



LITERARY

# Apollo and Daphne

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## PRIZE POEM

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Alta Ruff, '23.

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Apollo taunted Cupid small,  
Love vowed he would repay,  
And to Apollo's heart he sped  
An arrow on its way.

Gay Daphne dancing in the wood,  
Enchanting, sweet and fair,  
Attracts the love-lorn son of Jove,  
While she is skipping there.

"Oh wait! Oh wait! Sweet Daphne, wait!"  
But she, in fright, has fled;  
For Cupid to her heart has sent  
An arrow tipped with lead.

O'er mound and grassy vale they speed,  
By brook and hill and lea;  
Gains he; gains she; with panting breath  
He cries, "Oh wait for me!"

"I am a god; thou wilt have all  
Thy heart can ask and more,  
If you will be Apollo's bride!"  
She speeds her feet still more.

"I cannot stay, I love you not!"  
Her strength is ebbing low.  
She stumbles on a fallen tree,  
Her father calls she now.

"Oh father! Thou hast told me once  
No man need I to wed!  
Keep thou this promise; save me, sire!  
Oh, would I now were dead!"

Where are those dancing laughing eyes?  
Where is that golden hair?  
They're gone. A mournful laurel tree  
Alone is standing there.

Now all ye lovers take ye heed,  
And listen close to me,  
Oh, trifle not with Cupid's darts  
Lest one of them pierce thee.



# Smoldering Fires

PRIZE STORY

Bessie Closson, '23.

Ramonez De Menea was a citizen of the United States, inasmuch as he had been born ten miles north of the boundary line between Texas and Mexico. Beside being a citizen of the United States, he was a senior in a certain obscure little Texas college—a shark at his books, and the pride of the school on the gridiron. His English was perfect, his hair was brushed into a sleek pompadour, he equalled all and excelled some of his classmates in the use of the most up-to-date slang and much preferred to be called Raymond. Everybody treated him as an equal, everybody envied his prowess in the football field, and one admiring student had once remarked that he simply gobbled up Vergil and actually seemed to digest it. This amazing capacity endeared him immeasurably to the all-suffering faculty, and altogether he had a standing in the school to which any blond, blue-eyed descendant of the Pilgrims might well have aspired.

"He was born not far from here and he's always been among white people so he really isn't any more of a Mexican than the rest of us except in looks," his friends always explained to everyone who would lend an ear, not that it was at all difficult to find an appreciative listener to the praises of the dusky captain of the eleven. There was, on the contrary, something very striking in the countenance of the tall Mexican lad. Then, by way of backing up this seemingly incredible statement, Raymond's admiring friends would tell the following convincing incident:

In his sophomore year, Raymond had belonged to a class in history. The instructor, hoping to arouse the lagging energy of the students, had suggested that they make a collection of foreign weapons. On the day of the grand exhibit Raymond had produced a long, sharp-pointed stiletto. "Yes, it's interesting," he had remarked smoothly, balancing the little dagger on his hand after everyone had inspected it, "but deucedly heathenish. It might be all right for a half-civilized Mexican, but not for a self-respecting citizen of the United States!" The scornful stress which he laid on the name of his parents' kinsmen had quelled the laugh that might have arisen over the hackneyed phrase and made every hearer ashamed of ever having thought of him as a Mexican.

But one day Raymond received a letter bearing the post-mark of a small Mexican town a score or so of miles beyond the border. It was written on coarse paper in a crooked, almost unintelligible hand with spelling which would have been shameful in a first grader.

Yet the illustrious senior sat for a long time contemplating it with a greedy light in his greedy eyes and finally tore the paper into tiny bits and hastily began preparations for a journey. He left a note saying that he had gone to see a dear friend who was critically ill in northern Texas.

But, strange to say, he arrived late that afternoon at the town from which the letter had come. And as soon as darkness had fallen, a tall, masked figure rode out across the mesa.

The next morning's paper turned the usually quiet school into a state of angry turmoil. Its glaring headlines announced that an American rancho had been raided by a band of Mexicans. The details given in the columns below very few of the excited students stopped to read. A certain fraternity was for marching into Mexico at once and was only induced to abandon the desperate plan after a long and serious talk from the president.

Two of the boys were discussing the sensation of the day in their room. "Look here!" one of them ejaculated suddenly, "doesn't it look a little bit

queer to you that this should happen just when old Ramonez is away, especially when he knows so much about the country around this ranch?" "Oh, rats!" indignantly replied the other, "he wouldn't do anything like that! He's as decent a fellow as there is in this college, even if he IS a Mexican."

"Well, maybe you're right," the suspicious boy conceded reluctantly, "but it's my opinion that a Mexican is a Mexican any old time!"

And he was right. The smoldering fires of Mexican iniquity had burst forth into flame at last. They soon subsided, however, for a few days later the sorrowing Ramonez returned with the news that his friend had died, bequeathing to the fortunate senior his little horde of savings.

This kindness on the part of the deceased accounted very nicely for the sudden improvement of the finances of Ramonez De Menea.

Oh, yes, Ramonez De Menea was a citizen of the United States. He'd been born ten miles north of the border.

### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Maurice Hill, '20.

Beside a forgotten road it stood,  
A quaint old rambling house of wood,  
'Twas covered with vines that interlaced,  
And towering trees closed 'round the place.  
Deserted, yet it seemed to me,  
Beautiful in antiquity.  
A pastoral scene of peacefulness,  
A scene of quiet, calm and rest.  
Springtime clothed the secluded spot  
With clover and forget-me-nots.  
Inside the now be-weeded yard,  
Two lilac trees burst buds and flowered;  
And 'round the now untrodden way,  
Peeped flowers of a former day.  
Bridal wreath and myrtle blue,  
By path, in great profusion grew;  
Weeping willows waved their bright  
Plume-like branches in the light.  
Wild canary trilled his best  
From his airy gable nest,  
And butterfly and moth flew by,  
To paint themselves against the sky.  
But soon, the humming of the bee  
Brought sudden drowsiness to me.  
And finding a queer old rustic seat,  
I fell asleep in my fair retreat.  
When last I 'woke, departing day,  
In lights subdued, around me lay.  
I sat there, quite content to dream,  
To watch the sun on gable, beam.  
And dreaming, fancy spread its wings,  
And glories of a past did bring.  
But silence reigned about the place,  
And I, a stranger, could not trace  
The mystery of the old abode,  
Set picturesquely off the road.  
So picking up my hat, I wended  
My way where shade and sunlight blended.  
Then passing through the open gate,  
I left the place to years and fate.



# Paying Back April Fool Tricks

Velma Lowe, '22.

Today's April Fool's, and, believe me, I intend to pay some o' the people back that played tricks on me last year," Rob McFarland said to himself with a sly look out of the corners of his eyes.

As he came through the back door, he noticed that his sister had been stirring up a cake, and, upon being interrupted by a knock at the front door, had left the cake-batter on the pantry table. "Here's my chance for a good joke on sis. I guess I haven't forgotten that box of candy she gave me last year, flavored with quinine. I'll just give her cake a nice dose of pepper." So he picked up the can and shook a liberal amount into the cake-dough. "I'll stir it up so she won't notice it. It's a good thing it's a dark cake. Ha! Ha! She won't give me any more boxes of candy flavored with quinine."

He heard his sister coming, so he left the pantry quickly. Then he tried to think of some way to play a trick on his brother, Melvin. "I know what I'll do to pay Melvin back, I'll turn his calf out. When he discovers it, he'll have a nice job getting it in again."

On his way to the corral, Rob passed through his patch of corn which he had carefully tended, in hopes of earning enough money from it to buy himself a much-longed-for rifle. The calf was very glad to get out, and Rob left it peacefully grazing by the roadside.

Just then his mother called him and said that she wished him to go to town to get a loaf of bread. When he was riding down the street on his bicycle, Rob met one of his chums, who informed him that Mrs. Wiggins, a little old lady whom none of the boys liked, was coming down the street, and that he wanted Rob to help him play an April Fool's trick on her. Mrs. Wiggins had just been shopping, and was laboriously carrying a large number of packages and bundles.

"Good stunt," commented Rob, "it'll serve her right for squealing on us for taking some of Mr. Morris' cherries."

"Let's pin a long string onto one of her packages," suggested Bill, Rob's chum.

"Yes, and when she gets down the street a ways, we can jerk the string and the packages will fall down. She won't know what made it fall, and she's so near-sighted she can't ever see the string," Rob said.

"You'd better tie the string on, 'cause I'm too fat, and you can do it quicker than I can," Bill suggested.

"All right, I'll do it. It'll pay her back for making me recite the 'Landing of the Pilgrims' last time she saw me."

As Mrs. Wiggins approached nearer, the boys hurriedly hid behind a bill-board, where they prepared a string sufficiently long for their purpose. When Mrs. Wiggins had passed the bill-board, Rob stealthily crept from his hiding place, with the string in one hand. He was just preparing to tie the string onto a large package when Mrs. Wiggins unexpectedly turned around and faced him.

"Why, what a nice little boy!" she exclaimed with a smile on her face. "I was just wishing I had someone to carry all these packages. It certainly is nice of you to want to carry them for me."

Rob sheepishly took the packages as she handed them to him. All that long weary way to Mrs. Wiggins' house, Rob toiled with the burden of heavy packages. To make matters worse for Rob, Mrs. Wiggins kept praising and complimenting him, and he could hear the low, derisive whistle of Bill, as he followed close behind. Rob left the house hurriedly when he had finished his

painful task. He noticed that Bill was busy talking to someone, so he hurried off without Bill's seeing him.

When Rob reached home, his mother asked him why he had taken as long as he had. "Your Uncle John has just taken Melvin on a fishing trip. They waited for you almost half an hour, and Uncle John decided he couldn't wait any longer, so he went without you. It's too bad you missed the trip, because you would have had a fine time, and Uncle John had his new machine, too." Rob felt that even the experience with Mrs. Wiggins had been nothing compared with this disheartening news.

At the dinner-table, Rob's already numerous troubles were added to by a statement from his father that someone had left the gate to the calf's pen open and that the calf had gotten into Rob's patch of corn and had eaten a large number of the young stalks. Rob knew that he had never felt as miserable at any time as he did then.

When the cake was put onto the table, Mr. McFarland was the first to take a piece. "Who made this cake?" he asked. When Rob's sister said that she had made it, Mr. McFarland said, "It's certainly a fine cake; I always liked lots of cinnamon in cakes."

"That's queer," said Rob's sister, "I don't remember of putting any cinnamon at all into the cake."

"You're a queer one, not remembering what you put into what you cook," commented Rob's father.

Rob left the table without eating any of the cake. "I don't believe I'll ever play any more April Fool's tricks," he said to himself gloomily.

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## THE SIERRAS

Marvin Frankhauser, '21.

Up in the high Sierras  
There I like to roam,  
Up in those high mountains  
I'd like to have my home.

In between the mountains  
Are golden poppies spread,  
And the Shasta daisies  
Form a snow white bed.

Early in the morning  
As the sun comes o'er those hills,  
You can hear the whispering pine trees  
And the murmuring mountain rills.

You can hear the twittering song-birds  
Or the neighing of a horse,  
You can hear the rushing river  
As it takes its lonely course.

You can hear the crows a-calling  
And the quail with call so sweet,  
You can hear the noisy chipmunks  
That make the scene complete.

And then again in the evening  
When the sun shines in the west,  
There's a something in the darkness  
That brings unbroken rest.



# Cardoza Voltolini

Bessie De Young, '20

Little eleven year old Cardoza Voltolini was not by any means a perfect little boy. He was called by many of his acquaintances, "the brat." He played everyday about in the dirty streets of the slums of Chicago, stealing rides and apples as boldly as the rest of his companions.

One day Cardoza was hanging on to a heavy shifting truck of boxes, impudently sticking his tongue out at the other children, and looking like a monkey, dirty and totally unaware of any danger. A sudden lurching of the truck, a smashing of the crosspiece to which Cardoza hung, a thud of a body on the pavement, and immediately a great crowd had gathered about the boy. The truckdriver was met by a torrent of words in English and Italian. "You breakada my arm. I killa you!" Cardoza shouted as he sat up, wincing from the terrible pain in his arm. So Cardoza was forcibly taken away in an automobile and put in the hospital ward.

As he sat up in his neat white bed in the free ward, cleaned up and his arm dressed, he thought of the events of the last few hours. He was angry because his arm hurt him, angry with the truck driver, angry with the nurse in blue and white, whom he could see at the other end of the ward. She had hurt his arm when she had dressed it and had smiled a sad little smile when he had called her names, bad as he knew. After he had torn off the bandage with his free hand, the nurse had scolded him. "Sassy nois!" he had shouted at her, "you likada truck man, I killa heem, I killa you."

The doctor's inquiry from the boy about his parents and home brought this answer, "My mamma she doa da wash, she gotta da sivin keeds, she no care I breaka da arm." However the doctor notified the mother, and after receiving no message or visit in reply, he decided that Cardoza's mother did not care.

A week went by and Cardoza's language to the "sassy nois" was less harsh. He watched her unceasingly, with his eyes fixed dreamy like on her face. One day when she gave him a drink, he said, "I likada you. You maka me feel good here," and he pointed to his heart. The nurse smiled quietly, realizing only too well that pang of lonesomeness.

Cardoza was well and the time for his return home journey was near. He hated to leave his "Noissy" as he now called her. She had helped him when the quiet and the loneliness of the ward made him nervous. She had helped to fill that lonely gap in his heart which longed for a visit from his mother, brothers, sisters, or companions, a visit which never came.

The car was waiting, his "Noissy" was helping him into his clothes for his homeward journey. "Noissy," he said, "I gonna marry you when I get a da be big man," and he put his tiny brown hand as high as his "Noissy's" head.

"All right, Cardoza," said the nurse, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes, "and Cardoza, remember that you must grow up to be a fine, big, clean man." She gave him a picture of herself in her trim uniform.

"Cardoza will," he told her as he straightened his shoulders, "and noissy, here." He was gone and she found in her hand, a top, almost new, which she had often seen him fingering. She put it in her blouse, knowing what a sacrifice it had been, and hoping that Cardoza's sojourn in the hospital would make a bright spot in his life, even though he did return to the slums. Knowing Cardoza Voltolini, we are certain it did.

## THE ONLY ONE LEFT

Jessie Lauchland, '21.

In the midst of the ruins of a small French town,  
There stands an apple tree;  
Which gives forth leaves as the spring comes on,  
And blossoms to scent the breeze.

It was once an old French peasant's pride,  
And stood mid the hollyhocks  
In a quaint little garden of flowers gay,  
With curiously winding walks.

But now the village in ruins lies,  
The peasants have gone away,  
And only the apple tree sturdily stands  
Still blooming beside the way.

## IN THE VALLEY OF SAN JOAQUIN

Melvin Sanguinetti, '21.

There lies in vineyards green and fields of wheat  
'Neath orchards' grateful shade, a land of dreams  
Of such as none may find elsewhere but seek  
In truth; 'tis called the Valley of San Joaquin.  
In shiny beams of light the sun oft streams  
In winding rivers and meadows green, on oaks  
Of gnarled and bending limbs, on housetops gleams.  
Now sinking low in western sky in cloaks  
Of wondrous color over nature's greatest scope.

## THE HALL CLOCK

Eunice Morris, '22.

Who knows the thoughts of the hallway clock,  
From where we stand below?  
Its measured beat of tick, tick, tock,  
Is musical and slow.

What does it think of the pupils' talk,  
When they come crowding in?  
If freshmen stop as by they walk,  
Awed glances would it win.

Then, too, some pupils hurry by;  
Who knows it watches them?  
It hears them laugh or even sigh;  
Perhaps it smiles at their whims.

No one can tell of this sage old clock,  
As it stares, and stares, and stares,  
That e'en, although it seems to mock,  
It may have worries and cares.

Who knows the thoughts of the hallway clock,  
From where we stand below?  
Its measured beat of tick, tick, tock,  
Is musical and slow.



# Black Swamp

Alfrieda Lowe, '20.

Hugh Fitzgerald was slowly pacing down a little used railroad track, situated in the midst of his uncle's vast pasture acreage. He was an enthusiastic young graduate lawyer, ready to start practising as soon as this, his vacation, was past. He was thinking first of one thing, then another.

Before him stretched the vast pasture lands, dotted here and there with a few lonely cows, the stretch of green broken only by a few alkaline spots. He was in quest of an alkaline pond which his uncle had called Black Swamp, and described vaguely, as impressive. The young man wondered where the pond could be. He could see no trace of it, yet he could not be lost, for the rails, lying straight ahead for miles, guided him.

Then he thought of his future. He saw in imagination a wealthy, complacent, middle-aged figure sitting in a comfortable office in an easy swivel chair, doing only the most important part of the office work, and known to the public as a just, agreeable lawyer. This man of vision bore a distinct resemblance to himself. This was Hugh's dream and aim for his future.

Suddenly he became aware of a great black lake lying before him, as if the plain had sunk away in an instant and the water had appeared silently, swiftly, with supernatural aid. He felt startled, in spite of the fact that reason told him he had not been able to see the lake before because it was on a lower level than the plain.

The uncanny feeling doubly impressed him when he saw a lonely man with a long pole digging, digging in the black water. The dark, bent figure seemed to harmonize with and intensify the loneliness of the scene.

The young lawyer tried to shake off this fear. Several times a word of address arose in his throat, but each time it was suppressed. When, at last, he forced himself to speak, "Who are you?", his voice rang, loud and clear, echoing from the pond.

The little old man raised his trembling brown eyes and spoke in a small, nervous voice, "Oh, sir, I am a criminal, a dangerous man."

Hugh looked at him and immediately sensed a mystery. He could not imagine this innocent, timid little creature as a criminal.

"Why do you dig here?" he asked.

"I have always felt that there is something here which will mean a lot to me," said the man after a moment's hesitation. Rather disconsolately he added, "Perhaps it is only a dream which makes me think so, I have never found anything yet."

"Tell me more about it," invited the lawyer kindly, since the little old man seemed confidential.

His memory did not seem very clear, but Hugh gathered from the old man's words and his own, that the man had once been a promising young fellow with high ambitions and ideals. But a blow had come into his career by an accusation of murder and the robbery of a large sum of money. He had fought the accusations, but he had no money, no friends. The burden of circumstantial evidence had weighed him down. Even though there was not enough evidence to punish him by law, he shrank from the accusing looks and the hard feelings of the public. Some intuition, or some revelation which lay hidden in his brain had guided him to this swamp. Here he had spent a great deal of time, loving solitude. Gradually he had reached his present state of mind. He did not know whether he had committed the murder or not. In any case, he was bearing the consequence.

The lawyer was deeply moved by the man's pitiable plight. He got his address, and decided to look further into the matter. He reasoned that perhaps the man's digging was not an idle fancy.

"I'll have the swamp drained, and leave no stone unturned to help the



poor old man," he kept saying on the way home. He was thinking of the joy and happiness of the old man, if he could only be set free.

The swamp in due time, was drained. It was gone over, worked upon. Finally the happy Hugh was rewarded with the discovery of a small heavy box. Feverishly he tore open the lock, to find the supposedly stolen gold coins in the box and among them this note from the wealthy man—"I have found by bitter experience that money is not worth while in life. Money covers the real chances and the real opportunities. I bury this box in the hope that never again will it ruin a life. If it should be found, may the money be put to a good purpose. I cannot bear to live with this thought in mind, I will commit suicide in order to leave no trace of this worthless———."

Hugh found the little old man. He told the story with joy in his heart. But the man looked at him dazed. "What! You mean that I didn't murder the man! That I didn't take the money!"

"Just think! You are free!" exclaimed Hugh.

"No! No!" The little old man shook his head. "After all, the swamp could not help me. It is too late now."

Too late! The realization came over Hugh that he was speaking the truth. The man had already suffered the penalty of a murderer, never could he be freed. His life, his aim, his ideals were crushed, never to be restored.

It was growing dusk. Hugh was sitting on the shore of the empty swamp. A new realization had come over him of the responsibility of one human being to another, and especially of the responsibility of a lawyer. He thought of his dream of a few days before. That dream had expanded now. He no longer desired to be wealthy or at least to glory in wealth. The fate of the rich man had taught him that, and he no longer desired to live a life of ease. No! He would fight the wrongs of humanity. He would spend his life to keep away such a destruction as had come over his friend. The fate of a human soul was infinitely more important.

There lay the box of gold by his side. What of that? Use it to a good purpose? How? He did not know just how but he would use his influence to have the money spent to help the growth of human souls. Perhaps a university could be founded with it.

These thoughts occupied the mind of the young man as he sat there with the lonely swamp bottom and the draining machines before him, picturesquely lit up by the last glow of the setting sun.





## THE OLDEST LIVING THINGS

Jessie Lauchland, '21.

Nestled in the vales of the high Sierras,  
Nurtured by winter's snow,  
Remote in the vast mountain areas  
The giant Sequoias grow.

The first to feel the morning's light,  
With her warm and rosy beams;  
The last to bid the sun good-night,  
By the stars' silvery gleams.

While the Egyptian pyramids were rising in height  
Centuries before Christ's time,  
A tiny seed was struggling for light,  
In this far unknown clime.

Oh, for the history those old trees could tell  
Of the primeval days of old!  
They only murmur to the needle-strewn dell  
The tale they have to unfold.

Along the paths so dim, so still,  
Beneath the god-like pillars  
We stroll as though an old cathedral  
Described in ancient bards.

## THE STAIRS OF CARMEL

Ruth Montgomery, '22.

The steps of rock are worn and cracked,  
That lead to the copper bell;  
Those sun-baked, wind-swept, mist-touched, stairs  
On the side of old Carmel.

Long ago in the bygone days,  
Before this land was free,  
They were trod by the patient feet of priests  
As they counted their rosary.

And then they faced a wilderness,  
And behind them was the sea,  
And blood was shed, and lives were lost,  
To keep them for you and for me.

But now, the priests have deserted and gone,  
Why should they longer stay?  
And the walls that protected them long ago  
Are fallen and gone to decay.

But they need not the walls, nor protectors brave,  
For they have no cause for fears;  
They may lie and dream of the long-past days,  
Through the sun-kist, peaceful years.

## ARBOR ROSES

Maurice Hill, '20

What is this upon the arbor  
Twining gracefully about,  
With its buds and tinted blossoms  
Weaving figures in and out?

Why, they're roses, fresh and pretty,  
With a perfume all their own,  
And their dewy petals falling,  
Fly on fitful breezes blown.

Shall I tell you where to find them,  
So that you may see them too?  
Why, they're at Lodi High School;  
Now my secret's known to you.

## A FAIRY RETREAT

Maurice Hill, '20

A silver fountain sends its spray  
In a miniature lake of blue,  
A robin sends its carol forth  
From the self-same garden too.  
Pale, soft beams of shimmering moonlight  
Cast a sheen on the tiny fount;  
A gold fish leaps above the brink,  
A rose-bud droops to drink.

From far, the strains of music sweet  
Come from haunts, I know not where,  
And its melody so rich and soft,  
Fills the evening air.  
Just an old, old-fashioned garden  
Long forgotten by us all,  
Yet, perhaps the elves and fairies  
Come to dance on the garden wall.

## THE TOKAY

### "A Capital Ship"

A capital book for a cosy nook  
Is the Tokay annual,  
No trouble that came destroyed her name,  
Or harmed this manual,  
The staff was made not to feel afraid  
Of the hardest tasks that came,  
So the Tokay now is making its bow  
As the greatest book of fame.

Chorus:

Then boost her, boost her high,  
And make all Lodi buy;  
No more we'll say that the old Tokay  
Does not our work repay;  
We've found this to be true,  
That others like it too;  
So we want to make this  
One they should not miss  
And we need your help to-day.

Isabel Tucker, '23.



# El Capitan

Elizabeth Smith, '20.

"My goodness, old fellow, do you hear that wind? Enough to tear the house down if it wasn't made so strong, isn't it?"

El Capitan believed it was, but he didn't say so. He merely continued to lie by the fire with one eye shut and the other blinking drowsily. What did he care for the wind and rain? He was tired after the day's hunt and he would just as soon the storm would rage, so long as it didn't bother him. But he was not a lazy dog; certainly no one would think that, if he had watched him for any length of time caring for his master's large flock of sheep, taking the place of four ordinary dogs. Once he had caught a hungry wolf prowling near his flock, but he soon made short of it.

El Capitan was an immense, beautiful dog. He came from a long line of fine, Scotch shepherd dogs; he was wolf-like in build, with tapering muzzle and long, fluffy tail. He was proud of this pretty frill of fluffy hair on his chest and neck, and no one could blame him sometimes for exhibiting a little vanity. In Pedro's spare moments he had taught him several tricks, but the most useful of these was that of watching his flock of 2000 sheep.

Pedro's father had bought El Capitan's grandmother on a certain trading vessel bound for Spain, and now El Capitan, the last of that line, belonged to Pedro, and he was proud of it. Pedro had always treated him kindly, not like some masters El Capitan had seen, who whipped their poor dogs for any small grievance.

El Capitan watched his master now as he cleaned his gun and his heart swelled with pride to think he belonged to such a handsome man. For Pedro was handsome with his great, dark eyes and shining black hair, a fine type of Spaniard.

The dog could well remember when Pedro and he had lived in a lonely villa in Southern California. And he could also remember the last time he had seen his master with the pretty vivacious little Senorita Chiquita. The young American had been with her just a short time before, and to El Capitan's dismay, had kissed her just when his master appeared on the scene. There had been a heated conversation, and then Pedro and El Capitan had left the comfortable villa and had come north where it was not always warm like the south. The dog huddled closer to the fire as he now thought of it. His master seldom smiled. El Capitan tried in his own way to sympathize with him and he helped better than he knew.

"Well Cap, old man," spoke Pedro again, "my gun is cleaned so I reckon I'll be gettin' along to bed. Coming? Say, wish that wind wouldn't howl and moan so out there. Makes a fellow sort o' lonesome. Eh, Cap?"—this last rather wistfully for all the bitterness was gone, now. Pedro was tired of this cold, rough life and he would gladly have returned home, had not his pride forbidden it.

He crossed the room and opened the door, but, as he did so, a blinding flash of lightening blazed in his face; then followed a peal of thunder. He rallied in time to hear a faint, human cry, above the storm of rain and hail that followed the thunder. With one bound El Capitan was by his side, his ears pricked, his body quivering in every muscle.

"Rready, Cap," commanded Pedro, and like a flash the dog dashed into the darkness.

It was useless to follow in the dark, so Pedro went into the cabin, lit his lantern, and then started to follow the dog. But suddenly Cap appeared out of the darkness and with a low cry, crouched at his master's feet.

"Why, what is the matter, Partner?" asked Pedro in amazement.

But the dog would not move even when Pedro stooped to stroke his head and call him endearing names. Finally his master started to leave him.

Then El Capitan slowly arose and, with tail drooped followed in a downcast and dejected manner. Then as Pedro didn't know the way and El Capitan saw his determination, he bounded off in another direction.

By the dim light of the lantern Pedro started to examine the tense figure of a man with a bundle in his arms. The man appeared to be in great agony. But when Pedro saw his face, he shrank back with a cry as if he had seen a ghost of the dead instead of reality. There before him was the American who had stolen his little Chiquita. El Capitan had known and had tried to prepare him but had failed. The man was writhing in pain and at intervals groans came from his lips. But there was no pity in the heart of Pedro. Let the hated American suffer. Could it half compare with the suffering Pedro had undergone?

But El Capitan had noticed the bundle in the man's arms move slightly. He sprang to it, clutched it firmly in his mouth, and brought it to his master's feet. Pedro felt a warm nose burrowed in his hand, and a great, furry body rubbed against his own. At last his attention was attracted to the bundle. He pulled aside the folds of flannel and to his amazement saw the face of a child of about three years, with black wavy hair, curling softly back from flushed cheeks and blinking, drowsy eyes. It gave a sleepy little yawn and then saw the face of Pedro bending over it; but instead of exhibiting fear, its tiny rose-bud lips curled into a delightful smile of welcome.

"Why, you poor little kid!" exclaimed Pedro softly, "where could that man have been taking you on a night like this?"

"Daddy" the little lips formed the words distinctly. Then they trembled. "Tita wants her mama." The child was on the verge of tears.

Pedro hugged the bundle tightly. So this was Chiquita's little daughter. All he could say was, "You poor little kid," over and over again.

But the sick man was talking deliriously in a half whisper. Suddenly Pedro heard his own name and Chiquita's. He bent his ear to catch the words:

"Ah, my Chiquita—my—Chiquita! Why—did—you—die? You—loved Pedro!"

Pedro sank back on the damp ground, gazing blankly into the black night, groping for a thread that would give him some clue to understanding. Chiquita dead? And she had really cared for him? His mind was in a mad whirl. He knew not what to do.

El Capitan came to the rescue. With one hundred sixty pounds of iron strength he could easily drag the sick man back to the cabin. But it was a difficult task until Pedro at last came to his assistance, with the child in one arm and the other arm free to aid the dog. His mind was now firmly set on restoring the man's life if it was in his power to do so.

But the American did not recover. His left side had been struck by the lightning and was completely paralyzed, while his right was badly injured. It was simply a miracle that the child had escaped unhurt. The father did not rally long enough to recognize Pedro. With the first rays of morning the man who had wrecked Pedro's life breathed his last.

The day dawned bright and clear. All trace of the storm had disappeared and had left nothing in its place save the warm sunshine and happy birds singing in the tree tops. The cozy little cabin, snuggled in among the great dark evergreens, gazed out on a world made over. But when Pedro stepped out on the cabin porch, his worn, haggard face was in sharp contrast to the world about him; not so the bright little figure of the tiny Chiquita who stood by his side, the little girl who was yet to bring more happiness into Pedro's life than he had ever known. El Capitan was everjoyed for he felt, and here he would swell with pride, that Chiquita belonged to him, for had he not found her? Not a hair of her head should ever be hurt if he could help it. And then he would scamper about in high glee, coaxing the pretty, fairy-like creature to come to play with him.



## BIJOU

Leonard Brumf, '22.

The second cat of Persian blood,  
To enter my abode,  
Came on a large and thundering train,  
O'er a long and weary road.

By chance he was sent to Lodi town  
Instead of to Lockeford ville  
When this news I heard, I rushed down the road  
With all my speed and skill.

I brought him home to an airy dome  
And fed him cream and milk,  
But he was afraid from his recent ride  
And straightway began to sulk.

He ran through the door and under the house  
In a way very startling to see,  
And there he remained as though he were chained  
Until pacified he could be.

But soon he came to know his name,  
And sit on a chair or a knee,  
And also to climb to the low porch roof  
By the aid of the old orange tree.

From the roof he climbs through a window, sometimes,  
And into my room he will jump  
Then straight to the bed he will turn his head,  
An curl himself up in a lump.

His bed's in the kitchen very close to the stove,  
But he never loiters there,  
Away in the barn 'midst the wheat and the corn,  
For a mouse he fixes his lair.

When supper time comes, he asks for some crumbs,  
Or tid bits from off the board.  
He'll not be content till like a fashionable gent  
He eats with the men and is lord.

His adventures are many, so I'll here tell a few  
Which his curiosity caused.  
One day he was lost and could not be found  
Though in my hunt up and down, I'd not paused.

At last came a meow from up toward the roof,  
And I hurried to go up the stairs,  
But as soon as I reached the room above,  
The cry issued from under the chairs.

I knew where he was and removed a board  
From the floor of my own play room,  
Where it had been disturbed by some wiring, just done,  
And poor kit was encased in a tomb.

He was heartily glad, like a good little lad,  
To breathe the fresh air once again,  
And ne'er hid again 'tween ceiling and floor,  
For he'd found it unpleasant within.

While I was at dinner one warm July day,  
A great mass of something flew by.  
After running and snatching I caught the strange thing  
Behold, a four-legged fly!

Yes, 'twas my poor little cat, all right,  
Stuck fast in a fly paper trap,  
His hair was so long, and the glue so strong,  
That I cut with the shears, snip, snap.

'Tis cosy to feel a fat little cat  
Stretched sleepily in one's lap,  
While the fire grows warmer and the song more low,  
Till one joins the cat in his nap.

### THE TOKAY "Yankee Doodle"

The Tokay annual went to press  
To earn itself some money;  
Gained, indeed, a great success,  
And said it wasn't funny.

Chorus:

Tokay spirit forge ahead;  
We are all behind you.  
Never lag and never flag;  
Success will that way mind you.

Witty jokes that make you laugh,  
Poems, and clear short stories,  
These the Tokay all contains  
With numerous other glories.

Leonard Bruml, '22.

### SUNSET

Maurice Hill, '20

Softly the shadows fall  
On the fast departing day,  
Blending their sombre traces  
With the crimson tinted rays.  
Gradually the colors deepen,  
And spread o'er the western sky,  
Making the heavens resplendent,  
And the clouds that float on high.

Then softly the sunset fades  
To the twilight of the night,  
And the lingering shadows deepen  
In the heaven's fading light.

And then as darkness veils the sky,  
Each star puts forth its light,  
Like tiny lanterns sparkling high,  
They shine throughout the night.



# What's In a Name?

Elmer Dawson, '20.

A LEHMAN and an ARCHER that had been on a BENDER were hunting one MUNDY in MAY among some LOWE trees in a FIELD, on a high RUFF PEEK, when on their LEE side they noticed a BOWMAN coming down on a LITTLE GREEN HILL. He kept near the HEDGES that GROW on that MAIN road. The MANN came within a STONE'S throw of the two hunters.

In the WOODS they saw the WATERS of a POOL fed by two WELLS. Here they found a MARTIN in the MEYER, but it was WILDER than a flock of ROBBINS or a PERROTT. The animal HURD the men RUSSELL the leaves on the ground and gave CHASE. This beast was HALE as a POPE; its tail was GRAY and it had a BLACK FOOTE, with a spot on it. Once in its BAUER the HUNT was up, as it could only be HURD TAPPAN on the HULL of an old boat into which it ran. They could get within an INCH of it, but it was as firm as a LEACH in its BOOTH. However, they picked a PECK of a kind of fruit called the QUESSENBERRY.

Upon returning to their HUDSON car, one of the pair found his SCHU worn out and the other accidentally struck his SHINN with a STEEL HAMMER. They had a camp fit for a KING. Some HAM to FREY according to the cooking MANUEL was one's ambition and to obtain a MORRIS chair at any PRICE, even if he had to go to NEWMAN or SCHUTTE a BULL to obtain it, was the other's. The YOUNG man removed his VEST, tied to TURNER inside out, WAGNER at the same time, and unpacked the table WARE. He had been a STEWART so he took two BOWLES, like a BAKER, and started to make some pancakes. Forgetting to make a fire, he let his RATHBUN while he began to SCHMEIRER the pan he had with a FIGGE mixture.

Just then a SHEPHERD came along with a young boy who was a SWAIN. One had PERLEY teeth and the other looked LOVELESS. The older had been a COOPER and DYER while the other knew something about the duties of a MASON and a BLACK SMITH. The boy picked up a GILL-ETTE safety-razor and a pair of BELLOWS and the other made a WALLING noise and picked up every KRUMB he could find. The hunters became STARK mad and the SHEPHERD wondered WEIHE. Their reply was a half NELSON, while the BENEDICT stood by, as frail as a SINGER. After the successful overcoming of the intruders, one of the men tried to adjust the COIL on the car, as he had once run a HOLT caterpillar. He took out his CONKLIN fountain pen and made several MARKS on the mechanism of the car. Then he put on his BROWN mackinaw and tried to TUCKER around himself closely as he was going to be the DRIVER of the car, while the SHEPHERD was taken to a place where they could obtain a COFFIN. This done, they went HOLM in their HUDSON car, tried to PARKER near the house and played a selection on their EDSON phonograph.



## THE BUTTERFLIES' LONG SLEEP

Helen Archer, '22

There was a witch in a wood,  
She was so bad, she knew no good.  
She hated everything of beauty,  
And thought to harm them was her duty.

The butterflies sailed everywhere,  
The old witch said it was not fair,  
And that 'twas their fault she was ugly;  
And so she treated them quite rudely.

She was more powerful yet than they,  
And so it chanced upon one day,  
That this old witch did think and think,  
What awful spell on them to make.

She thought she'd kill them, yet she knew,  
That all were fairies, but a few;  
So she decided she would make  
Them each to turn to a tiny snake.

That night while all the fairies slept,  
She stole through the woods where they were kept;  
And then tapped each one with her wand  
And great big worms they were all found.

All night, all day, they were asleep,  
They did not fly, they did not eat,  
But all were wrapped in blankets brown,  
And buried way down in the ground.

The violets missed their gentle touch,  
And the wild-flowers wanted them all so much,  
For they were good, where'er they went,  
And filled flowers' hearts with sweet content.

The Dogwood fairy was so kind,  
She thought the butterflies to find.  
So off she went, and did not tarry,  
Until she had found every fairy.

The fairies all walked in the shade  
And looked throughout the forest glade.  
But all the time they kept together  
And did not look beneath the heather.

At length, the Honeysuckle fairy  
Did hear a sigh, but 'twas so airy,  
She could not tell from whence it came,  
Until she heard it once again.

"Oh! other fairies come to me,  
Something I've found, that you must see.  
All those dear butterflies sailing 'round  
'Are now but worms, here in the ground."



All of the fairies rushed to the spot  
And with their wands gave each worm a tap,  
"Awake little butterflies," then cried they,  
"And fly in the sunshine of this spring day."

The butterflies were then released,  
But the witch's spell had only ceased;  
For every fall the butterflies change,  
But in the spring come out again.

### THE TOAD'S STORY

Maxine Sollars, '22.

I saw a tiny toad-stool,  
Beside a muddy road.  
As I was coming home from school,  
There sat a funny toad.

His eyes were staring straight at me,  
And they were bulging out.  
I was as scared as scared could be,  
And very loud did shout.

He said, "Don't be afraid,  
I'll hurt you not; trust me.  
To you I'll tell a story,  
Just listen and you'll see.

Last night as I was sleeping,  
Beneath the old oak tree,  
I saw some fairies creeping,  
As plain as plain could be.

They danced in a fairy circle,  
Until the dawn's first beam,  
And then a fairy bugle,  
Right over me did scream.

The fairies ran at this loud call  
Straight to the river's brink,  
And from their heads their caps did fall,  
And from them they took a drink.

And then the fairies hastened  
Back to their land of light,  
Behind them the door they fastened,  
And shut it very tight.

"I," said the toad, "am the only one  
That has ever seen them dance,  
I think they did it just for fun,  
To put me in a trance."

I thanked the toad very nicely  
And hastened on my way,  
I thot he dreamed his story,  
And still think so today.