

LITERARY



A Red Cross "Croix de Guerre"

First Prize Story

"Julius Caesar, I done specklate dat we'se gon'ter get licked fo' absentin' ourselves yestiddy," muttered a smiling little colored boy to a scrawny yellow dog at his heels, as they approached the Willows' schoolhouse. Julius Caesar gave an understanding wag of his tail and crawled under the schoolhouse to wait until his master should come out.

As this smiling piece of ebony entered the single room of the schoolhouse, the pupils smiled a welcome. Miss Post, the young school-teacher who was undergoing her first term at the Willows' school did not smile.

"Sherman, where were you yesterday?" she asked.

"Fishin'," was the laconic reply.

"Please remain after school."

"Yess'um."

At four o'clock all the pupils except Sherman filed out of the room. Then Miss Post came down and stood over him.

"Sherman," she began, "didn't your big brother, by his pluck and perseverance, receive the Croix de Guerre in France?"

The boy nodded.

"Isn't the whole town of Willows proud of him? And wouldn't you like to grow up respectable and prominent like him? I'm sure you would. To do this, you must have schooling. Won't you try to complete your schooling?"

Slowly the colored boy raised his head. "I'se would like it awfully. But I don' know. Dese mawnin's when I gets up and sees de sun a pokin' over de trees, and sees ma fishin' pole a leanin' agin de house, de fishin' itch gits me, an' I jes' cain't resis'."

"I understand, Sherman. I sometimes have that feeling myself. But we must try to overcome it."

Miss Post watched the little fellow with thoughtful eyes as he made his way down the hill accompanied by the yellow dog. Then she hurried home, for her sister was coming with her little girl for a visit the next day.

The next day dawned clear and bright, and all nature burst forth in full bloom. The whole wood seemed attired for a glorious holiday. Sherman left his home with his school books under his arm and started down the dusty lane toward the school. At the gate he glanced back at his home. Leaning against the side was his fish pole. He hesitated and glanced again down the dusty road and then up the cool creek banks.

"I hates ter absent myself frum school jes' after Miss Pos' done gib

me a talkin', but I'se got dat fishin' itch agin.'" He returned for his pole and leaving his books, started up the creek.

Miss Post sighed when she saw Sherman's empty seat at school that morning. But she soon brightened as she thought fondly of her sister and little daughter who were now resting in Miss Post's home up the creek, awaiting the close of school for another visit.

All morning Sherman fished, and in the afternoon he went swimming. He had now worked his way up the creek until he could see the line of smoke ascending from Miss Post's house on the other side of the creek beyond a small hill.

"I suttently hab enjoyed dis day, Jul'us, but I shore hate ter trubble Miss Pos'. I done guess dat I'se nebber goin' ter be 'spectable like my brudder. I nebber will get a Croy de Gerre. And you'se is as bad, Jul'us, you'se is only a lazy shifless houn'." Far off he heard the school bell ring. "Miss Pos' will be comin' long perty soon, Jul'us; so we hab betta move on home."

As Sherman rose and pulled in his line, he glanced toward the opposite side of the creek. He saw a little girl running about the willows on the bank, chasing a little white dog. As he stooped to raise up his string of fish, he gave a start, as he saw the little girl trip and heard a splash.

Miss Post, hurrying along the creek's bank toward her home also saw the splash. Then she saw a dark object hit the water, immediately followed by a flash of yellow. When she arrived, breathless and pale, at the pool, she saw Sherman with one arm around the little girl and the other clinging to the tail of Julius Caesar, who was pawing his way through the water to the shore.

Miss Post hurried Sherman to her home across the hill, Julius Caesar following close by. Here the little girl was restored to her mother, wet and frightened, but unharmed. When Sherman's clothes had dried by the heat of the fireplace, Miss Post came into the room.

Sherman hung his head. "I'se mighty sorry, Miss Pos', but I guess I won't eber be no 'spectable man," he said. "I jes' cain't stay in de school when de spring breeze calls me afishin'."

"But you **are** a man, Sherman," she cried. "Only a real man could have done what you did today. You are a brave, keen-minded young man, and I'm sure Willows will be as proud of you as it has been of your brother. What can I give you to make you realize that I really mean this?"

Praise was a new thing to Sherman. He first stood on one foot and then on the other as if the floor were hot and showed all the symptoms of keen embarrassment. He soon recovered, however, and when it

dawned upon him that his teacher would give him anything in her power, his eyes gleamed, as his eyes lighted upon a coveted object.

"Miss Pos', I don't know nuffin about dat bravry an' keen-min', but I shure would like ter be 'Croy de Guerred' like my brudder wuz. So if yo' don' min', Jul'us an' I like to hab dat ar Red Cross pin." He pointed to a Red Cross button on a shelf. Miss Post had discarded it at the end of her Red Cross work.

The teacher smiled as she got the pin and found another one for the dog. Sherman and Julius Caesar stood side by side while she pinned the trophy first on Sherman's jumper, and the other on Julius's collar. Never before had Sherman's grin been so pronounced, never before had Julius wagged his tail so contentedly, and never before had Miss Post been so happy.

Then as Sherman and Julius Caesar slowly made their way to the top of the hill, they paused, and Sherman reaching down drew the dog very close to him.

"Jul'us Caesar, I reckon us'll try ter be sumfin' mo' den jes' a li'l nigger an' a nigger's dawg," he whispered. And Julius wagged his tail understandingly.

—William Gallagher.

TO THE BOYS OF '61

G. A. R. Prize Poem

Flags are flying everywhere;
Grand old music fills the air;
From far and near, the people come
To cheer the boys of '61.

Down the crowd-lined, bannered street,
Not with shuffling, lagging feet,
But proud of deeds that they have done,
Come the boys of '61.

Ah! what a grand and glorious fate
To march amidst this band so great;
To have one's name in time to come
Linked with the boys of '61.

So off with hats and cheer, boys, cheer!
The G. A. R. we love so dear,
And let us pray when day is done:
God keep the boys of '61.

—Adella Grissel.

SUPERNATURAL

Second Prize Story

I was police inspector for the fourth police district in Oakland. Of all the queer things that ever happened and remained unsolved the case of Vincent DeRoco was the queerest. I don't believe in spirits, but this case was certainly a mystery to me.

On April 1, 1913, as I was working in my office at three in the afternoon, the phone rang violently. When I took up the receiver, a great crackling and snapping almost split my ear. Then a most inhuman, ghostly voice shrilled at me over the phone.

"A man, DeRoco, at 3210 B Street, will be dead in two or three minutes."

With a clatter and crash, the message ended. As the voice uttered the last word, it sank away into a blood-curdling moan.

With two detectives I rushed into the patrol and went clanging, roaring down the street to the house. Everything was quiet when we arrived, and when I rang the doorbell impatiently, I heard a lady somewhere in the house humming an old tune. As she slowly came to the door, I almost burst with wrath, for I thought that I had been tricked.

"Does Mr. DeRoco live here?" I demanded, excitedly.

"Why, yes, sir. Has he gotten into any trouble?" the lady very politely replied.

"He was just reported dead in his room. Didn't you phone?" I returned sharply, wondering who had played a joke on me.

"Why, sir, he came home about half an hour ago. He was all right then. He is in his room now. I will call him. Mr. DeRoco!"

She received no reply and called again. She now looked much startled.

"I'll show you up to his room."

We stopped in front of the door, and I drew my revolver as I opened it.

There, seated at a table facing us, was a man with head slightly drooped and eyes closed. On the table were papers, writing materials, and a watch which said 3:03. He had evidently just been writing.

As we stepped into the room, he fell forward onto the table. I rushed to his side and felt his pulse. He was dead!

I glanced at the paper on which the ink was still wet. I picked it up after dismissing one of the officers to get the coroner and read what he had been writing.

"I fear that today is my last, and that my end will come in a few minutes. A very queer, unnatural sense of dread has control of me.

Several times during my life while under this feeling I have been able to read the future.

"When I was a boy, I had gone to school one afternoon as usual. Suddenly it seemed that the room was filled with a mist. I felt oppressed. I saw in a vision my aunt lying dead and my uncle drunk. I felt that he would nearly kill me when I got home. Suddenly the mist dissolved, and I saw clearly again. The teacher saw me trembling violently and so sent me home thinking I was sick.

"When I got home, I ran into the house. There in the front hall lay my aunt's body, terribly mutilated. My uncle came down the stairs, grabbed me, and beat me till I was insensible. When I came to, I was in the hospital. I began to cry, but the nurse quieted me and told me that I would not be hurt any more as my uncle was dead.

"Several years later while I was working one afternoon, another mist seemed to fill the room. In it I saw my wife and baby lying dead. When the mist dissolved, I looked about me. The boss, who was looking at me, told me that I was sick and sent me home. When I arrived home, I rushed into the house. There on the bed were my wife and baby, dead. The gas jet was leaking.

"Again this afternoon while I was working a mist came over me. In it I saw a great white hand pointing at me. My time had come. I hastened home. I felt that something invisible was near me all the time. I came here to my room and now am writing this. As it comes closer to 3 o'clock, I feel possessed with a most haunted feeling. Now a mist slowly comes over me. It is coming! What is it! Oh! cannot I escape? The room is getting darker. It is 3:02 o'clock. Oh God! Save me! Ahhhhh! It is here! I feel my throat tightening. It has com— — —."

With an illegible scrawl the paper's message ended. Here was a man who was gifted by some supernatural power. The coroner came and took the body away. He had died of heart failure, was the verdict.

The memory of those fascinatingly horrible moments has never faded. Who telephoned? Was it the dead man, before he died, or was it some supernatural power? To this day I have failed to solve the mystery.

—Charles Gill.

REMEMBERED

In the dear old high school building,
Where my old desk used to be,
There are other pupils sitting,
And I know they think of me;
For the desk is marred with ink spots,
There are scratches on the glaze,
And my gum is where I left it,
In those dear old high school days.

—Genevieve Ryant.

THE CLASS PLATES

First Prize Senior Poem

I

A row of bronze plates, out there on the walk,
What a tale they would tell, if they only could talk.
Each plate represents a class gone from our High,
And each class, as it left, looked back with a sigh.

II

A few have ascended the ladder of fame,
A few may be bowed by the wayside in shame;
A few have passed on to the dwelling above,
But most of them live, full of hope and of love.

III

And, little class plates, I am sure you could tell
Of boys and of girls who have learned to live well,
With ideals and principles firm through all fates,
As you are in the pavement, oh, little bronze plates.

—Gertrude Sellars.

THE CLASS COLORS

Second Prize Senior Poem

Long did we seek for colors fraught with truth;
And so we chose the purple and the gold,—
The gold to be like blazing stars that e'er
Illume our pathway in life's mystic maze;
And like the stars send forth a light of hope
To lure mankind to better ways of life.
And purple, too, reflects the might of kings
With noble thoughts—the test of royalty.
So when our life at school is o'er, may we
Be mighty kings among our fellow men—
Do strong and noble deeds for all the world,
And be America's true royalty.

—Monroe Coblentz.

JIMMY NOBODY

Honorable Mention

Well, there were Johnnie, Tom Black, Jimmy Nobody, and I. Naturally, the first thing a person would ask would be about the queer name, "Nobody." Of course that isn't his real name; you see there was nothing else to call him. He never did anything out of the ordinary, he had no favorite saying or hobby, he rarely spoke, and he wasn't even blessed with red hair or freckles; therefore another nickname was impossible.

The four of us had been climbing among the rocks on the ocean beach all morning, and by noon we were looking around for some place to eat our lunch. Quite a distance out, we saw a tall rock that seemed to be hollowed out on the top. After no little work we were on top and seated along the rim of this rock. We all agreed that a better place could not be found.

We were pretty tired; so none of us had so much as moved for an hour or more. In fact, I believe we were all half asleep, when, in a dim sort of way, it dawned upon me that the sea was making a lot more noise than it had done an hour before. The rim of rock behind which we were sitting cut off the sands and the shore. All we could see was half way up the shore cliff and a narrow strip of water on the sky line. It was more curiosity than anything else that made me peer over the ledge towards the spot from where we had come. But the next moment I was very much awake and a bit scared, too. Where the stretch of sand had been was now a tumbling, hissing mass of water that swept all round our perch and foamed away for fifty yards to the cliffs.

"Hello! you fellows," I shouted. "The tide has come in. We're cut off."

No sooner had I fired off this information, than the whole four of us were staring over the ledge as solemn as owls.

"What's to be done?" I asked Tom, who was by far the eldest.

"We shall have to swim for it," broke in Johnnie Graves, "and the sooner the better."

Tom, looking very glum, shook his head, and pointed to a long line of stumpy rocks, ugly, sharp ones, that poked their noses above the breakers about thirty yards from the cliffs.

"We couldn't do it," he said. "The water is too broken, and we should be bound to come to grief on those rocks."

We looked at each other in a doleful, helpless sort of way, and then once more viewed our surroundings, getting but little comfort in the process.

"Then what are we to do?" I questioned.

"I guess stop here until the tide goes out," was the answer.

"But," I argued, "don't you remember the old lady at the tavern told us to look out for the spring tide? That would mean that this rock would be covered."

After this encouraging bit of information, we all racked our brains with no success. The only way was through those wicked looking breakers, a journey that turned me cold to think of.

"Say, where is Jimmy?" one of us asked.

Sure enough he was missing. We had been too busy thinking to keep an eye on "James the Silent," as we sometimes called him. Then, peering over the edge, we were just in time to see Jimmy slip off his shoes. We shouted, threatened, and begged him to come back, but he gave us one of his expansive smiles and shouted above the roar of the wave,

"I mean to make the shore, and then I'll send you help."

He poised for a moment on the edge; then shooting out his hands, he dived into the tumbling mass of foam. We soon saw his head, a black speck in all that white lather; and shaking it, he began to plough along with a real sea stroke that brought both head and shoulders well in sight.

"He's a wonderful little swimmer, but he'll never do it. He can't do it. He'll be smashed to bits," came from Black.

Every now and then a regular wall of water would rear up and come tearing along with its back curved, for all the world like some great live brute ready to pounce on poor little Jimmy, who looked so small and helpless in all that smother.

He had now reached the edge of the cliff. Three times he tried to catch hold of a ledge of granite, but each time was battered away by the breakers that were rolling in bigger and bigger. Then at last a monster breaker hauled him against the ledge. We thought it was his end, but he grabbed a point of rock and drew himself up before the returning wave could pull him back. Then, much to our relief, we saw him vanish over the ridge.

A half hour later, some one called through the fast gathering fog,—
"Look out for a rope!"

A dark coil came sailing through the air falling squarely on our perch. One end was made fast to the shore, and the other end, with trembling

fingers, we tied to a point of our rock. Then, one by one, we pulled ourselves through the water to the farther shore. The first thing we all asked, in very scared voices, was:

"How is Jimmy?"

"He's all right," answered the man from the tavern, who had helped us off. "He's up at the tavern now. You had all better go up and dry your clothes."

"How's Jimmy Nobody?" asked Tom Black, at once, of the motherly old woman at the tavern.

"Jimmy Nobody!" she said with disgust. "Well, you have 'nobody' to thank for your skins. He has a bad cut on his face, three broken ribs, and those terrible rocks nearly cut his hands to pieces. But the doctor says he'll be all right in a few weeks. Here he is, what's left of him," she said, throwing open a door.

There lay Jimmy, pretty well bandaged up, but with a broad grin across his face. His only remark was, "You see, we had to get help quick."

Up at school we don't call him "Nobody" any more. The name somehow doesn't seem to fit now.

—Ed Harvey.

THE MEN OF SIXTY-ONE

Honorable Mention by G. A. R.

O, see the men with flags of sixty-one,
Scarred banners flying, red, and white, and blue!
Nobly they bear them on with hearts as true
As when they fought until the war was won.
Although these flags are reddened with the fight
And blood of war that fancy ne'er can tell,
They make the breast of every patriot swell
With rapture that these men have fought for right.
O, men, who helped to keep our land the free,
Who gladly served your country years ago,
Who fought to save the union from the state,
And make our land resound with liberty,
This day we're glad to honor you:—we know
Your name in ages hence will still be great.

—Monroe Coblentz.

A COMMENCEMENT DARE

"All that you girls talk about is clothes, clothes, clothes! Any one would think the only reason you wanted to graduate was just to get a new dress."

This remark was made by Frances Wright, better known to her friends as "Frank," on account of her boyish manner. Seven girls of Miss Perkin's "Young Ladies' Seminary" were gathered in the lecture room to discuss the program for the coming graduation exercises, when Frank made this declaration. They paid little attention to her, however, but kept on with their all engrossing topic. This did not daunt Frank, who raised her voice above the chatter, and declared disgustedly, "Every time we have a committee meeting, you girls talk about how you are going to have your sleeves made, or how much ribbon you are going to buy, or whether it shall be organdy or silk. When I want to discuss the football game or a tennis tournament, all the satisfaction I get is that you have decided to use another pattern for your dress. As for me, I don't care what kind of a dress I wear. I wouldn't mind wearing a navy blue calico or a brown gingham."

"You know you wouldn't do anything of the kind, Frances Wright," interrupted Marian Gates.

"How do you know? I would, too!"

"I dare you to! It's a dare! Go on and do it, then!" shouted all the girls at once.

"All right; you'll see," answered Frank, as she stalked out of the room.

The very next day she went up town and bought a dark blue gingham house-dress, which she brought up to display to her friends.

"Honestly, Frank, you really don't intend to wear that thing; do you?" dubiously inquired her roommate.

"Of course, I do. Why not?", answered Frank, carelessly.

For a week she enjoyed her joke immensely, never stopping to think how she would really look. The other girls were terribly shocked, but they consoled each other with the fact that as soon as their rash friend thought it over seriously, she would change her mind and wear something different.

"I think she is just trying to tease us and really has no idea of wearing that old rag."

"Yes, I think so, too. But just suppose she should—"

"Oh, she just couldn't! It would spoil the whole thing. It would be almost like her, though. She never will give up. I know Frank Wright," wailed Marian.

"Well, Marian, you have yourself to thank for it, anyway," retorted one of the other girls.

Finally, school-days drew to an end, and the long anticipated night of graduation was at hand.

All of the girls felt very doubtful as to how things would turn out. Frank had not said a word more about her dress, and the girls thought the least said about it, the better, because if she knew it was worrying them so, she would be just so much more anxious to carry out her threat.

Meantime Frank was going through real mental agony. After all, she was just a typical girl, and, although she did care more for sports than for clothes, she was always very particular about her appearance.

"I just have to do it because I said I would, and if I back down they will all say, 'I told you so.' No, sir, Frank Wright, you just have to stick it out," she whispered to her weakening self.

The great night arrived, and with a faint heart, Frank put on her gingham dress and went down to the assembly hall. People were pouring in, and, from all appearances, the commencement was going to be a brilliant one. Frank thought weakly, "I wonder if I can pretend I am ill and go home? Oh, if I only had another dress I could put on, I would ten times rather have the girls say, 'I told you so,' than to face that audience like this. There goes the bell! I must hurry!"

The long file of girls marched up on the platform amidst much applause, for they certainly did look beautiful. Then came our heroine. The audience gasped. Poor Frank! She was so embarrassed and humiliated that she did not lift her eyes from the floor until the program was almost over—and when she did, she was horror-stricken to see Great-aunt Frances, her aristocratic and wealthy aunt from Boston, in one of the front seats.

Great-aunt Frances never would spend one cent more than she absolutely had to, and several years ago Frank's father had had a quarrel with her over paving a sidewalk, which, in spite of the city ordinance, she had refused to have done. "That walk was good enough for me to walk on forty years ago," she had declared, "and I guess I am not going to pay to have it paved for some one else's convenience. People have such silly fads nowadays, anyway. The idea is absurd."

When Frank saw her great-aunt, she said to her miserable self, "I wonder what she is doing here. She hasn't come to see Dad for ten years, and, when she sees me, I suppose she won't speak for another ten years. I think she must have come to make up; but now I've done it, all right. I surely have made a mess of things."

To avoid Aunt Frances and every one else, Frank slipped away to her own room as soon as the exercises were over, threw herself upon the bed, and cried herself to sleep.

For about a week, the humiliated graduate kept away from every one she knew as much as she could. Then one day a letter came, post-marked from Boston. She carefully picked it up and examined it from all angles before she dared to open it. Then she thought,

"Oh, well, the sooner the better, though there really is no need to

read it, because I know just what a wonderful lecture it contains."

She tore open the envelope and read aloud the following:

My Dear Niece Frances,

I am writing this letter to tell you how glad I am that one of the Wright family is blessed with a little common sense. When I saw those girls on the platform last Friday night dressed in so ridiculous a manner and you in such a sensible gown, I decided that you must surely take after me. I was greatly pleased with you. As I have no other relative who so much resembles me, I made out my will yesterday and left all of my fortune to you.

In conclusion, I congratulate you upon your graduation.

Your affectionate aunt,

FRANCES WRIGHT.

—Katherine Alvas.

A FLOWER'S MESSAGE

What is that thing so fair
That perfumes all the air?
It is a swaying flower
Moved by the wind each hour.

Frail flower, you are king
Of joy; you often bring
Fond thoughts of long ago,—
Calm spring and summer's glow;

Of best in life of man;
Of mighty faith that can
Make man's ambition seek
To help the small and weak.

To lovers that cull you,
You are of holy hue;
To weary, worn, and sad,
You bring a message glad;

To little ones, you are
More great than earth or star;
They pluck you, dance, and smile
To hold you for a while.

Untouched by worldly strife,
You mirror dreams of life.
You show to each his best.
By you the world is blest.

—Monroe Coblenz.

"A GIRL'S RIGHT"

Ruth was only a casual acquaintance when I first knew her. We were classmates in high school. But one June day, as I sat in the study hall trying to digest two chapters of Caesar's Gallic War and finding them decidedly indigestible, I let my wandering gaze travel across the room to her seat. She was having trouble, too, it seemed, in holding her attention to her books; and, just as my glance fell on her, hers fell on me. We smiled across the room at each other, and our casual acquaintanceship ceased.

In our school the senior play was one of the big events of the year, and whom to take was a vital question for all the boys. I thought that I had my question now answered.

The next morning I met Ed Harris on the way to school.

"Say, Ed, do you know where Ruth Davis lives?" I asked as an opener.

"Yes, in the little brown house around the corner from my place, but you can't get well enough acquainted with her to take her to the play, now. There are four other fellows on her trail. I see one or another of them calling at her house every evening. No chance for you, Dick."

That was discouraging, but I wasn't ready to quit. The date of the play was still three weeks hence.

So I waited until one morning a week before the play, when I met Ed again on the way to school.

"Got your girl for the play yet?" I inquired.

"Yes. Have you?"

"No. Say, Ed, are all those fellows still hanging around Ruth?"

"No. They've mostly given up, I guess. Art Adams is still in the running, though. I think he has a pretty good chance, too. I was coming by her place last evening, and Art was leaning over the gate talking to her. They didn't notice me, and as I passed I heard her say, 'I'd like to go with you, Art, but I don't know right now if I can. I'll tell you Monday'."

Monday! It was then Thursday! I would have to work fast. Friday afternoon I met her as we were leaving school. Our ways home were the same for a few blocks; so we walked together. Somehow our talk got around to moving pictures.

"Oh! do you know there's a wonderful picture at the Iris tonight? I saw it last evening with Art Adams, but I'd just love to see it again."

"Is that a hint?" I inquired, and immediately I saw that I had made a bad mistake.

"No! of course not!" she flashed. "Do you think a respectable girl will go around hinting for favors?"

"I beg your pardon, Ruth. I didn't mean any offense," I answered,

contritely, "but, Ruth, I'd have liked to take that hint if it had been one. Let me take you to the Iris tonight; won't you?"

She softened at once.

"Oh, Dick! I'd love to, really; but I don't know if mamma would like me to go out two evenings in succession. I'll ask her, though. Come over about half-past seven, and I'll know then."

At half-past seven, she met me at her gate.

"Let's hurry. I don't like to go in in the middle of a picture," she said.

The evening passed pleasantly for me. I don't know what the picture was about, but I do know that Ruth was a very sociable little person, and that she seemed to be enjoying herself as much as I was. By the time we were ready to go home, I did not greatly care if Art did take Ruth to the senior play. I was sure that he wouldn't get as much pleasure from her company there as I had had that evening.

On the way home the play came into our conversation. I had intended that it should, but it was she who first mentioned it.

"I suppose you're going?" she said. "I don't know whether I will or not. I've been to so many shows in the last few weeks that I'm getting tired of going out with boys,—Oh, no offense meant, Dick,—but really I am. They've been so silly. They have acted almost as if they were really trying to make love, instead of just getting me to go to the play with them. And it's not only about going to shows that they are silly. They come to the house in the evenings and just camp there. They don't have anything sensible to talk about, either. I've had to use all my tact and ingenuity to get rid of them sometimes."

I groaned, mentally, thinking of several meaningless remarks I had made at the theater, but she continued:

"I'll go though, I suppose. I told one of the boys I'd give him an answer Monday."

We had stopped at her gate. She opened it and stepped inside. The dim light from the arc lamp at the corner falling on her there under the arch of old ivy touched her face and hair with a soft glow that fascinated me. I was so entranced by her beauty that I didn't notice she was waiting for me to say something. Finally she spoke herself.

"Thank you for taking me to the show, Dick. I've had a very nice time."

I made some remark about the pleasure being all mine. She held out her hand, and I took it.

"Good night, Dick."

Suddenly I awoke to the fact that my only opportunity to invite her to the play was slipping from me.

"Ruth," I said, almost abruptly, "I don't suppose you'd go to the play with me, but would you—could you—let me take you? I—I—?"

"Why yes, Dick. Then I won't have to decide any more."

Well—we said, "Good night," after awhile, and I started to leave.

"Oh! Dick," she called, and I turned back again.

"You remember I said a respectable girl wouldn't throw hints for a boy to do things for her. Well, I didn't exactly mean that. Back there, when I was saying so much about the other boys, I sort of hoped you'd take the hint. A girl has a right to hint, Dick. It's the only way we have, sometimes, to get the thing we want. It's a girl's right. Bye, bye!"

—Albert Campbell.

THE CLASS OF TWENTY-ONE

Four years ago, there entered here,
With course in life to make,
A sturdy class of freshmen,
Great fruits with them to take.
The years seemed long and full of work,
To those who'd just begun,
And far away there loomed that year—
The year of Twenty-one.

Before we'd been here very long,
A record we began,
Both in our school and on the field,
And toward the top we ran.
We strove for bigger things in life,
And also had our fun;
We've held the lead in many things—
This class of Twenty-one.

The last two years have gone by fast;
Our day to part draws near;
We'll take up life's big problems now
With ne'er a thought of fear.
Our aim is high, our mark is wide,
And, when our goal is won,
There's none of us will e'er forget
The class of Twenty-one.

So now we bid you this farewell;
You've always done your part.
We hope that we'll live up to you
And well complete this start.
We leave you now for larger fields,
And, when our task is done,
We hope that you will take due pride
In the class of Twenty-one.

—William F. Gallagher.