

1-1-1917

## Salmagundi, 1917

Sanford High School

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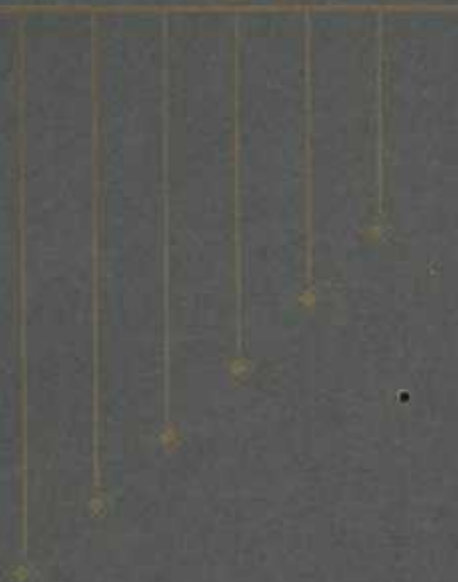
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# *Salmagundi*



1917

*Salem High School*

*The Salmagundi*  
*1917*



*Price 25 Cents*



*Published by the*  
*Student's of Sanford High School*  
*Sanford, Florida*



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for Women



ROBY LAING, President

"He, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower."—Milton



RUTH KANNER, Vice-President

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all she knew."  
—Goldsmith



LUCILE RINES, Secretary

"In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;  
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still."  
—Goldsmith



KATHARINE AYCOCKE

"Or light or dark, or short or tall,  
She sets a spring to snare them all;  
All's one to her—above her fan  
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban."—Aldrich



ANNIE ANDERSON

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple;  
Love made those hollows; if himself were slain  
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;  
For knowing well, if there he came to lie,  
Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die."  
Shakespeare



ANNIE CAMERON

"Her voice was ever soft  
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."  
Shakespeare



MARION GOVE

"She knew whatever's to be known  
But much more than she knew would own."  
—Butler



ROBERT GREENE

"God made him, and therefore let him pass  
for a man."—Shakespeare



RUTH HAND

"None but thyself can be thy parallel."—



GERTRUDE LITTLE

"There was a soft and pensive grace  
A cast of thought upon her face."—Scott



FANNIE REBA MUNSON

"I'm full of electricity  
I'll tell you how I know,  
'Cause everybody says to me  
"Oh, child, you shock me so!"



RUTH LITTLE

"Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of  
voice."—Shakespeare



OLIVER MURRELL

"I can easily make up my mind to rise early,  
but I cannot make up my body."—Smith



WILLIAM RUNGE

"My tongue within my lips I rein,  
For who talks much must talk in vain."—Gay



LILLIAN RHODES

"For if she will she will—yea may depend on't,  
And if she won't she won't, so there's an end on't."  
—Field



RUTH STEINMEYER

"I am nothing if not critical."—Shakespeare

# SALMAGUNDI

VOL. 8

SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL

NO. 1

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The time has come at last when the Class of Nineteen Seventeen makes its final bow to the school that fostered it, and passes into the dim pages of history. It has fought a good fight, and, we are proud to say, did not come out worsted, but year by year pressed on its way to the front under the guidance of a splendid, sympathetic faculty. What use we will make of our knowledge thus gained time alone can tell, but we trust each will be as successful in after life as he was in school.

In our passing we wish to thank each and every one that has helped to make this volume of the Salmagundi a success, both by their subscriptions and their advertisements, and we trust our patrons will find as much pleasure in reading it as we did in producing it.

To the class that comes after us we extend our heartfelt sympathy and our best wishes, and hope that when their turn comes to put out a magazine, they will think of us, and upon their realization of the responsibilities of such a task judge us not harshly for any mistakes we may have made.

Now that we have reached the goal for which we have been striving, and as we note the respectful glances of the Freshmen, our thoughts take a backward turn to the time when we were as insignificant as they. Ah! the slights, the humiliations we had to bear. Most of these insults were not from the Seniors, who scarcely noticed us, but from the Sophomores, whose own ostracism, being recent, still rankled fresh in their minds. Naturally they had to have some one to vent their spleen on, and why not the Freshmen? Well, departed ones, we forgive you, now that we have grown broad enough to overlook your petty insults.

But history repeats itself, and when we grew to be Sophomores we treated the Freshmen about as badly as we ourselves had been treated. Why, indeed, if we were to hobnob around with them we wouldn't gain the recognition that we desired from the Juniors. But we might have spared the Freshmen a few pains, for at best the Juniors treated us condescendingly, and their action spoke loudly the words, "Don't think that because you are no longer Freshmen you are nearly as important as we are." You see they still retained some of their old contempt for us, and were making us suffer what they themselves had suffered.

With our Junior year we had gained more wisdom, and were a little more tolerant of the weaknesses of the underclassmen. We understood them better, and tried to act more the part of a big sister to them. But we carried on our benevolent work where the eagle eyes of the Seniors would not discover us. We didn't want them to know we were kind hearted, they might try to take advantage of us.

With the last month or two of our Junior year we assumed a vast importance. We were to give the Seniors a reception. We held class meetings galore, and bustled around the building with an air that would have done credit to the Seniors themselves. It was indeed the first thing that made our presence really felt in school, so our pride may be pardonable.

But with the passing of our Junior year also passed the season of irresponsibility. To be sure, during the earlier period of our seniority we felt no pressing cares accurately; nevertheless there was that sub-conscious feeling that warned us to keep our little bark in the current, and to let no passing pleasure delay our journey for one moment. Many of us were beset with that awful, gnawing fear that after all we might take a plunge into that sea made known to a select few only, the sea of failure.

And now that we have come to the end of our journey, the old Sanford High School has grown to us doubly dear, and it is with a deep feeling of sadness that we leave her portals never more to enter as school boys and girls. Scattered like chaff by the winds, we shall go our separate ways, and probably many of us will never meet again. New friendships will be formed, new interests will engage the mind, but, Seniors, no matter to what part of the world we may roam, let us never forget the old S. H. S. and the Class of '17.



### TO THE SENIOR CLASS

Hail, Hail, our Senior Class,  
The best this school has ever seen!  
Hail, Hail, it to the last,  
The Class of "'17!"  
But let us draw nearer  
To say our last good-bye,  
To our classmates who are dearer  
Than all but Sanford High.

Come Seniors, let us raise  
Our colors, red and white;  
Our motto, *Altiores quaremus*,  
May it keep within our sight.  
Our jolly time is over,  
We come under stricter rule;  
But our memories will always hover  
Close to old High School.

Farewell, old Sanford High,  
Again we raise our song,  
With our colors floating high  
And our thoughts together drawn.  
We leave our dearest friends,  
Classmates and all the rest  
Never to meet together again  
In dear old S. H. S.

Oliver Murrell, '17.

### ARE WE AT THE CLIMAX OF THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN POETRY?

It is not easy to understand, or portray, the literature of this age. Literature is influenced by the thoughts, feelings and surroundings of the people of a particular period. Ours is a complex age; people think along varied lines, hence our literature is complex, of many different forms, and dealing with a great variety of material. This is true in prose, and becoming increasingly true in poetry. There is a certain type of poetry of the present day which seems to be running wild and breaking all poetic laws. What is the history of its development? Whence is its origin?

In the eighteenth century the poetry of the time was very much influenced by the French. The subjects treated were of the court and society, while the rhyme couplet was chosen as a new form.

The greatest literary figure of the period was Alexander Pope. He followed the poets of his day in using artificial subjects and the rhymed couplet. The rhymed couplet is a form of five feet to the line and every two lines rhyming. Note the passage from the "Rape of the Lock," and one will see how monotonous it would be to read none but this type of poetry.

"Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;  
 In various talk th'instructive hours they past,  
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
 One speaks the glories of the British Queen  
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
 A third interprets motions, looks and eyes.  
 At every word a reputation dies,  
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that."

This poem is indeed written cleverly, and shows the poet's preference for writing the gossip of the court.

Literature was held too closely restricted, and allowed no freedom. The consequence was a revolt. This revolt, known as the romantic movement has been defined as liberalism in literature. It was a revolt against classicism, a return to nature, a return to the past, more interest in man, and greater freedom of form. This change gave to literature a wide range of subjects and a freer form.

For a long time there is conflict between classicism and romanticism, and during the age of Johnson we find poets showing characteristics of both movements. Oliver Goldsmith writes of nature, but yet in form he is classical. "The Deserted Village" is a nature poem.

"Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.  
 There as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came softened from below;  
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,  
 The noisy geese that gobbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school,  
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

Nature and country life are clearly brought before us by such words as the swain, sober herd and noisy geese; but the rhymed couplet is still employed, which gives that slow, tiresome effect in a long poem.

This movement continued to swell and the young poets of England became romanticists, Wordsworth and Coleridge leading in the movement. Wordsworth wrote of nature and common rustic life. He went so far as to choose his own verse form, and some of his simpler poems are even prosy. One of his simpler poems is "The Rainbow."

"My heart leaps up when I behold  
 A rainbow in the sky!  
 So was it when my life began;  
 So is it now I am a man!  
 So be it when I shall grow old,  
 Or let me die!  
 The child is father to the man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each in natural piety."

This poem shows Wordsworth's attitude toward nature. It possesses a charm and simplicity that is refreshing. The material is of common nature, yet such as appeals to everyone.

Though Wordsworth was at first ridiculed, he lived to see himself famous, and the romantic movement finally established. Since then there has never been any question as to freedom of form and wide selection of material.

Today, we see, perhaps, the farthest extreme from classicism in the free verse of the present. This verse is so elastic in form that it does not seem to be poetry, but broken prose. There is an absolute change both in substance and form. Instead of a highly polished poetry with correct lines, rhythm and form we have poetry that deals with the subjects of the present day, with no particular rhyme scheme or verse form. Sometimes it is even harsh, sordid, but full of the vigor and life of today. "The Subway" by Ruth Comfort Mitchell is such a poem.

#### The Subway

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

Crowds pour down the street and out of the locals,  
 A turbulent, tossing, rushing, surging stream, . . .  
 Harsh from the throat of the melting, grimy guard—  
 "Watch step—watch step—watch step—watch step—lively!"—

Like a neighbor's cracked, unceasing graphone.  
 He wedges and fits and packs with swift precision,  
 Shoves and shoulders and crams and crushes them in,  
 And slides the door on the heaving, struggling bodies,  
 Cutting away the hapless overflowing,  
 As a pastry cook trims off the edge of a pie.  
 Crowds pour down the street and out of the locals,  
 They push and pull and jostle and jam and swarm,  
 Tired people with fretful pallid faces,  
 Fighting their way in silence, tense and grim,  
 Obsessed, intent, unheeding, dogged and joyless,—  
 A fierce and virulent form of the verb To Go!—

Would Pope, Goldsmith or even Wordsworth consider this a piece of poetry? Such common material, such harsh wording, and no rhyme scheme!

One of the greatest poems of the day, which took the prize when Newark, N. J., was celebrating its anniversary, is "The Smithy of God" by Clement Wood. This is a small portion of the poem which gives vividly the picture of Newark, the busy city:

**The Smithy of God—A Chant**  
 By Clement Wood.

I.

*(A bold, masculine chant.)*

I am Newark, forger of men,  
 Forger of men, forger of men—  
 Here at a smithy God wrought, and flung  
 Earthward, down to this rolling shore,  
 God's mighty hammer I have swung,  
 With crushing blows that thunder and roar  
 And delicate taps, whose echoes have rung  
 Softly to heaven and back again;  
 Here I labor, forging men,  
 Out of my smithy's smoldering hole,  
 As I forge a body and mold a soul,  
 The jangling clangors ripplewise roll.

*(The voice suggests the noises of the city.)*

Clang, as a hundred thousand feet  
 Tap-tap-tap down the morning street,  
 And into the mills and factories pour,  
 Like a narrow river's breathing roar.

Clang, as two thousand whistles scream  
 Their seven-in-the-morning's burst of steam,  
 Brass-throated sirens, calling folk  
 To the perilous breakers of din and smoke.  
 Clang, as ten thousand vast machines  
 Pound and pound, in their pulsed routines,  
 Throbbing and stunning, with deafening beat,  
 The tiny humans lost at their feet.

Clang, and the whistle and whirr of trains,  
 Battle of ships unleashed of their chains,  
 Fire-gongs, horse-trucks' jolts and jars,  
 Traffic-calls, milk-carts, ironing cars.

Wordsworth wrote of the rustic life, but he never went so far as to write of a subject so common and sordid.

Another poem of this type is "Chicago" by Carl Sandburg:

**Chicago**  
 By Carl Sandburg

Hog Butcher for the World,  
 Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,  
 Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;  
 Stormy, husky, brawling,  
 City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gun man kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pit against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,  
Shoveling,  
Wrecking,  
Planning,  
Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,  
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,  
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,  
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse and under his ribs the heart of the people,  
Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool  
Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

This poem does not seem to possess any poetical qualities at all. It is unmelodious, and the language harsh and rough. The form is very irregular. Whole lines are made of just one word as:

Bareheaded,  
Shoveling,  
Wrecking,  
Planning,

Then other lines are nothing but prose and written in prose form. Can we consider this kind of literature as art?

Here we have freedom of form at its greatest extreme; subjects drawn from every walk of modern life.

Now, the questions to be decided are, Has this free verse come to stay? Will it effect all forms of our future literature, or has it reached its climax and will the tide turn?

## SENIOR STATISTICS

NAME	APPEARANCE	OCCUPATION	INDULGENCE	AMBITION
Katherine Aycocke .....	Stylish .....	Doing nothing .....	Talking with Jack Leach in Chemistry .....	To find a good lookin' fellah
Annie Anderson .....	Demure .....	Writing to an uncle in Tennessee .....	Cooking .....	To establish a hospital
Annie Cameron .....	.....	Talking about "somebody" .....	Eating candy .....	To be somebody's darling
Marian Gove .....	Debonair .....	Eating peanuts .....	Cold drinks .....	To own a Ford
Arthur Greene .....	Not much .....	Winking at Freshmen .....	Movies .....	To be a trolley car operator
Ruth Hand .....	Self-Complacent .....	Boosing .....	Studying French .....	To be a cook
Ruth Kanner .....	Oriental .....	Pulling bones .....	Accidents .....	To be a Prima Donna
Gertrude Little .....	Spiritual .....	Smiling .....	Disputing Mr. Chaffer .....	To be an aviator
Ruth Little .....	Good natured .....	Devouring Latin .....	Devouring more Latin .....	To sit in Congress
Roby Laing .....	Lengthy .....	Loafing .....	Hauling wood .....	To be a Ty Cobb
Fannie R. Munson .....	Freakish .....	Fivvering .....	Firting .....	To be a Keystone Comedy Queen
Oliver Murrell .....	Swagger .....	Ducking classes .....	Studying Latin—occasionally .....	To put Longfellow on the shelf
Lucille Rines .....	Pette .....	Arguing .....	Ice Cream .....	To be a soapbox suffragette
Lillian Rhodes .....	Blase .....	Reading dime novels .....	Chewing gum .....	To scrape a fiddle
William Runge .....	Henpecked .....	Pressing brick for the government .....	Burning his Dad's gas .....	To be a movie hero
Ruth Steinmeyer .....	Substantial .....	Fussing .....	Playing basketball .....	To get married



## SENIOR STATISTICS

1. Biggest grumbler—Ruth Steinmeyer
2. Biggest bluffer—Roby Laing
3. Biggest loafer—Marian Gove
4. Biggest sport—Katherine Aycocke
5. Biggest flirt—Fannie Reba Munson
6. Biggest fibber—Lillian Rhodes
7. Most conceited—Ruth Hand
8. Laziest—Ruth Kanner
9. Silliest—Fannie Reba Munson
10. Most amiable—Gertrude Little
11. Biggest talker—Annie Anderson
12. Wittiest—Lillian Rhodes
13. Best all round athlete—Arthur Greene
14. Primmest—Lucille Rines
15. Most demure—Annie Cameron
16. Crankiest—Ruth Little
17. Most musical—William Runge
18. Most poetic—Oliver Murrell
19. Most stylish—Katherine Aycocke
20. Biggest giggler—Ruth Steinmeyer.

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## SENIOR BRIGHT BITS

Imagine

Ruth Steinmeyer—flirting?  
Katherine Aycocke—passing a good looking fellow without looking at him?  
Lillian Rhodes—without her chewing gum?  
Oliver Murrell—not cutting monkey shines?  
Marian Gove—with her face dirty?  
Ruth Little—holding a boy's hand?  
Roby Laing—wearing number three shoes?  
Annie Anderson—talking like a magpie?  
Gertrude Little—eating in school?  
William Runge—sassing teacher?  
Lucille Rines—agreeing to anything?  
Ruth Kanner—not pulling a bone?  
Fannie Reba Munson—being dignified?  
Arthur Greene—ignoring Freshmen?  
Annie Cameron—singing a solo?  
Ruth Hand—looking pleasantly on Freshmen?

L. R.

## INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

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Much attention has been given by schools recently to the different needs of boys and girls as regards their preparation for life. Courses of study have been planned to meet the proposed needs of the boy, and have been offered without modification or alternative choice, to the girls.

We have heard much in the last year about the industrial side of education. We have been told that we are developing lazy children by keeping them seated for five hours a day, pouring over problems that exist only for the imagination. Forever working imaginary problems makes a child impractical when he meets a real problem.

We are told that the reason Germany stands so well in industrial lines is because all the children she sends through her schools go out with real industrial skill to meet life's problems. If we would hold our own, or forge to the front, industrially, the children, too, must have industrial skill of some sort.

If we are to have industrial arts in our schools, the questions come, "What arts are possible? What arts are practical? Just what may we expect to accomplish through any given art?"

Schools must give such industrial training as will demand of the child brain power as well as skill with the hands. They should endeavor to develop all power the child possesses; to give every boy the use of his hands through exercises in the use of the carpenter's tools, not only for the training there is in such exercise, but to discover mechanical ability, and to teach respect for labor; to teach every girl the arts of the home-maker—to cook economically and scientifically, to decorate simply and tastefully, and to make and mend her own clothes.

Again, a considerable amount of industrial work done well opens the eyes of the children to the world of things all about them. When a city boy raises and gathers his first garden crop there is an intelligent interest in every vegetable he sees in the market. For the boy who prints a pamphlet all the world of printed matter has an interest which hours of talk on the art of printing could never have produced. When a boy has made a footstool and a chair every object of furniture in his own home takes on new meaning to him.

A good bit of industrial work well done in the twelve years of public school will do much to hold the children longer and to give them better mental equipment for life. Five per cent only of children entering first grade graduate from high school. Why not give the ninety five per cent a chance to find the thing for which they are created, by giving them a variety of industrial activities by which they might find themselves? For the five per cent who graduate from the high school the industrial work could hardly fail to give new meaning to life, to give them a good foundation of material facts, and to deepen their sympathies for the large numbers who must work with their hands.

A child who takes part in mechanical work in the school has a greater respect for manual labor, and is more willing to bear his just burdens in the home.

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We have now arrived at the close of our Junior year, and, looking backward, it is rather hard to realize that only three short years ago we were green, unsophisticated Freshmen.

As Freshmen, we decided that high school life was just the thing, in spite of the remarks of upper classmen regarding the giddy ways of those "little freshies." We changed our minds in the Sophomore year, when things went uphill a little, and we had to do more studying. However, this class is noted for its brilliance along that line, for all records were broken when the entire class escaped several mid term exams.

The Junior year is probably the most enjoyable of the four—haunted only by the nightmare, geometry. One more year of this work and suspense, and we can be sure of our diplomas, the sign of a successful High School career.

We are justly proud of our class and its record, which is of the best, and of the fact that it has done its part creditably in the various interests of the school.

We started this year with an enrollment of twenty, but our number has dwindled for different reasons. We hope these members will be back again next year that all may reach the goal together.



JUNIOR CLASS

### To the Seniors

Here's to you, lucky Seniors,  
May you never regret the hours  
Of good, hard study you spent here  
To fit you for trying your powers.

How we envy you your diplomas  
And your hearts so free from care;  
Only one more year before us,  
And then our class will be there.

Your bright and merry faces,  
Your songs and laughter gay,  
Will linger in our memories  
For many and many a day.

Farewell, you happy Seniors,  
Who are ending your school days here;  
We'll think of you very often  
When we take your places next year.

—E. Lovejoy, '18.

### The Future

I stood on the bridge at midnight  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And a vision rose before my eyes  
Of the Juniors and their morrow.  
And like those gone before them  
Out into the wide, wide world,  
Each one a different talent  
Than the other soon unfurled.  
One seemed like a great musician,  
Bringing tears to people's eyes;  
Another a wonderful artist  
Who paints life before it dies.  
They all seemed very happy  
And had this much to say:  
"Each one of us has been gifted  
By God, in His wise, wise way."  
No one had reason to murmur  
As we each went our several ways,  
Rewarded for patient study  
In our Sanford High School days.

—Zeta Davison. '18.

### Junior Jingles

A certain bright Junior has a great talent,  
So says one of our teachers,  
For going on the vaudeville stage  
And shocking all the preachers.

Edna Chittenden has the biggest laugh  
Of any person in the Junior Class.  
She laughs in the morning,  
She laughs at night,  
She laughs forever  
With all her might.

We made a record here last term,  
We skipped examinations,  
We made our general average  
And escaped the lamentations.

—C. L. Walker, '18.

### A Toast to the Juniors

Here's to the Juniors, the merry old class,  
To all its teachers both present and past.  
Here's to the future, be it what it may!  
Here's to the joy of our graduating day!

Here's to the Seniors of old '17,  
So happy and smiling and fair,  
And here's to those who would like to be,  
But are wondering when and where.

—Lucille Denton, '18.

Old Uncle Jerry's rheumatism was growing worse. The voodoo doctor called and gave him a prescription of which the principal ingredient was buzzard oil.

After catching a plump bird, he proceeded to roast it in order to get the oil. As he had lost sleep the night before he dozed off while the fowl was cooking. While he was asleep, his two grandsons came to visit him. On seeing what they thought was a chicken roasting, they thought it would be a great joke on grandpa to steal his chicken and eat it. The plans were successfully carried out.

Uncle Jerry slumbered peacefully on. The boys went around the corner of the cabin to see what he would do when he woke up and missed his chicken. A few minutes later, Uncle Jerry stirred and woke up with a start. The buzzard which was roasting beautifully before he fell asleep was gone. Dogs, thieves and grandsons travelled through his brain. Was he to have rheumatism the rest of his days?

Seeing no one in sight he arose and painfully limped around the cabin. The two youngsters saw him coming and assumed innocent expressions on their black faces. After hearing Uncle Jerry's inquiry, "Whar my roas' buzzard?," their expressions changed from innocence to sickly horror. They exchanged guilty glances. I draw the curtain.

Moral: Look twice before you eat."

M. B. L. '18.

If Martha is Brown  
Is Robert Green?  
If Gertrude is Little  
Is Nellie Long?  
If Muriel and Lillian are Rhodes  
Is Izetta a Stone?  
If Mary walks Miles  
Does Clifford out Walker?  
If Zeta likes Campbell  
Does Elita Lovejoy?  
If Leslie is a Hill  
Is Frank a Chappell?  
If Jack is a Leach  
Does Mary Belle Lynch?  
If Lucille and Adele are Rines  
Is Robert a Cobb?

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Here we are! The Sophomore class of the Sanford High School! We feel this year that we have really arrived here. Last year we could not realize that we were actually in High School, but now we are firmly established at last.

The Sophomore is the "twixt and between" class. In the Freshman year everyone takes notice of you, as you are the newest class. In the Junior year you are spoken of as the coming Senior class, while in the Senior class there is graduation and the breaking of school ties.

So the Sophomore class generally drops more or less out of the public eye. No one pays much attention to you, you are there—that's all. You are supposed to dig and study away without making yourself conspicuous.

But we have not allowed ourselves to be lost sight of for a moment. I think whatever may be said of us it will not be that we are of a retiring disposition; indeed, rather the opposite.

We are a good all round class. In the athletic field we have contributed more than our share. Football, basketball, baseball, we are right there in all of them. We are well represented among the musical and artistic talent of the school. Did I hear some one say "How about brains?" Plenty of 'em, let me assure you. That is one thing that is not aminus quality in our class. Perhaps none of us will ever set the world on fire with our learning, but we are all doing our best and trying to follow our class motto, "Crescut scientia" "May knowledge increase."

In two more years we shall come to the surface with a splurge and a splash. As we are next to the largest class in High School we intend to accomplish something worth while.

So just keep your eyes on the Class of 1919.



SOPHMORE CLASS

## THE SILENT VOICE

The little village lay sweltering in the early afternoon sun. There was nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of other commonplace little towns that are scattered from one end of Florida to the other. On the long straggling main street a few discouraged looking stores were making a fight for existence. The houses were mostly cheap frame ones. At one side of the village a little group of negro shanties were huddled, each with its accompanying little garden plot. In the distance the dark green foliage of a pine forest could be seen stretching as far as the eye could see. This was one of the few forest reserves in Florida. Frame this picture in a soft stretch of blue sky, and you have the village of Pineville.

A tall, middle aged man stood on the little platform that served as a station. Every now and then he would start pacing up and down, stopping to gaze up the track for the faint smudge of smoke that would signal the coming of the already over due train. He finally went into the rickety little telegraph station, and asked the yawning clerk why the train was late. The operator told him that owing to a tie up the train was delayed forty minutes.

"Expecting some one, Mr. Mazell," he asked familiarly.

"Yes, my niece will be here. She is going to spend the summer with me."

With these words he passed on out, calming his impatience as best he could. He took a letter from his pocket and opened it with the air of who one who is already familiar with the contents. The letter looked somewhat worn as if it had been read and re-read. It was written in a clear, girlish hand, and ran as follows:

Amherst College.

Dear Uncle David:

This will have to be just a little note, for of course everything and everybody is very much excited and upset now. I am writing this to let you know that I will come as we planned, on the 2:30 train Tuesday.

I can scarcely realize that tomorrow will end my college days, and by this time then I will be a dignified graduate of Amherst. I fear the only visible sign of my newly acquired dignity will be an imposing B. A. after my name. Those two letters seem a lot to work four long years for, don't they? The learned gentleman who delivered our baccalaureate sermon told us, among about fifty other things, that tomorrow when we received our diplomas we would be launched on "the sea of life." Now, I am very glad that the current of this "sea" is to bear me down to Florida, and leave me in peace there for the summer. Well, uncle dear, you see your frivolous niece is still as scatter brained as ever. That is one respect I haven't changed in.

Just think! I haven't seen you for four long years, not since the time when you had that troublesome cough, and the doctor ordered you south. It will be lots of fun getting to know each other again, won't it?

Bye, bye, until Tuesday.

Your niece,

Jane.

Just as he finished reading the letter, he glanced up and saw that the much looked for train was at last coming down the track, at a snail's pace. Almost before the train stopped, which it did with that little jerk characteristic of all country trains, a tall girl dressed in blue ran down the steps.

"Oh, Uncle David——" she cried. In an instant he felt a pair of vigorous young arms around his neck, and some one laughing and crying on his shoulder. He said nothing; indeed he could not, for his orphaned niece was inexpressibly dear to him, just as her mother had been before her. Jane recovered first, and in a few moments she was laughing and talking about a dozen things at once.

Mr. Mazell collected Jane's baggage and conducted her to a little buckboard which was tied under a nearby tree. Soon they were going down the road at a pace little short of marvelous when one considered the antiquity of the mule. They talked and talked as people will do when they haven't seen each other for years. In a lull in the conversation Mr. Mazell said affectionately, "I didn't know I had such a handsome niece, Jane. You are the very picture of your mother."

She was indeed a beautiful girl. Her laughing face was framed in a wealth of dusky black hair which clung closely to her small aristocratic head. Her complexion was of the creamy transparent type, with a dash of red in her cheeks, which denoted perfect health. Her brown eyes had the habit of looking straight at you, and gave her a singularly frank look. She was tall and slim. Altogether, Jane Perry was a girl that once seen was not easily forgotten.

"Now, Jane," Mr. Mazell said in a tone of mock gravity, "I don't want to raise any false hopes, so I'll tell you the bitter truth at once. You needn't expect to have any summer flirtation, for there isn't a boy around here anywhere."

"Uncle, how will I ever stand it without one single man?" She laughed as she said this.

Chattering thus lightly they rode on, drawing nearer and nearer to the camp. The road at first had been made of white sand, but as they rode further it was carpeted with the pine needles from the trees. They had ridden along some time in silence when Mr. Mazell said, "We are almost there, Jane." Even as he spoke they turned the curve and came in view of "Cohasse Camp." Jane took in the scene in one delighted glance. In the midst of a pine forest stood a low, wide bungalow, stained a restful brown. It gave the impression of coolness and comfort, just to look at it. All around stood gigantic pines. Long festoons of grey Spanish moss trailed from their branches almost touching the roof. To the left was a tiny lake. The last rays of the setting sun tinted it to a sea of burnished copper. Against the dark green foliage it made a beautiful picture. A little boat house stood at the edge, and a long pier ran out from it into the lake.

"How beautiful," breathed Jane.

"Yes," said Mr. Mazell with a shade of complacency in his voice, "I think it is a neat little place." "Cohassee," he explained, "means 'among the pines.'"

## II.

The next morning after breakfast Jane and her uncle sat on the veranda talking.

"I'll have to go on my daily rounds in an hour," said Mr. Mazell, looking at his watch. "The work of a forester on the reserves is not hard. I have to ride over a different part every day, so I can be on the lookout for thieves, fires, and diseases of the trees. The pine is a very healthy tree, so I don't have much trouble on that score. I think," he said longingly, changing the subject, "that I would give a dollar for a newspaper now. They are mighty scarce out in these woods."

"Why, that reminds me that I did bring you some papers. I had forgotten it. Wait a moment and I'll go and get them." With this Jane ran into her room, soon re-appearing with a large bundle of papers which she gave to Mr. Mazell.

"Good," said he. "I'm not able to get newspapers here very often, and you know how a man feels when he doesn't get the war news. Let's see how the war's getting on."

Settling himself more comfortably in his chair, he scanned the headlines. "H'm, talk of German plots, I see. That looks as if it might be interesting." He read aloud the following:

"A number of diplomatic secrets have been leaking out in quite an unaccountable way. It is thought that some hirling of Germany must occupy a position of trust in the government, and send the secrets to his accomplice, but nothing definite has been found out yet."

"Messages have been picked up by different wireless stations which bear no registered number. Owing to the impending war, President Wilson has ordered all private and public wireless stations to cease sending messages, except under the order of the government. All stations that are authorized to send messages have a registered number."

"Some of these messages which bear no number were in code, others were not. A prominent official in wireless circles had suspicions regarding these messages, and had a noted code decipherer work on the code, and the result was that his suspicions were found correct. In these messages were a number of important matters, which were supposed to be a profound secret."

"This mysterious wireless station, officials say, is obliged to be in the southern part of Florida. It is very probable that it is in a dense forest, so as to escape detection. The tall, wireless mast is very hard to conceal, however, and it is hoped that the station will soon be discovered. A number of the best secret service men are working on the problem now."

"If any one finds any trace of this station they are requested to communicate with the government at once."

"How interesting." Why, mused Jane, "it might be on this very reserve for all we know. It answers all of the requirements nicely—'southern part of Florida,' 'dense woods,' But, Uncle," she continued in a different tone, "whoever is that coming up the road?"

"That is Sing Lu. He is my man of all work. I count myself lucky to get him in this wilderness. He comes every morning at this time, and leaves either about the middle of the afternoon or after supper. He is an excellent cook."

By the time they had finished speaking the Chinaman was almost upon them.

"Good morning, Sing Lu," said Mr. Mazell pleasantly. "This is my niece who will spend the summer with me. She will be your new mistress, and I warn you that I believe she will be a harder one than I was," he ended laughingly.

Jane looked at him with some interest. He was a typical Chinaman of perhaps forty years old, with beady oblique eyes, and a coarse black cue. His yellow mask like face had an inscrutable expression on it. But as he made her a jerky little bow and mumbled, "Please to meet missie," she thought for a moment that she caught a fleeting look of speculation in his shifty black eyes. She could not be sure for the next instant he was walking around the house. He entered the kitchen, and soon she heard him rattling the pans, his loose slipper flapping on the floor as he walked.

"Well I'm off," said Mr. Mazell, consulting his watch again. "Amuse yourself the best you can until I return."

Jane watched his erect figure ride out of sight, then went into the house to write some letters.

"I'm going to do it," Jane told herself with determination in her voice. "Here I have a whole afternoon to myself, and I mean to take a walk."

It was a lovely afternoon some two weeks later since we had last left our heroine. As Jane had been rather tired out with her commencement she had kept pretty closely to the house and grounds, amusing herself writing letters and reading. Her active nature has soon revolted at this; hence her decision to go walking.

"I'm not going to bother to change, although I've got on some ridiculous walking rig." She glanced down at herself as she said this. Her little French heeled bronze slippers, and dainty green frock were indeed not suitable for walking.

She ran into the house and got her hat, and then started off into the forest. She walked boldly down the first path she came to until she began to feel rather tired, then stopped and consulted her wrist watch. She found she had been away from home about three quarters of an hour. She glanced around. She had left the more open forest and was in, what she surmised to be, the edge of a swamp. The trees grew closely together, while luxuriant ferns were everywhere. A thick velvety moss carpeted the ground here and there. Every now and then a brilliantly plumaged bird, or a shimmering winged butterfly flew past.

Jane looked back into the long, open stretch of forest she had left behind her. It looked hot when compared to the cool, shady recess she was in. She suddenly discovered that she was hot, and that her feet hurt her.

"You foolish girl," she chided to herself, "what else did you expect when you started out in the middle of a hot summer afternoon with such heels as those."

Walking a few steps further she seated herself behind some big sweet gum trees. With a sigh of content she kicked off her slippers, then took off her hat, and swinging it by the ribbons tossed it to the other side of the opening. She was already feeling cooler. She closed her eyes. The hot glare of the sun and the lazy drone of the pollen laden bees made her drowsy. Before she knew it, she was soon nodding. Her thoughts grew dim and confused, and in spite of herself she was soon fast asleep.

She made a pretty picture as she lay there, her black hair cradled on the green moss. After sleeping for some time she awoke with a start.

"Well, of all things," she murmured with a drowsy little yawn, "I must have been asleep."

Suddenly she sat upright, every sense alert. Yes, there was no doubt about it, some one was coming through the forest.

She caught her breath in sudden terror, what should she do?

Her uncle had told her that people rarely came into the reserve. What if it was a timber thief? She hastily pulled on her slippers.

"I'll stay right here. It's off the path and whoever it is won't see me at all."

By this time the steps were near by. She peeped through the bushes. With much rustling two palmettoes parted and a young man stepped through. He was not the kind of person one would expect to see in the depths of a forest. His suit of knaki was new, but had briars and mud stains on it. He had on his shoulders a heavy box. As he came into the shady opening he threw the box on the ground and heaved a sigh of relief. He started to step forward and sit on the box, but stumbled on a root and fell on one knee.

"Darn!" he said explosively.

Jane could have laughed aloud in her relief. There was evidently nothing to fear from this frank young man who stumbled over roots, and then said "Darn" with such vigor.

The young man had seated himself on the box by this time. He pulled off his hat and fanned his perspiring face. He was also evidently finding the day hot.

Jane looked at him, pulling the bushes a little further open. "H. M." she soliloquized.

"Undoubtably good looking. Mouth firm but humorous, while those little crinkles about his eyes denote that he is an understanding kind of person. That six feet of his means that he was rather a power in his football team when he was in college. That wasn't so very

long ago either. I should say he was about twenty-four. But goodness," interrupting her own thoughts, "Why don't he go? I'm sure I don't want to stay here all day, and I'll have to stay until he goes. Well, to amuse myself until then, I'll analyze him and his character" with something perilously like a giggle she continued as she looked at his wavy brown hair. "I should say that you have not been away from civilization very long, as you have the very latest hair cut that the college boys were taking up when I left. Oh, dear, my foot's all cramped from sitting on it, why doesn't he leave?" Suddenly she noticed that the subject of her speculation was gazing intently at something. She followed his gaze, and found that there on the ground lay that ill fated hat of hers! The man went over and picked it up and looked at it, turning it over and over in his big bronzed hands. It was really a frivolous little hat, the last thing one would expect to see in such a place, all frilly and lacy with ribbons and rosebuds on it.

"A woman's hat," the man repeated in astonishment.

In spite of her vexation Jane almost laughed aloud. He did look so helpless, standing there with the little hat dangling limply by its ribbons from his fingers. Then looking at the ground he continued, "and high heeled shoes, as I live."

As his eyes were already following the prints of her slippers Jane decided that the time for action had come. "This is the most ridiculous situation I ever found myself in. I'll just have to get up and go claim my hat, or he'll come and find me hiding here." But even as she said this to herself, it was too late. In two strides he had crossed the opening and before she knew it he was standing before her. Jane's face crimsoned. It was bad enough to be caught hiding like a little girl.

At the sight of her he snatched off his hat, his face burning with confusion.

With as much dignity as she could muster Jane got to her feet. She held out her hand and said in chilly accents, "Will you please give me my hat?"

As she spoke the young man's tongue seemed to lose its slowness and was galvanized into action.

"Why-er, what will you think of me, running in upon you like this? I had no idea the owner of the hat was so near. I heard a noise down toward the swamp awhile ago, and I was just wondering if anyone had gotten lost, stuck or something. I've just been trudging through these infernal woods myself, so I know what it is."

As he finished speaking a cow pushed her head through the bushes, and regarded them with large questioning eyes.

"See," said the young man triumphantly, "that cow must have been the noise I heard. Won't you please excuse me for butting in on you like I did. I know I'm an awful chump."

In spite of her anger, Jane felt herself relenting. His boyish ingenuousness was disarming.

"Why, there is nothing at all to forgive," she said smiling faintly, "and now, if you will give me my hat I will go. Good day," she added as he handed it to her. She turned and started to walk away.

"Er, wait a minute," the young man called out. "I have lost my way in these woods, and I don't know what to do. Can you tell me if this path leads out? By the way," he took an envelope out of his pocket, "perhaps you can tell me where Mr. Mazell, the keeper of the forest reserve, lives."

"Why, yes, I could," said Jane. "I am his niece, and live with him."

"That's fortunate"—it was not quite clear to Jane what was fortunate, but she said nothing—"I am a naturalist, and wish to secure his permission to camp around here, and secure specimens from the swamp. Now, if you would direct me——"

"If you wish to see Uncle David," Jane answered, "You can come with me, as I am going there now."

"Good," said the young man eagerly. "By the way my name is James Westall, commonly called Jimmy for short," he added daringly.

Jane smiled. "And I am Jane Mazell. And now as we are properly introduced, I propose that we start for home, as uncle will be worried about me."

Assenting, the young man (or Jimmy as we will call him henceforth) picked up his box, and they started homeward. On the way he explained to her about the kind of specimens he wished to secure.

"I'm particularly interested in moths," he told her. "There is no doubt but what there are a great many specimens in the swamp."

By the time the house had come in view they were talking like old friends.

"I say, what a charming place," Jimmy said as they came in sight of the bungalow. "It looks rather out of place in this wilderness."

"That's just what I told uncle. There he is now, wondering, no doubt, what has become of me."

"Jane, you rascal, you gave me a scare," said Mr. Mazell as they came up. "I couldn't imagine where you were." He looked inquiringly at the tall stranger beside her.

"Uncle, this is Mr. Westall, a naturalist, who had lost his way. As he has business with you I brought him up with me." When she had introduced the two, she excused herself and went into the house.

After she had rearranged her hair, thinking about something she had forgotten to tell Sing Lu regarding the supper she stepped to the door of the dining room. On the threshold she stood still with amazement. Sing Lu stood at the dining room door, looking out at where the two men were conversing. He had dropped the mask from his face. The expression of a hunted animal was on it, while rage, terror and hate, all strove for mastery there. His lips were drawn back from his yellow teeth in a snarl. Shaking his fist and muttering some jargon he disappeared into the kitchen.

Jane almost pinched herself to make sure that she was not dreaming. What was there in the boyish naturalist to arouse such feelings in the Chinaman? Shrugging her shoulders and telling herself that she had attached too much importance to what she had seen, she dismissed the matter from her mind.

Mr. Mazell invited the naturalist to stay for supper and he, of course, accepted the invitation. When they were seated at the table and were waiting for Sing Lu to serve the supper Jane determined to watch the naturalist when the Chinaman came in. Just then Sing Lu appeared, his face impassive. Jane looked at Jimmy. When he saw the Chinaman he gave an almost imperceptible start, while his eyes narrowed thoughtfully. But he soon recovered himself and was talking to Mr. Mazell about forestry. He was an interesting talker, keeping them amused with his numerous stories.

He took his leave soon after supper, having gained Mr. Mazell's permission to camp on the reserve.

As Jane kissed her uncle good night she said laughingly, "Well, Uncle dear, now you are not always right. You told me, if you remember, that there were no adventures or young men down this way. Now in a single afternoon I've had an adventure, and met a young man. What do you say to that?" Without giving him time to speak she ran into the house, but at the door she stopped, and peeping around it roguishly said, "I also got something else this afternoon that were not nearly so agreeable. Don't you want to know what they were? A great big blister on each heel." Laughing gaily she went to her room.

"Bless her," mused Mr. Mazell, smoking his evening pipe, "I don't see how I'll ever do without her again."

### Chapter III.

The days that followed were spent very pleasantly by Jane. Every afternoon she took a long walk. Sometimes she was accompanied by Jimmy and sometimes not. He devoted his mornings to the collecting of specimens, but generally had the afternoon free. A strong friendship had sprung up between the two. They had many tastes in common and were ideal companions.

The days had lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into a month since Jimmy had arrived on the reserve.

One afternoon they were sitting on the steps after coming in from their walk.

"Jane," said Jimmy suddenly (it was "Jimmy" and "Jane" now) "let's go for a row."

"Just the thing," answered Jane, "as it rained last night, and the boat was outside, no doubt it will have to be baled out. I'd better go and get some newspapers to dry the seats off with."

As there was only a little water in the boat Jimmy had it almost baled out by the time Jane had come down with the newspapers. Jane gathered up her blue linen skirts and stepped into the boat, and they were soon plying over the water, propelled by Jimmy's powerful strokes.

Boating was one of Jane's favorite amusements. She gave a sigh of content and leaned back in the seat, idly trailing her hands in the water. They rode for sometime in silence.

Her glance fell upon one of the newspapers which had fallen to the bottom of the boat. She reached forward and picked it up.

"Why, this is one of the old newspapers I brought to uncle when I came," she exclaimed. "By the way, have they ever located that secret wireless station yet? I had almost forgotten all about it. I remember saying to uncle when he read the article that it might be on this very reserve. Have they located it yet?"

Jimmy did not answer. Somewhat surprised Jane looked up. On his face was a look of mingled surprise and chagrin. Seeing her enquiring look he said hastily:

"Why-er, I believe not." And then looking around as if for inspiration continued, "Isn't that a fine specimen of a fish hawk over there?"

But Jane saw through his ruse to change the subject, and said, "Oh, I don't want to talk about fish hawks, this is much more interesting. I think wireless is awfully strange and interesting anyway. It is a 'silent voice' that calls all over the world. I would like to know more about it.

But Jimmy did not appear interested, and seemed desirous of changing the subject. So Jane said nothing more about it.

After they had returned from the boat ride, and Jimmy was on the point of leaving he said, "I'm awfully sorry that I can't come over tomorrow afternoon. I'm going to Pineville."

"Then we can't take that walk over to the western side as we had planned, can we?" cried Jane in disappointment.

"I'm afraid not," he assented. "We'll have to postpone that until some other time."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," she said lightly. Good night, Jimmy."

Why were Jane's cheeks flaming and her heart beating a little faster as she went into the house? Was it because he had held her hand a little longer than usual when he said good night, and was it because he had looked at her so long, while his nice brown eyes had said much? Ah, Jane, you had better hide your guilty blushes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next afternoon Jane was rather undecided whether to take her walk or not.

"Jimmy said to wait until he could go, but I believe I'll walk over toward the place we were going to anyway. Here I haven't a blessed thing to do this whole afternoon."

She and Jimmy had planned to visit the western part of the reserve, where her uncle had told them there were many wild flowers. As she had set her heart on gathering some, she started out alone. She walked rapidly and soon came to the place where the wild flowers were. A little stream of clear golden water trickled along, and it was on this bank the flowers were.

There was every color of the rainbow, yellow, scarlet, red, white, pink and many others. She knelt down among them and gathered a large bunch. "You dear things," she said, laying her cheek against their bright little heads. "Now for a few ferns." She glanced around. A large green fern on a palmetto tree caught her eye. "Just the thing I want. I'll climb up on that stump and get it." She got the fern, but as she started to get off the stump her foot caught and she fell headlong into a thick net work of vines. The fall did not hurt her, but she was somewhat dazed. She sat up and looked around. To her surprise she saw that her fall had loosened the vines and a little path lay beyond. The opening had been cleverly concealed by the vines. One would never have thought of it being there.

"Providence seems to want me to explore that little path, or she evidently wouldn't have pitched me into it," she told herself with a somewhat rueful laugh. "I like to explore unknown places anyway, so I'll go up this path. Sticking the stems of the flowers in the water so they would not wilt, Jane struck boldly up the path. On each side was thick undergrowth. As she walked on she had an impending feeling that something was going to happen.

The path suddenly merged into a little open space. The undergrowth had been cleared away, and a little hut thatched with palmettoes stood under one of the tall trees. But what caused Jane's heart to beat suffocatingly was the tall thin structure that rose from the house. Yes, there was no doubt about it; it was a wireless mast. Jane had seen one once before on board a ship, so there was no possibility of a mistake. Her trembling knees gave way from under her and she sank to the ground.

"Oh, I do believe it's the secret wireless station," she breathed. "But whoever could be operating it?" As she was thus thinking a sound came from within the house. The thought flashed to Jane's bemuddled mind that she must get away from the road, or the person might come out and discover her. So as quickly as her shaking limbs would permit she crawled behind some bushes, where she could see without being seen. The question uppermost in her mind was, who was in the house?

Even as she thought this, the tall figure of a man stepped through the door, and looked furtively around him. The sunlight came down through the trees and fell on him. It lighted up his whole face, bringing into prominence his firm but rather humorous mouth, as it played hide and seek in his wavy brown hair.

The world swam around Jane for she recognized the man. It was———Jimmy Westall!

"No! No!" she gasped, "It can't be true. I'm just dreaming. If I close my eyes a moment the illusion will be gone." She closed her eyes for a second, but when she opened them, alas! Jimmy was still there. On his face was a look of keen satisfaction. Suddenly he swung lightly around on his heel and disappeared in the forest.

Jane pressed her hands to her head. She must think. Jimmy! a masquerader—a traitor! It was not possible. Yet there were the cold facts. He had just come out of a

hidden wireless station. He had told her he was to be in town, yet he was here. Proof after proof came to her mind. She recalled little things he had said. She recalled how, just the previous afternoon when she had inadvertently mentioned the wireless station, his subtle change of manner, his startled looks. No, there seemed to be no doubt, although she tried hard to find some loop hole.

"Oh, Jimmy," a girl's heartbroken cry floated through the stillness, "How could you, how could you!" Finally, summoning all of her strength she staggered to her feet and walked unsteadily homeward.

That night after supper she and Mr. Mazell were sitting on the veranda, watching the moon rise out of the lake. Suddenly a step broke the stillness of the night, and a little later a man's genial voice said, "Hello, Jane, hello, Uncle David, I've just gotten back from town and thought I'd drop in awhile."

Jane's heart gave a great bound, but she said in a careless tone, "Why, hello, Jimmy, back already?"

He laughed, "Well, to tell the truth, I didn't expect to get back so soon, but my business turned out very favorably." He hesitated a moment and then repeated, with something like triumph in his voice, "Very favorably indeed."

In her heart Jane said to herself, "I wonder that he has the nerve to sit up there and say that, but then he little suspects I have found him out. I must keep the farce of friendship to the end, he must not suspect."

Aloud she said, "How are your tests coming out regarding the Monarch butterfly?" And they were soon deep in a discussion of this. Mr. Mazell, as he was tired, excused himself and went into the house.

Jane was feverishly gay. They talked on different things, and whenever they came to a tilt of arms she brought her keen wit into play, and with a woman's intuition always managed to score off of Jimmy.

He could not understand this new mood of Jane's. He did not know that from time immemorial when a woman is wounded she always hides it, and seeks to hurt in turn the one that hurt her. She was almost like another girl. Her barbed wit had touched him in several places and he was indeed hurt and bewildered. He had come to care for her more than he cared to acknowledge even to himself. He had thought that perhaps she was not altogether indifferent to him. Why not find out his fate now? The suspense was unbearable. Win or lose, he must know. He leaned over and took her hand. "Jane," he said gravely, "I——"

But Jane had seen what was coming, and panic stricken, sought to avert it. Jumping up hastily and jerking her hand away she said with a frivolous little laugh, mimicing his grave voice, "Jimmy, you do look so ridiculous when you try to be solemn. I'm sure if what you are talking about is as grave as your tone and aspect, it must be a bore; so tell me some other time. What, you are not going, are you?" (Jimmy had made no move to go) "Well, if you must—Good-night." And before the astounded Jimmy knew what had happened he found himself standing hat in hand, gazing at a door that had been slammed an instant before.

He turned and strode swiftly away.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week had passed away since that eventful night. It had passed on leaden wings for Jane. Her conscience told her that she should at least tell her uncle of her discovery. But she kept putting it off—waiting for something, she knew not what. She had not seen Jimmy since that night.

This afternoon she was sitting beneath a large pine tree, running over in her mind the events of the past month. She had come on her customary walk, but as the afternoon was warm had sat down under the tree to rest. Her cheeks were a little paler than usual, while her whole manner was one of dejection.

For the hundredth time she put the question to herself, When are you going to disclose the situation of the wireless station? And for the hundredth time gave herself no definite answer. Her uncle had not yet noticed Jimmy's absence. He had been away from home fighting forest fires that threatened to come to the reserve.

Thinking about her affairs made Jane so miserable that before she knew it she was crying as if her heart would break. Exhausted with her weeping she sat there with her head in her hands, unconscious of the passage of time.

Suddenly she sat up with a start. It was almost dark. "I must be getting home," she told herself. But what was that noise? For the first time she perceived that there was an acrid smell of smoke in the air. The crackling of a fire could be heard plainly.

A thought leaped into her mind, "The fires have gotten away from the fire corps."

Through the trees she could plainly see the shimmering red flames that leaped from tree to tree with incredible swiftness. One thought only was uppermost in her mind, that was, to get

away from the cruel fire that was rapidly sweeping toward her. With a cry of terror she turned and plunged into the forest. Panic settled upon her. She lost all sense of direction. She ran as fast as she could. Every now and then she would stumble and fall, but she would get up and struggle on again. One thought kept ringing over and over in her brain, "On, on." It seemed to play a little refrain for her to run by.

All at once she broke through the vines into a little cleared space. The small wooden shack seemed familiar to her. Yes, it was the wireless station. Steadying herself against a tree she rested a moment. Her dazed brain cleared. Yes, it was the station. She must have run miles through the forest in her flight from the fire. She had left it behind, and the wind was bearing it in another direction. She was safe, for a time at least. Suddenly a sound caused her to start. She looked at the tall wireless mast. It was fairly quivering and sharp, spluttering sounds came from it.

Jane put her hands to her face, "It's Jimmy," she whispered to herself. "He's sending some more messages. I must skip the house and try to get home."

Suiting her action to her words, she started to walk around the edge of the clearing. All of a sudden she was thrown violently to her knees. She had stepped in a hole in the ground, and given her ankle a sharp twist. She gave a little cry of pain. It was impossible for her to go on. She tried to rest her weight on her foot, but had to give up with a moan.

Her situation was desperate. There she was, about a mile and a half from home with a twisted ankle. It was already getting dark. Away to her right she could see the glow of the fire.

"I'll just have to crawl to the cabin and ask Jimmy to take me home." Her decision was strengthened by the strong blowing of smoke laden wind in her face. The wind was turning.

Slowly and painfully she crawled along the uneven ground. Sticks and bushes caught at her green linen dress. Her tender hands grew bruised, yet she kept on. Finally she reached the cabin door. She raised up and hit it feebly with her hand. "Jimmy," she called. No sound came from within. She called again, louder this time.

Suddenly the door was flung open and she saw, not the expected Jimmy, but the weakened features of Sing Lu. He seemed as much astonished as she. He was evidently not used to seeing young ladies down on their knees at his door. He recovered quickly and his face took on its customary suave expression.

"What missie want?" he asked blandly.

Jane told him how she had tried to escape from the fire and had sprained her ankle.

"And Sing Lu," she ended, "can't you assist me home in some way?"

"If you will wait a little while," he said after a moment's hesitation. He reached down and assisted her up and into the cabin. He rested her on a chair.

Jane glanced swiftly around. The cabin was divided into two divisions by a rude partition. There was nothing in the room she was in except one or two chairs made from boxes.

Sing Lu disappeared into the other room, saying he would be ready in a short while. She scarcely heard what he said. A riot of thoughts were running through her head. What was Sing Lu doing at this station? Where was Jimmy? To these she could give no answer. Was Sing Lu an accomplice. This seemed improbable. At this point Sing Lu came into the room.

Jane spoke before he had time to say anything. "Where is Jimmy Westall?"

A look of well feigned surprise spread over the Chinaman's face.

"Meester Westall? I not know." Despite her distrust for him, Jane felt he was telling the truth.

"What is this place, Sing Lu?" She next demanded.

He looked at her searchingly, then said, "In China I was a chemist. I experiment here."

Jane knew he was lying. Suddenly a great light broke in upon her.

Standing up and supporting herself by the chair Jane cried excitedly, "You are the man that has been running this wireless station. You are the man that has been receiving such quantities of mail. You are the man that has been the mystery to all who knew you. Don't attempt to deny it."

Sing Lu's face had been a study of conflicting emotions as Jane was speaking. When she finished he took a step toward her and snarled, "You will never——" But he did not finish what he started to say, for suddenly a red glare fell into the room. They looked out of the window simultaneously. The fickle wind had changed and was bearing the fire toward them, while they had been talking it had been coming nearer, until now it was only a short distance off.

With a sharp exclamation the Chinaman was out of the house in an instant, and Jane saw him running off through the forest, his loose clothes flapping wildly.

When Jane saw that she had been left in the cabin alone and helpless all reason deserted her. She took a few halting steps across the floor, then fainted, crumbling up in a pitiful little heap.

The fire swept closer and closer. Still she lay there, unconscious of her deadly peril.

But who is that that comes running up the little path? On his face is a strained expression. He looks wildly from side to side as he goes.

"Jane," he calls in an agonized voice. But there is no answer. He is about to turn around when his eye catches a glint of green. He dashes inside. There is Jane lying on the floor. With a cry of relief he springs forward and picks her up. He runs out of the cabin and down the path he has just come up. Not a second too soon, for the flames were spreading rapidly over the thatched roof.

He goes down the path as fast as he can. Not for nothing has he been the champion track runner at college. Besides he has something to spur him on now.

What was that on his cheek? A drop of rain? another and another. His heart gave a great throb of thankfulness. He slowed down his breakneck speed. He and Jane were well drenched through and through. He stumbled on.

By the time he had reached the bungalow he had barely enough strength to climb the steps. He went through the open door and laid Jane on the couch. How white she looked! His heart contracted with a sudden fear, he put his hand to her heart. No, it was beating.

With a sigh of relief he got some whiskey from the medicine chest and gave her some.

Just then Mr. Mazell, drenched and haggard came through the open door. His face whitened as he looked at Jane. With one bound he was by her side, chafing her hands.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "When I came up to the house this afternoon," Jimmie said simply, "Jane had already gone walking. I sat down and read the papers, and waited for her to come back. Before I knew it, it was almost dark. My uneasiness increased when I saw the fires commencing to rage. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, I started out in search of her. She had fainted when I found her, but look, she is reviving," he added as some faint color began to stir in Jane's cheeks.

Sure enough in a few seconds Jane opened her eyes, "Oh, the fire," she moaned, "the fire is coming closer—"

"Hush, dear, the fire is out," Jimmy reassured her.

Suddenly Jane held out her hands to him. "Jimmy," she said simply, "I did you an injustice. It was Sing Lu instead of you that was operating the wireless station. I saw you there one day, and I thought it was you."

"You thought," gasped Jimmy, "that I was running the works? Why, I didn't know you knew a thing about it. But, just let me confess, I am not really a naturalist, but am in the United States secret service. I'm the youngest, I'll admit."

"Oh," said Jane, "I see everything now."

"When I was sent out on the work of this mystery I obtained some clues. I knew that Sing Lu was the man I was after, but I couldn't locate him. It was pure luck my stumbling on him here. He recognized me, I think. His brother, no doubt, sent him the information from Washington, and he sent it on by wireless. I had a hard time locating the station. I found it the afternoon I told you I was going to town. Do you remember?"

"That's the very afternoon I saw you. Oh, you don't know how I felt when I thought you were a traitor."

"So that's why your manner changed?" he demanded.

"Yes," she answered. "And Jimmy," she continued with a misty little smile, "I'm still waiting to hear what you had to tell me that night."

Alice Means Andes, '19.

## MY ADVENTURES ON RAFFERTY'S CRUISE

If you would now ask me how I came to let myself be persuaded by Rafferty O'leary to go as cabin boy on the trip that he suggested, I could not tell you.

Rafferty was a middle aged seaman of medium height. I could never make myself believe that he had been a sailor, because his face was not red. I have not seen many people with such a winning manner. You could hardly help doing what he asked you to.

"Listen here," he said, "You're a right smart lad, and, so help me, Hannah, I think a lot of you. I do. 'Stead of going to school ev'ry day, you'd ought to be on the high rollin' sea. Why, you'll see cannibals, wonderful cities and all kinds of people. All that's mor'en you'll ever learn in books." You can imagine that all this appealed to me. It would to any active, healthy boy.

Having made all necessary preparations for the trip, I gathered my courage together to what seemed the hardest task, asking my father if I could go. I knew he would say no, and so was not in the least surprised at his answer. Well, I'd just show him that I would go. This was one of the most fool hardy things I ever did, but adventure was in my blood. Why had Rafferty suggested this trip? The more I thought of it, the firmer my resolve to slip away became fixed in my mind. Immediately I went to O'leary and told him what I intended doing.

"That'll be all right," he said. "You jest leave a lil' note tellin' him you went. Why they ain't no harm; more'n that it'll do you lots of good. As for school, pshaw, I don't reckon you'll be gone over four months and what if you are?"

Again hope rose in me, and whistling a merry little tune, I strutted back home.

The night of my departure came. It was pitch dark, and the clouds overhung threateningly. Every now and then the thunder would crash and streaks of lightning would dart across the sky. Cautiously I opened the window, throwing my bundle to the ground, and then I climbed down the large tree that grew near my window. The silence was unbroken save for the bark of a dog now and then, or the occasional honk! honk! of a belated autoist.

When I turned the corner my heart gave a thump, for I saw the familiar policeman not ten feet away from me. I quickly slipped into a dark, narrow alley. Then, after he had passed, I stealthily emerged and again started on my way.

When I reached the wharf no one was there but Rafferty.

"The early bird catches the worm," he said, and pinched my arm so hard that I could hardly refrain from screaming. After about five minutes the crew began to arrive. They were a rough looking set of men. The majority had red faces, and almost every word that they uttered would be followed by a curse.

I began to repent that I had consented to go on the trip, but when O'leary yelled, "All men in the boats," my faith again began to rise, and I forgot all my fears, as we started rowing toward the large tramp which lay a little distance out in the river.

I had no sooner climbed aboard than I began inspecting the boat. Since the town in which I had lived was a small seaport I had seen many kinds of boats. In fact, I knew more about them than the average boy of my age.

After a very short while the land began to slowly disappear from view. If you have ever started on a long trip by water, you will know exactly how I felt.

One night while at dinner, after we had been out a few days, we were all surprised to hear a rather graty voice say, "Howdy, O'leary."

Rafferty's face turned white, then the blood rushed to it, and his eyes looked very strange. Suddenly he gained control of himself, and said in a voice that did not have a particle of surprise in it, "How'd you get here, Kirkwood?"

"They's plenty of time to explain," Kirkwood answered. "You kin finish eatin' and atter awhile I'll tell you. You might ask me to have a bite of somethin'."

All through the meal Rafferty was very talkative. Every now and then I would lift my eyes and look at Kirkwood. This is what I saw: A heavy set man with sandy colored hair, a right arm that twitched every few minutes, and small black eyes that appeared to take in everything.

As I was very sleepless that night I decided to go on deck. No moon shone, there were no stars in the sky and the night was such a solid black that I could not see my hand before me.

The canvas cover of one of the life boats had come off. I had found a way all my own of getting into it, and usually when I had nothing else to do I would lie down in the boat and dream. I always was careful that no one saw me.

After being in the boat about five minutes I heard two voices which I easily recognized. I could barely distinguish two forms. Soon I heard the familiar voice of Kirkwood say in a

breathless tone, "If yuh give me the map that yuh took from Raynard, I'll not bother yuh. I know the direction of the island but don't know the location of the mines."

"Well, I aint goin' to do it. Yuh know good and well he give it to me to settle up a small debt he owed me 'cause he needed money, and we made up the difference. I know those mines are good though. I'll never give them to you."

Rafferty had just finished these words, when Kirkwood leaped at him. They grappled fiercely. Kirkwood pulled a small roll of paper out of O'leary's shirt. For a second I thought he would throw Rafferty over the railing. Then O'leary caught him, pinning him against the rail. A large wave rocked the boat, hurling Rafferty to the floor of the deck and throwing Kirkwood into the water. James Kirkwood was dead, but with him he had taken the map of the mines.

Never before had I seen a man killed intentionally or accidentally. I felt sick. For days I could not look Rafferty straight in the face, for fear of betraying that I knew the secret. This gradually wore off, especially as my interest was now wholly occupied with the surroundings. I had overheard O'leary tell the pilot to be careful to avoid a certain sunken reef which was very dangerous.

Three nights had passed since I heard Rafferty's instructions to the pilot. Suddenly about midnight of the fourth night I was startled to hear a scraping sound. I quickly jumped up. The boat was rapidly filling.

I had my arms lifted above my head ready to jump into the water, when some one grabbed hold of my arm.

"That's foolish kid. You oughta know I mean to take care of you. I don't know why it is I think so much of you, but I ain't goin' to let you drown. Don't make any noise. I got a boat over here. Hurry up and get in it," Rafferty whispered.

I started to take one of the oars but O'leary would not let me, saying, "I reckon I know how to row."

I spent a long, weary night, but finally I fell asleep in the bottom of the boat. Towards morning Rafferty called me. I awoke with a start; not far distant I saw land.

As soon as we landed, I suggested that we explore the place. The glare of the sun on the white beach hurt my eyes. I told O'leary, and he said that we should try to make a break through the woods somewhere.

"There'd right to be somebody living on this place," he said as we carefully crawled through the underbush.

I was thirsty, hungry and tired when my eyes fell upon a narrow path. We must have both seen it at the same time, for each called the other's attention to it almost simultaneously.

The pathway led up from the beach. We had walked a quarter of a mile, when we came to a little house. This gave me new hope, as I thought surely this was a sign of habitation on the island.

It was a small white cottage, with a green shingled roof. The small porch was profusely covered with green vines, some of which had red flowers, others purple or white.

For about ten minutes Rafferty knocked on the door, yet there was no answer. Could the place be deserted? Impossible, for everything appeared so fresh and green; the kind of freshness that can only be made possible by human hands.

"Well, Huntington, let's go in," O'leary said.

We looked all through the house, and saw no one. We came into the kitchen, and immediately our attention was attracted to a note which bore the superscription: "To the finder of Pankoke Island." O'leary opened it up and read:

"I am very ill, and do not think I shall live long enough to harvest my crop. In fact I think I shall die within a few days. Should any honest man happen to find this place in time to harvest my crop I beg of him to give half of the proceeds to my daughter, Darcy, who is at school in the states. The name of the school is Hudson Heights. Observe a dying man's last——" Here the pen dragged across the paper, leaving several blots.

We were both silent for a moment. Then Rafferty said, "Poor little girl."

"What kind of stuff is this crop and how are we going to get rid of it?" O'leary said to me.

I looked out of the back window. All I saw was a large expanse of green, which seemed to match well with the tropical blue sky. I must have gazed at the scene before me quite a while. Rafferty came up to me, laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "I was a fool to bring you on this cursed venture of mine. No telling, you mayn't see your folks again; but son, I hope everything will be all right. You set the table, and I'll fix something to eat. That man left enough grub here to last a long time."

Now that O'leary had mentioned food, I realized I was hungry. He was a born cook and in a few minutes he had the table set with dishes that, had someone else prepared them would have been commonplace, but as prepared by Rafferty were very appetizing.

When we finished eating, we went outside and looked at the plants. They were dark green, with tall climbing, and branching leafy stems. The blooms were large with a broad concave stalked lip at the base, rolled about the column. The flowers were red, white and some economical shades of green.

Each day we had the same routine as the previous one.

The plants grew well, and after we had been on the island several weeks the flowers developed into dark brown pods, ranging from six to nine inches in length, and filled with dark, oily beans.

"I don't know what these are, but we'll gather them up just the same," O'leary said.

We both worked on the land. There were acres and acres of these plants.

At night we would sit up and shell the pods. The hot sun dried the beans well. Then we would put them in a room which evidently had been built for that purpose.

All the crop had been gathered. The store room was filled with sacks of dried beans. The hot summer was dwindling away, and cool, breezy nights were replacing the damp, tiring ones. Our provisions were getting low; still no one came.

Rafferty had made meal from the corn which we had raised, so that at first we were not alarmed at the rapidly diminishing supply of flour.

Soon O'leary began to look worried. "It's you I'm thinking of," he told me one day.

I was sorry I had left home. In the evenings, as I would sit outside on the steps under the mellow, southern moon, I could see my father, mother and sister at home thinking of me. Thus I was seated one night, when I saw a light. "No, it couldn't be," I thought. "Suppose it strikes the rocks. Yes, right there was where our ship had sunk." I waited. "Rafferty," I called, "Look, a ship."

"Steady, son," he said.

All through that night we watched the light. At dawn, we went to the beach to meet the life boat which was rowing toward land.

A tall, broad shouldered man came to us. "Mr. Morris, I think," he said, in clear, crisp tones.

"No, you're mistaken, this is Rafferty O'leary."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. My name is Burnside. I want to see Mr. Morris about a cargo I was to get here."

"Mr. Morris is dead."

"If you are the present owner, I would like to get the cargo from you."

Although neither Rafferty nor I knew what the crop we had harvested was we would not let our ignorance be known by asking.

The whole day was spent in weighing the beans, the beans that were to make our fortune.

The last sack was stowed aboard. We were rowing toward the boat. I was thinking of all the things I would get with the money O'leary had promised me. I also could see myself telling of my adventure to a group of admirers at home.

On board the boat, I quickly made friends with all. Ching Lee, the Chinese cook was very fond of me.

One day I was reading an adventure story to him, for he always prepared something good for me when I read to him, when I heard the chink of a glass and Ching hollered, "Golly Gee!"

"What have you dropped now?" I asked, as I smelled a familiar odor.

"I dropped a bottle of vanilla extract."

Then like lightning it came. Rafferty and I had harvested a crop of vanilla beans.

Naturally, O'leary was as much surprised as I.

That night we were standing on the moonlit deck, beneath a starry dotted sky, which reflected itself on the shining silver water, while cool breezes blew, Rafferty said, "I went with a map in search of gold mines; instead I found a vanilla bean plantation. That's jest the way of life; what we expect least is what will happen."

In search for one treasure we sometimes find another we don't expect. Little did I think that in after years I would find my greatest treasure in Hudson Heights.

Lillian Schwartz, '19.

## THE SECRET OF THE DEVIL'S MILL HOPPER

Philip was walking along despondently, which was contrary to his usual bright and happy disposition. He did not notice that the sun was shining, that the birds were singing, nor the flowers blooming. His thoughts were far away. He was thinking of his work, or of what used to be his work. The store where he had been employed had just closed its doors. How was he to break the news to his widowed mother? He had been her one support since his father's death.

He came to the Devil's Mill Hopper (his usual place of comfort) and there rested on the side, trying to find a solution. The Devil's Mill Hopper was an odd place, known to all the country side.

Years ago a drop in the land of about one hundred feet in depth and four hundred in diameter formed a sink. This was cone shaped, with a quicksand bottom of about fifty feet in diameter. On the sides of this sink tropical trees flourished abundantly on a carpet of ferns. Water trickled from the rocks in the form of small waterfalls. This water gathered at the bottom of the sink, flowing swiftly until it disappeared in a dark cavity of about three feet in width under a peculiar rock. This rock was not only peculiar in shape but also in color. It was an odd shade of grey, streaked with brown. In thinking of the sink one always connected with it an old man who was constantly seen there. He was thought to be half crazed. The name given him by all who were acquainted with him was Old Bill. No one knew how he got there; no one knew why he was there; in fact, no one dared ask him anything because of his fierce countenance.

After a time Philip continued his way home, walking very slowly and thoughtfully. On entering the door, to his utmost surprise, he found his mother lying in the bed. This was unusual. Going over to her he put his hand on her head, and found it very hot. Here was a trouble that he had not anticipated. He had only a little money saved, but he started immediately for the doctor.

One doctor lived about two miles off. Philip ran as fast as he could in the hot sun. When his knock on the door was answered he was told that the doctor was away. After he had secured another doctor living a mile further on they drove to Philip's home. By this time his mother had high fever. The doctor said she was very ill.

Anxious days passed. Then to Philip's joy his mother began slowly to improve. But his joy was short lived. The doctor told him one day that his mother would never regain her complete strength in the Florida climate; she must seek the cool of the mountains.

Philip was almost distracted. He went for a walk to think. Slowly his steps were directed towards the Devil's Mill Hopper. He walked around in the slopes in the cool shade. Suddenly he heard an awful shriek. He listened—it came again—a human being in need of help. He ran in the direction from which the sound came. There in the quicksand at the bottom of the sink was the old man that had inhabited the place so long. Catching hold of a bush, Philip gave the old man his hand. With just this little help he drew Old Bill out of the quicksand. Old Bill, thinking he was dying, told Philip the following story in gasps:

"At the age——of twenty, I, a young Spaniard——sailed on board——a ship——bound for America. On board this ship——was a small chest——of gold. The ship was wrecked——off the coast of Florida. Of all the men on board I alone——was saved. As it was high tide, I swam a long distance——before I reached land. The next day——I went to the boat which was cast upon the beach——by the storm. After securing some food and clothing——I looked——about for the chest. It was not——very large, but it was made of steel and heavy."

Here the old man stopped and Philip dared not disturb him. Presently he resumed the story, but in a feebler tone.

"Where was I? Yes! I found the chest. I was afraid."

Here he stopped for a few moments.

"I opened the box and took out——enough to supply——to supply me for present use. I dragged it further inland, yes, inland."

Here his mind wandered again.

"I buried it under a peculiar——very peculiar rock. I then left for the nearest town."

"Fifteen years ago——I came——back. I had been imprisoned——imprisoned"

He hung on this word as if it suggested sad times.

"——all this time because of a false charge——of robbery. I came——back——I found the sink and the rock. Find it. It is——yours."

After telling the story, the old man gave one final gasp for breath, and then lay still. Philip called his name, but there was no response. He shook the old man, but he lay per-

fectly quiet. Philip left him and ran for help. He met the doctor on the way and brought him to the Hopper. It was too late. Old Bill was dead.

Philip walked home in sorrowful thought.

The next day he started forth, dressed in heavy clothing and carrying a flashlight. When he came to the opening in the rock, he stayed outside a long while trying to make up his mind to enter. He looked at the dark water gurgling under the rock, and the wet slimy moss that grew in abundance around the opening. He leaned over to look into the dark hole. He could see no further than about two feet; then all was black. He became a little bolder, and put his foot into the cold water. Stooping so that his head just touched the clammy earth at the top, he took a few steps. He came face to face with a damp earthen wall. He turned his flashlight immediately to see if that was the end. There on his left was another low passage. He took a hesitating step along this passage—and stumbled, nearly losing his balance; there was an unexpected drop in the level. Philip had an uncomfortable feeling of being in deeper water. Here the passage was higher and more narrow. He felt the damp earth against his shoulders as if a clammy hand was touching him. His head scraped the wet clay above. Suddenly something grabbed his ankle and twined about it. A horrible snake, he mashed it with his other foot, glad of the protection afforded by his heavy boots.

The water, thick with sediment, caught at his ankles, as if it were trying to pull him down. Now it was flowing more swiftly; it was all Philip could do to keep his balance. He walked on for a few yards, sometimes barely creeping through narrow places. At others the cave was higher and wider, which gave him more freedom.

He suddenly stumbled against something, and fell headlong into the water. Sitting up he rubbed the mud and water out of his stinging eyes. His head was throbbing from a cut. Presently he began to feel around for what had tripped him. He felt a hard sharp edge. His hands traced the outline of a metal object. Then his heart gave a sudden leap. It was the chest!

Placed under the rock by the Spaniard, dislodged by the sinking of the land, it had gradually, as the years passed by, been carried onward by the current until it reached its present resting place.

He got up and started pulling it along with great difficulty, as the chest, though small was heavy and the current against him now. If only he could get out of this terrible place!

He pulled it for a few steps then, exhausted, the current knocked him back, which set him upon the chest. He got up and started on again. His foot trod upon something cold and slick. A chill went thorough his body for fear it was another snake. Then he remembered that this was about the place where he had killed the first one.

He kept his eyes on the little star of light ahead of him. He turned a corner and saw a most welcome sight of the green trees and the outer world.

Philip's mother in her chair was wondering where Philip was. She heard a dragging sound. She could not imagine what it was. She heard it bumping the steps, and across the porch. Then something stumbled and the door banged. Down the hall came the awful sound scraping over the bare floor; then straight to her room.

There standing before her was Philip. She hardly recognized him. He had on no cap. His hair was all wet and matted with clay. On his forehead was a deep gash. From this the blood was running freely, mixing with the wet, black mud which covered his face. His shirt had no back to it and one sleeve was missing. His clothes were torn and he was soaking wet. Beside him was a rusty iron chest covered with moss and slimy weeds.

Philip dragged the chest to her feet and knelt beside her. He threw one arm on her lap and with the other pulled at the lid corroded with rust. It gave way. Inside was the gleam of old gold.

"Look! Mother," he cried. "Three cheers for the mountains."

Catharine Levis, '19.

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### THE DISLIKES OF A SNAKE

Snakes certainly run wild in this section of the county and town. Especially in the classroom must you exercise caution.

In general, snakes do not like yellow paper sacks and chloroform. Try it in chemistry class and see. The directions are easy. Catch a huge ground rattler one foot long and place him securely in a yellow paper sack. Saturate a piece of batting in chloroform and drop it quickly into the bag. There is certain to be some jumping. Out comes the snake, up go the girls.

The reptile is easily captured by stepping on him. Be sure to pick him up by the neck. He will wiggle and be slippery, but hold on and soon he will be safely back into the sack, and from there into the alcohol.

Marian Gove, '17.

## SYDNEY

The sun was rising higher and higher in the heavens, casting a hot, dazzling glow over the surface of the fields. It was the kind of heat that makes one's head ache, and his feet sore and tired. Hay had been fresh mown that morning and the moisture and odor rising under the strong rays of the sun was sickening even to think of.

Sydney Normond, or "Curly," as she was called at the Orphanage, staggered along under the little bundle of clothes swung over her shoulder.

At last completely tired, the tears welling in her eyes, and the perspiration forming little rivulets down her neck, she sank down beside a half-formed hay stack "to fink," as she expressed it.

Why had she felt hurt when the big girls said she was a bother and no help at all? Because she wasn't big enough to work was the only reason she did not, she was willing enough. If the matron just hadn't been always siding with them in everything they said! Then why had she left the home after all? Maybe the matron was not really so mean as she seemed to her. She wished she were back again. They would soon be having their rice and gravy and bread, the usual spread for the noon repast, and she had forgotten to bring anything with her to eat. If it just was not so far she would go back, but the village, she reasoned, was not a great distance ahead, so she would go on and find someone to "dopt" her. That was her purpose in the first place, and if she failed and went back home the big girls would tease her for running away.

With many such thoughts crossing and recrossing her mind, Sydney fell asleep.

She dreamed that some one had followed and found her. The matron was scolding and shaking her very hard. She woke with a start to find it late afternoon. Conscious of a very empty feeling at her stomach she resumed her journey.

At length she entered the wood. She had been told many times that the town of Humboldt lay on the other side of it, but she had never been told the distance through that wood.

Time dragged slowly on. The sun had set now and one could see a myriad little stars twinkling through the treetops over head. The night birds and millions of flying insects had begun to show themselves for some time past. It was not really such a bad night, but to the lonesome little wanderer those shadowy, black tree trunks and rattling dry leaves and crackling twigs were horrible. Poor little girl, she was too tired now to cry, so she stumbled on and on, dragging one weary little foot after the other. It seemed to Sydney it must be about three o'clock in the morning, though she did not place the thought definitely in her mind; but in reality it was only about seven thirty p. m.

At last when her feet became too tired to walk farther, and her eyelids too heavy to hold open, she sank down at the foot of a large oak tree and fell asleep.

Now, we will go back to the little brown orphanage at Oak Grove. Ellen and Mary were the two oldest girls there; each being a sort of captain to look after a certain number of children, who were divided between them. "Curly" was a member of Ellen's section. She had not noticed she was missing early that morning, because she and a number of the other smaller children were in the habit of roaming about the grounds, staying away at times most all day. This, though, quite satisfied the older girls, for the "youngsters" were always in the way and "underfoot" when in the house.

As the day rapidly drew toward a close they, as well as the matron became uneasy, for "Curly" had not yet made her appearance.

Mrs. Rockliff, the matron, and the girls called time after time, but it availed them nothing. At last dusk began to settle over the fields and woods, cloaking them in a dull gray, making it even harder to see than if it were blacker night. A general alarm had been spread to the nearby farm houses and a search for the missing little waif began in earnest. They searched until long after midnight, when one after another decided it was useless to search longer; then, too, each had his own work for the morrow.

All this time "Curly" had been fast asleep, with her little golden head resting on the bundle of clothes at the foot of that tree in the middle of the wood.

Morning dawned. The sun was a reddish pink in the eastern horizon, making fantastic masques on the ground as it shone through the treetops. It woke Sydney. She rose, rubbed her eyes and began to stumble on. She felt very much alone and very hungry. But she did not cry; she seemed past that; she had no purpose at all now but to walk and walk.

Some time had passed when Sydney emerged from the wood on to a narrow lane, or highway, leading into the town of Humboldt.

The tired little urchin presented a grotesque picture against the fresh, crisp morning. Her clothes had been shredded and torn by the jagged bushes and thorns; her golden curls were matted with little twigs and leaves from the underbush; the red mouth drooped at the

corners; and the large, dreamy brown eyes bore the pathetic expression of a lost puppy. A more forlorn little bunch of rags could not be imagined.

The birds were singing by now and the bees were droning sleepily about the drooping flowers. Something made one feel very sleepy. Sydney was so very tired; and one foot would persist in stumbling. At last she fell down in the middle of the lane. Partly because she was overcome with exhaustion, and partly because she was childishly provoked at her little feet for failing her thus, she crooked her elbow over her eyes, and lay face downward, sobbing.

It was about this hour that old Colonel Lane took his habitual morning ride. The Colonel was a very eccentric old gentleman. He had no relatives left who were at all near kin. Three years before, his little grand daughter, Lois, had died. All the old man's ambitions, desires and pride had been centered in this little girl. In short, she had been, as the saying goes, "the apple of his eye." His first tendency after her death was to shut himself alone in his room, seeing none of his old friends and allowing the intrusion of none of the servants except Jake, the old valet.

Now, there was the ride in the morning. Every day, at the same identical hour, come what might, rain or shine, he had his morning ride. He was always so regular, that the neighbors along the highway had often used the passing carriage drawn by the shining black horses to reset rundown clocks by.

The footman was sick this morning, so Jake was on the box as the carriage turned down the lane.

The Colonel's mind had seemed to be wandering very often lately. Sometimes, when he was spoken to he turned a blank countenance toward the speaker. His master's behavior had greatly distressed the faithful old servant, so Jake had decided to keep his mind away from himself by conversation.

Jake was turned half around in his seat talking over his shoulder, of most anything that popped into his head, evidently to the back seat, for the Colonel was certainly not listening.

Thus he did not notice the wee mite of a girl lying directly in the path of the horses. Suddenly they reared and plunged and Jake saw a flash of white under the horses' hoofs. He pulled them back violently, so that the hard, steel bits stretched their mouths and their wildly dilated eyes showed red at the rims. While Jake was quieting the horses, the old Colonel, who had seen the cause of the commotion had gotten to the ground as swiftly as stiff joints would allow and knelt by the still little figure. He gazed at the white face, ringing his shaking hands and moaning over and over, "Lois! Lois!"

A few hours later, the little white bed that had been empty so long had an occupant. The sunny faced children in the pictures on the blue walls smiled down on a sweet child face, very similar to the one they were wont to smile upon several years before. And had one noticed closely he would have thought they seemed glad to see the vision once more.

"Curly" was not the only occupant of the room. Colonel Lane sat by the bed, his hands folded in his lap, his fingers moving continuously, his mouth twitching nervously, and his faded blue eyes fixed upon the transparent lids of the sleeper. Dr. Watson was bending over her very closely. He slowly raised his eyes to the Colonel's: "She is out of danger," he said with a quiet smile.

"Thank God!" the old man gasped. "I shall keep her for my little Lois!"

"Curly" opened her eyes and looked at the drawn old face bending over her. Then a bright, babyish smile twitched at the corners of her rosy mouth:

"Is I 'dopted?" she asked breathlessly.

Clarice Hand, '19

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Miss Edwards in history—"Robert, what battle was the turning point in the Revolutionary War?"

Robert, innocently—"The Battle of Saratoga Chips."

Why is Nellie like a summer day?  
Because she is Long.

Mr. Chaffer—"Pupils, if you will get a vocabulary you can read Latin."  
Alice A.—"Where do you get them? I want one."

Teacher—"What is a mountain?"  
Indolent Freshie—"An over-grown hill."

Why is Sherman like a last spoonful of ice cream?  
Because you always think of "Moore."

## CHAPTERS THAT MIGHT BE ADDED TO SILAS MARNER

### WHAT HAPPENED TO DUNSTAN CASS

When Dunstan hurriedly closed the door of Marner's cottage, and stood alone in the mist and darkness, he seemed to lose all sense of direction. For a moment he stood still. He would not be able to test his path with the whip as before, on account of his extra burden. The darkness seemed blacker than ever now, after having been in the light. His one thought was to get as far away from the cottage as possible. In his endeavor to do this he forgot all else, all his former uneasiness concerning his pathway. He even forgot the old stone pit and its dangers. A terrible vague fear had taken entire possession of his whole mind. He felt that he must hurry, hurry anywhere—he did not care where; anywhere to get away from this dreadful place. He hastened forward almost on a run. His breath came in short, quick gasps. The end of his now useless whip trailed along behind, catching on the bushes and threatening to be jerked from his hand at any moment.

He stumbled often over the rocks, and realized that he was out of the main path. But so much the better, he thought, he would be less likely to meet anyone and be sooner out of danger. His progress was slow, in spite of his haste. The two bags of gold were extremely heavy, and Dunstan Cass was not used to carrying anything heavy. In fact, he rarely carried himself when he could find anything to ride upon.

The mud grew more and more slippery and soft. Suddenly the ground seemed to open under his feet. A smothered cry escaped his lips, as he felt himself falling down, down, while his eyes widened with terror. He realized now in a second what had happened. His grip on the bags tightened, as he disappeared immediately beneath the icy waters of the stone pit. Something seemed to clutch his body and hold him in a vice like grip. He struggled to free himself but only became more firmly wedged. The speed gathered from the fall, and increased by the weight of the gold had carried him down with such a force as to wedge his body between two great stones that lay on the bottom.

The waters roared and pounded in his ears. His brain whirled and he clutched at figures that seemed to be flying past him. Then all was silence and darkness.

A few moments later when the light again streamed from Silas' doorway, a few widening ripples and bubbles might have been seen on the red, muddy surface of the water. In another few moments these, too, had disappeared and the waters that were to keep their secret so well for sixteen years were as calm and smooth as before.

### 2. THE LATER FORTUNES OF WILLIAM DANE

"Ask the gentleman there, father," said Eppie, as a merry little man came up the street at a swagger, whistling on the way.

"Can you tell me what has come o' the people o' Lantern Yard? I have been away sixteen years, sir, and now all my friends as were here are gone."

"Oh, a fire came along one night. The whole place was almost destroyed. One woman, named Sarah Dane, whose man is in prison at Newgate, for dead theft was burned to death.

"This William is sick, and they do say as how he is always a-carrying on about a man named Silas Marner, who he had laid the theft on."

Silas was stunned. "Thank you kindly, sir," he muttered in a dead sort of way, and the little man passed on, whistling, as before. He knew not what an important part he had played in a human life.

Miss E.—Is there anyone in this class who is a real native of Florida?" Several hands respond.

Miss E.—"Well Ruth, who was the War General of Florida in the Civil War?"

Ruth S., excited—"I don't know, I wasn't living here then."

Wonder how many jokes Mr. Nickle has told since he left Sanford High School?

Why are Freshies always so green?

Just to keep up their past reputation.

Miss Edwards, referring to the recent revolution which gave Russia a Democratic government: "Mary Belle, tell us about the late Russian Revolution."

Mary Belle, startled: "I skipped that chapter."

The peculiarity of a boy's mind is the fact that it dwells on "Eats."

We have always been considered a good grade—good in deportment, good in scholarship, well supplied with musicians, artists, even poets. Oh, yes, I know all this sounds conceited; but, then, we did not say it ourselves, you know. Yes, we were noted for all these things before we became Freshmen. But when we became Freshmen! Well, at first we thought we had lost everything we ever had. We were in a bewilderment. Why did everyone blame everything on us? Why were we always made fun of? Oh, it grated on our feelings. When we were in the study hall, we would turn around to see what was going on in the back of the room, which is a perfectly natural thing to do, when you are in a strange, large room, full of people. Just try it yourself. And then of course we liked to comment on the novelty of what we saw. Then we would suddenly jump at the sound of a voice which would say, "Freshmen, you must stop that talking." Oh, of course, Freshmen. It was never Seniors, Juniors, or Sophomores, always Freshmen. Goodness, we never lacked attention.

At first we thought we would have an easy time, having only four studies. Why, last year we had seven. And two study periods! We were delighted at the beginning of the year. But oh, when we got into conjugation of verbs in Latin, and into the middle of Algebra, we changed our minds. Easy? Two study periods went before we knew they had started. How could we ever have had such an idea? Indeed, High School is not so easy. But gradually we have become hardened! As the year has rolled around our good reputation has come back to some extent. We are the largest class in school and have proportionately fewer tardies and fewer pupils absent than any other class. Score one for the Freshmen! And we have improved in behavior a little. Score two, for that is a hard thing to accomplish. Also, some of our talents came back, and we have the largest honor roll in school. Score three.

But we are still Freshmen; and indeed, are never allowed to forget it. Freshmen still do everything that is wrong, and nothing that is right. But we have found by this time it is fun being Freshmen. We often talk of when we will be Seniors and what we will do to those Freshmen then. Every one must be a Freshman, you know. And we feel so big when we talk of those "Grammar School Kids." Once we were little like they are. But now——Freshmen. Yes, we're Freshmen and we're proud of it.



FRESHMAN CLASS

## OUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SCHOOL

By the Freshmen Class

When I was five years old I started to school. I was very anxious to go, and so were the other children who were to begin. Mama fixed me a lunch, and put it in a little basket. I started off very happy to think I was going to school. When I got there the children took me to my room. The teacher gave me quite a small seat. I was very proud of it, and was making all kinds of plans how I was going to take it home. I was afterwards disappointed.

I got along fine that morning. At noon the Professor rang the bell. I caught up my basket and ran out, not waiting for the line. The children began to tease me. I did not care much, for I was making headway with my lunch.

I noticed after I had finished my lunch and was walking around that the Professor had a large knot on his head right above his ear. I asked some of the boys what it was. They told me it was where his brains had swollen from knowing too much. I asked if I would have one. They said mine had already started. I felt my head. They all began to laugh.

The next day the Professor told one of the boys he was going to punish him, because he had done something bad. I did not know what the word "punish" meant. I thought it meant to "punch." At recess I asked how he was going to punch that boy. They told me the Professor had a long stick, and would punch him in the stomach. They also told me if I did anything bad he would punch me. They said he would make us walk a chalk line. I thought they meant he would draw a line with chalk and we had to walk it. I began to wish I had not started to school.

That afternoon some of the boys began making faces at me. I laughed out loud. The teacher heard me, and told me to come to her. I went up, scared to death for fear she would let the Professor punch me. She took me on her lap, and told me I mustn't laugh any more. I asked her if she would let the Professor punch me. She explained the meaning of the word punish to me. After that I did not believe what the boys told me.

Beulah Spurling.

Y Y Y

At last the day arrived. The eighth grade was all in a flurry. And well they might be, for were they not to graduate, and had not the loveliest program been arranged? They were to sit on one side of the platform while the program went on. The very first thing six little second grade girls, all dressed in white with tissue paper wings on, representing fairies were to come tripping out; stand in a row, with all toes on a chalk line drawn across the platform, and sing a song. How proud the six were to be chosen! How hard they tried to please their teacher by singing their best.

They started out tripping. Halfway across the platform they began to stumble. Their legs started to tremble. Instead of their beloved teacher sitting down below, there was a whole sea of upturned faces. After much pushing and whispering they all got their toes on the chalk line. They looked out over the audience. They looked at each other. Then one little girl began to sing. The others chimed in. The little girl on the end had found her mother's face in the crowd. Keeping her eyes on the one familiar face, she sang, oblivious of everything else that was going on. Now, why was her mother making those queer motions? What was wrong? She turned her head to look at the others, but they were gone. The audience began to titter. She had, it appeared, been singing a solo for quite a little while. The song was over, but she had repeated the chorus. Now she became aware of her sister in the eighth grade, frantically whispering, "Go back, go back!" She heard the teacher calling her name. Still she stood rooted to the spot. The audience roared. Bursting into tears, she ran to her sister, who was blushing with mortification.

"You've spoiled it all," said her sister.

"You've spoiled it all," said the other five little girls scornfully.

To this day, I never make a public recitation, without thinking, with trembling knees, of the day that I "spoiled it all."

Rose Gallagher.

Y Y Y

During my first year at school many things happened that I now look upon as being both humorous and ridiculous, but then they were quite serious matters indeed.

I can well remember the first day that I went to school. For many weeks I had looked forward to this eventful day in my life. I was a firm believer in preparedness, and searching about the house I found my sister's German Reader and a copy of Cicero. These I wrapped with paper and tied very carefully.

Putting them under my arm I made my way to school. I was very much disappointed when the teacher told me that a tablet and pencil were all that were necessary for the present.

Several weeks later a prize, to be selected by the winner was offered to the pupil who could score the best collection of pressed wild flowers and leaves. I immediately went to work and gathered quite a large collection, which was pronounced the best. Upon being asked what I desired as a prize, I promptly replied that "I would be satisfied with a bicycle."

True to my motto of "Preparedness," I undertook to learn to ride my schoolmates' wheels. After several unsuccessful trials I finally learned to retain my balance while on their wheels, and I also retained several conspicuous blue spots, but I was happy, and ready for my new wheel. A week later I was very much disappointed when, as a prize, I was presented with a fountain pen.

Maxwell Stewart.

Y Y Y

I arose early that morning. The sun had not even risen, but I was awake and up. My books had been bought, and my pencil sharpened. Yes, I was ready. I eagerly took my lunch, and started off toward the school house. I ran a little way at first, but soon stopped to get my breath. After resting I went on. At last I reached the school. My heart began to thump. I then thought if I would go back home, and not start to school until I was larger, I could learn faster. At last, however, I decided to go in. I slowly walked up the steps and went into the first room. All the children were talking and laughing. How I longed to be home with mother when the teacher told us to stop talking. At last we had an intermission, and when we got out I went straight home. When I arrived home mother asked me why I was home so early, and I said school was out. When the rest of the children came home they said I would get a whipping for running away and playing hookey. I could not convince them that I really thought school was out.

The next morning I was not up before the sun. When mother came to my bed I pretended to be asleep. When she called me and said I must go to school my heart sank. "You just want me to get a whipping," I said.

Just then daddy came into the room and said that he would go with me. How glad I was, for I knew I was safe. I suddenly remembered that he had once killed a bear, and I knew that if anyone started to whip me he could kill them.

Wallace Bruce Lipford.

Y Y Y

It was the first Monday in October in the year 1908, when I began my education. I was all a flutter with the excitement of going to school, for it was a very important day in my life. Mother gave me a big red apple before I left, for she was sure I would be hungry before I got back. I took a bite of it before I arrived, but after I got there I was afraid to carry it in. I had heard the older children talking about the teacher's whipping them for eating in school, and I was afraid my teacher would think I had eaten it in school.

The next day I started off alone, with my lunch basket and school books, feeling very important. School work and keeping still were new experiences to me. I was scared all day for fear I would do something wrong. That afternoon I came home crying. My mother asked me what was the matter. I told her I was hungry; I did not know I was to eat my lunch at recess.

Ellen Chappell.

Y Y Y

In my first year at school we were taught from a chart, and then after a few months we had a book with pretty colored pictures in it. I remember the reading at the first was about balls, boxes and apples. I had great difficulty in distinguishing d from b. I would get them mixed every time. It was a matter of guessing whenever I came to one of them.

Also, when Mamma was teaching me the letter u, I would not say u, I would say "me."

Gladys Adams.

Y Y Y

One morning mamma started me off to school. I got all of the books I could find and strapped them up. When I got to school the children wondered why I had so many books. The teacher put me in a seat back of a little boy. He kept moving about, so I stuck him with a pin. He yelled, and told the teacher on me. She came back and asked me what I did it for. I told her that he was so ugly that I didn't want to sit by him. She moved him and that was the last I saw of him that day.

Weima Graves.

Y Y Y

I was afraid to go to school at first. When my older sister talked about being in a certain grade I thought she meant grave. I got the impression that the children stayed in graves all day, and were let out in the afternoon to come home.

Alfred Berner.

Our teacher used to give us little red pasteboard discs each afternoon if we had been good all day; and at the end of each week if we had five red ones she gave us a blue one, indicating that we had been good all the week, to show to our parents. One day I did something that my teacher did not like, and the consequence was that I didn't get a card that day. I thought it was so great a disgrace that I was almost ashamed to go home. I did not miss getting my card again that year.

Reuben Mason.

Y Y Y

At last, the time came. My mother dressed me in my best Sunday dress, and I went to school by myself. I entered the school building and thought what a large place this was. I went up a few flights of stairs, which I enjoyed very much. Looking around I saw some teachers in a little room, so I went in there. Later, when I was old enough to read I found that it was the Principal's office.

I told one of the teachers that I wanted to go to school. She took me by the hand and led me into a large room, full of children. There my teacher asked me what my name was, and I told her, holding my finger in my mouth. She said, "Esther, if you want to go to school take your finger out of your mouth."

I began to cry for fear that she might send me to the Principal's office and there I would be punished. Brother had said that if you did not behave the teacher would send you to the basement for three days. My teacher was kind to me, however. When it was time to go home, the teacher said, "Tomorrow bring a book and pencil."

I was overjoyed when I heard her say that. After school I went to the store and I got myself the largest book there. I told the man, "I want a large book, so it will look like two books."

I had the hardest times learning how to write and read. I would often make my letters the opposite directions.

Esther Fleisher.

Y Y Y

Mother gave me a lunch and told me to go on with my brother, Vail. I went with him to the steps, where he left me to my fate. I saw some boys going to a room and I followed them. I took my seat until the teacher got around to me. She asked me if I was not very small to go in the fourth grade. I told her I thought I was right; but she took me to the primary department, which almost broke my heart.

Newton Lovell.

Y Y Y

The first thing I remember of school was in Cadallac, Michigan. I started to kindergarten in the fall, and I remember wading through the leaves, with them falling all around me. I didn't go to school there very long, because we came to Sanford. The school here was a little red one. It was where the primary school is now, but was much smaller. At recess we always ate lunch together, and the teacher made us all say this little grace together, "God is great, God is good, and we thank Him for our food. Amen."

When we lined up to go in I would look at the third grade, and wonder what it would be like to be so big and know so much. I was in the first grade two years, and then skipped the second, and went to the third. In this grade we had oral spelling most of the time, and would line up against the wall. A girl who stood next to me always made me so very miserable that I could hardly spell, by pinching me all the time. When I told her to stop because it hurt she wouldn't do it. She said she knew it didn't hurt because I was so fat.

Mary Howard.

Y Y Y

I remember nothing of my first year at school and very little of my second; but one thing I still remember quite plainly: I one day took a rubber snake to school with me and having a very shabby pocketbook with one side of the hinge broken I placed the snake inside and quietly stepped up to the teacher's desk. I pretended to have money in the pocketbook and asked her to keep it for me. She reached out her hand to take it, and I opened the pocketbook, the snake jumped out, my teacher screamed, and I quietly stepped back to my desk.

Henry McLaulin, Jr.

Y Y Y

My aunt took me to school the first day. Shortly after she had left, the teacher called for us to line up for spelling. She was waiting to hear it, but some silly boys would not get in line. This made her angry, and she went down the line shaking every one. Of course I had not done anything, but when she reached me she shook me as she had done the rest.

When I got home my aunt asked, "How did you get along?"

"Oh, very good, except that I got 'three shooks'".

Norma Adele Rines.

\* \* The one thing which impressed me most in my first school days was this: The second week of my school life I had a birthday. I think I must have told my teacher about it, for that day she drew a large cake with six candles on the blackboard. The first year of my school life was a very happy one.

Mollie Abernathy.

Y Y Y

Mamma took me to school the first day and I was much impressed. I had been told I must not talk in school, so I sat perfectly still the whole time, not daring to open my mouth or even to smile at Mamma.

I remember once when the whole spelling class missed the word "sure." I was near the foot and could have gone clear to the head. I spelled it "shur."

Winnifred Strong.

Y Y Y

I had always thought of school as a nice place where one could have lots of fun, but as we entered, I soon saw it was not. The principal of the school was a large, long armed gentleman with a very thin face and sharp, piercing eyes. He was also a very good runner, being the manager and coach of the athletic club. After he was told my name he assigned me to a seat with a little boy. This boy apparently must have had a great idea of fun, for he was continuously throwing spit balls. I liked this boy, Henry, at the very first, but I soon began to dislike him, as we shall see.

The recess bell rang, and we all went out in very good order to the playground. This playground was about a half of a block long and not quite so wide. It was cleared off pretty well, and a few shade trees were on it. To the left of it was a large church and on the right was a house, which was occupied by the principal.

We began playing various games when suddenly my friend, Henry, jumped on me and began crying, "Pile on, pile on." From all sides of the yard came boys, and I was soon on the ground and a large crowd of boys were on top of me. I began calling for my mother, but she did not come. I cried long and hard. Suddenly the bell rang and the boys began getting off of me. When they were all off I lay there crying, and finally I got up and sat over in a corner and cried.

From that time on I was hardly ever seen on the playground, and I never did sit with Henry again.

James P. Schaal.

Y Y Y

The memories of my first years at school are very dim, but one incident I remember plainly, the first medical examination of the schools for hookworm. It happened about the middle of the term in my first year. The notice of the examination produced great excitement among us, and was our sole thought. Every one had a different opinion of what it would be. The boys declared they would not be examined, and they would escape it by jumping out of the window, playing hooky, or knocking the doctor down. The girls knew they would have to take it, for they could not do the things boys could.

My opinion of it was very terrible. I thought there would be a woman all in white, with a white cap on her head to take us down to the doctor. Then he would put us in a very "smelly" room on a long table. He would put a handkerchief over our eyes and mouth, and then proceed to "examine." Here my imagination stopped, for I could not think what he would do next.

Of course things turned out very differently, and I think most of us were disappointed.

Sarita Lake.

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Mr. Chaffer fishing for a Latin equivalent: "Lesley, what is a ford?"

Lesley—"Only \$365."

First Freshie—"When I meet Roby on the way to school I know it's time to run."

Second Freshie—"Why?"

First Freshie—"Well, I know the second bell's rung."

Miss Tribble in Geography: "Name one of the greatest lakes in the world."

Sam—"Forrest Lake."

Oliver: "Is that old Bill Shakespeare up there?"

Instructor: Oliver, you must not be so disrespectful."

Oliver: "I'm not, I'm being inspectful."

## FRESHMAN BALLADS

### Our Flag

The dear old flag hangs over us,  
The flag we love so true,  
We'll sing its praise from day to day,  
The red, the white, the blue.

In these hard times of war, you know,  
We should more loyal be  
To our dear flag which flies o'er us,  
The Stars and Stripes you see.

—Gladys Adams.

### The Freshmen's Lot

The Freshman isn't half so bad  
As people say he is,  
But he gets the blame for everything.  
I think it's mean. Gee whiz!

The first of the year we tried to go,  
Into the Latin class.  
We made a mistake, and to algebra  
We foolishly did pass.

It's been like that right straight along,  
We're all as green as grass,  
We are the cause of every joke  
Of every other class.

Still, I am very glad I'm here,  
For now next year, you know,  
A Sophomore wise then I will be,  
'Twill be my turn to crow.

—Winnifred Strong.

The Seniors say the Freshmen class  
Is the noisiest thing in school,  
But when it comes to stubbornness  
The Seniors are like a mule.

—James Schaal.

### The Freshmen's Dream

A Freshmen went to sleep one night,  
A happy dream she dreamed,  
She thought we were in school again,  
But troubled each one seemed.

We had to take a Latin test,  
And heavy were our hearts,  
And when the questions first we saw,  
There seemed a million parts.

We took that test, and did our best,  
To be happy as before,  
But try as we might to hope we were right,  
We knew our marks were poor.

Then Oh! what joy, for girl and boy  
When next we went to class,  
For Mr. Chaffer, smiling, said  
"You every one did pass." (Then I woke up.)

—Vera Terheun.

The Seniors, Juniors, Sophomore, too,  
Were Freshmen once like us,  
But now if we make any noise,  
It's "Make the Freshmen hush."

Oh! tell me why "x equals y"  
A Freshman asked one day:  
A Senior bright replied with might,  
"Because it does, they say."

—Vera Terheun.

### The Voyage

From a little isle in the sea  
We sailed one sunny day,  
Our boat was rigged with mast and sail,  
Her name was Jeanie May.

Three days we sailed on the ocean blue,  
When on the western sky  
Appeared a little speck of cloud,  
The wind made our jolly ship fly.

The wind blew harder day and night,  
The sails were torn to shreds,  
The ship it rocked and plowed and plunged,  
We could not get in bed.

At last the sea grew calm and still,  
Our ship it rocked no more,  
It floated motionless on the sea,  
It did not drift to shore.

On the sails the sailors worked  
Until they looked like new,  
Then on to Florida we sailed—  
And here I must leave you.

—Henry McLaulin, Jr., '20.

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### The Team

There is a teacher in our school  
Who is a very pearl.  
She is the "Coach" of our good team  
And always made us whirl.

Ruth Kanner is the "Center's" name,  
A Senior girl is she.  
She sends her ball to victory  
And then she smiles with glee.

Another one is Helen Peck,  
The quickest on the team  
And when she gets the ball you're sure  
The house will rise to scream.

There is a girl in the Sophomore class,  
Her name is Helen Hand,  
A "Forward" on the basket ball team,  
A bright star in the land.

Ruth Hand, our star "Guard" is just fine,  
She stars in every game,  
And when she graduates this year  
She takes along her fame.

Ethel Henry is a "Guard,"  
The liveliest one of all,  
And when you see her start to jump  
You know we'll get the ball.

Alice Andes is another  
That always worked so hard  
To keep the ball from going through  
The basket she must guard.

There is a girl in the Freshmen class,  
Her name is Sarita Lake,  
She is a "Sub." on the basket ball team,  
But always has to wait.

—Cora Lee Tillis, '20.

---

Cora Lee Tillis, our star "Forward,"  
Is in the Freshman class,  
And every time she gets the ball  
In through the goal 'twill pass.

—Carolyn Spencer, '20.

### Basket Ball

Old Sanford High School had a team  
In basket ball this year,  
Which held the honor of the school  
Far up above all fear.

Orlando lost to us this year  
But not without a fight,  
The basket ball girls kept the score  
Out of the enemies' sight.

Kissimmee, too, we beat this year,  
The closest fight of all,  
The fighting spirit you might see  
Whene'er we touched the ball.

Oviedo and Umatilla,  
Both games we won with glee,  
Ocala and Stetson beat us,  
The only two, you see.

—Carolyn Spencer, '20.

### The Base Ball Game on March Eight

The boys of Sanford High School won  
The game they played today,  
All because they were so good,  
Their Captain to obey.

There were but seven girls in all,  
Who went the game to see,  
And one of them a traitor turned,  
She wished our boys to flee.

But nevertheless, they did not flee,  
But harder still they played.  
When Roby took the pitcher's box,  
Of course the clerks were stayed.

—Beulah Spurling.

### Sanford Football Team

Once Sanford had a football team,  
Who thought they were so clever,  
That they could whip St. Augustine.  
But did they? Oh, no, never.

—Mary Howard.

A football team we thought we had  
But it was all a bluff,  
We played and played and played aghast,  
Until we had enough.

A foot ball team we hope to have  
That will win every game,  
That will not need much paste and salve,  
Nor have so many lame.

—Reuben Mason.

### The Bus

We come to school upon the bus,  
The ride is rough and long,  
The children are so very gay,  
They sing a little song.

To some the song sounds very sweet,  
To me 'tis only sorrow,  
Because I know that same old song  
Will come again tomorrow.

—Mildred Huston.

When Laing and Leech come down the street,  
Like Mutt and Jeff they look,  
As if they were taken from a page  
Of Fisher's story book.

—Rose Gallagher.

### March

Of all the days of this glad year  
That calms our dreary hearts,  
They are the palmy days of cheer  
That always come in March.

March is the eve of our glad spring,  
With all its pleasures gay,  
March, birds and bees and flowers bring  
To brighten our hearts each day.

—Wallace Lipford.

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### Two Seniors

There is a boy in the Senior class,  
Roby Laing's his name,  
He is so very lank and long,  
His legs have won him fame.

Marian is so very smart,  
A Senior Bright is she,  
And every time you look at her  
She's busy as a bee.

—Mollie Abernathy.

---

There is a boy in the Freshmen class,  
His name it is Glen Lingle,  
But when he gets his Ford wound up  
You ought to hear him "jingle."

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Our little running center  
Is very thin and spry,  
She went up to Ocala  
And got a purple eye.

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There is a girl in the Freshmen class,  
Her name is Bessie Proctor,  
If she ever missed her lesson,  
We would have to get the doctor.

—Leslie Roller.

---

There is a girl in our class,  
Her name is Cora Lee,  
And when she got on the basket ball team,  
She nearly cried with glee.

There is a girl in the Sophomore class,  
Her name is Helen Peck,  
And when the ball through center passed  
She'd get it or break her neck.

—Anna Mason.

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There's a girl at Sanford High,  
Whose name is Esther Fleischer,  
She won her fame in Latin class,  
By being such a clasher.

—Weima Graves.

---

There is a boy named Bingo,  
Who is in the Sophomore class,  
He does not know his Latin lingo  
Because the lesson he does not ask.

—Glenn Lingle.

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### Hard Tack

There is a little girl in our room,  
Who is named Sarita Lake.  
The cook failed to come one morning,  
So some biscuit she thought she'd make.

She hurried into the kitchen,  
And some biscuits she made of dough,  
She shoved them into the oven,  
And hurriedly shut the door.

That day Mr. Lake was hungry,  
And also in a rush;  
He bit quite hard on a biscuit,  
Geel! You ought to have heard him fuss.

He ran up and down the hall stairs,  
He pulled off his collar and tie;  
He called for Dr. McCaslin,  
And then lay down to die.

But alas for poor Sarita,  
The biscuits she hid on the shelf,  
"And the next time, the cook doesn't come  
You can go and cook them yourself.

—Max Stewart.

Hurrah, for the dear old Sanford school,  
We know and love so well;  
But how we hate to study hard  
And mind the ringing bell.

—Ellen Chappell.

### IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY

The first meeting of the I. L. S. was called to order on October 6th.

The following officers were elected:

President—Marion Gove.

Vice President—Virginia Brady.

Secretary—Helen Hand.

Treasurer—Mildred Huston.

Critic—Miss Stevenson.

It was decided that a program committee of three should be appointed. The first month from the Senior class, for the second month from the Junior class, and so on down through the Sophomore and Freshmen, giving each class a chance to prepare a program.

On October 20th an interesting program was rendered as follows:

Vocal Solo.....	Virginia Brady
Paper on National Hymns.....	Alice Andes
Accompanied by Fannie Reba Munson	

Current Events.....	Helen Peck
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Reading, "Go to Sleep, My Honey".....	Ruth Steinmeyer
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On November 3, a debate was the main feature, the subject being: Resolved, That Florida should have compulsory education.

Affirmative: Ruth Steinmeyer, Ercel Little.

Negative: Lillian Goertz, Mary Belle Lynch.

The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Current Events were given by Evelyn Cowley.

The meeting closed with a piano solo by Lucille Rines.

On November 29th the two Literary Societies of the S. H. S. met together. A Thanksgiving program was given as follows: "The Significance of Thanksgiving," written by Fern Ward, and read by Edna Chittenden.

Duet.....	Beulah and Blanche Spurling
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"Why America is Thankful".....	Elita Lovejoy
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"The Thankfullers".....	Rosamond Radford
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Piano Solo.....	Elita Lovejoy
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"Why High School is Thankful", written by Lillian Rhodes, read by Lucille Rines.

"Why the Basket Ball Team is Thankful, Ruth Kanner.

"Why the Foot Ball Team is Thankful," written by Oliver Murrell, read by Arthur Greene.

On December 23rd a debate was given, the subject being:

Resolved, That Carnival attractions should be abolished from the coming Fair.

Affirmative: Ruth Hand, Dorothy Rumph.

Negative: Muriel Rhodes, Winnifred Strong.

While the judges were making their decision, Helen Peck and Anna Mason entertained the society with a "piano solo."

The judges rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative.

On March 16th a St. Patrick's program was given as follows:

"A Little Bit of Heaven"	.....
"She's the Daughter of Mother Macree"	..... Chorus
"Why We Honor St. Patrick's Day"	..... Lelia Hutchinson
Reading	..... Perry Lee Bell
Some Irish Anecdotes by a number of girls.	.....
"The Wishing Bridge"	..... Edna Chittenden
"Where the Shannon River Flows"	.....
"Ireland must be Heaven for my Mother came from There"	.....

#### Orchestra

Adele Rines—Violinist  
Ellen Chappell—Violinist  
Rose Gallagher—Cornet  
Fannie Reba Munson—Piano.

On March 30th, the following program was given:

Piano Solo	..... Anna Mason
Presentation of Popular Books	..... By a Number of Girls

This last was a guessing contest. One girl represented "Lavendar and Old Lace," by holding in her hand some lavendar and a bit of lace. Another represented, "Penrod," by holding a pen in one hand and a rod in the other. "The Lady of the Lake" was represented very appropriately by Sarita Lake. "Little Women" was represented by one of the girls who had a number of paper dolls pinned on. "Little Men" was represented somewhat in the same way. The meeting was closed by a quartette given by a number of girls.

#### BOYS, DEBATING SOCIETY

President—Roby Laing.  
Secretary—Robert Greene.  
Censor—William Runge.

#### Record of Debates for 1917

January 15: Resolved: That the State of Florida should be divided into two separate States.

Affirmative: Tillis, Connelly.

Negative: Cobb, Russell.

Decision rendered in favor of affirmative.

February 8. Resolved: That the use of tobacco is a greater evil today than the use of alcohol.

Affirmative: Greene, F. Russell.

Negative: Spencer, Leach.

The judges gave the victory to the negative.

March 2. Resolved; That elective studies should be allowed during the Freshman and Sophomore years in school.

Affirmative: Glenn Lingle, Hawkins Connelly.

Negative: Leslie Roller, Sherman Moore.

The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

March 16. Resolved; That real plays only, and no moving picture plays should be allowed in our city.

Affirmative: Wm. McKim, Henry McLaulin.

Negative: Theodore Runge, Sam. Murrell.

Alternate: Geo. Arthur.

Debate was won by affirmative.

#### Alumni

Anna McLaughlin, '16, has been in Philadelphia with her aunt ever since her graduation. We hear rumors of gay times in that direction.

Can you imagine Zoe Munson of '15 principal of the school at Gotha, Fla.?

Ernest Shepherd of '15 is studying dentistry.

Gladys Morris of '16 is attending Florida State College for Women and is doing splendid work, not only in her studies, but also in athletics. She is on the "Even" team, which reports a good record.

Frances Aspinwall and Allie Anderson of '16 have joined the matrimonial ranks, but continue to live in Sanford.

Claire Walker, Ethel Moughton and Renie Murrell of '14, who graduated last year from Florida Woman's College are now members of the faculty of the primary department in the Sanford schools.

Ruth McDaniel of '16 has been working as assistant in Miss Wight's kindergarten class.

Robert McKim of '11 is now in Sacramento, California, advancing rapidly in business with his uncle.

Ernest Housholder of '11 is making quite a success in law. He has been even more successful in another line, winning an even greater prize.

Oscar Brown of '16 is a student in the Industrial University at Manhattan, Kansas. He is taking along with the regular course military training and likes it very much.

Etta Prigge West of '16 is taking a regular college course in F. M. A. at Redfield, North Carolina. She says they make you study hard. Does that suit Etta?

Joe Laing of '16 is working for an A. B. degree at the University of Florida. He takes military training along with his course, and reports good hard work.

Hume Rumph of '16 has obtained a position in the new Seminole Bank of Sanford. We predict Hume will be president of that bank some day.

We hear that Earle Paxton of '14 is making a splendid record in his work at the University of Florida. He has recently been elected Corporal.

Dr. Ralph Stevens of '09 is now practicing medicine in Sanford, the first physician among the alumni.

Benjamin Whitner of '14 is at the University of Florida, and has been made First Lieutenant of his company.

We could sum up the rest of the alumni by saying that they are "among those married." Those most recently married are: Lillian Higgins, Anne Higgins, Stanley Wood, Gussie Tillis, Ray Maxwell and Saidee Williams.

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## LOCALS

We have had the pleasure of a number of visitors at our chapel exercises this year. Mr. Bendell, a Lyceum reader and impersonator of much note gave us a number of readings from the late James Whitcomb Riley, one morning. He created quite a bit of excitement with his huge stature and ponderous voice. He stooped his shoulders, drew his face long, and with some real old Yankee talk impersonated the old Hoosier to perfection.

Miss Goodhue, an old favorite among us came again to speak to us about protecting our birds. She ended her talk with the imitation of birdnotes for which she is famous.

Another interesting talk was that by Mr. Kelsey, on the subject of Hawaii.

Dr. Owens, a Chautauqua lecturer of note spoke to us on the subject of poetry in general, and in particular introduced to us the negro poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, reciting to us some of his best poems.

Among the ministers who have given us helpful and inspiring talks at our exercises have been Father Huntington and Dr. Spencer, visitors in town; Dr. Brownlee, Mr. Peck, Mr. Steinmeyer and Dr. Hyman.

The art exhibit which was held in the Grammar School building was found to be educational and enjoyable by the whole High School, especially by the Senior girls, who took part in studying the different pictures and interpreting the most famous to the visitors.

The Columbia Glee Club of Columbia College, while giving a concert in Sanford, visited the High School and gave several choruses and solos which were very much enjoyed.

We have not the reputation of behaving any too well, but we think we compare favorably enough with the college boys.

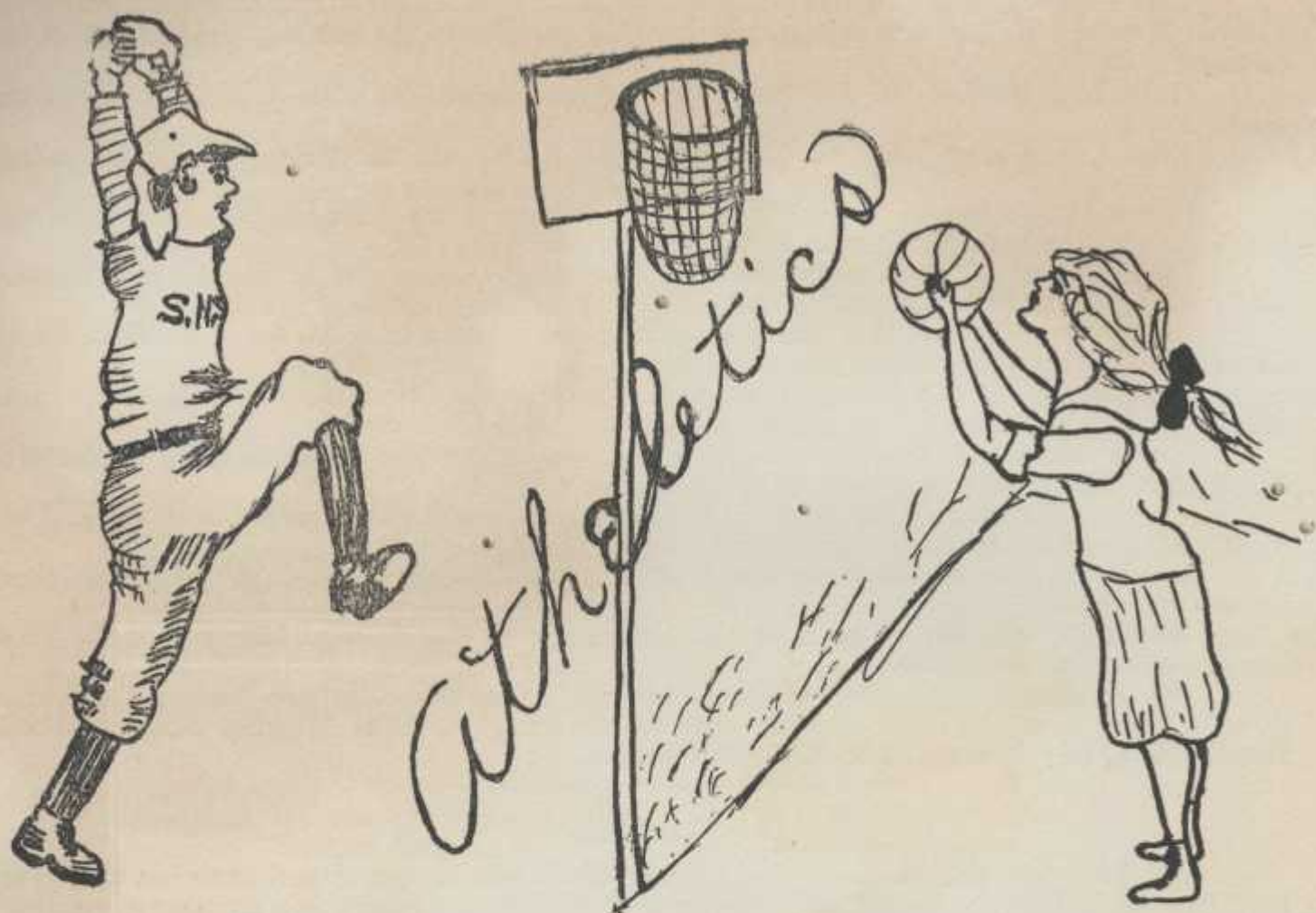
On Friday evening, December 15th, Professor and Mrs. B. F. Ezell delightfully entertained the Seniors and High School faculty in honor of their guest, Miss Virginia Poole. Rook, Jack Straws and various other games were enjoyed throughout the evening. Miss Stevenson won the first prize, a box of delicious chocolates. Ruth Kanner won the booby prize.—a stick of candy. Later a salad course was served by the hostess. About ten-thirty the guests expressing their pleasure in meeting Miss Poole left for their homes.

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In the Literary Society they were guessing names of books. Serita Lake stood up to represent "The Lady of the Lake." After it had been guessed there was a chorus of "Where is the Lady?"

Mr. Chaffer (in Latin): What were the shields of the Romans made of?"

Alice A: "Oh! I know, woven wigs" (woventwigs).



The pupils of the High School have been able to devote a few minutes of each day of this term to physical culture. We were unable to do this last year; but we all can say we have been benefitted by it, though it has been carried out on a small scale. Two drums were purchased, to aid in making the drills systematic. To the beating of these drums the marching drills are much more effective. Miss Tribble and Miss Edwards have charge of the girls. Drills that may be taken on the open court in ordinary costume are employed, such as breathing exercises, jumping, marching and others. Mr. Chaffer trains the boys in "setting up" drills. These drills make our brains more active, we think, and we feel more like doing our work.

The Greeks, hundreds of years ago realized the necessity of this training, and set about to keep the development of the mind and body at an equal pace. For carrying out this work they constructed large buildings. A part of each building was equipped for boxing, wrestling and gladiatorial combats, another part was for spectators who came to watch the performances.

In the Hellenic times the gymnastic training was the most important part of the education; now we spend a certain amount of time in physical training, but the greater part of our time is spent in training the mind.

Gertrude Little, '18.

At the first meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association Ruth Kanner was elected captain of the basket ball team; Ruth Hand was elected manager, but later declined the honor. Helen Hand was chosen to fill the office.

This was the beginning of the most successful basket ball season the girls of the Sanford High School have ever known.

It was not easy to pick the first team, as much enthusiasm was shown by the many girls who came out. However, the following were chosen: Helen Hand, Right Forward; Cora Lee Tillis, Left Forward; Ruth Kanner, Jumping Center; Helen Peck, Running Center; Ruth Hand, Right Guard; Alice Andes, Left Guard. Ethel Henry, Dorothy Rumph and Saretta Lake, substitutes. Miss Elizabeth Tribble, Coach.



BASKET BALL TEAM

The first game was played November 17th, with the Oviedo High School. The game was Sanford's from the very start, although Oviedo made us work for it. The score was 20 to 13. Our school was proud of this victory, as it was the first of the season.

The following Friday the return game was played. This was a much more interesting game than the first. The most spectacular play in the game was when a tie ball was thrown up between Helen Hand and her opponent. Helen knocked the ball and tipped it into the basket. The score was 24-20, in favor of Sanford High.

The next game was played with Umatilla town team. This was the hardest fought game of the season. At the end of the first half Umatilla was in the lead. In the second half it did not take long to pass them. The final score was 23-19 in our favor.

On December 16th we played the Osceola High School at Kissimmee. The score was a very close one. When time was called it was 8-8. We played a few minutes longer and made three more points, so the score was 11-8 for the S. H. S. After the game we were royally entertained by the Kissimmee girls. We are sorry that it was impossible for us to give this team a return game.

We played THE game of the season January 5th. Needless to say it was with the Orlando High School. After we arrived at the Armory we had spent about ten minutes searching for a dressing room, when one of the Orlando girls took us to a small one. There was not enough space for all within, but we managed to get ready for the game on the installment plan. In the dark we accidentally put our coats in a box of red sand for safe keeping; it proved a dye vat. The game was hard fought. Both teams were determined to win, but as with every other team we had played, Orlando was defeated. We made ten points, but were given credit for only six. Orlando threw only one field goal, which was the best record our guards have made. The score, 6-2, was our sixth victory. We think the support of the boys from Kissimmee and Sanford helped us win.

We met our first defeat of the season, January 19th, when we played the first team of Stetson University. Although we lost, we consider this particular defeat a gain. It is always a help to play a team such as Stetson has.

This season, for the first time, our basket ball team met the team of the O. H. S., thus adding Ocala to our list of opponents. The first game was played in Sanford, February 9th. From the beginning of the game we knew we were playing a stronger team; but by hard work we kept the score 23 to 31.

The return game was played the following Friday in Ocala. It may be said right here that those Ocala girls can PLAY basket ball. We should like to know what they feed the girls on in that part of the country. The score of this game was 15-23. We stayed over in Ocala until Saturday morning. The girls gave us one of the best times we have ever had.

In closing we wish to thank all who helped to make our team what it is, and who have furnished the cars to carry us to other towns to play. The following gave us the use of their autos: Messrs. C. E. Henry, C. J. Meriwether and John Russell; to Mr. R. O. Meriwether, who kindly gave us his service as driver; Rev. A. S. Peck, who gave us the use of the Parish House for practice; and Mr. Forest Kilgore for his valuable coaching; to all we extend our heartiest thanks and deepest gratitude.

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Miss Edwards, reading out the life of Caesar. "Caesar was deaf in one ear."

Helen H: "Is that true, or is it just put in for effect?"

Dorothy: "That's not effect, that's defect."

Miss E.—"Was Disraeli an Englishman?"

Mary Bell—"No, he was a Conservative."

Miss Z—"Define burgher."

Adele R—"There are a lot of different kinds of burghers, Royal burghers and-er—"

Max (quickly)—"And hamburger."

Teacher—"Newton, stop giggling and pay attention to the lesson."

Newton—"Every time I turn around somebody laughs and makes me laugh."

Teacher—"Well, if I had such a comical face I wouldn't turn round."

Miss S.—"Lucille, what office did Bacon's father hold at the court of Queen Elizabeth?"

Lucille D.—"He was the Lord's Keeper."

Miss S.—"What was the outcome of the Civil War?"

Jack—"Charles I came to the throne."

Miss S.—"What?"

Jack—"Oh! no. Charles I came to the block."

# *FOOT BALL*

## *Season of Nineteen Sixteen*

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Mr. B. F. Ezell, Manager  
Mr. J. C. Hutchinson, Coach

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### *LINE UP*

Greene, Captain—Full Back

Spencer—Q. B.

Robinson—L. H.

Lipford—R. H.

Meredith—Center

Meisch—L. G.

Arthur—R. G.

Smith—L. T.

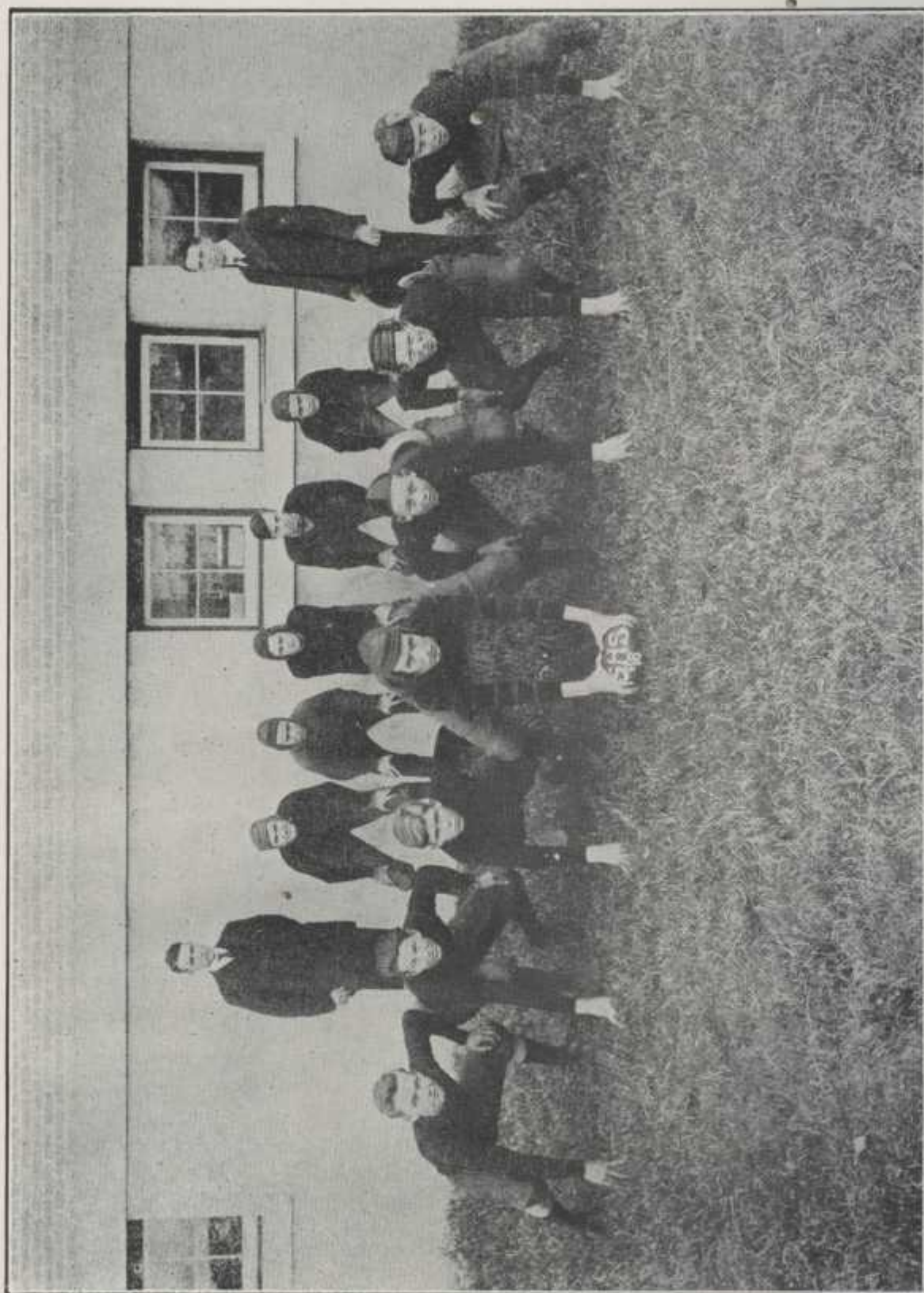
Allen—R. T.

Murrell—L. E.

Washburn—R. E.

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Others who took part in games were: Percy Packard, Reuben Mason, Robert Cobb, Leslie Hill, Max Stewart and Israel Kanner.



FOOT BALL TEAM

## FOOTBALL

As soon as possible after school started Mr. Hutchinson began drafting new recruits for a football team. He found it rather hard work, for only three members of last year's Varsity were back at school. However, he finally got enough men out to make a team—a team with practically no experience, gotten together in a few weeks, and in its first engagement pitched against the old and firmly founded St. Augustine squad.

What our boys lacked in experience and weight—by the way, the opposing team's heaviest man weighed 215 pounds, and our heavyweight tipped the scales at 165 pounds—they made up in spirit. Everyone played hard and did his part in holding the score of St. A. down to six.

Just before the game many people expressed their opinion that we would be beaten five or six times as bad as we really were. One of the features of the game was the loyal support given by the H. S. girls. Their songs and yells did much to cheer the Sanford players.

That evening the H. S. boys, Junior and Senior girls, and the St. Augustine players assembled at the Empire Hotel and enjoyed themselves dancing, chatting and having a good time generally.

In our first game with Kissimmee we were more evenly matched, but we were also over-confident. The thing which took us off our feet, however, was the great speed used by the cow-punchers. One of our players realizing that the game was going against us, threw away all regard for himself, and bucked the interference until he was knocked almost senseless and taken from the game.

The following Friday, Sanford played the Osceola team in Kissimmee. In this game G. W. Spencer secured the ball on a fumble, and made a grand sixty yard dash before he was tackled.

On November 28 the Sanford squad boarded the train for St. Augustine. The trip was very much enjoyed. A dance had been planned for us that evening, but our Coach's order was that all should be in bed by eight fifteen o'clock.

The forenoon of Turkey Day was spent looking around the Ancient City, and taking a trip to the Beach, museum and light house. After enjoying a splendid, but light, turkey dinner, we went to the Y. M. C. A. building to prepare for the game. We were in much better trim physically for this game than we were for our first one, but materially we were crippled for three of our regular players could not go, and their places were filled by inexperienced men, one of whom had not even practised this season.

One feature of the game was the long and frequent passing of our opponents; three of their five scores were made in this manner. Murrell, of Sanford, distinguished himself by catching many passes, but he never managed to cross the goal with one of them.

G. W. Spencer intercepted a long pass by St. A. and made a brilliant streak for about seventy-five yards; then his hopes were smashed when he stubbed his toe in a gopher hole and went sprawling.

That night we were the guests at a turkey banquet given in the Royal Cafe. Tom Meredith claimed that he could have eaten all the food on four tables, instead of only one-fourth of that on one table. During the remainder of our stay in St. Augustine we enjoyed a dance in company with many pretty girls. Several Sanford boys fell in love with St. Augustine (?) and promised to come back next year.

Orlando claimed us for our last game of the season, and the writer would like to add right here that he never has seen such a big, fat and husky team or set of boys in any H. S. in Florida. The laughable feature of the game was when we were on our ten yard line, and were forced to punt. The signal for our full back was given. The ball was rolled part way to him. He ran up, got the ball, and tried to make a hasty and hard punt. His efforts failed, for the punt was a short one, and barely over the line. An Orlando player caught the ball. He immediately turned and ran close along the side lines for Sanford's goal. Directly behind him came Sanford's full back and left half back, urging him to go it and make a touchdown (for Sanford). The crowd finally persuaded him to turn and go for his own goal, but it was too late.

Although Sanford was beaten by this team, on our way home amid pouring rain, we sang songs and gave yells for good old S. H. S., showing that our spirit was unbroken.

As all the promising material will be here for the next two years, it is safe to say that Sanford will have a winning team in the near future.

On January 8 each class in the H. S. met, and elected a member to serve on the Boys' Athletic Conference. This body met on Jan. 10th, and awarded the privilege of wearing block letters, as a reward for football service, to the following boys: G. W. Spencer, George Arthur, Robert Robinson, Wallace Lipford and Oliver Murrell.

Those receiving monograms were Virgil Smith and Tom Meredith. The council agreed that any one receiving a block letter for two consecutive years should be awarded a star, and a star was accordingly awarded to Robert Greene.

In February a meeting of the B. A. A. was called by Pres. Laing. Robert Robinson was elected captain of the football team for 1917. After much discussion it was decided, by the close vote of 33 to 3, that base ball should occupy our attention for the remainder of the season. Roby Laing was re-elected captain of the base ball team.

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## BASE BALL

On Saturday, March 24th, the S. H. S. base ball team opened our base ball season by playing Ocala H. S. at Ocala. The round trip was accomplished with almost no trouble, only fourteen blowouts and a few breakdowns. In spite of the fact that our boys were awed by a strange and sandy diamond, the game had all the interest of a league game.

The pitching of Roby Laing, the hitting of G. W. Spencer, and the backstop work of Robinson were features from the S. H. S. standpoint. "Robbie" staid with the swiftest balls even though he had a mashed hand and a broken finger, and his work deserves credit.

Our next game was played on March 30 with the Rollins Academy team in Winter Park. Five of this team were regular Rollins Varsity men. Yet Rollins seemed unable to connect with Roby's swift benders, as they had with other pitchers. The most spectacular play was made by young Lawrence Smith of the Grammar School, when he was forced to jump for a long fly, and in landing rolled over several times in sandspurs, but he had the ball tucked firmly in his glove when he got up.

Rollins expressed a wish that they had our pitcher, Roby Laing, and our catcher "Robbie" Robinson on their team. They also asked Roby where he was going to college next year, and they invited him down to Rollins. From pure tough luck we lost the game by a score of 2-1.

On April 7 the Ocala team came here and gave us a game at Holden Park. We might incidentally remark that during this game Roby struck out nineteen Ocala players, which is a record for any pitcher. Score: Ocala 4; Sanford 2.

The following Monday Rollins Academy came to Sanford to do battle. Our old standby, Roby, was not on the ground in time to open the game, so Raymond Allen took the box till Roby warmed up. Then Roby went in, though the odds under which he started were very great he manfully held on till the inning was over. G. W. Spencer made two two-base hits. Robert Robinson broke two more fingers, but he held his place till the end of the game.

This completes our base ball season, because Orlando and Kissimmee cancelled our games with them, thus breaking up our proposed tour of Kissimmee, Plant City and Orlando.

---

Miss Edwards—"Why was Adams not re-elected?"

Roby—"Because he didn't get enough votes."

First Speaker—"Mr. Chaffer looks like a good teacher."

Second Speaker—"Yes, he's a Lemon Bluffer."

Miss Tribble—"Where is Europe?"

Bright Freshie—"On page 83."

Teacher—"This is a bad day for the football game."

Bright Junior—"And a bad day for the race."

Teacher—"What race?"

Bright Junior—"The human race."

The Freshmen have been learning what "reinforced reduplication" is in epic poetry. But on a test the day after the Clara Vaughn Wales players gave the "Rejuvenation" here, one little Freshman whose mind was still full of the play wrote it "reinforced rejuvenation."

Miss Stevenson said that she would be glad,  
If we would always bring pencil and pad.

Miss T.—"Helen, name some narcotics."

Helen H.—"Morphine, nicotine and garbardine."



SNAPS OF THE SEASON

### Foot Ball Dead March

When St. Augustine to Sanford came  
We gave their boys a snappy game.  
The day was bad and the boys felt mean,  
But Augustine needed no adding machine.  
The game was good, the score was close,  
And why we lost nobody knows.  
They left the "gridiron" with six to none,  
And Sanford not yet a game has won.

Kissimmee next to Sanford came,  
And before we knew they had copped the game.  
In their back lines they had machines,  
That could not be stopped by any means.  
We boys could hardly keep the scores,  
And why we lost nobody knows.  
The cow punchers all said they had fun,  
And Sanford not yet a game has won.

We rambled to Kissimmee with little fame,  
And again they managed to hook the game.  
On all sides "Queens" would call  
And by looking at things we lost the ball.  
The boys worked hard and the line played close,  
Still, why we lost nobody knows.  
We then came back, like a shot of a gun,  
And Sanford not yet a game has won.

To Orlando we went with a very small name,  
Of course we lost but nobody's to blame;  
For that team has fellows, fat, husky and lean,  
And our men played the game too clean.  
Our feet to their ten yard line were "froze,"  
And why we lost nobody knows.  
Though forever we fight, you call us "bum,"  
And that's why Sanford has never won.

—Oliver Murrell, '18.

Twenty little Sophomores  
All in one big class,  
Each one trying hard to see  
If he could just pass.  
But their heads were such a jam  
With so much other junk  
That when it comes to Caesar exam.  
They every one did flunk.

—Nellie Long, '19.

I like my history teacher's look,  
And always try to please her,  
But my favorite story in that book  
Is on the death of Caesar.

—Nellie Long.

Come, Senior Ruth, and do your bossing,  
Sophys are noisy and the Freshies are fussing.  
Where is the Senior that gives the demerits,  
She's in the study hall making her credits

Miss E.—"Give a description of Napoleon."

Clifford—"He was short and stout, pale and thin."

Miss T.—"Is there any question you want to ask before the test?"

Fannie Reba—"Yes, what are you going to ask us?"

Lost—A Senior girl by matrimony (? ?).

Wanted—Some simple, odorless experiment for the chemistry class.

Why is the Junior class such a happy class?

Because they have Love (and) joy.

If Katharine was a peach would Ruth Kan-ner?

If we had school at nine o'clock would Ruth W. be on time?

## EXCHANGE NOTES

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The Sentinel of Daytona High School is a very attractive magazine. The pictures of the different classes are well arranged. The fiction is splendid, and also the jokes. The stories vary, which makes the magazine interesting.

\* \* \* \* \*

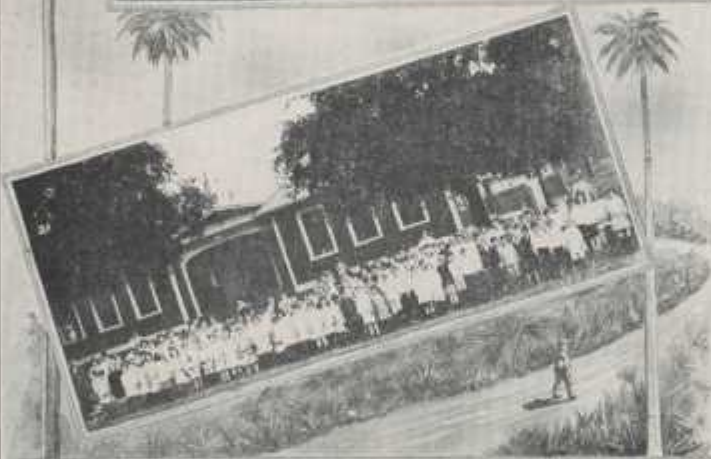
The Sand Crab, issued by Seabreeze High School is a splendid magazine, and this in spite of the small number of pupils in the graduating class; in fact, the small number throughout the High School. The advertising department shows energy on the part of the students. More fiction would add greatly to the Sand Crab.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Utolakean monthly paper gotten out by the Kissimmee High School is an interesting little paper. The fiction is good, and the jokes are especially so.

\* \* \* \* \*

Others on our exchange list are as follows: Sandspur, Rollins College; Gopher, Orlando Cathedral School; Oracle, Duval High School, Jacksonville; Orlando High School Paper; Florida Flamingo, Woman's College, Tallahassee; Florida Alligator, University of Florida.



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**THE NILE, Egypt**—Because annually it overflows the most fertile valley in the world.

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Sanford has a population of	- - - - -	7000
Sanford has invested in white school buildings	-	\$88,000.00
Sanford has invested in colored school buildings	-	17,000.00
Sanford is investing in church improvements	-	70,000.00
Sanford is investing in other improvements	- - -	80,000.00

Sanford has a brick road leading to every town in Seminole County. A total of 55 miles

Two and a quarter million dollars is the selling value of Sanford's celery and vegetable crop this season

We believe in religion, in education and production from the soil. To maintain our creed, we must be progressive---and we are

*To you who are this year's graduates and to those students who are following, take this as your guide and in time to come let it be your sole ambition to be REAL men and REAL women.*

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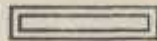
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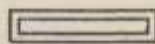
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