

ACORNS
OF
ROANOKE

1910



ROANOKE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

ACORNS OF ROANOKE

"Acorn to Oak, That's Roanoke"



ROANOKE HIGH SCHOOL

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

1910

Dedicatory



R. HARRIS HART, to whom our first annual is dedicated, is the present Superintendent of the Public Schools of Roanoke. He was born in Richmond, Virginia, but spent the early years of his life in Spottsylvania and Madison counties. He attended the Virginia Midland Academy at Culpeper, Virginia, and the Bowling Green Academy, in Caroline County. After completing the secondary course he attended Richmond College, Richmond, from which he was graduated in June, 1896. At the next session he became an instructor in this college. From Richmond Mr. Hart went to Glade Spring, Virginia, where he held a position in the Virginia Classical Institute. During the session, 1897-98 he was co-principal of this school.

It was in 1898 that Mr. Hart first became identified with the schools of this city, when he accepted the position as instructor in Latin in the Roanoke High School. After having occupied this position for two years, in 1900 he was made principal of the school and performed his duties as such until 1905, when he became a member of the State Board of Examiners. He occupied this responsible position until 1909, when he was appointed to the superintendency of the Roanoke schools.

Besides receiving his fundamental education at the schools previously mentioned, Mr. Hart has devoted much time to travel and advance study, having taken courses at the University of Chicago and at Harvard University. He devoted to this work the summers from 1899 to 1903, with the exception of one summer spent abroad.

The summer schools of our State are very much indebted to him for the great work he had done for their advancement. The school at Emory has been specially favored by his ability, both as instructor and as conductor.

The public schools of Roanoke, also, have been greatly benefited by the untiring efforts of the Superintendent, and if improvements can be made according to his present plans it is needless to say that our schools will be second to none.

0 1195 03386391

56097

V Rd
500
373.755991
RSI T356~

1910



HARRIS HART, SUPT.

Salutatory

*In the days of Pocahontas, long ago,
By a wigwam lay an acorn, in the snow.
 Many winter winds have blown,
 Many summer suns have shone,
And the acorn is an oak tree, fully grown.*

*But the wigwam long since vanished to the west,
And the warriors on the long trail seek their rest.
 Many battles here were fought,
 Many gains were dearly bought,
Ere a city from the wilderness was wrought.*

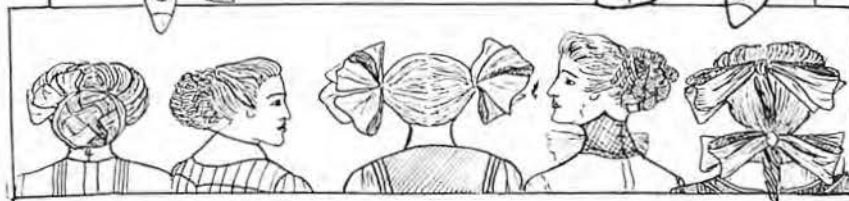
*Now a city in her splendor points her spires
From the valley of "The Daughter of the Stars."
 Many prospects for great fame,
 Many honors to her name,
But her learning will her glory most proclaim.*

*Like the germ within the acorn, source of strength,
Always knowledge gains ascendancy at length;
 Many students, hour by hour,
 Many leaders filled with power—
Such our city pays the future for a dower.*

*As the oak tree that endures from age to age
Sees our history in the making, page by page,
 Many elders now behold
 Many golden dreams unfold,
And success for virgin efforts is foretold.*

*Thus the old is ever yielding to the new,
As the masses gain the knowledge of the few;
 Ever upward, Roanoke,
 Like the acorn to the oak,
And the blessing of All-Wisdom aye invoke.*

D. E. McQUILKIN.



Class Organization

SENIOR B

VERSAL SPALDING President
ETHEL HARRELL Secretary

BOARD OF EDITORS

GERTRUDE MARTIN .. Editor-in-Chief SARAH CALDWELL... Literary Editor
FRANCES ROSENBAUM, Assistant Literary Editor
ADA BIERBOWER ... Faculty Editor RYLAND HUTTON Art Editor
HATTIE BROWN, Assistant Art Editor GRACE BULMAN Joke Editor
GRADY GREGORY, Business Manager

EDITORS FROM JR. A

CHESTER BRENT... Assistant Editor JOHN SNYDER Athletic Editor
MORRIS MASINTER, Assistant Business Manager

Class Colors
Gray and Gold

Class Flower
Iris

Class Motto

"Upward and onward is our motto,
We never work till we've got to."

CLASS SONG

*This is the finest of classes
Made up of lads and of lasses,
Best of all cities is Roanoke,
The acorn is now quite a grown oak.
Upward and onward our motto,
We never work till we've got to.
Most of our dreaming
And all of our screaming
Is for Senior, Senior,
Senior, Senior,
Of you sweet Senior we're dreaming,
Dreaming of days when Greek meets Greek
Dreaming of joys that are math-ema-teck
Senior, Senior
Dreaming of Latin, Science, etc.
Dreaming, Dreaming.*



The Faculty



F. B. FITZPATRICK, A. B.
 Randolph Macon College
Principal Roanoke City High School



W. CLYDE LOCKER
 "The Drilling," Washington, D. C.
Assistant Principal. Head of Business Department



CORA M. BOARD
 N. W. University
Lady Assistant Principal. Instructor in Mathematics



M. LAVINIA CRITZ
Indus. Ins. and College of Mississippi
Instructor in English



DWIGHT E. MCQUILKIN, A. B., A. M.
West Virginia University; A. M. Harvard University
Instructor in English and History



WILLIE LONDON
Instructor in English



W. O. MCMAHON, A. B.
Harvard
Instructor in Modern Languages



W. E. PARSONS, A. B., A. M.
West Virginia University
Instructor in Science



MAX Q. KELLEY, B. S.
Virginia Military Institute
Instructor in Science



HARRY M. TARDY, A. B.
Washington and Lee
Instructor in Mathematics and History



ALTO M. FUNKHOUSER
Instructor in Mathematics



BENJAMIN H. TURNER, A. B.
 Richmond College
Instructor in Latin



SALLIE SAUNDERS LOVELACE
 Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Instructor in Latin

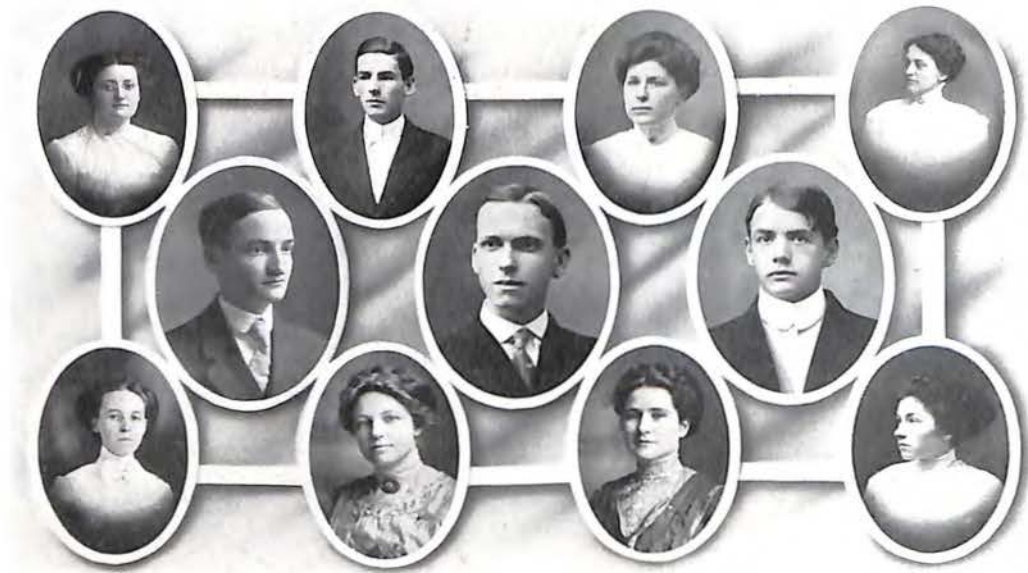


T. H. PHELPS, A. B., A. M.
 Randolph-Macon College
Instructor in History



MARY A. MABRY
Instructor in Business Department

Sr. A Fall Term



FLOURNOY HAMNER

KATHARINE COOK

ELLEEN SOWERS

JULIA KIMMERLING

ROBERT ADAMS

JOHN VAN SICKLER

GERTRUDE FOWLKES

EMBLYN JENNINGS

MAMYE WOODROOF

DUDLEY MARSTELLER

LILLIAN GRUBB

LIZZIE PARRY

THURZETTA THOMAS

Sr. A Spring Term



ELBERT WRIGHT

HIRAM DANCE

EUGENE HARRIS

ANNIE STEVENS

GRACE GISH

CHARLOTTE COCKE

DOTTIE STEVENS

BESSIE AUSTIN

ANNIE WILKINSON

AGNES MARTIN

MARY HUFF

Titian and Angelo as Representatives of the Venetian and Florentine Schools of Art



THE development of art in any country marks the development of civilization. As a nation loses its savage and barbarous characteristics, it gains a love for the beautiful and a desire to portray it. Man in his primitive state cares only for the necessities of life, something to eat and something to wear, but as he becomes more civilized, he develops a sense of beauty, a desire for ornamentation. This is first carried out in the articles of daily use, the drinking vessels, and the weapons of warfare. Thus we have the pottery with the curious figures and the tomahawks with the rude carving as relics of the Indians. Then this love of ornamentation shows itself in the altars and temples of the gods, until finally as the nation reaches the highest point of civilization, it leaves to the world the statues and paintings of its greatest sculptors and artists.

Two of the most famous artists that the world has ever known are Michael Angelo and Titian. These two men as representatives of the two great Italian schools of art, the Florentine and the Venetian, have bequeathed more to the world than any other artists. Michael Angelo was born of the noble family of the Conossa in the castle of Capresse in the year fourteen seventy-four. His artistic tendencies showed themselves early, and after some trouble with his father, who considered a painter no better than a workman, he was allowed to study in the studio of Ghirlandajo. Thus he began his busy, active, though somewhat lonely life. Although in reality he was a man of fine, noble qualities, his proud, uncompromising nature, his harshness, and his unlovable words made him many enemies. The latter part of his life was especially desolate and lonely because his few real friends, and chief among them Vittoria Colonna, his ideal of noble womanhood, were all dead and he was alone. Not only was Angelo artist, sculptor, and architect, he was also a patriot. He was a prominent actor in the political events of his country and he even fought for her when necessary. At last, after a useful, well-spent life he died of fever in Rome away from his beloved Florence in the year fifteen hundred sixty-four.

His contemporary, Titian, was born at Cadore in the Friuli in fourteen seventy-seven. Like Angelo his talent showed itself early, he was sent to the school of Giovanni Bellini, the founder of the Venetian school. About that time the paintings of Giorgione were greatly admired and Titian imitated him so closely that the works of the two are often mistaken. His "Judith" was supposed to have been painted by Giorgione and the Venetian critics congratulated that painter so much that he was offended and never spoke to Titian again. From the painting of the "Judith" Titian's life was one long triumph. Although the princes of all countries tried to entice him to their courts, for the most of his life he remained at his home in Venice, living a quiet but happy life with his wife and three children. He died in fifteen seventy-six of the plague then raging in Italy and was buried in the Church of the Frari.

At the time in which these artists lived, Italian art was the greatest in the world. The most famous school that has ever been known, that of Greece, had long passed away leaving Italy supreme in the world of art.

After Michael Angelo left Ghirlandajo, he spent some time under the roof of Lorenzo, where he devoted most of his energy to sculpture. When he was only twenty-six his powerful patron died. For some years he devoted his time equally to painting and sculpture. His early paintings show many defects—his figures are stiff and unnatural; his colors are not good. His colossal statue of David brought him the recognition of Pope Julius II who ordered him to decorate the Sistine Chapel. His frescoes, probably his best-known works, are all portrayable of scenes from the Old Testament. His "Creation of Man" is noted for the grandeur of its composition, and his "Creation of Eve" is as graceful as the works of Raphael. Pope Julius II becoming impatient to see how the work in the Chapel was progressing entered disguised as a workman. Angelo recognized him and intentionally let a heavy plank fall near the curious pope, then fearing his wrath he fled from Rome. The pope, however, was not at all displeased, for when they met later, he gave Angelo his blessing and ordered him to make a statue in bronze. In fifteen thirty-five, Pope Paul III made him architect, painter and sculptor of the Vatican and he again took up his work in the Sistine Chapel. He decorated the two ends of the Chapel—on one he painted "The Fall of the Angels" and on the other "The Last Judgment." This subject especially suited Angelo, as it gave him all the opportunity he wanted for his wonderful portrayal of the human form. When the work was nearly finished the Pope and his Master of Ceremonies, Biaggio, visited the Chapel. On being asked his opinion, Biaggio replied "that such a display of the nude was better suited to the bath establishment than to a chapel." Angelo, who was not of a very gentle and forgiving nature, revenged himself by painting Biaggio as Midas with ass's ears, among

the damned, and there he remains to this day. Angelo is equally great in the three arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture. His chief statue is that of "David," his best known painting is the "Sibyan Sibyl," and his most famous works in architecture are the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican.

Although Titian did not excel in more than one branch of art, painting, yet in that he has never been surpassed. Michael Angelo, himself, was struck by the great beauty of Titian's "Seda," but as he never praised any one too much he said that "it was a pity that drawing was not taught in Venice." In fifteen twenty-nine, Titian went to Bologna where he spent some time. His chief work while there was a portrait of Charles V of Spain now in the Museum of the Prado. He also painted several other portraits of that king, but the first is most attractive because of the magnificent landscape background. Landscape painting was one of his favorites; some of his most beautiful pictures are sketches of the wild and rugged scenery around his lovely home at Cadore. He spent some time at the brilliant court of Alphonse d'Este, where he finished the decoration of the King's study which his master Giovanni Bellini had begun. Titian, however, did his finest works in Venice, where most of them still remain. Among them are the "Presentation of the Virgin" and the "Assumption of the Virgin." This picture was painted for the monks who being accustomed to dry, cold, religious pictures, were very much shocked at the glorious, rich painting. At first, they refused to accept it but when one of the ministers of Charles V offered them an immense sum for it they saw their mistake. It would be hard to say which is the greatest of Titian's pictures, or even which is the best known, for they are all so great you can make no distinction.

As to the characteristics of Titian and Angelo, they exactly balance each other—what one had the other lacked. Titian's coloring has never been equalled in ancient or modern times, but he lacked drawing and anatomy. Angelo, on the other hand, is not famed for his coloring, but his power of drawing and his portrayal of the human form are unexcelled.

There is a great deal of difference between the art of today and that of the fifteenth century; when the two are closely compared modern art seems to be found wanting. First, it lacks the finish of detail—the pictures of today are all for general effect. If you stand close to one of the modern pictures you can distinguish nothing—everything is a blur. In the old pictures, however, everything is perfectly finished, no detail is overlooked. A great artist who was painting a picture of "The Last Supper" called in a friend to criticize his work, and the first thing he noticed was the cup. Thereupon the painter blotted out and repainted it, for he wished the face of Christ to be the thing first noticed. The second thing that modern art lacks is realism. For instance, a Greek artist painted a

picture of some horses which was so true to life that when the real horses saw it they neighed. But we do not have to go back so far for an example of this—take for instance Titian's portrait of Pope Paul III. He had placed it in the window to dry and the passersby saluted it thinking it the Pope himself. Still another thing that the artist of today has never discovered is the secret of coloring. In the first place, the modern colors have not the beauty and richness of Titian, and in the second they will not stand the test of time as some of the paintings that have come to us almost unharmed from the days when Athens was Queen of art.

However as this age seems to be one of progress in all respects, perhaps we will in time gain these things which the old masters knew and which have made their work immortal. American art, especially, has a bright future before it. Its true field seems to be landscape painting, because of the beautiful natural scenery of the country. Already originality in this respect has been exhibited and in time a pure and noble school of art will be developed. Perhaps, at some far distant future day, we will be able to say of an American artist,

*"For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."*

GERTRUDE MARTIN, '11.





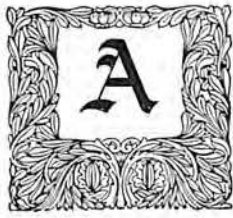
ROANOKE HIGH SCHOOL

Roanoke High School is the best
 In dear old Dixie land,
 For she's the leader of the rest,
 In front she'll always stand.
 The faculty is excellent,
 The system is all right,
 The pupils are always content,
 The standard's out of sight.
 There's English, Latin, French and "Dutch"
 And not to mention Spanish,
 And soon, I guess, they'll give us such
 As Japanese and Danish.

And we get music now and then
 By Woodrum and Miss Cook;
 McQuilkin ten sweet moments spends,
 To boost our Annual Book.
 Debating Club meets once a week,
 The poor contestants quake,
 For first they let their voices squeak
 And then completely break.
 But what's the use of kicking,
 That never brings success;
 The best way to succeed is sticking
 To Dear Old R. H. S.

A. L. H.

The Difficulty Over the Cherry Tree



So every one must know, the conversation about the cherry tree, between George and his father, heretofore has never been known. I will now relate it because of the death of the last male member of the family, which breaks the bond through which the only true conversation has been handed down to the last male member, whose death I have just mentioned. To this family it has been almost sacred, for which reason it has never been polluted by being publicly related before. You must moreover know that the truth of this story is not, for one minute, to be doubted, as it has come straight to me, and has not been turned, twisted, and remodeled by careless editors and "the like." Therefore I will proceed as Mr. B—— related it to me:

It was at the humble homestead of Mr. Washington at Bridges Creek, February 11th, 1732, difference of reckoning now makes the eleventh the twenty-second, that a baby boy was born. They named him George. When he was old enough to go around, he did so a great deal, and liked to sit and listen to the "grown-ups" talk, which led him to take many things more seriously than he otherwise would have taken them.

His father, soon after the birth of his son, moved to an estate on the Rappahannock, where he raised some fine fruit, but extremely fine cherry trees, with which he took a great deal of pains and he forbade his son, George, from ever climbing them.

When George's sixth birthday came around his father had a pleasant surprise for his young "hopeful." He had a brand new, shining little hatchet for him. Unfortunately we can only imagine how young Washington's eyes brightened and danced when he beheld the new hatchet his father held toward him. He was almost too excited to thank his kind father. After this he started out the back way to connect the hatchet to his, he thought, very strong muscles.

It may be said that he stopped long enough to try it on one of the kitchen table legs, whereupon the cook ran him out of the house. Next, he was chopping upon the garden gate when his mother made his cheeks rosy and his ears ring. So we can't blame him when he started for new chopping grounds, and said to

himself, "I'll have to get out of this, sure," and started for the cherry trees back of the garden.

When he had tired of chopping weeds and small bushes, he thought his muscles were sufficiently strong for something more resisting and vigorous. Therefore he walked down the row a piece and selected the pride of the lot. He worked and perspired until, at last, his labors were rewarded. The tree toppled and fell. He was about to let out a glad shout when something painfully reminded him of what he had done. It was the dinner-bell!

He went slowly toward the house, fingering "the little hatchet." He felt sick at heart. He remembered all his father had said about those trees, and his memory was especially clear regarding that particular tree. He could hardly eat a thing, and after dinner he went to the kitchen and sat close by the fire.

His father, as usual on pretty days, took a stroll after dinner. And naturally, as his great hobby was cherries, he went down to his fine trees and of course to the pride of the lot. Try to imagine him standing there in horror, with his eyebrows uplifted, mouth open, and hands upraised, unable to utter a sound. But I think it would be best to leave that sound out altogether, after it did finally come.

Straight to the house he walked, with a fine long switch, for he had noticed the snubbed end, where the tree had come in two, either by a beaver or a very small "little hatchet," and as ill luck would have it, he accepted the theory of the "little hatchet." As he walked he grew gradually calmer until he reached the house, when he was himself again. Calling George to follow, he led the way to the library. When there he turned very suddenly and glared fiercely upon poor little George, for you must remember he was little before he was great. George turned very red but never batted an eye as he looked up at his fearful parent. When the stillness grew oppressive his father spoke.

"Son, who cut down my cherry tree?"

There was another silence, then, "Er—er—father I can not tell a lie; I did it," and his father towering with uplifted switch over him; I'll bet it was a hard lie not to tell, but he won.

"And, son, whatever possessed you to do it?"

The reply came this time, promptly back, for did he not have a good reason after all? "Father, you know that you forbade me ever to climb a cherry tree, so how was I ever to get a cherry? And I just felt so cherry hungry I couldn't resist getting them another way."

"But son, you're leading yourself into a hole; you know in this country trees don't yield fruit in February." I tell you he was mad! But the answer came back just as placid as a July breeze.

"Yes, father, I know, that was just my mistake. I didn't notice till the tree was down, the time of the year."

His really kind-hearted father couldn't resist. He dropped the switch and grabbed his son in his arms, and said, "Son, you will be a lawyer some day."

BURFORD PRICE. '13.

SUNSHINE

A little patch of sunshine, falling on the floor,
In the shaded, quiet room, with fastened blind and door,
Reflecting the curtain's pattern, like a bit of looking-glass,—
O, what a perfect treasure, though we hardly think as we pass
Of the story the tiny square's telling of the dancing world of green
With its birds, and its bees, and its flowers mid the jewels hardly seen,
That the morn for her own adorning has spread abroad like a queen.
In the patch of sunshine, fallen like a blessing on the floor,
Which, tho it helps to brighten, makes the shadows show up more,
Is a thought that would make us better to obey it, every one,—
In this life don't look for the shadows, but the little patch of sun.

G. I. G. 1910



SENIOR B CLASS

ADA BIERBOWER	HATTIE BROWN	GRACE BULMAN	SARAH CALDWELL
CHARLOTTE COCKE	FRANGIE DAVIS	CLIFFIE GROVE	ETHEL HARRELL
RUTH KINSEY	GERTRUDE MARTIN	WALLACE MOIR	IVA POWERS
FRANCES ROSENBAUM	JESSAMINE SHOWALTER	CHARLES CORBIN	
GRADY GREGORY	RYLAND HUTTON	VERSAL SPALDING	

The Seniors as seen by the Juniors



THE clock over the Study Hall door points to nine-twenty, and the orator of the morning is just beginning to wax eloquent over the eighteenth step of character building. The room is warm. Our attention wanders from the highly moral but rather lengthy discourse of the speaker. All eyes turn from the study of the coiffure of the girl before us to the long, double row of dignified Seniors on the platform. We wonder if we shall ever attain to the dignity of a seat in those lofty ranks, and if so, which one of the "motley crew" we shall most resemble.

There is Versal Spalding, the Class President, uni-Versal favorite of both teachers and pupils. We think of his long record of all-round good fellow, his good nature being out of all proportion to his size. We wonder if we shall ever become the happy possessor of his two keys, one to the library, one to the hearts of his classmates.

Next in the row is Miss Sarah Caldwell, that happy possessor of the brightest head in the Senior form. From the time she entered the School she has been regarded as the sparkling wit of her class. She is richly endowed with many accomplishments. With a voice as beautiful and as powerful as that of Saint Cecilia, we see for her a career full of rare successes.

A skilful player of the royal game of hearts is Miss Ethel Harrell, the tall and stately class beauty. When we look at her we think of that quotation from Robert Burns's verse, "Even her frowns are fairer far than the smiles of other maidens are."

Or will we be like that well-behaved young gentleman, Mr. Grady Gregory, whose polished manners and gorgeous ties make him a general favorite among the ladies? The best dancer at dancing school, there lies before him a brilliant career of social successes as leader of cotillions and authority on etiquette.

We all aspire to the sweet disposition of the next Senior in the line, Miss Ruth Kinsey, whose thoughtfulness and unselfishness have endeared her to the hearts of her fellow-students. These same qualities are prominent characteristics of her neighbor, Miss Grace Bulman. This cheerful young lady, the class philosopher, while writing her essays in the wee small hours of the morning, has worked out

a new siderial system in which the sun rises in the west and sets in the east. Shall we ever attain to like greatness?

While none may equal Miss Bulman in philosophy, one of her classmates, Mr. Charlie Corbin, has become equally as famous as a student of chemistry. Every spare moment he spends in the laboratory searching, searching, searching. For what? The Elixir of Life? Oh! if he could only find it, joy would reign supreme among the faculty.

Especially the Juniors admire those hard working students of the good old Teuton type, Misses Jessamine Showalter, Cliffie Grove and Ivy Powers. May their ceaseless endeavors and willingness to go where duty calls be rewarded with a crown of everlasting success!

Listen! A suppressed giggle, at the end of the second row, attracts our attention to the Senior genius, Miss Gertrude Martin. In her case, at least, genius is to mischief near allied. But by a remarkable English record, this young lady has gained the privilege of doing as she pleases. Her beautiful essays more than compensate for her many practical jokes, and hers is the honor of having written the first essay ever read in chapel.

Then there is that jolly pair, Misses Wallace Moir and Ada Bierbower, who present us a living example that good nature does not depend on size. Both of these, by their cheerfulness and willingness to please, will ever be remembered as all-round good classmates.

Another popular Senior is Mr. Ryland Hutton, leader of society and heart-smasher in general. With hair brushed at the exact angle of forty-five degrees, he is at once the delight and despair of many admiring freshmen. But we hope that this popularity with the ladies will not turn his thoughts from graver matters, as by common consent of the faculty he is a mathematical genius. May his career be long and brilliant!

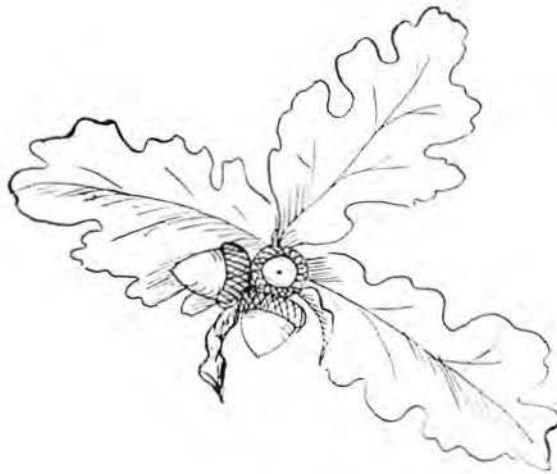
Another Senior who is aspiring to high fame is Miss Frankie Davis. She is evidently, by daily and deadly struggles with Cicero's Orations, training her oratorical powers to preach woman's rights. This seems useless now, for in the present Senior class there are, at least, three girls to a boy and the trio find no trouble in leading him about by the nose.

One member of the class who fully avails herself of this privilege is Miss Hattie Brown. With a smile on her face and a bag in her hand, she commands the obedience of the entire Senior male quartet. By her loyalty to friends and brilliancy in classes she is loved by teachers and pupils.

Last Senior of all that ends this strange eventful reverie is Miss Frances Rosenbaum. Although her seat is a stool she is by no means a dunce. Indeed, this brilliant pupil has left behind her one of the most remarkable records of the

school. Her past has been that of the ideal all-round student and her college career promises to be rich in medals and scholarships. As we look at her she strikes a chord on the piano. The principal calls "First Year A-I," "First Year B-II," "Commercial pupils," and we are awakened from our dream with a start. The first lesson of the day is always dreaded. So hastily catching up books and pencils we take our places in the ranks of the Six Hundred and march into our own particular Valley of Death.

KATHERINE HUTTON AND HUGH STANARD.



History of the Growth of the Newspaper



It is only the brilliant man, the man of letters, the cultured man, that can make himself known by his own true worth. He is the man who can get up and tell in well chosen words what he is and what he wants. He is in the class of the few select people of the country.

What of the great masses? The farmer, the laborer, the ordinary working man. They have no ability, nor even the time to make some address giving their views. Their best recourse is to the newspaper. Here they go with their troubles or their triumphs and tell the world of their cause in a way that is even broader than a personally conducted speech.

The farmer in this part of the country can converse through the newspaper with the farmer of the far west, who in turn can tell his brother in the east his views; thus they can establish a public communication read by millions giving the whole world a universal method of farming. So with any other trade. The people get their voice, which in the long run is the voice that rules the world.

The newspapers have not always been as popular as they are today. They have not had the easy sailing that they enjoy now, for they were not looked upon in the olden days, in the same manner as people do today. They were unpopular. People considered them carriers of gossip and breeders of turmoil and dissention. To a degree this is certainly true. When a thing is new, people always try to find the defects and often overlook the good points. Again the printing presses were not anything like what they are today; the necessary delay of the publications for several days of course caused complaint and trouble. The poor editors could only take it all quietly and stand the insults flung at them. One article says that four out of every ten of the early editors either went crazy or were shot. So we see that what is now the greatest and most luxurious plant sprang from a seed that was small and knotty.

Among those prominent in the early days of the newspaper are Defoe, Addison, Steele and Wilkes. These men are not merely prominent; but in fact the founders of the modern style. Had they not lived it is doubtful if the paper would have reached the standard it has today. These men added imagination, satire, irony and freedom of thought. Although some of their works were very

coarse and immoral, these faults must be overlooked in comparison with the good they have accomplished for the press. Addison and Steele more especially deserve praise for what they have done. It was these two men that founded the first newspaper. The *Tatler* was a newspaper vastly different from the ones of today. This was not a daily, but came out once a week. It was supposed to have contained about five pages—two of news and three of editorials. So we see these four men are really the fathers of the press.

There is now an associated press of the whole country and the whole world. In this association are many different classes of papers. All papers have not the freedom that they have in this country. In Russia, for instance, no paper is allowed to speak of the government in any way except in words of praise. Again there is a law concerning the publication of the pictures of the royal family. No one paper can print them but once each year. In Spain the laws are not this binding, but still there is a certain law referring to the Moors who live in the southern part of Spain. The French, German and English papers are for the most part free, but none have the liberties of the papers of this country. Thus we see another phase of the great American Liberty.

To illustrate this freedom take the *Saturday Evening Post*. This is undoubtedly the oldest paper in America. Founded in eighteen hundred twenty-eight by Benjamin Franklin, this paper has withstood the test of time and now comes forth with the largest circulation of any paper in the world. Its editors have ever been paid the highest sums for articles and today it gets the largest price for its advertising space. The best feature of the *Post* is that it can not be bought by any ring and made to print articles for their own interest and gain. Its unbiased opinion is given of subjects and men. In this way it has made a few enemies, which is natural, for nothing or no one can ever reach a very high position without making enemies and friends. These few can do it no harm when compared to its vast host of friends and subscribers.

The newspapers have "creeped, intruded and climbed" until they have rooted themselves in our daily life. They are essential, we must have them. They are the supplement of the telegraph. We can sit at home and hear all about the happenings on the other side of the world. In such events as national elections, stocks and bond quotations, leaving of ships and general topics of the day—they are indispensable.

Some people have come to be too dependent on them. They read nothing but the papers and in this way neglect other reading that would be more beneficial. Still there is always some one who will carry anything to an extreme so nothing can be judged by the harm a few derive from it.

From reading some papers one can derive almost as much good as from read-

ing some instructive book. Others are just the reverse. This last class pictures the sensational. What is glaring and exciting is printed on the first page, which in a conservative paper would not be mentioned. The same distinction occurs in magazines. Take the *Argosy* or *All Story*, for instance, they could never be put in the same class with the *Literary Digest* or *Success*. Likewise there is as much difference between the *New York Times* or *London Times* and the *Philadelphia North American* or the *Chicago Blade*. If these conservative papers could in any way crush out the sensational ones the world would be better off and the younger generations show a decided change. Any one can be judged by the kind of literature he reads.

Probably one of the most striking examples of the power of the press occurred in the recent election in New York City. Hearst, a man whom every one thought was sure to be elected, was overwhelmingly defeated simply by the leaguering together against him of several of the New York papers. It was an underhand trick, but it fully shows the grasp the press has on the country.

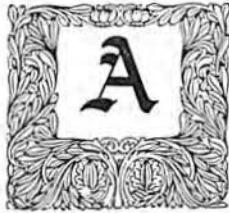
What a paper is depends entirely on the editor. It has been said that clothes don't make the man, but the editor does certainly make the paper. He is king over his domain and it is naturally right that he should exert the ruling power. Sometimes for years a paper will be poor but upon changing editors it suddenly begins to improve until it becomes a good paper. From this it may be seen that the position of editor is no easy one; no wonder so many of them go crazy.

The press has certainly a great future before it. Although it seems to have reached its climax, it has yet a noble work to do. It is the outlet of the sentiment of the people and this is the power behind the throne. Since the days of the Cæsars the people have been clamoring for control, the control which they have at last gained, and gained largely through the press. Therefore, it is the duty of the press to maintain the rights of the people and forever keep them the Monarchs of the World.

SPALDING.



The Story of a Handkerchief



As the train pulled into the village, the girl in Section 8 looked out wearily. To her the journey seemed endless. The snow fell against the car windows with monotonous regularity. The flakes were large and fleecy and had long since covered the fences with drifts. The little town looked asleep under its burden of snow, and the only sign of life at all was the station-master and a young man in a sleigh. It was evident from the manner of the station-master, and also from the appearance of the sleigh and horses, that this was a person of some importance in the village.

The girl's eyes brightened as she looked with interest on the scene. The man in the sleigh became aware of her look and returned it with admiration, for although rather pale from loss of sleep, she was strikingly pretty. Her hair was brown and her eyes, large and blue as a child's, had a peculiar fascination to any observer.

Though the weather was very cold, her window was open, and in order to catch a last glimpse of the man in the sleigh, she leaned out a trifle. The handkerchief she held loosely in her hand was caught by the wind, and to her dismay it floated straight back to where the two men were standing. When last she saw the interesting young man, he was standing out in the snow waving her own handkerchief to her.

As the porter came down the aisle she signalled him to close the window. She was hoping that the severe looking woman with the nose-glasses on, who sat behind her, did not see the little affair, and it was a decided relief when a talkative little girl from across the aisle came over and sat down beside her. The child looked to be about eleven years old, but from her conversation one would have judged her to be older. "My daddy says we'll be three hours late getting to Boston," she began, "and I'm so sorry because we were going to take Christmas dinner at grandfather's and they're going to announce Aunt Madge's engagement to a man from Chicago."

The girl was apparently amused by the child's talk and she answered sweetly, "I'm going home from school to spend the holidays, and I'm afraid my parents will be very much disappointed at my being so late."

"Oh! do you go to school? Well, I don't. I have a governess and I do just as I please, for I know she won't tell. You see we live in a hotel in Philadelphia and mamma goes calling and daddy thinks I mind Miss Pat. You are very pretty. What is your name? Mine's Mary Jane Bennington."

The child was voluntarily telling her whole history to a total stranger, but it was interesting and much better than hurting one's eyes trying to read in the dim light. "My name is Teresa Durham," she said, and handed the little girl her card.

"That's pretty! I never did like my name, but it's after grandmother, and when she dies I'm to receive all her money. I wonder why we're stopping, I don't see any station, do you?"

A tall man of about middle-age, came down the aisle followed by the conductor and brakeman. There were anxious frowns on their faces and they talked hurriedly to one another. The little girl sprang from Teresa's seat and ran towards the man. "Hello daddy, what's up?"

"Where is your mother?" the man asked.

"Oh, she's out in the rear talking to Mr. Phillips."

The man glanced toward Teresa and his daughter introduced them at once. A short conversation followed. Teresa found, to her dismay, that the cause of the stop was a broken snow-plow on the engine, and this would render further progress impossible for an indefinite time.

The news had spread all through the car by this time. Every one looked gloomy and the Christmas spirit seemed to have vanished. A baby began to cry dismally and everything was in confusion.

Teresa had almost forgotten the handkerchief episode, when on turning around she caught sight of the sour face and piercing eyes behind her. The blood rushed to her cheeks and she felt an impulse to cry, but remembering she had no handkerchief, she wisely refrained. Looking at her watch she found it was half past ten. She tried to read but it was impossible, for the baby howled incessantly, and a woman with a loud voice was blaming every one in the car with the bad luck which was making her late for a concert.

As time passed on, the people in the car became resigned to wait and every one talked to every one. The crying baby was asleep, and the loud-voiced woman was burying her grief in soft-shell crabs and hashed potatoes.

Sleigh bells sounded in the distance and Teresa looked eagerly out of the window. She was surprised to see the same sleigh, same horses, and the same interesting young man who had captured her handkerchief at the station, but what surprised her most was the sight of the girl who sat in the sleigh beside him. Teresa looked twice to be sure, and then waved frantically to the girl. The sleigh

had stopped directly in front of the window and the girl jumped out leaving her brother behind. In a minute the two girls were in each other's arms and exclamations of delight issued from both. They were roommates at the Academy and the girl from the sleigh, Margaret Grady, had left for home a few days earlier than the other girls.

When her brother had gathered up the fur robe which his sister had dumped out in the snow, he proceeded more slowly than she had through the car. He found them talking excitedly, and introductions followed. He turned out to be the much-talked-of brother Dick, who was studying law at Harvard. Margaret talked to Teresa while Dick talked to the conductor. He came back and told the girls that the train would be delayed for two or three hours. Margaret began to persuade Teresa to drive home and spend the remainder of the day with them, and she might leave on the first train in the morning. After quite a while she consented, and they helped her on with her things. Dick took her suit-case, and she said "Good-bye" to the little girl.

The sleigh was very comfortable and the drive from the train to Margaret's home was long. The back of the sleigh was piled high with holly and mistletoe, which Margaret explained was for decorating purposes, for she was giving a party that night.

The more Dick and Teresa talked, the better they liked each other and by the time they reached the house, they were the best of friends. Teresa had met Margaret's mother before, Margaret and her mother having spent the day at her home while shopping in Boston.

Everything seemed cheerful and Christmas-like at the country home. A Yule-log burned in the grate, and large red bells hung in the various archways. The dinner was splendid, true country fashion, and the servants supplied every one's wants with methodical quietness. Several toasts were drunk, and the Judge, Margaret's father, made a quaint speech which was well applauded.

After dinner the three young folks hung holly and mistletoe in every place conceivable, and the halls were filled with the sound of their voices. At five the girls went upstairs to dress, but before they went, Dick made Teresa promise to dance the first and last dance with him.

It was quite plain that he had fallen deeply in love with Teresa, and Margaret told her so, as they ran up the stairs. She had to wear one of Margaret's dresses for her suit-case contained only necessities. She selected a pale yellow one, and Margaret wore white.

The guests, twenty in number, arrived early. All were young and good looking. The floor fairly shone and when the musicians began to play Teresa's favorite waltz, Dick came and claimed her.

It was late when every one had gone, and Dick, Teresa and Margaret were standing on the big porch saying the last "Good-nights." Margaret shivered and ran in. Teresa started to follow her but Dick caught her arm. "I'm going to keep it till my dying day," he declared solemnly.

"What?" asked Teresa, with pretended ignorance.

"Why, the handkerchief, of course, and, say Teresa, I'm desperately in love with you. The fact is, I have been ever since I picked this up at the station," he ended abruptly.

"Teresa, come in; you'll catch your death of cold," called Margaret.

"I must go in," she said and walked slowly through the door.

Nevertheless, she wears a solitaire now and they are going to be married as soon as she is of age.

NINA QUINN, '13.

A FALSE ALARM

Dang, dang; dang, dang; dang, dang; dang, dang;
Both long and loud the fire-bell rang;
We threw our books down and we sprang
For the door, as some one sang—
Fire, Fire, Fire!

I never saw such ex-cite-ment
The whole school out the front door went;
The fac-ul-ty a half hour spent,
To find out who the signal sent—
Liar, Liar, Liar!

The fire-bell is a splendid thing,
We welcome its sonorous ring,
For all our studies down we fling,
Whene'er we hear the old bell ring—
Fire, Fire, Fire!

A. L. H.



THIRD YEAR CLASS

Lorna Doone

A Masterpiece of English Literature



IN the study of the world's literary history, if any one thing could be designated as the predominating influence on writers, that one would be nature. Nature has, either directly or indirectly, appealed to all writers of all ages. Homer, Goethe, Shakespeare, each learned to interpret life by first learning to love and understand nature.

To know nature, men must commune with nature. They must go out into the fields and live in close touch with her. No country, except the United States, can show such a variety of natural beauties as can England. Its wild mountains; its desolate moors; its beautiful valleys; its cultivated fields, all appeal strongly to the human mind. So many beauties included in so small a compass and so easy of access, made the Englishman a better friend of nature than any other nationality of Europe. With a very little trouble he could see for himself the green trees and the waving grain. By such communion with nature, writers came to a fuller realization of life—its mysteries and its possibilities. Since "knowledge is power," it is easy enough to understand why England is the supreme literary nation.

Of course English scenery did not appeal to all men alike. Some saw the divine hand of God; others saw merely its sensuous beauty—the rugged grandeur and desolateness of its mountains. Such writers can never reach the greatest heights, yet they can entertain us, and be as a spice of life to literature.

In this class of writers belongs William Blackmore, an English novelist of the nineteenth century. This man studied to be a lawyer, but like John Keats, he could not become interested in his work. So, to use his own words, he "resigned himself to fate" and turned to literature for a living. Many of his attempts to produce a great novel were unsuccessful. Then a fortunate thing happened. He went to western England on a visit. There Blackmore was in the midst of the things he loved—the wild moors and the rugged mountains. While there he listened attentively to the tales of the simple-hearted country people with their fears and their superstitions. He was so attracted by one of the stories concerning a certain gang of robbers that he made this the theme of his next novel—

"Lorna Doone." Blackmore seems to have lost himself in his story, and thus reached a success that was astonishing. For a while he was hailed as the greatest novelist of his age, but his popularity soon waned, and today he is not even mentioned in text-books on English literature.

Though the author is almost forgotten, "Lorna Doone" is still regarded as a classic. The events in this novel are supposed to have taken place during the later seventeenth century when England was fighting for a constitutional government, and was stirred by the expulsion of James from his throne and country, and by the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth. These events Blackmore used ingeniously to furnish the necessary adventures for his novel, and also to give a reason for having such characters as Jeremy Stickles in it.

The place where most of the story is located was in that same part of England where Blackmore had first listened to the old legends. This location—the wilds of Exmoor and the surrounding mountains—was peculiarly suited for such a romance. There was the desolate moor with its treacherous paths and bog holes; the high mountains; and above all the Doone Valley with its impregnable entrance—just such a place as robbers would desire for a home. These furnished an excellent background for a tale of strange adventures such as befell John Ridd. They gave to the story an air of probability that could not have been produced in any other locality. As Blackmore first heard it, the legend of these robbers was vague and confused. Some said they were a gang of lawless youths driven into exile. Others claimed they were lords of the realm. All these little differences did not matter to Blackmore. He chose the things that best suited his purpose. He made the Doones gentlemen robbers; he located Ridd's farm near their stronghold; he arranged the natural features of the country to fit his story; he made the heroine a high-born lady instead of a peasant girl; and brought in all of the troublous times of seventeenth century England. By using these privileges of a novelist, Blackmore made Lorna Doone seem a reality.

The story of the book is something like this: John Ridd is taken from school at Tiverton on account of his father's death at the hands of the Doones, a band of robbers who have their stronghold near Ridd's farm. John's homeward journey is a memorable one. In the first place the weather is fearfully damp and foggy. Little did he think that the maid with whom he talked at the inn would be the means of his discovering his sweetheart's true name; or that the girl who smiled at him when he passed her carriage was his own Lorna. Of course, John swore to revenge his father's death. In the meanwhile he wandered aimlessly about the large farm and neighboring country. On one occasion this spirit of adventure led him to climb to the top of a waterfall near his home. Unknowingly he had entered Glen Doone and here he met Lorna Doone. This was the first of many visits.

and their friendship soon became love. Meanwhile Ridd had become a successful and influential farmer. He was known far and wide for his great physique and giant strength. About this time the second part of the story begins.

Ridd is summoned to London by the king's messenger, Jeremy Stickles. The fact that he was summoned by the king, brought Ridd into prominence in his own community. His association with Stickles was extremely important to Ridd, because through him John discovered that his Lorna was not a Doone; therefore not related to his father's murderers. More important still, Stickles was the indirect means of connecting Ridd with the third part of the story.

Stickles, suspecting that Master Huckaback was plotting against the king, kept close watch upon his movements. This led the old man to confide to John the existence of the gold mine. This mine, and its boss, Carfax, was to have a part later on in the destruction of the Doones.

Then came Monmouth's rebellion, and John's journey to bring home his sister's husband, Tom Faggus. After many adventures, John found his man, but was soon afterward arrested as a traitor and sent to London. There he again saw his Lorna, now a much admired lady-in-waiting on the queen. Through a peculiar circumstance, Ridd gained the king's favor and was knighted. This to some extent lessened the great social gap between him and Lorna, and soon afterwards, her guardian having died, Lorna returned to his farm, where they were married with great ceremony in the Exmoor Church.

Immediately after the wedding, Lorna was shot down by Carver Doone. Ridd, crazed by grief, set out in pursuit; the two met at the bog surrounding Huckaback's mine. There a silent but fierce struggle took place, and Carver Doone slowly disappeared in the mire. Thus did John Ridd keep his boyish oath of revenge, for it was Carver Doone who had killed John's father.

Of the many places mentioned in this book, there are four that are of especial interest to us. First of these is Tiverton. Yet it is not Tiverton, but Blundell's school, about which we are concerned. In his description of this school, Blackmore gives us an insight into his own school days and his experiences at this same school. He is particularly true here, and somewhat bitter in his language, because Blackmore vividly remembered his own fights at this place. Then there are the towns of Linnmouth and Linton. Both are visited by many tourists today, partly because of Blackmore's story and partly because of their history. These are characteristic English towns—quiet and industrious. Linnmouth especially is remarkable for its picturesqueness and beauty. Though all these have attracted much attention for their beauty and history, the chief place belongs to the Valley of Stones, or Glen Doone. There Blackmore showed his real power—his power of describing nature. Probably there is not a place in literature so well known as is

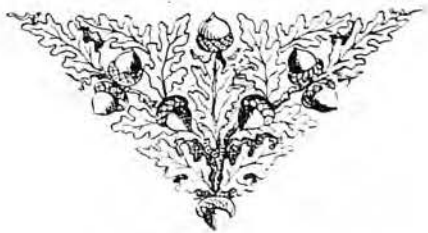
the waterslide that leads into this valley. Nor is there a place on earth whose geography is so thoroughly and accurately known to so many people as is this Valley of Stones.

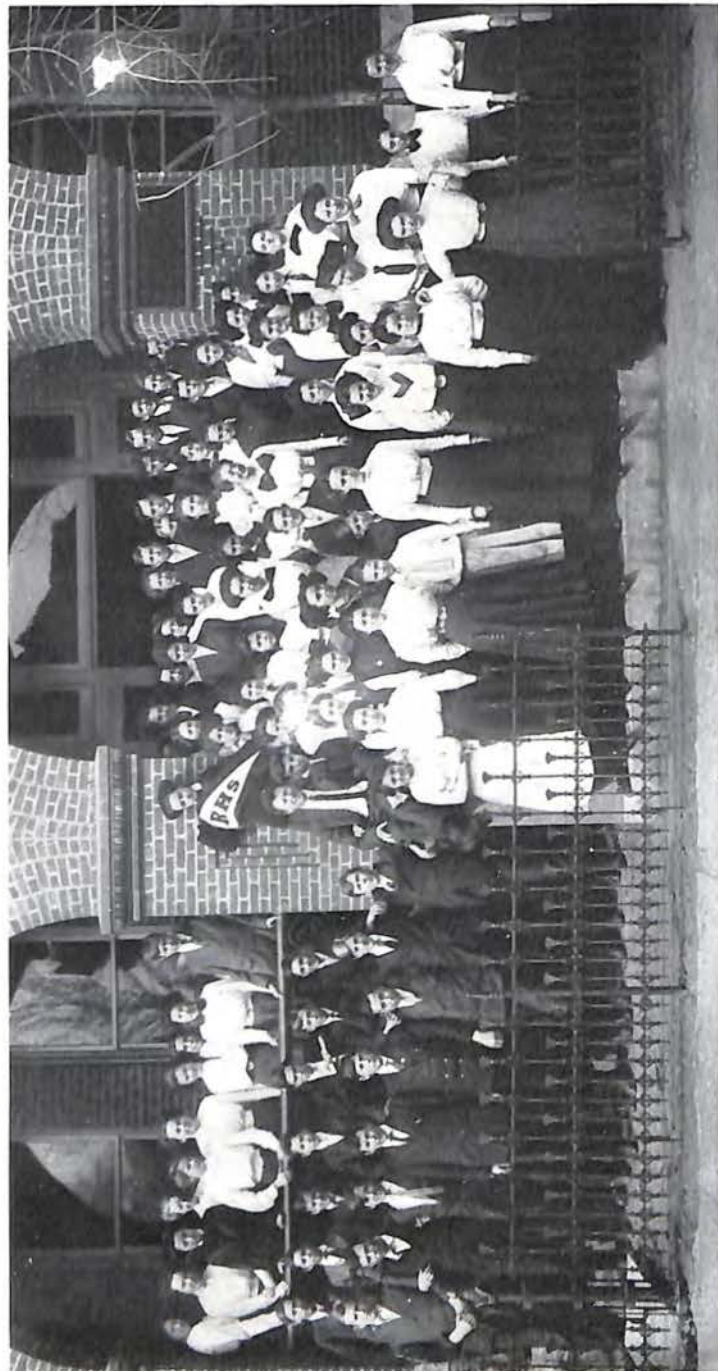
I omitted the extinction of the Doones from the main part of the story, so as to treat it a little more thoroughly. As is well known, there existed in England during the seventeenth century, many bands of robbers, who committed terrible outrages on the farmers, and lived, as we say, on the fat of the land. Such were the Doones. They had the best of everything. Feeling secure in the fear of the people, they did as they pleased, until, goaded beyond endurance by an act of especial cruelty, the people swore to avenge themselves. Through a strategy suggested by Faggus, part of the Doones are decoyed into an ambush, and the rest are attacked in their valley from its opposite ends. Tom Faggus heads one division, Ridd the other. Ridd, with his followers, climbs up the waterslide just as he did when he first met Lorna. They attack from the rear, and John personally fires Carver Doone's house. The bandits are taken completely by surprise. Every one is killed except the old Councilor, who is allowed to escape, after surrendering Lorna's stolen necklace. Of the ambushed Doones, only one escaped. That was Carver, and we know his fate.

Blackmore has treated this story in a remarkable way. He has made an entertaining novel out of it; he has shown us a fine picture of English rural life; has given us many extremely realistic descriptions of nature; and besides, has taught a good moral lesson. By his destruction of the Doones, no matter how powerful they were, he has shown that right and honesty always win at the end.

Now, considering this book from a literary point of view, it can be said that the plot is excellent, the characters well drawn, and the descriptions true. Yet there is too much detail, too much repetition, to make it a masterpiece. But as a story it is sure to live, for nowhere can we find a book that is more thoroughly imbued with the theme of love—simple, yet divine. Love is the one great, universal emotion of mankind, and a story that is a true love story can never die.

JOHN VAN SICKLER, '10.





SECOND YEAR CLASS

The Fall of the House of Kelmworth



LOWLY but steadily I had ridden blindly northward along the cliff, not knowing the way or seeing the path, which was covered with diamond-like sparkles of snow and ice. My beautiful black charger stumbled several times, for drifts sprang up in our path as if by magic. The light snow was whirled and scattered like an ocean of spray over all things. A thousand sand needles seemed to pierce my skin, for my hunter's suit was none too warm for the blast of the north, yet it was only the first of November, and I shuddered to think what a genuine winter storm must be. As it was, I was speedily numbed with cold, blinded by the whirling snow, and deafened by the roaring wind. The winds howled like unchained demons through the jagged gorges, and a horrible feeling of isolation made my heart falter with a sickening sense of helplessness. Up and up I rode, my faithful horse plunging through the snow and my fingers mechanically holding the reins, which felt like icicles in my grasp. Above me the great bluffs, swept naked by the blast, rose from a seething flood of water, grand, bleak and terrible, like the surviving monsters of some fearful deluge, turned to stone, while below, the waves rolled fathoms deep. The sea surged inward from a mighty ocean and swept its liquid touch along the stately but barren shores as if they were the strings of a harp, and I heard the most unearthly, soul-stirring harmony, first low and tender, then swelling into magnificent crescendo, finally filling the whole place with an overpowering diapason that rolled like peals of thunder over the gloomy precipice.

At last, after I had ridden the whole evening, I saw, or thought I saw, a building with a gleaming light in the distance. I neared the structure, but did not notice that I approached the south wing, and that the light had disappeared. No voice responded to my loud call for help, although I pounded upon the door and awaited a response. As none came, however, I knocked again with the same unsatisfactory result. I stood amazed, I a stranger, lost upon the mountains, half leaning, half standing upon the cold but sheltering promenade of what I supposed in the darkness to be a small stone building. I gazed upon the place and pierced the darkness, for I could scarcely withdraw my eyes. Soon the snow ceased, leaving the moaning wind as my solitary companion, with the exception of my poor horse, which stood shivering in the cold.

I was now able to distinguish the gray walls of a castle, which hovered dismally against the dark sky. Numerous porticos, a landing pier, from which direction came little laps of water of the lake, and the attractive Piazzetta were distinctly visible. Then turning my astonished vision heavenward I looked with awed admiration on the cold bell-tower, hundreds of feet in height, with its pointed summit piercing the light clouds, and its aerial balcony hung like a gilded cage against the sky. Near me were two stately columns which made it difficult when compared with the other columns to realize that the granite monsters had been standing there for centuries. Around the castle on all sides were long arcades of decayed architecture and workmanship; the lower, however, were perhaps a trifle short and seemed as if unable to support the burden of their years and memories. On this evening, illuminated by the moon, which was now peeping through the clouds over the steeples, it was a most imposing structure. The place was entombed in solemn, sad silence, so that it looked like an immense sarcophagus of decayed matter. The colonnades of the south side gave shelter from sun or rain, and I prepared to spend the remainder of the eventful night there.

Not even the moonbeams penetrated that somber place. Soon becoming cold and stiff I arose, stretched my limbs and glanced over my shoulder. I imagined a thousand different things, awful groans and moans which might have been the wind. Then I heard a fall. So sure of this was I that my heart beat wildly, my hair stood on ends, my breath froze, and I, a man, cuddled in the corner to seek protection and await results. I drew my imagination so high that I was sure that I heard a distant step inside the walls. How exceedingly foolish of me; was not the place vacant and deserted? Then, as if carried by the winged-footed Hermes, my mind flew to the light which I had seen when approaching from the north. I shook as with the ague, for a ghostly superstition was overpowering me. I decided to investigate, so I walked close to the walls around the whole castle, and only once halted when I was sure that I heard the footsteps of a man close upon me. Soon they became fainter and fainter until in the distance I saw a being, clumsily but swiftly crossing the terrace. I thought it was some wild animal searching for prey, so I once more continued my ramble. However, upon looking around I saw the form which proved to be a man, who appeared as if he had lately learned the ways of the house. A heavy key was placed in a secret lock, then stealthily the man crept into the southeast wing. This aroused my curiosity to such a degree that I determined to watch the place and listen to every sound within. Creeping around the house I came to the west wing, and through the half open blind saw a faint gleam of light. Stepping upon the stone steps of the little veranda, and pulling the branches of a dead fall rose from the pane, I attempted to peer in. This however I could not readily do, for before the glass hung a red plush curtain. A puff of

wind coming down the chimney of the open fireplace rippled the curtains and allowed me to obtain a better view of the room.

Before the mantel, upon a rug, stood a beautiful pale, blue-eyed girl. Her lips were parted as if in passionate pleading, and her hands hung limp at her sides. Her handkerchief which was of fine material and bordered with lace, had dropped to the folds of her simple, but neat gown. Quite distinctly I could see embroidered in one corner B. B. Not a yard from her, reclining in a huge velvet chair was an aged man. His gray locks were massed about his furrowed brow, and his fierce, rugged expression and scowl were frightening. In his palsied hands he held a small note which he was endeavoring to read. Why I did not then ask for admittance, I know not, but I continued to gaze upon the strange scene. I had not the right to intrude upon private affairs, but why was this girl so wan and white, standing after midnight in the apartments of this strange being? Was he some relative? I could not tell. Suddenly the aged man crushed the paper in his hands and motioned the girl from the room. She spoke, but I did not hear a word that passed. However, at his motion she moved not a muscle but stood silent and composed. Then leaning heavily upon his cane the elder occupant crossed the room, took from his pocket a bunch of keys, fitted one in a lock and pushing the bolt the door slid back into a groove. He lifted a tin box from the depths of the vault, carried it to the table and opened it. Near the top were numerous papers tied into a package with red tape, and two large envelopes sealed with wax. Upon the larger one was scrawled "Last Will and Testament of Robert Kelinworth." He threw this one into the fire. Then untying a small chamois bag, he counted out five twenty-dollar gold pieces, placed them, without allowing his fingers to touch hers, in the girl's palm, closed the bag and replaced it in the box.

Almost intolerable humiliation dyed her pale cheeks with a deep, purple crimson, and she proudly drew herself to her utmost height. Lifting an old-fashioned morocco case the old man, who I later learned was no other than Robert, Earl of Kelinworth, attempted to open it. The rusty springs opened and disclosed a once white velvet cushion, which had darkened and turned a delicate yellow, but in the midst of which were nestled a set of magnificent sapphires. These the Earl also placed in her hand. The girl turned, recovered her handkerchief, spoke, and placed her hand upon the heavy brass knob of the massive door. The man stopped her, pointed to the western veranda where I was standing, and motioned her to leave by that door, scarce a breathing distance from me. When she stood on the steps she turned to close the wide arch glass door, whence inside the red plush curtains had been looped back, she saw for the last time the gaunt, tall figure, within, leaning on his stick with the tin box held in his left hand, and with the dying moonbeams on his silver hair and wrinkled face.

Fearing that she might see me I stepped back and was almost blinded by the sudden flash of lightning and a peal of distant thunder. In the warm regions of North America it would have been too cold for rain, and an electrical snow storm would have created a sensation, but not so in the ancient mountains of Switzerland. Soon rain began to fall, freezing as it hit the ground, while distant thunder rolled and groaned, and lightning lit up the pale sky, threatening to tear asunder the tree tops. Not until then did I think of the man who had entered one of the other wings of the castle. What had become of him and why was he creeping in so cautiously at that time of the night?

Weird indeed was the scene, and I could remain no longer. Quickly I scrambled through the ice-covered snow to my horse, mounted and approached the indiscernible highway which led to the little town of Lincoln. Urging my horse onward, several times losing the way, I left the road and approached an old tavern late at night. I sought refreshments in the morning and losing no time I left for the adjoining county, where I was going to join my hunting party.

I had been hunting for more than a week, and had quite forgotten the instance of the castle. At this time our party, who were to accompany me to my southern home, stayed at the tavern where I had a week before stopped. We spent a most merry afternoon, but I soon grew tired of the jokes and decided to leave the idlers to their gloom. I ordered my horse, mounted and aimlessly rode along the highway, and unintentionally neared the old castle about sunset, drew rein at the west side, dismounted and strolled around to the heavy glass door. Involuntarily I looked in. Was the old house haunted? Were they spirits fighting in there? What did it mean? Why did my blood run so cold and then curdle in my veins? I was afraid to stay, afraid to move, for I could not but believe that my eyes had deceived me. Perhaps it was an hallucination. I wanted to obtain help, but saw only the negro servant, who was raking the snow which had not yet melted from the walks. To tell him, I felt would only frighten him; however I called him near to see if he was very brave. "Uncle," I said, "Did you ever see a ghost?" "Lawd, Lawd, O'Mighty! I swar to Gawd I did seen one onet, but that was long ago, sech place as dey am in is horrifying, and Mars, I don't want to get close to no sech place again." This settled the matter; he was not the one to tell, so I soon dismissed him. Once more I peered in the door. The sun had passed within several degrees of the horizon and the shadows of the twisted iron columns were slant, but the glare of the sun shone on the heavy door which was rounded in an arch at the top and extended nearly to the surface of the floor, where it fitted the wooden frame. It was one wide sheet broken into panes, and upon the outside was collected dust, and a family of spiders had colonized it in the lower corner, spinning their gray lace quite across the base. It was evident that the Venetian blinds had not been

entirely opened for a long time, and behind the glass still hung the red curtains. Hanging my head sidewise and looking upward I again saw the horrible spectacle.

Printed apparently on the plush background, like the images in a camera, were the distinctly outlined and almost life-size figures of two men clad in long robes, with loose sleeves. The old Earl of Kelinworth stood near the hearth brandishing a brass unicorn in one hand, while the other was thrown out and clinched. The face rather more than profile, scarcely three-quarters, was wonderfully distinct, and the hair was much disheveled. In front was the second portrait, that of a tall, slender young man who appeared to have suddenly wheeled around from the open vault, turning his countenance fully to view while he threw up a dark square object to ward off the blow. A soft wool hat, pushed back, showed the curling hair about his temples and the remarkable irregularity of his features. At his neck was tied a small linen handkerchief arranged so as to show the initials B. B., embroidered in one corner. The pattern of his short coat was strongly discernible, as was his paralyzed foot which turned slightly inward. As I stepped back from the door or came closer the images seemed to vary in distinctness, and viewed from two angles became visible. I could not draw my eyes from the face of the burglar for something strange seemed to stun me. Where had I before seen the initials B. B., or any one resembling those noble features? Still I stared blankly, and quick as a flash remembered the resemblance, but noticing the growing darkness and almost frightened from my senses I hurried to my horse and galloped to the tavern.

I decided to tell no one of my experience until the next day, when I would entertain our party with the story, so I retired shortly after dinner and spent a restless, sleepless night. I arose early for I could no longer rest in my comfortless bed. The day was ushered in by a tempest of wind and rain, which drove the blinding sheets of sleet against the windows with the insistence of a flail while now and then with spasmodic bursts of fury the gale heightened, rattled the sash, moaned hysterically like invisible fiends tearing at the obstacles that barred their entrance. No one was stirring as I approached the lobby except a few of the servants, and the little bustling landlord. Calling for the morning paper I read in glaring headlines "Beatrice Barrymore will today have her final hearing for the murder and destruction of the will of her grandfather, Earl of Kelinworth." The paper fell from my hands, for perhaps I alone knew that the girl was innocent. The handkerchief which I had seen in the folds of her dress that night, with embroidered B. B. thereon must stand for Beatrice Barrymore. But what of the B. B. on the handkerchief carried by the robber?

I rushed through my toilet, ate little of my morning meal, and hurried to the court-house where the granddaughter of the Earl was to hear the last speeches

in her behalf. It was nearly ten o'clock as I entered the closely crowded court-room, just as the attorney asked the heavily veiled prisoner, "Is this your handkerchief?" The prisoner, the girl I had seen the first night I had visited the castle, sat clothed in black, her veil thrown back to show her quivering face. She made no answer, then a silence pervaded the court-room. Again the prosecuting attorney demanded an answer. Slowly but solemnly the girl spoke. Her passionless tone seemed as from one standing where the river of death flowed at her feet, but her beautiful face shone with the transpiring light of conscious purity. "It was my handkerchief, but I am innocent. Oh, Bertie was it you?" The last was only a mere whisper but the prosecuting attorney thought it only a dramatic part to throw suspicion upon another. Immediately I saw that she knew the murderer, perhaps her lover; but rather than betray him would die with the secret sealed upon her lips. There was something she held dearer than her own life, but it was locked safely within her own bosom.

The judge then arose and after clearing his throat several times, began, "You have heard the charges of the prosecution, listened to the testimony of the witnesses, and having taken your case in your own hands must now defend it." She walked a few steps toward the jury and looked at them steadily. White as a statue of purity she stood for a moment, with her wreath of shining auburn hair coiled low on her shapely head, and waving in soft outlines around her broad full brow. She was naturally calm and so wonderfully beautiful that every heart thrilled as her lips parted. She was like a magnolia blossom snatched by violent hands, bruised, blackened and scarred by rents. No earthly power could undo the ruin. "You have been told that I killed my grandfather, stole his money and jewels, and destroyed his will in order to possess his estate. Trustworthy witnesses have sworn to facts that I can not deny, you believe these facts, and yet while the snare tightens about my feet, and I believe you intend to condemn me, I stand here and look you in the face, as one day we will surely stand at the final judgment, and in the name of the God I love, fear and trust, I call you each to witness that I am innocent of every charge of the indictment. My hands are unstained, my soul is as unsullied by theft or bloodshed as your sinless babes cooing in their cradles. Two weeks ago I was a simple girl, happy and proud because by my own work I was supporting my invalid mother and myself. But my mother's health failing rapidly, she desired me to come north and see her father who had disowned her, deliver a letter and beg for assistance. My grandfather gave me one hundred dollars, and as I turned to leave his presence, called me back and gave me the costly sapphires which he said, with great bitterness, were for his only daughter, and added that he would send them to the intended one for the sake of his lost wife. As he desired, I left by the front veranda door on the west wing and ten hours

later was arrested for his murder. I did not commit the cruel deed and I know, come what may, behind fate stands God, just and eternal; I am not guilty of the accusations, so remember, my twelve judges, that a hopeless, forsaken, orphaned, broken-hearted girl stands before you today who pleads first and last—Not Guilty! Not Guilty! But Innocent!"

Several witnesses were called, and then the final speeches were heard. The young lawyer arose and said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, to save you from the wrong of a great cruel deed, I come to set before you clearly the facts got from the witnesses which the honorable and able counsel for the prosecution declined to cross examine. Clarify the statements of the prisoner, you can not. Is she not shielding some one, keeping some hidden secret? Circumstantial evidence has caused much innocent blood to flow. Truly the facts do not lie, but let us see whether the influences deduced from what we believed to be facts, do not sometimes eclipse Ananias and Sapphira. The fate of a noble, innocent woman is now committed to your hands and only presumptive proof laid before you. Suffer no brilliant sophistry to dazzle your judgment, no remnant prejudice to swerve you from the path of your oath. To your reasoning, your generous manly hearts, your Christian consciences, I resign the desolate prisoner, and as you deal with her, so may God above us, the just and holy God, who numbered the hairs of her head, deal here and hereafter with you and yours." He ceased speaking, and as the words died away the prosecuting attorney arose. I noticed the girl's gaze of spell-bound loathsomeness, and in the eminence of jeopardy looked as if seeing Satan.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," he commenced, "I would be a blot upon my noble profession, a disgrace to honorable manhood, and a monster in my own estimation if I would approach the finis of this melancholy trial, without painful emotions of profound regret that the solemn responsibility of my official position makes me the reluctant bearer of the last stern message uttered by attributive justice. The forlorn and hopeless condition of the prisoner at this bar appeals pathetically to that compassion which we are taught to believe exists with justice, even in the God we worship; yet in the face of uncontrollable facts, elicited from the reliable witnesses of coincidences which no theory of accident can explain, can we stifle convictions solely because she pleads not guilty? May the righteous God who rules the destinies of the universe, guide you, and enable you to perform faithfully your awful duty, and demand that you vindicate the majesty of outraged law by rendering the verdict of guilty."

The judge then arose, "Gentlemen of the Jury," he commenced, "I commit this mournful and terrible case to your decision and solemnly adjure you to be governed in your deliberation by evidence as you understand it, by the law as furnished in the instructions and to render such verdict as your reason compels, as

your natural judgment demands and your conscience unhesitatingly approves and sanctions. May God direct and control your decision."

It was six o'clock when the jurors, bearing the andiron and the handkerchief, were led away to their final deliberation. I had eaten nothing since morning, yet I determined to remain with the mass of spectators, for despite the inclemency of the weather, there was no perceptible diminution of the anxious crowd of men and women. The night had settled prematurely down, black and stormy, and the fury of the gale seemed at one time to have spent itself, the wind veered to the implacable east, and instead of fitful gusts, a steady roaring blast with rain smote the darkness.

In thirty minutes the jury returned, found the young girl guilty of manslaughter, and turned her case to the mercy of the court. Judge P—— arose, "Beatrice Barrymore, you have been indicted for the deliberate and premeditated murder of your grandfather, Robert, Earl of Kclinworth. I, therefore, pronounce upon you the lightest penalty the law allows for the crime of manslaughter, of which you stand convicted, which sentence is that you be taken hence to the Penitentiary of Switzerland, and there be kept securely for the term of five years."

With a swift movement the young lawyer drew the veil over the prisoner's face and started to lead her away. Then I thought it was time for me to make myself known, so I earnestly prayed a hearing. All was death silence, and I could see the prisoner's gaze of gratitude quickly change to pain at the mention and description of the murderer. The prosecuting attorney deeply frowned and a titter ran about the room. They, as I, were dumbfounded. Then remembering the violent thunder storm on the night of the murder, it was the only possible solution that lightning is like the negative of a photograph brought out by the dark background. The jury was decided to go to the castle to see the scene. Upon the ice-covered snow could be discerned the turned footprints of a man, as he had quickly left the terrace.

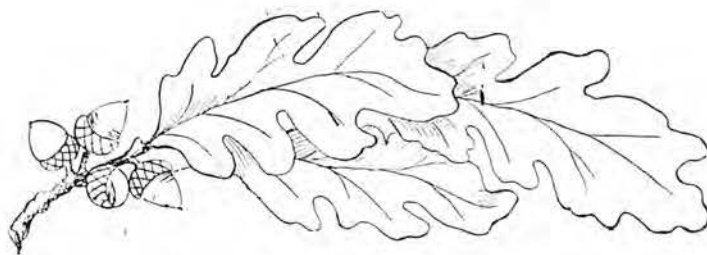
Scientists assert that electricity can photograph and this must be true, yet how strange was the picture. The hinges of the blinds were removed; the door was set up at a certain angle carefully balanced against the heavy curtain, and there the curious crowd beheld a veritable vision of the dead, torn as it were from the darkness and silence of the grave, the secret of the stormy night, when unseen powers had solemnly covenanted in defense of trusting innocence.

The young girl lived only a few hours that day or rather stopped breathing, and all thought she was dead. The news of her pardon caused a complete failing of her strength and she was placed in a beautiful casket, for the granddaughter and sole heir of Kclinworth, her mother having died, was now honored.

Slowly the procession moved up to the family burying-ground, and gently the

casket was placed in the grave. A groan, loud, distinct and weird issued from the box, and completely unnerved, I sprang to my feet. Could the girl be alive? All were terror stricken, the spectators fled, and the older ones shuddered. The lid was raised, and there gasping for breath, lay Beatrice Barrymore, tearing the beautiful hair from her head. She revived long enough to murmur "He comes," "He comes," and "I fighting in the tomb." Then looking around I saw the same figure—he had tried to revenge the wrong done his mother—I had seen the memorable night of the murder, fleeing across the ground only to fall with a low, moaning cry upon the breast of his loving and beloved sister, dead. My brain reeled as I saw the picture so plainly before me, and I rushed, almost fled, for fear that I might forever be haunted by the murdered, and the beautiful, angelic face of Beatrice Barrymore.

EMMA HESTER, '12.



Deportment Cuts

Deportment's cut for everything
In this school of woe and sin,
Oh pity, pity, the poor, poor pupils,
When teachers cut, they have no scruples,
'T is a simple fact, as every one knows,
That verse is easier to learn than prose:
The faculty when making out the list
Of deportment cuts, didn't think of this,
So we will rhyme a few as reminders,
For those poor freshmen just behind us.

Cut for walking,
Cut for talking,
Cut for eating,
Cut for cheating,
Cut for thinking,
Cut for winking,
Cut for drawing,
Cut for jawing,
Cut for snoozing,
Cut for boozing,
Cut for running,
Cut for funning,
Cut for sighing,
Cut for crying,
Cut for humming,
Cut for drumming,
Cut for crimping,
Cut for primping,
Cut for shoving,
Cut for loving,
Cut for shrinking,
Cut for drinking,
Cut for cussing,
Cut for fussing,
Cut for singing,
Cut for flinging,
Cut for screaming,
Cut for dreaming,
Cut for stomping,
Cut for romping,
Cut for clapping,
Cut for napping,
Cut for smoking,
Cut for joking,
Cut for weeping,
Cut for sleeping,
Cut for teasing,
Cut for sneezing,
Cut for chewing,
Cut for wooing.



FIRST YEAR A CLASS

The Poet Laureates of England



IN the days when to be a victorious warrior was greater than to be a king, the people expressed their unspeakable pride and admiration, by crowning their victor with a wreath of laurel, the emblem of success, the very highest honor they could bestow upon him. Later this custom was used in the famous intellectual contests of Rome. It is an interesting fact that Petrarch, one of the greatest of Italian poets, was crowned with laurel, for this shows the high estimate that was placed upon a custom, which to an unromantic American of today, seems very empty and devoid of meaning.

The custom has disappeared, but the idea still survives in the poet laureate of England. The laureateship of today is associated with peace, it is not an honor to be given to the warrior who wins his fame by bloodshed, but to the poet who gives joy to all the world.

Though the name of Edmund Spenser usually heads the list of poet laureates, all definite knowledge that we have names Ben Jonson as the first poet to receive so great an honor.

The honor of the position consists in the fact that the laureate is chosen as the best poet of his age, as the national representative of poetry. He is allowed all the privileges of the court life, and is expected, though not required, to be present at all court functions. The poet is also paid a certain salary which is to enable him to spend more time in travel and study.

As to the duties of the laureate, he was originally expected to compose a poem on the king's birthday, or any occasion of national importance. It was soon realized that true poetry is the result of inspiration and not work, so the requirement was withdrawn.

The many poets who have enjoyed the privileges of the laureateship are representative of the ages in which they lived. Through them we may trace the rise and fall, the growth and development of English literature.

If all the poet laureates could have equalled the first, Edmund Spenser, the list would indeed be one of which England might justly be proud. We find no poetry with more melody, more noble ideals, or more appreciation of the beautiful and the pure, than Spenser's. His influence over other poets was remarkable, but the

greatest proof of his power as a poet is that his "Faerie Queene" is read and appreciated today.

As the poetry of Spenser gives us an insight into the literature before Shakespeare, so the writings of Ben Jonson, the second poet laureate, gives us an idea of the literature at the time of the greatest of all English writers. We see a change in the thought and ideals of the age in the change from the poetry of Spenser to the drama of Jonson. In comparison with Shakespeare's dramas Jonson's are shallow; however, this is not a fair comparison, for no writer has ever yet equalled Shakespeare. It is like putting a star beside the sun. We can only say that Jonson made the fatal mistake of adhering to the dramatic unities, and though his plays were very popular at the time they were written, they are no longer read.

The next poet laureate was William Davenant, who succeeded Jonson in the reign of Charles I. He suffered the rise and fall of that king's fortune, and was once caught and imprisoned, by Parliament, while attempting to lead a French colony to Virginia. When in prison he wrote part of his poem "Gondibert," which was the greatest work of his life. He was finally rescued from prison by John Milton. Possibly Davenant's greatest gift to literature was through the fact that he was able to return this courtesy by protecting the Puritan poet after the restoration. His unfinished poem "Gondibert" is unknown today, and Davenant is remembered only as a poet laureate.

Next in the list of laureates we find the name of John Dryden. Although a poet he marks a new era in the development of literature by his influence on prose. He was among the first who made prose the true vehicle of thought. As a poet Dryden is chiefly remembered by the beautiful poem "Alexander's Feast" or "The Power of Music," a poem of power and originality, both in theme and treatment.

Nicholas Rowe, the poet laureate of George I, was a dramatic poet. He marks little development in literature, although many of his plays were well known and very popular, in his time.

The next poet laureate of any importance was Colley Cibber, a contemporary of Pope. He also was a dramatist, and though his dramas deserve some credit it is still a matter for surprise and wonder, that he, instead of Pope, received the laureateship. This was one of the many things that embittered Pope's life and was probably the indirect cause of his satiric poem the "Dunciad."

In the early nineteenth century the laureateship was offered to Scott, who, owing to the decline in the honor of the position refused. It was given then to Robert Southey, a writer of no little merit. His prose, however, far exceeds his poetry, and as laureate in the Age of Romanticism when there lived such poets as Scott and Burns, he hardly seems a true representative.

William Wordsworth, the nature poet and the next great poet laureate, held the position only six years, but in that time he raised the laureateship to a height fit for his successor, the greatest of all the laureates. Alfred Tennyson represents the Victorian Age. The age which by the art of such essayists as Macaulay, such novelists as Dickens, and Thackeray, and such poets as Browning and Tennyson, ranks with the Elizabethan Age. Not only does Tennyson as laureate represent his age, but in him poetic genius reaches its climax. He combines Spenser's noble sentiment with Shakespeare's love of nature, and Browning's love of the beautiful, molding them together with a perfection of form equal to that of Pope.

After such a laureate as Tennyson it seems strange that the custom could ever have degenerated or become as meaningless as it is today. Possibly the keynote of the degeneracy is that these poet laureates these supposed representatives of their age, have been chosen not from any merit on their part, but from royal favoritism or through political influence.

The position is no longer sought by a true poet, but by an ambitious poet who prefers empty honor to the perfection of his poetry. A poet who does not put his whole heart, his whole soul, into his poetry, who does not feel the divine inspiration of the flowers and the trees, who is not in touch with mother nature, and with mankind, can not be made a poet by a yearly pension and a laureateship.

The public have realized this, England has realized it, the old custom is now nothing more than a conventionalism, which is continued because of England's conservatism, and reverence for old customs.

When we sum up the influence of the laureateship upon literature we find that, except in a few instances, it has made very little impression. Its most injurious influence came from the attempt of the poets to please their age. The poetry of the most lasting qualities is written, not with any definite intention, but as the heart and mind of the poet dictates.

Beautiful pictures have been painted, famous statues modeled, great dramas written, and even music composed to order, but the muse of poetry seems the shyest of all the muses, she comes at the beck and call of no one, she is her own mistress, visiting whom she pleases, when she pleases, it is she alone who causes the poet's eye to find frenzy rolling.

"To glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as the imagination bodies forth,
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

SARAH CALDWELL, '11.

A PSALM OF R. H. S.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That we must not work for grades,
For the boy will fail that slumbers—
Knowledge isn't worth two spades.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And to pass is not the goal;
Be exempt, do your durndest,
Is the precept of our soul.
Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each tomorrow
Grades us better than today.
Terms are short and time is fleeting
And our heads, though crammed and crammed,
Still like muffled drums are beating,
On the way to be exam'ed.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the class-room's daily life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Get exempted in the strife.
Trust no teacher, howe'er pleasant,
She may turn and cut you dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Fear within, exams. o'er head!
Lives of graduates all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Big grades on the books of time.
Big grades that perhaps another
Grinding through this old machine,
A forlorn and mangled brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing,
Make a hundred every time;
For a grade is all that's lasting,
Other things aren't worth a dime.

H. S., 1911.

School Days



THE alarm clock went off with an ear-piercing shrillness which sounded even louder in the quietness of early morning. Mary awoke with a start and in a dazed state of mind wondered what was up. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning it all came back to her that she had set the clock for four so as to get up and finish her essay.

The subject was one of those extraordinarily easy and simple ones usually given in secondary schools which always cause such hopeless, helpless despair among the pupils, indignation among the enraged parents and amusement among the disinterested outsiders. Mary's class, of which not a single member was over seventeen, had been assigned this subject, "A Discussion of the Doctrines of Transcendentalism, Materialism and Spiritualism as Exemplified in the Writings of Emerson, Omar Khayyam, and Milton." The conclusion, "Your opinion as to the moral value of these doctrines" was what Mary was struggling with on that dark, gloomy morning at the unearthly hour of four a. m. She had a splitting headache, and was dead sleepy, but that didn't matter, for nothing short of death itself was allowed to interfere with the essays coming in on time.

The breakfast bell rang just as she had given the finishing touches to "her opinion." When at last she appeared on the scene of action with a face and state of mind somewhat remotely removed from that "delirious, intoxicating happiness" which Ruskin says should be synonymous with girlhood, it was already half past eight. That left exactly a half hour in which to get her breakfast, fix her lunch and arrive at that place of torture, which the boys called—well they didn't call it heaven.

The clock struck a quarter to nine and still Mary had not started—she couldn't find her essay which she knew she had left on her desk—she couldn't find her gloves—and where in the name of the Arch Fiend was her French Grammar? At last when by the united exertions of the entire family she had recovered a few of her worldly possessions, she started forth with the happy realization that she hadn't looked at either her Geometry or her German. Well, never mind, she would take her chances on being called on. Reaching Parnassus in a state

of bodily, mental, and spiritual depression, she was cast yet deeper into the depths of gloom by a lecture on "Character Building."

English class was called and the essays were handed in, all except the few poor unfortunates, which were not ready and were therefore cut ten points in advance. Then came Shakespeare in which if you could find a motive, a plan, a purpose, a deep, inner, figurative meaning in every word and line, you were safe. "Clang" went the bell just as Mary had been presented with a nice, round, fat, zero, for not being able to discover the dramatic significance of "Fair is foul and foul is fair." The class marched on, not to victory, but to the Study Hall where just as Mary was giving a vivid description of the trials and troubles of this life to her sympathetic chum, the "watch dog" appeared at her side and informed her in a grave, sepulchral, tone that "if she was guilty of further irregularities, she would be forced to sever her connection with the school." A few half suppressed giggles and one or two scarcely audible "stings" echoed through the Hall, then every one settled down again while the "watch dog" proceeded on the even tenor of his way.

Next came Geometry, to which class Mary went with fear and trembling. What! Had the day of miracles really ended? She was actually not sent to the board. While congratulating herself upon her miraculous escape, a voice which seemed to come from afar said, "Mary, what is an angle." Remembering to have seen something somewhere about something, she gasped forth, "An angle is a triangle of two sides." A burst of uproarious merriment greeted this remark, but a frown came over the face of the teacher, who by means of some intricate process of reasoning arrived at the conclusion that she was trying to be funny and thereupon with savage hyena-like triumph straightway proceeded to whack ten off the unfortunate creature's deportment.

What's the use of going over the events of that long disagreeable day which finds so many duplicates all the way from Maine to Texas, from Virginia to California, from September to May—the day when "everything goes dead wrong." It is needless to say that everything did go "dead wrong"—in French, of course Mary had to write the only sentence in the lesson she couldn't do anything with—in German a test was sprung upon the unsuspecting innocents and so on and so on to the end of the chapter.

At last after what seemed hours and hours, days and days, years and years, the bell rang for dismissal and the lines marched out. Outside some one was whistling "What's the use of growing old and dying if you must be born again." "Them's my sentiments" muttered Mary savagely, "but I'd make it "What's the use of growing up and living if you've got to go to school every day."

Homeward she plodded her weary way, homeward, with a heart as heavy as

lead, and with six books even heavier. At home she found a note from Jack, who was without doubt the grandest, most glorious, cutest, best looking boy on the face of the globe. He wanted to take her to a dance that very night. From the dark and gloomy depths of despair to the bright and smiling peaks of happiness her spirits soared like a flash, only to be lowered again even more suddenly by the stern words of her mother, "No, Mary, you know I never allow you to go out on school nights besides I don't approve of Jack at all or of girls your age going about unchaperoned."

In the twilight as the family gathered around the blazing fire poor Mary, unmindful of the cheerful scene burst out in a voice full of agony and fury, "I hate school—I wish I was dead." Father looked up from his paper in great disgust at this sudden display of emotion, while mother regarded her obstreperous offspring in some amazement, then finally following the tendency of so many mothers, attempted to throw oil on the troubled waters, by quoting the old, hackneyed, time-worn, saying, "Your school days are the happiest of your life."

GERTRUDE MARTIN, '11.

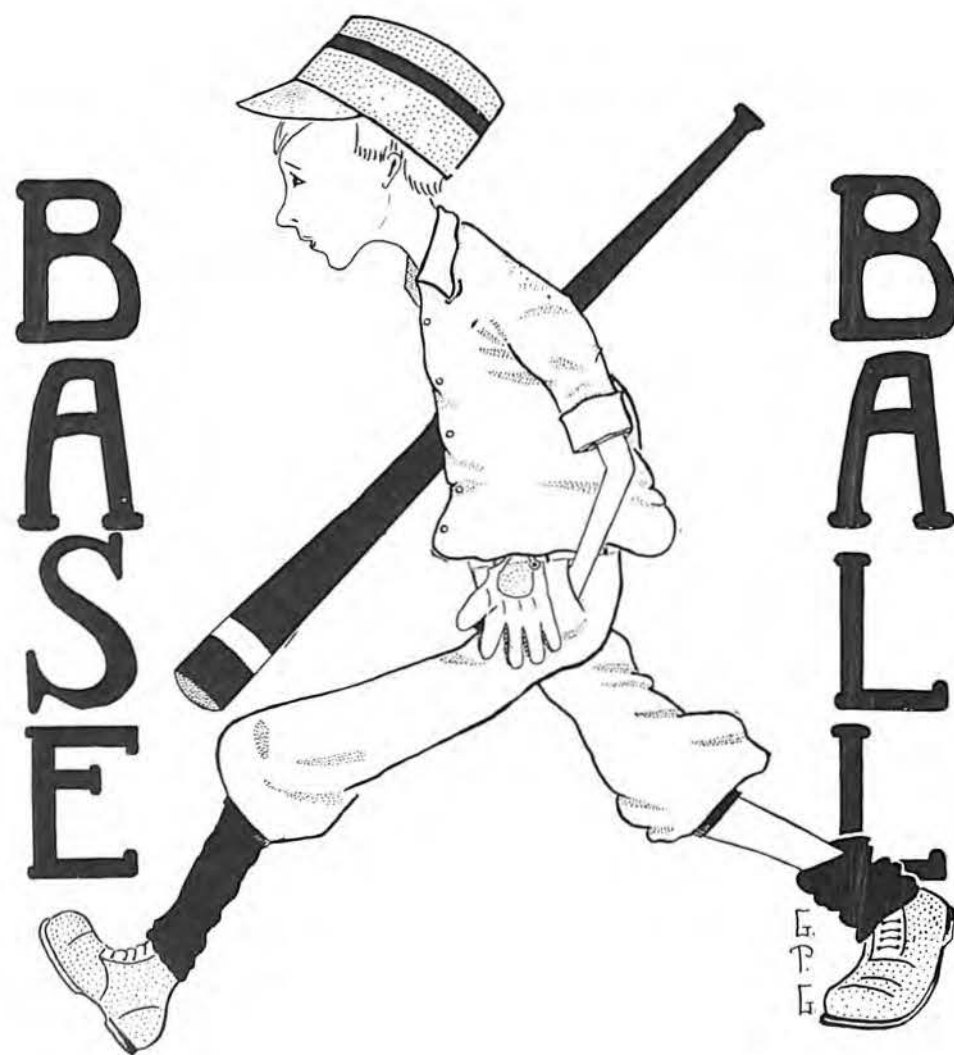


RIDING HIS HOBBY.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

About one-thirty we start to dine,
By three p. m. we're through;
The roads are good and the weather's fine;
I'll take a stroll with you.
From three p. m. to five o'clock,
We wander—no matter where;
And then we all to the post-office flock
For mail that isn't there.
Then up and down the street we walk,
Some fun we have, you bet;
With many a girl we flirt and talk
That we have never met.
We follow one bunch quite a way,
We think it such a lark,
To listen to whate'er they say,
And put in some remark.
But look, it's nearly six o'clock,
We've no where else to roam;
Just one more lap around the block,
And then we'll all go home.

A. L. H.



Baseball of 1909

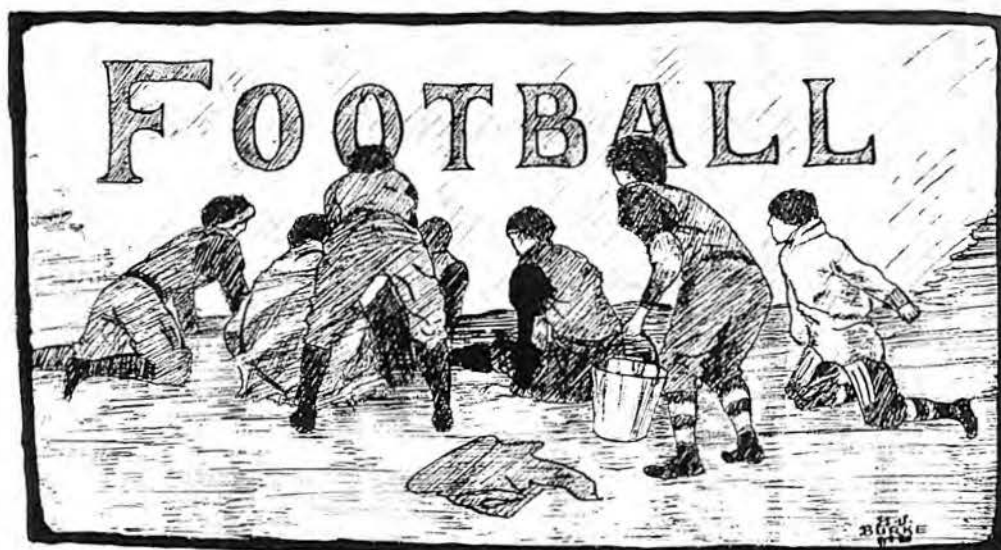
At Roanoke	R. H. S. 3	Roanoke Light Infantry 5
At Daleville	R. H. S. 0	Botetourt Normal School 8
At Blacksburg	R. H. S. 5	Va. Poly. (Second Team) 1
At Roanoke	R. H. S. 4	Botetourt Normal School 8

The members of the team were: Henry Tice, Manager; Paul Jamison, Captain; "Dutch" Ashton, John Snyder, Stanley Welch, William Pedigo, Spencer Speed, Clyde Wingfield, Ralph Slaughter, Raynard Jones, Hugh Mosher.

The "nine" of this year was unusually strong, but was much handicapped by inability to get games. The first game was lost to the Roanoke Light Infantry by a close score. Roanoke won the first game with Botetourt Normal, but lost the second. In the latter game the absence of several regular players had much to do with the result. The best game of the year was with the V. P. I. second team, which Roanoke succeeded in winning.

Candidates have been called out for the 1910 Team, but they are slow in responding. It is thought, however, that the school will give a good account of itself in the coming season. Manager Luck announces the following games:

March 25	R. H. S. vs. Roanoke College, at Salem.
April 9	R. H. S. vs. Randolph-Macon Academy, at Bedford.
April 16	R. H. S. vs. Botetourt Normal School, at Daleville.
April	R. H. S. vs. Botetourt Normal School, at Roanoke.



Football of 1909

At Roanoke	R. H. S.....11	Salem High School.....0
At Bedford	R. H. S.....0	Randolph-Macon Academy...49
At Roanoke	R. H. S.....33	St. Andrews School.....0
At Roanoke	R. H. S.....10	Salem High School.....0

"R. H. S." was awarded to the following: Robert Adams, Manager; John Snyder, Captain; Harry Guy, Hugh Mosher, Campbell Brunner, Joe Moomaw, Frank Engleby, Willard Pace, "Pat" Foley, George Friend, Norborne Muir, George Lowe, Malcolm Luck, Charles Malcolm, Henry Rutrough.

The team of this year made a good record, considering the difficulties which existed. None of the old players were back, which meant the breaking in of many inexperienced men. The team is much indebted to Coach Meissner. The only game lost was the one with Randolph-Macon. Roanoke was far outweighed, but fought till the end. Salem High was twice defeated, and St. Andrews proved another easy victim.

For many years the Roanoke High School has been prominent in athletics, and especially so in baseball and football. She has proved superior to all of the

neighboring high schools, and has defeated teams far out of her class. For the last few years there has been trouble in arranging a complete schedule because of the discontinuance of teams at Bellevue, St. Albans and Lynchburg. The following are the records beginning with the football team of 1908:

At Roanoke	R. H. S.....19	Roanoke Athletic Association...0
At Bedford	R. H. S.....15	Randolph-Macon Academy....0
At Salem	R. H. S.....4	Roanoke College0
At Roanoke	R. H. S.....34	Bellevue High School0
At Roanoke	R. H. S.....51	Salem High School0
At Blacksburg	R. H. S.....6	Va. Polytechnic (Second Team)..5
At Roanoke	R. H. S.....0	Southwest Athletic Club0

The men who won their "R. H. S." were: Charles Hobart, Manager; Spencer Speed, Captain; Paul Jamison, Robert Gravely, William Hobbie, John Nelson, Stanley Welch, Earl McConnell, Henry Tice, Blake Campbell, Homer Lester, "Butch" Gravat, Thomas Andrews.

The record of this team was the greatest in the history of the school and was due to hard work along with the valuable coaching of "Bob" Williams. The team lost not a game the whole season and allowed but five points against a total of one hundred and twenty-nine. Randolph-Macon, an old rival, was defeated for the first time, and a still greater victory was won by the defeat of Roanoke College. Another important game was the defeat of the second team of V. P. I., the first and only game in which Roanoke was scored upon. She easily proved her superiority over Roanoke A. A., Salem and Bellevue High Schools. The only game that was not won was a no-score game with the Southwest Athletic Club, the strongest team in Roanoke.





JEFFERSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS, 1909

ROBERT ADAMS President
MASSIE ANTRIM Vice-President
EUGENE HARRIS Secretary and Treasurer

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

ELBYRNE GILL

MORRIS MASINTER

PROF. MCQUILKIN

OFFICERS, 1910

EUGENE HARRIS President
MORRIS MASINTER Vice-President
HUGH FIGGATT Secretary and Treasurer

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

HIRAM DANCE

ELBYRNE GILL

PROF. MCQUILKIN

ELBERT WRIGHT

The Jeffersonian Literary Society



ONE of the most interesting as well as entertaining and educational features of Roanoke City High School is the Jeffersonian Literary Society. This institution, established in the last half session of 1909, was organized for the purpose of encouraging debate, declamation, and oratory among the boys of the school. It has been successful in its aim; the boys have become enthusiastic about debating; the hidden talents slumbering within the breasts of our future statesmen and orators have been brought to light.

Every Friday evening after school the study hall is the scene of many lively arguments. The eloquence of Cicero, the fire of Henry Clay, the brilliancy of Webster, all are heard. The debates are of the highest standard; political, economical, moral questions are discussed with remarkable ability. Some of the oratory of the debaters—principally Mr. Sherertz, Mr. Keyser, Mr. Dance, Mr. Paul Wright, Mr. Elbert Wright, Mr. Figgatt, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Wile, Mr. Shumate, Mr. Woods, Mr. Brent, Mr. Moore, Mr. Lemon, Mr. Austin, Mr. Antrim, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Gill, Mr. Harris, Mr. Adams, Mr. Spaulding—would do credit to Demosthenes.

The benefit of the society to the school can not be overestimated. It has made Daniel Websters of boys who quavered before an audience; it has inculcated within them a true school spirit, a spirit for debating, for expressing individual opinions. It is preparing those boys of the Roanoke High School, who belong to the organization, to meet the issues of life, to become statesmen, orators, people of some significance in the world. Moreover it is setting an example to other schools in the state and it will be only a matter of time before every school in Virginia will have a debating club.

A special feature that accompanies the debates every Friday evening is the splendid musical programs that are arranged from time to time. It is with pleasure that we recall the excellent playing of the Misses Rosenbaum, Deal, Rankin, Michael, Williams, and of Mr. John Snyder; and also the singing by Miss Thomason, by "Songbird" Malcolm and "Enrie Caruso" Riley. The one act comedy entitled, "Oh! You Miranda," by the Misses Coulbourn, Keister, and Jones, is well remembered by all. It made a great hit.

In every respect the society has been a success. It has accomplished its aim and purpose. Its success, however, has been mainly due to the efforts of Professor Fitzpatrick and Professor McQuilkin. They labored for its welfare, they made it what it is. Too much praise and commendation can not be given these worthy gentlemen for what they have done. So let us all join in

Three cheers for Professor Fitzpatrick!

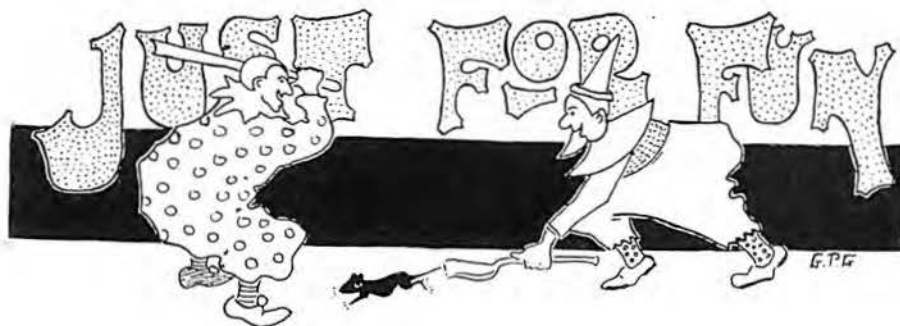
Three cheers for Professor McQuilkin!

Three cheers for the Jeffersonian Literary Society!

Three cheers for the Roanoke High School!



ROANOKE RIVER



R. H. S. Calendar for 1909-10

SEPTEMBER, 1909

We are regaled with hammering, falling of lumber, whistling, solos of "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl," tantalizing glimpses of the new study hall, examinations of the new teachers and desperate but vain attempts to disentangle the new courses of study.

The distinguished appearance, the aristocratic bearing, the charming personality (?) of the new teachers are already responsible for many smashed hearts.

The first year students are beginning their struggles with the unknown terrors of the awe-inspiring Latin for which privilege they have toiled through seven long years in the Grammar School.

One of the new students on his first test answered the question, "Decline *regina*" in this astonishing manner.

regino, I am a queen
reginas, Thou art a queen
reginat, He is a queen
reginamus, We are queens
reginatis, You are queens
reginant, They are queens

"All roads lead to Rome."

No matter what the offense, no matter what the provocation, all matters of discipline are referred to the Superintendent.

We have just learned that our new Superintendent, Mr. Hart, is very fond of winter weather. Indeed, he used to love "Frost" devotedly until the extreme cold nipped his affection in the bud.

Mr. Fitzpatrick announces in Chapel that he will be compelled to cut the deportment of the students severely if they do not refrain from placing their feet on the stairs with such force. He insists that it greatly injures the building.

OCTOBER, 1909

We are now well acquainted with the new Study Hall to which we find like most other things "Distance lends enchantment." The new courses of study are straightened out and have almost straightened us out.

A new era in the order of events—H. S. dismissed to be instructed by the Sells-Floto Parade.

Mr. Griffith informs us that the Americans are so unappreciative of Shakespeare—"In fact," says he, "Mr. Mantel and myself are the only actors in America who have the nerve to carry Shakespeare." He concludes his speech with the earnest exhortation that we all attend his "Faust" that night. The R. H. S. students wish to know exactly how much he paid for the privilege of coming here and advertising his play.

In Chemistry Class—

Mr. Parsons—"Now, Miss Sarah, can't we settle down?"

Miss Sarah—"Oh, Mr. Parsons, this is so sudden!"

One of the iconoclastic opinions of the Superintendent of the Roanoke City Public Schools: "The natural bent of the average American boy is across somebody's knee."

Mr. Fitzpatrick, in Chapel, makes the astounding statement that "two Tardys equal one absence."

Extra!!! One of the Seniors displays to her envious classmates, a handsomely engraved card bearing the name of a new teacher. Later, as she gazes dreamily at the card she is heard to whisper,

Our eyes have met,
Our lips not yet,
But oh, you kid,
I'll get you yet.

If it's the "little things that count," the High School ought to rank unusually high this year.

NOVEMBER, 1909

Mr. Fitzpatrick, in Chapel, "Now let's see if we can't get these names straightened out. The classes are no longer Introductory, Junior, Intermediate and Senior, but First Year, Second Year, Junior and Senior. Let's try to remember this. All right now, Introductory II A by the old steps, Introductory II B by the new steps." And he wondered why every one laughed.

Miss Critz advises us to be original, if it's only "The cow jumped over the moon."

In the Jeffersonian Literary Society a frustrated young gentleman, after debating long and heatedly, concludes with the surprising remark, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think I have proved conclusively to you that Dr. Pole did discover the Cook."

On the day of Mr. Parsons' wedding in Chemistry Class—

Mr. Parsons—"Now, Mr. Hutton, let's see if we can't explain the experiment for making H-Cl to the class."

Mr. Hutton stammering, "Why er—Mr. Parsons, I didn't think you'd be here today, so I'm not prepared."

Whereupon Mr. Parsons in his great confusion upsets a bottle of nitric acid on his hands and breaks five of his new test tubes.

There are black eyes, green eyes, gray and brown, but the eyes for me are as blue as the skies, says Mr. K, as he gazes into the fathomless depths of Miss R.'s heavenly orbs.

Herr McMahon, who has an unfailing confidence in Miss Martin's ability as a weather prophet, interrupts Miss Brown in the midst of a translation to ask in his most sarcastic manner, "Miss Martin, has it stopped raining yet?"

DECEMBER, 1909

Mr. Fitzpatrick informs us that chewing gum is a sign of bad character. It is indeed—once there was a man who chewed gum and afterwards killed his wife.

The "Queen of Sheba," who is destined to become a prominent leader of the Woman's Suffrage Movement, knocks down one of the young gentlemen in Mr. Kelley's room.

Announcement in Chapel—"Miss Martin has lost a Midsummer Night's Dream."

Mr. McQuilkin presents Miss Caldwell with a box of "Soul Kisses," which the other girls consider a most improper proceeding. He insists, however, that it wasn't his fault.

"I looked at her fingers,
I looked at her rings
And I thought
Miss Critz delivered a lecture on Charity.
Of the eternal fitness of things"—When

Mr. Kelley, in Physics Class, "Will some one give me an example of hyperbole?"

John Snyder, "You are six feet tall."

Miss London whacks a pupil's deportment ten points for her attitude. The pupil, however, insists that she is not responsible.

Mr. McMahon and Mr. Turner pose under the mistletoe, but all to no avail. "Alas, the best laid plans of mice and men gang oft aglee." In spite of engaging smiles, line after line of fair damsels came, saw, and were not conquered.

A first-year student, almost frozen by the stream of cold air rising from the nearby radiator, timidly asks Mr. Fitzpatrick to have the heat turned on. "Why," says he, in his superior way, "the radiators are not to heat but to ventilate the room." At this astonishing reply the shivering student watches him out of sight, then quietly slips out of her seat and turns the screw.

JANUARY, 1910

Lectures on "Temple Building," "Character Development," "Honesty," "Opportunity," and other abstract virtues have followed each other in such rapid succession that they've "put nigh ruinate us."

Superintendent Hart, in Chapel, gives the derivation of opportunity as "open port," but one of the Seniors "goes him one better." "Open port the mischief," she says, "It's from Latin 'opus,' German 'tim' and English it—work to do it."

Mr. Parsons and Mr. McMahon actually have the audacity to seat themselves on the platform with the Seniors!

Great is the mortification of the Senior Class when they learn that Miss Bulman wrote on the German examination, "The sun rose in the west."

The R. H. S. students have often wondered where Superintendent Hart

obtained his broad, varied and extensive knowledge, but in one of his lectures on "Character Building" he himself informed us. "Never," he said, "let a Dago go by without improving your opportunities."

During examinations we have fully realized that "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

An eloquent speaker, in Chapel, gives us this valuable information: "Nothing," says he, "can be of greater help to you on exams or tests than to know on just what page a certain rule is." Miss Caldwell, looking at him scornfully, whispers to a fellow-student, "Much good it does; you can see the page, but you can't read the writing."

Mr. McMahon rescues a rosy-checked, golden-haired damsel who has just precipitated herself from the second to the first floor with unusual rapidity. Upon this gallant gentleman's assisting her to her feet and handing her several scattered puffs, she rather ungratefully exclaims, "This is the worst thing that ever happened to me!"

FEBRUARY, 1910

Mr. Kelley, after a learned discourse on the chemical properties of iron and the process of rusting, asks, "Miss Rowbotham, if I should throw a nail out of the window what would happen?" "I don't know, I reckon it would hit the ground."

Miss Caldwell, translating in German Class, "She was so radiantly beautiful that he was completely consumed with admiration." Mr. McMahon, "By no means! Tone that down—there was no fire."

Mr. Fitzpatrick, in Chapel, "If the pupils persist in snowballing at recess, the teachers are likely to be called up before the Mayor." Strange that Mr. Parsons blushed.

Unheard of proceedings in Chapel—Seniors displaced from their exalted position on the rostrum to make room for the business pupils during the typewriting demonstration by Miss Rosa Fritz.

On the twenty-fourth the R. H. S. catches on fire, but to the disappointment and fury of the pupils, it is speedily extinguished.

One of the Senior French students translating, "The girl became ill with fever and was sent to the 'Infirmery.'"

At the recital of February 25th, given in the R. H. S. Chapel, the musical member of the faculty, otherwise known as Mr. K—the "Lady Killer," renders

a solo entitled, "The Pretty Creature." We would like to know which one of his numerous conquests he had in mind.

A French student holds the undivided attention of the teacher as she reads.

"If I should go to Heaven dearest, dearest,
And not find you there I should leave."

The R. H. S. students are most horrified to learn that in the absence of his wife Mr. Parsons betook himself to "The Girl from Rector's." This circumstance is much regretted, for the gentleman in question was considered a model in all respects. Before this sad event he had always set an illustrious example for the innocent young creatures preparing to engage in life's great battle.

MARCH, 1910

Herr McMahon, always solicitous for the safety of the students, enters a room where one of the Seniors is leaning far out of a window. Rushing over to her, he exclaims in a frightened voice, "Oh, Miss Showalter, please do not fall out the window!"

If prayers are really answered, then the R. H. S. faculty should certainly shed a "beneficent influence on the hopeful young souls entrusted to their tender mercies."

Miss Kinsey after a laborious translation in French class receives this very flattering criticism, "Miss Kinsey, you do make the most foolish breaks."

The Parson smiles! It is the sign.
Miss Bening jumps to lead the line.

SYLLOGISM

Major Premise	Minor Premise	Conclusion
No thing is	Gingerbread	Gingerbread
better than	is better than	is better than
Heaven	nothing	Heaven

Mr. Turner goes Miss London one better and cuts G. C.'s deportment twenty-five for her expression.

Mr. Kelley in Botany class, asks, "What would happen if a swarm of locusts should eat everything on the earth?" A pupil who had not studied the lesson answers promptly, "There would not be anything green left."

Miss Hutton greatly amused the class in English Literature by saying that the worst thing Bunyan did in his youth was to play hookey from Sunday-School.

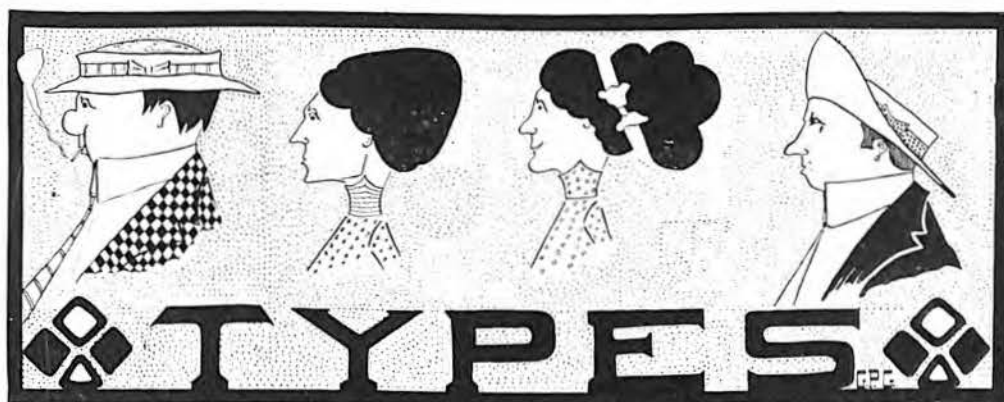
March 17th—In most parts of the world this day is being celebrated as St. Patrick's Day, but in the R. H. S., the green is worn by the students for Fitzpatrick's Day.

APRIL, 1910

"Cram, cram, keep on a cramming."

MAY, 1910

Examination.
No preparation.
Much perspiration.
Wild consternation.
Great aggravation.
All flunkeration.
Humiliation.



A Castle in the Air



T was a hot July day in the mountains of Virginia. The earth swam in a faint blue haze of heat that rose from river and cliff. Old Purgatory Mountain reared its giant head against the intense blue sky, and seemed with an inviting suggestion of cool woodland shades and mossy forest brooks to belie its fiery name. Across the river lay the village, its few houses and one church spire clustered lovingly about the oak-shaded hill on which sat the Carter mansion, a splendid relic of Colonial days. On a rounded knoll at the foot of the mountain, where the tall pines made a mournful sound day and night, lay the little cemetery, with its white slabs glistening in the late afternoon sun. Just between the mountain and the cemetery was a small hill, capped by a drab-colored hut which seemed singularly isolated from its surroundings. The mountain sent no fatherly protection around it, but rather hung aloof, and showed only his stern cliff-face. The river swung in his course as if to avoid it, and the cemetery, full of half sad, half tender memories was the only thing which seemed to draw near the hut. But the view from the hill was particularly fine, for not only was there the pleasant outlook towards the white little town in its cluster of trees, and the fair waving fields of grain, but also the wider vision of the endless chain of lofty mountains, with their dreamful suggestion of other lands beyond.

The hut itself, though it was half way falling to pieces and weather worn to the dull hue of the mountain cliff, was made attractive by the flowers that filled the small yard. Gay, silky-cupped hollyhocks flaunted their scarlet against the drabness of the wall, delicate clematis, with its faint star flowers, curtained the broken windows, and along the gravel walks blossomed all the dear quaint flowers of a forgotten day—stately canterbury-bells, sweet-william and sweeter mignonette, larkspur, four-o'clocks, and everywhere lovely little yellow Harrison roses.

The lazy afternoon silence that hung around the hut was broken by the shrill notes of a scolding woman's voice and the whine of a beaten cur. On the moss-grown platform of the pump knelt an old woman, holding by one hand the neck of a small whimpering dog, while with the other she fed him scraps of bread and

meat. She would give the dog one mouthful, and then raising a keen peach tree switch that lay at her side would whip him soundly. Then another mouthful and another whipping, and so on till all the food was eaten. "And now, sir," said the woman, rising, "I hope you realize how dear food is. I have a hard time getting it, and you might as well have a hard time eating it."

With these words, she straightened herself up, and pushing her sunbonnet back from her damp brow looked out towards the mountains with the manner of one who loved them. She was a queer old figure, tall, almost martial in bearing, with thick white hair cropped close about her ears, and a face that might once have been lovely but was now so sunburned and wrinkled with pain or care that it had lost all claim to beauty. Her eyes were very dark, and had an intent brooding expression. For the rest, her gaudy, flowered skirt was gathered full after the fashion of fifty years ago, about a slender, almost girlish waist, her bodice was dark green, and, in strange contrast to her calico sunbonnet, a rare old lace collar adorned her neck.

In the village strange tales of Miss Isabel and her erratic doings were told. They said she came of an old and aristocratic Virginia family, and had been a belle in her day, having often danced in the same cotillion set at the Greenbrier White with Mrs. Carter, of the Hill House. But reverses of fortune caused by the war had brought her to her present state of virtual pauperism. Strange to say, Miss Isabel's pride had not fallen with her fortunes but grew greater each day. She accepted the presents by which the villagers supported her with the air of a duchess receiving feudal tribute. If it became necessary to ask for anything, she always opened her request by stinging abuse, and ended up by making the person attacked feel as if he were committing an unpardonable sin in not giving her everything he possessed. The village gossips went so far as to point out a desolate spot on the mountain side where they said a discarded lover of Miss Isabel's had hanged himself. They said also, that sometimes on summer nights, Miss Isabel would light all the candles in the great brazen sconce that looked so strangely out of place in the poor interior of the hut. There all by herself, arrayed in an ancient cobwebby robe of pineapple tissue, she would dance, to the cracked tunes of a quaint old music box, the stately cotillion figures that she had graced as the belle of the Springs.

On this particular July afternoon, Miss Isabel was aroused from her mountain-ward revery by the sound of a carriage stopping at the foot of the hill, and the sight of Mrs. Carter coming up the path. That lady with her old-time refinement and gentle dignity was in striking contrast to Miss Isabel's harsh voice, sharp tongue and aggressive pride. Mrs. Carter shook hands cordially with Miss Isabel, unostentatiously set a large, white-napkin'd basket on the porch, and turned to

admire the profusion of flowers. The two spent a pleasant half hour discussing the care and culture of roses, in which they took a mutual interest. When Mrs. Carter turned to go she said, "By the way, Miss Isabel, our new Baptist minister has come. He seems to be a charming man, and I certainly should like to see you at church some time now. If it is too far for you to walk, I would be so glad to send George with the carriage for you."

"Thanks," was the short reply, "No, I won't go to a Baptist Church. I'm an Episcopalian myself. The Baptists are going to heaven in a boat, with a chance of being drowned on the way; the Methodists will trudge along on foot; but the Episcopalians are rolling along in a victoria, and I'm with 'em. Maybe," and here her harsh voice softened, and her eyes grew dark and far-away, "maybe, when I get that Kentucky fortune of mine, I can move to the city and *then* I will go to church."

Mrs. Carter knew that when Miss Isabel began to talk about her fortune she had gone off into some dreamland away from the world of sound and sense, so with a gentle sigh, she left and walked down the path to the carriage. That fortune of Miss Isabel's was another source of the mingled amusement and pity with which the villagers regarded her. It seemed that she did have some vague claim to a small fortune in Kentucky, but in her long lonely days of brooding, the amount of the money had assumed fabulous proportions and by the alchemy of the imagination made all things possible. She ended every conversation with an allusion to the fortune, and made wonderful promises as to what she would do when it came. Many laughed, some few half feared her, but only one implicitly believed her. That one was little Anne Carter, who, by some strange attraction of unlike to unlike, had become Miss Isabel's firmest friend. She was a queer, imaginative little girl, silent from much poring over the books in the Carter library, and she had found in Miss Isabel, with her fascinating stories of bird and flower, and fairyland, a sympathetic friend.

One day late in August, Mrs. Carter and Anne once more climbed the hill to the hut on a mission of neighborly kindness. Miss Isabel met them at the door, and they saw at once that something was wrong. Her hair and dress were disheveled, face flushed, and eyes red from weeping. Mrs. Carter took her gently by the arm and led her to a chair on the porch, and then, with kind tactful words, drew forth the source of the trouble. She had spent the whole morning in the stifling hot attic, turning over barrels and boxes of dusty legal papers in a vain attempt to find something to substantiate her Kentucky claim. And now,

"It has been so long, so long coming," her mouth quivered like a disappointed child's, "and I need it to do so many beautiful things with. The child there" she pointed to little Anne and then broke into wild sobs.

Mrs. Carter soothed the poor distraught woman as best she might and finally persuaded her to go to bed, where she left her with the promise of coming again in the morning.

But in the morning Mrs. Carter was unable to go, and sent Anne as her deputy. The little girl found Miss Isabel quite happy and fresh looking. There was a becoming bloom in her cheeks, a new light in her eyes, eagerness in her parted lips. With a gentle graciousness that was new she drew the child to her side and said.

"Anne, I have something wonderful to tell you."

"What?" queried Anne, big-eyed and breathless.

"It has come."

"Oh, Miss Isabel, your fortune! and now we can do all the lovely things we have planned. When did it come?"

"Last night," there was mystery in Miss Isabel's deep eyes, "two men came, and brought sacks and sacks of gold, and chests of wonderful jewels. Yes, now we can do all those beautiful things. I have started some of them already. Can't you see the workmen digging the foundation for my new house? It is to be right here on this hill, because I love the view, but it is to be very grand and large with grey stone towers and pointed windows, and a wide marble terrace in front, and inside a cloister court, with a pool full of floating lily pads."

Anne looked, and saw only the mean, drab-colored little hut. At first a question started in her eyes, but then she glanced at Miss Isabel's happy face, and a smile of infinite understanding played about her sensitive lips.

"Miss Isabel is just p'tending," she said to herself and then aloud, "Yes, isn't it going to be beautiful? And you will have peacocks on the terrace, won't you, Miss Isabel?"

"Yes," replied the old woman joyfully, and the two went on with eager plans for the amplification and beautifying of this castle in the air. At first Anne was inclined to laugh, but soon she forgot herself, and entered thoroughly into the spirit of what had always been her favorite game. Miss Isabel, however, was very serious—after her long years of brooding and prayer peace had come.

All the long days of August and September that castle building went on. The castle, considering its size and grandeur, was finished in a surprisingly short time, and at last the day came, when Anne and Miss Isabel, hand and hand, could walk up and down the marble terrace in the fresh fall air, and watch the stars come up above the faint saffron sparkle that outlined the purple hills. Then came the delightful furnishing of the castle. That took them some time, and when it was over things seemed rather flat for a while. But the castle was of that delightful sort which may be beautified indefinitely and the two never tired of hanging new

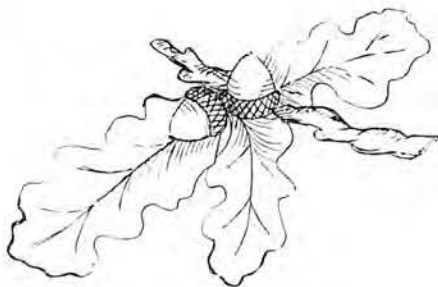
curtains at its windows, planting lovely flowers about it, adding aerial turrets or lofty domes, increasing its grandeur in every way. They would walk at night on the marble terrace, silently, hand in hand, and wonder at the stars; or they would sit still and listen to marvelous strains of music that seemed a part of the star-set, mountain-guarded night. Little Anne found in the castle congenial pleasure but Miss Isabel found more, it was a peaceful haven from her restless longings.

Mrs. Carter was the only one who knew of their happiness, and she had the wisdom not to shatter the dream. She realized that Miss Isabel, though some would have called her crazy, was saner and happier than she had been for years. Her harsh voice had softened, her rude, abrupt ways were gone, and she had acquired a gracious dignity in keeping with the lofty towers of her castle.

The thing went on all winter, but on a day in early March, when the warm air invited one outdoors to flower planting and woodland walks, Miss Isabel fell ill. They laid her in a room which they deemed the poorest part of a wretched hut, but she knew it to be a splendid state bedroom, upholstered in rose color, and fitted with every luxury. There she lay for days and the watchers said she was unconscious, but little Anne, close by the bedside, thought she was only lying very still to think up more beautiful plans for the castle.

One night Miss Isabel died, very quietly and peacefully. That morning two men came to the hut and talked with Mrs. Carter out on the little porch for a long time. When they had gone, that lady, sad-eyed, looked over the barren, flower stripped hill where the splendid dream mansion stood for the eyes of those who can see beyond. Miss Isabel's Kentucky fortune had come too late. It was a paltry sum that would, with great thrift, barely have supported her, and Mrs. Carter, looking toward the mountains, came to understand that it was better Miss Isabel had died in the full joy of her dream fortune, before the bitter disappointment that the actual fortune would have brought.

AGATHA E. BOYD, 1911.





FIRST YEAR B CLASS

Future of the Faculty

Mr. Fitzpatrick pursues the even tenor of his life, engaged in explaining beatitudes, appointing committees to coöperate with the teachers, and in cutting departments severely.

Miss Board, seated on the ruins of R. H. S., cries out despairingly, yet with a clear conscience, "I've seen it to a finish!"

Miss CritzMiss Critz

Mr. Locker } Who can tell?

Miss Mabry } Stranger things have happened.

Mr. Tardy, with his youngest grandchild upon his knee, wipes his perspiring brow as he patiently proceeds to tell him, for the ninety-ninth time, the history of the Chaldeans, and the fundamental principles of Trigonometry, as treated by the professors of the University of Virginia.

Mr. McQuilkin, seated on the banks of the Nile, surrounded by an admiring conclave of red, black and blue savages, clears his throat and says, "Mr. Nebuchadnezzar, something of William the Conqueror, please."

Mr. Kelley on high, seated on a cloud bank, flirting with a good-looking angel, and singing, "I love my wife, but oh you kid."

Mr. Turner, in Hades pinioned to a pillar of fire, suffers horrible tortures for crimes inflicted on the unfortunate R. H. S. pupils. In front of him stands a black fiend with glaring, menacing eyes, who says with savage triumph as he holds out a sharp, gleaming pitchfork, "Proceed to swallow this immediately or, by the Arch-fiend, I'll cut your deportment below the kindling temperature."

Miss Funkhouser, tipping noiselessly along the straight and narrow path, is heard by Saint Peter, who reprimands her severely for disturbing the recitations of the angels.

Mr. McMahon, some time after the days of his youth have faded and flown, takes his seat on Mount Parnassus as the Tenth Muse. Here, while satisfying his soul with golden apples, he discourses at leisure on the moral and intellectual value of French and Italian poetry.

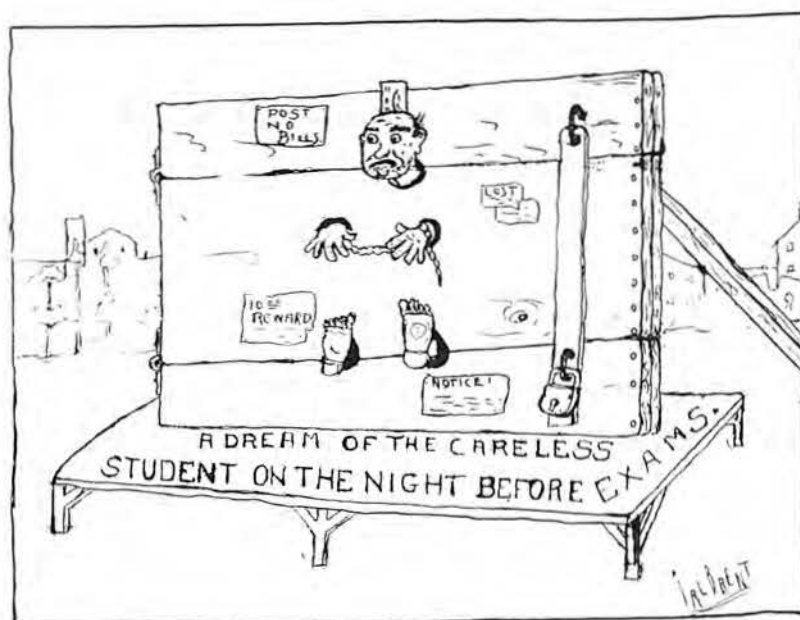
Mr. Phelps, after years of experience gained at the R. H. S., is at last promoted to the honorary position of "Watch Dog" at the gates of Heaven where he is dearly loved by Saint Peter for his faithful and untiring watchfulness over the deportment of the angels.

Miss Lovelace, after vain attempts to create an enthusiastic interest in Caesar among the students, gives up in despair, although still feeling that she has,

"Too soon grown weary,
Too soon grown old."

Mr. Parsons is now surmounted by a shining pate instead of the abundance of chestnut locks that once crowned his noble brow, because of his numerous little matrimonial differences. He has always been true to his creed, "Let us be ladies under all circumstances."

Miss London, according to the saying "the good die young," still has a successful as well as everlasting career ahead of her in the art of teaching "poor wits to admire superior sense."



Students of the Commercial Department



BERTHA BECKNER	HANNAH COHN	GWLADYS DAVIES	ELSIE HELTEMES
PAULINE KOONTZ	BLANCHE MITCHELL	EDITH WADE	
EDITH POWELL	HETTIE WHITLOW	W. CAMPBELL BRUNER	
COY CHAMBERS	ABE HARRISON	VICTOR PEARSON	JOHN WHITTINGTON

Quit Your Fretting

Our Grace B. is rather droll,
And a philosopher I've been told;
No matter what happens she sees the fun,
And takes life easy, in the general run.
If the sun shines hot or the wind blows cold,
If she misses her lessons and the teachers scold,
It's the same to Grace, she doesn't fret or fuss,
But thankfully says, "It might have been wuss."

A dozen girls at recess time
Around Grace were talking, but not in rhyme,
The things they said wouldn't have done for a sermon,
Department'd been cut if the teachers had heard 'em
But Grace had a word of comfort for all—
"Ten years from now this thing 'll seem small,
Don't fret or fuss, don't worry or cuss,
For bad as it is it might be wuss."

Though lessons for one day are enough for a week,
Though we hardly dare smile and must not speak,
Though each teacher in turn rebashes our sin,
And our failings and short-comings are hourly rubbed in,
Yet Grace declares that High School is fun
And she will be sorry when school-days are done.
So this is our motto: "Don't worry or fuss,
For bad as things are they might be wuss."

S. C. 1911





THE END



China Art and Book Store

15 CAMPBELL AVENUE, WEST :: ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Dealers in BOOKS, STATIONERY, PICTURES, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, LEATHER GOODS, FRAMES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CHINA, CUT GLASS, HAMMERED AND ETCHED BRASS, SECTIONAL BOOK CASES, ETC.



DIRECT IMPORTERS OF JAPANESE,
CHINESE AND EAST INDIA GOODS

Economy

is one of the most valuable lessons your girls and boys can learn. A principle without practise means little. This store is a practical application of the principal of economy, and you can't give your young people better practise than to send them here, day after day, to purchase the needfuls.

McBain & Hyslup, Inc.

Always Patronize

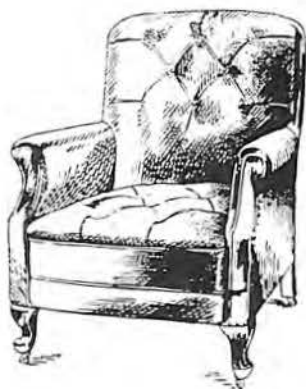
ROANOKE'S

BEST FURNITURE STORE

THE

People's Furniture Co.

118 and 120 Salem Ave., West



FURNITURE

House Furnishings

Pianos :: Pianolas

The Largest Establishment of the Kind in
the State. 50 000 Feet of Floor Space

Thurman & Boone Co.

INCORPORATED

ROANOKE :: VIRGINIA

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST ONLY EXCLUSIVE PIANO HOUSE IN VIRGINIA

Thirty years' experience with the leading piano manufacturers of America, and the selling of over ten thousand pianos to as many satisfied customers, give us a knowledge of piano quality and piano value. Our line of pianos is selected with this knowledge.

You, therefore, get the benefit of our long experience, if you buy from us.

We carry a line of pianos from the highest standard quality down to medium grade, all absolutely reliable and fully warranted. On every make, we guarantee factory prices and make terms to suit everybody. Old instruments taken in exchange at their value. Second-hand pianos and organs, which we

take in exchange, are thoroughly overhauled, put in perfect order and sold at bargain prices. Fine, illustrated catalogue and all information mailed free. Write today, it will cost you nothing and will probably save you \$50 to \$100.



THE HOBBIE CO., Factory Distributors

Warerooms: Roanoke, Virginia

Buy your Chandeliers and
have your home wired
for Electric Lights



**W. E. Wolfenden
Electric Co.**

OLDEST AND LARGEST FIRM IN
THIS SECTION OF VIRGINIA

This Space is Reserved for

THOS. L. GRIFFIN
Watchmaker and Jeweler

114 Campbell Ave. Roanoke, Va.

Geo. W. Payne Co.

(INCORPORATED)

**Men's
Furnishings**



Hats, Clothes
and Shirts to
Measure

Landes Studio

High-Grade
Photography



19½ Campbell Ave., W.

*Lyric
Theater*

*Moving
Pictures and
Vaudeville*

The Show for the Masses

E. WILE

The Sole Distributor of the

**ADLER
ROCHESTER
SUITS**

For Young Men

Corner
Campbell Avenue
and
Jefferson Street

F. M. Marks

DEALER IN

Staple and Fancy
GROCERIES

CHOICE FRESH MEATS
OF ALL KINDS
FRESH FISH A SPE-
CIALTY

'Phone 468

304 HENRY STREET, S. W.

Kennard's
for

Plumbing
Heating
Roofing

128 Campbell Avenue
125-127-129 Kirk Avenue

Bush & Hancock

The Man's Store



ALFRED BENJAMIN SUITS

KNOX HATS

MANHATTAN SHIRTS

REGAL SHOES

18 CAMPBELL AVENUE

K. W. GREEN

MANUFACTURING

Jeweler

AND GRADUATE OPTICIAN

SCHOOL AND SOCIETY

PINS

A SPECIALTY



10 Campbell Avenue, W.

ROANOKE, VA.

VISIT

COWGILL'S

For Millinery and
Hair Goods



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR MONEY REFUNDED

105 Campbell Ave.

Come to Us for Your

Kodaks and Sporting
Goods

KODAKS FROM \$1 TO \$35
CATALOGUES FREE

Bring us Your Films to Develop
Good Work and Prompt Service

ROANOKE CYCLE CO.

103 Campbell Ave., W.
ROANOKE, VA.



**STUDENTS'
SUPPLY
SHOP**



CALDWELL-SITES CO.

**105 S. Jefferson Street
ROANOKE, VA.**

BOOKS

CUT GLASS

TENNIS GOODS

FOOTBALL GOODS

STATIONERY

FANCY GOODS

BASEBALL GOODS

FINE CHINA

PENNANTS

GOLF GOODS

WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PENS

STERLING FOUNTAIN PENS



MACEY

**Sectional
Book Cases**



THE HOME BUILDERS

Adams, Payne & Gleaves

Everything for Building but Hardware

PHONES: 865, 934, 971, 977, 243, 174

COAL COAL COAL

Roanoke, Virginia

**Stras &
Persinger**

Real Estate
Farms and
City
Property

Wear a
Sun Brand
SHIRT



THIS IS THE SUN

F. B. Thomas & Co.
ROANOKE, VA.

Fly Time Is Here

And you will want your windows and doors screened against the "Pesky Flies." We have them already made, in all sizes, and for pleasant prices.



Roanoke Hardware Company

22 West Campbell Ave.

Ramsey Shoe Co.

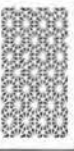
The Store That Sets the Pace
in Smart Shoes

For
Young Men and Young
Women

The New Shapes in All
Leathers
Make This YOUR Shoe
Store

20 Campbell Avenue, West

IT Is An Education



well worthy of cultivation, that follows a visit to our store.

Ours is the "Departmental System," and we have placed experienced specialists in charge of each branch of the entire "Course."

The newest dictate of fashion as to fabric, color, finish or cut of women's wearing apparel is being "demonstrated" here every hour of the day; the smartest conceit of dress accessory, for fashionable social function, for street wear or for traveling, finds its "exponent" in our vast stock, each day of the week.

The education we offer is really far beyond the "High School" period in the world of fashion—let us show you our "curriculum."

S. H. HEIRONIMUS COMPANY

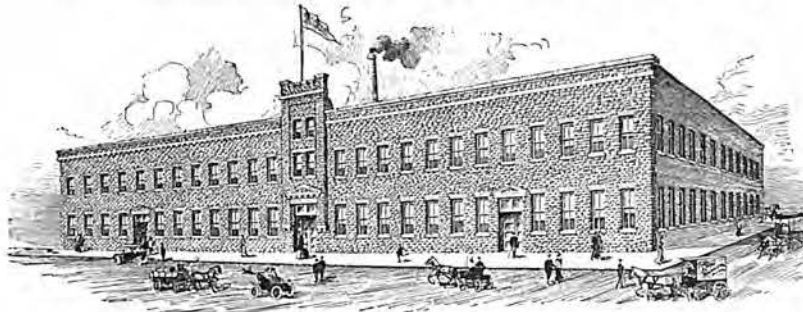
Campbell Avenue

Salem Avenue

Henry Street

More than 50,000 FEET OF FLOOR SPACE
More than 100 MACHINES

SAME MANAGEMENT AND POLICY FOR PAST 25 YEARS



The Stone Printing and Mfg. Co.

116-132 North Jefferson Street

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

The Largest

Best Equipped

Most Modern

SOUTH OF THE OHIO AND EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI

More employes and more output than all the other job
printing plants within a radius of one hundred miles.

Light, heat and sanitary arrangements well-nigh perfect.

Facilities for Workmanlike Service UNAPPROACHED in this Section

THE WOMEN'S STORE

== PETTIT & CO. ==

304 South Jefferson Street

EXCLUSIVE WOMEN'S READY-TO-WEAR
STORE. OF HIGH-CLASS MERCHANDISE
AT POPULAR PRICES. TAILOR-MADE
SUITS, PATTERN HATS, MUSLIN UNDER-
WEAR, CORSETS, GLOVES, HOSIERY,
HANDKERCHIEFS, BELTS, FANCY NECK
FIXINGS, ETC.

TIME is the only way to
test furniture.

But that's not practical.

Be guided by experienced
salesmen.

All our salesmen have for
years proved themselves
worthy of the confidence
of local householders.

So has our furniture.

*"Marry the girl, we will
furnish the home."*

**REAMS, JONES &
BLANKINSHIP**

HENRY HOCK

Dealer in

**Fresh and Smoked
MEATS**

**Country Produce and
POULTRY**

'PHONE 38

141
West
Salem
Avenue

ROANOKE

Business College

NEW HORTON BUILDING, HENRY STREET ROANOKE, VA.

THE MARNIX SCHOOL—THE SCHOOL OF QUALITY

SPECIAL RATES SPRING AND SUMMER SESSIONS

B. MARNIX, A. B., PRESIDENT

BARNETT-SCHENK DRUG CO.

31 CAMPBELL AVENUE

FOR

TOILET ARTICLES, SODA AND CIGARS

Roanoke City Marble and Mantel Works

J. H. MARSTELLER, Proprietor

No. 21 East Campbell Avenue

MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES

All kinds of Building Stone, Iron Fencing, Hardwood Mantels, Tiles
Grates and Brass Goods

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

NELSON HARDWARE CO.

Wholesale and Retail Hardware

Paints, Oils, Cutlery, Sporting Goods, Fencing, Builders' Hardware, Miners' Supplies,
Grass Mowers, Garden Hose and Farm Implements a Specialty

'Phone No. 95

17 E. Campbell Ave.

ROANOKE, VA.

GOOCH-CROSBY CO.

Booksellers and Stationers

School Books and Supplies

Sporting and Athletic Goods



16 CAMPBELL AVENUE

ROANOKE, VA.

ROSENBAUM BROS.

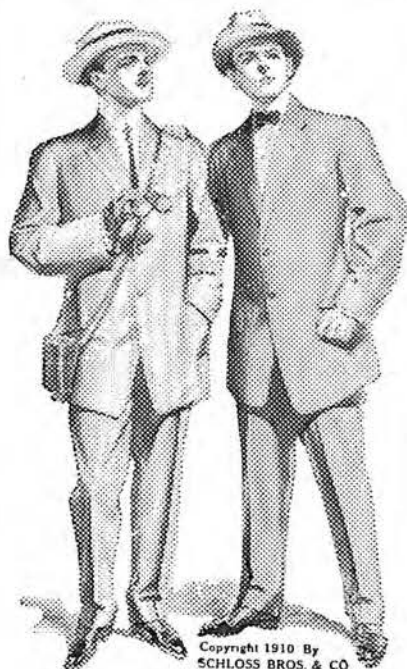
Leaders in Millinery

Everything in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Laces, Corsets,
Hosiery, Globes and Notions. Coat Suits, Silk
and Tub Dresses of all kinds and prices

WE INVITE AN INSPECTION

27 CAMPBELL AVENUE

26 SALEM AVENUE



Copyright 1910 By
SCHLOSS BROS. & CO
Fine Clothes Makers
Baltimore and New York

SOLE AGENTS FOR
SCHLOSS BROS. & CO.

AND
SAM PECK'S
YOUNG MEN'S SUITS

**The Meals & Burke Clothing
Company**

THE BUSY CORNER
ROANOKE :: VIRGINIA

EXAMINATION

OF

Kuppenheimer Clothes

Is Earnestly Invited. Especially at This Time of the Year, When We Are Showing the Latest Styles and Creations.

Oak Hall Clothing Co.

THE STORE FOR MEN

21 Campbell Ave. Through to 20 Salem
Avenue



HANAN SHOES
EMERY SHIRTS
STETSON HATS
ARROW COLLARS



ROANOKE PUBLIC LIBRARY



0 1195 03386391