,—it left a more lasting impression upon me. I studied the lesson, veiled by Cervantes with infinite sarcasm and dry humor, and I decided that after all, it is those who do keep their youthful illusions who enjoy life to its fullest extent. Yes, I, as did my friend, M—, found "Don Quixote" funny; but it was only when I understood its philosophy that I found in it the great masterpiece of the critics.

L. MOWREY, '21

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### THE SUPREME TEST.

C-R-A-S-H! Peal after peal of thunder mingled with flash after flash of lightning! The rain poured down in ceaseless torrents, deluging all in its headlong rush. A battle royal of the elements, indeed; a fitting setting for his present mood! Thus soliloquized Sir Paul Dunraven as he wandered aimlessly through the streets of London. Again he fought out the old struggle in his heart.

Of course, she was missing—what of that? He had no interest in the woman who had preferred another's love to his. It was now the second day since Eloise and Sir James Woodclif (his more fortunate rival) had been abducted. But why should this concern him? He lived again his passionate avowal of affection; the inopportune entrance of Sir James; her sweet but firm refusal; the sight of her in his rival's arms; the return home, stunned, broken-hearted. All—all, was burned forever in indelible characters on his soul.

The shame, the humiliation, the agony of it! Why, indeed, should he seek for them? It would mean added torture to his already raw and bleeding heart if he found them. But—after all, he loved her; he worshiped her with all the intensity of his strong sensitive nature. No matter the cost, he would do all in his power to solve the mystery now enshrouding her!

A loud clap of thunder brought him to his senses. How long he had been wandering he did not know. He had been dimly aware that he had left the better section of the city and had entered the slums. He now found himself in a dark, narrow, thoroughfare, reeking with that unpleasant odor which bespeaks the Chinese quarters. A gust of wind, added to the torrent, chilled him and, drawing his ulster more closely about him, drove him, shivering, into the shelter of a dark doorway. From within came the low murmur of subdued voices. He paid no attention until he heard one, in the act of leaving, say: "See ya' at Fang Cho's Bill. Yeh, got ta' help the guv'nor get rid of dis Englishman and start the gal on 'er way t'China."

Dunraven stepped quietly into an adjoining shadow as the speaker came out and proceeded down the street. His heart beat madly and seemed to be trying to suffocate him at the good fortune which (he surmised) had led him to their trail. But he must act quickly or he should lose his man and perhaps his chance of helping the girl he loved. Noiselessly, he crept after the man through a seemingly endless labyrinth of filthy alleys and reeking passages. Finally his quarry stopped before a little passageway between two high buildings. This he entered, and disappeared into its black depths. Cautiously, Sir Paul followed, feeling his way carefully along the wall, for at any moment he might fall into a trap. And now, a short distance ahead, he heard several knocks (two close together, an interval, then two more). Quickly he flattened himself against the wall as a small door opened slowly ahead of him, a light from within sending its rays down the passageway. Breathlessly, he awaited detection; but no, it slowly closed, leaving him once more in total darkness. Briefly, he took in his present situation. He was on the trail, certainly; but, unless he obtained entrance into this building, he might just as well be in his own study for all it would benefit her whom he would help. With a quick resolution he decided to bluff his way—

A few moments later, Fang Cho was awakened from a peaceful dreaminess by a loud banging at the door. Stealthily he peeped

without to see who this intruder might be. What he saw was a tall, slender man, broad in shoulder, slim of waist, well muscled, a clear cut face with well chiseled features, and square jaw, all crowned with a great shock of curly, raven-black hair. A young Apollo, indeed! But there was something the matter with him; his silly grin and tottering movements were strangely out of keeping with the rest of him. Clearly, he was drunk. It were perhaps well to bring him in for he would be easy prey for the master and looked as though he could bring a good ransom. Without more ado he dragged him in.

In such a manner did Sir Paul Dunraven, English Lord and gentleman, enter the den which was the resort of Fang Cho. In such a manner had he achieved the first step toward his goal. But still had he many dangers and unknown perils to face before he could even look upon his loved one! Faint, indeed, were his chances; but he also had a trump or so to play!

Dunraven leered idiotically into the face of Fang Cho, "Gim'me Pipe, Chink," he hiccupped. Fang Cho shrugged his shoulders. Very well, if the silly Englishman wanted it, he'd be that much easier to handle, anyway. Accordingly he led the way into an ill-lighted room, lined on all sides with tiers of evil-smelling bunks. Fully half of the latter were occupied by derelicts in various stages of the dreaminess of opium. On receiving his pipe, he stumbled into a lower cot where he might with ease view all parts of the room. Apparently, he and Fang Cho were the only conscious beings in the place. Dunraven appeared to be smoking but, in reality, watching the Chinaman where he sat hunched, at the far side of the room.

For what seemed ages but was, in reality, about an hour, the Chinaman sat motionless, eyes riveted upon his charges. At last, satisfied that all were far in the land of fantastic dreams, he arose and slipped to the end of the room, opposite Dunraven. Silently, Fang Cho raised his hand and pulled a cord that hung from the ceiling. Slowly, before the amazed sight of Sir Paul, a large section of the wall fell back, disclosing beyond, a scene of such splendor and beauty that the eyes almost refused to credit it.

What Dunraven saw was a large apartment, brilliantly illuminated with myriads of perfumed candles; thousands of jewels of every description glittered and sparkled on the four walls; a blue canopy sprinkled with starlike diamonds served as a ceiling and gave one the impression of looking into the bottomless heavens. The mother-of-pearl floor was covered with priceless rugs and

cushions. At the far end stood a throne, gleaming with all manner of precious gems. Dazedly, Dunraven was at a loss to know whether to credit his senses, or whether he had smoked some opium unconsciously. He could not make sure for, at this moment, the aperture closed, leaving within the opium room a new occupant.

Involuntarily, he shuddered as he gazed at the newcomer that had entered this secret passage. Surely, a human could not be so hideous as was this demon! What he saw was this: A tall, thin Chinaman stood conversing with Fang Cho. His physique was a wonder of nature, being about as nearly perfect as one could possibly get. Indeed, it was a figure to admire. But it was the face which held him spellbound. At first there seemed to be no features at all; but on second glance he saw the hideous scar which extended the mouth nearly to the ear; the hole with several withered strands of flesh that stood for a nose; the rest of the visage horribly scarred and mutilated.

And then Dunraven saw the eyes. Instantly all the other horrors of the face sank into insignificance when he gazed into their depths. Such a mixture of hate, craftiness, mercilessness, brutality, indomitable will, and fathomless strength gleamed from their green, cold depths, that he experienced a feeling of harmlessness, pitiful weakness, and utter disability of standing against this creature. He did not doubt for a moment but that in this man lay the very foundation of this organization of abductors, blackmailers, or worse. But hark, they were speaking now in louder tones that he could understand what they said.

"Nay, Prince," Fang Cho was saying, "do not give way to mortal weakness so far beneath the notice of one so mighty as thou."

"You are right, Fang Cho," answered his companion, "but she shall reveal this cursed English plot—of course her lover has told her—and she shall go with me back to China this very night and the English dog shall enjoy all the pleasures of my little entertaining room for a few hours. Am I right?"

As he spoke a baleful smile played about his mouth and his eyes contracted into two thin lines of spiteful vindictiveness. "Yes, she shall go back with me. Ha! ha! Then will her proud smile fade and then will she come cringing and beg the help of Fo Ching! Her spirit will be broken, ay, trampled under these feet.

She scorns now what she will be glad to receive! Fo Ching has spoken."

As he spoke, Dunraven felt himself growing into a wild, raving, madman—regardless of all sane actions. He saw red, red, red! A wild, insane desire rushed through him, filling him and making him shake with its intensity, to drag down this monster, kill him, trample him, mutilate him. And then, the next instant, with a shriek, he was upon the brute, pounding, kicking, fighting. The next, he was dragged from his victim by an irresistible force.

He struggled quickly to his feet, and as he did so the floor shot out from under him and he dropped into the darkness below. He gave a quick glance upward and there, blackest torture, bitterer than death he beheld Fo Ching, with a sardonic smile playing over his evil features, holding in his arms the struggling girl whom Dunraven held most dear. She turned one quick glance of appeal from hopeless eyes to him, and he dropped from sight into the abyss below. A sickening drop (her beautiful face swam before his eyes—fading—fading—); a deadening thump; an instant of almost unbelievable agony; and—oblivion!

Slowly, he opened his eyes to find them looking into the pure, black eyes of a woman, a Chinese woman. Aha! So he was in Heaven! Still, why a Chinese Angel? But that terrible thumping at the back of his head was certainly earthly. With an effort he sat up and looked about him. He was lying on a splendidly cushioned couch in the midst of an orientally furnished room. He turned his eyes inquiringly to the pretty Chinese girl beside him.

"You have had a bad time of it," she said, in answer, in perfect English with a queer little Oriental twang to it. "You are yet living quite by accident. My apartment is a good distance under the ground here and looks out on the Pit into which my husband graciously had you pushed. It happened that I had let down the little drawbridge over the abyss and set out some trinkets which I had cleaned to dry in the cool air. Then you came along on your way to the Death River (a subterranean river from which there is no exit and to which there is no bottom), dinged some of my trinkets with your head and sent some of them on in your place while you rested on the bridge. Of course, being a gentle and obedient wife, I should have helped you end your journey; but, instead, being rather soft hearted and not altogether oblivious of manly beauty, I brought you in and patched up your head." As she said the last, her eyes inviting and filled with eloquence, Dunraven realized that here was an ally to help him gain

his ends; and, although he shrank from deluding any woman with soft flattery he realized that thus it was that he could win her.

"Madam," he said with admiring gaze, "you will forgive me if I tell you that I thought I was in Heaven when my eyes opened and I saw you. Nor was it without cause for I believe that never have I seen such a vision of loveliness, such Elysianlike beauty, as I beheld in you. Nay, turn not away. But cast one kind look from those wonderful eyes upon me and I could die, the happiest of men."

She pretended displeasure but he could safely depend on her help. "But I cannot impose on your hospitality and must leave you. My mission here was to find a couple of friends and I know that madam will help me by directing my footsteps to them?"

She seemed a little displeased that he did not offer to stay but, lighting a candle, nodded her assent and motioned him to follow. Noiselessly she glided down a long passage. He followed and came up with her where she had stopped before a huge iron door which blocked the way.

"Beyond this I cannot take you, for I cannot open the door. You may try if you wish. If you succeed, follow the passage till you come to the three branches. Turn in the one on the left; walk past two doorways; turn down the third; keep on till you see those whom you seek. Farewell." With these words she turned and was gone.

Now to get the door open. The soft glow from the candle enabled him to examine the obstacle. It was fashioned of huge iron bars, set so solidly, that force was out of the question. He peered into the darkness beyond; the passage ahead of him was lost in an inky blackness. But he must get this door open! Carefully, he went over it, inch by inch; not a weakness anywhere! Was he, after all this, to be rendered useless to her? In despair, he glanced about him. Involuntarily, his eyes fell on figures of some kind on the opposite wall. With a cry of joy, he sprang to them. Then, with a groan, he turned away. What he saw was a set of senseless figures:

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27918(71)!10\*07"7)71)!105992550

!1)9111905'6550(8221,121;10

Hopelessly, he disconsolately looked at the figures. Suddenly, he gave an exclamation! Could this be a code of some nature or other giving the door's combination? He knew little about such

things but he did know that the most common letter in the English language is "e"; then follows, in general, "o", "f", "i", "a", "r", etc. With this in mind, he set about to decipher it. The task indeed looked hopeless, but the blackness of despair led him to accomplish the near impossible.

After hours of ceaseless toil, he had accomplished the following results:

directionsforopeningdoor  
liftupcenterbrickincenteroffloor  
tenfeetfromdoorpullthelever"

This he quickly separated into:

"Directions for opening door.

Lift up center brick in center of floor, ten feet from door. Pull the lever."

Joyously, he did as directed and, the next minute, he was hurrying down the passage. Following the directions of the Chinese girl, he soon found himself in a square court, with a fountain in the middle, lined with corridors similar to the one from which he had just emerged. Dunraven was at a loss to know what to do, when, suddenly a scream rent the air! The scream of a girl! Cry after cry of heart-breaking appeals for help issued from a nearby corridor! Galvanized into action, Dunraven dashed wildly into the passage. His exclamation as he entered caused the Chinaman to glance round. So it was with a dagger that Dunraven had to contend as he went rushing by Fo Ching from the impetus of his spring. Turning like a cat in mid-air he grasped a chair with which he parried the vicious thrust of the dagger. Then followed a battle which Eloise would always remember. Back and forth they wrestled, striving by fair means or foul to kill each other. Now on the floor; now on their feet, struggling, pounding, parrying. At last, by a vicious kick, Fo Ching stretched his rival on the floor. With a shriek of triumph the yellow fiend was upon him, dagger raised for the final thrust, talons seeking for his throat. In despair, Dunraven glanced upward to meet the eyes of the girl he loved. The hopelessness, the pitiful appeal in them raised him to a final superhuman effort. With a gigantic heave, he reached up and stayed the arm with the dagger. Stayed but temporarily, however, for the Chinaman was slowly but surely pressing the weapon to his heart. Then, reaching up his free hand, unexpectedly, Dunraven snatched the dagger from Fo Ching. A quick thrust and—the battle was won!

Taking Eloise by the hand, Dunraven hastened through seem-



ingly endless corridors in an attempt to reach daylight before the body of Fo Ching was found. At length he was rewarded by the sight of light ahead. A moment later, they found themselves in the little passageway between the two buildings. Hastening to the street, Dunraven hailed a cab. He was about to enter with her when with a dismayed look on her face, she asked:

"But where is Jimmie?"

With a jolt Dunraven came back to earth. In the joy of rescuing her, he had forgotten all about his rival. He had taken it as a matter of course that, since he had won her, she was his. But now he realized with a nauseating feeling about his heart, that she did not love him. Sir James still held that privilege. Of course, now, if he asked, she would marry him to repay him but—And then he wondered where his rival was. As he thought, the terrible meaning of Fo Ching's words—"and the English dog shall enjoy the pleasures of my little entertaining room for a few hours"—became clear to him. They were probably even now torturing him! With these thoughts came a quick determination and a noble resolve from which the body recoiled but which the soul rushed forth to meet.

Turning to the girl he said, "Oh, I almost forgot. I left him back there but a short while ago" (he lied gracefully). "I'll send him out in a moment. Meanwhile, I'll direct the coachman to drive you home."

"Then you'll be with him," she asked?

With a sad, slow smile he answered: "Yes, I'll join you later," he would, in spirit, perhaps. Then, looking deep into her eyes, he said, "You do care for me a little, don't you, Eloise."

She nodded, puzzled, as she was carried away, his low "good by" sounding strangely in her ears. As the carriage disappeared, Dunraven turned and dived again into the passageway. Quickly, he entered the house and penetrated to the opium den. A low groan seeming to come from the wall followed by a terrific terrified wail, greeted his ears. Quickly he pulled the cord as he had seen Fang Cho do. Again he gazed upon the beauteous room but, ah, how changed! The furniture was swept aside and in the center of the room lay Sir James, pale and emaciated, on an iron bed of sharp prongs. Swaying above him, descending slowly, was another bed of steel points. Dunraven noted with horror that, unless quickly prevented, the two would meet and Sir James would die one of

the most horrible deaths that a fiendish nature could contrive. A man sat at the far side of the room, operating the foul contrivance—Fang Cho! On his face was an evil look of malicious joy. With a bound, Dunraven was on him. Fang Cho uttered a shriek as Sir Paul snatched his knife and struck.

A moment later, Dunraven was helping Woodclif to his feet. "Thanks awfully, old man, I was beginning to think it was all U-P. Where's Eloise? Home? My heartfelt gratitude, Dunraven. Let's get out of this infernal hole. At least" looking at the body of Fang Cho, "that boulder won't bother anyone again."

Dunraven smiled again that slow, sad smile. As he finished speaking, a slight noise caused them to turn. There, before them, stood a group of Chinamen bearing in their midst the dying form of Fo Ching. Dunraven and Woodclif turned and ran out toward the street. Close behind a soft pad-padding of slippered feet followed, lending wings to the tottering feet of Sir James. But what was the matter with Dunraven? Slowly, he deliberately slackened his pace until he was almost even with the advance Chinaman! In an instant they were upon him!

"Keep on;" he called to Sir James as he was hurled down. "You can't help any. Get the police and clean out this nest. I'll take care of myself. Good luck always attend you, old man."

Woodclif started to return but, realizing his inability to help, made for the police with all speed. Then too, he owed it to Eloise to safeguard his life since she had undergone so much for him. But for his knowledge of the Chinaman's plans her life would have been safe. Meanwhile, Dunraven had been neatly bound and was carried into the presence of his dying foe. As he appeared, a look of insane joy spread over the countenance of Fo Ching, where he lay upon a rich couch.

"Aha, so Sir Paul Dunraven wishes to take his friend's place in my little entertaining apparatus yonder? Very well, it shall be as he wishes; for, let it never be said that Fo Ching is the man to thwart human desire. But,—I love this gentleman exceedingly so I shall show him special favors. After," here his forced calm gave way to the rage beneath, "after he has been half killed by the spikes, yonder, he shall be taken to the rack, the irons, and on, and on till not a spark of life shall remain in the mess which is now his body! At once, that my eyes may behold the agonies of the man who has crossed me in my dearest desires and has killed me!" As he spoke, he broke out in wild demoniacal laughter. Peel after peel split the air until, with a gasp, it stopped as Fo



Ching breathed his last, deprived of the sight of the end of his arch enemy!

With a smile on his lips, Sir Paul Dunraven went to his death, secure in his feeling of nobleness; conscious that the sacrifice he was making was for the best. As he was led away, he softly whispered, "God keep and guard them both, and may they enjoy the happiness which they both deserve!"

FRANK CARTER, '21.

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### IN COMMUNITY CIVICS.

#### An Ideal Home.

The American home is a place of cheer, of happiness for the tired workingman. As much of the burden of making the home-life a place of unselfishness and good-will rests upon the house wife as upon the toiling husband. Both must share alike their hardships and progress if they expect to continue in the line of a happy life. The American home-seekers form a large wavering group; they advance or retreat as their ambition shifts. The family must work in unity or reach the end of the line and that end is failure. Failure in life means hardships, misery, and discontent.

In order that we may see our children brought to successful manhood or womanhood, we should teach them determination, patience, and helpfulness which is faith. Without faith we can accomplish nothing, for faith is the source of power. We must have faith in our Guide and Father who knows what is best. As the years go on, light will always follow darkness and we should teach our children, that what good we do always leaves a trace of good behind. Let us teach them that patience means success, because he who has patience receives what he sets out to attain. No matter how long or how dark the road, he will come to his destination. The patient man can go through many trials, but he will always survive. Hope is to look towards the future, but determination is to bring success nearer. To hope will harm no one, but "I will" has not for a thousand years sent any one to the grave. The one who says "I will," has a future before him and a definite goal. It is the duty of every parent to teach and practice all these good influences in the home. In addition to these ideals, from infancy the child should be taught cleanliness. A clean mind and body

will be a great factor for success in the life of any man or woman. To give the child high ideals and good examples is to give him the greatest elements of success.

For life is the mirror of King and slave,  
'Tis just what you are and do,  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

ALVIN ADAIR, '24.

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### DISEASE PREVENTION.

Approximately nine-tenths of all deaths occurring in the United States in a year are due to diseases.

One little germ may get into an old tin can or in a crevice in the street where some one has spit, and develop into thousands of its kind. These wait to pay a visit to the first person who comes along. Thus if we have streets and street cars for spittoons, and backyards for garbage plants and rubbish stations, what else can we hope for except to find many disease germs anxiously waiting for a better home within our systems. After a disease has found firm foothold in a community, it is very hard to abolish it; for as the old saying is, "Prevention is better than cure."

For these reasons we should prevent slums, filthy back-yards and unclean street cars. Disease is ruinous to our nation. Are we going to allow it? If we as a people will work and destroy the causes, we may be able to reduce death rates, thereby doing our country, state and nation a great service.

MABEL MILLER, '24

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### CHAPTER THIRTEEN

There is a chapter in the "House of Seven Gables" which, I think, should either be left out of the book entirely, or changed so that it would have a happier ending. I agree fully with Mr. Hawthorne's way of working out his moral—the death of the grasping old Colonel, and the death of the deceiving Judge Jaffrey; indeed, I was much pleased with the just punishment they received; but why should he have Holgrave treat the beautiful Alice Pyncheon so unkindly in his legend? I think I shall make over the legend to suit myself. True, my plan would scarcely

be consistent with Mr. Hawthorne's moral purpose; but I will relieve my mind greatly, and possibly others' minds concerning the fate of the unhappy Alice Pyncheon.

Mr. Gervayse Pyncheon sat gazing into the fire. As it was a rather chilly day, Scipio had kindled a huge pile of hickory logs in the parlor fireplace. The flames threw a weird glow on the picture of the Colonel, the map of the tract of land and the luxurious furnishings of the room. The rich carpet seemed to catch the warm glow and keep it, while the costly mahogany furniture reflected the light which was thrown on its highly-polished surface. As has been said, Mr. Pyncheon was sitting in the ancestral oaken chair, a cup of coffee on a table at his elbow, gazing into the fire.

His thoughts seemed troubled, for he frowned ominously now and then. Suddenly he arose and angrily clenched his fists.

"This thing cannot go on!" he cried, apparently speaking to the picture of his stern ancestor, "Think of it, a dirty low-down Maule having such power over my daughter Alice! I will not have it, I say."

At that moment the great knocker on the front door clanged; he heard Scipio going to the door.

"Yassuh, Mistah Pyncheon is in. Want to see him? Jus' a minit, suh."

The owner of the Seven Gables sat down and tried to look benevolent and amiable, but failed utterly.

A hearty voice greeted him from the doorway.

"Ah, my dear sir, what a pleasure it is to see you again! But what is it that makes you look so troubled?"

At the sound of this voice, Mr. Pyncheon's manner changed entirely. His benign exterior instantly returned.

"Welcome, welcome, you're the very man I want," he fairly beamed on his friend, "Come right in sir! What? You cannot stay at present? Too bad, truly too bad! But come over to remain as soon as you are able; I am in great need of your sound advice."

That evening the owner of the cheerful voice returned to the House of Seven Gables. He was a tall straight old soldier, with a ruddy healthy complexion, white hair, moustache and sideburns, and a proud bearing—a typical English gentleman.

"I wanted to speak to you concerning my daughter," began Mr. Pyncheon. For almost three months she has been under a

strange spell, which, I have every reason to believe is cast upon her by a Maule—Silas or Matthew Maule. This Maule is the—Oh, some relation of the Old Maule; you remember that story, don't you, of the old wizard's death? At any rate, this man is of no consequence, save that he has my dear daughter so under his power that he can make her do anything he wishes. I fear it will prove fatal to my darling child."

Mr. Fitzhugh, for this was the friend's name, thought a few moments. Then he slowly replied: "I believe that if there were some one who had a greater will power than this Maule, the spell could be broken by his help. Come to think of it, I know the very man to give us the assistance we need."

"Ah, my dear friend, relieve my anxiety," said Mr. Pyncheon.

Then Mr. Fitzhugh laid a plan before his friend. They sat up for a long time that night discussing the way to get rid of Maule's wicked influence.

A week or so after this conversation took place, there rumbled up to the door of the old Seven Gabled mansion, the rickety stage-coach. Out of it there stepped a tall well-built young man. He was dressed in the fashion of the day, but his elaborate clothes could not conceal the strength and vigor of his body. He had the air of being capable of handling big things, the confident poise of a successful though youthful business man. The very manner in which he walked up to the door and raised the knocker, showed that he usually accomplished that which he set out to do.

He was met in the hall by Mr. Pyncheon himself, greeted warmly though with dignity, and led into the spacious parlor. There in the middle of the floor stood Miss Alice, the object of his visit. At first he was slightly awed by her beauty and stateliness, but soon her timid almost helpless manner completely won him, making his desire to free her stronger than before.

His rather unpleasant task was to begin the very next night, because Mr. Pyncheon was desirous of having his daughter freed as soon as possible from Maule's evil spell. Therefore, about nine o'clock the next night, all were gathered about the roaring fire in the parlor—Mr. Pyncheon, Alice, Mr. Fitzhugh and his young friend, Mr. Sinclair. The young people were playing chess, while the old men looked on—much pleased. Suddenly Alice began to move nervously about. Her father looked at Mr. Sinclair as if to say "Begin, young man!" Sinclair nodded reassuringly. Then he began to tell a fascinating story. It was weird and unearthly, and while he was telling it, he looked steadily at Alice. For a

while it seemed as if she would leave the room and go out into the night, but by degrees she grew quieter, as though some great power were holding her still, till at last, overcome by the consciousness that two opposite forces were struggling within her, she went to sleep.

Sinclair had conquered. But now what to do with the lovely though weak spirit that he had under his control? Ah, that was a question which both he and Alice could answer; for although they had known each other a very short time, they both realized that one could not be happy in the future without the other.

So, we find them a few months later, on the deck of a great ship, going far away from the old House, the old traditions, the Maules and all the morbid things connected with them, going to Old England there to live happily ever afterward.

HELEN FLACK, '22.

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# WITH THE POETS

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## HE WHO LOVES THEM.

Who owns each fragrant wayside flower,  
The zephyrs breath—each shiv'ring breeze  
That stirs amid the forest leaves?  
To whom belongs each fleeting hour,  
Each bird song in the forest tree?  
Who owns the tender hues of spring,  
The beauty glow from everything;  
Each woodland glade or grassy lea;  
The heav'ns high archway overhead—  
A dappled sea of misty blue;  
Or glories of declining fall  
The russet leaves, a blanket spread?  
Answer nature, tell them true  
That he who loves them owns them all.

GUS FRIES, '21.

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## OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

Be still till their story you hear,  
How they died in the poppy fields near;  
Those that fought till their end had come on,  
And died knowing not they had gone.

A soldier's delight we know well,  
Is to lie there just where he fell.  
Why disturb them by bringing them home,  
When rest they in Flanders rich loam?

Let them rest till the Judgment Day,  
Let them pass their pleasant dreams away.  
Should not they lie 'neath poppies bright,  
In fields where they fought for the right?

HAROLD FISHER, '22.

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## MORNING.

When fast approaching day withdraws the veil  
Of gloomy night, this world in black enshrouding;  
And first doth trail her robe with bright gold gleaming  
Across grey hill and misty mantled dale;  
And when the great majestic Sun so pale,  
As first from long and restful sleep awaking,  
Grows bright and brighter with each moment passing,  
Till now o'er all the earth his radiant beams we hail,  
I can but think me of the powerful Hand  
So good, so gentle; wise and yet so firm.  
That rules this world and universe so blind  
With patient strength and love and kind command  
And thinking so can only but confirm  
How small are all my deeds and thoughts of mind.

L. MOWREY, '21

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## LOOKING DOWN.

Across the vale, so white, so pale, a rambling run is flowing;  
It cares not, knows naught of its road, yet on its way keeps going.  
From far and wide, each mountain-side in sea-like swells is rising.  
With fresh green leaves its woods it weaves all winter's care  
disguising.  
And as the Spring with plant and wing the Winter drear's allaying,  
Just so in life man's cares, man's strife, with joy and peace she's  
paying.

WARREN PARTRIDGE, '22.

### WAKE UP.

In the month of April, the robins come  
From the land of the flowers and the home of the sun;  
They perch in the tree tops and merrily sing,  
"Wake up, ye flowers, don't you know it is spring?"

The violets and crocuses wake from their sleep,  
So fresh and so gay from the ground they do peep,  
And raise up their head the message to bring,  
"Wake up, ye trees, don't you know it is spring?"

The large trees and small trees with foliage so bright  
Soon open their eyes and look up toward the light;  
They too bring the happy message, in green,  
"Wake up, Oh World, don't you know it is spring?"

LENORE ALBERT, '22.

### SPRING.

Birds are warbling sweetest music  
For the sky is turquoise blue,  
And they know 'tis time for nesting  
'Mid the tree tops leafy boughs  
In the meadows on the hill tops.  
Spring has come. Oh, joy! Oh, joy!

K. STACKHOUSE, '23.

### THE UNKNOWN.

The rows are very long and straight,  
They never seem to end;  
And many a heart has ached for them  
Our own—but unknown dead.

REGINA ECK, '24.

### THE EASTER LILY.

A little child one day in May  
Ran through the fields and woods to play;  
He looked at the sky, the birds and trees,  
The sparkling brooks and humming bees;  
But none did he think of such rare beauty  
As the pale white Easter lily.

LUCY EICHER, '24.

### MY MISCHIEVOUS SISTER.

#### I

I have a little sister  
As mischievous as can be  
She's always into everything  
No matter what she sees.

#### II

She gets in all the cupboards  
And throws the things about  
You can tell her, Oh so often!  
To keep her fingers out.

#### III

She gathers up the little bits  
Of crumbs, upon the floor,  
And when you say, "What have you got?"  
She laughs and chuckles more.

#### IV

She romps about the house all day;  
Although she is so bold,  
The happiness she brings to us  
I'm sure cannot be told.

ETHEL KEAFER, '23.



### DISSATISFIED.

It chanced one summer evening,  
Along a babbling brook,  
A little bird was singing,  
As in the stream he looked.

And as the silver moon beams  
Poured o'er the moaning water,  
He ruffled up his glossy coat  
And downward longed to flutter.

A lonely frog in mid stream sat  
And on the bank did look  
And croaked, "How fair the world must seem  
To one without the brook."

The little bird sang, "Why so sad  
That you should pine and sigh?"  
"I wish, dear bird," said mistress frog,  
"I would, that I could fly."

How like the frog and bird we are!  
Oh, how we sigh to roam!  
"Their things," say we, "are better far  
Than what we have at home."

HELEN HERSHBERGER, '23.

### SPRING TRIALS.

Yes, poets may sing of the flowers in the spring,  
About beautiful clouds in the sky,  
But what do they know of the trials I go through  
When those clouds start to float by on high?

It's all right to say 'bout all work and no play,  
But gee! in the spring that's forgotten;  
For it's "Willy, do this," and "Willy, do that,"  
And "Willy, come here."—My it's rotten!

There's the big tree to climb—such a wonderful time,  
If it weren't for those carpets to beat;  
There's the whole creek to swim, the meadow to play in,  
And the base ball field right up the street.

No, for me, it's at home and away I can't roam,  
They'll have windows or something to clean  
And sure find it out, if I try to go out;  
It's spring house cleaning time at my home.

MILDRED WAGLE, '24.

### SPRING.

Although now the sweet grasses and flow'rs alone  
Start up like spirits that have lain asleep  
In their great mother nature's bosom deep  
For months; the glowing sun with vigour grown  
Sends forth soft rays as from a golden galleon;  
And now the gentle quiv'ring breezes as over  
The land they blow, seem whispering to Winter  
Sad tidings; and the birds more joyous grown  
Catch once again their silver summer tones  
And they who late from bough to bough did fly  
Now dress their plumes in bright and charming colors  
And seem to sing that spring is here again.  
My heart, too, with the birds and gentle breezes  
The sun and flow'rs, rejoices, for 'tis spring!

ALICE REILLY, '21.

### ALWAYS THE SAME.

An old fashioned garden, an old fashioned girl,  
With old fashioned hoop skirt and old fashioned curl,  
An old fashioned bench 'neath an old fashioned tree,  
In a spot which no one was able to see.

An old fashioned youth dressed so old fashioned, too,  
With the old fashioned girl on the bench made for two.  
Both lovers who loved in the old fashioned day—  
Yet lovers who loved in the up-to-date way.

MARJORIE REYNOLDS, '23.

### THE PORTRAIT'S REQUEST.

A portrait of old was adorning the wall  
Up in a modern dancing hall  
'Twas an old lady dear.  
The old lady long on the wall had hung  
Listening and waiting for tunes she had sung  
In the olden days when she was young,  
But none could she hear.

All kinds of jazz notes by drums and banjos,  
Couples who "shimmied"—stopped—then posed;  
What a noise! What a sight!  
The piano player just couldn't keep his seat;  
Dancers were "toddling" and kicking their feet;  
What the portrait saw just couldn't be beat  
By any that night.

Twelve by the clock, and at the last stroke  
Sweetly she smiled and then she spoke

In a voice soft and clear,  
"If you please, dance an old-fashioned waltz for me

Long have I waited but none could I see  
For the jazz was all there seemed to be  
For many a year."

The orchestra played a waltz dreamy and slow,  
The people moved silently to and fro  
At the old lady's will.

When the echoes of music were dying away  
And the hall was quiet they heard her say,  
"Time must change for that is the way."  
And she smiled and smiles there still.

L. V. PROUDFOOT, '23.

### JUST 'ROUND HOME.

Westmont.

Upward, on upward to Westmont we go—  
Leaving the smoke and the dirt far below,  
Up where the sun shines so bright and so clear,  
Leaving below all that's dark and drear.

FRANK PERSHING, '22.

### ELK RUN.

Down 'twixt two hills, rich with fresh foliage,  
Fleshed with green trees and enriched by the sun,  
Merrily flows a small, shy, crystal run,  
Rippling and rolling o'er soft cushioned stones,  
Bringing to me the sweet memories past,  
When, as small children, we waded the stream,  
Splashing and playing in sparkling waters.  
Too soon are over our childhood days—  
Those days of happiness, which are so short;  
O little stream, let your youth never change.

MARGARET LONGWELL, '22.

### IN OUR WOODS.

Winding, twining, in and out  
    'Side the chanting brook,  
Leads the laurel covered path  
    Round those many nooks.

Peeping, gleaming, through the foliage  
Breezes whisper "'Tis the Springtime."  
Breezes whisper "'Tis the Springtime"  
    'Mong the leaves, they sigh.

Twittering, fluttering, on the twigs  
    Of the shadowy bowers,  
Birdies caring not a wit  
    For the April showers.

SYLVIA PEDEN, '22.

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### MILLCREEK ROAD.

Shining road and smooth, as we spin along  
O'er thy yellow surface, hear the tires' song,—  
"We roll here and we roll there, always round and round,  
We roll on stone, we roll in mud, on hard uneven ground,  
But this fine road, what'er the load, is the best that we have  
    found.

Past orchard, field, and wood, as we roll along,  
Scenery changing endlessly,—still we hear the song,  
"We roll here and we roll there, ever round and round,  
On bumping roads we bear the loads down here next the ground,  
But this fine road, whateer the load, is the best that we have  
    found.

E. CAMPBELL, '22

### THE ROBIN.

While standing near an apple tree  
    Abloom, along a lane,  
I heard a sound but could not see  
    The place from whence it came.

The note so sweet and soft and clear,  
    Fell softly on the breeze,  
And seemed to tell me very near,  
    Of robin mid the leaves.

And now whene'er his song I hear,  
    I thrill with joy to think,  
Of spring's first call, so brave and clear,  
    From that sweet tree of pink.

RUTH PALLISER, '23.

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### BACK AGAIN HOME.

Give me the sky and the sunshine,  
The birds and the bees and the brooks,  
Give me all joys of the spring-time,  
The woodlands and soft shady nooks;  
Carry me high o'er the mountains,  
Far and away let me roam;  
But after the twilight has fallen,  
O carry me back again home.

MARY WRIGHT, '22.

# THE CLASSES

## Senior Program

Junior-Senior Reception .....	May 27, 1921
Baccalaureate Service .....	May 29, 1921
Senior Class Play, " <i>Mid-Summer Night's Dream</i> ".....	May 31, 1921
Commencement Exercises .....	June 2, 1921
Alumni Banquet .....	June 3, 1921

### **Class Motto**

"Find a Path or Make One."

### **Class Colors**

Blue and White

### **Class Flower**

The Red Rose





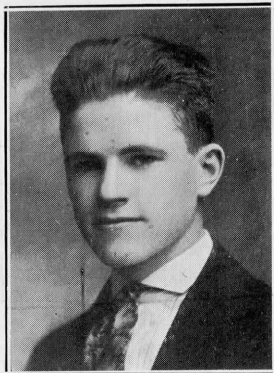
# CLASS OF 1921



## Robert Bingham, "Bing."

Forward, Basketball Team.....1917-21  
Track Team .....1917-21  
Dramatics .....1917-20-21  
President of Class .....1920-21  
Glee Club .....1920-21  
"Hence, loathed Melancholy  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight  
born."

Bing filled the chair of President with much dignity and power. He has weathered the storm of many a class meeting. In the position of forward he rendered valuable service to the basketball team. For the Alumni game next year Bing says: "Nothing to it but 1921."



## Helen Custer, "Henny."

Dramatics.  
Secretary of Class .....1921  
"Haste the nymph and bring with thee

Jest and youthful jollity."

There is always plenty of both of these when Henny is about for her presence drives dull care away. Variety is the spice of life, she believes — especially in beaux. She is light-hearted and full of "pep." We predict plenty of good times and friends for Henny wherever she goes.



## Margaret McGahan, "Margaret."

Pianist.....1917-21  
Editor of "Red and Gray".....1918-19  
Art Editor "Red and Gray".....1919-20  
Exchange Editor of "The Phoenician".....1920-21  
Vice President of Class.....1920-21  
Dramatics .....1920-21

"Thee, too, modest tressed maid."

Margaret is the star of our English class. She will be a great poet some day; and when that time comes, we hope she will not forget her old classmates of Westmont-Upper Yoder High. Orchestra, basket-ball, girls club, dramatics all find in her a supporter—staunch and true.



## Dorothy Leahey, "Sis."

President of Girls' Club.....1917-18  
Dramatics .....1917-21  
Cheer leader .....1921  
President of Girls' Club.....1921  
Treasurer of Class.....1921

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,  
More loving, or more loyal, never  
beat

Within a human breast."

In the school dramatics, Sis portrayed her unusual ability for acting. She is also a born athlete, going in for swimming, tennis and broad-jumping. As President of the Girls' Club she won many friends, perhaps because she is such a loyal friend herself. Her absence will be felt keenly.





**Anna Bailey, "Ann."**

Dramatics ..... 1917-19-21  
 "What is pleasant to the light of the  
 eyes rejoiceth the heart."

Anna Bailey, tall, graceful and  
 neat is quite charming. Her heart,  
 we have reason to believe, is wander-  
 ing far from home. We hope this  
 will not interfere with her career as  
 a private secretary. When no one  
 is by, Anna likes to creep into the  
 auditorium and lighten her heart with  
 "Whispering."

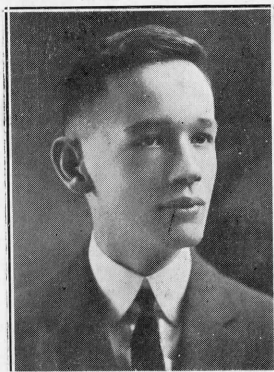


**Rosalyn Berney, "Ro."**

Dramatics ..... 1917-21

"Sublime song, like incense,  
 Ascends heavenward."

The gift of music is indeed a rare  
 one; there is nothing given mankind  
 so charming as a beautiful voice.  
 Rosalyn is therefore gifted; for her  
 voice is especially appealing. Our  
 four years acquaintance with Rosalyn  
 has shown us that she is one of the  
 most co-operative girls in the school.



**Francis Byers, "France."**

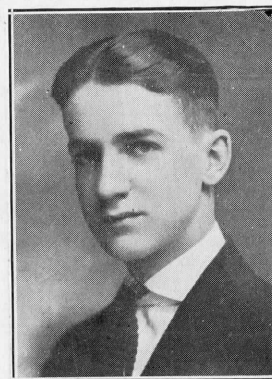
Editor-in-Chief of "Red and Gray"  
 ..... 1919

Editor-in-Chief of "Phoenician"..... 1920-21

Orchestra ..... 1920-21

"Much have I traveled in the  
 realms of gold  
 And many goodly states and king-  
 doms seen."

France is an English shark. He  
 intends to study Journalism and with  
 that unusual mixture of wit and sa-  
 tire, which he possesses, we have no  
 doubt that he will make the Bernard  
 Shaws sit up and take notice. At  
 any rate we are unanimous in say-  
 ing that we see nothing but success  
 in Francis' future.



**Frank Carter, "Carter."**

President of Agassiz Chapter, 1918-19  
 Dramatics ..... 1918-21  
 Cheer Leader ..... 1919-21  
 Glee Club ..... 1920-21

"Then to the well-trod stage anon  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on."

Carter, class mythologist and fu-  
 ture journalist, is one of the most  
 widely known and well-liked mem-  
 bers of the graduating class. As  
 leading man of "Lend Me Five Shill-  
 ings" ample opportunity was afforded  
 him to button and unbutton his coat.  
 In Carter the school loses a good  
 loyal supporter.

**Lillian Callet, "Lil."**

Dramatics .....1917-18-21  
 "Let her not conquer thee with her eyes."

Lil's brown eyes—so big and dark—make one pause to wonder. Her clever jokes are creators of mirth, for who could help laughing. But aside from being jolly, Lil has a deal of determination, with a practical mind. A more reliable girl would be hard to find.



**Mary Englehardt, "Mary."**

Dramatics .....1918-20-21  
 "Mary is a grand old name."

We think so, for we have a Mary in our class of whom we are most proud. She may seem quiet, but you may be sure she is as fond of fun as any one. Mary will make a fine housewife, for she intends to take up the study of Domestic Science in State College next year.

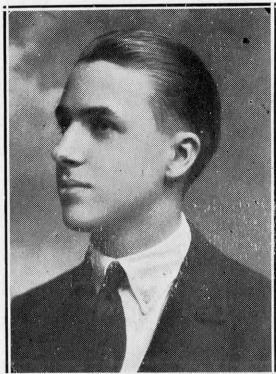


**Gus Fries, "Gus."**

Art Editor of "Red and Gray" .....1918-19  
 Art Editor of "Phoenician" .....1920-21  
 Track Team .....1918-21  
 Dramatics .....1921

"Nobody feels more the majesty of God's handiwork than does one with an artistic temperament."

The ability to see beauty in nature is indeed a gift. To be able to produce the beautiful is a privilege. Gus, is therefore both gifted and privileged, for both these accomplishments are his. Besides being artistic, Gus is jolly; he is one of the class wits.



**Florence Head, "Flo."**

Corresponding secretary of Agassiz .....1918-19  
 Dramatics .....1917-21  
 "Modesty and kindness maketh wisdom."

Florence's shorthand is quite perfect, for head and hand combine well. Aside from that she surely can make the typewriter talk. Whenever a friend is needed to lend a helping hand, you'll always find Flo there, with a bright face, a glad smile and a kind word for your care.





**Kathryn Langsford, "Katy."**

Orchestra ..... 1920-21  
 Capt. Girls' Basketball Team..... 1921  
 Dramatics ..... 1919-20  
 "A merry heart cheereth up the countenance."

Our Katy is full of life. She always has a smile and a laugh for everyone. The touches of her fingers on the black and ivory keys strike a melody so beautiful that all stop to marvel at her ability. We call her versatile, because she can do "most anything."



**Norine Miller, "Norine."**

"Sweet Stranger."

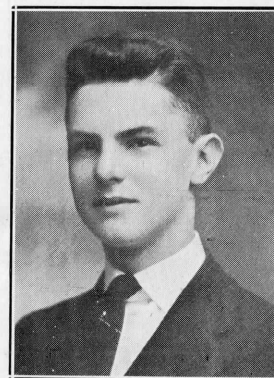
Norine is a new member of our class, but she seems quite an old friend. She sometimes rides to school in a Ford and she is an expert driver. She is a good-natured, happy lassie; so we are glad to count her of our number.



**Lois Mowrey, "Lois."**

Dramatics ..... 1918-20-21.....  
 "Simplicity is the keynote of every masterpiece."

It is not the gaudiest bird that is the most liked; indeed the sweetest birds of the country-side are the least assuming. Lois is much the same way—quiet and demure; yet how popular she is. Then, too, Lois is a student; she is always busy, and yet is always ready to answer any question.



**Haydn Powell, "Hamp."**

Captain Basketball Team..... 1917-21  
 Captain Football Team ..... 1918-19  
 Track Team ..... 1917-19-21  
 Dramatics ..... 1918-20  
 President of Athletic Council.....

..... 1920-21  
 Glee Club ..... 1919-21

"Oh, Captain! my Captain!

Our fearful trip is done."

Everybody knows Hamp. As Captain of Basketball for four years he was a very prominent figure. In politics he has been to the Senior Class as Lodge is to the United States Senate. His triumphs ended with his imposing part in the Arbor Day celebration.



### Seabrook Reilly, "Sea."

President of the Boys' Club.....1917-18  
 Manager of the Basketball Team.....

.....1920-21

Athletic Editor of "Red and Gray"

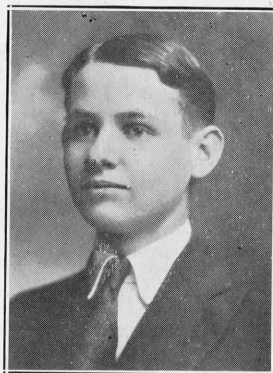
.....1918-19

Athletic Editor of "Phoenixian"

.....1920-21

"Work well done makes pleasure more fun."

It is hard to characterize Seabrook because he has so many accomplishments. A student of rare qualities he always has his work well done; that is why he gets so much enjoyment out of school life. As an athletic manager, he is an all-around good fellow, we say!



### Alice Reilly, "A."

Dramatics .....1917-21

"There's time for work an' time for play."

"A," for so she is always called is the mischievous member of the class of '21. You will see her eyes begin to sparkle and her mouth twist in a roguish smile, and you will know she is planning some trick. But our Alice is a studious girl, and knows how to take life seriously when need be.



### Charles Tarr, "Tarry."

Basketball .....1918-21

Football .....1918-19-20

Track .....1920

Secretary of Agassiz Chapter.....

.....1918-19

Glee Club .....1921

Dramatics .....1920-21

"Oh, cinders of our great fathers."

Tarry never finds Latin so perfect that it cannot be improved upon nor too strenuous to be carried double—sometimes our fancies are too complex to be explained. His motto is "Smile and the world smiles with you;" his ambition is to be a star guard. In both of these he has a good start.



### Perry Thomas, "Perry."

President of Wireless Club.....1920-21

Glee Club .....1921

Dramatics .....1921

"The boy stood on the burning deck, Whence all but him had fled."

Scarce as heroes are we find one in our midst, Perry, who through the darting flames of the Ledger Building, rushed to save his father's valuable papers. Perry organized our Funster Club; unfortunately this gift for organization was not discovered until after the League of Nations settlement or he might already be ranking among the world's great diplomats. We feel confident that in the medical world Perry will make a stir.





**Helen Wachob, "Helen."**

Dramatics ..... 1917-21

"The light's that lies  
In womans eyes."

In truth, the light that lies in Helen's eyes is most alluring. Helen may not be fond of lessons, but at any rate she is a good sport and one of the jolliest girls in the class. We could not well do without our "Helen of Troy."

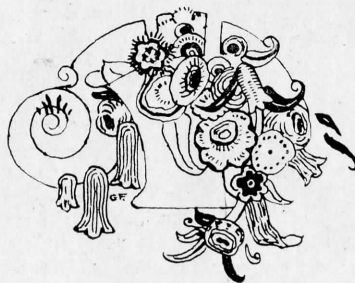


**Franklin Williams, "Frank."**

Center, Basketball Team..... 1919-21  
Track Team ..... 1919-21  
Captain Football Team..... 1920-21  
Dramatics and Glee Club..... 1920-21

"The pavement stones resound  
As he totters o'er the ground with  
his cane."

Frank is much confused with Benjamin Franklin because of his electrical experiments. As Captain Phobbs he handled his table implements rather loosely to the great perturbation of Mr. Golightly. He is a fast, aggressive and scrappy basketball player and has well taken care of the center position on our team.



## ON COMMENCEMENT NIGHT

### ACT I

#### Scene 1

Setting—A library with bookcase to the right. At the back is a window and a door. There is a clock between the door and the window. In the center is a library table on which is a lighted lamp and a scroll of paper. A Senior dressed in cap and gown is walking to and fro near the table.

Senior—This is so provoking! I just can't remember a speech. To talk in front of all those people and graduation night too! I shall try it once more and then if I forget I shall do something vicious—I don't know what but I shall do it anyway. (Stands still.)

Our success in this world depends solely upon ourselves. Many of us have planned to enter a college so that we may be better prepared to go out into the world. Others are ready to—to—there! I knew it. Where is my memory tonight? It just wanders to everything but this old speech. What shall I do? I know, I will sit here and rest just one minute and then talk "success" again or rather successfully. (Sits down, places elbows on the table and head in hands.)

(The door in the rear opens and a ghost appears. She is an old woman, dressed in black with very large black shoes. She walks slowly and heavily. The Senior starts, turns, and then stands.)

Senior—Who are you?

Ghost—Don't you know me? I worked hard for you when I was young.

Senior—What did you do?

Ghost—I carried you all to school every day.

Senior—But why do you come here?

Ghost—Weren't you just thinking about me? And you smiled when you remembered the day I stuck in the mud. Yes, I remember well how the boys and girls all laughed at me that day and I worked so hard, but I got my revenge coming home.

Senior—How?

Ghost—I splashed all the girls' white dresses. Would you like to visit that dear old school to-night?

Senior—But I graduate to-night at nine o'clock. I have a speech—

Ghost—I am pretty old but I still can go fast; so if you hurry, we can be back before the graduation. (The Ghost takes the Senior's hand; they go toward the door as the clock strikes seven.)

### SCENE II

Setting—The auditorium in the Stutzman Building. Boys are sprawled on the stage in various attitudes of ease.

(A phone rings and Miss Krebs is heard hurrying to answer.)

Miss Krebs—So you won't be able to be out until four-thirty? That's all right, Mr. Woods, I'll just extend my science class and the other teachers can do the same.

Buzz Greer (to the fellows)—Did you get that? Let's just sneak home.

Fat Greer—Oh, I'll just say I have to drive my father down town.

Frank Carter—I've got to go to dancing school.

Seabrook Reilly—And there are always ashes to be taken out.

Gus Fries—We'll only have to stay in to-morrow night if we don't to-night.

Zack Wissinger—Aw, let's stay. I like science anyway.

Fat—Yeah, it's easy today.

Buzz—And I can clean up that ink I spilled around my desk. You should have heard the bawling out I got. But in the while Miss Blair is still there and scrub it away. Then watch A's float around.

Bing—It's your turn to crank the jitney to-morrow. I cranked it about twenty times this morning.

Hamp—Oh, no, I cranked it Monday and Tuesday.

Bing—Yeah, but Miss Scharmann ran it pretty well then. She only stalled a couple of times.

Hamp—That's all right; it's your turn to-morrow.

Bill Logue—To show you I'm a sport, I'll crank it to-morrow.

Hamp—You should have gone home in the jitney with us last night. Miss Scharmann ran over a dog. She turned around

and called, "Oh! do you think I hurt the poor thing?" No, she just ran over it.

Buzz—We'll have a fine time going to Manual Training tomorrow.

Fat Greer—Did you see the bloody nose old Lester gave Carter when we were going Monday?

Zack—Yes, but did you see the black eye Carter gave him?

Buzz—That's all right, I licked you yesterday.

Zack—You didn't either. I threw you most of the time.

Buzz—Well, do you want me to do it again?

Zack—Yes, if you think you can. (Buzz takes off his coat and Zoner does likewise. They are just going to settle the argument when Miss Krebs appears on the scene.)

Miss Krebs—Are you two boys quarreling again? The two of you had better come with me. (She goes out followed by the indignant Zoner and Buzz.)

Carter—I bet they'll get it. They're always fighting.

Lester—If they don't soon get a pump out here that pumps water, I'm going to—. Well, I'm going to do something to stop carrying water from that house every day.

Logue—Friday's the last day of school. Hurrah for vacation.

(Miss Krebs is heard ringing a cow bell and all rush to class room.)

### SCENE III

Setting—Small room with large table in center and chairs all around. Sewing machines are placed along the walls. A group of girls is sitting around the table, sewing. Miss Scharmann sits at the head.

Lillian Callet—Did you see how small those Freshies are?

Anna Bailey—And how bashful! You would think some one was going to eat them alive.

Martha Martin—They are so good. They never talk and always march in single file.

Lois Mowrey—Oh, well, wait until they've been here a year.

Henry Custer—Yes, and I passed the English room to-day. I wish you could have seen them delivering speeches. They just

shook! Seeing them was circus enough but hearing them—oh dear, it was a joke.

Miss Scharmann—Dorothea, will you please stop talking?

Sis Leahey—But, Miss Scharmann, I was not talking.

Miss Scharmann—I mean Helen. Do you know, Dorothea, you talk so much I always think it is you. I even dreamed about you last night. You girls will give me nervous prostration.

Sis—Why, Miss Scharmann, I am so sorry; but I am glad you like me enough to dream about me.

Margaret McGahan—Miss Scharmann, this dress is going to be simply terrible. Either I will never finish it or I will never be able to wear it when it is finished.

Miss Scharman—Be quiet, girls. We are going down to make the dessert for lunch now.

Lil—And what, pray tell, is the matter with May?

Roselyn—Nobody can make dessert like May. You ask her. She will tell you so.

Henny—I don't see how she ever condescended to ask us to do that. Why, the day when we were having our pictures taken she said she ought to have been taken alone because she was the cook!

Sis—Condescend, did you say? That's nothing, she condescends to ride in our jitney to see that we behave!

Alice Reilly—As if she could make us behave!

Martha—I don't see why she couldn't. Miss Krebs makes us obey; May makes Miss Krebs obey; therefore, May can make us obey.

Florence Head—Whew! That's a regular algebra problem.

Miss Scharmann—Girls, do you hear me? Hurry, before May comes after us.

### ACT II

#### Scene 1

Setting—The library of Act I, Scene 1. Senior is sitting before the table with head on arms. The clock strikes eight and the Senior suddenly awakens.

Senior—Have I been resting a minute? Yes, rather sleeping an hour! And I speak at nine o'clock. Truly I am quite speechless now. And I had such sweet thoughts. Just one more



such thought and then to work. Just one. (She places her elbows on the table and her head in her hands!)

(Through the door a ghost appears. She is dressed as a school girl. Her face is bright and she steps quickly.)

Ghost—To fulfill your wishes I have come to you.

Senior—But—but—I don't know you.

Ghost—You don't mean you have forgotten me. I carried you to school. You wouldn't watch where you were going and sometimes you fell and made holes in your stockings. But you made me go so fast and jump so many curb stones, naturally anyone would fall apart.

Senior—Certainly, I remember. It was when we went to our new High School. We had no jitney then; so we skated. How I liked my Junior year!

Ghost—Would you like to be a Junior again?

Senior—Oh, I would love to.

Ghost—Well, hurry. I have no time to lose as I have to visit all Seniors to-night. I think you all have memory disease. (She takes the Senior by the hand and they go out the door.)

## SCENE II

Setting—The Junior class room in the Westmont Upper Yoder High School. Miss Blair is sitting at teacher's desk. A group of pupils occupy desks opposite. They are older. The boys seem more dignified in their long trousers. The girls look mature, for all wear their hair up.

Miss Blair—Well, Helen, why don't you have your lesson?

Helen Wachob—I couldn't do it.

Miss Blair—Why, Helen, what have you just learned? Doesn't Emerson say, "The law of Nature is do the thing and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power." (A low sigh from the class but Miss Blair pays no attention.)

Frank Carter (long suffering)—Compensation! We hear nothing but compensation morning, noon and night.

Miss Blair (in fun)—But, Frank, "the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifference." (Frank looks quite surprised that Miss Blair has something to say back. Class

smiles.) Well, what do we learn today from our lesson?

Margaret McGahan—If the hero had not been so garrulous he would not have failed so ignominiously.

Miss Blair—Yes, what does Emerson say? (Class all have long sad faces. Nobody answers.)

Doesn't anybody remember?

Frances Byers—"A man cannot speak but he judges himself."

Frank Carter (importantly)—Also, the hero certainly suffered inwardly for wronging others. Emerson says, "You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong."

Robert Bingham (more importantly)—The hero committed a crime and received his punishment. (Louder.) Emerson says (emphasizing) "Crime and punishment grow out of one stem."

Al Proudfoot—"Emerson says, "Men suffer all their lives long—" (Miss Blair is called to the phone and the class chat.)

Roselyn Berney—Are you going to the minstrel to-night? There's to be a whole circus, too.

Henny—Sure. Frank asked me to come; he is going to sing. I think he has the most wonderful voice.

Lois—Hayden is going to take me. He's going to sing, too!

Gus Fries—If some of you birds are going to sing to-night, I'm not coming.

Emmet Marshall—I know a lot of others that won't be here either.

Charles Tarr—If the news of that singing gets out I doubt if any one comes.

Carter—I notice you already have tickets for it. Some of you birds are sore just because you can't sing.

Marshall—You know you have a melodious voice, but I think you're the only one that does think so.

Frank Carter (changing the subject)—Say, Sea, what are you going to do next week during the Thanksgiving vacation? Let's go on a hike.

Sea—No. I have a job at the post office next week.

Frank—You were always pretty strong, Sea.

Sea—Strong?

Frank—Yes, didn't they select you to lick postage stamps?  
(Miss Blair enters just as bell rings and all go out.)

### ACT III

#### Scene 1.

Setting—The library of Act 1, Scene 1. The clock strikes one. Senior rouses.

Senior—Half past eight, I have only one-half hour. Oh, how time does fly! But where is that pretty girl? The one that took me to school. I must have been dreaming. How funny! (A boy appears. He wears patched trousers and a much-mended waist. His shoes are old and worn.)

Senior—It must be true that they were here! And, pray tell, what ghost are you? You seem quite patched up. You don't look tired. Who are you?

Ghost—Don't you recognize me? You just used me for the last time yesterday and threw me in your wardrobe.

Senior (looking at his feet.)—They look like my shoes! You couldn't be —

Ghost—Yes, I am. You have had me soled so many times that you see how patched I am. But I am not worn out yet; that is why I have come to take you back to school for the last time.

Senior—I am so glad. I will go right away because I must return in half an hour. (They go out together.)

#### Scene 2

Setting—The Lunchroom of the Westmont Upper Yoder High School. The tables, which are elaborately decorated with blue and white, are surrounded by Seniors. (Francis Byers is finishing a speech.)

Francis Byers—Now, fellow-classmates, this is probably the last time we shall be together as a class. But may we have the privilege of sometime—perhaps ten years from to-night—assembling in this good old place and living again these good old High School Days.

Perry—Wow! some speech! If we do meet ten years from now, won't there be some eminent men and women with us?

Tarry—Sure! We'll have a great journalist, Frank Edgar Carter, editor of the New York Tribune.

Sea—With Francis Byers its foremost contributor.

Hamp—And Tarry—I mean the Honorable Charles L. Tarr, will be one of the richest men in the East—a broker, no doubt.

Helen Wachob—It will be quite a 1921 corporation with Lillian as his stenographer and Franklin, his accountant.

Franklin—We must not forget the greatest civil engineer of all times—Mr. Thomas Seabrook Reilly.

Gus—In every paper, on every lip will be the name of the Red Sox's star—Captain Powell.

Bing—His portrait will hang in the Metropolitan Museum—painted by the most celebrated artist—Mr. Augustin Fries.

Alice—When Hamp is hurt, he will call for the most noted Miss Bailey to nurse him.

Florence H.—But he may have his choice—either Anna or Helen Wachob.

Anna—And ask the advice of Dr. Perry Thomas, the world's famous surgeon.

Mary E.—The millionaire's wives, Florence Head and Norine Miller, will call on Surgeon Thomas, too!

Roselyn—But all will envy the most stylish Miss Englehardt, the French modiste.

Kathryn—While Miss Custer is a society belle, Lois will feel more important as President of Wilson College.

Sis—Both of them will invite the great prima donna, Miss Berney, to sing at their reception.

Lois—Margaret will be the happiest of all at the head of a Montessori school.

Florence—The great pianist, Miss Langsford, will sometimes go there to play for the children.

Anna—Miss Reilly will travel to Spain and when she returns, will speak Spanish so fluently she will have forgotten her mother tongue.

Margaret—No doubt all will be famous in the future but this is only the present.

Sea.—That is true. I want to remind you that we banquet tonight so joyously because the Senior team just naturally walked away with the Juniors.

Tarry—Yeah, remember that the magnificent score stood 36-20.

Carter—Remember also how confident those overbearing Juniors were of just wiping up the floor with us.

Norine—But the Juniors led the first half.

Perry—Don't forget how determinedly the Seniors began the second half.

Lois—Or with how good a will the Juniors took a defeat.

Sea—And how meekly the Seniors a victory.

Hamp—We are very thankful to those dear old clever Juniors for letting us defeat them and so have this wonderful banquet.

Perry—Say fellows, we mustn't forget the girls. What an excellent team they had!

Gus—Just think of the defeat after defeat they administered to the other teams!

Francis—How happy they were when the Sophs beat them only 45-9.

Franklin—Their hopes were more than realized when the Juniors beat them only 75-1.

Frank—Wasn't that some close game? The Juniors were never ahead more than seventy-four points.

Tarry—But those Juniors do have one awful good guard.

Sea—Didn't our girls wallop those overgrown Freshmen, though. Why, they beat them 8-7.

Perry—You've got to give them credit all right. They had excellent knowledge and a deep skill in the game.

Hamp—That long string of victories, when they beat the Freshmen, certainly is a record to be proud of.

Kate—Just because you are always playing basketball, Perry Thomas—so well, too—don't say the girls can't. What if we were always nagging you?

Franklin—You never got the chance, Kate, and what is more you never will.

Sea—Of course all of us were only fooling.

Gus—Sure, you girls always had the right spirit.

Bing—And in behalf of the Senior team I express our appreciation of your support. Needless to add, we are deeply grateful for this banquet.

Sea—Now, as manager of the Varsity, I have a few more words to say. We have just passed through a successful season—made so by the splendid backing of the whole school. We deeply appreciate the hard labors of our cheer leaders, Dorothea and Frank; also the sonorous vocal support of the whole class.

Gus—After to-night our class passes into history. Where many classes would have been only a spoke in that big wheel, our school, we have been the axle about which it revolved. We have been a good sound axle and have accomplished our work well. Pioneers in everything we may justly be proud. We were the first class to enter, now we are the first to leave.

Fellow classmates, shall we ever forget our bright and happy life in our good old High School?

DOROTHEA LEAHEY, 21.  
ROBERT BINGHAM, '21.



Reverer, Joluztown, Pa.



## THE JUNIOR CLASS

Three long years ago September  
When the year approached the Autumn  
Came the present class of Juniors  
Into this, the Westmont High School.  
All with faces grave with wonder  
Rode these five and twenty Freshies  
Rode in jitneys to the school house;  
Here they came for nine months after,  
Nine long months of work and study  
Till it last the term was ended.  
Next we see the class as Sophomores  
Sitting in Miss Greer's assembly.  
Mischievous they've grown, and noisy,  
Talkative and very restless,  
Till Miss Greer is almost frantic.  
She reproves each one by saying,  
"Hush now, the whole school will hear thee!"  
Lulls them into silence singing,  
"Come to order, idle praters!  
Who are you that have such privilege?  
Have the privilege of talking?  
Come to order! Cease your chatting!"  
Thus the Sophomore year was ended.  
Sophomore year, so bright and happy,  
Bright because of all the fun there,  
Happy on account of friendship.  
Now, too quickly, we are Juniors,

Studious and stern and sober,  
Filled with dignity and wisdom,  
Skilled in all the school athletics;  
High we stand in field and track meet,  
Basketball, both boys and girls,  
Baseball, too, and outdoor tennis,  
These are sports which we excel in.  
Now the year is almost ended,  
Junior year so full of promise,  
Laden with anticipations.  
Near at hand now is the fourth year.  
"Come, we lead you," say the Seniors.  
"And we follow," is our answer.  
So we'll take the place of honor  
In the class of glorious promise,  
That for which we've lived and waited  
Three long years of work and study,  
But the gain is worth the struggle.  
Now, O Seniors, soon to leave us,  
Accept our laud, esteem, and honor.  
Which we have so long accorded,  
Granted willingly and gladly  
To your class.  
Accept our praises then, we pray you,  
Ere you leave these doors forever,  
Ere into the world you wander.

MARY WRIGHT, '22.



Realet, Johnston, Pa.

## THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

From the Freshman to the Sophomore,  
Came our girls and boys so splendid.  
Skilled in all the works of Freshies,  
Learned in all the books of scholars,  
On the rules of games of baseball,  
In the basketball and track-meet,  
Are we Sophomores very skilled.  
We are noted for our beauty  
In the school of Upper Yoder,  
For our gallant deeds of valor,  
In the Westmont High School building.  
For our heroes they have wandered  
From the nearby hills o'er yonder  
To the walls of good old Westmont!  
And our heroines assembled  
From the homes of all their parents  
In pursuit of higher learning.  
Helen came in from the country,  
Mildred and Louise from Moxham,  
Jane came from the "Smoky Valley"  
And the rest from these old hill-tops.  
Mention basketball, for instance;  
There was nothing quite so gallant  
As the deeds of Charles McGahan,  
And in Girls' Club we have noticed  
The reports of Katherine Stackhouse  
Could not better be recorded.

Scores from games of all the classes  
Showed the Sophomore girls were victors.  
Mannie is the star in baseball;  
Dave in operating flivvers.  
And the singing class was honored  
When the teacher to us said,  
"You have shown the most improvement."  
We could well be quite conceited,  
But that would not suit our fancies.  
Though you marked us in the tableaux,  
We just smiled and went our way.  
We have learned what we must tackle  
In this year of strife and struggle,  
From our sister—mates, the Seniors.  
We have talked with them and asked them  
What the next two years would bring us;  
And they answered and they told us,  
"We have passed through all the classes  
And more knowledge gained than you have  
So do not become discouraged—"  
But we stopped and told this to them,  
"We are sure when we are Seniors,  
We will have surpassed your mark,  
For we learn from your experience."  
Here is praise to all the Sophomores,  
To the good and to the true!

KATHERINE KRIEGER, '23





Reynolds, Johnston, N.H.

## THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Should you ask me whence these lasses,  
Whence these hearty lads and lasses,  
With the freshness of the first year,  
With the learning of the grade school,  
With their frequent faults and blunders,  
And their wild misapprehensions,  
I should answer, I should tell you  
These are Freshies, frightened Freshies  
Who to High School just have come.  
And the scoffing Seniors pass them  
In the hall with silent scorn,  
And they murmur to each other,  
"What are these things which they tell us,  
'Go to room One Hundred Four'?"  
But the mobile little Freshies,  
As the months progress along,  
Are enlarged and increased fully  
By a class at Christmas time.  
Freshies now are not as timid  
In activities all joining  
Do not shrink away in corners

As at first they used to do.  
They are brilliant in their class work  
In their games and plays surpassing,  
They, as others, came to High School,  
With the hope of making good.  
Trying to increase their learning  
By the steps of knowledge climbing,  
They will try to get from High School  
All that's in their power to gain.  
And in return for all this learning  
They will nobly strive to make it  
Better for their having been there,  
Try to others make esteem it  
Honored and distinguished make it.  
They will next year be the Sophomores  
And one step will have been gained;  
So on up this wondrous ladder  
They will strive the top to gain:  
So the first year, their foundation  
They have built it good and strong.

VERA MEEHAN, '24.





Recorder, Haverhill, Mass.

## THE MID-TERM FRESHMAN CLASS

Upward through the trials of grade school  
Came these young and verdant Freshmen,  
Entered High School at the midterm,  
Found themselves at home among us,  
Found that they were gladly welcomed  
To the trials and joys of High School.  
Privilege of upper classmen,  
We claim now advice to offer  
Which we trust will be most helpful  
To you in your way through High School.  
If success you would now strive for,  
If for honors you would struggle,  
First and foremost you must study;  
Be both diligent and eager;

Pay attention in all classes;  
Strive to grasp the best that's offered.  
After work there will be pleasure,  
Baseball, basketball, and tennis—  
All these sports are open to you,  
So you see, O striving Freshmen,  
If you make this good beginning,  
If you heed your upperclassmen,  
You will find yourselves advancing  
To a place of recognition;  
So we give you our best wishes  
That you may win success and honor.

MARY WRIGHT, '22.

KATHERINE KRIEGER, '23.

# IN THE SCHOOL

## THE GIRLS' CLUB.

The close of the second half of the year has amply fulfilled the promise of the first half in the Girls' Club.

Josephine Williams, chairman of the Social Service Committee, reports that two girls were sent to the hospital each week to read, talk, and play with the sick children. At Christmas a box was sent. The girls in the committee together with the members of the Club and school, worked hard in collecting dolls, toys, games, and books to make the little friends, whom they met at the hospital, happy. Valentines were also sent as a token of our friendship.

We learn from Kathryn Langsford, chairman of the Social Committee, that several parties were conducted by the Club. A very pleasant evening was spent at a party for the school during Thanksgiving week; everyone came masked, in a costume suggestive of Thanksgiving. Another party for the Club was held at Christmas time at which half the girls took the part of boys. The library was arranged like a living-room with the Christmas tree in the center of the room. Santa Claus helped to make the evening an enjoyable affair. Two parties took place in March. One was for the basket ball team to which the visiting team and all the school were invited to enjoy dancing, games, and refreshments. The other was for the girls exclusively. All dressed in children's costumes, no one who appeared being older than nine years.

The Program Committee with Lois Mowrey as its chairman, arranged programs for the meetings. These were interesting as well as educational. Some meetings were merely formal business ones. Others had literary and musical programs arranged by the girls. A third type of meeting was addressed by outsiders. Mrs. Boag spoke to us on vocational guidance; Miss Myers on nursing; Miss Effie Lowe from a business establishment gave us an idea of the type of work which we should look forward to, and what is to be expected of us if we intend to work in a business office.

Mary Wright, the chairman of the Membership Committee tells us that her committee has worked hard to get the girls interested in the Club and has succeeded in enrolling all but five

members in the school. Besides this, the committee has been selling candy and peanuts during the noon-hour. This work was begun just a few weeks ago but in spite of this fact nine dollars and a half have been secured.

From the dues and assessments, Katherine Stackhouse, Chairman of the Financial Committee, reports that the club has cleared ten dollars and twenty-five cents, which is to be used toward the Nepahwin Fund. This is being raised to send some of the Club members to the Nepahwin Camp.

All these committees sent a representative to a conference held at the Y. W. C. A. on April the sixteenth. The Girls' Clubs of the various schools in the city met together. Many interesting suggestions were given as to the activities in the Clubs and our Club has benefited greatly. Dinner was served and "stunts" were performed afterwards.

At a meeting held recently, the following officers were elected for next term:

President .....	Mary Wright
Vice President .....	Helen Hershberger
Secretary .....	Ruth Langsford
Treasurer .....	Catherine Scammel

After the start to success which our present officers have given the Club, we feel confident it will continue its splendid work.

Although the committees have been given credit for their fine work, Miss Lewis really deserves the most praise. She has given up much of her time to the interests of the girls and their work and every girl has enjoyed her company to the utmost. We all wish to extend our appreciation to Miss Lewis for her work with us.

## PICTURE STUDY.

Travellers returning from Europe say of all the strange things they saw, of all the odd customs which interested them, of all the many things that impressed them, probably the most amazing was the universal interest in art. Not only the scholars; not only the students of the secondary, primary, and clerical schools; but the peasants, the people of the street, and the laborers know and understand the old masters. Michelangelo, Raphael



Charles Chaplin, and Doug Fairbanks are to us. It is no disgrace to know Mary, Charlie, and Doug, but it is more to our credit to know Michelangelo, Raphael, and Van Dyck.

With this idea in mind, a Picture Study Class was organized in the fall, under the direction of Miss Itell. And we are happy to announce that much has been accomplished. The systematized study of painters and their works has led many to a new point of life, religion, and a hitherto unknown appreciation of the beautiful. As we studied an artist, we endeavored to present him to the school in the form of weekly addresses in Chapel; these have been numerous, interesting, and beneficial to all concerned. The following artists were studied during the year: Michelangelo, Raphael, Guido, Reni, Murillo, Rubens, Van Dyck, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Corot, Millet, Dupre, Reynolds, Whistler, and Sargent.

The class, however, became so interested in the work that they were unable to keep such a good thing to themselves. So it was decided to give a picture exhibit on May 11 to May 16. This exhibit has a two fold purpose: First, to arouse a community interest in pictures, and second, to get money to buy pictures for the High School and the Grade School. It was arranged with the Elson Company of Massachusetts, to secure over two hundred prints of famous masterpieces, and to hang them in the spacious halls of the High School. The Grade School is co-operating with us in this enterprise to a considerable extent, and they will share the benefits with us—both financial and intellectual.

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### THE ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra is no longer a band of "Village Musicians," but a polished product. No longer is the library a generator of frightful sounds, but a temple of harmony—in other words the orchestra has improved. During the last semester they have played in public several times, notably at the Mothers' Club, Parent Teacher Association, and our "April Eighth" entertainment, and we are happy to say they did credit to the school, Mrs. Horne, and themselves.

Much credit is due to Mrs. Horne for the success she has made of such unpromising material. Only a true teacher and thorough musician could mould such clay into a presentable statue. This she did, and we thank her for it.

### THE GLEE CLUB.

The Boys' Glee Club is a new organization in our school. It is composed of about sixteen boys, all of whom were members of the different basketball teams. The club got a very late start because of the length of the floor season, but it expects to make up for all the lost time.

The major purpose of the Glee Club is to create among the boys a new desire for and appreciation of good music. The minor purpose is to have a good time singing old and new songs. Anyone who thinks that the boys do not enjoy the singing should attend their Wednesday afternoon practices. The first part of the period is taken up with chorus work and the last part is devoted to solo work. Perhaps some day a new "Caruso" will trace his early training to the Boys' Glee Club.

The Club is now practising hard for their minstrel and concert to be given in the school on May the twentieth under the direction of Mrs. J. Ross Horne and Mr. Carl Engh.

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### SPECIAL PROGRAMS.

The chapel exercises this year have been made especially interesting by a number of programs which were presented by the different classes. Representatives from the Senior Class delivered four stirring orations on subjects interesting to everyone. These subjects were: Gus Fries, "A Defense of American Literature"; Lois Mowry, "The Just Pride of an American"; Margaret McGahan, "Starving Europe"; Perry Thomas, "The Meaning of Citizenship." In the middle of February, the Juniors presented a patriotic program in honor of George Washington, consisting of poems and orations. The Sophomores program was a very interesting one. In six talks, they gave the six episodes of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." This proved to be one of the best chapel entertainments which we had. At Christmas time the Sophomores and Freshmen gave a dramatization of Dickens' Christmas Carol, which was very enjoyable. The Freshmen presented several very good programs. The first one consisted of four or five talks on the life and career of Dr. Mills, the scientist. The second, which was given about the time of Dickens' birthday was an appreciation of that most famous author's life and works. In addition to these special programs we had a number of talks on artists and their masterpieces and special musical numbers.



On Friday, April the fifteenth, Arbor Day ceremonies were performed. In the morning the Senior Class planted a vine by the side of the building and in the afternoon they presented the trowel to the Juniors, thus establishing a custom which will, from this time, be observed annually in our school. At this meeting Mr. Crichton, President of our School Board, spoke interestingly of Arbor Day and the plans already made for beautifying our grounds.

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### THE LECTURES.

In addition to the many interesting chapel talks which the pupils gave this year, we had a number of special lectures and addresses on various subjects. The first one of these was given by Dr. Parker on the subject of general physiology and sex hygiene. Dr. Parker was brought here by one of the welfare organizations of Johnstown. Another such speaker was Dr. Sina Stratton, who spoke to us shortly after Christmas vacation upon the same subject. She delivered a series of three lectures which proved to be very helpful.

Miss Wisner, a member of the Child Welfare organization, gave an interesting talk on the child labor question. Speaking from personal experience in that line of work, she cited many examples of the conditions before and after the passing of the Child Labor Law.

In chapel on the fourteenth of March, Miss Mary Story spoke on "The Junior Red Cross and Its Work." She talked especially concerning the work of the organization in India. As a result of her talk, each assembly room in the school subscribed to "The Junior Red Cross News."

State Forester Ludwig delivered two illustrated lectures on "Why Protect the Forests." With the use of a number of interesting slides, Mr. Ludwig showed the value of the different species of trees, the danger of forest fires, and the necessity for protecting our forests. The lectures were enjoyed by everybody, especially those studying biology.

The last address, on the sixth of April, was given by Rev. Finnell on the use and harm of tobacco. He presented his subject in a very scientific way. A number of slides made the lecture more interesting.

### THE FUNSTER CLUB.

It was the fourth day of March and on each assembly room's blackboard was a notice that the Funster Club of the High School was giving a dance for the Indiana High School Basketball Team Friday evening, March the eleventh. Every student read it with amazement for up to this time there had been nothing heard of the Funster Club. We wasted no time on explanation but spent our time, with Miss Krebs's hearty co-operation, in working up a lively interest in the dance.

After the game, which was finished about nine thirty, the side walks on the way to the High School were well filled with those coming to attend the "Funster Club Ball." When they arrived at their destination and entered the Library a look of surprise appeared on every face. There were Japanese lanterns hung over the lights and crepe paper in Senior Class colors, blue and white, was artistically draped about the room. The floor was also in a very slippery state due to the application of wax. The orchestra arrived about ten and the program began. As high as twenty-five couples were dancing at once.

Much credit for the success of the entertainment was due to Mr. Engh and Miss Greer, the chaperones. All who were present will agree that nothing was ever chaperoned by better sports than the two persons just mentioned. The visiting team expressed their thanks and declared that they had thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

The Funster Club? Oh, yes! It had four members—  
Robert Bingham.  
Haydn Powell.  
Ted Campbell.  
Perry Thomas.

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### THE APRIL EIGHTH ENTERTAINMENT.

On April 8th, 1921, the school gave two plays at the chapel—a fantasy, "The Fairy Queen"; a farce, "Lend Me Five Shillings." The crowd gathered in spite of the heavy rains. The orchestra had just completed a splendid overture and the performance was about to begin. Much to the surprise and despair of the audience and actors—the lights went out! The orchestra helped out in this sad plight and it wasn't long before the lights were on again. Charles Tarr and Gus Fries drew the curtains revealing a woods

enveloped in shadows, the stage setting for "The Fairy Queen." The scene was laid in the Land of Betwixt and Between in the Hour of Golden Dreams. Lilian Callet, as Temper, could not have done better. One really thought she might have had a quarrel with one of her smaller sisters or brothers before she came. Discontent was splendidly played by Alice Reilly—she talked in the tone of voice a little child would use when his mother tells him to practise and his friends are on the field right outside his window, playing baseball. Sylvia Peden was just as sweet and lovely as the name, Truth, implies. As for Lois Mowry, the author of the play, her sunny smile and pleasing manner were most suitable for the role of Happiness. Helen Wachob, with her slow, steady walk and voice, played the part of Grief to perfection. The Fairy Queen and Mother could not have been portrayed better by anyone than Mary Wright. (Modesty forbids the writer to speak of the hero; but spectators and actors all agreed that Katherine Krieger was a splendid boy.) The play—its plot, characters, and dialogue were the original work of Lois Mowry, written as part of her

course in English Drama. The school feels quite honored to have as one of its members such an accomplished writer and we wish to extend our congratulations to Lois for the success which she has bestowed upon herself and the school.

The second part of the program was a musical entertainment consisting of a selection by the orchestra; an attractive piano solo, Troika, by Kathryn Longsford; and two solos beautifully rendered by Rosalyn Berney.

Part three was the comedy "Lend Me Five Shillings" which brought the house into an uproar of laughter. Frank Carter acted perfectly natural in his role of "embarrassment." I wonder if he has ever been in such a predicament! Dorothea Leahey made a very charming widow. Franklin Williams, Perry Thomas, Francis Byers, Anna Bailey, and Seabrook Reilly, all were splendid actors and we hope someday they will become famous. This play was a howling triumph as it sent everyone away with a smile! The enjoyment which these two plays gave leads us to hope that dramatics will have a large place in the school activities of next year.

# ATHLETICS





## BASKETBALL



OUR basketball team, so signally instituted in 1919, was organized again this year and carried on an active schedule. The season was successful, for the team competed with practically every high school having a team of reputation in Western Pennsylvania. Our record is seven games won and nine lost which is almost a split. There is no doubt that, in spite of the hard schedule, our boys would have won many more if three regular players had not been forced to retire from the game at the height of the season.

The team was composed of all last year's men with one exception. Drilled and trained for two successive seasons, they had achieved an excellent grade of team work. The small number of high scores piled up against them shows that the five-man defensive play was worked very effectively. There was not a competing team which passed better than ours. Of course in order to get such a well rounded team, the individuals composing it must embody the particular merits. This may well be said of our players. We wish, also, to take this opportunity of expressing to Mr. Engh our appreciation of the splendid training which he gave the team.

Thanks to the excellent support and generosity of the men of the joint boroughs and the students of the High School, the schedule was completely carried out with only one exception. Every game played at home was at the Westmont grove and was witnessed by a large crowd. The student fans, under the leadership of Dorothea Leahey and Frank Carter, cheered systematically with great spirit at every game.

The following is a list of the games played this year, the dates and the scores:

<i>When Played</i>	<i>Name of School Played</i>	<i>Where Played</i>	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Score</i>
Dec. 10	Ebensburg H. S.	Westmont	W. U. Y. H. S.	32-22
Dec. 17	Mt. Union H. S.	Westmont	W. U. Y. H. S.	29-19
Dec. 23	Rockwood H. S.	Westmont	W. U. Y. H. S.	38-21
Jan. 7	Altoona H. S.	Westmont	Altoona H. S.	40-25
Jan. 14	Orbisonia H. S.	Orbisonia	W. U. Y. H. S.	31-23
Jan. 15	Mt. Union H. S.	Mt. Union	Mt. U. H. S.	19-33
Jan. 21	Leechburg H. S.	Leechburg	L. H. S.	21-32
Feb. 4	Beall H. S.	Frostburg	B. H. S.	10-21
Feb. 5	Cumberland H. S.	Cumberland	C. H. S.	17-20
Feb. 11	Leechburg H. S.	Westmont	W. U. Y. H. S.	28-18
Feb. 17	Tyrone H. S.	Tyrone	T. H. S.	11-15
Feb. 19	St. Francis H. S.	Loretto	St. F. H. S.	12-20
Feb. 25	Tyrone H. S.	Westmont	W. U. Y. H. S.	42-31
Mar. 5	Altoona H. S.	Altoona	A. H. S.	18-50
Mar. 11	Indiana H. S.	Westmont	I. H. S.	12-36
Mar. 23	St. Francis H. S.	Westmont	W. U. Y. H. S.	32-28

Number of Games Won .....	7
Number of Games Lost .....	9
Number of points scored by W. U. Y. H. S. ....	377
Number of points scored by Opponents .....	429

The following is a careful tabulation of all the points scored by the players as individuals, showing the number of field goals, fouls and their percentage. Powell is well established in first place; Bingham in second and Williams third.

# TABULATION.

Games In Order		Powell	Bingham	Williams	Seitz	Tarr	Wilner	Callet	Leahey	Bailey	McGahan	Wagner	TOTAL NUMBER OF	
													Field Goals	Fouls
Ebensburg H S .....		16	12	4									13	6
Mt. Union H S .....		5	7	9	6	2							11	7
Rockwood H. S. ....		20	8	10									15	8
Altoona H S .....		11	8	6									8	9
Orbison H S .....		19	2	8			2						13	5
Mt. Union H S .....		17			2								3	13
Leechburg H. S. ....		14	2	4	2								6	9
Beall H S .....		6	2					2					4	2
Cumberland H S .....		9	4		4								5	7
Leechburg H. S. ....		16	4	6			2						9	10
Tyrone H S .....		7	2				2						4	3
St. Francis H S .....		5	12	4	3								2	8
Tyrone H S .....		20	12		8		2						14	14
Altoona H. S. ....		8	6				2			2			7	4
Indiana H S .....		9	1								2		3	6
St. Francis H. S. ....		16	8		4				4				9	14
TOTAL NUMBER OF		Field Goals	41	38	24	12	1	5	1	2	1	1	0	126
		Fouls	116	2	3	5				0				
Total Number of Points .....		198	78	51	29	2	10	2	4	2	2	0		378
PERCENTAGE .....		0.52	0.21	0.13	0.08	0.007	0.03	0.007	0.01	0.007	0.007			1.000

## THE SECOND TEAM

The Second Team, like the first team, was largely composed of last year's men. They played sixteen games this season and split even, winning eight and losing eight. The team had very good teamwork and consequently was very fast. It contains excellent material from which to draw for next year's team. The members of the team and scores of its games are as follows:

### Members

E. Leahey, Capt. and Forward; M. Holsopple, Manager.  
W. Morley, Forward; F. Leahey, sub.  
C. McGahan, Center.  
Carl Weimer, Guard; E. Campbell, sub.  
S. Callet, Guard; T. Wagner, sub.

### Scores

Second Team, 22.....	Colonials, 23
Second Team, 19.....	Westmont Midgets, 18
Second Team, 36.....	Eighth Ward Midgets, 19
Second Team, 20.....	Conemaugh H. S., 36
Second Team, 34.....	Colonials, 38
Second Team, 25.....	First Presbyterian Church, 11
Second Team, 21.....	Windber Midgets, 52
Second Team, 44.....	Dale H. S., 10
Second Team, 37.....	Walker Midgets, 17
Second Team, 44.....	First Presbyterian Church, 17
Second Team, 33.....	St. Columba's Midgets, 28
Second Team, 22.....	Westmont Midgets, 27

Second Team, 36.....	Portage H. S., 16
Second Team, 26.....	Dale H. S., 37
Second Team, 17.....	Westmont Midgets, 24
Second Team, 17.....	Westmont Midgets, 28
No. of Games Won.....	8
No. of Games Lost.....	8

## THE SCHOOL LEAGUE

A class league in basketball was organized this year. There was a great deal of competition but the Seniors proved themselves to have by far the superior team by winning their three games and thus defeating every class in the school. The Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen then fell in their proper order. The scores of the games are as follows:

Juniors, 31.....	Freshmen, 20
Seniors, 47.....	Sophomore, 29
Juniors, 41.....	Sophomores, 19
Seniors, 44.....	Freshmen, 20
Seniors, 36.....	Juniors, 20
Sophomores, 2.....	Freshmen, 0

Name	Won	Lost	Aver.
Seniors .....	3	0	1.000
Juniors .....	2	1	0.667
Sophomores .....	1	2	0.333
Freshmen .....	0	0	0.000



Reuter, Josephine, Mrs.



Girls' basketball was a great success this year. In the first part of the term practices were held twice a week under the direction of Miss Lewis, a goodly number of girls turning out each time. Soon the different class teams were organized, schedules arranged, and the captains elected as follows: Senior, Kathryn Langsford; Junior, Josephine Williams; Sophomore, Kathryn Stackhouse; Freshman, Viola Peden. A series of twelve games were played, and the two teams with the highest average, the Junior and Sophomore, played a final game for the championship. The Sophomores won by a score of 13-11.

The organization of the teams:

Senior	Junior	Sophomore	Freshman
F.—L. Mowrey	J. Williams	K. Stackhouse	I. Wilner
F.—H. Wachob	L. Schaup	V. Proudfoot	V. Peden
C.—D. Leahey	M. Longwell	A. Woods	M. Jahn
G.—K. Langsford	M. Wright	E. Sloan	R. Trevorrow
G.—M. McGahan	S. Peden	M. Reynolds	C. Osgood
Subs:			
G.—M. Englehardt	R. Langsford		M. Brands
G.—	H. Flack		S. Zaconick
C.—	M. Mahaffey		M. Hammond
F.—H. Custer			
F.—			

### Scores

A record of the games follows:

March	8—Seniors, 2.....	Sophomores, 41
"	8—Juniors, 60.....	Freshmen, 4
"	11—Juniors, 26.....	Sophomores, 20
"	11—Seniors, 14.....	Freshmen, 11
"	18—Seniors, 3.....	Juniors, 17
"	18—Sophomores, 32.....	Freshmen, 4
"	22—Seniors, 7.....	Sophomores, 13
"	22—Juniors, 10.....	Freshmen, 2
"	25—Seniors, 2.....	Freshmen, 23
"	25—Juniors, 8.....	Sophomores, 17
"	29—Seniors, 7.....	Juniors, 33
"	29—Sophomores, 18.....	Freshmen, 6
April	5—Juniors, 11.....	Sophomores, 13

# Jokes and Advertisements



# For "High" Fellows!

*And for All Young Men Who  
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HIS store features the garments that are accorded young-fellow apparel. In Woolf & Reynolds Clothes for young men you'll find the makers have caught the true spirit and energy of up-and-down young America. It is expressed in smart-model garments that have the real "pep." The materials in these Clothes are quality-sure. The tailoring is most excellent.

## Woolf & Reynolds, Inc.

"CLOTHES THAT SATISFY"

## WHAT IS SCHOOL?

School (says Webster) is an institution of learning.

School (says the Scientist) is an institution to which I sell my wares.

School (says the infant) is a threat, which is supposed to scare me into being good.

School (says the teacher) is a collection of humanity which must be disciplined.

School (says the enthusiastic author) is a temple of knowledge.

School (says the fair graduate) is a social function, which makes one popular.

School (says the Freshman) is one darned surprise after another.

School (says the dunce) is a necessary evil.

School (says a college catalogue) is seven periods a day, five days a week, and thirty-six weeks a year.

School (says the educator) is a modern inquisition.

School (says the principal) is a bounden duty.

School (says the student) is pure bliss.

School (I say) is all this and then some. It is one of those words which have a multitude of meanings and yet is never clearly defined. So I will leave the question to each and every person, who in any way has ever bucked up against the word—

What is school?

—Francis Byers, '21

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—models that will not be seen elsewhere. Suits, Dresses, Hats, Shoes and all their accessories.

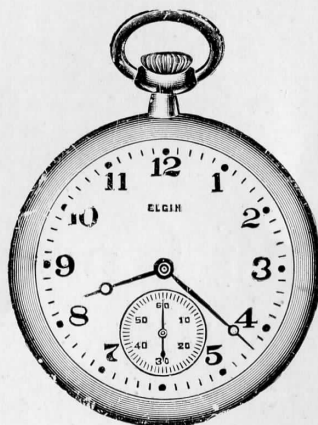


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Dashing styles—beautiful all-wool materials in endless variety—  
—faultless tailoring. Lowest-In-the-City Prices Always.

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Issues Interest Bearing Time Certificates of Deposit. Acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian and in all Fiduciary Capacities. Rents Safe Deposit Boxes for \$2.00 Per Year and Upwards

### A GLIMPSE INTO LATIN CLASS

Miss Bortz—"What does 'has res' mean?"  
Perry Thomas—"A track meet for horses."

They named the one Junior Frank,  
And the other one they named Carl,  
But I wouldn't be surprised  
If they owned up to the theft  
And simply named the two of them—  
Just Mutt and Jeff.

In English we were discussing the ballad, "How  
They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."

The line, "As I poured down his throat our last  
measure of wine," was under discussion.

Miss Blair—"What must have been the condition  
in Aix at that time?"

Francis Grantham (Sotto voce)—"Prohibition."

Mr. Williamson—"I ran over these papers in a  
hurry, so—

Student (quickly)—"Looks as if he'd run over  
mine with his Ford."

### IN THE DAYS OF OLD

Sis wants the cast of the "Midsummer Night's  
Dream" to dress romantic like the Romans did.

Miss Gibson:—"Clara, please tell me which cut of  
beef this is" (pointing to the piece called "plate boil.")  
Clara (thoughtfully)—"I think it's bacon."

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ate touch with the lar-  
gest manufacturers en-  
ables us to be first in  
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on Clinton Street is the talk of Johnstown. The most wonderful value-giving in Men's and Young Men's Clothing. I am not thinking of profits now—more friends—more customers is what I want. Then, of course, I want to sell everything before I move across the street. That is why I have reduced my entire stock of Clothing and Furnishings.

Yours for Good Bargains,

137  
Clinton  
Street


# MAX

### SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS

Seven little girls  
Unable to say "nix"  
When Franklin passed by  
He left only six.  
Six little girls  
Glad to be alive  
Hadyn used diplomacy—  
Then there were five.  
Five little girls  
Walking toward the door;  
Gus happened by,  
Then there were four.  
Four little girls  
Walking with me;  
Frank came by,  
Then there were three.  
Three little girls  
Talking of the zoo;  
"Brud" had a word to say,  
Then there were two.  
Two little girls  
Having some fun;  
Tarry cracked a little joke,  
Then there was one.  
One little girl  
As lonesome as could be;  
Perhaps she will not like this  
But—I wish she'd walk with me.

---

Sweet is Arthur's Rose—his girl  
But she grows in a brier bush—her home.

RIDES OFTEN FIND  
THEIR WEDDING  
INVITATIONS OR  
ANNOUNCEMENTS  
THE MOST VEXING  
ITEM ON THEIR SHOP-  
PING LIST. : : : SEE

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Electricity?*



F not—now is the time to have your home wired for electric service. No matter how long ago your residence may have been built, it will pay you to wire for electric light.

For a limited time we will wire homes at greatly reduced prices. Phone us now for free estimates on wiring and fixtures.

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---

Penn Public Service Corporation

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Miss Lewis—(to pupils during a review)—“This is not community work.”

Bright Pupil—“No, but it is Community Civics.”

Miss Lewis takes a “Funny Paper” from Earl Miller in a study period.

Frank Leahey—“Darn it, I was next on that, too!”

### LATIN AS SHE IS CONSTRUCTED

Miss Bortz—“Charles, what is the construction of that last word you translated?”

Chas. Tarr—“Why, that’s the present perfect passive participle of the periphrastic conjugation.”

Miss Blair—“I have some very sad news for you Seniors.”

(Everyone holds his breath and listens)

Miss Blair—“I can hear now!”

Miss Lewis—“What city in Italy has been destroyed lately by an earthquake?”

A. Allison—“Pompeii.”

Here’s to Weimer, our baseball captain,

He comes from the Sunny South.

He got hit on the head with a baseball bat

And the bawl came out of his mouth.

Mr. Williamson, in giving class an assignment, said—“For tomorrow take poison, hydrochloric acid, zinc filings, and sulphuric acid.”

Class—“Mr. Williamson, you ask entirely too much of us.”



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*For Good Service?* The United States National Bank is proud of its reputation for courtesy and promptness. Make this your bank.

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## The United States National Bank

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

### A SYMPOSIUM OF POETS

Many, many years ago a conference of poets of all ages assembled to discuss the merits of our most famous classic:

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon,  
The little dog laughed to see such sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Several thought this poem should still remain with our best literature for many reasons. First you must observe the athletic ability of the cow. Although the cow is usually noted for its clumsiness, we consider this a very graceful accomplishment. Next the extreme sense of humor that is shown in the dog. To further prove our point you must note the intelligence of the dish. He stayed there quietly observing the cow and the dog until they were neither one looking; then he quietly ran away with the spoon.

Now observe the metre of this wonderful and well-known poem. Perfect—simply stunning—and the rhyming system—who could possibly have done better? Now note the clever use of alliteration. See such sport—how many poets could have so nicely arranged or used that figure?

Thus, upon close examination of this poem, I think you all will agree with the world famous critics in saying that this poem should retain its high stand in American literature.

Pupil—"Where is the Laurel Run?"

Mr. Williamson (scratching his head)—"It kind of runs through my mind—"

---

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---

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history has revealed

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### **To Have Good Luck Wear Your Birth Stone**

**JANUARY**

Garnet or Almandine

**FEBRUARY**

Amethyst or Peridot

**MARCH**

Bloodstone or Hyacinth

**APRIL**

Diamond or Kunzite

**MAY**

Emerald or Tourmaline

**JUNE**

Pearl or Agate

**JULY**

Ruby or Rhodenite

**AUGUST**

Moonstone or Sardonyx

**SEPTEMBER**

Sapphire or Aqua Marine

**OCTOBER**

Opal or Coral

**NOVEMBER**

Topaz or Crocidolite

**DECEMBER**

Turquoise or Chrysocolla

A startling voice the silence breaks,  
It echoes and makes the whole room shake,  
We know not whether it jokes or jests  
“When do we have our Civics test?”  
Of course you’ve guessed; you can’t be wrong—  
Sure it’s the Freshie, Marion Long.

Miss Lewis (in Latin Class)—“Seabrook, you didn’t take account of your “nec.”

Bob Bingham (in Music Class)—“Oh, Oh, Oh, how cold it is in here!”

Mrs. Horne—“Robert, go to the office immediately!”

(We have no doubt but that Miss Krebs made it warm enough for him there.)

Miss Blair has selected several “fairies” from the Sophomore Class to aid the Seniors in their class play. Whatever else may be said about Miss Blair, it can never be denied that she is gifted with an extraordinary imagination, or possesses an extremely peculiar sense of humor.

“B” is for ball, the sphere which we throw.

“A” is for art, for which we all strive.

“S” is for stars, who shine in the game.

“E” is for ease—how we long to acquire it.

“B” is for bases, their number is four.

“A” is for able, we must be it to score.

“L” is for lost ball, that means a home run.

“L” is for love, for love of the sport.

—Carl Weimer, '22.

## The Priceless Value of Experience



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There were no motor cars—no wireless. No small grand pianos. Except one—the

## Sohmer

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The Cupid Grand is the ultimate development of this pioneer small grand.

Thirty-two years of evolution, of craftsmanship, have produced in the Cupid Grand—five feet four inches, a quantity and quality of tone worthy of the average six foot grand.

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that it is a Sohmer—Made by Sohmer*

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## Would'nt You?

If I should sit up late at night  
Beneath the candle's gleam,  
If I should work with all my might  
A-doping out a scheme,  
A plan to make my business grow,  
A thought so crisp and new  
I wanted all the town to know,  
I'd print it—wouldn't you?

And if I wanted folks to read  
My pamphlet, card or book,  
If I expected them to heed  
And give a second look,  
I wouldn't let the matter rest  
With "something-that-will-do"  
In other words I'd want the BEST  
IN PRINTING—wouldn't you?

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Miss Lewis (in Acienc History Class)—“Give a definition of an augur.”

Artie Allison—“An augur is an instrument used in making holes in wood.”

Miss Barto (in History Class)—“Seymour, tell something about cruelty in Spain.”

Seymour—“A widow and another man were persecuted for shouting ‘Hurrah for Liberty.’”

Miss Krebs (speaking of ferns in the hall)—“It is so pleasing to see something green in the hall?

Who said Freshies were a nuisance?

Miss Blair—“Margaret, what figure of speech is used here?”

“There must always be Rockefellers and Carnegies as well as the ‘submerged tenth.’”

Margaret—“Metonymy.”

Miss Blair—“Why?”

Margaret—“It names the author for his works.”

#### OUR TEAM

Oh, Haydn was the captain  
And Bing played at forward,  
While Williams jumped at center  
And Wilmer was a guard.  
Then Seabrook was the manager  
And Carl A coached “the team,”  
With Seitz and Sam and Tarry, subs—  
A dandy squad they seem.

—H. Flack, '22.

## *Listen, Men!* For Snappy Clothing and Fixins'—

There's one best bet and  
that's a place where you  
get not only the finest wear-  
ables that really fit and wear,  
but also at real savings prices.  
Where? Oh, yes, at

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IN SEASON

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WESTMONT EVERY DAY

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326 FRANKLIN STREET

Mr. Williamson (becoming quite discouraged)—  
“Girls, I am speaking from the bottom of my heart.”  
One of the Girls—“My first proposal!”

---

Miss Krebs—“Will two of you boys please move the blackboard over this way a little?”

At that Mr. Crichton and Mr. Williamson rise with alacrity.

---

### WE THINK SO TOO

Gus Fries—“Miss Blair, explain rugged worth, will you?”

Miss Blair—“Rugged worth means integrity of character.”

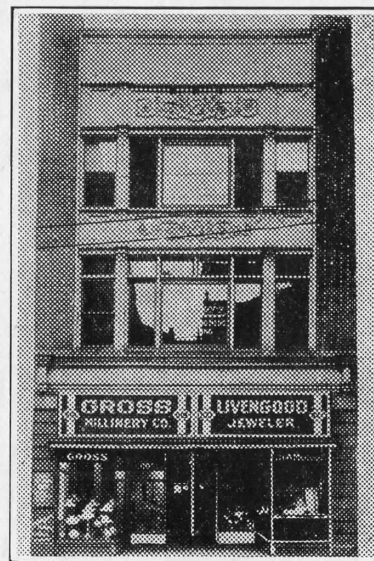
Gus—“Oh!”

---

Miss Bortz’s third period Latin Class reciting  
“Huic, huic, huic.”

Truck outside the window and class in unison—  
“Honc, honc, honc.”

T’other day in Miss Greer’s study period, we were arrested in our work by some very peculiar sounds issuing from back of us somewhere. We looked around and beheld a pair of legs waving about where the head of a certain Freshman should have been. All about on the floor were books, pencils and tablets. Finally, with the aid of his next door neighbor, our hero regained his proper position and the peculiar sounds subsided. We suppose he had been trying to get out of the wrong side of the desk, but, of course, we don’t know.



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 **& Sons**

## A TWENTIETH CENTURY TRAGEDY

The moon shone bright over the purple waters of that famous river, the Wyoming. The stillness was broken only by the splash of the bull-toads as they frolicked in the phantom depths.

Was that a shadow among the tall weeds, or was it only my imagination? Surely my eyes had not deceived me. No, it was growing larger, steadily, until it rose to full height. It was the figure of a man who had some object clutched tightly in his hands. With stealthy steps he cautiously approached, looking this way and that for signs of intruders. I rustled in the grass and at the sound of a noise, the mysterious stranger sank in the weeds as though swallowed by the earth. For fully five minutes no sound shattered the silence, no figure obscured the landscape. At last that phantom form rose from his place of concealment among the waving reeds, and with a few silent strides he reached the river's brink. What could he be doing? What was that object clutched in his hands? Was it a bomb? Let us hope not. I quaked in my shoes. He worked silently among the weeds and then I heard the soft dip, dip of a pair of oars. He was in a boat! After rowing out to the middle of the river, I saw him fumble something in his hands. He crouched lower in the boat as though to escape detection. He lifted his precious burden to his lips and gave it a long, sweet kiss. He then lowered it over the side of the boat and let it fall noiselessly in the purple waters. My excitement rose. Was he going to throw his object away? Was it a robber who was hiding his loot? I could hardly restrain myself. Was he abandoning it



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forever? No, he had a string attached to it. He let it out slowly and then tied a float to the end so it would not sink. With one last loving look at the waters he silently paddled to shore and slipped off through the weeds with a chuckle of satisfaction. My first impulse was to row out and remove that mysterious object from its watery grave. But on second thought, decided to wait for the second night to see if that silent stranger would return. I was almost sure he was a robber who had hidden his booty. If he came back, I would capture him and claim a handsome reward.

It was the second night when I searched the landscape for some sign of the figure which had caused my intense excitement. I thought I saw something approach through the weeds, but I could not be sure as the night was dark and cloudy. Yes, the figure had returned to recover his treasure. I decided to wait his return to capture him. He cautiously approached and passed within three feet of me. He turned and looked in my direction. My heart stopped beating. Had he seen me? No, thanks to the thick weeds. He stepped into the boat and paddled silently out to the middle of the river. The dip, dip of the oars was the only sound audible in the clear night. He approached the float and stopped his boat. With a chuckle of satisfaction he drew the object from its wet chamber. He gently lifted it over the side of the boat and tenderly reached for it. He put it to his lips for a long kiss. His content turned to utter misery, and with faltering syllables he howled the tragic words, "The cork, the cork has come out."

—Rufus Cooper, '23.

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