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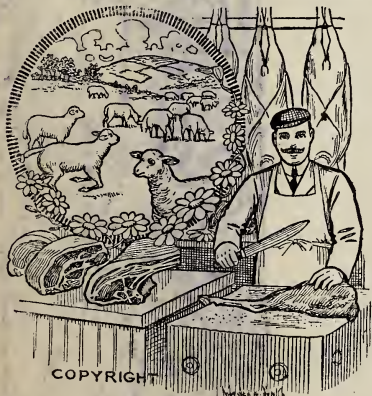
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An Idea

BY RUBY MARKHAM, '08.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Henderson were seated at breakfast in their cozy dining-room at "The Poplars," their summer home, and were discussing the wilfulness of their daughter, Helen. "Some immediate step must be taken," said Mrs. Henderson, in tones both firm and severe. "Helen is becoming far too intimate with young Barlow. It is nearly ten o'clock, you and I have finished breakfast, and Helen has not appeared yet."

"She was up late last night," remarked Mr. Henderson.

"So were we, but we can get down to breakfast at a reasonable hour. Helen is wilful and she does just the opposite to what you want her to do. She knows how we are set on her marrying Senator Allen."

"Remember our case, my dear," replied Mr. Henderson, "I was by no means your parents' choice."

"Well, I have an idea. I'll tell you about it later when we are alone again. I can hear Helen coming now. Just note our conversation."

The door opened and Helen entered, and when she had dutifully saluted her parents, she sat down at the table and asked her mother what there was for breakfast.

"There are fruit and chops, Helen, and eggs and muffins," was the reply.

"Which shall I have?"

"I am sure you would like the eggs and muffins," said Mrs. Henderson.

Helen deliberated a moment. "I think I will have the fruit and chops," she remarked eventually.

As Mrs. Henderson assisted her daughter, in question, she shot a quick glance at her husband.

"I knew she would have one thing if I recommended another," Mrs. Henderson said later, to her husband, as they stood in the flower garden.

"She certainly is perverse," Mr. Henderson remarked.

"That is just what originated my idea," said his wife. "Now, listen to it: it is this, I am going to pretend that I like Frank Barlow better than I do Senator Allen, and the result will be, Helen will prefer the latter. Don't you think it is a good one?"

"Rather," replied Mr. Henderson, as he turned his face to conceal a smile.

A week or so passed before any fruits of Mrs. Henderson's idea were reaped.

"You haven't said anything about Mr. Barlow for several days," remarked Helen to her mother one morning as they were sitting on the porch.

"Well, to tell you the truth, my dear," replied Mrs. Henderson, "I am beginning to think I was mistaken in my impression of Mr. Barlow. I have come to the conclusion that he is a very nice man."

"Oh," replied Helen, "Do you think he is nicer than Senator Allen?"

"Well, he has several qualities that the Senator has not, and he is exceedingly clever."

Helen did not reply, but her pretty face puckered up in an unbecoming frown.

"I think Mr. Allen is clever, too," she said at last.

Afterwards she (Mrs. Henderson) triumphantly repeated the conversation to her husband. "It acted like a charm," she said. "As soon as I began praising Barlow, she immediately began to take up for Mr. Allen."

About a week later Mr. and Mrs. Henderson sat alone in the garden, when they heard Helen call to them. They walked to the library to find Helen gazing at a photo of Senator Allen, lately given to her by that gentleman. Mrs. Henderson slyly nudged her husband.

"I want to ask you about Mr. Allen," said Helen, hesitatingly. "Do you like Mr. Barlow the better of the two?"

"Oh, decidedly," replied her mother.

"But Senator Allen is awfully well off, mother," she said in an argumentative tone.

"But look at Mr. Barlow's talents," said Mrs. Henderson. "I think brain-power always outweighs mere money."

"Supposing,—mind, I only say, supposing," began Helen. "Suppos-

ing Mr. Barlow were to ask me to be his—his wife, what should I say?"

"If you care for him say yes, by all means!" cried her mother, secretly nudging her husband.

"Well, I have said yes," was Helen's unexpected answer. "Frank would not believe that you preferred him to Mr. Allen—I brought him here to hear you say so yourself. Come out, Frank."

With a cheerful grin on his face, Frank Barlow emerged from behind a cluster of tall palms, and came forward with outstretched hands.

"I am awfully glad to have heard what I have," he said, "for I thought you preferred Senator Allen to me. I must apologize for eavesdropping. I hope you will forgive me."

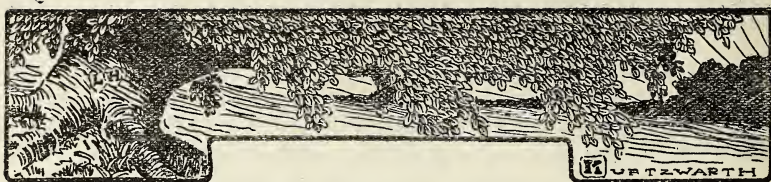
The picture was complete. Frank and Helen stood hand in hand smiling happily. Mr. Henderson's face wore a mischievous smile, and Mrs. Henderson gazed from one to the other in perfect amazement.

Spring

BY VIOLA ALDERMAN, '08.

Now let us pay our tributes
To Spring so bright and fair;
The buttercups are glistening
With dewdrops from the air,
The winter winds are mute all day
And give their rival Spring the sway.

We all would welcome thee,
Fair Spring, with garlands green,
That bring'st joy and beauty
To flowers yet unseen.
All nature seems to wake and sing
When thou arrivest, gentle Spring.



The True Life

BY MAYE BOWLING, '08.

I.

It was evening—evening, such as we only find on the water. The waters were roaring their never ceasing moan, and the western wind was softly stirring—the sweet wind which brings tranquil rest and bears the sweetest dreams.

It was summer—the nearest kin to spring; and the month was July.

Naturally, a girl and a boy would be “spooning” in the moonlight of a July evening; and perhaps they were, but that is not what I was going to tell.

Only a young man was there; and the moan of the waters and the stir of the zephyr filled the air with reverie and a vague regretfulness, which also were sinking in the heart of the man. He was young, and it was summer, but still he did not have the buoyancy that should accompany youth.

The contagious breath of the air had pervaded his whole being, and he stood looking out on the vast expanse of water with sad eyes, which examined the past. His college life—how hard, yet, how easy compared to real life; and how jolly!—was brought to his memory. Then he thought of the day before, when he had received a returned manuscript. It was what he expected, but he had dared hope that this one would not be returned.

He had not become despondent, however, for he knew that he had genius, although his style was undeveloped; and he looked through the present into the future, when he would have success. Yes, these were his thoughts yesterday. Then came a note from his friend, Chase, asking him to join a party at the beach; which invitation he readily accepted and now he was there.

But how thoughtful and pensive the sound of the sea makes a person, and especially one who is not joyous; it almost leads one to despair. The verses of Shelley came to the young man's mind,

"Yet now despair-itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear."

A voice from a cottage to his back and the name, "Wells," brought him back from the realm of fancy to reality. He adjusted his tie, and pushed back a stray piece of hair with which the winds had been playing, and started toward the cottage. At the boardwalk, in front of the cottage, he met someone and "Carlyle Wells?" greeted his ear.

"Why, hello, old fellow! I am so glad to see you," returned Carlyle to the man who was with his friend, Chase.

"Not much 'seeing' here, Wells; come in the cottage and tell me why you are so late. Train late, eh?"

"No—"

"Yes, I know it was those cars, they always run the wrong way at the wrong time," responded Chase before his friend could answer.

Wells went into the cottage, and as all the party were gone, the two men soon separated,—Wells retiring to his room, as he was very tired after his trip.

II.

It was exactly twenty-four hours later when we find him again, there in his room. His eyes were beaming with a new light, his heart was beating irregularly, and with a pen in hand, he sat down to the table and felt as if he could write his masterpiece, his true story.

The sun was shining in through the half-turned shutters, when Wells awoke the following morning; and he heard the splash! splash! of persons in bathing—a party with which he had promised to go in the surf.

But he could not go in the surf now, for he thought of his manuscript, which he knew was a success, and which he wanted to mail the first thing. He was fully awake now, and found himself dressed and sitting in a chair with his head on the table; but where was his manuscript? This story which he had completed last night, the "True Life," could not and must not be lost! He had left it on the table to mail the next morning, but it was not there and search could

not discover the lost treasure. He would write it over, he said. He sat down again to the table and wrote about a page; then the servant knocked on the door and said, "Breakfast!"

He went downstairs and out on the porch, coming upon a figure in white, which quickly turned as he approached. She slightly blushed as he held out his hand and said, "Good morning, Miss Wellis," in his easy, quiet manner.

"Good morning," she replied.

"You are still reading; just like you were when I used to see you on the porch, yet never nearer," Wells said, as he glanced at a magazine she held in her hand.

"You used to see me?" she replied in an interrogative tone.

"Yes. Didn't you once live in Cambridge?" he asked her.

"No, indeed."

"Well, I declare, I used to see a girl there just like you and with the same name, when I went to college. I never met her, though I tried several times.

"Oh! I know now. I visited my cousin there; and are you the Mr. Wells I heard so much about, who wrote?" she quickly responded.

"Who—er—"

"And is this—" she opened the magazine and held it up to him; and his eyes fell on his name, written under the title of one of the few stories of which had been published.

Instantly the experience of last night came to his mind and how vivid was the story as he stood by her side looking out over the many waves!

"Oh, don't read that, I have just finished a story so much better; I wrote it last night and lost it, but am going to rewrite it immediately after breakfast."

"Please tell it to me!" she said.

"Breakfast is always called at the wrong time," thought Carlyle Wells, as it was announced just then, for the second time.

After a hurried breakfast—yet some of his glances to the one by him could not be modified by the same adjective—he returned to his room and his story.

What was the trouble with him, Wells asked himself as he tried to remember the unfinished story. Alas! it was gone—the memory of that tale. Again despair almost overwhelmed him. He, then, remembered the plans for that day—the party was going fishing—so he got up, and in a listless manner began to prepare.

III.

It was the first of August, and evening. Beside the seashore were a man and a girl. The moon and stars were stealing glances at them; and the August breeze wafted a stray lock of hair against the man's hand, as he brushed some sand off the girl's shoulder. How it thrilled him!

"And to think, this is my last evening here," mused Carlyle Wells. "You don't know how much I have enjoyed being here—especially with you," he added softly.

"And I, too, go home tomorrow," Miss Wellis replied.

Then silence fell over them, only broken by the sound of the sea; and before the mind of Wells came his life of the past two weeks. He thought of every detail with pleasure, and his expression would change when he thought of the time—how little, it seemed to him—he was alone with Miss Wellis.

"Mr. Wells, have you heard from your manuscript?" asked Miss Wellis, breaking his reverie.

Ah! how hard it was to tell her his failure. But he did, and she understood the sympathy she showed on her beautiful face was nearly akin to love.

"Carlyle!" she whispered softly—hardly audible—in a voice thrilling with sympathy and love; "how I wish I could help you," she added.

"Dorothy," he cried in a tone which meant much, as he grasped her little hands between his, and gently lifted them to his lips.

"Oh, Dorothy," came a voice from the silence, "it is only in your presence my story comes to me. You know it was the night I met you, and you spoke to me only, 'Good night,' that I wrote the story, or, it came to me!"

They looked into each other's eyes and each whispered, "The True Life," and the sea roared and re-echoed, "True Life," and the August wind caught "Life" and wafted it out over the seas.

A Story of the Stage

BY MINNIE COLE, '09.

A good many years ago, when I was younger and more self-confident than I am now, I was playing the "heavy father" in a drama called the "Lost and Found." It was a good old-fashioned piece and plenty of "go" in it.

We were all poor, but I do not think that any of us were quite so hard up as Miss Ramsay. When she came to join the company she did not have a cent, and no clothes but those she had on and they were not anything extra.

One night I found out a little of her history by mere accident. She always wore a locket. She dropped it and in it were two pictures. One was a beautiful young girl of about sixteen, which I at once recognized to be herself. The other was an old man that I took to be her father.

I handed her the locket and as we started out of the room she said, "Please don't tell anyone about the locket."

Two weeks later it all came out, and I hope I shall never have to go through such a painful twenty minutes again. We were in a little town in the southern part of England. The house was packed and some were standing in the isles.

Miss Ramsay and I were in a little green room waiting for our call. I noticed that she was nervous, and "What on earth is the matter?" I said.

She said she was "stage frightened."

Just then the stage director popped his head in; "Act four, scene one," he shouted; "you haven't much time, sir."

I led her on to the stage, where we took our places, waiting for the curtain to rise. Her opening speech was a long one, in which she gave me an account of her life—how she had been betrayed and forsaken, while I listened in gloomy silence.

How she pleaded for forgiveness! The house was breathless. There was no crying; people simply listened with pale, anxious faces—it was like a judgment, and she held them in the palm of her hand. I never saw a woman act so before. The amazing part of it all was that she paid no attention to the dialogue, but spoke for the most part in her own words.

I glanced at the manager. The look on his face was one of amazement and terror. I thought the girl had gone mad and so had he.

At last we were near the end. After her magnificent pleading, I told her to be gone, never to cross my threshold again, never to call me "father" again.

For a few seconds she did not move. At the end of the scene she ought to have said a few words, but she omitted them altogether. Instead of talking, she acted, and the audience understood every look and gesture.

She stood there fully five minutes without speaking a word. Then she moved slowly to the door to go away forever. But she saw a little set of South African native knives, which hung on the wall as an ornament. A new thought possessed her.

She walked to the wall, took a knife and hesitated. And then she stabbed herself! I rushed to her side.

"What have you done?" I whispered as the curtain fell.

"What is it?" she whispered faintly.

"You have hurt yourself with the knife."

"He is in front," she said.

"Who?" I asked.

"My father. I saw him when the play first commenced," she moaned. "I thought that I would never get through. It was all right until the last scene, and then I think I must have gone mad. It seemed real. I have been acting my own history, you know. Why is there such a noise, why do the people shout?"

"They are calling for you," I answered.

"Ah! yes," she gasped.

It was all over, and she was dead. The manager told the audience that during the excitement Miss Ramsay had hurt herself, and he begged them to pass out quietly.

Her father was quite overcome and had to be assisted to his carriage. I do not think he ever knew that it was his own daughter he had been watching as he played her final role in the tragedy of life.

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Voices of Spring

BY MAUD CREWS, '08.

Blithely sing the birds of spring,
Tee twit, tee twit, tee twi,
Thro' the woods the sweet notes ring,
Along the banks of Dee.

Oh! spring is here, oh! spring is here,
'Tis this, the news they tell,
The jolliest time in all the year,
For so the wild notes swell.

But list ye, how the merry birds,
In thrilling tones they sing,
And from the treetops still are heard
The voices of the spring.

The Night

(An Ode.)

BY MARY LOOMIS SMITH, '08.

The night steals on in dimmest beauty, such,
That shy stars blossom at her mystic touch,
As with a ling'ring sadness, calm and free,
Her shad'wy mantle falls on earth and sea,
And in oblivion, cradled on her breast
The weary, careworn world is lulled to rest.

O night, the mother of all shadows, come,
And steal us from Earth's sordidness and gloom;
Wrap us in all thy sweet forgetfulness
And let us dream in thee; O render less
The wild tumultuous throbbings of the world!
Sleep's opiate breath in poppies now unfurl.



Circumstantial Evidence

BY RUBY ELLIOTT, '10.

Crawford was in the Grand Central Station, with fifteen minutes to wait for the New Haven train. Having nothing else to do he wrote to his sister to forward some things he had left behind.

As he was sealing the envelope a gentleman stepped up to him.

"Pardon me, sir," he said. "May I borrow your pencil for a moment?"

"Certainly. And if you will keep an eye on my baggage while you're here, I'll slip out and mail my letter."

He walked for sometime before finding a letter-box. Then mailing his letter he arrived at the station with eight minutes to spare. When he went for his suit-case he saw a very ugly, pug-nosed boy sitting on two, one of which was his.

"Hello, my boy, you're the watchman, are you? Well, I'll just take my case along, and leave the other for you."

He reached for his property, but the boy looking up in astonishment, cried out: "No, these are papa's. He told me to take care of 'em."

"Yes. One's your papa's, but this one's mine," said Crawford, again putting out his hand.

"No-o-o, go 'way! Tain't yours, it's my papa's. You can't have 'em."

"Don't you like oranges? Take this nickel and run over and get you a big orange."

The child took the money, but did not budge from his seat.

"Come, run along and get the oranges," he insisted.

"Waitin' for papa; I want my papa," the child sobbed.

Crawford then took hold of the handle of his suit-case and slipped it out from under the defender's legs. Then followed a kick and a deafening howl.

"Pa-pa, pa-pa, he's stealin' me, he's stealin' me."

"What's the row here?" said a policeman who was passing.

"He's stealin' me! I wan't my papa," wailed the child.

"Confound it, officer," cried Crawford, "the little fiend's been sitting on my suit-case and wouldn't give it up. Now he says I want to steal him. All I want is my train."

"No, you don't, sir," he cried, seizing Crawford by the shoulder. "Let's hear a little more about this business."

A crowd had gathered by this time and suddenly a very pretty young lady came over to the child and kissed him tenderly.

"There, there, Charlie, don't cry. Little men don't do that, you know. Tell sister what the trouble is," she said.

"Papa said he was comin' back an'—an' he—he didn't come."

"See, here," Crawford said to the officer, "here's the key to my suit-case, the one marked 'J. C.' on the end. My name is James Crawford. I will tell you everything in there."

"All right, sir, go ahead.

Crawford faced the crowd.

"On top, pair of gray trousers; then patent leather shoes, military brushes, box of cigars,—"

"No. Now I guess you'll be going my way," said the officer.

Just then the pug-nosed boy gave a shriek, "Papa, papa."

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter? What does all this mean?"

"Mean, sir," cried Crawford. "It means that you have insulted me and caused me to miss my train. That boy of yours refused to let me have my suit-case, and here I am arrested for kidnapping."

"By George, it can't be possible! I beg a thousand pardons, sir. I went out on some business and had no idea I had stayed so long."

"Don't—don't mention it," Crawford managed to stammer. "Only convince this kind officer that that suit-case is really mine."

He did so, and then they exchanged cards. Crawford informed the policeman that his friend's initials were the same as his. His name being Joseph Carton.

"Since I have caused you to miss your train, suppose we remain over and have a little theatre party of our own? May I present you to my daughter?"

He left Crawford to entertain the blue-eyed girl while he went to help Charlie remove the tears.

Since that time I think the pug-nosed boy has entertained Crawford,—so has the blue-eyed girl.

The Life Savers

BY MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

Fighting the sullen waves,
No fear for their angry roar,
Dashing to save the ships
They would break on the rocky shore.
Periling life and limb
The like from the sea to save,
Small, but with courage grim,
These men who fight the wave.

If you saw the iron grasp
The ships strive 'gainst in vain,
If you felt the wild despair
Of the souls on the raging main,
If you heard the angry roar
While lives from the sea they save,
You would know the courage grim
Of the men who fight the wave.

IL FLUNKEROSO.

A spasm produced in the contemplation of a day's assignment.

Hence, loathed Geometry
Of ancient Egypt and 'curst Euclid dorn;
Vile source of misery
Awaiting me on each recurring morn.
Begone, get thee to Satan's realm infernal
And there hold revelry.
Inflict thy cruelty
Upon the wicked, doomed to punishment eternal.

—Ex.

A Shattered Dream

BY INEZ CROOM, '09.

I always did detest curly yellow hair on a man, especially after I proposed to Clarabel Maitland's twin brother instead of herself.

He was just recovering from a sickness which had detained him and his sister longer than the customary season at the beach hotel.

I was wondering one morning, as I strolled by the water's edge, what excuse I should offer my friends for remaining here longer. I had met Clarabel during my stay here, and had straightway fallen in love with her. Yet I saw her but seldom, for she was very faithful to her sick twin, and spent a great deal of her time with him.

As I walked idly on, I turned my steps slightly inland, where a clump of trees concealed an inlet. It was an ideal spot. The water was very clear, revealing a stretch of sandy bottom. The trees preened themselves and peeped slyly into the water beneath at the reflection of their own glossy leaves and smooth, slender branches. On this same clear water lay a boat, rocked gently by the heave of the ocean; in the honeysuckle nearby bees droned lazily at their work; and the waves swished a soft undertone.

The figure in the boat (it was Clarabel's twin) was thoughtful too. His face, so white beneath the folds of a light shawl covering his head, was calmly peaceful, and the blue eyes were very large. Appealing eyes they were, so like Clarabel's.

"Miss Maitland!" I cried in joyful surprise.

The rogue! He knew my mistake, and allowed me to continue in the deception!

But in spite of the lurking mischief in his eyes, he laid his finger on his lips and shook his head gently.

"I cannot talk today," he whispered. His eyes were half closed, but without concealing a smile in their depths, and I bent unnecessarily near to catch the words, "Absolute rest, the doctor's words."

I smiled tenderly and was very solicitous of his comfort. I gathered long sprays of the fragrant honeysuckle nearby and placed beside him, on the pillows on which he lay, and fanned him with untiring devotion; and always that alluring laughter increased and refused to be hidden by the subtle lowering eyelids.

It was when I saw by my watch that in fifteen minutes luncheon was served, that I laid bare my heart before those intoxicating eyes. As I watched eagerly, those eyelids closed, and an expression of pain

distorted the fair features. (I understood afterward that it was the pain of suppressed laughter).

As I bent over him in alarm, he hid his head on my shoulder, and his frame shook with sobs (or I thought it was sobs). How I pleaded with him, begging him and assuring him that as my wife he should know no pain or sorrow. We would have to economize at first, I told him softly, but not for long. And now give me an answer. O, say yes! and I lifted the buried face and kissed away the tears.

He really suppressed his laughter excellently, considering the circumstances, and answered in a mocking treble:

"Dearest Jack, I'd give my life to make you happy, but I am afraid it would be a mistake, our marriage. I'm not very strong yet, and might be extravagant. Believe me, dearest, I appreciate your most estimable offer very much. There is Clarabel, my twin. If you could win her love she would make you an excellent wife, for she dotes on economy in early married life. What! going? I'm so sorry. I've enjoyed the morning *very* much, Jack." Then sitting bolt upright and throwing off the light wrap that had covered him, and the shawl from his head, he lapsed into jeering bass.

"Say, Jack, ever have a man kiss you and ask you to be his wife? Great thing!"

I shall hear his laugh on my deathbed.

Diamond

BY MARY RUFFIN GREEN, '09.

Diamond had been once the god of jewels, but on account of his old age had been deprived of his place in the house of the gods. He did many peculiar things that no one understood.

He had twenty gold cups made, about the size of a thimble, and each had a top upon hinges, so they could be opened. Every one wondered why he did this, and all were puzzled as to what he intended to do with them.

One morning he seemed sadder than usual, and his children were worried about him. After his morning meal, he called all of his children (there were twenty of them) to his bedside, and gave each one of these gold cups. They did not know what to think of it and

began asking what they were for. He called them close so that they might hear him, for he was very weak and could hardly talk.

"My children," he said, "I am going to die before long, and when I do I want my body burned to ashes, and I want each of you to fill your cup with my ashes. Take them with you where'er you go, and ten years from today open them and you—" he gasped for breath, and life left his body.

His children did as he had bidden, and each filled his cup, but when the time came for Mothad to fill his cup there were more than enough ashes to fill his cup. They all decided that Mothad should have the rest, as he was the youngest and was his father's favorite. He had him a gold cup made about the size of a large egg, but it was not as smooth as the egg—it was more of an octagon shape—and put the ashes in it. They all noticed that these ashes were whiter than any they had ever seen, and they seemed to glitter when put in the light.

In about five years after his father's death, Mothad decided to go on an exploring expedition to Africa, with some of his friends.

While they were in the bottom of some very deep cave, searching for jewels of gold, there came an awful earthquake, closing up the mouth of the cave, and rocks came rolling down from all sides, crushing life out of the whole party.

When Mothad's brothers heard this sad news they were much grieved and mourned long for him, for he was their favorite.

When the end of the ten years came the nineteen brothers came together. They opened their cups and in each was a large, beautiful diamond. They were so bright and beautiful, it almost hurt one's eyes to look upon them.

Then they thought of their brother, and of what a gorgeous diamond he had in his cup. They told the people about it and many went in search of Mothad's diamond, but none found it.

This beautiful diamond lay buried deep in the earth many years, and it was found not long ago, and is said to be the largest diamond in the world.



235

The shining doors are busy, beetles run
Along the furrow, ants make their ado;
Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
Soars up and up shivering for very joy;
Afar the ocean sleeps; white fishing gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets; savage creatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain—and God renews
His ancient rapture.

—*Browning's Paracelsus.*

Spring has come! We are all thrilled with a note of gladness and merriment at this period of the year. This is the period when every one should be merry, full of life, happy. This is the period when we can spend our time in "God's out-of-doors."

Winter, with its cold, bleak chilly winds, is turned into a calm, serene and luxuriant atmosphere, in which everything is throbbing with life and all is in a state of thriftiness and opulence. We cease hearing the cry and growl of the sour, "vinegar aspect" pessimist, and rather choose optimistic views and seek for the good instead of the bad that is in life.

To sit upon some sloping hillside and gaze at the mighty river as it flows in its peaceful, yet mighty silence; to listen to the birds as

they sing their carols, their voices commingling and forming one grand chorus; to gaze at the far-off clouds as they move along on their mysterious wings; to watch the cattle down in the prairie as they roam from place to place eating the green herbage; to gaze at the mighty range of mountains in the distance and watch the hawk as he, with his skilful wings, sweeps to the very summit and rules over his dominion. All nature is in a state of tranquility, free from contentions and strife and disturbance.

This is the time when we should be glad, exceeding glad, and as someone has said: "A spirit of thankfulness should pervade the air at this season, not for work done, but for chances to work; not for opportunity of a few, but for all; not for the things which make for our pleasure, but for those which are a pleasure to others; not for past prosperity, but for promise of better things in the future."

The baseball team is practicing daily, and as our school has excelled herself in football this year, it now falls to the lot of the baseball team to do likewise, and we have all reasons for believing that they will do this. The Trinity Athletic Field has been secured and we expect much interest to be taken and shown in this phase of our athletics.

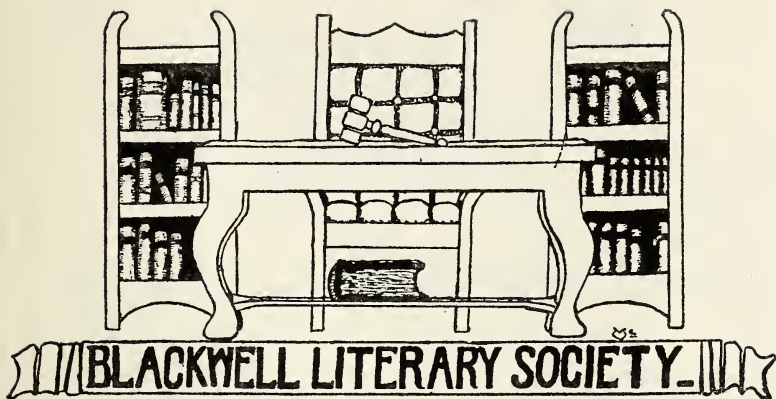
The Durham High School is now a member of the State High School League, and great times are expected when these various high school teams come together and have their Field Day.

The track-team is also being made up, and we expect to show up well in this line of athletics also.

The girls and boys are beginning to play basketball and tennis these pretty afternoons and the entire student body seems to be brimming full of school life and enthusiasm.

How about that spring poem and that prose production you promised to write? Don't forget us, we are still counting on you for some tip-top verse, and a good spicy story. Not equal to Browning or Lamb, hardly, but clever productions from high school students.

J. A. S., '08.



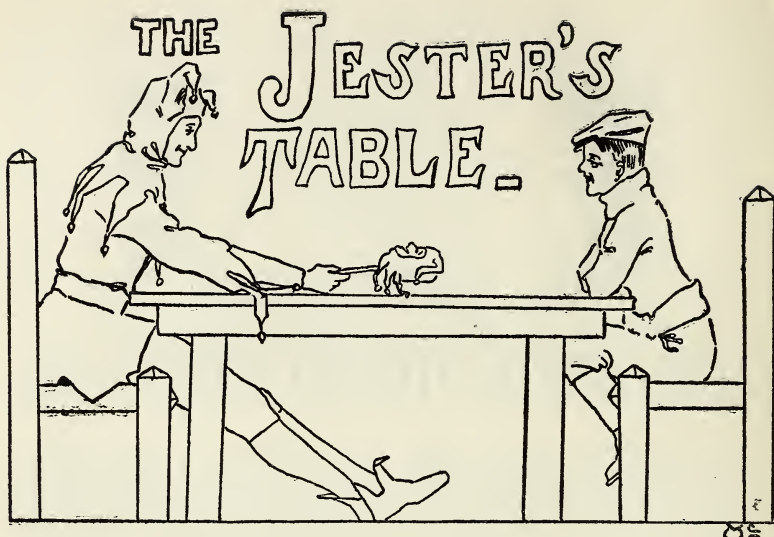
The regular quarterly election of the Blackwell Literary Society took place Friday evening, February 26. On election night there is usually a certain amount of misconduct, but this election was characterized by the orderly manner in which it was conducted. The result of this is a good set of officers.

The officers elected for the spring term are: President, Owen Wrenn; Vice-President, Percy Spencer; Secretary, Floyd Goodrich; Treasurer, Elbert Chappel; Censor, John Newton; Assistant Censor, Henry Pendergrass, and Marshal Laurence Cowan.

President Wrenn has appointed as his Constitutional Committee: Mr. Green, chairman, Fred Hamlin, and Ira Cates; as his Executive Committee, Clair Young, chairman, Isaac Strayhorn, and Zeb Roberson.

The officers elected are all very enthusiastic Society men and we are all sure that they will serve the Society faithfully. President Wrenn was very enthusiastic in his inaugural address, and every one is sure that he will make one of the best presidents in the history of the Society. In fact, the Society expects a great work from all the new officers.

Much credit is due the old set of officers. Every member of the Society appreciates the untiring work of President Speed and his fellow officers. Although a great work was accomplished in this quarter, we feel sure that the standard of the Blackwell Literary Society will be raised much in the coming term.



Mr. Campbell—"What new reformation took place in the English church upon the ascension of Elizabeth?"

George Johnson—"Mr Campbell, do you mean when she got to be queen or when she died?"

* * *

Mary had a little bee,
She put it in her bonnet;
She said she'd rather have it there
Than be sittin' on it.

—Ex.

* * *

Mary Bryant, what is your favorite color? "Lavender?"

* * *

ODE TO LATIN.

All are dead who wrote it,
All are dead who spoke it,
All die who hear it,
Bless death! They earn it.

—Ex.

Lela Markham informed us "That clothes lines were before Priam's palace."

* * *

There is a gentleman in the 4a class
Whose name is Cowan, last
He thinks it is very easy to pass,
On exams—he has studied so fast.
His recitations are perfect every month,
So that is the reason he is sure he will not flunk.

* * *

Perhaps Annie B. can tell what "H-a-t-c-h" spells.

* * *

THE LOVE OF A BUTCHER-BOY.

Deer heart, I'm in an awful stew
How I'll re-veal my love to you.
I'm such a mutton-head, I fear
I feel so sheep-ish when you are near.
I know it's only cow-ardice
That makes them lamb-entations rise.
I dread a cut—let me explain
A single roast would give me pain.
I should not like to get the hooks,
And dare not steak my hopes on looks;
I never sausage eyes as thine,
"Love me and the world is mine."
And liv-er round me every day,
We'd seek some ham-let far away.
We'd meet life's frowns with love's caress,
And cleaver round to happiness.

—Ex.

* * *

Who by her winsome smile wins the favor of all *her* teachers? Who
—why, L. B., of course.

* * *

Now if you meet some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

—Ex.

Teacher—"Compare much."
Little Boy—"Much, heap, whole lot."

* * *

Jimmy had come to Sunday-school with dirty hands. His teacher was shocked. "Jimmy," she said reprovingly, "your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school that way?"

"I wouldn't speak about it," said Jimmy, "I'd be polite."—Ex.

* * *

Teacher—"Don't know what you come to school for?"

Johnnie—"Sure! Me father said if I came every day he would buy me a billy-goat."—Ex.

* * *

"Non paratus," Freshie dixit,
Cum a sad and doleful look.
"Omne recte," Prof. respondit,
"Et nihil scripsit," in his book.
—Ex.

* * *

Senior (to Professor)—"Sir, I am indebted to you for all I know."
Professor—"Pray, don't mention such a trifle."—Ex.

* * *

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
—Tillman Matthews.

* * *

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire,
And said to his friend, "I declair
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue,
We'll all have to sit in the air."
—Ex.

* * *

Annie Laurie Long wants to know if anyone has seen her missing
"Page."

* * *

Viola Alderman thinks of marriage as of a "Jurney" in a carriage.

* * *

Florence Green sees through a "Glass" darkly.

Found in chapel, written by Percy Spencer.

Fred Hamlin is a *bird* you know,
Owen Wrenn loves Annie West,
Of all the girls I ever knew,
Fair Leah is the best.

You who are so wise,
Look you where you might;
Well, for a comic valentine,
Florence Green is out of sight.

Bassanio's a gentle wooer,
Shylock's a hateful Jew;
But of all the pretty girls I ever knew
Sweet Maye Bowling, it is you.

* * *

The Editor sits in his sanctum
Dreaming of pomp and power;
Expressing weighty opinions
At the rate of a ton an hour.
A brand-new desk inspires him
With the wisdom of a sage;
He writes like an ancient prophet
And is only young in age.

—Ex.



We highly praise the St. Mary's Muse for January. Every article in the literary department is good, especially "The New Year."

"The Spike," in the West Salem High School Magazine, is very good. "Only a Girl" is a story worthy of mention.

In the Occident the story "Too Masculine" is a dainty little bit of fiction deserving much praise for its well worked plot.

Park School Gazette, we like your magazine for this month. "The Old Homestead" is a good poem, but "Cupid and Football" is a little too sentimental.

The Index for January comes to us in a charming new dress. It is the commencement number and we heartily like the way the class pictures are arranged. All the poetry and stories of this magazine are up to its usual high standard.

To our new exchange, Tileston Topics, we extend the heartiest congratulations on your magazine. With the exception of one story, "Bill of Clam Bay," the stories seem to be rather of the kind the grammar school would enjoy, though.

We wish to acknowledge in addition the following exchanges: The Campus, the Blue and Gold, the Spectator, the Horner Cadet, the X-Ray, the Dragon, the Wake Forest Student, and the Echo.



GENTLE KNOCKS

Ay, it's a colt indeed.—One of Lawrence Cowan's herd.

The glass of fashion and the mould of form.—Percy Brown.

A winsome wee thing.—Maria Murray.

The observed of all observers.—Joe Speed.

He is the very pineapple of politeness.—Business Manager.

A progeny of learning(?)—Maud Crews.

I have oftentimes regretted my speech, never my silence.—The Careless Ones.

This is the very ecstasy of love.—Don and Lucy.

Mad for her love.—James Cobb.

To am, or not to was, that is the question.—Mr. Marten.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown.—Isaac Strayhorn.

What should a man do but be merry!—Richard Talliaferro.

Oh break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.—4th Year Class.

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
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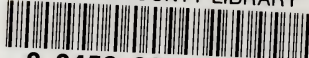
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