

The 1908 Annual  
of the  
Cincinnati  
College Preparatory School  
For Girls

R373.2

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1908









THE 1908 ANNUAL  
OF  
The Cincinnati College  
Preparatory School for Girls

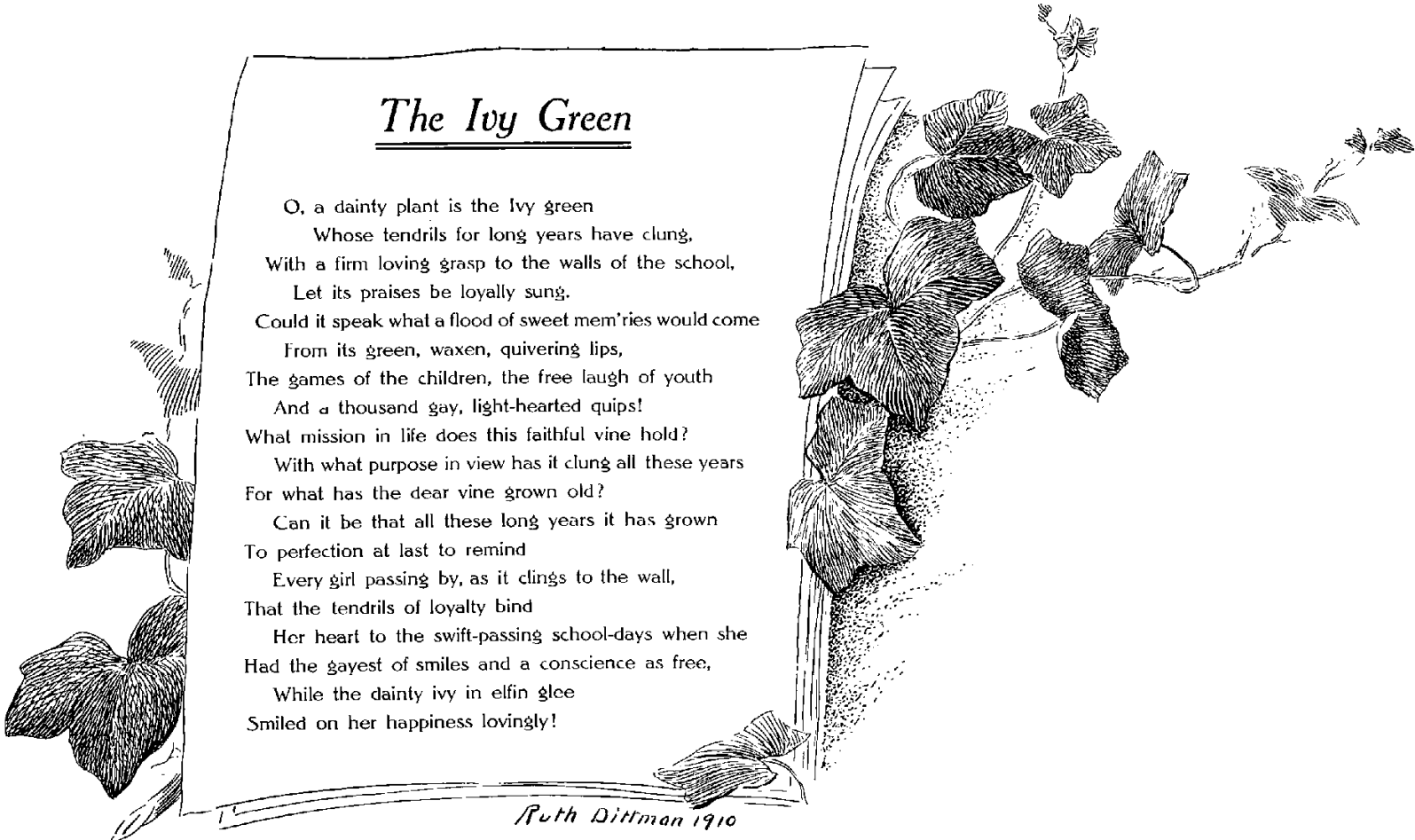


A New Edition of Selected Works of  
CHARLES DICKENS

Published by the  
Collegiate Department of the School  
Cincinnati, June the first, 1908







## The Ivy Green

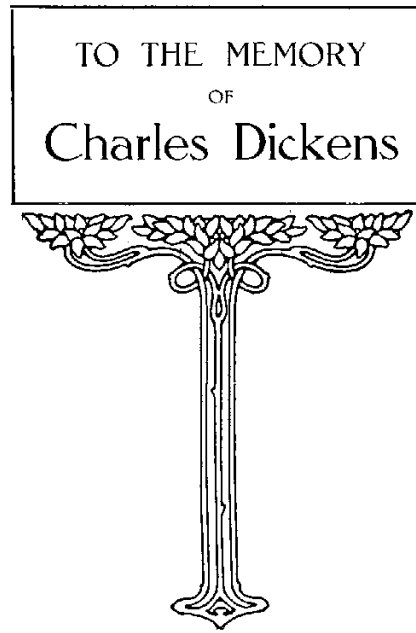
O, a dainty plant is the Ivy green  
Whose tendrils for long years have clung,  
With a firm loving grasp to the walls of the school,  
Let its praises be loyally sung.  
Could it speak what a flood of sweet mem'ries would come  
From its green, waxen, quivering lips,  
The games of the children, the free laugh of youth  
And a thousand gay, light-hearted quips!  
What mission in life does this faithful vine hold?  
With what purpose in view has it clung all these years  
For what has the dear vine grown old?  
Can it be that all these long years it has grown  
To perfection at last to remind  
Every girl passing by, as it clings to the wall,  
That the tendrils of loyalty bind  
Her heart to the swift-passing school-days when she  
Had the gayest of smiles and a conscience as free,  
While the dainty ivy in elfin glee  
Smiled on her happiness lovingly!

*Ruth Dittman 1910*





**Our Mutual Friend**





THE ANNUAL BOARD

## *1908 Annual Board*

EMILIE SCHMIDLAPP, '07 . . . . .	} Editor-in-Chief } Business Manager
MARIAN GAULDING, '09 . . . . .	

### *THE STAFF*

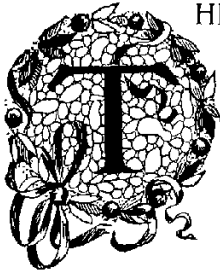
ETHEL McCULLOUGH, '08	GRACE MORGAN, '08	
JANE FARAN, '09	RUTH KINSEY, '09	CHARLOTTE SHIPLEY, '09
RUTH DITTMAN, '10	EVELYN HOLLISTER, '10	
DOROTHY RAWSON, '10	LOUISE ROOT, '11	
HARBINE HAZEN, '11	HELEN KINSEY, '11	
ELIZABETH MORTON, Special		

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### *THE ADVISORY BOARD*

MISS MARY DOHERTY	MISS SARA HOWELL
MISS IDA DAVIS	MRS. IDA HOLLOWAY

## *The Annual Board*



THE Annual Board is (as everybody knows without being told) the most important department in the school. Nothing of any kind could possibly be done at any time without the knowledge of the Annual Board. Nothing happens but there is "half a score of councils, half a bushel of minutes, several sacks of official memoranda, and a family-vault full of ungrammatical writing on the part of the Board." This organization is the foremost to carry its shining influence throughout the whole school.

Through the tact with which the members invariably seize all news, and through the genius with which the head of that department makes use of her material, the Board has risen to over-top all other departments.

This office now goes on mechanically every day, keeping the records of school happenings, and racking and wrecking the brains of its members for some composition of merit. Everybody in every class in school, from little Aaron in the Kindergarten, to the staid senior quartette, is watched, and studied and discussed in the hope of finding some latent qualities of genius or of eccentricity, which will afford sufficient foundation for an Annual contribution. And everything from "Gingersnaps" at recess to "The Romancers," is "indiscriminately tucked up under the fools cap paper" of the Annual Board.

And then those meetings! The room, strewn with papers, takes on a solemn silence as the members come stringing in, many rather sheepishly waving papers in the air that the ink may dry in time to hand in their delinquent contributions.



Then there's the Art Editor and her staff, who are looking persistently for "something to turn up" that may give them new and unique ideas.

Last of all there is the Snap-shot Committee. At almost any time of the day you may see one of these members wandering around, kodak in hand, with a bewildered gaze, as though looking for something lost; or, you might find one of the more strenuous of this Committee, rushing headlong down the

driveway after a much-longed-for "subject." Perhaps, too, there is many a night, just before the regular work is due, that will find a "Mrs. Jellyby sitting in a nest of waste paper," drinking coffee, facing an "African project"; or, what is more likely, one a. m. will find a Miss Jellyby, splattered with ink from head to toe, and biting the feather of her pen as she stares at the bunches of crumpled, blotted, useless papers before her.





## The Chimes

“Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind.”—The Chimes.

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

MISS CLARA LANGENBECK, B. S.  
Science      Geometry

MISS ANNA LANGENBECK  
German

MISS SARA HOWELL, B. A.  
English Literature      Rhetoric

MISS ELSIE NEWTON, B. A.  
Mathematics

MISS MARTHA EDWARDS  
History      History of Art

MADemoiselle LEONIE JESURUM  
Brevet Superieur de l' Academie de Paris  
French

MISS ELLEN KIELY, A. M.  
French

MISS IDA DAVIS, B. A.  
Intermediate English

MADAM PETITJEAN  
Diplome d' etude primaire superieure  
Brevet superieur de l' Academie de Paris  
French

MISS EDNA COTTERAL  
Geography

MISS ELLA BAKER  
Primary Department

MISS HELEN HOWELL  
Kindergarten Department      Drawing

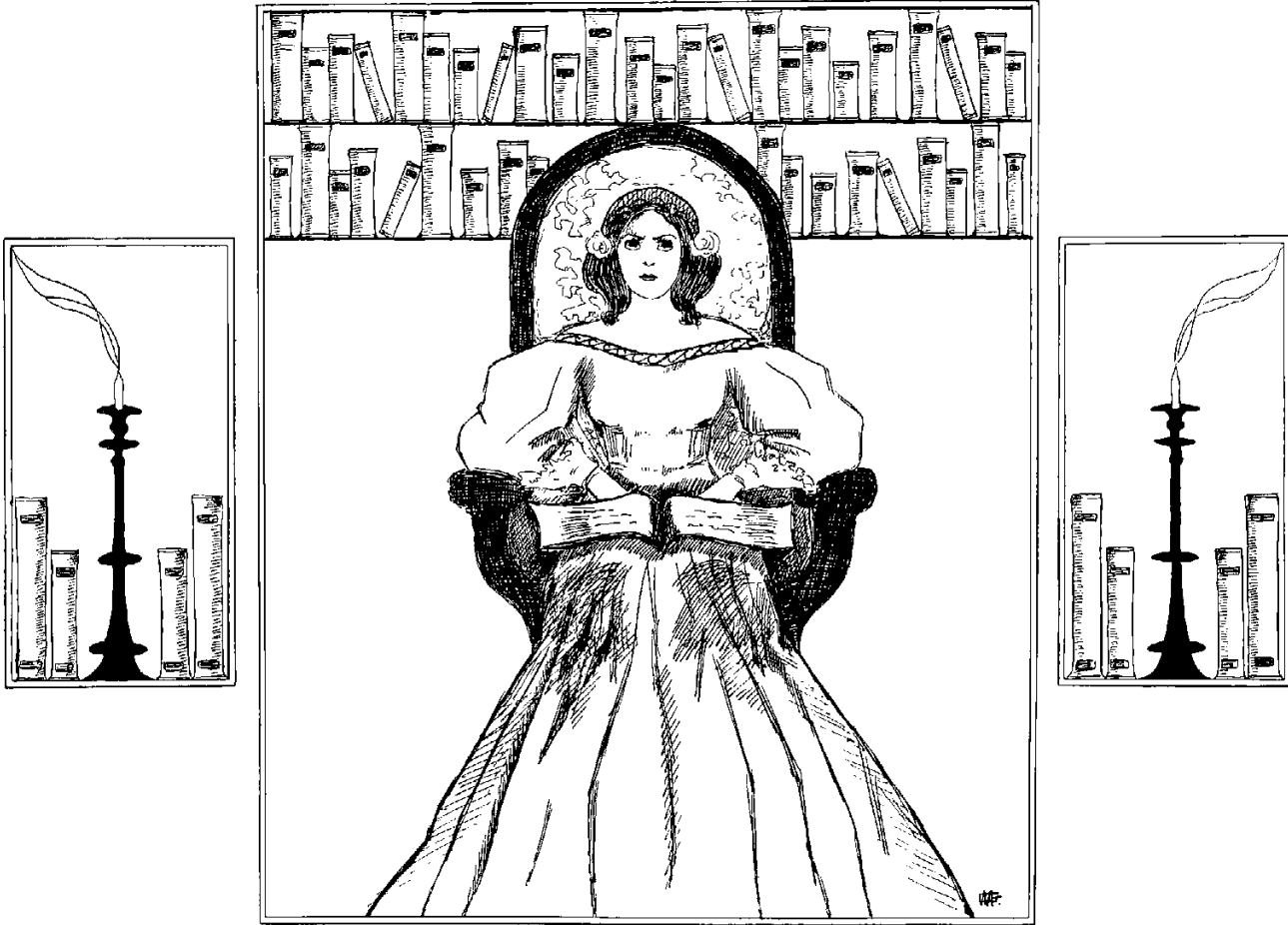
MISS IDA GOLDSMITH  
Calisthenics

MISS MARY NEFF  
Voice Culture

MRS. IDA HOLLOWAY  
Drawing

MR. W. S. STERLING  
Chorus Class

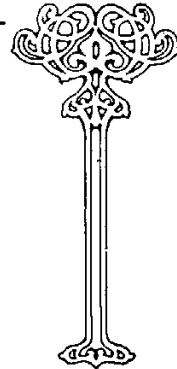






# Hard Times

The Classes

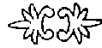




## The Senior Class

"Whether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little (as the charity boy said when he got to the end of the alphabet), is a matter of taste."

—*Pickwick Papers.*



### OFFICERS

MARGARET CLARK  
MARIANNE CLARK

. . . . . President  
. Secretary and Treasurer

### MEMBERS

MARGARET CLARK  
MARIANNE CLARK

ETHEL McCULLOUGH  
GRACE MORGAN



MARGARET CLARK, D. C.

President of the Senior Class.

“She dotes on poetry, Sir, she adores it. I may say that her whole soul and mind are wound up and entwined in it.”



MARIANNE CLARK, D. C.

Secretary and Treasurer of the Senior Class—Glee Club.

“There’s genteel comedy in your walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in your eye, and touch-and-go farce in your laugh.”



ETHEL McCULLOUGH, D. C.

President of the Dramatic Club—Annual Staff.

I know that when I saw her turn round, in the grave light of the old stair-case, I thought of a stained glass window in a church, and that I associated some of its tranquil brightness with her ever afterwards."

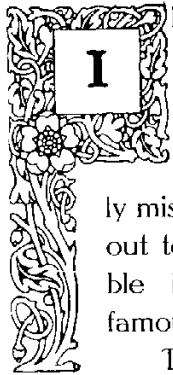


GRACE MORGAN, D. C.

President of the Glee Club—Annual Staff.

"A frank face! She was round and dimpled and saucy."

## The Pickwick Club



IF DICKENS, in "Pickwick Papers" thought that he was creating characters, the like of which were never to be found in this world again, he was greatly mistaken. Even today, I can point out to you four girls who closely resemble in characters and manners the famous Pickwickians.

To begin with, there is a Mr. Pickwick, whom you all know, the great President of the Dramatic Club. Like Mr. Pickwick of yore, our Pickwick, while holding this great dignity, is "as calm and unmoved as waters on a frosty day." 'Tis a beautiful spectacle to watch her preside over the Club. With one hand decorously clutching a corner of her dress and the other waving in the air, to assist her glowing declamation, she inspires involuntary awe and respect. We, too, all love our Mr. Pickwick, for she is ever ready to lend

a helping hand to any one. She, also, is an embodiment of sympathy and "Principle."

Our second Pickwickian resembles in many ways Mr. Tupman, "the too susceptible Tupman." Why the moment Tracy lays eyes on a good looking person of the opposite sex her heart's all gone. You'd think Tuppy'd know better. Why I have seen this Pickwickian at times, when--well, never mind. Anyway, time and feeding (can it be crackers!) have expanded that once romantic form. Nevertheless, Tupman's a good fellow beloved by everyone for her impulsiveness and unquenchable romance.

Our third Pickwickian is Mr. Snodgrass. Snodgrass, Snodgrass, why, the very name brings poetical illusions before my eyes! Oh! she is so poetical! Time and time again she has bounded up those stairs (oh! for an elevator) on Thursday at one-thirty and worked extra hours (!) gathering in scraps of knowledge concerning poetry. She goes into especial raptures

over the “ethereal, evanescent and phantom-like beauty” of poetry. They say that this is one reason why our Snodgrass is so silent—so lost to the world. 'Tis then that our modern Augustus is “composing verse.”

And last, but by no means least, we have a Mr. Winkle, a regular cock-sure Mr. Winkle, whose chief desire is to earn fame as an athlete. Once our Nathaniel attempted basket ball, but for some reason or other she never tried again. Do you suppose her mates could have been cruel to her? The latest attempt is horse back riding. Only yesterday, at the Riding Club, I saw Mr. Winkle struggling with some noble beast trying to persuade him to go ahead. The horse, yielding to her gentle words and

some unforeseen force behind, gave her the gentle “rising trot.” It reminded me of that famous ride toward Dingley Dell, to see our Mr. Winkle bobbing around the ring with elbows stretching out and derby jammed down over her eyes. The class mates of our Mr. Winkle predict that the modern Nathaniel will follow the Pickwickian’s example, and in the future, elope with some interesting person—but by no means on horse back.

Thus with Mr. Winkle the Pickwick Club of today is completed. With Dickens the marriageable Pickwickians married and lived happily ever afterward. Let us hope that this happy future awaits all four of our youthful Pickwickians.

MARIANNE CLARK,

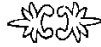
*Secretary of the Senior Class.*



THE JUNIOR CLASS

## The Junior Class

"Our life is one dem'd, horrid grind."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*



### OFFICERS

GWENDOLYN RAWSON . . . . . President  
RUTH KINSEY . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

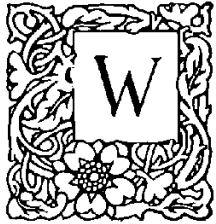
### MEMBERS

Virginia Bell  
Ruth Crothers  
Alma Davidson  
Mary Etta Earle  
Jane Faran  
Luise Williams

Marian Gaulding  
Winnifred Goodall  
Ruth Kinsey  
Isabella Pendleton  
Gwendolyn Rawson  
Charlotte Shipley



## Junior Podsnappery



THE JUNIORS are very proud of our class, ladies and gentlemen. We may say no other class is so favored in our school, and if there is such a class, we don't want to know about it; we don't choose to discuss it; we don't admit it. For there is in us a combination of qualities, a modesty, an independence, a responsibility, and a lack of sentimentality for which one would seek in vain among all other classes of the earth. One has but to look among our noble members to find the main-spring of our greatness.

Allow us to present our distinguished and beloved president, Gwendolyn Squeers. Alas! her inconsiderate impetuosity, hot temper and shrewish tongue have all but undermined a

fragile constitution. We likewise regret to state that Miss Jane Flit, our garrulous and flighty member, is in much the same condition.

Have you failed to observe our infant phenomenon, Virginia Ninetta Crummles (who refuses to disclose her age), who numbers among her acquaintance the most famous actresses of the age, whose symptoms are ever a source of tenderest solicitude to her class-mates, and who acquires at least four new "crushes" a week on whom she squanders her fortune?

Have you overlooked our embryo and blood-thirsty "saw-bones," Marian B. Allen, who is also an artist of note and who possesses withal the artistic temper(ament)?

Have you forgotten the brilliant but nameless themes which Mrs. Alma Gummidge submits with the remark that she is a love-lorn

creature, whose midnight efforts are unappreciated, and whose amber locks and ruddy countenance so belie her inward settled melancholy?

Passion goes to sleep in the presence of Mrs. Ruth Crothers general. System is her forte. What practicality glitters in her cold blue eye!

No doubt exists in our minds that our absent and illustrious Isabella Snellicci, of histrionic fame, is receiving the homage of European Monarchs, as she did that of the Freshmen, and is managing affairs as successfully on that continent as formerly on this.

Pause, ladies and gentlemen, and consider, was there ever such a galaxy of humor, grace and mentality, of beauty, charm and wit? But our most characteristic feature—our lack of sentimentality—we have not yet dwelt upon.

We scorn sentiment. We condemn the ravings of romancers. We accord but a cynical smile to a broken heart. We are without passion, but, ladies and gentlemen, our intellects!

RUTH KINSEY,  
*Secretary, 1909.*





THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



# The Sophomore Class

"We are neither 'unfriendly,' 'melancholy,' nor (I may add) 'slow.'"  
—David Copperfield.



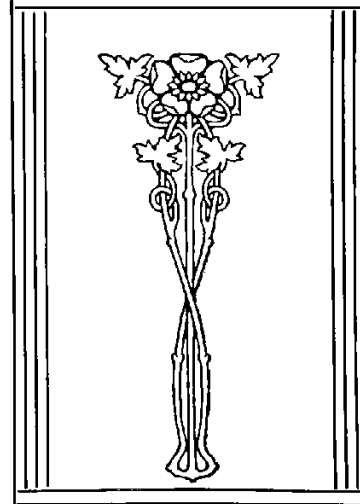
## OFFICERS

ELEANOR GHOLSON . . . . . President  
EVELYN HOLLISTER . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

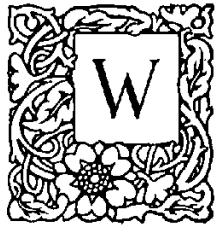
## MEMBERS

Julia Anderson  
Emily Burton  
Ruth Dittman  
Helen Dominick  
Lucile Earle  
Virginia Egan  
Eleanor Gholson  
Helen Glen  
Fannie May Grossius  
Charlotte Healy

Lenora Hofer  
Evelyn Hollister  
Jennie Moffett  
Lucile Muhlberg  
Evelyn Omwake  
Dorothy Rawson  
Anna Smith  
Barbara Thrasher  
Ruth Thrasher  
Helen Warner



## Class History, 1910



WE KNOW that Dickens has great ability for portraying life-like characters, because there are so many of us who are like his characters. Our class, as a whole, we are told, greatly resembles the Micawber family. Like that famous group we often get “down in the mouth” over our bad luck. We all have experienced that feeling when let loose from school at three o’clock in the afternoon; we desperately resolve to die of a broken heart. Then our pedagogic persecutors will reproach themselves for what their cruel words and deeds have done. But like the Micawbers, we recover over night, and arrive at school next morning as complacent and talkative as ever and are seen about two o’clock, all our cares flown to the winds, imbibing soda water and eating chocolate at the drug store.

We also resemble Mr. Micawber in that we too are “always waiting for something to turn up.” It may not be a praise-worthy quality, but we find it rather a comfortable one. When we “forget” or leave a thing until the last minute, sometimes “something does turn up.” Occasionally, of course, we are left to the tender mercies of irate teachers and ruthless demerits.

In all Dickens’ books there are stupid characters. If our school could be called a book, the faculty would say that we were the stupid characters. We know this, not by hiding under the table at teacher’s meeting, but by the plain, straight-forward remarks of our teachers. Although they do take such a “dem’d unpleasant” view of things, I am sure that they cannot deny that we do pop up, a la Micawber, when they least expect it. There is one thing for which we are truly thankful. That is that we are not in one

respect like Mrs. Micawber. When told bad news we do not resort to swoons. Girls who play basket ball, and what is more important, beat in that sport, are not usually "swoony."

Most of these traits that have already been given are not exactly complimentary, but like the Micawbers, we have our good points. We

are of an exceedingly social disposition, and very hospitable. Our best trait, however, is that, even when dire calamities impend, we are always true to our friends. Let any "Uriah Heep" danger threaten our school and you will see the real loyalty that pertains to the heart of each Sophomore.

EVELYN HOLLISTER,  
*Secretary of 1910.*





THE FRESHMAN CLASS

## The Freshman Class

"These must be brought down, lowered, crushed, as they shall be soon."—*Nicholas Nickleby*.



### OFFICERS

MARJORIE LANGDON . . . . . President  
ALFREDA SHIPLEY . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

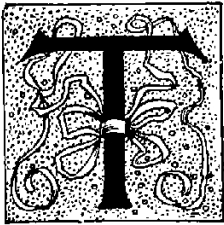
### MEMBERS

Marie Bell	Margaret McAlpin
Harriet Blackburn	Mary Mallon
Alice Bowler	Mildred Pollock
Mary Louise Buhrman	Emily Powell
Ange Faran	Louise Root
Vera Ficks	Charlotte Rowe
Phyllis Fosdick	Rebekah Schultze
Harbine Hazen	Alfreda Shipley
Mary Elizabeth Kemper	Adelaide Singleton
Helen Kinsey	Margaret Smith
Gertrude Langdon	Margaret Titus
Marjorie Langdon	Louise Wilby
Corinne Lawson	



## The Class of 1911

*A LA MRS. JARLEY*



THE choicest exhibit of wax works in the world may be found at the College Preparatory School. They are known as College IV. You may find them there in a long, sunny room where the furniture consists chiefly of book cases and tables. You are met at the door by a roly poly, comfortable person who seems to be at the head of College IV. She will gladly show you around on request, and you find yourself catching her enthusiasm as she rattles off a speech promising, "Sprightly effigies of celebrated characters, singly or in groups—life-sized figures which cannot fail to enlarge the sphere of human understanding."

The first group which the young lady shows us is the famous Freshman basket ball team. A

tall, flaxen-haired maiden with a very high collar is labeled "Captain Rowe." Near her stands another golden-haired damsel, Emily P. "Observe," instructs the guide, "how she seems to be directing matters instead of the captain." The next figure is a girl with raven locks busily telling secrets to a fair-haired maiden whose name is almost "angel." Next to these celebrities is placed another group of choice spirits, with the captain of the "subs" for its center. Attired in a huge sweater, she is just on the point of being hit with a basket ball, thrown by a very red-cheeked young lady. "These," adds the roly poly instructress, "are Alice B. and Vera F. Near them stands Adelaide S. Observe her upright, martial carriage. She comes from Ft. Thomas." On another platform, side by side, sit the two stars of the class. A very noticeable halo of

intellectual brilliancy surrounds each modest, downcast head. Next come the David and Jonathan of the collection, Mildred P. and Phyllis F. They are shown in their one and only dispute about, "Who put my muff on the gas jet?" Our attention is next attracted by a most immaculate figure, Marie B. Her collar is perfectly straight, her belt just right and every hair in place. Sitting at a table poring over Algebra are Margaret T. and M. L. B. One is calm and undisturbed, while the other seems to be fidgeting around in her chair. Next comes Miss Harriet B., too "independent" to be put in any group. Last, but

not least, is a girl whose face is overshadowed by a big, black hat. "This," explains the guide, "is Rebekah S., the famous authority on foot ball. Observe the ms. of her story upon that subject, in her hand."

Altogether, College IV is something you can not help enjoying and admiring. As Marjorie L. says, they represent a stupendous collection of imposing brilliancy. Indeed, she does not brag when she makes them known far and wide as the pride of their parents and the delight (?) of the Faculty.

ALFREDA SHIPLEY,  
*Secretary of the class of 1911.*





THE POST-GRADUATE STUDENTS



## The Post-Graduate Students

"Years and our trials, set marks upon us all."

—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*



ANNIE LEA ROTHIER  
EMILIE SCHIDLAPP  
ANNE CHRISTINE SYKES





## *The Specials*

“Placed in a mental position of peculiar painfulness.”

—*David Copperfield.*

ELIZABETH FLETCHER

CORINNE MURRAY

ELIZABETH MORTON

MARIE RYAN

ELIZABETH WEATHERHEAD



THE INTERMEDIATES

# The Crickets on the Hearth

## The Intermediates

1912

Adele Campbell  
Dorothy Carothers  
Katharine Eckstein  
Matilda Garlick  
Jane Glover

Catharine Godley  
Laura Graziani  
Gretchen Jarecki  
Marie Kupferschmid  
Christine Richards

Helen Robertson  
Hazel Senour  
Helen Shipley  
Corinne Thrasher  
Elizabeth Warner

1913

Mariette Allen  
Mildred Chase  
Dorothy Coppock  
Emma Kathrine Crane

Emma Eaton  
Helen Geier  
Dorothy Hewitt  
Madeline Hicks

Dorothy Jones  
Harriet Kemper  
Helen Kroger  
Imogene Rubel

1914

Mary Anderson  
Beatrice Carmichael  
Ruth Enger

Florence Evans  
Olivia Hoadly  
Mary Landis  
Valette Wright.

Frances Perin  
Janet Ward Rhodes  
Llwellyna Rebhun

1915

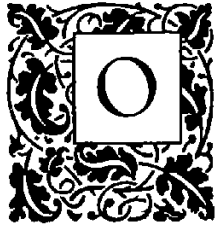
Georgie Bell  
Martha Felton Bent  
Mildred Brooks  
Jeanette Ficks  
Elsie Graziani

Janet Irwin  
Frances Kohlsaatt  
Olive Koehler  
Harriet Langdon  
Alice Lewis

Ruth Rebhun  
Martha Shipley  
Mary Varner  
Olive Weber  
Alice White



## *The Intermediates*



OF COURSE, the Intermediates deserve some recognition. They are not wholly insignificant—though the collegiate department does happen to have the Dramatic Club, the Annual Board and the play at the end of the year. It is impossible to bar us from everything. We have some superb basket ball teams and we are not only strong, but graceful, for we dance the “barn dance” at recess quite as well as older girls. Also, we use our vocal powers with such volume that some of us have become members of the Glee Club, without any difficulty whatever. We are really noted for many things, first, for the amount of crackers we can consume in twenty minutes, secondly, for the remains we leave on the floor, and most of all, for our cheerful liveliness and incessant chirping, which even

some of the Faculty admit are blessings to the school. Hence are we called “The Crickets.”

We have not a very long history. There are four classes of us. First come our stupid Intermediate IV. They delight in play and romping games, such as “tag” and “Indians,” yet they long to be like older girls. Mildred B. leads in wisdom, while Frances K. excels in good nature.

Next come the very learned Intermediate III. Do they not have the owl for their emblem? There are a great many stars in this class, in fact, too many to mention. However, we can safely say that Frances P. is the shining light in popularity, if not in studies, and that Mary L. holds the latter honor.

We ought never to forget Intermediate II. That class is the smallest of the four, yet has a mixture of geniuses that spurt up high in daily work and fall in tests and “exams.” Of course,

there are exceptions to this rule. I do not believe Helen G. has been known to fail in any study, test or "exam." This also applies to Mildred C. as well.

And last, but not least, comes the renowned Intermediate I. They are demure little maids; their hoydenish days are over, for will they not become collegiates next year? And have they not commenced Latin and Algebra? But they have not forgotten their childish days entirely, for once this year they played "Pussy-wants-a-corner,"—at least, I think they did, I'm not quite sure.

Corinne T. domineers as the Captain of the basket ball team. Jane is favorably looked up-

on by the Freshmen and also her own classmates, for she was elected president with an easy majority. Adele is exasperatingly studious, while those two lovable neighbors, Katherine and Marie Louise, spend their time in swearing eternal friendship.

Here ends the history of the chirping little Intermediates. What would the C. P. S. be without them? Perhaps some day they will graduate with honors, and receive Miss Doherty's blessing, be credits to the school and held up as examples to the next generation. Let us hope so.

A. CHRISTINE RICHARDS, '12

*Secretary of Intermediate I.*





THE KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY DEPARTMENTS



# The Child's Dream of a Star

## The Kindergarten and Primary Departments

Helen Allen

Margaret Anderson

Francis Balke

Alice Barnard

Reginald Barnard

Edith Eaton

Janet Enger

Aaron Evans

Estella Ficks

Myra Langdon

Nathalie Lincoln

Minnie Milton

Mary Louise Nickerson

Nathalie Powell

Helen Ficks

Jack Ficks

Julie Elizabeth Galvin

Virginia Geier

Elisabeth Goodhue

Walker Hall

Mary Rosan Krippendorf

Gretchen Kroger

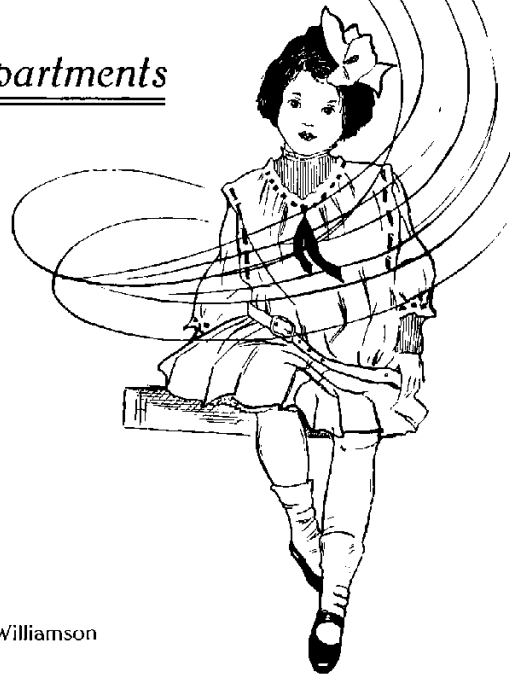
Hannah Shipley

Edith Sundmaker

Wade Thrasher

Louise Trevor

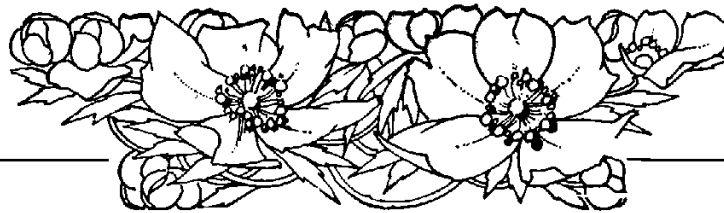
Mildred Williamson



“They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.”

They said:

“The buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children.”



## *The Primary Department*



I AM going to tell you that the Primary Department is an important class.

First, there is Primary one. There are only four people in Primary one. But what it lacks in number, it makes up in brain.

Primary two. There are eight people, and in recess we play tag, hide and go-seek and have lots of fun. One thing in the Primary Department. They try to get stars. Edith Sundmaker writes very well.

Primary three. Primary three is a small class. Julie Elizabeth Galvin makes the neatest papers I have ever seen, and always gets stars. She draws very well.

Primary four. Primary four is a big class and the lowest class. Aaron Evans is the youngest. They all draw very well. Rosan Krippendorf draws the best. Primary four lets Wade Thrasher and Aaron Evans play with them. Mildred Williamson reads very well.

This is all that I can tell about the Primary class.

MARGARET ANDERSON,  
*Class of 1917.*



# Great Expectations





THE ALUMNAE

# The Alumna Association

## OFFICERS

EMILIE SCHMIDLAPP . . . . . President  
DOROTHY KELLOGG . . . . . Recording Secretary and Treasurer  
LOUISE CADWALADER . . . . . Corresponding Secretary

## HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Mary Doherty                      Miss Sara Jean Howell  
Miss Anna Langenbeck                Miss Clara Langenbeck

## ACTIVE MEMBERS

1907

Louise Cadwalader                      Dorothy Kellogg  
Lucile Kroger                              Emilie Schmidlapp

## ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Dorothy Abbott	Augusta Clark	Margaret Marfield
Louise Allen	Katharine Clark	Virginia Martin
Gertrude Ayres	Frances Ebersole	Margaret Maury
Louise Ayres	Amy Ferris	Jeannette Rawson
Mary Bates	Rachel Gallagher	Anne Lea Rothier
Elizabeth Bishop	Dorothy Hill	Margaret Rowe
Natalie Breed	Anna Louise Irwin	Marguerite Shipley
Clementine Buchanan	Rowena Langdon	Anne Sykes
Louise Buchwalter	Mary Laidley	Emily Woodal
Elaine Carew	Louise Maddux	Florence Woodmansee



## Our Alumnae



WITH what a thrill of pleasure do we write these words for the first time and with what happy anticipations of the future do we contemplate filling a larger page in a later Annual!

In terms of Philology we remember its Latin derivation and smile with superiority in having mastered its correct spelling and pronunciation. In terms of Pedagogy we are told that it means, "social membership of an individual in a whole which is larger than himself," a whole which is constantly growing and changing, but which the individual still has power to influence and direct.

In terms of individual members it recalls those who have carried our influence and tra-

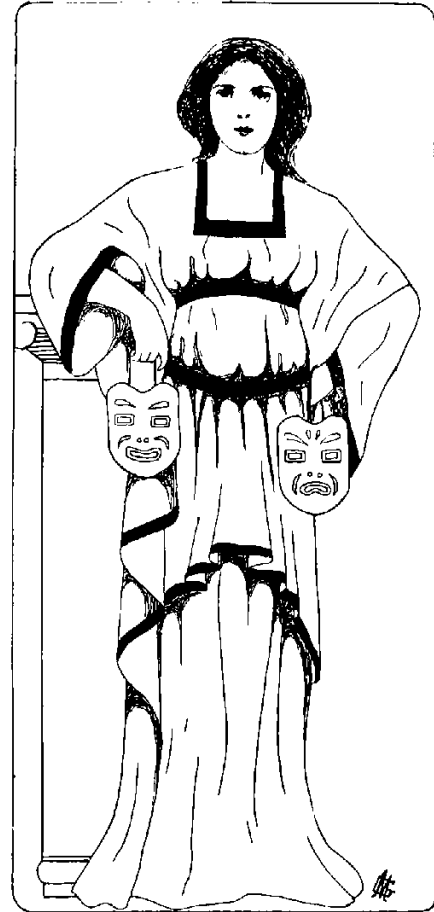
ditions into other fields of learning; those who are still hesitating between the Scylla of Society and the Carybdis of College, and last but not least, the noble army of "debutantes" who have made us swell with pride over the account of their social triumphs.

To all the word brings memories of a dim but strenuous past, a sense of the joyful present and the hope of future good-fellowship in the years to come. Alumnae news do you wish, Madame Editor?

Each individual alumna is full of mysterious hints about every other alumna, but up to the time of going to press no official announcements have reached us. Here, then, is to "Our Alumnae." "God bless them, everyone!"



The  
Dramatic  
Club

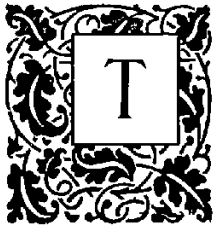




THE DRAMATIC CLUB



## The Dramatic Club



THE Dramatic Club is one of the great institutions of the school. Its meetings are very exclusive. No one is ever present at one of them except the initiated members (and sometimes even they are not present). But we have authority for stating that its proceedings are conducted with great order and regularity; not more than four members being allowed to speak at one time.

The meetings are also held with unfailing punctuality, on the second Friday of every month, at one-thirty p. m., the Honorable Ethel, P. D. C. C. P. S.,\* presiding. The regular order of business is promptly commenced. The Honorable Barbara, S. T. D. C. C. P. S.,† details the happenings of the preceding meetings.

She recalls to our minds that joyful meeting, at which about ten of the sixty members met for a good play—at Basket Ball; at another time, the Gym was filled with enthusiastic members all skipping and hopping about in the gay whirl of the “barn dance.” This excellent exercise was practiced, no doubt, to aid the Faculty in selecting graceful dancers for “the Minuet.”

Amidst the shouts of the members, (especially those younger and more frivolous ones) the estimable Secretary brings to our memory the Valentine party, at which refreshments were served. When this report is concluded, Madam President ventures to say that she believes the only important matter to be discussed is the appointment of the next meeting. Would the second Friday of the next

month at one-thirty o'clock be convenient for all members? Hereupon there are cries of "No! No!"

"Well, then, Thursday?" A meek voice is heard to ask if Thursday afternoon is not rather a busy one for some of the members present. (Giggles!) "Then, perhaps the third Friday?" Shouts from various quarters, "No, no! There's a skating party."

At this point the Honorable Corinne V. P. D. C. C. P. S.,<sup>†</sup> rises and says that Thursday must do. We can not postpone it for one person.

Alfreda S. rises excitedly. Did the honorable member of the Dramatic Club allude to

her, and did she believe that A. S. was the only one who had special appointments for Thursdays? (Cries of "Order," "No," "Oh, say, let's go.")

The esteemed Vice-President is not to be put down by clamor. She HAD alluded to the honorable Alfreda. (More cries of "Order.") The President finally lifts her voice above the noise sufficiently to be heard and says, she believes that the second Friday of the following month, at one-thirty p.m., has been decided upon. (A few faint cries of "Yes.") Then, the business being completed, the meeting is adjourned. (Cheers!!)

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\* President Dramatic Club, College Preparatory School

† Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club, College Preparatory School

‡ Vice-President Dramatic Club, College Preparatory School



THE GLEE CLUB

## The Glee Club

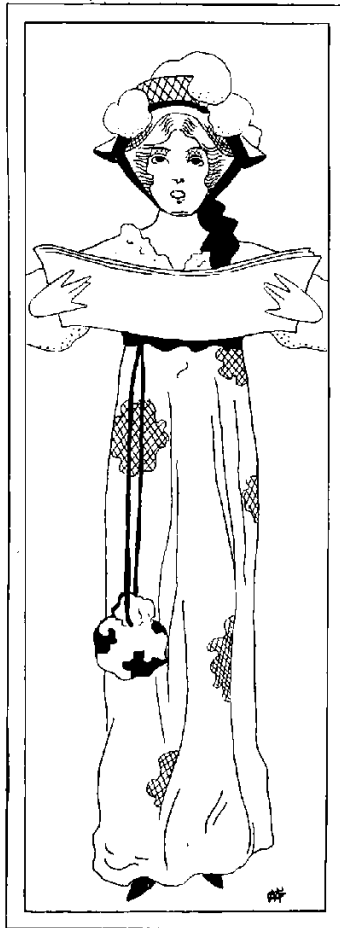
**T**HE Glee Club is so young as to have only a few individual characteristics developed. One trait worthy of note is the momentum which it has acquired rapidly since starting on its mission of singing. Like Tennyson's warbling brook, this organization will undoubtedly go singing on forever. The photograph in this book will surely testify that the "gleeers" are unable to discontinue their joyous "gleeing" for a single instant.

Then, too, the Glee Club is able to sing

seven songs simultaneously without causing combustion. Certainly the proud school may look forward to a remarkable outpouring of harmonious sounds on the night of "The Romancers."

And, oh, what wondrous melodies are anticipated for those many, far-away, waiting June nights, when the present children of the lower school will have spread abroad the tidings that they, at last, have come into the lime-light of song and play.





## The Glee Club

GRACE MORGAN . . . . . President  
 RUTH KINSEY . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer  
 EMILIE SCHMIDLAPP . . . . . Librarian

### THE SOPRANOS

Virginia Bell	Catharine Godley	Corinne Murray
Alice Bowler	Laura Graziani	Evelyn Omwake
Mary Louise Buhrman	Harbine Hazen	Christine Richards
Emily Burton	Lenora Hofer	Edith Roelker
Helen Dominick	Evelyn Hollister	Louise Root
Katharine Eckstein	Gretchen Jarecki	Charlotte Rowe
Ange Faran	Mary Elizabeth Kemper	Rebekah Schultze
Matilda Garlick	Marjorie Langdon	Helen Shipley
Marian Gaulding	Corinne Lawson	Margaret Smith
Eleanor Gholson	Jennie Moffett	Elizabeth Warner
Helen Glen	Grace Morgan	Louise Wilby
Jane Glover	Lucile Muhlberg	Luise Williams



# The Glee Club

## THE ALTOS

Marie Bell  
Marianne Clark  
Ruth Crothers  
Elizabeth Fletcher

Fanny May Grossius  
Ruth Kinsey  
Gertrude Langdon  
Emily Powell

Dorothy Rawson  
Emilie Schmidlapp  
Anna Smith  
Helen Warner





## Basket Ball Teams





THE FIRST BASKET BALL TEAM

## *The First Basket Ball Team*

### CAPTAIN

RUTH THRASHER

### BASKETS

HELEN DOMINICK    REBEKAH SCHULTZE

### GUARDS

ANNA SMITH                  RUTH THRASHER

### CENTERS

ELEANOR GHOLSON    DOROTHY RAWSON



The "first" C. C. P. S. Basket Ball team of 1906-07 disbanded, because of the excessive responsibilities and age (verging on imbecility?) of its members. It now glows with pride, as it contemplates its successor, the "first team" of 1907-08. Of course, the members of this team may not play a scientific game, but it must be admitted that they play with enthusiasm.

They may be inexperienced, but they certainly play the straight and courteous game, which the C. C. P. S. always demands. Consequently they merit unreserved congratulations.



THE SECOND BASKET BALL TEAM

## *The Second Basket Ball Team*

### CAPTAIN

CHARLOTTE ROWE.

### BASKETS

CORINNE LAWSON

CHARLOTTE ROWE.

### GUARDS

MARJORIE LANGDON

EMILY POWELL

### CENTERS

ANGE FARAN

MARGARET SMITH

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This space was reserved for the history of the "Second" C. C. P. S. Basket Ball team. But no history was sent to us. Evidently the year was such a series of defeats (see page 74) that the Captain of the team considered "oblivion" a kindness to her companions.



THE THIRD BASKET BALL TEAM



## *The Third Basket Ball Team*

### CAPTAIN

CORINNE THRASHER

### BASKETS

KATHARINE ECKSTEIN

MATILDA GARLICK

### GUARDS

HELEN KROGER

CORINNE THRASHER

### CENTERS

CATHARINE GODLEY

MARIE KUPFERSCHMID

If the members of the "Third" C. C. P. S. Basket Ball Team come in from practice without having lost more than five teeth, they count the afternoon wasted. It is our most bellicose, and, withal, our most promising team, for it challenges indiscriminately (mark of heroism, may it be noted) from the first to the fifth team. Besides,

it smiles as cheerfully vanquished as victorious. Ah, surely, when this "third" team becomes the proud "first" team of 1910-11 (provided there be then remaining enough unbroken legs and arms to serve the necessary purposes)—the world may well pause and consider!



THE FOURTH BASKET BALL TEAM

## *The Fourth Basket Ball Team*

### CAPTAIN

FRANCES PERIN

### BASKETS

EMMA CRANE.

FRANCES PERIN

### GUARDS

MARIETTE ALLEN

RUTH ENGER

### CENTERS

MARY ANDERSON

JANET RHODES

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The "fourth" C. C. P. S. Basket Ball team is chiefly remarkable for the unusual tender-heartedness of its Captain. She can not bear to turn away a single applicant for a position. It is to be hoped that the team will not continue to expand at the present rapid rate. There are now ten centers and an almost equal number of baskets. It were far better to replace, rather than to add to their num-

bers. As far as can be ascertained, there is only this one good-natured and kindly-disposed Captain.

However, should any of the superfluous centers or baskets attain this primary distinction, there is some danger that the environment may prove too powerful for the instinctively sympathetic disposition of the present Captain. You see, she is born a woman!



THE SCRATCH TEAM

*The "Scratch" Basket Ball Team*

CAPTAIN

HELEN KROGER

GUARDS

HELEN GEJER

HELEN KROGER

CENTERS

MILDRED CHASE

IMOGENE RUBEL

SUBSTITUTES

DOROTHY HEWITT

MADLINE HICKS

GOAL

ADELE CAMPBELL

FORWARDS

Right—CHRISTINE RICHARDS

Left—DOROTHY CAROTHERS

## *The Fifth Basket Ball Team*

### CAPTAIN

FRANCES KOHLSAAT

### BASKETS

JEANNETTE FICKS

OLIVE KOEHLER

### GUARDS

FRANCES KOHLSAAT

ALICE WHITE

### CENTERS

GEORGIE BELL

MILDRED BROOKS

HARRIET LANGDON

OLIVE WEBER

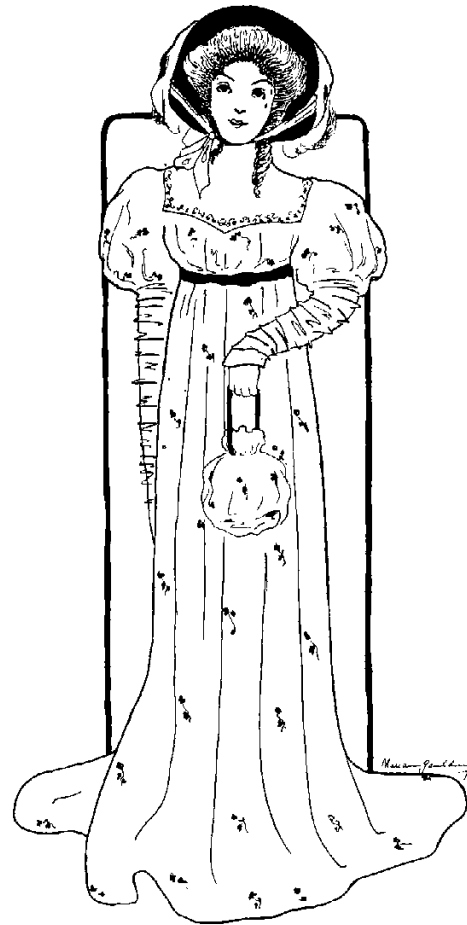
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The "fifth" C. C. P. S. Basket Ball team, although composed of some of the youngest girls in the school, has a perfect knowledge of the game. Practice is unnecessary, for its members play with a nicety that can not be rivaled, even by the "first" team. When they do occasionally deign to practice, it is a wonderful

sight. All of the members work together as one. Their every movement is studied; every play is a telling one. This team, in fact, is a decided honor to the school. It has absolutely no equal, and is a very "paragon of perfection," especially from the view-point of its own faithful and "self-respecting" members.

# American Notes

Social



Events

## *The Reception for the New Girls*

### THE DRAMATIC CLUB

invites you to be present at an informal party to be given  
in honor of the "New Girls" on  
Saturday, November the second, at three o'clock.

Please reply to Barbara Thrasher, Secretary.



ANTICIPATIONS rose higher and higher. "Is it a 'tea,' a musicale, or—Oh, what!" the excited girls demanded, but the initiated veterans only replied, with a mysterious wag of the head, "You just wait and see." Whereupon the anxious questioners, betaking themselves to a corner, comforted themselves with discussing the eternal feminine problem, "What shall we wear?"

On the afternoon of November the second, a crowd of gaily dressed, happy girls thronged the "Gym" of the College Preparatory School. The weather was wet, cold and miserable, but upon being asked if they minded it, the New Girls, with true college spirit, responded heartily,

"Pooh! What's the weather to a jolly crowd like this, anyhow?" Loyalty, you see, was already becoming evident.

But now a new interest was awakened in the minds of the girls, and set them thinking. Along the walls were pinned a number of magazine pictures and original drawings. Each one represented a recent play or book whose name was familiar. Each girl was provided with pencil and paper and started to guess the hidden titles of the books and plays. Among them one especially deserves mentioning. The play, "The Road to Yesterday" was represented by a long, broad avenue with "Friday" printed in large letters upon it. As it was now Saturday, what other conclusion could be formed than that it was "The Road to Yesterday?"



Nevertheless a good many had to put their thinking caps on, before it was rightly guessed. At last two of our most brilliant thinkers, Louise Wilby and Helen Kinsey, were awarded the prizes.

The next event on the program was the dance. One or two of our accomplished musicians played splendid two-steps and waltzes. Indeed, so alluring was the music, that several of the faculty joined in the rollicking fun. Virginia Bell and Barbara Thrasher, as leaders of the dance, distributed the dance cards in a most hospitable way. (It is easy to understand how quickly the girls became acquainted when you picture in your mind that merry afternoon.)

Suddenly someone appeared at the door, "Tea!" Like magic, the room was emptied of its laughing throng. The last note of "Experience" was left unfinished as the player ran off after the others, having had "experience" herself

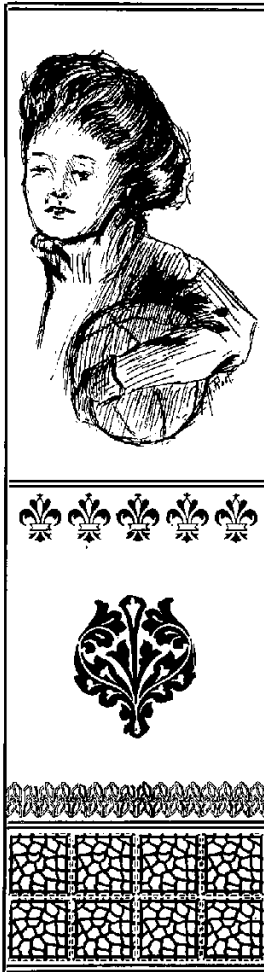
with the School "teas." Everyone likewise trooped to the study hall. Here the girls were served with a most dainty and tempting "spread." After the attack of the hungry girls, the lovely table looked very much as though Caesar's whole Roman army had passed over it!

But, alas! All good times must come to an end. The hands of the clock insisted upon dropping, and no amount of wishing could stop them. Did the girls really enjoy themselves? If not, why then did some of them keep impatient coachmen waiting thirty or forty minutes? Did they feel acquainted and at home in the school afterwards?

I, for one, know a New Girl who has enjoyed every moment of companionship with the school and girls, not only since the second of November, but since the very first day of October.

RUTH A. DITTMAN.





## The Sophomore - Freshman Basket Ball Game

Saturday, November 23, 1907.

SCORE—First Half.

First Team, 2 + 2 + 2 + 1 . . . . . = 7, total.

Second Team, 0 . . . . . = 0, total.

SCORE—Second Half.

First Team, 2 + 2 . . . . . = 4, total.

Second Team, 2 + 2 . . . . . = 4, total.

Final Score, 11 to 4, in favor of First Team.

Umpire . . . . . Dorothy Kellogg.

Time-Keeper . . . . . Grace Morgan.

### LINE - UP.

#### First Team.

Captain . . . . . Ruth Thrasher

Coach . . . . . Miss Ida Goldsmith

Baskets . . . . . Helen Dominick, Rebekah Schultze

Centers . . . . . Eleanor Gholson, Lenora Hofer

Guards . . . . . Dorothy Rawson, Anna Smith

#### Second Team.

Captain . . . . . Charlotte Rowe

Coach . . . . . Isabella Pendleton

Baskets . . . . . Corinne Lawson, Charlotte Rowe

Centers . . . . . Alfreda Shipley, Margaret Smith

Guards . . . . . Marjorie Langdon, Emily Powell

# *An Afternoon of Readings*

BY

MISS MARY NEFF.

November 27, 1907

“The Play’s the Thing” . . . from “Emmy Lou”  
A Harvard Story . . . . . Post  
“The Road to Mandalay” . . . . . Kipling



## *A Christmas Carol*

*TOLD TO THE CHILDREN BY SANTA CLAUS*



O you want old Santa to sing you a Christmas carol! Bless you, children, it has been many a year since I sang a good, rollicking Christmas song, but if you will come right up close around this big log-fire you shall hear the story of a Christmas carol sung in Fairyland. There, now—

“Once upon a time there stood, away high up on a rolling hill, above a quick curving river, a beautiful castle, a veritable fairy palace, owned by a fairy queen. Early every morning there sounded a bugle from the castle tower and myriads of big and little fairies gathered within the walls to work and play together. After the last notes of the bugle had floated out over the hills, the draw-bridge was swung high into the air and those for whom it was swung low again had to pay a fearful penalty, for this was a very orderly bit of Fairyland.

“Then, when the Christmas season came, the big fairies worked all day. Indeed, they worked even until the sun had quite hidden himself in the river and the stars had begun to nod to one another over the palace. But the queen and her big fairies could never have prepared so wonderful a Christmas carol had not the little fairies and the funny, little brownies helped. (Those brownies, by the way, were the only boys, beside the castle warden and Santa, ever permitted within the walls, so the fairies, big and little, appreciated their presence immensely.)

“At last the preparations for the Christmas carol were completed and my reindeers were hurrying over the snow, because it never would do for Santa Claus to be late in Fairyland. But long before my sleigh reached the draw-bridge, who do you think had crossed it? First of all arrived more than a hundred big and little fairies carrying beautiful dolls and playthings to hide away in great bags for Santa to find. Then

there was a rushing sound and half a dozen brownies came tumbling over the bridge, their arms filled with all the toys that delight the hearts of tiny boys. And, oh, the funniest toy of all was a monkey with a tail so long that—but more of him later. Next arrived little messengers from lands across the seas, from northern and from southern lands, all bearing gifts to heap into the mysterious, overflowing bags.

“Quickly the wonderful Christmas tree was lighted. The great doors were thrown open, and a cheer of welcome greeted a whole band of tiny children, who came from a land of which you know nothing—a land of deep shadows, where the Christmas bags are never overflowing, unless kind fairies go to fill them. These little babies, some of whom had never called anything “mine,” and most of whom had never seen a Christmas tree, and none of whom had ever been in a real, true fairy-land, were dazed and frightened at this first, awful glimpse.

“But soon they were all seated in a circle, listening to the Christmas “pieces” and to the songs of the fairies. At last, they even joined in and were all merrily singing “Jingle Bells,”

when real bells were actually heard coming nearer and nearer—and, suddenly, the long-expected Santa appeared! Now play-things and babies and fairies were all tumbled together on the floor. In wide-eyed amazement the children shook hands with Santa Claus, and confided to him their Christmas secrets. The excitement was so intense, that even pink ice cream was eaten without full appreciation of its unfathomable mystery.

“And, oh, another strange and untoward mystery awaited the babies. Indeed, the “Christmas Carol” was, by this time, only half sung. Now the groaning and creaking of the draw-bridge was heard again, and soon there appeared a man with a large box, which moved about most curiously on three legs. Then Fairy-Queen and fairies, brownies and guests and all of the little messengers from foreign lands were huddled around the Christmas tree. After a seemingly endless wait the babies were informed that they had had their pictures taken.

“The children were becoming tired. There had been more than one squabble over mixed toys and even a few transient tears over broken

doll babies. However, some of the most sturdy little Hungarians were still in high spirits. Little Nicholas insisted all the way up the stairs and all the way down the stairs, and all the way across the draw-bridge, on telling his comrades, amid wild gesticulations, that his monkey's tail was "this long—no, this long—no, still longer—no, it's as long as me and, oh, its lots longer than you."

"Once more the old draw-bridge groaned as it swung low to allow the happy, happy babies to pass. At the castle-windows all of the fairies stood, waving "good-bye" with their banners of gold, white and blue. They, too, smiled happily, as they thought of the bit of cheer and brightness

that this glimpse of a beautiful land had brought to all of those little boys and girls, who were toppling pell-mell along the snowy road.

"There, now, children, that is the only "Christmas Carol" you need hear to-night. It is growing late, and Santa must be off, up the chimney in a jiffy. Away with you to dreamland, and, remember, you may all be fairies if you wish—or brownies. What you have to do is to love the "little people" from the land of deep shadows, and soon you'll all be wanting to sing a "Christmas Carol" of your own, in this beautiful fairy land.

"Good-night."

EMILIE SCHMIDLAPP.



# *The Sleeping Beauty*

GIVEN BY

*THE GERMAN DEPARTMENT.*

February 8, 1908.

The Sleeping Beauty . . . . . Emily Powell  
The King . . . . . Katherine Eckstein  
The Queen . . . . . Marjory Langdon  
The Prince . . . . . Isabella Pendleton  
The Bad Fairy . . . . . Marie Kupferschmid

## THE FAIRIES.

Mary Anderson	Ruth Enger	Olivia Hoadly
Mildred Brooks	Jeannette Ficks	Harriet Langdon
Adele Campbell	Helen Geier	Ruth Rebhun
Beatrice Carmichael	Virginia Geier	Mary Varner

## MUSIC.

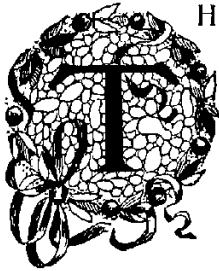
Selections from "Haensel und Gretel," by Humperdinck . . . . . Annie Lea Rothier  
"Heidenroeslein" . . . . . Marie Ryan



## *The Dramatic Club Valentine Party*

(WITH FELICITATIONS TO THE FEZZIWIGS.)

February 14, 1908.



HE Dramatic Club President laid down her pen and looked at the clock, which pointed to the hour of two. Then she rubbed her hands and called out, "Yo-ho, there! Vice-President! Secretary!"

These two officials came briskly in, wearing looks of pleased anticipation.

"Yo-ho, my dears," said the President, skipping about the room with wonderful agility, "No more work, to-day. The Valentine Party, girls! Let's clear away and have lots of room here!"

Clear away! It was done in a minute. All the chairs were pushed up against the wall, the floor plentifully powdered, the window-

shades drawn up, the big Valentine box brought in, and the Gym was as bright and warm a ball-room as one would desire on a rainy afternoon.

Then in came the orchestra and went to the piano and tuned till everyone had fifty headaches. In came our Alma, one vast substantial smile. In came Leonora, wild and incoherent as regarded gestures and speech. In came all the young Dramatic Clubbers, some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly. In they all came anyhow and anyhow. Then the music began and away they went, some two-stepping, some barn-dancing, some not doing anything in particular. When everyone had become thoroughly tangled in the mazes of the two-step circle, the Presi-

dent called out, "Well done!" and the orchestra mopped her face with a towel provided especially for the purpose.

Then there was the distribution of Valentines, which caused a great deal of merriment and excitement. Also there were games and cake and ice-cream (at the appearance of which the younger and more sordid-minded members set up a great cheer.) But the great effect of the afternoon came when the orchestra struck up "The Merry Widow Waltz." Then three distinguished members stood out to dance. A pretty stiff piece of work, too—to dance before three or four and twenty people; people who would not

be trifled with; who would have dancing and no excuse. But had they been twice as many, our Secretary would have been a match for them and so would her two partners. And when they had gone through the intricate figures of the ballet, they leaped gracefully from the platform to the floor and came up again without a stagger.

At four o'clock this interesting party broke up. Our President stationed herself by the door, shaking hands with each girl as she went out. Going down the drive, the girls gave the school cheer, enthusiastically. Then the happy voices died away and the party became a thing of the past.



## *Our Common Birds*

A LECTURE BY

MR. CHARLES DURY

March 21, 1908.

The highest praise a man can receive is that a child understands him.

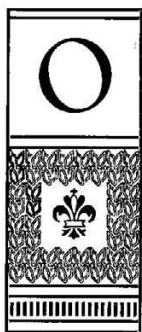
One of our very tiny girls said to a "big" girl,  
"I think that man loves his little birds. Don't you?"  
The "big" girl answered, "Yes, he loves them."



## The Baby Party

THE JUNIORS ENTERTAIN THE SENIORS.

May 1, 1908.



ON MAY DAY, at the home of Miss Gwendolyn R., a delightful affair was given by the Juniors for the Seniors. Miss Gwendolyn R., the President and Miss Ruth K., the Secretary of the Juniors, had spared nothing to make "the little ones" happy, and the party was

gloriously successful. At half after three, the nine Juniors were standing in line ready to receive. Little Miss R. wore a simple, but elegant French dress with blue sash and blue hair ribbons; Miss K. was attired in a white linen frock, with pink ribbons restraining her long, dark curls. The Misses Ruth C., Marion G., Louise W., Winifred G., Alma D. and Charlotte S., were all dain-

tily dressed in light party frocks, with bows, ruffles and frills.

Miss Virginia B. quite delighted the eyes and hearts of certain little girls by appearing as Buster Brown. At a quarter of four the dignified Seniors arrived in state. But, ten minutes later, when they descended the stairs to be received by their little school mates, there were but four shy, giggling, children. The Senior President, Margaret C., was a coy little maiden of four. Grace M., in long baby clothes, goo-ed happily. (Think of it!) Marianne C. and Ethel M. as the twins—"Johnnie and Willie"—received a prolonged feminine ovation. (In return for this they presented each favored lass with a bright-colored marble.) Then there was a general yell. Miss D. and Miss H. had arrived. Miss D. was immediately presented to the children; but where had Miss H. disappeared? It was not Miss H., but "Marie," who so joyfully entered the room to be presented to her little playmates.

When all of the guests had arrived, the

Juniors danced a prettily arranged figure about the Seniors, and crowned the President, May Queen, and "Willie," May King. (The crowns were artistic triumphs, designed and executed by Georgie B). Then there were games, and dances, and romping, and all sorts of fun. Nothing that could add to the general merry-making was omitted. In the barn dance the floor was left free to the graceful partners, Alma and "Johnnie," who for some time entertained all of the others by their whirlings and hopping. The "baby" of the Seniors outshone all of her elders by pinning the tail on the donkey. As a prize she received a dear, little rubber donkey.

There was neither a hitch nor a pause, for the Juniors had so arranged it that their little guests were never lacking for amusements. In playing anograms, two sides were set against one another, until it came to a decision between "Marie" and "Johnnie." It was a close game, but "Marie" won and received, as a prize, a beautiful, little, white, fuzzy dog—one that could jump.

Then there came the refreshments. The table was arranged beautifully. The cloth was of yellow and white, the Senior colors. In the center of the table was a silver tray holding six beautiful bunches of daisies, the Senior flowers, which later were presented to Miss D., to Miss H. and to the Seniors. At each place there were two yellow and white daisies of ice cream. There were also bon-bons and horns for each "child," and, judging by the noise that was made, everyone must have had "the time of her life."

School yells, class yells, and school-and-class-songs were given. The Juniors were cheered, Gwen was cheered, Miss D. and Miss H. were cheered and the Seniors were cheered. And then the Junior President gave a masterly speech, which was answered by a short, but sweet one on the part of the Senior President. Finally, there was a jolly winding-up dance and it was, alas, time to go. Each one left, certain that it had been the best party "ever." And the Seniors think that the Juniors are the best entertainers and the jolliest schoolmates in all the wide world!



# *The Romancers*

BY

EDMOND ROSTAND

June 10, 1908.

## DIRECTORS

MISS NEFF . . . . . MISS HOWELL

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Percinet, a lover . . . . . Ruth Thrasher  
Straforel, the universal genius . . . . . Emilie Schmidlapp  
Bergamin, father to Percinet . . . . . Marianne Clark  
Pasquin, father to Sylvette . . . . . Dorothy Rawson  
Blaise, a gardener . . . . . Emily Burton  
Sylvette, daughter of Pasquin in love with Percinet . . . . . Marian Gauding  
Notary . . . . . Jane Faran

## DANCERS IN THE MINUET

Grace Morgan      Lucile Muhlberg      Ruth Crothers  
Louise Williams      Virginia Bell      Helen Glen  
Winnifred Goodall      Louise Root

## BRAVOS

Gwendolyn Rawson      Helen Dominick  
Charlotte Healy      Gertrude Langdon

## WEDDING GUESTS

Ruth Dittman      Adelaide Singleton  
Jennie Moffett      Mary Elizabeth Kemper  
Elizabeth Weatherhead      Charlotte Shipley

## MAIDS

Mary Louise Buhrman      Phyllis Fosdick  
Margaret Titus      Harbine Hazen



LAST JUNE



# Commencement Exercises

JUNE THE NINTH, 1908.

PRAYER

ADDRESS

Professor Frederic C. Hicks

SONG

Glee Club

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES

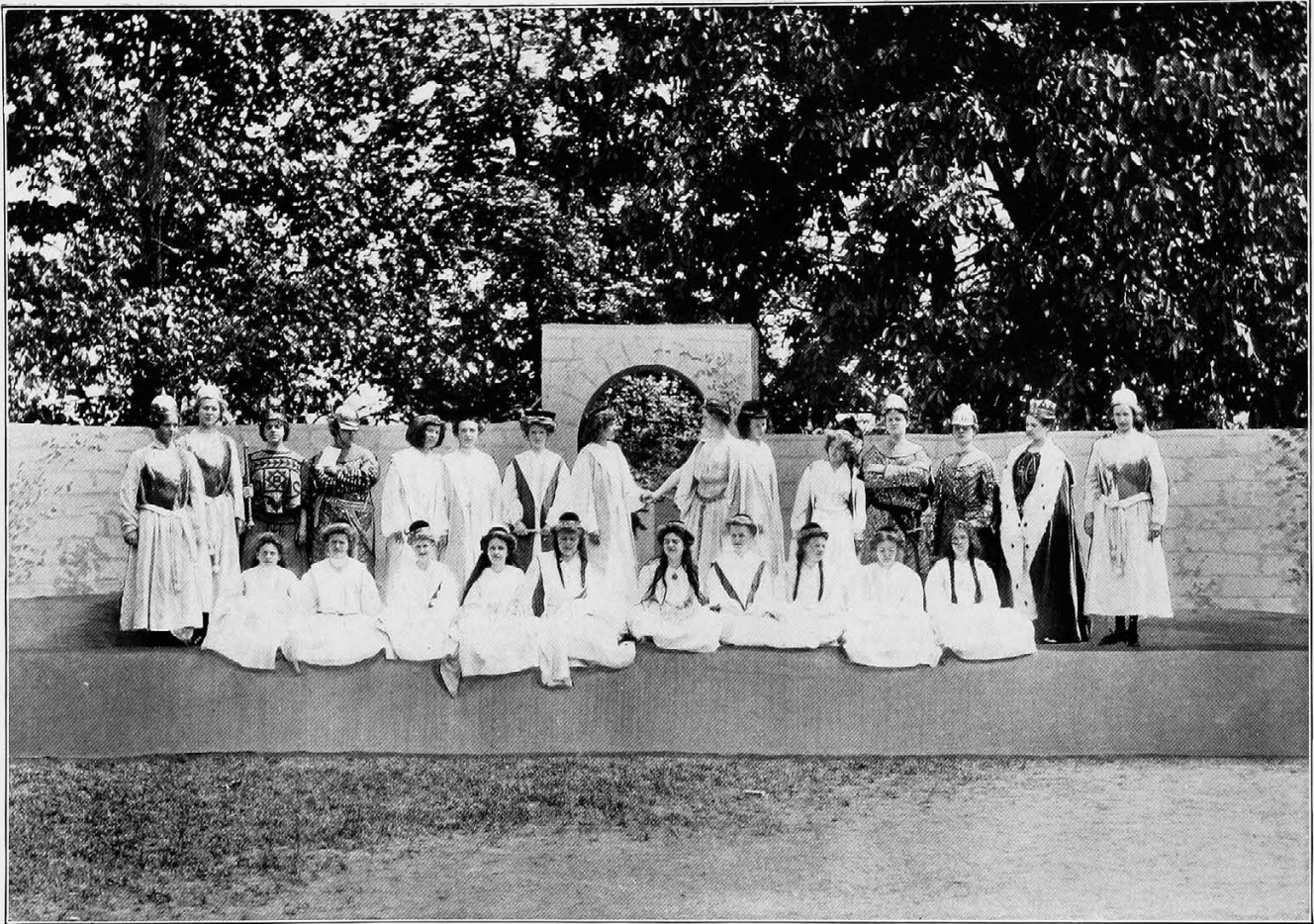
CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS

Miss Doherty

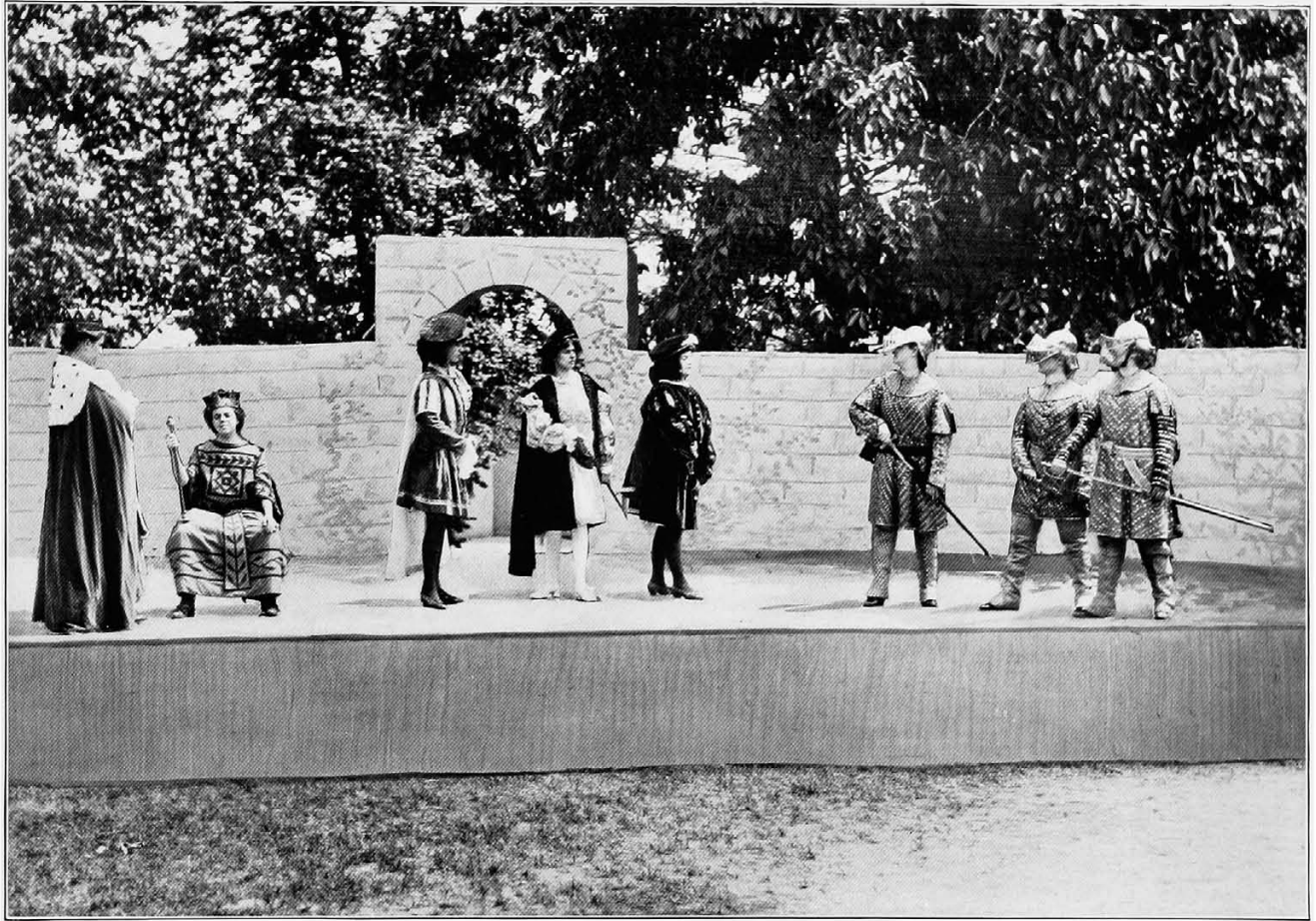
SCHOOL SONG

Glee Club

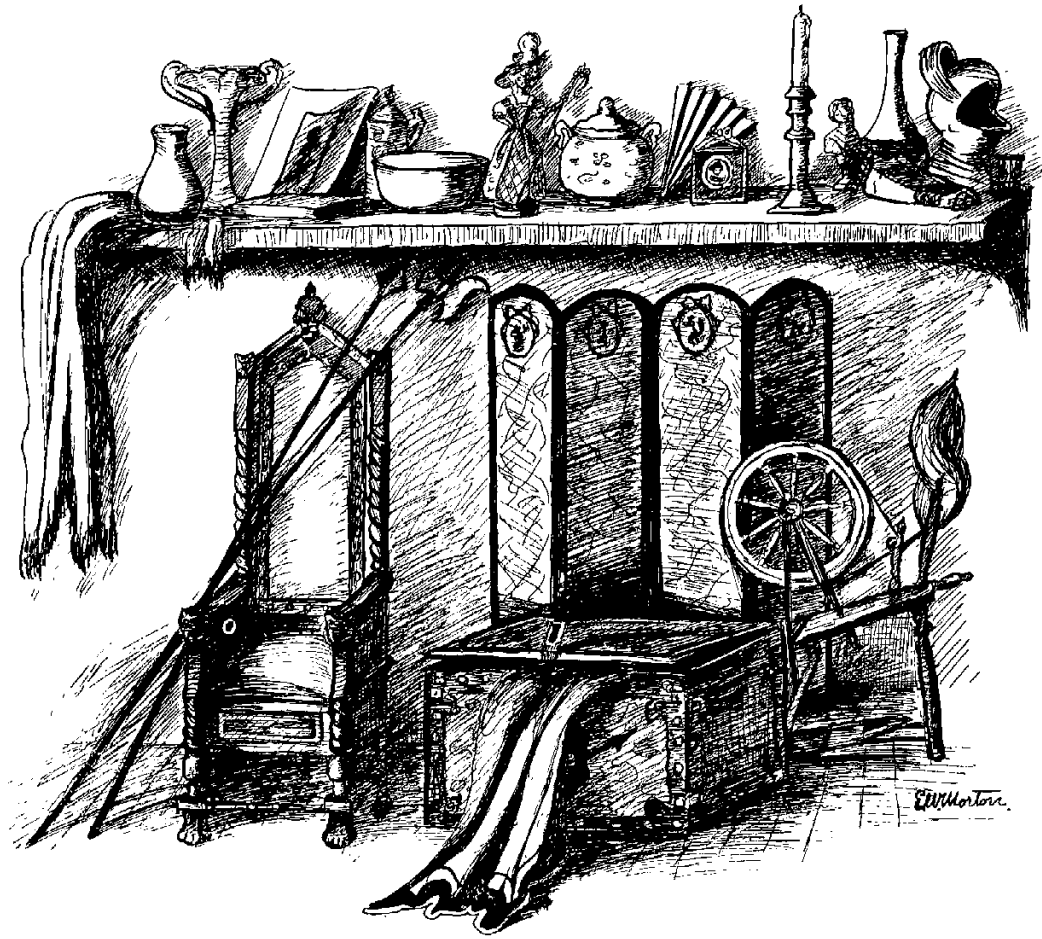
AMERICA



ECHOES OF "THE PRINCESS"



ECHOES OF "THE PRINCESS"



# Old Curiosity Shop

MISCELLANY



## “And Thereby Hangs a Tale”

I was sitting before my crackling study fire after a good dinner such as only Pierre can prepare. On my lap was an old folio edition of “As You Like It.” I had long been collecting early editions of Shakespeare’s works. This was the last needed to complete my set; it was also the rarest. The red shaded lamps had been lighted and the curtains drawn. The morocco binding sent forth an odor like sandal wood.

As I was musing over the years gone by and occasionally reading from the volume, I heard slow, light foot steps. Glancing up, I saw outlined against the crimson curtain of the door a lithe figure, somberly dressed in the fashion of the age of Queen Bess. He made a low, yet indifferent bow, his sable plume carelessly sweeping the floor. As I stared in bewilderment he gracefully crossed the room towards me. I was completely mystified, nevertheless I arose, at the same time extending my hand. The gentleman bowed again as he accepted it. Then he walked to the mantel and stood gazing “deep contemplative” into the blue flames playing about the pine logs. At a loss what to say, I drew a chair invitingly near to mine. The courtier, for he was dressed as such, sank into the proffered seat. Still silent, he gazed around the cosy room, while I had a chance to inspect my visitor. He was tall, yet supple and

extremely slender, his hair was long, dark and curling, his eyes were dark also and in their depths there lurked a discontented expression. This was all the inventory I could take for he spoke.

“You wonder from whence I came.”

In the gentle drawl there was a touch of satisfaction.

“I am Jaques, the wise and melancholy Jaques, whom the sweet Master Shakespeare created. I came from the planet of Fancy. Once in a century are we allowed a brief season on this earth. I came in yonder snow cloud and will depart in a like manner. Perchance I shall find many spectacles to moralize upon in this brief stay.”

The man, I thought, is a crazed actor.

“Why do we tarry here?”

He imperiously questioned. Sane or not sane he was as interesting as an old folio. I accepted the situation and rang for the automobile.

“Come on,” I said, “I will show you Cincinnati.”

The car was soon waiting at the door. I expected Jaques to be terrorized at the snorting monster, but he dropped nonchalantly into the seat beside me. If excited, he concealed his emotions under a blase air.

As we reached the heart of the city Jaques complained that he saw everything through a mist. I laughingly ex-

plained to him that it was only Cincinnati smoke. The street cars, the tall buildings, the people, were all a novelty to my new found friend, also the mighty display of lights were a source of interest. At last we passed a theatre. Then it occurred to me that Jaques might like to visit one. By the posters I saw that "As You Like It" was being given at the Grand Opera House. I asked if he would care to go. For the first time Jaques seemed really animated.

"I fain would go. I pray you, Sir, proceed."

We dismissed the automobile and crossed the street. I stopped on the corner to buy a paper. When I turned to Jaques I found him confronting a large man, with diamonds galore, and a "get rich quick" air written all over him. At this moment he grabbed Jaques by the arm and hurried him away. I was surprised and not a little disturbed at such a high handed performance. Nevertheless, I hastened after them. We entered a dingy door which I knew led to the stage. The corpulent kidnapper ushered us into a shabby gray dressing room. He offered us cigars, then in a breathless voice explained his peculiar behavior.

It seemed that the actor taking the part of Jaques was unable to appear because of a sudden illness. The manager had just come from this actor's hotel when he chanced to see Jaques in the correct costume for the part. Thinking him to be an actor and probably familiar with the lines, he decided to press him into service. The gentleman most concerned oddly enough consented. I sat in the front row and watched the play progress, Jaques acting magnificently. There was a mighty burst of applause as the curtain went down on the last act. I sprang to my feet with the rest of the audience calling for Jaques. Then—it was a night of wizardry—I seemed to be standing in my own library.

The butler came in inquiring:

"Did you call, Sir?"

I asked if Jaques had come back? The perplexed reply was,

"Come back? Has any guest been here, Sir?"

I looked out of the window at the flying, whirling snow, then I said slowly "I don't really know."

*ELEANOR GHOLSON, 1910.*



## English Curios

### *Grateful!*

“At last! Her beloved Gabriel she had found at last! He tried hard to mutter her name but he could not (the fever was very bad). Gasping for breath, he died at Evangeline’s side. She only said “Father, I thank thee.”

College IV.

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### *A New Kind of Bittern.*

“In describing the village, Goldsmith tells of the bittern singing *joyously*.”

College III.

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### *An After-Thought.*

“When the ship sank, all the sailors were drowned. But wait a moment, Robinson Crusoe was not drowned.”

### *Long Drawn Out.*

“All the southern trees were matted together with a grey moss.”

### *Rapid Transit.*

“You go straight up the middle *isle* to the chancel.”

College IV.

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### *Feminine Logic.*

“Evangeline’s house was in the center of the village and surrounded by many, many acres of grain.”

College IV.

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### *A Literal Interpretation.*

“Wordsworth believed that nature was a part of God and it breathed.”

College III.



## Hallowe'en

How wonderful is a cornfield bathed in the golden haze of a harvest moon! This moon swung low on the horizon and sank slowly as though loth to withdraw the enchanting, enriching touch with which it enfolded the whole scene.

The sheaves were piled in graceful stacks which swayed and rustled in the night wind and nodded their tasseled tops as though, emboldened by the subdued light, they were wagging their sage heads and holding solemn concourse. They seemed marvelously alive. You would not have felt in the least surprised if they had joined their protruding sheaves and progressed—not moved—forward in long lines, marching and counter marching or bowing this way and that in a stately dance to the sighing of the night wind. Each

tassel top was a wisped thing of golden tracery, contrasting in color with the deep brown in the shadows.

Curious forms lurked in the dusky parts of the field—witch silhouettes with pointed chins, fagot brooms and skeleton arms flung aloft. There! By that very stack were surely some elves and fairies jumping and flying from peak to peak. Now they joined hands about the stack, danced, and then with a whisk and a wink, disappeared within.

It was a wonderful night. When you walked in the moonlight, you felt as though you were swimming in some golden liquid which braced you up. You could move lighter, breathe deeper, dare more on such a night.

*DOROTHY KELLOGG, 1907.*



## *A Day in Amsterdam*

When the first rays of the sun shone down on the red tiled roofs and the brown and white gingerbread houses of Amsterdam, the old city square was quiet and vacant of all life. In the growing light the square had a calm, trim, quaint aspect as though it were a part of a sleeping, story-book town. Save the tinkling of the water in the fountain, which stood in the middle of the great red and white tiled square, the quietness was not broken. At one end of this square stood the large red brick "Bourse." At the other end stood a row of narrow, prim houses which leaned out over the street; their high fronts were cut off at the top like two pairs of stairs.

Slowly the door of one of these houses opened with a stealthy creak, and an old woman came out carrying in her hand a bucket and a scrubbing brush. She waited a moment for another woman who was coming down the street carrying across her shoulders a yoke, from which hung two buckets. The two women nodded and then walked together to the fountain, with the easy, swinging gait of the strong and muscular. At the fountain they put down their buckets and, with their hands on their hips, stood gossiping in their strange jargon, as unintelligent to foreigners as the rattling gibberish of black birds. Soon two or three more women joined the first two and all stood there chatting for some time. Then one by one they dipped their buckets into the fountain and afterwards clattered off in their wooden shoes. Each one stopped in front of her door and soon all

were busily at work washing and scrubbing the sidewalk, the stone steps and the brick fronts of the houses.

Suddenly there came a shrill whistle and all turned expectantly to see a jolly, round-faced boy, almost lost to sight in a very full pair of black knickerbockers and two or three red jackets tightly buttoned to his chin. With his hands in his pockets he clattered up, whistling the latest tune, "Hiawatha." Behind him came his trusty little black and brown dog, tugging steadily along under a big green cart. This was piled full of shining copper milk-pails, which rattled over the round cobblestones at each jolt of the two-wheeled cart. The boy stopped for a moment to drink from the fountain. Quick as a shot, the dog dropped to the ground and lay there panting while his master refreshed himself, and called to the rosy-cheeked maids, who were now opening the doors and taking down the shutters. Then, with a cheery whistle, the boy started again followed by his patient little helper.

By this time the "scrub women" had finished their work and the square was beginning to fill with people. City workmen, in their baggy corduroy breeches, white shirts and gay red sashes, now began their tasks in the streets. Day laborers hurried past, shuffling across the square in their loose, low-heeled, black wooden shoes.

Then several tourists, anxious "to get in all the sights," came hurrying along with eager, expectant faces. One stopped to gaze at the fountain, another stared up at the tower of the "Bourse" and then pulled out the ever-present

"Baedeker" and began to read aloud to a third, who, at the other side of the square, was trying in vain to persuade two tall, gaunt Dutchmen to pose for their pictures at a penny apiece. Soon, however, with kodak "set" and eyes ready for any new sights, the tourists hurried on.

At noon the square was crowded. Children came scampering home from school and almost all stopped, for at least a moment, to dabble their fingers in the cool water. One small boy, to "out do" the others, quickly took off his wooden shoe and soon was sailing it in the water, to the great delight of all the children. Then, while they played around the fountain, the great bell in the "Bourse" rang out and from all directions men began to push into the square. For several hours people hurried in and out of the great building and the place was crowded with men and boys trying to get "jobs" as messengers.

Finally, however, the streets grew dark, the great doors of the "Bourse" were shut and barred, the shops were closed and only a few lights flickered in the streets. Soon afterwards an old man and two women came into the square,

pushing a heavy and gaudily decorated street piano. They took their stand at one side of the square and began to grind out unmusical tunes. The airs, however, were loud and lively and soon nearly all of the children from the old part of Amsterdam were skipping, hopping and whirling around in a queer, fantastical Dutch dance. Two or three grey-haired old grand-fathers leaned against the fountain basin and stolidly puffed their long-stemmed meerschaum pipes, but watched with sparkling eyes the frolics of the youngsters. Their dance was a mixture of hops, skips, jumps and dizzy turnings. This general merry-making lasted all evening until finally the lights in the square were turned out and all was in utter darkness. The fountain was left alone to murmur away to itself and to wait for another day.

And the thing that impresses the observer is that, despite their queer clothes and odd customs, these Dutch people are, in many ways, like those of other nations, and the life that goes on, day after day, in this quaint, old city, is much like the life of any other large city.

*ETHEL McCULLOUGH, 1908.*



## Primary Aspirations

### MY THREE WISHES

JULIE ELIZABETH GALVIN



*(Please note the moral and social trend  
of the feminine mind.)*

- First.* I should wish that I might be good.  
*Second.* I should wish that I might know my lessons.  
*Third.* I should wish that I might go to Atlantic City this  
summer.

### MY THREE WISHES

REGINALD BARNARD



*(Contrast with the other this proof of the  
masculine love of acquisition.)*

- First.* I should wish that I would get a canary.  
*Second.* I should wish that I would get a pony.  
*Third.* I should wish that DAN would get some puppies.

## His First Party

Life for Tommy had been moving in its usual pleasant course, presenting few hardships other than those ordinarily endured by a small lad of seven. It was a joy to live—until the invitation came. Then it may be, that Tommy desired to put an end to his brief existence, at least for a convenient time. Not that the invitation was different from any others, for it read:

“Miss Marjorie Brown cordially invites you to her birthday party, Saturday afternoon, October tenth,” and Tommy’s name, with those of his four younger sisters, was on the envelope.

The younger girls were delighted. They could not understand why Tommy did not welcome the opportunity of mingling with society. The family were provoked at his stubborn opposition to attending a party! Since they were many and Tommy only one, his aversion was of no avail and the acceptance sent off without delay.

It naturally followed that the younger girls must have new dresses and Tommy a new suit. The older girls willingly offered their services and Tommy was taken to the city by two of them. He was dragged around from store to store while finery was selected for his sisters. The only consolation he had was in thinking that perhaps they would not have time to get him a suit. He was robbed of that comfort, finally, for the girls, satisfied with their purchases, mag-

nanimously spent a half hour selecting Tommy’s suit. Tommy didn’t like it. He thought it looked too babyish “just like the little folks wore in the kindergarten,” and then he overheard the clerk say that he looked “just too sweet” in it, and that increased his dislike. The girls liked it, though, ordered it sent home and reprimanded Tommy for being ungrateful.

At last the day of the party came. The weather was lovely and the young girls were rejoicing over their luck. This was not so with Tommy. All the other little boys in the neighborhood were going to see “Barnabee’s Trained Animals” that afternoon. It was bad enough to have to waste a Saturday on a party, but to have to give up seeing the trained animals was a tragedy to Tommy. How the boys would brag about what they had seen! He might brag about the party—if he only hadn’t been *made* to go. Then, also, the family had kept him within reach all morning for fear he would mysteriously disappear, just as if he had to be “tended to” like a baby. He looked with longing eyes at the little boy next door, proud possessor of a baby brother and not burdened with even so much as one sister.

After dinner he was sent to nurse who had had her orders to “scrub” him thoroughly. She fulfilled her instructions to the letter and Tommy was almost afraid that he had been dispossessed of his nose and eyes. He wildly wished

that they *had* been rubbed off, because then maybe they would let him stay home. Next came the ordeal of getting into the hated suit. At last when he was all dressed and duly inspected by the older girls and had had his tie tied and his hair combed by everyone of them, he was sent down to the parlor to sit quietly on a chair until time for departure. He might look at a book if he chose.

It took the younger girls some time to dress for they had many things of importance to talk about. They wondered what boys would be there and who would take them into supper. They had to discuss just how each one should fix her hair and whether they should all wear blue ribbons or each a different color. Two of the girls were ready first and impatiently hastened away. Then the others began to worry for fear they would be late. After some sharp words on their part and much good-nature on nurse's, they were

dressed. They left amid clamor and confusion and arrived at the party just in time for the first game.

When the game had been played and the prizes distributed, the young people went into supper. Then one of the girls made a startling discovery. Tommy could not be found. The girls gathered together and after a noisy colloquy the mystery was solved. They had forgotten all about Tommy in their haste in leaving home. The girls who had left first supposed he would come with the others, who, in their turn, thought that he had gone.

In the meantime Tommy was sitting in the parlor on a stiff upright chair, which he had chosen as more in keeping with the occasion. His book was on the floor and Tommy was sound asleep dreaming of "Barnabee's Trained Animals". All the "ladies" who did difficult things on horse-back resembled his sisters and Tommy himself was the chief trainer.

CORINNE MURRAY.



## A Sense of Proportion

From her dressing-room window Anita gazed angrily and accusingly at the whirling clouds of snow that swept through the stern, proud pines, as though envious of these last memories of green springtime and gold-brown autumn.

"Oh, I can't be married on such a day. Jack and I would fight every day of our existence, with *that* storm for a beginning!"

"Anita Stanford," called June Ford, the maid of honor, from the next room, "if you make another superstitious statement to-day, I *hope* you *will* be fated. Hurry! Do hurry, Nita, or you'll even be late to your *own* wedding. I know no one so utterly lacking in a sense of proportion as you are. You ought to think it splendidly romantic to make Jack 'brave the fierce storm' to marry you. Anyhow, great Jupiter knows you've whirled him through many a one far worse."

"Humph," sniffed Anita, "thanks for your frankness, but you don't seem to realize that I have to reach the church somehow, as well as Jack."

"Oh," groaned June, "Cupid be merciful to *me*, if marrying puts one in such a mood!"

"Besides, June Ford, *you* needn't say a word," continued the implacable Anita, "if you had selected your slippers in Paris, and knew they were in a horrid, old express office, and the boy could never find this backwoods place in the storm—Oh, I'll *not* be married without those

slippers. And, Junie, the lovely, embroidered forget-me-nots! I *have* to wear something blue and there *is* nothing else, and the slippers will never, *never*, NEVER come on time."

At this outburst, June appeared in the doorway. "Anita," she gasped, "stop driving at that pillow. It's not a punching bag. It took me six months to make it—and you'll never have another. Now, do quit fussing like a rusty, old stove pipe thawing out on a cold day. You may wear *my* slippers. I'll wear old ones—."

"*Your* slippers, with that bright green design sprawled over the toes? I'll go barefoot first, or die an old maid. I loathe, hate and despise green and never could see why mother and *all* of you insisted on a white and *green* wedding. Whatever happens, I'll not be *married* in green, so there! And I've *got* to have blue!"

"Oh, Nita, silly, can't you enjoy living for one little hour and forget superstitious foolishness?"

"No, I can't. I won't! Now look, there's mother's veil—that's old. Then there are Jack's pearls. They are the newest, unless the slippers should happen to find their way here. 'Something borrowed,' Junie, dear, you must loan me your hair pins; so *that's* settled. Last of all—'something blue'—not a scrap of anything. Oh, my darling forget-me-not slippers. There is just enough blue on them to make it apparent that I am following the 'legend'

and, of course, everyone sees your feet. Oh, *there* come the slippers. Oh, that poor, dear boy. Give him a pocket full of cakes and tell him to get warm before he leaves. He's an angel."

Now Anita could be induced to hurry. Her beloved slippers were perfect—made precisely as she had ordered them—and sure to be the most envied of all her possessions.

\* \* \*

At last she was ready. The carriage had been waiting half an hour. It was at some little distance from the house, owing to the repairing of a frozen pipe.

"Oh, ye demons and little, red devils," cried Anita, glancing at the very white swirls of snow. "My slippers will be ruined, Junie, give me something—bedroom slippers anything. Do, quick!"

June flew upstairs. In a moment she returned with a pair of grass green slippers.

"Oh, that fateful color," cried the agonized bride. "What if anyone should see them?"

"Nita, Nita, don't be childish. You can leave them in the carriage. We'll be terribly late. Come on."

Anita was put into the green slippers, then into the carriage. Besides Junie, Mr. and Mrs. Stanford were the only other occupants. All were nervous because of Nita's delays. It was already past the hour set for the ceremony. By the time they reached the church, everyone was in a

tense state, verging on something ruinous to good fellowship. The church was crowded with eager friends and curious acquaintances. It was certainly *very* late. All preliminaries were naturally hurried.

Finally the bride and groom met at the altar, each a little pale and with a slightly strained expression. Anita's dazed mind could grasp only an indefinite idea of what was happening. After a seemingly endless time, a deep, though shaky voice beside her said, "I will." Glancing up to see whether those sepulchral tones actually proceeded from her light-hearted, fun-loving Jack, her eyes encountered those of the minister. Oh, horrible, they were as green as ———.

The same question which Jack had answered like a scared schoolboy before a visitor, was being propounded to Anita.

"I——I——will," she stammered, looking reflectively into the minister's eyes. There seemed to be an extraordinarily strange fascination in those green depths.

"Oh, no, I won't," she moaned. "Wait a minute. I'll *not* be married in green!"

The guests arose in a body, thinking that the bride had fainted or that something equally thrilling had occurred. But Anita had only bent over to slip off a pair of grass green bedroom slippers.

"Now, I will," she murmured gently, at the same time darting a look of revenge at that *detestable* Junie Ford.

EMILIE SCHMIDLAPP.



## The Artful Dodgers

### *Deft Evaders of "Annual" Work*

Grace M.  
Evelyn H.  
Harbine H.  
Helen K.

### *Nonchalant Avoiders of "Extra Effort"*

Eleanor G.  
Anna S.  
Barbara T.  
Charlotte R.  
Alfreda S.

## The Rachel Wardle Sisterhood

*Motto:* "Barkis is willin'."

*Emblem:* A pierced heart.

### *Chief Admirer of Youths*

Rebekah S.

### *Ardent Defender of Mankind*

Ruth K.

### *The Stricken Dears*

Corinne L.  
Jane G.

Isabella P.

Ruth C.  
Adelaide S.

### *Graduate Members*

Anna Lea R.

Millie S.

## The Skimpoles

*Motto*: "Somebody always does it for me. I can't do it, you know;  
but somebody does. I get out by somebody's means."

### *Continuous Duplicator*

Dorothy C.

### *Recording Secretary*

Dorothy J.

### *Echoes*

Alice B.

Ange F.

Lenora H.

Florence E.

Louise R.

Corinne L.

Alfreda S.

Louise W-Y.

Olive W.

Mildred P.

Mary K.

Georgia B.

## The Mrs. Jellybys

*Motto*: "The more illegible the better."

*Emblem*: Chicken tracks.

Charlotte H.

Mary M.

Julia A.

Margaret C.

Helen G.

Margaret T.

Evelyn O.

## An Incidental Caucus

Four maidens were the sole occupants of the back veranda of the C. P. S. Their attitudes of dejection were not at all in accord with the brilliant October day, but no gleam of sunlight penetrated the gloominess of their thoughts. A Senior sat in state on the bamboo couch, hopelessly endeavoring to get a little light on Burke's "Conciliation." A pessimistic Junior adorned the railing and kicked it viciously with her heels, while on the steps a Sophomore and a Freshman were devouring cracker after cracker, with settled expressions of disgust.

"Bah! These crackers!" grumbled the Freshman.

"Can't you keep still a fraction of a second?" snapped the Senior.

"Now if this were last year," began the Junior.

"Yes!" Cried one girl, "if it were *only* last year."

The Senior's groan in the back-ground demanded silence, but it was disregarded.

"School patriotism is dead," announced the Junior, sepulchrally, "or else it's a joke."

"Right there! Patriotism is dead," chipped in the Freshman, "and I know why."

"It's the new girls," promptly added the Sophomore, more

or less grammatically. "Why, really, I don't know the names of some of the girls in our class, and we never associate with them."

"Their manners!" came from the Freshman in a superior tone.

"Of course our old crowd always go together, and those new girls just hang around in the silliest way. They don't fit in at all," was the Sophomore's contribution.

The Junior turned savagely on them. "You hypocrites!" she said stingingly. "Try a little inward reflection. What have you ever done to make the new girls feel "in" with us? You Freshmen are snobs and the Sophomore cliques are a disgrace. You've wasted a lot of effort, you've shown decent kindness! The last is sarcasm," she added, fearing that the effect might be lost.

The accused looked at each other in open-mouthed amazement. In the interval each indulged in a little thought and the denial which sprang to the lips of the Sophomore died as she saw in her mind's eye, the tight, impenetrable knot of her own classmen in the "gym." The Freshman's lack of class spirit had been too obvious to permit agreement on her part.

Determined to leave nothing undone, the irate Junior

now turned her attention to the Senior, absorbedly gnawing her pencil as she gazed pensively far across the river and into the blue distances of the Kentucky hills.

"You Seniors, who ought to be a shining example of hospitality and patriotism, sit around just as you are doing now, with no more energy than —". The Junior stopped for lack of adequate expression.

"Vocabulary limited" remarked the Senior calmly. "Recollect, if you please, the superior pinnacle of knowledge on which we stand. Do you suppose" she added abruptly abandoning her pose "that we haven't seen and laughed at your spasmodic endeavors to be democratic and your patronizing way of entertaining the new girls?"

The Junior blushed furiously. She had a distinct recollection of as many as two consecutive recesses when she had considered herself a martyr to democracy as she danced with the new members.

Silence fell on the little group. If it had been despondent before it was in the depths now. The Senior

wondered if she had been indifferent. The Junior, ashamed of her air of patronage, kicked the railing more violently than ever. While in the minds of the Sophomore and Freshman, the idea was slowly dawning that the new girls might possibly be their equals and perhaps their superiors.

There was a sudden ceasing of the tumult in the "gym." Then came the rousing chorus of the C. P. S. song, sung by old and new alike. The four sprang to their feet. Their gloom was dissipated; each felt that there was such a thing as Hope. The enthusiastic cheer from the "gym" was seconded by one equally enthusiastic from the veranda.

"It isn't dead" cried the Sophomore, "your working hypothesis was incorrect."

"But our faults remain the same," said the Junior seriously.

The four looked at each other and considered their respective failings honestly.

"Right there," again chirped the Freshman, "shake on it and we'll try to improve."

*RUTH KINSEY, 1909.*

## *A Toast to our School*

Here's to College Prep. School,  
Oh, honored be thy name,  
May future years advance thee  
And bring thee into fame.

Though others may forget thee,  
My heart will e'er be true,  
For I'm a loyal worshiper  
Of Gold and White and Blue.



## Corrupt Politics

One rainy day mother was entertaining a caller who had come to see her about joining "The Minerva Club." As it happens, however, clubs are mother's pet aversion, and so with infinite tact she had steered the conversation from clubs to her favorite topic—the children. The caller was not so much at home on this subject.

"Are your children usually cross on rainy days?" she asked. "The nurse says mine are."

"Yes," mother answered. "When they are shut up in the house they never have enough to do. They are continually asking, 'What shall we do?' Here they come to ask it for the tenth time to-day," she added as the sound of little feet pattering down the hall became very audible.

"What shall we do?" wailed two little voices as Lovey-girl and Hob burst into the parlor.

Lovey-girl was a round, plump, little lass of five with big, brown eyes. Hob was not much taller though over a year older. The upper part of his nose was almost a minus quantity and the lower part was all turned up. Indeed, when his elder brother first saw him he asked in all seriousness, "When will God send the rest of his nose?"

"We've played with everything we have till we're tired," Hob said.

"My dolly's all broken," sighed Love.

"I should suggest," the visitor said, rather annoyed at the interruption, "that they organize a club. I do not

believe the habit of belonging to a society can be formed too early."

"Let's do it," Hob cried, eager for something new.

"What shall we name it?" asked practical Love.

"I once belonged to a 'crescent club'—" began the caller.

"What does 'crescent' mean?" interrupted Hob.

"A half-moon," mother answered, "but you children must run away and not bother us."

"Tell us a name for our club," begged Lovey-girl.

"We don't want 'crescent' 'cause it means half and we want a whole thing," Hob said.

"Call it the 'Full-Moon Club' and be gone."

Mother's tone was a trifle impatient, but what saint's would not be at the end of a rainy day?

The children ran off to organize their club. After much heated discussion, with the nurse's help, they drew up these rules.

### *Rules.*

1. The name is "Full-Moon Club."
2. You must mind the president if the members say he says what is right.
3. Love is president 'cause she is youngest.
4. You must call her Hannah 'cause that is her real name.
5. Hob is secretary 'cause Hannah is president.

6. You must call him Horace.

7. We must have refreshments every meeting.

As her caller had gone (without accomplishing her purpose) mother came into the nursery.

“What shall we do next?” Hob said.

“Decide who shall be asked to join the club. I advise you to keep it small. Don’t ask more than one or two.”

Perhaps the good of the club was not the only thing mother thought of when she thus advised the children. The next ten minutes were taken up in arguing as to who should be asked to join. Jimmy Brown was finally decided on as worthy of that honor.

Jimmy, however, was not as enthusiastic as might be expected.

“My mamma goes to a club every Friday,” he said, “When she gets home she is always cross and says she will never go again.”

From the minute Jimmy began to look down on the club he became a much more desirable member.

“This club is different,” Hob argued, “it isn’t fussy.”

“We get refreshments,” Lovey-girl put in, “I guess your mother doesn’t or she wouldn’t be cross.”

“I can get refreshments any day at home,” he said, “crackers and milk. I guess that’s all you get.”

“Oh, no,” Hob and Love chorused, “We get sugar lumps, too.”

“Jimmy considered a minute. “Well,” he said, “I’ll join if I can be president.”

“You can’t,” Love cried, “I am.”

“You can be secretary,” Jimmy said coolly.

“But I’m secretary!” gasped Hob.

“You can be treasurer.”

Hob thought Jimmy was a desirable member.

“Listen, Love,” he said in a coaxing voice, “Jimmy won’t belong ’les you let him be president.”

“I’m president,” Lovey-girl said determinedly.

“Jimmy’s mother knows a lot about clubs ’cause she has one, so Jimmy can tell us lots,” Hob said.

“I’m president,” Love replied.

“I’ll give you my elephant if you let Jimmy be,” said Hob.

Hannah pricked up her ears.

“Will you give me your horse, too,” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Well, then, let Jimmy be president,” Love said.

“Let’s begin right away,” said the triumphant Jimmy. Then, as president, he went on, “The meeting is opened,” adding in a lower tone, “That’s what mamma says at her club. Now Lovey-girl—”

“You must call me Hannah.”

“Well, then, Hannah, go and get refreshments.”

Hannah objected. “You aren’t the boss of me,” she said.

“I am president,” said Jimmy, with dignity, “You must mind me.”

“Not unless we say you do right,” Hob said, “that’s in the rules.”

"That's wrong," said Jimmy, "I'll change the rules. My mamma says a president can."

Such an authority could not be disputed, so Hannah and Horace permitted this change.

"Love—I mean Hannah—write down the new rules," ordered the president.

"I can't write," said the little secretary.

"Then you must, Horace," answered Jimmy.

"I can only write my name," Hob said.

"Then I must," said Jimmy.

"Oh, goody, then I can be president again," cried Love.

"Oh, no, I'll still be that," Jimmy replied.

The rules were altered and Love sent after refreshments. She went without a murmur. Mother followed her back into the room with milk and crackers and sugar lumps.

"There were only four lumps left in the bag," she said, "so I brought them all. To whom goes the extra one? To the little lady?"

"Oh, no," said Jimmy, "to me. I'm president."

Taking the lump from the astonished mother's hand, he said, "the meeting is adjourned. That means it's over," he added to the less learned members.

The next meeting Jimmy opened with "The meeting is adjourned—I mean opened. I have some business to—to—I think mamma says to resent. I want the Green's to join."

"But we don't know them," Hob said.

"I do, and that's enough, 'cause I'm president."

"They can't come in, if we don't," Love said.

"If I say they can, then they can," the president declared.

"You can't boss us so much as that," cried Hob.

"I can. The rules I made say so," Jimmy said.

"Those rules are wrong," Lovey-girl declared.

"They aren't, for my mamma says they are all right," Jimmy answered. "I am going to take the Green's in."

"You can't," chorused Love and Hob.

"I can," Jimmy said, "and because you don't want me to boss, I'm going to put you two out of this club. So there!"

The next meeting found Jimmy at his own home, bossing the two Green boys.

MARY MALLON, 1911.







RUSKIN QUEENS

THE CAMERA MAN'S WATERLOO  
INTERMEDIATE CRICKETS  
HELEN

DONE FOR THE ANNUAL

## *The Mother of Invention*

It was in the parlor car on the way from New York to Boston. As I was tired of reading, I began to look about at my fellow passengers. Across the aisle was an imperious, old woman sitting stiffly in her easy chair. Beside her, his face covered with a huge, red handkerchief, was a little, old man trying his best to take a nap. But, alas, this peace was not granted him, for his wife shook him vigorously by the arm every few minutes, saying, "Mr. Bomble, you're asleep!" The handkerchief was immediately removed and after a startled, "Oh, no, my dear," the handkerchief was replaced and the nap continued. At last his wife's attentions were otherwise attracted. She began staring indignantly down at the other end of the car. I looked to see what could be the cause of such wrath.

At the further end of the car there was a young lady, her husband and a very troublesome baby. The baby was bundled and tied so not even the tip of its nose could be seen, but all this bundling could not prevent numerous muffled cries from escaping. Without doubt these peculiar cries might be interpreted by a loving father as "Da, Da," but to me they sounded more like hoarse coughs. Finally

the baby began to wiggle and squirm so the poor mother was fairly distracted. With that look of "it hurts me more than it does you, but it is for your own good," upon her face, she rigorously spanked the baby. From then on the baby received these reassuring pats whenever it uttered a cry, much to the indignation of the old lady opposite.

In fact, the troublesome baby was not the only disturbing object which annoyed the old lady who seemed to feel that *she* alone was responsible for the care and well being of her fellow-travelers. She called upon the porter every ten minutes to arrange this or disarrange that. Having exhausted the porter, Mrs. Bomble began an investigation in behalf of the gasping baby. "Madame," she said at length, "is your child afflicted with the croup? If it is, I have——."

But the rest of her speech was unheard, for the father who had seemed to enjoy his wife's efforts to quiet the baby, burst out into a hearty laugh. Whereupon he received a reproachful look from his wife and a haughty glare from the old lady. Rebuked from all sides, the father dutifully subsided.

As the spankings and cries still continued, Mrs. Bomble

began again, "Madame, give me the child and I'll quiet it." The mother looked rather doubtful, so Mrs. Bomble added indignantly, "I have raised eight children very successfully and they have rarely been known to cry." However, the young mother decided to keep charge of the baby herself. Mrs. Bomble then turned angrily to her husband and shaking his arm even more vigorously than before, she cried, "Mr. Bomble, you are asleep!" With this peremptory summons he awoke with a start and placing his spectacles upon his thin, angular nose, he gazed benignly at the abused baby. Then folding his hands complacently, he leaned forward and said: "I—I pray you can it—a—crawl?" The mother

seemed astonished at first, but laughing merrily replied, "Yes indeed, but I hope he won't try here."

At last when the train reached Boston the cruel parents rose to depart, much to the relief of Mrs. Bomble. As they passed her with the gasping baby, Mrs. Bomble, in a final attempt to arrange some one else's affairs, said: "Madame, if you would remove some of those shawls the child would be relieved." So following Mrs. Bomble's advice, at last the mother laughingly removed the baby's veil and held up the saucy face of a little pug dog.

*MARGARET CLARK, 1908.*



## Pictures From Italy

Hotel Britannia, Venice.

My Dear Miss Doherty,

I can hardly realize that only two months ago I was with you at the dear old C. P. S. Since that time I have been traveling through Italy as fast as I could. To tell you all I have done and seen would be impossible, so I shall write only a few lines of my visit in Italy.

I stayed in Rome about four weeks and was busy sight-seeing from early in the morning until late at night. I often wished I were a centipede so that I could see everything. The first time I passed through the gates of Rome I remembered that you told me to see Rome for you, and I certainly tried to. In the fall, when I come back I shall tell you all about it.

Rome certainly is the most wonderful city in the world even now. I love it with all my heart and soul and can understand the feeling of others who have visited "the Eternal City." I wish I had a whole year to spend there and see everything thoroughly. You must go next winter and I promise to look after your girls at the C. P. S. Don't you think that an excellent scheme?

One always has his favorite spots in the cities, and mine were the Appian Way and the Palatine.

How I enjoyed Professor Forbe's lectures in the palace of the Caesars, and the house of Germanicus! Every now and then I wish I had studied just a little bit harder with you and Miss E. My advice to all the girls is to prepare now for their trip to Europe. Still no matter how stupid a girl is, she cannot help appreciating Rome.

It is a place that grows on you. The more you see, the more you want to see, and many a time I felt as though I had slipped back into the time of the Caesars.

One evening we visited the Coliseum by moon-light, and the quotation "a marvelous wreck in ruinous perfection" expressed my idea exactly. My cousin and I climbed up one of the walls and looked down into the pit below, until we felt that we were actually witnessing the bloody scene.

Besides the Coliseum, we happened to see the Pantheon at the most opportune time. We received invitations to the service given in memory of King Humbert's death. The Piazza in front of the building was surrounded by a double row of soldiers. The King's guards were sta-

tioned in the interior of the Pantheon which was lighted only by a few candles and some lovely old bronze torches. Two Cardinals in robes of gold cloth officiated, and the whole scene was most impressive.

From Rome we took a motor to Florence and on the way stopped at some fascinating old towns, among them Perugia and Assisi. Florence is lovely, but it can't compare to Rome. I liked it because it is the home of most of my favorite artists. Of course, the Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti Palace are marvelous and many of the churches are interesting, but I feel convinced that Rome has spoiled me forever.

Just at present I am writing in the loveliest garden that hangs right over the Grand Canal in Venice. We arrived on the most heavenly moon-light night and I never was so surprised as when we jumped from the train into

a gondola and glided in and out the canals. There certainly is "water, water everywhere." I have only seen one strip of land and that was a street about two feet wide.

How I wish I could peep in on the school and see what everybody is doing. Every now and then I picture the "Annual Board" hard at work. I suppose by this time the girls have a lot to put in it and I hope it will be twenty per cent. better than last year, if last year's can be improved.

If at any time you can write a few lines, please tell me all about the girls, because I miss everyone, especially the Juniors.

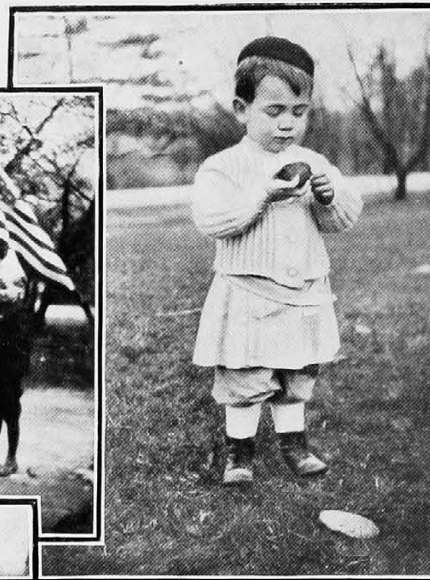
With love to all the girls and three cheers for the C. P. S.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

*ISABELLA PENDLETON.*





ROSAN  
RAPID TRANSIT

PRIMARY PATRIOTS  
MORGAN HESITATES

IN FULL POSSESSION  
OVERWORKED

## The Calendar

### *September, 1907.*

*Friday, 27* "We are doubtful whether we are at heart glad or sorry."

*Monday, 30* We have decided that we are rather glad to get back to school. Of course, lessons have not started.

### *October*

*Tuesday, 1* Alma upset another inkwell.

*Wednesday, 2* List of applicants for the Dramatic Club posted on the board.

*Thursday, 3* The new girls are not quite as enthusiastic about the crackers and milk as they were at first.

*Friday, 4* Election Day for the classes.

*Monday, 7* First Annual Board Meeting.

Millie: "Let's draw to see who will have to write the calendar for this month."

Ruth D: "I can't draw."

*Tuesday, 8* History Teacher: "The excavations are being conducted by an English woman."

Alma D. (innocently): "She doesn't dig, does she?"

*Wednesday, 9* First afternoon lesson in Dramatic Art by Miss Neff.

*Thursday, 10* Science Teacher: "The funny-bone is so called because it borders on the humerus."

*Friday, 11* Estella F: "I like to draw boats."

Junior: "Why?"

Estella F: "I can't draw anything else."

*Monday, 14* Officers of the Dramatic Club elected.

*Tuesday, 15* Meeting of the Dramatic Club just for the "old girls." Something may "turn up."

*Wednesday, 16* All the girls treated to fudge by Alma.

*Thursday, 17* Will someone suggest to William that Nabiscos would be a welcome change from graham crackers?

*Friday, 18* The object of the secret Dramatic Club meeting has been brought to light. There will be a party for the "new girls."

*Monday, 21* Why did someone suggest charades at recess? Annual material is needed, of course.

*Tuesday, 22* Wordsworth Class Teacher: "You do not seem to have any original ideas. I wish there were some boys in this class."

Marianne C. (enthusiastically): "So *do* I."

*Wednesday, 23* Does Alma know the difference between William Tell and William Penn? According to her statement she visited the former's home in Fairmount Park.

*Thursday, 24* Grace continues to wear her school-pin over the spot on her waist.

*Friday, 25* O joy! First long themes due to-day.  
*Monday, 28* This suspense is terrible. What *did* we get on our long themes?  
*Tuesday, 29* Alice B. has broken the record for getting demerits.  
*Wednesday, 30* Mildred P. was locked into the dressing room, naturally by accident.  
*Thursday, 31* Where did Lucille E. get the idea that Shakespeare's father was "Enoch Arden"?

### *November*

*Friday, 1* The Principal: "I shall appoint you to direct our Visitor when he next calls. Where will you take him first?"  
 Ethel, promptly: "Home."  
*Monday, 4* Both new girls and old pronounce the Saturday party, "wonderful," "great," "grand," "peachy," "yum."  
*Tuesday, 5* Lenora: "I'm just crazy to hear Robert Louis Stevenson's play, 'Ben Hur.'"  
*Wednesday, 6* Impassioned appeals for "Katie" are heard from the gym. No excitement, however, only our dramatic stars.  
*Thursday, 7* Can it be that Emily B. is studying French verbs so assiduously?  
 No alarm necessary. It is 'Elwell on Bridge.'  
*Friday, 8* It may be well to publish a French (?) sentence composed by Ruth C.  
 "Je dis semper mes milites esse braves."

*Monday, 11* Lenora H. (excitedly): "I'm going to write something perfectly sarcastic for the 'Annual' and then not sign my name, or else an anonymous one."  
*Tuesday, 12* Cromwell is said to have had "personal magnitude."  
*Wednesday, 13* Member of Poetry Class: "Yes, I used to read 'Enoch Arden' over and over in my youth. It seems to me that a great deal of Tennyson's poetry is more applicable to children than to grown-ups, anyhow."  
*Thursday, 14* Devoted Junior: "Don't you dare say one word about Dickens! I just simply worship that man."  
*Friday, 15* Ruth R. declares that in New England they quarry lobsters and also that New England's most famous college for women is Bunker Hill.  
*Monday, 18* Alma in the French Class: "And the foxes croaked all through the night."  
*Tuesday, 19* During the day Virginia B. developed violent and alarming symptoms of seven different ills.  
*Wednesday, 20* The Juniors are told that the sense of smell, more than anything else, brings back a mental image.  
 Gwendolyn, (eagerly): "Oh yes, alcohol for instance!"  
*Thursday, 21* A brilliant member of the 'Art' class says she is studying the 'Arcade' period of sculpture.  
*Friday, 22* A Sophomore: "Novelli! Oh, he is simply grand. I'm mad about him. No, of course, I didn't understand a word he said."



- Monday, 25* The Sophomores are still rejoicing about their victory in basket-ball over the plucky Freshmen.
- Tuesday, 26* To-day an Intermediate wrote a description of a "coral" ode.
- Wednesday, 27* A delightful hour of reading by Miss Neff.

### *December*

- Monday, 2* Usual diet of milk and crackers varied. Only milk to-day.
- Tuesday, 3* The barn dance meets with general approval.
- Wednesday, 4* A "visiting gentleman" from the University.
- Thursday, 5* Late Freshman, (sleepily): "You see, we slept all over ourselves, this morning."
- Friday, 6* The Dramatic Club has an exciting game of center-ball.
- Monday, 9* Since "exams" were posted, none but the thoughtless Freshmen have smiled.
- Tuesday, 10* What an example for the Intermediates! Twenty-one college girls were kept for demerits.
- Wednesday, 11* The first nice day since it was decided to take a great many out-of-door snap-shots for the Annual.
- Thursday, 12* The Principal, (holding up a lost book): "Who owns a book with 'Franklin' written all over it?" Twenty occupants of the study-hall, "I."
- Friday, 13* When Cromwell had no "tact," he used "force."

- Monday, 16* Excuse the writer if she wanders slightly. English "exam" to-day.
- Tuesday, 17* History "exam," "nuf ced."
- Wednesday, 18* Cheer up, ye suffering damsels. The end approaches.
- Thursday, 19* The last day of school for two weeks. Hip, hip, hurrah!
- Friday, 20* The Christmas party for the settlement kindergartens. An event long-to-be remembered by everyone concerned.

### *January, 1908*

- Monday, 6* Did you notice with what bright and shining faces the girls returned to school to-day?
- Tuesday, 7* Teacher: "Use 'incite' in a sentence."  
Florence E. "The boat was 'incite'."
- Wednesday, 8* Teacher: "How did President McKinley die?"  
Harriet K. "He was assassinated."  
Dorothy H. "Oh! I thought he was cremated, but I never can tell the difference."
- Thursday, 9* "La Grippe" was seen watching the C. P. S. intently this morning.
- Friday, 10* "La Grippe" entered the C. P. S. to-day and carried several of our number away by force. Consternation among the faculty.
- Monday, 13* Great joy—"Cow" Crackers.
- Tuesday, 14* In the Caesar Latin Class. Literal Translator: "The enemy sat down at the bottom of the hill."

*Wednesday, 15* Lenora H. "Oh! 'Ben Hur' was written by Robert Louis Stevenson, wasn't it?"

*Thursday, 16* Fannie May: "Oh! there was a Church of England all the time but nobody knew it."

*Friday, 17* History Teacher: "What were the revenues sent by the English Abbots to the Pope?"  
Lenora: "Poll taxes."

*Monday, 20* Model Pupil: "In the Queen Anne age the women had a fad for husbands and lap-dogs."

*Tuesday, 21* First meeting of the Glee Club. Extraordinary talent discovered.

*Wednesday, 22* We were honored this morning by the brief visits of two worthy gentlemen. William, much to our sorrow, unkindly showed them the door. Poor doggies!!!

*Thursday, 23* The cast of the play was read. Indescribable joy on the part of an impulsive Sophomore.

*Friday, 24* Said impulsive Sophomore is beginning to expect a dreadful blow! Wonder why?

*Monday, 27* Great disturbance at recess. Caesar's army meets the troops of Ariovistus, in a pitched battle, in the gym.

*Tuesday, 28* Caesar passes around the hat to collect money for damages of yesterday.

*Wednesday, 29* The troops disband by orders from headquarters.

*Thursday, 30* We all hope that Emily B. will know, before commencement morning, who the four Seniors just naturally happen to be this year.

*Friday, 31* Reports go home.

## *February*

*Monday, 3* Measles are prevalent. Lenora goes home thinking she has them.

*Tuesday, 4* Lenora's case does not develop. A new disease. No studying to-day.

*Wednesday, 5* Rain, snow, sleet and slush—only a select few present—tennis shoes in demand.

*Thursday, 6* English teacher, trying to explain participles to the Sophomores: "You certainly must have trouble in Latin with 'nominative absolutes'."

*Friday, 7* Dress rehearsal for "The Sleeping Beauty."

*Monday, 10* An extract from the Sunday newspaper. "A ladies' chorus has been organized at The Cincinnati College Preparatory School under the direction of Mr. W. S. Sterling."

*Tuesday, 11* I wonder if the strains from the "ladies' chorus" are being heard in that dreadful teachers' meeting?

*Wednesday, 12* Isabella leaves for Europe. Lucky girl!

*Thursday, 13* Alma is seen running for a car, unfortunately it is a dummy car.

*Friday, 14* "The Dramatic Club" Valentine Party turns out beautifully. Barbara, Gwendolyn and Ruth K. amuse us with a graceful, fancy dance.

*Monday, 17* Valentines are still coming.

*Tuesday, 18* It is a pity the Freshmen are so young and inexperienced that they cannot elect officers.

*Wednesday, 19* The Principal: "When was Caesar born?"

Brilliant Freshman: "About 200 A. D."

*Thursday, 20* The Principal tries to discover the date of Caesar's birth from the Sophomores. In vain!

*Friday, 21* We are requested not to use perfumery.

*Monday, 24* English Teacher: "She had a flaxen wig."

Alma: "Yes, it was false, too."

*Tuesday, 25* Corinne M. "We are going to dissect a cat in physiology."

Ruth K. "You are going to bisect a cat!"

*Wednesday, 26* First rehearsal for "The Romancers." A ladder serves as a wall.

*Thursday, 27* Lenora: "'Pride and Prejudice' has quite a little humor, hasn't it?"

*Friday, 28* Cromwell is reported as having been of a strong "physic."

### March

*Monday, 2* Teacher, in History Class: "Now, just name some of the ancient dramatists."

Senior: "Didn't Virgil write dramas?"

*Tuesday, 3* Grace M. has given up slang during Lent. Yes?

*Wednesday, 4* To-day a girl was discovered climbing out of a third story window onto the roof. She was saved from certain destruction by Marianne C., who showed great presence of mind when she said, "Suppose Miss Doherty should hear of this?" The girl came back.

*Thursday, 5* It is reported by "one who knows," that the Presbyterian religion was, at one time, "prevalent" in Scotland.

*Friday, 6* Alice B. was late to class, fifth bell. Well, you see, she had to fix her hair after the basket-ball game. No! it wasn't the fault of basket-ball; she had just washed her hair and couldn't do a *thing* with it.

*Monday, 9* Ruth C. reveals daring ideas in English. She thinks Ruskin was a "molly coddle" but she just adores *Swinburne*.

*Tuesday, 10* In History Class. Teacher, (to a noisy class): "If you don't hush up, you can't talk!"

*Wednesday, 11* Freshy: "Is that a talking machine in the office?"

Soph: "No! You just hear one of the graduates, one of the specials and one of the seniors talking. They can't study downstairs, it's too noisy."

*Thursday, 12* Rehearsal for play. Marianne grew melodramatic and the audience grew hysterical till Miss Neff was forced to say, "Marianne, please, don't be as funny as you can be."

*Friday, 13* "Exams" coming.

"You should feel the Dignity of Labour." Yes, you *should*.

*Monday, 16* Fire drill. Mademoiselle must have been paralyzed by fire, for she left the building five minutes after the "*ten blow*" was sounded. One brave girl begged to be allowed to enter the building and save some lives.

*Tuesday, 17* "Exams!"

"Only time shall show us whither each traveler is bound." Several girls failed to wear the right color but by the time they reached school they were scared to about the right shade.

*Wednesday, 18* "Exams" in the Kindergarten. Both teacher and pupils were almost exhausted by a spelling lesson of fifty words. Mildred's version of it was: "Well, you just bet we were tired!"

*Thursday, 19* Alma coming sadly, silently, tearfully down the steps after learning her geometry mark—"I've flunked." Cheer up, Alma, "Tears never yet wound up a clock or worked a steam engine."

*Monday, 23* "Exam" papers given back. Do you suppose the Faculty chose this day on purpose?

*Tuesday, 24* All the girls are glad to welcome Winifred Goodall at school.

*Wednesday, 25* Glee Club, to-day. Some of the members really should look up the meaning of "Glee Club" before they meet again. It means neither a reception nor a conversational club.

*Thursday, 26* Did you notice Marianne's beaming countenance to-day? It fairly shone when she announced that there is another little Mr. Clark.

*Friday, 27* Cake walk at recess. The girls were exceedingly shy about beginning, but some wonderful steps were executed by the Thrasher-Rawson-Kinsey trio. When the teachers took the field, the girls were entirely surpassed. The cake was presented to Miss D. It was then passed around, and it was found that the girls had lost their shyness.

*Monday, 30* To-day, at recess, the Faculty rehearsed for a vaudeville performance. One of the Faculty showed

wonderful grace and ease in posing as the "Flying Mercury."

*Tuesday, 31* Intermediate I drew up a code of morals. This will go into execution, to-morrow, April 1.

## April

*Wednesday, 1* Teacher: "Walker, Mr. Hale had \$375.00 in the bank. He spent \$125.00. How would you find out how much was left?"

Walker: "Go down and look in the bank."

Teacher: "But, Walker, I think there would be an easier way. Don't you?"

Walker: "Yes, call 'em up."

*Thursday, 2* An attentive child in the History of England class wants to know when *William, Duke of Normandy*, landed.

*Friday, 3* In reading History papers, one discovers that there is a class of *people* in Egypt called "Pheasants."

*Monday, 6* One may likewise find that, in the Middle Ages, the "Futile" system was in vogue.

*Tuesday, 7* After gradually imbibing these unusual facts, one may delve still deeper into "Prep." School lore—and learn that the occupation of the Egyptians is "bric-a-brac."

*Wednesday, 8* Poetry Teacher: "The main idea in 'The Palace of Art' is 'love'. Of course, I mean in the *big* sense—not in the narrow sense of love between a man and a woman. Remember that girls!"

*Thursday, 9* Financial conditions are such that the Editor declines to continue these daily "gleanings, pure, pointed and practical."

## *Ad Summum*

Tune, "Evelina."

I

We will sing for the honor of C. C. P. S.  
Under its guidance, our lives have been true;  
True to the noblest, and true to the best,  
True to "Ad Summum," the Gold, White and Blue.

II

We may leave you forever, but dear C. P. S.  
Ever the ties of friendship are true.  
Though far from thy halls, we've memories dear,  
We'll always be loyal to the Gold, White and Blue.

### CHORUS

College Prep. ever,  
Our love forever,  
Faithful to you, shall never, never die.  
Through years before us  
Strong ring the chorus,  
C. P. S. ever, never, never die.

*Ruth Kinsey, 1909.*



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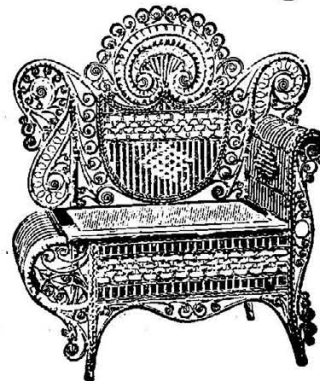
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