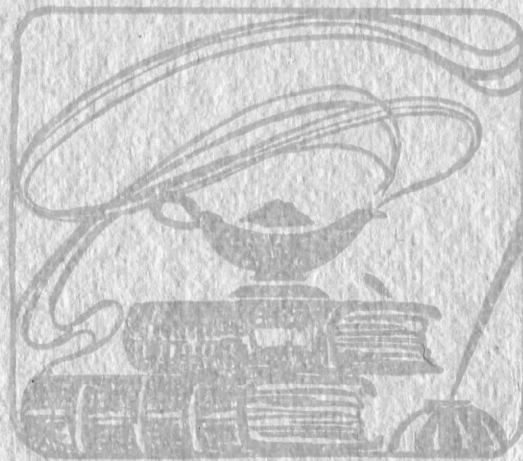


THE PHOENIX



WESTMONT UPPER YODER
HIGH SCHOOL



WESTMONT - UPPER YODER
HIGH SCHOOL
1920-21

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THE HOLIDAY SEASON

For the past two years we have published our school paper annually. This year we have planned two issues. The holiday season seems to us to be the most appropriate time for the first edition because we think that the spirit of holidays and holiday keeping should not be overlooked. The really worthwhile person not only lives well his commonplace everyday life, but is capable of accepting and celebrating holidays with the proper gaiety and reverence.

Most holidays of the present time have come to mean merely occasions for creating general disturbances. Is there not a real value in holidays? Let us consider some of the important ones between September and January. We were greatly surprised to find how many opportunities for true holiday spirit occur within this short time.

The first one, Columbus Day, October twelfth, although it is not legally celebrated in Pennsylvania, affords occasion for sincere patriotic feeling. This day brings to mind the respect and honor that we owe Columbus, for the vision and the strength of purpose which led him to "sail on, sail on, and on."

Our new holiday, Armistice Day, November eleventh, has been generally celebrated by parades, music and fireworks; but have we regarded it as seriously as we might? Are we not inclined to forget the boys who did not come back with the others; do we not sometimes overlook the broken hearts of mothers and of orphaned children; and do we realize how much of the destruction and sorrow that came to other lands has been spared our country?

Thanksgiving gives us another opportunity for being grate-

ful. This day we celebrate by special football games and turkey dinners, and then sometimes, toward evening perhaps, there creeps into us a feeling of intense gratitude for our many blessings, and recognition, acknowledgment, and admiration for the undying perseverance and iron will of our Pilgrim Fathers.

Christmas, our most beloved and most widely celebrated holiday, creates probably the truest holiday spirit. At this season we are in a gay state of mind. We take delight in reviewing once more the old Santa Claus myth, in trimming the Christmas tree, in dressing a doll or buying an engine for a younger sister or brother, in exchanging gifts with our friends. We even go sometimes to church and sing again the old familiar hymns, and hear again the older and ever dear story of the Christ Child.

Some of this Christmas joyfulness remains with us as late as New Year, when we make our resolutions and turn over our new leaves. In half regret for the old year which we are fast leaving behind us and in half eager anticipation of the new one before us, the day passes quickly away, and nothing remains of the past, except the echo of the bells, and memories.

And so the staff takes pleasure in recommending to you the holiday spirit. May it be said of each of us as it was said of old Scrooge, that we know how to keep holidays, if any man alive possesses the knowledge. May these holidays just now approaching, be to you the merriest of Merry Christmases and the happiest of Happy New Years.

M. W.

"THE PHOENICIAN"

Two years ago, at its birth, the school paper was called, for want of a better name, "The Red and Gray." It was then, and always has been, our intention to change it at some convenient season. Circumstances have made the present seem the appropriate time for so doing.

The staff realized that the choice should not be a careless one. We have given to it thorough research, deep thought, and careful consideration. We have discussed names from the standpoints of artistic possibilities, commercial advantages, euphony, rhythm, originality, and significance. After a month's deliberation we have selected almost unanimously, "The Phoenician."

Let us look into the word. What does it signify? What does it mean to us? Long, long ago, when the dawn of history lighted up the deserts of the far East, when in Egypt there was germinating the seed of a future culture, in Babylon the seed of a future tyranny, in Syria the seed of a future brotherhood, a small mountainous country, facing the infinite sea, and lying between these powerful neighbors, was growing a race of hardy, industrious and ingenious pioneers, who were destined to become the means of distributing that culture, that government, and that brotherhood of its neighbors to the far places of the earth. This country was Phoenicia. These men were not content with their narrow shores; they felt compelled to build boats and explore. They were the original pioneers, the electric

spark which bound the people of the world together and which transferred the good of one culture to guide the vigor of another; such was the Phoenician of old.

So, in a small sense, our magazine is the Phoenician. We are in the dawn of our history, a history, let us hope, as grand and as varied as that of the little country of yore. We are not content to settle down and stagnate; we have reached out, and we shall continue to do so. At first in boats? Yes, probably. But later in steamers and dreadnaughts. The aim of the Phoenician was to explore; to sail out; to create; to bring in wealth, knowledge, and enlightenment; to become acquainted with the unknown; to give unto others, and to receive in return; to help, and to establish a common link of brotherhood. This, and more than this, he did. We have the same aims—to search out; to collect; to possess clear sightedness, initiative, and inventiveness; to harmonize; and to establish friendly relations with our contemporaries. This we have started and shall continue to do.

So you see why we have selected "The Phoenician" for the name of our magazine. This name is the personification of our ideals, our aims, our situation, and our hopes. We earnestly desire that this magazine will live up to—and we are doing all that we can to make it live up to—the standard set by these dauntless people when the world was still young.

F. B.

LITERARY

HIS RICH UNCLE

The second of October! The boys were all standing talking over old times at the little station nearest Hilton College. Soon the hacks which were to carry them back to school arrived, and such a rush! About twenty of us, old pals from last year, made a frantic dive for one which was just about large enough for ten. We crowded in some way—how, I'm not sure—singing, joking, and talking about our vacation. That's one of the best parts of going to school—meeting all the fellows and no work! I forgot to tell you about the scenery—it really is worth mentioning. There wasn't a cloud in the sky—just the rich blue which helps to make the perfect autumn day. The hills were great bulging heaps of beautiful colors! We soon turned in the long curving drive which led to the Fraternity houses. Most of us were rooming in the Alpha Beta Kappa. The horses stopped with a jerk and we got out. The house really wasn't a modern one, but nevertheless it was cozy, comfortable, and of course we liked it because we all thought it was the best Fraternity anywhere. The house was just the same as ever—the green carpets covering the floors, the white wood work and the stairway finished in white and mahogany. Bish, my roommate, and I went upstairs and opened the door into our study which was comfortably furnished with table, desk, chairs, couch, and best of all, two large windows facing the campus.

We heard sounds of jazz music issuing from the living-room, so we hustled down! Oh, if you could only have heard that boy play! The fellows were jumping up and down, dancing, and soon we joined in—you simply couldn't keep your feet still!

"Well fellows," thought I, "if our friend the pianist stays with us all year, we'll have a nice little bill sent for a green carpet."

We soon made ourselves known to our friend, Sport Stewart, who was the only new fellow in the house. He was

rather tall, had dark hair and dark eyes, and a tan complexion. We soon found out where his nickname originated. One can usually judge the character of a person upon meeting him. The fellows weren't sure of Sport, though. He was peppy, we knew from the way he attacked the piano; but he had that look of a grind in his eyes, and we weren't positive whether he would enter into the fun with us or not. Bish and I liked him from the first. He seemed to be a clean-cut, all-around fellow; and I tell you that is the kind we all like.

It was three weeks before the Christmas vacation, and Bish and I were studying, it being that long tiresome study hour after the evening meal. I was conscious of someone entering the room, but it was study hour and usually no one visits. Nevertheless I looked up and was so surprised to see Bill, Sport's roommate.

I spoke up with, "Hello, old top! How does it come you're roaming around the halls this time of evening?"

"Ssh," he said, "not so loud! Listen fellows, I have something very strange to tell you! By the way, you're pretty good friends of Sport, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," we answered.

"Well, listen! To begin with, you know I always study this hour down in that little study off the living-room. Last night when I returned to my room, I found Sport sitting there as if wrapped in deep thought. I asked him jokingly what he was thinking about and he said:

"Bill, I have just received news—how or from where, I have no idea; but it—that's an indefinite word but I can't describe otherwise—informs me that my rich uncle over in England has just died and left me his entire estate. I can go over to England, have my own private secretary, live in riches and plenty all my life, and need never worry about money."

"Say, fellows, don't you think Sport is a queer sort of fellow? He's all right, but don't you think he acts rather strange at times? You sort of keep your eye on him."

Seven o'clock the next evening! I bundled up, went out on the roof off of Sport's window, and stationed myself comfortably for two whole hours. During that time something very strange happened! It was about a quarter after seven. Sport was in the room by himself. Before he began to study, he went through the queerest maneuvers, and then sat down to read one of the English books. Study hour was over. I went back to my rooms and reported that nothing extraordinary had happened but these queer actions of Sport. I told them he was just reading the book.

The next day in English class Sport recited the lesson word for word! That evening we went to our room and found a note on the table which read:

Am going to seek my fortune.

SPORT.

We didn't know what to do! I suggested we hold a meeting of the fellows in the house. We didn't like to take this matter before the faculty but in this case it really was necessary. Prexy considered the subject and decided that the best thing we could do would be to consult all the fellows in the house.

After dinner the next evening, we all gathered in the big living-room. My, how we missed Sport's playing! Bill got up and told all he knew and asked anyone who knew of any queer action of Sport to get up and say so, and he also asked if anyone passed the house under Sport's window the night he heard the news.

One of the fellows on top of the piano said, "We passed there that night!"

"Well," said Bill, "did you say anything about an uncle dying and leaving an estate?"

"Yes! We were just talking in fun! I said to Fred Stewart, my roommate, 'Say, Stewart, your uncle over in England has just died and left you an estate. We're good friends! Take me with you and I'll be your private secretary!'"

"That's the solution of where Sport received the idea but **why** would he take it to heart? Does anyone know anything else about him?"

"Sure," said a small fellow standing near the fire-place. "Say, do you remember the time the whole bunch of you went into town? Well, a couple of us stayed here and went up to visit Sport. We had nothing to do, so Sport asked us if we wanted him to hypnotize us! You can imagine us! He went through maneuvers something like this"—and he gesticulated as I had seen Sport do. "It's a mighty strange feeling! He gave me a magazine and I read a short story. When he brought me out of the trance, I could repeat that story word for word. He always places himself in a trance before studying. Everything he hears or reads he remembers."

"That solves the mystery," said Bill, "but what shall we do about Sport? He has left the school."

About a week after we returned from Christmas vacation, Bill came in with a telegram which read:

Please send me some money immediately. Am at Greenwich.

SPORT.

Bill took the next train for Greenwich and returned with Sport, explaining to him that his imagination had carried him too far. Sport received a mighty hearty welcome for he was one of the most popular fellows in the school.

Now we are all busily engaged in having him employ that hypnotic power on us. No more work for ever and aye!

KATHERINE L. KRIEGER, '23.

IN DEFENCE OF SANTA CLAUS

I write, as you may see by my subject, in defence of Santa Claus. Borne to my ears, from the lips of those who should certainly know better, have come dark, insidious rumblings which, if given a chance to grow and spread, will certainly

abolish the childhood belief in Santa. Though reluctant to take up my pen at all, I feel it my duty, as one who has intimately known and regularly corresponded with Santa, to say a few words in his defence.

What allurements would Christmas Eve possess without that wonder and delight of childhood, the yearly visit of St. Nick? I well remember how thrilled I was as I lay awake and listened to the merrily tinkling reindeer bells come to a halt, and what a sigh of relief I gave that Santa had not missed our remotely situated house. Of course, I did not know at the time that it was simply Father ringing my sleigh bells in the front yard.

This sort of thing, together with writing letters to Santa and leaving milk and crackers on the hearth for the old gentleman, which, by the way, have always disappeared by morning, a phenomenon that no doubt, the elders could explain, will always be treated among parents as a piece of childishness, a duty endured for the sake of the children; but in their hearts they know that they themselves enjoy Santa as much as the children, and that Christmas would not be real without him. What fun in giving presents to the young ones unless "from Santa" appears on several—those to be the favorites—until broken? What fun is the Christmas tree unless Santa himself has trimmed it?

Besides pleasure in the Santa Claus belief, there is usefulness. What wise mother does not find a convenient and effective silencer in the time honored expedient, "Hush your crying, children; Santa is listening at the chimney?" And then, the industrial value of the myth is considerable. Were we to abolish it, we would throw out of employment the department store Santas and the Christmas tree venders. These, uniting forces, might demand their rights and set the entire country in commotion. No, we must retain Santa if we would keep these two powerful elements, not to mention the toy manufacturers, quiet and contented.

I wish to state that the Santa Claus myth does not encourage falsehood amongst the children, and never will. Children regard the revelation that there is no Santa simply as an episode incidental to growing up; they view it in much the same manner as the youth looks upon long trousers and shaving. They do not regard the broken myth as a falsehood, but as a delightful secret, handed down to them when they are old enough to appreciate it, and for them to present to the next generation.

So if an iconoclast happens to be conversing with you, imparting ideas destructive to the Santa Claus myth, and you find yourself unable to think of a good argument, please send for me.

EDWARD E. CAMPBELL, '22.

CHRISTMAS GIVING?

NO!

Yes, to be sure, she wanted to get gifts for all of her acquaintances and every member of the family and there down in black and white on a slip of paper was the list of things which she wished to buy. It was so long that even Santa Claus would have had to make three trips to carry it all. But she did not seem to notice its length as she put it in her tiny purse. Then, taking a monstrously large shopping bag in her other hand, she started for town.

When she arrived, the streets were packed with Christmas shoppers, who stopped to examine everything they passed. She worked her way along, at a snail's pace, through the swarming mob and at last entered one of the large stores of the city.

Half afraid to inquire the cost of things for fear their price would be too high, she drifted with the crowd. At last she came to a great booth of very brilliantly colored neckties. While she stood gazing fondly at them, a customer secured one by giving the clerk a dollar bill and receiving two cents

change. Congratulating herself that she could get a tie for ninety-eight cents when she would have to pay twice as much for a pair of woolen socks, our acquaintance purchased one for her husband. In this way she visited the bargain counters; a smoking jacket for Grandpa (although he never smoked); a pair of cheap bedroom slipper for Auntie (who never had a pair on in her life); some toys from the "Five and Ten" for the kiddies; and, oh yes, a beautifully ornamented bowl for Mary Jones (for Mary had hinted about the present which she expected to give, and our friend was not going to be outdone by any neighbor of hers). At last, weary and worn from her shopping, she started home.

After waiting three-quarters of an hour, she succeeded in boarding a street car. She wedged her way through the second doorway but all of the straps were occupied; so every time the car started, stopped or went around a turn, she would almost fall. A kind male creature, seeing her in such a predicament, finally surrendered his seat. She gave a sigh of relief and settled into it (amid the confusion of falling coins and bundles) as though she wished she could stay there forever.

After supper, when the dishes were washed and the children in bed, she took a few minutes to review her day's work. She looked in her purse and found six lonely pennies and the slip (which was not needed as she did not get a thing that she had planned). The charge account would have to be reckoned with later. She could never pay it this month; perhaps she could borrow the money from Mrs. Brown.

And so it goes the world over, rich and poor, high and low. Christmas giving? No.

SYLVIA PEDEN, '22.

YES!

A Christmas without its customary exchanging of gifts would be as bare and barren as a Thanksgiving without its usual appetizing dinner. If we were to abandon the custom of sending gifts from family to family, Christmas would lose its

glamor. It would become just a day, like every other day; and we would soon fail to associate it with the greatest gift of all—Christ to the world. Our little gifts sent from home to home, carefully chosen and wrapped, show our friends and relatives that we are thinking of them. If we failed to send presents, we would become self-centered and forget the many others in this world.

To be sure, many people exaggerate Christmas giving. They think that every one they ever knew should be remembered by some elegant and costly article. In this way they put themselves in debt and make Christmas a burden. They give to keep in style, not because of any love on their part. This kind of giving is useless.

But why should these few cause the many others to suffer? No reason at all if everyone will follow these few simple rules that ought to alleviate burdensome giving. First of all, give nothing that you wouldn't be glad to receive, or to paraphrase Morris, give only that which you believe to be beautiful or know to be useful. Then make the receiver feel that you give willingly (as you surely ought). That is the big thing about gift giving. Give yourself with your gift. For as Lowell wisely said,—

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

And if you follow these rules, I am sure you will come to the conclusion that Christmas giving is a blessing, not a burden.

WARREN PARTRIDGE, '22.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

It was a bright night; and in the stillness of the dark the big snowflakes were falling on the house tops, and drifting down, formed a soft white cover over the way. Long lights shone across the paths of snow, reflections from the burning candles which were placed in the windows to symbolize the

meaning and pleasure of that great time of the year. The very air seemed burdened with joy and happiness, for it was Christmas Eve.

Gleaming through the window was another bright symbol of Christmas. It was an evergreen tree, and one needed but a slight stretch of the imagination to know that its piny needles enchanted the air with that pleasant, indefinable Christmas odor. It was decorated with the brightest of ornaments. The balls and bells of red and blue and the golden tinsel all sparkled in the light. Around the bottom of the tree was strewn a number of packages neatly wrapped with white paper and tied with Christmas ribbon. Surely, another sign of the joyous Christmas tide!

Suddenly a sound of music poured out into the evening air, and soon it was full of the sweetest harmonies. The chorus was singing the Christmas anthem. Higher and higher rose the clear, fresh voices, full of hope and cheer. Greater and greater grew the burst of melody as one glad strain fell upon another in harmony. It was soon midnight; merrily rang the bells and joyfully sang the chorus, for it was the time of the year which is celebrated by young and old with love and happiness in memory of the birth of our Saviour.

MARTHA WOLF, '24.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor's Note:

How we all relish the personal accounts of great men and women, whether in the form of a diary, autobiography, or personal letters, you are all aware. These little trips, journeys, accounts, incidents and adventures, which in ordinary life are commonplace and unamusing, grow to gigantic importance and thrilling episodes when contemplated from the standpoint of the great.

The Seniors are the great in every high school. (Yes they

are. We'll have no argument about the matter.) Therefore, thinking that their personal experiences during the summer would be both interesting and educational, (especially to the Freshmen) I undertook to write a note to each member of that aforesaid class asking for an account of his vacation. The results were stupendous. Every member of the class had something interesting to tell and told it in a most interesting manner. Indeed, it was hard to discriminate among them; I should have liked to print all, but that was impossible. Below you will find the four to which the printer limited me.

To the Editor of "The Phoenician":

Speaking of vacations, reminds me of an experience I had last summer on my vacation.

While we were camped along the banks of Lake Superior, we decided to spend a day in the wilds of Minnesota, fishing; so about three hours before breakfast we hitched up Lizzie, the wheezy old Ford, and started. Allow me to emphasize the start; it was the most successful part of the trip, for Lizzie fooled us all that morning; we had to crank her every twenty minutes instead of the customary thirty. Such an achievement was a sign of success, but alas, it was not so today; we had traveled probably five miles when the old dear developed a cough and finally refused to go unless some remedy was administered. At this, my brother got out and performed some mysterious rites over the business end of the bus, and again we were able to resume our way.

The rest of the journey should go down in the pages of scientific wonders, because we traveled it, a matter of twenty or thirty miles, without more trouble.

At the lake we hired a boat that belonged to the age of Caesar's childhood and should have left this world with Caesar. It fell to me to propel this ancient tub to the fishing grounds—perhaps waters would be better—and I wish to remark in passing, that that mudscow was the most obstinate, hard pulling

water craft from which I ever helped to bail the water.

But at last Lady Luck smiled on us and we landed a number of good-sized fish.

After fishing for a couple of hours the inner man announced that it was time for dinner, and we decided to pull for the shore. Pull is the right word, for that was just what we did. When we were about a mile from the landing, one of the bright members of the crew remarked that the anchor was dragging. And so after remedying this defect and rowing for a couple of eternities we reached shore.

With a little coaxing Elizabeth agreed to take us all home. The trip was uneventful except that the usual ceremonies had to be performed over the working parts of Lizzie's insides. But such is the compensation for a good time. We arrived in camp about two hours after dinner, and thus the noble fishermen and providers for the camp pantry ended a very happy day.

I hope this little epistle will fill with joy the hearts of those who have such hardships as fishing from a motorboat and having a chauffeur to drive and repair their "Energy Eight."

Yours for good vacations,

F. E. WILLIAMS.

To the Editor of "The Phoenician": You have asked us to write you of some experience of the past vacation. As I had no thrilling one, I will tell you about the most enjoyable thing I did this summer. I read a series of historical romances.

In the early spring an agent visited the house and almost demanded that we buy this interesting, complete, clever and beneficial series of thirteen books. We consented and then came a time of patient waiting, (for of course the books were sent by express). At last they arrived and great was our joy.

We, the children of the family, had planned a book reading contest to see which one could complete the volumes first. I, who was soon to be a dignified Senior, naturally won. Perhaps

you are thinking that reading a set of history books through would be about the poorest entertainment a person could have. When I tell you the story of these books, you will feel quite different.

In the first volume the author, Mr. Markham, traces the life of Columbus from his boyhood to his death, describing our country and the facts relative to its discovery. In like manner American history is discussed through the years until nineteen hundred and ten. Together with the history is told the romance in the lives of both important and unimportant characters. There are stories of the trials, loves, and temptations of each generation. The story is so told that the characters in the first books are ancestors of the characters in the last book.

After I had started a volume, I found it almost impossible to lay it aside. I found each one interesting in every detail. The hours spent upon them in my estimation, could not have been used to more advantage or with more pleasure.

Yours truly,

MARY ENGLEHARDT.

November 11, 1920.

To the Editor of "The Phoenician"—

Clerking may sound to you like easy work. So it seemed to me until I tried it in the summer just past. I found that just like other duties it has its hardships and its difficulties. Remembering the stock and prices of the various articles, seemed to be my greatest trouble. Just when the department manager came around and I was eager to show him how cleverly I could serve a customer, my mind would become a blank and I would think in vain for the price of the article I was trying to sell. How glad I was when the first bell rang at five twenty-five. Aching feet and weary back never had a better friend.

Yet clerking, with all its difficulties, is interesting. My experience in selling jewelry surely benefited me. I almost

became a philosopher by studying the various people who visited my counter. There were those who bustled up with importance and asked to see some high priced article. I, in my eagerness to have a big sale, willingly showed our stock, but after all my work, came the reply, "I was just looking." They did not even have a "thank you" to spare. Then there were those who liked pretty things but did not like the price. I remember one lady in particular who wished to purchase a string of imitation pearl beads, but thirty-nine cents was a terrible amount and she would never think of paying that. Again I came in contact with just the opposite type. In their eyes no article was good unless it cost an exorbitant sum. Altogether it was a summer full of new experiences that I should not like to surrender.

Yours truly,

FLORENCE HEAD.

To the Editor of "The Phoenician:"—

This summer I received the much-sought after job of a chainman in a surveying party. There are many things to learn in connection with this chairman's job but the most confusing to me was "how" to drive a stake.

As is the general case with "green" chainmen, the first few days I worked on the corps I became fascinated with the easy manner in which the experienced front chainman drove large hubs into the ground. In fact it looked so easy that I offered to drive the stakes myself. I looked up in confusion about two minutes later! You can imagine what a pitiful excuse of a stake it presented as it stood there at a 60 degree angle about half way in the ground, with two corners broken off, the top all smashed and a generous split down the middle.

A few weeks later I was placed in an entirely new corps where it was my business to drive the stakes. I learned how to do it there without much trouble or embarrassment, for the

whole corps was "green" except the engineer. I won't say that I didn't break any more stakes, but I was able to pass it off a little easier. Once in a while they kidded me with such expressions as "why don't you get a steamshovel to dig out the dirt," "you ought to use the broadside of the axe; you might hit it once in a while." I realized what I looked like while driving my first stake when I saw other new chainmen attempt the same thing.

Trusting that you will be interested in these experiences of an amateur, I have recounted them to you.

SEABROOK REILLY,

CUM GRANO SALIS

NOTE: I in no way mean to underestimate, degrade, or lessen the prestige of the classical learning of the day. I use, however, the dramatist's immortal privilege of turning back the tide of time and telling a tale as I thought it was. Take it or leave it as you will, but pray don't forget the title of my work and read it as it says.

THE PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

Cornelius—a teacher of the National language

Brutus—a teacher of the classical Egyptian

Roselyano

Carterae

Tarro

Leam

} Students in a Roman school

Mother Innocence—Marguerite De Bardas

Maguerite De Longwell

Helena St. Flack

Sister Ruth

Mother Superior—head of the convent

} Students in a French convent

Ted Campbell
Mary Wright
Dorothea Leahey
Perry Thomas
Edgar Leahey
Charles Tarr

Mr. Williamson—Chemistry teacher
Time

Students in the W. U. Y.
High School

ACT I

TIME: Recitation period in the National language.

SCENE: A room of a school in Rome.

Cornelius is engaged in discussing current events, while Brutus is seated in another part of the room correcting scrolls.

Cornelius—Roselyano, what think you of this Cataline?

Roselyano—Cataline, sir?

Cornelius—Yes.

Roselyano—He is handsome.

Cornelius—What think you of his attempt to kill Cicero?

Roselyano—Cicero ought to be killed.

Cartaræ (aside)—Cicero is a fish.

Cornelius—How think you he will progress against our Cataline?

Cartaræ—Cataline is incorrigible, I suppose.

Roselyano—But Cicero is a conceited fellow.

Cornelius—Caesar then, he that set up the trophies of Marius in the Capitol—is he not brave? (a shout from the boys).

Tarro (who is tickling Leam with a dagger)—By the holy thunder, they all give me a pain.

Leam—That dagger gives me a pain; stop.

Cornelius—Well, we are living in a remarkable time. Both of these men are blinded to the real facts, Caesar by his valor, Cicero by his learning. When will return the good old days of the Old Republic, when Cato the elder held sway?

Cicero haranguing over the petty Cataline, Caesar wasting his time on trophies! O Tempora, O Mores (a trumpet sounds. Exeunt students). What think you of this matter? (Turning to Brutus.)

Brutus—Matter, pray tell, it is terrible. Injustice, inefficiency, prestige, a little bit of learning and you have—what? A great man.

Cornelius—A great humbug. How I wish we could be free of him—Cicero I mean. Even my class thinks little of him. Well, time will tell—that is the true test for greatness. In ten years Cicero will be dwelling in oblivion. (Exit Cornelius).

Brutus—He is right. I must get these Egyptian scrolls corrected. How stupid my class in Egyptian III is! (Exit Brutus).

Time (from a sun-dial)—I shall tell. But my telling shall be everlasting and fatal. Cicero shall live—yea, forever, and shall cause as much trouble for posterity as he does for the present generation.

ACT II

TIME: A study period.

SCENE: A convent school in France.

Mlle. Marguerite de Bardas in charge of a hall filled with girl students.

Marguerite de Longwell (whispering)—What think you of this Latin?

Helena St. Flack—Rotten.

Mlle. de L.—Severely, it is in need of a doctoring.

H. St. F.—I should rather drown in the Seine than read Cicero.

Sister Ruth—My, how I wish Cicero had never lived.

Mlle. De L.—Mother Superior and the Archbishop use Latin. (Enter Mother Superior at rear of hall).

Sister Ruth—And I suppose we must also.

Mother Superior—Girls, girls, this is blasphemy. I must report you at once. (Exit Mother Superior.)

Mother Innocent—Don't try too hard girls. The Priests do not understand the Latin they use, so why should you? (Exeunt all).

Time (from the Cathedral bells)—My curse is not yet. Cicero lives, lives. But he is not studied, studied.

ACT III

Time—Between the recitations of the second and third periods.

Scene: W. U. Y. High School. A crowd of students are traversing the hall, going toward the Chemistry room.

Ted Campbell—Cicero worries me! My hair is turning gray.

Mary Wright—Do tell.

Dorothea L.—Isn't Cicero grand?

Ted C.—WHO?

Dorothea—Why Cicero, of course.

Ted C.—Well! who would have "thunk it"!

Perry Thomas—Sis, you are a regular brick.

Mary Wright—A brick, you say?

Perry Thomas—Solid from the to—

Edgar L.—Top of the page down to line twenty—an awful lesson.

Dorothea L.—Yes!

Mary W.—Yes!

Perry T.—Yes!

Ted C.—Yes!

Perry T.—I wish Cicero had been killed by Caesar when Cleopatra vamped Virgil. (A groan from time).

Charles—Dorothea Leahey, who would have supposed that you liked Cicero?

Dorothea—Cicero is grand, his orations are stupendous, gripping and awful.

Charles—Awful is the word; Sis, we must take you "Cum Grano Salis."

Perry—Cum grano salis is right. Why Cicero is the curse of the ages. It does beat H——.

Mr. Williamson (coming out of the chemistry room)—Perry Thomas!

Perry—Hydro-Chloric acid.

Mr. Williamson—Perry, that will do. Come in here, all of you. (Door closes. All is silent.)

Time (ticking in the hall)—I am satisfied; Cicero is a burden and a curse on posterity. Let it go on forever.

FRANCIS BYERS, '21.

IN CANDY LAND

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived, in a land not so far away, a great many rich Sugar Profiteers who were very selfish and hoarded all the sugar they could find.

Now as it was near Christmas and the price of sugar was sky-high, it began to look as though the people would have a very poor time indeed. Never before had a Christmas passed that they did not have some kind of sweets, but this year even the rich children would be very, very fortunate to get even a sugar plum. And alas, the poor children! How disappointed they would be to wake on Christmas morning to find their stockings empty!

Now, there lived in an unknown country, away off beyond the stars, a group of Goblins, who were called Candy Goblins.

Santa Claus, who lived with them, gave them this name because their land was built of candy made by their own hands.

The Goblins were skilled candy makers and made all the candy which Santa distributed on Christmas Eve. But it was going to be a sad time this year. Little elves had been running hither and thither; yet all they could buy was two miser-

able little pounds apiece! And such a price! Even Santa couldn't pay it.

"There's only one thing to do," said Santa. "We'll have to tear down Candy Land."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried the small goblins, and they put their little heads together and talked and talked.

"I have it!" suddenly called one plump fellow, jumping up and down.

"We'll bring the Profiteers to Candy Land; and we'll punish them, so they'll be glad to give us all the sugar they have."

So after much consideration, they decided that night each goblin should visit the bed of each Profiteer and sing this weird little song.

Oh thoughtless, thoughtless Profiteers,

We shall dry the childrens tears;

And before another day

Your selfishness you shall repay.

As they sang it over and over, each Profiteer became smaller and smaller, until all were as small as the tiniest goblin. Then the goblins packed them in their baby aeroplanes and the aviator called, "We shall ride very fast. Don't be frightened but hold on. It is getting very late and we have a great distance to go." After traveling over many strange and unknown lands, they arrived at Candy Land.

"Ah," said the Profiteers, "so this is Candy Land! How fortunate we are to be here! We have often wished to visit this wonderful place. Now we can carry enough candy back home to make us multi-millionaires," and they clapped their little hands with glee.

They had scarcely spoken the words when the goblins cried, "HURRY, we have no time to waste on such foolishness."

The Profiteers were angry to be spoken to in such a cruel manner, but they were so eager to get the candy that they followed without a word of complaint. They traveled on and on. Soon they came in sight of a great gate, made of lemon

and peppermint sticks. The gate opened for them to pass through, and they found themselves in a most wonderful land. Pink, white, red, green, yellow candy was the only thing they could see for miles and miles. Everywhere they looked, candy stared them in the face. At each step the land seemed more beautiful. They went up an inlaid staircase of brown and white taffy.

"Oh," said one old man, "what nice candy! I don't doubt that I could carry those stairs home myself."

The goblins snickered, but said not a word; they were hastening as fast as their short legs could carry them. Before long they entered a great mansion built of gleaming crystal candy. What a parade they made, short, tall, stout, and thin, running and jumping as though they were children! Little did they guess how they would come out! When they were all in, the goblin pressed a button on the wall and right before their eyes great long tables laden with gumdrops, almond bars, chocolate creams and all other kinds of sweets rose up from the floor. The Profiteers were so surprised they nearly fainted; they had heard of such things but they had never seen them done.

"EAT," cried the goblins, "EAT, EAT, EAT to your heart's content, but remember, you shall never be able to go home to your wives and children unless you eat everything that these tables contain. And also, if you do not keep your jaws working, without ever ceasing, they will remain closed forever and ever!"

The Profiteers looked at one another. Their jaws already seemed to have a peculiar feeling. So they began to eat. They ate and ate and ate, but the more they ate, the fuller got the table, and you could not tell they had eaten a thing from it. Their jaws were beginning to get stiff; yet they ate faster and faster. Their heads swam; their stomachs ached; their teeth hurt; but they didn't dare pause.

"Mercy, friends," cried one Profiteer, "I'm dying, dying!"

Never tell any one how I died. I—," but his aching head dropped and his jaws ceased to work. He was dead.

"What shall we do?" cried another man, "We can't all die like this? We must find some way to escape. I am nearly dying myself. If I have to eat one more piece I shall die too."

The other Profiteers were moaning and groaning, too weak to say anything.

Just then the goblin entered, "So you have enough sugar, do you?" he said with a grin. "I'm just wondering what you will do with all the sugar you hoarded away?"

"Oh," cried the Profiteers, "have mercy on us! If you will only let us go back to our country, we will release all our sugar and never hoard another bit so long as we live."

"All right," cried the goblins, "you can go back. We feel quite sure you will keep your promise, but if you don't!"

At once every Profiteer wept and wailed that he hoped he might never see sugar so long as he lived. Then the goblins loaded their aeroplanes with the sickest little Profiteers you ever laid your eyes on and PRESTO! each was in his own bed with only a terrible headache to remind him of his midnight feast.

And the very next day there was such a drop in the sugar market that old Santa had enough for every little boy and girl in the whole wide world!

So all you other Profiteers
Who wander o'er the land;
A'stealing Christmas gifts from kids
And makin' old folks sad,
You'd better lower your prices
So long as you've the chance,
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

RUTH DOM, '23.

THE IDOL

It was New Year's Eve. Bob Warrington, a cub reporter for the "Golden Gate Gazette," was returning home from a slumming trip in Chinatown, the disreputable district of San Francisco.

He was a tall, well-built young man, and ordinarily his walk had the spring and elasticity of the college athlete. But tonight he plodded along rather wearily and his thoughts were anything but pleasant. Graduated from Harvard, surrounded by wealth and friends, and offered an easy opening in his father's law office, he had thrown them all aside, at the taunt of a certain young lady whose good opinion he craved more than he cared to say.

"Why don't you make a man of yourself, Bob?" Her words rang in his ears. "You're only your father's son."

He had gone West that very week, determined to establish plain Bob Warrington in the world of men. But success had not run to meet him with flying feet, and at the end of three years he was only a cub reporter. "Better chuck the whole thing and go back where I belong," he thought grimly. "Never!" came the second impulse, "so long as I live."

Suddenly his reverie was broken by a shrill scream, which grated harshly on his ears. Guided by the distressing sound, Bob rushed up to a large curio shop, "What can be going on in that shop?" In an instant he was all action. He broke open the door, and as he did so, he heard a peculiar sound—the death rattle.

With a catlike bound, Warrington leaped into the room. He tripped over an object and fell to his hands and knees. Arising hastily, he struck a match and by the dim light, he saw an elderly man lying on the floor, with a knife sticking in his throat. Around the man's head was a pool of blood.

Stronger than any other impulse, was the reporter's instinct. He rushed to the telephone and notified his newspaper editor. He then called the police. But curiosity could not

await their arrival. He strode over to the dead man and proceeded to examine the knife. It was fancifully carved and could be recognized as an Oriental one. The blade was of polished blue steel and the tip was covered with a green substance. It was the deadly "Snake Knife" of the Orient. The dead man, evidently the owner of the shop, lay as though he had been violently handled. His features were hideously convulsed in the agony that had preceded his death. The hands, now inanimate, were clenched in a death-like grip. Prying the fingers open, Bob found a small jade luck charm of the East. As he gazed curiously at the charm, it struck him that he had seen it before. Yes. He remembered. It was in Sing Lee's laundry shop. He had noticed it on a stranger, who was conversing with Sing Lee.

The young reporter's meditations were rudely broken by the appearance of two detectives from the police. They took the body in charge, and Bob made all haste to his office, to write up his story.

The next morning, after eating a scanty breakfast, he departed to the scene of the murder. When he arrived, he discovered that the two detectives had preceded him. But the most minute investigation on their part was fruitless. Even the arrival of a confidential clerk, who, by the way, had been absent at the time of the murder, revealed only the fact that a small insignificant Chinese idol was missing. What could the murderer want with such a trifle?

"Robert," said our friend to himself, "here's your chance to win a name for yourself."

Warrington reported at his office. There, to his great fortune, he met the chief editor, and it did not take him very long to persuade this gentleman to assign him to the reporting of the case. Bob thanked the editor, and turned about ten somersaults in mid-air to let off some of his exuberance. As he left the office, these words rang in his ears, **Go Get It.**

The young reporter's first move was to go to Sing Lee's

laundry shop. He soon arrived at the shop, and entering it, proceeded to question the Chinaman. The Oriental, of course, denied all knowledge of the case, but Bob noticed that his face was ashen-hued and that he was shaking as if he had the ague. After many threats, Warrington discovered the truth.

"It was the work of the 'Yellow Ring,' declared the trembling Chinaman, on his knees, "the stranger was the leader and he tried to induce me to aid him. I refused. He killed the shop-owner and stole the idol."

Bob left in a hurry. Naturally the man would attempt to escape from the country.

He went down to the docks and examined the purser's books. Among the names listed for passage was the one Chinaman, "Hon. Chang Lang."

"That is my man, and I shall follow him," Bob mentally declared. To engage passage was the work of a moment.

The next morning Warrington boarded the steamer, and he discovered that his stateroom was beside the one of the Chinaman. Peeping through the door, Bob saw a tall Oriental, with beady black, almond-shaped eyes, ascending the companionway. The man's face was a sickly yellow. Warrington followed him on deck, and he noticed that Chang's chest was uncommonly large for a man of his build. "That's where he carries the idol," observed Bob, to himself.

That evening the young reporter watched until the man retired. When he was sure the Oriental was sound asleep, he sneaked into the room. Gliding stealthily across the room, Bob reached the bed. With a violent start, the Chinaman awoke; seeing the intruder, he immediately grappled with him. But the man was quickly subdued by those massive muscles, hardened by a college gymnasium training. Warrington took the man to the captain, where Bob told his story. After communicating with the police officials by wireless, the young reporter's statement was corroborated. Chang was instantly placed in

irons. Warrington returned to his stateroom, and began to examine the idol.

"Now what on earth can anybody want with you?" he muttered, as he gazed curiously at the image. He tapped it lightly on the head, and he perceived that it was hollow. As he pressed, accidentally, one of the eyes, the cranium opened, and in the receptacle disclosed by the hidden spring, he discovered a piece of parchment. On it were many words in Chinese script. He then hid the idol in his stateroom.

Not long afterwards, Warrington and his prisoner were placed on a homeward bound steamer. They arrived in San Francisco in a short time, and Bob's prisoner was safely lodged in a prison.

A few days later, the murderer made his confession. He declared that he killed the shop-owner in order to obtain the concealed parchment. The small scroll contained a message which stated that "Chang Lang's gang," the "Yellow Ring," were to meet a steamer from China, outside of the three mile limit. The gang were to have a cutter large enough to convey five thousand Chinks to shore.

After a thorough investigation, a large manufacturing firm was arrested. They were implicated in the plot to smuggle the Chinks to shore in order to use them as workmen.

After Bob had written his story for his paper, he was extremely grateful to hear these words from his superior, "Well, my boy, you did it. I guess we have a pretty good job waiting for you. How about a trip home first?"

The telegram that was soon speeding over the wires was short, but carried a world of meaning to a certain young lady to whom it was addressed, for a self-made man was whizzing across the continent in its wake.

SEYMOUR CALLET, '23.

WITH THE POETS

THE AUTUMN WIND

The air was cold and clear and bright,
The frost on the grass shone a glistening white,
The rising sun bathed the world in light,
On a beautiful autumn morning.

Then o'er the mountains came the wind,
And through the tree-tops noised and dinned,
Till all the bright leaves rustled and spinned,
On a beautiful autumn morning.

And soon the trees stood black and bare,
Against a sky so blue and fair,
Deprived of all their leaves so rare,
On a beautiful autumn morning.

HELEN C. FLACK, '22

THANKSGIVING

The spicy smell of pies and cakes at last
Announce to us that autumn months are past;
The pumpkins ripe are picked and carried in,
And apples large are gathered in the bin,
For Thanksgiving is here.

The turkey now is crisp and brown and sweet,
For she's been forced to yield her head and feet;
The cranberries are mixed just right to stew,
And a big meal is planned for me and you,
For Thanksgiving is here.

And soon we sit and eat the food—then pie,
Then candy till we think we'll almost die,
And then the pain that comes but twice a year—
Alack! Alas! the suffering is most drear,
For Thanksgiving was here.

RUTH LANGSFORD, '22.

THE FOREST BALL

The forest is giving a great ball today,
The woodland fairies wear costumes so gay.
The reds and the greens with orange and brown,
Make a wonderful rainbow that circles the town.

A glorious ball it is—planned to surpass
The world's greatest balls in any time past.
The Maples, the Oaks, the Birches and Pines
Are one and all coming in garments so fine.

They dance and they laugh till the even' draws nigh,
Then frolic they still, till 'tis useless to try
To stay any longer for gone are the stars;
And all are exhausted and throw bouquets far.

Young friends and old friends and friends newly made
Throw off the bright leaves that once rendered cool shade.
The leaves are the bouquets that fall to the ground;
And soon will they sleep 'neath a blanket, just found.

HAZEL MILLER, '22.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

How wonderful is a Thanksgiving Day
As the fleecy snowflakes fall thick and fast,
Upon the already snow-covered ground.

The turkey in the oven roasting brown
Sends forth its rich perfume throughout the house.
The round, tart cranberries on the stove
Are softening into a scarlet, red sauce;
Potatoes, almost ready to be mashed,
Are dressed with butter, cream to make them good;
And looking at the table now we see
All sorts and kinds of good things waiting there,
Among them spicy, yellow, pumpkin custard
And fruit cake, grapes, and apple pie so rare—
And doughnuts fried into a golden brown.
All are so inviting to the view,
They bring again a once lost appetite.

ZELDA WAGNER, '22.

THE DEPARTURE

Autumn has gone.
I do not understand,
I only know
Before she turned and fled
In all her gorgeous splendor,
She decked her world in garments gold and red,
And brown, and rusty orange;
And upon the sea of blue above
She placed her fleecy cloud boats,
To drift or slumber at their will.
In the west at evening
She fixed the crimson sun
To tint the sky with lavender and rose.
Then, with all these duties done,
She disappeared into the mist
That on the purple mountains hung.

MARY WRIGHT, '22.

HARBINGERS OF CHRISTMAS

The Christmas Tree

I walked into a house on Christmas morn;
A fragrance smote me as of summer winds
All laden with the breath of life, new-born.
'Twas just the smell of pine trees, that was all.

MARGARET MCGAHAN, '21.

The Christmas Candle

A Christmas candle,
Gleaming yellow,
From the window of a happy home,
Cheer'd the wand'rer
Who was lonely,
And about the world compelled to roam;
Brought to him
A joyous memory,
Of a Christmas Eve long years ago.

MARGARET MCGAHAN, '21.

The Christmas Saint

There's a jolly good elf that comes on this night;
He's all dressed in fur with a long beard of white,
And if we've been good, just as good as we might,
He makes us all happy, a'right, a'right.

GRACE COLL, '24.

OLD CHRISTMAS EVE

I often wish I still believed
That on old Christmas Eve,
When everyone had gone to bed,
And all the house was dead,
Old Santa Claus with beard of white,
Came down the flue at night,
And crept up-stairs just for to see
If we slept peacefully.

I often wish I still believed
That on old Christmas Eve,
He went up to the fire place
Where logs glowed on the grate,
And with a good old kindly air,
Took down the stockings there,
And filled them, right up to the top,
Before he ever stopped.

I often wish I still believed
That on old Christmas Eve,
When stockings had been filled, all three,
And toys placed on the tree,
Old Santa Claus went up the flue
To make the others happy, too
With all his many glowing trees;
I wish I still believed.

VERA MEEHAN, '24.

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

Oh, baby, sleep, for round you weave
The tales and songs of Christmas Eve;
Sleep, baby, sleep.
On this same eve, long years ago,
A star smiled o'er a manger low;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

And in this manger, 'midst the hay
A new-born child so humbly lay;
Sleep, baby, sleep.
No pillow for his little head,
No soft white cradle for his bed;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

He came to guard each little child,
To make each life more sweet and mild;
Sleep, baby, sleep.
So sleep and rest without a fear,
For Christ will watch His children dear;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

HELEN CUSTER, '21.

A BALLAD OF THE NEW YEAR

On a dim old wall hung portraits rare;
Some faces were faded, others fair,
But all wore a strangely expectant air
As they hung on the tapestried wall.

On the midnight hush came music clear,
Seeming to drift from somewhere near;
And the pictures all the sweet music could hear,
And smiled as they hung on the wall.

Then down from their places they silently came,
Not even the old squire stayed in his frame;
The scholar, the sailor, the maid and the dame,
Every one of them did the same.

Each maid had a partner in uniform gay,
And all of the couples then started to sway
While the music still drifted in slow, dreamy way,
From the somewhere into the hall.

The music soon quickened its pulsating beat,
And the dancers kept time with their quick flying feet;
They bowed and they curtsied and voices so sweet,
Enlivened that famous old hall.

Suddenly clear came the sound of a gong;
Stopped the gay dance and the music's sweet song,
And each to his frame rushed the ghostlike throng,
And hung as before on the wall.

Next morn as the caretaker, bent and old,
Went on his round of the hall, dim and cold,
No trace could he see of the dancers so bold
Who hung in their frames on the wall.

Now if this story you'll believe,
And would this pretty sight perceive,
Observe with me next New Year's Eve
The portraits that hang on the wall.

MARJORIE REYNOLDS, '23.

IN THE SCHOOL

THE FACULTY

At the close of last year, Miss Bertha Scharmann and Miss Dorothy Chrisman resigned from the faculty. Miss Scharmann, who, since the organization of the High School, had had charge of the Household Arts Department, is now Mrs. Morty Bowles, and has gone to housekeeping in Montgomery, West Virginia. Her absence is felt by everyone in school, especially by the girls whom she taught. Miss Chrisman, our Latin and French teacher of last term, is now studying in the University of Chicago, and teaching in the University High School.

The vacancies created by their resignations are filled by Miss Mabel Gibson who was, last year, supervisor of household arts in the Bethel Vocational High School of Library, Pa., and Miss Emma E. Bortz, who recently taught in the Lehighton High School.

In addition, due to the large increase in the enrollment of the school, we have three new teachers. Miss Virginia W. Lewis, formerly of Patton High School faculty, is now our teacher of history and girls' physical director. Miss M. Hazel Barto, formerly a teacher in the Cameron High School, is now assistant to Mr. Engh in the Commercial Department, and Mr. P. P. Williamson, formerly a member of the Johnstown High School Faculty, is now our teacher of the sciences.

In behalf of the student body, we take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the interest which the new teachers are taking in the school. We trust their stay among us will prove pleasant to them.

Class Organizations

At the beginning of the term, the four classes were organized. The various activities in which the school will engage, such as the Agassiz and other clubs, moving pictures, parties, athletic associations, and matters of business will be wholly directed by the officers of the four classes; namely,

Senior Class

President	Robert Bingham
Vice President	Margaret McGahan
Secretary	Dorothea Leahey
Treasurer	Helen Custer

Junior Class

President	Ted Campbell
Vice President	Walter Wilner
Secretary	Edgar Leahey
Treasurer	Ruth Langsford

Sophomore Class

President	Viola Proudfoot
Vice President	Charles McGahan
Secretary	Helen Searight
Treasurer	Jane Fronheiser

Freshman Class

President	Hilda Meehan
Vice President	Marion Bailey
Secretary	Clara Osgood
Treasurer	John O'Loughlin

The Agassiz Chapter

We closed last year with what may be termed the crowning success of our Agassiz Chapter. We succeeded in bringing Dr. Bigelow, President of the National Agassiz Association, to our school. He delivered two talks to us, one to the pupils alone in the afternoon and one to the public in the evening. We derived much good from the talks of Dr. Bigelow.

This year, we expect to organize the Agassiz Chapter in a different manner. Only those who are interested in nature will be members of the Chapter. These members will be divided into several distinct groups; each group will study a certain phase of nature. For instance, here will be a group interested in telegraphy; there, one in stars; here, one in plant life, etc. Each will have its own chairman and committees. These

chairmen will form part of the staff of a President of the whole Chapter.

By this system, we hope to produce in the students a greater love of nature and a deeper understanding of those miracles which God has wrought.

The Orchestra

An awful (awful is correctly used) noise issued from the library. It was Wednesday noon, the second one of the term; the library doors were closed to all curious passersby, and the above noise was being generated within. It wasn't the noon whistle; it was hardly loud enough for that. It wasn't a piano mover; there were too many screeches even for that. It wasn't the plumbers, for their labors are silent when placed in comparison with this. It must be the new orchestra. Yes, that is what it was, the new orchestra. Oh, so new, painfully new!

But that was the first time; it is better now. They play in chapel, and it is very entertaining, quite a novelty and an inspiration. We really enjoy their efforts and take this opportunity of saying so, for we are all boosters—no knockers. The following is the Honor Roll of those participating in the first onslaught (the first Wednesday):

The Honor Roll

Piano	Margaret McGahan
First Violins	
Mary Wright	
Francis Byers	
Second Violins	
Ruth Langsford	
Charles McGahan	
Edwin Williams	
Cornet	Catherine Langsford
Saxophone	Ross Cook

They are not all mentioned here—only the veterans. We, the school, hope to see more and more players each week and wish the orchestra all success.

The Girls' Club

This year the girls have reorganized their club, the Girl Reserves, and intend to have a club that will afford pleasure and assistance both to themselves and to the community.

The first meeting was held out of doors on the sixteenth of October. The girls all assembled after school, dressed in bloomers and middies, and at three-thirty started on a hike. After walking three or four miles, we came to a clearing in the woods, where we stopped and built a fire. When we had a good flame, we seated ourselves in a circle around it, and Miss Lewis, our faculty adviser, conducted a business meeting. After a brief discussion of the character of the club, the nominating committee submitted their nominees and the girls elected Dorothea Leahey, president; Mary Wright, vice president; Margaret Jones, secretary; and Katharine Stackhouse, treasurer. With this business completed, the supper was brought out, consisting of "hot dogs," which we roasted over the fire, dill pickles, and cookies. When everyone had eaten her fill, we sat around the fire again and Miss Lewis told us a story; then, as it was already dark, we started home, arriving shortly after eight o'clock.

This hike is but one of the many pleasures that we are going to have this year. The program committee has planned a full schedule, among the events of which will be interesting meetings, parties, hikes, and picnics that all the girls will enjoy. Meetings are to be held regularly every other Thursday at noon and all members are urged to be present. At these meetings there will be special programs which will be of interest to all. Special committees will be appointed for Social Service work, which we intend to carry on through the hospitals, orphanages, and charitable organizations of the city.

One of the most attractive features of the club is, that practically every girl is a member. When any of the girls wish to plan for any kind of outing, they arrange it for the entire club rather than just a small group. By having such a large

enrollment of members we are able to avoid cliques. The girls have shown by their attitude that they will abide by the purpose which is "to promote pleasure, cooperation, and democracy among its members, and to render service to the community." In doing so, they hope to make the club a success.

The Thanksgiving Party

On the nineteenth of November, the school arranged for a masquerade party, a fitting beginning for our week of vacation. Everyone came in costume, ranging from the peaceful Puritan to the treacherous Indian. At eight o'clock the parade was supposed to start, but of course, you know all the **best** parades are late; so ours started at half past eight. Everyone was right in step, and **such** straight lines; well, why not—when the girls take physical training and the boys know something about marching—what else could have been expected? The parade wended its way over the wooden streets of Westmont-Upper Yoder and finally reached its destination—the library. Here it broke file and everyone sat down, forming a semi-circle. Since competent judges had been observing the parade, a prize was awarded to Viola Peden for having the best costume—a little cherry-blossom from Japan. The prize appeared to be so large and handsome that everyone was wishing he could receive it; but upon being unwrapped, it proved to be only a doughnut!

The first number on the program was tableaux representing us as others see us. The poor Sophomores; Frank Carter represented them, and my—if people see them that way, it surely is a shame; but we must admit there is a general false impression that the Sophomores have a very good opinion of themselves. The Juniors are the most envied class, and what could better portray this than Jack Osgood dressed in tennis costume. The dignified (?) Seniors were shown how they look, by Margaret Jones in graduate's attire, reading from an ancient tome. Then other tableaux, pertaining to Thanksgiving, were presented. Everyone thought William Marley was

looking at a picture when he appeared as Governor Bradford reading the Proclamation. Charles McGahan as John Alden and Lois Mowry as Priscilla were just suited to their parts—and who can tell—but I had better not say because it was only a tableau. No one could have portrayed Mary Chilton better than Mary Engelhardt. As for Miles Standish; Theodore Wagner surely must have been his double! John O'Loughlin and Francis Grantham were typical Indians! Next, a dance in old Virginia was performed by Viola Proudfoot, Jane Fronheiser, Katharine Stackhouse, and Katherine Krieger. To look at this one thought he was really back in the good old-fashioned days.

Then came the play! Oh, I forgot to tell you—a group of Irish players entertained us that night, consisting of Mary Wright, Dorothea Leahey, Charles Tarr, Ted Campbell, Francis Byers, Warren Partridge, Robert Bingham and Hayden Powell with the play entitled "Spreading the News." It was without doubt a howling success! One almost talked Irish after hearing them. Charles Tarr rendered a solo; and we wouldn't be a bit surprised to read in the papers some day that he has become the understudy of Enrico Caruso.

After these entertainments were over, everyone was passed a slip of paper. The ones with pink slips gathered in a certain group and so on with all the colors. These groups went to different rooms. If our future would turn out as the fortune tellers told us; if magicians could get away with things as ours did; if photographers could only take pictures as well as ours were taken; and if great men could read one's mind as ours were read—well, this world would be wonderful.

Then, best of all, refreshments were served! The ice cream cones, candy, doughnuts, apples, and cider were the right things to satisfy the taste of hungry Puritans! Everyone engaged in singing, and I'm sure Mrs. Horne, our vocal teacher, would have been proud of us. Too soon "Home Sweet Home" was played! We all went home glad we had attended and just as glad that there would be no school for a whole week!

THE DECEMBER SONG SHEET

The Magic of Your Eyes	Lois Mowrey
A Million Little Diamonds	The Student Body
Whispering	Helen Custer
Rest Thee My Little One	Frederick Schwab
A Dream	Alma Feathers
Village Musicians	School Orchestra
Good Humor	Francis Byers
The Dying Poet	Ruth Langsford
Alice, Where Art Thou?	Alice Reilly
How Can I Leave Thee	Charles Bailey
Listen to the Mocking Bird	Marion Long
Then You'll Remember Me	Dave Faunce
Bonnie Charlie	Charles Dunkle
The Hours I Spent With Thee	Cicero
You're a Dangerous Girl	Viola Peden
It's a Long, Long Time Since I've Been Home	Frank Leahey
Oh Johnny! Oh Johnny! Oh!	John Shreeve
Oo La La Wee Wee	Carl Schwab
Atta Boy	Warren Partridge
Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia	Leonard Gay
Ja Da	Bill Marley
Old Man Jazz	Robert Bingham
Keep Your Face to the Sunshine	K. Krieger
One Fleeting Hour	Jack Osgood
Just Awearyin' for You	Manuel Higgins
Somewhere a Voice Is Calling	Mark Carter
You I Know	Ruth Dom
You'd Be Surprised	Lily Fern Potter
Strolling 'Round the Camp with Mary	Engelhardt
Apply Yourself	Dick Thackray
At the Zoo	Sis Leahey
The Campbells Are Coming	Ted

Efficiency	Lillian Callet
I Don't Want To	Jane F.
It's Up to You	Lenore Albert
My Little Bimbo	Anna Bailey
The Chapel	Every Monday Morning
Are You Sleeping?	In Study Period
Bells of Freedom	The Three Fifteen
My Bonnie	Margaret McGahan
The Lost Chord	Ross Cook
Mickey	Josephine Williams
Girl of Mine	Grace Coll
Faithful Johnny	John O'Loughlin
Tell Me, Little Gypsy	Clara Osgood
Tell Me	Howard Shaffer
If You Could Care	Rufus Cooper
No Rose without a Thorn	Rose Alma Harrigan
When I Dream of Old Erin	Seabrook Reilly
Smiles	Mary Wright
A Young Man's Fancy	Katherine Langford
The Girl of My Dreams	Margaret Longwell
Mystery	The Small Freshmen
Talk of the Town	Perry Thomas
Blowing Bubbles	Sam Callet
The Last Part of Every Party	Leah Schaup
A Heart for Sale	Franklin Williams
Helen of Troy	Helen Wachob
Old Iron Sides	Hamp Powell
Ninon Was a Naughty Girl	Alice Woods
Margie	Marjory Reynolds
End of a Perfect Day	Florence Head
My Wild Irish Rose (?)	Gus Fries
Flutter On, My Broadway Butterfly	Helen Flack
The Sunshine of Your Smile	K. Stackhouse
Hark the Herald Angels Sing	Frank Carter

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS 1920

The Athletic Field

Due to the efforts of the School Board, the athletic field of the High School is now in shape, ready for equipment. The tennis, basketball and volleyball courts are in excellent condition and will be put into use next spring, when teams will be organized in these sports. The football field was used for training this fall. The basketball diamond will equal any diamond in town, and hereafter the people of Westmont and Upper Yoder districts will have no need to seek further than Luzerne Street to find a fit place for this sport. The High School appreciates the work of the School Board and thanks them for their interest and assistance.

The Track Meet

The first "big event" on the program of athletics for this year was the Annual Track and Field Meet, which was held at Ebensburg on October the ninth.

About a month beforehand preparations were begun. The coaches, Mr. Engh and Miss Lewis, started vigorous training of both boys and girls. Each afternoon after school, could be seen the various groups practicing running, jumping, pole-vaulting, shot-putting and ball throwing. A week before the contest it was known who were best fitted to enter. It was decided that the transportation of the entrants to Ebensburg would be specially provided for; but that the student body or "school spirit" would have the pleasure of going in trucks to be hired for the purpose.

On the morning of the great day, the conveyances started promptly at eight o'clock A. M. On the way to Ebensburg, those in the trucks practiced some of the songs which had been made, appropriate for the occasion. The most popular song,

which was sung on approaching the gate of the Fair Grounds, was to the tune of "You Said It." The words follow:

"Are we here and are we in it?

You said it!

Will we run the race and win it?

You said it!

Have we got plenty of vim,

Have we got chances to win,

And have we lots of other things

That—nobody knows?

You said it!

Will we keep you fellows hopping?

You said it!

Will we fill your little eyes with tears?

And no matter where we roam,

Will we make our High School known?

Will we bring those medals home?

You said it, boy!

When the representation reached the grandstand, they found the coveted place held by a few who had arrived earlier, and so immediately got settled and ready for business. While waiting for the trial events to start, a few yells and songs were given in reply to those of the other schools. Then began the heats. Everyone was keyed up to a high pitch of excitement, as each event was finished and one or more places were won for W. U. Y. H. S. When at last the noon intermission came, the school was almost confident of victory.

There was some misunderstanding as to the time of starting the finals in the afternoon; in consequence, one or two of the entrants did not arrive in time to be in the final race. Then followed an afternoon of disappointments, felt keenly by all. Although all the contestants did their best to win places, only five were able to do so. Those who did, were: Viola Peden, 3rd, baseball throwing; Franklin Williams, 3rd, 120 yd. low hurdles, and 2nd, shot-put; Gus Fries, 2nd, pole vault;

Football

For several reasons, this year's football team was a disappointment. At the close of the June term of school we lost five men who would have provided excellent material for the team this year. In addition, it was impossible to begin practice until rather late in the season on account of the county track meet. Both of these causes operated against the success of the sport.

The team which was organized after the track meet played three games, winning two and losing one. The scores of the games are as follows:

Westmont-Upper Yoder—18 South Fork—0
Touchdowns—Powell, Wilner and Williams.

Westmont-Upper Yoder—42 Johnstown A. C.—0
Touchdowns—Powell, 5, Wilner and E. Leahey.

Westmont-Upper Yoder—0 South Fork—14
Touchdowns—Schofield, and Yochomovitz.

The members of the Westmont-Upper Yoder team were:

Position		Subs.
Right End	E. Leahey	Marley
Right Tackle	Osgood	S. Callet
Right Guard	Weimer	Campbell
Center	Tarr	
Left Guard	Holsopple	F. Leahey
Left Tackle	Seitz	Wagner
Left End	Bingham	Callet
Quarterback	Powell	
Left Halfback	Callet	Bingham
Right Halfback	Wilner	
Fullback	Williams, Captain	

Samuel Callet, 3rd, shot-put; Charles Tarr, 3rd, pole-vault.

Those who entered should be given credit for their good work and hearty efforts to make the name of the school great. A list of the entrants follows, with the points gained by the winners.

	Points Won		Points Won
Boys		Boys	
120 yds. low hurdles		100 yds. dash	
Franklin Williams.....	3	Hayden Powell	
Henry Seitz		Richard Thackray	
One mile relay		Total	13
Warren Partridge			Points Won
Samuel Callet		Girls	
Richard Thackray		Running broad jump	
Walter Wilner		Josephine Williams	
220 yds. dash		Leah Schaup	
Hayden Powell		Baseball throw	
Warren Partridge		Viola Peden	2
Pole vault		Mary Wright	
Gus Fries	3	Basketball throw	
Charles Tarr	2	Viola Peden	
High jump		Mary Wright	
Robert Bingham		50 yds. dash	
Edgar Leahey		Katherine Stackhouse	
Shot put		Leah Schaup	
Franklin Williams.....	3	100 yds. dash	
Samuel Callet	2	Margaret Roach	
One mile run		Katherine Stackhouse	
Henry Seitz		Total	2
David Faunce		Grand Total	15
		Place in meet.....	Fourth

Girl's Basketball

On Tuesday, November the ninth, a meeting of all the girls of the school interested in basketball was called.

Miss Lewis outlined the program of basketball for the year. Practices will be held on Tuesdays and Fridays, the girls being divided into two groups. There will be no Girls' Varsity Basketball team this year, but there will be inter-class games. A pennant is to be awarded to the class team winning the most games.

It is hoped that a large number of the girls who attended the meeting will come to all the practices. For a long time the girls have wanted to play basketball in regular teams. Now is their opportunity to show their loyalty and enthusiasm.

Physical Education

Early in the term, physical education classes for the girls were organized. The classes meet every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday after school. Most of the girls thought that they would not enjoy this training, but Miss Lewis, the teacher, has made it quite interesting.

The first part of the period is spent in marching and taking various exercises. If the weather is suitable, the last half is devoted to dodge-ball and other outdoor games; if it snows

or rains, "Skip Tag," "When the Drummer Comes Around," etc., are played in the Library. After the class, if Miss Lewis is not busy, the girls urge her to tell them stories; so the time is made delightful for all.

The Students' Athletic Council

A Students' Athletic Council has been organized. It consists of three representatives from the Senior class, and two from each of the remaining three classes, together with two faculty advisers. The purpose of the Council is to determine upon the extent of athletic relations which shall be opened by the School; to make the athletics more of a unit within the school, and to establish and preserve an interest in and enthusiasm for athletics. The officers of the Council are:

President	Hayden Powell
Vice President	Mary Wright
Secretary	Robert Bingham
Treasurer	Helen Custer
Overseer	Henry Seitz
Faculty Advisers	} Mr. Carl Engh Miss Virginia Lewis



Jokes and Advertisements

For "High" Fellows

*Clothes That are Different--
Distinctive--With Pronounced
Young Fellow Appeal*



GARMENTS with smart lines, with real "dash-and-go" expressed in the many handsome models in which they are presented here. We make a specialty of these Student Clothes—and supply an ever increasing number of young men of Johnstown and vicinity with garments measuring up to the most exacting style demands. And we lead in value giving—always.



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"Clothes That Satisfy"

PROVERBS

1. Poverty tries friends.

Friendly relations with "Hamp" Powell are strained if you don't give him a daily tribute of one cent.

2. They love us truly who correct us freely.

Miss Krebs must be deeply in love with all of us.

3. What may be done at any time will be done at no time.

That proverb hasn't the slightest bearing upon any of our school work.

4. Necessity sharpens industry.

Merrill H. has acquired remarkable skill in manipulating his pony notes.

5. Thought is silent.

Yes—but silence, when applied to school work doesn't always indicate thoughtfulness.

6. Employment is enjoyment.

According to that we're having the time of our life—but we don't know it.

7. The eye is the pearl of the face.

To look at our faces on these cold mornings, you would think that the nose is the ruby.

8. Hares are not caught with drums.

As far as R. Cooper is concerned they are not caught with guns, either.

9. Men are not measured in inches.

This proverb is the salvation of Lucy Eicher.

10. Love your neighbor, but don't tear down the fence.

I wonder why this slipped our minds on Hallowe'en?

AT JOHNSTOWN'S ONLY

Sport Shop

Sweaters-

A fine assortment of the best known makes. Some are heavy coarse knit, others are close knit of the finest soft wool yarns. There are high-neck, V-neck, and roll collar styles in plain colors and combination effects.

Mackinaws

There's no outer garment will keep you quite as warm and comfortable as one of our dandy mackinaws. Our line is complete with styles and sizes for everyone and prices to suit all purses.

For Basketball-

The season is now on and our line of equipment is the most complete in Johnstown. We have everything—basketballs, jerseys, hose, shoes, pants, knee pads, elastic braces, and jersey monograms.

**We Are Agents for the Famous
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Receives Deposits Subject to Check

$3\frac{1}{2}$ Per Cent Interest

On Savings Accounts Compounded Twice Yearly

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

Christmas Presents

The following requests have been duly forwarded to Santa Claus by the Editor. We trust he will respond with his usual generosity.

Honey Sloan and A. Woods want season tickets for the bald-headed row at the Nemo.

Dorothea Luebbert wants public speaking every day in the week.

Carl Weimer wants a perpetual argument, to save him the trouble of hunting for disputes.

William Marley wants a baseball game every day.

R. Cooper wants a pop-gun.

Franklin W. wants a new rattle (his old Ford is worn out).

Johnny Shreeve wants a new wig.

Don't try to please Chas. McGahan; he wants everything.

Ed Williams wants a new laugh. His old one's cracked.

Merrill Holsopple wants a doll and a teddy-bear—but of course, you know best about that.

Kathryn Langsford wants a new smile—one that may be made strictly personal, so it will not include everybody.

Bing wants a new school; but you needn't bother if you don't want to. Nothing ever suits him.

Facts from Geometry

Given—Carl Schwab is small.

To Prove—He is better off small than large.

Proof—Carl is small (Given). This shows he will get along the best in this world. Ax. 15. (The more haste the less speed). Carl is better off small than large. (Postulate 26).

(High houses are generally empty in the upper story.)

Q. E. D.

Exclusive Styles Economy Prices

Exclusive styles, best quality and economy prices is the combination you'll find at the Widener Store. Women's, Misses' and Children's Garments, Fancy Goods, Hose, Millinery, etc. Always at your service.

THE
WIDENER STORE
527 Main St.



First National Bank

Corner Main and Franklin Streets
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

RESOURCES

THIRTEEN MILLION DOLLARS

\$13,000,000.00

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

As We Progress

Freshie: I didn't hear the question, ma'am.

Sophie: I didn't hear the question.

Junior: I didn't get you.

Senior: Huh?

Margaret L. is practicing unity in all her classes—

"Raphael produced some wonderful works and his remains are spread all over Italy."

Miss Lewis—Does anyone remember who said "Give me Liberty or give me death?"

Freshie in back seat—MacSwiney.

Artie Allison finds that in his "experiences," the J. T. Co. gives poor service.

Wouldn't that jar you?—A Freshie speaking of experience.

Marjorie R.—I am indebted to you for all I know.

Carl S. (much embarrassed)—Oh, don't mention such a trifle.

Miss Blair—Have you read "Cranford?"

Lillian C. (who prides herself on reading the latest novels)
—Of course I have! I read that when it first came out.

Mr. Williamson—Francis, are you an adult or a child?

Francis—Suit yourself.

The Present of the Moment

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

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EASY TO BUY
EASY TO SEND
A JOY TO RECEIVE

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INTEGRITY PLUS EXPERIENCE

In choosing an executor or trustee it is well to consider experience as an essential quality.

Seldom has a relative, business associate or friend the necessary training to equip him to carry out your wishes in the most efficient, satisfactory and economical manner.

This Institution offers a service based upon extensive experience as well as responsibility and integrity.

Our officers will be glad to discuss our qualifications for this service.

ASSETS - - \$2,500,000.00

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Corner MAIN and CLINTON STREETS

There was a young sailor named Mark,
Who was swallowed one day by a shark;
And to his surprise, when he opened his eyes,
He found himself in the dark.

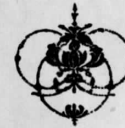
Hayden had a little lamp
He filled it with benzine;
Then he lit his little lamp,
He hasn't since benzine.

As Miss Blair entered the crowded Southmont car, Francis
Byers quickly rose and offered her his seat.

Ruth T.—Why did you get up so quickly, Francis?

Francis—I couldn't bear to see her standing so near me
with a strap in her hand.

Wouldn't it be funny
If anyone got A in citizenship?
If everyone studied in a study period?
If Franklin didn't go out for athletics?
If Gus Fries became a peroxide blonde?
If Francis Byers came to school in knee pants?
If Hazel Miller became a vamp?
If Lil Callet wore her hair down?
If M. McGahan didn't know her geometry?
If John Shreeve played football?
If Yiddy suddenly became solemn?
If Jack Osgood's hair got out of place?
If Alma were heavier than Feathers?
If Bud were larger than a Roach?
If Perry Thomas wore a necktie to match his hair?
If Ruth Langsford never laughed?
If Charles Bailey ever hurried?
If Sammy became an orator?
If Kathryn Langsford became a man-hater?



Westmont Garage

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Improved
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to deposit \$1 a week or more for your future success. If you undertake to do so and keep at it, our Savings Department will add 3½% compound interest to your deposits.

The way to meet this challenge has an important bearing on your future.

The United States National Bank

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Boys, Attention!

Ride and the girls ride with you,
Walk and you walk alone.

After Miss Barto had assigned the History lesson, a few of the pupils began to talk to one another.

Miss Barto—I'm about half tempted to give you three more pages for tomorrow.

Dave F. (sotto voce)—Yield not to temptation.

Miss Itell—This picture is not complete.

E. Leahey—Oh, yes it is.

Miss Itell—You have drawn the horse, but where is the wagon?

E. Leahey—I'm going to let the horse draw the wagon.

C stands for Christmas, the best time of the year.
H stands for Happiness when Christmas is near.
R stands for Ringing of the bells on Christmas morn.
I stands for little Imps; to help Santa they were born.
S stands for Santa Claus who brings gifts to girls and boys.
T stands for Tree which is loaded up with toys.
M stands for Merry the feeling Christmas brings.
A stands for Appetite for all the good things.
S stands for Satisfied, the feeling Christmas leaves.
CLARA OSGOOD, '24.

When December's last lessons are over,
And exams are a thing of the past,
When the brightest among us have wavered,
And the teachers relented at last,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—
Go home for a week or two,
Till Miss Krebs, with the School Board's
Permission, shall call us to work anew.

STEINWAY

KNOWN AND PRAISED WHEREVER CIVILIZED
TONGUES ARE SPOKEN AS THE

SUPERLATIVE PIANO

Grands--Uprights--Duo-Art Pianolas

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GOOD NEWS FROM THE MEN'S DEPARTMENT--SECOND FLOOR

SUIT PRICES LOWERED

Just cast your eyes on the prices listed directly below this paragraph. Compare yesterday's prices with today's and see just what you save if you buy a suit at this store now. The savings are not small—they are big and really worth while.

Regular \$35.00 Suits now selling at\$30.85
Regular \$38.00 Suits now selling at\$32.85
Regular \$40.00 Suits now selling at\$34.85
Regular \$42.50 Suits now selling at\$36.85

Regular \$45.00 Suits now selling at\$38.85
Regular \$48.00 Suits now selling at\$41.85
Regular \$50.00 Suits now selling at\$43.85

These are Men's and Young Men's Suits of the finest quality fancy worsteds and cassimeres in colors men want for cold weather wear. They are all regular stock suits—not "pick-ups" or "turn-downs." Every man knows this store for reliable goods and honest reductions.

PRICES ON BOYS' SUITS ARE ALSO REDUCED

These price reductions affect the best suits in our regular stock. Remember, you are getting quality, not a lot of stuff bought for a specially staged reduction sale. All sizes included.

REGULAR \$12.50 SUITS NOW\$10.85
REGULAR \$15.00 SUITS NOW\$11.85
REGULAR \$18.00 SUITS NOW\$14.85
REGULAR \$20.00 SUITS NOW\$16.85

REGULAR \$22.50 SUITS NOW\$18.85
REGULAR \$25.00 SUITS NOW\$21.85
REGULAR \$28.00 SUITS NOW\$23.85
REGULAR \$30.00 SUITS NOW\$25.85

John Thomas & Sons

OUR THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS—We hopelessly laboring pupils, known to Miss Krebs and the world as students, having fled from the uncertainties and entangling meshes of the grade school, have journeyed along the straight and lengthy way (Luzerne St.) to the W. U. Y. H. S., and have found that said High School is—up to this point—free from the nerve-racking process of finding some one to work an algebra problem for you; the appropriation of stray pencils; the constant (or occasional) exertion of will power; the embarrassing circumstances resulting from note writing or talking; the financial ruin of any of our number through the interesting, though unseemly, sport of matching pennies—

THEREFORE—Do we hereby proclaim that next Thursday shall be set aside as a day of solemn thanksgiving. And do we urge that all good students of this High School try to make the most of this occasion, while they still have something to give thanks for.



Quality in

Diamonds, Watches
and Jewelry

—

G. L. RUFF

146 CLINTON ST.

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FOR

Special Prices on Wiring Your Home

SEE

Penn Public Service Corporation

222-224 Levergood Street

BOTH PHONES

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

AN AFTERMATH

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the circus we held in our school last year.
Just a few days after, we were startled to find
That the Campbell and Wolf had been left behind.
We thought nothing worse than this hardly could be,
When, to our surprise, what did we see
But a Miller, who round the corner spun
To see the Partridge and Roach, at their fun.
At first we were frightened, later dismayed
To find that these animals had been waylaid.
But now, we've decided to start up a zoo,
And furnish pleasure to me and to you.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Last night the **Cook** at **Leahey's** heard a **Coll**. She looked out and saw **Feathers** flying in the air. She suddenly realized that somebody was trying to **Raab** the chicken **Coop-er** commit some other crime. She seized a **Long**, hot, **Berney** poker and rushed out toward the **Woods** crying, "I shall **Brand** you if you **Potter** around here any longer." **Byers**, the policeman, who happened to be passing that way, stopped and arrested the thief. He was taken before Judge Powell, who, after sentencing him to jail for twenty-five years, casually remarked, "I hope you will get a **Long-well** and have a **Gay** time." Now, wouldn't that **Fries** you? **Byers**, however, said as he took the prisoner to the cell, "I think a better penalty would be to **Bingham** over the **Head** with a **Hammer** so that he would see **Seitz**, or **Schmerim** on the face with **Tarr**. Am I **Wright**?"

City Phone 5547

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JOHNSTOWN, PA.

FARMERS TRUST & MORTGAGE CO.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER

Split pea soup,
A roasting ear,
You find the table
Much too near.
Creamy spuds and
Roasted mutton,
Loosen up
Another button,
Cranberries—
Thanksgiving Bird,
Second button;
Then a third.
Dumplings brown,
Cooked fit to melt,
Take a notch
Out of your belt.
Pudding rare,
Sauce with brandy,
Apple pie—
Pumpkin handy,
Roasted chestnuts,
Dinner fable,
You can't get up
To leave the table.

—Exchange.

WILL THIS HOLD TRUE IN COMPENSATION?

"Carl," said Miss Blair, "can you give us an aphorism that proves that it is wrong to have two wives?"

After a few minutes of thoughtful silence Carl responded:
"No man can serve two masters."

Buy Quality Jewelry at Far Less

S. ZACONICK

Dealer in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry
Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing

531 MAIN STREET

City Phone 1779 B

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

TO HAVE GOOD LUCK WEAR YOUR
BIRTH STONE

JANUARY

Garnet or Almandine

JULY

Ruby or Rhodenite

FEBRUARY

Amethyst or Peridot

AUGUST

Moonstone or Sardonyx

MARCH

Bloodstone or Hyacinth

SEPTEMBER

Sapphire or Aqua Marine

APRIL

Diamond or Kunzite

OCTOBER

Opal or Coral

MAY

Emerald or Tourmaline

NOVEMBER

Topaz or Crocidolite

JUNE

Pearl or Agate

DECEMBER

Turquoise or Chrysocola

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Is there a really Santa Claus?
Indeed I cannot say.
I used to lie and dream of him
And think of him all day.

My, how they always hustle 'round
So many things to do.
From all I've ever seen and heard
I think it must be true.

This one thing always puzzles me,
Just why I cannot tell,
But everything my mother buys,
She always has to spell.

She got a cute d-o-l-l
And b-e-d, she said.
Now shall I get a g-u-n
For little baby Ned?

Then a s-l-e-d for John,
D-r-u-m for Joe;
Since Santa brought the toys he did,
I think I almost know.

Is there a really Santa Claus?
I now can almost tell,
For this one thing has helped me out,
I now have learned to spell.

—Ruth Langsford, '22.

Start a Savings Account with

The Johnstown Savings Bank

The Total Resources of this
Bank are Over \$3,000,000

Deposits Received From \$1 Up

MAN LIKE OLD SHOES

How much a man is like his shoes!
For instance, both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned, both are made tight
By cobblers, both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need healing; oft are sold,
And both in time turn all to mould.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last, and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new,
And when men wear out they're men dead, too,
They're both trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished, in the world to shine.
And both peg out—now would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?

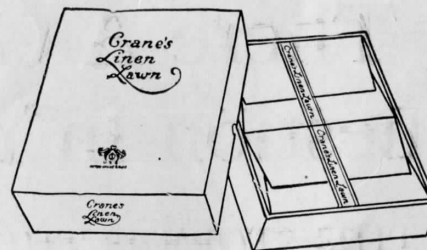
—Exchange.

DISAPPOINTED

One day a naughty boy did see
A pigeon on a limb.
“Oh, my!” thought he, “I certainly
Can make a pie of him.”

He got his gun so very large
And loaded it with shot,
But when he went to make his charge
The pigeon there was not.

M. R.



What a rare satisfaction there is in using for your correspondence a paper admired by all who see it. Crane's Linen Lawn and Eaton's Highland Linen are just such papers.

Johnstown News Co.

115 Market St.

Johnstown, Pa.

Is There A Gift Question In Your Mind

THIS STORE IS THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED
TO SOLVE ALL OF YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS
FOR FRIENDS---FOR PARENTS---FOR THE
GIRL OR BOY. AND OF COURSE PRICES
ARE LOWEST AT



"LIFE" LINES

How to Cure a Cold

(The composite advice of our friends)

Keep all windows open and avoid letting fresh air into the house.

Dress warmly, wearing thin clothes and few of them.

Take no medicine and use the doctor's prescriptions as directed.

Keep to your room and get out into the open as much as you can.

Stay in bed and rest, taking long walks daily.

Essay on the Cocoanut

It isn't the beauty, nor the charm, nor the symmetry, nor the fascination, nor the evil, nor the good, nor the sublimity of the cocoanut—it's the milk in it.

I used to think I knew I knew
But now, I must confess
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.

To the Landlord:

Now I lay me down to sleep
Upon my little bed
When I wake I hope to find
The same roof o'er my head.

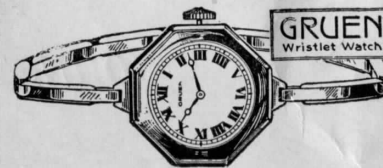
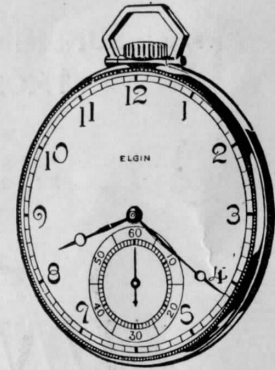
Marley's ghost had just paid his annual Christmas call on his old partner. Shaking his head sadly, the shade departed.

"No use," he moaned. "I reformed him once, but this time the wretch is past repentance."

For Scrooge had turned food profiteer.

The World's Best Watches

Elgins, Walthams, Howards, Hamilton, Illinois, South Bends, Gruens—
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Franklin Street

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

Interest Paid on Savings Deposits

Assets \$2,375,000

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$380,000

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