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# THE ARGUENOT



NOVEMBER, 1924

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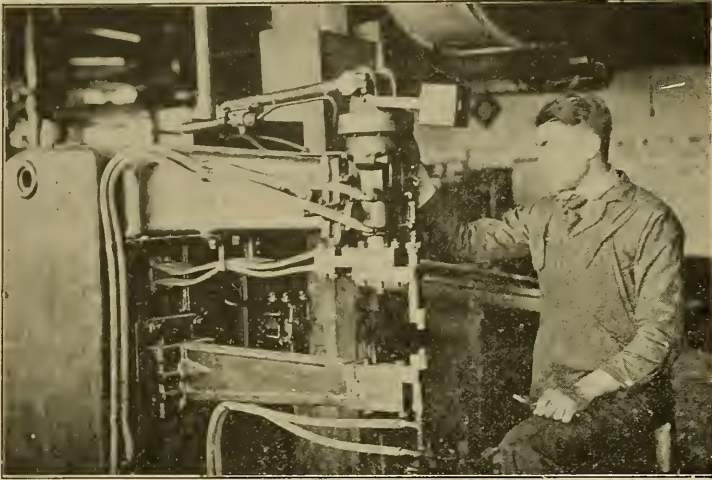
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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

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## EDITORIALS

### Foreword

THE members of the Editorial Staff of the "Arguenot" work, and work, and work. And for what? Money? Decidedly, no! Glory? Again, no. Appreciation? Yes.

But the great reason for their work is the joy of achievement. There is always this for encouragement, the feeling of having done their best, and resting satisfied—until the next issue comes out. Then the same feverish activity. They must do better, better still!

So, satisfied—temporarily—the Staff presents to its readers a new "first issue" of the "Arguenot." And it sincerely hopes that you, too, will be satisfied—temporarily. Then, when the next issue is to be published, it trusts that you will aid, as you have this time, in making your magazine measure up to your ideal.

### An Intellectual Alarm Clock

I HAVE the most efficient alarm clock in the world. It has been accepted by all students and experts on alarm clocks as the only practical and efficient means by which a person may be removed from a state of dormancy. This marvel never fails to work and may not be removed except by parricide; hence its efficiency.

The clock is intellectual because if the morning be cold it works easily, removes the clothes, and leaves me to shiver in the frigid atmosphere; or should I by chance go to sleep again, it finds more drastic measures by which to make me arise.

If the clock be handled gently while new, it can be taught to work twice and thereby give one a chance to meditate on the beauties of the morning; but if overstrained, may become very disagreeable. It is usually best to compromise once in a while and get up on first call



so as to preserve its temper and thereby get the maximum sleep with the minimum effort.

This intellectual and efficient piece

of intricate mechanism is widely used and is known under the names of "Mother," "Ma," and sometimes, "Pa."

EDWIN COBB, '25.

---

### Satisfied

**T**HERE are many different types of people in the world. All have their merits and demerits. Some people look upon the world as a cold, unsympathetic and bleak place, but the kind of person I like is one who settles himself down to his station in life and is satisfied. Some people call him "Happy-Go-Lucky" and other such names. He really isn't in the full sense of the word. For though he does take things as they come, and is satisfied with what comes to him, he tries to do what he can to make the world a good place in which to live. For

in truth, he is just a firm believer in the proverb "There's no use crying over spilt milk." You frequently feel gloomy yourself, and when a friend is gloomy also, you feel that he has no right to "Steal your stuff," and are angry at him. But a person who always has a happy smile cheers you up. Therefore, all in all, a person of this type is good to have in this world. For though he may see the funny side when you think it is a serious matter, his assets overwhelm his faults.

EDMUND G. PAINE, '27.

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### Can Human Thought-Waves Reach Mars

"Perhaps the Martians are sending us now some signal we fail to recognize; some form so advanced that our intelligence is too rudimentary to catch it."

**T**HIS statement was made by Carmille Flammarion, the eminent French scientist who believes in mental telepathy. He is one of the most noted astronomers of the present century. He is eighty-two years old and has his observatory, laboratory, and museum at Juvist, just outside of Paris.

The mysterious phenomenon of mental telepathy is very nearly discovered to be thought waves which cannot, as yet, be controlled. If these thought waves could be controlled, then, why couldn't we

have inter-planetary communication with Mars? If thought waves were to be used, how do we know the Martians would be able to understand us? The Martians may not have the same emotions we have; therefore, we could not broadcast by thought emotions.

We know that in physics the laws are universal. Therefore if we are built as we are, then why are the Martians not built the same way if there is such a thing as life on Mars? Radio cannot be used because their speech may not be at all like ours. The only possible way that the Martians can be communicated with is by emotions broadcasted by thought waves.

EDWARD ABELY, '26.



## On the Seventh Period

**I**S it worth while? Do the pupils really derive any benefit from this extra period? These are some of the questions heard when it is learned that the seventh period is again instituted in our regular program. It is almost impossible to answer these questions. Some of the class claim that they can at least look over the next day's assignments and see what books must be taken home. But others just as stoutly claim that by the time the clock has wound its slow and weary way to the beginning of the

seventh period, they are tired of school and think only of getting outside of those four prison-like walls. But more than that, the pangs of hunger are slowly but surely eating a great cavity in that part of a person's make-up which is most important to a school-boy's mind. However, we must be resigned. As we have already added the seventh period to our program cards, it is only left us to find out how much we can accomplish in that longest of long forty minutes.

JULIA CONNOLLY, '25.



## The College Kids

**R**ALPH MacGRATH parked his Living Lie just beyond the radius of the bright lights streaming from the small town railway station, and waited for adventure. Lifting his eyebrows in a blasé fashion, he knocked his long-stemmed, small-bowled pipe against a convenient hydrant, and, again in the approved and blasé fashion, stretched out his long legs, clad in immaculate twenty-inch flannels and refilled his "snag."

The Living Lie was so called because it was one. The shell looked like a million dollars, but only Ralph and his washer-woman knew how much the kernel looked and acted like a Ford.

Ralph resembled his "cawr." Outside he looked like a student of Tech or Harvard, or even Yale. Really he was a soda-jerker at "The College Drug Store," where he received and practised assiduously all his tips concerning clothing, speech, "line" and other eccentricities and peculiarities of the modern college youth. Ralph had ambitions, however. He was a born actor, even he himself admitted, and he could and would rise high. Tonight, as on previous nights, he was out for practice. He gave himself a separate role for each separate evening. As the bored eyebrows and the twenty-inch trousers may have an-

nounced, his role for the night was that of the College Kid. It was safe, however, to play this particular part in the impressionable suburbs rather than in the experienced and know-it-all surroundings of the city proper. City folks were cagey, they were; but small-town Janes, bah! Anybody could put anything over on them. Tomorrow he'd stay in the city, though. He'd planned to play the virtuous young and handsome country curate.

R. MacGrath *was* undoubtedly handsome. He had a perfect nose. His chin lined up to all ideals set by cigarette ads. His eyes were always a trifle narrowed, and fascinatingly fringed by lashes a good three shades darker than his nut-brown, perfectly parted, wavy hair. His eyebrows were classic and expressive, more so than his half-seen eyes. His mouth was determined, thin, and just now endowed with a disinterested droop. Ralph MacGrath certainly had some cause for his self-satisfaction.

The snag was successfully lighted and Ralph draped himself over the steering-gear of the Living Lie. A girl tripped by. Ralph removed his pipe from his cynical mouth with a listless hand, raised his left eyebrow and winked his right eye. Up went the girl's nose, by she swept.

"Oh, *ver—y* well!" murmured Ralph and returned the pipe to the cynical mouth.

A train arrived. A few tired commuters dropped wearily off.

A policeman sauntered up to the Ford-in-disguise.

"Better move along, Buddy, or I'll have to keep you. You're parked 'long-side a hydrant."

"Oh, *ver—y* well," said Ralph, and nonchalantly began to set the motor in motion.

And then Adventure whirled upon him, before he had quite shifted gears. It came in the form of a very diminutive and smart young woman who was enveloped in a black cape and an aroma of Narcis Noir. She piled a week-end bag and a brief case into the car, jumped in, grasped the astonished (but still in his college pose) Ralph by the arm, waved a frivolous hand to the amazed officer-of-the-law, and said in a delightfully domineering and melodious voice, "Drive!"

Ralph drove.

After fully two minutes of silence, he spoke up—"Where?"

"I said 'Drive!'" commanded the girl.

Ralph drove, while the girl still grasped his arm.

After another silence she said, "To Farnsworth Hall, Welscliffe College. And get there before eleven o'clock!" Still the authoritative voice; and then changing suddenly to a most pleading tone, "Ple-e-e-ase!"

For that "please" Ralph would have driven anywhere before eleven o'clock. He tried to drive with his left hand only, but the combined and strenuous efforts of both girl and car soon discouraged this. Oddly enough, he was pleased, over the girl's efforts, that is. What the dash-it-all was the matter with the car, anyway? Who was the girl? Where'd she come from? Welscliffe—h'm. A kindred soul, a college kid. She didn't act exactly like his idea of a college kid. But here was Adventure, at any rate!

Gosh—darn—blankety—blank! The car coughed and stopped amid a sputter of fervid exclamations from Girl, car and Ralph. Happily it occurred a short fifty yards from a garage. Soon Ralph had left loud orders for its conveyance, tomorrow, after being repaired, to College Row, off Washington Street; had

gallantly moved the Girl and her paraphernalia into a nearby taxi, given the address, and they were off.

He was rewarded by a soft whisper coming through the semi-darkness—"You're a dear! Thanks," and a gentle pressure on the sleeve of his loose and collegiate top-coat. From there on they progressed in silence, the Girl for reasons of her own, Ralph because he was afraid he'd frighten Adventure away. All sorts of ideas, beautiful, promising, took shape in the dark of the taxi. What should he do when they arrived at her destination? "Tcha doin' tomorrow P. M. kiddo?" No, that was too crude. Should he merely call there, tomorrow evening, at Farnsworth Hall? Should—

The car came to a grinding halt. Ralph started as several heads, all bobbed and curled, were thrust in.

"Oh, Connie!" "I didn't think you'd dare do it!" "How could you?" "He's quite nice." "How was it?" "Who is he? A colliege?" "Oh, Connie—!"

The girls pulled the Girl out, exclaimed over her and the stupified Ralph. He merely stared. Then one girl, taking pity on him, explained, vaguely—"Connie did it on a bet, you know. She took the outbound train to Narliston. She didn't have a cent, you know. Betted to get there and back with no money, before eleven. She'd 'forgotten her money' on the train, and I guess she bummed you. Mercy, Connie, how *could* you?" And again pandemonium reigned.

Ralph signalled the driver and they left the chattering group behind, with a fearful groaning of gears. The last thing Ralph saw were the appealing eyes of the Girl, who had been quiet all through the babble. She looked as though she were sorry.

Well she could be! He was off women for life. Blah! Two-faced, they were.

They made a man look ridiculous. That was their greatest pleasure. Blah!

Mechanically he gave the inquiring taxi driver his address. College Row! It seemed to mock him.

After what seemed years of mental torment, he stepped out before his familiar boarding-house. "Ten dollars!" Darn! Money to burn, he had—not! Off he stalked, gritting his teeth.

"Hey, mister!"

"What?" Ralph pivoted about, impatient.

"Forgot your baggage, mister!"

"Oh, Heck!" Ralph exploded. "Her dash-it-all truck!" He grabbed the brief case and week-end bag viciously, vindictively. "Darn her! *darn*—!"

The taxi driver grinned. That was too much. Ralph glowered at him, and again stalked off, up the steps, only forced to stop again to dig out his latch key with much bother and many expletives. Then the darkness of the hallway hid him from the now highly amused taxi-driver.

After a tortured night, during which he swore off college stuff for life, Ralph sent off the offending baggage by express. He wouldn't see her again. Darn the girl, with her college airs and college tricks!

All forenoon he lived up to his name with a vengeance. He jerked ice cream sodas and frozen chocolates with a vehemence that attracted considerable notice.

"Smatter? She go back on you?" "She let you down, MacGrath?" "Cheer up, old bean!" Humorous sympathy was offered from all sides. Ralph merely glared at the pack of them. College kids! Bah!

In a slack period before noon, while he was wiping off the marble-topped



counter, he heard a delightfully domineering and melodious voice say—

“Four banana splits!” Then the voice trailed off to the pleading tone, “Oh—oh!”

Ralph looked up. Yes, there stood the Girl. Her eyes were very appealing and large with surprise and he saw that they were the brownest brown he had ever known. And her hair was black, and smooth, and not bobbed. She had on no hat, and wore a very trim and unassuming black gown, partially covered by a white frilly, starched apron. By Jove, but that getup looked like a maid’s! Then she wasn’t a college kid, after all.

They talked and talked across the marble-topped counter, their elbows jostling orange-crushers and soda-glass containers. Everything was explained.

She *had* done it on a bet, but not in the spirit he had imagined. He told how he had sent off the baggage, and then found himself explaining his presence at the suburban station, and his life-long ambition, and—

“Mercy! I’ve talked ages! I’m taking the ice cream up to the girls at the dorm., who are being punished for coming in late by not being allowed to go out today. I’m maid up at Farnsworth Hall, you know—. Hurry, please!”

Ralph hurried.

That evening they went riding in the repaired Living Lie. And Ralph told her some more about his future—and hers.

MYRTHA S. LINDEBERG, '25.

---

### The Trees

Yonder stands the fir tree,  
Dressed in fadeless green.  
Yonder stands the oak tree,  
Majestic as a queen.

Yonder stands the maple tree,  
Its giant arms so high  
That it is seen for miles away  
'Gainst a cloudless sky.

M. C. SCAMPINI, '26.

---

### On Going to the Movies

IT has always been a source of pity to me to see so many people who are ignorant of the modern method of enjoying the cinema. Please let me state a few of the principal rules of modern etiquette, assuring you that anyone who follows them should at least have one exciting evening.

In deciding upon a theatre to attend, you should always choose one with a balcony. After making sure of this fact, you should approach the ticket office in a crouching position which will

make you look small and in this way you may enter on half-fare. If you are detected, immediately resume your natural position and inquire about the prices. There is usually a sign concerning the prices, but it is considered good form to ask and to check up the answer by looking at the sign. If all answers are correct, purchase a ticket for the balcony.

The ideal seat is in the middle of the row. This requires that half of the row must stand up to allow you to pass. If possible step on their toes. When enter-

ing the row hold elbows extended so that they bump against the heads of the people in front. This distracts them from the picture, but it rests their eyes by taking them off the screen to scowl at you.

On arriving at your seat, slam it down quickly, and you may squeeze the toes of the man in back. If you are lucky and catch his toes, sit down quickly making a tighter squeeze. If this is done properly, you should hear, very plainly, a cry from the man in back. Your success in this operation is measured by the volume of the cry.

You are now in a position to watch the picture. You should never enter the movies without first purchasing a package of gum. With the entire package in your mouth keep time to the orchestra.

Some modern authors recommend the buying of salted peanuts. Then, if the picture is not interesting you may employ your time by throwing them one by one into the air and listening to the startled exclamations of the people as the peanuts descend on their unoffending heads.

Most high school boys try to pick out baldheaded men, as the resounding smack is delightful.

Sometimes it happens that your view is obstructed by a fluffy, bobbed-haired flapper. If so, lean forward and grasp the hair firmly, give a quick tug to the left or right whichever is convenient. If the head does not remain in the position in which you place it, you should stick your gum on the shoulder of the man next to the head and, giving the hair another pull, fasten it to the man's shoulder by means of the gum. Now you may see the picture and don't forget to read the titles aloud.

When the picture is almost over, rise and start to retrace your steps over the toes of those about you. When you reach the aisle, pause, to put on your coat. This will obstruct some people's view, but they won't mind. Then slowly walk up the aisle whistling loudly, if you are able to and if the proprietor permits.

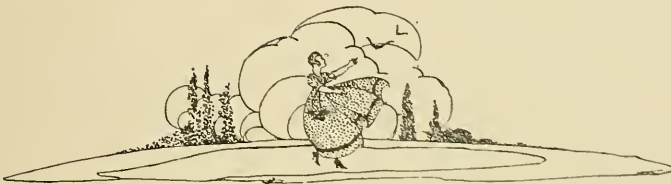
HELEN C. CORCORAN, '25.

## October

Oh, autumn days, gay autumn days!  
Though when you're here the flowers die;  
Still all their colors do not fade,  
But linger on in tree and sky.

'Tis then the hunter ventures forth  
To seek his prey from south to north.  
And birds in flocks do southward fly:  
Like clouds they look as they sail by.

VELLA JACKMAN, '27.



## Was I to Blame?

PEOPLE say that I was insane when I did it, that only a maniac would have done it! Huh! a lot they know about it! Why, it was the sanest act of my whole sixteen years!

Throughout my entire life preceding the date of this occurrence, I had stifled every violent impulse. I had followed the dictates of my conscience,—my sense of duty, and I had exulted with conscious pride in my own self-control. I had been bound by the chains of convention and made mute by the gag of public opinion. Hence, I reiterate proudly that it was the sanest act of my life, and I confess to not the slightest regret. Given like circumstances, I should do the same thing over again.

It was a Saturday morning. Have you ever noticed that most domestic murders occur on Saturdays? Yes, they do! Watch the papers and see for yourself! Well, I repeat, it was a Saturday morning. I wish you to remember this fact! I impress it upon your minds! Cling to it! for on it hangs my story!

So, once more it was a Saturday morning! Furthermore it was rather a crisp, peppery, Saturday morning—just one of that kind that makes you want to stay in bed and enjoy to the full your warm and cosy resting place. However, duty called, and my mother being away, I was forced to arise.

Reluctantly I crept out and went with lagging steps to get the family breakfast. While in the process of doing so, I burned my hand and rather severely. However, I remarked no copious flow of tears when I recounted this mishap to my assembled brethren. This lack of sympathy, needless to say, did not lessen my own volume of self-pity.

But at last they were through and

away, and I was left to cope with the burden of Saturday cleaning. With no very marked enthusiasm I went about it. But my desire to be done urged me on and I labored with great ferocity. When at last I stopped to look at the time, I found it to be twelve o'clock. My father would be home in a short while, expecting his lunch. So, I was forced to abandon my work and leave my pile of accumulated dirt and rubbish at the head of the stairs, while I flew about gathering together the food for the coming meal.

But alas! I found the woodbox empty and needs must fetch some kindling! This, of course, made my already amiable temper all the sweeter and this sweetness was increased by my upsetting a kettle of boiling water upon my left foot. Consequently, when at last I was through, and the family was eating my hastily prepared meal, it was with no small feeling of relief that I sank upon a chair, saying to myself, "There, that's done with, and all my rooms are lovely and clean. But gee! I'll tell the world I'm tired!"

These thoughts were hardly formulated in my mind, when a whirlwind rushed past me, dashed up the stairs, ploughed through my heap of dirt, and vanished into the rooms beyond, carrying with him all the dirt he could very well bear along!

I had reckoned without one important factor—my younger brother! You remember the one! He used to be a choir boy, because, as I often told him, they mistook the stupidity of his facial expression for angelic innocence!

Quickly I followed him up the stairs to view the havoc he had wrought! Oh, alas for my spick and span chambers! The dust had flown hither and yon! They looked worse than when I first



started to clean them! By the time I had arrived, my brother had yanked out all the drawers, pulled the neatly piled garments out and left them lying on the floor! One would have thought at least a cyclone had created this chaos!

As I weakly viewed the results of his destructive work of a few moments, some primitive and long-suppressed emotion of hate arose within me! They say that in moments of wrath, one is gifted with almost superhuman strength; if this be so, then it must have been the piano I

threw at him. However, I am slightly doubtful on this point, for I cannot remember the exact weapon I used!

What I do recall, though, is that, while looking at his prostrate body, I was filled with a vast feeling of joy, of lightness of spirit! I had burst my bonds and had for once freed myself from the shackles of self-restraint! Yes, I was primitive, but I was free, and the only really sane person on earth!

Now, do you blame me for killing him?

GRACE POTTER, '25.

## Bill

The shells came screaming overhead,  
The rain kept pouring down;  
Four of us were smoking  
Forty feet below ground.

Sandy, me, an' Jim an' Joe  
Were way down in there, dreaming;  
The ground was damp, the smoke hung  
low,  
The shells above kept screaming.

Sandy puffed at his black pipe  
(He'd had it for a year),  
The rest of us were smoking butts;  
The shells, they sounded near.

Jim asked a story from someone,  
The rest of us wanted one, too.  
Sandy had one that he had begun  
An' now I will tell it to you.

" 'Twas June 6 on the Verdun Front,  
Me pal was Billy Gray,  
We both volunteered for pinker's work  
An' me Bill, he died before day.

We carried the bombs across the dark  
place  
That separates terrible foes—

We carried the bombs, right up to the  
place,  
An' still on me story goes.

We planted the bombs in the right place,  
A few feet from enemy lines,  
We soon started back, at snail's pace,  
Thru the mud, an' dirt, an' slime.

A star shell suddenly lit the sky  
An' there before us lay  
A squad of German soldiers,  
Who certainly had us at bay.

We dove head first into a hole,  
That lay upon our right;  
We drew our guns, and there we crouched  
It seemed to me all night.

It was only the space of a minute tho',  
'Fore we spied two helmeted heads;  
The report of our guns rang into the night  
An' two of the Hums fell dead.

The report of our guns awakened the rest,  
An' into our hole did they come;  
The knives flashed, the guns roared,  
An' soon I was shot and stunned.

Falling rain awaked me,  
My clothes were soaked with blood,  
My limbs were stiff, I could not move,  
An' round me were filth an' mud.

Four Germans lay in that deep hole  
Along with me an' Bill;  
His face was pale, an' streaked with blood,  
An' he looked so cold, an' still.

A jagged wound was in his breast  
An' his arm was almost severed,  
But that smile that stood upon his lips,  
I'll never forget that, never.

I was carried back in a couple of hours  
With four punctures in my skin,

It took eight months to get around,  
To shoulder a gun again.

Here I am, but I can't forget,  
That night on the Verdun Front,  
When Bill an' me were both shot up  
By a squad of those dirty skunks."

Sandy lapsed into silence,  
His head on his heaving breast,  
His pipe was out, his eyes were wet,  
An' his troubled brain wouldn't rest.

The shells came screaming overhead,  
The rain kept pouring down,  
An' four of us kept thinking  
Forty feet below the ground.

MAURICE I. MAHER, '25.

### The Mysterious Visitor

**T**WAS dark and cold; outside the wind blew and the rain fell in torrents. Somewhere in the distance a shrill train whistle broke the silence of the night. Two miles from any human habitation, set back about two or three rods from the roadside, stood a small cottage, from the window of which a light glimmered forth its cheery welcome.

Inside the warm homelike kitchen, two girls sat reading. The younger of the girls was about ten years of age, the other about sixteen. Now and then the elder of the two would get up to stir a pan of fudge and several times she went to the window and gazed anxiously out as though she were expecting someone.

The night wore on. The storm was at its height, still the rain fell and the wind whistled its wild tune as it shook the mighty branches of the large oaks which stood around the small cottage. Inside, Betty, the elder of the girls, sang snatches of the latest songs as she sliced

the fudge and put it on a plate. Suddenly her task was interrupted by the soft jingle of the telephone. Betty went into the dining-room and removed the receiver from its hook. "Hello," she said in a soft, pleasant voice.

"Hello, Betty?" asked a voice much like Betty's own. "This is Mother. Father and I won't be home till morning. The bridge at the creek has been washed down and the river is swollen too much to be crossed. Lock the doors, look after the fire, and go to bed early. If you need me for anything, call Mrs. Martins. I shall be there."

"All right, Mother."

"Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye, Mother," and Betty placed the receiver on the hook and went back to the kitchen to tell sister Peggy and to carry out her mother's instructions.

At about nine o'clock, as the girls were preparing for bed, a voice broke the stillness. "Lemme in! Lemme in!" it said.

Visitors never came at night to the lonely cottage except neighbors and they would say who they were; so Betty asked in a voice that sounded a bit frightened, "Who is it?"

"It's me. Lemme in! Lemme in!" came in a hoarse cracked voice.

"Not till you tell me who you are."

"Lemme in, I ain't goin' ter hert yer."

"What'll we do?" asked Betty addressing her sister for the first time.

"Oh, dear!" was all Peggy said.

"Call mother on the phone Peggy, and ask her what to do." Peggy went into the dining-room and three or four minutes passed before she emerged.

"Central doesn't answer. The storm must have pulled the wires down," she said.

"Oh, dear!" said Betty as the voice came again, this time a little impatiently:

"Ain't yer goin' ter lemme in? It's wet out here."

"Who are you?" she questioned again.

"I'm who I am. Lemme in, or I'll beat the door down. I ain't very big but I guess I kin do it." But Betty wasn't listening, she was busy giving instructions in a low voice.

"Get a flatiron Peggy—no, get two. Get the poker,—it's hot. I guess whoever it is will feel it."

Peggy obeyed. "Now," whispered Betty, "when I open the door, you throw the flatirons and I'll stick the poker into him. All right, now, when I say ready." Peggy waited. "Ready!" Betty's command fell like a bullet. The bolt shot back, the door opened, the flatirons went down, something went up, and a poker dug the empty air. The door banged to. The girls looked around. Whoever it was was in the kitchen. Both girls knew that, but where had he suddenly disappeared to?

"Good evenin', Betty and Peggy," said a voice. Both girls jumped as from behind the stove came a bright wet parrot.

"Oh, Betty!" cried Peggy, "it's Bob." Sure enough, it was Betty's pet parrot who only a few days before had escaped from his cage and flown away before either girl had been able to catch him.

Thus was the strange voice of the night explained.

IRENE TINKHAM, '27.

### An Inspiration

I may not be clever in Latin,  
And far from a genius in math;  
I may be so simple in Spanish,  
That my teacher boils over with wrath.

I may be a simp in athletics—  
Too clumsy on my feet;  
I may be an untidy person,  
Or anything other than neat.

I may be a numbskull in history,  
I never remember a date;  
And no matter how much work I do,  
Getting zeros is always my fate.

But exceptions, I've oft heard it stated,  
Are a test to prove every sure rule;  
And I've found that when once I'm inspired,  
I'm no less than a writing fool.

IRVING FIREMAN, '25.

## Thoughts

HE was to be hanged at sunset. The distant hills, parts of which could be seen thru the window of the death cell, his cell, would tomorrow gaze down upon the somber walls of the prison as unchanged, as unyielding, as now.

The prisoner shuddered. His lips, his eyes, his whole body, which now throbbed with life, would soon be an inert mass of flesh. But he must pay the price. "A life for a life," said Justice. It was useless to try to escape Justice. He had tried it for a year, ever since that unlucky night.

That night! He remembered it as clearly as if it were last night. A figure bending over the door of a safe; footsteps; a form in the doorway; the flash of a gun, and then the mad dash for safety. He had eluded Justice for nearly a year, but finally he was caught, and now—

He gazed steadily out of the barred window. A bird flew low over the hills, then darted downward out of sight. Any form of life persisted in reminding him of his fate. As if he could ever forget it!

He closed his eyes. The hours were passing swiftly, he thought. He had but three hours of life left. They would pass swiftly enough. One minute was gone now. It was strange how his brain counted the minutes, even the seconds.

He tried to think of something else:

of his old mother and brothers, wresting a meager but honest existence from the soil. But it was useless. Always his thoughts would turn to the sunset. At home he used to welcome it. It had meant the end of a day's labor. Now he thought of it with a shudder.

His gaze wandered to the sky. He seemed to see the sun sinking inch by inch. He glanced at the horizon. As the sun was sinking behind this, he would be led from his cell.

Death had never seemed so horrible before. In fact, he had never thought of his death; he had accepted things as they came. He was not prepared for death, but it must come; it must come, as surely as that ball of fire must touch the horizon. It was nearer now. At times it seemed to drop swiftly, then with tantalizing slowness. He prayed for something to stop it, and then he prayed for something to hasten it. Waiting would soon drive him crazy. He buried his face in his hands.

He remained motionless until the sound of a key, turning in its lock, aroused him. He looked up, surprised. The grave-faced jailor was beckoning to him. Surely his time was not up!

He turned, and looked at the sun. Only the upper half was visible above the horizon. For the prisoner, the end of life had come.

JOSEPH MOORE, '26.

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### Johnny's English Composition on "A Fishing Trip"

"ONE day Bill ses to me, 'let's plan a fishin partie for tonite, an I ses alrite. We made sum plan an lefed to go to our supers. After super Ma made me do my hom lessens and wen the

clock strucked ate, Ma sint me up to go to bed. She ses 'Mind you now go rite to slep.' I weighted by my winder wid 'Rags' an me fishin pole. In a whil I herd Bill under my winder an loking out



I seen him. I thot sur Ma an Pa wood heer him cause he made a lot of noise. I seen him becon for me to cume. So I elimed down into the yard an together me an him wid our pole went cros Simkines house swipin sum aples as we cum along, eatin wat we ate an storin the res in our bloses.

"On gettin to the pon no one was ther but me an him. At first the fish didnt bit but as a moon rose over in Sid Perkin's, they begun to bit beter. In an our Bill ses he thot wed beter go hom. I

think we'd enuff. But I rely think he was afraid of his Ma. As we couldnt tak de fish hom, we thro dem bac in the pon agin.

"Goin hom Bill tryed to make me ixchange me fishin pole for his ole combinatshon bottle opiner an a hole pusher, but I absilootly tole him no an changed the subjeck quickly.

"I didnt no ixactly wat time it was wen I've got hom, but I no I was prety tired."

EVELYN KEDDY, '26.

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### The Moon

The moon is shining in the West,  
It shines so clear and bright,  
It charms the still and sleeping wood,  
To the gleeful fays' delight.

Now it is behind a cloud,  
And makes a silver lining;  
Now it is high in the sky,  
Where the star queens all are dining;

While here below on mother earth  
The flowers filled with dew,  
Reach up and take the moonbeams  
Which make them glisten, too.

C. R. N., '27.

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### Getting My Hair Bobbed

I HAVE read essays on "My First Pair of Long Trousers," on "Having a Tooth Pulled," on "My First Situation," and oh, many, many others. But, strange to relate, I have never read one about the difficulties of having one's hair cut. So I will supply the deficiency and write it myself. For surely if anybody ought to know about the trials and tribulations one must undergo, then it is I.

Do you know, I think my father and mother are awfully queer people. Why, from the way they raved when I first suggested clipping it, one would have

thought it was their hair I wanted to cut. I know that if my mother had wanted to wear hers braided down her back and my father to shave his off close, I should not have raised the slightest objection; but they evidently did not hold the same opinion regarding the mode of hair dressing I wished to adopt.

For two long years I teased and wept, pleaded and stormed, but all to no avail. "What! Your beautiful thick hair! Why I should say not," they would both chorus in horrified voices. I could advance all the arguments in the world but with no results. I said that it was more

sanitary, more comfortable, less work, that none of the other girls' parents objected, and why should they? that it looked nice on other girls, why not on me?

But oh, yes; they thought it was more sanitary, more comfortable, less work, that other parents didn't object and that it did look nice on other girls. They agreed with me on all those points, but they absolutely refused to allow me to have my locks severed. Now wasn't that unreasonable?

Oh, is there anything more aggravating, more tantalizing, more goading to one's temper, more apt to puncture one's self-esteem than to be agreed with perfectly in all one's views and then left flat?

But finally I decided that since they would not give me their permission, I would snip my "crowing glory" without it, and suffer the consequences. Accordingly, one evening after a particularly stormy session, I ran upstairs, undid my hair, and seizing one side of it in one hand and grasping the shears with the other, I gave a mighty clip. Then with a sick feeling of dismay, I stared at my hand in which was clutched a great hank of shining hair. Immediately I was filled with remorse. I could have burst into shrieks of despair, for now my lovely locks were ruined. This was a lesson for me; I would cut no more. But how to hide the shorn ends?

Quickly I parted it on the other side and brought the long ends over the short ones. There now, nobody would know the difference.

For several months thereafter I thought the matter settled until one day when I went in town to acquire a new fall hat. Now as more and more people had been getting their hair bobbed, of course the dealers kept making the hats smaller and

smaller. Nowhere in Boston it seemed was there a hat to fit me.

At last we came to a little millinery shop on a side street. With a last spark of my bedraggled hope, we turned in there. But no, though we ransacked the shelves high and low, they were all too humiliatingly small.

"I'm sorry," said the saleswoman, "but we haven't another thing in the store. They aren't making large hats any more and you really need a twenty-seven inch one."

This struck me as painfully ludicrous! A twenty-seven inch hat! Why, my waist size was only twenty-six inches. To have a head larger than one's circumference was positively intolerable!

However, except for a great piece of luck, I should probably still be wearing my hair. But that evening as I came down the stairs, I heard my mother say to a visitor, "I really wouldn't mind if Grace had her hair cut, but I'm sure her father would feel terribly over it; so I have to keep refusing her."

Oh, ho! So that was how the land lay, was it? Why, I could get Dad to agree all right, all right! Wasn't I his favorite?

So that night I caught him out in the garden. I knew that it would take all my strategy, all my wiles to manoeuvre the situation, but when I put the question to him, I received the shock of my life.

"Why, Grace," he said, "I don't object in the least, but I know your mother would be heart-broken."

Let me tell you I disappeared so quickly that I don't believe he saw me go, and two hours later I returned all bobbed, clipped, curled and in style. But then I always knew that "perseverance brings success."



## Song of the Bench-Warmer

Seated always on the bench,  
 Seldom ever going hence,  
 Watching always Benny's face,  
 Longing always for a taste;  
 Sitting pretty, always weary,  
 Feeling dreary, oh, so dreary!  
 But you're hoping, always hoping,  
 Always seated never loafing.  
 "It's a dark and dismal feeling,"  
 Sings the warmer of the bench.

Sometimes on the coach's face  
 Comes the look that makes you haste;  
 Up to Benny's side you scramble,  
 While your sweater you untangle.  
 He puts his hand upon your shoulder  
 And it seems to make you bolder.  
 Out upon the field you race  
 And eagerly you take your place.  
 "Oh, it's a grand and glorious feeling,"  
 Sings the warmer of the bench.

E. COBB, '25.

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## A Rainy Day

MR. PAIGE closed the door and went for the train. Went for the train?—no, not at once, but started for the train, as he had no sooner reached the bottom step than he noticed that it was sprinkling. He went back, opened the door, grabbed an umbrella, and again started for the train.

Upon reaching the sidewalk, Mr. Paige proceeded to open the umbrella, from which fell a small box which hit him on the head. Mr. Paige turned to recover the box, but to his horror he saw the contents of a package of toothpicks strewn over the sidewalk! He gathered the greater portion of them, dashed back to the house, and left them on the table. Meanwhile he remembered that he had purchased some toothpicks recently and had put them, supposedly, into his pocket, but evidently they had dropped into his umbrella. He had unintentionally prepared for a rainy day! Then Mr. Paige again started for the train.

He saw a neighbor, Mr. Brown, go out to his garage for his car. So, perceiving a possibility of riding to the train, he hurried back to his house for the third time, left the umbrella in the rack, and again set forth.

He walked along briskly, casting furtive glances at Mr. Brown. At the third furtive glance, Mr. Paige noticed that the car was full—yes, full of people who were strangers to Mr. Paige. "Probably some visitors of the Browns'," concluded Mr. Paige. The poor man was out of luck!

Unfortunately the rain had begun to come down in torrents. Mr. Paige, disgusted with the world in general and himself in particular, pulled his collar about his ears, shoved his hands into his pockets, and went for the train—yes, this time he actually went for the train and, altho' it may seem miraculous, Mr. Paige really arrived at the station in time to board the train!

BARBARA JORDAN, '26.

## Old George

IN the foothills of a certain range there once was a thriving mining town called Yuma. But as the gold ceased to come from the lower regions, the miners left one by one.

Today the little town boasts a population of forty-nine people, all men, with the addition of a few stray cats and dogs. The once popular saloon is closed and the oldest of the inhabitants are forced to drink spring water or some other mild drink.

Among the oldest natives was old "George." Nobody knew his real name, but everybody just called him "Old George." No one knew much about his past history nor much about him in general. "Old George" came to town only when the lack of provisions made it necessary. When he did come, he always bought a large stock of provisions. He paid with gold dust, but this fact passed the natives who thought perhaps he had found a small pocket and was paying with its earnings.

"Old George" was a real old-timer. He was built rather short, with a pair of powerful shoulders supported by a barrel chest. His arms were long, with hands which were disfigured by hard work in his early days. His legs were in bad shape, all bowed under, not from riding horseback, but rather from supporting the bulk of a body. So much for the man.

As you must know, the country in the foothills is quite rough. Few highways break up the landscape. It is rather wild in general.

It was in this country that "Old George" early one spring morning made his way towards the town. On either side of him were thick bushes, ledges and tall pines. "Old George" loved nature and as he trudged along, he looked for

new changes in the growth of the vegetation since his last trip.

When he at last came on to the main street, his eyes brightened at the peaceful scene before him. All was as dead; not a thing was astir; even the air was thick.

"Old George" went straight to the general store and was surprised to find a newcomer talking with the storekeeper. At the old man's arrival, the man turned to see who had come in. The eyes of the two met, but neither spoke. "Old George" never spoke unless he was spoken to; so his action was only natural. But that of the stranger was different. He viewed the entrance of "Old George" as if it had been that of a dog. He neither stopped talking nor gave room for him to say what he wanted. The poor man waited fully half an hour before the stranger gave any chance to speak. Then the storekeeper asked George what he wanted. The stranger watched closely, and when the old miner paid for the provisions with the gold dust, the stranger opened his eyes wide. To pay with dust was not common. In his land, men usually paid with money won in card games. This event the stranger recorded in his evil mind. As "Old George" passed out of the store, the stranger looked at him and thought how easy it would be to take what dust he had, perhaps a good day's pay.

Some days after "Old George" had returned home, hard luck struck him. He was descending into his mine one afternoon when a rung of the ladder broke. The old man fell to the bottom of the shaft. When the poor fellow regained consciousness, he felt a sharp pain in his right leg. On inspection he found the bone broken just below the knee. Of course the bone had little chance to mend

on account of his age. So he thought, "Here I am twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. A regular grave this is."

With great effort he got up on his one good leg and reached for the ladder. As he looked up, a face appeared. The face was that of the stranger whom he had seen at the store. The stranger was the first to speak. "Now, old fellow, fate has played into my hands. I'm going to kill you and get your gold," he said, coming to the object of his errand, at once. "Old George" was not a fool. He had not lived for nothing. So he waited for the man to continue. The man spoke again as soon as he saw how still his victim was. "And before I kill you, you are going to tell where the cache is. Now don't say you haven't any dust. Where is it?" Old George's thoughts raced. How could a man be so mean as to steal the life's savings of an old man. Then an idea came to him, and he answered,

"Well, I might as well surrender now as an hour from now. But I surrender to you on condition that you kill me on top of the ground." The man thought a moment and then said, "Well, Old Timer, you're reasonable. Here, catch this rope."

With the rope round the ladder, the stranger pulled the whole works up with the aid of the windlass. The stranger had underestimated the old man's shrewdness. No sooner had "Old George" come to the surface, than he made a fake motion as if he had lost his balance and reached out for help. The thief, not wishing to kill his man then, grasped the outstretched hand. No sooner had his hand met "Old George's" than he was thrown down the shaft.

"Old George" was white now. His only remark was, "Us old-timers are thought to be slow-thinking creatures, but I don't know."

THORNTON STEVENS, '26.

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## Johnny

Johnny made a little sling  
And started out to shoot  
All the cats and birds around  
And all the owls that hoot.

He saw his mark, a little bird  
Upon a window sill;  
A smile of triumph on his face—  
He'd surely make a kill!

He crept along quite cautiously,  
His hands upon the cinder;  
He shot his sling and ran away—  
And left a broken "winder"!

PETER CLEM, '27.

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## In the Forecastle

THE fishing schooner "Houston" was bowling along in a good ten-knot breeze, as Bill Carroll came up from below decks to relieve the first watch.

He was a powerfully built man, with broad muscular shoulders. His face was lined and rugged, from constant contact with the elements. Brown eyes, that



peered out from behind thick sandy eyebrows, might give one the impression that he was a bully. But "Old Bill," as the rest of the crew called him, was a good God-fearing mariner.

The man that was about to be relieved of his watch said to Bill, in a voice that was muffled by the large upturned collar of his pea jacket, "Pretty cold for October weather. I had to go below, about eleven, to get some coffee."

"Ya, 'tis pretty cold for this time of year," replied Bill, as he peered up at the clear, cold, starlit sky. As the man had gone below, Bill settled down for his long watch, from midnight until four the next morning. He looked aft, and could just distinguish the outline of the man at the wheel.

It is the job of the man on watch, to keep a sharp lookout, to see that the vessel does not get into shoal water, and also report any school of fish that he might see. When it is a cold night, the weather fair, and the vessel well out to sea, the man on watch is allowed to go below and get some coffee.

"I guess Tom spoke the truth when he said it was pretty cold," said Bill to himself, as he swung his arms across his chest, about two hours later.

"I'm going below for some coffee, be right up again," said Bill to the man at the wheel.

"All right, but make it snappy. I want you to take the wheel when you come back, so I can go get some."

With a cheery, "All right ole top," Bill disappeared into the forecabin.

As he closed the hatch after him, the kerosene lamp, which was turned low, smoked and cast a murky light over the small room. The men in the bunks were breathing heavily, and as Bill descended the rest of the stairs, he heard someone groan and mutter something. Then all

was still, except for the steady breathing of the men in the bunks and the sizzling of the coffee pot. Bill took his tin mug from a shelf near the stove, and had lifted the coffee pot to fill it, when he heard a sound that sent chills down his spine. He set the coffee pot down on the stove, and listened intently. Again it came, "who-ooo," a long drawn out wail. It seemed to be coming from Tom's bunk. Bill went over on tip-toe and listened. Tom gave a groan, and Bill uttered a sigh of relief, as he returned to finish his coffee.

"I guess Tom must have had something besides coffee, before he turned in," he ejaculated.

Bill stood with his back toward Tom's bunk, as he finished filling his cup.

What was that? The unmistakable sound of metal grating against wood. Bill turned, quick as a flash, to see Tom stealing towards him, his leering face shining, as the murky light fell upon it. Tightly clenched in his right hand was a long gleaming butcher knife. He pointed a scrawny forefinger at Bill, and stared at him with blood-shot eyes, all the time cooing to himself in that low monotone, "who-ooo, who-ooo."

Bill took a step backwards, and started moving cautiously towards the stairway. But the other seemed to know of his intention, because he closed in on Bill. Bill was trapped. Tom kept creeping, creeping, until he was now within striking distance. Bill opened his mouth to yell, but he could utter no sound. His throat felt dry and parched. Tom raised the glittering knife slowly above his head. Bill's eyes automatically watched its ascent, and a great terror seized him. His brain became numbed, and he stood there, without the power to defend himself.

The man gave him a long quizzical

look, then put the knife on the stove and went back to his bunk. As his head touched the pillow, he gave a weary sigh and fell into a dreamless sleep.

Bill wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and then it occurred to him for the first time that he might have thrown a kettle at the sleep-walker to wake him up.

The next morning when Bill saw Tom,

he said, "What was the idea of trying to knife me last night?"

"Why, man, you are crazy. I never left my bunk after I turned in last night at twelve o'clock."

Then Bill related the incident to his amazed listener.

Thereafter, all the knives were locked up at night, to avoid any further danger.

CHESTER A. BAILEY, '25.

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### Autumn

Autumn, and the leaves are falling;  
Autumn, and the winds are calling;  
Heralding with frost and cold,  
The approach of winter, bleak and bold.

Grey clouds scudding 'cross the sky,  
Grey bird shapes to the southward fly;  
Summer's past and winter's near,  
But now the glorious Autumn's here!

D. WILLIAMS, '25.

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### Phantoms in the Night

WITH one leg tucked under her in the most approved movie ingenue style, Poppie was sitting in a large arm-chair, reading a book. The light, as it fell on her short curly hair, turned it into a golden-brown color with ruddy tints. She was leaning slightly forward.

Presently she closed the book and yawned lazily and luxuriously. "Gosh! I'm rather sleepy," she thought aloud. "Wonder when the family's coming home." She looked indifferently around her. There was nothing to do; so she leaned back and settled herself more comfortably in the cozy chair. It was so quiet, she thought—no sound except for the little ivory clock that ticked on the shelf near by. Presently even that grew fainter and fainter and at last, oddly enough, it ceased altogether.

Suddenly, Poppie opened her eyes and gazed about her in startled bewilderment. The room was in total darkness. Had

she extinguished the lights? No, of course not. Who, then, had? She was just about to get up and put them on again when she shrank back in sudden fear. Footsteps were echoing and re-echoing throughout the house. Poppy knew that no one was at home. Who could it be?

The footsteps were drawing nearer—stealthily, ominously. Poppy had regained some of her courage. She stood bravely waiting for whatever-it-was to enter. But suddenly the footsteps ceased. Poppy listened, every nerve strained. Silence reigned—a breathless, deadly silence. She waited but nothing happened; so she determined to make one quick dash across the rooms and switch on the lights. But again she stopped—this time with her eyes fixed in one direction. From one corner of the room two hideous eyes were glaring maliciously at her. Poppy's throat went dry. Then,

while she was still looking at it with a horrible fascination, it winked its right eye at her. Poppy gasped! Surely she was dreaming! For one quick instant she withdrew her gaze. But when she looked again, the hideous eyes had vanished leaving no trace behind them. Hardly had she the chance to wonder over this occurrence when something else happened. Vague, indistinguishable forms began to appear out of the gloomy darkness. Horror of horrors! they were

coming towards her! They were drawing closer and closer—horrible, shapeless things. Nearer they came, forming a circle around her.

Suddenly a dazzling flood of light filled the room and—no—the room was not empty. It was filled with a laughing group of young people, shouting at the top of their lungs, "Hallowe'en surprise party! Forgot all about it, didn't you?"

MARY BALBONI, '25.

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### The Inevitable Interruption

If I lie down beneath a tree  
 And think of good things sent to me;  
 If I sit down to read a book  
 Of poetry, essays, or of crooks;  
 If I go out to play or run,  
 Or to enjoy some form of fun;

If I start down to get some coal  
 With which to help some other soul;  
 If I do any of these things,  
 These words somebody at me flings:  
 "You better do your home-work first,  
 Or else your marks will be the worst."  
 VINCENT KENEFICK, '25.

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### Story-Writing

**T**HE girl was absolutely dismayed. Yes, she really was a wreck. But wait till the time really came! Write a short story! She hadn't one single, solitary idea, to say nothing of half-a-dozen good combinable ones.

She went home. Queer how black the day seemed. And her home! Once bright and cheerful, it now seemed morgue-like, for were not her own ideas dead and unidentified? She was in the last throes of despair. If she started to play the piano, the notes seemed to say, "She's all right now, but wait 'till that story gets her!" When she was helping do the dishes, one of the plates said (take her word for it, she told me it talked), "Yes, yes, you've time now, but wait 'till—" But she never knew what

to wait for, because, since the plate seemed rather cracked, she dropped it. But the splinters talked on: "Wait," they said, "until you try to write a story! You'll crack, too." Sunday morning, no story; Sunday evening, no story. She remembered that Monday came next. How awful to fail in class—to have a bad mark, to have a yellow slip, to be expelled from school, to be sent to a reformatory, to be imprisoned, to be sentenced to die in the electric chair, to—Horrors, what an imagination! If only she could make it imagine what she wanted it to! But that seemed impossible.

About nine she shut herself in her room. Scratch, scratch, went her pencil; rub, scrub, went her eraser; wrinkle, wrinkle,



went her forehead. What a picture of misery she was! Idea-less, future-less, good English mark-less! What a gooeey feeling it was to know that she was a failure! How blue she was! Horrors! Her sight faded! She faded! The whole business faded! What was it? What had happened?

Her mother came in later. What was her surprise to see no daughter. But shock followed shock! As she was about to leave the room, a drop of ink on the desk said, "Mother, put me in a fountain pen quickly. If you'll hold the pen, I'll write. I've just had an idea!"

MARY WOLFE, '25.

### A Lay of Mutual Satisfaction

A glowing, gorgeous Autumn leaf  
Came flut'ring to the ground,  
A hidden, shadowed resting place  
Eventually found.

"Alack, alas!" the gay leaf sighed,  
"My happy days are gone.  
Hard-hearted Winter, with its snow,  
Will visit us ere long."

A tiny, tattered fairy  
Stood shiv'ring in the cold,  
Its drab, torn, Summer garments  
The scant warmth failed to hold.

It crept between the kindly roots  
Of a generous mother-tree.  
It huddled down—then up it jumped  
And sang aloud for glee.

It wrapped about its slender shape  
The glowing, gorgeous leaf;  
The texture smooth, the colors bright  
Gave warmth beyond belief.

The fairy danced a fairy dance,  
The leaf was joyful, glad.  
"Hurrah!" cried both, "we have not yet  
Our last and gay day had!"

"No wind there is. Yet see that leaf!"  
A puzzled human cried.  
"Enchanted, no doubt, this wood is!"  
And frightened, off he hied.

But leaf and fairy frolicked on  
O'er meadow and o'er hill;  
And if they have not tired yet  
They may e'en frolic still.

MYRTHA S. LINDBERG, '25.

### Our Friend the Dog

**T**HERE are people in this world who think of a dog as being nothing more than a four-footed creature that can bite and that has no intelligence. But what would these same people think if they could get another point of view; a look at the dog's real life; a chance to own one and to live with one? Wouldn't they change their opinions?

Between the transitory friendship of human beings and the everlasting friend-

ship of our dumb friend, there can be no rightful comparison. And yet, look at the way a lot of the dogs are treated!

A dog would live with a man in a palace, or he would live in a little hut, and willingly. He would share a five-course meal, or he would share a crust of bread, and willingly. But of people, one can never be sure. Yesterday's friend may not recognize one tomorrow. People trick one another for what they can get

for themselves. But who in this world ever saw a dog that was like that?

Don't misunderstand me by thinking that there are no everlasting friendships among human beings. There are, I venture to say, a few people who would die, if need be, for a friend, but they are few and far between. These few are not of the common making, who regard one another as their social inferiors. They are the kind that have a good word to say wherever they go.

As I have already mentioned, lasting friendships between human beings are very few, but show me the dog who would not willingly give up his life for his master. I know people who think more of a dog's friendship than that of a fellow-being, and why? Just because of the intelligence and the companionship which is theirs for the taking.

There have been men who have committed murder because of their dogs. There was such a case in West Virginia. A game warden came to a man's house and told him that his dog was to be shot for running deer. The man informed the game warden that his dog did not run deer and furthermore that if the dog were shot, the State of West Virginia would have to look up a new game warden. The warden shot the dog; rather, he wounded him. Would the dog try to fight? No. He crawled pitifully toward

the warden on his stomach, with his tongue hanging out. Reason for shooting? The game warden said that the dog chased deer. Result? The dog was shot and so was the warden. This particular game warden was, in fact, known to have a great dislike for dogs.

Many people saw the cold-blooded shooting of a poor, harmless, dog; but when the dog's owner was arrested for murder, would any rebel? No? Oh, yes, just one. But after a short talk, this one brought with him many more who were so eager to see the man get justice that they hired a lawyer to fight for the dog-lover.

It was all of no avail. The man was duly sentenced and was sent to hang. A delegation of the staunch townspeople went to the Governor, who, very fortunately, was a hunter and a true lover of dogs and the man was pardoned in time.

But what if the Governor had not happened to know and love dogs? What would have happened? The very few dog-lovers that there are, would have been decreased by one, and all because of one who did not appreciate the real companionship of a dog.

These people who think they have enjoyed, or are enjoying the friendship of one another, should own and live with a dog, and enjoy real companionship.

ROBERT C. WALDHEIM, '25.

### The Life of Mr. B——

MR. B—— lived in the South Sea Islands, where the balmy breezes blow, and at this present moment he was suspended from a tree with his family bunch. One day a man came to Mr. B——'s colony and pointed to Mr. B—— and some of his friends and relatives. The next day Mr. B—— was plucked

from his home with about a carload of his friends and sent North into exile. They were met by a large truck, into which they were all loaded. They were then sold at an auction and the new exile with a few of his exiled friends was sold to a short, fat man. He was taken to his new home and there he rested amid

much bustle and hurry for two days. Then came a day when he was sold to a gentleman (?). He was taken to his new home and let rest because his master said he was too young to perform his assigned duties. After one week of rest he was again brought into the light, but alas! He was killed and eaten one afternoon! His skin was thrown away to rot, or was it carefully placed to rest by

the cannibals in a place where there was much traffic.

During that afternoon about twenty-five people stepped on him—and fell. Later that night his skin was picked up by some real gentleman and placed on top of a pile of dirt. He was soon dumped under the pile of dirt and his skin was left to rot in comfort.

So ended the life of Mr. Banana.

FRANCIS GRANAHAN, '27.

### Getting a License

**I**F you are a person with normal passions, you start out of your house early some Monday morning tremulous but confident—you must be confident of your ability at first, oh, yes!

When you reach the testing office and you see the crowds of people with their multi-colored application blanks,—yours is yellow, you know, and the various colors are for the different times their possessors have been rejected,—you pity them condescendingly and you tell yourself in a lofty, superior way, "Humph, such dumb creatures!"

After the registrar has your promise to be sparing in the number of persons you annihilate, tests your ability to read the "Thou Shalt Nots" of auto driving, and relieves you of four dollars, you wait your turn, by the machine, for the examiner.

If the good Lord has seen fit to make you small in stature and your kind dad has seen fit to bestow you with a car elephantine in size, you stand an excellent chance of being tested immediately—after dinner.

When the examiner finally gets to you, the chances are that when you take mental stock of his appearance and facial expression, your confidence begins to wane a bit.

After the preliminaries are over, you start out on your examination. "First right!" bellows the inspector.

"Why, certainly," you smile sweetly at him, in the hope that he can see you're not going to be a rough patient.

According to directions, then, you proceed to take the "first right." But, somehow, at this point you discover that your sense of direction has failed you. You experience just such a sinking sensation as you do when the Gym teacher commands "right face!" and you confidently turn left.

At any rate, the tester, sensing, by some uncanny intuition, that his numbered days on this earth are about to come to an end, grabs the wheel and with some mysterious twists and jerks, he manages to get the car where he wants it.

"That was pretty close," you remark innocently.

No answer.

"Oh, well, you don't have to, you know," you tell him mentally. At about this time you decide that Friend Tester is not sociably inclined.

All goes well. Ah, now you're on Washington Street. "Himmm! Isn't it funny," you wonder. "how everybody in Norwood who owns a baby carriage



has chosen to cross the street just as you come along."

You turn into a side street. "Stop here!" roars the inspector.

You stop.

The inspector scribbles a few hieroglyphics on a blank and proceeds to enumerate to you your faults in driving. Toward the end of his lecture, he informs you that you will be a good driver, perhaps, when you learn to drive! You smile your acknowledgment of this compliment.

A long pause ensues, during which your fate hangs in the balance. You find now that there is precious little of the morn-

ing's confidence left. You find now, also, that those "dumb creatures" aren't so dumb after all. At last he utters the magic words, "You'll pass!"

If you are a person with normal feelings, I don't have to describe your reactions to these words. At any rate, for you the world is colored in roseate tints. Now you can forgive your brother for "borrowing" your fountain pen and pencil to use for a sling-slot; you can see a perfect reason for your mother's not letting you go to the show. And on the way home, you drop a dollar in the collection box for the "Poor Dumb"!

EVA N. KNEZNEK, '25.

## The Phantom Plane

THE police had just reached the large flat roof of the Chicago National Bank in pursuit of two dangerous criminals, when they were startled by the hum of a propeller. They rushed forward only to find that the criminals had slipped from their grasp. An aeroplane, far different from those they had seen before, was rising from the roof. It rose straight up into the air and, as the policemen watched it, it seemed to fade away into the mist.

The Chicago Aviation Squadron was notified, and put on the trail of the Phantom Plane, but with no result. Every time an aviator succeeded in getting anywhere near it the strange plane would fade away into a mist like a phantom.

Numerous banks were being robbed by these criminals, and people, thinking it unsafe to keep money in a bank, withdrew their savings to a safer place.

As Captain King, of the Chicago Aviation Squadron, was flying over a low mountain range one morning, he was

forced to land because of engine trouble. He volplaned down into a small valley between two mountain peaks and landed. Unaware of danger, he started to climb out of the plane but dropped back into his seat again as two bullets whistled by his ear.

King grasped his revolver and emptied it into a clump of bushes a short distance away. The bullets struck home, for they were welcomed with a cry of pain. Just as he finished reloading his revolver, the roar of an engine broke the silence, and not ten yards away from behind a mass of shrubbery rose the "Phantom Plane."

With a cry Captain King leveled his revolver at the figure in the pilot's seat, and fired. It was evident that the bullets either killed or wounded the pilot, for the plane took a series of loops and then a nose dive, which brought it to earth with a crash. The crash was followed by the explosion of the gasoline tank and the wrecked plane burst into flames.



The death of the two criminals was good news to Chicago, for the stolen money was later found and returned to its rightful owners. The aeroplane had

been completely demolished, and the secret of its construction which had rendered criminals able to make it fade into a mist has remained a secret.

ARTHUR DARLING, '27.

### On Catching a Train

TO begin with, the train I always want to catch is the 5.15, but the one I very often do get is the 5.28. Of course, it doesn't make any difference to my wife, with club meetings every afternoon, whether or not I am fifteen minutes late—we are long past that stage. There was a time when every minute counted with us but—use your imagination about the present. As I said once before, the train I always want to catch and try desperately to catch every night is the 5.15. My office, in other words my place of business, is situated at 110 Tremont Street, Boston, opposite the Park Street Church. It's way up on the fifth floor and as far away from the elevators as the architect could possibly plan to put an office.

As in most concerns, our work stops at five o'clock sharp—at least it does for some of them, but just because I happen to be the general correspondent head, or manager, and quite popular, there are always about fifty or one hundred letters to attend to and ten or fifteen people to talk with at just about quarter of five. (Don't ever get too popular with the office help, boys, because if you do, you're sure to hear "Aw, Jim, can't you do this little thing for me? Please, Jim, you know how I'm—" etc.) Then there are always the five o'clockers. Why do some people always think that when it's five o'clock, I have plenty of time to talk about Ned White's wonderful—or terrible—round of golf yesterday afternoon, or about the F. C. Smiths' new car. I hope

to goodness that I never was or never will be a five o'clocker. If you are an office man yourself you know what I'm talking about—even if you do keep edging toward the door and pull out your watch a half-a-dozen times and glance up at the clock twice a half-a-dozen times, whoever you're talking to, or rather whoever is talking to you, appears no nearer the end of his recitation, or his wind, than you are nearer being the "observant and interested listener" that you were supposedly taught to be. Probably by 5.05 you have decided to go for the 5.28 train, anyway—no use breaking your friend's heart or your own neck by dashing madly away then with a hurried excuse—something about "Sorry—catch—train." Oh, all you business men, isn't that the way with you? I find it is with me. When I finally do get away from the garrulous old gentleman or the funny young gentleman, whichever one it might be. I find that all of the elevators are registered at the fourth floor and all going down! Therefore I dash down the stairway, two, three and four steps at a time: and get to the street floor almost as soon as the elevators but minus quite a bit of breath. Sometimes I have gone from 110 Tremont Street down to the corner of Winter in exactly sixty-one and one-half strides or rather small leaps. Some other times I get in back of a crowd of women or girls, and those nights I always give up any hopes of the 5.15—it would be quite useless to try for it.

When I do reach Winter Street, whether traffic permits it or not, I start right out in the street and do a spectacular hundred-yard dash up to the best friend I have in the world—the traffic policeman at Shuman's Corner. After he became acquainted with me he began to stop, or rather hold up, the traffic at his special spot until I had safely crossed—on the run. I don't forget him in my prayers or at Christmas. From then on I go from sidewalk to street, from street to sidewalk and so on until I come to the beautiful building called the South Station. I almost always manage to sprinkle the train's tail with salt and thereby enable myself to catch it, but I've found out that it's oftentimes a dangerous business.

Well, folks, guess I said some pretty funny things before this happened. You see, one night I didn't quite catch the tail of the train and another train caught me—right in the foot, so now I'm minus a perfectly good foot. Have learned a lot since that eventful night—it does pay to be popular; it's wonderful to have a good many friends when you're in the hospital. Another thing:

Don't be in a hurry, dear, always take it slow;  
Whenever you get a good thing, never let it go;  
Embrace your opportunity whene'er you get the chance,  
And then your life will always be a pleasant song and dance.

ALICE M. PRATT, '25.

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### The Thoughts of a Senior

I work, and work, and work, and work;  
I labor like a fool;  
But when I come to think it o'er,  
There's nothing bad in school.

Now if my home work isn't done,  
I only hear a teacher;  
But if I once came late to work,  
I'd have to hear a preacher!

I rise from bed at seven o'clock—  
This may seem hard, but nix!  
If I should have to go to work,  
I'd always rise at six.

So school is easy, after all,  
It is, turn East or West.  
Were I to choose twixt school and work,  
I'd say that school is best.

O. JOHNSON, '25.

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### An Unexpected Inheritance

**B**URTON ELLIS stopped in his tracks! Was that really thunder that he had heard? Or was it just his imagination? He had walked just 19½ miles and he had 5½ miles yet to go before he reached his destination. He must make it even if it did rain.—that is unless he wanted to stay out all night! He was indeed tired and hungry; the pack on his back felt extra heavy. He

listened again, more intently this time. Yes, it was thunder, but it was very faint. Perhaps he could beat the storm! Again he took up the trail.

After a half an hour's good hard tramping he came to a small clearing in the trees. Just as he stepped into the cleared space, a flash of bright lightning streaked the sky.

Although it was but 4.30 o'clock it was

becoming quite dark! The clouds gathered in angry black array. But Burton Ellis, plucky and determined to make his goal that night, kept bravely on.

Another half hour passed and still, although weary, he plodded on. All at once he came upon a stream thundering down the rocks in its bed. A small log bridge stretched from one bank to the opposite shore. Beyond was a cleared field, at the edge of which and at the foot of the tall pines was a little log cabin.

Ellis hadn't really thought of what a shelter like this would mean to him, but when his eye rested upon it, he immediately crossed the small bridge and made for its shelter. Just as he was within 20 yards of the building, the storm broke. With a bright flash and a tremendous roar as if heralding it, the rain fell.

Quickening his pace he reached the door only to find it locked! Quickly he dashed around the side and finding one of the windows unlocked, he instantly raised it. Pulling himself in through the opening, he dropped to the floor. In the dim light of the room he made out a small round table in the center of the room. Beyond the table was a stone fireplace, but—seated before the fire was an old man gazing intently into the flames. He seemed to have heard Ellis as he raised the window but he was not alarmed and even now was not paying the least attention to him.

"Pardon me," Ellis stammered. "I really didn't mean to break into your home but—you see, it was raining rather hard and I thought if I could come in for a little while until the rain stopped—"

The man interrupted him suddenly. "Never mind, I don't care. This place doesn't belong to me. The door was locked when I got here and I came in the same way. I've only been here a few minutes myself."

"Did you build the fire?" asked Ellis, coming to the table and untrapping the load from his shoulders.

"Yes—that is I lighted it. It was already built and all ready to light."

"That sounds rather funny, doesn't it?" said Ellis as he drew up one of the straight chairs from around the table. "Have you looked around much?"

"Yes, I had just come back from looking in at that little room there. It seems to be a sort of bedroom," the man answered.

"It looks sort of like a hunting camp to me. See, over there, the mantel where the rest is made for a gun, but the gun has gone. Under that table, on the shelf, see all those hunting magazines? Say, let's look in that red desk over there; I'll bet we'll find something there!"

So saying, Burton Ellis arose and crossed to the desk followed by the old man.

"I suppose really we have no right to look through any one's desk, but—here goes!" And Burton opened the cover.

Inside the desk everything was in perfect order. Papers were in one compartment, pens and pencils in another and so forth. But under the inkstand a long folded paper attracted their attention. Burton lifted the inkstand and drew the slip out.

"To Alfred Pond," read Ellis from the folded paper.

"To whom?" asked the old man, excitedly.

"To Alfred Pond. Why? What is the trouble?" he asked very much alarmed at the old man's appearance.

"Why, that is my name!" began the man. "Do you suppose—"

"Wait, I'll open it." As he said it, Burton opened the long white sheet.

"To Alfred A. Pond I leave this cabin and my New York home. May he care-



fully guard them and keep an eye on Eliza.

Oliver S. Pond."

"Uncle Oliver," murmured the old man. "Can it really be that he is gone?"

Outside the little log cabin the storm raged as the old man related to his new acquaintance the story of how he was to become the heir of this little cabin and a beautiful home in New York City.

"But," he concluded, "it has come a little too late. Some one else besides me must enjoy its pleasures."

The storm raged for two days, at the end of which time the old man passed away, leaving this log cabin, his New York home, and the guardianship of the stranger, Miss Eliza Pond, in the hands of his newly found friend, Burton Ellis.

ELIZABETH W. GILLILAND, '25.

## The Ghost

**T**IM and Job were conversing together in their little office. They had been partners in solving mysteries for five years and were successful.

"Job," said Tim, the leader of the two; "I want you to take a look around Mr. Hobson's place. You will probably see the ghost which people say they have seen there."

"Why, they only imagine they see ghosts," replied Job.

"Never mind that, you go up there at half past ten tonight."

At about quarter past ten, Job, with a loaded revolver, went slowly up the hill towards Mr. Hobson's mansion. There had been rumors about that the place was haunted. At the top of the hill, Job paused. He could not hear or see anything. Slowly he made his way into the house and went to the stairs, sat down and waited. It was from these stairs that people were supposed to have seen the ghost appear either in the dining-room or the reception room, it was hard to tell which. Soon Job heard something that sounded as if a mouse was running across the floor. He turned in the direction from where the sound came. He saw before him a form about ten feet tall which was getting brighter and brighter. Soon it was bright enough to

see that its head was a skull and that its hands and fingers were long and thin. The "Thing" gave a shriek, like that of a person about to be stabbed. It pointed at Job, but he never moved or took his gaze away from it. The "Thing" then wrote in the air the word "Death." The word seemed to be glued there for a second and then disappeared. The "Thing" gave a low laugh, such a low, sneering laugh as to send a shiver up Job's spine. He had never believed in ghosts nor was he afraid of them, but somehow this one affected him. Rushing to the nearest window, he broke the glass, climbed outside, and ran down the hill pell mell. He did not stop until he came to Tim's office. Once inside he got his breath, sat down and related his experience.

Tim was silent for a few minutes and then said, "Tomorrow, get some one to tell you all he knows about the mansion. I shall be here waiting for you."

The next morning Job went out in search of the story. He was back in the office at two o'clock.

"Well, what did you find?"

"The sheriff told me he had heard it said that Hobson's father hid a fortune in jewels in the mansion. He was killed the night he buried them. A stranger



was found dead at the bottom of the hill. Hobson's body was found on the porch. There had been snow on the ground at the time and only one pair of footsteps could be found leading away from the house. They led up to the stranger and no farther."

Tim was silent. He spoke an hour later. "You and I are going up to look around. We're going tonight."

At night they set out. When they reached the mansion and were inside, Job showed Tim where he had sat and where he had thought he saw the ghost. They looked around on this floor and then went down into the cellar. Tim got down on his hands and knees, after he had examined the walls, and began knocking at the cement floor. He soon found a crack and saw he could take a piece out of the floor with the help of his penknife. This he did and found that a box had been hidden there. He opened the box, which was coming to pieces, and saw the long lost jewels. These he put into his coat pocket and the two men went upstairs. They fastened all the doors and windows. Job took his place in the dark reception room, while Tim sat on the stairs. At half past ten they heard a noise as if a mouse was running across the floor, a shriek, a low moaning laugh and then they saw a form slowly getting brighter. When it was bright, it pointed its ugly finger at Tim. Tim shot at it and the bullet went right through the figure. The "Ghost" laughed and slowly disappeared.

Job was hit on the head from some one

in back and he fell to the floor unconscious. Tim ran through the dining and reception rooms. Suddenly he stopped. He heard a pane of glass being broken. Running in the direction of the noise, he saw a man climb out of the window. He shot at him but only hit him in the arm. The man was around the house before Tim could fire another shot. He went back and found that Job was conscious again. Slowly they went home together.

In their office Job and Tim sat down. "Well, Tim, what did you find out?" was Job's anxious question.

"Did you notice the cupboard in the reception room? This cupboard is large enough to hold a man. Hobson's relative, for I recognized him, put on the things in this cupboard. This costume had phosphorus on it. When he opened the cupboard door, he let the costume down until it reached the floor. It began to get brighter slowly—as phosphorus does in the dark. It looked ten feet high. He then had a piece of glass with a word written on it so that you could see nothing but the writing. He came and went by the back way so that no one could get him."

"Well, what did he want to put on the costume and come there for?"

"He was in search of the jewels and did not want to be caught. In the daytime, people would see him enter the house. At night he wanted to keep away the tramps who might seek shelter and a night's sleep there. Good night, I'm going to bed now."

BERTHA DANIELS. '27.





### Norwood's Football Team

Norwood has a football team  
That's very hard to beat;  
It is not very heavy  
But it's light upon its feet.

They've only played a few games,  
As the season's just begun;  
But they've shown the "Norwood Spirit"  
So far, in every one.

PHILIP KRAVITZ, 8B.

### The Coming of Winter

The leaves on the trees are getting brown,  
The birds are not singing at dawn,  
The sun is not shining so bright,  
At six o'clock it is no more light.  
The ground will soon be covered with  
snow,  
The flowers now will no more grow.  
Winter nearer is coming on  
And all the summer beauties are gone.

BERTHA CUSHING, 8A.

### An Interesting Event of My Vacation

ONE day during my vacation my friends and I decided to have a picnic. As we were near the border line of Canada, we went over to St. Andrew.

On the grounds where we had our lunch was an old Inn, which had not been used for about fifty years. One of the French windows was broken and so we went in. It must have been a wonderful place when it was new. The rooms were nearly all circular and the stairways, winding. There were holes in the floor where other visitors had gone through and we didn't wish to repeat their acts.

It was so dark we had to feel our way around in some places. Just as we were going out we heard a noise which sounded as though some one was tramping down the stairs. The noise echoed through the old house as it came nearer. Everyone was nearly frightened to death but too curious to run away. All of a sudden a queer wail echoed through the house. In one of the doorways we saw the cause of the noise—a small boy that was with us, carrying a teddy bear which he was squeaking.

MONA MORRIS, 8A.

## Cernowitz, Rumania

CERNOWITZ, RUMANIA, is a very beautiful city. The streets are very clean. If you put some papers in your own yard and your neighbor notices it, he will go and call the police. When the police come, they will tell you to come to court. In court the judge will fine you. I wish Norwood would be as clean as Cernowitz.

BERTHA CUSHING, 8A.

(Note: Bertha Cushing has been in this country less than two years. When she came to Norwood, she spoke no English. The above paragraph is practically as written for the first draft, the corrections being minor ones. There were no errors of spelling.

M. F. C.)

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## The Blue and White

(To N. H. S.)

Here's to the colors, Blue and White,  
Wherever they may stand;  
Here's to the flag of Norwood High  
That we cheer with a waving hand.

Here's to dear Old Norwood High,  
Here's to our flag of blue,  
And here's three cheers for N. H. S.  
And the pupils of Norwood so true.

E. B., 9C.

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Here's three cheers for N. H. S.,  
The school that always gives us the best;  
Here's to the dear old blue and white  
That we cheer whenever it is in sight.

Again we cheer the school we love,  
Again we start our games;  
So here's three cheers for Norwood High,  
Whose spirit we hope shall never die.

GLADYS JOHNSON, '28.

## A Junior Life-Saver

IN the observatory of one of the many large Coast Guard stations along the Atlantic sat a healthy, robust boy.

Outside could be heard the waves dashing on the shore and the thunder rumbling overhead. Now and then vivid flashes of lightning shot across the leaden sky. This was a West India hurricane, the dread of the U. S. Coast Guard.

A fruit steamer laden with the wondrous products of the South had flashed a distress signal three hours before. The boy's father with the rest of the crew had gone to the rescue.

The boy was anxiously peering into the inky blackness waiting for a signal from the rescuing crew. The lone, dismal whistle in the distance, he at once recognized as his father's signal. He knew that the sea was too high to get the ship's crew aboard the lifeboat. He jumped to the telephone. An hour ago he had tested it. At that time it was in perfect working condition. Since then the lines had been blown down. Not a moment could be lost. The next station was six miles away. He knew he could not get there in time to be of any assistance to the sinking ship.

At once a thought flashed into his mind—the breeches buoy! It was anchored on a cliff above the beach ready for an emergency. He got powder and went up on the cliff, shot the gun and waited for the return. No return was made. After a long, hard struggle he succeeded in pulling the line back and made one more attempt to rescue the ship's crew. This time the ship's whistle was blown, answering that they had got the line. When the life-savers saw that the ship was being given assistance from land by the breeches buoy, they came



in to shore and helped send it from the ship to land.

It was then that father and son met!  
The father swelled with pride. He realized that in his excitement to get to the sinking ship he had not told the lad about the breeches buoy. It was the lad's cool-headedness and quick wit that had saved the day.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR, '29.

### Christmas

The snow fell softly into the night,  
The wind like a whirlpool blew,  
The flakes they hurried their downward flight

From their old home into the new.

Jack Frost also was at his work,  
The window-panes he tinted;  
Stockings were hung by the fireside  
And a fir-tree of Christmas hinted.

The dawn was greeted with shouts of cheer,

The fir-tree was dressed in its glory,  
Good wishes were sent both far and near—  
It was all like a Christmas story.

Thus the glorious day sped on,  
Over it happiness hung,  
Everybody was filled with good will  
And Christmas carols were sung.

MARGARET EISENHAUR, 8A.

### A Good Citizen

**A**LTHOUGH there are many citizens in every town, only a few of them are considered good. Good citizens should obey laws, guard health, take part in the doings of their communities, vote, hold offices, keep up their properties and aid good causes. If all towns had such citizens, there would be many more model towns.

ANNA BATAITAS, 8A.

### Autumn

Autumn time is here,  
Winter is coming near,  
The pretty leaves will soon fall,  
For Jack Frost will get them all,  
And away they'll fly,  
No one knows why—  
The trees soon will be bare,  
For no more leaves they'll wear,  
Soon they'll be covered with ice and snow  
And the limbs will be hanging low.  
Christmas will be in the air  
And Happiness everywhere.

GRACE SHACKLEY, 9.

### A Narrow Escape

**I** WAS six years old. It was on a Tuesday my mother called me and told me to go to the dentist. She also gave me a note to take to him. I thought he was going to pull my tooth out.

I waited in the hall quite a while. All of a sudden I saw a boy coming out with blood on his shirt and around his mouth. I shivered. Then the dentist called "Next." It was my turn.

I went to him and gave him the note. He examined my teeth and said, "Come next Tuesday at three o'clock."

Oh, what a relief it was!

EDWARD KNEZNECK, '29

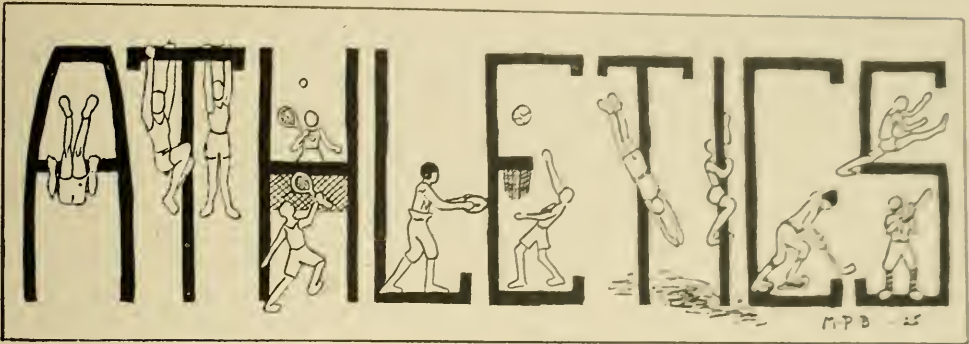
### An Invention

**O**NE of the inventions that have been made is the invention of washable paper. This paper was invented by the Chinese people. It can be used for writing or bundling. When it is soiled it can be washed and hung on the clothes-line to dry, or when it is wrinkled it can be ironed and folded like a towel.

ANGELO MACCHI, '29.

BUY YOUR OWN ARGUENOT





### Field Hockey

About three weeks ago, candidates were called for a girls' field hockey team. This is the first year that hockey has been introduced into the school and it immediately met with approval and hearty response. The first day there were about thirty girls who reported, but the number dwindled until there are about twenty who come out regularly for practice. Miss Follett, who has charge of the girls, instructed them in the method of using the hockey-sticks and the positions of the players. A few days after the candidates were called out, regular practice commenced and the girls had their first try at hitting the ball. Miss Follett as yet has promised nothing, but she hopes, as all the girls who have gone out for hockey, that a team will be organized and enough practice had to enable them to play one game at least. The majority of the girls are Sophomores. There are only four Seniors and about the same number of Juniors, so that if the girls are not able to play outside teams this year, at least a good start will have been made in establishing a team that will measure up to the school standing in the next few years.

### Football

When practice started in September, there were sixty boys on the field the

first day. Of this number but four might be called regulars or veterans. Many declared the High School would not win a game. To tell the truth, prospects did not look too bright, as many of the boys had never even put on a football suit before. Mr. Murray, however, has a way of making football teams, and that's just what he has gone a long way toward this year. The success of this team will be found in the results of the following games.

### Hyde Park at Norwood

Our first game was played with Hyde Park at Elks Park. It proved to be a very hard game as Hyde Park had a strong team. The game was fairly well played with Capt. Spierdowis and Perkland starring for Norwood. McGowan and Gantosky starred for Hyde Park. The final score was Hyde Park 10, Norwood 0.

### Natick at Norwood

This game proved to be both fast and interesting from start to finish. Natick scored early in the first half and their six points looked like a sure victory. In the last minute of play, however, Norwood found its old time push and scored a touchdown. Geary booted the winning point over the bar. Captain Spierdowis and Dolaher starred with line plunging. Score: Natick 6-Norwood 7.

### Boston Latin and Norwood

Boston Latin brought a very heavy team to Norwood, but the old saying, "The bigger they are the harder they fall," seemed to hold true. Norwood plugged the line and ran the ends for three touchdowns. Fireman's end running featured the game. Score: Boston Latin 0—Norwood 18.

### Needham High School at Norwood

Needham proved itself to be a rough customer and almost all the players suffered some kind of injury. Early in the second period Capt. Spierdowis was put out of the game with a dislocated shoulder. This, however, only served to put more fight in the boys and they were determined to win. Bill Geary scored the first touchdown on a forward pass, and Jarvis Barrett scored the other on line plunging. Final score: Needham 0—Norwood 13.

### Boston Commerce High School at Norwood

The Boston team proved to be very strong and heavy and scored one touchdown in the second period. After the first half, Norwood seemed to get more

spirit and when Commerce pushed over another touchdown, we settled down to business. After a few line bucks, Norwood scored, but did not get the point after the touchdown. At the next kick-off we received the ball and again marched down the field for another score, but no point. This was a hard game to lose, but now we know how Natick must have felt. Final score: B. C. H. S. 13—N. H. S. 12.

### Dedham High School at Dedham

The most important game on our schedule was played on November 1 at Dedham. Dedham had a strong team and seemed to think that Norwood was licked before they started. I think that after the first period they didn't believe they were quite so strong. Dedham kicked off to Norwood and we immediately started for a touchdown. When we left the field for the first half, the score was thirteen to nothing in our favor. Dedham came back strong in the second half and succeeded in scoring once. Capt. Spierdowis and Dolaher proved to be a great help in the backfield and their presence seemed to give more strength to the entire team. The final score was Norwood 13—Dedham 7.

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## FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

### Un Tribut a Anatole France

Tout le monde est triste parce qu'un de ses meilleurs philosophes et romanciers est mort récemment en France. Cet homme noble était Anatole France. Il naquit en France en 1844 et ses parents n'étaient pas très riches. Ils s'appelaient Thibault et "Anatole France" n'était que son nom de plume.

Même quand il était un petit garçon il aimait à lire et à raconter de belles

histoires. Il est renommé pour ses contes dans lesquels il mêle l'ironie et la douceur, le comique et la fantaisie.

Le meilleur de ses romans est "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard." Beaucoup de ces romans ont été traduits en anglais et on dit qu'ils étaient des formes qui exprimaient les aventures de son âme— Il écrivit d'une manière inimitable et il est considéré par beaucoup de monde, le plus grand romancier de notre époque.

ANNA E. WEISUL, '26.

## La Vie d'Anatole France

Anatole France était un grand poète et romancier. Il naquit à Paris le seize avril dix-huit cent quarante quatre. Il était le fils d'un libraire et il devoua ses heures libres au travail littéraire. Il étudia à Stanislas, qui est un collège de la France. Il travailla pour plusieurs des journaux de Paris et écrivit beaucoup de livres. En dix-huit cent quatre un il écrivit "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard." Il fut élu à l'Académie Française en dix-huit cent quatre-vingt-quatre. Il mourut le douze octobre dix neuf cent vingt-quatre et à sa mort la France perdit un grand homme lettré.

CEDRIC ROBERTS, '26.

## Quand Vous Avez Prépare Votre Leçon

Le matin quand vous avez bien préparé votre leçon vous allez à l'école avec un coeur très léger. Vous marchez très vite mais vous ne pouvez pas vous hâter assez rapidement. Vous attendez l'arrivée de chaque classe avec l'attente de recevoir des notes excellentes pour ce jour-là. Mais hélas! Qu'est-ce qui arrive? Parce que vous savez votre leçon Mademoiselle Foster fait réciter tout le monde excepté vous! C'est la même chose dans la classe de Mesdemoiselles Elliott, Blaisdell, et Bergner. Vous allez à la maison très découragé ce jour-là. Je crois que la meilleure idée est de préparer bien vos leçons tous les jours!

MARY FLAHERTY, '25.

## Une Histoire Pour l'Heure du Coucher

Nettie aimait bien à mâcher la gomme. Si quelqu'un lui donnait un ou deux sous

ou même cinq, il pourrait être sûr que Nettie achèterait de la gomme. Non seulement goûtait-elle bon mais elle durait longtemps aussi, pensait Nettie.

Mais sa mère ne voulait point qu'elle mâchât la gomme. Elle dit que ce n'était pas propre et que les filles bien élevées ne faisaient pas cela. Cette habitude, disait-elle, brisait son coeur.

Son coeur a dû être brisé beaucoup de fois, pensa Nettie, mais probablement un coeur brisé n'était pas si mauvais qu'un con brisé.

Un jour quand les rues étaient glacées Nettie marchait le long de la rue. Elle avait de la gomme dans la bouche et elle mâchait vigoureusement quand elle vit sa mère qui s'approchait d'elle. Vivement elle jeta la gomme sur la rue.

"Nettie," dit sa mère, "avais-tu de la gomme?"

Nettie ne pouvait pas mentir.

"Oui," répondit-elle, "j'en avais."

"Ma foi, comme tu es méchante," dit la mère. "Je vois que tu veux briser le coeur—"

Nettie ferma les yeux. Sa mère avait glissé sur la rue glacée. Quelque chose de terrible allait arriver. Sa mère allait tomber et se casser le cou. Après un moment Nettie rouvrit les yeux. Rien n'était pas arrivé! Sa mère, en glissant, avait mis le pied sur la gomme et avait recouvert son équilibre.

"— briser le coeur de ta mère," finit-elle. "Et maintenant, va chez-toi pour ta punition!"

Obéissante, Nettie alla chez elle mais en allant elle se demanda s'il valait mieux d'avoir eu de la gomme et de briser le coeur de sa mère ou de ne pas avoir eu de la gomme et de voir sa mère se briser le cou.

Traduit par MARY BALBONI, '25.



## Les Voix Dans Notre Classe de Français

Toutes les jeunes filles au premier rang parlent très doucement et Monsieur Montisano ne peut jamais les entendre. Mais peut-être n'écoute-t-il pas toujours. Il a un très très haute voix. Mademoiselle Crowley aime beaucoup à dire "er-a-er" quand elle récite. Monsieur Howes a une voix comme celles des jeunes filles au premier rang. Il parle très doucement et il semble très faible. Mademoiselle Clements a une très bonne voix mais elle ne sait pas souvent la question et par conséquent elle perd une occasion d'employer sa voix. Monsieur Pendergast aime mieux à parler à son livre qu'à la classe. Beaucoup d'élèves dans la classe ne parlent pas assez pour qu'on sache si leurs voix sont douces ou hautes. J'espère que nous aurons bientôt tous de très hautes voix.

ELIZABETH BLUMENKRANZ, '27.

## Les Jeux Olympiques

Les premiers Jeux Olympiques datent de l'an 777 avant Jésus Christ, et Coroebus en fut le vainqueur. Les Jeux furent supprimés en 394 Théodose et furent rétablis en 1896 par le Gouvernement grec.

Cette année les Jeux olympiques eurent lieu à Colombes, France et les Etats Unis remportèrent la palme. La Finlande fut le deuxième et ce petit pays montra beaucoup de talent dans ces jeux. Il est probable que s'il avait eu autant de combattants que les Etats Unis il aurait remporté la victoire. L'Angleterre était le troisième.

Il y eut beaucoup de sentiment au sujet des Jeux. Les Français ne voulaient pas que les Américains fussent les vainqueurs. La sympathie du monde était avec la Finlande. Cependant notre

patrie était victorieuse et par conséquent elle sera considérée la meilleure dans les sports pendant quatre années.

JOHN SLATTERY, '26.

## C'est Avec la Bonne Foi qu'On Va le Plus Loin

Marie Brown était une très bonne élève dans sa classe de français. Le professeur la louait toujours pour son bon travail. En effet elle étudiait beaucoup, et savait presque toujours ses leçons.

Un jour le professeur annonça que le lendemain la classe aurait un examen qui serait une revue de tout de qu'ils avait eu. Il ajouta aussi d'un ton d'avertissement, "Beaucoup d'étude est nécessaire!" Marie pensa qu'elle fût une exception, car n'avait-elle pas toujours étudié ses leçons?

Quand l'examen vint Marie trouva qu'elle s'avancait lentement—très lentement, et elle réalisa donc que sa note ne serait pas des plus hautes. Mais il y avait son livre français sur son pupitre. Il serait très simple de le regarder quand le professeur tournerait le dos.

Marie attendit une opportunité favorable et ouvrit lentement et soigneusement son livre.

"Mademoiselle Brown! Que faites-vous?"

Les yeux de toute la classe étaient tournés vers Marie qui se sentit rougir quand le professeur vint à son pupitre et prit son papier.

"J'en suis fâchée," dit-elle.

"Fâchée! Cela ne fait rien maintenant. Je vous verrai après la classe!" répondit le professeur.

Marie était très repentante mais il était trop tard. Le professeur ne la louait plus. Au lieu d'être la plus haute de la classe elle était devenue la plus basse. "C'est avec la bonne foi qu'on va le plus loin." EILEEN FOLAN, '26.



## Ab Fide non Armis, or Fortuna Iuvat Fortes

Ab initio dictus erat: Absens haeres non erit. Sed permittite nos audire alteram partem, nam spes non erit fracta, tamen. Nam contra omnes bonos mores, saepe, beatae memoriae, ab consiliis et animis, virtus crescit sub pondere, et vir venit in sese.

TERESA WELCH, '25.

## Oratio Ciceronis

Marcus Tullius Cicero, consul Romae tum cum coniuratio in rem publicam faceretur, Catilinam improbum principem coniuratorum, multis orationibus oppressit. Urbem tam incredibili calamitate defendere voluit.

Uno tempore pro senatu, Catilina has res coniurationis primo negavit, tandem Cicero convicit ut eae res essent verae.

Cicero Catilinam interfici non volebat ne administri eius consilia eius adsequerentur. Dixit Catilinam privatam vitam dedecoris vixisse, patriam suam odisse, et omnes cives Catilinam ex urbe proficisci velle. Itaque is monuit ut Catilina urbe exiret omnibus suis satellitibus.

Tandem conatus Ciceronis laudabantur nam Catilina ad castra Manliana sua sponte profectus est, ita metu cives liberavit.

BARBARA JORDAN, 26.

## Mia Tia

Hoy es un día de fiesta. Mis padres dan un reunión. Todos nuestros parientes estarán aquí.

Eran las dos de la tarde cuando los huéspedes han llegado. Todo el mundo hablaban y risaban pero yo notaba que mi tía no hablaba mucho. Mi tía siempre nos contaba de su familia. Cuando los huéspedes comían al mediodía, yo

me sentaba al lado de ella y preguntaba, "Tía, Porqué no habla vd. con los otros huéspedes hoy?"

"Mi querido niño," ella me contestaba, "mis pies me lastiman demasiado."

OLGA ZURBA.

## La Navidad En Espana

Los Espanoles, como los Americanos, celebran la Navidad el veinte y cinco de Diciembre. La noche anterior se llama por los Espanoles, "Noche Buena." Los ricos y los pobres tienen fiestas de almendras, de turrón, de dulces y de frutas. Despúes de la cena ellos bailan y cantan. Esto continua hasta media noche. Entonces las personas van a la Misa del Gallo.

Los niños de España no reciben sus regalos, hasta el 6 de enero. Los Reyes Magos son el Santa Claus de España. En vez de colgar las medias cerca del chimenea, los niños de España ponen los zapatos en el balcón de sus casas de ellos.

BAILEY.

## Un Dia de Gracias

Un día de gracias viene una vez por año. Que nos significa esta día de gracias? A algunos de nosotros, significa el comer de buenas cosas, tales como nueces, frutas confitadas, uvas y todas otras cosas de esta especie. Pero, en verdad, el significa mas que esto. Piensa vd. en la significancia del primer día de gracias y entonces piensa vd. en su significancia hoy. Hay mucha diferencia. Muchas personas no piensan jamas en ello. Pero, despúes de este día, pensemos del día de gracias como nosotros debemos pensar en ello. Demos muchas gracias Dios por todo lo que el ha hecho por nosotros en el año pasado.

GLADYS KEITH.



### School Activities

October 16 almost everyone put fifteen cents to a good use, when they went over to the Civic to hear Colonel Eustace, the African explorer, speak. His talk was illustrated by moving pictures that had been taken on his various trips. The most interesting was the one showing the search for the White Rhinoceros, a species of animal which was thought to be extinct. After wearisome months, however, the animal was found and pictures taken of it to prove to the rest of the world that the animal does still exist.

The High School Orchestra has started its weekly practice and selections are

now being rehearsed for the History Pageant.

The annual "Arguenot Benefit Dance" was a great success. The hall was decorated in Hallowe'en colors, with banners along the balconies, and weird figures at the doors, in addition to the usual festoons overhead. On the stage, peering from behind trees, were three ghosts which were ghostly indeed in the dim light against a black background. Lucey's Orchestra furnished the music and Holman, the refreshments. Altogether there was a general Hallowe'en atmosphere and a thoroughly good time.

### Activities of the Quest Club

The Quest Club has just started its second year in a most promising and interesting manner. As you know, the Club began its activities during the last school year. The "Questers" made many trips which they found both interesting and educational.

This year we are reaching up to higher aims, and we hope that in helping ourselves, we can also help others. Plans are under way to give a Christmas party to some of our smaller and less fortunate brothers and sisters. In giving this party the co-operation of not only the

members of the Quest Club, but also that of the student body, former graduates and public in general would be appreciated.

You probably have noticed the girls selling "hot-dogs" and candy at the football games.

This is to raise money to finance the Christmas party. We are buying dolls to dress and give to the children.

Every Wednesday afternoon you will see in Room 309, girls making tiny coats, dresses, bonnets and what not. More than one girl has discovered unsuspected

skill in dressmaking. Down in the basement of the building you will find boys varnishing discarded toys and, as the girls have found their talents in dressmaking and millinery, so, also, have the boys in carpentry and painting.

We issue an appeal to everybody to co-operate with us in our undertaking.

If anyone would like to contribute a doll or a toy, he can do so easily by simply sending in one dollar to Margaret Caverly or Ernest Molloy, pupils of the Senior Class.

HELEN CORCORAN,  
Correspondent to the "Arguenot."

### Senior Class Notes

It's great to be a Senior! It's great to think that after all our trials and tribulations, we are at last Seniors—the mighty Seniors! That last phrase is rather good. It sounds so influential. But, after all, are we not the most important class in high school, the most intelligent, the most respected, etc.? A few words of explanation to the underclassmen may be necessary here. This feeling is entirely permissible because you, too, will have the opinion when *you* are Seniors.

Of course, we have certain new privileges now. For instance, we have Room 200 for our home room; we can stay on the second floor during recess; we can keep our home-room seats in the study hall, and we have the front seats at assembly.

To be a really truly Senior, one must be dignified, for this is one of the most ancient and cherished traditions. It almost seems as though Seniors and dignity are synonymous. This means, of course, that we Seniors should not laugh boisterously, nor talk in a loud or careless manner, nor should we shout to our friends with ear-piercing shrieks. Remember, Seniors, that we should act as models for the other classes to imitate.

We had our class elections very early this year. The officers chosen were as follows: President, Richard Dowling; Vice-President, Doris Turner; Secretary,

Myrtha Lindeberg; Girl Treasurer, Sylvia Endresen; Boy Treasurer, Anton Mattson; Athletic Council, Hoddie Spierdowis; School Council, James Pendergast, Bernard Cronan, Ruth McLean, Margaret Owens and Marion Swift.

A meeting of the Senior class was held recently to determine the amount of the class tax. It was finally decided, after a short debate, that a tax of fifteen cents a month would be sufficient.

\* \* \*

In the Norwood High School we have:

A Wolfe but no bear.  
A Morse but no code.  
A Nichols but no dimes.  
A Swift but no Marathon.  
A Flower but no weeds.  
A Weisul but no woodchuck.  
A Taylor but no dressmaker.  
A Potter but no tinker.  
A Cobb but no corn.  
A Stone but no jewel.  
A Bunny but no rabbit.  
A Dixon but no Mason.  
A French but no Chinese.  
A Connors but no angles.  
A Fisher but no hunter.  
A Fireman but no policeman.  
A Bridges but no roads.  
A Steel but no iron.  
A Lane but no turning.  
A Walker but no runner.  
Mutch but not plenty.

E. T. S.



### Strange Bedfellows

Pupil translating: "The butler retired with the radish dish."

\* \* \*

### What the Seniors Have Yet to Acquire

Dixie's vocabulary.  
Daniels' dancing ability.  
Mr. Smith's pronunciation.  
Al Disnard's vigilance.  
Miss McGonagle's idea of a complexion.  
Mr. Larson's acquaintance.  
Privileges in study periods.

\* \* \*

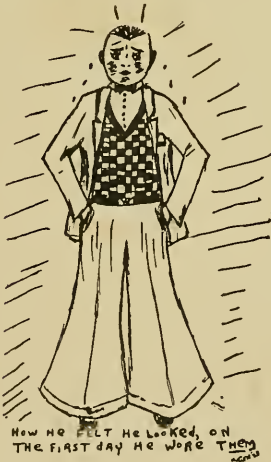
There was an old man from Norwood,  
And he had a machine which would saw  
wood.

He would saw wood,  
If the wood-saw would,  
This man who'd saw wood from Norwood.

\* \* \*

Hoddie: "You don't want to lend me a dollar, do you?"

Geary: "Of course not; but how in the world did you guess it?"



Miss Foster to Bobbie Waldheim: "Well, Robert, have you been doing as I told you—not only talking but thinking in French?"

Bobbie: "Yes. I think a good deal in French."

Miss Foster: "I'm very glad to hear it. Tell me some of your thoughts."

Bobbie: "Oh! I can't do that, because when I think in French, I don't understand my thoughts."

\* \* \*

Mr. Smith, explaining gravitation: "Hansen, why doesn't the ocean fall off the earth?"

Hansen: "Why, it's tide up."

\* \* \*

Actor: "Jack, did you see me in 'The Covered Wagon'?"

Friend: "No, I didn't see you."

Actor: "I know it. I was inside."

\* \* \*

According to Molloy, the essay on "Shower Baths" dampened his spirit but refreshed his mind.

\* \* \*

Miss Griffin, translating Virgil: "He looked for a gate and divided it among everybody."

Miss Johnson: "That's a foolish translation. Why should he give his friends the gate?"

\* \* \*

Grace (at football game) "I'm roasted."

Myrtha: "Gee! I'm stewed."

Gang: "Oh—h—h!"

\* \* \*

Miss Blaisdell: "Now class, give me an illustration of a good joke."

Bobbie: "Fireman, stand up."

\* \* \*

O'Neil's maxim: "A sock on the foot is worth two in the eye."

\* \* \*

Zeke: "What do you expect to be when you get out of college?"

Bobbie W.: "An old man."

\* \* \*

Cobb: "Mother, may I go out for football?"

Mother: "Yes, but if you get killed, don't come home complaining to me."





THAT SENIOR INDIFFERENCE!

"T. 131" '25



Mary and Alice display the latest style in belts

"T. 132" '25

"Barney" looking for Spark Plug



"T. 133" '25

TAKING THINGS LITERALLY -  
Man bearding a lion's whiskers



"T. 134" '25

Woman nursing an old grooch



"T. 135" '25

Ernie Poses as The Thinker



"T. 136" '25

We Wonder if Dick even gets seasick from combing the waves



"T. 137" '25

Pendergast, translating: "Then Venus went up on high . . ."

Miss Johnson: "Explain that line, please."

Pendergast: "She must have been driving a car."

\* \* \*

Remember when we comforted ourselves with:

E = excellent.

D = dandy.

C = corking.

B = bad.

A = awful.

Them was the days!

\* \* \*

Jarvis' favorite song:

"Nothing could be sweeter than to greet her (Greta) at the library."

\* \* \*

### Wisdom

He who wishes to XL

Or who aspires to B most YY,

Remember this: a YY man OO

Much of his wisdom to his II.

And he must not his ears XQQ,

For ears must hear and II must C,

And he must all his senses UU,

Who hopes a YY man e'er to B.

He who is rich may take his EE,

But all things earthly must DK;

Wisdom succumbs not to DZZ,

Secure it and B rich for A.

ANON (Ex.)

Old lady at her first football game, "My! my! That Rawh family must be a big one. They cheer for Hoddie Rawh, Dixie Rawh and Geary Rawh. One would think the coach would give 'other fellows a chance."

\* \* \*

Miss Blake (during fire drill): "The tables at this end will stand, go through the back door, march down the stairs at the rear and out!"

\* \* \*

Overheard at drawing:

"Perhaps if you make them exactly the same, they may look something alike."

\* \* \*

Mary B. (at drawing): "I can't draw today. My hand shakes so!"

Cobb: "Well, let me hold it for you."

\* \* \*

Barrett (after reading a short composition on "How to Boil Water"): "Any criticism?"

Hauck: "It's too short."

Barrett: "Any suggestions how to lengthen it?"

Foley: "Put some more water in it."

\* \* \*

Dick to Father: "I looked through the keyhole when Sis had her fellow up last night, and guess what I saw."

Father: "I don't know. What did you find out?"

Dick: "The lights."

---

## Junior Class Notes

A Consideration of the "Junior" and the Junior Class:—

Classmates, we have now reached that grade in school called the Junior, and we, the members, are known as Juniors, and the year which is before us is the Junior

year. Just what kind of definitions would you give to the above terms? Yes, they are names applied to the third year of high school and to the students during that year, but that does not fully cover the terms. Are they not more than mere titles? Consider their meanings, the

things they imply. Ah! yes, they mean much more than names.

I think the following example will illustrate our interpretation of the words. We are all acquainted with John Brown, Sr., and John Brown, Jr. The Senior Brown has made a name for himself, and has lived his life. The younger Brown now begins his career. His duty is first, to accomplish all that his father has done before him and then to add all he can to these achievements. So it is in school. The Seniors have by this time shown people their worth. We must come up to and excel the standard they have set for us. Of course we should all like to do this and can do so if we will all give a little of our time and effort. If each one of us will remember to do what he can to help at all times, our class will be one to which we shall all be proud to belong. Now, for the real facts. A class meeting was held shortly after the opening of school. This meeting was conducted by Mr. Grant, who spoke to us mainly about nominating and electing officers and in brief about our present financial condition and the means we have of improving it. He mentioned particularly the Junior Prom which is to be held the Friday evening following Thanksgiving.

The following is a result of the elections:

President, William Geary; Vice-President, Mary Ryan; Treasurers, Robina Anderson, Joseph Moore; Secretary, Isabel Ziury; Athletic Council, Harry Berkland. Owing to a tie between Frances Johnston and Henry Newman for membership on the School Council, it was necessary for the class to vote again. The final result was—Edwin Stone, chairman; Elizabeth Davidson, Sanelma Nordlund, Frances Johnston, Kathleen Mahoney.

The executive committee has held two meetings to discuss and decide the amount

to be set for Class Tax, and the means of obtaining the tax already overdue. They decided that it would be wise to pay fifteen cents each month, and, if the treasury is brought up to standard, to reduce the amount to ten cents. This motion was brought before the entire Junior class, and voted upon at a meeting which was in charge of our President. The recommendation was accepted by the class. At this same meeting, suggestions were made for the class colors and we were advised to consider what we should adopt for our class motto.

### Junior Jokes

Junior "Dime Novels"

Francis Johnson—"Slow But Sure."

Cedric Roberts—"At the Top of the World."

C. Donovan—"The Errand Boy."

J. Donovan—"Helping Himself."

Thornton Stevens—"The Backwoods Boy."

Stanton Slavin—"Brave and Bold."

Joe Renaghan—"Now or Never" (Mostly Never).

Eddie Abely—"Out for B'g Game."

Joe Moore—"The Cash Boy."

Arthur Welch—"The Last of the Herd."

Room 302—"Into the Unknown."

\* \* \*

Miss Abbot (to Economics Class): "What does one see every few seconds as he rides along the street?"

Stevens: "A traffic cop."

\* \* \*

Renaghan (in English): "I think it means that Caesar's ghost isn't dead yet."

\* \* \*

Miss Wilson: "Why did Brutus ask his slave to kill him instead of doing it himself?"

Fisher: "Probably he thought the slave could do a better job."

First Pupil: "Well, the teacher said there was one good thing about my composition."

Second Pupil: "What was it?"

First Pupil: "That I stopped writing when I did."

\* \* \*

Miss Wilson: "Johnson, you saunter into this class like a postscript."

\* \* \*

"Jim lost an eye yesterday."

'Honest! How'd it happen?'

"It fell out of his hand when he was setting type."

\* \* \*

Grocer (to small boy): "What'll you have, Sonny?"

Small Boy: "Nothin'."

Grocer: "Oh! Shall I do it up?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Smith (arranging seating plan): "Next, Walsh and Welch, the Gold Dust Twins."

\* \* \*

First Boy: "My father is the richest man on our street."

Second Boy: "Huh! I'll bet my father makes more dough than yours."

First Boy: "How come?"

Second Boy: "He's a baker."

Seller: "I've sold my car to Jones."

Buyer: "I thought he said it wasn't speedy enough."

Seller: "Well, you see, a speed-cop stopped us yesterday."

\* \* \*

Student: "I saw a man eating an apple yesterday."

Teacher: "What about it?"

Student: "The skin, of course."

\* \* \*

(On an English paper): "Eating his breakfast, he went to school."

\* \* \*

### Chemistry

Chemistry is good for us,  
Although we sometimes have to cuss.  
We surely have a brilliant class,  
For we all learned the ways of glass.

All of us, we take our turn  
To bend that glass or get a burn.  
The most of us have one regret—  
There are some boys who don't forget

Many try experiments  
With very scanty compliments;  
Some get them right, some get them  
wrong,

But somehow we all get along.

J. W.



I have a little shadow  
That goes in and out with me,  
Whatever is the use of it  
Is more than I can see!



## Sophomore Class Notes

### "Welcome" was on the Door

The Sophomores have come into the world of Norwood High. It does not lower them to be looked down upon by upper classmen, for were not the lordly Seniors and the mighty Juniors Sophomores once?

The Sophomores are taking a large part in athletics and that counts for a great deal. Moreover, they are congenial and are here for work as well as for play.

They were given a warm reception by the principal Mr. Grant, the faculty and the students of the other classes. At the very first assembly, they were kindly asked to sing "Norwood." They did it fairly well, too, but for the most part they could have done much better, if the audience had not turned to stare at them.

In the beginning it was hard to become accustomed to the new rules, but all things are possible for those who try and in spite of all our difficulties we have mastered them and are already true supporters of the "White and Blue" in every line of endeavor.

The Sophomores elected their class officers October 10th as follows:

President, Daniel O'Connell; Vice-President, Jane Waldheim; Secretary, Ruth Davis; Treasurers, Eleanor Whitcher, Francis Curran; School Council—Chairman, Wm. Cavanaugh, Gertrude Molaney, Wilbur Fay, Miah Keefe, Alice Johnson; Athletic Council—John Dixon.

We congratulate them all and hope they will do their best for the class of '27.

\* \* \*

Wanted: A boy for a bakery. Must come well bred, be an early riser, born in the yeast, a good mixer. He will get his dough every Saturday night.

Ex.

Farmer: "Son! I hear that you have married a vamp."

College Son: "Well, I ain't saying, I ain't."

Farmer: "I'm not asking you if you ain't, I'm asking you ain't you is."

Ex.

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Johnny, name one of the dead languages."

Johnny: "English."

Teacher: "And why English, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Because it is so frequently murdered."

Ex.

\* \* \*

Daughter: "In Egypt I saw a pyramid all covered with hieroglyphics."

Mother: "I'm glad you didn't catch one of those terrible diseases."

\* \* \*

Teacher, angrily: "Have you any sense?"

Pupil, dreamily: "No, I just paid my class dues."

\* \* \*

### A Sleep-Walking Episode

One night as I was going home, I had to pass a long, dark wood for a stretch of about one-half a mile. As it was a cold night I hurried along all the faster.

Suddenly I heard a rustle in the leaves behind me, a footstep, a groan, then a shrill whistle. I stood still, not daring to look, breathe, or move. Again and again came this shrill, uncanny, groaning and rustling. Then, in front of me I could see a tall, thin, gaunt, horrible figure of a man. I tried to run, but as hard as I tried, I could not move an inch. Cold drops of perspiration came out on my forehead. I could stand it no longer, and with a jerk I turned, and saw his honor, Dooney Flaherty, walking in his sleep.

F. J. C.

## HISTORY DEPARTMENT

### My Choice for President

**I**F I were to vote for the President this year, the man I should vote for would be Calvin Coolidge of the Republican Party. To me he is an ideal man. Ever since the death of our former President, Warren G. Harding, he has performed the presidential duties faithfully. He has done much for the needs of the people and in that way has inspired them to have confidence in him. I should support the Republican Party of which he is the leader, because I favor their platform and know that what they have in it will be carried out.

Calvin Coolidge wants to help the people. He wants to reduce the taxes for the working class, who at present have to give too much of their hard-earned money for government expenses. He wants to cut down the public expenditures and have the people work less for the government and more for themselves.

Calvin Coolidge believes in the American Constitution. Much has been added to it, but as yet we have found no need to overthrow this fundamental document.

Calvin Coolidge is opposed to government ownership of public utilities. He favors individual enterprise, believing that the people can run their own business more efficiently than can the government.

Some of the other principles that Calvin Coolidge, candidate of the Republican Party for the presidency of the United States, supports are as follows: he does not want to become involved in any entangling alliances with any foreign nations, but he is willing to give them friendly support; he wants the adoption

of the child labor amendments no child should be deprived of education to go to work in a factory; he does not favor a bonus for the World War veterans, but he does intend that those who suffered injuries shall receive the best possible care.

For these reasons, Calvin Coolidge is the one man who should guide our nation in the next four years.

SYLVIA ENDRESEN '25.

### My Candidate for President

**M**Y candidate for President this year is La Follette. I choose La Follette because Coolidge did not work for the people as he should have done. Had not La Follette taken part in exposing the oil scandal, Denby and others involved might still be in office under Coolidge. Had not Wheeler exposed Doherty's illegal acts, the latter would probably still be an Attorney-General.

Coolidge was against the Bonus Bill. This was not giving the soldiers proportionate returns for their loyalty and bravery in fighting for the United States.

Under Coolidge, the farmers have not been given a chance to get returns on their goods because of the high tariff.

Coolidge also favored the Mellon Tax Bill. This bill would have helped the rich people by lowering their taxes and by raising the taxes of the poorer people.

Davis is not as popular as are Coolidge and La Follette. He has not done anything that would lead one to believe he would be efficient as President. The people do not know what his ideas are and what he is planning to do if he is elected. He has not made known his principles as have Coolidge and La Follette.

La Follette is going to work to help the people. He is going to revise the tariff so that farmers will be able to make a living. He is against the Mellon tax bill which Coolidge favored. He will clean the Department of the Interior and put honest, efficient men in office.

With La Follette as President the people will have a better chance to save and work for themselves because he will lower the taxes and tariff duties. La Follette will give all a chance, not just a few favorites.

CHARLES KNAB, '25.

## Pageant of the National Election

(Written and presented by the members of the Senior Class.)

PROLOGUE: Margaret Caverly.

ACT I. (Introductory. Home of average citizen.)

*Citizen:* Leo Dolaher.

*His Wife:* Congetta Flower.

*Alice:* Helen Corcoran.

*Mary:* Doris Turner.

*Spirit of the United States:*

Elizabeth Maloney.

*Presidential Qualities:*

*Knowledge,* Jeanette Rosengren.

*Honesty,* Marion Swift.

*Courage,* Agnes Keliher.

*Idealism,* Edith MacReady.

*Common Sense,* Dorothy Sullivan.

ACT II. Registration.

*Officials:* C. Bailey.

J. Anderson.

*Voters:* D. Kelter,

L. Tolander.

ACT III. National Convention (by radio).

*Radio Fan:* C. Bailey,

*Announcer:* R. Waldheim.

*Nominator:* E. Gifford.

ACT IV. Campaign.

*Host:* J. Bunney.

*Guests:* B. Cronan, Democratic Representative.

I. Fireman, Progressive Representative.

G. Frederickson, Republican Representative.

ACT V. The Election.

*Officials:* A. Mattson,

E. Molloy.

*Party Officials:* L. Towne,  
M. Curran.

*Voters:* T. Welch,

G. Potter,

M. Spierdowis.

*Explanation:* M. Lindeberg.

ACT VI. Inauguration.

*Chief Justice:* R. Waldheim.

*President-elect:* V. Kenefick.

*Outgoing President:* H. Lailcy.

*Vice-President-elect:* J. Regan.

*Outgoing Vice-President-elect:* L. Towne.

EPILOGUE (addressed to Spirit, Citizen and Audience): Margaret Caverly.

### PROLOGUE

When the clarion call resounds,  
When the nation cries, "To arms!"  
When avenging war swoops down,  
And the country's peace alarms;  
Then rise men in legion strong;  
Gallantly they give their all  
In behalf of motherland.  
Forth they march to stand or fall!

But such glory's not for us:  
No martial pomp shall save the nation;  
We must choose the less spectacular,  
"Ad Summa Contendimus" our vocation!  
Each should strive for his beliefs:  
Precious birthright should not barter,  
For in our choice of nation's chiefs  
We do more than hero, martyr!



## ACT I

Setting: Typical American living-room.

Characters: An American citizen, his wife, and their two children, Mary and Alice.

Spirit of the United States.

Qualities of a President.

MARY (after some scrapping with sister): Mother, Alice hasn't done her homework!

ALICE: Well, neither have you!

WIFE: Stop your quarreling, do! (To Citizen.) Those children are more bother! Oh, by the way, Mrs. Green asked us to come over Friday to a picnic lunch she's giving. Shall we go?

CITIZEN: No! The Greens are too dull. He always talks politics, and actually means what he says.

WIFE: Well we won't go, then. Though I did wish to chat with Mrs. Green about her new recipes. And speaking of politics, are you going down to the polls today? They're open, you know, and you really should vote. You didn't last year. You'll go?

CITIZEN: No. I'm—  
(Interruption from children, quarreling.)

WIFE: *Stop* that fighting, children. Go and do your homework now, both of you. No, not in there. In the dining room. The table's larger. (To Citizen) Now, what were you saying? (Exit children.)

CITIZEN: About going in town to see the last game of the series. I couldn't miss that. Our party'll win, anyway, so why should I vote? One vote won't make any difference.

(Voices from behind scenes, Mary)

Mo-o-ther! Alice has my fountain pen!

(Second voice, Alice)

Mo-o-ther! Come help me with my French!

WIFE: Oh, dear! Yes, I'm coming! I'm sorry about the Greens. I did want to go.

(Voices from behind scenes, in unison, Mother!)

Yes—! (Exit.)

(Enter Spirit of the United States, hands before face, clad in soiled white garments.)

CITIZEN (looking up from newspaper): Well! What the deuce! Who are you? Why the tears?

SPIRIT: I am the Spirit of the United States. I mourn because I am forgotten, soiled by sordid graft, by greed, by disregard for my ideals. I am powerless. Egotism rules supreme; indifference, an ally.

CITIZEN: Oh, come now! Certainly all Americans remember you. I'm sure I do. We don't mean any harm. If we knew we were hurting you, I'm sure we'd reform.

SPIRIT: Talk! Talk! Why not act? You are an average citizen, typical of all citizens, not interested in the nation's welfare. You decline to vote, yet if everyone did his bit, all would be more satisfied.

CITIZEN: Talk, yourself! How can the average citizen be interested in national affairs—they are too big for him! The President can care for them. That's what he's there for.

SPIRIT: But do you ever take interest in your choice of President? No! The most important official of the government, you let others choose; you take no part, and then you complain—"The nation's going to the dogs!" You *must* take interest, you and the millions like you!

CITIZEN: Oh, I say! I'll do anything in my power to please you, rather than have you feel like that.



SPIRIT: Is that a promise?

CITIZEN: Why—yes.

SPIRIT: Then first you must know the qualities of a good President. Here they are:

ENTER HONESTY: I am Honesty, personal and political. A President must have me to be qualified as a leader of millions.

ENTER KNOWLEDGE: I am Knowledge, knowledge of all domestic and foreign matters related to our government. Without me a President would be a puppet in the hands of grafters. I open vistas to the leader's mind. I show the needs of the nation. Knowledge is breadth of mind; breadth of mind brings understanding.

ENTER COURAGE: I am Courage. I strengthen the President. I lead him to great things. I give him decisiveness. I hold him to what he thinks is right,

even though others may try to persuade him that right is wrong. I am power.

ENTER IDEALISM: I am Idealism. I embody the hopes of the Americans, living and dead. I lead the President up to the heights, far above degrading common-places. I am the conscience of the nation.

ENTER COMMON SENSE: I am Common Sense. I act as an anchor to Idealism. I am a quality apparent everywhere in America. As Idealism leads our country to spiritual greatness, so do I lead it to material prosperity.

SPIRIT: Many more are the qualities of a good President, but these are the most important. Look for them always. Can you name them?

CITIZEN: Yes. Common Sense, Idealism, Courage, Knowledge, Honesty.

SPIRIT: Excellent! Now follow me, and I will show you the process of the President's election.

## ACT II. *Registration of Voters*

Pantomime showing the future voter taking oath, giving his name and re-

quired facts to officials, who record them in the Book of Registries.

## ACT III. *National Convention by Radio*

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience: As you know, this is the third day of the national convention of the Liberal Party of our nation. Many of you have followed the events of the past two days, but those who have not will perhaps be glad to have a few words of explanation before today's work begins.

First, as to the appearance of the hall: at the extreme rear of the hall, which seats 2500 people, just above the heads of the spectators who throng the galleries is a huge American flag. The balconies are draped in our national colors, and the entire hall is, in fact, a mass of colors, to which the beautiful gowns of the women delegates give added brilliance.

The delegates, who, you remember, were chosen by the people in the spring primaries, have seats on the floor. Each delegation carries a large standard bearing the name of the state it represents.

One of the many bands here is now playing while the delegates take their places. It is very warm, and already many of the men have removed their coats.

On the platform is the stand where the chairman of the convention presides, a large adding machine which is used in counting the votes, and several men and women of prominence in the party.

The chairman is now rapping for order. Music and the opening prayer will follow, and then the business of the day, the

nomination of candidates, will begin. Now I will let you hear the music.

(Music by the school orchestra.)

CHAIRMAN OF CONVENTION: Nominations for the candidate of the Liberal Party for President are now in order. The secretary will call the roll.

SECRETARY: Alabama.

CHAIRMAN OF ALA. DELEGATION: Alabama has no candidate.

SECRETARY: Arizona.

CHAIRMAN OF ARIZONA DELEGATION: Mr. Chairman, and assembled delegates of the Liberal Party, one nominee for the Presidency has already been chosen. He is the selection of the people; he is the most capable, most worthy, most conscientious of leaders. He is one who will always consider the nation's welfare before his own; he will hold high the ideals of the American people, for them and for the world.

America has always been an example. Other nations look to her as their pattern. But the leader of America is still more

closely watched. He takes the initiative. He typifies the people. He is primarily, before being President, a citizen of the United States. He is a representative of all the millions behind him.

The man who is best fitted to guide the faith and future of the people, to act as pilot of national affairs, is the one whom we now, confident of his success, do officially nominate as candidate for the presidency—John Smith.

(Cheers—music by school orchestra.)

(Pause.)

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, four hours have passed. The list of nominations is now complete, eight candidates having been presented. Now the convention will proceed at once with the voting. The presiding officer calls the roll of states in alphabetical order, and the chairman of each delegation announces the vote of his group. When one candidate receives the majority of votes, he will thereby receive the nomination.

#### ACT IV

Setting: Man's den.

Characters: Host and three guests.

Host: Gee, but it's great to be home again after so many years abroad! I never was so happy in my life as when I first sighted the Statue of Liberty. It gave me a thrill somehow or other. At all events, I couldn't stay away any longer when I heard about the race for President this year, and the probable deadlock. I just had to come back home and find out for myself how things were going. And, by the way, that's one of the reasons why I invited you fellows up here tonight. You see there is method in my madness, for I killed two birds with one stone. I not only planned to see you again after our long separation,

but I also planned to learn your political views. I know you (indicating one of his guests after the other) are a Republican, you, a Democrat, and you, a Progressive, and though I have only one vote to cast, still I want it placed where it will do the most good. So for this evening I will allow myself to be the "bone of contention," and you may scrap together to see whose party I shall join! All ready—on you march—set—go!

(The guests all crowd forward, overwhelming their host with passionate declarations of their parties' worth.)

Host: Hold on! I didn't mean to start a second World War. I tell you what—each of you may talk for five minutes, and we'll proceed alphabetically, just to prevent bloodshed and to keep

peace. Jim Brown may start with the arguments for the Democrats.

MR. BROWN: At the end of every great war, comes an aftermath of unrest, of moral and political disintegration. A crime wave has already swept this country both in civil and political life as can readily be pointed out in these last four years of Republican administration. The only cure for this is a return to a strong Democratic leadership. Not only does our platform advocate the ratification of the Child Labor amendment which is essential for the protection of the future voters of this country, but also favors a low tariff and tax reduction, two things which are absolutely necessary if the country is to return to normal conditions. Another feature of the Democratic platform which has brought many supporters to the party is its approval of private ownership of railroads. Government ownership would only offer to corrupt politicians additional opportunities for graft. We also favor government control of water rights and the construction of a waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean for the benefit of the people. We favor the League of Nations. Unless we wish to discount the World War, in which so many thousands of young men gave their lives for the sake of justice and right, unless we wish to cast aside this great battle for the preservation of civilization, we must join the Court of International Justice and the League. We, furthermore, promise to collect the debts owed us by foreign nations and to regain the wealth made through fraudulent war contracts, when huge corporations, taking advantage of the government's unsettled condition, went into profiteering on a large scale and through the government defrauded the people of vast sums of money. The late administration has done practically

nothing to regain this wealth, but when we take the lead this will be only one of the many things which we intend to rectify. We believe furthermore that we have nominated for President the candidate most eligible and best fitted for that position. In John W. Davis are all the necessary qualifications for the ideal President. He is honest, sincere, and capable, and his long ambassadorship in England has given him an understanding of foreign relations.

Confronted with all these facts you must see that there is no other course open to you but to join with us in striving for better and bigger things.

HOST: That almost persuades me to become a Democrat; but it's only fair to hear what the others have to say. Clashun may now tell us of the Progressives.

MR. CLASHUN: There is only one party worthy of your vote! It is not the Democratic; they are too timid! It is not the Republican; they have made too many blunders in the past! It is the Progressive! The Progressive Party, as the name implies, advocates progress toward a better government. It tends to take the power from a small number of men and give it over to the entire people. It wishes Congress to have power over the judicial veto, a power which the Supreme Court has usurped. It also wishes the people to vote directly for the members of the Supreme Court, who are to serve for a period of ten years. In common with the Democratic Party, it favors the Child Labor law, the construction of a waterway from the Great Lakes to the Sea, and also agrees in the matter of tax reduction. It supports, as the only way of lowering rates and obtaining better service, the government ownership of railroads. It favors a compensation for war veterans, to be



paid by the wealthy instead of making the poor poorer by taxing them. We desire the direct nomination and election of the President, as well as a law requiring the vote of the people before entering war with any nation. We also want an increase in the salaries of the postal employees, who, although the cost of living has risen greatly, have always lived on the same meagre pay. It is a disgrace to the country which employs them! Our plank on labor does away with injunctions, thus giving the laboring man a fair chance; and we also wish to give the industrial workers and the farmers the right of collective bargaining. I am through! I have said my say! Whatever your choice may be, I know that I shall follow until the death the white fighting crest of La Follette!

HOST: I'm sure I don't know which party I do believe in, but there are three sides to this question and we have yet to hear from our Republican, Bill Harlowe.

MR. HARLOWE: When the Republican administration took control of the Government in 1921, there were many problems to be faced. Four and a half million people had to be taken care of. The farmers were discouraged and almost bankrupt. Industry and commerce were on the verge of destruction.

To-day, the growth in industry is amazing. Commerce has become one of the greatest occupations of the country. The vast majority of people are employed and the condition of the farmers has greatly improved. We have made treaties with the Far East and Mexico, and we have settled disputes with Chili and Peru. We have the payment to us of the debts of foreign countries well under

way. All this we have done in our administration. We admit that there was corruption during the last years of Republican leadership. This, however, was the fault of individuals only, not of the party as a whole.

Our platform for the coming term stands for law, order, cleanliness, efficiency, and honesty in the Government of the country. We favor a Federal Commission Agent to investigate our taxing system in regard to a tax reduction. We also favor the budget system which has been firmly established by Mr. Dawes, our candidate for Vice-President. In regard to foreign relations, we desire a permanent Court of International Justice, but not the League of Nations. We wish friendly relations with all foreign countries, and we favor the reduction of armaments. Although we do not want public ownership, we do support the Government in control of mines and railways in times of strikes and wars. We favor better working conditions and the improvement of our natural resources. We desire improvement of our naturalization laws, we favor an eight-hour day and higher wages. And certainly, not our smallest inducement for the country to go Republican, is our candidate, Calvin Coolidge.

Why, here is his picture! Notice how dependable, how gracious he looks. I assure you that this picture doesn't deceive you either. He's about the wisest man I know for President.

HOST: This has certainly been one of the most interesting evenings of my life. You fellows actually make me dizzy. I'll have to think a long time over what you've said before I know my own mind.

(Curtain.)

#### ACT V. *Election*

EXPLANATION: Here you will see the voters of the nation. Only those whose

names appear on the list of registered voters are allowed to take part in the



election. As each receives a ballot, his name is checked on this list to prevent his casting more than one ballot. Party officials also check off this respective party member, to be sure that all are voting. When the voter has recorded his choice, the ballot is handed to an official who deposits it in a special box.

(Pantomime of election.)

**EXPLANATION** (showing an enlarged copy of a ballot): The ballot is divided into sections according to the number of

parties. In each section at the top are the names of the candidates for President and Vice-President. To the right of the names is a small square where your check is placed. Underneath is a list of electors for whom you actually vote. You do not vote for the President directly, but for the electors, who, in January, vote for the President.

If the electors fail to give a majority vote, the President is chosen by the National House of Representatives; the Vice-President, by the National Senate.

#### ACT VI. *Inauguration*

The Chief Justice administers the Oath of Office to the incoming President and Vice-President. The outgoing President

and Vice-President stand in the background as witnesses.

#### EPILOGUE

(Addressed to Audience, Citizen of United States and the Spirit of United States.)

We have toiled and labored long,  
We have given of our best.  
If we've aided, e'en a trifle,  
Little matter of the rest.  
If we've made your vision keener,  
If your thoughts we've clarified,  
Then that indeed is our reward  
And we are more than satisfied.

But if you heed not this advice,  
If you act not as you ought—  
Alas! then failure is our doom  
And all our labor's gone for naught.  
So do not shun your nation's call,  
To no one else your duty leave;  
Strive ever on to right and truth,—  
Through striving only, we achieve.

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#### ALUMNI NEWS

At the recent "Arguenot" Dance, one of the older alumni was heard to remark, "Evidently the High School paper has now become an established factor in the school curriculum, and is no longer the uncertain struggling news sheet that began its existence in the fall of 1920." Congratulations, High School, and best wishes of your Alumni.

Miss Helen Calnan, 1921, is teaching in the Attleboro schools.

The Class of 1921 wrote a large numeral "4" in its records a short while ago when Miss Cynthia Colburn became the bride

of Mr. Leslie Latham. Not so bad—one for every year since graduation, and if all reports are true, Sam Howard will be the next one.

We note a new organization in our midst, The Dare Knights, made up of practically all N. H. S. Alumni. This is a perfectly harmless society, guaranteed to have no aims, destructive or otherwise, against the public welfare, but rather is a distinctive asset because of the lofty thoughts (a few of the members being six feet or over) and creative talents of its members. However, if there are any

timid young ladies who are a little skeptical because of the sinister name of the organization, let them remember when they are approaching one or more of the august members after sundown (or before) to murmur simply the password "Skitta Beebee"—the effect will be magical.

Miss Ethel Fitzpatrick, 1920, has accepted a position at the Norwood Auto Station, Inc.

Jeff MacLean and Doug Flaherty both made the freshman team at Colby College. Bill Hammersley also made the freshman team at Yale.

Helen Parrock, 1924, has entered Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass.

Miss Frances Parker of the Town office and Dr. Harold Perkins of the Boston City Hospital were married on November 1st.

Miss Helen Anderson, 1923, is working in the First National Bank of Boston.

Miss Bertha Dion, 1917, was recently

married to Mr. George Leo Burke of Norwood.

Miss Meriel Blumenkranz, 1921, has put out her sign as a teacher of pianoforte and harmony.

The last item reminds us that 1921 always was a musical class (tho' perhaps not wholly classical)—remember the Famous Five?

It might be interesting if some of the class prophets of bygone years would dig out some of their commencement efforts for publication, so that we might test their prophetic powers and see if various classmates have lived up to what was expected of them.

Any reports of the latest births, deaths and marriages, bankruptcies, divorces, suicides and trips to Europe among the Alumni will be appreciated. In fact we should like anything but political debates and letters of advice to the love-lorn.

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## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

### THE ARGUENOT ON OUR COMMENTS

"The Abhis"—We consider your paper to be among the best that we receive. Your exchange department is one of which you might well be proud. Why not have your advertisements all together?

"The Periscope"—Your paper though small is well arranged and holds one's interest until the finish.

"The Unquity Echo"—A paper which is interesting because of its variety of material.

"The Advocate"—Congratulations are

certainly due you on your commencement number. It is fine!

"Oakleaves," Maine—You possess one of the most finished and well-planned papers in our exchange.

"The Reflector"—Your May issue contains exceptionally good editorials, not to mention your stories and the fine exchange department.

"The Advance"—What a cleverly arranged exchange column in your May issue!

"The Register"—Welcome to our exchange department! Your stories are all excellent, but we found "Dead Man's Groan" especially good.

COMMENTS ON OUR ARGUENOT

"The Advance," Salem—One of our best. We enjoy "Sir Kenneth de Boverly" very much.

"The Alpha," New Bedford—Your foreign language department is a very attractive feature of your splendid magazine.

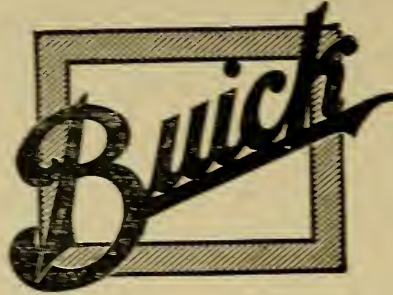
The Arguenot has received the following exchanges:

- "The Advance," Salem, Mass.
- "The Reflector," Woburn, Mass.
- "The Alpha," New Bedford, Mass.

- "Oakleaves," Vassalboro, Me.
- "The Periscope," Bridgewater, Mass.
- "The Abhis," Abington, Mass.
- "The Ateneo," Manila, Philippine Islands.
- "The Herald," Holyoke, Mass.
- "The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School.
- "Boston University," Boston, Mass.
- "The Advocate," Needham, Mass.
- "The Northeastern Tied," Boston, Mass.
- "The Neponset Review," East Walpole, Mass.
- "The Register," Boston Latin School.

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