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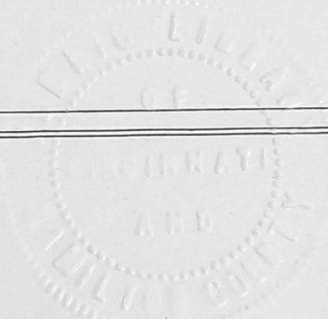
*Cincinnati*  
*The College Preparatory School for Girls*

CINCINNATI · OHIO

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DEDICATED TO  
THE SENIOR CLASS  
OF THE  
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FOR HIGHEST RECORD IN  
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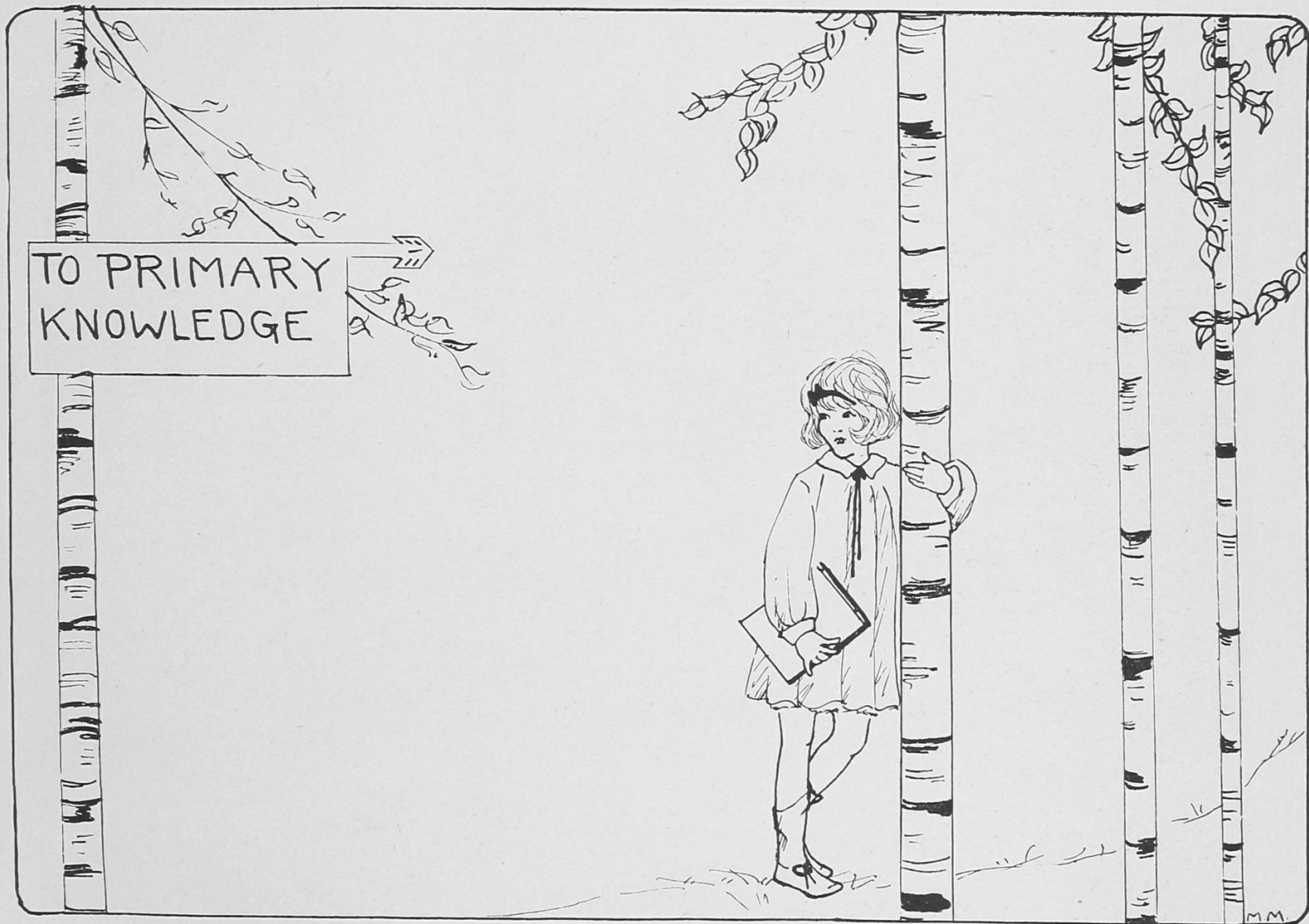
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TO PRIMARY  
KNOWLEDGE



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# Primary I

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PEGGY POGUE  
MARGARET RAPP  
YEOLANDE SCHNEIDER  
KATE SHINKLE

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## Contributions from the Primaries

### Flowers

I love a rose.  
I love a lilie.  
The rose is red.  
The lilie is white.  
My favorite flower is a rose.  
It is not man that mack the flowers.  
But it is God.

*Virginia Gladys Kuyper—Primary IV.*

### Silent Dick

I have a dog.  
My dog is named Dick.  
I have a polly.  
Polly said Hello daddy.  
Dick is a little dog.  
Dick does not bark.  
I have a pink hen.  
My pink hen said Cluck cluck.

*Sarah Louise Richards—Primary IV.*

### Antique But Not Coo-Coo

We have a banjo clock in our bedroom, which is a hundred and fifty years old, for it is antique. It does not go coo-coo, but it goes tick-tock.

(The End)

*June Asher—Primary III.*

### Great Men—or What Does It?

#### Chapter I

What makes great men? This is what does it. Honesty. Kindness. Braveness. Wisdom and Generousness. George Washington as a boy was not like a sissy. Yet he liked to read books and write neatly. Washington loved horses. Once they had a horse who would let no one ride him. Washington said I will tame him. And in a day he was so tame anyone could ride him. He was not like Lincoln in this way. Lincoln was homly. Washington was strait and tall and he was not homly like Lincoln. But they were both great men and served their

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country well. Lincoln was a great man. But Washington was greater. We now call him the father of our country.

Chapter II

Lincoln was a great man too. Some people think that Lincoln was greater than Washington. Lincoln was a kind man. Once when Lincoln had his best cloths on he saw a pig in distress, it was caught in the mud, and Lincoln helped him out.

The End

*Helen Eustis—Primary III.*

## Facts About Birds

What do you think is the most wonderful and most beautiful think out of doors? I think the birds are. The birds are such cute little things. They are all colors. There are Robins and Blue-Jays and Crows and many others. One thing about them is that they can sing. And another is that they can fly. They build in ground or tree or bush. There are many other things about them.

The End

*Betty Hargrave—Primary III.*

## A Circus at School

It is not usual to have a circus at school.  
But at Christmas time Miss Doherty gave a circus.  
It was in the gym.  
The whole Scholl was there.  
The Big girls acted it.  
There were Tight rope walkers and bears on skates and when they came in they took holte of each others tails.  
then there was a magic man and trained seals and a sword swallower, and a fat woman and a snake charmer and a Dwarf and a wild woman and a fortune teller Monkdy. They gave us lollipops and popcorn, and after the show there was a Punch and Judy show.

*Caryl Field—Primary III.*

## Easy But Teasey

There are not many great men. All men can be great if they use there mind.  
Great men have to be wise. They have to be honest and kind and brave and polite and gennerous. I will tell you to great men named George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

*Lloyd Lanier—Primary III.*

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## A Circus at School

We had a circus at school.  
It is funny to have a circus at school.  
The big girls acted it out for us.  
I liked it.  
There were tight rope walkers.  
There were bears on skates.  
They were funny to.  
One of the bears pulled the other bears tail off and  
the other bear fell down on the floor.

*Gladys Meyers—Primary III.*

## Our Flag

I know 5 things about the flag. You should  
never drag the flag on the ground. You should  
never use a Flag as a table-cloth. You should never  
use a Flag as a dress. You should have 13 stars  
and 48 stars in the blue field. the first flag was made by  
Betsy Ross.

*Lloyd Lanier—Primary III.*

## The Way

This is the way to be president you have to be  
kind and brave and wise and polite and strong  
this is the way.

*Anne Burlingham—Primary III.*

## Spring

Spring has come, spring has come  
Let's be happy and have some fun  
All the flowers with their bells so sweet  
Nod and bow down at our feet.

*Helen Lunken—Primary II.*

## Auto Service for Kesley

My brother is funny. He plays the most of time  
with Jock and Jock loves Kesley. Everyday Kesley  
is funny. Kesley has a big automobile. He pulls  
Jock's hair. I love him.

*Virginia Schoepf—Primary III.*

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## How the Goat Got a Beard

Once upon a time there was a stupid old man. He had a beard. He lived in a haunted house. Every night he heard something. When he was a boy he said two and two are ten. And he called his sister Bibby when it was Betty. He was a herder. When the goats wanted food he gave them water. He was stupid in everything. He really deserved to be punished for it. Once when he was calling his sister Betty he didn't say "Bibby" nor "Betty" but "baw-baw." He had turned into a goat. And ever since goats have beards.

*Elsie Warrington—Primary II.*

## Art for Art's Sake

In the spring  
The bluebirds sing,  
And the wind is rather cold  
So the flowers grow very bold.  
  
The sky is tinged with lightest pink,  
And so the little raindrops think  
That it probably would be best  
For them to take a little rest.

*Winnifred King—Primary II.*

## The Spring

In the time of spring  
The birds begin to sing,  
The daffodil is very bold  
For it comes out when it is cold,  
Then above the ground are seen  
Tiny blades of purest green.

*Margaret Pogue Fisk—Primary II.*

## When I Grow Up

When I grow up I want to be a nice, kind, lovable mother to my children. (If I get married and have children.) I want to have three children—twins, a boy and a girl, and another girl four years older than the twins. Their names are to be Elsie and Robert. The other girl's name is to be Charlotte. I want to be married to a handsom man, who loves me.

I want to live in Cincinnati, near my father and mother. In the winter I want to live in the city, in the summer I want to live in the country and have my father and mother visit me. I want to be sporty and able to frolic in my old age.

*Dorothy May Kidd—Primary II.*

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## My Cat

I have a little gray cat.

His name is Fluffy Thomas.

I named him Fluffy because he is so fluffy and Thomas because he is a Tom cat.

He is very very cute.

One evening when he was outside, we saw a cat peep in our dining room window, it did not look like ours but we let it in the house, but it was not ours.

After a while we found out that our cat had brought his cat girl friend to visit him and we see her with our cat all the time.

I do not know who this other cat belongs to and no one else does either.

*Aileen Fry—Primary I.*

## My Cat and My Dog

When I was visiting my Grandmother last summer I wanted a cat, so one day a man gave me a Raccoon kitten three weeks old. One day it was lost for five hours in the woods near by. I could put it on my shoulder and it would not move, but cry.

I asked the chauffeur to take it home, when we went back to Rhode Island.

When I got back home my Grandmother's chauffeur had the kitten, it was a cat now. It was lost again for two months. I have it now, it is let out of the house not for a minute.

When my sister was in Paris she got a police dog. it's name is "Arry".

She gave it to my brother and myself. "Arry" was lost for four days but now I have him.

The End

*Kate Davis Shinkle—Primary I.*

## The Snake

Once when Margaret Betty and I were playing on the dock we saw a slight movement in the water. It was a snake of a grayish yellow color with diamond shap spots on his back. He started for us, we ran to the shelter of a low tree. The snake crawled savagely around the tree trying to get us. We called for help, the people hearing us came out to help us. When they saw the snake they went back.

Finally he got tired and went back to the water. A man then came out with a gun and shot it. It proved to be a rattlesnake. The first one I had ever seen in my dreams.

*Mary Brooks—Primary I.*



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## My Rabbits

I have four rabbits, one mother, two fathers and one baby, who is almost grown up now. When we first got them they were very tame and they ate out of your hand, and if you sat down they would lie down in your lap and go too sleep, the mother rabbit was wild. She ran away from me and scratched up dirt on me. So I went away because I had to get my lessons, so I could hear the radio.

And the next morning when I looked out of my window what! ! ! ! did I see? ! ! ! ! The rabbits were loose! ! ! They had dug a hole out of the place where we kept them, and they were free! ! ! ! So after I was dressed I went out in the yard, and my sister went with me, and we chased them in but they got loose again and have grown wild.

*Angie Annetta Keller—Primary I.*

## The Sky

The blue blue sky above,  
Is one thing that I love.

The pretty white clouds floating by  
Seem like cotton in the sky!

The little twinkling stars at night,  
Make the sky a beautiful sight.

The good old moon shining up there,  
Seems like a queen sitting in her chair.

The wonderful sun shining above,  
All these beautiful sights I love.

The earth down here would be so dreary,  
If the wonderful sky was not so cheery.

*Peggy Pogue—Primary I.*





INTERMEDIATES



INTERMEDIATE IV

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## Intermediate III

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# Abie's Radio Set

## *Intermediate Prize Story*

**A**BIE GOLDSTEIN lived in Lower East Side in the great city of New York. He lived with Papa Goldstein, Mama Goldstein, and his brother Mawruss, age one year. Papa Goldstein kept a pawn shop and the family lived on the floor above. Abie had for a friend one Alie Bapa, (descendant of the great Ali Baba), a Turk and the two were fast friends. The little Turkish boy had made a very good radio set, and Abie, very much excited over his friend's success, decided to build one too.

"All you need," said Alie Bapa, who could speak better English than Abie, "is something round, about one foot long, to wind wire on, that's your coil; a crystal, some wire, your telephone receiver, and some rubber to insulate with. Start with the coil by winding wire around your cylinder. You'd better not tell anybody about it at your home because they might not let you do it."

"Hm," said Abie, "a cylinder, dot's I'm."

Abie went home that night and, when his mother was not looking, took the rolling pin from its nail in the kitchen. Then he went to his room and wound the coil. The next day at school he told Alie what he had accomplished and the young Turk gave him a crystal and directions for connecting the set up.

"You must have an aerial," he explained. "I will come over and help you put it up. Get some thick rubber for insulators."

After school Abie went down into his father's pawn shop, where he spied a pair of overshoes belonging to one of Papa Goldstein's clients. Abie took the rubbers and ran out into the street to meet Alie.

Together they went up onto the roof and, tying one rubber to each end of a long piece of wire, thus made an aerial, which they fastened from the chimney to a clothes-line belonging to Mama Goldstein. Then they ran down stairs and disconnected the telephone receiver from the telephone, putting a horse-shoe on the hook instead of the receiver. The radio set was now ready. In breathless anticipation Abie tuned slowly in, and suddenly, from nowhere, came loudly and distinctly the bed-time story from station PUNK.

"It vorks," cried Abie. "Vee!"

"Sh," said his friend, "not yet; tell them tonight."

Abie decided to tell his parents after dinner and so he amused himself by tuning in to various programs. He got station JAZZ, MOP, WHAM and many others.

At the dinner table Abie started to tell his father and mother of his radio set BUT, said Mama Goldstein angrily:

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“Where is my rolling pin, I vonder?”

“Uh,” said Abie.

“Vell,” said Papa Goldstein suddenly, “vun of my clients had a pair of overshoes. He came today to get dem and dey vas not dere.”

“Ah,” said Abie.

“And vorse dan dat,” went on Papa Goldstein, “I tried to call up a friend of mine about a big business deal, and dere vasn’t any receiver, novhere. When I vent to a pay-station at a drugstore, I couldn’t get him and I lost a nickel in der bargain! Bad business.”

“Oh,” groaned Abie.

Finally the story came out, that he had built a radio set and taken the rolling pin, the overshoes, and the phone.

“Huh,” said Papa Goldstein, “you come back here vith me. I’ll show you not to monkey vith a man’s overshoes.”

“Don’t be hard on him, Papa,” said Mama Goldstein. “You should be proud of the boy, ain’t it?”

“Come and see it, Papa,” urged Abie. “It ain’t so bad even if I did make it.”

Just then, however, yells and screams rent the air.

“It sounds like static,” observed Abie.

The family dashed into the other room and beheld a strange sight: Baby Mawruss was mixed up in an enormous coil of wire, sitting on the long-lost rolling pin and with the receiver hung about his neck.

“My baby,” cried Mama Goldstein, trying to extract him from the depths of the wire and incidentally getting into the mess herself. Here Abie dashed forward and soon had the two untangled and the baby was again sucking his thumb with relish. Abie returned the rolling pin to Mama Goldstein, the overshoes to Papa Goldstein, and the receiver to its hook. Then he heaved a sigh of relief:

“Never again,” he murmured weakly.

PEGGY LEWIS, *Intermediate I.*

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# Scrooge in the World of Today

## *Honorable Mention*

**I**T was a dreary afternoon as Scrooge (a modern Scrooge) sat in the office of his shop, counting. And what kind of a shop do you think it was? Why, a pawn-shop. Its three gilded balls were already dull. It was not decorated for Christmas as the shops around it were. A little clerk waited at the counter, watching the people pass. At last somebody came into the store. He was a well dressed gentleman, who asked to see Mr. Scrooge. Scrooge knew what he had come for.

"Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman. "I hear you are a man of quite a high standing. And I wish that you might donate a trifle to the Community Chest, from the head of which I have come."

"I wish," said Scrooge. "That you would let me have some peace. I am giving to some charities, as they call them, already, only I call it robbery!"

"Just fifty dollars?" pleaded the gentleman.

"Not a cent!" cried Scrooge.

The gentleman left quickly. Scrooge called to Cratchit that it was time to go home. He was in a good humor because he had found that Cratchit had had five customers that day.

Scrooge then went home to his apartment and rang the elevator bell. The elevator descended. He went up to his room and shut the door. He ate his supper and donned his smoking jacket, then sat down by his radio. It was his sole comforter after business. But of course he had to be interrupted. Somebody was coming up the steps, a step that Scrooge thought he knew—yes, it must be Mr. Clay, the landlord of the house, who had come to get his month's rent, which was already late. Now Scrooge was always wondering why Clay was so popular. It was true that he was rich, but not as rich as Scrooge. So he looked out of the window as Clay went away, and he noticed that everybody liked him and asked him for alms. People seldom asked Scrooge for anything. He always looked so cross. Then Scrooge sat down to the radio again.

"Station W-I-Z broadcasting," said the radio. "The next number will be bedtime stories."

The story was about a man, who now was very good. Scrooge compared his own life to the one of the man in the story, and found that it began just the same. But one had learnt good ways and the other

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wrong. Scrooge had just begun to realize that he was a miser, and that nobody liked him. Then Scrooge heard that this man had many children, and that they were all telling their father what they wanted for Christmas. This made Scrooge wonder what he would do with his money. He had never thought of this before. He might give some to the Community Chest, but he had even refused to give

any when the gentleman had come to his office. This made Scrooge feel badly, because nobody would think of him after he died. So he called up the gentleman, and told him that he would give to the Community Chest a large sum. Scrooge also decided to give to everybody who was in need. And from that day he was considered the nicest old man in the town.

JOSEPHINE GRAY, *Intermediate II.*

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# Mystery

## *Intermediate Prize Poem*

What is this thing mysterious  
    Shaped like a box both big and tall,  
With knobs and dials so curious  
    Which brings delight and joy to all?

Oh, hear the purr of the Rolls-Royce!  
    Oh, hear the birds! Oh, hear the ghosts!  
And now a squeak, and now a voice  
    All coming from the far off coasts!

Ah! did we hear him say, "Fort Worth?"  
    But might he not have said, "Havana?"  
Or was it name of distant firth?  
    Or no! Perhaps he said, "Diana!"

At first a voice still loud, still clear,  
    Now music sweetly soft, sublime,  
And now from far, and now from near  
    Are coming calls from time to time.

The queer shaped thing with knob and dial  
    You surely must now want to know,  
I've made you wait too long a while,  
    For 'tis a "*great—big—radio!*"

RUTH DE DIEMAR, *Intermediate II.*



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# Buttercup

## *Honorable Mention*

“Pretty little buttercup,  
With your golden head,  
You look oh, so very sleepy  
Don’t you want to go to bed?

Your little head is drooping  
As though ’twere heavy. Is it, pray?  
Did some wee fairy, flying past you,  
Drop *too* much gold your way?”

“No, little maid, I am not sleepy  
My head’s not heavy, nay.  
But I am only thankful  
For the rain God sent today.

When He sends the rain, I’m thankful  
For it bends my head down low.  
When He sends the wind I’m thankful  
For it rocks me, to and fro.

When He sends the sun I’m thankful  
For *it* gives me my golden hue;  
So little maid, be thankful  
For all God sends to you.”

ANNETTE WURLITZER, *Intermediate II*.

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## Scrappy

ONCE there was a small girl who wished very much for a little dog. One day, to her great joy, her wish was granted. Her father brought her home the dearest little Pekinese. She named him Scrappy for that was the name of the dog her mother had had when she was a girl. He was very small, and had thick fur. His tail was beautiful. It was bushy like that of a squirrel.

As Scrappy got older he grew very mischievous. He would run away, the little girl's mother having to pay to get him back. Yet he gave Betty, his mistress, and her younger brother John, lots of fun. Often they would go down to the bay and throw a stick in the water, then Scrappy would swim after it, take it in his mouth and bring it back to the children. There was one thing, though, that Scrappy would do which was not nice. Any time that he got a chance he would kill little chickens.

Scrappy also had very hard times with automobiles. He would run right in front of them and bark at them. He was run over many times but generally only slightly hurt. When he was hurt it was almost always one of his back legs. One day the little girl went to the station and the whole family, even Scrappy, went along. The children were excited and while

saying good-bye to their grandfather, they, by mistake, let go of Scrappy. He was glad to get loose and frisked about. As the train started there was a squeal from under it. The children knowing by the sound that it was Scrappy ran away and hid their faces for they were very much frightened. Nothing could be done until the train pulled out of the station. Then the children's nurse went out and lifted the poor bleeding puppy up off the track. His back leg had been nearly cut off. They immediately summoned a taxi and took Scrappy to the Dog Hospital. After a great deal of care he recovered but that leg was always weak. That was only one of the many foolish things that he did, though he was a smart, intelligent and very watchful dog.

One of the most comical things that ever happened to him was this: One evening Betty was whistling for Scrappy. He did not come and Betty was worried. She called her father and they both searched for him, but he was not to be found. They went into the house very down-hearted. The next morning their father said that he thought maybe the dog-catcher had taken him as he did not have his new license. Then the father planned to go to the dog-catcher's and see if he was there. But as he got into

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the automobile he found to his great surprise that Scruppy was snoring away on the back seat where they had left him the evening before, by mistake.

Scruppy had one quite bad habit. He would bite ashmen, and tradesmen and tramps who sometimes went by.

Then a terrible hardship fell upon him. Both of his back legs were paralyzed. When he walked he would have to drag his back legs behind him and pull himself with his front legs, but finally it cured.

It happened again that Scruppy got paralyzed. It was in his back legs again, but worse than the first time. He suffered very much from it and Betty's mother thought it best to chloroform him. Betty begged her mother not to, and as he seemed to be getting better they did not do it. Scruppy had a

great trust in other dogs and always expected them to play with him when he wished. He followed them around a great deal. One beautiful sunny day when Scruppy was in the best of spirits, Betty ran up to pat him and was glad to see that his legs were a little better. She had no idea that this was to be the last pat that she would ever give Scruppy. Scruppy then ran off following some other dogs. The dogs did not want Scruppy following them so they turned around and growled at him. Still Scruppy kept on. Then one of them turned around and started a fight. The dog took Scruppy by the neck, shook, shook, finally killing him. Betty was not told of this at first, but when she did hear of it she was very, very sad. She had loved Scruppy so dearly that she never forgot him.

MARTHA B. BUZBY, *Intermediate IV.*

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## How We Helped the Children's Hospital

**I**N the fourth grade we decided to help the Children's Hospital. After a long time we put enough money in the mite box to make twelve dollars. We were going to buy a sewing machine. But someone else gave a sewing machine, so they used our money for a tent.

The next year, we again decided to save money for the Children's Hospital. There were more children, and we managed to make twenty-five dollars. After a while we got a lovely letter. This is it:

"Dear Friends:

We appreciated your money so much. It will help us to do so many things now.

On Monday and Thursday we have art. We do stenciling free hand oil painting on oil cloth material made into telephone book covers, luncheon sets, table mats and many other little things. We have sewing on Wednesday afternoons. Now, we are finishing up three quilts which have embroidered animals on them.

Thanking you again for your help in giving us something to do so we can forget our troubles, and to learn also, I will close.

Yours sincerely,

Mildred Horning."

BETTY BURLINGHAM, *Intermediate IV.*

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*De Gustibus*

## Winter

In winter when it snows,  
The wind it always blows.  
The children snowballs make;  
Go skating on the lake.

When Santa gaily comes,  
He brings us sugar plums,  
And presents big and small  
He brings us, some for all.

I like the winter snow;  
On sleds I love to go.  
I like the Christmas tree,  
And Santa's gifts to me.

I like the cold, white snow  
And hate to see it go.  
Spring is very nice,  
But I prefer the ice.

BETTY WOHLGEMUTH, *Intermediate III.*

## Spring

Spring has come over valley and hill,  
Away with the ice and the snow!  
Spring has come down by the mill,  
With its rushing brooks aflow.

The birds all singing in the trees,  
Make the world feel light and gay;  
And the flowers swaying in the breeze,  
Make one feel happy all the day.

All this is the sign of spring, you see,  
With the sunny days and April showers;  
When the children play around in glee,  
And dance with the little dancing flowers.

The birds have come, and the butterflies,  
For the spring has come at last!  
The spring has come with the soft blue skies,  
And the snow and ice have passed.

OLIVE MILLS, *Intermediate IV.*

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## Gareth and Lynette

[ "*Gareth and Lynette,*" presented before the school March 28,  
was acted and produced entirely by *Intermediate III.* ]

WE are very much indebted to Mr. Bryant Venable for writing the play. Miss Loveland gave us the idea of giving it. Genevra Venable said that her father would dramatize it for us. We had been reading "King Arthur and his Court." We decided on the story of "Gareth and Lynette." After the parts were given out we started rehearsing. We took one act at a time. After all the acts were practised, we put them all together. On the Wednesday before the play we gave a dress rehearsal. It was not much of a success as a dress rehearsal as everybody did not have their costumes.

On Thursday we had a rehearsal with costumes for everybody and everyone was present. We practised in Miss Jean Howell's room as there was a basket ball game in the gym. At three o'clock we went into the gym. Charles brought us five or six screens,

which we set up. Charles promised that he would leave everything as we had it so it would be ready for us on Friday. Everybody promised to be there early and get into their costumes so that we could begin on time. So we all went home to get our lessons and to go to bed early.

On Friday morning everybody was in the gym as near eight o'clock as they could make it. Helen Pogue kept guard over the gymnasium door so no one could get in before we were ready. A little before nine o'clock a few mothers came and by nine the chairs were well filled with some of the older children standing in the rear. At last! The big moment arrived. The play began and everyone knew her part very well. Judging by the kind applause of our audience our play was a big success.

VIRGINIA POGUE, *Intermediate III.*

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## A True Tale of Cop and Burglar

IT was half past eleven exactly and all was calm at the Simpson household. The clan of Simpsons had retired for the night as could plainly be heard, had you laid your ear to the various doors of their rooms. Hark! A sudden flurry and many cackles issue from the Simpson chicken coop. A white shirt can be seen among the chickens. Thus opens the story.

Mother, a very light sleeper, awakened immediately, and sitting up, looked out of the window. In the pale moonlight a white shirt was dodging about in the coop with great rapidity. Sensing trouble at once,—woman's intuition,—she poked dad in the ribs with so much gusto that he actually turned over. Dad is a very heavy sleeper. More poking did scarcely any good at all. Pulling, pushing, pinching and prodding finally succeeded enough to wrench a reluctant grumble from dad that meant, if translated, "What do you want?" Mother told him volubly, excitedly, what she had seen. Evidently someone was after our fine chickens. Instantly dad was aroused. Dad's is a peculiar nature. He has very few habits, but those he has are decided ones. For instance, he never will take a step out of his room at night without his bathrobe and slippers. On this occasion, at this

moment, his slippers were not to be found. There was a frantic searching on the part of mother, and soon the slippers were unearthed from a pile of clothes on a chair. Donning these and his bathrobe dad, grasping his trusty rifle, descended the stairs.

Advancing carefully through the kitchen nothing disastrous happened. Unfortunately, as he passed through the back door, he forgot himself so much as to let the door slam behind him, thus announcing his coming. The thief, being warned, broke into a run, dad following behind more slowly. Down the alley they ran. Father could see, though, that the man wore a white shirt, no collar nor tie and had his sleeves rolled back. Suddenly the quondam robber, with a burst of speed, disappeared around the corner and down another alley into the main street.

Policeman John had just finished telephoning to headquarters when a man, wearing a white shirt, no collar nor tie, and who had his sleeves rolled back, rounded the corner and ran sharply into him. Policeman John recognized him instantly as Mr. Brown, an old postman who had been walking around town every day for the last fifteen years. Calling out in a cheerful voice he asked, "Oh, Mr. Brown! Why the

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hurry?" The old man drew up suddenly and gasping, "Just taking a little exercise," he staggered on down another alley.

The policeman, thinking things rather queer, strolled up the alley and met dad on the run. Dad stopped and explained that someone was after his chickens and described the costume of the thief. Just at that moment Mr. Brown, who had run around the block in order to reach his home which was somewhere in that neighborhood, came upon the two men. Dad recognized him instantly as the thief. Recalling Mr. Brown's large family and his small

income dad said nothing realizing that a complaint would have cost Brown his position. As the situation was somewhat strained daddy asked them into the house for refreshments. Picture the robber, the policeman and the hero seated around our dining room table at midnight, discussing the would-be robbery as they refreshed themselves with ginger ale and Mr. Brown heartily agreeing with dad that a man who would imperil his position and the happiness of his family for a chicken was the lowest of the low. Truth is stranger than fiction.

ELEANOR SIMPSON, *Intermediate I.*



# COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT





CLASS 1927

# Class of 1927

MRS. LEE ..... *Class Councilor*  
JOSEPHINE BRENEMAN ..... *President*  
KATHERINE TAFT ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

JEANNE AULT	GERTRUDE LOUISE KELLER
ELEANOR BALLANTYNE	CHLOA KEMPER
LIDA BELL	CHARLOTTE KIDD
JOSEPHINE BRENEMAN	AGNES JEAN KIRKPATRICK
BARBARA CHANDLER	ELISE KUPFERSCHMID
JOSEPHINE CHURCH	RUTH LE BLOND
CAROLINE COLLIER	VIRGINIA LEE
MARGARET CONKLING	SARAH LIPPINCOTT
VIRGINIA DAVIS	PAGE MCBURNEY
MARY ELIZABETH DE BUS	VIRGINIA MARTIN
MIRIAM DE WITT	MARY ALICE METZ
BETTY ESPY	JANE PATTISON
VIRGINIA GEORGE	HELEN PERKINS
CHARLOTTE GROOM	ISABELLE RESOR
GARNET HANSELMAN	BETTY SCUDDER
JANE HUNLEY	MARJORIE SMITH
HELEN HUNTINGTON	VIRGINIA STEGEMAN
KATHERINE TAFT	



CLASS 1926

# Class of 1926

MISS RUTH JONES.....*Class Councilor*  
MARY ALICE AULT.....*President*  
HELEN LOUISE TAYLOR.....*Vice-President*  
SOPHIA HELEN FISK.....*Secretary*  
EMILY LEA.....*Treasurer*

MARY ALICE AULT  
ROSALIE BALLANTYNE  
JANE BREESE  
SALLY CAVEY  
VIRGINIA DANSON  
DOROTHY DIBBLEE  
SOPHIA HELEN FISK  
JEAN HAMILTON  
THOMASIA HANCOCK  
BETTY HILL  
ELIZABETH LEE HUNT  
LUCY HUFFMAN  
MARJORIE JONES  
EDITH JOHNSTON  
KATHERINE KING  
KARLINA KRIPPENDORF

FLORENCE LAWS  
EMILY LEA  
GLADYS MACGRUER  
VIOLET MEYER  
RUTH MITCHELL  
JEANNETTE BELLE NICHOLS  
MARY JEAN PAPE  
LOUISE PARLIN  
EVELYN PERIN  
FRANCES RICHARDSON  
MEDORA RICHARDSON  
MARJORIE STEVENSON  
FRANCES SUIRE  
HELEN LOUISE TAYLOR  
MARGARET TROTTER  
MARGARET WHERRY

JEAN WILKINSON



CLASS 1925

## Class of 1925

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CAROLINE MATTHEWS ..... *President*  
BETTY BRENEMAN ..... *Vice-President*  
MARY ROBERTS ..... *Secretary*  
MARJORIE GIBBONS ..... *Treasurer*

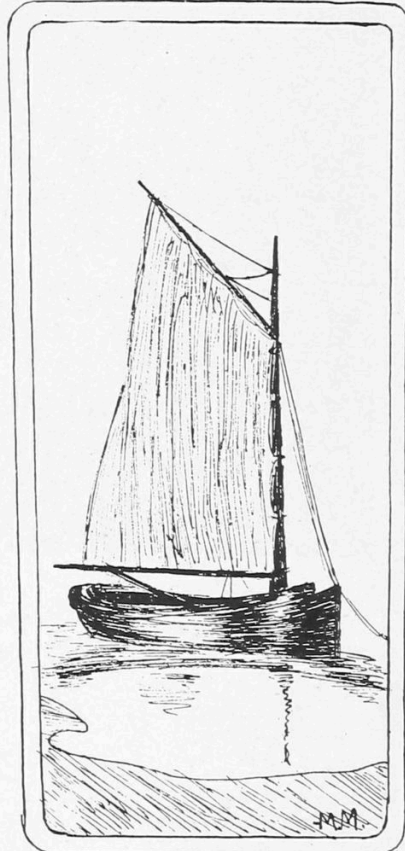
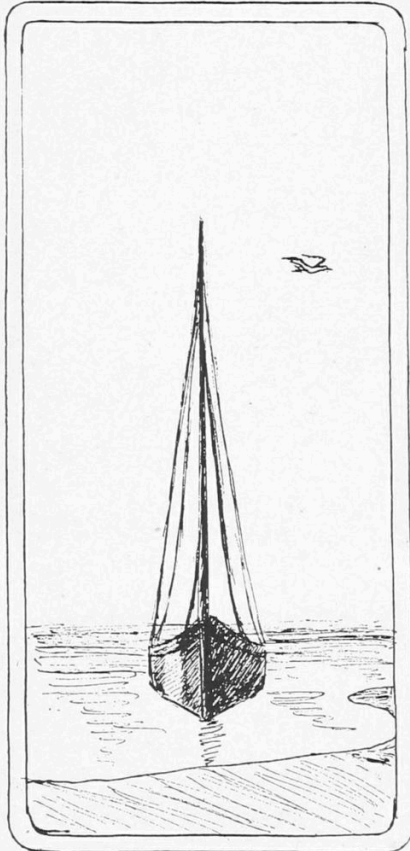
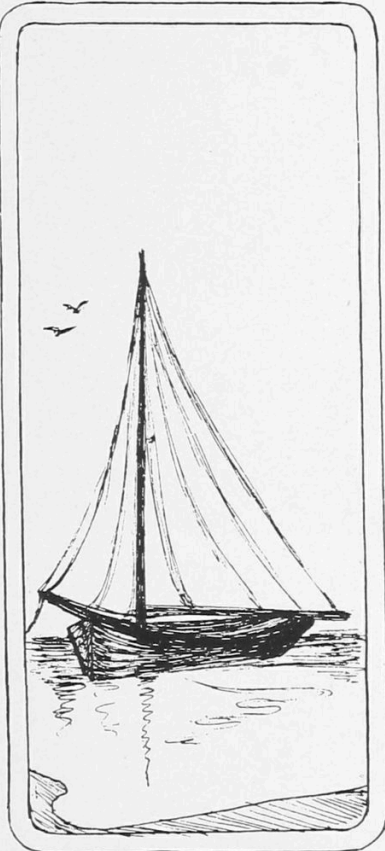
CORA LOUISE ANDREWS  
MARGARET ANDREWS  
MARIAN BISHOP  
BETTY BRENEMAN  
ELIZABETH CASSATT  
MARGARET DENTON  
VIRGINIA ESSELBORN  
MARJORIE GIBBONS  
ELEANOR HAWLEY  
ISABELLE HUNT

FRANCES HUNTINGTON  
ISABELLE JENNINGS  
ROBERTA JONES  
GRACE LEYMAN  
CAROLINE MATTHEWS  
CATHERINE MERKEL  
MARY ROBERTS  
ROSEMARY SAWYER  
JANE SCHWARTZ  
ELIZABETH SMITH

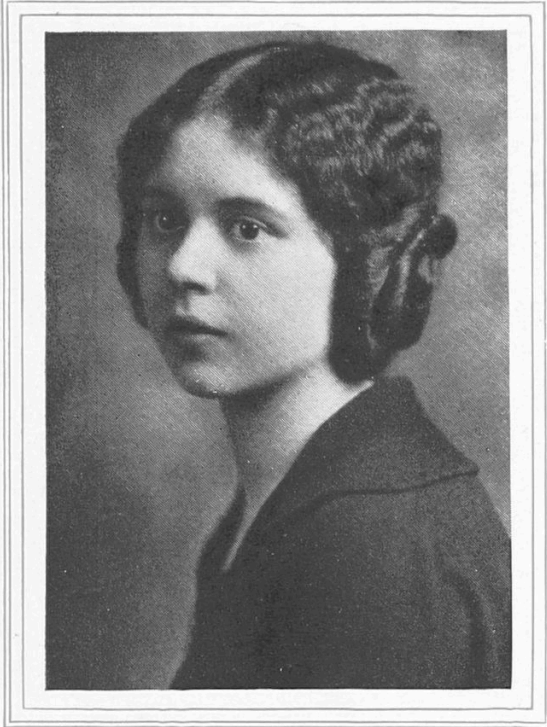




# SENIORS



"IT MAY BE WE SHALL TOUCH THE HAPPY ISLES"



MABLE BONIFIELD

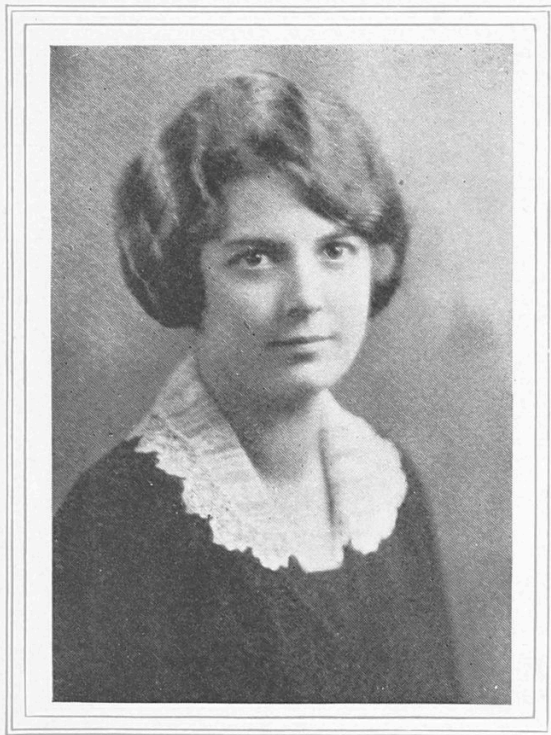
“The tilt and toss o’ you, no less  
Than wind-swayed posy blowing.”



**MARIAN BURGER**

*Literary Board of "The Milestone"*  
*1924 Basket Ball Team*

"Even her casual aspects are  
Vivid and lovely as a star."



SUSAN CONKLING

“From compromise and things half done  
Keep me with stern and stubborn pride.”



AMELIA KENNON DUNHAM

“Magnificent, unfettered, unafraid.”



JOSEPHINE GALBRAITH

“The rose and gold, the warmth and glow,  
The mauve and gray, the ice and snow.”



**DOROTHY HERRLINGER**

*Assistant Business Manager of "The Milestone"*

*Captain of C. P. S. Basket Ball Team*

*Captain of 1924 Basket Ball Team*

"Joy lights the candles in my heart  
When you come in."



**RUTH HIGLEY**

*Assistant Art Editor of "The Milestone"*

"White slender hands, unlaced, sitting there  
dreamily."

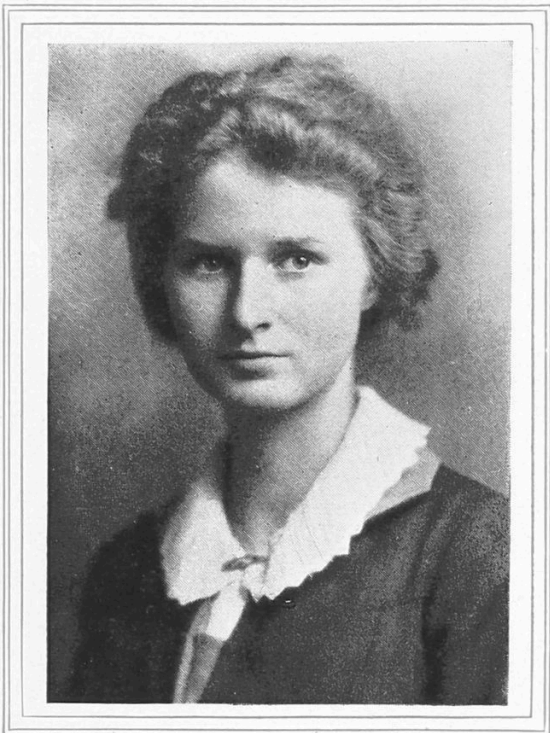




**ANN HINCKLEY**

*Secretary of the Senior Class  
1924 Basket Ball Team*

“What luckier swains than those who speed  
Across the fields to Ann?”



**FRANCES HUNT**  
*Vice-President of Senior Class*

“A Greek girl cut out some lovely old book.”



**ELSIE KIDD**

*President of the Senior Class  
1924 Basket Ball Team  
Coach 1929 Basket Ball Team*

“Her word’s sufficient star to travel by,  
I count her quiet praise sufficient crown.”



**HAZLEHURST McCAW**

*Business Manager of "The Milestone"*

*C. P. S. Basket Ball Team*

*1924 Basket Ball Team*

*Coach 1929 Basket Ball Team*

"Her manners were perfectly dainty,  
Her breeding had been of the best,  
Yet mighty few maidens of her age  
Could match her in keen mental zest."



SARA MATTHEWS

*Associate Editor of "The Milestone"*

"You are challenge and promise."



**MARY LLOYD MILLS**

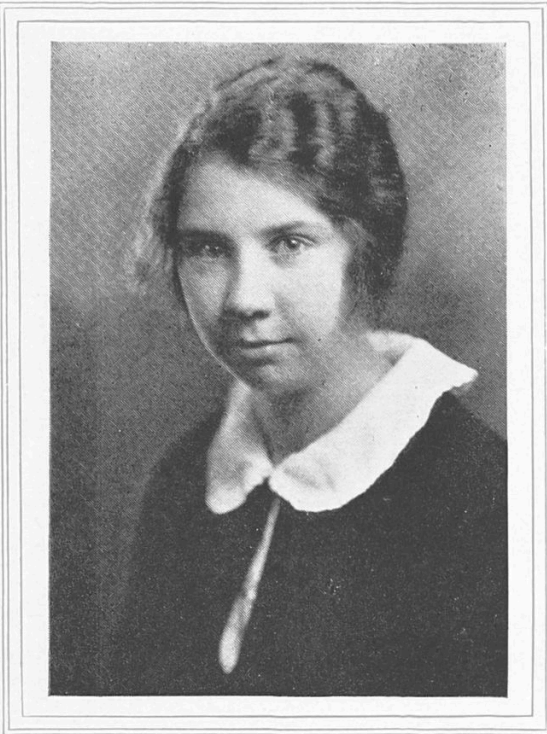
*Editor-in-Chief of "The Milestone"*

"A sunshine heart, and a soul of song,  
Love for hate, and right for wrong."



LOUIS JEAN MILLER

“She was, as if a summit were  
With fresher colors, clearer air,  
And a more golden coil of cloud.”



MARIE MILLER

“With energy unresting,  
And with sunshine of good cheer.”





MARIAN MILNOR

“A naive music that beguiles.”



**MARTHA MITHOEFER**

*Art Editor of "The Milestone"*

*C. P. S. Basket Ball Team*

*1924 Basket Ball Team*

"And that brown-amber smile of you!"



OLIVE ROHDE

“What eloquence in voice.”



VIRGINIA ROHDE

"In manner cordially sedate."



ESTHER SCHULTZ

“So frank and strong,  
I never heard you whine, or cry distress.”



VIRGINIA VAN WINKLE

"A shy and native grace."



**HARRIET WIGGERS**

*Treasurer of the Senior Class*

“Perceptive, careless, epic.”



ANNUAL BOARD



## The Annual Board

MARY LLOYD MILLS .....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
HAZLEHURST McCAW .....	<i>Business Manager</i>
MARTHA MITHOEFER .....	<i>Art Editor</i>
SARA MATTHEWS .....	<i>Associate Editor</i>
DOROTHY HERRLINGER .....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
RUTH HIGLEY .....	<i>Associate Art Editor</i>

## The Staff

Marian Burger .....	1924	Jane Breese .....	1926
Betty Breneman .....	1925	Medora Richardson .....	1926
Elizabeth Cassatt .....	1925	Margaret Trotter .....	1926
Eleanor Hawley .....	1925	Sophia Fisk .....	1926
Isabelle Hunt .....	1925	Ruth Mitchell .....	1926
Frances Huntington .....	1925	Josephine Church .....	1927
Rosemary Sawyer .....	1925	Charlotte Groome .....	1927
Helen Louise Taylor .....	1926	Charlotte Kidd .....	1927
Thomasia Hancock .....	1926	Peggy Lewis .....	1928
		Annette Wurlitzer .....	1929

## Advisory Board

Miss Doherty  
Miss Howell  
Mrs. Lee

Mrs. Alexander  
Mrs. Sampson  
Miss Loveland



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## Editorial

THE College Preparatory School Medal has just been completed by Mrs. Mary L. Alexander, our art instructor. It is to be awarded at the end of each year to the girl in the Collegiate Department who is most representative of the best element in the school and who best typifies the ideals for which it stands. It is commonly known that the medal is offered to the best "all-round" girl. The word is, as it should be, all-inclusive, but needs some explanation. In telling us of the medal, Miss Doherty made it clear that the winner need not be the highest in scholastic attainment. She must, however, be of creditable standing in her classes.

The second requirement is more complex and harder to explain. Carlyle says:

"To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into—can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature." And I should think it no more so to be the one "pumping." But, it is incorrect to consider education a one-sided affair. There must be "give" as well as "take" on the part of both pupil and school. With this belief and a desire to stimulate the development of loyalty, integrity, and the qualities of leadership

has the medal been established. Let us, then, call the second requirement for the "all-round" girl, *fellowship* in its highest sense.

Formerly we had but one standard of measure—the mental yardstick—all very well for gauging mental height, alone, but insufficient as the final criterion. Personal and unshared scholastic attainment does not make a man of value to the world, unless he has, also, the character to be a positive force for good and the initiative to be of influence among his fellows. After all, monastic isolation "went out" with the Middle Ages. Today we are emphasizing the fact that life is reciprocal, contributive. Even nations are learning they cannot play the recluse. Therefore it is as important for a school to develop leadership and fellowship as to provide education. For this reason the medal means much to every girl in the College Preparatory School. The result will be a higher type of girl, more ready to take her place in the world, better prepared to work and share alike, more competent, unselfish in the belief that

"To be is to be in relation."

# Calendar of School Year

(Including all events since last "Milestone" went to print.)

1923

May 10—Our Tennis Team plays Norwood High School team on their courts. C. P. S. is victorious.  
 May 26—C. P. S. Tennis Team challenges Norwood High School at the Cincinnati Tennis Club. We win.  
 June 14—Commencement exercises at the Cincinnati Woman's Club.

## PROGRAM

Processional—"Columbia, Columbia Beloved" . . . . . *Donizetti*  
 ADDRESS BY DR. SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS  
 Songs—"Gipsy Hands" . . . . . *Young*  
 "Summer Voices" . . . . . *Langey*

## CLASS HONORS

<i>First Grade</i>	<i>Sixth Grade</i>
Betty Flach	Isabella Lee
Suzanne Noyes	Flewellyn McCaw
<i>Second Grade</i>	<i>Seventh Grade</i>
Margaret Fisk	Mary Corinne Gamble
Dorothy May Kidd	Peggy Lewis
Agnes Tietig	Lida Bell
<i>Third Grade</i>	<i>Eighth Grade</i>
Charlee Breneman	Josephine Church
Peggy Pogue	Josephine Breneman
	Helen Perkins
	Anne Clifford

## *Fourth Grade*

Martha Buzby  
 Clarissa Price  
 Jean Price

## *Fifth Grade*

Mary Louise Koehler  
 Eleanor Lee  
 Virginia Pogue

## *Freshmen*

Sophia Helen Fisk  
 Helen Louise Taylor

## *Sophomores*

Betty Breneman  
 Frances Huntington  
 Christine Ramsey

## PRIZES GIVEN BY THE ANNUAL BOARD

Best Prose Story in the Collegiate Department  
 Mary Lloyd Mills  
 Best Poem in the Collegiate Department  
 Margaret Trotter  
 Best Poem in the Intermediate Department  
 Charlotte Groom

## FRENCH PRIZE

Given by the Alliance Francaise  
 Hazlehurst McCaw

## *Presentation of Diplomas*

Mable Bonifield	Mary Randolph Matthews
Marian Burger	Virginia Newstedt
Christine Crigler	Eleanor Rapp
Monica Goebel	Evelyn Shewman
Dorette Kruse	Virginia Todd
Mary McPherson Matthews	Ruth Williams

Recessional—"Hymn of Joy" . . . . . *Beethoven*

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June 18-22—College Board Examinations at Woodward High School.

Summer Recess.

September 24—School resumed.

October 11—Opening of the School Tennis Tournament at the Cincinnati Tennis Club.

October 25—Finals of the Tournament played by Dorothy Herrlinger and Helen Taylor. Dorothy proves herself the champion.

November 2—Presentation of the cup, donated by Miss Holmes, to Dorothy Herrlinger at convocation.

November 24—Reunion Party for the Collegiate Department.

November 29-30—Thanksgiving holiday.

November 30—Ann Hinckley entertains the Seniors with bridge at her house, which is, incidentally, the first social event for the class of 1924.

December 19—Christmas vacation begins.

December 20—Circus day for all C. P. S.

#### 1924

January 3—Christmas vacation ends.

January 11—Elsie Kidd entertains the Seniors with supper at her house, and the reading of "Mamma's Affair."

January 24-29—Mid-year examinations.

February 11-28—Interclass tournament. Seniors capture the cup.

March 1—Frances Hunt entertains the Seniors and Faculty.

March the first was very lamblike indeed this year, at least, until late in the afternoon. By that time, however, the Seniors had all assembled at Frances Hunt's and were busy at the bridge tables. At the end of the afternoon, when everyone had duly admired the bead purses won by the clever (or the lucky) Frances asked us out to the dining-room for tea. There Miss Doherty, Miss Hunt, Miss Stewart and Miss Faran joined the party. Those who were in training for the basket ball team were overjoyed to find plenty of hot biscuits, which, of course, come under the category of bread. The rest of us, however, by no means limited ourselves to the biscuits.

March 14—C. P. S. plays in the Tri-State Tournament at the University of Cincinnati. We are defeated by Milford, Ohio.

March 22—Collegiate Department entertains its parents with a basket ball game followed by tea in the Senior room.

March 25—Senior class visits Ivorydale; seeing America first.

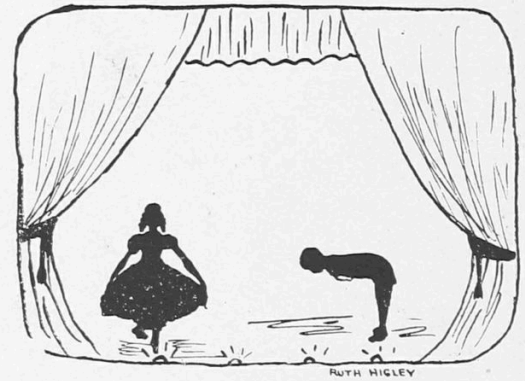
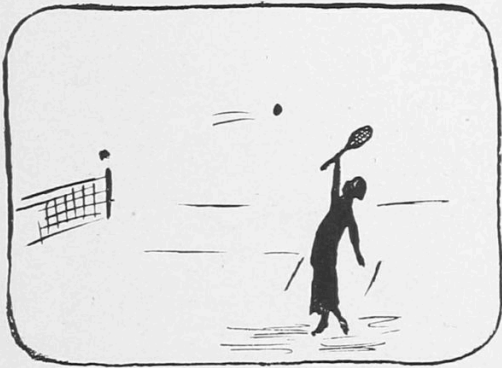
March 28—Intermediate III presents "Gareth and Lynette" before the school.

April 15—"The Milestone" goes to print.

April 18-22—Easter vacation.



# SOCIAL ACTIVITIES





Scene 1—"LITERARY DIVERSION"



# The Reunion Party as Mr. Ziegfeld Would Present it

MISS MARY HARLAN DOHERTY

Offers C. P. S. FOLLIES OF 1923

Eighteenth of the Series

*Saturday, November 24, 1923*

Exemplifying the Brain Power of the American Girl,  
Staged by Miss Jean Howell.

Lyrics by Miss Ruth Jones, Mother Goose and Alice in Blunderland,  
Authorship of Dialogue Hereafter Credited.

Music by Miss Mardi Hunt.

Costumes by Desmoiselles Anna Schleby, Elise Roze, Louise Levesque.  
Orchestra under Direction of Miss Anna Langenbeck.

Scenes by Miss Helen Howell and Miss Edna Pearl Cotteral.  
Art Directions by Mrs. Mary L. Alexander.

Acts accompanied by photographs of the Ladies of the Chorus.

## SCENE 1—*“Literary Diversion,”*

Arranged by Mrs. Lee.                      Song by Halleck Sextette,  
Misses Haydock, Lewis, Leyman, Milnor, Wiley, Shanks.

*“Dance of Pronouns”*—Misses Ashbrook, Gamble, Dwight, Fell, Serdino, Simpson,  
Thompson, Williams, More, Orr.

*“Miss Doherty’s Four Foot Shelf of Books”*—Represented by Misses Shields,  
Diel, Blackburn, Miller, Richards, LeBlond, DeBus, Stewart, Maynard,  
Kinney, Lewis, Hanselman and Kirkpatrick.



Scene 2—"AN INTERNATIONAL MIXUP"

SCENE 2—“*An International Mix-Up*” or “*The First Meeting of the League of Nutty Notions,*”

Arranged by Misses Shirley Kemper and Clara Loveland.

“*Dance of the Bolshevists*” or “*Hunting for Trotsky,*”

Misses Ault, Ballantyne, Breneman, Stegeman, Chandler.

“*Parade of Italian Fascisti*” (Mussolini’s Pride),

Misses Church, Davis, Lippincott, DeBus, Kidd, Smith.

“*Charging the Ruhr*” or “*The Polite Poilu,*”

Misses Collier, Conkling, DeWitt, Groom, Kemper, Perkins, Kupferschmid,  
Martin.

“*The English Laborites Laboring,*”

Misses LeBlond, Metz, Scudder, Lee, Keller, Hunley, Taft, Resor, Hansel-  
man, Edwards.

“*The American Pilgrims Landing at Tea Pot Dome,*”

Misses Espy, Bell, George, Pattison, Huntington.



Scene 3—ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND

SCENE 3—“*Alice in Blunderland*” or “*Chasing Static Illusions*,”

Arranged by Misses Louise Hunt and Fannie Resor Stewart.

First Blunder, Song—“*Whispering*,” by O. U. DeMerit.

Second Blunder, Ballet—“*Stepping Out Before Close of School*.”

Third Blunder, Recitation—“*You’re Parking Wrong, Lady*,” by C. P. S.  
Policeman.

Ladies of the Chorus—Misses Ault, Lea, Richardson, Ballantyne, Wilkinson,  
Breese, Wherry, Mitchell, Suire, Taylor, Perin, Nichols, Hancock, Dibblee,  
Danson, Krippendorf, Trotter, Hunt, Huffman, Jones, Johnson, Hill, Fisk.



Scene 4—"MOTHER GOOSE FINDS OUT WHY"

SCENE 4—*“Mother Goose Finds Out Why,”*

She couldn't bob her hair,  
They wouldn't let her vote,  
They wanted her to stay at home,  
But now she's “got their goat.”

Suffragettes—Misses Andrews, Schwartz, Andrews, Sawyer.

Bobbed Hair Queens—Misses Denton, Esselborn, Jones, Matthews.

Stay-At-Homes—Misses Bishop, Breneman, Gibbons, Hawley.

Flappers—Misses Roberts, Hunt, Huntington, Jennings.

Arranged by Miss Harriet Holmes, Mrs. Susan A. H. Sampson and Miss Hull.



Scene 5—"THE PIED PIPER OF HAMLAND"



SCENE 5—“*The Pied Piper of Hamland*,”

Leading us to the Great Ham Tree of Knowledge

Known Only to Seniors

“*Algebra Athletics*”—Misses Miller, Higley, Mithoefer.

“*Historical Huskies*”—Misses Hinckley, Van Winkle, Hunt, Schultz, McCaw.

“*English Eaters*”—Misses Burger, Mills, Miller, Matthews, Conkling, Bonifield,  
Kidd.

“*French Flounders*”—Misses Galbraith, Pogue, Rohde, Stephenson, Milnor,  
Whitehouse, Dunham.

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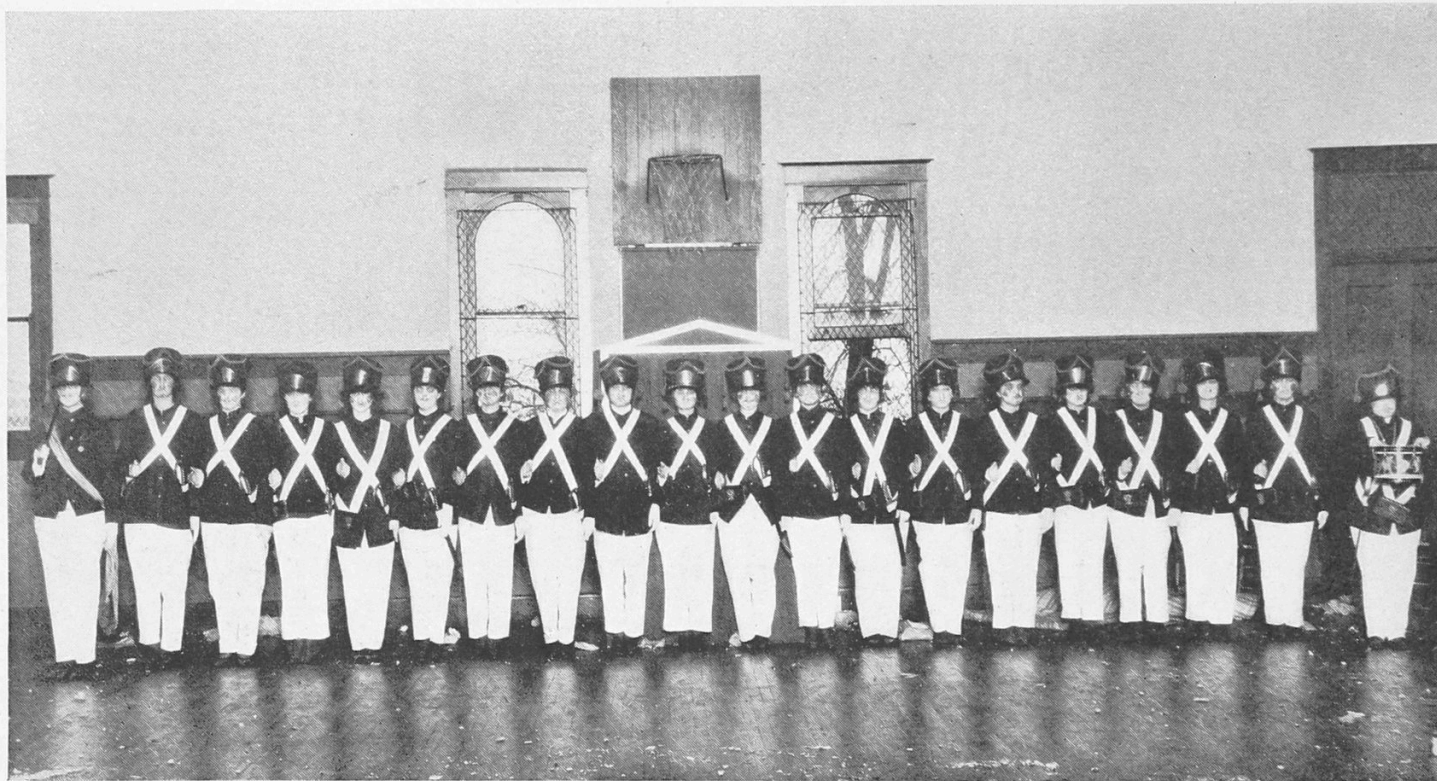
EXECUTIVE STAFF

General Manager.....Miss Ange Faran

Stage Manager.....Charles

All drinking water and punch in this theater furnished by Miss McClure.

RUTH HIGLEY,  
*Associated Press.*



THE PARADE OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS  
COL. II.

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## Circus Day

*December 20, 1923*

**L**ITTLE Jane and Betty's ecstasy reached its height when, with a crack of his whip, the smiling ring-master opened the ring. Little eyes popped out of little heads as they watched the charming tight rope walkers perform their dextrous feats along the chalk line of the gym. Scarcely less wonderful were the trained seals and bears that followed after—and the pyramids and merry tumbling stunts. And the Wild West Show! How convulsed were Jane and Betty by fear and anxiety (to say nothing of giggles) as the cowboy hero struggled with his reluctant rocking-horse on the way to the rescue of his fair cowgirl! But the Punch and Judy Show proved the undoing of little Jane and Betty, as, failing to control their hilarity, they let it shrill through the hospitable hall. And the funny clowns only added to the agony of their mirth. Then the ring produced its climax in the parade of the Wooden Soldiers, which Jane and Betty watched contentedly as they sucked their lollypops and licked the syrup off their popcorn. At last the ring-master closed his ring with a final crack of his whip and the barkers summoned Jane and Betty to the various wonders of the Side Shows.

The Fat Lady beamed on them as they strolled by, hand in hand. For a while they stood and worshipped at the feet of the giant, then tore themselves away to watch the even more glorious sword swallower. Chuckling at the ridiculous antics of the tiniest dwarf in the world, they turned to gaze upon the Siamese Twins, the Bearded Lady, and the comical Educated Monkey. Then, suddenly, with a whoop, the Wild Man from Borneo broke loose. Jane and Betty clutched each other, wild-eyed, as they beheld his seething fury. But with a lash of his whip his trainer recaptured him, broken and humiliated, and Jane and Betty drew a deep sigh of relief as they saw him slink off into a corner. Added to all this, were the Fortune Teller and the Magic Workers (which did not always fool Little Jane and Betty) and more popcorn and lollypops.

Then when it was all over and the tired eyes began to droop and little feet lagged, they went home to live it all over again in Dreamland. Ah, Circus Day! The memory of your glories shall linger long in the hearts of both young and old at C. P. S.

*Sara Matthews—1924.*

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## Elsie Kidd's Party for the Seniors

**J**ANUARY 11, 1924, was a date set aside by the Seniors for a visit to the Cincinnati Observatory. Mrs. Kidd had, moreover, invited us to dinner beforehand. So it was with much enthusiasm that we were anticipating the event. We planned, with much precision, questions more or less intelligent which we intended to spring on our prospective guide.

But as luck would have it, we were blessed with a beautiful and relentless snow storm which lasted the entire day and we Seniors grew rather sad and downcast until our president announced that we would meet that evening at her house for dinner in spite of the weather. Needless to say, most of us appeared on the scene of action and made merry with music and dancing until we were invited in to dinner. Ah! That dinner! Frankly, most of us did our duty

nobly. Thus everything was progressing amiably although a trifle aimlessly, when suddenly there was a flurry at the door, and at the same time Mr. Kidd, amply assisted by little Dorothy, began arranging the chairs in rows, theater-fashion. Then Mrs. Kidd called us together and told us that, although the heavenly stars were not to be relied upon, there were some earthly ones that were, and thus introduced to us Miss Curtis, who read with deft interpretation that very delightful play, "Mamma's Affair" for us. We listened eagerly, and when later we dispersed for the night, we agreed that sometimes earthly stars are even preferable to heavenly ones and we went home feeling rather self-satisfied to think that we had found a way, if not to surpass, at least to equal, the elements themselves. Oh, freshmen, such is education!

*Sara Matthews—1924.*

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## Featuring Fathers

**W**H<sup>O</sup> has not come to school with her mother? In all probability she it was who accompanied you when, with your new pencil box, you first entered the portals of learning and undertook (unknowing babe) this quest of knowledge. When you recited poetry, or took part in a play, or drew a picture, was it not your mother who came to hear you, or sew you into paper muslin, or admire your youthful efforts? Of course it was! That is what mothers are for. Also they come, so I have observed, to talk to one's teachers and go away and come again another day. So you see mothers at school are not unusual.

But fathers! Oh, a father at school is a "rare bird," indeed! Which is the very reason (reason enough, I maintain it) that we wanted to entertain them. So, since we knew no more delightful way of entertaining them, all mothers and especially all fathers (only don't tell them so) were invited to see the Senior team and a mixed team from the other three Collegiate grades engage in the ladylike (?) game of basket ball on Saturday, March 22nd.

At four o'clock the Senior team marched into the field primed to show just how one team can wipe up

the floor with another. Well, they did! They were an admirable illustration of those who were "wiped." The score was 18-15, favor "extras." But the game was exciting, the play hard, and the audience an intelligent one. Of course some one did say, "Why does she do that?" just as one of the girls aimed for the basket, but on the whole our visitors knew at least the object of the game. Dot, they said you had excellent aim (surprising in a girl, I suppose)! Helen Louise Taylor was a "clever player," and Martha, someone said of you—"That girl's quick as a cat!"

After the game, tea was served downstairs in the Senior room. Elsie Kidd presided behind the silver candle-sticks as only the Senior president could or should. The fathers and mothers were passed punch and cake by the Seniors and sent home with the impression that C. P. S. is a place of tea and candy, where smiling instructors (probably the simple masculine mind wonders why they are called instructors), talk and eat cake.

*Mary Lloyd Mills—1924.*





**ATHLETICS**



C. P. S. BASKET BALL TEAM



# Basket Ball

## SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM, DOROTHY HERRLINGER, *Captain*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Josephine Breneman . . . 1927	Hazlehurst McCaw . . . 1924	Martha Mithoefer . . . 1924
Dorothy Herrlinger . . . 1924	Louise Parlin . . . . . 1926	Ruth LeBlond . . . . . 1927
Sally Cavey . . . . . 1926	Emily Lea . . . . . 1926	Lucy Huffman . . . . . 1926

## WINNING COLLEGE TEAM, CLASS OF 1924

### DOROTHY HERRLINGER, *Captain*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Ann Hinckley	Marian Burger	Martha Mithoefer
Dorothy Herrlinger	Hazlehurst McCaw	Elsie Kidd

### CLASS OF 1925—E. HAWLEY, *Captain*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
E. Cassatt	E. Hawley	V. Esselborn
C. Matthews	I. Hunt	F. Huntington

### CLASS OF 1926—L. HUFFMAN, *Captain*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
S. Cavey	L. Parlin	L. Huffman
H. Taylor	E. Lea	B. Hill

### CLASS OF 1927—M. DE WITT, *Captain*

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
J. Breneman	C. Kidd	R. LeBlond
I. Resor	M. DeWitt	J. Church

## TENNIS TOURNAMENT, OCTOBER 8 - 25

### SEMI-FINALS

Josephine Breneman vs. Dorothy Herrlinger  
 Betty Breneman vs. Helen Louise Taylor

### FINALS

Helen Louise Taylor vs. Dorothy Herrlinger

### CHAMPION

Dorothy Herrlinger

# Interclass Tournament 1924

February 11..... { Seniors } ..... Seniors 18-16  
                           { Sophomores }

February 14..... { Juniors } ..... Juniors 21-20  
                           { Freshmen }

February 18..... { Seniors } ..... Seniors 29-11  
                           { Juniors }

February 21..... { Sophomores } ..... Freshmen 5-3  
                           { Freshmen }

February 25..... { Seniors } ..... Seniors 15-14  
                           { Freshmen }

February 28..... { Juniors } ..... Sophomores 15-11  
                           { Sophomores }

<i>Team</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Percentage</i>
Seniors .....	3	0	1.000
Juniors .....	1	2	.333
Sophomores .....	1	2	.333
Freshmen .....	1	2	.333



## Prize Sketch

of the contest held by Mrs.  
Alexander's Drawing Classes

won by

Margaret Trotter

1926

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# A Stag Fight

## *Collegiate Prize Story*

THE sun sank slowly in the west and finally dropped out of sight behind the big trees. The dark shadows crept silently through the forest and one by one the stars came out overhead. All was silent save for a soft far sounding murmuring, the waves on the nearby lake. The trapper paused and fastened his coat more securely, for the air was bitter. Then he proceeded more swiftly over the trail through the dusky pine woods. He was rather small and stocky, but youthful for his years which numbered twenty-four. He walked fast, hoping to reach the natural clearing before it was totally dark.

Night however was falling rapidly and before he reached the clearing it was dusk. Just as he was about to step from the trees into the small open space he stopped short, listening. A moment later he knew he had heard rightly, for a lordly stag stepped from the woods near him and strutted proudly to the center of the natural amphitheatre, his horns held high in the air. Oscar stood and watched the beautiful animal, spellbound, for deer fascinated him as no other animal ever had, and he could never bear to kill one. Moreover deer were not as common around Charlevoix, now that the village was growing, as they

had been when his father had first moved there twelve years before. So the young trapper watched the stag in the dusk and in a few moments the moon rose high enough to light half the clearing and Oscar could realize the magnificent size and strength of the animal. After walking back and forth for a few moments the stag raised his head and uttered a call, loud and challenging, such as the deer make in the mating season. There was a rustling, and from the shadows strode a second stag, large and lordly; second in size only to the first. With a bellow the two great animals rushed to the fight, stamping the frosty ground with their hoofs and their eyes blazing fire in the moonlight.

Oscar watched, thrilling at the wonderful sight, often recounted to him by his father who had seen one once, but which he had never seen before. He forgot himself and slipped from cover of the trees, but the deer did not see him. They stamped and thumped, goring each other with their antlers, and snorting loudly the while. Soon, however, the breath of the second stag came shorter and shorter. He was weakening. He fell to his knees under the furious onslaught of the king of the forest and in a few

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moments lay still on the ground. The great stag, blood-stained but triumphant, turned from the field of battle and uttered a loud, long trumpet call of victory. There was a low call in answer and the shadows on the south side of the clearing stirred and parted. A young doe stepped forth, light and graceful, with the moonlight falling gently upon her mottled flank, turning it to silver. She stepped to the side of her lord and king and the pair disappeared into the woods together, their hoofs falling in silence upon the floor of brown pine needles.

Oscar came to himself with a start. Had he been dreaming? He looked around curiously. No, there was the clearing, with the moon, now high in the sky, shining down upon the fallen stag. The trapper wondered if the animal were dead. Probably so! However, as the young man stepped forward to see, the stag raised himself to his knees unsteadily, then

perceiving the trapper coming in his direction, he fled into the woods, limping and bleeding, and thoroughly terrified. Oscar stopped, muttering to himself.

“Guess he was kinda scared o’ me. Poor thing! I’d like to have dressed his hurts, and made friends with him for he sure was a beauty. And I’ve seen a stag fight, me with my own eyes, right here in my own forest, so near to town. But who’ll believe me when I tell ’em? There ain’t supposed to be any deer around here now. What gets me is where the creatures came from. Probably way up near the Jordan—there’s big game up there still.”

So musing the trapper strode on quietly and noiselessly through the sleeping woods, while the moon smiled down at him, thinking of the beautiful yet horrible sight at which he and she and the young doe, prize of the battle, had been the audience.

*Frances Huntington—Class of 1925.*

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# True Blue

## *Honorable Mention*

“JOHN MANSFIELD, you’re a narrow-minded, hard-hearted, stubborn old man,” said George Fairfax heatedly. He rose from his chair and paced up and down the room and finally paused before his companion whose square jaw betokened his determination on the question at issue. “Just because you’re the boy’s guardian as well as his uncle, you needn’t think you can keep him tied to your apron strings all his life. Bob has done well at college. You should be proud to think that he has won that scholarship, and be glad to let him take advantage of it.”

“See here, George,” said the other. “Bob and Shirley were left to my care, and I am going to do as I think best. To spend a year abroad would be absolute nonsense. Bob has already had four years at college. It’s time he went to work or he’ll be good for nothing. In my day, boys didn’t squander money abroad—they got down to business right away.”

“You won’t be convinced, John, but you’re wrong, absolutely wrong.” There was no time for John Mansfield to take up the cudgels—the argument was broken up by the entrance of the young people. Shirley took one look at the two grim faces and said laughingly, “You’ve been quarrelling again, you dear

old things, and yet you know you couldn’t get along without each other.” Bob was leaning over his uncle’s chair talking excitedly about a polo game at the Country Club the next day. The twin brother and sister resembled each other very much. Both were tall and slim and the same blue eyes sparkled in each young face. Bob’s hair was brown whereas a cloud of wavy golden hair was Shirley’s crowning beauty. “Of course you’re both coming to see me distinguish myself on the Country Club team,” Bob was saying jokingly. Both brother and sister were athletic. They excelled in horsemanship and Shirley, as well as Bob, wielded a skillful mallet. Promising solemnly to be on hand the next day, George Fairfax made his adieus and the little group broke up.

The day of the polo match dawned beautifully clear and bright. The interested spectators were assembling. Shirley had already wished Bob “good luck,” and he had disappeared in the direction of the stables.

“Well, I suppose Bob will lead his team into glorious victory,” George Fairfax said, as he watched the cluster of horses and men at one end of the field.

“No, no,” Uncle John answered decidedly. “The Country Club team play well but they won’t win

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today—this army team is too good.” For a moment the two men silently watched the picturesque scene before them. The players in their bright colored jackets and white helmets were mounted now, and were cantering up and down the green field between the white goal posts swinging their mallets. Both horses and riders were full of life and vigor.

“You call yourself a sportsman, John. Are you willing to bet on the game?” asked his friend abruptly.

“I am,” was the reply.

“Well,” continued the other, “if Bob’s team is defeated, I’ll say nothing more about the scholarship. It will lie in your hands. But if Bob’s team wins, you must let him have his heart’s desire and spend that year abroad. Do you accept the terms?”

“Yes, I suppose we might just as well let fate decide,” the other agreed. The two men never thought of Shirley, who overheard the bet with fear and trembling. The bond between this brother and sister was very close, and Shirley knew how dear this wish was to Bob’s heart. And now his fate was hanging by a thread.

The players are lining up, the Country Club team in blue, their opponents in red. The players are taking their positions, the ponies are prancing eager to be off. A shrill whistle blows, the ball is thrown in, the game is on. For a moment Shirley loses sight of the ball in the melee of horses’ legs and mallets.

There, someone finds it and with a resounding crack it is sent down the field. The “reds” are racing close behind it, ready to follow up their advantage. “Stop them, stop them!” Shirley cries with all her heart. But the “blues” are powerless to retard that mad onset. On they sweep carrying the ball with them until it sails in between the white goal posts. The players canter back to the center where again the ball is thrown in and the play continues. But now the “blues” have pulled themselves together, the ball is knocked up and down the field but neither side can make goal. Bob is playing brilliantly. He seems to be everywhere at once, now far ahead to give the ball a clean hit towards goal, now playing defensively in the back, now in front of the “red” team’s goal just in time to drive the ball into a safer position. And so the first quarter ends.

In a few minutes the game is again in full swing. Once Shirley catches a glimpse of Bob when his horse is rearing high in the air. But now he recovers himself, and is with the others at one end of the field near the “red’s” goal. “They mustn’t, oh they mustn’t!” Shirley was saying to herself. When the whistle blows for goal, a pony has kicked in the ball. When the first half of the game is over the score stands two to nothing in favor of the “reds.”

During the half, while the field was being sprinkled, Bob came over to them. “They’re a good team,”

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he said to Shirley, "but I think we can wear them out in the end." When the second half opens, Shirley is both nervous and excited. "There is so much at stake, Bob must win!" She fastens her eyes on his easy graceful figure in perfect harmony with every movement of his horse. He is now wheeling around abruptly, preparatory to a dash down the field. The gallant little pony, obedient to the slightest touch of the reins, turns sharply, but he loses his footing in the slippery mud, and down he goes rolling over and over. Shirley has time to see that Bob has been thrown several yards before the riders close in around him and he is obscured from view. A minute afterwards, when time out has been called and the group has dispersed, she sees that they are helping Bob up, and he is limping slowly off the field. Shirley, her heart in her mouth, loses no time in making her way to Bob to ascertain how badly he is hurt. He looked pale, through his dirt and grime, and shaken, but he smiled at her and said, "I'm not quite sure whether I am all together or not, but I'm not much damaged except for this deuced arm. I suppose they'll have to put Hartford in; and he's worse than nothing." Shirley remained long enough to satisfy herself that Bob really was alive and not in a hundred pieces; then she hurried back to report to anxious Uncle John and Mr. Fairfax, who had both forgotten their differences in real concern for the boy, until they were

relieved by Shirley's account. Meanwhile the game had progressed and the substitute was proving his worthlessness. It was only by the superhuman efforts of the rest of the team that the "reds" were prevented from making a goal. Before the third quarter was finished, Shirley was desperate. "There is only one thing to do," she said firmly to herself as she hurried out in the direction of the stables.

Just before the last quarter it is announced that Bob will return to the game. There is a slight delay and then in he gallops, just in time to take his position before the whistle blows. "Do you think he ought to do it?" George Fairfax asks.

"He's probably not hurt at all," the boy's uncle answered a little gruffly. "That's the way with these youngsters, the harder they're knocked, the quicker they bounce up. Well, I'm going to win the bet, I see." The other bit his lip in silence. They both watched the game intently. Apparently, Bob has not been hurt for he plays as he never has before. The "blues," spurred on by the arrival of their best member, tear down the field with long swift strokes and make the first goal. It is the "reds" now who are at a loss how to block the onrush. Again the "blues" are down the field, well on their way to goal, the ball is almost in, but there is a "red" man ready to send it flying in the opposite direction, but the teamwork of the "blues" comes to the fore, the man is



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ridden off, and Bob drives the ball squarely between the goals. Now the score is a tie and there is the wildest cheering. The time is almost up, a minute or so and the game will be over. Neither team loses any time, the "reds" knock the ball up in the air towards goal, there is a general ducking of heads, but Bob with a dextrous movement hits the ball in mid-air and it speeds in the opposite direction to his goal as the whistle blows. The cheering grows louder and louder. Someone is picking up a helmet, someone with a bright golden head. A slim figure canters up to the side lines where Uncle John and his old friend are standing. "Shirley, Shirley," they are calling her now. It was Shirley who made the most of her

chance as she saw it and who has won the game. Bob with a bandaged arm is pushing through the crowd. The four disengaged themselves as well as they could from the mob, and Shirley said delightedly, "Tell him, Uncle John!"

"Young man," said Uncle John to Bob, "more than you think depended on this game. You shall have your wish and sail for England in the fall." Then at length the whole mystery was explained to Bob, whose radiant face was proof of his joy. He gripped Shirley by the hand and said with honest admiration in his eyes, "You're a sister worth having—you're 'true blue'!"

*Betty Breneman—Class of 1925.*

# Foxgloves

## *Collegiate Prize Poem*

Standing straight in spires at chequered noon,  
Freckle-faces, turning from the sun,  
With their down-dropped, crowding hoods:  
These are foxgloves.

Pale and spiritual at twilight,  
Ethereal;  
So that you listen for the sound of tiny bells,  
Of fairy churches, and faint calls to prayers,  
(But they stand silent):  
These are foxgloves.

At night . . . moving weirdly in the still air,  
Shaken in the moonlight as in a wind;  
The moon's cold fingers awaken them,  
And they dance to her in the frosted quiet,  
With malign, fantastic grace.  
Come away! Come away!  
These are foxgloves.

*Margaret Trotter—Class of 1926.*

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# Defense of the Modern Girl

## *Honorable Mention*

We live in such a busy day,  
With such a rush and flurry,  
From place to place we hasten, with  
A "hurry, hurry, hurry."

We rush to school, we run to class,  
And very seldom slow down,  
We race through lessons, hoping that  
There will not be "a show-down."

And so they say we've lost romance  
With all our headlong speeding;  
They think our endless race with time  
Straight to destruction's leading.

They do not know that many a time  
We're lost in dear day-dreaming,  
And though our knights drive motor-cars  
They're just as gallant-seeming

As ever knight on charger white,  
With sword and bright shield gleaming,  
Who rode to claim his lady fair  
Her golden tresses streaming.

Our locks don't stream, we've bobbed them short,  
And we're much more athletic  
Than lily maids who languid moved  
With grace and pose poetic.

But yet I hope they'll not forget,  
We've kept our dreams as precious,  
And girls are still as fine and true,  
As lily maidens gracious.

*Marian Louise Burger—1924*

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## A Lay of Storied France

A faded cloak,  
Two pistols old,  
Large high topped boots  
Now green with mold.

A manuscript,  
Time stained and frail,  
Yellow and torn,  
The ink grey-pale.

The story held  
Beneath that lid,  
There in the 'script  
As yet lay hid.

I broke the seal,  
And thread of gold—  
Well, this the tale  
The pages hold!

\* \* \*

A chateau frowns, with ivy on its walls,  
With massive turrets, where deep shadow falls,  
With gargoyles leering in malicious spite,  
So ghastly lifelike in the eerie light.

There in the gardens lying fresh and fair,  
Are blooming many flowers strange and rare,  
The paths are bordered with a laurel hedge,  
All cut in many forms of round and wedge.

The fountains tinkling in the waiting night,  
Seem but to laugh with crystalline delight,  
All luminous in the errant silver ray,  
Of moonbeams, tangled in the leaping spray.

From all the romance of these storied halls,  
Because his honor and his country calls,  
A soldier leaves this house by stealth at night,  
From cruel Bismarck's soldiers taking flight.

And all because he must unheeded be,  
Only a pair of pistols carries he,  
Beside the family sword, by which they claim,  
Their chateau, lands, aristocratic name.

For so the family superstition runs:  
When hard pressed, should the eldest of its sons,  
Draw from its scabbard forth this tempered steel,  
None who oppose him but will know its feel.

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The Prussian soldiers have advanced till now,  
The country underneath their yoke must bow;  
Bent down with woe, beneath a cruel reign,  
There is no peace in brave Alsace-Lorraine.

Hark! What is that! A footstep—loud and plain,  
He draws his weapon but to sheath again,  
And hides behind a bush of laurel high,  
For hated Bismarck's men are drawing nigh.

The soldiers in the uniform of grey,  
Turn toward the bush. Ah moon, thou did'st betray  
One of the bravest sons of glorious France!  
He leaped from out the dark—his only chance!

Drawn rapier in hand, to meet the foe,  
His trusty blade so keen deals blow on blow,  
And flashing in the waning moonbeam's light,  
Strikes death to those who'd stay the master's flight.

\* \* \*

But from the script is missing,  
The last page of them all,  
Which ends the haunting story,  
That in my hands did fall.

Alas! no word can tell us,  
If he survived the fray,  
Or if he died there fighting,  
Or if he fled away.

But note this belt and buckle,  
This scabbard old and green,  
These pistols, mouldering leathers,  
And the sword,—still bright and keen.

Each is a silent token,  
Of all that is true and brave;  
From their ruin they have spoken,  
For a soldier in his grave.

*Charlotte Groome—1927.*

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## Toyland

JANE was sprawling in a big leather arm chair, regarding with infinite discontent the beautiful and costly toys strewn about her. She sighed and moaned and tossed and groaned, and wished for everything that she did not have. She wished she were an Indian, or a queen, or a fairy, or almost anything but an ordinary child. A picture book lay in her lap. It was a story entitled "Live Dolls," which had succeeded in interesting her for a few minutes. It was quite a remarkable book. Jane's eyes wandered around the colored walls where shelves held beautifully bound books of all kinds, from fairy stories to blood-thirsty pirate tales. In one corner of the room was a doll house, higher than Jane herself, and furnished with everything a doll could desire. Nearby was the grocery with all sorts of vegetables and sweets; and beside it, the miniature theater where dolls in beautiful costumes took the place of actors and actresses. A Teddy-bear, rabbits, dogs, sheep and other animals, lay, many of them headless, tailless, or footless in dejected heaps. Lovely dolls with long curly hair and wax faces were quickly put aside by discontented Jane. A big doll, the loveliest of all, wore a dress of white lace with pink ribbons, and was shod in black patent leather. Her hair hung in long ringlets about her shoulders and was held with

a glittering diadem. In her hand the doll carried a silver wand. She was propped against the chair where Jane sat. Something in her smiling face irritated Jane. Impatiently she pushed the doll, which fell face downward on the thick fur rug.

Twilight was falling and the continuous noise in the street below came to Jane like the buzz of myriads of little bees. The fire in the chimney had died down to a mass of glowing embers. The atmosphere of the room made Jane drowsy. She laid her head against the cushion and her eyelids drooped. Suddenly they flew wide open as she noticed the wand of the doll slowly lifting and the toys gradually coming to life. A spell seemed to have fallen over everything. Jane could scarcely believe her eyes, and looked on in bewilderment. The animals wrestled, bit, scratched and fell all over each other in their joy at being alive again. Some dolls went to the grocery to do their marketing, others swept and dusted or walked about together, and some even danced. Then finally, from the bookshelves descended the various heroes and heroines—Mother Goose, surrounded by little Bo Peep and her flock of sheep, little Boy Blue with his horn, Jack Horner with his pie, Polly and her kettle, and so many others that they could scarcely be numbered. Of course Lord Fauntleroy and his

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mother were there too with Alice in Wonderland and King Arthur, Captain Kidd, and Robinson Crusoe with his faithful Friday. Numerous fairies, mischievous elves and flitting sprites danced along the very edge of the bookcase. Jane's heart was beating fast with excitement.

Slowly the light became more dim and purple shadows fell. Jane turned her head toward the window and gasped. Amid purple cushions on a golden throne sat the most exquisitely lovely fairy queen Jane had ever imagined. Attendants magnificently dressed in velvets and satins were on every side. Nobles and knights were talking and laughing in small groups. Everybody seemed to be extraordinarily happy, and at ease.

The big doll came toward Jane, took her hand and led her to the Queen. "My Queen," she said simply, "here is one who has need of the Magic Flower." The Queen smiled sweetly upon Jane, then turned to the doll and said, "Titania, conduct Jane through the palace treasury and let her choose two gifts." Titania again took Jane by the hand and led her away. They entered a room filled with much gold, silver and precious jewels. Jane's eye lighted on an iridescent stone not larger than the rest nor as brilliant as some. She longed to possess it because it seemed to radiate warmth. She chose it as her first gift. The next chamber they entered was apparently a garden, in the center of which were masses of flowers of all

varieties. Jane thought them all beautiful and was hesitating which to choose when her eye caught sight of a frail violet blooming alone beneath the shade of a tree. It seemed to Jane so appealing and sweet that she chose it as her second gift. Titania then led her back to the Queen whom she informed of Jane's choice. The Queen looked at the frail violet and small stone. "You have chosen well, my child. The jewel which you chose is the stone of happiness, and the violet is the flower of love. It is well to learn that in this world one can be as happy with little as with hoards of riches." The Queen waved her hand and vanished. Darkness settled over everything. There was a loud crash.

Jane sat up in astonishment; the book had fallen to the floor, and twilight was deepening in the room. Titania was still lying where she had fallen, face downward, on the rug. Jane picked her up. She straightened her hair, tidied her dress and placed her in a chair. The Teddy-bear was still minus a leg. Poor little dear! Jane vowed that she would mend it. One by one each broken toy received a tender caress as she lifted it from the floor. Had they really been alive, or was it just a dream? Of course it was only a dream. Was there really a flower of love and a jewel of happiness? Something within Jane made her feel sure that there was, and the sense of quiet contentment that had entered her heart made her hope that she had found them.

*Elise Kupferschmid—Class of 1927.*

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## The Treasure Hunt

ONE day two friends and I were reading a story together. This story was about a very exciting treasure hunt. As we read farther we decided to have a treasure hunt in our neighborhood. The neighborhood consists of little children whose ages range between five and eleven. We thought to make some excitement so we began our preparations the next day. We told one small boy, who was a great talker, that once upon a time an old miser had lived around here and was supposed to have hidden his treasure near our house. As we expected, the story had spread over the whole neighborhood by the following day.

Our next step was to write a note telling about the treasure. In the note we wrote: "Measure seventy-five feet east of the road until you come to a blazed tree, then measure six feet south and dig." We then took some matches and scorched the paper to make it look old. In doing this the paper caught on fire so we had to write another one. After this we took a knife and cut a tree so that it appeared blazed. Everything was ready now except the treasure.

The next day we all went down to the five and ten cent store and bought a collection of jewelry. As soon as we got home we buried it. We let it stay in the ground for awhile until it had settled. A few days

later it rained very hard. We thought that the rain had leaked in the box, so we armed ourselves with picks and shovels to dig it up. The treasure was all right, so we put it back.

About a week later we decided that it was time to have the fun for which we had planned. One evening, just at dusk, when everybody was in our front yard, we dropped purposely the note that we had written. Then one of us found it; of course there was much excitement, with everybody wanting to begin right away to find the treasure. Somebody ran for a shovel, another ran for a tape-measure, and one went for a flashlight. After the proper length had been measured, all began looking for the blazed tree. As the blaze on the tree was not very plain, it was hard to find. Finally, the tree was found, and after measuring six feet, the children began to dig. The flashlight was turned on the hole, and when the shovel struck something hard, and a box covered with mud was unearthed, everyone began to scream.

The box was taken into our kitchen where the mud was washed off. Then everybody gathered around the table while the box was opened. Out rolled pearl necklaces, diamond pins, rings, bracelets and earrings. The rain had leaked into the box and some of the pearls had turned yellow. Several of the earrings



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were broken, but except for this, everything was all right.

The great problem now arose as to how the treasure should be divided. As we had bought and paid for everything, we did not wish anybody else to have any, so we said that as the treasure had been found in our yard, it really belonged to us. We gathered up all the jewelry and started to go into another room. A great murmur of disapproval arose as those who had taken part in the finding of the treasure wanted something in return for their work. One boy snatched a diamond pin from the box before we could stop him. The rest of the children, encouraged by this bravery, started snatching from the box anything that they

could put their hands on. While we were trying to prevent one person from taking something, another would grab a pin or necklace. Finally everybody had a piece of jewelry and started running home. We immediately ran after them and chased many of them to their doorsteps. In this way we recovered most of the jewelry. However, some of it was not given back until the next day.

For about a week the treasure hunt was the talk of the neighborhood. The father of one of the little girls said that the finding of the treasure was not genuine. We then had a hard time smoothing things over. I think that most of the children in the neighborhood believe even now that it was a real treasure.

*Ruth LeBlond—1927.*

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## A Long Theme

**A**MY LAWSON burst into the dining room where the family was assembled at lunch and slumped into her seat.

"Darn it all!" she cried. "I've got to choose another topic for my long theme. Miss Gray told me my material wouldn't do, and here that old theme has to be in tomorrow!" At this outburst mother and Aunt Jane exchanged meaning looks; their former experiences had taught them what to expect. That afternoon Amy applied herself diligently to her lessons and when nothing more was said about the theme Mrs. Lawson began to hope all was well. But all was not well. At eight o'clock when little sister came to kiss Amy good-night, mother inquired,

"Almost done, Amy?"

"Oh yes, I've just got to write that theme now."

"Why, dear! haven't you started that yet?"

"Nope, but don't worry for I'm going to write a parody on 'The Deserted Village' as Miss Gray suggested. That should not be so hard."

But mother was not so sure. A moment later Amy called loudly:

"Mother, have you a copy of 'The Deserted Village?' I've left mine at school."

"You might look in my 'Oxford Book of English Verse,'" suggested her older sister. Fifteen minutes

later Mrs. Lawson found Amy poring over the volume. Fido, her pet poodle, lay curled up at her feet.

"Have you found it yet, Amy?"

"Oh, no, Mumsey, it's not here, but I've been reading some of the loveliest poetry," responded Amy enthusiastically.

"Well, you have no time for that now. Stop at once and hunt the poem you need. Fido, go to bed, sir. Amy can't play now." This last was directed to the pup who, having been neglected, was barking shrilly to attract attention. He obediently followed Mrs. Lawson out of the room, while Amy started to search. In a little while she came to her mother in despair.

"I can't find the fool thing anywhere! I've even looked in 'Poems Every Child Should Know'!"

"Suppose you look in my 'Charles Dudley Warner Library,'" suggested her mother gently. Once more Amy departed to search and returned bearing triumphantly the huge volume.

"Not all of it is here but luckily the part I want is. Now I must write my 'Advice to Sophomores,'" she cried gaily, but her mother looked doubtful. For twenty minutes there was silence in Amy's room. At the end of that time she burst into the living room.

“Well, I’ve written a line and a half, only twenty-two and a half more lines to write. Listen to this:

‘Oh sophomores, girls so heedless, harken now!

Your baby days are past and gone. . . .’

“What rhymes with ‘now’ anyway?”

“How, row,” suggested mother.

“Cow,” added Aunt Jane.

“Sow,” finished sister.

“Oh good-night! none of those will do! How under the sun do you use this rhyming dictionary? Here is ‘a’ as in ‘cat,’ ‘o’ as in ‘low,’ everything except what I want! I wish dad were home to help me. I’m not a born poet so I guess I’ll have to try prose after all,” she sighed in despair and retired to her room. Again mother and Aunt Jane exchanged meaning glances.

“Mother,” came a wail from Amy’s room a little later. “Mother, I can’t write anything. My ideas are all in a hash!”

Mother came running.

“Tell me some of them, dear, and perhaps I can help you.”

“Oh, I’ve a headache already! I want to take one of grandma’s adventures and weave it into a story. I know just how to do it and I want to so badly.”

“Why not do it then?”

“But Miss Gray won’t let me. I’m not familiar with the setting, and she says I ought to stick to my own age and not go back to Civil War times.

Oh dear! I’ve several other ideas but I can’t work them up, or else don’t know the setting. It makes me sick!”

“Can’t you take any setting you know?”

“I want to write a story about Seven Mile Point so badly! That place always thrills me, that high wooded bluff overlooking the blue, blue water, and that steep slide they use to send the logs down to the beach. But I can’t have a hero or heroine go down that chute with the logs for anyone would be killed before he got to the bottom.”

“Can’t you try a description?”

“Oh I could, but my last one was so rotten that I am afraid to try another.”

At this juncture Aunt Jane appeared.

“Didn’t your teacher give you any topics?”

“Yes,” Amy answered despondently, ‘Humor in the Funny Papers,’ ‘Children as Portrayed in the Movies,’ and all sorts of other impossible things!”

“Now,” replied her aunt calmly, “I don’t see that that is so bad. Why don’t you take ‘Humor in the Funny Papers?’ You could tell about the woman I saw one day on the street car. She produced three funny sheets from her hand bag, gave one to each of her two children, and kept the third for herself. All three read them with perfectly sober faces. You could say that human nature has always needed amusement and even in olden times the nobles had jesters.”

“Ye gods!” groaned Amy, who was on the verge of tears. “Maybe you could write that but I can’t!”

“Try some other topic of exposition rather than narration,” advised her aunt.

“Yes, but you have to look up things before you can write exposition, and there is no time for that now.”

“Why don’t you write an essay on the reactions of a high school girl at a college? You have visited a college,” called her older sister.

“Great Scott! What do you think I am to be able to write an essay—a Ph. D.? Besides my last theme was about college.” Here Amy burst into tears. “Oh dear,” she sobbed, “I can’t write a thing and I’m so-o-o sleepy!”

“Amy dear,” soothed her mother. “Crying will never get you anywhere. I know just how you feel for I never could write themes myself. You are too tired to do any more tonight. Come to bed now, it is ten o’clock, and you can get up in the morning early if necessary. For goodness sakes don’t wake little sister!” Amy endeavored to stifle her sobs, but without great success.

Suddenly a voice from the next room demanded:

“What under the sun are you making so much noise about?” Fido, also aroused, barked loudly.

“Oh dear, now you have waked her!” cried mother, running to quiet little sister.

“What’s the matter with Amy? Is she crying?” demanded that youngster.

“Yes,” sobbed Amy, “I can’t write my fool theme. I don’t know a thing to write about! Oh hush, Fido!”

“Well, you needn’t make so much noise about it. You woke me up. Why don’t you write about Fido? You talk about him enough!”

Amy appeared transfixed by this suggestion for a moment, then suddenly flung herself into the next room and began to smother little sister with kisses.

“Oh you darling kid! How did you ever think of such a thing? That is just what I’ll do! Oh you angel!”

“Ouch! You are hurting me! I’m going to sleep now and don’t you dare wake me again,” said that small person, who seemed very pleased with herself. Amy flew to her desk and scrawled, ‘Fido, the Best Dog in the World’ across the top of a sheet of paper. The family drew a sigh of relief and with one accord put up books and knitting and went to bed.

“Don’t stay up too late, dear,” said mother as she kissed Amy good-night.

“I won’t,” promised Amy, “But, oh dear! how can I get all I want to say on four pages?”

Mother could not suppress a smile as she turned away. After that there was no sound in the house save the ticking of a clock and the scratch-scratch of a pen. After midnight the latter ceased, and silence reigned supreme.

*Sophia Helen Fisk—Class of 1926.*

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## March Shadows

Across the hill wind-shadows go,  
As the sere grass bows to the laughing wind;  
Cloud-shadows melt and softly flow  
Over the land with the winds behind.

Black shadows of winter are blowing away,  
And the ruffled waters are blue again.  
Blue shadows of spring are warm today,  
Earth is awaiting the warm spring rain.

*Margaret Trotter—1926.*

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## Smith College

**T**HE day dawned bright and clear. It was the 18th of June and lovely and warm. Mother and I had arrived in Northampton, Massachusetts, a few days before to attend mother's reunion at Smith College. We had had wonderful times ever since we had arrived, but this day was to be the most important of all. All the classes which were back for the reunion were going to have a parade in costume.

The parade was going to take place on the campus of the college at ten thirty. However, long before this hour the campus was thronged with people of all sizes and ages. There were the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, aunts, uncles, cousins, children and grandparents of the graduates. Also there were the students and girls who were planning to enter Smith College. Many townspeople were there likewise to see the parade. White canvas was spread on the lawn, indicating the line of march. I stood on the side lines as close as I could, in order to get as good a view as possible.

At last the band started. This led the procession, playing the marches and songs of the college. The oldest class back for their reunion was the class of 1893. They called themselves "the immortals" as only one member of their class had died. They wore

white dresses and light blue robes. Over their heads they held parasols of the same color as the robe. Other classes followed in line. There were the tin soldiers who marched along with their bayonets held stiffly in their hands. They wore red trousers, black coats and tall black Napoleonic-hats. They were very trim and dapper-looking as if they had just stepped off the stage of "Chauve Souris." Of course they marched to the tune of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," but the words were composed by one of the members of their class.

Another class wore costumes supposedly expressed direct from the sarcophagus of "Old King Tut." Their foundations were of white muslin on which was painted Egyptian hieroglyphics in green paint. Their headdresses were of green crepe, shaped like those in the old Egyptian paintings. There were also peasants from Bavaria. Their skirts were of purple cloth, while large white aprons covered the front of them. On their heads they wore the Bavarian caps made out of red cambric. Another class came as dairy maids, with yellow aprons and bonnets. There were altogether some twelve different classes represented, but the other costumes, although very pretty, were not quite so spectacular.

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The parade marched around the campus singing their songs in turn to President Nielson, who is the present head of Smith College, and to Ex-President Seely, who up to a few years ago was the only president that the college had ever had. The parade lasted for an hour and a half, after which we went back to headquarters for luncheon.

In the afternoon we motored over to the Sophia Smith Tea House. This we found was a quaint old building where Sophia Smith, the founder of Smith College, used to live. The house was full of very interesting curios and rare old-fashioned furniture. We here had refreshments of lemonade, sandwiches, and dainty cakes, served in a simple but appetizing manner.

Returning to our rooms, after the visit to the Tea House, we made haste to prepare for the president's reception. President Nielson received his guests on the terrace of his beautiful new home. There was a long line, when we arrived, waiting to shake hands with him. It was some minutes, therefore, before we were able to speak to him. He was very cordial to everyone. The lower floor of his house was open to visitors and we went in to see the rooms. We found that they were very spacious and beautifully decorated. The view from the dining-room window was especially charming and picturesque. The long

sweeping yard bounded by the high hedge, and the flower garden at one end, all added beauty to the scene. The landscape gardener and the architect together had indeed produced an unusually charming picture.

After supper we went back to the campus. Mother had told me in the afternoon, that if any girl felt any hesitation whether or not she wanted to go to college, if she spent one night listening to the singing on the campus, she would make up her mind at once that she wanted to go to college. And after I had been there only fifteen minutes, I agreed that mother was right—as usual. The Seniors were all seated on the front steps of one of the buildings. They sang the songs of the college, and then their own class songs and gave their yells. Sometime later the reunioning classes all departed to different parts of the campus, where they sang their songs.

About ten o'clock the moon rose sending its long silvery rays across the campus, forming shadows of the great trees. The Japanese lanterns, which hung on the trees, added a magic glow to this enchanting scene. Voices singing from all parts of the campus could be heard blending harmoniously together. Sometime later I departed for bed, thinking of the wonderful day I had spent, one which was not soon to be forgotten.

*Frances Richardson—Col. III.*

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## Mountains

With shafts of iron in their black heart,  
And stores of warmth, unmined, untold,  
The mountains rich with coal impart  
To man a thrill, should he behold  
Those slopes whence he his life-heat takes.  
In contrast and from these apart,  
Reflected oft in some small lakes,  
Are mountains whose cloaks gently fold,  
With pines of somber, dark-green hue,  
In distance paled to azure blue.

A brown and rocky mountain scene,  
With blackened stumps of fire-killed trees,  
Proclaims that which had one time been  
A forest rustling in the breeze,  
And now is but deserted slopes,  
Except, where here and there, on these  
A patch of fireweed bravely hopes,  
By its fair colored pink, to ease  
The ruined forest's sad estate,  
Till time once more shall make it great.

From distant, lonely, barren plains  
Rise tow'ring, ghost-like mounts of lime,  
Down whose gray sides the frequent rains  
Send water, which with passing time,  
Seems etching hist'ry in the stone.  
But snow-capped peaks will reign sublime,  
O'ershadowed by the sky alone:  
And chasms of royal purple climb,  
Up toward the vast eternal crown  
Of ice, as it creeps slowly down.

*Helen Louise Taylor—1926.*



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## School Spirit

**F**INE school spirit which should be the ideal of every school consists of good fellowship, cooperation between pupils and teachers, interest in school activities, and finally loyalty. These should be the principal traits in any school, for these elements forward not only the scholarship, but the happiness and general interest in the school. Fellowship and good will make a spirit of harmony in a school, while unselfishness to all around us, less thinking of ourselves, and more of others is a necessary factor at any time, and in a school where everyone is so closely connected it is essential. When we cease thinking of ourselves, of our own desires and interests, and try to help others in any way we are able, we will find that we make happier not only those whom we aid, but also ourselves.

Cooperation between pupils and teachers is the only way to obtain a high scholarship, for teachers and pupils should work for the same end, not against each other. A spirit of cooperation is a great forwarder of school spirit, for it brings about such a harmonious atmosphere that everyone being happy and contented, feels real love and happiness for his school.

To be interested in one's school, in the entertainments, the athletics, and the various other things

which form part of a school's activities add a great deal to school life, and gives one an entirely different outlook on it. Those who sit back and do only what is necessary, and who have all of their interests outside of school, miss a great deal more than they realize, and yet it is generally these people who do nothing towards forwarding school spirit who complain of its absence.

A far greater factor of school spirit, however, is loyalty. It is the foundation, the basis, the most necessary element, and occupies the same place in a school that patriotism does in a country. It is loyalty which brings about good fellowship, which brings about cooperation and interest, for loyalty to one's school means love for it, interest in it, and a willingness to make sacrifices for it. Therefore loyalty is the first element to strive for, for when it is attained in a school, the other factors will necessarily follow. If we try to forward our school spirit by following these principles, we will find that it injures us in no way, but helps us not only in school, but in all life, for these principles form the basis of all real happiness.

*Elizabeth Cassatt—1925.*

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## Just Call Him Lieutenant

If I stepped too hard on the gas,  
E'er age had wisdom lent,  
It greatly shook my nerve to see  
A cop on business bent.

But now that I'm a senior grave,  
I drive at fifty miles.  
Just call the cop lieutenant, and  
You ought to see his smiles!

On Tuesday, last, it was my fate  
To horrify the force;  
From first to last, my reckless route  
Made five cops very hoarse.

The first, I met in Eden Park.  
I passed him on a bend.  
He yelled: "Say, that's against the rules!"  
I thought I saw my end.

I swerved ahead; left him behind,  
But fate upon me stole!  
On Gilbert Avenue I grazed  
Two cops in a patrol.

On Sixth Street there was traffic none—  
A straight path lay ahead.  
I waited for the signal, and  
The cop soon turned his head.

He took one look; he gave one gasp—  
He tried to speak but failed.  
At length: "This is a one way street!  
Turn' round! Turn 'round!" He railed.

I turned the car; drove close to him,  
"Lieutenant, I'm a fool!"  
"We'll overlook it this time, ma'am.  
I know the golden rule."

On Seventh Street, I parked the car,  
Right up against the curb.  
"At least," thought I, "no cop can say  
My parking's not superb."

A hand upon my shoulder fell.  
A gruff voice in my ear,  
"You've parked within a safety zone!"  
The cop looked more severe.

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My lips were stiff, but framed one word,  
“Lieutenant, I am blind!”  
“That’s all right, miss,” the pleased cop said,  
“Stay parked and never mind.”

As I drove home in dreamy bliss,  
A cop, ahead, I spied.  
“Stay where you are, lieutenant, dear!  
You cannot spoil my ride.”

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If I stepped too hard on the gas,  
E’er age had wisdom lent,  
It greatly shook my nerve to see  
A cop on business bent.

But now that I’m a senior grave,  
I drive at fifty miles,  
Just call the cop lieutenant, and  
You ought to see his smiles!

*Josephine Clark Galbraith—Class of 1924.*

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## Love Lyrics of the Faculty

### *Miss Hunt*

As long as two and two make four,  
As long as two and one make three,  
And until they square the circle,  
I shall love you—Q. E. D.

### *Miss Doherty*

When every girl knows Latin,  
And adores to read her Greek,  
And the Golden Age of Learning has returned,  
When there's mental cultivation,  
In every earthly nation,  
Then at last I'll come to you, who long hast  
yearned.

### *Miss Stewart*

Chemistry and botany, zoology and physics,  
And stupid girls who cannot understand:  
Weary of patient teaching, and bored by all their  
antics,  
I wish you near, to wield your firm, strong hand.

### *Miss Howell*

There might be time for love if I could make them  
understand,  
How truly great were Shakespeare, Browning,  
Burke:  
Could teach along with culture, a true love of their  
great land,  
And train them from their duty not to shirk.

There might be time for love if I could ever make  
them see  
That Shelley really sometimes was a saint;  
If such long sought success should ever come to  
busy me:  
There might be time for love,—but now there ain't!

*M. L. B.—1924.*

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## Quotations

"My head slues 'round on my neck."—*When fire engine goes by.*

"And preferring the out- to the in-door night."—*All of us.*

"See! steamers steaming through my poems."—*Shade of Robert Browning visits poetry class.*

"She shapes her speech all silvery fine because she loves it so."—*Margaret Trotter.*

"My only respite of the day is this wild ride."—*Margaret Denton.*

"And her own eyes begin to shine to hear her stories grow."—*Sara Matthews.*

"I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut."—*Attitude in geometry.*

"Some days my thoughts are just cocoons—all cold, and dull, and blind."—*Long Theme Week.*

"I tucked my trouser-ends in my boots, and went and had a good time."—*Visit to Ivorydale.*

"Where are you off to, lady? for I see you."—*She who attempts to go home the last bell.*

"Backward I see in my own days where I sweated through fog with linguists and contenders."—*Seniors upon leaving C. P. S.*


"The atmosphere is not a perfume."—*In vicinity of chemical laboratory.*

"Speak very soft, speak low."—*Ruth Kinney.*


"Hair like clouds when the sun shines through."—*Medora Richardson.*

"A shouting, hilarious, holiday throng."—*After 1.30 P. M.*

"Clear, honest, rash, as quick as April rain."—*Elizabeth Cassatt.*

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“She had a head to contrive—and a hand to execute any mischief.”—*Betty Espy*.

“Though deep yet clear.”—*Betty Breneman*.

“We grieved, we sigh’d, we wept.”—*After exams*.

“God helps them who help themselves.”—*Lunch Room*.

“Sigh’d and look’d and sigh’d again.”—*Miss Howell marking papers*.

“Angels are painted fair to look like you.”—*Jeanne Ault*.

“Never mind it, she’ll be sober after the holidays.”—*Roberta Jones*.

“As good be out of the world as out of fashion.”—*Jean Hamilton*.

“The learned are happy nature to expose.”—*Botany Class*.

“Whose little body lodg’d a mighty mind.”—*Dorothy May Kidd*.

“The mildest manners with the bravest mind.”—*Mary Alice Ault*.

“She had her lessons at her finger’s end.”—*Sophia Helen Fisk*.

“Reproof on her lips but a smile in her eye.”—*Miss Loveland*.

“A thing of custom; ’tis no other; only it spoils the pleasure of the time.”—*Exams*.

“A poor thing, an ill-favored thing—but mine own (?)”—*Latin Translation*.

“What living and buried speech is always vibrating here.”—*C. P. S.*

“Who chooses me shall get as much as he deserves.”—*Chemistry Course*.

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## Advertising the Seniors

“We Aim to Please”

Mable Bonifield: “*High in Energy.*”

Marian Burger: “*The Standard of Comparison.*”

Amelia Dunham: “*Serves by Night and Day.*”

Susan Conkling: “*Eventually—Why not Now?*”

Josephine Galbraith: “*57 Varieties.*”

Ruth Higley: “*How Dancing Made Me Popular.*”

Frances Hunt: “*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion.*”

Dorothy Herrlinger: “*Hair that Thrills.*”

Anne Hinkley: “*The Fascinating Path to a Liberal Education.*”

Elsie Kidd: “*Children Cry for It.*”

Hazlehurst McCaw: “*Who Says You Can't Do Two Things at Once?*”

Sara Matthews: “*Sunkist.*”

Mary Mills: “*Smart from Every Angle.*”

Louis Jean Miller: “*You Just Know She Wears Them.*”

Marie Miller: “*None Better at Any Price.*”

Marian Milnor: “*99 44-100 Percent Pure.*”

Martha Mithoefer: “*Delicious and Refreshing.*”

Virginia Van Winkle: “*With the Good Old 'Down in Dixie' Flavor.*”

Harriet Wiggers: “*Nature's Tints Indoors.*”

Olive Rohde: “*Uniformly Good.*”

Virginia Rohde: “*Queen Quality.*”

Betty Whitehouse: “*Southern Style.*”

Esther Schultz: “*Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.*”

—“They Satisfy”—

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## Overheard

### *She Should Know*

"Miss Stewart, what is this you have written in the margin?"

"Oh, that's 'please write more plainly'."

### *The Great Awakening*

K. K., speaking of Greek art:

"In this period the statues all became very animated and excited."

### *Even As You and I*

Miss Stewart: "Do rocks undergo change?"

F. H.: "They petrify."

### *I Doubt It*

A. H., translating:

"Will they not take pursuit in ships launched in haste from the stock yards?"

### *Yes, But Does He Know It?*

M. B.: "Virgil's Aeneid is written in didactic hexameter."

### *He Discarded His Denture*

M. M., translating:

"Cadmus scattered the ordered teeth."

### *Helpful!*

Miss Howell: "Ladies, you may keep your books open, but please don't look at them."

### *Save the Pieces*

Pupil, reciting:

"Hiawatha went hunting but he couldn't find a trace of a deer, not even a crumb."

### *Active*

Miss Loveland: "What part of speech is 'angry'?"

Pupil: "It must be a verb because it expresses action."

### *Translated*

"There was a little boat waiting for Arthur. He got in and sailed away, and that was the end of Arthur. P. S.—He passed into fairyland, but never died."



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## Topsy-Turvy, C. P. S.

I had a funny dream the other night.  
The world seemed topsy-turvy to my sight,  
And things which I had always known to be  
Were absolutely changed and queer to me.

Miss Howell looked grim, and never even smiled,  
Miss Doherty lounged at ease, and time beguiled,  
Miss Hunt would not explain geometry;  
Loud I bewailed that dire catastrophe.

In tripped our Mary Lloyd in carefree way,  
"I haven't a single lesson for today."  
Her sad companion wiped a tearful eye,  
'Twas Dot, who heaved a groan and fetched a sigh.

"There's Hazlehurst been cheating in a test;  
And Louis Jean looks dowdy, badly dressed;  
And Martha's moping in a corner drear;  
And Ann can't cry a solitary tear."

At these sad words my blood ran icy-cold;  
I turned and saw Ruth Higley, bad and bold.  
And Elsie, a wild look in her fierce eye,  
Was striking little children hastening by.

I turned and ran in horror at such sights,  
And glimpsed Amelia jeering women's rights;  
From such a tumbled world I fled afar—  
I like things best exactly as they are.

*Marian Burger—1924.*

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## Senior Rings

**M**ANY excited Seniors gathered in Miss Jones' room. Samples for Senior rings were to be looked over, and, if possible, a decision made. On the table reposed about thirty samples. Seniors crowded and pushed, exclaimed and admired, until finally an attempt was made to bring the meeting to order. This, however, was only partially successful. After a gradual process of elimination, only three samples remained. Such remarks as this flew thick and fast:

"Oh, I wouldn't have that cheap looking little thing. Why, I would be ashamed to wear that." "Well, for heaven's sake, you don't want to spend a million dollars for your ring." "Well, anyway, you want something you wouldn't be ashamed to wear."

Finally the rather insignificant looking ring was eliminated. There remained now only two—one more expensive than Miss Doherty had said she wished us to spend. Of course, it is needless to say that this was the one ring that we all liked.

After many lengthy arguments, a committee was sent to Miss Doherty. Word was brought back that if the vote was unanimous, she would give her consent. The vote was carried. The ring was felt by all to be a little bit heavy, but then, according to the salesman, they weren't wearing any more of those little rings.

The unanimous decision had been made, so we next turned to the design of our letters.

Once again heated arguments arose, this time over fancy and plain letters. Some felt the ring was plain and, therefore, must have plain letters. But no! Others felt fancy letters must ornament a plain ring. One Senior was heard to remark over a sample of very trick letters:

"Good-night! Is the idea to keep people from reading your letters, or just what is the drift of all those curls?" Such a crude opinion was immediately and effectively squelched with the remark:

"Don't you know fancy letters add an air of mystery to your ring, which it must have?" The Senior was evidently unaware of this vital fact and so retired, abashed for the moment. Whether it was the "mystery" of fancy letters, or not, I do not know, nevertheless the majority voted for fancy letters, and as the minority was sternly told, "The majority rules."

Three weeks of impatient waiting went by. Each morning questions and complaints were made over the delay. During this interval of waiting, quite a little anxiety was spread abroad. Seniors went home and carefully prepared the way for the ring by saying that, of course, since heavy rings were in the style,

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the class ring should certainly be heavy. Anyway, didn't the families like substantial looking rings? Also, of course, no more light rings were being worn. The suspense did come to an end. One day at the end of school, the rings arrived and great excitement prevailed. Wild enthusiasm followed. They were "perfect," "just simply stunning," and "absolute knockouts." We hurried to show them to Miss Doherty. Miss Doherty looked at them carefully, then dashed cold water over us all by remarking:

"Well, they are a little bit heavy, and I liked last year's rings, didn't you girls? Oh, but, of course, I like these ever so much—I just meant last year's rings were much lighter weight. They really were more feminine."

A shade of doubt crept over the faces of the Seniors for a moment. But then, after all, who wanted feminine rings, and they were wearing heavy ones now. The Seniors departed gaily and confidently for their various homes.

The next day I entered the Senior room, perhaps not as assured concerning the style of rings as I had been the day before, but with a firm determination not to show this. Mother had been singularly preoccupied the night before and had failed to state any approval of the Senior rings. I found to my dismay that a group of Seniors were present whose families had not liked the ring, and moreover, had said so. It was heavy and the letters were illegible, impossible

to be seen by *one* mother, even after they had been traced out with a pin. There seemed no escape—the rings were too heavy. For several minutes we remained in this state of despair, but were aroused by a Senior who entered saying:

"Oh, girls, mother was so crazy about the ring that she is wearing it right now."

A skeptical look passed over the face of a Senior, and she remarked:

"Say, what's the name of that boy you are so crazy about?"

We were relieved, nevertheless, and behind her came another Senior with encouraging words, and another, and another. With relief the Senior enthusiasm for their mannish rings returned.

"After all," as one wise creature was heard to say, "weren't the Seniors perfectly satisfied and weren't they the ones to be pleased?" Another Senior chimed in with the remark that, of course, our families were just not up to the present styles. This was heartily agreed upon and another Senior voiced this opinion:

"I think our rings are very like women voting. They are a shock at first, but in the end, they will be just as popular as women voting. Our families just can't keep up with the progressive ideas of this generation, and, of course, we mustn't expect them to." With these simple statements, the Senior enthusiasm was completely restored and peace reigned.

*Hazlehurst McCaw—Class of 1924.*

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## Two Charcoal Sketches

**T**O KNOW our cook Malinda is to know of her lawyer son and some of his possessions. Malinda is sixty-two years old and has a quick, fiery temper. By washing at some large institution in College Hill she saved enough money to send her son through the Law School at Washington, D. C. Through her work and sacrifice, Leslie, her son, now holds one of the most distinguished positions among the colored folks in Cincinnati. In College Hill he owns an attractive seven room house, quite modern. Besides this he has a machine—not a little “dinky” Ford but a large *Willys Knight*.

As few white people are able to stand such an increase in wealth and position without “it turning his or her head” it can hardly be expected that Malinda could. Still, because of her quick temper she and her daughter-in-law cannot live together so she keeps her position as our cook. On one occasion Leslie had his stenographer at the office call her and say that he would call for her with the machine in a short time. The idea that she would pass all the homes of her old friends quite went to her head. Dressed in her best clothes she came down and asked me if I’d “mind if she waited for Leslie on the front porch as he was a-comin’ in the machine to get her.”

So for half an hour she waited on our front porch. Leslie had been delayed by one of his clients.

At another time our telephone bell rang and a small voice at the other end of the wire said: “I wanta speak to Miss Malinda Hooker.” At first I could not make out whom they wished as I had never heard Malinda called Mrs. Malinda Hooker. Then the child said, “O, I wanta speak to my grandma!” Malinda, with the pride that only a grandma can possess, came all the way up from the cellar to be told that her three girls were sending a letter. When the letter came the following day, there was nothing in it but a lot of scribbling and pictures with this sentence at the end, “Ain’t you got no private line?” Malinda explained to me that Leslie had just had the latest modern improvements put in his house and a private telephone installed.

To be called to the telephone at 5:30 a. m. is not always the most pleasant way that you would wish to be awakened. On this particular morning it was Eliza, the “wash-woman” whom we have had for several years. “Mrs. Mill’r, we’ve just had great grief in the family. Mah son was shot last night while in the corner pool room and died at five this mornin’.” With this report she hung up. Rebecca,

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her daughter who has been married twice and is just twenty years old, came at seven o'clock to tell us how the death had occurred. It did not seem to make any difference to her whether we listened or not because she rambled on telling the same tale over again, but elaborating it more each time. Finally she said that she was powerfully sorry but they were all too grief stricken to do our washing that week.

The following morning Eliza herself asked mother if she'd be kind enough to lend Mr. Mill's tuxedo to her husband for the funeral. Mother was at loss to know how to refuse without offending her. With a great deal of diplomacy on mother's part Eliza was refused the suit with the excuse that it was slightly small for father and would, therefore, never fit her husband. An hour later she called again, "Mrs. Mill'r, I've just been a-lookin' over mah wardrobe and there doesn't seem to be a suitable dud for me to wear to the funeral tomorrow. If I'd send Becky over for it, do you think that you all could give me

that neat black dress I seen you have on last week?" (Eliza weighs at least three hundred pounds and mother about one hundred and seventy.) Fortunately the dress was an old one but how in the world the dress was to fit Eliza was beyond our comprehension. Becky's taste differed greatly from that of her mother. She gave one look at the dress and said: "That thing! Well, I'd rather see ma dead than wearin' that black rag to Jack's funeral." So Malinda was made the receiver of the dress instead of Eliza.

The second morning after the death, the following request was brought, "Would we offer help?" Malinda was sent to do anything that would help them. At noon she returned with her report. Everything was ready for the funeral. Malinda was grief-stricken. The funeral supper had gone off very well. They all sent regards. Again the telephone bell rang and an unknown voice said: "The funeral's at two, and all the white folks am sendin' flowers."

*Marian Pogue Milnor—Class of 1924*

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## The Parents of the Modern Girl

**A**LMOST every girl, sometime in her youth, is filled with the desire to re-educate her parents. This desire usually comes after some clash of her ideas with those of her parents. With just what degree of seriousness these clashes of ideas are regarded depends upon the type of parents. There are many, many types but we will consider only the average well-to-do ambitious type. The daughters of these parents, in many cases, feel that their education is sadly lacking in regard to the schools, the value of money, and the manners and morals of the present age.

Let us first consider the schools. One of the things that our parents, as a rule, do not appreciate is that schools, like all other institutions, are constantly changing. Also, different schools have different standards of excellence and there is, in most cases, a great difference in this respect between the schools of today and those our parents attended. This is no doubt one of the reasons why our parents do not always understand our grades. Also the Americans whose grandparents were born in this country have a large mixture of Nordic blood in them. One of the characteristics of the Nordic race is the ability to stand prolonged mental effort. Therefore a parent may have succeeded not on account of an original aptitude for learning, but because of persistence and

endurance. A parent who has risen above the average individual by mental efforts expects his children to be unusually bright. However, they are not necessarily so, for that eminent authority, Sir Francis Dalton, declares that a child gets only one-half its heritage of mental power from its parents. These parents, who expect their children to be so bright, when in reality they are not, are usually the ones who so annoy the teachers. They often insist that since their child studied, it must be due to the teacher that she failed. If parents only knew it, in most cases this greatly humiliates their child.

We come now to the question of money and other necessities. The majority of parents seem to consider their daughters spendthrifts. When we keep asking for money we hear:

“Now when I was young—,” and then follows a long tale of the wonders then accomplished with a small sum of money. However, I feel, that in most cases parents may be excused, for first, it is hard for them to realize that the value of a dollar is not as great today as when they were young, and second, civilization is becoming more complex and the use of modern inventions is expensive. For instance, automobiles were unknown twenty-five years ago. Now all our schedules of activities are made on automobile

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time, and therefore an automobile is almost a necessity. Still, it is often hard to impress this fact upon parents. They will argue that walking is good for one and that riding in a street car does not hurt anyone. However, it must be admitted that in the end we usually have our way.

Many parents now give their daughters an allowance. They believe in this way they will teach their daughters the value of money and that they will learn to transact business. Quite naturally there is usually some difference of opinion as to the size of the allowance required. Girls can see so many places where they can use money to advantage that in most cases (no doubt), their demand is for quite a large allowance. Also, in other cases, the daughter knows from past experience that no matter how large or how small a sum she asks for, some will be deducted, therefore she takes due care that she will still have enough after the deduction. However, there is no doubt that the parent has many demands for his money and therefore feels obliged to make the allowance as small as possible.

In writing of parents, one is reminded that the Bible tells us to "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Many parents now insist that their children do not honor them, but merely tolerate them. This is no doubt true in some cases but the great majority of children, I feel sure, do honor them. This belief of the parents is no doubt due to the different manners which now prevail. Children try more and more to make companions of their parents but they do not honor them less. Not only is there a great difference in the manners of the present age and those of the Victorian, but there is a great difference in the morals. Women have gained their independence, and as a result are imitating men in dress, speech, and habits. Girls of today are apt to call a spade a spade even in the presence of men. Many things formerly not countenanced by the best people are now taken for granted. Parents who were raised under the old regime stand aghast, and wonder just what the world is coming to. However, parents who are very frank will sometimes admit that their parents said practically the same thing of their manners and morals, and that *they* yearned to re-educate *them* up to their age.

*Mable Bonifield—Class of 1924.*

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## The Firefly

**T**HE black sky sank lower through the brooding hills, flooding the valleys in a sea of night. Down in the hollow of the velvet hills the pool glistened silver through the trees. Into this secluded glen a man, lost in the strange bypaths of the wood, had wandered. He stood for a moment dazed by the mystic beauty of the spot. Its soft enchantment fell upon him, confusing his thoughts, soothing his spirit. Sighing, he dropped beside the silken waters. The sky above him trailed scarfs of gray and blue and black. The elusive fragrance of the night breathed dreamy unreality.

Then suddenly, whirling through the distant trees, soaring higher, dropping nearer, a firefly thrilled in ecstasy. The valley grew tense and breathless as it danced, a flash of golden light among the frowning trees. In a second it was gone, back from whence it came, yet the air still trembled and the silence seemed to sing.

“A girl that sings as she passes and dances as she sings—a dream—a kiss.”

And the man dreamed on by the gleaming pool and the charm sank deep.

Each moment slipped like a drop of gold into the casket of time until at last this mortal man came out

of his reverie. Gazing about he beheld nearby a maiden sobbing heartbrokenly. He spoke but at the sound of his voice she sprang back in a tremble of fear yet when she saw that he was a man, the fear in her eyes changed to astonishment. Nearer she crept and felt with her hand his smooth fair cheeks and his golden curls. Then she sighed with relief and sank on the velvety carpet of grass.

“Tell me,” he said, as he knelt at her feet, “what made you weep so bitterly? On a night like this there is only time for happiness.”

“For a mortal, perhaps,” she replied, “but not for a Fairy’s child.” And he started back in surprise at the words.

“’Tis hard to believe, no doubt,” said she, and threw him a smile through her tears, like a moonbeam lost through the mist. “But my father and mother, the King and Queen of this realm of Fairyland, were banished when I was a child. Now I live with an uncle who is harsh and cruel, whose hideous son I’m to wed. It will make him a King, but me a slave, a slave to a hideous, dream-wrecking gnome.”

“Poor child!” murmured the mortal man.

“But at night when the moon glides over the hills, I cannot resist the call, so I take the potion that makes



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me a maid and escape to this secret glen. Till tonight, I alone knew its mystic charm."

"I shall go," said the mortal man. But he could not have gone had he even tried for the charm had gone too deep.

"Oh go, if you must," said the Fairy's child, but the eyes that she raised to his, and the hand that she placed in his, pleaded for him to stay. Yet even then he thought he could go and started off through the woodland path; but as he turned to wave farewell, and saw the bent figure of the princess drooping beside the pool, her dusky hair falling about her, her pale face so wistful and sad, she seemed so lovely, so lonely and frail, that he could not go away. So he came slowly back; looked long in her shadowy eyes—then kissed her adorable mouth.

"Oh no!" she cried, "this will never do. 'Tis wicked to love a mortal. But see what I've done—" then her hand on her heart, she smiled up into his eyes. "I've fallen in love, I've fallen in love—in love with a mortal, at that."

"And I," said the man, as he answered her smile, "I, too, have fallen in love. But I love a dream that will pass with the morning. I love a Fairy's child."

And they stood aghast at the wreck they had made.

But the night after that and again and again they met by the mystic pool. For the moon hung low when these lovers met, and the man called it Paradise.

She danced him a Fairy's dance, and she sang him a Fairy's song, and she smiled at him with such a charming smile that her hideous fate was forgotten.

Then one night late, as they sat on the sward and watched the stars in the silver pool, the gnome found his way to their hiding place. He watched by the half light of the moon, he watched from the shadow of a rock, and in his eyes flamed a passionate hate, and in his heart a desire for revenge. Steathily he slipped away. He brought the tale to his father's ears and witnessed with a savage joy the rage it awoke.

When the princess heard of her uncle's wrath, she lifted her little chin, yet never a word said she until, when the night spread over the land he called her before his throne. She came but she knew no fear; she came for her love was great. But he sneered at her openly and said:

"You've broken the Fairy's creed; you're in love with a mortal man; you've thwarted my greatest desire; you've flaunted my son," and the bitter wrath welled up in his heart.

"Did you think to escape unharmed? Nay, you shall pay—and dearly too!"

"Whatever you do, it is nothing to me, for you never can take from my heart the memory of those nights beneath the summer moon, nor the love a man gave a Fairy child."

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Then her uncle seized his magic wand and struck her across the face.

“On Wand of magic powers!” cried he. “Avenge this insult and supreme offense! Curse this proud and scornful heart and bend this high held head. Expose before the gaping world this noble love of hers, and let the gold of her fairy heart be tainted with the mortal red. Thus shall she haunt the secret glen to mock her adoring man.”

And he laughed aloud as the Fairy flew, one glitter of burning gold, over the hills, away through the trees, then lost through the gathering gloom.

The black sky sank lower through the brooding hills, flooding the valleys in a sea of night. Down in the hollow of the velvet hills the pool glistened silver

through the trees. Here a lonely man was waiting, waiting and dreaming. The sky trailed scarfs of gray and blue and black above him. The night breathed with an exotic fragrance. The world seemed wrapped in dreamy unreality.

Then suddenly, whirling through the distant trees, soaring higher, dropping nearer, a firefly thrilled in ecstasy. The valley grew tense and breathless as it danced, a flash of golden light among the frowning trees. In a second it was gone, yet the air still trembled and the silence seemed to sing.

“A girl that sings as she passes, and dances as she sings—a dream—a kiss!”

And the man dreamed on by the gleaming pool.

*Sarah Matthews—Class of 1924.*

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## 1924 Class Prophecy

*“Unreal Mockery, Hence!”—Macbeth*

**S**PRING was in the air. I was sitting by an open window in study hall. My eyes, I am afraid, had wandered from the open book before me and I was thinking of commencement, now less than two weeks off. I remember noticing how flowery the big bushes were, just outside the window. Then the flowers on the bushes were suddenly lilies, and I saw the Queen's soldiers from "Alice in Wonderland" painting them with red paint. Someone, who sounded like Miss Doherty, said, "Don't paint the lily," and the flowers were all at once the faces of people I know. I saw the white rabbit, too. It came running up to the door with its watch in its hand, and I heard it say: "Oh, won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting?" But when it came in the door it turned out to be Betty Whitehouse. After that she stayed Betty, for the most part, except when she said: "Where can I, where *can* I have left them?" She began to take my books. I objected, but when I looked at them they were suddenly Betty's after all. Everyone there grinned like the Cheshire cat, and Miss Hunt said:

"Off with her head!"

At this point something served to change my train of thought (probably Frances Hunt asking to have the window closed). At any rate the scene shifted. Now we are sitting in state on the Woman's Club stage. It is at last graduation night. Miss Doherty stands up and addresses the audience. Strive as I may, I am able to hear but one familiar sentence: "I see many before me who are not in the school uniform."

When Miss Doherty is again seated each calls in turn her number and Charles passes the diplomas. Martha Mithoefer sits next to me and being of inquiring mind opens hers immediately. I see at once that it is no diploma, for it only states that Martha and Ruth Higley are to be the joint editors of "Life" in less than five years. But as no one else seems surprised I try not to be. Marian Milnor explains:

"Oh, don't you know? These are our destinies. Mr. Bok chose them from 22,165 others." Every one smiles condescendingly, and Susan Conkling folds hers without letting me read it. Sara Matthews learns that she is to win distinction by an epic poem,

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written in "didactic" hexameter. When Frances Hunt unrolls hers, several pages of manuscript fall out. They are addressed to "The Ladies' Home Journal" and entitled:

"How I Make My Husband's Clothes from My Little Son's Trousers." (Evidently Frances is to combine the practical and the literary in this life.) Betty's contains a newspaper clipping revealing her as the future conductor of the largest Sunday school class in Northern Kentucky. Harriet Wiggers, who, in the capacity of class treasurer has had practice in the gentle art of collecting money, will become a life insurance agent. Mable's, of course, is a theatrical future. She wins the program of the Broadway opening of a play produced by herself and written by Marian Burger. Elsie Kidd will represent America in the Olympic games and win renown as a long distance runner. Perhaps the sisters Rohde, who are to travel, will arrange to be "among those present" on that occasion. Dot, who proved her success as sword swallower at Christmas, will in reality join Barnum & Bailey's troupe in that capacity. Her experiences, plus the circus local color, will be published in diary

form. Hazlehurst, who as business manager of the "Milestone," acquired the habit of doing more than one thing at a time, will probably manage more than one factory as well as a husband (at least the husband). Louis Jean Miller and Virginia Stephenson are to form a firm of interior decorators with Ann, an amateur specialist in this line, as advisor. Marie Miller and Amelia learn they are to represent the class as doctors. Jo and Esther and Virginia VanWinkle are going to be landscape gardeners. Lavinia will write an appreciation of Shelley dedicated to Miss Howell. I learn no more for suddenly Elsie raps on her chair and says that she will conduct a class meeting right here. There is much confusion as all prepare immediately to leave the stage. I find myself beside Miss Doherty and complain that what she has given us are not diplomas.

"Oh!" she replies, "but I have given you the future."

Now all seem to have left the stage except Miss Doherty and she vanishes gradually until all that remains is her smile.

*M. L. M.—1924.*

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# Announcements

## ENGAGEMENTS

Dorothy Meyers and Eppa Rixey  
Anne McKinney and George Warren Schubert  
Dorothy Talbert and Roy Green  
Mary Louise Isham and Harold Mallory  
Mildred Cadwallader and Herbert Reif  
Agnes Sattler and Carl Harrison  
Katherine Garvey and George Coursey

## MARRIAGES

Lucile Kroger and Albert Berne  
Marian Hayward and Power Clancey  
Mildred Ziegler and Richard LeBlond  
Natalie Powell and Clifford Garvey  
Elizabeth Sparrow and Alberton Cutler Harshman  
Audrey Purvis and Philip James Deering, Jr.  
Helen Kaiper and Oscar Slack Barrett  
Edith Witherspoon and Richard W. Jones  
Anne Pennington and Allen Yaeger

## BIRTHS

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Goodyear (Hannah Shipley), Martha Goodyear  
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Wallace (Dorothy Henderson), Dorothy Wallace  
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Jones (Ida Crothers), James Crothers Jones  
Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Carothers (Helen Holmes), Harriet Carothers  
Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Greer (Mildred Chase), Mary Jane Greer  
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stephenson (Mary Cunningham), Elizabeth Stephenson  
Dr. and Mrs. Clifford Straehly (Oriel Camacho), Oriel Straehly  
Mr. and Mrs. Audley Brown (Margaret Tangemen), Audley Brown, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. David Houston (Miriam Tate), Thomas Edgar Houston II

# Alumnae

1907

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

1908

Clark, Margaret, B. A.  
Cox, Marianne Clark  
(Mrs. Howard Cox)  
Holden, Grace Morgan  
(Mrs. Reuben Holden)  
McCullough, Ethel, B. A.

1909

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

1910

Anderson, Julia  
Dominick, Helen

\*Deceased

Dittman, Barbara Thrasher  
(Mrs. George Dittman)  
Healy, Charlotte  
Kessing, Jennie Moffatt  
(Mrs. Oliver Kessing)  
Toe Water, Charlotte Shipley  
(Mrs. G. M. Toe Water)  
Williams, Louise

1911

Banks, Louise Root  
(Mrs. Phillip W. Banks)  
Buhr, Corinne Lawson  
(Mrs. Arthur Buhr)  
Craig, Ruth Thrasher, B. A.  
(Mrs. James Craig)  
Dimock, Imogen Kinsey, B. A.  
(Mrs. George E. Dimock)  
Faran, Angeline Russell  
\*Green, Helen Kinsey, B. A.  
(Mrs. Joseph Green)  
Hill, Adelaide Singleton  
(Mrs. Lamar Hill)  
Marmillot, Jean Sattler, B. A.  
(Mrs. Maurice Jean Marmillot)  
Waterman, Mary Mallon, B. A.  
(Mrs. Alan F. Waterman)

1912

Buckingham, Doris Rogers  
(Mrs. Alfred O. Buckingham)  
Carothers, Helen Holmes, B. A.  
(Mrs. Ralph G. Carothers)

Crothers, Aline Moore, B. A.  
(Mrs. Stanley B. Crothers)  
Donogh, Dorothy  
Egan, Marie Kupferschmid  
(Mrs. Clarence Egan)  
Faran, Angeline Loveland, B. A.  
(Mrs. James J. Faran, Jr.)  
Glascock, Katherine  
Godley, Katherine, B. A.  
Land, Dorothy Duncan  
(Mrs. Porter Land)  
Meacham, Adele Campbell, B. A.  
(Mrs. Lawrence Meacham)  
Price, Grace Grimm  
(Mrs. Stewart Price)  
Simrall, Lillian Crothers  
(Mrs. William Simrall)  
Smith, Harriet Blackburn  
(Mrs. Eugene Smith)  
Strowbridge, Mary Elizabeth Kemper  
(Mrs. J. M. Strowbridge)

1913

Bahlman, Janet Rhodes  
(Mrs. William Bahlman)  
Greer, Mildred Chase  
(Mrs. Everett S. Greer)  
Hicks, Madeline, B. A.  
Holmes, Mary Herbert  
(Mrs. William Holmes)  
Homan, Helen Kroger  
(Mrs. Rudolph Homan)

# Alumnae

Kroger, Jane Griffith  
(Mrs. Chester F. Kroger)  
Tangeman, Margaret Brown, B. A.  
(Mrs. Audley Tangeman)  
Thrasher, Corinne, B. A.

1914

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

1915

Farney, Margaret Withrow, B. A.  
(Mrs. Eugene Farney)

Homer, Louise Kinney  
(Mrs. James L. Homer)  
Langdon, Harriet, B. A.  
Littleford, Mildred Brooks, B. A.  
(Mrs. John Littleford)  
Maue, Olive Koehler  
(Mrs. Harold W. Maue)  
Ricketts, Frances Pogue  
(Mrs. James Laws Ricketts)  
Sohngen, Jean Butterfield  
(Mrs. Schuler Sohngen)  
Sheffield, Elizabeth Suydam  
(Mrs. Samuel F. Sheffield)  
Witten, Julia McLaren  
(Mrs. Laurence C. Witten)

1916

Chase, Louise, B. A.  
Goodall, Mary Forker  
(Mrs. William Goodall)  
Jones, Ida Crothers  
(Mrs. James G. Jones)  
Keck, Mary Lou Moore  
(Mrs. Karl G. Keck)  
Langdon, Myra, B. A.  
Badham, Dorothy Lyon  
(Mrs. Robert J. Badham)  
McCurdy, Virginia Geier  
(Mrs. Gilbert J. McCurdy)  
Nonnez, Anne Palmer  
(Mrs. Henry Nonnez)  
Gates, Kathryn Rogers  
(Mrs. John Gates)  
Straehly, Oriel Comacho  
(Mrs. Clifford Straehly)

1917

Blake, Elizabeth  
Fenley, Margaret Anderson  
(Mrs. Greene Fenley)  
Gerard, Frances Johnson  
(Mrs. Turpin Gerard)  
Gildersleeve, Dorothy Anderson, B. A.  
(Mrs. Roger Gildersleeve)  
Goodyear, Hannah Shipley, B. A.  
(Mrs. Henry Goodyear)  
\*Guckenberger, Jean  
Hatfield, Louise  
Holloway, Dorothy, B. A.  
Houston, Miriam Tate  
(Mrs. David F. Houston)  
LeBlond, Elizabeth Conroy  
(Mrs. Harold LeBlond)  
Loveland, Clara Olds, B. A.  
Marvin, Louise Scherl, B. A., M. A.  
(Mrs. Stephen C. Marvin)  
McLaren, Louise, B. A.  
Mitchell, Julie Galvin  
(Mrs. P. Lincoln Mitchell)  
Munyan, Mabel Hughes  
(Mrs. Arthur T. Munyan)  
Upson, Alice Barnard  
(Mrs. Mark Upson)  
Crane, Ruth Wilson  
(Mrs. Curtis McClellan Crane)

1918

Cooper, Ruth, B. A.  
Dinsmore, Jane, B. A.

\*Deceased

# Alumnae

Hatfield, Virginia, B. A.  
Hayward, Dorothy  
LeBlond, Mildred Ziegler  
(Mrs. Richard LeBlond)  
Ludwick, Mary Elizabeth Pratt  
(Mrs. Frederick Ludwick)  
Lynn, Grace  
McKay, Barbara, B. A.  
Marks, Guida, B. A.  
Montgomery, Alice Boyce Cope  
(Mrs. Vaughn Montgomery)  
Serodino, Helen, B. A.  
Smith, Jane  
Yaeger, Anne Pennington  
(Mrs. Allen Yaeger)

1919

Barrett, Helen Kaiper  
(Mrs. Oscar Slack Barrett)  
Bardes, Alice Pape  
Beckler, Virginia  
Behrens, Ellen  
Brown, Marguerite, B. A.  
Clancy, Marian Hayward  
(Mrs. William Power Clancy)  
Dail, Helen, B. A.  
Fisk, Isabelle, B. A.  
Mallon, Hannah, B. A.  
Mendenhall, Anne, B. A.  
Ramsey, Harriet, B. A.

1920

Burger, Adelaide, B. A.  
Cooper, Martha  
Fenton, Anita  
Harshman, Elizabeth Sparrow  
(Mrs. Alberton C. Harshman)  
Harvey, Edith, B. A.  
Lane, Geneva  
Miller, Helen Lee  
(Mrs. Paul Miller)  
McKinney, Anne  
Perkins, Polly, B. A.  
Stoehr, Martha Mundy  
(Mrs. James Stoehr)  
Talbert, Dorothy  
Wurlitzer, Janet, B. A.

1921

Asmann, Eugenia  
Borders, Dellah Vail  
(Mrs. Melville Borders)  
Brown, Aimee  
Dale, Virginia  
Deering, Audrey Purvis  
(Mrs. Philip J. Deering, Jr.)  
Forsyth, Katherine  
Foster, Isabelle  
Isham, Mary Louise  
Jones, Edith Witherspoon  
(Mrs. Richard W. Jones)

Korn, Happy  
Meyers, Janet  
Mitchell, Margaret  
Resor, Eunice Chase  
Zuber, Natalie

1922

Albert, Phyllis  
Cadwallader, Mildred  
Chase, Emily  
Edwards, Dorothy  
Ellis, Virginia  
Martin, Thyra  
Newstedt, Elizabeth  
Sattler, Agnes  
Waite, Frances  
Woodbury, Amrah

1923

Crigler, Christine  
Goebel, Monica  
Kruse, Dorette  
Matthews, Mary Randolph  
Matthews, Mary McPherson  
Newstedt, Virginia  
Rapp, Eleanor  
Shewman, Evelyn  
Todd, Virginia  
Williams, Ruth



# Alumnae

1924

Bonifield, Mable  
Burger, Marian  
Conkling, Susan  
Dunham, Amelia  
Galbraith, Josephine  
Herrlinger, Dorothy  
Higley, Ruth  
Hinckley, Ann  
Hunt, Frances  
Kidd, Elsie  
McCaw, Hazlehurst

Matthews, Sara  
Miller, Louis Jean  
Miller, Marie  
Mills, Mary Lloyd  
Milnor, Marian  
Mithoefer, Martha  
Rohde, Olive  
Rohde, Virginia  
Schultz, Esther  
Van Winkle, Virginia  
Whitehouse, Betty  
Wiggers, Harriet

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Howell, Jean  
Hunt, E. Louise  
Langenbeck, Anna  
Langenbeck, Clara



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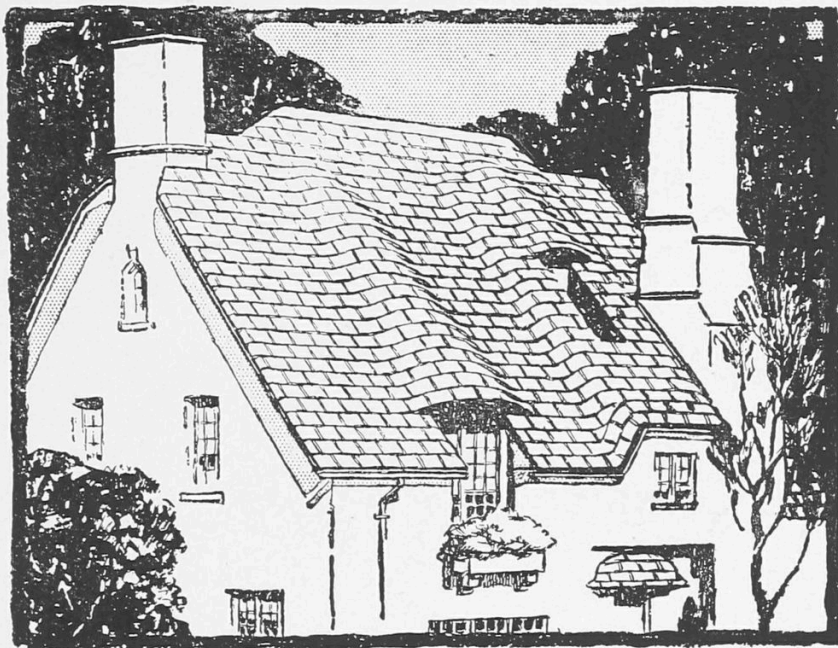
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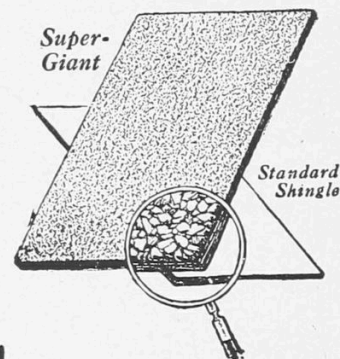
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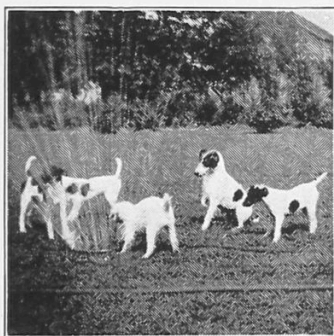
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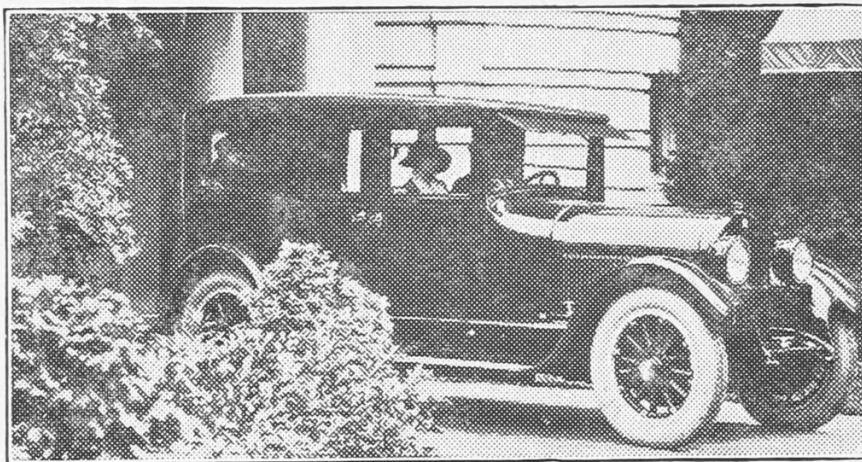
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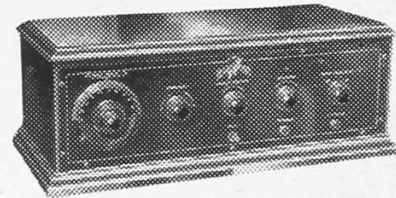
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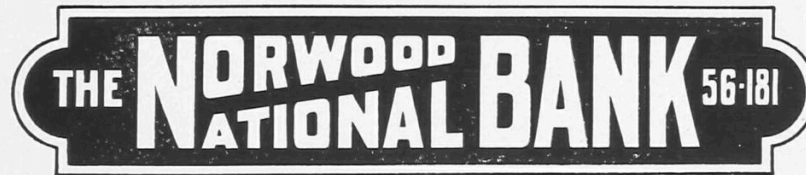
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