

QUIL CEDA

'10



Senior Annual



of the
Marysville High School

Published by the
Senior Class '10

DEDICATION

This annual is respectfully dedicated to Miss Dora Campbell, by
the Senior Class of 1910.

Who helps the Seniors meditate,
When they are stalled on their debate,
And helps them win e'er 'tis too late?
Miss Campbell.

Who is the life of parties gay,
And feels as young as any? Say!
Who comes up smiling, come what may?
Miss Campbell.

Who roots and sings with might and main,
With a hearty zeal that will never wane,
And cheers us on to win again?
Miss Campbell.

Who trains our actors of renown,
Schylock, Portia and the clown,
And made us famous in the town?
Miss Campbell.

Who did her best to have a "Glee?"
Who helped us sing way up to "G?"
Who made us do our best? Why—ee—
Miss Campbell.

Who backed the Seniors in their fight
For what they thought their simple right,
And argued for them half the night?
Miss Campbell.

Who soothes the little Freshies woes?
Who, giggling, with the Sophomores, goes?
Who, with the Juniors, finds repose?
Miss Campbell.

And now this little annual new,
Which you have oft had in review,
We wish to dedicate to you,
Miss Campbell.



Conundrum: "If all of these students attend school in this building, why don't the parents visit the school?"



C. A. NELSON, A. B., Superintendent
(*University of Washington.*)
History and Algebra.



DORA CAMPBELL, A. B.
(*University of Washington.*)
English.



JEANNETTE M. TWYMAN
(*Ellensburg Normal School.*)
German.



J. E. LEWIS, Principal
(Carlton College.)
Science.



GENEVIEVE WAITE, A. B.
(University of Washington.)
Latin.

QUILL CEDA STAFF

HELEN SCHUMACHER, *Editor-in-Chief*

HAZEL MAPES, *Assistant Editor*

LOGAN SMITH, *Business Manager*

DEPARTMENTS

Janea Shoultes,	Society	Ruth Fox,	Grinds
Ruby Tidball,	Calendar	Hazel Mapes,	Artist
Winifred Schumacher,	Athletics	Janea Shoultes,	Artist
Mareta Havens,	Debate and Oratory	Miss Dora Campbell,	Faculty Member
Alice Main,	Music	Prof. C. A. Nelson,	Faculty Member

EDITORIAL

One more year of school life has rolled by, and the time has come for the second edition of "The Quil Ceda."

Since the edition last year the High School has grown steadily in spirit and in numbers, and for that reason, the present staff has been able to enlarge on the first edition, and also add a few new departments. It is our sincere wish that this annual may receive as loyal a welcome as did the one last year.

So far, our appeals to the public have met with the most gratifying success, and the generous response of the business men to the request for advertising, has assured the financial success of this annual.

We would gladly, if we could, hand down our experience to the coming senior class, but failing in this, we extend to them our heartiest wishes for a grand success next year.

The High School year, which is now drawing to a close, has been marked by one continual series of successful undertakings. Almost every department of high school activities has been taken up—Athletics, Music, Dramatics, Debate, Oratory, etc., and a fair degree of success has been met with, in each.

The hearty co-operation of the entire student body and faculty with every undertaking, has made these successes possible, and has received many expressions of commendation from visitors from other schools.

Probably the most serious drawback to rapid advancement is the lack of room. This is felt, not only in the regular school work, but also in athletics, dramatic and literary work, etc.



SENIORS.



Cherokee Bates



Ruth Carolyn Fox



Marcia Pearl Havens

CHEROKEE BATES—

I am the quietest member of the class, but you know the old saying, "Still water runs deep." That is certainly true in my case. I am known as the best informed person in school. I am authority on history, mythology and current happenings and for that reason, I am often called Mr. Nelson's pet. I am also proficient in German, and have been able to tutor others in that branch.

RUTH CAROLYN FOX—

I am the demure little girl, who seldom speaks, and when I do, try to say something, I cannot be heard. My voice is low and sweet, and my eyes are brown and dreamy. I am famous for several different reasons: One, I make a splendid basket ball business manager; another, I never fail to take pickles to a picnic, or spread; finally, I am the bosom friend, constant companion and unceasing shadow of the tall Junior, Anna Bowman.

MARETA PEARL HAVENS—

I am the Salutatorian of the class of '10. I am the smallest girl in the class, but not the least in any sense. I have a "stand in" with all the teachers and I think I may safely say that I am more intimately acquainted with them than any other Hi School student. I am always (over)willing to help a good cause along. I can do "stunts" in Latin that would surprise Virgil himself. I am the girl who always knows things but "can't express" them.



Alice Elinor Main



Hazel May Mapes



Haldy Rathvon

ALICE ELINOR MAIN—

I am the musical genius of the class. When it comes to hitting the upright, there is no one in all the State of Washington, nor in Marysville, that can come up to the standard I set. I am very fond of conversing with the young men, but my motto for studying is: "Never do today that which I can put off 'till tomorrow." I am also distinguished for my low, gentle voice, which, on the stillest day, can be heard only seven blocks. I have studied German industriously, so as to be able to understand the language when I go to Germany to study music.

HAZEL MAY MAPES—

I am the classy little guard with the curly hair. Being rather tiny, I am apt to give my opponent the impression that she has a snap—that is, before the game. She generally changes her mind before the game has progressed very far. I warble alto in the Glee club, and "draw pitchers" for the annual. When it comes to translating German, I betray my nationality, talking the language almost as fluently as the natives.

HALDY RATHVON—

I am one of the many mathematical geni of which my class is so proud. I have already been offered a chair at the University, but greatly fear that I will have to resign in favor of Ruby. I am of a haughty disposition, and will bend my neck to no one. Am very fond of athletics, but when it comes to training for track, I always wait 'till the next day. I have spent a small fortune paying for broken physic's apparatus and would be strapped completely if it had not been for the fact that I was able to deposit some in the stove, before J. E. L. saw me.



Bernice Randall



Logan Champeon Smith



Grace Winifred Schumacher

BERNICE HAZEL RANDALL—

I am, without exception, the best student in the class, and for that reason, am the valedictorian. I always seem to know just what my teachers want for an answer, and have a happy faculty for getting grades. I shine in oratory and debate, but I think most of the school enterprises are "pure foolishness." I don't believe in class meetings, and would rather work on my note books than attend a party.

LOGAN CHAMPEON SMITH—

I am the main pillar in that noble edifice—the Senior Class. I have very successfully conducted the business end of the annual, and have also rendered valuable assistance along other lines as well. I am very popular with the fair sex—probably because I take them for so many spins in my auto. I expect to clear enough money off the annual to live in luxury the rest of my life. And if I decide to charge the board with all the apparatus I have built this year, my name will undoubtedly soon be ranked with Rockerbilt and Vanderastor.

GRACE WINIFRED SCHUMACHER—

I am the class president—am perfectly informed in parliamentary rules. I write the High School yells and songs, which are used at all athletic and school doings, and then stand up in front and wave my arms, sing and yell at the top of my voice. I'm very fond of the High School frolics, such as picnics and parties, and am always ready with the necessary articles, table cloths, spoons, cups, etc., while I never tire making coffee for the crowd. Nearly every Tuesday and Thursday I may be heard leading the sopranos in the chorus. I play guard on the first basket ball team and make it a point to show my opponent that to make baskets during the game is a difficult task.



Janea Baird Shoultes



Helen May Schumacher



Ruby Ruth Tidball

JANEA BAIRD SHOULTES—

I am the all-round good fellow of the senior class. There is hardly a department in High School work in which I am not a bright and shining star. I am the star basket thrower on the first basket ball team, and I won first place in the oratorical try-out. Besides all of these accomplishments I am one of the staff artists, am an expert swimmer, rower and baseball thrower. In disposition I am cool and level-headed (yes?) and am noted for my patience.

HELEN MAY SCHUMACHER—

I am the great debater of the Marysville High School. The whole school, and, especially the Senior class, is very proud of my ability in that line. I sing alto in the chorus and at times join in on the bass. I can think quickly, learn more in a short time than any other student in the class, and in all my recitations I am noted for my correct and logical answers. Physics is one of my favorite studies, and I could work on "Latent Heat of Evaporation" for weeks without tiring. I am exceedingly proud of the fact that I haven't been tardy for three weeks and undoubtedly if school would continue much longer I might, some morning, get to school before the gong.

RUBY RUTH TIDBALL—

I am the baby of the class in age, but not in size. I am jolly and good-natured and responsibility slips from me like water from a goose's back. I look my best in a lavender gingham and with my hair in curls. I intend to write a book on Astronomy, if Mr. Lewis will promise to confer with me. I will take "sass" from no teacher, but get along with them alright as long as I can have my way. I am the champion walker of the school and do my stunt of three miles twice a day besides going on all the larks that turn up in the course of the day.



Bessie Jean Workman

BESSIE JEAN WORKMAN—

I am the thirteenth member of the class, and if something dreadful happens, I will get all the blame. I have a deep sympathy for the High School faculty, having taught school two years myself. I also attended Bellingham one year, so feel that I am far above the other seniors in knowledge of the world. I am very brilliant in mathematics, but please do not ask me to pronounce German words. I am an expert driver, and will guarantee to hit every stump along the side of the road.

CLASS YELL.

Hickety Rhi, de rhu de res!
A Hoopla ha and a Hoopla hes!
Hoopla! Hoopla!! M. H. S.
Hurra? Seniors.

CLASS OFFICERS.

Winifred Schumacher,	President
Ruth Fox,	Vice President
Bessie Workman,	Secretary
Logan Smith,	Treasurer

CLASS HONORS.

Bernice Randall,	Valedictorian
Mareta Havens,	Salutatorian

Class Flower, *LaFrance Rose*
Class Colors, *Orange and Black*
Class Motto,

SENIOR POEM

In depths of earth, unnoticed,
Where 'tis always dark and cold,
You will find the precious metals:
Iron, copper, silver, gold;
For these crude, yet precious metals,
Men search far o'er hill and moor,
Force the earth to give up treasures,
Which she long has held secure.

Then the ore is crushed and mangled;
Taken from the coarse refuse,
Purified, and then 'tis ready
For the skillful workman's use,
Where those things for which it's suited,
By machine and human skill,
Soon are formed, and now that metal
Has a silent place to fill.

We are like those useful metals,
Ignorance is our dark home,
School, the miner who unearths us,
Brings us up above the loam.

Where we see things in their true light,
And our worth is quickly told
By the way we stand the buffets
Of the world, so stern and cold.

When we leave the High School Portals,
We will find our minds will tend
Towards the shape which Books and Teachers
Helped our characters to bend;
Go, dear comrades, be reminded,
Cherish long the precepts rare,
Which you've gained from Books and Teachers,
And remember them with care.

Ore which shines and rings like silver,
Ore like steel, so hard and blue,
Ore as humble as the copper,
Ore like gold, so pure and true.
When we're through the melting furnace
And are moulded for our place,
Let us each, with resolution,
Enter in the final race.

Winifred Schumacher, '10.

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class, of the township '10, in the County of High School, in the State of Wisdom, do make and publish, this, our last will and testament, in manner and form following:

1. We give and bequeath to our little sisters and brothers, The Juniors, that title to all of our possessions and property: the plantation known as Seniordom, situated in the aforesaid township; our much-worn Physics and Geometry texts, and our much-more worn out teacher; our remaining supply of soothing ointment, "Power Thro' Repose," to be applied at all times when friction arises between the easily frustrated Juniors and the dignified (?) Sophomores.

2. Knowing their inability to make up "cons" we do bequeath to the Sophomores some of our spare credits.

3. On account of their lack of spirit we bequeath to our youngest sisters and brothers, the Freshmen, our class spirit. We caution them to use it carefully, otherwise so much spirit might be more than they could manage.

4. To Miss Campbell we give a rest from urging the Seniors to

come to practice and then having to represent several characters in the play.

5. We will our surplus money to Miss Waite to buy "Ancient History" text books.

6. We bequeath to Miss Twyman all our hidden treasures, which she will find by going off on a tangent, turning a right angle, bisecting a given angle and continuing in a straight line until she comes to a perpendicular which bisects the right angle. At this point she will find all buried treasures.

7. To Mr. Nelson we bequeath our "History Note and Map Books" to be kept as models for all future classes.

8. We will and bequeath to Mr. Lewis the keeping of the "Red Algebra" and all "Wentworth Geometries."

Signed this twentieth day of May, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and ten.

THE SENIORS.

Witness, Marysville High School.

BESSIE WORKMAN.

SENIORS CLASS HISTORY



In the autumn of 1906 the class of '10, twenty-four in number, entered the High School. Having no High School building, we made our home for this first year in the basement of the Methodist church, with Professor Tripp, Miss Carman and Miss Twyman as the faculty. Here the literary programs given by the two societies of the school, were the only diversions from hard study. But even in such an atmosphere our class was noted for its activity if we may judge from the epithets of "those noisy Freshmen," hurled at us by the upper classmen.

The next year we entered the present High School building as Sophomores, though with ranks reduced to little more than half their former size; for most of the boys and some of the girls had dropped out. However, three more Sophomores from other schools were enrolled during the year. Here, under the inspiration of Professor Bush, we gathered together yells and songs and, by our spirit, aroused the other classes of Marysville High School to action. All-in-all, our Sophomore year was one of "jest and jollity." Nevertheless some things of importance were accomplished. Our class motto and colors—orange and black—were chosen, and the '10 pennant saw its birth. The Girls' Basket Ball Team, made up almost entirely from the class of 1910, was organized and drilled with Miss Carman as coach. One important game was played by the Sophomore team against the Freshman-Junior team, the former easily winning. The Boys' Basket Ball Team, with two Sophomore players, was also organized this year, and

several baseball games were played against the Tulalip Indian School and the Marysville Grammar grades.

During our Junior year we began to take life more seriously and to manifest a greater interest in our studies than heretofore. In fact, the thirteen who returned that year were determined to do or die. And they certainly did not die. Both the boys and the girls made names for themselves, especially in the athletic field. A number of Girls' Basket Ball games were held and most of them were won for the Marysville Hi. The boys did splendid work in football and baseball, to say nothing of basket ball and track racing; in all these sports the two boys of 1910 were prominent. Debating, too, was this year developed and a Junior won first place on the team. Another feature of High School life that afforded entertainment, was the High School Orchestra, in which two Juniors held important places.

Our Senior year has been a steady grind of hard work from start to finish, with the routine broken now and then by a candy sale or basket ball game. The principal incidents of this year were the debates—the team being comprised entirely of Seniors, and the Class Play—in which almost the entire class took active parts. And now we thirteen Seniors are preparing to go forth from the dear old High to higher institutions, or into the busy world, but who of us will ever forget or regret the happy hours spent within its walls?

BERNICE RANDALL.

Senior Class Prophecy

Entries From a Dairy of 1920.

September 2. Just received my new air-ship. It has all the latest improvements. The weather being fine, I am eager to try it and will accordingly start tomorrow on a long planned journey.

September 3. Today, after traveling several miles through the thin clear air, there appeared far below us a glittering, shimmering object. I became curious, so the ship was lowered before a great conservatory. I went in and was shown through the rooms by an attendant. We went down a long dim corridor, at the far end of which was a door marked "private." The guide knocked softly three times and after a few moments of waiting we were admitted by another attendant, who ushered us into a great bright room partly filled with flowering plants. Here and there were attendants moving about quietly. At one end of this place a small den was partitioned off; when passing the door of this room I glanced in; there amid the bottles and other laboratory apparatus busily engaged in propagating plants, stood an old friend.

September 9. I find I did not finish my entry of September 3, but is sufficient to say that Bernice and I have had a splendid visit the past few days and that the title which the world has given her, that of "Burbank, the Second," is well deserved. Am leaving today. Want Bernice to come with me, but she can't.

September 12. I certainly received two shocks today. While flying above the tree tops in my ship, I noticed a great commotion down below and a few miles ahead. It looked like men trying to storm a

castle. I was undecided about investigating the trouble when the machine gave a lurch; the engine refused to work and consequently we sank slowly to the ground. Were landed just outside of a stone wall which surrounded a woman's college. There I saw almost a repetition of the garden scene in the "Princess." Upon going inside imagine my amazement to find that the head of the college was my old friend, Bessie Workman. She insisted upon my coming into the building where I was met by her assistant, Helen Schumacher. They then took me through the gymnasium where a young woman was striding about. The stride and importance seemed familiar, but I did not, at once, recognize the owner, until Helen told me that it was Janea Shoultes, the physical director, who had gained a world wide reputation because of the training received in the well-equipped gymnasium of the Marysville High School. The girls want me to stay, and I have consented to do so, just three days.

September 15. Tonight the girls gave me a farewell banquet. As we were gathered about the table, we began to discuss music. Suddenly Helen remembered that tonight in far-off Leipzig, Alice was to give one of her famous recitations. Then I received another surprise, for at the end of the banquet, we went to the music room where Bessie showed us a new telephone-phonograph. This machine was on a table and the old style phonograph with its large horn. After pressing this button, and adjusting that tube and going through several maneuvers,

which I did not understand, never having seen such a machine before, we began to hear strains of most beautiful music. Bessie then said that we could listen to all of Alice's recital without stirring from the room.

September 18. Went to the opera this evening. From my box I had a fine view of the audience. As glanced over the sea of people, I noticed that they were in a state of suppressed excitement. At last the curtain rose and a silence that was oppressive settled over the room as the Prima Donna came out and sang. I felt sure that I had heard that particular accent before and upon closer observation through the glasses, I recognized her; this famous singer was my old friend, Ruth Fox. After the opera I went behind the scenes and persuaded her to come home with me. The night was so beautiful and warm that we decided to walk. Upon turning a corner we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd which had its attention rivited upon a young woman, a suffragist, who certainly was doing her best for the cause. However, we did not hear much of her speech as the crowd began to give way right and left before two policemen, who made their way to the speaker's stand and seized the speaker. As she, with many protests, was marched away, I thought I saw something familiar about the tilt of her chin, something familiar about the walk of the policeman. We struggled through the crowd in an endeavor to reach them, but we succeeded in catching only a glimpse of the retreating figures, but this was sufficient to assure us that they were none other than Ruby and Logan. Ruth and I have had a fine visit tonight.

September 19. This evening I picked up a newspaper which told that Cherokee Bates had just edited a book; a most famous book that is destined to become the idol of every housewife, and the name of this book is on every woman's tongue. Of course, we had always thought

that Cherokee would do something like this, but who ever dreamed that she would be such a great authoress—she had edited a cook-book. Think I'll buy one.

October 30. Have arrived safely in Paris. Visited an art exposition this afternoon. I was particularly interested in the pictures of one artist, most of these pictures were of dogs. There were dogs of all sizes and in all positions. I inquired about this artist and soon made my way to the studio and found there, seated before her easel and surrounded by her pets, Hazel Mapes. We at once renewed our acquaintance and I have promised to go with her to the theatre tonight to see the "Merchant of Venice" played by a famous actor and his wife, who are Americans, this fact alone assuring a good house.

November 1. The play last night was fine. Was a little disappointed in finding that I did not know Bassanio for I felt sure that I must be acquainted with him since Hazel had looked so wise when the play was mentioned. However, Portia was, as I had surmised, Mareta Havens.

November 3. I was reading in the newspapers that Winnifred Schumacher had graduated from an academy where she had been studying the language and customs of the Africans; and that she will soon sail for Darkest Africa to become a missionary.

November 20. It seems good to be in America again. I have visited and revisited every place of note except Marysville. Accordingly, I will at once prepare for a journey to that place.

November 28. Arrived and found the place almost as I left it years ago. Of course, I went at once to Quill Ceda, for who would think of visiting Marysville without going to the Quill? Even though the town is not changed, I cannot say the same for the river, for it is spanned by a magnificent steel bridge, which was engineered by Haldy.

SENIOR STATISTICS

Name	Weight in lbs.	Size of Shoe	What They Say They Will Be	What They Really will Become	Favorite Subject	Attractive Characteristics	Prevailing Habit	Wanted	Crank on Subject of	Opinion of Themselves
Cherokee	300	3	Nothing much	Great Historian	Mythology	Raven Locks	Studying	Some One to Joke With	Ancient History	Night Out
Alice	979	8X	Musician	A Frau	German	Jolly Soul	Sitting Still	A German Tutor	Calling Cards	Overworked
Mareta	163-4	6 1/2 A	Latin Teacher	Hello Girl	Everybody	Brown Eyes	Appearing Busy	A Bean	Society Events	Pretty Cute
Ruth	287	5	Clerk	Governess	Indian Friends	Her Blush	Musing	Vacation	B. B. Rules	Passing Fair
Ruby	Breaks all scales	5	Traveled Person	Carpenter's Assistant	Mathematics	Flippancy	Bluffing	Weight Reducer	Geometry	As Good as Any
Janca	832	2	Teacher	Lady of House	Has none	Quaint Beauty	Lesing her Temper	A Letter From Eastern Wn	Neatness	Worthy
Bessie	199.9	1	Artists Model	Book Agent	Boys	Heavenly Eyes	Wiggling	Life Certificate	White Shoes	A Wise Owl
Hazel	1266 grains	1 1/2	Algebra Teacher	Office Girl	Heat Experiments	Curly Hair	Nothing in articular	To go to Alaska	Five Studies	A Mystery
Bernice	115	10	Student	Lecturer	Latin Verbs	Frankness	Brown Study	Guardian	Class Flower	Very Modest
Winifred	1 ton	Weeps the box	Graduate	Prima Donna	Order in Class Meeting	Her Rosy Cheeks	Writing Jingles	Inspiration	Yells	Necessary
Helen	1 ton	4 G	Hasn't decided	Old Maid	Debating	Her Smile	Making up Time	Lots of Things	Apple Blossoms	What it Should Be
Logan	23	3	Famous	Fruit Vender	Senior Annual	His Drowsyness	Chewing Gum	A Girl	Electricity	O. K.
Haldy	5726.5 grain	Unmarked	Pres. of U. S.	Circus Manager	Never Takes	His Nose	Avoiding the Girls	Something to Eat	Training for Track	A Shark

FAVORITE ANSWERS OF M. H. S. STUDENTS.

I didn't understand the question.

I didn't study that far.

I know, but I can't express myself.

I didn't know we took that far.

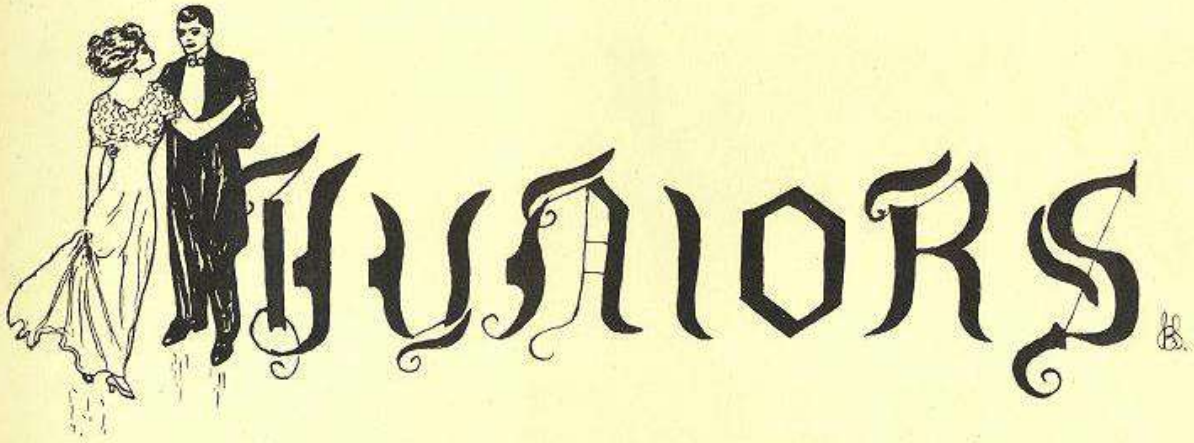
What was the question?

Were you speaking to me?

I was absent yesterday.

Why, I studied the next chapter.

Well — a — um — a — —





JUNIOR CLASS, 1911

Fred Hjort

Edwin Schaefer

Ezella Raymond

Anna Bowman

Dudley Matts

JUNIOR CLASS.

Dudley Matts, President
Edwin Schaefer, Vice President
Anna Bowman, Secretary
Ezella Raymond, Treasurer
Fred Hjort, General Advisory
Class Colors, Purple and White
Class Motto, Excelsior
Class Flower,

CLASS YELL

Razzle, dazzle, zip, bah, boom,
Clear out, clear out, give us room!
We're right in it, don't you see?
Juniors, Juniors, he! he! he!

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1911

The class of 1911 entered the Marysville High School in September of the year 1907. We then numbered fifteen or sixteen members, but on account of different conditions we now are but five in number.

The first year of our career in the High School was marked with great successes. We had a class paper, "The Tyee," which we published semi-monthly. A great deal of class spirit arose between the different classes, but more especially between the Freshman and Sophomores. Athletics of different sorts were practiced and there were always a few of our class to be represented in the different teams, which won great fame throughout the whole country.

The second year of our High School life was not as lively as the first; one reason was that there was not so much class spirit between the different classes, and another was that we had to study too hard to think of anything else. But "The Tyee" and "The Critic" had

their quarrels for over half a year, in which quarrels the '11's were not the worsted party. In the year 1909 the Marysville High School, for the first time, entered the State Oratorical contest, held in Seattle, at the University of Washington, and to this important mission a member of our class was chosen. He brought back great honor for the High School by winning first prize. Another way in which our class won renown was by its work in the 1908-9 Football team, which also was made up of a great many of our class, who here showed once more their mighty power.

This year the Freshman and Juniors have published semi-monthly, "The Wasp," one of the greatest papers on the Sound. It has kept things moving all the time, as its name suggests.

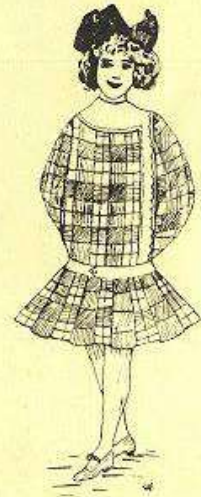
The Juniors wish everyone of the High School members a happy vacation.

FRED HJORT.





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SOPHOMORE CLASS, 1912

Arnetta Cook

Mary Sprague

Mauriel Swinnerton

Nora Daniels

Belle Messenger

Dora Andrews

John Allan

Mona Morgan

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

Muriel Swinnerton,	President	Motto,	Esse quam videri
Mary Sprague,	Secretary	Class Colors,	Blue and Maize
Mona Morgan,	Treasurer	Class Flower,	Red Rose

CLASS YELL

O! la! da! O! la! da!
 Hi yu! Hi yu! rah! rah! rah!
 Just ourselves! Just ourselves!
 Fine O! Grand O! 1912's!

CLASS HISTORY SOPHOMORES

In the year 1908 a small, new people came within the walls of the Marysville High School. At first they were awed and abashed by the unprepossessing individuals, who came near them and who seemed to the wee, frightened ones to be interrogation points personified.

Later on this class, destined to become the greatest in the Marysville High School, gradually lost their "greenness" and began the never-ending search for knowledge.

First came Mamie, tall, dark and haughty; then Arnetta, old-maidish, notional and sensitive; Nora, studious, loving and an expert at basket ball; Dora, plump, composed and self-satisfied; Muriel, pink, puritanic and with a desire for the unknown; George, long, slim and handsome; John, all-Shakespearian; Jennie, pretty, winsome and coquettish; Mora, dear, doubtful and daring, and, last but by no means least, Belle, smart, sharp and poetic.

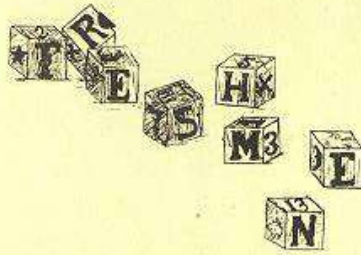
And so, hand in hand, these brave little people trudged along the road of knowledge, ever growing, growing, growing, until one day they woke up to find themselves no longer "cave" people, but the most popular and most intellectual class in the Marysville High School.

At the beginning of their second year they missed one of their number, for Jennie, no longer desirous of attending school, had dropped out. During their second year they met with another most disastrous loss: George, at once the pet and pest of the Hi, conceived a desire to win fame in the work-a-day world and so left his class to its fate. But this band resolved to bear up under its losses, and so you may still find it, the jolliest, most popular, smartest and most pleasing class of the Marysville High School.

BELLE MESSENGER.

SOPHOMORES HORESCOPE

Name	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Ambition	Chief Characteristic	Occupation
Dora	"Pug"	"Great Caesar's ghost!"	To be slender	Her walk	Playing Piano
Nora	"Slats"	"Gee whiz!"	To play basket ball	Her winning smile	Hunting Specimens
Mamie	"Mary Spurz"	"I guarantee that!"	To be Geometry teacher	Talking	"Hunting Tigers"
Arnetta	"Jobena"	"My goodness!"	To see "Tomp."	Making faces	Flirting
Mona	"Snooksy"	"Yu bet yu!"	To be an actress	Her beautiful golden locks	Writing original stories
Muriel	"Priscilla"	"O, my goodness gracious sakes alive!"	To win a position as housekeeper	Her eyes	Taking her time
John	"Gov."	"Gee, golly, gosh! darn, double-darn, dang it!!!"	To be an orator	His Shakespearean style	Studying English
Belle	"Freckles"	"Thunderation!"	To win a "Fresh."	Her awful "Phiz."	Doing nothing
George T.	"Tomp."	"Do you think so?"	Studying	Freckles	Worlds' record in tricks





FRESHMAN CLASS, 1913

FRESHMEN—OFFICERS AND HISTORY

CLASS OFFICERS.

Edla Butler, President Clyde Turner, Secretary
Holace Metcalf, Vice President Verda Morgan, Treasurer

Class Colors, Crimson and Black
Class Motto, Ad astra per aspera
Class Flower, Cream Moss Rose

FRESHMEN HISTORY

September the seventh was a memorable day in the history of the Marysville High School, for, on that day, students from all sections of the country—from Getchell, Kellog Marsh, Sunnyside and Stimson's crossing—flocked to the High School building, filling up half the room in assembly. They came for the very purpose of joining the class of 1913. After this class, weighing approximately three thousand pounds, had seated itself in Assembly Hall, the other classes, perceiving their insignificance, subsided into awe-ful silence.

I repeat that it was a memorable day in the High School when this class entered, for, in its roll the names of the following orators are linked: Margaret Solomon, Olive Stanton and Clara Nelson. Margaret Solomon's stirring delivery of "Thurston's Speech" won her second place in the High School oratory try-out, and the way in which Clara Nelson delivered "Toussaint L' Overture," and the way in which Olive Stanton read "Appeal in Behalf of Ireland," will long be remembered.

In this worthy class also are poets, Florence Quast and Pearl Hickok; musicians, Vedra Morgan, Jeffery Hilton, and the Turner brothers; athletes, such as Holace Metcalf, Homer Turner and Elon Utley, Frank Broderson, and Harold Schumacher, and one historian, whose fame will probably be as widespread as Livy's some day, Myron Randall.

The Freshmen bravely underwent the initiation of the Sophomores, in which they crossed the River Styx, kissed the hand of the Chief Dragon and even went down into the depth of Hades. All these things had no terror for the estimable class; they only prepared it to make a greater and better initiation for the future Freshmen. The Freshmen class have suffered the taunts of the Sophomores, the jokes of the Juniors and the insults of those abominable Seniors.

This, then is the Freshman class, the class of spirit and the class of learning. To the future Sophomores, All Hail!!

OMEGA HILTON, '13.

HOROSCOPE OF FRESHMAN CLASS

Name	Pet Name	Slang Phrase	Prominent Characteristic	Favorite Occupation	Future Occupation
Celia	Tad	"Oh, land!"	Her taciturnity	Solving mysteries	Detective
Rex	Balky	"Holy, Thmoke!"	His lisp	Cooking	Digging Clams
Elva	Pete	"Hey, Bill!"	Her good nature	Making hash	Farmer
Frank	Brody	"O, keep your shirt on!"	His dreamy look	Sleeping	Running an airship
Edla	Jim	"Oh, Gee!"	Her sweet smile	Calling class meetings?	Making Cocoa
Victor	Vic	"What's the use?"	His love for drawing	Working Algebra	Artist (?)
Clifford	Cliff	"Holy Haystacks!"	His blush	Fishing	Farmer
Hazel	Topsey	"Gosh!"	Her sweet face (?)	Skating	Mrs. ? — —
Jeffery	Jeff	"Oh, Gosh!"	His witty speeches	Writing essays	Milkman
Omega	Mig	"Gee!"	Her cheerfulness	Playing basket ball	Schoolmarm
Charles	Chass	"Oh! Billy Whiskers!"	His curly hair	Studying	Professor
Holace	Metcali	"Wh! uh!!!"	His solemnness	Racing	Musician
Mabel	Mab	"Well!!!"	Her quietness	Studying Algebra	Nihil multum
Verda	Tommy	"Oh, Horrors!"	Her temper	Studying Ancient History	Musician
Clara	Midget	"Oh, Glory!"	Her bright smile	Studying Physiology	Second George Eliot
Florence	Flo	"For Gosh Sakes!"	Shyness	Walking	A Sherlock Holmes
Myron	Fat	"Jiminy!"	Slowness	Studying	History Teacher
Harold	Peanuts	"Now will you be good??"	His bright look	Singing	Pastry Cook
Margaret	Murph	"What do you know about that?"	The toss of her pretty head	Studying Latin	Hair Dresser
Olive	Hiram	"Great Scott!"	Her grin	Building air castles	Actress
Lynn	Tiddy	"Pooh! that's easy."	His broad smile	Mimicking other people	Civil Engineer
Clyde	Sterno	"Gee wiz!"	His freckles	Peddling "Times"	Editor
Homer	Turnips	"Well— *!—*—!!?—!—!"	His smartness	Keeping his feet in the aisle	Teaching Vocal Music
Elon	Red	"Gee whiz!"	Love for having his picture taken	Talking	Latin Teacher (?)
Lee	Rodney	"That's the limit!"	His bashfulness	Writing essays on Japan	Serving the Mikado



ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1907.

Miss Bertha Beaman, Student U. P. S., Tacoma, Wash.
 Miss Edna Pease, Teacher, Filer, Idaho.

CLASS OF 1908.

Miss Mary Shoultes, Teacher, Winchester, Wash.
 Blanche Perkins-Schumacher, Housewife, Marysville, Wash.

CLASS OF 1909.

Miss Maude Swinnerton, at home, Marysville, Wash.
 Miss Alma Morgan, Student, W. P. S., Tacoma, Wash.
 Miss Viola Messenger, Student, W. P. S., Tacoma, Wash.
 Miss Lucile Rathvon, Student, Whitman, Walla Walla, Wash.
 Stanley Shoultes, Student State Agriculture College, Pullman, Wash.



Athletics



The High School takes great interest in all branches of athletics, and although the school offers a limited supply of athletes, those who do enter the field never fail to make a splendid showing. The football team failed to materialize this year, so that interesting feature of athletics was omitted.



GIRLS' FIRST BASKET BALL TEAM

Andrews. Schumacher. Mapes. Bowman. Shoultes. Fox.

Line up for first team: Anna Bowman, Center; Janea Shoultes, Forward; Ruth Fox, Forward; Hazel Mapes, Guard; Winifred Schumacher, Guard; Dora Andrews, Substitute.

BASKET BALL

THE BASKET BALL GIRL.

She's a Basket Ball girl,
With a Basket Ball face,
And she plays Basket Ball
With a Basket Ball grace.

Oh! the Basket Ball girl
Has a Basket Ball smile,
And a Basket Ball arm,
That will throw most a mile.

Now all High School take notice,
And your pennants unfurl,
Give three cheers and a "tiger"
For the Basket Ball girl.

The splendid work done along this line by the girls is worthy of the highest commendation. Only enough players to form two teams and their substitutes, could be obtained for practice. It was impossible to get an early start in the fall, because of the necessary repairs, which were made on the gymnasium, and for this reason the team lost its chance to play off the old score on our enemy—Mt. Vernon.

Although the gym is not as roomy and well lighted as could be desired, the games were all pulled off there, giving the home teams a great advantage. While the splendid success of the two teams is largely the result of the hard and faithful practice of the players, it is also due to the excellent coaching of Miss Twyman, who spent many long evenings, bringing out the best that was in each player, and working up splendid team work.

The season opened with a game between Marysville's first team and Arlington, at Marysville. Because of the superior team work, the local team won an easy victory, the final score being 35 to 3.

The return game, played some time later, was a hard fought contest from start to finish, and neither side felt confident as to what the end would be. Alas! the Arlington team, at home on their glassy floor, finally won the game by the close score of 10 to 9.

The game between the first teams of M. H. S. and the T. I. S. was one of intense excitement from beginning to end, the score being kept near a tie during the entire game. When the final whistle blew

the score stood even, 13 to 13, so the playing was continued to see who should be the first to break the score. Almost immediately, Janea Shoultes, the star player on the home team, shot an easy basket from the field, and thus saved the day for the Hi.

The next contest, a double game at Tulalip, brought a double victory for the M. H. S. The two teams, accompanied by a large crowd of rooters, journeyed to Tulalip, where they were treated most royally. The first team succeeded in winning with a score of 3 to 31, and the second team won by a score of 16 to 18.

The Boys' Basket Ball team played one game—with Edmonds—which resulted in the score of 18 to 25, in Edmonds' favor. Soon after this they disbanded. There are enough boys in the High School now to furnish plenty of material for a good team next season and there is no other reason why they shouldn't.

Line Up.

George Tompkins	Center
Dudley Matts	Right Field
Dresmond Dermody	Left Field
Haldy Rathvan	Right Guard
Edwin Schaefer	Left Guard
Logan Smith	Substitute



SECOND BASKET BALL TEAM

Hilton. Daniels. Andrews.
Morgan. Sprague. Butler

Line up for second team: Mary Sprague, *Center*; Edla Butler, *Forward*; Mona Morgan, *Forward*; Omega Hilton, *Guard*; Dora Andrews, *Guard*; Nora Daniels, *Substitute*.



Schaefer. *Broderson.* **TRACK TEAM**
Utley. *Matts.* *Turner.* *Bartlett.*
 Rathvon. *Metcalf.*

TRACK.

Track work is a new department in M. H. S. athletics and much interest is being taken in it. Under the direction of Mr. Lewis a good team has been organized and we look for them to make a good showing at the County and State meets this spring. Since these meets will not be held until after our school closes we cannot tell of the exploits of the team, but can only wish them all kinds of success.

As the annual goes to press the report comes from the District track meet, held at Everett, May 14th, showing Marysville third in the number of points gained, while Everett and Snohomish won first and second places respectively.

The fact that the Marysville Hi has a student body of about fifty to choose from, while the other two schools have student bodies from six to ten times as large, makes our victory all the more remarkable. Rathvon, the star member of the Marysville team, won second place in the number of points gained individually. Matts and Turner also did splendid work.



M. H. S. BASE BALL TEAM

Metcalf. Kruse. Broderson. Bartlett. Rathvon. Smith. Turner.
Schaefer. Matts.

As yet the Baseball team have played no games, but we are looking for our team to win many victories before the season is over. The team is in good condition and practicing faithfully, and it only remains to be seen whether they will come up to our High School standard and win or not.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

Complete Angler,	Zoology Class
Freckles,	Olive Stanton
The Deerslayer,	Dudley Matts
First Violin,	Jeff. Hilton
Professor	Charles Mapes
Reveries of a Bachelor,	J. E. L.
Alice in Wonderland,	Alice at Kruse Spur
A Study in Red,	Mr. Nelson
Sentimental (?) Journey,	Trip to Tulalip
Great Expectations,	Freshman Class
Old Curiosity Shop,	Bessie's Desk
On the Heights,	Seniors
Fox Hunting,	Haldy Rathvon
Two Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,	Arnetta and Mr. Lewis



DEBATE
AND
ORATORY

M. H. S. DEBATING TEAM

Although this is only the second year that the Marysville High School has entered the State Inter-scholastic Debates, increasing interest was shown. A debating class consisting of fourteen students was organized with Miss Campbell as instructor.

Previous to the first debate a preliminary try-out was held. For this the class chose as judges Mrs. Jones, Miss Waite and Mr. Nelson. Helen Schumacher, William Sinclair and Bernice Randall were selected as the team.

The question to be debated was, "Resolved, That All Cities of the Northwest With 50,000 Inhabitants or More, Should Adopt the Commission Form of Government Modelled After That of Des Moines, Iowa; Provided That the Negative Introduce no Other Form of Commission Government."

The date of the first debate was set for November 15, 1909, but on account of illness of Mr. Sinclair, we were allowed the privilege of changing the date. It was then made December 21, 1909. Logan Smith was chosen to take Mr. Sinclair's place and the debate prepared had to be read. For this debate we were pitted against the Arlington

High School, whose representatives were Dwight Froom, Milo Robbins and Charles Smith. Superintendent Lancaster, of Arlington, acted chairman and Dr. E. T. Mathes, of Bellingham; Prof. J. F. McCowan and Prof. Rice, both of the Everett High School, were judges. We upheld the affirmative side of the question and despite the fact that one speech was read we won by unanimous vote.

In the second contest we were chosen to meet the Queen Anne High School, of Seattle. We were given the negative side of the question and two weeks in which to prepare the debate. The team was cut down to Helen Schumacher and Bernice Randall, who were to work with marked zeal. The Queen Anne team, consisting of John Bovington and Arthur Cohen, on their arrival "to the country," were welcomed by the Marysville High School students, who formed a parade, carrying pennants, colors, horns, pans, etc.

We found it unusually difficult to convince any of the judges, but we were good losers. Mr. Thos. Roush, superintendent of schools of Skagit County, Professors Edward McMahon and Herbsman, of the University, were judges in this debate.



DEBATING TEAM.

Bernice Randall.

Logan Smith.

Helen Schumacher.

ORATORY

A great deal more interest in oratorical work was shown this year than the preceeding year. Nine contestants entered the class. The work was carried on under the direction of Miss Campbell, who also aided each in the choice of a selection. A preliminary try-out was held at the High School building, April the second, to decide which one of the class should represent the Marysville High School at the district contest to be held in Everett May 14, 1910. In his try-out Mrs. S. T. Smith, Mr. A. E. Price of Everett, and Rev. S. S. Guiler were

chosen as judges. The following selections were rendered.

May 16th. The oratorical contest, held in Everett, May 14th, resulted in Everett's contestant taking first place, with Marysville a close second.

Musical selections were furnished by Miss Dora Andrews and Miss Mona Morgan.

Janea Shoultes was chosen as the representative for the High School while Margaret Solomon won second place.

1. "Toussaint L' Overture," -----
Clara Nelson.
2. "Appeal in Behalf of Ireland," -----
Olive Stanton.
3. "Regulus to the Carthaginians," -----
Bernice Rardall.
4. "Toussaint L' Overture," -----
Nora Daniels.
5. "Black Horse and His Rider," -----
Belle Messenger.



6. "Thurston's Speech on Cuba," -----
Margaret Solomon.
7. "Regulus to the Carthaginians," -----
Muriel Swinnerton.
8. "Spartacus to the Gladiators," -----
Janea Shoultes.
9. "Spartacus to the Gladiators," -----
Bessie Workman.



ORATORICAL CONTESTANT
Janea Shoultes.

ODE TO LATIN.

"All are dead who wrote it;
All are dead who spoke it;
All die who learn it;
Blessed death! they earn it."—*Ex.*



Society

THE FRESHMEN RECEPTION.

Imagine the fright of the little Freshmen when they received the following invitation:

"The Sophomors will conduct the Freshmen on an enchanting trip across the River Stejx and through the cool and shady realms of Hades at the High School building, Friday, September 24, '09, 7:30."

However frightened, their curiosity got the better of their discretion, for they presented themselves promptly at th appointed time. After an elaborate initiation ceremony, witnessed by the upper classes and faculty, the remainder of the evening was spent in playing games after which the Sophomors served a dainty luncheon.

THE JUNIOR PARTY.

On January 21, 1910, the Juniors entertained the High School and Faculty at the High School building. The main feature of the evening was a peanut race in which Miss Gertrude Smith and Mona Morgan carried off the prizes. The girls chose their partners for supper by drawing a slip with a boy's name on it. The couples then retired to the laboratory, where the tables were daintly spread with a delightful luncheon. After several lively games had been played, all bade the others good night, declaring it was an evening they could not forget.

THE SKATING RINK PARTY.

Probably the most enjoyable social event of the entire year was the skating party, which the High School boys gave in honor of the girls, and the faculty. The boys secured the exclusive right to the rink for the evening, and did everything in their power to make each guest have

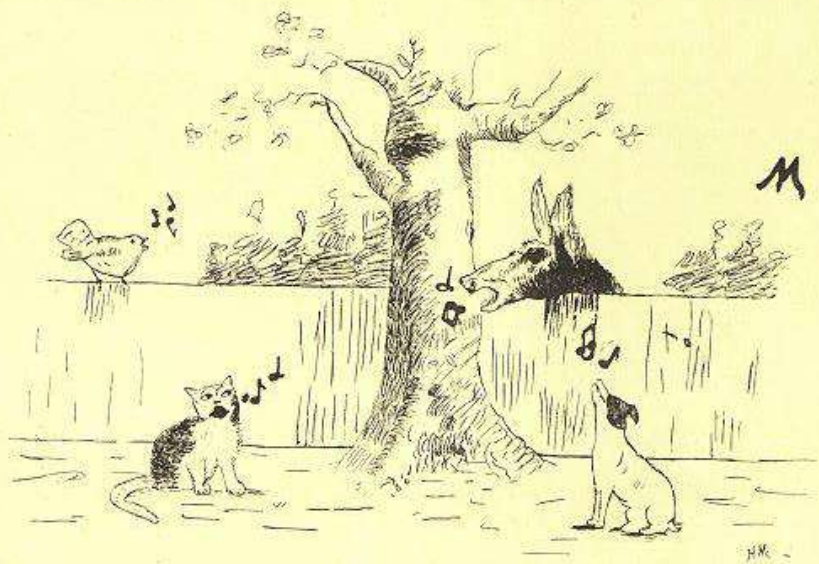
an enjoyable time. The fact that many of the girls were only beginners added to the fun of the evening. Though many dire accidents were predicted by anxious parents none of the skaters sustained serious injuries, and not once during the entire evening were more than eight persons thrown in a heap at one time.

The star skating of Jeffery and Myron was appreciated by skaters and spectators alike, and the swan-like ease with which George propelled the halting girls over the floor was the envy of all the other boys. However, the latter generously sacrificed their strong right arms to the cause, and gave the lassies the time of their lives.

THE FRESHMAN PARTY.

Another delightful feature of the year occurred "when the Freshman entertained" the High School and faculty at the High School building on April the fifteenth. At the appointed time the guests were ushered into the laboratory, which had been transformed into a veritable entertaining parlor. Vases of tall sword ferns adorned the tables while the class colors—black and crimson—were draped from each corner of the ceiling, and met at the center of the room.

Here, all engaged in the liveliest kind of games, and merriment and glee prevailed. After a time a program in the assembly was announced and the throng trooped upstairs to listen to several humorous recitations and some well-rendered musical selections. The boys chose partners for supper by drawing from the lot a small white card, tied with black and crimson baby ribbon, on which was written a girl's name. The guests were then seated at the long table in the laboratory and partook of the sumptuous banquet prepared for them. At a late hour the party broke up, the upper classmen feeling that the Freshmen could entertain and that right royally.



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MUSIC



M. H. S. ORCHESTRA

The orchestra had its beginning two years ago. They furnished music for all of the High School debates, basket ball games, etc., and by request of the county superintendent, played at the Teachers' Institute, in Snohomish, last summer. Although there are but five members, what the lack in quantity, they make up in quality. The members are:

George Griffore	Violin
Alice Main.....	Piano
Desmond Dermody	Trombone
Dudley Matts	Drums
Holace Metcalf.....	Cornet

M. H. S. CHORUS

The Marysville High School has two musical organizations; namely: a mixed chorus and an orchestra. Although the chorus had but six weeks' practice, yet, under the able direction of Mr. Claude

Wright, and by dint of their own hard work, they furnished such music at the Senior class play, as made the school very proud of them. The members are as follows:

CLAUDE WRIGHT, Director.

Mary Sprague.
Miss Campbell.
Dudley Matts.
Clarence Perkins.
Edith Falconer.
Helen Schumacher.
Lee Utley.

Clyde Turner.
Harold Schumacher.
Eulalia Smith.
Hazel Mapes.
Edna Butler.
Bessie Workman.
Belle Messenger.

Omega Hilton.
Bernice Randall.
Logan Smith.
Ruby Tidball.
Arnetta Cook.
Mona Morgan.

Mareta Havens.
Homer Turner.
Dora Andrews.
Alice Main.
Winnie Schumacher.
Clara Nelson.
Muriel Swinnerton.



M. H. S. MIXED CHORUS.



H. S. ORCHESTRA.

George Griffore.

Desmond Dermody.

Dudley Matts.

Holace Metcalf.

Alice Main.

LITERARY

The need of definite literary work was felt in the High School, so after the holidays, two literary societies were formed. One composed of the Seniors and Sophomores with Miss Campbell as faculty member, and the other of Juniors and Freshmen, with Miss Twyman as faculty member.

Each society elected its program committee, which in conjunction with their faculty members, would draw up the programs, which were given every Friday afternoon, the two societies alternating.

The High School, though small in numbers, contains more than the usual amount of talent—especially along musical lines. The programs were always entertaining and instructive, and the rivalry between the two society papers, "The Wasp" and "The Goat," added greatly to their interest.

The officers of the societies are as follows:

JUNIOR FRESHMEN

Dudley Matts,	President
Edwin Schaefer,	Vice President
Anna Bowman,	Secretary
Lee Utley,	Treasurer

SENIOR SOPHOMORE

John Allan,	President
George Tompkins,	Vice President
Muriel Swinnerton,	Secretary
Dora Andrews,	Treasurer

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THE SENIOR PLAY

The most important undertaking in the line of literary work this year was the senior play, which was given for the benefit of the Senior Annual. After a great deal of debating, the class finally decided to put on Shakespeare's comedy, "The Merchant of Venice." The cast was drawn mainly from the senior class, although several excellent actors were taken from the lower classes.

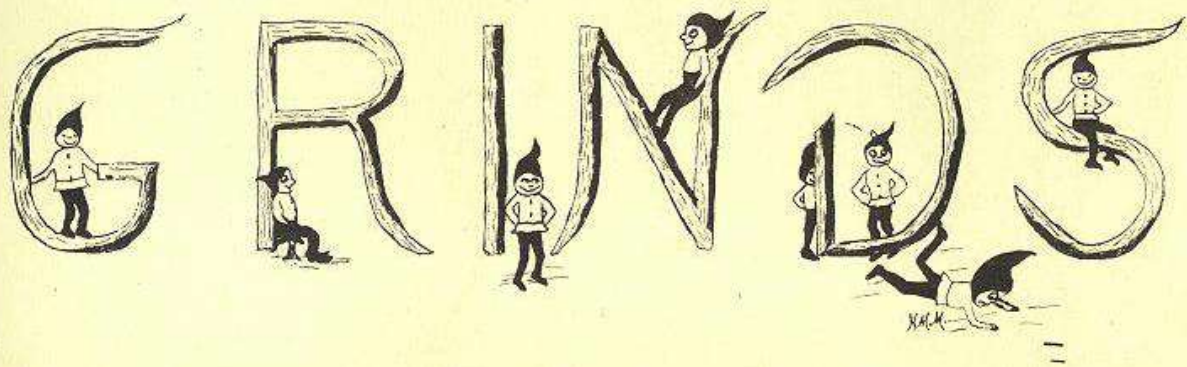
We realized that it would be no easy task to put on a Shakespearian play, but because of the splendid coaching and untiring efforts of Miss Campbell, as well as the earnest work of each individual, the play proved to be a success, financially as well as dramatically. The cast was as follows:

Shylock,	John Allan
Portia,	Mareta Havens
Bassanio,	Bessie Workman
Antonio,	Logan Smith
Clown,	Helen Schumacher
Jessica,	Janea Shoultes
Lorenzo,	Ruby Tidball
Nerissa,	Mona Morgan
Gratiano,	Ruth Fox
Salarino,	Cherokee Bates
Solanio,	Edla Butler
Old Gobbo,	Alice Main
Duke,	Winifred Schumacher
Balthazar,	Dudley Matts
Tubal,	Dudley Matts

The Senior class wishes to thank the patrons of the school for the generous way in which they supported the play, and for the interest that was thereby shown in the school.



*CAST OF SENIOR PLAY:
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."*



TO OUR MERCHANTS.

We will never buy your dry goods,
We won't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
Trading at some other store.
You can't sell us any ribbons,
Four-in-hands, or other fads,
We will never trade at your store,
If you do not give us ads.—Ex.

Mr. N.—“What is capital punishment?”
Haldy.—“Being sentenced to sit between two girls.”

Elon.—“Don't you feel sore about those D's we got in Latin?”
Jeff.—“Hun-uh.”
Elon (in surprise)—“You don't?”
Jeff.—“No; I got E.”

Examination question (Julius Caesar)—“Give a long quotation from the first act.”
Mamie S. (answer on paper)—“Beware of the Ides of March.”

Teacher (reading)—“Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away. Now can any of you tell me what kind of riches is meant?”
Bright Junior—“I reckon they must be ostriches.”—Ex.

“With whom did the mermaids flirt?”
“The swells of the ocean.”—Ex.

Civic Student—“Sure, I believe in Woman's Suffrage. Let 'em suffer.”

Miss W. (Ancient History)—“The kings could kill the people by flogging them or by putting them to death.”

German I. (Wenn es nicht schon dunkel ware, so wurden wir einen Spaziergang machen)—If it was not dark we would take a walk.
Ezella (translating)—If it was not so dark we would make a side-walk.

Riddle—“What is a Soph.?”
Answer (given by a Junior)—“A Soph. is a small thinking animal that scratches its head with one hand while it thinks with the other.”

Ed, the baseball manager, has been trying to persuade the chorus to sing “Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?” It certainly would be quite appropriate this season, and voices exactly the sentiment of the M. H. S.

Miss Campbell is accused of trying to make the Senior English class believe that certain classes of people dig clams for food and shelter for the night.

The author of the first year German says: “All who live must die,” but Edwin says: “All who live must eat.”

If you know anybody who is short of voice, kindly refer them to Bessie W.

“And what is so rare as a day in June,” asks Lowell.
Answer—“A M. H. S. Sophomore, who is not giggling.”

Mareta—“If a man wishes to persuade me, he must make me think as he does.”

Alice—“Generally speaking, Dudley is—”
Cherokee—“Yes, he is.”
Alice—“Is what?”
Cherokee—“Generally speaking.”

Senior (just after final exam.)—"I want to thank you Professor,
for I am indebted to you for all I know about this subject."
Professor—"Don't mention such a trifle."

Rock a bye Seniors,
Upon the tree top;
As long as you study
The cradle will rock,
But if you quit digging
The cradle will fall,
Down will come Seniors,
Diploma and all.

Miss Campbell (in English I.)—"Give me a proverb."
Freshie—"All that glitters is not gold."
Miss Campbell—"Very good. Now give me an example."
Freshie—"The Senior class pins."

When Mr. Lewis cracks a joke,
Be sure you laugh until you choke.

Ezella—"You never wear anything on your head when you come
to school, do you?"

Anna—"Oh, no; I never have to. You know it is only a block."

When you're foolin' in the library,
And havin' lots of fun
A laughin' and a gabbin',
As if your time had come,
You'd better watch the corners,
And keep kinder lookin' out,
For J. E. L. will get you
If you don't watch out.

Just before the Senior play, a little Marysville boy approached his
father and said:

"Papa, who was Shylock?"

"What," exclaimed the father, "don't you know who Shylock
was? Shame on you, boy. Get your Bible and find out!"

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass;
But all the simple little geese
Are in the Freshman class.

"Caesar's dead and buried,
So is Cicero;
And where those two old gents have gone,
We wish their works would go."—*Ex.*

HEARD AT REHEARSAL.

If you poison us, do we not laugh? If you tickle us, do we not die?

Miss Waite (Latin I)—“Have you a sentence, Clara?”

Clara—“No, ma'am.”

Miss Waite—“Why haven't you?”

Clara—“I haven't a pencil.”

Miss Waite—“Well, haven't you a tongue? Use that.”

Miss C. (English IV.)—“During what age did Dante write?”

Alice (having a good conception of Ancient History)—“He died in 1321. I guess he must have written during Augustus Caesar's time.”

Mr. N.—“Now, when I went to school I was always very efficient in spelling. I either stood at or next to the head of the class.”

Haldy—“How many were there in the class?”

Mr. N.—“Two.”

Mr. N. (American History)—“Miss Anna, what did the people drink after the Boston Tea Party?”

Anna—“I can't remember.” But she was pardoned as Mr. Nelson realized that she must have been quite young at that time.

Mr. W. (to chorus)—“Now I want you all to swallow your tongues and smile on that last note.”

(A little later)—“Will we sing this song out in front or behind the scenes?”

Miss C.—“Well, I think we had better sing it behind the scenes.”

Young Flip—“Say, mister, would you mind telling me what makes your nose so red?”

Gent.—“Young man, my nose burns with pride, for I keep it out of other people's business.”

Mr. Lewis (Geometry class)—“Connect A' and B,' C' and D', M' and N', and so’.

Haldy had a fountain pen;

Its ink was black as jet;

Every time he used the thing,

The ink was gone, you bet.

Miss C. (English I.)—“Frank, I wish you would read that as it is written. Isn't there an interrogation point in your book?”

Frank B.—“No ma'am, there's only a question mark.”

“Now this lesson must be learned by last Monday,” said Miss Twyman to the First Year German class, on Friday morning after the trip to Arlington.

Mr. Lewis—“There are about 60,000,000 stars visible through the telescope.”

Hazel M.—“Why, who counted them?”

Winnie (reading a paper in American History)—“Why, I can't read my own writing.”

Miss C. (English II)—“Logan, name a strong emotion.”

Logan—“Love.”

George (who had been collecting frog eggs for zoology)—“Oh, I forgot my frogs, seeing J. E. L. makes me think of them.”

AT THE FIRST OF SCHOOL.

First Freshman—“Are you going to study biology?”

Second Freshman—“Buyology? What's that? The science of shopping?”

QUIL CEDA WANT ADS.

Something to improve my temper.—J. E. Lewis.
A prevention for blushes.—Elon.
An accommodating boy with a jackknife.—All the girls.
Some subject you don't have to study.—Homer.
A little more attention, please.—Janea.
A phonograph that says, "Let's have all whispering stopped."
Miss Waite.

The ones who think our jokes are poor
Would straight way change their views,
Could they compare the jokes we print
With those that we refuse.

How dear to my heart
Is cash on subscription,
When some gentle reader
Presents it to view,
If the man that won't pay
We refrain from description
Perhaps, gentle reader,
That man may be you.—Ex.

Mona—"Is this lesson for the week?"

Mr. Lewis (who had been out late the previous night)—"No! it is for the strong."

Mr. Nelson—"How do they vote in the Senate?"
"Smart Senior—"By eyes and nose, sir."

Mr. Lewis—"Is Ruby here today?"
Ruby—"No, sir."

Myron at the skating rink,
Learning how to skate;
Myron saw a million stars,
When he hit his pate.
When the eve was over
There was no single spot,
Where that little Myron boy
Hadn't tried to sot.
Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We should strive to do our best,
And departing, leave behind us,
Notebooks, that will help the rest.

Harold S. (excitedly)—"Gee, look at this pin. It's a needle."

Mr. Lewis (to Physics class of eleven)—"Now half of you may do the first experiment, and half the second."


Here's to the girl who successfully copied from her note book during exams with teacher looking. But Oh! fates save us from flunking. She copied the wrong word.

Teacher—"What was the first talking machine made from?"
Bright Student—"From a rib."—Ex.

Freshman (picking up second-year Latin)—"Oh, say, Latin's easy. I'm going to take four years of it. Look here," pointing to several paragraphs: "Forte dux in aro—forty ducks in a row; passus sum iam—pass us some jam; Boni leges Caesaris—the bony legs of Caesar." No wonder Miss Waite is anxious for vacation.

CALENDAR FOR 1909 AND 1910

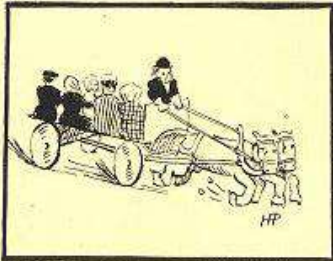


- September 6. Registration.
September 8. Recitations begin.
September 10. High School Orchestra's appearance.
September 13. School opens by singing Boola.
September 22. Football practice begins.
September 24. Freshmen reception at High School.
September 30. Physics Laboratory apparatus arrives.
October 3. Football Team organizes.
October 5. Physics class start Laboratory work.
October 8. Senior Program and Candy Sale.
October 11. Students delighted (?) with report cards.
- 
- October 13. J. E. L. gives some of the Seniors a launch party.
October 15. Preliminary Debate Try-out.

- October 16. Twenty minutes after school for chewing gum.
October 17. Mr. Lewis entertains rest of Seniors at the "Cook-house."
October 19. Girls' Basket Ball teams begin practice.
October 20. Boys begin Basket Ball practice.
October 22. Miss Waite entertains Virgil class.
October 25. Mr. Nelson paid Latin VII class a visit.
October 28. Haldy, Logan and Desmond kicked out of Physics.
November 3. J. E. L. gets a new pair of shoes.
November 9. Boys' First Basket Ball team beats second team by a score of 100 to 6.
November 13. Looking for other worlds to conquer, Mt. Vernon challenges Marysville to a game of Basket Ball.
December 3. Basket Ball—M. H. S. girls vs. Arlington, at Marysville.
December 16. Haldy performs an experiment with Mr. Lewis' hat.
December 20. Physics class, expecting debate judges, clean house.
December 21. Victory over Arlington in debate, at Marysville.
December 22. Vacation begins.
January 5. School again.

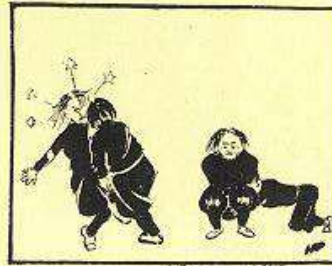
- January 6. Santa Claus must have given Mr. Nelson a hair cut.
- January 7. Edmonds' men skin M. H. S. boys in Basket Ball at Edmonds.
- January 12. Mid-year examinations.
- January 14. Taffy pull in Laboratory.
- January 17. Beginning of new semester.
- January 19. Girls' first team make boys' second team feel small.
- January 21. Mr. Lewis decides to change Solid Geometry texts.
- January 24. Miss Bailey visited the Hi School.
- January 25. Desmond quits school.
- January 26. Zoology class goes on a tramp.
- January 27. Dudley and John hold hands in U. S. History.
- January 28. Virgil class gets out of Latin.
Senior candy sale.
First program given by Seniors and Sophomores.

- February 3. Basket Ball—M. H. S. vs. Arlington, at Arlington



- February 4. Debate—Queene Anne H. S. vs. M. H. S., at Marysville.

- February 7. Mr. Nelson's speech on "Roses."
- February 8. Virgil class and Debating club entertained by Miss Waite.
- February 11. Supposed inspector turns out to be a book agent.
- February 17. Omega washes Mr. Nelson's face with snow.
- February 18. M. H. S. Basket Ball girls beat T. I. S. girls.



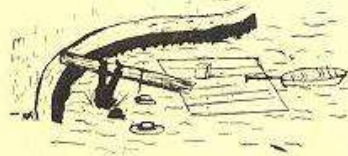
- February 21. Logan goes to sleep in English class.
"Merchant of Venice" troupe get called down.
Mr. Lewis gives out slips on which to write our family history.
- February 22. No school—Birthington's Wash Day.
- February 23. Mr. Nelson's speech on "Thorns."
Logan mopped Laboratory floor.
- February 24. Fire drill and bon fire.
- February 25. Rally for B. B. game.
Junior Freshmen program?

- February 26. First and second M. H. S. girls' Basket Ball teams corresponding teams of T. I. S.
- February 28. Janea's turn to mop the Laboratory floor.
- March 1. Haldy entertains Physics class with a "G string" solo.
- March 2. U. S. History class begins recitations in the assembly Hall.
- March 3. Mr. Nelson very formally presented the Freshmen with their Eighth Grade diplomas.
- March 4. Boys give girls skating rink party.



- March 7. Girls cheer the boys.
Boys begin work on the track.
Glee club organized.
- March 11. H. Rathvon brought suit vs. D. Matts, in U. S. History class.
- March 12. Girls' second B. B. team vs. T. I. S. second team.
- March 21. Easter time is surely approaching, for Mr. Nelson's chief topic in History class today was "Suits."

- March 23. Zoology class went fishing at the "Fill."
- March 25. Skating rink party.
- April 2. Oratorical preliminary try-out.
- April 5. "Merchant of Venice" troupe began practice in the Opera House.
- April 6. Mr. Simmons gave reading, entitled, "The Bells."
- April 11. First complete rehearsal of "Merchant of Venice."
Teachers begin to give Seniors easier lessons.
- April 15. Freshmen entertain upper-classmen and faculty.
- April 18. No recitations for Seniors.
- April 20. Zoology class went on a launch party.



- April 21. "Merchant of Venice" cast have their pictures taken.
- April 22. Senior class play "Merchant of Venice."
"Select (?) Few" go on a picnic.
- April 25. Thirty-six pages assigned for Physics class.
- April 26. Virgil class begin to recite twice a day.
- April 27. Seniors give a picnic for the "Merchant of Venice" cast and the Glee club.
- April 29. Rally for Baseball game.
- April 30. Baseball game with T. I. S., at Tulalip.

His Ancestor's Insult



HESITATED. Then with a sudden resolve, I stepped determinedly through the wall and into the room where the king was seated, sorting over a pile of manuscripts. I walked up to him and tapped him lightly on the shoulder. The king turned, with an angry look on his face, to think that any one should dare to thus intrude into his private sanctum and almost fell out of his chair when he saw no one. I grinned to myself as I saw the look of blank foolishness which followed his look of blank astonishment.

"Only my imagination again," said the king. "Oh, these times, these times." He turned once more to his sorting of the manuscripts.

I stepped up to him again and tapped him on the shoulder, this time slightly harder. The king turned like a flash and almost fell out of his chair when he discovered no one, but he soon regained his composure and, with a sickly smile he said, "These exciting times are certainly getting on my nerves more than I thought. I didn't know I was so nervous." He again turned to his manuscripts.

Grinning from ear to ear at the thought of what was going to happen now, I once more approached the king, and this time, by way of letting him know of my presence, I simply knocked the heavy gold crown from his head.

The king, at this vile insult to his royal self, turned, dark with anger, for he knew it was no longer his imagination fooling him, and bellowed for his personal servant and body guard.

The guard came running with a large battle ax in one hand, and a sword in the other, for he must certainly have thought that the king was being murdered from the yell which he gave.

As he came into the king's presence, the king cried out, white with anger, "How dare you let any one into my private room, when I have given you orders that I wanted to be left alone! How dare you, I say!! Search the room at once, swine, at once, or off goes your head!"

The guard, mute with astonishment and fear, stood, gaping foolishly at the king.

"Do you hear me, traitor, do you dare disobey me?" bellowed the king. "Ho, sentries, ho!" He raised his voice in a shout for the castle's sentries.

The sentries came rushing into the room with leveled pipes probably expecting to see the king in a death struggle with some assassin.

"Take that traitor there!" cried the king to the sentries, pointing at the cowering guard, "and hang him from the battlements at once!"

The terror-stricken guard, hearing this awful sentence, regained the use of his tongue, and, falling on his knees before the king, began, "Oh Your Gracious Majesty, your noble Highness, I did not let any one past me, I did not indeed, I——"

"Silence!" roared the king. "Take him and hang him from the battlements at once, I say," he repeated to the sentries.

As the sentries moved to comply, I thought it high time for my interference, and so made myself visible. The king and sentries let a yell out of them and fell back.

"You need not be frightened at all," I said, making a low bow as I appeared before them, "for it is only I, Mr. James J. G. Skelway."

Now as this may mystify readers, I will endeavor to explain. I was, as I have stated, Mr. James J. G. Skelway, born in the year 1886 of good old English parents and on good old English soil. About a year before the happenings which I am relating, I had discovered a liquid which when drunk would give the person who took it

the power to go back any number of years which he wished into the past, while still retaining his present up-to-date knowledge. I had also discovered a liquid which when taken into the system would make the person who drank it invisible and give him the power to walk through any wall or thing which came in his path. I had made a liquid, the formula of which was known only to me, that would bring a person out of the past and into the modern times again that had gone back into the past by drinking the other liquid. No one but myself knew of these liquids, and no one suspected me of having them, as I was never thought to have enough brains to discover anything let alone such a discovery as I had made. I was, however, just on the point of giving my great discovery to the world, when one day, while looking over the old family records, (records kept of a family which had in olden times been of more important than it was now) I discovered a case where one of my great ancestors had been grossly insulted by a certain king. I had on the instant decided to go back to the time when that king had lived and wipe out the insult done my ancestor. I, therefore, waited for a favorable opportunity. The time came at last, I stole away from the house at about four o'clock in the afternoon and after getting out of sight of home I cut across meadows until I struck a road which led me to a rustic bridge, built across a small stream. Here, after looking hastily around and seeing no one, I drank part of the contents of the two vials filled with the different liquids and was at once transported back to the time in which I wished to be, and was made invisible—with the power to walk through any wall or obstacle which I wished to pass through.

It was an easy matter to discover the castle which the king used for a palace, and after ascertaining the room which he was in, I proceeded to enter. As my story opened at this point, I shall proceed

The king and his sentries showed a strong inclination to run as I appeared before them, but as I made no move to harm any of them, they somewhat controlled this desire.

"Who—who are you?" blurted out his royal majesty after a few seconds.

"I am," said I, swelling up, "the great and only Mr. James J. G. Skelway as I think I have before announced. I have come to avenge the insult which you handed out to my good ancestor some little time ago."

The king, at this unlooked for declaration, only opened his mouth and eyes a little wider."

"And now," I continued, "as I haven't any too much time to waste on a paltry little king like you, I wish you would kindly name some nice secluded place where you and I can have it out together by our lonesome."

The king at hearing such words as these spoken to him no longer believed me to be an apparition, and so gave his sentries the order to capture me. The sentries drew their swords and with a leveled pike in one hand and a sword in the other rushed upon me. As I saw them rushing upon me with their gleaming array of weapons it was too much and with a wild yell I drew from my pocket the bottle which held the liquid that would take me back to modern times, and drained it to the last drop.

I came back to modern times with a crash and found myself standing in the middle of the rustic bridge where I had but a short time before, drunk the liquid which had taken me back to the past.

As my mind came out of the past and into the present, I thought of the two liquids and drew the vials from my pocket. They were each about half empty. It was all I had of the liquids. I looked at them with disgust, then with a shrug of my shoulders, I thought, "what do I care about my ancestor's insult? If he wasn't able to take care of himself, I'm not going to do it for him." And with this I tossed the bottles into the stream. "No one wants to go back to the past, anyhow," I added.

I tossed my head defiantly, gave a final shrug of my shoulders, and sauntered off towards home, where I knew the folks were waiting dinner for me.

C. M. '13.



A TRIP TO MARS



WHEN I awoke on Thursday morning, the twenty-fourth of March, it was quite late, and I hastened to get ready for school. The folks said that I would surely be late, and secretly, I also was very anxious, although I shunned the idea. So, after I had eaten a hastily breakfast, I took my lunch pail and books, and started. I walked very fast, down the hill, through the short cut, and then along the main road, watching all the time, in hopes that I would see some other school children, and so know that I would not be late. However, none did I see, and when at last I passed the grade school, and saw that I was quite, and forsaken looking, a wild fear filled my heart, and I started on a run.

When I reached Cedar street I slackened my violent speed, and started more quietly across the campus. Then it was that I first looked up at the High School building, hoping against hope, that I would see the boys playing baseball, and small groups of girls, all talking together. But alas! there was no one in sight. My last hope of being in time, left me. But what could be the matter? Why did everything look so strange? I could not believe my senses! Surely the High School building was not—yes, it certainly was, rising slowly in the air! And the strangest part of all, was that it did not fall to pieces, but hung together, as if it had been built for sailing in the air!

As I stood, in speechless amazement, the sharp clang of the tardy gong, brought me to my senses. I was late! The building was already nearly ten feet above the ground, and steadily rising higher. So I put my hands to my mouth, thus forming a trumpet, and shouted with all my might, "Ship ahoy! Stop! Take me in! I've got to get my algebra explained!"

The front door opened, and Mr. Nelson craned his head out of it, looking anxiously downward, and clutching the door, as if he were mortally afraid, every moment, that he would fall to the earth, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks.

"Mr. Nelson, I don't understand the tenth problem; take me in," I shouted

"Well," he shouted back, "Let x equal the unknown quantity."

"Please let x equal a rope," I shouted, growing more and more afraid, as I was left farther behind.

Then he disappeared, but soon reappeared with a rope in his hand. Quickly making a noose, he dropped it down, keeping hold of the other end. I fastened it around me, and soon felt myself being yanked through the air. At last I found myself standing on the High School steps.

Without looking downwards, I ran into the building, and up the stairs, into the hall where I took off my wraps, and hastened into the room. Instead of finding everything in a commotion, I was exceedingly surprised to find the room in perfect order.

Soon after I had taken my seat, Mr. Lewis came into the room, and, going to his desk, asked me if I had been "late or tardy." I answered "late," as I thought it sounded the better of the two.

First came algebra class, during which, I had the tenth problem explained satisfactorily, and all went along very smoothly.

Then came Latin, as usual. (In fact everything went on in the same old way, although, through the windows, we could see the



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"Pardon me," broke in Miss Twyman, stepping up to the front, "But what nationality do you belong to?"

Meanwhile the butterfly nets had been distributed among the Zoology class, and Mr. Lewis, with a large bottle of chlorofom under one arm, and one of alcohol in his hand, was cutting a wide circle, followed by the members of that interesting class, and was stealthily creeping up behind the surprised creature, who seemed utterly bewildered.

At last they were close behind him. Slowly, but surely, we saw the net rising above his head, while he stood all unconscious of his fate, —then clap! down it came, and—

"Come now get up. You'll be late for school, sure!" And I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Well, I declare! It was only a dream!

C. A., '13.



A Zoology Trip

THE long anticipated day had arrived! The day on which the Zoology class was to go on a fishing trip to the Fill. But alas! the day dawned dark and forboding, and each "Bug" girl's heart sank low in her boots as a dark mist spread over the earth. Soon unmistakable sounds of rain was heard. The class was to leave the second period in the afternoon, but by that time, on account of the forbidding weather, no lunches had been prepared, no lines secured, no worms dug! And the rain continued to pour—pour—harder and harder. I can tell you the trail was kept warm between the window and seat of each Zoology girl, and even staid George and stern Mr. L. let a hope creep into their hearts—a tiny hope—that it would clear up! But as it did not, a resolution entered most of their hearts. They would go in spite of the rain and mud!! And go they did, after a flurry and bustle of getting things together.

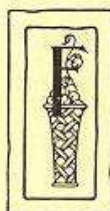
The trip up to the Fill was not unpleasant, although the travellers were encumbered with big umbrellas, for the journey was made merry by witty sayings and jests, and by the anticipation of a big fry under an umbrella. When the merry crowd arrived safe at their journey's end, to their joy, they discovered a little cabin, found to be well

stocked with dishes and furniture—for their special benefit, they supposed, for they immediately took possession. And so while Mr. Lewis and George fished, the girls swept and washed dishes. It was not long until the fishers came trudging back with a string of lucious trout! Soon, under the magic fingers of Arnetta, those fish were browning beautifully, over a gay, snapping fire. After the fish had been fried, all sat down to a sumptuous repast, while merry joke and story flew from side to side. Then let the rain dash against the windows to its heart's content—let the wind roar itself into a fury, because it must keep out, and let the old pines and spruces wave themselves in anger! For within, with seven cherry faces about a sumptuous repast, with seven merry hearts—what cared they? They ate just as long as they could; just as slowly put the house to rights, and then just as reluctantly closed the door of that little cabin and turned homeward. The rain had ceased. Oh! how they hated to leave that little cabin, and all those big fish which they knew were dying to be eaten.

"But," exclaimed one "Bug" girl, her face brightening, "we will all go again." "Yes," they echoed, "we will all go again."

M. S., '12.

RIGOLETTI



FOR several weeks a party of tourists had cruised about on Mediterranean Sea, enjoying the bright, clear days on the beautiful blue water, and stopping occasionally at some little hamlet to see the country and the inhabitants. One day, when the little craft was skirting the southern coast of Italy, a sudden squall came up and drove it into the harbor of Salerno. Some repairs were needed and, as night was coming on, the tourists stopped at the little village of Salerno for the night. Next morning the sun rose bright and warm over the still water that only a short time before had raged in great billows against the shore. A Mr. Copley of the party, together with his wife and daughter, a young lady, set forth on this fine morning to view the little port and the surrounding country. The town was built as near as possible to the water, so that the principal way was the one which led from the dock. The travellers passed up this narrow street where a number of people were engaged in barter—either in buying or selling. There were several stores at which almost anything might be bought—olives, fish, vegetables, pigeons. Here and there were wineshops, corresponding to our ice cream parlors, where tourists could procure good wine and dark, well-baked bread, made of coarse flour. These people, as all other Italians, were mostly small—about five feet in height, of a swarthy complexion, and with very black hair and eyes. Probably the most notable feature of their garb, especially that of the women, was its

brilliancy of coloring, which was in strong contrast to the dingy streets and buildings.

After the Copleys had spent several hours in looking over the town and the farms on the hillsides, they started back towards the wharf. The sun was now high in the heavens and it beat down so hotly that the peddlers and merchants had no occupation other than lolling in the shade, their morning customers having long since departed to their homes. When the voyagers reached the dock the only persons in sight were some children playing tag. While they stood watching the fun, one little girl, who was running straight toward the edge of the wharf, turned to see how near was her pursuer. Then, realizing her danger of going over the edge, she tried to turn but the boards were slippery and, quick as a flash, into the water she fell. The girl behind her stopped—terrified like the rest. Before the strangers could reach the spot, a boy, a little older than the girl's, darted over the side of the wharf to rescue his sister. But the water was deep, and, although the boy could swim well, the wharf was so high that he could never have gained it had not a rope been thrown him by those above. As it was, he and his sister were both saved. The visitors now took especial notice of the boy and particularly noted his large dark eyes which glowed so brilliantly when they praised him for his bravery. On inquiring, they found that his name was Henri Mazinni. A short time after this the tourists, leaving Salerno, resumed their journey.

* * * * *

Far away in a coast city of Western United States a big railroad

was heard through. One morning some university students were on their way to school when the clear, silvery notes of "Rigoletti" fell on their ear. "Listen, girls!" cried one. "How beautiful!" exclaimed another; and "Let's find out where it comes from," suggested a third. They followed the sound several blocks, turning this way and that, and suddenly came upon a crew of Italians working on the new railroad. Next then, sitting on a tie and whistling, was the boy who could play such wonderful music. It was no other than the Henri who had led his sister's life in his native village, and the girl who recognized him was no less a person than the Miss Copley who had witnessed the event.

The girl at once remembered her and gladly gave her the directions for reaching the place which he called home. After school was over that day, Miss Copley now thoroughly interested in the boy, set out with one of her companions for the place which he had pointed out. She found the family in a large tenement building in the very center of the foreign district of the city. The whole family—the father, the mother, and three children—occupied only two small rooms in this dismal and unhealthy tenement. From Henri's mother Miss Copley learned that such had been the case of their lives since the Copleys' visit to Salerno.

Only a few months after their departure, the great earthquakes which shook the whole Italian peninsula, creating such disaster and death, had wrought great havoc in their own little village, though the town itself still remained. At this time a great many of the inhabitants, including the Mazinni family, had emigrated to America, intending to settle on the farmlands of the West. On arriving at the large city Mr. Mazinni's money gave out and he, himself, was taken ill. Through the kindness of some other Italians his rent had been paid so far and Mrs. Mazinni and the children had secured what food they had had; but what was to become of them the future alone could tell.

It is needless to say that Miss Copley was moved by the story. She at once went to her uncle, a man engaged in the real estate business, and urged him to let Mr. Mazinni have a piece of ground in one of the suburbs—the land to be paid for when convenient. A day or two later the family moved thither and now, raised out of a life of squalor and ignorance, they are not only thriving, but are progressing in the arts of a civilization scarcely heard of before. Miss Copley, recognizing Henri's musical talent, has, at her own expense, placed him in a school of music. Here, his quickness and willingness to learn, together with his natural ability, give promise of his fulfilling her greatest expectations.

B. R., '10.



BORROWED PLUMES



YES, I think old Witt is a beast! Why, I have been for five minutes, actually thinking—oh, I mean, trying to think, and I just can't find anything to rhyme with delight except fight and kite. I can't leave this line out, it's a gem: "Thy fragrant leafy woods my heart's delight." Oh, I have it—bright—I'll say something about crocuses." The speaker was a tall attractive girl of about eighteen. The scene was the library of the Morristown

High School, where a crowd of students had gathered ostensibly to counsel the many reference books that lined the walls; but now, during the absence of the librarian, they were chatting in groups.

"Well, I agree with you! How can he expect us all to be sprouting—er—that is, budding poets. But you're doing splendidly, Ellen. I don't see where my ode is coming from, and we have only till Friday!" lamented the second speaker, a small girl with a doll-like face and a cheerful manner, who was called Rilla, and who, like a rill, went on forever.

"O, you can have this one. I have another idea, I'll call this 'Woods in Winter!' Nice title, isn't it?"

"Nifty?—well, rather!" a masculine voice interposed. "Will you give me one, too, Ellen?"

"That's not a square deal. Let Jim write his own. But you'll write one for me, won't you? I'm not a poet," declared another of the boys, blissfully overlooking the fact that he, too, was seeking to be the exception.

Ellen appeared to be pondering deeply for a moment; then solemnly announced:

"Poems for sale, at moderate rates! Sale limited one to a customer. Literary gems for a mere song; only a quarter of a dollar while they last. Place your orders early and avoid the rush."

The rush came immediately. It looked like a revival of the Golden Age of Literature, and a restoration of the poet's supremacy. But the eager customers were rudely interrupted by the return of Miss Denver, a stern featured lady of middle age. All filed to their places and the only indication that study had been interrupted was a mild, "O, shucks!" from John Archibald Parsons, an effeminate-looking young man, with his hair parted in the middle and with a brilliant pink tie encircling his neck in startling relief to his suit of apple green. This young man had not joined the group, but sat apart in the far end of the room, trying to think of a subject for his ode.

It was evident that Miss Denver kept an orderly room. The irrepressible Rilla almost completely upset this order, and Ellen, after vain attempts to keep an undisturbed countenance, snatched up her books, motioned Rilla to follow her, and together they rushed from the room.

"What are you going to do? Why can't you tell me?" the curious Rilla implored. "I've asked you four times right under that dear little fairy's nose, too. Even you can't write seven of the things, can you? I knew you were only jesting, but the boys have the same as dared you to."

She paused to get breath; not to give Ellen a chance to reply.

"Well, I am going to do it. I don't think they really expect me to, but I shall give them a surprise. They aren't very particular; any kind of stuff will do. But if the dear professor should find it out—oh, what's the difference? 'The valiant never taste of death but once'—well, yes, they do—in English class; and, dramatically waving her handkerchief, she walked up to her wraps and prepared to go home.

* * * * *

It was Friday morning in Prof. Witts' Senior English class. The respected instructor was discussing the odes handed in by the students of the class. "Miss Rilla's is excellent," he said. "If all you young people had put the same careful thought on yours as she did on hers, I would not have received such matter as one member of this class handed in," and he kept a level eye on John Archibald till that worthy quailed before his gaze. Then he continued:

"I have taken the liberty of showing Miss Rilla's to my friend, Mr. Cooper, who is the editor of the *Literary Star*."

Poor Rilla almost fainted at this, and only recovered herself sufficiently to giggle bravely, though hysterically. Mr. Witt, not noticing, went on:

"Through me, he offers the author of the poem twenty-five dollars for the privilege of printing it in his magazine. Thus we see the practical value of the training we receive in the class room. It is an example to be followed by all you young people."

Rilla recovered sufficiently to act the pleased author, to the great delight of the class. To this day, the members of that class declare they never enjoyed a more sumptuous "feed" than Rilla gave the Senior class soon after her wonderful—and only—literary triumph.

E. B., '13.



CATHERINE'S DECISION

By W. S. '10



FLUTTER of excitement swept the students assembled in the Hill City High School; subdued whispering and laughing sounded from the back of the room where the Juniors were seated, and it was some moments before Principal Frost could get enough attention to go on with his task. It was customary for the School Board to offer, annually, a prize for the best essay written by any of the pupils, the time limit and the subject being given by the Board. This year, however, the usual custom was to be abandoned and the prize was to be given for the best original story produced by any of the pupils. The subject in each case was to be selected by the various writers to suit themselves; the story must teach some lesson in honor.

The High School always showed great interest in these contests, and many good essays had been written, but an original story was something new, so there was much to talk about. Every one said that there would be no chance for any one if Catherine Bonville tried, for she had shown great ability in writing for the High School paper, "The Whims." In fact Catherine, herself, was quite confident that she would stand a good chance with the rest.

When the assembly had settled down to as calm a degree as it ever assembled, when anything of so exciting a nature had been announced, the classes passed to their various rooms and the subject was almost forgotten in the excitement of recitations. One girl, there was in all that school, who tried in vain to keep her mind on Julius Ceasar, but Ceasar and all his armies could not keep her thoughts from lingering on the announcement of the morning, and it was with joy that she heard the trinkle of the bell, which told that lessons were ended for the day. She, Fern Wilson, was a new-comer to the city and was, as yet, on only smiling acquaintance with the most of the pupils. Today

she was so anxious to reach home that she almost flew past Cora Phelps, a Senior, who lived across the corner from the Wilsons, and had taken a special fancy to the bright-faced Sophomore.

"If you're not in too great a hurry, I'll walk home with you," Cora's pleasant voice roused Fern from her brown study.

"Come along. Do. I really didn't notice you, but I was thinking of the story contest and I couldn't think of anything else," returned Fern, as she turned her bright eyes to Cora.

"Oh, are you going to try for the prize?"

Cora's surprise showed in her voice, for the Freshmen and Sophomores had never before sent any of their members into the contest, and as none of the Juniors had ever succeeded, the Seniors looked for one of their members to carry off the prize. In fact the Seniors would have been greatly surprised if any but a Senior had won it.

"Well I don't know, but what I will if I can think of a subject. I just love to write, but I know I will not stand a very good chance because so many are going to try. I'd just love to win it, though."

Fern looked wistfully up at tall Cora, who walked soberly along pondering whether or not she should tell what the others would think of Fern if she tried in the contest, but something in Fern's eyes told her that it was not for the sake of the glory she would get from winning the prize that she wished to try, but for the benefit she would receive from the money, which to her seemed no small sum, although it was only fifty dollars, so, instead she replied heartily:

"Well, who knows but what you will, if you try. You have lots of time and the others won't begin theirs until almost the last moment. Some of us Seniors may get surprised."

"Oh, do you think so?" Fern looked very pleased at this; then as they parted she called out, "But please don't tell anyone about it for I may not be able to make anything out of it, you know. Bye.

bye." And she was gone up the lane which led to the little cottage, where her old grandfather was awaiting her sunny smile.

Cora walked thoughtfully on home and this time *she* was in a brown study, for as much as she wished to help Fern she wished to tell the Seniors, so that they could be on their guard. Before she reached home, however, she had resolved to say nothing about it, but to let matters shape themselves, for she knew that the contest was open to anyone in the school.

* * * * *

Rat! tat! tat! tat! tat!

Connie Miller, in the speaker's chair, rapped smartly for order and only after the gavel had been used vigorously did she succeed in making herself heard above the buzz of the chattering boys and girls, who were holding a special meeting at the call of the president.

Connie was a tall, fair girl with plenty of dignity and a voice to match.

"Seniors," she said, "as soon as you come to order I have some very important news to impart to you."

"Go ahead, tell us," came the response, while all looked eagerly forward and listened attentively.

"It's concerning the story contest," she went on, "As you all know, the Seniors have always won the prizes and it is up to our class to do it this year."

"Well," spoke up Rufus Harman, "can't you girls write up something that will do it? We boys will promise not to write anything that will eclipse any of your stories. I for one, am not afraid, but what you can, any of you, beat the Juniors."

"Sure you can do it."

"We'll all help you."

"What's the matter with Kate Bonnaville?" came as a volley from the group of boys who never had any great literary pretensions.

"But listen here," cried Connie, as she struck the gavel, "I know of some one outside of the Junior class, who is going to try, and that is that new Sophomore, Fern Wilson. My brother, Lew, is in her class and he declares that he never saw anything like her in English.

Her compositions are fine and she says that she would rather write than do anything else."

Cora was seated in the back part of the room. Her burning cheeks were the only visible signs of her interest. She never took a prominent part in class affairs, although she was conceded to be one of the best scholars in the class. Now she simply listened while the now-aroused Seniors talked on, almost disregarding parliamentary rules.

Phyllis Webster was first on her feet:

"Fellow Seniors, we must win this!! I know it is easy enough to say and not so easy to do, but let us all help Catherine as much as possible from now on, so she can do it for us. I heard Miss Benson say that she never before saw anyone so young who could write so well as Fern Wilson; but just imagine that little slip of a girl running off with our prize. Who ever heard of a Sophomore trying against a Senior before, anyway? I think it's outrageous!"

Phyllis sank into her seat with this burst of indignation. Her stiff, black bow perched on her thick, red braids trembled violently.

"Some one had ought to tell her that the Sophs and the Freshmen don't try for the prizes here," remarked Tom Ramsey.

"Well, you go and do it," retorted Phyllis, who knew that Tom was afraid to speak to a girl outside of class.

Nellie Knox now took the floor: "I don't think we need to say anything to her about it, because I don't think there is much chance for her to win it. I move that we all do our best, drop the matter and worry ourselves no more about it." Nellie tossed her brown curls from her sparkling eyes and sat down with a jerk as much as to say: "Do anything different if you dare."

Cora Phelps could keep her seat no longer: "Miss Chairman, I wish to make a few remarks"—Cora was always so exact. "Of course we would all like to see the Senior class at the head of the list in everything. But, of course, the Seniors are not the only ones who have a right to try for this special prize. Before we go on I would just like to tell you what I know about Fern Wilson. None of you, know Fern Wilson very well for she is so quiet here at school. Perhaps you don't know that her grandfather, with whom she lives, is

not in the best financial condition, and that when Fern heard of this contest she thought of her grandfather first of all, for she knew how much the little prize money would mean to him. Since then she has been working hard on her story and as she wished it to be kept secret, I would not tell you before now. But since the list has been posted you have found out. She told me only this morning that her grandfather is almost blind and needs medical attention, but they cannot afford it. I just thought I'd tell you so you would not feel so bitter about her trying against us." Cora sat down with a relieved conscience.

The chairman needed no gavel to make herself heard during the rest of the meeting, and they soon adjourned. Many left the hall, but an excited group gathered about Catherine.

Catherine, or Kate, as the boys called her, was one of the most popular girls in the school and the others thought that she could do almost anything. Just now she was facing the girls with an attitude of perplexity which she tried to hide from them. They knew that she was in a hard position, but they had said all they wished during the meeting and now stood silently about. Suddenly Catherine's cheeks flushed scarlet and her dark eyes blazed. The girls knew that a tempest was coming.

"Girls, I just cannot bear to have her try against us. If she only didn't have a poor grandfather! But I don't care," she went on recklessly. "Grandfather or no grandfather, I am going to win it."

"Of course, you are! Cora is always so particular! I suppose if she had her way we would all write little baby stories and let Fern have the glory with the prize thrown in," said Millie, sarcastically.

"I think you are badly mistaken if you think that she is after the glory," said Dorethy Ames, who stood with her arm thrown protectively about Catherine. "And I think that the sooner we let this drop, the better. Let the best one win and no one can say anything."

"Well I am willing," said Phyllis, as she flung her books over her shoulder and, with a swish of ruffled skirts and a merry Ta! Ta!, she hurried to catch her car and she was soon in their own library, deeply absorbed in "The Princess," and the Senior trouble was soon forgotten.

The others came along more slowly, but none were so quiet as Catherine, who merely nodded to the girls as she turned at her corner and went on alone. When she reached her room she had a genuine battle to fight with her conscience. She leaned her tired head against the high-backed chair and one heavy, black braid slipped unheeded from the smooth coil on her shapely head.

"Oh, what shall I do," she wailed to herself. "The Seniors all depend on me and I don't want to disappoint them. But Fern needs the money and I know she wouldn't take it if I got the prize. I wonder what they'd think if I—"

For a long time Catherine sat and thought; then she walked over to her little desk and, taking out her carefully written story, she read it through, without hesitation, tore it into bits. After crying a little out of self-pity, but finally resolved that it would not do, so she dried her eyes and took up her evening studies.

* * * * *

As soon as school was over Fern Wilson went to the Public Library to look up a historical topic. She sat a long time in an obscure corner of the large room. Presently a group of Seniors entered to help one of the girls find a reference, and as soon as the book, which contained it was found, they carried it to a table where they could all find seats. They did not notice Fern, and Fern, who never got more than a glance from the most of them, did not try to attract their attention. Soon the girls began to speak in a low undertone and the whole story of the afternoon meeting was repeated to two of the members who had not been present. The library matron was indulgent and they soon raised their voices higher than they thought. Phyllis was not there with her fire, but the others, Millie, Dorethy and Elsie Oakes, all expressed their opinions and, poor Fern, who, at first, could not catch their meaning, shrank back, as one stunned, when the true meaning of their words came to her. Before she could stir the girls had completed their work and filed out of the room, leaving a rather limp, dejected Sophomore behind them.

"Oh, why didn't they tell me I wasn't wanted?" she panted. "I have just set my heart on it and we do need the money so badly."

Then after a pause—"I never thought the girls could be so—so—well—could act so strangely! But I shant let them see how it hurts to give it up."

Fern left the library a few moments later very thankful that she had not told her grandfather anything about the story for she had intended to surprise him.

* * * * *

The day before the story contest was closed Mr. Frost sat in his office making out a list of examination questions and he did not hear the door in the entry open and close, so the knock at his door startled him. Catherine entered and nodded a bright "good morning," to the gray-haired principal, who smiled genially at her.

"Well, what can I do for you, Miss Catherine?" he asked, leaning forward with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

Catherine twisted her gloves in a nervous grasp but otherwise remained outwardly calm. "I wish to have my name taken off the contest list," she said quickly. "I have decided not to try for it."

"But," said the principal somewhat taken back, "you are sure to win, unless, indeed, that little Sophomore, Miss Wilson, keeps on improving. Surely you would not drop out at this late date for any trivial reason?"

"No, sir; I would not," she responded.

"Well, I can say that I am disappointed, Miss Catherine. I don't know of any one else who can come up with her."

"I haven't anything to say about that," she replied, "but if you will just take off my name and not say anything about it to anyone, I shall be obliged to you."

"Why, yes, I'll do it, of course, but if you change your mind, don't forget to come in before tomorrow night."

Catherine slipped out and the good old principal shook his head and wondered what could induce Catherine to do such an act.

The next morning Catherine did not appear, but just before time to close the contest the principal heard a timid step at the side and Fern was asking if he would take her name from the list.

Mr. Frost had had others make similar requests and had thought

nothing of it, but here were the two best writers in the school demanding that they be dropped from the list.

Fern waited for no answer, but hurried from the room as if her ability to face the principal and at the same time keep up her courage, could not be trusted. As she crossed the hall she came face to face with Catherine who came from the laboratory, gaily humming a class song. Fern hastened on past her with quivering lips and a strange tightening at the throat, while Catherine ceased her song and looked wistfully after the retreating figure. Then she remarked to herself: "I am glad you did it, Catherine Bonnaville. It wasn't more than honorable."

Back in his office Mr. Frost sat thinking rapidly. He had heard rumors of the Seniors' dissatisfaction that Fern should try for the prize, and he had also heard that Fern needed the prize money.

Two and two — — —

He thought he detected the reason for the strange actions of the girls. Without waiting for further thought he hastened out and called them both to his office. Neither could imagine what he was going to do but they waited for him to speak.

"Girls," he said, "you must know that it is rather strange for you both to have your names removed from the list."

Here Catherine looked with surprise at Fern who could only return the look.

"Now," he resumed, "I am going to ask you if there is not some misunderstanding that can be straightened out?"

Both girls looked kindly at Mr. Frost. Then before Fern knew it she was telling the whole story of her disappointment. Catherine, on the other hand, did not wish to tell them why she gave up, but they could only guess what the real reason was.

"Well, well, that's too bad," Mr. Frost spoke soberly. "It isn't too late for you to enter the lists yet! Have you your stories written?"

"I destroyed mine and I don't care to rewrite it if I could," said Catherine, who sincerely hoped that Fern could be persuaded to try once more.

"And you, Miss Fern?" questioned the principal. "I still have

mine, if you think that the others will not care—?”

“They’ll do anything I say,” said Catherine, decisively.

“Then I may enter your name again? Only five minutes left,” said Mr. Frost, as he glanced at his watch.

“Yes, you may,” answered Fern happily. “I can, at least, try.”

* * * * *

The prize stories had been read and judged. The winners was to be presented with the prize on Friday afternoon. The whole school was in the greatest excitement. The Seniors, thanks to a lecture delivered by Catherine, were prepared to cheer the victor, whether he came from their ranks or not.

When the chairman of the Board came in, the room became very

quiet and, after a short speech, he presented the prize to Fern Wilson.

The school could be quiet no longer. The Seniors led with three cheers and a “tiger,” while the Sophomore class just simply went wild. When it was all over and Fern emerged from the group with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, she managed to run down the hall where she fell plump into the arms of Catherine.

“O, Catherine, I owe it all to you,” she cried impulsively.

“Tut! tut! girly, I will own that I hated awfully to do it at first, but it just does me good to see you enjoy it. And didn’t the class act nobly? Come on, let’s go now.”

From this time, tho’ each class had a glory and a radiance of its own, they were combined and, combined, made a greater glory and a greater radiance.



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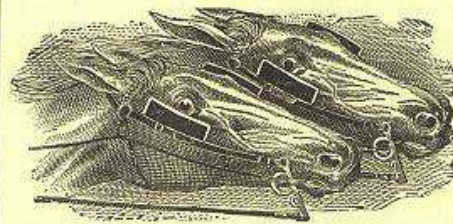
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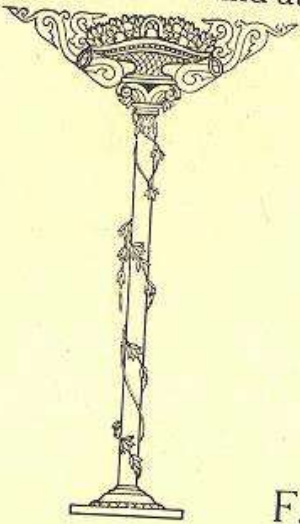
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