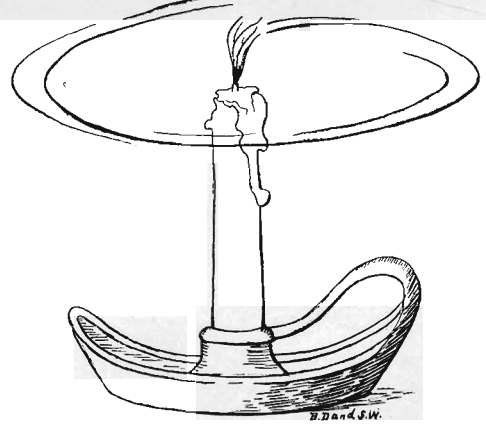


LITERARY



Literary

FRANCIS ANDREWS, '21.

The Speed Fever

LULAN IRVINE, '20



HUSH fell over the lounging room of the Racing Club as a tall, lithe young man with a chin set in lines of steel and eyes with the glint of fire in them, entered. The young man slowly crossed the room, took a book from a chair, threw it on a nearby table, and sat down.

"Is that wager about taking 'The Devil's Curve' at a hundred in the Vanderbilt tomorrow, still open?" he asked.

"At a hundred? Why, man, you're crazy! Compton tried it at eighty-five last year and turned over, and he was an expert driver!"

"I know I'm only a kid, but I've got a hundred thousand that says that the Red Devil and I will take 'The Devil's Curve' tomorrow at a hundred an hour."

"Done!" snapped a prosperous looking man in the front of the group. "Here! Let's write out the checks now!"

The checks were made out and placed in the hands of one of the members. The driver of the Red Devil rose, nodded to the group, and left the room followed by his best friend. They were spinning toward their apartment before a word was spoken.

"But you are forgetting Grace. Do you think you should do this foolhardy thing tomorrow? It isn't fair to her."

"Grace?" The young fellow's voice was almost inaudible. "That dream of mine is all over with. I got an announcement this morning of her marriage to that clerk in the bank."

"I'm terribly sorry, old man. I hadn't heard, but is that any reason why you should throw away your life tomorrow in that hanged race?"

"No! It's not that! It's the fever. The speed fever. Just to sit behind the wheel, just to hear the roar of the motor, just to feel the crunch and swerve of the car, just to feel the wind whipping past your face—faster! faster!! faster!!! There's nothing like it!"

The morning broke clear and cool. The track was crowded with spectators. The club men were crowded together, discussing the Red Devil and its driver. Suddenly there was a roar of the exhaust: a machine drew up to the starting line, and, with another roar, it was gone. Then another came, and another, and still others followed. The Red Devil came tenth. Immediately the race centered between Number One, driven by one of the greatest drivers known, and the Red Devil.

Mile after mile was passed. Minute after minute went by, and both cars seemed to be even. Only ten laps more! Who would win? Number One came into sight! Not twenty feet behind was the Red Devil! Faster!

Faster they flew! Past the grand stand wheel to wheel at a hundred miles per hour! On, on toward the "Devil's Curve" they shot. The first bend the Red Devil lost way. The second curve Number One slowed up a little, and the Red Devil was upon it! Going to pass? It could not be done. There was not room to pass. But the Red Devil *did* do it! Past Number One and into the lead it sprang! There was the spang of a slipt tire behind, and Number One was out of the race. Faster! Faster purred the Red Devil! Ninety-five! Ninety-eight! Ninety-nine! One hundred! "The Devil's Curve" was half a mile ahead!

"Slow up! Slow up! It can't be done!" the excited people yelled.

But it was done. A skid, a lurch, and around it went on two wheels. Up to the grand stand and past it, flashed the Red Devil. "The Devil's Curve" again! The spectators rose. They yelled; they screamed. Made! Made! the Red Devil made it at a hundred and five. Like a streak, the Red Devil came past, faster every foot. The grand stand went wild.

"He's going to try it again!"

"He's crazy!"

"You win, you fool! Stop!!"

"He's mad!"

"No, no! It's only the fever, the speed fever."

Again he made it at a hundred and ten. A red streak passed the stand and on, on toward "The Devil's Curve." How fast? —At a hundred and twenty!

"He's at it! He's on it!"

And then—the roar of a blown-out tire, the crash of a broken wheel! With a lurch, a grind and a skid the Red Devil turned turtle—and with a crashing, lurching twist, drove through the fence and into a tree. "The Devil's Curve" had claimed its own.

The Game That Counted

RUTH DONALD, '20



HE was a sophomore at Harvard, this Wilfred Winthrop, a tall, well-built youth of twenty-one, with clear-cut features and winning ways. He was so active in athletics that he ranked low in his studies, and had therefore been barred from the Harvard-Yale game. He had studied all morning, striving to master some geometric problems, but to no avail. At times when he heard the shouts of his teammates at practice, he slowly raised his head, and a sigh would escape him. Just as he laid a book aside in disgust, a knock was heard.

"Come in," he called, throwing books and papers aside. A boy of his own height and build, Dale Warner, made his entrance, greeting his pal with, "Hello, Jazz, old man! Grinding as usual, I suppose?"—a remark which was punctuated with a good sound slap on Jazz's back.

"Yep, Dale, grinding as usual."

"Why aren't you out practicing this morning? The game will be played Saturday, you know. Getting lazy?"

"Yes. I'm fully aware that that game will be played Saturday; but I won't figure in the line-up."

"Not going to play? But—why—er—Wil, I don't understand!"

"There is nothing to understand—only this: that Clark will take my place in the line; that's all—I hope he does it well."

"But why the change?"

"Because I'm not up in my studies; I'm a complete and perfect failure in geometry!"

"Well, now, that's deuced mean. I'll see if Captain Wilson can't have you reinstated."

"Don't, Dale. The prof. never changes his mind. Look at Dick Anderson. He was dismissed on account of poor work. And Marshall; wasn't he kept out of the game for a flunk in science? Don't expect any allowance to be made in my case!"

"Well, we'll see. Columbus took a chance. By the way, Wil; here's a letter for you—from home, I s'pose."

After throwing it to the owner, Dale hurried out of the room. Wilfred read the postmark and then tore open the letter in anything but a pleasant state of mind. He dropped it despairingly on the floor, after having glanced over its contents.

"We are anxious to know of your progress," he muttered. "Progress! What can I tell them? Not that dismissal is staring me in the face—not that I'm kicked out of all sports on account of poor studies!"

With this he buried his head in his arms, and in self-abasement and chagrin, he fell asleep. There he remained until nearly dusk; then arousing himself, he peered around the room listlessly. The objects seemed like spectres in the dimly-lighted room, but how he loved every one of them! The pictures of the Harvard eleven were on the mantel. The silent guitar was in its accustomed place in the corner. Next his gaze wandered to a group of dance programs. These reminders of pleasures revealed the cause of his flunking.

He walked to the window and threw it wide open. Softly upon the still air he heard voices singing, "Dear Old College Days." How good that song sounded! And Wilfred stood there, his proud head hanging, full of reproach and hatred for himself. How little did they know, these joyous songsters, that one of their own heroes was at that moment gazing out of the window and listening to their happy voices with a heavy heart! And how little did Wilfred know of the arguments that went on between the professor and his pal, Dale! Dale had had a long talk with the professor trying to explain how much Wilfred was needed in the game, but the mathematics instructor made no excuses for anyone. At last Dale managed to persuade him to have a talk with Wilfred to see what could be done to bring up his row of "F's." Wilfred had been so intent upon his own thoughts that he did not even hear them enter his room.

"Wilfred, my boy," the professor began, but Winthrop whirled around before he could finish and burst out, "Professor Scott! Just the one I want to see. I've been digging away at these math problems all morning, and I think I've got some of it into my marble dome! Will you give me my test now, and if I pass—No, I won't ask that, but, please, if you're not too tired, please give me that test!"

The professor looked at him, and seeing that he was in earnest, sat down, and there he stayed until Winthrop had finished his test. It was early in the morning, and the professor had not left his side.

As he rose to leave, he said, "Give me your hand, young fellow. Thank goodness—" and he ended his sentence in a firm, true hand-clasp and left Wilfred.

The next morning Dale Warner again approached Professor Scott, but much to his surprise, the professor started first by saying, "That fellow Winthrop surely has the right stuff in him. Fine man with lots of fight! Passed his examination last night, and he's cleared up with me." And then he added, "Guess he can play," and stalked away.

Needless to say, Dale dashed out of that room so fast that you couldn't see him for dust. He almost broke Wil's door down with the push he gave it. By this time four or five other fellows had been attracted by Dale's excitement. When they heard the news, they burst into the room shouting, "Winthrop will play!"

When Wilfred sat up in bed, he was bewildered to see these fellows in his room. Before he could take in the situation, they had seized him and were heading for the campus.

Saturday came—and with it the great game. Enthusiastic shouts issued from the bleachers and grandstand. The game was on. The score stood Yale 5, Harvard 0. Try as they might, Harvard could make no gain. Suddenly there came a stir. The crowd rose as one man and shouted madly. Hats flew wildly through the air—and no wonder. Far out of the struggling mass, a form was seen to dart past the ends like a flash—straight for the goal! A crimson sweater! Straight for the goal he dashed; yard after yard he gained! Fifteen yards from the post, a Yale man who had been a steady pursuer threw himself for a tackle. The crowd rose again—pennants, hats, everything, flew into the air! How they did shout!

"Gordon! Gordon!" was shouted from the Yale bleachers.

Gordon's hands clutched the Harvard man's hips, but with a mighty effort the latter tore himself free and covered the remaining distance, dropping exhausted between the posts with the ball beneath him.

"Winthrop!" yelled the rooters, for it was he who had accomplished this spectacular play.

The kick was easily directed, straight between the posts, and made the score Harvard 6, Yale 5, and so it remained until the final whistle blew.

That night "Winthrop" was on every tongue. "It was he who won the game," was unanimously agreed, but Winthrop realized that he had won two games.

“Brick”

BESSIE CANNON, '20



young man alighted from a street car, pulled his cap down more firmly over his red hair, thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and walked up the street. His brown eyes stared straight ahead. He seemed absorbed in thought. He did not notice the beauty of the morning.

Directly in front a young girl was skating swiftly toward him. The young man became interested in her progress. She was about five feet in front of him when suddenly her skate caught in a hole in the none-too-well-kept sidewalk, and she threw her arms out wildly, dropped her books, and, after going through several indescribable motions, succeeded in regaining her equilibrium. Breathlessly she surveyed her scattered books. The alarmed look on the young man's face vanished. He laughed and proceeded to gather the books for her.

Piling them on top of each other and putting one hand under them and one firmly on top, he placed them in her outstretched hands. He became aware that she was regarding his hand in an astonished manner. The color in his cheeks became deeper; his brown eyes met her surprised blue ones. She lowered her dark lashes, murmured a polite "Thank you," and skated away.

He regarded his hands fixedly for a moment and then, with a half-amused smile, turned and continued his walk. He possessed the hands of an artist—with slender, long, well-shaped fingers—and, of course, being a boy, he did not like to be teased about them.

Farther down the street the young girl met her chum and told her of her adventure.

"And oh," she said, "he had red hair. I don't like red hair, but I liked his—and large, brown eyes. And he looked so startled when I lost my balance, and, because I didn't fall, he smiled, and he had such nice, strong, white teeth—and, Mary, his hands were the nicest hands for a boy—so white; and I wish I were taller! He was so tall and walked so straight. I—I guess he goes to high school. I saw two books sticking out of his coat pocket."

The two girls chattered and entered the school yard.

The young man, Edward Moore, affectionately called "Brick," or "Old Top," by his school pals, cut his way through a park. His whole being was now thoroughly awakened to the beauty of the morning, slightly chilly, but giving promises.

Another block brought him to the high school, and he entered through the large doors. "Brick" was a Senior and expected to be graduated in December. As he ascended the stairs inside of the building, his chum Ned, coming up behind him, caught hold of his foot, and "Brick" went

sprawling up the steps. Picking himself up, he glared at Ned and shook his closed fist at him. But his sense of humor overpowered him, and they both laughed.

"I say, 'Brick,' did you get that 'trig' problem?" asked Ned, still laughing.

"Surest thing you know; c'était bien simple," answered "Brick," airing his slight knowledge of French. "Here it is; look it over."

"Thanks," said Ned, and they entered the "trig" class together. The seats in the room were double, and "Brick" shared his with a new-comer, Fred Cummings. "Brick" slid into his seat, greeted his companion and let his hand roam restlessly over his desk while he thought of the morning's occurrence. He found himself thinking that she had very pretty deep blue eyes and hair that would make any girl envious. He smiled, remembering her gestures as she thought she was about to fall. He wondered how old she was—perhaps fourteen or fifteen. Evidently she was in the eighth grade. At this conclusion he dismissed the incident from his mind.

His companion's attention was attracted by "Brick's" moving hand. "He certainly has lily-white hands," he thought, and incidentally he had also heard that those same fingers had untold strength in them. There were three or four boys in the school who could vouch for that fact. However, he disliked "Brick"—mainly because he had no reason for disliking him. So, looking at "Brick," he made up his mind to say something about those lily-white hands.

"Lil—" he began, but something in those brown eyes turned suddenly upon him made him finish lamely by saying, "Lil—little, er-er—littler."

"Brick" looked at him a moment and then said in a soft purring tone that he could use so well on some occasions, "Glad to see you're taking an interest in grammar, old man."

Fred became decidedly interested in his work.

"Brick's" high school career ended successfully. He had attended Stanford University but a year when the United States declared war against Germany. A little later he joined the army, and that drop of Irish blood in him was well satisfied with the thrills and dangers of warfare. When peace was made "Brick" returned to America and let another year slip by, when he decided to return to college and take up a special course in drawing. "Brick" had reached the dignified age of twenty-two.

It was a beautiful morning. The stillness of the campus was broken only by the clear call of the lark. Then, too, it was Saturday—a fact which accounted for most of the quietness. Under the shade of a large tree lay a collie. Suddenly he raised his head. A pretty girl, all in white, was coming toward him. Her dress, of a soft material, all tucks and ruffles, was stirred gently by the wind. In one hand she held a book. She came straight up to the dog, spoke softly to him, patted his head gently and then seated herself on a bench under a large oak. Not satisfied, she tilted her head backward and scrutinized the boughs of the oak above her. A mis-

chievous twinkle crept into her eyes, and after gazing around and seeing no one, she placed one dainty slippers foot upon the back of the bench and climbed on to a low bough. Curled up on the bough with her back against the trunk of the tree, she commenced reading.

She had not been reading long, when she heard voices. Looking, she beheld four young men strolling in her direction. They were on that side of the tree where the ground sloped gently, and consequently, if viewed from that side, she would seem higher.

They were very near. A stray curl blew across her eye, and she raised her hand hurriedly to brush it away, and her book crashed down to fall about two feet from the young men. They gazed in astonishment at the book and then, with still more astonishment, up into the tree. The young man nearest the book picked it up, walked around the tree and stepped up on the bench, removing his cap so that a ray of sunlight fell full upon his red hair, and he looked up at her. Startled wide-open blue eyes met his brown ones. Then a decidedly vexed expression crept about the corners of her mouth. It looked as if she had purposely dropped the book.

The young man silently handed her the book. She glanced carelessly at his hand. Her glance lingered. Swiftly she looked at him. Yes—there was the red hair and brown eyes of her hero. He was the boy with the remarkable hands.

A flush mounted her cheeks. She leaned backward, and then her joyous laughter rang out on the morning air. The young man stood staring at her uncomprehendingly. Her companions came around the tree, and one of them, glancing up curiously, opened his mouth wide, looked incredulously, and then exclaimed, "Zelle!"

The young girl stopped laughing.

"Fred!" she exclaimed, delightedly.

"Hello, Sis, playing puss in the tree? Came up to see you this morning, but met an old pal of mine. By the way—Mr. Moore, meet my sister, Miss Cummings."

The young girl acknowledged the introduction and extended her slender hand to "Brick." Still holding it, he asked if he might assist her to descend from the tree.

Zelle withdrew her hand, saying she did not intend to get down for some time. Whereupon "Brick" raised his cap and said politely that he hoped to see her again soon and departed with his friends.

That night "Brick" endeavored to study, but somehow he couldn't keep his mind on his work. Suddenly he found himself drawing the face of a young girl framed in a mass of fluffy hair. He looked at the picture and then his thoughtful brown eyes gazed away into space. He was dreaming—dreams.



Riding the Range

DAVID JONES, '20



JACK RANDEL closed the ranch gate behind him an hour before sunrise. The morning air was cool and sharp, and as he sprang into his saddle his horse was off like a shot. Jack soon reined him in—for he knew he had a hard day's ride ahead of him. It was the big fall round-up, and men from the Diamond Bar, T E, L A K and many other big ranches, were being sent to the round-up. Randel, or Rand, as he was called by the boys, was the last to leave the L A K Ranch, as the other boys had left the day before. It was not long before he was settled on his horse for an all-day's ride. As he emerged from the mouth of the canyon on to the flat range of country, he cast his eyes over the plain, looking to see if there were any stray cattle about.

By noon Rand had rounded up about two hundred head and was pushing them along fast, for he wanted to reach camp early. The dust rose in clouds as the cattle went plodding along under the blazing afternoon sun. Even Spitfire, his horse, trotted with his head much lower than it had been in the morning.

By four o'clock Rand had about five hundred head in his bunch, and he was having some time trying to keep them going; but he hurried them on, for the camp was just ahead. He could see the smoke rising from the cook's wagon, and he knew that in half an hour he would be sitting down to a good supper. The cattle, on seeing the large bunch ahead of them, began to move rapidly, and soon they were lost in the big bunch that had already been rounded up. The cattle kept moving constantly, and as they were made to stay together, they began milling. Rand was tired after his hard day, so he lay down to get a few hours' sleep before his watch came.

"Looks like rain, Pard," said one of the boys to Rand.

"Sure does—and my watch starts at nine," said Rand in a half-yawning voice.

"I reckon we'll have some wind with her by the looks of those clouds yonder."

As the sun set, big black thunder clouds could be seen rolling over and over, coming in the direction of the camp. The cattle were beginning to settle themselves, and they had stopped their milling, making things much quieter. At nine o'clock Rand was awakened by the man he was to relieve from the watch. As he rolled out of his warm bed, a flash of lightning lit up the heavens, showing massive black clouds. The flash was followed by deep rumbling thunder.

"I reckon I'll take Spitfire, for it looks as if we might have some trouble with the bunch," said Rand to himself as he proceeded to saddle his horse.

In ten minutes he was in his saddle and riding around the cattle. The cattle had become restless when the thunder and lightning had started, and were commencing to mill again.

"Keep them milling slowly," yelled Rand to two of his partners.

He had no more than said this, than the sky seemed to break in two with a flash of lightning, followed by a loud crash of thunder. It began to rain, and the cattle were getting hard to hold together.

At last the inevitable came—a streak of lightning that crossed the whole heavens, followed by a peal of thunder that shook the earth to its very depths. Rand knew it was coming sooner or later, and now was his time to work. But it was useless. The long-horned steers had made the break, and the rest crashed after in a wild stampede through the driving wind and rain. They were mad—blind! They did not know where they were going. They were rushing on to any destination.

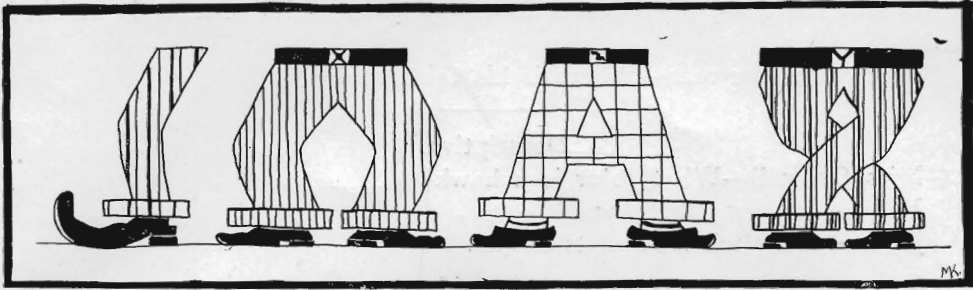
Rand saw his only chance to save the cattle from running still more wild and probably from destruction. They were headed down a ravine which led into a capacious canyon. The head of this canyon was surrounded by steep cliffs, forming a pocket. Rand hoped to turn the leaders up through the canyon and into this pocket, effecting the salvation of the herd. So he put spurs to Spitfire, who fairly flew over the ground. He took a short cut over the ridge, and down into the canyon below, reaching the bottom just as the leaders rounded the curve. He vaguely realized that it meant death if Spitfire should stumble and fall with him before that awful line of rushing horns. The faint idea was quickly dismissed from his rapidly moving brain, for as the cattle came on, he urged Spitfire alongside of the leaders and began making use of his black-snake. As he applied the big whip with all his strength to the heaving sides of the steers, they began to give way and turned up the canyon.

The herd had been saved by the good work of old Spitfire and his master. By this time the storm had passed over. The cattle were left in the pocket all night, and when Rand's watch was up, he returned to camp.

The Light

BURNADETTE JONES, '20

Though wars in Europe flamed the passion's ires
And Justice waits on mighty nations' pride,
Her bleeding kin are seeing Freedom's fires
Enkindled on their rugged mountain side,
While Liberty and Peace in union ride;
For breaking o'er the world there is a light—
Its wond'rous brightness reaching far and wide
To overthrow Creation's darkest night,
And wrong and might must yield to truth and right.



EMMA KARP, '21.



At Lunch Time

Virginia Young—Did you notice that some of these pieces of cake are cut bigger than others?

Muriel Lombardi—Yes—and I notice that you are taking the biggest piece, too.

Miss Grinnell (while reading David Copperfield)—Why does the name “Betsy Trotwood” suit her?

Mr. Millen—Well, Betsy usually suggests a cow or a horse to me.

Theresa Millen (with reference to aesthetic dancing)—We were at this bar for about two weeks.

Miss Grinnell—Why did Hawkeye call David Gamut a non-composer (*non compos mentis*)?

Fusso—Because he couldn't make up his own songs.

V. Young (giving directions for making punch)—Let the boys do all the squeezing, kids. Don't you do it!

Steve—One of the most dramatic moments in “The last of the Mohicans” is when Hawkeye takes off his skin (bear skin).

Hanson (on a foggy morning)—You ought to hear the cars coming out Mission Street this morning—“ding, ding, ding”—blowing their whistles like the dickens.

Irvine—What's the matter with Glass?

Emerson—Oh, he's broke.

Miss Grinnell—Do we ever get a chance to hear good music in San Francisco for twenty-five cents?

Gary Young—Why, yes. At the Civic Auditorium they have good music for ten cents, and I go quite often.

Miss Grinnell—Julius Caesar is the play in which Caesar is stabbed in the third act.

Voice from the rear—Where is his third act?

Descriptive.

Miss Grinnell—What color is a hawk?

Millen—It's grayish brown.

Jensen—It's black with white stripes.

Bessie Cannon—I'm going to be an interior decorator.

Bright Scrub—You must gonna be a cook.

Miss Noble (in Civics)—The Senate only sits on—rare—occasions.

Mr. McKesson—Why is the cotton wrapped around the seeds in a cotton boll?

Edith Forrest—To keep them warm.

Nerve.

Sam Fusco—Are you a scrub (Freshman)?

Scrub—No, I'm a thoroughbred.

(Scrub: a dog of mixed breed.)

Mr. McKesson—I was in Oklahoma and that was before the war.

Edith Forrest—Before what war?

Frances—Mr. Murray, where is the other net? (tennis net).

Mr. Murray—What do you think I am; a Chinese fisherman?

Mr. McKesson—I don't like to repeat the story.

Claire Mager—Why not?

Mr. McKesson—George Washington doesn't tell stories.

Mr. Dodd (in Chemistry)—What does it smell like?

Ward Briggs (with a cold)—It smells, but I can't.

Ruth Miller (in History)—Is a Maltese a Greek?

Bernice Dunn—No, my cat's a native son.

Virginia Young (while looking over the old building)—That is the entré? (entrance).

Mr. Murray—No, you're wrong. Entré is something to eat.

Emma—Gee, those ice cream bricks at the Brownie are good!

Francis—Yes, they sure did make a good hit.

Ruth Miller—Didn't St. Peter build St. Petersburg?

Miss Grinnell—You must stop speaking when the car goes by because it makes too much noise.

Tofanelli (who had been giving a speech)—I didn't hear it.

Miss Grinnell (while reading David Copperfield)—Would you like to shake hands with Uriah Heep?

Muriel—Um! No! It's a fishy feeling.

Gray—The poisonous liquor kills them dead.

Miss Grinnell—Does a chicken flee?

V. Young—No, he flies. I mean it.

First Junior (while practicing for the Girls' Jinx)—How shall I go across the stage so as to be funny?

Second Junior—Oh, just naturally.

Compass Wanted.

Soph—Please pull up the shade. I can't see anything.

Scrub—You're not looking in the right direction.

Miss Grinnell—Can you criticize your speech?

Buttleman—Not long enough?

Miss Grinnell—Mr. Charlson, you may criticize it.

Charlson (brightly)—Oh, he's got the uz's like I have.

Helen Peterson—What's that telephone number?

Elsa Lunsmann—Mission 37.

Helen Peterson—Oh, it's more than that.

Gray (reading his composition)—The waves dashed furiously against the rocks. All nature seemed to be having a wild time that day.

Mr. Dodd—Are there any questions you want to ask?

Chick—What is conversation of matter?

Mr. Dodd—Yes, there's always some water in the air. Just at present there's about one and a half quarts of water in the air of this room.

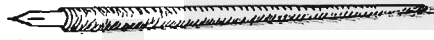
Bright Senior—Then we're all poor fish after all.

Finis.

Scrub—This is the last time I'm going to ask you for that dollar.

Senior—Thank heavens this is the end of the silly question.

AUTOGRAPHS



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