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**Johnny's Report Card**

(with apologies to the English language)

Miss Jenkins handed out our reports in school today mine not being uxtter good. After supper pop was smoking a cigar with a injoyable expression, me thinking, "Gee this is a good time to ask him to sign my report. I handed it to him saying, "Have you got your fountain pen, pop?" "Yes and I've got my eyes", pop sed, meening he was going to read it before he sined it, which he started to do, saying, "Not so good, nobody would think you

had such a brilliant father."

"No, but I tell everybody I have," I sed, and pop sed, "Very sweet of you, but let's go back to this report. Wats the ideer of having only fair in geopraphy," he sed. "Gee, pop, that just happened to happen this this time, I'm reely good in geograpy, its one of my best things," I sed.

"I'm glad to hear that," pop sed, "where is the Amazon River?" "Well its either in Asia or Africa and flows in a genrel direction," I sed. "You don't say so," pop sed. "Whats this? Poor in langwidge, axilly poor? How do you explain

for that"? he sed and I sed, "Oh well you see thats an axident pop, because Miss Jenkins keeps asking me rong Questions, but I'm fenerally good in langwidge," I sed. "Thats good," sed pop, "wats the difference between a verb and an adjective"? pop sed. "A verb and an adjective, wy, the difference is, if you want to find out the difference between a verb and a adjective, wy all you haff to do, Take a verb, "I sed.

Heers your report, get out of my site!

H. D. '25

# The Reflector

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Students of Woburn High School  
Woburn, Massachusetts



To  
OREL M. BEAN

Who for fourteen years has served as teacher and principal, and by his  
patience and understanding, sympathy and love, has won the hearts of all,  
this Reflector is affectionately dedicated.

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# Editorials



## The Traffic Squad

The faculty of Woburn High School can keep a secret. And when about three weeks ago, seven of our reverend Seniors received little pink slips summoning them to the office, they began to shiver and shake in their shoes. But when they went to the office, they found there was no cause for fear, for they had been summoned as a Senior council to consider the question of filing between periods. Mr. Bean offered the suggestion of a traffic squad, an idea which had been approved by the faculty. The council accepted the suggestion and with the help of the lists submitted by home rooms, appointed the traffic squad.

Now for a short time we have been able to watch the traffic squad in operation. So far it has been a success. Order has been maintained during filing, and only a few penalties are on record.

Will the traffic squad prove an ultimate success? That is the question before us now and it is one that each one of us can answer. We are laying down a precedent to be followed in later years. The success of the traffic squad depends upon us. If everyone in the school will do his share, and will obey the rules of filing, there will be no question about the success of the traffic squad. It will be able to carry out its purpose now and in future years, and the question of filing between periods will be settled.

## Try

Recently in one of our American colleges, a monument was erected to a young man who had played crub for four years, without reward, without praise or encouragement. Yet he had played uncomplainingly, and had done what he could to make his college team a success. Erecting a monument in honor of this loyal son of the college was an unusual thing, but it was most praiseworthy, for it meant that his classmates and teammates realized the service paid by a man who did his best.

Monuments might well be erected in honor of those who do their best in other things besides athletics; who try, and fail, and try once more. Over and over this happens in high school. Recent examples in our own school were shown in the Traveler Sport Story Contest and the Educational Contest of

the Edison Electric Illuminating Company. In the former several members submitted stories, and in the latter a few Seniors wrote essays. We might mention who won prizes in these contests, but their names are already known, and their praises have been sung by others. We wish to congratulate those who did not win prizes, but who spent time and effort in writing their compositions.

There is praise for those who try, and who win prizes, and for those who try, and do not win, but for those who do not try at all, there can be no praise. There must be great satisfaction in trying, for those who try and fail almost always keep on trying.

Why should not all try, then, for the satisfaction of a thing well done, even if not for the prize. The two contests mentioned are over, but there are new ones being constantly announced by the English teachers. Up to the present time we of the Woburn High School have been content with seeing only a few compete in these contests. When the next contest is announced, let us all try, whether or not we may win. The hearts of all are with those who try, and the truly worthwhile part of every contest is the trying.

## The Necessary Means

It is a well known psychological fact that for the achievement of a desired result, use of the proper means is necessary. Thus, by way of example, if a person is desirous of walking across the street, he must employ the right means which are, in this case, his feet. The same person, with the same purpose, could stand on one side of the street and beat the air with his arms for a million years, if that were possible, without reaching the other side, because he would be using the improper means. Now, what does all this mean when applied to the highest motives of life?

Ninety-five percent of civilized people start life with the avowed purpose of making it a success. Eighty percent fall short of the goal. Why? In every instance the cause may be traced to the use of the wrong means for the object in view.

There are many formulas for success, some plain, some confusing. However, the following which was uttered not long ago by a man who has no claim to fame, approaches very near perfection. This inspired



individual, speaking from wide experience, remarked that if one would succeed, he need only observe the following four laws:

- He must be honest;
- He must be persevering;
- He must be diligent;
- He must be God-fearing.

These injunctions need no comment. They are self explanatory. They are the means, the proper means of attaining success. So, if you consider yourself among the ninety-five percent, why not raise these wise words as a motto on your flag in life's battle, since by so doing you are certain of victory?

## The School On a Ship

By EDITH TOWLE '24

The public has an almost utter lack of knowledge of the three greatest sea schools in the world—the state schoolships of America.

A great many of the seasoned pre-war merchant service officers are graduates of the three state schoolships—the *Newport* of New York State, the *Nantucket* of Massachusetts and the *Annapolis* of Pennsylvania. In 1875 the School Ship Act was passed which authorizes the Secretary of the Navy to assign suitable vessels, their charts and apparel, to certain ports upon the establishment of nautical schools. Out of this act these three schools have grown.

One of the fine things the navy has done for the Merchant Marine is the fostering of these schools. It is one of those unheard about and unadvertised activities typical of real sailors and their universal sympathy with one another. These schools were officered by active naval men for twenty years or more; then as the graduates became masters, the commanders and a large proportion of the officer personnel were selected from the graduates who seemed best fitted to perpetuate the kind of sea training that has stood the test of time.

An American boy fortunate enough to live in the state of Massachusetts, New York, or Pennsylvania and who has a real call for the sea service of the Merchant Marine, who is between the ages of seventeen and twenty, does not stand on the string piece of a wharf and beg for a job as messboy in the fore-castle. (Cabin boys are out of date.) He applies for admission to his state school ship, and passes a strict physical examination and a fairly stiff mental test, for he is destined to become a navigator or an engineer and must be grounded in simple mathematics.

He gets two years of solid training on board a ship. This is somewhat of an ordeal, the nature of which is such that in two years he has more things done to his body and mind than fall to the lot of the four year college man ashore. He is under strict discipline during the twenty-four hours. He is up with

the stirring sound of a bugle ringing through the close packed deck of the schoolship, and with the agility of a monkey he jumps from his hammock, "lashes and carries", and scrambles into his simple clothing with incredible speed. He lines up at formation, springs into the rigging, up the shrouds and onto the mast head, as a mere matter of getting the fresh morning air into and out of his lungs.

He learns the important lesson of obedience to lawful orders and respect due to superiors. But a youth who has real sea blood in him and who longs for blue water, just revels in the crowded life of the schoolship, with its white decks, tall masts and sails, and its boilers and machinery, its hoists and gear.

They are not always at anchor, but as the academic term winds up with the spring days, each summer the boys assist in putting the ship into sea going trim. They are carried over the ocean on long cruises to Spain, Portugal, and the Western Islands of the ancients. These annual visits of American schoolships have been an event in the Azores, the Madeiras, and the Canaries for nearly half a century.

It is the custom to sail back over the historic trade wind passage of Columbus, winging westward before steady northeast breezes, while the final examinations are given the senior or first class, and on arrival at the home port the young mariners who have qualified are qualified with ceremony. They are regarded as prime material for they combine the practical with the theoretical, and they come to the steamship with a developed sense of responsibility.

Boys six years out of the school ships are now captains of large vessels. Boys a few classes behind are chief officers and chief engineers.

Most of the graduates are also officers in the Navy—men like Admiral Coontz, Simms, McDonald, Bristol, and Long, former officers on the schoolships in the early days of their inceptions—are the watchful and valuable friends of these almost unknown schoolships.

No rich man could spend money enough on his sons to equal the training given to all who qualify in age and mental conditions—all at a cost that calls only for the purchase of uniforms and a very limited allowance for pocket money.

The sham is out of life on the hard decks of the schoolships; lads stand squarely on their merit, the confidence of youth asserting itself on the high yard-arm at night in a squall, at the throttle, or in the fire room under stress, or at the old fashioned wheels, steering by hand, with an ugly following sea surging over the taffrail.

Each year from a hundred to a hundred and fifty new juniors join the ranks of the competent in the American Merchant Marine.

From these men shall we eventually select our marine executives ashore. Positions of great influence, and importance in the shore end of marine affairs are held by many older graduates of the school ships.



## Strange Happenings At Sea-Cliff

By DOROTHY ELLERY '24

A hush descended upon the students of Sea-Cliff Academy as Mr. Birchard, the principal, arose. It was not unusual for Mr. Birchard to speak as every morning at chapel he had a message for the boys. But today as he spoke, a strained silence fell upon the assembly.

"Boys, I have just had a terrible situation called to my attention. For several weeks articles of value belonging to the boys have been disappearing. Bob Jerrolds, do you mind answering a few questions?" A slim youth in the rear of the room arose. "I understand that the articles had disappeared after you had valued them, Jerrolds."

"Yes, sir."

"How did you know they were valuable?"

"My father is a jeweler and he has taught me how to value precious stones."

"How did the boys discover that you were a judge of jewelry?"

"One day I saw some boys roughly handling a pair of cuff-links and I told them their value. Since then boys have brought articles to me to value. An interesting thing about it is that every time I valued an article, it was gone the next morning. One day Jimmie Grant brought me a pair of green glass cuff-links set in brass as a joke. That same night they disappeared, although their value was not over ten cents.

This presented rather a perplexing situation and Mr. Birchard announced that he would be in his office and if anyone would confess the theft to him, the

matter would not be pursued further.

As the boys went out they discussed these startling disclosures. Jack Windsor and Dave Gillian thought that Bob Jerrolds was the guilty one as he was the one who knew the value of each article and who possessed it.

Jack and Dave decided to lay a trap for the thief. They arranged a noose of rope worked with a string fastened to the doorknob. When an intruder entered, the noose would fall about his shoulders and tighten as a weight fastened at the other end of the rope would fall with a frightful crash. Nothing happened, but for many days things continued to disappear.

One night, Jack having had an unsuccessful day in various classes, sank into a fitful sleep only to awaken with a vague sense of alarm.

Across the room he could see the outline of his room-mate in bed, but outside the window, on a narrow, ornamental ledge that ran the length of the building, a tall slender figure, was working its way along, holding to the rain-gutter of the roof with his hands. Jack sprang up, threw on his bathrobe and rushed to the window. He watched the figure until it reached the fourth window, then he saw him raise it and disappear inside.

Jack knew that this room belonged to a freshman, who had brought to Bob Jerrolds earlier in the evening a ring to be valued. He dashed out into the hall to catch the thief. He crept along to the door of the freshman. It opened and the figure came out, entered Jack's room, and went over to Dave's bed. Jack snapped on the electric light but the figure gave no evidence of noticing the difference. He raised the sheet of Dave's bed, felt along the mattress until his hand touched a flap, which he raised, disclosing a cavity in the mattress. Jack drew nearer and saw all the missing trinkets of the boys. What he had before supposed to be Dick's form was only a tumbled heap of bed-clothes. At that instant the figure turned

around with hands outstretched, apparently seeing nothing. It was Dave himself!

"Dave!" shouted Jack. Dave started and his hands dropped. Turning he fell over a chair which went to the floor with a crash. Dave staggered and screamed then looked at Jack and laughed a little nervously. "What are you doing up?" he asked.

"What are you doing?" asked Jack directly.

Dave looked at him innocently. "I must have gotten up in my sleep. I've never done it before, have I?"

"Not at all," answered his room-mate sarcastically, drawing back the concealed flap. There was a sharp rap on the door and Mr. Birchard walked in.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, then seeing the gems, he stared from one to another. Dave's horrified eyes told him nothing. It was Jack who, after throwing a blanket about his shivering friend, told the whole occurrence.

As Dave listened, his horror grew, "Think of it!" he gasped. "To think I should do a thing like that!"

"I'm glad it was that way," smiled Mr. Birchard, with the first sign of relief he had shown for many days.

"You—you don't think it shows—criminal instincts?"

The principal laughed. "Not at all! What it goes show is that you have been reading too many detective stories just before retiring, combined with nerves, and the sudden interest you have taken in precious stones."

The next day the articles were returned to their respective owners and the school had many a laugh at Dave's expense before things settled down to the peaceful routine that Sea-Cliff generally enjoyed.

As they were leaving for their Christmas vacation, Dave wrung Bob Jerrold's hand, "You were pretty decent with me," he said, "knowing I suspected you. And you haven't said the thing I thought you would, so I'll say it. And here is where I quit judging by appearances."

## A Real Mother

By Ruth K. Wheaton '24

Mother looked up from her sewing to see her son, Theodore, nineteen years old, closing the door. He had come from work in a grocer's store, tired, for he had walked three miles from the village to his secluded mountain home. He looked around the room with disapproval; at the old couch which lay in a sorrowful condition, at the rude table with its cheap oilcloth covering, at the two wooden chairs, the old stove, and other antiques which had been used for centuries. His eye took in all this, but he didn't see how clean and cozy everything was in the room. A cheerful

mother greeted him and questioned him as to how business had been at the store. Her experienced eye noticed that her son was worried, and she longed to help him. He was not the same cheerful lad; something was troubling him. A plain, hearty meal was prepared, but neither ate, and a long silence prevailed. Finally, Theodore poured out his story.

"Mother," he said, "I am not satisfied with the way that things are going. These last two years since father died, we have lived here with just the necessities of life. I must get out in the world and prove myself; I must earn money enough that we may be able to live in the city. And --- I thought that --- if you could give me some of the money --- that you have saved to send me to college, I could go to Boston and get a job. You could take the remainder of the money and --- do what you want to with it."

There were tears in the mother's eyes as she answered, "My son, I have saved this money for years that you might go to Harvard College and get the best education that money can procure. I would be content in this home until you could finish your course. Please go!"

But this didn't appeal to Theodore. He argued until he finally persuaded his mother to give him some of the money. So the patient mother with tears in her eyes and faltering footsteps went to the treasured box, and drew from it enough money to please the boy.

That night as the eight o'clock train stopped at the village, a nineteen year old boy, with heart aglow, kissed his mother, leaped on the train, and started off to seek his fortune.

The little mother started on her journey home with a breaking heart. She had borne herself bravely until now, when she could restrain herself no longer. She thought of the past, of how her one ambition had been to send her only son to college, and how, by saving and going without things herself, she had finally acquired enough money to attain this goal. And then her husband died, and she was forced to sell their city home and go to their mountain cabin to live, for she refused to take any of the treasured college fund. And now her son was going to be only an ordinary boy without the education which she had planned for him.

The house was dreary, cold, unfriendly, but the little mother bore it bravely. Anxious days and nights lay ahead of her.

Meanwhile, Theodore was bound for Boston. The ride was long and tiresome, and it was not long before he began to wonder where his mother was. Was she asleep? Probably. And yet he was not content with this thought, but began to wish that he was home so that he might know that his mother was safe. The next morning the train pulled in at the North Station. Theodore was in Boston.

He found himself in a large city with no friends. How strange everything was! After a weary tramp, he found lodging in a section of the city where mostly

foreign faces were seen. His room was cold, gruesome unfriendly, and the food which he ate was nothing like his own mother's cooking. No! there was nothing pleasant about it; no mother to tell his troubles to.

That night as he unpacked his suitcase his heart was heavy. How neatly and carefully everything was packed! Even cookies and dainties were tucked in the corners. Oh, how he wished that he was at home, that he might only know that his mother was safe. The next day he secured a job in a restaurant near Harvard College.

Two weeks later a heavy snowstorm set in, and the mountain cabin was surrounded with snow. The little mother was marooned in her home with no supplies and no wood. In a few days she was forced to take her bed because of weakness and cold. Still her thoughts and worries were centered on her son. Where was he? Was he safe?

The snow had melted sufficiently after a week to allow paths to be made. The door of the cabin was thrown open, and a boyish cry echoed through the room. "Mother!" But there was no answer.

The doctor quietly announced that the little mother would live. "Listen!" a feeble voice was saying, "Where is my son?" The joyful boy replied with emphasis, "I am here, mother, and I have learned a lesson. I want an education! And, mother, you will go with me to Boston. My job is waiting for me and I can earn my own way through college. The money which you saved for me is yours. -- I have found the greatest thing in all the world", he said, as he kissed her, "I have found you, a real mother!"

This story received honorable mention in the "Traveler" Short Story Contest.

## Beneficial Results from the Use of Electricity in the Household or Factory

By GEORGE SKENDERIAN

The benefits immediately accruing from the use of electricity in the household or factory are so numerous and indispensable that a theme as limited as this in length cannot by any means contain a detailed and adequate description of them. With this fact in mind we have in this paper confined ourselves to the discussion of those which seem to us most important.

Electricity, to date, serves man in three capacities, namely, as a source of light, of power and of heat. Of these, the first two have already won themselves an unrivaled place in all our institutions and the third is making such rapid strides in this direction that we can confidently hope that in the near future it will be equal to the others in the value of service ren-

dered. Since it will greatly facilitate our task, let us treat the benefits derived from the use of each separately in the order named above.

1. **GLANCING BACK INTO THE HISTORY OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT**, we cannot but marvel at its phenomenal growth. A mere infant in comparison with older methods of illumination, it has in less than half a century completely outstripped them. As one may naturally expect, this marvelous development is due to the satisfactory service given by the electric light. The benefits from the use of electricity in this case in both the home and factory (and what we have to say now applies to a great extent to the use of electricity as a source of power) are:

1. **SAFETY**. The friendly glow of the electric light annually protects millions of dollars worth of property from fire, and safeguards the life, health and eyesight of those who use it.

2. **ECONOMY**. The maximum amount of candlepower delivered at minimum cost has placed electricity within the reach of all using poorer method of illumination, **at an actual saving of expense**.

3. **EFFICIENCY**. The reason that electricity has almost entirely superseded other modes of lighting lies in the fact that **it produces results**.

4. **COMFORT**. Coming at it did after centuries of miserable light, electricity has proved a boon to mankind. In the home it has a pleasing, comfortable and even ornamental effect. In the factory where modern conditions make daylight inaccessible to the interior, it has overcome conditions that would have made life miserable to our great army of bread winners.

5. **RELIABILITY**. The trustworthiness of the electric light under all conditions has contributed not a little to its success and universal adoption.

6. **CONVENIENCE**. To attempt to tell in how many ways electric lights are convenient would require too much space. Let the fact that a push of the button operates a hundred or a thousand lights, as the case may be, or the mere opening of a door floods the room with artificial daylight, suffice to illustrate this beneficial result.

7. **HEALTH**. Being by nature clean and neither adding or attracting from the atmosphere of the room where they are burned, electric lights are conducive to good health.

The above embraces what we consider the seven main benefits from the use of electricity as a source of light. After all, what more is to be desired?

II. As we have mentioned before, practically all the points we have made on electricity as a source of light. After all, what more is to be desired? of power. For this reason the dynamo enjoys the same popularity and use as the bulb, as witnessed by the fact that in the factory it has supplanted all other means of power and in the home where before the time of electricity there had been, mechanically speaking, no other means of power, it has won for

itself an undisputed place. Thus, because of the beneficial results of electricity as a source of power, it is used to turn the wheels of our industries in the factory and in the home, by operating labor-saving devices, to lessen the drudgery of housework.

III. Although for heating purposes, electricity is the safest, most comfortable, absolutely **botherless**, in short, the **ideal** method, nevertheless being as yet not very economical it is not to the best of our knowledge used in the factory to any great extent and in the home, only as an auxiliary unit. However, for taking the chill out of the autumnal air, or the chill from the bedroom before retiring, or for any similar service, it is beyond a shadow of doubt the best method that can be employed. Indeed it is safe to say that it is only a question of time, when improvements will make it **the only method** for all purposes.

This essay won first prize in the Edison Educational Contest.

## Carelessness

BY JENNIE NARKIEVICH '25

Burke walked along slowly toward his little booth. The day was very chilly. A bleak November wind was blowing, and it seemed to pierce right through him. "Guess it's a goin' to rain to-night," he muttered to himself. "Um, an' nothin' to do to-day."

He stopped near his booth and picked up a few pieces of wood, with which to start his morning fire. He was the only gateman at the crossings, for trains ran only in the daytime in that small New Hampshire town. They never stopped at that section, for there was a large station half a mile distant.

Having lighted his fire, Burke curled up in his arm-chair and began to enjoy the pleasant company of his pipe. The wind, howling dismally, made him crouch nearer the fire, although the booth was, by no means, cold. "Must be a blizzard oncomin'," said he.

Just then the signal that a train was coming roused him from his reverie. Rising from his comfortable chair, as though with great effort, he stepped outside. A light rain was beginning to fall, but the chill wind was still blowing.

Not a human being was in sight. The very place seemed deserted. He put down the crossing gates and waited. Soon the engine turned at the bend and shot rapidly by. The brief coming and leave-taking of the train seemed to make the whole atmosphere drearier than ever.

It was with great satisfaction that he returned to "his cosy fire, Nothin' to do, nothin', nothin', nothin'," he muttered. Suddenly he thought of a magazine which he had put on the shelf some time ago. It was quite dark, and he was by no means a good reader, but puzzling over words helped to pass the time away. Soon it grew so dark that it was impossible for him

to read. Tossing the magazine into a corner, he resumed his smoking.

The sharp signal that another train was coming, startled him. However, he did not get up. "There won't be no one out in this kind o' weather," he said to himself. "'Tain't no use puttin' them crossin's down. I've put 'em down for more 'n seven years, an' no one come by when th' train passed."

Again he heard the sharp whistle of the train, accompanied by the grinding, thundering noise of the engine, as it passed his booth. Burke had an uneasy feeling. He knew that he had neglected his duty, but he thought everything was well.

The rain had ceased falling, but the wind still blew—so dismal, so dreary. He thought he heard moans, but then, maybe his imagination was playing tricks on him.

It had become a little clearer now and he had picked up his magazine. However, he could not drive away from his mind the moan which he thought he had heard.

Just at that moment, as the raindrops began to beat upon the window panes again, he caught the sounds of moaning, which seemed very near. Jumping up from his chair, he flung open the door and rushed out. What he saw made him stare with horror. There, on the track, lay his only child, lifeless. His heart was filled with remorse and agony. He had caused the death of his child! The thought made him turn pale and weak. He staggered forward. "God," he cried with heart-rending agony, as he lifted the limp form in his arms, "If I'd a only known! If I'd a only known!"

## Beneficial Results from the Use of Electricity in the Household or Factory

By NORMAN T. PROVEST '24

Today electricity is being considered more than a luxury in the home. It is a vital necessity, a labor saver and a time saver.

We all remember the way our mothers used to wash clothes. In many homes that old method is still employed, plenty of hard work. If any one doesn't think so, he had better try to wash clean a tub full of dirty linen. It means hard scrubbing and wringing out the clothes by hand-turned wringers.

Now we have the electric washing machine. One does practically no scrubbing at all. Some washing machines have a wood or metal cylinder which moves forward and backward, automatically turning the clothes back and forth. This action removes all the dirt from the clothes.

There is another type of machine containing the vacuum cup. These plungers (as you might call the contrivances which pump up and down) work up and down and in a revolving motion.

While this machine is working, the housewife can be doing other work.

When her clothes are clean, they are wrung out by an electrically operated wringer. This operation (formerly dreaded and never satisfactory, since the old wringer had to be run by hand) takes very little time. Many housewives say that but for the perpetual fear of the mechanical parts getting out of order, they would use a washing machine. But it is all very simple and the machines are well built. There is always a service station conveniently near.

Then again the cost of such a machine holds some back. But if the people who send their washing to the laundry every week or pay to have it done at home kept an account, they would see that this time dinary care it will last many years, entailing only a slight expense for the upkeep.

Another useful article is the electric iron. Any home wired for electricity should have one. To the person accustomed to work beside a hot fire, ironing, the electric iron is a blessing. It also saves many dollars on the fuel bill. It is easy to operate and very safe. There is also the boudoir iron, a very convenient article for traveling. It can be used in the bedroom for quick work on small pieces of lace, handkerchiefs, and lingerie.

Then the toaster is a very necessary article. It adds attractiveness and refinement to any dining or breakfast table. It is made for service and also looks well. It can be used during the meal, toasting bread to a golden brown in a few seconds.

The coffee perculator is another article that is useful, efficient, and easy to clean. No coffee grounds can find their way into the cup.

There are countless other electrical devices such as the grill, and chafing dish.

All can be used in any house wired for lighting. Some small electric stoves use the same wiring system while the larger stoves need a special system. These ranges are used in many clubs, hotels and restaurants where cooking in large quantities is done. An electric stove gives a quick heat, maintains the same temperature, and is at all times ready for immediate service.

All of these appliances have some little thing about them peculiar to themselves but the purpose is always the same, to save time, labor, and expense.

Electric lights in the home are most beneficial from an illuminating as well as an artistic point of view. You have the light evenly distributed. There is a type of fixture for every lighting purpose.

What holds good for the home is equally true concerning the factory. A well lighted factory makes far more efficiency in work, and prevents accidents caused by poor lighting. The factory worker can have light anywhere he works because of the portable lights. Much machinery is run by electricity. Machines can be instantly stopped and started. There are in use many electrical tools. These also save labor and time, and give far greater safety.

Some day electricity will be used for heating purposes in place of furnaces and stoves.

The electrical way is the right way, quick, clean, economical, efficient, and always at our command.

This essay was awarded second prize in the Edison Educational Contest.

## Mohammed Ali's Resurrection

Beyond any question of doubt, Mohammed Ali was as much beloved and as punctual a Turk as there was to be found in the whole Turkish Empire. Consequently when he failed to appear at his little shop in the market place one morning, the host of friends with whom he was accustomed, when business was slack, to sip black coffee, or to smoke the rattling water pipe, missed him and became curious to learn the cause of his absence.

As the morning passed and at last the muezzin's loud voice, summoning the people to prayer from the top of his lofty minaret, heralded the approach of noon and Mohammed had not yet appeared, this curiosity was changed into a keen anxiety. So uneasy did Facrie, the fat merchant whose store was next to Mohammed's, become that at length he sent the errand boy, Gazi, to Ali's house to bring back some tidings of him.

Awaiting the return of the messenger, a crowd of men gathered before the closed doors of the shop and began to advance theories to account for this very unusual absence. In the midst of their speculations the errand boy returned.

Without waiting for the panting Gazi to regain his breath, and throwing a coin at his feet by way of persuasion, Facrie spoke:

"Come, rascal, what news?"

"Effendi, Ali is dead!"

"Liar and son of a liar, tell me the truth or I'll beat thee within an inch of thy worthless life."

Gazi bent over, picked up the coin, and examined it carefully before speaking. When he was satisfied that the money was genuine, he repeated: Effendi, Ali is dead!"

"Beggars and eaters of bad meats! Perhaps this will straighten out thy crooked tongue."

He reached over and struck heavily at the boy who quickly dodged the blow, allowing Musthapha, the baker, to receive the full benefit of it on the end of his sensitive nose. Then while the crowd was trying to prevent the pain-crazed baker from murdering Facrie, that worthy individual, without saying another word, locked his store and started as fast as he could in the direction of Mohammed's house.

Arriving there a half of an hour afterwards, he discovered that what Gazi had reported was only too true. Mohammed Ali was dead. During the previous night, due to some unknown cause (hacksim (doctor) assigned the "will of Allah" as the cause), he had expired.

The news spread on the wings of the winds and all who knew him were plunged in deep sorrow. Nor were they backward in expressing their grief. Ali's neighbors wailed and cried. His business acquaintances (especially those of them to whom he owed money), wailed and cried. His six wives wailed and cried and tore their hair, or rather that portion of their hair that had survived twenty years of domestic warfare.

However in spite of their grieving, as all dead Turks are buried and Mohammed was a Turk and a dead one too, with due dispatch preparations were made for his burial.

A funeral is a quick, inexpensive job in Turkey. Almost as soon as a person has ceased to breathe, he is anointed with oil (to better his chances of slipping into heaven, perhaps) and carefully wrapped up in exactly twelve yards of cotton. The Mufti (priest) supervises this part of the program for an inch more or less than twelve yards (the Koran says) means the loss of the soul. Without further delay the body is shifted to a litter and on the shoulders of the mourners borne to the tomb which is prepared during the person's lifetime. Every one who attends the funeral must, as a mark of respect to the deceased, act as pall-bearer during some portion of the journey to the cemetery. As there are sometimes two or three hundred people attending, the longest route is taken, in order to give every one a chance. Only the men accompany the litter, the women being denied even the privilege of enjoying a good funeral.

When the grave-yard is reached, the body is placed in the tomb and before the stone cover is slid into place, the Mufti addressing himself to the dead man asks in an impressive voice: "Who, O departed one, is thy God and who his prophet?"

The deceased replies, "Allah is my God and Mohammed is his prophet."

Of course this answer isn't made out loud, but it is made. The Koran says so. You can open that book and read it there yourself in plain Turkish.

To get back to my story, poor Mohammed Ali was with the customary promptness put through all this process.

They placed him in his tomb and the Mufti as usual stepped up to ask his question. In stead of silence, however, such a torrent of profanity began to issue from the tomb of the supposedly dead shop-keeper that the mourners, yelling at the top of their voices that evil spirits had possession of Ali's body, started away in headlong flight.

At first the Mufti was inclined to follow them. But, fearing lest he too should lose his soul if he did not remain and drive away the evil spirits with prayers and incantations, he overcame his desire to flee.

Meanwhile the language and the sounds coming from the tomb were so unmistakably human that

the Mufti gathering courage called out: "Art thou alive, Mohammed?"

"Canst thou see, fool? Unwind these bandages. They choke me."

Completely reassured, the old man descended into the tomb and did as he was commanded. As Mohammed Ali stood up somewhat pale, but very much alive, the Mufti asked him, "What, my son, is the cause of this?"

"I know not, Wise one." In my sleep during the night I was awakened by a sharp sting on my right arm. A numbing sensation then followed. Finally unconsciousness. When I again opened my eyes, I beheld the grim walls of this tomb.

The Mufti had become visibly interested at the mention of the word "sting". Show me thy right arm, my son," he requested.

Mohammed having obeyed, the bared member was subjected to a close inspection by the priest. A minute later he shouted, "Here my son, here!"

Glancing at the spot indicated, Ali saw two tiny specks of blood about a sixteenth of an inch apart. Looking at the Mufti he said, "I see, but I do not understand. O Inspired one, enlighten me."

"The mark of the Zanjofee," he replied, continuing to point at the dots of blood. "I recognize it from a description handed down to me by my father, May Allah rest his soul! A very rare insect is the Zanjofee which by the will of him whose prophet Mohammed is inhabits these regions. The bite of this creature either produces instantaneous death or very rarely a death-like stupor from which one may or may not recover. Luck, O fortunate one, was your case. Your return to life is a true resurrection. Give praise to Allah."

"Praise be to Allah," echoed Mohammed Ali, and turning to the east he fell on his knees and gave thanks for his resurrection."

George Skenderian '24

## The Skiing Contest

By THELMA GRAHAM

Norman West had his heart set on entering the skiing contest at Hanover for the five hundred dollar prize. As this was his last year in high school, and his parents were not very well to do, he wished to help earn some money. Also the people of Lincolntown were counting on him to represent his town at the contest. But Luck was against him, for one week before the contest he broke his ankle, while helping his father chop down trees.

He was so disappointed that his sister Jane said that she would go, if for nothing else than not to disappoint Lincolntown. Norman did not want to give in, but had too. Every afternoon Jane practiced the high jump on a nearby hill, receiving the best of advice from Norman. He corrected her mistakes, taught her the position for the jump-off and the land after

the jump. At the end of the week she was in good form.

The day of the contest arrived. It was clear, and the snow was excellent for skiing. Jane put on her brother's socks, knickers, sweater, and stocking cap and easily passed for Norman. She arrived at the hill alone. She noticed among the contestants James Smith, her brother's rival, who was not in need of the money but was going to try to take it away.

They lined up on top of the hill. The whistle blew. They started. The hill was very steep down to the jump. James was in the lead at first but Norman had told Jane not to be afraid of being behind at that point. Jane was now in the lead. They had come to the jump. Up! Up! Up! she went and now started gliding down wondering whether she could land with her feet together as Norman had told her. She landed safely, James following a close second.

She heard the people cheering for West, as they supposed she was Norman. She had jumped the highest. Norman could go on with his education. She was happy. She arrived at the goal first. How they cheered! The people of Lincolntown surrounded her. She took off her cap and to the great surprised of the spectators it was Miss West instead of Mr. West who had won and they cheered all the more.

James Smith, thought to be a rival to Norman, shook hands with Jane and was glad that she had won the prize in honor of Lincolntown. Nobody would be happier that she had won the prize than Norman, who was patiently waiting for her at home. Jane did not delay long in going home to tell her brother, who would have liked to dance around the floor on his one good leg, when he heard the news.

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## School Song Contest

Do you know what our school song is? You do not? Well, that is not strange, for we have no song which can be properly termed a school song. Class songs there are, but none appropriate for the whole school to use.

For this reason the "Reflector" is offering a prize of five dollars for the best school song which is accepted. All manuscripts should be typewritten very windows seem to be made of gold, yet if perchance before they are handed to the editors. No names whatever should be signed. Each contestant should mark his song with a private mark, known only to himself. This mark should be also made on a piece of paper, signed by the contestant, and sealed in an envelope. Manuscripts may be handed to any one of the "Reflector" editors. The decisions will be made the first of May, and all songs must be in by the thirtieth of April. The judges will be chosen from the faculty.

Here's your chance! This contest is for everyone in the school, for you.

## The Happiest Time of Day

What is the happiest time of day?  
 Shall I answer, "Morning?"  
 When the sun from misty gray  
 Starts on his upward way,  
 While the rosy cloudlets play  
 In the east, at dawning?

Or is noon the happiest time  
 Of the day's long hours?  
 When the sun upon his climb  
 Stays a moment at his prime,  
 Glancing with a look benign  
 On the wide-eyed flowers?

Is it, when the daylight dies,  
 Quiet evening's best?  
 When golden glory floods the skies,  
 Then in the east the faint stars rise  
 And the earth in stillness lies,  
 Lapped in peaceful rest?

Is the morning, noon, or night  
 Happiest? Who shall say?  
 Every hour brings some delight,  
 Beautiful thought, or sound, or sight,  
 Making each moment, in its flight  
 The happiest time of day.

M. J. Hosmer.

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## The Sea Beach at Night

Did you ever go down by the sea beach at night,  
 When the stars are obscure and the moon not so  
 bright,  
 And sit on the cliffs?

Did you sing with the roar of the gray waves below,  
 Did the pebbles play tunes in the Wild ebb and flow  
 Of the turbulent sea?

Did you hear from afar on the treacherous bar  
 The deep bass moan of the whistling spar  
 O'er the crash of the waves?

Did the breakers roll and the sea news scream  
 And the salt spray blow and the lighthouse gleam  
 From the rocky isle?

Did these sounds and views arouse in you  
 A wonderful thrill and a feeling quite new  
 Deep down in your heart?

Then you too, dear friend, know the charm of the sea,  
 And you will like me, shun all revelry  
 For the sea beach at night.

Norman Tyler Provest '24



# La Petite Page Française

## De Nos Correspondants Français

Extrait d'une lettre écrite à Doris Ward

Je vais vous faire une courte description de ce petit coin de montagnes que j'aime beaucoup. Desaignes est située dans l'Ardeche dans une région très montagnaise, dans les Hautes Cévennes. C'est un tout petit village de deux cents à trois cents habitants. Mais tout autour de lui on voit beaucoup de fermes entourées de leurs champs. C'est une région très verdoyante où paissent quantités de vaches et de chèvres. Deux cours d'eau, des torrents au moment des inondations, encerclent presque le village et lui donnent un aspect tout à fait pittoresque. Mais ce qui est le plus beau, c'est les immenses forêts de sapin, qui s'étendent de toute part. Il y a de très belles excursions à faire, soit à pied, soit à bicyclette.

Extrait d'une lettre écrite à Priscilla Sawyer

Les coutumes françaises sont très différentes des vôtres; d'abord, ce qui me frappe c'est que chez vous les jeunes filles font comme les jeunes gens, c'est à dire autant de sport. Chez nous les jeunes filles commencent à peine à faire un peu de sport mais pas toutes. Dans notre école nous jouons au tennis, au football, au volley ball, puis les jeunes gens ne viennent pas à l'école avec nous et ne font pas du sport avec nous. A Marseille il existe beaucoup de sociétés qui en font. Là on danse, l'été on joue au tennis et on va en excursion. Une des sociétés est la "Vauclusienne." Il y a des danses. Les jeunes filles peuvent se marier à partir de quinze ans trois mois, mais il n'y en a pas beaucoup; on se marie vers vingt ans à peu près. Les jeunes gens passent le conseil de révisions, c'est à dire font le service militaire, à vingt ans. On cherche beaucoup maintenant à améliorer toutes choses, surtout pour ce qui concerne la santé, l'hygiène, et on prend ainsi modèle sur les Américains, qui sont pour nous des modèles sur cela.

Extrait d'une lettre écrite à Miriam Hosmer.

Notre professeur d'anglais nous a fait étudier les années dernières "The Jungle Book" de Kipling, "Silas Marner" de George Eliott. J'ai lu seul pendant les vacances "Nicholas Nickleby" et "David Copperfield" de Dickens, et le livre amusant de Jerome K. Jerome. "Three Men in a Boat, to Say Nothing of the Dog". J'ai pris beaucoup de plaisir à la lecture de "Rip Van Winkle" de Washington Irving. Cette année nous allons étudier "Enoch Arden" de Tennyson.

Nous avons gagné presque tous nos matches de football, en particulier nos matches de championnat. Voici les résultats que nous avons obtenus cette année:

Lycee de Bourg battu par équipe de la ville de Bourg 0 a 3

Lycee de Bourg battu par Lycee de Chamberg 5 a 6

Lycee de Bourg bat les Juniors de Dijon 8 a 5

Lycee de Bourg bat le Vingt-troisième Régiment d'Infanterie 14 a 0

Ces matches sont des matches amicaux; voici les matches championats:

Lycee de Bourg bat Lycee de Lyon 11 a 3

Lycee de Bourg fait match nul avec le lycee champion de Paris 0 a 0

Lycee de Bourg bat le lycee champion de Paris 5 a 0

Par ces matches nous sommes champions du Lyonnais, d'Alsace, de Paris, et du Nord et nous nous qualifions pour le quart de finale contre Toulouse. Le match se jouera demain à Avignon; hélas je n'y serai pas. Notre capitaine ne pourra pas jouer non plus. Il s'est cassé la jambe dans la même match que moi, contre le lycee de Paris.

J'ai reçu votre journal, "The Reflector", il m'a beaucoup intéressé. Quant à votre football je pense que ce n'est pas le même que le notre, car dans ce que nous appelons le football association les scores ne sont pas aussi élevés que chez vous. 0 a 5 est chez nous une lourde défaite.

Savior.

"On ferait un bon livre de ce que tu ne sais pas," dit un railleur à son ami.

"On en ferait un bien mauvais livre de ce que tu sait," répartit l'ami.

Le Don des Langues.

Au cours de son récent séjour en Angleterre, le roi d'Espagne, qui parle admirablement l'anglais, s'entendit complimenter à ce sujet par un Américain.

"Merci." répondit Alphonse XIII. "Mais je continue à travailler et j'espère pouvoir bientôt parler américain."

Eternuer.

Un garçon américain étudiait la langue française. Dans une leçon il a appris que le mot pour "sneeze" est en français "etternuer". Il a dit, "Je suppose qu'on dit eternuer parce que si vous êtes poli, vous 'turn away'."

# Our Latin Page

## A Roman School

Dramatis Personae.

Magister Waldo Hill  
Paedagogus Norman Provost  
Discipuli

Appius Claudius Anthony Hardcastle  
Marcus Antonius Robert Kennedy  
Gnaeus Pompeius Winsor Keyes  
Marcus Brutus James Haggerty  
Quintus Hortensius Richard Brown

(School has just begun. Enter Appius Claudius late. His Paedagogus accompanies him.)

Paed. Magister, Appius Claudius hodie mane aeger est, idcirco tarde venit. (Exit.)

Mag. Poenas da. "Mica, mica," recita.

App. Claud. Mica, mica, parva stella.

Mirror quaenam sis, tam bella!

Splendens eminus in illo

Alba velut gemma caelo.

Quando fervens Sol discessit,

Nec calore prata pascit,

Mox ostendis lumen purum

Micans, micans per obscurum.

Mag. Quis alius recitare potest?

All (shouting). Ego possum, ego possum.

Mag. Bene; Marce Antoni, recita.

M. Ant. Tres philosophi de Tusculo (Gotham).

Mare navigaverunt vasculo;

Si vas fuisset tutius,

Tibi canerem diutius.

Others (shouting) Mihi recitare liceat.

Mag Recita, Gnaei Pompei.

Gn. Pom. Ioannes, Ioannes, tibicine natus,

Fugit pernicities porcum furatus.

Sed porcus voratus, Ioannes delatus,

Et plorans per vias it fur, flaellatus.

M. Bru. (holding up his hand). Novum carmen ego possum recitare.

Mag. Et tu, Brut? Perge!

M. Bru. Gaius cum Gaia in montem

Veniunt ad hauriendum fontem;

Gaius prolapsus fregit frontem,

Traxit secum Gaia insontem.

Mag. Hoc satis est hodie. Nunc, pueri, cor—  
Quid tibi vis, Quinte Hortensi?

Q. Hor. (who has been shaking his hand persistently). Magister, ego novos versos pronuntiare possum. Soror mea eos me docuit.

Mag. Recita celeriter.

Q. Hor. Iacobulus Horner

Sedebat in corner

Edens Saturnalicium pie;

Inseruit thumb,

Extraxit plum,

Clamans, "Quam acer puer sum I."

Mag. Omnes qui Quinto Hortensio gratas agere

velint, surgite. (All stand.) Nunc, pueri, donum redite.

Discipuli (departing). Vale, Magister. Vale, Magister.

## Tipperary

(As Caesar might have written it.)

It is a most incredible distance to Tipperae, yet this most incredible distance is to be gone by us however. It is a most incredible distance to Tipperae, to that girl whom I have become accustomed to hold most dear. Therefore it is necessary that farewells should be said to that Via Piquodilia and to the Locus Laecestri. It is a most incredible distance to Tipperae, and yet the heart of me in that same place which I have mentioned continues to remain.

### SOME LATIN WE OUGHT TO KNOW

Ini, mini, maeni, mo!

Cape nigrum digito;

Si exclamat, dic, ito,

Ini, mini, maeni, mo!

Ad urbem ivit Doodlius cum

Caballo et calone,

Ornavit pluma pilium,

Et dixit, "Macaroni!"

What is the name of a common fruit? Ans. "per."

What is the letter of the alphabet commonly used in algebra? Ans. "ex."

What is the time between sunrise and sunset called? Ans. "de."

What takes the Burlington pupils back and forth to school? Ans. "omnibus."

What is the name of a common brand of gelatine? Ans. "nox."

What is the basement of a house called? Ans. "sella."

What connects your head with your body? Ans. "nec."

What is a king's wife called? Ans. "quin."

What kind of food is most popular in the tropics? Ans. "peperi."

What is used to keep food cool in winter? Ans. "aes."

What is one who cuts hair called? Ans. "barba."

What is a synonym for want? Ans. "lac."

What does a man do when he wants his servants? Ans. "collem."

What is unbaked bread called? Ans. "do."

Ex-President Woodrow Wilson said concerning the study of the Classics: "We should have scant capital to trade on, were we to throw away the wisdom we have inherited and seek our fortunes with the slender stock we ourselves have accumulated. This, it seems to me, is the real, the prevalent argument for holding every man we can to the intimate study of the ancient Classics.

# Lectures

## The Powers of Imagination

By MADELINE REDMOND '24

The Freshman, Junior, and Senior Classes had the privilege of hearing Mr. Corey of the Burdett faculty, speak on "Imagination" Wednesday morning, February fifth. Mr. Corey has addressed the school on two previous occasions, his subjects being "Memory" and "What the Mind Does When We Think," respectively.

"Imagination," he said in part, "is that which enables some to succeed whereas others fail. Napoleon said, 'Imagination rules the world.' But what is imagination?"

"It is the light of the mind. By way of illustration think of a far away hill at sunset. The setting sun in all its glory shines upon it, making it a thing of wondrous beauty. Your imagination makes the very windows seem to be made of gold, yet if perchance you look after the sun's last rays have set, you see nothing but an old, abandoned farm-house, falling into decay.

"There are two kinds of imagination. Reproductive and productive. Productive imagination is constructive and creative. Reproductive brings to memory that which you have seen. When you see a picture of Woburn High you immediately recognize it, and recall to your memory where you have seen it before, but if someone should mention Woburn High to you, and you could see it in your mind very clearly, even every window, the panes of glass in each and the number of panes in the upper and lower sashes, you have a good imagination.

"You want the right kind of imagination. Imagination is made of the stuff of every day experiences. People born deaf have no imagination in regard to sounds. They cannot be beautiful music by imagining it, as others who have heard the music may do.

Blind people cannot imagine what colors are, for they have never seen. You could talk all day about bright red and it would mean absolutely nothing to the afflicted person. The more you know of the outside world, the more your imagination will grow. Imagine the ocean. Can you see, in your mind's eye the rough waves tumbling and roaring on a stormy night, or the beautiful, peaceful calm of the ocean on a clear, moonlit night? If you can, you possess the powers of imagination.

"The right kind of imagination is good. It is so easy to imagine things that are not good. Psychologists have made millions by the weaknesses of the human mind.

"The right kind of imagination is helpful. It is easy for a person to let his imagination take flight, but where is it going to land? Is it going to be helpful? Is it helpful to dream? Yes, if your dreams are the sort of dreams that accomplish things, if you dream of something worth while. 'All are Architects

of Fate.' Somewhere in the world our special work is waiting for us and we must find it. We long to accomplish great things, such as have already been accomplished, but that work is done. We must look to something new. Young people dream of becoming teachers, but it takes the best of material, and everybody cannot make good at it.

"We may use imagination in studying. Yes, even in the study of Mathematics. What a wonderful opportunity we have to use our imagination in the study of Literature, Latin, Greek. Have you ever read 'Gray's Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.' Can you see the beauty of Gray's imagination in the lines.

'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.'

"Use imagination in business. Two bootblacks are standing on a busy street corner in New York City. One says, 'Get your shoes shined here.' The other, 'Get your Sunday shine here.' Why does the second get more business than the first? Business men realize that their success lies in their power to advertise in a way that will appeal to people's imagination. Imagine yourself to be your teacher, your mother, or dad. Put yourself in their places and you will act differently.

"Imagination! When the American boys won a glorious victory over the Spanish in 1898, and they had gathered together on the decks to cheer, the captain said, 'Don't cheer, boys. They're dying over there.'

"The power of imagination in your life means your whole world. A person of imagination is one who through school? It depends on us, our longing to do things. What are we going to do when we get succeed, and how we use our imagination. If you develop the latter power, and play fair and square, you will win the best in life. If you try to beat the other fellow, you will not succeed. Do not be content with a little English, a little History, a little of everything. If you do, you will find the big things there are in life for you. Remember this: Whatever your task in life may be, if you combine that task with imagination, your life will be worthwhile and you will find success."

## Some Aspects of Higher Education

On January fourteenth, the members of the three upper classes attended a lecture on "Some Aspects of Higher Education," given by Captain Frank G. Armitage of Clark University. Captain Armitage served in the Canadian army during the war, and his talk con-

cerned the effect of the war on education, particularly higher education.

Captain Armitage lost all but one of his college friends in the war. Men died in France by the millions, but yet peace, complete peace has not been achieved. Nations in Europe are now ready to fly at one another, restrained only by two things, "the memory of a brunt finger," and an empty purse." They remember the slaughter of their men but a short time ago, and the memory makes them hesitate to repeat a war like that. Funds, too, are lacking and war demands a vast amount of money. But since these two are the only bonds that hold the opposing nations, unless some unusual agreement can be made, unless daring steps are taken by the chief defenders of peace, the memory will fade, the money will be forced, and another war, more terrible than the last, will break out. Thus it is evident that the work begun in the war is **only** begun.

It is for us, then, to carry on this great task undertaken. There are two ways for us to do this. First, we must build twice where we would have built only once. The generation which the war has wiped out will leave few monuments to show that it has existed. We, then, must build their monuments as well as our own. We must be able to point to a magnificent structure, saying, "This is what we have built; this is our handiwork, something to last through the ages." Then we must be able to point to another structure, just as large, just as grand, just as beautiful, and say, "This too we have built, but not for ourselves. This was built for those who died. They could not build, but we have raised this as a monument to their service, as a memorial of what they did, and what they would have done."

The other way in which we must carry on is to stand for the right, regardless of political preferences or opinions. It was for freedom, justice, and right that our soldiers gave their lives. How then can we fail to support those things for which they died?

But there must be a way to determine the right. That way is education. We must train ourselves to see the right, to detect injustice, to understand freedom. The college is the place for this.

There are two excuses for not going to college which are many times offered. One is caused by European prejudice and misunderstanding, the other is poverty. The first may be overcome by careful explanation that in this country there is a chance for everyone, that a college education is not only for the wealthy, the high-born, or the brilliant scholars. The latter may be overcome by working one's way through college. This is done in many ways. Any hobby developed in earlier life may be used to advantage. Captain Armitage himself earned his expenses by entertaining with ventriloquism and slight-of-hand tricks. One of his class-mates earned his tuition by cutting hair. It is always possible to find some way to earn money necessary for a college education.

Captain Armitage finished his address by reading a poem which he wrote last Christmas, a poem of Yule-

tide greeting and good wishes to his friends everywhere. And we all are certainly glad to be considered as his friends.

## "Fire and Fire Prevention"

By WILLIAM ROSSITER '24

There was a time in the history of the race when fire was not known. There are many ways in which it may have been discovered. It may have been from lightning, from volcanoes, or from oil wells, which have often burned for years after being set on fire.

Fire has done much to advance civilization. The primitive savage learned to cook his food, to get warmth for his crude home, and to have a light as a protection against the long, cold nights when wild beasts were on all sides ready to devour him.

Next, fire became known as a thing of interest in the home. People gathered around the fireplace, and were taught by its influence to become social. Today the whole social world owes a great deal to fire and its resultant forces,—steam, which furnishes power for our boats, trains, and lighting systems, and heat, which is so important in every walk of life.

The topic of fire is particularly interesting because, in the United States alone, it is estimated that that are approximately five thousand lives lost each year by fire; and the financial sum lost is about seven hundred and fifty billion dollars. Fifty percent of these fires are in the home. It is interesting to note that the loss by fire, in the United States in one year, is five to ten times greater than the loss by fire in Europe during the same period.

The principal causes of fire are the careless use of matches, careless smoking, spontaneous combustion, explosion, defective flues, stoves, and furnaces, electricity, lightning, sparks on roofs, hot ashes and cokes, ignition of hot grease, petroleum and its products, gas, and rubbish and litter.

To illustrate some of the fire causes, the speaker performed experiments. To produce a very slight explosion he dropped some flash powder with an electric current from a storage battery. The result was a surprisingly loud report. To illustrate the case of defective flues, he set up a piece of stove funnel passing it through a wooden partition and produced heat inside with a lighted bunsen burner. In about a half an hour the wood had burned and smoked greatly, and in a few hours would burst into flames. Also hot ashes and coals placed in a wooden container will burn the box and start a fire. Again, in the case of gas, even the smallest amount of gas vaporizes, which just a spark will burst into a flame. To produce fire you must have oxygen. Then a definition of fire is the rapid oxidation of various materials at a high temperature.

Since we know what fire is and how it acts, we must have some means of preventing it. Fire can be prevented in many ways; one is fire resistant construction such as concrete columns, wire glass, fire walls and doors, asbestos products, fire retardant

paints, and, non-combustible cloth and paper for decorative purposes. Also, we have fire extinguishers, automatic sprinklers and alarms, carbon tetrochloride extinguishers, and always water can be used with two exceptions, on oil and on gasoline, because both these substances, being lighter than water, float on top of it and still support combustion.

To conclude with his message the speaker remarked that the thing to do is to remove the fire causes. The cause of practically all fires is simply carelessness. Try to be more thoughtful and less wasteful.

The speaker pleaded:—

Don't put coal and ashes in combustible containers.

Don't leave oily rags around.

Don't leave matches near children.

Be careful where you throw lighted cigarettes.

Don't get your stove overheated.

Don't put water on hot grease.

Be careful of electricity.

In other words "Be Careful."

## Photography and Some Recent Application

By RUTH EDMUNDS '24

The science of photography, like other sciences, has been rapidly developing in the last few years. The emulsion for making film has to be chilled in refrigerators. The film is made in wide, long rolls and cut into sheets or smaller rolls for the different cameras. The Cine Kodak is a new small motion picture camera. The elimination of negative reduces the cost and permits smaller film and camera.

The study of color sensitivity of photographic materials is interesting. A red dress will appear black when photographed, while a blue dress will appear white under the same conditions. Ordinary plates or films are sensitive only to blue, violet and ultra-violet. Orthochromatic materials are sensitive also to green. The panchromatic materials are the most satisfactory of all, because they are sensitive to all colors. There are ninety-seven color filters, but only three are commonly used, green, yellow and red. By the use of the panchromatic plate, an atmospheric haze is done away with, which is common to pictures using the other kind of materials.

It may seem impossible but photographs of people have been sent by radio from Washington to Philadelphia, a distance of 130 miles, in three minutes. These pictures were clear enough to be used in newspapers. It is thought that in time we shall be able to see motion pictures through the radio.

## The Literary Society

The Literary Society of the Woburn High School is this year a live wire in the school activities. Each

member is willing to do his share to make our meetings successful. We have had three meetings so far this year, and each one has showed an increase in attendance. Even the teachers are coming to see what the pupils are doing.

At the first meeting, November twenty-sixth, the officers for the year were elected:

President: Evelyn Dickinson.

Vice-President: Wheeler Beggs.

Secretary: Catherine Burnier.

Treasurer: Russel Kean.

Executive Committee: Waldo Hill, Norman Peterson, Maurice Sargent, Marion Stevens, Ruth McGovern.

Doormen: Elmer Shepard, Russell Keyes.

The membership at the present time is fifty-seven, but we are growing, and by the end of the year we hope to have everyone a member. All students of the Senior and Junior classes, and honor students of the Sophomore class are eligible for membership.

We meet one Monday in every month, at three o'clock. No one may attend these meetings who can not show his membership ticket at the door.

At our second meeting, December seventeenth, we held a very interesting program:

Piano Selection: Esther Syllivan.

Reading: Miriam Hosmer.

Quartette: Wheeler Beggs, John Pratt, Waldo Hill, Clyde MacPherson, (Celia Craft, accompanist).

Xylophone Selection: Albert Price, (George Cain, accompanist).

Violin Solo: Arthur Fuller, (Celia Craft, accompanist).

Address on Debating: Mr. Chandler.

Piano Selection: Celia Craft.

The critic for the meeting was Marion Stevens. Her criticisms were very good.

At the third meeting, February sixth, Misses Emily Howatt, Esther Sullivan, and Celia Craft played a piano trio. The feature of this meeting was a debate on the question, Resolved: That the Woburn School Department should introduce into the Woburn High School a technical training and domestic science department. The affirmative speakers were Priscilla Sawyer, Catherine Burnier, and Dorothy Ayer. The negative speakers were Elmer Shepard, Lewis Chase, and Joseph Kkenderian. The affirmative side won. The judges were Miss Conant, Miss Preston, and Miss White.

Emma Daisy played a cornet solo, and Miss Preston entertained with two songs. The critic for this meeting was Miriam Hosmer.

The next meeting will be February twenty-fifth, and the entertainment will be a moving picture showing how butter is made. The roll-call will be answered at this meeting with the name of a favorite play and its author.

You can ill afford to miss these meetings. They are instructive and interesting. Why not join, and contribute toward the entertainment and success of the programs.

# School Activities

## Senior Play

The Senior play, "Turn to the Right," which was given January twenty-fifth, was a great success. The play was well chosen, being particularly well suited to amateur performances. All the parts were well played.

Since most of these who will read this account saw the play, it will be unnecessary to summarize the action. It is enough to say that it is full of action, yet

with a "homey" touch and a strong moral point.

The success of the play depended in no small way on the coaching of Mr. Seeley, and too much praise cannot be given him for the splendid results which were brought about by the time and effort he spent in training the players.

The scenery, lighting and costumes, gave the finishing touch to the play.

Just as the Class of 1923 set us a fine example in their play, we feel that we have set an example for the Class of 1925 in ours.

### PROLOGUE

Isadore, a pawn shop owner .....Joseph Skenderian  
 Joe Bascom, (Peter Turner) just freed from prison  
 Herman E. Decker  
 Muggs, a friend of Joe .....Waldo J. Hill  
 Gilly, Muggs' pal .....Maurice V. Sargent  
 Moses, an old tailor .....Edwin C. Johnson

### THE PLAY

Betty Bascom, Joe's sister .....Evelyn G. Dickinson  
 Jessie Strong, Betty's friend .....Miriam J. Hosmer  
 Mrs. Bascom, Betty's and Joe's mother .Katherine L. McKittrick  
 Sam Martin, a country grocery boy .....C. Wheeler Beggs  
 Deacon Tillinger, a mean man .....T. Jerome Callahan  
 Lester Morgan, a New Yorker .....Norman O. Peterson  
 Joe Bascom .....Herman E. Decker  
 Elsie Tillinger, the Deacon's daughter .....Marion E. Stevens  
 Muggs .....Waldo J. Hill  
 Gilly .....Maurice V. Sargent  
 Tom Callahan, the detective .....John E. Harney  
 Katie, the maid .....Priscilla Sawyer

## Winners in Edison Educational Contest Enjoy All-day Ride

On Tuesday, January fifteenth, the Woburn winners in the Edison educational contest, Miss Annie G. Murray, Miss Edith Vitkauskas, Mr. George Skenderian, and the Editor-in-chief of the "Reflector" thro the courtesy of the Edison Co., took an all-day ride. We met Mr. Griffin and Mr. Doherty, who were to entertain us for the day, and left Woburn shortly after eight o'clock. We went through thirty Massachusetts towns and cities, and saw many points of historical interest as well as the most important stations of the Edison Company.

At Lexington we saw the Green where the first battle of the Revolution was fought, and the tower from which the signal was given. Each of the houses near the Green has some special connection with Revolutionary times. In Lexington, too, is the building where the first state normal school was located. Farther on a tablet marks the spot where Paul Revere's ride ended.

From Lexington we went through beautiful country to Framingham. Here we saw what we at first took to be an old fort, but when we saw the spillway, we realized that it was a dam. This embankment holds back the Sudbury River, forming a reservoir which furnishes a part of Boston's water supply. By long flights of steps on either side of the spillway, one can climb to the top of the fifty foot wall. Near this dam is an Edison high tension station. Great wires, carrying thirty-three thousand volts, bring power from the Connecticut River and distribute it to various parts of the state. A new high tension line has just been opened connecting the Boston stations with Syracuse, New York. When water power fails the companies in Syracuse, the steam generators furnish them power from Boston.

At Quincy we saw the birthplace of John Adams, the second President of the United states; the house in which both John Adams and John Quincy Adams have lived, and the church where both Presidents are buried.

At Weymouth we went over the new Edison plant which is under construction. The frame of one building was up, and the foundation of others laid. This plant, when finished, will be three times as large as the L Street plant in Boston.

We took dinner with Mr. Campbell at the Edison Service House in Dorchester. This recreational center consists of three buildings connected by covered porches. The central building contains bowling alleys and pool rooms. Here, as in all the buildings, we were greeted by bright posters with the words "Look

pleasant, please!" Everyone seemed to be looking that way. Another building is the dining hall, which can be quickly transformed into a suitable place for theatricals or moving pictures. The third building contains the scientific reference library, lounging rooms, and a studio of the partable broadcasting station W. T. A. T. On the grounds are a baseball diamond and tennis courts.

At the L Street station in South Boston, we were introduced to Mr. Kennedy, who furnished us with guides. Here are five steam generators, each making electricity for twenty-four to thirty-two thousand ordinary lamps; and three very large steam generators, each furnishing current for six hundred thousand lamps. In another of the buildings are the great furnaces in which the fires for making steam are built. The light of these fires was so bright that we had to look at them through blue glass, and the heat so intense that we did not care to stand longer than half a minute before the open door. We walked across a bridge through one of the five smoke stacks eighteen feet in diameter and two hundred fifty-five feet high.

In Boston we saw the sites of the Tea Party and the Boston Massacre. We stopped at the Edison general headquarters on Boylston Street. Here we met Mr. Atkins, the President of the company, who showed us a picture of the completed Weymouth plant, and pictures of Mr. Edison.

We were shown the Newton station as a model substation. The chief work of these smaller stations is to cut down the current from thirteen thousand two hundred volts to twenty-three hundred volts, the proper voltage for city use. From twenty-three hundred the current is cut down to one hundred ten volts just outside each house that wires enter. The Newton station also changes the alternating current to direct current to run the Middlesex and Boston electric cars, and the street arc lights in Newton.

We passed by the place in Waltham where cotton was first manufactured in the United States, in 1825. From Waltham we came through Arlington and Winchester back to Woburn. We returned just in time for supper. As we ate our evening meal by the light of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company, we thought with great appreciation of the splendid trip given us by the Edison Company, and of the wonderful things we had seen, and we were glad of a chance to thank the Edison Company for their kindness.

We had seen the great organization of the Edison Company. Everywhere we had found men interested and happy in their work, eager to show their task and their part in the great Edison work. They took as much delight in demonstrating their machines as a child in a favorite toy. All were proud of their engines, their buildings, their company, their service to the people of many towns and cities. And we, too, were proud to feel that such a company was doing such a work among us as the Edison Electric Illuminating Company is doing.

## Senior Play Notes

What's the name of that River Muggs was always singing about? There must be some attraction!

Joe surely got his fill of kisses from the time he reached home until the end of the third act. Have you noticed any cold sores?

Which one of the cast owned the cart that Jessie used to carry peaches in? Was it yours, Squeak?

Where did all the money in the play come from? Or was it only "make believe?" Deacon Tillinger sure was rich. How about it, Jerry?

We all wonder what Muggs and Betty were up to when they took the walk through the peach orchard. He picked ONE peach, all right!

Edwin makes some tailor! Does he make his own suits and do his mother's mending?

Joe acted very well. He sure did take his part to perfection. (Where's that?) Yes, we noticed they were long ones.

We all wonder what made the porch shake so whenever anyone came out of that house.

Does Evelyn cry very often? She cried real naturally in the first act. Shall we ask her mother or Maurice?

Everyone wishes that Miriam would dress that way all the time, and discard her glasses.

Sam, are you really a peroxide blonde? You "dyed" all right. We nearly died when we laughed so much at your acting and those blue check trousers. Style, Sam!

Elsie acted quite natural with Joe. Perhaps she's had experience. How about it, Squeaker?

We wish Mrs. Bascom would kindly give us the recipe for that peach jam. It certainly attracted attention.

Priscilla makes an excellent maid. The only trouble was that she is too pretty for a maid.

Norman used a lot of "Slickum" that night. His straw hat looked real "kippy" on him. "Dark, handsome, well-mannered, and well-groomed!"

John Harney grew quite a mustache from the time he left school until he appeared on the scene as a detective.

How's your back, Gilly? All right? Sure.

Why did Maurice swallow all the smoke from his cigar?

Is Jerry fond of lump sugar? Well, the Deacon is, anyway.

Joe, Gilly and Muggs, did you have any supper before you went onto the stage?

Funny how the Deacon's horse went off without him. In fact we heard the horse start before the Deacon got out of the house, and the poor Deacon was seen through the window, walking after the horse.

How far away was the church? those chimes sounded mighty faint.

## At Rehearsals

"Pete! got any gum?" (He usually comes prepared with Life-Savers!)

Information: If you want to know how to make peach trees bloom out of season, just try this. Get your trees, cut peach blossoms and then with some gum the tree will immediately bloom forth.

Some of us haven't grown up yet. Many enjoyable rides were had in the cart.

Pathetic figure—Miriam trying to show Froggie how to offer his arm to her.

We wonder who the girl was who had such a large finger. Mr. Seeley certainly got them large

enough. Dickie and Mim could have worn them on their thumbs.

Where was Moses (Johnson) when the lights went out. At one rehearsal the lights went out and the hall was in total darkness for some time until matches could be found to light the two lamps which were being used in the first act.

Favorite expressions: "Watch out! You bet! Blow!"

Why did Squeak and MES always study (?) together?

## W. H. S. Orchestra

Although our Orchestra has been rehearsing every week since school started, not much has been said about it. Many of us hearing weird sounds from the hall, wondered what they were doing. But we found out when the Orchestra played at the Senior Play. All of the musicians, and Miss Kearns especially, deserved praise. The concert was well planned and well performed. We feel proud of our Orchestra.

The members of the Orchestra are as follows: Violins:—Doris Cummings, Arthur Fuller, Miriam Hosmer, Robert Kaplan, Mary McGrath, Iver Paulsen, Bernard Robinovitz, Antonio Seminatore, Marion Smith.

Cornets: Emma Daisy, Kathleen Golden, John Levis, Salvatore Danna.

Clarinet:—Harold Burnes.

Drums:—Dexter Blenkhorn, Albert Price.

Piano:—Celia Graft,

Director:—Miss Margaret E. Kearns.

## Prize Speaking Contest

Thirty-five pupils participated in the first preliminary prize speaking contest which was held in the Assembly Hall on Thursday afternoon. Those who took part are as follows: Norman Provest, Catherine Burnier, Margaret Foley, Kathryn McKittrick, Edwin Johnson, Joseph Skenderian, George Skenderian, Miriam Hosmer, Herman Decker, Everett Davis, Frederick McHugh, Alice Walsh, Aloise Barrar, Jennie Narkiewick, John Pratt, Frances Parfl, Helen Doherty, Doris Ringels, Doris Cummings, Randall Kean, Clarissa Patten, Veronica McHugh, James DiBlasia, Leonore Brinck, Ilse Muller, Mabel Allen Fred Cain, Edith Rice, Mary M. Flaherty, Mary Carey, Helen Boote, Margaret Simmons, Helen Simmons, Charles Geary, Leo Shaughnessey.

The pupils chosen to compete in the second contest, which will be held on Wednesday afternoon, February 20, are: Helen Doherty, Doris Ringels, Kathryn McKittrick, Alice Walsh, Edith Rice, Catherine Burnier, Mabel Allen, Aloise Barrar, Miriam Hosmer, Joseph Skenderian, George Skenderian, Randall Kean, Charles Geary, John Pratt, Norman Provest, Leo Shaughnessey, Herman Decker, Edwin Johnson.

The judges were Miss Bascom, Miss Conant, and Mr. Ricker.

The final contest will be held in the Assembly Hall on Friday evening, March 21.





as the audience pictured the trip "Home."



Gilly's fall.

"Let's you an' me carry out this cup."



TURN  
TO  
THE  
RIGHT



Under the spreading peach tree



KISS  
ME!



after the play was over.

## Football Team



Back row, left to right: Mr. Hurld, coach; McLaughlin, Brown, Hardcastle, Doherty, Martin, Ellery.  
Third row, left to right: Ahern, Murphy, Neilson, Levis, Pratt, Skenderian, Rooney, Mahoney.  
Second row, left to right: Harney, Lovering, Whittie, Flaherty, Fitzgerald, Graham, Carlson.  
Front row, left to right: Kerrigan, S. Donahue, (Mascot), J. Donahue, Beggs, (Mgr.).



# ATHLETICS



## Awarding of Letters

The football, track, and baseball letters have been given out to the athletes who have taken part in these sports during the year 1923. Before awarding the letters Mr. Bean gave a short talk commending the athletes, and explaining to them how they should guard the coveted letter.

Those who received the 1923 baseball letters are as follows:

Joseph Doherty	Edward Coates
Leo Rooney	Thomas Martin
John Ahern	Frank McEleney
Joseph Duran	

The number of football letters awarded was unusually large. The following received them:

Anthony Colluei	Raymond Graham
John Harney	Oscar Carlson
William Kerrigan	John Ahern
Charles Mahoney	Leo Rooney
Frank Fitzgerald	George Skenderian
John Pratt	James F. Doherty
Albert Brown	Albert Whittie
Joseph Flaherty	Wheeler Beggs

The letters for the track men are large orange W's with wings spreading out from the center. The following received them:

Charles Duran	Robert Waters
Thomas McDonough	Redmond Walsh
John Cooke	George Contalonis
Charles Lennon	Thomas Duffy

A meeting of the baseball letter men was held in Room A-3 for the purpose of electing a captain for the coming season. Anthony Colueei, star pitcher of the '23 nine, was unanimously elected.

Joseph "Doe" Flaherty star center of the football team and a member of the All-Mystic Valley League Team was elected Captain of the '24 eleven by the letter men.

## Hockey

It has been a bad winter for winter sports, especially hockey, but the different class teams have managed to play a few hockey games. All the games

were played at the rear of the high school, where the field has been flooded.

Juniors 3 Sophomores 2.

Monday afternoon, January 8, the Juniors and Sophomores battled for forty minutes with the Juniors emerging on the long end, 3—2.

Sophomores 2 Freshmen 2.

On Thursday, January 11, the Sophomores and the Freshmen played a hard game. The Freshmen put up a good game and came strong in the last period scoring the tying goal.

Juniors 1 Seniors 0.

The Seniors were unable to present the regular line-up in their game, Thursday, and as a result the Juniors won by one point. The Junior goal tender played a good game and stopped some shots that looked like sure goals.

## Basket Ball

Mr. Hurd has organized a basket ball team, and the team practices daily in the school gymnasium. Tuesday evening, the 22nd, the team played Co. G., 182nd Infantry and came out on the winning end by the score of 12 to 0. Mr. Hurd expects to arrange games with other high schools before the season is over. The members of the team are as follows: Edward Coates, Joseph Flaherty, Walter Carrol, Frank Cuneo, William Kerrigan, James Greaney, and Ormond Ellery.

## Field Hockey

Although the field hockey season has ended, we are again reminded of the sport which has interested many girls in our school.

Eleven girls earned letters this year; earned them by working and playing the game fair.

The following girls have been given W. H. S. letters: Florenee Glennon, Theodora Cassimus, Anna Nolan, Helen Cummings, Emma Field, Myrtle Park, Annie Peterson, Constance White, Helen Fitzgerald, Catherine Burnier, and Alice Gilgun.

At a meeting in the physical training room, Anna Peterson was elected captain and Aloise Barrar manager of the hockey team for next year.

We feel confident that the 1925 team will be a success.

## Wouldn't It Be Nice In Room Eight

- If Hazel Long would stop winking.  
 If Eleanor McKittrick could rise to fame as an actress.  
 If Jake Doherty could reorganize his constitution.  
 If Edna Neville would stop powdering her nose.  
 If Katherine Griffin could cover her freckles.  
 If Margaret Meehan would fall for John.  
 If Joe Skenderian wouldn't be such a book-worm.  
 If Hugh Doherty would be more sociable.  
 If Carrie Lord would become a riding-mistress.  
 If Mary Harkin would show signs of life.  
 If Anna Patterson wouldn't fake her lessons.  
 If Florence Dulong would talk a little louder.  
 If Elmer Shepherd would learn to dance.  
 If Doris Bartlett would get a henna rinse.  
 If Margaret Lafferty wasn't so near-sighted.  
 If Emily Howatt wasn't so flippy.  
 If John Morphis wasn't such a question box.  
 If Ida Weinberg wasn't so loud.  
 If Margaret Golden didn't lend her papers.  
 If Beatrice Flagg wasn't so studious.  
 If Doris McLaughlin would wear her dresses longer.  
 If Herman Decker wasn't such a hay-shaker.  
 If Ben Johnson wasn't in such a rush for lunch.  
 If Billy Nolan wasn't such a heart breaker.  
 If Fanny Robinovitz wasn't such a flirt.  
 If Madeline Redmond wasn't so frivolous.  
 If Ruth Wheaton wasn't such a man hater.  
 If Ruth Smith went on a diet.  
 If Kathryn McKittrick wasn't so high and mighty.  
 If Helen Little wasn't such a movie fiend.  
 If May Given would watch Bob's step.  
 If Louis Chase wouldn't cut his hair so often.  
 If Albert Price could board at Critty's house.  
 If Tom Keating would wear long pants.  
 If Leslie Miller would chum with some one of his own size.  
 If Helen Plaisted would tell us about New Hampshire.  
 If Evelo Brown would start raising rabbits.  
 If Ada Rosander would teach us how to dance.  
 If Sam Leader would come down to earth.  
 If Miss Bascom would be a little more lenient with the seniors.  
 If Archie McKillop wasn't such a pest.

### YES, WOULDN'T IT BE NICE

Freshman—Why does interficia mean to kill?  
 Miss Gilmour (obligingly)—Inter, between (of two objects) Facio, to make. Hence, to make into two objects is to kill.

## Squeaker's Diary

- Mon. 8 o'clock: Had a little chat with Marion. Some kid!  
 Mon. 8:19 o'clock: Whispered to Priscilla without being caught. I'm a professional at it now.  
 Mon. End of second period: Winked at Dot. Gee, but she blushed!  
 Mon. End of fourth period: Held a little public conversation with Miss White. Some teacher!  
 Mon. At recess: Talked with Marion again. Recess always seems short when I spent it this way.  
 Mon. End of sixth period: A urevoir until tomorrow. The end of a perfect school day. English class.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.  
 "Push," said the button.  
 "Take pains," said the window.  
 "Be up to date," said the calendar.  
 "Never lose your head," said the barrel.  
 "Make light of everything," said the fire.  
 "Do a driving business," said the hammer.  
 "Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.  
 "Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

About 100 lbs. of face powder are used every year by each girl of Butte High School, Butte, Mont. according to statistics given in the "Mountaineer," the school paper. This same article states that if all the hairs cut off from the girl's heads were placed end to end, they would encircle the globe 16 times, with enough left over to reach from here to Mars. It is also stated that the boys of the school spend 2,800,000,000 marks a month keeping their clothes cleaned and pressed.

Mr. Chandler: Where did the Tartars come from?  
 Pupil: From the north-west.  
 Mr. Chandler: North-west of where?  
 Pupil: North-west of the east.

Perpetual motion has finally been discovered, For further information consult Billy Rositer, Room 16.

Catherine and Thelma will soon be able to compete with Duffy. Traffic cops get a lot of practice in running.

Lost—A few "A's" in Room 17 by members of Class 1g. Cause: "Kansas-Nebraska Bill." Finder please return on the "Lincoln-Douglas Debate," and no questions will be asked.

"My Last Duchess" was being discussed in the English class.

Miss White—How many like the Duke?  
 Edith—I'd like to go out with him just once!

# Rumford School Section

## What the Old Clock Knew

The old grandfather's clock stands in the corner of the long hall. Its old and beautiful wood still shines, its wonderful machinery still goes, and the grand old pendulum still swings. Many a tale it could tell and perhaps if one should ask it politely at a certain hour, its old face would wrinkle up in smiles, its eyes twinkle, and it would begin to tell a tale, perhaps the very one which it told to me:

"I can remember, in the days of the Revolutionary War, when I was still new, a most exciting adventure came to me.

"One beautiful spring day about noon an American soldier rushed into the hall gasping out, 'The British are after me. Hide me! Oh, hide me quick!'

"My master, who was quite old, looked dazed for a second, then started and shouted out, 'In the clock. In the clock. They'll never find you there!' He pulled a key out of his pocket, opened my door, and the soldier hastily stepped into my darkest corner. I was all excited and my trembling matched that of the soldier, who was excitedly breathing inside me.

"A minute later I heard heavy footsteps on the porch. Then a voice demanded that the house be searched. My master refused, but they forced him to consent and started to search the house. The search was unsuccessful, however, and they came discouraged down to the hall.

"Just then I struck two! The officers suddenly turned around and stared at me. 'Just the place to hide,' they cried, 'Search it!' I knew what that expected of me and I calmly kept on ticking. The Yankee inside of me leaned more against my side than ever, and inside we breathlessly waited.

"The soldiers roughly opened my door, peered into my dark interior but could see nothing. They demanded a lamp to see with, but Old John, wise old servant that he was, purposely tripped over the rug as he was bringing the light from the other room. He fell sprawling and the lamp was smashed; The British all cursed him but gave me up as a hopeless case saying, 'Well, I don't see how a man as big as he was could get in there.'

"A long time after they had departed, my master opened my door and let the soldier out. He was tired and stiff from standing still so long and he did not go that night.

"In the morning bright and early, before everybody was up, my master drove him in his guarded coach to his own camp.

"But just before he went, when nobody was in the room, he laid his hand on my side and said huskily, 'You good old clock, you surely did save my life this time and thanks an awful lot. You're worth your weight in gold a million times.'"

## The Voyage of the "Mary Ann"

The "Mary Ann," we sailed at sea  
From new land unto old.  
Her decks were stowed with wool and rice,  
And apples filled her hold.

When out of sight of land were we,  
A storm commenced to roar.  
It tore the sails, the anchor dragged.  
The rain began to pour.

Next morning when the sun arose,  
In unknown seas were we.  
The captain in the forward water  
Did walk uneasily.

Five days we drifted on the sea,  
We had but little food,  
The water, it was going fast,  
The crew in angry mood.

Long days had passed; no help had come,  
And thirst we had to fight.  
The awful thirst, the bitter glare,  
Continued day and night.

Then lo! the captain saw a ship;  
It sailed up just at dawn.  
They gave us food, and then did say;  
"You're on the Amazon."

We dipped our buckets in the stream,  
And with good things to eat,  
We took a cup, and tasted it,  
Thank God! that it was sweet.  
Eleanor Arnold.

### FAMILIAR SAYINGS

Miss Scanlon, may I speak to ——?  
What's the home work?  
May I borrow a pencil?  
Ten demerits.  
Yes, ye have algebra.  
Take your seat.  
They always pick on me.  
I left it in my home room.

### CAN YAU IMAGINE:

Eleanor Arnold getting zero?  
John Mallon coming to class with all his books?  
Frank Poole without his hair combed?  
Everyone getting 100 in algebra?  
A crowd in Miss Scanlon's room after 3.30?

### OUR BOOK REVIEW

"Bread"—School lunches.  
"The Scarlet Letter"—Low marks.  
"The Fortunate Days"—Two spares.  
"The Star People"—The honor ones.  
"The Doctor"—Frank Poole.  
"Our Mutual Friend"—Algebra.  
"Little Journeys"—to the principal's office.  
"Twice Told Tales"—Those conduct notes.  
"Cheerful Yesterdays"—Vacation.  
"Little Lord Fauntleroy"—John Mallon.



Virginia Gay '20 is a Senior at Bridgewater Normal. At a meeting of the degree seniors she was elected class secretary and class historian.

Eleanor Harrison '23 has accepted a position in Ex-Mayor Golden's office.

Anna F. Murphy '22 is a telegraph operator at Wakefield.

Elmer Johnson '21 and Stanley Sawyer '22 are sophomores at the Institute of Technology.

Robert Johnson '22 is a Sophomore at the College of Business Administration of Boston University.

Helen Hammond '22 is working in the factory office of Peterson, Merrill Co. Inc. in North Woburn.

Laura Durward '21 is a member of the Staff in the Woburn Public Library.

William Cooke '22 who was Salutatorian of his Class, is now an Assistant Cashier at the Woburn National Bank.

The wedding bells have rung for Hazel Kimball '22 and Mathilda Carlson '22.

Myrtice Blye '23 is a stenographer in the office of Judge Maguire.

Ruth Hoag '22 is a Sophomore at Bridgewater Normal School.

Frances McMahan '19 and Evelyn Fowle '19 are filling positions in the Woburn Five Cent Savings Bank.

Lawrence Golden '22 is studying at Tufts Medical School. Rucus Lovering '22 and Henry McInnis '22 are also attending Tufts.

Alfred Elson '21 is a member of the Track Team at Brown University.

Dorothy Graham '21 is teaching the fifth and sixth grades at Burlington.

Ruth Dorr '21 is training for a nurse at the N. E. Deaconess Hospital.

Martha Winn '22 is spending her second year at National Park Seminary.

Myrtle Robertson '23 is switch operator in the office of the Newton Hospital. She expects to enter Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School next year.

Fern Carney '23 has moved to Noble, Ohio. She is taking courses at a teachers' college connected with Western Reserve University.

Charles ("Tweet") Walsh '22 and William Mahoney '21 are attending Holy Cross College.

William Mahoney '23 is working in the Woburn National Bank. He is also taking a night school course at Bentley.

Joseph Gange '22 and Frederic Doherty '22 are seniors at Bentley School.

Daniel Linscott '22 is at Exeter.

Arlene Carter '21 is teaching the first and second grades at Billerica.

Marcia Smith '22 is spending her second year at Salem Normal School.

Victoria Liedman '22 is a stenographer at Cummings and Pierce in Boston.

Ruth Clement '21 is a stenographer at Thayer & McNeil's.

Marjorie Neville '23 is a clerk at the Library Bureau.

Margaret A. Smith, valedictorian of Class of 1918, is working at the Employers' Liability, Assurance Corp.

Clarence Blake '22 is at Northeastern College.

Eleanor Johnson Hern '17 has charge of a Scout Troop composed of girls of Woburn High.

Queenie Butler '23 is a bundle inspector at R. H. Stearns & Co.

Carl Forsberg '20 is working at the American Hide and Leather Co.

Robert Peterson '22 is working in the Atlantic National Bank at Roxbury.

Prudence Brown '21 is a comptometer operator at Houghton & Dutton's.

Clarence McIntire '18 ran a good race in the B. A. A. games.

Dexter Hart '21 is at Amherst College.

Hazel Allen '22 is training for a nurse at the N. E. Baptist Hospital.

John Scalley '23 is taking a secretarial course at Burdett's College.

Charles Bamberg '23 and Edward Doherty '23 are at the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance.

We wish to express our deep sympathy to the family and friends of Thomas McDonough who met his death playing football December 16, 1923. He was graduated with the class of 1923 and was noted for his athletic ability.

## The Trade School for Girls

By RUTH J. PETERSON, '23

The Girls' Trade School of Boston is a school not as generally known as a good many other places to which the graduates of Woburn High go to continue their education.

The Trade School is a large, attractive building in the Fenway. At the present time there are about five hundred girls enrolled. Among these are Evelyn Carlberg and Ruth Peterson, who were members of the Class of 1923.

The subjects taught are many and varied, including dressmaking, millinery, catering, design, embroidery, arts and crafts, dietetics, nursing, office practice, machine operating, and salesmanship. The girls also train to become foreign buyers.

Positions are always found for the girls by the school before they graduate, and they return for their diplomas after six months of actual business experience.

It is by no means all work and no play at the school. There are various kinds of assemblies and plays going on every week. At noon the girls dance, go for walks in the Fenway, or else go to what is called the play room, where all sorts of indoor sports are enjoyed.

Lunch is served in the school. Each floor has its own kitchen, and every girl has to serve two weeks in the kitchen, regardless of what course she is taking up.

Many girls attend this school, not because it is a public school, for they could well afford to go somewhere else, but because of the practical and useful training in domestic science they receive here.

This school building, which is new, is regarded as one of the finest school buildings in the country. It was built for a private residence, resembling an Italian villa of most artistic architecture, five stories high, with seventeen or more rooms on each floor. The top

floor has an organ, built into an alcove, and stained glass windows picturing the Boston State House and the Public Gardens. Broad marble stairways connect all the floors.

When this building was taken over by the City of Boston for school purposes, its exquisite interior furnishing, with enormous plate glass windows, French doors, statuary, and torches, was retained. It looks more like a palace than a school, both inside and outside.

## Burdett College

By ELLEN E. ANDERSON, '23

Burdett College has been honored this year by having enrolled a great many students from the Woburn High School graduating Class of 1923. The Shorthand Course boasts of Katherine Driscoll, Josephine Varney, and Gertrude McPartlin. In the Combined course may be found Muriel Leavitt, Valia Sprogis, Mary Veno, Grace Callahan, and Ellen Anderson.

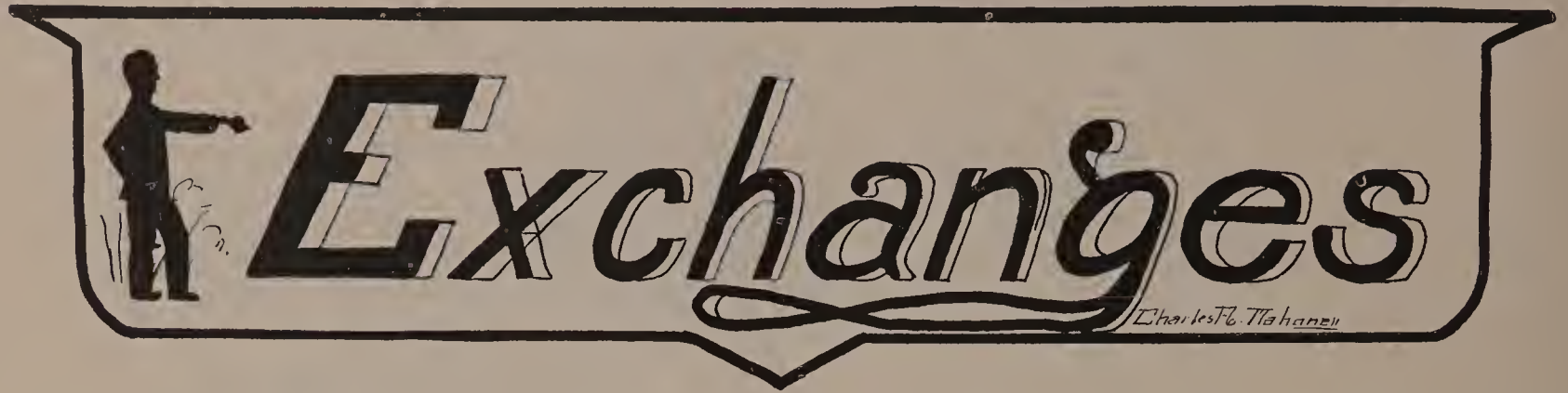
Harold McDonough and Edward Farrey are mastering the Accounting Course, while John Scalley, taking Secretarial Course, has been made treasurer of the class. Anna Keating is taking the Business Course.

Gladys Carlson made a brilliant record at Burdett, graduating from the Shorthand Course in seventeen weeks, with the highest stenographic honors.

There are still other graduates of Woburn High, though not members of the Class of 1923, who are learning "actual business from the start" here. Among these are the following:

Katherine Danchy, Business Course; Esther Ford, Shorthand Course; Mary Gallagher, Normal Course; Everett Thompson, Business Course; Gordon Dover, Shorthand Course; Agnes McGowan, Shorthand Course; Alice Danielson, Combined Course.

In Memory  
of  
Thomas Francis McDonough  
December 16, 1923



The Reflector acknowledges the receipt of the following:

- "The Purple Parrot"—Red Wing, Minnesota.
- "The Alphan"—Owatonna, Minnesota.
- "The Arsenal Cannon"—Indianapolis, Ind.
- "The Oredigger"—Colorado School of Mins, Col.
- "The Midget Messenger"—Alamosa, Colorado.
- "The Lewis & Clarke Journal"—Spokane, Wash.
- "The Lion"—La Grange, Illinois.
- "The Beacon"—Thomson's Island, Boston.
- "Litchfield High News"—Litchfield, Minnesota.
- "The Custodian"—
- "Rensselaer Polytechnic"—Troy, N. Y.
- "Boston University"—Boston, Mass.
- "The Macon County Review"—Tuskegee, Ala.
- "The X-Ray"—Sacramento, Cal.
- "The Pilgrim"—Plymouth, Mass.
- "The Skirmisher"—Bordentown Millitary Institute, N. J.
- "The Headlight"—Marblehead, Mass.
- "The Eltrurian"—Haverhill, Mass.
- "The Record"—Newburyport, Mass.
- "The Student"—Corrington, Kentucky.
- "The Student's Pen"—Pittsfield, Mass.
- "The Torch"—Billerica, Mass.
- "The Index"—Haverford, Penn.
- "The Clark Monthly"—Worcester, Mass.
- "School Life"—Melrose, Mass.
- "The Aegis"—Beverly, Mass.
- "The Gleam"—Cincinnati, Ohio.
- "Bostonian"—Boston, Mass.
- "The Voice"—Concord, Mass.
- "The Racquet"—Portland, Mass.
- "The Alpha"—New Bedford, Mass.
- "The Tripod"—Roxbury, Mass.
- "The Recorder"—Winchester, Mass.

## Comments

"X-ray"—Yours is a very well-arranged paper with plenty of good jokes. A larger Exchange department would be of great value to your paper. "School-in-brief" tells us that you have many good times. Let us suggest that you improve your Literary Department. Your ads are neatly arranged. More and longer editorials would add much.

"The Lion"—You are a little fellow with a whole lot to say. We greatly admire you. Your editorials are good. We like the way in which you scatter pokes throughout the paper. Couldn't you arrange your "ads" in a better fashion?

"The Rensselaer"—Hello, stranger! We are glad

to find you with us once again. You have many good qualities and indeed deserve great praise.

"The Custodian"—We receive a great many exchanges, but we always look for you because you bring with you news from everywhere. Your article entitled "Elevate the Position" deserves a great deal of praise and should be read by all school children.

"The Purple Parrot"—Your exchange department is complete. Good work! Your material is presented in an interesting and pleasing manner. We notice that you have many debates. These are indeed educational. A good school spirit is prevalent throughout your paper.

"Litchfield High News"—Permit us to urge you to enlarge your Exchange Department, comment on more of your Exchanges. "Laugh-O-Grams" is a new and novel way to head your jokes. Your article headed "Be Loyal" may be applied to any event, at any time. We liked it. "Student Opinions" is a fine way to present your material on School papers. Let us suggest that you add Class Notes.

"Midget Messenger"—Your "School Notes" are very interesting. "The Senior Class History" was very amusing, as it is true concerning any graduating class. The Junior Class "Ad" was clever. Your jokes are fine; "Humor" contains many bright and snappy ones. We are pleased to compliment you on your Literary Department. Why don't you comment on more of your exchanges?

"Lewis and Clarke Journal"—We appreciate the explanation of your Exchange Policy. A good way to recognize your Exchanges is to make a list of those received. Your editorials are so good that we wish they were longer and there were more of them. From your paper we have gathered the idea that you are an up-to-date school with plenty of school spirit.

"The Arsenal Canon"—You are a newsy little paper that is always welcome. From "The Race is Over" we have decided that the "Hottentot" was a tremendous success. Congratulations! We do not flatter you when we say you are one of our very best exchanges.

"The Burdett Lion"—We are glad to add you to our list of exchanges. Let us say that some comment on your Exchanges would greatly improve you. Why not introduce an Alumni Department?

"The Eltrurian"—Welcome, Newcomer! We are always pleased to add Exchanges. The article "An Embarrassing Moment" surely was true to its name. We extend our sympathy to those whom it may concern. We liked the editorial asking the pupils to patronize the advertisers. Your reasons for having an Exchange Department are exceptionally good. "Fire Prevention" brings out the point very well.

"The Headlight"—You are the very best paper we receive. Your editorials are unusually fine. "The Bookery" deserves much praise, which we extend to



you. You have an excellent Litterary Department. All of your departments are large and well written and the proportion of each is just right. "Books Recently Added to the School Library" is a new and extremely good idea. Come again.

"The Skirmisher"—A paper that holds the reader's interest throughout. A few more editorials would be a great improvement to you. Your cuts are rare but very clever.

"The Torch"—Your paper is well proportioned and very interesting all the way through. A few pictures and more jokes would add to its interest.

"The Clark Monthly"—Your editorials ought to arouse school spirit, for they are good. Your stories are indeed interesting. Why not brighten your paper with a few jokes.

"The Index"—We suggest that you comment on some of your exchanges. We greatly enjoyed your stories and exceedingly good jokes.

"The Pilgrim"—We profit greatly by our Exchange Department. Why don't you introduce one into your magazine? Your alumni notes are very good.

"The Record"—Yours is a very clever and interesting paper. Your editorials are fine and your jokes are very humorous. "To him who tries" is a praise-worthy article.

"The Recorder"—Your short stories and jokes are particularly good. We would suggest that your alumni notes be put into one department instead of on two different pages. We are patiently awaiting your next issue.

"The Student"—We think your magazine is very well balanced and has good stories. Your jokes are also very good. We suggest that you add an alumni department. As usual we must comment on your cuts, they are so very clever.

"Emerson College News"—We are delighted to have such a "well-worth-while"—paper among our exchanges. Your material is very well arranged.

## As Others See Us

"The Reflector"—Your editorials show deep thought. Couldn't your advertisements be arranged so that they wouldn't run together with the literature? Your class notes are lively. The cover design could be more attractive.—"The Headlight," Marblehead.

"The Reflector"—We have nothing but praise for the editorials, exchange section, and class notes of your last number. We are glad to see that it contains your first stories. A few more would greatly improve your magazine.

"The Reflector"—Woburn, High. You have an exceptionally good paper. We like your page of poetry and your class notes. You might improve by having a few more stories.

## What Other Schools Are Doing

As the Senior Play is still fresh in our minds, it is interesting to note that Medford High also presented "Turn to the Right".

The pupils of Indianapolis Tech. High presented the "Hottentot." They recently listened to a lecture given by a converted gypsy.

The half-year graduation is taking place this week at Spokane, Washington.

The "Bookery" and "Books Recently added to the School Library" are two good departments in the "Headlight" from Marblehead High.

"Life," a poem written by Stephen Fagg '23 and published in the "Reflector" was reprinted in the "Lion" La Grange, Ill.

## Who Is Your Spring Hat?

Not what is your hat, but who? The label of the man who makes it determines how well it is made. M a l l o r y on your Spring Hat warrants everything that's in it —finest felt, most gifted handiwork, latest style, newest colors, longest wear, fullest money's worth.

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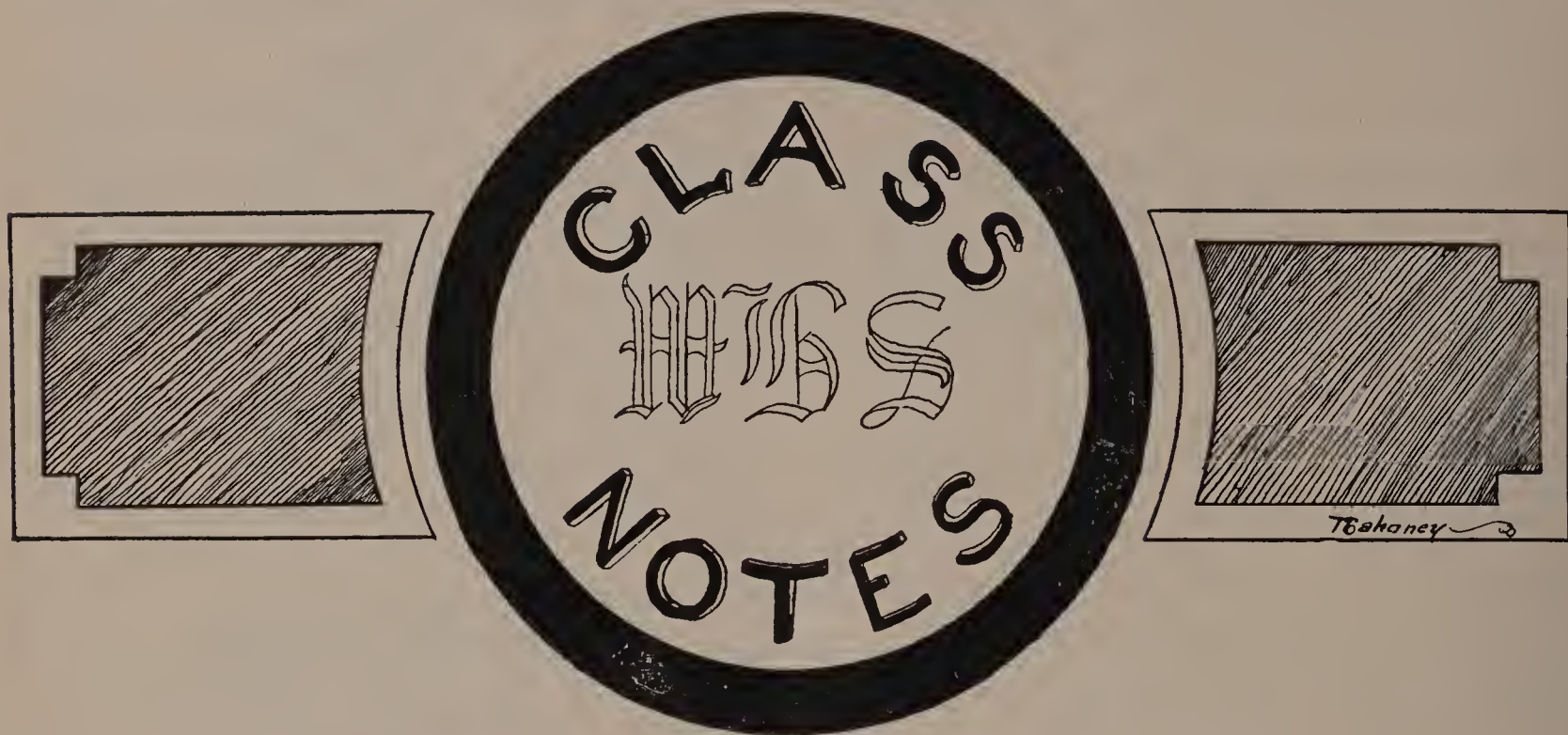
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## 1924

Redmond Walsh ranked among the three highest of those who took examinations for West Point. Walsh may go there when he has finished his course in Woburn High.

Ruth Wheaton received honorable mention for the story which she submitted in the Traveler Short Story Contest. She also competed in the Edison Contest. We appreciate these efforts to win fame for our class and our school.

The winners in the Edison Educational Contest, George Skenderian and Norman Provest, are both Seniors.

Senior College English classes have been studying poetry. Now they have begun writing poems themselves. A few appear in this "Reflector."

The following Seniors are on the Honor List for November-December term: Catherine E. Burnier, George E. Cain, Emeline A. Delaney, Evelyn G. Dickinson, Margaret M. Golden, Joseph Skenderian, Edith E. Towle, Ruth K. Wheaton.

The pupils of Room 16 are improving in penmanship as a result of writing in so many autograph albums.

Experiment—Try walking on your hands.

Experimentor—Dot Ellery.

Result—No lessons (written ones) for Dot.

We're all going to try it.

Miss White—I can't continue while Harney is talking to an underclassman.

Harney—I wasn't talking.

Miss White—You mean you weren't saying anything.

Dot Ellery—Aren't we going to recite "If" today?

Miss White—I haven't forgotten it.

Skenderian—But we have.

Miss White—What do you think, is the "light" that failed?

Bright Student—A book.

Room 16 is some room! If you don't believe us, ask John Pratt.

## 1925

The following Juniors are on the Honor List for the November-December term: Virginia, Corbin, Marion L. Davis, Elcanor B. Fowle, Irene M. May, Jennie F. Narkiewich, Myrtle F. Park, Hazel M. Percy, Albert J. Plummer.

Fred McHugh and Jennie Narkiewich took part in the Traveler Short Story Contest.

Miss Hall wishes that the school would provide megaphones for the Latin students. The only time they don't need them is at recess.

We wonder how it happens that whenever Neilson is called on to translate French, he always says that is as far as he went.

Juniors are rather broad in their statements. The other day Miss Hall asked Fuller where he had seen the word *pario* before. "In Cicero," replies Fuller.

There is a new addition to the faculty of Woburn High. Frances Park taught Junior Latin the other day.

Miss Wolfendale—Palmer's "Self Cultivation in English" is to be read outside.

Lynch—I'm not going to read it outside. I'm going to read in the house.

George Lynch is thinking seriously of trying breathing exercises to develop his voice.

Frances Park teaching Latin: "Does anyone know what is the difference between gens, natio, populus, civitas, and res publica?" No answer. "Neither do I," says Frances.

The boys in Room 20 believe in lots of fresh air. The windows in Room 11 are opened as soon as they arrive.

Anybody wishing a pencil, apply to Libby Mack, Room 20. She has an endless store of them.

Lieberman is a good authority on last minute oral themes.

Freddie wishes to know if they manufacture sardines on the Island of Sardinia.

Does anyone know why Peg and Eben don't take the French paper together?

1926

The following Sophomores are on the Honor List for the November-December term: Mabel T. Allen, George A. Chaffee, William N. McMorrow, Ida V. Nielson.

William McMorrow submitted a story to the Traveler Short Story contest. He was the only Sophomore who tried in this contest. Wet hank you, McMorrow, for saving the reputation of the class of '26.

We Sophomores have some artist in our class, as you may see if you will turn to the Senior Play cartoons which Doris Cummings drew. Are you the one who will design the cover for our Senior Number. Doris?

Has the Sophomore Class gone to sleep? Where are the stories, essays, poems, and personal notes you should be continually writing for the Reflector? It cannot be your paper unless you do something to help make it yours.

1927

On January the eighteenth from three to five o'clock the Freshmen held an entertainment, for freshmen only, in the Assembly Hall. The plan originated with the pupils of Room A1 who carried it out for the purpose of bringing the Freshmen together socially. Pupils of all divisions took part in a program varied with piano, violin, and vocal solos and duets. Several games were played followed by dancing.

The Freshman girls take this opportunity to extend their united thanks to Miss Kearns. We appreciate the time, trouble, and effort that she has given in behalf of our Appreciation of Music class. Through her we are gradually becoming acquainted with the very best musical compositions, their composers, the stories of the operas, and various types of musical instruments.

Room 2 is proud of the fact that they have subscribed one hundred percent in everything this year.



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Is Dot full of Ayer?  
 Is Norman Peter's sons?  
 Is Joe anyone's Meagher?  
 Does Turk live in a Harcastle?  
 Does Waldo enjoy climbing a Hill?  
 Where's Georgie's Cain?  
 Does Edith visit a Temple?  
 How often does Edith Dodge?  
 Does Ekedker ever Begg?  
 Does Olive live in the Woods?  
 Doesn't Roberta behave Lovely?  
 Could Priscilla Sawyer?

One day a proud mother was telling her neighbor how smart her little son was, in learning French and Algebra. As Johnnie came into the yard she said, “Johnnie, say ‘Good morning’ to the lady in Algebra.”

ALGEBRA

With squares and binomicals,  
 All mixed in a jumble,  
 And cubes and trinomials  
 No wonder we grumble.  
 Also Principle six  
 There's two and eight we just hate  
 As different as two sticks.

“Ma can I go out to play?”  
 “What, Willie! with those holes in your trousers?”  
 Naw, with the kids across the street.”

He—“Well, I guess I'll kiss you good-bye until tomorrow.”  
 She—“No, George, I couldn't hold my breath that long, and besides I must go inside in ten minutes.”

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# LIVES OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN—BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF EACH

Name	Occupation	Noted for	Slogan
Helen Card	Hairdresser	Her bashfulness	"Be on time."
Mary McKenzie	Opera Singer	Her good nature	"Aw, what's the use."
Eben Blake	Runner	His red cheeks	"Be smart."
Lauris Sargent	Comedian	His smile	"Don't whisper."
Louise Woodman	French Teacher	Her brains	"Just Study."
Helen Cummings	Hockey Coach	Her bright sayings	"Don't hurry."
Albert Brown	Santa Claus	His leather jacket	"Laugh and Grow fat."
Walter Scott	Author	Burning himself	"Water! Water!"
Elizabeth Mack	Girl Scout Leader	Her dignity	"Don't act silly."
Marjorie Chandler	Dressmaker	Her sweet way	"Ask Peg."
Arthur King	Salesman	His wavy hair	"Use Rouge."
Campbell Swift	Storekeeper	His swiftness	"Try and do it."
Hazel Percy	Singer	Her smartness	"Be kind."
Frances Park	Latin Teacher	Her bright thoughts	"Learn your lessons."
Marshall Skelton	Farmer	His voice	"Bad weeds grow fast."
Edwin Langille	Tailor	His plaid suit	"Smile for the lady."
Virginia Corbin	Nurse	Her clean sneakers	"Love me a little."
Eleanor Fowle	Algebra Teacher	Her ability	"Get them from Edwin."
Leo Lieberman	Lawyer	His voice	"Act right."
Joseph Woods	Speaker	His freckles	"Teach me to dance."
Alice Walsh	Gym Teacher	Her hair cut	"Be careful"
Marguerite Chandler	History Teacher	Her sweet ways	"Drop Algebra"
Arthur Turgiss	Conductor	His shyness	"Don't bother me"
Albert Plummer	Plumber	His walk	"Stand up straight"
Ruth Fowle	Telephone Operator	Her neatness	"Number please?"
Celia Craft	Spanish Dancer	Her ties	"Never fall in love"
George Lynch	Fireman	His promptness	"Don't be late"
Arthur Fuller	Football Manager	His scarf	"Keep to the right"
Ruth Hoye	Milliner	Her kindness	"Where's Mary?"
Elbridge Belden	Paper Boy	His devotion to his lady-love	"True love never runs smooth"
Bancroft Stephenson	Orator	His haircomb	"Use Slickum"
Warren ("Cutie") Noyes	Artist	His height	"Do it yourself"
Robert Lundholm	Doctor	His quietness	"Don't talk loud"
Chester Brown	Actor	His looks	"Let Fat do it"
Harold Burnes	Janitor	His pencil sharpening	"Live on love"

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**As Mr. Walker Would Like to Have It Done, the 4th Period Tuesday**  
 Heels blistered on the ground.  
 Toes pointing outward at an angle of 45 degrees Fahrenheit. The recruit will discover that his army shoes are six sizes too large. This is for emergencies. In case of surprise attack, he will be able to retreat six or seven sizes without deserting his post.

Knees straight, with dimples horizontal.  
 Hips spread out equally on both sides with no Hawaiian flourishes. Remember there are no ukuleles in the band.  
 Weight of the body and its contents distributed over your own feet.  
 Chest inflated like stock in a 50 proof medicine.  
 Tails erect; pull in your chin till you look like Andy Gump.  
 Ears must be kept within ranks

and as close together as formation of the man permits. Give your ears squads right for every facing movement and close formation for the manual.  
 Arms laughing with thumbs folded neatly into the money pockets of the man on your flank.  
 When properly executed this position is normal and the soldier is as comfortable as an ant on a hot griddle.  
 ----Bad-ta Worse.  
 Bard of Company C.

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## Youth and Years

Yesterday, or the day before, a man at fifty was old, and a woman at forty was in the grandmother class. But today a man of fifty is just getting started, while a woman of forty is but a step or two removed from the flapper age.

Why, the oldest active banker is a hundred and two, and "the richest man in the world" enjoys a game of golf at eighty-four.

We are learning how to live instead of learning how to die. And the secret of a long life and a happy one is perfect sanitation.

And what does perfect sanitation mean. It means perfect plumbing in the home, perfect sewers out of the home, all waste carried away, pure water to drink and to bathe in.

Those who drink plenty of pure water every day and who bathe every day are pretty free from disease. To be free from disease is to be healthy, and to be healthy is to live long.

Look to your plumbing. Have only the best. It is the surest assurance of a long life.

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### It Was a Great Game

The game opened with Molasses at the stick and Small Pox catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn on first base and Fiddle on second, backed by Corn in in the field, made it hot for umpire Apple who was rotten. Axe came to bat and chopped. Cigar let Brick walk and Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Cigar went out and Balloon started to pitch, but went straight up. The Cherry tried it out

but was wild. Old Ice kept cool during the game until he got hit by a pitched ball, then you ought to have heard Ice cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground in the field and the crowd cheered when Spider caught the fly. Bread loafed on third and pumped Organ who played fast and put Light out. In the fifth inning Wind began to blow about what he could do. Hammer began to knock and Trees began to leave. The way they roasted Peanuts was a fright.

Knife was put out for cutting first base. Lightning finished pitching the game and struck out three times. In the ninth, Apple told Fiddle to take his base. Oats was shocked, then Song made another hit. Trombone made a slide and Meat was put on the plate. Crook was caught stealing base, ending the game. There was plenty of betting on the contest, but Soap cleaned up. The score was "1-0". Doorsaid if he had pitched he would have shut them out.

G. D. M. '26

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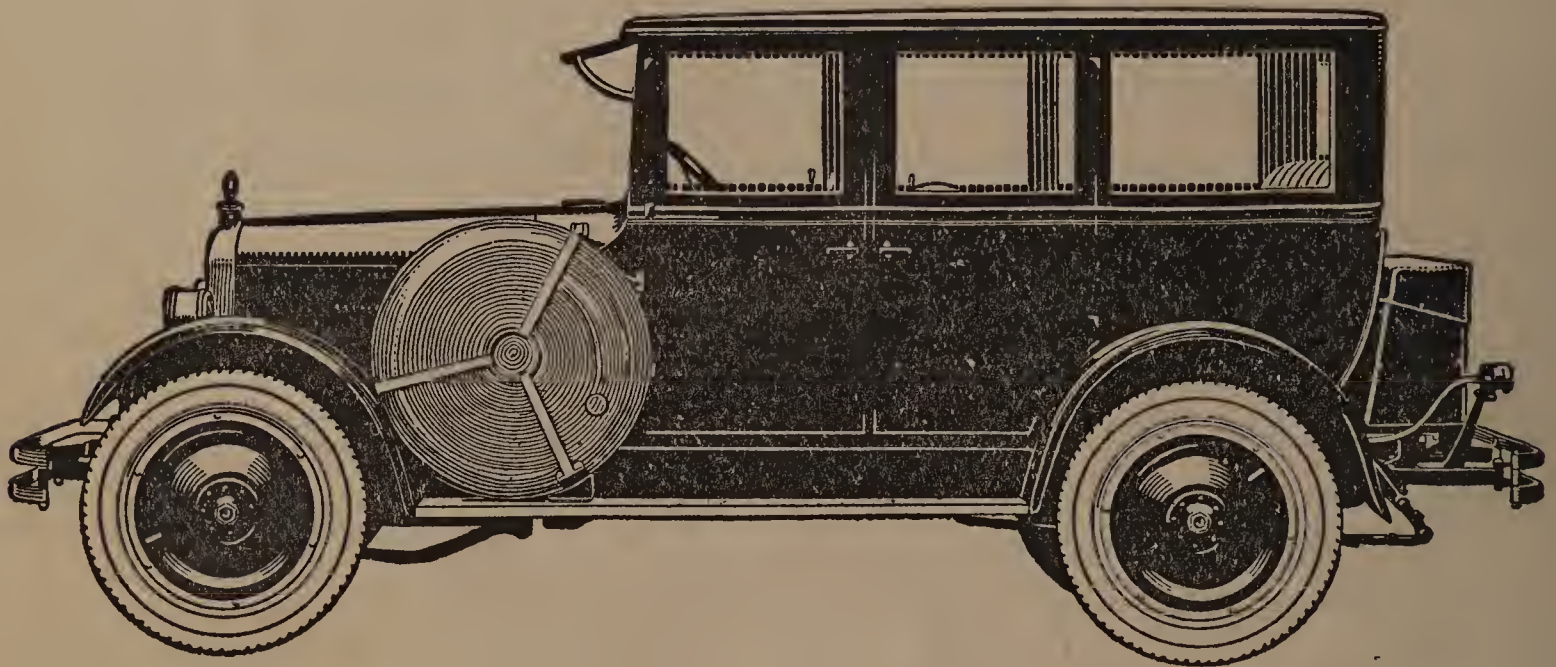
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