

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen

BY MARIAN MOFFATT

(This Story won First Prize in the Senior-Junior Division of the Guard and Tackle Christmas Contest.)

Rain was falling. Shirley Sands was seated before the fire, dreading to start home.

"This is very pleasant," she said, "but if I'm to reach the bank before it closes, I'll have to go now."

"I'm sorry you can't stay and have dinner with us," said her friend, Mrs. McCutchan, "but if you really must leave I won't detain you."

"I'll have to ask you to lend me an umbrella. Rain came so unexpectedly that I didn't come prepared."

"Why, certainly," answered Mrs. McCutchan, but an expression of dismay spread over her face as she glanced at the umbrella stand. One lone gentleman's umbrella reposed within. It was a very handsome one, to be sure, with a handle of dark wood carved in a curious design, with a narrow band of silver near its top. Almost hesitatingly she drew it out.

"My own umbrella is broken, but you are welcome to this," she said. "For some reason Bruce seems to value it a great deal. I don't think I'd lend anyone but you have it, as I would want nothing to happen to it, but I know you are always so careful."

"I'll return it safe and sound, don't you fear," Shirley laughingly replied, and taking the umbrella she stepped out into the damp, wind swept air.

Not long after this Shirley, a rosy, attractive bit of girlhood, pushed open the heavy doors of the bank. The rush before the closing hour had crowded the corridors and after placing her umbrella in a corner, she took her place in line. During the rather long, tiresome wait she occupied herself by observing the people around her. Finally, however, her errand accomplished, she started confidently toward the place where she had left the dripping umbrella. It was gone! Surely no one had stolen it in those few minutes. But she searched in vain in other corners. The borrowed umbrella had disappeared.

At length, rather puzzled and angry, Shirley left the building after her fruitless search. As she stood hesitating in the doorway, suddenly she saw the umbrella again. A nice looking young man, whom she had noticed standing in line, and who must have just preceded her from the bank, calmly opened it and started off across the street. Shirley felt an impulse to run after him and demand the return of her umbrella, but she realized that he would be lost in the crowd before she could speak to him. It is a well known fact that some people consider umbrellas public property, but to think that

some one should have treated her's in that way seemed inconceivable. And he really didn't look like that kind of a person, she thought rather disdainfully. The few blocks she had to walk from the car line to her come, combined with thoughts of the lost possession and of the rain spots on her new hat, did not forbode any good for the present possessor, if she should ever meet him again.

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It was several hours later that Shirley, looking decidedly pretty in a fluffy, yellow frock, started down the stairs of the home of one of her girl friends, Barbara Grey. For some time Barbara had been singing the praises of her handsome cousin, Dan Frazier, who had recently come to that city, and was making his home with them. Tonight Barbara had asked Shirley and a few other young people to dinner to meet him.

"I know you and Dan will like each other. I really think—oh, here he comes now!" Barbara whispered.

Shirley looked up and saw that Dan Frazier was none other than the young man who had appropriated her umbrella that very afternoon.

"Surely he is not your cousin, Barbara," she said in such an odd tone that Barbara looked up in surprise. She could not answer, however, for Dan came up just then and she must introduce him to "Miss Shirley Sands, one of my very best friends, of whom you have heard me speak so often."

Dan seemed very favorably impressed with his cousin's friend, but Shirley was merely coldly polite and turned away as soon as she could. But she found that it was not possible to avoid him so easily, for they were seated next each other at the dinner table. All during the evening she could not resist the temptation to study him. He certainly was a very pleasing person, and at times she almost forgot what had happened earlier in the day. If only she had not seen him that afternoon she might never have known his real character, she thought.

As for Dan, try as he might, he could not seem to break through Miss Sands' air of reserve. He felt that he would like to overcome this indifference.

"Listen, everybody!" called out a young man just then at the other end of the table, "let's all go to the theater together this Saturday night. There is to be a dandy new play, so I've heard."

Of course everyone agreed, with cries of "Hear! Hear!"

Dan turned to Shirley and laughingly asked her if she would condescend to accompany him. Shirley hesitated, but finally consented, thinking to herself that she would find out more about this interesting Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde person.

Saturday night found the rain falling dismally, but it did not succeed in dampening the spirits of the members of the theatre party. Even the fact that she had come thither under a stolen umbrella, and was even now seated beside the guilty possessor only seemed to add to Shirley's vivaciousness. In the interval between acts she adroitly turned the conversation to umbrellas.

"What an unusual handle your umbrella has," she said at last, watching Dan narrowly for signs of confession.

"Why, yes," he answered, indifferently. "I always liked it myself. It is a present from my dad."

Shirley was speechless. He had not only taken the umbrella, but now he actually was telling her it was his own. Surely this was proof enough. It was plain that she must have nothing more to do with Dan Frazier.

During the rest of the evening Dan was puzzled and somewhat offended by her aloofness.

A few days later Barbara Grey telephoned to Shirley. "Can't you come spend an hour with me, dear? I'm unable to go out on account of a cold. I wish you would come over."

Shirley said of course she would, hoping to herself meanwhile that she would not encounter the umbrella borrower. However, she found the house apparently deserted by all save Barbara who was in her room. The two girls spent a pleasant hour together, although Shirley was forced to listen to Barbara's praises of her cousin, of whose true character, it seemed, she alone was aware.

"Don't come down stairs with me, Bab," Shirley said as she was leaving. "I can let myself out."

Passing through the hall her glance fell on the borrowed umbrella, leaning brazenly in the stand. She looked at it, fascinated, for a moment as an idea passed through her mind.

"Now is my chance," she decided, and cautiously advancing toward it, she drew it out stealthily, and left the house hurriedly. As she walked away a sense of guilt overpowered her, but she assured herself that she had done no wrong. It was not right that he should continue to have possession of some other person's umbrella.

Meanwhile Dan had been reading in the library, and seeing Shirley pass through the hall, rose to speak to her. He arrived at the door just in time to see her snatch the umbrella and quickly leave. It was now Dan's turn to be astounded. He recalled the interest she had displayed over his umbrella the night of the theatre party. It did not seem possible, however, that it could have led to this. He decided to say nothing about it, but to watch for developments. It seemed plain to him that his interest in this young lady should go no further.

The next afternoon, however, Dan met Shirley on the street and she stopped him to inquire after Barbara.

"I saw you yesterday as you were leaving, but you went so quickly that I didn't have time to speak to you," he remarked.

Shirley, much to her annoyance, felt herself flush guiltily. His manner seemed changed, and she wondered if he had seen her take the umbrella the day before.

"At least, I'm not as bad as he is," she reflected, rather defiantly. "My motives were honest."

And Dan thought, "What a shame that such a nice girl would do a thing of that kind."

"Now I can return it. No doubt Mrs. McCutchan has been wondering why I haven't done so before. I'll certainly be thankful to get it off my hands," meditated Shirley.

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The following afternoon she took the now repulsive umbrella back to its rightful owner.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. McCutchan, "that does not belong to my husband. His was returned a week ago. I meant to have let you know, but neglected to do so. It was found by the janitor of the bank behind the radiator where it evidently had fallen. Mr. Jones, the cashier, is a friend of Mr. McCutchan, and recognizing the umbrella he returned it to Bruce."

Shirley gasped and dropped speechless into the nearest chair.

Mrs. McCutchan gazed at her in alarm. "Shirley, are you faint? You are so pale. What is the matter?"

"I am a thief," said Shirley, tragically.

Her friend looked still more alarmed. "Can't you explain, Shirley?"

"Just listen and I'll tell you all about it," and before long she had poured the whole mix-up into the sympathetic ears of her friend. "And he saw me take the old thing, I'm certain," she wailed. "I never can look him in the face again."

Mrs. McCutchan laughed heartily and as she wiped her eyes Shirley gazed at her dolefully, wondering how she could find anything comical in the incident.

"Now don't worry any more about it. We will fix it all up for you and I'll get Bruce to explain. He knows the young man well as they work in the same office. I don't wonder you made the mistake. They are almost identical."

And Shirley, gladly consenting, went home with a far lighter heart.

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In the evening, as Shirley was trying to fix her mind on a book, she was called to the telephone. Nervously picking up the receiver she was not surprised to hear Dan's voice.

"Hello, Shirley! I was talking to Mr. McCutchan this afternoon, and he tells me you would like to return a borrowed umbrella."

"Indeed I would!" was the emphatic answer.

"I hate to take it from you as you seem to have taken such a fancy to it. Perhaps when I come up we can discuss some co-operative plan."

"It might be the safest arrangement," admitted Shirley, demurely, and hung up the receiver.



DREAM DAYS

A thousand leagues away in Somewhere-land
I do command. Through fields and wastes of sand
Am I the King of men. With pleasure all
To me submit and millions heed my call.
My city, a greater Rome, the empire fine
In dreams doth stretch beyond the purple line.
No king, no crown, no state of ancient past
Exceeds my fame, my will so vast.
But lo! from floor beneath there comes a sound,
(Some one is chucking ancient china 'round)
The Queen of Hearth doth speak the doom of Fate,
"Now come, my son; the unwashed dishes wait."

—T. H. L., '17.

When Bob Whitney "Made Good"

By Floyd Loughton.

(This story won First Prize in the Freshman-Sophomore Division.)

The call bell rang sharply. Bob Whitney, tall, dark, and very handsome, rose quickly to answer it. He was employed at a Detective Bureau and was anxious to "make good." One more successful case would qualify him as a first-class detective with a larger salary. Therefore, he answered this call eagerly.

As he entered the private office, Chief Blaire, a pompous, quiet old gentleman, motioned him to a seat nearby. When Bob had seated himself, the chief began explaining his reasons for summoning Bob.

"I have just received word from Joseph Allen, son of Mr. John Allen, a retired merchant of New York," he said. "He told me that last Tuesday his sister Mary was kidnaped. Wednesday morning his father also disappeared. He was last seen in the grocery store of Jacques Lavine, a Frenchman. The store being small, Lavine employs no help. His father has neither been seen nor heard of since. When Mary was last seen, she was dining in Jim Foley's 'Poppy Cafe.' That was Tuesday noon. Joe reported that a certain man, Frank Mosley by name, had had a dispute with young Dr. Chadwick, Mary's fiance. He cannot connect the three men, however, and has applied to me for aid. This is your chance to "make good," Bob, so proceed as you see fit, and good luck to you."

Bob left the chief and went to his own office, which might better be called a laboratory. Putting on his hat and coat as he went, Bob hurried downstairs to where his high-powered motor car awaited him. Ten minutes' ride brought him to the magnificent home of Mr. Allen.

Bob rang the doorbell violently. After a minute's delay, the door was opened by a young woman, rather tall and about Bob's age. He was very nervous and worried. Bob introduced himself and was ushered into the beautiful parlor of the Allen residence. Joe told his story, which was a detailed account of the facts as outlined by the chief.

"Get ready," Bob said, when Joe had finished his story, "and we will dine at the 'Poppy Cafe.'" Five minutes later they were entering the cafe. They then chose a table, which, although well concealed, afforded a splendid view of the whole place.

The two young men waited for some time, and had just decided to go when Jim Foley himself hurried into the place. He walked directly to a telephone booth, looking in neither direction. Bob and Joe knew that he had not seen them. They waited impatiently to see what would happen.

After waiting for some time they decided to investigate the booth. Upon entering it, they were somewhat taken aback to find it empty. They searched the booth from top to bottom, but could find no sign of a secret door or panel.

The boys were about to go, when Joe accidentally tripped over the small mat on the floor, and in breaking his fall, he struck the calendar on the wall and knocked it down. In putting the calendar back, he pulled lightly on the nail from which it hung, and a panel in the wall opened silently. The nail supporting the calendar was a spring catch operating this panel. Just inside

the panel lay a handkerchief which Bob picked up, and Joe quickly identified it as his sister's property. Bob again replaced the handkerchief to avert suspicion, and the boys left the booth.

After waiting at their table a few minutes longer, they were greatly relieved when the door of the booth opened and Jim Foley came out of the booth, accompanied by Frank Mosley. Frank had not gone into the booth with Jim, so the boys knew that he had been inside the panel all of the time.

The boys then left the cafe and drove back to the detective bureau. Bob told Chief Blaire what he had discovered. The chief congratulated Bob on his success and made arrangements to meet him at the cafe at a certain hour that evening to raid the place. Bob and Joe went to their own homes for a short rest before starting out on the evening raid.

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Let us now turn to Young Dr. Chadwick. He was desperate over the affair. He drove to the home of Mr. Allen, only to find everyone out. He decided to look into the matter alone. He started for the "Poppy Cafe," but did not notice that Frank Mosley was following him. When he entered the cafe, Mosley slipped in, unseen by him, and quickly donned the uniform of a waiter. He then faked a telephone call for the doctor and followed him to the booth. The instant the doctor closed the door, it was locked by Mosley. At a signal, Jim Foley stepped through the panel into the telephone booth. A struggle ensued, in which Jim was victorious, and he took Dr. Chadwick through the panel and into a small room under the cafe. There was Mary, with her hands bound behind her, but otherwise free. The doctor's arms were also bound. There the two were left.

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When Bob got home, he found all efforts to sleep useless, so he started out on a search of his own. Thinking that Joe needed a rest, he went to the home of Dr. Chadwick. He intended to take the doctor with him. When he arrived, he found the servants in a fit of terror. Sam, the doctor's (private) valet, managed to tell Bob that the doctor had left early that morning and was to have been back before noon. He had not come and had not phoned. They told him that he had intended to go to the Allen residence. Bob searched no further for the doctor, supposing him to be at the Allen home, dining; but went to Jacques Lavine's store and entered. Bob remarked about something which caused Jacques to turn his back. When Jacques again faced Bob, he looked into the barrel of a revolver, which looked like a machine gun to him.

Being French, and very excitable, he was, consciously, very badly frightened. When Bob made known his errand, Jacques led him into a back room of the store. There was Mr. Allen, bound. Bob handcuffed Jacques and quickly let Mr. Allen free. When Bob asked out of simple curiosity about Dr. Chadwick, describing him, Jacques said he did not recollect any person of that description having been there. But then turned Jacques over to the chief and took Mr. Allen home. At the house he got Joe, who was very glad to see his father back, unharmed.

At the time set, the boys met Chief Blaire and his men at the cafe. They were about to start their raid when Jim Foley and Frank Mosley came into the place. These men were quickly put under arrest and handcuffed. When

Jim saw that the game was up he surrendered Mary and Dr. Chadwick. It was only the job of a minute to set the prisoners free, unharmed except for a scare.

In court a week later Jim told the story, as Frank refused to say anything. He said that Frank had quarreled with Dr. Chadwick over some medical work and that he had sworn vengeance upon the doctor at the time. When he saw his chance to trap the doctor, by using Mary as bait, he took it. When Mary's father threatened to put detectives on the trail, Frank hired Jacques Lavine to dispose of him. What Frank Mosley intended to do to Dr. Chadwick, Jim Foley didn't know, and Mosley himself refused to tell.

The judge gave his verdict, and sentenced Frank Mosley to a long term in prison. Jim Foley was let go for turning state's evidence on Mosley while Jacques Lavine was fined for his part in the plot.

We will hope that Dr. Chadwick and the Allen family will never again experience such an adventure. Bib Whitney received the coveted position with a substantial raise of salary.



A CHUM

A chum is the friend of a life time,
A friend with a heart that is true,
He'd do whatever you asked him,
And ask naught in return, from you.

If you unconsciously hurt him,
In a way you would always regret,
He'd take you back in his friendship
And say, "Let's forgive and forget."

Or, if an every day instance,
Of misunderstanding or doubt,
A chum would not go to another,
But bring it to you, to work out.

If in life's voyage together
You were parted, by a billowy wave,
He'd struggle to find and to save you,
If he himself went to his grave.

He's a chum. That's the reason he'd do it,
And that's what a chum ought to do,
He'd go through peril or danger,
But he'd prove to the end he was true.

You see, many others may know you,
Acquaintances soon go and come,
But there's always one you can go to
In sorrow or joy—that's your chum.

—E. M. A., '18.

The Telltale Teagrounds

Miss Clara and Leslie sat in the front parlor, nibbling hot, buttered biscuits. Leslie was not a gentleman friend, as you may have thought, but a girl some sixteen years of age, who had been named, despite circumstances, after her grandfather, Leslie. Miss Clara thought it all very ridiculous, but Leslie's folks did not, and Leslie herself said that any old name was good enough for her.

Miss Clara passed her cup for more tea, and as she did so, Leslie spied a few stray grounds grouped together in the bottom.

"Why, Miss Claire," she cried delightedly, "I do believe you're in love—why just see—"

"Miss Clara, if you please, Miss Impudence," snapped she, "and how dare you say I'm in love."

Cross as she looked and spoke, Leslie knew her far too well to suppose that she was angry—and when those dainty rose blushes crept into her cheeks one knew that Miss Clara was exceedingly happy. But the queerest thing about her was this—the happier she felt, the crosser she grew. Miss Clara was often happy these days and consequently just as often she was cross.

Miss Clara's name was once Claire, but she had had an unhappy love affair in her youth (very few knew just what had been the trouble), and at her weak, unworthy lover's death she lost, too, that sweet name, Claire. Since then she was known to her friends as just strict, cold Miss Clara. His brother, too, had loved her, and David Carn was as strong as his brother had been weak, and as worthy as his brother had been unworthy.

He loved her now, cold and cross as she was, and came always on Sundays for tea in the homey firelit sitting room. Miss Clara always looked her best on these nights as she sat and poured his tea. Even the alert Leslie would hardly have recognized cold Miss Clara sitting there with the soft lights of the fire playing over her pretty face and the old gray gown displaced by a pink clinging sort of one, talking over old times with Mister David.

This explains the cross "how dare you say I'm in love" and the telltale blushes in her soft white cheeks.

"But, Miss Claire, you are," Leslie smiled wickedly. "Just let me tell your fortune in your tea cup, Miss Claire, please," she wheedled.

"Well, if you persist child, but hurry and don't make up romance about an old lady like me."

Leslie hurried on and told this to Miss Clara:

"I see a pretty little lady with a man at her side in this teacup. He is a very big and handsome man and, why, yes, I do believe—why they'll—you'll be married before the year's out."

Miss Clara blushed crimson, and Leslie leaned to pour the cup of tea she had asked for so long ago. But Miss Clara took the cup and said she'd changed her mind and didn't want any more and ended with a

"Now, Leslie, child, you run along home. I'm cross today and—"

But before she had finished Leslie was calling a cheery goodbye from the garden gate. Leslie was a bright young person and she knew what was healthy. Then did Miss Clara pick up the cup, oh so gently, and notice the set of the teagrounds.

"One large one, one small one and a fragment at their sides," she muttered mysteriously.

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It was Sunday at five, and Mister David had just come to take tea with Miss Clara; he always knew where to find her, and so he went directly to the sitting room. She had on a pale green gown, which scented strongly by lavender, and in it were many wrinkles. He recognized it as one she had worn to the Virginia Ball, he himself had been her escort. This was twenty years ago or more—he knew she, too, was thinking of it.

She did not pour tea at the table but brought it in from the breakfast room already poured. After he had drained his cup Miss Clara glanced anxiously at it, and then blushed rosily at the thought of something which no one knew but she.

"David," his head whirled for she hadn't called him David for twenty years or more, "David," she said softly, "did you ever have your fortune read in your teacup?"

"Why, no," he said slowly, "I never did. Can you tell mine?"

She leaned forward and taking his cup in her hand, told this to Mister David:

"There tea grounds tell me you are in love and—I see a great big man and a little lady together—why," she breathed, "I do believe they'll—you'll be married before the year's out."

Mister David yas giddy. "Claire, Claire," he said, "will they—will you—will we be married before the year's out?" he finished desperately.

And just strict, cold Miss Clara, if you please, walked right straight into his outstretched arms and sobbed on his shoulder.

"Yes, David, yes."

And one day, as Leslie was searching through Miss Clara's trunk she came across two cups—one she recognized as that she had told Miss Claire's fortune in that day and the other—why in the other were the same number of tea grounds, fixed in the very same way.

"What the—" and then as light dawned she smiled and said just "Oh."

And then she heard Miss Clara's voice in the garden and a deeper one talking, too, and so—she was gone, over the garden gate, for Leslie was a bright young person and she knew what was healthy.

—F. C. M., '18.



Through The Vines

The sweet, lovely smell of fresh roses was borne along slowly on the night wind, the crickets sang cheerfully in their crannies, the moon and the stars hung low in their glittering coldness—the night was wholly a thing of beauty. Yet the phases of scenery had no attractions for one who did not notice them. But it made little difference. The night will go on forever, so will its heavenly bodies, beautiful if you care to look on it, changeless if you do not—a strange symbol of futility, of hate and sorrow, of despair or joy, a sign of an unending power that remains impregnable through all of life or eternity. The sorrow of one man is not worth the singling out for great attention, except insofar as he shall conduct himself in that sorrow. Thus we come to the man on the porch.

The Lady of Shalott, from the heights of her bower, watched the shadows of the world pass by. This man also saw life as through a veil but cared little for it except as it reminded him of the past. He was thinking tonight, thinking of Her who was gone, while the fickle moonbeams slanted through his white hairs, and lighted up the pale wrinkled face. The poor, throbbing heart was stilled for the moment and the weak body was for a time free from the ceaseless menace that pursued it. Rich in worldly wealth was this man, poor in everything else, no one but himself knew that he was rich, very few ever spoke to him. He had no friends in Life, but dreams, O, so many! All the people of the days before he had lost her and set out far away from the old city of his youth. Yet, tonight he smiled—what of the others who came around the corner at night, those five whom he loved but whom he never heard of except as they passed his porch as he sat in his chair behind the vines? They would soon be along and he was happy in the thought, for somehow a strange feeling had entered his heart this night. It was to be his night of nights.

A clear, merry whistle, the sound of running steps, and a boy's gay voice. It was the little fellow and his dog. But he was not alone this night. Another child was with him. The man heard the chatter of their voices, and as they drew nearer, caught the substances of their talk—"No, I can't sell him to you. I can't sell him to anybody. It's because he belongs to my father. Everything I have is my father's and I must give it all back to him," The three were passing the gates now and he heard the last words plainly. Long after the footsteps had died away the wind among the tree limbs seemed to fling these words back to him—"Everything I have is my Father's; I must give it all back to him!"

The two lovers did not pass by that night and the old man was disappointed. He gained from their happiness the dreams of his own long gone by.

The night air was growing chill and he started to rise from his chair, when footsteps sounded once more on the pavement. Ah, it is they, he thought. But no, it was the two most dear to his heart—the woman and the child.

"Mama," the child was saying, "will they treat me kindly in the home?"

He heard a low, reassuring response, but his heart was cut to the quick. The cool air bothered him no more. He sat, lost in deep reverie, for minute after minute. And ever and anon the words rang in his ears, "Everything I have is my Father's; I must give it all back to him!" O, weary humans, trying so hard to work out your destinies, be at rest, rejoice that there is a

steady, loving power guiding all for you. You may do not one little act of **your own** free will.

Years had passed by, with their pains and sorrows, that the man might be brought to the resolve of that night. The little boy, what a loving little chap; the young sweethearts; most of all, the lady and the child had become a part of his life such as he could not shake off—they were already his, in dream and in love—should he not do something to vindicate this love? He had waited years for the footsteps that never came, the tender words not heard spoken to himself for two score years. What good to him was his money; it served little purpose—it must have been given for a purpose. He could hope for no love in life, at least it would be a satisfaction to die knowing you would be blessed as dead though unknown alive. And at that moment was his resolution made. Somehow, he could not rise from his chair to go in. Was it weariness that sent this queer heaviness on his limbs? It was the sacred hour of midnight. Then, slowly, faintly, a vision appeared to him, a vision as of people coming up the walk of his cottage. The moon shone bright as day and the people were smiling and laughing. They came nearer and nearer to him, stretching out their arms in welcome. And behold! The man was there, a little boy, even the little boy with the dog. The happy summer days of his youth appeared as he saw himself walking with a maiden. Lastly, the woman and her child. The woman's face shone with a look like that he had last seen on his dying mother's face, and yet she had a look in her face of the maiden. Closer they came, and seemed to draw him within their circle. The old man was known and loved once more. Who can say that he dreamed on his front porch; who can say that the departed spirit had not visited him! For by his resolve, by the kind act he was to carry out, that night he had proved himself a man, knowing as he did that he was going to give back to his Father's creature that which his Father had given to him.

—H. L., '18.



SONNET TO SPRING

The sun shone golden at an early hour,
Sending its rays to all the world below,
The little elves at once came forth, to know
The meaning of the sun and earth's new power;
Then calling for leaves and grass to appear,
For each little bud to bring forth a head,
All together the great secret they said,
"The spring! the spring is here, the spring is here.
I felt the change in the speed of old Time.
I rose to the greeting of happy birds,
The breeze through the trees was playing a rhyme,
That seemed to fit in with my laughing words,
For who could help bring happy and divine,
When heart and nature both flowed at one time.

—R. E. E., '17.

Love's Tender Romance

"Yo see, Regan, 'tis this way. It won't last. The tinder flames iv passhun that now conflagrate yer brrest are comin' 't a fire hydrant. Iv course she is rale purty an' a swate creathure at that. Ye fondly imagine that Lillyun Russel has nothin' on her. A luk frim her Oirish eyes is a glance frum Hivvin an' th' touch iv her fingers a kink's ak-kul-lade. But it wont last."

"I luv her," said Regan, stubbornly.

"Iv course. That is t' say ye have dreams iv weddin' rings an' a little flat fer two. Another beer, Hinnisy. Wan fer me frend, too."

"Thank ye," said Regan, stiffly. "As long as her swate face is bayfore me no likker shall pass me lips."

"If course, iv course. Ye see, Regan, 'is this way. Ye are in that stage iv addle-essunce when even th' smiles iv yurr superiors can do ye no good. Ye have passed th' toime iv calf-luv, man, th' toime iv sthollen kisses. Yurr ideal iv wimmin has changed intirely. Formerly SHE was a wir-rud combinashun iv Florence Nightingale, Cleopatra an' Marie Antoinet. Now she is only a thrusted councillor an' a haven iv refuge. Th' gorgus burrd iv paradise has changed t' a demurre Plymouth Rock. Attired in a gingham gown, she makes a purty pikshur in th' front yarrd waterin' th' rosebushes.

"Now list t' a littul sthory, Regan. Th' true sthory iv a gurrul, a poet an' th' poet's rival. Ye see, Regan, twuz this way. On wan hand ye have a poet, not a rale poet wit fragrant locks, but an amachoor, an' on th' other a foine, hansum, sthrappin' son iv a gun. There's naw choice furr a sensible gurrul. Nivirtheless I favored th' poet.

"Ye see, Regan, twuz this way. A gurrul is vain, an' this wan wuz eighteen year, when there ain't none vainer ixcipt at thurty-five. So when this foine, hansum rival wuz interjuced, an' turned his evil black eyes—burrn th' hearrrt iv him—on her, an' made goo-goo stuff, shure an' she fell furr it. She had a widow mither an' bein' offun unsurrturn where th' nixe meal wuz comin' frum she gits th' idea iv weddin' bells an' lam-stew without worryin' any. Here's where th' poet don't stand no chanct. He, poor divil, bein' jist her age; maybe a week or so older; an' havin' no money furr lamstew ixcipt what his daddy gives him furr neckties an' gumdhrops, an' bein' in skool besides, is outclassed frum th' sthart.

"An' yit, Regan, he wuz th' rale boy. His brane wuz bigger'n th' other guy's feet. He had brilliyunt plant, that boy had, an' is now a famyus man. If th' gurrul had married him she'd bey happy now. Only she didn't.

"So me young frend wuz broken hearted, or imagined he wuz, an' jined th' army. Twuz th' toime iv th' grrate war ye know. He likely had plans furr leadin' forlorn hopes, an' gittin' kivered wit medals, an' comin' home wit his arrum in a sling an' havin' th' gurrul wape on his shoulder. Or ilse gittin' kilt, which is almost th' same as gittin' married. But he saw no service, bayin' sint t' Huh-way-ee, where all his shouldery skill wuz needed t' protect him frum th' attacks iv unschrupulous hulas. After his discharge he intired college.

"Ye see, Regan, twuz this way. He wuz thinkin' iv her all th' toime. Th' army had failed, so he wud baytome a famyus author. His name wud bay known frum wan ind iv th' countkry t' th' other furr his die-a-thrubes 'gainst

th' follies an' weaknesses iv convenshunal civilizashun. An' when he wuz th' pround possessor iv fame an' lamstews an' steamyachts SHE wud come, wit happy tears, an' throw herself on his bosom.

"Another beer, Hinnisy. Must Oi dhrink alone, Regan?"

"Ye must," said Regan.

"Well, th' years went by, th' wurruld rolled on an' me frend wuz far frum famyus. He sphent most iv his toime sthravin' in a garret an' writin' sonnets. But no wan cared furr his sonnets or furr his dape an' delightful philosophical essays. Ye see, Regan, twuz this way. Th' poet, as Oi said bayfore, was bay-yont most iv us. His idears, though undoubtedly right, wurr intirely conthrary t' what had gone bayfore. Though possist iv th' vocabilery iv Sthevenson, th' realism iv Jack London an' th' pungent cynicism iv th' late Bernard Shaw—bless his Oirish heart—th' wurruld wud have none iv him. He wuz too dape an' profound. They cud not git up t' his level an' he wud not go down t' theirs. But wan day, havin' a turribul appetite furr ham an' eggs, he wrote a buk iv spick fikshun, called th' "Seventh Commandment," an' fame an' lamstews an' steamyachts dayscinded upon him.

"In th' manewhile, as th' funny paypers say, th' gurrul had married th' other guy. Ye see, Regan, twuz this way. Hubby pulled down twenty banes purr wake, only he niver pulled down any morre, bayin' as ole man Mulcachy wud say, a pro-luh-tear-yut; that is, like th' rist iv us. An' twenty dollars purr wake divided into pertaters an' lamstews don't give happiness furr two. An' luv in a cottage don't last, Regan. When th' furst fiery flames iv passhun are distinguished, as says th' poet hissself, an' luv's tinder romance is over, there intir th' grocery bills. Fond hubby luks sour at th' wife he has sworn t' luv an' cherish, tho a year ago he wud have kilt ye furr suggestin' such a thing, an' fergits t' kiss her when he goes t' wurrk. Dear wifey gossips all day in a dirthy kimono over th' backyard fence an' baygins t' luk less an' less like Lillyun Russell. An' when th' brood iv childer come, feedin' th' mouths absorbs all iv hubby's energies an' wifey has enough t' do wit the cookin' an' sewin'.

"An' so, Regan, when th' gurrul sees th' famyus name iv her discarrded lover floodin' th' papers, an' reads th' articles deschrinin' his jools an' esthates an' Airedale pups, she heaves a sigh. She gits out th' ole Commencement Guard an' Tackle an' conthemplates th' dilapitated face iv her faithful lover. She raymimbers th' pothry he used t' write t' her. She buys a copy iv th' "Seventh Commandment" an' reads it until she knows it by hearrrt. Wan night she tuk th' change frum th' sphunholder an' th' two youngest infants an' lit out t' find th' poet."

"She lit out t' find th' poet," breathed Regan, in ecstasy.

"Ye see, Regan, twuz this way. Long years iv povurty an' abuse had taken th' grace frum her figgur an' th' bloom frum her cheeks. Naggin' at th' childer had rasped th' swateness iv her voice. Washin' th' dishes had played th' divil wit her fingernails."

"But he tuk her back," said Regan eagerly. "She wuz sthill th' swate

creathure iv his dreams. She had come back t' him. Shure an' her fingernails wud not sthop him."

"Perhaps no," he answered, slowly. "But we see, Regan, twuz this way. He had married a chorus gurrul th' day bayfore."

* * * * *

"Another glass, Hinnisy."

"Make it two," said Regan.

—D. S. J. W., '17.



THAT MEN MIGHT LIVE AND DIE

A soldier stooped and kissed away the tears
And gently tried to comfort mother's fears.
He pointed to his breast, a lock of hair,
"See, mother, naught can harm me while 'tis there,
Dear Hope; she gave it me ere yet I went
To join my friends behind war's battlement.
Hark! mother, plain I hear the rattling sound
Of muskets, at the order, brought to ground.
'Tis men of my command await outside,
There, there, dear mother, don't you even cry."
He went, and turning, heaved a yearning sigh.

* * * * *

The battle waged with thund'ring roaring sound,
The soldier stood upon a darkened mound,
And cried aloud, to friends that hear no more,
To hurl themselves again at Death's own door.
Then, sorely wounded, sank he slowly down
Amongst his friends that gruesome lay around.
Hope's lock of hair, 'twas gone! He scarce could groan,
For pain in breast that seared him to the bone.
And soon his wracking brain turned black as night,
And when he woke he viewed a wondrous sight.
A river through a land flowed pale and bright,
The land he saw was truly God's delight.
A hundred angels came, all in a band,
They sat them down in the sparkling sand,
And then they sang a song of wondrous love,
They told how loved the Father, high above,
How loved He earthly man both good and brave,
And how their sinful souls he tried to save.
So as the soldier listened, rose his soul,
And glided softly 'cross the river shoal,
From whence a spirit ne'er returneth more,
He heard an angel, in the bowers sigh,
"God made the world that men might live and—die!"

—H. M., '18.

From France

Her name is Jane Day. Her home is in a military town, and her family is a military family. At least her father is a retired army surgeon and Dick, her brother, is an officer in the army. So it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Jane should be inclined to do her share in the world's conflict. The family was neither shocked nor greatly surprised when Jane announced that she was going to be a Red Cross nurse. Indeed, Dr. Day, with his white bristling moustache which strove in vain to make him look stern, patted her on the back, and told her she was exhibiting true Day spirit. All the women in the post were of course immensely patriotic, and Jane, together with a number of her girl chums, had been taking training in Red Cross work for some time, feeling that if the time should ever come when the United States would find it necessary to send troops to the front, they would not have to go alone. And now the time had come. America had entered the war.

The army post was now the center of attraction, and the parade grounds a source of never failing interest. Everything was decorated with red, white and blue, and many flags were flying. Daily, from four to twenty aeroplanes could be seen circling in the air, hundreds of trucks were plying back and forth from supply depots, trumpets were sounding, and thousands of soldiers from infantry, cavalry, field artillery, and signal corps were drilling, some on foot and others on mounts. Not far off was the field hospital with the corps men in white uniforms with their red crosses. Soldiers wounded in sham battles were receiving practice first-aid, and from there being rushed to the base hospital. Yet everyone realized that this was but preparation for the stern business of war, and beneath the gay and patriotic surface was a grim realization and steady courage for what this portended.

As the weeks went on Jane's interest in the work increased. And then came the summons that the troops were to prepare to embark, that the United States was to do her share toward spreading the ideal of democracy. But the soldiers were not to march away alone. A division of Red Cross nurses from the post was also to accompany them, and Jane was a Red Cross nurse. How carefully she had prepared each separate article in her outfit, and how proudly she laid the glowing red cross, the emblem of mercy on the battlefield, on top of all! In two weeks now they were to leave, and Jane's heart beat fast.

It happened one August afternoon when the sun made shimmering heat waves on the pavements, and the flags hung limply from their poles. Jean was coming home from the library with a French grammar under one arm, for she had been brushing up in that study in preparation for her work in French hospitals, as she expected. Not far from home she met her small sister Dorothy running bareheaded down the street to meet her.

"Oh Jane, hurry home, quick! Mama's awful sick and the doctor is there. We can't talk out loud nor nothing," she gasped, and dragged the terrified Jane along with her by the hand. On the doorstep Dr. Day met her.

"Daddy, what is it? What has happened?" she demanded, running up to him.

"Something pretty serious, I'm afraid, Jane," he answered simply. "Your mother has just collapsed. I'm afraid she has been doing too much of late. She is resting easier now, however, and I hope will be well again before long."

But this was not to be, for although Mrs. Day was able to gather her strength together after a few days enough to rise, yet she could not take up the reins of the household which she had dropped, and the burden of keeping the home fell on Jane. The conviction grew on Jane that she could not be spared, and it was with a heavy heart that she announced to the family her resolution to stay home.

"No, no indeed, you won't stay, Jane, dear," spoke up her mother. "I have it all planned. Aunt Susan can come and take care of us, which I'm sure she will be willing to do. Now don't say another word about staying home. You know we hate to have our daughter go, but we are proud to have one who wants to do her share."

So for the time being things remained in this condition, but Jane could not help but wonder sometimes if Great-Aunt Susan would not be rather snappy with Dorothy and little Dale, and if she would remember to make father's eggnog and keep mother's room cool. But still Aunt Susan was an excellent housekeeper and would of course take much better care of the family than she, (Jane) could, even if she didn't remember to do all the little things that make a house homelike.

But just a few mornings before the troops were to entrain for the coast, Mrs. Day was unable to rise in the morning, and all that day, in spite of the fact that she cheerfully asserted that she would be all right tomorrow, Jane carried a heavy heart. And when on the morrow her mother was still in bed, Jane's purpose was fixed. She could not leave her mother in such a condition. But why, why was it Jane who had to stay home? Surely there was no one else who wanted to go as badly as she. But after the first rebelliousness at an unalterable fate had passed, and in its place had come a dull and lifeless disappointment, she again told her father of her decision. In spite of his remonstrances she saw that he was relieved, and again, inconsistently, she felt that it somehow wasn't fair.

But it was on the momentous day when the boys in khaki were marching down the streets, their equipment strapped on their backs, when the tramp of footsteps kept up a steady rhythmic beat with martial music, that Jane realized to the full extent her sacrifice. When the Red Cross nurses, her friends, of whom she was to have been one, came by, every one alert and prepared for the hard and perhaps dangerous work which they were to undertake, Jane wormed her way from the street densely packed with people who had come to cheer and weep as the boys departed. She went hom to hr own room and strove to conquer her disappointment.

* * * * *

Now the little town seemed utterly without life. Existence was nerely a continued round of looking after children, making beds, mending and dusting. Jane had, of course, the satisfaction of seeing her mother gaining daily in strength, but each letter from her brother or from her chums awakened her old feelings. But before long this passed, and Jane began to see that because she could not be an active nurse her interest in the Red Cross need not cease. She remembered the work that could be done at home for the soldiers, the hospital supplies and clothes for the men in trenches and hospitals. As a result the very next day you might have seen Jane receiving at the front door a great bundle of gray flannel. No doubt many of you know from experience

what this was, but for those who do not we will watch Jane as she eagerly cut the string holding the bundle together. It was the cut-out parts of twelve pairs of warm, roomy, flannel pajamas, and to add the finishing touch they were to be trimmed with pink chambray. With a delighted cry Jane immediately set to work on the simply made garments. Each one finished brought to her mind thoughts of what comforts it would bring to some one the next winter, although now the hot fuzzy material was far from pleasant. When they were finished she placed a handkerchief in each pocket, but in one only she put a little letter expressing her sympathy and best wishes, enclosing her name and address. Dorothy and Dale were only too glad to help her carry down the finished work, since it was for their adored soldiers. Why perhaps their big brother might even get a pair.

"You are just in time to get these on the next ship of Red Cross supplies, Miss Day," Miss Robbins, the head of the work in that district told her as she set down the heavy bundle. "I'm so glad you are going to help us in this sort of work. We certainly need all the time and aid the women in all parts of the country can give to the Red Cross Society. And now don't you want to take home some bandages to make? They are very easily made." Jane was only too willing, as her mother's health had improved, giving Jane more time to devote to this work.

The months passed quickly in spite of expectations to the contrary. It was early winter and Jane had almost forgotten the letter she had put in the pocket of the pajamas, when one morning the postman delivered a square foreign-looking letter, stamped by censors. Jane opened it eagerly and read this:

_____, France, Nov. 20, '17.

"My Dear Miss Day:

"If you are romantically inclined you will doubtless be disappointed in this letter, for I am not a young and handsome officer. In fact, I am a middle-aged Frenchman with a daughter of my own. However, I wish to tell you that all you can do is fully appreciated by the men in the trenches and hospitals. We only hope that, by the grace of God, the war will soon be over, and there will be no more need for the whole world to administer to our needs.

"Sincerely yours,

"P. S.—My Dear Miss Day:

"The old man in the next cot asked me to write this little note to you as he could not write English. He is now almost recovered, and will soon leave for the front again. However, I will not be discharged for some time and I find time passes very slowly. I am a Canadian from Montreal, and have been across only a few months. If you only knew how lonesome it is you would not be offended if I ask you to answer this by a letter to me. I can not help but be interested in a girl who is so willing to work for us over here in the trenches."

Then there followed a very interesting account of life and conditions in France, of which a considerable portion was blotted out, and the name signed was Allan Grant.

Jane was of course delighted with this letter and answered it immediately.

After all it is much more interesting to write a letter to a young, supposedly good-looking Canadian than to a middle-aged Frenchman. Nor was this the end of the correspondence, for the acquaintance by letter progressed rapidly, as will be seen by this letter:

"My Dear Jane:

"You can not imagine how eagerly your last letter was received. I was able to hunt your brother up, as you suggested, and he is certainly a fine fellow. We got to be regular pals in the short time I was with him. In fact, I kept him busy answering questions about his sister, and I want to tell you that I admire you for staying at home much more than if you had joined the corps of nurses. We expect that before long now, news will come to cease hostilities, and for one reason especially I shall be glad."

No doubt it was such letters as these, added to the knowledge that the boys were coming home soon, that made Jane's eyes so bright and caused her now to sing as she mended and dusted.

But soon after this Jane ceased to write long letters, for her acquaintance by letter was ended when this last missile from the fields of France arrived, of which we shall only peek at a small portion:

"Your picture arrived a week ago, but I will postpone telling you what I think of it until I see the original. We start for America next week, and I am counting the time till your brother and I arrive. I think he knew that if he didn't ask me to accompany him home, I would have come anyway."

—M. J. M., '17.



A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY

Within his room, in the midst of a confusion of papers and books, sat a Senior at his desk writing, his pen flying as if in an effort to keep pace with his thoughts.

"Quarter to twelve, and only two-thirds through," he mumbled in disgust as he glanced at the clock beside him, and then continued his work. To be brief, he was working on his history theme which was due the next morning.

On and on through the stillness of the night came the uneven scratching of his pen.

Suddenly, from an unknown source, came a low, mournful wail, growing louder and louder. He turned toward the window and there saw two green glaring objects moving to and fro. His throat grew harsh and dry; he found no voice to cry out in his fright.

What was that? A ghost? He shuddered at the very thought of such a visitor.

Again came that long, ghostly wail.

Finally, by sheer force, he swung his arm toward the desk, seized the first thing his hand struck and aimed it at the object in the window. There was a loud crash followed by a sharp cry as if some one were in pain, then all was still.

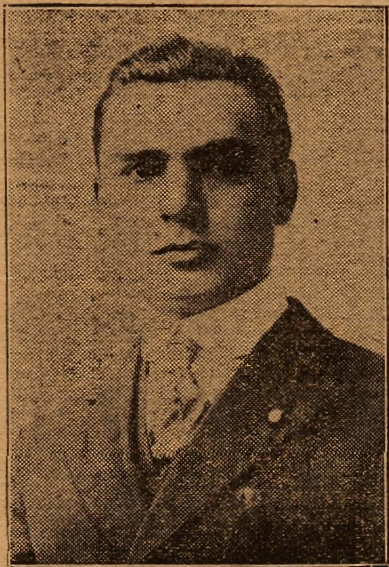
The next morning a dead cat was found in the yard, and nearby a very much mutilated clock.

—R. C., '17.

MAZZERA MAKES DEBATING TEAM

The Stockton Student Wins in Try-Out for the Sophomore Team at Berkeley

Harry A. Mazzera, recently admitted to the Senate Debating Society of California, was unanimously selected, after competitive try-outs, together with J. A. Nulan and S. M. Green, to represent the Sophomore class of the University of California in its annual interclass debate to be held late in



HARRY A. MAZZERA.

November. The Adamson bill enacted by Congress, was the subject selected for the try-outs.

H. A. Mazzera is a graduate of the Stockton High School and was president of both the class of '15 and the debating society of that year. He is a pre-legal student of the University of California and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Mazzera of Stockton.