

THE DEBATER



1924

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THE W. H. S. DEBATER

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

WAKEFIELD, MASS.

MAY, NINETEEN TWENTY-FOUR



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Helen E. Corbet '24

Once more the "Debater" makes its bow, with the hope that the readers will find something of interest, perhaps of entertainment on its pages.

The "Debater" is an old institution in our school. It is not known in what year it was first published; but the earliest one on file bears the date 1904, a copy of which has been bound in half leather. Another number came out in 1908, which combined the "Debater" with a year book. Then the magazine was discontinued until 1912. In the years 1913-15 and 16 two numbers were published each year. In 1917, because of the increase in the cost of paper and printing, there appeared only one issue. Since 1917, the magazine has appeared annually. There is, in the library, a complete file of the "Debater" since the year 1912.

The purpose of the "Debater" differs from that of the *Booster*. The latter gives special attention to athletics, and aims to promote school spirit. The "Debater," on the contrary, under the direction of the English department, aims to set a standard of excellence in English expression for the school. The work of all classes is represented and a careful reading of the "Debater" will show the kind and the quality of work that is done each year.

THE LIBRARY

The Wakefield High School is most fortunate in its possession of a school library with a trained librarian. The Howe Memorial Library is ranked as one of the finest school libraries in New England. The number of books is not, as yet, very large—about sixteen hundred; but the number is gradually increasing. In addition to the previous gifts Mr. and Mrs. Ripley have lately given ten books, and the Parent-Teacher Association has raised a fund of eight hundred and fifty

dollars, two hundred of which has already been spent for books for the different departments of the school. The remainder of the money has been placed in the bank as a nucleus of a fund, the interest of which is to be used for the purchase of other volumes. Miss Kelly of Cambridge, formerly a teacher in our school, has recently contributed ten dollars for new books.

Last October Miss Kohl divided the Freshman class into small groups. Each group was taken to the library where the pupils were shown things of great interest, chief among which are: A valuable book of Daniel Webster's with his bookplate, and one hundred foreign photographs given by Mrs. Hamilton—this is a very beautiful collection, consisting mostly of Greek and Roman pictures. There are also two hundred and fifty photographs of devastated France, presented by the late Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney of Paris, which she herself took. While browsing around in an old bookshop in Oxford, Miss Ingram found, one day, an etching of Samuel Johnson made in 1782, two years before his death. Not many of us realize the valuable things that are in our library; but they are there, waiting to be shown to us.

Visiting librarians and teachers have especially noticed the conference room, opening off the library. There Miss Kohl holds her interviews and conferences; there pupils go to prepare their debates. It has become indispensable.

MERE WORDS

Words—what power is in them! How hopelessly drab and colorless is the person who lacks suitable words! It is not a matter of being gifted, rather a question of thought and study that enables one to use the right word.

Frankly examine your own vocabulary. How large is it? Are you able, with two or

three words, to present a striking, vivid picture? That is the purpose of a vocabulary, to express oneself easily and fluently without floundering in a haze of meaningless nothings.

How may we obtain such powers? We suggest that familiar command "Stop! Look! And Listen!" "Stop!" Stop using the same expressions again and again. Put aside your "wonderful's" and "superb's". Adopt new, distinctive words. If you must use slang, make it just that—distinctive. Disdain the use of phrases that are on every tongue; make your own similes and use them. Have every word mean something to yourself and to the person to whom you speak. It is not a hard task—time, care and thought will accomplish it.

"Look!" Above all, look at good books and worthwhile articles in worthwhile magazines. Notice the choice of words. Sometimes the habit of borrowing these expressions from such reliable sources makes them regular visitors in one's vocabulary, and aids in increasing it.

When reading novels, it is interesting to pick out the words and expressions much used by the author. Take, for instance, that over-worked sentence "With one devastating glance, he swept the room." Why devastating? Why do glances always sweep the room? In "Bread," by Charles Norris, this sentence appears, "An avalanche of memories, of forgotten emotives swept down upon her" According to the dictionary, an avalanche is "a vast body of snow or ice sliding down a mountain; anything characterized by destructiveness." That word sounds too strong to apply to such fragilities as memories.

Mr. Hutcheson in "This Freedom" says, "Look at her. There she is," and again "Look at him. There he is," five times within two pages. Why need the author command us so insistently to look at her or him? If he paints the pictures of his characters vividly by the use of colorful descriptives, he need have no fear that we shall pass them by as we read. In this same book the words "horrible," "terrible," "frightful," and "pathetic" appear again and again, as, "That is very pathetic. That is horribly sad and pathetic." Then four lines below he says, "That's pathetic." This repetition occurs all in twelve lines.

Look, then, around you, read good books. Criticize them, distinguish the good from the bad; but do not imitate the bad.

The last word is "Listen." Listen to the conversation of other persons, notice their faulty expressions and profit by your observ-

ation. If you hear a word that you like, use it at the very next opportunity. If it sounded well from one person, surely your tongue can make it sound as well; but be careful of the number of times you use it. Words wear out easily. When the word gets old, cheap, and common, make less use of it as you do of old clothing. Your vocabulary, like your wardrobe, needs to be freshened and renewed from time to time.

E. C.

OUR FIRST YEAR IN THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL

For years we have been looking forward to the time when there would be a new high school building in our town. The young folks have been yearning for more advantages, more space, more privileges. How much we could do we said, if we only had a well-equipped place to work in. We dreamed of an extended field of athletics, of all sorts of clubs and societies, and an organized system of school routine.

The "powers that be" talked of a new building for such a long time that it finally became a false cry of "wolf, wolf", among the students and the townspeople. We began to laugh at the rumor and called it all a dream that would never materialize; and then came the great news that our dream was coming true, after all.

That was a year ago. The rejoicing is over, the novelty of our new building is wearing off, and we are getting down to the rock bottom of school life, which is work. Now is the time to show that we appreciate what has been given us.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary says that to appreciate is to estimate, and to estimate is to value in the mind. I wonder if we stop to value in our minds the benefit we get from our beautiful, well-equipped, new building? I am afraid we do not.

We are beginning to relax our guard. Desks have been scratched through carelessness or intent; floors have been marred with ink spots; numerous small vandalisms have been committed in dressing rooms and corridors; the gymnasium walls have been disfigured with dirty finger marks. All so soon in the game.

More than once it has been necessary for the student council or members of the faculty to speak to us about the lunch room. The various home rooms in the building are occupied by seniors or juniors, or under-classmen only, but the lunch room is the property of

the whole school. One class cannot be blamed for anything that happens there. If papers are left in crumpled balls on the tables or on the floor, it is not the seniors' fault. If chairs are left in a tangled mass where everyone must fall over them, you cannot hold the juniors responsible. If dozens of straws are wasted every day, don't blame the freshmen.

This business of appreciation is up to us all. Do not think you can evade rules and be the only one to do it. Six hundred "only ones" make up the student body.

It ought not to be necessary for Mr. Peter son to lecture us at assembly. He is not running a reform school or a military academy. He appreciates our advantages; the townspeople appreciate our advantages, but do we appreciate them?

We are no worse than other schools perhaps, but let us have the signal honor of being better than any other school of our size in or out of the old state of Massachusetts.

LENA IVANY.

OUR GYM

At last we have a gymnasium. It is directly in front of the auditorium, separated by movable sound-proof doors. These doors, an asset to the Dramatic Club, can be arranged in a sort of semi-circle, giving a very effective background for the stage setting of school plays.

The "gym" floor is larger than many "gyms" found in the schools of the surrounding towns. The floor is large enough for an average-sized "gym" class, and also for a good-sized dancing party. To the right and left are the baskets for basketball; directly behind and above are windows which are lowered by a sort of crank device. Along one wall is a small balcony with seats conveniently arranged for spectators. Directly overhead are two huge skylights which furnish ample light for the "gym."

Suspended from iron bars across the "gym" are rings and ropes used to strengthen the arm and leg muscles. All other "gym" equipment is usually kept in a small room to the right of the gymnasium.

To the left of the "gym" are the girls' lockers and showers. To the right, the boys' lockers and showers. Every pupil is obliged to enter the "gym" in full "gym" uniform. If any part is lacking, a low mark in "gym" is sure to result.

Everything considered, don't you agree that

the "gym" is not only an added attraction in our school, but one which is both enjoyable and necessary?

RITA DOUCETTE.

With our new High School building have come loftier ideals. Our cover design and our cuts represent and symbolize the new school with its new ideals.

For the cover design we have the main entrance to our school, the doorway which we enter in pursuit of our ideals.

The cut for the Editorial Column symbolizes our first ideal, Scholarship. A girl is studying from her open book within the circle of perfection, which quality she is striving to attain. Two torches, typifying wisdom and enlightenment, on either side, shed their light on her book. Near her are the tools necessary for an editor.

Inspiration and Aspiration, two qualities we long to see in our new school, are symbolized in our Alumni heading. Within the circle of perfection is a ship, the symbol of youth embarking on the sea of life. The guiding star of the ship is aspiration, the pinnacle of success, and the birds flying above the ship symbolize inspiration. Many of our alumni start; but only a few gain complete success, as it requires much tiresome battling with winds and waves to overcome the storms of life.

Self-control is a quality which everyone should have but which few practise. Our Battalion training teaches this valuable lesson. The cut heading the Battalion Notes typifies Self-Control. The military-clad youth, future protector of the nation, is practising his control over himself and his weapon to gain the best aim in life.

We want leadership in our Athletics and want it badly. The baseball boy above the Athletic Notes will take the lead and keep it because he has behind him the bundle of sticks which stand for aggressiveness, obedience, concentration, and determination.

It takes fun to rout all dullness and so we find fun represented in our heading called Jollity. These are some of the ideals we find within the doors of our new building.

HELEN CORBET, '24.

THANKS—

The editors thank all who have helped in the publication of the Debater; but they are especially grateful to the teachers and students in the typewriting department who typed all the manuscripts for the press.

MODERN MUSIC

The school of Modern Music in general is a direct outgrowth of the Romantic school. It may be said that as Richard Wagner's works mark the highest achievement of the Romantic school, and are the foundation of modern opera, so the works of Franz Liszt stand in the same relation to instrumental music.

With the exception of Brahms, the greatest modern German master, and his followers, all modern composers of instrumental and operatic music have founded their work on the two basic principles of the Romantic school—programme music and nationality.

We know that programme music is music written to depict a series of scenes, events, or incidents. But what do we mean by nationality? Ever since the writing of music became a consciously developed art, there have been certain traits, certain characteristics in the music of any one nation or any one race, which distinguish it from the music of any other. Thus the Italians early became identified with sweetness of melody; the Germans with massive chords and rich harmonies; and the French with distinctive rhythms. The Romanticists and musicians of the modern school have not only respected these national peculiarities, but have sought to define and emphasize them. By studying the folk tunes of their own people, some of the best modern composers have been able to catch a genuine national spirit, and incorporate it into their own works. In doing so, they have given music, as a whole, a new interest and a new vitality.

The music produced on French soil has always had a decidedly national flavor; its vitality has never been exhausted; and in no country at the present day is musical energy more active, ambitious, and individual. At the same time there is always to be found in France, a marked tendency toward the programme type of music. The French mind is disinclined to think abstractly. It demands words, a subject, a story, a definite hint of some kind to stimulate the fancy and give a picturesque character to the composition. Those qualities of picturesqueness and nationality, combined with a newly-awakened interest in purely instrumental music, may be said to dominate the newer school of French musical art, out of which have developed many of the outstanding masterpieces in modern instrumental music.

The true founder of the modern French school was César Franck (1822-1890) whose

entire life was given to the cause of developing French instrumental music.

Until his recent death, the senior among great modern French composers was Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921), who wrote a great number of works in all forms.

The unique genius of the modern French school, an ultra-modernist so-called, was Claude Debussy (1862-1920), whose rare combinations of instrumental effects are absolutely original in the world of music.

While France was thus reaching forward to newer and newer possibilities in musical expression, her neighbors, the other European countries, were meeting with various degrees of success in art. Italy, once the standard-bearer of musical progress, shows at the beginning of the twentieth century, no such vitality and promise as France. Italian composers have been numerous, but few have made a deep impression outside of their own country. Two of those who have are Malipieri and Riapighi. But in the general mind, Italian music is associated with opera. Verdi and Puccini are the composers in that line whose names rank first in Italy. Indeed Puccini (1858-) is the foremost Italian composer of opera today. His reputation has reached its height in the operas "La Bohème" (1897), "Tosca" (1900), and "Madame Butterfly" (1904). The last-named work has made an especial appeal to the world, by reason of the delicacy and beauty with which the touching history of the deceived and forsaken Japanese girl is treated by the composer.

Among the new national schools, the later Russian holds an especially conspicuous place. The relation of art to national life is nowhere more apparent than in Russia, for just as the people's voice is heard in Russia's powerful and gloomy literature, so likewise a tone of struggle is perceptible in its music, a consciousness of undeveloped strength, an uncertainty as to what direction shall be taken when this strength is at last set free. Russia is searching for the native materials that shall give her music and individuality, gratifying to the national pride.

Among some of the famous Russian composers are Anton Rubinstein, Peter Tchaikowsky, Sergei Rachmaninoff, and Modeste Mousorgsky.

In any broad discussion of modern music, Bohemia—once described by Wagner as "the land of harp-players and street musicians"—deserves a generous share of attention. Indeed that strange, romantic country has al-

ways been considered one of the most musical in all Europe.

Foremost of all Bohemian composers was Anton Dvorak, famous for his "New World Symphony."

Some of the most delightful music of recent days has come from Scandinavia, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The northern folksongs are of a peculiar and exquisite charm, and they have tinged all the work of the Scandinavian composers more or less, particularly since the European Romantic movement threw the attention of the art world back to the characteristic national subjects and racial feeling.

By Scandinavian music we find that we commonly mean Norwegian, for in music, both popular and artistic, Norway far excels Denmark and Sweden. Of this Norwegian group, Edward Grieg was the most important figure.

Musical culture among the English-speaking nations, for a long time imperfectly developed, has begun to attain in the last few years a new vigor. The masses of the people are now learning to appreciate what is best in musical art, and this learning is being strengthened by private teaching, schools, societies, and an expanding concert system. Music is rapidly becoming a part of popular life.

Arthur Sullivan was one of the first of the modern English musicians to gain distinction.

Following closely after Sullivan was Edward Elgar, reckoned by some as the greatest of modern English musicians, Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, born in 1875, was another to rank high among English musicians.

Of the English composers now living, three especially deserve mention, Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott, and Ralph Vaughan Williams.

The outstanding reason that I chose this subject was the vast importance of being familiar with the musical tendencies and characteristics of not only our own country but those of the others also.

DORIS FROST, '24.

LIGHTS ABOVE

The sun went down,
And o'er the hills
The moon stole up,
A sphere of gold,
Lighting the dark world below.
The stars put on their twinkling coats,
To help the moon in his good work,
Making the black sky
A mass of merry, shining, little lights.

WINIFRED GEIZER, '26.

Many times the question has been asked, "When is a person educated?"

Walter Pater, a famous English writer, once gave this definition: "Our education becomes complete in proportion as our susceptibility to impressions of the world in which we live, received through the senses, increases in depth and variety."

This definition may seem very complex to many of us, but perhaps if an example is given, it will become clearer.

At Christmas time, through the effort of the Art Department, little drawings, appropriate for the season, were made in some of the rooms.

One of our teachers, upon entering the class room the next morning, was much moved by the beauty of this little sketch. All that day lines kept forming in her mind, and the next day she placed a little poem on the board.

Within two days four original Christmas carols, three of these with original music, were passed to her.

If the minds of these pupils had not been trained in some degree, neither the sketch nor the poem would have made any impression on them, nor would they have desired to put into their own words the emotions which they felt.

It is this spontaneous expression of impressions that we receive from the world about us that reveals the degree of our education.

BERTHA VIK.

MAY

May, beautiful May, month of love and hope, welcome!

We welcome you because you free life from fruitful germs; because you prepare and secure the vintages and harvests; because you pour joy into man's heart.

For you the sky clears; for you the earth covers itself with fragrant flowers and with fruits exceedingly sweet.

Oh May! The heart of man is like a precious cup which should not be empty. Pour, lovely May, into it a yearning for a new joy, a new hope.

Genial May! Warm these soft germs which we with careful hand and kindled mind, confide to the earth and moisten them with spring showers.

Oh lovely month of May, warm, renew, fertilize!

CORRADO ZAMMITTI.

THE MODERN DIOGENES

He was just a plain, simple, law-abiding detective. He smoked a pipe, as all detectives do, and all in all he reminded me very much of the well-known and much-loved Sherlock Holmes. I had met him several times and our acquaintanceship was becoming more and more congenial.

On this particular morning I discovered him on one of Boston's most prominent streets. He wore a long gray ulster and a ponderous cap with far-reaching visor. The inevitable pipe was protruding from one corner of his mouth. He was walking along, bent over in the act of scrutinizing through a magnifying glass, something that evidently lay along the sidewalk. Being much interested, I went up and tapped him on the shoulder. He started as if from a profound reverie.

"Ah, it is you, is it?" he said, smiling his peculiar one-sided smile brought about by a compression of the lips to hold the pipe in place.

"Sure, it's me," I replied, having nothing better to say and feeling certain that the grammatical error would never be noticed by one so absorbed in his work. "What's the matter?" I continued; "out of a job?"

"No," he said. "On the contrary, I am very busy."

Silence ensued while I watched him. Then I said, "What are you hunting for? Did somebody lose a diamond out of their wedding ring?"

There was a moment of silence which followed and I began to speculate on the probability of a reply. Then in his uncanny voice, "No, I'm hunting for honesty!"

I jumped, it came so suddenly, despite his delay in returning an answer. "Honesty!" I repeated, "honesty doesn't leave footprints, does it?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "it gives very marked evidence of its presence."

I waited with growing impatience for him to speak. At last he paused in his work to say:

"Look at that man's footprint for instance."

I looked. Seeing nothing peculiar about it, I remarked, "Well, Diogenes?"

He looked up at the appellation. Then grasping the connection, he smiled a second time. "It's this way," he said. "Of course anyone that was honest would have a certain feeling of honesty about him. This would give him a certain feeling of assurance which would

show in his walk. See, this fellow has only a slight impression of the northeast part of the toe. That is the unfaillig sign of theft, no matter how small. He will carry it with him all his life. If he were honest, each part of the foot would give a like impression. Now this man—hold on, he has just purchased a pair of new shoes, so that you can't tell much about it. But this woman does not show the southwest part of the heel. This shows, in a woman, false pride. And so it goes on.

He paused, resuming his careful study. Having nothing to say, I said it. In a little while he went on.

"What are the requirements of honesty? Upright conduct, no cheating, that is, being fair in every way, both to yourself and to others, no stealing, frank sincerity, candor, no deceit, and absolutely no lying."

"Stop, stop," I said, "not so fast, surely lying doesn't come under that list. You're mixed mixed up with the truth."

"One must be truthful to be honest," he answered simply. "From my observations I have found that there is nobody who is honest, nobody, and that includes you and everybody else and no free passes."

"But—surely—," I stammered, not liking to be accused of so gross a thing. "Surely I—"

"You," he said interrupting, "a short while ago said, 'It's me.' How many vows have you taken during Education Week that you would use nothing but the best English? Are you not dishonest?"

I was overwhelmed. I had never looked at it in this way before. "Do you mean—?" I began.

"I mean what I say and nothing more. But don't misunderstand me. A good many persons think they are honest because they are not dishonest. This is not true in the way they think of it. To be dishonest they say is merely to cheat in selling something, applied especially when they are the purchasers. Now, between this and honesty there is such a loophole as to enable them to crawl through. And they go about holding their heads high in the air, thinking, the while, that they are honest. Maybe they are; but if they are, I don't want to be honest."

He left me pondering over what he had said. His slander was so vast that I could not grasp it all at once. I slowly turned and retraced my steps examining them as I went along.

LORES McCLOSKEY, '25.

RASTUS — KLEPTOMANIAC

"Rastus! Is that you out in that chicken house?"

"No, Marse Ed, 'taint Rastus, Rastus home in bed."

"You black rascal! Don't lie to me! Drop that bag full of the Lord knows what, and come here to me!"

From the dusky recesses of the chicken house, a shambling figure with drooping, disconsolate head advanced toward the erect figure of "Young Ed." He was just back from college in the North, the joy of his widower father and the terror of the "plumb lazy niggers" of the plantation.

"Now look here, Rastus, we can't stand this any longer! When we gave you another chance after you "borrowed" all the water-melons from the kitchen garden, you promised to keep to the straight and narrow path; but I guess it's no use to try to reform such worthless black trash as you are. Let me tell you this, you young imp of Satan!—you'd have been sent packing long ago if it hadn't been for your mammy, the best foster-mother an orphaned Southern lad, such as I was, ever had. It would break Mammy Chloe's heart if she knew about your disreputable actions!"

"'Deed and 'deed, Marse Ed, I didn't wanna take that mizable ole chicken." He raised pleading eyes, with the whites gleaming startlingly in the moon-light, to the unrelenting figure above him in the shadow of the white pillared back verandah of the old ancestral mansion which had been the home of the Dinsmores for generations past.

"I didn't wanna take him," with a contemptuous side kick at the shapeless bulk in the burlap bag he had dropped at his feet, "I reckon the debbil done drog me in, Marse Ed."

"As usual, blaming everything on his Satanic Majesty. But, say, Rastus, perhaps you are a kleptomaniac!"—the thought bursting out excitedly.

"I dunno what that kep-klep-er what chu sed—I don' know what he is but I guess I'm him all right"—hopefully.

"Well, if that is the case, it isn't your fault—sort of an instinct, I suppose"—thoughtfully said Marse Ed.

"Yes," eagerly, "that's what it is Marse Ed—it's a stink—brimstone. I smelt it on de debbil when he drug me in de chicken pen!"

"Well, Rastus," said Edward, suppressing a smile, "you don't understand, that's all. I remember hearing a lecture on that very thing

at college. I shall try out some of my theories on you, Rastus."

"The evening is still young. Come into my study and let me get an insight into the machinations of your mind at such periods."

In the shadowy book-lined study Marse Ed proceeded to examine his servant who answered everything in the affirmative hoping to escape unscathed by humoring his master's whims.

"Now Rastus, sit here and tell me how you feel when these impulses to-er-take things come upon you."

"Um, er, it's sort of an all-gone feeling, boss."

"'All gone', hm, perhaps your conscious will-power deserts you."

"Yessir, debbil drags me 'long by de han'."

"Very interesting, very interesting"—thoughtfully stroking his upper lip on which a manly fuzz was just beginning to show.

"Well, tell me how you felt tonight."

"Well, I wuz a getting ready for bed—"

"So early?"

"Yassir. When all of a suddint the room got all lighted up like a fiery furnace—and I was in the midst of it—and the windas fell in and the room got full of black smoke an 'en I saw dat red debbil a jumpin' in thru the hole in the wall! An he grinned at me with his long pointed teeth a shinin' and he said, 'Come along, Nigger'; so I come along, and I was seared white—you bet! An' he led me to your chicken house—"

At this moment there was an uproar from the chicken house. Hens cackled, and roosters screeched and the two prize gauders made more noise than a Ford factory.

"Them niggers has come to finish up the job I started!" exclaimed Rastus to himself, forgetting Young Ed's presence.

"What! It was all planned! You young scoundrel! Come with me."

A hasty search revealed two negro lads about Rastus' age lying concealed with their booty behind the chicken house. Collaring them all, Young Ed removed their prey from the relaxed terrified figures and marched them before him into the wood shed.

The next thirty minutes was devoted to the using of the worn leather strap hanging there for just such occasions; and then three very sore black boys slunk away to their respective homes, all firmly resolved to remain far, far away from Marse Ed Dinsmore's vicinity in the future.

DOROTHY HARRIS, '25.

THE SEA IN POETRY

Down through the ages the sea has figured prominently in poetry. It has always held a certain fascination for mankind. Even those men who do not live at the seashore and therefore know of the sea only by hearsay, are not free from its spell. The very character of the ocean: the mysterious depths, the unchanging tides, the beauty at one time, and at another the horror, the innocent-looking waves and again the towering majesty of the sea in storm have all aroused lofty feelings in the poets of the world.

In ancient times the Greek "Odyssey" and the Latin "Aeneid" were written by men who knew the sea and wrote with a deep respect for its might. The "Odyssey" deals with a warrior returning from victory over Troy. This mortal has in some manner incurred the wrath of the gods and they set out to punish him. Storm winds are aroused and drive the unfortunate mortal far from his homeward course. In the course of the story nearly every aspect of the sea is described. At one time the hero is threatened by a whirlpool which is in action twice each day. At another the sea is calm, the sun shines and the hero's ship dances over the waves to within sight of home; then by an unfortunate occurrence, the storms spring up again and the adverse winds drive the ships off for another long period.

The Latin "Aeneid" does not have so many ocean scenes as the "Odyssey" but the few that are described are more stirring. The reader is made to feel in sympathy with the storm-tossed hero and rejoice with him upon reaching a safe harbor. In this poem the sea rises to great heights and overwhelms lofty ships. Then the storm subsides and the hero, guided by a favorable deity, encounters fair winds and all is well again.

Later in history the sea again became the subject of poetry, this time in the tales of the Norsemen. The Norsemen loved the sea, and the Norse character partook of the wild nature of the sea. Their ballads dwelt at length on battles with raging seas. When high seas broke over the carved prows and furious storm-winds howled overhead and churned the sea below, when the ship pitched and twisted, dipped and reared, then were the hardy Norsemen most happy.

As the oarsmen toiled along the bulwarks and the leader stood unshaken at the very prow, braving the seas which broke across his chest, then the Norsemen broke forth in song. Over and over again they chanted ancient bal-

lads, tales of just such glorious combat with the ocean.

The Norsemen, those hardy adventurers, passed; and next came the Anglo-Saxons with an epic "Beowulf" which is the story of man's struggle with the North Sea. Then there followed a long period in which the sea was not prominent in English poetry. Even Shakespeare with all his versatility did not employ the sea as a topic for his poems. However, Shakespeare's play "The Tempest" has, as the name implies, a great storm at sea and a shipwreck.

In the Eighteenth Century Coleridge wrote the immortal ballad "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner". Every phase of the sea is dealt with during the course of the poem. The Mariner starts off well and his good ship dances over the waves. But storms overtake him and then follows a series of adventures so bizarre that only a Coleridge could tell them. The sea not only has all its own characteristics but also many others, arising only in Coleridge's imagination.

Later Tennyson, who lived on the Isle of Wight, and who loved the sea, wrote poems expressing a deep appreciation of the sea's moods. "The Revenge" is a poem of a naval engagement at the time of the Armada. The sea in this particular poem enters only as a necessary part of a naval battle. But in one of Tennyson's later poems, "Crossing the Bar", there is the greatest understanding of the mysterious ocean. In this poem our path in life is likened to a voyage over the sea and safe arrival into port after many vicissitudes.

In our time the poets have again found the sea attractive for their poems. One element of the sea has been very much written of, and that is the element of mystery. Ships have left port and have never been heard from, and many inexplicable events have occurred at sea. The fact of the utter removal from the face of the globe of ships makes this a favorite subject for poets. Another kind of sea mystery is the famous "Flying Dutchman", a full-rigged ship which was frequently seen by mariners and yet known to be only an apparition. This subject of unearthly sights at sea has recommended itself to the more radical among our poets.

Many of our modern poets, in their search for new and beautiful ideas about the commonplace and everyday, have seized upon the sea. They find it to offer inexhaustible sources of the unusual, full of beauty and awe-inspiring. The sea, as old as the world itself, mankind's attempts to navigate its waters,

the varied ships that have been launched upon it, the unbelievable depths of the ocean, the interesting life beneath its waters, the natural wealth, the many moods of the sea, all these suggest countless subjects for the poet's train of thought. One of the best of these modern poets is John Masefield. One of his poems, "Sea Fever", tells of the fascination the sea holds for man.

Thus the sea has been well transferred to the printed page of poetry. And for this reason poetry about the sea recommends itself to every reader. By reading sea poetry the world inland gains a better idea of the vast ocean which it never sees, the mariner and sea-fighter may live over again their life at sea, and every sea lover finds all phases of the sea beautifully and feelingly expressed in sea poetry.

JOHN BATCHELDER POORE, '24.

HOW "THE DAILY ITEM" IS MADE

News comes from the fire station, the police station, the town hall, public halls, churches, undertakers, hospitals, clubs, doctors, schools, and the Y. M. C. A.

The gathering of news is done by reporters, under the supervision of the editor. All news is first placed in the "editor's basket." He edits it or has a reporter rewrite it if poorly written or lacking in detail. He exercises extreme care in being exact in detail; he looks for misspelled words; and he looks for typographical errors. News should be exact before being passed to the compositors. The compositors place all the advertisements and news in their proper places, specified by editor according to news value.

The news is then edited by the editors and the headlines are made.

"Straight copy" or regular news is put on hook 1. The headlines are sent to a special headline hook. "Non-must" articles are placed on a special hook. After being "set" on a linotype machine, the first proofs are sent to the proof readers in the office, for corrections. One of the proof readers reads aloud, then they compare notes. The news is then sent back to the machine for corrections; then back to the proof readers for "O. K." When marked "O. K." the news is sent to platforms and locked in large page forms with headlines and advertisements being arranged. The first two or three words of the headline are used as a guide line on news story and marked "must", if for that day. When all news and advertisements are "O. K." and

locked in forms, they go downstairs, are put in the press and the "Item" is printed.

A large roll of paper is slid into a cono in the printing machine, the paper unrolls and is drawn through the press by different rollers; these rollers are called "idlers". The type is locked in "forms", which rest on "beds". The "forms" are locked into the press by means of wooden wedges. Two cylinders draw the paper over the "forms", thus printing the paper. After it leaves the cylinders, it is drawn through various rolls. The paper is automatically folded and cut in half. The machine prints four sheets at a time. When a new roll is added to the other one which is in the machine, the process of putting it in is called "making a splice". The machine prints an average of seventy papers a minute, and three thousand a day.

In regard to the gathering and laying-out, the marking, and the setting of advertisements, a few words may be written. Owners of stores send word that they want to advertise their business. Advertisement schedules daily, three times, twice, or once a week. Changes are procured the afternoon before insertion. These go to the advertisement manager who arranges them and marks them for sizes and styles of type suitable for advertisement. The "copy" next goes to the advertisement linotype machine and is "set". It is then read the same as news proofs and goes through the same process as news proofs.

A "sob-sister" is a woman reporter, employed to "play-up" unusual or "human interest" stories so that the reader will shed at least one tear at the end of every line.

There are few lines of business which so nearly demand infallibility as does the press. Errors in newspapers may inconvenience thousands, may harm many, or cause any kind of trouble from loss of public interest and prestige to absolute ruin through libel action. Efficiency consists not so much in doing many things at once, but in doing well one thing at a time.

BERTHA GERSINOVITCH, '25.

SPRING

A murmur among the trees,
A bit of buds on brown boughs,
The soft, clinging sod turning green,
A splash of blue across the sky,
Birds winging,
Birds singing
The invocation of the Spring.

G. D., '24.

SHAKESPEARE'S CREATIONS

It is impossible to read Shakespeare's works without realizing that he had a peculiar understanding and liking for such mysteries as fairies, witches, and ghosts, and a wide knowledge of proverbs. A further study of these creations reveals an unexpectedly broad realm of them.

We find that Shakespeare has given over the greater part of one of his plays to fairies. His treatment of them in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is superb and outstanding with artistic beauty. He has endowed them with all that is dainty and beautiful; fairness of face; power; diminutiveness; youthfulness and immortality; the power to vanish at will and of assuming various forms; and has placed them in lovely surroundings. The fairies were supposed to haunt rural and romantic places. The Irish fairies often inhabited the ancient burial grounds, while those belonging to Scotland resided under the threshold of some particular house, the inmates of which received the benefits of their presence. Their dress generally included a green vest; and they were known to love music, cleanliness, propriety, and religion. In Shakespeare's day, fairies were much in fashion, as common tradition had made them familiar. He, in all probability, gathered his great knowledge of them from the motive of the peasantry.

Oberon is not entirely Shakespeare's creation. He was first found in an old French romance; Spenser also used him in his "Fairy Queen." However, Titania is his own. The fairies were believed to be the same as the attendants of Diana; therefore, the fairy queen, known through Ovid as "Titania," and also called "Queen Mat," was Diana. It has been thought that "Queen Mat" originated in the Celtic because of her diminutive form, since "Mat" both in "Welsh" and others of Brittany's dialects signifies "child" or "infant." Puck, that mischief-loving fairy, has been given a lasting fame by Shakespeare. The name "Puck" was formerly applied to the entire race of fairies. Shakespeare, in giving the name to this special elfin, known also as "Lob-lie-by-the-fire" and "Robin Good-fellow," has bestowed upon him all the traits of fairies.

It is not surprising that Shakespeare alluded to witches a great deal, for the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is full of witchcraft. Even the greatest men of the times believed in them, at least to a small extent. They were believed in by the illiterate people in the time of Horace

just as much as by the people of Shakespeare's day. Although the witch had the power to take the form of any animal, the tail was always lacking. The form was most often that of a cat. Multiples of three and nine were connected with them in ancient and modern times. Power was given them over storms and winds. They often made wax in forms of those whom they wished to harm and then melted these or pricked holes in them with pins. However, that their extraordinary powers were limited, is made evident by the words, "On Christmas night they have no charm."

The witches employed by Shakespeare in "Macbeth," around which the plot of the story is woven, are probably Scottish hags connected with everything wicked. It has been suggested that Shakespeare drew upon Scandinavian mythology for part of his descriptions of them, and that much of the rest was taken from contemporary ideas of witchcraft. Certainly his description of them conforms with their description.

Ghosts, who we are to believe were dead people brought back to life, were used rather extensively by Shakespeare, especially in his tragedies. They always bore the exact appearance even to the minutest detail to the person when alive. School masters and scholars were the only people who could, supposedly, converse with them. However, they were very impatient and irritable when questioned. Their presence was thought to be heralded by a change in the tint of the lights which happened to be burning. When Julius Caesar's ghost appears, Shakespeare puts these words in Brutus' mouth, "How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?" Yet these gruesome things always disappeared at dawn, since they were unable to bear the light. Their signal was generally the cock-crow. How well ghosts and Shakespeare's tragedies fit together!

Shakespeare's logic and phrases are quoted perhaps more than those of any other author. In some instances, we find well-known proverbs slightly changed to fit his meter. Again, we note his words which have become well known since his time. Following are several of these proverbs:

In "The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay
Cold, biting winter mars our hoped for hay."
we recognize the much-quoted proverb "Make hay while the sun shines." The quotation "A cunning knave needs no broker," is not altered much in "A crafty knave does need no

broker." There are a great many allusions to "A snake lies hidden in the grass." Perhaps the best is spoken by Lady Macbeth when she advises Macbeth to

"Look like the innocent flowers
But be the serpent under it."

"Defer no time, delays have dangerous seeds" is seen to be the simple phrase, "Delays are dangerous." This is referred to in "A proverb never stale in thrifty mind." "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good" is discovered to be, "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody" in Shakespeare's diction. Whereas Shakespeare writes

"When sorrows come, they come not single
spies

But in battalions,"

we more often say "Misfortunes seldom come alone." He makes the proverb "Still waters run deep" much more picturesque by "Smooth runs the waters where the brook is deep." The two following quotations are not as easily construed into the much better known "Strike while the iron is hot."

"My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the beat."

"We must do something, and i' the beat."

"What can't be cured must be endured" is found in Macbeth as

"Things without all remedy,

Should be without regard: what's done is done."

Shakespeare refers to the old adage "The cat loves fish, but she's loath to wet her feet," when he says

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'

Like the poor cat i' the adage."

A study of Shakespeare's works together with a study of such creations is most interesting. The description of his fairies is fascinating, while the gruesome pictures of his ghosts and witches are awe inspiring. One might well feel repaid for making a thorough study of Shakespeare's creations.

G. WIDTFELDT, '24.

BOOKS

Books!—what a volume of thought that one word brings to us. We think of the quiet, almost holy hours, that we spend with a book as our sole companion. We remember the pleasant moments we have with our friends, discussing some favorite book. The characters become as real persons and companions to us. Their thoughts and words remain with us

as long as we live; their actions are a guide to us in times of uncertainty.

Oh, best beloved friends, remain with us forever! Let us through you and with you, find our vision, lest we also perish.

BERTHA VIK, '24.

LA FEMME IDEALE?

Selon Monsieur Homme, quelle type est la femme ideale? Est-ce la fille intelligente ou la fille athletique? Est-ce la femme sentimentale, "qui vous adore les yeux," ou la fille de bon sens, qui parle foudroyants a la voix seche?

Monsieur Homme, au mieux, est une creature changeante, ainsi il est assez difficile de lui faire un choix. Maintenant, au cas de l'intelligente, Monsieur Homme, sans doute, lui offre beaucoup d'admiration, surtout, si elle est a la mode. Mais souvent, sa superiorite meme pique la vanite enfantine de Monsieur et—c'est fini. Nous savons tous que Monsieur Homme aime ordinairement a ne parler de rien que de lui-meme—ses conquetes athletiques, par exemple; ainsi, quand notre fille athletique lui demande un peu d'eloge merite, il la eroit ennuyeuse, et il poursuit son chemin. La femme sentimentale a bien du succes, car elle lui nourrit la vanite avec le nectar de flatterie exageree. Cela est pourquoi il ne l'aime pas longtemps—elle le flatte trop. Vous pouvez bien vous imaginer que la fille de bon sens n'attire pas Monsieur Homme; en tout cas, il semble que trop de jeunes gens la trouvent prevenante.

Monsieur Homme dira lui-meme "Ma fille ideale est celle qui represente un peu de tout—intelligente, athletique, sentimentale, et la femme de bons sens." "Oui," dira-t-il, "C'est mon ideale." Mais, quand moi, je vois celle qu'il ehoisit—c'est trop.

MARTIN, '24.

A CLOUD

Just a cloud like a big gray pearl

With a flush of rose in the heart,

Just a cloud in the morning sky

To give the day a new start.

Is not there a vision within that rose?

A vision for you and for me,

Which calls to the very best in our souls

And makes us rejoice to be?

Ah, yes; there's a vision, a vision true

Which leads us on to our best.

'Tis our God Who put the vision there

And taught us to do the rest.

HELEN CORBET, '24.

THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER A True Story

The room was terrible in its darkness and the air intensely sulphurous. The stillness was so great that I could almost hear it. I closed my eyes and attempted to sleep. But my mind was working actively and my thoughts would not be still. All the events of the day tumbled around in my brain. One of those events was the narrow escape that I had had in that automobile accident.

I was reviewing rather haphazardly this thrilling experience when I heard the clock strike bang! bang! I counted the strokes, twelve o'clock! That dreadful mysterious hour when ghosts leave their graves to haunt the living, and bold marauders leave their lairs to venture forth into their victim's houses. A shiver ran down my spine. I tossed and turned and tried to sleep, but sleep evaded me.

Cautiously I opened my eyes and glanced around the room, half fearing that I might see a bold robber about to pounce upon me with his murderous black-jack. Not seeing anything alarming, I tried to compose myself but my fears had only begun.

In the awful solitude of night, I thought I heard a soft step on the stairway. There it was again—and again—and again! A soft steady tread coming nearer, nearer! I lay still with my ears fixed intently on that tread. It grew a little louder and then louder, until it stopped outside my door. What was that noise?

My door was slowly opening. The cold sweat stood out in great beads on my forehead. My breath came in short quick gasps. My eyes were glued on that door and the door continued to open little by little. In my distorted imagination, I conjured up many pictures of the person who was stealthily entering my room. He was a robber after money and jewels or he might be a raving maniac, with shrivelled, skinny fingers, and long claw-like nails, sneaking up the stairs, making hideous faces and clawing at the air with his ugly hands. I could see him groping at my door and pushing it open with his horrible fingers. Ugh! I was petrified! Already I thought I saw a hideous head and distorted features peeking around the edge of the door.

During the fraction of a second which followed I went through unutterable tortures. I lay cold and limp. My heart pounded terribly. I tried to scream, but I could only produce a faint whisper.

One moment more and I should have been

a maniac myself, then, from the doorway came a sound which made me offer up prayers of thankfulness, for the sound was a plaintive "Meow, Meow!"

VIRGINIA ULRICI.

AN AMERICAN

Years ago, in that part of Russia which has long been the scene of political revolt and uprising, there lived a cobbler, Ivan Rativitch. Life to this poor cobbler was a continual nightmare, haunted by domineering landlords and cruel police. Monarchy succeeded monarchy with such rapidity until from one day to the next the poor people did not know who ruled them. As time went on, food and clothing grew scarce and one by one, 'til there was only the youngest left, Ivan saw his children die, victims of hunger, cold and cruelty. At last he could endure it no longer and he cried to his wife, "We have only one child left. Let us take the money your good father left us and go somewhere. There must be some place where God will let us live in peace." So they traveled from one country to another through central Europe. But ever they moved toward the west. At last Ivan's wife died. Then Ivan cried to his son, "Everywhere we hear of America. Everybody says that in America the poor people are as good as the rich; the peasants as good as the officials. They tell us how in America the people welcome strangers and make them free. Let us take the remaining money and go there."

Six years later, in one of the better streets of the foreign section of our largest cities, Ivan Rativitch lay dying. His son, also Ivan, knelt by the bed, listening to the last words of the dying man.

"My son, America is the finest country on earth. She is your foster mother. Russia killed your own mother and America opened her arms. She took us, outcasts of another land, to her heart. She fed and cared for us. Unasked, she taught us her language and is educating you. She gave us the supreme gift, freedom. She will, in years to come, give you wealth and position if you earn it. Take all she has to give you but in return live for America, uphold her doctrines, foster her ideals, be worthy of her. Give her your all, even if necessary, life itself." Thus Ivan Rativitch, a Russian, nay, an American, died. But his soul lived on in his son, who strove to be worthy of America. It was not always easy. With his Russian looks and foreign ways, he was not an American to everybody, but only one of those "horrible Russians."

At length came the World War and finally America entered. Ivan, with his father's last words ringing in his ears, was one of the first volunteers. Perhaps now he could repay America. To the doughboys, who nicknamed everybody, he was "Little Roosia". In vain, he told them he was an American; in vain, he fought husky Yankees and brawny Westerners, and endeared himself to them all. His fun-loving buddies persisted in calling him "Little Roosia".

Late in the afternoon of one stormy day, the captain of Ivan's company called his men together.

"Boys," he said, "we're trapped. The relief won't come 'til tomorrow. There's only one way out. Tonight a German will bring the plans for tomorrow to a post in 'No Man's Land'. If we get the plans, probably most of us will be living tomorrow night, if not —. We have got the location of the post. We need four men, two to get the message and two to bring it in, for chances are nine to ten the first two won't get in. Who volunteers?"

Once again Ivan heard the words of his father—"If necessary die for her", and he stepped forward.

It was pouring that night when four silent figures crept over the top of the trenches into the inky blackness of the slime and muck of "No Man's Land". The silence and darkness was deathly, save for an occasional blinding shell from the Huns. The four crept forward, burrowing into the mud as a shell broke. For interminable minutes they crawled. At length, Ivan, who was in the lead, stopped. Ahead he caught sight of a faint, steady light. He looked at the luminous dial of his watch; time for the messenger. He crawled closer. Hark! Guttural voices! Very slowly now he moved 'til the German post came into full view. Two Germans sat bait to him. One held up a packet. Ivan waited. He signaled to the man behind him, and crawled closer. Then he rose swiftly and brought the butt of his pistol down on the head of the German who held the packet. The man sank without a word, but his companion cried out. Ivan seized the packet and plunged into the darkness. As he knelt, a bullet singed his legs. Another, and his head seemed to crack, but on, on to Number III.

At last by the light of the coming dawn, he saw the American lines. But by the same light, the Germans saw him. Shells spun in the air and tore up the earth. Finally, he reached Number III, and as the man disappeared with the packet, lost consciousness.

When Ivan awoke, he was in a hospital. He awoke to a world of darkness for the Germans had taken his eyes. He awoke to find he would never walk again for his legs had been given to the great cause.

After the Armistice, many of his buddies came to see him and the first one said, "You are one of the finest Americans. We have given you a new name, 'Little Yank'. Ivan was in the hospital of France three years, and while he was there, the president of France decorated him, "An American soldier, for conspicuous bravery". And the president of the United States, visiting France, called on him and left a token of the greatest honor "to an American soldier."

Today, Ivan is in one of our great workshops for the blind, where wonderful things are done by the sightless. He has no eyes. He has no legs; will never walk nor see in this world, yet he is content, for he knows he has been worthy of America, has offered her his all and best of all—he is an American.

DORIS DULEY.

MORNING

The sun rose brightly o'er the hills,

And filled the valley with shining light.

The budding flowers beside the rills

Glistened with dew in the morning bright.

The birds in the trees sang merrily

With their joyful matins filling the air.

The frogs in the brooks croaked happily,

As they gleefully greeted the morning fair.

Over the whole wide earth the morning

Comes with a gleaming light so clear,

To impart to the world the joy of having

The use of God's wondrous beauty here.

DOROTHY BRADFORD, '24.

Work! for soon you graduate,

Aim high, before it is too late,

Keep right on as you begin,

Enter play and work to win.

Find yourself in what is best,

It will help you stand the test.

Earn a good name for your own,

Learn to depend on yourself alone,

Don't be grumpy, glum or gloomy.

Have a smile that's bright and bloomy,

In the world go out and try,

Go glad to win for Wakefield

High.

DOROTHY BARTON, '24.

AS KING TO KING

Joe King could easily satisfy the needs of his simple life. He had been a backwoods youth, and his education he had gleaned from the farm and the forest; so when he gained his manhood, he very naturally turned to the backwoods for a living. He lived in a cabin on the edge of a pond which formed part of the salt marsh flooded by Bald Eagle creek.

This creek has its source on Bald Eagle mountain, four miles from Joe King's cabin. From a bubbling spring, the water races with other rivulets, across the side of the mountain, over rocks and around boulders until it ends its wild flight by leaping from a ledge of granite to a seething pool, some yards below. Leaving the pool it flows through forests and glades, harboring many a fine trout and pickerel, now drifting peacefully through a wide basin, now tumbling through a narrow space between boulders, always increasing in size but becoming more lazy, until just before it joins forces with the sea, it spreads out in a broad swamp, dotted with lagoons and clumps of trees, but in some places a veritable jungle.

But this story concerns the river only in part. On a sheltered crag far up on Bald Eagle mountain there lived a pair of eagles whose equals had never graced an American museum. King had often admired them as they soared on tireless wings high above Bald Eagle river. They often picked up hapless fish of the river and marsh, and on more than one occasion had even stolen from his store of food. One day King hid four fine fish under a grass stump and returned to his little square-bowed punt. Startled by the rushing sound of swift wings, he looked back to see the smaller of the two eagles alight on the stump, seize the two largest fish, and rise in the air, screaming harshly in derision. Fortunately for the eagle, King was without his gun, and in spite of his anger, all he could do was to shake his long arms and direct dire threats at the bold bird. His anger soon cooled, however, and he smiled when he thought of the eagle's audacity.

A group of men whom King had guided one summer had offered him one hundred dollars if he would capture either of the eagles without injury. The leader of these men was an ambitious politician and he thought it would be a "feather in his cap" to present a magnificent eagle to the new zoological museum in his city. To this end, therefore, Joe studied their varied ventures until he decided upon a way to capture one of them.

Carefully he framed his plans, and then one

clear day, he rowed in his skiff nearly to the cascade. Tying his boat, he set off towards the top of the mountain, which he reached after some difficulty. It did not take him long to spy out the nest, as that of the eagle is several feet in width, and he knew fairly well where to look for the eagles' home. The nest was very unusual, being built of sticks so large and so well placed and fastened that the hunter could rest his full weight upon the edge. Taking from his sack a steel trap with padded jaws, he set it to spring at the slightest touch on the pan. He placed the trap under some of the moss in the center of the nest, and attached the chain to a heavy stick of wood which he balanced on one of the bottom supports of the nest. He then retired to another ledge below.

Joe King knew he had placed his snare well. His eyes gleamed when he saw in the sky a black speck which steadily grew larger and plainer. It was the larger of the two eagles, and hope rose high for Joe as he watched him. Nearer and nearer came the eagle as he set his wings and sailed swiftly towards his home. With a few heavy strokes of his great wings, he settled on the outer rim of the nest. He rocked back and forth while he folded his wings, and then, with an awkward little hop, he disappeared almost from sight in the hollow.

Immediately following the sharp click of the sprung trap, Joe heard the eagle's shrill scream of fear and pain, and he saw the eagle leap into the air, with the trap fast to three talons. Frantically beating his wings, the eagle dislodged the heavy log at the end of the chain and it swung free underneath him. But Joe King had misjudged the power of that eagle. Instead of seeing him pulled rapidly to the lower ledge, he witnessed a wonderful but peculiar battle; a struggle between the eagle's wings and the log's gravity. In the end gravity won, for the eagle tired slowly. As the great bird, still valiantly fighting, came within reach, Joe leaped out, threw a sack over the eagle's head, and with great difficulty subdued him. The lord of the forest resisted so bravely that there were two deep scratches on Joe's arm, one of which bled so freely that he was forced to bind it tightly.

The eagle gave Joe considerable trouble but just as the sun was sinking behind old Baldy, Joe shut and barred the door where his prey was imprisoned for safekeeping. Joe agreed to care for the eagle until the alderman could come to get him which would be about two weeks later. During those two

weeks Joe cared for the great bird and even tried to tame him, but without success. He did, however, learn to respect and admire the eagle's dignity, pride, and the flashing fire in his eyes.

At times he felt pity for the poor eagle, especially when he saw the free bird circling in the sky, uttering plaintive cries, ever searching, searching, searching, with those piercing eyes, for the body, dead or alive, of her lost mate. When the captive heard these cries, he would lift his wings, run around excitedly, and seek to find an opening of a size to squeeze himself through. These attempts failing, however, he would shift nervously from one foot to the other, darting his head rapidly from side to side, now and then angrily snapping his curved beak. He would then lapse into a sulk and sit with feathers ruffled; but as mealtime approached, he would regain his usual poise. The eagle possessed an extraordinary intelligence. He never answered his mate's signal; probably because he thought she would rush to aid him and so be drawn to the foils of captivity.

Then one day the city sportsman arrived. Joe at once began to dislike him, for he unconsciously compared the man's blustering manner with the eagle's quiet companionship. He gave Joe five twenty-dollar bills and demanded a receipt. Somehow Joe was downhearted that night and he vaguely wondered why.

The would-be mayor proposed to stay a few days and try his new angling outfit. He scoffed at Joe's advice about fishing and boasted about the fish he would catch the next day. In fact, he caught only a few, foolish, tiny panfish, and his ill temper increased with his failures. At last he gave it up and lounged around the camp. He seemed to take pleasure in plaguing the kingly bird and this bothered Joe a great deal. The alderman's cruelty increased and to Joe's protests, the answer was "What is mine is mine and I'll treat it as such! Who are you to preach kindness to animals, you who make your living by killing them?" Of course, Joe was at a loss to answer this high-sounding retort.

But events soon came to a crisis. The alderman was regarding the eagle with a complacent smile. "Ah there, my fine fellow," he said. "What a fine speech I shall make when I present you to my townsmen! Then I shall announce my candidacy for the office of mayor." Then poking a stick under the eagle's wings to make him spread them, he stretched his arm into the cage. The eagle, striking

with lightning rapidity, inflicted three painful wounds in his tormentor's hand. The furious man, swearing savagely, began to drive the bird around the narrow cage. Suddenly he felt a strong hand on the collar of his coat. He looked back into the glaring eyes of Joe King, who almost choked with wrath as he commanded, "Quit chasing my eagle!"

"He's mine!" retorted the alderman, "and I allow no man or beast to injure me as they please. Furthermore, take your hand off my collar or I'll have you sent to the 'pen' for a year!"

"I may go to jail," returned Joe, "but I'll fix you first. The bird did nothing until you bothered him." Then, as his anger increased, he exclaimed, "Here, take your filthy money! I don't want it! You're not fit to have a bird; I'll keep him myself."

The alderman coolly picked up the scattered bills, and then said with a sneer, "Since you give me the money, I will take it; but the bird is still mine, for you have failed to remember that I still hold the receipt."

Then Joe began to see straight; he realized that the alderman held the whip hand, and according to law, was the rightful owner of the eagle. Having a mighty respect for the law, Joe decided to find some other way of "getting even". He turned away resisting an impulse to plant his fist squarely in the other fellow's face.

The alderman continued to strut pompously about the camp, but he no longer tormented the eagle. He began to make sarcastic comments to Joe, thinking the latter was thoroughly cowed. Joe disregarded his taunts and kept his temper by going into the cabin. The alderman was soon startled to see his cot and bedclothes come sailing out of the door. Joe appeared on the threshold and said tersely, "You'll sleep in the woodshed tonight." But to Joe the sun seemed to have a frown on its face when it sank behind old Baldy that night.

Just as the first grey streaks of dawn began to lighten the eastern skies, Joe King rolled out of his blankets. Moving about quietly, he packed up the most of his food and clothing supplies, strapped them on his back and went out, locking the door of the cabin. Pausing at the door of the woodshed, he assured himself that the alderman was still sleeping soundly.

Then Joe went over to the cage, pulled out the bar, and threw the door wide open. The eagle drew back, fearing some new trap. Noticing this, Joe walked away from the cage and the great bird stepped forth haltingly.

He spread his huge wings, and finding them unhampered, he seemed to realize his opportunity. With a mighty leap, he shot into the air and went spiralling upwards in glorious sweeps and curves. As he strode to the edge of the clearing, Joe King, the true sportsman, waved his cap to the eagle, saying, "So long, old friend, I'll be back soon, and you will never be trapped again if I can help it!" It may or may not have been a coincidence, but the eagle screamed harshly in farewell, once, twice, thrice.

And the rising sun, peeping over the edge of the forest, beheld the scene; and the frown on its rotund face was displaced by a satisfied smile.

A. E. PERKINS, '25

CAN A PLANT FEEL PAIN?

Some very interesting experiments have recently been carried out in connection with the well-known sensitive-plant. Its habits are so peculiar that no one ever witnesses its strange behavior without astonishment. When the plant is healthy, it needs only the touch of a finger tip to bring about the closing of the little leaves and the drooping of the stalk. Even a breath of cold air makes the plant huddle together; while a sudden jolt makes a lightning-quick drawing up of the leaves to the stalk. The shrinking is so sudden that one might really believe the plant to be frightened. It has been known for some time that the sensitive-plant is easily effected by the fumes of chloroform, and these special experiments were performed to find out if the plant could still, when unconscious (if that word may be used) feel.

First to show the effects of hot air on a normally healthy plant, a piece of wadding saturated with oil is lighted and passed quickly back and forth under the leaves. Remember that the flame does not touch them, yet the little heat makes the plant droop immediately.

They then give this fascinating plant chloroform, and it is carried out in this manner. A second piece of wadding is soaked in chloroform and placed beside the plant; both being covered quickly with a glass shade. In about a half-hour the leaves begin to droop, in fact, in a very short time the whole plant seems completely under the effects of the anaesthetic. Now, when the plant is tested in these various ways, none has any effect; the tip of the stalk is even touched by the flame with no result.

One wonders if this curious plant feels

pain. Perhaps these plants are not capable of the sensation in quite the way we understand it, but surely they can stand no rough treatment.

LOIS PARKS, '25.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Perched on a great, grey rock the little lighthouse stands, year in, year out, guarding the barren coast. In summer when the lightning flashes and the thunder crashes, it sends its brave little beacon across the angry spray. When the storm king of winter grips all in its sway, when shrieking winds tear through the surf, the lighthouse is steadfast. Its light forever guides the worn sailor on its way and welcomes the homeward schooner. Above the storm and thundering spray it stands a monument of man's love and care for his brother. The lighthouse is a symbol of God's love.

DORIS DULEY, '25.

THE FALLS

The majesty, the power, the grandeur of the falls! One is held spellbound by its terrible thunderings and its wild beauty.

The Niagara, that river famous in legend, rushes on to its doom. In vain the angry waters attempt to draw back. In vain they leap into the air or tumble back over themselves. They sweep along in their narrow confines uttering a mighty song, the awful song of death. The raging flood is quieted for a moment just before reaching the brink. Perhaps freedom awaits at the bottom of the unknown! With a sudden eagerness and a roar which increases until the very heavens resound with its thunder, the waters sweep over the brink and fall down—down—down to the rocks below, which for centuries have been resisting that terrible attack. Such is the force with which they fall that tons of the bluish-green waters are thrown even higher than the top of the falls, and lose themselves in mist, a white dazzling mist in which dwell a thousand rainbows.

But what of the rest? Stunned by its tremendous fall, it slowly takes its way along its course. Gradually, however, it awakens and soon is tumbling and raging through wild rapids and thence to the sea.

EMILY SMITH, '25.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

Characters

Dionysius—King of Sicily.

Damocles—A flatterer.

A group of flatterers or followers of the king.

A complete train of attendants belonging to Dionysius.

Many beautiful pages.

SCENE I

Time: Mid-summer.

Place: In a beautiful garden belonging to the castle of Dionysius.

(Dionysius, followed by many attendants, is seen walking about in a large beautiful garden. The green shrubbery and the blooming plants form a background which sets off the richly ornamental robes of the king. The garden lies to the south of a castle which can be seen in the distance. In one corner of the garden is a group of men, some sitting and some standing. They are superficial, sentimental and insincere. One of these, a young man of perhaps twenty-five, named Damocles, calls the attention of the others to the fact that Dionysius is approaching. They all arise and bow and acknowledge his presence in a ceremonious way customary in ancient times. They gather around him and give their flattering opinions of his wealth and power. To them Dionysius seems an example of perfect happiness.)

First man: It must be delightful to have nothing to do all day but live in luxury.

Second man: Oh! How we envy you with all your riches.

Damocles: And to have all of Sicily at your command.

Third man: With all your wealth and power you must be the happiest man alive.

(Dionysius prepares to speak but Damocles also begins. Dionysius simply shakes his head in a dissenting manner, meaning he is not happy.)

Al! Damocles! My Lord—(sees Dionysius shake his head) What Not happy!

All men (together): What!

Damocles: Surely you don't mean that! You have riches untold. No man was ever greater. No king ever had such extent of power. Your royal magnificence is the envy of all kings. Not happy—I don't believe it! (Shakes his head to emphasize the fact.)

Dionysius: Hast thou a mind, Damocles, to taste this happiness and to know by experience what the enjoyments are of which you have so high an idea?

Damocles: That I have and would be delighted to share them.

Dionysius (turns to the chief attendant): Command the cooks to prepare the best supper possible for tonight. (He bids his friends good-day and walks toward the castle.)

Curtain falls.

SCENE II

Time: At the feast.

Place: In the great banqueting room of the palace.

(All are seated. In Dionysius's place sits Damocles. His countenance is marked with pleasure as he observes all the royal splendor around him. The numerous seats of honor are magnificent but his outshines them all. Pages of extraordinary beauty wait upon the table. The gold of the carved plates glitters under the lights. Flowers adorn the center of every table. Judging by the taste of the delicate foods, the cooks are the best in the land. Damocles is spellbound. He sits in silence. Upon glancing at the ceiling, his pleased countenance suddenly freezes with terror. Just above his head, hanging by a single hair, is a sword! He rises abruptly and stands behind his chair.)

Damocles (in frantic appeal): Remove this sword, O king!

Dionysius (calmly): When I am king, that sword always hangs there.

Damocles (looking for a way to escape): I don't wish to be king any more.

Dionysius (smiling sadly): I think then I have proven to you that wealth and power do not always bring happiness.

Curtain falls.

Dramatized by LOUISE ALLMAN, '27.

SOUNDS FROM THE OLD BARN

Oh, the sounds which resound from the old country barn

Are so pleasant, so cheery, so quaint in their charu

That never could anyone hasten away

From their sweet enticements, a gray, rainy day.

There's the stamping of cattle upon the old floor,

The musical sound of the sliding barn door. There's the clanging of plow chains which hang on the wall,

And the neigh of Old Major who stands in his stall.

Oh, the memories which linger of fresh new-mown hay

Will ne'er be forgotten, of that rainy day

ARTHUR NEWCOMB, '25.

THE NEW BOY

Five school boys were lounging around the school grounds during the noon hour.

"Don't you wish the fire whistle would blow now?" said Jennings, better known as "Bryan."

"Yes, and I'd like to hear it was the school house burnt to the ground."

"And don't you wish the fire-engine would break down?"

Just then Bunton Fisher was seen hurrying toward them. "What you s'pose!" he ejaculated; "there's a new boy in town—maybe he'll start to school—he's from Kansas or somewhere—and he don't know what Ch'li is—n' he never saw a mountain before—n' he thinks—"

"Enough, enough!" Jennings interrupted; "what are you goin' to do to him?"

"Everything!" exclaimed several in a breath.

"Let's make him think one of us is crazy!"

"No, let's take him skatin'."

"Skating! Why they have skating all winter where he came from. We can scare him about Indians, though."

Suggestions came thick and fast, and when the boys reluctantly complied with the summons of the school bell, their plans were only partly completed.

Three toilsome hours were spent in study, candy-eating, and making plans. A committee of two was appointed at the close of school to call on the "new boy" at his home. They fed him two kinds of taffy and succeeded in gaining his entire friendship and confidence. It was arranged to go to the river the next day, which was Saturday and therefore a holiday.

The walk was a little longer than the "new boy" had expected, but he was well entertained by numerous stories of the "Cottonwood Gang," of boy desperadoes. He was told that they held the smaller surrounding settlements in terror, and that they were well known throughout that entire region. They were said to be boys that had been kidnapped by the greatest robber outfit on earth, and had grown up to their wild ways. Their captors had all been hanged or imprisoned, and the boys were left to do as they pleased.

The "new boy" was much interested. He had never heard of this remarkable "Cottonwood Gang" before, and he asked many questions. The boys were just entering the narrow strip of cottonwoods that bordered the river.

"And did they ever hide around here?" he queried.

"Well, I guess! Once they hunted 'em here three months and the gang never moved out of this patch of trees once."

"But they'd hardly be here this time of year?"

"Oh, they may be, you never can tell. They may have held up an express and are hiding out somewhere from a posse."

The three boys were penetrating deeper and deeper into the mighty forest—fifty yards wide. They walked stealthily and spoke only in the lowest of whispers.

"Do they ever hurt anybody seriously?" the "new boy" wanted to know.

"Never did more'n four or five murders, mostly keep 'em prisoners," was the comforting reply.

He wanted to run, but he might run straight into their arms. The situation was becoming unbearable. A dry twig in front of them cracked. The "new boy" glanced from the frightened face of one companion to that of the other. They stood motionless awaiting the crisis.

It came very suddenly. Four boys on horseback burst through the foliage. They wore masks and had red bandanas around their necks. The leader held two murderous-looking revolvers before him, and a broad grin was all that could be seen of his face beneath his wide-rimmed hat.

The hands of the trembling victims were raised above their heads. Two of the robbers dismounted and proceeded to relieve them of tops, marbles, pencils, and pictures of their best beloveds, expressing no little disgust at the character of the booty they found.

After a short conference, the highwaymen began to bind the captives. The "new boy" was blindfolded first and set on the back of one of the steeds. He imagined his companions were in a like condition and after a moment the seven boys started away on the four horses. They went over various roads, and made so many turns, that our young friend lost all sense of direction.

At last coming to a halt, one of the band announced, "the cave!" and the "new boy" was taken from his uncomfortable seat. He was hurried to a spot a short distance away and commanded to sit on the bare ground and wait. He was given to understand it meant instant death to remove the blindfold.

He heard them gallop away, but he was sure there was at least one guard left. He sat there thinking of his home and wonder-

ing what would become of him, and then of the probable fate of his two companions. Thus in misery and suspense he waited there an hour.

At last he was startled by his mother's gentle voice asking him "what he was sitting there for?" He gained courage and removed the bandage from his eyes—he was in his own back yard.

IRENE GOLDTHWAITE.

HANNAH DUSTIN

Possibly none of you have ever seen the interesting statue of a woman, Hannah Dustin, standing in Haverhill Square, but I have, and to look upon this statue brings to mind a story of this brave woman, who was my great, great grandaunt, told to me by my uncle of mine.

Hannah Dustin was one of the early settlers coming to this country in 1670. She lived in the small town of Derry, N. H. At this time several tribes of hostile Indians lived in the near-by forests, and it was by a small band of Indians that she was captured one day, after her small baby had been killed, and carried off by them.

Mrs. Dustin was compelled to live with the Indians many weeks, and gradually began to learn their customs, one of which was the skillful way in which scalping was done. Now this woman was as brave as she was clever and quick-witted, so she naturally began forming a plan of escape from the Indians, who by this time had begun to like the white woman.

One night, while sleeping on the ground of the wigwam a short distance from where six stalwart braves, supposedly on guard, lay asleep, she picked up her scalping knife and a tomahawk, which she had carefully hidden the day before, and suddenly made an attack upon the sleeping Indians and soon dashed out all their brains while they slept. She thus escaped in the dead of night and, jumping into a canoe, paddled downstream toward the next town many miles distant.

While pondering over her miraculous escape, this brave woman decided that she would like to have proof of the killing of her numerous captors, and so she turned her canoe around, returned to the lonely spot, scalped all six Indians, returned to her canoe, and continued on her way.

This is the story of my brave ancestor, and

is it any wonder that I look with pride upon this statue of a woman, brave in the face of horrible danger, who in the end conquered?
ROBERT H. SPROUL, '26.

A DISCUSSION OF CALIFORNIA AND MASSACHUSETTS HIGH SCHOOLS

As I am only spending a year in the East and my home is in California, I have been interested to note the difference in high schools.

First, there are the buildings. The old Spanish style of architecture has become very popular in California lately. Most of the new schools are built of stucco, with tile roofs. They usually have only one or two stories and sometimes are built around a court, the various parts of the building being joined by arcades.

In physical education, the boys take "gym" instead of military drill. Outdoor sports are carried on all the year round; tennis especially, being a favorite with both boys and girls.

The system of study is different in several ways. We do not have that "bug-bear", college entrance examinations, held before us. Most of the western colleges allow entrance on one's high school diploma, provided that none of one's marks is below "B." Moreover, Latin is not required to enable one to go to college. There is greater freedom in choosing subjects. One must, however, meet the state requirements for graduation from high school.

The school hours are usually from eight in the morning till three in the afternoon, with an hour for lunch. This gives some time for recreation and allows the students to eat at home if they wish.

Besides differences, however, there are many similarities. For instance, dramatic clubs, football games, student government, school papers, and many other things. You would find the same school spirit and pride in their high schools in California that you find in Massachusetts.

RUTH PROCTOR, '26.

COURAGE

In the grim face of danger
Be steadfast.
Before the teeth of trial
Be brave.
But 'tis greatest, in small cares
To be able
To smile and to bear them
Always.

MARGARET ATWELL, '25.

A SONG OF PRAISE

Thank God for the fresh green springtime,
For winds of March and April's showers,
For the soft blue skies and the birds' glad
songs
And the scent of Maytime flowers.

Thank God for joyful summertime,
For the golden days of June,
For the warm, sweet breezes, silvery nights,
When all the world's in tune.

Thank God for radiant Autumn,
For her colors everywhere,
Red and yellow, orange and purple,
And the smoky, pungent air.

Thank God, too, for cold Winter,
With its steel blue skies and chilling snow,
And the crackling ice clad forest,
Warmed by the sunset's rosy glow.
FLORENCE BUTLER, '24.

SUGARING IN VERMONT

If you have ever been in Vermont and seen sugaring done, you know that the work from "tapping" to "sugaring off" is of the most interesting nature. You know that sugaring is done something like this:

On a very warm day in the latter part of February or the first part of March, the sugar maples are tapped. By this I mean that a hole is bored in the tree which is known to be a sugar-maple, and a hollow spout is fitted into the hole. Then a pail is hung on the spout or on a nail driven into the tree an inch or so above it. This is done to every maple tree; and a sugar farm is usually so large and has so many trees that a whole day is required to do this. The sap is collected once each day by a wagon which is driven through the sugar district and taken to the sugar house.

There it is poured into long shallow vats, and these are placed on large floors of brick under which very hot fires are built. The brick heats slowly, but when it is very hot it gives off just the kind of heat needed for evaporating the sap.

As soon as the sap stops running in the trees, the fires under the vats are made hotter, and the sap is boiled down to maple syrup. Then that part which is to be sold as syrup, is taken out and the rest is left for "sugaring-off."

On the day reserved for doing this, the whole family armed with spoons, marches to and takes possession of the sugar house. Then

the fires are brought up so that they are very hot and the syrup is boiled to maple sugar. During this process everyone is continually eating the maple product and having a merry time to see who eats the most. Anyone having cavities in his teeth generally drops out of the contest after about one mouthful.

When the syrup has boiled down to that point where it "sugars", it is run off into pails, cooled, sealed, stamped, and shipped away. Usually the demand for maple sugar is so great, that it is sold before it is made. If the sugar comes out bad, whoever has purchased it, loses. But, when Vermont sugar comes out bad you may be sure that something very unusual has happened.

WILLIAM WAITE, '25.

THE STEAMER

The steamer she's a lady and she never has a
want,
For her husband is a tug-boat and he tows her
as he ought.
And all the little schooners that sail the ocean
wide
Have a merry time a-sailing, a-sailing by her
side.

The steamer she's a lady, by the paint upon
her nose,
And the gaudy canopies on deck would pass
for feminine clothes,
The tug-boat is her husband and he's always
hovering near,
For his duty is to see that her path is straight
and clear.

The steamer she's a lady, by the stately way
she sails,
And she always keeps her head when she's
tossed before a gale.
But her husband is a tug-boat and he patiently
sits and waits
Until he sees her coming with a cargo from
the States.

The steamer she's a lady, by her manner and
her air,
For her cargo is for the city and she must be
escorted there.
Her tug-boat husband, on the watch, sails
quickly to her side
And hand in hand across the river, they float
upon the tide.

WALTER ALDEN, '24.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN COSTA RICA (Written by a Costa Rican)

Early in the morning of the fourth of March of this year, a very severe earthquake awoke my family in Central America. With the first shock, they experienced that terrible sensation that cannot be expressed. The whole house trembled, the beds moved, and the windows and glass cases vibrated as the earth moved in all directions like a stormy sea. My mother and father got up wondering if the past few minutes of violent shaking would be all, when there followed a shock so terrific that my mother was seized with dizziness, and had to be helped out of the room by my father. As the land kept on shaking in this abominable manner, it was thought better to leave the house entirely, and go to the garden in front of the house. Here they passed not only the morning, but the rest of the day, as there were four hundred and fifteen shocks during that day. Each of these was no less than a minute in duration.

Some people fled to the country horrified by the scenes of that early morning. Many large houses crumbled to pieces, and others were left in such a condition that it would not be advisable to live in them, because in a volcanic country, an earthquake is likely to come at any minute.

There were innumerable accidents in the country towns. For example: A young peasant girl passing in front of a church was killed by its falling steeple. Another catastrophe happened in a very remote part of the country where communication is difficult. A family, in their night clothes, left the house, fearing that the building would crumble over them. No sooner had they come out, than the earth cracked and swallowed their house completely. This poor family happened to run to a road, where they were aided by a young man traveling to the next town. This same man had seen something similar to this. A family passed along a country road, when a high cliff of solid rock cut loose from the rest of the promontory, and came upon them, not giving time for the poor fugitives to escape, and only one out of fourteen lived.

The government is doing its best to take care of all the fugitives. We must realize that it is not safe to enter the houses until the land is steadier. So the most that can be done is to make tents of whatever material is at hand, and live as comfortably as possible under these circumstances. The hardest thing that the government faces is the distribution

of the limited food, because plantation after plantation was destroyed.

No sooner had the American government heard of this, than supplies of all kinds were sent from the Canal Zone by the quickest route possible, and many people have been helped.

As a Costa Rican and in behalf of my countrymen, I take this opportunity to express the most sincere thanks to this nation for the aid which was sent to us when we most needed it. I am sure that every person in Costa Rica will always remember this noble deed of friendship.

LUIS ANDERSON, '26.

NOEL

The blue night was starred with silver,
The heavens arched dark above,
And there, the small and peaceful town
Lay silent in God's love.

The little town of Bethlehem;
Its streets were still and grey.
A soft breeze rustled the palm leaf,
God's minstrel played its lay.

On a sudden a bright gold star
Mounted into the night,
It came to a rest, and covered all,
With its soft and radiant light.

The stable was lowly and humble,
But was glorious in this light
That God sent down from heaven above
To guide the way to Christ.

DORCAS WOODBURY, '25.

MARY LOUISE

Fair as a primrose,
Blown in the spring;
Merry as a morning lark,
High upon the wing;
Such she was to everyone
Whenever by one's side,
A little, shining sunbeam,
Spreading happiness far and wide

Pure as a lily,
Spotless and white,
Frail as a crystal
Clear—without blight;
Such she was;—but one day
God called her soul away.
And now the perfume of her memory
Remains with me always.

DORIS BREWER, '24.

THE FIRST PRINCIPAL OF THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL

I wonder how many of us realize that residing in our town there is a man who was once principal of our old high school, Mr. Melvin J. Hill. He was principal from 1869 to 1880, and was afterwards principal of the Boston English High School for twenty-seven years.

Mr. Hill graduated from Bowdoin College, Me. He then came to Wakefield, where he won a place in the hearts of his pupils as a favorite, especially among the boys. He played first base on the baseball team; and when they were playing other towns, the opposing side never knew that Wakefield's first baseman was also principal of the high school. He played hockey with the boys, also, although a team was never organized. Personally he told me he enjoyed skating until he was seventy-eight.

In the old high school building, on the third floor there is a small room, which he used as a gymnasium, where he acted as instructor to the boys.

Mr. Hill taught Latin, Greek, German and chemistry. His one assistant teacher taught English. Sixty pupils was the largest attendance of the whole school at that time. Mr. Payson was then superintendent of the Wakefield schools.

Under Mr. Hill's direction, the pupils raised enough money to buy their piano and telescope, and start a library. He was, as you see, always doing something for the benefit of the school and the townspeople.

He started a course of lectures on science in which his brother, then secretary of the state board of education, gave the pupils valuable information. After that, our Mr. Hill gave the school board his honorable service for twenty years, as either secretary or treasurer.

He has traveled throughout Europe, climbed the Alps, and has done many other things of interest to hear about.

ISABEL ATWELL, '27.

SPRING

Cold Winter, you are going fast,
And Cheer is on its way.
Blow now, Old Wind, your loudest blast,
You can't scare Spring away.

Oh, Winter, are you truly gone?
And Wind, you've had your fun,
So listen to the Robin's song,
"Chirrup", Yes, Spring has come.

ARLINE SOULE, '26.

A CALIFORNIAN MISSION

While on my vacation last summer it was my good fortune to visit one of the finest of the Californian missions.

The San Juan Capistrano was founded in 1775, by Father Fermin Francisco de Lasuen. This mission, which was the seventh to be built in California, is foremost in architectural beauty amongst the fine old missions of which California boasts. Many of its buildings were destroyed by an earthquake in 1812. Some Indians were worshipping when the earthquake occurred, and many of them were killed.

In a few of the smaller rooms there are manuscripts and many Indian and Spanish relics of the days when the mission was at its height. On the grounds there are many different kinds of flowers native to the climate. There are a few olive trees, also a few graceful pepper trees. Recently there has been much reconstruction of the walls.

DAVID CROSBY, '27.

JUST FRESHMEN

Oh, have you met the happy group
Whose laughter, light and gay,
Makes many a weary face to smile
And brightens all the day?
Oh! we're just happy Freshmen
Whose path along life's way,
Seems stretching on before us,
And where we catch a joyful ray
That urges us with high resolve
To go and join life's fray.

We know that pain and sorrow
We all must meet and share;
But do we falter at the morrow
We who burdens soon must bear?
No! but with a purpose shining,
We face the world and dare;
And come what may, a silver lining
Shall answer all our prayers.
Oh! we're just happy Freshmen
With joys instead of cares!

JEAN WHITTET, '27.

A TRIP THROUGH AUSABLE CHASM

Ausable Chasm, in the northeastern part of New York, is probably the most beautiful chasm in the East. It is a part of the Ausable River, which rises on Mount Marey, New York, and empties into Lake Champlain.

One day last summer, we took the trip through this chasm which has been called the "Yosemite of the East." After climbing down

about seventy feet of winding stairs, we reached the level of the river. Beginning here and extending for over a mile, are perfectly safe stairways, galleries, and bridges. Some of these are very near the swirling water and some are fastened on the towering heights of the cliff.

There are some very interesting cuts which were made by the rushing river many years ago as it leaped from ledge to ledge. Among the most interesting of these are: "Rainbow Falls," "Devil's Oven," "Elephant's Head," and "Jacob's Well." The first named is a beautiful waterfall seventy feet high. "Jacob's Well" was formed by a large boulder which was whirled about by the rapid stream until it had bored a hole twenty-three feet deep.

After walking the first mile, it was quite a relief to continue our trip by boat. In this section of the gorge, it would be dangerous to build walks, so boats must be used. They hold eight persons, and are propelled by two skilled oarsmen. It was very exciting to go through the rapid part of the stream called "Running the Rapids."

When the boatman announced, "All out," we climbed out of this great ravine to the top where automobiles were waiting to carry us back to the hotel.

ROBERT DUTTON, '27.

TUNED TO THE WRONG TUNE

The boy was in his teens and was anxiously turning some dials on a strange instrument. On his ears were discs connected by a head-band. Finally his whole countenance changed. A scene of great hilarity followed. And as he arose, he cried in a state of insanity:

"I've got it! I've got it!"

"What?" gasped his mother.

"Why, the music on my new radio."

"Now don't get excited, Donald dear, that was only Roy playing the Victrola downstairs."

CHARLES P. HOGG, '27.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLIES

Our weekly assemblies this year have been of educational value as well as a source of pleasure. It is true that all the programs have not pleased everyone, but they have continued to be looked forward to. It was at least a change from the daily routine of class work.

The programs this year have been varied. Speakers were chosen from different walks in life, men and women who have become success-

ful in their respective positions, and who have some message to bring to the pupils. Some of the speakers have given talks with the aid of moving pictures. These lectures have been the most popular.

Besides the programs put on by outsiders, there have been those put on by the pupils. The programs have shown that we have all kinds of talent, which can be developed if given the chance. Pupils should be willing to try to participate in these programs and should be encouraged to do so, because of the self confidence it develops in them. The pupils who take part in the programs are helping to raise the school spirit, of which we have great need.

The weekly assemblies were first arranged with the idea of raising the school spirit. In the old school most of the pupils did not think of themselves as a member of the school, but as a member of a class or a division. This was natural, for pupils saw very little of members in other divisions or classes. Often pupils went through a whole year without making the acquaintance of members in other classes. This has changed through our weekly assemblies because a pupil is able to be with and see the whole school and to feel that he is a part of the school. In years to come these assemblies will help to keep up the school spirit and will play a more and more important part in high school life.

JOSEPH YARUSHITES, '24.

THE DEBATING CLUB

A Debating Club was formed in 1923, under the leadership of Miss Ingram, head of the English department. It consists of nearly twenty Junior and Senior boys. Meetings are held once in two weeks on Monday afternoon at 2.15 o'clock, in Room 206. There are four speakers at each meeting, two for the affirmative and two for the negative side of the question. The subjects for debates are chosen from the leading topics of the day. Three members of the faculty are selected as judges.

The Club has received and accepted an invitation to join the Mystic Valley Debating League.

Too much cannot be said concerning the value of such a Club in the school.

Boys are trained to think clearly and logically, to choose their words with care and precision, and they acquire an ease and self-possession in addressing an audience, that cannot be obtained in the regular class room.

SOLITUDE

In a woodland dale the delicate bluish-green rays of early morning play through the trees. A beautiful spring bubbles in its crystal-like basin. The green turf, at the edge of the spring is covered with a sparkling dew.

Suddenly the quiet is broken by a patter. A wee rabbit hops furtively into the opening. He reaches the spring and bows his head to sip the fresh, coolness of the water. But hark, a hunter comes crashing through the woods close upon the little rabbit. Terror-stricken eyes glance up. Bang! But the tufty white tail is fast disappearing in the underbrush, not to return for many a day.

DORCAS WOODBURY, '25.

THE LUNCH ROOM

Something entirely new to everyone of us is our lunch room. Instead of a small counter with a limited supply of food, we have a large, well lighted, sanitary lunch room, with plenty of good things to eat. Stools and tables are arranged along one side of the room, while the other side is given over to the lunch counter itself. Here many dainty, nutritious luncheons are served; milk, ice cream, wholesome salads, soups, tasty sandwiches, and sometimes hot dogs with lots of mustard.

The lunch room is in charge of the student council. It is their duty to watch over this room and report pupils who leave wrappings and ice cream plates on the floor, instead of carrying them to the large receptacles furnished for that purpose. Pupils also have charge of the lunch counter and the ticket selling. The tickets are sold in one and five cent checks. These checks are destroyed by those in charge of the lunch counter, immediately after receiving them from the pupils.

Rita Doucette.

TO MY MOTHER

Back in the Days of Childhood,

After hours of ceaseless play,

Our Mother, in a half-reverent mood

Would call us to her, and say:

"Dear children, the time is approaching

When this beautiful day is done;

Let us offer our praises in singing,

Giving thanks to our Father above."

So, encircled 'round about her,

With our voices raised in song,

From our innermost soul and heart, we offered

Our thanks to the heavenly throng.

BERTHA S. VIK, '24.

UNFAIR CRITICISM

Slamming is knocking; knocking helps nobody, therefore why knock?

In a building which is more or less public, there is a card posted conspicuously which reads: "You are welcome to enter without knocking but please leave the same way." This is a very good thing for all of us to remember.

Unfair criticism is a bad habit to adopt, especially for high school students who are at the critical age and often express their opinions very frankly. Those of us who have this habit should try to rid ourselves of it.

How would it do to start a campaign against this habit? We are all likely to speak thoughtlessly about someone sometime during the day, so every time we start to say some unkind thing let us stop and think of something pleasant instead. In this way we shall be able to keep the standard of good old Wakefield High very close to the top of the list.

Ruth Morrison.

GROUCH AND SMILES

Two lads live together in a very small town,
One wears a smile while the other wears a frown.

The things they see are just the same,
But Smiles will praise and Grouch will blame.

Smiles is a happy and friendly chap
With a hearty "hello" and a friendly slap,
While his neighbor, Grouch, across the way,
Has seldom a cheerful word to say.

If it happens to rain, Grouch will say:
"What a terrible, nasty, stormy day,"
But Smiles will laugh as the drops fall down,
"Twill lay the dust for our merry town."

They work side by side. When night comes
along,

Smiles starts for home with a happy song,
Joyous in knowing his day's work is through.
Grouch only thinks of the chores yet to do.

And thus through life they go along,
Grouch with a grunt, Smiles with a song,
Smiles always happy, Grouch always blue.
And now, dear friends, which one are you?

ELIZABETH CONDON, '26.



Eleanor F. Barnes '24

BATTALION NOTES

This year's work in military drill has been helped a great deal by being in our new High School. Besides having a greater number of cadets, because military drill has been compulsory for the first two classes this year, we also have more equipment and more time is given to drill. In other years the battalion has had to march to the Common, and to the armory in bad weather; now with the nearness of the athletic field and the armory, less time is spent marching back and forth, and this time spent in drilling.

Sergeant Ernest Monroe, our military instructor, has deemed it wise to take up fewer phases of military drill, but to devote the time to instructing the cadets in the most important ones, such as military courtesy, bearing of a soldier, and marching. A new feature has been added to the drill which is mass physical drill. This drill has helped the cadets a great deal in accustoming them to give commands. Besides this, there have been other features tried out and various contests have been held between the companies and their respective squads and platoons to stimulate a greater interest in drill.

The appearance of the battalion will be improved considerably over the battalions of the two previous years on Memorial Day and at prize drill, for both the cadets and officers will have uniforms of the same color. For the last two years the cadets have been wearing old blue uniforms and the officers, khaki. The appearance of the officers also has been improved

by the addition of a Sam Browne Belt to their uniforms. The privates and non-commissioned officers' uniforms will be of "O. D." wool and will consist of overseas cap, coat, breeches, and spiral puttees. These have been purchased by the school and will be rented to the cadets.

The following is the roster of the present Wakefield High School Battalion: Staff: Major Joseph Yarushites, Adjutant Edwin Ure, Supply Officer George Tasker, Sgt. Major William Oxley, Supply Sgt. Herbert Luey.

A Company: Capt. Lawrence Martin, 1st Lieut. John Campbell, 2nd Lieut. Walter Barry, 1st Sgt. Emory Eaton, Sgts. Fred Rich, Luis Anderson, Charles Keady, Robert Reynolds, Maurice Walsh. Corps. Paul Connell, Irving Melendy, John Poore, Robert Sproule, William O'Connell, William Waite.

B Company: Capt. Edward Ward, 1st Lieut. Paul Magnitsky, 2nd Lieut. George Moulton, 1st Sgt. Kenneth Hunt, Sgts. Michael Kelly, Lores McClosky, Ralph Thresher, William Walsh, Melvin Talbot, Corps. John Shechan, Patrick Donegan, Hamlen Boynton, Frank Cronican.

C Company: Capt. Louis Meuse, 1st Lieut. Clarence Hale, 2nd Lieut. Myrton Finney, 1st Sgt. Maurice O'Connell, Sgts. Maurice Anderson, Harry Pratt, Henry Storti, Fred Barnes, William Halloran, Corps. Robert Santos, Arthur Vidito, William Gerrish, Philip Nute, Charles McCarthy.

D Company: Capt. Lawrence Floyd, 1st Lieut. Walter Alden, 2nd Lieut. James MeTeague, 1st Sgt. Norman Bayrd, Sgts. Stanley Harper, Elmer Flannigan, Wallace Homer, George Rattray, Warren Austin, Corps. Leslie Milner, William Butler, Joseph Murphy, George White.

YARUSHITES, '24.



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BATTALION

Top Row, L. to R.: Sergt. E. Monroe, Lieut. G. Moulton, Lieut. M. Plimney, Lieut. C. Hale, Lieut. E. Ure, Lieut. P. Magnitzky, Lieut. J. MacTeague, Lieut. J. Campbell, Lieut. W. Alden

Front Row, L. to R.: Capt. L. Muse, Capt. L. Martin, Major J. Yarushites, Capt. E. Ward, Capt. L. Floyd



FOOTBALL TEAM

Top Row: Mgr. Dinan, Asst. Mgr. Arnold

2nd Row: Tracy, Randall, Porter, Druagan, North

3rd Row: Hall, Tyler, Ward, Martin, Captain, Guarnercia, Paige, Coach Dower

4th Row: Shurtleff, Barry, O'Connell, Finney, Curran, Morrison

Photo by Bourdon



Esther M. Winkler '24

FOOTBALL

The nineteen twenty-three football season opened somewhat earlier than usual, the squad being called out the same week that school opened. About thirty-five boys reported to Coach Dower for the first practice. The veterans in the opening line-up were: Finney, Page, Campbell, Fitzgerald, Tasker, Martin, Hall, and North.

After about three weeks' practice, the team went to the first game, on September 29, with Newburyport High. The teams were almost evenly matched, with a slight weight advantage, on our side. We fought well, but Newburyport scored a touchdown, which came as the result of a penalty that placed the ball on our five-yard line. The final score was 6 to 0.

For our second game, we stacked up against the strong Cambridge Latin Squad, at Russell Field. When the game was arranged, we, undoubtedly, were supposed to play the part of tackling dummies for the Latin School, yet they were unable to pierce our line, and were forced to resort to the forward pass, in order to come out on top. Cambridge scored twice from passes, and once by a line play, while we managed to push over one touchdown, making the score 19-6.

On October 16, we played our first home game with Winchester. We lost a poorly-played contest by a 13-6 score. In the opening period, Wakefield looked strong, bringing the ball down under their opponents' goal-posts, but, there, the line lacked the punch to put it across. The following Saturday came the one bright spot of the season—the Arlington game. Every man on the team fought tooth and nail every minute of the exciting contest, and we emerged a 6-0 victor. This victory, however, was dearly bought, for we lost our best back, Bob Hall, who suffered a broken leg, in the latter part of the game.

The largest crowd that has even seen a

football game, on the Park, gathered to see the Melrose melee. Heads-up playing and end runs won for Melrose, in a game that was marked throughout by exceptionally clean playing on both sides. Score 12-0. On October 26, we lost a poorly played game to the heavy Watertown High Team, on their field. Lack of backfield defense against passes was our main fault.

Woburn came here, expecting to hand us a trouncing, but barely managed to squeeze out a 3-0 victory. Wakefield played well in this contest and deserved at least a scoreless tie, after holding the heavy Woburnites three times, with our five-yard line.

Our last game was with Lowell, November 17. We are told that, from the spectators' standpoint, this was not so bad a game to watch as the 20-0 score might indicate. During the entire first half, we held our heavier opponents scoreless. However, in the last half, Lowell began to rush in numerous fresh men, who succeeded in wearing us out. Our defense crumbled, and for our lack of fresh men, Lowell was able to run the score up to twenty. We were supposed to play Lexington on November 24, but, because of heavy rainstorms, the game was cancelled.

Dinan performed all the duties of the manager's position, in a capable and thorough manner, and should be accorded the credit he deserves. Many coaches would have given it up as a bad job, had they been compelled to work under the discouraging conditions, under which Coach Dower carried through the season. It seems odd that, from a school of two or three hundred boys, only seventeen can be found to represent their town on the football team. A coach may be able to teach some men how to play football, but he can't teach men that aren't on the field.

At a supper given the football men at the close of the season, Myrton Finney was chos-

en as next year's captain. He was one of this year's dependables, both in the line and the backfield, and is a hard-working, hard-playing fellow of clean personal habits, and is a good student. He should make a good leader. Hall, Drugan, Paige, Curran, Ward, Shurtleff, Fitzgerald, Porter, and Martin will be lost by graduation. For next year's team there will be Captain Finney, Tasker, Randall, Tyler, Barry, Guarnaccia, North, O'Connell, and Morrison.

The 1923 squad wishes the team of 1924, the best of luck for the coming season; furthermore, for you of 1924, we beg these things from the powers that be: More co-operation from the faculty, a large squad that will see the season through, at least a half a dozen footballs, real student support, both for the coach and for the team, more time for practice sessions and—a winning team.

CAPTAIN MARTIN.

SENIOR PARTY GREAT SUCCESS

The Senior Party took place Friday evening, February 29th. Approximately \$60 were made on the dance, proving that if everyone in the school buys a ticket, although outsiders are not allowed to attend, the dance may be a success financially.

During intermission, Frances Dingle read two sketches, Priscilla Abbott did a "Step Dance," and Ronald Sherman sang, with Doris Frost accompanying him. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment and called for more.

Frances Purdy and Wallace Sweetser won the elimination dance, each receiving a box of candy.

There were many novelties during the evening, including colored streamers, whistles, rattles and "clickers."

Drugan's orchestra helped make the whole affair more hilarious and enjoyable.

The matrons were Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Hall, and Miss Margaret Ryan.

OFFICERS' PARTY

On the evening of January 18th the first formal dance of the year, the Officers' Party, took place.

The officers of the battalion decorated the gym appropriately with guns and flags.

A reception was held from eight o'clock until nine, during which the dancers were introduced to the matrons, Mrs. Thomas H. Ward, Mrs. Joseph J. Martin, Mrs. James A.

Muse, mothers of officers, and Miss Elizabeth F. Ingram of the faculty.

The grand march was led by Major Joseph Yarushites and Miss Doris Frost, followed by Captain Laurence Martin and Miss Gladys Dagnino, Captain Edward Ward and Miss Emily Smith, Captain Louis Muse and Miss Hazel Doble, and Captain Lawrence Floyd and Miss Aletha Whitney.

Visiting officers from Gloucester and Woburn with their partners, added much to the gaiety of the party.

The committee in charge, members of the Class of '24, were Edward Ward, Allen Drugan, Frances Dingle, Lawrence Martin, Ross Roach, Priscilla Abbott, Doris Brewer, Clarence Hale, Frances Munier, Gladys Dagnino, Paul Magnitzky, Helen Corbet and George Robbins.

G. D.

HIGH SCHOOL DANCE

The first afternoon dance was held in the Gymnasium, Monday, October 30, from two until five-thirty. The purpose of this dance was to raise money for the Medical Fund of the Athletic Association. An orchestra made up of Doris Frost, piano; Lawrence Floyd, violin; Arthur Newcomb, drums; and Edna Parks, saxophone, supplied the music.

Both financially and socially the dance proved a success. About 225 pupils were present, while \$59 was made.

L. CONNELL.

Welcome are happy girls and boys,

High and loyal in their ideals,

Always generous, sharing their joys.

In their friendship, the spirit is real.

Kind and fair in sports and games,

Gaining strength and pleasure, too;

Elated and eager to win their aims,

Healthy and gay in whatever they do.

Friendly and courteous to all whom they meet,

Studious also but not over-good;

Industrious, cheerful, helpful, and neat,

Comrades together stand firm as they should.

Even as rocks on the high mountainside.

Having a future, small or great,

Little they know what the fates will decide,

Only the present with them has weight.

"Do and dare" is the motto they take,

Onward and upward success they'll make.

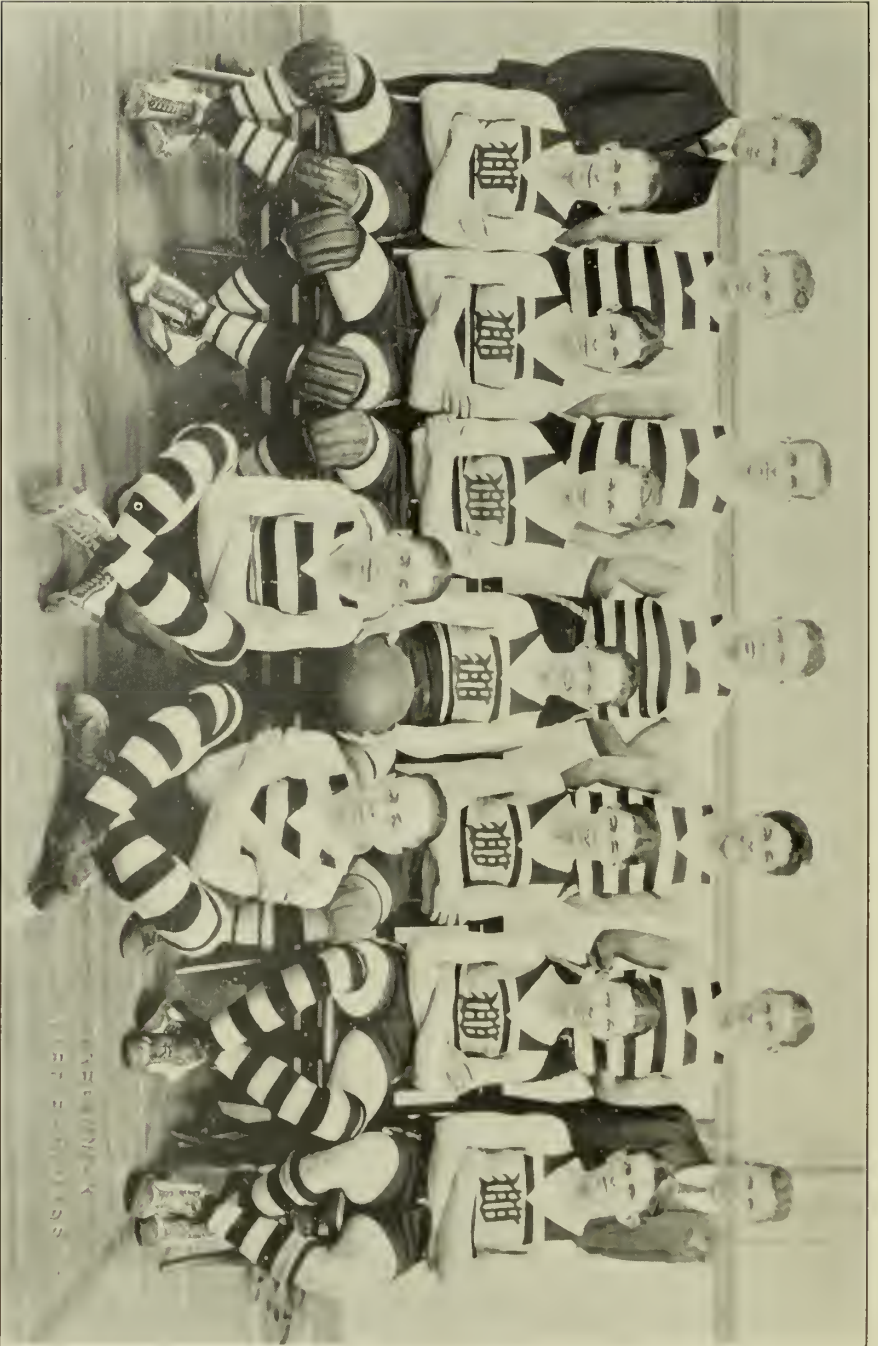
Let Wakefield High School win that stake.

KATHERINE HASKELL, '27.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

M. Loughlin	B. Gersinovitich	E. H. Balckie	G. Dagnino	L. Sagherian
E. Winkler	F. Rogers	Captain E. Grant	P. Abbott	I. Goldthwaite

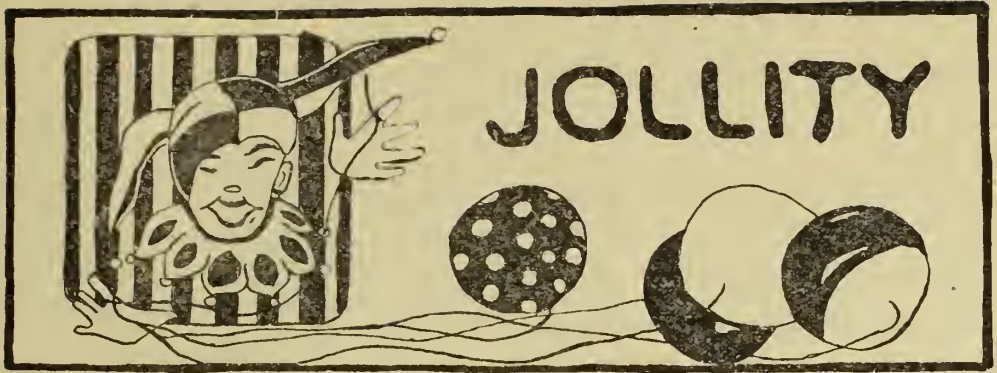


BASKETBALL TEAM

Top Row: Coach Bemis, M. Sherman, Yanshites, Fitzgerald, Guaruncchia, Finney, Asst. Mgr. Arnold

Centre Row: North, Tasker, Martin, Roach, Captain, Ward, Skully, R. Sherman

Bottom Row: Salvati, Shurtleff

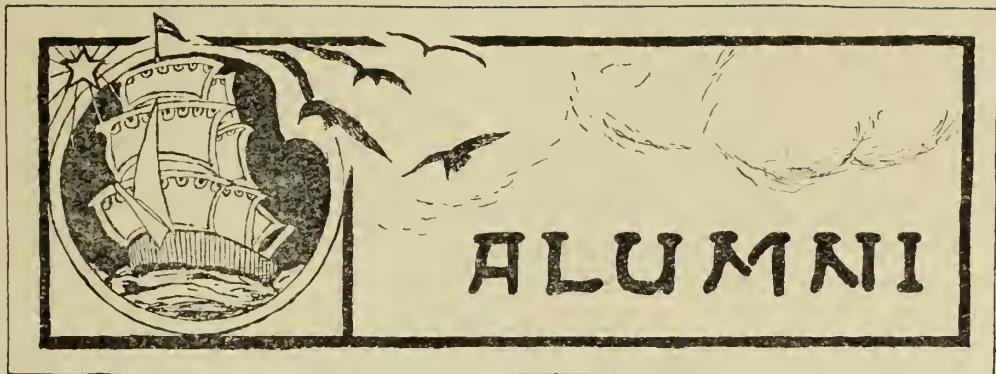


DOROTHY BRADFORD

AS OTHERS SEE US

- Dorothy Bradford—With slow but stately
pace she held her course.
- Doris Brewer—"Tis neither here nor there.
Shakespeare.
- Florence Butler—This is a woman pouring
out her brain on paper.
- Ellen Connor—What an authority is here.
- Helen Corbet—Whatsoever she did became
her.
- John Curran—I am dreamy and inactive
Shakespeare.
- Gladys Daguino—I have both hands full of
business.
- Ruth Deadman—Not unprepossessing as to
feature.
- Allen Drugan—Tho' I am a quiet man, I have
noticed a heap of things in my life.
- Doris Frost—She studies music I opine
And other mysteries divine. Shakespeare.
- Frances Dingle—Her very frowns are fairer
far, than smiles of other maidens are.
Coleridge.
- Frances Lee—Smooth runs the water where
the brook is deep. Shakespeare.
- Marion Loughlin—My crown is in my heart,
not on my head.
- Harriet McCarthy—Whose little body lodged
a quiet mind. Pope.
- Laurence Martin — Exceedingly well-read.
Shakespeare.
- John Poore—It is not necessary to light a
candle to the sun. Sidney.
- Lillian Sagherian—As merry as the day is
long. Shakespeare.
- Bertha Vik—Whose earnest purpose never
serves.
- Priscilla Abbott—But oh, she dances such a
way, no sun upon an Easter Day is half
so fine a sight. Shakespeare.
- Walter Alden—The world by him shall yet
be shook.
- Bernice Bazley—Be a candle if you can't be
a lighthouse. Carey.
- Eleanor Barnes—A merry laugh maketh a
glad countenance.
- Ernest Carter—Hang sorrow! Care'll kill a
cat. Jonson.
- William Greenough—He is of nature scien-
tific. Taylor.
- Paul Magnitzky—A good hearty laugh is a
bombshell exploding in the right place.
- Joseph McManiman—I have asked many
questions and learned a great deal.
- Harold Nash—Oh sleep, it is a pleasant thing,
beloved from pole to pole.
- Forrest Paige—He had a name for good-
temper and shrewdness.
- Ross Roach—He would rather starve on a
penny than work for a pound.
- Edwin Ure—"Give me a moment; I should
have some theory for that."
- Henry Wengen—His tongue fairly bristled
with scientific facts.
- Grace Widtfelt—A maid of quiet ways.
- Joseph Yarushites—When I became a man I
put aside childish things. Bible.
- Laura Boynton—And puts herself upon her
good behavior. Byron.
- Joseph Dinan—Slow in starting, but when
aroused, a whirlwind.
- Irene Goldthwaite—She doeth little kindness-
es which others leave undone. Lowell.
- James Fitzgerald—Eat to live, not live to eat.
Cicero.
- Stanley Goodwin—I am pretty well known.
- Helen Hackett—And, like another Helen fired
another Troy. Dryden.
- Alice Hall—Mirth, with thee I mean to live.
Milton.
- Robert Hall—I have gained my experience.
Shakespeare.
- Stanley Harper—Just at the age 'twixt boy
and youth.

- Bernard Malonson—Every man has his fault, and honesty is his. Shakespeare.
- Lillian Nutile—She suited her surroundings with the best grace imaginable.
- Cassimar Parolskie—He wears a sorrowful look.
- Alice Scipione—Young in limbs; in judgment old. Shakespeare.
- Edith Smith—Better be out of the world than out of fashion.
- Edward Ward—I say so, therefore, it is so.
- Jessie White—I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. Shakespeare.
- Esther Winkler—Her hair is not more sunny than her smile.
- Ivy Alderson—Silent when there's nothing to be said.
- Annie Blanchard—Shall I go on, or have I said enough.
- Viola Davidson—Sober, steadfast, and demure.
- Rita Doucette—Bless my eyes, what a brisk little soul.
- Marjorie Finneran—She speaks when so minded.
- Dorothy Hanright—A keen wit, a wise look, and an answer always ready.
- Mary Hennessey—Dear to her friends.
- Lena Ivany—I'll warrant her heart-whole. Shakespeare.
- Evelyn LaFave—Higher yet and higher.
- Ada Leach—Let the world slide. Shakespeare.
- Clara Looke—Man delights not me. Shakespeare.
- Anna Martin—Satire's my weapon. Pope.
- Agnus McManus—With steady eyes and a resolute bearing.
- Doris Milleriek—A maid light-hearted and content.
- Ruth Morrison—A violet in the youth of privvy nature. Shakespeare.
- Frances Munier—Your heart's desire be with you. Shakespeare.
- Arline Muse—'Tis a matter of regret that she's a bit of a coquette.
- Maurice O'Leary—I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. Shakespeare.
- Joseph Robbins—Has he not a professional air? Butler.
- Florence Rogers—A girl so like a boy.
- Dorothy Stewart — Here's metal more attractive. Shakespeare.
- Mary Vik—'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.
- Dora Young—She did the work she found to do.
- Mildred Young—My whole life I have spent in pleasant thoughts.
- Walter Allen—The mirror of all courtesy. Shakespeare.
- Dorothy Barton—Studious of ease, and fond of humble things. Phillips.
- John Campbell—All this life is one dem'd horrid grind. Dickens.
- Hazel Doble—Bright as the rosy-fingered dawn.
- Lawrence Floyd—In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire. Shakespeare.
- Louise Frawley—Bashfulness is an ornament to youth.
- Clarence Hale—The charm of noble manners.
- Paul Loubris—Men of few words are the best men. Shakespeare.
- Russell Loughlin—He does nothing in particular and does it well.
- Earle Marshall—Ah! What a big noise for such a little man.
- Dorothy McManius—Neither careless, nor too sad, nor too studious, nor too glad.
- Louis Muse—A man can die but once, so, on with the dance.
- William Oxley—From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet he is all mirth. Shakespeare.
- Milton Porter—I am not in the roll of common men. Shakespeare.
- Rueben Pottle—Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.
- Forrest Shurtleff—As true as steel. Shakespeare.
- William Skulley—I never dare to be as funny as I can. Holmes.
- Madeleine Smith—Her manner was warm and even ardent.
- Mildred Whitten—That tho' on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind. Cowper.
- Louise Connell—The daintiest last to make the end more sweet. Shakespeare.



Marion A. Loughlin '24

ALUMNI NOTES

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William Anderson	Boston College of Pharmacy	Charlotte Hammond	New Haven Normal School of Gymnas- tics
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Edith Geizer	Peter Bent Brigham Hospital	Marion Moore	Moved to Melrose
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Dorothy Young	P. G.
Marion Young	Stev. N. Sallinger Inc.
Joseph Zarella	Kelsey Drug Store

EXCHANGES

The Debator wishes to acknowledge and thank the following exchanges:

The Palmer, Palmer High School, Palmer, Mass.; **The Authentic**, Stoneham High School, Stoneham, Mass.; **School Life**, Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.; **Boston University Beacon**, Boston University, Boston, Mass.; **Brocktonia**, Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.; **The Buzzer**, Boston Clerical School, Boston, Mass.; **The Saxonian**, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont; **The Greylock Echo**, Adams High School, Adams, Mass.; **The Gold Bug**, Amherst High School, Amherst, Mass.; **The Recorder**, Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.; **The Observer**, Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.

A STUDY IN HEREDITY

Dorothy's father was a poet, her mother a painter, and everybody said that Dorothy was sure to be a genius; it was her fate by inheritance. No one predicted the direction which Dorothy's genius would take, however, until she was eight years old, then her aunt declared she was sure she would be a great singer. What her uncle thought was of no importance.

About the time her aunt had settled Dorothy's career, her grandfather said he had hopes for the child. "She'll turn out just like anybody," he chuckled, "see if she don't."

It was Dorothy's first night on the farm. There had been a wonderful sunset. Dorothy's mother, with half-shut eyes had compared it to Claude Lorraine's paintings. Dorothy's father had looked lyrics, and the other members of the family had expressed their delight in various ways Dorothy alone was depressed.

"See her," whispered her aunt, "what exquisite feeling in her face!"

Her parents looked, but it was her grandfather who spoke.

"What's wrong with you, Dotty?" he asked.

"Nothing," pouted Dorothy, "only everybody's so taken up with the sunset, and I wanted to see the pigs fed!"

Irene Goldthwaite, '24.

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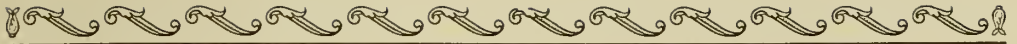
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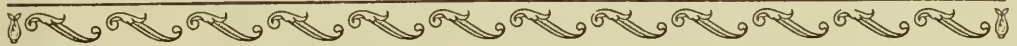
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