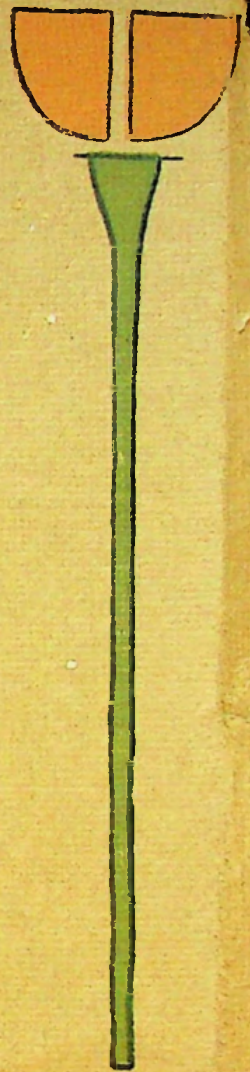
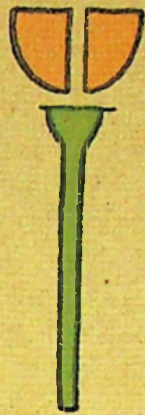




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THE GOLD BUG



MAY

NINETEEN HUNDRED TWELVE



KINGSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

KINGSBURG, CAL.

DEDICATION

With fullest appreciation of his worth and geniality, the
students of the Kingsburg High Dedicate
this Journal to

Mr. Ernest H. Duval

Principal of the Kingsburg High School



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The Galu Bug

A Topsy Turvy World

By E. W. LINDSAY,

County Superintendent of Schools, Fresno, Cal.

What a topsy-turvy world we are living in! Possibly not more so than Mars or Jupiter, but being nearer home, we are more interested in its topsy-turvyness. If the inhabitants of those far off worlds have succeeded in creating half the discord we have, truly they are in a pitiable plight.

In the first place, we have succeeded in making our world so small that everybody is everybody's neighbor. Consequently it is impossible to get away from the noise of our most distant neighbor. We have also succeeded very admirably in getting everybody at sixes and sevens with every other body.

We take great delight in carrying chips on our shoulders as a dare for the first person we meet to knock off and at the same time we take particular pains to knock the chips off other people's shoulders. We carry political chips, industrial chips, commercial chips, educational chips, religious chips, industrial chips, and a vast assortment of other chips, and when we are not employed placing new chips on our shoulders, we get some diversion knocking the old ones off other people's shoulders.

Most of us are built on the destructive, rather than the constructive plan. We glory in our schools, and what they are constructive plan. We boast of our freedom and at once begin to

make ourselves slaves. We glory in our schools and what they are doing to make desirable citizens, and immediately proceed to cultivate and foster institutions whose chief business is the making of "undesirable citizens!" We are excusable, of course, on the grounds that we are only "sowing wild oats."

We preach peace and at once begin war—war of extermination—war that makes widows and orphans—war that causes sorrow and tears—war that General Sherman termed "Hell." Possibly he knew.

We build railroads and factories and immediately go on "a strike" and destroy what we have built, probably that there may be more railroads and factories. One part of "humanity" builds jails and penitentiaries and no sooner are they built than they are filled with another part of the same "humanity." We fill them on the principal that it is wasted energy to build houses and leave them empty. One part of the world cries and the other part laughs, and as a rule the thing that makes one laugh makes the other cry. One part wears rags and another part wears silks, and the reason one wears silks is generally the reason the other wears rags.

What a topsy-turvy world. Truly the apple of discord has been thrown among men.

How much have the men of today advanced from their savage ancestors? We are a little more refined in our cruelty and the pain is more exquisite. We are a little more scientific in our destructiveness, and its potency is multiplied. We are somewhat more expressive in our epithets which adds a great deal to our delight.

Who is to lead the world out of topsy-turvydom? The schools! They are beginning to realize their mission. In many ways they are taking the measure of their job. The Kingsburg High and the "Gold Bug" ought to have a place in the progression and here is wishing you and others success.



The Meadow

O. I know a great wide meadow
That a little brook runs thru.
Where violets and daisies hide
In the tall grass wet with dew.

By the brook where the water ripples
And murmurs along its way.
There I've spent many happy hours
With my brother in childish play.

Where the tall grass waves so stately.
Where the yellow cowslips bloom.
Where the dewberries ripen lately
There I often love to roam.

In the evening near the sunset
When the cows come lowing home,
Where the yellow fire-flies darted
Lighting up the evening gloom.

But my childhood's now behind me,
And life's race I soon must start.
The meadow, the brook and the picture,
Will never fade from my heart.

LOIS GILLESPIE, '12.



The Dice of the Gods

The Only Girl had turned him down. She had told him his ideals were not high, that his mind was mediocre, that he showed it in all his work and that was the reason he never rose above the rest of the perspiring, grubbing individuals around him.

Of course, Only Girl was a wonderfully wise person and always knew her own mind; she was a Suffragette, and he had learned to abide by her opinions. She knew all about mind and character because she belonged to the Society for the Elevation of the Masses, and if she said he was a person with only mediocre talents and abilities it must be so.

Yes, he realized now his inabilities. He had always thought the big opportunity, wherein he would be able to show what was in him, had not yet arrived. But he saw now that it was because his mind was incapable of receiving it that it had not, and so far as he saw, it never would. He used to rail at fate and the City Editor who sent him out on the Society column and to the immigrant stations, but they knew best. If he had had any skill he would have been put where he could use it. Of course he always saw things in the same light as Only Girl after he had talked with her for a while, but that was because she was such a superior sort of person and not because he allowed himself to be influenced any. He had been a reporter for two years and it was only now that they were beginning to send him into the down town districts where there was life, opportunity and inspiration, where he could use his brain and energy.

He unconsciously quickened his pace along the gravel path of the park whither he had fled after Only Girl had given the verdict. Then he paused. What was the use. Though she had tempered the refusal with half apologies and inferences as to his perhaps developing some talent in the future, he knew she considered him a dull, commonplace individual with his nose to the grindstone and not enough ability to remove it, and it hurt. He would make a first

page story that night or quit his vocation forever.

Why had dad made a fool of himself in young days and been cut off from the estate and money by his father. To be sure, dad had gone to work with a will and amply supported his family, but his son inherited little except an excellent physique, a square jaw, honest eyes and a large amount of brawn and muscle, which his father had always taught him to be sure to offset with the same amount of brains to make a balance. He had never seen or heard of his grandfather, but he wished he had the money. Then Only Girl might have considered him, but as he had neither the money nor the brain, this was the result.

"Oh, rot," he said to himself, "she's right. If I had any brains at all I wouldn't be standing here mooning and sniffing over the situation."

He turned his collar up against the chill, and hailed a car at the corner which took him uptown to the office. Here he wrote up a few notes, turned them in and prepared to leave. As he took up his hat the Night Editor turned in his chair. "Norman," he called, "take the lower district tonight after supper. Likely to be something doing there. Police are hunting for the Satchel Gang."

"Very well," Norman replied and his eyes shone.

This was the first time they had sent him to the district where so many scoops were made and many names at the same time. This was good fortune. Only Girl should know of this.

He went out into the night. All about him the lights of the city flickered or blazed in great patches or dim outlines. In the distant sky above the factory district reflected the red fire from the furnaces. The continual gong of the cars, the policeman's whistle at the crossing, the hum of the traffic and the rush of feet, even the whine of the whistling tugs and the deep-throated call of the sirens at the wharves had a special meaning for him tonight. This was life. He felt the thrill of it. An undefined something called and called to him from every side, which try as he would he could not shake off.

An old man came out of a door and walked slowly down the street in front of him. He carried a cello under his arm carefully wrapped in a faded red case. Time had not dealt gently with him. The shiny black coat on his bent shoulders was threadbare in places, his collar worn and frayed and his shoes run down. His

hair beneath his old hat was silvery white and he had a faraway look in his deep set blue eyes. Yet there was something refined about his appearance, whether it was the way in which his clothes were carefully brushed and the shoes and collar spotless, or the shrinking, saddened air with which he regarded the passersby, or what, Norman could not determine. But he felt strangely attracted towards the old fellow and he resolved to follow him.

Down the street they went and around the corners until at last the old man paused before a dirty Italian restaurant, famous for its appetizing Old World dishes. He leaned his cello against the window and took a few coins from his pocket. He counted them doubtfully, then his face brightened, and nodding his head he went inside.

Norman followed and seated himself at a table opposite. Each ordered a meal and ate it in silence; Norman watching the old man, and the old man looking fixedly into his plate. Finally when the old man had finished he took his cello from its case and looked at it thoughtfully. Norman's eyes brightened appreciatively. He knew a good instrument when he saw one. If he could only strike up a conversation with him.

"That is a splendid instrument," Norman rose and seated himself on the opposite of the other table.

"Yes," answered the old man, "but its value can no longer be shown." He lifted his hand. "See there is a tremble there. It was my father's and his father's, but now it must go."

"Why?" asked Norman.

The old man glanced up startled. The question seemed intruding, and Norman felt it as such after he had spoken. The other had an air of reserve which would keep one from pity or charity.

"That is," Norman went on hurriedly, "I dislike to see so fine an instrument sold, if that is what you mean. It might go into the hands of some one who did not appreciate it, and then again some one would probably try to do you on it if you offered it."

The old man looked pained.

"My father was a musician," continued Norman. "I remember how he hated to see an instrument going to waste."

He pulled his chair around next to the old man's. He was becoming interested. He took the instrument and the other's eyes brightened as he noted the way in which Norman handled it.

"Play for me," Norman demanded as he brushed the strings and a soft, mellow tone rolled out.

But the other shook his head. Then seeing the disappointed look on Norman's face, added, "I cannot do it justice. Still, just once more I can try."

He took the instrument and brushed the bow across the strings.

The restaurant was practically deserted but for themselves and a waiter or two and these soon disappeared, for the old man was a well known figure about the place.

But as Norman listened, the dingy room before him spread into a long lane with a low roofed house at the other end. There was a wide veranda around it and climbing vines at the sides. There was a woman's figure at the doorway, he could even see the flutter of her dress. Then he could hear the lap of waves on a beach and at intervals the boom of a comber as it broke against a rock.

Then the picture changed. It was the same scene but so different. The day was gray, the trees bare and the flowers gone. The house was cold and forlorn, its shutters broken and its windows shattered. The sea moaned and he could hear the howl of the wind.

But at last through the scene of desolation came one sound of piercing, yet trembling sweetness, which came on, paused, then passed and rolled on and upward into the Heavens, where it paused and finally broke into a thousand tinkling drops that fell and fell and then—the piece was ended.

Norman looked around at the old man who sat smiling into space. He wished to speak, but could find no suitable words. It was the other who finally broke the silence.

"Yes, you have the spirit of the song within you. I can see it. You need not tell me. Yet you are sad. You look as though you feel that you are not what you would like to be. You have not succeeded? But you will. I see it in your eyes. I am right. Tell me!"

Then Norman, seemingly hypnotized by the music and the man before him, told of his work, of his ambitions, of his continual strife against the hand of fate and finally of the words of Only Girl. At this last the old man smiled.

"What would she have you do?" he asked. "Is not plain man enough, but he must be a hero also? What are you after at pres-

ent, a story?"

Norman nodded. "I'm detailed around the lower district of town. The police expect to close in on the Satchel Gang tonight. There's where I'd make my name if I pulled in a good item. This is perhaps my last opportunity to make good."

The old man nodded eagerly. "Yes, yes, I know. They are drawing the net close. The Satchel Gang, eh? Lad, what do you, or they, or anyone know about them? Nothing, except that the city has been stocked with counterfeit for some months, in fact for years, and the police have attributed it to a gang and called them the Satchel Gang because a find was made in a satchel of peculiar make. Yes, the end is drawing near. I've seen it for a long time."

He bent his head lovingly over his instrument in deep thought. "Lad," he said, "I have a lesson for you. In spite of my ability, in spite of my instrument I never climbed any higher than a common theater orchestra. Why? Because whatever you do wrong you are paid back double. I was. I buried my talent so that I could make ten more easily and retribution singled me out. Now I cannot play when I would. My hands tremble, but not from age, no."

"Tell me," Norman demanded.

"No," said the other putting the case over the cello. "Why bother you with the story of my life. You are just starting yours, and oh, be careful of its history."

"Come," he said, "let us look for a story. Surely this Bohemian quarter offers one."

They walked down the street into town slowly. The old man would not let Norman carry his cello, but hugged it tightly to him.

"It must go," he said over and over. "I cannot play it any more. I cannot desecrate its memory. Music comes from the soul. This soul is not fit."

Norman pondered over his words, and suddenly remembered that he had not answered his previous question as to why he had wished it to go.

He was preparing to ask again, when the other spoke.

"Hold this, lad. I will be back in a moment."

The old man gave him his cello and disappeared into a dark

passageway nearby.

In a few few moments he returned. "Here," he said, handing Norman a sealed pasteboard box. "Here is your story. Take this and forget the one who gave it to you. Do not open it until you reach home. When you do, remember, I received nothing out of it. I couldn't bear to do it. If you wonder why this happened, remember what I have said. I like you and your story pleased my fancy. You have the spirit of song in you. May Only Girl appreciate it."

He thrust the box under Norman's arm and picking up his cello walked unsteadily toward the crowded street.

Norman remained transfixed, staring at the box. Then he was brought to his senses by a great clamor and yell. Down the street came a loaded, two-horse dray, swaying from side to side as the maddened animals plunged and reared through the congested traffic. But it was wonderful how the street cleared further down, while before Norman an open space was left.

Then a cry went up. Out into space went the old man with the cello still walking as if in a dream. As if he had not seen or heard the clamor before, he now stopped startled. But the horses were upon him and he remained rooted to the spot.

At last Norman acted. Still clutching the box under his arm he plunged out into the street after the man. Grasping him by the coat collar he dragged him backwards, but was too late to miss the flying hoofs of the animals. They went down in a cloud of dirt and flying splinters as the horses veered and the dray overturned.

Norman saw the cello disappear under the wreckage and knew the horses had stopped and wondered feebly if the cello had done it.

When he next opened his eyes he was on a cot in a hospital swathed in bandages. The City Editor and another stood beside him.

"That was great work, Norman. We never knew you had it in you. You're a first class detective too." The Editor beamed down at him. "We are just waiting to get you back to the office."

"Why. What— what—is it?" stammered Norman.

"Well, look here." He held a freshly printed copy of the "Star" before Norman. The first page was covered with headlines.

RING LEADER AND INSTIGATOR OF
SACHEL GANG CAPTURED
CLEVER DISGUISE WORN FOR YEARS
OLD MAN APPEARS ANCIENT
REPORTER NORMAN McQUAID OF THE "STAR" EFFECTS
CAPTURE AFTER ACT OF BRAVERY.

There followed a long account of how the police had been baffled in their search for the man, and how he had been found under the disguise after being brought to the hospital, and how a box he had carried had contained plans, money and the directions for locating the gang. The police had captured most of them later. It ended by giving Norman all of the credit for tracking the man all evening and keeping his quarry in his grasp at the risk of his own life. Of the 'cello it said nothing and of the sad eyes of the old man

"And the man?" Norman asked.

"Gone when they got him to the hospital," was the reply. "He saved us a lot of trouble."

Norman said nothing, but thought much. And the Editor, thinking he was tired left.

One week later he sat with Only Girl before a cozy fire. He was telling her the real story of the old man; of the 'cello and the music picture, and his words as he gave him the box.

When he had finished, she laid her hand on his and said softly, "I understand. His last song ended in a chord of hope. If every one only knew."

"Yes," said Norman, "every one must know. I will make a big story of it. It is my opportunity. He said it would be. I must not receive any credit. If I had known I would not have done it."

"Oh!" Only Girl squeezed his hand, "I was so mistaken in you. Forgive me." Which was a whole lot for Only Girl to admit.

GRACE PAULSON, '12.



Mr. Dooley

Mr. Dooley was a full-blooded Maltese, long and lanky, with an eager expression of countenance—that is, so he was in the daytime, but I wouldn't dare tell you how he was regarded at night by the neighbors—one neighbor in particular.

Mr. Dooley lived in what was advertised as a quiet residence-district, and though he had no special home he was quite welcome at the W. C. Brown house, (W. C. Brown was the name on the door-plate). He knew he was welcome, for he never received offers of dilapidated shoes, and the sharp corners of cobblestones from that quarter. Therefore, when his serenading failed to please the owner of that portion of the high board fence which he happened to choose for his concert stand, he would retreat hurriedly to the W. C. Brown home. He did not know who the inmates of this household were, nor did many others, but he did know that he often found choice bits of food for his midnight luncheon there, and with feline sagacity, decided that the back porch of this house was just the place for his daily nap. The hole in the screen door was so convenient, too, you know.

Just across the fence from Mr. Dooley's adopted home lived a lonely son of Adam; no wife, no companion, ever trod there, just a sharp-nosed little terrier who answered to the name of Ginger. Mr. Greeley, Ginger's owner, was a bachelor, rather old, who seemed to have quite a little of Ginger's name in his own make-up, for he was constantly scolding the grocery boy, laundryman, and the others who came to his door, but, strange to say, never the dog.

For the last week Mr. Dooley had been interrupting Mr. Greeley's peaceful slumbers and each night the tuneful melody had had to be stopped by force of strong language and the stronger argumentative powers of stones or tin cans. The situation was fast becoming serious—that is, with Mr. Greeley. He was only a renter, so he couldn't very well tear the fence down—what should he do? He mused rather hopelessly, "If I could only get ahold of the wretch or find out who he belongs to—blankety! blank!" Oh, horrors! was Mr. Greeley swearing?

"Meow," sang Mr. Dooley out on the back fence, and picking up the first thing within reach, an old stove leg, the infuriated listener hurled it in the direction of the singer. "Come here, you feline

demon, and I will make you yeowl." "Not Meow!" it sounded as though Mr. Dooley answered as he gracefully eluded the stove leg and retreated to W. C. Brown's.

The next morning Mr. Greeley stood on his back porch grumbling over his previous night's rest (rather, unrest) and yawning. Suddenly Ginger, ever faithful, was startled into rigid attention by his master's voice triumphantly saying, "At last, you brute!" for Mr. Greeley had seen Mr. Dooley enter the back porch of the house next door.

A few minutes later Mr. Greeley emerged from his front door, carefully carrying a large sheet of paper. He made his way to the W. C. Brown gate and opening it quickly pinned it to the inner side. Then he went to his work. "That'll fix that cat, I think;" adding sarcastically, "Yes, I believe it will."

At the Brown home the paper fluttered in the morning breeze and these words swayed with it: "Mr. W. C. Brown—I'm tired of that blamed cat of yours disturbing me every night, and you have either got to keep it at home, or I'll fix it so it won't keep." A. N. G.

That night on his way home Mr. Greeley looked in at the gate to see if the note had disappeared, and sure enough—it was gone! Going on to his own gate, he stopped to get his mail. Nothing but the daily paper, and a far-away look entirely alien to that usually seen in the small blue eyes fitted into them. He was thinking of a far-away sweetheart from whom he used to get such jolly, interesting letters. Then he came back to earth again, his eyes widened and he stared, for there, pinned to the post which supported the mail box, was a sheet of paper. He looked again and soon these typewritten words took shape, and stared back into his face.

A. N. G.—"That blamed cat, as you called it, does not belong to me, so please mind your own affairs. W. C. Brown."

Mr. Greeley jammed the offending paper into his pocket, shook his fist at the neighboring house and went indoors.

The early morning sun, the day following, saw a sleepy-eyed yet watchful man glaring over his fence into the yard beyond, for Mr. Dooley was slowly but surely making his way to the W. C. Brown porch. Nearer and nearer he went and soon disappeared through the hole in the screen.

The watcher's blood boiled. "The old fool!" he said, shaking his fist at the unresponsive screen door, "told me the brute didn't

belong to him—thought I'd be green enough to believe it, too! I'll show him," and he strode wrathfully into the house to his writing desk. Snatching the first paper that came within his reach he wrote in large letters this challenge:

Mr. W. C. Brown:—Meet me in the back yard tonight and we will settle that little matter about the cat. A. N. G.

As on the previous day he pinned the note to the Brown gate and could hardly wait until his return from work to see if there was an answer in his own yard. Nothing there, and he stood wondering with the daily paper in his hand, when from its folds fluttered a sheet of paper. Only these words were on it, but it made his eyes gleam with the love of battle.

"A. N. G.—7:30.

W. C. BROWN."

That night Mr. Greeley was impatiently waiting at the high board fence a little before the appointed time. He listened intently, surely he heard something! He listened again. Yes, from the other side of the fence came a low whistle. Immediately all the pent-up wrath surged over him and he reached for a footing on the fence.

A minute later the moon saw a red faced man peering over the fence, and into the eyes of—a woman! She was a slight little figure in her old fashioned dress and the moonbeams played lovingly among the grayish locks, but a night as dark as pitch could not have hidden the mischievous sparkle of the big eyes. Unable to restrain her mirth any longer, a little gurgling laugh broke loose from her lips and she chuckled delightedly, "O, Abe Greeley, you were an old fool now, weren't you?"

"Welma!" he finally managed to gasp, "you"—the rest, however, was lost, for the little woman, woman-like, had turned and fled, laughing as she went.

Down the fence a little distance Mr. Dooley sang, "Meow!"

BERTHA ROUCH, '11.



The Lighthouse Disaster

A lighthouse was being built out in a bay and was nearly finished. Suddenly there came a puff of air swirling around the northern part of the bay. Ten minutes later there was nothing but blackness, wind, waves and terror. The massive iron cylinder of the lighthouse wobbled in the waves like a helpless barrel. The top of one of those great waves would founder the lighthouse and ruin the enterprise! It was the beginning of the crisis.

Two men, at the captain's sharp, savage orders had slid like monkeys down a rope from the ship to a rude platform built around the cylinder rim and were working the pumps like mad.

Swiftly, a life boat was lowered and a dozen men leaped into it and fought with the oars. One great wave they rode and then another, and then under a third the iron rim shot up and splintered the side of the boat as it swept against it.

One man jumped for the surging rim, caught it, straddled it, and clung with all his might to a rope that held the bow of the boat. Six men pulled themselves up after him, dragging a side of canvas sail. They fastened this sail to the windward side of the cylinder top, while around to the side toward which the wind was blowing, the six other men, clinging like cats to the iron rim, grabbed the canvas over, and holding it with their teeth and finger nails, they pulled a rope around its edges and tied it firm and fast.

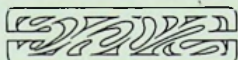
The captain saw that the water was coming in too fast for the pumps, that two feet more of water, would prove fatal, that the only thing left to do was to dip the water out with the few buckets they had in the boat, and that if he did not keep his men moving they would "sure lose." So he yelled for a rope ladder and the buckets and in the same breath he called upon four of his most trusted men, and, then, without waiting for them or the ladder, he slid under the canvas, and went down with a shout and a plunge.

The water came up to his shoulders and tossed him about like a cork, but he only grinned back as the heads stuck out fearfully from the canvas, and presently three forms and then two more came swiftly down the ladder.

It was dip, dip, dip for all they were worth, as they were all in a death trap, iron walls about them, a canvas roof over them, the terrible water and a solid floor beneath them.

From sunset till sunrise, they dipped, throughout the black, furious night, and when daylight came, there came also a temporary stop of the storm, and a little company of men, fighting like rats in a hole, had beaten the night of the sea.

IVAR PETERSON, '12.



California

Sing a song, full of praise,
About our country grand;
Sing it with a vim, my lads!
Sing of its golden strand;
Give a song to show we're loyal
To our native land,
Dear old California.

Here you find the bright sunshine,
Almost any time;
Here we grow the finest fruits,
That thrive in any clime;
Beautiful our missions are
Whose bells do sweetly chime,
O dear old California.

How sweetly the birds do chirp,
Among the leafy bowers;
Sweetly the brooklet sings,
To the pretty wild flowers;
Great are the redwood trees
That Heavenward always tower,
In sunny California.

SIDNEY T. JOHNSON, '14.

The Man of Knowledge

He had taken many courses in a correspondence school
Till he thought he knew the method to manipulate each tool,
So he got a saw and hatchet, and a chisel and some nails,
And began to mend the stairway, but he ended it with wails,
For he gashed his epidermis and he scratched his wrist,
And he smashed his thumb and fingers when the pesky nails he
misse!—

And hereafter when he has a spike to drive he will not nail it;
He'll simply lick a postage stamp and take it out and mail it.

He had also studied cooking, all by printed slips, of course,
Till he'd argue, as to broiling, with much intellectual force;
And one day his wife was absent and the cook had gone away,
So he thought he'd cook the dinner; he began with consomme,
And he filled the heated oven with a dozen pounds of roast,
Also tried to fix some coffee and asparagus on toast,
When they had aired the kitchen, banished quite that scorched aroma
He "ging aus" and long and sadly looked at his beloved diploma.

He had answered all the question in the lessons "How to Ride."
And with pen and ink and paper he could gallop on with pride,
But one day he hired a charger and he vaulted to the seat
And they say for fifteen minutes he was owner of the street;
But at last the horse in mercy threw him sprawling to the ground
And his watch, two teeth, and glasses are the only things unfound.
So today he's quite contented to go riding in his fancy
With pen and ink and paper, as his means of necromancy.
But he took a course of teaching from another institute
On the way to run an auto with its ehug and hiss and hoot,
Then he started in an auto, and just when the pace grew hot
And he should have pulled a lever—then which lever he forgot!
For a moment wheels and fragments were the most that one could
see.

Then they found cur worthy hero hanging gently to a tree,
When the doctors had succeeded in restoring him from coma
With his feeble, inkstained fingers he tore up his big diploma.

WESLEY MARTEN, '12.

The Tortoise and the Stars

Once upon a time while the turtle was walking near the sea shore and commenting to himself upon the uninterestingness of the earth, the rabbit suddenly stole from behind and tipped him over on his back. It was his revenge for losing the race a few days before.

The tortoise struggled to rise but all his efforts were in vain. He wriggled his tail, craned his neck and did a few stunts with his feet that would have put a calisthenics professor on the blush, but of no avail. He begged and pleaded with the rabbit, but the rabbit only laughed and began to run towards the woods.

Soon night came on. The turtle, wearied with struggling, lay as if dead. When he opened his eyes, great was his astonishment to see a myriad of lights twinkling down upon him from above. As it became darker and darker his wonder grew more and more, at seeing more lights appear. As he looked he became wrapped in the wonder of it and forgot his predicament. Such a strange and beautiful sight he had never seen before. All night he gazed upward, never tiring of watching the stars.

When dawn came his wonder, instead of diminishing, increased, as he saw the stars one by one disappear, until when the sun arose not one could be seen, and when a friendly crow helped him to his natural position, a more thankful being never existed upon this earth.

Moral: Whenever you are in trouble, know that there is always some point of consolation.

ZENAS MELCON, '13.



The North Wind

Once there was a boy whose family lived in a low room over a coach-house; and that was not by any means at the back of the North Wind, as his mother very well knew. For one side of the room was built only of boards, and the boards were so old that you might run a penknife through into the North Wind. Then let them settle between themselves which was the sharper. I know that when you pulled it out again the wind would be after it like a cat after a mouse, and you would know soon enough that was the North Wind.

Still this room was not very cold, except when the North Wind blew stronger than usual. Indeed, I am not sure whether I ought to call it a room at all; for it was just a loft where they kept hay and straw and oats for the horses. And when little Jack—but stop! I must tell you that his father, who was a coachman had named him after a favorite horse, and his mother had had no objection—when little Jack lay there in bed, he could hear the horses under him munching away in the dark, or moving sleepily in their dreams. For Jack's father had built him a bed in the loft with boards all around it, because they had so little room in their own end over the coach-house; and Jack's father put old Jack in the stall under the bed, because he was a quiet horse, and did not go to sleep standing up, but lay down like a reasonable creature.

But although he was a surprisingly reasonable creature, yet when young Jack woke in the middle of the night and felt the bed shaking in the blasts of the North Wind, he could not help wondering whether, if the wind should blow the house down and he were to fall through the manger, old Jack mightn't eat him up before he knew him in his nightgown. And, although old Jack was very quiet all night long, yet when he woke he got up like an earthquake, and then young Jack knew what o'clock it was, or at least what was to be done next, which was—to go to sleep again as fast as he could.

There was hay at his feet and hay at his head, piled up in great trusses to the very roof. Indeed, it was sometimes only through a little lane with several turnings, which looked as if it had been sawed out for him, that he could reach his bed at all. For the stock of hay was, of course, always in a state of slow ebb or sudden flow. Sometimes the whole space of the loft, with the

little panes in the roof for the stars to look in, would lie open before his open eyes as he lay in bed; sometimes a yellow wall of sweet-smelling fibers closed up his view at the distance of half a yard.

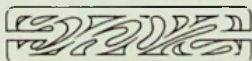
Often, when his mother had undressed him in her room, and had told him to trot away to bed by himself, he would creep into the heart of the hay, and lie there thinking how cold it was inside there in his bed, and how he could go to it when he pleased, only he wouldn't just yet; he would get a little colder first. And ever as he grew colder, his bed would grow warmer, till at last he would scramble out of the hay, shoot down like an arrow, thinking what a happy boy he was. He had not the least idea that the wind got in at a chink in the wall and blew about him all night. For the back of his bed was only of boards an inch thick, and on the other side of them was the North Wind.

Now, as I have already said, these boards were soft and crumbly. To be sure, they were tarred on the outside, yet in many places they were more like tinder than timber. Hence it happened that the soft part having worn away from about it, little Jack found one night, after he lay down, that a knot had come out of one of them, and that the wind was blowing upon him in a cold and rather imperious manner.

He had no fancy for leaving things wrong that might be set right, so he jumped out of bed again, got a handful of hay, twisted it up, folded it in the middle, and stuck it into the hole in the wall.

But the wind began to blow loud and angrily, and, as Jack was falling asleep, out blew the cork and hit him on the cheek, just hard enough to wake him up, and let him hear the wind whistle shrilly in the hole. He searched for his cork made of hay, found it, stuck it in still harder, and was just falling asleep once more, when, pop! with an angry whistle behind it, the cork struck him again, this time on the nose. Up he rose once more, made a fresh cork of hay, and corked the hole hard. But he was hardly down again before—pop! it came on his forehead. He gave it up and was soon fast asleep.

HENNING LORIN, '15.



The Return to Nature

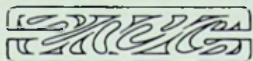
Mrs. Taylor was undoubtedly pretty. But just now a frown overshadowed her face, which made it less attractive. This was due to the fact that she and Mr. Taylor could not agree. At least Mrs. Taylor could not agree, and that all because Mr. Taylor loved the country, while she loved the city. They lived on the old Taylor farm which suited Mr. Taylor to a T, but which did not suit Mrs. Taylor to any alphabetical designation whatever. Mrs. Taylor was city-born and city-bred. William S. Taylor (S. stands for Silas), had left the farm at the age of twenty-three to seek his fortune and had returned two years later, with no other fortune than Mrs. Taylor. The day after he returned to the farm and could dress in overalls, he felt happy for the first time, and when he scratched the backs of the little pigs, and heard them grunt, it seemed that sweeter music mortal had never heard.

As for Mrs. Taylor, she could only look at her high-heeled shoes and long silk gloves and sigh. They were certainly not made for walking in the meadow, or for picking blackberries out of the briers. She missed the lights, the shops and the cars. Poor William S. was in hot water, but he tried to enumerate all the advantages of fresh air, fresh eggs, fresh fruit and fresh vegetables. To all of which Mrs. Taylor only stuck up her citified little nose at the poor, old, country moon.

However, a poor, old, fat sow came to the rescue. William S. was very troubled because she was his prize Berkshire, and seemed to be ailing, or at least she was very grouchy. Mrs. Taylor was interested and picked some green grass to give her. But the other pigs were determined to see that no favoritism was shown. It is not hog nature to see one eat all the good things. Therefore when Mrs. Taylor came outside the door there would be such a squeaking as you never heard, which secretly tickled Mrs. Taylor. While she was trying to alleviate the old sow's disconsolate mood, she could not help noticing the horses and patting them on the noses. Going into the garden to pick a carrot for the horse, she could not fail to notice the other things which grew there, and soon, on account of the various animals' love for her, she began to love

the country and William S. Taylor's mind was set at rest; and they lived on the farm, happy ever after.

WALLACE SMITH, '13.



Wind

O. Wind, what have you seen?
O. Wind, what do you know?
You've traveled o'er land and sea,
From tropics to land of snow.
Saw you Teddy and his gun?
Saw you the goal that Peary won?
What think you of the aeroplanes,
Those birds with great, white wings?
Oh, are you not afraid
That they will make a raid
On your realms among the clouds?
Or do you only laugh,
With the wise moon chaff,
At the vagaries of men?
We've autos and we've trains
And now we've aeroplanes
But, Wind, you out-strip all.

AGNES JOHNSON, '13.



How a Freshman Fares at Ann Arbor

In response to the request made by the editor, I will state a few things in my own experience as a Freshman in Ann Arbor, in the short time that I have attended college here.

In the first place, looking back to the beginning of the year, it seems to me that there is no class of students which deserves or needs as much care as the Freshmen. They are the raw material from which upper classmen and alumni are made. In all great business enterprises, high priced skill is devoted to saving and utilizing the raw material. If this is necessary in dealing with inanimate matter, it is certainly far more necessary when dealing with young men and women.

Upon his entrance into college the Freshman finds himself in a world as new, strange, and bewildering as confronted him four years earlier when he crossed the threshold of the high school on the opening day of his Freshman year. A boy is for the first time given a latch-key. His time is his own. Like a business man or a college professor, he must meet his engagements, but beyond this he is free. He may use the intervening hours as he thinks fit. There are no specified hours when he must be in his room, at work over his books, no law which sends him to bed at eleven o'clock. He is not compelled to sign a pledge that he will use no intoxicating liquors, unless he does it before he leaves home. Last, but not least, he may choose his friends where and how he will, and whether good or bad, which in turn will result accordingly in success or failure. This is sometimes expressed by saying that social diversions, fraternities, devotion to athletics, interest in class organizations, too frequent attendance upon theaters, too much time in billiard rooms, and the patronage of saloons are items showing why Freshmen do not succeed. As far as I am concerned none of the above are absolutely necessary, while a few of the last mentioned should be avoided. One thing that should never be forgotten is, that college life and experience is a sifting process.

When a Freshman first goes on to the campus, he is surprised and amazed at the various kinds of tickets offered him by the wily "Sophs." Some of these tickets are as follows: bench tickets, chapel tickets, lawn tickets, and campus tickets. Take heed or you will have an empty purse in one pocket, and the other pocket

overflowing with those so-called, necessary tickets.

As one becomes comfortably settled, one finds more surprises in store. For instance, some night, when you are walking down some beautiful lane, all of a sudden you hear the blood-thirsty cry of "1914." Horror stricken, you can plainly see dark forms rise and close in upon you, your blood commences to speed and your hair stands on end. They may compel you to roll a marble around a block with your nose, parade you up and down the streets with your trousers rolled up to your knees, propose to half dozen sorority girls, take a refreshing swim in some horse trough, or climb some telegraph pole and sing, "Up, Up, a Little Bit Higher." One will do almost anything, while surrounded by scores of burly and hungry-looking "Sophs."

The only time one feels safe and secure at the beginning of his Freshman Year, is when a crowd of fifteen hundred to two thousand "Freshies" assemble and parade the city. The Sophomores on those occasions are not seen, and the better for them, for the first year men have everything their own way. Somehow or other all noise ceases, except that made by the desperate Freshmen, which quite suffices. Street cars come to a standstill, all traffic stops, while on the other hand, one has for his own use, theaters, shows, ice cream parlors, and lunch counters, absolutely free of charge.

After spending such a glorious and victorious night, the little "Freshie" may go home and sleep well until somewhat later in the morning; upon awakening, he will be surprised to learn that the "Sophs" have not been entirely dead on the previous night. He will see before him a notice which recites in detail the crimes committed by the Freshmen and the penalties imposed upon the offenders. To quote briefly:

1. That you show a proper reverence toward "The Class of 1914."
2. That you wear modest socks and ties.
3. That you keep your Mellen's Food and bottles off the radiator pipes in the main buildings.
4. That you allow your upper classmen to precede you through all doorways.

Upon seeing such a notice, with the cross bones thereon, our blood fairly boiled, and we prepared immediately to accept the challenge. We called a mass meeting, organized, and again had the

city of Ann Arbor to our own sweet selves and free at our disposal.

The day arrived for the "Fresh-Soph" rush. We gamely went to Ferry Field, and gathered around the three flag poles, which we were to defend. We joined hands and formed a solid wall. Upon seeing the Sophomores coming, we braced ourselves and awaited the attack, thinking that we were to be victorious. But alas! As they neared us the tricky "Sophs" threw a few sacks of flour amidst us. While we dropped our hands to brush the flour out of our eyes, they conquered, climbed the poles and brought down the flags. They had just a half hour to secure the three flags. We quite hurriedly got the flour out of our eyes and, recovering somewhat from the unfair and murderous attack, we still fought like tigers; as a result, twenty-five minutes had elapsed before the last flag was brought down.

Upon being beaten, we turned our weary footsteps and bruised and anything but clean faces, towards the peaceful town of Ann Arbor, singing as we went along:

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here;
Do not say the naughty word, do not say the naughty word;
Hail, hail, the gang's all here;
Do not say the naughty word now."

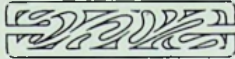
After such an informal initiation we are considered full-fledged college students, and are allowed a share in the fun and celebrations, which usually take place after some great victory or even after some defeat.

In conclusion, I think the Freshman is so valuable, that he deserves the thoughtful, considerate care of the entire University organization. He should be met and treated as an individual, which is well-nigh impossible when there are about three hundred and fifty in the class. There rests a great responsibility upon us, to work out each lesson daily, as we usually are not called upon to recite more than once in two weeks. This temptation to shirk, to learn only the lessons for those days when he expects to be called upon is very hard for the Freshman to resist. But his hope is in his individual achievements. The glory of Alma Mater in the future is secure only when she gives to every Freshman the care that will make

him individually strong, and as to whether he gets that or not I will leave to you to judge.

“A FRESHIE.”

Elmer E. Carlson, April 11, 1912, Ann Arbor, Mich.



An Extraordinary Incident

There were members of the class who were brilliant. They were all brilliant for that matter. There were active sports in the number, boys who were the picture of health and full of youth. There were helpful girls, girls who sewed for the family, besides those whose talents were bent in other directions.

But the class had won for themselves the reputation of being “slow.” Because so much of their energies was spent in useful work outside of school, and very practical work, too, they did not think that they exactly deserved the name. But, nevertheless, complain as they might, they did not seem to work with a promptness which permitted them to throw off the name.

The faculty meeting had been called and the teachers proceeded to fill out the reports of the students. Some were good, which very much pleased the principal, and he was always ready to call out a favorable report. There was, however, upon their faces, a frown which must have been caused by something. They looked at the cards again. But no. The frown didn't wear off. What could have been the reason?

“Gracious!” exclaimed one girl as she entered the history room. “Tomorrow comes that horrid story for English, and my special report for history is going to be too long for anything. I've covered only two pages of my outline and have seven sheets of composition. That would have been enough, I should think, without that German story. I think its wholly unjust of Miss—— to expect a story from us in German. If we could describe our characters in English, it wouldn't be so bad. But to think of writing a story all in German—and those adjective endings that come in every line, I declare I'll be gray-headed if this keeps up!”

"Ditto! ditto!" rang through the room. Then one of the girls, a girl with blue eyes and golden hair, was suddenly seized by a bright idea, for her face lightened as she cried out, "I'll tell you, girls, what let's do! Let's every one of us have our papers on time and surprise the teachers for once."

All agreed. And for the rest of the day the Senior girls were busy, while they could be seen studying laboriously amongst stacks of books and papers.

This was on Thursday. On Friday the beautiful sun rose as usual over the quiet and peaceful town where the school of our story lay. Every Senior was in his seat when the nine o'clock bell rang, and the girls wore a look which suggested that they could sing the lines of the old school song:

"On Friday night
Our cares take flight."

as well to-night as on all other Friday nights. It seems so natural to sing it then. Curious Freshmen wondered what was the matter with the Senior girls. But no one knew. At any rate it was something good, because only something that was good could make their faces so delighted. At least, they let it pass for that.

The Senior German class had adjourned. The teacher's face which was radiant when she smiled, and lit up the very room, was yet plain in showing one when she was in earnest, and when serious matters were at stake. What could have been her joy, when one by one the students filed by her, each one handing her his paper, a proof of a night's hard and faithful work. Her inward satisfaction she could not give vent to, however, as she must take charge of the Assembly Hall during next period, which required a great deal of patience, a serious face, and was a task which none of the teachers were very fond of doing.

Next came the English recitation. "How remarkably well you have all done," said the little English teacher. "Myrtle, I hardly expected to hear from you, and Adelia, yours was especially good. But don't forget your special assignments for next week. I think it would be wise to take a little good advice here. Begin work on them right away! It isn't the best thing to put them off till the latter part of the week." With this the pupils clambered down the steps from the recitation room, only to prepare themselves for the history ordeal that was coming.

At the usual time the history students made their way into the history room. The teacher soon followed. "I must remind you once again that no papers will be accepted after 4:15." "I've got mine finished!" cried one of the boys; and this was one of the boys from whom you would have least expected it, for it wasn't Wesley, "the never-fail-to-hand-in-papers!" "We have, too, spoke out the girls in unison.

"You don't say?" said the teacher, surprised. At which the rest of the class intimated the fact that they, too, had almost finished their much insisted-upon reports. Almost unable to conceal his surprise, and yet not wishing that the scholars should see that they had for once been worthy of less warning and of some praise, he opened "Hart's Contemporaries" and read to them a long account of the details of the "Surrender of Lee." But something called him suddenly from the room.

In a few moments the scholars heard from the hall bits of conversation, which was carried on in muffled tones, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" (This they knew to be the jovial principal's laugh) The person with whom he was talking was evidently the English teacher. In a few seconds they heard the door to the Assembly quickly opened, and then a hearty yet half-restrained giggle which they knew could belong to no other than the German teacher. Then there was a pause and nothing was heard from the hall, which was unusually bright with the bright sun shining in through the windows at each end, and the smiling faces of the grateful teachers. Then the pupils of the history room heard voices again and they listened more intently.

"Well, now, our Seniors aren't so bad after all. They can do things when they've a mind to." This was the voice of the principal again. "But what would you call it, Miss Cromwell?" "Why, An Extraordinary Incident," she laughingly replied.

MYRTLE NORDSTROM, '12.



The Handwriting on the Wall

"Look, somebody is—" pale and almost fainting, Janet Braden sank into the chair from which she had risen. Opposite her, where played a ray of sunlight, appeared a black hand which was slowly tracing the letters "b-a-n-k-r-u-p-t-e-y."

"My God!" was the exclamation of her brother, Philip, sitting by her side in the family drawing room, that afternoon in early spring. Its work finished, the hand slowly disappeared as if to impress upon the witnesses the slow but sure means to which an end is gained.

Staggering, his face white, Philip moved across the room toward the letters which seemed to become darker and darker and more ominous. Reaching the wall, he stretched forth his hand and moved it slowly o'er the letters, finished, and dropped it at his side. He turned around dazed, his eyes staring.

"There's n-no ink, n-nothing there," he stammered. Returning to his chair beside his sister he again seated himself, facing the characters upon the wall. Something peculiar was happening to the mysterious word, the letters B and Y were passing away. After them went A and C, then N and T and—then it stopped for at least a minute leaving 'krup' still upon the wall. After a minute's time, it too vanished, but as one word.

"Krup! What has he to do with it?" asked Philip.

"I-I don't know."

"Janet."

"Yes."

"Did father invest any money in the 'Alsaszer Mining Company?'"

"I-I believe he did."

"How much?"

"About two hundred thousand."

"Were—," he stopped. Hasty thinking told him it were better that she did not know at present. To come upon what had appeared upon the wall, would completely upset her nerves which would then be strained to the breaking point. He arose and walked slowly up and down the room.

"Phillip," she stood before him, her eyes full of entreaty, "tell

me, what has entered your mind? Do you believe that Krup and his mining company are swindlers?"

"I do not know," he answered. But his look gave the lie to what he said. She felt he knew something, but was not willing to tell. So she remained quiet.

But no, it was impossible, Arnold Krup was no swindler. Those blue eyes and that frank open countenance could not hide a black and scheming character. It was wrong to so suspect him. Philip should not think unjustly of him. He was one of her friends. She should have an explanation for Philip's suspicions, before he left the room. He was standing at the window looking out upon the lawn. Suddenly he turned hastily about, looked at the wall and looked out again through the window.

"Wait a moment," and he jumped out through the window and ran across the lawn toward two large rose bushes. He searched among the branches, but found nothing. Slowly he returned, came around to the front and stepped upon the driveway. He stopped and looked down.

"A rig of some kind has just gone—I wonder if it can be Dad's. Jenkins!"

"Yes."

"Whose rig was this, which has just left the house?"

"Marse Branden, sir, he left as if he were in a hurry. Said he had to catch the six o'clock train. He took the two-horse buggy and Joe with him."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"No, but I heard him talking over the 'phone about a ticket to New York."

"Thank you, that is all."

"Just as I supposed," he muttered to himself, "why didn't Dad do as I told him. I knew that fellow was a crook. His confounded winning smile. If I only had him in my clutches, I'd throw him in the lake—poor Janet, I wonder how she'll bear it. That scoundrel!"

He entered the house, went immediately to his father's study and there he found a note.

"Dear Children:

"I hope to be on my way to New York when you find this. Do not worry. It is only a little financial difficulty which demands

my immediate attention. I shall be home in a few days.

“ Lovingly,

“ FATHER.”

“ Poor Dad, I know better. I suppose I had better give this to Janet, then I will go over and see old Squire Nicolby, he might know something about this.”

Giving the note to his sister he took his hat and coat, walked out upon the road and was on his way toward the Squire's. The old Squire was somewhat eccentric, but nevertheless, well-liked by his neighbors.

“ Good-day, Mr. Branjen, it is a fine Sabbath we have today,” it must not be forgotten that the Squire was also a deacon in the village church, “ won't you take a stroll with me?”

“ Squire, I wish to talk to you about the ‘ Alsaszer Mining Company.’ ”

“ Philip, I do not talk business on Sunday; it's against the Ten Commandments.”

“ But this is serious.”

“ Nothing is as serious as the keeping of the Sabbath.”

Philip thought he should be unable to gain any information from the old man, but he knew his weakness. The Squire was very fond of obtaining all the news he could concerning his neighbor's affairs, although he would never gossip about the information he had concerning others; one of his eccentricities, undoubtedly.

“ You drew up the papers between that man Krup, representing the ‘ Asaszer Mining Company’ and father, didn't you?” asked Philip.

“ Yes,” said the Squire, beginning to forget his scruples and becoming interested, “ and they were drawn up exceptionally well, I dare say.”

“ Do you remember how much Dad invested?”

I am not sure, but think it was two hundred thousand dollars which he had in a New York bank, the Metropolitan, I believe, and then a first mortgage of seventy-five thousand on his property here.”

“ Oh!” and Philip stopped as if dazed by some blow. Recovering, “ Thank you. Do you know anything about that ‘ Alsaszer Mining Company?’ ”

“ Well, not much, but let me tell you, that concern's a fraud, a downright fraud, and I told your father so, too, but he seemed to

be taken in by that fox, Krup. The rascal! his neck ought to be wrung like a chicken's. I'd give the person who did it his freedom in a minute, if I were to sit at the trial."

"I believe you are right and I told Dad as much, but he would not listen."

"Too bad, too bad. Was that your father that went away in the buggy a little while ago?"

"Yes, he left a note, saying he was on his way to New York," was Philip's answer.

"I hope nothing has happened that will take anything away from you."

"I don't know Squire. I believe I had better go, as Janet may be waiting. Good night." He turned and strode down the walk toward the road. He was dazed and filled with sorrow, sorrow for his father and sister. As for himself, did he not have his strong arm and hand, beside his training for engineering? He would go to South America where engineers were in demand, make his living and help those at home.

Arriving at the house, he was told that Janet was confined to her room with a severe headache, and he must eat his supper alone.

Two days later they received a telegram:

New York, April 13.

"Philip Brandon, Jr., Neveille, N. J.

"Will be home tonight.

"FATHER."

Philip met him at the station, and as they clasped each other by the hand and their eyes met no words were necessary to tell that the worst had come. On the way home Philip remained silent, waiting for his father to speak. As they turned into the driveway, his father turned toward him and said, "I've lost my money and possibly this property, I am not sure whether I will be able to save this or not. Krup and the other officers have skipped. I could easily obtain the property back as my own if they still held the mortgage, but they sold it to a trust company, and as it runs out in thirty days, it will probably be impossible for me to raise the money."

"Dad, I leave for Washington tomorrow, there I shall receive instructions in regard to some work in the Philippines."

The father understood and remained silent. Jenkins took the

horse and father and son entered the house. At the door Janet met them; she threw her arms about her father's neck and sobbed.

"Is it s-so, Dad?"

"Yes, my dear," and his voice failed him.

That night at supper, no words were spoken beyond a few concerning Philip's trip to Washington the next day.

When supper was over the Squire called and he and Mr. Branden were closeted for at least two hours in the latter's study. What passed between the two neighbors, behind the door, was unknown to the daughter and son. Suffice it to say that when the Squire emerged from the room his eyes were red and showed traces of tears. Evidently he had been overcome. That night Philip and Janet retired without having a chance to speak with their father. They knew that if he wished to see them he would call and that might be at any time. It would be best to get as much rest as possible. Fast approached the morning and the time when Philip should leave; yet he should return from Washington before he went West.

He left home with letters of introduction to some of his father's friends in Washington. They might be of service to him.

"Philip, I have heard about the company and your father. If the mortgage is taken off your father's property, would you have to go West?" asked a pretty maiden as she stood before him, admiration in her eyes. It was the night of the state reception at the White House. The president was receiving the diplomats of Europe and the noted of this land. Philip and Miss Evelyn Norris had sought a spot in a corner where they might be undisturbed. It was their last meeting for Philip would leave for home the next day and from there leave for the West. Between them a strong attachment had sprung up. They had known each other as children and the past weeks of companionship had deepened the regard of each for the other.

"I do not know Evelyn—but you see I have already secured my appointment and should go. Of course, in that case, it would depend upon father."

I wish you did not need to go. Couldn't you have found some other work nearer home and Janet?"

"No, jobs near home do not pay."

"I am sorry. Here comes father and I must go. Good-bye."

Write please, when you are out in the West."

If Philip had looked closely he would have noticed a twinkle in the eyes of the maid and the same in the eyes of Mr. Norris.

"Good-bye, Evelyn. I shall not forget," and he turned away, afraid lest he should show signs of emotion.

Next day saw him on his way home. Instead of the sad countenances of his father and sister greeting him, he looked down into eyes filled with joy and happiness.

"Oh, Philip—we're saved. Look—read this," explained Janet.
Washington, D. C., May 12.

"Philip Branden, Sr., Reveille, N. J.

"New York Trust Company will extend time indefinitely upon mortgage 13,045 on your property. Ten years if desired.

"REGINALD NORRIS."

"Evelyn's work," was Philip's comment, "but what about the two hundred thousand, Dad?"

Let that go. I might receive part of that back if they ever apprehend the swindlers. Well, son it is not necessary that you go West now. I think you had better work under Reynolds for awhile."

On the way home Janet whispered in his ear, "What was the cause of the handwriting on the wall, Philip? I believe you know."

"Oh, somebody had just written th words upon a mirror, or rather was writing it upon a mirror which was reflecting the sun's rays into our room. The letters did not reflect like the mirror and consequently they looked black against the wall, making them visible. I wonder who it was."

"I have an idea," was her only comment. Years later, when she had a home of her own, she learned that her surmise was correct and although she was mistress of the house she did not take upon herself to chastise him for it. She was known as Mrs. Norri Norris, Jr., if you please.

WESLEY MARTEN, '12.



Senior Troubles

He wipes the moisture from his brow,
He throws his History down,
And straightens up his weary back,
And smooths away a frown.

He grabs it up, the tattered book,
And on its pages, whack!
His fist descends with mighty force
That almost breaks it's back.

He paces up and down the floor,
And mutters dreamily,
Then runs his fingers through his hair
And grins with impish glee.

Then he subsides into his chair,
Props the book against his knee,
And meekly turns the pages o'er,
With look of victory.

"Ah, me," you say, "his brain is turned,
Too bad to see him thus.
He might have been a wizard wise,
And taught the rest of us."

"Oh, list to me, my fellow men,
And I will be right frank.
He's not a crazy hobbyist
Nor yet a lunny crank.

"For he's a noble Senior,
Best rooter in his school,
Captain of a ball team.
His voice would melt a mule.

But yet he has one sorry fault,
Result of which you'll see.
He ne'er has time to study—
Ne'er has an hour free.

So when his tests upon him fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
He had a very chilly time
To call his brains together.

And burns into the stilly night,
So he can fume and cram,
The mid-night oil, for he must pass
That dreadful hard exam.

So slam, and cram, the livelong night,
He now has only started,
But he'll slam himself when he reaches class,
His knowledge all departed.

GRACE PAULSON, '12.



Ambition

Let us, then, be up and doing,
All becoming learned men;
Some day we may be endowing
Schools of Knowledge with our pen.

Lives of wise men all remind us
That we've got to use our brains,
If we hope to leave behind us
Records worthy of men's strains.

RUTH LARSON, '13.

“Stung” Again

He bubbled into the room with suppressed excitement. We were all assembled in Jack's den. That “all” was composed of seven, called “Our Bunch.” This group had the name of being the worst in Sheldon College. Jack, our leader, furnished the funds, “Fats” furnished the weight, “Dick” furnished the brains, while “Red” added color to the “Bunch” with his good crop of red hair, and “Buster,” Tom and I furnished what we could.

“Fats” was the one who had burst in on our nightly meeting, informing us between gasps that the Freshmen were to hold a banquet at Barton's room the following evening. Barton was their president. Here was our opportune moment to take revenge or rather—the revenge was for “Fats.” He had been our object of sympathy for a long time.

This is the way in which the Freshmen incurred “Fats'” wrath. It had always been known that “Fats” slept with his mouth open. Some Freshmen seized the chance in which to herald the news to the outer world concerning the manner of sleeping adopted by the fat boy. One dark night with a shaving brush with well applied lather, seized from the hands of his fellow conspirators, a timid Freshman stole to “Fats'” room and dashed brush and contents into his wide open mouth. “Fats'” mouth shut and the lather seized the opportunity to steal its way down the victim's throat. Up and down the corridor ran “Fats” and soon became the “laughing stock” of the school.

We agreed to aid “Fats” in administering a well remembered punishment. Thus we parted with—well, as Tom “put it” “—with murder in our hearts.”

The next day mysterious packages were conveyed to Barton's room and “Red” thought he could smell fried turkey, but certain bundles were smuggled to Jack's den also. Our plan was to catch the Freshmen one by one and gradually lessen their forces to such an extent that we could attend to that turkey banquet in a proper manner. We had obtained the use of a deep cellar in which to place our victims. Jack's five dollar note won the janitor's consent.

Our lessons that day were imperfect but our appetites were perfect after our fast, and that banquet made “Red's” mouth

water. Thus the day crept on.

At last night settled and with it "Fats'" hopes arose. We had all assembled in Jack's room and after a few brief preparations, we were ready to act. Jack and "Fats" decided to venture forth first. The time seemed to crawl and our hearts stood still. Then after a half hour's waiting, "Buster" and "Red" departed. Another long half hour elapsed. At last our turn had come. We, the remaining three, set forth, not in search of the Freshmen, but in search of our missing members. Suspicious forms seemed to lurk in every corner but to our relief proved to be everything but Freshmen. Soon I felt myself elatched by firm hands, whisked off my feet, and thrust into a white clothed assembly. My companions had all met the same fate for all seven had become the Freshmen's victims. Each captor was dressed from head to toe in flowing white garments. Some bore torches, and all had hideous designs on their breasts. Holes for eyes had been cut in the cloth. At last those slippery Freshmen, who had evaded every attempt to punish them, had foiled us again.

The white-clothed spokesman stepped forward and announced their pleasure in having us attend their banquet. We would partake of a banquet, he informed us. First we were blindfolded and our shirts were jerked off. We were told that we would all be branded with a cross on our backs. Some one struck a match and we felt—well, we believed they were burning a cross on our backs, but in reality it proved to be only ice. "Fats," who was to be the most promising victim, had the pleasure of fulfilling his desire to taste that banquet. We were allowed to watch the spectacle but "Fats" was kept blindfolded. He was told that he would be whirled around on a revolving chair until he would fly off and fall on the hard floor. He was placed upon the chair and willing hands started the chair on its torturesome journey. Faster and faster flew the chair. Harder and harder shrieked "Fats." Close by a voice roared, "His hair is turning white!" "Fats'" muffled cry was broken by his fall, and he fell amidst a choking mass of feathers, covered and a mirror handed to him. His white hair (colored before being placed on the chair) gave him a shock. He started tugging pillows and blankets prepared for the occasion. His eyes were unat it as if he wished to disgrace a bold head rather than a white-haired one.

The next, it was explained, should end "Fatty's" career. He was to be bitten by snakes. A tub of ice-cold water was brought in and long tubes filled with warm water floated around in it. "Fatty's" bare feet soon touched the water and the tubes of rubber touched him. His short, fat feet followed the motion of a pacing horse. First one leg, then the other was seen to be dancing around, and the faster he jumped, the faster squirmed the "snakes." After this ordeal, he was taken out by the same hands which had held him in the tub.

After being fed milk from a bottle, we were carried into the cellar. This was aggravating. We had paid for the use of the cellar, and we saw no way of exit except through a small and very high window. "Dick" thought we could reach it, and "Fats" managed by our kind boosts—but alas! clinging aloft, he encountered the hose filled with a black colored something. "Fatty's" face on reaching terra firma" again was a sight.

Soon a voice announced a caller and many of them too. The like figures asked if we had had enough and "Fats," the weary responded, "Yes."

"Sign this then."

A paper was thrust forward asking us to pay for the Fresh-anquet if we wished freedom. "Fats" signed it and we all unanimously to follow him.

WILLIAM BACKLUND, '14.



A Battle and—A Victory

New York and a day in July. The very thought made the air more close and sultry to those who were obliged to remain during the trying summer months in the great metropolis. But even the pall of unendurable heat and a sleepy stupor which threatened to overpower one, was not sufficient to stop the noisy traffic of the city. Street cars rumbled past, autos and vehicles of all descriptions forced a way through the density of the crowds, and here and there even the shrill voice of a newsboy could be heard as he called out the leading items of news in his paper, chief among which was the report of yesterday's cases of heat prostration.

Apart from the great moving noisiness of the streets, in the sixth floor of one of the great buildings, was a small, modestly furnished law office. Of course there were many of these, but this particular one was to be distinguished from the others by a neatly printed sign on the door with the words, "Gordon Keep, Lawyer."

The sounds from the streets could not penetrate into the building nor yet the heat, for the air was kept constantly in motion by great, buzzing, electric fans.

Within the law office sat a man, with face buried in his hands. The great silence oppressed him. It seemed to conflict so strangely with the struggle going on in his own mind. But he must fight it out, there was no alternative. Either he must face complete financial ruin or take advantage of the bankruptcy law to save his personal property, and that was dishonesty. If it only were not for Mary, his frail, delicate little wife. He could never bear to see her endure poverty, and it would surely not be right for him to let his creditors take even a comfortable home from her. Never! Yet before him rose the image of her true, earnest eyes and he felt that he could never look into them again, unquailingly if he did anything which did not come up to the standards of honor which she had set for him. Yes, he knew what she would say, but then she was so pure and innocent that she could never realize what the sacrifice would mean.

With a dry sob, Gordon Keep sprang up and seized his hat. He did not know where he was going, but anywhere to escape from this ghastly stillness and those accusing thoughts.

He stepped into the elevator without even the customary cheery greeting for his friend, the elevator boy. The boy missed it, too, and wondered why the handsome young lawyer was so unlike his former self.

Out on the street, Gordon pulled his hat over his eyes and walked on through the crowd, whither he did not know. His dizzy brain whirled and he wanted to escape from some phantom which seemed to haunt him.

Blocks away from the business center on a quiet street stood "the little church around the corner." For years it had been known as this, in fact, ever since the large magnificent edifice had been built on the corner alongside. Its congregation were simple people who still loved to come where they could listen to their own mother tongue, the German. Of course, there were other more modern and stylish churches, but they had learnt that more often purity deals in the companionship of simplicity.

Adele, the rector's blind daughter, had often thought of this, and even to-day, as she felt her way noiselessly up the carpeted aisle of the little church, the cool and quiet impressed her with a feeling of awe and peace.

Often she had sat here and listened to the words which fell from her father's lips and heard the beautiful hymns sung by the choir. But best of all she liked to come here alone and play the organ herself, or sit and think; here, where the very quiet preached a sermon to her more beautiful than any she had ever heard. To-day she went to the organ. Adele had had but few lessons yet music was hers by nature. Her very soul was full of it and when she played, it was unconsciously as if it were not she, but some divine power which guided her fingers. Beautiful melodies came of themselves. When she was happy the music was the very soul and expression of joy and brightness. When she became thoughtful or pensive her music still responded to her mood.

To-day Adele was happy. Her little world seemed overflowing with purity and brightness and though she had not seen the sunshine for five long years, she felt it. Her inmost being was illumined by it. The organ responded to her touch wonderfully. She thought she had never felt so much like playing. Clear, bright music seemed to fill the little church with gladness and sweetness, too.

All this time an interesting fate had been guiding the steps

of Gordon Keep towards the "little church around the corner."

Suddenly, he stopped, dazed. Where was he and whence came the heavenly music. He sank down upon the church steps. From within rose the pure, silvery tones of the organ and then by and by fell in soft sadness and died away in silence.

Gordon writhed with anguish. The pure tones had touched him as something so foreign to his own tainted soul, and when they died away so softly and sadly it seemed to him as if an angel was lamenting over his fall through the divine medium of music.

Suddenly he straightened up. The struggle was over and right had won. He would pay every cent of the debts if it took everything he owned. Had he not still two strong hands with which to protect his Mary from hardship? Yes, with God's help, he would at least be honest.

Then, as if in mysterious sympathy the music from within rose again, but this time it overflowed with brightness and joy and ended in one glorious crash of jubilant victory. And the man, standing outside with bared head, understood.

ESTHER SWAN, '12.



The Magic Story

In a narrow street, a man was walking along slowly. His whole attitude bespoke dejection. His shoulders stooped, his head sank on his breast and his steps lagged.

"Well," he muttered to himself bitterly, "there's nothing left now. I might as well end it all quickly." and he slowly drew from his belt a pistol. Before he had time to raise it to his head, however, his hand dropped and the pistol fell to the ground with a clatter.

"Great Scott," he muttered, his eyes wide and staring, "What can those impish-looking things be. Am I dreaming or are they real?" and he passed his hand across his eyes dazedly.

"No, I'm not dreaming. Why, look there now, that lean, dwarf skeleton looks like hunger, and there's another, that looks as though it were with all the grief in the world, and—and—"

here he broke off in speechless amazement. From a strange, wonderful house, or temple, rather, a large procession of small dwarfish beings was streaming. Some were carrying heavy bags on their backs on which was the word "debt." Others tottered beneath loads of sorrow and misfortune. Still others were mere skeletons from hunger, all seemed fleeing from some hidden danger.

Suddenly it dawned upon the dazed spectator that these were all miseries of the world. He made his way to the temple and as he entered the door, a load seemed suddenly to have lifted from his shoulders. He turned quickly, for so real did it seem that he expected to see a sack of something, he could not think what it might be, lying beside him, where it had fallen from his shoulders. But to his amazement, he saw fleeing, as though fearful of pursuit, a little imp carrying a heavy sack with the word "debt" written upon it.

He stared with open eyes and mouth at the retreating figure, then muttered, "By all that's uncanny, what have I come upon?"

He turned, entered a room whence wonderfully sweet and restful music came. The brightness of it for a moment dazzled his eyes. As he became accustomed to it, however, he noticed that beautiful beings were playing and singing. Some were laughing and talking and the sound of it all was as soft and sweet as that of the music.

A soft voice at his side caused him to turn around, and behold! the most beautiful being he ever saw, or ever imagined, stood before him. In her eyes kindness itself seemed to dwell and in her smile was sweetness and happiness. Her voice was as soft and gentle as a May breeze.

"Have you come to seek happiness?" she inquired.

"Yes," he answered.

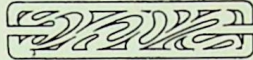
She smiled her alluring smile and said, "There she stands, and there is Kindness, there is Fortune, and there is Love."

Then taking him by the hand, she whispered, "And I am their Queen. To you I give the secret of all this joy and beauty. Think not of sorrow, but of joy. Dream not of death, but of life, look not for misfortune, but fortune, and look always toward the Light. This never fails."

With a gracious wave of her hand and a sunshiney smile she left him. As he went again into the world, he was a different man.

He followed the secret and it brought him fortune, love and happiness. Whoever follows is never disappointed. It never fails.

AGNES JOHNSON, '13.



Another Adventure of D'Artagnan

The night was damp and cloudy; the ways foul; the single horseman, cloaked and booted, who pursued his way over the road that led to the Barrier des Italiennes, had not met a traveler when the sound of wheels told him that he was not altogether alone on the road. He moved to one side and crouched in the darkness. As the carriage passed by he strained his eyes and peered into it. It was very dimly lighted, but he saw its occupant; it was none other than milady, Lady Clariek, Lady Winter and it made him shudder. She had already tried to take his life three times since he had discovered the fleur-de-lis on her shoulder—that awful symbol of the law forced upon every criminal in France.

When the carriage passed, the horseman, our old friend D'Artagnan, musingly resumed his journey.

“One thing is sure,” he said to himself, “and that is that she has been following me; now I will follow her.” And he assumed his usual brisk air, and cautiously followed the carriage. At the gate of the Barrier des Italiennes the carriage encountered some difficulty in entering Paris, on account of the lateness of the hour, but was finally admitted. D'Artagnan entered in the wake of the carriage without arousing any suspicion in the minds of either the gate-keeper or the occupant.

He followed the carriage until it stopped before a small chapel where milady alighted and entered. D'Artagnan tied his horse a little distance from the chapel and went around to the side. He climbed up to the ledge of a window and peered in. There was milady kneeling before an altar as if in deep devotion. Presently she looked around and thinking that no one saw her put a note under a certain prayer book which D'Artagnan noted. Milady then left, and D'Artagnan entered soon after. He found the prayer book and under it the note. Just then a choir boy entered

and D'Artagnan, in order to hide his joy, dropped to his knees before an altar and sobbed as if in great mental and spiritual misery. The choir boy suspected nothing and knelt with D'Artagnan and prayed. D'Artagnan seemed quieted after awhile, and a look of great calmness spread over his face. He dropped a piece of money and left the chapel. He could hardly suppress his excitement and eagerness to read the note, so he quickly rode to his lodgings, immediately lit a candle, and feverishly opened the paper. It was blank! For awhile he was stunned and it required a bottle of Bordeaux to restore his full faculties. Long did he ponder upon the eventful evening, but came to no definite conclusion. Finally he went to bed and was soon sound asleep. He dreamed that he was the Marshal of France with an ebony baton ornamented with a whole row of inlaid diamond fleur-de-lis.

When he awoke the next morning it was broad daylight. The sun was shining through the window on his face and gave him an unpleasant feeling. All the events of the past evening seemed to be crowded into one conglomerate mass. He looked around him in a dazed manner, trying to join the disconnected threads.

"Saere bleu," he exclaimed suddenly, as he pounced upon the note which lay upon the table, "what does this mean!" As in the evening, he eagerly scanned the contents. At first he thought it was blank, he could hardly perceive anything, but finally he managed to make out something definite from the paper on which these letters were evidently scratched with a poniard.

"Aramis and I arrested by order of Richlieu. Bring help. Inquire at 'Inn of Riderless Horse' on straight road to Calais. Athos."

D'Artagnan immediately became active. He yelled for Planchet to bring him his horse, pistols, sword and dagger. In half an hour he was riding madly down the street through the city gate and out upon the road. For three hours he galloped madly towards Calais, then he stopped to exchange horses and inquired the exact location of the "Inn of the Riderless Horse." He was told that it was but three hours' journey and he could reach there a little after three o'clock. D'Artagnan again resumed his journey. He rode for perhaps an hour when he noticed that the horse was perspiring greatly on account of the almost noonday sun. So he dismounted and, taking a flask of wine from his pocket, began to

apply some of it to the horse's chest and forelegs. As he looked up suddenly he saw glint of some polished surface, and at the same time a ball whistled through his curls, taking with it his hat. He rushed upon the person who fired and with a clean thrust of his sword dispatched him. He wondered why the man should try to kill him, then he suddenly remembered the threat of Milady and a revelation dawned upon him. Milady had intercepted the messenger, whoever he was, and after getting the secret, had determined to make good use of it. This seemed to him as plausible, and as he searched the dead man he found twenty louis in his pocket and a note from Milady telling him where to hide. This confirmed his suspicions and there was no doubt but that she was using her full power to get rid of him. He took the louis out of the man's pocket, and thrust them into his mouth. Then he propped the body against a stone wall which made it look much like one who is asleep. This being done, he resumed his journey, consoling himself in the fact that he had narrowly escaped death at the hands of such fiend. Another hour's riding brought him to a fine shady road over which hung the limbs of huge oaks. As he was riding under these, enjoying the coolness of the air, a commotion was made nearly over his head and he looked up and saw a large stone just about to fall. Indeed it fell just as he looked up. He quickly made his horse rear and the stone fell on one of the extended hoofs. D'Artagnan suspected another attempt at assassination, and shot into the thick foliage whence dropped the stone. He was rewarded by the fall of an evil looking person, whose head had been pierced by the ball from D'Artagnan's pistol. The man's pockets contained the same amount of money and a similar note as found in the first assassin's pocket. D'Artagnan did the same to this one as he had done before and again started off. After this he was more careful and looked closely about.

He reached the "Inn of the Riderless Horse" a little later than the time which the innkeeper had told him. He threw the reins of his horse, and hurried to the innkeeper. Just as he entered he saw two men slip behind a table and hide.

"Quick, what about two cavaliers who are imprisoned here?" he inquired sharply. "Quick, or I'll run you through!" The astonished innkeeper did not know what to say. At last he gasped:

"There are no cavaliers imprisoned here, monsieur, since when

has the 'Inn of the Riderless Horse' been a prison?"

"You lie, you scoundrel," exclaimed D'Artagnan as he tickled the man's throat with the point of his sword.

He pushed his threat no further, for just then four men, armed to the teeth, leaped from behind and attacked him on four sides.

"Ah, Milady's work," exclaimed D'Artagnan, "she aims to get me surely this time."

He drew out his sword and flourished it grandly over his head and was ready for them all. Sword in one hand and pistol in the other, he backed slowly to the wall, with the four men following. Simultaneously the four pulled their triggers and at that instance D'Artagnan fell down prone. It was a usual trick of his to fall at the pull of a trigger. He rose to his feet, to the great amazement of the four men, who thought he was shot, and then began a fight. Such a fight! The innkeeper stared in awe at the stand of the brave man against the four ruffians. D'Artagnan's sword seemed to be everywhere. It darted like a flash of lightning hither and thither, taking its toll of blood at every stroke. At the same time he kept up a rapid conversation.

"This is the stroke I learned from Aramis. You know Aramis? Aramis, the cool; Aramis, the brave; Aramis, the clever. And this I learned from M. de Treville" and he made a vicious lunge at the throat of one of them and caught him squarely in the windpipe, severing it and an artery. Another one he ran through the ear, toppling him over into the arms of the third, whom he caught unguarded and stabbed through the heart. The fourth made a wicked lunge, which he narrowly missed by a quick flexion of his body. It, however, caught his left arm and gave him great pain. He grew faint but managed to make quick work of the fourth, and just as he did so he fell senseless.

He came to at the rasping sound made by the severed windpipe of the first robber. He rose, wiped the blood from his sword on the hair of one of the ruffians and ordered the terror-stricken innkeeper to dress his wounds. When he had finished, Athos and Aram came running in. They had heard from a servant of the awful combat and had accelerated their speed in order to help D'Artagnan. But they had been too late.

Harry's Sacrifice

"Something must be done at once, inside of two days, or it will be too late," said Dick Crawford in a nervous, but determined voice.

"If we could only have more time I'm sure we could raise the money some way," replied Harry Grey, not daring to look his friend in the face.

"No," said Dick. "We cannot possibly have any more time. In two days the auditor will be here to go over the books and the money must be back before that time."

Dick was only a young man, but he was the business manager of a firm which handled a large amount of money. Great trust was placed in him. He had done his duty faithfully for a long time, but had finally yielded to temptation. There had been a large sum of money lying idle to which Dick had access. Harry knew of this and he persuaded Dick to take it. Together they had invested it, expecting to sell their stock inside of a month and to have a large sum for themselves after putting back what they had taken. But their stock went down instead of up as they had expected and after selling it they lacked about three thousand dollars of having enough to pay back what they had taken.

They sat in silence for a long time and then Harry said in a hoarse voice. "This will either ruin one of us or both of us. I was the one who started it and should take the biggest chance. I know you will not agree to what I am going to propose but it is the only thing I can see to do. Please do not interrupt me till I am through. You know the little house at the eastern edge of town where the nightwatchman of the mill lives? He is an old miser who has been saving money for several years. He does not believe in banks, but keeps his money hidden. During the night he is over at the mills and there is no one in the cabin. Tomorrow night I will go over to his house and see if I can find his hoard. I'm sure if I can find it there will be more than we need. We will pay back what we have taken and I will use the rest to help me get away from here. You do not need to have any active part in it and no suspicion will fall upon you. I will not stay to listen to anything you have to say against my plans, but will be back here tomorrow

night if I am successful; good night," and Harry hastily left the room before Dick had time to say a word.

The next night about twelve o'clock a man walked around the nightwatch's cabin and looked in the windows. Everything was quiet, and taking a key from his pocket he unlocked the door and went inside. He groped around in the darkness awhile and finally stumbled upon a bed in one corner of the room. After feeling around this for several minutes he took one of the coverings in his hands and tore it partly in two. Several times he put his hand in the hole and each time drew out a handful of bills. He shoved these quickly into his pocket and after taking a quick glance around to see if anybody was in sight he hurried out and again locked the door.

A few minutes later Dick was aroused from the thoughtful but sleepless mood into which he had fallen, by a light knock on the door. "Come in," he called without rising and Harry entered with a flushed and excited face. "I got it," he gasped and began to count out the three thousand.

"I must be away at once. Goodbye, old friend."

"Goodbye, Harry," said Dick. "In a way what you have done is wrong, but it has also in a way proved your bravery and true friendship. It has ruined you. I can never repay you for it, but I will remember it and never cease to be grateful." As soon as he was finished Harry was out of the room and away.

The next day the auditor came and found everything in perfect condition and Dick's salary was raised.

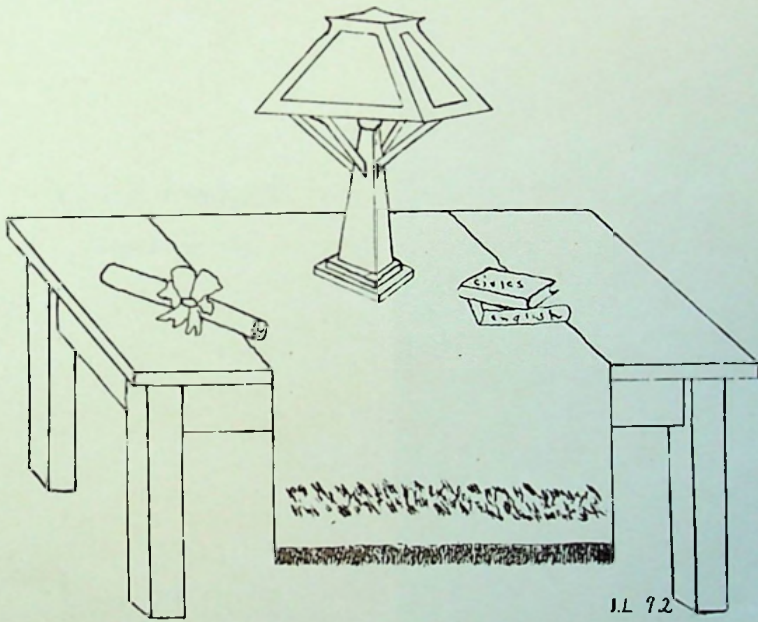
Harry was a fugitive from home, doomed to wander all his life among strange people with a fear of arrest from which he could never be safe. The nightwatch was aroused to a hatred and mistrust of his fellowmen from which he was never to recover. An innocent person and a guilty one had been ruined by one small incident, while one who was equally guilty could go and enjoy life as before with only conscience to bother him.

WILLIAM WILSON, '13.



THE GRADUATES

1912



J.L. 72



Wesley Martin
Literary Course

Esther Swan
Literary Course

Ewald Larson
Scientific Course

Conrad Kolander

Literary Course



Adelia Fallgren

Literary Course



Edward Berg

Scientific Course





George Lindquist
Literary Course

Leora Dailey
Literary Course

Elmer Beckstrom
Scientific Course

Myrtle Nordstrom

Literary Course



Henry Fridborg

Scientific Course



Irene Linstrum

Literary Course



Grace Paulson
Literary Course

Ivan Petterson
Scientific Course

Lois Gillespie
Literary Course



Senior Class Record

- Adelia Pällgren—Literary Course; Farce, '09; Basketball, '10.
Conrad Kolander—Literary Course; Farce, '09; Tennis, '11, '12;
Farce, '09.
Edward Berg—Latin Scientific Course; Farce, '09, '12.
Ewald Larson—Latin Scientific Course; Farce, '09, '12.
Elmer Beckstrom—Literary Course; Board of Managers, '12;
Baseball, '09; Manager Baseball, '12; Basketball, '11, '12.
Esther Swan—Literary Course; Class Reporter "Gold Bug," '12.
George Lindquist—Literary Course; Baseball, '10, '11, '12;
Manager Baseball, '11; Basketball, '09, '11, '12.
Grace Paulson—Literary Course; Board of Managers, '12;
Farce, '08, '11; Vice-President Student Body, '12.
Henry Fridborg—Latin Scientific Course; Farce, '09, '12.
Irene Lindstrom—Latin Scientific Course.
Ivar Petterson—Latin Scientific Course; Basketball, '11, '12.
Lois Gillespie—Literary Course; Class Secretary-Treasurer, '10,
'11, '12; Student Body Secretary, '11; Basketball, '11, '12; Farce,
'09; Assistant Editor "Gold Bug," '12.
Leora Daily—Literary Course; Farce, '09.
Myrtle Nordstrom—Literary Course; Farce, '09.
Wesley Marten—Literary Course; Board of Managers, '12; Sec-
retary Delta Literary Society, '10; Farce, '11, '12; Class President,
'11, '12; Basketball, '10, '11, '12; Manager Basketball, '11; Captain,
'12; President Student Body, '12; Treasurer F. C. U. H. S. A. L.,
'12; Editor "Gold Bug," '12.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

It is now four short, happy years since the Class of 1912 made its debut into high school life. It consisted then of fifteen promising young students who had just completed a nine year course in the grammar schools and therefore naturally partook of the nature of all Freshmen. Seen in the hazy distance of the past, these first years seem practically uneventful.

The term passed and then another, until we were Juniors and vested with all the dignities of upper classmen. Lessons and athletics went on as usual but always in the future loomed Seniorhood, the goal of our Junior ambitions.

And now we have reached it. The class numbers fifteen, exactly as it did when we started, though they are not those identical pupils. During the term the Seniors have taken part in various school activities, such as athletics, dramatics, etc. Three of our boys were prominent members of the basketball team which "brought the bacon home."

In the field of dramatics they also have done good work. Five members of the "Toastmaster" cast, being Seniors, while later in the season the class dramatized and gave the German story, "Die Nonna."

Now we have almost reached the end of our high school life and it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that we look forward to commencement. We feel better able to cope with the problems which will face us in the future than we did four years ago, yet at the same time there is the knowledge that the bright and happy high school days are a thing of the past. We have tried to do our duties and hope that the lessons and examples which we have implanted into the hearts of our lower classmen are not forgotten, and will live to perpetuate our memories. May our thoughts ever turn with pleasure to dear Kingsburg Hi, and may its teachings be a lodestar in the paths of life.



A German Play

The Senior German class, under the direction of their teacher, Miss Fiske, dramatized the German story, "Die Nonna." It was presented to the school on the fourth of April and proved quite a success. The play was well given and showed great efficiency and skill acquired in the use of the language.

Some beautiful German songs were sung and as a finale the Juniors gave a short dialogue in which they discussed the different foibles and peculiarities of their Senior schoolmates "auf deutsch." The entertainment seemed to have been much enjoyed by everyone.

ESTHER SWAN, '12.

The Fate of the Class of 1912

Outside the wind is harsh and shrill,
Inside it is all calm and still.
A weary traveler struggles past
Against the snow that falls so fast.

He struggles on through blinding snow
Hardly knowing which way to go.
He enters in our gate so wide
And holds a harp close to his side.

He gives the door a timid rap
And then removes his tattered cap.
His hair is of the purest white
It shown like silver in the night.

He asks if we will take him in,
For on his feet all day he's been.
To a land remote he is to go,
The destiny of a great King to show.

He says if we will let him stay
Some feats of magic he'll display.
And foretell for us our greatest whim,
If we will only ask it of him.

He was such a pitiful sight,
That we bade him welcome for the night.
We sat him by the glowing hearth,
Waiting for his tricks to start.

And then he turned and said to me,
"I'm waiting for your wish, you see.
Pray speak it loud, so I may hear,
Then I will straight way play the Seer."

"Oh, Traveler poor, my wish is great,
But won't you please foretell the fate
Of the class of '12 in Kingsburg High?
Such is my wish, so don't deny."

He played upon his golden harp.
A tune that was so clear and sharp.
That the echoes rang out loud and long,
When he had finished his wierd song.

THE REVELATION

I see before me, their faces clear,
And Wesley's form doth first appear.
He is a man so dignified,
For the President's chair he just has tried.

Grace Paulson leads a quiet life,
For she is now a farmer's wife,
To a rural land she doth go,
And chicken corn now does she grow.

And Leora with her smiling face,
Is busy making Irish lace;
While Ivar, old shoes does mend
And to his business does attend.

While Edward, he, now please don't frown,
Is with a circus as a clown.
Ewald, who was so sedate,
Is now a minister of state.

Irene wanders on Africa's Strand,
A missionary in that woeful land.
Myrtle, a great musician is,
And at that art she is a wiz.

As all the folks of her set tell,
Lois is quite a social belle.
Next Elmer Beckstrom comes in sight,
He is a baker all clad in white.

An aproned man, but who is he?
Oh, it's George Lindquist with some tea.
Then there is Henry with coils of wire,
An electrician's fame is his desire.

A well trained nurse is the next one seen,
It is Esther Swan with her smile serene.
A boarding house now looms up clear,
It belongs to Delie Fallgren, I hear.

And Conrad looms up in the rear,
He's the greatest of all I fear.
He runs an air ship, oh, so light,
And quickly travels from one's sight.

Their forms are fading, oh so fast,
There they have gone, now all is past.
These fates shall happen as I say,
Take heed, write them ere they pass away.

JOSHUA ANDERSON, '13.



STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF 1912

Name	Nick-Name	Favorite Song	Pervalent Characteristic	Pass Word	What He or She Delights In	What He or She Ought to Be
Elmer Beckstrom	Becky	"Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl"	Noisy	Man Alive	Winking	Introduced to a birch rod
Edward Berg	Apron-string berg	"I May Be Crazy But I Ain't No Fool"	Naughty	Excuse Me	'Teasing Freshmen	Spanked
Leora Dailey	The Irish Dailey	"The Green Little Sham-rock of Ireland"	True to Ire- land's Green	Honey Bumps	Coughing	Ought to take cough drops
Adelia Fallgren	Deely	"Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon"	Tasteful	Ding dong it	Chewing Gum	Governess
Henry Fridborg	Hank	"Meet Me To-Night in Dreamland"	Sleepy	Great Scott	Yawning	Dream Interpreter
Lois Gillespie	Sammy	"The Longest Way Round is the Sweetest Way Home"	Witty	Heavens, Kate	Blushing	A Famous K. H. S. graduate
Conrad Kolander	Con	"Can't You See I'm Lonely"	Classy	Holy Smoke	Looking at Pegs	Leon Grower
Evald Larson	Big Swede Larson	"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"	Good Nat- ured	Shucks	Singing his Song	Civil Engineer
George Lindquist	Lynx	"Jungle Town"	Strong	Oh I don't know	Keeping shy of the girls	Caged
Irene Lindstrum	The Silent One	"School Days"	Quiet	Oh dear	Sitence	School teacher
Wesley Martin	Preaching Wes	"I've Got the Time, I've Got the Place, but It's Hard to Find a Girl"	Popular	Dog blast it	An interested aud- ience	California's "best" orator
Myrtle Nordstrom	Dimples	"Roses Bring Dreams of You"	Happy	Oh isn't that dandy	Smiling	Famous for her musical talent
Grace Paulson	G. O. P.	"Somewhere"	Clever	Sure	Conversing	Admired
Ivar Petterson	Pet	"I Wish I Had a Girl"	Up-to-date	Pass the Cram	His curly hair	Envid
Esther Swan	Birdy	"Swanee River"	Neat	Oh my yes	Studying	Recommended to Normal School

WM. BACKLAND, '14.

The History of the Class of '13

As we look back over the two, almost three, years that have gone by, we wonder what has become of that band of awe-filled Freshies that entered the portals of Kingsburg High one September day in 1909. Some are gone to other places, but most of them are now a jolly, studious Junior Class in Kingsburg High School. We miss from our ranks May Oldham, Lulu Carlson, Alice Snorin and Albert Stone. They left at the end of the Freshman year and did not return. We welcomed to our midst in our Sophomore year, Joshua Anderson and William Wilson.

In 1910 we organized our class and elected Joshua Anderson as president and Frances Nelson as secretary and treasurer. They both filled their offices so well that they were re-elected in the Junior year. We chose as class color, gold and white and our class flower is the daisy.

Last year the Sophomores joined with the Freshmen in giving a Valentine party for the Juniors and Seniors. Everyone declared that it was a complete success, and the Freshmen and Sophomores felt that it was worth the effort they made.

The Juniors are the proud possessors of dainty gold and white class pins. They departed from the usual rule of waiting until the Senior year before getting the class pins, and purchased them this year instead.

We stand now at the close of the term, a jolly Junior class with a membership of eleven. There are four girls: Etta Bishop, Agnes Johnson, Frances Nelson and Ruth Larson, and seven boys: Joseph Ostrom, Carl Lind, William Wilson, Zenas Melcon, Wallace Smith, Ray Scheline and Joshua Anderson. We all feel a little sobered by the thought that next year we, the class of '13, will be on the threshold of a wonderful busy world, where in some nook, a task is waiting for each one of us. Each one makes a vow that, wherever we go, whatever happens, we will ever remain loyal and true to the Gold and White of old '13 and the Green and Gold of dear old Kingsburg High.

AGNES JOHNSON, '13.

Sophomore History

Class Officers—Bertha Rouch, President; William Backlund, Secretary and Treasurer.

Class Motto—Keep a Climbin'.

Class Colors—Green and White.

It was one of those bright September mornings. How beautiful and serene everything appeared. Amidst these scenes of splendor stood the quaint and secluded building which was to be the center of the thoughts of some sixty students for nine enduring months. Dawn came upon this structure in its usual manner, but it did not seem so on the twelfth of that month. How beautiful and charming seemed its barren walls with their unconventionalized architecture. The ninth hour was due and around and about could be seen individuals, strutting or riding to this precious spot. Here and there a Freshman could easily be identified by his boisterous or quaint manners. Finally all had congregated and the new and old faces intermingled and thus the advent of a higher education dawned upon the Sophomores of today. Twenty-eight boys and girls made up the Freshman class, but only sixteen of these students remain in the Sophomore year. Those that deserted our ranks were: Oscar Liljgren, namely, Chick, who thought that a rest on the ranch for a year would prove beneficial; Edna Wilson moved to Fowler; Erma and Charles Hale left for Turlock; Eli Fridborg, Lee Heerman, Bertha Kelly, George Danielson and Donald Perryman returned to the farms; Albert Stone took up a position in a local bank; Frank Boyle joined the navy and Edward Baker moved to Knight's Landing. Only one person has enrolled in the Sophomore class this year, namely, Bertha Rouch, whose advent was welcomed with joy. The only social function has been a St. Valentine's party which proved a big success.

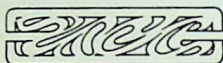
BEN NORDSTROM, '13.



Freshman Alphabet

- A Is for Alice, whose last name is Wooley,
And also for Agnes, who's never unruly.
- B Stands for Batten, the joker all know,
And Blanche, the fast player, who makes things go.
- C Is for Clauson, the Latin shark,
Who helps little Caleb get his good mark.
- D Is for Dorothy, the little Dahlin,
Who's trying hard new honors to win.
- E Is for Edith, the typewriting lass,
And also for Elizabeth, whom none can surpass.
- F Is for Fallgren, the would-be clown,
He can always be seen somewhere around town.
- G Is for Gladys, with dark, curly hair,
And also for Grantham—she's burdened with care.
- H Is for Helens, who are never apart,
In their Freshman year they have made a good start.
- I Is for Idleness, the longing to drone,
That to us is entirely, entirely unknown.
- J Is for Julius and Judith and Joe;
All good pupils, as you may know.
- K Is for Knudson, in all things quite bright,
But he can lift only weights that are very light.
- L Is Lorin, the penman, who is spending his time,
In trying to make most elaborate rhyme.
- M Is for "Memorize," that word brings dread,
When to our English class we tread.
- N Is for Naemi—she's really quite wise,
Though you wouldn't think it by the laugh in her eyes.
- O Is for Olson, so stately and fair,
The girl with red cheeks and pretty blonde hair.
- P Is for Pahlm with a solemn, droll face;
When it comes to mathematics, he'll win every race.
- Q Is for Question the teachers all ask,
But we never fear since we do every task.
- R Is for Raymond, a quick little elf,
We hope he'll be careful near the chemistry shelf.
- S Is for Swanson, who a-fishing goes,
And tells us he catches many—who knows!

- T Is for Throssel who comes from the coast,
But when he saw us he did not dare boast.
U Is for Unity for which we all stand,
Everyone knows we're a firm little band.
V Is for Vacation now drawing near,
To us the most pleasant time of the year.
W Is for Willard, in knee-breeches clad,
Its easy to see he's our youngest lad.
X, Y and Z—Every laddie and lass
Must find out their worth in our algebra class.
- FRESHMAN ENGLISH CLASS.



Friendship

In the very heart of God's garden,
There grows a fairy rose;
Of the morning's glow are its petals,
Its heart of the purest snows.

Friendship, they call this flower,
Its hues with hope are ripe;
While the snowy center inspires
To pureness of heart and life.

May we all salute this flower,
Its colors our lives enhance,
And render us still more suited
To meet the world's wide chance.

May it help us strive to be faithful,
And give our cheer and love
To brighten the lives of others,
For reward comes from above.

ESTHER SWAN, '12.

Alumni

The K. J. U. H. S. is about to complete its seventh school year. During these years the student body has been steadily increasing in number. This is especially apparent when we compare the graduating class of this year with the number who have graduated during the past four years. Count them and you will find that they greatly outnumber the Alumni. Does this not show that people are beginning to realize more and more the value of an education as a preparation for life's battles; that the boys or girls who have had the opportunity for a High School training are far more fitted to solve the problem and to perform the duties which devolve upon them?

What we need now is an Alumni association, by means of which we may keep in touch, not only with the school, but with each other. Who is to take the initiative? Might not the class of 1912, who are as yet full of enthusiasm and school spirit, organize such an association before we separate in June? The rest of the Alumni will be glad of a chance to help along.

Lillian Bromarch, '09, is working in Fresno.

Edith Peterson, '11, is attending Normal in Fresno.

Florence Larson, '08, is teaching school in Turlock.

Reuben Hallner, '11, is attending college in Berkeley.

Minnie Snorine, '10, is attending the University of Southern California.

Lorena Lawson, '08, is taking a course in training school for nurse, connected with the California Hospital in Los Angeles.

Emma Danielson, '09, has a position as clerk in Scott's store in Selma.

Anna Danell, '08, is teaching in Canal School.

Elmer Peterson, '11, is at home on the farm and expects to attend college next year.

Ethel Dailey, '10, will graduate in June from the Fresno State Normal school.

Kate Hero, '08, is teaching in Kingsburg Grammar school.

Elmer Carlson, '10, is attending the Law College at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Pearl Bishop, '10, is attending Mills College in Oakland.

A. M. D. '08.



THE STAFF

Bertha Rouch
Associate Editor

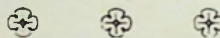
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Editor-in-Chief

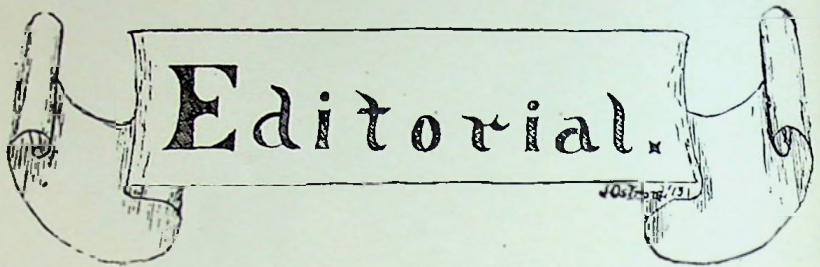
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Associate Editor



Joshua Anderson
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Joe Ostrom
Ass. Business Manager





Editorial.

Our nation is plunging into another year of political campaigns—campaigns in which praise and laudatory phrases, denunciations and personal attacks, direct or indirect, will entertain and amuse the American public. This calls to mind the question of politics in our high schools. In what manner and how far should a high school student's time be taken up by this subject? Beyond question, if the student is to do justice to himself in his studies, much time cannot be spent on politics. But for the high school student not to have some knowledge of political affairs and politics in general, would be unjust to our educational system and the future man and woman as well.

By the study of politics in the high school, we mean that the student should as far as possible, acquaint himself with our national political machinery, try to see at least some of the defects in the system, its good points, and seek a solution for some problem or difficulty. A general, impartial attitude toward all parties should be sought, before any fixed opinion is formed.

When we think of the countless number of votes cast away by ignorant voters, we receive the impression that somewhere, behind it all, is some grave and enormous defect. Though the fault may lie to a great extent within our schools, yet many who have the power of the ballot, are naturalized foreigners, or, maybe, as the Freshman lass said, "neutralized."

The high school student is apt to form some opinion concerning our politics. In order that he may reach an intelligent, broad-minded conclusion he must have an intelligent and broad-minded view. This is necessary, that, when school life is over, the actual workings of our politics will not seem an institution practically

superfluous, as it must appear to those who stay away from the polls, but a means by which he, as an American citizen, is able to voice his own sentiments in the life of our government. The future man should have a two-fold purpose in taking an interest in our politics: first, to show his faith in its workings; second, to signify that the interest he has in the government brings certain results.

Every student should pay some attention at least to the daily papers and the political news therein. It is to be regretted that so few students are acquainted with conditions in our politics. It was recently shown in some of our state schools that students believed La Follette was governor of our own state and that Booker T. Washington was the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Such lack of knowledge is to be deplored.

Each student should be required to peruse as much of the daily papers as the instructors may see fit; for the narration of the actual workings is far more educative than the theory taken from books. Speeches from men of national reputation should be read, regardless of their political views; happenings, and debates in Congress should claim his attention as well as politics within his own state. Debates between students within the classes on questions of national moment would tend to develop and emphasize the importance of a practical knowledge of the present day problems.

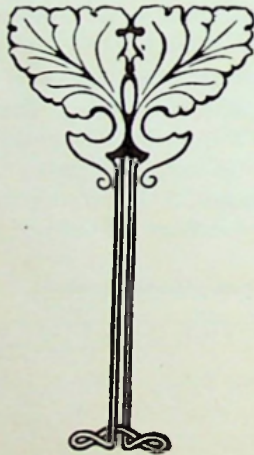
In short the student should have a thorough understanding of our local, state and national politics, as they are actually working. Present-day methods demand the brushing away of all formality and driving to the root of the matter. Therein lies the fact that theory must succumb to actualities. Impress upon the student the importance of his duty to his government. If nothing else be learned, this is all-important. The government of to-morrow will be shaped according to the student of today. The task is manifestly grave.

GREETING

It is with misgiving as to our own worthiness, that we issue this, the first number of the Gold Bug. Believing in the necessity of certain mediums of uniting the students of a school in closer spirit and comradeship, we have embarked upon an undertaking from which we hope nothing but good will ensue.

We do not claim to be editors or journalists, but we do claim to have within us a little of that which is characteristic of an American, namely, ambition. A high school publication we believe, should exist for the benefit of the students and the school in general. It should not tolerate class spirit nor encourage anything that will tend to develop it. It should endeavor, as far as possible, to work for the betterment of the high school and the student. Our aim is to make it apparent to our parents and patrons that we have our own educational developments at heart. We deplore the idea that a high school pupil does not think of his after-self, but only of his present self. We maintain that "our duties to our after-selves are more vital than our duties to our present selves or to society. Our past selves are our own masters." If we, by this publication, can bring the student and the patrons more closely together, then we believe the result will richly repay the effort.

The Gold Bug in its infancy comes to you, asking a kind welcome and an abiding place in your esteem; bringing with it a hearty greeting from the students of the Kingsburg Joint Union High School.



Student Body Organization

The Student Body Association was organized in the Fall of 1911, and elected the following officers:

President—Wesley Martin.

Vice President—Grace Paulson.

Secretary and Treasurer—Joshua Anderson.

Purchasing Agent—Elmer Beekstrom.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Joe Ostrom.

Student Body Manager—Ray Scheline.

The Constitution of the Student Body is as follows:

PREAMBLE

We, the students of the Kingsburg Joint Union High School, in order to better promote Literary and Athletic activities among the students, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Student Body of the Kingsburg Joint Union High School.

ARTICLE I. NAME

This organization shall be known as the Student Body of the Kingsburg Joint Union High School.

ARTICLE II. OFFICERS.

The officers of the Student Body of the Kingsburg Joint Union High School shall consist of:

1. President.
2. Vice President.
3. Secretary Treasurer.
4. Purchasing Agent and Student Body Manager.
5. Four Class Collectors.

ARTICLE III. MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. All students of the Kingsburg Joint Union High School shall be eligible to membership.

Sec. 2. All teachers of the Kingsburg Joint Union High School shall be honorary members of the association.

ARTIVLE IV. MANAGEMENT.

Section 1. The management of this organization shall be rested in a Board of Managers.

Sec. 2. The Board of Managers shall be composed of the President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Purchasing Agent and Student Body Manager of the Student Body and a Faculty Representative.

Sec. 3. The Board of Managers shall have the following powers and duties:

1. To approve of each purchase before purchase is made.
2. To investigate the eligibility of any student to membership.
3. To annul the membership of any student who has violated the Constitution or By-Laws of the Student Body of the Kingsburg Joint Union High School.
4. To have control over the finances of the Student Body.
5. To fix and enforce penalties for the violation of the Constitution and By-laws of the Student Body.
6. Shall have power over all matters not specified in this Constitution.
7. The Board of Managers shall meet in executive meetings once a week on Thursdays.

ARTICLE V. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1. The President shall call and preside over all meetings, regular and special, of the Student Body, or of the Board of Managers, and shall be a member ex officio of all committees. He shall assume charge of all elections.

Sec. 2. The Vice President shall in the absence of the President or his inability to act shall perform all the duties of his office.

Sec. 3. The Secretary-Treasurer shall act as Secretary:

1. Shall keep the minutes of all meetings of the Student Body and Board of Managers and attend to correspondence.
2. Shall keep books showing income and expenses of the Student Body and shall be custodian of the funds. He shall pay out no money save on the authorization of the Board of Managers.
3. Shall keep record of income and expenses in a book provided for same, kept in principal's office. He shall balance his accounts every month, before regular Student Body business meeting and shall on that day render report showing standing of same, said report

having first been audited and found correct by faculty representative.

Sec. 4. The Purchasing Agent shall under the authority of the Board of Managers purchase all supplies needed by Student Body.

Sec. 5. The Class Collectors shall collect all dues and assessments of their respective classes when so ordered by Treasurer and turn same to him as collected.

Sec. 6. The Managers of the various teams shall arrange for all trials and meets after consultation with the Principal.

Sec. 7. All Class Collectors shall keep their accounts in Treasurer's book, kept in principal's office. All collectors must balance their accounts at the end of every month, previous to Student Body business meeting and all accounts must be audited and approved by Faculty representative.

ARTICLE VI.—ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Section 1. All officers with exception of Collectors, Managers and Captains shall be chosen from three upper classes.

Sec. 2. All officers, with the exception of Managers, shall be elected by secret ballot.

Sec. 3. Annual election of officers shall be held at the beginning of each school year.

Sec. 4. Each class shall elect its own Class Collector.

Sec. 5. The Manager of any athletic team shall be appointed by the Principal.

Sec. 6. The Captain of any team shall be elected by the team concerned.

ARTICLE VII.—MEETINGS.

Section 1. The regular meeting of the Student Body shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month.

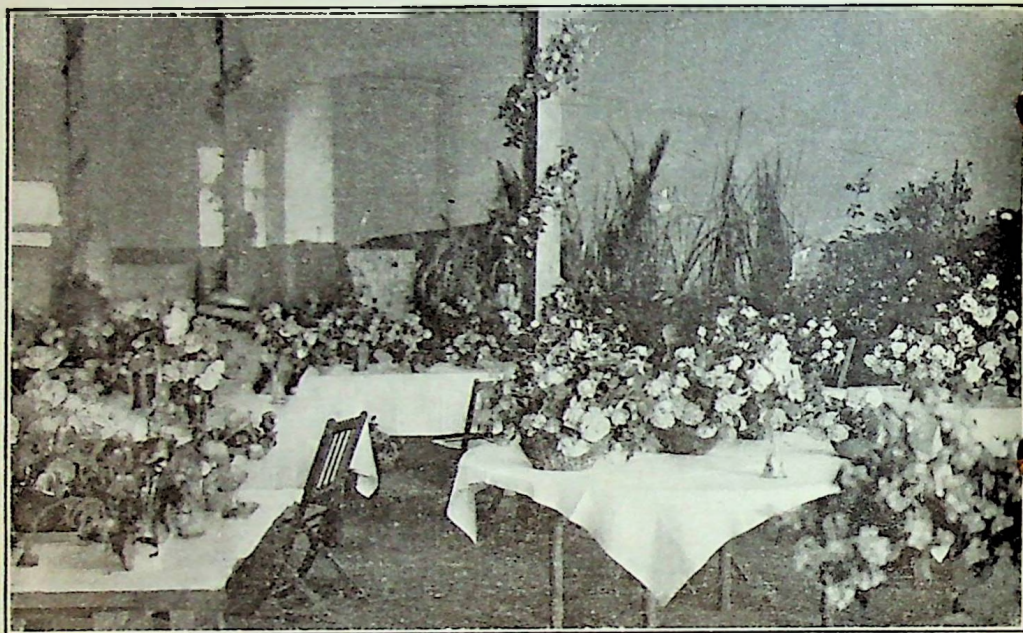
Sec. 2. Special meetings shall be called at the orders of President or Board of Managers.

ARTICLE VIII.—AMENDMENTS.

Section 1. Amendments to be valid must be adopted by the Board of Managers by a majority vote and by the Student Body by a two-thirds vote.

Sec. 2. Amendment must be introduced in writing.

The Flower Fair



On May 4th, the Student Body gave what was known as a "Flower Fair." From press accounts and what the public said in general concerning it, has so encouraged the students that they have decided to make it an annual affair. It was held in the Clarke-McClurg building, during the afternoon and evening. The flowers, all from Kingsburg and vicinity, were artistically arranged on white tables placed in the middle of the floor and along the walls. Those present were entertained by instrumental and vocal music. Prizes were awarded for the best exhibit of any kind of flower and fern. To say the least, it was a success.



The Toastmaster



During the school year 1911-12, only one big play was given by the Kingsburg High School—namely, "The Toastmaster." It was presented to the public in February, 1912, for the benefit of the Senior commencement exercises. It was a great success both financially and dramatically. The following being the cast of characters:

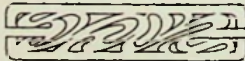
Professor Reed	Wesley Marten
Mrs. Reed	Frances Nelson
Cynthia, their daughter	Bertha Rouch
Buzzer, their little boy	Willard Engvall
Bill Morgan, a student and deeply in love with Cynthia..	Conrad Kolander
.....	Conrad Kolander
Bob Kenmark, Bill's friend	Evald Larson

“Towel” Fairfax, the silver-tongued Sophomore toastmaster,
and a friend of Bill.....Henry Fridborg
Tom.....} Freshmen who capture “Towel”
Henry.....}
.....}Joe Ostrom
.....}Ed Berg
George, Freshman and suitor of Cynthia, who hopes and
waitsWallace Smith

Mr. Marten was a huge success as Professor Reed, while Mr. Kolander made a great “hit” as Maggie, the hired girl, his friends scarcely recognizing him in his girlish beauty. In his capacity of lover he also showed unusual ability. Miss Rouch’s natural talents as a coquette found ample scope in the “Toastmaster,” and were among the best features of the play. Frances Nelson, with her dignified and stately manner, was especially attractive as the deaf and dumb Mrs. Reed, while Willard Engvall in his Buster Brown suit and long curls, made a cunning as well as a provoking younger brother. Mr. Fridborg was a noble toastmaster, submitting with the best grace possible to the injustice suffered at the hands of his captors. He was certainly roughly handled at times, but his equanimity was never disturbed. Wallace Smith performed excellently the part of George, the stuttering lover of Cynthia, and added greatly to the merriment of the audience. Mr. Larson, Bill’s friend, proved a friend in need and as jailer of the Freshmen his capability was apparent, and he most cleverly developed the domineering spirit. Joe Ostrom and Edward Berg served admirably well as Freshmen, being naturally of a mischievous and incorrigibly prankish nature.

Five Seniors, three Juniors, one Sophomore and one Freshman composed the cast.

Between scenes good music was rendered on the piano, violin, and clarinet by Mr. Ostrom, Miss Darak and Mr. Forsblad respectively, adding considerably to the success and enjoyment of the evening. Financially it was a success also, as over sixty dollars were the proceeds of the evening.





THE CHAMPIONS

Left to Right—Pettersen, F ; Marten (Capt.), G ; Scheline (M'g'r), C ; Ostrom, G ; Beckstrom, F.



ATHLETICS.

The season's athletics were formally begun when the baseball team lined up against Fowler High School about a month after the beginning of the Fall term. The result was overwhelmingly against us. The team had practiced for about three weeks and there were sanguine hopes of victory, or at least of a defeat by a small margin. But the final score, 17-1, took our breath away and another fallibility was scored against the "dope sheet."

The second and last game was played two weeks later against Selma. Here again hard luck reigned. The heaviest hitters, on whom we depended, failed miserably and although many chances came, failed to make good. The final score was: Selma, 4, Kingsburg, 1. There were very few errors on either side, despite the ploughed field on which the game was played. There was still a game left, that with Easton High School, but for different reasons our team decided to disband. The Manager was R. Scheline, '13; the Captain, Z. Melcon, '13. The following players took part in the games: G. Lindquist, pitcher; J. Ostrom, catcher and left-field; J. Anderson, catcher and first-base; R. Scheline, second-base; E. Beckstrum, third-base; Z. Melcon, shortstop; B. Nordstrom, left-field and first-base; P. Fallgren, center-field; L. Hurst, right-field and R. Wilson, right-field.

After baseball came basketball. The players under Manager Scheline and Captain Martin soon rounded up into fine shape. Incessant and faithful practice moulded them into a well-working machine, which was destined to capture the championship of the League.

A pre-league-season game was played against Selma and was won by Kingsburg by the close score of 19 to 17. The League season was begun on the home grounds against Sanger. A close and exciting game developed which resulted in a tie. This was played off, Sanger winning. However, the game was protested and was declared forfeited to Kingsburg, on the grounds of violation of one of the rules pertaining to the eligibility of players.

The second game, which was played against Reedley at Reedley, was an easy victory, Kingsburg coming out ahead by the one-sided score of 48-4. Reedley had no chance from start to finish to break the perfect team work of the Kingsburg squad.

The third and last League game of our division was played on home grounds, Selma being the opposing team. From the very beginning the result was in evidence. Try as she would, Selma could not break the line of guards, while the admirable team work and passing of Kingsburg brought the ball to easy access of the forwards, who threw goals with their usual accuracy. In the end Kingsburg came out ahead with a score of 28 to 18.

Finally came the game against Fowler, who had won out in the other division. This was to settle the championship. The court

of Reedley High School was chosen as being neutral and there the teams lined up for the crucial test. Both were evenly matched, the score seesawed back and forth throughout the game with the playing a shade better on Kingsburg's part. Towards the last Kingsburg, with a grand spurt, forged ahead and when the last half was over the score stood Kingsburg, 37; Fowler, 35; and Kingsburg had won the championship! The team should be greatly complimented for the great showing it made. Three of the members were those of last year's second team; one of them played two years before, leaving only one member who was a player on last year's first team.

The players lined up as follows: Scheline, center; Beckstrum and Petterson, forwards; Martin and Ostrom, guards; Lindquist and Anderson, substitutes.

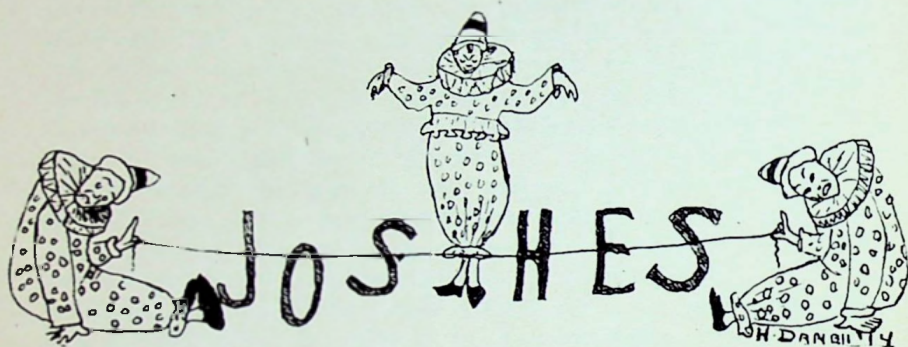
The girls' basketball team, in spite of faithful practice, failed to develop into a winning combination. Two games were played with high schools, these being against Reedley and Selma, which were both lost by one-sided scores. In both games they pluckily fought to the last against overwhelming odds.

In tennis only two matches were played, the Selmaites being the opponents. The boys' doubles were lost when Selma won the third and last set after each had won one. The singles were lost in the same manner. All three sets of singles were advantage sets and were quite exciting. The double team was composed of Kolan-der and Fallgren, the single, Melcon.

At present spring baseball has started in real earnest, and we hope to regain lost laurels by practicing faithfully and intelligently. The team, barring a few radical changes, will be the same as last Fall's.

ZENAS MELCON, '13.





Miss C (reading from Emerson)—“Drive out Nature with a fork and she comes running back. How?”

L.—“With a knife.”

Miss J.—“Sarah, who was out in your row?”

Sarah—“Nobody. Carl Lind was absent.”

Who has ever seen a teacher hold up a spoon?

“Miss C.,” said J., “I have an exhibit. Come, won’t you view it right now?”

Miss C. came. She ran, she screamed.

The exhibit?—It was a COW.

Bill—“I can’t get this dictionary into my desk.”

Bud—“Cut out the appendix then.”

Miss C. (reading in Senior English)—“‘There is always some jveling that puts down the overbearing, the rich, on the same ground with all others.’ What is that, class?”

Wesley—“Gravity.”

The advanced algebra class, headed by Miss J., after careful and lengthy deliberation, has decided that when two persons pass each other they meet each other at the same time.

Miss J. (in advanced Algebra Class)—“Elmer, your answers for the eighth problem are 32 and 24 miles per hour for the trains. Which is which?”

Elmer—“Why, the fast train goes 24 miles per hour and the slow one 32 miles per hour.”

Miss Fiske (German 2)—“Was ist Herberg?”

Elmer (pointing to Edward)—“Her Berg.”

Miss Fiske—“It means shelter—Elmer.”

Conceited Junior (who has just received a letter from a large New York firm)—“I correspond with the big guns.”

Innocent Sophomore (having listened to the bragging Junior)—“Small calibers always do.”

Henning Lorin is very popular around the girls by putting hair tonic on his hair.

Wesley—“The regular meeting of the Student Body will now come to order. Sergeant-at-arms, close the door and see the teachers out. Strict order must be observed.”

One day Harold Danell came to school with a new pair of shoes.

“How much did you pay for your shoes?” Verner asked.

“Six dollars,” answered Harold.

Verner—“Gee, what a lot of leather for only six dollars!”

Teacher (in Spelling)—“Raymond, give me a sentence containing Momentous.”

Raymond—“I went out to shoot some momentous birds.”

Miss Brown (in drawing)—“Bud, you may move into that far corner.

Bud—“Well, Miss Brown, if you keep moving me, I'll be a wandering Jew.”

Mr. D. (History 4)—“W., can you tell us about Commodore Foote's expedition up the Mississippi?”

W.—“Well, I don't know. I read it about three years ago.”

Senior German translations:

W.—“She hung on his arm.”

L. (softly)—“How graceful.”

G.—“He set the horse into a gallop.”

H.—“She carried her dress.”

G.—“He pressed the cab-driver through the window.”

Mr. D. (U. S. History)—“The internal improvements, M?”

M. (thoughtfully)—“Oh, do you want the railroads?”

Mr. D.—“Yes, I'd like them.”

E. (in U. S. History)—“His army was slain and completely killed.”

Miss J. (in Physics)—“These experiments require the dark room, and it is so small only two can work together.”

Evald, Edward and Ivar (together)—“Work with me, Leora.”

Miss B.—“Don't you ever dare to wear that red skirt where there are cows.”

Miss C.—“Well, I know it is out of date, but I didn't suppose a cow would know it.”

Teacher—“Can anyone make a sentence, using the word ‘gruesome’ in it?”

Johnny (after a few moments)—“The man stopped shaving and gruesome whiskers.”

L. (in Physics Lab.)—“Miss J., this isn't heavy enough.”

G.— $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$

Miss B. (to Reuben)—“Oh! my dear, you don't do that.”

Reuben (to Miss B.)—“Why not, my dear?”

Mr. D.—“Naemi, what did the Vandals take with them from Rome when they sacked the city?”

Naemi—“They took all the immovable property.”

One day Caleb was tired of studying and sat with his feet out in the aisle chewing gum. A teacher came along and said: "Caleb, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Sophomore—"A foreigner in order to become a citizen must first be neutralized."

Teacher—"What is a Gondola?"

Anna—"A vehicle used on the streets of Venice."

Teacher—"Tell what you can then about the streets of Venice."

Anna—"They're liquid."

Class—"Ha! Ha!"

Sophomore (in Latin Class)—"The rooted men fled from the pursuers."

Wise Senior (to Miss Brown)—"How many cubic feet of dirt is there in a hole one by one by one?"

Miss Brown (thinking hard)—"One, of course."

Wise Senior—"Ha! Ha! There is none."

Isn't it funny that night falls without breaking and day breaks without falling.

Miss C. (in English Class to F.)—"How did Lowell close his essay?"

F.—"Please mum, with a period."

"You know," said Miss C. in English Class of Sophomores, "that it is believed by some that there are three conditions of life: namely, savagery, barbarism and civilization."

B.—"Well, what age are we in now?"

Miss C.—"From the way you wiggle and twist in your seat, I think you are still a barbarian."

A Freshman definition:

Anecdote—A cure for bites.

F.—"I hardly ever answer my letters, Miss Fiske, I let them assimilate."

Teacher—"C. why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

C.—"The same reason as a hen crosses the road. You can't fool me on conundrums."

Timid Freshman (at Freshman party to one of the fairer sex)—
"Can I follow you'se home?"

She (haughtily)—"Yes, if you don't catch up."

An Irish poultry farmer who had fed his chickens with saw-dust, told his neighbor this: "Well, b'gosh, my chicks 'ave 'atched, but one had a wood peck, the other a wood leg."

Sarah (reading in Latin Class)—"How do you pronounce S.—Ar-du-toki."

Miss C—"Try it."

A-d-u-a-t-u-e-i."

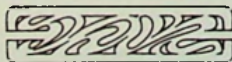
THAT FOWLER GAME

'Twas on the court of Reedley High,
Five Swedes from Kingsburg School did try
The High School championship to cop;
Their rushes Fowler could not stop.

First it was Beck and then it was Pett,
Their basket-throwing we remember yet;
The jumping of Ray, the guarding of Joe
And my! how smiling Wesley did throw.

All Kingsburg's rooters yelled themselves hoarse,
And when the game was over, of course
Our boys were ahead and the flag did cinch—
Hurrah for Kingsburg! they're there in a pinch.

RAY SCHELIN, '13.

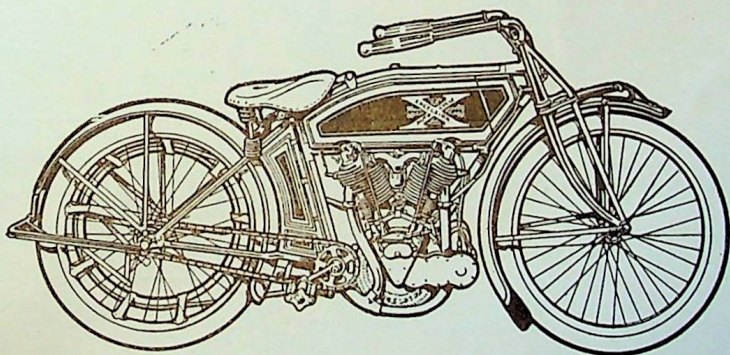


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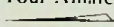
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The weary Seniors, infirm and old,
Their withered cheeks and hair so gray,
All seem to remind of the passing day;
Alas, school days and all their joys
Passed and forgotten, like childhood toys!
They're going, they're gone, their place will be taken
By the jolliest Freshmen, so don't feel forsaken.
Then farewell, dear Seniors, God speed to all,
May we all meet again in our High School Hall.

CALEB ANDERSON, '15.

Miss J.—“Sarah, who was
out in your row?”

Sarah.—“Nobody, Carl Lind
was absent.”

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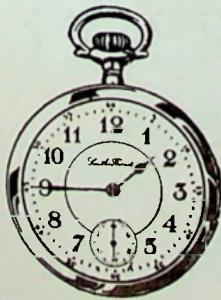
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