



LITERARY

J. LAUCHLAND

Values

Prize Poem

RUTH MONTGOMERY, '22

If orchids were common as buttercups are,
How prized would a buttercup be!
If a view cost as much as a masterpiece does.
How we'd pay for a chance just to see!

If sunshine was hoarded as misers hoard gold
What a price we would pay for each beam!
If a bird placed a price on all of his songs,
How lovely each short one would seem.

Yet a smile may be had for a smile in return,
A flower may be picked at your pleasure;
So it isn't the things that are hardest to get
That are always the sweetest to treasure.

The Price of Service

Prize Story

BESSIE CLOSSON, '23

In the heart of the busy city lies Chinatown like a sinuous dragon that, although apparently inert, leaps to activity when his victim comes near his treacherous jaws. Here the burning incense curls its slow, enchanting way upward and the hideous joss, symbol of the old ancestral faith to which the children of the East still cling, grins his leering pagan grin. With shuffling, ever-silent feet the slant-eyed Chinamen with faces void of expression, wait upon the people whom the mysterious fascination of the dim city has lured hither. Here in the tiny shops are found glittering jade, carved in intricate patterns with patient skill, and the proverbially unlucky peacock feathers. Here the trap-door lowers under many a hapless victim, rendered powerless by deadening drugs. For Chinatown stands on a foundation of wily, Oriental wisdom and secret, Oriental evil.

Woodson Clarke knew and admired and thrilled at its wisdom; knew and witnessed and loved it for its evil. He knew its darkest secrets as no other white man had ever known them and what he knew he kept locked behind lips sealed as tight as the lips of any yellow-skinned sphinx in Chinatown. He saw, day after day, the age-old, childlike customs of his heathen associates, looked, day after day, into the unsounded depths of the Oriental mind, looked with eyes that never smiled with condescension of superior scorn. For when Woodson Clarke was in Chinatown, the soul of the oriental prompted the movements of his iron-muscle American body and the deep-seated, unexpressed passion of the Oriental throbbed in his red-blooded American veins.

And the Chinamen, with that occult, almost sinister insight that lives only in men of the Far East, knew the soul of Man-Much-Money. And so, in spite of his white skin and blue eyes, in spite of his severely American clothes and his blase American slang he was to them not a foreign devil but a foreign god, a man from whom the chance appearance of a blood-stained dagger brought not the slightest sign in word or look, a man who lost at dice as gamely as he won, a man to be admitted into the most secret and exclusive gambling circles of Chinatown, a man who in the outside world would have been called a good sport. But the Chinamen called him Man-Much-Money and thought of him as the foreign god. And because he trusted them with his fortune, his honor, his very life, they trusted him to the same extent and were safe in so trusting him. For, although he kept strictly to American standards in his own actions, although he set a far greater value on human life than they, he knew their passions and their creeds of revenge and respected them as they respected his.

But he who fills the cup of friendship to the last drop of service, he who follows the star of faith to the end of its rough trail, must, somewhere along the trail, sacrifice himself, his hopes or his ambitions. And so, just at dawn of a day which Chinatown will never forget, Woodson Clarke, the foreign god, laid down his offering on the altar of loyalty.

At midnight he sat within four blank walls, apparently unbroken by doors, with three blank-faced Chinamen, Ah Lin, See Ling and Sin Lee. He piled a handful of gold at one corner of the table, turned and smiled into the wrinkled, villainous face of Sin Lee.

"Winner take all," he proposed and Sin Lee smiled a taciturn, inscrutable smile and dropped his dice upon the table. Clarke looked up with his infallible sportsmanlike smile that never failed to appear when he had staked and lost—looked up and saw Sin Lee sink slowly down and pitch noiselessly forward on his face.

Ah Lin slowly withdrew his jade-handled dagger and explained in a calm monotone, "Loaded dice. Ah Lin see. Ah Lin kill. Sin Lee no good sport."

Clarke gathered up his own dice and turned to old See Ling with as unperturbed a smile as the one with which See Ling answered it.

"Winner take all," he said again and when he had lost the shining pile, he heaped another pile in its place.

Ah Lin did not return but when Clarke stepped across the street to use Long Fu's telephone, he thought he recognized familiar lines about the figure that slumped against the wall just outside the door of the dimly-lighted restaurant that served as a blind for the gambling cells which he had just left.

He called a number, told his servant that he would not go home that night and returned to See Ling.

At dawn he emerged from the secret closet, walked across the restaurant and passed through the doorway. And as he passed through, a dark hand and a gleaming, jade-handled dagger shot out, and, just as Sin Lee had a few hours before, Woodson Clarke slumped slowly forward to his knees and dropped lifeless to the ground.

See Ling, following a few paces behind, stared in amazement at Ah Lin's placid face.

"Ah Sing Lee say him spy. I no believe before. Him use 'phone last night after Sin Lee die. I know then. Man-Much-Money spy. Ah Lin kill."

Then it was See Ling's turn to talk, and talk he did, wasting no time with his halting, uncertain English but driving straight to his point in quick, rattling Chinese. Man-Much-Money had not warned the police or they would have come before. The police did things quickly and surely. Besides, Long Fu heard everything that was said over his telephone. He would have told Ah Lin. Ah Lin was a fool.

Ah Lin stood still for a long moment, looking at Woodson Clarke's crumpled body. Then he looked straight into Sing Lee's eyes.

"Ah Lin big fool," he agreed. "Ah Lin kill."

And he pressed the jade-handled dagger, with the life-blood of Woodson Clarke still warm upon it, into his own heart. The foreign god had paid the price of unstinted service to friendship, and Ah Lin had paid the price of unswerving service to his ancestors' creed.

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ORCHARDS IN FULL BLOOM

In the spring time the orchards bloom,
And the air is filled with rich perfume
Of countless flowers; and the hum of bees
Strikes on our ear like a wind in the trees;
'Tis then we find a most beautiful sight
Of bountiful masses of pink and white.
'Tis then we have no time for gloom,
With the orchards in full bloom.
At the stir of summer's gentle breeze
The petals drift down in sweet ease,
And the ground is covered with blossoms white,
Suggesting a snowstorm passed at night;
Though the flowers have fallen their fruit will stay,
And we think with joy of the harvest day,
And spring in our hearts finds ample room
With the orchards in full bloom.

ERNA NUSZ, '24.

Grandmother Hicks's Spare Room

I am ten years old and Ted is half past eight. Our grandmother lives on a farm, a nice cozy farm in a wood, where we can play Indians. There's a big old, old-fashioned house with an attic, and a cellar, and nice smooth banister rails to slide down. When we are invited to visit at Grandma's, we are 'most as happy as if we were going to heaven; Ted says there wouldn't be fat little baby pigs and wobbly legged calves in heaven either.

Well, Grandma told us we could come and stay over Sunday if we promised not to make too much noise. Ted fell off the banister, down to the foot of the stairs the last time we were there, and made a frightful racket. He's always doing something like that because he's only eight, going on nine. Grandma was 'specially exacting about any disturbing sounds this time. An old friend of hers was coming to visit; she was just terribly nervous. I heard Grandma say she was a spinster, or a splinter. I don't remember which; maybe they call her a splinter on account of her looking 'like one.

Ted had to get us in wrong again! He insisted on buying a pesky puppy dog when our train stopped at a way station. It was a pudgy, wiggly little pup and I kind of wanted him myself, but I knew Dad wouldn't have let Ted take a dog to Grandma's. Dad told me to keep Ted out of mischief, and twenty miles is a long way, 'most as far as we've ever been.

But I did want that pup like everything, just to take back to town and show the fellers; Ted would soon get tired of feeding him and give him to me.

Well, we bought him, paying a nickle, curled him up, and stuffed him into the basket Mother had packed our pajamas in. I crammed mine in my pocket on account of not wanting it all over fleas. I mean my pajamas.

The evening we got there Miss Simmons, the spinster, came too. He heard Grandma giving her the very best room, feather bed and all, and she'd come without an invitation!

"Shucks, we'd had that room if she hadn't come," whispered Ted to me. "It has a big closet where we could hide the pup, too."

"I got an idea," I said. "We can put the pup in her closet and then Grandma'll think he's hers, then we won't be blamed for buyin' him!"

"Yes, you think you're bright, don't you?" said Ted, wishin' he'd thought of it before I did. "You'll have to sneak in and get him in the night if he makes a noise."

Miss Simmons had a way of smiling at you broad like, and then quick wiping the smile away again. She didn't look as if she liked little boys, I mean a big boy and a little boy, very well.

"It ain't everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said Grandma Hicks, as she opened the spare room door. "This room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on, bustling around opening windows and fixing the curtains just so. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillers, and poor Mr. Hicks passed away settin' right in that chair by the winder. He was a Speeritualist and he always said he'd appear in this room after he died; sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. He was a doctor an' took great interest in studyin' skeletons and skulls; there's two whole skeletons in that closet. If you happen to see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in Speeritualism. There, I guess things'll do now; well, good-night and pleasant dreams." Grandmother had a way of talking till she was sort of short on breath.

"I'm glad we get the attic room," whispered I to Ted, still wondering what a Speeritualist was.

"Aw, you're scared, and look at me, two whole years younger than you," Ted swelled his shirt front out and said it so loud, that I guess Miss Simmons heard, for she acted as if she suddenly got more nervous. I wasn't

going to be called "scared" by my baby brother, so while Miss Simmons was eating supper I sneaked into her room and shoved the pup into the closet with the skeletons.

Well, we went to bed after having our supper in the kitchen, on account of maybe making the spinster more nervous. Ted was so tired he forgot all about the dog and dropped right off to sleep; this was because he is so young and has nothing bearing on his mind.

I guess I went to sleep myself after quite a long time, but I never go clear dead to the world the way by brother does. The next thing I remember was hearing a scratching noise in the room below. It wasn't very loud, but I knew what that was, so I quickly slipped out of bed so as not to wake Ted. I went over to the window and looked out; there was a great big round moon coming up over the crab apple orchard, and the clothes pole looked terribly like a skeleton. A cold shiver went down my back bone when old Daisy gave a mournful bawl from the barn. But I am ten years old and 'most grown up, so I climbed down on a grape arbor and landed awfully quiet on the spare room window sill.

Miss Simmons was snoring just as Ted does when he's dreaming bears, starting low and far away and ending up with a big snort.

"I can get that dog easy an' she'll never hear me," I thought, but my knees kinda shook, so I started to step off into the room. Then rip-zip went the leg of my pajamas loud as anything.

"Jimminy, shucks, I'm caught on a nail," I whispered rather loud like, just to myself. For awhile there wasn't the slightest sound; it was so quiet that your hair would have felt like wire prickles too. Then the scratching began again and a cracking of old dry bones. I just began to wonder if there wasn't something in that closet besides the pup, when the wierdest, drawd-out howl, ending with a "Yep!" broke the silence.

Up sat Miss Simmons so quick she reminded me of our Punch-an'-Judy box. She sat there a little minute, looking more like a ghost than anything I ever saw. I began to get weaker, feeling as if I hadn't had any supper for six months. The moon shone right square on her and I could see she was getting more waked up all the time.

"Help! Help! Oh Mrs. Hicks, your dead husband has come back!" and then she gave a big jump which landed her clear out the door, it looked to me like.

"Help! Save me! The house is haunted with Speeritualists." She yelled louder than ever we do, even when we're playing Indians.

I quick ran, grabbing the pup, who couldn't let loose of a bone and threw him out of the window. Then I climbed fast as ever I could, back up the grape arbor. When I got back to our room Ted was sitting in a corner crying like a big baby and saying something about skeletons, ghosts and puppy dogs. I just dragged him into bed and covered his head with the bed clothes; then I got in, pretending I was hard asleep. The last thing I heard was Miss Simmons still a-crying and Grandma Hicks saying she always did have a feeling there was something in Speeritualism.

The next morning by the time we were up and dressed, Miss Simmons had left. Grandma looked kinda hard at us, 'specially at Ted. He didn't seem one bit nervous on account of not even remembering anything that happened excepting an awful bad dream.

"Your grandfather's skeletons he used to study are all broken and look as if they'd been chewed; I wonder——"

"Oh, Ted, look out the window; there's a new dog," I hurried up and said as surprised as I could. "Let's go out an' play with him."

We both ran quick out of the house without waiting to hear what Grandma wondered.

JESSIE LAUCLAND, '21.

The Perfect Valley

The gods a council did call one day
 To discuss the affairs on earth.
They wished some good deed for men they might do.
 Some deed of untold worth.

Then rose the beautiful Aphrodite;
 Up from her shining throne,
"O let us make a perfect dale
 Which we may call our own."

This plan to which they all agreed
 Was quickly carried thru;
For down to earth went all the gods,
 Each one his part to do.

First Vulcan arrived with his famous tools
 To shape a wonderful dale.
He made a range of mountains high,
 Decked with a mist that resembled a veil.

Then Aphrodite gave beauty to all,
 And also many flowers
To make this valley more complete
 In all the lovely bowers.

Apollo, the powerful god of the sun,
 Promised light and warmth each day,
And promised that the wind and snow
 He always would keep way.

Then Ceres fair, the harvest queen,
 Contributed golden grain,
Much pleased was she when Jupiter
 Promised abundant rain.

'Twas Bacchus the hearty god of wine,
 Who brought the flaming Tokay,
For he wished that forever this valley might be
 Both prosperous and gay.

And then there came a welcome gift
 From Diana, a maiden fair,
Who wished to protect the valley by night
 From even the slightest care.

Kind Vesta gave everlasting peace,
 That sorrow might not claim
This quiet little cherished spot
 This made by gods of flame.

'Twas Mercury, who made the lyre,
 It was to brighten every scene
That gave this valley its beautiful name,
 The name of San Joaquin.

Altho' this happened years ago,
 Still we have naught to fear,
For the promises have been kept by the gods,
 Faithfully year by year.

—RUTH CULBERTSON, '24.

Tin Cans and Buttercups

This is no Billy Whiskers' story, but it's the story of a billy-goat, named Ebenezer.

Ebenezer had no ancestors. He could not even remember any such near ones as a mother or father. He was a descendant—that was all, for he had no family tree, and if he had had one it would probably not have lasted long, as Ebenezer was rather fond of bark and wood.

Neither could Ebenezer remember very much of his early life, having been very young at the time and not blessed with an exceedingly good memory at that. But it seemed to him that he had always wandered lonesomely or prankishly, as the mood had suited him, about the dark, smoky, streets in the vilest parts of the city's slums. His diet consisted of wood, an occasional lost or forgotten vegetable with a past, some stolen food, and tin cans—mostly tin cans. But despite his metallic diet Ebenezer was a most healthy specimen of the goat family.

It must have been the spring that called Ebenezer away from his dark abode that day. True, there was no trace of spring in the foggy, smoky air; there was no sign of it on the walks, but some breath, some indistinguishable feeling of it must have reached Ebenezer, for he started on a pilgrimage to—he didn't know where.

He walked, and walked, and walked. He must have traversed miles of cement, but his head was still held high, his crooked horns cork-screwed heavenward, and even his beard seemed perky.

The more he walked the more excited he became, and a rather latent imp of mischief sparkled in his eye. He did not stop as usual to investigate his new surroundings; he did not let his curiosity lead him into making detours down crooked streets; he did not pause till he saw a dray in front of a rather dilapidated boarding house. Then he stopped.

The dray was filled with the heterogeneous collection of articles usually seen in moving-drays; and though it was already filled to overflowing, people were still piling more things on.

A rather harassed looking woman, clad in gingham dress which gave the crumpled, soiled appearance which gingham dresses usually attain when they have been dragged through a certain amount of labor, was standing in the doorway. This fatigued looking person was trying in vain to detach herself from a persistent young man with a huge red book in his hand.

It was probably the color of the book that attracted Ebenezer, for he did not hesitate. His attack was sudden, and the insistent young man, taken unawares, was propelled violently backwards by Ebenezer's cork-screw horns.

The young man rose slowly. He made one daring sally toward the door, but Ebenezer stood between the woman and him. With the book extended in his hand, he attempted to shout the value of his wares from the edge of the sidewalk. But then Ebenezer started toward him, and there was a look in Ebenezer's eye which brooked no opposition. The young man made a limping, flurried exit.

"Why, Mother! Where'd you find him?" called a voice from within.

The woman closed her mouth which had been hanging agape.

"What shall we do with him?" asked the voice, and materialized into a tall, lanky, youth.

"Don't goats live in the country?" questioned the mother. "Perhaps Providence sent him! Pack him on the dray. He has surely helped me to-day and he may again."

So Ebenezer was haphazardly planted on top of a bed, which was covered with a most striking, green, home-made, quilt, and made a rather unsteady, slippery, creaky, journey to the country, during which he ate most of the

green quilt. Later he was most violently ill, and it was thought that the quilt must have been dyed with Paris green,—but that is neither here nor there, for he lived,—and I might say, happily ever after because the family who migrated to the country soon became quite prosperous, and inside a year bought the latest Ford sport model.

So now Ebenezer literally lives 'midst fields of clover. His tin can days are forgotten, he dines on juicy butter cups and carrots, has developed quite a capricious appetite, and is amazingly happy, which all goes to prove that no one ever knows what's going to happen next—not even a goat.

—RUTH MONTGOMERY, '22.

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AN INDIAN LEGEND

Once a crab down in the ocean,
Sat, and saw a luscious apple,
Sat, and saw it floating gently,
Wand'ring through the ocean waters.
With a motion of his pincers
He retrieved the luscious apple,
And he ate the crisp red skin,
And he ate the juicy pulp,
And he ate the whole, big apple,
And he liked it very well!
Ambition seized the ocean crab
And he set upon a journey,
Traveled to a distant mainland
Crawled upon the shore, and onward!
Ever onward, ever searching,
He was looking for an apple.
So he journeyed through the country
Weariedly, yet ever onward,
Till at length he fell, exhausted,
And he died alone and friendless.
But a tall tree grew above him,
Grew above his lonely grave,
Quivered in the breeze of summer,
Snow-draped through the cold of winter;
And the gods who wished to praise him,
Who sought vainly, yearning always,
Called the tree the crabapple!

—RUTH MONTGOMERY, '22.

* * *

TWILIGHT

When the sun is setting
And the birds seek their rest,
And a gentle breeze comes fretting
The rosebuds that would rest,
And the bees cease their drumming
As the dew begins to fall,
And the night bugs start their humming
And the owls begin to call,
Then I like to go a-roaming,
In the woods and o'er the lea,
Alone in the gloaming,
With just my thoughts and me.

—VERNA YOUNG, '23.

A Landsman's Prayer

Not from Russia's barren tundras
To hot Egypt's burning sands,
Not in all the boundless areas
Of the world's discovered lands,
Can I find a thing that carries
Such a potent thrill for me
As the tumbling, tossing surface
Of the restless, rolling sea.

Where the waves roll slowly inward,
There to dash against the rocks,
With their patient, slow erosion
They are peers to earthquake shocks.
Foaming, frothing, hissing, seething,
Glistening green and glittering white,
Just one shining, silver medley
Almost painful to the sight.

And, oh! the thrill and the anguish
Of watching the sea in a storm,
Half thrilled, half afraid at the moaning
To my ears by the fierce salt winds borne.
Heart rending wails, half-anger, unearthly
My unthinking pity beset
From the throats of ten thousand demons
Caught in their own torture net.

Sometimes it roars in its fury
Or shrieks with demoniac glee
As it clutches some weak, struggling swimmer;
Adds one more to the toll of the sea.
Sometimes it sucks down its victim
To the realms of the coral strand;
Sometimes, displeased with the trophy,
It flings it back to land.

And then, in its calm listless moments,
The waves, all in uniforms green,
The sea's own countless legions,
Controlled by some hidden machine.
Their only bugle a whisper,
A murmur to tantalize,
For they keep their own dark secrets
Hidden from mortal eyes.

Whether in calm or in tempest;
Whether in silence or song;
Whether at midnight or morning,
The sea is surpassingly strong.
If the Ruler of earth and heaven would grant
One wish, whatever it be,
I'd pray for but one tiny atom
Of thy strength, O Surging Sea.

—BESSIE CLOSSON, '24.

The Shadowy Billows

The rosy glow of the setting sun is distributed in various volume all about the ruffled waves. Each wave has a characteristic of its own. No two are alike, yet none seems to be foreign to the rest. The shades are most picturesque. Here all is dark, and there all is rosy light.

Look down the dim vistas of the waves, stretching out and reaching up as mountains do, while the whole group of billows as far as the eye can reach lends the impression that all is the exquisite portraiture of chains of mountain ranges, isolated in places by the large valleys and small watersheds of the Ocean Kingdom.

Again, look down upon the water or up upon the crests of the mightiest waves. It gives the atmosphere of intense magnitude, to which one feels as but a tiny pine tree clinging to the side of a jagged cliff in the midst of the mighty Rockies. Above is the boundless view of clouded sky which holds a shade over the face of the Ocean to fend it from any obtrusive light or inconsistency. How quiet all is! The overgrown child of Mother Nature which folds the barren spots of the universe is provided for by its parent much more fully than are the ordinary earthborn children. Is it because this charge of Mother Nature is obedient under all circumstances to its mother's will, or is it because of the originality of this very Ocean, now so terrible in its violence, and now so kind and soothing in its gentleness?

Surely, the still small voice of this Boundless Deep inspires the feeling that its resources are as great as greatness itself, and that its arms are as mighty as might.

—LEONARD BRUML, '22.

* * *

I'VE HEARD

I've heard of dainty butterflies
With wings of glistening gold;
I've heard the crickets chirping,
And seen turtles aged and old.
I've watched a ladybird flit by,
With wings of colors gay.
I've poked a frog and laughed to see
His ugly, funny way.
But the thing that fascinates me,
For he never seems to stop,
Is to watch a green grasshopper,
Just hop, and hop, and hop.

—BEULAH AYRES, '22.

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THE NORTH WIND

If you jumped around a corner,
Very suddenly, you know,
Do you s'pose by this dark method
You could see the North Wind, so?

He makes you feel so mean and horrid,
When he blows with all his might,
I wonder if he is a demon,
And, after dark, might bite.

I'd like to slip up on him quickly,
Just to see what he is like,
But if he is so very frightful,
Just you watch me hike!

—EVELYN WOODSON, '22.

O Sing-A-Song

In far Japan, across the sea,
A maiden, young and fair,
With her doting father lived;
For none else did she care.

One day the loving father died,
Left Sing-a-Song to sigh.
Tho when a maiden's sweet sixteen
For long she does not cry.

O Sing-a-Song did not find out
What father's will had said.
Fettedo, mayor of the town,
The lengthy will had read.

He sent her far across the sea
To learn the way we live.
"When she comes back," Fateddo tho't,
"A wedding I will give."

He reckoned not with her own heart;
In the land of the brave and free,
She met a childhood friend of hers,
A lawyer now was he.

In two more years the maid returned
To home and native land.
Her friends met her with greetings gay,
The mayor, with a brass band.

At a great fete he offered her
All that his heart could hold.
The maiden scorned him with a laugh.
She cried, "You want my gold.

"You sent me to America,
That I might well become
The mayor's wife, when I came back.
Your task was overdone.

"Another loves me now, and I
Reciprocate with glee.
He loves me for myself alone;
You do not care for me!"

The angry mayor watched Sing-a-Song
With her true love depart,
To meet the priest and seal her fate
By dictates of her heart.

Would Sing-a-Song a pauper be?
Nay, nay, for soon they saw
That she'd fulfilled her father's will,
As was required by law.

ALTA RUFF, '23.

How the Professor Saved the Day

A little weazened man was reading a book on the platform of a country station. He wore a pair of large shell-rimmed spectacles and as it was fast approaching darkness, he bent closer and closer to his book. Two women came walking down the platform.

"Why, there is Professor Jenkins," said one. "How are you, Professor?"

The professor peered over his glasses and not knowing them for the moment, said, "Eh?"

"I said, 'How are you, Professor?' Lovely day, is it not?"

The professor had a puzzled look on his face. "I don't seem to be able to place you—either of you."

"Why, don't you remember me? I am Miss Blaine and this is Mrs. Rogers."

"Oh, yes, of course. How stupid of me not to know my former students."

Just then the electric car came rattling down the track. The station master became vigorously active, not doing much of anything and chewing a great deal of tobacco.

The professor said, "You must excuse me, ladies, I have to catch this car. Won't you come over to the college on a visit some day? Where did I set my book? I can't understand what happened to my net. Oh, yes, here it is. We shall be very glad to have you pay us a visit. Do you see my valise anywhere? There it is. Thank you."

The two women smiled and assisted the professor, with his queer baggage, on to the car. Once on the car the professor promptly forgot the rest of the world and began taking notes on a rare insect that he had been fortunate enough to capture during the day.

The passengers were from every walk of life. Two very gossipy women were discussing the latest scandals in a very excited manner. A fat man was dozing in his seat, a child was crying and acting very disagreeably which bothered a school teacher who was trying to correct examination papers. A country boy was vigorously chewing a piece of gum and reading a dime novel. His interest in the novel could be judged by the action of his jaws. When he was excited, his jaws fairly clicked but when the story was sad, he chewed slowly and unevenly. Two foreigners were jabbering in a foreign tongue. Their argument was heated but as no one else knew what ailed them, they were quite alone in their dispute.

The professor's satchel was partly open. A small snake stuck its head out and began to glide away. No one noticed it until the gossipy women stopped talking and then they screamed. The country boy swallowed his gum and the fat man awoke with a jerk.

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" moaned one of the gossipy women. "I saw a snake, a big snake as round as my arm and ever so long."

The fat man felt something glide along his feet. He jumped up from his seat and kicked his feet about in a very decided manner.

The professor showed only mild interest at all the excitement. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"A snake is crawling around in this car. Oh, oh, oh!" cried the gossipy woman.

"Why, bless my soul, it must be that little garter snake. Where is it, where is it? Where did I leave it? Oh yes, there it is crawling on the floor." The professor picked the snake up by the tail and put it in his valise. The women looked at him, first with amazement and then with righteous indignation. The fat man grumbled, said something about "crazy people," and went to sleep again.

The car finally settled down in peace and only the conductor chuckled

after he heard what had happened.

The professor began looking about in a short time and his interest was drawn to a little insect crawling on the wall. He at once determined to investigate. He stood on his seat but could not quite reach the fly. Seeing a rope hanging down, he pulled himself up. The car came to a sudden stop. The people lurched back in their seats and the conductor came rushing in.

"What's the matter? What's the matter here?"

The professor asked innocently, "Why, did we stop?"

The conductor was angry now. "Don't you see that you pulled the emergency brake and we're losing time here? Where under the sun is your head and what are you doing up there, counting stars? Are you loony?"

"I don't understand you," said the professor. "I was only trying to capture a rare specimen of fly when I pulled on this rope and the car stopped. I didn't know it was the brake."

The car started on again but the people showed outward enmity toward the poor professor. Professor Jenkin's temper was slightly on the rise. These people bothered him a great deal. At a lonely country station the car came to a stop. The passengers were complaining about the delay when a loud commanding voice said, "Hands up!" At once there was utter silence. The hands did not go up but all eyes turned toward the highwayman. The fat man slept on, and the professor continued to write notes. One of the women in the back of the car stuck her ring into her mouth; somebody dropped a purse on the floor. Another highwayman came in, forcing the motorman and conductor inside. All hands were up now except the fat man's and the professor's.

"Shell out!" was the next command, "and be quick about it." One of the robbers took his hat and passed it around. Every passenger contributed something. One of the foreigners put in a head of garlic and a few battered cent pieces. The robber came to the fat man. He poked him in the stomach. The fat man stared open-mouthed into the barrel of the pistol; automatically his hands went up and he gave his donation, too dazed to utter a single word of protest. The professor was in the back of the car still writing notes. The thief went up to him and said, "Cough up or I'll plug you."

"Eh?" said the professor.

"Hurry up or you'll be playing a golden harp pretty quick."

"Sir, I don't understand you," said the professor.

"You don't, eh? Don't get gay now." With those words the thief pulled the professor out of his seat none too gently and said, "Shell out."

"I shall not," said the professor, angry clear through. "I'll not do any such a thing; and if you don't stop your rough handling, I shall have to report you to the police."

"Shut up!" said the robber. "Another word out of you and you're a goner. For the last time, shell out!"

Just then the lights went out. A sudden stillness; then a great commotion; yells and screams rent the air. A gun went off. When the lights came on again, the fat man was on the professor yelling, "I got him! I got him!"

The poor professor was greatly shaken up. The passengers began to crowd around and praise him profusely for his bravery. The thief in the general mixup had dropped his hat containing the valuables. Too dazed to say anything, the professor sat down, a nervous wreck. The fat man begged his pardon and in a fine little speech voiced his thanks for the professor's courage. The professor got down at the next station, having fully made up his mind that people in general were crazy.

—MELVIN SANGUINETTI, '21.

The Legend of the Arrow

Slender, tall and mighty muscled,
Darkly bronze and ebon haired,
Was Swift Hawk, the Iroquois warrior,
He who left no deed undared.

Slender, long and perfect balanced,
Feather winged and deadly tipped,
In a thousand foemen's life blood
Arrow-that-flies-true had dipped.

Always faithful, never faltering,
Each to each a needed part,
Loved and dreaded Indian warrior
And his fatal, far-famed dart.

At the games the tribes engaged in
They had hung the toughest hide;
Arrow-that-flies-true had struck it,
Severed it from side to side.

Many moons had shone and faded
Since its first straight course it sped;
Redman, white man, bear, and panther
Added to its list of dead.

Then one calm night the moon looked down
And seemed to hold its breath;
For beside his captors' tepees
Swift Hawk waited for his death.

Tense and still as carved of metal,
With his steely-sinewed limbs
Lighted by the leaping firelight
As it flickers, flares, and dims.

Dusky eyes set straight before him,
Eyes that hold no hint of fear,
Jaws clamped tight as bound with iron,
Straight and strong as Roman spear.

All the braves howled, circling round him,
Shadowy figures in the glow,
Springing, leaping, madly vaulting,
Then, deliberate, treading slow.

"We will shoot the Iroquois warrior!
With his own bow pierce his heart!"
Then his lips, straight, thinly chiseled,
Pulled with stately pride apart.

"It is well. The Iroquois warrior
Makes to you his last request:
When he dies, his wizard arrow
Be lodged safely in his breast.

"Through the wars of many summers
Never has it missed its aim;
To its speed, its true sure balance
I, Swift Hawk, owe half my fame.

"Take it. 'Tis the blackened, scarred one.
Aim it lightly; it will fly.
You will find an Iroquois warrior
Has the strength bravely to die."

Hushed as when the snows have fallen
On the forest, thick and white,
Stood the ring of waiting warriors;
Not a whisper stirred the night.

Perfect calm lay on the forest;
Yet the pine trees moaned aloud,
And the willows by the water,
As in sorrow, lowly bowed.

And the chosen warrior waited,
Standing as in fetters bound,
Waited. Then, at last, he dropped
One knee upon the ground.

Waited yet one more brief instant,
Pulled the bowstring still more tight,
Jerked it back. The wizard arrow
Darted forth upon its flight.

From the warrior's bare, bronze bosom
The swift arrow glanced away;
Broken in a thousand fragments,
At the warrior's feet it lay.

Startled silence held the circle.
Well they knew the arrow's fame.
Then the undisputed verdict
Of the aged chieftain came.

"Saw you; know you, all my warriors,
How the Spirit shows His will;
Shall you, lowly, cringing subjects,
Kill when He says 'Do not kill?'"

"Well we know that the great Spirit
Wilfully the arrow broke.
Go in peace, O, Favored Warrior,
Skimming-arrow now has spoke."

Deigning not to break the silence,
Swift Hawk knelt upon the ground,
Gently scooped the shattered arrow
Up into a jagged mound.

Then from off the council fire
Took a blazing, crackling brand,
Watched the flames consume the arrow,
Then, into his strong cupped hand

Gathered up the dead, grey ashes,
Turned and strode one pace away,
Then he turned to face the watchers,
And they heard him sternly say:

“Never on a foeman’s camp-ground
Shall this ash degraded lie.
Know you not, when they are famous,
Arrows too with honor die?”

Then he stalked into the forest
And the shadows closed him in;
And behind him in the village
Recommenced the war-dance din.

—BESSIE CLOSSON, '23.

* * *

THE TRANSFORMATION

A cloud floats by in a clear blue sky
With ease and grace,
And no sign of haste.
Its fair shape is soft as it skims far aloft
O'er a billowy waste.

A ship slips past with the sails on her mast
Op'ed to the breeze
Of tropical seas.
Its prow dips west o'er each wave's shining crest,
And the spray falls aside like leaves.

But more clouds come nigh, and at last fill the sky,
And the rumble and grumble
Of thunder's loud mumble
Burst forth in the air, as the lightning streaks flare,
And the waves dash about in a jumble.

The ship's now so tossed, her crew fear she's lost,
And the wind takes her mast,
And blows a loud blast
That shivers the ship, and ends her last trip,
And the ship goes down at last

—LEONARD BRUML, '22.

* * *

POOR FELLER

My feller ban a tall man,
Five foot twelve when he stands straight up,
But he ban dead now,
 Poor feller.

My feller ban a hodd carrier,
Working for the Skyscraper Building Company.
One day he ban fall down,
 Poor feller.

My feller ban a fine man,
He thot I ban a very good cook,
But now he ban sleeping sound,
 Poor feller.

—ELWOOD STEWART, '21.

His Confidante

It was the night of the masquerade. Everything was ready and John was loudly telling his sister to hurry as he wanted to be there for the first dance. The last glove was finally drawn on and they started eagerly for the hall. The first thing John spied when they arrived was a gorgeous gypsy costume.

"Oh, there's Mabel," he said, "she told me this afternoon she was coming as a gypsy," and he walked hurriedly over to her to secure the second dance. It was a waltz and Mabel waltzed superbly.

Then John said, "Mabel, do you think Miss Harper heard what I said this afternoon when we were talking about her being too strict? You know she is a good teacher and lots of fun out of school, but in the classroom—WOW!"

Mabel laughingly said, "Why, I haven't noticed it."

Then John went on telling how he had cut two classes that day and no one was the wiser. He also explained just why the desk bell wouldn't ring as he and two others had stuffed it with paper.

"But that's nothing compared to what Joe did," he went on to say; "remember that small toad that was in the science room? Well, that is now in Miss May's desk—just wait until she finds it tomorrow," and John laughed as he thought of what Miss May would do. Mabel also laughed, altho she thought it was a rather mean trick to play on little Miss May.

It was now time to unmask, and as Mabel slipped off her false face, John gazed in horrified amazement into the eyes of Miss Harper, his teacher.

Miss Harper's eyes twinkled as she said, "Be more careful, John, to whom you confide your school gossip in the future," and John made a mental note that he certainly would!

—HAZEL THURMOND, '21.

* * *

CLASS SONG

Tune: "Out Where the West Begins."

Out where the battle's a little harder,
Out where one fights with vim and ardor,
That's where real life begins.
Our high school days are nearly ended,
Where our work and joys were blended,
And our hopes and dreams are now extended,
Out where real life begins.

Out in the world though the paths grow steeper,
Still our love for our school grows deeper,
When life's real work begins.
Our high school days seem all too few,
We now have harder tasks to do;
Dear school, we will not soon forget you,
When life's real work begins.

Somewhere a mighty call bids onward,
Somewhere a vision beckons forward,
That's where real life begins.
We say goodbye to one another,
Our days with you, dear school, are over;
We shall all go forth from your sheltering cover,
To where real life begins.

The Come-back of Napoleon Bonaparte

In the southeast portion of the Dellville Valley, flattened out against the landscape, lay the Sunnyville Asylum, noted and revered among similar institutions as containing the greatest number of saneless, brainless and otherwise specially ungifted freaks ever collected by human endeavor. It was early in the morning but already there were various signs of activity in and around the premises. Today was to be most eventful in the history of the asylum, in more ways than one, as later happenings are to show. Today was to see the fulfillment of the long promised visit of the Governor, and great preparations were in order that it might be a day long and fondly remembered. A great banquet was to be given to which all the keepers and wardens and their families were invited. The station was located a short quarter of a mile from the asylum and at the time when the Governor was expected the keepers of the asylum turned out in a body as a delegation to escort the Governor back.

Now we shall take the fair reader back to the "House of the Lacking" to cell number 21 in which were caged two of the most worthless inventors of all times, namely Ichabod Whangdoodle, the near inventor of the Lollapaloozer car, the envy of every Ford owner; and Archibald Catfitz, who through his tactful ingenuity had succeeded in producing the noiseless soup spoon, the mouseless mousetrap and the spineless catfish. On this fair morning, due to their combined and concentrated efforts, they had at last succeeded in making from a short tonged fork, a key, which to their great joy opened the cell door. Rushing out they hurried immediately to cell 36 which was inhabited by a short dried up little man in a cocked hat, Napoleon Bonaparte, the chosen leader of the inmates of the asylum. Under his orders, immediately upon his accession to freedom, the other inmates of similar tendencies were released, and forming into regular marching order, they filed out of the sanatorium and headed up the valley. Jumping Sun, the second son of Howling Wolf, and George Washington, were dispatched as spies and forerunners and were given strict orders to report the slightest signs of unrest in the camp of an enemy. Armed with everything from sledgehammers to tea-spoons, and under the leadership of the greatest general of all time, the hundred odd inmates of the Sunnyville Asylum set out to destroy, mutilate, or exterminate anything showing the slightest signs of resistance. After marching for several miles and losing their first enthusiasm, they were suddenly revived by the reappearance of their gallant scouts. They reported a large assemblage of the red-coats who were showing numerous signs of activity at the far end of the valley.

We shall now explain the purpose, the whyfore and the wherefore of the assemblage which had disturbed the serenity of Napoleon's trustful scouts. In the farther extremity of the valley was located the small town of Hickville, a stronghold of the most rabid I. W. W.'s and Bolsheviks, who used it as a refuge when driven out of the large cities beyond the mountains. It happened that on this afternoon, a big meeting and demonstration was planned which was being executed as the scouts took in the scene.

Back in Napoleon's regiment everything was astir and last minute preparations for the taking of the enemy's camp were being made.

At last, when all was in readiness, Napoleon mounted a large stump and addressed the calvacade in the following stirring tones. "Friends, Sires, and Braves of France, yonder are assembled the armies of all the crowns of Europe. Today is the day when the glory of Napoleon and France either electrifies and astounds the world or is trampled into oblivion. It lies with us to make it the greatest day in the history of the world," and with a cry of "Vive la France," Napoleon drew his pruning saw, which served as a sword, whirled it over his head and made a graceful descent. Then with yells of, "Vive la France," "The Union Forever," "Deutschland Uber Alles," the small army burst into the meeting of the astounded Reds. Too dumbfounded to protest and too

scared to move, they were quickly taken in by the Napoleonites and were soon marching down the valley with their hands securely bound.

In the meantime the Governor's train had arrived and the delegation marched back to the asylum. What was their surprise and consternation to find the place empty, with one exception: Napoleon Bonaparte the second, who had to wait for the death of the "Great One" before he could claim the leadership. They set out immediately but had scarcely started when one of the strangest groups they had ever witnessed came marching down the road. At the head, of course, was Napoleon and back of him surrounded on three sides were the Reds of Hickville. The keepers, knowing the disposition of their charges, fell into line at the rear of the procession. Straight for the asylum they headed and directly up to the front steps where the Governor was standing. Napoleon called his little army to attention, doffed his hat to the Governor and then standing in the enviable pose of the "Great One" drew himself into immobility. The Governor, who had been informed by the warden, now stepped to the front and in a speech still talked about at the asylum today, acclaimed the glory of Napoleon of Sunnyville and his string of mighty followers.

It was found at a later date that among the I. W. W.'s captured, were some of the most searched-for individuals of that part of the country. As a reward for the capture of these Bolsheviks, the Sunnyville Asylum received many benefits, and the inmates lived to a ripe old age amid the pleasures of its spacious cells.

—ROBERT RINN, '21.

* * *

SPRING IS HERE!

Spring is here!
The glorious spring,
With her flowing robes of the fragrant flowers,
Her soft hair of the bright sunbeams,
Her sweet laugh of the rippling waters,
And her song, the music of the larks.
She has charmed away the cold god of the snows,
Robbed him of his coat of ice,
And has come to make the world a bright, golden,
glorious, garland of life.

—IONE LANGE, '24.

* * *

MARCH WINDS

O swift March winds a-blowing from the north,
You sing a song of winter, past and fled,
We know with you the flowers have all come forth,
And dreary days of sadness all have sped
To distant lands.
O fleet March winds you bring with you the joys
Of singing birds, of happy children in the street;
Of sparkling brooks, of laughing girls and boys,
And most of all some cool retreat
Where one can lie and dream.
O eager winds you usher in the spring,
And now we see that summer soon will come;
The nightingale his rapturous song will fling
Upon the midnight air, soon lost among
The silences, and sighing trees.

—VIVIAN TENNYSON, '21.

HOT AIR

Jim Conklin of Acampo,
By the Nine Gods he swore,
That the great High of Lodi,
Should be victor evermore.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a meeting day,
And sent 'phone messages afar,
To summon his array.

From east and west and south and north,
The messages came fast,
And school and town and cottage
All heard the call at last.

"Shame on the false opponent,
Who stays within his bed,
While the mighty coach of Lodi
Is nearly there," they said.

And now did every city
Send up her bunch of men;
The boys, they numbered sixty,
The coaches nearly ten.

At that the Lodi rooters sighed,
"Ah! look what a bunch of rummies."
The team said, "After this meeting day
They will certainly look like mummies."

—BURTON TOWNE, '21.

* * *

REPAIRS AFTER GYM

The girls' gymnasium class is over,
But, oh, my hair is slipping!
So I push toward the glass, with the rest of the class,
My powder-puff fiercely gripping.

"You're in my light!" said Sue Somebody,
To Sally What-is-her-name.
"Your white-washed face takes all the space,"
Replied that saucy dame.

"My hair pins are gone and my nose it shines;
Please can't you lend me a comb?
This mirror's a fright! Ouch, my shoe's too tight!
Oh, where can I find Miss Holm?"

These remarks you hear and others too,
As you grope through the powder fog;
When a flourished pin comes straight at your chin,
And an elbow gives you a jog.

But the tall stretch their necks as high as they can,
And the short stand close to the glass;
So we manage to fit, and our bruises forget,
When we're through with gymnasium class.

JESSIE LAUCLAND, '21.

NEXT TO NATURE

'Twas a RUFF MUNDY morning in MAY,
We started WEST in our HUDSON to play;
Up HILL and through REYN our good DRIVER he TUCKER,
Till it began to GROW late and we wanted our supper.

A LITTLE LOWE HEDGE in a FIELD caught our eye,
Our MAIN chance was here if there was water nearby,
So on FOOTE through the WOODS we followed the ROBBINS,
Found a WELL, STONE inclosed, a good place to stop in.

We got out our HAMMER, drove GREEN sticks in the ground
To FRYE us some HAM on, no skilletts around.
While waiting and watching things, SHEP-HERD a noise
Like the snort of a BULL, or a GAIL in its joys.

We grabbed HOLT of the handiest thing we could find,
We would not BUDGE and leave our supper behind;
We waited and waited, the noise was repeated;
"T IS-A-BELLE in a TOWNE;" we our supper completed.

We started to PICK-E-RING in which to spread our bed,
Had to B. WARE of the varmints; they were not all dead.
The PRICE of our trip was exceedingly high,
And the MYRTLE beneath us caused us to sigh.

The morning came later, indeed, it was LOVELESS,
So we walked till we saw our machine stand before us.
We were COFFIN and BENT-ON returning back home,
But when we tried to remove the BLACK, CLAY loam

That was hung on our TYRES from an INCH to a FOOTE,
We were stuck in the MYER till you'd think we'd take root;
Our crank was so muddy that no one could TURNER,
We PEEKed at our COIL, our features grew sterner.

From the MARKS on the ground a FOOTMAN had passed on;
He, perhaps, was a COOPER, SMITH, TAYLOR, or MASON,
Or only a 'PRENTICE, but his help we did need
To RIGG up some method to release our steed.

We HALEd with delight a BROWN CAMPBELL nearby,
Whose tender HOPPS off, to help us to try;
A STEELE that he carried he grasped by the HANDEL,
But commenced work by TAPPAN the HELM with his sandal.

"Are you STEWARD or BLACK SMITH or LEHMAN?" we
asked him.
"I'm an ARCHER or BOWMAN," he said, when we pressed him.
A good WALKER strode up, he was a YOUNG BAKER,
His VEST it was loud, but he was no faker.

The front was all HARRY and had buttons of PEARL,
His hair, which was reddish was inKLEINed to curl.
With the GRACE of a SALOMON he did MERRILly HAROLD,
"We must RUSSELL a PECK of good boulders," he CAROLed.

"We must GROW wise and HATCH up a way
To get the MANUEL labor done here today."
The tender he LEERed at the BAKER, which caused him to UTTER-
"BACK to your HOLM, you DYER of butter!"

A JENNY BIRD flew from a QUESSENBERRY near by
To a POOL where a PERROTT was admiring his RUBY eye.
The BAKER gave CHASE and with the aid of a HELMUT
Captured the PERROTT, and said, "We are well met;

"This busi-NUSZ needs brains, perhaps you can help us!"
"I MAY-ER may not while you're HOLDEN me thus!"
WILDER grew that YOUNG BAKER, while in this way doing,
"We'll be here until JUNE if we sit here a-stewing.

"Why are we waiting? Let's drive to our BAUER,
If we could get started, we'd be HOLM in an hour."
I raised up the hood, touched the horn, and then BLEWETT,
Looked at the mud, and then drove our car through it.

"Where did this happen? In VIRGINIA?" you ask me;
"No, indeed, CALIFORNIA's the scene of this catastrophe;
The party was composed of my wife and HER-MAN,
The dog and the cat, and some food in a tin can.

"Their pictures you'll find in our home on the WALL,
First room to the left, right off of the HALL:
With MOORE of our pleasues some day we'll regale you,
Get next year's Tokay, be sure we'll not fail you."

—EUNICE MORRIS, '22.

* * *

A ROSE

A little rose bush grew alone,
All in a desert bare,
It bravely raised leaves to the sun,
Found joy and happiness there.

I wondered why it braved the drought,
To bloom there all alone,
A tiny wilted rose-flower said,
"My days of beauty have flown.

"When first I peeped forth to the world,
I saw the sun so fair,
But though I waited many a day,
Not a drop of rain came there.

"I grew not doubtful or forlorn,
But raised my leaves to the sun,
And soon a tiny bud appeared,
And I prayed for rain to come.

"From a tiny rose bud peeping forth,
I bloomed to a full-fledged flower,
By keeping up my hope so well,
My wish had come with His power."

"So do not get discouraged,"
This little rose taught me,
"But only work still on and on,
And you repaid will be."

—CAROLYN ROPER, '24.

Lights Out

The fat, old guide sat comfortably, leaning his wicker chair against the shady side of his small bachelor cabin. It was very cool around the house as it had been shaded by a mountain which rose almost perpendicularly to the east. As it was now a little past noon, the sun was at its hottest. When we entered the shade of the trees close to the cabin, we felt with keen appreciation the coolness which the heavy foliage lent.

As we approached our aforesaid guide, he turned his head lazily and gave us a casual look and greeting. Evidently strangers were not new to him, at least he treated us as though they were quite common. We returned the greeting and asked to go through the cave.

"Reckon it's pretty hot down there but don't suppose it's any hotter'n it was this morning. I took a party through and they came pretty near to sweltering. 'Tain't that it's so hot but the air is mighty heavy and depressing."

All the while he had been talking, he had been twisting a large straw hat and dangling a bunch of keys.

"Well, if you want to go through, I'm willing to go, so come along," and he led the way down a path to an open spot. Passing across the open plot he walked toward a large projecting rock at the foot of the mountain. A little to one side was a moss covered door, and all around were vines climbing on the rocks. It reminded me of the very small door that led the little girl through her exciting adventures in Wonderland, and I questioned whether ours might not be as adventuresome as hers.

Approaching the door, the guide selected a key and applied it to the lock. The lock sprang, he swung the door back, and leaning forward, switched on the lights.

"You had better hold on to the rail and watch your step as the boards are slippery and wet in some places," the guide announced.

We followed our leader as directed, for in some places it was not very light and we wished to hear what he said about the different rocks and formations.

He reeled off the names of the various objects much as the driver of a sight-seeing car does. When we had reached the bottom of the cave, the air had become a great deal heavier and our breathing was hard. We all felt an inexplicable fear coming over us, but supposing our imaginations to be working overtime, we passed on. Just then our guide led us into a chamber and said that he would turn the lights out for a few minutes. In the meantime we were to turn around several times and then when he turned the lights on again we were to find our way out. The little opening through which we had crawled led to a very low and rocky hallway from which we had entered the chamber. Leading the way to the center of the little room, he told us just where to stand. He then left to turn out the lights.

Click! and the lights went out. We turned about several times and then stood still. The silence and darkness was terrifying. A fear of something dreadful seized me. We waited a few seconds for the lights and then heard a muffled "thud" as if something were falling. We could not imagine what the noise could be but supposed it to be the guide's step on the rocks. At length after waiting some minutes, we decided to call. After the call the echoes seemed to mock us on every side, and yet the lights did not come on; and the guide made no sound. Just a faint trickle of the water dripping off the rocks could be heard. The darkness was disheartening and a terrible dread crept over me.

"What's the matter?" I called. Then silence! Not a human sound could be heard, and still we could hear that far off murmur of water. We dared not

move as we did not know what lay before us for a step. We waited; still nothing happened.

Just then, a mumble, even fainter than the trickle of the water, was heard. As it grew louder, we knew it came from the guide. It sounded as if he were in pain. Had he fallen?

A few seconds later we heard a faint but distinct voice saying, "Come here." It was evident that the guide had fallen.

How could we go to him when we did not know which way to go? We listened again.

"Reach for the light just above your head and follow the wires out to the switch," he called. We began to search above our heads for the globe but I could hardly touch a few of the low rocks above my head, and I remembered that the light was up in a crevice in the ceiling of the chamber. My companion was taller than I and he was busy reaching about for the wires. Thump! his hand struck the globe and then we heard a "pop!" and down came a shower of glass.

A moment later I asked, "Are you hurt?"

"No," came the reply, "but lucky enough none of that glass got into my eyes. It hit the top of my head. Now that I have found the wires, we shall soon be out of here if we step carefully."

Slowly and unsteadily we stepped from one uneven rock to the next, following the winding of the wires in and around the many turns of the rocks. It was no easy task as neither of us had seen the wires as we came in.

All the while there had been no sound from the guide. Suddenly there was a quick "Stop!" from the guide. "Do not step any farther but follow the wires with your hand and you will find the switch."

Click! and the cave was again filled with light. There was a sudden relaxation of nerves and my friend shuddered as he looked before him at the steep pit filled with inky water. Just another step in the wrong direction might have meant a horrible death.

When we returned to the guide, we found him sitting limply on a rock. He was very warm and from what he said I supposed he had had an attack of heart trouble. We fanned him and did all we could to revive him, for we wanted very much to be taken out of the cave. At length he felt that he would be able to start back, and with our help he began to ascend the steep steps. Where the passes were narrow it was very difficult to get through when we were helping the guide along. Several times we paused to rest and although the time seemed to drag, it had passed by quickly, for when we came to the last flight of stairs and looked up, the sunlight did not greet us as we had expected.

When the guide was comfortably settled in his cabin, we left him as we felt we must get back to camp. It was getting very dark, and neither of us was familiar with the paths, but if you will ask me some other time I will tell you about our hike back to camp.

—VELYN ARONHALT, '22.

* * *

SPRING

Spring is here, and the days are clear,
And the grass so green has a glossy sheen
That soothes tired eyes and cures all sighs;
And the buzz of the bees and the drone of the flies
Soothe the mind and leave worry behind.
But what is spring, and what does it bring?
Why spring is life, and life brings hope,
And when there is hope, how can one mope?
Then, spring is light with radiance bright,
That is shed in floods on dewy buds.

—LEONARD BRUML, '22.

A TRUE COMPANION

'Twas years ago in the far north land,
Where hard as hard could be
Was the toil of the men who ardently hoped,
A wealth of gold they might see.

'Twas here a dog and his master lived,
And hunted years for gold,
From morn till night they daily did work
Despite the terrible cold.

At last one day to the man's great joy,
A fortune he did find.
"Now I shall leave," to his dog he said,
"For the place I long have pined."

His faithful dog he quickly sold,
To a stranger in the land.
And taking his gold he sailed away
To his dearly loved native strand.

And farther north the dog was taken
To a home many miles from the sea,
But day by day he grew more sad,
For a one master's dog was he.

With a chain both heavy and strong was he bound,
But no chain was there in store
That was strong enough to keep him from going
Back to his master's door.

But there he saw no curling smoke,
He heard not his master's voice.
No one came to let him in,
And no one made him rejoice.

The men who passed from day to day,
In large and numerous bands,
Brought tempting food, but he took it not,
Though urged by kindly hands.

Then to the old master a letter was sent,
And he started with great dismay,
Back to his sad and suffering friend,
To give joy to him where he lay.

And to this friend, devoted and true,
This promise he fervently made,
"As long as you live, with you I will stay,
My debts to you shall be paid."

—DOROTHY CULBERTSON, '24

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THE NATURE HUNTER

The hunter sees the wily fox
Come for a drink among the rocks,
The crouching panther on a crag
Spring fiercely on the noble stag,
The hare avoid the bounding doe
Then stop, and look, and onward go.

But, as he strolls, perchance, about,
His eyes fall on a sparkling trout
Which jumps from the brook to seize a fly,
Then splashes back, and soon swims by
To live without a human care,
To play in ripples here and there.

This huntsman loves these streams and hills,
For what he sees, not what he kills.
He often roams some distant glade,
And near some tree or in its shade,
He rests to eat his midday lunch,
And quench his thirst with Adam's punch.

—LEONARD BRUML, '22.

CLASS SONG

Tune: "America the Beautiful."

O beautiful for times now past,
Upon old learning's seas,
For joys and loving friendships fast,
And school's sweet memories.
O high school days, O high school days,
We'll sing of thee once more,
And praise thy days all through the ways
Of life forever more.

O classmates, friends, through all these years,
Our time to part draws nigh.
We've stood as one through doubts and fears
In Lodi Union High.
And when we leave this school so dear,
And aside our studies lay,
Then we will give a mighty cheer
As we start on our way.

O friends, we've worked to win our name,
And now our labor's done,
Let's not forget our class's fame,
Our friendships just begun.
And tho' to struggle and to learn
Hasn't all been fun,
We'll ever for our high school yearn,
The class of '21.

O classmates, may we do our best
For the purple and the white.
Our spirit'll live thru years of test
By fighting for the right.
Our high school days seem all too few,
Our thoughts will live with thee.
May great success be yours each year
Wherever we may be.

A METRICAL TRANSLATION FROM VERGIL

Another sight greater and far more dread
Is now presented to this hapless crowd,
And it affrights our now benighted minds,

And, in our fear, we flee and cry aloud.
From Tenedos, over the tranquil deep,
There came a pair of snakes of endless length,
Causing great waves to form and lash the shore.

Many a storm rose from their mighty strength.
Their massive breasts rear up amid the waves,
Their bloody crests o'er top the seething surge,
Along the main their backs in rolling coils

Are spread; nor does the end as yet emerge.
Forward they come, right to our very shore;
Their burning eyes suffused with blood and fire,
Quivering tongues now touch their hissing mouths.

Like stones, we stood, in our distress so dire.
They reached our very shores but did not stop,
Onward, still on they came, crossing our field,
And yet silence did rule supreme o'er all;

To the decree of God mortal must yield.
Then, one unearthly cry did split the air,
Of one accord the crowd did turn and flee,
Maddened by fear they spread o'er field and marsh,

And there were some who fled into the sea.
Did I say all? 'twas wrong—for three were left;
There stands Laocoon's two tiny sons,
And there the father runs to aid his pets.

I speak the truth. They were the only ones.
But now each serpent twines around a son
And preys its fangs upon each wretched limb;
And now Laocoon reaches that spot;

To free his sons, he seeks with all his vim.
And next those creatures seize upon himself,
They throw their scaly backs around his throat,
Enchain him, helpless, in their spiral wreaths,

And then—It was too terrible to note.
And now to temple top these dragons glide,
Straightway the form of cruel Minerva seek,
And hide within the circle of her shield,
And also slink beneath the goddess' feet.

GERTRUDE PERROTT, '21.

TO THE EARTH

Oh Earth you are clad in garments green.
Blithe spring is here!
The leaves are budding, the grass may be seen.
'Tis spring! Spring's here!

Oh Earth you are clad in garments of heat.
Beautiful summer is here!
The flowers' blossoming makes the air sweet.
'Tis summer! Summer's here!

Oh Earth you are clad in autumnal array.
Brown autumn is here!
The leaves are falling, the earth I survey.
'Tis autumn! Autumn's here!

Oh Earth you are clad in snowy white.
Bleak winter is here!
The snowbirds flit thru the fading light.
'Tis winter! Winter's here.

These are the seasons of the year.
To me, one and all are very dear.
It may be spring or it may be summer.
I like one as well as another.

—AVIS THOMAS, '23.

