

THE MILESTONE

1915

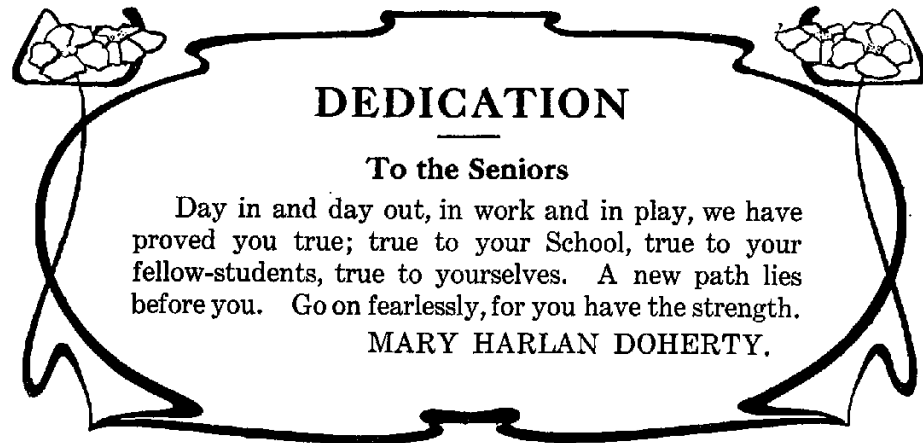
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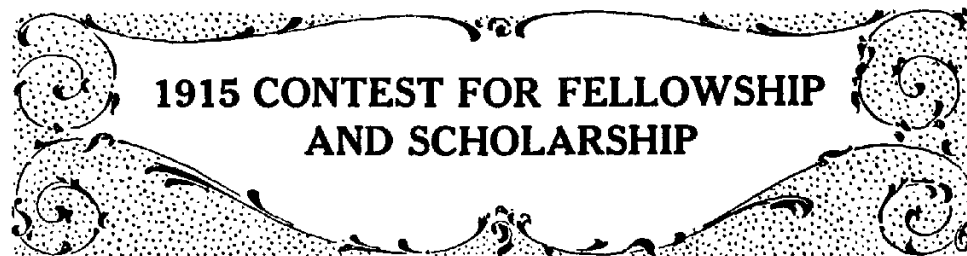
The Cincinnati College Preparatory School for Girls

THE 1915 ANNUAL



Published by the Collegiate Department of the School, Cincinnati, June 1, 1915





**1915 CONTEST FOR FELLOWSHIP
AND SCHOLARSHIP**

Winners of Scholarship and Fellowship

College I Intermediate II Primary I

Winners of Scholarship

College II Intermediate IV

Winners of Fellowship

College I Intermediate II Primary I

POINTS SCORED

Scholarship

First—College II, Intermediate IV.
Second—College I, Intermediate II.
Third—College IV, Intermediate III.
Fourth—College III, Intermediate I.

Fellowship

Hospitality, College III.
 Courtesy, College I.
 Honor and Honesty, College I.
 Loyalty to School, College I.
 Loyalty to School Organizations, College III.



Mary Harlan Roberts



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

MLLE. SINA REUTHER,
French.

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

MISS E. LOUISE HUNT, B. A.,
Geometry, English.

MISS ANNA LANGENBECK,
German.

MISS ANNA HALL RAITT, M. A.,
Science.

MISS MARION WAGNER, B. A.,
Mathematics, English.

MISS EDNA PEARL COTTERAL,
Geography.

MISS RUTH WANGER, B. A.,
History, Civics, Economics, History
of Art.

MISS ELLA BAKER,
Primary Department.



MISS HELEN HOWELL,
Primary Department, Drawing.

MRS. MARY L. ALEXANDER,
Drawing.

MLLE. MARIE NONNEZ,
French.

MISS LOUISE GEIER,
Chorus Singing.

MRS. AMELIE BUCHHOLZ,
German.

MISS HULDA STEPHENS,
Calisthenics.

MISS BERTHA LOUISE FEAGLEY,
Secretary.



PRIMARY IV

Sophia Helen Fisk	Mary Jean Pape	Karlina Krippendorf	Frances Suire
Charlotte Groom	Drewry Putnam	Nancy Law	Helen Louise Taylor
Betty Livingood	Sophie Walker	Marjory Wright	

PRIMARY III

Hildegard Ault	Edward Mills	Elizabeth Cassatt	Christine Ramsey
Betty Breneman	Mabel Pogue	Isabel Hunt	Betty Jane Reid
Virginia Campbell	Russell Pogue	George Longstreth	Maxwell Schmidlapp

PRIMARY II

Marjory Albert	Mary Mills	Elsie Kidd	Dawson B. Sherick
Jane Anderson	Hazelhurst McCaw	Jane McKay	Joan Sullivan
Ruth Higley	Erma Peyton	Alice Merrell	Ruth Sternberger
	Virginia Sternberger		

PRIMARY I

Dorette Kruse	Margaret Ruan	Eleanor Rapp	Anne Shepherd
	Anne Shinkle		



INTERMEDIATE IV

Phyllis Albert
Helen Edwards

Elizabeth Hutton
Marjorie McAvoy

Grace Galvin
Anne Graydon

Margaret McCaw
Frances Shinkle

INTERMEDIATE III

Virginia Beall
Olivia Cassatt

Dorothy Sebastian
Susan Jane Stanage
Virginia Rogers

Louise Chase Holstein
Mary Helen Procter
Laura May Wilson

Dorothy Taylor
Virginia Walter

INTERMEDIATE II

Martha Cooper
Anita Fenton

Marie-Louise Lent
Katherine Miller
Jean Graydon

Anne Field
Katherine Garvey
Janet Wurlitzer

Polly Perkins
Grace Sternberger

INTERMEDIATE I

Helen Allen
Virginia Beckler
Ellen Behrens
Marguerite Duttenhofer

Outram Hodgkinson
Margaret Keplinger
Rosan Krippendorf
Alice Pape
Mary Hazen

Janet Enger
Isabel Fisk
Dorothy Fosdick
May Louise Greene
Marianne Wurlitzer

Harriet Ramsey
Marjory Shepherd
Paulina Stearns
Susan Von Walden



CLASS OF 1918

Class Colors *Brown and Gold*

Class Flower *Yellow Chrysanthemum*

CLASS OFFICERS

JANE DINSMORE <i>President</i>	ALICE BOYCE COPE <i>Secretary</i>
JANE SMITH <i>Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY HAYWARD <i>Treasurer</i>

CLASS MEMBERS

Alice Boyce Cope	Guida Marx	Dorothy Hayward	Marion Rawson
Jane Dinsmore	Barbara McKay	Eleanor Herron	Jane Smith
	Gretchen Kroger	Mildred Zeigler	



CLASS OF 1917

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

CLASS OFFICERS

JULIE GALVIN.....*President* LOUISE SCHERL.....*Secretary*
 ELIZABETH CONROY.....*Vice-President* MARGARET ANDERSON.....*Treasurer*

CLASS MEMBERS

Dorothy Anderson	Dorothy Holloway	Virginia Burkhardt	Louise McLaren
Margaret Anderson	Worthington Harry	Elizabeth Conroy	Louise Scherl
Alice Barnard	Clara Loveland	Julie Galvin	Hannah Shipley
Elizabeth Blake	Helen MacDonald	Jean Guckenberger	Clarissa Stem
Frances Johnson	Miriam Tate	Ruth Wilson	



CLASS OF 1916

Class Colors.....*Blue and Gold*

Class Flower.....*Yellow Rose*

CLASS OFFICERS

LOUISE CHASE.....*President* MYRA LANGDON.....*Secretary*

MARY WAITE.....*Treasurer*

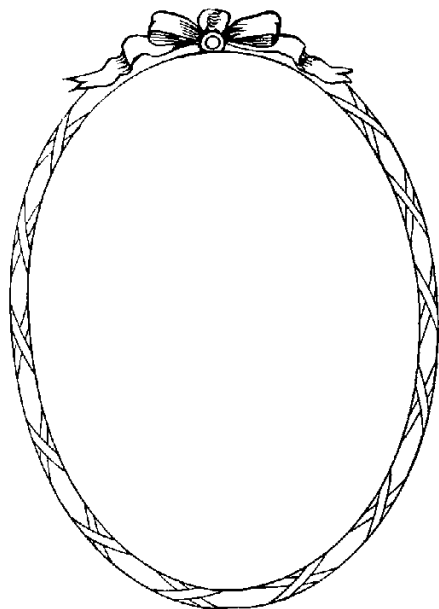
CLASS MEMBERS

Oriel Camacho
Louise Chase
Ida Crothers

Dorothy Lyon
Mary Lou Moore
Anne Palmer

Mary Forker
Virginia Geier
Myra Langdon

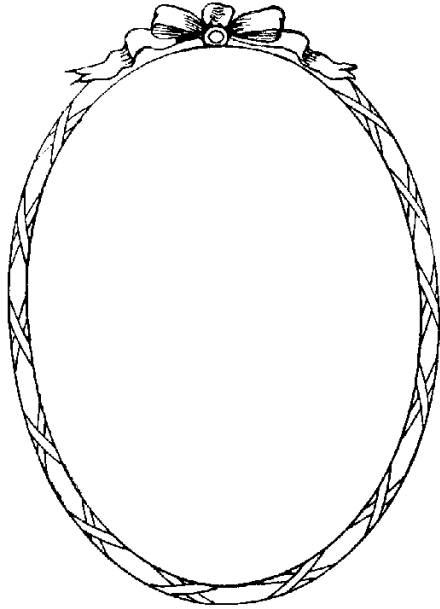
Kathryn Rogers
Virginia Suydam
Mary Waite



Jean Butterfield ('Butter')

*"There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green:
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean"*

President of Senior Class.
Coach for 1917 Basket-Ball Team.
Member of Senior Basket-Ball Team.



Juli Eleanor McShane (Juli)

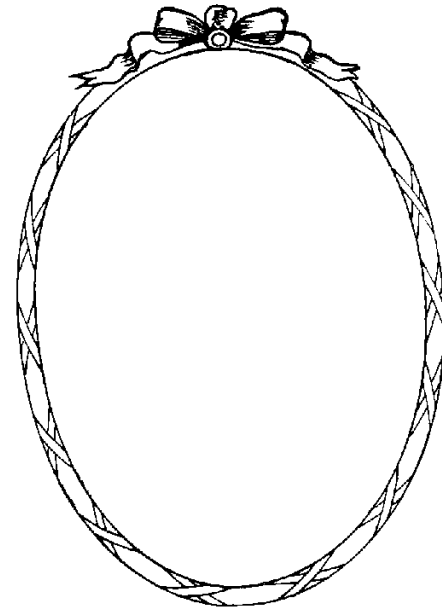
*"And fair she is, and fairer than that word
Of wond'rous virtues."*

Vice-President of Senior Class.
Business Manager of the "Annual."

Olivia Effie Koskoff (Olivia)

*"Smiling, frowning, evermore
Thou art perfect in love-love."*

Secretary of Senior Class.
Member of Senior Basket-Ball Team.
Coach for 1920 Basket-Ball Team.





MaryLouise Kinsey (sister)

*"Is one of those who know no strife
Of inward woe or outward fear."*

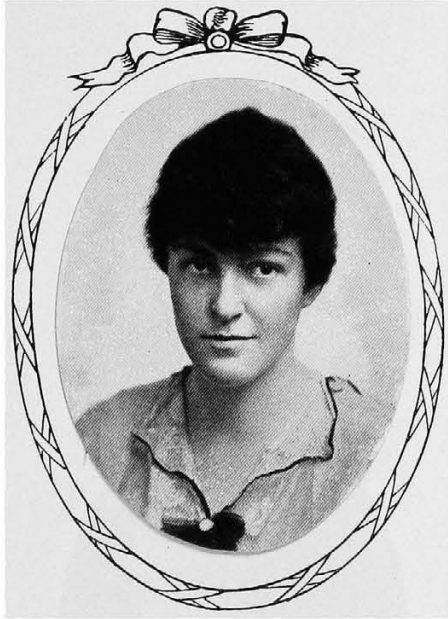
Treasurer of Senior Class.
Member of Senior Basket-Ball Team.



Harriet Raugdon ("Birdie")

"One bloom of youth—health, beauty, happiness."

Captain of Senior Basket-Ball Team.
Coach for the 1919 Basket-Ball Team.



Frances Law Vogue (Junior)

*"Thy locks were like a midnight cloud with silver
moonbeams wove."*

Assistant Art Editor of "Annual."
Member of Senior Basket-Ball Team.



Margaret H. Willows.

"A dainty rogue in porcelain."

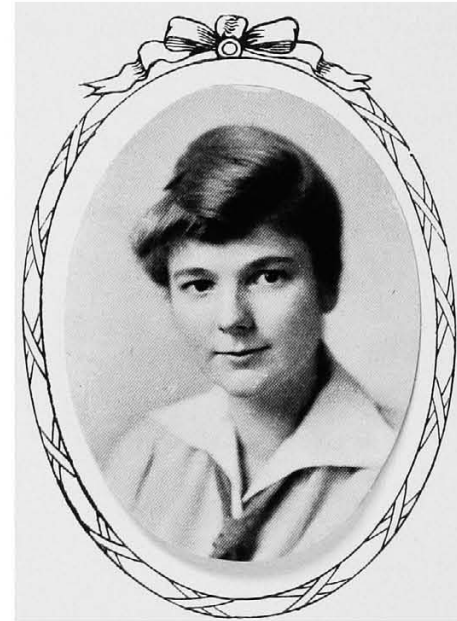
"Annual" Board.



Mildred Spencer Brooks ("Brookie")

*"The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew."*

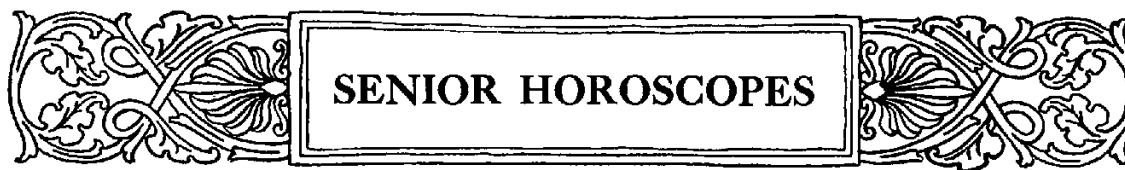
Editor-in-Chief of "Annual."
Member of Senior Basket-Ball Team.
Coach for 1918 Basket-Ball Team.



Elizabeth Lundane ("Libby")

*"The very smile before you speak
That dimples your transparent cheek
Encircles all the heart."*

Art Editor of "Annual."
Member of Senior Basket-Ball Team.



SENIOR HOROSCOPES

FEELING wholly inadequate to take upon our shoulders the great responsibility of prophesying what fates would befall the members of the Class of 1915, in the uncertain lottery of life, we

have consulted the stars through the medium of a sage astrologer, and the constellations have yielded their information to the anxiously awaiting souls below.—*The Editor.*

JEAN BUTTERFIELD—January 4—Capricorn.
Occupation, Comedian.

“Sometimes, perhaps, you are restless, often keeping up an aimless activity that amuses people. You like appreciation and applause, although as a general thing you do not care much what people think of you. You have a vein of jollity, and, in your lively moods, excite much mirth by your peculiar comical expression.”

ELIZABETH SUYDAM—January 6—Capricorn.
Occupation, Poet.

“Your higher spiritual faculties are capable of phenomenal development. You have an unbounded ability to see through everything—men and things. You have an artistic, poetic nature, are loving and true.”

OLIVE KOEHLER—March 25—Aries.
Occupation, Business Manager.

“You can push away an obstacle whatever it may be. You want to enjoy yourself and have others enjoy themselves even at your expense, financially, if you can afford it. What you *know*, you know with all your might.”

HARRIET LANGDON—May 17—Taurus.
Occupation, Police Detective.

“You are apt to take much pride in what you accomplish. You have a careful, well-balanced, discriminating mind, and much executive ability combined with strong will. You lead in social life, and, if a resident of a country village, you will be president of the sewing circle, or head deacon of the church.”

FRANCES POGUE—June 26—Cancer.
Occupation, Saleswoman in Art Emporium.

“Acquire the faculty of being *wisely led*. You are in search for light, and have a decided tendency toward mysticism, which may take on a wierd form. You have strong intuitive power, are passionately fond of poetry, art, music, and all elegant accomplishments.”

MARGARET WITHROW—July 12—Cancer.
Occupation, Doctor.

“You have a somewhat critical nature. Your judgments are just and impartial. You decide questions quickly and appear to jump at conclusions, but you do not. You can be relied upon and people are not slow to find it out.”

LOUISE KINNEY—October 21—Libra.

Occupation, Scientist.

“You have the ability to suffer in silence, and although your immediate friends may know that some heavy trouble presses upon you, they do not easily learn what it is, at least from you. Everything comes out right in the end with you.”

MILDRED S. BROOKS—November 15—Scorpio.

Occupation, Inventor.

“You are affectionate and kind, make many friends, and do not often give intentional offense. Love to be on the water. You have a fair degree of pride, love to command, although you like sometimes to have one in authority over you.”

JULIA McLAREN—July 11—Cancer.

Occupation, Surgeon.

“You are generally ‘sufficient to your own need’ in whatever you do, and although you listen patiently and understandingly to advice, it does not swerve you from your own settled conviction. You are conscientious and thoughtful, and one finds in you a dependable, helpful friend.”



MARIONETTES

A Performance of "Peter Pan" by the Primary Department

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Peter Pan.....	Anne Shepherd	Hook's Pirate Band—Continued	
Mr. Darling.....	Edward Mills	Jukes.....	Christine Ramsey
Mrs. Darling.....	Anne Shinkle	Cookson.....	Nancy Law
Wendy.....	Alice Merrell	Blackman.....	Betty Breneman
Wendy's Brothers—John.....	Hildegard Ault	Great-Big Little Brother.....	George Longstreth
Michael.....	Sophia Helen Fisk	Tiger Lily.....	Betty Jane Reid
Nana.....	Eleanor Rapp	Indian Band.....	Dorette Kruse
Tinker Bell.....	Betty Livingood	".....	Russell Pogue
Peter's Band—		".....	Drewry Putnam
Tootles.....	Charlotte Groom	".....	Jane McKay
Nils.....	Marjorie Wright	".....	Mabel Pogue
Slightly.....	Karlina Krippendorf	Crocodile.....	Maxwell Schmidlapp
Curly.....	Virginia Campbell	Ostrich.....	Margaret Ruan
First Twin.....	Ruth Sternberger	Lion.....	Helen Louise Taylor
Second Twin.....	Virginia Sternberger	Pack of Wolves.....	Mary Jean Pape
Jas. Hook.....	Dawson Sherick	".....	Frances Suire
Hook's Pirate Band—		".....	Erma Peyton
Smee.....	Marjorie Albert	".....	Elsie Kidd
Starkey.....	Jane Anderson	".....	Ruth Higley
Cecco.....	Hazelhurst McCaw	".....	Sophie Walker
Mullins.....	Isabel Hunt	".....	Joan Sullivan
Woodler.....	Mary Mills	Liza, Author of the Play.....	Elizabeth Cassatt





The Intermediate Brothers' Great Shows!

EXHIBITING ONCE DAILY—9 A. M. UNTIL 1.15 P. M.

BIG SIDE SHOW—FEATURING

FRANCES SHINKLEONIE

Amazing Snake Charmer from the Wilds of Madisonia.

LIVING SKELETON—ROSANNA DE KRIPP

ALSO A HUMAN INTERROGATION POINT

? ? ? ? ? LADY ANNE FIELDO ? ? ? ? ?

Among the Features of Ring 1

Ringmaster—MARY HAZENDOOD

Outramia HODGKINUM—Most Wonderful Rider Yet!
Rides IN FRONT of the horse ON HER TEETH!

BECKLER & FOSDICK—Clever Trainers, with their
Trained Dogs "TIPPY" and "TANGO"

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE TRIO OF
Funniest, Foolishest, Fattest Fellows Famous From
'Frisco to Philadelphia!
GIGGLIO HOLSTEINE ENGERIO MacAVOYLEO

RING II

Ringmaster—A. FLIED

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY! AT LAST! PERPETUAL
MOTION! Displayed by Discoverer and Executor
MME. KATHRINA MILLEROVITCH

"THE MOUSE AND THE MONKEY"

(Masters COOPERIE & GARVEY) the Animal Clowns

IN RING III

Ringmaster—L. HOLSTEINA

LAURETTA MAYELLA WILSONIGNA!
DON'T MISS HER! Dives from 50 feet—turns three
somersaults in the air—Lands head-first in tank
of one foot! (And lives through it!)

Also the Pair of Pugnacious, Perilous, Progressing,
Punching Prize-fighters, ROGERS & WALTER

And FIFTY Other Wonders of the Twentieth Century!

(Lithographers—A. Pape and H. Ramsey.)



	<p>A</p> <p>OVERTURE</p> <p>by the</p> <p>Famous Freshman</p> <p>Orchestra</p> <p>Leader, Jane Dinsmore</p>	<p>B</p> <p>Newest Discovery</p> <p>BARBARA</p> <p>McKAY</p> <p>Eccentric</p> <p>Comedienne</p>	<p>C</p> <p>National Success</p> <p>MILDRED</p> <p>ZIEGLER</p> <p>in a dainty comedy</p> <p>called</p> <p>"PILL"</p>
	<p>D</p> <p>First Time Here</p> <p>JANE SMITH</p> <p>The Girl who is</p> <p>Certainly Different</p>	<p>E</p> <p>A Musical Novelty</p> <p>ELEANOR</p> <p>HERRON</p> <p>A New Blanche Ring</p> <p>in her Latest</p> <p>Repertoire of Songs</p>	<p>F</p> <p>New Face in this City</p> <p>GRETCHEN</p> <p>KROGER</p> <p>and her</p> <p>Wonderfully Trained</p> <p>Lions</p>
<p>G</p> <p>All Time Favorites</p> <p>"THE AMAZONS"</p> <p>Queen Hyppolyte . . Alice Cope</p> <p>Princess Guida Marx</p> <p>Time, 1000 B. C.</p> <p>Place, Hill of Hissarlik</p>	<p>H</p> <p>An Exhibition of Grace and Charm</p> <p>MARION RAWSON</p> <p>(Late Pupil of Pavlova)</p> <p>in the</p> <p>"Pavlowana"</p> <p>"Pavlova Gavotte"</p> <p>"Lulu Fado"</p>	<p>J</p> <p>Wait for the Interesting Movies</p> <p>Made especially for C. P. S.</p> <p>DOROTHY HAYWARD</p> <p>in</p> <p>"Keep Moving"</p>	

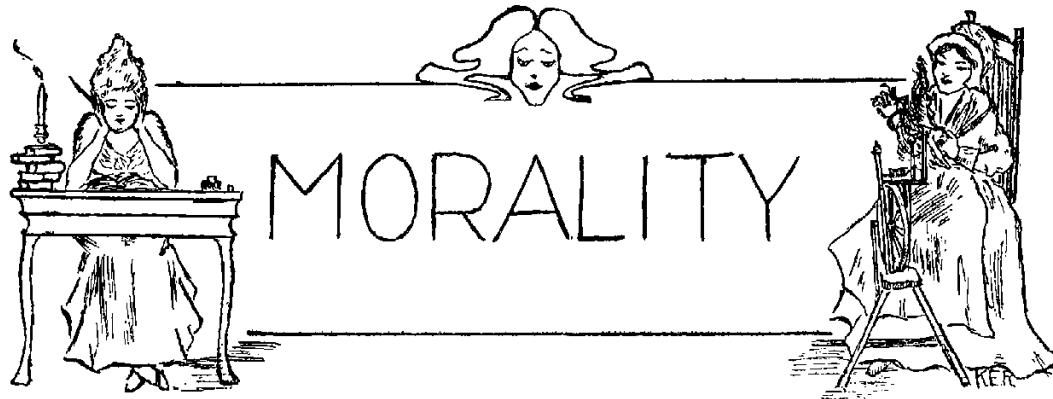


THE CLASS OF 1917
 PRESENT
THE ROMANTIC MUSICAL COMEDY OF YOUTH
“WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE”

CHARACTERS

Saranoff—the “musical member”..... Hannah Shipley
 Mrs. Hopkins-Davis-Story—the knowing, dancing debutante.. Julie Galvin
 Hercules Strong—the “wonderful detective”..... Helen Macdonald
 Kean Hedges—(No one adorable enough for “My Hero”).....
 Beth—his “dream girl”..... Louise Scherl
 Mrs. William Smith—the leader of society..... Clarissa Stem
 Margaret Smith—who dances..... Alice Barnard
 Griggs—the athletic and dignified butler..... Louise McLaren
 Denny, the “earnest lover”..... Dorothy Anderson
 Matilda, who is busy making “black on whites”..... Dorothy Holloway
 The Swiss Girl, who is “chubby and pink”..... Margaret Anderson
 The French Girl—who is inclined to coquette..... Clara Loveland
 The Irish Girl—with the eyes and the smile..... Elizabeth Conroy
 The Leader of the Pony Ballet..... Miriam Tate
 The Italian Girl—of the accent..... Elizabeth Blake
 The Mimic—who can impersonate the Bulgarian weasel
 calling to its mate..... Frances Johnson
 The German Girl—with the “now, you stop”..... Jean Guckenberger
 The Diving Venus—who is a second “Model Girl”..... Ruth Wilson
 The Debutante—who is a really, truly belle..... Worthington Harry
 The Gentle Giant..... Virginia Burkhardt

Stage Manager..... Miss E. Louise Hunt
 Costume Director..... Miss Mary H. Doherty
 Manager of Scenic Effects..... “Clarence Augustus”



THE CLASS OF 1916
 PRESENT THE FAMOUS MORALITY PLAY
“EVERYGIRL”

THE action of the play is given in several stages of the long Junior pilgrimage. The first stage ends at mid-year when “Everygirl” must cross the “Slough of Despond.” Those who fail must mourn tearfully in the “Valley of Humiliation.” But even from thence, “Everygirl” may struggle upward and reach, in sunny June, “the Delectable Mountains” from which can be seen the fair goal of “Seniorhood.”

PILGRIMS ON THE JOURNEY

Diligence.....	Ida Crothers	Timorous.....	Myra Langdon
Frivolity.....	Louise Chase	Sobriety.....	Anne Palmer
Vanity.....	Virginia Geier	Gravity.....	Mary Forker
Energy.....	Virginia Suydam	Docility.....	Mary Waite
Gaiety.....	Oriel Camacho	Patience.....	Dorothy Lyon
Talkative.....	Kathryn Rogers	Chill Heart.....	Mary Lou Moore

THE SENIOR CLASS
PRESENTS THE OLD-TIME PAGEANT OF
"MILESTONES"

Authors of Play: M. Brooks, M. Withrow.
Scenery painted by E. Suydam and F. Pogue.
Orchestra under direction of L. Kinney.

Manager, J. McLaren; Assistant Manager, H. Langdon.
Gowns furnished by Madame Olive K. and
Mlle. Jeanne B.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

J. Butterfield O. Koehler J. McLaren L. Kinney

Place, C. P. S.
Time, 1903—1915.
Act I—Primary Department.

Act II—Intermediate Department
Act III—Collegiate Department.
Four years elapse between each act.





THE COLLEGE FACULTY OF C. P. S.

PRESENT

“THE AMAZONS”

Barrington, <i>Viscount Litterly</i>	Miss Hunt	Miriam, <i>Marchioness of Castlejordan</i>	Miss Doherty	
Galfred, <i>Earl of Tweenways</i>	Miss Raitt	Lady Noeline Belturbet,	} <i>her</i> { Miss Howell	
Andre, <i>Count De Grival</i>	Mlle. Reuther	Lady Wilhelmina Belturbet,		} <i>daughters</i> { Miss Feagley
Reverend Roger Minchin	Miss R. Wanger	Lady Thomasin Belturbet,		
		“Sergeant” Shuter	Miss Langenbeck	

THE CINCINNATI COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL ALUMNAL ASSOCIATION

Officers

LOUISE CADWALADER. *President*
 ANGE FARAN. *Vice-President*
 MARY LANDIS. *Secretary and Treasurer*

Executive Board

Winitred Goodall Beatrice Carmichael
 Nellie Knabe

Honorary Members

Miss Mary Harlan Doherty Miss Clara Langenbeck
 Miss Anna Langenbeck Miss Jean Howell
 Miss E. Louise Hunt

Regular Members

Anderson, Julia
 Barrett, Dorothy Marie
 Blackburn, Harriet
 Cadwalader, Louise
 Campbell, Adele
 Carmichael, Beatrice Grizelle
 Chase, Mildred D.
 Clark, Margaret
 Clark, Marianne
 Crawford, Gwendolyn
 Crothers, Lillian

Davidson, Alma
 Dittmann, Barbara Thrasher
 (Mrs. Geo. F. Dittmann)
 Dominick, Helen
 Donogh, Dorothy
 Duncan, Dorothy
 Eaton, Ruth Crothers
 (Mrs. Chester Eaton)
 Faran, Ange
 Forker, Augusta McClure
 Geier, Helen Margeret

Glascoek, Katherine
 Godley, Catherine Sherred
 Goodall, Winifred
 Griffith, Jane
 Grimm, Grace
 Hatfield, Ruth Amelia
 Healy, Charlotte
 Herbert, Mary Kennerly
 Hicks, Madeline
 Hinsch, Marjorie Emma
 Holmes, Helen Buchanan

Regular Members—Continued

Howe, Frances
Justis, Helen Irwin
Kellogg, Dorothy
Kinsey, Helen
Kinsey, Imogene
Knabe, Nellie Marie
Kroger, Helen
Kroger, Lucille
Kupferschmid, Marie
Landis, Mary Bradford
Lawson, Corinne
Loveland, Angeline

Lyons, Virginia Bell
(Mrs. W. L. Lyons, Jr.)
Mallon, Mary
Mallon, Sophia
Moffett, Jennie
Moore, Aline
Morgan, Grace
McCullough, Ethel
Osmond, Emelie Schmidlapp
(Mrs. A. E. Osmond)
Rawson, Gwendolyn
Rhodes, Janet Ward
Rogers, Doris Hayes

Root, Louise
Sattler, Jean
Schmuck, Ruth Kinsey
(Mrs. T. K. Schmuck)
Singleton, Adelaide
Staley, Marian Gaulding
Tangeman, Margaret Louise
Thrasher, Corinne
Thrasher, Ruth
Titus, Margaret
Toe Water, Charlotte Shipley
(Mrs. G. M. Toe Water)
Williams, Louise

Associate Members

Abbott, Dorothy
Alter, Margaret Maury
(Mrs. Robert Alter)
Ayres, Louise
Baldwin, Anna Louise
(Mrs. Frank Baldwin)
Blossom, Gertrude Ayres
(Mrs. Pelham H. Blossom)
Bosworth, Natalie Breed
(Mrs. Charles Bosworth)
Ditmars, Anne Rothier
(Mrs. John A. Ditmars)
Ebersole, Frances
Ferris, Amy
Flach, Elaine Carew
(Mrs. F. J. Flach)

Fletcher, Elizabeth
Foerster, Louise Buchwalter
(Mrs. H. C. Foerster)
Gallagher, Rachel
Glover, Jane
Hill, Dorothy
Hofer, Lenora
Irwin, Anna Louise
(Mrs. Francis Baldwin)
Jarecki, Gretchen
Kinney, Louise Maddox
(Mrs. J. M. Kinney)
Knapp, Louise Allen
(Mrs. W. J. Knapp)
Laffoon, Emily Woodall
(Mrs. Polk Laffoon)

Laidley, Mary
Marfield, Margaret
Morgan, Helen
Nichols, Margaret Rowe
(Mrs. Harold W. Nichols)
Omwake, Evelyn
Orr, Adelaide
Rawson, Jeanette
Shipley, Marguerita
Sykes, Anne
Thomas, Elizabeth Bishop
(Mrs. William H. Thomas)
Warrener, Augusta Clark
(Mrs. Harrison Warrener)
Warner, Virginia Martin
(Mrs. John Warner)
West, Katharine Clark
(Mrs. C. H. West)

Engagements

Mary Kennerly Herbert to William Holmes.

Marie Louise Kupferschmidt to Clarence Egan.

Marriages

Mary Elizabeth Kemper and John Bruce Strobidge,
October 3, 1914.

Edith Goddard Roelker and Charles Pelham Curtis, July
17, 1914.

Frances English and Walter Camp, Jr., October 14, 1914.

Alfreda Shipley and Herman Armstrong Bayless, Septem-
ber 26, 1914.

Harbine Hazen and William Henry Chatfield, Jr., Decem-
ber 9, 1914.

Olive Weber and Francis Charles Pedretti, December 2,
1914.

Dorothy Dickens Kellogg and Charles Jasper McLaughlin,
February 15, 1915.

Frances Perin and Harrison Smith, January 23, 1915.

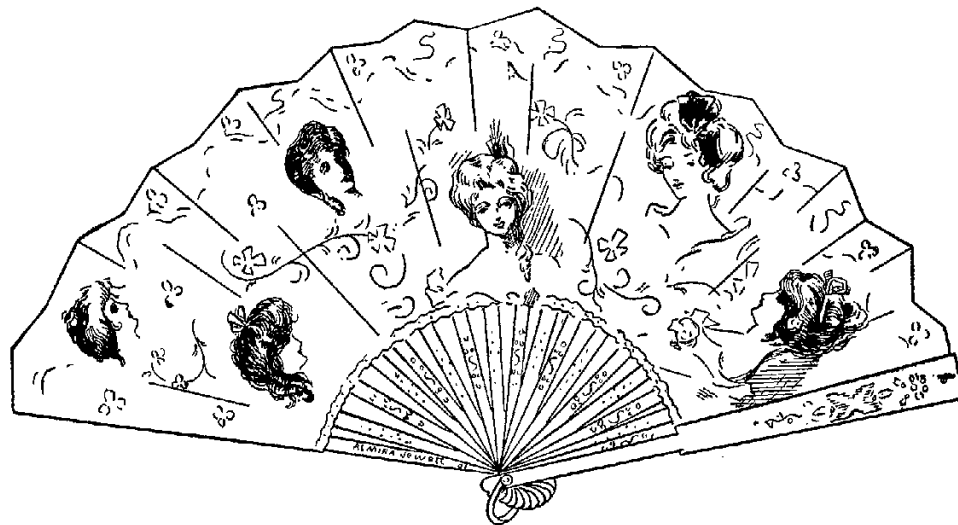
Frances Gray and Ralph Holterhoff, April 17, 1915.

Evelyn Omwake and Erwin Bosworth, April 21, 1915.

Births

Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Blossom—Stephen Ayres, February
23, 1915.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Eaton—Chester, Jr., February 2,
1915.



NEWS OF "OLD GIRLS"

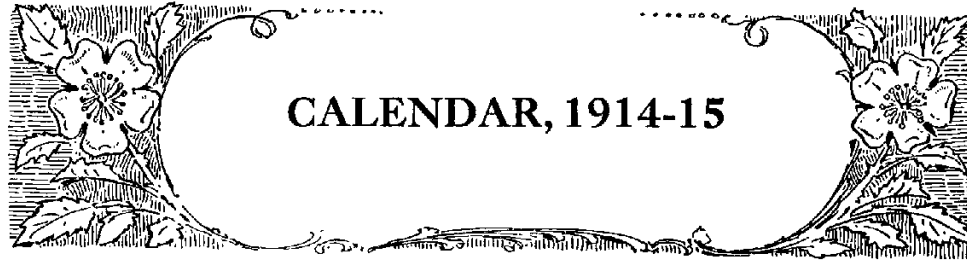
C. P. S. is well represented at the University of Cincinnati this year. Among the C. P. S. girls studying there are Nellie Knabe, Beatrice Carmichael, Ruth Hatfield, Mary Landis, Aline Moore and Corinne Thrasher.

Helen Justis and Augusta Forker are firmly convinced that Smith is "the only place."

Mary Herbert is at Columbia University this winter.

Great honors have come to C. P. S. After making Phi Beta Kappa in her Junior year, Mary Mallon is graduated from Vassar this year with the highest honors of her class.

Helen Kinsey has also made Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar.



CALENDAR, 1914-15

September 28—C. P. S. opens.

October 24—"Book-Title" party for Freshmen.

October 30—Sophomores present comedy of "Julius Caesar."

November 5—Juniors give Spread for Freshmen.

November 11—Sophomores win final basket-ball game.

December 22—Upper School presents "The Wolf of Gubbio."

January 6—School reopens after Christmas holidays.

January 23—Alumnae Musicale.

March 5—Intermediates entertain at Convocation.

April 1—Musical entertainment under direction of Miss Geier.

April 5—C. P. S. Tea Dance.

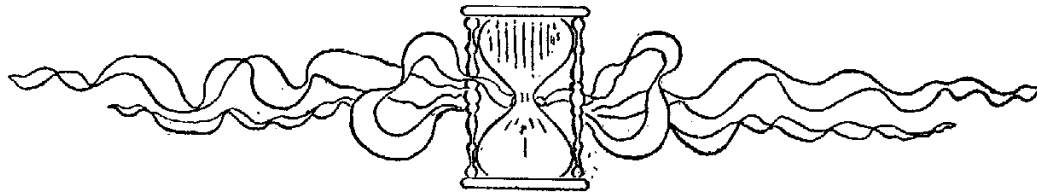
April 9—Sophomores present French comedy.

April 17—Juniors entertain the Seniors at "Diplomacy."

April 22—Senior Class Spread.

April 24—Seniors entertain the Juniors at "Daddy Long-Legs."

June 5—Commencement.



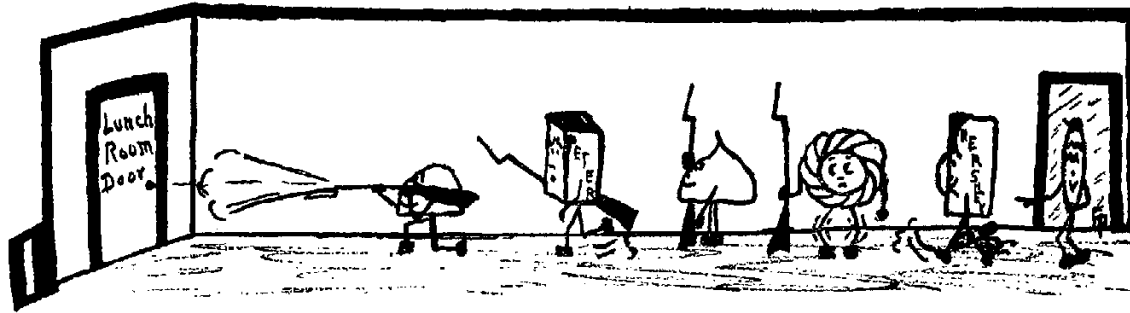
“TRANSPARENT FORMS TOO FINE FOR MORTAL SIGHT”

	Mary Lou Less	<i>President</i>	
Getthin Kroger	<i>Cavalry Leader</i>	Julia Make-Lissom	<i>Dancing Master</i>
Alice Tapeline	<i>Vice-President</i>	Margaret Keptslimmer	} <i>Active Members</i>
Anne Fasting Friar	<i>Chief Dietitian</i>	Rose Anti-Grossdorf	
Elizabeth Concave	<i>Pedestrian Leader</i>	Virginia Be-Shrinkler	

**“THE POUND OF FLESH
. . . ’TIS MINE AND I WILL HAVE IT!”**

Idle Crothers	<i>President</i>	Jean Buttermilk	<i>Head Dairy Maid</i>
Virginia Workedhardt,	<i>Head of “Rest Cure” Movement</i>	Louise Chased	<i>Pursuer of the Curved Line</i>
		Frances Rogue	<i>Honorary Member</i>





NEWS FROM THE FRONT!

A BODY of volunteers (may I say *very* volunteer?) has been formed during the past year. This organization for natural defense, has adopted the name of "Chocolate Soldiers." An efficient staff of commanding officers have been leading the soldiers on to victory during the past eight months.

The line of march extended from the Latin countries, over the Alps, past the bulwarks of French and English, on up to the very fort of the enemy. Here the valiant army halted, marking time, while their nickel and silver weapons were made ready for use. Then came the command, "Charge!" and the attacking force rushed mercilessly upon the foe.

The commanding officers first attacked the left wing of the enemy, where flows the River Chocolate, with its creamy banks. The lieuten-

ants and the non-commissioned officers pressed on against the wired defenses of the Sand Witches, while the privates broke through the right flank. Here the "Peters," the "Hershey's," and the "Wilburs" were forced to yield in spite of their strong resistance. For fifteen long minutes the fierce battle raged, with ever increasing gains on the part of the "Chocolate Soldiers." Then came the bell-like tones of the bugle, ordering a cessation of hostilities.

The advantage lay clearly with the attacking army. There had been no need for a wooden horse by which to gain an entrance into the coveted city. They had besieged the gates and the resisting foe had been forced into the jaws of destruction.

MILDRED SPENCER BROOKS, 1915.



ONE frosty, chilly winter day,
Up in our spacious gym,
There was a *ball*, so very gay,
All others would seem dim.

As names of books the people came,
In varied costumes bright,
And all "best-selling novels" there
Beheld a merry sight.

Here Peter Pan, in cap of green
Flourished his tuneful flute,
Which, when he blew upon it hard
Gave forth a mournful "toot."

There Sunnybrooks, in gingham frocks
Paraded arm in arm,
In sunbonnets and baby socks,
Oh, they were full of charm.

A sweet "Oldfashioned Girl" was there—
Some "Lights that Failed" beside,

"The Ne'er Do Well" in flannels white
Gazed on him(?)self with pride.

A terribly ferocious Turk
Brandished a gleaming knife,
And looked as if about to say
"I'd like to take your life."

And gypsy girls with tambourines,
And nurses, sweet but starched,
And knights and ladies, bowed and smiled,
As round the ring they marched.

They danced to wondrous ragtime tunes
And won some lovely prizes
Some were for dancing well, and some
Were for the clev' rest guises.

But finally they went downstairs,
And shocking to relate
They helped themselves to cakes and cream,
And ate and ate and ate!

BARBARA McKAY, 1918.



THE RUBAIYAT OF "THE WOLF OF GUBBIO"

ONE day the girls of C. P. S. assembled in the gym

To start the first rehearsals of a play.
Miss Howell guided them in this with vigor and
with vim,
And gave them all the parts they had to say.

At Christmas time they were to give "The Wolf
of Gubbio"

But, oh how hard the task then proved to be!
Their lines they knew like parrots, but the mark
they would not toe,
And would not act like men from Italy.

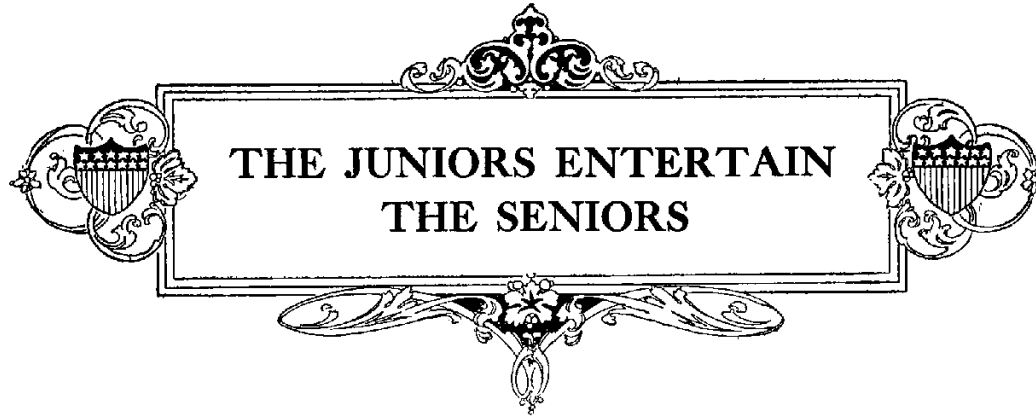
For scenery at first they used some chairs, past
which to march,
Then next some clubs and two piano stools

Were made to represent a pot and once a Doric
arch,
Till "Gus" erected those with many tools.

They also had to sing some songs, beside recite
their prose,
And even children sang the solos, too.
The chorus in the French room sang at any time
they chose,
And marched till all their candles broke in two.

The fatal day now came at last, excitement did
prevail,
In English room the "cast" began to dress.
Then all were much excited, but their courage did
not fail,
And in the end, you know, they had success.
DOROTHY ANDERSON.





THE JUNIORS ENTERTAIN
THE SENIORS

YES, those dear Juniors did take us to see "Diplomacy," and—oh! but it was a jolly party! Really, Seniors,—could you possibly have thought of any possible improvement on Junior entertaining? No, you could not. We were each escorted to the theater by a beaming Junior,—more or less glorified in her cleanest kid gloves, and flowery-est new hat. Of course, I am not really a materialist, but I can never forget the vivid, brand new beauty of our clothes that day! But—heaven forbid that I should "digress" in Miltonic style! By dint of great mathematical genius, Louise Chase divided up the tickets, and got us all in on time, and then we—by dint of more genius—managed to sit next to the people we most desired to overload with information,

between times. Even then, it was necessary for two energetic souls to carry on an active mail system between the acts.

But the play,—that was the real thing, and here I've almost forgotten to mention it. The greatest value of the play was the rare and perfect acting, combined with a plot of wondrous thrills and intricacies, and all of it quite refined—quite "comme il faut" Can any of us ever forget "Brother Henry's" *sauve*, keen humor, "The Old Woman's" expressive, fat little hands and snappy eyes, "Baron Stien's" upturned moustachios, "Zicka's" gowns, scent and accent, "Algie's" handkerchief, "Julian's" ardency, and poor little "Dora's" fairylike beauty and charm? Many of us will adore "Algies" forevermore,

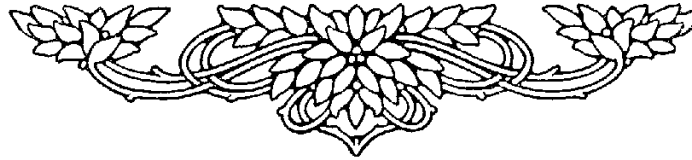
many of us succumb to "Julians," but all of us were nigh enchanted with diplomatic Henry Beauclerc.

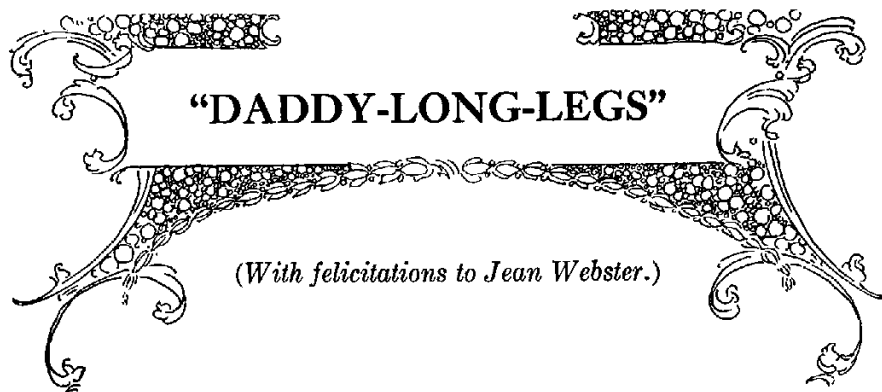
After the play was over and they really did find the tracings, perfume and all, and Dora was safely restored to her suspecting bridegroom, we gathered up our gloves and programs and Dorines, and were whisked away to an "eats party," at the Suydam's warmly welcoming home. Those Junior hostesses certainly knew the weaknesses of the "inner man" or rather the inner Senior, for a more delectable spread I never hope to see. While we made away with the party, I heard

"I'd like to see Julian make love to *me*," "My dear, I'm crazy about your stockings," "That Dora! and her lace dresses in the morning!", "I don't care, I think Henry was a darling," "Well, I think he was mean to throw out Algie's tennis balls," and like extracts of conversation and comment.

Yes, the Juniors did give us a glorious good time, every minute of it. But did you Seniors ever think why they happened to chose just that play? No? Hist—a secret! Perhaps they thought we needed—to know "Diplomacy."

MARGARET WITHROW, 1915.





“DADDY-LONG-LEGS”

(With felicitations to Jean Webster.)

DEAR Daddy-Long-Legs—Studies ceased to be of paramount importance, while the Junior and Senior entertainments came off with flying colors, (the new spring hats and suits supplying the colors). We Seniors took the Juniors to the theater and (to use a very trite and conventional phrase) we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. That’s what they always say in the description of a Church Sociable, or Strawberry Festival.

We caused quite a stir at our entry into the theater. The poor ushers were rather overwhelmed at having such a crowd of girls charge down upon them all at once. Each girl had her own particular partner with whom to sit, which turned out rather inconveniently. I changed my

seat three times, only to finish where I started from. But we finally got settled, and after a breathless period of expectation on our part, the curtain rose.

Daddy, I shall never forget my sensations as I gazed upon that first scene. It was a facsimile of the John Grier Home with Mrs. Lippert, Freddie Perkins, and even the Trustee, that looked like a June bug! (I hope you aren’t that Trustee.) Oh, how that girl rebelled against the narrowness of that Home! I wonder if I was ever that angry. Was I, Daddy?

But the rest of the play took place in regions far distant from the “Blue Wednesday” atmosphere. The Girl with the Temper became the Girl with the Lover. And thus she changed

from an object of pity to an object of envy. Some of the girls complained that the hero would be better if he were a little thinner and a little younger, but the rest of us drowned their objections with our rhapsodies.

Really, Daddy, that play had quite a few familiar elements in it. There was one man in it which reminded me exactly of Jimmie McBride. I whispered the news to my next-door-neighbor, who whispered back that I was very lucky to know such an adorable "person." But she changed her mind! Daddy, the "adorable person" appeared in the third act with a *moustache*, and "Brooksie" never quite recovered. I fear that moustache has ruined her opinion of Jimmie McBride forever.

We have one very original girl in our class,

whatever else we have not. "Libby" did not echo our elaborate raptures of the play, heroine and hero. In fact, her opinion might be called decidedly negative. Well, "variety is the spice of life."

I meant to tell you a lot of other exciting news, but you see, "the play's the thing!" I am too busy just at present to be a great Author, but after June I may have more time.

Yours always,

JUDY.

P. S. We had an awful hard time getting something to eat after the theater, but I was comforted when I thought of what I learned at the Home, "The Lord will Provide."

M. S. B.



Why we hate
to be the model.

MY SQUIRRELS

ONE squirrel's name is Mr. Ginger and the other squirrel's name is Mrs. Ginger. Mr. Ginger said to Mrs. Ginger I am going to get some chestnuts for our dinner.

Mrs. Ginger said to Mr. Ginger, I think I will have Polly Robin for dinner. May I?

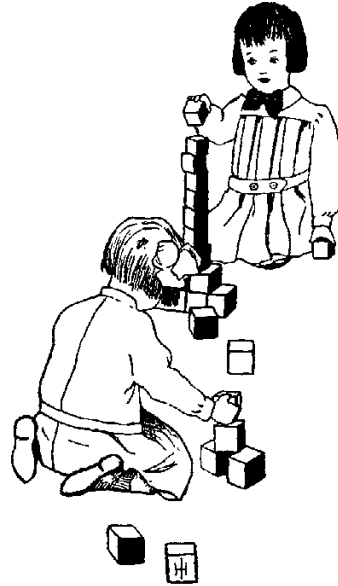
Yes said Mr. Ginger I would like her very much.

Mrs. Ginger will you go and get her?

Just then some one rapped at the door.

Mrs. Ginger went to the door, it was Polly Robin.

BETTY LIVINGOOD,
Primary IV.



MY PLAYMATE

MY playmate is Olga. She is my little sister. She lives with me. We go and see Maxwell. We play with our cats and dogs. We cook in our playhouse stove. In winter we go sled riding. We go fishing too and sometimes catch flounders. Olga would like to go to school with me but she has to wait.

HILDEGARD AULT,
Primary III.



A FACULTY BOUQUET



IN a lovely paper holder,
Trimmed with lacy frills and ferns,
Here's the sweetest bunch of posies,
For which everybody yearns.

See this merry brown-eyed Susan,
Full of laughter and of fun,
Chumming with the dainty hedge rose,
Now that all their work is done.

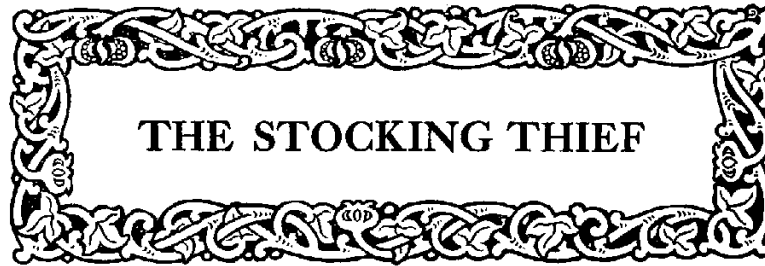
Look, a gentle little pansy,
And a primrose, bright and small,
Both the friends of Hollyhock,
Guardian of the Lower Hall.

Watch, the graceful dancing fushia,
Hear the tinkling bell of blue,
But beware the dragon-flower,
It is apt to snap at you.

These with stately Calla Lily,
And two orchids, choice and rare,
Mistress Mary has collected
From her garden trim and fair.

Work and pleasure fill the garden,
Help to drive all cares away,
Here's to you, my Mistress Mary,
And your faculty bouquet.

CLARA O. LOVELAND.



THE STOCKING THIEF

MOTHER," I cried, "Where have all my stockings gone? There isn't a single decent pair in my drawer. That new pair I got for Christmas has disappeared now."

Mother was sure *she* didn't know where they had gone so I asked the other members of the family.

Dad said, "I don't see why you should accuse me. I don't wear stockings."

My sister didn't want *my* stockings because she had plenty of her own, while her guest said the same thing. I questioned the laundress but she answered, "I'm sure, Miss Marion, I don't know nothing about your stockings, seeing as how you always wash 'em yourself."

I was almost in despair because no matter how many stockings I bought they always disappeared.

Finally I decided to do some detective work "on my own responsibility." I started out by

rummaging through my sister's drawers. There was not a single pair of stockings there, though, that looked at all like mine. Then, suddenly, I became very much interested in the family's legs. Every day I looked carefully at their stockings but failed to catch anyone in the act of wearing any but her own. I even trailed Jerry, my dog, to see if he was the guilty one, but he wasn't. All this time my stockings continued to disappear, until I thought my drawer must be haunted.

One morning, upon going to my drawer, I found it entirely empty. By this time I was becoming exceedingly angry and swore vengeance upon the thief. I pulled out my drawer to see if there were any chance pairs lurking in the corners. There in the back of the drawer was a hole. In great excitement I pulled out the bureau. On the wall there were a lot of marks that didn't in the least resemble any I had ever seen. They

were all over the wall paper from the floor to the height of the stocking drawer. I examined the floor carefully but could find no visible marks. I was very much annoyed to have my newly found clue disappear so suddenly.

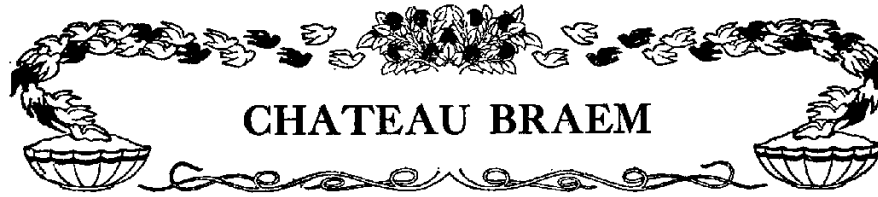
After much thought I had an inspiration. I whistled for Jerry. He came running in to me and I made him smell the marks on the wall. He sniffed awhile and then put his nose to the floor and sniffed some more. He seemed quite excited. Then he began to run, keeping his nose to the floor all the while. He went out of my room, along the front hall to the closed door that opens into the back hall. There he stopped and gave several little sharp barks. I opened the door for him and he sniffed around as though he had lost the trail. We were now at the foot of

the attic steps. I was discouraged for a minute, then I seized Jerry in my arms and ran up the steps as fast as I could. At the top I put Jerry down again. He began sniffing and soon seemed to pick up the trail.

Then he started off, while I followed. He was almost crouching now, so I thought we must be near our goal. He scooted across the attic and stopped suddenly before an old cradle. I hurried after him and peeped into it. Lo and behold, there were all my stockings! Cerise, green, white, black, brown ones, mostly torn, had been made into a nest. There, in the midst of them, were five tiny white mice and standing guard over them was Papa Mouse, the stocking thief.

MARION RAWSON, 1918.





CHATEAU BRAEM

CHATEAU Braem is in Gendbrugge, just outside of Ghent. The original old castle, surrounded by a moat, was destroyed by fire. Monsieur Grovermann, the owner, rebuilt in its place a large stone house. The Chateau is situated in the middle of a large park with old trees growing near by. There is an old garden on one side surrounded by a wall, against which are trained apple trees, so that they shall get the full benefit of the sun. Beyond the wall garden towards the back of the house, there is a pond with water lilies and slime floating on the surface. The entire estate, after the Dutch fashion, is surrounded by a canal so that there are only two entrances to the grounds, both being over bridges; one entrance is in the back and the main entrance is in the front and has a porter's lodge at the gateway of the bridge. As the Chateau is rather far from other houses and quite out in the country, there are great iron shutters which are let down every night, to keep out burglars.

One day in September, during the time of the present war, there had been a great deal of fighting going on in Belgium. The German army was advancing towards Ghent and there was the sound of battle in all the surrounding country.

Monsieur Grovermann was walking up and down in his garden, when he heard the distant sound of cannon, which grew louder and louder. He was much alarmed. He had one son in the army and one of his best friends was a captain and was probably fighting near Ghent. He had once been a soldier but now he was much too old to be of any use. While he was walking about wrapped in his thoughts about the past, he was suddenly surprised to see all his servants, much alarmed, rush from the house with small packages in their hands. They told him that they had heard that the Germans had taken Ghent, and that they were afraid and were going to fly. They begged Monsieur Grovermann to go with them but he remained firm and said that he would stay

no matter what happened. They tried to make him change his mind but at last seeing that it was of no use they departed. Monsieur Grovermann was left alone with his dog.

At noon he went into the house and had something to eat. After lunch he went to the porter's lodge. Several people hurrying past on the road shouted to him to fly, that the Germans were coming. But still he did not go. When he returned to the house, he thought it over and decided that it was of no use to try and pull down the great iron shutters as they could easily be beaten in. So he went into the house and waited. After an hour he saw some of the Germans begin to pass. Several of the German officers noticed the chateau, and having heard of the Chateau Braem wine, crossed the bridge and battered on the great entrance door with the hilts of their swords, calling for those within to open.

Monsieur Grovermann went to the door and opened it. They demanded the keys to his wine-cellar. He tried to avoid giving them all his keys, for the wine was one of his most valued possessions. Some of it had been put in the cellar by his grandfather and was known all over the province for its excellence.

Of course he was finally forced to yield, the German officers making him understand that resistance was useless, and, that they knew where

the finest wine was kept and would have no other. He was forced to show them the cellar and to unlock the door of the little room in which his best wine was kept. Then they took him with them to the dining-room, where they tied him to a chair, and, taking glasses from the cupboard, they commenced to pour the wine.

One of them proposed a toast, and lifting his glass, he said:

"Gentlemen, I give you the Kaiser."

But before anyone had a chance to drink his wine, they heard a sudden noise from the soldiers who were in the garden. The officers hurried out and beheld an astonishing scene. The Germans, who had been drinking some of the common wine of the country, had put their weapons down, and had been surprised by a troop of Belgian soldiers, who had entered through the gate at the back of the house.

The officers seeing the uselessness of trying to gather their men together, slipped out of the front door past the porter's lodge, and made their way down the road to Ghent. In the meantime, the soldiers could do nothing but run, and run they did with a good will, the Belgians pursuing them. They ran helter-skelter through the little garden or over the wall and through the slimy pond where they were tangled up in the stems of the water lilies. They crawled through hedges and

waded through the canal, the Belgians still behind them. But when the place was once fairly rid of them, the Belgians returned to the chateau, not daring to pursue the Germans further.

Here Monsieur Grovermann was untied. His cherished wine was still on the table untasted. Pointing to the glasses which the coming of the

Belgians had prevented the Germans from emptying, he said:

“Messieurs, now *I* will give you a toast—the Allies!” And this time every glass was emptied with loud shouts of “The Allies!” “The Allies!”

ELIZABETH BLAKE.





PRIZE POEM

TO AN ICICLE

Twinkling, sparkling,
Maze for every hue;
Gleaming, glistening,
Sunbeams' prison, too.

Pale green, silver,
Ray of coolest blue;
Rose tint, heart deep,
Spark of fire in icy dew.

Purest liquid
Caught unwilling in air,
Are you happy
Hanging frozen there?

Is your prisoned
Form now sweet to you,
Or its crystallized
Slavery, bitter rue?

I believe you
Much prefer to be
Unchained water,
Gloriously free.

For, from off your
Blurred and glistening tip,
Measured teardrops
Gently, slowly slip.

Ah, weep on, you
Hold the treasured key.
'Tis the charm will
Set you wholly free.

ELIZABETH SUYDAM.



SAMMY AND SUICIDE

SAMMY rolled over in bed for the seventeenth time and then stuck his head out of the warm covers—turtlewise. He looked at the windows and noticed little furrries of snow flying by and quickly melting on the next-door-people's roof. Sammy turned his eyes from the window, to his enemy on the dresser—Big Ben. He squinted at it a minute or two and then crawled lamely out from the covers, muttering with a mixture of sleep and cold:

"Aw! piffles!"

Then the task of dressing followed. It took Samuel Cummings just twelve minutes to fling on his underclothes, polish his face with a dampened towel, slip into battered corduroys, and wriggle himself into a limp jersey, whose color spoke for itself. Then he commenced to lace his shoes. Time was flying, and so Sammy's fingers did likewise. He was not late as small boys usually are but it was necessary for him to hurry to get downstairs and get hold of the paper before Dad. The shoestrings clicked in and out of

the little metal eyelets on his shoe, and just as he was pulling it through the sixth hole from the top—Crack! the brown string broke and left Sammy ruefully eyeing the dusty remnant.

He quickly knotted the remaining piece of shoestring to the part still in his shoe and ignoring the fact that the knot greatly resembled a peculiar insect on his instep, he rapidly finished, tied the ends in three hard knots, and hastened down the stairs like a hobnailed cataract.

He wasn't too late for the paper, and before father arrived he had read it through: The divorce case on the first page; the present day philosophy; "Where is the old-fashioned man," *et cetera*; the market for wheat; the trade of a baseball player from one club to another; and the "ad" for the "Great War Pictures" to be shown in the city that week.

Breakfast came next, during which Sammy urged his father to sell the wheat he had hoarded on a farm near the city, and begged to be taken to see the war "movies." After consuming many bis-

cuits and seeming myriads of sausages in a manner peculiar to tramps and the great lexicographers, he was hustled off to school by his mother. Despite the weak flutterings of "snow" and the damp sidewalks, Sammy tried to use his roller skates. The effect was not exactly perfect, but except for uncomfortable sidewalk skidding and inability to stop in just the right places, he made his way toward the ominous institute of learning.

"Hey you, Iky, did you have matzos for breakfast?" yelled Mr. Samuel by way of greeting, to one small dark-haired individual, clearly marked as one of the persecuted race.

"Naw! I didn't; and I didn't get baptized last Sunday neither; 'n I ain't so cracked as to wear skates when it's wet as th' Atlantic," thus the wrath of Isaac vent itself. For reply Samuel put his short and unattractive forefinger against the top of his nose, curving it to simulate (instead of his own blunted organ) a truly and aggressively aquiline nose, and at the same time making a beseeching motion with his other hand—palm up, and elbow close to his waist. This infuriated the southern temperament of Iky, and again he burst forth:

"Yaw, yaw, smarty, when I do skate I don't go on no busted roller, 'n—" but his tirade was at an end for he suddenly stopped, convulsed with glee. Poor Sammy had indeed broken a roller

off his antique skate and it went careening down the street, intoxicated with its new freedom. Its owner, languishing over a bruised knee, sat disconsolately in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Shut up, you goose-grease! I'll git you at recess, just you wait, Mister Cohenstienhiemer. I'm not so darling as you think," cried Sammy to the retreating form of his jeering enemy. He scrambled to his feet and, picking up a little stick on the grass near him, he threw it derisively at Isaac, hitting him smartly on the calf of his leg. When the victim turned angrily, the assailant was sitting in exactly the same position as before, screwing at various intricacies of the skate.

The day dragged on in a series of unkind and cruel misfortunes, until Sammy began to wonder if it was bad luck to look cross-eyed at the crescent moon. He had done it the week before to refute Dennis O'Malley's statements. In the first place, Sammy had forgotten his spelling—left it at home, he said, though to be truthful, it must be admitted that he had not the slightest idea where the thing was. As a consequence he had to stay in at recess and make up for his crime, while the joyful shrieks and calls of the sportive crowd in the yard below tantalized him. During the geography lesson, he was impudently requested to give the name of the cape at the extreme southern end of South America. When a soft voice from behind

whispered, "Cape Door-Knob," Sammy seized the information and imparted it to the teacher in a dignified manner. The voice was Iky's! What happened is almost too cruel to relate. Sammy was asked to make a complete list of every river, mountain range, cape and city of importance in the continent in question. When Miss Evans asked him to water the plants about the room, he spilt half the pitcher of water on Beatrice Martin's new tan shoes; and that awful teacher made him wipe them off while Beatrice cried much and murmured horrible things about mankind as a whole.

When the golden sound of the bell came at noon, Sammy burst forth from the room angrily. He rushed blindly towards the street, clutching a crumpled arithmetic paper with a large "65" marked on it in blue crayon. He'd be durned if he'd have any old teacher give him "65" for not knowing the right places for a few little dollar signs and decimal points, and just accidently writing a four when he meant a seven. What kind of a crank was she anyway, doggone it?

While such angry passions stirred his heart, another bitter drop came to poison his young life. He had lost the three cents which was to pay his carfare home! Well, then, he wouldn't go home! He'd just go and steal that policeman's horse there on the corner, and ride to—to Columbus

and sell the horse, er—no, he wouldn't either. He would trade the horse for a motorcycle and a gun and take a trip across the continent and become famous—"The Juvenile Motorcycle Sam." Just then a real inspiration seized him. He would hop on an automobile truck—and he did. He rode home comfortably among pianos, and victrolas and drums, being unnoticed by the driver. All would have been perfect if when he jumped off at his own house, a red touring car hadn't splashed a generous lot of mud over him, even neatly spotting his cheek.

"Aw, for heaven's sakes!" growled Sammy, "isn't there sumpin' else could happen—couldn't I fall in the cistern or lose my watch" (which was carefully put away in his mother's bureau drawer), "er, er get ptomaine poison, er be kidnapped er have appendicitis? Maybe I'd die, yes I guess I would, I prob'ly would. Oh gee! what would mother say, an' Iky and Miss Evans, and that old Bee-treece! I betcha they'd be sorry!"

Mother wasn't home for lunch, and the cook had neuralgia and the second maid was out. Sammy seized his ready opportunity and decided that he would not go back to school. Mother had left word that he was to be locked in the linen closet all afternoon after school, because he had shut the cat up in the clothes-chute in the laundry and put three chocolate drops and a

doughnut under his pillow the night before. These crimes had only been found out since Sammy's early morning departure. He hadn't expected that anyone would think of the cat, and he had completely forgotten the treasures in his bed. What he was really afraid of was that his mother would notice the hole he had bored from the floor of his room through the ceiling of the dining-room. That was part of an arrangement for a telephone, that he and Jimmy Somebody-or-other (as Sammy's sister called him) were constructing. This overhanging punishment was, however, the last straw—the very last. Sammy's manly dignity was not to be imposed upon in this way. He could not stand for such humiliation and cruelty. Some day—ah!—how they would writhe in the pangs of remorse! Mother, Ikie, Miss Evans, Beatrice, all! But he could not endure their unkindness for all these years and only gain appreciation when his youth was faded. No! his mind was made up. Suicide it would be—calm and coolly he would meet death as he met all things, and the deed would be performed with manly courage. He would arrange the affair, so that it would seem accidental. Now when mother returned she would find that his young life had silently ebbed, and her grief and love would come too late.

The means for the deed would be a—gun? No, there was none in the house. Then a sword,

perhaps, he would fall upon it or—but the Chinese sword in father's den was blunt and curved, and though well made for hari-kari, it would not serve the purposes of a blighted youth. Suddenly the idea came—asphyxiation! The gas logs in the library! Ah, at last, release from persecution would be good.

Then Sammy contemplated writing notes—but then he remembered that his demise was to appear accidental. That would be the coroner's decision. Sammy decided to lie down on the rug before the fire and read—the gas would not be lit and the fumes would slowly smother him and he would—he would pass away. He gulped a little at the thought, but remained resolute. He threw a pillow down in front of the fireplace—this was to lean his elbows on. Then he looked over the books on the table, "Treasure Island," "The Montessori Method" ("Pah!" grunted Sammy), "T. Tembarom" (none of these, thought he), but what about magazines! He turned toward them; first he saw a crazy creature of brilliant colors and odd form.

"Vog-you," Sammy read the name. The next one that he picked up was something about "Digest." A medical paper, Sammy thought it, and he made another try. His hand fell upon "Life." Oh! this was the right one. Yes, he would

read it, his last moments of life, this was the one for him.

The first pages of the magazine were "ads," then funny pictures and various "quips and cranks," but none of them overly interesting. He turned to another magazine open on the table before him. There was an article staring up before him, "What About the Movies in Your Town?"

"The *movies—movies,*" why did that stir up

some memory among the morbid thoughts in Sammy's brain? "The movies," oh, he knew it now, this was, this was, Wednesday, yes the Wednesday the pictures of the Panama Canal were to be shown free at Sammy's school! Sammy bounded out of the room, out of the front door, raced up the street.

"Oh, gosh!" he gasped." Just think what I almost missed!"

MARGARET H. WITHROW, 1915.



A GEOMETRICAL SOLILOQUY

(*With apologies to "Macbeth"*)

IS this a theorem which I see before me,
A compass in my hand? Come, let me solve
thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal problem, possible
To solution and to proof? or art thou but
An axiom of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the work-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which I now draw.

Thou mockest in the way thou dost deceive me.
(And such a statement as I am to prove)
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses.
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee not!
The very ruler prates of my despair.
Oh, take the present horror from the time!
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it, Oh, Senior, for it chimes a lay,
That summons thee to "Failure" or to "A."

MILDRED S. BROOKS, 1915.



CHATTERS OF COLLEGE III

NOW College III, it seems to me,
 Talks quite a lot as you shall see.
 They sit and drink hot chocolate fine,
 Hear some remarks made while they dine.
 Dear Dottie A. is apt to say
 "We'll have some basket-ball today."
 And Ruth gasps out in sad distress,
 "'Rape of the Lock' sure is a mess."
 While Louise M. says with a glance,
 "Are *you* going to the Franklyn dance?"
 "My dear!" cries Ginger from the hall
 "The Ford I cannot crank at all,"
 "It's frozen hard," says Fanny J.,
 "We'll have to walk home, girls, today."
 Then cries M. T. in ecstasy,
 "I've got a Special Delivery."
 "My hair is such an awful mess"
 Says Alice B. in sad distress,
 "The powder's blowing off my nose
 And what will happen goodness knows."
 "That History I cannot see"
 In wailing tones comes from Jean G.
 "Ah! that is fine and I'm so glad"

Says Louise S., who's never sad.
 And Lid cries, "I am getting thin,
 My waists they simply won't stay in,"
 Then Julie with a mirthful look,
 Tries Lid's loose skirt to neatly hook,
 "Oh, girls! I simply cannot pass"
 Cries Mac., the genius of the class,
 And Dottie H. in sad dismay
 "My toes they won't stay out that way."
 Then Hannah so demure and neat
 Looks doubtingly at Dottie's feet.
 Worth Harry roaring loud in glee
 Seems in this some great joke to see.
 E. Blake, "The Symphonies are fine,
 Wagner to me is quite divine."
 Says Ruff, "The bills we have to pay,
 Give me your class dues, right away."
 "I love Miss Howell," from Clara L.
 "Oh! goodie, girls, I hear the bell."
 And then we all to English go,
 To show Miss Howell how much (?) we know.
CLARISSA H. STEM.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

HELLO!" a clear girlish voice floated across the wires, "Is this Mr. Robert Clayton's residence?"

"It is," a distinctly masculine voice came back.

"Oh, is this Mr. Clayton?"

"Yes."

"How do you do?" the girl exclaimed warmly. "Of course you don't know me, but I know almost everything there is to know about you."

"Shall I be complimented or alarmed?" was the anxious query.

She gave a little rippling laugh.

"Don't be alarmed! You've been described to me as a perfect Apollo."

"Er—by whom?"

"Why, by Betty. She and I were inseparable before you came along and married her. You see, you are guilty of occupying *all* of her attention now."

"I'm truly sorry. I'll try not to do it so much hereafter."

"Why on earth not?" she demanded. "Isn't that what you're supposed to do?"

"Oh, yes," he hastened to make amends. "I didn't mean that. Of course—of course, I will—I am."

He sounded slightly flustered and the girl wondered why.

"Is Betty there now?" she asked expectantly.

"Why, no, she isn't."

"Oh, where is she?"

The frank question seemed to startle the young man.

"Er—I couldn't—I couldn't just say," he stammered. "I really couldn't—say."

"How long has she been gone?"

"About four—no, three—I mean, quite some-time."

"Then she'll be back soon?"

"No. No, I don't think she will."

The girl was growing more and more puzzled. Suddenly a suspicion crept into her mind.

"Mr. Clayton," her voice was anxious, "there isn't anything wrong between Betty and you, is there?"

"No! No!" he was most emphatic in his quick denial. "What makes you think so?"

"You sounded—oh, sort of strained, when you were talking about her. Of, if anything *is* wrong, you'll set it right, won't you?" her voice was tearful and pleading now. "Promise me."

"I promise," came the ready answer. "By the way, who shall I tell Betty called her up?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Peggy Wallace. I came down to New York from Vassar for the weekend. But I'm going back this afternoon. Give my love to Betty. You *will* fix everything, won't you?"

"I hope so," was his fervent wish.

"You must. Good-bye."

Peggy slipped the receiver into the hook, a distressed pucker on her brow. A few days after her conversation with Mr. Clayton, Peggy was called to the telephone.

"Hello," said a vaguely familiar voice. "Is this Margaret Wallace?"

"Yes," she answered wonderingly.

"This is Robert Clayton."

"Yes?" she prompted.

"I have a confession to make," Mr. Clayton began contritely. "I say, Miss Wallace, I'm not what you thought I was. I—I'm a bachelor."

Peggy gave a horrified gasp.

"I don't know why I did it," he continued. "Just because I was feeling confoundedly lonesome and blue when you called up, and your voice sounded so cheery that I wanted to talk longer to you. Then when my evasive answers made you think something was wrong, I began to get worried. So I called you up to confess the whole thing."

There was a silence. Then a gurgling sound reached Mr. Clayton's astonished ears, followed by a peal of laughter.

"Oh, it *is* funny," Peggy finally managed to gasp. "At first I was simply stunned, but now I'm beginning to see the humor of the situation."

"Thank you! Thank you!" Bob cried in an ecstasy of relief. "So you're not furiously angry?"

"No-o. I ought to be, but I'm not. You've been quite an inspiration. I've been trying to think up a plot for a short-story contest they're having here. And I shall use this telephone incident."

"By Jove! I also have an inspiration. Let's both use this—this incident as a basis for a short story and send them to different publishers and see who wins."

"Oh, you're an author?"

"You may have read some stories by a David Robertson Clayton," he suggested.

"I don't think I have," she confessed apologetically.

"You don't know what you've missed!" he laughed gaily. "But, my inspiration! Will you carry it out?"

"Yes, I will."

"Good! I'm a million times obliged, Miss Wallace, for your sense of humor.

"You're entirely welcome," was her laughing rejoinder. "Of all things!" she chuckled to herself. "I'm still gasping for breath at the unexpectedness of it all. I shall write the *true* story. It oughtn't to need any explanation!"

The stories were written. They were sent to their respective publishers. A duplicate of one of them was sent to the College short-story committee, and its author settled down expectantly to await the outcome. But the outcome! How far different it was from all expectations!

Just before the issue of the magazine in which her story was to appear, Peggy received an imperative summons from Pendleton Brothers, Publishers. Her presence was requested at their New York Offices at two-thirty o'clock, Saturday afternoon. In a haze of bewilderment, she set off with her very much flurried chaperone.

In the publisher's office, Peggy faced a stout, middle-aged man, who regarded her, not unkindly,

from under a pair of shaggy eyebrows. On her left was a young man who looked as if he wished himself anywhere on earth but in that particular publisher's office.

"Ahem! Miss Wallace," the man with the shaggy brows broke the silence. "This is your story, I believe?" he extended the manuscript toward her.

Peggy nodded.

"A very queer—er—a queer coincidence, I might say, has occurred," he went on. "This magazine," lifting a last month's magazine, "has been in print quite a while. In it there is a story by a popular author, with which yours coincides startlingly."

He paused. Peggy met his eyes questioningly.

"It is an extremely unpleasant occurrence," the publisher told her gently but firmly. "You must know that all manuscripts must be entirely original, Miss Wallace. And I should hate very much to have to point out to you the fact that this story of Mr. Clayton's was in print before—"

"Mr. Clayton?" Peggy broke in, light dawning on her. "Oh, I understand now. Perhaps, if you would ask Mr. Clayton, he would explain."

"I have asked him and he can explain nothing," he turned to the younger man. "Is that not so, Mr. Clayton?"

The young man so addressed looked contritely at Peggy. It was evident that affair was not pleasant to him. But Peggy turned eagerly toward him, and before he could answer, she exclaimed:

"Are you Mr. Clayton?"

"I am."

She looked at him with mingled interest and expectation.

"Well, then, don't you understand?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry to say I don't," he answered.

The girl's expression changed to one of bewilderment.

"Why, Mr. Clayton," she protested, "surely you remember our plan?"

"I really don't understand," Mr. Clayton shook his head perplexedly.

Peggy sank back against the leather upholstery of her chair. There was a queer roaring in her ears, and the room swam dizzily before her. There was a dead silence. Then the door of the private office opened with a rush and closed with a bang. A very breathless young man precipitated himself into the room.

"Great Scott!" he burst forth, "Betty was right!"

The other three were regarding him in amazement. But the newcomer ignored the two men

and turned to Peggy, a friendly but apologetic smile in his gray eyes.

"Is this Miss Wallace?" he asked.

Peggy could only nod, as he stretched out his hand with the air of an old acquaintance.

"I seem doomed to spend my life making you apologies," he told her seriously. "But I never dreamed of a mess like this resulting, when I suggested those stories. My name is Robert Clayton."

"But I thought *he* was Mr. Clayton!" the astonished girl gasped.

"Oh, he is," Bob explained. "But his name is David Robertson Clayton, and mine's just Robert Clayton. We're both called 'Bob.' He's my cousin, and an author. I couldn't write a sentence myself, so I gave him the material for the story and ordered him to go ahead and write a story with it, without telling him any of the particulars."

He then turned to the other two, clamoring for an explanation, and told them, as briefly as possible, the tale of the telephone stories. At the end, he again regarded Peggy with a beaming countenance.

"When you called me up that day, Miss Wallace," he said, "it never occurred to me that the 'Betty' you spoke of could possibly be my cousin's wife. But to-day when I was talking to

her, she happened to mention the fact that someone had copied one of Bob's stories. In about two minutes I had the whole story out of her, and I came down as fast as the law would allow, to set matters right. She was tickled to death to hear it was you. And I am commissioned to bring you out to her house for dinner."

That night, Mr. Clayton, bachelor, surveyed Peggy across his cousin's dinner table.

"By the way, Miss Wallace," he wanted to know, "What did the College think of your story?"

A merry twinkle bubbled up into Peggy's eyes.

"They said," she replied, "that it was too improbable!"

MILDRED SPENCER BROOKS, 1915



SUNSET ON THE SHEEPSCOTT BAY

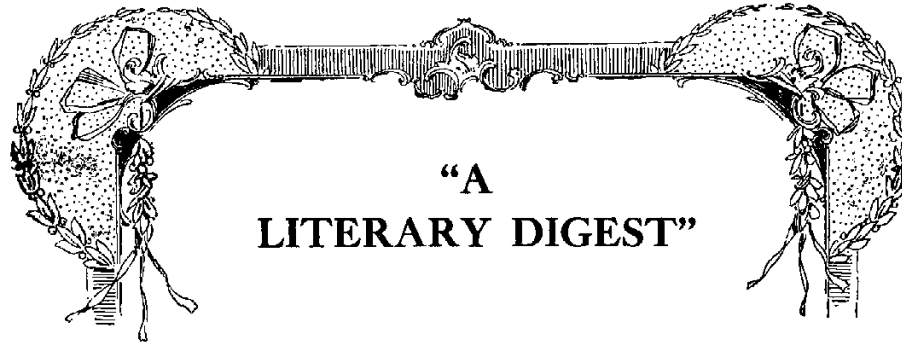
AS homeward now we drifted,
O'er the rippling, silent bay,
The sun sank low in the heavens,
As it neared the close of day.

To the westward on an island,
Stood dark, majestic pines
The lingering light of the sunset,
Made bright their rough outlines.

Far off on the low horizon,
The sail of the fisherman's boat
Gleamed bright in the fading sun,
Like a butterfly afloat.

The radiant hue changed slowly,
To a deeper crimson glow,
Then the blazing ball of fire,
Sank into the sea below.

HANNAH SHIPLEY, 1917.



**"A
LITERARY DIGEST"**

"Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical!"
Miss Howell to Poetry Class.

"Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new."
The Seniors.

"Why, murder's the matter! slaughter's the
matter! killing's the matter!"
Marking of Examination Papers.

"O, full of scorpions is my mind!"
Night before Exams.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."
April 5.

"So she lived in fantasy."
Helen MacDonald.

"——— and lightly was her slender nose
Tip tilted like the petal of a flower."
Julie Galvin.

"Eyes of the same blue witchery as those
Of Psyche, which caught Love in his own wiles."
Elizabeth Blake.

"Do you not know I am a woman? When I
think, I must speak."
Jane Dinsmore.

"And never two ladies loved as they do."
Virginia Burkhardt and Frances Johnson.

"An ill-favor'd thing, sir, but mine own."
The Milestone.

"The play's the thing!"
Dramatic English Class.

"And the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal."
Dorothy Holloway.

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."
The Sophomores.

"I would be loth to cast away my speech; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it."

Oral Themes.

"What a caterwauling do you keep here!

Third floor at recess.

"Her sweet forehead,
Adorned with little, close-cut locks."

Frances Pogue.

"She comes in veils diaphanous."

Miriam Tate.

"Romance at any cost."

Margaret Withrow.

"A little romance, yes, like a little parsley in one's soup, but this is too much."

The Sophomores.

"Poetry, you see, is in the hearts of lovers, it comes not solely from adventures."

The Juniors.

"Our daily conversations cost us the cunning of an Indian."

Jean Butterfield and Mildred Brooks.

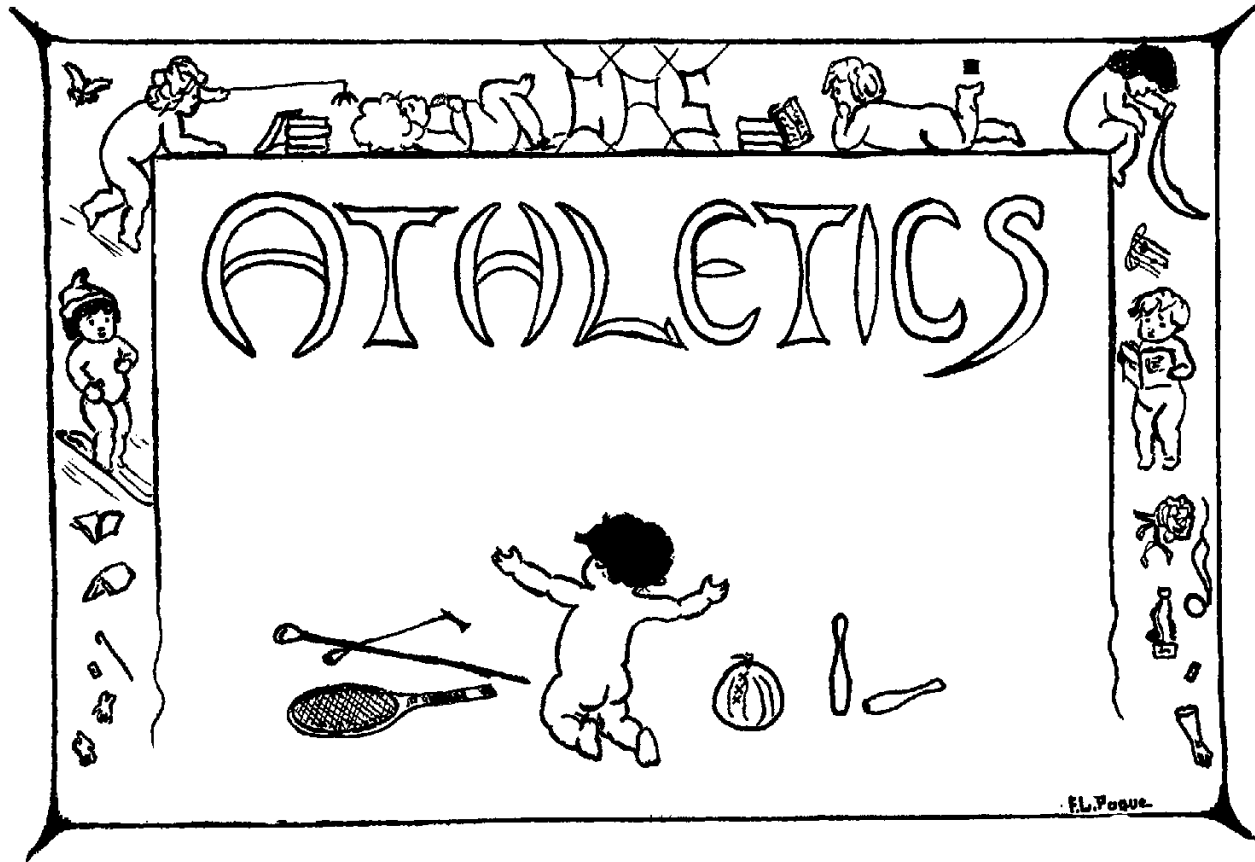
"If they rhapsodize on their usual theme, it will be worth hearing."

The Freshmen on Baseball.



AFTER THE MOTHERS MEETING





ATHLETICS

E.L. Fogue.





BASKET-BALL TEAMS

First Team—College III

DOROTHY ANDERSON <i>Captain</i>		
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Clarissa Stem	Frances Johnson	Dorothy Anderson
Ruth Wilson	Clara Loveland	Louise McLaren
		Worthington Harry

Second Team—College I

HARRIET LANGDON <i>Captain</i>		
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Harriet Langdon	Olive Koehler	Frances Pogue
Mildred Brooks	Elizabeth Suydam	Louise Kinney

Third Team—Intermediate I

PAULINA STEARNS <i>Captain</i>		
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Margaret Keplinger	Paulina Stearns	Virginia Beckler
Marguerite Duttenhofer	Outram Hodgkinson	Mary Hazen

Fourth Team—College II

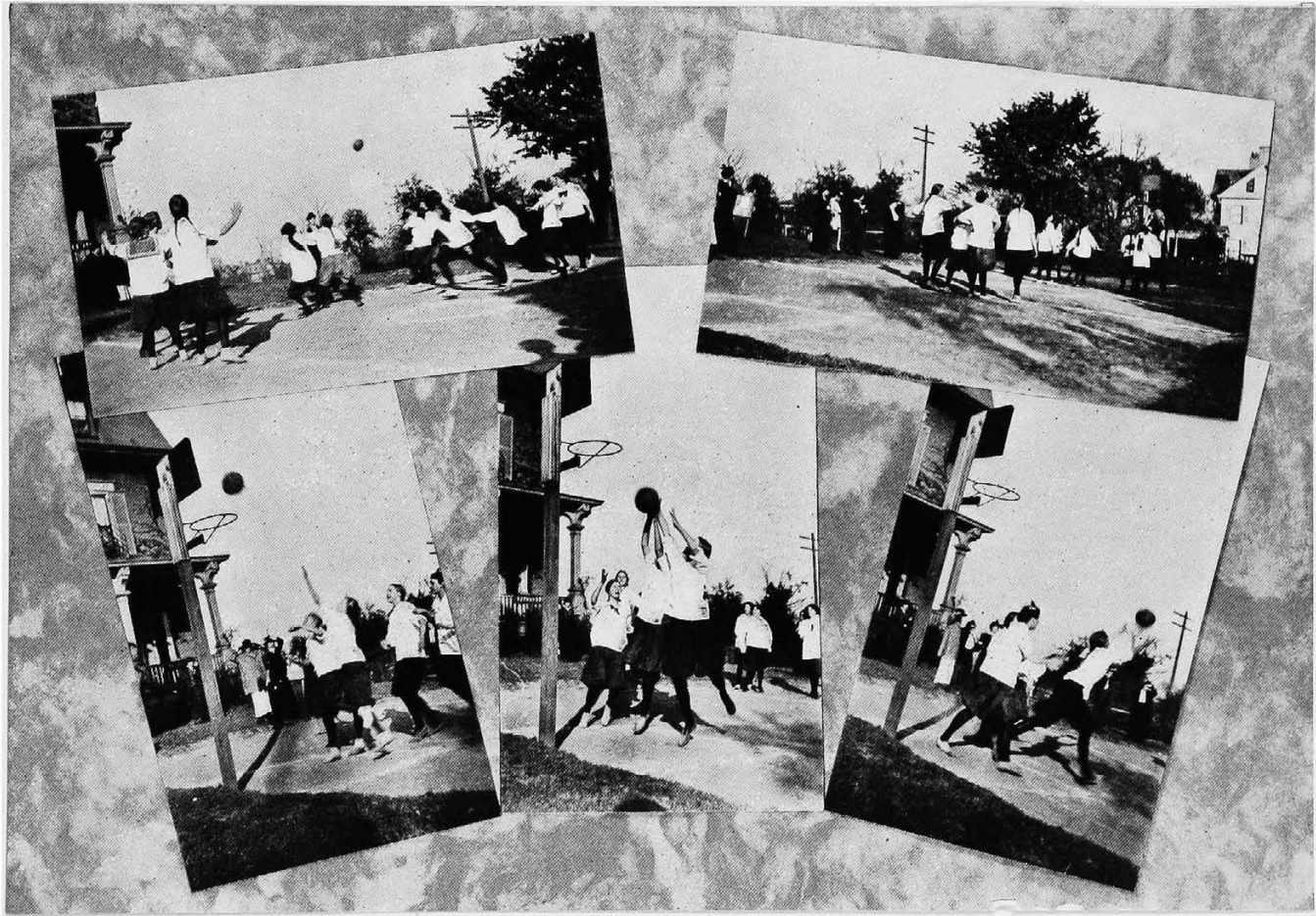
ORIEL CAMACHO..... <i>Captain</i>		
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Mary Forker	Dorothy Lyon	Myra Langdon
Virginia Suydam	Ida Crothers	Louise Chase

Fifth Team—College IV

MILDRED ZIEGLER <i>Captain</i>		
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Mildred Ziegler	Jane Dinsmore	Marion Rawson
Alice Boyce Cope	Eleanor Herron	Jane Smith

Sixth Team—Intermediate II

ANNE FIELD..... <i>Captain</i>		
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Anne Field	Martha Cooper	Katherine Miller
Jean Graydon	Janet Wurlitzer	Katherine Garvey



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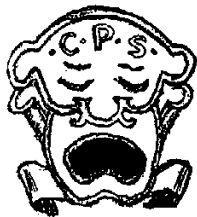
Margaret Withrow
Kathryn Rogers
Jane Dinsmore
Alice Pape

Comets Without Tails

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

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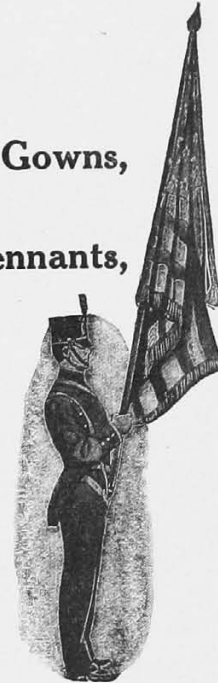
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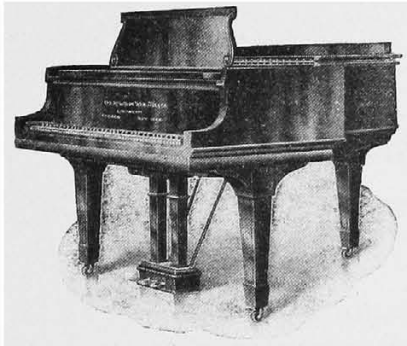
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