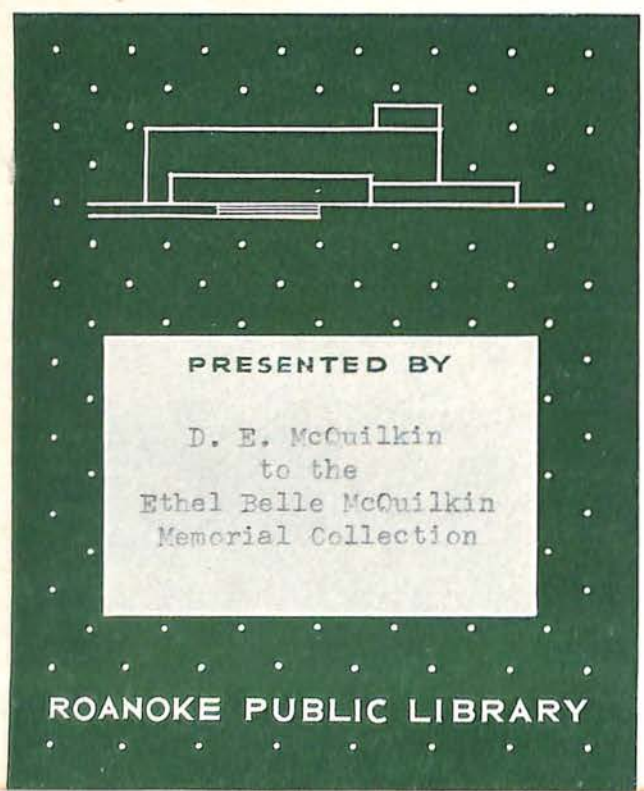
ROANOKE OF YESTERYEAR

1911

ROANOKE
VIRGINIA, CHARTERED 1882

ROANOKE CITY PUBLIC
LIBRARY SYSTEM

Central Library
Virginia Room



ROANOKE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

ACORNS OF ROANOKE

1 9 1 1

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

ROANOKE HIGH SCHOOL

To

Mr. David W. Persinger

our former principal

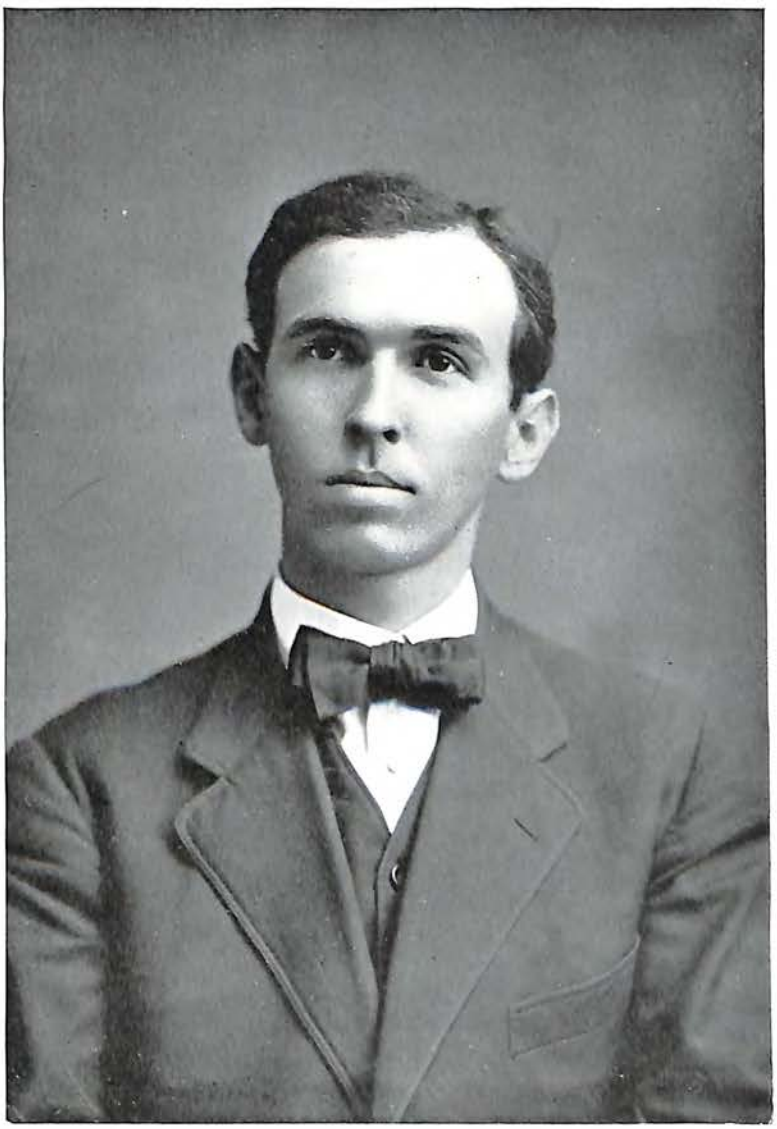
because of the many good things that he wrought

for the High School, and because of the

love we bear him as a teacher, and as

a man, the Class of 1911

dedicates this Annual



DAVID W. PERSINGER

Biographical Sketch

MR. DAVID PERSINGER was born January 23d, 1880, on a splendid old farm near Roanoke; there his early life was spent. He attended private schools in Roanoke, was a pupil at the old Alleghany Institute, and later spent a year at Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal. At the age of fifteen, he entered the University of Virginia, where he studied for one year. The next year he spent in teaching at Alleghany Institute, but again in 1897, he reëntered U. Va. The year afterwards, he taught in the Franklin County schools, but the next term he was enabled to return to U. Va., where he took the B. A. degree. In 1900, at the age of twenty-one, he won the University's M. A.; during the same year he taught Latin at Rawlings Institute, and took the all-around gymnastic medal from his Alma Mater. In 1901, he taught at the Memphis University School, Memphis, Tennessee, but at the end of a year, he came back to Roanoke, where, until 1903, he conducted a private school. Then he began teaching at the High School, of which, in 1905, he was made Principal. It was in that position that we students came to know him; he won our respect by his scholarship, dignity, and absolute integrity; by his genial personality he won our love.

Although, to our deep regret, Mr. Persinger resigned his office as Principal before the recent improvements were made at R. H. S., it was largely due to his untiring efforts that the addition was built, and many other essentials added. We all feel that we owe a great deal to Mr. Persinger.

Early Spring

O'er all the world a silver veiling floats;
Its magic woof is spun by happy sprites,
Whose forms whirl through it, filmed with sunny fire.
As that primeval mist enshrined the lights
Of dormant planets, germs of things to be,
So, in this azure air, spring's gentle sights

Are stirring with the leap of coming life.
Far, far away, yet music sweet and clear
As some great thrilling overture of dreams,
Or bugle call to our tense spirit ear,
That mighty tide, whose surging soon shall break
In foam of joyous blossoming, we hear.

The distant uplands shine with fairy gold,
In purple splendour steeped the mountains stand,
The eerie willows dim their threads with green,
Red maple buds in clarion winds expand;
A few pale, vagrant jonquils, yellow-cupped,
Spring buoyant from the yet half-wakened land.

The gaunt old oaks grow softer in the light
That ripples clearly through the limpid stream,
Around their barren boughs a softness clings,
Vague promising of leaves that therein dream;
And near yon grey torn fence two blue birds flash
Their circling wings' intensest azure gleam.

From clustered honey bells of hyacinths
The mystic fragrance sings its floating lay
Of promise and fulfillment sweetly wrought.
And through the magic of this visioned day
I see into the heart of future joys,
I tremble to fair songs yet far away.

History of Roanoke High School

SOON after Roanoke became an incorporated city, the need of provision for public secondary education became apparent. At this time, while the general public was thoroughly committed to the principle of primary education, there were a number of objectors to public high school. The enterprising citizens of Roanoke, however, appreciated as others in the State, that it was inadequate to maintain a public university at one extreme and public primary schools at the other extreme, without a link between these two. In consequence, in the year 1891, the Roanoke City High School was established. In these early years no building had been provided for the School, and it found a temporary home in the Commerce Street School building, later in a carriage factory, and then in the "Smith Building," corner of Salem Avenue and Roanoke Street. In 1898, the School was moved back to the second floor of the Commerce Street School, where it used four rooms, the little office, measuring about fifteen by eight feet, being the Senior Class room. A separate High School building was erected in 1899. From that time on the growth of the High School has been encouraging. In the earlier days, its Faculty embraced only two teachers, and its enrollment was twenty-three, all of whom were girls. When new quarters were provided, it was possible to introduce those additional branches that are imperative in a well-balanced and adequate high school course. The first of these was a commercial department, established about 1900. Then a department of sciences with some laboratory equipment was introduced; and following this, the department of modern languages was installed. The following outline of the present course of the High School presents a number of interesting features: First, the unit system, whereby a student's work is estimated on the basis of a unit or a recitation period of forty minutes, coming five times a week for thirty-six weeks. The number of units required for graduation is three and one-half in excess of those required for entrance into the average university. Another feature is the arrangement of the course relative to constants and electives, whereby the fundamentals of an English education are always prescribed, and yet the student is allowed sufficient option to make his course

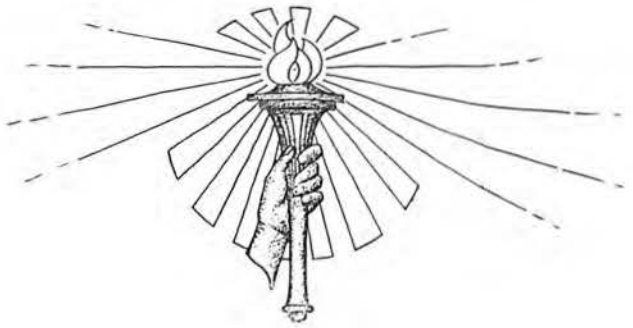
conform to the needs of his future work. The third is the elimination of the iron-clad class grading system and the introduction of a tolerably liberal scale of promotion, under which a student may be promoted practically on every individual subject on which he passes, and repeat only those subjects on which he fails.

The City High School now ranks among the very best in the State in the estimation of public school officials and college presidents. It is also enabled to furnish good academic and partial vocational training for that large number of students who will not have the privilege of work beyond the High School.

COURSE OF STUDY

	CONSTANTS	TIMES PER WEEK	VALUE	ELECTIVES	TIMES PER WEEK	VALUE
First	Eng. Gram'r Review			Latin	5	.5
Year B	Comp., Classics	5	.5	Com. Geog.	5	.5
	Algebra	5	.5			
	Ancient History	3	.3			
	Physical Geog.	5	.5			
First	Eng. Composition					
Year A	Classics	5	.5	Latin	5	.5
	Algebra	5	.5	Com. Geog. and Civics	5	.5
	Medieval History	3	.3			
	Physical Geog.	5	.5			
Second	Comp. Amer. Lit.			Latin	5	.5
Year B	Rhetoric, Classics	5	.5	Com. Arithmetic	5	.5
	Algebra	5	.5			
	Modern History	3	.3			
	Zoology	5	.5			
Second	Comp. Amer. Lit.			Latin	5	.5
Year A	Rhetoric, Classics	5	.5	Bookkeeping and Com.		
	Alg. and Plane Geom.	5	.5	Arithmetic	5	.5
	English History	3	.3			
	Botany	5	.5			
Third	Classics, Rhetoric,			Physics	5	.5
Year B	Eng. Literature	5	.5	Latin	5	.5
	Plane Geom. and Alg.	5	.5	German	5	.5
	English History	3	.3	French	5	.5
	1 Foreign Language	5	.5	Bookkeeping, Spell. and		
				Penmanship	5	.5
				Shorthand	5	.5
				Typewriting	5	.5

Third Year A	Rhetoric, Classics,		
	Eng. Literature	5	.5
	Plane Geometry	3	.3
	American History	5	.5
	1 Foreign Language	5	.5
	Physics	5	.5
	Latin	5	.5
	German	5	.5
	French	5	.5
	Bookkeeping, Spell. and Penmanship	5	.5
	Shorthand	5	.5
	Typewriting	5	.5
Fourth Year B	Rhetoric, Classics,		
	Eng. Literature	5	.5
	Solid Geometry	3	.3
	1 Foreign Language	5	.5
	Chemistry	5	.5
	Latin	5	.5
	German	5	.5
	French	5	.5
	Bookkeeping, Spell. and Penmanship	5	.5
	Shorthand	5	.5
	Typewriting	5	.5
Fourth Year A	Rhetoric, Classics,		
	Eng. Literature	5	.5
	1 Foreign Language	5	.5
	Arithmetic Review	3	.3
	Chemistry	5	.5
	Latin	5	.5
	German	5	.5
	French	5	.5
	Trigonometry	5	.5
	Commercial Law	5	.5
	Shorthand, Spell. and Penmanship	5	.5
	Typewriting	5	.5



The Faculty

F. B. Fitzpatrick, A. B.
Randolph-Macon College
Principal Roanoke City High School

Dwight E. McQuilkin, A. B., A. M.
West Virginia University, A. M. Harvard University
Instructor in English

Cora M. Board
N. W. University
Lady Assistant Principal. Instructor in Mathematics

M. Lavinia Critz
Indus. Ins. and College of Mississippi
Instuctor in English

W. O. McMahon, A. B.
Harvard
Instructor in Modern Languages

Benjamin H. Turner, A. B.
Richmond College
Instructor in Latin

W. E. Parsons, A. B., A. M.
West Virginia University
Instructor in Science

WILLIE LONDON
Instructor in English

HARRY M. TARDY, A. B.
Washington and Lee]
Instructor in Mathematics and History

SALLIE SAUNDERS LOVELACE
Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Instructor in Latin

DANIEL BEALE, A. B.
William and Mary College
Instructor in Zoölogy and Botany

ALTO M. FUNKHOUSER
Instructor in Mathematics

T. H. PHELPS, A. B., A. M.
Randolph-Macon College
Instructor in History

ROBERTA RUTHERFOORD
Instructor in German and History

MARY A. MABRY
Instructor in Business Department

HARRIS HART
Superintendent Roanoke City Public Schools

ALBERT W. HARNED
Supervisor of Music
Roanoke City Public Schools

W. CLYDE LOCKER
Supervisor of Writing
Roanoke City Public Schools

History of the Senior Class

IT was the fall of 1907. A long line of trembling students, with awe-stricken glances, made their way through the portals of that great and renowned institution of learning known as the Roanoke High School. They filed into the Freshman classroom, and with rising hopes stood at the entrance of that long and shining vista of knowledge, and then—but why recall those days when each teacher in turn proved conclusively, either by Algebra, Arithmetic, or English that they were nothing in that whirlpool of Latin roots and scientific researches. One fact, however, stands out more prominently this year than any other: the organization of these nothings into the Class of 1911, who hoped by hard working zeal and brilliant records to achieve success.

Months rolled by; the first step has been taken on the ladder toward the goal. In the Sophomore Class, a number, though not all, of the familiar faces have been again brought together. More than ever the students, realizing the importance of their work, have, with redoubled energy, been striving to leave behind them another rung of the ladder, and to gain their desire, the Junior Class.

Though a few have dropped out, the large number which remains push forward eagerly, and move this one step toward the goal—they are at last Juniors. This year marks an epoch in the annals both of the Class and of the High School, when the first Annual Board was elected, which band with tireless energy published the pioneer ACORNS.

At last the dignified title of Senior has been bestowed. Although the trials, the labors, and the dazzling successes of the Class of 1911 are now history, we have the pleasure of turning the pages of this history, and of finding there the record of one of the most brilliant classes that has ever left the High School. In their ranks is found both quality and quantity, seldom, if ever, seen in the career of any class. And now their connection with the old School is nearing its close, when the dearest of friends will be separated. Yet, in the heart of each will remain a tender memory for the old class and classmates. Some will continue their studies in college or university; others go out to try their fortunes in the fickle world. It is with deep regret, therefore, that we close the record of such a class, and here's hoping they will succeed, and, happy in their success, may remember with pleasure the time when they were strivers in the Class of 1911.

NATHALIE BAKER

"A light of smiling welcome round her lips."

¶ This winsome girl has the enviable reputation of possessing the sweetest temper in the Senior B Class; she is always ready to laugh at other people's jokes, and never seems perturbed by even the most appalling number of lessons. The various Roanoke College pins and other trophies that she displays bear witness to the fact that others share the class's opinion of Nathalie. During her High School career she has distinguished herself in the rôles of Helena and Hero, and we fully expect her, in the future, to develop American interest in Shakespearean drama.

ADA BIERBAUER

"Seven hundred pounds and possibilities are good gifts."

¶ The best joke of the season was when Miss Critz assigned to our jovial and rotund Ada the airy part of Mustard Seed in *Midsummer Night's Dream;* rumors reach us from Farmville that she is creating the rôle of Papa Bear in classroom productions of *The Three Bears:* that seems rather more appropriate. During her stay among us she was known as a conscientious student, and a good-natured classmate; we heartily wish her all success in her chosen profession of teaching.

AGATHA BOYD

"Be mine a philosopher's life
In the quiet woodland ways."

¶ The Editor-in-Chief of our Annual is a deep thinker; in her absorption she is capable of forgetting anything and everything, from the duty of eating her lunch to what the Math lesson happens to be. Her absent-minded abstractions, as she ponders over the nebular hypothesis, have caused serious disasters in the laboratory; notably when she marred her forehead with sodium burns, and again when she nearly suffocated the class with escaping chlorine of which she herself was blissfully unconscious. A resounding crash from a falling window stick usually announces her breathless arrival at 8:59 a. m.; but not withstanding her tardiness and forgetfulness, she leaves behind her one of the most brilliant English records ever made at R. H. S.

HATTIE BROWN

"A child of our grandmother Eve, a female: or for thy more sweet understanding, a woman."

¶ Something seemed to be wrong when we set out on this paragraph, and we soon realized that it was because we were trying to write about Hattie separately from Wallace Moir. This couple is known far and wide as the Siamese Twins of the Senior Class; they are so inseparable that to treat of one minus the other borders on anachronism. Moreover, Hattie possesses the most engaging smile of all the Seniors, and this, coupled with other charms, gives her complete sway over the masculine element of the class. May her attractiveness win her a pleasant path through life!

GRACE BULMAN

"To those who know thee not no words can paint.
And those who know thee know all words are faint."

¶ Miss Bulman—commonly known as Grace—attractive to boys by her charming simplicity, delightful to girls in her generosity and sweet temper, beloved by the teachers for her studious habits, yet by no means a softy. She has rendered herself famous by a thoroughly novel and original mode of writing essays, according to which the author arises at midnight, and in that witching hour of inspiration, inscribes her thoughts on paper. Along her quiet, good-humored way, Grace has strewn grades of true diamond brilliance, brilliant enough, indeed, to excite the green-eyed monster from his sleepiness in some of the rest of us.

SARAH CALDWELL

"She is never sad except when she sleeps.
And scarcely ever sad then."

¶ Sarah has long been famous as the gifted owner of the brightest head in the Senior Class; she is a difficult person to write about because her friends are so numerous that dared we say anything in the least derogatory, they would fall on us in a body and slay us. A wit as brilliant as her hair, and a delightfully magnetic personality make her thoroughly lovable and charming. Although her struggles with German have been deadly and desperate, her English work is as original and interesting as Sarah herself. She was Literary Editor of the first ACORNS of Roanoke.

CHARLOTTE COCKE

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

¶ Charlotte is somewhat of a mystery to us as yet, owing to a case of typhoid which fully occupied her time last fall. We all regret the loss of her beautiful hair, which was both a pleasure and an inspiration to go and do likewise, if possible. Indeed, we know of some girls who have made the back of Charlotte's head the object of all their reveries during the dull oratorical hours of chapel. A sunny temper, a quiet dignity, and a great deal of perseverance seem to be her strongest characteristics.

CARL COWGILL

"Motley's the only wear."

¶ Why doesn't Carl get exempt? His recitations are apparently flawless, his behavior impeccable, and yet at the end of every term his deportment average is weighed in the balance and found wanting. Tremendously popular with the boys, he seems rather to fight shy of the young ladies; perhaps that is the reason the part of Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing* sat so ill upon his shoulders. He is the class jester, and the witticisms of the Joke Department in this book are due entirely to his efforts in his position of Joke Editor.

ARTHUR DAVIS

"As proper a young man as you'd see on a summer day."

¶ Behold in Arthur an extremely bashful and modest youth. We have always wondered if there were hidden in the back of his golden hair some secret doorway of intelligence, he always knocks there so desperately when suddenly dismayed by a question in English class. We have never seen evidence of the fact, but it has been rumored that he is quite a sporty young gentleman—a heart smasher, in fact—his numerous posings in the Ponce de Leon windows seem to bear out this statement.

FRANGIE DAVIS

"Oh, how full of briars is this work-a-day world!"

¶ Miss Frangie Davis has left a cleanly religious record in the Roanoke High School, and all is said. Straightforward honesty and honest straightforwardness is she. Her work is always troublesome to her, but never so troublesome as she is to the work. Since her graduation in January she has been taking a post-graduate course in chemistry, in which unfathomable subject she seems rapidly to be learning everything learnable.

PAUL DAVIS

"He waxes desperate with imagination."

¶ It is on Mr. McMahon's authority that the above quotation is allotted to Paul, for that worthy once assured the astounded lad that his German translations evinced a very fertile imagination. Paul played the part of Puck in our all-star cast of *Midsummer Night's Dream* last term, and since then he seems to have taken upon himself some of the mischievous nature of that impish sprite. May he not, however, waste too much time in practical joking, for by common consent of the Faculty he is an original genius in the way of geometry, and we expect him to make the class famous some day by discovering the fourth dimension.

BLANCHE DEAL

"Her music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

¶ The fact that Blanche can elicit melody from the High School piano is proof positive that she is a magician as well as a true musician. Behold in her a very important personage, for since she is the sole user of our piano, it follows that numerous candy sales to pay for that burdensome instrument are held for Blanche's benefit and pleasure more than anything else. She is also one of the exclusive Senior French Class, which consists of exactly four members. As Art Editor of the '11 Acorns, she has proved herself faithful, enthusiastic and efficient.

CHRISTINE GISH

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

¶ The most eminent zoölogist of our class. Christine seems to have discovered the one and only way of extracting good grades from Mr. Beale. She pursues the even tenor of her way undisturbed by numerous conflicts in schedule, and amid the wild pandemonium of the chemistry class, she is the only one who gives the lecture her undivided attention, hence we expect her some day to become as proficient in that science as she now is in zoölogy.

CLIFFIE GROVE

"Neat, not gaudy."

¶ This young lady is a member of the Senior A Class whom we Senior B's have often looked up to with admiration and awe, longing to imitate her firm and steadfast walk in the path of knowledge. Her earnest application to duty, as well as her mathematical ability, have won her the respect of the Faculty, and her gentle cheerfulness the love of her fellow students. It is with real regret and many good wishes that we will part company with Cliffie at Commencement time.

ETHEL HARRELL

"Is she not passing fair!"

¶ From the meditative posture of Miss Harrell's head in this picture one might be led to think that she is given to plotting dark and bloody deeds, but in real life she is the gentlest, most amiable of human beings. If she could be persuaded to write her autobiography it would be an almost continuous record of smashed hearts and spurned admirers: she has always been notable as the one beauty of whom the Class of 1911 may boast. A delightfully soft and melodious voice adds still further to Ethel's charms.

KATHARINE HUTTON

"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

¶ The tall and stately Miss Hutton is better known to her intimate friends as Kizzie Quisenberry, because of an incident which we are begged to refrain from mentioning. So absent minded is she that she sometimes forgets to go home, and when at last she succeeds in covering the five miles between her home and R. H. S., remembers that she has forgotten half her school books, and all the family mail. Nevertheless, "Kiz" is a star actress, has served on a bewildering number of committees, is Literary Editor of this book, and when she graduates will leave on the High School archives a brilliant record.

RYLAND HUTTON

"We grant that though he had a plenty of wit
He was very shy of using it."

¶ Though this quotation does not fully describe the Apollo of our class, we think that teachers and pupils will understand its significance. We all know that he can read Virgil, but his sight translations are sometimes fearfully and wonderfully made. When he condescends to stoop from the lofty realms of originality to the more prosaic paths of application, he does brilliant work, and the Faculty as well as his class are expecting great things of him. Here's luck and good wishes for your promising future, classmate.

LINWOOD KEYSER

"He has indeed better bettered expectation."

¶ There is a deep scar on the Senior door jamb which will be an everlasting memorial to Linwood and his wild dashings about the school. As head librarian his command five minutes before the bell to return to study hall is usually greeted with a bombardment of dictionaries from which he barely escapes with his life, and a hunted harassed expression on his face. Despite the fact that he once barbarously burned Mr. Parsons with phosphorous, Linwood is a great scientist, and one of the distinguished few who know how to write a chemical equation, or why things explode when you didn't mean them to. We trust that at the University next year his earnest scholarship will continue to win him the honors it has at R. H. S.

RUTH KINSEY

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

¶ To describe this young lady in a few lines is not an easy task, for when we look back over her years at R. H. S. we see her a kind, obedient pupil and classmate, cheerfully and thoroughly "plodding her weary way." At last she has won the much-desired goal; armed with her diploma she leaves her High School days in the past, and is now "seeking more worlds to conquer." Great success to her!

FRANK LEMON

"He was a lord full fat and in good point."

¶ When Mr. Lemon first loomed upon our horizon, we fled in terror before what seemed either an approaching cyclone cloud or a walking earthquake, but when we became accustomed to him he proved a jolly good fellow. Totally lacking in sentiment, he sometimes wounds the tender sensibilities of the rest of us by chuckling out loud at Shakespeare's love scenes. He is a famous debater, and once succeeded in convincing the entire school that the world is growing worse every day. Frank also excels as a critic of the J. L. S. debates, where he strikes terror to the hearts of would-be orators among the "Mice."

MALCOLM LUCK

"I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people."

¶ Since he was elected President of the Senior B Class, Malcolm has acquired great agility in evading erasers and chalk hurled at him by loving friends while he is striving to conduct a class meeting with Parliamentary dignity. By this constant practice he has gained such suppleness and audacity that he is a super-hero on the football field, having scored several touchdowns for R. H. S. during the 1910 season. He played right end on the team, and showed there both pluck and daring. Malcolm's wonderful versatility is shown by the fact that he also distinguished himself with an essay on Madonnas, a subject entirely foreign to either football or the presidency.

CHARLES MALCOLM

"A merrier man
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

¶ Since it is a well-known fact that Charlie has proposed to every girl in the Senior Class, we wonder which of them had accepted on the day he ate his lunch in English period and fervently assured Miss Critz that no such character as Verges could be found in Macbeth. He played full back on the football team, where his brilliant head made him a veritable beacon light to the occupants of the grandstand. "Red," as Charlie is more intimately known, is further distinguished as Athletic Editor of the Annual, the possessor of a delightful bass voice, an ardent debater against equal suffrage, and by a fondness for gleaming yellow shoes and purple socks.

GERTRUDE MARTIN

"For to knowe her is to love her."

¶ This young lady defies all description, when we attempt to portray her as a staid and dignified Senior, the mischievous Gertrude of the Junior year appears before us. It requires a stretch of the imagination to realize that she is at Farmville studying to be a teacher, but we feel sure that a great career lies before her in her chosen work. She is distinguished as writing the first essay ever read in chapel, and as being Editor-in-Chief of the pioneer Acorns. We can say nothing more complimentary about her essays than that they sound like Gertrude; her quaint and original expressions render them thoroughly charming.

MORRIS MASINTER

"No-wher so bisy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed bisier than he was."

¶ There are not many people in school who have not seen Morris because he is in a state of perpetual motion owing to his duties as Business Manager of the Annual; it is largely due to his sagacity and enterprise that this book has its existence, and its measure of success. He is also a most convincing and eloquent debater, and shared with Mr. Figgatt the honor of representing J. L. S. at Commencement last spring. They say that he once ran all around the laboratory to escape the terrific explosion (?) caused by the action of water on marble, but we trust he only felt in need of exercise, and was not really afraid. By his great executive ability and his engaging personality, Morris has won the favor of the entire school.

WALLACE MOIR

"A merry heart goes all the day."

¶ The unusually somber expression of Wallace's face is doubtless due to the fact that for once in her High School career she is separated from that aforesaid Siamese Twin of her's, Hattie Brown; in every day life, and when no such cruel parting is weighing on her heart, she is the merriest of girls. She is famous for her lightning express runs to school, which are at once the envy and the awe of every beholder. If the question were put to vote, the class would unanimously declare that Wallace is a delightfully good-natured classmate, and a jolly comrade.

CLAUDE MOORE

"One vast substantial smile."

¶ Behold the class baby! Despite his athletic bulk, Claude is the most childish of mortals, will spend hours in the laboratory playing train with the weights and pulleys, and can be made to believe anything. He is, however, a genius in Latin, and has to his credit as many "ten pluses" as an Indian chief has scalps. Moreover, he is one of the star debaters of J. L. S., and has often distinguished himself on the football field in his position of left tackle, where he goes by the stately title of Claudius Plus.

SARA MORGAN

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Simple, steadfast, and demure."

¶ When "S. A. M." isn't endeavoring to make the Editor-in-Chief behave herself, she is studying Latin. These are her two favorite occupations, and we feel constrained to add that she has been more successful in the latter than in the former. She always knows exactly where every lesson is, and in her rôle of sympathetic consoler for the woes of the entire class she has become endeared to all of us. She is Secretary of the Senior B Class, and has served on several ACORNS committees.

BESSIE PLUNKETT

"She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest."

¶ Bessie has a wonderfully serene and equable temperament which enables her, enfolded in the arms of Morpheus, to slumber peacefully through her classes. The most guttural German sounds, the most disastrous chemical explosions, fail to rouse her when once she has sailed away to the Land of Nod. When awake she bounces up as joyfully as a rubber ball from blows that would utterly discourage any body else, and never seems perturbed by the number of lessons before her. The best cook among us, she also rejoices in the honorable title of Class Pincushion, conferred because of her ability to supply seemingly unlimited pins for the needy.

ETTA POWERS

"My heart
Is true as steel."

¶ Since the day Etta told Miss Critz that the most pathetic thing in *Ye Nut Browne Maide* is the part where "that fellow comes and tells that girl he's got him another girl," we have been wondering if she ever suffered a like experience. She commands the respect of us all by her ability to recite Halleck with the speed of a locomotive, and the accuracy of a counting machine, leaving out not a word nor a syllable, and dwelling especially on the touching scenes at certain poets' death beds. During her High School career Etta has certainly proven herself a faithful and conscientious student.

IVY POWERS

"I leave my character behind me."

¶ We don't know whether this has been Miss Powers' aim in piling up four years of good lessons, big grades, and high averages, but it has certainly been the result, and a very good character, too, has she left. There was never anybody who could learn English Literature exactly to suit Miss Critz save the lady in question, nor was this her only accomplishment, for in math, in language, in science, do we find the same thing. It is with pride that the Class of '11 claims her among its members.

MAY RHODES

"A most unspotted lily does she pass."

¶ How does May manage to keep so speckless and spotless? That is a riddle whose solution would be most acceptable. When all the rest of us are weary, dishevelled, and grimy, May trips by as dainty and debonair as if neither dust nor dirt existed in our immaculate school. Although, she read in sepulchral tones the part of the Ghost in Hamlet, and had to hear herself addressed as a "Goblin damned," she is not at all a fearsome person, and bears no likeness to the vengeful spirit of the Danish king. We all like May for her gentleness, and willingness to help any and everybody.

FRANCES ROSENBAUM

"From her cradle she was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

¶ The scholar of the Class of 1911 has proved herself a faithful and conscientious student. She has won the confidence and respect of the Faculty—things which few of the rest of us possess—is the only member of the graduating class who has never taken an examination in High School, and "departing leaves behind her big grades on the books of time." We hope that through life her impeccable behavior will continue to exempt her from all examinations and other disagreeable trials.

JESSAMINE SHOWALTER

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

¶ Another pupil who is about to close the interesting chapter of her life, entitled "Days at R. H. S.," is Miss Jessamine Showalter. As a member of the Class of 1911, she has proved herself a faithful worker and a sincere schoolmate—one of those earnest students who have helped so much toward winning for our class a good name among the Faculty.

VERSAL SPAULDING

"None but himself can be his parallel."

¶ The President of the Senior A Class deserves more than these few lines to describe his many virtues. In his responsible position he has served wisely and efficiently, and though far from a "goody-goody," he has won the hearty liking of both teachers and classmates. His besetting sin is his appetite, and with his winning faculties he procures and absorbs so much food during recess that we have often been in dread of his undermining his health. When in the years to come our memories of class paragons grow dim, we will still see clearly and vividly our jolly president, both hands piled high with sandwiches, and a broad grin illuminating his cherubic countenance.

HUGH STANARD

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

¶ If the truth were known, Hugh deserves the Carnegie Medal for bravery in preserving human life; the number of girls whom he has saved from Bunsen conflagrations and other chemical disasters is as the sands of the sea. He always responds to shrill feminine squeals, lights the burner, collects the noxious gas, washes up the acid, and makes himself generally useful. He is not musical—his grade on a certain ill-fated music examination moved Mr. Harned to tears, and we are implored not to publish it to the world. Nevertheless, Hugh makes up for his lack of musical ability by his undeniable ability in everything else. He leaves behind him a brilliant record of all-around scholarship, and just as the Annual is going to press Hugh receives the gratifying news that he has been awarded the Rumrill Scholarship of Harvard. Hurrah for Stanard!

ANNIE MAY TERRY

"A rosebud, set about
With little willful thorns."

¶ "Terry is all right," as the Instructor in Chemistry once said, thus unconsciously voicing the opinion of the entire class. To be sure, her schedule has an unaccountable way of twisting her and itself up in labyrinthine mazes, from which the poor little soul has to be extricated by some kind friend. Although often thrown into nervous prostration by not knowing whether a subjunctive is hortatory or jussive, she is the avowed genius of the Latin class, and actually recognizes an ethical dative when she meets one on the road to Carthage. Suffice it to add that her innocence and credulity, joined to other rather fascinating qualities, make her the delight of all the teases in class.

HELEN THOMAS

"And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly."

¶ In the brief intervals that Helen condescends to spend at the High School, we have been able to discover but a few things about her character, hence a description of her is a rather difficult matter. Undeniably she is always in a good humor, and her splendid coiffures are the delight and envy of the Seniors. She is an enthusiastic member of the Basket Ball Association and has done much to cheer and encourage that despondent institution. She also belongs to the Senior A French Class, a distinction which has been conferred on but three other unfortunates.

MARGARET THOMAS

"This nymph, for the destruction of mankind,
Cherished two curls that graceful hung behind."

¶ When Margaret appeared among us last September, we at once felt that there was witchery in those dark eyes of hers—a premonition which has been amply fulfilled. Most of the Senior boys have succumbed to her spell, and she is at present debating as to whether or not she will accept her latest proposal. Even Mr. Turner so far forgot himself as to implore her to remain and read Latin with him after school. On being subjected to that ordeal of discouragements which every new pupil at R. H. S. must undergo, Margaret has shown a pluck and determination that have won her the admiration of all her classmates.

JOSEPHINE WAYTS

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

¶ The Faculty Editor of the Annual, this young lady is training her Demosthenic powers by imploring pictures of the teachers, who are sometimes too modest to want their faces and names published. Josephine has lately been the recipient of many affectionate notes, and of an audacious proposal which shocked the tender sensibilities of certain "mice" in study hall. Her translations of Deutsch love scenes bring tears to the eyes of her sensitive instructor, and, indeed, her talent for German is only surpassed by her proficiency in Latin and Math. Here's hoping a happy and successful college career for Josephine!

PAUL WRIGHT

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see our sels as ithers see us."

¶ Paul is an expert dish-washer, he is the only one of the Senior boys who had sufficient energy to help the girls wash test tubes and flasks for Mr. Parsons on that memorable day before Christmas. There is something wrong with his arm and hand which all of us would like to see remedied; it seems perfectly impossible for him to keep the aforesaid members down on his desk, but wafts them aloft during even the most faultless of other people's recitations. They say he is a shark at German, and his Virgil translations are always entertaining.

CECIL DAY

"She was as good as she was fair."

¶ Miss Day, as this year's single commercial graduate, is a living proof of the fact that quality is not always dependent on quantity. Although we are not very well acquainted with her the Annual Board would like to thank her for her excellent type-writing work, without the aid of which this book could scarcely have gone to press.

CHARLES CORBIN

"Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither."

¶ It is certainly not because Charlie is the least among us that we thus reverse the order of merit and the alphabet, and put him so near the end of the class, but for the simple reason that since his graduation in January he has been too preoccupied at the University to waste time on such frivolities as having his picture taken. He is a great chemist, and also distinguished himself by a brilliant essay on Democracy, read in chapel at the poignant moment of the Stuart-Slemp election, and which won him not only the frantic applause of the student body, but also, what is more worth while, the approval of the Faculty. We feel sure that his originality and wit will bring him much success in his career as a journalist, and we heartily wish him all good fortune.

CHESTER BRENT

"He's tough, ma'am, tough is C. B., tough and devilish sly."

¶ The Art Department of the Annual has long been palpitating with doubt as to whether or not Chester would condescend to adorn this space with his benevolent countenance; at first he flatly refused, and since then has kept us vacillating between hope and fear. He played sub full back and end on the football team of the fall of 1910, and made there some daring and skillful plays. He has further distinguished himself by an essay on Aviation, a subject in which he is apparently intensely interested, and by acting as Junior Editor of the 1910 ACORNS.

Class Song

When a bunch of R. H. students
A ball game went to see,
They gave their cheers for Freshman
Till hoarse as they could be;
While Junior this and Soph-y that,
And Junior still some more,
Till one of them jumped up and cried,
As he pounded on the floor:

Say—What's the matter with Seniors?
They're all right.
What's the matter with Seniors?
If they are so bright.
Other fellows attempts may make,
But they are the Class that takes the cake!
What's the matter with Seniors?
They're all right.

The Mountaineer and His Dog

IT was late in October, and the Carolina mountains were dressed in the gorgeous reds and yellows of autumn. The heavy frost had whitened the grass and leaves each morning for several weeks, frightening the little beasts into a perfect fever of haste to gather their winter nuts. The nights were growing cold in the quiet haven of Shady Valley, and the inhabitants were busy with many gay husking bees, getting the corn into their barns before Thanksgiving.

Old Hiram Carter, who lived alone in a tiny one-room cabin near the mouth of Bear Creek, had gathered in a huge pile of logs near his back door, which must keep himself and Brown warm all winter. All alone he had husked his corn and placed it in his shed where his one cow was to be wintered. The work of the day was over, and in the evening he had seated himself before his large fire to ponder over the days that had been. Brown was stretched upon the hearth at his master's feet, watching the sparks fly upward and thinking on such subjects as interest dogs.

There was nothing remarkable about either Brown or his aged master, except their simple trust in one another. Hiram, five or six years before, had found the dog at the mill. Something about the little puppy's tender brown eyes had reminded him of his children, and had induced him to pat the soft yellow head. He was not sorry when he started away with his meal to see the dog waddling after him. Since that day, Brown had been the second member of Hiram's household, and had endeavored in his own manner to fill in some measure the empty places of the lost wife and children.

Both man and dog were typical mountaineers. The former was tall and thin, with grizzly hair and small dark eyes. He wore the usual melancholy blank expression of his class which shows so pathetically that their lives are made up of patient endurance. The dog was a small tawny cur, just the kind of dog that always belongs to mountaineers and negroes. His head was round like a pug dog's, with a tiny black nose and inquisitive brown eyes, around which were rings like dark spectacles.

His body was short and round, adorned with a short yellow tail that curled

tightly in a round O. However, Brown's true and stalwart heart far outweighed the disgrace of his mongrel blood.

Hiram had married when he was young, and his wife, Liza, had been pretty, but in the mountains youth and beauty fade fast. At twenty-five she died, leaving her husband with two helpless little boys to comfort his sad heart. Liza was soon followed by the youngest of her sons, who was as yet unable to live without her. For years the other boy and his father had lived comfortably in the old cabin, but at last there came the call of the world outside the valley, and the younger man turned his back upon his home. Ten years had slipped by since he had gone to work in the coal mines; in all that time his father had heard nothing of him, for mail was unknown in Shady Valley.

These were the thoughts which occupied Hiram as he sat by his warm fire smoking his corncob pipe. He did not hear the rising wind outside, the weird screaming of the screech owl, nor the swift beat of horse's hoofs that came up the gorge along the creek bank. Suddenly a loud "Hello!" sounded outside the door, and Brown leaped up, barking wildly. The old man was startled, but with his usual caution demanded the name and business of his visitor before he unbarred the door. In reply a gruff voice responded, "Hey, Hiram, it's Abe Winters with a telegram for ye."

"A telegram," muttered the old man in amazement, as he opened the door. "A telegram—I never got one o' them things before in my life. Come in, Abe," he added tremulously.

Abe handed him the yellow envelope, and with trembling hands Hiram fingered it, unable to see the words.

"I can't read, Abe, ye'll have to read it fer me, ye've been to school."

Taking back the envelope, Abe said rather dubiously, "I hope hit ain't bad news, Hiram, 'cause hit come from Tawm's Creek Mine, and I'm afeared hit's from yer son. I've come all the way acrost the mountains in one day to get hit to ye quick."

The old mountaineer sank limply into a chair as Abe opened the telegram, saying bravely, "Maybe the boy's a-going to git married and wants his old dad to know."

Winters turned his face away as he read the message, for it was this: "John Carter injured in an accident, is dying. Hurry. R. L. Robinson, M. D." When the reader ceased and turned toward his friend, he found him sitting erect in his chair, his dark eyes staring. "John dying," he murmured; "no, dead, for that was wired several days ago."

"I'm afeard so," responded Abe. "But ye must hurry off right away."

"Yes, Oh, yes!" replied Hiram. "I'll drive the cow down to old Beck and take Brown with me. Ye'll stay here until mornin', won't ye?"

'Yes, I'd like to if ye'll let me, but why can't I see to the cow?'

"I'd ruther care fer my own animals, 'cause they're the only children I've got now," was the quiet answer.

Rising from his chair, Hiram went to an old box in the corner, from which he took a large white handkerchief and a five dollar gold piece. After tying the money into a corner of his handkerchief, he called his faithful dog to him and went out into the dark night. He scarcely felt the chill autumn wind nor noted the sparkling sky. Through a mist of tears he walked unsteadily to the cow shed to disturb the sleeping beast.

"Hit's a shame to take ye out in the night, Spot, but hit's one o' them things that can't be thought of now, so come on down to Beck's. I hope she'll take good care of ye and bed ye right," he said, patting the cow's neck.

Abe, standing in the doorway, watched the trio as they walked slowly down the narrow path by the creek. "I'm skeered, old man, it hain't no use to go now," he said.

After leaving his cow at his neighbor's with many injunctions as to her care, Hiram started up the steep mountain trail; for he must make the twenty miles that lay between Shady Valley and the railway station on foot. The darkness was a hindrance to his progress, and, besides, he was already tired from his day's work. He thought nothing of himself, for continually there arose before his face the picture of his dying son. All night the man and the little dog trudged on, up one mountain after another; now pausing for a moment upon a summit to gain breath and to look at the twinkling stars, now descending into the dark valleys surrounded by the lofty walls of mountains. On and on they went, until the stars began to grow dim and the east began to show the opal colors of morning. The lovely pink and blue tints of the sky deepened until at last, when they reached the summit of the tall, bald knob, a tip of the red sun peeped out from behind the gold clouds. Hiram stopped, rooted to the spot, and the slow tears stole down his worn cheeks. He wondered if this sun were bringing his child another day of life or if it had already seen him breathe his last. He might have called on God, but he scarcely knew that there was such a Being. No one had ever told him. A rustle was heard among the bushes at his feet, and looking down he saw a chipmunk gazing at him with its wide open eyes, its little hands folded contemplatively under its chin. Alas! Brown saw him, too, and away went chipmunk and dog down the hill in wild haste, the old man calling after them, "Don't kill him, Brown, he wouldn't make ye a mouthful."

The rising sun came up higher and higher, looking down upon the poor wanderers. The day became so hot that by noon it was almost unbearable. Fortunately, they had at last reached the village where they were to take the train.

"Say, mister," said Hiram to the ticket agent, "how do you get to Tawm's Creek?"

"On the train," responded the man, with a grin at the bystanders.

Hiram looked at him a moment angrily. "Well," he said, "I want a ticket thar—my son's dying and I must get to him. I guess you ain't the only person as knows."

Dropping his jocular air, the agent handed out the ticket.

"How much?" asked Hiram.

"Four," was the response.

Untying his now soiled handkerchief, the mountaineer handed out his five dollar gold piece. "Say," he said diffidently, "won't you send this here message to Tawm's Creek? 'Dr. Robinson, save John if ye can, I'm a-coming. Hiram Carter.' Take the change out of my money."

"All right, Mr. Carter," the clerk responded, handing back the three quarters. "Your train goes in an hour."

On leaving the station, Hiram sought a cheap restaurant where he and Brown secured a square meal, which strengthened them for the rest of their trip. When the train pulled in, it was such a shock to Brown's unsophisticated mind that he growled and showed his teeth and was with difficulty restrained from fleeing back to the woods. As always, there were a number of people standing about the train, among them a well-dressed man leading his sweet-looking wife. Hiram was directly in front of these two, endeavoring to get on with his dog under his arm.

"Here, my man," called the conductor, "no dogs allowed on that coach—you can't take him with you."

The mountaineer looked up steadily, "Can't take him with me? but I can't leave him at home."

"Well, don't stand there and argue. Bring the dog down and let him go. He's just a cur, and they starve easy."

Hiram obeyed slowly, and holding the dog closely, murmured in his ear while the long restrained tears fell fast upon his head. "Hit can't be helped, Brown, ye can't go."

The gruff conductor broke in upon this affecting scene, "Say, you, if you are going on this train, hurry up and let the cur go."

Putting the dog down, Hiram gave a stern order to the animal and went

slowly into the coach. He sank sobbing into the nearest seat, unmindful of the sympathetic glances that the man and woman who had been on the platform cast in his direction. After a while he raised his head from the window sill and looked about him. Perhaps some of these people could tell him how to reach Tom's Creek. He rose and went about from one to the other, asking his question and telling his sad story. As each one said he did not know, the poor, unhappy creature wept again. Presently he heard a woman's voice say, "Dick, why don't you tell him, you have often been to Tom's Creek?"

Hiram turned about, and for the first time saw the well-dressed couple. With a look of relief which might have been a smile, if he had not been a mountaineer, he went directly to them and asked his question. This time the directions were quite explicit but rather confusing. He must change cars at Bristol and then again at Norton, waiting a few hours at each place. The trip to Bristol was made easily after that, for there was nothing to do but sit still.

Leaving the master to wander about the wonderful streets of Bristol and gaze into the shop windows, hurrying back to the station every little while in a panic for fear the train would leave without him, we will see what has become of Brown. After watching his master go into the train, the dog walked slowly from the platform and sat down in the road. Hours passed by, and still he sat there waiting. Finally, seeming to decide that his master had returned home another way, he set out for Shady Valley. His head was down and his tail might have been between his legs if it had not been so tightly curled. A rattlesnake whirred at him from the bushes, but he did not turn his head. A squirrel looked out at him and scampered away unheeded. Making the weary miles to his home alone, the little dog at last reached the cabin. He barked at the door and whined about the place, but no one came out. At nightfall he went away to old Beck's and scratched upon her door. She came out and threw him a bone, which he picked up and carried away. Day after day passed, and always the dog wandered about the lonely cabin and came at night to Beck's for supper. She never let him come in her house. Sometimes she scolded him and sent him away with nothing. At last, one cold, cold day in January, he did not come. Beck did not care—she did not even hunt for him. He was not useful like the cow.

Meanwhile, Hiram had at last taken the right train and gone to Norton, where he discovered that his next train was five or six hours late. By this time he had forgotten about his dog and thought only of his child who, perhaps, lay dying, still far away. Going up to the ticket agent, he asked how long it would be before the train could reach Tom's Creek.

"Not before three or four in the morning," was the response.

"How about walking," said Hiram, "how long would that take?"

"Eight or ten hours if you are a good walker, but you had better wait."

"I've got to do it," said the mountaineer resolutely, starting at once down the tracks. The sky was cloudy and Hiram felt cold. He missed the little yellow figure that had flitted before him on the mountain trail, barking energetically at the squirrels and birds. He was exhausted from loss of sleep and long walking, although sitting on the train had been some rest. Anxiety kept him awake and he trudged on over the rails. The night was already falling, and soon it grew so pitchy dark that he could scarcely see the track which he followed. Soon after dark it began to rain heavily and the old man was drenched. Sometimes he stumbled and fell. One station after another was passed, and at each he went to warm a moment at the fire and to ask if this were Tom's Creek. There was always the same answer from the sleepy operators, until at last, when it was nearly one o'clock, he staggered into a small station where he received the answer, "Yes." The weary man raised his eyes to heaven and breathed the first prayer of thanksgiving that had ever passed his lips.

"Tell me the way to the hospital," he said eagerly.

"Straight up this road a little way. It is a big brick building. You will know it by the lights."

Ten minutes later a haggard and drenched old man stumbled into the hospital and asked the night clerk, "My son, is he alive?"

"What is the name, please?" asked the man, "I will see. I think that he is."

"Carter, John Carter."

"Have a seat, sir, and I will find out."

It seemed an age before the clerk returned, followed by Dr. Robinson. The latter held out his hand and smiled pleasantly.

"Mr. Carter," he said, "your son is alive and is out of danger; however, his back is injured so that he can never walk again."

The doctor went no farther, for Hiram, in spite of his great strength, fell fainting to the floor. They carried him away and put him in a snowy white bed. The old man did not awake until late in the following afternoon. When he was dressed, the doctor conducted him to his son's bedside.

There is little more to tell, except that the young man was finally able to leave the hospital and go to live with his father in a little cottage which the kind-hearted physician had secured for them. Although unaccustomed to that kind of labor, the old mountaineer went bravely to work in the mines, refusing to have any one else take care of his crippled son.

It was early April when at last Hiram was able to think of his dog and cow. He resolved to carry out a plan which for some time he had been considering. He had learned that he might carry Brown in the baggage car, and so determined to go back to Shady Valley and bring him to his new home. It was a beautiful spring day when once more he came to the little village platform that he had left in the fall. This time the journey was easily made, for the trains were on time, and then the way was not so strange. The long trip across the mountains was a pleasure, for the dogwood trees were heavy with white blossoms and the birds were singing gaily. Hiram did not stop at old Beck's, but went slowly up the mossy creek bank to his own deserted cabin. Something seemed to tell him that Brown would be there waiting.

Presently he came to the cabin. Above the door there leaned a large peach tree covered with pink blossoms, among which an olive cardinal sat nestling against the tree, singing of her summer joys to the flowers. The old man whistled, but no little dog came bounding out from among the gooseberry bushes. Suddenly a great fear seized him as he came to the door. A pitiful sight met his eyes, for there upon the step, huddled close to the door, lay a heap of tiny white bones that told the story of that bitter cold night in January, when Brown's faithful little heart had ceased to beat. The master, gazing down for a moment, sank sobbing on the door step. The cardinal whistled on, but his song seemed sadder than before.

SARA MORGAN, 1911.

MR. HODGES

Suggestion for Senior Play

(Bringing in the whole class)

TIME—Some other time.

SCENE—Act I. Hero's studio on the Rue de Rosalind.

Act II. Private dining room at Flurry's.

Act III. Ball room at Flurry's on the night of Her Scheming Mother's Masquerade Ball.

SYNOPSIS—Act I. Maid one. Act II. Maid won. Act III. Made one.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Hero with dare-devil eyes ..... Mr. Ryland Hutton
His friend ..... Mr. Versal Spaulding
Heavy-browed villain ..... Mr. Chester Brent
Heroine's irate parent ..... Mr. Hugh Stanard
Hero's heartless employer ..... Mr. Charles Malcolm
Hero's humble valet ..... Mr. L. Dickens Keyser
Jolly landlord ..... Mr. Morris Masinter
Thugs ..... Messrs. Paul Davis, Carl Cowgill
Grave digger ..... Mr. Paul Wright
Aristocratic Chiffonier ..... Mr. Frank Lemon
Heroine with raven locks ..... Miss Sarah Caldwell
Her scheming mother ..... Miss Ada Bierbauer
Her confiding sister ..... Miss Annie May Terry
Her jealous rival ..... Miss Gertrude Martin
Her devoted maidservant ..... Miss Katharine Hutton
Ghost ..... Miss May Rhodes
Hero's old maid aunts ..... Misses Hattie Brown, Ethel Harrell

Members of the House Party

Lord Helpus ..... Mr. Charles Corbin
Count de Cost ..... Mr. Claude Moore
Sir I. B. Darnd ..... Mr. Arthur Davis
Lord Presi Dent ..... Mr. Malcolm Luck
Lady Puffan Rouge ..... Miss Sara Morgan
Her Grace of Spillwater ..... Miss Bulman
Lady de Caustique ..... Miss Agatha Boyd
La Comtesse de Organ Gréinder ..... Miss Blanche Deal
Duchess of Talktoyou Forevermore ..... Miss Wallace Moir
Lady Ropem Inn ..... Miss Margaret Thomas
Countess de Blowem Upp ..... Miss Josephine Wayts
Duchess von Lernen ..... Miss Frances Rosenbaum
Marchioness de Coiffure ..... Miss Nathalie Baker
A Sleeping Beauty ..... Miss Bessie Plunkett
Baroness von Rotte-Blume ..... Miss Helen Thomas
The Powers that be ..... Misses Ivy and Etta
Chorus Girls ..... Misses Ruth Kinsey, Jessamine Showalter, Charlotte Cocke, Frangie Davis, Christine Gish, Cliffie Grove

Significance and Influence of Madonnas

ART is the expression of a man's joy in his work. It is the beautiful way of doing things. Music, poetry, and painting are considered as the fine arts. The cultural effect of art is felt to the greatest extent in the study of painting. Knowledge is pleasure as well as power. No one but the artist who has studied nature and contended with the difficulties of art can appreciate the beauties, or be intoxicated with a passion for painting. No one who has not devoted his life and soul to the pursuit of art can feel the same exultation in its brightest ornaments and loftiest triumphs, which an artist does. But one who has no natural taste for art derives a pure and uplifting pleasure from seeing a fine portrait, a fine landscape, or an inspired painting.

The development of art to a specific department is seen to the greatest extent in painting. There are some who make a specialty of portraits, some of landscapes, some of the heads of women, still others of those beautiful and edifying pictures, the Madonnas. Another achievement in art is the development of the color scheme. It is only of recent years that grass has been portrayed other than light green. Now there are all shades of green seen in art. This color drawing is also noted in the painting of a scene within a scene. A fine artist is now able to show a dark room but lighted up by a candle. One can see the rays of the light glowing in the gloom.

Since the earliest times, art has been influenced by the Bible. This fact is shown by the vast number of fine paintings that have taken for their subject some biblical scene. The Holy Book has inspired some of the grandest pictures in the world. In Raphael's time, men did things to the glory of God. When an artist painted a picture of the Holy Family, his wife with their children, grouped in the proper order, served as a model. The picture was made to hang on a certain spot on the wall of his village church. Whenever a painter of that far-off day married, and in time was blessed with a babe, then straightway the artist worked his joy up into art by painting the Mother and Child. The picture was presented as a thank offering to God. The presentation of biblical scenes, as a direct result of the influence of the Bible, is seen

in the works of Giotto. This artist painted the Mother and Child. The mother was his wife, the child theirs. Another child came to them, and Giotto painted a second biblical picture, calling the older boy St. John and the wee baby Jesus. Years went by. There is found still another picture of the Holy Family by the same artist, in which five children are shown, while back in the shadow is the artist himself, posed as Joseph. These pictures were love offerings to the Almighty One. Love, religion, and art have ever walked and ever will walk hand in hand.

Among the innumerable pictures, in which the world's great religious painters have presented the different scenes of both the Old and the New Testaments, the subject of the Saviour has been a favorite one from the earliest period of the Renaissance. To find the earliest delineations of the Christ Child, one must go to the catacombs of Rome; on the walls of these strange subterranean chapels retrace the fading features of the Divine Babe as painted centuries ago. From the frescoes of the catacombs, the next step in the progress of Christian art was to the Mosaics ornamenting the basilicas. Here the Christ Child again appears as a conspicuous figure. Even when one enters that period of history known as the Dark Ages, there is found the Christ Child. Thus it was that in the new birth of art in Italy the Madonna with her heaven born Babe was the first subject to arouse enthusiasm. In this period are found the works of Raphael. His conception of the Christ Child ranges from the sleeping Babe, from whose innocent face the Madonna of the Diadem softly lifts a veil, to the grave infant whom the Chair Madonna clasps in her arms. The picture of the Christ Child is also painted with John the Baptist. The next step in the life of our Lord, as seen in the pictures, is that most divine and most uplifting painting of the Christ in the Temple, by Hofman. Following this is Christ as the Light of the World, by Hunt. The next stage in the history of Jesus as seen in art is the Christ at the Last Supper. There have been many pictures upon this scene in the life of our Lord, but the painting by Leonardo excels all others. After this picture, comes the scenes of the trial of the Saviour, in which period the painting, Christ at Emmaus, the gentle, loving, sympathetic Christ, the worn, emaciated, thorn-crowned, bleeding Saviour, whom the Pharisees misunderstood, and the soldiers spit upon, outlined by Rembrandt, is the last scene.

Of all the pictures of the Christ, the Madonna and the Babe are the most popular. The term Madonna comes from the Italian language. There the word signified "My Lady," being especially applied to the Virgin Mary. It has now become common in other tongues, particularly in reference to works of art. In pictorial illustrations, the face of the Madonna or Virgin is gener-

ally full, oval, and of a mild expression. At first its lineaments were copied from the older pictures of Christ, according to the tradition which declared that the Saviour resembled His mother.

The Madonna with the Babe was first introduced into art about fifteen centuries ago; it is safe to say that, since that time, the subject has been unrivalled in popularity. Indeed, there is an accumulation of Madonna pictures so great that no one would dare estimate their number. There are the Portrait Madonna, the figure in the half-length against an indefinite background; the Virgin Enthroned, where the setting is some sort of a throne or dias; the Madonna in the Sky, or the Madonna in Gloria, where the figures are set in the heavens, or by simple elevation above the earth's surface. The Sistine Madonna, by Raphael, carried this form of composition to the highest perfection. Next in order comes the Pastoral Virgin, with a landscape background. The last division is the Madonna in a Home Environment, where the setting is in an interior. Besides these four subjects, there are three other classes of these pictures which display the aspects of motherhood. They are the Madonna of Love, Adoration, and Witness. The most appreciated Virgin in these divisions are the Madonna of the Chair, Pomegranate, and the Sistine. These three Madonnas are considered the most famous works in the portrayal of the Christ Child in art.

All of these foregoing pictures have qualities which will make them live forever. In the picture of the Madonna of the Chair, how protecting is the capacious embrace with which she gathers the Babe to her brooding love. No technical education is necessary for the appreciation of such pictures. All who have known a mother's love look and understand, look again and are satisfied. The fame of this pretentious work rests also upon its splendid technique. It is unsurpassed for masterly handling of color. The Madonna of the Pomegranate was painted by Botticelli. This Virgin is the greatest in its class. It shows Mary encircled by angels, holding the Child, which is half reclining on her lap. Her face is full of motherly love. The Child, full of kindness, raises His little hand to bless the spectator. Mankind will always consider this picture with the highest esteem. Art can pay no higher tribute to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, than to show her in this phase of her motherhood. One sympathizes with her maternal tenderness, lavishing fond caresses upon her Child. The last one of these famous pictures is the Sistine Madonna, the greatest Madonna ever produced. The superiority of its artistic composition over all of the Madonnas is at once seen, but the strongest hold upon our admiration is in its moral and religious significance. All extravagance of expression is silenced before her simplicity. Hers is the beauty of symmetrical

womanhood; the perfect poise of her figure is not more marked than the perfect poise of her character. Not one false note, not one exaggerated emphasis, jars upon the harmony of the body, soul, and spirit. Confident, but entirely unassuming; serious, but without sadness; joyous, but without mirth; eager, but without haste; she moves steadily forward with steps timed to the rhythmic music of the spheres. The Child is no burden, but a part of her very being. The two are one in love, thought, and purpose. Sharing the secret of her sacred calling, the mother bears her Son forth to meet His glorious destiny. These three pictures all have a dignity, grace, and grandeur that lifts them out of the ecclesiastic art, placing them in the list of living portraits.

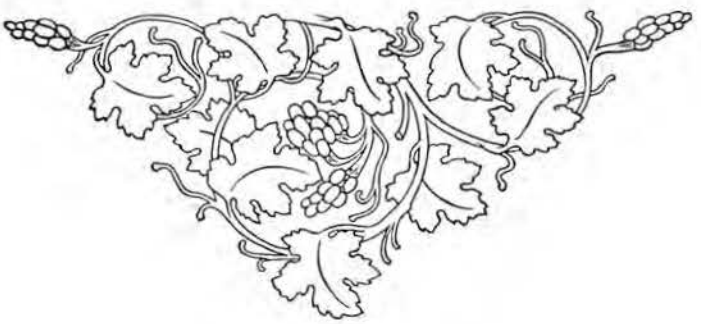
Two of these pictures, the Madonna of the Chair and the Sistine Madonna, were the products of Raphael's brush. This artist never drew a line that did not support every other line. He recognized only one self-imposed limitation—beauty. Hence, though his span of life was short, his work is imperishable. He did what no man before him has ever done, and by the sublimity of his genius he placed the world forever under obligations to him. Raphael mirrored the soul of things—he used the human form and the whole natural world as symbols of spirit. This painter steadily progressed; but he was ever true, beautiful, pure, and freer than any other master from superficiality. Raphael loved a woman, painting her again and again. Whether this woman had an existence outside of the figment of the brain matters not, he painted as he saw her—tender, gentle, and trustful. Raphael produced a vast number of pictures, elevating to men of every race and every age; before whose immortal beauty, artists of every school united in common homage. Although Botticelli painted that most distinctly pagan picture, "The Birth of Venus," he eased his conscience and silenced the critics by producing a beautiful Madonna surrounded by a circle of singing angels. This Virgin is the work of a good monk. Only a man who is deeply religious could put that look of exquisite tenderness and sympathy in a woman's face. The pagan and Christian world mingled in his works, but the man himself belonged to an age that is past and gone, an age that flourished long before men recorded history. His best efforts seem to spring out of a heart that forgot all precedents and arose, Venus like, perfect and complete from the unfathomable Sea of Existence.

These pictures of Madonnas, multiplied without end, stand for peace, faith, hope, truthfulness, and love. All that is fairest, holiest, purest, noblest, best, men have tried to portray in the face of the Madonna. All the good that is in the hearts of the women they know; every grain of the good that is in their own hearts, artists have to shine forth from the Mother of God. Indeed, the Madonna is the universal type of motherhood. She embodies all those

virtues that the ideal mother should have, consequently, she has become synonymous with home.

The Madonna and the Child were heralded as far back as the beginning of time. Genesis, the first book in the Old Testament, prophesied that a Son should be born in the world and crush out the sins of men. Again, in Isaiah there is a promise that a Virgin should bear a Son, who would redeem the world. These predictions were fulfilled when Jesus Christ was born to the Virgin Mary. Artists of every school as well as every age have immortalized this incident by the production of those most excellent pictures—the Madonna and the Babe.

MALCOLM LUCK, 1911.




Elizabeth
Hill

"Polly"

PART I

THE sun was sinking fast behind the hills, casting its last rays on the old farm house in the valley. Throughout the landscape lay that sweet, melancholy beauty of autumn—the distant view melted away in the dim haziness of Indian Summer. Big red and yellow apples hung still unpicked on the trees in the orchard, while one looked down the corn field through a long vista of browned shocks of fodder with golden pumpkins scattered between. The wooded hill in front of the house was one glorious wall of magnificent colors—softly-tinted browns, brilliant yellows, pale greens, and vivid scarlets rising one above the other until they met in the grayish blue of the sky.

In spite of the beauty of the scene, the entire farm had a neglected look. The old house, though extremely picturesque, needed repairing badly; the brick had become covered with green moss, while the woodwork, half falling down, was of that gray tint which showed that it had not been painted for years. The yard, long neglected, had run riot, yet it still had the sweet, restful appearance of the ideal country yard, with its tall oaks looking down on the bushy boxwood and the beautiful old-fashioned flowers. There were scarcely any signs of life about the place, and an utter lack of that busy activity characteristic of the ordinary farm. The only laborer to be seen was in the field hauling fodder, while the mournful echoes of his song came back from the hills:

> "Oh, dem good old days am gone neber more to return,
> And dis darky's heart will eber more be sad."

The song was strangely in keeping with the entire scene; any listener, given to moralizing, would have enjoyed weaving a little romance about the gray-haired old darkey with his sweet, melancholy song, and the dilapidated but picturesque old home.

The only listener, however, was interested neither in the singer nor the song, which she scarcely heard. Away up on the hill near the woods, seated

on a big flat rock, was a little girl. She seemed to be expecting something, for her big brown eyes were fixed on the far-away white road leading from the town. No one would have called her a pretty child, but she certainly had something unusual about her. She could not have been more than seven or eight years old, yet she was rather tall for her age. Her face was most too long and thin to be pretty, but any one who caught a glimpse of those big, serious, dark brown eyes, always looked a second time. Her two only claims to beauty were her eyes, which now seemed too big for her face, and her glorious hair, which fell over her shoulders in a gleaming, copper-tinted reddish gold mass. Motionless, intent, she sat, her eyes always gazing at the road. Presently a shabby old top buggy came into sight. The child on the hill started slightly, then relapsed into her former attitude, as she watched the buggy coming nearer and nearer along the dusty road.

Small wonder that she was so interested in its approach, for it betokened a change in her narrow sphere of life. Accustomed from her babyhood to living alone, playing alone, amusing herself as best she could, she was now to have a companion. A few days before, her mother had received a letter telling of the death of an old schoolmate, who wished the chum of her girlhood days to keep her little son for several years, at least, until he should be old enough to be sent to school. Mrs. Gordon readily consented to take the boy, not only because of the ties of friendship which made a last request sacred, but because she felt that Polly was too much alone and needed a companion. On the day when she was to meet the boy, Mrs. Gordon, who had purposely kept the news for a pleasant surprise, told Polly. Accustomed as she was to the child's queer ways, even she was rather surprised at the calm way in which she received the announcement. Asking no questions, showing no signs of pleasure, she looked at her mother with serious eyes, and as soon as she had heard all, retired to her favorite spot, the rock on the hill side, to think it over. From her post of observation, Polly watched old Uncle Billy hitch up the dilapidated buggy, which her mother was to drive to the station. Long after it had disappeared down the road, Polly sat there following it with her eyes and thinking. Far from being pleased, she rather resented the prospect of any intruder in her little realm. For seven years she had lived satisfied with the smiles of her mother and the fascinating stories of Uncle Billy, the old darkey, who still worked just as faithfully for "Mis' Mary" as he had in the days of prosperity and plenty when "Ole Marse" was living. Besides this, Polly had learned to have a good time by herself—she knew where all the bird nests were and could even go near them and watch the mother birds sitting contentedly on the little eggs; but above all did she like to gather big bunches of

daisies and climb the hill to her rock, where she would make long chains and dream, as she watched the clouds overhead and the passers-by down on the road. The thought of having a boy, a creature who must be very disagreeable, from all she had heard of boys in general, tearing down her bird nests, romping, racing, and teasing, was more than she could stand. As she thought of it, she set her lips firmly and made up her mind to greet the newcomer defiantly.

When at last the buggy reached the house, Polly still did not deign to move—she was determined to make no advances whatever toward the intruder. Mrs. Gordon got out, followed by a small specimen of humanity arrayed in trousers. She looked up, saw Polly sitting motionless on top of the hill, then turned and said something to the atom in trousers, who first stared at the small figure on the rock, then slowly and deliberately began making his way toward her. Polly calmly watched his approach, inspecting him critically the while. What really attracted her attention was not so much the boy himself as an interesting looking white bag which he carried. Gradually she felt her resentment passing away, and found herself thinking that boys might not be so bad, after all, especially when they carried white bags. When the young gentleman was a few yards from her, he stopped, deliberately opened the bag, drew out a long stick of red and white striped peppermint candy and began eating it. That was more than human nature could stand, and Polly felt the last drop of resentment rapidly oozing away as she suddenly realized that boys were the most desirable beings on earth. After munching and staring a while longer, the boy in question walked up to her, held out the bag and said, "You can have it—I bought it with my own money." A few minutes later, Mrs. Gordon looked out of a window and saw two little figures sitting comfortably on the big rock, eating sticks of candy and evidently talking confidentially. As she looked, a contented smile came over her sweet, sad face, and she went back to her work with a will, after waving gaily to "Polly" and "Jack."

Thus began five short years of perfect happiness, years that always brought tears of mingled pleasure and regret to Polly's eyes as she looked back over them. The children got along together about as well as most children do—Jack, being a normal human boy, couldn't refrain from teasing and tormenting Polly unmercifully. She, however, having her own goodly portion of the spirit which usually goes with red hair, was by no means an antagonist to be despised. Throughout it all, however, the children were the best of friends, and Mrs. Gordon felt happier than since her husband's death, as she looked at the two rosy young faces, and Polly's eyes no longer dreamy and serious.

but bright and full of life and animation. Oh! the times they had, and the hairbreadth escapes! Polly was determined to equal if not excel Jack in everything—nothing was too difficult to undertake if Jack did it first. She "skinned the cat" in the top of an old chestnut tree, forty feet from the ground; she jumped from the highest rafter in the barn down on the hay, happened to hit a hole and disappeared. When Jack, terrified, rushed downstairs to pick up the pieces, he found her in an old feed box, somewhat shaken up, but triumphantly exclaiming as she saw him, "Well, I did it, anyway." This last episode put a damper on them for a time, but such an unusual state could not last long. One night, old Uncle Billy, who had a firm belief in ghosts, heard unearthly moans coming from the direction of an old graveyard in the woods. Peering fearfully and cautiously from the window, he saw two spectral, white-clad figures bearing down upon his cabin. With a yell of absolute terror, he seized the old musket that "Massa" had borne through the war and fired at the "hants," who immediately resolved themselves into a badly scared little girl and boy and a pair of sheets. Various and numerous were the adventures they had, but the happiest times of all were the summer evenings, when, tired with the day's tasks and play, they climbed to the old rock on the hill to watch the sun set and make castles in the air.

The best of times must end, and so, one day a letter came from Jack's guardian, saying that it was time for him to go off to school. Although pleased with the prospect of being out among other boys, yet, when it came his turn to say good-bye to Polly, the big boy almost broke down, and in order to hide his emotion, stooped and kissed her, saying, "Good-bye, little chum."

PART II

The years passed away. Mrs. Gordon was working far harder than was good for her health in order to fulfill her dearest ambition—to see Polly a graduate of the Normal School and a fully qualified teacher. Polly, at school, was doing her share by studying early and late. Among the teachers and pupils, she was known as the hardest working student of the school. Naturally bright, she was leaving behind her a brilliant record, and seemed destined to graduate with highest honors, when an unforeseen event occurred.

In the meantime, Jack had finished college and was back in the home town, practicing law. Often he went out to see Mrs. Gordon, or "Mother," as he called her, to cheer her up and hear news of Polly, whom he had not seen since that eventful time when he left for school. One afternoon he went out

to see her, as usual, and after searching vainly for some time, found her in the orchard, lying flat on her back, unable to move. At first he thought she was dead, but soon she opened her eyes and told him in a scarcely audible voice that she had been stricken with paralysis. She had had several slight attacks before, but had kept on working, which brought on what she felt to be her last. Tenderly Jack carried her into the house, summoned a doctor, then went off post-haste to catch the next train to Polly's school.

Line and line of girls had filed into chapel until the immense hall was filled. The school was to be honored with an address by the president that morning. All knew his story and how much he had done for the school; a hush of love and reverence came over every pupil there as the venerable old gentleman arose. In the midst of his address, a commotion occurred in the back of the hall, and every one turned to see what it was. One girl, whose hair formed a brilliant halo about her head, a girl with big, dark brown eyes, uttered a cry and half rose from her seat. Jack, with his face white and set, was making his way through all that crowd straight to Polly, who was watching him with startled eyes. She knew from his appearance that some great calamity had occurred, but even then, she noticed how tall and handsome Jack had grown. A few words of explanation sufficed, and in less than an hour, Polly was seated by Jack on the train, speeding back to her mother's death bed.

The doctor met them at the door and said softly, "Just in time." As they entered the room, however, it seemed already too late, for the mother lay motionless with her eyes closed, and no breath seemed to come from her white lips. Polly, almost frantic with grief, threw herself down at the bedside, sobbing, "Mother, mother!" At that cry, the pale lips trembled, the eyelids opened, and Mrs. Gordon looked for the last time upon her daughter and the boy who had been almost a son to her. Motioning them to kneel side by side, she placed one trembling, wrinkled old hand on each head and said softly, "My children, I must leave you." Then, looking into Jack's eyes, she said, "Take care of Polly, for you are all she has now."

PART III

The little district school had just closed Friday afternoon. Polly swept the room carefully, rubbed off the blackboards, closed her desk, then started walking down the lane leading from the schoolhouse. She walked slowly, always watching the road in front of her, for Jack had promised to meet and walk home with her. It was fall of the year, and Polly noticed with a smile how very much it was like the afternoon when she first saw Jack. Something

in the memory of the ridiculous little figure offering her the big bag of candy must have been very touching, for the smile suddenly changed to a tear. Somewhat changed was Polly since we last saw her—older, more serious, her face had lost most of its beautiful color and her mouth drooped a little. She had been having a rather hard time since her mother's death. Of course, she had not been able to go back to college, but had begun teaching in the little country school near her old home. The house itself had been rented to a farmer and his wife, with whom Polly boarded. She was very fond of the old couple, who were kind to her in their way, but she was always looking forward to the day when she could have the old home repaired, as her mother had always wished. How glorious it would be to see the place as beautiful as they said it had been when her father was alive, to live there always, and—A burning blush put a stop to any further castles in the air, and she began wondering what on earth Jack could have to say. He had told her it was very important, but she could not imagine what it could be. Just then she looked up and saw the young man himself coming to meet her. Unlike his usual manner, he came toward her slowly, with his head lowered and seemed to be very much preoccupied. He greeted her with a nod, and they walked on together silently until they had almost reached the house. Then Jack turned to her and said abruptly, "Let's go up on the hill—I can say what I've got to say better there than at the house." Polly blushed slightly, but said nothing as they began to climb the hill. When they reached the old rock, both sat down mechanically. Then, as if determined to have it over, and without looking at her, Jack began to tell her of the beautiful girl he had met not long ago, of how, in spite of himself, love had come into his heart. Remembering the mother's last words, he had struggled against it, but in vain. "And, now, Polly," he said, "you see what a miserable cad I am. I can't love you in that way, you're the dearest friend a man ever had, but—" He said no more, but fumbled in his pocket and drew out a picture, which he handed to the motionless girl beside him. Polly looked down into the loveliest and sweetest face she had ever seen—a real Madonna face, framed with dark, wavy hair. "That's Dorothy," Jack was saying. "Oh, Polly, if you could only see her, you would understand!" Polly's face turned pale for a second, then she looked at him calmly and said, "I think I understand. She's beautiful, and you're a fortunate man. As for the other, why it's absurd for us to think of being any more to each other than the friends we've always been. The idea!" and she looked straight into his eyes and laughed. "Besides," she added, "I'm so interested in my work, I couldn't think of giving it up." He did not see the tired, pitiful little look that came into her eyes, so relieved

was he at the solution of the difficulty. They talked on about Dorothy, Polly asking questions in such an interested, friendly way that, in spite of his relief, Jack's vanity was slightly piqued. Finally, he rose to go. The thought of Dorothy and the happy future before him made him unusually tender. Taking Polly by both hands he said, as he had done at that other parting years before, "Good-bye, little chum. I'm going to bring Dorothy to see you soon, and you'll just be crazy about each other, neither one of you could help it," he added, laughing. Making a last effort to control herself, Polly joined in the laugh and managed to say good-bye in her usual manner.

Seated there on the old rock, where they had had such good times together, she watched him go out of her life as she had watched him come in, years ago. When his broad shoulders disappeared around the turn of the road, she began to look around her. Everywhere she looked, everything she saw, brought back memories of Jack. The sun was gradually sinking behind the hills. The cold night wind was beginning to blow, but she didn't even feel it. The twilight deepened, the stars came out, the wind blew colder, but still the white-faced girl sat alone on the hill, gazing with fixed eyes down the long dreary vista of her future. From the valley, Uncle Billy's mournful song arose:

"All dis world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam—"

She heard no more, but overcome by the hopelessness of it all, she buried her face in her arms.

GERTRUDE MARTIN, 1911.

A Senior's Dream

Ein Knabe im Nacht studierte spät,
One thousand lines did he translate;
Multas linguas ille vincit,
'T was not easy, don't you think it.
Einmal zuletzt ging er nach Bett,
Just as quick as he could get;
Sed in caput venit statim
Dreams the worst that ever got him.
Er schrie, er bog, er blies, er schnob,
It surely reached clean round the globe,
Apud linguas tres et decem,
He'd forgotten which to dream in.

K. H. and H. S., '11.

Object Matrimony

IT was nearly five o'clock when Dale and Goodrich sauntered into the club, and found Bangs deeply absorbed in a letter which he was reading. Neither of them spoke to him, but walked over to the window and stood gazing idly down at the crowded street.

When Bangs had finished reading the letter, he jammed it into his pocket and silently joined the two men at the window.

"Hello, Bertie," said Dale turning, "what's the matter? You look blue. Not bad news, I hope."

"Yes," said Bangs, "I consider it rather bad. When a fellow's just found out that he can't get a penny of a fortune he's been looking forward to all his life, unless he's married within six months, he hasn't much to be cheerful over, has he?"

Both Goodrich and Dale stared at him. "Oh, come Bertie!" said Dale. "You don't mean that uncle of yours has—"

"Exactly," said Bangs. "This letter," he laid his hand contemptuously on the pocket in which he had put the letter, "is from old Diggs, Uncle Bertram's lawyer, and in it he informs me that by my uncle's will, his entire fortune of five millions was left to me under the conditions that I marry within six months a woman my equal in every respect."

"It's a measly trick," said Goodrich, who was by nature a pessimist, but Dale, who had a highly developed artistic temperament, and a well cultivated taste for the romantic, grew enthusiastic at once.

"Of course, you'll be game, won't you, Bertie? You won't sit down complacently and let a thing like that slip by, will you? It's up to you to find the right girl, woo and win her within that six months, and get the fortune, too." Dale's enthusiasm was contagious, but Goodrich and Bangs seemed immune.

"I'll tell you what, Bertie," said Goodrich, "there isn't a girl in the United States good enough for you."

"Goodrich, old man," said Bangs, smiling at his friend indulgently, "we know you're a confirmed woman hater, but you mustn't let your feelings

carry you away. There are just hundreds of good, lovely girls in the world, but somehow I don't seem to be able to fancy any of 'em. I suppose it's because I've been holding up the joys of single blessedness so long, that it doesn't seem natural to think of settling down into the jog-trot of married life; besides, there isn't a girl of my acquaintance who would have me. I've never been looked upon as the marrying sort."

"Gad," mused Goodrich, "do you remember the lovely bachelor dinners we'd planned to have when you got that five million, Bertie?"

For a long time the three smoked in silence, each deeply absorbed in his own thoughts. Bangs was the first to speak. "I say, fellows," he said, "I'd like to get out of New York before this little story circulates around, for I shouldn't enjoy the distinction of being pointed out as a wife hunter. I was never very much for notoriety, anyway."

"Where do you intend going?" asked Dale.

"Haven't quite decided," answered Bangs. "The suddenness of this blow rather benumbs my mental faculties."

They lapsed into silence again. Then, "I have it!" Bertie exclaimed. "I'll go out to my sister's in Colorado as soon as I can straighten up my affairs, and see what she can do for me."

A week later, on their way home from seeing Bangs off, Dale said to Goodrich, "Georgie, can't you imagine old Bert making love? Why, the fellow hasn't a spark of the sentimental in his whole make-up."

"Don't know about that," said Goodrich, "I once saw a picture that had accidentally dropped out of something of his. It was of a young girl, and when I asked him who she was, he said something about its being his sister. The photo had 'Betty' written across the back—his sister's name is Rose, isn't it?"

Nearly a month after that, Dale and Goodrich came into the club together, and found a letter from Bangs. It read:

"Boulder, Colo.,
November 19th, 19——.

"DEAR FELLOWS:

"Have I found her? Perish the thought! I suppose if I live I'll learn some day, however, 'experience is a dear school'—but I happen to belong to the class of people who will learn in no other. I'll promise you one thing, though, if I ever come out of this ordeal alive, and secure that five million, too, I'll write a book entitled 'How to Make Love on Short Notice.' I'll sell it a dollar per copy, and turn the proceeds over to the Missionary Fund.

"Since I've been out here Rose and Jack have been doing their best to get me married off at once. Rose went mad over the whole thing right off. Such

a unique situation, she thinks. She always has worried because there's been no one to lay out my dressing gown and slippers, and see that my buttons were always sewed on. I think Jack secretly regards me as an object of pity, but he's careful to conceal it, and displays unfaltering interest in my case.

"First thing Rose did was to invite a pack of girls down from Denver for the week end. All of them were charming, but I couldn't to save my life decide which one I liked best. I lay awake three solid nights trying to find out whether it was Helen or Marye or Julia, and when I'd about decided to propose to Agatha, I woke up and found they'd all gone home.

"Rose said I was quite hopeless, but straightway she introduced me to a Chicago girl who was staying at the hotel over at Estes Park. I began liking her at once, perhaps because she didn't chatter eternally like some of the others had. She didn't make me ill at ease, either, but seemed to fit right into my moods. I can't describe her exactly, but she was one of those thoroughly comfortable creatures and although she didn't wake in me a big tremendous feeling, I was sure I'd grow awfully fond of her. Besides, she had a quiet dignity about her that would have gone with that five million charmingly. I was congratulating myself that I hadn't proposed to any of the Denver girls, and sometimes I could shut my eyes and see Eve—her name was Eve—smiling at me across the cut glass and pink candle shades—yes, I was sure the shades would be pink—I always liked pink.

"She was fond of riding, and we went out together frequently. One morning we started very early for a canter along the Moffet Road down through the foot hills, and it was then I determined to ask her, and have the thing over. It took nerve, my dear fellows, to get sentimental with a girl of that kind, for she'd been so candid and friendly all along. I had the five million at stake, though, so I plunged.

"But it didn't work. She wouldn't have me, for, you see, she was perfectly sure that she could never care for me, and she was afraid we couldn't hit it off very well without that essential little thing called 'love.' She was wonderfully nice about turning me down, however, offered to be a sister to me and all that sort of thing. I admired her all the more for her frankness, though I was thoroughly disgusted with myself.

"Of course, I shan't stay here any longer. I met Jimmy Wentworth the other day up at Denver, and he invited me to go with him down to his place near St. Louis for a few days during the hunting season.

"You remember Jimmy, don't you, Dale? I was never very strong for Jim at College, he was such a blockhead, but he turns out to be a good sort after one gets used to his stupidity. Then, Rose says Jimmy has a stunning sister, so that decides me.

"Wish me luck.

"Yours,

"BERTIE."

"Poor old Bert!" sighed Dale, as he folded the letter.

"It's the way of the world," growled Goodrich.

Nearly the middle of December a letter came addressed, as usual, to Dale, but meant for the two.

"St. Louis, Mo.,
December 15th, 19——.

"DEAR FELLOWS:" it ran, "Thanks for your stimulating words of encouragement, comfort, etc., but No. 2 has proved a failure also—wait, I'll tell you how it happened.

"I accepted Jimmy's invitation and went home with him. He has a handsome place, charming sister, and lovely mother. Seems that Jimmy's mother took a fancy to me right off, and I, remembering the old saying, 'He that would the daughter win, must with the mother first begin,' devoted myself for a day or two strictly to Mrs. Wentworth.

"She's a fussy little creature, who affects English airs, and has a way of peering at one through her lorgnette that is rather disconcerting.

"Jimmy's sister, Camilla, is one of those doll baby girls—big china-blue eyes and puffy fluffy hair. She's a bit intellectual, too, was educated at Vassar. At first she was rather distant, but gradually she began to unbend and treat me more as if I were a human being. I can't say that I was desperately in love with her, for you see, as Jerome says, a man can love only once—but on the whole, I was rather fascinated and awed by her beauty.

"When I'd been here a little over a week, I was invited with the rest to attend a masque ball given at Mrs. Van Shuyler's, one of the leaders down here. While getting ready for the thing, I conceived the idea to propose to Camilla at the ball. I ordered Jimmy's valet, who had been helping me dress, out of the room, and stood before my mirror proposing to myself for nearly an hour. I became so excited that all the way over in the motor to Van Shuyler's, I had to keep repeating 'Mary had a little lamb' to steady myself.

"For a long time I couldn't make Camilla out, but finally I danced with a Turkish girl who knew every one in the room in spite of their disguise. She pointed out a little French peasant as Camilla. She told me also that the gloomy looking Knight standing in the doorway was Billy Aldrich, a devoted admirer of Camilla's. She said, however, that Mrs. Wentworth didn't look on Billy very favorably, and objected to his being with Camilla at all.

"Adjoining the Van Shuyler's ballroom is a beautiful conservatory. After the fourth dance I dodged in here to rest a bit and think up my speech again. I'm afraid I was losing my nerve rapidly, when I turned and saw Camilla coming towards me. I was wondering why I had been so stupid as not to have recognized her before, but, somehow, I had picked her out as a shepherdess, and wasn't paying much attention to the French peasantry. It was she who spoke first.

"'I'm glad I've found you in here,' she said, sitting down on a low seat near me, 'it was rather hard to slip away, but I got rid of Aleck Berkley just now, and ran in here.'

"I waited a moment to see what she would say next, for I couldn't help believing that she had mistaken me for some one else. Her voice was so tremulous and tender, I couldn't think it was meant for me,

"'Mother's watching me,' she went on, 'for she doesn't want us to be alone together a minute. You see, she's so intent upon my fancying that Mr. Bangs, for she says it's my duty to the family to make a brilliant marriage, but Billy, I—I can't, somehow.'

"That was certainly a bracer, wasn't it? I tell you, my pride flopped about forty degrees. But I couldn't help feeling sorry for Camilla. It was plain that she had mistaken me for Billy Aldrich, the Knight who had been pointed out to me in the ballroom, and honestly, I didn't have the heart to tell her of her mistake. It had all happened so suddenly, and since it had happened, I allowed the mistake to go on.

"'Listen, Camilla,' I said, endeavoring by the husky tone I assumed to disguise my voice, 'I have a capital plan to tell you about, but we can't talk uninterrupted in here, for the people will come pouring in as soon as this dance is over. Run out on the porch, while I go and see if any one noticed. I'll be with you in a minute.'

"I made for the ballroom at top speed and found the Knight who was sulking in a corner. I hauled him into the dressing room, and after he had rather reluctantly put my black domino on over his suit of armor, he began asking for explanations. 'Don't be a fool,' I said rather hurriedly, 'Miss Wentworth is waiting out there on the piazza—would like to see you—that is, she mistook me for you a few minutes ago, but you don't need to let her know that. Might make her feel uncomfortable. Oh, by the way! when you left her you were suggesting a little plan,' and I shoved him in the direction of the piazza.

"After he had gone, I stood there feeling very much like an overgrown cupid without wings or quiver. As I had unmasked, I couldn't go into the ballroom again, so I fished in my overcoat pocket for a cigar and sat down to smoke and reflect.

"I began cursing myself for a miserable failure, and wondered if Uncle Bertram was resting quietly in his grave after all the anxiety he had caused me. My reflections were cut short, however, by the abrupt entrance of the Knight.

"'We want you to help us out,' he said, as he proceeded to get out of his disguise and into his motor coat, 'we'd like you to go to Brandon with us—act as witness, best man, and everything else—you will, won't you?'

"Well, fellows, it would be too touching to go into details. It all 'panned out' lovely, and we were back in time to announce it at dinner when everybody unmasked. Sad to relate, the news really took Mrs. Wentworth's appetite, but Jimmy didn't act the cad in the least. After he got through blinking in the same stupid way he used to when called upon in class, he shook hands with Billy in a way that was good to see, and then coaxed his mother to forgive them at once.

"Yes, I'll acknowledge, I feel tremendously sorry for myself, but there's some consolation in knowing you've helped to make some one else happy. Billy's a good fellow and deserves her. Here's to a long and happy life for both of them.

"I'm leaving here to-morrow for Virginia, where I shall spend the holidays at my aunt's place, 'The Oaks,' near Richmond. She has found out my

troubles, and has written asking me to come, promising that I may rest there in peace, unharassed by anything more feminine than herself, a maiden lady of sixty. I have accepted with joy, for I'm badly in need of rest.

"Good-bye,

BERTIE."

The second week in January another letter came. Dale and Goodrich read:

"'The Oaks,' Richmond, Va.
"January 9, 19——.

"DEAR FELLOWS:

"It's settled, I tell you, and no joke. The impossible has come to pass. Aunt Jane's the best friend a fellow ever had; but listen until I tell you how I found the future Mrs. Bertram Bangs.

"The odd part about it is that I've known her for the last six years—ever since I was twenty. She was only a kid of seventeen when I first met her at commencement at the close of my third year. We became friends right off, and I saw a good deal of her that same summer here at 'The Oaks,' where she was visiting Aunt Jane at the same time I was. She was in New York for a while during the next winter, but I wasn't allowed to see her often, on account of the eccentric ideas of her father, who was a crank as well as an invalid. When I did see her, though, it meant a good deal to me, for I felt differently towards her from the way I had ever felt towards any other girl.

"The next spring her father was ordered to Europe for his health and she went with him. She promised to write to me, but after a while I think she forgot, for my letters remained unanswered. I still kept the warm feeling for her, though, and never took particular interest in any other girl. You remember, I once told you that a man could love only once in his life—well, I believe that is true. There may be other feelings something like it, but they're what are known as affection, reverence, etc. I suppose I've loved Betty all along but needed to be waked up suddenly to realize it.

"When I arrived here at Aunt Jane's, I received just the jolt I needed to arouse my dormant feelings. I found Betty, the same Betty, grown into a lovely woman.

"Isn't it strange, fellows, when a chap meets the right girl he doesn't have the least bit of trouble telling her he loves her. He doesn't have to chase around his brain thinking up speeches, but it all comes easily and naturally. All his cherished ideas of bachelorhood vanish and he begins thinking how horribly lonesome he'd be without her. Betty has consented to see things my way, and the wedding's set for next month.

"I won't tell you what she's like. I'll let you wait until you see her, and I know you'll like her for her own sake as well as for mine. So, join with me now in drinking an imaginary toast to the happiness of the future Mrs. Bangs.

"Good-bye,

BERTIE."

"P. S. I'm leaving Richmond for New York on the fourteenth, consequently, I'll have nearly a month in which to give my farewell bachelor dinners.

"B. B."

"Dear old fellow," murmured Dale, "I'm glad for him. He deserves the best ever—I'm glad he got it."

Goodrich, the pessimist, rammed his hands deeper into his pockets. "I say, Dale," he said abruptly, "wonder how much we two can scrape together for the wedding present?"

NINA QUINN, '13.

CLASS OF 1912

The Knighthood of Peter

THERE was witchery in the ancient forest, in the fantastic roots of broad-girthed oaks and maples, in the emerald half-light that deepened away through eerie vistas of shade. Brown-eyed scurrying animals lurked about the mossy boulders that were tumbled aloft into craggy turrets and battlements. Here and there a rounded silver birch, gleaming through the foliage, suggested the lithe, buoyant form of nymph or dryad; the warm July sunlight clung to the leaves like a web of fairy gold, and floated with elfin grace among the plumy fronds of the ferns. A clear, wine-tinted brook sang sweetly along its rocky channel, splashing every now and then to crown with a diadem of pearly bubbles some hoary stone that opposed its steadfastness to the dashing youth of the water. In short, the forest was an ideal place for dreaming the long, slow pageantry of summer day dreams. Its myriad allurements to the unseen world of the imagination were, however, all unheeded by the only person there capable of response to such a call—a thin, freckled peasant boy, possibly twelve years old, with bent shoulders and a sullen, brooding face. He was trudging along the rugged bank of the brook, stopping often to shy pebbles at the shoals of tiny fish that lay deep in the sunny jasper of the pools. Peter was angry—angry with the fierce, impotent rebellion of youth against fixed conditions. His face flushed with some old knightly chronicle of his mother's telling, he had left the house to dream over the tale in the woods; on his way there, he had met a group of knights with the sudden realization that they were forever the lords of the earth, and that he, a peasant, could never attain to like estate. The lad had tried to show defiance by standing firmly in the way of the horses, when the youngest of the men, with an oath and a quick laugh, gave him a tumble in the dust, which served only to increase his discontent, rather than, as was intended, fostering true humility of spirit. Ah! if he only had a chance, with what energy, what joy would he enter the tourney—everything would fall at the touch of his stout lance. Talking half aloud, Peter rambled on until suddenly he found himself face to face with a great wall, green as the forest shadows, and so high that he could see nothing over it save a few blowing tree tops and the immaculate morning sky. Anger and resentment at once forgotten

in curiosity, in an instant he was scrambling through the boughs of a chestnut tree that seemed to offer a view of the land on the other side of the wall.

A very different land it was from that on Peter's side. There were smooth, broad stretches of turf, then a wonderful garden, rainbow tinted with flaunting scarlet poppies and satiny tulips, whose brilliant hues blended and flowed into the delicate pinks and lavenders of Canterbury bells. Their mingled fragrance stole to the boy's nostrils with all the magic perfumes of Arabian Nights; it was to his imaginative mind almost like music rung from the fragile pendant blossoms. Beyond, the warm, sunny, foliaged trees; then the mellow gray towers of what Peter, though he had never seen it from such a position, knew to be Granville Manor. The paths and beds of the garden, with their boxwood borders, may have been a trifle too primly laid for true grace, but the lad delighted in the glorious rich coloring of the many flowers, quivering in the wind until they filled his boyish soul with a strange satisfaction. In a moment he forgot even that joy in his interest in two men, who, as they approached through a long arbor, were talking together in an earnest and rather secretive manner. Soon they stood in the shade of the overhanging chestnut tree, and with no sense of impropriety, Peter listened intently to what they were saying.

The taller of the two wore the dress of an upper or confidential servant, and was evidently awaiting orders from his master, a blond, stout little fellow with sleepy eyes and pointed brows. His pale blue costume, cut in the fantastic style affected by the dandies of the period, made Peter feel sure that he was the Frenchman who, so rumor said, had lately been paying court to young Lady Henrietta Granville.

"Yes," the short man was saying, "she and her father have flouted me again; but I'll have her to-day, in spite of him, if only you do faithfully what I am going to tell you. This morning at seven o'clock, Sir Edward Granville, all his retainers, and that young scoundrel, John Hungerford, went to toss their falcons on Charpen Moor. They are not to return until nightfall. There is not a nag left in the manor stables, no one to defend her save some snivelling old women. Bring the carriage and four men—Jacques, Henri, Pierre, Yvetot—my lady shall go away in pomp, we shall meet the priest at Dover, and by six o'clock this evening our ship shall have hoisted anchor and set sails for France."

The serving man bowed and walked briskly away, followed by his French lord. Peter was frightened. He realized that he had overheard an ugly plot, which endangered the happiness of his feudal liege lady, and felt that it was the duty of even a would-be knight to rescue her, but how to accomplish such

an end he was at a loss to discover. Always more ready to plan deeds than to do, this thought of rescue gave an impulse to his transient day dreams, so that in five minutes they filled his head, shimmering with wonderful visions of sword-scarred armor, clashing combats, knightly victories, lovely ladies with laurel wreathes in their white hands—.

A twig cracked in the garden below and Peter, still half-way in the realm of his own thoughts, looked down. A tall and slender lady with a face of an exquisite pallor was just emerging from a little honeysuckle draped summer house; her filmy green dress, the sprightly grace of her movements, and her winsome, somewhat too child-like face, made her seem just the fairy princess to glorify the dreaming old garden. The boy in the tree caught his breath; she was the incarnation of all his imaginings. He did not notice that her dignity disguised a rather vapid expression—to his childish vision she was so aloof, so beautiful, that he dared not look at her too closely; he could only worship, and long to do some great deed for her sake. He was just beginning to think how the morning sunshine made a ruddy aureole of her brown hair, when my lady hid her face in two slim, futile little hands and sobbed aloud. Peter could bear no more; he never was able to decide whether he jumped, fell, or climbed out of that tree, but in less than half a second he was standing on the garden sward, very much abashed, and not knowing exactly why he came or what to do with his hands or feet.

Lady Henrietta looked up; she was accustomed to dependence on the other sex, and there, when all the men of her house had deserted her, seemed a boy sent by Providence to do her bidding. To be sure, he was very young, very frail and slender, but still the nearest thing to a man that in her desperate need she could obtain. Thinking rapidly, she said, "Can you run, lad?"

"Yes, my lady"—he longed to add "with the feet of lightning, for you."

"Then run to Charpen Moor and tell my father and Sir John Hungerford that the Sieur de Braudicourt takes advantage of their absence to carry me away to France." She wrung her hands, which Peter thought were delicate as little sunset clouds. "They must ride with all speed hither. I'd give thee a horse, but there's not one here. Run, oh, I beg thee, run—run—" her voice was lost in sobs and she twisted her fingers again in a pitiable manner.

Peter, with a quaint gesture, half timid, half daring, bowed his ugly little head and kissed the fringe of her floating white scarf. Then, agilely as a cat, he scrambled up again into the chestnut tree, and down to the forest, deep on the other side. How many things happened since he last stood there! A half hour ago he was a surly little rebel, now he felt himself in deed, if not in word, a knight serving, by high empire, the fairest lady of the land. He

spent small time in reflection, however; for once in his rather sluggish life he needed no spur to immediate action. An old roamer of the forest wonderland, he knew a tiny path that led through the trees to Charpen Moor; a steep, rough trail it was, but shorter by two miles than the highway usually followed by the falconers. A quick little toss of his head, and the boy started at a run down the faint brown thread that, with the pleasant leisureliness of a true nature lover strolled among the bosky green shadows. That path was surely never meant for swift life or death missions—it dallied and curved and twisted until Peter was exasperated, but, child as he was, he had enough woodcraft to realize that the path meant an ultimate goal, while in the tangles of the wood one might wander and return in a circle to the starting point. At last, however, the path grew more business-like, and then, for the first time in his twelve years, the lad experienced the joy of swift, purposeful running. He held his head erect; the exultant thrill of a bird on the wing surged through his young limbs; he felt high-hearted and strong to keep on forever. He even wondered, half humorously, if he would be able to stop himself at Charpen Moor. No sentiment cherished for Lady Henrietta sped him on; that was to come later, when other things had failed; it was the glad, innate swiftness of the young animal, the joy in the play of tense muscles, and the discovery of an unsuspected power.

Peter was not strong, however, and his fierce energy was bound to die, but not before it had urged him over about half of the way. Then the trail grew steep and rough, slippery pine needles and grey rocks tapestried it; once a root, stretched across like a snare, tripped him so that he fell headlong and came up again with smudges of black loam on his hot face. Running grew more and more difficult, for his legs ached and his head throbbed from the toil of the ascent, but he would not slacken his pace even long enough to cool his forehead in the clear water of a moss-hampered little stream that trickled over the path. At the top of the hill he did stop, and, drawing a long breath, shaded his eyes so that he could see far beyond the swaying trees a wide brown stretch of moorland, with rolling hillocks and a seal-like suggestion of vastness. It was ten o'clock, as well as he could reckon time by the sun; between Sir Edward Granville and himself lay three miles of forest trail, with probably an additional mile over the moor.

Peter did not pause to look for the crooked little path; he climbed down the sheer, rugged face of a lofty crag, finding a daring foothold by earth-filled ledges and gnarled roots, and tearing away in his ruthless haste great rolling draperies of starry moss. His hands were bleeding and his clothes in rags before he reached the bottom. There he found a ravine so deep and hidden

that in it something of the young resurgence of the spring still lingered; the fluttering little leaves that dappled the amber sunlight into cool flecks of light and shade suggested April rather than July. The ground was treacherous, and Peter ran through damp black soil, moistened by a myriad invisible streams, until his feet were cold and wet. Flies stung his neck and swarms of gnats whined monotonously in his ears. He noticed a mystically white, almost translucent flower at the side of a high, green-grey boulder, and as he ran, thought in dim, boyish fashion that Lady Henrietta seemed just so delicate and pure. Then he found it hard to think at all, because his head felt so heavy, but his imagination persisted in showing him whimsical pictures of lovely ladies, and he longed with all the strength of his loyal little heart to be able to do some great deed for her. Running through the forest seemed such a poor expression of his devotion; not at all heroic. He wanted to fight, to—. The child's head whirled, a hot, stifled feeling cut off his breath, and he fell, a pathetic little heap, into a clump of the sweet fern that covered a small open place succeeding the damp ravine.

The crushed fronds of the fern emitted a pungent, aromatic fragrance, and that was the first thing Peter realized when he opened his eyes. It was comfortable there in the bracken; just to lie still, with that strange, alluring odor in your nostrils, to watch the vagrant birds fly through the blue sky and the heaped-up clouds, like treasure-laden caravans, float by with slow dignity, would have been contentment enough for a man's whole day. Peter thought all that, and then, with a quick rush of returning consciousness, remembered his mission and stumbled doggedly to his feet. Running was well-nigh impossible, but run he would and must, with greater swiftness than ever before. He was so tired—almost worn out. Unexpected brambles and twigs lashed his face; sometimes he had to fight desperately, blindly, through baffling thickets. More than once he stumbled over sharp rocks or projecting roots, but somehow, by intuition, by strength of his pure motive, he won his way through the forest to the edge of the moor. How broad and kindly and tolerant that mighty brown expanse seemed after the tangles and petty grasping hands of the forest underbrush. No treacherous bogs or tripping roots there—the ground was sure and firm under his feet. Peter paused to breathe in the free wind, then ran toward the group of horsemen as fast as his tired short legs could carry him.

Sir John Hungerford, absorbed in watching his favorite falcon make an unusually high and well-directed flight, was startled by an abrupt tug at his bridle rein. His handsome young face flushed angrily as he glanced down and saw, near the horse's head, a little peasant lad with a shock of wet yellow

hair and a face that showed white under its freckles. For a few moments Peter could not get his breath enough to speak, but stood there imploringly, in his wide blue eyes the pathetic look of a dog who is trying to warn his master of some danger. At an impatient exclamation from the knight, he managed to gasp:

"Lady Henrietta—that Frenchman—is going to take her away—to France—to-day."

Sir John paled a trifle, then bit his lip and asked, "How do you know that, boy? Surely you can't have come from the Manor this morning. It is a good seven miles," with an appraising glance at Peter's short stature and thin limbs.

"Yes, my lord. I came through the forest. But you must go. He may have taken her by this time. They were to bring a carriage and four men. Oh, my lord, go, go swiftly! Take the Dover road. You may meet them. Go now, I beg you."

"Zounds! I believe the boy is telling the truth. Sir Edward!" and with a great fear at his heart Sir John repeated the story to a grey-haired nobleman who had just ridden up. Peter did not hear the reply, but the two knights suddenly struck spurs to their horses' flanks and galloped off across the moor, shouting back for their attendants to follow.

An old man who rode at the end of the cavalcade stooped to help Peter clamber up in front of him on the horse, and then proceeded at a leisurely jog trot, so that the knights and their followers were soon lost sight of in the distance. The boy looked shyly up into the face of the ancient serving man who had been thoughtful enough not to leave him alone on the moor. He saw a kind, sunburned face, ugly but not repulsive, with a humorous, broad mouth, and sharp eyes that shone with a softer light when Peter recounted his run through the forest.

"Seven miles in three hours, by that tangled way, and you such a slender lad," he muttered again and again; then suddenly, "Why did you do it?"

"For my lady," Peter answered.

"Oh, ho! So that is why. By my word, you're beginning young. But, lad, 'tisn't worth it, 'tisn't worth it, 'pon my soul." The man's voice trailed on in reminiscent sadness. An old pain deepened his eyes and made the corners of his mouth droop. "I knew a lassie once, as fair—but, there, that's all another story. The women are curious folk. You think you've got 'em and then you haven't. They're like those clouds yonder—forever shifting and changing." In his arms Peter had fallen asleep, finding rest at last for his exhausted body; but the old man muttered:

"That long run! And he such a little lad! She isn't worth it, that silly hussy, with her empty skull and painted face. Better let her go on to France. Humph! Good riddance of bad rubbish, I say. The child here's got more knightlihood in him than the whole bunch of those fops and dandies. And to think they rode off and left him without so much as a word of thanks!"

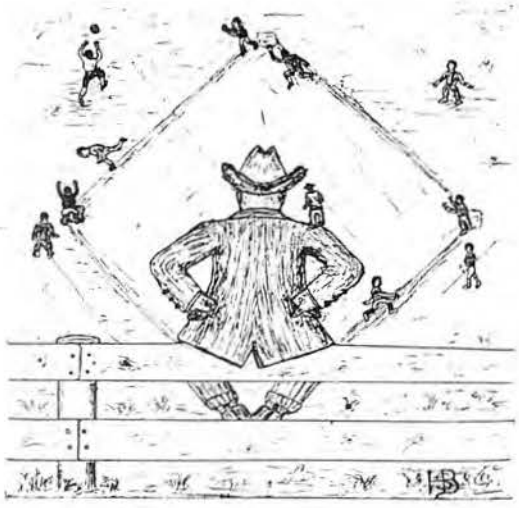
So he grumbled, a forlorn old wastrel of humanity, embittered by disappointment in his kind, but with some spark of valor that glowed in instant appreciation of the boyish heroism. At last he reached the thatched cottage where Peter's mother, a pale, worried little woman, with blonde hair strained back from a narrow forehead, sat on the doorstep scraping potatoes. Possessed of no very keen perceptions, she was naturally somewhat bewildered by this Spartan return of her lazy son, but the old retainer left him to her care without vouchsafing any explanation, and she never knew how the boy had exerted himself sufficiently to get tired.

It was not until some days later that Peter heard his father talking about how the Sieur de Braudicourt had plotted to take Lady Henrietta Granville to France against her will; how her father had overheard the plot; how he, old Sir Edward, and Sir John Hungerford, pretending to go on a hunt, had hidden, instead, by the Dover road, and had put the French party to flight, bringing the hysterical damsel back in safety to Granville Manor. Now, of course, Peter knew the right telling of this tale, but he never explained it to his father, letting that burly woodsman continue in his delusion concerning the intuition, courage, and omnipresence of the two knights. Soon afterwards, it was gossiped about the village green that Sir John Hungerford had married Lady Henrietta, but Peter always hoped against hope that this rumor was false. Day dreams are elastic things; they can urge their possessor to occasional deeds of real worth, and they can be made to absorb all manner of queer, unworthy persons. When Peter had relapsed into his former brooding sluggishness, as he watched the radiant western clouds changing and flowing and curving in thousands of elfin shapes, he forgot the old serving man's definition of womankind, and saw beautiful visions of Lady Henrietta. In later years, the lad's faculty for dreaming was stifled from him, but close to his heart, in drab suppression of his peasant existence, he hugged the rose-colored memory of that day when, for an entire morning, he had been a knight.

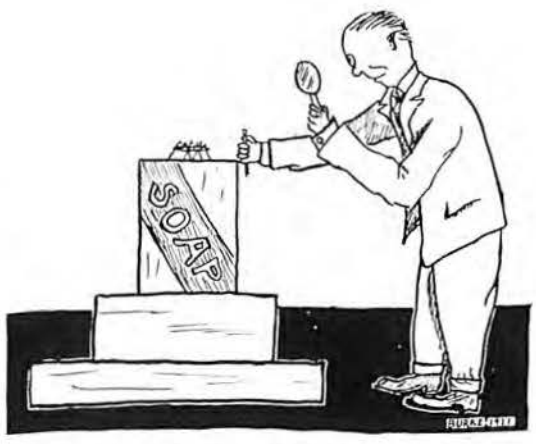
AGATHA BOYD, 1911.

Faculty Caricatures

PROF. PARSONS —
AS THE
FIRST YEAR STUDENT SEES HIM



MR. FITZPATRICK



PROF. BEALE

The Past of the Faculty

THE schoolroom was built in the quaint fashion of a hundred years ago, with long benches, a sanded floor, diamond shaped window panes, and rafters darkened by smoke from the wide fireplace; and the humming sound made by the children as they conned their lessons aloud mingled with the dull noise of the ice-covered brook that flowed past the door. Suddenly the monotonous murmur was broken by the high-pitched voice of a little girl well up in the front of the room.

"Teacher," she cried, in her excitement forgetting the preliminary of an upraised hand, "teacher, Ben Turner shot a bean at me."

"Benjamin"—the teacher looked sternly over his glasses at the red-faced culprit—"you may get into the wood box and stay there until I tell you to come out." The lad obeyed with apparent meekness, but before disappearing in the wood box he made something suspiciously like a derisive face at his instructor's venerable back.

"I reported him 'cause my conscience told me to," murmured the girl who had occasioned the hapless Benjamin's punishment.

"That was right, Cora, my dear. You are a nice, conscientious child," and the teacher once more settled down to his work of correcting papers.

A little boy, wearing a faultlessly tailored suit, sobbed aloud from his corner near the window. "Ben will get all dirty in the wood box," he stammered, lifting a sweet, tear-stained face.

"Master McMahon, cease that absurd crying. Ah! that is right, Wilhelmina, see if you can comfort him," as a raven-haired maiden in the next seat leaned soothingly over the child. All her efforts seemed in vain until, with something like an inspiration, she whispered, "If you'll be good, I'll play marbles with you."

The sobs stopped, and young Master McMahon's big eyes shone at this dazzling promise. The two, waiting until the teacher was again absorbed, slipped away to the less intellectual atmosphere of that exhilarating game.

After their stealthy departure, it seemed for a few moments that the school was to become truly a model one; but, alas, not for long! Such was impossible

to the restless spirits harbored by those four narrow walls. An explosion and a cry came simultaneously from the fireplace, where a timid looking little fellow had been gazing attentively into the flames.

"What have you done now, William Parsons?" was the austere inquiry, in a tone that implied anything might be expected from that quarter.

"We—we—just put an egg on the andiron to see what would happen, and it popped. It hit us in our face. We didn't mean to—" wailed the penitent young chemist. Why he used the royal we is a puzzle which is left for the reader to untangle.

Silence and calm again filled the little room, until a shriek from the window brought all eyes in that direction. A mole would have known what caused the disturbance. Master Beale, who had been happily engaged in catching and dissecting flies on the smooth glass, had suddenly grasped a honey bee instead. His pain was soon assuaged, and the teacher was free to return to the interesting task of helping his most precocious Latin pupil, little Miss Lovelace, with the thrilling romance which she was compiling from Cæsar's Commentaries.

Again silence reigned, broken only by occasional giggles of the pupils as they pointed derisively at the occupant of a high dunce stool in the corner. Master Phelps had attained that eminent position by reason of his inability to recite from memory the Constitution of the United States; he soon made use of his tower of observation, calling with a sudden point of his finger:

"O, teacher, look at that Fitzpatrick boy! He's pulling the new girl's hair!"

A general commotion resulted, in which all the little maidens caught madly at their pigtails, while young Miss Rutherfoord, whose shining braid had been tampered with, wept frantically, and the distracted teacher exclaimed:

"Good heavens! why aren't you children all like Alto Funkhouser? See how nicely she is studying. She's the only quiet child in school. Now, class, take your places in line for the regular Friday afternoon spelling match. Lavinia Critz may be captain of one side, and Dwight McQuilkin of the other. Lavinia, spell conciliation."

"C-o-n-s-i-l-a-s-h-u-n," glibly said the curly-haired little maiden.

"By no means! Take your seat immediately," and with a smile of grim satisfaction he jotted down a round, fat zero, while in tears the abashed child laid her head upon her desk.

The word was correctly spelt by the captain of the other side, and then, back and forth, up and down the line the contest sped. A hapless pupil fell at nearly every one of the teacher's bullet-like queries, until at last only the

lad addressed as Master McQuilkin remained standing. Word after word—ornithyrinous, hypotenuse, phantasmagoric, ecclesiastic—he spelt with the greatest ease.

"Conqueror," at last called the teacher.

The boy turned pale, and then blood-red.

"Kon-kon—" he stuttered, and amid the laughter of his classmates took his seat. The recess bell put a fortunate end to his discomfiture, and the children trooped noisily into the yard, leaving to the teacher a few moments of peace.

These were few, indeed, for before long shrill feminine cries made the poor man rush to the door. A distressing sight met his eyes. Two small boys with Teddy bear haircuts, well known as Master Locker and Master Tardy, were engaged in furiously kicking and pommeling each other. The air was thick with flying locks, and a black-eyed damsel, Mary, was striving desperately to drag from the fight the most pugnacious of the combatants.

With a sigh of despair the teacher returned to his desk. "No use trying to separate them," he moaned. "Such obstreperous children I never saw. What will they be like when they are grown?"

THIRD YEAR B CLASS

Betty

IT was a beautiful June day. Every tree around Oak Hall seemed to be full of birds that were taking that glorious morning to sing their sweetest songs. The two girls who came tripping down the walk seemed as if they, too, were breathing the very atmosphere of happiness and beauty. They loved the old home with its tall, stately oaks, its meadows and brooks, its orchards and apple trees. Betty and Annie, eighteen and seventeen, were the only children of Mr. and Mrs. Heywood. The family was well known, Dr. Heywood being the oldest and best physician in the small town. These two had taken every care to make the home lovely and attractive and to throw around the lives of their girls sweet influences.

It was by the guiding hands of such parents that Betty and Annie were brought up. No wonder that these two girls were the very soul of honor and purity. The younger sister had always depended on the older. At Annie's first baby step, it was Betty who was ready to catch her, although just a year older; when the two got into childish scrapes, it was Betty who bore the punishment; at school, it was Betty who solved the old hard problems over which Annie shed many tears. All through their lives, Betty had done her best to make life easy for her younger sister, asking only love in return.

On that bright morning, when they came skipping down the gravel walk, Annie threw her arms around her sister.

"You dear old Betty," she cried, "I might have known that you would forget all about yourself and ask mother and father to send me to school. I wanted to go so bad, but they were afraid I would get homesick. I love my music and I am going to work hard next year and the year after, too."

"Yes, dear," said Betty, thinking how pretty Annie looked, "we will be proud of you. Your old professor said that he had never before heard the sweet, gentle touch with which you strike the keys."

"O, yes, he has told me that often. Betty, I will miss mother and father, but" with a catch in her voice, "how I will long for you! I can't remember the time when you have not always been by my side, so willing to help me and tell me what to do."

Both of the girls were quiet for a second. However, the birds and the bees and the blue, sunny sky soon brightened Annie's face.

"Oh! how I love this old place," she said to Betty, "but I am not going to talk about leaving it now, for it is almost three months before September." Looking at her sister's face, "I think," she said, "I will go finish the book I started last night, for Betty, when you get that sad, dreamy look in your eyes it is time for me to run away."

Betty did not say anything, and as Annie walked towards the house, she wandered around through the trees until at last she went to her favorite spot, the big rock underneath the sturdy oak at the side of the house. The wind had blown off her hat, revealing a strong, good, and kind face, with just a touch of pride. However, the pride was shown more in the poise of the head and the carriage of the shoulders. The expressive brown eyes and the mobile mouth gave a key to her character. In their strength and endurance the old rock and Betty were alike—they bore whatever came, never complaining. To the rock Betty told her secrets. How well she remembered the day when she heard the beautiful woman sing, and how it inspired the audience of cultured thousands! No one knew the feelings, the hopes, the ambitions, since that day. Something told her she had a voice, but the girl knew what the cultivation of that talent meant. She and Annie both could not leave home. The dear mother could not do what she once had done. Annie was the idol of every heart. Mother and father were so proud of her musical talent, and now that she was old enough, she was to go to the conservatory. Yet when the time came, mother shrank from mentioning it, so Betty had gone to them and gained their consent.

No one knew how the girl had struggled with herself, but she, too, loved Annie, and the old feeling of protection came to her, and with it peaceful resignation. "Oh, well!" she exclaimed aloud, "who can tell what is in store for me? But it's hard to wait patiently," and the tears came to her eyes. "Nonsense," she cried impatiently, "this will never do!"

She locked her hands around her knees and looked about her. "It is a beautiful world, after all. Just a few steps and you are in the thick of it." Betty sat thus for hours; the beauty and the quiet of the scene rested her. Three hours later, as Betty came up the broad veranda steps, she heard Annie's happy laugh, and mingled with hers that of a young man. At once she recognized their old playmate's voice. John Marvyn had been to them like a brother; he was their mother's cousin's son, so by a family immunity, he had free access to the house. John had been at the University for two years studying law. He had just come home for his vacation.

Betty quickly ran into the house, but at the door of the library she stopped with a puzzled expression on her face. Annie and John were standing close together looking very happy; the truth flashed over her face in a moment. Was she to give up John, too? Was Annie to have everything? Then she looked at Annie, and as she saw her joyful face, murmured, "I love you, too, Annie."

The two turned and for the first time saw the girl standing in the door.

"Hello, Betty," cried John, springing to meet her. "I am so glad to see your good, kind face again."

"It is good to see you, too, John," she said, extending her hand. As he grasped it she added, "How you have grown! You are so much taller that I hardly know you."

This pleased John's vanity. He drew himself up and squared his broad shoulders with pride. He was about to speak when Mrs. Heywood came into the room and welcomed the boy home with a smile that all three had learned to love. John could wait no longer, so very stammeringly, and amidst Annie's blushes, he told that they loved each other and wanted to marry as soon as they both finished school. Mrs. Heywood, after a pause, gave them her consent, which sent them out of the room very happy. Half an hour later there was no one in the room but Mrs. Heywood, sitting in a rocking chair, and Betty on the floor at her feet.

"Dear Betty, I hope it will be all right about John and Annie. I know Dr. Heywood will not object, for he dearly loves the boy and admires his good, strong character. Somehow," she said slowly, "we always thought he cared for you, but Annie, dear little Annie—there are not many in this world who can resist her."

Mrs. Heywood remained silent for a few minutes, then, throwing her arm around her daughter, she looked into her face.

"Betty" she said anxiously, "I hope he is nothing more than a good friend to you—" seeing the look of pain on the girl's face, she stopped suddenly. Then, "Oh, my child, I am so sorry! Surely he is nothing to you?"

"Mother," said Betty with a forced smile, "do not worry. I love John, but," she added with a heavy lump in her throat that hurt dreadfully, "Annie loves him too, and John loves Annie. So, mother dear," bravely, "let us be happy for her dear sake."

Mrs. Heywood knew what a struggle the girl was having, and that the best thing to do was to say no more. "I am going upstairs now," she said after a few minutes. Betty looked surprised. Mother never went upstairs before ten o'clock, and it was only nine.

"Are you sick?" she asked quickly.

"I am not as strong as I was a year ago," she replied. "I have not spoken to your father about it yet, for he has so much to worry him."

"Dear mother, don't say you are going to be sick," said Betty, forgetting for the moment all about John and Annie. "Why, what would we do without you? Go upstairs, I will give father his supper when he comes. Poor old father! I do wish he didn't have to work so hard."

"I will be all right in the morning," she assured Betty.

About an hour after Mrs. Heywood had gone to her room, the Doctor came home. He found Betty in the library by the table, her head in her arms. Not a sound was in the room.

"Why, what is the matter with my little woman?" he asked, surprised. "Come now, tell me what it is."

The girl raised her head and looked up at her father's face. Yes, she would tell him about John, and also about her mother. When she had finished talking, he looked at her lovingly.

"Betty," he said, "how I wish it could have been otherwise. But, little girl, your mother and I are selfish; we could not do without you. And," he added with a troubled face, "I have been worried about Margaret," as he called his wife, "she does not walk about the house as sprightly as she used to. Betty, we must do all we can to save her from the cares of the household."

"I will do my best," she said earnestly, "but I am not going to neglect you. I know you are hungry. I have some nice hot supper for you, father."

* * * * * *

Two years had passed since that June day when Annie and John became engaged. He was a wealthy man and a prominent lawyer; she was loved devotedly by her husband and by a large circle of friends. Every one stopped whatever they were doing and listened eagerly when Mrs. Marvyn touched the keys of the piano. Annie's hopes had come true and now, with love and happiness around her, she felt as if her life were complete. Only when she thought of Betty or of her mother's death would the bright face grow sad, but with the old sunny disposition, she would find comfort in the lives of those about her.

What had become of Betty? Had her hopes and ambitions been realized? No, she was still at Oak Hall. No one was there save Betty, Dr. Heywood, and Julia, the old family cook. The girl could be found on the old rock, underneath the oak. She had changed since that day two years ago. If a passer-by could catch a glimpse of that sad face, of the far-away, dreamy look in those brown eyes, then follow her down to the house and as she meets her

father again look at her face, the stranger would rub his eyes to see if it were the same girl that had been on the rock.

The girl underneath the oak tree was thinking of the mother whom she had lost, and of the father who, since his wife's death, had been a changed man. As she sat there it seemed to her as if she could no longer bear the burden she had carried for months. For two years she had tried to fill her mother's place. She had taken the household duties upon her shoulders with the fine courage that youth and love combine to give; forgetting her own grief, she had given herself without thought of anything heroic, to the comforting of her broken-hearted father. Long ago she surrendered all the bright plans that she had cherished for the cultivation of that talent which she possessed, and had turned to her duty with never a thought that she need not do it. There was no one else.

As Betty sat thinking of the past months, her face changed. From the trees there came a low, sweet bird note. She had learned to make that strange calling sound so perfectly that even the bird would stop for a second and then, with a joyous note, send back the answer. Leaning against the tree, she began to sing one of the old nursery songs that her mother loved. She broke off—the old pain was there, and all the lost hopes and plans came rushing back to her mind. The girl struggled bravely with herself, then, "Mother," she exclaimed aloud, "for your dear sake I will bear the burden a little longer." She sprang up, alert and listening. Old Julia was calling her. Betty ran toward her.

"Miss Betty," the darkey said in a frightened voice, "Marse Heywood is mighty sick. Come on, honey, just as quick as yo' can."

"Yes, yes, Aunt Julia," she said quickly, "I shouldn't have stayed away so long." She ran into the house, Julia waddling along behind.

Dr. Heywood had gone upstairs into his room when he felt the weakness stealing over him, so Betty found him lying on his bed.

"Father," she cried as she ran in, "what is the matter?"

"Come here, Betty," he said, a soft light in his eyes, "I am going to meet Margaret in a little while, dear. I have felt it for weeks. God is good. He knows I can't live without her."

"Oh, father," sobbed Betty, "don't talk like that. Surely he wouldn't take you from me too!"

"Don't cry, Betty," said the father gently. "It is a good girl you have been, and a brave one."

"Not very brave, I fear," she said softly.

"Yes, Betty," he continued, "you have had a lonely time. Your old broken-

down father has been no companion for a young girl like you," he paused, his breathing becoming jerky. "I heard you singing in the woods the other day," he went on, "and, Betty, the baby song was so pretty. You remember the day I took you to the city to hear the beautiful woman sing. Betty, there is something in your voice that reminds me of hers. Your great grandmother, child, had a wonderful talent, it has been handed down to you. Some day—you—" growing weaker, "will startle the world," with these words he fell back on the bed.

"Father, you have talked too long," cried Betty, throwing her arms over him, "isn't there something I can do?"

"No, daughter," he whispered, "I am going to Margaret. You have been a good girl. God bless you." Betty was left alone.

The girl remained perfectly still. Only the groaning of the faithful negro broke the silence. Soon she stopped, tenderly carried the young girl to her room, then went down into the kitchen.

For two weeks Betty lived at Oak Hall with only Julia. Annie and John came home when Dr. Heywood died, and begged Betty to go back with them.

"No," she said sadly, "I want to stay here for one month, and then, Annie, I will come to you." So they had left her. John had been so kind and considerate. She often thought of the good old days when Annie, John, and herself had been together. She loved them both. It had been over two years since she gave them both up to each other. She had tried to forget him. She knew she still loved him and would the rest of her life, but he nor Annie would ever know.

After the month had passed, Betty went to her sister's home. Annie and John seemed so happy to have dear old Betty with them, but she was restless. Now that she was alone in the world, no one depended on her, she was going to find whether or not her dreams had all been for naught, whether the legacy handed down by her great grandmother was rightfully hers. So, in spite of Annie's entreaties, Betty found herself, a few days later, in the presence of one of the world's greatest teachers. All the weary months of longing passed before her in those two or three seconds; the sad days and weeks and months and years. Now the moment had arrived for which she had so long been praying.

Her thoughts still in the past, she was asked to sing. The girl's fairy voice, so long imprisoned, trilled forth in powerful crescendo, yet soft and clinging; the sweet strains seemed to tell of all the sorrows, all the heartbreaks of Betty's young life. The woman at her side started, then listened with sparkling eyes.

"At last I have found my star!" she cried when the girl had finished. Seizing both of her hands, "Can you study with me for one year? For if you can you will become something extraordinary."

Could there be any doubt when the girl's heart was consumed with longing? How she worked those twelve months! Each day brought strange joy at the realization of her new powers. She knew she had won. To-day, as she sat between her mother's and father's graves, there flashed before her mind another scene on the night of her triumph, an amphitheater of faces, tier upon tier, eager, rapt, listening, and upon the stage the singer holding, swaying, compelling them to her will. "Father, father," she said softly, "I have inherited my great grandmother's wonderful voice."

KATHARINE HUTTON, 1911.

SECOND YEAR A CLASS

A Grain of Kindness

VIRGINIA RAY had the name at Havernell Hall of being rather proud. She was thoroughly liked by the girls of her sorority, but as she never took the trouble to notice the other girls, they knew nothing much about her. However, they all thought that she was one of the luckiest girls at the college, for didn't she have plenty of money, good looks, and a charming manner? True, her mother and father were dead, but then, they had died when the girl was still a child, so she couldn't possibly miss them much.

Virginia did miss them, although her Uncle Philip was simply lovely to her; he had other things to occupy his mind, so that as long as she was well and apparently happy in her college life, he did not seem to remember that she was living. Consequently, Virginia went her own sweet way, thinking that there was no love lost between them. Being of a rather thoughtful turn of mind, this worried her a great deal as she grew older, and she began to compare herself with other girls. Her special chums were all wealthy, and her set was considered very exclusive, so that Virginia rarely met with the other girls in the college. She began to look around her, and there was only one other lonely orphan in the school beside herself. That was little Ruth Morgan, whose sad face she had always liked, but she had never had much to say to her.

One morning a sudden determination came to Virginia—she would speak to Ruth, just for the fun and novelty of the thing. As she approached, the girl raised two astonished eyes to her face, for what could this girl, whom the girls all called Miss Pride, want with her?

"I want you to come to my room this afternoon, after classes, Ruth; you never come, and I do want to get acquainted with you."

It seemed a strange request, but nevertheless, Virginia could think of nothing else. After receiving a timid promise from Ruth to be prompt, she went to her room. Already she began to think to herself what a foolish thing she had done, but no matter, she was going to look forward to the afternoon visit.

While she was sitting at her desk, writing to her uncle, she heard a quick,

timid knock, and calling out a cordial "Come in," she waited for Ruth to enter.

When the poor little orphan opened the door, she thought she was in Paradise. She had never in all her life seen so much splendor. At first it seemed as if there was nothing but a brilliant blaze of color, then she saw that so many college pennants and colors caused that impression. The walls were literally covered with those numerous and quaint little odds and ends that a girl always finds a place for. Over in the corner there was a sofa piled high with fancy cushions; in the bay window was a Japanese cozy corner, while the whole room looked snug and comfortable. What a contrast to little Ruth's room! She breathed a sigh of delicious content as she sank, at Virginia's invitation, into one of the deep chairs.

After a little talk, Virginia proposed making candy, laughingly saying that candy was her only accomplishment of which she was at all proud. This seemed to loosen Ruth's tongue, and she told how often she made candy for the orphans in the Orphan Asylum at home.

"I wish you could see them. I know you would adore them. Some are just too clever and cunning for any use."

It was the first Virginia heard of those orphans, but it was not the last, and in some subtle way Ruth caused her to become enthusiastically interested.

When the ice was once broken, the girls became close friends, but as Christmas was approaching, they did not see so much of each other. Virginia had promised one of her dearest chums to be a member of a house party during the holidays. Annette Wilson counted over on her fingers the numerous pleasures they would have. All the girls were wildly excited over the approaching holidays, for weren't they going home, and didn't that mean loads of fun?

Virginia was lost for the time being in the jolly fun of packing. She did not think that her uncle would mind, so she went on with her preparations. The old Hall had already lost many of the gay voices, and it seemed a little bit lonesome to the girls left behind, but even these had determined to leave on the next day.

As the girls came bounding out of chapel on the last morning, Virginia heard some one weeping. Looking around her, she saw Ruth all huddled up on one of the chairs with a most miserable face.

"Why, what are you crying about, when every one else is so happy?"

The homesick child told her, between sobs, that she could not afford going home, and that she was the only girl who would be left.

The other girl finally persuaded Ruth to go to her room and talk it over there. All the way out of the building, Virginia felt something tugging at

her heartstrings; the sound of Ruth's voice never left her, and why couldn't she stay here as company for Ruth during the holidays? After all, she did not care so very much about visiting Annette, and it would make Ruth happy. They could make the old college gay and cheerful.

As the two crossed the campus, they were both silent, for Ruth was becoming heartily ashamed of herself for forcing her sorrow upon another. If only she could run away somewhere and hide until after Christmas, for what must Virginia think of her! Just at that minute she felt an arm tighten around her waist and heard some one say, "I'll stay here during the holidays, Rufus dear, and just won't we have a jolly time? We'll make this old place so gay, people will wonder what has happened to grave Miss Havernell." This burst of eloquence quite took Ruth off her feet; every objection she could raise was overruled.

"You are just the dearest girl I ever heard of; to think that the girls think you haughty and selfish!" she said at last.

A pillow was promptly hurled at her head, and Virginia laughed gleefully at her look of astonishment.

"You poor dear! haven't you ever had any one to throw pillows at you?"

Neither the President nor the girls could understand why the gay Miss Ray wanted to stay at the Hall; the girls were much disappointed, but Miss Ray only laughed and declared that she wanted the experience.

The next day, when all the girls had gone, Miss Havernell was formally asked to be a guest at a small feast in Miss Ray's rooms, and afterwards to accompany the two girls down town. In that way the afternoon passed merrily; many presents were bought for the orphans, which made Ruth's eyes shine with pleasure. As they returned to the Hall, there another surprise awaited them. A dainty little figure, dressed in lavender from head to toe, advanced down the room to meet them, and Miss Havernell introduced her to the girls as Miss Eva Long, one of her oldest friends.

"I've come over to borrow some of your girls, and these two just suit me. Wouldn't you like to spend Christmas with me," she asked, turning to the girls, "provided that Miss Havernell is willing?"

"We'll be delighted," answered Virginia.

Arrangements were soon made, and they were to leave at nine the next morning. Dancing wildly up to their rooms, they began to pack. Miss Havernell came along, and told them all about her old friend.

The next morning, bright and early, the sleigh was at the door and, after an affectionate good-bye to Miss Havernell, the girls were whirled away. Then what a lovely box of a house they came to, after that glorious drive!

It was placed rather far back from the highway, picturesque and artistic, altogether an old-fashioned place.

Miss Long promptly made them feel at home. They were shown by a little maid into cheerful little rooms, where everything was as dainty as the mistress. She immediately put them to work making Christmas goodies.

"I never feel like it is Christmas unless I do the baking myself," she said.

It was a busy day for all, but the night's sleep refreshed so much that in the morning they were ready to go out after evergreens. The pleasant task of decorating the little home came next, and when they stood back admiring their handiwork, there was real joy on all the faces, for it was a beautiful sight to see the holly peeping out in every corner.

That night, as they were sitting in a cozy group around the fire, the girls on the soft rug in front of the grate, leaning their heads on Miss Long's knees, their hostess announced to them her intention of adopting Ruth.

"It would be so nice if I could have you both with me always, but Virginia's uncle has prior claim to her."

As she was talking, Virginia happened to notice on the white hand hanging over her shoulder a tiny diamond ring.

"Why, Miss Eva," she asked, "why do you wear this insignificant little diamond on this finger alone, when you have so many handsomer ones?"

The hand was quickly withdrawn, and the girl, looking up contritely, said, "Pardon me, I did not mean to be inquisitive."

"It was not that, dear; I suppose you startled me, but I have never told any one the story of that ring. That was my engagement ring, which I received when I was twenty and my sweetheart was twenty-three. He was a poor boy when he gave it to me, but now is a prominent man of affairs, and I'm sure he does not know where I have lived since we became estranged."

The gentle voice trembled and then was quiet, and somehow the girls felt drawn closer than ever to the little figure in lavender.

Suddenly there was a sharp ring at the door, and soon the maid handed a card to Virginia.

"Uncle Philip!" she exclaimed. "What can he be doing here? May I bring him in to see you?" she asked.

"Certainly, my dear, but don't keep him waiting."

As Virginia reached the library door, she saw her uncle walking the floor, seemingly much excited.

"Child, you don't know how worried I have been about you. I have been everywhere hunting for you. I wanted you to spend Christmas with me, the old home has been so lonesome."

"Did you honestly miss me, Uncle?" Glad surprise came into her face, and she threw her arms around her tall uncle's neck. "I've been wanting you to tell me for so long that you missed me, at least, but you'll never have another chance to get rid of me; and now I want you to come in and meet the dearest little woman in the world."

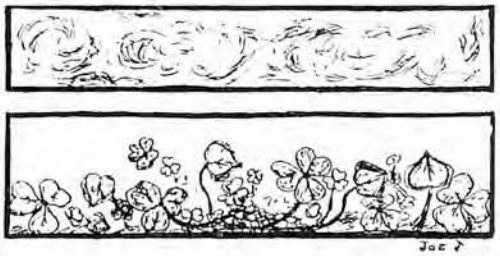
She thought he had never looked handsomer than when she threw open the door of the drawing room.

"Miss Eva, I've brought my Uncle Philip Wayne to you."

The room was so dark that he could not see plainly, but as Virginia spoke their names, they recognized each other by the firelight. Then, to the astonishment of the girls, Miss Eva sank weakly into her chair, while the tall uncle cried out, "Eva—!"

The two girls slipped quietly into the library to talk over to themselves the wonderful change in their affairs.

NATHALIE BAKER, 1911.



Nightmare of the Editor-in-Chief

(A True Story)

They came, and they stood, and they gazed at me,
Around my restless bed,
They gathered their pens to prod me deep,
"Who are you?" I wildly said.

"O, we are the Annual's readers"
Their tone was vengeful and slow,
"We come to punish you for that book,
For which we paid our dough."

They made me count ten billion words
And copy quadrillions of pages,
They poked and pricked me with their pens,
They did, in furious rages.

They prodded me deep with their iron pens,
Till my body was in a kink,
Instead of blood ink freely flowed,
I was naught but a bottle of ink!

SECOND YEAR B CLASS

Among the Rocky Mountains

HE was tired—yes, very tired. All day John Redd had been tramping over the most barren portion of the Rocky Mountains, hoping, in vain, that he might at nightfall reach his ranch. Now, with fatigue came hopelessness. Stretching himself on the dry, hard ground, he sought sleep, only to be awakened by a thousand thoughts that crowded in his mind. His void, empty life appeared vividly before him—a life which, in its loneliness, had been instrumental only in embittering him. For, he argued, had he not passed his golden years—the prime of life—and would not old age and feebleness soon follow? Then, alone, unwept for, he would pass into the great beyond. These thoughts became intolerable, and rising, he attempted to assuage his pain by once more resuming his walk. On he went, neither knowing nor caring where—forgetting all bodily suffering in his great mental agony.

Suddenly he struck upon something, and looking down, perceived a motionless figure. One which was unmistakably that of an Indian. Redd's first impulse was to feel for a gun, but a second thought showed him the uselessness of that act. Already the man was dead. Striking a match, Redd strained his eyes in the flickering light, to see what provisions he might find, when lo! he saw a small wigwam, deserted entirely save by one little girl who, with large, startled eyes, was gazing around. "Papa, papa," she murmured, "you have come for me, you will take me home with you, won't you?" And rushing up to Redd, she leaned confidentially against his knee. Never had he been so moved, so thrilled. Yes, he determined, he would take the little one, and, at least, keep her until he could find the rightful owners. Picking her up in his strong arms, he hurried along.

It was almost morning when this manager of a large ranch, bearing a sleeping child in his arms, drew near his home. The cowboys could hardly believe their eyes, so great was their amazement at seeing this stern, harsh man slowly and carefully draw near his cabin with a child, then open and close the door. Moreover, their wonder and astonishment increased, when

day after day passed, and still the child remained. At first she only played around the little cabin door, but as her confidence grew, she ventured out with Redd now and then, and soon the two became inseparable. Even on his business trips, Redd would take her along, never tiring of her babyish prattle. The cowboys, also, who were at first attracted through curiosity, then genuine love, watched with the keenest interest the growth of their "little Bee."

Ten years elapsed. The once fragile little dependent Bee blossomed into lovely girlhood. However, her loveliness was displayed rather in her charming, unaffected manner, than in personal beauty. Redd idolized her. To him who had at one time been her only support, she, in return, became his life. The hard-hearted man was, by the love of one being, changed into the most lovable of men. Bee could not do too much for him. She supplied his every want, loving him with her whole heart. When she was not with him, she was roaming around with some of the ranchmen, with whom she had been raised. Thus, in her simple, childish way, she enjoyed her life, never dreaming of nor caring for another.

One day, while roaming over the hills, she was suddenly arrested by a sound whose sweet tones charmed her. Held spellbound, she could do nothing but listen, so divine was the melody. Then, as the melodious tones died away, when the enchantment was broken, enraptured, she rushed in the direction from which they had come, but all in vain—she could find nothing. Dismayed, she stood wondering what she could do, when suddenly she remembered having seen some old instrument at home. Bee never knew how she reached the little cabin; she only knew that soon she, too, was producing the sounds that had, a few minutes before, so intoxicated her. She could hardly wait for Redd to come home, so anxious was she to display her skill. When, at last, he did arrive, with a look of triumph she drew the bow across the strings—now gazing happily upon his bewilderment, now forgetting all else save the sublime strains. Soon, for miles around, Bee was acknowledged as a most talented musician, but that was all. Redd alone recognized her wonderful gift. Often, one, peeping through the window, would have been delighted at the picture of a young girl, seated by a cheerful fire at the feet of a venerable old man, lulling him to sleep with her violin. He had heard music, but never anything so divine as this. And so he often muttered to himself, "Was it fair to keep his 'little one' in that wilderness? Was it not his duty to send her away—to give her a chance?" He shuddered at the idea, yet he determined that, for her happiness, he must for a few years sacrifice his own.

Thus it came to pass that one day Bee found herself in the largest Con-

servatory in New York. It was a dreary, rainy day; all the drearier to the poor girl who could do nothing but think of the one little cabin nestled among the Rocky Mountains. Again and again she counted the length of time it would be before she returned home. When she pictured two long years of this agony in that enormous city, she almost screamed aloud. For herself she could bear it, but for her father, whom she knew was unutterably lonely, it seemed intolerable. Her one consolation was being able to write to him, but even then she restrained her true feelings, describing bustling New York, or more often telling him of the wonderful future which lay before her. Indeed, her music master could not praise her enough, for her untiring energy combined with her wonderful talent, made her a brilliant pupil. Spurred on by her insatiable love of music, she thought nothing of practicing for hours at a time. Thus, day after day and month after month passed, until at last the white, glistening snow was replaced by beautiful green grass; the lifeless trees once more put forth their fresh, green leaves. All nature seemed entuned, and with it the heart of Bee. She was going home on a vacation, for only a little while, but even that fact could not mar her happiness. Nor could it mar the happiness of another, who distractedly awaited her return.

When once more he was allowed to hold his idol in his arms, that was all he asked for. Man though he was, he noted with pride the great improvement wrought in her personal appearance, but most of all the power which she had over her instrument. She could imitate nature in all its phases, from the rippling brooks to the clear, sweet notes of the nightingale. Again, her childishness delighted him. As of old, she was never happier than when trudging after him—desiring only his companionship.

Again the painful parting came; again he was left alone. This time he seemed utterly lost without her, not even his most important business affairs being able to divert his mind. He could endure it as long as he continued to hear from her frequently, but when, week after week, he heard less often, his loneliness pressed more and more upon him. Rumor with her thousand tongues announced that his investments had failed, that heavy losses accounted for the strange conduct of the old man. Only the stars, the mournful wind, on whose breezes so many agonized cries had been wafted to God, could tell the true story.

In the meantime, old Mother Earth was fast giving signs of life—of spring. So when, one morning, Redd was awakened by the twittering of birds and the fragrance of his rambling honeysuckle, which festooned his door, he started up with a bound. At last winter had taken flight, and with it his weary, heartsick soul. The transformation was so great that the curious

neighbors listened with wondering ears to gay snatches of song and a joyful whistle coming forth from the now ever lonely cabin. Redd knew nothing of this—nothing of the marvelous change—he was only conscious of one thing. Bee would—she must come home that day!

It seemed to the old man an endless day. Would six o'clock never come, and would the dinky little train be late? These questions were ever potent in his thoughts, as he trudged along on that quiet, peaceful afternoon to the distant station. If she did not come this evening he felt sure he would die—and without seeing her again. Oh! no, that was terrible. Just then the shrill whistle blew, the tiny train puffed up, stopped only a moment, and passed by, leaving behind a broken-hearted old man.

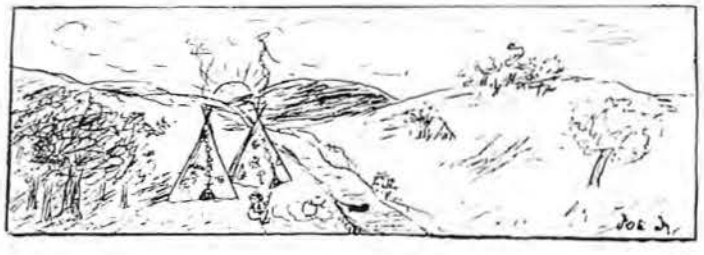
During all this time, what had become of Bee? Was she so engrossed in her music that she had no time for his appeals? Aye, partly so. It is true that her heart was "wrapped up" in her music, but, at the same time, the allurements of the city were fast claiming her. Her frank, unaffected manner was too rare to pass by unnoticed. She was, indeed, nearing the brink of that treacherous society life which has ruined so many persons. Then, too, her success at the Grand Opera was now undisputed. She took the house by storm, counts and countesses eagerly clamoring for an introduction to this genius. From that time on, she became one of the greatest celebrities, and, under the intoxicating influence of admiration and flattery, drifted farther away from her father. By degrees, the dear little home situated among the grand, clustering mountains grew more indistinct in her memory, and with it the appeals of her father. Of course, she said, trying thus to ease her conscience, that she would return soon, but not now—not now. So Bee procrastinated and procrastinated, until, finally, one day she received a telegram containing only these words, "Come at once." Immediately she was overwhelmed. A thousand regrets and misgivings flooded her soul. Horrible, taunting pictures of an old man, helpless and alone in his old age and illness, arose in her mind. The journey seemed interminable. She was almost frantic when she reached the little cabin. Rushing into the well-known room, she could only scream, "Papa, papa!" for what a sight met her eyes! Her father, thin, haggard, half insane, was crouched in a little corner, endeavoring to play upon her discarded violin—the first that he had ever given her. Her words, her caresses, nothing could arouse him. At last, in her despair she resorted to her well-beloved instrument. Tremblingly she drew the bow across its delicate strings—so tremblingly that she could produce no sound. Again she made the effort, this time successfully. The old man started up, listening breathlessly to the appealing, sobbing strains. Suddenly a great

light overspread his face, and pitifully extending his thin, childless arms, he exclaimed, "It is you—it is you, my little Bee. You have come to me—you will love me again?"

"Forever," she murmured solemnly.

Outside, the melancholy hooting of the owl died softly away; the moon peeped out from beyond the clouds, and the musical wind, now playing around the little hut, seemed to whisper also, "Forever, forever."

WALLACE MOIR, 1911.



The Boat Race in the Aeneid

SENIOR TRANSLATION

First four delectable swift prows appeared,
Of all the Trojan fleet the most endeared;
Pristim Mnestheus agitates with keen oars,
Ancestor of the Upper Ten on the Italian shores;
Then Gyas with ingenious mole advances—
The Dardan youths make verses as he prances—
The Chimeara, her oars in adverse ranks arise.
Sergestheus, a name the Sergian social climbers prize,
Inveigles the Centaur; sky-blue Cloanthus comes,
Classed as to family from ancient Roman bums.
Before all Gyas elaborates upon the undulations,
Turban-wrapped in mighty fermentations.
Whom then Cloanthus follows on a pine;
After, with equal discrimination, the others come in line.
Now one, now other yells with weighty frown,
"Get thee to the rearward and sit down!"
Then Gyas to his pilot with shrill yell,
"Arrive foremost, or thou'lt descend to ——!"
But Menœtes, timid of pelagra gloomy,
Tortured his prow to the broad sea and roomy.
The others were not backward about coming forward,
Oblivious of gentle manners, Gyas cast the pilot starward,
Who, splashing, fell, creating consternation
Among Panopean belles of Neptune's nation.
And then, with pendulous waters covered,
On rocky cliffs dejectedly he hovered.
As he shook from his manocle the stinging brine,
He hollered, "Jump in, boys, the water's fine."

FIRST YEAR A CLASS

The Mountain Guide

IN the month of July, when the thermometer registers about ninety in the shade, and the city air is laden with dust, when thirst is unquenchable, comfort unobtainable, we are filled with a great longing for the cool mountain breezes and the joy of outdoor simple life. It is just such longings that every summer bring hundreds of tourists to the Rockies, "The American Alps."

One afternoon, a merry party were climbing the "Humbolt," and while they were resting on the ascent they, like all Easterners, called upon the guide for a story. He shook his head, declining, but when a cherry-lipped, dimple-cheeked young miss pouted "Oh, please do!" the old fellow yielded, for he was like the rest of us, "only a poor, weak mortal."

"Well," began the veteran of the hills, spitting forth a copious stream of "terbaccer" juice and comfortably seating himself on a nearby boulder, "it was back in the seventies, yes, back in the seventies," he repeated, with a far-away look in his eyes, "when those plains down yonder and over yonder were as wild as the grizzlies that roamed these hills, when the only noise to disturb the still mountain air was the howling of the coyotes on the plains below, the wailing of the panther, or the roar of the mountain lion, or the bah-bah of the mountain goat. No steam engine then crawled puff-puff-puff up the sides of these steep crags. None of your hi-falutin' automobiles winded through these passes. The trappers, hunters, and Indians were masters of these hills and plains; the wild game was theirs, the forests were theirs, the streams were theirs—they knew no restrictions, no laws; their word was law, their strong arms the upholders. O, those were times, I tell you," enthusiastically cried the old guide, "thrilling times, times fit for a man. The blood-shot eyes of redskins seemed to peer out from every tree and bush; desperadoes, bad men lay awaiting the poor prospector or the chance traveler, to steal from him his last crust of bread or, if he offered any resistance, to shoot him dead. I lived in that life from boyhood up and my body now bears the marks of many an encounter with man and beast. My adventures," proudly said the old man, "could fill a book, but I am going to tell of one that I shall

never forget, the one that turned my hair from raven black to silvery white. Listen, and you will hear.

"It was in eighteen-seventy-two. I was cowpunching then for old man Bill Jenkins. One evening, when we had rounded up our steers and all sitting around the supper table in our shack, Jenkins rushes in, his eyes blazing. 'Boys,' he cries, 'the Navajos from down the river are on the warpath again!' 'What! the Navajos!' yelled the boys, jumping up from their seats. 'Yes, the Navajos. A messenger just came in from Willard's for help. The whole tribe is out, thirsting for the white man's blood. Willard and his boys are fighting the devils like fiends, but how long they'll be able to hold out, God only knows. To your horses, boys, quick! To your horses! Off to Willards! Jack, you go to the fort for help. Run like the wind, boys! By heavens! run like the wind!' Jenkins calls to me. 'If you don't bring help by daylight, we'll all be goners.' Away they swept in a cloud of dust.

"The fort was twelve miles away, but I knew a path across the mountains which would take me there in two hours. Shouldering my gun, I struck out at once. I climbed down the ravine, but the path—the path—God! I couldn't find it. I was losing precious moments. I rushed this way, I rushed that way, but the path which I had trodden so many times seemed to have been wiped out of existence. I cursed under my breath, I prayed, but no path could I find. No, on all sides the steep wooded slopes of the ravine looked down upon me, cold and unsympathetic. What did they know of my mission? What did they care? Suddenly the moon dashed from behind the clouds, and right before me I saw the path. With mad, feverish haste, I sped up the narrow, steep defile, and before the swiftly running moon could hide behind another dark patch of clouds, I was well on my way. Fast as I ran, my feet seemed to be weighted down with lead. The cry of the scalping redskin seemed to ring in my ears. Would I ever get to the fort? Would I ever get to the fort? Again and again I asked myself the question. My breath was coming hard and fast. My tongue hung out from sheer exhaustion. Rest? How could I think of rest, when lives were at stake? I heard muffled moccasined steps. I turned my head. Crash! The blunt edge of a tomahawk struck me, and I fell to the ground senseless. When my reason returned, I found myself gagged and bound to a tree. All about me were Indians, hundreds of them, I thought, their faces looking hideous in the light of torches. How did I happen to fall into this hornet's nest? It came to me in a flash. They were going down the river to help in the raid. I, in my anxiety, had taken the wrong path. I struggled to break my bonds, but of no avail. My heart sank within me as I thought what would become of the ranchers. I must escape. Again I began to work

at the thongs about my wrists. Twisting and pulling, pulling and twisting, I loosened one arm. It was but the work of a second to reach for my knife and cut myself loose from the tree. For a minute or two I stood motionless, then noiselessly I slipped behind the tree and dashed away through the brush. My escape was immediately noticed, and soon the air was filled with horrible yells. The redskins were now in hot pursuit. Nearer, nearer they came. I wondered why they didn't shoot. Faster, faster I ran. I was now on the narrow ledge running along the Colorado Canyon. How I got there I don't know. Only one brave was in pursuit now, and I thought myself safe. Suddenly I slipped and fell. Before I could get up he was upon me. Then began the struggle for life or death. A dagger flashed in the moonlight. I grasped the Indian's wrist, and the weapon fell from his fingers into the canyon below. We were now man against man. There, on the brink of death we fought, each trying to prevent the other from shoving him into the gorge. We were now in a dead lock; I thought the Indian exhausted, but with a jerk he sprang loose from my hold, gave me a quick shove, and down I went into the yawning abyss of the Colorado."

"Oo-oo-oo!" shuddered the cherry-lipped miss.

"Everything that I had ever done stood before me, a vivid picture," continued the guide. "I could see Willard and Jenkins pointing accusing fingers at me. I could see the Indians at their deadly work. Every little incident in my life passed by in swift succession, and still I sped downward. God, would I ever stop! My ear drums seemed about to burst. The roar was deafening. Already I had traveled for centuries. My mind was working rapidly. I saw no way, however, to escape my fate. I pictured the rocks below, the winding river. Drop, drop, drop. I was gaining velocity every minute. I began to wonder how far I had already gone, whether I would land on the rocks or in the river, but still I kept on falling. I had lost all fear now. I had become reconciled to my certain destruction. I could feel the damp fog rising up from the river. I was nearing the end of my journey now, and I was about to be dashed to pieces on the rocks when—"

"When what?" they all cried, greatly agitated.

"When I hit the floor and woke up," slowly drawled the old guide, with a twinkle in his eye.

MORRIS MASINTER, 1911.

Fall Term

M. L. MASINTER ..... *President*
E. G. GILL ..... *Vice President*
L. D. KEYSER ..... *Secretary*

Program Committee

HUGH FIGGATT, *Chairman*
H. C. STANARD
F. M. LEMON

Spring Term

E. G. GILL ..... *President*
C. B. MALCOLM ..... *Vice President*
WALKER CALDWELL ..... *Secretary*
CLAUDE MOORE ..... *Assistant Secretary*

Program Committee

L. D. KEYSER, *Chairman*
M. L. MASINTER
ERNEST SMITH

The Jeffersonian Literary Society

AN interesting, educational, and, indeed, an almost indispensable feature of the Roanoke High School, is the Jeffersonian Literary Society. This institution was established during the session of 1909-10 and, considering the briefness of its existence, has made remarkable progress. The Society was happily named after our illustrious Jefferson. What a name to lend influence and lofty inspiration! Its object is to cultivate the art of public speaking in both debate and declamation. It is succeeding admirably in this purpose, and is training its members to think clearly and soundly and to express themselves accurately and forcibly. It is unquestionably a most important auxiliary to the School, and its influence cannot well be over estimated.

As, to-day, hardly any educated man is exempt from the occasional necessity of public speaking, we realize what a great benefit a literary society confers upon a boy by training him to express his own opinions in debate. It broadens and develops him intellectually, it enables him to consider both sides of a question, and, on a mimic stage, it teaches in advance the lessons of success or failure in life. Those students who have neglected the opportunity of joining the Society have made a great mistake. They have denied themselves one of the greatest privileges which our School can offer, and have lost a source of education, which no amount of book knowledge can supply. It is not too late, however, to correct this mistake, and when the Society is organized for the session 1912, let us hope to see every boy in the School enrolled as a member.

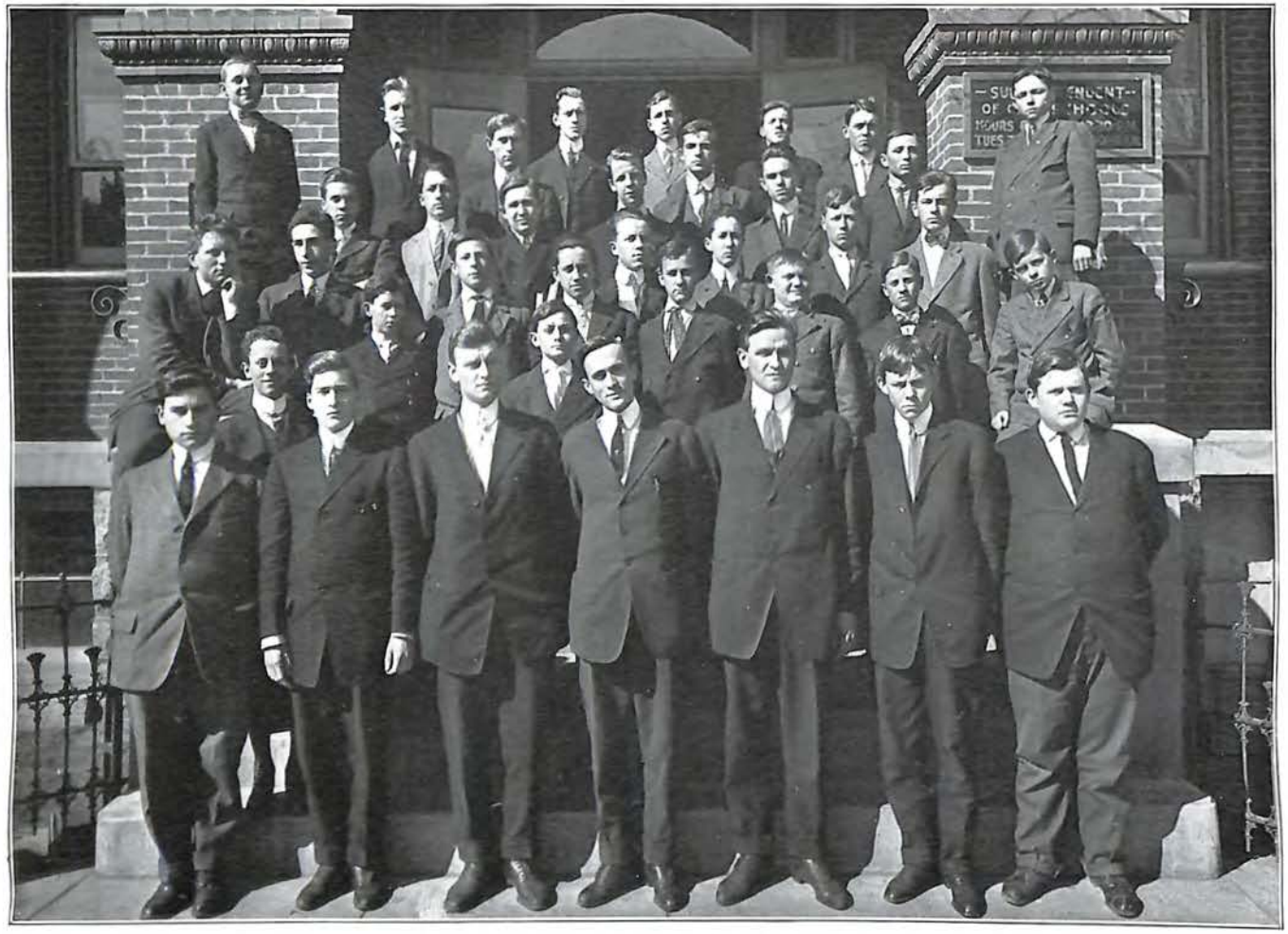
With a view to familiarizing themselves with the principles of parliamentary law, the members of the Society have thought it wise to restrict the attendance upon the meetings to its own membership. This form of work has proved to be a great discipline in courtesy and self control, and has been instrumental in producing the very best results. Recently, however, the hall has been opened and henceforth all are cordially invited to attend the debates.

The subjects debated during the past session cover a wide scope, and include many of the leading topics which engross the public mind of the day.

such as Woman's Suffrage and the Fortification of the Panama Canal. Time and time again, the very foundations of the building have been shaken by the eloquence of the speakers. Among the most prominent of the debaters are: Morris Masinter, Charles Malcolm, Elbyrne Gill, Hugh Figgatt, Massie Antrim, Charles Corbin, Paul Wright, Claude Moore, Lynwood Keyser, Frank Lemon, Walker Caldwell, Byrd Joyce, Stanley Wile, and William Henson. These young men will go forth into the world to fight life's battles with "keenest weapons and brightest armor," and in the years to come, will crown the old Jeffersonian with honor and glory.

In the history of the Society, debates have been held with three other schools: The Botetourt Normal, the National Business College, and Randolph-Macon. In the first, the Jeffersonian lost by a small margin; in the second, it won, and in the third, April 15, it was also victorious. In the contest of Southwest Virginia, last June, Morris Masinter won the debater's medal. The influence of the Society has been felt throughout this section of the State, and its members are justly proud of the high position it holds. Therefore, let us all strive to maintain the high standard of its work, and to make the year 1912 the most successful in its history.

RANDOLPH CASKIE COLEMAN, 1912.



JEFFERSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

The Bulletin

Weather forecast
R. H. S. and vicinity.
MAY—Storms in the direction of study hall. Flurry of exam. papers. Toward commencement, excited atmospheric conditions.

TIME OF PUBLICATION—ANY OLD TIME PRICE—A GLANCE AT THE BULLETIN BOARD

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

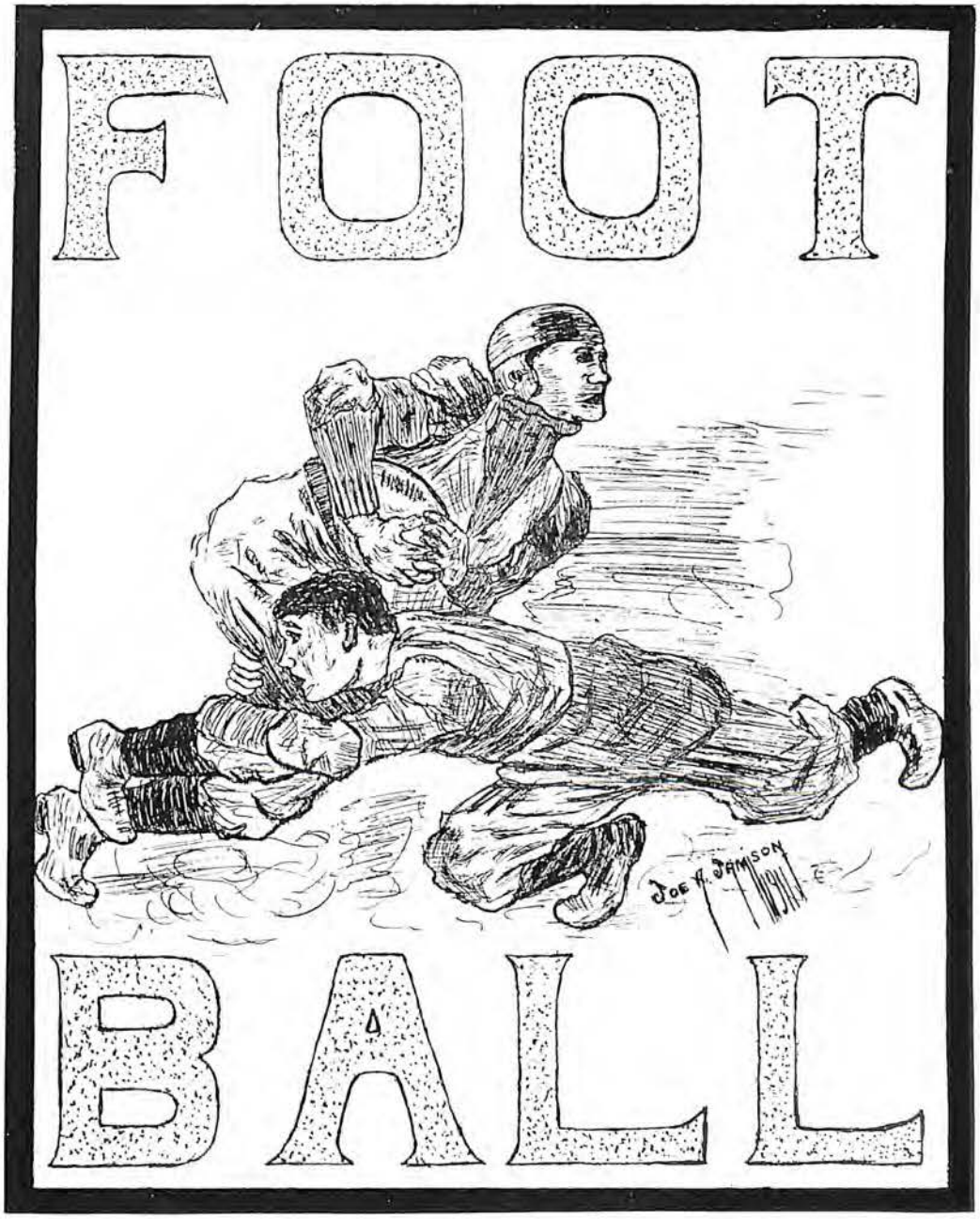
Not many years ago when the art of printing was in its infancy, the scattered population of the world craved to know what others were doing. One newspaper in a whole community created a great deal of interest, and the townsfolk from far and near gathered at some central meeting place and heard read the news which was contained in the columns of that precious parcel.

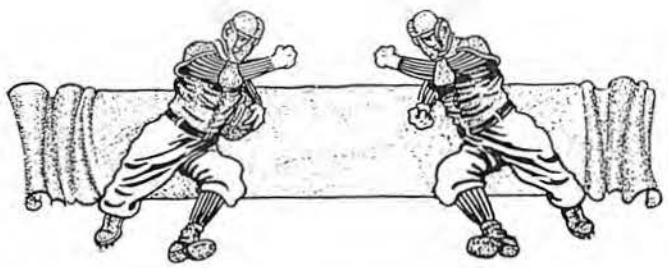
Fortunately for the people of to-day, those who live in a city can find each morning and afternoon a paper lying in wait with news that has been flashed around the globe over wire and through air from country to country. To-day we can hear the great presses whirling with an incessant roar which tells us that the modern newspaper is being printed by the thousand in order that each person may read and know what his fellow man is doing.

It was soon realized that in order to preserve union it was necessary to have the people informed as to what the world was doing. Guided by this, and the fact that union is required not only in a country but in a school, the Roanoke High School deemed it important to have some means of informing its student body what was taking place in the various phases of school life, so upon that assumption it was decided that a publication should be created. This was done and it was called *The Bulletin*. *The Bulletin* is a publication edited by a corps from the student body, and in its columns at various intervals can be found representative news from each branch of school activity.

Since its founding it has been a source of great pleasure to both teacher and pupil, for the spirited athletic accounts, as well as the news from the halls of oratory, together with the occasional joke, have altogether made every line extremely interesting.

Now that *The Bulletin* has been established, we trust that as the classes enter and press wearily along the road of learning in the years to come, that each will give some small part of his time to help in the editing and publishing of this little medium of news, so that in the distant future, when some Alumnus makes a pilgrimage back to the Mecca of his early days, he may see what is taking place in the student life at Roanoke High School.


FOOT
BALL
JOE K. JAMISON



Football

AS we glance back into the past history of old R. H. S., we certainly are proud of her high standing in athletics, having placed on the field each year one of the strongest teams in the State.

The football team of 1910 has not only upheld this high standard, but has made a remarkable record, which the School is justly proud of. When the season opened, most of the old players of the 1909 team had left the School, consequently, a number of new men had to be broken in. Of course, no great accomplishments were expected of a team so handicapped, but the bunch of fellows who reported for practice under Coach Sampson were the kind who didn't expect much of themselves, but always said, "I'll try." This is the record made by the team with this motto, under Manager Cowgill:

In the eight games played, the R. H. S. team scored 186 points; out of the eight games, only one was lost, when the team went to Bedford City and met Randolph-Macon Academy. This was the only team which scored against the R. H. S. team throughout the entire season. This is a rare record, such as few schools have ever established.

At the beginning of the season, prospects for making such a record were very misty, indeed, but when a few games had been played, the mettle of the team began to show itself.

Much excitement was stirred over the first game of the season, when the High School met the Jefferson Athletic Club on the gridiron. The Jefferson Athletics had succeeded in spreading the report that "they would wipe up the field with those High School togs," and, while our team was not over-confident, yet they met their opponents with the grim determination to win. From the start, our team showed fast team work, and at no time in the game

was the High School goal in danger. Fishburne played good ball, making the only touchdown; Coxe kicked goal from field, making the score 6 to 0 in favor of R. H. S.

The line-up for R. H. S. throughout the season was:

	POSITION	USUALLY KNOWN AS
MUIR	Left End	Snooks
MOORE	Left Tackle	Claudius
MOOMAW	Left Guard	Monk II
BRYAN	Center	Brute
GILL	Right Guard	Gilly Bush
COXE	Right Tackle	Socks
LUCK	Right End	Mack
BRUNNER, *Captain*	Quarter Back	Runt
MALCOLM	Full Back	Red
FISHBURNE	Right Half Back	Fish
NELSON	Left Half Back	Click
BRENT, C.	Sub Back Field and End	Chet
BRENT, I.	Sub End	Irl
GIBBONS	Sub Guard	Gib

The second game of the season was played with Melrose Athletic Club, with the same results as the first game, a victory for R. H. S. by a score of 6 to 0. The Melrose Club greatly outweighed the High School team, many of the players being grown-up men. Luck, our end, played a splendid game, making the only score of the game, by getting down the field under a punt and carrying the ball over the line. The whole team worked together against the heavy weight of Melrose, when the ball was carried within a foot of the goal in the last minute of the game, and succeeded in holding them there until time was out. For High School, Luck, Fishburne, and Gill showed up well, while for Melrose, Nuckles, Aman, and Nover played good ball.

Our Salem brothers next were defeated by the score of 5 to 0. In this game, the High School team was again outweighed, but played much better ball. Malcolm, in full back, and Muir, at end, played the best ball. Malcolm made the only score of the game in a touchdown through right guard.

The next game was at Bedford City, with Randolph-Macon Academy. Until the last ten minutes of the game, this seemed another victory for R. H. S., the score standing 3 to 0. Suddenly our opponents began to put fresh men in the line, who tore large holes in our almost exhausted line. By following this method, three touchdowns and two goals were scored. The R. H. S. team is the only team that scored on the R. M. A. boys through the entire season. For High School, Muir and Fishburne played very good ball.

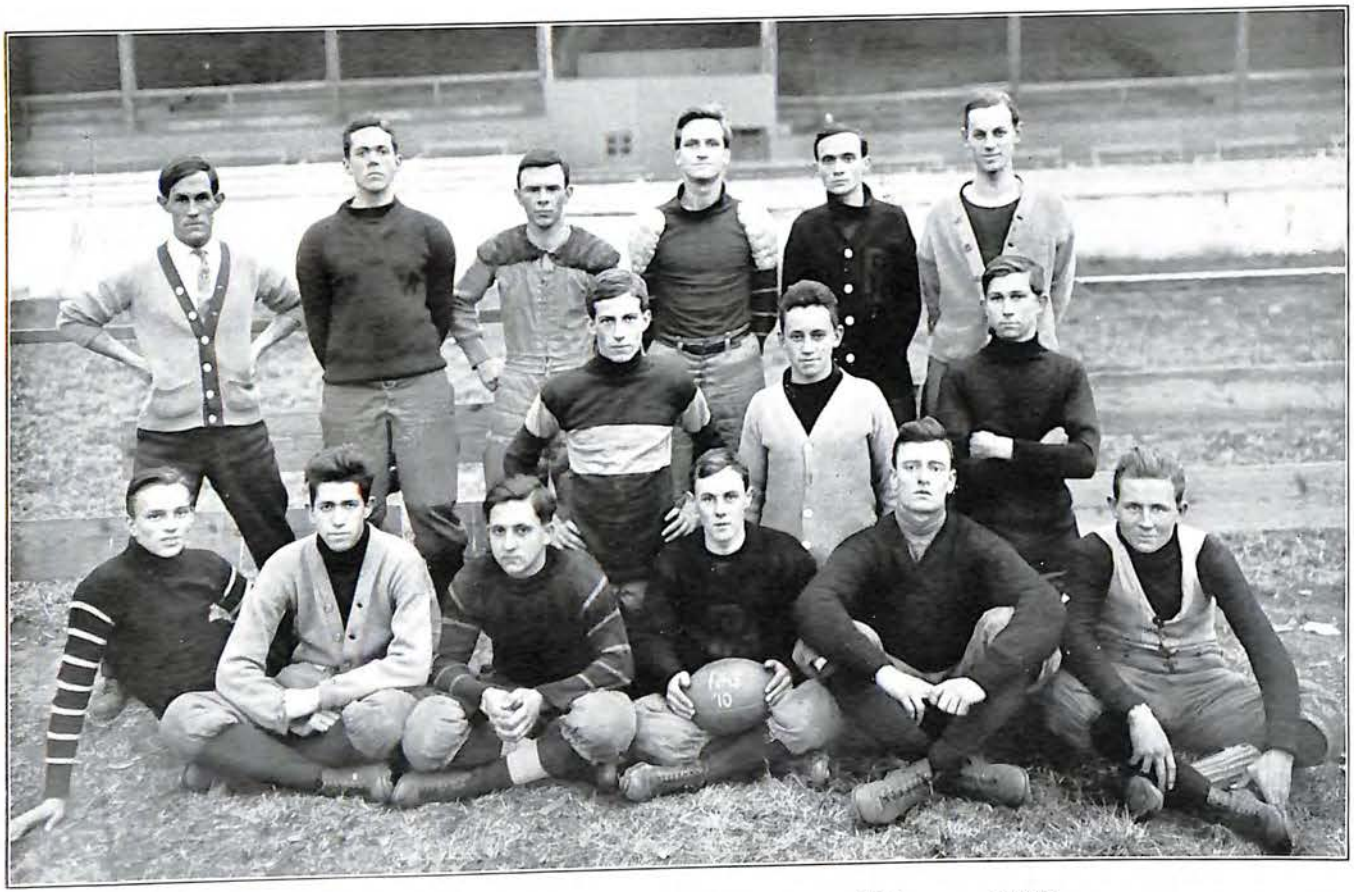
It seemed as though the Jefferson Athletic Club was not satisfied with one

defeat, so they challenged the R. H. S. team once more to meet them on the gridiron. They undoubtedly put up a stronger fight than in the previous battle, yet the High School boys played fast and furious from the start. Muir made the only score of the game, making a twenty-five-yard run through right tackle. Bryan's kicking and Fishburne's punting were the features of the game.

The season was now nearing a close, and it seemed as though no teams could answer our challenge. Finally, a game was arranged with Bluefield High School, West Virginia. So, on Thanksgiving Day, the team journeyed to Bluefield, where they were entertained before and after the game. It certainly was the finest bunch of young men the High School met through the entire season.

This last game was the most glorious of the season, ending in a defeat for Bluefield with a score of 22 to 0. But the game was no "walk-over," but was fast and furious from the start. When Bluefield kicked off, Bryan, our big center, recovered the ball and made ten yards into the enemy's territory. Roanoke scored a safety in the first quarter, a touchdown in the second, another in the third, and one in the fourth, but failed to kick goals. Fishburne, Malcolm, and Nelson advanced the ball steadily into the enemy's territory throughout the entire game, while Bryan, C. Brent, and Luck played exceptionally good ball. Captain Brunner was one of the brightest stars of the game, making two touchdowns.

Throughout the entire season, Mr. Sampson, the coach, was always faithful to the team, and the success of the High School team of 1910 can be attributed to his untiring energies, in developing such a team from raw material. The High School will always remember him and appreciate his services.



SAMPSON, Coach

LUCK BRYAN BRENT MOOMAW FISHBURNE COXE MOORE BRUNNER GILL GIBBONS MUIRE BRENT MALCOLM NELSON

Record: Won 7 Games; Lost 1 Game

BASE

BALL

Baseball

THE baseball team of 1910, while they did not have a record-breaking season, should not be thought of as a weak team. In the first place, nearly all of the '09 boys had left old R. H. S.; consequently, the team worked under the disadvantage of breaking in raw material. Another great handicap was the lack of a coach. But these disadvantages did not cause the boys to lose their nerve; instead, they arranged games with the strongest teams in Southwest Virginia, with the following line-up:

LUCK, *Manager*	Pitcher
NELSON	Catcher
SNYDER, *Captain*	Short Stop
BRENT, C.	First Base
CAMP	Second Base
BRUNNER	Third Base
MOSHER	Outfield
RIELY	Outfield
SLAUGHTER	Outfield
ENGLEBY	Outfield

The following games were played:

At Salem	Roanoke College	10	R. H. S.	1
At Roanoke	Roanoke Light Infantry	10	R. H. S.	9
	(Eleven Innings)			
At Bedford	Randolph-Macon Academy	12	R. H. S.	1
	(Seven Innings)			
At Dublin	Dublin Institute	0	R. H. S.	0
At Daleville	Daleville College	3	R. H. S.	1
At Roanoke	Daleville College	5	R. H. S.	8

The best game of the season was with Dublin Institute, but this game was broken up in the seventh inning on account of rain. Many of the old boys are back, ready to work for the success of the '11 team, which already has a well-arranged schedule.

FIRST YEAR B CLASS

No Coward

HAUTMAN, the coach of the Andover Varsity eleven, strolled over to the field on which the Freshmen were practicing. He surveyed the awkward mob of mud-begrimed youngsters with a sorrowful countenance. The first team needed an end, and the "Scrubs" had so entirely failed to supply this demand that he was becoming anxious. As for the Freshmen, they, too, had been raked over as with a comb, and it was the prompting of a forlorn hope that had led him once more to scan these "infants," who grunted and shoved in futile effort, the ball bouncing from their hands as if it were a live thing. "Of course, there's nothing worth fooling with in that bunch," he muttered. "It's surely a fool's errand. We'll have the weakest pair of ends we have put on the field in years."

He loafed along the side lines with a hopeless aim, when his eye was attracted by a slim fellow who was peeling off his sweater as he hastened to the end of the Freshman captain. The youth's curly black hair and dark eyes with his swarthy face proclaimed him a foreigner. The cat-like grace with which the boy ran on the field, and the quick vigor of his tall young frame, made Hautman pause with interest as he said to himself, "I haven't seen that young buck on the field before. He looks fast as lightning."

The boy sprang alertly into position at the end of the Freshman line. While the crouching teams waited for the signal, he kept shifting his ground, nervously gazing at the solid end of the opposing squad. Suddenly the best half back of the other side was hurled at the newcomer's end, aided by a good interference. But the curly-headed lad shot through the barrier and downed the runner.

The coach beckoned the captain of the squad and asked, "Who is that kid you just put in? I haven't seen him out before."

"He's a South American named Gaucas. His father is a man of some importance in one of those crazy little republics. Though he has played a little before, this is the first time I've been able to coax him out. He'd make a peachie end if he'd stick to it," explained the captain, "you're not going to take him from the Freshman squad, are you?"

"I certainly am," said Hautman grimly, "and what's more, I'll make him stick. He's light and has an awful lot to learn, but I like the way he goes into the game and he's quick on his feet. Send him over right away."

The Freshman captain sighed, for he had hoped to turn out a winning team; but called the South American out of the game. Gaucas trotted up with a bright smile and asked, "What is your pleasure, Señor?"

"I want you to come over to the Varsity squad. Perhaps we can make an end out of you, if you've got the sand."

Gaucas bowed, and the two walked back to the field where a different style of football was being played from that among Freshmen.

"You can learn the signals in a few minutes," observed the coach. "We're using only a few simple plays as early in the season as this. I'm going to put you in at left end on the scrub. Now play for your life and don't make a few knocks."

The confident smile of Gaucas faded. His heart began thumping, and he felt his knees shake a little as he ran into the scuffling crew. The broad-shouldered, fierce-looking young man, with the scrubby face, who opposed the Freshman in the first scrimmage, yanked him on his nose with one deadly rush. The victim scrambled to his feet, raging, but he fought down his temper and waited for his time to come. Again and again, the interference rolled over him as if he were a reed, until he was battered and dazed by the ferocity of the game, while the coach yelled frantic insults at him.

Once, however, the quarter back fumbled a pass, and the ball bounced at the feet of the half back, who failed to get his hands on it. Gaucas whizzed past his lunging opponent, almost fell headlong, then scooped up the ball and bolted down the field, with both teams after him like mad. It was forty yards to the goal, but the lithe youth was running as never before, and the fastest back of the squad lost ground. The fugitive shot between the goal posts, flopped to the ground, squeezing the ball to his chest, and looked with a panting smile at the captain, who was the first to reach him.

"You had no business to pick up that ball, you crazy lt," growled the captain, "always fall on a fumble like that. We don't want any grandstand plays. Learn 'first principles' before you go to making flashy runs."

Gaucas's face clouded and he exclaimed, as he picked himself up:

"Señor Captain, to make the touchdown is the grandest deed of the game, is it not? I make it without help, and you scold me. I don't understand. I thought they always cheered for a touchdown."

The captain said nothing, but roughly ordered him back into the game. The youth, however, was sullen and dejected, and the simplest trick plays

fooled him. He gritted his teeth and did the best he could until time was called, but later he confided to a classmate:

"It is most hard football you play. I don't like the game very much. I'll make no more touchdowns." The classmate told him to keep his mouth shut and to take his medicine, as he ought to be man enough to stick it out.

At the end of three weeks' hard practice, Gaucas was holding a place on the left end, by brilliant though hard work. No one was so fast as he on getting down the field under a kick, and his tackling in the open was beautiful. It was a headlong, hurdling rush, and then two lithe arms locked the knees of the runner like a steel trap. He threw himself into interference as if longing to break his neck, and seemed never to get disabled. And yet, Gaucas gave the coach no little worry. He was hot headed and high tempered. The players found out that the South American could be taunted into a rage, which made him an easy mark for a run around his end.

"He's not over trained," said the captain to Coach Hautman, after one of these occasions. "I can't make him out. Of course, all South Americans are high strung, but his temper has worn my patience to a frazzle. Can we pound him in shape by next month?"

"Yes, except for one thing, and I hope to thunder that's wrong," responded Hautman, soberly. "I've made all sorts of allowances, because he has wonderful speed. But, sometimes, I begin to think he has a yellow streak. You play on the team and don't see what I see. I've been watching him like a hawk, and this afternoon I saw him dodge a heavy formation as plain as daylight. He hesitated and the runner gained twenty yards that shouldn't have been gained with such rum interference. I have also noticed other little things. Better have a talk with him and give it to him good and strong."

When Gaucas limped on the field next day, with a sullen face, the captain halted him and broke out savagely, "Look here, darn you, you're not playing the game. Do you want to be called a coward? What will the fellows think, if they get a notion you're afraid to face the music? If you don't brace up to-day, I'll throw you out on the side lines and tell the team why. This town will be too blamed hot for you to stay in. This is your last chance; be a man."

A dull flush crept into the face of the boy, and he became almost beside himself with anger. But he swallowed his rage and said, almost quietly:

"You must not dare call me a coward. As for this football, it is not a fair game. It is not fair for four men to jump on one and beat him. I play it because I want to be a grand college man, because my father wishes me to be an American boy. You fuss if I make a touchdown, you fuss if I don't. I'm tired of it."

The captain was astounded. It was impossible for one who could make the first team to throw away such a chance, openly branding himself a coward. The thing was unheard of. He started to answer angrily, but prompted by a wiser plan, he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, soothing him with these words: "I can't believe you're going to leave us now, old man. Play to-day, for my sake, and help us turn out a good team. Think how proud your father would be."

This took effect, and that afternoon Gaucas showed up in fine form. He played as he had never played before. But next morning a rumor spread over the Andover campus which astounded every one. The South American was not in chapel, nor at recitations. His room was found empty, his trunk gone, but on his desk was a hasty scrawled letter.

"A telegram," the note ran, "calls me away. I have not the time to pay my dutiful respects and explanations—to say adois. It is impossible for me to tell you why this sudden departure.—GAUCAS."

When the report reached the football captain, he hurried to the vacated room and heard this farewell read aloud by a group of the departed's sorrowful classmates. One of them said excitedly, "It's tough luck. He was the best end of the squad. Do you know anything about the mystery?"

The captain was white with rage and disappointment, as he cried, "Yes, I do. He's run away because he's a coward and a regular quitter. He told me yesterday that he was afraid to play football because it was too rough. The baby! I wish I had him. I'd fix him. He decided to quit after yesterday's practice. The boy skipped because he didn't have the nerve to face us. What do you think of your classmate?"

"It's an outrage!" cried one Freshman, "a disgrace to us all. Gee! he'll never have the nerve to come back. We'll tar and feather him if he does, the chicken-hearted nigger!"

The captain left them to their tumult of abuse against their run-away comrade, and trudged off to consult the coach about the grave problem raised by the desertion of Gaucas. They had no end with which they could fill his place, and as the students realized the deficiency, they became more and more bitter against one whom they considered a traitor. The school disowned him. His name was erased from class rolls and frats. In three weeks the great game of the season against Exeter was to be played. The very next week was a game with Lawrenceville. This school had never scored on them in previous years, but Jones, the captain, had his fears.

And, sure enough, the score was 10—5. This five was made by Lawrenceville around left end, Gaucas's old position. Coach and captain were dismayed.

If they could beat this team by only one touchdown, how could they expect to defeat their most hated rival, Exeter?

They did their best, however, to strengthen the team during the next two weeks, and finally trained one of the scrubs to be an average player. There was no comparison between him and Gaucas, though he did his best. The great game was now at hand. The next day would be the crisis. Students gathered in knots and bunches over the whole campus, discussing the probable outcome of the morrow's contest. Some still had hope for the victory of the red, but the greater part looked doubtful, the captain and the coach among the latter. Meanwhile, these two had been doing their utmost to encourage the eleven and get them in form.

The grandstand was lined with eager boys and laughing girls, the red pennants flying in gay defiance of the blue. Rooters were making the roof ring with their yells. Rahs for Exeter on one side mixed with retorts from Andover.

The visitors chose the kick-off. The two teams lined up. The ball rose with a graceful swoop and sailed right into the arms of the quarter back, who sprinted for a fifteen yard gain. Then came the hammer and tong work. The ball was carried backward and forward across the field, now in the territory of the home team, now in that of the visitors. The period ended without score, and so with the next. But Andover's left end was beginning to show up as a weak point. In the third quarter, the blues sent their backs around left end for long gains. Gradually they neared their opponent's goal, but here Andover braced and Exeter tried for a placement kick. It succeeded, thereby scoring three points for the visitors. These had now found their opponent's weak point, and the call of the timekeeper was all that prevented another touchdown.

Amid the yells and shouts for Exeter, the Andover eleven, discouraged but determined, gathered around their captain. Jones was doing his best to renew hope, but down in his heart he felt the game was lost. "If only Gaucas had not turned traitor," was what passed through the minds of all, when suddenly their attention was caught by the familiar figure of a slim youth loping across the field. They stared, not believing their eyes, until Gaucas, in full football uniform, dashed up.

"Hello," he cried, but no one grabbed his hand with welcome. His face flushed, and he bit his lip. He turned to the captain and asked simply, "Is there a place for me?"

The captain hesitated, but his desire to win the game overcame his reluctance. "You may play left end," he answered. "Do your best, for you owe us much."

This time Andover got the kick-off. The reds lined up with grim determination in their faces. The referee held up his hand. Everybody was breathless.

"Ready, Captain Jones?"

"Ready."

"Ready, Exeter?"

"Ready."

The whistle blew and the ball shot into the air. It was a pretty kick. The best half back of Exeter received it and dashed up the field for twenty yards. Then right half plunged for a run around left end, but this was no longer a weak point. Gaucas downed the runner before he had gone two yards. Next they hammered at the solid blue line, but no use. It held like steel. So they were forced to kick. The punt was followed by a mighty tussle. Then:

"Caucas's ball. First down ten yards to gain." For two downs the red line battered at the blue wall, but gained only two yards. Andover must kick. "K—100—89—51—36" yelled the quarter back, as he stepped aside, allowing the ball to sail to right half for a fake kick. But the play had failed. For the first time right half fumbled, and the ball bounced to the ground. The red rooters groaned, but suddenly a slim figure shot through the plunging mass, almost fell, caught the ball in his arms and dashed with the speed of lightning down the field. The crowd went wild. "Gaucas! Gaucas!" and "Rah for the traitor!" filled the air. The lithe end passed between the goal posts and fell exhausted on the ball. Andover had scored, a traitor had won the day. All his sins were forgotten in the joy of the moment.

The next day, a crippled youth sought the room of Jones, the captain. Jones was racking his brain as to the cause of the mystery of Gaucas's absence and strange reappearance, when he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in!" he yelled.

And who should open the door but the one-time traitor, now a hero. He had come to ask the meaning of the students' strange behavior toward him. So there, in the quiet of the captain's room, everything was unraveled—how Gaucas had gotten a telegram from Venezuela, ordering him to come and fight for his country; how he, Gaucas, had decided to stick to football, but was forced to answer the call of duty. "And," said Gaucas, pointing to a cut, "this was my only reward."

"What chumps you must think us!" answered the captain.

RYLAND HUTTON, 1911.

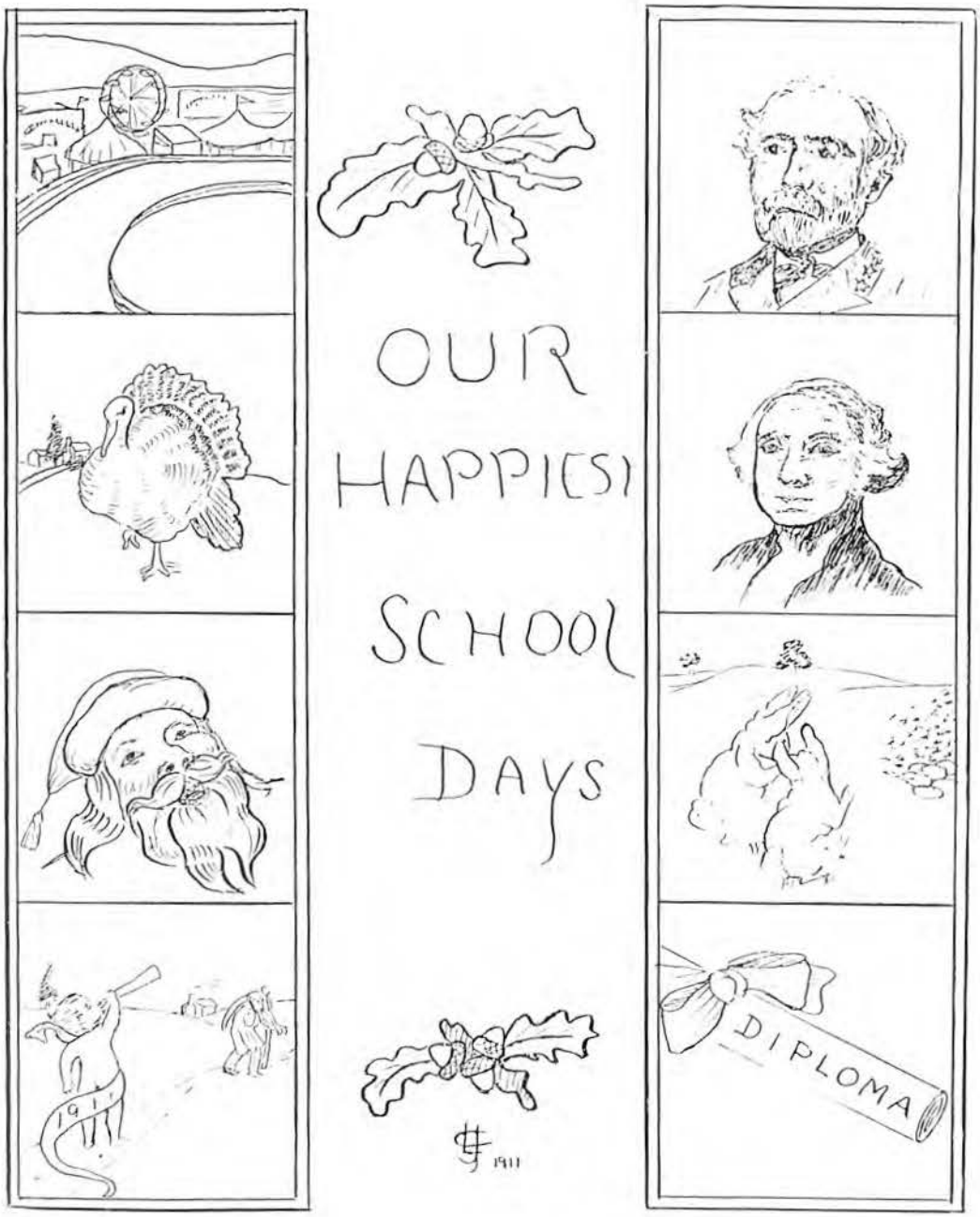
Acrostic of the Roanoke High School

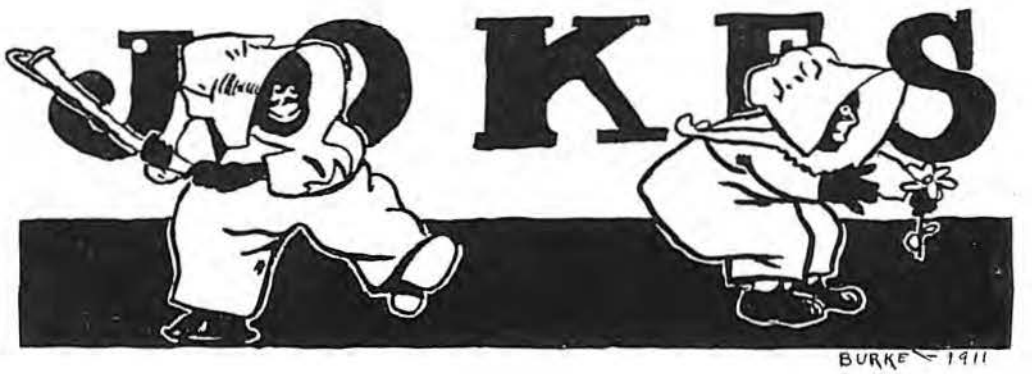
R is for Rats, both little and tall,
They look as if they through a key-hole could crawl.
O is for Oxygen, the old chemistry steady,
Parsons has always a bottleful ready.
A is for Algebra, that old bugbear,
The best way to work it is to cut loose and swear.
N is for Nothing, and that's what we do,
Whenever we have a French verb to see through.
O is for Ocean, where we'd like to be,
Where there are no Latin or Dutch words to see.
K is for Kicker, we have hardly any,
But that is not strange—we never had many.
E is for English, which all of us speak,
But in recitations we seem pretty weak.

H is for History, both Ancient and New—
What do we care what those old men could do!
I is for Irving, who wrote the Sketch Book,
The teachers' delight and the poor pupils' spook.
G is for Geometry—Lord save us yet!
Our struggles with spheres we will never forget.
H is for Harned, with notes high and low,
Now every one, Doh, doh—Ray, ray—Mi, ray—Doh!

S is for Sudden, and that's what we say,
When teacher says, "Class, we will have tests to-day."
C is for Chemistry—Gee, what a smell!
What they experiment with, a block off you can tell.
H is for Hungry, and we are about
Starved by the time that the old school lets out.
O is for Old, and that word fits so many
Of our teachers, that young ones we have hardly any.
O seems to be in this so many times,
That I have about used up all of my rhymes.
L is for Luck, and it is no guess
To say that it's luck to get through R. H. S.

A. L. HARRISON.


OUR
HAPPI(S)
SCHOOL
DAYS
1911
DIPLOMA



Roanoke High School Calendar, 1911

SEPTEMBER

Once more it is demonstrated that a Freshman is one who knows not and knows not that he knows not.

Two new teachers to be examined, criticised, and duly labeled, form our only excitement and diversion.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, after having announced for the fourth morning that we will now have a slight change in the program, proclaims that Miss Claude Moore has lost his fountain pen.

After pondering over that marvelous maze, the R. H. S. schedule, there is more than one of us who doesn't know "where he's at."

Mr. Parsons: "We want to be just like a big family, free and easy."
Pupil: "All right, papa, give me a dollar."

Mr. McMahon informs us that he was in an insane asylum once. We had often wondered.

"What part did you read in "Midsummer Night's Dream?"
Agatha B.: "I was one of those little fairies—Cheese-straw, I think."

Versal: "I don't see the difference between *to love* and *being loving*."
Mr. Fitzpatrick: "Well, you see, *to love* is a passive state, but when you're being loving—Ah! there's something doing."

OCTOBER

Five girls occupy the grandstand at an R. H. S. football game. Where's your school spirit, girls?

Senior Class deposed from its rightful seat on the chapel rostrum, which is usurped by the Faculty!

Lost, by V. S.—One pony of extra fine pedigree, warranted to outstrip any other in its class.

Mr. Beale (in chapel): "And, I assure you, in the recent game lost to Randolph-Macon, that our boys played like heroes. It was a wonderful game, but all at once they seemed to go to pieces."
Mr. Fitzpatrick: "Now, Mr. Beale, just why did they fall to pieces?"

Two Seniors, dramatically inclined, appear on the stage with Maude Adams.

Miss Hutton (translating Virgil): "Dulce tuum caput. Is that your sweet face, Mr. Turner?"
Mr. Turner (blushingly): "Yes."

NOVEMBER

"Agatha, you are a regular student, aren't you?"
Agatha: "O yes'm, I'm just all right!"

Mr. Tardy gravely admonishes his pupils to remember the words of Stans Mildish.

Miss Terry: "O Mr. McMahon, I thought you were one of the boys."

Mr. Fitzpatrick announces in chapel that the Senior Class should write two essays every week. Miss Critz is carried from the room in a swoon.

Pupil (translating): "And there was a temple to her ancient husband of white marble with wooly decorations."

Mr. McMahon: "Miss Hutton, take that pin out of your mouth. You might swallow it."
Miss Hutton: "But it's a *safety* pin."

Miss Critz (who teaches pure English): "Boys, if you think you are going to cut up that way in here, you are in the wrong pew, sure."

Claudius Moore's hoodoo has appeared. Ask him about that dollar and ten cent window pane he broke up in Bluefield.

DECEMBER

Charlie Corbin tries to blow up the High School, and puts his indelible trademark in nitric acid on the laboratory walls.

Teacher: "Give the principal parts of possum."
1 B Pupil: "Head, legs, and tail."—EXCHANGE.

C. M. (assigned an essay on the subject, "Madonnas"): "What is a Madonna? Those things they sell down at MacBain & Hyslup's?"

SAMPLE OF SENIOR ESSAY OUTLINE

Subject—"Aviation as an Exemplification of the Morals of Socrates."
Introduction—Evolution of the world up to the epoch of the winged sandals of Mercury.

1. Socrates an Inspiration to Soarers.
2. Socrates the Man; Socrates the Flyer.
3. The Doctrines of Socrates Applied to Aviation.
4. Aviation a Moral Force.
5. Aviation as a Recreation for Weary Students.
6. Aviation a Reflection of Life.

Conclusion—Your Opinion of Socrates as a Game Old Bird.

Wanted, by the Annual Board—Paul Wright's novel.

"Mr. Turner, what do you think of the Woman's Suffrage movement?"
Mr. Turner: "Every little movement has a meaning all its own."

Two weeks vacation gives us a breathing space and time to get properly excited before examinations.

JANUARY

Wanted, by Miss Critz—A nurse and policeman for the Senior Class.

H. S.: "Morris, where were you yesterday?"
Morris: "O, I was slightly decomposed."

Mr. Parsons: "Miss Boyd, what is meant by combustion point?"
Miss Boyd: "Why, the point at which a thing combusts."

Charley Malcolm's recess anthem—"As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. I'm hungry, hungry, hungry!"

Teacher: "We will take the life of George Eliot to-morrow. Come prepared."—EXCHANGE.

Chester (wistfully): "Miss Critz, do you believe in love?" Upon which the rest of the Class, feeling itself *de trop*, arises with one accord and retires from the room.

Claude Moore's hoodoo reasserts itself. He is assassinated at Bedford—nearly.

SPECIMEN OF RAT POETRY

"Salty" Cox,
Of the rainbow sox,
Got some hard knocks
On Bedford rocks.
The rocks were hard,
The sox were loud,
And "Salty" made
Quite a hit with the crowd.

Teacher: "What is a monastery?"
Rat: "A monkey house."

Senior: "I want a copy of Hudson's Macbeth."
Clerk in Book Store: "I am sorry, but the only Macbeth we have is the one that William Shakespeare wrote."

FEBRUARY

Apropos of Saint Valentine's Day, Mr. McQuilkin delivers an address in chapel on the ethics of winking.

P. W. (translating): "The dolphins sported through the damp waves."
Mr. Turner: "Yes, waves have a habit of being damp, haven't they?"

Miss Board: "Now, Carl, if you multiply ten dollars by ten dollars, what will you get?"

Carl: "Ten square dollars, I guess."

Miss Morgan (in grammar class): "What would happen if you took two from love?"

Mr. Fitzpatrick: "Here is an example of the Nominative of Address: O, you moon!"

Senior: "I'm going down town to get a Hamlet."
Freshman: "What is a Hamlet, a little ham?"

Pupil (attempting to quote Shelley): "Asia appeared in an oyster shell lined with brimstone."

Carl: "Why did you give me the part of the king in Hamlet, Miss Critz?"
Miss Critz: "Because he is nothing but a great wind bag, and I thought you could play that to perfection."

Mr. Luck: "Who painted the Sisterine Madonna, anyway?"

The student body is edified by a discourse on table manners, in which we are warned against putting our napkins under our chins, tilting our chairs, or sitting too close to the lady next to us.

Since the day Mr. Tardy said, "In this our life on earth, we have no use for such large numbers as the sign infinity indicates," the Seniors have been wondering about his conception of heaven.

MARCH

Whole High School to be arrested for knocking off a colored gentleman's hat with a snowball.

Mr. Beale appears on the stage in "Slumberland," where he apparently makes a great hit.

Miss Board: "Large bulk is weighed by avoirdupois, drugs by apothecary's, and gold, precious things, by Troy weight. For instance, you would weigh Frank Lemon by avoirdupois, the acids in the laboratory by apothecary's, and Me by——."

Morris (in grammar class): "To love is a great experience; to be loved is a greater one." We'd like to know how he found that out.

Mr. Wright (translating Virgil): "And the youthful band approached dressed in poplar boughs."

Extract from an essay read in chapel: "Hamlet was of a somewhat feminine disposition, but, nevertheless, he was thoroughly upright and honest."

Mr. Beale, after a long talk on tardiness, works himself up to a climax by adding, "Now, let us all be late and try not to be on time!"

Boys are seen coming to school with their eyes shut in order not to smoke in sight of the school building.

Mr. Parsons: "Sometimes I can grade a pupil without asking any questions."

Miss Morgan: "How? Intelligent expression?"

Mr. Parsons: "Well, no, not exactly in your case, Miss Morgan."

Lost, by the Annual Board—One perfectly good mind. Please return before using.

During the dull forty minutes she has to spend in keeping study hall, Miss London amuses herself by playing chess with the students. The desks are the squares, and she joyously and incessantly moves the unfortunate occupants hither and yon.

If you want to tease Katharine Hutton, ask her what became of Mr. Phelps's knife.

Discovered—Mr. McMahon's accomplishment. He won a prize for penmanship in his "palmy days." Who'd have thought it?

APRIL

Flurry on report card exchange; quotation of grades in great state of fluctuation; averages made and lost in the twinkling of an eye; wild preparation for examination panic of the coming month.

MAY

The Faculty has been examining the Senior Class twice a year for four

years, and now, in retaliation, the Seniors want to examine the Faculty. Will they please, in forty minutes, answer the following questions?

I. Why does Mr. Parsons use the royal we?

II. Does Mr. Parsons skip through the laboratory manual and select only the vile smelling experiments for the persecution of Seniors?

III. If .5 is counted as a whole, why isn't an average of 89.995 exemption?

IV. If there is a uniform system of cutting, where does the uniformity come in?

V. If a pupil has 15 minutes at dinner and 6 buns to eat, how many will he have to give away in order to finish his lunch?

VI. Why does Mr. McMahon hate red hair?

VII. What does Miss Funkhouser think will happen if she makes a noise?

VIII. If Beale is Tardy in smashing a Hart, why couldn't McMahon Turner?

Acorns of Roanoke, 1911

Board of Editors

Agatha E Boyd - Editor in Chief

Katharine Hutton - Literary Editor

Hugh Conway Standard
Literary Editor

Rosalind B Rankin Literary Editor

Blanche Neal Art Editor

Josephine N Wayte Faculty Editor

Morris Marsinter - Business Manager

Walker Caldwell - Assistant Business Manager

Randolph Euskie Coleman - Assistant Business Manager

Chas. Buck Malcolm Athletic Editor

Earl L Cowgill - Joke Editor

The Editors wish to thank Miss Critz and Mr. McQuilkin for their hearty coöperation and encouraging interest in the publication of this book.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Epilogue

¶ So ends ACORNS OF ROANOKE for 1911. As we Seniors close the book with a sigh, we feel that herein is closed a chapter of our lives—a chapter which can never be written again, and whose finishing brings with it pain as well as pleasure. There is pleasure in the accomplishment of a much-planned-for task; there is pain, because from henceforth our High School days must forever lie behind us. Into this book we, the Class of 1911, have striven to put the fruition of our four years at R. H. S.—all our fun and our laughing, all our trying and hoping, all our dreaming and our partial fulfillment. We leave our ACORNS in the hands of the Class of 1912, with the hope that where we have failed they may succeed, and with a hearty toast to that greater success—the Annual of the Future.

THE SENIORS.

Alumni Record of the Roanoke High School 1894-1910

1894

COMER, EMMA (Mrs. C. L. Tinsley); Roanoke, Virginia.
HARTWELL, NORA (Mrs. Jones); Radford, Virginia.
KNEPP, MAUDE (Mrs. Hesser); Deceased April, 1906.
FERGUSON, SADIE (Mrs. Dyer); Roanoke, Virginia.
FUNKHOUSER, ALTO; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
STEVENS, ANNIE (Mrs. Arthur); Norfolk, Virginia.
TRENT, DORA, B. A., Peabody; Librarian; Washington, District of Columbia.

1895

FACKENTHAL, JOSEPH; Brooklyn, New York.
HARTWELL, BESSIE (Mrs. C. Jeter); Oklahoma.
SHUMATE, SHELLEY (Mrs. Keaton); Roanoke, Virginia.

1896

BARNHARDT, CLARA (Mrs. W. M. McNeace); Roanoke, Virginia.
FUNKHOUSER, FLORENCE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
HUSE, ANNIE; Roanoke, Virginia.
LONDON, LILA; Teacher State Normal; Farmville, Virginia.
MCELDOWNEY, EMMA (Mrs. Thomas Hanlon); Roanoke, Virginia.
SHERMAN, FRANCES (Mrs. B. G. Jones); Roanoke, Virginia.

1897

HUSE, HARRY, B. A., B. S., M. A., Washington and Lee University; Roanoke, Virginia.
DYER, LOUISE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
FERGUSON, LAURA (Mrs. J. M. Persinger); Roanoke, Virginia.
MERRIMAN, AZOLINE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1898

STONE, WILLIAM, B. A., M. A., Ph. D., University of Virginia; Professor University of Michigan.
BARKSDALE, NANNIE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
ELEY, AILEEN; Roanoke, Virginia.
GUERRANT, JENNIE (Mrs. Kershner); Galveston, Texas.

LAMKIN, ANNIE (Mrs. A. E. Snyder); New York.
SHERMAN, DAISY (Mrs. A. C. Byers); Harrisonburg, Virginia.
VAN LEW, HELEN (Mrs. Charles Fluhr); Needles, California.
WINGFIELD, DAISY; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1899

STONE, JAMES, B. A., E. E., University of Virginia; Roanoke, Virginia.
MORSACK, CAJETAN, E. M., Leigh University; Mining Engineer; North Carolina.
CALHOUN, ANNIE (Mrs. Preston); Washington, District of Columbia.
FISHBURN, SALLIE; Roanoke, Virginia.

1900

FISHBURN, HARRY, B. A., M. A., University of Virginia; Professor of Chemistry, University of Idaho.
GORE, MARVIN; New York.
MUSE, OCTAVIA (Mrs. G. C. Houchins); Roanoke, Virginia.

1901

BRINGMAN, HARRY; Roanoke, Virginia.
DUNLAP, WALTER, B. L., Washington and Lee University; Kentucky.
SHELTON, JUDSON; Roanoke, Virginia.
CARDWELL, RUTH; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
FITZGERALD, MYRTLE (Mrs. D. M. Jennings); Roanoke, Virginia.
GILES, EFFIE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
MASSIE, MABEL; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
TURNER, LOULA (Mrs. Rice); Roanoke, Virginia.
WOOTTON, OLA; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1902

BERGENDAHL, EVERT; Civil Engineer; West Virginia.
BUTLER, W. W. S., JR., B. A., M. D., University of Virginia; Head of Polyclinic Hospital; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
DUPUY, JOHN; Civil Engineer; Atlanta, Georgia.
HOBBIE, DEXTER; Roanoke, Virginia.
MOOMAW, JOHN, B. A., University of Virginia; Law Student, Washington and Lee University.
BARKSDALE, LOUISE (Mrs. Gordon Baker); Roanoke, Virginia.
FARRAR, MARY (Mrs. Mary Tolley); Teacher; Kanawha Falls, West Virginia.
MUIRE, ERLA (Mrs. R. J. Cornett); Roanoke, Virginia.
SHERMAN, EDNA (Mrs. Hale); Mt. Crawford, West Virginia.
WINGFIELD, LUCY; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1903

BECKER, TATUM; Osteopath; Columbus, Ohio.
HAWKINS, JOHN, B. A., Roanoke College; E. E., University of Missouri; Electrical Engineer; St. Louis, Mo.
MOOMAW, HUGH, B. L., Washington and Lee University; Lawyer; Roanoke, Virginia.

FETTERS, AMY; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
FOWLKES, IRENE (Mrs. Mark Roberts); Roanoke, Virginia.
GILES, BESSIE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
HUGER, AURELIA; Roanoke, Virginia.
REED, SADIE (Mrs. Joe Carlton); Roanoke, Virginia.
WATSON, LULA; Roanoke, Virginia.
WHITTINGTON, FLOSSIE (Mrs. Curley); Roanoke, Virginia.

1904

BRINGMAN, WILLIAM, C. E., Virginia Polytechnic Institute; Roanoke, Virginia.
HAWKINS, ROBERT, B. A., Vanderbilt University; Minister; Kansas City.
JAMISON, JOHN, B. L., University of Virginia; Lawyer; Roanoke, Virginia.
SNYDER, CLAIRE; Roanoke, Virginia.
STAPLES, ABRAM, B. L., University of Virginia; Lawyer; Roanoke, Virginia.
BOULWARE, CATHERINE, Graduate Roanoke College; Teacher; Woodward, South Carolina.
DAVIS, OLA; Roanoke County, Virginia.
SNEDEGAR, MAE (Mrs. John Waggoner); Roanoke, Virginia.
WILLIAMSON, OPIE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1905

HARTWELL, EDWARD; Dakota.
MCCREDY, JAMES; Student Virginia Military Institute.
MOOMAW, BENJAMIN, B. A., M. A., University of Virginia; Teacher; Norfolk, Virginia.
MOOMAW, CLOVIS, B. A., M. A., University of Virginia; Law Student; Washington and Lee University.
ROYER, RICHARD; Roanoke, Virginia.
CHEWNING, ELIZABETH (Mrs. Campbell); Lewisburg, West Virginia
DUPUY, ROCHET; Graduate Wilson College; Roanoke, Virginia.
GRAVELEY, SALLIE; Stenographer; Roanoke, Virginia.
HARRIS, MABEL; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
MANUEL, LULA (Mrs. Leonard); Roanoke, Virginia.
MANUEL, MABEL (Mrs. Stafford Shumate); Roanoke, Virginia.
MILLNER, JESSIE (Mrs. W. L. Clark); Roanoke, Virginia.
PLUNKETT, OLA; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
STEVES, ELEANOR; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
THOMAS, LUELLA (Mrs. Scott); Vinton, Virginia.
WOOTTON, MARY; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1906

BUFORD, HUGH; Student; Cornell University.
COCKE, LUCIAN, JR., B. A., University of Virginia; Student; University of Virginia.
IZARD, JOHN, B. L., Washington and Lee University; Student; University of Pennsylvania.
TINSLEY, WALTER; Tidewater Oil Company; New York City, New York.
BOULWARE, LILA; Teacher; Woodward, South Carolina.
BRINKLEY, FRANCES; Winston-Salem, North Carolina.
BROWN, ELSIE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
FOX, DORA (Mrs. Stevens); Roanoke County, Virginia.

JOHNSON, VIRGINIA; Shepherdstown, West Virginia.
KENNETT, DOSSIE (Mrs. Wright); Vinton, Virginia.
PENN, WILLIE E.; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
VAUGHAN, CARRIE (Mrs. A. G. Williams); Emory, Virginia.

1907

GARLAND, EAGER; Roanoke, Virginia.
KEISTER, THURSTON, B. A.; Instructor; Roanoke College.
ROSENBAUM, SIDNEY; Roanoke, Virginia.
SCOTT, E. WILLIAM; Student; Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
WATSON, EVERETT; Student; Richmond College.
BRANSCOME, ANNA (Mrs. Barnes); Roanoke, Virginia.
BARNARD, NETTIE; Roanoke, Virginia.
DAVIS, AUDREY; Student; Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
FRENCH, HALLIE (Mrs. J. R. Turner); Roanoke, Virginia.
GUY, MATTIE; Graduate Roanoke College; Roanoke, Virginia.
HAMNER, EVELYN; Graduate State Normal, Farmville; Teacher; Bristol, Virginia.
HUNTER, ANNIE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
KINSEY, ANNA (Mrs. P. A. Dixon); Roanoke, Virginia.
KOEHLER, JOSEPHINE, Graduate Roanoke College; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
MABRY, MARY; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
MCWHORTER, MAY; Roanoke, Virginia.
SHACKFORD, ETHEL; Teacher; Richmond, Virginia.
SHELTON, RUBY; Roanoke, Virginia.
SPILLAN, CARRIE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
STEWARD, LOTTIE; Stenographer; Roanoke, Virginia.
STIFF, OSIE; Student Roanoke College; Roanoke, Virginia.

1908

DUPREE, EDITH; Roanoke, Virginia.
FIGGATT, VIRGIE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
HOPCROFT, INEZ; Student, State Normal; Harrisonburg, Virginia.
PAGE, VIRGINIA; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
RUTHERFORD, ISABEL; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
SHOCKEY, SALLIE; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
ALLEN, ROBERT; Student, University of Virginia.
JOHNSON, LOUIS A; Student, University of Virginia.
MCWHORTER, KINSLEY; Student, Virginia Military Institute.
BANNISTER, EDNA; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
BECKER, HELEN; Student, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
CORELL, MURRELL; Teacher; Vinton, Virginia.
KEISTER, MARY; Graduate Roanoke College; Teacher; Wytheville, Virginia.
MCDONALD, MERTIE; Student State Normal; Farmville, Virginia.
MEALS, IRENE (Mrs. Albert Pettyjohn); Lynchburg, Virginia.
MILES, LILLIAN; Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.

1909

Campbell, Blake; Student, Hampton-Sidney.
Huger, Benjamin; Roanoke, Virginia.
Brice, Kathleen; Teacher; Hollins, Virginia.
Burnett, Winefred; Roanoke, Virginia.
Moomaw, Dorothy; Student, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
Young, Sadie; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
Shickel, Elsie; Student, State Normal; Harrisonburg, Virginia.
Witt, Mary; Roanoke, Virginia.
Gravatt, Flippo; Student, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
Plunkett, Walter; Roanoke, Virginia.
Speed, Spencer; Student, University of Virginia.
Welch, Stanley; Student, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
Bouldin, May Moir; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
Bulman, Edna; Teacher; Giles County, Virginia.
Caldwell, Virginia; Student, Pratt Institute; Brooklyn, New York.
Harrison, Sadie; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.
Keister, Rebecca; Student, Roanoke College.
Miles, Eula; Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
Rogers, Rosa; Teacher; Roanoke, Virginia.

1910

Adams, Robert; Student, Washington and Lee University.
Hamner, Flournoy; Student, Hampton-Sidney.
Marsteller, Dudley; Roanoke, Virginia.
Vansickler, John; Roanoke, Virginia.
Dance, Hiram; Student, Washington and Lee University.
Harris, Eugene; Student, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
Wright, Elbert; Student, University of Virginia.
Cook, Katherine; Student, State Normal; Farmville, Virginia.
Fowlkes, Gertrude; Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
Grubb, Lillian; Teacher; Alfredton, Virginia.
Jennings, Emblyn, Student, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
Parry, Lizzie; Glencoe, Maryland.
Sours, Ellen; Teacher; Coaldam, Virginia.
Thomas, Thurzetta; Student, State Normal; Farmville, Virginia.
Woodruff, Mamie; Deceased, June, 1910.
Gish, Grace; Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
Kimmerling, Julia; Student, Roanoke College.
Martin, Agnes; Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
Stevens, Annie; Teacher; Cardwell, Virginia.
Stevens, Dottie; Teacher; Roanoke County, Virginia.
Wilkinson, Annie; Student, State Normal; Farmville, Virginia.

THE END


BOTBALL
ROANOKE
ADS
BURKE
1911

ROANOKE FURNITURE CO., Inc.

(Under the Big Electric Sign) ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Pianos
Furniture
Carpets
Rugs

Stoves
Ranges
House
Furnishings

Our line of Pianos is complete, consisting of the following well-known makes—Steinway, Kranich and Bach, Blasius & Son, Becker Bros., Cable-Nelson, Keller Bros. and Victor Talking Machines.

MILLER RANGE—(Uncle Sam's Favorite) ART LAUREL RANGES—(Household Favorites); SEEGER SIPHON REFRIGERATORS—(Original and only patented Siphon Refrigerator). COOPER & McKEE REFRIGERATORS—(High Quality—Medium Price); SEALY MATTRESSES AND "THE MATTRESS THAT BREATHES"—(Acme of Mattress Building); S. A. WELLER'S POTTERY—(In Cameo Jewel, Mat Green, Art Ivory, Woodclay, Etc.); RICHMOND SUCTION CLEANER—(Light in weight, low in price, high in merit).

Our general line is complete. Price and quality guaranteed. On this basis we solicit your patronage

The Professional Men of Roanoke who have contributed to the support of the R. H. S. Annual

MOORE & WOODRUM	316 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
JAMES D. JOHNSTON	409 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
MERCER HARTMAN	203 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
AYLETT B. COLEMAN	505 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
W. J. BLAIR	601 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
WOODS & McNULTY	509 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
JAMES A. BEAR	406 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
WOODS, JACKSON & SMITH	309 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
ABRAM P. STAPLES, Jr.	609 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
R. Q. MOSBY	609 National Exchange Bank Bldg.
C. B. & H. M. MOOMAW	313, 314, 315 Strickland Bldg.
C. R. WILLIAMS	605 First National Bank Bldg.
HART & HART	505 First National Bank Bldg.
G. H. PENN	620, 621 Watt, Rettew & Clay Bldg.
HOGE & WILLIAMS	434 Watt, Rettew & Clay Bldg.
MANLEY M. CALDWELL	304, 305 Watt, Rettew & Clay Bldg.
POINDEXTER & HOPWOOD	503 Watt, Rettew & Clay Bldg.
A. E. KING	502 Watt, Rettew & Clay Bldg.
DR. A. J. SNAPP	601, 602 Watt, Rettew & Clay Bldg.
DR. S. J. GILL	104½ Campbell Avenue, S. W.
DR. R. W. BROWN	Strickland Bldg.
DR. P. A. DIXON	