

Eyes of the Shepherdess

Frances Russell, '22.

Ever so many years ago there lived a beautiful maiden with hair as golden and soft as the sun's brightest ray which shone down upon her. Her cheeks matched the delicate pink of the wild rose that grew in the woods around her, and her lips were as red as the jelly cups that blossomed 'neath her bare feet. But her eyes—years ago all maidens were as beautiful as the Goddess of the Dawn but none had such eyes as Delphiny. They were pools of deep blue like the center of some hidden, undisturbed lake. They were eyes that haunted anyone who looked into them. They were filled with love, and hope, and a great longing.

Delphiny was a shepherdess, who herded her sheep by day and slept under the stars by night. She was lonely, with only her sheep and a big collie, for scarcely anyone traveled over the dusty road by the meadows. Delphiny dreamed, as she sat with her crook by her side, and her dreams were enchanting dreams, which brought a deeper tint to the soft cheeks and a smile which parted the red lips, showing teeth like pearls. She dreamed of a brave knight who would some day ride into her flock of sheep, and the collie would run to meet him. He would leap from the back of his beautiful white steed and kiss her hand and say, "Lady fair, I pray thee—accept the love I bring to thee. This day I am asking thee to be my wife. Wilt thou, lady fair?" But always here her dream ended—beyond that she never saw. She puzzled for a long time but was content to dream only of her knight as he dashed thru her flock to her side.

And one day—as she sat lost in dreams, he came, and she knew him although he did not come upon a white steed. He came dusty and travel-worn, yet gay and handsome. He came to her side as she dreamed he would and said, "Fair one, couldst tell me where I couldst get a lodge for the night and mayhap a bit of meat and a sup?"

Delphiny looked at him with eyes widened, and deeper than the hidden lake and answered, "There is no lodge near. I will give thee bit and sup and thy bed shall be of fragrant boughs beneath the stars."

Leaving the faithful collie to guard her flock, she led the traveler to her hut and spread before him a meagre bit of fresh, sweet honey, foamy milk and dried meats. When he had finished, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"I have nought to give thee in return," he said, "but I will play for thee." Then he brought forth a harp of gold and led her into a more wonderful land than she had ever dreamed of; and then he sang to her in a voice, rich and tender; he sang to her of the wonderful lands he had traveled through to reach her side and win her. He sang of his love to her, and thus he wooed the little shepherdess. He wooed and won and went away and left a dull ache in the heart of the lonely little maiden. He did not come back though she waited long and her eyes of blue were deeper blue than ever before: bluer with loneliness and longing; bluer still with the pain that was in her heart. Time passed and he did not come back—the little shepherdess waited, but in vain. The wild rose tint faded from her cheeks and turned them lily white. No smile was on the once merry lips. She waited on and still he did not come, and so one evening just at dusk, as the stars she had always slept under came peeping out like tiny diamonds set in dusty blue velvet, Delphiny wandered to the spring from which her flock drank and lay down to rest. In the morning when the sun came slowly o'er the hill, no little shepherdess was tending her flock but beside the spring were a million of tiny perfumed, blue flowers, blue like the little maiden's eyes—deep and dewy as with tears. It is true, the people of to-day call them violets, but I am sure the people of the little shepherdess' time dropped their tears upon the sweetly perfumed bits of deep blue and called them "Eyes of the Shepherdess."

THE PEACE TREATY

Marjorie Hull, '23.

Of the thirty days in each November
As I hear many say,
The eleventh we shall ne'er forget
For it is Armistice Day.

And soon, it was the Treaty of Peace
The whole world talked about.
The Republicans and Democrats
They had it out and out.

To get that League of Nations great
The Democrats did their best.
The Republicans, as usual,
Why! they just did the rest.

The Republicans found lots of fault.
They worked both early and late,
And made so many reservations
No one could keep them straight.

And then the Treaty foundered there
Upon that Senate rock.
Rejected there, at last it was;
That surely was a shock.

When next November comes around
And election time is here,
We hope it all will settled be
And everything made clear.

OUR PRINCIPAL.

Charles Rinde, '23.

On his bright features, middle age
Had fixed its seal; and wisdom, sage,
So plainly marked in poise and mein,
Expressed his calling, clearly seen.
His face was stern—but mingled there
With this same sternness, humor fair.
Tho slightly less than average height,
His bearing was of no less might
Than that of medieval knight
In iron stead of cotton dight.
Tho armed but with detention list
His words, if e'er, were seldom missed.
He seemed all others to command
With word, or look, or wave of hand.

Sealed, Sanitary Packages

Bessie Closson, '23.

The little valley lay between two sheltering mountain ridges which converged at one end to form a narrow triangular hollow. But tonight the wind defied even these indomitable barriers and swept with almost unabated fury into the steep-walled canyon, shrieking around jagged promontories of rock and swaying the shrubs into mad swirls. Even the staunch old pines that lifted their lofty heads unconquered by the tempests of nearly a century found hard work to withstand the ferocity of this night's storm. To add to the fantastic effect produced by the frantically swaying branches and the weird shrillness of the wind, scurrying clouds passed from time to time over the moon, which hung so low on the horizon as to afford only a dim light even when free from the roving clouds.

The little cabin that snuggled into the apex of the ridges, although protected from the brunt of the storm, could not escape entirely. The bough of a squat old tree which overhung it kept up a staccato tapping on the low roof.

The cabin, in keeping with its surroundings, was rude in structure and furnishings. The greater portion of the latter was composed of furs spread on the floor and thrown over the two rudely constructed couches. One or two very fine hides had been pressed into service as tapestries and served very effectively to ward off the wind that found its way through the chinks in the walls. The total absence of a table suggested that the couches took the dual role of bed and board. The walls were almost entirely lined with the clumsiest of shelves on which reposed books of all sizes and editions.

Few human feet left their imprint in the soil of this little valley, yet literature common to all classes of people had in some inconceivable way found its way to the shelves of this isolated cabin. Homer, Virgil and Horace were mingled indiscriminately with Longfellow, Scott and Burns. Maeterlinck stood beside the much-censured Omar. Plutarch, his high ideals of fact evidently degenerated by the passing ages, did not disdain to rub corners with the most modern novelists. They were all here: philosopher and historian, scientist and poet, novelist and biographer, here in this sequestered cabin.

Yet the face of the man who lay stretched before the blazing fire was not the face of the scholar. Neither was it the visage of the uncultured woodsman. His countenance, in fact, seemed to be a perfect fusion of two elements—the dreamer and the adventurer.

It was the face of a man well beyond the years when most men consider themselves at the pinnacle of their strength. But life in the open had kept this man amazingly fit. His hair, though grey, was still thick and lustrous. The lines on his face were the result of exposure to the elements and not the forerunners of emaciated old age. The eyes were not bleared and near-sighted as are those usually associated with men of his years. They were, on the other hand, keen, straight-forward, steel-grey, but steel-grey mellowed by thick, dark lashes.

He lay very still, gazing into the heart of the fire. Finally, with a swift gesture of uncurbed passion he leaped to his feet and flung his brawny arms out wide.

"Oh why in the name of heaven can't I be reasonable?" he demanded aloud quite as if the blazing coals had been the most sympathetic of listeners. "Why do I have to be so little and mean and selfish?"

With the unhampered stride of the Indian he circled the tiny room once or twice, then stood with arms folded before the fireplace.

"It's hard to let him go, but I shall have to do it. He shall have his chance. It shall not be said that there was no choice for him but to follow in the footsteps of his father." Here he interrupted himself with an almost savage oath. "Am I to blame?" he exclaimed passionately. "Am I really a disgrace to my family because musty law books were not included in my allegory of life? Is my family name really dishonored because its favorite scion preferred not to follow the profession of his ancestors? Oh, curses on ancestors and family names! Hasn't every man a right to live his own life?" He paused a moment, then went on in a calmer tone: "But I settled that long ago. I've broken off forever. But because I was a black sheep who preferred mountain grazing to bird-seed in sealed, sanitary packages, is no reason why my son shouldn't have his chance. I'll never go back to their shallow lives—but I will try to make amends for their contended "disgrace" by sending my son out into their world."

The door suddenly burst open. The dreamer wheeled like lightning to face a tall, broad-shouldered youth who stood with his back against the door which he had slammed shut after him. The newcomer wore a suit of the most approved city style which fit his figure perfectly. But, in spite of his athletic strength, he looked weighed down, bound by invisible chains.

He stood silent a moment, straight and still as though waiting his sentence at a tribunal. Then, as his father started to speak, his own words poured forth in a torrent. "Don't look at me like that, Dad! What did you expect of me? Surely you didn't think I'd stay down there! I won't do it! I tell you I won't do it! You can talk yourself black in the face and you can't make me do it! I stood it as long as I could. Then I cut and run. And here I am. I'm through!" With this vehement declaration he lifted one hand and tore the stiff collar from his neck and struggled to extract himself from the obstinate coat.

When he had thus relieved himself, he seemed calmer and sat down on the hide behind his father. "Now tell me about it," urged his father when the prolonged silence began to grow awkward.

"There isn't much to tell, but there is one thing I want to say for good. I'll never go back to the city. I can't understand how anybody can exist there—you could hardly term it living. Those poor fools blind their eyes with electric lights and pamper their backs into perfect interrogation points with "easy" chairs and develop internal indigestion by—"

"You are mixing your prefixes slightly," chuckled his father; "I've yet to learn of external indigestion."

"I mean eternal," grinned the confused lad. Then he sobered again: "But it's the truth. They jeopardize their foolish necks every day on crowded street crossings and ride in those ridiculous trolley cars and automobiles and grow fat and sluggish for lack of exercise. They sit all day in stuffy offices until their heads get murky with cobwebs. They effeminate themselves with stuff like that"—with a disdainful gesture toward the lately humbled articles of masculine attire—"and think they are living in comfort!"

There was silence for a long time in the lonely cabin, broken only by the intermittent tapping of the branch on the roof, the howling of the gale, and the crackling of the flames.

But when at last the father spoke, there was in his voice the calm certainty of one who has weighed a question justly and earnestly and has found the answer.

"Very well," he said, "I won't force any sealed, sanitary bird-seed on you."

But his son was too busy reveling in an ecstasy of satisfaction to give even a passing thought to the enigmatic remark.

AS A FRESHMAN SEES THE TEAM

Lydia Quessenberry, '23.

Elliott Adams with cheeks of tan,
The one that shoots as fast as he can,
Raymond Bancroft a guard very tall,
Floyd Nelson in jumping surpassing them all.

Raymond McKeel, both limber and quick,
Whose throw is always lively and "slick,"
Theodore Barth, who aims so well,
And Carroll Mundy whose playing will tell,

Curdon Steele, whom we missed so long,
Back again now and ever so strong,
Beckie and Swede, dandy players you see,
Who cling to the ball as tight as can be,

Steve Sanguinetti, a guard you all know,
Who is always right for making a show,
And though it's against our standard to trip,
Once in a while lets his foot slip,

And Ellington Peek, so sturdy and strong,
Who is always in right and never in wrong;
These are the boys that furnish the steam,
To make up our high school basket ball team.

SPRING

Maurice Hill, '20

The balmy air of morning
Rustles through the trees,
Waking the sleeping flowers,
Butterflies, birds and bees.

The fallen dew shines on the grass
Like diamonds, glittering here and there,
And it gently bathes each rose's face,
And all the other flowers fair.

The birds are singing in the trees,
And bees are gaily flying,
The sun is shining o'er them all,
Its gentle warmth supplying.

The brook sings blithely as it flows
Through flowered fields and grasses,
For now at last bright spring has come,
The season that surpasses.

A CLASSMATE'S FAREWELL.

Alma Hibbs, '20.

Classmates dear, we're striving onward,
Steadily onward toward our goal,
We must brave the wildest tempest
Where the fiercest billows roll.
We must struggle steadily onward,
Never falter, have no fears,
Meet the hardships that beset us
As we've done in bygone years.

Yes, my classmates, we have conquered
Many a hard and bitter strife,
But the hardest trials are coming
When we leave our high school life;
When we meet the world's temptations
And its sins around us spread,
It will take our best endeavors
Just to meet the tasks we dread.

When as freshmen we assembled,
Then our course seemed hard and long,
But the struggle now is ended
Ere it scarcely was begun.
Tasks that seemed to be enormous
And of great and lasting size
We have conquered now, forever,
By our deeds and not our sighs.

Now the time has come to scatter;
We must go our several ways,
But we'll always have in mem'ry
Pleasant thoughts of high school days;
We'll have happy recollections
Of the friends who now must part,
Hand in hand we've passed our school days;
We'll continue, heart in heart.

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

Maurice Hill, '20.

Oh little bird with wings so small and fleet,
Restless, fitting here and there and no-where;
Sipping, drawing nectar from flowers fair,
Yet seeming ne'er to rest upon thy feet,
Seeking naught in life but flow'ry retreat,
Without a single aim, without a care,
What mission hast thou in this world to bear,
Thou, tiny bird amongst the flowers sweet?
Yet can we not a lesson from thee gain,
To look for happiness and cheerful be?
And as thou, humming bird, as thou dost fly,
To sip the flowers' sweets along the lane,
Can we not find the sweets of life and see
If we can be as cheerful, if we try?

Priscilla's French Heels

Alta Ruff, '23

On the first Sunday in April, 1919, Priscilla Everett was very happy. It was her eighteenth birthday anniversary and she had decided to spend it with her friend, Patsy O'Neil. As she set out, she looked the very spirit of spring-time. The lovely pink in her cheeks was not all reflected from the broad brim of her pink hat. She wore a dress of sheer pink voile with innumerable ruffles and frills. Her especial joy, however, was due to her white kid pumps with French heels and silver buckles. Because of an early promise to her mother, Priscilla had not before worn French heels, but on this, her eighteenth birthday, she was released from her promise, and her mother had given her the pumps with the long-wished-for heels.

It was a lovely day, and the sky was of that blue found in a baby's eyes and on the tip of a bluebird's wing. On the horizon were clouds of fantastic shapes, one of which, Priscilla thought, was remarkably like a French-heeled slipper. But soon her delight in the attractive vision was destroyed by an unexpected pain in her feet, caused by the unpaved road on which she had to walk to reach her friend's house. She wanted to turn back, but the thot of her father's raillery spurred her on. Her slippers hurt as only new slippers can, and the adored French heels seemed to bore into the soles of her feet. The mile of unpaved road seemed like five. At last, however, she reached the house, and Patsy O'Neil's bedroom slippers had a marvelous effect upon her drooping spirits. When she said goodbye to Patsy, some time later, Patsy answered in a solemn voice but with twinkling eyes. "Goodbye, dear, I'm glad you came, but you'd better wear English walking shoes and not your Sunday-go-to-meeting pumps next time."

Priscilla answered slangily and emphatically, "You bet I will. These heels will be so worn down by the time I reach home that they will have to be built up before I can wear them again." With this she started down the road.

The sun had gone out of sight, and the snowy white clouds had turned to dull grey and were mounting high in the sky. By the time Priscilla had gone what would have been two city blocks away from Patsy's house, a brisk wind had made the sky a mass of slate-colored clouds. The wind strengthened as Priscilla went along, and the sky grew darker every minute. "Oh! Oh!" moaned Priscilla, "why did I stay at Patsy's so long? There will be a drenching rain in a few minutes."

The storm came when Priscilla was about a half mile from the highway. The rain came down in torrents. The wind raged and tore at a large branch of a huge oak tree, already half broken off, until it fell across the road. As the road was little more than a path, and had barb wire fence on either side of it, Priscilla could not go around; and it took her some time to climb over. When she finally succeeded, she started to run down the road, but soon turned her ankle and had to limp slowly through the dreary mud. When she was about a quarter mile from the highway, the real accident happened. Not seeing a large mud puddle, the unhappy girl stepped firmly in, and before she could realize what had happened, one foot had sunk so deeply into the mud that, tug as she might, she could not pull it out. She pulled and tugged until exhausted. At last she sat despairingly on the higher road with her feet in the cold, cold mud. On her arms crossed over her knees, she rested her head with its ruined hat and drenched curls. Then she cried and cried. How long she stayed there she could not afterwards tell, but she was aroused by a gentle hand on her shoulder. In a sympathetic masculine voice came the question, "Can I help you any?"

Priscilla lifted a feverish and tear-stained face to the speaker. Her mind was dull and her pulse throbbed and throbbed, but aided by the lights

of a nearby machine, she realized that the face that looked down at her was good and kind, so she said, "Indeed you can."

Gently the young man lifted her to her feet, and easily extracted the mud-caught foot. Then he wrapped her in a large auto robe and lifted her to the front seat of his car. After asking her where she lived, he started the machine and skillfully steered around the mud puddle.

Priscilla fell into feverish unconsciousness before they reached her home, and did not hear the young man in his conversation with her father give his name, Doctor Maxwell. They carefully carried her into the house, where her mother and sister tenderly put her to bed. While they were doing this, Mr. Everett explained that they had supposed that when Priscilla had seen the storm coming up, she had decided to spend the night with Patsy, but as Patsy had no telephone, they could not be sure.

The young doctor took Priscilla's temperature and reported that it was so high he feared pneumonia had set in, and in both lungs, too. He feared it would be a hard fight to pull her thru. Then he said, "Do you know old Dr. Morris?" After Mr. Everett's affirmative answer, the young doctor, who could see that Mrs. Everett was doubtful of his skill, said, "Please send for Dr. Morris."

When the old doctor arrived, his cordial greeting gave proof of his confidence in the young man. After the greetings were over, Dr. Morris took Mr. and Mrs. Everett aside to tell them about Dr. Maxwell. He said that Dr. Maxwell was the son of a dear friend of his and that the young fellow had had five successful cases since he had obtained his degree, and one of them was a hard case of pneumonia. He also told them that as their daughter really needed a doctor, they could do no better than to employ the young man. Thus it happened that during the weeks that followed, Dr. Maxwell worked hard to strengthen the flickering flame, while the fever of pneumonia tried its best to blow it out.

The fever at last became so bad that two doctors were necessary, and Dr. Morris was called in during the crisis. All night the doctors and nurse watched, giving medicine at regular intervals. After midnight the tiny wave of life grew to such a size that the danger was past, and in the early morning Priscilla fell into the first normal sleep she had had since that eventful first Sunday in April. When she awoke late in the afternoon, she was surprised to see all her loved ones, as well as two doctors and a nurse, standing beside her bed, with faces wonderfully happy, tho pale and haggard. The gentle mother explained in as few words as possible. Then Priscilla said something very characteristic of her. It was this:

"And I gave you all that trouble? But thank you all ever so much, for I did not want to leave you just yet," and the doctor's eyes said that he did not want her to leave just yet either. Then they told Priscilla she might say no more but must go to sleep. She was very weak indeed, and had a hard fight. Nevertheless she improved rapidly, and most of her convalescence was spent on the soft green lawn in front of the cottage. It was here that Doctor Arnold, as they had learned to call Arnold Maxwell, visited her very often, and I don't think his visits were all as professional as he tried to make Dr. Morris believe. During this time Dr. Maxwell's mother, a little woman Priscilla loved at once, and his brother Dave, a rising young lawyer, came to live with him.

Then there came a day in late autumn when a modest but beautiful diamond sparkled on the third finger of Priscilla's left hand; and a happiness that flushed her cheeks shone in her eyes. There came another day, when the buds were starting to bloom and the sky was the color of Priscilla's sparkling eyes, when with many blushes she walked swiftly from the cottage to a waiting car. At her side was a stalwart young man, and a half dozen bridesmaids pelted the joyous couple with rice. As they reached the car, Priscilla turned and tossed her bouquet to the expectant maidens. Then she

skipped into the car and they were off. In one corner of Priscilla's valise was an old kid slipper, with a French heel; tied with a pink ribbon, and beside it was a little leather-bound diary, on the last page of which was written:

"Little did I know when held fast in the mud what happiness those first French heels would bring to me."

In the happy crowd that had pelted the departing couple with rice and old shoes as they set out on the "Great Adventure," was another happy girl. She was the girl who had caught the bride's bouquet, and her saucy Irish eyes and wavy black hair proclaimed that she was Patsy O'Neil. As she walked up the path to the cottage, accompanied by Dave Maxwell, she looked at the prophetic flowers, then at Dave's smiling eyes, and wondered what joyous secret the future held for her.

CLASS SONG.

(Air from "Prince of Pilsen.")

Rita Benedict, Rozella Abshire, Alfrieda Lowe

The days we've spent in this dear school
Are drawing to an end;
We heave a sigh and hide a tear
To lose each loyal friend.
We're well prepared to fight our fight,
We'll heed the bell that rings
And calls to us to stand for right,
For finer, nobler things.

Adieu, sweet school, we're sad to go,
We dread to say goodbye;
E'en tho' we part, we'll e'er be true
To dear old Lodi High.
With heads erect and shoulders squared
We march into the fray—
To progress, right and liberty
We dedicate this day.

Upward on life's steep, rugged way
We start our climbing now,
And if we e'er should start to stray
We'll think of our own vow—
Our vow of truth and honor bright,
Which thru our high school years
Has always kept us in the right,
And will thru all life's fears.

Farewell, dear school, and loving friends,
We ask thy blessing sweet,
In mem'ry may we live these days
If ne'er again we meet;
May thy sweet spirit grow in us
To meet the greater task;
Give us the strength to win in life
A victory at last;
Give us the strength to win in life
A victory at last.