

THE 1920
GUARD AND TACKLE ANNUAL

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS
OF
STOCKTON HIGH SCHOOL

DEDICATION

To Miss Alice McInnes, a loyal friend and a teacher loved by faculty and students, and to Miss Lucile Halwick, whose work with the girls has won her the love of all of them, this book is dedicated.



ALICE McINNES



LUCILE HALWICK



FACULTY

FACULTY

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NOEL H. GARRISON.....Principal

W. FRED ELLIS, Jr.Vice-Principal

MRS. MARY N. MINTA.....Dean of Girls

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MARY CAROLINE COMAN
LILY CLIBERON
AMY L. HARRIS
ADELLE HOWELL
ANTOINETTE KNOWLES
LUCY ELLERY OSBORN
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FLORENCE L. GRAVES
J. CECIL CAVE

ART

ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY
MRS. MARY N. MINTA

MUSIC

HOLLAND FRAZEE
A. CLARK BLOSSOM

MISCELLANEOUS

MRS. C. M. POND, Librarian
MRS. MARIE WRIGHT, Secretary
HOMER S. TOMS, Study Hall
MRS. CLARA NASSANO, Matron

JANITORS

W. M. ESTES
FRANK C. TURNER
W. F. NEVIN
THOMAS FORD

GARDENERS

GERHARD REIMERS
L. McNAMARA

LITERARY



DEAD

(First Prize Literary Production)

I'm dead—so they say—been dead for a year—dead and forgotten. And this is the anniversary. Anniversary? Yes, for it was the happiest day of my life—the happiest day in the forty-odd years I spent on earth—years of toil and hardship for old King Gold.

We had come down in the rush of forty-nine, Bill and I, and struck it rich. But where we had mined the gold, we placed instead our youth. Yes, we threw our youth into a grave. The years had been a mad rush, a delirious pursuit, a frantic struggle for possession; and finally came "success." Strange—now that I think of it—that we humans called that "success," for instead of coming off victor, I was a slave held in unrelenting bondage by Gold.

I don't seem to be able to remember yet just how it happened, but Bill and I had been fighting over the gold. Oh! yes—we had been drinking—drinking heavily—and, as we became more angry, Bill knocked me over the head with the empty bottle. I remember that he leaned over me, and, not hearing the faint beat of my heart, concluded I was dead. He had always had a fear of ghosts, and so, grabbing up the gold from the table, he left without a backward

look. In another moment it seemed as if I were following him, a malignant spirit, restless and haunting. Yet I was still here too. The pain in my head ceased, and a strange feeling of lightness came over me. I suppose I must have died then, for I seemed to be looking down on that bleeding body that was I—and yet was not!

Day after day passed, and "that" lay there in the sweltering heat, and my dog, dear faithful old creature, finding me dead, lay his head on my breast. But the cat, that I had so petted and fondled, made repeated attempts to suck my blood; while the dog, guarding me, would growl at her in warning. The door of the hut had latched as Bill closed it, and the poor creatures, unable to escape, lay down to die.

The dog, becoming weaker through long days of hunger and thirst, finally died, and the cat watching and planning for the time when he would go, crawled feverishly to where I lay. I looked—and all this I saw—I did not seem to care. It was only interesting to watch her eat.

Other days passed, and two prospectors seeing that the cabin was uninhabited, broke down the door and—there were my bones scattered about the floor, and the cat sitting crouched on my skull.

—Katherine Hart. '21.

THE PRACTICAL WAY

By Albert Campbell

(Second Prize Literary Production)

Bill Williams was the most practical man I ever knew. I have known many people, but Bill has them all looking like visionaries and day-dreamers when it comes to being practical. He was practical even in his choice of lady companions, which is a point where a great many young fellows fall down. Of course you can see for yourself how sane and sensible a choice of a girl I made, and, as for Bill—, well, I'll tell you how Bill went about choosing a girl "to love and provide for until death do us part."

In the first place, as soon as he had passed his eighteenth birthday, he began to look around him for a lady-love. As he wanted his girl to be absolutely irreproachable in character, he hunted in our church first. There are some fine girls in our church. I am in a position to know.

One Sunday morning after church, Bill started off home with a certain girl. The next Sunday he sat with her in church. The Sunday after that he was with another girl. That did not surprise me. All fellows have two or three loves before they settle on one for life. Bill went home that Sunday with his second girl, and sat with her the Sunday after. The next week he had still a different girl. The campaign was now being noticed by the old women of the church, and Bill was seriously discussed at the next Sewing Circle meeting, which was held at my home.

But Bill kept it up until he had kept two weeks' company with every girl in the church, including mine. None of us could understand it. I had heard that curiosity killed a cat, but I was not a cat; so I decided to risk my life and ask him what his idea was. I got an "earful" when I did approach him on the subject. "Approach him on the subject" is the phrasing for it, but I really approached him on the sidewalk.

"Bill," I began, "there shouldn't be any secrets between friends; should there?"

"No," he replied.

"Well," I continued, "if it's any of my business, why have you been keeping company with so many different girls?"

"Well, you see it's like this, Al. I'll have to marry one of them some day; won't I?"

I didn't see why one should have to marry, but I agreed that a man would be a fool not to marry a good girl if he had the chance.

"Well then," he continued, "I want to find out all I can about them, so I'll know what kind of a girl I want."

"And weren't you satisfied with any of the girls in our church?" I demanded.

"No."

"Why?"

"Well, the first one made too many eyes. She was a vamp."

I nodded, and asked, "What ailed the second one?"

"She was careless in everything I saw her do. If I should set up house-keeping with a girl like that, there's no telling how much trouble she would make for both of us."

Again I nodded and asked, "What was the objection to the last one?"

"She wasn't practical. She went in for this butterfly life too much. She would make a fine doll, but a blame poor wife." Bill never dealt gently with a subject, and he always spoke plainly, even about the ladies.

All the girls in the church having now been weighed in the balance and found wanting, Bill had to look elsewhere for a mate. He found her. She was a young lady of the community who was looked upon with some suspicion by the most estimable ladies of the Sewing Circle. I think that their chief objections to her were that she dressed a little better, and "fussed her hair up" a little more becomingly than they thought proper for a young lady. I was rather surprised myself to see Bill keeping steady company with her, because I knew she went to every country dance she could go to, and country dances were a thing Bill never had approved. But, of course, it was none of my business whom Bill took for his girl; so I let him alone. The Sewing Circle though,—they never were known to mind their own business very strictly—and they instructed their president to

warn Bill of his folly in keeping company with this outsider; but Bill politely and very firmly told the president of the Circle, "I think I am able to choose my own friends without your help."

So it was that, without anyone's aid, Bill took every fault that his girl had and eliminated it. Yes, sir! He made her the most respected woman in the community, and then—he married her.

After the honey-moon, I again approached Bill for the purpose of gathering information.

"Bill," I began, "if it's any of my business, why did you go to so much trouble to reform Mary when you could have found so many girls already in good standing?"

"Well, you see it's like this, Al. She needed reforming, and I wanted my wife to be a good woman."

"Yes, but there were plenty of girls who had never had their characters questioned. Why did you pick Mary?"

It was a delicate question to ask, and I don't blame Bill for answering as he did.

"Why, blame you, you poor fish, it was because I loved her. Now shut up!"

DIABLO, THE MONARCH

(First Prize Poem)

Diablo, dark mountain of the Devil!
How oft and oft neath mystic skies of old,
Before the Spaniards journeyed here for gold,
With lava, coals, and fire thou didst revel,
With rumble and with roar didst then dishevel
Fair California's plains and wooded wold,
Till meadows round thee into mountains rolled
Yet left thee there aloft, above their level.
Then grewst thou calm, and now is this our day,
Diablo, thou art a peaceful thing,
Like weary warrior slumbering after fight;
But who knows when again sometime you may
Wake, and, with reddest flames in darkest night,
Proclaim to all the West that thou art King?

—William Wright, '20.

The Thoughtful Yard Stick

A yard stick thus to himself did muse
As he walked along the street;
"I must buy a pair and a half of shoes
Because I have three feet."

—Borrowed.

THE CALAVERAS RIVER

I sit upon your cool green bank,
And look into your water cold;
I wonder why you run so swift,
And if you never will grow old.

I sit and watch you twist and turn,
And curve round every hill
Till out of sight beyond the bend,
I hear you murmur still.

I saw some boys swim in your foam,
And then it seemed to me
As if you tried, with might and main,
To bear them to the sea.

Oh, limpid stream, come, sing to me,
As on the bank I lie;
While shadows lengthen, birds are still,
And the sun drops in the sky.

Jack Jordan, '20

THE TESTING OF DANE GORDON

Immediately upon his graduation, Dane Gordon had gone out West. He had no longer cared to remain in his birth city. He had been left motherless when a few years old, and it had been his father who had loved and cared for him and with some sacrifice sent him to college. Dane was in the last year of his law course there when the news of his father's death reached him. He sold everything, returned to college, and in some way or another managed to complete the year and get his degree. The loss of the companionship of his father was a blow from which many thought young Gordon would never recover. He grew even more quiet and reserved and scarcely ever smiled,—but when he did smile—well, it more than made up for his seriousness. There were few, indeed, that could resist it.

As has been said before, Gordon went out West. He took with him what money he had left from his father's estate—not a great deal—and a terrible desire to succeed. He had obtained a minor clerkship in the law offices of the South Coast Railroad Company in San Francisco and had started to work his way up. He felt confident that he would get to the top and bent every effort to that end. This had been fifteen years before, and at the time of which I write, Gordon was a little over thirty-six. He was just under the six-foot mark and was straight as an arrow. He was well knit, and, although he was not exceptionally broad, he gave the impression of possessing power. Contrary to the usual order of heroes, he was not handsome. His mouth was too straight and his jaw too firm for that. His eyes were of the steel gray type, and, when he turned them on one, they seemed able to read one's innermost thoughts. They were overshadowed by thick eyebrows that had once been black, but were now somewhat gray. He had just enough curly hair of this same color to brush back, and with difficulty, cover his head. He was a good, although

not an immaculate, dresser; and, lastly, and probably what concerned him least, he was unmarried. It is true that he felt lonesome at times, but, as a rule, he was too busy for that. When the war came, Gordon had tried to enlist, but he had been politely told that he was of far more value at home than he would be in the army.

Yes, he was a success. His rise was almost phenomenal. From a minor clerkship he had been rapidly promoted, until he had reached the position of General Manager of one of the largest railroads in the West, one that had lines from the Oregon border to Mexico and east to Salt Lake, a line that had millions of dollars capital behind it.

One reason for Gordon's success had been his foresight. He had early realized that if he had an interest in the firm, he would be advanced more rapidly. Accordingly, he had gone to see the president of the company and arranged to buy shares on the installment plan from his wages. As he had figured, he got himself before his superiors, and whenever a promotion was to be given, they naturally favored the man who was interested in the corporation. He had kept up this plan and bought more and more shares as his salary increased till at the time our story begins he had a goodly block of stock in his name. Gordon's ambition now was to be president of the company.

This end had seemed but a few years away at most when the great clash came. One morning Gordon went down to his office at nine o'clock, unaware of the impending crisis. At exactly half past ten he received a telegram that made him turn pale—President Gadburn of the company had been shot by some striking employees of the road at Los Angeles. At eleven o'clock he received another telegram: "The strike is spreading to all parts of the state. The men are being incited by Reds and Bolsheviks." At fifteen minutes past eleven, he was informed that the men in the Sacramento yards had struck and were threatening to burn the yards. There was no good reason apparent for

the strike. At eleven-twenty he was told that the vice-president of the company had declined the presidency tendered him by the Board of Directors because he feared for his life.

Gordon quickly realized that if the strike could be broken in Sacramento, it would take the backbone out of the general strike all over the state. He also realized that delay would be fatal. Not waiting for the election of a new president, he decided to go at once to Sacramento. Rushing to the elevator, he quickly descended to the street, jumped into his car, and drove up Market Street at a reckless pace. He headed straight for Ingleside Beach. Arriving there, he jumped out of his machine and ran to the office of the aeroplane company. Yes, he intended to fly to Sacramento. He took less than ten minutes to make the necessary arrangements, to get a plane and a pilot, to get the air-ship started, to skim swiftly over the ground, to take off into the air, and get on his way.

Gordon knew exactly how he was going to handle the men if he could get to Sacramento in time. He intended to call a general mass meeting and simply talk to the men. He felt confident that there were one or two radicals at the bottom of the whole affair, and that if they could be exposed, the strike would be ended. This was not what bothered him. What really worried him was that he was overstepping his authority by a long way. He felt sure that it would cost him his position, but, nevertheless, he determined to do what he thought right, let come what would.

At exactly one o'clock, one hour and ten minutes after he left the city, he was at the office of the company in Sacramento. The place was surrounded by a crowd of angry strikers, most of whom Gordon observed to be Americans. Among them he recognized an old employee of the company who had been faithful for many years. Calling him to one side Dane learned the facts of the case. It seemed as though they were being stirred up by one man, Stocksky,

who was of socialistic tendencies. That was all Gordon wished to know.

He retired from the mob, jumped into his car, and rushed for the nearest printing office. Here he had printed, in record time, a number of hand bills, announcing a big meeting of the strikers at the Council of Labor Hall for four o'clock that afternoon. Returning to the scene of the mob, he managed to get these posters distributed among them. Although it was only three o'clock, the mob began to disperse and start for the hall. By ten minutes to four the place was crowded to overflowing.

At exactly four o'clock, Dane Gordon mounted the stage, walked very quietly to the center of it, and stood before a table which he had had placed there. He looked over the crowd for fully a minute before he spoke. Then he said, "My fellow employees, we are met here today to discuss the present strike. As we all know the existing conditions, it will not be necessary to delay by summing up the situation. I will merely call on our leader, Mr. Stocksky, to set forth our grievances."

The strikers were dumfounded for a moment, because word had got round that the man who called them fellow employees and spoke so earnestly was the General Manager of the company. After a few seconds, however, Mr. Stocksky came forward. It was evident, however, that the men did not care to have him called our leader. Stocksky started his speech at once, beginning by a harangue on capitalists and existing social conditions. He ended by denouncing all forms of capital and urging the men to burn the railroad yards. When he had finished, a mighty cheer for him rang out from the strikers. It was, indeed, a critical moment for Gordon. It appeared as though the meeting had merely provided a place for the men to be urged on to greater violence.

What did Gordon do? He merely stepped forward and smiled one of those rare, winning smiles of his. After a few seconds he asked the mob's permission to question "our leader." Having received this, he again called Stocksky forward. His first question was,

"Are you a naturalized citizen?"

Gordon observed that the majority of the workers gave a great start and leaned forward in their seats to catch the answer.

"No," snarled the Russian.

"How long have you lived in America?" next asked Dane.

"Four years," was the reply.

"How old are you?" followed.

"Thirty-one years," was the answer.

The next question seemed unnecessary to the audience: "Are you or have you ever been married?"

A surly "No."

The men gasped as they heard Dane next say, "Did you enlist in the army during the war?"

The Russian, his face darkening as he now perceived the intent of the question, refused to answer.

Somebody away back in the audience volunteered the information that Stocksky had not enlisted, that in fact he had evaded the draft. Gordon observed that the attitude of many in the mob was changing toward the Russian.

He turned to them and queried,

"Boys, how many of you served in the army?"

Nearly three-fourths of them signified that they had.

"How many of you that served are married men?"

About one-half of them raised their hands.

"That will do," said Dane. "Stocksky, you may take your seat. Is there anybody else that wants to speak?" Nobody came forward.

"Won't somebody please rise and tell us why we have declared a strike. Was it because our pay was not suffi-

ent?" Not a sound from the mob.

"Well then," said Gordon, "if none of you will speak, I will. I will tell you why we struck. We were led on by a man that is not even an American—a man that, although he is unmarried, refused to serve in the U. S. army. I observe that a big majority of us served in the army although we were married men. Are we, now, as Americans, going to be led on by a man who is a foreigner, a man who does not love our country, a man who would like to see America go to hell."

The strikers began to get angry. A mighty roar of "no" swept forth from them.

"Well then," said Dane, "I am an American. I am ready to lead you. Will you follow me?" Once more Gordon smiled.

"You bet."

"We sure will."

"Yes," shouted the strikers.

Dane Gordon was now the leader.

"All right then let's go back to our jobs. We have delayed long enough. I am leaving for the city in an hour, and I expect to ride on a regular train. In concluding," finished Gordon, "I will say that every man who goes back to his work this afternoon will find an additional check in his pay envelope on the first of the month."

Amidst a mighty roar, Gordon left the hall. Needless to say he rode back to San Francisco on a train. However he was extremely sober for a man who had won such a victory. He knew that he would be requested to resign for overstepping his authority. But he meant to forestall this by submitting a resignation he had just written. Overcome with sober reflection, just as the train was pulling into Oakland, he heard his name shouted. Looking up, he observed a messenger boy with a yellow envelope coming towards him. Gordon stopped the boy and took the envelope, which proved to be a telegram. He felt sure that this

was a summons to the office of the newly appointed president, whoever he was. Dane realized what the result would be. However he knew that he could tender his resignation and leave the place with the clear conscience of one who has done what he thinks is right.

Mechanically he opened the envelope and read the message. At first he could not comprehend what it meant—and then? Well, he simply smiled!

This was the message:

Dane Gordon,

This is to notify you Board of Trustees elected you President of S. C. Co. Congratulations on way you handled strike.

Dean White, Chairman of Board.

And so President Gordon still had use, though a different one than he had expected, for the resignation which he had penned from—the General Managership.

—William Wright, '20.

THE PRICELESS JEWEL

"Girls, don't you think it is awful the way Mary Everett does parade in those new pearls of hers?" asked Marjorie as she passed a cup of cocoa to her chum who reclined comfortably on the window seat among the cushions, and made a face at Ellen in a similar position on the sofa.

"Awful is no name for it. I shall never wear pearls again after last night," promised Nell.

"I certainly don't envy her any. Now if I had them, I shouldn't want to show them off so," Ellen offered, as she grimaced at her sugarless cocoa.

"I shouldn't want pearls. They are not worn any more. What I should like to have is that new kind of jewel. It is perfectly wonderful, don't you think? And it is so frightfully expensive too. Goodness! I just suggested it to Dad for my birthday (you know this is my birthday) and he

wanted to know if I thought he was a mint. So I know there is no hope from that direction," said Marjorie.

"If one of us just had one, wouldn't Miss Mary sit up and take notice? Oh, boy!" exulted Ellen.

That night Marjorie waited for Jack. She wondered what his present to her would be. He always gave her something nice. She vaguely hoped it would be the jewel she coveted but discarded the thought and determined to be pleased with whatever it might be, for Jack's sake, because she—well—didn't "exactly hate Jack." She did not wait long before Jack entered.

"Hello, Marjorie; come here and see what I have for you."

Marjorie took the little package and removed the wrapping. She unclasped the cover and stood speechless with surprise.

"Don't you like it?" Jack asked anxiously.

"Like it! you dear boy! It's just what I wanted. Isn't it wonderful!"

For there, lying in a bed of satin, was the most priceless jewel mortal eyes could then gaze upon, the jewel of her dreams,—a small cube of white sugar!

—Lois Gadbury, '20.

THE GREAT STONE

Below the Great Stone stood a small urchin smoking a charred, black pipe. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets, and in his small face was expressed the wisdom and experience that can be obtained only in the squalid, sordid conditions of the slum life from which he had come.

He was peering up through a tuft of hair at the strange inscriptions carved on the stone. As his eyes wandered further up, he noticed, almost at the top, the name of George Washington; below it, also, were carved the names of several others of the world's great men. As the little waif

looked up the great perpendicular stone, the natural leer on his face was intensified, and he laughed derisively, as those who are small do laugh at those who are great.

Taking out his knife, he started to carve his name,—but no! —he would not carve it below these noted men. Wasn't he just as good? Surely. He would write above all others in big, broad letters, so that all might see. Slowly and painstakingly he broke a small niche in the rock, into which he placed a foot, then another niche where he placed the other foot, until he had scaled the great height. Holding tight, in his precarious position, he started to cut his name, but, with the first stroke, the knife broke and fell from his hand. What was he to do? To descend was impossible, for each time, as he had raised his foot from its resting place, the stone had crumbled away, leaving a flat, smooth surface.

As the memorial was situated in a remote part of the city, it would aid him none to call for help, and the only beings who saw were the wee sparrows, who, undecided whether to be friends or not with this queer creature which clung so desperately to the rock, fluttered nervously around. Night came, and away in the distance cheery lights appeared in the homes, but around the boy there was only darkness.

Suddenly the ledge on which he was standing crumbled, throwing him, broken, to the earth beneath; while the names of those great men stood untouched. And above the name of our first president remains only the blank, flat surface of the Great Stone.

—Beryl Wellington, '21.

PHILIP CASTER AND THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

Through the lace curtain of the parlor in Mrs. Mahony's boarding house on West Fifty-fifth Street came the sounds

of singing and laughter, accompanied by the tones of a player piano. From the kitchen came the clink of dishes being washed by Sadie, the maid of all work, whose friend was now waiting for her in the alley. But if any one had been near enough to a certain window of a third story-back room, a different sound would have been heard. This was a long-drawn-out sigh, almost of the sob variety.

And now let us take a peep into the room from which the "near sob" issued. It was a small room, one in which Mrs. Mahony placed her would-be boarders who did not look altogether promising, or who did not offer to pay in advance. Seated on the bed, staring out of the window at the lights of the city was a young man probably twenty-one years of age. In his hand he held a letter, and it was this letter that explained that almost feminine sigh.

"Gee!" he muttered, "what's the use trying. She'll never care for me any more. Why, even now mother writes that she's tagging around with Ted Buttrick."

A telephone bell gave its warning below.

"Telephone for Mr. Philip Caster," called Sadie up the stairs.

Phil jumped up with a start. Could it be possible? No, he could never entertain such hopes again; he had been disappointed too many times. It was probably Mr. Sloan telling him to report promptly in the morning. But as he took up the receiver, he had hoped in his heart that it would be some one from home, for, to tell the truth, Phil had a bad case of homesickness.

Over the wire came a voice, and, sure enough, it was a familiar one, that of Ted Buttrick, more formally called Theodore Jr., on whom Phil now looked as his rival.

"Well, well, how's the boy?" he said.

Phil, in his pleasure at hearing a familiar voice, over-looked that patronizing "boy."

"Just got in," the voice continued. "My wife and I have just arrived on our honeymoon. P'raps we'll run up to see you tomorrow."

Phil dropped the receiver in his agony of thought. Was it—could it possibly be that Ted was married to Jean, his Jean, the main reason for his coming to the city? He managed to answer,

"Oh, do, I'll be delighted to see you and (with a gulp) —your wife."

It is needless to say that Philip spent an almost sleepless night.

Perhaps it would only be fair to explain something of Philip Caster's former life. He was the only child of wealthy parents in the small town of Grantdale. In his youth he had been much petted and pampered by a fond mother. After graduating from high school, he had entered college, and it was there that he had learned to care for Jean Marshall, a girl he had known all his life. But Jean, while she cared for him, resented his being supported by his father. She had a different ideal of a husband. He must be able to work for himself and for her. This was the cause of Phil's departure from college and from Grantdale. He now gave promise of fair success in newspaper work, but in his loneliness the petting that had been bestowed on him showed its effect in his jealousy. And Phil surely was jealous, although he would not for a moment have admitted it.

* * * * *

"Parties to see Mr. Caster."

Sadie's voice roused Phil who was in a reverie of dreams in which Jean was the principal character. Jumping into his clothes, he dashed down the stairs to find awaiting him Ted Buttrick and a strange young man.

"Wh—where's your wife?" stammered Phil.

"Just a little joke on you," returned Ted. "I'm in town to get married. Thought you'd like to stand up with me at the ceremony this afternoon. Jean Marshall's going to be bridesmaid."

Phil grabbed a hat from the rack. "Come on," he said, "Show me to that wedding, and be quick about it!"

—Dorothy Stowe, '20.

Left

The sky is blue, the river bright,
The waves are dancing with delight,
The earth is glad, my heart is gay,
Sweet Kitty Somers comes this way.

The sky is dark, the river grey,
It is a gloomy, doleful day,
The earth is sad, and sad am I,
Miss Katharine Somers passed me by.
—Borrowed.

A POSSIBILITY

I only kissed her hand;
Is **that** why Bernice dislikes me?
I cannot understand—
I only kissed her **hand**
I deserved a reprimand; —
But another notion strikes me,
I **only** kissed her hand;
Is **that** why Bernice dislikes me?

—Adapted.

THE HAIRPIN

By Ruth Baxter

Having made a more or less exhaustive study of that often illusive but always necessary article of female habili-ment, that instrument of no little agony and perturbation of mind (and head), the hairpin, I find that in a less highly developed state of usefulness it has been used ever since the creation of the world.

Eve, as in everything else, started the fashion in hair-dressing. I imagine she became tired of letting her abundant locks hang loosely about her shoulders, and, in trying to alter the arrangements thereof, stumbled upon one of the greatest discoveries of the age. No doubt Adam procured curved bones or bent twigs to be used in satisfying this whim of his exacting spouse. Right then another detail to make the life of woman complex was introduced by Adam. Of course it was his fault, for Eve never would have cared about her appearance if Adam hadn't been there to look at her.

I have been unable to follow the evolution of the hair-pin through the ages in a minute way, but old manuscripts tell us of the elaborate hair ornaments used by the Persians and Egyptians. These, of course, were hairpins in a glorified state. The Greek and Roman women were more in

favor of ribbons and golden fillets, but at times resorted to the use of less poetic articles. Take a good look at the statues of Psyche and Niobe and even the Venus de Milo. Do you think such exquisitely simple coiffeurs could have been effected without the aid of the lowly hairpin?

It is comforting to think that Minerva, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Joan of Arc, and the immortal Mary Pickford have sat before dressing tables and stuck in hairpins just as I have been doing the greater part of my life. Somehow I feel that these great women are slightly akin to my own humble self through their similar efforts at capital adornment. No one, I say to myself, is sufficiently great to be able to overlook the insignificant hairpin.

But is it insignificant? In size and appearance,—yes; but in utility,—no, a thousand times, no. I take an instantaneous dislike to anyone whose hair is untidy; in fact, that is the first detail I consider on meeting a person. Possibly just one more hairpin would improve her personal appearance and win my approval and everlasting esteem. Just imagine what would happen if the hairpin manufacturers should go on strike!

Of course the article under discussion has more than one function. It occurs to me that I have read more than one book in which the noble hero or the crafty villain unlocks

something or other containing the heroine's most cherished treasure with the aid of that ingenious little tool. And there is the automobile, coughing with asthma or limping with rheumatism, that is cured by using a hairpin. I never could exactly figure how these colossal feats were accomplished, but they must have been, for I have read about it. If you are an amateur biologist, a splendid magnifying glass can be made from a bent hairpin and a drop of water. And, shall

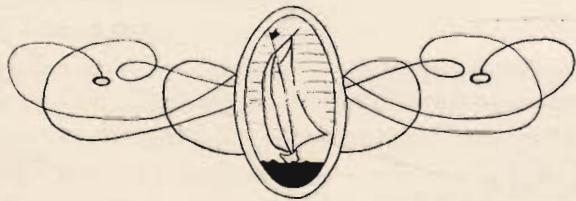
I mention it?—I have seen, yes, actually seen, a hairpin used as a substitute for that instrument outlawed by society, the toothpick! There are countless other offices which may be performed with that object, remarkable for its versatility, the hairpin, but I will not enumerate them.

Now, I like to have just so many hairpins. Each one has its accustomed place, and, once it is in, it is never changed. Nor can I use any one that comes first to hand, but must have a certain one for a certain place. This, of course, is unduly particular, but I do not like to see pins carelessly placed anywhere, or listlessly dropping out. If a girl puts a bone pin in one side of her pug, for goodness sake, let her put another one just like it in the opposite side.

And what is worse than this, is to see at least seventeen steel pins sticking in all directions all over the head, giving the impression that the poor girl has more hairpins than hair.

However, like all necessary articles, a hairpin has its drawbacks. Have you sat through a funeral service with your hat pressing firmly against a pin which seems to be implanted in your cranium? It is a thrilling sensation, to say the least, and would test the stoicism of a wooden image. I have had my recitations for a whole day ruined because I couldn't extract a pin which was tickling the top of my ear. Perhaps a similar incident so irritated Queen Elizabeth that she could not refrain from having Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded because, being a man, he never was annoyed by the bothersome things.

Thus it may be seen that the humble hairpin has possibly played a greater part in the destiny of the world than has been accredited to it by the historians. It is an accepted fact that small, seemingly insignificant things have always played a large part in the lives of great men and the fate of nations. Franklin's horse-shoe nail is a notable example of this; and does the horse-shoe nail occupy a more elevated position on the social register than the hairpin?



OF CONSCIENCES

By Julia Dupont

Of all nuisances, bugbears, or plagues, a conscience, my conscience in particular, is the worst. It is constantly annoying me; it is so tender. Why a conscience is called "tender" is a mystery to me. I think it is the most hard-hearted, uncompromising, dictatorial thing imaginable. Its only connection with "tender" is its touchiness and aptitude for getting its feelings worked up. My conscience never leaves me a moment's peace when it has once started nagging. It is full of foolish, old-fashioned ideas of behavior. I can't do this, or I can't do that simply because my conscience does not approve.

It makes such a fuss over trivial little matters such as my going out in the rain without an umbrella when my mother is not home to make me take it. I love to go out in the rain without an umbrella, but I cannot because an argument like this invariably ensues:

Meekly, from my conscience, "You ought to take your umbrella."

Coaxingly from me, "It is not raining very hard."

More insistently from Conscience, "That does not matter. Your mother would want you to take it."

Doggedly from me, "She is not here, and, besides, she would not care."

Conscience, with finality, "You know she would want you to. You should not try to get around it like that."

In despair and anger, I am forced to give in and take it. What I want has absolutely nothing to do with the case.

If I do get up backbone enough to do what I please against my conscience's wishes, it proceeds to treat me as a criminal and harp continually on my sins morning, noon, and night.

I know a happy young person who claims to have no conscience. Oh what inexpressible bliss! To be able to shop-lift, or cheat, or rob banks if you wanted to (my young friend, however, does not indulge in such sports) without your conscience's pointing an accusing finger at you!

Still, I suppose I should be thankful for the scrapes out of which fear of my tormenter has kept me. The "still small voice" within me has perhaps saved me from the cells of San Quentin. For its warnings and advice, I am duly grateful. Many times it has answered questions, not of "right" or "wrong," but of the kindest or best thing to do, which my prejudiced mind has been unable to decide. I suppose consciences like the other parts of us were really put in for some use, and are not, as we sometimes feel, just aggravating dampeners of our spirits.