

seeking of the great unseen is a universal tendency. And who shall say it is in vain? In this case it seemed as if God had heard the man's prayer and had answered it. For the clouds suddenly hurled themselves together with a thunder-fit. Jagged lightning flashed across the sky. Night fell, an opaque impenetrable gloom, lit only by the lightning's white path and the lurid flames from the aeroplane guns.

Silently the man in the plane breathed a prayer of thanks. It would now be a battle with the elements but what God had sent for him, surely He would not use against him.

Suddenly the night's dismal blackness was pierced by a red flame. An enemy plane, struck by lightning, was flaming high and falling thru the sky, a midnight meteor making its last journey. Down the blazing mass fell till its fires were drowned by a torrential stream below. As the flames lit up the darkness, so they seemed to illuminate the soul of the man. Now he knew the other planes would turn back, for theirs was a useless pursuit. In that instant of relief his whole life stood vividly before him. He saw his sweet-faced serious mother, Countess Gorlitz, who had instilled in him ideals of democracy; he saw his useless protest against Kaiserism; he saw the beginning of the war when he, with millions of other Germans, had been blinded to the appeal of humanity by an unsubstantial theory of patriotism. He remembered with a shudder the march thru Belgium,—the awful atrocities that had made his blood run cold! He lived again his gradual emancipation from the mental bondage in which Kaiserism had held him, and finally he reviewed the day when the fatal command had come, the order to participate in the raiding of an enemy town, to murder innocent women and children. Ah what a struggle that had been for him! Should he betray his country, or humanity? Should he refuse to obey the command and suffer the death of a traitor with his name branded as one who had failed his fatherland in the time of her need? He recalled vividly that fearful combat of self. Never could he betray Germany,—yet never could he betray the great principles on which the whole moral structure of his nature was based! Only one course seemed open to him,—to tell the officer in command that he would not go with the raiding party; to give the officer time to supply the place left by his default; neither to betray his country or the world. But that course would mean death, the death of a traitor, the death of a man whose principles were considered false and obnoxious; death before he had had time to right himself in the eyes of the world. Then suddenly had come the idea to escape in his aeroplane, to live in a foreign land till his principles had been fully vindicated and he had been purged of the dishonor that would rest upon his name. How eagerly he had seized upon that scheme, how—but suddenly he cut his thoughts short. This was no time to be thinking of past events. The future was staring him in the face. How could he find the home of his friend M. de Vigny in this darkness? How could he find even a landing place? The storm was increasing. The wind howled furiously thru the blackness. The clouds groaned loud and long as they clashed in the sky and the rain beat furiously on the canvassed planes. It would be impossible for one frail airship to remain out alone in this storming sky for any great length of time. Any moment he might hit an air pocket. What should he do?

Even as he was planning to escape it, the catastrophe came. The plane, striking an air-pocket, turned over and tail downward rushed to the earth, shivered into a thousand pieces.

M. de Vigny, sitting in the library of his chateau quietly reading, was startled by a crash directly outside his window, a crash which rose even above the noisome storm. M. de Vigny started. Suppose the favorite tree which he had worried about all winter had been blown

over! He must see into the matter immediately. Taking a light he fared forth into the night but instead of a fallen tree there appeared—a wrecked airplane. And the aviator, where was he? M. de Vigny moved nearer with his light. What was that white spot? He held the lamp near it and started. Could it be—but surely he was not mistaken—this was his old friend Count Gorlitz! A closer examination proved conclusively that this was the count. M. de Vigny shook him. There was no response. He put his ear close to the heart of his friend. There was no perceptible beating. M. de Vigny deftly and sorrowfully began to remove the wreckage from his friend's body. Was he dead?

It was a week later. Count Gorlitz, sitting up in bed for the first time, was in earnest conversation with his friend, M. de Vigny. The count's countenance was pallid from a week of intense suffering, his face was thin and drawn, his fair hair tousled by his constant restlessness. Yet, beneath his deep brow, his blue eyes were kindled with a fire of truth and service and sacrifice, with a light that glowed from his inmost soul, the light of a great vision and a great ideal. "And Jean," he asked of M. de Vigny, "do you think there will be a place for me in the new democracy which will follow this carnage?"

"Count Gorlitz," answered Monsieur Jean, "Of that I am certain. You have shown the world that one German at least is a great man, and the world will find in you a man big enough and true enough, a man with enough of splendid unselfishness to return to Germany during the coming days of reconstruction, there to carry out and promulgate the great ideals of the western peoples which you learned from your mother."

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

Alfrieda Lowe, '20

Majestic height, the freedom of the skies
Held him with their lure. Emblazoned there
He saw his country's call, "For freedom! Dare!"
A call to loose the bonds of earth, to rise.

A daring heart alight with passion's flame,
A free and fearless love of native land
Without reserve he placed at her command,
With will to die if that should serve her name.

The nation watched with fervent wonder filled,
As high above the snow-capped Alps he flew,
And a long lost courage came to them anew,
His patriotic heart a nation thrilled.

A snow of leaflets filtering through the clouds,
His nation's challenge to the waiting foe,
Amazed the gaping populace below,
Awoke alarm in Austria's hostile crowds.

Then home he flew; he swept the heaven's free,
He brought to Italy the victor's heart;
A poet nobly played a warrior's part,
A world acclaimed in joyous ecstasy.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS!

Alma Hibbs, '20

They heard the call of the bugle,
They heeded the beat of the drum,
And Freedom seemed to call them,
"Arise, my noblest. Come."

They answered the call of Freedom,
And bravely shouldered the guns.
They followed the flag to battle,
They faced the fire of the Huns.

No man glanced at his neighbor,
But held 'till the task was done,
Fighting and suffering ever,
'Till the victory was won.

'Twas a victory bought most dearly,
With the lives of precious men.
They gave their all for Freedom,
They died for the rights of men.

Ah! 'Twas a victory dearly purchased
By the noblest blood of the world;
But their names will be ever remembered,
Wherever our flag's unfurled.

Then honor to all our soldiers,
Our soldiers so noble and true!
God bless our boys in khaki,
God bless our boys in blue.

ROOSEVELT

Jack Lyons, '19

Robe in mournful black the nation,
Hush our hymns of pleasure, muffle mirth!
Silent, reverent, deeply grieving,
Mourning myriads own thy sovereign worth.
You who battled for the nation,
Struggled midst the deadly din of war,
Warrior of our home dominion,
Regnant for the right forevermore,—
Statesman whom we love and cherish,
Keeping home fires bright in foreign lands,
Warder of a nation's honor,
Leader of our great crusader bands,—
Great explorer of the darkness,
Nature's secrets both on land and sea,
Author, nature-lover, Christian,
Nations weave a laurel wreath for thee.

For Home and Country

Evelyn Deitrick, '19

Slowly the sense of realization and understanding came creeping back over the man and with a low shuddering sigh he opened his eyes. Where was he? He tried to move his left arm. Ah! now he remembered all. He had volunteered at dusk with five other men to go in search of an enemy position, for a German gun at a very close range had been making remarkably accurate hits and none of their retaliations had taken effect.

They had almost reached their goal when a passing shell burst near them. He remembered seeing two of his comrades fall, and then—all had turned to blackness as though a dark cloud had lowered all around him. He did not know how long he had lain there, for hours perhaps, or it might have been for only a few minutes. He had been snatched from the depths after all. And why? Again he thought of those brave comrades who had volunteered to face death so courageously for their country.

Once more he tried to lift himself the better to get his bearings, but it was too painful. His shoulder throbbed with a dull ache that made him wince and he fell back in utter exhaustion. He could not stay here; that would be folly. He must move but he did not feel equal to the thought even. The third time he lifted himself on his right elbow and set his teeth together, for he had decided at least to make the effort. He pulled up his left leg and pushed himself along worm-like on the uneven ground. A groan escaped him. Another pain in his thigh! But he gritted his teeth and moved on again even at a snail's pace. As he labored on thus, the perspiration crept out on his forehead and his breath was coming in quick short gasps. He could not hold out much longer. "Oh, God! give me strength," he moaned. "I cannot die—now."

Scarcely had he uttered the words when he felt the ground begin to give way under him and he went slipping and sliding headlong into a seemingly bottomless pit. A shell hole! Certainly his prayer had been answered sooner than he had expected. He lay in a sort of stupor until his breath came back to him and he could think clearly again. Even though he had reached the protection of this shell hole, it might be too near the enemy lines for the relief workers to—. What was that? He felt the cold, loose earth again come sliding against him. Some one must be coming. He waited with bated breath not daring to move. Was it friend or foe? He waited an eternity it seemed to him, but he could hear or see nothing.

It was very dark. It must be near morning. Then, as if in answer to his thought, the light of a bursting star shell revealed to him what he wished to see, the thing he had so keenly felt in his presence. It was a German, an escaped prisoner. He saw in that one swift moment that the fellow was unarmed and he noted also what made the blood run riot in his veins. He tried to speak but he was too much overcome for words. In that same moment he knew, also, that he had been discovered; for he saw the German give a quick start. He knew by instinct that the fellow was coming and braced himself as best he could. Then it came! But the German had miscalculated his distance and the blow, instead of striking the injured soldier in the face as had been intended, fell on the wounded left shoulder.

"You American swine!" he muttered between clenched teeth.

With a stifled moan, Albert tried to move away. This was impossible. Then, as he dimly saw the German again preparing to attack

him, he suddenly cried out, "Stop, Gerald! Don't you know me, don't you know your own brother?"

No physical blow could have been more effective. With staring eyes and gaping mouth, Gerald stopped short and looked fearfully at Albert. "You—," he began but broke off shortly to move closer to Albert and gaze searchingly into his face. "Yes," he said, after a long pause, "Yes, Albert, I recognize you now. But what are you doing out here, and alone?"

"That's a long story, Gerald; it doesn't matter now. I've come a long, long way to find you and to deliver a message."

A long silence ensued. Evidently Gerald did not intend to speak, for he stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, still staring at his brother. When Albert realized the difficulty of his task and that the time had come when he must tell his brother, a panic seized him. He tried to think of something to say that would prepare Gerald, but his scattered thoughts would no more collect themselves than the autumn leaves which are whisked from their mother tree and scattered to the four corners of the earth. The silence between the two was like a heavy pall, growing more oppressive and stifling each moment. If Gerald would only speak and not stare at him so steadily. At last when he could endure it no longer, he spoke, scarcely above his breath: "Father is dead, Gerald!"

Instantly Gerald stiffened. His jaws squared, a hard steel glint shone in his eyes, and a dark ominous scowl spread over his whole countenance.

"Albert," he said roughly, "I give you warning, don't anger me now."

"Gerald, I promised father on his death-bed that I would find you."

"What do I care for your promises," retorted Gerald wrathfully. "You should have known me better when you made such a rash agreement. I have never forgiven father."

"Gerald, hear me through, and then judge as to whether you have the right to condemn your father so harshly!"

"My decision shall always be the same, no matter what you say," replied Gerald. "But I will listen to your message."

"Father was never the same after you left, Gerald. Something had gone out of his life. You can never realize how father loved you," he paused brokenly but soon continued, "I am sure that if he ever did you any wrong, he repented long ago, and you were long ago forgiven for your hasty action. He left you his death-bed message of love and forgiveness."

During this passionate outbreak of Albert, Gerald stood motionless; but it was plain to see by the ashen pallor of his face, that he was greatly agitated.

"Soon after father died, I prepared to sail to Germany. We thought you were probably living with uncle and that I should find you here. But before I started, war was declared and I enlisted. It was not long before my division received orders to set sail for France." Albert passed his hand wearily over his brow and slowly and haltingly continued: "Day before yesterday, as you know, we raided your lines; the results you know. Gerald, I caught a glimpse of your face when one of our boys brought you in as a prisoner and I knew you then, but all I saw in your face was the hatred and repulsion you had for an enemy.

"Last night I came out on a reconnoitering party with five other men and, so far as I know, they were all killed. I was so disabled that I couldn't walk, but I managed to crawl to this shell hole and had been here only—." Several times he passed his hand over his

forehead as though he were trying to clear away a mist, and several times he attempted to resume his narrative; but his strength was spent and finally he lapsed into silence. Gerald waited some moments and then as Albert made no sound; "Well, I'm waiting," he said impatiently. Still no reply. He bent over his brother and was startled at the ghastly pallor of Albert's face. Again he spoke to Albert, but receiving no reply, he bent and slightly shook his brother; but there was no response. Albert was quite unconscious.

There was nothing Gerald might do, so he sat heavily down close to Albert, dropped his head in his hands and fell to musing. The heavy grey that usually comes with the dawn began to settle around him but he gave no heed. He was aware of nothing save the battle which was raging within himself. He was not a little disturbed by the new spirit of right which seemed to be usurping the place of the former demons of revenge and hate which had held possession of his soul. Once again he thought of the happy days of his boyhood which had been spent under the fair blue skies of America. Once again he saw his father sitting on the doorstep of their little cottage, contentedly smoking his strong old pipe. How peaceful all had been until that fateful day when he and his old white-headed father had quarreled. What a useless thing was all this quarreling!

For the first time he became aware that dawn was near at hand. What was it he had started to do? Why, of course, he had escaped and was going back to Germany. He picked himself up hurriedly and then catching sight of his brother, he paused. "What would he do, if he did return? More fighting probably. And what would be the outcome of it all? And there was Albert, he couldn't leave him there to die. But then, the fatherland! He had spent his latter years in the land of his father's birth. Was that then not his land also? But no! His father had gone to America. America was the land of his father's choice, the land of freedom, right, and liberty. Then, as if casting the final weight that tipped the balance, came the weak, faltering, delirious voice of Albert, "I—promise—father—father—I'll—win him—back!"

"So be it. America was the land of my father's choice; it shall be mine, also," said Gerald resignedly.

And with the coming of the new dawn, he grasped his brother's hot hand in his and lifted his face heavenward. "Thank God," he murmured reverently, "Thank God, I have been guided to the light."



"CARRY ON"

Lois Hatch, '19

You can hear it in the murmurs of the brook a-down the hill,
You can hear it in the evening when the sun is sinking still,
Hear it whistled in the treetops, hear it shouted, yelled, or sung,
Hear it whispered on the death bed as the mournful knell is rung.
But the time the greatest triumph by these little words was won,
Was the time when Petain shouted, "Carry on," at old Verdun.

WILD FLOWERS

Bessie DeYoung, '20

We gather them to cheer a place of gloom,
To spread the fragrance that is half divine;
We cherish lovingly those dainty blooms,
Their graceful tendrils round the buds entwine.
They flourish well beneath Apollo's smiles,
And from his radiance healthful vigor take
To soothe in turn with soft enchanting wiles
Our hearts, when sadness causes them to ache.
We love them more than blossoms raised by man,
Divinely watched by One we can not see,
Observed, and lov'd, and shielded have they been.
They have no price; their beauty's dole is free.

TO THE OCEAN

Zeripha Smith, '20

Oh cruel-hearted ocean blue
Why can't you be more just and true?
What lures you to your cruel work
As close about our ship you lurk?
You foam and fume, you roar and rage,
You've laid in wait through many an age;
Beneath your cold, unfeeling wave
Lie myriad treasures in their grave.
Your stolen booty is wealth untold,
You've robbed our homes of more than gold,
And those who rode upon your breast,
You ruthless bore 'neath ocean's crest,
Our love, our all. If you only knew
Of the bleeding hearts you've torn in two,
Of the lives you've wrecked, oh ocean blue!

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

Ruth Montgomery, '22

Did you ever hear how the poppies came
To this wonderful state of ours?
Did you ever hear how we came to have
These fields of beautiful flowers?
'Twas long ago, when the earth was new,
That the moon, high up in the sky,
Looked down on the sorrows of earth below
And the moon began to cry.
And everywhere that a tear-drop fell
A golden flower there'd be;
A wonderful, beautiful, golden flower,
That stands for sympathy.
So the years went by, and the poppies grew,
And every year they came—
Till our great, and broad, and glorious state,
Bequeathed them its lovely name.
So when the moon winks down at us,
With its silvery light of cheer,
We know that the silver is mingled with gold,
For it gave us a golden tear.

Wanda

Elizabeth Smith, '20

All night long the storm had raged with unrelenting vigor. The sturdy cyprus trees had been whipped and lashed until it seemed as if they could endure no longer. The writhing ocean at their feet flung its foamy spray far up the steep cliff, while, with every gust of the onswEEPing wind, the world of trees wrathfully answered the deep voice of the rolling seething ocean. Point Lobos was in a turmoil. It seemed possessed of the evil spirit, as wave upon wave rolled higher and fiercer.

But there was no more energy raging on land and sea than within the breast of little Wanda Ponselle, as she slowly made her way towards Carmel Mission. She was furiously angry. Her black eyes snapped, and her breath came in little short gasps as she lived over again the scene of the morning. Why did her father treat her so? Again and again her heart cried out within her against his tyranny. Oh, why hadn't her mother lived, her little Spanish mother, so good and beautiful, whom everyone loved? Her heart longed for the love that only a mother can give.

Then her thoughts went back to her father, the morose, sullen man, who, when neither working nor drinking, would sit by the fireplace, hour after hour, his head in his hands in deep thought. Never once had Wanda known a father's love, or a father's pride and joy in her accomplishments. Yes, she had accomplishments, for she had spent one year at the school where the good Nuns taught the little Spanish and Indian girls how to sew and weave baskets, to read and to write. She could do all these as well as any of the girls, but her supreme joy was her violin. It was the one thing she had that had belonged to her mother, and she cherished it with a divine love.

And now the supreme moment of her life, that which she had anticipated for the last two months, was to be denied her. She had not thought it necessary to tell her father that she had been invited to play at an entertainment to be given at the new Custom House in Monterey. He never took any interest in her affairs anyway. But when she had mentioned it, with a vague hope that she might surprise some glimmer of pride in his face, and had asked if she might not have a new gown to wear, she had been met with a brutal retort and a command that she should not go near the place, or he would smash that fiddle into a thousand pieces. Her pleadings had been in vain, and with an angry toss of her head she had sought refuge in the wail of the storm without. She vowed she would play, then run away from home if necessary.

"I'm not afraid of my father," she told herself defiantly. "Guess I haven't lived with him sixteen years for nothing."

In the blessed sanctuary of the Mission, she poured out her sorrowful tale to Father Murino, her friend and adviser, hoping to get sympathy and helpful advice.

"Why, I've just got to go," she pleaded. "It's a chance in a lifetime. I do want to make good and what opportunity will I have when I have to stay at home forever, at my father's beck and call?"

Father Murino looked at her long and steadily, then, to her surprise answered, "Only the dear God knows what will become of you, Wanda. Your path will be a hard one. If you are determined to play at this entertainment, I am sure Senora Arosco's daughter will lend you a gown, for she has many. Go to her and tell her your story as you have told it to me, and take this note also. But remember the consequences; your father may break your violin as he said."

Wanda gave a short unnatural laugh.

"Not when I'm around," she declared.

The few days preceding the entertainment passed swiftly, and the great night was at hand. Wanda had acted her role perfectly, going about her daily duties as usual, and as yet she knew her father suspected nothing. At six o'clock sharp she crept stealthily from the house and out to the stables. Her heart was a flutter of excitement as she untied her little Indian pony. She had eight miles ahead of her, but the moon would soon be out, and she feared nothing on this night. Her violin had been left at the Senora's, and it was there that she now bravely took her way, over the stones, thru mud holes and dense thickets, up hill and down. But the sturdy little pony was accustomed to such travel, and within an hour Wanda was arraying herself before a mirror in the Senora's villa, in a lovely creamy color, satin gown that set off her dark Spanish beauty to perfection. For the first time in her life she was joyously happy. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled with the thrill and excitement of it.

"I'm a lady at last, a lady at last," her heart sang within her.

An hour later a stooped unkempt figure was seen, standing in the entrance of the auditorium. His posture and strained attitude indicated the absorbed attention he was giving the performer on the platform. Those about him eyed him with contempt and many with hatred; for they all knew the man and despised him. But he was unconscious of them. His eyes were riveted on the beautiful, alluring creature before him. For the first time in years he was living again in the past, and he seemed to smile as the clear, bird like call of his sweetheart floated out to him from windswept Point Lobos. He could see her again, standing on that highest knoll with the foaming ocean at her back, her lovely hair floating about her while her lithe young body gently swayed to the melody of her violin.

Instinctively he was carried forward as the music burst into its last swell of welcome. He was like one lost at sea, swayed hither and thither at the will of the tide. Wanda was exerting every ounce of energy and skill for the triumph of the moment, and the next instant her father was at her feet. The indignant audience rose with one accord, and there were loud cries of, "Put him out!" and "Away with the scoundrel." The music ceased instantly and Ponselle, dazed and frightened as a bewildered child, looked helplessly for a means of escape; but Wanda, with a hysterical cry of joy, fell on her father's neck.

"Oh! Daddy! Daddy!" she laughed and cried in the same breath. "I have been playing for you, just for you, Daddy, and you loved it. I can see it in your face. Oh, just say you loved it, Daddy, and let me play for you again." She clung to him rapturously.

Still bewildered, the father gazed at this radiant creature in the satin gown, alive with the warmth and glow of youth. This was not his beloved wife, and yet it was one very like her! Then, in a flood of emotions that were overpowering, he realized that this was his daughter.

Orlando Ponselle had come into his own at last. For the past sixteen years he had lived a victim of sadness and sorrow, forever mourning the loss of his beautiful wife, and hating the very sight of the child he should have loved. And that child was now standing before him, the image of her mother, and beautiful in the love she bore her father.

Joyfully he faced the audience. The dogged look was gone from his eyes, and he squared his shoulders as the soldier does who goes forth to battle and knows he has a hard fight before him; but knows also that he will be victor.

"OUR MOTTO"
Commencement Song
Lois Hatch, '19

To strive thru all life's journey long
An upward path to keep;
To lend a helping hand and strong
Inspire with purpose deep:
To teach in purity and love
The message from above;
To make the world a service field
Our motto, "Not to yield."

To seek the light of liberty
For all the weak and wronged;
To help this age-old earth to be
A world with brothers thronged;
And as we strive this goal to reach
The law of justice teach;
The sword of courage always wield
Our motto, "Not to yield."

To find the worth of high ideals,
That sway the good and great.
To heed a needy world's appeals;
To break a binding fate.
A worthy wish for true success
That's crowned with happiness
And honor for our guardian shield
Our motto, "Not to yield."

THE LONG WAY
Class Song
Evelyn Deitrick, '19

Time has flown so very swiftly,
Days too soon have fled;
All our tasks have been a pleasure
E'er by kindness led.
Now we've gained this goal of learning
Joy in every heart,
Still there linger tho'ts of sadness, too,
For our ways tonight must part.
Down the harbor we are gliding,
Soon we'll reach the sea;
On life's restless breakers riding
We shall journey far.
Courage, class-mates, never falter,
Tho' the way seem drear;
For the God of Truth is watching o'er,
And his spirit lingers near.

Chorus

It's a long, long way we're starting,
It's filled with sunshine and tears;
Where temptation's charm is lurking
Thru the fleeting years.
But the priceless gifts of knowledge
From Alma Mater so true,
Will guide and cheer us ever,
All our long, long, voyage through.

LIFE'S CALL
(Commencement Song)

Gordon Hatfield, '19

"Onward, classmates, onward,"
Rings the call to life,
We would fain prove heroes,
Conquerors in the strife.
War worn nations bleeding,
Send their pleading call,
Bid us do our duty,
Bid us give our all.

Life's bright pathway lures us,
Lies enchanting still.
Master, Thou must guide us,
Lead us whence Thou wilt!
Eager we are searching
For the truth, the light.
Guide our falt'ring footsteps
In the ways of right.

Realms of hidden knowledge
Lead us on to seek
Truth, the Mighty Master.
Master, wilt Thou speak
To our thirsting spirits
Words that calm the strife,
Till in faith we answer
The highest call of Life!

Chorus

"Onward, classmates, onward,"
Rings the call to life,
We would fain prove heroes,
Conquerors in the strife.

In Lighter Vein

TO THE "BIG FOUR"

Verne Scoggins, '20

To three great men Bill gave a quest,
A mighty nation's call;
To Hindenburg, the biggest man,
The quest of Paris's fall.
Von Tirpitz he gave the German fleet
The English to defeat.
And Ludendorf he kept at home
Invaders all to meet.

His plans were bright we must confess,
But ill the winds did blow,
For Hindenburg, the mighty man,
To Paris could not go.
He ran and fought and ran again,
Until one glorious day,
Out of the trench the Yankees rushed;
Von "Hindy" ran away.

Von Tirpitz was a mighty man
Before the war began.
But now he never stirs from land,
For he's a seasick man.
He's put his fleet in a harbor safe;
He saw no need to fight
He waited for the allied fleets,
To surrender out of fright.

And Ludendorf of wondrous fame,
Known all the world around,
His mighty deeds secure did hide;
They're nowhere to be found.
And these three men did set the pace,
For Germans all to follow,
They led the race a merry chase,
And now they "screech and holler."

So Kaiser Bill has had his fill,
Does naught but weep and wail.
And now he's gone and got in Dutch,
And can't be reached by mail.
He's won a place in history,
The history of defeat.
He's out of date, he's found out late
The Allies "can not be beat."

GWENDOLYN'S QUOIBLES

Mogul Moglowsky, '19

Gwendolyn, standing on a fifty-six story building of Paris, looked below with the dire forebodings of a fearful soul. Should she leap? It was the only chance left. Two years ago that German captain had sworn she should be his. Ah! Only too well did she know how truly he would



Our Trustees and Some of Their Children.

keep his word. If only her Harold were here to protect her! How different then it all would be! As Gwendolyn stood deeply pondering the awful thought of suicide she was suddenly startled by the whirl of an air-plane above her. Instinct told her that her pursuer was nigh.

Glancing up in fearful apprehension she beheld the leering face of the bloated German autocrat, who had followed her all over the world, staring at her from the onrushing machine. She blanched with terror. Her lily-white hand madly clutched her swan-like throat in desperation. A cold sweat poured from her alabaster brow. Oh never should he get her! She would leap! Taking her sweet life in her hands she hurled herself from the building. But even swifter than her fall was the drop of the plane. It swooped down to her falling body and, like a scorpion seizing an unsuspecting sheep, so the cruel Hun reached over and seized the raven tresses of our ill-fated heroine. Alas poor lamb! What was she to do? She was caught in the unrelenting grasp of the wicked victor and dragged into his speeding plane. Then higher and higher they soared. "Ah ha, my Gwendolyn," hissed the beast with diabolical glee. "At last, at last I have thee in my grasp. Didst think thou couldst escape me?"

"Coward," breathed our Gwen through her clenched teeth, "release me or as my Harold lives he shall have his vengeance."

"Harold," cried the Hun in terror; for he knew what a man was our hero. In that instant of her captor's fright Gwendolyn saw her opportunity. She rushed from her seat and clambered to the edge of the wing of the plane, hanging in mid-air from the canvas with only her two sweet hands between life and eternal sleep. It seemed as if any hour she might drop! The agony was intense, the pain fearfully excruciating, but she gritted her pearly teeth and managed to hang on for three hours more. Finally, when she could suspend herself in mid-air no longer, she beheld a white speck sailing below her. Here was her one chance for life! Instantly she withdrew her hands, left the plane, and swiftly floated downward landing on the white airship below.

"Harold," she murmured tenderly to the airman with all the ardor of long suffering affection gleaming in her beautiful eyes, "It is I—Gwendolyn."

"Gwendolyn!" he exclaimed, "in this moment of thy peril I find I love thee. Wilt thou be mine?"

And she wilted.

YE SENIOR ENGLISH CLASSE

(After Chaucer—a long way)

Mogul and the Other Moglowskies

Bifel that in oon seson on a day,
As to the Englissh classe I sought my way,
Ther come unto that ilka class with me,
Ful ten and seven alle in a compaignye
Of sondry folk by cas that had yfalle
In felawschipe; and clerkes were they alle.
A techer was ther solempne but merye,
Ful wys was she and parfit in her serye,
She soong stif burdoon wel I undertake,
Certeyn she was ne leene as is a rake.
A yong carl cleped Henry was in scolle,
His hert brynned lyk a forneys for Viola.
Right digne he was al tymes in his port,
Of grete reverence was his sort.
He hadde a muchel bit of honestee,

His tretys nose tilted was, pardee.
 He war a cote grys and whan he spake,
 His face was fyr-reed as it were shake.
 Ther was a girl y cleped Imogene,
 And it was scathe that ne she was not leene,
 But byg she was of brawn and eek of bonnes,
 Estatlich of manere for the nonnes.
 Brood was her smyling, war she was and wys,
 She was Seint Julian whan she won a prys.
 And also of our lerned felawschipe
 Was Kitty, smal and softe and reed hir lippe,
 Her eyen broun and rollinge in hir heed,
 I seigh she was embrouded whyt and reed.
 To liven in delyt was ever hir wone,
 She was ne holwe and al skin and bonne.
 And Arthur was ther also in that classe,
 As of an aungel hevenyssshly his face,
 His eyen byg and pers, lyk cherubynnes,
 Yet in them pleyed muchel meschief kynnes.
 Trewely he was a sote symple wight,
 And alway slumbered long and soun at nyght.
 Two maydes were as Gladys both y knowe,
 And they were smal but ne were undergrowe,
 Oon Gladys hadde hair of brynnyng reed,
 And brood and lerned was hir whyt forheed.
 The other hadde lokkes crulle and broun.
 Hir voys was smal and of a plesaunt soun.
 Of parfit gentilisse of ther manere
 They were, and sote, kynde, and lyghte of cheere.
 In studie took they alway greet delyt,
 And they were clad in clenesse of pure whyt.
 And ther was Dorothy, smal and softe was she,
 And murier than the murmayde in the see,
 Singinge she was or chitteryng al the day,
 She was as fresh as is the month of May.
 And yet she hadde muchel in hir heed
 Of knowledge, and hir nose was somdeel reed.
 And ther was Olive in our compaignye,
 She wolde smyle or maken melodye.
 Boold was hir face and fair and reed of hewe,
 Sikerly in scolle alle she knewe.
 Hir lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse,
 And gay as eny pecock was hir dresse.
 Her hosen gaylard pers as was hir gown,
 Yellow hir cote and colblak hir gipoun.
 Somtymes was hir gyte glarynge grene.
 At sudden souns she wolde yolle and renne.
 Another lad was ther ycleped Francis,
 A "poker hounde" and frequenter of dances.
 Speckled he was as much as any trout,
 Eek of gay ties and hosen he was proud.
 Evelyn also was ther, swich was she
 As alway were as good as koude be.
 She peyned hir to be par excellence,
 And al hir spech was ful of hy sentence.
 She hadde a tweyfold chin and that was scathe.
 Ramona was ther, leene as is a lathe.
 She wore a dresse red with ruffles goode,

Hir hede was solid but ne was not woode.
 And everywhere she was ful symple coy,
 And shot hir eyen wel at eny boy.
 And Jack ther was; no vileinye he sayde,
 And of his port as meek as is a mayde.
 But quyk he was and hopped in his joy.
 And no—wher—noon was swich a smerte boy,
 That coude so moche of daliaunce and gas.
 A small hond hadde Jack ycleped Jazz.
 The girls him muchel liked I must confesse;
 Of eleven year of age he was, I gesse.
 Ther was a mayde as Lois well y knowe,
 Hir song, entuned in hir nose rowe,
 As maisterie was as koude be.
 Of fat she had ne superfluitee.
 She ben was holden digne of reverence,
 Hir spech was slow and also hir sentence.
 And Sabra ther was and that a worthy girl,
 With lokkes yellow that wolde falle in curl.
 Of alle of harmonaye she was brim fulle,
 And with the facultee she hadde a pulle.
 And Gordon was a lad of conscience,
 His hert he holden digne of reverence.
 And somtymes he wolde smyl by cas.
 His face ne was not cler as eny glas
 But holwe, leene and muchel hard to reede.
 "Of study took he most cure and most heede."



THE CHANDLER CAR

Otto Schroeder, '20

The Chandler is the only car
 That rides with neither bump nor jar.
 Its long springs always take the load
 And ride the bumps of any road.
 It runs on very little gas;
 There's not a car it will not pass;
 It runs as silent as the night
 For it's the car that's built just right.
 The tires will give ten thousand miles
 And this to owners brings the smiles.
 The hood is black and the body blue
 With paint that always looks like new.
 The "one man top" is trim and neat,
 For strength and looks it's hard to beat.
 The Klaxon horn bleats good and loud
 And wins "the way" through any crowd.
 The brakes are good and strongly made
 To hold the car on any grade.
 My "pome's" no good but still I'll try,
 To boost the Chandler to the sky.

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDEE"

(Apologies to Macaulay)

Olive Eklund, '19

"Der Kaiser" Bill of Prussia,
By the Rhine "Gotts" he swore,
That the house of Hohenzollern
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Rhine "Gotts" he swore it,
And like a German hog,
He bade Von Hindenburg advance
Through royal Belgium into France:
At last had come "Der Tag."

And straight through Luxemburg and Rheims
The German horde had come,
And every town and cottage
Was ravaged by the Hun.
"Shame on the traitor German,
Who lingers in the 'States',
When Hindenburg of Prussia
Is near the Paris Gates."

And by the great Seine River,
Was drilling and affright,
From all the neighb'ring country,
The men ran in to fight.
Across the Straits of Dover
Great John Bull did repare,
And came to France with hordes of men,
And cried, "Ye Huns, beware!"

But the heart of France was sad,
And the English plans were vain,
As the Germans kept advancing
Inflicting loss and pain.
"The Grays will conquer Paris,
To London, then, they'll go
Unless we find a general
To crush this war-mad foe!"

Outspake a noble Frenchman,
'Twas Marshal General Joffre,
"For home, and for my native land,
My service, I will offer.
In yonder woods a million
We'll surely stop! Oui! Oui!
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And save humanity?"

Up came our brave Italia,
John Bull then strutted out;
He cried, "Why, comrades, don't you know
We'll put the foe to rout!"
So they started digging trenches,
And the Germans using gas;

They nearly broke the Allied lines,
Who cried, "They shall not pass!"

There were three long years of fighting,
And reserves were getting low—
When came the yelling Yankees
And rushed upon the foe!
They were mighty men for fighting,
And they pushed the frightened Hun,
Till Von Hindenburg decided
That the Huns would better run.

So the Boches started fleeing,
And the Yankees followed on;
And when they got to Germany
They found the Kaiser gone.
The Yankees drew their bayonets,
The Prussians found it handy,
To stand and grin and loudly sing,
"Here's Yankee Doodle Dandee!"



JOHNNY'S DOLLAR

Eunice Morris, '22

Little Johnny found a dollar
While coming home from school one day;
"Now," he said, "I'll have a fortune,
For I'll plant it right away.

"Every day I'll give it water,
And I'll tend it with great care;
And I guess before the winter,
It will many dollars bear."

Day by day he watched and waited,
Thought of nothing else beside;
Day by day was disappointed,
Not a sign of growth he spied.

Finding out her son's sad secret,
Johnny's mother to him said,
"Dig this dollar up you buried,
In Thrift Stamps invest instead,

"To that use if you will put it,
Goodly seed you then will sow;
And ere many months are ended,
Trust me, you will see it grow."