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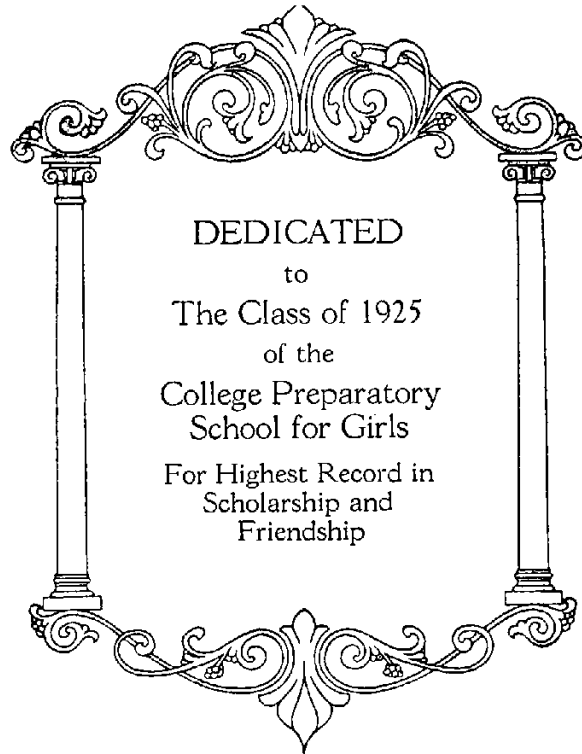
THE COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

CINCINNATI, OHIO

THE 1922 ANNUAL



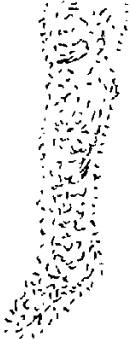
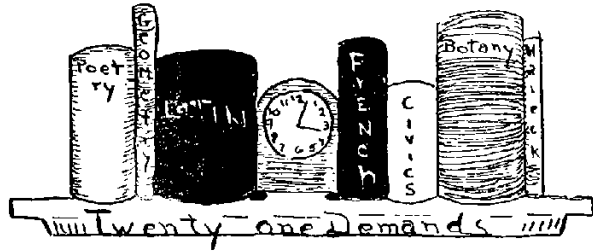
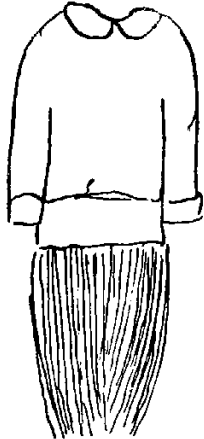
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OF THE SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, 1922



DEDICATED
to
The Class of 1925
of the
College Preparatory
School for Girls
For Highest Record in
Scholarship and
Friendship



THE FACULTY



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

MRS. MARY ALEXANDER
Drawing, History of Art

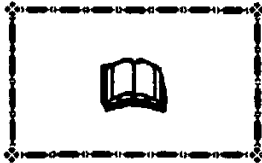
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MISS HELEN FRASER, B. A.
History, Civics

MISS HELEN HOWELL
Primary Department

MISS JEAN HOWELL, B. A.
English Literature





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Topics in Brief





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CLARISSA DANA
MARGARET FISK
NATALIE GATES
CLARA FAY IRVING
DOROTHY MAY KIDD

WINNIFRED KING
HELEN LUNKEN
ANNE MURDOCK
SARAH NICHOLS
JULIA STRIDER
AGNES TIETIG
ELSIE WARRINGTON

KATHERINE WULSIN



PRIMARY III

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CHARLINE BRENEMAN
DOROTHY HILLS
HELEN HUTCHINSON
GAY JONES
ANNE KIRKPATRICK
ADELAIDE KRUSE

FRANCES LAMSON
PATRICIA POGUE
PEGGY POGUE
ELIZABETH PUGH
MARGARET RAPP
YEOLAND SCHNEIDER
KATE SHINKLE

VIRGINIA LEE



PRIMARY II

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NANCY BRIGGS

BETTY BURLINGHAM

MARTHA BUSBY

BETTY SUE FRANK

MARY N. GOBLE

HELEN HALSEY

MARIE LOUISE HULBERT

SUSANNAH LEYMAN

BETTY McBRIDE

LUCILE McCLURE

OLIVE MILLS

DOROTHY PAPE

JEAN PRICE

CLARISSA PRICE

JANET ROSS

MARGARET ROWE

JANE STOKES

JEAN SUTPHIN

MARGO TAFT

LeFREDA VANDERBILT

JANET WHITTAKER



PRIMARY I

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MARY LOUISE KOEHLER.....*President*

HELEN BOSWELL

THELMA EDWARDS

JEAN GALBRAITH

ANN HAYDOCK

FRANCES KINNEY

MARY KLINE

MARY LOUISE KOEHLER

ELEANOR LEE

EVANGELINE LUHRMAN

KATHERINE MATTMAN

BETTY NICHOLS

VIRGINIA POGUE

MONTE RICHARDSON

MARY SCHAEFER

HERBERTA STONE

BETTY WOHLGEMUTH

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE PRIMARIES

CONVOCATION

Convocation is a very important day. We all get in a line. And we all try to find a partner. We go to gymnasium and get buttons. Miss Doherty reads out the names of girls that get the honor buttons. The gymnasium is the biggest room in the whole school, that is the reason why we have convocation in the gym. We say our prayer first of all.

MARGARET RAPP, *Primary III.*

THE WIND

The wind blew our roof off from our house. When the wind is funny it blows peoples hats off of their heads. It plays with the boys and girls. It sings and blows like a fairy. It blows the leaves off of the trees. When it goes through the trees it sings a song a pretty song.

WINNIFRED KING, *Primary IV.*

CONVOCATION

Convocation is a enormous day. The whole school comes in the gymnasium. Then Miss Doherty comes in. First we say the Lords prayer. Then she talks about things. Then we get our honor buttons. The gymnasium is the largest room in the school and the highest room in the school. All the girls come that day.

DOROTHY HILLS, *Primary III.*

EPIMETHEUS AND PANDORA

(Done into the modern by Kate Davis Shinkle)

Epimetheus was a little boy. He lived long ago when the world was new. He had a little house. he had a little playmate. Her name was Pandora. He had a box. Pandora wanted to open it. but Epimetheus did not want her to open it. But one Day the boy was away. Then she opened it Out came bees. Then Epimetheus came in. Then they both got stang. Some one said let me out. let me out.

Primary III.

THE GREATNESS OF PARENTS

Mr. Warrington is a Big man
Mr. Warrington is a fat man
Mr. Warrington does not eat much.
Mrs. Warrington likes me.
Mrs. Warrington goes to The exchang
Mrs. Warrington is a Big mother.

ELSIE WARRINGTON, *Primary IV.*

MY CANARY

My Canary thinks lunch time is time to go to sleep. My Canary thinks supper time is time to sing. My Canary name is Bobby Burns. He has a swing in his cage. My little sister stichs her finger in his cage he pechs her finger. She laughs at that. She is only two years old. Bobby Burns sleeps in his swing.

ELIZABETH PUGH, *Primary III.*

BABIES

Babies are not like big people. They are cute and cry lots of times. Babies sleep, and eat and laugh at times. We have a baby. The baby across the street is like a balloon. She is real real fat. She is six months old and weighs 21 pounds. Our baby is little. Daddy said she was big.

PEGGY POGUE, *Primary III.*

MY RABBIT

Agnes Dorothy and myself used to have a rabbit. It was mostly mine because I found it. It was a brown and white one. And the minute he saw me he was tame right away. I always fed him. But one day I took him to his lunch and he died. How sad we all were. But Agnes Dorothy and myself dug a grave for it. Then we put him in it. We put flowers on his grave. Then we put a lot of other things on it. They also were very pretty. Then we went to the house. That was the life of my rabbit.

ANNE KIRKPATRICK, *Primary III.*

VERS LIBRE

The wind is a strange creature
he likes to play with the nuts.
he plays with the leaves.
he is a good wind
he blows the apples
he blows our hats
do you like the wind?

JEAN MURDOCH, *Primary IV.*

THE FUNNIEST ANIMAL I EVER SAW

Have you Ever seen a Monkey. I have, do you know what I saw Her doing I saw her spanking Her little baby Monkey. and I also saw a Monkey getting Dressed. the men put shoes on him and even put suits on him Monkeys you no live in cages they are so funny.

HELEN JEANETTE LUNKEN, *Primary IV.*

THE KEWPIE

There is a little kewpie
That came to our house to stay
But the thing I don't like about her
She never wants to play.
She is all dressed up in yellow,
With a little yellow hat

She has fur all bound around her,
Just exactly like a cat.
My sister keeps her in a box
And when I look at her
She doesn't look like a kewpie
But just a bunch of fur.

ELEANOR LEE, *Primary I.*

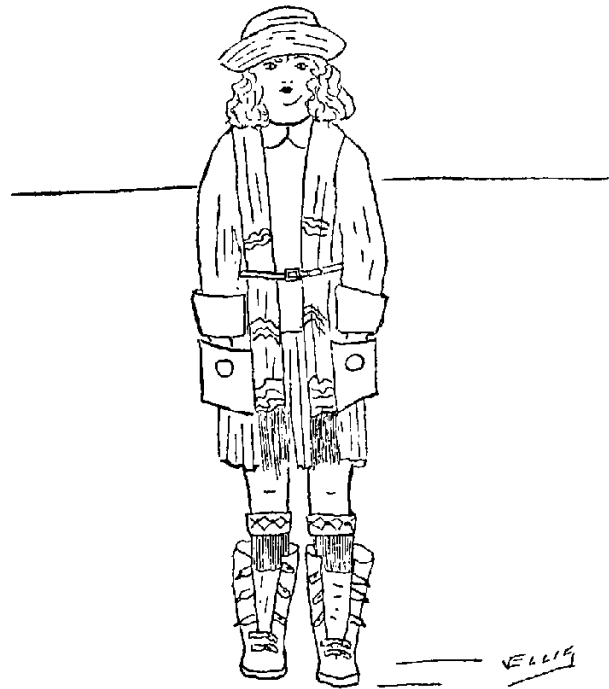
THE SON OF THE PRINCE

The Prince he rode for his Lady Fair
With rosy cheeks and golden hair
She ran out to meet him and cried for joy
And so they were married and had a little boy
The Prince grew up strong and brave
And went through the kingdom killing every wicked knave
He went to his father to get a consent
To ride through the forest dark and dense
The Queen was proud of her big fine boy
And turned her sorrow into joy.
The Queen she locked herself up in a high tower
The people thought she had lost all her power
Once day the prince came riding home
For he longed for the castle with the golden dome
And everybody turned their sorrow into joy
For they all loved the Prince as the Queen did her boy.

ANNE HAYDOCK, *Primary I.*

The Flapper Bloc

Intermediates





INTERMEDIATE IV

MISS COTTERAL.....	<i>Class Councilor</i>
FLEWELLYN McCAW.....	<i>President</i>
IRENE STEWART.....	<i>Vice-President</i>

Class Colors—Green and White

HELEN BRAGDON	FLEWELLYN McCAW
BETTY BROWN	LETITIA MATTHEWS
ETHEL BURLINGHAM	MINA LOUISE MERRELL
MARJORIE LEE COLLINS	ADELE NOYES
ELIZABETH DOUGLAS	IOLA OSMOND
ELEANOR EDWARDS	VIRGINIA RAMSEY
PAULINE ESSELBORN	MARY ANN RICHARDS
JOYCE FERRIS	GRACE ROWE
ELAINE FLACH	LOUISE SCHAEFER
JANET FLACH	CLARINDA STEPHENSON
MURIEL GATES	IRENE STEWART
JOSEPHINE GRAY	ELSA VON STEINWEHR
BELLE CLAY HANCOCK	CAROLINE STILWELL
MARTHA IRVING	KATHERINE SUTPHIN
ELIZABETH KING	VIRGINIA WARRINGTON
DOROTHY KIRKPATRICK	VIRGINIA WRIGHT
ISABELLA LEE	ANNETTE WURLITZER



INTERMEDIATE III

PEGGY LEWIS.....	<i>President</i>
LIDA BELL.....	<i>Secretary</i>
BETTY ORR.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
ATHA HAYDOCK.....	<i>Editor in Chief of "Wee Three"</i>

Class Colors—Purple and Gold

MARJORIE ASHBROOK
LIDA BELL
BETTY BLACKBURN
MARTHA DeBUS
MARY C. GAMBLE
ATHA HAYDOCK
MARY KIRKPATRICK
MARY BELL KRIPPENDORF
ELIZABETH LEYMAN
JANE LEWIS .
PEGGY LEWIS

FLORENCE MATTHEWS
CAROLINE MAYNARD
CAROLYN MILLER
JANE MILNOR
ELIZABETH MORRILL
BETTY ORR
FRANCES RICHARDS
FLORA SHANKS
MARJORIE SHIELDS
ELIZABETH STEWART
MARGARET WILEY

BERNICE WILLIAMS



INTERMEDIATE II

CHARLOTTE KIDD.....*President*
JOSEPHINE BRENEMAN.....*Vice-President*
VIRGINIA DAVIS.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

Class Colors—Gold and White

ELEANOR BALLANTYNE
FRANCES BRAGDON
JOSEPHINE BRENEMAN
JOSEPHINE CHURCH
MARGARET CONKLING
VIRGINIA DAVIS
MIRIAM DeWITT
ADELAIDE EDWARDS
CHARLOTTE GROOM
HELEN HUNTINGTON
CHLOA KEMPER
CHARLOTTE KIDD

AGNES KIRKPATRICK
ELISE KUPFERSCHMID
RUTH LeBLOND
SARAH LIPPINCOTT
ANNE McCORMICK
JANE PATTISON
HELEN PERKINS
ISABELLE RESOR
MARCELLE SERODINO
MARJORIE SMITH
KATHERINE TAFT
RACHEL WARRINGTON

ANNE CLIFFORD



INTERMEDIATE I

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HELEN L. TAYLOR.....*Vice-President*
FRANCES SUIRE.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

Class Colors—Red and White

ROSALIE BALLANTYNE
JANE BREESE
MARY ELIZABETH DeBUS
VIRGINIA DANSON
SOPHIA HELEN FISK
TOMASIA HANCOCK
JEAN HAMILTON
BETTY HILL
LUCINDA HUFFMAN
ELIZABETH L. HUNT
KARLINA KRIPPENDORF
EMILY LEA

BETTY LIVINGOOD
MARY A. METZ
RUTH MITCHELL
MARY JEAN PAPE
FRANCES RICHARDSON
MEDORA RICHARDSON
FRANCES SUIRE
HELEN L. TAYLOR
MARGARET TROTTER
JEAN WILKINSON
MARJORIE WRIGHT
CLARA L. ZINKE



“WHICH KING WAS GREATER”



INTERMEDIATE PRIZE STORY

IN the kingdom of King Andrew V and in the court of John III there was great confusion. They were having many disputes about which was the greater. It was the constant talk of the courts, and every day the two kings received messengers, telling them of some new wonder that had arrived at the other court, and how their riches had increased. Each boasted of his own wealth and told the other how he would outdo his rival. The ladies of the courts tried to surpass each other in dress, and much money and time was spent on this nonsense. Many a good knight's life was lost in fighting duels. Even the poor people joined in the fight. They fought like cats and dogs, and the whole country was in a great uproar.

Before these times had come there had been prosperity in both kingdoms, and they had been very friendly to one another. But in some way the evil rumor had circulated that King John wished to overthrow King Andrew; that he wanted to have more power and wealth. Now this was not in the least bit true, for King John was a wise and kind ruler. He did not wish to cause trouble, and the conspirator who said this should have been punished severely.

King John, upon hearing this, sent a message to King Andrew to explain this mistake. He even sent rare gifts to induce him to believe that he was not at fault. But King Andrew was quick-tempered and flew into a great rage upon hearing this. He did not even receive the messenger of the adjacent kingdom with courtesy. He sent back King John's gifts with this message:—"You cannot make me believe that you are innocent. I have not lived more than fifty years for nothing. But to prove to you that I am right, I will give a ball on the day and night of the next full moon. You will do the same. The one that has the grandest ball is the greater.

Your enemy,

King Andrew V."

When King John read this it grieved him much. It would be a foolish waste of money. So much good could be done with the silver that would be spent for this extravagance. He sent his messenger back to King Andrew, telling him his opinion. King Andrew laughed with scorn, saying that he was a coward and admitted already that his opponent was the greater. King John, seeing that nothing could persuade him that he was wrong, gave up hope. Some of his nobles finally persuaded him to contest with King Andrew and show him that he was mistaken.

The day arrived upon which the great ball was to be held. A neighboring king had volunteered to judge which was the greater. He was to go to King John's first and then to King Andrew's.

As he passed through the streets of King John's kingdom he noticed how well kept they were. They were clean and neat and this made a great impression on the judge. He noticed the lovely gardens of the poorer people as he passed along. Wonderful crops were growing on all sides, and lovely flower gardens and fresh green grass, helping greatly to improve appearances.

He thought, "What a wise and kind ruler this King John must be. How can he keep his kingdom so immaculate? How well his people must love him to keep his lands in such condition. This is indeed a good example for me. Oh! if only my lands looked like these! I would be the happiest man in the world."

As he went on he became even more pleased. He did not realize that his journey was ended when he came to the palace; he had been so interested.

He was received with the greatest courtesy, and the courtiers and lords and ladies, and even the servants, seemed happy and cheerful in serving the king at his beck and call. The judging king spent a most delightful hour with King John. When it was time to leave he told King John that he hoped he would not care if he sometime paid him another visit, and that he hoped he would come and visit his court. John accepted and his guest left.

The judge knew the minute he had left the dominions of King John. The roads were all rickety. Paper and dirt were strewn everywhere. He saw no lovely flower gardens, no wonderful crops. Everything looked as though it was never cared for. His high spirits fell as he saw dirty little urchins shuffling around in the street. It seemed ages before he reached the palace. Ah! it was altogether different from the

rest of the country. Large golden gates bearing the words, "The Emperor, Andrew V," were raised and his carriage passed under. The roads immediately became as smooth as glass. Magnificently carved stones formed lanes on each side of the road. But there was no grass. Even the king's private grounds were barren. The castle was very beautiful and had in it everything money could purchase. The ladies wore dresses of the most wonderful cloth. Their jewels were the best to be found. There was every kind of delicious food and an abundant supply of various kinds of wine. But the king that had come to judge was not taken into their fun. He was left to sit on one of the handsome chairs and watch. This continued for the rest of the night.

The next morning the king gave his decision. "Now," he said, "I was much impressed by your lands, King John. The condition of your country could not be better. It pleased me, indeed, to see the lovely flower gardens and hearty crops, and the clean, tidy children playing happily on the fresh green grass. Your ball and palace are not as wonderful as King Andrew's. When I came I was given a hearty welcome, and I can truthfully say I have spent a pleasant hour.

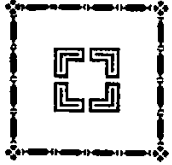
"To you, King Andrew, I have this to say. Your whole kingdom, with the exception of your immediate court, is poverty-stricken. You spend absolutely all of your wealth for yourself. I must say, the inside of your court is very beautiful, and it shows that a great deal of money has been spent on it. But you are not respected by your subjects as is King John. You do not do for them as you should. They give their well-earned money and live in the poorest of dwellings so that you may have wealth to your heart's content. I have learned much from you. I think King John is much the greater king."

John was glad he had spent the greater part of his wealth to beautify his kingdom and increase the happiness of his people. He felt that he had been well rewarded and it filled him with joy. His desire grew greater to work for his people and the kingdom became more contented every day.

As for Andrew, he bore his misfortune as well as he could. He tried, it is true, to mend his ways, but his heart was selfish and his best efforts were evidently the result of a wish for popularity and not really, for the good of his people.

Which king was greater?

RUTH MITCHELL, *Intermediate I.*



THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE HILL

Dedicated to Suzan Ricker Knox



INTERMEDIATE PRIZE POEM

Mossy logs of pine the steps are,
Hidden in the grassy pathway,
Winding through the verdant foliage,
To the quaint porch of the cottage,
To the weather beaten portal.

On the right a sturdy pillar,
Stands beside the steps of pinewood,
And three walls of weathered shingle
Form this shady little porch nook,
With a low pine rail to front it.

There a bowl of alabaster,
Shines within a verdant background,
And one perfect cobweb glistens,
Like the silver rays of morning,
Like the dew upon the meadow.

There a brilliant spider spinneth
Spinneth threads of purest silver,
He is king of his dominion,
He is king of all the spinners.

Here two turtle doves are sitting,
On a grey and antique porch chair,
Cooing, billing with each other,
Yet they are but painted figures.

Here the slanting sunbeam falleth,
On a jug from far off Mecca,
And beside it hangs a banner,
From the Empire of the Dragon.

In the corner by the banner,
Stands a stool of antique model,
O! the stories it could tell us!
O! the tales of our young nation!

In the cozy little parlor,
One may see a brown hair sofa,
And above it hangs a mirror,
That reflecteth like a picture,
All the furnishings and hangings.

And a casement fashioned quaintly,
Lets the slanting golden pathways,
Of the brilliant dancing sunbeams,
Fall into this little parlor.

Flashing on the gilt framed mirror,
Flashing on the braided carpets,
And upon an old pink pitcher,
Molded of the English lustre.

On one side is painted "coursing."
On the other side is "hunting."
And another lustre pitcher,
Bronze with brightest blue is banded.

On this band a spotted cow stands,
Twisted horns and queerly shapen,
Also on it is a Spaniel,
Ears grotesque and body puny.

Quaint glass cupids oddly tinted,
Shoes from Persia, pots from Venice,
Here a spinning wheel is standing,
Could Priscilla e'er have used it?

Ah, were dinner now a cooking,
In the black pot by the fireside,
Were the copper tea pot singing
Did the candles in the sconces,

Gleam and glimmer on the mantle,
Were the meat on spit a turning,
Browning by the blazing pine knots,
Then the picture would be perfect.

CHARLOTTE GROOM,
Intermediate II.



THE BROOK

Oh the brook sings a song,
Sings a song of springtime
"Send your boat astraying,
Send it down my rapids bold,
Send it through the ice and cold,"
But if it hits upon a reef,
It's wrecked, because the boat's a leaf.

THE LILIES

Oh, lily of the valley and Tiger lily.
Oh, lily of the valley with your bells all jingling
in the breeze;
Oh, tiger lily, how straight and tall you stand
with ease.
Swaying to and fro,
The bees hum their woe,
Where the lily of the valley and the tiger lily
grow.

CAROLINE STILWELL, *Intermediate IV.*

SPRING'S MESSENGER

A little girl so lonely and sad,
Sat wishing for spring to come;
She wished for the days that make us glad,
The days of the busy bee's hum.
She thought of the days of another year,
Of last year's happy spring,
When days were bright and skies were clear,
When flow'rs were out and birds did sing.
She had long to wait the calendar told,
And the clouds were heavy and gray,
The ground was hard, the winds were cold,
All signs that spring was far away.
"Cheer up, cheer up," what a joyous sound!
Who brings that message of good cheer?
"'Tis I," sang a robin hopping o'er the ground,
"I have come to tell you that spring is near."

ANNETTE WURLITZER, *Intermediate IV.*

OLD BISKRA

Old Biskra stands
In the desert sands
Beneath the desert sky
And the sands shall drift
And they'll change and shift
While the centuries go by.

The dancing girl
Will turn and whirl
With the swish of her silken sash
And her soft dark eyes
Like the eastern skies
In the silver moonlight flash.

And the sun shall rise
O'er the desert skies
While the day arrives at last
Still old Biskra stands
In the desert sands
While the centuries go past.

RACHEL WARRINGTON, *Intermediate II.*

NOT JUST A DOG

If you are sad, or cross, or blue,
He comes and just looks up at you,
And with his eyes he tries to cheer,
So you will like to have him near;
Yet strangely, people sometimes say,
"Oh, well, he's just a dog."

Or if you're feeling very gay,
His tail wags to you, "Come and play."
And while you're romping o'er the grass,
How fast the time does seem to pass;
And still you have heard people say,
"Oh, well, he's just a dog."

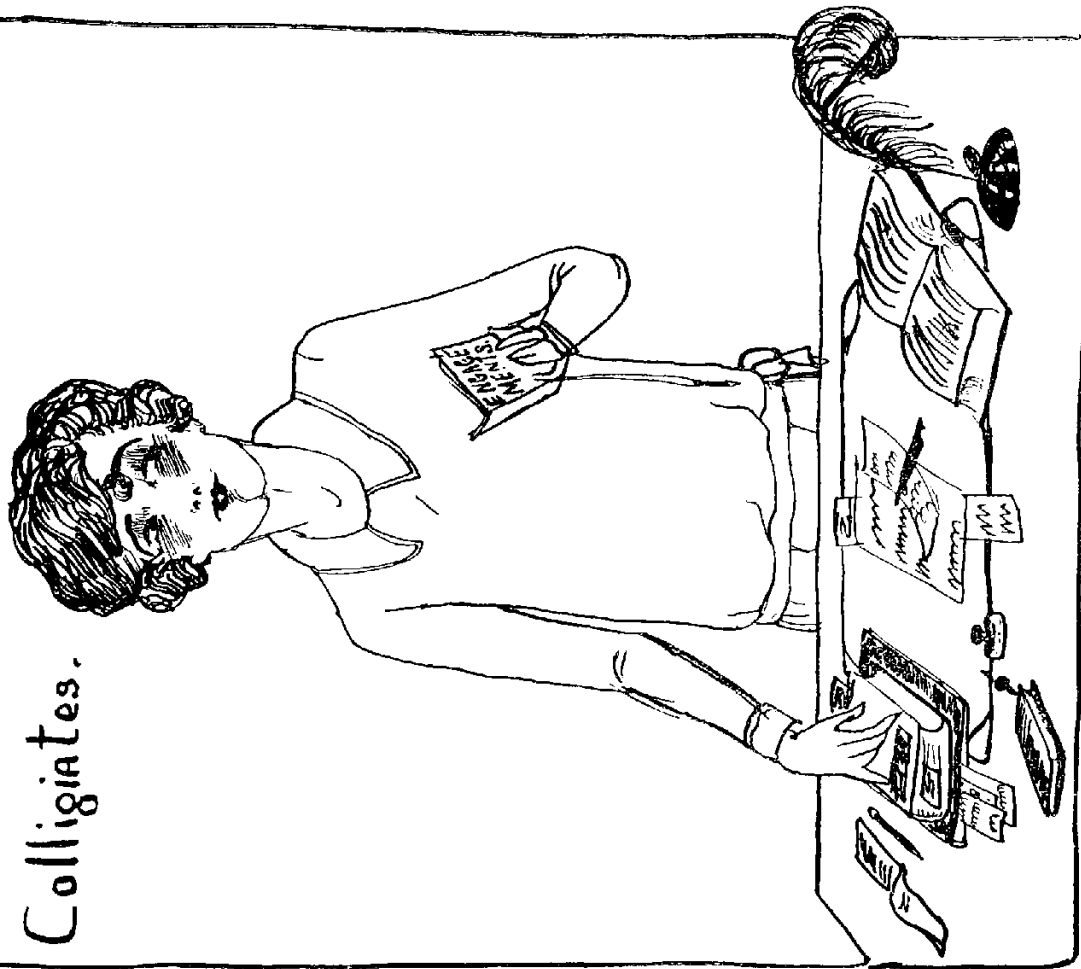
And then at night when it is dark,
The house he guards, and with his bark,
If there is danger gives alarm,
Protecting all of us from harm;
And yet some thoughtless people say:
"Oh, well, he's just a dog."

Not just a dog! no! a good friend!
Companion, playmate, to the end,
A comfort true, a guard is he,
Who faithful all his life will be;
So next time think before you say,
"Oh, well, he's just a dog."

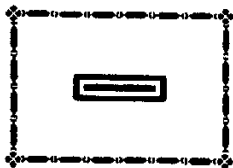
HELEN LOUISE TAYLOR, *Intermediate I.*

The Labor Question.

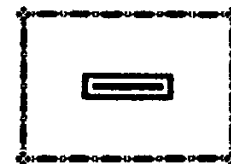
Colligates.







CLASS OF 1925
THE IRRECONCILABLES



CHRISTINE RAMSEY.....*President*
BETTY BRENEMAN.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
RACHEL HARTZELL.....*Athletic Manager*

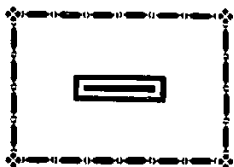
Class Colors—Blue and White

MARJORIE ALBERT
CORA ANDREWS
MARGARET ANDREWS
MARIAN BISHOP
NANCY BOSART
BETTY BRENEMAN
ELIZABETH CASSATT
MARGARET DENTON
VIRGINIA ESSELBORN
MARGARET FOSTER
MARJORIE GIBBONS
ELEANOR HAWLEY
RACHEL HARTZELL
ELIZABETH HAYDOCK
ISABEL HUNT
FRANCES HUNTINGTON
ISABEL JENNINGS

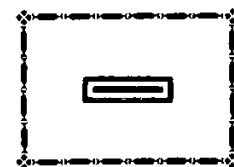
JANE JEWETT
ROBERTA JONES
KATHARINE KING
GRACE LEYMAN
LAURA LIPPINCOTT
CAROLINE MATTHEWS
KATHARINE MERKEL
RUSSELL POGUE
CHRISTINE RAMSEY
MARY ROBERTS
ALEXINA SATTLER
ROSEMARY SAWYER
JANE SCHWARTZ
ELIZABETH SMITH
MARJORIE STEVENSON
KATHARINE STREIT
LORNA STRUNZ

NATALIE WURLITZER





CLASS OF 1924
SOPH'MORE FREE STATE



MISS HOWELL.....*Class Councilor*
 HAZELHURST McCAW.....*President*
 ALICE MERRELL.....*Vice-President*
 MARY MILLS.....*Secretary*
 JOSEPHINE GALBRAITH.....*Treasurer*

Class Colors—Orange and Black

JANE ANDERSON
 SUSAN CONKLING
 AMELIA DUNHAM
 JOSEPHINE GALBRAITH
 DOROTHY HERRLINGER
 RUTH HIGLEY
 ANNE HINKLEY
 ALICE HOOD
 FRANCES HUNT
 ELSIE KIDD
 HAZELHURST McCAW
 JANE McKAY
 SARA MATTHEWS
 RUTH MEEHAN
 ALICE MERRELL

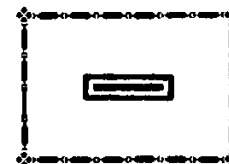
LOUIS JEAN MILLER
 MARIE MILLER
 MARY MILLS
 MARION MILNOR
 MARGARET MINOR
 MARTHA MITHOEFER
 LAVINIA POGUE
 MARY RESOR
 OLIVE ROHDE
 VIRGINIA ROHDE
 ESTHER SCHULTZ
 VIRGINIA STEPHENSON
 VIRGINIA VAN WINKLE
 IONE WAITE
 BETTY WHITEHOUSE

HARRIET WIGGERS





CLASS ♦ OF ♦ 1923
GETTING BACK TO NORMALCY



MISS HOWELL.....*Class Councilor*
MARIAN BURGER.....*President*
ELEANOR RAPP.....*Vice-President*
CHRISTINE CRIGLER.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

Class Colors—Blue and Red

MABLE BONIFIELD
MARIAN BURGER
CHRISTINE CRIGLER
MONICA GOEBEL
DORETTE KRUSE
MARY RANDOLPH MATTHEWS

MARY McP. MATTHEWS
VIRGINIA NEWSTEDT
ELEANOR RAPP
EVELYN SHEWMAN
VIRGINIA TODD
RUTH WILLIAMS

FROM
MANDATE
TO
SELF-DETERMINATION.



—VILLI.



VIRGINIA ELLIS

President of the Senior Class.
1922 Basket Ball Team.
Coach 1926 Basket Ball Team.

Misplaced Tonnage



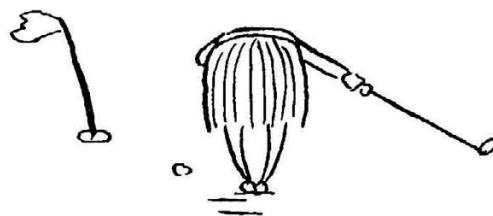
Virginia Ellis



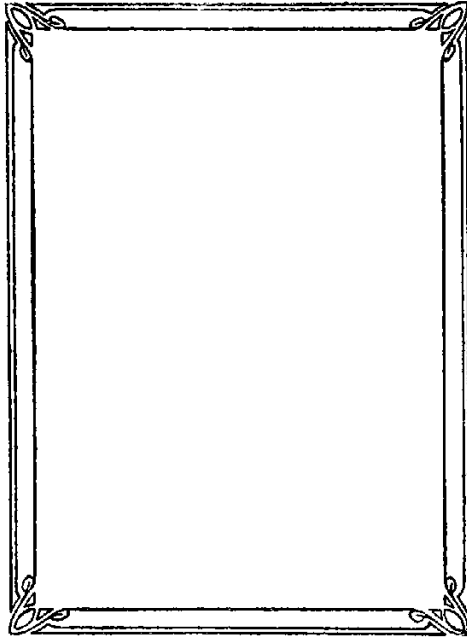
THYRA MARTIN

Vice President of the Senior Class.

Scrapping balls



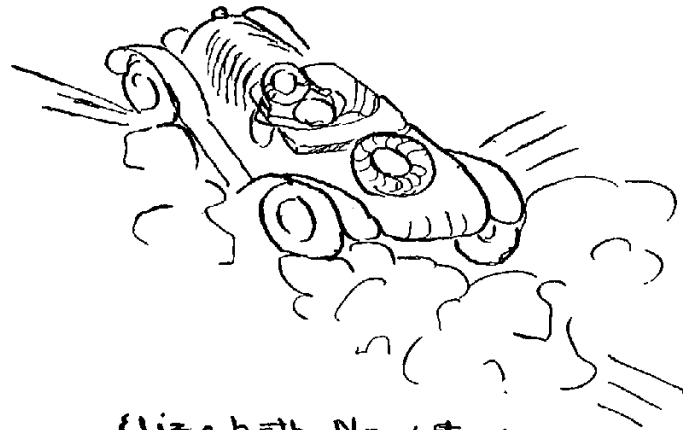
Thyra Martin



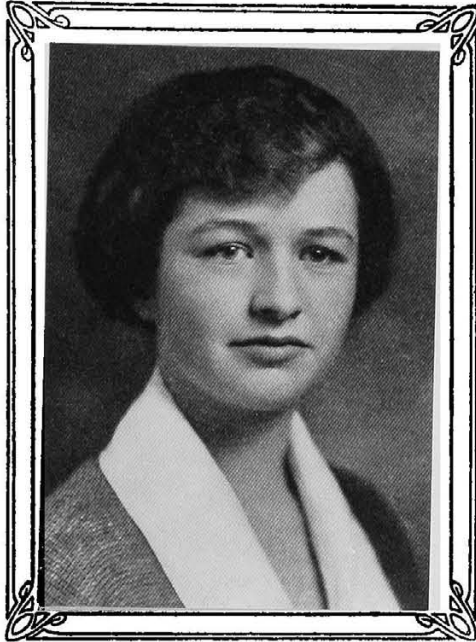
ELIZABETH NEWSTEDT

Secretary and Treasurer of the Senior Class.
1922 Basket Ball Team.

Poisonous Gas



Elizabeth Newstedt



PHYLLIS ALBERT

1922 Basket Ball Team.





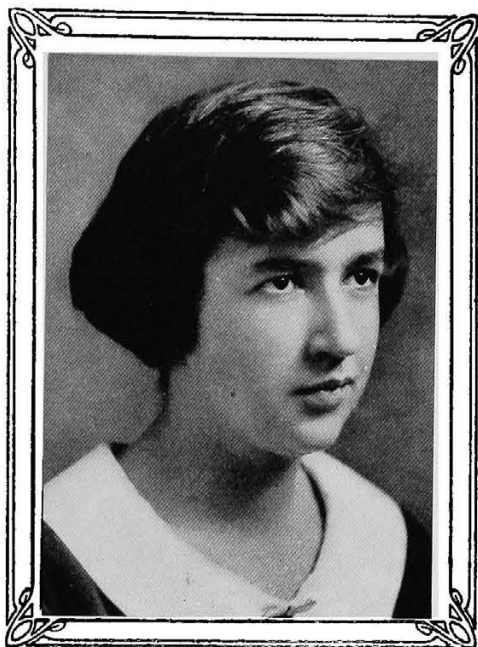
EMILY CHASE

Assistant Editor of "The Milestone."

Withdrawal of Forces

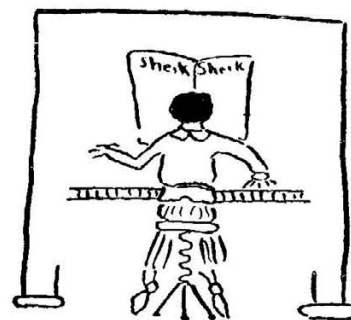


Emily Chase



MILDRED CADWALLADER

One Man Power



Mildred Cadwallader



DOROTHY EDWARDS

Business Manager of "The Milestone."
1922 Basket Ball Team.

Armament



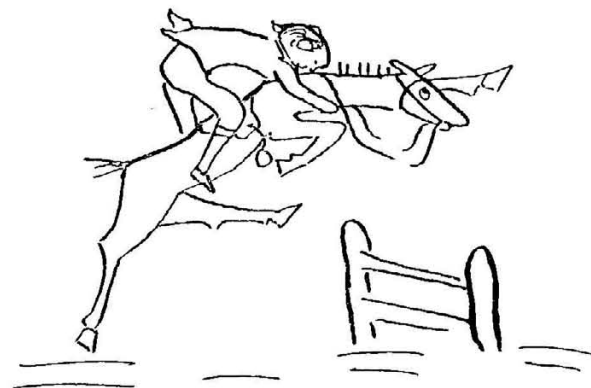
Dorothy Edwards



AGNES SATTLER

Art Editor of "The Milestone."
1922 Basket Ball Team.

Equine Holiday



Agnes Sattler



FRANCES WAITE

Editor-in-Chief of "The Milestone."
Captain of School Basket Ball Team.
Captain 1922 Basket Ball Team.
Coach 1927 Basket Ball Team.

Muscle Shoals



Frances Waite

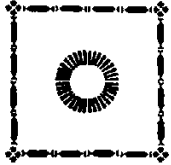


AMRAH WOODBURY

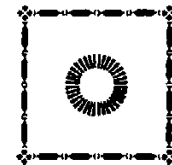
Limitation of Text.



Amrah Woodbury



THE ANNUAL BOARD



FRANCES WAITE, 1922.....*Editor-in-Chief*
 EMILY CHASE, 1922.....*Assistant Editor*
 DOROTHY EDWARDS, 1922.....*Business Manager*
 AGNES SATTLER, 1922.....*Art Editor*

THE STAFF

MARIAN BURGER, 1923	JANE McKAY, 1924
ELEANOR RAPP, 1923	IONE WAITE, 1924
CHRISTINE CRIGLER, 1923	FRANCES HUNTINGTON, 1925
MARY MILLS, 1924	BETTY BRENEMAN, 1925
ROBERTA JONES, 1925	



ADVISORY BOARD

MISS DOHERTY	MRS. LEE
MISS HOWELL	MRS. SAMPSON

The header features a decorative border composed of small squares and circles. In the center, the word "EDITORIAL" is written in a bold, serif, all-caps font. On either side of the word, there is a square frame containing a stylized floral or geometric design.

EVERY student and every graduate of the College Preparatory School, of Cincinnati, ought to feel justified pride in her Alma Mater. The ideal preparatory school must give a girl not only a firm foundation on which to base any further studies, but also a high conception of her duties for state and world betterment. With this ideal before her, Miss Doherty, in 1906, established her school for girls. She was a pioneer in this work in Cincinnati, for our city has not made especial progress in its ideas concerning woman's education. From this beginning the school has grown rapidly in size, and has retained also its high scholarship. It has moreover, advanced in recognition.

The high standing of the girls can be seen from their rating in the College Entrance Board Examinations. In the examinations of 1921, the following girls made 85, or above, and 85 is a high mark as its percentage shows. Of the Juniors taking the examinations, Ruth Chandler made 90 in Algebra, Dorothy Edwards 85 in English and 98 in Algebra, and Elizabeth Newstedt 92 in Algebra. Of the college Seniors, Virginia Dale made 86 in English, Eunice Resor 90 in English and Natalie Zuber 85 in Latin, 88 in English and 100 in Geometry.

This promise of good work is fulfilled in other lines as well as in College. Ellen Behrens, of the class of 1919, has finished a three-year course of Costume Design in two years. Further, in her own words, she has, "won a prize, actual money, on a theatrical sketch for Pomander Walk." At Vassar, Harriet Ramsey and Hannah Mallon, both of the class of 1919, are making good records. Hannah Mallon received A in all her mid-year examinations, an honor mark. Harriet Ramsey has won distinction as an actor, and played the leading role in "The Tragedy of Nan." Our girls at Smith have also made a distinguished record. Barbara McKay, of the class of 1918, is Editor-in-Chief of the "Smith Year Book." Virginia Hatfield, of the same year, is Business Manager of "The Smith College Monthly," and Jane Dinsmore has been awarded Phi Beta Kappa. Isabelle Fisk and Natalie Zuber uphold the high record at Wellesley. Natalie, of the class of 1921, received A in all her mid-year exams, and Isabelle Fisk, of the class of 1919, received the Durant Scholarship.

This example ought to incite the undergraduates to higher ambitions, and greater achievements. What then can not the school do and what laurels can it not win?

REVIEW OF THE CLASS OF 1923 IN FIFTEEN YEARS

COLLEGIATE PRIZE STORY

FINALLY the train pulled in. How sooty and grimy Henry and I were! Henry looked so bedraggled from the wear and tear of the long journey! Poor little man, he is so helpless! I don't know what would happen to him if I didn't arrange everything. It took me to steer him around to the baggage room and discover that one of my bags was gone, which seems a little queer to me because I had "Mrs. Henry Uneedmie" inscribed in large white letters on the side.

"Henry, wait until you can get hold of that baggageman, dear, and then have him search for the bag. In the meanwhile I shall go up town and meet you at Fourth and Race in twenty minutes. Now hurry, dear."

Arriving a day earlier than we had expected, I had had no chance to let our hostess know that we were here, so I and Henry decided to surprise our hostess, who was Mary McPherson Matthews, now Mrs. Benjamin Snodground. When I came to Fourth and Race I looked about me. How familiar all the stores looked. In deep interest I gazed about me. But why didn't Henry come? I gazed at the passing multitude. What beautiful hair that woman had coming toward me. Was it? Yes, it was Virginia Newstedt! I rushed from the side of the building and grasped Virginia's hand. We exchanged greetings and Virginia presented the little red headed Hassenpflugs who clung to her tenaciously. I don't believe I ever saw children who resembled their mother so much. Poor Virginia was worn out, and small wonder, for she had been trotting "all over" town trying to get ground gripper sandals for the children. Virginia did not look much older than when she married Hiram Hassenpflug. As we were talking I saw Eleanor Rapp go by, trim as ever. I "hoo hooded" to her, but she was so intent upon shifting the gears of her Buick, that she did not hear me. Two cars back of Eleanor's was a long natty roadster and in it I recognized Monica Goebel with an exceedingly handsome gentleman.

"Virginia, who is that stunning man with Monica, my dear? He looks like that cinema hero we raved about when young and foolish, Valentino was his name."

"That is her husband," Virginia replied. "Did you ever see such a devoted look as she is giving him now? They say she lives for him, and him alone. But Monica always was that emotional type. You

remember. Well, dear, I must be leaving, the children are getting restless. I will call you at Mary McPhersons, and we will get together before you leave. Goodbye."

After waiting half an hour, I was desperate and was about to set out for Mary McPherson's house without Henry, but who should come along but Mrs. Benjamin Snodground herself! We greeted each other rapturously and then Mary McPherson suggested that we go to her car, which was parked near. When we came to her Ford Touring Car it was nearly time for luncheon, so we decided to drive out to her new home. Above the rattling of the car and roaring of the engine, I shrieked to Mary McPherson, "Tell me about our old comrades."

"Well, to begin with," she replied, "Yesterday I went to the MacNutt Institute for brilliant children to see about putting my little Theodorie there, and I found Marian Burger teaching. She is having a brilliant career. She took the M. A., B. A. and P. H. D. degrees. I saw Critty Crigler last week. She is one of the main agitators for making Ft. Mitchell capital of Kentucky. Virginia Todd is Mrs. Aloysius McCubbin and she has the coziest little bungalow in Newport. Wednesday I went to one of a series of lectures given by Emily Chase. This one was a review of her latest novels, "Looloo Beet" and "How I Learned to Drive My Sister's Car." Ruth Williams is the famous popular concert singer and she plays the accompaniments to Ysaye's solos. Her talent is making her famous. And you remember Doris Jones, she has won renown by taking Tanlac. They say her future in the movies is unquestioned. But I want you to tell me what kind of a visit you had in New York with Ranie and Mable. But here we are, so tell me at lunch." At lunch I began about Ranie and Mable.

"I always wanted to taste New York life," I said, "especially Greenwich Village, but I don't think it would be good for Henry. Mable is making an international success as premiere danseuse in the Healto Ballet. Her interpretative dance of the 'Jelly Fish' is exquisite. She and Ranie live together in the village. Their apartment is charming, built in beds and all that. But my dear, you should see Ranie. Such a changed woman! Her hair is still bobbed but she wears it in ringlets and added to this she wears enormous tortoise shell glasses. She is winning quite a lot of fame as a composer of vers libre. The one entitled 'Troubles of a Prep School Girl,' is really awfully realistic. Such an original idea! But, my dear, you remember demure little Cutie Shewman? I want you to know that she is now New York's most weird vampire. We went to see her and I was afraid to stay on account of Henry. What delicious meat this is!"

Suddenly I remembered where Henry was, for I always cut his meat for him.

"Mary McPherson, I've forgotten Henry! He's waiting for me at Fourth and Race. Oh, my poor little Henry, we'll have to start right down after him. What has he done without me for two solid hours?"

DORETTE KRUSE, 1923.



THE JOY OF SPRING



COLLEGIATE PRIZE POEM

Oh the joy of Spring
And the pure delight
Of a venturesome bird's first song,
When it seems as though
Your yearning soul
Lives in glory.

Oh the joy of spring
And the welling bliss
Of a stream which has awakened anew
And the tender earth
Has kissed awake
The new born buds.

Oh the joy of spring
When ecstatic wind
Whirls through rejoicing trees
And with arms that are
So far outstretched
You greet it.

Oh the joy of spring
With its worldless surge
Of emotion eternally deep,
When expectance of
Rare miracles
Makes paradise.

Oh the joy of spring
When living hope
Burns with ethereal flame,
And can never cease
For a violet
Is in dewy bloom.

Oh the joy of spring
In hushed night
Alone with the myriad stars
When your spirit has
Drifted far away
In calmest peace.

VIRGINIA ELLIS, 1922.



THE REUNION PARTY



EVERY year at C. P. S. it is the genial custom for the upper school to have some sort of party to welcome the new girls and promote the spirit of comraderie between the classes. This year after many requests for originality of program and the usual dearth of suggestions, it was decided that each class must amuse the assembly for not less than ten minutes. At least two days beforehand the classes determined on their "stunts" and wild plans were on foot as to how they could beg, borrow or steal the gym for rehearsals. Mad arguments were in progress between class teachers and presidents in which lifelong friendships and enmities were made.

Finally the 29th of October arrived and the final touches were put to the program with feverish haste. At two o'clock the doors of the gym were opened and mysterious figures with costumes concealed by fantastically draped sheets filed into the room. The only light came from a row of Jack-o-Lantern foot lights which drove weird flickering shadows against the walls and carried out the idea of Hallowe'en suggested by the decorations of brilliant autumn leaves. Miss Doherty announced that the Sophomore pageant would lead off the others and an expectant hush settled over the hall.

The clear notes of a bugle heralded a procession of the characters from "Ivanhoe." First came Alice Merrell in the picturesque costume of Ivanhoe, followed by Robin Hood (Louis Jean Miller). Then came the beautiful blonde Rowena, who was played by Josephine Galbraith, in effective contrast to the dark type of Jane McKay as Rebecca. There were ladies and knights, Friar Tuck and even the brave King Richard. They presented the tableau of the crowning of Ivanhoe, and a murmur of appreciation was heard from the audience when the entire picture could be seen.

Next came the Freshman offering. It consisted of a series of five tableaux. The first represented Priscilla and John Alden, with Betty Breneman, for the moment the demurest of Puritan maids, seated at her spinning wheel, and Marjorie Stevenson as John Alden. Next came "The Masque of Red Death," with Christine Ramsey the "Death," in a most fiendish costume, and Eleanor Hawley as the terrified "Prince

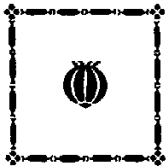
Prospero." Luckily for the nerves of the audience the next picture was somewhat calmer. Betty Cassatt was William Tell, shooting the apple off his son's (Marjorie Albert) head. Then there followed in rapid succession the tableaux of "Athene and Ariadne" and "Rowena and Rebecca," both of which were well executed. The classes that had not yet performed exchanged uneasy remarks, contrasting this with their own last rehearsals.

The Juniors came next, and their fears were certainly groundless, for the originality and excellent acting in their "Faculty Meeting" was an uproarious success. Mary Randolph Matthews as Miss Doherty was inimitable and the members of the class as the various teachers carried out their characterizations excellently. A frivolous mother (Monica Goebel) and one equally serious (Virginia Newstedt) took turns interrupting Miss Doherty each demanding that her daughter be "understood." The entire playlet was very clever and showed the ability of Mabel Bonifield as director.

Last, came the Seniors who gave a ludicrous take off on an interpretative dancing class. Frances Waite, as the Bohemian teacher, welcomed a visitor (Mildred Cadwallader) and Amrah, her country bred daughter, who wished to join the class. For their benefit the pupils were "put through their paces." The first dance was a solo by Virginia Ellis, interpreting the opening lines of "The Cloud," which was quickly followed by Phyllis Albert and Elizabeth Newstedt, who carried out the main idea of "The Indian Serenade." The grand finale was the entire class as the Winds, Notus, Eurus and "Rolling in from the Sea."

Then all the classes met around the tea table to share the just reward for their labors, in some delicious chicken salad and other dainties. Mrs. Lee announced that the prize had been awarded to the Senior Class for the best "Stunt." The president, taking the large box of Mullanes, was too overcome to express anything but a startled "Thank you so much. We certainly did not expect it."

V. ELLIS, 1922.



PROFESSORS AND PROFESSORS



TO begin with, James and I were quarrelling. James is my brother, or rather my adopted brother. Mother and Father adopted him when he was four years old, and I was born one year later much to his disgust. James had been disgusted ever since. For sixteen years we had fought. Most of these quarrels were acidly polite differences conducted in a lady like manner. These quarrels, I said to myself, would develop my argumentative powers. Otherwise I would not have wasted time disputing with one who was so little worthy of my time. Heretofore, we had fussed over his misdemeanors; I was always on the offensive. Now my brother took the initiative, which seemed to me strange in a youth of such callous mental ability. James began by remarking,

“I see you still have that old bird’s ring on.” That “old bird” was his vulgar name for my fiance. By way of explanation I will give an extract from my diary, which shows the state of my heart at that time. It runs,

“My fiance is so charming. He is a professor of high standing at the Boston Institute of Technology. We seem perfectly matched because of our mutual interest in the intellectual. Our love is not of the commonplace nor shall it be desecrated by contact with the prosaic things of life. James is against our engagement, but it can hardly be expected that he would conceive of a love above his capacity for such.” But to return to our quarrel: James’ remark incensed me and I replied with a finality which I expected to silence him,

“James Brunell, how dare you insult the man I love. You have no cause to dislike such an exemplary gentleman.” Immediately James was afire.

“No cause” he roared in a manner unbecoming before a lady. “No cause. That fool is the worst fusser in town.”

“How can *you* talk?” I replied with proper spirit. “People in glass houses———you know. Why I found a *girl’s* handkerchief in your pocket the other day. My professor is a saint compared to you.”

At this, my brother, with his characteristic inconsistency changed his argument. He probably realized the futility of his first point about the professor's dissipations.

"At any rate," he continued, "there is no room for a professor in this family."

"There is plenty," I interrupted.

"There is not," snapped James. "No sister of mine shall marry a professor."

"I'm not your sister," I reminded him.

"You are and always shall be and you shall not marry any professor." I did not deign to reply nor did we speak again until that evening when James was leaving for college. He stood at the door, hat in hand, but I did not deem it proper to let him make any advances. At length he came up to me, leaned down and gave me a cold kiss and a brotherly pat.

"Let's forgive and forget—including your professor," he said.

"I shall—" I began, but he interrupted.

"You shall marry no professor while I have any say," and so James left.

My professor and I corresponded that whole winter. His letters relieved the monotony of my school course which seemed to drag because of my teachers' inability to appreciate my work. But I considered this only one of the obstacles that a girl of ability in any line must overcome. And I did overcome it. Finally I reached Wellesley. Often had I read of the broadening influence of college life. However, I went there, expecting to broaden, not to be broadened. In my freshman year I learned much and was broadened much against my will. I learned to call our neighbor college "Tech" instead of by its string of meaningless names. I learned to have a sense of modesty about my ears, but above all else, I learned the truth about my professor. It was a blow. He came to see me often, but I discovered I was not the only one he came to see. Among other things I had learned to become enraged and I did. I was furious. I decided to write James the whole story. My brother by the way, had graduated from "Tech" with honors, and gone to Oxford, England, to continue his work. He spent his summers in travel; consequently I had not seen him for almost two years. Our letters during this period had been regular, formal and dull. In this letter, however, I gave vent to my emotions. Several days later I received an answer formal, like those preceding, but promising his immediate return. He explained that he was accepting the position of professor at "Tech." I was dismayed because I feared he would crow over my silly love affair, as I now regarded it. But I need not have worried.

The following week James returned. He came to call, the day after his arrival. I entered the room where he was waiting, with the noble resolve to “be nice” even to James. He arose upon my arrival. I stared stupidly at the man before me. It was James, but he was finer and handsomer than my memory of him, and a thrill shot through me when I realized he was my brother. His first words were half joking, half sympathetic,

“So you’re still a bachelor, Jan. But, Janet, you’ve changed. I don’t mean that” he hastened to add. “I mean you’re—anyway I’m glad to see you again. You’re marvelous. How did you do it?”

We spent the afternoon recalling old times for we felt like strangers. I was sorry to see him leave. This visit was the first of many. I looked forward to them joyously. Not once did we think of my professor of long ago. It was just my studies and Jimmy’s professorship. One day in May Jimmy and I went walking. We had come to a quiet place along the lake and stood admiring silently the hazy view across the waters. The air was soft and the young leaves whispered above us; suddenly Jimmy started to speak, but nothing came. I watched the blue green hills and the clouds that wavered deep down in the waters before us. Then I sat down on the bank because my knees felt shaky. Jimmy sat down beside me.

“Janet” he said in a low voice, “will you——could you marry me?” My heart beat fast, but I looked up and said,

“Jimmy, I’m going to marry a professor.” He hesitated one moment, and then he——but it’s too nice to share.

MARY RANDOLPH MATTHEWS, 1923.



THE JUNIOR PARTY FOR THE SENIORS



A WEEK before Walter Hampton, in Shakespearean plays, came to Cincinnati, rumors of a Junior party reached us Seniors. The Juniors were going to invite us to dinner, then take us to see "Macbeth." The invitation itself was given by Ranny, the Junior President, who was the skilful organizer and manager of the party. At the time Agnes was lolling over the table in Senior room, but the word "dinner" aroused her and she asked immediately whether there would be enough to eat.

The dinner, which was at Dorette's, was a great success. Three of the Faculty and the class officers were seated in the dining room. The rest were at card tables in the living room. Clever place cards with apt quotations from "Macbeth" were a source of much laughter. One thing that I remember distinctly was that Frances, "who never speaks loudly," according to a Faculty admirer, could be heard at the farthest end of the room.

The girls had come without hats and most had "ornaments" in their hair. Some wore Spanish combs and earrings; more, however, wore headbands of various kinds. Dorette's was very narrow, trimmed with tiny silver leaves, Frances' was very wide, made of crimson georgette which exactly matched her sleeves.

After dinner we hurried to the theater and met in the lobby. There Ranny tried to distribute the tickets, but there were so many people and such unavoidable confusion that this was nearly impossible. All the time the extremely grumpy ticket man kept telling us to be still, for the play had already started. Finally we managed to get in, although only a few had tickets. Our troubles, however, were not over. We were in, it is true, but the house was very dark, most of the coupons were lost and the ushers were very incompetent. Each usher had to look at each ticket at least six times before he could find the seat. To see the ticket he had to get down on his hands and knees. This, of course, did not facilitate matters. Monica, who had not a coupon, whispered in a distracted usher's ear that she *had* to sit next to Ellis. Mable so awed another usher that he gave her a seat in self-defense. Rushing up to him, she said:

"I want a seat." He asked to see her coupon.

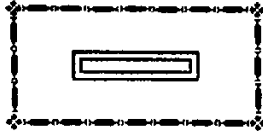
"Oh, I haven't a coupon," she answered, "but I want a seat." When the usher started to explain Mable cut him short.

"I have neither a coupon nor a ticket," she cried, growing impatient, "but I want a seat and I *must* have one." The usher said no more but found a seat.

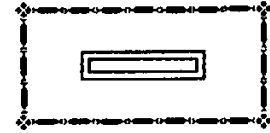
We had so much trouble getting settled that I'm afraid we must have caused a little annoyance to the people around us, though we tried to be quiet. Nevertheless the woman in front of me seemed extremely displeased, for she turned around, glared at us very hard and long, then changed her seat.

We all enjoyed the play tremendously, especially those who had studied it. The scenery was not elaborate, but the right atmosphere was created in the witches' scenes by the thunder and the gloom. The whole company was very good, especially Lady Macbeth. Miss Doherty said she had never seen a Lady Macbeth whom she liked better. Whenever one of the actors came to some lines we had learned by heart, a pleased and very know-it-all expression came over our faces as we quietly recited the lines with him. The parts of the play which, I think, were enjoyed most, were the witches' scenes and the murders. The thunder thrilled Monica so that she was forced to grab hold of anyone she could reach. When Macbeth appeared with bloody hands after the murder of Duncan, she thought at first she could not bear to look at them, afterwards she could not wait for the next murder. She liked particularly the one of Macduff's son, in which the murderer yelled "You egg." In fact, all were greatly entertained at this and several asked if Shakespeare really had written it. When the play was over we had not forgotten it—we called joyously to each other as we separated, "Goodnight, you egg."

PHYLLIS ALBERT, 1922.



SKIRTS



1

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the history of skirts both far and near.
'Twas in seventeen hundred and seventy-five,
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers the hoop-skirts that then did thrive.

3

Then along in the eighties, with a rush and a hustle
There came a skirt with a very large bustle.
All puffed and frilled with extra care
The bigger, the better she could wear!
Nowadays 'twould mean an extra fare.

2

Our styles are set in gay Paris,
And we follow their footsteps religiously,
So when crinoline was introduced
Twelve yards of goods were always used
And, sometimes, more was not refused.

4

Along in nineteen hundred or more
The skirts were long and swept the floor.
They brushed the pavements, cleaned the street,
Picked up the germs and wet the feet,
Still to wear them was thought a treat!

5

But now in this age of aeroplanes,
Of automobiles and ninety mile trains,
Skirts are short and built for speed,
To meet the twentieth century need,
When women vote and take the lead.

RUTH P. HIGHLEY, 1924.



ONE MAN'S ANSWER



IT is of no use to attempt to explain what follows. You may try to explain, as I have tried, and even as I, you will only work in circles. Causes there were, which I cannot give, and an effect which is in itself another story. This is only what happened.

Peter Hart was hard, practical. Religion he had none, other than science. He had faith in no God, and in few men. He believed only what science could prove, and he was convinced that death was the irrevocable end of all things. So he tried to live with his thought only for the tangible present, though at times he failed signally in this task he had set himself. At such times he found solace in the company of Jean, who, despite her three years of wifehood, was still a bride. A loving, joyous bride she was, with a serene assurance of the eternal fitness of Creation.

"God's in His heaven
All's right with the world"

is expressive of Jean's outlook upon life. In this haven, Peter's distracted soul found rest, and if not an end of doubt, at least intervals of peace. Jean never argued with Peter, never tried to give him a new faith. Silently she offered to him the deep strength that was hers.

So life for these two went on, apparently no different from the lives of thousands about them, until Jean received knowledge which forever changed the calm of their life together. A visit to the doctor sent her home with a white drawn face. He had given her just one year. Wisely or not she never confided in Peter.

I can but think that she would have lifted him out of his intense self-absorption, had she done so. Gradually Jean readjusted herself. The love of life rose up strong in her. She was not afraid of next June, but she determined to fill this one year to its capacity. Peter, ignorant of the cause, fell in with her mood. Parties, theaters, short trips, sped the days. They read little—that way led to thought, and neither wanted

to think. But as the end of that happy year drew near, Jean paused occasionally, and managed to slacken their mad pace. Urgent as had been her desire to live, it was hallowed by a certain reverence in her which would not allow her to be frivolous in the face of what she must meet a few months ahead.

In May Jean died. Rand, a dear friend of Peter's, went to him, stayed close, helped him through the first dreadful two weeks. Poor Peter, whose very life was gone, was wholly dependent upon Rand, who, because he too had suffered, could help to bear the agony Peter endured.

The reaction found Peter restless and impatient. Rand remarked: "He worries me. He is waiting, listening—but I cannot put it into words."

Very soon Peter was answered. On a night in early June he and Rand were sitting on the darkened porch. Black clouds hung low, obscuring an unreal moon. The night was oppressive; an intense silence was broken only by shuddering little gusts of wind. The low murmuring of insects was most indistinct, disturbingly as if they were hushed by the seeming ill-omen of the night. Peter's voice, bitter with protest against his conception of fate, took up the forced, desultory conversation. "Rand, can you understand? Did your—trouble—hurt you so? I feel that Jean, *my* Jean—" and mixed with the bitterness was passionate longing—"—gone forever; never to see her, never to hear her—. O Rand, Rand, I cannot bear it!"

Rand turned to Peter, helpless to console him. It was then that Peter leaned forward, on his face an expression of doubt, of struggling hope.

Soothing, tender, came Jean's voice:

"Peter—"

"It cannot be. It is—impossible. But—but—"

O Jean, *make* me believe!"

Came the reply, full of brooding love and the peace for which Peter's soul yearned:

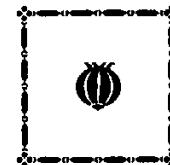
"Peter, dear Peter."

Peter relaxed, smiled with infinite content. He had come to the end of doubt.

MARIAN BURGER, 1923.



THOMAS GEORGE WASHINGTON



THE Pennybeckers lived on Sycamore Street in the small town of Lincoln, Connecticut. It was Saturday evening and Benjamin Pennybecker was trying with little success to read his evening paper.

"Benjamin," it was Clara, his wife, speaking from the other side of the living room table.

"Um," said Benjamin, continuing with an account of a neighborhood burglary.

"Benjamin, will you put down that paper?"

"You are exactly right, my dear," replied Benjamin, without looking up. Long experience had taught him that it was wise to agree with Clara. In the long run it saved both time and words. Perhaps it was for this reason that he had, shortly after his marriage, become one of the pillars of the Presbyterian Church. Clara was a devout Presbyterian. He was still, however, a frequent if not expert golf-player. No amount of arguing on Clara's part could force him to give up this game. At nineteen Clara had been, it is true, a trifle plump. Even then she had always had her own way, but she had managed so skilfully that no one else realized this. It had seemed to Benjamin that she needed protection, someone to take care of her. He had taken this duty upon himself, and straightway discovered his mistake. Clara was perfectly capable of managing her own affairs and other people's as well. At thirty-two she was unmistakably stout, and her convictions had grown in proportion with her size.

"Benjamin," she demanded, "Will you please speak to your son about telling lies?"

"What's he done now?" sighed Benjamin, laying down his paper. He could never understand why Clara always spoke of Thomas as "your son" whenever he had done something wrong. Thomas was eleven years old and an only child. His most noticeable characteristics were an engaging, if somewhat wide grin, and an expression of absolute innocence, which had saved him many times. It seemed that he had lied outright to the minister's wife.

"Father," asked the culprit, "ain't there never any excuse for telling lies?" Now Benjamin knew that there was. During his married life he had learned that the straight and narrow is not always the wisest

path to follow. Personally he felt a far greater admiration for St. Patrick than for George Washington. He could not, however, with Clara so near, share this knowledge with his son.

"No, Thomas," he replied sternly, "lies are at all times inexcusable. Remember the father of your country, my son, and follow the example that he set." Whereupon, having successfully discharged his parental duties, Benjamin returned to his burglar.

At dinner, on Sunday, Clara announced that Uncle Ephraim was coming to spend the afternoon with them. Uncle Ephraim was Clara's uncle. He was sixty-eight, and almost totally deaf. Also he was an ardent Republican. Benjamin, whose sympathies were strongly Democratic, was expected to take him into his library for a smoke and a talk. As nearly as two people can fight through an ear trumpet, those two fought over politics. Uncle Ephraim never failed to inquire of Tommy how he was getting on at school. Now school is never a popular subject with boys of eleven, and Tommy particularly hated enumerating his subjects and his marks through an ear trumpet. Naturally, neither Benjamin nor Tommy felt any undue love for Uncle Ephraim. Nor did Clara, for that matter, but Clara had an abnormal sense of duty. Then, too, Clara was not obliged to entertain him. This may or may not have influenced her. At all events Uncle Ephraim called regularly—once a week and sometimes oftener. On this particular Sunday, however, Benjamin suddenly recalled a most important meeting of the church elders, which had apparently slipped his memory. He departed through the back door in the direction of the garage, stopping only long enough to grab his golf bag from the back-hall closet. At the back door he encountered a grinning Thomas, who made no unnecessary remarks.

"Need a caddy?" was all he said, and forthwith disappeared with the golf bag into the back of the Ford. Benjamin drove solemnly, east down Sycamore Street, in the direction of the church. Two blocks from the house he turned north towards the golf links. The speedometer rose to thirty-five and Thomas and the golf bag appeared over the back seat.

Supper that night was not a happy occasion in the Pennybecker household. Clara inquired into the details of the meeting, which it seemed had not gone well. She also questioned Thomas as to his whereabouts that afternoon. She could not understand why he had not been at home when she had told him at dinner that Uncle Ephraim was coming. Really, Uncle Ephraim had felt quite badly about it. In many ways Thomas was a fine boy, but in one respect he was woefully lacking. He had never learned to "exercise tact." With a pleading and innocent look he turned to his father.

"Father," he said, "did you mean it when you said there was never any excuse for a lie?" Poor Benjamin! What could he say? Clara was glaring, positively glaring.

"Absolutely," said Benjamin in a half-hearted way. Whereupon Master Thomas described in detail the afternoon's happenings. He did not even have the grace to omit the oath which his father had used when he lost his third golf ball. At the end of the recital Benjamin was trembling inwardly, not visibly. As a prisoner awaits the death sentence he waited for Clara to speak, and when she did speak he realized that the temperature had dropped several degrees.

"I cannot comprehend how you, Benjamin, one of the elders of our church, could break the ten commandments!" Benjamin looked penitent. "Poor Uncle Ephraim can live at most only a few years more." Benjamin felt a vast, though temporary, sense of relief.

"I cannot see how you and Thomas can deny him in his last years the little pleasure which your company affords him. He informs me that his housekeeper is ill, and I shall invite him to spend the rest of the summer with us. I shall expect you both to go out of your way to be considerate to him and to atone for the inexcusable discourtesy to which you have exposed him. In the future you will never refer to this matter as it cannot but pain me excessively. Thomas, be kind enough to pass me the bread." Benjamin, reflecting on the matter that night, decided that it was not right for a church elder to lie to his wife, especially if that wife happened to be Clara Pennybecker. Thomas, too, sitting on a pillow in his room, whence he had retired after an interview with his father, had also made a discovery. He had begun to realize that tact is an essential quality, especially when dealing with one's parents.

ALICE MERRELL, 1924.



TRAILING CULTURE

In quest of culture, worthy but unknown,
With the aid of an art critic, learned and wise
In matter of art—sculpture, painting, architecture—
With the aid of an English teacher of great erudition
In literature—Early, Elizabethan, even Modern—
Four young Seniors, Spring Behatted, set forth
To seek out of Culture worthy but unknown (to them)
An expansion of those minds crowded in Hats.
First to stately Covington they turn
To her Cathedral—gray and square
The critic talks of bell-towers, altars, saints,
While the Seniors enter the quiet church.
Within its great arch they stand
With pious expression,
Betrayed here by a gleam of an eye
There by a titter.
Oh the feigned solemnity of it all!
But is Culture forgotten?
No, in the chapel they find great mural paintings

Where Duveneck's conception of the Old and the New
Is there portrayed.

Awed by the impression found here
They leave the Cathedral.

Now in a park the trailers find themselves
Near the base of that famous statue—
Barnard's Lincoln!

Silence! The magnitude, the patience
Of that great figure!

Then comments come, amazing, distressing,
"What big feet he has!" "Look at those trousers!"

Alas! again the unknown!

The critic tries to explain to these ignorant dears
The character and feeling of that rugged form.

Pass on, oh merry girls, on to the Art Museum.

There a hasty glance at Duveneck's works,
His Italian, his French, his American period—
Paintings of each are there.

The quest for Culture the girls here end
With heads aching under the burden
Of New Thoughts.

(Not Hats)

D. EDWARDS, 1922.



THE THIRD TOMBSTONE



“WELL, that suhtinly was the most satisfactory funeral Ah've evah given. Them two noddin' plumes on the hosses head and all the flowahs, um, wan't they grand. Ah think Ah was deservin' of a good funeral, though. Anyones buried two husban's and an eff'gy ought to know how.” The bereaved smiled complacently at her ebony confidant, sat down, and began to divest herself of her thrice used “weeds.”

“Ah reckon, Lovestine, that some jealous niggah'll slander me foah havin' buried mah husban' what ain't. But mah Lawd, when a man up and leaves you, an' he's been gone a year, it's a sin to keep him above groun'. Ain't healthy, nohow. But no'ne'll ketch me wearin' black foah no 'gay deceiber.' Ah'll give him a tombstone, but Ah won't weah black foah anybody 'at don't think enuf of me to stay with me. Ah'm too sperienced foah 'em to trifle with. Now what do you reckon, Love, we'll put on his tombstone? 'Gone, but not forgotten,' or 'John III, R. I. P.?' You know, Love, all mah husban's names been John and Ah'm so rock bottom thorough, thet, to keep from gettin' em mixed, Ah have em numbered, jest like the kings of France and convicts.

“But ain't it a consulation the way things turns out. Mah Missis Culbertson's gwine to give a pahty tonight, an' she says as how all the help kin look on from a balcony. It's gwine to be a grand affaih, out of town cahterers an' everythin'. Why, Miss Culbertson's gwine to weah her di'mon hair ornymnt, but she ain' gwine to be any swellaah than Ah is, though. Ah'm gwine weah mah lavendah satin, and a great big hat, Love, a great big lace hat. Ah got it out'n a trash can up'n Eastern Avenue. Th' brims a little tore, but Ah kin darn it up with mosquito nettin' as good as new. Ah'm gwine to weah high heeled shoes, white shoes, Love. They's a little off colah, but white wash'll do the rest. Ah'll rap on yoah doah when Ah'm ready, so's you kin see me.”

Love lifted an eager face and begged, “Aw Delilhy, le'me go. Ah won't disgrace you nohow. Ah kin dress up, too, Please, Delilhy.”

"All right, honey. But mind you don't weah nothin' sweahs with lavendah cause we gotta look right, front of those cahterers." Lovestine ran jubilantly away, and Delilah thrust the poker into the grate. She gazed pensively down on the pitiful handful of fire, glowing bravely out of the rusty bars.

"Ah'm goin' have a reg'lar hair dress tonight. No kinks, but a real marcel." She tested the poker with a critical wet finger, put it back into the fire, and began to unbraid her plaits.

A heavy step on the stairs preceded a vision glorious to the starting eyes of "Love."

"Come along, chile, we ain't no time to loitah. Oh wait"—Delilah slipped past Lovestine into her room, and stooped before her mirror to adjust the lace hat at a more coquettish angle of forty-five degrees.

"Hurry now," she said, and they crept under the projecting roofs and out across the snowy alley. In the summer, there was grass between the cobbles, but now the great naked stone were Mount Everests in the path of Delilah's high heels.

"Why, Delilhy, you ain't got on a coat," gasped Lovestine.

"Hush you," her elder chided. "Don't Ah have to be dressed up? What's a eight year old hand-me-down to long white kid gloves?" For the first time she exhibited her arms, and—

"Oh, Lawdy," was Love's fitting appreciation of the immaculate wonders, whiter by contrast with the chocolate upper arms of the wearer.

"There's the house now, an Ah ain't cold no more when Ah sees that grand awnin' and the lights an' all. Weah 're goin' this way." She hurried Love in the back door and up the servants' stairs. They emerged upon a little balcony, where several of the other "help" sat, absorbed in watching the scene below.

"Evenin', and thank you, John," Delilah greeted her colleagues and nodded to the aged butler, who had given up his chair at the railing for her.

"Come here, chile, an' jest do look," and at Delilah's command Love brought a chair and the two hung over the balcony together.

"See there, 'ats Mis Culbertson. She's talking to one of the waitahs, and now she's turned her back on him an's talking to that pretty lady in green. Look at that waitah, a-edgin' up to her. Wondah what he kin be about?" Delilah leaned over still further, and then threw herself back in her chair with a gasp.

"Oh, mah Lawdy, Love, that waitah looks for all the world like mah John III. An' look, Love, look quick. He's reachin' up to take the di'monds out of Mis Culbertson's hair. Oh, he's grabbed 'em, Love, and she don't know it. You see if Ah don't get that niggah." She spun around, snatched up her gloves and ran down the back stairs in time to intercept the thief.

"Stop, niggah, stop." She shouted to him, but he fled into a pantry and slammed the door. Three blows of a chair swung by Delilah and the lock gave way. Delilah faced her Sampson, who cowered behind the fallen door, confronted by his irate spouse, even as his Biblical namesake had been.

"Ya-a-a, John III, Ya-a-a," she jeered, arms akimbo. "Reckon'd you'd get away from old Delilhy, didn't you? But she's sperienced and now she's got you. On'y, on'y, now my last tombstone don't tell the truf, an' we'd jest thought up sech a nice 'scription for it too. And then you got to come back, perfid'us man, you, John III, you." Goaded to action, Delilah gave her cringing husband a smack on the cheek with the flat of her hand.

"Ah doan't see why you had to go and come back, aftah we'd buried you, and stealin' from Mis Culbertson, too, ain't you!" She advanced toward him, and John III's knees became suddenly palsied at her approach. She seized his collar and dragging him after her, returned triumphantly to the ball room, where two policemen, summoned hastily by Love, stood among the guests. Delilah presented the person of John III to them.

"You don't need to get no handcuffs ready," she ordered, "Ah'm capable of handlin' mah own husban'." Delilah wrenched loose one of the silken cords confining a portiere and securely bound John's hands with it. She turned to look at her frightened mistress.

"Ah jest feel like Ah owe you a 'pology, Mis Culbertson, to think a husban' of mine, even a dead one, could steal from you's more'n Ah kin bear. Here's your di'monds and Ah'm glad to give 'em back, on'y now that my third tombstone an't true, Ah'm jest all done up." Delilah collapsed on a chair and was fanned by "Love."

"I had no idea, Delilah, that that creature was your husband. Lovestine has had the presence of mind to call these policemen and the sergeant recognizes him as one with a bad record, so your third tombstone will be assured for the next ten years at least," consoled Mrs. Culbertson.

This promise revived Delilah, who followed by "Love," marched up to the policeman.

"You béttah hold him tight, cause he's mighty dangerous. Ah tied him up, though, nice an' firm, so's Ah reckon he can't get away." She turned to "Love" and the two passed John III with their noses in the air. Delilah looked back at him and said jeeringly—

"Ah've lost a husban', but Ah've still my three tombstones, and another chance. So there—" and she cracked her gloves across his scarred black face as she went out.

EMILY CHASE, 1922.



THE SENIOR PARTY FOR THE JUNIORS



SATURDAY morning, March 11th, many pairs of eyes looked up into the gray sky and many young ladies vowed that something wrecking would happen if it rained! But the weather god, noting that there was to be an entertainment given by the Seniors to the Juniors and considering that they were C. P. S. girls, decided to defer the rain to another day.

And so at one o'clock almost a dozen automobiles, crowded with happy and excited girls, could be seen going out in the direction of Madisonville. The beauty of the drive gave reason for great admiration, especially the woodsy loveliness of Indian Hill. What scientific learning was expounded by the members of the academic class. There were loud cries of "look at the Pleurococcus and Spirogyra," accompanied with laughing explanations to a companion, who had never been initiated into the mysteries of the plant world. This pleasant journey came to an end, when we arrived at the Sattler residence. Agnes, radiant in an Alice blue gown, received us at the door of her home.

After divesting ourselves of our wraps, we assembled in the drawing room. The lower floor was decorated with bunches of white plum blossoms, which added a spring like atmosphere to the already beautiful home. Miss Doherty seemed to be the center of attraction. But each teacher held her own little court. Miss Hunt, Miss Howell and Miss Fraser were as charming as ever, and conversation was spirited and witty. Mildred Cadwallader related a breath-taking story of her fall from an exceedingly fiery steed, at the riding school. Dorette Kruse demonstrated to an admiring audience the rhythm and beauty that can be attained upon the pianoforte. The victrola was put into use and several of the girls danced for a short time.

Then luncheon was served. Of course, every one wanted to sit next to her favorite and rushed for a seat with as dignified haste as possible. Frances Waite, Emily Chase and Phyllis Albert assisted in pouring the chocolate and seeing that everyone was properly served. While busily engaged in consuming vole-au-

vent some great fear was expressed over playing bridge with Miss Doherty and Miss Stewart. It was whispered around the tables that Miss Stewart was "very clever at it." Anyhow, it sounded quite probable, and many girls shook in their dainty slippers and suddenly wanted to play five hundred.

The card games succeeded the luncheon. There were two tables in every room. A special Five Hundred table was arranged for those who had not entered the realms of the superior knowledge of bridge playing. Virginia Todd, Evelyn Shewman and Amrah Woodbury played at this table. Each person was supplied with a neat little tally, upon which the C. P. S. seal was engraved. Miss Stewart and Mlle. Perillon shared in carrying off the prizes. Mademoiselle was particularly pleased with a pair of silk stockings but murmured something about "no silk stockings in school," as she carried them away.

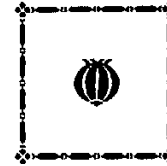
The time had passed so quickly that it was hard to realize that we were rolling down the drive towards home. On looking back we caught the last glimpse of that stately home, which rested like a white cloud on the summit of the hill. It seemed surrounded with a roseate glow. It had been a happy time, indeed! The white plum blossoms are long since faded and gone, but they will live again in memory's sweet picture.

RUTH WILLIAMS, 1923.





MENTAL OR DENTAL



ONE dusty afternoon the neighborhood "brats," as I have *heard* them called, were gathered in the Newsbickle's backyard. In the center of the group was "Toothless." Of course, she hadn't always been "Toothless," and her parents expected her to go back to being Laura Newsbickle, sometime soon. But at present she was making the best of her title. First, after persistent and patient wiggling on Laura's part, she was Laura then, the tooth had come out, and she had had the thrill of holding it in her own hands. (Only the very young and the very old have this privilege.) Then had followed that bewitched night, when she slept with the treasure under her pillow, and found it replaced, in the morning, by a new dime, which was very remarkable, or would have been very remarkable had not "Toothless" found the tooth several days later in her Mother's jewel-case. (We will not question what "Toothless" was doing in her Mother's jewel-case.) And now here was "Toothless" in the Newsbickle's backyard, exhibiting with a grand air the most remarkable feat, this remarkable happening had given her power to do. She was as she would have told you, after taking a mouthful of water, from a glass held by an admiring attendant "being a whale or a fountain through her front teeth." Did "Toothless" repeat this operation again and again for her audience? Not she. Each time "Toothless" required much encouragement and persuasion before she would continue the entertainment. Was this because she didn't like to show off? Oh, without a doubt "Toothless" knew what she was doing!

It was just at this time that "Nanny-Granny" hobbled into our street. All the children in the neighborhood used to run away from "Nanny-Granny." There was hardly a child on the street that hadn't been threatened, by exasperated nurse-maids, at one time or another, that "Nanny-Granny" would get him, if he didn't wash behind his ears, stop bringing home stray cats, or eat his spinach, as the particular case happened to be. Nor did "Nanny-Granny" rank high in the opinions of the colored cooks and washladies. The Myrtles, Pearls and Cynthias of our neighborhood declared with rolling eyeballs, that they didn't care nothin' 'bout *that* witch, as they called her. "Nanny-Granny" always came in the fall to beg clothes and

money to tide her over the winter. She was a horribly thin old woman, bent nearly double over her cane. Her cheeks were sallow and faded, her eyes sharp and piercing, and under her hood a bald and wrinkled scalp could be seen. But what I have always thought most horrible about "Nanny-Granny" was her teeth. These were long, and pointed and protruding, regular fangs! As for her name nobody knew who originated it nor why she was just called "Nanny-Granny."

From behind the dotted-swiss curtains in the Newsbickle kitchen "Toothless" watched "Nanny-Granny" depart. Today the curtains were spotted with red, also. (It has always been a mystery to Mrs. Newsbickle how the cook managed to splash fruitjuice on the very walls.) Jelly making was in progress. "Toothless" held a glass of ruby-colored jelly up to the light. Rays of light shone through the clear jelly making it almost transparent. Lazily, she pressed her finger into the shiny looking paraffin across the top. It was in that pliable condition between a clear liquid and a brittle solid. "Toothless" glanced around. Lizzie was arranging glasses of hot syrup on a shelf in the summer kitchen to jell. Deliberately "Toothless" dug out a wad of the paraffin, and after helping herself generously to cookies slipped out into the yard. She was fascinated with the idea of making herself a false tooth. For several minutes, "Toothless" lying lazily in the Newsbickle hammock, which incidently had been everything from a railway-carriage to an air-ship, fashioned all manner of false teeth. Finally when the paraffin began to get white and hard to mould, she pressed the last creation into an imitation of "Nanny-Granny's" worst fang. Then after pushing her new tooth into the rather prominent gap in her front teeth, "Toothless" rushed off to astonish the neighbors with "Now I'm Nanny-Granny."

* * * * *

A month later, Mr. Newsbickle, returning from a long business trip was met in his front hall by a most worried wife.

"John," she all but gasped, "I want to prepare you! It's about Laura!"

"Good Heavens! Where is she?" He pushed past her.

"Oh, it's nothing serious, dear, but wait a minute, *please!*" she urged, "I must warn you not to laugh when you see her. I know she looks perfectly awful, but it distresses her so, and it really isn't funny."

"Only mumps? Thank Goodness! We all have to have it at some time or other." John was much relieved.

"But it *isn't* mumps, I only wish it were. Laura's tooth has come in and it's a duplicate of one of those awful fangs of that horrible old begging woman the children call 'Nanny-Granny.' Oh, it's just too

dreadful! I can't-t-t-talk about it," she broke off weeping, "And she was such a pretty *l-l-little* girl! It just goes to show you can never be too careful about who comes to the house," she hurried on "You never know what will affect the child mind."

"Good Heavens!" her husband broke in, "her mind's not affected?"

"Oh, she's not crazy, if that's what you mean," Mrs. Newsbickle continued breathlessly, "but I'd just like to know what you call it, if not affected. I tell you it is a clear case of mind influencing body. First, she would wear that horrible wax tooth! I really can't see what she saw in it. Next, while you were gone, Laura dreamt that horrible 'Nanny-Granny' was going to punish her for making fun of that old witch's tooth. Laura told me she'd *have* to wear one like it *always*. Oh! It's too-o-o awful."

"But I can't see why she has to just because she dreamt it," complained her puzzled husband, "besides, where does the mental part come in, anyway?"

"But I *tell* you," his poor wife explained, "Laura's, *our child's*, tooth has come in a regular *fang*, just as she dreamt. John do you know *nothing* about psychology, the science of mental processes and analysis of causes and effects? Well, then of course, it's all too deep for you, but I do wish you could have heard some of the 'Widening the Home-Woman's Views,' lectures. What I'm trying to say is that Laura's own mind influenced her tooth."

The next morning, Mr. Newsbickle, who had not had the advantages of the "Widening the Home-Woman's Views" lecture course, took his daughter to the dentist's. They returned on the noon train and were met by Mrs. Newsbickle and the Newsbickle dog.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Newsbickle, "You see we have our 'Toothless,' back again. Dr. Applegait was really very nice about it. First, he pulled out that unsightly 'canine' tooth, that's what he called it, Alice. Then he explained it was an extra one misplaced in the jaw, that came down in the wrong place. Her regular front tooth will soon come in, nice as you please." The Newsbickles walked home in silence.

"Well, all I can say is, I hope we don't have any more of those *Mental* teeth," muttered Mr. Newsbickle, as he followed his wife and "Toothless" into the house.

MARY LLOYD MILLS, 1924.



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

1. All members must see jokes after second explanation.
2. No jokes allowed dating before 1492 A. D.

OFFICERS

GRAND IDIOT.....*Martha Mithoefer*
 CHIEF DUMBELL.....*Jane Anderson*

**CLASS I
 WITS
 (Membership Open)**

**CLASS II
 WOULD-BE WITS**

Amelia Dunham

Offence—Never telling a joke.
 Penalty—Five years subscription to "Puck," "Judge" and "Life."

Esther Schultz
 Elizabeth Newstedt
 Monica Goebel

Offence—Telling a joke much too subtle.
 Penalty—Read ten volumes of Henry James.

CLASS III

HALF WITS

Marian Burger

Mary Randolph Matthews

Offence—Saw a joke before it was explained.

Penalty—Read each issue of "Life" to Amelia Dunham.

Christine Crigler

Honorable mention for a worthy deed. Needed six explanations for club's stock joke.

Reward—Statute to be placed in lower hall of school.

Alexina Sattler

Dorette Kruse

Virginia Ellis

Offence—Exceeded Club's allowance of Bad Breaks.

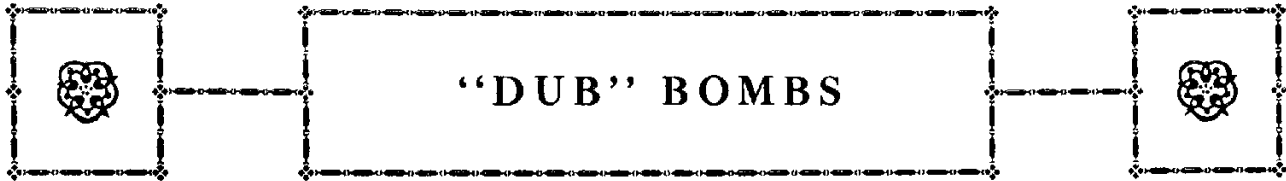
Penalty—Temporary suspension from Club.

NOTICE—No further applications for membership in Class III will be accepted.

CLUB'S STOCK JOKE

Question—Why does a chicken cross a street?

Answer—Because he wants to get on the other side.



“DUB” BOMBS

1. “Bryant was born in western Massachusetts at a little town called Cumminsville. He led a simple childhood. Poe was born in Massachusetts by mistake. It was the fault of his parents, who were actors.”
2. “His clothes were well worn out, and his collar was clean, but scanty.”
3. “On the way out we passed many delightful scenes, horses grazing together, hogs and pigs, chickens and dogs and other implements of farm life.”
4. “In the time of romance, the authors wrote on the knights and how they rescued their ladies—Robinson Caruso is a great romance.”
5. “Byron’s mother was a very convulsive woman.”

WE NOMINATE TO THE HALL OF FAME



MISS FRASER

"Because she expects you to know the meaning of 'What else'."



THYRA MARTIN

"Because she wears silk stockings."



MISS STEWART

"Because she gave Agnes Sattler baking soda."

WE NOMINATE TO THE HALL OF FAME



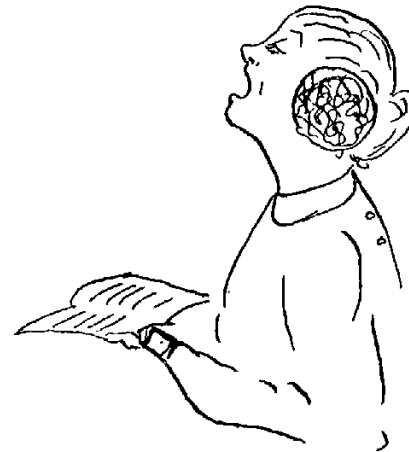
ANNE HINCKLEY

*"Because she WILL wear goloshes
when the sun shines."*



MISS DOHERTY

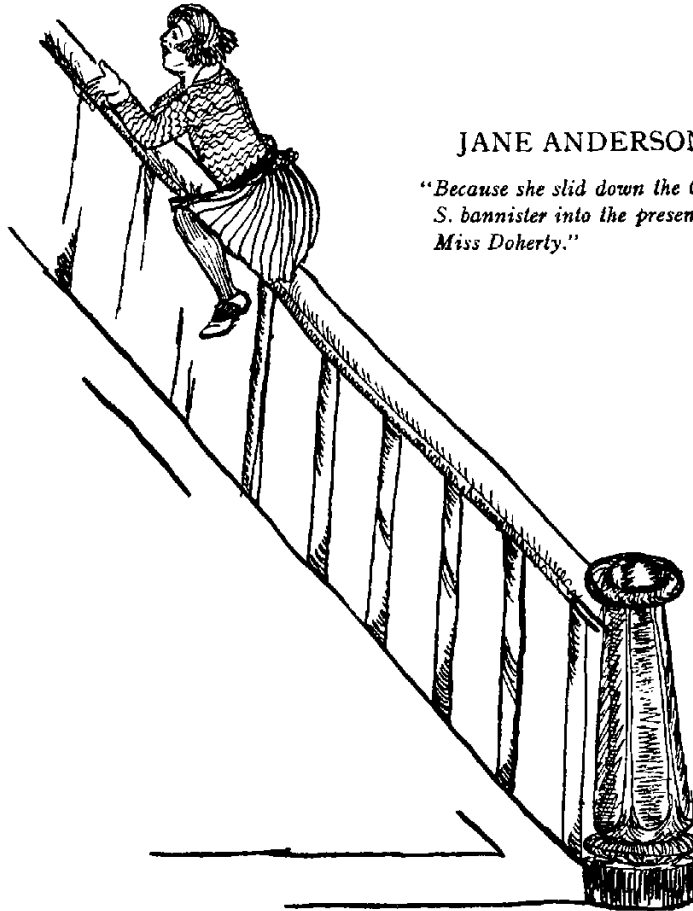
*"Because she made two grand slams in
bridge with E. Chase for a partner."*



VIRGINIA RHODE

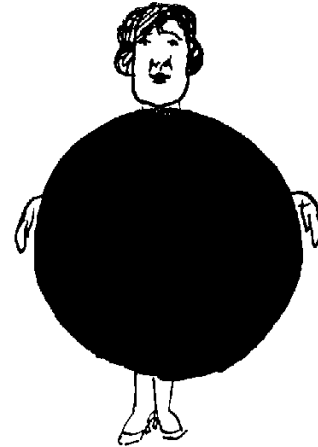
"Because she sings solos."

WE NOMINATE TO THE HALL OF FAME



JANE ANDERSON

"Because she slid down the C. P. S. bannister into the presence of Miss Doherty."



AMRAH WOODBURY

"Because she is a poke-a-dot."



MARIAN BURGER

"Because she is periodically a firm adherent of West Electric curlers."



CURRENT EVENTS 1921-1922



- September 26—Opening of School—We belong to the “Open-Shop” of 9 to 1:20 and refuse overtime.
- October 29—Reunion Party—The four collegiates take a “cooperative course” in frolics.
- November 9—First Annual Meeting—The Big Powers convene in a solemn and awestruck session, Premier Doherty presiding.
- November 11—Armistice Day.
- November 24—Thanksgiving—No Hooverizing.
- October and November—Diplomatic relations severed between Freshman and Senior Classes—Hats and coats ransomed by confiscated shoes.
- December 19—Play—By filling the “Yellow Bowl” we try to learn the Christmas lesson of “reciprocity.”
- January 8—Christmas vacation ended.
First edition of “Wee Three”—Entente litteraire formed with our youthful dependencies.
- January 26—Hats off. The strenuous sessions of exams delightfully relieved by the Junior’s dinner for the Seniors at Dorette Kruse’s, followed by Hampden’s “Macbeth.”
- February 8—Convocation—Speech by Premier Doherty on the improvement of “youthful” internal conditions” by milk drinking.
- February 13-17-20-24, Inter class Basket Ball Tournament—“Balance of Power” swings in favor of College IV, and Intermediate II.

ATHELETICS

The Feminist Movement



1822 - 1922





SCHOOL TEAM



BASKET BALL TOURNAMENT



SCORES

February 13.....	Intermediate II (13) vs. Intermediate I (2)
February 13.....	Freshmen (24) vs. Sophomores (12)
February 13.....	Juniors (7) vs. Seniors (8)
February 17.....	Freshmen (16) vs. Juniors (9)
February 17.....	Sophomores (18) vs. Seniors (5)
February 20.....	Intermediate II (5) vs. Intermediate I (10)
February 20.....	Freshmen (16) vs. Seniors (9)
February 20.....	Sophomores (15) vs. Juniors (11)
February 24.....	Intermediate II (10) vs. Intermediate I (3)

SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM

FRANCES WAITE.....	 Captain
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Christine Ramsey, 1925	Jane Anderson, 1924	Frances Waite, 1922
Dorothy Herrlinger, 1924	Eleanor Hawley, 1925	Mary McPherson Matthews, 1923
Katherine Streit, 1925	Rachel Hartzell, 1925	Elizabeth Cassatt, 1925

WINNING COLLEGE TEAM—INTERMEDIATE II

RUTH LE BLOND.....	 Captain
FRANCES WAITE.....	 Coach
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Isabelle Resor	Miriam DeWitt	Ruth LeBlond
Virginia Davis	Charlotte Kidd	Anne McCormick
Katherine Taft	Jane Pattison	

WINNING COLLEGE TEAM—FRESHMAN

RACHEL HARTZELL.....	 Captain
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Centers</i>	<i>Guards</i>
Christine Ramsey	Eleanor Hawley	Grace Leyman
Katherine Streit	Rachel Hartzell	Natalie Wurlitzer
		Elizabeth Cassatt



Engagements

Arms-Conference



ENGAGEMENTS

Julie Galvin and P. Lincoln Mitchell
Mary Hazen and Charles Burchenal
Harriet Langdon and Harvey Dale
Alice Pape and Oliver Bardes
Dellah Vail and Melville Borders
Ruth Wilson and Curtis Crane
Margaret Anderson and Greene Fenley, Jr.
Frances Colter and Archibald Stewart



MARRIAGES

Alice Bowler and Harper Kelley
Oriel Camacho and Clifford Straehley
Emma Catherine Crane and John B. Callery
Ruth Enger and Robert Franklin Ives
Edith Ward Eaton and John Gilbert Lowe
Margaret Hester Graydon and Robert Lockhart Houston
Frances Howe and Alfred Bishop
Mabel Marian Hughes and Arthur Tapley Munyan
Frances Johnson and Turpin Gerrard

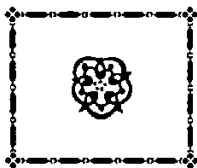
Mary Rosan Krippendorf and Philip Jerome Clark
Helen Kroger and Rudolph Homan
Marjorie Langdon and Clifford Wright, Jr.
Ruth Henderson Little and Hume Leland
Helen Maitland MacDonald and Charles Hammond Avery, Jr.
Lillian Annette Meeds and Anton W. Schneider
Martha Shipley and James Monroe
Mary Torrence and Walter Corey
Helen Marie White and Robert David Gauley

Marianne Clark and Howard Cox

BIRTHS

- Mr. and Mrs. William Thorne Bahlman (Janet Rhodes).
William Thorne Bahlman, Jr.
- Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Donald Bullock, Jr. (Adelaide Orr).
Anthony Donald Bullock, III.
- Mr. and Mrs. James John Faran, Jr. (Angeline Loveland).
James John Faran, III.
- Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Goldsmith Carothers (Helen Holmes).
Mary Buchanan Carothers.
- Mr. and Mrs. Everett S. Greer (Mildred Chase). Sidney
Helen Greer.
- Mr. and Mrs. Ira Holden (Mary Landis). John Landis
Holden.
- Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tudor (Elvina Sprague). Mary Ramsey Tudor.
- Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Homan (Helen Kroger). David
Homan.
- Mr. and Mrs. John S. Littleford, Jr. (Mildred Brooks).
Mildred Brooks Littleford.
- Mr. and Mrs. Harold Maue (Olive Koehler). Paula Maue.
- Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Miller (Helen Reno). Patricia Farrin
Miller.
- Mr. and Mrs. James Laws Ricketts (Frances Pogue). Fran-
ces Laws Ricketts.
- Mr. and Mrs. James Frederick Smith (Elsie Robinson).
Holly Breeze Smith.
- Mr. and Mrs. Mark Upson (Alice Barnard). Mark Upson, Jr.





THE ALUMNAE

Members of the C. P. S. Alumnae



1907

Cadwallader, Louise
Kroger, Lucile, B. A., Wellesley
Osmond, Emelie Schmidlapp
(Mrs. A. E. Osmond)

1908

Clark, Margaret, B. A., U. of C.
Cox, Marianne Clark
(Mrs. Howard Cox)
Holden, Grace Morgen
(Mrs. Reuben Holden)
McCullough, Ethel, B. A., Vassar

1909

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

*Deceased.

1910

Anderson, Julia
Dimock, Imogen Kinsey, B. A., Vassar
(Mrs. George E. Dimock)
Dominick, Helen
Dittman, Barbara Thrasher
(Mrs. George Dittman)
Healy, Charlotte
Kessing, Jennie Moffett
(Mrs. Oliver Kessing)
Toe Water, Charlotte Shipley
(Mrs. George M. Toe Water)
Williams, Louise

1911

Banks, Louise Root
(Mrs. Philip W. Banks)
Buhr, Corinne Lawson
(Mrs. Arthur Buhr)
Craig, Ruth Thrasher, B. A., Vassar
(Mrs. James Craig)
Faran, Ange
Green, Helen Kinsey, B. A., Vassar
(Mrs. Joseph Green)
Hill, Adelaide Singleton
(Mrs. Lamar Hill)

Marmillot, Jean Sattler, B. A.,
Bryn Mawr
(Mrs. Maurice Jean Marmillot)
Waterman, Mary Mallon
(Mrs. Alan F. Waterman)

1912

Buckingham, Doris Rogers
(Mrs. Alfred O. Buckingham)
Carothers, Helen Holmes, B. A.,
Bryn Mawr
(Mrs. Ralph G. Carothers)
Crothers, Aline Moore, B. A., Vassar
(Mrs. Stanley W. Crothers)
Donogh, Dorothy
Duncan, Dorothy
Egan, Marie Kuperschmidt
(Mrs. Clarence Egan)
Faran, Angeline Loveland, B. A.,
Wellesley
(Mrs. James John Faran)
Glascok, Katherine
Godley, Katherine, B. A., Bryn Mawr
Meachem, Adele Campbell, B. A.,
Vassar
(Mrs. Laurence Meachem)
Price, Grace Grimm
(Mrs. Stewart Price)

1912

Simrall, Lillian Crothers
(Mrs. William Simrall)
Smith, Harriet Blackburn
(Mrs. Eugene Smith)
Strobridge, Mary Elizabeth Kemper
(Mrs. J. M. Strobridge)

1913

Bahlman, Janet Rhodes
(Mrs. William Bahlman)
Greer, Mildred Chase
(Mrs. Everett S. Greer)
Hicks, Madeline, B. A., Wellesley
Holmes, Mary Herbert
(Mrs. William Holmes)
Homan, Helen Kroger
(Mrs. Rudolph Homan)
Kroger, Jane Griffith
(Mrs. Chester F. Kroger)
Tangeman, Margaret, B. A., Vassar
Thrasher, Corinne, B. A., U. of C.

1914

Baker, Beatrice Carmichel
(Mrs. C. W. Baker)
Brown, Nellie Knabe
(Mrs. S. K. Brown)
Dunn, Helen Justice
(Mrs. Donald Dunn)
Flynt, Helen Geier, B. A., Vassar
(Mrs. Henry N. Flynt)
Gordon, Ruth Hatfield, B. A., U. of C.
(Mrs. Harry Lincoln Gordon)
Hinsch, Marjorie

*Deceased.

Hofer, Gwendolyn Crawford
(Mrs. Richard H. Hofer)
Holden, Mary Landis
(Mrs. Ira S. Holden)
Bishop, Frances Howe
(Mrs. Alfred Bishop)
Mallon, Sophia, B. A., Vassar
Pogue, Dorothy Barrett
(Mrs. Patterson Pogue)

1915

Farny, Margaret Withrow, B. A.,
Wellesley
(Mrs. Eugene Farny)
Homer, Louise Kinney
(Mrs. James Louis Homer)
Langdon, Harriet, B. A., Vassar
Littleford, Mildred Brooks, B. A.,
Vassar
(Mrs. John Littleford)
Mane, Olive Koehler
(Mrs. Harold W. Mane)
Ricketts, Frances Pogue
(Mrs. James Laws Ricketts)
Sohngen, Jean Butterfield
(Mrs. Schuler Sohngen)
Suydam, Elizabeth
Witten, Julia McLaren
(Mrs. Laurence Witten)

1916

Chase, Louise, B. A., Wellesley
Goodall, Mary Forker
(Mrs. William Goodall)
Jones, Ida Crothers
(Mrs. James G. Jones)

Keck, Mary Lou Moore
(Mrs. Karl G. Keck)
Langdon, Myra, B. A., Vassar
Lyon, Dorothy
McCurdy, Virginia Geier
(Mrs. Gilbert J. C. McCurdy)
Nonnez, Anne Palmer
(Mrs. Henry Nonnez)
Rogers, Kathryn
Straehly, Oriel Camacho
(Mrs. Clifford Straehly)

1917

Anderson, Dorothy, B. A., Vassar
Anderson, Margaret
Blake, Elizabeth
Galvin, Julie
Gerard, Frances Johnson
(Mrs. Turpin Gerard)
*Guckenberger, Jean
Hatfield, Louise
Holloway, Dorothy
Houston, Miriam Tate
(Mrs. David F. Houston)
LeBlond, Elizabeth Conroy
(Mrs. Harold LeBlond)
Loveland, Clara, B. A., Wellesley
Munyan, Mabel Hughes
(Mrs. Arthur Tapley Munyan)
MacLaren, Louise, B. A., Smith
Scherl, Louise, B. A., U. of C.
Shipley, Hannah, B. A., Smith
Upson, Alice Barnard
(Mrs. Mark Upson)
Wilson, Ruth

1918

Cooper, Ruth
Dinsmore, Jane
Hatfield, Virginia
Hayward, Dorothy
Ludwick, Mary Elizabeth Pratt
(Mrs. Frederick Ludwick)
Lynn, Grace
McKay, Barbara
Marks, Guida
Montgomery, Alice Boyce Cope
(Mrs. Vaughn Montgomery)
Pennington, Anne
Serodino, Helen
Smith, Jane
Zeigler, Mildred

1919

Beckler, Virginia
Behrens, Ellen
Brown, Marguerite
Dail, Helen
Fisk, Isabelle
Hayward, Marion
Kaiper, Helen

Mallon, Hannah
Mendenhall, Anne
Pape, Alice
Ramsey, Harriet

1920

Burger, Adelaide
Cooper, Martha
Fenton, Anita
Harvey, Edith
Lane, Geneva
Lee, Helen
Meyers, Dorothy
Miller, Katherine
Mundy, Martha
McKinney, Anne
Perkins, Polly
Sparrow, Elizabeth
Talbert, Dorothy
Wurlitzer, Janet

1921

Asmann, Eugenia
Brown, Aimee
Cassatt, Oliva

Dale, Virginia
Forsyth, Katherine
Foster, Isabel
Henderson, Dorothy
Isham, Mary Louise
Korn, Happy
Meyers, Janet
Mitchel, Margaret
Purves, Audrey
Resor, Eunice Chase
Vail, Della
Witherspoon, Edith
Zuber, Natalie

1922

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

HONORARY MEMBERS

Doherty, Mary Harlan

Langenbeck, Clara

Howell, Jean

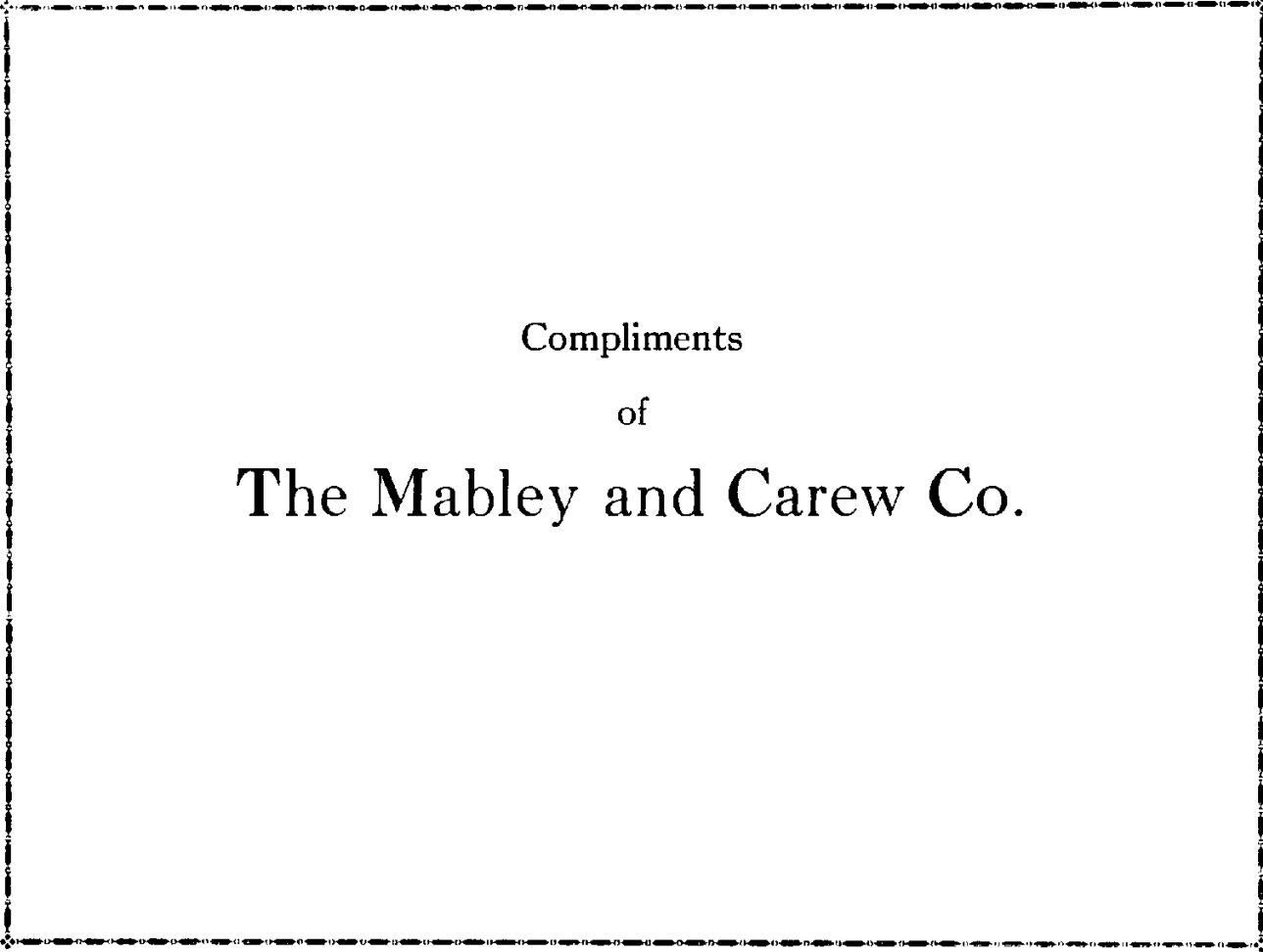
Langenbeck, Anna

Hunt, E. Louise

*Deceased.

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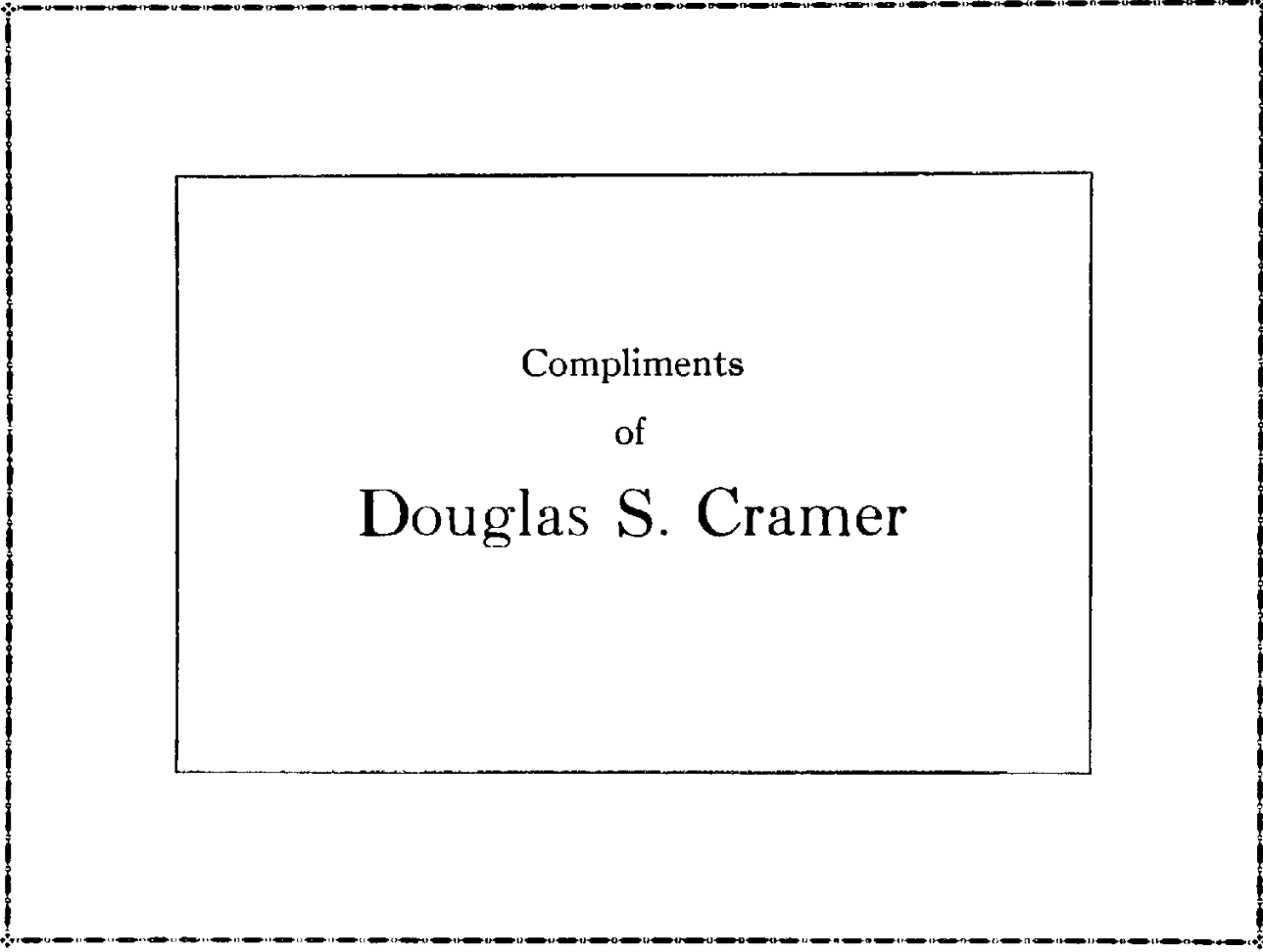
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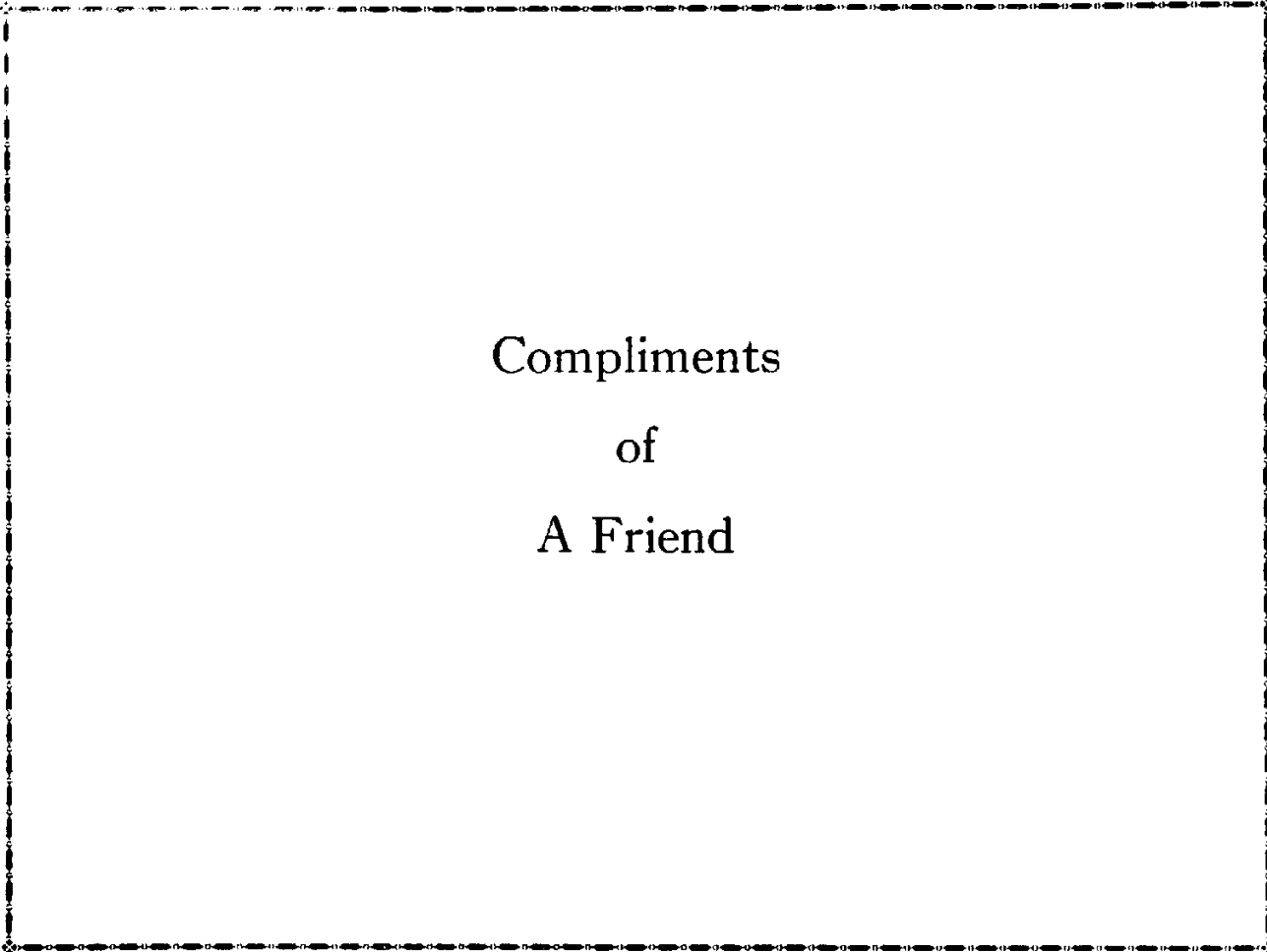
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*The Other Half Thank Them
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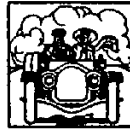
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Jewelers and Silversmiths
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The text is framed by ornate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral designs. At the top center, above the company name, is a small crown icon. The scrollwork features intricate patterns of leaves and flowers, with two decorative urn-like structures on the left and right sides.

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In the conduct of our Hardware, Cutlery, Tool and Kitchen Utensil business it is our purpose to so supply the demands made upon us, that there will be no misunderstandings, no comebacks—no discourtesies. We want every patron to feel perfectly contented with the thought that we have done everything to please him and if mistakes should occur they are of the head and not the heart and can be speedily rectified.



*A Contented Smile is more contagious
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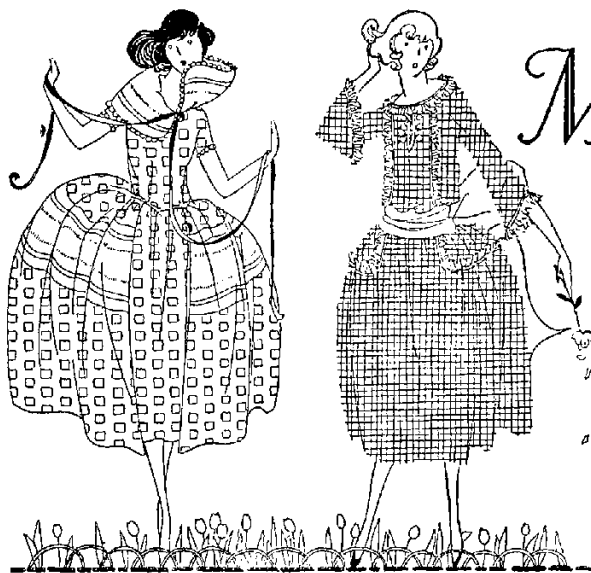
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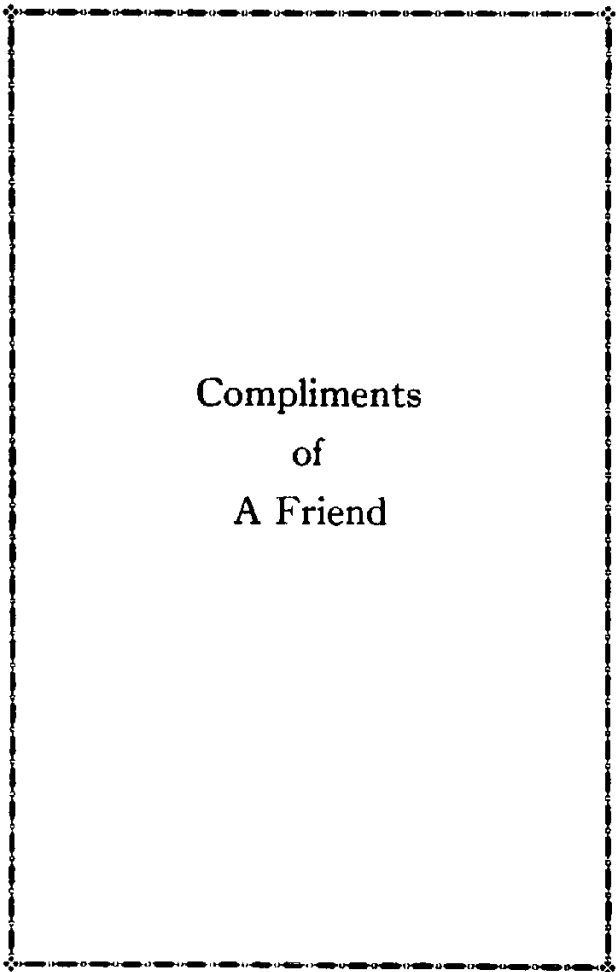
POGUE'S

Misses' Apparel

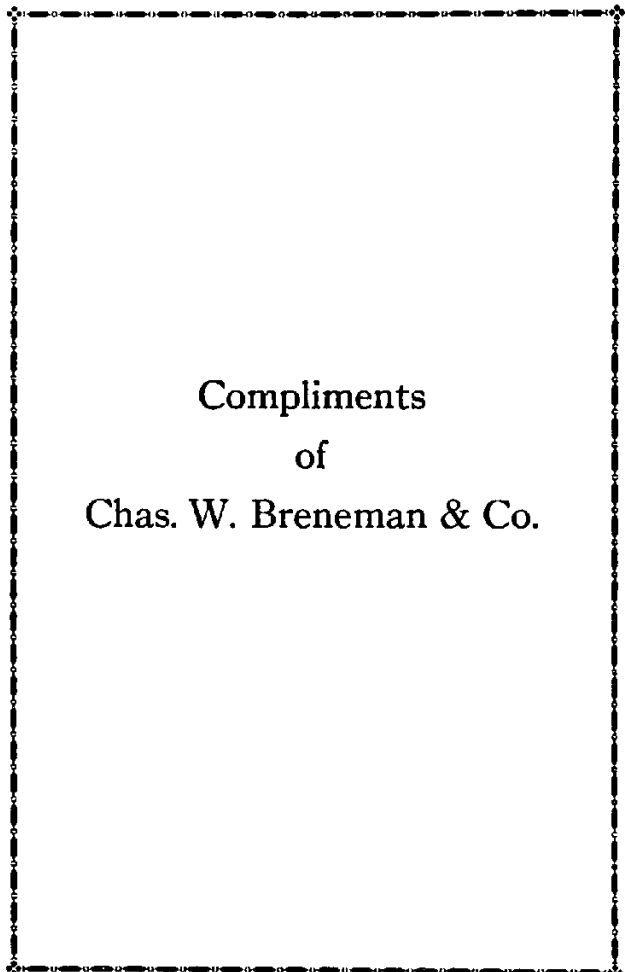
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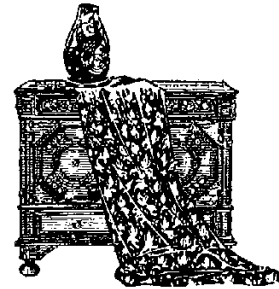


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