

The Keeper of the Drawbridge

(Senior—First Prize Story)

“And so the Great Man said, ‘And greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend.’”

As he finished the story, the old man lovingly fondled the golden curls on the little head lying against his shoulder. They made a curious pair, sitting in the doorway of the little cabin on the drawbridge, the colorless little old man and the dull structure of the bridge forming a neutral background against which the bright, sunlit hair of the little boy stood out in startling contrast. The child was a cripple, with a sweet, serious face, the look of patient suffering making him seem oddly old and wise. The large dark eyes were gazing far down the river and the little forehead was puckered with thought as he pondered over the tale his grandfather had just told, and he had visions of noble men, filled with high resolve, laying down their lives in large bundles upon a counter, behind which stood their friends. As the old man watched him with loving intentness, he too was thinking of the past and his own life, which he had laid down, not once, but many times in unselfish subordination of his own will and interests to those of others. He had not always been the drab, monotonous figure of the present. He had had a personality, once colorful and striking, but the long years of suppression had dulled and greyed it, as they had his hair, until now he was just a colorless little old man, the keeper of a drawbridge. Perhaps it was this very colorlessness which drew him so forcibly to his little grandson. He loved the lad's bright, sunny disposition and quaint, original ideas, but most of all he loved his hair, gloriously golden and curling in ringlets all over his head. It was a symbol, representing all the brightness for which his soul had starved so long. He treasured it and gloated over it as a miser over his hoard.

The musing of the two was interrupted by three blasts of the whistle, deep and sonorous, of an approaching steamer. The old man raised his startled eyes, bewildered by the hasty transition back to the present.

“Law, sonny, here Grandpop's gone and forgot all about that extra boat that was coming through this mornin'. You stay right here, honey, while Grandpop opens the bridge and then we'll have another story.”

He made the child comfortable and scurried out to his post. As the boat, a large river steamer hauling loaded barges, appeared around the bend of the river, the drawbridge swung out with ponderous dignity to let it pass. The old man stood waving to the crew. He was still a bit dreamy from his musing, but he performed his duties with the automatic precision of long practice. The boat passed and its engines were still pulsing through the air when a light tap-tap behind him startled the old man. He swung about, his arm still stretched out to grasp the levers, and it came in contact with a soft body. There was a startled exclamation, the clatter of a falling crutch, and the old man whirled just in time to see a tiny form disappearing over the end of the open bridge. He had a sickening sense of a small body hurling through space, and then a dull splash. For a single breathing space he stood transfixed, with staring eyes and gapping mouth. Then as the horror of it dawned upon him he began clutching with frantic hands to tear off his coat preparatory to plunging in after the boy. He could not imagine what had brought the child out on the bridge after his warning to stay in the cabin. It never occurred to him to doubt his ability to withstand the icy shock of the water of his strength to swim with the added burden of the child, to

safety. His whole mind was intent upon one thing, to get in after the boy and pull him out of that cold water.

But even as he stood with his arms half out of his coat there came the shrill scream of a locomotive. Number ten, passenger, on time! It was a through train, traveling at a high speed, and the unsuspecting engineer would round that last curve and, approaching the bridge unaware of the danger, would carry himself and the whole trainload of humanity to destruction. Again the old man stood immovable, frozen with horror. But again it was only for a fraction of a second, then, succeeding in freeing his arms of his coat he sprang instinctively back to his station. He would fix the gears and then plunge in after his boy, letting the bridge swing to by itself. It was the automatic response of the bridge keeper to place first the safety of those who trusted him to be on the job. He placed his hands on the levers, then stopped suddenly and groaned. That last switch that must be thrown after the bridge had closed! How could he manage to wait and close that and save his boy, too. At this thought he again ran to the side of the bridge and looking down saw a small blot of gold bob for a moment on the dark surface of the river, and then disappear. His sense reeled between the awful millstones that were crushing out his very life. His conscience, the call of duty on one hand and his love for his grandson on the other. Which ever way he turned lay a tragedy. Why was he permitted to live and endure such terrible agonies of choice? Choice, how he loathed the word. He glanced up at the mid-summer sky, but there was no relief there. The sun glaring in noon day fierceness, cast a hard metallic wave of heat over all creation. The old man groaned. Another signal from the approaching train set his mind in a frenzy. He felt an insane desire to run back and forth, back and forth, from one side of the bridge to the other, from his levers to the end from which his grandson had fallen. He felt desperate, like a caged animal, bound from action by the bars of his own indecision. He endured aeons of torture in those few seconds.

At the third whistle from the train he started, and then covered his face with hands that trembled violently. He could not shut out of his mind the picture of that little golden head on the dark surface of the river, but side by side with this rose another and equally horrible scene, the river filled with many heads, struggling, drowning. Into his ears came beating the refrain, one head or many, one head or many, one head or many. He was trembling all over. His panic rose as he realized with a start that the singing in his ears was coming from the rails, humming with the approach of the train. He was threatened again with that insanity, but looking down at the water he grew strangely calm. It was so quiet and peaceful down there. Why not throw himself down there with Sonny, away from all this agony of choice? There would still be that comfort, if he did, it would be with Sonny, Sonny who was life itself to him.

The pallor of death itself seemed to smite him as this last thought came to his mind. A voice echoed, through the singular calm that possessed him the last words of his story to Sonny. "And greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend." Sonny, his life; those passengers, his friends. What could be plainer? The old man turned with great weariness and plodded over to the levers. Quickly, with the automatic precision of long practice, he went through his duties, of long practice, even to the last switch, which was thrown just as the first of the train, with a triumphant shriek, thundered on to the bridge.

Joy of the Woods

(Sophomore—First Prize Poem)

I scorn the great cities, their toil and their care!
 I'm a thing of the woods and as free as the air;
 I live in the light of my Creator's smile.
 I rejoice. Yes, rejoice and I sing all the while.
 Yes, as free as the winds that go whistling by.
 I dance and I sing on the mountain peak high;
 I sing till sweet echo sings back in reply;
 I dance on the hill and I dance in the dale;
 I dance by the lake where the pond lilies sail;
 I'm as free as the eagle that soars upon high;
 I dance by the streamlet that flows through the vale;
 I dance through the mist of the mountain's white veil.
 I run and I leap and I laugh as I run,
 For my laugh is of joy and sweet happiness spun.
 Oh! it echoes and echoes and echoes afar,
 And it comes back to me like a bright falling star;
 It enters my breast where it echoes and sings,
 And I laugh and I shout till the wood 'round me rings;
 I play with the wild deer and they without fear
 Follow my voice when I sing as I pass,
 And race with me over the sweet smelling grass.
 Oh! I sing with the thrush and I shout with the jay;
 Oh! I join with the sparrows in chatter and play;
 I run with the wolf pack, I thrill with the chase,
 As the pack and the caribou join in life's race.
 I ride on the tops of the white crested waves,
 Or explore the dark regions of salt smelling caves.
 I sit on the beach, I sit all alone,
 And idly I watch the froth and the foam
 Of the sea as it washes the white, sandy beach,
 And the waves from as far as the lone eyes can reach.
 I sit and I smile, for there's joy in the sea,
 But Oh, for the mountains where joy is most free.

The sun sinks to rest in an ocean of gold,
 And back to the mountains I turn as of old,
 For I'm old as the ages yet young as the day,
 And all God's creation doth laugh 'neath my sway.

Men think they know Joy as they sip the red wine,
 But I reign supreme in the hemlock and pine.
 Men think they know Joy when money's their god,
 But the man who'd know Joy must know too the true God.
 Oh, let men come back to the haunts of the wild;
 I'll welcome them back as a mother her child.
 I'll sing from the brook, the green trees and the grass;
 I'll dance and I'll sing and I'll laugh when they pass;
 I'll give them the gifts for which they all long,
 For I am their dreams; I am sweet happiness;
 I am Joy, laughing Joy, dancing Joy, I am Joy.

VIRGINIA HUGHES, '27.

The Enchantment of Distance

(Senior—First Prize Essay)

The lure of distance led Columbus, Cortez, Drake, and many other famous explorers to set out in their frail crafts to see for themselves what was beyond that great stretch of sea, to test, in defiance of death, the great unknown waters.

What is it that beckons to men? What unseen force is there that urges and propels them to go forward; to see? Is it the adventure in man, human curiosity, or is it the soft haze that spreads over the landscape?

I myself believe it is the bluish haze that spreads itself like veiling over the sharp outline of cliffs and rocks. It softens the clear cut of the sky behind the trees. It gives enchantment to the white winding highway that crawls ever steadily on to the top of the hills, brushing out the cruelty of man's work in his blasting of the hillsides; letting the ever reaching step of civilization pour over each hill and valley, each rock and stone. It strikes at the very being of the tourist as he rounds a sudden curve in the great highway and sees the great cliffs and chasms. Far below, down thousands of feet of sharp, jagged stone, rises the soft purplish foliage of the pines, so luring, so beautiful through the veil that covers the landscape. The great wonders of the Grand Canyon, of Yellowstone Park, are all covered with this enchantment.

Who has not gone flower hunting in a field of poppies, buttercups, or bluebells? And who has not seen, a few yards ahead, a much prettier flower, or a much larger patch? And who has not been drawn on, only to find that the distance has but lent enchantment to the bobbing flower heads? And in the same way, we have climbed over thorns and rocks to reach the distant point, only to find that the picture is but an illusion. The veil is ripped aside, the cliffs and rocks are seen as they are, the trees as broken and dust covered. Is it not better to view the scene from afar, to let the veil remain? Was not Columbus's reward but a repetition of the torn haze in his finding of the wild unbroken shore? Was not the Pilgrim's reward hard work, cold, and starvation?

But the hardships of life must ever be faced to gain advancement, the veil must be torn. We who strive for position, wealth, fame, or education must face the difficulties. We must let the haze of our golden star be torn away, we must see the path, narrow, rocky, with many twists and turns, with many snags to catch and hurl us back. We must know and realize so that we can cope with our problems. If Columbus had been content to gaze across the sea, seeing only a beautiful picture, his name never would have gone down in history as the discoverer of America. To stand still, to never move forward, is to have the enchantment of distance ever before us. What shall we do? Shall we take enchantment or reality? Both are extremes: enchantment typifies the man who looks ahead but stands still, dreaming, gazing upon his golden star; reality typifies the man who hurls himself over hill and stone, forgetting friends, forgetting self, bent only upon grasping his golden star. What shall we do? Must we face either reality or enchantment? Or is there some way out, some way by which we may be safe? Is this not the only way, the only chance left, to take an equal amount of both, of dreaming and doing?

EDNA BISHOP, '26.

"The Maiden's Prayer"

(Junior—First Prize Story)

Nellie May Gordon stood on the porch and smiled as resolutely as she waved, until the wagon-load of grain with her father and mother on the high spring-seat rattled around the turn of the road. Then she went slowly into the parlor. The parlor drew her because the blinds were drawn. It was dark and silent and she was suffering.

Crystal tears dewed the rose-pink of her cheeks as she dropped on the purple plush sofa. They gushed forth in a flood as she slid from the sofa to the floor, buried her face in a sofa-pillow and gave away to such a passion of weeping as she had not indulged in since she was seven, when she broke her best doll.

"Oh, oh," she sobbed aloud, "they don't understand, neither Pa nor Ma, and there isn't any way I can make them. It's the first thing I ever asked for and they act as if I had committed the unpardonable sin. Maybe I'm wicked, but I want a new dress more than I ever wanted anything before or ever will again, I do believe."

Stating her grievance out loud seemed to help so she droned on between catches of her breath.

"Pa and Ma don't know it is a wonderful thing for Dorothy Harris to ask me to her party. They don't know a thing about evening gowns and that every girl has one nowadays. Ma thinks I could wear my blue serge. It isn't just the good time but if I could only go to that party with a dress like other girls wear it would be my making in Harrisburg. It would mean all the difference in the world in my senior year at Hi. I wouldn't be just a little country freak that everyone passes by. I'd be one of Dorothy Harris' friends who had a good dress— Oh, it's too cruel."

Nellie May was right. The clothes she had worn all of her sixteen years had been serviceable but certainly not stylish. To Mrs. Gordon waistlines and hems were as fixed as the boundaries of the state. Like the equator, waistlines girdled the center, and skirts were gathered very full thereon, hems were supposed to edge the ankles of the young, the exceeding young like Nellie May, and sleeves were for the purpose of covering up the arms.

Nellie May was not overly vain, but she could not help her growing rebellion. Her mirror told her that not a girl at Harrisburg Hi had a figure more lissom nor a face more fair; if only her clothes were not a laughing stock. Many an invitation had she either declined or avoided because she had nothing to wear that was suitable. But this was the climax.

This, her Junior year at high school had been a very successful one. She had carried off prizes in several school contests and her name headed the mid-year honor roll; but more thrilling than this, Dorothy Harris, the Judge's daughter and the belle of Harrisburg, had favored her several times with marked attention.

Nellie May felt the crowning moment of her life had come when she opened the dainty delicately scented envelope and found the invitation to Dorothy's May-day party. In a burst of enthusiasm and determination she accepted.

This was such a very special occasion that she could have a party dress. She must have a dress. Surely they could afford just one nice dress for her, if Pa and Ma could only be made to see the necessity. For once she would burst into eloquence and convince them, or she would appeal to Orvilla. Orvilla, her elder sister, was now attending Junior College in the city. She went back and forth each day on the electric and tutored in Harrisburg evenings

and Saturdays. Orvilla had always known the lack of modish clothes. She would be sympathetic.

On the way home from school on the evening before, Nellie May had seen her dress in Golden's window. It seemed a dispensation of Providence that Golden's should be having a sale of party dresses at this particular time. Sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents, even inexperienced Nellie May knew that was dirt cheap, and as she gazed longingly in the window she spied the one that twirled its ribbons around her heartstrings. It was black taffeta. Even though she struggled against the sin of vanity Nellie May could not help seeing her own flower-like face and golden curls rising from the low rounded neck. The sleeves were adorable shirred puffs. The waistline was low, and the perky little skirt was modishly short. The only dash of color was in the pockets, wide shirred pockets that ran halfway around on either side of the skirt, and heavily embroidered in gold, silver and green. From them floated the ensnaring ribbons, narrow streamers of silver. Would any other dress ever seem so completely hers, she wondered. With silver slippers it would be simply irresistible.

Filled with a desire to explain the situation and secure the dress before someone else did, Nellie May rushed home, but once in the familiar repressed home atmosphere, her courage suddenly ebbed. Dresses, especially fancy ones, foolish ones, her mother would say, seemed to fall in value.

She bolted her supper struggling for words to begin, but words did not come. When the dishes were done she saw with relief Orvilla beckoning her to her room. She would present her case to Orvilla first; but in Orvilla's room it was she and not Nellie May who did the talking. Nellie listened in dumb astonishment while Orvilla unfolded a tale exactly like her own.

Orvilla had been invited to a party on May-day night by an influential college friend. It meant a lot to Orvilla. There was a young man in the case, a dignity to which Nellie May had not attained, but Orvilla was afraid Pa and Ma would object. Since their main objection, she felt sure, would be clothes she had forestalled them by using the last cent of her own money to bring home material for an evening gown. She brought out the goods, charmeuse of the softest brightest shimmeriest blue.

For the second time that day Nellie May succumbed to vanity. She saw her own bright head bobbing above those gleaming folds. She shook herself. What was she coming to?

"Of course I haven't anything to wear with it, not even shoes, but maybe I can furbish my old white slippers," Orvilla was saying.

Nellie May went to her room without having said a word about her own predicament. All night her dreams revolved in cycles of black and blue. This, the following morning, was Saturday. Nellie May moved about the work in a daze of desperation. She did not lash her courage to the talking point until Pa had driven the load of grain, left from the spring sowing, up to the house and Ma was carrying out the lard pails of eggs. Then her words fairly spouted forth, hurling themselves at the two surprised, disapproving faces. She had a miserable sense that she was jumbling the importance of Dorothy's party and the desirability of the dress in Golden's window in a confused mass and when she paused for breath her mother spoke tersely:

"I'm surprised at you, Nellie May, lettin' yourself get all worked up over furbelows. The clothes you got are plenty good enough, and if they ain't then you better stay home."

Pa said not a word. And now Nellie May lay a sobbing heap by the sofa, her hopes shattered about her.

There was one resource left to her, a resource she had availed herself of

since earliest childhood. In common with the rest of humanity when over-taxed, she laid her burden on the mighty breast of the Infinite.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "Send me a new dress. I beg of Thee, dear Lord, help me to get one. It is not wicked that I should desire one, dear Lord, for I have nothing nice to wear. Soften my mother's heart, oh Lord, or my father's or cause my aunt Nellie to send me one as she has done in the past. Or better still, oh Lord, I beseech Thee, help me to find a way to get one myself. Dear Lord, I thank Thee. Amen."

So absorbed was Nellie May in the fervor of her prayer that she failed to hear a light step in the hall or to see Orvilla pause in the doorway. When she arose, Orvilla was safely locked in her own room staring with unseeing eyes at a heap of luminous blue goods.

The younger girl, much refreshed and consoled, set out on her regular Saturday morning trip to old Mrs. Hinton's with a pound of butter and a pail of eggs. Granny Hinton, who was a semi-invalid, looked forward to these visits with the eagerness of a child.

It was a lovely late April morning. The willow buds were bursting out and the orchards showed powdery white and rose pink. As Nellie May came around the turn in the road she stopped short. Just ahead of her a big car slowed to the side of the grade, whirred impotently while a big man muttered and wrenched at the wheel. As Nellie drew near he stopped the racing engine.

"Hey, little girl!" he called. "Is there a house around here where I can get a car to pull me out?"

Nellie May shook her head. "No sir, but we live just around the turn and I will bring old Hero."

"What, one horse? He can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I think so. He's a terrific puller."

"He'd have to be, but I can't waste time. I have to reach town before the 10:15 goes through."

"Then I think we'd better try," Nellie May was firm. There aren't so many cars around here and everyone goes to town on Saturday's. I'll run and get Hero and if anyone comes along while I'm gone you can call on them."

No one came. It was only a matter of minutes until Nellie's practised hands had harnessed Hero and were driving him back down the road. The big man knotted the ends of the rope she tossed him to the car and climbed in shaking his head in derision. Nellie May chirruped to Hero; Hero "scratched gravel," and the car rolled up onto the grade.

Nellie's cheeks were pink and her eyes shining. "I told you he was a puller," she called as the man climbed out and untied the rope. He crossed the road and looked at her with admiration.

"You're all right," he said. "It does a person good these days to see a girl who isn't afraid to soil her hands with real labor. Take this and buy yourself a gew-gaw."

He was gone.

Nellie May unfolded the crinkling bill he had put in her hand. Ten dollars! That wasn't enough to buy the dress in Golden's window but it proved that Providence was with her and might send the other six twenty-five at any minute. She put old Hero back in the corral, rescued her bucket from the fence corner where she had stowed it and proceeded to Granny's.

She told the whole story as soon as she was seated in a big rocker opposite Granny. The little old lady was all excitement.

"You pull that old trunk out of the closet," she directed. "Now lay out the things until you come to a packet wrapped in tissue paper. Hand that to me."

Granny unfolded the paper and spread out to Nellie May's view a dress. It was an old, old fashioned dress of the period just following hoop skirts, of the softest grey-brown changeable silk that radiated gleams of silver and gold, purple and green as granny turned it in the sun-light. The lace at the bodice was like cobweb.

"They don't make silk like this nowadays," said granny, "and that is real lace. This was my Infair dress. I made it myself and it was my favorite dress in my trousseau. I never wore it more than half a dozen times. I was always saving it for something better till it was clear out of style and then I hated to rip it. Now it's going to make you a party dress. You bring me an up-to-date pattern from Harrisburg and I'll wager my fingers haven't lost their cunning."

Nellie May felt her enthusiasm rising when the full skirt was ripped off and pressed and she held it shimmering in the sun, and when the trunk had yielded up slippers that fit her perfectly; Granny's wedding slippers, soft white kid with immense buckles of cut steel.

The happy girl danced home. It was all arranged. She was to go to Granny's tomorrow evening and every evening that week on the pretense of reading to her. The home folks were not to know of the dress until she flashed it on their dazzled eyes. And she was to get all accessories in Harrisburg on Granny's account. The old lady insisted this was to be her treat and on no account was Nellie to break her ten dollars.

That was why she was happy. The Lord had answered her prayer and had also provided her with the means to atone for her sins of vanity. When the cat was out of the bag she meant to hand over the ten dollars, entire, to Orvilla to get what she needed to complete her party costume.

Supper that night at Gordon's was a silent affair. Each member of the family was so occupied with his own thoughts that he failed to note the pre-occupation of the others. To Nellie May's delight no objection was offered to her plan of going to Granny's. Indeed, her mother seemed to be glad to be rid of her.

The following Saturday dawned, a day for blooming flowers, singing birds and girls getting ready for parties. Nellie May brought the dress home from Granny's, finished to the last fastener. She slipped in the front way and spread it over the purple sofa. It seemed the fitting thing to do. Then she went to call her mother and Orvilla. They were looking out the dining room window.

"The mail's come," announced Mrs. Gordon. "Your Pa's gettin' it and there's a package."

The three of them watched Pa come up the trail. He handed the package and a letter to Nellie May.

"It's from Aunt Nellie," she breathed as she tore off the wrappings. She set the box on the table, lifted the lid and spread back the enfolding tissue. It lay revealed, a real evening gown of soft rose satin, slippers and stockings and a black plumey fan.

Nellie May opened the letter.

"Dear Namesake," she read, "It has just occurred to me that you are reaching the age when a girl values her party dresses above all else and as I chanced upon a bargain I am sending you one——"

Nellie May looked up, she was alone. The rest had disappeared as if by magic. Awesomely she lifted the dress. As she held it in front of her she saw that her first suspicion had been correct, it was far too large for her. The slippers also looked large. Evidently Aunt Nellie had over-estimated her petite niece. She turned as Orvilla entered the door holding before her a dainty

little dress of blue charmeuse with flecks of gold at the throat and shoulders, and an intricate gold ornament wrought by her own patient fingers.

"I made it for you, Nellie May," she said. "I heard you crying that day and I decided your party meant more to you than mine did to me, so I made it for you."

The satin dress slithered to the floor. Nellie May crushed the blue one between Orvilla and herself.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried, "You made it for me, and it's such a beauty! Of course I'll wear it and you'll wear this one from Aunt Nellie. Now not a word out of you. It's miles too big for me. It's yours forever, shoes and all. We'll both go and be so happy wearing each other's dresses. Granny Hinton will never need to know. Wait till I show you."

She dashed from the room to reappear in a moment with the dress that had once, in a different form, graced Granny's Infair. Their circle had been augmented. In the door to her room stood Ma and she was holding a dress before her. It was a very simple little dress of flowered dimity, but it represented great concessions from Ma. The neck was delicately rounded, the sleeves above the elbow, the waistline was long and the skirt modestly short, while knots of black ribbon lent it a festive touch.

Granny's dress joined Aunt Nellie's on the floor as Nellie May folded her mother, dimity and all, in her strong young arms.

"You seemed so set on a dress," murmured Ma embarrassedly, "that I just took my egg money and got the makin's of one you could wear all spring."

Nellie May's eyes beseeched Orvilla over Ma's shoulder.

"It was dear of you, Ma," she said bravely, "just so dear. And I am going to wear it to the party. It's such a sweet springlike dress."

Heavy steps crossed the porch. Pa clumped in the door and deposited a box on the table. He glanced sheepishly around at his women folks.

"Since you wuz so cut up about that dress business, Nellie May," he said gruffly. "I just got to figgerin' maybe Ma and me wuz a mite old fashioned with you, so since I got a very good figger for my grain I brung you some-thin'."

For the second time that morning Nellie May fumbled with string and paper. She gave a gasp of joy and astonishment when she lifted the last wrapping and beheld the dress of Golden's window just as perky here as it had been there with its silver streamers and gay embroidered pockets. The silver slippers were there too, and stockings as silvery as moonlight on the water.

"I reckon they'll fit," said Pa. "That girl at Golden's 'lowed she knowed your size and she said that wuz the dress you wuz hankerin' after."

Nellie May sank to the floor amid her finery sobbing with sheer happiness.

"Well, well," laughed Orvilla, "it's good you are young, Nellie, and have a lifetime to dress up in. You're certainly dress poor right now. Which one are you going to wear to the party?"

"I think," gurgled Nellie May, "if it's all the same to the rest of you, I'll wear Pa's."

The Carnival

Music and dancing and joy everywhere,
 Color and noise and frolic to spare;
 Figures from comic strips glide through the halls;
 Weird painted signs are hung on the walls.

Gay little French girls offer you flowers;
 Cabaret dancers wile away hours.
 Music of every kind welcomes you there,
 Spanish and minstrel and jazz band's loud blare.

Boys entertain in a gingham revue,
 Double S Rogue's gallery has us on view.
 Those who forgot to eat dinner find handy
 Pop-corn and soda-pop, ice-cream and candy.

Slippery Gulch Junior provides us a thrill,
 With games all for chance, and games all for skill.
 Canned goods and dry goods and cider galore,
 Prizes for all at that old country store.

Speaking of fun and of joy everywhere,
 Everyone knows to what I refer;
 Although the carnival long since is gone,
 Long in our memories will it live on.

GLENETTA JONES, '26.

Sometimes

(Third Prize—Junior Poem)

Sometimes it's only the lit of a song
 That brings you back to me;
 Sometimes down in the heart of a flower
 It is your face I see.
 Sometimes the smile of the lifting morn
 Is all your smiling too.
 Everything glad in the whole wide world,
 Seems just a touch of you.

DOROTHY WIGHTMAN, '26.

Yes or No?

(Junior-First Prize Essay)

Ardently as they may desire it, neither parents nor teachers can give a boy his education. It is a treasure he must dig out for himself, and the task is long and hard.

The same old school, the same old teachers and textbooks, the never-ending grind day after day, month after month, year after year, with his boy-nature longing all the time for freedom and adventure, for the open sky and great outdoors, make the student grow tired of the work at school and urge his perplexed and distressed parents to let him leave school and go into business.

Besides, never before had the boy such a chance to make money. He will say to himself, "Why should I keep on grinding over dry textbooks, shut up in school every day like a convict in a penitentiary, when Jack, Tom, and Jimmy, no older than I am have left Greek and Chemistry, and the school-room tyranny behind them and are out in the world leading a man's life and getting a man's pay?"

If the other fellows keep on leaving school, and the chances to make money keep on calling; if he quits studying and keeps on begging, his parents will probably give way and permit him to leave school. So the decision is really up to him. It is probably the most important decision he will ever be called upon to make. There are two roads, one of which he must take. The first mile or two of the untrained, uneducated road is very attractive at the present time, offering liberty, novelty, and ready money; the first stages of the education road are the same old grind: tedious, rocky, uphill, and unattractive.

Yet he must remember that it is the whole long road, through forty, fifty, or even sixty years he is now choosing, not the first few miles alone. His boyhood's choice decides his manhood's destiny. Therefore, he should decide the question like a man, not like a boy. The child looks to the present, the man studies the future also. With the child, present gratification is always the controlling motive; the now and the here, however shallow and short-lived, always prevail with him over the long future. Before exchanging trained brains and educated manhood for a brief boyhood period of money-making, he should ponder over these facts.

If he leaves school and enters business now, it is almost certain that his high school work will never be resumed or completed.

With this decision he loses his opportunity of college training and of entering any of the great professions. Without a high school training he cannot enter any college or university. The doors of these great schools are swung shut in his face.

He practically throws away his chance of gaining influence, prominence, and leadership in the fierce competition of twentieth century American life, which is too complex for the untrained to understand, far less to lead.

He will also serve his country best by training himself for the great work of the next generation. In that era of ferment and reconstruction it will need trained men far more than it now needs the services of untrained boys.

The President, the secretaries of the army and navy, great educators, and business leaders urge boys to carry on their school and college work for the sake of their country's future.

These are a few of the many reasons why he should resolutely say "No" to the call of temporary money-making and make a man's choice for a man's future. As the soldier endures the monotonous drudgery of trench-training for the sake of future victory, he should be enough of a soldier to undergo the drudgery of school studies for the sake of his own future success and leadership, fired by the certainty that never before in the world's history has education been so sure to pay rich dividends as during his lifetime.

ANDREW YUKE, '26.

Common Procedure

"Aw, let the darned old study go!
 It's me for a moving picture show."
 So off I went with a right good will
 With Fred to see an "All Comedy Bill."

That night I lay with wakeful eye
 And saw my teachers trooping by;
 Mrs. Mudge with reproving glance,
 And Mrs. Sim with an eye askance.

Miss Arnot with one awful stare,
 "Ud no puede aprender?"
 And Mr. Anderson, saints alive!
 I thought I saw him write a five.

So bright and early in the morn,
 'Twixt sleep and apprehension torn,
 I pulled myself from bed and dressed,
 Then got my lessons with a zest.

GEORGIA PATTERSON, '26.

The Pool of The Spirit

(Sophomore—First Prize Story)

Late in the Spring of 18—, the United States Government sent Inspector Rutherford to China, to fill out some reports. His wife and little daughter, Patricia, accompanied him on the long journey to the Orient.

In the same year occurred the terrible Chee-Lee famine, so it happened that just about eight months after the friends of the Rutherfords had bade them farewell, they read this notice in a New York daily:

“Hanchow, November 17—Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Victor Rutherford died from an attack of the plague, caused by the famine. About two hours later his wife, Mrs. Barbara Rutherford succumbed to the same disease. This has proved to be a very sad case, especially as their little daughter, Patricia, disappeared early this morning after being admitted to the room in which her beloved father and mother were lying. The child probably became so frightened that she ran from the house and became lost. The search has been carried on all day, but without result. There are absolutely no clues to aid the searchers in their work.”

The pale, sickly gleams of the moon glimmered faintly upon the dark waters of the Pool of the Spirit, deep, isolated spot of China's Grand Canal. This was the mystic body of water in which so many innocent baby girls had lost their lives in the vain attempt to save the country from the ravages of famine.

The nearly abandoned path that wound along the bank of the canal was striped here and there with long, narrow plots of dew-covered grass, which gleamed and glistened like some shiny-scaled snake.

All this had a very terrifying effect on poor little Patricia as her tiny, tired feet carried her along. Her baby brain was numbed with sorrow, caused by the things she could not comprehend. Suddenly her foot caught on a branch, and she fell, not in the path, but into the canal!

“Oh, Daddy, Daddy! Save me!” cried the poor baby. Daddy probably heard, but he could not answer. Instead, a terrible crashing was heard in the bushes, and some object finally broke its way to the canal and plunged in. The drenched little one was soon standing safe and sound on the ground once more. She looked up and saw what seemed to be a very terrible looking person, but which was in reality only a kindhearted Chinese fisherman. Chop Lee, as the fisherman was called, smiled down at the child, who stopped crying almost instantly. Her bright eyes remained fixed upon the long black cue which hung over his shoulder. She reached upward and clasped his wrinkled hand, and Chop Lee, immensely pleased, stooped and picked Patricia up in his arms.

Chop Lee carried the little girl home to his wife, who immediately fell in love with Patricia, and decided to keep her and bring her up as her own daughter if no one appeared to claim her. Days passed and as no one came for her, the kindly old couple changed her name to Hope Lee. She soon forgot all about her past life, and adopted the customs and language of her Chinese playmates.

Years passed. Hope was now a tall slender girl of eighteen, whose fair complexion contrasted with her curly brown hair dressed in straight Oriental fashion; but curly locks would escape now and then. Her feet, which had

suffered long years in wooden casts, were as tiny as any of her playmates, and these with her Oriental dress gave her the quaint Oriental look that her eyes and skin belied. Such things as silly love affairs were unknown to her. However, one cannot escape forever. One day an American boat sailed down that old canal, which had always seemed to have such a terrifying effect on Hope. The boat stopped not far from Hope's house, and one of the younger officers came on shore to find how far it was to Hanchow.

"Sir, you are nearly there," Hope courteously replied to his question. "Only continue a little farther, past the Pool of the Spirit, and you can see Hanchow's walls."

"The Pool of the Spirit!" mused Emerson Scott. "How interesting."

Hope obligingly told him all she knew about the pool, but she did not tell him of her connection with it, for she had forgotten it long ago. Now she was merely Hope Lee, the Chinese fisherman's daughter.

They soon became quite well acquainted, for captain Scott could speak Chinese fairly well. The captain, who was, by the way, a tall, blond young man, handsome enough to be the hero of any novel, became quite interested in Hope Lee. He came several times to see her, which displeased the Lee family greatly, for they had planned that she was to marry the Hon. Hop Sop. Therefore, they told the captain as soon as possible, that they could get along all right without the pleasure of his presence quite so often.

Emerson Scott wrote to Hope once, but receiving no reply to his letter, gave up writing. Nevertheless, the neighbors noticed a certain handsome young man, who fairly haunted the region surrounding the Lee home, trying to catch a glimpse of Hope. She, of course, almost forgot all about him, or thought she did, for the next day her mother fell sick, and in a few days died. Just before dying she gave a letter to Hope, telling her not to read it until the wane of the next full moon.

After the death of her mother, poor Hope became very discontented and oh, how she longed for the sympathizing voice of Emerson Scott.

"Ai-ah, ai-ah," moaned poor Hope. "I can't stand the loneliness any longer. I shall go for a walk along the old canal, and that may soothe me. Ai-ah, ai-ah! How I miss my dear mother and good captain Scott."

The moonlight was reflected on the dark gloomy waters of the Pool of the Spirit. The nearly abandoned path that wound along the bank of the canal, was striped here and there with long, narrow strips of dew-covered grass which gleamed and glistened like some shiny-scaled snake.

Down the path came Hope Lee, her tiny, tired feet carrying her, oh, so slowly. She paused and gazed into the dark depths of the Pool of the Spirit. How heavy her heart felt! Alas! what was the use of continuing this life of loneliness and sorrow. The pool looked dark, but restful. How nice it would be to go to sleep forever, and forget her sudden change from extreme happiness to sorrow. Hope crept nearer to the pool until she was on the very edge, and the bank was crumbling beneath her feet. She put her hands to her breast to utter a dying prayer to her heathen god. Under her hands she felt the folds of her mother's last letter to her. Surely she should read it before she plunged into the pool, so she stepped farther away from the edge of the bank, into the brighter beams of the moon, and read:

"Dearest Daughter—Alas! I have no right to call you daughter, for when you were a tiny girl, my husband found you near the pool and I raised you as my own, but, dear, we found a beautiful necklace clasped around your neck with the name, "Patricia Rutherford," engraved on it. A girl of that name had disappeared from Hanchow not long before, and you

are that girl. Your real parents were well-to-do American people. You may find out more at Hanchow.

Now, dear Hope, good-bye forever. From your Used-to-be Mother."

Her dark eyes filled with tears of happiness as she dropped down upon the soft bank. How glad, and still, how sorry, was Patricia, as we must call her now. Sorry, because the woman she had loved so well was not her mother, and glad because she was as good a person as any other American. Now no American family would be ashamed to receive her into their home. Then she wondered what made her think of such things. The reaction of her time of worry, sorrow and loneliness came back upon her in full force, and her tired body relaxed and she fell fast asleep. Her sleep was dreamless, except for some picture that appeared in her dreams, smiling down at her with out-stretched arms—the picture of Emerson Scott. As she gazed once on his fair young face, her red-lips curled softly in a smile, revealing a dimple in each smooth cheek. She awoke with a start as his face faded from her vision, but her thoughts still clung to her recent dream of Emerson Scott. Needless to say, dreams sometimes come true.

ELIZABETH KEEHNER, '27.

Anything But Spring

Why can't the pesky poet
When he has to take a fling,
Try to write his verses bravely
About anything but spring?

Why not write about the autumn,
Or the cold that winters bring,
And forget the fault of sighing
About the happiness of spring?

He could sing his song of courtship,
The wedding, bride, and ring
Without raving through the stanzas
About spooning in the spring.

He could write a lovely poem
Without mentioning a thing
Of the hopelessness of rhyming,
About anything but spring.

MURIEL HUNT, '26.

Three's a Crowd

(Senior—First Prize Play)

Place: Any home.

Time: Eight o'clock in the evening.

CHARACTERS.

Claire Blossom.....A modern young girl of nineteen.
 Mrs. Blossom.....Claire's mother.
 Suitors { Ray Stewart.....Dark, handsome fellow of twenty-one.
 to { Clifford Hum.....Nice appearing chap, twenty and full of flattery.
 { Daniel Gates.....Twenty-one, extremely thoughtful.
 Claire { Max Field.....Tall fellow at twenty-three and a multi-millionaire.

(Interior of living room moderately, but comfortably furnished. A piano on the right back. A library table on the left with table lamp and numerous magazines scattered over the top. A pair of shoes are under the table. Two chairs are arranged around the table. A door at back leading to street, another at left leading to bedroom adjoining. A davenport with many pillows to right front with a piano lamp behind it. Pictures are hung artistically on the wall. The lamps are lit. Bedroom door is open and sounds of rapid opening and closing of dresser drawers are heard. Mrs. Blossom, a woman of forty years with snow white hair, is seated on davenport reading evening paper.)

Mrs. Blossom—I see where Gerry Albright is married.

Claire—(from bedroom) Oh, I'm not at all surprised. She's been going with Bob for ages. Good night! When I get married it'll be quick and short! No four year engagement for me!

Mrs. Blossom—(looking up from paper) But you can't talk yet, miss! Here's Ray, Max, and Clifford, to say nothing of Daniel, who have been ready for your answer for over a year. They'll hang on for eternities. You know that! What's four years to those boys in a case like yours?

Claire—(appearing at the door in stocking feet and tying her sash. She is a tall brunette) Well, I know, but when you're crazy about three and are uncertain about the fourth, what are you going to do? (Goes to library table, gets shoes and goes over to davenport.)

Mrs. Blossom—It's not a question of infatuation. You must love him. Which one of the four do you love?

Claire—(thoughtfully) All of them. (She sits down and puts on shoes.)

Mrs. Blossom—Nonsense! You can't love more than one.

Claire—(struggling with shoes) In this case it's different, though. I couldn't live without Max's loving eyes, Ray's good nature, Cliff's sweet kisses, (she casts her eyes upward in ecstasy) and Dan's thoughtfulness.

Mrs. Blossom—(intently studying her daughter) If you had to see one every day for the rest of your life, which one would you choose?

Claire—(turning and facing her mother) Cliff would be the nicest to look at across the breakfast table every morning. (Meditatively) Ray would be the gentlest to the children—

Mrs. Blossom—(shocked) Claire!

Claire—That's all right, mother. I've thought this out a hundred times before. I'm awfully anxious to have a big wedding and all the thrill and

entertainment that goes with it! (Continuing her thoughts) I'm not at all sure about Max's coming home every night, but he'd be sure to send me flowers or bring me a box of candy the next day—and oh! he's so adorable when he apologizes. (Hesitates)

Mrs. Blossom—(nods her head) You're so vivacious yourself, you wouldn't want a jazz instrument around you all the time.

Claire—(rising) How do you like my new shoes? (displaying them)

Mrs. Blossom—Very nice. What did you pay for them?

Claire—Only sixteen. They were on sale. (She goes to library table and hunts for magazine) Have you seen the last installment of the story we were reading?

Mrs. Blossom—Yes, it's right there. I can't understand your ideas about these boys. (She picks up knitting that is on the other side of her and starts knitting) Maybe you're not in love with any of them.

Claire—(glancing through magazine) I don't know exactly what I'm going to do. All of them are coming tonight for a little while and they are coming at different times. I tried not to get them mixed too much. I suppose each one will want me to go out, too; just my luck. (Sits down in a chair by table and prepares to read.)

Mrs. Blossom—I've a scheme, Claire. You can't go on like this. You'd better find out which one loves you the most and how much you care for him.

Claire—(turning quickly) Why, what a silly question! They all do. They've told me so dozens of times.

Mrs. Blossom—Yes, I know, but the idea is to put them to the test. Tonight when they come, look your worst and say that you have decided not to go out for a single week; just going to stay home for a change. Find out which ones are willing to spend a quiet evening with you alone, or which ones are taking you out because you are such a good sport and a good dancer.

Claire—Mother, how ridiculous!

Mrs. Blossom—(shrugging her shoulders) It's the only way that I can see. You'll go on indefinitely this way.

Claire—(after brief meditation) Well, it would be fun at that. I'd like to know myself which one would stay here and talk without another couple in to play cards or dance.

Mrs. Blossom—(delighted that Claire has at last found something different to try) Fine! Let's begin right away. Go in and comb your hair the other way and change your dress.

Claire—(protesting) But, Mother, I look like a scare-crow that way. It's awful!

Mrs. Blossom—(laughing) I know. It's just what we want! (She hurries Claire into the bedroom. As she reaches bedroom door the doorbell rings. She opens door and Max Field bounds in with box of candy under his arm. He is tall and extravagantly dressed. He carries gloves and cane.)

Max—(removing his hat and handing Mrs. Blossom box of candy) Hello, folks! Where's Claire? (looking around the room) Getting all primped up, heh? (seeing bedroom door closed, he goes out to it and knocks) Hurry, honey! Got just fifteen minutes before the eight twenty boat leaves.

Claire—(from bedroom) Hello, Max. I'm not dancing to-night. Don't feel a bit like stepping out.

(Mrs. Blossom takes Max's hat, cane and gloves, and lays them on the chair near door. She puts candy on the table, goes to davenport, gets paper and goes to chair by table and resumes her reading.)

Max—(astonished) What! Don't you want to dance? Everybody's going. I've got Edith and Jim out in the car now.

Claire—Awful sorry, Max, but really I don't feel a speck like going out. Can't you stay here?

Max—(pauses) Well, no not to-night. You see Edith and Jim are waiting and we were to meet the rest of the party there. We've reserved a table for eight already.

Claire—(opens the door and stands before him. She is a changed girl. Her hair is severely combed straight back from her face. Her dress is a last year's model.) You had better get Rhoda then. Don't let me spoil the party.

Max—(very much surprised at Claire's appearance) You're not feeling well? (Sympathetically) I'm so sorry. How about tomorrow night then?

Claire—(going to davenport and lying down) Maybe. (Max starts toward door) I'm awfully sorry I can't go to-night.

Max—(sweetly) All right; see you tomorrow. (Puts on things and goes out) Good night.

Mrs. Blossom—(gives candy to Claire who puts it behind one of the pillows) That's one off the list. Now for the next. (She takes chair and resumes knitting.)

Claire—(with a sigh) And his eyes are gone forever! (A knock on the door and before either one can move Ray comes into the room with a box under his arm.)

Ray—(closing door and coming over to Claire) How's the girl to-night? (Hands her the box) See? Your Ray didn't forget his baby; was passing Wilson's and saw these boxes of glace-fruit in the window. Reminded me of your favorite dish. (Noticing Mrs. Blossom) Good evening, Mrs. Blossom. My, it's a glorious night out!

Mrs. Blossom—Good evening, Ray. Yes, it is a glorious night out.

Claire—(taking box) Thanks so much. I do love it so. Won't you sit down? (Makes room for him on the couch)

Ray—(declining the invitation and consulting his watch.) I borrowed Harry's car to run over here. Thought you might like to take a drive. It's a great night.

Claire—(shaking her head) Not to-night, Ray. I don't feel like moving. I'm going to be all alone to-night. Won't you stay and talk?

(The door bell rings a short code and Cliff enters, carrying a bouquet. He starts slightly as he sees Ray. Goes to Claire.)

Cliff—(handing her bouquet) Hello, Claire. What's the trouble? Don't you feel well? (Regards her attire)

Ray—I must take the car back and see if Harry wants it. As long as you're not going to be alone—(Looks straight at Clifford)

Claire—(rising) I'm so sorry, Ray. You'll come back won't you?

Ray—(takes hat and opens door. Looks at Clifford) Perhaps! Good-night. (He goes)

Claire—(unwraps bouquet and buries her face in it). They're beautiful, Cliff. I love roses, too! (She goes to piano and puts them in vase) I'm so glad you came to-night. I'm all alone.

Cliff—(looking at door where Ray disappeared) All alone? Thank you! Maybe I'd better leave before Ray returns. (Starts to go.)

Claire—(holding him back) No, no, Cliff! You silly! Of course I didn't mean it that way. I want you to stay and talk to me. Ray won't be back very likely.

Cliff—(scrutinizing her hair) I don't like your hair fixed that way at all. Of course it's beautiful any way, but—

Claire—Well, can't you stand it for one night? I don't like it myself.

Cliff—You're not going to be busy to-night, are you?

Claire—No. I just stayed home to see you.

Cliff—I had arranged to go out. Can't you come with me?

Claire—No, I can't. I'd much rather stay here and talk.

Cliff—(doubtfully) Hum—Maybe waiting for Ray?

Claire—Oh, no, Cliff! I'm not waiting for Ray. I don't feel well enough to go out; that's all.

Cliff—(rising to go) I must go and—(the telephone rings in other room.)

(Mrs. Blossom goes to answer it)—see Ralph. (Mrs. Blossom comes to door) Ray wants to speak to you, Claire.

Cliff—(suspecting Claire of hiding something) He'll be over and you won't be all alone. Good evening. (He exits)

Claire—(going to bedroom) Good night.

(Mrs. Blossom goes to door with Cliff.)

Mrs. Blossom—Come again won't you, Cliff?

Cliff—(from outside) Yes, thank you. Good night.

(Mrs. Blossom takes bouquet from top of piano and arranges it artistically on table under lamp.)

Claire—(entering) Ray's coming back, Mother! Isn't that wonderful?

Mrs. Blossom—What about Daniel?

Claire—(thinking) Why Daniel, the poor dear, of course! (Doorbell rings) Mother! Dear Dan. I hope he stays!

Mrs. Blossom—(going to door) Sit quiet. Things will be all right.

(Daniel stands without. He is tall and fair)

Daniel—(entering) Good evening, Mrs. Blossom.

Mrs. Blossom—How do you do, Daniel. Come right in!

Daniel—(removing his overcoat. He sees Claire lying on the davenport) Why Claire, what's happened? (Rushing over to her)

Claire—(rising up) Oh, nothing much. I didn't care to dress up.

Daniel—(worried) Is there anything I can do?

Claire—(making room for him on the davenport beside her) Won't you sit down? (Mrs. Blossom leaves the room, leaving the bedroom door ajar.)

Daniel—Do you feel able to go out to-night?

Claire—(very anxiously) Oh, you're not going away, are you?

Daniel—If you would rather stay home, no.

Claire—(very anxious and concerned) Don't stay on my account. I'm all right alone.

Daniel—(pulling a small white envelope out of his pocket. He takes two tickets out of it) I just stopped in and bought two tickets for the play to-night, but if you'd rather stay home we'll talk. (He tears the tickets in half and lets them slip to the floor. Claire catches her breath.) You don't mind, do you?

Claire—No, of course not! Oh, Dan! (She turns her head away.)

Daniel—(putting his arm around her) Claire! Please give me your answer. I can't wait a moment longer.

(A knock on the front door. Both Daniel and Claire jump slightly apart. Ray enters.)

Ray—(putting hat on chair) Back again! (He notices Daniel in particular) Good evening, Dan. (To Claire) I thought as you were going to be all alone (pauses and looks at Daniel) I would come back and we'd spend

the evening here at home. (Turns in pretense of taking his hat) As you have company I won't bother you further.

Claire—(jumping up) Oh, please stay, Ray. We can play cards. You were awful thoughtful to come back.

Ray—(goes to davenport without further coaxing) Well, I'll stay for a few minutes. (Daniel eyes him uneasily.)

Claire—You boys just wait here. I'm going to change my dress. I feel like a beggar. (She goes to bedroom and closes the door.)

Ray—(to Daniel) I hope she makes a lightning change. (He takes out a cigarette, lights it, and settles himself comfortably.)

CURTAIN

Scene II - One Hour Later

(Curtain rises on same scene. Daniel is seated comfortably at one end of the davenport reading a book. Ray is sitting up impatiently at the extreme end from Daniel. He is smoking a cigarette. There are magazines and the evening paper scattered untidily around his feet. He smokes nervously, then consults his watch.)

Ray—(wiping his forehead) Whew! I'm not going to wait here all night. (Gets up and paces the floor)

Daniel—(lowering his book) Don't be impatient. She'll be here in a minute now. Perhaps her mother had a dress to fit. (He continues reading)

Ray—(lighting another cigarette) That's what you have said for the last thirty minutes. Here it is nine-thirty and I have to get that car back. Listen, Dan. You can entertain her for to-night, can't you?

Dan—(sits up in surprise, delighted) Oh, yes! (calmly) I'll wait. You go on and take the car back.

Ray—(takes hat) Tell her I'm terribly sorry and will see her tomorrow. So long ol' chap. (Goes out)

Claire—(entering in same clothes) Has he really gone?

Daniel—(jumping up in surprise) Claire! What's been keeping you? (Looking at her dress) and you didn't change your dress?

Claire—(sitting down on Davenport) No. You see when Ray came back to spend a quiet evening, I thought right then that two's company, three's a crowd. And knowing how Ray hates to wait for anyone—

Daniel—(getting excited) You don't mean—

Claire—(assuringly) That one more would be one too many.

Daniel—And to think I would have been fifteen minutes later if I'd stopped to eat supper.

Claire—(pulling both boxes of candy from behind the pillows and unwrapping them) Here! (She sticks a cream into his mouth and she goes to the bouquet, picks a rose and puts it in his buttonhole and pats it tenderly). There! We're all set for the wedding. (Feeds him another cream).

Daniel—(chewing and gulping) But—where did you get all this, and these? (Points to the roses).

Claire—(sitting down beside him again and putting another cream in his mouth) Why—they're all for you, dear. (She leans over and gives him a kiss).

—CURTAIN—

—Elmerna Bush, '25

The Ruined Temple

Bamboos swaying softly
 'Neath a summer moon;
 Still and calm and quiet,
 Peaceful night in June.

Lonely temple lying,
 Kissed by ivory beams;
 Cold and mystic, silent,
 Seen as if in dreams.

Ruined courtyards empty,
 Ruined Buddhas sit
 Staring down from altars
 Marked with holy writ.

Tearful 'mid the silence,
 A thing of other years;
 Awful, yet majestic
 Filled with unnamed fears.

Symbol of the years gone by,
 Wrapt in silence deep;
 Open to the moonbeams
 Your lonely vigils keep.

RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN, '27.

The Breeze

(Second Prize—Junior Poem)

Over a summer garden,
 A little breeze one day
 Came lifting the rose leaf petals,
 And bending the grass in play.

It swept over nodding lilies,
 And down the garden way
 The hollyhocks swayed as with laughter,
 When it touched their faces gay.

And then as the shadows gathered,
 And the stars came out overhead,
 The little breeze, tired of playing,
 Went sleepily home to bed.

DOROTHY CHRISTIANSEN, '26.

Ear Wiggling as an Indoor Sport

(Junior—Second Prize Essay)

I am a confirmed ear wiggler. I wiggle my ears at meals, at parties, at school, and everywhere. I wiggle them all day long and my brother maintains that I wiggle them in my sleep. My family has given me up as hopeless, and my friends are tired of trying to cure me of the habit.

Some people consider ear wiggling a silly, useless thing, but it is not. One of its many uses is to amuse children. My friends know that I have some strange power over children, and this power is based on my ear wiggling. When I enter a roomful of strange children I sit down quietly until they get used to me. I then wiggle one ear and start them snickering. This breaks the ice and I can start wiggling both ears and make them appear to be turning cartwheels. This establishes me in their minds as a funny fellow, and inside of ten minutes they are all showing off their own tricks and having a grand time.

Ear wiggling is very useful as a means of passing away the time. While I was at the hospital last year I used to drum on the head of my bed until my room mate would threaten to crown me with a pillow. Finally, in my desperation, I hit on the idea of drumming silently by wiggling my ears. This solved the problem, and afterwards I would lie for hours drumming to myself. I really think that this discovery was all that kept me from going crazy.

Another of ear wiggling's many good points is the ease with which one can amuse the class without the teacher knowing it. I can be leaning over my book apparently studying very hard, but, in reality, be wiggling the ear on the side away from the teacher. Even those magnificent, lordly creatures, the seniors, have enough of the child in them to be amused by it, especially since the teacher can not figure out what the matter is.

Ear wiggling is also useful as a defense against insects in the summer. If a fly lights on my ear or in its immediate vicinity, I can shake it off without using my hands. All I have to do is to give my ear a twitch and the fly is catapulted into space. This is very useful when one's hands are full of bundles. My ears are so well trained that they perform this office even when I am asleep, thus protecting my slumbers from being rudely broken.

If everyone is taught to keep time to music by wiggling his ears another great blessing will descend on the people. Is there anyone who has not been irritated by the person in the seat behind him at the concert who kept time to the music by drumming on his seat or by tapping the floor? If my plan is followed, all this will be done away with and the people who feel that they simply must drum can do it silently.

My years of ear wiggling have not been entirely happy for I have had to endure many persecutions and trials. I have been sent from the table for wiggling my ears at my father while he scolded me. He thought me impertinent when I was merely showing that I agreed with him. I have been sent out of the room for wiggling my ears while reciting. I was doing it unconsciously but the teacher would not believe me. These things hurt my feelings, but the crowning insult that almost made me waver in my devotion to ear wiggling came only a week ago while I was attending a meeting at church. The speaker was dull, and I was enjoying myself wiggling my ears at the girls across the aisle. Suddenly the speaker stopped, fixed me with

an angry stare, and said, "If that boy in the third row will stop advertising the fact that he looks like a donkey, I will continue my talk." That was bad enough, but it was pleasant compared to what happened when I got home that night.

Despite all these persecutions I will never give up the practice. Who knows but what some day others beside myself will recognize it as the greatest indoor sport of all time and will hold ear wiggling contests? Anyone can see how much my years of training would give me. I can almost see the headlines in the papers when I win the championship, Old Man of Ninety-eight Years Wins Ear-Wiggling Contest. Takes All Honors for Speed, Endurance, and Graceful Style. And yet some people consider my ear-wiggling a waste of time.

KARL JARVIS, '26.

Karl Jarvis '26

Sunrise

All is swathed in darkness;
Then comes a tinge of gray;
A bird moves in the brush
To announce the coming day.

Softly a ruby color
Has appeared beyond the blue,
And the snow upon the mountain
Takes on a crimson hue.

Then quietly and softly
The sun peeps o'er its height,
Turning the snow on the mountain
To dazzling diamonds bright.

The colors interwoven,
The ruby and the blue,
Turn all this world to sunshine
With their rainbow tinted hue.

GENEVIEVE CARR, '26.

You Never Can Tell

(Junior—Second Prize Story)

Jack Manning, the star pitcher of the Sacramento High School Baseball Team, first saw the girl after the first half of the eighth inning of the game with Lodi, for the sectional championship. After his first glance, and while he was putting on his sweater, he continued to stare, as though, for the first time in all his life, he had come face to face with Beauty.

The girl was sitting in the grandstand and seemed to be very much interested in the progress of the game. While the players were coming in from the field for their turn at the bat, she was still gazing at the diamond, but presently she turned her head and spoke to the boy at her side. Jack recognized the boy. It was Robert Day, his pal. The sight of Bob comforted him, and as the girl looked up and met his eyes, Jack's thoughts of the business in hand were replaced by an intense desire to make her acquaintance.

After his side was retired, the score stood three to nothing in his favor. Jack was so much gladdened by the fact that this girl was there to see him pitch that he retired the opposing batters with great ease by the strike-out route, thus ending the game.

Paying little heed to the cheering, he dashed for the clubhouse.

"Say, coach," said Jack, when he and the coach were alone, "who's that girl with Bob Day?"

"Girl! Holy Smoke! Why ask me? I don't know a tenth as many girls as you do. Why, I was just wondering——"

He stopped as a tall, handsome figure entered, followed by a girl. Jack sprang to his feet and stared.

"Speed," shouted Bob, "that was the best exhibition of pitching I've ever seen. Striking out twenty batters! Whew! Some record! You've surely got a lot of stuff in that arm of yours." He glanced back over his shoulder. "Lois, come over here and meet the best pitcher in the world! She's my cousin, 'Speed,' and a darned good girl at that."

Jack, mumbling incoherencies, stood fervently clutching a small hand and gazing down into a piquant, flowerlike face.

"I'm glad to know you, Jack," said Lois. "You have plenty of 'stuff' and good control, but I think you let the batters know what kind of ball you intend to throw."

"Listen to her!" roared Bob proudly. "Better listen, 'Speed'; there's not much she doesn't know about the game."

"I'm listening," smiled Jack.

"Sorry to stop the fun," said the coach, "but Jack's due for a rub-down this minute. Time later for all the talk you'll need."

"Let's beat it, then," chuckled Bob. "Come over and see us some time, Jack."

"I will," said he.

No one observed that upon the rugged brow of Dan Moors, the coach, there had been born a faint but obstinate frown.

The frown was there a month later when coach Dan, idly looking over his team on the diamond, held Tom Martin, the first string catcher, in serious converse.

"Twelve years I've been coaching high school boys in athletics," said Dan, "and I've never seen any good out of a fellow mixing base-ball with a girl."

"This girl's certainly got him stepping lively; but it won't hurt him, coach. She's a very nice girl and I hope to kiss a pig if he isn't a better pitcher now than before."

"Oh, now! But you can't tell about girls. One minute butter won't melt in their mouths, and the next, they're up in the air about nothing. Tom, I'm scared about Jack. He has a temper, as you well know, and if I'm a judge, the little lady's got hers, too. If they were to quarrel——"

"Coach, you've been crossed in love or something. You leave him alone. That girl's a good thing for him. Bakersfield won't get a run off him when we play her for the championship of northern California."

"Well, you mind what I say," grunted Dan. "Our chances at the championship hang on the girl. I know 'Speed' Manning."

To tell the truth, coach Moors did have lots to worry about. The past few weeks had made a great change in Jack. Formerly a taciturn, unsmiling youth, he had of late all the symptoms of one who has just discovered all the jolliness of life. From the date of his victory over Lodi to the day of his meeting with Bakersfield, the home of Bob Day had known him as a constant visitor. Lois had him going. He had never met anyone like her before. She was one in a million. He entered upon his period of training with a whole-souled enthusiasm that rejoiced even coach Moors' stony heart. The fact that Lois had not been blinded by his achievements and persisted in pointing out his faults only served to spur him to greater efforts.

Even the coach was well content, when two weeks later he accompanied Jack to the diamond to pitch against Bakersfield.

Before he went up to the mound there hove into view the tall figure of Bob Day.

"How's the old arm today, old top?" asked Bob.

"Same as usual," replied Jack. "Where's Lois?"

"She'll be here afterwards. Said she couldn't stand the sight of seeing you slammed to all corners of the lot."

"Slammed to all corners of the lot!" the other snorted. "I'll show her how I get slammed! I hope she'll come, though," he added less buoyantly.

Just as he was about to go to the pitcher's mound, a batboy approached him and slipped something into his hand.

"A girl sent it," said the boy.

The youthful pitcher's face lit up with a great smile and he looked at coach Moors.

"What is it," asked the latter, peering suspiciously, "a four-leaf clover?"

"For luck," replied Jack, and then he slipped it into his glove. "Watch me, coach, and pray for Bakersfield."

One hour and thirty-five minutes later, Bakersfield, on the short end of the score, five to nothing, proved the forecast of this truth.

Near the clubhouse Jack found Lois.

"Oh, Jack, did you win?" she cried as he approached her.

"Yes, we won, Lois," he replied. "Thanks to this," he added, as the four-leaf clover fell to the floor. There was that look in his eyes as he glanced at her, before which even coach Moors, who had come up, felt vaguely abashed.

When the two had left, Tom Martin came up to the coach with a beaming countenance.

"What do you think of it, eh? This is that girl's doings, believe me."

"Maybe," said coach Moors gruffly.

"We're going to play Los Angeles for the state's championship and I'll bet we'll win."

About five days after, while Tom was watching some of the boys prac-

ting on the diamond, a faintly astonished frown came over his face. He walked over to the coach.

"Coach," he asked, "what's wrong with 'Speed'?"

"So you've finally noticed it?" asked the coach.

"What is it," inquired Tom anxiously, "indigestion?"

"Indigestion, my eyesight!" snapped back coach Moors. "It's the girl!"

"Lois? What happened?"

"It's just as I feared," said the coach, in gloomy triumph. "You can't tell a thing about a woman. Every day after the seventh period she would come over and watch him practice. She came yesterday, as you know. After she had gone, I noticed that he looked as if he had the blues. I asked him what the trouble was, but he didn't say anything, except that he didn't want me to mention the girl's name to him again. They quarrelled, I guess."

"What did they quarrel about?" asked Tom.

"How in the devil do I know? I wasn't there at the time. You can't be sure what a girl will quarrel about. You can only be sure they'll quarrel about something."

As time wore on Jack continued to follow his training rules, but a blind man could see that his heart wasn't in it. He became more silent and gloomy than ever. He developed a habit of staring into space and seemed to have lost all interest in baseball. His pitching was as good or even better than before, but there was no life in his actions. His eyes were clear with health, but there was no keenness in them. Coach Moors was visibly worried and spent his spare time cursing all womankind.

Tom Martin grew worried, also.

"I'm scared stiff, coach," he declared. "Here's the big game only a few days off, and look at him."

"You said a mouthful. He has as much chance of fanning out those Los Angeles' batters as I have. Heck, to think that a fellow could be so set upon a girl!"

They sat silently for a while. Suddenly Tom slapped his knees.

"By George, I'll try it."

"What?" asked the coach eagerly.

"I'm going to see Lois and make her see reason. At least I can't make things worse."

As Tom was in the same registration section as Bob, he had an opportunity to talk it over with him.

"It's no use," said Bob. "I've tried, but she won't listen."

"What did they quarrel over, anyway, Bob?"

A faint but undeniable grin dawned on Bob's handsome face.

"Red necktie."

"Quit your kidding, Bob. This is serious."

"I said red necktie and I mean red necktie." She wanted him to wear a red one and he refused. One thing led to another and away they went, words flying faster than bats in the world series."

"Well, I'll speak to her," said Tom. "Where can I find her?"

"She usually eats her lunch in room 12; you might find her there."

After registration he went to room 12 and there he found her. She listened to his plea, but came out frankly and said she wasn't the least bit interested in Jack Manning's affairs.

"Lois," said Tom, as he was about to leave her, "be sensible. Can't I carry back a kind word for Jack?"

"Not from me," she said emphatically.

That ended it.

Saturday afternoon saw a great crowd packing the grandstands of

Moreing Field for the game between Sacramento Hi and Los Angeles Hi. "A Homeric Encounter," the sports editor of "The Bee" called it.

The last few days had seen no change in Jack's condition. He was as gloomy as ever.

While the coach was directing the practice, his thoughts turned to Jack. He looked over the diamond but could not find him. Finally he discovered him in the rear of the dugout.

"For the love of Mike, Jack, get out and warm up. Try and forget your troubles till you've done the job. Remember, this is for your school's sake. Brace up, will you, and——"

"All right, all right," interrupted Jack, testily, and started to practice with one of the catchers.

After he had warmed up about ten minutes, the umpire's voice rang out: "Play ball!"

Tom, the catcher, signaled for an outdrop. Placing his foot on the box, Jack delivered the ball.

The batter swung and the bat met the ball. Away it sailed toward left field for a single.

The next batter duplicated this feat.

"Darn it," said coach Moors, watching him. "This is certainly bad. To think that this was brought about by a girl——!"

He started violently, spun around and poked the batboy in the ribs.

"I've got it, by George! You skip over there and find me a four-leaf clover. If you can't find one, get a three-leaf one. He won't know the difference. I'll tear one in half. Hurry!"

The boy departed. When he returned the bags were full. But by some unknown luck, the next three batters were retired by some snappy work in the infield.

As Jack sat in the dugout, coach Moors approached and gave to him the four-leaf clover.

"Now," said the coach, "let's see you do better work next inning."

"Lois—Lois sent it?" asked the victim of Cupid.

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world she did," replied the coach. "You're going to try to do better work after this, aren't you?"

"Guess I'll have to," was all he said.

After the first inning, not a single opportunity had the other players to show what they could do. Every batter who faced Jack was turned back by the strike-out route. Never before had Sacramento witnessed such a remarkable feat. But if Jack was in good form, so was the pitcher from Los Angeles. Although he did not fan many batters and the Sacramento boys managed to hit the ball, he did keep the hits scattered, so that in the last half of the ninth inning the score remained nothing to nothing.

It was after two outs that Jack walked up to the plate. One could perceive from his eyes that he was determined to do something. What it was, he himself did not know. He knew, however, that if he did not do anything then and there, they would have to play extra innings to decide the contest.

As he stood firmly on the ground, about one-and-one-half feet away from the home plate, facing the pitcher, his hands tightly gripping the small end of the bat on his shoulder, his thoughts were on something deeper than that of a four-leaf clover.

The pitcher threw the ball.

Jack struck with all his might.

Crack! He hit it!

"Run!" Thousands of voices roared the word.

Jack obeyed. Running as fast as he was able, he reached first.

"Keep on going," screamed the coach.

On to second charged Jack, while the ball was bounding away out into left field with two men pursuing it. As he went over second, Jack's legs became entangled, and he fell down, sending up a perfect cloud of dust. He was up in a second, and, with legs and arms working furiously, eyes bulging, teeth set, and hair standing, he tore along to third.

The coach at third saw one of the fielders pick up the ball, but as he knew the man would not be able to throw it home, he urged him to go home.

The fielder sent the ball whistling to short; the short-stop caught it, whirled, sent it shooting home. The catcher was waiting for it, and it was plain enough that Jack stood little show of scoring. The shortstop's throw was high, causing the catcher to stand erect. Had it been a low throw, Jack would not have stood a chance, unless the catcher had muffed it. Now there was a chance in a hundred.

"Slide, Jack, slide!" shouted Tom, and Jack made a headlong plunge for the plate.

He got there! There was no doubt of it, for the catcher was unable to get the ball and get down in time to tag him out.

"Safe home!" declared the umpire.

There was a roar. Then the crowd came charging from the grandstand and bleachers into the diamond and cheered with delight.

Although his protest was great, Jack was not able to stop the happy crowd from carrying him around the field.

The face of coach Moors, hurrying away from the diamond, wore an expression curiously compounded with delirious joy and grave apprehension. As he reached the clubhouse, the batboy spoke to him.

"Well, we won."

"Yes," said the coach, "we won, but it was your four-leaf clover that did the trick." He sighed. "But I'm afraid we'll have a rough time when Jack hears of it."

"My four-leaf clover?" The batboy's jaw dropped. "What do you mean, coach? I didn't—"

There was a brief, tense silence. Then coach Moors gripped him by the shoulders. "Didn't— didn't that four-leaf clover come from you?"

"Sure, I gave it to you, but a girl gave it to me to give to him. You didn't expect me to find a four-leaf clover in a minute, did you?"

But the coach had turned away and flung open the door of the clubhouse. On the threshold he halted. The room held two figures. One was Lois; the other wore a base-ball uniform. Their attitude suggested a somewhat touching belief that they were the only two people in the whole wide world.

For a brief period coach Moors stood and gazed. Then Tom arrived. The coach carefully backed into the passage, closed the door and took Tom by the arm.

"Come away," he whispered; "that's no place for us. Keep the boys out, too. Darned if that doesn't beat everything! You can't tell about a woman, and that's the truth!"

ANDREW YUKE, '26.

Recollections of Childhood Days

(Senior—Second Prize Essay)

As an elderly woman of seventy years you can often tell your grandchildren what a nice little girl you were. You tell them that you went to Sunday School every Sunday, retired at eight o'clock every night, cleaned your teeth four times a day, got up at five o'clock every morning and helped your mother in every way possible. You forget, however, to add several interesting incidents that amuse you whenever you think of them.

Your eyes begin to twinkle with merriment as you think of the time you ran away with your aunt's false teeth. You remember how you ran up a hill, when your aunt was following right after you, reasoning that she couldn't see the teeth because your hands were behind you.

You do not feel quite so gay when you remember the time when you slid under the bed instead of responding to your mother's call. You decide that a sainted devil must have taken possession of you. You remember how your mother thought that you were lost and sent word to all of your other relations, who gathered in a great mourning ring and searched the hillsides for miles about. All of this time, although very uncomfortable, you remained under the bed, laughing at the unfortunate people.

You remember how, on another occasion, your uncle told you not to play with your pet chicken because it might have germs on it. It didn't take you long to think of a way to dispose of the germs after your uncle had explained that germs were dirt. You rushed into the kitchen when no one else was about, placed the chicken under the faucet, and proceeded to alternate between showers of Dutch cleanser and showers of water. You remember how funny the chicken looked afterwards running around featherless.

You laugh when you think of the fights that you and your cousin used to have. You remember how, on one occasion, after you had slapped her face until it was quite red and she had pulled out your hair until she couldn't find any more to pull out, you both decided it was time to stop. You saved the remains of your hair and showed it to your mother when she returned, and you and your cousin decided that this was a new ground for war; so the battle was renewed.

You remember how on one hot day you put your doll to bed and decided to take a walk. When you returned and ran to see if she was still asleep, you were horrified when you looked at her because she had grown a black mustache. Your uncle, when he saw your amazement, laughed and concealed with difficulty the paint brush in his hand.

On another occasion you took your doll to the doctor and asked him if he could replace her eye. You remember how he said in a comforting voice that this would not be a serious operation. You hated to have the doll taken from your sight, but he soon returned and handed it to you with a bean placed where the eye once was.

You are made to think of the present instead of the past when your grandson asks you if you ever skipped school. Your sympathy for childhood days compels you to confess that you had stayed away one afternoon to go to a party. You continue to tell a few of the tricks that you used to play on other folks. You discover that the children love you all the more, and consider you one of them.

FLORA STOCK, '25.

Dreams

(First Prize—Junior Poem) ..

Without dreams we are only mortals,
Treading a barren earth,
And leaving behind us just sadness
Instead of gladness and mirth.

With dreams we're a people enchanted,
Leading a wondrous life,
Helping and healing and guiding,
Triumphant in every strife.

Through dreams we reach those portals,
Where Heaven and earth divide;
Through the streams of life we have struggled
With the hand of love as our guide.

For the dreamer is also a worker,
For he makes his dreams come true;
No matter how rough the path is
His will, his work, will do.

GENEVIEVE CARR, 26.

The Long and Short of It

It all started on the football field at Johnstown. Johnstown's team averaged one hundred and forty-five pounds to the man. This was before the day of our present brilliant flashy open forward passing game, and the heavier team usually won—won by sheer strength, pushing the ball down the field for touchdown after touchdown. However, Johnstown, though just a one-horse town, was blessed by a young football coach who, after serving his apprenticeship in Johnstown, later cut himself a wide niche in the Hall of Football Fame.

Now this coach realized that we had no chance if he tried to make his team play straight football. Being a wise coach he took one man, Dinky Roberts by name, and built a team around him. Dink was surely Dinky. In his uniform he had to jump to make the needle on the scale go up to a hundred and thirty. His specialty was receiving forward passes and running broken fields. He was a nine and three-fifths man and his change of pace had fooled many an opposing tackler. His remarkable runs from the five, ten, and fifteen yard lines had won more games for Johnstown than you could count on the fingers of both hands.

Then one bright June day, Dink graduated. His loss was mourned all over the high school. The day of his graduation, Dink was called to his coach's office. He knocked at the door and a voice answered, "Come in." Dink went in and took the chair the coach nodded at. "Dink," said the coach, "have you made up your mind what you are going to do now?"

"No, sir, I haven't," Dink replied.

"I thought as much," said the coach. "Are you going to college?"

"Yes sir, I am."

"Which college?"

"I haven't quite decided," said Dink, "but I think I'll go to California."

"Fine," cried the coach delightedly. "That is just what I wanted you to do. Smith, the coach there, is a personal friend of mine. You know he taught me all I know. He wrote me the other day and asked me if I was going to send him any football material. I wrote back and said I was going to try to send you. Now if you go, I will give you a letter of introduction before you leave. You needn't feel funny about accepting it for Smith is a square man and besides he knows a football player when he sees one. I am just giving you this letter so that he will give you a chance at the beginning of the season. Remember your specialty is running broken fields and if you never get into a game you might never get a chance to show your stuff."

Dink thanked him as best he could and went away more determined than ever to go to California. He talked it over with his folks that evening and, after the exercises, asked the coach for the letter.

The next fall he bought his ticket and boarded the train. All ready for college! All ready for California! All ready for football! Upon arriving at the college he went first to register and as soon as this was done he hunted up coach Smith and presented his letter. Dink was not used to reading on trains and besides he had eaten too much fruit and candy and cookies. This, combined with the closeness and motion of the train, made him rather bilious and pale faced. Smith, when he heard that a boy with a letter was outside, called him in. He took the letter and read it. He leaned back in his chair and looked at Dink. "So you're what Joe built a team around. It must have

been some team. Why, you little sallow faced runt, who ever told you you could play foot-ball?"

Dink went away with his chin on his chest. He was not a quitter, but his rebuff by Smith had been a terrible blow. When he arrived at California he had wanted to rush up to everyone he saw and yell, "I'm Dinky Roberts, the wonderful player. I've got a letter to coach Smith!" Everything had been bright and sunshiny as only a Berkeley day can be. Now the fog seemed to be drifting in. The sun had hidden itself behind one of those fleecy white clouds that a little while before Dink had thought so beautiful. Now even the cloud was grey. Dink wanted to crawl under the nearest bush and cry.

Not being, as I said, a quitter, he did nothing of the kind. Instead he went to his rooms and laid out his plans for the semester. These plans included foot-ball. Every day he went out for practice. Now in a college the size of California, everyone who goes out for foot-ball makes a team. Maybe not the first, nor the second, nor the third, nor even the seventh or eighth, but nevertheless everyone makes some team. Dinky landed on the sixth. On the sixth squad with him was another no-good, John Davis. He was everything Dink was not. He stood six feet-three. He weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds. Judging by appearance alone he should have been the best player in college. But, he was so slow he could hardly move out of his own way. Add this to the fact that he had no foot-ball brains whatever and you have a first-class foot-ball dub, John Davis.

A strange friendship sprang up between these two. They roomed together. They arranged their classes so that they could be together. Other students laughed at them as they walked on the campus. They were called **Mutt and Jeff**. However, no one said anything to their faces, for slow as were his feet, there was no slowness about John's hands. They were as large as hams, but they could almost catch a bird on the wing. As for a foot-ball, he never fumbled one in his life. When the center saw those hands stretched out it was like snapping the ball into a wash-tub. And when John caught the ball, he held it. This, though, was all he could do. He had no foot-ball head at all. Therefore, he stayed on the sixth team. Dinky's story was different. He early demonstrated that he had the best foot-ball head of any man on the whole squad. His running was remarkable and early in his college career he made the place he deserved. That was quarterback on the first team. Coach Smith, after every game that California played, came to Dink and apologized for that first day. Dink laughed, for he now knew Smith as one of the finest men and the best coach in the west. Smith had often explained how it happened. "Dink," he would begin, "I can't tell you how sorry I am. I was just plain onery that day. I had just finished reading a letter saying that I had made a mistake in my income tax, my son was sick, I had quarreled with my wife, and you were about the fifteenth green freshman who was going to do me the honor of playing on my team."

As usual Dink only laughed and said, "That's all right, coach, I've forgotten all about it."

However, although to the casual observer everything seemed all right, the coaching staff of California was mightily worried. The next year most of the team would graduate. It was true that most of the other colleges were in the same fix. There was but one exception and that was Stanford. California had beaten them for four consecutive years but it looked now as though Stanford was going to stage the "come back" that she had three times unsuccessfully tried to make. California had no chance. All of the leading critics agreed on this point and even Smith shook his head when questioned as to their chances the next season.

It required Dink to conceive the idea. Perhaps it was his love for Jack, or perhaps it was his foot-ball sense that inspired it, but that is neither here nor there! The fact remains that he had the idea. He came rushing to the coach one afternoon and told him all about it. Smith was inclined to be skeptical at first but at last he consented to look into the plans. He called one of his assistant coaches into the office.

"Joe," he said, "what do you know about Jack Davis?"

"Nothing, except that he has the largest hands on the biggest dub I ever saw," replied Joe.

"Can he hang onto a ball?"

"Well, as I remember, I have never seen him fumble."

"Just send him to me, will you?"

John came running over to the coach.

"Take that foot-ball down about thirty yards and throw it to me," directed Smith.

John trotted down the field and then passed the ball. It came straight as an arrow and as swift as a locomotive, but it wobbled instead of sailing with the true spiral flight that denotes the practiced passer.

"Try that over again," said Smith and threw back the ball. John tried it over, not once but for the rest of the evening.

"When you dress," said Smith that night after practice, "come to my office, I want to see you."

The interview that night was brief but to the point. The next afternoon Jack did not report to his squad as usual, though he had dressed with the other boys and was in the shower room with them after practice. His absence was not noticed until this began to happen regularly. Nevertheless he would answer no questions and an air of mystery that no one could penetrate hung about him.

Foot-ball ended in a week or so and spring practice began in a couple of months. Jack acted as mysteriously as ever. People began to talk, but no one seemed able to get any reliable information. Things kept up this way until June when foot-ball and spring practice were forgotten with the coming summer vacation. Next fall, however, Jack Davis was placed on the first squad! When news of this first came out nobody would believe it. His past record was hunted up. He was besieged by curious people seeking information. He answered no questions, but referred everyone to Smith. Smith was as uncommunicative as he was, however, for he referred everyone to Jack. People wondered and wondered but could see no reason for Jack Davis, dub, being on the first squad. In practice he showed no brilliancy. As a foot-ball player he was nil. Then coach Smith started secret practice. Even at that he let only two teams in on the secret. These were sworn to secrecy and the plot thickened.

Secret practice went on. Game after game was won by California. Game after game was won by Stanford. It became more and more evident that Stanford had the edge, for though both had won all games, Stanford had won hers with ease while California had had to fight and fight hard.

Through it all Jack sat on the side lines. The newspapers got hold of the story and he got big Sunday write-ups. He began to be known as Smith's ace-in-the-hole. Nobody seemed to know just what he could do. Some writers were scornful, some dubious, some enthusiastic. Secret practice went on.

Toward the end of the season, everyone but the members of the team had forgotten all about it. At last the day of the game dawned. Excitement was in the air. People were betting wild on the results of the game. Ticket scalping was going on right and left. Two-thirty arrived and the great California stadium was packed. Bleachers had been built to accom-

modate the overflow but Tight-wad Hill was black with people. The opening whistle blew. The game started. Spectators sat on the edge of their seats, tense with excitement.

Neither side seemed able to score. The heavier Cardinals time after time were within scoring distance but were always held for downs. California would take the ball and Dixon would punt it out of danger. Time after time Dixon did this and time after time he was cheered by the stands. The third quarter ended with a nothing to nothing score. Then it happened. Dixon was pulled from under a tangled mass of players with a twisted right ankle. The captain called for time out. Smith sent in another man. The stands groaned. But who was this new man? The spectators stared. Who was it but Jack! Jack, the dub! Jack the Giant! Jack the bonehead was going to take Dixon's place. Their Jimmy Dixon! What could Smith be thinking of?

All eyes were on Davis. They failed to notice Dink, who was apparently assisting Dixon from the field. Suddenly the whistle blew, time was called, and without any signal the ball was snapped into the huge paws of Jack Davis. Jack dropped back about ten yards, he seemed to be waiting for something. Then they saw Dink with his head down racing for the Stanford goal! Jack drew back his arm and the ball shot in a beautiful, perfect, sixty yard arc straight into the waiting arms of Dink Roberts, who by this time was behind the Cardinal lines.

It was the only touch-down of the game and Jack Davis and Dink Roberts went down in history as two of the greatest foot-ball heroes of California.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR, '25.

The Same Old Story

The sky was black,
The thunder roared
The rain came down
Right in my Ford.

The rain has stopped;
But all is wet,
And my old Ford
I'm cranking yet.

EMILY RAY, '26.

This Cruel World

(Junior—Third Prize Essay)

You come in the door of the class-room sprightly enough. It is a fine morning. You have just had a fine breakfast. Everything is fine; nothing to worry about. And to make your good humor all the more complete, just as you cross the threshold, the tardy bell rings. You close the door with a joyful laugh, and turn to grin at your classmates for having outwitted the bell. But there is no response. A heavy silence reigns in the room, like the one that must hang in an undertaker's establishment. What can be the meaning of everybody's set and mournful face, turned straight and unwinkingly ahead? Why are those scowls and pouts? Then you look at the center of interest—the teacher. She is writing slowly on the board. You do not comprehend the awful fact for a moment, until your eye encounters a column of question-marks. An examination! Great Heavens! You haven't prepared for it. Why didn't the teacher tell you about it? Oh, that's right, she had said something about a test last week, but it had completely slipped your mind.

The teacher's voice awakes you from your reverie, "Take your seat, Robert. You had better start right away. You'll need all the time you have." You take your seat which is situated inconveniently near the front of the room. The standard questions are then asked: The importance of this test as concerns your mark; whether you can use pencil; whether you can use both sides of the paper, et cetera.

Your face, which had fallen as soon as you discovered that there was to be a test, becomes more and more elongated as the questions unroll themselves on the board in all their glorious unanswerableness. Heaving a sigh of resignation, you begin. You write your heading at the top of the paper with great care and not sparing any space. Then you look up at the first question. You seem to have some trouble for you read it over twice, partly aloud. Well, that one looks easy, but no harm in seeing how your neighbor has started his. You crane your head to the left, but see only a blank sheet save for a heading neatly and roomily written at the top. Above the paper is a pair of mutely appealing eyes with the same question in them as in yours. Oh, that's right; you had forgotten that your neighbor on the left was pretty dumb and always looking for help. You turn to the seat at your right, which is occupied by a member of the more studious sex. You get a glimpse of her paper and see that it is almost full, but finding that you can make neither head nor tail of it, you turn disgustedly away. Her answers are probably all wrong, anyway.

Well, you think, let's go on to the second one. This does not seem to please you, for your gaze travels on down the formidable line. When you have come about midway, you slump down in your seat and give up. However, seeing that no one seems to be watching you, you straighten up. You will make a stab at the abomination, anyhow. Noticing the teacher's eye on you, you hurriedly write down the numbers from one to ten, leaving a plentiful space after each one. Apparently you figure that your answers will be lengthy, for you get up and secure an extra piece of paper. You write down a few words for the first question, but then pass on to the next and the next. You flit to and fro, dropping a sentence here and a paragraph there. You then view your handiwork at arm's length, and decide that there is too little

writing and too much blank space. You knit your brows and concentrate intently on what this or that is. You write a few more sentences, and mutter aloud your surmise as to what must be the matter with the bell. (This process is repeated about eleven times, and seemingly is a good system, as your paper finally appears to be covered with hieroglyphics. The period slowly draws to a close, as periods will, and you have not quite finished. Of course the bell rings just as you have an inspiration, and this you mournfully communicate to the teacher as you hand her the paper.

Whew! Some test! But such is life.

MAX BOGNER, '26.

My Vacation

I read about the mountains,
Scenery sublime and great,
Of purling streams and fountains,
Trout with greed insatiate.
I read of long vacations
Spent in shadows of the peak,
But I'll make no preparation,
For I'll only have a week.

I read about the ocean,
Wavelets breaking bright and blue;
Read of storm king's wild commotion,
Cliffs and crags of rugged view.
But I only read and ponder,
For I'll only have a week,
So I'll dig some worms and wander
Along our good old creek.

LOIS RITCHEY, '27.

STATION 5HS

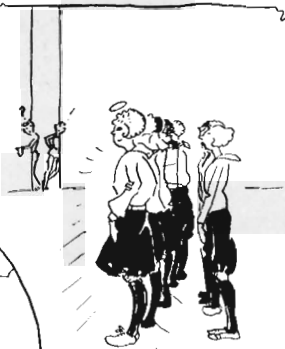


RECREATIONS ARE GETTIN' BULL-LETS HAVE A STUDY PERIOD



THE IDEAL CLASS

A NEW SHIRT!



MEMBER THE CLEAN GYM SUIT?



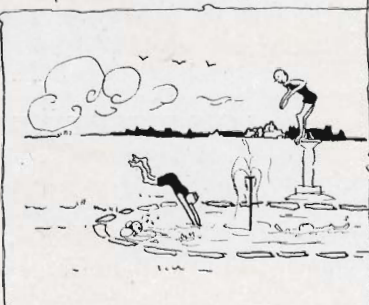
Why o why o why?



BEN AND ?? IN PARADE



MISFITS



PUTTING THE SENIOR GIFTS TO GOOD USE.



ANY WEDNESDAY

Sublime 7/1/25

IF HAPPENED THERE WERE TWO EARLY BIRDS

