



Literary and Publications



A Doctor's Experience

Snow had fallen steadily all day, and at five o'clock it was already too dark to see. The wind was increasing in violence and the snow piled up into great drifts.

Within the walls of the little cottage where Dr. Sheldon and his wife lived everything was bright and cheery. The doctor's wife bustled busily about preparing a supper that would be piping hot when her hungry husband returned from his prolonged call. But the warm, well-lighted kitchen did not make Mrs. Sheldon oblivious to the storm. Every now and then she paused in her work of broiling beefsteak and brewing tea to listen to the wild howling of the wind or to glance uneasily toward the window against which the sleet beat pitilessly. She was not usually timid in regard to storms, and she wondered at her nervousness. She was not afraid; she told herself again and again that there was nothing to be afraid of, but still she would be glad when her husband came. She did not like to be alone. She had an unaccountable feeling that someone was watching her.

By a quarter of six her fears had so increased that she jumped nervously at the sudden opening of the door. A moment later the doctor entered the kitchen and she sprang gladly to meet him. Somehow the sight of his big, strong figure and smiling face dispelled her fears in an instant.

If the doctor noticed her agitation, he made no sign, only asked how supper was progressing and went to change his heavy shoes for house slippers.

Little was said at supper, the doctor applying himself to beefsteak and potatoes with all the zest of a hungry man. When he had satisfied his appetite somewhat, Mrs. Sheldon broke the silence.

"Have you seen Bob or his folks lately, David?" she asked.

"I saw the new wife and little Bobby down town day before yesterday, I guess it was," he replied. "She is a nice-looking young woman, Lola, and little Bobby looks fine. I guess she takes mighty good care of him."

"I'm glad she does," said his wife. "I believe that Mary wouldn't rest in her grave if she didn't. I can't reconcile myself to her having to leave him when he was so little. Do you remember, David, how proud she was of him and how she used to plan for him? It doesn't seem right that another woman should take her place. I don't see how Bob Harding could marry again so soon."

"Well, Lola," answered the doctor, "I think it was a good deal for the baby's sake he married. I tell you, it is an unusual man who doesn't feel helpless when left with a two-year-old baby. And he hasn't forgotten Mary. But he has a nice wife and they are congenial and she takes good care of him and Bobby. I say, Lola, home life means a whole lot to a man who likes it, and most men do. You ought to call on Mrs. Harding; I think you would be good friends."

"Oh, David, you don't understand," cried his wife. "I could call on the new Mrs. Harding, but she could never take Mary's place as my friend. I'd just feel as if she didn't belong there."

It was evident that the doctor did not understand. But he said no more, perhaps because his mouth was full of beefsteak. Aided by a huge drink of water, he swallowed it in a mighty gulp, wiped a napkin across his mouth and pushed back his chair.

"I hope you won't be called out tonight, David," said Mrs. Sheldon as she rose from the table.

"Oh, I'll be called out," he replied, with a cheerful grin. "Somebody always gets sick on a night like this."

He took the evening paper and going into the adjoining room, seated himself comfortably in a huge morris-chair by the open grate. His wife washed the dishes in a leisurely manner and then joined him with her crocheting in her hands. The doctor dozed in his chair. There was no sound within except the ticking clock and the crackling flames. Outside the storm raged, but with her husband sitting beside her Mrs. Sheldon felt no more nervous fears. Her fingers worked busily, and in her interest in her work she forgot the passing time. She looked up in some surprise when the clock struck ten. At that moment the telephone rang. Dr. Sheldon looked up sleepily. His wife rose and went out into the hall to answer it. The wind seemed louder there than in the cozy sitting room. It rose moaningly in the treetops and hail beat against the window with increased violence. Something, she did not know what, made her afraid; she half made up her mind to have David answer the phone. But, telling herself that she was foolish, she took down the receiver.

A moment later she returned, her face pale. The doctor looked at her in astonishment.

"What is the matter, Lola?" he asked.

"Someone wants you at the phone," she replied, trying to speak calmly.

"But something has frightened you. What was it?"

"David, you may think I'm foolish," she answered, "but I'd swear that was Mary's voice."

"Pooh! Lola, you can't tell anything about voices with the wind blowing like this." He patted her reassuringly on the shoulder and started toward the door.

"But, David," she cried, following him, "I heard it just as plainly as if the wind were not blowing at all."

He was already at the phone and made no reply. She, standing behind him, heard only a noncommittal "Yes?" "Is that so?" The doctor seemed to hear nothing unusual, but she could not shake off her impression.

"Who was it, David?" she asked, as he hung up the receiver and turned toward her.

"It was Mrs. Harding," he responded. "Little Bob is very sick. That voice did sound like Mary's, but as I said you can't tell anything about voices on a night like this. I'll start right away. I wouldn't have anything happen to that little chap. You get my coat good and warm and heat some bricks for the sleigh and I'll harness up."

He was gone. Mrs. Sheldon carried out his directions and everything was ready when he returned. He threw aside his overcoat and slipped into the big fur one she held for him.

"Are you afraid to stay here alone, Lola?" he asked. "I can take you over to Mrs. West's if you are."

She hesitated. "No, David," she replied, quietly. "You are needed, so hurry on and don't wait for me. I'll be all right."

He left her and started on his journey. The horse had hard work pulling through the drifts against the cold, raw wind. No amount of urging would quicken his slow, plodding gait. In forty minutes, which seemed almost as many

hours, the doctor reached the Harding home. He looked up in great surprise. There was no light.

"Humph!" he muttered to himself. "Doesn't look as if anyone were sick here."

However, he tied and blanketed the horse and, going up the steps, rang the bell with considerable force. There was no sound within. He tried the door and found it locked. Half decided to go back, he took a few steps from the door, but at the memory of a sweet, plaintive voice saying "Oh, doctor, please hurry," he pushed the button again. This was successful. A light was switched on and soon he heard steps descending the stairs. A key sounded in the lock and the door opened.

"Who's there?" called Mr. Harding's sleepy voice. Then as he saw the familiar figure, he cried, "Why, Dave Sheldon, what are you doing out a night like this? Come in where it is warm."

"What kind of a joke is this?" the doctor asked, rather gruffly. "I came because I was called."

"Called!" exclaimed his friend. "No one here called you."

"Someone phoned me," declared Dr. Sheldon, "and said she was Mrs. Harding and that Bobby was very sick. You say it wasn't you folks? And isn't Bobby sick?"

"I know no one here called you," said Mr. Harding. "Bobby has a little cold, that's all. His throat is a little sore, but my wife fixed him up and he's been sound asleep since half-past seven."

The doctor was puzzled. "I'd like to know who it was," he said. "But say, I'll look at Bobby while I'm here."

"Well, all right," assented the father. "I hate to wake him but I suppose that would be best."

They climbed the stairs. Mrs. Harding, clad in a kimono and bedroom slippers, met them at the top. A few words explained the doctor's presence, and she led the way to the child's crib.

"Here, Bobby," said his father, "wake up, old chap, and let the doctor see your throat." He shook the child slightly and drew back the coverings from his face.

Bobby lay on his back, breathing with difficulty, his little face flushed with fever. He opened his eyes and moaned a little, but they saw that he recognized no one. The doctor placed his fingers on the tiny wrist and with the other hand brushed back the tangled curls from the hot forehead. He turned to the now alarmed father and stepmother. "If I'm going to save this boy, you've got to help me and we've got to work hard. He has the worst case of black diphtheria I have ever seen for a child of his age."

They worked, and worked hard. The new day was dawning when they relaxed their efforts. Bobby was at last breathing easily and had fallen into a natural sleep. The doctor rose from his low chair and looked at the two disheveled, haggard people before him. Mr. Harding seized both his friend's hands.

"Dave," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "how can I thank you for what you have done? I thank God for whatever it was that sent you here tonight. If I'd lost that boy—." His voice choked but his face was eloquent.

The doctor glanced at the young stepmother. She was kneeling beside the little crib, holding Bobby's hands in her own, while tears of thankfulness streamed down her cheeks.

Dr. Sheldon went out and left them. It was growing lighter. The storm had ceased and the sky was clear. He drove slowly homeward in the gray dawn through the white snowdrifts, puzzled and wondering.

When he reached home, he found his wife still sitting by the fire. As she questioned he told the story. There was silence for a long time. Then she looked up into his face, which looked tired and haggard in the red glow of the flames."

"David," she said softly, "do you suppose it was Mary who phoned?"

"Well," he responded, smiling slightly, "I don't believe much in spiritualism. I suppose it was just some mistake. It was mighty queer, though, Lola, I'll admit that."

"But," she argued, "if it had been a mistake, the people would have phoned again when you didn't come. And besides, that voice was so clear and the words so plain that I don't see how you could have misunderstood them."

He made no answer, only gazed thoughtfully into the fire. Five minutes passed in silence. Then Mrs. Sheldon spoke again. "David," she said, musingly, "do you believe that the dead can still see and watch over their loved ones?"

"I don't know, Lola," he answered, "but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if mothers could. I think if we could get over our fear of the unknown, it would be a comforting thing to believe."

LOIS A. MEREDITH.

Commencement

The cordial summer warms the assembly hall
To intense heat, but chill as frigid zone
In his new togs, which he is proud to own,
The frightened Senior bows 'neath nervous pall.
Before him friends and classmates each and all
Bore tunnels thru him with enormous eyes;
As he grows faint his long speech now he tries;
His shaking knees predict an early fall.
Gone is the beauty which he thought had filled
His grand oration; everything is gone
Except his clumsy feet and weighty hands.
The soldiers which the present war has killed—
The tramp who, wearied, each day travels on—
Oh, how he envies them as there he stands.

L. HOWE.

Love and Corduroys

John M. Burne dejectedly swung his box to the deck of his engine and just as dejectedly followed. John M., to begin with, was an engineer on the S. & T. L. Now there are possibly tens of thousands of "hogheads" in this fair land of ours, but I am safe in saying that there are none who compare with J. M. Burne. He was different, both as to dress and otherwise. John M. never wore jumpers; they were too common. He had adopted a substitute that was both serviceable, and what was more to the point with him, dressy—he always wore a pair of yellow corduroys. His fellow employes had geyed him unmercifully about his hobby, but what did he care about that?

Now in nearly all love stories there must be a girl and ours is no exception to the rule. Gertrude Powers was her name and she was all that Gertrude implies—small, dark, with fluffy black hair and large, sparkling black eyes. Many men had admired her, but sad to say the liking had in most cases been coldly received.

When John M. Burne saw her, he, to use his own phrase, "went simply crazy over her," and the best part of it was that she seemed to like him almost as much. But Gertrude had a father and Gertrude's father had strange ideas as to the kind of a man his daughter should marry. Suffice it to say that John M., with his bright yellow trousers, did not measure to the standard.

"Why," the old man had shouted, after John had asked if he might marry Gertrude, "you marry my girl? When my girl marries she is going to marry a man, not a sissyfied imitation of an engineer. Why if you had been railroading in my day they wouldn't have let you near a roundhouse."

"But—" J. M. started to state his case again.

"But, nothing!" the old man interrupted, growing as red as one of his oldtime danger signals. "I said that when Gertrude marries she marries a man with real blood in his veins. If you can prove to me that you have half as much courage as that old yellow cur of mine I may listen to you." Considering that this ultimatum would put a stop to this "darned foolishness" he turned and stamped into the next room.

So now you have the reason for Eng. J. M. Burne so dejectedly swinging himself up into the gangway of the old 342. What chance had he to prove anything on a road where everything was double-tracked and that claimed to have one of the most complete and up-to-date signal systems in the west? He slowly opened the throttle and then settled down for the long night drag to Spencer, two hundred miles down the line.

It was after you passed Jonesville that the track took a sudden turn and at the same time fell away for perhaps five miles. It was a grade that few men took at a rate of more than fifteen miles an hour, and then only in the daytime.

No. 342 with Burne at the throttle was due to pass Jonesville at 10:30, but fate, in the shape of a bad hot box, disregarded the schedule, and consequently Burne had thirty minutes to make up. So it happened that instead of slowing down, J. M. opened the throttle a little and rounded the curve a good thirty-five per.

It was a dark night, and as Burne knew he should have a clear track, he did not pay much attention to what lay before him. He was somewhat surprised therefore when he looked up and noticed that his fireman was looking straight ahead with a look of horror frozen on his face. Burne also looked ahead and what he saw nearly made his hair stand on end. There, far below him, and coming at a

seemingly incredible speed was another train, and what was more important, it was on the same track as the old 342.

The fireman was suddenly galvanized into action and with a scream of "Jump for your life!" he leaped into the darkness. Burns closed the throttle, slammed on the air and threw back the reverse bar. There was no noticeable change in the speed of the train. Then he started to follow the fireman. He took one step and stopped. One leg of his trousers had become jammed in the tangent of the reverse bar and the tough corduroy held him fast. He had a mental picture of himself a crushed and lifeless heap under his engine. Then came a sharp pain in his head and all was dark.

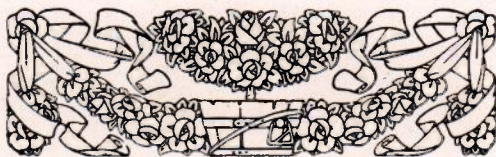
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Someone was softly sobbing "John, John," and he awoke to find himself in the guest room of the Powers home. Beside him was Gertrude, softly crying into the bedclothes. Her father stood by her side, a look of mingled shame and respect on his face. He had never had occasion to stick by his engine, but he doubted very much if he would have done so. He thought not.

"You can have her, my boy," he slowly managed to say. "Any man that sticks to his engine as you did is good enough for old Tom Powers."

J. M. blissfully forgot a certain bright yellow trousers leg as he slowly drew Gertrude's head down beside his own on the pillow.

OSCAR HOLMBERG, '15.



His Sweetheart and Mine

The poet's sweetheart's hair is midnight hue,
While Mary Jane's might almost be called red;
He says her eyes are violets drenched in dew,
In fact there isn't much he hasn't said.
Now Mary's eyes are simply common blue,
I'm sure her ears aren't pearly pink seashells,
I know her gloves are number sevens, too—
Her laugh's a giggle, not a chime of bells.
I wonder how he'd like her gingham gown,
It's ruffled, it is checked in blue and white.
The sun has kissed her face a healthy brown,
But it will stand the test of broad daylight.
But all these contrasts do not trouble me,
For what I want's a human girl, you see.

M. W.

The Castle Walls

On the desolate, rocky shores of Scotland stood a great castle, dark, repulsive and forbidding. On the barren rocks at the very water's edge it stood—a grim sentinel, overlooking the vast expanse of sea and the lonely land about. For miles on either hand stretched a deserted marshy plain. Alone the mighty castle towered, the only mark of human hand that broke the monotony of that barren shore.

The castle had been built in the misty ages of the past—when,—no one could tell. Legends told how hundreds of years before a Scottish king, denounced by his people, had built the castle and lived and died there, alone—repenting of a life of wrong. At least it had stood for countless centuries in gloomy solitude, unoccupied, untouched by the hand of man, while the mighty sea, beating ever upon the darkening walls, slowly claimed the castle as its own. In the hearts of those simple Scottish people there had always lurked a vague fear of the grim, deserted castle, with its unknown associations of the past.

Many years ago, on a dreary winter's night, occurred along the shores of Scotland the greatest storm of history. The wind howled and moaned about the castle's bleak and blackened walls with an awful force, and swept on with unabated fury across the marsh lands. The stolid sea, stirred to its very depths, flung its foaming, roaring waves against the decaying castle walls. Night with hideous darkness spread its creeping veil over that storm-swept shore.

At midnight the storm increased in fury. All the pent-up wrath of ages seemed loosed upon that ill-fated land. Ships, driven upon the rocky beach, collapsed, and sailors died with prayers or curses on their lips. Miraculously, a sailor was cast alive upon the rocks by the castle walls—the only survivor of hundreds. In a daze he groped about in the old castle, seeking shelter from the storm and cold. Led by some impulse, he knew not what, his hand fell upon the latch of a heavy door. It opened and he entered, feeling cautiously about. Suddenly, with a force that shook the castle's heavy walls, the door went shut. Slowly the room became lighter. The amazed sailor looked wonderingly about. The room was large and square, and without furnishings of any kind. The one out-look of the room, a small, heavily barred window, overlooked the sea. No glass kept out the storm, but for some strange reason not a breath of air entered the opening. The atmosphere was stifling and a strange chill of fear caused the sailor to shudder, he knew not why. He rushed to the door, but it did not yield. He turned about and gazed with amazement and horror upon a figure towering before him. It was that of a man of middle age, dressed in a black robe of some material which hung creepily from his shoulders. The expression of the face was stern, yet sorrowful and repentant, as though he had experienced some great sorrow. Concealing his fear, the sailor demanded:

“Who and what are you?”

The figure before him spoke slowly in a voice that resounded with truth and authority.

“I was king of Scotland many years ago. I lived a life of wrong, and was denounced by my people. I built this castle and lived a life of repentance. Not only this, but upon my death I was restored to life in a spiritual form, and condemned to live in this old castle until its mighty walls shall fall—ever repenting of a wasted life. Now you must suffer!” the figure cried, pointing a long, bony

finger accusingly toward the sailor. "It has been my duty to punish men who do great wrongs. Yours has been such a life. Prepare yourself, for your time grows short. I have spoken."

"Fiendish creature, open that door!" shrieked the sailor, mad with fear.

The figure did not stir. The sailor seized what seemed to be its arm. He touched nothing. Wildly he threw his arms about the figure. There was nothing there. He drew back. The figure stood immovable, a strange smile upon its face. It spoke.

"You are a man; I am a thing spiritual. How foolish is the man to combat with me."

"Oh, gracious spirit, spare me!" begged the sailor, as he flung himself before the figure, certain now that he was in the power of a supernatural being.

"I have spoken," returned the spirit. "It is the just return of your life."

So saying, the figure slowly faded and disappeared.

The air within the room became more oppressive. The sailor looked wildly about, knowing not what next would come. Suddenly he saw that which caused him to become cold and damp with fear. The room was becoming smaller. The castle walls were slowly, yet with maddening surety, coming to crush him in their silent power. He heard not a sound—saw nothing. But nearer, ever nearer, came the castle walls. In agonized terror he beat his clenched fists upon the heavy door. In its great strength it seemed to mock him. Sobbing with anguish he rushed to the window. The wind, in all its great power, seemed to have become mournful and sad. The waters of the sea, dashing fantastically against the walls, seemed also to tell of great sorrow. Beckoning to him, there extended from the sea, two long arms with greedy, clutching hands. A voice within the castle spoke.

"Time passes. Look upon the record of your life."

The sailor turned. He became more calm. Before him, as clearly as though living again, he saw the deeds of his life. He saw again the old home, where he had spent his happy childhood days under the care of his parents who had loved him so dearly. He saw himself, while yet but young, going away with the girl his parents refused—marrying and then growing weary of her. He cried with shame as he saw how he had mistreated her who had loved him. The abuses of his drunkard's life passed vividly before him. He saw his wife upon her death-bed, as reaching her trembling arms toward him, she cried,

"After all, I love you!"

He saw the still wilder life he had lived from that time, ending in the murder of a man in a drunken brawl, and his fleeing to the vessel which had brought him to the old castle.

"Oh, what a life!" he cried in agony. "My mother, my father, my wife—I broke the lives of all. Death is no pay for such a life."

Slowly the walls closed upon him. They touched,—they pressed tightly. The figure of the spirit stood before him.

"Thus endeth a misspent life," it soliloquized reverently and sorrowfully.

With a last great shudder the sailor died. As the storm became greater, the waves, rising ever and ever higher, rushed against the castle's walls, and, as they crumbled and fell, the ocean rose to claim it as its own.

ALLAN HICKS.

While the Game Waited

It was the eve of the big game, the basketball game between Yale and Harvard. The wind howled and shrieked around the deserted buildings of the big college, sending the snow pattering against the window panes. The storm-swept campus was deserted save for the leafless trees which waved their snowy branches at the mercy of the wind, and stood, the living skeletons of summer's beauty.

In a darkened room of a small cottage some distance from his dormitory sat "Big Bill" Davidson, the hero of the morrow's battle; at his side sat the girl he loved.

Small she was, and very beautiful, Bill thought, as the light from the low turned gas jet played on her face. A face in which he could see only beauty and love, but in which a more experienced person might have read many things. It was Bill's first real love, the love of a strong man who thinks that he has at last discovered the right girl.

For a long time they sat in silence, the girl staring straight ahead and listening to the roar of the storm while Bill was perfectly content to sit by her side and look at her.

At last the girl sighed deeply, and, glancing up at the man, smiled sweetly.

"Bill," she said, "will you do something for me?"

The man looked at her lovingly.

"For you," he said. "For you I would do anything."

A silence followed, the girl seemed lost in thought; then, "Bill," she said, quietly, "I want you to lose the game tomorrow."

A strange expression passed over the man's face and his muscles knotted as his hands balled into fists.

"Why—why, Carry," he stammered, "I can't do that."

The girl turned her face to his. Her big brown eyes were full of entreaty, her red lips pouted prettily.

"Not for me?"

Bill's lips moved silently, shaping an answer that would not come, and he hung his head in despair.

"It is for my brother," the girl went on. "He has wagered all the money he has on Harvard because he could get big odds. If he loses—and he most certainly will—he will lose all he has in the world." She placed a small, warm hand on his. "Will you—dear?"

The center's heart jumped. "Dear!" It was the first time she had ever called him that. Could it mean that she loved him? No, that was impossible, but still—

Bill knew the man she called her brother; a little cigarette fiend, wholly unworthy to be the brother of such a girl as Carry. The center could not know that this man was no relation whatever to the girl he loved, but a petty gambler to whom she intended to be married on the money they would win from the game—provided Yale lost.

"It means so much to me," the girl went on. "He is all I have in the world—and no one would ever know."

The center sat staring at the carpet, his head held in his hands.

"You had better go now," Carry said, after a while. "You must be in condition to play your best tomorrow." She laughed knowingly. "Goodnight—dear."

She extended her soft, white hand. The center gripped it a moment in his own and then stumbled out into the storm.

Almost before the door closed behind him the girl turned and threw herself into the arms of the man she called her brother.

"The money is as good as won," she said lightly. "I own him, heart and soul."

"You're a brick," the other laughed, as he pressed her to him. "I wish I could raise another fifty dollars."

There was no sleep for "Big Bill" that night. Through the long hours of darkness he tossed restlessly, listening to the wind as it lashed the tiny snow crystals against his window. At five o'clock he rose, dressed himself and sat looking out, while the outer darkness slowly changed to a murky dawn and then to a cold, gray morning.

The day passed slowly for Bill. The players were not allowed to mingle with the rooters but were made to keep to their rooms. Bill tried to read, but he could not fix his thoughts on the printed page. Always there came to him a vision of Carry as she had stood in the doorway, her heavy brown hair falling in studied carelessness and bringing out the perfect oval of her face. Again he seemed to see her standing there, dressed in a gown of a light, clinging something which brought out the soft, round curves of her slender figure in the dim light. He could almost feel the touch of her hand in his, and her farewell "Goodnight—dear" kept ringing in his ears.

Then, as he would almost decide to lose the game at any cost, there would come back to him the love for good old Yale, his school and soon to be his Alma Mater. How often he had raised his glass with other students and with them drunk the toast, "Here's to good old Yale—drink her down," and sworn eternal loyalty and love. How easy he had thought it would be then to withstand all temptation and do his duty to his school, but now—and the picture of Carry would return with growing strength and greater insistence.

* * * * *

A mighty cheer boomed from the Yale section as the five ran out for warming up.

The big gym was packed to overflowing. On one side hundreds of Yale flags fluttered and danced while from the other waved back the crimson of Harvard. As Big Bill glanced up at the latter section, he saw Carry standing with her brother at the rail. She smiled and waved her flag. Again Bill's heart jumped, but as he looked away the girl turned to the man at her side and deliberately winked. Her companion shoved his hands deeper into his pockets, exhaled slowly and smiled easily.

As the team gathered around the coach before the game he spoke slowly:

"We are in hard luck, fellows. You'll have to fight like the dickens now. Baker fell on the ice last night and sprained his knee. This makes the chances about even."

Big Bill was the last to throw off his blanket as he started to his place. The coach slapped him on the back.

"Give 'em all you've got," he said huskily. "Yale is depending on you."

The pistol cracked. The Referee tossed the ball and leaped away. The struggle had begun.

Through the long first half they battled neck and neck, each fighting madly for a lead.

Big Bill played in a daze, almost automatically. The cheering of the crowded stands seemed merely an undertone, an almost inaudible murmur. His nose was bleeding, but he did not know it. His thoughts were not on the crowd—not even on the game.

Before him always he could see the face of Carry as she had bidden him good-night. The cheering of the Harvard section now seemed to have resolved itself into a repetition of the same three words.

“Goodnight—dear,” they seemed to say over and over again, “Goodnight—dear;” while from the Yale crowd seemed to come the last words of the coach, “Yale is depending on you.”

Then came the report of the pistol. The half was over.

A glance at the big scoreboard showed the count to be nineteen to sixteen in favor of Yale.

Bill looked up to where Carry sat but could not catch her eye. The man at her side was looking at the scoreboard doubtfully and scratching his chin thoughtfully, but Carry was still smiling.

The second period began much like the first. The fight was still even, both sides scoring almost alternately.

Bill, still playing almost in a trance, was becoming aware that he must soon make his decision.

So deeply lost was he in his problem that for a moment he forgot the game. A cry behind him roused him. Turning, he saw the ball nearly in his face. In vain he tried to catch it. The leather struck his outstretched hands and bounded to a Harvard man, who scooped it up and scored a goal.

From somewhere in the Yale sections came a voice.

“You big boob,” it said, “catch that ball. It wouldn’t hurt you, you big calf.”

A wave of hot resentment swept over the center. It was not fair. Not a man in the crowd could do as well as he was doing under like conditions. They did not appreciate what he was doing. Not a man of them cared for him except to win their game. Why should he sacrifice his future happiness for a school which would not even thank him?

His eyes fell on the scoreboard. “Harvard, 24; Yale, 23,” it said, but he did not care. Let it stay that way.

The whistle shrieked and the ball flew up. Bill jumped half-heartedly. The other center tipped the ball to his forward. Back and forth it flew, always in Harvard’s possession. Finally a Yale guard blocked a pass.

“Bill!” he cried.

The center, running down the field, turned half around. The ball flew toward him. As Bill reached for it, he was running backward for a moment, and a Harvard man stuck out his foot. The Yale man struck it and pitched backward. There was a dull thud as his head hit the floor, a blinding flash and—

Bill was a Freshman once more. He was trying for the team and playing his heart out for a position. What an honor it would be to fight for the dear old Blue and how he would play if he ever got the chance.

Then he was a Sophomore, playing his first game in a Yale suit. How good the

cheering of the crowd sounded in his ears as he ran out upon the floor. He was playing for Yale—good old Yale, his school.

Then he was playing again the Princeton team of his Junior year, struggling vainly to down the snapping, snarling Tigers who refused to give in. How he wanted Yale to win—how much he would give to throw one more basket—and the ball was in his hands. He hurled it desperately and the game was won. As the happy students carried him around the floor on their shoulders how good he felt. How good it was to be a Yale man.

Someone was throwing cold water in his face and from somewhere came a long, faraway murmur ending in "Yale! Yale! Yale!"

He opened his eyes wearily.

"Yale is a good school," he argued.

"Sure it is," came a familiar voice. "Can you throw a foul?"

"Of course I can. I'm Big Bill Davidson."

"Well, I didn't think that you were Santa Claus. Now go to it."

Two Yale players supported him to the foul line. His head was whirling dizzily, but with a mighty effort he steadied himself and shot. Then everything was black.

He dropped to the floor as the ball swished through the net.

The pistol cracked and the game was tied.

Slowly the blackness vanished and Bill opened his eyes. He was in the steaming, sticky dressing room, and a trainer was shoving him into his clothes. When he was dressed he stumbled from the room.

As his hand fell upon the knob of the door at the head of the stairs, he heard voices from the other side:

"Marry you now? Never! Oh, why did you have to bet all your money on this game?"

"It's your own fault. You said you owned him heart and soul."

Bill threw open the door and faced Carry and her "brother."

"Marry him!" he cried, pointing to the man, "isn't he your brother?"

The girl's lips curled, showing her small, white teeth.

"You fool!" she snapped, and was gone.

Bill opened the door and walked out into the still, cold night, but as he walked a certain song kept ringing in his ears. And the words of the song were these:

"Here's to good old Yale, drink her down, drink her down. Here's to good old Yale, drink her down."

SCOOP.

The following have bribed us not to say anything about their cases:

JIM WHITAKER

FRANK COMPTON

HANK FRIEDLEY

GEORGE STEVENS

GERALD LANGWORTHY

Mr. Dickensheets—"Well, George, what is it?"

George Stevens—"I wasn't holding up my hand; I was just turning something over in my mind."

Vacation

Oh, joyous time when school shall be no more,
And all the time he spent in joy and fun!
Each time you come I love you more and more,
But then, alas! how soon thy days are done.
You're scarcely here before it seems you're gone.
So swiftly fly the happy hours away;
School's hardly over ere 'tis fresh begun,
And then goodbye to hours of joy and play.
Vacation, will you never come and stay,
And let us bid goodbye to work and toil,
And let us lie at ease both night and day,
And ne'er in study burn the midnight oil?
Reside with us, Vacation, with thy joys,
The benefactress of the girls and boys.

The Bumble "B" Staff



Editor-in-Chief OSCAR HOLMBERG

Business Manager CLARENCE PANGBORN

Subscription Manager WALTER THOMPSON

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 MISS BALL

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ALICE CRARY
CHARLOTTE WHITEHILL
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MARK SUNSTROM
RUTH CONDON
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ALLAN HICKS
MARJORIE HANSON

The Bumble "B"

After a lapse of a number of years, the Boone High School has again taken up the publication of a monthly magazine. Starting last December, the school has published a twenty-page paper that corresponds somewhat to the "Boone High Review" of other years. While the paper has not reached the highest degree of excellency which is desired, each number has been a distinct improvement over the preceding one, until the paper has now reached the level of any in the state published by a high school of our size. It is the hope of this year's staff that the paper will continue to be a great credit to the institution and improve until it excels anything of its kind in the state. The school should give the paper its very best backing.

The high school paper not only acquaints the towns and cities of the state with the fact that Boone has a real live school, but it furthers interest in Boone itself in high school activities.

The work of the staff is of great educational benefit and everyone should feel it an honor to serve the interest of the paper and to give it their best efforts.

Much of the success of this year has been due to the willingness of the members of the staff to give their time and untiring efforts to the building up of a high class paper. Many thanks must be given to the merchants of the city for their splendid co-operation in this enterprise. Much credit must also be given our publisher, Mr. Gallup, for the class of printing he turns out.

May the paper continue to be as great a success in the future as it has been during the past season.

The Annual Board



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 OSCAR HOLMBERG Ass't Editor-in-Chief
 MARK SUNSTROM Business Manager

WALTER THOMPSON .. Ass't Business Manager
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 VERA HANSON School Activities
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ALLAN HICKS Athletics
 VIRGIL WESTER Jokes
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ORGANIZATIONAL



Arthur Compton '15.

Moore Literary Society



Moore Literary Society

FALL SEMESTER

President CLARENCE PANGBORN

Vice President HAROLD WELIN

Secretary LOIS MEREDITH

Treasurer ALICE CRARY

Reporter PAUL MCCREA

Critics MISS HARKER, MISS HEAPS

SPRING SEMESTER

President MARK SUNSTROM

Vice President CLARENCE PANGBORN

Secretary LOIS MEREDITH

Treasurer ALICE CRARY

Reporter CHARLOTTE WHITEHILL

Critics MISS HARKER, MISS HEAPS

The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of the society. They have had some excellent programs, "Her Busy Day" being one of the best given in the school this year. The society was well represented on the high school football, basketball and debating teams, and her basketball team won over the Eutrophians for the society championship of the school by a score of 28—17. This event alone shows something of the society's progress, as the Eutrophians have always been conceded to be the stronger in athletics.

The two social events of the year, the picnic and the party, were very enjoyable. The latter was held, as usual, at the Ledges and everybody had a good time. The former was a hard times party and was held in the high school "gym." The room was decorated in the society colors and made to look like a rustic festival by the huge shocks of corn which were scattered about the room.

Much credit must be given to the officers, for it was upon them that the true work of building up the society rested.

Eutrophian Literary Society



See

Eutrophian Literary Society

FALL SEMESTER

President..... WALTER THOMPSON
Vice PresidentWELLS MUNN
SecretaryDOROTHEA SEIFERT
TreasurerRUTH CONDON
ReporterHENRY FRIEDLEY
Critics.....MISS HAND, MISS BOIES

SPRING SEMESTER

President..... WALTER THOMPSON
Vice President.....HENRY FRIEDLEY
SecretaryLOUISE RULE
TreasurerRUTH CONDON
ReporterLOIS ROBERTS
Critics.....MISS HAND, MISS BOIES

The Eutrophians gave a number of very good programs during the past year. Just before Christmas, Dickens' "Christmas Carol" was presented. Later a scene from "Les Miserables" was given, in which very difficult character parts were taken with great ability. The other programs of the year were composed of pantomimes, farces, readings and vocal and instrumental solos. The annual party was held in the gymnasium on Hallowe'en. The decorations were of the society colors and Hallowe'en colors, pumpkins, black cats, cornstalks, etc. The football and debating teams and the faculty were guests.

Stenography Club



Stenography Club

FALL SEMESTER

PresidentRAY LAMB

Vice President.....GEORGE THOMAS

SecretaryMARJORIE HANSON

Treasurer.....EMMETT LA VELLE

ReporterOSCAR HOLMBERG

CriticMISS PORTNER

SPRING SEMESTER

PresidentRAY LAMB

Vice President.....EMMETT LA VELLE

SecretaryMARJORIE HANSON

TreasurerGEORGE THOMAS

ReporterMARJORIE KORNEGOR

Critics.....MISS PORTNER, MISS WINKLER

S trenuous was the existence
T hat our Club has had this year;
E very day has brought its pleasure,
N ow and then one brought a tear.
O ften we've been disappointed,
G oodness knows we, every one,
R ealize our own shortcomings
A nd the things we haven't done.
P eople, though, with better spirit
H ard indeed 'twoud be to find,
Y ou could always count on them to

C ome up smiling, every time.
L osing couldn't make them fearful,
U ndismayed, they just kept cheerful,
B est old club you'll ever find.

Girls' Glee Club



Boys' Glee Club

Lee



Boone High School Orchestra



(Left to Right)

HENRY COLEMANDrums
 JACOB GUDMUNDSONClarinet
 CLYDE LAMBCornet
 HAROLD CARLSONTrombone
 BLAINE GILDEACornet
 LEE BOYDViolin

LOIS WHEELERViolin
 LOUISE OTISViolin
 ELIZABETH CARSONViolin
 HELENE THORSONViolin
 GOLDIE THOMPSONViolin
 ALICE HARTMANDirector

Lee
Senior Play Cast



Strongheart

CAST

Strongheart	Henry Friedley	Josh	Clarence Pangborn
Billy Saunders	Harold Welin	Buckley	Walter Thompson
Dick Livingstone	Kenneth Valentine	Farley	Clyde Amme
Frank Nelson	Mark Sunstrom	Butler	Gerald Wheeler
Fred Skinner	Virgil Wester	Black Eagle	Lee Boyd
Thorne	Mack Waldman	Mrs. Nelson	Mary Brown
Reade	Ray Lamb	Dorothy Nelson	Vera Hanson
Ross	Paul McCrea	Molly Livingstone	Marie Cooper
Nash	}Lewis Amme	Betty Bates	Elizabeth Thomas
Taylor		Maud Weston	Catherine Dale

“Winners of 1915 Declamatory Contest”



IVA G. BAKER
Oratorical



CARROLL O'CONNELL
Humorous



DOROTHEA SEIFERT
Dramatic

PROGRAM

Boone High School Auditorium

April 23, 1915

ORATORICAL

IVA G. BAKER.....	Toussaint l'Ouverture
LYLOYD GARRISON	Intervention for Cuban Independence
CLYDE LAMB	Return of Regulus

DRAMATIC

DOROTHEA SEIFERT	The Sign of the Cross
MARGARET MEANS	The Lost Word
AGNES HEAPS	The Soul of the Violin

HUMOROUS

CARROLL O'CONNELL	“Kal”
ISABELL DOUGLASS	What William Henry Did
CORRINE DELANEY	The Afternoon Ride of Paul Revere

JUDGES

S. E. CONYBEARE, I. S. C., Ames

E. C. COAD, I. S. C., Ames

A. F. CALDWELL, Prin. H. S., Ames



Dale



"Sunny"



Tramps



Snapt



Posing



Chalk.



"Washy"



Gangsters

Seniors



Happy



Capps
©



Grin on.



Two of a Kind.



Cicero



Gerdld

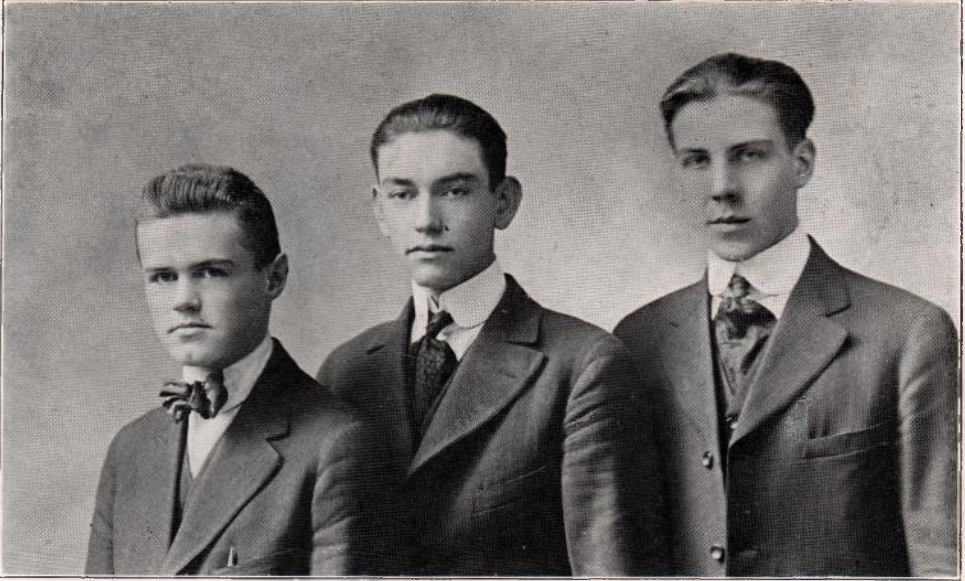


"Valley" — dictatorian.



Studying?

Debate



"RESOLVED, That immigration into the United States should be further restricted by a literacy test."

Boone High School is justly proud of her record in debating. There is seldom a year that Boone is not considered a strong contender for state honors. This year's team was a good one, and consisted of James Whitaker, Henry Friedley and Allan Hicks, with Paul Mott as alternate. After defeating State Center and Hawarden, they went down before Pomeroy by the narrowest margin.

Upon Mr. Whitaker was placed the responsibility of outlining the subject and starting the argument. Possessing a good platform appearance and the ability to clothe his thoughts in fine phrases, he created a lasting impression upon the judges.

The second speech of any debate should be clearly constructed and clearly delivered. Mr. Friedley was the man for this place. His clear and forceful voice added to his strength. This, together with his power of expression, made his work a problem for the opposition. He was unfortunately handicapped in the last debate by a severe cold.

The final speech of the debate needs coolness and quickness of thought, a thorough knowledge of the subject and the ability to quickly adjust arguments to meet the exigencies of the moment. Mr. Hicks was unquestionably the man to fill this position. Deliberate, cool, thoughtful, and possessing an exceptionally telling argument, he was easily the surprise of the season.

Taken as a whole, the team was evenly balanced and well prepared, and although it did not carry off the final victory, it did honor to itself and to the school.

