

THE MILESTONE

1920 - 1921

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THE COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

CINCINNATI, OHIO

THE 1921 ANNUAL



PUBLISHED BY THE COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT
OF THE SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, 1921

DEDICATED

To

The Faculty

of the

College Preparatory School
for Girls

“Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.”

THE FACULTY

MISS MARY HARLAN DOHERTY, B. A.,
Principal, Latin.

MRS. MARY ALEXANDER,
Drawing, History of Art.

MISS EDNA PEARL COTTERAL,
Geography, Arithmetic.

MISS MARY BELL HARGITT, B. A.,
Secretary, Latin.

MISS HELEN HOWELL,
Primary Department.

MISS JEAN HOWELL, B. A.,
English Literature.

MISS E. LOUISE HUNT,
Geometry, Algebra.

MISS SHIRLEY KEMPER, B. A.,
Primary Department.

MISS ANNA LANGENBECK,
German, Civics.

THE FACULTY

MRS. SUSAN A. H. SAMPSON,
Primary Department.

Mlle ANNA SCHLÉBY,
French Language and Literature.

MISS MARDI HUNT,
Chorus Singing.

MISS LILLIAN A. MEEDS, B. A.,
Arithmetic, Algebra.

Mlle. HÉLENÉ PERILLON,
Brevet Supérieur,
French Language and Literature.

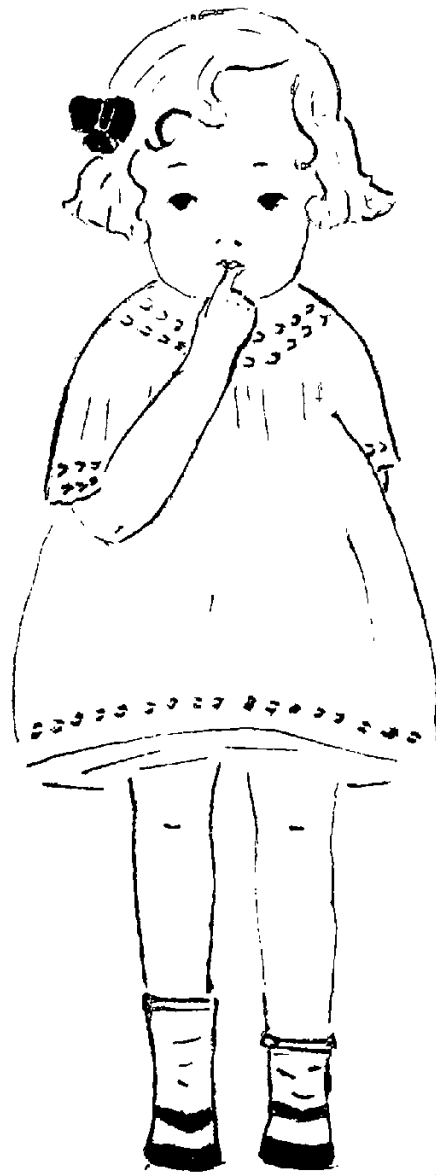
Mlle. ELISE ROZÉ,
Primary French.

MISS FANNIE RESOR STEWART, B. A.,
Science, English.

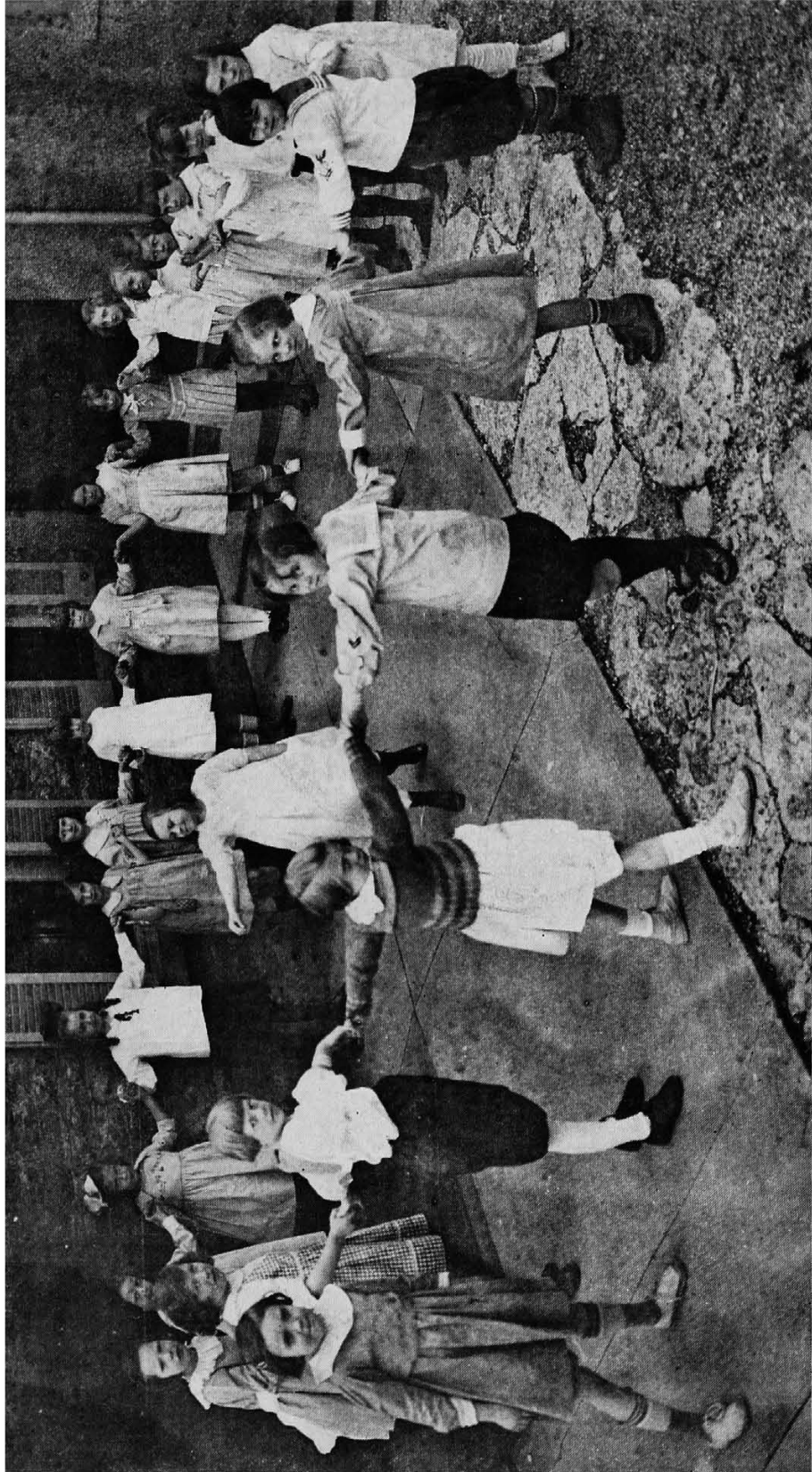
MISS MARY TORRENCE, B. A.,
History.

MISS HARRIET HOLMES, B. A.,
Gymnasium.

PRIMARIES -



ELLIS



PRIMARY IV

MISS HELEN HOWELL.....*Class Councilor*

PEGGY POGUE.....*President*

CLASS COLORS—Pink and Blue

ETHEL ASHTON

ADELAIDE KRUSE

CHARLINE BRENEMAN

FRANCES LAMSON

DOROTHY HILLS

PATRICIA POGUE

HELEN HUTCHINSON

PEGGY POGUE

GAY JONES

MARGARET RAPP

ANNE KIRKPATRICK

YEOLAND SCHNEIDER

KATE SHINKLE



PRIMARY III

MISS HELEN HOWELL.....*Class Councilor*

OLIVE MILLS.....*President*

CLASS COLORS—Pink and Silver

JANE ANDREWS

SUSANNAH LEYMAN

NANCY BRIGGS

OLIVE MILLS

BETTY BURLINGHAM

DOROTHY PAPE

BETTYSUE FRANK

MARGARET ROWE

MARY N. GOBLE

JEAN SUTPHIN

MARIE LOUISE HULBERT

MARGOT TAFT

LE FREDA VANDERBILT

HELEN HALSEY



PRIMARY II

MISS KEMPER.....*Class Councilor*

MARY LOUISE KOEHLER.....*President*

HELEN BOSWELL

EVANGELINE LUHRMAN

ANN HAYDOCK

VIRGINIA POGUE

FRANCES KINNEY

MARY SCHAEFER

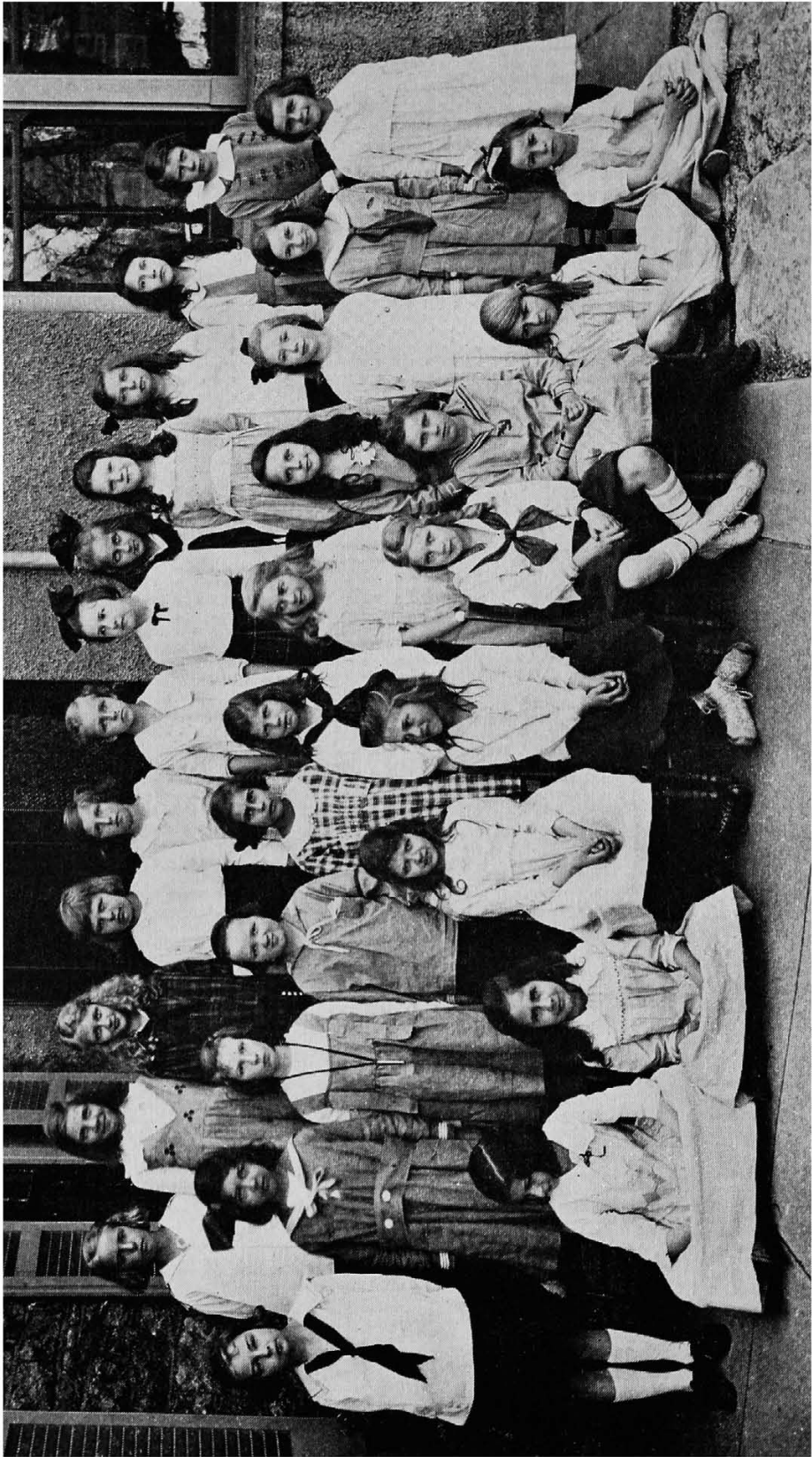
MARY M. KLINE

HERBERTA STONE

MARY LOUISE KOEHLER

ELEANOR VOGELER

BETTY WOHLGEMUTH



PRIMARY I

MRS. SAMPSON.....*Class Councilor*
DOROTHY KIRKPATRICK.....*President*

CLASS COLORS—Green and White

MARTHA IRVING	VIRGINIA RAMSEY
ELIZABETH KING	MARY A. RICHARDS
DOROTHY KIRKPATRICK	GRACE ROWE
MARGARET LYND	LOUISE SCHAEFER
FLEWELLYN McCAW	CLARINDA STEPHENSON
LETITIA MATTHEWS	IRENE STEWART
MINA LOUISE MERRELL	CAROLINE STILWELL
BETTY NICHOLS	KATHERINE SUTPHIN
ADELE NOYES	ELSA VON STEINWEHR
IOLA OSMOND	VIRGINIA WARRINGTON
HELEN POGUE	VIRGINIA WRIGHT
AMELIA BINGHAM	ANNETTE WURLITZER
HELEN BRAGDON	ELAINE FLACH
ETHEL BURLINGHAM	JANET FLACH
MARJORIE COLLINS	JOSEPHINE GRAY
ELEANOR EDWARDS	BELLE CLAY HANCOCK
JOYCE FERRIS	BETTY HOMMEYER

MARTHA HUNT

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE PRIMARIES

DOGS

Some of them have thick hair some thin.
Some dogs have little tils.
Some dogs have big tils.
Some dogs eat bones.
We eat chicken.

MARGARET RAPP, *Prim. IV.*

WHEN I GROW UP

I wish to get a nice husband.
I would like to be a mother.
And have children.
I hope I have a nice wedding.
I would like to name them Margaret and Dorothy.

NANCY TUCKER BRIGGS, *Prim. II.*

WHEN I GROW UP

I will be a great big lady. I may be merry with my bow. I will be pretty then. I will have pretty flowers then. My Cousin is a president of the Bank. When I get merry I will have a pretty dress. When I am a lady I will play the piano.

Then they will throw pretty flowers at me. Thy will smile at me then. My mother and father will like me then. My Bow will smoke a pipe. I like my Bow to. He is nice. He is funny. He like me to.

SUSANNAH LEYMAN, *Primary III.*

THE ZOO

(Primary Vers Libre)

Did you ever go to the Zoo?
Did you ever see the owl?
Did you ever see the deer?
See the deer!
Oh look at the lion!
See the wolf!
See the zebra!
I have look at the lion.
See the big tiger!
I have look at the lion he has brown
skin but it is light skin.
And at the Zoo is a merry-go-round.

JEAN SUTPHIN, *Primary III*.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like to be thin and tall. And I would like to be rich. And live in a nice house with my mother and father and my brother. And live near all my friends. I'd like to work for the poor. And live in a warm country. And have three children.

LAFREDA VANDERBILT, *Primary III*.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up, there are three things I want to do. One thing is to draw. The other is to teach. The other is to nurse. I'd like to do all of them. When I grow up I want to be neat. I like neat people. When I grow up I want twins. I want to have two children. I want to have a little boy and a little girl. I want to marry a soldier. I want to be a nurse best of all.

OLIVE LLOYD MILLS, *Primary III*.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I am going to marry at least I am going to try. I want to look like my Mother. But a lot of the people think I look like my Father. I want to have my Father's teeth and Grandma's hair she has such pretty hair. When I grow up I am going to fix my hair in dips and have blue eyes. If I get married I want four children two boys and two girls. I am going to name the two girls Elizabeth and Margaret and the boys Will and Fred.

MARY ELIZABETH BURLINGHAM, *Primary III.*

PLAYMATES

Boys are very strong. And girls are not as strong as boys. Which do you like the best boys or girls? I like the girls best. When you get a boy for a playmate they don't play with you. But when you have a girl for a playmate she always plays with you.

MARGO LEAMAN TAFT, *Primary III.*

STARS

They are up in the black sky. The stars look like gold. The stars do not look like silver. The moon takes the stars with it. The moon is not with them all the night. The moon is the stars mamma all the time when she is with them. The moon is good to them when she is with them.

The stars look like they have points on them. The moon has not points. The moon is very very, big. The stars are big too. In the sky the stars look very little.

CHARLEE BRENEMAN, *Primary IV.*

STARS

The stars are made of moon dust. The stars are far up in the sky. They look like gold. They come out in the night. I like to see them twinkel. The moon looks like gold. The stars look like they have points. They have no points. The moon gathers the stars at night. They are daisies. The moon is the lady moon. It is dark when the stars come out. Sometimes the moon is not with them. They will not get hurt. There is a big star in the west now.

HELEN HALSEY, *Primary III.*

Little Verses for Little People

SHADOWS

On a cold and windy night,
When my nurse turns out the light,
I can see shadows on the wall.
Some are small and some are tall,
Some are low and some are wide—
Then in my coverlets I hide.

ANNE HAYDOCK, *Primary II.*

SIGNS OF SPRING

A wee crocus bud is the first sign of spring;
Another one is when the little birds sing.
The days become warm, and the snow melts away,
The winds softer grow, skies are bluer each day.
The leafy buds swell, and will soon burst their coats;
The farmer is planting his wheat, corn, and oats.
Then comes our dear meadow-lark, bringing us cheer,
Who sings to us sweetly, "'Tis Spring of the year!"

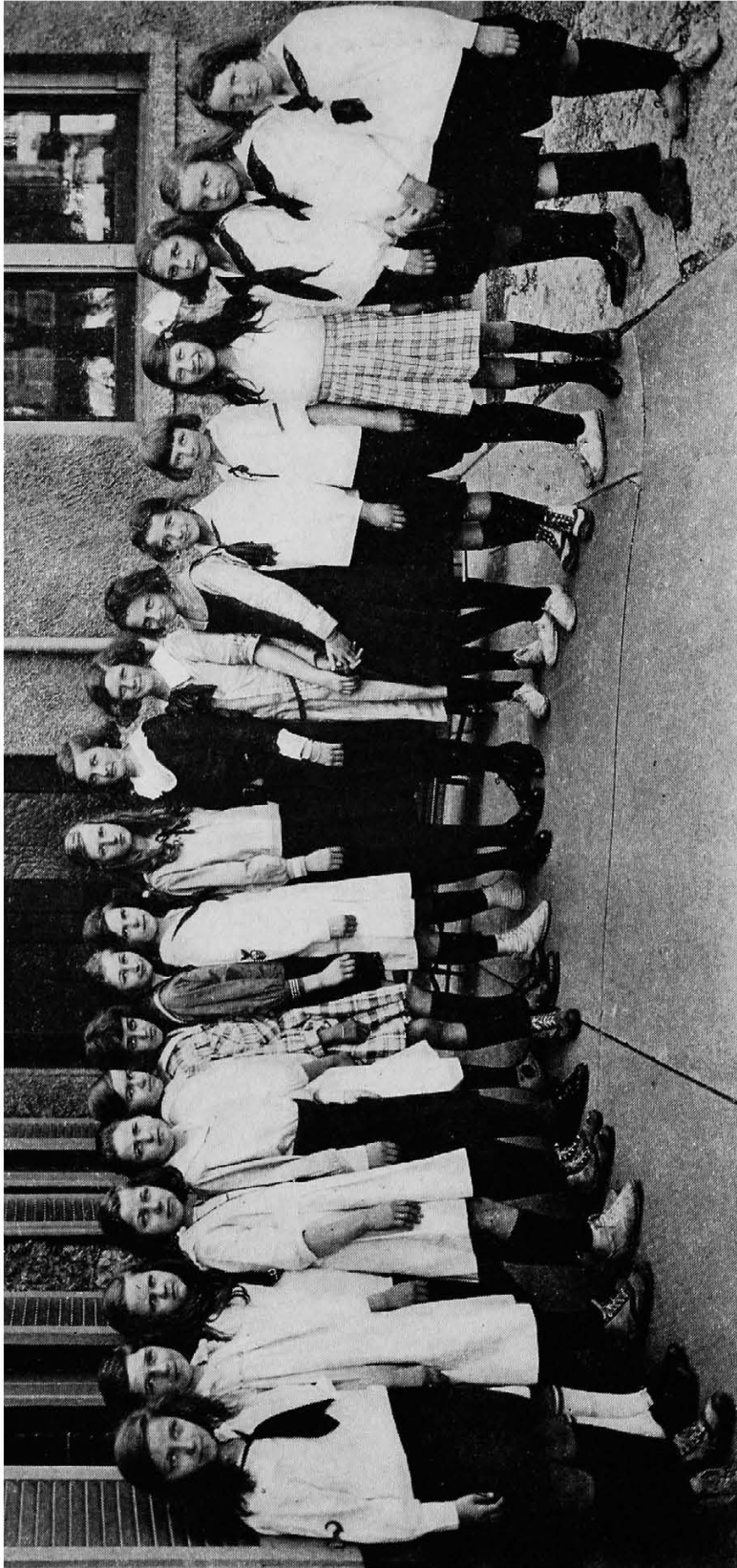
ANNETTE WURLITZER, *Primary I.*

A RABBIT I HAVE

Timid bunny,
Little bunny,
Your disposition is quite good,
You love the taste of delicate food.
I love you, little rabbit,
You have a funny habit,
Of winking your little pink nose,
And scratching your ear with your toes.

BELLE CLAY HANCOCK, *Primary I.*





INTERMEDIATE IV

MISS COTTERAL.....*Class Councilor*

ELIZABETH LEYMAN.....*President*

CLASS COLORS—Purple and Gold

MARJORIE ASHBROOK

LIDA BELL

BETTY BLACKBURN

FLORENCE BRAGDON

MARY C. GAMBLE

ATHA HAYDOCK

MARY KIRKPATRICK

MARY BELL KRIPPENDORF

JANE LEWIS

PEGGY LEWIS

FLORENCE MATHEWS

CAROLINE MAYNARD

CAROLYN MILLER

JANE MILNOR

ELIZABETH MORRILL

BETTY ORR

ELIZABETH STEWART

MARGARET WILEY

BERNICE WILLIAMS

ELIZABETH LEYMAN



INTERMEDIATE III

MISS STEWART.....*Class Councilor*
ANNE CLIFFORD.....*President*
.....*Vice-President*
ISABELLE RESOR.....*Treasurer*

CLASS COLORS—Gold and White

OLGA AULT	CHARLOTTE GROOM
ELEANOR BALLANTYNE	HELEN HUNTINGTON
JOSEPHINE BRENEMAN	CHARLOTTE KIDD
KATHERINE BUSH	AGNES KIRKPATRICK
BARBARA CHANDLER	ELISE KUPFERSCHMID
JOSEPHINE CHURCH	SARAH LIPPINCOTT
ANNE CLIFFORD	ANNE McCORMICK
MARGARET CONKLING	HELEN PERKINS
VIRGINIA DAVIS	ISABELLE L. RESOR
MIRIAM DeWITT	MARJORIE SMITH
ADELAIDE EDWARDS	KATHERINE TAFT
RACHEL WARRINGTON	



INTERMEDIATE II

MISS STEWART.....*Class Councilor*
FRANCES SUIRE.....*President*
BETTY LIVINGOOD.....*Vice-President*
TOMASIA HANCOCK.....*Treasurer*

ROSALIE BALLANTYNE

LIDA LEA

SOPHIA HELEN FISKE

BETTY LIVINGOOD

TOMASIA HANCOCK

MARY A. METZ

BETTY HILL

MARY JEAN PAPE

ELIZABETH L. HUNT

FRANCES SUIRE

LUCINDA HUFFMAN

HELEN L. TAYLOR

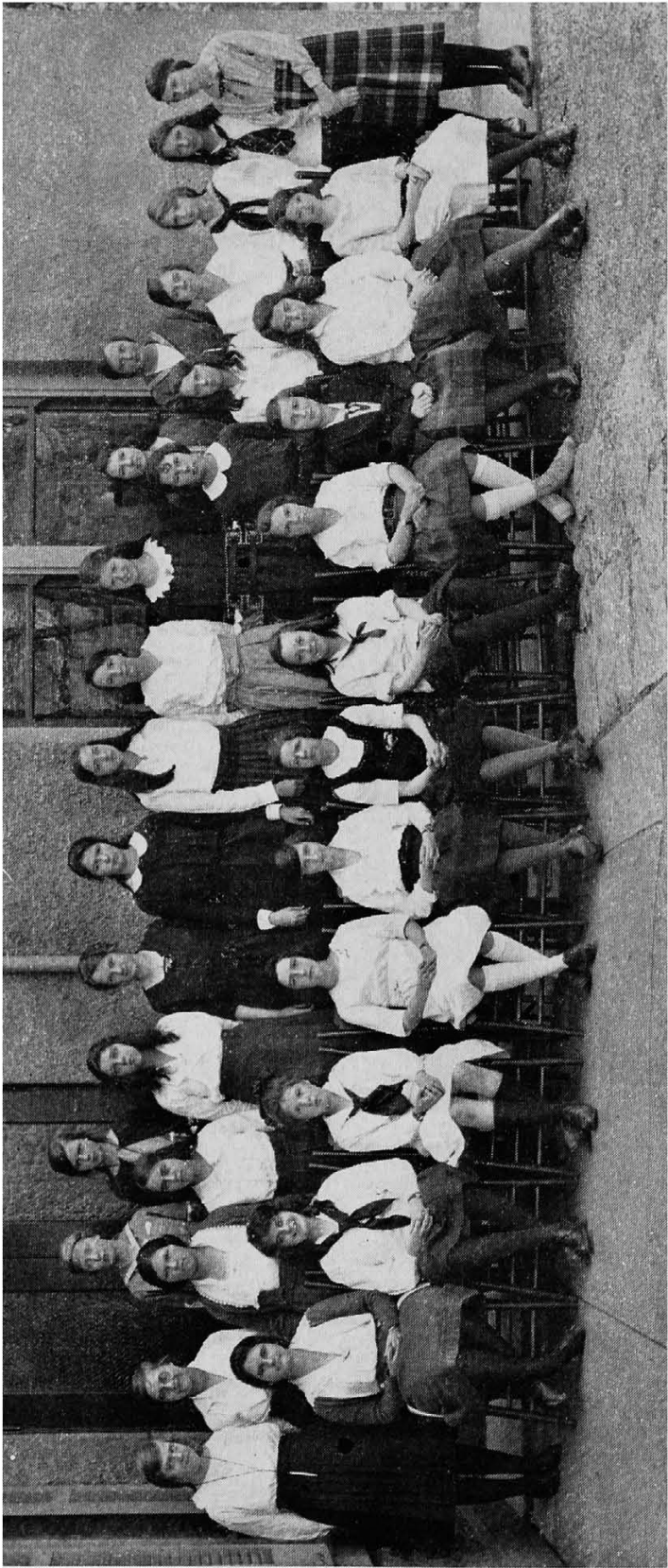
KARLINE KRIPPENDORF

MARGARET TROTTER

EMILY LEA

JEAN WILKINSON

MARJORIE WRIGHT



INTERMEDIATE I.

MISS MEADS *Class Councilor*
CAROLINE MATTHEWS. *President*
FRANCES HUNTINGTON *Vice-President*
BETTY BRENEMAN *Secretary-Treasurer*

CLASS COLORS—Blue and White

MARJORIE ALBERT	LAURA LIPPINCOTT
CORA ANDREWS	ELEANOR MARTIN
MARGARET ANDREWS	CAROLINE MATTHEWS
HILDEGARD AULT	KATHARINE MERKEL
NANCY BOSART	LAURA MILLER
BETTY BRENEMAN	MABEL POGUE
ELIZABETH CASSATT	RUSSELL POGUE
VIRGINIA ESSELBORN	CHRISTINE RAMSEY
MARGARET TROTTER	MARY ROBERTS
RACHEL HARTZELL	ROSEMARY SAWYER
ELEANOR HAWLEY	ELIZABETH SMITH
ISABEL HUNT	RUTH STEPHENSON
FRANCES HUNTINGTON	MARJORIE STEVENSON
ROBERTA JONES	KATHARINE STREIT
KATHARINE KING	LORNA STRUNZ
GRACE LEYMAN	KATHRYN TRAUTZ
NATALIE WURLITZER	

Literature of Intermediates

“LE COUCHER DU SOLEIL EN ALSACE”

“An dessus d’un pays tres doux et montagneux
Le soleil envoyait ses ultimes baisers
Laisant derriere lui un grand chemin de fen
Que le voile brumeux voudrait envelopper.”

“La bergere retourne avec ses blancs moutons;
Le rossignol, joyeux aux plumes de satin,
Avant de s’endormir, dit sa douce chanson;
La brise du soir souffle le long du chemin.”

“Les etoiles sortent derriere leurs rideaux.
Ressemblant aux yeux d’anges envoyes par Dieu
Pour veiller sur nous quand, pendant notre repos,
Cet astre lumineux ne veille plus aux cieux.”

“Et pendant la guerre se couche le soleil,
Malheureux de voir le sang rouge de la terre.
La douce paix, ce soir dans le couchant vermeil,
A chasse d’Alsace le nuage, la guerre.”

RACHEL WARRINGTON, *Intermediate III*.

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO

There is a tiny bungalow
Upon the next-door lot;
It is an artist's studio,
A pretty little spot.

Inside there is a working room,
With easels and with paint,
On window-sills gay flowers bloom
In pots of colors quaint.

A pail of clay is on the floor,
And batiks not yet sold
Are hanging up beside the door,
In colors soft or bold.

A portrait on the easel stands;
A bust is on the chair,
Worked by patient eager hands
With great artistic care.

This is the artist's studio
Upon the next-door lot;
In the tiny little bungalow,
A pretty little spot.

HELEN LOUISE TAYLOR, *Intermedite II*.

NANNY TOOTS

My Nanny Toots is round and small;

She is a tiny goat.

She's just a comical fluff-ball

With thick angora coat.

Her legs are thin and very straight,

With tiny little feet;

She has a choppy little gait

When trotting on the street.

Her eyes are brown, and big and round,

And full of "pep" and fun;

When she and cart are homeward bound,

You ought to see her run.

She knows what's waiting for her there,

A bran-mash, oats, and hay;

She knows that her reward is fair

For working hard all day.

Her dearest friend is Polo Boy,

Who has his stall next door;

She follows him around with joy,

But he thinks her a bore.

Althought she's mischievous at times,

And often runs away,

She seldom commits serious crimes,

And she's loved to this day.

OLGA AULT, *Intermediate III.*

BY A FOREST STREAM

There's a spot by forest stream,
That is like a flow'ry dell,
Where the sun-beams flit and gleam,
Where the soft green mosses dwell.

Here the stream with gurgling flows,
Over glist'ning pebbles bright.
Surging softly as it goes,
Rip'ling onward to the light.

See the dancing sun-beams fall
On the snake that's basking here,
And the beckoning rays that call
All wild creatures to draw near.

Hark! the birds sing sweet and clear
In this magic forest dell;
Warbling high their notes of cheer,
To all creatures who here dwell.

CHARLOTTE GROOM, *Intermediate III.*

A MOUNTAIN SUNRISE

The rugged, barren hills of darkened hue
Rose towering to a sky of somber blue.
An eagle hovered near the shadowy trees,
And through the forest came the chill dawn breeze.

But now a rosy hue o'erspreads the snow
Upon the highest peak of all, and so
The sun, the king of light, o'ertops the peak.
And then the mountain side, which was so bleak,
Seems like a fairy mountain, garbed in mist,
Blue, opal-tinted, gold-hued, and sun-kissed,
A thousand beauteous colors all in one,
As birdsong from the forest greets the sun.

MARGARET TROTTER, *Intermediate II.*

Intermediate Department Prize Story

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

THE readers of "*The Riverbank Eagle*" were greatly amused over a certain advertisement in the Lost, Strayed or Stolen column. It read, "Lost, one pumpkin, on the main pike, Friday afternoon. Reward! Phone East 782." To one small boy the word "reward" sounded very promising. "Surely," he thought, "anything as big as a pumpkin won't be hard to find. I'll look for it early tomorrow morning! Gee, but I'd like to find it!"

At the same time, three cross disgruntled men met in a small room over what had once been a saloon. (I said "had been" a saloon, but that was incorrect, for to a chosen few it still was a saloon!) One of the men was the owner and bartender. He turned toward a very fat man and spoke sharply to him. "You *have* done it," he said.

"*What* have I done?" asked Joe, innocently.

"For the love of the trees, Fatty! Hasn't it sunk into your good-for-nothing head yet, that the pumpkin is lost, and that *you* lost it?" snapped the third man. Joe sent an appealing glance toward the bartender.

"How was I to know it would roll out of the wagon?" he asked, "Answer me that, Pete!" Pete sullenly shook his head.

"Don't know and don't care how you lost it, Fatty, but you did—that's enough. Since you've lost it we've *got* to find it!"

"I put an ad in the paper," said Jim.

"*What!*" yelled Pete, "Say it again!" Jim accommodatingly repeated his remark.

"Now we *are* cooked," groaned Pete, "people will think there is something queer about the pumpkin, and if they find it they will examine it *closely*. Closely! Do you realize what that means?"

"You're right, Pete," said Jim slowly, "I guess I *am* a fool!"

Joe jumped to his feet with a bounce that made the room shake. "Boys," he said, "I'm going to hunt for it in the morning, so I'm going to turn in now."

The next morning, hours before the men in the room above the saloon woke up, a little boy walked along the pike looking carefully for the pumpkin.

"Guess it must be a big one for a fair," he thought, as he walked along. "Hello, what's that over there? It's the pumpkin! No it ain't! Yes it *is!*"

he declared. Crawling from beneath the underbrush with a medium-sized pumpkin in his arms, he spied an old man driving down the pike in a wagon.

"Hi there!" the boy yelled, "Hey, Grandpap! give me a lift home?"

The old farmer stopped his horse, and the boy jumped into the wagon with his pumpkin. Then he told his grandfather what he had been doing.

"Well," said the old man when he had finished, "guess yours ain't the one, Davy, 'cause, see here!" He pulled the morning paper from his pocket and pointed to a certain paragraph which read, "Found, one pumpkin on the main pike, late Friday evening. Owner please phone Mr. James Brady." Davy sighed.

After searching vainly all morning, Joe decided to quit. On his way back to town he met Davy and his grandfather. "You haven't seen a pumpkin lying along the road anywhere have you?" asked Joe.

"Nope!" said the farmer.

"If you're looking for that pumpkin that was advertised for in the paper, you better quit—it's found," said Davy, and he showed him the paper.

"I'll sell you mine, though, if you want!" he added. Joe declined with thanks and walked off joyfully. In the room above the saloon he found his two friends.

"Did you see the paper?" he cried, "it's found."

"Steady, Fatty, steady," said Jim, "I put that ad in the paper so, in case anyone does find it, and examines it *closely*, the police won't suspect *us*." Joe's face fell, but he said, "*Good boy!*"

In the meantime, Davy, having reached home, decided to make a Jack-o'-Lantern. He took a knife and was about to cut the top off the pumpkin when he noticed something. There was a thin line of yellow wax running around the edge of the pumpkin. The top had evidently been cut off and then sealed on again. Davy's hands were shaking with excitement when he lifted off the lid. Inside he saw, carefully surrounded with straw—a quart bottle of old Scotch whiskey. But Davy was disappointed. He had expected something else, gold maybe; anyway he was disgusted with this bottle of stuff called whiskey, for which he hadn't the slightest use. So because he was a boy, Davy stood the bottle on a fence post and threw stones at it until he broke it.

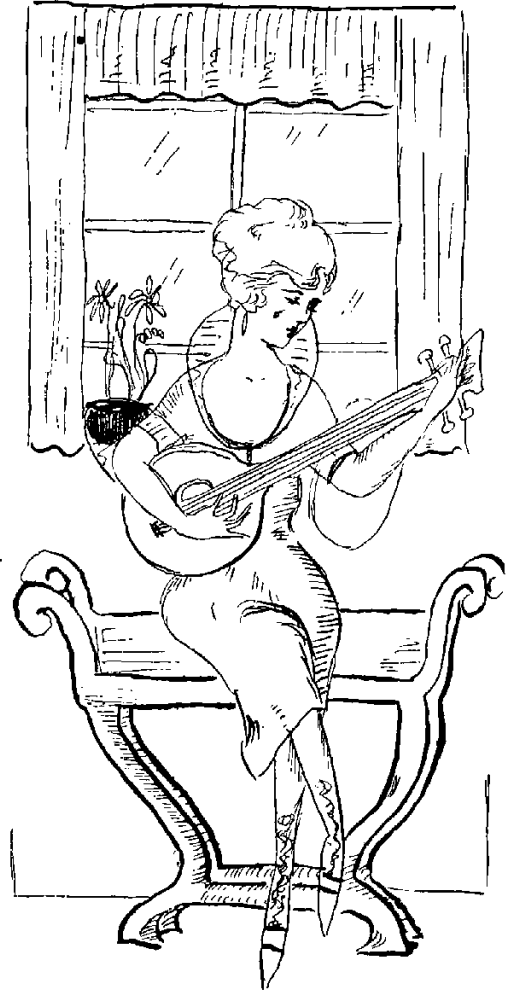
Hallowe'en, when Pete was walking past Davy's home, he didn't know that the Jack-o'-Lantern which grinned at him from the gate post was the pumpkin for which he had searched in vain. Neither did he know that the precious whiskey had unconsciously been made a libation to the gods of prohibition.

BETTY LIVINGOOD, *Intermediate II*.



COLLEGIATE

CONCERN



ACADEMIC

Vail

DEPARTMENT



COLLEGE IV

MISS TORRENCE *Class Councilor*
MARGARET MINOR *President*
VIRGINIA STEPHENSON *Secretary-Treasurer*

CLASS COLORS—Orange and Black

JANE ANDERSON	ALICE MERRELL
SUSAN CONKLING	LOUIS JEAN MILLER
CORNELIA DUNHAM	MARIE MILLER
JOSEPHINE GALBRAITH	MARY MILLS
ELIZABETH HAYDOCK	MARION MILNOR
DOROTHY HERRLINGER	MARGARET MINOR
RUTH HIGLEY	MARTHA MITHOEFER
ANNE HONCKLEY	LAVINIA POGUE
ALICE HOOD	OLIVE ROHDE
FRANCES HUNT	ALEXINA SATTLER
ISABEL JENNINGS	VIRGINIA STEPHENSON
ELSIE KIDD	IONE WAITE
HAZELHURST McCAW	BETTY WHITEHOUSE
JANE McKAY	HARRIET WIGGERS
SARA MATTHEWS	RUTH WINKLER
RUTH MEEHAN	CORINNE HAECKL



COLLEGE III

MISS HUNT.....*Class Councilor*
ELEANOR RAPP.....*President*
MARY RANDOLPH MATTHEWS.....*Vice-President*
MABLE BONIFIELD.....*Secretary - Treasurer*

CLASS COLORS—Blue and Red.

MARY GENEVIEVE ANDREWS	MARY R. MATTHEWS
MABEL BONIFIELD	VIRGINIA NEWSTEDT
CHRISTINE CRIGLER	ELEANOR RAPP
DEMA LOUISE CROSS	MARY S. RESOR
DELORES FORD	EUNICE RICHARDSON
MONICA GOEBEL	VIRGINIA ROHDE
DORETTE KRUSE	ESTHER SCHULTZ
DOROTHY LYND	EVELYN SHEWMAN
MARY McP. MATTHEWS	VIRGINIA TODD

RUTH WILLIAMS



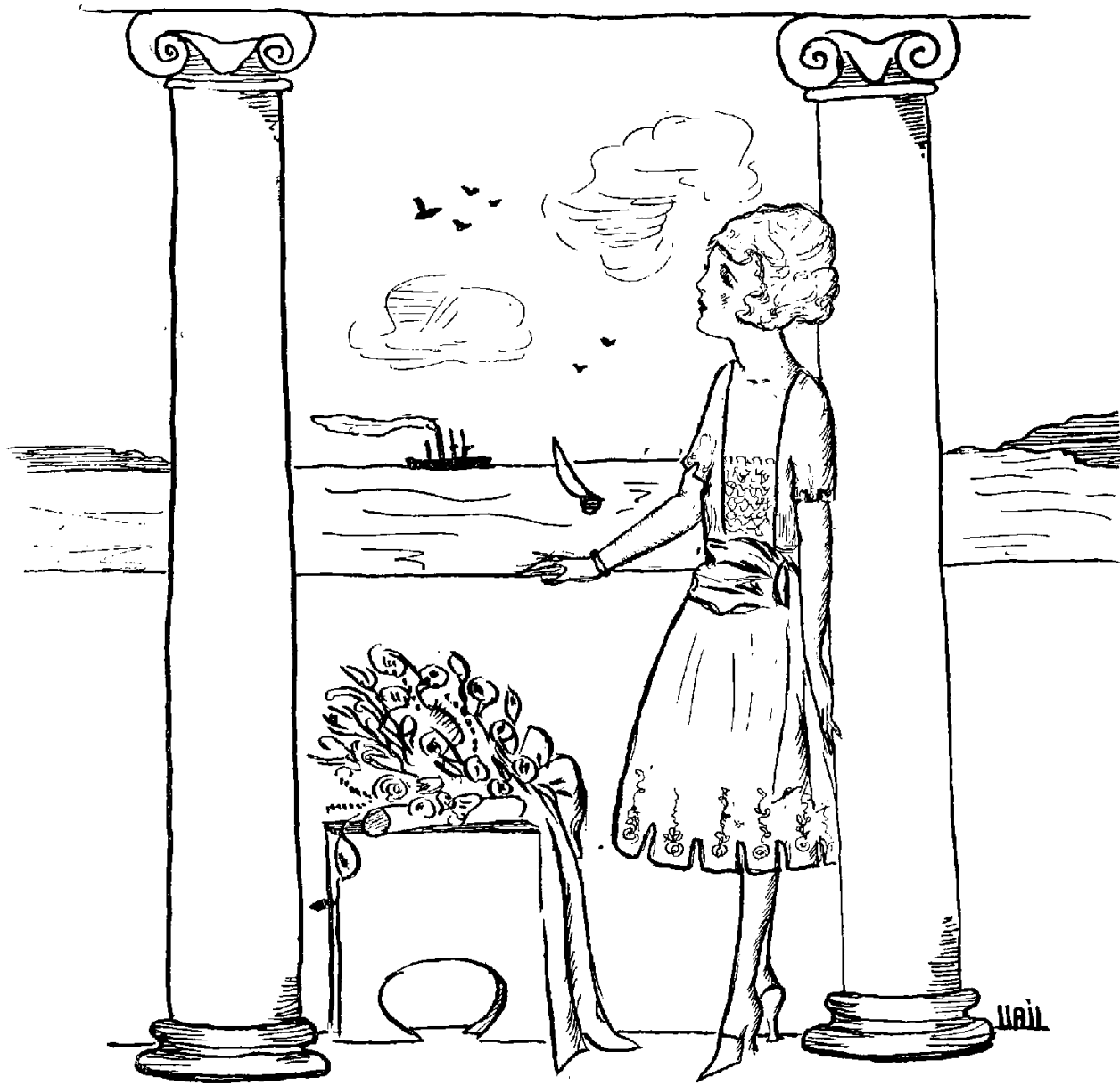
COLLEGE II

MISS HOWELL..... *Class Councilor*
FRANCES WAITE..... *President*
AGNES SATTLER..... *Vice-President*
PHYLLIS ALBERT..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

CLASS COLORS—Green and White

PHYLLIS ALBERT	VIRGINIA ELLIS
MARY BUTTERFIELD	THYRA MARTIN
MILDRED CADWALADER	DOROTHY NAVE
RUTH CHANDLER	ELIZABETH NEWSTEDT
MAXINE CROCKER	AGNES SATTLER
DOROTHY EDWARDS	FRANCES WAITE

AMRAH WOODBURY



Looking out upon the open Sea of Life,
Ready to meet with Gladness or Strife,
Stands the Senior.

Isabel Foster

President of the Senior Class

Honesty, straightforwardness, and conscientiousness are indicated in the above signature. She is bound by rules and conventionalities. Whatever she does she does well but does nothing remarkable or brilliant. The writer is unassuming and shy, but is always trustworthy. She does her duty and is careful at all times to do what she thinks is right regardless of what others may say or think.



Janet Meyers

Vice-President of the Senior Class

Writing of this type shows perseverance and will-power as well as firmness of character. Such a writer is very reserved, uncommunicative and rarely talks of herself or her affairs. The writing indicates a loyal nature and a character of tact and judgment. The writer does not act quickly but weighs carefully all questions before her.



Happy Korn

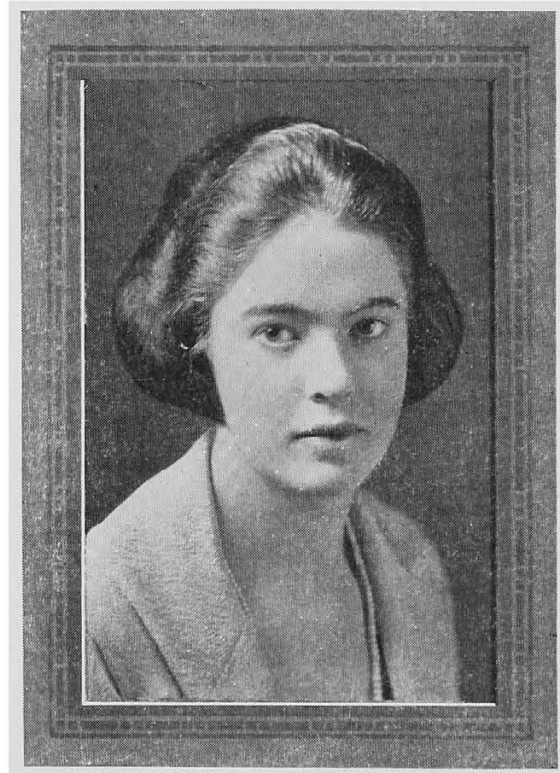
*Secretary and Treasurer of
the Senior Class,
1921 Basket-Ball Team*

Writers of this style are extremely sensitive to their surroundings. They have but little power of concentration, and their thoughts fly from one subject to another. Their pride is readily wounded and they are quick at retaliation. The writing shows extravagance in all things and a bit of egotism. The emotions of the writer are easily aroused. These people are naturally generous and sympathetic.

Eugenia Hornmann

*Assistant Business Manager of
"The Milestone."*

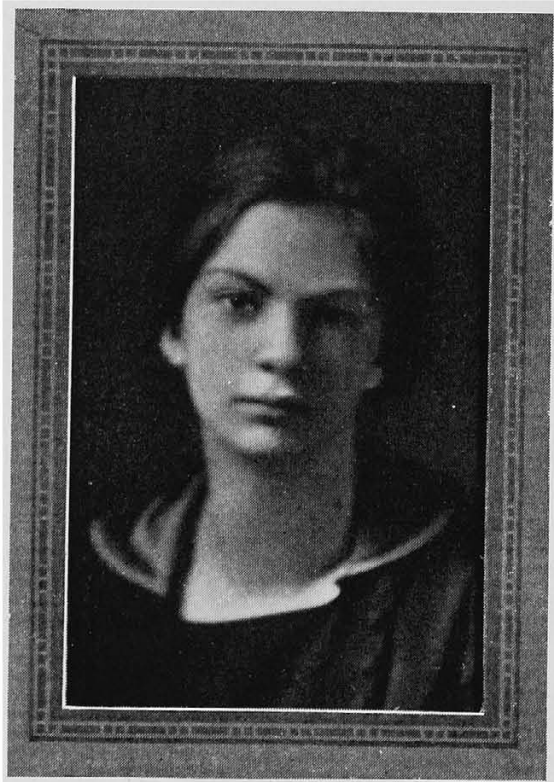
A writing that is well spaced in this manner denotes a person of good judgment; one whose mind is keen and who may be depended upon in matters calling for circumspection and prudence. Such a person is not readily flustered, is naturally a good manager. This writer is nimble-witted and possesses excellent insight. She is usually diplomatic, tactful and shrewd.



Oliver Brown

*Editor-in-Chief of "The Milestone."
Captain of 1921 Basket-Ball Team
Coach 1923 Basket-Ball Team
Coach 1926 Basket-Ball Team*

Writers of this style are not so readily susceptible to the influences of their environment or their emotions. The rounded vertical hand indicates an easy-going disposition but firmness of character is shown in the even letters. The writing denotes that the writer has deep affections but not much susceptibility to sentiment. The entire signature shows firmness and conscientiousness modified by imaginativeness and a tendency to vacillation. The long strokes denote generosity but also extravagance.



Oliver H. Cassatt

The crowded handwriting denotes a saving disposition. The writer is inclined to worry and to be particular about little things. The connected letters show a person of very decided convictions and argumentativeness. She is hard to convince and her actions are governed always by judgment and reason. The decreasing size of the letters shows reserve and a natural reluctance to exposing her true feelings.



Virginia Dale

This writing shows quickness, animation, and much hastiness and intolerance of details. The writer is impulsive and will not submit to dictation. She is of a sociable disposition and enjoys entertaining and being entertained. She has a quick mind and makes decisions hurriedly. She is naturally optimistic and good-natured although this good nature is tempered with argumentativeness.

Katharine Forsyth

This signature denotes that the writer is easy-going, lacks energy, loves pleasure, comfort and luxuries. She is good natured, rarely demonstrative and about the same from one day to the next. The writing has a tendency to be crowded which denotes a thrifty and saving nature.



Dorothy Henderson.

Business Manager of "The Milestone."

1921 Basket-Ball Team

The writer of this signature is generally of a practical turn of mind, is instinctively careful and prudent and does not jump at conclusions. Such a person is a natural reasoner and tends toward being argumentative. The writing is characteristic of lawyers. She is naturally hopeful and not easily discouraged. Such a person is optimistic by nature and although cast down one time after another is always ready to try again.



Mary Louise Isham

The writer of this signature is one who is possessed of much good nature and takes a cheerful view of life. The length of the lower part of the "y" denotes love of exercise and outdoor sports. People who make their "y's" in this fashion are usually good dancers. The curve of the letter indicates a person of conventional ideas and tastes, with a natural inclination to whatever appeals to the fancy or the emotions.



Margaret Mitchell

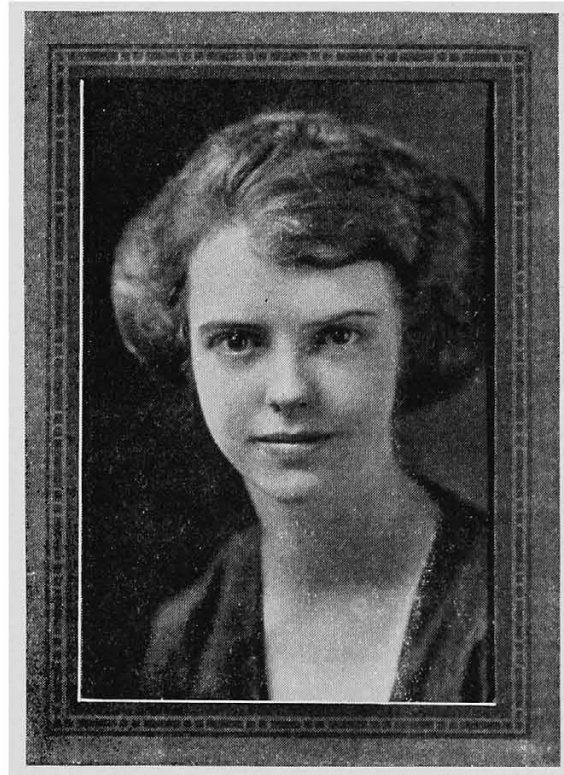
1921 *Basket-Ball Team.*

Assistant Art Editor of "The Milestone."

The writer of this signature is governed largely by her feelings. She is easily pleased and readily stirred to enthusiasm. There is great susceptibility to sentiment and her impulses are the controlling factors of her personality. She is inclined to be headstrong and to lay much stress on trifling matters of form and style. The writing shows that the writer is in a general sense amenable to the common influences of life.

Audrey B. Perwin

The writer of this signature is a natural reasoner and a person of originality and much self-reliance. She has a natural aptitude for executive and administrative work, is a good leader but a poor follower. This style of writing indicates quickness and hastiness as well as impatience, vivacity and animations. Writers of this kind of chirography are usually good talkers and are very entertaining.



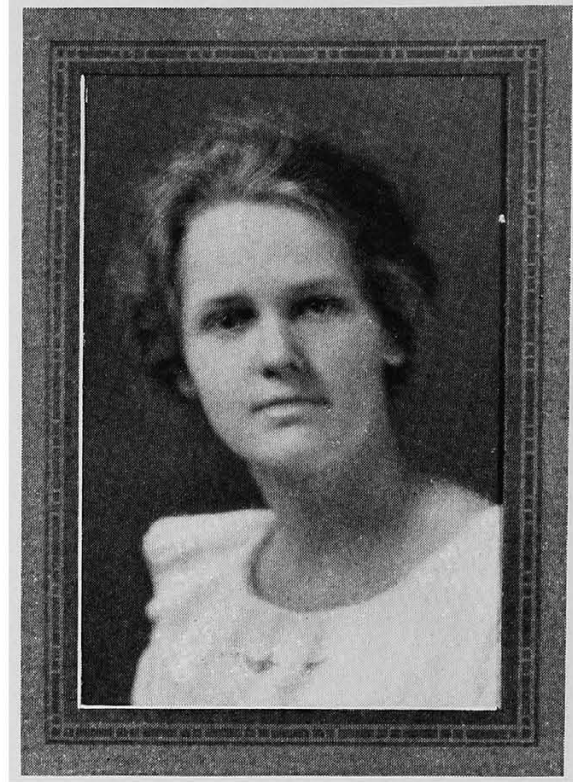
Eunice Chase Resor

Assistant Editor of The "Milestone."

1921 Basket-Ball Team.

Coach 1927 Basket-Ball Team

This handwriting denotes primarily, a person of good judgment; one whose mind is well ordered. Such a writer acts hastily in business matters and rarely is convinced against her better judgment. She is naturally a good manager, careful and conservative. In such writing we have frankness and sincerity. She has no patience with deceit and rises superior to affectation.



Della Cail

Art Editor of "The Milestone."

The writer of this signature is a person capable of concentration, good reasoning powers and originality of ideas. She is able to endure a large amount of fatigue. The upper curve to the writing is indicative of a coquetish nature, gay, fun-loving and fanciful, with a tendency to be flirtatious.



Edith Witherspoon

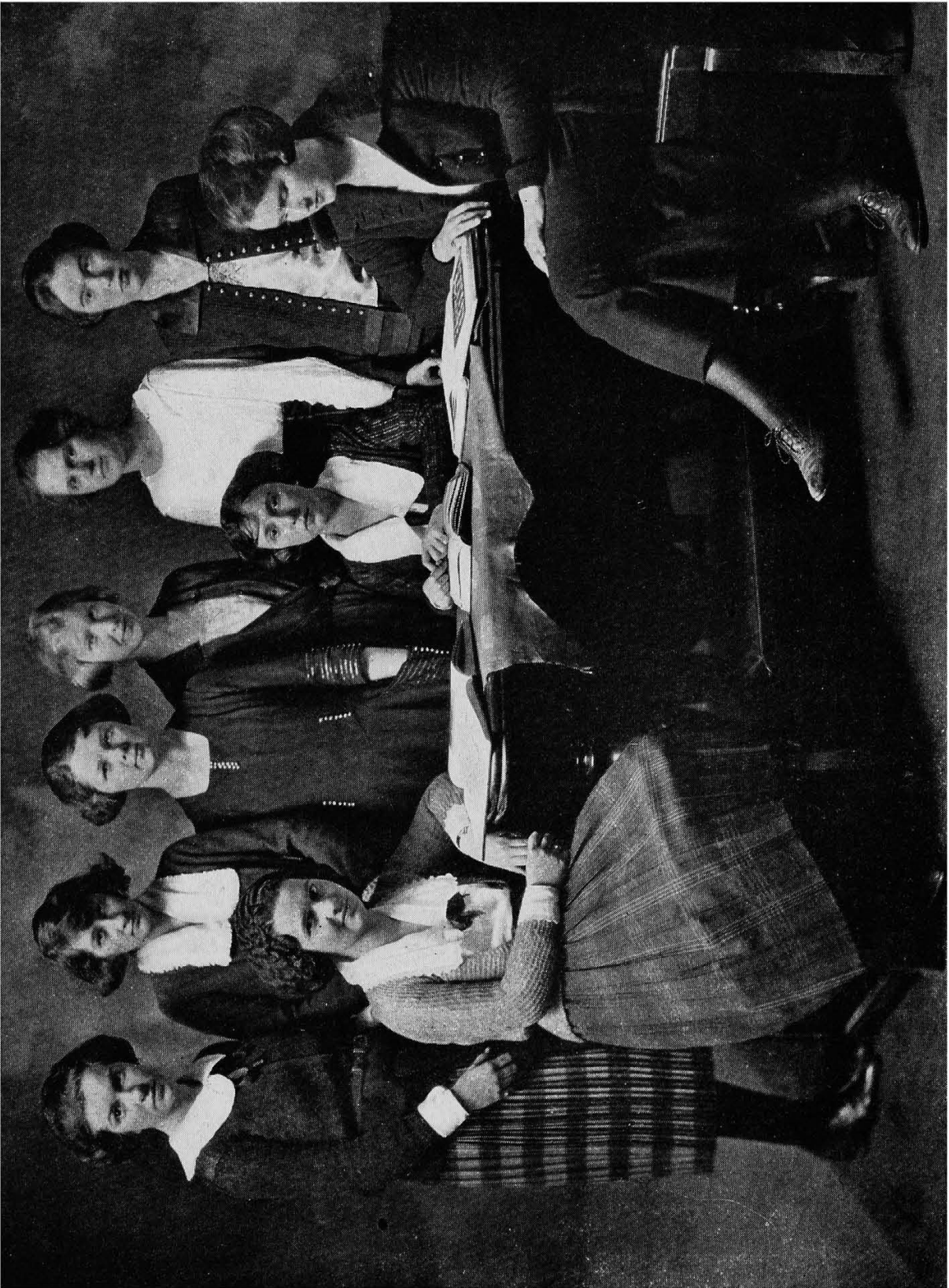
Writers of this style are self-contained, patient and with a natural reticence concerning their personal affairs. They are not apt to make a display of feeling in public, and have a gift of keeping silent and of biding their time. Reserve, quietness and dignity are probable characteristics of the writers. They may enjoy society and companionship, but it is not necessary to them.

Natalie Zuber

1921 Basket-Ball Team.

This signature denotes that the writer is quick of comprehension, observant and critical. There is little that escapes her notice and she is likely to be a good judge of character. Her likes and dislikes are formed quickly and she is guided largely by her impressions. Her first impressions are likely to prove most trustworthy and most nearly correct. She is nimble-witted and possesses excellent insight. Her thoughts turn more readily to the mysterious than to the materialistic.





The Annual Board

AIMÉE BROWN, 1921 *Editor-in-Chief*
EUNICE RESOR, 1921 *Assistant Editor*
DOROTHY HENDERSON, 1921 *Business Manager*
EUGENIA ASMANN, 1921 *Assistant Business Manager*
DELLAH VAIL, 1921 *Art Editor*
MARGARET MITCHEL, 1921 *Assistant Art Editor*

THE STAFF

Dorothy Edwards, 1922 Elizabeth Newstedt, 1922
Ruth Chandler, 1922 Virginia Ellis, 1922

ADVISORY BOARD

Miss Doherty Miss Torrence
Miss Howell Miss Meeds

An Ideal C. P. S. Girl

Disposition	Janet Meyers
Poise	Eugenia Asmann
Hair	Dorothy Henderson
Nose	Mary Louise Isham
Complexion	Dellah Vail
Eyes	Happy Korn
Mouth	Aimée Brown
Teeth	Edith Witherspoon
Figure	Margaret Mitchel
Feet	Audrey Purves
Brains	Natalie Zuber

ATHLETICS





Basket Ball Tournament

SCORES

November 24—Intermediate III (6) vs. Intermediate II (26).
 November 29—Intermediate II (6) vs. Intermediate I (56).
 December 2—Intermediate I (22) vs. Freshmen (30).
 December 3—Freshmen (14) vs. Juniors (30)
 December 9—Sophomores (23) vs. Juniors (30).
 December 10—Juniors (35) vs. Seniors (36).

First Team—College I

AIMÉE BROWN *Captain*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>	<i>Substitutes</i>
Aimée Brown	Eunice Resor	Happy Korn	Isabel Foster
Margaret Mitchel	Natalie Zuber	Dorothy Henderson	Audrey Purves

Second Team—College II

FRANCES WAITE *Captain*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>	<i>Substitutes</i>
Dorothy Edwards	Ruth Chandler	Frances Waite	Mary Butterfield
Maxine Crocker	Virginia Ellis	Agnes Sattler	Phyllis Albert

Third Team—College III

DORETTE KRUSE *Captain*
 AIMÉE BROWN *Coach*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Dorette Kruse	Monica Goebel	Mary McP. Mathews
Eleanor Rapp	Mary Randolph Mathews	Dorothy Lynd

Fourth Team—College IV

JANE ANDERSON *Captain*
 FRANCES WAITE *Coach*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>	<i>Substitutes</i>
Virginia Stevenson	Jane Anderson	Ione Waite	Margaret Minor
Dorothy Herrlinger	Hazlehurst McCaw	Martha Mithoefer	

Fifth Team—Intermediate I

CHRISTINE RAMSEY.....*Captain*

FRANCES WAITE.....*Coach*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Christine Ramsey	Rachel Hartzell	Grace Leyman
Ruth Stevenson	Eleanor Hawley	Natalie Wurlitzer

Sixth Team—Intermediate II

EMILY LEA.....*Captain*

/
AIMEE BROWN.....*Coach*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Helen Louise Taylor	Emily Lea	Betty Livingood
Thomasia Hancock	Frances Suire	Betty Jane Reed

Seventh Team—Intermediate III

JOSEPHINE BRENEMAN.....*Captain*

EUNICE RESOR.....*Coach*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>	<i>Substitutes</i>
Josephine Breneman	Isabelle Resor	Sarah Lippincott	Virginia Davis
Anne Clifford	Olga Ault	Anne McCormick	Katharine Taft

Contributions from Collegiate Department

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Eugenia Asmann—Flunking Geometry.

Aimée Brown—Forgetting to say “Good Morning,” to Miss Langenbeck.

Virginia Dale—With straight hair.

Katherine Forsyth—Without her southern drawl.

Isabelle Foster—Talkative.

Dorothy Henderson—Forgetful of New Jersey.

Mary Louise Isham—Without her giggle.

Happy Korn—Without the Culver Ring.

Janet Meyers—At school on time for roll call.

Margaret Mitchel—Lacking enthusiasm.

Audrey Purves—With a whole hair net.

Eunice Resor—Worried.

Edith Witherspoon—Never being absent.

Natalie Zuber—Without an “Honor Button.”

Dellah Vail—Without color.

THE SONG OF THE LUTE

I heard the lute one summer's day;
It seemed an aged tune to play,
 Of castles cold,
 Of knights of old;
Of myriad tales in song it told.

It wandered with its master far,
While singing songs of feudal war,
 Of plunging steeds,
 And courtly deeds,
Of caves where hermits told their beads.

One night a Highland storm arose;
The Highland woods wailed loud their woes.
 The thunder drowned
 Their cracking sound
As giant trees fell to the ground.

Completely drenched, by firelight's glow,
Master and lute watched long the flow.
 Down mountain sides
 Came rushing tides,
The fearful noise of land that slides.

“Alas!” the bard cried in despair,
“To die, to die I do not dare.”
 A crash—a roar—
 And all was o'er.
The lute spoke not, nor will speak more.

* * * * *

But legendary tales do say
When storms wage fierce the lute does play.
 The notes come slow,
 Rise sweet and low,
And fill the tumult with their woe.

SARAH PIERCE MATTHEWS, *College IV.*

(Collegiate Department Prize Poem.)

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

IT WAS the first day of school and all had gone well. I glanced over my program; singing came next.

"Well!" I thought, "I guess I'll go—it's never any trouble."

So it was with a light heart that I walked blithely into the "gym" that fateful morning and settled myself next to Tee Rogers.

"P-ss-st," I poked Tee, "Say! who's the new teacher. My dear, this will be more fun."

"Will it? Gee! that was an awful look she gave us," replied Tee.

The class settled down, but we continued to exchange opinions in a low, mumbling monotone. I was just describing my latest crush, when my thoughts were rudely interrupted.

"What is your name, please," asked Miss Smith, looking severely at me.

"Dorothy Lawson," I answered.

"Will you please stop talking?"

I assented agreeably. It was just as well to be nice about it, and resumed my conversation with Tee. Suddenly my heart missed a beat. Were my eyes and ears deceiving me? No—! Miss Smith was asking Jean to sing the scales. Jean, red in mental agony, weakly murmured, "I can't," but the poor creature was forced, literally forced to sing the scales, somewhat waveringly, it is true, but sing them she did.

"P-ss-st," I babbled to Tee. My dear! this is an outrage. Why! if she asked me to do that, I'd simply tell her that I couldn't. Why, Tee! I'm a wreck. What if she does? My dear, I just can't do it."

"Dot," replied Tee hoarsely, "She's looking at me. Oh! my word!" she groaned, for the stern voice had said: "Will the red-haired girl sing the triads?"

Tee rose weakly. She swallowed twice, then began. Her voice wavered and fell.

"Ye Gods!" she muttered and started over. I laughed with the rest. Oh! shades of a guilty conscience. Finally Tee sat down.

"My dear!" I whispered, "This is horrible, I *won't sing.*"

“You just can’t help yourself,” gasped Tee. “Oh! Dot, I’ll never be the same.”

“Will the girl on the other side of the last girl who sang, please sing the triads?”

I looked over at Polly, who sat on Tee’s left and smiled sweetly, only to find Polly grinning at me. A feeling of fear crept around my heart. Hoping for the best, I raised my eyes and found—Oh! will I ever forget that moment? I found Miss Smith looking directly at me. I was dumfounded. Tee obligingly seized my books as they slid to the floor. I arose in a daze.

“But, Miss Smith,” I began, “I *can’t* sing, why I never sang, you see—.” But that stony hearted woman cut me short.

“Go on and try,” she said.

I glanced up to the ceiling as if to seek heavenly aid. My wandering eye caught sight of a fly slowly traveling about and I decided to concentrate on the fly. Some misguided person once told me concentration helps you to forget the bitter things of life. A horrible silence ensued. Finally I knew I *must* say something.

“Will you please sound ‘do,’ ” I said.

Miss Smith played meaningless chords on the piano.

“I think it’s a little high,” I murmured. That was all I could say. I had no idea what she had played.

“Try it,” was the only response.

I felt my face growing hotter and hotter. Oh! eyes! eyes! eyes! Never have I seen so many curious, unsympathetic eyes as were turned on me, and some even dared to laugh.

“Do—Me—Sol,” I began, but ended suddenly. My voice would not go higher. In secret chagrin I thought of that “g” I had once reached with the aid of the piano; and why, oh! why, was everything so misty. Was I going to cry?

“I can’t do it, Miss Smith,” I gasped and collapsed. Tee boosted me up as that unrelenting voice said:

“Try it.”

“Do—Me—Sol,” oh! how easy it seemed when she sang it.

Bravely I started out. This time I sang it through. The effort was really super-human, and with the final note my voice broke and Tee comfortingly seized my hand. But—I heard Miss Smith say unfeelingly, “Try it again.”

I looked at her beseechingly, imploringly, in fact I would have begged her on bended knees, had she not turned her attention elsewhere.

“Do—Me—Sol,” I started weakly, and after an interminable period, I finished. Tee declares I didn’t stay in tune once, but I must have. With the last note my knees gave away and I sank wearily down. I tried to hide my burning face, but still everyone stared. Oh! was she going to say—Try it again?

I felt I could stand no more, and I looked at her. She *was* going to say it, I saw it coming, in fact the words were trembling on her lips, when the bell, the students oasis in the desert of weary classes, rang.

With a gasp of relief, that was almost a sob, I gathered my scattered wits and belongings and fled. Violently I assured Tee of my wrath, righteous wrath I called it, and declared that never! never! never! would I go back in that class. But I did and still Miss Smith patiently murmurs:

“Try it again.”

MARY G. ANDREW, *College III*.

RED PAINT

AS A special honor, for good conduct, the Seniors of East High were given the privilege of wearing class pins. We, the Juniors, who certainly would never be honored because of our good conduct, considered ourselves slighted and decided to wear class pins, too. The next morning we all appeared with huge safety pins on our lapels and felt that we had regained our lost dignity. But alas! The Faculty, observing our decorations, decided that we would look more dignified without the safety pins. We removed them feeling terribly abused.

We held a meeting the next day in our barn, for the purpose of planning a deep and lasting revenge. Finally we decided that it would soothe our ruffled feeling if we painted our graduation date on the school house door. The date, we decided, should be artistically done in red paint. My cousin Dick, and I were chosen to carry out this lovely plan, and we were nothing loath. That evening Dick and I borrowed my mother's can opener (without her knowledge of course), and then went to the drug store and bought a can of brilliant red paint including a paint brush. The can opener, the paint and paint brush, and a lantern we hid in the barn. We decided to paint the door on Sunday night.

Sunday evening Dick and I started out for church. We had decided to go to church, so that we could prove an alibi in case our whereabouts should be questioned when the faculty were seeking the artists. After church we strolled leisurely along until the church goers had dispersed, went to the barn and procured our paint and lantern and then set out at a brisk pace for the school house. Now it was in the dead of winter and the school house was supplied with storm doors. Dick was to make artistic attempts on the inner door, while I was to stand just outside the storm doors and keep guard. It was also my duty to announce at intervals, "All's well!" that is, if nothing happened to the contrary. The good work had barely started when I spied the janitor, "Old Whiskers," so called because of his ferocious-looking ones. Before I had time to warn Dick "Old Whiskers" was upon me, and I took to my heels as speedily as I could. He chased me for about half a block and then turned back toward the school house and Dick. Horrified, I saw him mount the steps. Dick, thinking it was I, without turning around said:

"D'you see anybody? I'm almost through!"

"It'll be a long time before I'm through with you," exclaimed a deep voice. Dick knew that voice. He had heard it before, to his sorrow, but Dick wasn't going to be taken without a fight. Grabbing the can of paint he flung it at "Old Whiskers," hitting him squarely in the face. He dived between that dazed man's legs, and as he ran down the steps he heard "Old Whiskers" say in a horrified voice: "Red Paint!"

JOSEPHINE GALBRAITH, *College IV.*

SUNSET IN THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS

When the sun, a disk all golden,
In the west is setting low,
Then it is the Big Horn Mountains
All afire, shine and glow.

For the clouds from fleecy whiteness
Change to amethyst and gold;
And upon the snow-capped mountains
Cast hues lovely to behold.

Rock Creek, from its source, Fen Glacier
Rushing, through Red Canyon flows.
In its splashing, shining waters
Dance the sun's rays to and fro.

Through the shadows of the twilight
Comes the camping party home.
High above them screams the eagle,
Down below the waters foam.

Down on mountain and in valley
Sink the cool mists of the night.
Little prairie-dogs go running
In the sage-brush, out of sight.

Now the sun, behind the mountains
In its glory seems to fall.
Murmuring pines in crag and valley
Whisper a good-night to all.

EUNICE CHASE RESOR, *College 1.*

GUS

(Collegiate Prize Story)

THE temperature of the furnace room, if it had been taken, would have registered about eighty-five degrees. Pop, tilted back in his chair, was perfectly contented to sit tilted back, with his hands idly folded and to send occasionally a short swift stream of tobacco juice toward the hot furnace, where, with a hiss and a sizzle, it dried. Pop was lazy and devoutly thankful that his son Gus had such a good, steady position as janitor for a church situated amidst the houses of all his cronies. Gus was a son to be proud of, even now Pop listened to him.

“Now see here, you’s got to fix that there stove up good cause Mr. Williams, the president of the gas company, is a communicus of our church, and if the job ain’t done up good, you’ll get fired.” The old man looked up as his son entered the cubicle, his sandy hair in wild disarray, bushy eyebrows shading kindly blue eyes. Who, thought Pop, wouldn’t be proud of a son with such a swell set of gold teeth!

“Look a here, Pop,” began Gus, depositing his cleaning rags, and snapping with vim his suspenders against his brilliant blue shirt, “I thinki t’s about time the boy was a getin’ married; here he is nineteen years old and due for promotion in the fire department. Now he ain’t much on the courtin’ and we got to help him along. Lester’s like his ma, first give him an idea and a little proddin’ and he can beat any one. Why, his Uncle Lem says, there ain’t no one keeps his head better at a fire, why he was tellin’ me, he always stays right where he’s put and never causes no commotion. Really, Pop, I think we’d better give him a shove towards some nice girl.”

Pop spat and listened with evident relish to the sizzle, before he looked up. “Yep,” he said shifting his quid to the other cheek. “Yep, you’s know best Gus.” So on Wednesday the day that the mother’s meeting was held, Gus on the best of terms with all the members, drew Mrs. Beers, the mother of an eligible daughter to one side, and broached the subject of Lester and matrimony.

“Now you see Mis’ Beers I thought if you was to bring Flory round to the sociable we could introduce ’em careless like, cause, of course, if they thought we was settin’ on matrimony they wouldn’t take to each other at all.” So the plans were laid, and on the night of the sociable, the parents of the unsuspecting Flory and Lester brought them arrayed in all their finery to the sociable. It was plain to be seen that Flory and Lester took to each other and Gus and Mrs. Beers gave one another many a knowing nudge of the elbow.

Pop and Lester, several days later, were in the furnace room, Pop enjoying his usual pastime and Lester sitting with his chin in his hands, staring vacantly

at the furnace. Gus entered and surveyed the couple with pride. He immediately began to question and tease Lester about Flory. Lester, with rather an impatient gesture, cut him short. "Ah, can that stuff, Dad. I'm going to get married."

The front legs of Pop's chair hit the floor with a bang and Gus snapped his suspenders with such vim that dust arose, in the cloud of which he saw himself turned into a Cupid-like person, conducting a matrimonial bureau. In the same level, lazy tones Lester continued, "We got the license today and if you fix it up for a nice wedding, I'll have her here tomorrow morning." Gus almost flew around making arrangements for the wedding and first thing in the morning went around to Mrs. Beers. He quite agreed with Mrs. Beers that it was pretty sly of Flory not to say anything about it and thought it would be a pretty good joke if Mrs. Beers would be setting in the church next to him as cool as you please.

The next morning the organ of the church pealed forth the strains of Lohengrin under the willing fingers of the organist. From the vestibule stepped Lester, in a bright blue, new suit, garnished at the button-hole with a vivid red geranium. His eyes were set on the protruding toes of his new yellow shoes. Another figure stepped from the vestibule, and as Mrs. Beer's eyes rested on the bride she collapsed on the cushioned pew. For the bride was not her Flory, but one Bridget Gilligan, an ungainly girl, the daughter of Mrs. Beer's rival for the leadership in the sewing-circle. Gus was shocked and decidedly hurt that Lester had not picked the girl that had been chosen for him, nevertheless, he marched up the aisle behind the couple and stood next to them as the minister began the service.

"I, Lester, take thee, Bridget," said the Reverend Mr. Jones. Gus, fearing that Lester had not heard the minister's instructions about repeating the service, said sotto voice, "Go ahead boy, say just as Jones tells you and speak up loud!" So Lester and Bridget were married by the parson with Gus's aid.

* * * * *

The furnace room in the center of the basement was as cool a spot in July as could be found in town. Gus sat upon the soap box with his back against the cool iron of the furnace. "I tell you, Pop, Lester showed himself a good son of his daddy when he married Bridget. By golly, she sure is a help, when it comes to scrubbin' up for Sunday. And Lester! Say Pop, to think our boy's got to be a lieutenant in the fire department!" Gus gave his suspenders a snap, gathered up his cleaning rags and left to tidy up the church for Sunday.

AUDREY PURVES, *College I.*

BILLY'S SUNDAYS

WHAT'S the matter with Billy?" inquired Mr. Horton, pausing a moment, while carving the turkey, to glance at his son, who was sitting in a dejected attitude gazing at his coat button.

"Oh, it's nothing except that Mrs. Stevens has asked Billy to go to the concert with herself and Jack, and Billy doesn't want to go," replied his wife. "I think it will do him good. I have said several times I think Billy ought to take music lessons."

"Mother! For the love of Mike what *do* you think I am? One of those fellows who say 'No, I can't practice on the team today, I have to take my music lesson!' I suppose you want me to be so silly that none of the boys will speak to me."

"Well, of course, if that is the way you are going to take any advantages given you, I would hate to say what kind of a person you're going to be later on," said his father. "Now when I was a boy—."

Billy had heard that phrase before and he also knew what would follow, so he rose and flung his napkin on the chair, and stalked out of the room.

"Ma?"

"Teddy, don't call your mother such a name, I don't like it."

"Well 'mother' then, if that suits you better, I don't see why you don't punish Billy for being naughty. Whenever I leave the table and say anything sassy, its 'Teddy go right up stairs and sit in your room until you can be good.' But you never say a word about Billy and it's not fair."

"Now Teddy, you just stay out of this, mother and I can manage without your help."

"All right, sometime maybe you'll wish you did have my help and then you'll be sorry."

In the end, Billy went to the concert after trying many means of escape.

The next evening Jack came over and the two boys went up to Billy's room to smoke. Jack had done the same thing before, so he began stuffing the cracks and key-hole with paper. While doing so he said:

“Gee whiz! what makes your mother so old fashioned? I’m glad that every time I want to smoke I don’t have to do it on the sneak. You didn’t seem to like the concert much. I’ll bet you couldn’t even tell what they played. What in the world were you looking at all the time? I told mother it would be foolish to take you but she insisted upon it.”

When Jack had finished his work of stuffing the door he looked over at Billy, who was sitting on the edge of his bed with his chin in his hands gazing at the pattern on the carpet. But Billy didn’t see the carpet; he only saw what was in his mind. After looking at him a few moments in this attitude, Jack said:

“Gee whiz! What’s got into you? What in the world is on your mind? I should think you’d pay some attention to me. Gee whiz!”

“Oh what—what did you say? What?” asked Billy hurriedly.

“Nothing,” said Jack simply, wondering what in the world was the matter with Billy.

“Well, get the smokes out can’t you? Do I always have to wait on you? Help yourself, I don’t want any.”

“Say for goodness sake, what’s the matter with you? Shall I call your mother?”

Billy gave him an icy glare and returned his attentions to the carpet.

“For the love of Mike! Is there anything wrong in a fellow thinking once in a while? Can’t you leave me alone? There’s the ‘Saturday Evening’ on the table and some candy.”

But Jack didn’t feel like reading.

“What do ask a fellow over here for if you’re not even going to talk to him? I can smoke in peace at home without all this tomfoolery—so good-bye.”

“Good-bye,” said Billy calmly. He didn’t care what happened. The world could come to an end for all he cared. Slowly he thrust his hands in his pocket and pulled out some money. Two—four—twenty-five—thirty-five. Four dollars and thirty-five cents. He sat looking at the money for a while then thrust it in his pockets again and went to bed.

The next morning Billy hurried down to breakfast and found the family had finished. He turned to his father who was reading the paper and said.

“Father?”

“Well?”

“May I have my allowance please and—”

“And what?”

“And——”

“Don’t waste my time, what do you want?”

“Father I was wondering if—if you would lend me a couple of dollars just till next week.”

“What is this for? I suppose you need some kind of a new baseball suit eh? Not on your life. What do you think your allowance is for?”

“But father, it’s not for anything like that. I know you wouldn’t mind if I did this—only I can’t tell.”

“Well, there’s something queer about it, if you can’t tell me what you want the money for.”

And Mr. Horton turned to his paper again.

“Say Billy,” said Teddy, “I’ll lend you two dollars at ten per cent interest a week.”

“All right,” said Billy ready to agree to anything in order to get the money.

On Sunday afternoon two weeks later, Mr. and Mrs. Horton sitting in the library were discussing Billy.

“By the way, where is Billy?” asked Mr. Horton.

“I don’t know. There’s something queer about that boy lately. He goes around the house all day long as if he were the only person in it. And he’s getting so absent-minded, I’m worried about him. He sits some times a half an hour at a time just gazing off in the distance. What he can be thinking about is beyond me. Every Sunday afternoon he goes out. I used to think he went for long walks but I have changed my mind. I wish I did know.”

“Is there any reason why you shouldn’t ask him?”

“No, but he never mentions it himself and I have an idea it’s something he doesn’t want us to know about. I know it’s nothing to worry about but just the same I do worry. I can’t help it.”

“When he comes in this evening I’m going to question him. There’s no use in your worrying yourself to death.”

“Don’t be hard on him. Remember that you were a boy once too.”

At supper Mr. Horton asked Billy what he had been doing all afternoon.

“Oh, nothing,” said Billy. “Ah-ah father, have you heard about the latest invention?”

“I know where he’s been and I know where he goes every Sunday,” put in Teddy. “He’s got it all written down in some book he calls a diary and you know what?”

“Teddy!” exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Horton together.

“I’m not going to tell, cause you said you could manage Billy without my help.”

At that moment the maid announced a caller and Billy and Teddy were left alone.

“Say Ted, what do you want most of all?”

“A real airplane.”

“Well, if you’ll shut up and not say any more about this, I’ll give you one. Now, remember, if I hear one word about this to anyone you don’t get it.”

“All right, it’s a go,” replied Teddy.

The next week Billy was told that he would have to stay at home for they were going to have company.

“An old school friend of mine, and her daughter are visiting here. In fact, they have been here all winter and I never knew it, so I have asked them over for Sunday dinner. She said something about the concert, so if they leave early there will be plenty of time for you to go out.”

“Oh mother, for the love of Mike! Then I’ll be late to—to, Oh gee.!”

“Late to what, Billy?” inquired his mother.

“Nothing. I suppose I’ll have to stay at home. Gosh.”

Billy went up to his room and moped around. He wouldn’t go down till the last minute. He didn’t know how to talk to girls so what was the use?

“Billy,” came from down-stairs.

“Billy!”

Billy, with his hands in his pockets, thumped down the stairs just as his mother entered the dining room.

“Billy, I want you to meet Charlotte Hamilton.”

Billy looked, was staggered and uttered a few indistinct words. He looked again and then sat down beside her.

Teddy, sitting across the table, looked at both of them. A look of wonderment and amusement came over his face.

“Say Billy, I’ve decided I don’t want an airplane, and anyhow I know you couldn’t pay for it because you haven’t even paid back those two dollars I lent you.”

Billy became scarlet and then white. What could he do? Slide under the table? He tried to speak but the words wouldn’t come to him.

Ma’ do you want to know what Billy does on Sunday and what I read in his diary? He goes to the concert every Sunday but not to hear the music. Do you want to know why he goes? He goes to see *Miss Charlotte Hamilton.*”

Mrs. and Mrs. Horton both gave a gasp and changed the subject.

ELEANOR RAPP, *College III.*

OFFICER OR FURNITURE ?

“Evenin’, Sister, how you do?
Howdy, Brother, how are you?
Glad to see you—’deed I am,
Turn that cheer aroun’ here, Sam.

Go ’long chillun—run an’ play,
Mammy ain’t tole you to stay,
Never seed these folks befo’?
Sho’ you is. Now shut that do’.

Been to preachin’ I suppose,
What the tex’ the preacher chose?
Marthy tole me ’bout a fight,
Don’t know if I heard it right.”

“Sho’ nuff, Sister, had a row.
Cause? Ain’t had no cause nohow.
Brother Swan got awful mad,
Showed jest how much sense he had.

Preacher rose from off his knees,
Sez he, “Spittin’ spreads disease;
So’s you won’t spit on the flo’
We ought to have a cuspido’.”

Brother Jim he raise his head
‘I agree with what you said,
I’d like to vote befo’ I go
For Brother Swan fo’ cuspido’.’

Brother Swan he jump up quick,
Made fo’ Jimmy with his stick;
Preacher clum up on a cheer,
Sez he, ‘Don’t let ’em fight in here!’

Soon's we got 'em in the yard
(My, but they was fightin' hard!)
Ole Jedge Yancey pass that way,
Stopped his horse an' hollered, "Hey

Quit that boys, you quit it now,
Church ain't just the place to row;
I'll settle this tomorrow sho'
Come to me at half past fo'.'

Deedy yes, that's all I know
Hate to leave but I mus' go;
Tomorrow got to walk three miles
To testify at that thar trial.'

KATHARINE FORSYTH, *College I.*

HEARD IN AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS

Miss Torrence—What state did the Virginian have to cross to reach Washington?

Aimée Brown—Vermont.

Miss Torrence—What was the first important battle of the Civil War?

Audrey Purves—Bunker Hill.

SHADES OF PROHIBITION

Miss Torrence—You'll find Beer in the library.

The Alumnae

MEMBERS OF THE C. P. S. ALUMNAE

1907

Cadwalader, Louise
 Kroger, Lucile, B. A., Wellesley
 Osmond, Emelie Schmidlapp
 (Mrs. E. A. Osmond)

1908

Clark, Margaret, B. A., U. of C.
 Clark, Marianne
 Holden, Grace Morgen
 (Mrs. Reuben Holden)
 McCullough, Ethel, B. A., Vassar

1909

Eaton, Ruth Crothers
 (Mrs. Chester Eaton)
 *Faran, Jane
 Goodall, Winnifred,
 B. A., Bryn Mawr
 Lyons, Virginia Bell
 (Mrs. W. L. Lyons)
 Rawson, Gwendolyn,
 B. A., Bryn Mawr
 Schmuck, Ruth Kinsey
 B. A., Vassar
 (Mrs. Thomas Schmuck)
 Staley, Marion Gaulding
 (Mrs. W. B. Staley)

* Deceased.

1910

Anderson, Julia
 Dimock, Imogen Kinsey,
 B. A., Vassar,
 (Mrs. George E. Dimock).
 Dominick, Helen
 Dittman, Barbara Thrasher
 (Mrs. George Dittman)
 Healy, Charlotte
 Kessing, Jennie Moffett
 (Mrs. Oliver Kessing)
 Toe Water, Charlotte Shipley
 (Mrs. George M. Toe Water)
 Williams, Louise

1911

Banks, Louise Root
 (Mrs. Phillip W. Banks)
 Buhr, Corinne Lawson
 (Mrs. J. Arthur Buhr)
 Craig, Ruth Thrasher, B. A., Vassar)
 (Mrs. James Craig)
 Faran, Ange
 Green, Helen Kinsey, B. A., Vassar
 (Mrs. Joseph Green)
 Hill, Adelaide Singleton
 (Mrs. Lamar Hill)

Marmillot, Jean Sattler
B. A., Bryn Mawr.
(Mrs. Maurice Jean Marmillot)
Waterman, Mary Mallon
(Mrs. Alan F. Waterman)

1912

Buckingham, Doris Rogers
(Mrs. Alfred O. Buckingham)
Carothers, Helen Holmes,
B. A., Bryn Mawr,
(Mrs. Ralph G. Carothers)
Crothers, Aline Moore,
B. A., Vassar,
(Mrs. Stanley W. Crothers)
Donogh, Dorothy
Duncan, Dorothy
Egan, Marie Kupferschmidt
(Mrs. Clarence Egan)
Faran, Angeline Loveland,
B. A., Wellesley,
(Mrs. James John Faran)
Glascock, Katharine
Godley, Katharine,
B. A., Bryn Mawr.
Meacham, Adele Campbell,
B. A., Vassar,
(Mrs. Laurence Meacham)
Price, Grace Grimm
(Mrs. Stewart Price)
Simrall, Lillian Crothers
Smith, Harriet Blackburn
(Mrs. Eugene G. Smith)
Strobridge, Mary Elizabeth Kemper
(Mrs. J. M. Strobridge)

1913

Bahlman, Janet Rhodes
(Mrs. William Bahlman)
Greer, Mildred Chase
(Mrs. Sidney Chase)
Hicks, Madeline, B. A., Wellesley
Holmes, Mary Herbert
(Mrs. William Holmes)
Kroger, Helen
Kroger, Jane Griffith
(Mrs. Chester Frederick Kroger)
Tangeman, Margaret, B. A., Vassar
Thrasher, Corinne, B. A., U. of C.

1914

Baker, Beatrice Carmichael
(Mrs. C. W. Baker)
Brown, Nellie Knabe
(Mrs. S. K. Brown)
Dunn, Helen Justice
(Mrs. Donald Dunn)
Flynt, Helen Geier, B. A., Vassar
(Mrs. Henry N. Flynt)
Gordon, Ruth Hatfield,
B. A., U. of C.,
(Mrs. Harry Lincoln Gordon)
Hinsch, Marjorie
Hofer, Gwendolyn Crawford
(Mrs. Richard H. Hofer)
Holden, Mary Landis
(Mrs. Ira S. Holden)
Howe, Frances
Mallon, Sophia, B. A., Vassar
Pogue, Dorothy Barrett
(Mrs. Patterson Pogue)

1915

Farny, Margaret Withrow,
 B. A., Wellesley,
 (Mrs. Eugene Farny)
 Homer, Louise Kinney
 (Mrs. James Louis Homer)
 Langdon, Harriet, B. A., Vassar
 Littleford, Mildred Brooks,
 B. A., Vassar,
 (Mrs. John Littleford)
 Mane, Olive Koehler
 (Mrs. Harold W. Mane)
 Ricketts, Frances Pogue
 (Mrs. James Laws Ricketts)
 Sohngen, Jean Butterfield
 (Mrs. Schuler W. Sohngen)
 Suydam, Elizabeth
 Witten, Julia McLaren
 (Mrs. Laurence C. Witten)

1916

Camacho, Oriel
 Chase, Louise, B. A., Wellesley
 Goodall, Mary Forker
 (Mrs. William Goodall)
 Jones, Ida Crothers
 (Mrs. James G. Jones)
 Keck, Mary Lou Moore
 (Mrs. Karl G. Keck)
 Langdon, Myra, B. A., Vassar
 Lyon, Dorothy
 McCurdy, Virginia Geier
 (Mrs. Gilbert J. C. McCurdy)
 Nonnez, Annie Palmer
 (Mrs. Henri Nonnez)
 Rogers, Kathryn

1917

Anderson, Dorothy, B. A., Vassar
 Anderson, Margaret
 Blake, Elizabeth
 Galvin, Julie
 *Guckenberger, Jean
 Hatfield, Louise
 Holloway, Dorothy
 Houston, Miriam Tate
 (Mrs. David F. Houston)
 Hughes, Mable
 Johnson, Frances
 LeBlond, Elizabeth Conroy
 (Mrs. Harold LeBlond)
 Loveland, Clara, B. A., Wellesley
 McLaren, Louise, B. A., Smith
 Scherl, Louise B. A., U. of C.
 Shipley, Hannah, B. A., Smith
 Upson, Alice Barnard
 (Mrs. Mark Upson)
 Wilson, Ruth

1918

Cooper, Ruth
 Dinsmore, Jane
 Hatfield, Virginia
 Hayward, Dorothy
 Ludwick, Mary Elizabeth Pratt
 (Mrs. Frederick J. Ludwick)
 Lynn, Grace
 McKay, Barbara
 Marz, Guida

—————
 * Deceased.

Montgomery, Alice Boyce Cope
(Mrs. Vaughn Montgomery)
Pennington, Anne
Serodino, Helen
Smith, Jane
Zeigler, Mildred

1919

Beckler, Virginia
Behrens, Ellen
Brown, Marguerite
Dail, Helen
Fisk, Isabelle
Hayward, Marion
Kaiper, Helen
Mallon, Hannah
Mendenhall, Anne
Pape, Alice
Ramsey, Harriet

1920

Burger, Adelaide
Cooper, Martha
Fenton, Anita
Harvey, Edith
Lane, Geneva
Lee, Helen
Meyers, Dorothy
Miller, Katharine
Mundy, Martha
McKinney, Anne

Perkins, Polly
Sparrow, Elizabeth
Talbert, Dorothy
Wurlitzer, Janet

1921

Asmann, Eugenia
Brown, Aimée
Cassatt, Olivia
Dale, Virginia
Forsyth, Katharine
Foster, Isabel
Henderson, Dorothy
Isham, Mary Louise
Korn, Happy
Meyers, Janet
Mitchel, Margaret
Purves, Audrey
Resor, Eunice Chase
Vail, Dellah
Witherspoon, Edith
Zuber, Natalie

Honorary Members

Doherty, Mary Harlan
Howell, Jean
Hunt, Louise
Langenbeck, Clara
Langenbeck, Anna

ENGAGEMENTS

Helen Kroger and Rudolph Homan.
Frances Howe and Alfred Bishop.
Ruth Enger and Robert Ives.
Elizabeth Suydam and Samuel Sheffield.
Martha Shipley and James Monroe.
Frances Johnson and Turpin Gerrard
Rosan Krippendorf and Phillip Jerome Clark.

MARRIAGES

Virginia Geier and Gilbert James C. McCurdy.
Ida Elizabeth Crothers and James Guy Jones.
Anne Quinn Palmer and Henri Nonnez.
Louise Trevor and Stanley August Ferger.
Virginia Suydam and Samuel Sheffield.
Louise McLean Ayres and Archibald H. Rowan.
Olive Ellen Koehler and Harold Williams Mane.
Julia McLaren and Laurence C. Witten.
Jean Butterfield and Schuler William Sohngen.
Frances Law Pogue and James Laws Ricketts.
Ruth Hatfield and Harry Lincoln Gordon.
Helen Margaret Geier and Henry N. Flynt
Jane Griffith and Chester Frederick Kroger.
Angeline Haldeman Loveland and James John Faran, Jr.
Jean Sattler and Maurice Jean Marmillot.
Helen Buchanan Holmes and Ralph Goldsmith Carothers.
Doris Hayes Rogers and Alfred O. Buckingham.
Louise Kinney and James Louis Homer
Jennie Moffett and Oliver Kessing.
Helen Kinsey and Joseph Green.
Elsie Robinson and James Frederick Smith.
Mary Lou Moore and Karl Glenn Keck.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Holmes—Mary Kennerly Holmes.
Mr. and Mrs. Collins Atwater—James Collins Atwater.
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Omar Dunn—Elizabeth Irwin Dunn.
Mr. and Mrs. George Dittman—Allen Thrasher Dittman.
Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Montgomery—Patricia Montgomery.
Mr. and Mrs. Harold LeBlond—Richard Knight LeBlond II.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Baker—Mary Helen Baker.
Mr. and Mrs. Karl G. Keck—Karl G. Keck, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Farny—Josephine Farny.

Names	Familiars	Favorite Expression	Idea of Bliss
Eugenia Asmann	Pencil or pen	"Dad says—"	A Permanent marcel.
Aimée Brown	Bracelets	"No kidding?"	Lots of material for the Annual.
Olivia Cassat	Blue sweater	"Beg your pardon, I don't Think so."	Reading
Virginia Dale	Little gold locket	"Do you think so? I don't."	To be taller.
Isabel Foster	A colored handkerchief	"Silence is golden"	A good book.
Katherine Forsythe	Hair ribbon	"Oh my deah"	Going back to Virginia.
Dorothy Henderson	Something different every day	"Oh! you fool"	To be out of school.
Mary Louise Isham	Scarab pin	"Isn't that rare!"	In a certain Buick.
∞ Happy Korn	Silver locket	"Oh! girls"	Leading a life of leisure.
Janet Meyers	The unknown frat pin	"Three beers!"	To have a victrola in the gym.
Margaret Mitchel	Taft School pin	"Gugh!"	To have curly hair.
Audrey Purves	The last few threads of a hair-net	"Sure"	To have all the hair-nets in the world.
Eunice Resor	Her latest letter	"He! he! he!"	No colds all winter.
Edith Witherspoon	A dreamy expression	"Oh! gee!"	To have an overstuffed divan in Senior room.
Dellah Vail	A rosy complexion	"Thrills!"	Getting in at 3 a. m.
Natalie Zuber	Some kind of a chain	"Ah! g'wan!"	A great big sundae served at recess.

QUOTATIONS

- “An overseeing power to kindle or restrain.”—*Miss Louise Hunt*.
- “Ability of youthful minds to resist knowledge.”—*The Freshmen*.
To New Girls—
- “Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.”
- “Our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence.”—*The Seniors*.
- “Albeit laboring for a scanty band of white-robed scholars only.”—*The Faculty*.
- “In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.”—*Planless English Themes*.
- “Thou lovest, but ne’er knew love’s sad satiety.”—*Margaret Mitchel*.
- “When sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled.”—*Gym at recess*.
- “We know not, and no search will make us know
Only the event will teach us in its hour.”—*Our English marks*.
- “Lips where smiles went out and in.”—*Audrey Purves*.
- “She had a heart too soon made glad, too easily impressed.”—*Dellah Vail*.
- “And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height.”—*Dellah Vail*.
- “Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove.”—*The Faculty*.
- “Tho hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.”—*Eunice Resor*.
- “A nun demure of lowly port.”—*Isabel Foster*.
- “A sprightly maiden of love’s court.”—*Audrey Purves*.
- “Sweet silent creature.”—*Edith Witherspoon*.
- “Come, blessed barrier between day and day.”—*Saturdays and Sundays*.
- “Her brow was smooth and white.”— *Aimée Brown*.
- “The rainbow comes and goes.”—*Katherine Forsyth*
- “But a sleep and a forgetting.”—*Elizabeth Newstedt*.
- “Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie thy soul’s enimity.”—*Natalie Zuber*.
- “A presence which is not to be put by.”—*Olivia Cassatt*.
- “I arise from dreams of thee.”—*Miss Torrence*.
- “Alas, I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around.”—*The Flunkers*.
- “Hail to thee, blithe spirit.”—*Gene Asmann*.
- “A Queen in Crown of rubies drest.”—*Janet Meyers*.

The Pilgrims and their Descendants

December 21

1620

1920

“My Country 'Tis of Thee.”

President's Proclamation..... *Miss Doherty*

Recitations from Primary III and IV.

Indian Dance—By Primary I and II.

Pantomime, 1607.

The Pilgrims Captive in the Market Place of Boston, Old England.

Given by the Sophomores.

Interpreter—Eleanor Rapp.

“The May Flower,” 1620.

Recitation by Mabel Bonifield.

Pantomime, 1621.

The Pilgrims at Plymouth Make a Treaty with Massasoit.

Given by the Seniors.

Interpreter—Eugenia Asmann

Pantomime, 1776.

Independence Day.

Given by the Freshmen.

Interpreter—Mary Mills.

Pantomime, 1815.

On the Western Frontier.

Given by the Freshmen.

Interpreter—Ione Waite.

Pantomime, 1840.

Miss Lyon's School at Mt. Holyoke.

Given by the Juniors.

Interpreter—Phyllis Albert.

Pantomime, 1918.

Women War Workers.

Given by Intermediate I

Final Tableau—America, the Mother of All Nations.

Given by Della Vail and Intermediates II, III, and IV.

Song—"America the Beautiful."

Quartette—Dolores Ford, Mildred Cadwalader,

Ruth Williams and Ensemble.



I AM that flat-headed, hare-lipped, pop-eyed, highly myopic blind and unreasonable creature, all spine and heavy bone—no heart and ice water running in my veins instead of warm blood! Fawn-eared, rasping voiced, relentless, arrogant, fire-eating and triple dyed satan monster that sweet young girl idiots call

“Mid-Year Exams”

Keep your weather eye on me or I will get you too!

Senior Popularity Contest

Best Looking—

Mary Louise Isham.....	19
Aimée Brown.....	17
Margaret Mitchell.....	4

Best Dancer—

Margaret Mitchel.....	21
Aimée Brown.....	15
Mary Louise Isham.....	5

Most Polite—

Aimée Brown.....	23
Isabel Foster.....	6
Virginia Dale.....	5

“Peppiest”—

Audrey Purves.....	16
Margaret Mitchel.....	13
Happy Korn.....	12

Silliest—

Margaret Mitchel.....	17
Eunice Resor.....	11
Happy Korn.....	5

Funniest—

Happy Korn.....	17
Audrey Purves.....	13
Janet Meyers.....	9

Laziest—

Margaret Mitchel.....	16
Dellah Vail.....	8
Edith Witherspoon.....	6

Most Attractive—

Aimée Brown.....	21
Margaret Mitchel.....	6
Audrey Purves.....	6

Most Studious—

Natalie Zuber.....	18
Isabel Foster.....	17
Katherine Forsyth.....	5

Most Carefree—

Margaret Mitchel.....	20
Happy Korn.....	10
Eunice Resor.....	5

Best Musician—

Janet Meyers.....	26
Aimée Brown.....	8
Mary Louise Isham.....	1

Most Athletic—

Aimée Brown.....	26
Eunice Resor.....	15
Happy Korn.....	2

Most Domestic

Dorothy Henderson.....	13
Virginia Dale.....	9
Audrey Purves.....	5

Best Manager—

Aimée Brown.....	17
Dorothy Henderson.....	10
Eugenia Asmann.....	5

Most Thoughtful—

Aimée Brown	20
Mary Louise Isham	4
Katherine Forsythe	4

Biggest Bluffer—

Margaret Mitchel	16
Happy Korn	16
Virginia Dale	3

Biggest Dreamer—

Edith Witherspoon	30
Isabel Foster	3
Margaret Mitchel	2

Best Dresser—

Dorothy Henderson	11
Aimée Brown	10
Happy Korn	9

Most Artistic—

Dellah Vail	38
Margaret Mitchel	3
Aimée Brown	2

Best Sport—

Happy Korn	16
Audrey Purves	12
Aimée Brown	7

Best Disposition—

Aimée Brown	11
Happy Korn	6
Natalie Zuber	4

Most Sincere—

Aimée Brown	11
Dorothy Henderson	8
Audrey Purves	5

Most Outspoken—

Eunice Resor	14
Dorothy Henderson	13
Audrey Purves	5

Worst Manhater—

Isabel Foster	12
Eunice Resor	9
Katherine Forsythe	3

Most Fickle—

Margaret Mitchel	24
Audrey Purves	11
Happy Korn	5

Most Saint-Like—

Katherin Forsyth	15
Isabel Foster	14
Eunice Resor	5

First to be Married—

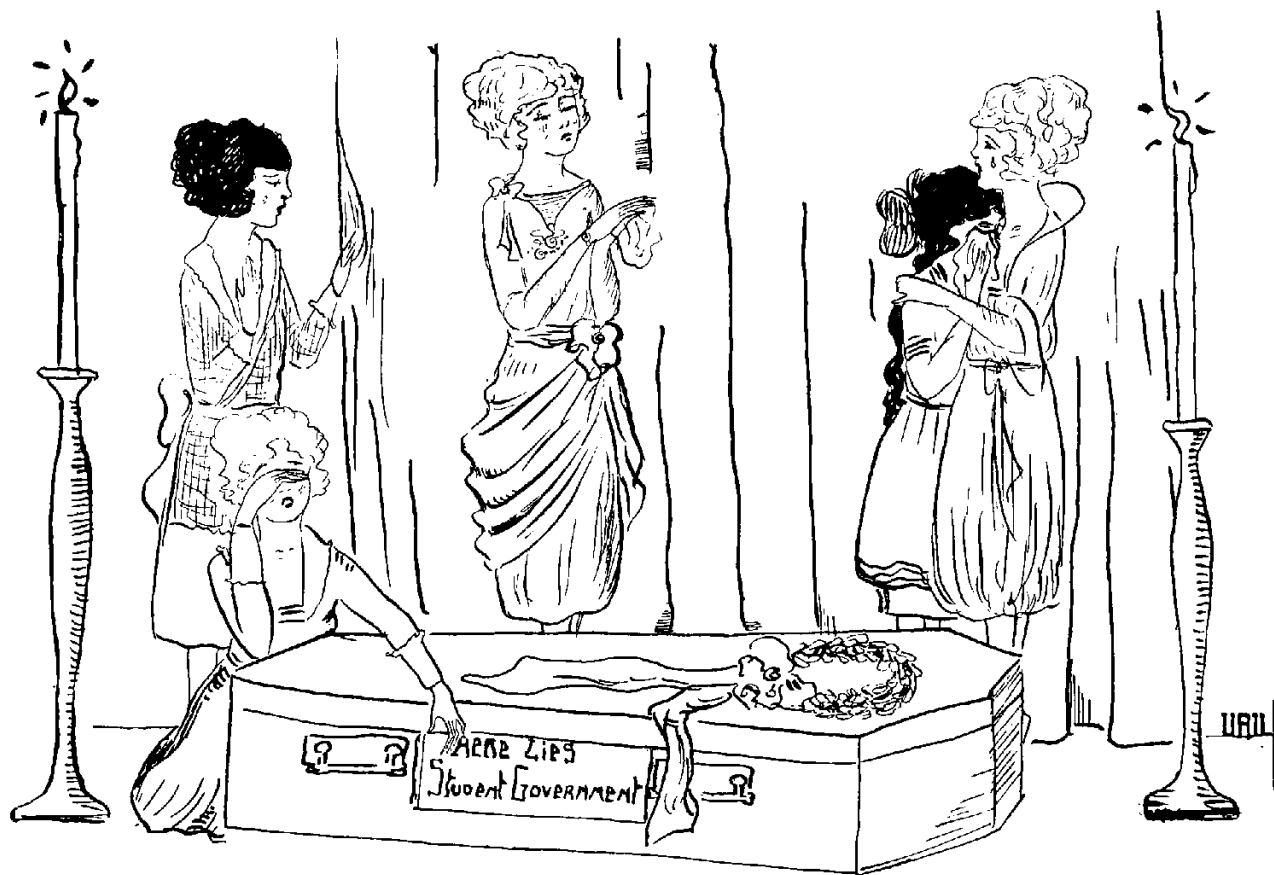
Dorothy Henderson	9
Margaret Mitchel	9
Happy Korn	6

First for Congress—

Eugenia Asmann	18
Natalie Zuber	15
Eunice Resor	5

Most Popular at C. P. S.—

Aimée Brown	32
Audrey Purves	4
Happy Korn	4



MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS

School Calendar

September 27—Opening of School.

October 25—Freshman Rules published on Bulletin Board by Seniors.

November 5—Condescending mien acquired over night by girls of the Republican party.

November 16—Student government instituted in the school.

November 18—Final game of basket-ball tournament. Juniors and Seniors celebrate with a feast.

November 19—Friday the Seniors were charmingly entertained by the Juniors at a country dance given in the school gym. The walls were decorated by garlands of vari-colored autumn leaves which, together with the gingham dresses of the girls, added atmosphere to the occasion. The Juniors, with the gracious help of Miss Doherty and Miss Howell, made the dance the success it was.

November 24-29—Thanksgiving vacation.

December 17—Dress Rehearsal for Pilgrim's Pageant.

December 21—Pilgrim's Pageant. A colorful success! Ovation given to all classes.

December 22—January 5—Christmas Recess.

January 6—Exercises of school are resumed.

January 26—Mid-term examinations.

February 1—School work resumed.

March 29—The Freshmen dance, given at C. P. S. The school gym was decorated with balloons and vines which added a festive note. The dance went off with great success with the kind assistance of Miss Doherty and Miss Torrence.

April 20—On Wednesday, April 20, the Senior Class was delightfully entertained at a theater party given by Miss Doherty. She chose Fritz Lieber's presentation of "Romeo and Juliet," which was extraordinarily fine. The party was thoroughly enjoyed by all, for very rarely is the opportunity given to see a Shakespearean play presented by such an excellent company. The memory of so lovely a party will not soon be lost.

May 4—The Seniors entertained the Juniors at a theater party. Otis Skinner was truly appreciated in his presentation of "At the Villa Rose."

June 4—Commencement.

The Freshman Trial

A CROWD greatly exceeding the seating capacity of the court-room gathered there at two o'clock on Wednesday, January 10th, to hear the trial of the Freshmen. The court was presided over by the most worthy of dignitaries, Judge M. Guilty. The jury in whose hands the verdict lay was composed of ten of our foremost citizenesses namely, Miss Guided, Miss Step, Miss DeMeanor, Miss Take, Miss Ella Vator, Miss G. Raff and Miss May Be. As the court was called to order, Fear, that gaunt eyed monster, was seen to stalk among the youngsters, who waited with bated breath, their sentences.

"Teeny" Sattler was called first and in order that a spring-like atmosphere might be created, Freshman Sattler cuckoo-ed for the assembled mobs every five minutes. Judge M. Guilty gladly gave Miss Sattler a letter of recommendation to Colonel Stephen of the Zoo—the letter suggesting her ability to give vocal lessons to the aspiring birds.

Miss Lone Waite, one of the heartiest supporters of "West Electric Curlers," demonstrated to us with what ease and rapidity the wave given by the curlers may be removed.

Amelia Dunham, a capital offender, was ordered by court because of her wide renown as a sylph-like dancer, to interpret for us the dance of the seven veils. This was rendered with such verve that the court ordered this precocious child to produce an original poem. In a few moments the following was presented:

"The other day I saw a cat
And then a rat
What do you think of that?"

It is plain to be seen that as soon as Amelia learns to smoke black cigars, Amy Lowell will be outclassed.

Next the court was witness to a drama enacted by three of the kiddies, Stevenson, Hinckley and Miller. The play showed the horrible influence of the cinema upon the infant mind. It was awful! The reporter, able to witness these horrible sights no longer, left the room.

AUDREY PURVES, *College I.*

Our Favorite Songs

“Just a Wearyin’ for You”	Easter Vacation
“Margie”	Margaret Mitchel
“Nobody Knows”	English quotations
“Tired of Me”	School
“You are Free”	Friday afternoon
“Waiting”	For papers to be returned
“The Bells”	1:20
“Any Old Time at All”	Mary Louise Isham
“I Love You Sunday”	Edith Witherspoon
“Just Snap Your Fingers at Care”	Eunice Resor
“Wond’ring”	Graduating Class
“Can You Tell”	Before and after student government
“Whispering”	Study Hall
“I Hear You Calling Me”	Janet Meyers
“Till We Meet Again”	After Commencement
“Patches”	History papers
“You’d be Surprised”	Reports
“Just Leave It to Me”	Gene Asmann
“Tell Me”	Miss Howell
“Oh!”	“Take one demerit, please”
“Mystery”	Isabelle Foster
“Blues”	After exams
“I’m Always Chasing Rainbows”	Natalie Zuber
“Rosie”	Dellah Vail
“I’ll Make Bubbles of all Your Troubles”	Aimée Brown

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The
Henderson
Lithographing
Company



Norwood
Cincinnati
Ohio

The School of Life—

Begins in earnest now. The lesson of economy is one that must be learned by all. Let the '21 graduates of the "College Preparatory School" begin early to know this lesson by forming the habit of buying all their needs for personal adornment and home embellishment at the favorite store of

THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY
SEVENTH, RACE AND SHILLITO PLACE

"The place where full value is always given"

Mullane's Candies

Dainty, delectable, original—
and absolutely wholesome—is
it any wonder that Mullane's
are considered "the" candies
by all who are epicures.

*Bon Bons, Assorted Chocolates,
Nut Chocolates, Almond Paste
Bon Bons, Taffies.*



Dealers everywhere in Cincinnati and vicinity

THE JOHN MULLANE COMPANY
4 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati

The Denton Company

CINCINNATI

RACE AT SEVENTH

The Shop for Women and Misses

We are now showing the Latest Spring Styles
in Sport Apparel and Exclusive Models
for Street, Afternoon, Semi-dress
and Evening Occasions.

*Suits, Coats, Gowns, Wraps, Dresses, Hats,
Furs, Blouses, Sweaters, Gloves
Silk Hosiery, Underwear and Accessories*
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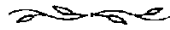
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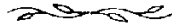


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