

## THE CALL TO LIFE

HELEN M. SMITH, '17

Imprisoned, closely hedged with circumstance,  
Fate's thorny wall surrounds me—and no gate!  
Without life surges strong, within I wait  
Burning with longing, eager to advance.  
Convention eyes my discontent askance  
And dull-eyed sloth counsels a slave's estate.  
Oh, give me strength to strike, e'er all too late  
My numbed ambition slumbers in a trance.  
Linger I will not! Life is striding by!  
My blood leaps high to join the conquering throng,  
Shake off my dragging chains. Myself shall sway  
Myself, my destiny, or high or low.  
With tireless, bleeding hands, and purpose strong  
Through thorns and thickets—I will make my way!

## TO DAY

PHYLLIS LAVERS, '18

The past it had sorrow,  
And so will tomorrow,  
But what does that matter?  
The present will scatter  
Away all their burden of sorrow and grief.

Away with all sorrow  
Or thought of tomorrow  
Life, life it is glowing  
And all things are growing  
Why not rejoice? The present is here.

## TO NIGHT

MAGDALENA KRAFT, '17

Sweet night descends on dusky wing  
Enfolding earth in purple gloom;  
The twinkling stars in beauty bloom  
To the dim, dark sky their glory bring.

The cold white moon gleams slowly forth,  
Majestic mistress of the night,  
Arrayed in robes of silver light,  
And floods the sky from south to north.

Far off the distant roaring seas,  
With the angry waters rumbling moan  
As they surge, and plunge past reef and stone,  
Awake my soul to ecstasies.

The world of dreams encloses me  
The shifting shadows flit and fade  
The glory gleams amid the shade  
And wonders wake on land and sea.

So through the livelong night they play  
Till wondrous lights and shadows flee;  
And utter darkness clothes the sea,  
A moment ere the dawn of day.

# Joaquin

LILA JAHANT, '17

He slouched in the saddle. His face was set in lines of despair and his mouth twitched. Through half closed eyes he looked at the valley which should have been his. Even the black thoroughbred felt the desperation and dropped his head. And this man was Joaquin, who had once owned the land and cattle as far as eye could reach.

"The sunset and the mountains are still mine," Joaquin consoled. "Tonight they're like the jewels Ramona wore. My God, if she only had them back!" he muttered through half closed teeth. "Damn those Americans!" His face was demonish.

He raised his arms in a gesture of despair to his one God—the western mountain. "They've taken my ranch; they've taken my home; they've eaten my cattle; they've stolen my money."

Joaquin's face relaxed; his eyes fell. "Oh Senora, Senora, why should it come to you, too? You who were once the loveliest woman in Mexico and are now breaking your heart in that mountain huddle!" And a sob shook his great frame.

A lone horseman galloped suddenly across the plain, coming somewhere from the north and headed toward Joaquin. Joaquin looked up and as he saw Harlan he snarled.

"So you enjoy talking to yonder mountain, do you?" suavely questioned Harlan. "I also receive inspiration from it."

"Then it was rightly named Diablo, for your inspiration comes from the devil," slowly answered Joaquin in level tones.

Harlan whipped out his revolver. With a piercing gaze Joaquin coolly met and held Harlan's tigerish eyes. In the calm eyes of Joaquin, Harlan received his verdict. He dropped his revolver and spurred his horse down the path to Cross Corners.

Toward midnight a party of eight horsemen made their way up the mountain to the east of Cross Corners. They halted before a little cabin. This was the retreat of Joaquin.

Under the shadow of a great pine several of the men dropped from their saddles. The rest slunk back into the dark forest. They put their weight against the door and it fell from its hinges. Crouched in the corner was Senora Joaquin, but a far different woman from the Ramona who had so generously helped the miners when they first came to California. Her hands clasped her unkempt gray hair, her eyes were wild, and parted lips failed to bring the screams of terror which would have brought relief.

"Where's Joaquin?" demanded Harlan.

"Where's Joaquin?" after a moment's pause. "You know if you persist in hiding him your life will answer the purpose."

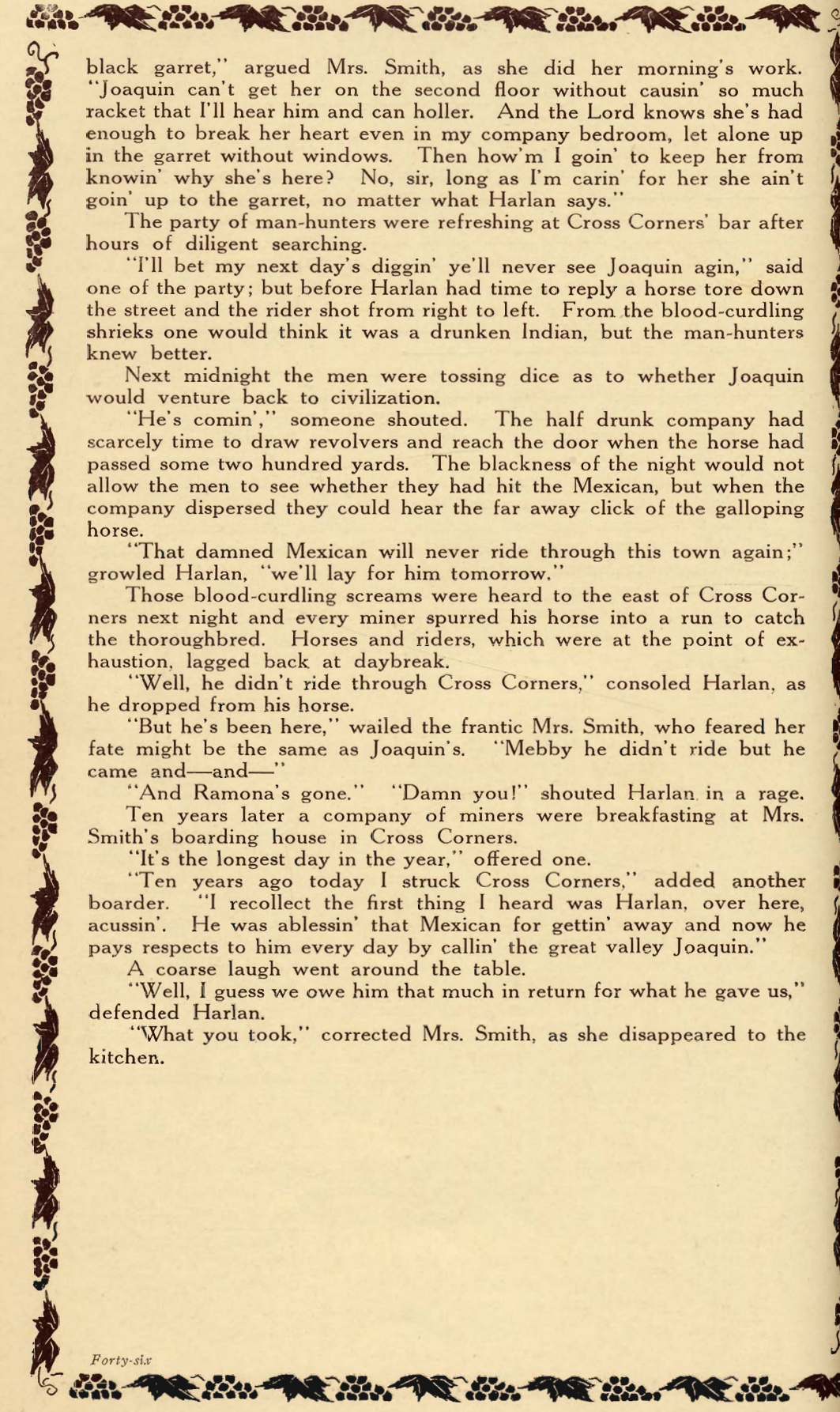
"He—he hasn't been here for two days," at last she succeeded in stammering, and then unconsciousness brought relief.

Ramona sighed and opened her eyes. "Where am I?" she said aloud. As if a miracle had been wrought, Mrs. Smith—the only woman in Cross Corners—was bringing a tray to her bedside.

"They were going to kill me," cried Ramona.

"Now you're all right, honey," consoled Mrs. Smith. "Jest you set up and swoller this coffee. No, now don't talk. When you're better I'll tell you all about how you got sick and they brought you to me." At this last sentence the honest Mrs. Smith busied herself by killing a fly at the other side of the room.

"There jest ain't no sense to puttin' that poor creature up in that



black garret," argued Mrs. Smith, as she did her morning's work. "Joaquin can't get her on the second floor without causin' so much racket that I'll hear him and can holler. And the Lord knows she's had enough to break her heart even in my company bedroom, let alone up in the garret without windows. Then how'm I goin' to keep her from knowin' why she's here? No, sir, long as I'm carin' for her she ain't goin' up to the garret, no matter what Harlan says."

The party of man-hunters were refreshing at Cross Corners' bar after hours of diligent searching.

"I'll bet my next day's diggin' ye'll never see Joaquin agin," said one of the party; but before Harlan had time to reply a horse tore down the street and the rider shot from right to left. From the blood-curdling shrieks one would think it was a drunken Indian, but the man-hunters knew better.

Next midnight the men were tossing dice as to whether Joaquin would venture back to civilization.

"He's comin'," someone shouted. The half drunk company had scarcely time to draw revolvers and reach the door when the horse had passed some two hundred yards. The blackness of the night would not allow the men to see whether they had hit the Mexican, but when the company dispersed they could hear the far away click of the galloping horse.

"That damned Mexican will never ride through this town again;" growled Harlan, "we'll lay for him tomorrow."

Those blood-curdling screams were heard to the east of Cross Corners next night and every miner spurred his horse into a run to catch the thoroughbred. Horses and riders, which were at the point of exhaustion, lagged back at daybreak.

"Well, he didn't ride through Cross Corners," consoled Harlan, as he dropped from his horse.

"But he's been here," wailed the frantic Mrs. Smith, who feared her fate might be the same as Joaquin's. "Mebby he didn't ride but he came and—and—"

"And Ramona's gone." "Damn you!" shouted Harlan in a rage.

Ten years later a company of miners were breakfasting at Mrs. Smith's boarding house in Cross Corners.

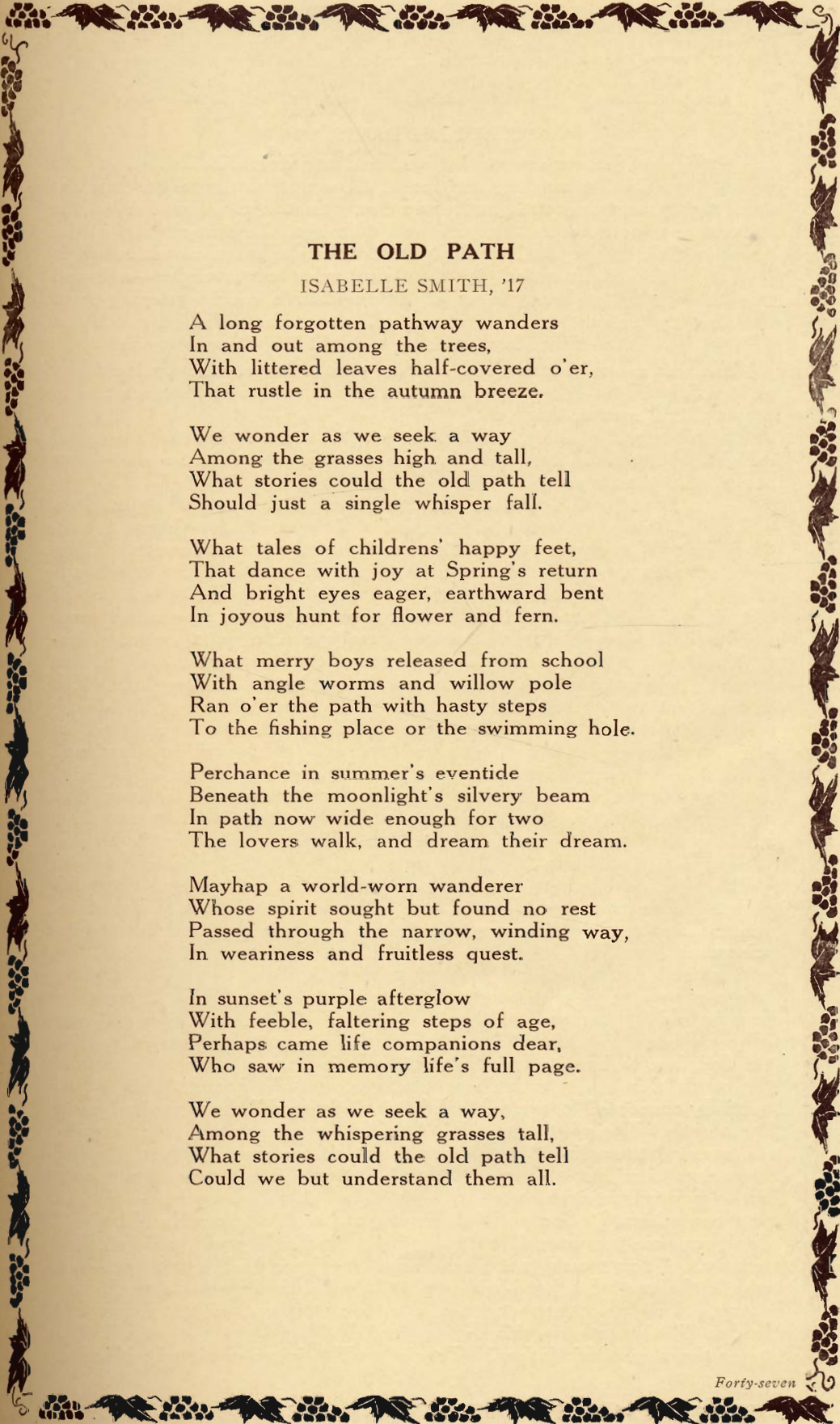
"It's the longest day in the year," offered one.

"Ten years ago today I struck Cross Corners," added another boarder. "I recollect the first thing I heard was Harlan, over here, acussin'. He was ablessin' that Mexican for gettin' away and now he pays respects to him every day by callin' the great valley Joaquin."

A coarse laugh went around the table.

"Well, I guess we owe him that much in return for what he gave us," defended Harlan.

"What you took," corrected Mrs. Smith, as she disappeared to the kitchen.



## THE OLD PATH

ISABELLE SMITH, '17

A long forgotten pathway wanders  
In and out among the trees,  
With littered leaves half-covered o'er,  
That rustle in the autumn breeze.

We wonder as we seek a way  
Among the grasses high and tall,  
What stories could the old path tell  
Should just a single whisper fall.

What tales of childrens' happy feet,  
That dance with joy at Spring's return  
And bright eyes eager, earthward bent  
In joyous hunt for flower and fern.

What merry boys released from school  
With angle worms and willow pole  
Ran o'er the path with hasty steps  
To the fishing place or the swimming hole.

Perchance in summer's eventide  
Beneath the moonlight's silvery beam  
In path now wide enough for two  
The lovers walk, and dream their dream.

Mayhap a world-worn wanderer  
Whose spirit sought but found no rest  
Passed through the narrow, winding way,  
In weariness and fruitless quest.

In sunset's purple afterglow  
With feeble, faltering steps of age,  
Perhaps came life companions dear,  
Who saw in memory life's full page.

We wonder as we seek a way,  
Among the whispering grasses tall,  
What stories could the old path tell  
Could we but understand them all.

# Miss Ann Spenser

CLAUDINE DAVIS, '18

Miss Ann Spenser sat motionless amid the deathlike stillness of the garret, one hand crumpling the faded laces and satins in her lap, her unseeing eyes gazing straight before her. Scattered about her on the floor were papers and letters yellowed with age, the dim outlines of ink barely visible in the dusk of the garret. As she sat there absorbed in memories and surrounded by the faint odor of lavender—a board creaked—then the beady eyes of an inquisitive mouse peeping from behind the opened trunk saw a tear roll down the wrinkled cheek and drop on the satin in her lap, making a brighter spot on the color.

She was aroused somewhat suddenly from her reverie by the sound of girlish laughter below her, and hastily she gathered the garments in her lap and rose to her feet.

A young girl waiting at the door below received these with a cry of delight. "They will be lovely for the masquerade—Miss Spenser—how can I ever thank you?"

After her departure Miss Spenser stood at the door and watched the girl going down the path, then turned and went into the house to prepare her solitary meal. But the memories of the garret seemed to cling about her as the scent of lavender to the garments in the trunks upstairs. With the haunting memories clinging to her she went into the old living room, and sitting before a writing desk opened a small drawer and drew forth a faded daguerrotype of a young man. Altogether it was a handsome face in spite of the weak chin and reckless eyes. The forehead was partially concealed by dark wavy hair. Miss Spenser sat for a long time before the picture. She was thinking—how different might her life have been. This youth had once loved her—years before—but her parents had pointed out his reckless nature and his lack of steadfastness, and she had finally refused to marry him. Sometime later he had left the little country town under a cloud, and every one had congratulated her on her wise decision; but somehow Miss Spenser had always felt herself to blame for the turn in his life. If she had given him her love who knew but that this might have steadied him. Perhaps her lonely life might have been one of usefulness to those near and dear to her. She rose and went to her room, where, after tossing for many sleepless hours, she dropped into unconsciousness.

Toward morning she was awakened by a slight noise, and slipping into a robe silently entered the living room. A youth was stooped before an old built-in safe at the farthest end of the room. As she drew nearer a board creaked under her foot. The young man turned a white, startled face to her—a face that might have been handsome in spite of the weak chin and the reckless black eyes. His broad forehead was partially concealed by wavy black hair. "Howard," she whispered under her breath. The youth started. "You know my name?" As he spoke she seemed to realize that this could not be the man of whom she had been dreaming, but oh, how like him! It was the boy who at last spoke with wonder lighting his face. "My father! He was born here—perhaps you knew him?" She nodded her assent, unable to speak. Then—"I don't suppose you ever found him in this kind of a position?" he added tensely. "You would not have found me here had it not been—oh, what's the use of a hard-luck story?" he cried bitterly. Ann Spenser seemed unable to move or speak in the presence of this boy before her, so like his father—this boy who might have been her son. Was he to go the way of his father? Then a sudden impulse stirred within her.

"Howard," the word came charged with suppressed emotion, "Howard, give me a chance!" Then, as the boy watched in wonderment, she stammered: "Perhaps you will let me atone for a wrong I once did your father by giving me a chance in your life. Let me help you to make good." Then she told her story.

At the end there were tears in the boy's eyes and there were tears in the eyes of Miss Ann Spenser; but they were tears of joy.

### THE RAPTURE OF SPRING

ARLON LYON, '18

Oh, for the spring! The glorious spring!  
The beauty and joy that its coming will bring!  
The fragrance of flowers, the song of the birds,  
The gladness that cannot be put into words!

Oh, for the smell of the bursting bud,  
For sight of a stream—racing on in flood,  
For the sound of music, the song of the thrush,  
And the rapture that thrills you in evening's hush!

Oh, for the spring! The glorious spring!  
Oh, at its coming, with gladness we'll sing,  
With frolicsome laughter, we'll fill the clear air  
And shouts of pure joy will ring everywhere!

### THE MESSAGE OF SPRING

LOIS CAMPBELL, '17

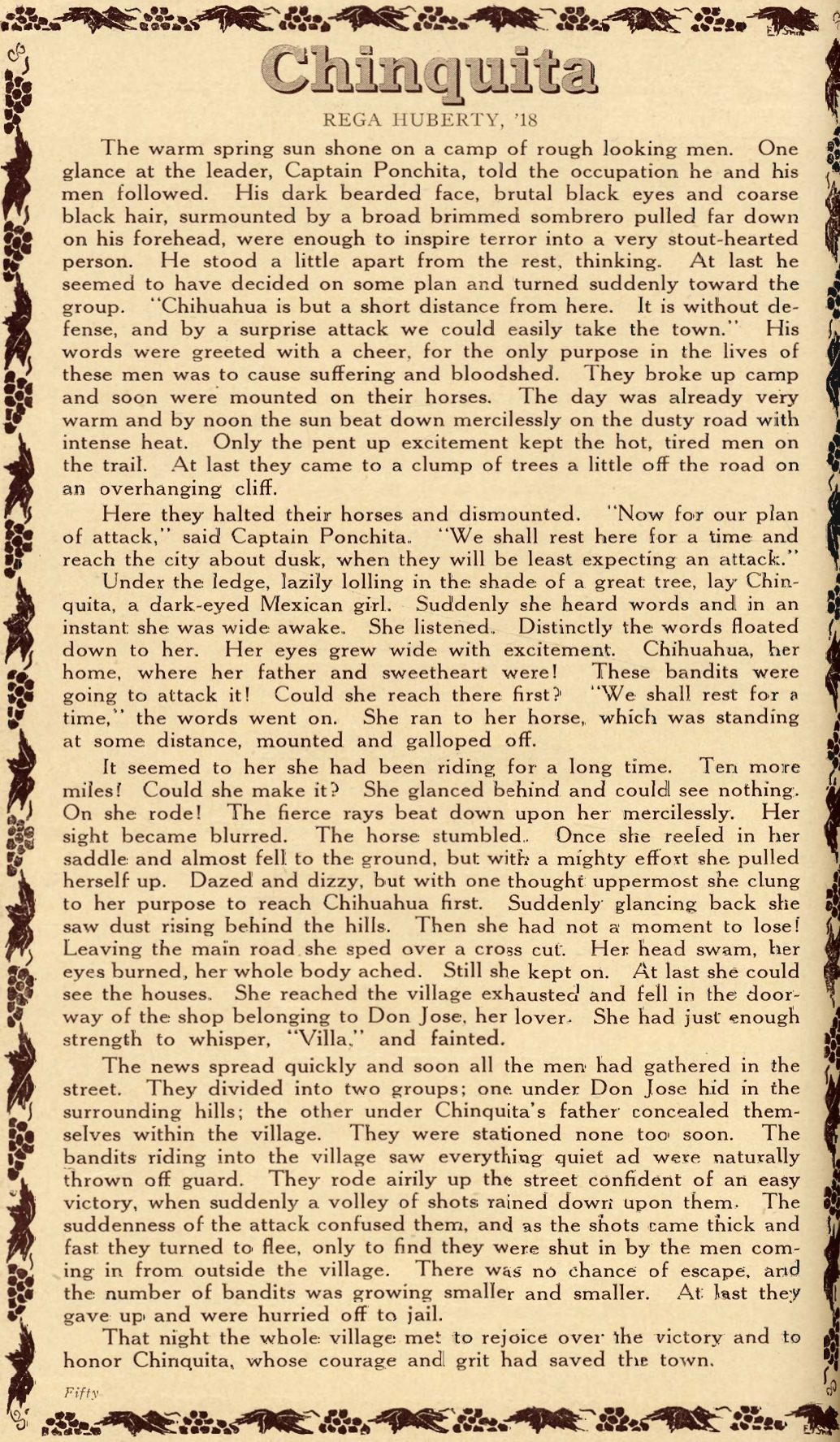
'Tis springtide! trees are fresh and green,  
Their blossoms fill the balmy air  
With fragrance. Bird songs rare  
Come floating from their nests unseen.

'Tis winter! fiercely whirl the storms,  
The leaves are scattered by the blast.  
Their beauty's gone, it could not last;  
Bare limbs alone lift up their forms.

So ugly then, they seem, and bare,  
And yet, within, their strength is stored,  
Their infant buds they gently hoard  
To bloom again, more sweet, more rare.

Our lives are thus with gladness filled,  
Till sorrows come, remorse and pain;  
Then every radiant hope is slain,  
And beauty blighted, gladness chilled.

But Spring again pervades our lives,  
Hope lures us on to greater things;  
Earth teems with beauty, Nature sings,  
Our love for God and man revives.



# Chinquita

REGA HUBERTY, '18

The warm spring sun shone on a camp of rough looking men. One glance at the leader, Captain Ponchita, told the occupation he and his men followed. His dark bearded face, brutal black eyes and coarse black hair, surmounted by a broad brimmed sombrero pulled far down on his forehead, were enough to inspire terror into a very stout-hearted person. He stood a little apart from the rest, thinking. At last he seemed to have decided on some plan and turned suddenly toward the group. "Chihuahua is but a short distance from here. It is without defense, and by a surprise attack we could easily take the town." His words were greeted with a cheer, for the only purpose in the lives of these men was to cause suffering and bloodshed. They broke up camp and soon were mounted on their horses. The day was already very warm and by noon the sun beat down mercilessly on the dusty road with intense heat. Only the pent up excitement kept the hot, tired men on the trail. At last they came to a clump of trees a little off the road on an overhanging cliff.

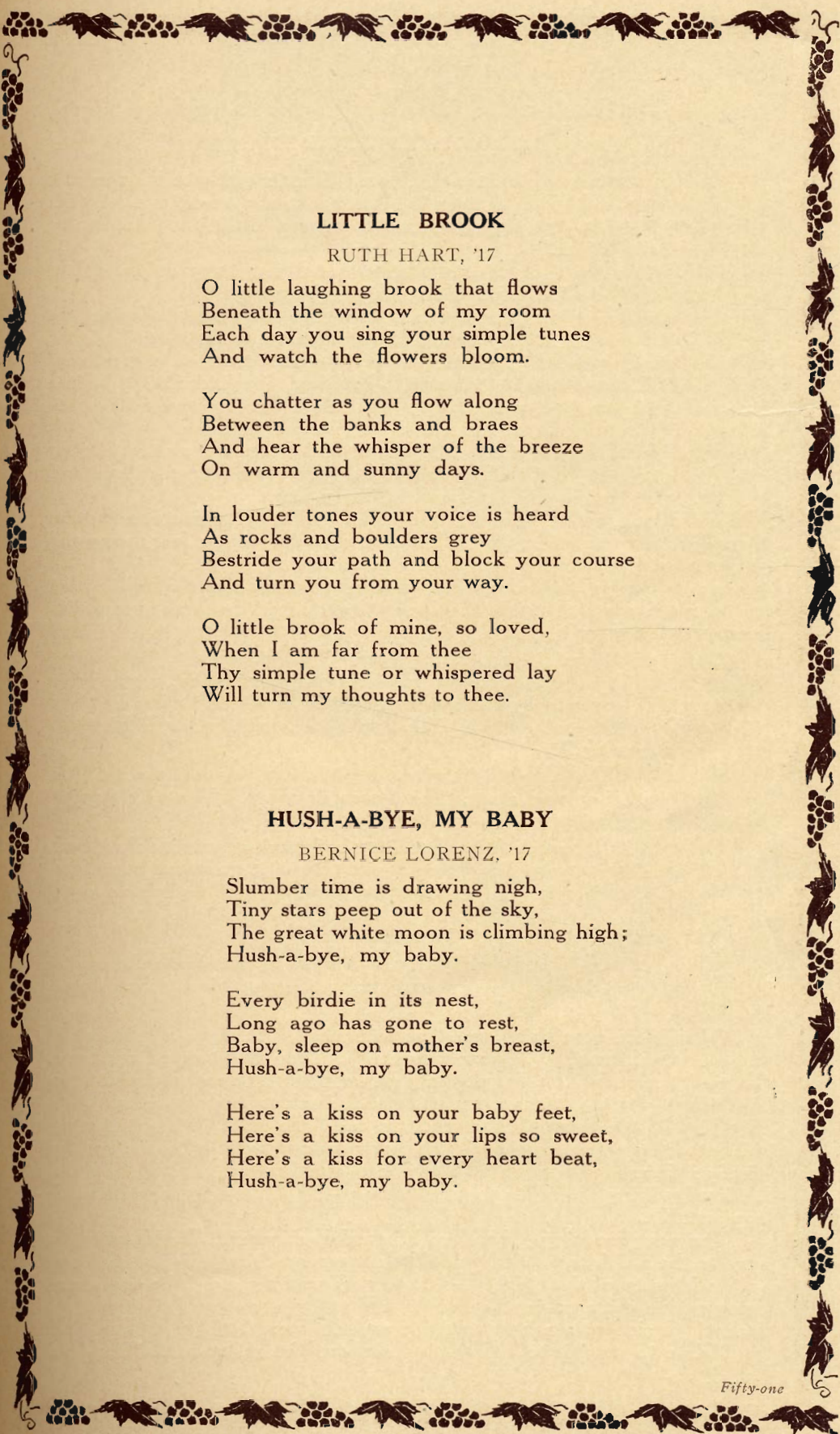
Here they halted their horses and dismounted. "Now for our plan of attack," said Captain Ponchita. "We shall rest here for a time and reach the city about dusk, when they will be least expecting an attack."

Under the ledge, lazily lolling in the shade of a great tree, lay Chinquita, a dark-eyed Mexican girl. Suddenly she heard words and in an instant she was wide awake. She listened. Distinctly the words floated down to her. Her eyes grew wide with excitement. Chihuahua, her home, where her father and sweetheart were! These bandits were going to attack it! Could she reach there first? "We shall rest for a time," the words went on. She ran to her horse, which was standing at some distance, mounted and galloped off.

It seemed to her she had been riding for a long time. Ten more miles! Could she make it? She glanced behind and could see nothing. On she rode! The fierce rays beat down upon her mercilessly. Her sight became blurred. The horse stumbled. Once she reeled in her saddle and almost fell to the ground, but with a mighty effort she pulled herself up. Dazed and dizzy, but with one thought uppermost she clung to her purpose to reach Chihuahua first. Suddenly glancing back she saw dust rising behind the hills. Then she had not a moment to lose! Leaving the main road she sped over a cross cut. Her head swam, her eyes burned, her whole body ached. Still she kept on. At last she could see the houses. She reached the village exhausted and fell in the doorway of the shop belonging to Don Jose, her lover. She had just enough strength to whisper, "Villa," and fainted.

The news spread quickly and soon all the men had gathered in the street. They divided into two groups; one under Don Jose hid in the surrounding hills; the other under Chinquita's father concealed themselves within the village. They were stationed none too soon. The bandits riding into the village saw everything quiet and were naturally thrown off guard. They rode airily up the street confident of an easy victory, when suddenly a volley of shots rained down upon them. The suddenness of the attack confused them, and as the shots came thick and fast they turned to flee, only to find they were shut in by the men coming in from outside the village. There was no chance of escape, and the number of bandits was growing smaller and smaller. At last they gave up and were hurried off to jail.

That night the whole village met to rejoice over the victory and to honor Chinquita, whose courage and grit had saved the town.



## LITTLE BROOK

RUTH HART, '17

O little laughing brook that flows  
Beneath the window of my room  
Each day you sing your simple tunes  
And watch the flowers bloom.

You chatter as you flow along  
Between the banks and braes  
And hear the whisper of the breeze  
On warm and sunny days.

In louder tones your voice is heard  
As rocks and boulders grey  
Bestride your path and block your course  
And turn you from your way.

O little brook of mine, so loved,  
When I am far from thee  
Thy simple tune or whispered lay  
Will turn my thoughts to thee.

## HUSH-A-BYE, MY BABY

BERNICE LORENZ, '17

Slumber time is drawing nigh,  
Tiny stars peep out of the sky,  
The great white moon is climbing high;  
Hush-a-bye, my baby.

Every birdie in its nest,  
Long ago has gone to rest,  
Baby, sleep on mother's breast,  
Hush-a-bye, my baby.

Here's a kiss on your baby feet,  
Here's a kiss on your lips so sweet,  
Here's a kiss for every heart beat,  
Hush-a-bye, my baby.



# A Lost Child

DOROTHY RATHBUN, '17

"Throw another log on the fire, Joe. There's going to be a regular old-fashioned blizzard on tonight if I don't miss my guess, and we must keep up a hot fire, for perhaps some traveler will wish to take shelter here from the storm."

Dave MacFarland arose and stuffed some more rags in the chinks in the cabin where the wind came whistling through.

Joe remained silent and did not stir. He sat on a stool near the fire, his head bowed in his hands. He seemed to be far away from the blizzard and the whistling wind. In fact, he had dreamed a great deal of late, old Dave thought to himself; but then Joe had always been a dreamer since he first knew him. And then Dave himself began to dream of that sharp October night when Joe had first come to his cabin and had begged for lodging. He was ill and Dave had nursed him for long days together until a friendship had grown up between them and Joe had remained permanently with lonely Dave.

Old Dave roused himself, and called a little louder than before: "Joe, lad, throw another log on the fire. You're young and strong and my limbs are old and crippled with rheumatism."

Joe jumped at the words as if shot, and hastily rising threw another log on the fire, watching the flames as they roared up the chimney with renewed energy.

"Yes," said Joe, after a little pause, "there's going to be a storm tonight, a big one. I read in the Herald this morning that a storm was sweeping this way and by the looks of things it's already upon us. The sugar making will have to wait. I tapped the trees before I knew the storm was coming."

Morning dawned and the fury of the blizzard was still raging. Joe bundled himself up and started for the sugar camp. The wind howled in his ears and whipped his face cruelly.

Suddenly he stopped. Was that a cry he heard, or was it only a freak of the wind! No, it was beginning again. Then it quavered away, and died down into silence. In his blindness he almost fell across an overturned sleigh. The cry began again directly beneath the sled.

"Why, it's a baby's cry," he said.

Hastily unfastening the sleigh from the two frozen horses he turned it over and underneath it, apparently unhurt, except for its half frozen condition, lay a tiny bundle.

"Funny business, this," said Joe to himself, "to leave a baby out in the snow to freeze. "Queer parents!" Then he stopped suddenly. Oh well, it was best to forget the past; and Joe stooped and picked up the baby in his big strong arms and strode back toward his home. Dave met him at the door. "My gracious, lad," he said, "are you turning this into an orphan's home?" He grew serious again when he saw the pinched face of the poor little creature and bustled around the room anxiously doing all in his power to make the little stranger warm and comfortable.

The next morning, when the blizzard had passed, David made his way to the sleigh to see if he could discover anything which would lead to the identity of the child. As he turned over the sleigh he saw something which glittered in the snow. He stooped and picked it up. A locket! Inside was a baby picture and a woman's face.

"Hate to send it to a detective agency," he muttered. "Joe does

seem so fond of it, but I suppose I'll have to do it, for the child's welfare."

A week passed; then a letter came from the detective agency which Dave opened with many misgivings. He hardly knew whether he wanted the baby's parents to be found or not. It would be hard for him, too, to let the baby go.

He took courage and read: "Dear Sir: We wish to inform you that the baby's mother has been found and notified of her child's whereabouts. The child had been kidnaped by persons who thought the mother would pay a good ransom. The officers were in pursuit, but were forced to turn back because of the blizzard. The kidnappers have since been arrested in a half frozen condition brought about by exposure. The sleigh in which they were riding was overturned. They claimed to have believed the child was dead with the cold and so they left it. The mother will be there soon to bring the child home."

Dave finished the letter. "Poor Joe," he said, "he will miss the child. I'll not tell him yet."

The next morning the stage stopped at the door of the log cabin, and a slender girlish figure stepped hastily out, and ran eagerly to the door. She gave a quick knock.

Joe threw open the door. He stood white and death-still; it seemed almost as if he had ceased to breathe! "Myra," he whispered, almost under his breath. Myra paid no heed, but dashed over to the table where a jolly baby sat and pounded his plate with a spoon. He gurgled gleefully as he saw her and she snatched him up and cried over him in her happiness. "It's our baby, Joe," she said at last, "didn't you recognize him?"

The next day Joe and his wife and the baby went home and Dave was left behind again, yet happy in the happiness of others.

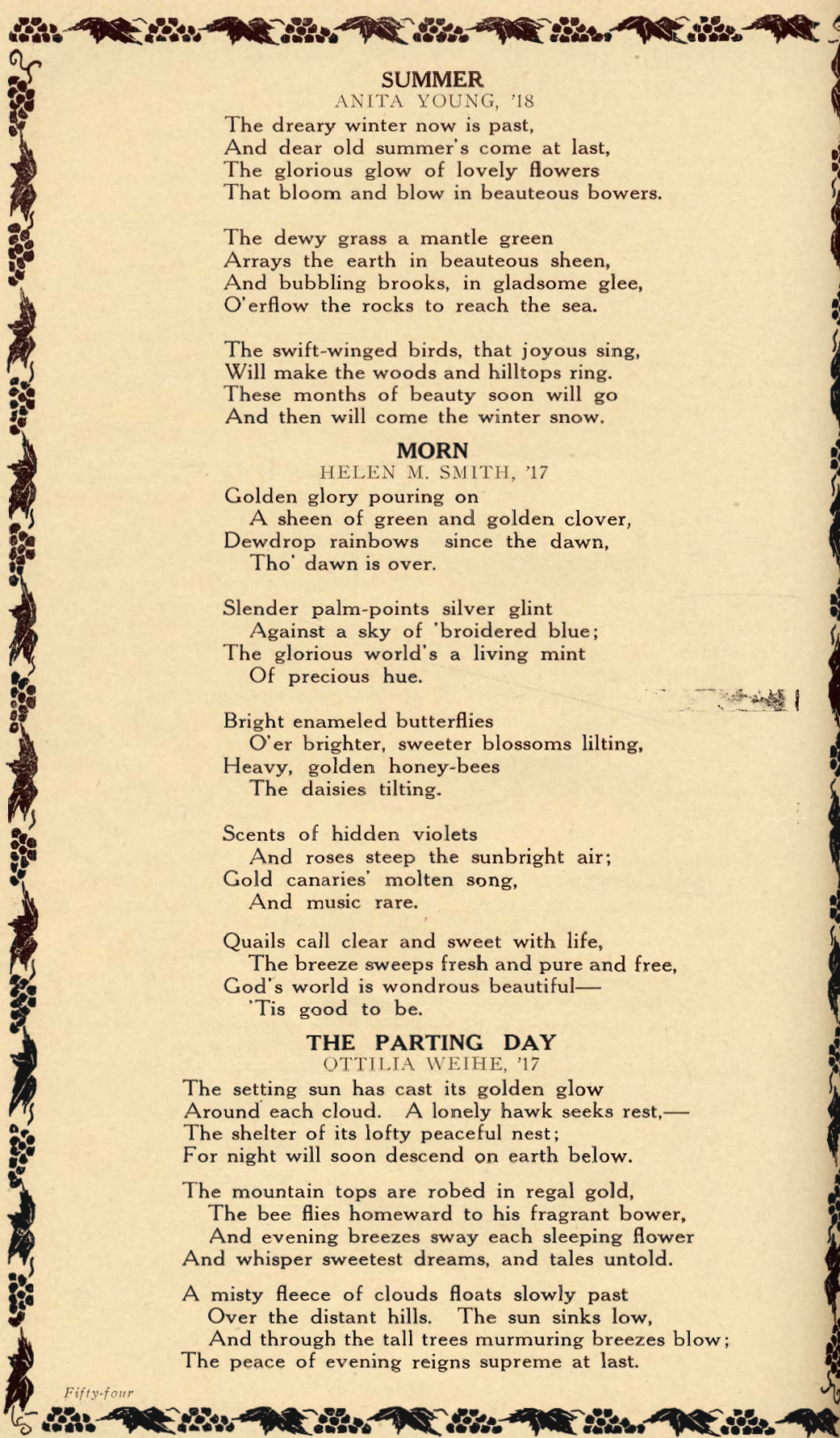
## WINTER

HELEN M. SMITH, '17

The cold wind howls from Del Norte's lonely coast,  
The dumb and naked trees bend in the blast,  
The gray earth crouches stricken and aghast  
Before the Winter's icy-fingered host.

High cry the gulls, the driven ocean booms;  
A wavering, flickering elf-light fitful flies  
Before the shadows that behind it rise;  
And nearer, deadlier, the black night looms.

Within the room the deadening darkness creeps,  
Forgotten memories stir within the heart,  
Dead flowers, dead hopes, dead loves, dead days apart  
Rise up like ghosts while life inactive sleeps.



## SUMMER

ANITA YOUNG, '18

The dreary winter now is past,  
And dear old summer's come at last,  
The glorious glow of lovely flowers  
That bloom and blow in beauteous bowers.

The dewy grass a mantle green  
Arrays the earth in beauteous sheen,  
And bubbling brooks, in gladsome glee,  
O'erflow the rocks to reach the sea.

The swift-winged birds, that joyous sing,  
Will make the woods and hilltops ring.  
These months of beauty soon will go  
And then will come the winter snow.

## MORN

HELEN M. SMITH, '17

Golden glory pouring on  
A sheen of green and golden clover,  
Dewdrop rainbows since the dawn,  
Tho' dawn is over.

Slender palm-points silver glint  
Against a sky of 'broidered blue;  
The glorious world's a living mint  
Of precious hue.

Bright enameled butterflies  
O'er brighter, sweeter blossoms liting,  
Heavy, golden honey-bees  
The daisies tilting.

Scents of hidden violets  
And roses steep the sunbright air;  
Gold canaries' molten song,  
And music rare.

Quails call clear and sweet with life,  
The breeze sweeps fresh and pure and free,  
God's world is wondrous beautiful—  
'Tis good to be.

## THE PARTING DAY

OTTILIA WEIHE, '17

The setting sun has cast its golden glow  
Around each cloud. A lonely hawk seeks rest,—  
The shelter of its lofty peaceful nest;  
For night will soon descend on earth below.

The mountain tops are robed in regal gold,  
The bee flies homeward to his fragrant bower,  
And evening breezes sway each sleeping flower  
And whisper sweetest dreams, and tales untold.

A misty fleece of clouds floats slowly past  
Over the distant hills. The sun sinks low,  
And through the tall trees murmuring breezes blow;  
The peace of evening reigns supreme at last.



# Mose

LOLA COSSINS, '18

Back in the woods far from the main road, in the midst of a rocky clearing large enough for the cornfield, a garden, and a small disorderly dooryard, stood a lonely mountain cabin.

It was in this small garden, where they raised the cabbages and beans the family ate, that Melinda Corson was working. Melinda was tall and thin; rawboned; a typical mountaineer woman. Her dark cotton wrapper sagged on her, and her hair was drawn back tight from her temples. She showed in her face the marks of a life of grinding toil; a life with little pleasure; a life of patience. It was the face of a woman who had learned to accept unquestionably that which came to her and who had no hope for better things.

On a split log by the cabin door sat a small boy; by his side a gaunt hound.

He was a thin, puny, sallow-cheeked lad, with big gray eyes which seemed many years older than himself. He was trying hard to keep back the tears that would come, and his thin, bony hands clinched.

"Mammy," he said, in a small quavering voice, "Mammy, I jes believe he hates me. Yes, mammy, he hates me."

The mother looked at the little form by the door with tearful eyes. "No, honey, he don't. It's jes his way, 'cause he's a man. He don't mean nothin', child. What'd he say, Mose, tell your mammy?"

"He called me a coward, mammy, a coward! Me, his own boy. Oh mammy he sho jes hates me!"

At his words the mother's face changed and scalding tears fell from her eyes. She knew herself the father was not proud of his son, and she knew the boy's grief was beyond her healing. As the tears fell the mother's mind went back to Mose's younger days. She remembered how proud the father had been of his son and how he had planned big things for him. For the father was a strong, powerful man, a recognized leader among men in the mountains.

But as the child grew up into a slim, puny boy, with great haunting eyes, the father began to lose hope in him. The eyes of the boy were the eyes of a dreamer; they did not belong to the fighter.

More and more they haunted the father until his heart gradually turned against his only child and he came in time to loathe the boy, never spoke kindly to him, and even disclaimed him as his own child.

And the mother with a mother's heart tried to fill the place of both father and mother. But little Mose in his own childish heart knew that his father did not love him.

Mose's father was a moonshiner and had a distillery for which the revenue officers had long searched, but which they had failed to find. One day Mr. Corson heard the officers were in the hills hunting for his distillery, and that suspecting him to be at home they might come there. To avoid questioning he hid himself under the small log cabin in a secret hiding place.

When the officers came to the cabin they saw only a small boy. Little Mose's body shook under his faded calico shirt, for he was afraid of the dreaded "Revenues" and had not expected to be seen by them.

Then he heard an officer saying, "Now, boy, tell us where your father's distillery is."

"No, mister, I shan't tell you."

A gun was leveled with his gray eyes. "Tell me, boy, or I shoot."  
"No, mister, I jes can't," he whispered.  
The gun was lowered and the men silently left.  
Under the cabin a man lay, his eyes full of tears.  
When he came up into the cabin and saw his wife and son, he said  
in a joyous voice which rang true, "Maw, he's my own son. I'm proud  
of my boy."

### THE "NEWS"

LOIS CAMPBELL, '17

A magazine of latest news  
I bought the other day,  
And planned to have a pleasant time  
And pass the hours away.

The first part told of Mexico  
And of the trouble there,  
Of Villa and his murderous gang  
Still hiding in their lair.

The next was of the President  
And of his plan to see  
That Uncle Sam has lots of guns  
To fight an enemy,

If one should come to our fair land  
And try to conquer it,  
I'd read this all three times before,  
It wasn't new a bit.

The advertisements then I sought;  
I thought I'd find relief.  
They, too, were just the same old things  
And so I came to grief.

"History repeats itself,"  
We often hear them say.  
I'm sure that that is also true  
Of magazines today.

### JUST A LAD

CHARLES BOYNTON, '18

When you hear the singing brooklet,  
And the whispering of the tree,  
Don't you wish you were a fairy,  
And lived in a land of glee?

When you hear the twittering birdies,  
And the scolding of the jay,  
Don't you wish you were a brownie,  
And lived where all are gay?

But when you hear the mooing bossie,  
And the calling of your dad,  
You know you're back on earth again,  
And nothing but a lad.



## TO A CAT

AMBROSE HUBERTY, '18

Listen to me little cat,  
How I wonder where you're at;  
Every night you make a noise  
Like a bunch of rowdy boys.

Why can't you go away some night  
And put some other's rest to flight?  
But right here on my fence you stick.  
How I wish I had a brick!

## THE MAID OF THE FOUNTAIN

(A myth from the Marble Faun)

LOIS CAMPBELL, '17

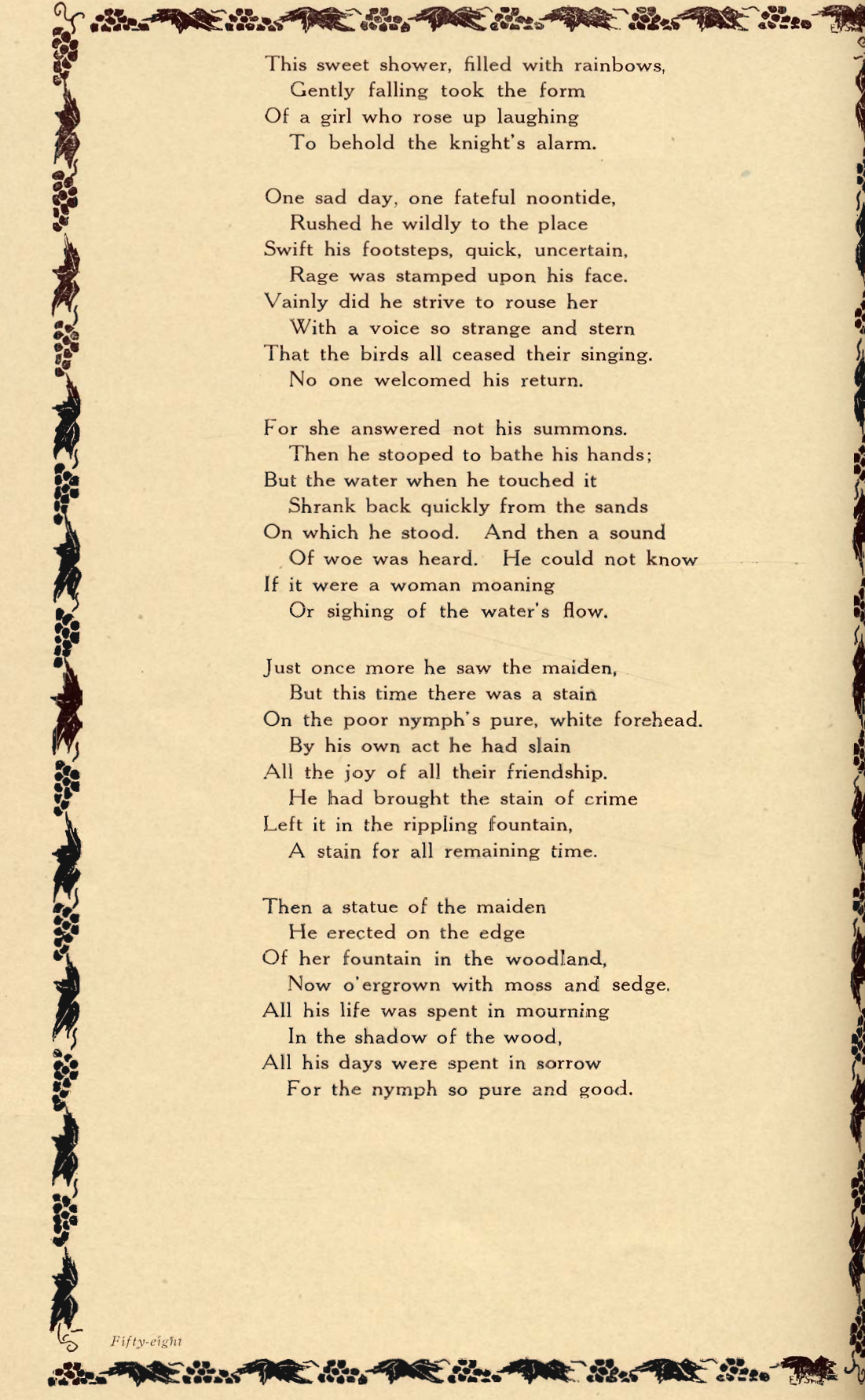
'Midst a verdant rustic woodland,  
Circled round with flowers bright,  
Where the birds, God's sweetest singers  
Only cease when pall of night  
Closes round with clouds of silence,  
Played a fountain. All day long  
It danced and sparkled in the light  
All day long was gay with song.

Deep within the crystal fountain  
Dwelt a wood-nymph, just as pure  
As the foaming, flashing water  
Which, with cooling draughts would lure  
The weary hunter, late returning  
From the chase with bow and hounds.  
Not by all who sought her waters  
Could this charming elf be found.

To her lone enticing fountain  
Oft a knight in joyance came.  
He alone had won her favor,  
He alone could speak her name,  
He could claim her joyous presence,  
Here he always found a friend,  
Here his joys were always doubled  
And his troubles found an end.

When he knelt beside her fountain,  
Knelt, her waters pure to drink,  
Often he beheld a vision  
Floating upward to the brink;  
Ruby lips that rose, alluring.  
Touched his own; and felt the bliss  
—Ere they vanished to the bottom—  
Of a sweet, and dewey kiss.

When he called her from her streamlet  
Waiting for her presence dear  
Oft she fell in shimmering raindrops  
Ere he knew that she was near.



This sweet shower, filled with rainbows,  
Gently falling took the form  
Of a girl who rose up laughing  
To behold the knight's alarm.

One sad day, one fateful noontide,  
Rushed he wildly to the place  
Swift his footsteps, quick, uncertain,  
Rage was stamped upon his face.  
Vainly did he strive to rouse her  
With a voice so strange and stern  
That the birds all ceased their singing.  
No one welcomed his return.

For she answered not his summons.  
Then he stooped to bathe his hands;  
But the water when he touched it  
Shrank back quickly from the sands  
On which he stood. And then a sound  
Of woe was heard. He could not know  
If it were a woman moaning  
Or sighing of the water's flow.

Just once more he saw the maiden,  
But this time there was a stain  
On the poor nymph's pure, white forehead.  
By his own act he had slain  
All the joy of all their friendship.  
He had brought the stain of crime  
Left it in the rippling fountain,  
A stain for all remaining time.

Then a statue of the maiden  
He erected on the edge  
Of her fountain in the woodland,  
Now o'ergrown with moss and sedge.  
All his life was spent in mourning  
In the shadow of the wood,  
All his days were spent in sorrow  
For the nymph so pure and good.



# Juanita

LENA GRAFFIGNA, '17

The wide valley seemed to be sleep, but far off toward the north-eastern mountains there came sounds that re-echoed in the woods. A dark figure passed quickly but noiselessly through the brush and hastened toward the voices. Presently he reached a small cliff, and vaulting, skillfully landed on the top. Peering down he beheld an old Indian encampment alive with gambling and dancing. Flasks of pulque were raised frequently to the lips and then the voices grew rougher and louder. "Ah, they are rejoicing over the murder of Wichu," thought the occupant of the cliff. "But the mirth will have a short life," he said under his breath as his lip curled. He looked down fiercely, and gritting his teeth, gesticulated wildly. When he beheld Old Joe surrounded by his chiefs he darted forth, but caught hold of a nearby bough and knelt down again. "Several more drinks of pulque will make their voices loud enough for me to hear," he thought. Presently snatches of the conversation were heard. Eagerly the listener leaned forward. He smiled, and then a frown crossed his brow. "Tomorrow, to-to-morrow hunt—hunting—early" came distinctly to his ears from staggering Old Joe.

One of the chiefs who was still quite sober arose, shouting, "Let us drink once more for the blood of Wichu, the leader of the Wood-carvers." Immediately the occupant of the cliff, as if struck by lightning, leaping down, vanished in the brush below.

The Wood-carvers and Old Joe's tribe had been on unfriendly terms for months. Individual members of each tribe had fired upon their enemies whom by chance they had encountered, but only once had a tribe openly attacked the other. Old Joe had watched his chance and when the Wood-carvers were returning from a plundering tour he had his men assembled, ready for work. Old Joe won the skirmish, but perhaps at a deadly price. Wichu, his greatest enemy, but the dearest friend of all the Wood-carvers, had been killed, and the revenge was bound to leave deep wounds.

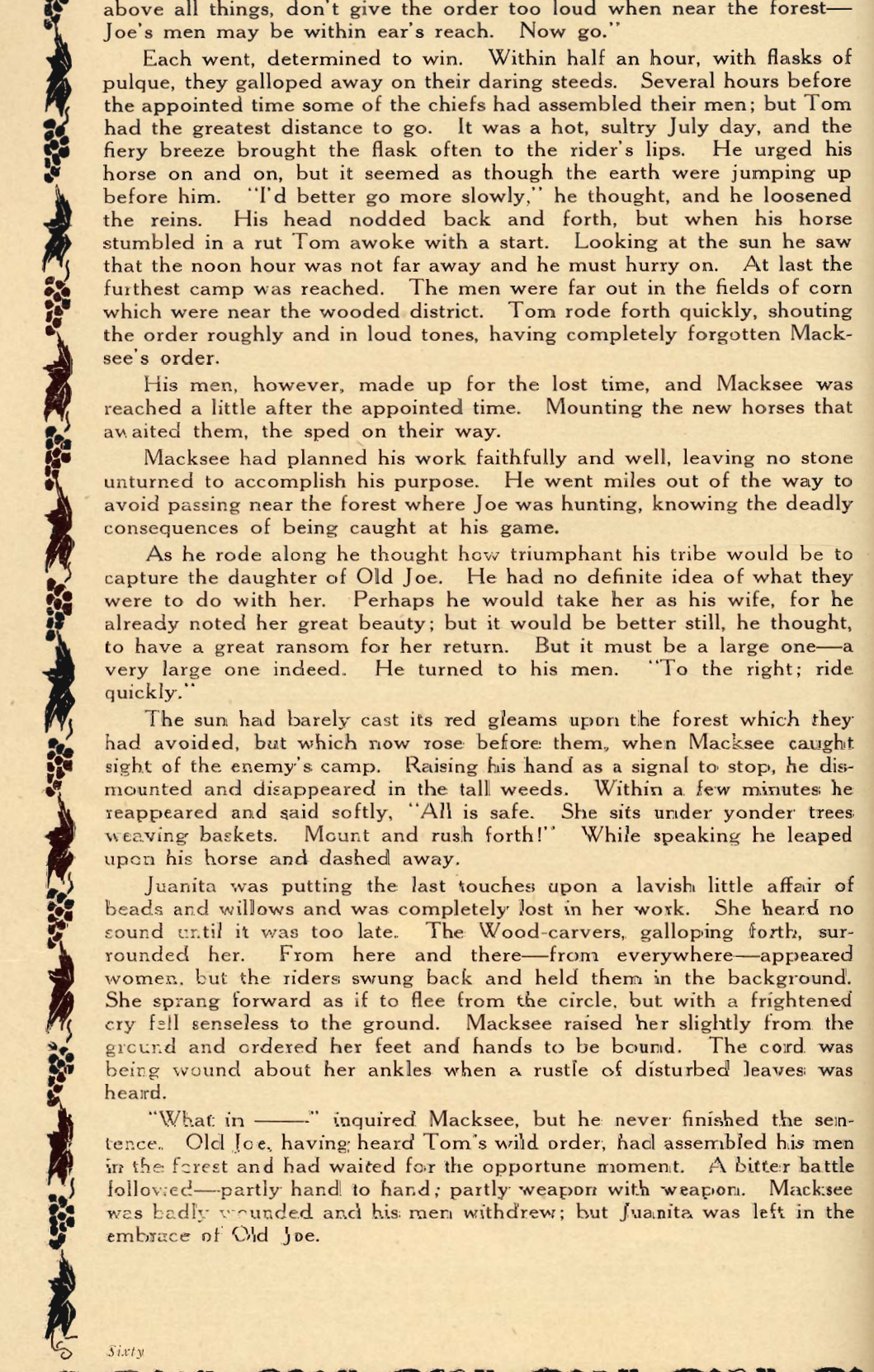
The first thing determined upon was the capture of Juanita, the only daughter of Old Joe. They knew that would give the greatest sting of all to their enemies and they planned means for the capture. Night after night different spies had been sent forth to watch their chance, but not until several weeks after the murder had any hope presented itself.

Macksee, the new leader, entered his camp in the early morning hours, exhausted by miles of running but fully resolved. He cast himself down upon the Indian quilts and asked for pulque. Little by little sleep overcame him, but tossing about as if struggling with a conquering fever he rested very little and presently he awoke and ordered his chiefs to be assembled. Kneeling down, he addressed his words to some god. "Revenge, we must have revenge!" he murmured with bowed head.

When all the chiefs had seated themselves as near as possible to the newly built fire, just outside of Macksee's cabin, he said: "Old Joe's having a merry time drinking over our defeat. They drink to our dead leader's health with scornful, drunken words; but come, we must act quickly—they are no doubt already advancing on a proposed hunting trip."

"We must have Juanita," repeated Macksee slowly, "and this is our one chance. If at midday you have assembled your men here, she will be ours by nightfall. It will take fast riding to reach the outskirts. But,





above all things, don't give the order too loud when near the forest—Joe's men may be within ear's reach. Now go."

Each went, determined to win. Within half an hour, with flasks of pulque, they galloped away on their daring steeds. Several hours before the appointed time some of the chiefs had assembled their men; but Tom had the greatest distance to go. It was a hot, sultry July day, and the fiery breeze brought the flask often to the rider's lips. He urged his horse on and on, but it seemed as though the earth were jumping up before him. "I'd better go more slowly," he thought, and he loosened the reins. His head nodded back and forth, but when his horse stumbled in a rut Tom awoke with a start. Looking at the sun he saw that the noon hour was not far away and he must hurry on. At last the furthest camp was reached. The men were far out in the fields of corn which were near the wooded district. Tom rode forth quickly, shouting the order roughly and in loud tones, having completely forgotten Macksee's order.

His men, however, made up for the lost time, and Macksee was reached a little after the appointed time. Mounting the new horses that awaited them, they sped on their way.

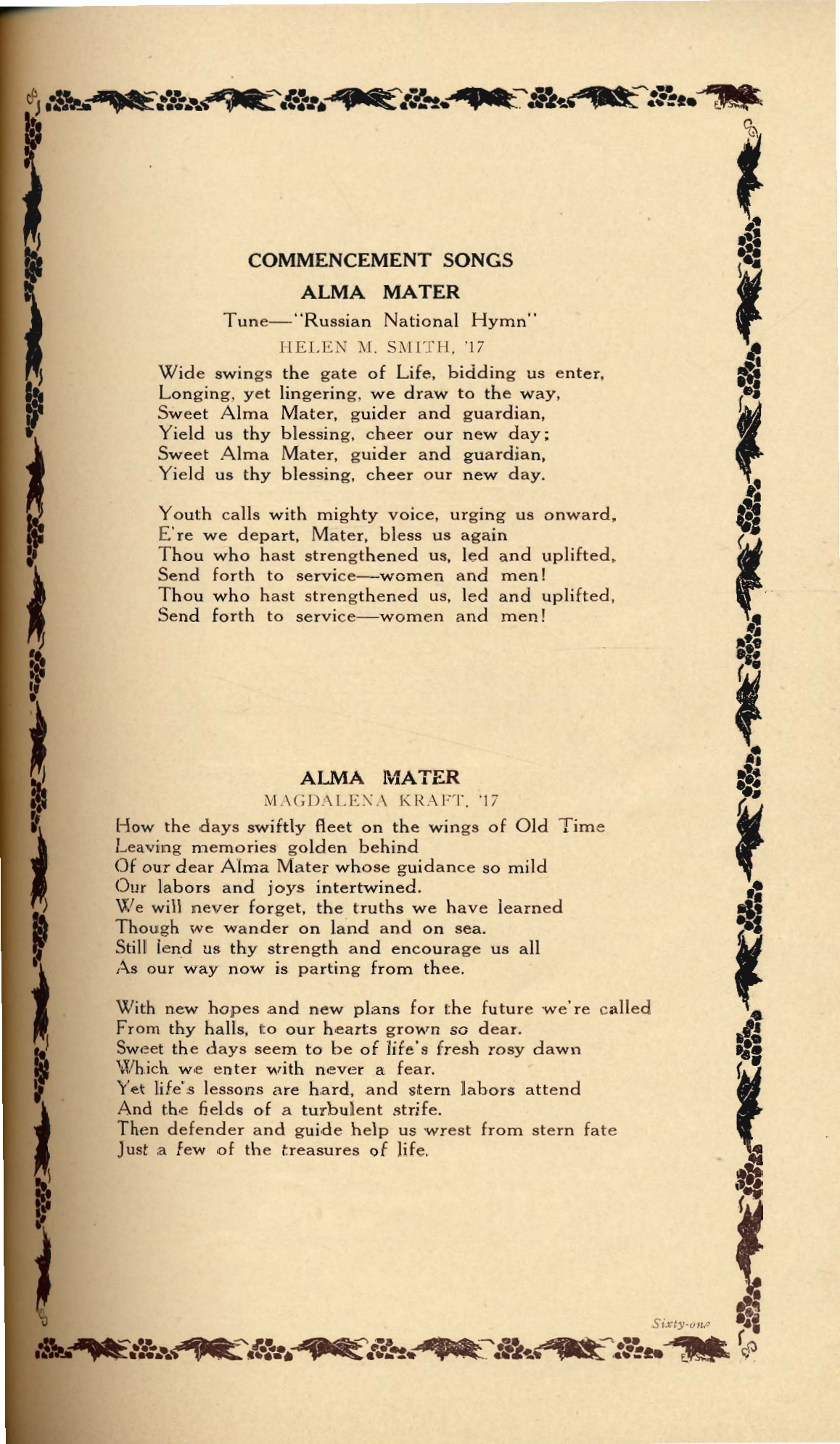
Macksee had planned his work faithfully and well, leaving no stone unturned to accomplish his purpose. He went miles out of the way to avoid passing near the forest where Joe was hunting, knowing the deadly consequences of being caught at his game.

As he rode along he thought how triumphant his tribe would be to capture the daughter of Old Joe. He had no definite idea of what they were to do with her. Perhaps he would take her as his wife, for he already noted her great beauty; but it would be better still, he thought, to have a great ransom for her return. But it must be a large one—a very large one indeed. He turned to his men. "To the right; ride quickly."

The sun had barely cast its red gleams upon the forest which they had avoided, but which now rose before them, when Macksee caught sight of the enemy's camp. Raising his hand as a signal to stop, he dismounted and disappeared in the tall weeds. Within a few minutes he reappeared and said softly, "All is safe. She sits under yonder trees weaving baskets. Mount and rush forth!" While speaking he leaped upon his horse and dashed away.

Juanita was putting the last touches upon a lavish little affair of beads and willows and was completely lost in her work. She heard no sound until it was too late. The Wood-carvers, galloping forth, surrounded her. From here and there—from everywhere—appeared women, but the riders swung back and held them in the background. She sprang forward as if to flee from the circle, but with a frightened cry fell senseless to the ground. Macksee raised her slightly from the ground and ordered her feet and hands to be bound. The cord was being wound about her ankles when a rustle of disturbed leaves was heard.

"What in ——" inquired Macksee, but he never finished the sentence. Old Joe, having heard Tom's wild order, had assembled his men in the forest and had waited for the opportune moment. A bitter battle followed—partly hand to hand; partly weapon with weapon. Macksee was badly wounded and his men withdrew; but Juanita was left in the embrace of Old Joe.



## COMMENCEMENT SONGS

### ALMA MATER

Tune—"Russian National Hymn"

HELEN M. SMITH, '17

Wide swings the gate of Life, bidding us enter,  
Longing, yet lingering, we draw to the way,  
Sweet Alma Mater, guider and guardian,  
Yield us thy blessing, cheer our new day;  
Sweet Alma Mater, guider and guardian,  
Yield us thy blessing, cheer our new day.

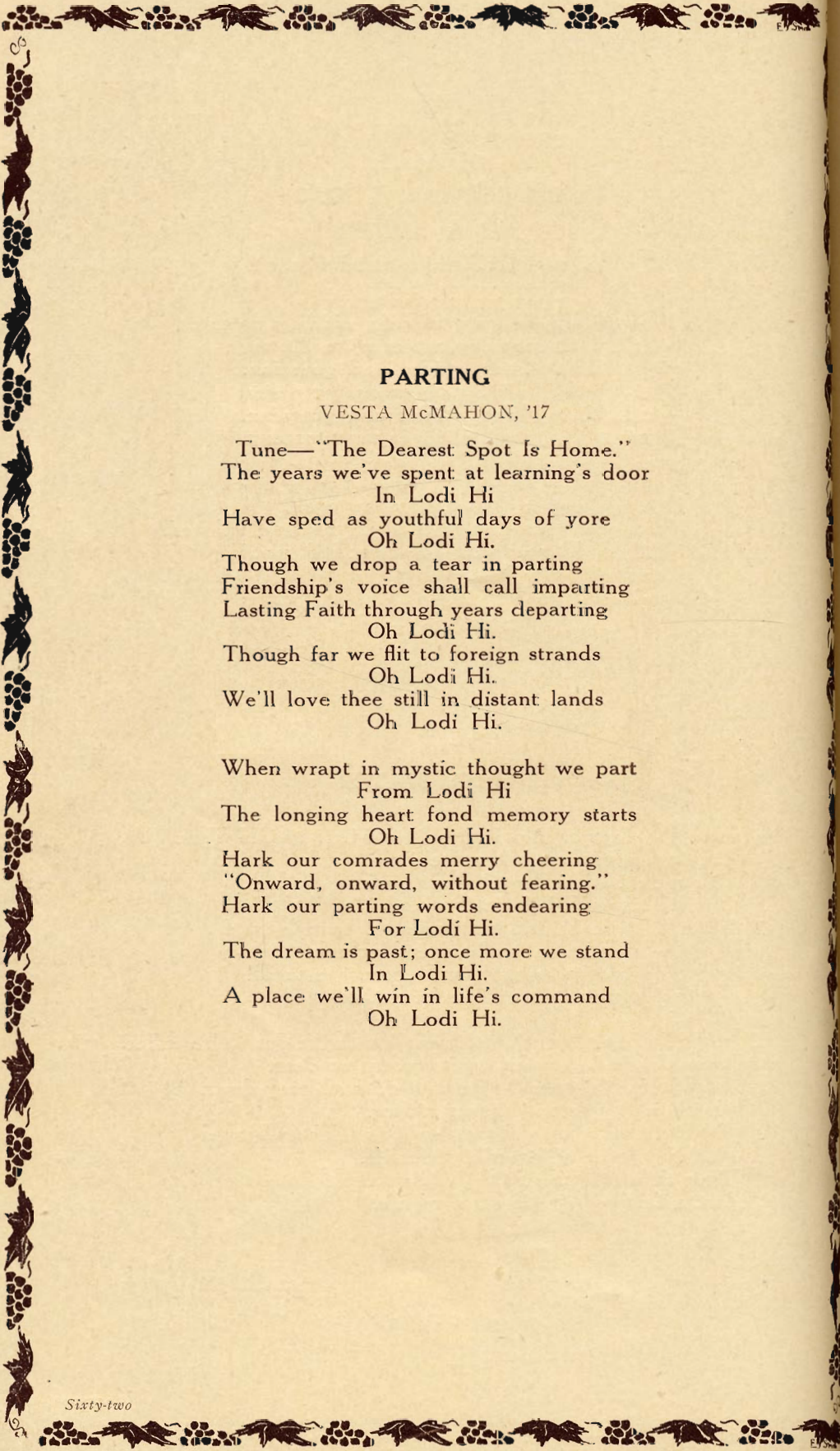
Youth calls with mighty voice, urging us onward,  
E're we depart, Mater, bless us again  
Thou who hast strengthened us, led and uplifted,  
Send forth to service—women and men!  
Thou who hast strengthened us, led and uplifted,  
Send forth to service—women and men!

### ALMA MATER

MAGDALENA KRAFT, '17

How the days swiftly fleet on the wings of Old Time  
Leaving memories golden behind  
Of our dear Alma Mater whose guidance so mild  
Our labors and joys intertwined.  
We will never forget, the truths we have learned  
Though we wander on land and on sea.  
Still lend us thy strength and encourage us all  
As our way now is parting from thee.

With new hopes and new plans for the future we're called  
From thy halls, to our hearts grown so dear.  
Sweet the days seem to be of life's fresh rosy dawn  
Which we enter with never a fear.  
Yet life's lessons are hard, and stern labors attend  
And the fields of a turbulent strife.  
Then defender and guide help us wrest from stern fate  
Just a few of the treasures of life.



## PARTING

VESTA McMAHON, '17

Tune—"The Dearest Spot Is Home."  
The years we've spent at learning's door  
In Lodi Hi

Have sped as youthful days of yore  
Oh Lodi Hi.

Though we drop a tear in parting  
Friendship's voice shall call imparting  
Lasting Faith through years departing  
Oh Lodi Hi.

Though far we flit to foreign strands  
Oh Lodi Hi.

We'll love thee still in distant lands  
Oh Lodi Hi.

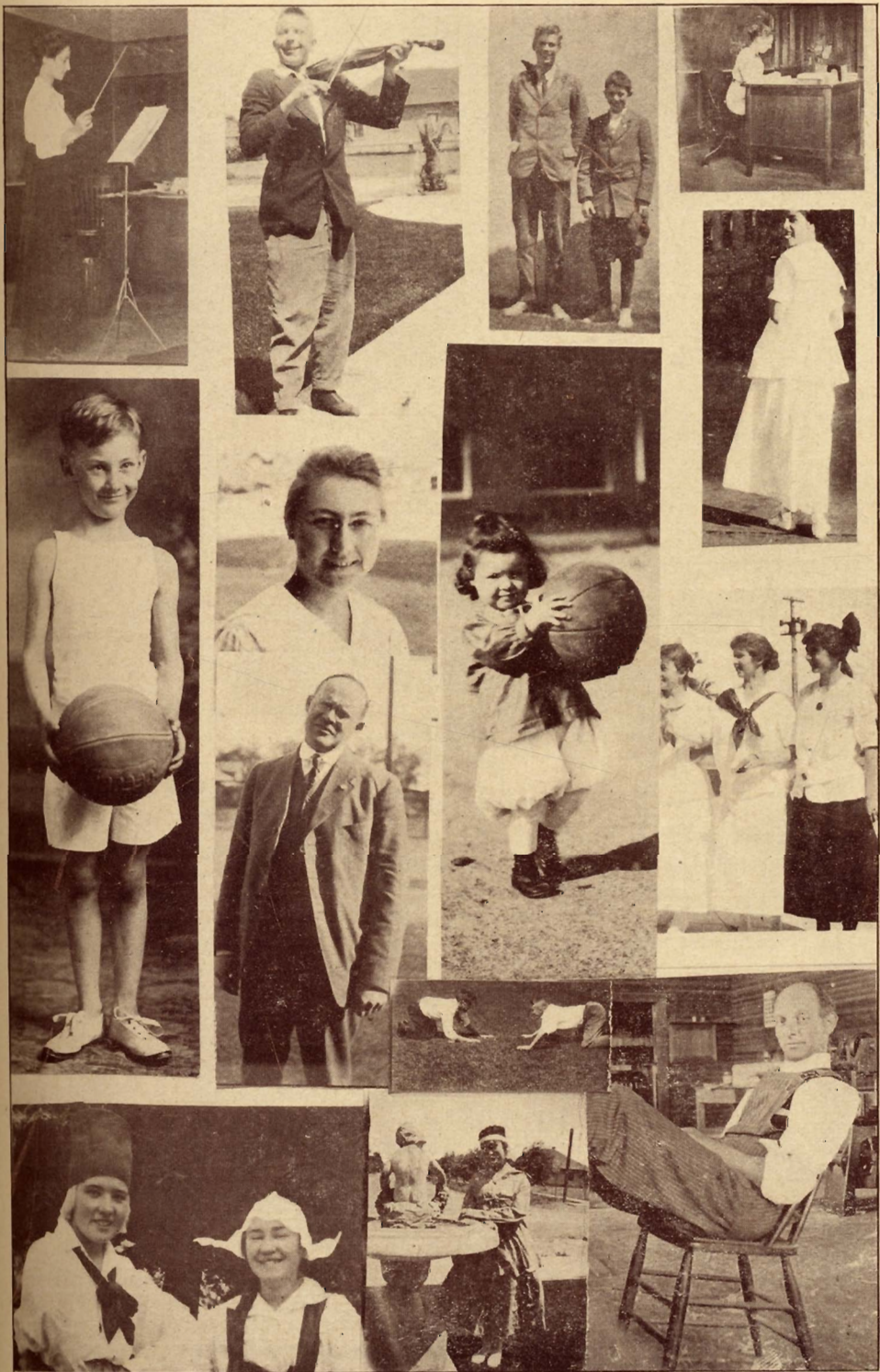
When wrapt in mystic thought we part  
From Lodi Hi

The longing heart fond memory starts  
Oh Lodi Hi.

Hark our comrades merry cheering,  
"Onward, onward, without fearing."  
Hark our parting words endearing  
For Lodi Hi.

The dream is past; once more we stand  
In Lodi Hi.

A place we'll win in life's command  
Oh Lodi Hi.



Snap-Shots