



CLASS OF 1913.



CLASS OF 1914.



CLASS OF 1915.

# GRAY'S ELEGY

Prize Poem.

MURIEL NEEDHAM, '12.

(Mr. Gray, the janitor, speaks.)

The call-bell tolls the knell of parting day,  
The Freshman herd winds slowly o'er the lea;  
The teachers homeward plod their weary way,  
And leave the silent school building to me.

Now through the windows fades the glimmering light,  
And all the air a dusty silence holds,  
Save where I wield my broom with all my might—  
Unless I sweep it clean some teacher scolds.

Beneath this empty chair, that vacant seat,  
Minutely torn in many a tiny heap,  
Each with its part of some small note complete,  
The rude beginnings of great authors sleep.

For them but once the blazing fire shall burn—  
The janitor shall ply his evening sweep,  
Lo, they are gone and never shall return!  
The big waste-basket holds them buried deep.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely place, their destiny obscure;  
No janitor could look with scorn upon  
Such help to start the morning fires, I'm sure.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
The missile that was hurled with careful aim,  
As boys, whom rod of empire should have flayed,  
Employed th' eraser some comrade to maim.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
When thrown eraser hit the mark designed,  
Left not the warm precincts of teacher's way  
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

I set aside my brooms in sad array,  
The hollow echoes mock me as I tread;  
The old building is cold and still and gray;  
Without the busy students it is dead.

# The Capture of Big Bill

Prize Story

GEORGIA LE FEBER, '13.

"Say Bertie, come here; I wants to show yuh somethin'." John beckoned impatiently with his short, stubby finger to a little boy who was watching a span of mules struggling wearily up the dusty road which led from the mines to the railroad.

The child turned slowly toward John who was eagerly studying a dirty, torn paper.

"Say, do yuh see that picture?"

"Whew!"

"Well, that's a prisoner tha's escaped from the prison, and if yuh catch him it says yuh get \$200.00!"

Bertie's blue eyes grew big and round as he looked up from the paper to the older boy.

"Did he shoot anybody?" he asked in a whisper.

"I don't know what he did," answered John, wrinkling up his forehead in the effort to read the crumpled page. "Anyway, wouldn't yuh jest like to ketch him?"

Bertie's eyes grew bigger still at this unlooked for proposal.

"Wouldn't he—he—shoot us?" he faltered.

"Course not! You ain't scared, are yuh<sup>h</sup>? Because o'course—"

"No, I guess I ain't scared—I ain't scared o' nothin'."

"All right then, come on. I know where your pa's gun is. 'Course we'll have to have a gun."

They ran into John Moore's shack, seized the heavy Winchester that stood behind the door, and set out down the steep mountain side. No one interrupted them, for the men were all at the mine; and Bertie's mother had gone to town two miles away to do some trading.

"Joh-un," said Bertie, slowly, after they had trudged up and down hill for more than half an hour, "ain't we ever goin' to find that ma-an?"

But the boy, who was quite a little way ahead of Bertie, was dragging his gun along over the rough pebbles and did not hear him.

Bertie stumbled after his leader, along the dry, pebbly bed of a stream. John walked wearily but doggedly on ahead, though his face was painfully red with the heat and the steep pathway.

The hills seemed to close in around the two small adventurers, and the gray, lowering clouds made the air more suffocating. There was

not a sound in the dry, scorched gulch but the far away rumbling of the thunder, and the crunching of pebbles under the boys' feet.

"John-ny! Le's stop awhile!" Bertie's voice was tearful. He made a spurt forward to catch up with his sturdy little companion; but his foot slipped on a sharp rock, and down he went with a faint little cry.

John turned and dropped the gun, which went off with a loud report. For a moment he stopped, then ran back to where Bertie lay.

"Oh, Bertie! Bertie!" he cried, "are you hurt? What is the matter?"

"I can't stand, oh!—ouch! my foot!" Bertie screamed as John tried to pull him to his feet.

"What the—" growled a rough voice, and then it stopped.

They looked up frightened to see a tall, dark man in the rough dress of a mountaineer, looking down at them from a sharp cliff which half hung over the creek bed.

Bertie started up in terror, but sank back again. Just then there was a loud clap of thunder followed by a blinding flash of lightning. The tall man leaped over the rocks toward the children. He quickly picked up the smallest boy and grasping the other by the hand, he stumbled rapidly up the steep side of the gulch. John, frightened by the thunder and lightning, and the rain, which now came down in torrents, felt himself half dragged up the steep way until they came to the top of the cliff. Here they were partly sheltered, and the man, releasing John's hand, stooped to put Bertie down. But the child only clasped his arms more tightly about his rescuer's neck.

"Don't leave me alone! Don't leave me alone!" he cried, his voice rising higher as a brighter flash of lightning lit up the sky for a moment.

The man's frown cleared, his face softened, as he felt the pressure of the small arms. He bent over and in a gentler voice said: "It's all right, sonny. Just let me get my hoss out of the rain and I'll come right back."

He set the child down where he would be best protected. He had hardly stepped out from the shelter of the rock before he heard the whinnying of his horse. He tied the shivering beast to a sapling and turned back again to the children, who were huddled together against the rock.

"Yes, he has the same big blue eyes and yella hair," he said softly, as he looked at Bertie.

"Who has? asked John, who by this time had somewhat recovered from his fear of the storm, and the strange man.

"My little boy," the voice was low and gruff.

He bent over Bertie. "How's the foot, sonny?" he asked lingering over the last word.

"It's—it don't hurt much." But the words ended in a sob.

Another whinny from the horse. The big man started up, but Bertie's hand seized his.

"Where is your little boy?" he asked.

"At home," the man answered.

Voices and hoof-beats sounded above the stream. From around the bend of the narrow trail came two men, Bertie's father and a miner, carrying a large wet hat.

John Moore jumped from his horse, hardly seemed to see the man, but caught the little boy in his arms.

"Bertie! My boy!"

"Stand still!"

The rough voice of the miner caused Mr. Moore to turn abruptly, with Bertie in his arms. He saw the tall mountaineer withdraw his hand from his belt, empty.

"And now, Big Bill," said the miner, only slightly lowering his gun, "your game is up!"

"Sam, what is this?" asked Mr. Moore.

"I knew him at first sight, sir; it's Big Bill."

"Big Bill!" cried John staring; "why, then, we caught him after all!"

"But papa, he ain't a bad man." Bertie looked earnestly into his father's face. "He tooked us up from the creek where the water came, and—and he has a little boy like me."

His father looked from the white, set face of the big man to the child in his arms. Then his eyes fell on the wet, torn hat in the miner's hand. It was Bertie's hat. When he had found it in the stream a few minutes before, he had dully wondered how he could take it back to the child's mother. Then the whinnying of the horse had led him here. He looked away for a moment in silence and then turned back to the man who stood like a statue, a grim smile fixed about the corners of his mouth. He held out his hand.

"Will you tell your little boy that his daddy saved another father's little boy?" he said brokenly. "Of course, I can not repay you, but if you should ever wish to see me, I am James Moore, manager of the Rawhide mine."

The miner glanced uncertainly at Mr. Moore, then stuck his gun inside his coat. The big mountaineer was silent for a moment, but his brown face worked as he grasped the hand that Moore held out to him.

"I have heard that the upper trail to Martin Corners is watched," Mr. Moore said. "If you go at once, the lower trail to Six Points is still open by the way of the Big Rock."

The man crushed Bertie's hand in his. He walked quickly over to his horse and leaped upon its back; then he turned in his saddle.

"Good-by sonny," he said.

The group silently watched the man and horse disappear into the wet, gray shadow of the trees, far down the trail.



“As musical as is Apollo’s lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.”

## The Golden Treasury

Final Series.

### A TRIED RECIPE

EMMA CHAPDELAINÉ, '12.

Round about the caldron go:  
In it Math and Latin throw,  
Labor, without any zest  
Days and nights that have no rest,  
Stories that the Soph did write,  
Freshman’s wild, poetic flight,  
Physics, cause of toil and blame,  
English, source of power and fame,  
German, History, Civics, too—  
These will make a savory stew;  
Let the caldron boil and bubble—  
Seniors spring from all this trouble.



## SAVED.

VERA COLEMAN, '12.

They were crowded in the coal-room;  
Not a soul would dare to speak;  
It was noon-time at the school-house  
And the teachers off their beat.

As they pondered there in silence,  
Each one busy with his prayer,  
"We are soaked," the Juniors shouted,  
As the water wet their hair.

And the Juniors sadly whispered,  
As they dripping there did stand,  
"Won't the Seniors cease this torment  
And release this shivering band?"

Then they pushed the door wide open,  
And the pathway now was clear,  
And just reached their seats in safety  
As the teacher did appear.

## MY SINGLE STATION.

MURIEL NEEDHAM, '12.

When I consider how my life is spent  
For more than half my days in single state,  
Not having ever found myself a mate,  
My mind is oft on sad reflection bent.  
Why was it that I to this earth was sent  
Deprived of witching beauty, that fair bait  
On which some lonely man could stake his fate?  
Regret doth fill my heart, and discontent.

But, peace, my sorrowing soul! for why should I  
Thus pour my lamentations on the air?  
For opportunity has come at last—  
It is my fighting chance to do or die;  
For this is Leap Year—I need not despair—  
I'll try my luck ere 1912 is past.

## ON THE DEATH OF A DOG.

WREN STRANGE, '12.

His end came long ere he had reached his prime;  
Then hearts of friends for him did sadly mourn,  
For that from earth he went before his time;  
Shielded, his few short years had not been worn  
By cares, to other dogs so often known.

But do not waste your woeful tears on him ;  
He might have been a sausage, long ago,  
Or worse. This peaceful death was not so grim ;  
He drinks where waters of sweet Lethe flow ;  
Elysian airs waft neither howl nor groan.

Weep not for him ! He's now a dog with wings,  
Barking with joy 'mongst other angel curs.  
Weeping can't bring him back to earthly things—  
The path of Life, all lined with thorns and burrs ;  
But him we'll meet when our brief years have flown.

### POST-GRADUATE.

FRANCES WRIGHT, '12.

On a long gray winter evening,  
When the lights were dim and low,  
And the wind was sobbing, moaning,  
And the clock's hands moved so slow !

When the rain outside was beating,  
'Gainst the dear old window pane ;  
Came the mem'ries of days long past,  
From the shadows of my brain.

Once again I'm in the old school,  
With its walls so grim and bare ;  
Round each desk fond mem'ries linger,  
Every period had its care.

'Tis just nine, the bell is ringing,  
Silence must five minutes reign ;  
Then we're called to the first lesson ;  
I the study room must gain.

Then down stairs to type two papers,  
Up to room B for shorthand ;  
Down again to learn the language  
That they speak in far Deutschland.

Now to room E for my English ;  
Then once more mount up the stairs,  
History calls us to her class room,  
When it's o'er, past are our cares.

Hark ! the clock has just struck twelve times,  
In the grate the fire burns low.  
All my thoughts have left those past days ;  
My ! but life now is so slow !

## SONNET ON BLINDNESS.

PEARL LUCAS, '12.

(Apologies to Milton.)

No brilliant light of day e'er reached those eyes,  
Nor ever grief or pleasure came to you;  
Of all your sightless comrades, only few  
Are left, and as each meal-time quickly flies  
They go to be some hungry mortal's prize;  
Now Fate with cruel hand doth thee inbrue,  
And in that boiling sea of water blue,  
Eyeless and helpless your pale form now lies.  
Yet blindness is no deadly curse of thine,  
For could your eyes behold Fate's rusty pan  
Wherein your spots are cleansed, your doom is sealed,  
You'd pray to cling forever to your vine,  
And ne'er again impart your strength to man.  
Potatoes! eyes of yours should ne'er be peeled.

## MAIDENHOOD.

LESLIE JOHNS, '12.

O wind, that blows o'er hill and dale! fore'er  
Refreshes every heated brow, and calms  
The anxious wanderer, and wraps its balms  
About the one who seeks respite from care!  
Oh, come to me here on this mountain side,  
And move my heart to rapture pure and good,  
Until in thoughts of holy maidenhood  
I dwell, afar from gross love's joy and pride!  
Blow, cool west wind, across the world, but keep  
For me your sweetest, purest breath; and sweep  
Me from this dull world to a fairer place,  
Where purity becomes the patron grace;  
Where earthly passion quickly pales and dies,  
Within the light of His all-loving eyes.



## "POE"-TRY

### THE SENIOR PICNIC.

CLARA SMITH, '12.

Ah, distinctly I remember, then each sad, disgusted member:  
Of the class of '12,—each member fixed his eyes upon the floor;  
Eagerly we had wished the morrow, vainly now we sought to borrow  
From "exams" surcease of sorrow, sorrow felt to the heart's core,  
For the rare and joyous picnic planned through many days before;  
Quoth the teachers, "Nevermore."

### A UNIVERSAL LAMENT.

EMMA CHAPDELAINE, '12.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And my mind on each succeeding day was burdened more and more;  
Earnestly and long I'd pondered, but alas, my wits had wandered  
Far from books, and school, and learning, which all Pelicans adore;  
Long I labored, late and early—I would have it—that I swore—  
The one plus that I had toiled for; but my card it read a four.

### THE CARDS.

DOROTHY SARGENT, '12.

See the teachers with the cards!

Junior cards!

What a tale of terror now the red ink on them records!

How we shudder! shudder! shudder!

In the cold of teachers' glare.

Like a ship without a rudder,—

We then long for "home and mudder,"

From the depths of deep despair;

Seeing cards! cards! cards!

And the warnings on the cards!

Oh, the deeds of fun and mischief that our Nemesis rewards!

In the Cards! Cards! Cards! Cards!

Cards! Cards! Cards!

In the "Warnings" and "Conditions" on the cards!

See the teachers with the cards!

Senior cards!

How they tell of time well spent with the school books for our pards.

How our eyes do twinkle! twinkle!

And the teachers smile delight,

At the marks that oversprinkle

All our cards, and seem to tinkle

Words of praise for work done right.

Oh, the marks! marks! marks!

The result of postponed larks.

Oh the joy and exultation that arises from the cards!

From the Cards! Cards! Cards! Cards!

Cards! Cards! Cards!

From the pluses and the ones upon the cards.

# A Gift of Love

HELEN MUNDY, '14.

"Yes, mother, I'll buy everything you want, and put the rest in the bank. No, I won't forget to keep my muffler tight around my neck. Go 'long, Dolly!"

The old horse settled slowly forward in the harness, and with a groan the rusty old buggy started. Slowly they moved down the grass-grown driveway and into the dusty road. He looked back and waved his hand at the lonely figure standing on the porch of the weatherbeaten farm house. The old man chuckled to himself.

She'd say it was extravagant, I suppose, but I'm going to do it anyway. When a body has a hundred and fifty dollars left him by his rich uncle, I guess he can afford to buy his wife an anniversary present. Go 'long, Dolly."

As he tied Dolly to the hitching rack in front of Munter's general store, he named over his errands to himself:

"A pound of salt, two bits' worth of soap, some bacon, an' tell 'em there's three dozen eggs."

"Now for the fun," he chuckled later as he slipped his packages into a gunny sack and pushed it under the seat. He walked proudly up to the dry goods counter.

"Good morning, Mr. Lewis," said the smiling young lady; "what can I do for you?"

"I'm going to buy a present for mother," he said, "something right gay and pretty."

When she had piled the rich cloth on the counter in front of him he scratched his head in perplexity.

"You've got me all mixed up," he said. "This red piece is grand, an' this brown one is a beauty, an' this black one—ain't it handsome? I guess I'll take it. Wrap another piece of paper 'round it," he added.

Carefully he carried the package out to the buggy and placed it on the seat. He untied the horse and climbed into the old vehicle.

"Now for the postoffice, and then for home," he said as he urged Dolly on.

He was greeted cheerfully by the men sitting on the sunny post-office steps.

"Hello, Uncle Jim!"

"Hello, Jim Lewis! How's crops?"

"Have you heard about the washout at Smith's crossin', Uncle?"

"Howdy, boys," he answered. "Yes, I heard about the washout. Any mail for me? The Searchlight and the Farm and Home, eh?"

He gathered up the reins again and climbed back into the buggy.

"Why, Uncle, what's yer hurry?"

"You ain't a leavin' us already, are you?"

"Yep, I'm in a tolerable hurry today, boys. Go 'long, Dolly."

"Well, now, can that be father already?" exclaimed Mother Lewis when she heard him coming down the driveway.

She wiped her hands on her apron and hurried to open the door for him. He put his bundles on the table and stood looking at her, his eyes twinkling.

"Yes, I know I'm home soon," he said answering her look of inquiry. "You see I saw something that I kind o' thought you'd like, so I brought it along home. Here it is. Take it into the bedroom so you can spread it out on the bed and have a good look at it."

The old fingers trembled with haste as she untied the string. When she pulled the paper off, fold after fold of shining silk tumbled out on the patch work quilt. She gasped and caught a fold of it in her hands. How lovely! Just what she had always wanted! Tears came into her eyes as she turned toward him.

"Ain't it grand!" he said; "I won't be able to set by you when you wear it to church! I bet you've forgot what day it is, Mother."

She put it back upon the bed and tenderly smoothed it with her work-worn hands.

"No, but I didn't think you'd remember. Fifty years ago today. It's lovely, Father," she said, as she wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron.

## THE SPRING POET.

MERLYN MANNING, '14.

He buds profusely in the spring,  
When lark and chickadee do sing;  
With dreamy eye and flowing hair  
He walks with most abstracted air.  
He leans upon the barbed wire fence,  
With such a lack-wit countenance,  
A writing sonnets to the cow!  
Not e'en the lowly, grunting sow  
Escapes his ever-hungry pen.  
He gazes far and near, and then  
He stumbles o'er the new-tilled ground,  
And thinks he'll gain another round  
On Fame's steep ladder, to expound—  
"The beeling buzzeth in the roses  
And stingeth all the cowlings' noses."  
The Annual he hopes will print  
His pomes, and so he does not stint,  
But like a hand-pump in a yard  
He spouts his lines, the gentle bard;  
No object in the universe  
Escapes his ever-flowing verse;  
He writes of clouds, of sky and sun,—  
You guess my secret? Yes, I'm one.

# The Girl with the Green Plume

LESLIE ROGERS, '13.

"Punch one out of the lot," yelled a voice from the home as Billy McCoy strode to the plate in the final frame of what had proved to be the most exciting diamond struggle of the season.

Queensville and Bermuda High were playing the deciding game of the season. The score was tied three to three, and the bases were full with two out. But that was not all. Billy McCoy, the clean up hitter of the school, was up to bat.

As Billy leisurely strode to the plate, he happened to glance toward the crowded grandstand. There in the corner of the stand, a green plume, long, willowy, billowy, floated over a drooping, wide brimmed hat.

There was but one such plume in town. Ah! it was the girl of his heart who sat under that plume. What could he do to win a home? At that moment the umpire yelled "Play ball!" As Billy came to, he realized that his hour had come. He stepped into the box, his trusty bat in hand.

The umpire again yelled, "Play ball," and the ball went squarely over the plate.

"Strike one," the umpire said; but Billy never moved. The pitcher wound up carefully and shot the ball straight at Billy's troubled head. He dodged back just as the umpire said "Ball one." He reached down, grabbed a handful of dirt and looked into the grandstand again. It is she, he thought, and as he turned around determined to kill the ball, it whizzed past. The umpire's voice again rang out, "Strike two," but all Billy could see was a green plume waving before his eyes. He faced the pitcher again and prepared himself for the last chance.

The ball came squarely over the plate and Billy never moved a limb. "Strike three, you'r out," cried the umpire as Billy started for the bench.

He was met by his disgusted fellow players, with many a sarcastic remark, none of them knowing the real cause of his downfall.

When the home team again took the field, they were down-hearted and did not have their previous fighting spirit. A couple of chances were booted; a clean two bagger and Bermuda had scored the winning run.

The crest-fallen home players plodded toward the dressing room

in a group, calling Billy all the "Bums" they could lay their tongues to. When they arrived at the room, to their astonishment, Billy was there and already attired for the street. He had come in ahead of the rest and was hurrying to meet his sweetheart at the turnstile in order to square himself with her, if he could not with the players.

He hurried to the turnstile and waited. The crowd was gradually feeling their way from the grounds. He heard many a remark "There's the Bonehead!" "Couldn't hit a house!" but they did not bother him. He had other troubles to worry over now.

Finally, down the aisle, his eye caught the green plume. He could not see the face beneath it, but his heart jumped—it was she. After an age of waiting, while the rude crowd jostled and jeered, the wearer of the green plume stood before him. His heart sank, his knees smote together, his eyes blurred, as he saw the face of his, no, not his, but someone else's, chocolate-colored sweetheart—the lady of the green plume.

## DAFFYDILS

ALICE PEARSON, '13, and MARGARET THOMAYER, '13.

And all at once I saw a crowd.

A host of golden daffydils.

1. If Alice got stuck in the mud would Margaret Thomayer?
2. If Genevieve is wrong is Frances Wright?
3. Would Scott Hyde if Fat Shank appeared?
4. If Miss Bannister should smile would Charlie Dye?
5. If Hazel is Bright is Leslie a bonehead?
6. If Cecil is Green is Ruby Gray?
7. If Henry Rinn is janitor is Vera Coleman?
8. If Carrie is sweet is Wren Strange?
9. If Leslie is a sticky kid what is Forrest Gum?
10. If Mr. Willard is a French Count is Nellie a Page?
11. If it is bad today will it be Helen Mundy?
12. If Miss Bammann should scold would Silas March?
13. If Packey is good is Frank less Devine?
14. If Clara Bauer were a dressmaker would Maurice be a Taylor?
15. If Ernest is an odd fellow is Clifford a Mason?
16. If Willie should borrow a pencil would Annie Steele?
17. If ponies were used would Muriel Needham?
18. If Miss Harford had made up her mind could Theodore Bender?



# REVERIES

DOROTHY SARGENT, '12.

"Well done, Bob! I'm proud of you." The boy's bright face glowed at the teacher's words.

"Then you think I'll get through, Mr. Elliot?" he asked eagerly.

"Think—why, boy, you'll be a credit to me. You're going to lead the county in the examinations, you know." It was after school and he was alone with the boy.

"Oh, Mr. Elliot, I'll be so glad when I get out into the world! When I'm a doctor and saving people's lives, and oh—you know!" he paused breathless.

Mr. Elliot nodded, smiling, and a sadness crept into his tired eyes. Yes, he knew. Just now he was remembering. He was twelve again.

"Mother! Mother! Guess what happened to me today. I'm president of our class. And the boys said it was great because there wasn't one vote against me." The dark gray eyes shone, the boyish voice was eager.

"And mother's glad too, son. Tell her all about it." How well Mr. Elliot remembered the quiet, sympathetic voice. He told her—he had always told her—all about it.

The High School days! What fun they were! The day he was chosen valedictorian! Would he ever forget it? Then he had told his mother that he wanted to be a doctor, and had entered college. He had been there four months when—

"John Elliot at the office," and a hush swept over the study room. A tall, clear-faced boy arose and made his way through the rows of desks.

"Long distance wants you," an impersonal voice said.

"John?" it was his mother who asked. "Come at once, the mine"—the whirr of crackling wires and the buzz of number-shrieking girls cut her off.

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, shucks, mother, that's nothing. I hope I can support my mother," and now it was a satisfaction to remember how hope took the place of despair on her set, white face.

John Elliot, middle-aged, tired with years of teaching, was again the boy, with smiling morning face, setting out to meet and conquer the world. He heard him as he said:

"I have a school, mother. We'll get some money ahead, and then

I'll go back to college. When I get a big practice you won't have to do a thing if you don't want to."

He went over again the bitter, protesting descent into the rut, as step by step the boy renounced his hopes and the man became the staid grammar school principal. His mother's years of sickness, his long, hard hours of work, the small salary, were all rounds in the ladder of his descent.

John Elliot shook himself. He did not want to remember any more, just now. The shadows were lengthening in the great empty room, and in their depths the man saw the eager boy faces, which, through the years had looked up to him for guidance—the faces of boys now fighting out for themselves the eternal battle with the world. Some were already prominent, as he had foretold. As they passed in review and disappeared, John Elliot came to know that his life was not a failure. It was his lot to help on, by his experience, those who loved and trusted him, to that which he himself had missed. With this discovery, the cloud of bitterness which had through all the years dimmed his sight, was raised, and a strange peace crept into his heart. Upon the ashes of ambition he erected the temple of content.

### A DEDICATION.

CLIFFORD MASON, '13.

With pen and spotless sheet before me spread,  
For hours I've sat and ogled at my Muse;  
If I should write all this within my head,  
Elusive jade! for once she'd get her dues.  
Again I dip my pen, then rumple hair,  
I sit with frowning face, and sigh, and then  
The Muse flits close; with inspiration fair  
I grasp my pen—ah, me—it's dry again!  
O shades of bards who once did "Peggy" ride!  
Descend, I pray you, linger by my seat!  
Oh, teach me all your art, your constant pride—  
My dedication help me to complete.  
'Tis done! all tinkling words I shall avoid;  
I dedicate—"To Joseph David Boyd."

# John Doe, Hero

MERLYN MANNING, '14.

John Doe was certainly unfortunate, or as the sporting editor says, "up against it." If he had had reasoning power, he would surely have said "What's the use?" and have jumped into the bay; but John Doe had only instinct, for he was nothing but a homeless yellow pup, of pedigree as doubtful as his name, and no worldly possessions but an occasional tomato can tied to his stubby tail.

He was nobody's dog, and lived as best he could. At present it was not the best ever, for the night was dark, a drizzling rain was falling, and John Doe was without supper or shelter.

So, not having sense enough to jump into the bay, he crouched against a board fence, and howled—long-winded penetrating howls. Instinct encouraged him to howl.

Mr. Luther Hopkins was a nervous man, and nervous men do not appreciate nocturnal concerts. Through his open window he had successively reasoned, yelled, and once even sworn, at John Doe, until after midnight, now in desperate fury he picked up a pair of old shoes and hurled them accurately at the noise—one after the other. There was a "plunk," a sharp yelp, a scurry, a rattle of tin can, and John Doe was heard no more.

Hopkins was just congratulating himself on his success, when he gasped at the discovery that he had thrown out one of his good shoes, which was black, and an old one, which was tan. This was unfortunate for he did not have another pair. He hastily drew on his trousers, and in no pleasant mood started on his midnight search for the lost calfskin.

He hunted all over his back yard, but found no shoes. Then, feeling and looking much like a thief, he climbed the back fence, and stumbled around in the nettle-weed, among his neighbor's chicken coops. Still no shoes.

He would not tackle that board fence again, and so he sneaked around the house to the front yard. Ah! there were both shoes, all chewed around the tops, up on the porch. Hopkins stretched to his longest to reach them, but by some untimely movement he lost his footing on the slippery, wet grass and crashed with a great clatter of quart milk cans into the flower bed beneath.

Within, a female voice arose in clamour:

"Help! Police! Robbers!" while the enraged Hopkins disentangled himself and implored the voice to cease and listen to an explanation.

But the whole neighborhood was roused; telephones jingled, and the first man on the ground turned in the fire alarm. During all this, the supposed thief stood sputtering and unmolested on the lawn, for no one had courage to lay hands on him.

"Get the dogs!" cried he of the brilliant mind. Immediately there was heard on all sides:

"Here, Towser!"

"Sic 'em, Caesar!"

But no dogs appeared, and the crowd held its breath. Then suddenly—clang-ety—sc-r-rape, out of the darkness came the rattle of a tin tomato can motored by John Doe, who was running for Hopkins as fast as his small yellow legs could carry him, loudly cheered by the crowd.

Hopkins realized that it would be useless to try to give a satisfactory explanation, and at sight of this fiery little ball of yellow speed headed for him, he did a most natural thing, grabbed his shoes and ran. Since it was impossible to return through the back yard to gain his house, he had to run around the corner of the block.

On, on, sped Mr. Luther Hopkins and his mismated shoes. Faster, faster sped John Doe and his tin can.

By this time the fire department and the police patrol had arrived at the scene of confusion. The firemen ran around flirting the hose about, looking for a fire. The police were informed that the thief had run to all points of the compass, though no one knew anything definite except that he was gone.

After much shrieking and ordering and pompous display of brass buttons, there came a lull in the confusion. The crowd shivered and waited. Then again they heard the approaching sound of the tin can attachment; and tired, wet little John Doe appeared on the scene, his teeth closed firmly over a ragged square of blue serge.

He was hilariously hailed on all sides as the hero of the hour, cheered, petted, and adopted into the household which had almost been robbed.

The patrol and fire department, with a few comments, withdrew, and the crowd went in out of the rain. John Doe was given a late supper of beefsteak, and a bed by the radiator.

Mr. Luther Hopkins again retired with his thoughts.

After all, instinct is not so bad.

### LIVE OAK.

HELEN MUNDY, '14.

At last beyond the grove the sun  
Has dropped; the happy day is done.  
Soft twilight filters through the trees,  
A perfume faint upon the breeze  
Is wafted from the clover flowers,  
Which grow in sweetness near the bowers  
Of Live Oak. Days of my childhood,  
How near you seem tonight! How could  
The change of Time make me forget  
How much I owe, how great the debt  
Is mine to you, old Live Oak days!  
Since then my feet have left the ways  
Of Joy; Despair and Pain my due;  
But comfort comes with thoughts of you.

# THE NEW CHAUFFEUR

HAZEL BRIGHT, '13.

Jack Denham opened the gate and started up the wide, tree-shaded walk that led to the big white country-house. A girl tugging a heavy suitcase rushed around the corner of the house, and stopping in front of Jack, set her suitcase down, and put her motor bonnet straight.

"Are you the new man?" she inquired breathlessly. "I have been watching for you, and I was so afraid you wouldn't be in time. Is the car at the gate?" She ran on, scarcely awaiting or expecting an answer from Jack, who, cap and goggles in hand, stared open-mouthed after her.

"Am I the new man? Evidently a new man is expected, and I fill the bill. A chauffeur, too. Well, my car is ready, so I can take her where she wishes to go. Must be going to the station. I suppose she is Dick's wife." The girl had reached the gate. Jack followed her, helped her in, and stowed the suitcase with his own.

"Where do you wish to go, Mrs. Hexton?" asked Jack, courteously, carrying out his role of chauffeur.

"I am not Mrs. Hexton; I am Miss Godfrey. I wish to go to the station to catch the 11:20 train. Be sure to catch it, too, because—I may as well be frank with you—I am running away. I was visiting Mrs. Hexton, and last night I overheard a conversation between my hostess and her husband and they had me married off very nicely to a gentleman who is expected here today. I have never seen him and I most certainly don't want to." Marguerite tossed her head proudly. "He—he does not care for ladies' society, it seems. He was not to know that I was there." Then she remembered that she was talking to a servant, and so left off abruptly.

They were flying on toward the city by this time, and Jack bent over the wheel to hide his embarrassment.

Bang! Bang! A loud report was heard. Miss Godfrey screamed; Jack put on more speed, and then stopped the car with a jerk.

"Oh, what's the matter? I am sure to miss the train!" Marguerite stood up in the car and gazed anxiously at Jack, who had leaped out and was examining the front wheels.

"There is quite a bad puncture here, and I am very much afraid it will take some time to repair it. I am afraid you will miss your train. It is eleven o'clock now."

Jack had his coat off and was busily prying off the tire. Miss Godfrey watched him eagerly, her little gold watch in hand.

At last the repairs were completed, and they were on their way again. It was long after train time as they whirled up to the dingy

little station; but she still had the faint hope that the train might be late, or had changed time, or—something.

She sprang lightly out and ran up to the office. Alas! The train had been gone half an hour. The girl came back quite crestfallen.

"I suppose I will have to go back to Mrs. Hexton's," she said. "You may drive me there now."

She looked as if she were going to cry, the man thought. Denham was not used to women—his mother had been dead since his childhood. It was a shame for the Hextons to—but no, he was not sorry—it was all rather funny—if she wouldn't cry.

They reached the Hexton home at last. The young couple were hurrying down the walk, toward the gate. Marguerite Godfrey wrinkled her pretty forehead. How should she account for her ride? Ah, she had it!

"Oh, Dolly, we had the most beautiful ride! The new man brought the car while you and Dick were gone, and I tried it!" Marguerite rattled on, but no one heard it—Dick was pumping Jack's arm. Suddenly he turned.

"Why, Jack, old boy, how do you happen to be bringing Rita home? Did you pick her up on the road? I expected you on the train. Is this your car?"

"Why, Dick, this is your new chauffeur," said Marguerite, with a note of anxiety in her voice.

"Our new chauffeur, Rita? This is Jack Denham, my college chum. I supposed you had met before. This is my wife, Jack. Come on up to the house. I will have my man take your car in presently."

Miss Godfrey's face was a study in red, as the "chauffeur" quietly took charge of the two suitcases, his own and hers, and carried them to the house. He was going to keep the secret of her running away! That was fine of him, she said to herself, proudly.

"Dick, dear, I am so disappointed!" said Mrs. Hexton that evening.

"Why, Dolly? Is the cook going to leave?" asked Dick, putting his arm around her.

"No, worse still. My matchmaking project is all off. That is, I didn't get to have anything to do with it."

Low voices came from the shaded porch outside the window. Jack was speaking earnestly and rapidly: "No, we can not escape Fate. It was not a coincidence—our meeting this morning, your flight and the punctured tire."

Mrs. Hexton listened without shame. "It was funny," she giggled in her husband's ear—"just like moving pictures."



# A Confirmed Bachelor

LESLIE JOHNS, '12.

Roy Burgess, bachelor and woman-hater, came into his elegant home in Commerce street, Berkeley, at half-past five in the evening. He let himself in with his latchkey, hung up his hat and overcoat in the hall, and bolted upstairs. As the call to dinner sounded on the Japanese gong in the hall, the young man, in evening dress, came slowly down the stairs. He stepped leisurely into the dining-room and sat down to dinner.

The housekeeper brought with the coffee several letters. He chuckled over the first, a letter from an old schoolmate and chum; but the second—his eyebrows came together and he laid his cigar suddenly on the table.

"By George!" was all he said, as he sat up straight and rubbed his chin. He turned the page, then turned it back. He looked at the envelope, the postmark, the address.

"Mrs. Mullins!"

That lady appeared. He handed the letter to her, saying: "What do you think of that!"

It was an invitation to a dance. That was nothing new, but this one was not like the others.

"The Bachelor Girls' Club"  
requests the company of  
Mr. R. A. Burgess  
at their Leap Year Ball  
on Thursday evening, April the first.

Bachelor Girls' Club House.

Mrs. Mullins read the letter, then handed it back to Mr. Burgess with a smile and a shake of her head. Mr. Burgess laid it on the table.

As the housekeeper went out he said, "That's funny,—a Bachelor Girls' dance! What do you know about it?"

Chuckling to himself he went into the library, turned on the reading lamp and sat down with a volume of Nietzsche—Mr. Burgess did not care for light literature.

Mrs. Mullins put away the dishes and locked up the silver, humming as she went about her work.

"I wonder what he's going to do about that dance? Usually he just throws the invitations in the grate and forgets all about them. But this one's different. I wish he would go. He's too young to shut himself up so."

Her work done she sat down by the dining-room fire with her knitting.

Perhaps an hour passed, when the doorbell rang. Mrs. Mullins went to the door. A young lady with a suitcase greeted her.

"Good evening," she said; "is this 823 Commerce street?"

"Yes," Mrs. Mullins answered, "won't you come in?" ushering her into the hall.

"I just arrived on the seven o'clock train," she said as she pulled off her gloves, "I suppose my room is ready?"

Mrs. Mullins was in a quandary. Who was this young lady who was now taking off her hat and coat? Why should this young person with wavy brown hair and deep blue eyes, and an air of self-possession—why should she not ask to see Mr. Burgess? What did she mean by "I suppose my room is ready?"

"Come with me, Miss." Mrs. Mullins led the way down the hall.

At the library door she said, "Mr. Burgess, a young lady to see you;" then walked demurely away with a sparkle in her eye.

Mr. Burgess started. "A young lady—to see me! Oh, I beg your pardon. What can I do for you?"—rising.

A young woman—in his own house—what could she want? He stared. She was of about average height, with a wealth of rich brown hair and eyes—he didn't dare to look into the depths of those deep blue eyes under their long lashes.

Mr. Burgess coughed uneasily and shoved his hands into his pockets.

"I thought—I was—right. Has the club a man manager? I suppose you received my letter, then."

Mr. Burgess looked confused. "What in the world is she driving at? I can't see," was the trend of his thoughts. "Er—er—no."

"You didn't?"—in surprise.

Mr. Burgess regained himself. "No," he replied.

A happy thought struck him. "Are you sure you have the right address?"

"Isn't this the Bachelor Girls' Club House? You said this was 823 Commerce street."

"Yes, I said this was 823 Commerce street. But this is certainly not the Bachelor Girls' Club House. That place is a couple of blocks down the street," waving his arm to the right. "Excuse me, but I should not be surprised if you have taken the five for an eight on the card. These are a real bachelor's quarters," he said struggling with a smile. "But—"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I thought—," she started for the library door.

"Hold on a minute. I beg your pardon—I'm afraid you don't know where the club is now, do you?"

"N—no." There were tears in her eyes. Mr. Burgess couldn't stand that.

"Well, er—er—sit down, please, and maybe we can patch this matter up." She smiled, the tears still in her eyes.

"Mrs. Mullins! Mrs. Mullins!" he called. As she appeared, he said,



"Bring Miss—er—er, why, you haven't told me your name yet—so you haven't!"

"Miss Harding," she answered.

"Mrs. Mullins, kindly bring Miss Harding a cup of coffee. And now I'll telephone up to the club house for you, if you will excuse me for a minute." He left the room. It was odd that he should put himself out this way; and yet somehow the spell of those blue eyes held him—urged him on.

Miss Harding looked about. There was a pile of legal looking papers on the library table, a big arm-chair beside it, long rows of books, a fire burning in the grate. Nothing strange about it; she was not dreaming. Now she heard Mr. Burgess' voice at the telephone. It seemed that someone was begging him to go somewhere, and he was protesting and excusing. She heard the Bachelor Girls' Club mentioned several times, and something about a dance, his not taking in such things, and so forth—the click of the receiver in the holder. Then he came back into the room. She rose from her seat as he entered.

He liked her dignified self-possession. No hysteria, no feminine flutterings.

"It seems they expected you, but their electric is out of order and they could not meet you; so if you will allow me I will escort you to the club house. The car will be at the door in a few minutes.

"Oh, thank you! You don't know how sorry I am to have caused you all this trouble. You've treated me fine—"

"Don't mention it. I'm glad to help you. I have the honor of entertaining the first young lady who has ever been in Bachelor Burgess' house."

Mrs. Mullins entered just then and announced that the car was at the door.

"Mrs. Mullins will look to your needs and bring your things down. I'll join you in the electric."

Once in the car they whirled away.

As Mr. Burgess helped Miss Harding alight at 523 Commerce street, he said, "I shall be at the Leap Year dance given here April first. I hope you will. Will you give me a dance?" How awkwardly he had put it, he said to himself.

She answered yes, very simply; then he said good-night.

Mr. Burgess returned to his library. He sat down before the table and took up an open book. But he did not read. He only looked, with a slow, thoughtful smile, at the chair whereon Miss Harding had sat.

April first and the Leap Year dance at the club house came very soon.

Mr. Burgess' card filled very quickly. Had she forgotten? He felt almost nervous about it! Only his last dance was now unclaimed. A fluttering—a light touch on his arm. She stood blushing at his side. How pretty she looked! Talk of roses? Was there ever a rose like her cheek?

Not a word passed between them as they glided away, till Mr.

Burgess blurted out like a boy, "May I come to see you Thursday evening?"

"Why, mother has never met you—"

"But will it not be proper for me to return your call?"

"Oh, if you put it on the ground of strict propriety—I suppose you may come."

The music ceased. His eyes glowed as he led her to her seat.

One evening the following June he came into his apartments with a broad smile on his face.

"Mrs. Mullins," he asked, "would you consent to be merely assistant housekeeper here?" Then he told her joyously all about it.

Mrs. Mullins' affectation of surprise was complete. She wore her demure look as she went away to serve dinner.

"But my part was so easy!" she said to herself; "Providence sent her, and I just let her in."

### WHAT'S THE USE?

HELEN LIMBAUGH, '14.

I pray thee tell me what's the use  
To go to High for mere abuse,  
To cram your brain with facts B. C.,  
When naught you know of '12 A. D?  
What's the use?

To know of Plato's great renown,  
How Caesar conquered every town;  
How battles nearly lost would turn  
On his appearance—this to learn,  
What's the use?

What good to you will ever come,  
What fortune fall upon you, from  
Such terms as these: hypotheses,  
Conclusion and Euripides?  
What's the use?

Why work for hours at writing verse,  
When it will never fill your purse?  
Why make a place for History II,  
Forgetting all of I you knew?  
What's the use?

Why spend on Latin time and cents,  
Without reward or recompense?  
Why place on us this heavy task?  
And therefore, once again I ask,  
What's the use?

# The Revenge

MURIEL NEEDHAM, '12.

"Hello, Jed! where yu' goin'?"

"T' git th' mail."

"Kin a feller go 'long?"

"Naw. Can't yu' see I'm busy?"

Jed sauntered on up the street, his eyes fastened on the board walk, his fingers jingling the nails in his overalls pockets, and his lips puckered up into a thoughtful whistle. He certainly did not look busy, and the vanquished "feller" looked after him laughing for a moment, then turned abruptly and went whistling down the street. He was used to Jed's ways. Jed was the leader of the "gang," and when he got busy that way it generally meant a "lark" later. So the "feller" was content to wait.

Jed had good reason to be busy. He had suffered rank injustice, and revenge would soon be his. For a crime had been committed, and he had lost the dearest of all his possessions, his thoroughbred yellow pup. There he had found him in Old Humphrey's door-yard—dead—unmistakably the victim of foul play. The thought of it filled his boyish heart with grief and rage. Ah, he would get even with Old Humphrey!

When Jed went out to feed the horse that night he tied the red rag to the white rag and fastened them to the signal pole on the barn. Before sundown every boy in the gang had seen the signal and knew that Jed had thought of a plan.

"Tell yu', fellers!" Jed began, to the eager little group that had gathered in the barn that night, "tell yu' what we'll do! You know Old Humphrey's melon patch—"

"Yep," chorused the gang.

"An' yu' know how he has fenced it up, an' sits out there in the woods half a day at a time a-guardin' it with a gun—"

"Yep, we know!" said the bunch.

"Well, an' you know how mean Old Humphrey is—"

"You bet we do!" exploded Tom, the deacon's son. "Didn't he shoot 'most all my pigeons, I'd like to know? An' didn't he throw Mary Ross' kitten into the fish-pond, an' didn't he kill your dorg, an' didn't he do everything that's mean an' small ever since he was born? Dad says he kin recollect the time when Old Humphrey knocked his nurse's front tooth out with his nursin' bottle, an' he's gone on the same downward road ever since."

"Well," continued Jed, "now I'll tell you. Old Humphrey likes his own old melons so well, but he likes to steal anybody else's. So we'll just invite Old Humphrey to go on a raid with us, and swipe somebody's melons. See?"

"Aw; what good'll that do? That won't do nothin' to old Humphrey! We want to git even with—"

"Now, look-a-here, you kids! Ain't I doin' this?" asked Jed sternly. "You either go with me an' shut up, or stay to home. I'm goin' to do jest exactly what I said, gang or no gang!" With their usual docility, the gang resolved to "go an' shut up," so they set the time for going and adjourned in high spirits.

Old Humphrey's grim face lighted up with evil malice when Jed asked him to go on the raid.

"Sure, kid, I'll go!" he said. "Whose melons you goin' to hook?"

"Oh, they's lots of patches around in the woods," Jed assured him, "we'll find somebody's."

"All right, I'll be on hand," said Humphrey, and Jed departed wearing a smile of triumph.

That night found Old Humphrey and the gang deep in the woods.

"Gee, but it's dark!" growled Old Humphrey. "Why didn't you kids bring a lantern?"

"Aw, 'cause," answered Jed in his ready manner, "ef we'd a brung a lantern, why, folks would 'a'-seen us, an'—an' followed us, see?"

"Guess you're right, kid. But it's so cloudy there aint even any starlight. D' you know where we are?"

"Yep. We're about three miles west o' town," replied Jed quickly, "an' we're comin' to a melon patch—Si Warner's."

"Yes, that's where we are!" breathed the crowd. Silently they climbed the fence and fell to work on the melons.

Old Humphrey's heart swelled with satisfaction. Si Warner—his old enemy! Now was his chance to settle the old scores once for all, and he would do good work while he was about it. With grim delight he pictured the wrath of his detested neighbor when he should view the work of the enemy on that melon patch.

"Say!" called Jed in an undertone, "each one o' you fellers only take one. We don't need to spoil the whole patch. An' then come outside the fence to eat 'em."

Each fellow had his melon and was groping his way toward the fence, when Old Humphrey spoke.

"Say, kids, Si Warner's an old enemy o' mine. Let's go to an' cut up the vines. What you say?"

The boys hesitated. Then Jed answered, "Sure. All the more of a lark. Soldiers, charge!" And with jackknives drawn they charged with vim. The patch was large, and had a splendid crop of melons, and with Old Humphrey leading, the boys slashed right and left. At last, when as nearly as they could tell in the darkness, only the stems of the vines were left, the boys retraced their steps to the fence, victorious. They sat down to rest, and ate till they could eat no longer. Then they started home.

When they left Old Humphrey at his gate, he was still exultant over the mischief.

"Thank ye, kids," he said. "That trip done me more good than

a thousand dollars. Ha! Ha! Good-night," and he went chuckling down the path to his door.

"Well, we had some sport," began someone as they neared Jed's gate. "But that wasn't gettin' even on Old Humphrey—"

"Good-night, fellers," whispered Jed as he tip-toed up the steps. "Go on an' don't wake my folks up," and the gang went quickly to their homes and to bed.

As the gang was on its way to the fish-pond next morning they met Old Humphrey just entering his gate. His hands were clenched, and his brutal face white with anger.

"You kids!" he shouted, coming toward them, "You—you—!"

"Oh, that's all right, an' keep the change, please," quietly returned Jed. "That's jest to pay fur my thoroughbred dead dorg. Thanks fur helpin' us."

"What's the matter?" whispered the awe-stricken gang.

"Aw, nothin'," responded Jed, nonchalantly; "that was his melon patch, last night, that's all." The boys gasped and looked at one another blankly.

"His melon patch! How'd you do it, Jed, without his aknowin' it?" whispered the deacon's son.

"Well," asked Jed fiercely, "did yu' know it yourselves?"

Old Humphrey turned abruptly and stumbled up the steps. For the first time in his life he was beaten at his own game.

### THE TEACHER'S LIFE.

LOUISE CHAPDELAINÉ, '13.

The teacher leads a tranquil life,  
But none of it for me;  
I'd rather be a rancher's son,  
And help to plow the lea.

The teacher leads a quiet life,  
But none of it for me;  
I'd rather be a sailor brave,  
And sail upon the sea.

The teacher leads a goodly life,  
But none of it for me;  
I'd rather be a herdsman rude,  
And tramp the green valley.

#### \*L'ENVOY

The teacher leads no life at all.  
She's dead as dead can be  
If in Lodi her lot be cast—  
Best be in the cemet'ry.

\*This last stanza was added by the "loneliest teacher in Lodi." But where was she when the Bonds were under discussion, and the U. H. S. site was stirring this community even to farthest Galt?

# The Contest

NILETA FRANKLIN, '13.

It was late in October. The afternoon sun was shining through the doors of the fruit-packing shed, lighting up the scene inside. The sound of the crate-maker's hammer was heard above the talking of the packers and the rolling of trucks. The girls looked tired and a bit listless at their work. Suddenly the chugging of an automobile was heard.

"Oh, goodness! there is an automobile, and it's sure to be Mr. Young," said Evelyn.

"It is always sure to happen when we are neglecting our work," said Gladys.

"Yes, girls, that is one reason we should always do our best, for we never know when we are watched; and Mr. Young is so good to us, too," replied Mary.

"There you go preaching again," said Evelyn crossly.

"Hello, everybody!" called a cheery voice, and there appeared in the wide doorway a short, stout man with a good-natured ruddy face. At his side was his pretty little daughter.

After a short consultation with the shed boss, Jack Freeman, the owner called out:

"Now, girls, you can have fifteen minutes for rest if you think you can listen to my talk."

There was a great rushing for the pump, and with much laughter the girls washed their hands and were again in the shed, perching upon grape boxes, or swinging their feet from work benches.

"Now, girls," he began, "I will not go into tiresome detail and tell you how well or how poorly some of you pack, but will get to the point. Tomorrow is the last day of the season. Yes, I know you are all glad; but just listen. I am going to give fifty dollars to the girl who packs the most crates tomorrow. The crates are not to have the good grapes on top and the culls underneath; they are to be the best pack of the season. Now the bunch pack is the prettiest, so all will have to be done with the ribbons. It is much slower, but it will be a good test. For the rest of your fifteen minutes you can talk it over. Come, Dorothy, let's go. Good-bye, everybody."

There was a moment's silence, then such a clatter!

"Well, I know what I'd do with the money; I would have that swell lavender silk in the window at Smith's. I haven't a dress to wear for evening, and there is to be a dance next week," spoke Evelyn.

"Oh! you are sure to get it, Evelyn," cried her friend Gladys.

"Gladys you shouldn't encourage Evelyn, for there is Mary Jackson who never says a word, but works all day long," said Jane.

Quiet Mary looked up with a smile, but did not say what she would do with the money. Evelyn said with a sneer, "Yes, I suppose she will get it and give it to the family. Then what good will that do her?"

No one answered her, but the girls looked with embarrassment toward Mary. Shortly after that the clock struck six and they quit work gladly, for the last few minutes had been a strain upon them.

Mary rushed home as quickly as she could. She was a plain little girl, with an honest face. At the door she was met by her tired mother and two little brothers.

Throwing her arms about her mother's waist she cried "Mamma, Mr. Young is the best man! Why this afternoon he made an offer of fifty dollars to the girl who packs the greatest number of crates tomorrow. What do you think of my standing a chance? Evelyn has already boasted that she will buy clothes with it. But oh! I have so many places for it. I could help pay the interest that is nearly due."

"No, my dear, I would not want you to put it into the ranch, but to put it with the money you have already earned and go to Normal and get your teacher's certificate," replied her mother.

"Oh, mamma, I had not thought of that! That is just what I will do. But, here, the boys are through eating, so let me wash the dishes;" and Mary went happily about her work.

That night a dim light shown out of the packing-shed window. With a lantern in his hand, Jack Freeman stood looking over the boxes of fruit.

"Now," said he, "I must devise some plan to help Evelyn. Let me see; Mary always calls for the second box before Evelyn. So—goodness! What was that noise! Is it someone coming up the steps? It is only a dog on the outside platform, I guess. Well, I will pile the boxes in such order that Mary will get the poor grapes, and Evelyn will get the good ones."

After working for over an hour, he put out the light, and crept from the shed.

The next morning the girls came to work as usual and started in with a vengeance. All was quiet, and each girl was working eagerly. Occasionally Evelyn glanced anxiously toward Mary. Jack, making his rounds about the shed, stopped beside Evelyn. She whispered:

"How many crates has Mary packed?"

"She is on her fifteenth now. Don't worry, you have a clear field," answered Jack reassuringly.

"Oh, thank goodness!" breathed Evelyn, "I am on my sixteenth."

So the packing went on; when suddenly Mary dropped a bunch of grapes. She stooped quietly to pick it up. A little cry escaped her lips.

All eyes were turned upon her. With quite a white face she stood erect again. A little stream of blood flowed from the base of her right thumb. Someway the scissors had slipped, and the blades had closed on the flesh. There was a groan of sympathy all around, and the thumb was quickly bandaged.

Mary's next box went rather slowly. Therefore the box that Jack had planned for Evelyn fell to Mary. After that Mary received the good grapes and Evelyn the poor ones, and the cut in Mary's hand did not hinder her from keeping up with Evelyn.

The sun was getting low in the west. The hands of the clock stood twenty minutes to six. Mary called, "Grapes!"

Evelyn looked up surprised. "She may catch up at this rate," she thought. Just as the clock struck six Mary finished her thirty-fifth crate.

Evelyn called, "Grapes!" She had just packed her thirty-fourth.

### FEEDING TIME.

CURTIS McFARLAND, '13.

There is a time in our old school,  
When we are wont to toast  
The class that is ahead of us,—  
The Junior is the host.

Those Seniors sit around and eat  
All that is in their sight;  
They gobble down 'most anything  
They chew with all their might.

And when we call on Scrape to give  
Some elocution grand,  
Then Scrape stands up,—his mouth is full,  
And full of pie each hand.

He offers up a word or two,  
Then takes a few bites more;  
Then from the fulness of his soul  
His words in torrents pour.

Ah! when next year shall roll around,  
And we are Seniors great,  
'Twill be our turn to bolt the pie,  
Our speech to punctuate.



# The Legend of Tragedy Spring

FRANCES WRIGHT, '12.

With a pluff, pluff, the mules' feet sank in the dry brown dust. It rose in clouds, and slowly settled over our wagon. Sitting lazily on the front seat, his hat pulled far down over his eyes, the reins hanging loosely from his hands, was our Italian driver. The slanting rays of the sun were creeping well up the mountain side. We were the only moving objects visible. Not a breath of air stirred the dusty branches of the trees.

"Look, Kate! the mules have pricked up their ears." I turned to our all-wise driver. "What does that mean?" I asked.

"Water," he grunted, his voice dry as the dust.

"If it's water, we'll make camp. I've ridden enough for today; haven't you, Kate? Besides, it's four o'clock." I shut my watch with a snap, and straightened up; Kate did likewise.

"No camp here. You drink, we go on," said Jack, the driver, drawing the mules to a standstill.

"No," I said firmly, "we will camp here."

"All right; you see," said Jack with a knowing nod.

In a moment Kate and I were out, washing our hot, dusty faces in the clear, cool water of a pool below the spring. It was a beautiful place there under the trees. At the sides of the spring were fresh, green grasses and moss, and here a late yellow snap-dragon and there a wild daisy raised their dainty heads. Jack and father attended to the horses while Kate and I prepared supper. Tempted by the smell of bacon we hurried with our share of the work, and soon were all seated around our camp table. By half-past five, lunch was over. It was already quite dark away up there in that little fold of the earth.

"Tell us why you didn't want to camp here, Jack," I said, as we sat around the camp fire.

"Yes. Long time no men here, just Indians. Then men came. Indians watch 'em. At night they creep up, kill all men. Indians go 'way. More men came. Put dead men in ground. They no stay here night; have to go on. Hear men holler and Indians yell."

Kate and I looked at Jack, then at each other, then at father, then smiled a sickly smile. As Jack finished his tale, a sob seemed to come from the pines above us. As we sat there huddled around the fire no one spoke. Only that eerie sound was heard, now soft and low, then loud and harsh, then dying down again. First it was the deep sobs and groans of a man, then a baby crying, then a woman's shrill cry reached us and finally it ended in the blood curdling cry of an Indian war whoop.

With one accord Kate and I arose, packed up our things, and in half an hour our wagon was slowly moving on to the "Blue Lake House."

# SOPHOMORIC

"What I aspired to be  
And was not, comforts me."

The class in English II were asked to produce some verse in the meter of Snowbound. We publish the following without fear of the criticism of our Exchange who said, "Beware of too much poetry."—Editor's Note.

## A CONFESSION.

LUCILE LE FEBER, '14.

Of all the things which make me blue.  
The thing which I hate most to do,  
The one which fiets upon my nerves,  
While I don't see what use it serves,  
Is "just to prove that A and B  
Should be congruent with angle C."  
So when the teacher calmly asks  
That I perform this easy task,  
I wait and stammer, getting red,  
And then I dumbly shake my head;  
The teacher looks at me surprised;  
I shut my mouth, and keep my eyes  
Fixed firmly on the hardwood floor;  
And now you know why I get 4.

## THE GENTLE RAIN.

ION STRANGE, '14.

In Lodi, when it starts to rain,  
It rains until it stops again.  
Oh, yes! 'tis rain that makes the crop—  
But also rain that makes the slop;  
Of course we need the rain—the fruit  
Would never grow nor plant take root—  
But while the orchards get their mete  
Won't someone kindly dry the street?

## PARTING HURTS.

HELEN MUNDY, '14.

They stood beside the garden gate,  
The clock had struck, the hour was late;  
"Oh, parting hurts! alas!" he sighed,  
"Yes, parting hurts," somebody cried.  
A window near was open thrown—  
Behold! the maiden stood alone.  
"You're very cruel," her father spoke,  
"To lengthen suffering is no joke."

## INJUNCTIONS.

HELEN LIMBAUGH, '14.

When compositions we must write,  
Or English lessons long recite,  
What teacher sometimes says is this:  
"In writing neither spell amiss,  
Nor punctuate with little care;  
In speaking, speak a sentence fair."  
Or this perhaps: "There's lethargy  
Unless description vivid be!"  
But ever, always without fail,  
"Class, be specific in detail!"

## QUESTION OF THE DAY.

MARIE MURRAY, '14.

What mean these crowds upon the street?  
What's all this talk when people meet?  
I have a guess, and think I'm right,  
'Tis all about our High School site.

In trying all this crowd to please,  
Ah, what a task have our trustees!  
But they are loyal men and true,  
The path of wisdom they'll pursue.

And when our school is all complete  
With rooms so bright and grounds so neat,  
We'll raise our voice and shout in glee  
Of Lodi's great prosperity.



### THE SAUSAGE MAN.

GENE VILLINGER, '14.

The sausage man lives on the corner  
And sells hot dog to the new comer ;  
And this I'm sure is quite the way  
He makes his dough from day to day.

The poor and unsuspecting pup,  
By the city pound man gathered up  
Is quickly bargained for and taken  
And made into chops, veal, or bacon.

### A WISH.

JACK CAMPBELL, '14.

I wish I were a robber bold,  
To gather jewels and also gold,  
Or be a pirate on the sea,  
And seek to find a ship for me,  
A ship on which I'd chance to gain,  
A captain's name, a captain's fame.  
Then to a happy land I'd sail,  
And I'd relate to all the tale  
Of how I fought and gained the name  
Of terror on the land and main.

### ALL SAME HIAWATHA.

GEORGIA LE FEBER, '13

If you ask me whence these poems,  
Whence these grand, inspiring verses,  
I will answer, I will tell you—  
From a cold damp dungeon came we,  
From the Sophomore room so dreary,  
Came the writers of these poems,  
Came the jolly class of '13,  
To the crowded, sunny room A.  
In a sunnier clime we flourished,  
Grew in virtue and in wisdom,  
Until now we're far above them—  
Those, who scoffed at one cum laude,  
Until now our class is famous  
As the writers of good verses.