

LITERARY

Seven or Eleven

(First Prize Story)

It was a bright September morning when I arose at the unaccustomed hour of 7:30, shook off longing for the joys of the swiftly-flown vacation, and joined the throng of students wending their way to Ranston High School, which stood with doors wide open to receive them. What a babble of voices resounded from end to end of the long halls! The first day of the new term—friends meeting after almost three months of vacation—questions to ask and answer—it was, indeed, an unholy racket.

"Vacations are great," I thought to myself, "but getting back to school seems pretty good."

Drifting aimlessly down the hall, I presently came upon my own particular friends among the group of students that crowded the hall in little cliques. Shouts of "Joe, old man!" and "Greetings, old fellow!" met me as they fell upon me and shook me around with a good will. After the usual questions and answers, wherein I discovered how they had fared in their vacations, and they learned how I spent mine, we pressed ourselves against the wall and watched the students go by, constantly greeting old acquaintances, often noting new faces. There were seniors, serene in the consciousness of their superiority; there were juniors, a step down, but proudly conscious of the fact that they were "upper-classmen;" sophomores there were who giggled and who plainly showed their full enjoyment of life. Most conspicuous of all, however, were the "frosh," awed, self-conscious, and the objects of many jokes. They stood in corners and watched the scene with intense interest, or they ventured hesitantly down the hall, clinging closely together and watching the older students with a mixture of suspicion, admiration, and envy. I remarked that one could always tell a "frosh"—they were as green as

grass in the springtime—and sweeping over the chattering crowd, my glance fell upon one who was by far the freshest looking freshman I had yet seen. He was standing in a corner absolutely alone, not even mingling with his unsophisticated brethren. A tall, heavy, broad-shouldered fellow, he stooped slightly as though to disguise his height. Something wistful and rather pitiful in the lonely figure caught my attention, and with a word to my companions I left and threaded my way to him.

"Looking for something?" I asked in what I hoped was a friendly tone.

"No."

It was short, decisive, but I tried again.

"Got your program straightened out?"

This time I seemed to have hit the trouble squarely. His fair, round face reddened uncomfortably, and he shot a suspicious glance at me as he began hesitantly, "Well, you see—well, I—I—Oh, heck, I can't understand the darned thing!"

He extended to me a crumpled white program which I took, smoothed out, and read.

"It's perfectly simple," I said "Here are your subjects, your periods, and your rooms. What's the matter with it?"

"I don't know—that is, I guess it's all right, but why has it got all those things on it? What am I supposed to do with it?"

"Didn't your adviser tell you?" I asked.

"My adviser—" he hesitated, troubled, and then added with much reserve, as if afraid of ridicule, "I'm afraid I don't know what you mean by that."

Whereupon, I took my task in hand and in the course of the next twenty minutes sought to untangle the mysteries of the school system for him. Finally, I took him to all of

his rooms and even drew a chart to guide him. In the course of our conversation I learned that he was Hector Ellington from Big Bear Valley, and that he had never been inside a city school in his life. When the first period bell rang, I restrained him from rushing forth in the supposition that it was the fire bell, and then I had to leave him to the tender mercies of the juniors and seniors.

During the first week, the thing that I feared would happen did happen. Hector Ellington of Big Bear Valley was discovered. Not, indeed, that it was anything to wonder at; it would have been odd if he had not been found out. Hector it was who presented a bouquet to a lady teacher and was stiffly reprimanded for picking flowers on the school grounds; Hector it was who was forever losing himself in the school building, and who had not been on time in a single class since school began. No wonder the boys shortly changed the "Hector" to "Hick," and that by this appellation he became known to all the students of Ranston High School. At first he seemed rather resentful and hurt, but as he became more accustomed to the school life, he took the joking in good part and even laughed at his own mistakes. With unbounded enthusiasm he tried out for everything the school sponsored. Debating found him upon the platform, somewhat tongue-tied, it is true, but wading valiantly through columns of dry statistics. He tried out for plays—he tried for everything, nor was he dismayed when success did not crown his efforts. He was tremendously in earnest, and we were not surprised when we learned that he was out for football practice. Indeed, we were all out for football. Football held Ranston in a tight grip, spirit was high, and always there was the talk of defeating our old rival, Whitby High School—Whitby, who had held victorious sway over Ranston for so many years. Now, we felt, was our chance to hit Whitby.

With a number of experienced men as a nucleus for the team and plenty of good raw material to pick from, we felt that this year's football season should "go through with a bang." Every night we practiced faithfully—practiced until we were bruised and weary, and only the strongest were left to go on. Of us all, "Hick" showed the least effect of the strain. To be sure, he had trained down from two hundred to one hundred and eighty pounds, but this loss left a solid compact mass of bones, flesh, and muscle. "Hick" was "good;" there was no doubt about it. His tackles were wonderfully effective, and, in spite of his size, he could run with incredible swiftness. According to the coach, he had the makings of a great football player, but "Hick" could *not* catch the signals. We tried every method possible to make him understand, but it was in vain. Something troubled him, what it was he did not know, and we did not know, but when the varsity men were finally picked, "Hick" was not one of them. For the first time I saw him really dejected, and his disappointment was deep and bitter.

"I guess it's no use," he remarked with a little, twisted grin that went to my heart. "I guess I am just a plain 'Hick'."

I protested against this statement.

"You're a substitute, you know," I reminded him. "Your chance is sure to come."

He made no answer, but climbed heavily out of his football suit and hung it in the locker. Because I was extremely happy (as it happened, I had made the "varsity") I began to sing, gently at first, but soon shouting the song "Seven or Eleven" at the top of my voice. A curious gleam came into "Hick's" eyes.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, but muttered things under his breath that sounded strangely like signals. I started to speak, thought better of it, and did not.

Ranston had crashed through seven teams by the first of December, each victory carrying her nearer to the meeting with Whitby. Excitement was running high, and the day of the "big game" was anxiously awaited. Songs, yells, and colors appeared everywhere, and the faculty was almost ready to give up the task of trying to teach Latin and mathematics to a football-crazy student body.

At last the day of the "big game" dawned clear and bright, and by noon a steady stream of automobiles, gaily decorated with the Ranston colors, were on their way to Whitby, where the game was to be played. Two o'clock found a record-breaking crowd seated on the bleachers at Whitby, while the rooting sections of both schools filled the air with yells and songs. We, who were waiting for the signal to go, felt that all was not well. There was a tension, a nervousness among us that boded ill. Even among the substitutes "Hick" was the only one who seemed entirely at his ease, and he was calmly playing with a little kitten.

At last came the signal. Out we went on the field, something lacking that even our wildly-cheering rooters could not put into us. Whitby received the kick-off, and the game began. From the first, Whitby seemed to have the advantage. We could not get the ball, and we could not keep it when we did get it. The Whitby men were all over the field, while our men could not seem to work together. Far off, as if in a dream, I heard the din of the rooters and the plea to "Fight, fight, fight!"

At the end of the first quarter the score was six to nothing in Whitby's favor. By the end of the half our captain had broken through the line for a touchdown, and the score was tied. We went into the second half with new zeal and determination to win. Then something happened. White and unconscious, our captain was carried off the field, and the effect

on us was a feeling of complete loss. "Hick" came ambling onto the field to take his position, and I, for one, was fervently praying that he would catch the signals. My prayer was answered far beyond the wildest hope. "Hick" not only caught the signals, but he lunged, tackled, and blocked in a way to make football history. Then straight into the hands of our little Bob Burton came the ball, and Bob was off like a flash of lightning for Ranston's goal. Off behind him sped Powers, the Whitby man reported to be the fastest runner in northern California, and streaking diagonally across the field, came "Hick." We, who were left, could only watch in an agony of fear. Could Bob outrun Powers, or could "Hick" reach Powers in time? Out of the noise and din of the crowd came Ranston's "Run, run, run!!" to add speed to Bob's feet, and "Get that man!" a plea for "Hick." Closer to the goal—Powers gaining! "Hick" gaining on Powers. Bob winded, slowing a trifle!

"Get that man! *Get that man!*" The heart-plea of his school reached "Hick," and with one supreme effort he flung his full weight against the onrushing Powers. For a moment—suspense! Powers struggled to regain his balance—he fell—but Bob was over the line.

"Ranston, Ranston!" echoed from end to end of the great field, as "Hick" and Bob were carried off in honor.

"Why on earth didn't you tell me you understood signals?" demanded the coach later.

"I didn't know until Joe sang 'Seven or eleven' one day."

"What did that have to do with it?" the coach wanted to know, amazed.

"I don't know," said "Hick" simply. "The numbers just naturally came to me then."

—Janice Dixon.

HIS SEVENTH LIFE

(*Second Prize Story*)

A large grey and white cat sat sunning himself on the top of a pile of packing boxes. He was a striking feline, to say the least. In his better days his sinewy body, covered with grey fur, might have been termed handsome, but the fur now had a rather moth-eaten appearance, due to many escapades.

So much for his body. Now for his face. Here he had a failing common to most of us; his most devoted friend could not call him handsome. Spots of white may be very pretty on a grey cat's feet (indeed, he was quite proud of his white boots), but when they took the form of two white rings resembling spectacles, the effect was extremely grotesque. His chin was ornamented with a white spot, a goatee, while a spot on the side of his upper lip changed his naturally friendly countenance into a perpetual sneer. His right ear had a choice variety of nicks, the evidences of many victorious battles.

Such was the appearance of Malty, the head mouse-catcher of the in-offensive little Delicia restaurant. He was called Malty by his companions in deference to his remote Maltese ancestry. He was a fearless animal; all his companions knew better than to enrage him. But it must be owned that he was afraid of one being, Towser, the green-grocer's dog.

From his perch on the boxes, he watched a kitten chase a bit of paper. The antics reminded him of his far-off kittenhood when he was inclined to do such foolish things; to play was now far below his dignity. He was in his seventh life now; and when one is in his seventh life, one is not inclined to do rash things to endanger his few remaining lives, as he might have done in his second or third state of being. Malty rose, stretched himself luxuriously, jumped gracefully from the boxes, and proceeded to

stalk across the expanse of dirty back alley ways. He would go over his round of garbage cans to see if there was anything new since his last inspection. The first two receptacles belonged to a second-hand dealer and a green grocer respectively and seldom proved to be interesting. The third belonged to a boarding house and usually was worth the trouble of looking over. Malty knew there were always a few bones to be had here; so he set about searching for them.

But on this unlucky morning, no bones were in the can, an extremely foreboding circumstance. A stranger must be in the neighborhood! Yes, only a stranger would have taken them, for Malty had impressed upon all his neighbors the fact that this can was his own private property. None of them would have dared to tamper with his property. Well, he must find the intruder and "persuade" him to leave that particular ash-can alone.

He leaped to the top of a low fence and glanced angrily about him for a sign of the stranger. His roving eye lit on one of the windows of the boarding house. There on the sill sat the stranger. But this was not the kind of stranger he expected, no indeed! He would not try to persuade this beautiful bit of orange-colored fur that the ash can was not to be touched. Oh, that would be an insult! Her yellow eyes caught his glance. "I am sorry," she purred, "that I have intruded. If I had known——"

"Don't mention it," interrupted Malty. "I place the ash-can at your disposal." At this he arched his back, raised his tail, and gracefully retreated.

When he reached his own domicile behind the stove in the kitchen of the restaurant, he fell to musing. Perhaps it was only the spring in the air

that made him feel so joyful. He was too old to be falling in love; his kitten-hood was too far past; even his young cat-hood was gone. Perhaps, though, she would admire his mature dignity more than kittenish beauty. Well, he would see; he would serenade her that night, for he had a fine voice. The neighboring tenants all agreed that it was the loudest and fullest voice for many blocks around.

The night came and Malty sallied forth. He gave her a large selection of pieces, and she in turn favored him with a solo. Such a voice as she had; Malty had never heard a more beautiful one. He thought his own was good, but she received more tributes of clocks, bottles, and old shoes than he.

On his return home his step was more sprightly than it had been since his fourth life at least. This was a sure method of regaining his lost youth. His joyful thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a large tortoise shell Tom from an alley way. It was Tige, the renowned rat catcher of the day. Tige sauntered up to Malty.

"Hello, old boy; you're looking fine. Say, will you join us in a rat hunt tomorrow night?" he asked.

Now Malty had not been on a rat hunt since he had entered his seventh life; they were too much of a risk. But the thought of being able to present Puss with the prize of the hunt made him accept. He was sure he would win as he had been a famous rat hunter in his day.

The evening of the chase arrived. Malty had invited his lady love to wait outside the cellar, and he would bring her the prize, a half-dead rat, and give her the pleasure of playing with it before it was killed. He prepared a speech for the occasion; he would show the young bloods of the alleys that he was as gay as any of

them, despite his seven lives. Malty met the company and proceeded to the cellar.

The sport was great. They chased the rat down and surrounded him. They tried to capture him, but he was not willing to be taken. He was a large rat and intended to stand his own for a while. Tige essayed him, but was defeated. Malty tried and tried again, and at last was victorious. He secured the prize with his teeth and started through the window, the hunters all following. Puss purred as he approached. Now was the moment; he would make his speech, and— But his thoughts went no further, for toward them came Towser, barking at every bound.

Malty forgot his speech, forgot the rat, forgot Puss, forgot everything excepting that the top of the fence meant safety. He made a wild dash for a nearby fence with Towser at his heels. He gained the top and stood there with arched back and upturned tail several times normal size. Towser, knowing Malty was safe, turned to Puss.

Suddenly Malty's senses came back. He should have defended Puss instead of running away like a coward. But the athletic lady was ready to defend herself. She stood in the doorway with raised fur and spitting defiantly. Towser came too close and was rewarded by a scratched nose. Her attacker retreated howling. Puss next turned her attention to crestfallen Malty on top of the fence, and such a look of withering scorn and utter contempt poor Malty had never experienced. Then she turned, elevated her tail to the perpendicular, put her nose in the air, and walked away.

The next day Malty dejectedly admitted that he must be entering his eighth life.

—Audrey Lambourn.

THE CLOSED DOOR

(Honorable Mention)

"The money is hidden somewhere in the basement, but you couldn't get me to go within a mile of that house," said Mr. Sullivan, the grocer, as he gave a sign of farewell to Mr. Williams, who drove on without much more information than he had already had before coming to Mr. Sullivan's home.

Mr. Williams was a quiet sort of a fellow and very thorough. He was no dare devil seeking adventure, but more of an inquisitive old man who had heard of this haunted house and whose inquisitiveness was just enough to cause him to make inquiries.

The house, known throughout the section as the Jones house, was once owned by a miser by the name of Jones. It was a known secret that Jones had been very wealthy before he had died and that he had buried his money somewhere in the large basement of his mansion. This house was built by Jones and was of very peculiar construction. It was a square brick affair with but one window placed in the only door through which you could gain entrance to the house. All the others had been walled up just before the last occupant left the premises. A few people, after the death of Jones, ventured into the house and were never heard of afterward. This is all the information that Mr. Williams could get. It seemed that people didn't know much about it, and some even refused to talk about it.

That night after his visit to the village grocery store, Mr. Williams dreamed of ghosts and of the Jones' house. About twelve o'clock he awoke. Something was luring him to venture into the mysterious home. He dressed himself, and soon he was fully equipped with all necessary things for the adventure. Was it the gold he was after? With his six-shooter in his right hand and his lan-

tern in his left, he walked down the road toward the river and soon disappeared among the trees.

Several months passed, and nothing was heard of Mr. Williams. Where could he be?

"He was over inquiring about that Jones' house some time back," said Mr. Sullivan to a small group of men who were discussing the absence of Mr. Williams.

"Do you suppose that man was crazy enough to go into that old house alone?" said Mr. McGregor as he drew his corn-cob pipe from his mouth in astonishment.

"I don't know," said Sullivan, "but he talked as though he intended to look the place over."

"Well, I'm going down there and blow that house into a thousand pieces some night," said Dunn as he walked away in a more or less disgusted manner.

"Don't you think we ought to go down there and burn it before some other fool attempts to—"

"No, I don't," interrupted Tom Richards. "I think we ought to go down to that old house and chase out whatever's in there. I've not been living for twenty-four years for nothing. You can't make me believe there's such a thing as a ghost, and just to prove it I'll go down there with any other man in this section and search every room in the house."

"Maybe there isn't," replied McGregor as he felt of his beard slowly, "but just the same I want to see what's choking me when I'm being choked to death."

True to his bargain, but pushed on by his pride and his spirit for adventure, Tom made his way down toward the river in the dead of the night with his father's valet whom he enticed to go by an inducement payable after the adventure. On reaching the yard of the house, which was as dark as a cave because of the

trees and thick underbrush, Dickens made a sudden stop.

"What's the matter?" asked Tom in a whisper.

"The bushes! Look! The bushes! I heard something in the bushes!"

"Aw, that's nothing—just the wind," said Tom as he took Dickens' hand and led him toward the house. Meanwhile Dickens kept looking back over his shoulder.

The stars had failed to make their appearance, and the moon could not be seen at all because of the dark, stormy clouds that overshadowed. A strong, chilly wind from the north whistled through the trees. A very appropriate night for the works of those that have departed, thought poor Dickens.

As they climbed the old wooden stairs, Tom took a gun from his pocket and gave the lantern to Dickens whose teeth were chattering violently. Tom opened the front door and peeked in, but nothing could he see but the cold, black darkness.

"Bring me that lantern," commanded Tom, as he stepped one foot inside the door.

"But we-er-er-er not going in, are we?" said Dickens in a tone that sounded like that of a scared child.

"Why, certainly. Remember it means money."

After a moment of hesitation Dickens came forward, and they both walked into what seemed to be a hall.

"He's got hold of my foot; he's got hold of it! Leave go! Leave go!" shrieked Dickens at the top of his voice.

"What's got hold of your foot?"

"It has. That! Look! See!"

"Take your foot out from underneath that floor board and keep quiet, or else you'll wake up every ghost for miles around," said Tom authoritatively.

On they walked over the dilapidated floor, which creaked at every step. At last they came to a door.

This they opened and saw a stairway of spiral construction.

"Bang!"

"What's that?"

"The front door has slammed shut. I'd better go open it; so there will be no delay in getting out in case of an emergency," said Dickens.

"All right. Prop it open with a beard," said Tom, as Dickens walked over to the door. "What's the matter, Dick?"

"This door won't open," responded Dickens.

"That's funny," said Tom as he tried the door himself. "It opens from the outside, but not from the inside. Break the glass and prop the door open while I go take a peep around up above."

Before Tom had reached the top of the stairs, he stumbled over something. What could it be? He looked down.

"Bang!"

"What's that?"

"The door to the stairs has closed, but stay there; I'm coming down. It's too spooky up here."

"What's the matter?"

"This door won't open. Try it from your side."

Dickens walked over to the door, turned the knob, and opened the door very easily.

"Let's find the money and get out of here," said Dickens.

"Come on and we'll try and find the basement."

On they crept slowly into a big dining room and on into what looked to be the kitchen. Tom directed Dickens to prop open all doors that they passed through.

"There's a door over there. Surely that's the one to the basement.—Sure as I'm alive it is," said Dickens as he opened the door and gazed downward.

A noise was heard in front of the house.

"Sh-sh—," said Tom. "It's just the wind. You stay right here while

I go down below, and whatever you do, don't let that door close."

The wind howled on the outside, and the noise grew louder. A reflection of a light was dimly seen by Dickens.

"Mr. Richards!" yelled Dickens in a whisper. "Come here. Come here!"

"I'll be right up. I've found the gold, but there's a whole pile of skeletons beside it."

"But hurry, sir. I saw a light in the other room."

The skeleton he saw was yet half clothed and in a rotted pocket the musty coat glimmered a bright bit of something golden. It was a watch, and Tom gasped—The object bore the initial "W"—Williams!

"It's just your imagination. Now help me with these bags."

They both took a bag apiece and started into the dining room. There was another reflection of the light.

"See! See! I told you. My God, they've got us now. I didn't want

to come here in the first place," cried Dickens in a whimper.

"Sh-sh—. Be quiet."

Brighter and brighter came the light. Voices and steps were faintly heard. The house was creaking in every point, and the rain here beat heavily against the roof. Finally, the light disappeared, and the voices were heard no more. Slowly and surely they crept into the hall with their heavy burden and then out into the windy yard. As they reached the fence, they heard a loud explosion. They looked back through the trees and saw that it was blown into a thousand pieces. Thus ended the notorious house of Jones.

"Pardon, sir. But why did you request me to prop those doors open last evening?" asked Dickens as he served Tom his grape fruit.

"Well, if you hadn't, Hades would have had one more valet," said Tom with a slight chuckle.

—Don Carr.

BLOOD

As Wilbert Adams was sitting silently next to the window in the street car during the long ride from his newly-established bachelor quarters to his third day's work in the "Evening Times" editorial rooms, many and various thoughts were coming and going behind his vacant stare. Unconsciously he reviewed the turning-points of his brief career from the day when he fell off the barn roof on the old ranch until that momentous occasion when, with a Stanford journalism degree under his arm, he had been accepted as cub reporter by the great city paper. The first thoughts were of the broad, sun-baked acres of barren plains and mesquite-covered hills on the ranch. Then came memories of shady campus scenes and of his football career at Stanford, followed by recollections of the dry feeling in his throat as he had approached the "Times" office and the peculiarly bashful sensation

experienced when being introduced to the "boss's" stenographer, one curly-haired, always smiling individual by the name of Marjorie Bell.

Just why he felt so queerly when confronted by this maiden he had been unable to comprehend; consequently he had invited her to the theatre the night before as a means of ascertaining what it was that made her so different from the other "steno's." Long before the evening had come to an end, he reached the conclusion, which has so often been reached by wiser men than he, that women are a puzzle. The only difference between her and the others was that he liked her better, a condition which, he reflected, was evidently quite prevalent among the young men of the city, if one were to judge from the number of men who had looked at him enviously during the previous evening.

"Geary Street,"—the raucous voice of the conductor broke in upon his reverie and jarred him into action in time to reach the street just as the car commenced moving again. Strangely enough Wilbert Adams found himself rushing up the stairs two at a time and looking forward expectantly to the moment when he should enter the office. But on the threshold he paused, for, collected around Miss Bell's desk were some five or six reporters, all laughing and talking. He thought bitterly of the night before; yet when, in response to his forcedly cheery "Good morning!", there came a pleasant "Hello Willie," he inwardly forgave her, thinking to himself that though she might be flirtatious, he was on just as firm ground as any of her other admirers.

Looking about the room somewhat airily, he stopped, and his sunny expression underwent a sudden and complete change, for of all the black looks he had ever seen, the one that he was receiving from the tall man on her right—the sporting editor, a Mr. Lewis—was the most portentous. It said, as plainly as the sign on the rooming-house lawn, "Keep Off." Now Wilbert was no stripling and was not afraid of the man's physical strength, but a sporting editor has privileges and, quite reasonably, Wilbert refrained from visiting at Miss Bell's desk for the rest of the day. While this in itself did not worry him very much, the continued silence and reticent attitude of the girl puzzled him greatly. He could not imagine why, after her pleasant greeting of the morning, she should become so reserved.

Wilbert stayed at the office late that afternoon until after everyone but the editors themselves had left the editorial rooms. Consequently he was much surprised when the office boy, hat in hand, came to his desk, handed him a note, and went out of the door with a rush. Under the supposition that a note delivered in such an unprecedented fashion contained some-

thing important, Wilbert hurriedly slit open the envelope and took out an evidently hastily-folded sheet of plain typing paper. But what was this? He gasped, "Blood!" Written in blood! Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Bending tensely over the writing he read:

Dear Mr. Adams,

Please come to my house, 816 Hazel Street, at 8:00 to-night. I am going to give an informal party.

Marjorie Bell.

Perplexedly he read the message over again and tried to think of some explanation for the unmistakable manner in which it had been written. He knew Miss Bell could not have written it—that much was positive. But who, then did write it?

To add to his dismay, there came to his mind a story he had once read in which a lover lured a rival to his death in a trap by means of a letter, written in blood, bearing the forged signature of the girl. This was the only logical solution to the problem Wilbert could see. But who was the rival who had baited his trap with this note?

Suddenly his brain cleared. He knew who it was now; it was that sporting editor who had glared at him in the morning. "Why not go into his office right now and tell him that his plot is known?" After thinking of the results whether his surmise was correct or not, Wilbert answered himself with the thought that "Discretion is the better part of valor," and that some craftier counter-attack was necessary. Following the reflection that he was not, owing to his athletic training at Stanford, much inferior to his rival in strength, and that he was assuredly not a coward, he resolved to take the most daring path, to pretend to have been duped by the scheme and to go to the address mentioned with the purpose of catching the editor red-handed. If he went well-armed and ahead of time, there was an excellent chance of his catching the editor unprepared.

Smiling to himself about his rival's coming surprise, he locked his desk, picked up his hat, and sauntered out innocently past the open door of the sporting department headquarters.

Once home, his fears rapidly returned. What if the editor should use firearms? Anyone who would use blood to write with would not hesitate to murder a rival. Perhaps he had better stay home——. But here his courage came back, and he determined not to let any rival frighten him away; it was better to lose after a battle than to admit defeat without trying. Yet it would be best to be prepared for anything, and possibly firearms would be used, so he concluded that a revolver would be necessary.

But even the best-laid plans have weak points. Just as the clerk at the sporting goods store was wrapping the revolver, he heard a "Hello!" behind him, and in came the sporting editor. Although his "Hello!" was civil enough, Wilbert noticed his eyes lighting suspiciously on the weapon.

"Hello, Mr. Lewis," responded Wilbert lamely, "see what I have prepared for burglars."

"Thanks," laughed the editor (it was a forced laugh, thought Wilbert), "I won't bother your house. That reminds me of a sawed-off shotgun. Are you going elephant hunting?"

"Not unless an elephant bothers me," retorted Wilbert, eyeing speculatively the huge frame of his rival.

On the way home, he wondered if Mr. Lewis had fathomed his intentions, but he did not especially care, for, as has been hinted by Mr. Lewis' speech, the revolver was of no mean proportions.

Precisely at ten minutes past seven that evening, a figure decked in old corduroys and a flannel shirt, and wearing concealed a monstrous revolver, might have been seen watchfully

issuing from the door of a certain rooming house. Wilbert was prepared for anything from a fist fight to a revolution. Walking rapidly and making his feet land with a firm tread calculated to still his growing fears, he neared the address given in the note at about half past seven. The house, while unprepossessing, had a pleasant rather than a gloomy aspect; yet he could not drive that sinister word "Blood!" from his mind. What could have been the purpose of that bloody letter? He touched the butt of the revolver and felt relieved.

With entirely imaginative courage, he mounted the steps, mopped his forehead with a trembling hand, and pushed a forefinger first faintly and then desperately against the doorbell button. The lock clicked, he braced himself and tightened his grip on the revolver, the door slowly opened, and he found himself face to face with the brown curls of Marjorie Bell.

"Well, well, come in," welcomed her voice. "My, but you're early!"

Having recovered from his first impulse to faint, Wilbert sheepishly followed her in. Marjorie had evidently noticed nothing wrong, and she continued:

"I guess you thought it funny that I wrote you a note instead of telling you. Well, you see, that Mr. Lewis is so jealous of you that I was afraid he might cause you some trouble on the paper."

Wilbert, still dazed, could only listen.

"I'm glad you found out that it's going to be an old clothes party. I forgot to mention it in the note because I was in such a hurry. I had to hurry so much that I didn't even have time to go back and get a pencil. I just had time to get to the car after giving the office-boy the note which I dashed off with my lipstick."

—Douglas R. Fuller.

The Fountain

(First Prize Poem)

There's a little fountain splashing
In my garden over there,
And its merry sprite-like dashing
Seems to echo everywhere.
'Tis a haven for all creatures,
Being cool and sweetly fair.
Surely few have garden pictures
That with this one can compare.

Vines have interlaced their fingers,
Drooping, swaying, while the
spray
Mounts and laughs and, clinging,
lingers
Flinging kisses in its play.
Dancing mist its veil is flinging
O'er the dusty, tired rose,
To its drooped petals clinging
Till the red life color flows.

Daffodils, their cups fast dewing,
Gather till the night comes 'round,
Waiting for the fairies' wooing
Hoarded nectar to be found.
Peeping violets are nodding,
Giving t h a n k s for bounteous
drink—
Verdant ivy, faithful, plodding
O'er the little fountain's brink.

Ferns and airy tripping flowers
Seem to spring up all around,
Some have grown in fairy bowers,
Others carpet all the ground.
Trees and shady nooks invite me
And some queerly carved stones.
Glossy webs 'pear magically—
Spiders spinning telephones!

Oh, that I a fairy flying
On the mist drops that you fling,
Through the air could too be plying
Drawn by magic, silver string!
Then with you I'd e'er be staying
Living joys in carefree life
With your music, laughing, playing,
Far from rasping fear and strife.

Yet to you—a jewel flashing
In its set of priceless gold,
Forth its ceaseless splendor splashing,
Like the reckless kings of old—
Fountain, I unto your singing,
To your crown, joy's diadem,
Like the home-bird shall be winging
To my perfect garden gem.

—Marian Los Kamp.

GOLD

(Second Prize Poem)

This morning as I walked the town,
The sunrise glow grew soft around:
It lighted on the new green leaves,
And filled the birds with melodies;
And when I saw that wondrous
sight,
It filled my soul with great delight,
For, lo! a rugged hillside old
Had burst and showed 'twas lined
with gold!

—Miriam Lacy.

WEEPING WILLOW

(Honorable Mention)

The weeping willow tree
Bends down her lovely head
I wonder if her leaves can be
The tears that she has shed?

Softly her swaying
To the kisses of the breeze
Gently is spraying
Down the tears of her leaves.

Slowly her sighing
Changes just to croon to me.
She has left her crying
And is singing silently.

—Marian Los Kamp.

WHENCE COMES THE
FLOWERS

Little Johnny jump-ups
And dainty larkspur, too,
Golden yellow elf cups
Give nods to violets blue.

Ferns and cool green mosses,
Both found beside a stone
By robin as he crosses
On his way alone.

I spied them as I wandered
Through the woods today,
And since, I've often wondered
How they came that way.

Did they drop from heaven,
From the sky above?
Aye, they dropped from heaven,
Made from God's own love.

—Marian Van Gilder.

A TEACHER'S THOUGHT

*The other side of the desk, say I,
Is the place where I would be!
I know both sides; I've tried them
long;
And there I fain would be.*

*'Tis not that teaching I dislike;
Forsooth I love it well,
But, oh, for time to seek and solve,
Drink deep at learning's well.*

*'Tis joy to train the youthful mind
To watch it bud and shoot,
But I long for the other side of the
desk
With time to delve and root.*

Senior Sonnets

FAILURE

(Honorable Mention)

How oft in failure's cup I'm forced
to drink,
And in its depths how oft my hopes
do dwell
As sorrow sounds my dying faith's
sad knell.
And then it is life's hope begins to
sink
As one more failure adds another link
To the long, dreary chain that binds
me well.
And life seems but a far off tolling
bell
As I from further failures crouch and
shrink.
Then from the heavens comes a
meteorite
With a long tail of graceful flaming
fire,
The symbol of God's heavenly cour-
age sent.
It fills my trembling heart with holy
light.
Courage's strength and beauty I ad-
mire,
And I resolve to dwell within her
tent.

—Margaret Bishop.

MONTEREY

The sun and sky, blue sea and golden
sand,
Attendants to thy beauty, Monterey!
To thee, enchanted city by the bay,
Fair Romance lures me with a beck-
oning hand.
I yielded to the spell of thy fair land
In long past years; to thee I sing my
lay,
For well I love the ocean's flying
spray,
The sea gulls cry, the glint of shifting
sand.
And now my heart with rapturous
joy grows light,
When Spring has come to rocky hill
and glen;
I count the passing of each day and
night
'Till I shall start to Monterey again,
And all the world to me is filled with
light,
For I shall see fair Monterey again.

—Janice Dixon.

Senior Sonnets

MY LADY'S SECRET

My lady's cheeks are of the rose, her
eyes
Of heavenly blue, her lips of crimson
red,
Of sunset gold are curls upon her
head.
Her arched brows, though, I do
idolize
The most. Their graceful curve an
artist wise
Or cunning could not equal. If I
said
That in their slightest movement
could be read
The fate of scores of swains, I'd tell
no lies.
My lady has a secret, though, a rite
By which she keeps her brows in
finer curve
Than artist's brush could paint or
sculptor's might
Devise in marble, since a twitch will
serve
To pluck unruly hairs away and
make
The curve so perfect all for beauty's
sake.

—Audrey Lambourne.

TOMORROW

(Honorable Mention)

Tomorrow is my love; I worship
her.
She brings me joy and happiness
and peace.
Today's soon gone; tomorrows
never cease.
She brings me gifts and sets my
heart astir.
"Keep up your head until I come"
from her
I hear this whisper, soft as midnight
breeze.
"Todays must pass; we speed them
as they leave.
I bring you hope and joy; so do not
grieve."
Today will die, her memory but a
blur.

Tomorrow never comes? Ah! well
I know
And recognize her charming,
dreamy self.
She bears the dream, the wish, and
would bestow
On me—the sprightly, merry, vixen
elf—
Her joys, she knows I love her so!
Tomorrow never comes? Ah! well.
I know!

—Jessie Grunsky.

My Clock

(First Prize Essay)

This morning as the melodious tinkling of my alarm clock thrust itself through my peaceful slumber, a thought grew in my mind of the awful importance of such a small piece of mechanism—a mechanism made by man to rule man.

All through the hour which is devoted to the art of preparing for my daily duties, I cast hurried, anxious glances of fear at the fat little time-piece, so complacently ticking its way onward. And each self-satisfied chuckle is a new spur for hurry. As the time of departure draws nearer, the race between my clock and me (such an unequal race, for the clock is so much stronger) grows almost personal. For mine is the kind of clock which leers triumphantly when it is winning, and when it is not, settles it by saying to itself, "I'll get

you yet; you know I will!" And when I would pause a few minutes in my day's task, there immediately comes to my mind the picture of my relentless clock, always with a knowing smile on its round face.

But after all, it is a nice little clock and I could not get along without it. For how should I know when I was late if it did not tell me? And how should I know when to hurry if it did not tell me when? And how should I know the time if it were not for my little clock.

And meanwhile, it ticks on and on—brief seconds into fleeting minutes; fleeting minutes into golden hours, days, months, and years. All are Time, as delicately represented by my ever-youthful clock.

—Miriam Lacy.

FROM OX-CART TO AUTOMOBILE

(Second Prize Essay)

1850

"Crack!" The long bull-whip flew out over the bodies of the ten straining oxen to flick about the heads of the leaders. The muscles of the mighty beasts rippled and swelled with the effort of overcoming the inertia of the heavily-laden prairie schooners to which they were yoked. Again the whip flicked out. The oxen strained anew, and the high wheels of the wagon creaked in protest as they started in their downward revolution. Ten thousand pounds of freight started on their long journey across the plains to California and the mines.

1890

"Gid-dap, Belle." Father was handling the reins, flanked on either side by the twins, who, dressed in their new Fauntleroy suits, were un-

comfortable models of their mother's ideal. The horse gave a shake of the head and with apparent ease started off. The long frail spokes of the wheels seemed to blur into transparent circles as Belle began to step a bit faster in response to Father's light tapping of the whip. Soon there were excited wavings from the twins and a restrained nod from Mother and the girls in the back seat as the gayly painted vehicle passed down the elm-shaded street.

1905

"Honk-honk." A linen-duster-covered, begoggled driver grasped the wheel with one hand while with the other he pressed the rubber bulb of the horn attached to the steering column. Beside him sat a mechanic dutifully manipulating the hand oil pump which fed oil into the two-cylindereed motor. The whole ma-

chine quivered from the vibration of the laboring engine. A look at the large glass-covered speedometer showed they were making the terrific speed of thirty-five miles an hour.

1925

"Thank you." A silk-clad, satin-shod foot touches a metal projection in the floor of the machine. The motor responds with a purr, and the long low car leaps away from the service station with the power of sixty horses throbbing under the hood. The car is a product and a masterpiece of both skilled engineer and artistic designers. As it stands, it represents the contributions of the world: silk worms in Japan and sheep from Scotland have contributed to its furnishing. Woods from the Philippines and from the forests of the Northland have been brought. And now my lady drives her car.

EPILOGUE

Change, the ever constant, at once the enemy and friend of man, whom she vexes with her vagaries and lures on to greater heights with her promises! The transition from the slow moving ox-cart of the pioneers to the swift custom-built roadster of today is but a single phase of the improvements she has fostered while promoting the evolution of mankind. Working among us now she is gradually leading us to greater and better things. In years to come, our children will probably use airplanes as we now use the automobile, as our fathers used the rig and surrey, and as our grandfathers used the ox-cart. Living conditions will be improved, life made happier, and all thanks are due to that beneficent goddess of the future whom men call Change.

—Harry Devereux.

A CALIFORNIA MISSION

(Honorable Mention Essay)

Thou art a relic of the past, a sweet dreamer of yesterday, when Indians roamed California's sunny slopes, when people in gay colors spoke in a soft Spanish tongue, and all the country was rugged and wild.

Before the world cared for your land, gentle spoken priests came and with the help of friends made your adobe bricks with loving hands. Bright, gaudy Spain sent you your tolling bells, your tiles, and your religious articles. The first sounds of the axe were heard when your rafters and rough tables were hewn. Into your shelter curious redmen came to listen in wonderment as your priest spoke of strange things. They learned of the Father of the forests, of the brooks, of the flowers, and of all nature. They learned of the white man's ways, and of the great world, but unhappily. Oh Mission, you laid their beautiful tales of the rainbow, of the fire, and of the great sun in ruin. They were dear to the Indian heart. They were simple and beautiful.

When the Spaniard came and built his large ranchos, you housed words of wisdom and advice, and you saw many a sweet romantic scene when shy, pretty señoritas were wed to strong rosy-cheeked senors within your chapel. In your quiet hours you watched the slow, lazy oxen go by drawing their clumsy carts loaded with grain or vegetables. Great herds of cattle and horses often came within your view as the yearly "roundups" were held.

Do you regret that those days have gone by, and only automobiles go whizzing past you? Do you regret that now only spectators walk the floors where once the padres and the redskin stepped? Those days have gone forever, great mission, but in your seasoned walls they have left their mark. Today will pass, too, and maybe with it will go all the present ways and forms of civilization and a new people come to take its place.

—Margaret Bishop.

Why I Want to Go to College

There are three big things that I am to strive for, three things which influence my desire for a college education. First, to realize my own ideals and ambitions; second, to satisfy my mother and father; third, to benefit my own family.

As yet I haven't definitely decided what I want to be, but no matter what course I choose for my life work, I shall put every bit of "fight" that is in me into making a success of that work. I want to succeed for my own satisfaction, to be an asset, not a liability, to the community in which I reside; in short, to make a name for myself. For instance: I have noticed men, honest and true, who work hard and diligently trying to gain the coveted goal of all men—success. Those men, by some mishap, have not received the proper education; perhaps they did not think it necessary; perhaps, by some misfortune they could not receive the education that they needed. Because of this mishap they are forced to stay in the background while educated men have forged ahead into the world. Most of the men of this latter type have received degrees at some college, and they are now realizing material success. Moreover, they are of value to their community and to humanity. Hard work was not the only thing that brought them success: education was one of the main cogs in their working machinery, for education, like concrete, makes a wonderful foundation upon which to build. That is why successful men come to our school and tell us not to plan just to "get by," but to study so that we may receive that crowning honor—success. I wish to be like those successful men in order that some day I may be a help and not a detriment to my own community. Furthermore, I wish to earn a name for myself. My other ambitions and ideals

I will not name because they are rather sacred to me and if something happens so that they could not be realized I would want to be the only one who would know of my failure.

Don't misunderstand me; I don't want anyone to think that I am writing in this manner because I think that it might "get by" better than any other one. I really do believe everything I have said to be true. I have spoken of nothing but study and success. Perhaps my reader thinks me a mere dull "grind" who buries his nose in a book twelve hours a day. As a matter of fact, I like to play just as much, and probably more, than most boys do, and I always have my fun. In high school one can play a great deal and still manage to receive a passing grade, but in college one can't play too much if he is studying for his life occupation. When I reach college I am going to study, but I hope still to find some time for play, because all work and no play will soon make me a dull boy. I don't want to be dull because I have a long future in front of me. From a physical standpoint I think that I shall live to a ripe old age, and I am going to college to receive an educational foundation upon which to build my life, a foundation that will help me to be so successful that I may be able to support myself throughout my whole life.

A wonderful mother and father is my second reason. The kind of a mother and father that no boy could ever forget. No boy has ever had a mother like mine. Mother has taken care of me, kept my confidence, helped me, and has done everything in her power to better me. My father has given me everything that any boy could ever want. The only thing that my mother and father ask in return is that I study now, and that I will study in college in order to

realize my own possibilities. If any boy wouldn't do that much for his father and mother he doesn't deserve a thing. I am going to do all in my power to grant that request and I hope that I may be able to fulfill it.

My last reason lies in the future. I hope that some day I shall marry and have a family of my own; there-

fore, I want to support my family as well as I am supported, and do for them everything that my father and mother have done for me. May I some day in the future tell my son that college was the real source of my success, and that real education can be obtained better at college than anywhere else.

—Llewellyn B. Johnson.

Exchanges

Rewane, Reno High School, Reno, Nevada—A very clever book. We liked your little features very much.

"El Granite." Porterville Union High School—We liked the arrangement of pictures in your annual; is

very original, especially the basketball picture.

The "Rodeo," University Farm, Davis, California, is a good annual—chuck full of interest from lid to lid. The staff still laughs at your yell leader peering out of a baby buggy.

ANNUAL MOTTO:

*Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
Down to the haven
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin
After it, follow it
Follow the gleam.*
—Tennyson.



GIFTS FROM CLASSES

Gazing serenely down on the multitudes of students who congregate in the study hall day after day, the portrait of the "Father of our Country" seems with his austere and determined face to instill in the students' hearts the determination to do their best towards making the country he founded a still better place to live in. This picture of George Washington is older than the building itself, having been left to the school by the Class of 1898. Down through the years other classes have followed this example, and thereby the school has come into possession of many artistic and useful gifts.

The graduates of 1912 left the statue of Venus de Milo which is at the east end of the main hall.

Two terracotta friezes in high relief decorate the entrances to the registrar's and the evening school principal's offices. These are Grecian Maidens and Guido Beni's Aurora, respectively. On either side of the clock are two round plaques by Thorwaldson, one of Night and one of Morning. All four pieces of art were gifts of the Class of 1913.

The Class of '14 thought that "the savior of our country" should be remembered by the students: so they presented the school with a statue of Saint Gauden's Abraham Lincoln, who is shown in the characteristic speaking attitude which he doubtless used many times on the platform.

To the shame of 1925, some person has taken the sun-dial this year which the class of ten years ago placed

on the front lawn. Both the face of the dial and the hour arm are missing, and it is hoped that they will be returned to their former positions on the stone pedestal which was made for them.

"Mid-summer Night's Dream" was the senior play in the year 1916; so that class perpetuated its memory and the memory of their play by leaving the school a beautiful picture from a scene in Shakespeare's beautiful fairy play.

Then came America's entrance into the World War. Patriotism was aroused within the hearts of S. H. S. students, and so the Class of '17 left a one-hundred-dollar First Liberty Loan bond with the thought that it might be presented as a scholarship to some deserving student when it matured.

A bust of Woodrow Wilson, the "preserver of our country," was given by the Class of '18. It is in the library, and constantly reminds us that he sacrificed his life to his country's cause just as truly as the dough-boys who laid down their lives on the bloody battlefield abroad. This class also gave one hundred dollars to the Junior Red Cross.

To those heroes of S. H. S. who paid the supreme sacrifice "on the world's broad field of battle," a bronze memorial tablet was dedicated by the Class of '19. It may be seen on the large oak tree on the California and Vine streets corners of the campus. "Nineteen" also presented the school with its "service flag."

Translations of the Greek and Latin classics are found in the library in a beautiful set of leather-bound books which was left to the school by the Class of 1920.

A cumulative scholarship fund was started with a cash donation by the Class of '21, in the hope that other classes would add to the sum, but unfortunately no succeeding class has done so.

The Class of '22 left a genuinely useful gift when it presented the school with a large trophy case which is in the main hall. It is unfortunate, though, that they did not get one

POST GRADUATES

Though fewer in number than in some previous years because of the fact that many students who did not wish to go away to university attended the College of the Pacific instead of the high school, the 1925 post graduates were lively and not unlike the other students in their interests and activities. Under the guidance of Miss Hawkins, as ad-

high enough off the floor so that one would not be compelled to get on his hands and knees to read the inscriptions on the trophies. Here's a hint for generous classes to come. Besides our honor symbols have already outgrown the case.

The beautiful burnt-orange velour curtain in the new auditorium is probably the most expensive gift ever made by any class in S. H. S. It cost \$813 and was the gift of the Class of 1924.

And finally the "best class of all" is to give a marble bench, to be used by seniors *only*, for the west glade. That class is the Class of 1925.

viser, there were approximately thirty-five p. g.'s, most of whom came for just a part of the day.

The head student of the class was Douglas Fuller, who managed to capture straight "ones" all year and was the sole post-graduate to maintain membership in the Honor Scholarship Society.



POST GRADUATES



Our Orator



Not Much



Dumb



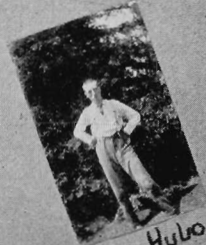
The Battle Wages



Clever



Pan



Our Hubbo



Not So Clever



Friends



Ain't We Brave



3 Musketeers



Roughing It



Wilbur