

THE MILESTONE

1915 - 1916

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1916

The Cincinnati College Preparatory School for Girls

THE 1916 ANNUAL



Published by the Collegiate Department of the School, Cincinnati, June 1, 1916

In Memoriam

ELIZABETH HARRIET GEST

Class of 1915

Died April 24, 1915

*“ On earth the broken arcs;
In the Heavens a perfect round.”*

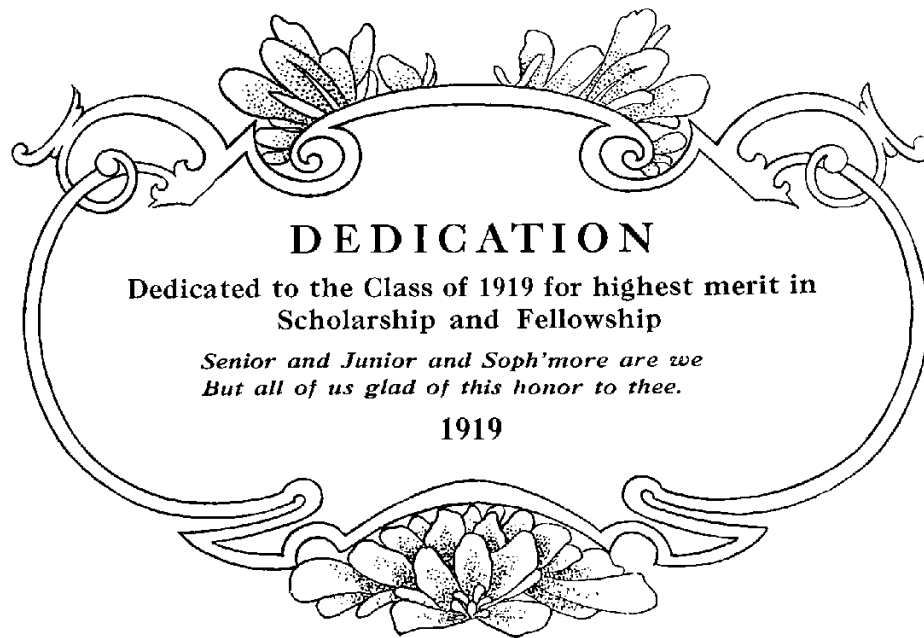
In Memoriam

LOUISE GEIER

Member of College Preparatory School Faculty

Died December 28, 1915

*“That music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.”*



DEDICATION

**Dedicated to the Class of 1919 for highest merit in
Scholarship and Fellowship**

*Senior and Junior and Soph'more are we
But all of us glad of this honor to thee.*

1919



Mary Harlan Doherty
Anna C. Langenbeck
Ella B. Baker
Edna Pearl Cotterae.
E. Louise Hunt
7 Anne Ross Stewart
Jean Howell
Sina Reuther

Edith Harriet Pratt
Maum Wanger
Helen Howell
Marie Thomas
Mary L. Alexander
Amalie L. Buchholz
Ange Faran
Berilia Louise Feagley



PRIMARY IV

Olga Ault	George Eustis	Chloa Kemper	Robert Mayer
Josephine Breneman	Spencer Ferguson	Charlotte Kidd	Helen Perkins
Rawson Collins	Monte Goble	Elise Kupferschmid	Jack Schmidlapp
Margaret Allen Conkling	Beatrice Hillhouse	Sarah Elizabeth Lippincott	Clifford Shinkle
Virginia Davis	Helen Huntington	Thaddeus Longstreth	Katharine Taft

Rachel Warrington

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Sophia Helen Fisk	Nancy Law	Drewry Putnam	Sophie Walker
Charlotte Groom	Betty Livingood	Frances Suire	Marjorie Wright



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Margaret Andrews
Hildegard Ault
Betty Breneman

Elizabeth Cassatt
Billy Hutton
Isabelle Hunt
Frances Huntington

George Longstreth
Mabel Pogue
Russell Pogue
Christine Ramsey

Betty Jane Reid
Maxwell Schmidlapp
Natalie Wurlitzer

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Jane Anderson
Susan Conkling
Elizabeth Haydock

Ruth Higley
Elsie Kidd
Hazelhurst McCaw
Edward Mills

Mary Mills
Alice Merrell
Sarah Matthews
Jane McKay

Mary Schaffner
Dawson Sherick
Virginia Sternberger
Joan Sullivan

Ruth Sternberger



INTERMEDIATE IV

Emily Chase	Dorette Kruse	Eleanor Rapp	Anne Shepherd
Dolores Ford	Mary McPherson Matthews	Margaret Ruan	Ann Camilla Shinkle

INTERMEDIATE III

Phyllis Albert	Helen Edwards	Anne Graydon	Mary Hinsch
Dorothy Edwards	Grace Galvin	Elizabeth Hutton	Marjorie McAvoy
	Margaret McCaw	Frances Shinkle	

INTERMEDIATE II

Virginia Beall	Helen McCullough	Virginia Rogers	Susan Jane Stanage
Olivia Cassatt	Mary Helen Proctor	Dorothy Sebastian	Virginia Walter
	Laura May Wilson		

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Martha Cooper	Ann Field	Katharine Miller	Grace Sternberger
Anita Fenton	Jean Graydon	Polly Perkins	Janet Wurlitzer
Marie Louise Lent	Katherine Garvey	Elizabeth Sparrow	Elizabeth Youmans





Class Colors. *Purple and Gold*

Class Flowers. *Yellow Pansies*

CLASS OFFICERS

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MARY HOWARD HAZEN	<i>Vice-President</i>	VIRGINIA BECKLER.	<i>Secretary</i>

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Mary Cunningham	Outram Hodgkinson	Anne Mendenhall	Paulina Stearns
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Class Colors. *Green, Blue and White*

Class Flowers. *Sweet Peas and Forget-Me-Nots*

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HELEN RENO	<i>Vice-President</i>	RUTH COOPER	<i>Treasurer</i>

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Alice Boyce Cope	Dorothy Hayward	Marian Rawson	Jane Smith
Jane Dinsmore	Guida Marx	Helen Reno	Mildred Ziegler





Class Colors *Gold and White*
Class Flower *Shasta Daisy*

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HANNAH SHIPLEY *Vice-President* MARGARET ANDERSON *Treasurer*

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Virginia Burkhardt	Louise Hatfield	Elsie Robinson	

SENIORS



Joquina Seier

President of Senior Class.
Assistant Art Editor of "Annual."

*"Give me the eloquent cheek,
Where blushes burn and die,
Like thine, its changes speak
The spirit's purity."*



Myra Langdon

Vice-President of Senior Class.
"Annual" Board.

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."*



Orel Camacho

Treasurer of Senior Class.
Basket-Ball Team.

*"Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know."*



Anne Palmer

Secretary of Senior Class.

"Her hair was not more sunny than her heart."



Dorothy M. Lyon

Assistant Editor of "Annual."
Basket-Ball Team.

*"She dwelt forever in a region bright
Peopled with living fancies of her own."*



Mary Lou Moore

Basket-Ball Team.

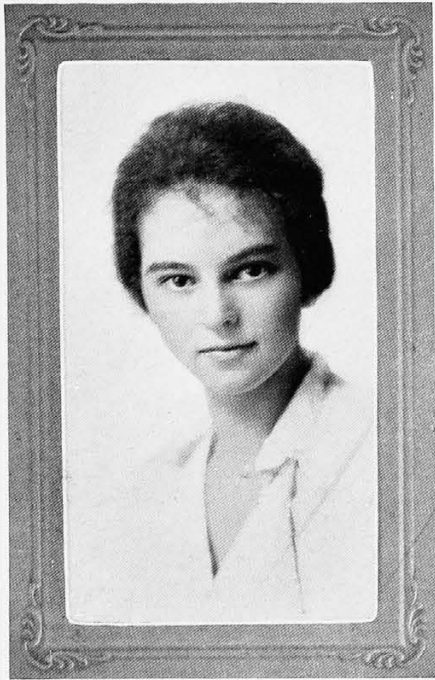
*"A passion she,
A rapture often and immediate love
Ever at hand."*



Ida E. Crothers

Basket-Ball Team.

*"A little of thy merriment
Of thy sparkling light content
Give me."*



Kathryn Rogers

Art Editor of "Annual."

*"Her voice is hovering o'er my soul, it lingers
Overshadowing it with soft and lulling wings."*



Mary M. Foster

Business Manager of "Annual."
Basket-Ball Team.

*"The clear-hued cheek, whose burning current glows,
Crimson in action, carmine in repose."*



Louise G Chase

Editor of "Annual."
Captain of Basket-Ball Team.
Coach of 1923 Basket-Ball Team.

*"Eyes, you know, that could be
Funny or tender just as she chose—
The kind of eyes I always liked."*

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The Study of Harmony

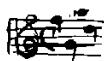
A COMPLETE MANUAL OF THE
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Miscellaneous

SPRING

THE air is cool in the Spring. The merry, little breezes play tag in Spring. We clean house in the Spring, and so does the wind and the rain and the sun.

The wind sweeps the ground and the rain scrubs it, and the sun dries it. In April, the grass grows green and the trees put on their green frocks. Then the robin and the blue bird, the red bird and the grackles come back from the

South. The peach tree has the prettiest dress of all I think. It is pink and green. April Fool's Day is the beginning of April. April showers bring May flowers is what we say in April.

My birthday is in May.

DREWRY PUTNAM,
Primary III.



THE TRAVELS OF DRIP DROP

DRIP DROP lived in a glass of water. One day Drip Drop said to himself, "Oh dear me, I am so tired of living in a glass of water!" One night a moonbeam called softly, "Drip Drop, come and walk with me on the Milky Way." "But how can I get there?" asked Drip Drop. "Well," said the moonbeam, "climb up on me, then we can walk hand in hand on the Milky Way." "Oh, what fun!" said Drip Drop. So he climbed and climbed and at last he reached the

Milky Way. Then how Drip Drop danced and pranced for very joy. He was sorry to leave the sky next day. Just then he saw a little sick girl. So Drip Drop played a tune on the window pane for her called "Rain." The little girl liked that. Drip Drop came often to the little girl's window and played pretty tunes.

BETTY LIVINGOOD,
Primary III.



THE RABBIT FAMILY

THERE was once a very happy family of Rabbits. There was a mother and six little Rabbits. Mopsy, Flopsy and Cottontail, Bumpy and Peter were boys, Mopsy and Flopsy were girls. The little boys were all good but Peter was always in to mischief. One morning their mother old Mrs. Rabbit said I am going to town so I don't want you to go out of doors. When I come back you may all go out to play. But Peter could not see why he could not go out to play. Peter was the oldest so he quarreled with his brothers and sisters. When his mother was gone he said I will not play with you so Peter went to the door. Oh Peter! do not go out mother said that we must not go out of doors said Mopsy. Peter looked at them all and said I am going away from this old home I am going out to see what I can see Good by! and he went away. They did not know what to do. Mopsy cried and Flopsy did too. Just at that minute Mother Rabbit came in where is Peter said Mother Rabbit! Peter has gone away he said that he would not stay hear at home he was going out to see the world and

things. Oh dear! said Mother Rabbit what shall I do my dear little Peter has gone away from home and his dear dear Mother what shall I do. The years came and went but there was no Peter at last Mother Rabbit said to the little Rabbits you must all go out to see the world yourself so the little Rabbits went out to see the world. One day Mopsy was in the woods she was out for a walk when all of a sudden out from behind a tree came a big gray rabbit. Oh! said Mopsy Who are you? asked Mopsy. I am Peter. Oh Peter where did you come from? I live here in the woods all the time. Mopsy, will you live with me? Why yes I will if you do not run away like you did before. No said Peter I will not. So Mopsy went to live with Peter. When she came to Peter's house she saw that it was a very big house. When she went in there was Flopsy, Cottontail and Bumpy and there was Mother Rabbit. So ever after that all the Rabbits were happy and lived together.

MARJORIE WRIGHT,
Primary III.

WINTER

(Composite Poem written by Primary I and II)

WINTER fires are blazing bright,
And the children round them sit,
Days are short, the ground is white,
O'er the snow the swift sleighs flit.

All the birds have flown away,
Ice upon the lake is thick,
It will soon be Christmas Day,
O'er the snow will come St. Nick.

MARCH

(Composite Poem written by Primary I and II)

THE March winds blow,
And drifts of snow
Hide the flowers
For April's showers.

The March winds blow
Kites to and fro;
They float on high
Up to the sky.

Sunday, November 7, 1915.

SUNDAY, I went to Sunday-School. During the week we had to write a story in the Sunday-School book. First we sang and then we had our class. After we came home we had dinner. After dinner we went for a ride as usual on Sunday. Coming home father stalled the engine and we had a hard time getting started. It did that three times; there must of been something the matter with the engine. Last night I dreamed that our house exploded; that must of come from the back firing of the engine on Sunday.

EDWARD MILLS,
Primary I.



SPRING

(Composite Poem written by Primary I and II)

IN the spring,
In the spring,
The Robins come
And sweetly sing.

In the spring,
In the spring,
The lilies bloom,
And bluebells ring.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Published by Primary III and IV

Editorial.....Helen Louise Taylor, Robert Mayer Associate Editors.....Sophia Helen Fisk, Betty Livingood

Publishing Staff

Rawson Collins	Thaddeus Longstreth	Spencer Ferguson	Jack Schmidlapp
George Eustis	Robert Mayer	Monte Goble	Clifford Shinkle



Civic Betterment..... Rachel Warrington, Katharine Taft

“Adventures of Drip Drop” (*Poem*)..... Betty Livingood

Landscape Paintings—

Nancy Law Charlotte Kidd Margaret Conkling

Studies in Nature..... Elise Kupferschmid, Olga Ault

The Child Orator..... Drewry Putnam

Helps for Housewives... Mary Jean Pape, Marjorie Wright

Sewing..... Charlotte Groom

Latest Steps in Dancing—

Beatrice Hillhouse Karlina Krippendorf

Diminutive Fashion Plates—

Helen Perkins Chloa Kemper

Sarah Elizabeth Lippincott Virginia Davis

Margaret Allen Conkling

Athletics..... Josephine Breneman, Spencer Ferguson

Writer..... Frances Suire

“VARIETY”

Clippings from Other Magazines

Miscellaneous Clippings By Intermediate II Illustrations from “London World” Virginia Walter
Editorial Mary Helen Proctor, Olivia Cassatt “The Golden-Tongued Orator” (*Serial*), Susan Jane Stange

Society Notes from “*Town and Country*”

Virginia Beall Virginia Rogers
Dorothy Sebastian Laura May Wilson



“OUR HOPE”

Intermediate I

Cover Design Elizabeth Youmans
Editorial (*Improvement of the Schoolroom*)
 Anita Fenton, Jean Graydon, Mary Louise Lent
“Dissertation on the Anfractuositities of Human Nature”
 Anne Field
“The Birdling” (*Poem*) Elizabeth Sparrow
The Housewife’s Aid Polly Perkins
The Tiny Triplets —
 Martha Cooper Katherine Garvey Katharine Miller
Gossip from Abroad Janet Wurlitzer, Grace Sternberger

“ST. NICHOLAS”

Edited by Intermediate III and IV and Primary I and II

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The Child Virginia Sternberger

Christmas Revels

Fairies—

Barbara Hunt
Mabel Pogue
Natalie Wurlitzer
Mary Mills
Hildegard Ault
Isabelle Hunt

Russell Pogue
Betty Breneman
Susan Conkling
Ann Shepherd
Jane Anderson
Elizabeth Haydock

Brownies—

Ruth Sternberger
Betty Jane Reid
Ann Shinkle
Frances Huntington
Elsie Kidd
Eleanor Rapp

Dorette Kruse
Dolores Ford
Edward Mills
Ruth Higley
Margaret Andrews
Mary Schaffner

Clowns—

Emily Chase
Grace Galvin
Helen Edwards
Dorothy Edwards
Mary Matthews
Sarah Matthews

Joan Sullivan
Frances Shinkle
Maxwell Schmidlapp
Billy Hutton
George Longstreth
Phyllis Albert

Fairy Book Children—

Cinderella Margaret Ruan
Goldenlocks Elizabeth Hutton
Jack the Giant Killer Anne Graydon
Sleeping Beauty Alice Merrell
Jack o' the Beanstalk Marjorie McAvoy
Rose Red Elizabeth Cassatt
Snow White Christine Ramsey
Beauty Jane McKay
The Beast Mary Hirsch
Jack Marjory Albert
Jill Drewry Putnam

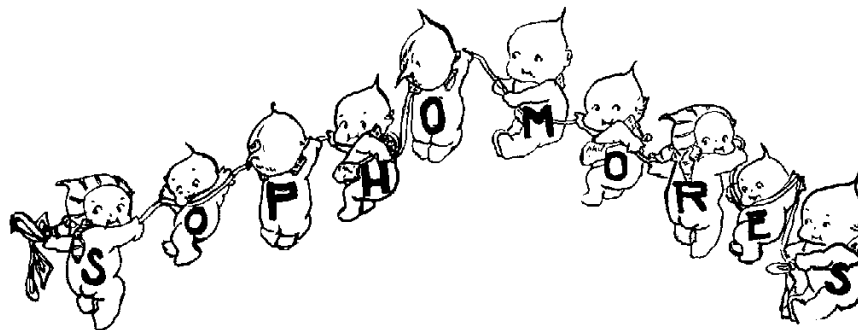
“ADVENTURE”

Edited by College IV



Table of Contents

Editorial.....	Harriet Ramsey
“Bucking Latin” (<i>Serial</i>).....	Virginia Beckler Lucy Carpenter
“The Lure of the Sophomore Year”.....	Ellen Behrens Janet Enger Mary Hazen Marianne Wurlitzer
“Les Enfants”.....	Eleanor Best Mary Cunningham Ann Mendenhall Elvina Sprague
“Meandering Molly”.....	Dorothy Fosdick Marjory Shepherd
“The Phantom Nymphs”..... <i>(with illustrations)</i>	Margaret Keplinger Alice Pape Helen Kaiper Hannah Mallon
“Live Wires”.....	Isabelle Fisk Paulina Stearns Virginia Knower



“OUTING”

Edited by College III

Table of Contents

Cover Design.....	From a photograph by Jane Dinsmore	“Our National Game” (<i>illustrated</i>).....	Jane Dinsmore
“The Best of Little Game Birds”.....	Guida Marx		Jane Smith
	Alice Boyce Cope		Mildred Ziegler
	Ruth Cooper	“The Mystery of the Broken Portal” (<i>serial</i>)	
“Artistic Side of Nature” (<i>article</i>).....	Helen Reno		Dorothy Hayward
Nature Photography of American Waters—			
	Picture of Gurgling Stream.....	Helen Serodino	
	Picture of a Placid Lake.....	Anne Pennington	
	Picture of a Woodland Brook.....	Virginia Hatfield	

“VANITY FAIR”

Edited by College II

Table of Contents

“Cover Design Girl”.....	Miriam Tate
Talks with Actresses of Note.....	Alice Barnard Julie Galvin Frances Johnson
Modern Thoughts by Modern Essayists—	Clara Loveland Elizabeth Blake Margaret Anderson
The Latest Find in Perpetual Motion... ..	Elsie Robinson Dorothy Holloway
The Silent Three.....	Louise Scherl Louise Hatfield Jean Guckenberger
The World of Music—	
Classical.....	Hannah Shipley
Ragtime.....	Elizabeth Conroy
Motor Notes (The Abuse of the Ford).....	Virginia Burkhardt
Duties of the Debutante (<i>a little article</i>).....	Worthington Harry
The Sporting World.....	Louise McLaren Dorothy Anderson Ruth Wilson



JUNIORS.

“CLEVER CUT OUTS”



Edited by College I

“Current Opinion” (<i>Editorial</i>).....	Myra Langdon
“Film Fun” (<i>News of Stage</i>).....	Mary Lou Moore
“Designer” (<i>Artistic News</i>).....	Kathryn Rogers
“Home Needlework” (<i>Hints to Housewives</i>)...	Mary Forker
“Golf Illustrated” (<i>Artistically</i>).....	Dorothy Lyon
“Recreation” (<i>How to Play</i>).....	Anne Palmer
“American Chaffeur”.....	Virginia Geier
“National Sportsman”.....	Oriel Camacho
“Romance” (<i>Heart Throbs.</i>).....	Louise Chase
“Puck” (<i>Jokes with “Pep”</i>).....	Irene Sebastian
“Punch”.....	Ida Crothers





ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "THE SMART SET"



“THE SMART SET”

Edited by the C. P. S. Faculty

Contents for 1915 and 1916

“Judge” (<i>Editorial</i>)	Miss Doherty	“The Green Fruit Growers”	Miss Cotteral
“The Monitor” (<i>Story of the Third Floor Front</i>)	Miss Langenbeck		Miss Stewart
			Miss Baker
“Poetlore”	Miss Howell	“The Bookman” (<i>Critical Reviews</i>)	Miss Feagley
“Physical Culture”	Miss Hunt	“Wide Awake”	Miss Helen Howell
“Vogue”	} <i>Fashion Hints</i> {	“National Sportsman” (<i>Athletic Notes</i>)	Mlle. Reuther
“Le Bon Ton”		“Girls’ Companion”	Miss Wanger
		“The Craftsman”	Mrs. Alexander
		“Modern Priscilla”	Miss Faran
	Miss Pratt		
	Miss Nonnez		



AUS NAH UND FERN

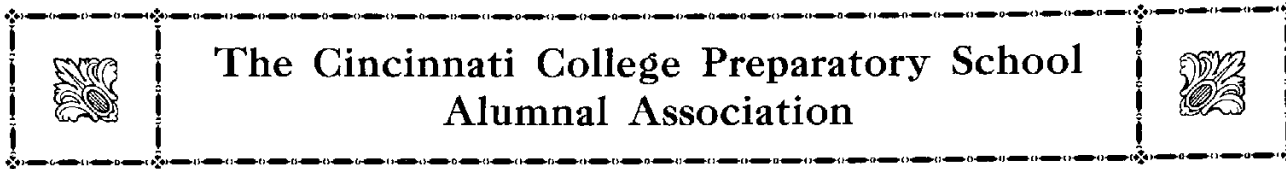
News from Vassar—Aline Moore has now attained the lofty position of Senior. Adele Campbell and Margaret Tangeman are enthusiastic Juniors, while Helen Geier and Sophia Mallon are enjoying Sophomore privileges. Harriet Langdon and Mildred Brooks think Vassar is "The Place." Mildred Brooks brought honors to C. P. S. by making the Freshman Basket-Ball Team.

Wellesley—Margaret Withrow is enjoying both the scholastic duties and social pleasures of Wellesley, and Madeleine Hicks, now a Junior, made "Shakespeare." Angeline Loveland will be graduated this June. Dorothy Carothers

has chosen acting as her career, and is now with Cyril Maude's company.

C. P. S. is well represented at the University this year by Mary Mallon, who is assistant to Professor Hicks and Corinne Thrasher, who is student instructor in psychology.

Among those who made their debut this season were many of the old girls from C. P. S. They were Mary Anderson, Gwendolyn Crawford, Mildred Chase, Ruth Enger, Augusta Forker, Helen Geier, Frances Howe, Mary Landis, Ruth Rebhun, Janet Rhodes, Margaret Tangeman, Martha Shipley and Virginia Whitaker.



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 GWENDOLYN RAWSON *Secretary and Treasurer*

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 Kinney, Louise
 Kinsey, Helen
 Kinsey, Imogene
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 Koehler, Olive
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 Kroger, Lucile
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 Loveland, Angeline
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 (Mrs. W. L. Lyons, Jr.)
 Mallon, Mary

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McLaren, Julia
Osmond, Emelie Schmidlapp
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Suydam, Elizabeth
Tangeman, Margaret Louise
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Thrasher, Ruth
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 (Mrs. G. M. Toe Water)
Williams, Louise
Withrow, Margaret

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 (Mrs. John A. Ditmars)
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Sykes, Anne
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 (Mrs. Harrison Warrener)
Warner, Virginia Martin
 (Mrs. John Warner)
West, Katharine Clark
 (Mrs. C. H. West)

ENGAGEMENTS

Imogen Kinsey and George Dimnock
Edith Pratt and Frederick Hooker
Janet Rhodes and William Ballman.
Nellie Knabe and Kennedy Brown.

Harriet Kemper and James Holmes.
Anne Sykes and William Lloyd Garrison Williams.
Margaret Smith and Jacob Dickinson.

MARRIAGES

Emma Eaton and Allen True, June 3, 1915.
Mary Louise Kupferschmid and Clarence Egan, June 21,
1915.
Fannie May Grossius and Charles Scoville, June 23, 1915.
Frances English and Walter Camp, Jr., October 14, 1915.
Lillian Crothers and William Simrall, November 2, 1915.
Mariette Allen and Waldemar Jacobs, November 1, 1915.
Helen Shipley and Collins Atwater, May 1, 1916.

Amy Ferris and Rev. Lester Riley, December 4, 1915.
Gertrude Earnshaw and John Howe Hall, November 10,
1915.
Mary Herbert and William Holmes, January 19, 1916.
Marjory Dodd and Frederick Letts, February 5, 1916.
Constance Lewis and Henry Pogue, February 12, 1916.
Corinne Lawson and Arthur Buhr, April 4, 1916.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Chatfield—William, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin—Walter.
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Pedretti—Olive.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Smith—Dorothy.
Mr. and Mrs. John Adelbert Ditmars,—Frank.





MAY, 1915—APRIL, 1916

May 14—Sophomores entertain Seniors with a progressive luncheon.

May 28—"Pied Piper" presented by the Primary Grades.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Prologue—Marjorie McAvoy

The Piper..... Margaret Ruan
 The Mayor..... Eleanor Rapp
 The Corporation..... Edward Mills
 Dawson Sherick
 George Longstreth
 The Cook..... Maxwell Schmidlapp
 The Lame Boy..... Elizabeth Hutton
 His Mother..... Hildegard Ault

Rats—
 Helen Louise Taylor
 Sophie Mason
 Virginia Campbell
 Isabelle Hunt
 Sophia Helen Fisk

Mothers—
 Ann Camilla Shinkle
 Jane Anderson
 Joan Sullivan
 Jane McKay
 Elsie Kidd
 Dorette Kruse
 Ruth Sternberger
 Virginia Sternberger
 Ruth Higley
 Betty Breneman
 Alice Merrell

Children—
 Erma Peyton
 Charlotte Groom
 Marjorie Wright
 Karlina Krippendorf
 Drewry Putnam
 Frances Suire
 Mary Jean Pape
 Marjorie Albert
 Hazlehurst McCaw
 Elizabeth Cassatt
 Christine Ramsey
 Betty Jane Reid
 Mabel Pogue
 Russell Pogue

May 31—Pessimist's Number.
 No, it isn't the war. It is exams.

June 5—Commencement.

PROGRAM

Welcome Song—Choral Class.
 Procession of Classes.
 Address by Dr. Chandler.
 Presentation of Diplomas.
 Song—Choral Class.
 Class Yells.
 Reception.

September 25—School opened.

October 28—Athletic Number.

First Basket-Ball Games

Intermediate I, 33—Intermediate II, 16.

Intermediate I, 25—College III, 23.

November 4—Unlucky Number. The Seniors demolish a mirror and the Sophomores shatter everything within reach.

Basket-Ball Score

Intermediate I, 31—College I, 27.



December 22 --Intermediates give "A Fairy Conspiracy."

1916

January 5—School once more.

January 7—Our first real snow.

January 10—Advice to the unsophisticated—never offer congratulations to the fortunate faculty members. Offer felicitations.

January 20—St. Agnes' Eve.

January 26—"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse."

January 31—It is all over. Once more the good things of day are as they were.

February 4 Primaries entertain us with "The Seasons."

February 12 --Indoor Athletic Meet.

February 14—Seniors have Spread, "Confusion now hath made his masterpiece."

November 11—College IV, 26; Intermediate I, 15.

November 12—College II, 26; College IV, 7.

November 13—Old Girls' Party for New Girls.

November 14—First Fire Drill.

(Oh, yes, we believe in safety first.)

November 24—Home for turkey and pumpkin pie.

November 29--Back to the greasy grind.

December 3—Seniors present "The Doctor in Spite of Himself."



February 22—We don't have to explain anything here.

February 25—Madame Guerin delivers lecture on Marie Antoinette. Sophomores have spread.

March 18—Juniors entertain Seniors at the theater.

April 6—President McCracken, of Vassar, speaks on "Truth."

April 18 and 19—C. P. S. celebrates in honor of Shakespeare.

College I presents scenes from "Macbeth," "The Tempest" and "Hamlet."

College II presents scenes from "Twelfth Night."

College III presents scenes from "As You Like It."

College IV presents scenes from "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Twelfth Night."

Intermediate I—Scenes from "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."

Various Departments give English Folk Dance—The Black Nag; Peascods.

April 20—Intermediate I presents some clever scenes from "Alice in Wonderland."

Easter vacation has finally arrived.

April 26—School convenes, much to the joy of everyone?

May 12—Seniors give Juniors a spread and then we all proceed to the ball game.

June 9—Commencement.

June 10—Miss Doherty entertains Seniors with a luncheon.





“The Doctor in Spite of Himself”

THE revival of this famous farce, by the greatest of French dramatists, proved to be an instantaneous success for the dramatic ability of the Class of 1916. Such a success, in fact, that the very old “anticipation-realization” verity was completely overthrown, the full interest of the fastidiously critical audience being straightway enlisted and held throughout the artistically-clever entertainment.

“The Doctor in Spite of Himself,” a sharp satire on the medical profession of the seventeenth century, as an artistic whole, fulfills its purpose. The irresponsible faggot-maker, suddenly forced into the position of a physician through the cunning of his angry wife, cures the dumb daughter of a gentleman neighbor, unites the young lovers, for which he narrowly escapes hanging, and receives, at last, the forgiveness of his termagant wife.

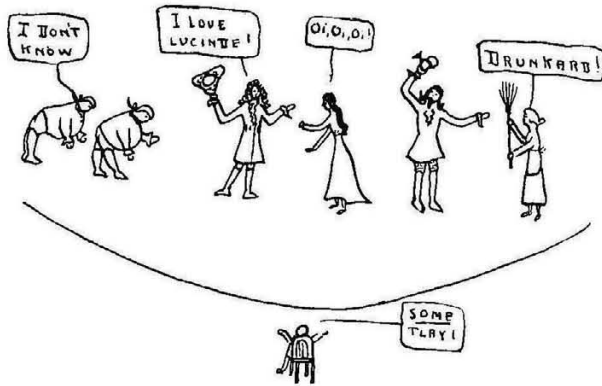
In the role of wife, Serene Sebastian showed her customary ease and vivacity, and brought to the part of wife a personality which lent itself admirably to the role, and a method which carried conviction. The doctor, artistically impersonated by Caton Rogare, will be remembered for his elaborate green and yellow coat, his ever companionable bottle, as well as his keen appreciation of the wisdom of such learned men as Aristotle and Hippocrates. Lucinde, Idelie Carreter, and Leandre, Gene de La Gui, were the always interesting lovers, the dark fragile beauty of the maiden in great contrast to the fair grace of her lover. The minor parts were admirably portrayed by a well-drilled cast. Dore D’Ligne as Robert, the meddlesome neighbor, is evidently an artist of experience. Maxime D’Amour played Lucas, an excellent characterization of an extremely difficult part. If it was not a type performance, she is an actor who will be heard of.

Orielle Camachat, as the wise old nurse, and Antoine Papillon as Valere, the servant of Geronte, were both admirable interpretations. The aristocrat himself was impersonated by M. Louis Chasse, whose striking personality and poise managed to give distinction to what might have been an extremely unnoteworthy part.

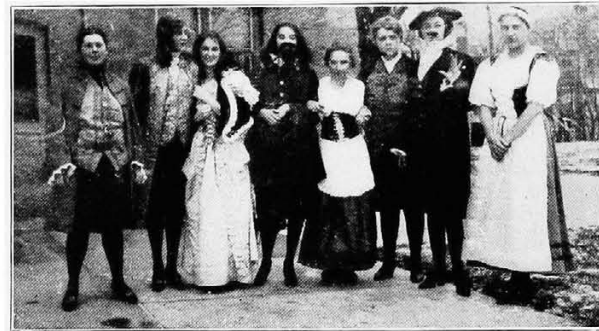
“The Doctor in Spite of Himself” was thought likely to disappoint those to whose minds the subtle satirical wit of the entire play could not appeal, but that even the youngest of the C. P. S. representatives fully appreciated the efforts of its loyal Seniors was apparent from the voluntary approval of Dawson, the Primary Critic,

“SOME PLAY”

THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF



The Artist's Impression



What They Really Looked Like

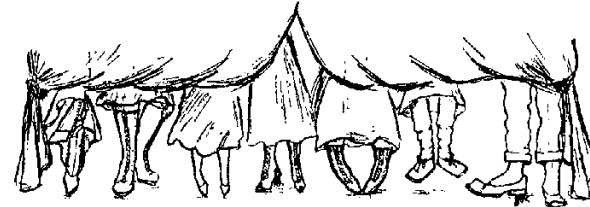


WHAT a wonderful revealer is a shoe—just a shoe;
 For the real disposition it shows in me and you.
 It may pinch the toe so tightly,
 Or the instep it may bind;
 It may appear unsightly,
 As we walk along so sprightly,
 With it always on our mind.
 So we wrinkle up our brow
 And declare, with solemn vow,
 We will never buy another which
 Will pinch the toe or heel.
 For it's shoes, shoes, shoes, shoes—
 Just any kind of shoes—
 That indicate our character
 And tell just how we feel.

There are many styles and fashions in our shoes
 From which to choose;
 There's the graceful buttoned shoe, with pointed
 toe and stilted heel,

While some others make one's foot look like a seal.
 There are slippers small and dainty,
 Heels so high they make one fainty;
 Some are square and very flat,
 Some appear much like a spat,
 Some are turned up at the toes
 Like a haughty woman's nose,
 Some retain their graceful forms
 Through fair weather and through storms,
 While still others, made of paper, can't withstand
 the morning dews.
 So it's shoes, shoes, shoes, shoes,
 Ever making tracks for us
 In any path we choose.

KATHRYN ROGERS.





THE SPECTATOR AT THE INDOOR FIELD MEET

THIS morning, I was walking about Miss Doherty's School, enjoying the sight of so many young ladies diligently perusing their books, when, in the hall of the building, set apart for the younger children, I observed, hung low upon a blackboard, numerous sheets of paper. Scanning them closely, I discovered the effort of many pens and pencils. Here was a lady's whole name laboriously penned, there a gentleman thought fit to sign only his Christian name. My curiosity was aroused. I decided to look further into the matter.

Upon inquiry, I found that an indoor field meet (I presume some kind of modern sport) was planned for February the twelfth, at two-thirty o'clock. Also, I found that two shillings must be paid before one could sign one's name on the entry list in the hall. The shillings had evidently been paid post haste, for the honor of penmanship was not to be slighted. An air of suppressed excitement was prevalent in the rooms. In one corner, ribbons were being vigorously discussed, in another

corner, peanuts, and then I heard mentioned that delectable dish so dear to childish hearts—ice cream and cake. A very pretty young lady (a teacher, I presume) invited me to attend the "meet" on Saturday next. Heartily, I accepted, bade farewell to the school, and departed.

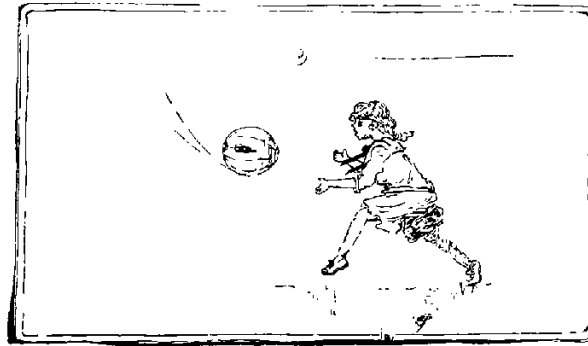
Saturday, February twelfth, proved a fine day, and, mindful of my invitation, I once more set forth for Miss Doherty's School. Near the entrance to the building, children were dismounting from various odd contrivances. Upon asking a few questions, I found that these conveyances were called skatemobiles (a recent invention, I was duly informed). The sturdy procession now wended its way into numerous rooms of the school. A few minutes later, all appeared, divested of the one garment that distinguished boys from girls, in the ample hall. Everyone was clad in surprisingly queer knee-breeches, some strove to reach the knee in vain, whereas others passed the goal amply.

After everyone had arrived, attired in these

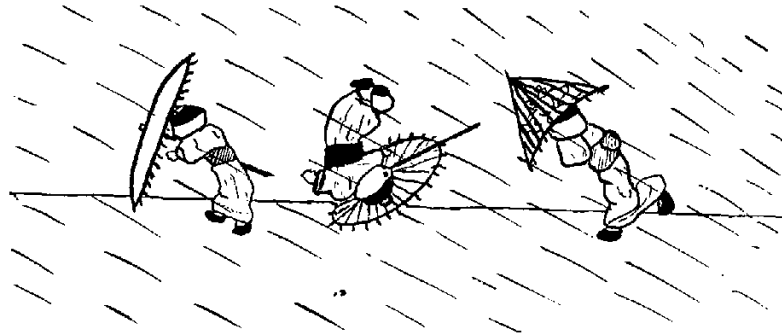
peculiar conceptions of masculine dress, they took their places in one of the three boxes at the side of the room. This greatly reminded me of my visits to the assizes with Sir Roger. How I wished he could be with me at this spectacle. I was interrupted in my musings by the sound of a trumpet. Upon hearing the vim with which it was blown, I decided the trumpeter was of my sex. But I discovered to my amazement that it was a girl. The races then started, while several austere judges guarded the lines and goal. One race consisted of two persons, feigning only three legs, and the pretense was shameful. Another, a small boy informed me, was a "Bear" race, and after that came a "Crab" race. This was followed by a vain attempt, on the part of many,

to empty bowls of peanuts. At the close of each contest, the victor received a prize or prize ribbon. The next proceeding interested me greatly. It seemed a mad scramble, the minute the music stopped, for a chair. I was enlightened later as to their object, the game was called "musical chairs." This contest was followed by the presentation of the champion ribbons. It pains me to state that the first three champions were of the gentler sex.

The much-discussed delicacies were then served. As I watched the children consume vast quantities of ice cream, cake, candy and peanuts, I thought of the usual admonitions at home, previous to a party. Secretly, I predicted that "Much *might* be said on both sides."—L. C.



THE FAIRYLAND PARTY



What excitement in the gym!
There is a party gay.
The guests have come from fairyland,
Each class a tale to play.

“The Seniors first”—the noise is hushed:
Their Legend is announced.
A tale of Greece they represent,
Without a word pronounced.

Rejected suitors find themselves
Beneath the headsman’s axe,
The gazers laugh, but do not know
How savage are those whacks.

Then comes the Juniors’ fairy-tale,
So worthy of applause;
And all comment upon how well
They play, “The Wizard of Oz.”

The Scarecrow, all bereft of straw,
The Wizard, kind and knowing;
All are there in full array,
Their charm on us bestowing.

The Sophomores' pantomime is one
Of far-away Japan;
"Fire in Paper" and "Wind in Paper,"
(A lantern and a fan).



And, last, the Freshmen venture forth
To give an Aesop Fable,
"The Town Mouse" and "The Country Mouse"
To portray they are able.



One would not know they were not Japs,
So well they play their parts,
In costume, manner and in scene
They use enchanting arts.

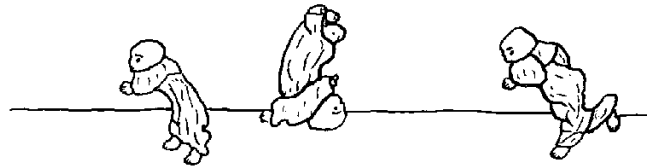
And lo! the Freshies win the prize!
And too, that prize is "dandy,"
For from Miss Doherty there comes
A five-pound box of candy.

So downstairs in the Senior room,
The hungry party meets,
And there devours joyously
The daintiest of treats.

And next a dance, the party now
Has flung away all care,
"First call to eats" is soon the cry,
That rings out on the air.

Ah! but too soon 'tis time for us
To make our homeward way.
But oh! the fun we can't forget
In Fairyland that day!

HARRIET RAMSEY, *College IV.*



A TREATISE ON EARTHWORMS

EARTHWORMS fascinate me. I can sit for hours watching one dig its way through the earth or curling around and around in my hand. When they have been washed onto the pavement, I pick my way carefully to avoid stepping on any, and even stop now and then to assist one that is having a particularly hard time. In order to watch some live and grow, I decided to have some earthworm pets. I filled a large wooden box with earth, putting some especially rich earth at one end. In this box I put about ten assorted earthworms. The two which first attracted me, I called "Slippery" and "Creepy-Crawly." Slippery, or Slip, as I called him for short, I had found in poor earth. He was a long-drawn-out, red worm, very lively and wide-awake. He had had to work for his living. Creepy-Crawly I had found in the richest kind of earth. Consequently, he had grown fat and lazy. He divided his time in eating and sleeping.

From the very beginning, I gave Creepy-Crawly up as hopeless. He would not play. If I picked him up in my hand, he went to sleep

there. Slip, on the other hand, was interesting and entertaining. I put them together on the edge of the richest earth in my box. Creepy crawled far enough to be comfortable and then slept. Slip stood on his tail a minute, then started briskly towards the rich earth. How he ate! I hated to see Slip become as lazy and indifferent as Creepy, so I moved him to the other end of the box. I have to move him now every day, for he goes right back.

I have studied Slip's character very carefully and even attempted to teach him a few tricks. Slip is very proud and snobbish. He already rules the box. I sometimes fancy I can hear the snippy remarks he makes. At any rate, he sometimes pauses when he is crawling past another worm and nods his head disdainfully or waves his tail mockingly. He is terribly greedy and selfish, and, while he never could forget his dignity and hurry, yet he is always the first to the richest soil or the tenderest root.

When Slip retires, no one could possibly find him. I hunted for him one evening all through

the box and decided I must have lost him. The next morning he appeared as usual. I have encouraged this ability in him and taught him to play "hide-and-seek." I annoy him till he moves away. I then give him a few minutes to hide before hunting for him. It takes a long time to find him, too, though it seems absurd not to be able to find a nice earthworm in a small box of earth.

Judging by the amount of ground he covers in a short time, I think he would make a good racer. I am sure he could beat any other earthworm.

But who could teach them to race properly?

There is one trick I have tried, over and over, to teach Slip, and which I have not succeeded in doing as yet. He does not answer to his name. I excused this at first on the ground that he had no ears. I tried shaking the box when I wanted him and I tried poking the earth. But Slip does not come. When I want to play, I must go to him, for Slip obeys no one. I hope some day to convince him of the personal glory it would bring him, and so train him. Meanwhile, Creepy-Crawly sleeps peacefully on.

CLARA LOVELAND, *College II.*



A PLEA

*(With sincerest apologies to
Oliver Wendell Holmes)*

Get thee still higher marks,
Oh my report,
As the swift months roll by,
Mount loftier the ladder of the past,
Let each new mark, higher than the last,
Shut thee from failure on a plain more vast,
Till thou at length art "B,"
Freeing my worried mind from life's
More harrowing "C." — L. C.

❖ ❖ ❖ MRS. ROBIN ❖ ❖ ❖

ONCE there was a Mrs. Robin. She wished for a little child. In a few days she laid an egg, then in a day, the egg popped open. In a few days the robin died. Then the little robin grew up until she was a Mrs. Robin, too. Then the cold weather came. Mrs. Robin flew to the south. In spring, Mrs. Robin came back. She looked for a place to build a nest. She found a place on the farm in a big oak tree. She built a nest and laid three eggs in it. After a while, the eggs popped open and three little heads looked out of the eggs. The cunningest little heads Mrs. Robin ever saw. One day, Mrs. Robin flew out of her nest for a worm for her children three. She found one under the oak tree. She took it up to her children three and fed them. They all grew big and flew away.

ELISE KUPFERSCHMID, *Primary IV.*



THE SWAMP

FROM the walk there is a little path, which leads through a thick clump of cedar and larch trees into a swamp.

Through the center there is a tiny brook, with not much water in it. Mossy stepping stones run through it to the other side; little islands are scattered in it, they are nothing more than stones with moss and grass on them. The bottom of the brook is overgrown with moss and a gray growth.

The earth smells just as it does in the Spring-time—that fresh, sweet smell. On one side of the brook there are tall, brownish reeds, waving their slender bodies every time that the wind blows. Gentians grow in among the reeds, lifting their fringed blue heads to the sun. Scarlet painted cups and dimity flowers are growing there also. Green shoots are everywhere in the reeds, too, poking their little green spears out of the earth.

The trees on the other side of the brook are dark, Christmassy cedars, white-trunked birches, and a few maples showing green against the sky. All nod gaily to one another in the gentle wind.

The sky is bright blue, with just a few little fleecy clouds floating in it. The sun is high in the heavens and it sends its warm rays down upon the swamp.

EMILY HEARNE CHASE, *Intermediate IV.*



THE SEASONS

The Winter brings the snow,
And children, that are bold,
Make big snowballs to throw
In spite of all the cold.

The robin now is here,
The lily shows her cup,
The air is fresh and clear,
And all the plants spring up.

The Summer now has come,
The sky is clear and blue,
The bees do loudly hum,
And poppies are here, too.

The Autumn winds are here,
And now I sail my kite.
Thanksgiving time is here,
Which is a child's delight.

ELEANOR RAPP

TOMMY JOINS THE CHOIR

IT is the greatest thing you can do, join the church and work for her," concluded the minister. Tommy listened to this exhortation with fascinated ears. He had not intended to listen to the minister when he came to church, but he had been caught off his guard. "The greatest thing," ran through his brain, "The greatest thing!" Long had he been looked upon with disdain by the fair Elaine. He was sure it was because of his red hair. To gain her favor, he had fought before her eyes a boy a head taller than he. His reward was a black eye and a disdainful. "Think you're smart, don't you?" Now he knew what to do. Of course, he might have to stand some ridicule from the fellows, but he'd soon make them stop. "I'll do it, I guess, if it isn't too hard," he concluded.

A week or so later, Tommy noticed his mother watching him. "Tommy," she said, "Miss Marlowe says you have a real good voice." Here she hesitated. "She wants you to join the choir. Harold Hughes is going to join it."

Up to this moment, Tommy had not said a

word, but this was heaping insult too high on his head. What was his mother thinking of? What would Miller and Davis and—and the whole bunch say? What would Elaine say to such a sissy thing? When people said, "Who's all in it?" and he said, "Harold Hughes and—" No, he would not join. It was impossible.

Tommy carefully explained everything, except about Elaine, to his mother. She was adamant. Tommy must join the choir! She looked at his dejected face and her heart softened. "Tommy, you must join, but for every time you sing, I'll give you a quarter."

"That's all right, mother, but what about the rehearsals on Saturdays?"

"Well-l-l," answered his mother, "I suppose this is spoiling you, but I'll give you a nickel for every rehearsal. Isn't that all right?"

Tommy thought that it was a dandy way to earn money, but he did not say so.

Saturday afternoon, Tommy, with his suit carefully brushed and his best handkerchief in his pocket, set out for church. Cutting through an

alley, Tommy heard the familiar voice of Miller say, "What are you all dressed up for?"

"For me to know and you to find out."

"Yah! 'Fraid to tell me, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not, either, I belong to the choir and I'm going to rehearsal."

It evidently struck Miller as funny. "Little angel singing in church! Ha! Ha!" His laugh was interrupted by Tommy's fist, followed by Tommy.

"Hi you! What do you think you're doing?" said Miller as they both rolled to the ground.

"I'll teach you"—pound—"to laugh"—pound—"at me"—answered Tommy. Ten minutes later, Tommy emerged triumphant, with dusty coat and a bleeding nose. To said nose, he applied the handkerchief and went on his way strangely happier.

Tommy's arrival at the church caused a little stir. He was an hour late. Miss Marlowe, who had not expected him at all, welcomed him cordially. She sent him to clean up. When he came back, looking very little better, she put him next to Harold Hughes. "I think you know Harold, don't you?" she said.

"Yes'm," mumbled Tommy, seating himself uneasily next to Harold. That youth hitched his own immaculate person disdainfully away.

Tommy did not take long to decide that he

did not like choir practice, and he firmly resolved to miss it whenever he was not pressed for money. Practice would not have been so bad if the hymn they were preparing for Easter had had smooth music. It didn't though. In one place the music stopped and the boys were to keep on. Alas! the boys stopped, too, until prodded on by the master's "Don't stop here." At the end of the rehearsal, the master always said, "Don't forget to come next time, something might happen that you'd miss."

Time passed, and the morning of Tommy's first appearance came. He wore a long, black slip with a white "nightgown," as he called it, over it. It felt funny on him. The other boys had worn theirs for practice for a time. Tommy, however, had managed to skip three straight rehearsals. It seemed to him that all the eyes in the church were on him. His nervousness soon passed away, however. He gave but a curious glance at a man with a song sheet in his hand. A forgetful unconcern came over Tommy, and he only hoped that he would not forget and stop, when the music did, in the song.

The organ struck the opening chords of the hymn. The choir burst forth in song. Tommy knew the song by heart, and he sang as he had never sung before. The fateful place came. The man with the song in his hand opened it and

started to rise. Tommy gave him a wondering glance and continued the song. The man again arose and turned to glare at Tommy. For the first time, Tommy realized that the choir had stopped singing. A sickening feeling came over him. What had he done? When had they changed the song? Feeling that to stop now would never do, Tommy kept on. His voice rang through the old church in all its youthful sweetness to the end of the song. Staring stonily ahead, he realized that he was lost. No need now to join the church. Even that could not gain him favor after his terrible mistake. To himself, Tommy vowed that after he had licked the fellows into stopping their teasing, he would run away and never enter a church again!

After church, he eluded all the ladies who wished to pat him on the head, for sympathy he thought, and hurried away. He passed a group of boys with whom he would have ordinarily

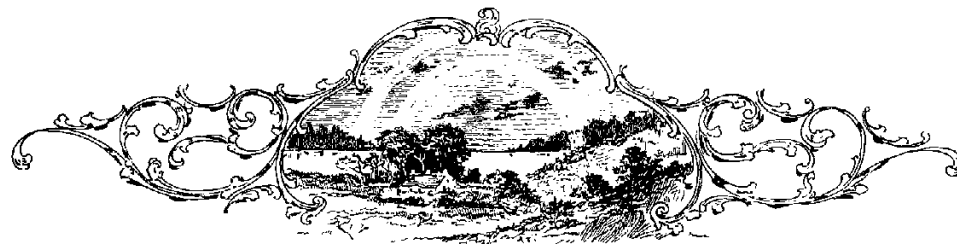
stopped to talk, and hurried on. He dropped his chin further down in his collar in dejection and thought. Raising his head, a little later, he saw just ahead of him the last person whom he then wished to see—Elaine! He quickened his pace to pass her. He could imagine how she would look at him in scorn. Just as he came to her side, her Bible dropped at his feet. There was nothing to do but pick it up. He handed it to her with a red face. Then she did something which Tommy found later was usual with girls—the unusual. “Why, Tommy,” she said, “were you back there? I haven’t seen you for a long time. Are you going to dancing school next time?”

“Uh huh,” he said, and wondered why she wanted to know.

“So am I, and I haven’t got the first dance taken, either.”

Tommy, with a great white light breaking upon him, had presence of mind to ask for it.

ALICE PAPE, *College IV.*





“THE GIRL WHO REMEMBERED”

MARGARET MORTON glanced skeptically at the hem of her blue serge skirt, which, in her haste, she had stepped on, making a long and ragged tear in it. Then she scrambled up the remaining steps of the boathouse, and, breathlessly, joined a group of girls who were waiting at the top for her. Everyone laughed as she came in sight, for her unruly hair had escaped its pins and was streaming down her back; her hem was dragging behind her, and her shoe strings were flapping about her ankles. But the girls only laughed and said, “Margaret, of course!” As Margaret’s diminutive figure topped the last step, there was a general rush and scramble to meet her, for she was a great favorite, and much beloved by all. Once seated on the grass at the top, Margaret, or Marg as she was called, bent her curly brown head over the task of tying her shoe strings, at the same time saying:

“Oh, people, are we really all going to the Stoney Lake Regatta tomorrow? Mother said she might let me go, but that I would have to be

just as good as I can, and very dignified. Goodness! She said she would get Mrs. Wood to keep her eye on me and see that I didn’t lose anything.”

At this, everyone laughed, for Margaret had a faculty for losing almost all of her belongings. It was one of her besetting sins. Then everyone began to tell her about the regatta. Yes, they were all going; the steamer left at half-past nine in the morning! Imagine! And they would be over for Marg at nine o’clock sharp, to insure getting there on time.

“Oh, I’ll be ready this time, just wait!” Then, “Oh, my goodness, I’ve left Reg waiting down there in the boat for half an hour, he’ll take my head off. He wants to get home to set up his new wireless outfit, and wants me to help him. You know, he has taught me a lot about it.” And she dashed down the steps again to meet her now irate brother. “Goodbye,” she waved, as the boat started away. The girls on the bank watched her out of sight, and then,

spying something lying on the grass, they stooped to pick it up. It was Margaret's hat.

"She has a memory about as long as a pin," they laughed.

Early the next morning, a boatload of girls and boys set out for Margaret. Her cottage was across the lake, but it was only about a mile wide there, so before long they reached the landing and started up the path for Margaret. When they arrived at the cottage, there was no one in sight, but, after repeated calls, a little voice answered from upstairs that she would be down in just a minute. However, that minute was stretched into ten and that into twenty.

"Marg!" called one of the girls frantically, "We have just ten minutes to catch the steamer!"

"Well, I'm coming!" was the agonized reply, and she rushed down the stairs, an immense suit case banging at her knees. For once in her life, Margaret looked really neat. Her hat was on straight, her shoes were tied, and, most wonderful of all, her waist and skirt *met* in the middle. At this meeting place were four safety pins holding up her white skirt, each at least three inches long. Over these, but hardly hiding them, was a belt of ribbon, in which, Marg said, was pinned her money and her boat tickets, with other large safety pins. "Mother wouldn't trust me with a purse," she said. No one had time to ask her

what was in the suit case, but they all hurried her down to the boat, and made as much speed as possible across the lake. When they arrived, the steamer was just about to cast off, but the Captain was a kind soul, and waited for the breathless party that came hurrying up at the last minute, and they all climbed safely aboard.

Finally, when all were settled comfortably on the deck, Margaret was nowhere to be seen. "Hope she hasn't lost herself!" laughed someone, but soon she came up looking very self-satisfied, and said that she had just put her suit case in a safe place.

"What on earth did you have in that great, big thing?" asked one of the girls. "Well, there was, first, my bathing suit" (Margaret could swim about twenty strokes) "and then, you see, I thought it might possibly rain, you never can tell, so I brought my mackintosh, umbrella and rubbers." (The day was the clearest and most sunshiny possible, but no one dared laugh.) "And I have some paddles, too, as I thought I might go in the races." (Here they did laugh, for when Margaret paddled, you might think she was chopping wood.) "Well, I think I was very thoughtful!" she ended, and everyone agreed. Just then, the boat turned into Stoney Lake, and came in sight of Juniper Island, where the regatta was to be held. This island could be

distinguished from the mainland by the tall tower of the wireless station that the islanders had there. Stoney Lake is one of the most dangerous in Canada. Although it is but five miles wide, it is very shallow and there are a great many rocks and shoals. There is only one very narrow channel in the center, which is marked out by red and white buoys. However, the pilot knew this channel pretty well and everyone felt safe with him. Therefore, it was the unexpected that happened. The boat came to a place where the buoy had been washed away, and the pilot, not knowing which course to take, chose to turn to the left. Everything seemed safe at first, but, suddenly, there was a terrible crashing, grating sound, the little steamer shook violently from bow to stern, and then came a shuddering stop. The engines soon stopped their regular pounding, and could no longer be heard. Everyone began hurrying about, and there was general confusion. The Captain came on deck and announced that there was only a very small hole, but that it was widening fast, and the greatest danger was that the boat, balanced on a sunken rock, might capsize at any minute. The boat was only a small lake steamer and carried but one lifeboat. This was lowered, but no oars could be found. Suddenly a little voice spoke up and offered a pair of paddles. Every-

one turned surprised toward—Margaret! They were her paddles! However, the lifeboat, having seldom been used, by this time had completely filled with water and sunk, so Margaret's paddles were of no use. The nearest land, which was Juniper Island, was three miles away, but, though they had blown the whistle and fog-horn, they had seen no response from shore, and now, having given out of steam pressure, the whistle refused to blow.

Just then, Margaret, who could hardly be seen in the crowd, said she had an idea, and disappeared into the Captain's cabin. The boat began to rock and sway, and everyone began to be more or less frightened. The girls sat huddled together, anxiously watching the shore. There was no sign of anyone coming, and the shore seemed only a thin line in the distance. Suddenly they noticed that there was quite a crowd around the cabin, and went cautiously over to see what it was. There, on the floor of the cabin, the center of all eyes, sat a small, disheveled figure, rapidly tapping on a telegraph key, and ordering everyone about, even the imperious Captain. Was this Marg Morton—This little, energetic person, giving orders and directions with a coolness that was appalling? Marg Morton, who usually was the one who said, "Oh, what shall I do?"

"Here," she was saying, "String this wire across the room as many times as you can. We need as much of it as possible. You attach *this* to those batteries, and that wire to the spark-gap. Now then, what is Juniper's call? U. A. X? All right, I'll try them now," and she began tapping on the key again.

"Oh," cried one of the girls, "don't you remember the Captain once telling her there was an old wireless outfit in the cabin? *That* was what her idea was!" Just then, Margaret gave a little shout, and said, "They've answered! They're coming!" And, sure enough, all eyes were turned toward Juniper Island, and soon a great number of boats of all kinds, that were going to take part in the races, could be seen making all possible speed towards the steamer. The balance of the little boat became more and more precarious. The sky was overclouded and a wind had come up, so that there was danger of its capsizing any minute. Soon, the rescue boats had come alongside of the steamer, and people were being crowded and hurried off into

them. Margaret was one of the last to leave, and a funny little figure she presented, as she climbed over the rail and into one of the sail-boats. Her hat had long since blown off into the lake. It had begun to rain, and she had gotten out her mackintosh, and lent her umbrella to someone. In her hurry, she had dropped one of her shoes, and had put on one of her rubbers instead. Besides, her wet hair was streaming down her back. Nevertheless, she was the heroine of the hour. She was praised and made much of, until it was a wonder her small head was not turned. Everyone was so busy congratulating her that it was not until they had reached Juniper Island, that the people looked back just in time to see the little steamer tremble violently and turn slowly on her side, and it was not until *she* had reached Juniper, that Margaret discovered that she had lost her precious belt with her money pinned in it, and that those four dreadful safety pins were showing all around. However, everyone was more than glad to take home free, the girl who had not lost her head, and the girl who had "remembered."

DOROTHY ANDERSON, *College II.*

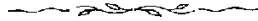




"The Noble Lord in the Blue Ribbon"

TOO OBVIOUS TO NEED STATEMENT

Clearness lacking Monday morning
 K Too many of us to state
 Note small omissions Especially around holidays
 Rather sketchy The "Annual" in January
 Repetition Notes! !
 Omit Examinations
 Grammar Latin translations
 Too general Use of perfumes
 Better replan This page
 Very good The omissions



"IRISH WORLD"

Advocate of Home Rule Mildred Ziegler
 Representatives from Cork County . . . Louise Scherl
 Virginia Geier
 Guida Marx
 Jean Guckenberger
 Knights of Limerick Virginia Burkhardt
 Grace Sternberger
 Margaret Keplinger
 Marianne Wurlitzer

"OUR LITTLE FOLKS"

Titania (*Queen*) Myra Langdon
 Band of Elves (*Train Bearers*) Anne Palmer
 Louise McLaren
 (*Wood Nymphs*) Anne Pennington
 Harriet Ramsey
 Worthington Harry
 "International Confectioner" Mary Lou Moore
 Official Taster Hannah Mallon

“NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN”

Slang phrases which we wish to assure the reader
are in good usage.—*Ed.*

- It is up with you!* All is over; you are ruined.
—Terence, 185-159 B. C.
- The coast was clear*—Michael Drayton, 1563-1631.
- On his last legs.*
- I smell a rat.* (Not elegant, but heard sometimes).
—Thomas Middleton, —?-1626.
- My cake is dough.*—William Shakespeare.
- Keep moving.*—Thomas Morton, 1764-1838.
- I am sick as a horse.*—Lawrence Sterne, 1713-1768.
- She's no chicken!* she's on the wrong side of thirty,
if she be a day.—Jonathan Swift, 1667-1745.
- You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please, *there's nobody at home.*
—Alexander Pope.
- Well—if I hide, lo! this *wild flower for me.*
—Alfred Tennyson.
- EDITORIAL STAFF—L. C., D. L.



THE INCONSISTENCY OF MAN (AND WOMAN)

The movies are no good at all!
I like 'em!
Their naughtinesses do apall!
I like 'em!
They hurt your eyes, they make you blink,
Some shocking scenes would make you shrink,
They sure do from the classics sink,
I like 'em!

THE MYSTERIOUS HAT

THE huge waves broke angrily against the great jagged rocks, and dashed the foaming spray high into the air, but that was the only sign of life visible.

"Honestly, girls," remarked Sue, yawning, "if something exciting doesn't happen soon, I'll turn into a vegetable. I'd as soon be cast away on a desert island."

"It's duller and stupider than ever," Mary went on, "after our four days' camping trip. I really almost had hopes that some interesting person might have arrived while we were gone, but no, only an old lady, two babies, and a bad-tempered dog. And the dances are a positive joke—I've actually forgotten how it feels to do anything but lead myself or be pulled around by Jimmy Carton, aged fifteen. I can't possib—"

"Girls," interrupted Ann suddenly, "will you please look what's lying by the register book in the office?"

"A derby," gasped Mary, "and *where* was there ever a derby without a man somewhere attached to it?"

Sue studied the new arrival's hat fixedly for a moment, then remarked, "There's something awfully queer about it, you'll have to admit; it's the brim, I believe. Look how wide it is."

"Advanced style," exclaimed Ann fiercely. "Come on, let's go down for the mail and try to think of some way to discover the owner of the mysterious hat." When they returned to the hotel about ten minutes later, sad to say, the derby had entirely disappeared from sight.

"What in the world has become of it?" asked Sue, in dismay, hastily adding, "Why, it's gone for a walk, of course, on such a beautiful day, and we'll go right after it."

"Sue evidently doesn't believe in wasting any time about it," laughed Mary, following the other girls upstairs to get their hats. Presently, they came down and walked away in the direction they decided the strange gentleman would have been most apt to take.

Suddenly, standing in the very middle of the road, Ann burst into peals of laughter. "Have either of you two any idea what we're intending to do?" she gasped, "Suppose we do find the man of the broad-brimmed derby, are we to go up to him, relate our history, inquire into his, remind him of the dance tonight, of the dozens of boats lying idly at the float, invite him to—"

"Certainly not," interrupted Mary, with dignity, "we'll merely walk past as though we hadn't the faintest idea of his existence, and let

him see what three altogether charming young ladies are embellishing this summer resort with their presence."

"Do my eyes deceive me," exclaimed Sue excitedly, "or is that really the top of a derby over the edge of those rocks?"

"It is," replied Ann, at once full of enthusiasm, "and, oh dear, we have to walk clear down to that crossroad before we reach the path leading in front of the rock; and girls, does my hair look very dreadful, and is my hat on straight?"

"Of course," laughed Mary, "you look perfectly beautiful, and be glad you had sense enough to put on a fresh skirt—I didn't."

By this time they had almost reached the rock, and were walking sedately along, looking neither to the right nor left. Just as they passed, however, none of the three could resist a sly glance out of the corner of her eye. But what met their surprised glance was an entirely empty plot of ground, with no sign of either man or hat.

"Gone!" they echoed in a dismayed chorus, and Ann added, "There's certainly a mystery about that hat that is beyond me, but, at least, the gentleman will be at dinner tonight." With this, they hurried to their rooms to array themselves with an unusual and remarkable amount of care.

Exactly fifteen minutes later than usual, the girls appeared, each radiant in a perfectly new gown. They glanced casually through the dining room, as they entered, but saw not a single promising young gentleman. Neither, much to their disappointment, did any appear as the meal progressed. "Given," remarked Sue, "a derby that invariably disappears at just the wrong moment, and a man who eats no dinner; to prove how to find him."

"Never mind," went on Mary cheerfully, "it's my opinion that he will be at the dance, just the same."

After dinner, while waiting until it was time for the dance to begin, the girls were conversing dismally with Louise Morris (a girl whom they had met the day before) about the stupidity of a manless summer resort, when she asked them to go up with her for a moment, while she got her coat. They followed her upstairs to her room, and, as she switched on the light, the first thing their eyes fell upon was the bed. There her riding habit was laid out and in the center reposed, blissfully unconscious of all the excitement it had caused, the very derby that had twice so mysteriously disappeared.

GUIDA MARX,

College III.

A PEACEMAKER UNAWARE

BUD stood on the edge of the bank, meditating. There was a black frown on his ten-year-old forehead. His lips were hesitating between a pout and a look of manly disgust. A thirst for revenge glowed in his heart. His meditations suddenly broke forth into melancholy ejaculations.

“Gee, what’s a fellow got to have a sister for, anyway? She’s no sport. Just ’cause she’s had a row with old popinjay White, she takes her spite out on me!” Bud sighed.

Life was at its darkest ebb this morning for Bud (alias Pendleton) Atwater. The tragedy had begun the evening before, when Bud had been dismissed from the library with only two pieces of candy. He had made frequent sallies back to the library door in hopes of more, but every time, was sadly disappointed. The last trip, he overheard something which aroused his curiosity, and he decided to listen. He heard a few stormy words between his sister, Estelle, and her fiancé, Mr. White. Then Bud scuttled out of sight, as Mr. White appeared in the hall, hastily put on his hat and departed. A few minutes later, Bud

cautiously made his way into the library. His sister had left, also the candy. To his dismay, he saw the remains of the candy almost a charred mass in the fire. This was the first blow. The second came a little later, when Estelle upstairs in a rage, opened a portfolio and discovered Bud’s precious, newly-cured frog skin between the leaves. This prize also found its way into the fire.

“Doggone,” he muttered aloud, and dug the toe of his shoe into the earth, “I’ll jump into the river, then Sis will be sorry.” A sudden smile lit his face, for another plan had entered his head.

Just then, he heard, “Pendleton Greene Atwater, come here this minute. What have you done with my blue skirt?”

Bud hesitated. The skirt was keeping the new puppies so nice and warm. It was a shame to take it away from them. But, as long as his revenge was planned, he might as well give up the skirt.

“All right, Sis.” He hastily ran into the cellar, dumped the puppies out of their warm house,

gave them a knowing pat and returned to Estelle. This young lady uttered a wrathful shriek at the sight of the skirt.

"You horrible boy! What a plague it is to have a brother!"

Bud escaped. Revenge was to be his. He sneaked up to his room. Wouldn't he fix it for old man White for causing all this trouble! He found some paper presented to him a few days before. It bore the heading

WHITE CANDY CO.

Richard White, *President* John Monarch, *Vice-President*
Robert Harris, *Treasurer* Clyde Greene, *Secretary*

With the cunning and craft of an old forger, he started the letter on an excellent imitation of his sister's handwriting. This finished, he sealed it in an envelope, found a large bottle and cork, and started for his old haunt, the bank. The rest was easy. He put the letter in the bottle, placed the cork tightly in the neck and flung all into the river.

"Jimminy! I hope someone finds it and gives the old geezer a scare." This was the blessing that followed the bottle on its career.

A few days passed uneventfully, after this incident. No news from Mr. White or the bottle. Saturday dawned, the day of days!

Bud slid into Saturday clothes and hastened to join the waiting group at the corner.

Saturday was also a busy day for other people. Mr. Colter, of the "Times-Star," was walking near the river bank, getting news and pictures of the high water, when he espied a curious looking bottle on the shore. He opened the bottle, read the letter and chuckled. Here was fine news. The most prosperous candy firm in the city advertising like this! Or was it a joke? Time would tell. He decided to publish the letter in the evening paper.

In the Atwater household, the day was uneventful except for the fact that Estelle's temper became more and more ruffled, as she did not hear from Mr. White. Toward evening, Bud was summoned to get cleaned up for dinner. It surely was a dismal world. He wished he lived on a desert island, where the savages wouldn't request clean hands before *every* meal.

He stalked up the front steps, spied the evening paper, and hastily turned to the sport sheet. The Reds had lost for three days now. What could happen next? He was ready to throw down the paper in disgust, when something caught his eye. On the last page was an exact reproduction of his letter of revenge. He sat down on the step to examine it more closely.

A sudden apprehension for the consequence of this letter took possession of him. He sat dejectedly musing over the paper. He was unaware that his sister had come up behind him and was staring at the paper. With an exclamation of horror, she read

"The White Candy Company offers to anyone who will present this slip at their office, with ten cents, a box of their fine chocolates. Thank Bud for this privilege!"

Could Bud Atwater have possibly done this! Words failed her, but not so her strength. She clutched Bud by the shoulder, stood him up and shook him. Then she sternly asked, "Bud Atwater, did you do this?"

Bud looked down shamefacedly, squirmed a little, and breathed a very low "Yes."

With a gesture of despair, Estelle moaned, "What shall I do?"

Just then, Mrs. Atwater appeared on the scene. She demanded the whole story from Bud,

who first spoke with a little hesitation, and then with a sullen vengeance.

Estelle, meantime, was bemoaning, "Oh, do you suppose everybody has been it? What shall I do? I wonder if Dick saw it? Who do you suppose put it in the paper? Do you think they all know who Bud is?"

Mrs. Atwater walked over to Estelle, put her hand gently on the girl, and said, quietly, "Perhaps you had better telephone him at once."

Then she sent Bud to bed. However, that young gentleman paused long enough on the stairway to assure himself how the land lay. At first the conversation was rather one-sided, then it became more assuring, for he heard his sister say, "Tonight? No, I am not, and I'd just love to have you come."

Then, in a laughing whisper, "Perhaps you'd better take one of those slips and arm yourself with a box of candy for Bud."

With a sigh of content, Bud crept up to bed.

LOUISE CHASE, 1916.

MR. MARFIELD glanced at the clock on his desk, pushed his papers aside, with a sigh, and rang for his butler. The summons were quickly answered by a tall, severe-looking man, who entered the room noiselessly and stood by his master's desk.

"Michael," said Mr. Marfield, "I am starting today on a business trip and, as usual, I will leave you in charge. Tomorrow, a little boy, the son of one of my classmates, will arrive on the morning train. You will meet him and see that he is made comfortable and happy. I am sorry not to be able to meet him myself."

Michael's expression was far from agreeable, when he heard this news.

"Is this visit going to be long?" he asked. "Because in that case, my wife and I can not stay."

This was an unexpected blow to Mr. Marfield, who expected to have the boy live with him.

"Well, Michael," he said, "we can settle that later, but you will surely stay until my return? Why is it that you object to the boy? I think he will be a great pleasure."

"Pleasure!" said Michael, with a grunt, "Pleasure! There won't be a minute's peace

while he is in the house. Every window and every stick of furniture will be broken. He'll have the house filled with a lot of wild youngsters, and there's no end to the rubbish that he'll bring in—sticks, stones, snakes—"

"Now, Michael," broke in Mr. Marfield, "just try him while I am away. I don't believe that he will be as bad as you think."

"Well, sir," answered the butler, "I will stay until you get home, but I warn you not another day, if that boy stays. The cook, my wife, will go with me, of course."

Michael turned to leave the room, but was called back by Mr. Marfield.

"By the way, Michael," he said, "the child is bringing his dog with him. He can sleep in the back hall. The boy can sleep in the guest room next to mine."

This piece of news was answered by a snort from Michael, who turned and left the room.

"And you will be good to the child, won't you?" added Mr. Marfield, but by this time, Michael was out of hearing.

Five days later, Mr. Marfield returned from his trip. He had worried a great deal about the little boy, and had returned several days before

he had originally intended. As he walked up his porch steps, he heard a great commotion in the house.

"Great goodness," he thought, "can they be beating the child? What a fool I was to leave him alone with these people!"

He noiselessly opened the door and looked around to see what all the noise was about. He was greeted by an unexpected sight. His dignified butler was trying to dodge a laughing, red-headed boy, who was chasing him with a water-pistol, which he squirted in his face. Behind them ran a very excited dog that jumped all over the chairs and barked incessantly. Delia, the cook, stood laughing in the pantry door. Suddenly they caught sight of Mr. Marfield. Michael and Delia disappeared into the kitchen, and the little boy stood staring at him with big, blue eyes.

"Come here, Pat," said Mr. Marfield, "and tell me what kind of a time you have been having."

"Oh, slick," said Pat, "Delia makes *some* fudge, and Michael's a prince—when you know him," he added doubtfully.

"Oh, you must see the zoo I've got upstairs! I've got a squirrel, a turtle and two frogs—I caught them in the woods."

"All right," said Mr. Marfield, following Pat who led the way upstairs three steps at a time.

"These are the corkingest banisters," he said. "You can start at the third floor and go all the way down. I've made ten trips already this morning."

That evening, after Pat had gone to bed, Mr. Marfield rang for Michael. He tried to suppress a smile, as he addressed this now very dignified person.

"Michael," he said, "I have decided to keep Pat here permanently, so I suppose that you and Delia will leave."

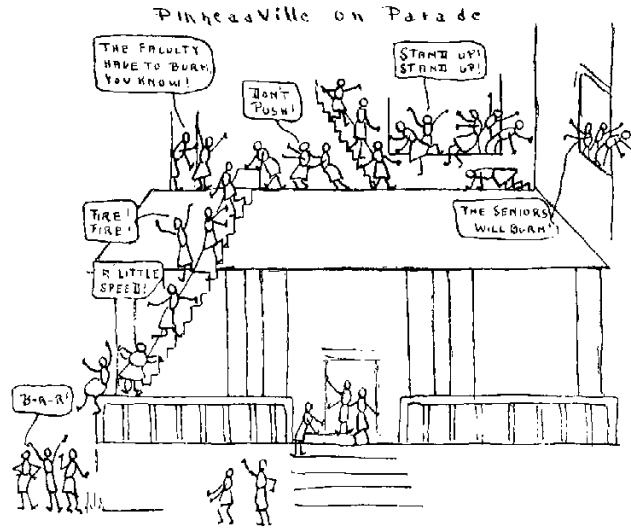
"No, sir, we have changed our minds. You didn't tell me the boy's father was Irish, sir. He comes from the same county as Delia and myself. Then, Pat is better than most boys—he isn't a bit wild."

"No, not a bit," answered Mr. Marfield, as he thought of the menagerie upstairs and of the morning's games.

"And, don't you think, sir," said Michael, as he left the room, "that you should get a pony for Pat? I can take care of it after I have finished my other work. An Irishman always likes horses, sir."

"I will think it over," said Mr. Marfield, smiling to himself.

ORIEL COMACHO, 1916.



FIRE DRILL!



SPELLING MATCH AT CPS



I

COME list ye students, one and all,
To this, a tale of mystic thrall
Like unto that of long ago,
When Madeline and Porphyro
Stole off into the darkling night,
Provoking cause for me to write
This tale, to have the school believe
The Seniors kept St. Agnes' Eve.

II

The Sybil spake, (her name was Jean)
"Come, maidens mine, how wouldst thou deem
To look beyond and see thy fate
Invoke the powers, and meet thy mate
By going dinnerless to bed
And in the future lightly tread?"
Out! Out! the lights! Shine down ye stars!
Bolt firm the gates! Draw tight the bars!

III

The gusty winds sigh loud and long,
The tears of heaven downward throng;
Each maiden wide her window throws,
While in the dreary north wind blows;
'Twas bitter chill! The damsels fair
Creep in their beds and huddle there.

IV

Say who may tell what dreams shall be
 Or who shall hold the magic key
 That turns the lock of mem'ry's chest
 And brings forth visions which are blest
 With "love's young dreams," that fill with bliss
 The soul of every maiden? This
 I know not. But, alack! alas!
 Far sadder things now come to pass.

V

One maiden in a New York store
 Buys net and tulle and lace galore
 To make her graduation gown,
 To have the prettiest in town
 She tries; but now she waxeth wroth,
 Net, tulle and lace change to cheese cloth.
 Another maid in sleep doth pale
 To think she may the finals fail.

VI

And yet one more sighs with dismay
 On dreaming that the fatal day
 When all should gracefully receive
 Diplomas, gracefully should leave
 The platform, on the steps she trips
 And sprawling on her partner slips.
 "Ah Woe! Ah Woe!" she cries with tears,
 "I'll marry, not for seven years."

VII

The Winter wind howls long and loud,
And still those horrid dreams do crowd
About the bedside of each maid,
Who fain for other dreams had prayed.
“Where is my hero? Where is he?
That in my dreams should ever be.
All, all but him have come this eve.
Why could I not this dream receive?”

VIII

And so it goes. The sounds they hear.
The sights they see, are much to fear.
The timid maiden’s sleep is pressed
With little mice; spoiled is the rest
Of one tall maid, by burglar’s tread,
And looming shapes contribute dread.
* * * * *
But e’en the worst of nights must end,
The maids their way to school now wend.

IX

O, readers, if you, dreaming, would,
O, readers, if you, dreaming, could
Forget the wear and care of day,
Its worries; then perhaps you may
Be happier in your visions bright
Than those the Seniors saw that night,
When each and every did essay
The part of Madeline to play.

DOROTHY MOORE LYON, 1916.

THE COMING OF THE DARKNESS

AS I sat one day at sunset
 On the sands so near the ocean,
 Where the skyline meets the water,
 Where they fade into each other,
 Saw I darkness softly stealing
 From all corners of the heaven,
 To the weary sun come creeping,
 Wanting once more to embrace it.
 Reached the sun to meet the shadows,
 Sending rays of light all colored;
 Gleams of rose so softly shaded,
 One of palest green all changing,
 Pearly lavender came after;
 Gleams of most mysterious yellow

Mellowed all the other colors.
 While I gazed on this with rapture,
 Musing on God's many marvels,
 Quietly I saw the shadows
 Change to gray and rosy colors,
 Seemingly the world caressing,
 Bidding it a soft good-night.
 Suddenly the sun dipped downward,
 While the shadows tip-toed after;
 Darkness then alone dwelt up there,
 Stars and moon its company.

MARIANNE WURLITZER,
College IV.



OUR IDEAL C. P. S. GIRL

Hair.....	Anne Palmer	Complexion.....	Jane Dinsmore
Eyes.....	Ann Field	Neck.....	Jean Guckenberger
Nose.....	Outram Hodgkinson	Hands.....	Martha Cooper
Mouth.....	Mary Hazen	Feet.....	Elizabeth Conroy
Teeth.....	Mary Lou Moore	Voice (speaking).....	Ann Mendenhall
Chin.....	Marjorie Shepherd	Carriage.....	Jean Graydon
Manner.....	Mary Forker		



TEN YEARS FROM
HENCE

“1916 Semper Fidelis”

I MET a little college girl,
She was twenty, so she said,
Her hair was thick, but nary a curl
Did cluster round her head.

She had a sweet and saucy air,
And she was smartly clad,
Her eyes were dark and mischievous,
Her sparkle made me glad.

“Sisters, oh sisters! little maid
How many may ye be?”
“How many? ’Leven in all,” she said,
And, smiling, looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “’Leven are we—
Four of us at college dwell
And two have crossed the sea.

“One of us has won renown
In the great realm of art.
Another wanders through this world,
Breaking many a heart.

“One of us is on the stage,
Climbing the road to fame,
While one of us in social whirl
Bears a distinguished name.

“One of us, with the blithest of hearts,
Frolics from day to day,
Bearing sunshine, and smiles and joy;
Along her happy way.”

“But they are gone, those ten are gone,
And you are here alone.”
“Nay, we’re eleven,” the maid replied,
In a most assuring tone.

QUOTATIONS



“A LITERARY DIGEST”

“The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium.”

Our minds after Easter.

“At a loss for good reasons, has recourse to sophistry.”

Alice B.

“As awkward as the gambols of a hippopotamus.”

The Lovers of the Dramatic Class.

“However erroneous . . . never silly.”

Oriel C.

“The daisies are the worst of all, when one speaks they all begin together, and it's enough to make one wither the way they go on.”

“1917.”

“Contrarywise, if it was so, it might be; if it were so, it would be, but as it isn't, it aint. That's logic.”

The way we solve Geometry Problems.

“Sweet birds that shun the noise of folly
Most musical, most melancholy.”

Primary Chorus.

“With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.”

Mildred Ziegler.

“Dwell in some idle brain
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess.”

Miriam Tate.

“War, war is still the cry.”

Primary Grades.

“With an air of complacency slightly seasoned
with criticism.”

Dorothy Lyon.

“Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your
fingers all the time.”

Sophomores.

“Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas, . . .
only I don't exactly know what they are.
However, somebody kills something, that's
clear at any rate.”

Juniors on “Lady of the Lake.”

“I liked the greeting, 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound.”

Study Hall before nine o'clock.

"I am resolved to grow thin and look young till
forty."

Lid Conroy.

"Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired."

M. Ziegler, M. Rawson.

"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

K. Rogers.

"Delightful task! To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot!"

A Teacher's Thought.

"Sighed, and looked unutterable things."

(Request to "get busy" for the Annual.)

"I am always in haste, but never in a hurry."

D. Hayward.

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast."

M. Forker.

"I would help others out of a fellow feeling."

M. Langdon.

"Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."

B. Mc Kay.

"As cold as cucumbers."

The Gym.

"Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

P. Stearns.

"Beware the fury of a patient maid."

A. Palmer.

"Hang sorrow! Care'll kill a cat!"

I. Sebastian, I. Crothers.

"Get money! Still get money, girl,
No matter by what means."

Annual Staff.

"Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark."

I. Crothers.

"I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my
life."

(Recent fad for hat making.)

"Her hair dropped round her pallid cheeks like
seaweed on a clam."

At the End of School.

"They cannot rest, they gambol like young whelps
Active as lambs and overcome with joy
They try all frolic motions."

Primaries.

"To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
But to be grave exceeds the power of face."

College II Dramatic English.

“For ere I sleep, I’ll try what I can do,
This night I’ll conjure, though I die therefore.”
Night before Long Themes.

“I must be gone to join the round,
A merry dance, and though my foot be sore,
Soon, as I dancing go it burn no more,
Farewell, Farewell.” *At recess.*

“Renowned—for knowledge of the gay world,
fastidious taste and sarcastic wit.”
The Juniors.

“Amidst all her good qualities she is somethin’ of
a humorist; and her virtues, as well as her
imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a
certain extravagance.” *Elsie Robinson.*

“Hie thee hither
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear.”
Ida Crothers to Jean Guckenberger.

“Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.”
Julie Galvin.

“True beginning of our end.” *Before exams.*

“Out of the jaws of death.” *After exams.*

“Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.” *Guida Marx.*

“Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”
After Commencement.



What Do You Mean—Know?

Miss H. —Does anyone know an Indian?

Dorothy A.—I do! I saw one once talking
to a lot of people—only they were doing most of
the talking.



Discovered! A New Kind of Deliberation

Dorothy L.—Macbeth deliberately slew the
grooms, without the slightest hesitation.

How Could He Do It?

“The host stood on the steps rubbing his
hands and welcoming his guests with his re-
spectable housekeeper.”



New Accomplishments

Irene S. (*speaking of a history class*)—“Ida
ought to sit under her other nose as I do.”



MAKE BELIEVE

THE Queen of Night went riding by
On silvery cloud, far up on high;
Her dark robes caught the moonbeams bright
Like fireflies twinkling golden light.

Oh, Queen of Night, look down on me
In my tower window by the sea;
Teach me a charm to take me, where
Strange sights are seen, and people fair.

The Queen looked down and saw me there,
My shadows outlined dark and clear;
She rang a bell out, faint not loud—
Now round her curious phantoms crowd.

Her call brought many a little gnome;
And flitting, whirling to my home
They came without a single sound
Straight for my casement window bound.

The little sprites then took my hands
And off we went in circling bands,
To Dreamland did we wend our way—
That place where children love to play.

And, oh! the sights that I saw there,
Of castles, knights and structures rare,
I cannot tell them all again,
Their beauty beyond that of men.

But if you want to go there too,
I'll tell you just what you must do—
Just count the twinkling stars at eve,
Then close your eyes and "make believe."

IRENE SEBASTIAN,
College I.

“WHAT SHALL I WRITE ABOUT?”

I'M told to write a poem,
So I *must* find a theme.
The fourteen days beforehand
Are like an awful dream.

The members of my body,
From my feet up to my head,
Were put on for a reason—
“To stand me in good stead.”

My legs are doing fairly,
The things they try to do.
They run, they jump, they tango,
And skate a little, too.

My hands, I can not brag of;
They're neither dainty nor petite,
Yet they are fairly active,
To keep company with my feet.

But the head that was selected
Was a “mark-down,” I've no doubt;
There's eyes and nose and so forth,
But the brains were all left out.

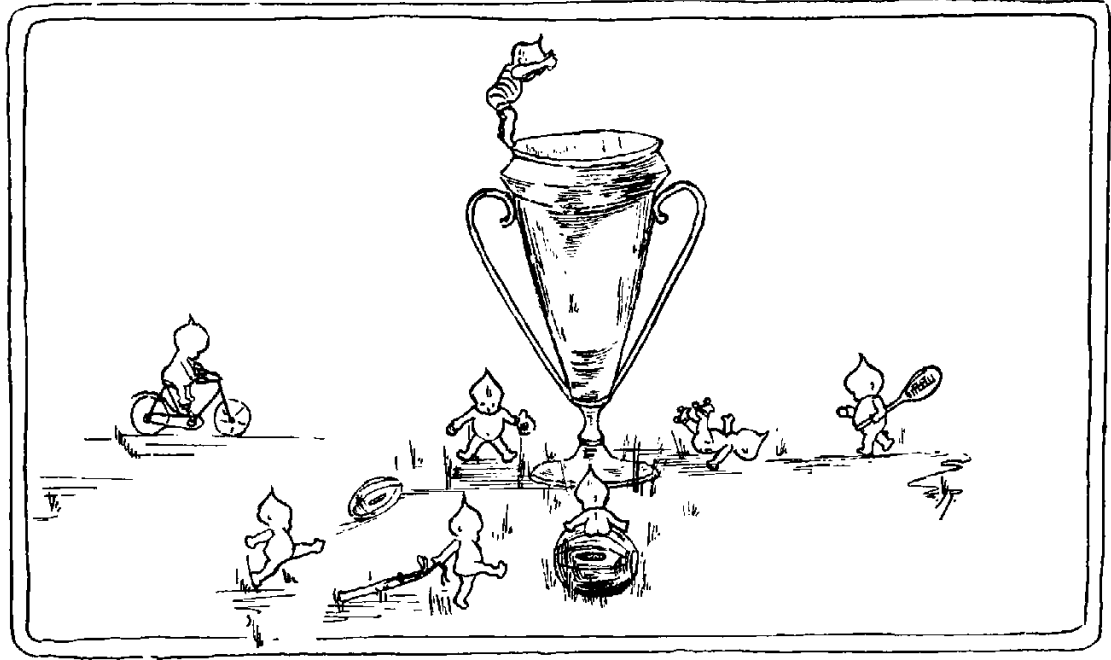
With all these things against me,
Miss Howell says, full of doubt,
“Where's your long theme title?”
Oh, what *shall* I write about?

L'Envoi

I hope you will not think this verse
A serious piece of diction.
Let me remind you now
'Tis but poetic fiction.

RUTH C. WILSON.

ATHLETICS







BASKET-BALL TEAMS

First Team—College II

LOUISE McLAREN..... .. .*Captain*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Alice Barnard	Elizabeth Conroy	Dorothy Anderson
Ruth Wilson	Frances Johnson	Louise McLaren

Second Team—College IV

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Alice Pape	Paulina Stearns	Harriet Ramsey
Hannah Mallon	Isabelle Fisk	Virginia Beckler

Third Team—Intermediate I

ANNE FIELD..... .. .*Captain*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Anne Field	Janet Wurlitzer	Katherine Garvey
Jean Graydon	Martha Cooper	Elizabeth Youmans
		Katharine Miller

Fourth Team—College I

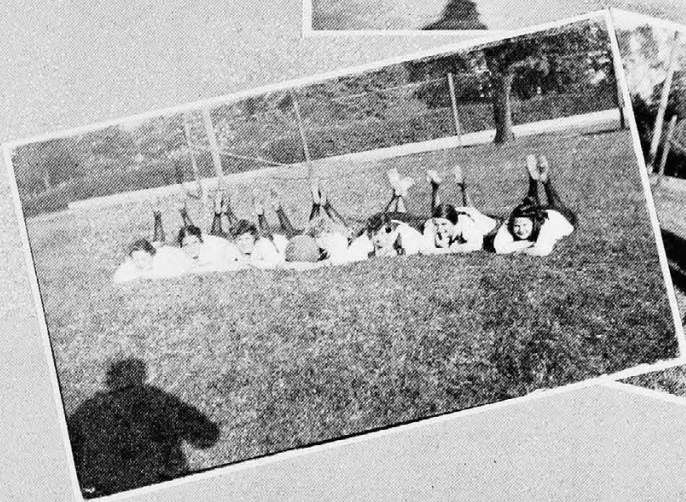
LOUISE CHASE.		<i>Captain</i>
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Mary Forker	Ida Crothers	Mary Lou Moore
Oriel Camacho	Dorothy Lyon	Louise Chase

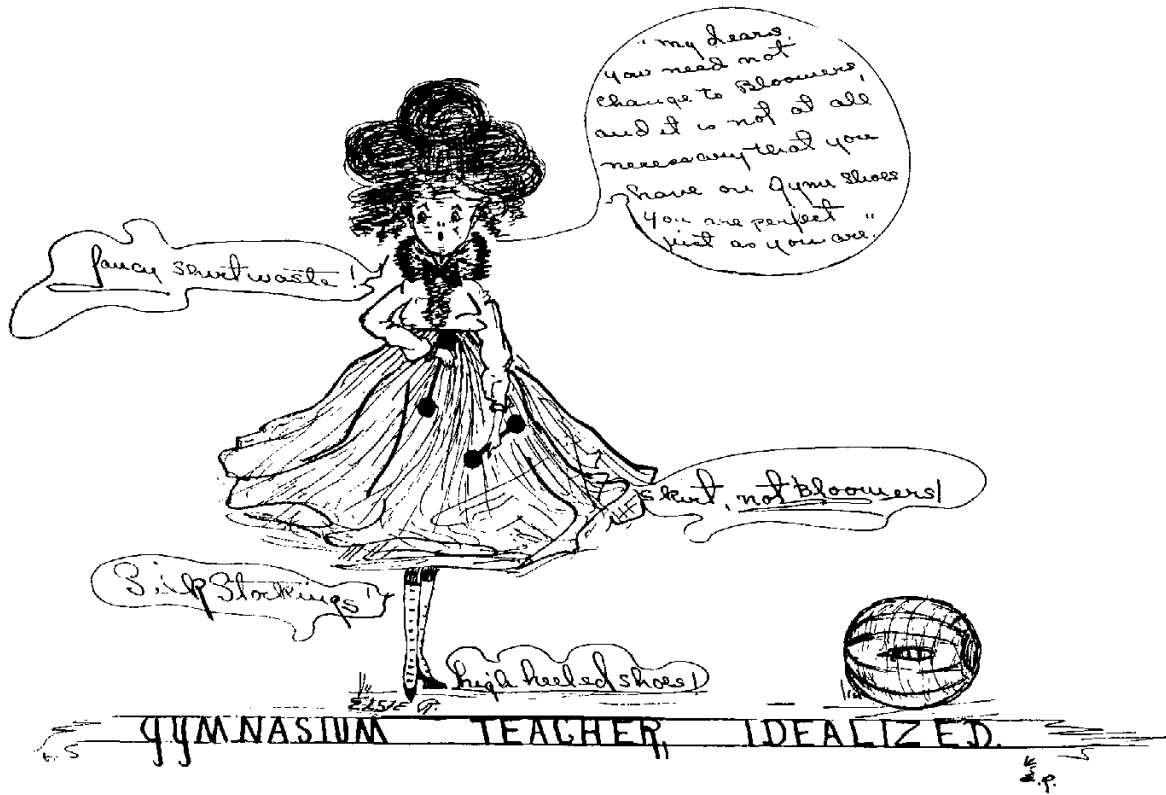
Fifth Team—College III

JANE SMITH.		<i>Captain</i>
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Barbara McKay	Jane Dinsmore	Marion Rawson
Mildred Ziegler	Dorothy Hayward	Jane Smith

Sixth Team—Intermediate II

LAURA MAY WILSON.		<i>Captain</i>
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Virginia Rogers	Dorothy Sebastian	Susan Jane Stange
Virginia Walter	Virginia Beall	Laura May Wilson









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Honor Page of the Annual Board

STARS OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

*"This page the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe each worthy name."*

Dorothy Lyon	Virginia Geier
Louise Chase	Myra Langdon
Mary Forker	Barbara McKay
Kathryn Rogers	Susan Jane Stanage

COMETS WITHOUT TAILS

*"There's husbandry in heaven,
These candles are all out."*

Margaret Anderson	Mary Hazen
Alice Barnard	Anne Field
Julie Galvin	Jean Graydon
Jane Dinsmore	Dorothy Sebastian
Isabelle Fisk	

HONORABLE MENTION

Harriet Ramsey	Elsie Robinson
----------------	----------------



YE EDITOR AT REST AFTER
HER LABORS ARE ENDED

A decorative border consisting of a double line of small, repeating geometric patterns, possibly stylized floral or geometric motifs, forming a rectangular frame around the central text.

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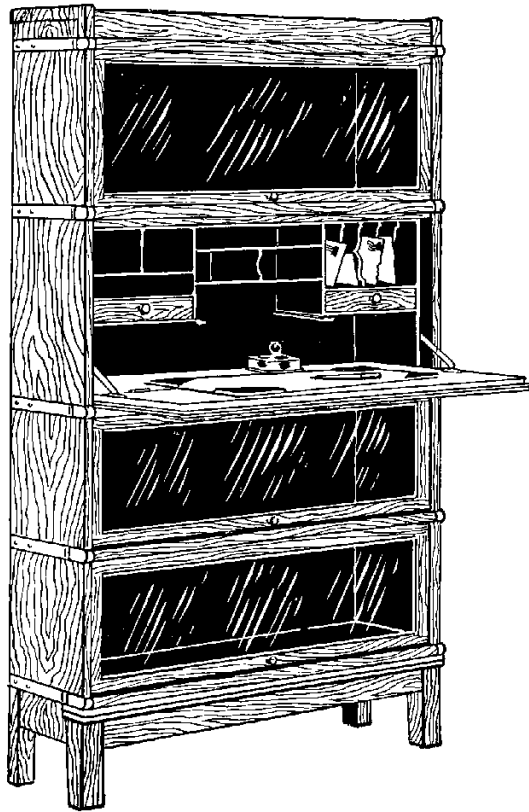
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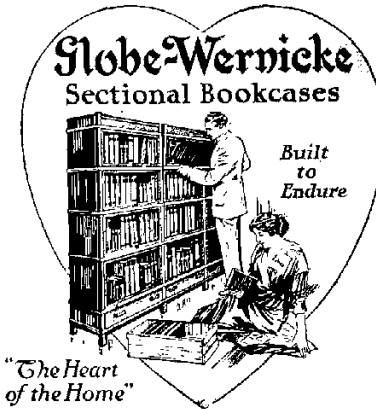
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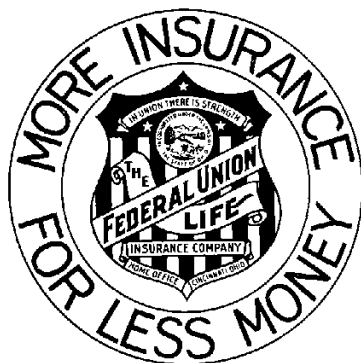
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