

# THE GUARD AND TACKLE

*Devoted to the Interests of the Stockton High School.*

Vol. III.

Stockton, California, April, 1898.

No. 8.



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# The Guard and Tackle.

VOL. III.

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1888.

NO. 8.

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

ON Saturday evening, as Mrs. Dean neared the butcher's shop, she walked more slowly. She was one of the employees of the shirt factory and carried her week's wages in her pocket. Every night that week she had sewed until midnight so that she might be able to buy a piece of meat for Sunday. She always took home a bit once or twice a week for her sick husband, but was now trying to make up her mind whether or not she could afford to take a larger piece and eat a little herself. Knowing that it would not do to let herself run down, she decided to do this.

It was so long since she had tasted meat that she could scarcely wait for it to cook. As she was hurriedly sprinkling salt on it, a shuffling noise in the door caused her to turn around. A boy of about fifteen stood there. His clothes were worn and rusty, and his feet were bare. Something in the pale, sunken features aroused Mrs. Dean's pity. "You look faint and hungry," she said. He tried to smile and said, "I've walked twenty miles this morning without food. I sold my shoes yesterday for my dinner, but I have nothing more to sell."

Mrs. Dean looked at the meat. It was such a little piece, hardly enough for two, certainly not enough for three.

"Who are you?" she said.

He did not answer.

She looked at him doubtfully. "Why don't you speak? Perhaps you can tell me good of yourself."

He looked up indignantly. "I'll tell you the whole truth. My name is Jack Woods. I was discharged from the Reform school two days ago. I was accused of stealing a horse and buggy. I didn't do it, but I couldn't prove that, so I was sent there. I'm telling the truth."

"Why don't you go home?" Mrs. Dean asked.

"My folks are dead and the village people wouldn't be glad to see me for I was always a wild sort and ran with a bad lot. I'm going West where no one knows me and start over."

His honest brown eyes looked straight into hers as he spoke.

"I believe you," she said. "Sit down and eat some supper, I guess you're hungrier than I am." She gave him some bread and half the meat. "The rest is for my husband," she explained.

The boy ate as though famished.

When he had finished he said, "I'll pay you some day," and rose to go. "Wait a minute," said Mrs. Dean. She had little to give; only a pair of old shoes and an old coat.

As the boy went out the door, he said, "I'm going to do my best. You'll hear from me some day, ma'am."

Fifteen years passed. Mrs. Dean, now a widow, was homeless and penniless. The mortgage on her house had been closed, and she was working for a neighboring farmer for her board and lodging. One evening as she came in from milking, a wealthy looking farmer addressed her.

"Mrs. Dean?" he said.

Mrs. Dean set down the milk pails, "I don't remember you, sir," she said, stiffly.

"No, I'm a stranger here. I've just come from Missouri. My wife wants to come every summer to the sea coast. She wants a pleasant home. I'm trying to arrange it for her."

Mrs. Dean looked at him in amazement. "I don't understand you, sir," she said.

"No, I don't suppose I explain myself well. But this is what I did. When your place was sold the other day I bought it in your name. Now, I want you to go and occupy it and take my wife to board."

"What do you mean? Who are you?" exclaimed Mrs. Dean. "Why should you do this for me?"

"Because you saved me from ruin, ma'am. If you hadn't believed my story, I would have gone to ruin long ago. I'm Jack Woods. As long as I live you shall never want." And the promise was kept.

GRACE SELLMAN, '90.

## ATHLETICS.

There was a game of ball at the Grove on the 7th of this month between the Junior Class and the Middle Class. The Middlers proved to be too much for their younger brothers and defeated them by a score of 17 to 6.

The positions and players were, Juniors—Catcher, Butts; pitcher, Loutrit; first base, Kerrick; second base, Burge; third base, McDougald; short stop, S. Rhoads; left field, McKean; center field, Matteson; right field, Brownell. Middlers—Catcher, Colberg; pitcher, Moreing; first base, Miller; second base, Schuler; third base, Gould; short stop, Thorp; left field, Pahl; center field, Alling; right field, McCutchan.

The Middlers are proud of their victory and are confident that they will win the championship of the school.

The Ninth Year's claim that they also have a winning team and so these teams will soon meet and try conclusions.

Will Moreing, pitcher for our High School Team, has been asked to play with the High School from Sacramento, but has refused as he could not attend to his school work, and because, playing with that team would make him a professional, and the latter he is not anxious to become.

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THE editor asks that the department editors and reporters will kindly send in their contributions promptly and in good shape. All matter should be written carefully upon manilla paper and on one side only the pages numbered and, if possible, the words counted and the number placed at the top of the first page. This will not be very much work for each one, but it will save much of the editor's time. The editor would be very glad if all the matter for each paper should be handed in promptly by the fifteenth. It is very unpleasant to be obliged to ask each reporter and department editor for his or her contribution every single month. It is only by working together that the work may be made easy for all.

## TO REPLACE THE MAINE.

THE American School Children wish to show the Spanish Dons that the coming generation of citizens is as true and loyal to their country as were their forefathers. To do this they will replace the loss of the Maine by a larger and nobler man-of-war, of the same type, to be known as the "American Boy." This noble ship will be "of the children, by the children, and for the children." May she ever sail the seas as the "Guardian Angel" of the coming generation of 1898.

Let us, the pupils of the Stockton High School, be not backward, in embracing this opportunity of showing our patriotism. Soon more will be known of this and then, "show your patriotism for your country."

It is very clear that the interest in the Parliamentary Law Club is waning. It is much to be regretted that the members have not interest enough in the subject to devote a short time to it once a week. When there has been a good attendance, the meetings have been quite interesting and profitable. It is to be hoped that the members at least will do better in the future. When only five from a membership of nearly thirty come to a meeting, it is high time for something to be done. Stir yourselves, you who have any interest at all in the matter and get others interested so that we may have well attended and exciting meetings.

## THE DEBATING CLUB.

ONE special meeting and two regular meetings of the Debating Club were held during the past month. The subject for debate in the special meeting was, "Resolved, That this City should own its own Water Works." Messrs. Wetmore and McCloud upheld the affirmative; Messrs. Alling and Carey, the negative. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative side.

The first regular meeting was held March 25th. The subject was, "Resolved, That the Negro has received worse treatment at the hands of the White Man than the Indian." Messrs. Louis Wetmore and Chas. Fohl upholding the affirmative, gained the decision against Messrs. John Wetmore and Chesnutwood.

At the other meeting, held on April 9th, the subject for debate was, "Resolved, That the Christian Nations should now disarm and settle all disputes by Arbitration." Messrs. Torgeson and Caprasacca, the affirmative speakers, received the decision. The negative speakers were Messrs. Snyder and Frank.

Arrangements have been made for a joint debate between the Lodi High School Debating Society and the Stockton High School Debating Club. The debate is to take place at Lodi, April 29th. The question for discussion is, "Resolved, That the Signs of the Times Indicate the Downfall of Our Republic." The debaters for the Lodi Society are, Mr. Welsh, Carter, and Miss Le Moine; Messrs. Rhea, Miller, and Wetmore will defend the honor of the Blue and White.

## A MEMORY.

SHE came among us quietly. It was a bright June day, near the close of school when I saw her first. I did not know her name, nor why she had come, yet something indefinable drew me to her. Whether it was her soft, dark eyes, or her sweet smile, or her charming manner, I do not know, but I do know that from that day to this the spell has never left me.

I heard no more of her until I read her name in that list which so interests all who have finished one term and are planning to continue their school life under new teachers and among strange surroundings. How eagerly that list of teachers is read! I was well rewarded for my reading, for there stood her name. Yes, she was to be my teacher and I was happy.

I can remember so well just how she looked that first day of school, with her white waist, wavy brown hair, soft dark eyes, and that perfect self-possession which never left her during the trying morning.

That day was the introduction to the pleasantest year of my school life. She very soon endeared herself to us; no one could help loving her. With her teaching, we forgot that lessons were lessons, that we were even in school, a place formerly heartily disliked by many of us. The pleasantest tasks seemed still pleasanter; the unpleasant ones were tedious and irksome no longer. History and English were no longer dry; they were stories whose characters lived and breathed. We felt that our teacher was our friend—one who was always willing to help us, ever glad to give needed advice, never too tired or busy to discuss some book, picture or current topic with us. We knew that she was interested in us all—in our school life, our home life, our studies, tasks, or pleasures. How could we help loving her?

The year passed quickly. She was to be our teacher the next term, so we bade her goodbye with our regret softened by the expectations of a pleasant year ahead.

I think she was the person whom we wished most to see when we returned to school the next autumn, for all my recollections of the day center about her. Several happy months passed, and then, as the winter holidays drew near, she became ill, and was obliged to leave school. "Until after the holidays," they said. But when we came back from our vacation, eager to see her, we were met with the news that she was still sick. Soon after she resigned and went south. Another came to fill her place, but we knew that it could never be filled as she had filled it. While we struggled along with our new teacher, and longed to have her back, we heard from her now and then. Just when we had begun to think that we might see her at school once more the news came that she was going home. Then, as the realization of her condition broke upon us, we almost gave up the hope of her ever being our teacher again.

Occasional letters came to us to bring more strongly to our minds the memory of that happy time when hundreds of miles did not separate us. It was plain that her thoughts were still with us, where she so longed to be. "It is hard, hard," she wrote, "to know that I can never again work where I feel I am so much needed; and yet," she continued, "I have a work here that is not unpleasant." Dear soul, her ready hands and loving heart found something to do for others wherever she went.

Then, as the spring came and the *Frestias*—those delicate flowers which she had loved so well—began to bloom, the long-expected yet startling news came to us—she was dead.

Ah! then it was that we fully realized how much she had been to us. We did not know how much we loved her, how much she had done for us, or even how often we had thought of her, until the heart-wrench told us.

Dear woman, how many young lives she has touched and bettered by her kindly influence she may never know, but no one who knew and loved her can doubt that she did not live in vain.

JEANETTE R. DEURY, '99.

## AMERICA'S RIGHT TO INTERFERE IN BEHALF OF CUBA.

"I'll burn her out, consume her, and the empire of Spain beside. Oh, it is a point just neither desir'd nor on establish'd."

THE question is of so vital importance to the patriotic spirit of this Nation today, as this question of Spanish tyranny. It is an established fact that the Spaniards in all their dealings, not only with the United States, but with every nation, have acted the part of a pack of deceitful, tyrannical cowards.

When and where Spain has come in conflict with barbarous or semi-barbarous people, unequal to her in strength, arts, or religion, she has crushed them as an empty egg shell, as did Greece and Rome in days gone by. As to her religion it was,—“So and so; and, so and so, is true. Now you believe it, or die the death of an infidel.” And then authors will persist in saying, “Sunny, Romantic Spain.” It should be, “Blood-thirsty Spain.”

Again, when the hand of a stronger nation reaches out and grabs the Spanish by the nape of the neck, as does the bulldog the rat, his knees fail him, his heart gives way, but as to his breath, it still cries, not for fiendish triumph now, but for mercy.

It is true indeed that it is to Spain that we are indebted for the discovery of this glorious country, and this is the one bright, golden spot on the history of a nation of sin.

But to come to the Cuban question. Did not the forefathers of our country rise up in resistance to British oppression in 1776 and again in 1812? Why not still again, against oppression to our navy and to the Cubans? Have we not a right to interfere in behalf of humanity? If there ever was a right and ever was a time, that right and time is now.

Shall we stand by and see thousands of men, women, and children die of sheer starvation. You may keep quiet if you think it will benefit you; but, as for me, I will take action, if not by the sword, then by the pen, for you know that, “The pen is mightier than the sword.” And again, to national honor. Has not the cold-blooded murder of our heroes of the Maine, been cause enough to resurrect that patriotic spirit, which I am sure every true, loyal American citizen has to the point of overflowing.

Is not this insult enough to create an army of millions for the defence of our nation's honor? Shall we submit to these foregoing oppressions? “No! we will not submit! We never will submit!” as Daniel Webster said, “The People, the People, if we are true to them will carry us, and will carry themselves gloriously through this struggle.” And will this not leave the sons and daughters of the sunny isle of Cuba free and independent—*independent now and independent forever.*

LOUIS WETMORE, '00.

"Hence in this an island and without a landing place, we can never more re-visit when we are once on the rocks."

A school boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied, “If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship; the upward strokes heavy and the downward strokes light.”—E. C.





The Middle Physics Class are at present accomplishing the difficult task of learning how to study.

Will some one inform a few of the High School girls of whom the unknown quartet is composed?

The extra sessions of the Middle Physics Class are very enjoyable, especially when they have little side shows. (What an interesting subject electricity is.)

When asked whether he would rather belong to the House of Commons or of Lords, Mr. Frank replied, "House of Lords of course." How about that Frank?

Mistress (severely)—If such a thing occurs again, Norah, I shall have to get another servant.

Norah—I wish yez wud—there's easily enough warruk for two av us.

Will Prof. Israel be content with "about one girl?"

The instructor in Physics has suggested a new way of studying. The formula is as follows: "If the subject is not understood, put the book down and walk over it."

The Seniors have received their class pins and now display them at every opportunity.

Isn't it too bad that Mr. Israel always calls upon some of the girls of the Middle Latin Class for just what they don't know?

Miss Dorrance, '00, spent several days of last week in San Francisco.

Cyril Kenyon, '00, is recovering as rapidly as possible. It was discovered recently that he had sprained his ankle also. This will keep him confined still longer.

Teacher—Please tell me what time it is.

Boy—I don't know.

Teacher—Well, look at the clock and see.

Boy—How can I see when the clock's got its hands before its face?

Why would teachers make good merchants?

Because they are so careful not to give extra measure in the way of marks.

Mr. Rhea, '98, looks depressed of late; he must have lost in the Chase.

Did you know that Miss Eichelberger, '98, has a "Will" of her own?

Miss Reynolds, '98, is very fond of gazing at the sun, especially Wil-sun.

Maybe you think Prof. Brown don't spark; but you ought to see him sparking the electrical machine.

Most people do not like bills, but there is one Bill, that Miss Durham, '98, likes pretty well.

Miss White, '98, thinks there is only one Frank in the world.

Last month Der Deutsche Sprach Verein was pleasantly entertained at the residences of Miss Murphy, Miss Sullivan and Mrs. Winterburn.

Slowly Stockton's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away, Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one glad day. And the last rays kissed the foreheads of Jerry and Vinton fair.

Most camels are very fond of the desert and never go near the wood. Miss Campbell, '98, is an exception, for she often goes near (At) wood.

As to Lodi, on their bikes, they sped thro' the evening air. Both with heads bowed o'er their safeties and eyes beaming with delight.

Struggling to keep back the murmur, "We must have a dance that night."

When are our thoughts too deep for expression? When we are trying to talk German.

Miss Edwards has recovered from her recent illness and is with us again.

Miss Lane sometimes calls one of the Middlers Miss Macbeth. I wonder why.

The Middlers who study Physics have a thumb in common.

G. C., '01, must not be too sure when she sings, "I can't lose my Charlie."

Wanted—A patent for holding pocketies in place. Samples gratefully received by Floyd Thompson, '01.

E. H., '01, should know that its about time to "ring off" on Mark so the other girls may have a chance.

Sampson, '01, should not wink at Katie so much. It might enlarge the right eye and give his face a queer expression.

Anybody wishing to hear the latest operatic airs apply to Miss Edna Willy, '01.

Weary Willie's excuse for not laboring is "spring fever." Some halting patriots now have a holy fear of Cuban fever. Matteson, '00, did not resign because he was afraid of Spanish bullets.

## SOCIETIES.

The Lambda Theta Phi Sorority spent a most pleasant afternoon on Saturday, March 26th, at the home of Miss Nellie Stevens. Musical charades and various games were played, after which refreshments were served. Among those present were Misses May Budd, Amy Ferguson, Abby Hammond, Hedwig Rosenbaum, Inez Shippee, Olive Cloudsley, Cora Patton, Bessie Rosenbaum, Stella Perry, Marjorie Bayley, and Amy Chesnutwood.

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## AN APRIL FOOL JOKE.

THE boys of the Latin class of the Jackson High School had decided to play a trick on Professor Langdon. They had long wanted an opportunity to ridicule their dignified teacher, and when April Fool's Day came, they determined not to let it pass without having some fun.

But the question was, in what way could they have the most fun? Several plans were proposed, but they did not meet with unanimous approval, so finally it was decided to leave the whole affair in the hands of Joe Dawson, who had promised the boys some fine fun if they would trust it to him.

Joe was the artist of the school. He had a great deal of talent, and it had been said of him that he would some day win renown.

That evening, the 31st of March, he was very busy. After finishing his lessons, he went to his own room and worked hard on something, till twelve o'clock. When he had finished, he put his work away, and went to bed.

Next morning Joe was in the Latin room at 8:15 o'clock. He found one or two of the boys there, who helped him in his work. First they took out the cane bottom of the Professor's chair, and hid it under the desk. Then Joe produced his work—a piece of yellowish brown paper, cut to fit the bottom of the chair, and very carefully painted to imitate a cane seat. This was fastened on, and the chair set in its accustomed place. The boys' work was done.

How impatiently they waited for nine o'clock to come! Just as the bell rang, Professor Langdon entered his room, and, tapping with his pencil upon the desk, said, in a dignified manner, "The room will come to order."

Now was the time for the fun! Now he would sit down! The boys waited in breathless suspense.

But, alas! the Professor did not sit down. Instead, he looked at the window, and remarked, "I am afraid the room is too cold. Mr. Dawson, will you kindly close the window?" Joe rose, and went to the window. He was a tall boy, but the window was high, and all his efforts to reach it were in vain. Mr. Langdon, seeing this, placed his chair in front of the window. Joe stood for a moment, and looked at the chair; his face grew red; he hesitated, but what could he do? So up he went—and down he came.

The whole room burst into laughter. The Professor looked rather surprised, but all he said was, "after this, remember, boys, that 'He who laughs last, laughs best.'"

Jack—I say, Jim, why aren't you calling on Miss Jones any more?

Jim—Don't ask me, Jack; the reason is a parent.—Ex.

A little girl was eating with her knife. She was corrected by her older sister, who said, "It always hurts my conscience to eat with a knife." To which the tot replied, "Perhaps you put it in too far."

Pater—"Say, pa, was there more than one Peter the Great?"

Pater—"No, my son, that was a case where history fails to re-Pete itself."—Ex.

## EXCHANGES.

"Res Academical" comes to us in its usual good form.

An article in the "High School Review" on the injustice of long lessons might be of interest to the faculty.

"The Coming Woman" is well discussed in the "Vidette."

The exchange column of the "Hall Boy" is well edited.

There is a very interesting description of a country school in the "C. M. T. S. Register."

The advertising editor of the "Californian" must be a very energetic man.

"A Bachelor's Mistake" in "High School Whims" is well written.

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