"Of all those chief arts in which nature excels, Chief Masterpiece is writing well"
A Reward

"Good-bye, my dear, I hate to leave,
But God does will it so,
That I shall die and leave you thus,
That's the reason I go.

Do your best; help all who need:
Let that be your goal.
And could you pray at least one day,
For your poor old mother's soul?

Don't cry, my dear, for all is well;
It's just my well-earned rest.
Face the end bravely, my little boy,
And you'll find it for the best.

Come here, my boy, here's something for you
To remember your mother by,
She placed a warm kiss upon his cheek,
And there was a soft, soft sigh.

She passed away to eternal rest,
Her son was there (no other),
He sadly cried, but there was no word
From his poor and friendless mother.

At length he grew to be a man;
One night he failed to pray.
"What's the use," he said to himself,
"She's dead and gone away."

And soon he failed to pray at all
At night as he used to do;
He forgot his mother and her pleading words,
And his thoughts of her were few.

But lo! one night when he lay awake,
To him a vision came,
He saw his mother on her deathbed,
And the words he heard were the same.

He wondered if she would kiss him,
But she did not come that near.
She told him to pray and to join her,
So he prayed and banished all fear.

One night as he prayed, he heard a voice,
"Come to me," it said;
He looked around, and lo! he saw
His mother over his bed.

With outstretched arms he went to her,
(This reward of his prayer);
She took him in her tender arms,
And now he is in her care.

Next morning he was found quite dead;
A smile was on his face;
He looked real sad, and happy, too,
For he went to a heavenly place.

—Tom Rogers, Maury School.

LET GRAY MAKE YOUR PICTURES.

"LYNCH HIM!"

Republic is a tiny Arkansas metropolis, consisting only of a store, the Squire's house and three negro cabins, but surrounded by several plantations. The store is, as the white-washed sign shows, the property of W. S. Thompson, a retired trapper, now bearing the title of Squire, as he is postmaster, magistrate, mayor, and the more prominent of the two white citizens. The other is the Squire's son-in-law, Wild Jack Harris, who is sheriff, rural mail carrier, deputy sheriff, and renowned "bad man," several negroes having met their fate at his hands. The Squire's wife is a corpulent dame of some three hundred pounds, who, although barefooted, rules her household, the Squire included, with as great a success as any robed monarch rules his dominion.

Republic is separated from the railroad by four miles of the stickiest, blackest mud imaginable, but I succeeded in crossing these four lonely miles, thanks to a low pony-built horse, called 'Yaller,' which had been left at the station for me. When I reached the store I found it surrounded by an excited group of men, well supplied with ropes and guns. Upon getting off my horse, I saw the cause of the meet-
investigation a pocket-knife and a 
and the sod was torn up in several 
been a desperate one. Upon closer 
places, showing that the fight had 

from behind and taken away the 
cabin. I might have attacked him 

beings, many miles out of the way, 
men, having made Bell comfortable 
released, as if with one voice, 
been seized, and was being rushed 

I was tempted to go along with 
the men, who would be, in my 
opinion, quite justified in lynching this 
assassin, Haley, a menace to the 
peace of the community, but when 
I thought of all the negroes awaiting 
my directions, I decided to go 
on to my cabin and, after starting 

out for the lake at about four-thirty, 
water in my light dugout toward 
and was soon skimming over the 

I was too anxious to try and 
made for a growth of willows, ex­ 
fell flopping into the water and 

when a great drove flew up from a 

seemed to be with me; I had killed 
five ducks in less than half an hour, 

I hit one, which 
fell flopping into the water and 

was more than forty, thirty, and 
and was soon skimming over the 
water in my light dugout toward 
the shallows. Luck, from the first, 

seemed to be with me; I had killed 
five ducks in less than half an hour, 

when a great drove flew up from a 

thicket close by. I hit one, which 
fell flopping into the water and 

was made for a growth of willows, ex­ 
tending out into the lake. I 

followed it, being extremely anxious 
to get some information, although 

it was unable to fly, it cer­ 
tainly dodged most scientifically. I 
did not shoot it again, always 
thinking that each flop would be its 
last, and the, as the Squire would 
say, "gosh-darned water fowl!" man­ 
gaged to gain the bank, leaving me 
pretty well confused in the thick 

mass of willows.

I was figuring the best way out 
of this silent place, when I heard 
a splash off to my left. Wondering 
how many there would be in this 
flock, I silently pushed my dugout 
nearer the bank. As I did this my 
paddle struck something that gave, 
but not in the same way as mud. 

I started at being thus addressed, but 
quickly, and now I suddenly real­ 
ized that I was enveloped by the 
dusk, made all the more dismal by 
my surroundings, the watery grave 
of a murdered man underneath, and 
the possibility of the murderer's 


Wednesday evening about five o'clock, with this Jim Haley, on 

his way, supposedly, to Bell's farm, which is not more than two miles 
from the Squire's.

Thursday morning a negro boy 
had come to the store from Bell's 
place to get "a few molasses," as 
he expressed it, and had inquired 
about his "boss," thinking that he 

would be near. He was readily 
given to any person recovering the 
body of George Bell, etc.

I joined the group and found 
that they were only waiting to be 
joined by Jack Harris with the dogs 
before setting out in pursuit of 
Haley. I managed finally to get one 
of my negroes aside and secured 
the details. Mr. Bell had been seen 
last on Wednesday evening about 
five o'clock, with this Jim Haley, on 
his way, supposedly, to Bell's farm, which is not more than two miles 
from the Squire's.

This information had caused the 
Squire, with "Wild Jack," to start 

immediately for Bell's home. About 
half way there, in the midst of a 

thick wood, Harris had spied a spot 
of ground that bore evidences of 
a struggle of some kind. The 
grass and the bushes were trampled down and 
the sod was torn up in several 
places, showing that the fight had 
been a desperate one. Upon closer 
investigation a pocket-knife and a 

bunch of keys belonging to Bell 
were found, along with a tattered 
hat, but both men had disappeared 
entirely. Jack Harris returned 
quickly, and now this mob of farm­ 
ers, tanned and hardened by con­ 
stant out-door work, were prepar­ 
ing to go in search of the negro, and 
if the guns and ropes had any mean­ 
ing, he would have a small chance 
of his life if caught.

I was tempted to go along with 
the men, who would be, in my 
opinion, quite justified in lynching this 
assassin, Haley, a menace to the 
peace of the community, but when 
I thought of all the negroes awaiting 
my directions, I decided to go 
on to my cabin and, after starting 

them off on their work, to try to 
kill a few mallards off Thompson's 
lake.

My work was finished and I set 
out for the lake at about four-thirty, 
and was soon skimming over the 
water in my light dugout toward 
the shallows. Luck, from the first, 

seemed to be with me; I had killed 
five ducks in less than half an hour, 

when a great drove flew up from a 

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dusk, made all the more dismal by 
my surroundings, the watery grave 
of a murdered man underneath, and 
the possibility of the murderer's 

presence near by. I began to ped­ 
dle frantically, trying with all my 
strength to leave that twenty-five 
dollars, untouched, where it was, 
but made little headway, always 
running aground or into clumps of 
willows. Suddenly, my worst fears 
were realized, when a black hand 
reached out and grabbed my boat, 
and I heard a negro's hoarse voice 
right behind me, "Mister Ed." I 

started at being thus addressed, but 
the voice continued, "My boss, Mr. 
George, needs help; come on." 

I rose slowly, saying gruffly, 
"Well, I guess you've got me this 
time, Haley, but I thought you had 
gone in the opposite direction."

He said nothing except a low, 
"Come on, boss," and, picking up 
my gun, he led the way through the 
thick underbrush to a deserted 
cabin. I might have attacked him 
from behind and taken away the 
gun, but his enormous size, coupled 
with his reputation, convinced me 
that I might jump from the frying 
pan into the fire, so I meekly fol­ 

owed.

When we reached the house he 
pushed the door open and told me 
to go in. He followed me closely, and 
carefully closed and bolted the 
door. I was greatly surprised when 
Haley, after unloading the gun, 
stood it in a corner and proceeded 
to light a candle, by the flickering 
light of which I saw, to my delight, 
the somewhat battered form of Bell, 
whom we had all given up for lost. 
He was lying on a heap of rags and 
smiled feebly upon seeing me, but 
before he could say a word the 
fierce barking of the dogs and the 
cries of the men were heard outside.

The negro paled under his dark 
skin and picked up my gun, but 
Bell quickly commanded him to put 
it down, adding that they were 
friends. I expected to hear him 
speak roughly to the injured man, 
but instead he obeyed instantly and 
opened the door to let them in.

About two seconds later he had 
been seized, and was being rushed 
to the nearest tree by the infuriated 
mob, amid loud cries of "Lynch him! Lynch the brute!"

Haley, after unloading the gun, 
with a supreme effort, aroused him­ 
self, and, with my assistance, 
reached the opened door, calling 
with his utmost strength to the men 
to release the negro, that he had 
saved his life.

The mob reluctantly brought him 
back and, upon seeing Bell, they 
turned loose, not with the voice, a 

lusty yell, that can be accom­ 
plished only by an Arkansan. The 
men, having made Bell comfortable 
by a huge fire, told how the dogs 
had been led, by some mysterious 
scent, many miles out of the way, 
until they had run into a band of 
six burly cotton-pickers, who said 
they had seen Haley at a certain 
cabin which they had passed, and 
advised them to return to that 
point and there start the dogs on 
a fresh trail. They had taken the 

negroes' advice and had certainly 
found their man.

They now demanded George's 
story, which he told very vividly, al­
Seventy-five dollars was immediately thrust into his hands, twenty-five by "Wild Jack," who had never before been known to give, a reward to any negro. All the men gathered about him and assured him that he should lack neither friends nor good jobs while they lived.

The purpose of this crime was never ascertained, but the result, if only the riddance of those negroes, who immediately left the state, was a great benefit to the whole community.

Impelled by curiosity, I returned to the lake and found the thing struck by my paddle to be only a bundle of old clothes that had frightened me worse than anything ever has before or since.

EDMUND ORGILL.

THE MISSING ARTICLE.

By Adelaide M. Crofford.


If you think, as the rest of the community usually does, at the mention of a member or possession of the Weatherall family, that it is the most pleasing experience to be a Weatherall—you just try it. Don't misunderstand me, however, for all men like that which is hard to get—even a Weatherall—so please, if you are in the least charming or attractive, do not take the last part of my first sentence as a challenge (for there really are some Weatheralls other than Jack).

Being a Weatherall, as Jack certainly was (this story dates some time past), with everything he had lacked neither friends nor good jobs while he lived. Seventy-five dollars was immediately thrust into his hands, twenty-five by the than Bells brother of Bell and fifty by "Wild Jack," who had never before been known to give a reward to any negro. All the men gathered about him and assured him that he should lack neither friends nor good jobs while they lived.

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EDMUND ORGILL.
The Easter Sunday which marks the beginning of an interesting and somewhat amusing romance, was just the sort of a day one wishes to see when one leaps from the night's slumber place, fresh with that sweet restfulness of body and spirit, and at the same time with heart throbbing with the joy of living, the joy of its being Easter and the joy of its being spring!

Immediately after the sermon Grace Stonewall came over to greet the Weatherall representatives.

"Where's your pretty visitor, Miss Grace?" inquired Mr. Weatherall.

"Oh, she was due home last night. We hated to see her go. Isn't it a glorious day, though. I honestly believe I'd run and play hide and seek if it wasn't Sunday," Grace laughed as she passed on to the library.

"Well, Dad, here's Carpenter, and I promised to dine with him, so I'll see you later," said Jack as he left the car. "Think you've located her?"

"Maybe its Grace's visitor," ventured Carpenter.

"No, Grace told us this morning that she had gone. She may know who the girl is, though, since she was in the neighborhood."

As soon as they reached a telephone and were sure Grace was at home, Jack called. "No, you don't know?—Yes, in green, very stunning—Yes, just thought maybe you might know—Yes—awfully sorry.

If you can, find out who she is, will you?—Not asking too much, is it?—Yes, a good sermon—All right—Oh, Grace, what are you doing Wednesday evening?—May 1?—All right—7:45."

"Grace is a brick, after all," exclaimed Jack.

Monday evening Grace called Jack. "—Think you've located her? Where?—She told Mary she lived there, 1419 Avenue A?—All right—Thanks."

Five minutes later Jack was calling Carpenter. "Hello—that you, 'Shark'? as soon as Carpenter was on the line. "Think I'm on the trail of 'The Lady of the Forest'—Yes—Have her address—Want to go?—Can we use your car?—All right, hurry!"

1419 Avenue A was well lighted and sounds of singing came from within as Carpenter stopped the machine on the opposite side of the street.

"I've an idea!" exclaimed Carpenter. "Let's go as gas or electric meter men and if we don't catch some glimpse of her going or coming, we can at least find out who she is."

The remainder of the plan was decided on the return home.

At three-twenty Jack and Carpenter Ellis stopped their car near Avenue A, and, looking thoroughly like laboring men, they moved their way on to 1419 Avenue A.

"Am I blind?" exclaimed Carpenter. "Isn't that 1419?" as he gazed across the street.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Jack.

There opposite them was 1419, but all signs of habitation were missing. Only two or three weather-beaten "For rent" signs convinced them of its emptiness.

Somewhat puzzled, they went back to the car. There could be no mistake either time, for they had run the car, and they certainly were neither asleep nor intoxicated.

"Why don't you say something, Jack?"

"Say something? Oh, I was just keeping silent; thought maybe some good or evil spirit that knows more about this than we do would 'fess up."

They loitered about town, strolled in at the club and were a little late getting home. Left to themselves, they did not choose to break the silence, and at the end of their destination they parted, each with a feeling that a third person somewhere knew more than they.

Strolling into the library, Jack discovered a special delivery package for him. Wondering, he opened it and found a small brown leather book of old and new sayings and pictures suggestive of life. A pretty silver book mark attracted his attention, and turning to the marked place, he saw the picture of a man sitting before a mirror with a spy-glass in his hand raised to his eyes. Beneath the picture were the words, "If you can't get wise by experience, it's time to look at yourself through a spy-glass." And reflected in the mirror was a donkey wearing a fool's cap. Turning the next page a surprise greeted him, for there between the leaves lay a kodak picture which had been tinted. It was taken as the girl was walking away from the kodak and—the girl in the picture wore green!

What could it mean? Jack was almost sure some of the boys had sent it, as he picked up the paper which had wrapped it and saw, in a pretty feminine hand, undeniably: "MR. J. R. WEATHERALL, JR., "3910 1/2 La Branch,,

City."

Still wondering, he opened the little book again, and there he saw written in the same hand across the flyleaf:

"From A. G. I. G."

And then a very strange thing occurred—for the second time within a few weeks J. R. Weatherall, Jr., spent many hours thinking, thinking, thinking, ere he fell asleep.

"To be continued."
“Well, you certainly carry out the appearance of failure to perfection. What’s you trouble now?”

“She doesn’t care a nickel’s worth for me.”


“Yes, Tom,” meekly replied Dick, “but I fear she doesn’t claim me.”

“Well, Dick, as I’m almost a graduate in loving, maybe I can give you a few suggestions.”

“Blaze away. But suggestions will be of no avail.”

Tom Watkins and Richard Talbot had been old college chums and that friendship which molded at college still its clinching hold.

Tom may be classed as one of those “jelly-beans,” paying a little attention to every girl and no particular attention to any; one of those heart-crushers.

Dick was different; shy in love, yet true as steel to those to whom he professed affection.

As Dick visited less frequently than he, Tom thought his “suggestions” would be invaluable to him. Hence his willingness and desire to present such.

“How do you know she doesn’t care for you, Dick?” asked Tom, leaning over the candy-counter and resting his head upon his hands.

“We had a party the other night and even Henry Fleece received a bid,” responded Dick.

“And you didn’t?”

“No! But other little things,” answered Dick. “For instance, I called her up the other night and asked for a date for tonight. She said that was all right, but she rang off just then.”

“No! But other little things,” Dick managed to utter between gasps, holding up a package and headed straight for the door, not even turning to say farewell or thanks.

A whole week passed. Tom neither saw nor heard of Dick.

But on the eighth day Dick entered the candy-shop once again. A bright smile was on his face. He even looked happy. His step was more brisk than before.

“Gee, Dick, you look happier than a night-in-gale.”

“And that I be. Everything is O.K. now. She explained everything,” answered Dick, as he offered Tom a “twenty-five-cent” cigar.

“Rich today, eh?” questioned Tom, recognizing the brand of cigars.

“Not so rich as I am happy, I tell you,” returned Dick, lighting a match with which he ignited both cigars.

“Tell me how she explained,” suggested Tom.

“That was just what Dick was asking for, an opportunity to explain. Tom went ahead readily and explained how she had sent him a bid, but that it had been delayed by the mails. And as for the telephoning, he stated that the “rotten system” had disconnected the two.

Just as I thought; some explanation. She’s too fine a girl to do that way,” remarked Tom.

“Made her a little envious, too. I told her that I thought Alice Maxwell was about the cutest girl I knew.”

“Just as I thought; some explanation. She’s too fine a girl to do that way,” remarked Tom.

Matters progressed. Dick often came for candy.

One morning the door of the candy-shop was quickly pushed aside. Up the aisle came Dick, half out of breath, half running.

“Did—you see—it? Tom? Did you—see—it?” Dick managed to utter between gasps, holding up a newspaper.

“Did I see what? Are you ailing?” asked Tom, perplexed.

“Well, I’ll just declare. You got a girl?” said Tom laughing.

“You don’t mean it. Shake, old chap!” shouted Tom, jumping into the aisle and grasping Dick’s trembling hand, realizing at once what the “excitement” was about.

Taking the paper, Tom read what indeed enthused his heart, as well as Dick’s. It read as follows:

“Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Newton announce the coming marriage of their daughter, Margaret May, to Mr. Richard Howard Talbot, November 29, 1914.”

“Give me a ten-pound box of sweets, Tom,” spoke Dick, as if his heart were lighter than air.

“We do not handle ten-pounders,” answered Tom.

“Make it two fives, then.”

Preparing the two, Tom handed the package to Dick.

“My present to the bride-elect!”

“Many thanks, but, Tom, where is the best place to buy a wedding ring?”

“At Smith’s, I would say.”

Then Dick turned and departed almost as swiftly and abruptly as he had entered. At the door he pondered.

“Where’s the best place to make a honeymoon, Tom?” asked Dick.

“See America first by all means, Dick!” yelled Tom as he caught the last glimpse of Dick hurrying down the street in the direction of the Newton home.

Moral: There is a chance for us all; even yet.

R. L. S.

A STORY OF HAPPINESS REGAINED.

It was twilight. The sinking sun cast a glow, faint, but beautiful, over all the sky.
In a little house down by the seaside a woman, the wife of a fisherman, sat and gazed across the shining waves to where the great sun seemed to close his eyes in sleep.

For some time she sat and mused as though her thoughts were of higher things than the sordid life which was her lot. Suddenly she spoke, and her voice showed the deep emotion with which she struggled. "The very young are freshest from His presence and the very old are drawing closer to Him. I suppose He was right, and maybe that is why I find such comfort in the thought, but somehow, some time, some way—" Her voice broke and her frame was shaken by sobs, then after awhile she resumed. "She was fresh from God and not meant for the world."

Up to this time there appeared to be no one in the house with this poor creature, but as her last words were uttered a man came slowly towards her from the next room. He went to her and led her from the house into the yard, and they sat there side by side on a stone bench. After watching the sea for some time he spoke to her very gently, "Mary, it isn't quite right for you to worry over Avis the way you do. Think more of Lionel and your happiness."

As he stopped speaking they heard a clear call come from a tiny sailboat and upon closer inspection found it to be occupied by Captain James and their son Lionel. Lionel was a mere lad, but he was beloved by all, young and old, and his beautiful brown eyes had won for him a warm corner in the hearts of many ladies who visited near his home.

As the boat neared the shore, Lion, as he was called, jumped out and ran toward his mother, holding on high a string of fish. "Mother," he called, "see what your boy has brought for you." The face brightened and the old feeling of loneliness faded away with the arrival of this boy. "And oh, mother," he said as he dropped to the ground at her feet, "Captain and I just had the best day, and, mother, I saw the most beautiful little girl!"

His father laughed. "Thinking about the ladies rather early, aren't you?" he questioned. The mother laughed, too, but waited for the boy's reply. "Well, dad," he said, "it's up to me to find another daughter for mother, one to take the place of Avis." The mother grew sad again. "Lion, dear," she whispered, "don't say that, for there can be but one Avis!"

The sun had set, the stars were peeping out and the moon's light was shedding a soft light over everything. Mrs. Merrill, Lion's mother, sat for some time alone and thinking. At last she arose and walked slowly toward the door. On reaching it she stopped and turned again toward the sea. "Good night, dearie. I'm not forgetting you, but I'm trying to regain my happiness."

Almost twenty years have passed since that night, when Mrs. Merrill began her search for happiness. Time makes many changes in us all and in our destinies. The Merrills are still living by the seaside, but in a larger house. Lionel is in his senior year at Harvard and graduation day is near.

Of course, his mother and father were with him, and between classes in the intermission in rehearsals he spent many happy hours with them. People who had not met them wondered who the sweet-faced little woman was who walked around the campus with the tall senior.

After the exercises were over Lionel and his mother walked out to one side of the hall, where they found a shelter from the eyes of the inquisitive visitors. At last far away he saw one of the most beautiful girls she had ever seen. "Lion," she said, "who is that young lady over there?" He looked and said, "Mother, some years ago I promised to find an 'Avis' for you." She interrupted him. "Dear," she said, "I told you then that there could be but one Avis." He arose and walked up to the girl. The mother noticed how her face lighted at Lion's approach and the mother began to wonder what had happened during their talk that had made him act so suddenly.

Soon she found Lionel and the young lady beside her. "Mother," she heard Lion say, "this is Avis Allen, soon to be your other Avis Merrill." How or what she said Mrs. Merrill never knew, but somehow she remembered having held out her hands to her new "Avis." She left Avis and Lionel and went to her room.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL BULLETIN.

The moonlight was streaming through the window. Mrs. Merrill went directly to it and looked out. "Dear little Avis," she murmured, "you are happy tonight and I am glad. I have found you again and with you my happiness. Good night, my baby, and keep watch over your brother and my other 'Avis.'

GAIL FORREST. June '15.

WITCHCRAFT IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

"By whatever name such a power might be called in a particular case, whether witchcraft, conjuration, sorcery, or any other similar name, the legal effects attaching to its supposed exercise were usually the same."

In England during the seventeenth century witchcraft was punished by death. During the Wars of the Roses charges of witchcraft were made with great frequency against persons of rank or influence, for political reasons, and trials were most numerous. As an instance of the ignorance and superstition of the people, in the case of the Lancashire witches in 1634, seventeen persons were condemned and hanged on the evidence of one boy. In the period from 1645 to 1647, between two hundred and three hundred persons were said to have been indicted in Suffolk and Essex alone, more than one-half of whom were convicted.

The State Trials contain several instances of such trials—Anne Turner, 1615; Countess of Somerset in 1616, Mary Smith, 1616; Essex witches, 1645; Suffolk witches, 1665; Devon witches, 1682.

In many cases the accused confessed before the trial. It is difficult to surmise reasons for such
In the abstract of New England constitutions, undue influence and the belief that money to him, under the belief that this claim of spiritual powers was induced by the defendant, was heavily burdened with camping blankets for his bed, had to make several trips before he had enough wood for the fire wood on the porch. He would see why it wouldn't come up because death was sure to follow, but perhaps that was more welcome than life under the circumstances which always followed the acquitted. They were shunned by society and pointed out for their remaining lives as witches and allies of the devil. The last trial of this kind in England was in 1712, when Jane Wenham was tried for witchcraft. She was convicted but not executed.

A change of belief concerning witchcraft began to develop about this time. This change was due to some writers of the age who, though few in number, seemed to have great influence on the minds of their contemporaries. Addison discourages the belief of witchcraft in the Tattler and later in the Spectator. George Gifford, another writer of the age, offers a compromise, stating that perhaps the witnesses and defendant in the trial were equally under the influences of some witch or devil.

In 1736 an act was passed ordering any person pretending to use witchcraft, tell fortunes or discover stolen goods by skill in any crafty kind in England was in 1712, when Jane Wenham was tried for witchcraft. She was convicted but not executed.

The belief in witchcraft gradually decreased, as is shown by the following example: In a case in chancery in 1868 a widow aged seventy-five was induced by the defendant, a medium, to transfer a large sum of money to him, under the belief that such was the wish of her deceased husband. The court held that this claim of spiritual powers constituted undue influence and that the gift must be set aside.

The earliest execution in New England is said to have been in 1648. In the abstract of New England laws printed in 1655 appears these articles: III. Witchcraft, which is fellowship by covenant with a familiar spirit, to be punished by death. IV. Consultants with witches not to be tolerated, but either to be cut off by death, banishment, or other suitable punishment.

The most noted execution of so-called witches in this country was that of the Salem witches. The seventeenth century witnessed the greatest belief in witchcraft. From that time the belief gradually decreased until it became extinct.

**SPOOPENDYE'S BATHING SUIT.**

(Story No. 2 of the Spoopendyke Series.)

"My dear," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, "I think if you prepare the suits we can take some sea baths this summer."

"The very thing," smiled his wife. "I'll make my suit of blue flannel and yours of red."

"I don't think you understand me," responded he. "I didn't say I was going to hire out as a danger signal. My plan was to go in swimming and not to become a cremation furnace."

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flan—"

"Most indubitably, Mrs. Spoopendyke, but if you think I'm going to masquerade as a boiled ham, you're wrong. If I can't bathe without looking like a Fulton street car, then excuse me."

The suit was made in one piece and was really very startling.

"I'll try it on tonight," said Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing it askance.

Before retiring, Mr. Spoopendyke began to get into it.

"Why didn't you make some legs to it? What do you want it all arms for?" he inquired, turning to see why it wouldn't come up behind.

"You've got it on sideways," said she.

"Sideways; there ain't any top to it. Why ain't the arms where they belong? What do you think I am? A star-fish? Where does this leg go?"

"Right in there's the place for that leg."

"Then where's the leg for this hole?"

"Why, the other leg."

"Why, the measly thing is all legs. Did you think I was a centipede? Who else is going to get in here? I ain't twins. What do you call it, a family machine?"

"Those other places are for the arms."

"What are they doing down there? Suppose I'm going to stand on my head to put on this suit?"

"I made it according to pattern, but it's twisted," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, no! It's me that's twisted. All I need is to jam my legs in the small of my back and paste my arms on my hips. What did you take for the pattern, a crab?"

"Try it once more," spoke his wife.

"What are my legs doing flopping up here? Am I supposed to be making a dive? Where's the part that shows me standing up?"

"Just once more," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the thing up to the ceiling and tried once more and this time it came out right.

Mr. Spoopendyke subsided.

**GRAY'S STUDIO MAKES GOOD PICTURES.**

**CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL BULLETIN.**

**THE HANSON GHOST.**

It was a dark and gloomy afternoon in late December, when a lonely traveler was picking his way along an obscure foot path which lead through a dreary wood in the direction of the old Hanson place. The traveler, whistling snatches of a popular air while walking briskly along the narrow path and crunching the dry leaves under his feet, seemed out of place in these dreary surroundings. He even chuckled softly to himself as though at some amusing recollection. As he was about to abandon the dim path to its own lonely ramblings, a dark object loomed up just ahead of him and saluted him with a "Good evening, Mistah Tom."

"Hello, Uncle Henry," came the cheery response.

"What you doin' heah dis time a night, suh?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Uncle Henry, the fellows got up a bet and promised to give me a Christmas gift if I would spend tonight at the old Hanson house. Of course, they'll have to take my word that I spent the night there and I'll have to trust them for the present, but — He stopped short at an exclamation of horror from the old darkey.

"Fo' de Lawd, Mistah Tom, you ain't a-goin' fo' to stay all night by yo'self at that hanted house, is you?"

Tom Allen laughed heartily at Uncle Henry's fears. At Tom's suggestion, however, the old negro consented to come near enough to the house so that he might deposit some fire wood on the porch. He would come no further than the porch. However, so Tom, who was heavily burdened with camping blankets for his bed, had to make several trips before he had enough wood for the
night. After Tom's "good night" the old man hurried away through the briars and undergrowth, which had formerly been one of the most envied flower gardens in that part of the country.

Yes, the Hanson house was "haunted"; everyone knew it was "haunted," because Aunt Malinda Jane, Uncle Henry's wife, said so, and Uncle Henry said so, too. And since they were the oldest "niggers" in these parts, why shouldn't they know? They had been here since before the war. Hadn't they worked for Mis' Lily and "Marse" Henry Hanson until he was killed in the war? And after that they had worked for Mis' Lily until she moved down the road in the little cottage, when the overseer showed at the close of the war that he owned everything on the big place. They had even stayed with her until she died. And he had been buried in the Hanson graveyard, which was a small cottage, when the overseer showed at the close of the war that he owned everything on the big place. They had even stayed with her until she died. And he had been buried in the Hanson graveyard, which was a small pine grove a little distance from the house. There was a popular belief among the negroes of the neighborhood that the overseer, since he had secured the property dishonestly, could not rest quietly in the Hanson graveyard, and that it was his restless and tortured spirit which wandered through the great house every night, moaning and in chains. Sometimes, when the wind was high, the direful moans of the ghost could be heard beyond the graveyard, across the creek and on the other side of the lower meadow, where the negro cabins were. Uncle Henry had heard them many a time; so had Aunt Malinda Jane.

The overseer had no relatives, and having died suddenly, had left no will. The place had been re-deemed by Tom's father, who was a relative of the Hansons, by the payment of delinquent taxes.

The old house was in a remarkable state of preservation, considering the neglect it had received. At first glance it presented a rather dilapidated appearance, but on closer inspection one found the foundation, pillars and general frame to be still stout and sturdy. In the deepening dusk, however, the shadowy outline presented a wierd aspect. The old house looked out its hollow windows over the wintry landscape and seemed to mourn in silent sympathy with the complaining pines.

As Tom carried the last armful of dry sticks up the creaking stairway, festooned with spider-webs, he thought that it was not such a lark as he had at first anticipated. He made only a little fire at first, for fear of setting the place afire in case the chimneys were stopped up with birds' nests. But finding there was no danger, he piled on more wood and soon had a blaze which drove the shadows from the remotest corners and dispelled all gloom. Tom drew a package from his overcoat pocket, which proved to be a lunch at the close of the war that he had at first anticipated. He made only a little fire at first, for fear of setting the place afire in case the chimneys were stopped up with birds' nests. But finding there was no danger, he piled on more wood and soon had a blaze which drove the shadows from the remotest corners and dispelled all gloom. Tom drew a package from his overcoat pocket, which proved to be a lunch. The time would pass more quickly perhaps if he slept.

Tom awoke with a start and found himself sitting bolt upright, blinking at the smoldering embers on the hearth. He had a vague sensation that something had awakened him, but he did not know what that something was. Cold thrills were playing up and down his back. He glanced around the darkened room and felt the hairs rise along the back of his head. The air was thick with shadows. There was just enough light from an occasional flicker on the hearth to create fantastic shapes and shadows on the walls and in the corners.

Tom listened intently. There was a low, distant rumble of thunder and a high wind was hissing through the pine needles. A rickety window shutter banged against the side of the house and moaned on its rusty hinges, clanging to the side of the building for protection against the oncoming storm.

"That must have been what I heard," muttered Tom, and he started to lie down again, but before his head touched the blanket a piercing shriek rose on the wind. Such a blood-curdling sound he had never heard. It came from the direction of the creek and seemed astonishingly near. Then there was a succession of low moans. Tom felt the blood leave his face and his hands became suddenly very cold. He shook himself and tried to banish his momentary fear.

"It isn't anything," he told himself, knowing all the time that it was.

Another hair-raising shriek rose on the howling wind. This time it came from the front porch. Tom sprang to his feet, a cold perspiration breaking out over his whole body. He ran downstairs and after the last shriek came a clanging of chains in the lower hall, simultaneous with low moans. The dragging chains and low moans continued and slowly, but surely, approached the stairway and mounted the steps one by one.

It was agonizing.
with the purring kitten for the rest of the night. 

Never in his life had he been happier to see daylight.

In the daylight he was able to see the ludicrous side of the situation and leave the house as he had entered, chuckling heartily to himself.

The Christmas gift? I am coming to that. How the story leaked out Tom never knew. How the fellows found it out he never understood. Whether they really ever found it out, or whether it was just a peculiar coincidence, he never learned. He did not try to find out for fear that they would learn the story in case they did not already know it. But it happened, at any rate, that when Tom opened his eyes on Christmas morning and glanced at the mantelpiece, he saw a little toy kitten. The head of a little toy kitten was poking out of the top of his sock.

LOUISE EMERSON '15.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The homestead of Shakespeare stands on Henley St., in Stratford, much the same as it was four hundred and fifty years ago. It is a dwelling of two low stories, half timbered, with meagre windows. It was built even with the sidewalk, having neither vestibule nor entry, and the rough broken pavement of the kitchen is lower than the street.

Above the entry room is the chamber, dimly lighted, the legendary birthplace of the poet. It is reached by a narrow winding stairway. The walls and ceiling are covered with signatures. The bartender, who at one time owned the house, charged from a quarter to a dollar to write on the walls.

Shakespeare was born in this room on April 26, 1564, and lived there until he was eighteen. Little is known of his companions, his studies and pleasures.

A few doors from his home still stands a group of gray buildings. Here Shakespeare attended school.

A short distance from Stratford lies the Hathaway cottage. On November 28, 1582, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, then twenty-six years of age. They had three children.

Just before Shakespeare became of age, he found himself the head of a ruined house, the parent of three children, with no business, trade or fortune. He had mortgaged his wife's property and squandered her dowry.

Little is known of the next seven years of his life. He is supposed to have been a servant at the playhouse and later an actor, but never a famous one. He spent about twenty years of his life in London. During this time he became a large shareholder in two theatres, speculated in real estate, loaned money and rapidly grew in wealth. From time to time plays and poems appeared bearing his name.

No editions of the plays were collected during his life time nor until seven years after his death. Shakespeare was not of a Bohemian nature, instead he attended strictly to business and grew in prosperity. After he had been in London ten years he had made enough to enable him to buy New Place, a large estate in Stratford, and from time to time he added to his possessions.

The museum in the rooms adjoining the kitchen and the birth-room contain early editions of the plays, engravings and a ring with the initials W. S. He is supposed to have used the ring as a seal. In the collection also are a sword, some deeds and writings.

Shakespeare died suddenly April 23, 1616. His son-in-law, Dr. Hall, was the leading physician of Stratford and kept notes of important cases, but he makes no mention of Shakespeare, whom he would have attended.

The old sanctuary in which Shakespeare is buried is of Gothic architecture in the form of a cross of yellowish gray stone, with low eaves and a sheltering roof from which a square tower rises. In front of the altar, beneath slabs of gray stone, are the graves of Shakespeare and his family. His grave has never been moved, owing to the inscription on the slab. Some distance away and at considerable height is a half length bust of Shakespeare. It was placed there by Dr. Hall.

MARGUERITE HERBERS '15.

REMEMBER?

Just about four years ago
When you came saunterin’ in,
Long, lean an’ slim,
All arms and legs, you know,
And not knowing where they should stay,
Oft got mixed with the fellow across the way?
When teacher called on you,
Up you rose, as they always do,
With stand so brave and bold,
But ere you spoke you grew—so cold!
And blushing to the roots o’ your hair,

You could only stand and stare,
Twist your kerchief, give it a tare,
Play with your pencil till of paint ‘twas bare?
Suddenly a thought—at last!
All your fright soon was past?
The chains that seemed to bind you broke!
Oh, if the teacher only approved,
As at last you really spoke,
And from you all eyes were removed,
For you did!
Exhausted in your seat you slid?
Soon the year did roll around;
Back to old High your way you found—
How proud were you, a soph to be,
No longer a forlorn freshie!
You sailed on through the halls,
Ho! who were standing by the walls?
‘Twas John, James and Jack in manly attire,
And Mary an’ Jane you stopped to admire,
As the rounds you did make,
And in their hands they would take
Their dresses with graceful airs
As they slowly mounted the stairs?
Soon to your lessons you again did go
With the main desire to show
(Across the room) one of the opposite sex
That you really had studied the text?
Onward your life did roll,
To some a little droll?
To each trials and tribulations,
Joys, duties and vacations,
Until all too fast
You reached the Last?
Each day you did come and go
With the real desire to know
Your desk with books was packed,
Your mind a storehouse packed?
Each one in the short year
Trying to store up treasures dear
For use when old and gray,
And you cannot remember as you
can today?
You may not think you are so
grand,
Dear Seniors, as you stand,
A cloud by day, a fire by night,
To steer our way from wrong to
right.
If we thought that you thought
anything o' th' kind
We'd be the worst enemies you
could find.
We know 'tis hard for you to go,
Don't deny it, ye boastful one!
For deep in your heart you know

Old High is the finest under South­ern sun.
Then say 'tis hard to go.
For we do hate to lose you so.
We're Juniors, you see,
And in your place we soon will be.
So here's to the wealth,
And here's to the health
Of the Seniors of 1915.
Come, Juniors of the year,
Join us, drink with much cheer.
Here's to the wish of our heart,
Here's to you, Seniors, before you
depart.
May the present Juniors, coming
Seniors of 1916,
Be as good and true,
Just what they are and do
As the Seniors of this 1915.

A JUNIOR.

"Judge of the (exami) nations, be
with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

In reporting on outside reading on
Franklin's autobiograph, Fletcher
C. says, "He quit before he got
through."

John—You say they ripen in the
fall? Then why are they called May
pops?
Louise W.—Because they may
pop at any time.

Miss S.—Homer was a profane
writer. What do mean by a profane
writer?
James G.—One that cusses a lot.

Miss R.—Jennie, write an intro­ductory paragraph on "The Benefits
of Children's Playgrounds."
Jennie A. (reading her paragraph)
"Children's playgrounds are a new
invention."

Miss S.—Children, children, what
makes you all say "Here's to the
bride," or "here's to the groom;"
can't you think of any other way to
begin? We'll hear from you, Fred.
Fred McG.—"There's to the
bride——"

Our Sweaters are Fine.—Philippi-Wishart Co.

She—Did you say that it was a
secret organization.
He—No, didn't I tell you there
were girls in it?

Mr. L.—Name an animal that car­ries its young on its back.
James G.—An Indian.

Miss W.—The white of an egg
is digested as soon as it reaches the
stomach, but the yolk has to go to
the small intestines to be digested.
Douglas J.—How about a scram­bled egg?

J. B.—My cheeks are burning up.
U. C.—I thought I smelled burnt
paint.

Miss C. had threatened to send a
few notes home.
Ward B.—Are you going to send
a note to my father?
Miss C.—Yes.
Ward—Why, he's married.

Mrs. H.—In Cincinnati one time
they voted 1800 dead men.
Archie—That's what I call raising
the dead.

Mr. L.—What is "work?"
James M.—An abomination.

Philippi-Wishart Co. Carry only Reputable Goods
Mary (running from 3rd floor to cooking room—What on earth is that loud noise down here?
Louise—Oh, nothing much. J. B.'s cake fell, that's all.
Miss R.—What do you mean by "subsidence"?
No answer.
Miss R.—Oh, we should have a dictionary in here.
Pupil—Stirling Tracy is in here.
Mrs. C.—Originals are the "cream" of geometry.
Harry—Well, this cream surely is sour.
Miss R.—What did the pagans think when a person died?
R. M.—They thought he was dead.
Mr. L.—Why do married men always make the best soldiers?
L. L.—Because they have so much experience in fighting at home.
Senior—I have had my arm around that girl several times.
Freshie—She must be an awful character.
Senior—Oh, no, it was only in a dancing class.
Miss C.—Harry, what kind of aid did Athens give to the Ionian Greeks?
Harry (absentmindedly)—Lemonade.
Miss S.—Winston, do not make so much noise when you sharpen your pencil.
Winston—Ed, scratch your head while I am sharpening this pencil.
Mr. G.—Bessie, where is Moscow?
Bessie L. (after a moment's reflection)—Oh, I know, that old place is in Austria.
Mr. H.—Stevens was sent to the bar after three weeks of study.
Adam—What kind of bar?
Miss C. (reading circular)—Each pupil will hand in his name, residence, father's name and his residence.
I. B.—My father and I live in the same house.
In French, "He was desperately in love."
(Long drawn sigh from rear.)
French translations—"They possessed his honor and could slap it in the face."
"He made a swear that he would never owe a penny to anyone."

POOR EDWARD.
There was a boy in our town,
His name was Edward Ball,
We measured him from toe to crown,
And he was ten feet tall.
We sent him to the grocery store,
To buy a loaf of bread,
But when he tried to pass the door,
He almost broke his head.
He went to town one pretty day,
To buy himself some pants,
The tailor said, "You go away,
I don't clothe elephants."
And every night when he went to bed,
He opened the windows wide,
And put his feet in the yard, did Ed,
For there wasn't room inside.
But now he's dead and buried,
And taking a long, long rest,
His death I'll say was hurried,
For poor Edward died by request.

LITERARY STAFF.
Editor-in-Chief .......... Louise Emerson, '15
Associate Editors .......... Alice Winter, '17
Exchange Editor .......... Edmund Orgil, '16
Social Editor .......... Louise Williamson, '17
Local Editors .......... Edward Deupree, '15
Debating Editor .......... Boyce House, '36
Athletic Editor .......... Elmer Francis, '15
Staff Artist .......... Margaret Hinson, '16
Industrial Editors .......... Edward White, '16

BUSINESS STAFF.
Business Manager .......... Lin Sheffer, '15
Circulation Manager .......... Billie Brown, '17
Advertising Managers .......... Edward White, '16

Beverly Hart, '16
We learn our "amo, amas, amat," after dinner?

crowded study hall immediately free thing that civilization has left another?

one thing in our school and practice going to be systematic and not hypo­

us, how can we get fresh air in a

opposite is practiced in the study


ing to learn a few points about

A pupil, at all nervous, will probably study until a very late (or early) hour in

in trying to learn a few points about a subject which has very little im­

portance. This will happen to a

nervous person no matter how well he may know the term. This does a
great harm to the pupil. Worry­
ing is natural to some people and
certainly it should not be encour­
gaged.

Another thing to be considered is "What does the examination show?" Certainly, if a pupil does not do satisfactory work, he should be examined at the end of the term. But what is the percentage of pu­
pils who fail on an "A" grade for the term? Certainly not one in a thousand. Then what is the use of this examination if it does not show that a pupil is deficient?

Probably the only reason that such a thing does not exist is because it has not been brought before the faculty. Several members have ex­

pressed opinions and it is to be

hoped that such a thing will be

realized in the very near future.

BE A SUCCESS.

The past year has been a very suc­

cessful one for High School. We

have been successful in most of our

contests: football, baseball, basket­

ball, track and field, and debates.

But the most important thing is the

success most of us have had in our

studies. It is too late to make New

Year's resolutions, so just make up

your mind to do your best to make

this the greatest year of High

School's existence, in all of its

branches: athletics, debating, stu­
dies and societies. Everyone ought
to take some kind of physical exer­
cise every day. It will not only be

healthful but will also be beneficial in your studies. Now, to make this the greatest year, every one should try to make each day better than the preceding one. Whoever does this will recognize the fact, at the end of the year, that he has raised his standard and is a success.

A. G., '15.

THE TYPEWRITING DEPART­
MENT.

A great many of the pupils of

Central High do not know that there

is such a thing as a typewriting de­
partment, or, at least, they don't know much about it.

There are thirty machines in all

and each one is of the latest model.

There are L. C. Smith's, Under­

wood's, Remington's and Mon­

arch's. This variety of machines

gives the student a chance to be­

come acquainted with all models,

so that when he goes into an of­

fice he can at once set to work with­

out "learning" his machine.

All writing must be done by the

touch system, that is the student

cannot look at the keys. By learn­

ing the touch system, he can at once set to work without

"learning" his machine.

As we go to press examinations

are near at hand and the much neg­
lected text book is being brought

forth, the accumulated dust and

spider webs are brushed off. It is

opened in a frantic endeavor to learn

in a few all too short days what

should have been stored up from the

beginning of the term. Some will

succeed and some will fail, but all

swear that they will never be caught

unprepared again. Verily, "procras­
tination is the thief of time."
SENIOR DAY.

On Thursday, December 17th, occurred one of the most unique events of the season. The Senior Class met on that day at Court Square and went in a body to the pecan groves of North Memphis and there spent a never-to-be-forgotten day.

A delightful menu, consisting of sandwiches of all kinds, pickles, olives, different kinds of cakes, fruits, coffee and sliced breakfast bacon, and three pecans to each member of the party, was enjoyed. This luncheon was served around the blazing log fire, over which and in which the coffee and bacon were prepared. Strips of bacon, suspended on sticks cut especially for the purpose, were dangled in the leaping blazes until smoked and scorched sufficiently to present the appearance of being thoroughly done.

When thus burned to a cinder, the bacon was devoured with relish. A prize of ten pecans was offered to the person who could cook his slice of bacon without catching it on fire, catching the stick on fire, or dropping the bacon in the ashes. A booby prize of one pecan was offered for the one whose bacon caught on fire most often. No one won the first prize. The booby prize should have gone to “Swine,” as he let his burn to a cinder, stick and all, and fall in the coffee.

Afterwards, the members who were so fortunate as to be present joined in that delightful and refreshing game known as “snow balling.” A hard battle was fought in which every body surrendered or was killed.

Everybody came to life, however, on the way home, and hostilities were renewed. Kodak pictures were then taken and only three of the kodaks were broken.

The party then wended its way homeward and, after strolling the insignificant distance of four miles, they reached the end of the Second Street car line in time to miss a car. But, finally, another car did come, and, with the exception of muddy shoes, torn clothes, scratched faces, burns of fingers and wet feet, everyone returned home in about the same condition in which he left.

(By the only one who didn’t fall through the ice.)
On Friday night, January 15, 1915, at Helena, Arkansas, the Central High “Five” overwhelmed the team of Helena High School in basketball by the score of 75 to 9. This was Central’s first game of the season, but by the score it may seem as if the team were going in mid-season form.

The individual honors go to Janes, Central’s center, who made 36 of the 75 points. For Helena, Soloman made 7 points.

The following men made the trip: Coach Sullivan, Captain Matson, Plough, Aden, Bradford, McCabe, Janes and Sheffer.

Quite a number of games have been arranged for the 1915 basketball season. Central High meets Little Rock High School, Memphis University School, Jackson High School, the local Y. M. C. A., and others. Help us make it a great season by attending as many games as possible.

Complete Base Ball Supplies.—Philippi-Wishart Co.

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The city championship in football for the 1913 season fell undisputed to the lot of Central High School. The 1914 championship now rests between the Memphis University School and Central High School.

Following is the way C. H. S. met their 1913 and 1914 opponents:

### 1913.
- C. H. S. 67
- Normal 0
- C. H. S. 25
- C. H. S. 27
- L. R. H. S. 6
- M. U. S. 57
- Agies 7

### 1914.
- C. H. S. 73
- Bolton 0
- C. H. S. 19
- Normal 0
- C. H. S. 20
- C. B. C. 0
- C. H. S. 14
- L. R. H. S. 0
- M. U. S. 14
- Miss R. 0
- C. H. S. 146
- Opponents 26

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On Thursday, January 21, 1915, C. H. S. basketball team defeated the team from Vocational High by the score of 38 to 2. The game was played in our own gymnasium, so only a small crowd was present.

Although eleven men were used in the game, the subs who took the regulars’ places kept up the rapid accumulation of points.

Other games will be arranged with Vocational High School later on in the season.

The C. H. S. girls’ basketball team defeated the girls of Vocational High by the score of 33 to 3. As the game was played on the Vocational court, and that it was their first game, this is a very fine showing for our girls’ team.
"The Messenger" from the Wichita, Kansas, High School, is one of our best exchanges. It contains interesting stories and school news, excellent editorials, good jokes, and several neat drawings, some of which, by the way, might be placed in the front pages of this fine magazine.

The Rome High School has a good paper in "The Roman," which is filled with plenty of both serious and amusing literature, but in which we were unable to find a single drawing or photograph. "Who Answers the Call," by Miss Sledge, is an especially good poem.

"The Castle Heights Herald" has a great many good jokes, along with the interesting school news, but would be improved by a couple of pictures and a little larger exchange department.

Allen Wilkinson, a Made-in-Memphis product, is the editor-in-chief of "The Port-light" of the Gulf Coast Military Academy. The paper is well gotten up and arranged, but is a bit shy on short stories and jokes. "The Kaiser's Ultimatum" is "one" good poem.

"The Purple and Gold" from Clarksville, Tenn., has an excellent exchange department and, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," is a fine story. The jokes are its one weak point, but we hope to see some good ones next month.

"The Maroon and White" from Chattanooga High School is an excellent paper, interesting from cover to cover. The athletic department is the feature, but a little too much is taken for granted when they forget there was another C. H. S. football team in Memphis and proclaim themselves champion prep. school of the South.

CLIPPINGS

Paradise.
A shaded room,
An open fire,
A cozy nook,
And your heart's desire.

Purgatory.
The self same room,
With lights a few,
The self same nook,
But ma there too.—Ex.

Teacher—Did Caesar's disposition change much during his lifetime?
Pupil—Well, he had a lot more Gaul when he died.—Ex.

He—Are you fond of dogs?
She—Aw, you are always fishing for a compliment.—Ex.

In Latin: Charles—The King flees.
Teacher—No, use the perfect tense; put "has" in it.
Charles—Oh, "the King has flees."—Ex.

She—I can't imagine where my head must have been when I said I loved you.
Jamie—On my shoulder, dearest.—Ex.

Ask Treadwell Beasley about the cozy nook on the haystack.
Bud—You had better keep your eyes open this evening.
Bill—Why?
Bud—You would look like a boob walking around with them shut.—Ex.

Prof. Fox—Will your stocking hold everything you want for Christmas?
Miss Catchim—No, but a pair of socks would.—Ex.

Maccanley's Sunday School teacher told him he was made of dust, and he, unbelievably, asked why he did not get muddy when he took a drink.

John—My father knows more than George Washington.
Coach—How's that?
John—Last night, he asked me if I had been playing football; I said, "No," and he gave me a licking. Washington couldn't tell a lie, but father can tell one as soon as he hears it.—Ex.

"Pa, what is a football coach?
"The ambulance, I suppose."—Ex.
Little Brother—Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here.
Big Sister (Dutch Biddy)—You insolent boy! Go away this very minute.—Ex.

He (nervously)—There's been something trembling on my lips for months and months.
She—Yes, so I see; why don't you shave it off?—Ex.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes,
And her dimple deeper grew.
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

—Ex.

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill,
He bored away for half a day,
And then he broke his bill.

—Ex.

He—I think her mind is made up.
She—Well, I know the rest of her is.—Ex.

A colored man was very much surprised upon looking out of the window to see a man in the yard with his arm around his daughter's waist.
"Clara," he said, "tell dat nigger to take his arm frum 'roun yo' waist; he's a puffect stranger to me."
"Tell him yerself," replied Clara, "he's a puffect stranger to me."—Ex.

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