

EDITORIALS

HELEN M. SMITH, '17
OUR SCHOOL SPIRIT

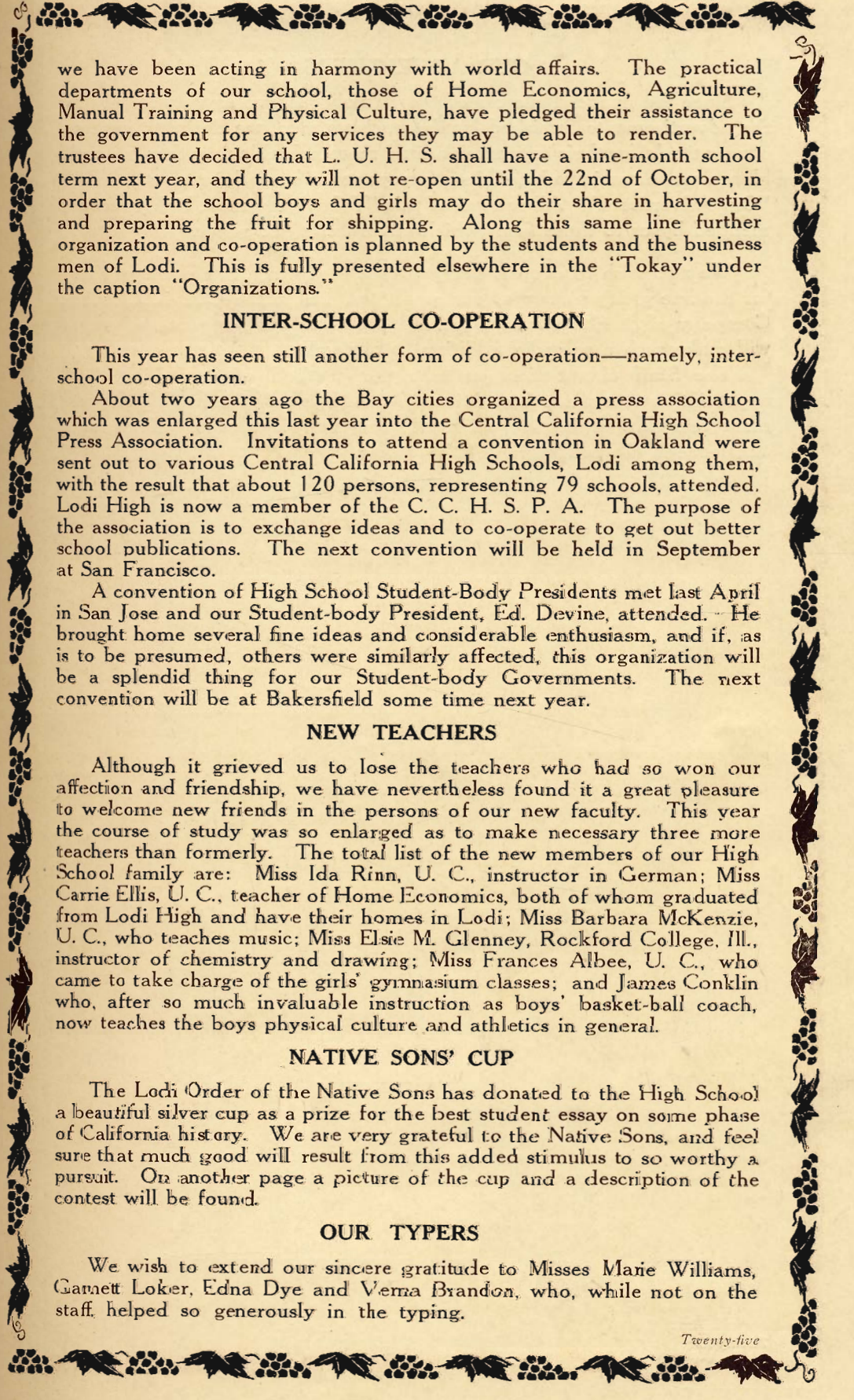
Co-operation seems to have been the key note of school life at L. U. H. S. during the present school year; co-operation and harmony among the classes, within the classes and between the faculty and the classes. Although there has been much class rivalry, as usual, it has been a healthy competitive rivalry of good-natured giving and taking, and quite free from any disagreeable wrangling or hard feeling. In the school affairs this same commendable spirit has been evident, as well as within the classes themselves. And as for the co-operation between the faculty and the classes, we call to witness that famous indoor baseball game in which the Faculty defeated the Seniors; that other challenge—alas! unaccepted—of the Senior girls to the feminine members of the Faculty; the class plays; and last, but we hope not least, this edition of the "Tokay." For it is probable that there are many who have discovered this year that teachers are not merely instructing machines, but rather true friends who are sincerely working for our best interests.

LOCAL CO-OPERATION

Moreover, there has been a decided degree of local co-operation with the High School. We are very grateful indeed to all the members of the community who have in any way aided the Lodi Union High School during this last term. In particular, we wish to thank the Globe Flour Company for its assistance, so invaluable to our cafeteria; Mr. Joe Friedberger for the Victrola which has entertained us so delightfully on Monday mornings; Mrs. Ferdun and Mr. Freeman Mills for the vacant lots which they have put at our disposal. Besides these, we feel deeply indebted to Lyon's Cloak and Suit House for the costumes so kindly lent us for our Junior Play; to Dempsey D. Smith, Newfield and Son, and Friedberger and Kaiser for the Japanese costumes that helped to make so effective the stage settings of the Senior operetta, and to Mr. C. L. Van Buskirk for the use of stage properties. Through the courtesy of Walter Skotland, of the Northern San Joaquin office of the Stockton Daily Evening Record, a flag has been donated for use on the stage in the auditorium.

MUNICIPAL CO-OPERATION

Again, there is our municipal co-operation. In our own small way



we have been acting in harmony with world affairs. The practical departments of our school, those of Home Economics, Agriculture, Manual Training and Physical Culture, have pledged their assistance to the government for any services they may be able to render. The trustees have decided that L. U. H. S. shall have a nine-month school term next year, and they will not re-open until the 22nd of October, in order that the school boys and girls may do their share in harvesting and preparing the fruit for shipping. Along this same line further organization and co-operation is planned by the students and the business men of Lodi. This is fully presented elsewhere in the "Tokay" under the caption "Organizations."

INTER-SCHOOL CO-OPERATION

This year has seen still another form of co-operation—namely, inter-school co-operation.

About two years ago the Bay cities organized a press association which was enlarged this last year into the Central California High School Press Association. Invitations to attend a convention in Oakland were sent out to various Central California High Schools, Lodi among them, with the result that about 120 persons, representing 79 schools, attended. Lodi High is now a member of the C. C. H. S. P. A. The purpose of the association is to exchange ideas and to co-operate to get out better school publications. The next convention will be held in September at San Francisco.

A convention of High School Student-Body Presidents met last April in San Jose and our Student-body President, Ed. Devine, attended. He brought home several fine ideas and considerable enthusiasm, and if, as is to be presumed, others were similarly affected, this organization will be a splendid thing for our Student-body Governments. The next convention will be at Bakersfield some time next year.

NEW TEACHERS

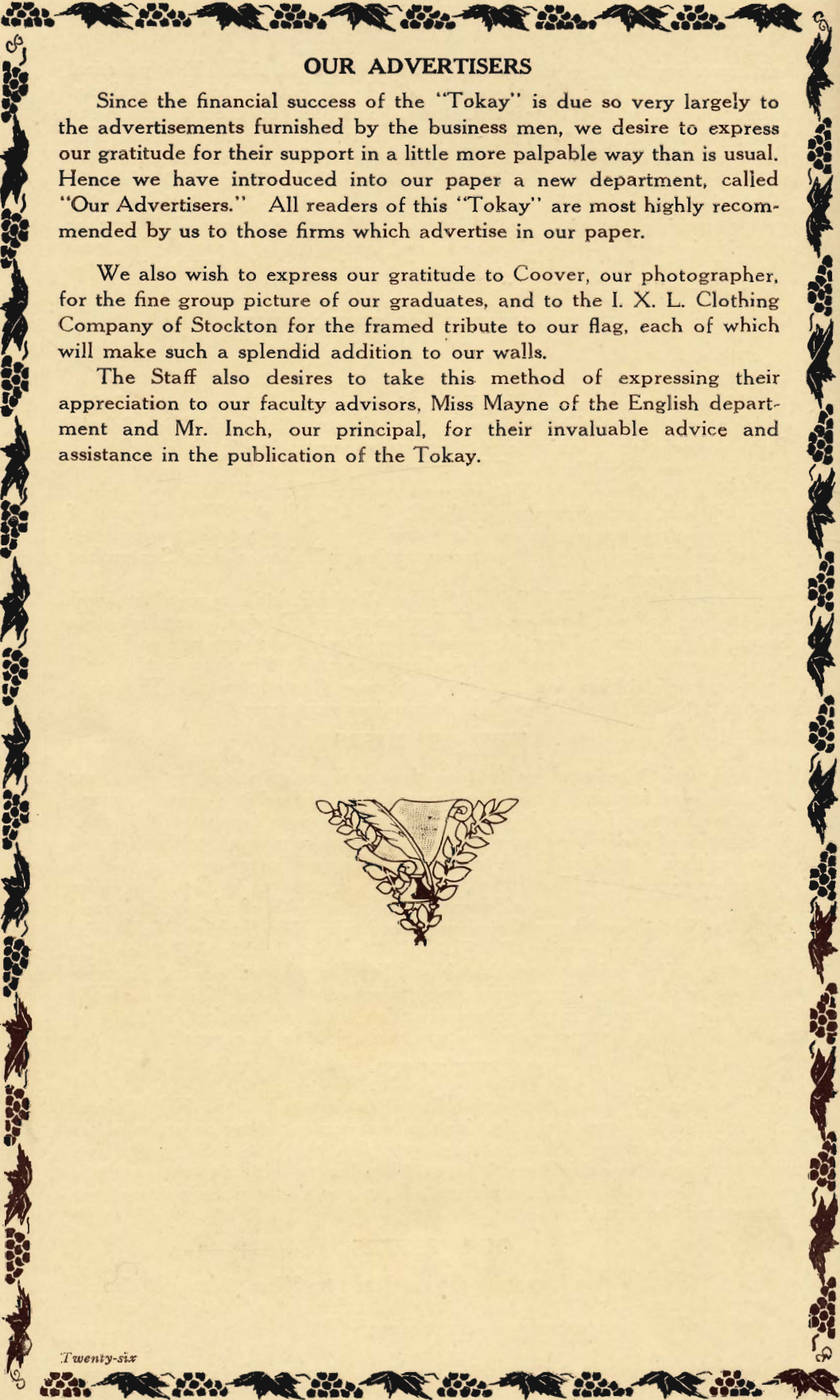
Although it grieved us to lose the teachers who had so won our affection and friendship, we have nevertheless found it a great pleasure to welcome new friends in the persons of our new faculty. This year the course of study was so enlarged as to make necessary three more teachers than formerly. The total list of the new members of our High School family are: Miss Ida Rinn, U. C., instructor in German; Miss Carrie Ellis, U. C., teacher of Home Economics, both of whom graduated from Lodi High and have their homes in Lodi; Miss Barbara McKenzie, U. C., who teaches music; Miss Elsie M. Glenney, Rockford College, Ill., instructor of chemistry and drawing; Miss Frances Albee, U. C., who came to take charge of the girls' gymnasium classes; and James Conklin who, after so much invaluable instruction as boys' basket-ball coach, now teaches the boys physical culture and athletics in general.

NATIVE SONS' CUP

The Lodi Order of the Native Sons has donated to the High School a beautiful silver cup as a prize for the best student essay on some phase of California history. We are very grateful to the Native Sons, and feel sure that much good will result from this added stimulus to so worthy a pursuit. On another page a picture of the cup and a description of the contest will be found.

OUR TYPERS

We wish to extend our sincere gratitude to Misses Marie Williams, Garnett Lokier, Edna Dye and Verna Brandon, who, while not on the staff, helped so generously in the typing.



OUR ADVERTISERS

Since the financial success of the "Tokay" is due so very largely to the advertisements furnished by the business men, we desire to express our gratitude for their support in a little more palpable way than is usual. Hence we have introduced into our paper a new department, called "Our Advertisers." All readers of this "Tokay" are most highly recommended by us to those firms which advertise in our paper.

We also wish to express our gratitude to Coover, our photographer, for the fine group picture of our graduates, and to the I. X. L. Clothing Company of Stockton for the framed tribute to our flag, each of which will make such a splendid addition to our walls.

The Staff also desires to take this method of expressing their appreciation to our faculty advisors, Miss Mayne of the English department and Mr. Inch, our principal, for their invaluable advice and assistance in the publication of the Tokay.





LITERARY

"Jeff"

PRIZE STORY

HELEN M. SMITH, '17

Founded on an Incident in Western Life.

Dusk had long fallen over the open prairie, and in the distance old White Mountain loomed blue against the last saffron rays of the evening sky. The moon would not rise for some time, but from the deep blue sky the first stars gleamed, very bright and very cold. To the weary man the lights of the dilapidated roadhouse seemed friendly and warm in comparison, as, with a sign of thankfulness, he stopped his horse before the watering trough and called out, "Hello, there."

Instantly there was a stir and commotion in the building. A dog barked sharply, and a man's voice answered gruffly, "Who's there?" "A traveller—Jim Kenyon. I want food and lodging."

By this time a man appeared at the door, carrying a lantern in one hand, while the other rested on his revolver holster. Seeing the single stranger, however, he relaxed his vigilance.

"Didn't know but what you was some of them cattle rustlers," he explained apologetically. "Purty thick hereabouts. I'll take yer horse. Get down, Jeff! Get down, I tell ye!" For the dog, having followed him from the house, had suddenly leaped up at Kenyon, whining joyously and wagging his tail. "Fine dog," commented Kenyon, as the big fellow turned obediently away. "Looks like one I used to know. Where'd you pick him up?"

"A feller travellin' thru here had him. Jeff got lame and the feller couldn't take him with him on account of being a-horseback. So he gave him to us."

"I see," Kenyon answered indifferently, his attention centered on the comforts to be found in the house. The dog followed him into the room, then lay down by the stove, where he remained quiet for the rest of the evening, only following with his eyes Kenyon's every movement.

Kenyon was the only guest. This was not unusual, he was assured by the other of the two inn-keepers, a rangy, loose-jointed fellow, with a cock to one little eye, and fangy teeth blackened with tobacco. Presently the partner, a short, heavily knit man with tremendous eyebrows and beard, came in and they eagerly plied Kenyon with questions.

What was the news in Denver? Had he heard anything about the robberies going on in the country round? At this last question Kenyon frowned. "Robberies?" he questioned, and in spite of himself his tone was tinged with anxiety.

"Last feller here," his hosts volunteered, "was held up and killed this side of Old Whitey, some-ers. All his gold was gone, and him, too; only his horse came in here second day after he'd left."

Kenyon nodded; his indifference returned. "I do remember hearing something of it. Well, that's what he gets for carrying a pile of gold." He stretched and yawned. "I guess I'll turn in now. Had a pretty stiff ride today and another booked for tomorrow."

"Here's yer light. Yer room's right up stairs. I'll show ye." And the cockeyed innkeeper led him off. He gave him his light at the doorway and returned immediately to his companion.

As Kenyon turned to shut the door after himself he found the passage blocked by the head and shoulders of the big dog, Jeff.

Hello, Jeff, old fellow," he said kindly, rubbing the dog's head. "What's the matter, old man? Have to see that I get here all right? Got the interests of the place at heart, eh? Good boy, Jeff!" He patted the great head again, then tried to turn him away. But Jeff would not leave. All Kenyon's coaxing and commanding were in vain. Jeff

fixed earnest eyes on the man's face and, wagging his tail vigorously, but without giving so much as a low whine, he made plain his purpose.

At last Kenyon stopped talking and stared down at the dog. Apparently the silence encouraged Jeff, for, after a moment's hesitation he pushed through into the room. Kenyon laughed aloud and closed the door.

"Where there's a will there's a way, eh, Jeff? Well, you look like a good fellow, when you're not crossed. Do you always pay your guests calls, Jeff?"

The words pleased Jeff immensely. With a low whine of pleasure he jumped upon Kenyon, resting his paws on the man's shoulders and wagging his head from side to side. Whereat Kenyon promptly executed a mild war dance with him, dragging him about the bare chamber.

But Kenyon was tired, and the bed standing in one corner of the room appeared much more tempting than a roughhouse with Jeff.

Jeff, however, seemed not to agree to this. For, as Kenyon started for the bed Jeff intercepted him and refused to allow him to pass.

"Get down, Jeff, old fellow! Get down! I'm tired of this!" Impatient now, Kenyon tried to shove the dog aside. But Jeff was big and very determined, and the man, disgruntled and angry though he was, could not but be impressed by the dog's silent stubbornness. Presently, he retired to a chair at the opposite side of the room. At this Jeff seemed perfectly satisfied, and lay down quietly a little in front of him.

Impatient, sorely puzzled, but his weariness somewhat dispelled by the unexpected attitude of the dog, Kenyon sat and thought. Jeff had been very quiet downstairs, he remembered. At no time had he shown any desire to have his own way. Perhaps, back in his dog mind, he had some reason for his action. Deucedly inconvenient, under the circumstances, Kenyon thought. Queer dog, anyway, looked so much like the little fellow he had owned four years before. A lanky, half-grown pup, that one had been, but Jim had been very fond of him and had missed him after he was stolen.

On an impulse he leaned over to Jeff again and, stroking his head, called him by the name of that half-grown pup.

"Barney," he said, softly, "Barney, old fellow."

Instantly the dog leaped up, trembling under his hand. All eager love, he tried to lick the man's face, and again he whined softly. Kenyon, oddly touched, decided to buy him back in the morning. Feeling that probably he had discovered the reason for the dog's refusal to let him pass, and that Jeff was now satisfied, Kenyon turned to his bed again. But once more Jeff interfered, and once more Jim returned to his chair.

"I say, queer ideas you have of hospitality, old boy—making a tired man sit up all night," he grumbled, but settled himself to make the most of it, assuring himself once more that his precious bag was fast about his neck. Jeff was perfectly quiet again.

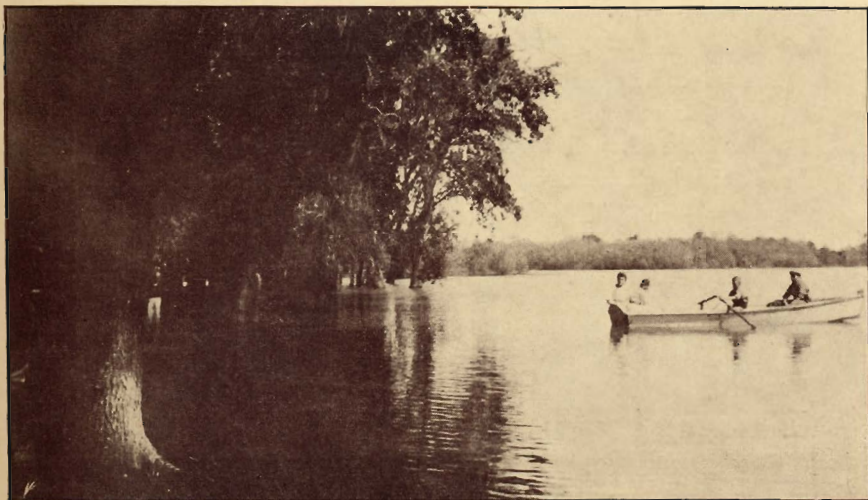
There was no sound in the room but the sputtering of the candle and the even breathing of himself and the dog. Presently Kenyon began to doze. Probably an hour later he awoke with a start. Everything was perfectly still, yet he straightened up with an uncanny feeling of danger. There, at his feet, facing the bed in the corner, was Jeff, crouched as if to spring, every muscle taut, terrible in his tenseness. His eyes fairly blazed, and, following his gaze, Kenyon felt his own blood chill and his muscles tighten with fear. The bed was moving! Slowly it was gliding down. No sound broke the awful silence. Kenyon, chilled with horror, was as silent and tense as the dog. Very slowly the bed slid down, then vanished, leaving a gaping hole in the floor.

For a moment neither dog nor man moved. Then Jeff, his muscles still taut, turned to face the door. Fully comprehending the situation now, Kenyon reached over to the table and quietly secured his revolver and shells. Several minutes of tense waiting—then a step on the stairs. Kenyon raised his revolver; Jeff crouched lower.

Suddenly there was a rush in the hallway, and the door, which had no lock, was thrown open. But as the first man sprang into the opening, Jeff, with a terrible growl, leaped and bore him down. Close after the dog Kenyon leaped and caught the other man a blow full in the face while he was yet staggered by his companion's fall. The man dropped like a log, and when he came to his senses he and his companion were lying, bound together, on the floor of the room; and Jeff and Kenyon, the latter in possession of their weapons, stood guard over them. The first man bore marks of Jeff's teeth on his face and throat.

Two days later a queer cavalcade filed through the streets of Denver. Two sorry looking men, with sadly battered countenances, came first, riding, bound together, on one horse. Directly after rode another man on another horse, and in his hand he carried a revolver. Two more revolvers hung on his belt. On the ground, by his horse's side, there trotted a great dog, who bore himself with all the pride of a mighty conquerer, as, indeed, who had a better right?





Smith's Lake

PRIZE POEM

HELEN M. SMITH, '17

Memory mellows in its golden haze
The long-gone half-remembered yesterdays;
And thoughts and words, or actions sudden play
Are crystallized along the vistaed way.
How many happy visions rise to take
Me back the golden road to this dear lake!
My childhood's wonderland, with hidden haunt
Of awesome beast; where wild blackberries flaunt
Just out of reach above the grass-choked pool.
The spots explored and named, where shadows cool,
And Ghost Creek's winding aisle of mystery,
Luring in rich, romantic history
Call back my thought into the glowing past.
The picnic days; the fishing lines outcast;
Sweet scent of button-willow, water-lily;
The water spiders skipping, willy nilly;
The rippling willows and the rippling waves;
The twisted oak that, fallen forward, laves
Its barren boughs in waters cool and clear;
Wild roses and wild peas entwining near;
The fringing grasses at the water's brink,
The mint-edged shallows where the wild birds drink;
The gleaming lights of gorgeous green and gold
Reflected brighter where the waters hold
The glowing colors molten; the glint
Of sun-shafts silvered in the willow's tint;
A smiling sky of deepest, dreamy blue
That o'er the tender trees her wind-wand drew
In sweetest symphony; the great crane's sweep
In lazy flight to shallow strands where sleep
The warm waves in the sunlight's soft'ning ray;
The hoot of owl in flight at close of day,
With squawker's raucous cry; the wondrous lights

Of sunset;—all the dear familiar sights
And sounds that memory has stored away
To treasure on some sadder, later day—
Revised, gain an added charm thru years,
A touch of romance glimpsed thru tender tears.

Dawn

PRIZE WAR POEM

WOODSON HAWES, '17

O, Europe, roaring surge thy storms of war
Engulfing law and life like a mighty flood.
Before it fall thy noblest sons; their blood,
Their life, thy peaceful streamlets tinge with gore.
And weird the wail of starving child midst roar
Of cannon loud; while castles proud, bestud
With gems of glory, tumbling fall in blood,
Relentless shed in crashing clash of war
By man on brother man. And yet the night
Full dark, at last we know must surely pale;
Asunder break the clouds; the morning star
Shines forth, alone, serenely bright, afar;
The weary, sorrow-darkened world will hail
The beauteous morn of lasting peace and light.





War Poems

WAR

ELSIE HENDRICK, '17

Oh War, thou horrid monster, harsh and stern,
How many are thy dark and cruel deeds;
With gory scythe, thou reapest men as weeds,
And all the race the laws of hatred learn.
The path thy foot hath trod, we may discern
Across the trampled, sunny, seed-sown meads;
From the neck of the flow'rs of life thy foot recedes.
Thou dost the centuries' treasures rob and burn.
But, War, at dawn of day, thy rule shall fall;
Thine own opponent, Peace, at last shall rise
And bring again that old prosperity;
And everlasting calm shall reign o'er all.
The cruel realm of war, which love denies,
Shall Peace destroy with all sincerity.

ALAN SEEGER

HELEN SMITH, '17

"I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill"—
So sang the poet-fatalist
With eyes foreseeing heaven's will.

"Just one more charge of bayonets—
Life after that my Fate has filed—
Death may surprise me, but it shall
Not frighten me! Mektoub!" he smiled.

Four o'clock, and the bayonets
Glittering in the sun-glazed corn,—
Wave after wave of men mowed down
But wave after wave still onward borne.

Tall and slim against the corn,
Pale face lit, his deep eyes proud,
Head held high, and his bayonet fixed,
He rushed; and was lost in the smoky shroud.

Caught mid-stride in his conquering rush,
In the shell-plowed furrow was stilled his breath
On the battered field, in the trampled corn
He kept his rendezvous with Death.



TO HOOVER

ARTHUR LANGE, '18

Hemmed in by powers, enthralled in bloody strife,
And helpless victims to the stings of war,
Too weak to cope with hosts that on them bore
The loyal Belgians fiercely fought for life.
They fought for freedom's right; they saw the knife
Descend; destruction spread along their northern shore;
And dire starvation staring at the door
Of thousands, laying low the helpless child and wife.
Our own immortal Hoover saw the need
Of hopeless thousands starving, filled with woe,
And gave his life; like magic, food and ships
From death a nation saved. A glorious deed!
More wondrous far than tales of long ago
The world in rapture heard from Grecian lips.

BATTLE HYMN

HELEN M. SMITH, '17

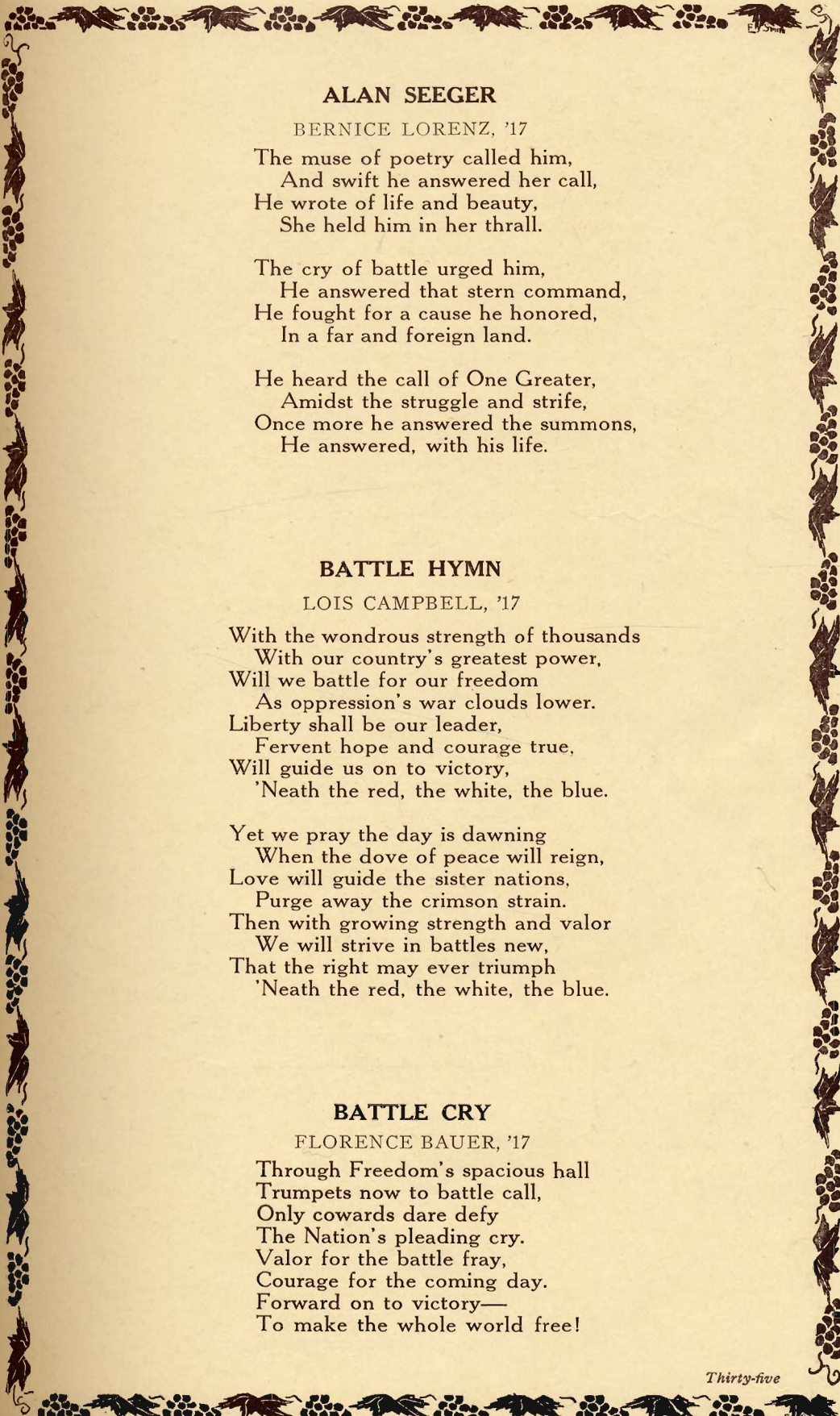
Father, thou who dost hold our hearts
True to our cherished Liberty,
Thou who in wisdom deep imparts
Thy precepts of Democracy,
Guide and preserve us in our might
Sweep thou us onward in the right.
Strike we for rights of man as man;
Death to the tyrant's power and greed!
May we, with ever-swelling van,
As free-men on to Freedom lead.
Great God of right, strengthen our might,
Thou our great Guide, Thou our Eternal Light.

Father, who lov'st us with a love
As great as Thy Infinity,
Sitting in judgment high above
Our petty toils and vanity;
Great Father, lift us in our need
Cast from us all ambition's creed!
When in the primal lust for power,
Men slay and crush their fellow-men,
And clouds of hate and passion lower,
Guide us in our mission then!
Great God of right, strengthen our might,
Thou our great Guide, Thou our Eternal Light

A WOUNDED SOLDIER

ALVINA FINK, '18

On the barren battlefield he lay;
There was never a groan or sigh;
His lips were parched with feverish heat
Yet there he was left to die.
His memory wandered to better days
His thoughts were far away;
Yet none was near his deed to praise
As there a corpse he lay.



ALAN SEEGER

BERNICE LORENZ, '17

The muse of poetry called him,
And swift he answered her call,
He wrote of life and beauty,
She held him in her thrall.

The cry of battle urged him,
He answered that stern command,
He fought for a cause he honored,
In a far and foreign land.

He heard the call of One Greater,
Amidst the struggle and strife,
Once more he answered the summons,
He answered, with his life.

BATTLE HYMN

LOIS CAMPBELL, '17

With the wondrous strength of thousands
With our country's greatest power,
Will we battle for our freedom
As oppression's war clouds lower.
Liberty shall be our leader,
Fervent hope and courage true,
Will guide us on to victory,
'Neath the red, the white, the blue.

Yet we pray the day is dawning
When the dove of peace will reign,
Love will guide the sister nations,
Purge away the crimson strain.
Then with growing strength and valor
We will strive in battles new,
That the right may ever triumph
'Neath the red, the white, the blue.

BATTLE CRY

FLORENCE BAUER, '17

Through Freedom's spacious hall
Trumpets now to battle call,
Only cowards dare defy
The Nation's pleading cry.
Valor for the battle fray,
Courage for the coming day.
Forward on to victory—
To make the whole world free!



TO HOOVER

ELEANOR SMITH, '18

He sought not fame; he craved no worldly gain;
But with a vast and mighty love for men
He heard the anguished cry of grief and pain
That voiced a nation's woe. And it was then
A Nation's cry of need made duty plain.
His courage kept down strife and riot when
The need was greatest. His efforts, not in vain,
Are by a grateful nation praised again,
And yet again. What crying need is there
For more like him to let their talents shine,
To give the gift of self, to sacrifice
The pleasures of this selfish world, and share
The burdens of a nation, where the line
Of cruel war has past—a blighted land!

ALAN SEEGER

LOLA COSSINS, '18

On a foreign field of battle,
On our nation's holiday,
Fell a brave young soldier poet,
Swift his life blood ebbed away.

But his dauntless spirit ever,
Sought to cheer and brighten all;
Sang with white lips ever smiling,
Urged his comrades bravely on.

Far away from home and mother;
And his country's praise and love!
But his brave heart never faltered,
Strong, like God's above.

Not the common and ignoble
Fell upon that battle-field,
But the noblest, fairest manhood
Youth's great gifts did gladly yield.

On a foreign field of battle,
Not for honor or for fame,
Just to do his duty died he,
An honor to his country's name.



The Blizzard

MAGDALENA KRAFT, '17

A dull, foreboding silence hung over the snow-covered treeless plain. Not a breath of wind was stirring and the pale winter sun only intensified the cold. Before the only house visible far and wide there stood a sleigh which a tall, erect woman, about thirty years of age, was just entering. Her maid stood beside the sleigh. Mrs. Fearnly had just finished giving her some orders and the girl was begging her mistress not to go out today.

"You cannot possibly make the fourteen miles before the storm breaks out," she was saying, "especially as the roads are covered with loose fresh snow."

"There is no use arguing, Marie. If another trained nurse were available the case would be different; as it is I simply must go. The child is very ill and must have intelligent aid." With these words Mrs. Fearnly drove away in her light sleigh.

But the roads were even worse than she had supposed and she could progress but slowly through the loose, deep snow. Endlessly the white fields stretched out before her and melted into one with the whitish gray sky. Here and there a dark line of fence posts or a field of broken down cornstalks relieved the monotony of the scene. Not a breath of wind stirred the loose snowflakes. Not a sound was heard save the forlorn tinkling of the sleighbells.

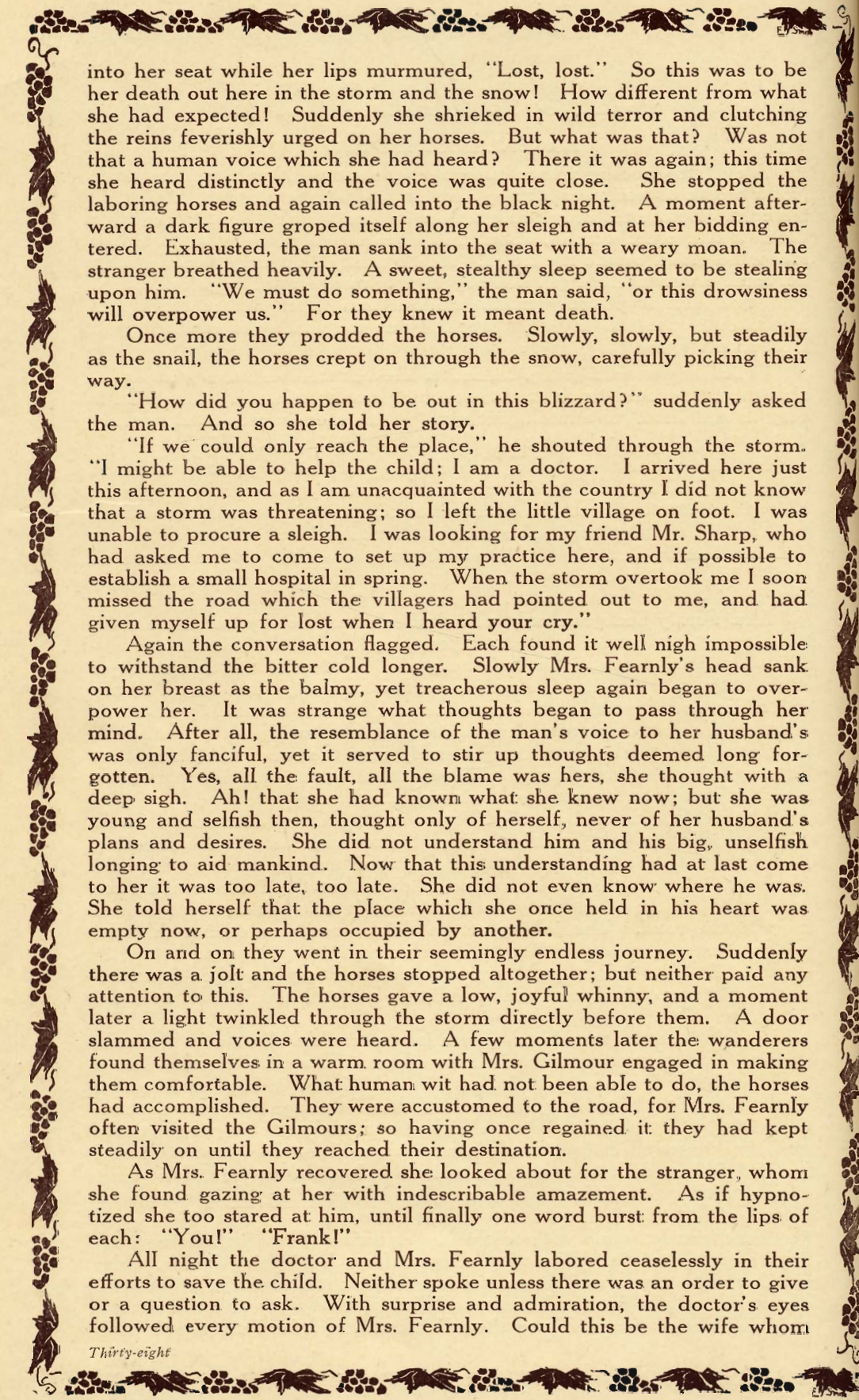
Mrs. Fernly had gone only a few miles when the sky became a dark threatening gray, and a fitful wind sprang up. Soon the first large snowflakes fluttered through the darkening air. The wind became stronger and howled and whistled dismally over the treeless plain. Mrs. Fearnly urged her horses on as fast as possible, but it soon became apparent to her that she could not reach her destination before nightfall. This was bad; for in the darkness she might easily miss the road. Still she went on, determined not to disappoint her dearest friends, the Gilmours, who were reckoning on her aid for their sick child.

The storm increased steadily, however, both in volume and in force. The snowflakes whirled madly through the air and clung to the steaming nostrils of the horses, or were lashed into their tingling faces by the cold blasts of the north wind. It became so dark that she could scarcely see her horses' heads. Cautiously she drove on, in vain taking great care to keep to the road. The jolting of the sleigh soon warned her that she had lost her path and this fear was confirmed when she found herself in a cornfield. With difficulty the horses made their way on, often floundering in the deep snow and nearly falling; but still their mistress urged them on.

By this time the storm had grown into a terrible blizzard. The cold was intense, benumbing; the darkness dense. The wind howled like a hungry beast of prey or whistled and even shrieked in high shrill tones.

Laboriously the panting horses floundered through the ever-deepening snow. As the drifts became higher and higher their progress was still more impeded, in fact, made almost impossible. Now one stumbled and fell into a drift, where for a minute it lay, exhausted, motionless. Finally with great difficulty it succeeded in struggling to its feet once more.

Mrs. Fearnly, numb with cold and despairing of finding a refuge, resigned herself to die. The reins slipped from her aching hands. Her eyes began to smart, and sharp stinging pains shot through her forehead. Thousands of glowing sparks seemed to whirl madly through the air and to rekindle again as swiftly as they died out. Helplessly she sank back



into her seat while her lips murmured, "Lost, lost." So this was to be her death out here in the storm and the snow! How different from what she had expected! Suddenly she shrieked in wild terror and clutching the reins feverishly urged on her horses. But what was that? Was not that a human voice which she had heard? There it was again; this time she heard distinctly and the voice was quite close. She stopped the laboring horses and again called into the black night. A moment afterward a dark figure groped itself along her sleigh and at her bidding entered. Exhausted, the man sank into the seat with a weary moan. The stranger breathed heavily. A sweet, stealthy sleep seemed to be stealing upon him. "We must do something," the man said, "or this drowsiness will overpower us." For they knew it meant death.

Once more they prodded the horses. Slowly, slowly, but steadily as the snail, the horses crept on through the snow, carefully picking their way.

"How did you happen to be out in this blizzard?" suddenly asked the man. And so she told her story.

"If we could only reach the place," he shouted through the storm. "I might be able to help the child; I am a doctor. I arrived here just this afternoon, and as I am unacquainted with the country I did not know that a storm was threatening; so I left the little village on foot. I was unable to procure a sleigh. I was looking for my friend Mr. Sharp, who had asked me to come to set up my practice here, and if possible to establish a small hospital in spring. When the storm overtook me I soon missed the road which the villagers had pointed out to me, and had given myself up for lost when I heard your cry."

Again the conversation flagged. Each found it well nigh impossible to withstand the bitter cold longer. Slowly Mrs. Fearnly's head sank on her breast as the balmy, yet treacherous sleep again began to overpower her. It was strange what thoughts began to pass through her mind. After all, the resemblance of the man's voice to her husband's was only fanciful, yet it served to stir up thoughts deemed long forgotten. Yes, all the fault, all the blame was hers, she thought with a deep sigh. Ah! that she had known what she knew now; but she was young and selfish then, thought only of herself, never of her husband's plans and desires. She did not understand him and his big, unselfish longing to aid mankind. Now that this understanding had at last come to her it was too late, too late. She did not even know where he was. She told herself that the place which she once held in his heart was empty now, or perhaps occupied by another.

On and on they went in their seemingly endless journey. Suddenly there was a jolt and the horses stopped altogether; but neither paid any attention to this. The horses gave a low, joyful whinny, and a moment later a light twinkled through the storm directly before them. A door slammed and voices were heard. A few moments later the wanderers found themselves in a warm room with Mrs. Gilmour engaged in making them comfortable. What human wit had not been able to do, the horses had accomplished. They were accustomed to the road, for Mrs. Fearnly often visited the Gilmours; so having once regained it they had kept steadily on until they reached their destination.

As Mrs. Fearnly recovered she looked about for the stranger, whom she found gazing at her with indescribable amazement. As if hypnotized she too stared at him, until finally one word burst from the lips of each: "You!" "Frank!"

All night the doctor and Mrs. Fearnly labored ceaselessly in their efforts to save the child. Neither spoke unless there was an order to give or a question to ask. With surprise and admiration, the doctor's eyes followed every motion of Mrs. Fearnly. Could this be the wife whom

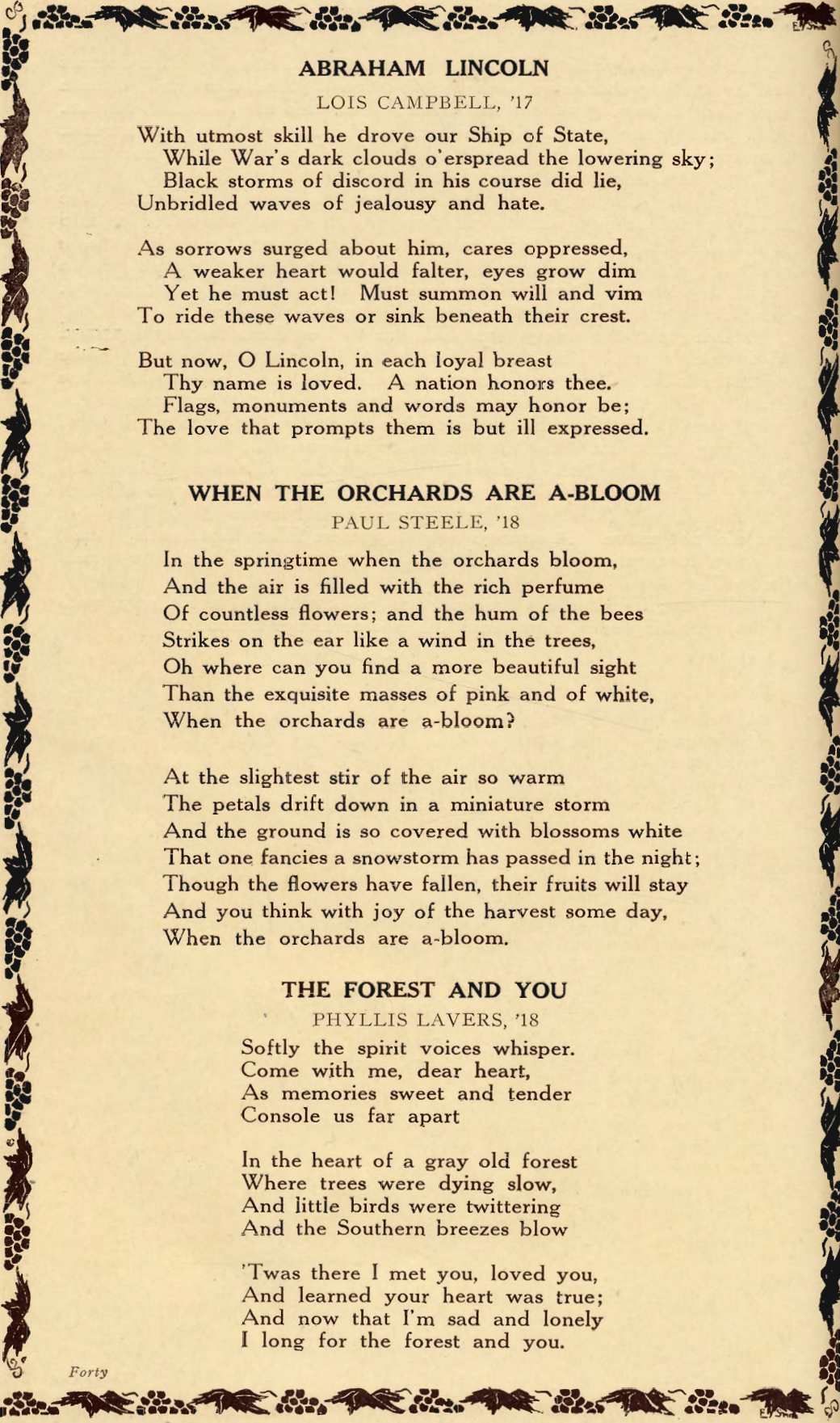
he had left seven years ago at her own request, because she hated doctors and everything connected with the sickroom? Had that same woman now chosen nursing as her life work? No, this was another woman. This was not the frivolous girl whom he had known. In what a quiet, assured way she cooled the child's feverish brow! How well she knew what to do without a word of instruction!

Thus all night long they watched over the sick child. At last the crisis was passed and with the first gray dawn of day the child fell into a sound, healthy sleep. Noiselessly Mrs. Fearnly rose from the bedside and led the tired mother away. "No, no," she whispered, as the woman began to protest. "Your darling is saved, so you must go to rest now. We will watch and let you know should anything happen."

Having put the weary Mrs. Gilmour to bed Mrs. Fearnly returned to the sick room. The child slept, but the doctor still kept his place at the bedside. Quietly she stepped to the window and drew aside the curtain. The storm had ceased long ago and now the first rays of the young sun lit up the white landscape and strewed it with myriads of glittering diamonds. The ash which stood beside the window gleamed with a thousand gems. A deep sigh of thankfulness escaped her breast as she looked upon the beauty of the morning and thought of their narrow escape. She heard the doctor rise and come toward her, but she did not move. A strange new happiness filled her beating heart, when a low, pleading voice beside her pronounced the one word: "Ellen!"

The surprise of the Gilmours was great when Mrs. Fearnly, with moist, sparkling eyes, introduced the doctor as her husband.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LOIS CAMPBELL, '17

With utmost skill he drove our Ship of State,
While War's dark clouds o'erspread the lowering sky;
Black storms of discord in his course did lie,
Unbridled waves of jealousy and hate.

As sorrows surged about him, cares oppressed,
A weaker heart would falter, eyes grow dim
Yet he must act! Must summon will and vim
To ride these waves or sink beneath their crest.

But now, O Lincoln, in each loyal breast
Thy name is loved. A nation honors thee.
Flags, monuments and words may honor be;
The love that prompts them is but ill expressed.

WHEN THE ORCHARDS ARE A-BLOOM

PAUL STEELE, '18

In the springtime when the orchards bloom,
And the air is filled with the rich perfume
Of countless flowers; and the hum of the bees
Strikes on the ear like a wind in the trees,
Oh where can you find a more beautiful sight
Than the exquisite masses of pink and of white,
When the orchards are a-bloom?

At the slightest stir of the air so warm
The petals drift down in a miniature storm
And the ground is so covered with blossoms white
That one fancies a snowstorm has passed in the night;
Though the flowers have fallen, their fruits will stay
And you think with joy of the harvest some day,
When the orchards are a-bloom.

THE FOREST AND YOU

PHYLLIS LAVERS, '18

Softly the spirit voices whisper.
Come with me, dear heart,
As memories sweet and tender
Console us far apart

In the heart of a gray old forest
Where trees were dying slow,
And little birds were twittering
And the Southern breezes blow

'Twas there I met you, loved you,
And learned your heart was true;
And now that I'm sad and lonely
I long for the forest and you.



The Robbery

WOODSON HAWES, '17

A heavy jarring boom rent the air and rattled the windows all over the little town. The milkman and early pedestrians of the street stopped short and listened; the drowsy sleeper flung the covers back and sat bolt upright in bed. For several minutes silence reigned. Then in rapid succession sounded the sharp reports of an automatic revolver. By this time every one was on the street. Those who had happened to be near the bank saw a man suddenly emerge from the front door of the building; saw the old watchman empty his revolver after the retreating figure; saw the man stumble and fall, then get up again and mount a horse which had been tied to a nearby tree and disappear around the corner of the street.

A moment the onlookers stood aghast; then rushed down the street shouting, "The bank—the bank has been robbed! Get the sheriff!" Like lightning the news traveled, and with it the question as to who was the robber. No one seemed to know. Then someone asked the old watchman. "Steve Graham," he muttered under his breath. "I'd never thought it of him."

But the sheriff could not be found. Then someone remembered that he had left for a neighboring town the evening before. By this time, however, the bandit was well out of sight, and it was decided not to give chase until the sheriff returned.

* * * * *

The blazing sun of midday beat down upon the white sand and gravel; the peculiar odor of greasewood rose from the squat bushes and floated on the sultry air; no sound was audible save the crunch of the sand beneath my horse's feet. I urged my weary mount to still greater exertions. Of the dozen that had started out in the morning, my horse and I alone remained in chase.

As he trotted along I could scarcely persuade myself that it was not all a wretched dream nor that I should not soon awaken to find the dream had passed. I struck my leg with the riding whip. It hurt; so I had to conclude that I was awake. But just to think that I was following Steve, my closest friend, to seize him for the robbery of a bank!

It was now well along toward evening and the trail was leading into the more mountainous portions of the country.

Just ahead I caught sight of a little board cabin. This was the landmark for which I had been looking, for in the summer before Steve and I had occupied the cabin for several weeks while we were hunting for some cattle thieves. To the left of the cabin with low hung head, bridled and saddled, and with reins under his feet, stood a sweat-covered horse too weary even to nibble at the scanty grass.

Dismounting, I stealthily approached the cabin, my hand on my gun until I reached the door. It was closed. I stood for a moment before it, then threw it wide open and stepped in; but the sight that greeted my eyes caused me to drop my watchfulness; for there stretched out on the old bunk lay Steve, his face drawn and haggard, his lips parched and his eyes swollen and feverishly bright. Upon my sudden entrance he slowly turned his head and stared dully at me for a moment. "You, Bill?" he said slowly. "I was wishing someone would come. I'm going, Bill."

I bent over and examined his wounds and knew that he had spoken but too truly.

The evening twilight was fast deepening to darkness, so I built a fire

in the old stove and did all I could to ease the suffering of his last hour. I sat down near the edge of the cot. The flickering flare from the front of the stove lighted up with a pale red glare the old table and the stools; the old familiar pots and pans; on the wall and in obscure corners fantastic shadowy shapes danced waveringly together. From the wierd light I looked down into Steve's face, and caught him staring up at me with a great unspoken anguish in his eyes. But I sat still and said nothing. I had sought in vain for something to say. Presently Steve himself broke the silence. "I suppose you've been wondering," he said. There was a long, quivering sigh. "Oh! I've been afraid of it for years. When they took father off—away to prison"— He paused and looked at me with anguish in his dark eyes. His breath caught with a sudden sob. "Oh! I couldn't explain so you could understand. But ever since, I've been afraid—afraid I'd do something like this. I suppose the fear had something to do with it; the fear of crime; the fear of the criminal's son; I don't know any more than you why I did it."

The last word came in a gasp. I sat staring, seeing nothing. The breathing from the cot ceased a moment; began again, then stopped.

I listened a moment to make sure. Ah, it was too true! I was seized with a sudden fright; out into the night I rushed, a strange unseen hand gripping at my heart and seeming to throttle its very beating. I started to walk, I knew not where. Through the tears which filled my eyes the white-faced moon overhead seemed strangely cold and unsympathetic, so far, far away in her proud majestic aloofness. Ever and anon the silence of the night was broken by the wail of some lonely coyote; first low, then rising in volume until it sounded as if there were a whole multitude of troublous voices crying out in protest; then they died down and out, and only a faint echo came from the mountain walls.

SPRING

LOIS CAMPBELL, '17

When we feel the air grow warm again
And winter's frosts are past;
When the days are bright and each that comes
Is longer than the last;
When we see the grass grow fresh and green,
And flowers everywhere;
And smell their fragrance, sweetly shed
Upon the balmy air;
When we hear the crickets in the grass,
And bird notes, wild and clear,
And babbling brooks, and buzzing bees,
We know that Spring is here.

SKATING

LAWRENCE WEST, '18

Oh for the joy of an ice-bound lake
And the smile of a star-lit sky!
As onward we skate soft music we make
And the frost in his might defy.

Oh then for the speed of an eagle's wing
And the twang of the frosty air
With laughter and shout we onward swing
There is nothing that can compare.

And now for the warmth of a roaring fire
For the joy of a sugaring-off
We laugh and sing to our heart's desire
And at trouble and care we scoff.



Gypsy Jarra

The hot sun beat down mercilessly upon the man and team in the field. The sweating horses stopped of their own accord in the shade of the large oak tree; but the driver did not notice this. His forehead was puckered in a worried frown and his black eyes held a far away, troubled look. The shriek of a hawk above him brought him to earth with a start and he urged his horses again on their endless journey around and around the field; but still his eyes held their worried look and his forehead frowned.

"You know them gypsies that we heard about yesterday," said Mr. Pierce to his hired man. They were resting in the shade after the noon meal. The man looked up with unconcealed interest. "What about them?" he asked. "Why, Jim Briggs, he was over to Nettleton this morning and stopped here on his way back and he says there's a whole colony of 'em there. Some have even got autos. It gets me where those beggars can get machines when honest, hard workin' folks have to get along without. They're headed right for here, too." The man's face seemed to darken, but the farmer did not notice this, and continued jocosely. "You'd better watch out, Jarra. They'll take you for one of their own herd, what with your pierced ears and black hair, if you don't watch out." Jarra was studying the tip of his foot with diligence and did not answer. Presently he looked up with sudden resolution. "Mr. Pierce, can I have this week off, beginning with tomorrow? The work's not rushing now, and I thought it would be as good a time as any." "Why, I guess so; sure, the work's pretty well caught up now and you do look kinda like you needed a rest. Been workin' pretty steady lately. You get Rose up from the west field tonight and I'll drive you to town in the morning."

The night was very dark when Jarra, with a lantern, set out to the field to catch the horse. The light cast weird shadows before him and familiar objects assumed odd shapes before the flickering lantern. Jarra was preoccupied. Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and muttered, "Aw, they couldn't have done it." But nevertheless he was not assured.

He crossed the road and was about to climb through a fence, when a figure appeared in the darkness, and a voice said, "Good evenin'."

Instantly Jarra drew back and his hat came down over his eyes. "G'd evening," he answered gruffly. "Tell me nex' town?" questioned the stranger in broken English. Jarra started at the words and hesitated; and as he did so the man struck a match to light his cigarette. The faces of both men showed for an instant in the flickering light, both dark with piercing eyes. A triumphant gleam lit up the dark features of the newcomer. He spoke hurriedly in the guttural syllables of the gypsy tongue. "Ah-h. At last! I have searched far." His hand closed over Jarra's arm, but Jarra made no move to draw away. He seemed as one who had fought long against something, but had wearied of the struggle and had given up. "Thou hast gone far to escape the punishment that comes from the ban of silence." Jarra roused himself. "I am no longer a gypsy. I was sent away from your company. I was made an outcast. I could not speak or be spoken to. And in the end to be killed like a cur! And this is the law of the gypsies? Bah! I am dead to them now. I am no longer a gypsy!" Jarra wrenched his arm from the grasp of the stranger, but there was a quick flash of steel in the dim light, a groan and Jarra fell to the ground.

In the gray light of early morning he was found where he had fallen, a victim of the relentless law of the gypsies. Far on the road the unsuspected slayer was sleeping the sleep of one who has fulfilled his mission and whose mind is at rest.