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The Joke

(First Prize—Play)

Time—1916.

Place—France.

Characters: Jerry, Tom and Dick. (Three soldiers.)

Scene: A dugout below the trenches. There is a table in the center of the room. Four or five chairs are scattered about and a bench stretches along the left hand wall. A lantern burns dimly on a box in the right hand corner. The only other light is a candle that burns in the center of the table, upon which Jerry rests his head on his folded arms. Tom and Dick are by the right hand corner pulling away lumber and dirt that fills the only entrance. The whole effect is one of ghostly shadows.

Dick: It's no use, Tom; we can't dig away all that dirt and wood with our naked hands.

Tom: My God, man we've got to. There isn't enough air left in here to keep all of us going very much longer.

Dick: Oh! how I hate those German beasts, all the suffering, the agony, pain that thousands have gone through because of those Germans, Germans—God, I hate that word!

Tom: Come Dick, remember, "All is fair in love and war."

Dick: Yes, I know, I've learned that from both love and war. Tom, I can't work this way any longer.

Tom: But, Dick, you must; we've got to get out of here.

Dick: We can't pull all this dirt and wood away. What's the use trying?

Tom: Dick, buck up; we've got to get out of here.

Dick: What for—just to be shot like a pig by some dirty German?

Tom: Oh! no! of course not. There's no fighting around here now—we could hear the firing if there were.

Dick: Hear shots, twenty feet down through solid earth?

Tom: Here, Dick, help me with this big log, I can't move it alone. (Dick and Tom pull at the log. It gives way suddenly sending both men to the floor. The opening is again filled with dirt and wood.)

Dick: (Getting up.) A lot of good that did. You can kill yourself pulling at that dirt; I won't.

Tom: (Getting up.) Dick, come on, try once more and maybe—

Dick: Tom—there's a limit. I can't work any more; and I don't give a damn if I do die down here, in this hole. What's the difference? We're buried anyway, and most likely forgotten. The only thing is we're not dead. (He goes over to the table and drawing a chair up he sits down, pulling a flask from his pocket.)

Tom: (Going over to the table.) Better save some of that stuff; we might need it.

Dick: (Shrugging his shoulders and taking a big drink.) Say, Tom, we're done for; there's no getting around it. Why try to keep up the cheery smile?

Tom: (Pulling a chair up to the table.) I guess you're right, Dick; we're done for, good and plenty. Give me a drink. (Tom drinks.)

Dick: (Shaking Jerry.) Jerry, Jerry, wake up—here's a drink.

Tom: (Setting flask down.) I guess he's all in; he sure worked the hardest of the three of us.

Dick: (Shaking him again.) Jerry, Jerry.

Jerry (Moving slightly, then raising his head slowly.) Helen, Helen, I—
Dick: For God's sake, Jerry, take a drink. (He shoves flask over the table to Jerry.)

Tom: Buck up, old man.

Jerry: (Sitting up straight, with a weird look in his eyes.) It seemed to me that I saw Helen. Did you see her?

Tom: Of course not, Jerry. She's home—in America. Here, take a drink.

Jerry: Home—in America? I—I don't—

Dick: Jerry, for God's sake, take a drink; you give me the creeps.

Jerry: (Looking about.) Oh! you, Dick and Tom, the dugout—we're caught here—buried alive?

Dick: Yes, yes—and we can't get out.

Jerry: (Taking a drink.) The candle still burns; there is oxygen in here.

Tom: Yes, Jerry, there is still hope.

Dick: (In a loud quivering voice.) Hope! That candle is going out.

Tom: Quick, Dick, put out that lantern. It is using oxygen that means life to us. (Dick gets up and goes over to right hand corner of the room. Tom and Jerry watch him until he returns and sits down at the table again. The only light on the stage is the candle which sheds an unsteady glow on the faces of the three men who sit watching the candle with horror showing in their faces.)

Dick: That damn thing will go out in about ten minutes.

Tom: Dick!

Jerry: Yes, and when that candle goes out, our life goes out.

Dick: (Tearing at his collar.) Yes! See, it's flickering, flickering, flickering away our lives.

Tom: Stop, Dick. Why make it worse?

Jerry: (Laughing.) Worse? I've never heard of anything worse.

Dick: Look! It's going out, out! Oh! God—save us—save us!

Tom: (Bowing his head.) O, God, be merciful.

Dick: (Laughing shrilly.) Merciful? Joke—joke—life's a joke—a joke on all of us.

Jerry: That candle will go out in about two minutes.

Dick: My throat! My God, I can't breathe—I'm strangling—I'm choking.

Tom: Oh! God be merciful.

Dick: (Taking a revolver from his pocket.) Damn you, Tom, say that again, and I'll shoot you—I'll kill you.

Tom: Go ahead. I'd rather be shot than die gasping for breath. Go ahead! Shoot!

Dick: (Looking at the revolver.) No, I won't shoot. There's just two bullets in this gun—and there's three of us.

Jerry: (In horror.) No! No! Not that.

Dick: Then you'd rather strangle.

Tom: Jerry, Dick's right, just a shot and then no pain, no suffering—otherwise—

Dick: There's two bullets in this gun. Who's to be the one that's left—you Jerry?

Jerry: Oh! God no!—shoot me—shoot me first.

Tom: Wait—we'll draw straws. (He goes to the corner of the room.)

Dick: All right—the one that draws the shortest—lives on—until the oxygen gives out.

Tom: (Returning to the table.) Here are three sticks, all of different lengths. Who draws first?

Dick: I chose—and may God be merciful. (He draws and quickly covers his stick with his hand.)

Jerry: (Choosing.) And may God have mercy on me.

Tom: You have both drawn. The stick that you hold in your hand, tells whether or not you live on. Jerry, you have a wife, a little baby boy waiting for you at home. Dick, you have a lonely mother; she counts the days until you will return; you are all that she has. You both have your loved ones, I—I have none, I have no one. We three sit here—holding in our hands our fates. I have nothing to live for—you both have. I wonder which of us fate has chosen to draw the shortest piece, to be the one that lives on. (In a loud voice.) Lay your pieces down.

(They all lay their pieces down. Almost immediately the light flickers and goes out. The stage is in complete darkness.)

Tom: The candle—the oxygen, it's nearly gone. Shoot me—shoot me. I'm choking—choking. Who had the shortest piece?

Dick: (Laughing crazily.) You did, you did, you who have nothing to live for—you live. Who's got the pistol? Shoot—shoot for God's sake; shoot me. I had the longest.

Jerry: And I had the next longest. Where are you Dick, where are you?

Dick: Here—here—shoot here. My God, shoot—shoot over here—shoot at my voice. (There is a loud report, a crash as of a body falling.)

Jerry: Goodbye, Helen—and Bobby. (There is another loud report and crash.) Immediately afterward sounds of digging and tramping overheard by the entrance in the right hand corner. A voice is faintly heard. We're coming boys, stick it out a few minutes longer and we'll be with you.

Tom: (Laughing hoarsely.) Fate—fate—I live and I have nothing to live for. Fate—you're—you're a joke.

—Andrews French, '24.

Raindrops

Sweet and peaceful pitter patter,
Cool refreshing rain,
Softly tap my window sill,
Softly tap again.

Sweet and peaceful pitter patter,
Soothe my aching brain,
Softly kiss my eyelids pale,
Softly kiss again.

Sweet and peaceful pitter patter,
Soft melodious rain,
Wake my weary heart-strings once,
Wake them once again.

Sweet and peaceful pitter patter,
Cool refreshing rain,
Softly fall in window plants,
Softly fall again.

—Nori Shiba, '27.

Fable of the Cop in a Ford

(Junior—Prize Story)

Once upon a time there was a Certain Young Man who was in love with a Certain Young Lady who was also in love with him. For a time everything went smoothly. They would go out riding every Sunday in the Certain Young Man's little, old, cut-down Ford, for the Certain Young Man was not rich, but worked as a mechanic in a garage. But, as the course of true love never runs smoothly for long, soon a Certain Wicked Rival appeared on the scene. It had happened in the following manner.

The Certain Young Lady worked in a big department store, and every night she would go home on the bus. It chanced one night as she was waiting for the bus, that the Certain Wicked Rival came along in his Certain High-powered Sport Racer and offered her a ride home. You see the Certain Wicked Rival's father owned the store where the Certain Young Lady worked, and the Certain Wicked Rival had often seen her and talked to her there. Now the Certain Young Lady was very pretty, and like most pretty young ladies, she liked pretty things, and expensive things. So when the Certain Wicked Rival offered her a ride in his Certain High-powered Racer, she at once became dazzled by the glittering beauty, and accepted. It was not long before he happened by every night about closing time to take the Certain Young Lady home, and it was not very long until he began to come to take her out for a ride. Now the Certain Young Lady's mother was not very strong, and the Wicked Rival being very shrewd, asked "Mother" to come, too. Thus it was not very long until the Certain Young Lady was accepting, "for Mother's sake, so Mother could have a nice ride, too." The first thing the Certain Young Man knew he was taking his Sunday rides alone, and the Wicked Rival would pass him with a great honking of the horn, and stirring up of dust, and the Certain Young Lady would turn away her head, or look back and laugh.

Now of course, this all made the Certain Young Man very sad and he would spend many, many hours of thought, trying to think of some way to overthrow and disgrace his Wicked Rival, and win back the girl he loved.

One day, when he had almost despaired of ever getting what he most desired, a friend of his called him up on the telephone and said that he was going to have to be out of town the next Sunday, and asked the Certain Young Man to take his place on the road. Now the road he mentioned was the very road where the Wicked Rival was in the habit of taking the Certain Young Lady riding, when they would pass the Certain Young Man with a sneer and a scornful toot. The Certain Young Man, conceiving a plan for revenge, consented to help out his friend. Thereafter, every night he worked long and strenuously in the machine shop, for he was going to use, not his friend's motorcycle, but his own little, old Ford.

The next Sunday, the Wicked Rival and the Certain Young Lady were out riding, as usual, on their usual road, when they saw ahead of them, ambling along as usual, the Certain Young Man in his little old Ford. Now the Wicked Rival was feeling especially festive on this day, and, desiring to "show off" before the Certain Young Lady, he said boastfully, "Now watch me give him our dust!"

He pressed his foot down on the gas, and, with the usual scornful toot, went flying past the little old Ford. As he went on down the road, going faster and faster, he happened to glance back at the Ford. Why, it was no farther

The Rivers of Thought

(First Prize Essay)

Thoughts are like water, flowing water, rushing, falling, clamoring, booming, idling, going, going, always going on and on.

There is the River of Diplomats' Thoughts, flowing gently, calmly, placidly on; then a little later falling with a roar and boom down to a pool, a bottomless pool far below, a pool so deep, whose water is so opaque, whose surface is so disturbed that the rays of sunlight shining through the water cannot be seen, a pool from which there is no outlet on the surface, the only one being hidden and subterranean.

Next there is the River of Warriors' Thoughts, a rushing flood of yellow water, carrying all before it, its bed broken with jagged rocks, that ever and anon obstruct the way of some giant of the forest; then with a crash the two meet and the mangled tree flows away on the mangling flood. Hurrying, rushing, forcing, tearing, rending, mangling, ruining, on goes the River of Mars.

Then the Rivers of Anarchists' Thoughts, rushing, hurrying, whirling, turning, with treacherous curves and treacherous currents, a foul, evil-smelling flood, of slimy sides and offensive appearance.

Next you come to the River of the Day Dreamers' Thoughts, a placid, beautiful stream, with meadows on its banks, and cattle munching contentedly in those beautiful meadows. The river itself is a marvel of beauty, here the water dark green, and there a much lighter shade, and over yonder, a beautiful blue. Then here you can see a sandy bottom; there the sun lights up the water but you can see no bottom at all. Farther down, this river flows within a lofty canyon and then you can see only the placid river, the canyon walls and God's blue sky.

There is the River of Creator's Thoughts, at first lirting along between banks of green, flowing peacefully on with here a swirl and there a ripple, going on its peaceful way. But then it enters shallower water, and turns and twists and laughs and murmurs, with little rushes and then a halt in some pools, and then on again through some miniature rapids, turning, bubbling, flowing over snags, ripples, and whirlpools. Then the river enters a majestic grove of oaks, which stand most beautifully straight and tall and dignified. Here the river narrows, and deepening, majestically flows on without a ripple to its placid bosom. Then this river turns and with a swirl vanishes, its course lost for most of us and with only the wise men to follow the rest of its course.

So, as far as the eye can see, there stretch the Rivers of Thoughts, some fine, some poor, some beautiful, some repulsive, but all coming from one great source, all different but yet all similar. And ever and anon streamlets enter the various rivers' courses and wind their ways together, the joining of the thoughts of the individualist with those of the common flood.

On go the Rivers of Thoughts, dancing, sparkling, murmuring, rippling, maybe entering a backwater or a pool, whose outlet is stopped with debris and only a trickle goes forth, maybe halted for a moment, but sooner or later, always going, always flowing on and on and on, from what place no one knows, to what place no one knows. "From the great deep they come, to the great deep they go."

—Beverly McAnear, '24.

April on the Desert

(First Prize Poem)

Oh, 'tis springtime in the sagebrush ;
I can hear it calling me !
The mountain wind is blowing
o'er the desert wide and free ;
The meadow larks are carolling
across the fleecy blue,
For 'tis springtime in the sagebrush ;
can't you hear it calling you ?
The currant is a-flowering and
the white moths flit about ;
The silver on the junipers and
the "yellow-bells" are out.
The chinook breeze seems bring-
ing (across my memory's page),
The smell of burning buck brush
and the tangy scent of sage.
The shearers drive their sheep at
dusk apast the ranch house gate ;
A coyote in his canyon den barks
sharply to his mate.
The lights in little shanties, lying
lonely, offer lease
To those in busy cities—if they
seek the trail to peace.

Oh, 'tis springtime in the sagebrush
where the world is clean and fair !
I'm wearying for desert days and
bracing desert air.
A winter in the mountains and
a summer by the sea—
But it's springtime in the sagebrush,
and it's calling you and me !

—Olive Gallagher, '26.

On Getting Your Hair Cut

"I shall." "I shall not." "I shall." "I shall not." Thus many a girl has contemplated for months and months. Long hair, the alleged crowning beauty of a woman, is hard to part with, and it takes long consideration before the scissors are actually applied.

Each night you stand before the mirror, and view yourself from the side, from the front, and from the back. You consider whether your nose is of the right shape, and whether your hair is of the right texture. Should you wear it straight, or curled, or should you wear it shingled?

You have already ruined the evening meal for several months by each night bringing up the subject of bobbed hair. "All the girls are having it done," you explain to your father. He is of the opinion, however, that his daughter does not have to be foolish and unladylike because the other girls are. Then you try to tell him that you are left out of your crowd because your hair is long, and you even mumble something about the last rose of summer. All this has little effect, however, and you realize that the same thing must be gone over again and again with more appealing thoughts added from time to time. At last mother enters her plea, not really because she sympathizes with you, but because she wants an evening of peace with her husband, and feels that the only way is to give you what you want. Somehow, though, when the actual consent comes, you just can't make yourself feel as joyous as you should. You feel that you should run and throw your arms around your dear old dad and try to thank him. Instead you sit and wonder whether you really should bob or not. Mother and dad seem to resent it so much that perhaps you should let them have their way after all.

The next day you go to school and tell the girls all about it, and try to get their opinions on the matter. As everyone agrees that it is a wonderful opportunity, you decide that that afternoon is as good a time as any. After spending a very wearisome day at school, you make your way down town in a rather doubtful frame of mind. When you reach the barber shop, you drop into the first chair, because your legs just won't hold you up any longer. Some one else is under-going the operation, and it does you good to watch the torture. The girl in the chair is feeling rather glum as her hair disappears. When it is all off, she smiles bravely and looks into the mirror. You really feel sorry for her as her expression slowly changes to one of deep and sad bereavement. You watch her go mournfully out, and then realize that it is your turn next. You stand for a moment undecided. There is the wide open door. You could easily walk out. You turn your back to the door with a stiff upper lip, but with a fluttering heart, and make your way blindly to the chair of execution. You close your eyes and try to swallow the emotions. You wonder if the axe sounded to Queen Mary as the scissors sound to you. It seems ages before the barber at last announces that he is through. You take the mirror blindly, not knowing what to expect, but prepared for the worst. At first you start, hardly recognizing yourself. Then you feel that you just must cry. This thing passes over, and then you begin to see yourself more clearly. It isn't as bad as you thought it would be. In fact you are rather inclined to like it. You pay the barber, hardly daring to look at him for fear he will laugh. You go out of the door with your hat feeling wobbly and your head dizzy. You soon find, however, that life with short hair is just as interesting as it was with long.

The Pipe Organ

(Second Prize Poem)

Thou sittest silent in the gathering gloom,
Thy gilded pipes gleaming dully in the half-light,
Like the columns of the Athenian temple to thy muse
Shining in the Grecian sunset.

Mahogany and ivory, thy keys and paneling,
Are shadow and light, gleaming somberly in the fading day.
Thou slumberest silently, awaiting one who knows the touch
To bring from thy wooden throat a glorious ecstasy.

But when the Morn arrives, driving before him
With his golden, many-lashed whip,
His steeds of fire, trampling with brazen hooves
The dull shadows of the night,
Then shall thy beauty break upon us in full grandeur.
The light falling through the stained and mullioned windows
Shall o'erspread thy gilt, and ivory, and silver,
With purple, royal and imperial.
Scarlet and crimson and carmine, a splendid galaxy of red,
Spread cloakwise across thy gleaming front,
Shall make thee more regal than all the potentates of earth,
Ingathered into one.

The other instruments of man,
Wherewith he makes his music to the gods,
Are quite incomparable to thy splendor,
Their beauty being rather in their melody,
Than in their outward elegance.
And yet thy sumptuous and noble form is not thine only charm,
For the music which thou makest is many times more beautiful
Than all the other glorious songs of earth.
Orpheus' lute, Apollo's harp, the reedy pipes of Pan,
The music of the Gods and The Immortals,
Alone approach thy harmonies.

When he comes that is skilled in making thee
Out from thy multifold throats sing forth thy soul,
Thou outpourest melody of such transcendent beauty,
That all the dignity of thine outward seeming
Fades into merest insignificance.
Gilt turns to gold,
Which flows forth, molten, from an hundred mouths.
Thou pourest forth upon the air
Such tones and chords of vibrant power,
That all the Symphony of nature is thy songs encompassed,
And all who hear thee are upborne upon that flood and tide of melody,
High and far beyond the sordid things of earth.
E'en death, in all that rush of beauty, is carried to a far and silent country,
And we are comforted.
Anger fadeth from the heart,
Like dark clouds fleeing from the cleansing winds of heaven.
Before this army of the god of melody and song,
Sorrow and strife, wrath and bitterness of heart, fade and are gone,
And we are at peace.

The "Glide"

(Senior Prize Story)

"God, what a night," he muttered.

The rain beat in as he opened the door and entered. It wasn't home to Giles, just a place where two people lived—lived and shared their sorrows.

He took off his slick oil skin coat and sou'wester hat and drooped them upon a chair. The water ran from them, in little pools, to the floor. He wiped his wet hands and face, on the towel, that hung near, on a rack. He picked up his pipe and sat down in the chair, beside the fire. He glanced about, and then sat motionless, as if listening.

"Ruthie," he called, and waited.

"Ruthie."

"Yes, father," answered the girl. Her voice was calm and steady. She had stopped in the doorway of the adjoining room.

The old man took his pipe from his mouth and looked wonderingly at his daughter.

"Ruthie," his voice was hoarse and low, "you aint goin' in this storm."

"Yes," she answered. Her voice was gentle and soft, but there was something set, something determined, in it.

She pulled on the heavy mittens she had held in her hand. A heavy scarf was wrapped about her throat and across her chin. A cap was pulled down close to the dark eyes.

"The winds are blowing, north, east, south, and west, don't, girl, the night's mad."

His words fell to deafened ears. Her expression never flinched. The dark eyes seemed to be looking far away—beyond. A warning from God himself could not have held her back.

"Suppose, I didn't go," she breathed, "suppose he came, and I wasn't there. I promised I'd be waiting."

"Girl, you're living in dreams, the 'Glide' will never—"

"No, no," she murmured. "He promised he'd come back, and he will, and I'll be waiting—waiting, there—where we parted."

Her voice broke off in a whisper. The last words barely reached him. A lump swelled in his throat and he didn't answer. He looked from the blurred deep eyes to the fire before him. His hands clenched the arms of the chair.

Ruth closed the door and went out into the night. The wind screamed and howled as it tore past her. The sharp needle-like rain beat upon her face and body. She went on—for what wind, or rain, or sea, can hold a mortal back. The night was black and haunting. All that was visible was the white crest of the maddened waves, leaping, snatching, snarling, as they ran in upon the sand. They beat upon the rocks and moaned in agony.

Ruth went on, her eyes fixed, fixed on something she saw not.

At last she stumbled upon the wharf. She groped and felt her way to the edge. She stood waiting, watching, gazing out into nothingness—out into that black hell.

"He'd come," she murmured, "he'd come, he said he would."

Long past a year ago the "Glide" had left the wharf. It was scheduled to return within a fortnight. A fortnight had passed, and then a month—a year and the "Glide" had never returned. But Ruth waited—waited for the lad, who had gone on the "Glide".

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The old sea men shook their heads when days flew into months. Gone upon the rocks, they said. They shook their heads and that was all. The women, too, shook their heads and whispered. Old Giles' daughter had never been the same. Some even said she'd lost her mind. Every night they saw her go to the wharf and watch—watch, until the cold, gray, shadows of the dawn broke thru the west.

The brightness had gone from her eyes, the smile from her mouth, the gay laughter—all was gone that had been Ruth. Like a body without a soul, she stayed and hoped and prayed and waited. Even the maddness of the storm had not kept her away.

The foaming sea lashed against the wharf. The white foam gnashed about her feet, like teeth of a hungry beast. As if angry at her defiance they crept higher and higher and then burst in thundering, pounding sounds against the pinnings.

Ruth's heart leaped.

Something big—blacker than the blackness about her, was coming towards her.

"The 'Glide'," she half panted.

For a brief half second the night seemed still and then there came a tremendous rushing, roaring, gushing sound—a crash, and she was swept from the wharf. Down into the blackness she went, down and down. The noises pounded against her head and then, gradually, one by one, they died away. She felt the water lap over her. It was quiet now, and still.

Just as the last breath of life was leaving her body some one lifted her from the waters:

A faint, far away voice reached her. It was coming closer and closer.

"Ruth, Ruth," it whispered.

The rescuer drew her close. She opened the dark eye.

"I knew you'd come," she said, "I've been waiting." The eyes were bright and a smile crept round her mouth. "I knew, I knew, you'd come."

The wind was still, and the rain had ceased, and Giles still sat in his chair before the fire. He got up and put on the coat and hat. He went out. He looked towards the west. A faint light streak of silver was creeping thru the heavy sky. The sea was still as tho it had stood thus motionless for a thousand years. No wind stirred.

He walked down the shore. Something heavy was in his heart, the lump was still in his throat. It broke his heart to see her suffer.

Giles stopped and gazed before him. Something lay on the sand this side of the wharf. His heart bounded within him. "God," he whispered.

He knelt down on the sand and picked up the girl in his arms.

"Ruthie, Ruthie," he sobbed. "Oh God, my girl." Tears crept down the wrinkled old face. He kissed the purple lips that smiled.

—Grace Brown, '24.

GOD

In the stillness of the morning,
 When the dawn is new and tender,
 In the quiet of the sunrise,
 When the purple shadows flee,
 I can hear the grasses rustle,
 As He passeth o'er the marshes.
 I can hear Him softly murmur
 In the wind-blown trees.

—Eleanor Katzenstein, '25.

Tiger—Cat

(Sophomore—Prize Story)

He was long and lean and angular. His shoulder blades protruded unpleasantly. His head was thick, flat at the top, with cruel mouth, blunt nose and opaque owlsh eyes—the criminal type. His hair was sparse and patchy, grizzled in color. He was old Slyfoot, the alley cat.

True to his name, Slyfoot slid through the May twilight and dropped stealthily over the Riggs' back fence to the kitchen doorstep. Nose applied to crack, ears alert, his trained senses told him two things: the Riggs supper was ready awaiting the master's coming and Mom Riggs was in the living room with the evening paper.

With the ease of long practice he insinuated his paw into the crack resulting from constant contact of Johnnie Riggs' scuffer with the door-jamb and pulled. Here he showed his artistry in a pull hard enough, yet not too hard. Just four inches swung the Riggs back door silently; after that it squeaked. His broad head turned sideways, blunt nose inserted, he worked his head and shoulders thru, his gray body slipping snake-like after, his tail acting as buffer to the closing door. Slyfoot was inside.

You and I might not have approved of the Riggs kitchen: the dull green walls considerably spattered around the table, the worn linoleum, the rickety drainboard with odds and ends of vegetables piled beneath, the littered table resplendent in red and green oilcloth, almost new, albeit a trifle greasy. These things, and more, might have offended our esthetic senses. But not so Slyfoot; to him they spelt "grub". He drifted across the floor, leaped softly from chair to table and soused his nose in the butter.

It was payday in car shop number three where Pop Riggs served as under foreman. Pop was one of a long line of men who edged up slowly to the window of a bank that kept late hours on shop paydays. He presented his slip of blue paper, pocketed his quota of crisp bills and hurried out the door.

A man, slouching in apparent carelessness against an electrolier, watched Pop covertly as he swung aboard a street car. It was evident that Pop neither intended to deposit his money nor pay it out. The Riggs house was easy of access. The man smiled, straightened his spare figure and moved down the street.

He was long and lean and angular. His shoulder blades protruded unpleasantly. His head was thick, flat at the top with blunt nose, cruel mouth and opaque owlsh eyes—the criminal type. His hair was sparse and patchy, grizzled in color. He was Tiger Riola, erstwhile employee of car shop number three, lately fired by foreman Pop Riggs.

"You know that drated alley cat comes right in the house and steals," Mom Riggs complained at the supper table.

"How does he git in?" asked Pop with his mouth full of beans.

"Oh, you can't keep a door hooked where there's kids. Reckon he just claws it open. Anyhow I caught him on the table tonight. We'll have to lay for him someday. He aint no good; don't suppose he ever caught a rat."

After supper Pop produced his roll of bills and smoothed them out on the table.

"Put 'em away, Mom. You'll pay 'em about all out Monday but thank goodness, there's enough. We don't have luxuries but we're comfortable."

"Yes," Mom sighed, "but there aint none ahead. Scares me to think of what would happen if you missed a pay day "

"Don't cross no bridges," admonished Pop. "I aint lost one for a good many years."

At eight-thirty Pop Riggs was snoring. By nine the young Riggs had squabbled over the washbowl, wiped murky drops from chin and elbows and sought their various nests. By nine-thirty Mom was putting on the finishing touches.

"It's warm tonight, I'll leave this kitchen door open," she decided, feeling the hook on the screen. "That's solid; no cat'll get in there." She went into the bedroom to repose by the side of her slumbering spouse.

At ten-thirty a lean figure slid through the May night and dropped stealthily over the Riggs back fence to the kitchen doorstep. Tiger Riola listened intently.

"He'll fire me, will he!" Dark thoughts were racing through his brain. "He'll have a payday when I got nothin'. I'll fix him! I'll get his money and if he hollers I'll get him and his missus too."

A sharp knife slipped down the screen. Tiger's hand crept through the slit and found the hook. As the door swung outward it squeaked.

"Play ball," came from somewhere within, in Johnnie Riggs' sleep muffled tones. "Aw, Spike, go it!" And then the maternal voice, soothing, admonishing. Like a dark shadow Tiger was out in the alley skulking away.

Thirty minutes later he listened again at the door. All within was quiet with the quiet of deep sleep. This time he was prepared for the squeak. Thin as a sheet of paper he slipped through the door. Tiger was inside.

Carefully he edged along the wall, stopped; ripples were cascading along his spine. His alert senses told him there was a moving presence near him. His roving eyes pressed against the darkness and suddenly set; panic forced him to hold his muscles rigid. Focused upon him from across the room were two glaring demon eyes.

Perhaps sometime Tiger Riola had known that cat eyes gleam in the dark. If so the memory did not return to him now. Nerves strained, heart full of murder, his superstitious soul was obsessed with a mad fear of the supernatural.

The glowing disk shifted. Tiger's muscles flexed; he plunged for the door, tripped, fell headlong. Catching at the cross piece of the screen to save himself, he unwittingly held the door shut. Something struck him, something hard and wiry, something with strangely cold feet that passed over his face and left hot prickles in their wake; something that clawed up the screen in desperation.

Tiger struggled up, flung the door wide. Man and cat fled into the night. Bedlam reigned in the Riggs household.

"That darn cat, I reckon," bellowed Pop when he had found the light. Mom found the slit in the screen.

"It was a burglar," she said in hushed tones.

"A burglar," echoed Johnnie's awed voice from the middle door.

Pop Riggs swore as he shut the inner door and locked it.

Far down the alley Tiger was going west. He looked over his shoulder as though he feared pursuit.

"Scat!" he hissed between clenched teeth, "scat!"

Far up the alley, headed east, Slyfoot scatted.

The Way of a Woman

(Second Prize Play)

Characters: Matilda Duncan, who understands mankind; Henry Duncan, always looking for a job; and their five children.

Act I, Scene I

Setting: The living room of the Duncan home. It is very poorly furnished. The wall paper is old and faded. In one corner of the room is a stand on which lie a number of pieces of bric-a-brac. There is a cracked mirror on one wall. A cheap reading lamp is on a table place in the center of the room. A few chairs are pushed stiffly against the wall. When the curtain rises Mr. Duncan is sitting at the table reading a magazine with the aid of a smoking lamp. His wife is sitting near him darning an endless supply of stockings. Mr. Duncan looks up from his magazine and takes the pipe from his mouth: You know, Matildy, you're getting awfully sour-faced lately. It says here (pointing to magazine) that its due to your mental habits. You should cultivate happy thoughts.

Mrs. D: (who has done a hard day's work) Happy thoughts! Huh! What about?

Mr. D: Oh, I don't know. Jest happy thoughts. Keep saying to yourself, oh, I'm so happy, I'm so happy, and pretty soon your face will have a happy expression. (Looks into magazine.) Cultivate serenity. That's it!

Mrs. D: (snorting) Me?

Mr. D: Yep! Gosh, you don't look much like the pretty smilin' thing you was when I married you. My, you've changed a lot!

Mrs. D: (realizing that it was his fault that she has changed, gazes silently at her husband.)

Mr. D: Gee, those happy thoughts are sure great stuff! You've got to use concentration, though; think them risin' and retirin' and all day long.

Mrs. D: It'd be a great thing if you'd apply a little of that concentration to getting a job!

Mr. D: (reproachfully) Now, Matildy, you know I do try to get work.

Mrs. D: (jabbing a needle into a stocking) Oh, yes, you try all right, and hope all the time you're trying that you won't get any!

Mr. D: Matildy, see, you're getting sour again. Here, you better read this article; it might help you. Mr. D. lays magazine down near his wife, gets up and ambles lazily out of room. Mrs. D. continues sewing with now and then quick, sly glances at the magazine. She finally lays down her sewing and picks up the periodical, reads it through hurriedly. After a little while she gets up and walks over to the mirror, still holding the magazine. Looking at it and then in the mirror, she smiles. The result is not very flattering. She attempts it again, frowns, and leaves the room carrying the magazine with her.

Curtain.

Scene II.

Time: Next morning.

Setting: The kitchen of the Duncan home. There is a wood stove on one side of the room with a heap of kindling near it. There are the usual kitchen furnishings in the room, all very shabby. When the curtain rises, Mr. Duncan is marching helplessly around the room with a kettle of water

in one hand and a frying pan in the other. His hair is uncombed and one of his suspenders is hanging down his back. Sam Duncan, about fourteen years old, enters the room. He stares wonderingly at his father.

Sam: What's the idea, pop? Where's maw?

Mr. D: (depositing both utensils on stove) Oh she's relaxing.

Sam: Relaxin'?

Mr. D: (crossly) Yes, relaxing. She won't get up and get breakfast even for her poor old husband. Says she is cultivatin' serenity of spirit.

Sam: Maw is?

Mr. D: Yep!

(The door opens and four children enter, all between the ages of two and ten. They clamor for something to eat and the smallest child begins to whimper.)

Sam: Oh, pop, that stuff in the frying pan is burnin'.

Mr. D: (dashes to the stove and lifts pan high in air) If you kids don't quit that yelling I'll tan the hide of everyone of you! (Mrs. D. enters the room. She sways slightly back and forth and pays no heed to the deafening cries of the children. Mr. D. in the act of setting the frying pan on the stove again, unheedingly touches hand to stove lid. He jumps back quickly and glares at his wife. She continues to smile.)

Mr. D: Say, what are you grinnin' at anyway?

Mrs. D: Oh, I'm thinking happy thoughts.

Mr. D: How long are yuh going to keep this up?

Mrs. D: (tranquilly) Now, Henry, I'm in silence; you mustn't talk to me.

Mr. D: (Angrily) I said, how long yuh going to keep this up?

Mrs. D: Oh, it says in the magazine that you wanted me to read, to do it whenever you are tired and overworked. I've been that way so long now I guess it'll take me a long time to get in harmony of spirit. Probably three or four months.

Mr. D: Three or four months?

Mrs. D: Yes.

Mr. D: Well, I'd like to know who is goin' to do all the cookin' and the washing?

Mrs. D: Why, you are, of course, Henry.

Mr. D: Me? (groans and collapses in chair.)

Curtain.

Scene III

Time: Five hours later.

Setting: Same as in Scene I.

(As the curtain rises Mr. Duncan enters the room. Sam looks up from the book he is reading.)

Mr. D: Where's Matildy?

Sam: Upstairs. And, pop, I bet yuh can't guess what she went and done.

Mr. D: What? Out with it.

Sam: She went and spent all that money she was saving in her sock and bought a lily!

Mr. D: A lily?

Sam: Yep! Said she had to look at beauty.

Mr. D: Sufferin' cats!

(Mrs. D. comes slowly into the room. In one hand she carries a milk bottle containing a single lily. She has a fixed smile on her face and seems to see nothing but the flower. She places it on the table and sits down looking at it intently. Mr. D. sits down opposite his wife.)

Mr. D: Why do you stare at that flower all the time, Matildy?

Mrs. D: Oh, the book said to gaze at beauty and you would soon have a beautiful face.

Mr. D: (emphatically) But you are beautiful, Matildy. Honest you are!

Mrs. D: (happily) Oh, Henry, am I? In one day, too. Think what I'll be in a few months.

Mr. D: (alarmed) Listen, Matilda, you couldn't be any more beautiful than you are now, really you couldn't. (A pause. Mrs. D. continues looking at flower. Henry swallows hard and then begins bravely) And if you'll quit all this silence and beauty stuff why I—I'll—I'll take a job that was offered me today!

Mrs. D: Oh, Henry, will you, and promise to keep it?

Mr. D: Yes, although I'm not a well, or a strong man, and not fit for such hard work, by-gosh I'll take this hard job if you'll only quit cultivatin' serenity.

Mrs. D: Well, as long as you think I'm good looking enough and you'll get a job, why I guess I'll do as you ask.

Mr. D: (wiping his forehead with handkerchief and gulping slightly) Thank the Lord!

Curtain.

—Thelma Greenwalt, '24.

THE MAD RIVER

(First Prize—Freshmen)

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
 Mad river, O mad river?
 Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
 Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
 This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
 Why all this fret and flurry?
 Dost thou not know that what is best
 In this too restless world is rest
 From over-work and worry?

—Blanch Stoffer, '27.

A Friendly Enemy

(Junior Story—Second Prize)

"Well, here we are, gang," said I, to a worthy body of gentlemen as they stood gazing on the scene before them. "This is sure a dandy place to spend a week's vacation. Why, I bet there's about a hundred million fish in that lake, and as for the forest—"

"Aw, forget it, 'Grasshopper'," said Bill McGraw, who, by virtue of his brawn, appetite, and brain, was the acknowledged leader of our crowd. "We've other things to think about. We had better float up to that row of shacks over there by the lake and secure lodging. It's too blamed cold to camp out, especially when a fellow's not used to it."

Of course, we all agreed with him since Bill was always right. And soon we were trudging over the hill to the row of buildings by the shore of Silver Lake.

We found the only person in the place to be a middle aged caretaker. He had a funny looking face but seemed to be a regular fellow. He said we were such a fine looking bunch of boys (to which we agreed) that he would let us have the big empty hotel for a whole week, free of charge. Naturally, we accepted, since we could thereby save all of our five hundred dollars to buy penny candy with.

As it was rather late when we were finally installed in our lodgings, we soon went to bed. Finnegan and I slept in room thirteen on the ground floor. Bill McGraw and Charley Norris slept in number thirty-seven, also on the ground floor. These were the rooms the caretaker had fixed up for us and strange to say were about a mile apart.

I slept like a dead man until about one o'clock in the morning when something brought me back to earth. I sat up in bed. A clammy feeling came over me. As I strained my eyes looking through the inky blackness of the room, the doorknob slowly turned, and the door slowly, slowly opened. My heart jumped out of me and I felt as if I had been in cold storage for ten years. The door was now nearly completely open when Finnegan saved the day by yelling, "Sit down, you prune, and stop pulling the covers off of me." The door then quickly closed, and I tried again to go to sleep and heal my shattered system.

The next morning I told the bunch all about it. Finnegan said that I was a liar, as did Charley Norris. But Bill McGraw, who had more brains than any of the gang, said that I might have seen the door open and that we had better all bunk together the next night for protection. We thought that was a bully idea. Bill was always right.

In the meantime, as the day had to be spent, we determined to search the hotel. We found that it had forty, vacant, dusty rooms, which probably had not been occupied since Moses died. The only entrances were the front doors and the parlor windows. All the other windows and doors were nailed shut. We all thought this remarkable, and it was the main topic for discussion during our fishing trip which followed.

That night, as before decided upon, we slept together but were not molested. As the door did not open the third night either, Bill and Charley concluded that I really must have "seen things" and went back to their rooms to sleep the following night.

The next morning Bill rushed excitedly into the breakfast room, loudly shouting: "Gosh, boys, the door of our bedroom opened last night. A tall dark figure tried to walk in but I threw a shoe at it. The noise woke Charley

and we both sat up in bed all night with our shoes in our hands. Tonight we're going to get the poor fish, whoever he may be, who's trying to spoil our vacation."

Thus urged we combined our brains, which weren't much, and worked out a simple, thorough scheme. We spent the day fishing, and prepared our evening meal at about seven o'clock. Finnegan and I went up into the attic and secured some boards to be made into clubs. When we returned, Bill, gazing at the magnitude of the planks, said that it was a man, not an elephant, that we were after. We turned off all of the lights at eleven o'clock and went to our respective posts. Bill and Charley hid behind the stairs in the hallway. Finnegan and I concealed ourselves behind the furniture in the parlor. Twelve o'clock came. The hotel was as silent as a tomb. It was uncanny. Soon a strike of the big hall clock told us that one o'clock had come and departed. Then, all at once, we heard a low, long silent hiss, our signal, from Bill and Charley in the hall. We slunk down beside them and all silently turned our eyes upon the huge, glass front door. A face peered in. A key was fitted in the lock. The doorknob turned and the door was silently opened. The intruder stepped in and closed the door slowly behind him. He turned his head to the right and left and then silently crept down the long dark hall. He approached the staircase. He was nearing us, and then he was next to us. Then the fire-works started. We all jumped on him at once, tied his hands and legs, carried him into the parlor and laid him upon a sofa. Bill turned on the light. Before us lay a fair-sized man with a mask and beard hiding his face. These were rudely jerked off by Bill, and we saw the homely face of our caretaker, our friend and our enemy. We poured ice water down his back until he confessed that his real name was Joe Williams, and that he was an ex-convict. He said that he had come to spend the evening with us and send us to that place where there are no snow balls. His well balanced little speech ended by the remark that we were pretty good boys, but our five hundred dollars was better.

"Some narrow escape, boys," said Bill. We agreed with him. Bill was always right.

—George O'Brien, '25.

BOBS

Some bobs are long and curly,
 Others short and straight,
 Some are soft and fluffy,
 That girls put out for bait;
 Then, there's the boyish cut;
 That's very popular too,
 With bangs and ear tips showing,
 And hair of every hue.
 The latest now's the shingle,
 With its sorrows and its joys—
 I fear before they know it,
 The girls will all be boys.

—Marjorie Schultz, '25.

Discoveries

When you stop to think of it, Columbus and his kind really don't have any monopoly on discovering things; from the time we human beings come "out of the everywhere into the here" we're discovering things. And more—we soon find that every other human being discovered the same things. It is the spice of life.

Weren't you surprised when you found that your eye lids blinked—periodically blinked!—and that you really couldn't keep them open indefinitely! For some time after this startling fact hove upon my seven-year-old horizon, I secretly watched other people's eye-lids, and—they all seemed to be afflicted with the same peculiarity. I don't yet see any reason for it: I must ask my Physics teacher.

Now, there are some things that we aren't given TIME to discover; our mothers tell us all about them before we're able to explore for ourselves. Before we can walk, we know that we must NEVER put our fingers on anything very hot; it will burn. Of course some of us try it out (I never did, so I don't know why), but then it isn't a discovery—it is just substantiation.

For some reason or accident, I was never impressed with the fact that white material left too long beneath a too hot iron will turn brown—in other words, will scorch. So when I was having a difficult but lovely time reaching the ironing board and pressing a handkerchief, this phenomenon happened. A perfectly clean, white handkerchief came forth from beneath a perfectly clean (but not white) iron—brown!—the strangest, most unexplainable brown I had ever, since 1906, encountered! To the wash-lady, however, my revolutionizing discovery was a matter of hard fact, and a thing to be spanked over. It was only by abundant tears that the deed was not reported to maternal headquarters. After this I thought to devote myself to the explored world; a spanking might not be averted the next time.

The process of growing up, though, just naturally THRUSTS discoveries upon us; they are not only the spice but the bread of life. And they are really MUCH better discoveries than such weighty affairs as finding an America! When we find the thrilling fact that our eyes blink, we have all the fun of knowing that everybody else found it out too!

—Virginia Voorheis, '24.

A SONG OF APRIL

How can I write heroic poetry
 Of monks and ladies, knights and chivalry?
 Compose a playlet patterned from the Greek,
 Or yet a romance, thrilling as "The Shiek"?
 My heart is full of the witchery of spring;
 The swaying of the trees; the blossoming
 Of the whole glad earth; the blue and windy sky
 Blowing the gay cavalcade of cloudlets by;
 The pattern in a pool of a reflected tree—
 These are all the things that matter to me.
 Dusty heroes and long-dead kings—
 What are these to me while April sings.

—Dorothy Wilder, Post-graduate.

On Wrapping a Package

Everyone has some particular task which he especially dreads, just as he has his hobby. My pet aversion is wrapping a package. It is a task which I put off until the last moment and then hurry through as quickly as possible. If the package is to be sent by parcel post, I dread the task more than ever, for I know that it must be wrapped and addressed so that it will reach its destination safely.

In the first place there is always the search for a piece of paper of suitable size and appearance—a simple act, say those who have never tried it, but let them reserve their opinion until the experience has been theirs. After looking at the package from all angles, I am sure that I know just the size needed, and I hurry off to obtain it. I remember that I put a piece that size on the shelf of my closet when I unwrapped the new shoes I bought last week. Yes, there it is just on top of that hat box way up there; a chair—then I can reach it—but can I? It is not as simple as that for just as I reach to take it, a sudden movement of the hat box sends it down behind everything on the shelf. I grasp wildly as it disappears but my efforts are futile. Carefully removing all that is in the way, I finally have the paper—only to find that it has been rendered unfit for use in the process of being located. At last I do find a piece which by clever management can be made to suffice, and I rush back to finish the deed as soon as possible.

My trials are not over yet, for no sooner do I get the paper around the package and mitered nicely at the corners than I realize that I have no string to secure it in place. I recall that I put the piece of string from that same package of shoes in a drawer of the kitchen table. But more worry; as soon as I take my hand from the package the ends fly up, and all my work has gone for naught. No matter now, I'll fix it when I get back with the string. Hurrying to the kitchen, I pull open the first drawer in sight—not there. Oh, of course, it should be in the right hand drawer where we keep all the string. It is not there, but soon I find it in the drawer with the cooking accessories wound neatly around a corkscrew. It is slightly soiled but will have to do. I return to the package.

By careful manipulation I again fold the paper neatly over the ends, and with one finger on each end of the package I try, thus handicapped, to tie the string securely in place. Just as I have wound the string around and am looking for another finger to hold the knot, something gives way and the string slips. Still trying to keep the package neatly wrapped, I struggle clumsily to regain the elusive string but in vain. I begin again, and by careful planning beforehand accomplish the end by the added use of my teeth. A long sigh escapes as I realize that the deed is done.

—Beth Ann Hayes, '24.

There was a man who fancied that,
By driving good and fast,
He'd get his car across the tracks
Before the train came past.

He'd miss the engine by an inch,
And make the train hands sore.
There was a man who fancied that,
There isn't any more.

—Clarence Meincke, '25.

My Immigration to America

(Second Prize Essay)

Now I am sitting here near my little low table, even a little too low for me, in my solitary attic-room. Yes! When I have to concentrate on deep studies, I have to come up here, in the attic of this big house, to my bedroom and my study room, where I may get away from the telephone and door bells, for they ring much too often. I must get away from the delightful but distracting music of the phonograph and piano downstairs.

Now I am thinking of a time over three years ago, when I reached New York on the steamer "Giuseppi Verdi", after I had been twenty days on the ocean, as an emigrant from Italy and an immigrant to America. I remember that day very well; it was a cold, gloomy, snowy day, as cold and gloomy as my heart was, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1919, the day before Christmas. That day I was thinking of the beautiful sunshine I had left in Italy, of the beautiful Ligurian Shores, and the high hills and mountains formed by the Apennines, which make the Ligurian Region a mountainous territory. That day and for many days after that, my thoughts persisted in traveling far away across the Atlantic Ocean. I tried to get away from my visions of home, to forget them, to fight them, but they only came to me more abundantly. That day, if one would have looked at my face, he would have seen two wide, shining, grieving eyes, but nevertheless he would have seen a resolute and determined face.

Touching the soil of this great country, which, then, I did not know was so great, I realized that I had not any definite cause for coming to America, nor did I know what was going to be my future occupation. I wanted to look into the future, but I could not see anything clear before me; everything was dark and black like the intricate, black clouds chased in an unknown direction by an impetuous wind of a furious storm. Though I knew that my immediate destination was across the United States to a California ranch, I never had been a farmer, and I was not sure that I wanted to be one now.

In crossing the continent, the white drape of snow that I had left in New York seemed to follow me everywhere. It was on all the houses, on all the trees, on all the mountains, on all the lakes, and even on all the extensive plains. All seemed to be snow—nothing but a white, cold, frigid, boundless sheet of snow. In one of my most lonesome moments I could not help from exclaiming, "Oh! What a cold country is this." Yes, it was cold. It was a cold that I felt all over, a kind of cold that went way down in the deepest part of my heart. I had been told that California was much like my country that I had left behind in the old world; but, when I reached California, instead of what I expected, I found the atmosphere all full of a gray, thick, heavy fog, a fog so thick that one could hardly see three paces ahead of him, a fog as thick and heavy as my thoughts were. Oh! Cruel destiny! It seemed as if all the elements of nature had combined to make my misery, my gloom and loneliness still greater.

Finally, at the end of this long journey, I found myself alone among strange people, in a foreign country, unable to speak a single word of English. Then I saw the great task to be accomplished before me with all its crushing force. Then I learned what I had not learned before, that one must look, think, and struggle for his future.

A few years have gone by, and time has partially healed the deep wound that loneliness made in my heart. The fog and the black clouds have dis-

appeared, and the sunshine now makes its way through them; the multi-colored rainbow, symbol of peace, has appeared. Now my thoughts are light. I have made a definite plan, which is to get a good education, and someday to be a man worth while.

Sometimes I think how good it is for me to have been half way around the world, yes, half way around the world, from Genoa to Naples, from Naples across the Mediterranean Sea, through the Strait of Gibraltar, and on across the Atlantic Ocean, touching the Azore Isles, then over to the great Statue of Liberty, which stands before the eyes of the immigrant in a pose of solemnity, and over across the continent of America to this, now, cheerful California upon the shores of the Immense Pacific Ocean.

—Bartolomeo Daneri, '25.

Study Hall

As I sit in the study hall gazing around
 On the faces about me all expressions are found.
 On one there's a look of the worst kind of bore
 And a dreamy longing for vacation once more.
 But still on some others one always can find
 A bright look of interest, an intelligent sign.
 I see in the corner a boy with a smile,
 Trying his best a sweet girl to beguile.
 While some, writing notes, are trying to feign
 An interest in study to save themselves pain.
 Now way in the back row I hear a soft laugh,
 Alas! they've not learned the whispering craft.
 Occasionally here and occasionally there,
 I see just a few, returning my stare;
 Though their lessons are many their minds are free
 For they care not at all for a "one" or a "three."
 Now and then, from my seat, I see just a few
 Reading a book, with no lessons to do.
 On each one's desk there are books all around.
 History, English and Math. may be found.
 Pencils and pens and still they muse,
 Though they have all the tools a student can use.
 Some industrious boy while taking a rest,
 Is carving the name of his club on the desk.
 At last the gong sounds, there's a rush for the door,
 Each goes to his fate, which is no doubt a four.

—Rosalie Dallman, '26.

The Lover's Leap

(Senior Story—Second Prize)

The sun was slowly sinking in the western heavens as Metaca, an Indian warrior, of the clan of the Eagle, of the nation of the Mariposa, of the great league of the Hondenusaunee, paused on the crest of a high mountain and watched the colorful scene before him far to the west where was the land of the unknown. The sun sank farther and darkness began to gather over the vast forest. The night birds, aroused from their day dreaming, gave voice to their weird calls and the coyotes and wolves from the valleys below called together their packs to go forth in search of prey.

Metaca had journeyed far that day and was weary. On top of that mountain he pitched his camp and rested the night through. Early next morning he was up and on his way; he knew not where. He only knew that he was a wanderer, an outcast, the last of his tribe, and alone in the great American wilderness.

The Tahicopas were encamped in the beautiful Till Till valley far to the west of the eastern nations. They were a peaceful tribe and reigned over the vast and rich territory between the Tuolumne River and the Yosemite valley. Talame was a gentle Indian maiden living with her tribe. Her father was the chief of the tribe and she was the favorite because of her sunny smile, sweet disposition, and willingness to help in the wigwams with the children. She could run like a deer and shoot arrows as straight as any of the young warriors.

One day, a warrior of the Tahicopas came running into camp with startling news. While out hunting he had come upon the tracks of one who was strange to this western land. Easily had he discerned the difference between the foot-print of the stranger and that of his own. The warrior had trailed him and coming upon him encamped for a little rest, he had ample time to notice that he was a member of a distant tribe. Silently had the Tahicopa stolen upon him and silently had he withdrawn to report the discovery to the people of his tribe.

What was this stranger doing so far from home and alone? Surely that was a very queer thing. Excitement prevailed in the camp. Who was this stranger and what tidings might he bring?

Suddenly there appeared in the south a ring of smoke. All eyes were turned to the southward. The ring mounted higher and presently was followed by three more rings in a group. This signal was repeated twice, a peaceful sign which showed that a member of another tribe was at hand.

Two messengers were dispatched from the tribe and they sped into the south to investigate the signs. A series of rings were sent up from the camp to tell the new comer that a welcome awaited. The two warriors soon returned; with them was Metaca, the Wanderer and outcast of a fallen eastern nation. With head high and arms lifted in signs of peace Metaca strode boldly up to the chief of the Tahicopas. The sharp features of his face and the bright ornaments that adorned his attire made him a striking contrast to the warriors of the western tribe in their plain garments.

Metaca was welcomed and the chief ordered a feast for him since, as he came from a distant tribe, he must be weary and hungry. While the feast was being prepared, Kalou, the chief of the Tahicopas, called council that they might learn more of the stranger. It had been long since the Tahicopas had looked on others outside their tribe and all eyes were turned

on Metaca as he rose to speak. But there was one among them who listened more eagerly than the rest as Metaca told of the white men who had come into the east and were destroying the forests and building settlements. The eastern nations had vainly battled against them, and his own tribe had completely perished with the exception of himself. Talame's eyes were ever upon the young warrior. The words seemed to flow from his lips as the little brook ripples over the pebbles. She had never gazed upon a warrior quite so handsome. His skin was a shade lighter than usually found among Indians; he held himself erect and bore himself with the pride only one of his breeding could show. Talame had never known before what it meant to admire, but she admitted to herself that when she gazed at the gallant young warrior, holding those assembled about him spellbound, her heart leaped and when he turned his gaze in her direction her breath came quickly. Talame had never been in love before although she knew that several in the tribe longed to have her as a mate, among them a tall, sullen, and cruel looking warrior named Teeleek, who had loved Talame for many summers. But she had not returned his love.

Now it was different with Talame. This stranger, this handsome eastern warrior had come and made her heart leap and pound against her breast. Talame loved him although she had not seen him more than an hour.

Metaca was through, and the council chief rose to welcome and bid him stay as long as he chose. Metaca's eyes wandered around the circle of those gathered for the council. Surely this was a hospitable and peaceful tribe. Never had war and troubles menaced them much. His eyes stopped. The women all sat on one side of the ring and it was on this side that Metaca's eyes stopped. Close to the front sat one of the fairest Indian maidens he had ever seen. Talame's eyes fell and her face flushed through the fair tan skin. For a whole minute did Metaca gaze at her. He contrasted her with the many maidens he had seen in the eastern tribes. But no! This was the fairest of them all. Kalou, Talame's father, noticed and frowned. Teeleek, the mighty Tahicopa warrior, looked and scowled in his jealousy.

The feast was prepared and Metaca joined the others. The women of the tribe served; Talame too helped and it was by her hand that Metaca received food. She held forth his portion of the bear, deer and quail, prepared by a hand that none in the tribe could surpass. He took it and as he did so he touched her hand. Talame's heart stopped, only to go on in a wild and unsteady movement. Their eyes met and Metaca smiled, causing a deep flush to come over the face of the gentle maiden. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes; then Talame turned and went back to her work. Metaca had admired Talame but now he knew that he loved her.

The keen eyes of Teeleek had taken in all that had happened between the two and he was angry but he was wise and said nothing.

The sun sank and the stars came out. The feasting stopped and all sought their rest. But little sleep came to Teeleek that night while Metaca dreamed and was happy and Talame dreamed with a smile on her face.

The days passed and Metaca saw Talame only a few times and spoke with her but twice. Yet he knew of the love that was growing between them and planned to meet her secretly after the moon had risen and the camp was silent. After many efforts he succeeded and found that she had also loved him from the first meeting.

Teeleek had watched the growing intimacy between Talame and Metaca and with a lover's quick suspicion he ever dogged Metaca's trail like a foreboding shadow, and often Talame, in her happiness, knew that Teeleek's eyes were on her. Kalou and Teeleek held a consultation.

"Kalou," said Teeleek, "many summers have I loved Talame. I do not like this stranger. He is cunning and cares much for her."

"Teeleek, we have accepted him as a friend and I can do nothing. But he can not go too far for he knows the laws of this tribe."

"It is so, Kalou. Yet, I do not like it."

Again the two lovers met at their secret meeting place. It was against the laws of the tribe for any warrior or maiden to marry outside of it. Knowing this, they planned to steal silently away at midnight and go to some distant tribe where they could live together safely.

The night came on once more and all was peaceful and silent in the beautiful Till Till valley. The pines whispered softly to one another and looked down at the small shadow beneath them. Metaca awaited the hour when he would take the lovely Tahicopa maiden and fly to the northern tribes. The moon looked down and frowned but Metaca looked only for Talame. She came and together they sped into the north.

But alas! The sly and cunning Teeleek had stolen upon them; overheard their plans, and had run swiftly to arouse the camp. A cry rose behind them and Metaca and Talame paused.

Metaca spoke. "Talame, we are discovered. Now we flee for our lives." But Talame only looked and smiled and he knew that she was ready. They turned toward the north and sped like the fleetest of deers. Perhaps had Metaca been alone he might have run at that pace a long time and outraced those behind, but Talame, although a fleet runner, could not stand that pace long. Again they stopped. From behind came the whoops of the warriors hot in pursuit. Metaca again spoke.

"Talame, I would rather die than be caught now."

"Then fly for yourself, Metaca, I shall stay and face the wrath of my people."

"No, Talame. By the faith of my fallen nation, I have declared myself to you. Your fate is mine."

"Then I would not face my people. I would rather die with you."

They fled to a high cliff that overhung the beautiful Tuolumne river. Far below its rushing waters ran on to the sea. The two lovers looked. The mountains and the valley before them were marvelous in their spring attire.

"Talame," said Metaca, "we are about to leave a beautiful world, a world of joys, of sorrows and contentment."

"But yet, Metaca, "she softly whispered, "we go together."

"Yes," replied Metaca, "we go together."

The sound of pursuit became stronger and the pursuers scrambled to the top of the cliff. Metaca turned, bow in hand. The string was drawn. The shaft was in its place and pointed straight at the breast of the leading warrior. Metaca's arm relaxed. The arrow leaped forth and sped straight and true. Teeleek, the mighty Tahicopa warrior, fell face down toward his foe.

Then amidst a shower of arrows, Metaca and Talame once more vowed their love and embracing one another for the last time, leaped down the side of the cliff to destruction in the swirling waters of the river far below.

Faculty



Sweet Aroma



The New Sultan



Glad to meetcha



Tardy 3 times?



His Rusty Steed



Waiting 4 3/4M?



Dough, Ray, Me



Gym and Gynette



Did I Pass?



Per Usual



Where's my whistle?



Looks Fishy



Chemistry Shark

C. Downrick '24

THE X-RAY

The Paper That's Different

VOL. X

SACRAMENTO HIGH SCHOOL

NO. 11

X-RAY CIRCULATION LARGE ONE

At every issue of the X-Ray this semester 1,500 copies were printed. Of these approximately 1,000 were distributed at the high school. About 250 were sent to branch schools. The remaining papers were sent out to the exchanges.

The exchange list of the X-Ray numbers to 479. Of these 101 are California cities, Hawaii, 2, Philippine Islands, 1; British Columbia, 1. The remaining ones are scattered throughout the United States, many of them being in the East.

MORE ATTENTION TO HIGH SPORTS

In the past year Sacramento has had more sports than ever before, more attention being given to the development of minor sports such as tennis, golf, and swimming. Although, due to certain unfortunate incidents, Sacramento did not go into the finals in track and football, sports in general have creditably held up the honor of the school.

The baseball team, State champions in '22, undefeated in a league series in '23, appear, as this goes to press, to be on the way to another championship. The track team of '23 took second place in the State meet and second place in the High School Interscholastic meet at Chicago last Spring. Coggshall, who won first place in the high jump there, is now being seriously considered as a candidate for the American Olympic Team, one of the greatest honors that may be bestowed upon an athlete.

WATCH FOR THE JUNE BUG

THE MAKE-UP OF THE X-RAY

Once in a while a student, while he is busily engaged in consuming the articles in the X-Ray, stops to wonder how the paper is made up. Who does it, and how do they go about it to get the material, and all about it?

First of all, the articles are assigned to the various reporters of the journalism class, who must get the material, write it up, and have it O. K'd. before 11 o'clock Friday morning, when it is sent to the printers. On Monday and Tuesday the galley sheets are sent back from the printer, and the entire journalism class corrects them, checking on the errors of the linotypist. And then, Wednesday, and the X-Ray is out. Each person is given a bundle of papers to deliver to the registration classes and after the exchanges have been sent out to other schools, work is begun on next week's paper.

Of the twenty-four columns of the paper, about 40 per cent is devoted to news articles, and the rest of the space is given over to sports, editorials, jokes, societies, school in brief, student opinion, advertisements, faculty notes, gym notes, and branch high school news.

High schools from almost every state in the union are on the X-Ray exchange list and papers from these schools come into the journalism room every day, and are kept on file there for reference.

1924-25 CALENDAR

September 10
School opens.
November 24-28
Institute and Thanksgiving.
December 19-January 5
Christmas
April 6-10
Easter
June 26
Vacation.

X-RAY QUITE SHORT ON FUNDS

The X-Ray has been an institution in the Sacramento High School since 1916. There has always been trouble in securing sufficient funds to run the paper each semester, but the climax came in the Fall term of '23. The board of education allotted only two hundred and fifty dollars to the journalism department for the term of '23 and '24. This left approximately sixteen hundred and fifty dollars to be raised by advertising and subscriptions, as it costs ninety-five dollars an edition to put our paper on the press. The grand total for this term is nineteen hundred dollars. This is a staggering sum of money for the journalism classes to raise as all this sort of work must be done outside of school hours. The advertising is run on a strictly business basis; ads only being solicited where returns could be reasonably expected.

THE PAPER FROM TYPE TO PRESS

The "dummy" is the first draft of the paper. It is merely four sheets of paper ruled in dimension as the regular edition. Upon this dummy are pasted all the articles that are to appear in the paper in their proper places and the news arranged as is seen best. The dummy made up, the heads for the articles are written on separate sheets of paper, both head and space on the paper are numbered correspondingly so that the man who sets the heads can easily determine their place in the paper. While the heads are being set up, the paper is being assembled in type. This is where the

(Continued on next page)

THE X-RAY

At the Service of Student's Development

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Willis Goodwin
Assistant Editors.....	Arnell Gillett, Leslie Earle
Editorials	Helen Troy
Sports	George Davis
Literary	Sam Gottfried
School-in-Brief and Jokes.....	William Canon
Exchanges.....	Glenetta Jones, Helene Cox
Typists.....	Willa McDonald, Jeanette Harnish
Circulation Manager.....	Dixon Smith
Advertising Manager.....	Jerauld Fritz
Faculty Adviser.....	Miss Fanny Smyser

THE VALUE OF THE X-RAY

The X-Ray published weekly by the journalism class of the Sacramento high school is a newspaper alive with school spirit. Its purpose is to supply school news and editorial discussion to all members of the student body thereby keeping them informed on school activities and school plans. To accomplish its purpose a special effort is made to provide that news which will interest all students. The staff of the X-Ray considers it a pleasant duty to put "pep" into the everyday routine of the school so that life will be interesting to all.

Besides supplying school news to the students the X-ray serves as a medium whereby the journalism students receive training in newspaper work. Special effort is made to have the X-ray conform to the rules of Journalism which are necessary for a good paper.

It can be seen that the X-ray serves a two-fold purpose: supplies a laboratory of learning for journalism students and supplies school news.

Because the X-Ray exists for the betterment of the school, students should remember when asked to subscribe to the paper next semester that it is their duty to support it, for the paper plays such a large part in the life of the high school. The X-Ray exists for Sacramento High, for school spirit and for school news.

THE PAPER FROM TYPE TO PRESS

(Continued from page 1)

dummy makes its prominence. From the dummy is given the definite impression of how the paper is to appear. According to it the type is set in two frames, each frame holding the type for two pages of the paper, the front and sport page together and the two inside pages together. When the heads have been set up and everything is in its proper place, a "stone-proof" is made for inspection before going to press. This stone proof is made by taking two large dampened pieces of paper and after inking the type, placing the paper upon it and with the use of a block of wood and a hammer,

the first print of the paper is roughly imprinted. From this all final corrections are made and after the "O. K." is given the paper goes to press and about three-fourths of an hour later the first division of them are at the school. The paper comes to the school unfolded. The duty of the Journalism classes on Wednesday morning is to fold them and get them ready for the Circulation Manager who sees that they are arranged in groups according to the advisory sections and the number each section receives, and at registration each individual subscribing gets their paper to enjoy.

LAST SEMESTER'S STAFF

At the beginning of last semester it was very doubtful whether there would be an X-Ray published. But Miss Smyser appointed a staff and they immediately started to get subscriptions and solicit advertisements so that they were able to get the first paper of the year out. And with \$250 from the Board of Education were able to promise ten issues to the students.

The staff was as follows: Editor, Fred Offenbach; Assistant Editor, Eleanor Katzenstein; Advertising Manager, William Koch; Circulation Manager, Andrews French; Sports, Ray Lyons; School-in-Brief, Bernice Decker; Exchanges, Della Adams; Jokes, Jack Radonich, and Literary, Etta Hornstein.

The ten numbers of the X-Ray pledged by the staff when they were soliciting subscriptions were all issued by May 7, 1924.

EXCHANGES

Wichita High School, Wichita, Kan., has a "Six Foot Club." Only boys over six feet are allowed to join.

The Honor Society students of Pomona High, Pomona, Calif., are to be exempted from taking final exams at the end of this semester.

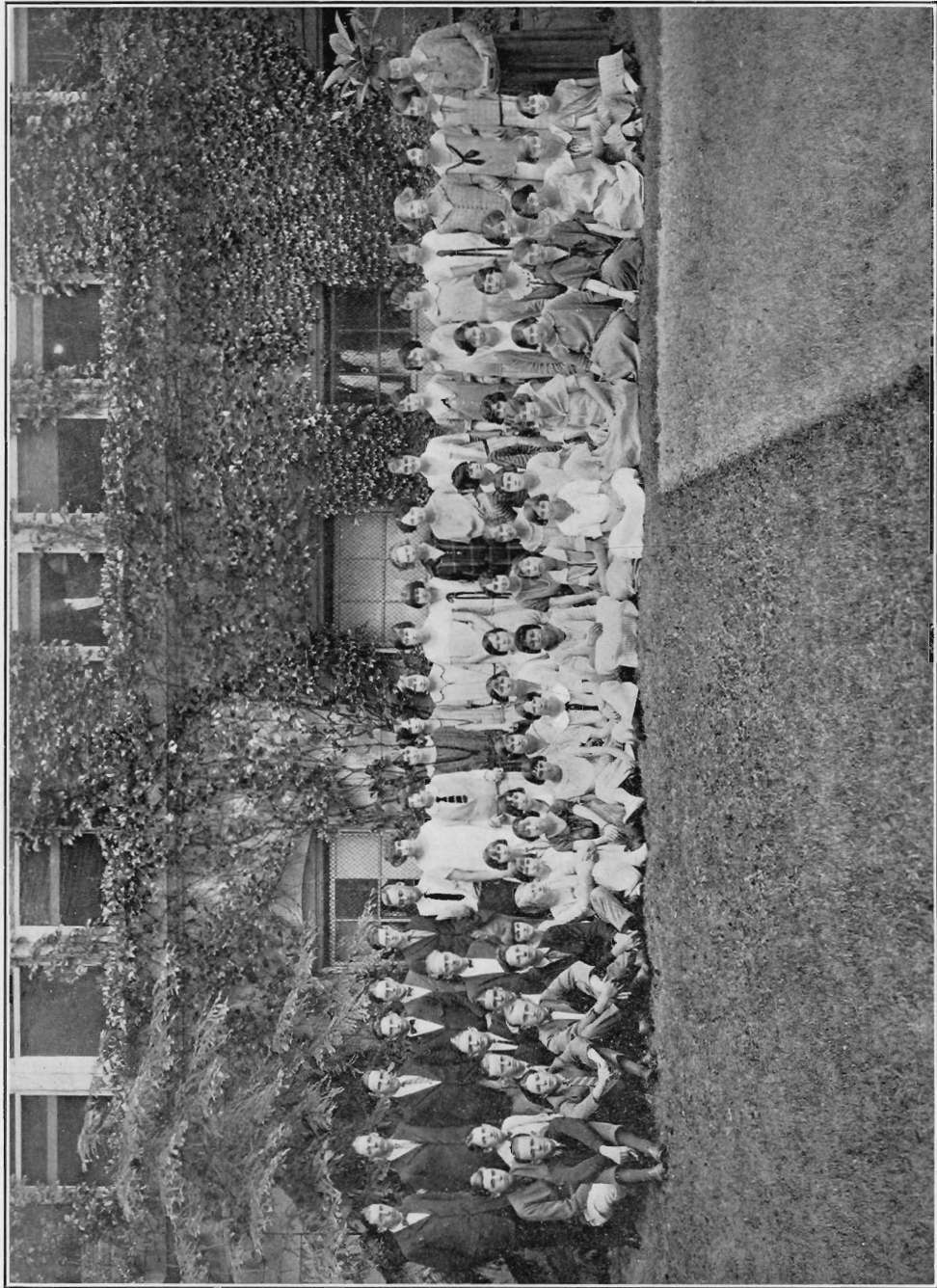
Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane, Wash.—A \$26,000 pipe organ has recently been installed in the auditorium. All of this money was raised by the student body and class pledges within a period of three years.

In the Highland Park High School, Chicago, moving pictures are shown during the fifth and sixth periods to relieve congestion in the halls during lunch periods. The films are of an educational value.

The Students of Dubuque High, Dubuque, Iowa, have an Author's Club, with a membership of fifty. The club is to sponsor an issue of the American Poetry Magazine. A pageant, "Idyls of the King," will also be written by the members.



X-RAY STAFF



BOYS' AND GIRLS' GLEE CLUBS



ORCHESTRA AND BAND

History of the Drama

The fall class in dramatics was made up of thirteen pupils—eleven girls and two boys. The fortunate—or unfortunate—boys were Lawrence Aske and Lawrence Wilbur. As thirteen was an unlucky number, and as we did not have enough members of the supersex to do anything in the line of plays, Ellis Groff, Wendel Nicolaus, and George Uhl were elected as honorary members. With their help two little playlets were presented during the month of October. The first play was "The Ghost Story," by Booth Tarkington. The cast was as follows:

George	Wendel Nicolaus
Anne	Wilmere Jordan
Mary	Ruth Born
Lennie Cole.....	Bernice Decker
Grace	Grace Dodds
Bob	Lawrence Aske
Lynn	Owen Holmes
Tom	Lawrence Wilbur
Dick	Bert Gordon
Other Friends.....	
	Minna Rae Lafferty
	Gladys Harrison
	Ruth Craig

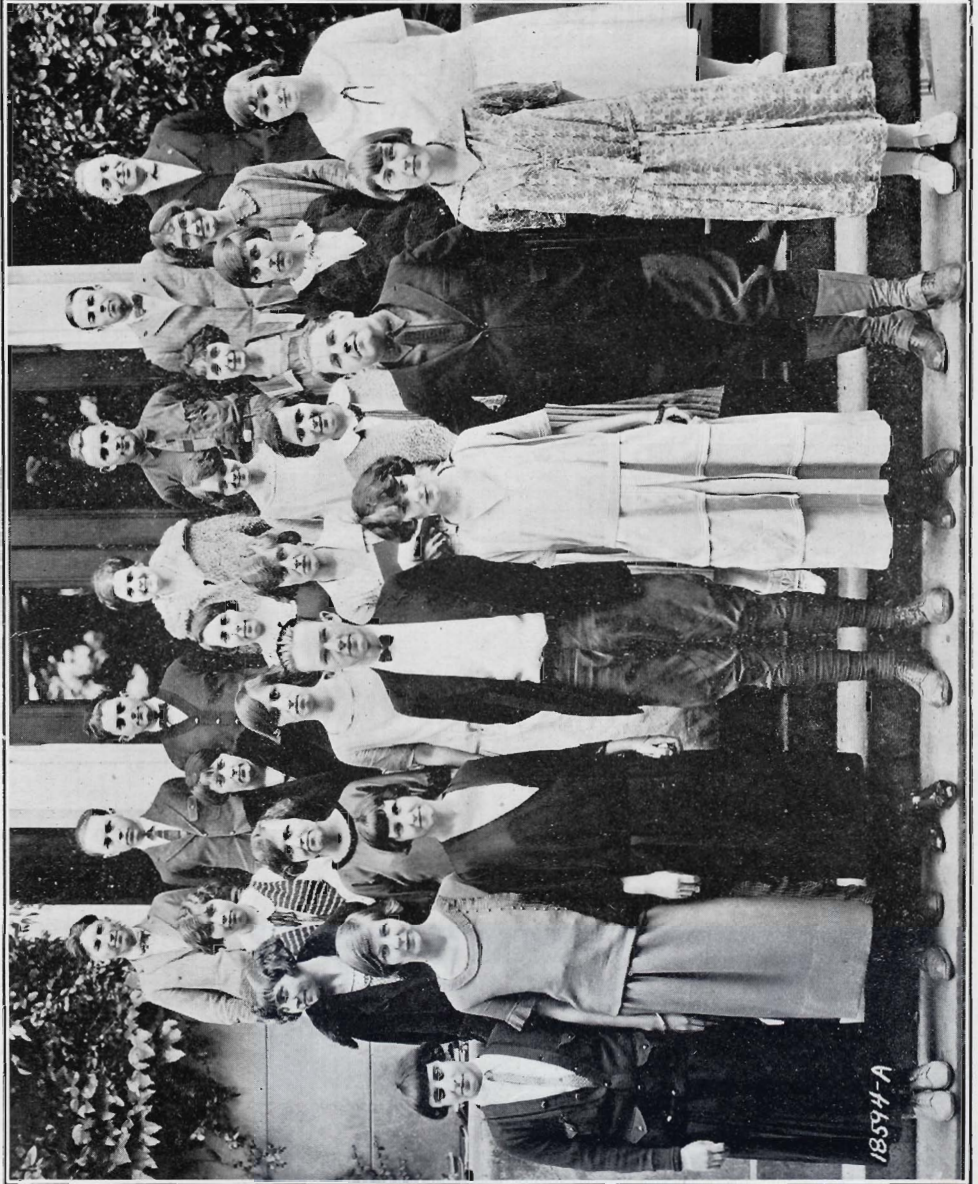
The second play was "His Soul," by Elenor Craine. The cast was as follows:

The Artist	Ellis Groff
His Soul	Miriam Thatcher
Betty, the artist's wife.....	Dorothea Seawell
Bob, the friend.....	George Uhl

These two little plays were given three times and over two hundred dollars was cleared for the Review fund.

In February six of the girls of the class gave a play, "Just Women," at the Unitarian Church for the Teachers' Federation.

Then came the big event of the year—the annual Senior Play. This time it was Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen", presented at the State Theatre on February 29th. Everyone knows of the book, "Seventeen," and everyone who went knows how good the play was.



18594-A

DRAMA CLASS

The cast, an exceedingly good one, was made up of the following:

Willie Baxter.....	George Uhl
Lola Pratt.....	Gladys Greer
Jane Baxter	Gussie Greenewald
Mr. Baxter	Wendel Nicolaus
Mrs. Baxter	Grace Dodds
Joe Bullit.....	Lawrence Aske
Johnny Watson.....	Ellis Groff
George Cooper.....	Peyton Willis
May Parcher.....	Bernice Decker
Mr. Parcher.....	Kent Holland
Genesis	Lawrence Wilbur
Ethel Boke.....	Gladys Young
Willie Banks	Harold Daily
Mary Brooks.....	Gladys Harrison

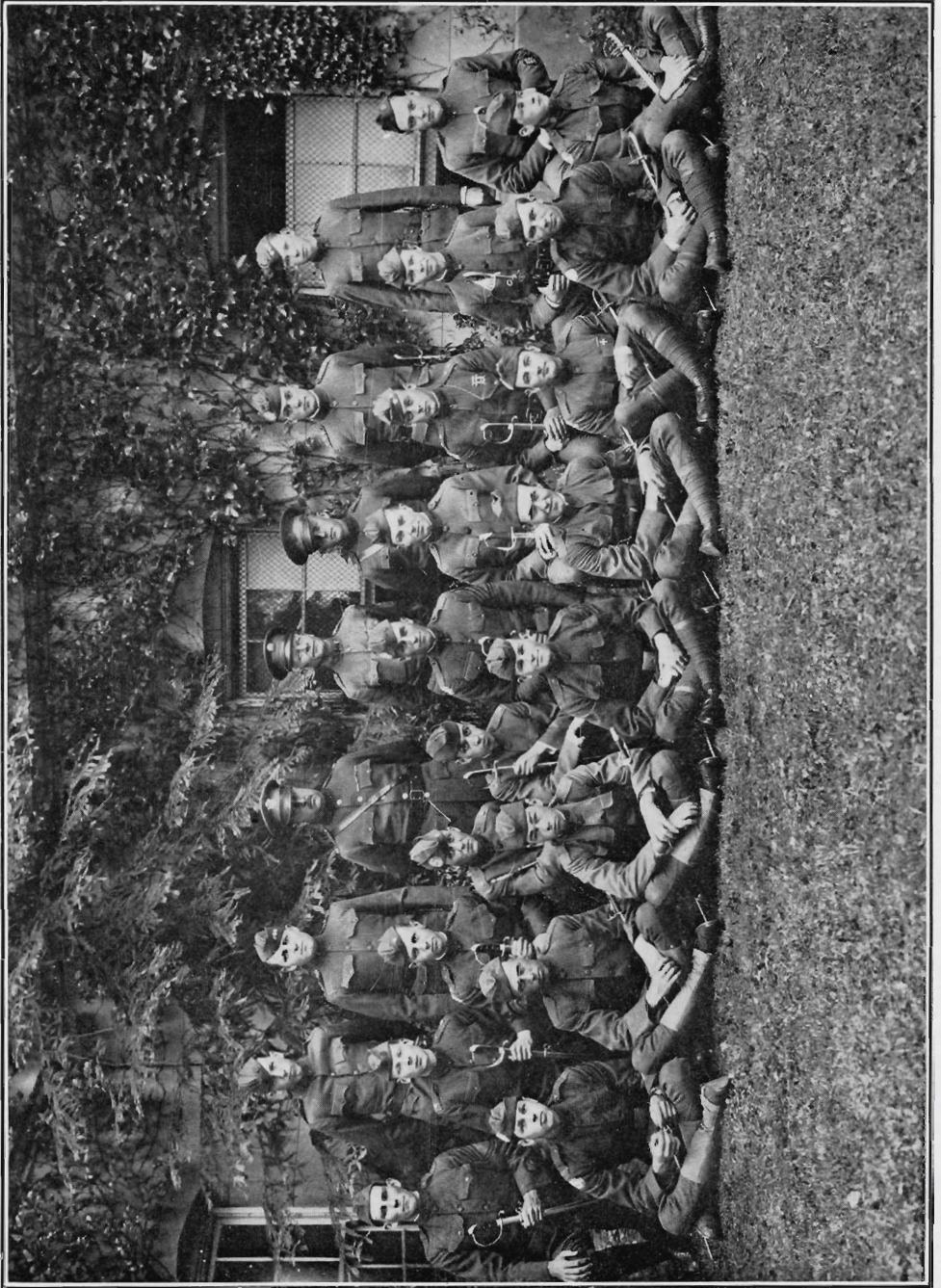
According to reports, it was a great success; and four hundred seventy-five dollars was cleared for the Review fund. Every one of the actors lived his part, and the hit of the evening was Gussie Greenewald—as Jane Baxter with her “bread, butter, applesauce, ’n’ sugar”!

At the beginning of the spring quarter five more boys took up the subject. Two plays are going to be presented for Memorial Day. “Attuned,” by Alice Gerstenberg, is a play with but one character—Grace, the wife, which will be enacted by Grace Dodds. The second play is the hospital scene of Mary Raymond Shipman Andrew’s delightful story, “The Perfect Tribute.”

Carter, the southern soldier.....	Merle Preston
Lincoln	Glenn Young
Warry, Carter’s brother.....	Anna Wells

Drama this year has been very successful. The students have supported the plays enthusiastically. Each year Drama occupies a more prominent place in school.

—Gladys Young, '24.



CADET OFFICERS

Cadets

FOREWORD

The aim of H. S. Military training is to develop the youth of America into patriotic, physically sound, and disciplined citizens.

It is hard to popularize military training because it is the nature of the American, who is non-combative, to look unfavorably upon anything that seems to restrict personal liberty or seems to tend to suppress individuality. Military training, however, does neither of these things. It simply develops loyal obedience which is as necessary in civil life as in military life.

High School Military training, then, helps to make for better and more efficient citizenship.

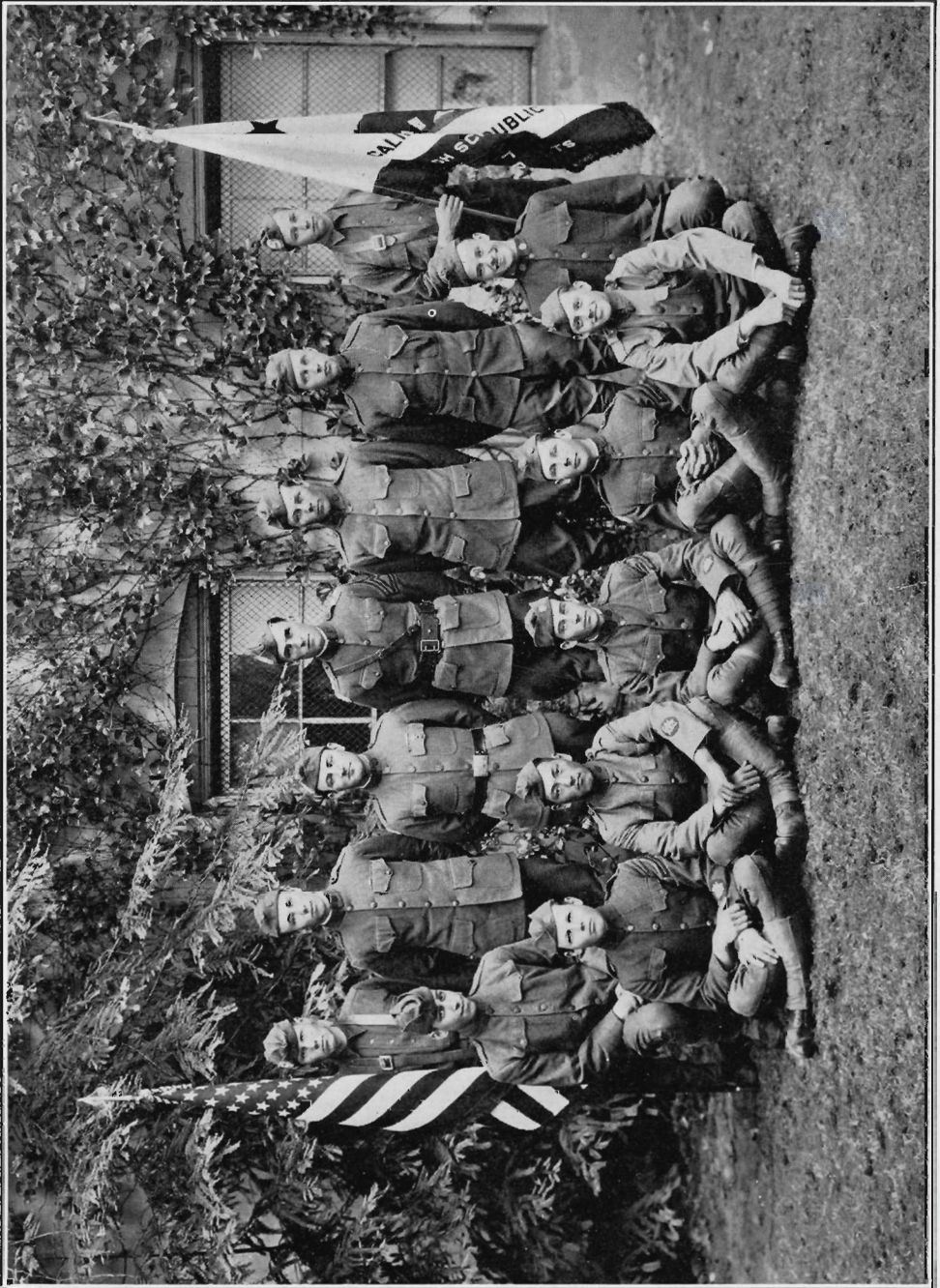
—E. de Hermida, Major of Cavalry, O. R. C.

Through the able methods of instruction in military training, much benefit has been derived from the cadet work during the last year. Each individual was given separate instruction as well as the companies as a whole. Intensive training in close order drill, target practice, and physical exercises was given.

The military department has distinguished itself in several ways during the year. Two rifle teams, composed of ten boys each, fired the Ninth Corps Area R. O. T. C. match, the National Intercollegiate match, and the Hearst Trophy match. Sacramento had a large quota at the C. M. T. Camp held at Del Monte last summer. The thirty-five boys that attended showed themselves well in the various branches of cavalry, infantry, artillery, and engineers in which they were enrolled. All those attending such camps are given the preference of rank in cadet work. In order to be an officer or hold an officer's position, it is now compulsory to attend one or more of these camps. An encampment was held at Modesto in the fall of 1923 with the annual convention of the California High School Cadet Association, now the California Legion, held in conjunction with it. The delegates at the convention voted that the next meeting of the California Legion would be held in Sacramento in the fall of 1924; hence the President and Secretary were elected from this city. A fourth important event of the year was a competition of the six companies of the high school held in March, 1924. A large number of cups and medals were awarded. With the many other numerous activities in the cadets, it can be well said that the past year has been the most successful in the history of the Sacramento High School Cadets.

The R. O. T. C. inspector paid the school a visit on May 13, 1924, and gave the school rating in general efficiency and training. It is hoped that this rating will be most favorable for the establishment of the new R. O. T. C. unit here. The success of the year has been due to the earnest and endless work of Major de Hermida and his assistant, Sergeant Gorman.

—Willis Goodwin, Captain, 19th Company H. S. C.



RIFLE TEAM

Interscholastic Typewriter Contest

Two typewriting contest teams entered these competitions, representing the Sacramento High School. Both teams proved themselves capable of doing far above average work. To do good work under contest conditions, the student must possess the ability to co-ordinate rapidly and accurately under pressure. The official returns of the two contests that we entered indicate that the training of our teams, under the guidance of Mr. Pribble, was such as to enable them to pit their wit and skill against others with very favorable results. Many of the highest honors were won by our teams.

The California State School Typewriting Contest was held in San Francisco on April 12th. There were nearly 50 schools and 192 typists entered. To date, this is the world's largest contest on basis of number of contestants. Practically every part of the State was well represented. All contests, except the one minute championships, were fifteen minutes in length. Both speed and accuracy sections were penalized ten words for every error. The accuracy was on a percentage basis, after deduction of penalty for errors. Two former records were broken: One by Selma High School in second year speed, the average of their team being three words per minute higher than any previous California record. Their average was 76 net words per minute. The other record was for first year accuracy, established by Elsie Larsen, writing for the Sacramento High School. Her record was 49 words per minute without error.

In the classification for students of not more than one year's training, Sacramento won first and second honors for accuracy through the records of Elsie Larsen and Marie Brunner. Miss Brunner's record was 43 words per minute with one error. In this same classification, Clarence Goulard won second honors for speed, writing 60 net words per minute for the fifteen minutes. The winner of first place, a Berkeley High School student, was only one word per minute above this record.

In the second year contest, the team—Ruth Legate, Adelia Maisch, and Muriel Newell—took second honors for speed, the average rate of writing being 68 net words. Selma High School ranked first for team speed and Berkeley High School third. Ruth Legate also ranked third as an individual.

Sacramento Valley Typewriting Contest

This was the largest sectional contest ever held, being surpassed in numbers only by the California state contest. There were 180 contestants representing 24 schools. Sacramento High School was represented by 42 typists. Our team was exceedingly fortunate in the great number of high places won. There were nine first places in the various classifications; Sacramento won seven of them. There were seven cups: Sacramento won six. Four records were broken, indicating two facts, namely, that Sacramento High entered some phenomenal writers and that contests in any locality for a period of years will raise standards.

In the first year speed classification, Rosa Huffington won first honors, netting 60 words per minute. This record has been beaten only once in six years. Louise Turpen won second place, writing 55 net words per minute. Both were from the Sacramento High School. Dixon Union High School, Roseville Union High School, and Marysville Union High School won third, fourth and fifth places in the order named.

For accuracy, first year classification, Louise Turpen, Sacramento High, won first, breaking Elsie Larsen's record, established in the State Contest,



CONTEST TYPING TEAMS

by 6 words per minute. Miss Turpen's record, the highest ever made in California by a pupil with less than a year's training, was 55 words per minute absolutely without error. Marysville Union High School was second; Thelma Smith, 49 words per minute perfect. Miss Smith tied the former highest record. Third and fourth places were taken respectively by Glenn County High Schools of Willows and Pierce Joint Union High School of College City. Elsie Larsen won fifth place for Sacramento, writing 44 net words per minute with 4 errors.

The first year One Minute Championship was won by Dorothy Ryon, also of Sacramento, writing 82 net words in the minute.

Ruth Legate, Sacramento, easily won the second year speed, writing 76 net words per minute or 9 words higher than her nearest competitor, John Sperbeck of Marysville. Third place was taken by Adelia Maisch of Sacramento and fourth and fifth places by Sutter Creek Union High School and Marysville Union High School respectively.

Dollie Childers won first honors in second year accuracy, breaking all previous records for Sacramento Valley schools. Her record was 59 words per minute without error. The best previous record was made in 1923 by Henrietta Samuels of Willows, writing 58 words per minute with no errors in the fifteen minutes. Louise Turpen won second, writing a perfect 55 words per minute. Marysville High School won third for accuracy. Fourth and fifth were taken by the Glenn County High School, Willows.

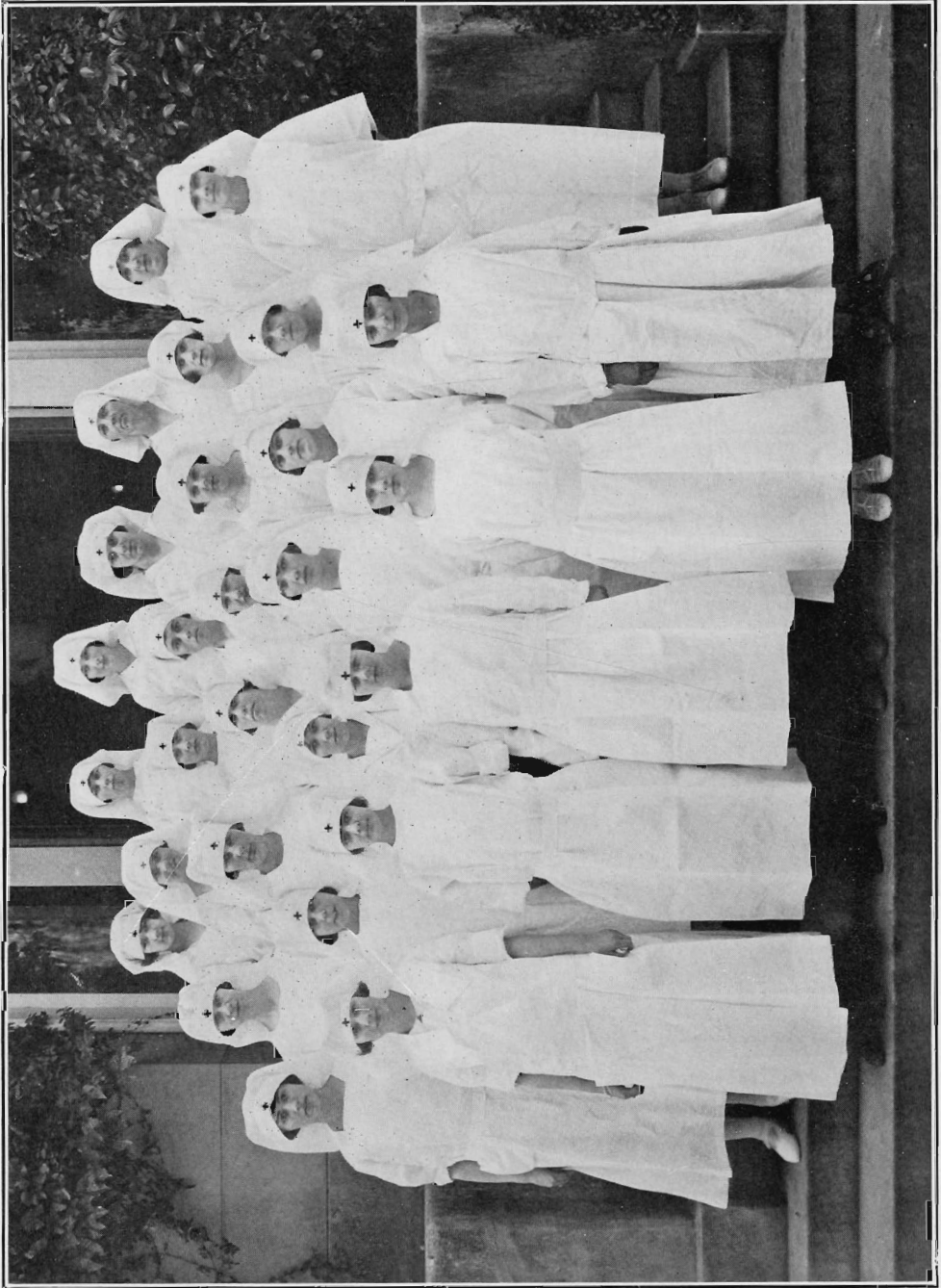
The best second year accuracy record ever made in California was made in May 1923 by Ethel King, Sacramento High School, 65 words per minute without error. This still stands as a world's record for student accuracy.

The second year One Minute Championship was won by Ruth Thompson of the Sutter Creek Union High School, writing 96 words in the minute without error.

In the unlimited classification, Florence Abegglen broke all previous California records, writing 92 net words per minute for fifteen. Her nearest competitor was 16 words beneath her record. In performing this feat, she was qualified as an expert typist. Second place was taken by Ruth Legate of Sacramento and third place by Charlotte Alderman of Marysville.

The first place in unlimited accuracy was taken by Marysville, the second place being taken by Florence Abegglen of Sacramento. It is unusual for the winner of such a high speed place to also qualify in accuracy, but this Florence succeeded in doing. The third accuracy place was won by Marysville.

Florence Abegglen also distinguished herself by breaking all previous California records for the one minute, her record being 112 words in the minute without error. The highest ever made heretofore was 110 net words.



HOME-NURSING CLASS

Home Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick

The course in Home Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick was made a part of the curriculum in 1919. This course is taught by a registered graduate nurse.

The one semester devoted to the course not only makes it possible to give very thorough instruction in elementary nursing procedure but it also lays a foundation for the maintenance of high health standards and for the teaching of proper habits of body and of mind. Further, the course imparts sound knowledge as to the means of protecting the individual and the family from preventable diseases. Such knowledge should be an important factor in eliminating great economic waste through avoidable illness, and should also promote an intelligent cooperation between patient and physician in the enforcement of public health measures since preventable diseases cannot be controlled with a law, a health officer, and a placard, but only by cooperation of the people through education.

The course supplements the education of the girl with a knowledge of the fundamental principles of home-making, and rouses in her a sense of responsibility to the community in which she lives. It awakens her interest in the value of a pure milk and water supply, enlists her cooperation with Health Boards in preventing the spread of communicable and preventable diseases, teaches her that the high death rate among infants is due to ignorant mothers, and helps her to realize that the children of the nation are more important than our sky-scrapers and monuments or our great industrial plants and ships.

—Mildred Currier, '24.



DOUBLE S SOCIETY

The Double "S" Society

To promote school spirit and to improve the writing and speaking ability of the members is the aim of the Double "S" Society.

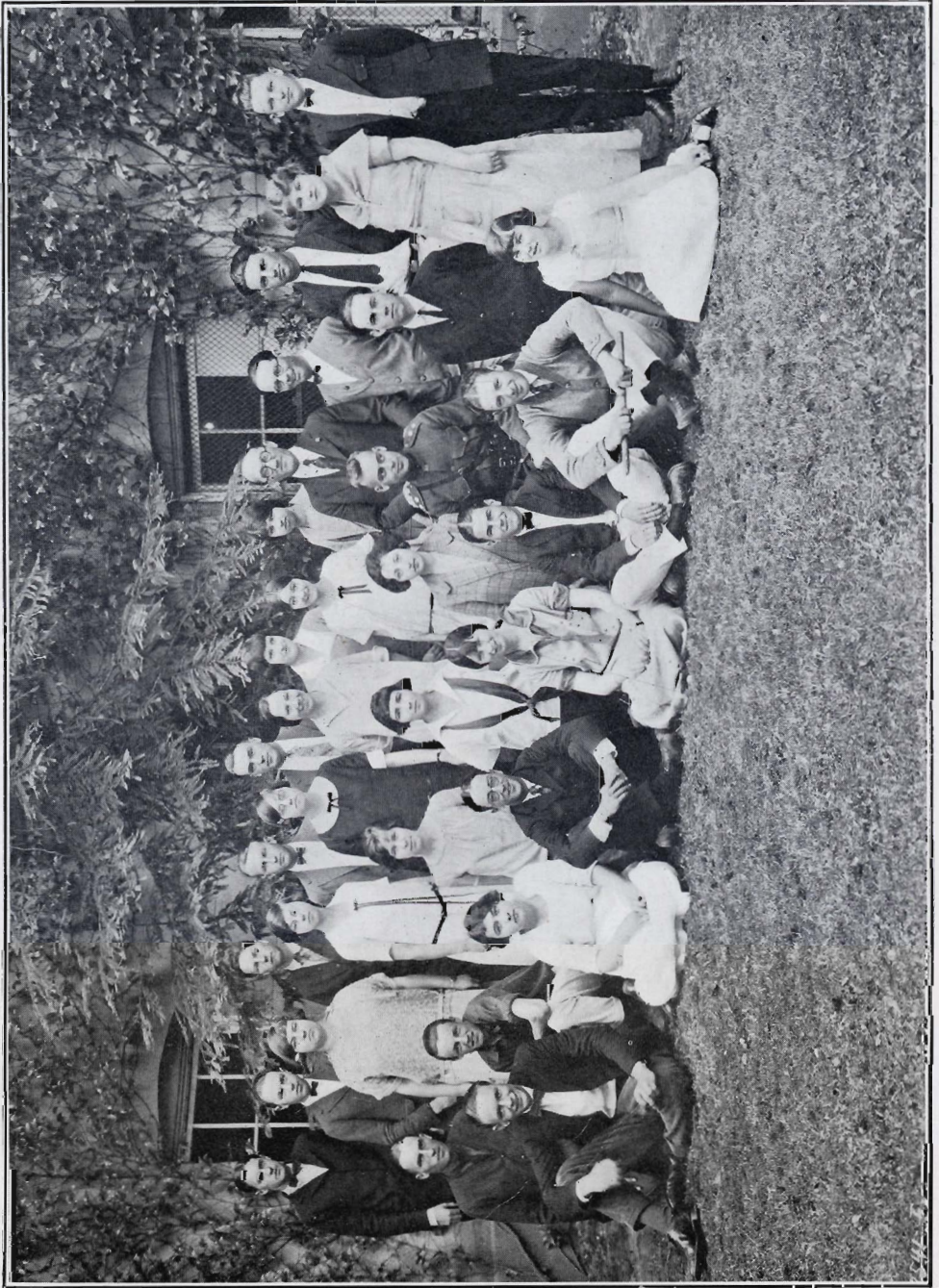
Last term Ralph Richardson in the name of this society presented the school with a very beautiful United States flag. Also three teams of Double S members headed by Aileen Brown, Ralph Richardson, and Mildred Currier aided in the Underwriter's Campaign. Aileen Brown's team won in the competition and was presented with the shield that now hangs above the door of room 32A. A Christmas party was given and Kenneth Curtright made a wonderful Santa Claus.

The officers of the term were: Aileen Brown, president; Dorothea Wilder, 1st vice-president; Virginia Voorhies, 2nd vice-president; Ralph Richardson, secretary-treasurer; Kenneth Curtright, sergeant-at-arms.

The term opened with a Valentine party given at the little clubhouse on Sixteenth and C Streets. The feature of the afternoon was a Valentine box to which all contributed. The next entertainment was for the parents of the members. This took the form of a delightful playlet, "The Knave of Hearts," which was repeated as an entertainment at the Central California Oratorical Contest in Sacramento on May 2. Plans are now under way for a third affair the nature of which has not yet been revealed. It is certain, however, that it will be a fitting climax for a very enjoyable term.

The officers for this term are: Ralph Richardson, president, Dorothea Wilder, 1st vice-president; Kenneth Howard, 2nd vice-president; Margaret Meyer, secretary-treasurer; Paul Sims, sergeant-at-arms.

—Margaret Meyer, Secretary, '25.



“VOCATORS”

The Vocators

Under the guidance of Mr. E. C. Overholtzer, the Vocation Class this past year has successfully accomplished its purpose. Its main object is to give senior students a better idea of their own opportunities and for what each individual is best fitted.

Every Thursday an interesting and worth-while trip has been taken for the purpose of surveying some of Sacramento's occupations. Many speakers addressed the Vocators at various times.

This class and the alumni held a banquet at the Chamber of Commerce which was a very entertaining and novel affair. It also had the pleasure of attending one of the weekly luncheons of the Rotary Club.

Tag day marked a salesmanship competition between the Vocators and the Double "S" Society in which the former outsold the latter by a very high score.

The following are those enrolled:

Fall Term

Ida Banta
 Thelma Baron
 George Browning, President
 Robert Bryne
 Inez Cheni
 Ed Clements
 Hester Crukshank
 Dorothy Doyle
 Leslie Earle
 William Flanagan
 Juanita Frazier
 Enid Fuller
 Jennette Geiger
 Leona Gould
 Helen Greer
 Alice Halstead

Beaumont Harris
 Thelma Hersum
 Etta Hornstein
 William Hunger
 Ida Luston
 Quentin Martinelli, Sgt. at Arms
 Martyn Mason
 Ed Norris, Treas.
 Charles Packer
 Virgil Schneider
 Josephine Pfaendler, Secretary
 Nellie Sweet
 Clifford Thebaut
 Genevieve Weiss, Vice-President
 Morgan Whitaker
 Irma Gluyas

Spring Class

Kathryn Agnew, Vice-President
 Aldace Appleton
 Helen Aulick
 Anna Callahan
 Richard Clemens, Sgt. at Arms
 Harold Daily, Secretary
 Joseph Findlay
 George Fitzgerald
 Willis Goodwin
 Joe Gordon
 Mary Goulard
 Louise Grant
 Alvin Green, Treasurer
 Gladys Greer

Helen Greer
 Ellis Groff
 Thelma Heinz
 Lawrence Johnson, President
 Helen King
 Ruth Leamon
 Clinton Lee
 Harry McQuiston
 Charles Merrick
 Pauline Richmond
 Maynard Rowland
 Elsie Sherwood
 Robert Triplett
 Charles Van Alstein

The Forensic

Miss Ashby's Public Speaking class of 1923 reorganized the Forensic Society and carried it through a very profitable year. Its purpose was to give its members practice in the arts of oratory, debating, and parliamentary law.

Meetings were held once a week. Programs were given on social problems, biographies, current events in the countries of the world, art, school problems, and other favorite topics, alternately with programs on parliamentary practice.

Two parties were given at which there were toasts and much jollification.

One of the chief activities of the Forensic was a debate with its rival, the Agora, on the Soldier's Bonus Bill. Ruth Leamon and Thelma Hinze represented the Agora on the affirmative and Dorothy Gray and Dorothy Brandenburger represented the Forensic on the negative. The decision was unanimous for the Forensic.

The president of the society was Gladie Young.

The members were: Dorothy Gray, George Scribner, Gladie Young, Dorothy Brandenburger, Walter de Mara, and Anna Mudge.

—Dorothy Brandenburger, '24.

Agora Society

The Agora Society has been organized for some time and a great many of the debaters and public speakers of the Sacramento High School were members of this society.

The purpose of this organization is to create interest in public speaking and debating.

The Agora meets every Friday afternoon and after the regular business is transacted, a program, which consists of either parliamentary practice, extemporaneous talks or debates, is given by the members.

The officers are as follows:

President	Ruth Leamon
Vice-President	Thelma Hinze
Secretary	Elaine Ennis
Sergeant-at-Arms	Carl Koch

Members

Andrew Dreifus	Margaret Kane	Charles Packer
Erna Franck	Carl Koch	Thelma Reid
Thelma Hinze	Ruth Leamon	George Uhl
Gladys Jensen	Fred Offenbach	Morgan Whitaker

—Elaine Ennis, '24, Secretary.