

French Models *

GEMITUS SENIORIS

IAN STRANGE, '14

If we'd been born in ancient Rome
How easy would our Latin be!
We would not mind old Vergil's "pome"—
If we'd been born in ancient Rome—
Of Trojans—how they plowed the foam
To find a land where they'd be free.
If we'd been born in ancient Rome
How easy would our Latin be!

My hardest study's history—
Miss Harford makes me learn it;
And though she does her best for me
My hardest study's History.
To think of all the dates A. D.
Is mighty irksome. Durn it,
My hardest study's history,—
Miss Harford makes me learn it.

Now my English comp is done
I can have a little rest;
Other lessons will be fun,
Now my English comp is done;
'Though I knew ere I begun
That my verse won't stand the test,
Now my English comp is done
I can have a little rest.

RONDEL

KENNETH UDELL, '14

To the teachers what a joy
Is the room they call Detention!
How they love to scare a boy
With the threat of this invention.

If a girl is looking coy,
"Fifteen minutes!" teacher'll mention.
To the teachers what a joy
Is the room they call Detention!

If a Freshie to some toy
Is caught giving his attention,
He's invited to convention,
On the list made out by Roy.
To the teachers what a joy
Is the room they call Detention!

* [Editor's Note.—The Seniors practice some artificial French verse forms.]

MAY DAYS

Villanelle

HELEN MUNDY, '14

How beautiful is blossom time!
So soft the air, so sweet to smell.
Of all the year it is the prime.

Where'er you go, whate'er the clime,
When grasses start, and leaf buds swell,
How beautiful is blossom time!

On mossy banks sweet scented thyme
Springs up, and starry daisies tell
Of all the year this is the prime.

Now honeysuckles twine and climb,
The mayflower sweetens every dell;
How beautiful is blossom time!

Loud sing the birds in joyful chime
To tell the world that all is well;
Of all the year it is the prime.

The days speed by; their tuneful rime
O'er our two hearts has cast a spell;
How beautiful this blossom time!
Of all my years the glorious prime.

VILLANELLE

HELEN LIMBAUGH, '14

For Tamalpais Canyon my heart cries,
Where bonnie breezes blow off Pablo Bay,
When blazes bright the sun from summer skies.

In Tamalpais Canyon pleasure lies;
Delight fills every moment of the day;
I'or Tamalpais Canyon my heart cries.

Redwoods gigantic, oaks of massive size,
With leafy canvas, block the hottest ray,
When blazes bright the sun from summer skies.

From hidden crannies dainty flowerets rise,
And ferns, dew-glist'ning crowd the shaded way;
For Tamalpais Canyon my heart cries.

To yearning sense, the yearning soul replies:
"Hither betake thyself," I hear it say,
When blazes bright the sun from summer skies.

Here placid comfort meets my eager eyes;
Refreshing breezes cool, all cares allay.
For Tamalpais Canyon my heart cries,
When blazes bright the sun from summer skies.

TRIOLETS

HELEN LIMBAUGH, '14

'Twas an evening last May
When my Zoe said, "Good-bye!"
Though I wished so to stay,
On that evening last May
She implied, "Go away!"
Should you ask why I sigh
Since that evening last May:
Ah! Zoe said "Good-bye!"

To write a "pome!"
What a horrid lesson!
To stay at home
And write a "pome,"
Instead of roam!
It 's most distressin'
To write a "pome"—
What a horrid lesson!

GEORGE CHAPDELAIN, '14

It's fun to ride a motorbike
When everything goes well;
Even when a bump or tack I strike,
It's fun to ride a motorbike,
And fix a puncture or the like,
To speed her up and go like—;
It's fun to ride a motorbike
When everything goes well.

JOSEPH DECLUSIN, '14

It's hard to write a Triolet,
But still we have to do it;
Refrains are very hard to get,—
It's hard to write a Triolet;
But these few lines I'll try and set
To meter—though I rue it;
It's hard to write a Triolet,
But still we have to do it.

ONE-THIRTY A. M.

WARREN GUM, '14

Just one more kiss
Before I go;
Oh do! sweet miss;
Just one more kiss.
Oh my! what bliss!
The lights are low;
Just one more kiss
Before I go.

A Honeymoon Postponed

HELEN MUNDY, '14

Jean lay at full length on the soft grass, her hands clasped under her head, and her eyes dreamily following the slender branches of the willow above her, as they swayed faintly in the creeping breeze. Flecks of sunlight made a leafy design on her short walking skirt and heavy boots. The sun shone with full noon-day heat on the river, and the water moved silently as if oppressed by the warmth.

The dip of a paddle roused the girl from her meditation, and she sat up and gave a short trilling whistle. The whistle was answered from the water, and a moment later a canoe pushed its nose through the bushes, and a tall, khaki-clad young man sprang ashore, fastened the canoe to a willow root, and leaped lightly up the bank to a place beside her. The face he turned to Jean was very grave.

"Would you mind very much giving up part of our honeymoon, dear?"

"Oh, Roger! what is it now? I thought when we had left the railroad and turned our backs to the last house, that even a busy doctor might be free." The tone was peevish.

"It is just because we are so far in the wilderness that I am not free," he answered gently. "There is not a house within fifty miles—except one which I came upon by chance just the other side of the bend in the river. It is a little log house and the people who live in it are homesteading a timber claim. The man is very ill—typhoid in a bad form—and his wife and several little children are there alone with him."

Jean rose to her feet.

"Isn't there some other way?" she inquired coldly. "Couldn't that man we passed on lower Castle Creek take care of him if you would tell him how?"

Roger Collins looked at his wife in amazement; then turned sharply away.

"His camp is at least twenty miles from here, and I'm the only one who could go for him," he answered curtly. "Besides, this case needs careful handling. I think it's up to us, Jean."

"Well, if you think so, I suppose we'll have to do it."

She caught up her hat with a petulant swing, and slipped down the bank to the canoe. For a full minute her husband watched her, his face showing a hurt surprise. Doubts he dared not recognize rushed to his mind. Had he made a mistake after all? Had they been too hasty in deciding?

Promptly he cut short the thought, and an instant later was untying the canoe. With set mouth Jean took her place in the stern and picked up her paddle. Silently her husband pushed away from the willows and into the open water.

The cabin of the homesteaders stood in a small opening among the spruce trees, its log walls and huge stone chimney half covered by a tangle of wild ivy. In a small enclosure of rails near the house were a cow and several sheep. A straggling row of corn and a potato patch showed a brave attempt at a garden.

A little whitehaired, barefooted boy ran down the path from the house as the young man pulled the canoe out of the water.

"Ma was afraid you wouldn't come back quick enough," he said, nervously twisting his grimy toes. "Pa's out o' his head again."

"We'll take care of him. Never you mind, Jimmy."

The man patted Jimmy's rough, unkempt head. Then he caught up a little leather medicine case from the bottom of the canoe, and strode up the path. With reluctant steps Jean followed him. She always had hated sick rooms, she

was thinking. The smell of medicines sickened her, and the sight of suffering played so on her nerves. It wasn't fair to force this on her now—now of all times when she wanted her new life with Roger to begin joyfully.

A wave of faintness swept over her at the sight which met her eyes as she reached the doorway. On a rough wooden bed, which stood in the middle of the room, a man lay, raised on his elbow, and talking wildly in delirium. A little dark-haired woman on one side of the bed, half forced, half coaxed him to lie back again. In a corner of the room a white-faced little girl tried vainly to soothe a crying baby.

"Jean, get some cold water from the river. There's a bucket on the table. You, sister, get some towels." Roger's voice was calm and business-like.

Dazed Jean took up the bucket and turned to the river. The grimy little boy still stood in the path digging his toes in the dust. There were tears on his freckled cheeks now. Instinctively Jean shrank away from such a dirty child.

The very impulse called to her mind how kindly her husband had patted the child's head. With a flood of compassion Jean realized how selfish and unkind she had been. How good Roger was, she thought, how big and capable and unselfish. Without hesitation he had given up his vacation—their honeymoon. He had come to this sick man's bedside as willingly and coolly as if he had enjoyed it. Then like a revelation the truth came. He did enjoy it! It was his work—it would be his life!

For an instant the picture of their future life rose before her mind. She saw her husband, strong, kind, sympathetic, wrapped up in his profession. She saw herself farther and farther out of his life.

Panic-stricken she fairly ran with the bucket of water back to the cabin. "Oh, help me to live my husband's life with him!" she prayed with a sob.

It had grown quite dark when the sufferer finally dropped into a natural sleep. Jean rose from her position at the doctor's side, and, handing him the last towel she had wrung out, led the tired little wife away from the bedside.

"We'll watch to-night. You must get some rest. Yes, you must," she added, at the woman's protest. "If you don't, you will not be able to take care of him tomorrow. I'll put the children to bed."

Several days later, Roger Collins, leaving his patient quietly sleeping, stood thoughtfully looking out of the door of the cabin. The tired little woman, now that the strain was over, was sleeping, too. Jean had taken the children away somewhere. With a pang of remorse he recalled his feeling of disappointment in Jean.

"I shouldn't have doubted her," he reproached himself. "What a plucky little woman she has been! She hasn't spared herself in the least; and she dislikes this sort of thing."

The sound of children's laughter interrupted his musings, and he followed it around to the other side of the house. Jean, the center of a rapt group, gave a last vigorous rub to a little calico dress and straightened up from the washboard to see if it were clean.

"—And so the Prince brought the slipper to see if it would fit—"

"—And it did fit, and so he knew he had found his princess," finished her husband softly.

And then to the amazement of Jimmy the doctor took his wife in his arms, and she, clasping her wet, sudsy arms about his neck, laughed on his shoulder until she cried.

"BEAUTY DRAWS US WITH A SINGLE HAIR"

GLADYS BOYNTON, '15

(These verses are affectionately dedicated by the author to her friend, M-rth-S-y-r.)

A sparkling brooklet, clear and cool,
Danced o'er the rocks right merrily,
And speckled trout splashed in and out,—
And Christy watched them warily.

An angler Chris was of renown;
His book he searched right hastily,
But in't he found no trace of flies,—
Such flies as trout snap tastily.

"O for the fly of reddish hue!"
Chris scratched his head perplexedly;
"I have't," he cried, and off he went,
His mind on one thing, fixedly.

No student he, this lad renowned;
Toward printed page he ne'er inclined;
But to make a book was now his bent,
And for "M. S." his heart sore pined.

She was at hand whom now he sought;
She gave a lock of her bright red hair,
And flies he made, and trout he caught,
And dined that night like a millionaire.

THE LANDMARK

CARL TURNER, '15

Thou mighty oak, I gaze on thee,
And wonder what thine age must be;
Beneath those boughs, out-flung with pride,
How many men have dwelt and died?
Within the circle of thy shade,
The little redskins slept and played;
The Don, surveying his domain,
Admired this monarch of the plain,
And underneath thy boughs, low bent,
His long-horned cattle drowsed, content.
Last came the Saxon yankee's sway;
He cleared the land from day to day,
And now his grandsons look with pride,
On broad fields stretching far and wide;
But still, with mighty boughs flung high,
Like arms up-stretched toward the sky,
Grandly majestic, far above
The little things that mortals love,
The oak, an ancient sentinel,
Still seems to say, "All, all is well."

Gasoline Joe

LAWRENCE HOSMER, '16

It was still dark, and the stars sparkled frostily as Joe Kettle, otherwise known as "Gasoline Joe," sidled down the steep back stairs and crunched over the snow to the garage in the back yard. Joe was the earliest riser in the Canadian Hotel, the foremost hostelry of New Westminster. At five-thirty every morning except Sunday Joe's alarm clock alarmed. By six o'clock he had breakfasted, and in an incredibly short time after, his forty horsepower stage was pushing through the snow, skidding through the mud, or chugging along in fair weather, as the case might be.

"Now, then, you blanked old schooner," muttered Joe cheerfully as he slipped the crank into the ratchet, "how you goin' to act this morning? Nice and accommodating, hey?"

"Bang!" an explosion of dead gas in the muffler.

"Aw, now, you don't want to feel that way about it. Come, I'll put some champagne in the gas'line next time we go to Vancouver."

Thus admonished, the blanked old schooner woke up with a rattle and roar that echoed thunderously along the dark streets.

Hastily jumping around to the seat, Joe kicked the cut-out shut. The old car, peeved at this, hissed and muttered vehemently under its breath while Joe tied down his ear-laps and pulled on his mittens.

There had been a time when Joe, streaking out of town before dawn, with wide open cut-out and roaring exhaust, had disturbed the rest and roused the ire of many good citizens. Then one day the little milliner who lived over the post-office and who once told Joe she liked gray eyes, had also told him that his racket past her window every morning disturbed her. Joe now sneaked out of town at four miles an hour and with cut-out closed. Several friends, missing the matutinal racket, had asked him if he were not "goin' to run the stage no more."

The clock on the dash-board showed seven minutes past six. Joe backed the machine out without further ado, and was soon rolling along the still, dark streets under the frosty stars.

The stage was on its thrice-a-week trip to the little fur-trading post of Moose-Hat, twenty miles north of New Westminster. The road went east for three miles, crossing the river, then swung northward a mile to the southern end of long, narrow Moose-Hat lake, which in winter furnished fifteen miles of the twenty-mile drive.

Life is good, thought Joe, as he sped through the dawn, seemingly into the very sunrise. Incidentally, in slowing for a curve, he skidded into a snow-bank and choked his engine. His inflammatory remarks perhaps helped him out. He was soon humming along again.

Just as the sun rose over the bluff, Joe swung north on the frozen surface of Moose-Hat lake. With a sigh of relief, for the going had been hard, he gradually "opened her up" and was soon shooting over the glassy surface at fifty miles an hour.

Four miles north was the Giant's Gate, where the lake suddenly narrowed between high promontories, and curved slightly. Joe always had to slow down to negotiate this curve. Past this the lake again widened and it was a nine-mile straight-away to Moose-Hat. Here Joe usually "let her out" to the limit.

In a few minutes the stage snorted to a standstill before the post-office and store of Moose-Hat. Joe noticed that there was a larger crowd than usual to greet the stage as he pulled up. In short order the mail was delivered, and the stage received its customary load of pelts.

As Joe was preparing to leave, a little man with a white goatee and a nickel-

plated star bustled up. "Say, Joe," he inquired in a confidential, important tone, "did you meet a couple o' thieving gamblers on the lake?"

Joe, filling his pipe, cocked an eye at the sheriff. "I should know a gambler from a deacon if I passed him on the lake, wouldn't I?" he observed. "What's up?"

"Got run out of town!" vociferated several bystanders at once.

"They was running a crooked game," further elucidated the sheriff.

"Well, I should worry over your municipal gambling problems," said Joe. "I gotter get back to Westminster."

If Joe's departure from New Westminster had been lamblike, from Moose-Hat it was leonine enough. As the old Forty roared up to the Giant's Gate Joe saw two men descend the trail onto the lake. "They're them!" thought Joe, as he slowed up and hospitably invited them to "hop in." They hopped in promptly. Neither seemed inclined to say much.

"Goin' somewhere, or just travelin'?" inquired Joe, pleasantly.

"Goin' south," responded the smaller of the two, and lapsed into silence.

"By golly, look at them sun-dogs! We'll get a blizzard inside of a year," went on Joe, complacently, gazing at the frosty segments of winter rainbow glittering in the clear afternoon air.

"Aw, hit 'er up!" growled the man who had first spoken; "we want to get to Westminster."

The angry red came into Joe's cheeks; but his only reply was to open the throttle.

The next trip that Joe made to Moose-Hat he got the cold shoulder. "Furthermore, Joe Kettle," concluded the postmaster, "you haven't got a bit of spunk! Now it's all over town how them sneaking gamblers that was chased out of Moose-Hat made you stop an' give 'em a lift, an' took your robe away, an' told you they'd take your machine if you asked 'em for fare, an' made you drive into town the back way! I'd have a little spunk! But I got a date to go to the movies. S' long."

"Oh, Punkins!" sniffed Joe, stowing the express packages in the bottom of the car.

At this moment the subject of conversation between Joe Kettle and the post-master stood behind the big rock at Giant's Gate, three miles out of Moose-Hat. "D—" it, he oughta been along b'fore now!" one of the men was saying.

Joe, having just completed vulcanizing a bad blow-out, scowled anxiously at the setting sun. "She'll likely blow again before I get back," he muttered.

One of the men wrapped in a blanket behind the big rock suddenly rose to his knees in the frosty moonlight.

"By glory!" he exclaimed, "that's him! I didn't remember he had a siren, though."

"There, hear that?" exclaimed the other, fear in his voice.

They sprang up. Their faces were ghastly in the pale moonlight.

"My God!" cried one, "it's not him, it's wolves!"

The cry sounded again, and from the south, wild and clear, came an answering wail. Terror, cold and mastering, laid hold on the two behind the rock. They had not dreamed of this. Their tracks lay clear and fresh in the snow. The light weapons which they carried would answer for the stage driver, but a band of wolves with starvation in their throats—! They were closing in from all directions.

Driving more carefully now along the trail, Joe heard them. One, then two, then four shadowy figures flitted across the path of the machine not fifty yards ahead. The driver's heart gave a mighty bound.

"Holy Punkins!" gasped Joe, "I gotta git those lamps lit an' throw on some speed." Other shadowy figures were following in mad pursuit. Hastily throwing

on the brakes, he opened the valve of the Presto tank with trembling fingers before the machine skidded to a standstill. He sprang to the headlight with his automatic gasoline torch ablaze. He thrust it into the lamp. The brilliant light flared in his face. He slammed the bull's-eye shut and jerked open the other lamp.

At this moment a black form darted from behind the car and closed in on him. In an ecstasy of terror and desperate fury he fought at the creature, thrusting his torch into its face. With a yelp the wolf broke loose and Joe sprang to his seat. He threw in the clutch and the roaring exhaust checked the pack, which were now within two yards of the machine.

Ahead loomed the Giant's Gate! He slipped the clutch and threw on the brakes. Dark forms darted about. The machine, spitting and roaring, skidded from side to side. A short yelp, and the machine rocked as it crunched over a soft body. The object on the ice instantly became the center of a seething mass.

As the stage careened through the gap, two terror-crazed men darted out, and catching hold, threw themselves over the side. One hurled an empty pistol at a leaping form. They crouched beside the box of gold bullion, the object of the proposed hold-up.

Joe was no longer conscious of fear. He had grappled with death. His side was torn.

These were the men whom he had befriended, who had made him a laughing-stock.

They were terror-smitten; they had not felt death. Their fear possessed them. He became wildly exultant. "Hadn't any spunk?"

They were out on the wide lake; on the smooth ice there was no chance of capsizing. They were praying him for speed. He swung the wheel around savagely. Thrice around shot the car. Twice it mowed through the pack—bodies crunched under the wheels. The human creatures in the back of the car shrieked and prayed in an agony of fear. More exultant soared Joe's spirit. A great game, this! With a sweeping circle he rounded up the bewildered pack on the treacherous glassy floor. On went the game. Joe lost track of time. A tire burst. The fear-crazed wretches moaned, as they cowered on the pelts.

Quite a crowd had gathered in front of the Canadian Hotel. Joe Kettle's stage had not come that night. If he didn't show up soon a rescue party was to start. The little milliner was elaborately unconcerned.

"By Jinks, here he comes!" cried the hotel keeper.

The stage careened up to the steps. Joe stared dully with blood-shot eyes at the wonder-struck crowd. Then he suddenly appeared to awake. Climbing into the back of the car he dragged one of the robbers to his feet and kicked him off onto the snow. Then, as the crowd woke into action, Joe fell down upon the skins in a faint.

SPRINGTIME

MARIE FINK, '15

O, who does not the glorious spring enjoy!
When crickets chirp, and bobolinks do sing
Their sweetest songs of love and hope and cheer,
And golden bees about us buzz on wing.

These robbers bold and humming birds then come,
And from the rose and honeysuckle take
The dewy sweetness and the fragrance pure,
And, flitting on, the ravished blooms forsake.

Ah springtime! with your happy golden beams
You drive away the dark and gloomy rain,
Awake the gladness hid in every heart,
And turn to mirth and joy, dull care and pain.

The Scoop

KENNETH UDELL, '14

It was the quiet time of the day in the editorial rooms of the Coronado Daily Review. As usual, Fentress and Coyle, the star reporters, were whiling away the time by making life miserable for Sam Bixby, the "cub."

"That's all right, you fellows," Sam was saying in reply to an especially tantalizing remark; "but just you wait. Some day I'll make a scoop that will startle you. Perhaps you won't think you know it all, then."

"Just so, sonny, just so," answered Fentress, gravely. "And to begin with, suppose you run over and see how much of a sensation you can get out of that base ball game at the park."

Sam gasped. This was an unparalleled concession to him, as always before one of his seniors had assumed this enjoyable bit of work. Apparently Fentress meant it, though, for he was offering Sam his pass.

Much elated, Sam seized his hat and started for the door.

"Come back by the post office and mail this letter, kid." Coyle handed him the letter.

Sam went down the steps three at a time, and swung aboard a passing street car headed for the park.

Left alone, Coyle and Fentress grinned at each other appreciatively.

"Here's where the young Mr. Bixby receives a little lesson in reporting," said Coyle, turning back to his copy.

"I'm going to put the editor wise now," said Fentress, and moved off.

As it was growing dusk Sam entered the post office. He noticed a well-dressed man standing in the large, dimly lighted room, with a letter in his hand, his suit case on the floor beside him. Sam mailed his letter and was turning to go, when suddenly a dark, masked figure emerged from the shadow, grasped the suit case, and dashed through the door. The stranger gave a cry, "Help! Thief!" and sped after him, with the now thoroughly aroused Sam at his heels.

But the thief had disappeared. After running wildly in every direction, crying "Thief" at the top of his voice, the stranger turned to Sam and exclaimed, "There was a million dollars in that suit case, in banknotes!"

He staggered, and would have fallen but for Sam's protecting arm. Sam led him to a park bench near by, and attempted to calm him and at the same time get the details of the incident. But he could only moan, "Ruined! Ruined!" and stare with unseeing eyes at the young man beside him.

Suddenly he straightened up and said in a strained voice, as though he could contain his thoughts no longer, "That money was to found a true democracy, to overthrow this false republic that oppresses the poor, and to build up a free nation where all would share equally, with true liberty for all. There are five million men in the United States prepared to seize the government; and this money would have made it possible. But now, now, everything is ruined! Ruined! Ruined!" His voice had risen, and his look was wild and excited. He fell to moaning again.

Sam felt that this was his opportunity, his great opportunity. Five million men! Why, this was an enormous scoop! He could see the headlines already.

But now he must get the rest of the details. His heart was beating wildly as he set to work to persuade the man at his side to tell his whole story.

His task proved easy, and he soon had a full account of the plans that had been made for a revolution.

Leaving the man in the park, Sam fairly ran to the office in order to get his copy out in time for the morning paper.

Seated at his typewriter he pounded out his story at lightning speed. Words came thick and fast. Page after page dropped at his side and still he wrote.

He felt that this was good for the whole first page, and he, Sam Bixby, would be the hero of the day. Swiftly and accurately his fingers struck the keys, writing the story that was to make Sam Bixby famous.

He bore it to the editor himself, laying it on the desk with the remark, "Here's a little story I picked up this evening."

Apparently irritated by the interruption, the editor picked it up and skimmed over the first page at a glance; then cast a startled look at Sam, who merely smiled in a condescending manner. Hastily the editor continued his reading, now and then uttering exclamations of surprise. Then, rising, he offered Sam his hand with a look of marked admiration.

"Great work there, Bixby," he said earnestly; "wonderful work, I might say,—wonderful work. We'll have to give you the first page on that. By the way, I would like to speak to you tomorrow about your work.. Just stop in and see me, will you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Thompson," said Sam, modestly.

He was off duty now; so he left the office for home, walking on air.

The next morning he awoke from dreams of fame and honor, and dressing speedily hurried forth to await the coming of the morning paper.

At last the newsboys came. With impatient hands he snatched the paper and looked expectantly for the headlines.

It was not there. Nervously he turned the leaves, searching in vain. Then more slowly, inspecting each small item. Nothing! But wait! What was this?

"Initiating the Cub Reporter" was the heading of a short piece on the last page. Sam read it through, then let the paper slip from his nerveless hands.

So it had been all a hoax! Fentress, Coyle, Thompson, all had been in the conspiracy. The man who had been robbed was Coyle—the thief was Fentress—there had been no million dollars—no plot for a revolution—

He sank back on the steps of his home and, unconsciously echoing the words of his hero, moaned despairingly, "Ruined! Ruined!"

A SONG OF THE WORKMAN

MERRITT JORZ, '16

You've oft been told by poets old
Of men renowned far and wide;
But I to-day shall sing a lay
Of men who miss fair Fortune's tide.

Of men who fight with giant might
For right to live—the common lot;
Of men who toil through life's turmoil,
And, struggling hard, begrudge it not.

Of men who see no destiny
But duty's stern and heartless end;
Of men who face the workman's race
With backs that groan and sweat and bend.

The world has crowned the men renowned
Who slay their fellows-heroes brave!
But I to-day devote my lay
To praises of Industry's slave.

Easter Sunday

MILDRED UDELL, '16

The day had dawned as clear and bright as the owner of any new Easter bonnet could wish.

I sauntered idly down the street that led past the church. The way was alive with little children. Little girls in stiffly starched dresses, little boys in their first trousers and neckties, bobbed past me like so many butterflies.

Obeying an unaccountable impulse I fell into line behind the children and followed them to Sunday school, slipping into a back pew. The room was a wriggling mass of small humanity. The excitement, it appeared, was over the Easter program. Short-skirted little girls in vain pulled at their dresses to make them cover plump little knees. Clean-faced little boys surreptitiously drew from their pockets and compared fluffy little chicks, or nibbled at candy Easter eggs.

Then when the program began what chatter and laughing! what nudging of small neighbors to make them realize that "It is my brother who is reciting." One clear-eyed little boy, with a big forehead, told the story of the first Easter Sunday. The jerky bow of little Miss Alice set the blue ribbon on her brown curls bobbing vigorously. When she had finished her "piece" and tip-toed back down the aisle what smiles and nods greeted her!

But what a dreadful stillness when someone forgot!

"Recitation by John Henry Black," read the superintendent from his program. John Henry stumbled down the aisle and across the platform, his new shoes squeaking painfully. John Henry got safely past the first verse; then his memory failed him. Sturdily he stood his ground. There was profound silence—tense, tragic. No thought of ignominious retreat occurred to him. "Plucky kid," whispered my neighbor. Meantime inspiration has seized him. With both hands he rummages through his pockets. At last he brings forth a grimy piece of paper and triumphantly reads the remaining two lines.

How their shrill little voices rang out in the songs! Through all the verses and all the songs ran a glad refrain, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"

At the conclusion of the program the little children marched out of the Sunday school joyously singing:

"Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own."

Still I lingered, though my morning paper awaited me at the club. I stepped aside and watched the people passing into the church—self-conscious youths in new Easter suits, modest young girls in fresh white dresses, with heightened spirituality of face.

On the church porch, apart from the others, a happy couple were exchanging confidences. "Yes," she whispers, "I have set the day. We are so young—let it be—next Easter."

Old women climb the steps slowly. Their sombre dresses are scarcely relieved by the few bright flowers which they wear or carry. Old men pass,—so many of them are old.

The Easter bells ring out their message—"He is risen! He is risen!"

Again I heard the couple who stood apart on the church porch watching the others go in. "There are grandma and grandpa Benton," said the girl. "They

are very old. One of them will soon leave the other. When we are old—"
The girl looked at the young man with troubled eyes.

"Don't think of that; hear the bells," he said.

And now they ring out all over the city, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"
Their last mellow tones mingle with the roll of the organ and the voice of the congregation:

"We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all."

TO A WATER LILY

RUTH HUFFMAN, '15

On the bosom of the lake,
While you sleep and while you wake,
All day, dreaming, there you lie,
Though the world doth weep and sigh.
Riplets laugh and play with you;
Breezes hum and sing to you;
Far above you in the sky
Feathery clouds pass idly by.
There, remote from care or strife
Do you lead your happy life.
Bees swarm round your ivory cup
And on sweetest food they sup.
Man in wonderment doth gaze
On your flower, with naught but praise.
He will never be, I trow,
Half so pure and sweet as thou.

MEDITATION

LUCILLE RYAN, '16

I stood in a blooming orchard;
The brisk March wind was blowing
The fragrant almond blossoms;
It seemed as if 'twere snowing.

So soon to fade and wither,
The drifted petals lie;
I wondered then, as always,
Must all things lovely die?