The Mirror



1927

Patten Academy



A School of Secondary Education Incorporated in 1847

Patten is one of the prettiest and healthiest towns in Northern Maine.

The Academy offers excellent courses of study; has a well qualified and efficient faculty; and is well managed by a joint board, composed of the Patten School Committee and Three Trustees. Its well balanced extra class room activities consist of debating, prize speaking, dramatics, the school paper, football, basketball, baseball, winter sports, and track meets. These activities are carefully managed by a business-like Student Council, which is backed by an enthusiastic Student Body.

For Further Information

Address the Principal

This space is paid for by the Patten Academy Student Council.

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- FOREWORD -

We, the class of 1996 present this Mirror, trusting that it wil prove as interesting as any previously published. Wo wish to thank the cutrens of Patren and surrounding towns for their support



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The Mirror

PATTER, MAINE, MAY, 1927

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor in Chief Gertrude Miles Asst. Editor Frances Keyes Business Manager Elizabeth Scribner Asst. Business Manager Phyllis Downing Literary Editor Inez Glidden Locals Fern Lord Art Editor Jeanette Keyes Girls' Athletic Editor Elizabeth Shaw Boys' Athletic Editor Franklin Fenimore Exchange Editor Jeanette Keyes Joke Editor Herbert Rowe Alumni Editor Iris Getchell

E, the students of Patten Academy, hereby wish to impress upon the minds of teachers, parents, and friends our chief aim in publishing The Mirror and the benefits derived from it.

It stimulates interest in school activities which tend to make a school successful. Sometimes, we have difficulties and embarrassments; they follow all victories and accompany great responsibilities. School spirit has triumphed over all in the past and will continue in the future.

The school is becoming stronger and better prepared for development along new lines, through persistent and diligent effort on the part of us all, parents, teachers, and friends.

Thus, we have published The Mirror, with the hope that it represents all phases of our school life and brings the Alumni-in closer touch with their Alma Mater.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to Miss Miles and her commercial students who untiringly devoted time and energy in typing the copy; to Archer Scribner of the Sophomore class, who drew the splendid cuts for the departments; and to any others who have helped us make this issue a success.

EDUCATION

Little do many of us realize the great opportunities presented today through the many advantages of education.

What is education anyway? tionarian tells us it is cultivation; another tells us it is the act of instructing and breeding. Let us consider the first definition. From the time of entering school, our teachers undertake to cultivate our We are taught to read, write, and spell the first year; then little by little as we are able to master them, new subjects are conquered, and we gradually attain all the knowledge possible to get in high school and thus on to schools of higher education. Finally, when we have reached a degree of perfection in the study of the profession we wish to practice, we are graduated and consider ourselves ready for life's work.

Instruction and breeding are to education as parts to a whole; instruction in respect to the communication of knowledge and breeding in respect to the manners or outward conduct; but education comprehends not only both of these, but the formation of the mind and the establishment of principles. Good instruction makes one wiser, while good breeding makes one more polished and agreeable.

OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity! What does that one word signify to you? Don't know? Well, let's find out together.

Opportunity means to have a chance to do something, which may be either trivial or momentous.

It is silly to believe that opportunity comes to us only once in a life time and to recline in an easy-chair waiting for its knock. No, life is more real and earnest

Hilda Hanson '28

than that; we must be eager and alert to see that there are myriads of chances in our every-day lives, that it is the sum total of minor chances used to advantage which will eventually spell achievement.

To us boys and girls comes Master Opportunity of Schools. Most of us wisely take it and profit by it; then, as soon as we graduate from high school, the greater Opportunity of Further Education or Employment raps at our door. We must not, we cannot be deaf to its call.

About us we see some for whom life is made easy. We say that they were born with silver spoons in their mouths. Often we wonder whether they are getting anything worth while out of life, since they put no effort into it. We have no real envy of these people, who are only puppets. We want to be successful because of our own merits, and we realize that to do this we must make the most of all the opportunities.

G. L. Miles '28

ON TIME

Many of the habits that we form while in school remain with us through life. If they are good habits, keep them; if not, rectify them.

How easy it is to be late, and after having been late once, how easy to be late again. If we do not overcome that habit, we will establish a reputation of being late. We may lose many valuable opportunities by merely being late. We have all heard the saying, "The early bird gets the worm." Is it not so, In order to be successful, you must be on time.

Jeannette Keyes '28

UP TO DATE FLAPPERS

As you all know, the young folks of to-day are called "flappers." Have we the right to give them this epithet? Because they dress sensibly and have a good time, as girls have always done since the world was young, older people are prone to extol what they did when they were children and to censure the frank, sincere

conduct of the present generation.

We wonder what grandma, with her hoop-skirt and one of those old-fashioned things that stuck out behind and was known as a "bustle," would do working in a modern office. Can you picture her gathering up her skirts and easing into a desk chair to typewrite all day?

For my part, I believe that the up to date "flappers" are all right, for they are more capable of doing their work, are more sensible in their apparel, and more pleasing to look upon than were their ancestors. If these are called "flappers," my vote is cast for them every time.

Delmont Bates '28

SUCCESS

If you obtain favorable results from any attempt that you have made, we say that you are successful. Success is obtained only by hard work and study.

Success is needed to keep one in pace with the world's activities. When you have done well in school and ambitiously have started upon a career, you must still study and labor, if you will succeed.

I am not an inventor of any kind, nor do I pursue science at school; nevertheless I have found a formula for perpetual motion. This probably seems unreasonable to the reader. Although I have not yet had it patented, I feel safe in imparting my formula to you. It is embodied in these two words, "Continual Success." If you have faith in yourself, study diligently and work ceaselessly, you will gain success in all that you try.

Frances Keyes

WHY OBEY RULES OF CONDUCT

"Why should we obey the rules of conduct laid down by the teachers? They will never help us after we leave school," we hear some pupils say. I believe that habits made by conforming to regulations are valuable not only in our school careers, but exceedingly precious in after life. As man is a creature of habit, it is of great import that we form the right

habits in our plastic years. Then later our correct principles will be so well grounded that we will not err by choosing the wrong course.

Those who obey the rules of conduct in their own schools will be our best representatives when visiting other towns. If our boys and girls whisper or write notes when visiting, does it not cast a horrid, distorted reflection on our homes, Patten Academy, and our town?

People form their opinion of us by the way we act in public. Tennyson has best expressed this idea in these lines taken from "Guinivere": Manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

Let us aim to be so fine within that our conduct may always be irreproachable. G. L. Miles '28

THE CARE OF OUR BOOKS

Did you ever hear of people growing old young? The reason for this is that they have not taken care of themselves.

Let us compare books to these people. In the fall we have many new books furnished us. many of which are not given proper care. For instance, the first time the book is opened the binding is stiff. To remedy this the student bends the covers far back, thus breaking the binding. Then it is often stuffed with papers. When taken home, a pencil or a pen is carried in it. Perhaps it is left out in the rain or snow. By the end of the year that book looks old and worn. It lasts maybe another year; then a new book has to be furnished to take its place.

No wonder the taxpayers tire of furnishing books that do not last. If we follow a few simple rules such as: do not stuff books with papers, pencils, or pens; do not leave them subject to the weather; and don't mark in their pages; one book will last longer and large sums of money will be saved for other purposes, for which it is badly needed.

Jeannette Keyes '28

SARCASM

What do we mean by sarcasm? a tool used to wound some one's feelings; it is nothing more than jealousy. Consider this example of its sting: a crowd of girls who are talking on the street, notice a poor girl approaching them. Her clothes are not stylish, nor is her hair cut according to the latest fad. Some one in the group makes a cutting remark in a tone loud enough for the passer-by to hear; then giggles follow. Is this a joke? I think the loud laugh in this case speaks the vacant mind and that there are better jokes than one of this nature. It seems the more the sarcastic person is able to hurt one's feelings either through envy, malice, or superciliousness, the better he enjoys it. That is what I call sarcasm.

What does irony win us? The only answer is nothing but ill will. It makes enemies; it causes disrespect and distrust. Sarcasm will never help you to succeed.

E. Shawe '28

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

Good sportsmanship will take a fellow a long way in life. If you are playing a game and loose, be a sport. People will think more of you. A mean sport does not rate high among his fellows, but he who, honoring the game that he plays, fights straight and hard, wins even when he loses.

If you are prize fighting and lose the fight, be a sport; but plan to do better next time. When Dempsey lost the championship to Tunney, walked over, and shook hands with the new champion telling him that the best man won, he exemplified good sportsmanship.

Whatever you do in life, if you win or lose, be a good sport.

Herbert Rowe '28

Faculty



miles

PORTER

ABBOTT

KEUES MESSER

FLOYD N. ABBOTT

Principal; Mathematics and History.

Besse High, Albion, Maine, University of Maine, A. B. 1925.

Taught in Orono High School 1925, Hartland Academy 1925-26, Patten Academy 1926-27.

WESLEY F. PORTER

Agriculture and Science.

Patten Academy 1916, University of Maine 1923.

Taught in Patten Academy four years, 1923-27.

CAROLYN H. KEYES

Latin and Ancient History.

Machias High School 1903, Shaw Business College, Colby College (2 years), Summer School session U. of M. 1925-26, Taught in Cutter, Trescott, Chesterville, North New Portland High, Eastern High, Mattanawcook Academy, Patten Academy 1923-27.

MADELINE L. MILES

Commercial Department.

Newport High School 1921, Colby College 1921-22, Maine School of Commerce 1923, Summer School M. S. of C. 1923.

Taught in Pembroke High School 1923-24, Washburn 1924-26, Patten Academy 1926-27.

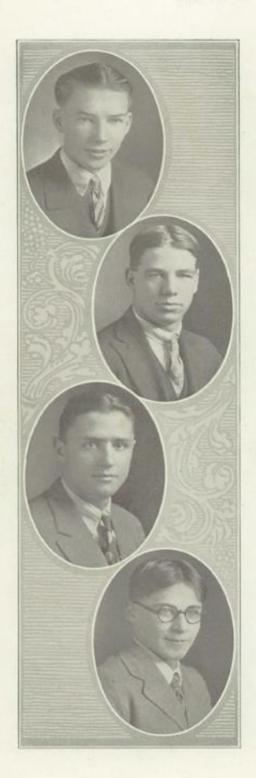
LOUISE E. MESSER

English and French.

Old Town High School 1920, University of Maine, A. B. 1924.

Taught in Patten Academy three years, 1924-27.

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Senior Class

MAURICE BIRMINGHAM "Pete"

General Course

Basketball (4).

"Pete", who is a nice little fellow, does not indulge in the manly habits of smoking, drinking, or swearing. "Pete" claims he is going to be a railroad man, but we think he will be a basketball player for the New York Celtics.

JOSEPH WALLACE BRAUN "Joe"

Agricultural Course

Judging Team (3) (4); Winter Sports (1).

Whenever we see a group of girls, in the center is "Joe." Yes, he is surely a "Ladies Man." He is the champion walker of Patten Academy and bids fair to be no mean prize-fighter.

He knows farming from A to Z and has all the indications of being a success in his line.

RONALD DWIGHT CAMPBELL "Doc"

Agricultural Course

Baseball (1) (2); Judging Team (3) (4); Carnival (1) (2); Track Squad (3). "Doc" has the reputation of being the joker of the class. His pet aversion is speaking and his hobby is tripping the light fantastic.

He is ambitious to make a mark in life, and we all wish him the best of success and happiness.

KENNETH NEVERS CUNNINGHAM

"Ken"

General Course

Mirror Board (3).

"Ken" looks up to the rest of the Seniors as well as to the rest of the school, excepting one little fellow in the Freshman class. His greatest ambition at present is to have a seat in every part of the main room. He believes that variety is the spice of life. He is a true Yankee, for he invariably answers a question by asking one.



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JERROLD CUNNINGHAM "Gully"

General Course

Baseball (1) (2); Football (3); School

play (2).

"Gully" is the Beau Brummel of the class of '27. His nickname is more or less of a mystery, but "Gully" seems to be proud of it. To use the accepted slang, "Gully" is "in" on everything that is going on from Sherman Mills to the Oxbow. "Gully" is "there" with both feet both in the class room and outside. For the past two years he has been vieing with Smallwood for honors in the tobacco chewing contest and at present he holds the record for being able to talk intelligently with the largest plug in his mouth. "Gully's" powers of debate are unlimited and we believe that he will develop into a clever corporation lawyer in the future. With much success to you, "Gully".

ALICE HARNDEN "Sam"

General Course

Mirrer Board (3).

"Sam" one of our professional whisperers was rewarded with a week's vacation for her diligent practice and skill in this art. Since her return to the old hunting grounds we find her spanding more time on her physics. We're hoping it won't happen again, "Sam". However, you're a true blue friend and a girl with sterling qualities. We wish you the best of good luck and happiness in whatever you attempt.

MARY HEATH

Commercial Course

Mary seems a quiet, unobtrusive lassie but on close acquaintance proves to be a jolly fellow and a sincere friend. Her main object is to obtain her class ring, which we know has disappeared. We still are asking, "Where?"

ANITA HUNTER "Nita"

Commercial Course

Nita, our class poetess, is a faithful student of the commercial course. She is so quiet and industrious that we don't wonder at her name being on the honor list.

Having made your mark in high school, we shall watch for further success from you. Here's luck to you, Nita, from your classmates of old P. A.



MANLEY W. KILGORE "Mank" General Course

Basketball (3) (4); Manager (4); Football (3); Track (3); School Play (2) (3); Mirror Board (3); Student Council (4).

"Mank" has been with us four long years, and he has been active in all car sports. Studies, both academic and human, have occupied the remainder of his

He has a million dollar smile, which is a big asset. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. White of the Atlantic and Pacific, his

employer; or better still, experience its radiance for yourself at the Red Front. We hear, "Mank", that you have chosen the bar as your vocation, and we wish you the greatest success.

WINNIFRED DELIA KYLE "Peggy"

College Prep. Course
School Orchestra (1) (2); Basketball
(3) (4); Mirror Board (4); Prize Speaking (3); Musical Comedy (2).

"Peggy", who made good on our basket-ball team, is an exceptionally fine student. She is right at home when playing the latest "jazz" on the piano. Her favorite expression is "I'm so excited, kids". We do not know what her plans are for the future, but we all wish her luck.

HILDA MARIE McCREADY "Billie" Commercial Course

School Play (1) (2) (3); Mirror Board (3); Prize Speaking Contest (2) (3); Secretary Student Council (4); President Council (4).

Ask any question about school life and Hilda knows. Veritably, she is the answer lady. Always willing to serve on committees, to speak, to lead cheers, or to entertain, Hilda has served her school well. Her one weakness is candy and Blairing. Although she never wears White, it is her favorite color.

We expect Hilda to be a very efficient private secretary.

ELEANOR JEANETTE MILES "Dickie" College Preparatory Course

Mirror Board (3); Prize Speaking (3);

Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4). Our "Dickie" was born with a sheet of music in one hand and a piece of rosin in the other. At thirteen she made her debut as one of the town's most promising musicians. "Dickie" has been a brilliant student and active in school affairs. We are looking forward to her becoming famous in the musical world. Besides her musical and scholastic ability we understand that she has gained a reputation as a "heart breaker" at school. We wish her all kinds of luck in the years to come.



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FRANK LOUIS MORSE

General Course

As Frank is a very quiet fellow, we don't hear much about him. In Physics he's a wonder. We expect he will be a Physics instructor in some great college, when his school days are over.

FRED NASON "Nate"

General Course

Student Council (2) (3) (4); President of Council (3) (4); Mirror Board (3).

"Nate" is a brilliant student As his record will show.
In almost every sport event There's little he doesn't know.

He's very shy and quiet, For ladies he cares not, But in a group of boys He's the noisiest of the lot.

He's always been a good worker, This we can truthfully say. And I'm sure that all will miss him When he goes from old P. A.

ERDEAN HARRIET PHILPOTT "Dean"

Commercial Course

Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); Captain Basketball (3) (4); Student Council (1) (2) (3) (4); Treasurer Student Council (3) (4); Mirror Board (3); Class President (1) (2) (3) (4).

"Dean" works hard in school all day, She's the telephone girl at night. Somehow she seems to find the time To break all the hearts in sight.

ROBERT RICHARDSON "Bob"

Commercial Course

Mirror Board (3); Student Council (3) (4); Football (3); Play (2); School Orchestra (1) (2).

"Bob's" activities are automobiles, radios, and music. He is a skillful demonstrator and a glib salesman. His reputation as a cornet player is not alone confined to Patten, for nearly every week end he has an engagement in some other town. He may be slow in some lines, but he's anything but, when behind the wheel.

We prophecy that he will be either a radio expert or a famous musician. Here's luck to you, Bob!



GEORGE ELMER RIGBY "Rig"

General Course

Student Council (4); Basketball Squad (4); Track Squad (3).

In mathematics he's a wonder But in athletics not so strong, And I know old P. A. will miss him When he's far away and gone.

DANIEL SCRIBNER "Squeeb"

General Course

Student Council (4); Track (3); Basketball (3) (4); Captain Basketball (4).

What is the matter with "Squeeb?" Why, nothing, he's all right. He indulges in no bad habits, And studies hard each night.

He's pretty good in school; At track, he is a star. But when it comes to basketball He beats us all by far.

FIRTH OLIVER SMALLWOOD "Smallie"

General Course

School Play (1); Football (3); Mirror Board (3); Student Council (3) (4).

"Smallie" is one of our shy and quiet Scniors. He has never been much of a ladies' man, as he spends most of his time in studying and reading. However, when he speaks we know that whatever he says will be worth listening to and spiced with humor. In him P. A. has had a loyal supporter of the school's activities.

ANDREW STEWART "Andy"

Commercial Course

Baseball (1) (2); Basketball Squad (2) (3); Carnival (2); Track Squad (2).

"Andy" is next to the smartest boy in our class. Perhaps this is the reason why he leads a quiet life about the school He does not take an active part in athletics, but is first in backing up the teams. "Andy" not only understands his subjects in school but elsewhere and is a credit to our class.



MILTON WILLIAM WHEATON "Milt" Agricultural Course

Winter Sports (1) (2); Judging Team

(3) (4). "Milt" is one of our brightest students

and a credit to our class. Although he shows no weakness for the fair sex at the Academy, he seems to have a way with the

girls in other places.

WILLIAM J. LOWELL "Bill" Commercial Course

School Play (2) (3); Mirror Board (3) "Bill" has been with us for four years. He has always been a willing worker and a good student. He has served on numerous committees, but never showed any inclination for athletics. Unlike some of our class, he has an unusual affection for the weaker sex. "Bill" spends most of his spare time working in a down-town grocery store. So we all believe that he "knows his groceries." P. A. will surely miss this diligent young man next year.

Other Classes

JUNIOR CLASS

UR class sure is some punkins. Why if I should stop to tell you all the wonders of the class of 1928, you would be "too late for the train."

We're a regular circus: if you don't believe it, study our cast. There's Hilda Hanson, the toe-dancer, and "Phil" Downing the heel-tripper. The proverbial fat woman you may visualize in Fern Lord. Frank Fennimore is our strong man. Imagine Iris Getchell a bare-back rider and Herbert Rowe a tight-rope walker. "Lib" Scribner is noted as "Sleeping Beauty" and "Lib" Shaw, whose remarkable goility on the basketball court you have all witnessed, is none other than the popular clown. Stanley Wood's marvelous physique entitles him to a place among the world's best acrobats. Gertrude Miles calmly drives a car of huge lions, while Jeanette Keyes is an efficient elephant trainer. "Del" Bates is a snappy ringmaster and you can see me selling tickets

and crying in a loud voice, "This way to the Big Show!"

To come down to earth, let me tell you that the class of '28 is prominent in school activities. Eight of us have been on the basketball teams, we have served on numerous committees and taken our place in the Council.

Here are our characteristics as illustrated by our names:

"Del" Bates Phyllis Downing Franklin Fennimore Iris Getchell Hilda Hanson Frances Keyes Jeanette Keyes Fern Lord Gertrude Miles Herbert Rowe Elizabeth Scribner Elizabeth Shaw Stanley Wood

Darling Boy Perfect Dancer Fleet Footed Innocent Girlie High Headed Fancy Klip-springer Japanese Kaki Fine Looker Geometry Mixer Handsome Rose Everybody's Sister Easy Smiler Somebody's Wonder

Frances Keyes



JUNIOR CLASS

THE CLASS OF 1929

When this class entered Patten Academy in 1925, we were not as green as one might think. We only acted like "Greenhorns", in order to give the upper classmen some amusement. They, of course, thought we were the greenest class that had ever entered, but they had not seen themselves.

This year, however, as a new class has taken our places amusing the upper classmen, we can appear in our true colors and show our accomplishments.

"Dot" Anderson is quiet you all say,
She'll get up and holler some of these days.
Leon Bates creates lots of fun.
Ione Cunningham is our smiling sun.
Anthony Cyr, who is a talking fiend,
Will be an orator for a talking machine.
Elsie Cyr is our light foot dancer,
She is also our cake walk prancer.
I could write a book about our brightest

scholar, Who is "Bunny" Drew, that would make you holler.

Leland Glidden, a lad from the farm, Is a mathematician with many charms. "Eddie" Humphrey is next in my row, In the farming line he'll make a good show.

Pauline King, who is very choice, Has never been heard to speak in a loud voice.

Next comes our most sturdy lad,
Merle Mahaney, who is never sad.
Kermit Price, who is never blue,
Is always thinking of mischief to do.
Archer Scribner comes next, and not any
too soon,

For he manufactures all our cartoons.

Frances Smallwood has changed her seat;

For talking so much, she can't be beat.

Gertrude Weeks, who is so prim,

Thinks that cheating is a sin.

Edna White, though she lives far away,

Comes always to school, in spite of the
day.

Priscilla Allen '29

FRESHMAN HISTORY

When we entered Patten Academy in the fall, we were one of the largest classes ever entering this school, numbering thirty-seven. During the fall term Preston McDonnell left us to go to New Hampshire. Just before the Christmas vacation Doris Stevens went to Connecticut. At the beginning of the winter term, we were glad to have Lillian Scott join us, making a total of thirty-six.

To the Members

Phyllis Arbo Likes carving (Carver)
Christine Bailey Star in whispering
Marshall Bates Weight of the class
Edna Beattie Paul's girl

Cradle-robber (ninth grade)
Susie Boynton Heart smashen
Vernon Carver Book worm
Alma Crocker Our representative
James Crocker

Out for the hunt (Freda Hunt) Paul Cunningham Ladies' man Lawrence Curren General Science shark June Emerson Going west Pearley Emery Question box Evelyn Fowler Sweet and demure George Gardner Walking encylopedia Ivory Guptill Class whirlwind Ira Hall Our clown Louise Hall Class artist Thurston Howes

Clerk for Patterson and Huston Freda Hunt James's ideal Ruth Keyes Leroy's fancy Lillian Morse Likes Joe (Who?) Leroy Miles Just a little shy Lena Myrick The silent girl "Thurst's" companion Audrey Patterson Cora Philpott Man's lady Champion laugher Lillian Scott Irving Shaw He hays (Hayes) Warren Shaw Class baby Hattie Stewart Promptness personified Charlene Vickery Prize Essay Winner Yvonne Violette Class poetess Eva Waters Our acrobat George Wheaton

Second George Washington

Reubena Chase Jennie Woodbury '30



I N the year 1907, in the Italian quarters of New York City, in a poor and humble home, a little boy was born; his name was Victor Garibaldi.

The mother died when Victor was only two years old, leaving to Toni, the father, the hard task of bringing up his boy alone. All of Toni's thoughts, plans, and dreams were for Victor and his future. A brother of the boy's father had given a valuable violin to him, and Toni prayed that his son might be gifted with a musical talent. Even when he was very young, it could be seen that he possessed this talent which was to determine his future. When Victor began going to school he was five years old; his father then had him begin to take violin lessons of a prominent New York teacher. learned so quickly that in a short time he was considered a child wonder on the violin and was asked to play at many public gatherings. It was at one of these that a wealthy banker, Frank Hamilton, was so pleased with his playing that he inquired about the boy and his people. When he learned that Victor was the only son of a poor Italian who was sacrificing everything to provide for his son's music lessons and education, he went to see He offered to finance the boy's music lessons while his father provided for his education; after he had completed school, he would send him to Europe. Thus, Victor was able to have the very best teachers that New York could give.

He completed his high school course at the age of fifteen. Through the aid of Mr. Hamilton, Victor was sent to Europe to secure the best education possible. He was first sent to Italy to take lessons of a well-known violinist. Here he spent four years and was then sent to France. He spent only one year in this country, for he heard of a great Italian teacher who had returned to his native land to give lessons to his fellow country-men. Going back to Italy, Victor had been taking lessons of this world-famous Italian for two years, when an event occurred in America which ended his lessons for a time.

Frank Hamilton's bank had failed and, in consequence, Victor's money supply was stopped. What was to become of him? Here he was in Italy, alone, and practically penniless with no one to help him. He had made very few acquaintances, having roomed alone and having spent all his time practicing on his music. However, he met all difficulties with the greatest of bravery. The boy decided that he would not appeal to his father for help, as he knew he could not raise money enough to pay his way home, to say nothing of keeping him there. Every morning he started out seeking employment, until at last be obtained work as a newspaper boy. His wages brought him barely enough to pay for his room and scanty meals. All the time, he was keeping a sharp lookout for a better position, whereby he might resume his violin lessons. At last a new idea came to him. Why couldn't he use his music as a means for earning money? Others did.

It was then that he started playing his violin in the street. At first he was alone, going among the poorer classes. Seeing that he would not earn much by playing there, he mustered courage enough to join other minstrels in playing for the wealthier classes of people. In the group with which he traveled were singers, violinists, and two who played the flute. Victor and George Stanton, a young tenor from America, soon became the closest of friends. One day when these two pals were talking things over, George asked Victor, "What induced you to come to Italy anyway?"

"I came to procure a musical education," was the reply.

"Did you have any aid when you first came? If so, why are you so poor, and what made you discontinue your lessons?" eagerly asked George.

Then Victor related the events which had brought him to his present unhappy situation. George, still wishing to learn more of his friend's life asked, "Do you plan to go on with your music if you can obtain the necessary money?"

"Yes," answered Victor, wondering all the while why his friend was questioning him in such a manner. George was not curious, but was truly interested in the young boy. He could see that in Victor there was great talent which would mean a lot to him if there were only the necessary support back of him. With this attitude, he was forever singing praises of Victor to everyone, hoping to find someone who should be interested enough to hear him play. One day a wealthy Italian merchant, who knew George, was inquiring about his new friend and requested that they play in his section of the city some evening. George could hardly wait until the time when he might tell Victor the good news. After their performance, the next night was the first time that the comrades had been alone since George had seen the merchant. So he took this time to say to Victor, "I have a pleasant surprise for you, my boy."

"What can it be?" asked Victor.

"The other day merchant Moreno requested that we play in the square near his house, as he is anxious to hear you play. Since we have no previous engagement, let's go to-morrow night." To this proposition Victor heartily agreed.

The next evening, the sky was a mass of glittering diamonds, and the atmosphere was that which inspires one's soul and uplifts it. Thus Victor and George sallied forth, their hearts filled with joy because of the beautiful night. They soon reached their destination. Moreno's home was not difficult to find that night, for every window was filled with light, showing that this household was filled with com-George sang two solos with Victor's violin as accompaniment, and then he persuaded his comrade to play his six best solo numbers. Moreno and his guests showed their appreciation by great applause, calling him back again and again, even when he had completed his numbers. Playing the National Hymn of Italy as a final selection, the musicians departed. On their way home George said, "Something good will come of this night's entertainment, I am sure."

"I certainly hope so. Good-night, old pal," and they parted for their own rooms

The next day, merchant Moreno invited Victor to dine at his home, where he might study him more closely in order to see if, along with his talent, he had the qualities he needed to make him a real After dinner when they were alone, Victor being questioned by his host told the story of his life and how hard he had striven to reach the goal of suc-Then Moreno was fully convinced that anything he could do for this young boy would be a great benefit and of no loss to himself. Thus, Victor was able to resume his violin lessons; in the next few years, he finished his musical education and became one of the many great musicians who have sacrified so much for the benefit of others. He had more engagements than he could possibly fill and no entertainment seemed complete without him. Everywhere managers offered him large sums of money if he would only consent to play whenever they had a per-Thus each night he received formance.

large rewards for his many years of faithful practice. At this time his debts were all paid, even to the banker in New York and he was already making arrangements to have his father come to Italy and share his happiness.

During his twenty-fifth year, Victor had a marvelous opportunity to demonstrate his skill to the world. An Italian Countess had heard about him and what a wonder he was.

Desiring to hear him herself, she gave a banquet in his honor, inviting the nobility of Italy to her home. After the banquet, the guests assembled in the countess's spacious studio to listen to an artist of their native land who had prepared an excellent program, one that was so varied that it pleased each and every person in the audience. After his performance, Nanatorini gave Victor a ring as a token of rememberance to express her gratitude toward him. Through this last recital he won fame throughout Europe and America. But in spite of all his plaudits and attention he remained the same humble and unassuming young man that he always had been.

His father, who had at last reached Italy, was rejoicing in the success and happiness of his beloved son. Victor, the boy who had worked his way from a tiny, dingy, garret chamber to a mansion in the wealthy districts of an Italian city, had at twenty-six years of age climbed the steep ladder to success.

Eleanor Miles '27

THE BURIED TREASURE

Having tired of the city life, Mr. Richard Longworth, some four years ago, purchased a large ranch in Montana. He was a retired business man of New York city, and wished to get out into the open for a rest. He was rather a large man, well past middle age and of a very quiet disposition. As his wife, Nellie Longworth, and daughter Doris were very fond of city life they remained in New York. His son, Larry, wished to go west

with his father, but his mother wanted him to remain in the city to finish college.

Mr. Longworth had been very successful in the cattle busines until after the spring round-up when he began losing cattle. Many of the other ranchers were losing cattle also, but nothing could be done to stop it. When the fall round-up came, Mr. Longworth had lost more than half of his cattle. His wife and daughter were repeatedly sending to him for money, and as he tried to send them all they asked for, he soon got into debt. He borrowed money from Tom Stephens, owner of the adjoining ranch, thus accumulating a debt which he was unable to pay and for which he was obliged to give a mortgage on the ranch.

Worrying so much over money troubles which involved the loss of his ranch, Mr. Longworth fell sick. He was finally ordered to bed by his doctor, and after a lingering illness, he died.

Upon receiving word of his father's death, Larry left college and went west. He was a bright young man of twenty one, rather tall, with dark, curly hair, and brown eyes.

Bill Lindsay, Mr. Longworth's old foreman, told Larry all he knew about Mr. Longworth's troubles, informing Larry that Stephens hadn't a very good reputation around there, which was proven by some rather shadowy deeds.

Following his talk with Bill, Larry decided to ride over and see Stephens about the mortgage. He found Stephens to be a large man, about forty-five years of age, with rather an ugly look about him, caused by a large scar just over his left eye. Larry was unable to get very much satisfaction from Stephens, except that the date of the mortgage would not be changed to give Larry a chance to pay his father's debts. The mortgage was due November 12, 1924. As it was now the last of October, Larry had only about two weeks in which to try to raise money. On leaving the ranch he met a young girl with a beautiful collie. The girl was about nineteen years of age, very pretty, with light curly hair and blue eyes. She stopped, and asked if he was Mr. Longworth's son. He replied that he was, and that he had just been calling on Mr. Stephens to see about the mortgage on his ranch. She told him her name was Thelma Randall, and that her dog's name was Laddie. She seemed a bit excited after he mentioned the mortgage, and asked him to step back a way from the house, so that no one would hear them talking, because she had something to tell him about the mortgage. First, she told him Stephens was her guardian, and he had been caring for her ever since the death of her father six years before. She said the last two years he had been in bad company and at times he drank a great deal. "During these times," she continued, "he has been very cross to me, and I have come to dislike him." She continued, telling about the men who had been to see her guardian only a few weeks before, whom she had overheard talking about Larry and the ranch. Thelma ended with a remark Stephens had made about the oil discovered on the ranch, when he had said jokingly, "What a nice time we will have after we get the ranch." Thelma was quite out of breath when she finally finished. Larry thanked her promising to tell her if he discovered anything, and asking her to let him know if she heard anymore. This she promised to do.

The next day Larry thought a great deal about what Thelma had told him, and he had just decided upon going to town to see if anything could be done when one of the cowboys brought a note to him. Larry opened the slip of paper and read: "If you wish to know more concerning your ranch, be at the large grove six miles from town at 3.30.

"A Friend"

Larry, thinking the message true enough, rode to the grove. Arriving there a little early and finding no one around, he sat down to wait. He had waited about fifteen minutes when he heard some one riding up behind him.

Rising, he turned to find a large, ugly looking man dismounting near him. The man said something in a gruff tone to Larry, and as Larry was about to ask what the man had said, he caught a glimpse of someone behind him. As he half turned to see who it was, a heavy weapon descended upon his head. He heard voices which sounded a long way off, and then he lost consciousness.

When Larry finally came to, he found himself in darkness. He tried to get up, but discovered that both hands and feet were tied. In moving around he tipped over a chair, and almost immediately he heard a door open. A man's voice inquired somewhat roughly, "So you've decided to come around again, have you? Bout time you were, I should say." He said no more after this and refused to answer any of Larry's questions.

The man, whom Larry found out later to be "Lefty" Smith, left the room and soon returned with a small lamp which he placed on a rudely built table. Larry was then able to see what kind of a room he was in. It proved to be very small, with a single chair and a bed, on which were some magazines and papers. Smith left the room a second time and returned in a few minutes with Larry's supper. After setting it on the table, he untied Larry's hands and feet, and then departed, locking the door after him.

"Hm-m," thought Larry, "he must be afraid I'll get away from him. I don't know where I am, nor why I'm here, and I should surely get lost trying to find my way to the ranch."

Thelma entered the ranch, after putting her horse away and leaving Laddie in the barn. She heard voices and decided that the men were visiting her guardian again. It would be better not to let him know she had returned or had any suspicions of the men who were there. She stole quietly to the stairs. As she started to mount, she heard her guardian again talking about Larry, so she stopped to listen. He told the men of how he had Larry kidnapped, and taken back in the hills to

the old cabin that they had used when hunting stray cattle. "No one will ever find him there," continued Stephens, "and he will never be able to get back here before that mortgage is due." Thelma sat as one frozen. Stephens continued, telling his "great little idea," that one of the men there, Spike Durant, was to marry Thelma, that he might get the money her father had left her. "Then," laughed Stephens, " we will divide the money, and not let her know a thing about it. She doesn't know there was any left her. I never told her, because I thought it would come in pretty handy sometime, and I guess it will now."

Thelma waited to hear no more. She made up her mind that she would have Larry back before the mortgage was due. So she laid out her riding clothes, obtained some food in the kitchen, and then went upstairs to get a short rest. She was up the next morning and on her way before anyone was stirring round the ranch. She thought it best not to take Laddie, but as he would not stay behind, she let him go with her.

She had difficulty in finding the cabin, but after a long search she finally stumbled onto it. Seeing no one around, she walked up to the building and just as she started to put her hand on the door, Smith crept up behind her, and tried to tie her hands. He had almost succeeded, when Laddie jumped at his throat with a cry. Smith fell back and lost his hold on Thelma. She jumped away from him, with a "Good boy, Laddie," and reached for her revolver at her side. She told Laddie to watch him while she went into the cabin, calling several times to Larry before she received a reply. He told her the door was locked and that Smith had Thelma went back and dethe key. manded it. When at first Smith refused, Laddie growled and jumped toward him; then he quickly reached for the key which he gave to Thelma.

She soon succeeded in releasing Larry and together they tied Smith up. She then told Larry all she had heard at the ranch. Suddenly she remembered about her money that Stephens had planned to Larry was very angry when he heard this and wanted to go right back then to settle with Stephens, but Thelma stopped him, and asked, "Larry, will you take my money to pay Stephens? Then he can not bother you any more, nor me either. All he wanted me for was to get the money. I have no use for it and I'd rather you'd take it." Larry thought a few minutes and then he turned to Thelma and asked rather bashfully, "Thelma do you care whether I ever get my ranch back or not? If you do, will you come there to live always with me? I will take the money and pay back Stephens and then when we get the oil wells developed, we will have plenty to fix over the ranch buildings, and buy cattle. Do you care?"

Thelma looked at him and then replied, "I care enough, Larry."

Alma Crocker '30

"LIMPY"

In striking contrast to the redwoods, which could be seen below, were the citrus orchards here and there, quite sturdy in appearance, clinging to the sides of the hills, interspersed with an occasional fir and spruce. The air was perfumed with the odor of the many and beautiful flowers which abound in the Golden State. The sun lent its warm radiance to the beautiful scene, the bees hummed drowsily, the birds sang in the trees, and in the azure sky, above, white, fleecy clouds like puff balls floated lazily by.

Such was the setting in the little village of Carrollton on one of those "so rare" days in June. Among all this splendor, one might see a queer little figure with a wealth of reddish-gold hair, a freckled nose, and big blue eyes, dressed in a faded gingham dress. One also would notice a twisted little foot, and that under one arm was a crutch, with the use of which she was painfully climbing the hill outside the town.

As she neared the end of her journey, she stopped and sat down under a tree whose branches offered a cool retreat. Taking from her pocket a letter, she proceeded to unfold it and began to read it, apparently for the third or fourth time.

Suddenly she sighed and said awfully, "Why, it can't be, it surely doesn't seem possible that Nancy Kent, old "Gram" Stevens's kid is going to Pine Hall!"

It was truly an extraordinary incident. The principal of Pine Hall, a famous seminary for girls, had offered a scholarship to the highest ranking pupil of any of the rural schools. The scholarship included tuition, board, room, books, and transportation. As Nancy Kent was erceedingly brilliant, she was the grateful and somewhat surprised recipient of the reward.

Not very much was known about the life of Nancy Kent and her people. When first heard of by the villagers, Nancy was traveling with her mother, an actress in While playing there a traveling show. one night in Carrollton, her mother was seized with a fit of coughing which left her weak and after a week in the hotel, she had gone on to join her husband. What to do with "Nan" was a great pro-She was such a lovable child, the people hated to send her to an orphanage; but as she was lame, nobody wanted to adopt her. Finally she was taken by "Gram" Stevens, with whom she had lived until this time.

After reading the letter once more, "Nan" folded it, picked up her crutch, and started again up the hill. Soon she came in sight of a small cottage, from which came the sound of a spinning wheel. In front of the house was a tiny garden of old-fashioned flowers, and inside was just one room, rather bare of furniture but as clean and spotless as hands could make it. Freshly-starched curtains were hung at the windows, and the little house had an air of perfect peace and tranquility. As Nancy entered, the little old lady, who looked as though she had stepped from an exquisite picture, looked up and stopped

her spinning. "My child," she cried, "aren't you back rather soon? Didn't you have a pleasant time?"

Nancy limped over to her as quickly as possible. Throwing her arms about her neck, she cried, "Oh, Granny, I've had such a pleasant surprise! You can't imagine what it is. Oh, just a moment, and I'll read it to you." Then Nancy read the letter for the sixth time:

Pinehurst, California June 28, 1926

Miss Nancy Kent Carrollton, California

Dear Miss Kent,

I have the pleasure to inform you that you are the winner of the Pine Hill Scholarship. Your work is worthy of a great deal of praise, and I hope is a sample of what you will do here at the seminary.

Should you be unable to take advantage of the award, please let me know immediately, so that we may give it to the one having the next highest rank.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Grace Sherwood Principal of Pine Hill Seminary

"Isn't it just wonderful, Granny?" exclaimed Nancy, as she finished reading. "And, oh, do you s'pose I can go?"

"Of course, you can go, dear child," replied Mrs. Stevens. "It is a chance you will probably never have again."

During the days that followed, Nancy and "Gram" were very busy making Nancy the proper apparel for school. From the little black trunk in the attic came yellowed, linen undergarments, dainty muslin and mull dresses, all bringing memories of the day when "Gram" Stevens had had her own little girl. These were all made over and at last Nancy had a complete trousseau, as she laughingly called it.

September came almost without warning and Nancy packed her clothes in the litt's trunk, kissed "Gram" good-bye, and with tears in her eyes limped down the trail to town.

After riding for the greater part of the day, Nancy was relieved to find that she had at last reached Pinehurst. The station platform was covered with many groups of girls, talking and laughing merrily; from one of them "Nan" learned that Pine Hall was a mile from the station and that a bus would take her there.

Nancy noticed, however, a sign on the windshield: "To Pine Hall 50c." As she looked in her purse and realized what a big difference fifty cents less would make, she picked up her crutch and started resolutely on her way.

Scattered about the campus were many groups of girls, mostly of the Sophomore Class. They were talking chiefly about roommates and the Freshies.

"Believe me," exclaimed Rowena Farnham, "I'm glad Muriel is rooming with me again this year. I'd hate awfully to have a Freshie wished on me or some kid from the country, especially a scholarship pupil from who knows where!"

And Rowena glanced meaningly in the direction of Elizabeth Abbott who understood all too well what she meant, for she snapped, "Well, you can be sure it isn't my doings! I'm sure that my mother never would have let me come here, if she had known that I would have to room with some hayseeder's kid. I shall write to her this week and then I guess things will happen around here," she finished knowingly.

Just then as Brenda Whitney passed, she noticed the look on Betty's face and inquired what the trouble was. On receiving a reply she exclaimed, "Why, girls, I think it just wonderful that Pine Hall should have a scholarship pupil." This will give us all a chance to see how kind we can be to some little girl who is probably away for the first time. I wouldn't say a word. And I don't see why she would."

"For goodness sake, girls, look," exclaimed Hazel Sutherland. "Who is that child?"

Exclamations of "Did you ever," "Gracious," and "Why, she's lame," came from many of the girls.

"Hush, girls," reprimanded Brenda.
"Just think how you might feel if you were lame!"

The person in question and the topic of all the discussion was Nancy Kent. She came slowly up the path, for she was very tired from her long journey and the, added walk. It was very new to her, so many huge, gray, buildings and the green campus, dotted here and there with shrubbery and flower-beds.

She felt very conscious of her lameness when the girls stared at her, and was quite relieved when Brenda stepped from the group and said, "Is there anything I can do for you?

"I should be very thankful if you would tell me where Mrs. Sherwood lives," replied Nancy.

"Gladly," answered Brenda, mentally noting "Nan's" clothes and her crutch. "Or better still I will take you there."

Very little was said on the way to Mrs. Sherwood's office, for Nancy was engrossed in looking about the Campus. Soon, they reached the Principal's office, and Brenda opened the door, saying to a middle-aged, kind-looking lady, "Hello, Auntie Sherwood, I have brought you a sallor."

"How do you do, my dear," greeted Mrs. Sherwood, known as Auntie to the girls. "What can I do for you?"

Nancy's heart sank, for she thought it must be a mistake,—the letter and her coming way out here. "D—Don't you know me?" she stammered. "I have a letter from you." Reaching in her pocket, she produced the letter. Instantly, Mrs. Sherwood knew her to be the scholarship pupil. After greeting her warmly and discussing the course to pursue, she asked Brenda to take Nancy to Harlowe House, where she was to room with Elizabeth Stevens.

Life at Pine Hall passed very swiftly. Nancy soon was used to the routine, progressed well in her studies, and became very popular with all the school; for her smiles, willingness to help others, and pleasant disposition won her many friends. There was only one cloud in her life—Elizabeth. It surely was evident that her roommate did not like her, and she tried in every way to hinder Nancy from having a good time. It was she that gave "Nan" the name of "Limpy", which clung to her and soon all her friends called her that.

Things had had a habit of disappearing around Harlowe House; rings, bracelets, books, fountain pens, gold and silver pencils, and many other things, some of value. Elizabeth and Rowena had made many unpleasant remarks about people who steal things, often glancing significantly at "Limpy". One day when they had said a little too much and had hurt "Nan" a great deal, she crept away to her room to cry and think things over.

Evening came, and the lights out bell sounded. Every one in the big building except Nancy, was deep in slumber. Sleep would not come to her to rest her tired body and troubled mind. Suddenly she heard the patter of foot-steps outside the door; then slowly and very carefully the door opened and a figure clad in white glided into the room. Nancy lay very still, watching the figure go through the dressing table drawers, taking various articles. The search ended; the ghost departed.

As soon as the spectre visitor had left, "Nan" threw back the covers, grabbed her crutch, and picking her way carefully, entered the corridor where the intruder was on the act of opening the door of Brenda's room. "Nan" ran as quickly as she could, but the figure in white heard her crutch and had started for the stairway. "Nan", following close behind her, suddenly made a grab for the stairway and down the stairs they both rolled, upsetting a waste-basket which stood on the top step.

Soon the entire house was aroused, everybody was talking at once, and the ghostly intruder, now feeling very ashamed and chagrined, was found to be no other person than Elizabeth Stevens! It did not take long for Elizabth to confess the entire affair: she had been very jealous of "Nan's" growing popularity and her friendship with Brenda; she had decided that if she could arrange to have "Limpy" blamed for something, "Limpy's" career would be ruined. Thus, the had conceived the idea of taking a lot of things this evening and then leaving them in "Nan's" dressing table drawers.

Mrs. Sherwood did not wish to seem too harsh with Elizabeth and finally decided that since it was Nancy who had been wronged, she would be the one to determine Elizabeth's punishment. You all may be sure what Nancy did—she threw her arms around Betty's neck and forgave her. Then when Betty promisel to be a good roommate, she cried, "Oh, 'Lizbeth, I'm so happy, for I've always wanted to be friends with you!"

Hilda Hanson '28

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER

On that memorable day, October 7, 1777, Horatio Gates stood at his tent door watching the two armies, who were ready for the fray.

All of a sudden a cloud of smoke and dust arose in the air. The two armies were hard at work. In the midst of the rear of one of the armies was a soldier mounted on a black horse. Horatio Gates watched him steadily, except when a cloud of dust hid him from view. He could see the soldier riding about on a black horse; first here, then there, now on one hillside, and then on another, riding with great speed.

The American army must have help to win the battle. The commander was trying to force his men to make their way up over the cliff. The army refused, but the black horse and his rider were undaunted. Up the hill he went. Now he falls! No! Still he goes on. Now he stands on the cliff! Presently he shouted to the army to advance. There was no need of this, however, for the army was already on its way up the hill.

A moment later Horatio Gates saw the soldier standing in the gate of the fort. The Black Rider shouted to Gates, "The Victory is ours!" A shower of cannon shots was fired and the horse fell dead, but the brave hero, with one leg shot out from under him, was the victor.

Who was the Rider? Have you not gussed his name? It was Benedict Arnold, "The Hero of Quebec."

Lawrence Carver '30

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE

"I wonder what poor Harrison meant?"
It was a crisp morning late in October in the year 1918. Benjamin Dale was walking down the street in Bristol, England. His thoughts were on the will of the late Mr. H. G. Harrison, whose death had occurred very suddenly. He, being a great friend of Harrison's was appointed with a solicitor, Lewis Brooks, as executors.

This will had been of the most trying kind. They had had a great deal of trouble in settling the matter with Harrison's wife and three children.

With a portion of his money he had provided for four invalids, and with the other portion his parents were to be cared for, as they were not well and incapable of taking care of themselves.

Mrs. Harrison tried to abolish the portion of the will left to the invalids. She, finding it of no use, gave it up.

"We had better examine the property again, Ben," said the lawyer thoughtfully. "I can't believe that there isn't anything left for the wife and children. We must look again!"

"Yes," agreed Ben, we must. Harrison thought so much of his family; he seemed to think of their welfare most of the time."

For two days they hunted through all the old books and drawers until at last as they were turning over the leaves of an old ledger they found a small scrap of paper, on which was written, "Five thousand pounds in Till." A small key was attached.

This greatly alarmed all concerned with the affair. They could not construe the meaning of the slip of paper. For days, months, and in fact, a year, everything that was thought of in regard to the meaning of these few words was wrapped up in some small ending, which meant nothing.

They were very much puzzled over it. Now that the legacies had been paid, Mr. Harrison's library was sold by his request to a book-seller.

As Ben sat in church on the following Sunday, Rev. A. G. Hicks was delivering a sermon from a book called "Tillotson's Sermons." When he said "Tillotson's," Ben started with a sudden jerk; he had thought of a solution to the matter. At once he sought Mr. Brooks and said to him, "You recall, Mr. Brooks, an edition of "Tillotson's Sermons' in the Harrison library?"

At an affirmative nod from the older man, Ben continued, "Isn't it possible that the "Till' referred to by our friend, might be an abbreviation of Tillotson's and hadn't I better go to the bookseller who bought the volumes, to inquire if he is still in possession of them?"

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed the lawyer, "I believe you have solved our problem. I now remember well the curious book with the metal casing and it was locked! Make haste to the man's shop."

Benjamin Dale's goal was farther than he had suspected, although he reached the man's shop in a very short time.

"Have you still the book that was called 'Tillotson's Sermon's' which belonged in Harrison's library? It was the one with a metal case," exclaimed Ben as he rushed through the doorway.

"I sold that book more than six months ago to a man here from Paris. He wanted it for his collection of 'Old Time Relics.'

"Did he take it to Paris?" cried Ben with much excitement.

"Yes, to put among the other old things he has," replied the book seller.

Ben was on board of the next channel boat and in two hours he was in the French capital. Ben stayed in Paris three days before he could locate the right place.

Soon the man was aimiably exhibiting "Tillotson's Sermons" to his eager young patron.

"Will you sell this?" demanded Ben.

"Not less than a hundred dollars, my boy," replied the stranger.

Ben procured the book immediately. He hurried back to the lawyer's office, where they tried the key; it was an exact fit, and they opened it without much difficulty. Upon searching the pages, they found bank notes among them, the total of which was five thousand pounds!

"The widow won't worry now," exclaimed Ben, "mighty glad we were with her instead of against her, hugh, old boy," he continued slapping the lawyer on the back.

They telephoned to Mrs. Harrison, who was working in a store.

"Well," exclaimed Ben as he hung up the receiver, "that was a lucky ending to a most curious occurrence!"

Gertrude Weeks '29

THE WARDROBE MATRON

Day dreaming, always day dreaming, that was what Dorothea was doing. She pictured herself as a great opera singer, holding a vast New York audience spell bound. She was playing the part of Marguerite in Faust. The curtain had gone down now for the fifth time. what a success she was! Just then she was called back to earth by hearing her father's voice calling from the porch. Oh, why couldn't that dream come true? Would she always have to spend her days in the little common-place town of Rockford? She would probably marry one of the town boys and live happy ever after. But she must forget all this and find out what her father wished of her.

Dorothea's father, Mr. Smith, was a hard working carpenter. He cherished her dreams and hoped that some day he could help her to fulfill them.

"Daddy dear, did you want me?" asked Dorothea as she came gayly tripping up the porch steps.

"Yes, Dot, I have sad news to tell you. Your uncle, Ralph Davis, just dropped dead, and we must get ready to go to his home."

The trip to Dansville was not a pleasant one for Dorothea, who had been very fond of her uncle and felt grieved to learn of his death.

The day after the funeral the will was to be read. All the relatives of Mr. Davis were gathered in the living room of the deceased man's home. The executor began to read the will. He had nearly finished when these words fell on Dorethea's ears, "To my only niece, Dorothea Smith, I bequeath two thousand dollars." She could not believe she had heard right, but as soon as the executor had finished everybody was congratulating her.

Now Dot would be able to carry out her long cherished dream of becoming a singer. She would go to New York City to study. There she could stay with her mother's sister, Mrs. Walker. Maybe there in that great city where the east meets the west she would find her mother, who had run away when Dorothea was but a baby. She had only pictures of her mother to comfort her longings, and she wondered what her mother would be like in real life. Mr. Smith spoke very little about his wife; because he loved her so deeply, he could not bring himself to talk about her.

The next two weeks after Dot's return from Dansville, she spent in preparing for her trip to New York. She received a reply from her aunt, telling her to be sure and come as soon as possible and make herself right at home. Her father hated to see Dot go, but he could get along all right because his younger daughter, Cynthia, would be there to get



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the meals. He felt he would sacrifice almost anything for the sake of Dorothea's fulfilling her dream.

When the train came to a stop in the New York station, Dorothea thought they must be in the heart of the city, since there were so many people there. Her Aunt was right here to meet her, and they hailed a taxi which took them to Mrs. Walker's home on Beacon Hill. The next few days Dorothea spent in establishing herself in her new home.

Through the influence of Mr. Walker, Dorothea obtained an interview with one of the noted vocal teachers. Dot was overjoyed in being able to get such a splendid teacher and resolved to work very hard, in order to make rapid progress in her singing.

Four years have elapsed since Dorothea came to New York. She has just returned from a two years study in Europe and is about to make her debut in Grand Opera,

The night of all nights had come. She was to take the part of Marguerite in Faust. Her dream of dreams was realized. She was very nervous and excited, but she tried to calm herself as best she could. While she was singing her part, it seemed to the great crowd in the Metropolitan Opera House that she was some unearthly being; her voice was so sweet it could not be possible that she belonged on earth.

After responding to the many curtain calls, she returned to her dressing-room which resembled a flower garden, being literally filled with tokens of remembrance from her many friends. At the door of her room the Wardrobe Matron embarrassed her by weeping for joy on Dorothea's shoulder. This action on the Matron's part puzzled Dot somewhat. She wondered what had caused her to cry like that. Perhaps something was bothering her. Dorothea, who had taken a great liking to Mrs. Gray at their first meeting, felt sorry for her.

Upon entering the dressing-room Dorothea found her aunt waiting for her. She related to her aunt the scene, that had taken place between Mrs. Gray and herself, asking if she could find any solution for it. Mrs. Walker did not know the Matron and was in the dark as to the cause of her weeping. She told Dorothea that, doubtless, the woman had troubles of her own and not to worry, as she could be of no help to Mrs. Gray. But Dot said to herself that she would have a confidential talk some afternoon with the Matron, so that she might learn to know her better.

After Dorothea had changed into her street apparel, she and her aunt went home to Beacon Hill to await the arrival of some guests that Mrs. Walker had invited for the occasion. Among them were some gentlemen of high rank . The aunt's object was to find a wealthy husband for Dot. During the evening many of the men tried to be the favored one with Miss Smith, but she was pleasant and treated them all alike. She was not thinking of matrimony now, her career was first in her mind. She must forget about worldly pleasures until she had won fame. The aunt was somewhat disappointed to think that she had not chosen one of the guests as a friend.

The next afternoon as Dot was leaving the opera house she was met at the stage door by Mr. Irish, the son of a wealthy silk manufacturer, who had been one of the guests at Mrs. Walker's home the preceding evening. He implored her to have tea with him in some exclusive tea-room, and at last she consented. Dot told him she would be his friend; but she could not see him often, as she must spend all her time on music. He told her that it pleased him greatly to know that she would be his friend.

The next day Dorothea planned to have a talk with the Wardrobe Matron. After rehearsal Dorothea met Mrs. Gray and invited her into her room, saying she wanted to speak with her. Mrs. Gray was glad to accept the invitation and went in. As they sat talking, the conversation naturally drifted to their own lives. Mrs. Gray told Dorothea that

when she was but a young girl of twenty, she had run away to New York to learn She was married at this time, living in a quaint little village. She told her a rich young college boy came to that town, with whom she became infatuated. He promised to give her the money to cultivate her voice if she would only go to New York with him, which she did, leaving her loving husband and two baby girls for him to care for. The rich young man's stories of the great white way had lured her on, she said. But when they arrived in New York City, he left her to shift for herself and she was almost penniless. She did not relate to Dot her troubles from the time of her arrival until she had secured the job as Matron of the Metropolitan Opera House, because she said it would be of no interest to her. Mrs. Gray told Dot that she had taken a deep liking to her ever since she had come, because Dorothea had reminded her of the daughter she had run away from nearly eighteen years before.

"Does not your mother worship you?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"I have no mother," explained Dot with tears in her eyes. Then she told her how her father had related to her that their mother had gone away and probably they would never be able to find her. Dot was two years old at that time.

During the conversation, Dot had forgotten the time and upon looking at her watch found she had only two hours before her evening performance. When she left, Mrs. Gray kissed Dorothea, expresing the hope that she would some day find her mother.

The next afternoon Dorothea took a picture of her father to the theatre. As this was to be the last performance for two weeks, Dot thought she would show Mrs. Gray the photograph of her daddy whom she loved so well.

When Mrs. Gray entered Dot's dressing room to greet her, Dorothea asked her to step to the window as she had something to show her. Mrs. Gray took the picture and let her gaze rest upon it for a moment; then the photograph crashed to the floor and Dot was just in time to catch Mrs. Gray from falling to the floor in a dead faint. When Dot had brought her to, she asked the Matron why she fainted.

"Why, my dear, do you realize that man is your father and my husband?" uttered the Matron.

"Do you really mean it? Oh, I am so happy," cried Dot. "I have hoped that we would become close friends and now I know we can. I have two weeks vacation beginning tomorrow, and you and I shall leave at once for Rockford," Dot told Mrs. Gray. But she was no longer Mrs. Gray to Dorothea—she was mother.

Two happy women stepped off the train at Rockford, two days later, met by Mr. Smith. He had received the telegram sent by Dot and was indeed a joyful man to have his family reunited.

Hilda McCready '27

THE HEIR TO A NOTEBOOK

High in the mountains of Lower California, nestled in a niche between two huge boulders was a tiny log cabin. you could have seen through the window of this cabin just as the sun peeped over a snow-capped peak that overshadowed it, you would have seen a stalwart, iron-gray haired man whistling a merry tune and cooking an appetizing breakfast over a small shiny stove. With half a glance you could have seen that the cabin was as neat as any home. Your attention would have been attracted by the large skins, some used as carpets and others tacked to the walls to keep out the wind. As soon as the little man had finished his breakfast and cleaned up his dishes, he put on a much worn cap and jacket and shouldering a gun, walked down the narrow stony trail, leading around the forest of which he was caretaker.

The scene now changes to the lively and happy home of Rodney Grange, Greenville, Illinois. Rodney and his two sons, Martin and Jack, were sitting in the hammock, or rather bouncing about poking and pinching wholesale, when the mailman came up the walk and handed Mr. Grange a letter. All was interest, for the address was in pencil and the writing hardly legible. The postmark was Turner, California.

"Who do you suppose it's from?" asked Jack, who was two years the younger and a laughing, curly-headed lad of fifteen.

"Well, I bet it's got nothin' to do with you," snapped Martin, who was selfish and looked that way.

The letter was soon unfolded, and Mr. Grange read the following, not without some difficulty.

Dear Relations.

I am a bit lonely this summer and thinking of you people over East. I wondered if one of you woudn't like to come over in the Rockies and make me a visit. I'll pay expenses and lock out for a bit of entertainment. Hope you are well and would like to hear from you, also see one of you.

Ben

"Who's Ben?" was Jack's immediate question.

"He's your uncle," replied Mr. Grange, "he lives in the Scuthern Rockies and is a forest ranger. Would you like to go out there and visit him?"

"He can go for all I care," sneered Martin. "I'm going to have a real time this summer."

So it was decided that Jack should go and visit his uncle, Ben Grange, alias our iron-gray haired man in the tiny cabin.

The sun was just setting as two weary figures climbed up the narrow beaten trail. They had been all day surveying the forest that Uncle protected. Notwithstanding his weariness there was a merry twinkle in the eyes of the old ranger. The preceding night Jack had played a joke on him by putting damp moss in his bed. To-night he had a joke that he was going to play upon Jack. This was the usual ending of the day, these two very intimate, very unlike companions playing some kind of a joke on each other to keep their

spirits up. To-night as Jack crawled into his bunk, his bare feet touched something soft and furry. He gave a wild scream as he leaped out of the bunk and grabbed a club.

"What's the matter?" inquired Uncle Ben in a startled voice.

"Just a minute and I'll show you," said Jack thumping the bed with his club. "There, I guess that animal won't crawl in anybody's bed again!"

"An animal," exclaimed Uncle Ben.
"I wonder what it is; let's see it." Jack
pulled back the covers and grabbed at a
bunch of fur which he held up to the
light. He grinned sheepishly and, crossing the room, hung the bunch of fur on
the peg behind the door. Thus the best of
friends lived.

The next day Jack and his uncle started on the rounds in good season. They were going out behind "Jagged Peak." As the sun was warm, Uncle Ben took off his sweater and tied it about his waist, Jack followed suit. The two were talking along swapping yarns when they came to a narrow cliff. The trail ran along the cliff, so that the two did not hesitate in starting across. Uncle Ben remarked that it was a long way to the bottom of the canyon below them, at the same time he stepped on a loose stone which he sent rolling down the face of the cliff, lost his balance and started to follow the stone. Jack, who was quick of mind and of limb, jumped and caught his uncle by the sweater. The knot, tying the sweater about Uncle Ben's waist, slipped and it was only by a quick movement that he caught the sleeve. With a strong pull Jack brought his Uncle to safety.

"That sure was a narrow escape, sonny," dryly remarked the older man. "If you hadn't been right on your tiptoes, you'd never a caught me. You sure are a real hero. I'll have to send your picture to the "New York Sun," an' have them put in a speel about your savin' me from death."

"Oh please don't," begged Jack. "I didn't do anything like that. I just happened to catch you! And if I hadn't, it would have been just awful." At this the expression on Uncle Ben's face turned to one of amusement. Jack began to smile also. "You'd plague anyone at death's door, I do believe," complained Jack. "You don't have anymore feeling than a piece of rock."

"I think I must have quite a lot of feeling, then. If a rock hits you, it usually gives you something to feel," retorted Uncle Ben. "But let's be hurrying along my boy. I'll remember you saved my life and will give you a reward some day."

The days flew by, and as autumn came the two companions fitted up the camp for the winter and started down the trail to the town of Turner. Uncle Ben planned to stay in the town this winter, as, he laughingly said, he was getting old and needed someone to take care of him. Jack, much against his will, was to take the train for home. Neither spoke on the downward journey. Probably both were thinking of the moment when they would have to part. Uncle Ben went to the station with Jack and as he shook hands, his eyes filled with tears.

"Hope I will see you next summer, Jack," he said in a quavering voice, "and would like to have you write to me often."

"I certainly will," returned Jack, "I'll write and tell you everything that's happening at home." Then, as the whistle blew, Jack said a final farewell and jumped aboard the train.

Jack amused himself the best he could, but as the time wore away he couldn't help thinking of his uncle and of the many good times they had had together. He remembered the fall, from which his uncle had been saved by his own quick hands and lived over some of the thrills he had had, such as being in bed with a fur cap. Say! but wouldn't he have a lot to tell the boys back home. Maybe he wouldn't tell them about the times he'd had. He wondered how Martin would take it. He happened to think about the reward his uncle had said he was going to give him. He wondered if it would be money, or just

some old thing that his uncle had cherished and wanted him to have for a keepsake. Although it was several days before Jack arrived home, he still thought of his uncle.

Martin had gone to a Boy Scout camp and had had a fine time with hikes and fishing trips. Jack, who had had all this fun and more, was much pleased to think that his brother intending to take the best, had not chosen it.

Jack received a letter every week from his uncle, who told of different animals he had trapped and of the conversation every night in the blacksmith shop where the men gathered. Jack answered all these letters with great joy and made all the other boys envious, except Martin, who still believed he had had the best time during the summer and who wrote to a Boy Scaut in Texas.

One Saturday afternoon Jack stood on the porch steps, waiting for the mailman who was to bring Uncle Ben's weekly letter. At least Jack thought he would receive one, as he always did on Saturday afternoon. While he stood waiting, Martin came around the corner of the house.

"What'er you standing there for?" was the curt question.

"Why, I'm waiting for my letter," was the pleasant reply. "Do you care?"

"Say, cut out the smart stuff and remember who you're talkin' to," snapped Martin. "You aren't going to get any letter to-day. That old feller you write to is only an imposter of a saint."

"Don't you be so sure," replied Jack,
"Uncle Ben never fails." But Uncle Ben did fail. No letter came and Martin found firm belief to call Uncle Ben an
imposter. This state of affairs continued
for almost a month, and even Jack began
to loose hope in Uncle Ben. Maybe he had
just kidded him on about his liking him to
amuse himself; still, Jack could hardly believe this.

One afternoon a letter came, stating that Uncle Ben Grange had suddenly passed away about a month previous to this time and had left a queer package to Jack Grange, the younger son of Rodney Grange, the brother of Ben. This matter would be seen to immediately. There were also a few things left to Mr. Grange, a hundred dollars and a fur cap to Martin Grange. Jack was very excited; Martin had received one hundred dollars and a fur cap. What could Uncle Ben have left to him? It must be something valuable, as Martin had so much.

Although Jack grieved over his Uncle's death, he was very happy to learn that his Uncle had thought enough of him to leave him something valuable, as Jack thought he must have.

A few days later a good-sized box arrived for Rodney Grange. It was the legacy. The box was opened, and several neat packages lay inside. Most of them bore Martin's name. The box was almost emptied, and still Jack had received no packages. He felt a lump rising in his throat. What if there wasn't anything for him after all? Just at that moment Mr. Grange took out a very small flat package. It was for Jack. His heart leaped; it was probably money. The outside paper read, "Open in Secret." Jack's color mounted as he rushed up stairs to his room.

What could it be that he was to "Open in Secret," he wondered. As he snatched off the paper, his face fell; for he held in his hand only a shabby notebook. As he held it up, a paper fluttered from between the leaves. He stooped and picked it up. It was addressed to himself and read:

Dear Jack,

I know you will be disappointed with the appearance of your reward, but its looks deceive you. I hope you will attend to this matter with a lawyer at once.

Your ever affectionate,

Uncle Ben

"What did it all mean?" wondered Jack. He read the note again. His eyes fastened on the phrase, "It's looks deceive you." Jack then began to turn the leaves of his notebook, his eyes caught

on a single word, he stared at it, and he turned radiant with excitement. It was the most astounding word—"gold mine." There were maps of trials, papers, and recording claims. Also a note saying that the mine had been claimed in his own name.

With a wild whoop he raced down the stairs, waving the notebook above his head.

"Look, Dad, see what I've got!" fairly screamed the excited boy.

"Pooh! is that all? See what I've got," and Martin presented himself, clad in buckskins, topped off by a rich-looking fur cap.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Is that all your dear uncle gave you?" sneered Martin. Jack turned and gazed at his overbearing brother.

"Who cares?" retorted Jack. "I've got a 'gold mine!" and the words fairly rang. Then at the surprised face Martin made, "The Heir to a Notebook" laughed merrily and quoted: "He who laughs last laughs best."

Frances Keyes '28

THE LURE OF THE CANVAS

A circus which had been playing many towns was making preparations to leave the town of Bangor for its next stop, which was at Portland. Arriving at that city, the manager of the company discovered that two of the performers were absent, Fred Shay, the clown, and Mary Gilbert, the wire walker. The manager knew that these two were sweethearts, and no attempt was made to find them.

Fred and Mary were married at Bangor by Rev. P. R. Thomas, on the twenty-first of September. They decided that they would not go back to the circus, but would stay in Bangor and keep house.

Fred got a job as salesman for the Mutual Life Insurance Company, in which he was making good. Nevertheless, he was far from being satisfied with his work.

They had been married only three weeks, when they both wished they were back in the tent world again. The lure of the canvas was strong in them both.

Monday of the third week Fred came into the house and said, "Mary, dear, I will not be home until Wednesday. I have been ordered to Portland by the manager of the company."

"I shall miss you terribly, dear," said Mary. "I shall count the minutes until you return to me."

Fred made preparations for the journey. With his traveling bag packed, he left for the trip.

Wednesday came at last, and Mary was preparing the mid-day meal. The biscuits were placed in the oven to bake. Soon there came a knock at the door.

On going to the door Mary found that it was a book-agent; she knew trouble was near at hand. She talked with him for nearly an hour. As she was returning to the kitchen, she found that the dinner had burned to a crisp brown. This was too much for her. She sat down and cried until she could weep no more. It was not long before her mind began to dwell on the days of the circus, and the good times she had had. This had a tendency to make her feel that she was all alone and her loneliness began to break down her will power.

A voice seemed to say, "Go back, go back!" She knew it was the canvas that was calling her. After packing her things, she wrote a note for Fred, which read:

Dear Fred,

I am very sorry, for I know that I could never be satisfied with things as they are going for us at present, especially the housekeeping part.

I hope you will be able to forgive me for what I am doing, as I never can do so myself. As strong as my love is for you, I can not think of the grind of keeping house.

I will see you again, where we will both be happy in each other. My thoughts will always be of you.

Mary

Placing the note on the desk, she made ready to go to the circus, which she believed was playing in Portland.

Arriving at Portland, she found that they were playing in Augusta. The next train did not leave for two hours. She arrived at Augusta the next morning.

Seeing the manager, who was a jolly fellow, he told her she could come back, provided that she would not leave for two years. The contract was signed, and she took her place again as the "Masked Lady."

A little practice that afternoon and she was ready for the night's performance. During the show she tried to think who could be taking Fred's place. Soon she saw the one who was dressed in Fred's costume, quite the same build as Fred.

After the show was over for the night and Mary was going to her tent, the clown whom she had watched was with her.

"Have you been in a circus before?" he asked. "You surely did wonderful."

"Yes," she said, "I have been with one before; in fact, I just left this one about four weeks ago."

"Why did you come back, may I ask?"

"I could not think of anything else but the circus and the many friends whom I had here. I also have other reasons of my own, which I care not to tell at present."

The clown could stand it no longer. Taking her in his arms he told her that he was sorry he had left her alone. She told him that she, too, had come back, for she had returned for the same old life.

"I know, Fred," she said, "everything will be all right now and we shall be happy here together."

William Lowell '27

THE SKHING CONTEST

The next morning after the midwinter skiing event all the fans in Bern, Switzerland were talking about the result of yes, terday's contest. Every one was looking forward with great interest to the next Friday, when Tom Henderson and Fred Jackson would contend for the medal.

The field where the contest took place was about a mile from the city. It was a large field surrounded by fir trees with the mountains rising in the distance. There was at one end of the field a large hill which made a very good place for the skiing contest. Near the bottom of the hill a jump had been made, over which the boys skiied and jumped as far as possible. The length of their jumps was measured from the bottom of the jump to the spot where the end of their skiis landed.

As Tom and Fred had tied at the end of the preliminary contest, they were chosen as contestants for the final event, arranged for the next Friday.

Fred was a tall slim fellow liked by all the boys. He had blue eyes, a fair complexion, and curly hair. Fred did not want to go against Tom in the contest, because he knew the kind of fellow Tom was and he had never liked him. Fred could clearly remember the day Tom took a rubber ball from a small boy and would not give it back. The smaller boy had cried for the ball and he took it away from Tom and had given it to the boy. From that day to this Tom and Fred had never been friends.

Tom was a large heavy boy with a rough-looking face and dark unkept hair. His eyes were blue and always looking for something to do that would harm some one. Tom's very few friends were only those who liked the same things he did. Fred had a keen desire for skiing. He was fair and would not try to cheat anyone. Tom was different; he would not help anyone else to win and would cheat if there was any possible way.

Fred had come to the conclusion that since he had been chosen he must do his best. The days that followed were long hours of practice. Fred's friends cheered him on and helped him to keep up courage. When Fred was going out to practice the second night, he met Tom just a little way from the field.

"Been practicing up, have you?" asked Tom.

"Just keeping in practice a little," replied Fred.

"Well I haven't been practicing yet and I think I can come as near winning as you," sneered Tom.

"The closer we are, the more exciting," answered Fred.

"I suppose you think you are funny and that you are going to win; but if I have anything to do with it, you won't," snapped Tom.

"I can but do my best," replied Fred rather coolly and Tom, finding that Fred would not argue with him, walked off. Fred and Tom did not meet again during the week to have much conversation. But they both went out to practice with the coach and both proved very skillful.

Thursday, the day before the carnival, arrived, Tom had not done very well at practice the night before and the coach had given him a talking to. Tom didn't like it, either, and Fred noticed that when ever he was near Tom he gave him looks that were almost killing. Tom whispered to a boy standing beside him as Fred passed in going to class, "I'll get him; he thinks he is smart." What was Tom going to do? What did he mean? Fred could not understand.

That night Tom seemed in a hurry to see Albert Jones, a close friend of his, and they went out of the school building together. As soon as they were outside, Albert asked, "Well, what is on your mind, Tom?"

"Are you afraid Fred is going to beat you tomorrow?"

"No, I'm not so very afraid of that, but I would like to get even with him," replied Tom.

"Out with your plan, then," ordered Albert.

"Are you really willing to help me?" asked Tom. Albert nodded his head, so Tom went on, "Tomorrow after the first part of the contest we are going to have a rest; that is when I want you to do your stuff. Fred will probably leave his skils

during that time. Make believe you are looking at them and cut his strap almost through. Then it won't take much to break it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but what good is that going to do you?" asked Albert.

"Well, when he goes over the jump, the strap will break. He will be unable to finish the contest," replied Tom rather pleased about his unfair plan.

"All right, I am willing; I never liked Fred anyway," responded Albert. The boys parted at the corner, and Tom went home whistling as if he had already won the contest.

The next morning proved a splendid day for the carnival. The sun was shining and the trees and ground were all a sparkle in the bright sun light. Fred was up early and thinking of what he had heard Tom say the day before at school and if he was going to play any of his unfair tricks on him.

At two o'clock that afternoon all the fans gathered at the field. Fred felt quite nervous, but he could not understand why. Tom was at ease because he knew Albert would not fail him.

At last it was time to begin. Tom was first, and his jump measured thirty feet. Fred's jump was thirty and a half feet. So it went until the rest of the period, first one ahead and then the other. Fred led at the rest period with thirty-one and one half feet.

During the rest period Albert went to the skils and when no one was looking cut the strap.

Tom began the second period with a jump of thirty-three feet. Fred got his skiis, put them on, and did not notice the cut. He was already to start and his friends were cheering him when McMann, the coach, screamed, "Jackson, what is the matter with your ski?" At once Fred looked at his ski and then looked right at Tom.

"You thought you were going to hurt me, didn't you?" asked Fred. Tom made no reply, but Fred knew by the look on his face that he had something to do with the straps.

In a short time it was fixed. Fred set his teeth and made up his mind he would show Tom Henderson that he wasn't the only one who could skii. His jump marked thirty-six feet. The crowd cheered loud and long. As Tom was unable to do better, Fred was made victor of the day.

Fred's friends lifted him upon their shoulders and carried him about the field amid the cheering crowd. When the cheering was over, McMann presented Fred with the medal. Tom left the field and was seen no more that day. Fred went home proud of his medal which he knew he had won fairly.

Jennie Woodbury '30

THE MYSTERY OF MARY

One dark night while the wind and snow were blowing with terrific speed, and the thermometer had dropped to twenty degrees below zero, along a dark street in the city of Boston there hurried a young man. He turned onto High street, where he walked faster, as the wind seemed colder and stronger. He came to a large brown building, quickly ascended the stairs, and entered the front door without knocking.

As he passed into a dimly-lighted room and removed his heavy fur coat and cap, one could see by his erect figure that he had been in a training camp. He was about twenty-seven years of age with beautiful brown eyes and dark hair. He was medium height and weight and his clear cut features wore a set, determined look. He crossed the room to a table, where there sat an old lady, knitting.

"Any news yet, Mother?" he asked anxiously.

"Not as yet, my son," she replied, laying aside her knitting and looking up at him.

"I tell you, mother, I can't stand it any longer. I am going to hunt Mary up."

As Lloyd Martin spoke, he was restlessly pacing the floor. Mary Royce had been his sweetheart. She had gone to Ohio State Normal School a year ago to become fitted for a teacher. She had never returned, nor had she written him. She had run away from home when she was fifteen years of age and gone to Boston to live with her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Rand.

The next day found Lloyd Martin taking the first train bound for Cleveland. After two days and two nights of worry and uneasiness, he reached his destination. Tired and nervous from worrying over Mary, he decided to take a small cottage just outside the city, called Riverside View. As there were only a few other cottages near, Lloyd perceived that his new home would be quiet

The next morning he started his search. He decided to go first to the Normal School which Mary had attended. He passed a little cottage on his way to the city, in which there was a girl singing sweetly. He stopped for a moment, but hastened on as he thought of Mary.

He was informed on visiting the Normal School that Mary Royce had left a week ago, giving no reasons. He continued his unfruitful search for a fortnight. Each day that he had passed the little cottage he had heard the girl singing, but had never seen her.

Inside the cottage was a girl of about twenty-two. She was tall and slender, with golden hair and blue eyes. Her name was Mary Royce. She was dressed in a blue linen dress that matched her eyes. As she entered a small bedroom, she carried a bowl of broth. On the bed lay a man of sixty-five, with white hair and eyes like Mary's. He was very thin and pale.

"Here is your dinner, Father," she said, drawing a small table up to his bedside and setting the bowl upon it.

The old man sat up in bed and took the broth from the table while his daughter seated herself by his bedside.

"How do you feel today, Father?" she asked anxiously.

"Not as well as usual," he replied looking at her with affection in his eyes, "I have been worrying quite a bit of late about your leaving school, Mary, It wasn't right. I am going to tell you something now that you should know, as I fear I shall not live much longer. When your mother was living, she desired that you become fitted for a school teacher, and watched your school work carefully from the first grade until the time when she died. These were her dying words, "Be sure that Mary becomes fitted for a teacher." Then you become dissatisfied with your home and ran away, I did not endeavor to induce you to return, as much as I missed you, because I knew your aunt could bring you up right and give you a good education as well. Oh, Mary, why did you ever leave Normal School?"

Mary was quietly sobbing now. How unselfish and kindhearted her father had been!

"When I read in the paper that you were sick, I had to come to you. I had not seen you since I had run away and I felt ashamed, so I thought I might earn your forgiveness if I cared for you through your illness."

She was sobbing bitterly now. The old man had lain back on the bed. As Mary wiped her eyes and looked up at him, she saw him close his eyes and gasp. He was dead!

The next morning was Monday and Lloyd started out very early on his last search for Mary. As he passed the little cottage, he did not hear the usual singing. He stopped and listened. What he heard made him turn and start for the cottage. Entering, he saw a girl with her head buried in her arms, sobbing as if her heart would break. On the bed there lay a man. Lloyd could see in an instant that he was dead.

"I beg your pardon," he began. "I thought perhaps-

He stopped short and gave a half wild cry as Mary lifted her head. She too was surprised and glad.

In an instant he was at her side. He folded his arms about her and she cried softly for a few minutes. Then she



wiped her eyes and told him her story. When she finished, she was crying softly again. He told her how he had searched for her for weeks. "And to think," he added, "that you should be living right here beside me all the while."

The next day they were to have her father's burial. As she was putting his clothes away, a paper fell from his pocket. She picked it up and found it to be a will. He had left all his earthly possessions to her: ten thousand dollars and a large cattle ranch in the West.

After the funeral, Lloyd took Mary back to Boston. She expressed a wish to see her aunt, and not bearing to lose sight of her again Lloyd accompanied her there. After her visit to her aunt's, Lloyd took her to his home where she was received with open arms by Mrs. Martin.

Lloyd and Mary were married very soon. After staying at his home for two months, they left for Colorado to live on the ranch which had been left to Mary.

Hattie M. Stewart '30

Poetry

BACKWOODS HOSPITALITY

Come right in here, stranger, Shake off the snow and sleet. It's a right smart spell of weather That would have this blizzard beat.

Just set your gun in the corner, If you ain't too cold and stiff; And I'll have supper ready In less than half a jiff.

You think you can't stay, stranger? Well, you won't go on to-night; When a storm like this is brewing, You'll stay right here or fight.

You're hunting bear? I thought so. Whew! hear that blizzard blow! I reckoned you'd be coming When I see this fall of snow.

Hear that wind a howlin! This sure is an awful night. There now, supper's ready; Set up and have a bite.

You tramped clear in from Crommett's On the trail of that pesky bear? And slept three nights in a blanket, The snow, and the open air?

You didn't get him, stranger? Here, have another cup. You'd better take it, stranger, It'll warm your insides up.

You got that bear! you got him! Well, now, I'm glad of that; I heard that shooting, stranger, And wondered where 'twas at.

Sure, help yourself to the bacon And anything else there is; It ain't much of a layout, But there's plenty such as 'tis.

You think you'll be movin'? Say, stranger, look at me. Look me over careful And tell me what you see.

And feel that muscle, stranger. I'm old but fairly stout, And when a storm like this is brewing You ain't agoin' out.

So sit right down by the fire, For that's your only choice; I've waited six months, stranger, For the sound of a white man's voice.

Well, this shore's been a pleasant evening; I,ll show you where to lay. You can bunk when you're ready, stranger, But I'm goin' to hit the hay.

Ira Hall '30

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THE CLASS OF '27

Twas on one bright September morning Everyone seemed glad and gay; All except a bunch of freshies, Walking slowly on their way.

We had heard the seniors tell us
What a look our faces wore,
But we heeded not these wise men,
Which made them feel quite sore.

They told us they would catch us, And so the story goes, They caught us and they hazed us And told us all our woes.

The first year then was over— You can bet we felt relieved. We were then quite smart and knowing, We were "It"—so we believed.

But our classmates all kept leaving, And before the year was done Our attendance had diminished Down about to thirty-one.

The beginning of the third year Seemed to us a joy divine; Working one and all together, Trying not to break our line.

We had mastered many hardships, True, the third year brought us more, 'Till finally we conquered; The third year then was o'er.

We gave the teachers many trials, But still they helped us through, And we thank them very kindly For the things they tried to do.

Our class seemed still progressive As the fourth year had begun, And all hoped we would graduate, Yes, every single one.

Our classmates all were very dear At sports, at work, or play; They studied, too; the time was near For graduation day.

Page Thirty-eight

We were not only known for marks, But everything in fine. Some certainly did a wondrous job In the matrimonial line.

Some students like to spread their fame, There, too, we've done quite well; We have some fine musicians And some real sports, I must tell.

I think I've praised our class enough, Though not at all too much. But just the same I think I'll stop Before I get in dutch.

Well here's good luck to all of us,
May we all graduate;
And give our places, much beloved,
To the class of Twenty-eight.

Andrew A. Stewart '27

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The sun was sinking swiftly And I carried full my pack; I trudged on down the mountain, On the trail down to the shack.

The thermometer had fallen slowly, And as I trudged on down the hill, My lungs began to smart and pain, My feet commenced to chill.

My breathing came in frozen gasps, As the air was growing cold. The sun had just gone out of sight, And the day was getting cold.

While I trudged down the mountain, In my heart was hope and fear, Thinking of the home ones That I always loved so dear.

I had gone up in the frozen north, I had staked myself a claim, I had worked so honest day by day, That I anon had won a name.

I found rich diggings in my claim, And had washed and hid the gold. But I dug there for a long, long time, And the claim was getting old.

I had other thoughts upon my mind, The thoughts were of my home, And a wife and child that loved me so When I was forced to roam.

So I sold my claim to another man, He badly wanted the same. I wasn't the kind to ban And put down another man's name.

I had my shack in the valley, Where I stayed after washing gold. It was an old distorted place, But it really wasn't cold.

As I came in sight of the cabin, I began to pick up hope; I got to the cabin and entered, And went to the wall for my poke.

I got the rest of my gold together, And stowed it away in my pack; The wind and snow had began to blow And cover my snowshoe track.

Three days and it would be Christmas, I thought of the child so dear, And knew that she expected me, As Christmas was so near.

So I ate my meal and was on my way
In the wind that whirled the snow;
"Twas the thoughts of the child that drove
me on,
Expecting me with gold.

It happened three days later, Some men found him where he lay. He was frozen stiff with a smile on his lips That glorious Christmas Day.

Lawrence Curran '30

SCHOOL DAYS

What makes us have to go to school?

It is a dreadful task.

No other problem set before me,

The answer I would ask.

The early years of our life
We spent in going to school;
The teacher our hammer,
Our books the only tool.

All through these years of life
The minutes and hours we spend,
Trying to win in the strife
Fame and success without end.

The sun that shines above us, The green hills and the lea, The warblers in the forest, That is the life for me.

But another voice keeps calling
If you are a truant boy;
The birds, the bees, the sunshine,
They alone don't bring you joy.

So go to school and do your best, And to your lessons tend; If you want to get on in life, And win success in the end.

Iris M. Getchell P. A. '28

GENERAL SCIENCE WONDERS

"What does the radio mean to you?"
Said Mr. Porter one day.
Miss Waters began to shiver and shake 'Cause she didn't know what to say.

Then he called on Bailey and Boynton
But not a word did they say.
He gave them one look that was awful
And said, "I wish you'd surprise me some
day."

Then he called on young George Gardner, Who very quickly thinks Gardner said, "I—its—its a box With dials and knobs and things."

Mr. Porter looked awful troubled And scratched his nose a bit. He gave us one frightful stare And onto us he lit.

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"Do you ever plan to study?
Or is your brain too weak to learn?
If you should study a bit each day
Do you think it would do any harm?"

I think he looses his temper More than he really should You know we really do study But it doesn't do us any good.

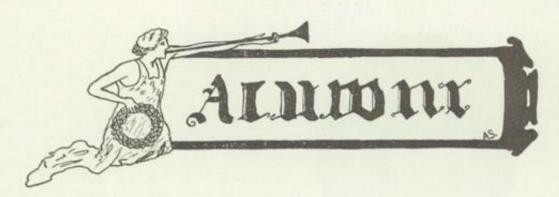
Yvonne Violette P. A. '30

A SONNET

Soon we shall part from old P. A. To struggle in that game of life. We know not what the world will say;
We care not for the strife.
There always will be one thing clear
That we'll remember when we're gone,
For none of us will forget the year
When graduation day did dawn.
We know not that you'll miss us,
We cannot read your mind;
Still never will we make a fuss
As we are always kind.
We hope that you will let us say
Keep up your work for old P. A.

William J. Lowell '27





Being unable to publish a complete directory, we wish to note the following changes in address:

Abbie Batchelder, Siston, Washington. Velmont Sipprelle, Woodland, N. H. Winnie Brown, New Orleans, La. Carrie Cooper, Gardiner, Maine.

Dove Chapman, 116 Ash St., Lewiston, Me. Alice Walker, 109 Petersboro St., Boston.

Mary Lonergan, Manchester, N. H. Beryle Palmer, 97 Gainsboro St., Boston.

Sadie Corliss, East Millinocket, Maine. Mrs. Carl Mitchell, Oakfield, Maine.

Marion McCourt, Derby, Maine.

June Webb, Mattawamkeag, Maine.

Don Stimpson, Masonic Temple, Portland, Maine,

Jane Nevers, Portland Maine.

Hubert Nevers, St. John, N. B.

Hugh Cunningham, Bangor, Maine.

Clare Cunningham, Limestone, Maine.

Beulah Downing, Caribou, Maine. Clifford Stimpson, Houlton, Maine.

Alfred Rowe, Mars Hill, Maine.

Bernice Main, Lincoln, Maine.

Philena Mitchell, Patten, Maine.

Thelma Hatt, Patten, Maine.

June Birmingham Bragdon, Sherman Mills, Maine.

Gilbert Brown, Bangor, Maine. Doris Kilgore, Patten, Maine. Andrew McCourt, Patten, Maine. Julia Mariner, Thomaston, Conn. Class of 1926

Dorothy Cunningham, student at Farmington Normal School, Box 728, Farmington, Maine.

Laural Davis, Post Graduate Course, Patten Academy.

Ira Drew, at home, Patten, Maine.

Paul Foss, laborer, Patten, Maine.

Barbara Harnden, at home, Patten, Maine.

Luella Mitchell, student at Maine School of Commerce, 211 Union street, Bangor, Maine.

Charlotte Robbins, at home. Grindstone, Maine.

Herbert Robbins, at home, Grindstone, Me.

Annie Roberts, student at Farmington Normal School, Box 728, Farmington, Maine.

Cedric Rowe, laborer, Patten, Maine.

Ethelind Scott, student at Eastern State Normal School, Castine, Maine.

Arthur Shean, Post Graduate Course, Patten Academy.

Roy Shean, Lambda Chi Alpha House, University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Ex-1926

Lawrence Beattie, student at Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Maine.

Clifford Willett, at home, Mount Chase, Maine., R. F. D. No. 2.

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ELEAROR BERULE PALMER

97 Gainsboro Street Boston, Mass. Feb. 28, 1927

Louise Messer My dear Miss Messer:

It gives me great pleasure to send my little contribution for The Mirror, and hope it will meet with your approval.

Wishing you all success, I am

Very cordially yours,

Eleanor Beryle Palmer

SUCCESS, POPULARITY AND ACHIEVEMENT

Success, as estimated by the majority of people, consists merely of arriving at some particular goal which strikes the popular fancy, resulting in newspaper writeups, and the glamouring praises of a fancy-swayed public.

This is popularity. But that man who would become truly successful is the one who can pack away his clippings and flowery biographies in the bottom of his old dusty trunk, and pushing praises to the background of his mind, forgets self

glory, and immediately gets down to the grind of hard work, in order to improve himself and grow.

The only satisfaction, derived from sorrows and disappointments through our own hasty judgment and lack of wisdom, is that they furnish to us hard and sharp practical experience. After tears, regrets, and many knocks we reach the conclusion that we must weigh our thoughts, motives, and acts, thus in the kindly consideration of others, insuring our only hopes for happiness.

We find there is an indomitable law of action and reaction, the higher law of compensation. We cannot escape this higher law which is Principle, and is absolute.

The world, and everything in and around it, is forever pushing onward; restlessness is often the symbol of progress. Growth and progress sometimes make their most rapid strides during our darkest moments. Any great and noble achievement comes through struggle and often beclouded and hopeless-looking efforts.

Thus, great dreams become living realities, through constant application of high ideals year after year, coupled with optimism, faith in God, love of fellowmen, and a dogged perseverance and independence.

Every boy and every girl who has been graduated from, or attended Patten Academy has great occasion for deep gratitude. Grateful for the high ideals and standards which are set forth and held aloft year after year by the Faculty, Superintendants, the School Board, and others in authority connected with the institution.

My heart goes out to Patten and to its schools, and may all its students for years to come, strive to hold aloft its banner of high ideals, clean living, and worthy aims, thus making the world glad that there is a State of Maine.

Eleanor Beryle Palmer P. A. '12 Organist with Capitol Symphony Orchestra Everett, Mass.

PERSONAL

We take pleasure in publishing the following excerpt from "The Boston Herald," knowing that it will be of interest to the Alumni:

PEERLESS GROUP OF MUSICIANS AT CAPITOL

"Music is the foundation of the theatre and to this end the management of the Mark Capitol made a study of symyhony orchestras and banded together a prominent group of artists.

"Eleanor Beryle Palmer is the reason behind the organ concerts which have grown so in popularity. Miss Palmer is a graduate under the late Carl Faelton of Boston. She studied organ with Roy France, the organist at Lowe's State, Boston, and is a former pupil of Lloyd Del Castillo at the Metropolitan theatre. She was a composition student under Stuart Mason of the New England Conservatory.

"Miss Palmer has earned her education by playing and doing concert and recital work and has made several successful concert tours through New England and New York state. She was one season with Hoffman's orchestra composed of New York Philharmonic musicians and traveled one season with the Boston Orchestral quartet. She has played in most of the Boston theatres and is looked upon by musical critics as one of the most promising of the young organists in the vicinity of Boston. Her home is at Patten, Maine."

11 Marlborough Street Boston, Mass. Feb. 27, 1927

My dear Miss Messer:

It is a great pleasure to me to contribute this bit of verse by way of those memoried days when, assembled in the Old Academy, we heard the subject of this poem read from his scattered pages the thoughts which he evolved mid the lone-liness and seclusion of his arid existence.

Hunter Davis was a unique character, and now, after these many years, his story is probably but a fading memory, limned against the dark background of an unknown and unrevealed past. It may interest your readers to know that, after a good deal of delay, the manuscripts of our late Hermit friend were rescued from their obscurity and are now in my possession. It would greatly delight me, if at some future time, through the efforts of those of us who knew Hunter Davis, his poems, many of which have real literary merit, could be printed and preserved in permanent form.

This is my message, if so it may be called, for the Alumni Department of the Patten Academy Mirror.

Sincerely yours,

Benjamin Collins Woodbury 1900

TO HUNTER DAVIS

Within your hermitage, alone, outcast,
Estranged of God and ostracized of men;
Within your squalid hut—a prison pen—
What secret sin or sorrow bound you fast
And made you cynic and iconoclast?

Is loneliness more sweet than faithless bed Within the cruel world from which you fled—

Renouncing love for solitude's cold blast?

We touch each other's hands in passing by; And oft, beneath the mask assumption wears,

As larks that singing upward mount the sky,

The soul its face of truth uncovered bears. So in your eyrie, swept by passing wings, You may have seen and heard seraphic things.

Benjamin Collins Woodbury

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Mattanawcook Academy Office of the Principal C. A. Robbins Lincoln, Maine

March 12, 1927

Miss Louise Messer English Department, Patten Academy Patten, Maine

Dear Miss Messer:

I have just "struck off" a few random thoughts that may be of use to you in The Mirror. I surely hope you will have a fine number and that you will come through financially as you have late years.

With best wishes, I am

Most truly yours, C. A. Robbins

THIRTY YEARS AFTER

How many Principals of Patten Academy do you remember and who was the first one? Careful now, or you will be caught. Being a mere man, I do not care if I am. So let's begin:

We start right into the twilight zone. Do we really remember that Mr. Kendall or Mr. Harding or Mr. Byran was the first or do we recall them from hearing older people tell us about them, and about Old Patten Academy in the days when they were the respective and also respected heads of the school? For the life of me I can not tell the order in which they served. I did not go to the Academy durthe administration of any one of them, but I well remember the names and appearances of those men.

Perhaps Mr. Kendall served first—a tall, thin man with a dark mustache. I will venture that he was a good scholar and was interested in the affairs of the government in his day, because I well remember attending the "Debating Club," I think they called it the Audubon Society. Lore Rogers will set you right in the matter of the name, because he took part in the debate. I think his old friend, Loammi Scribner, led the debate on the opposite side. Mr. Kendall was "critic and censor." After the war of words had ceased, he

would raise his lanky six-foot frame into space and tell the participants of their errors and failures. This must have been a helpful adjunct to the school. I know it inspired in me a love for debating that has never left me in all the long years and the short years since that time.

If Mr. Byram was next, I remember him as the Bowdoin athlete who would wrestle, box, or snow-ball with the best of them and could beat them all at their own game. He had to travel high, wide, and lively to do this because most of the following "huskies" were in the Academy at that time: "Ed" Rogers, "Al" Rowe, "Bill" Waters, Fred Hall, from the Waters Road; Ivan Finch, Omar Cunningham, from Finch Hill; the Gardner Boys and the Gifford Boys, from the village; the Brown Boys and Savage Boys, from "dog corner;" Harry Robbins, Arthur and Levi Blake, and the Cunningham Boys, from the "upper end" of the town. The school in those days must have numbered about seventy students, and I have omitted many of the "iron men," but you could get a good football team from those I have named. Yes, Sir, Brain and Brawn prevailed in the days when Mr. Bryam was Principal of Patten Academy.

The next name that comes rushing into my mind is Mr. Harding. I do not recall any outstanding incidents during the "Harding Administration." I do recall that he was a very satisfactory man "to look at" and that he had a reputation for being a good scholar.

Hill? Yes, surely, a Mr. Hill was once at the head of the school. And Scott, John Scott was a local lawyer and he taught for a year or two. Perhaps I am wrong, but I have a vague recollection of some slight school trouble during the administration of these two men. Nothing serious in all probability. Anyone interested in the particulars might get the address of Hadley Brown and ask him about it. Hadley was not a local Sunday School teacher at that time. However, he stuck to achool awhile longer, joined the Army during the Spanish-American War,

and later was very successful in the shipbuilding industry. His brother, Curtis, ranked as one of the best students of his time in Patten Academy. I would place Curtis Brown, Loammi Scribner, and Lore Rogers among the best students of those days.

Next? Well, my memory may be at fault but I will guess that "Tom" Burr followed John Scott as Principal of Patten Academy. I may be wrong, but of this I am certain: Thomas Burr was principal of the school when I entered. Mr. Burr was a young man just out of Bowdoin College when he came to Patten. I liked him from the first. I was sorry when he left Patten to become Principal of Old Town High School, and whenever I meet a man who knows "Tom" Burr I inquire with great eagerness for his health and happiness. When I knew him first, he was young and had a keen and sympathetic understanding of the boys and girls who came to his school. I think Mrs. Wiggin was his assistant, and she was a very capable one. She showed a fresh kid by the name of Robbins his place in the school and he kept it-pretty well. I do not recall whether Laura Burns, Bill Finch, or Nina (Smith) Potter was teaching the "Grammar School" up-stairs, but I feel sure that one of the three was in charge at that time. It is a pleasure to me to-day to look back upon those old school days when "Tom" Burr was Principal. I think that Mr. Burr is a practicing physician in Lisbon Falls at present. I hope he is enjoying the health and prosperity which he richly deserves.

We must pass on to the next. Mr. Burr was in Patten two years, and his successor was George W. Shay, another Bowdoin man. It seems to me that all the Principals of the nineteenth century were men from the old college at Brunswick. I think Mr. Shay was a good scholar. I well remember that he was a good penman. It was a pleasure to read his writing. The writer was a central figure in an experience that was not so pleasant as scanning the principal's hand-

writing. Misdemeanors, insubordination, and insolence must not be tolerated in the schoolroom. I had been guilty of one and perhaps all of these errors, and I was thrashed right soundly "before the whole set school to boot." I was sulky and thought only of revenge, but I got little sympathy throughout the town and less than none at home. Such an atmosphere is not conducive to a rebellious spirit and Time like a gentle nurse has healed the fancied wound. To-day I would give "the old bus" to be able to take Mr. Shay by the hand and tell him that I was a wilful, mean boy and in sorrow ask his forgive-

I hated to go back to school the following fall, but both my parents said, "Go", and there was no way out of it. I was a little late for school and wore on my feet a pair of "pete larrigans"-a flat-bottomed affair, with long leather legs with rivets up the sides. To-day I look at the footwear of the boys and girls in my school and those whom I meet elsewhere and contrast it with what I had on my feet the first morning I walked-or rather shuffled-in the schoolroom over which William L. Bonney presided. As I walked up the aisle. I could almost feel him looking at me. I adjusted myself and gave him the "once over," and I decided not to throw him out. I have never regretted the decision, because-well, I am doubtful if a half dozen of the best of us could have done it. It was the beginning of a profitable school career to me and also of a friendship that has not grown less with the years. Mr. Bonney was the right kind of a "schoolmaster;" he understood youth and inspired it with a real desire for knowledge. I owe a lot to "Bill" Bonney, and I fear that he will never get his pay for the help he gave me when I needed it sorely. In 1896 I received a diploma from the Trustees of Patten Academy. I remember it was printed on a mighty poor quality of paper, but I prized it dearly because it was signed by Americus Coburn, Leroy Miles, and William L. Bonney. Keep those names in your mind, young

man and young woman; the Town of Patten is richer in many ways because those men once lived among you.

Mr. Chapman followed Mr. Bonney, then Herbert Gardiner and Mr. Merriman. I am going to leave it to some other alumnus to "carry-on" from here. Perhaps in next year's Mirror this story may be brought up to date.

> Patten, Maine Dec. 26, 1926

Dear Miss Waters,

I was much pleased with your request for a contribution to the alumni corner of The Mirror. Sad to say, any poetical inspiration that may visit me occasionally, seems to be gone on a vacation, in common with other folks at this time of year.

However, I am sending you a piece of scribbling, that I hope will fill the bill, or rather corner.

With all good wishes for the success of The Mirror, I am

> Sincerely yours, Amy B. Adams

BACK TO THE NORTH

O take me back to the North again,
Where fierce the winds of winter blow,
Take me away from gentle rain,
Back to my hills of blinding snow;
To the tossing trees and the tracks below,
To the flying sleet that I love for its cold,
Back to the North I want to go,
Back to the North where the winds are
bold.

O take me up from the level plain,
To the North where mountains glow;
Where straying foxes bark in vain,
By the shadowy edge of a world of snow,
Beneath the flaming Northern Bow,
And Orion's wheeling belt of gold.
Back to the North I want to go,
Back to the North where the winds are
bold.

A. B. A. '22





THE MIMEOGRAPH

Vol. 1 Patten, Jan. 31, 1893 No. 1

Published by the Students of Patten
Academy. Editorial Staff, Fredie Huston, Abbie Batchelder, Roland Scribner,
Mamie Rogers, Frank Webster, Ivah
Woodbury.

EDITORIALS

Last year the Academy Student was a regular publication of the school. The scholars were interested and much benefit was derived from the paper. This year for lack of support on the part of the citizens, the Student was obliged to suspend publication. This term experiments have been made with a view to reestablishing a school journal of some description. The Mimeograph, the first copy of which is issued today, is the result. The scheme is original and practical. It remains for the scholars to take hold and make the new paper brighter, better, and longer-lived than its predecessor the Student.

The suggestion made by the supervisor on the occasion of his last visit is being followed out by the school. The Setting up Drill is practiced daily and already its effects may be noticed. It is proposed to introduce athletic exercises still more extensively before the close of the term.

LOCALS

The Arithmetic class is making good progress under the instruction of Miss Hackett.

The setting up drill is one of the best things ever introduced into the school.

Soul is blossoming as a poet.

Rope jumping is a favorite amusement at recess.

Knitting serves several of the young ladies in passing the time at noon.

We have received calls from Lore Rogers M. S. C. recently.

Four prizes have been offered this term for encouragement in writing.

Huston has arrived at the third needle in his knitting work.

Laughing has become a capital offense in school.

One of our exercises can be done beautifully by reciting the couplet "One two buckle my shoe, three four shut the door," etc. The inventor should apply for a patent.

We have enjoyed several visits from our dog called, "Capt. Jinks."

Gardner's and Huston's overshoes take frequent trips across the room.

Blake has returned to school after a brief illness.

It would be a good thing if the town would furnish rules for the geometry class.

An exhibition of an athletic nature is a future possibility.

Allen Stephens is taking charge of the fourth class in algebra this term.

The room upstairs seems to have been turned into a gymnasium.

Friday afternoons are now used for writing and spelling exclusively.

Several of the older boys have fitted up the laboratory as a study room.

PERSONALS

Julia Huntley has left school.

Miss Anderson and Miss Foss are with us again this term.

Miss Howard and Miss Bell are among the new scholars.

Stevens and Miss Hackett have excellent success as teachers.

A DAY AT ECHO LAKE

The day before we were to start on our expedition was Sunday. We were all prepared, and there was nothing to do but I am afraid it was rather unpleasant waiting. We were glad when the sun set in the west with a fine afterglow, that we considered a good omen. retired early that night to hasten the coming of the long looked for morning; how our hopes fell when we awoke to find the fog hanging heavily around the woods and hills, shutting out the light of the sun so that the air was damp and chilly. But we were not to be cheated out of cur week of fun by a little fog, so we set out in not over good spirits it must be confessed, for our happy camping grounds. The female part of the company went ahead in carriages, while the baggage followed on the two-horse buckboard with the principle part of the party. After a long ride with many delays, over a rough road that did not sweeten our tempers, we came to the road leading to the lake. for a short distance on this road, we came suddenly upon the lake in all its beauty The fog was lifting and touched the top of Sugarloaf, while down the lake it just dipped its damp feet in the water. The sun was shining as though rejoicing in its victory over the monster that spoils so many pleasant jaunts.

The buckboard soon arrived and after unloading the canvas canoe Ned was sent up to the hotel for matches. How odd that we should have forgotten the most essential part of our luggage, for without matches was to be without dinner. While he was gone we watered and fed the horses.

The poor creatures would not make good sailors, for at the mere sight of a little wave they would jump and snort with fright. How good that dinner tasted with the blue sky over our heads and the beautiful lake stretching away at our feet. After dinner, while the elders were looking for a good camping place the younger ones stayed by the lake for a swim. There is an excellent beach for bathing at this lake. The white sand extends nearly twenty rods into the lake and gives any depth one wants.

After our bath we began to carry our tents, blankets, etc., across to a point that had been chosen for camp. A very pleasant situation commanding a view of the whole lake, and covered with a growth of birch.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in pitching the tent and boughing it down, a work in which one took a part, making it more like play then otherwise. As night drew on we were quite comfortably situated, and were cooking our supper over a blazing fire. Of course we were without tables as yet, but we made a merry meal of it as we took our plates in our laps and ate with our fingers, for want of knives and forks. When the dishes were cleared away and washed, and the wipers hung on the bushes to dry, we embarked in our

light canoe for a sail by moonlight. We spent the evening in exploring the lake, calling to the echoes, and singing merry songs. We came back to camp, tired and ready to be lulled to sleep by the water breaking softly on the beach.

NOTES

The weather has been so severe lately that several scholars have been obliged to carry their dinners. After dinner the half hour of gymnastic exercise is considered more pleasant than a walk to the village.

When Friday P. M. comes and we all feel lazy after the week's work, there is nothing that will quicken the sleepy powers sooner than a good spelling match. We have therefore adopted this plan and with our writing pass away the longest afternoon of the week.

Mr. Osgood has kindly consented to print the paper for the school for very slight compensation. Mr. Osgood is a friend of every schoiar, and we should omit no opportunity to do him a good

The next issue of the Mimeograph will be on Friday, Jan. 27, two weeks from the date of the present number.





BASKETBALL

ITH but two letter men left from last year we were faced with the problem of building a team from green material. All credit is due our coach, Mr. Porter, for the manner in which the team came to the front. Our poor start spailed our chances of taking in the Interscholastic tournament at Maine but we feel justly proud of the team and of its remarkable come back. The season's summary is as follows:

We opened the season by defeating our alumni one point in a fast and exciting game. The line up:

TRANSPORT TO THE STATE OF THE S			
P.	A.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F., Kilgore	4	1	9
L. F., Birmingham	3		6
C., Scribner	1		2
R. B., Fenimore	5		10
L. B., Wood	0		0
	13	1	27
Alu	mni		
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B., Rowe	1		2
R. B., Foss	1		2
C., Shean	0		
L. F., Ingerson	4		8
R. F., Brown	5		10

Referee, Abbott. Scorer, Porter.

Our next game was played on our home court with Sherman and resulted in a victory for P. A. Sherman seemed to be lost and unable to find the basket while our own line up was changed making it a much smoother combination.

P. A.

	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F., Kilgore	7	1	15
L. F., Scribner	8		16
C., Fenimore	3		6
R. B., Birmingham	2		4
L. B., Wood	0		0
L. B., Bates	0		0
	20	1	41
Sherman	High		
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B., Stevens			
R. B. Patterson	2	1	5
C. Gould	1	1	8
L. F. Ingalls			
R. F. Caldwell			
	3	2	8
Referee, Nevers.	Score	r. Abb	oott.
We lost at Brownvi			
being our first game			
P.			
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Wood	2		5
L. F. Scribner	0	2	6

C. Fenimore	1		2
R. B. Birmingham	1		2 2 3
L. B. Kilgore	1	1	3
	7	4	18
Brownville	High		
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. Strout			
R. B. Porter	4		8
C. Berg	3		8 6 6 2 2
L. F. Merrill	3		6
R. F. Cameron	1		2
R. F. Emery	1		2
	12		24

Referee, Ladd. Scorer, Porter.

The following night we lost again, this time to Brownville Junction. They had a fast aggregation and knew their own court from A to Z. Capt. Scribner went big on the offense, while March was the shining light for the Junction outfit.

P.	A.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Kilgore			
L. F. Scribner	3	1	7
C. Fenimore		1	1
R. B. Wood	1	1	3
L. B. Birmingham	1		2
	5	4	14
Brownville J	anction	High	
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. Vickers	1		2
R. B. Farnum	2		4
C. Dickinson	3	1	7
L. F. March	6	2	14
R. F. Cunningham	3		6
	25		50

Referee, Roach. Scorer, Porter.

Brownville A. A. beat us out in a fast game here on our own court. The game was closely contested and interesting to watch, since the final outcome was always in doubt. They led us four goals at the half, but we evened up in the third period and were edged cut in the final period by the narrowest of margins.

P.	A.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Kilgore	3		6
L. F. Scribner	2		4
C. Fenimore	6		12
L. B. Wood	1		2
R. B. Birmingham	4	1	9
	16	1	.33
Brownvill	e A. A		
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. Cameron			
R. B. Tigue	1		2
C. Perkins	4		8
C. Merrill	4		8
R. F. McCann	5		10
L. F. Perkins	3		6
	17		34

Referee, Abbott. Scorer, Rowe.

We were beaten by Houlton at Houlton by a powerful team of veterans. Houlton was a delegate to the Maine Tournament and winners of the Aroostook League. The lineup:

P.	A.		
R. F. Kilgore	2		4
L. F. Scribner	1		2
C. Fenimore	2		4
R. B. Birmingham	2		4
L. B. Wood	1		2
	8		16
Houlton	High		
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. McClusky	2	1	5
L. B. Collins			
R. B. Chase	2	1	5
C. W. Peabody	1		2
C. Cyr	1		2
L. F. Moores			
L. F. Peabody	12		24
R. F. Dumphy	1	1	3
R. F. Varney	6		12
	25	3	53

Referee, Clough. Scorer, Porter.

We took in St. Mary's College to the tune of 35 to 10 on our own court. It was a slow game and since the record of it has been misplaced, we are unable to show the respective teams here .

Ricker Classical won from us at Houlton by a 35 to 25 score. The game was fast and Gross, Ricker's left forward was easily the star of the evening. The game:

		P. A.		
		G.	F.	T. P.
L	B. Wood	1		2
R.	B. Bates			
C.	Fennimore	4		8
L.	F. Kilgore	4	1	9
	F. Scribner	3		6
		12	1	25
		Ricker C. I.		
		G.	F.	T. P.
R.	F. McGary	4	1	9
	F. Gross	9		18
C.	Stimpson	1		2
	B. Foster	1		2
	B. Curtis	2		4
		17	1	35

Referee, Cotton. Scorer, Bishop.

We again met with defeat in a game at East Millinocket and it appears as though we are sure losers away from our own court. This game was well handled; both teams played fast ball but the home team had the edge throughout.

P	. A.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. Wood			
R. B. Rowe			
R. B. Bates	1		1
C. Fennimore			
R. F. Kilgore	3	1	7
R. F. Scribner	2		4
	5	2	12
E. M	M. H. S.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Morcane	3	2	8
L. F. McCann	2		4
C. Sheehan	3		6 2
C. E. Jandry	1	1	2

R. B. R. Jandry L. B. Brown	3		6
	19	2	27

Referee, Bouchard. Scorer, Cobb. The following night Stearns High took

us in by a scant three point margin. The game was a fast and clean game.

P	. A.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Scribner			
L. F. Kilgore	1	1	3
C. Fennimore	4	3	11
R. B. Bates		1	1
L. B. Wood			
	5	5	15
Stear	ns High		
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. McKensie			
L. B. Tibbetts	1		2
R. B. Gates			
R. B. Waite			
C. Hall	1		2
C. Michaud	2	1	5
L. F. Stearns	1	- 1	3
L. F. Danish	2	1	5
R. F. Frazer			
R. F. Siman		1	1
	7	4	18

Referee, Cobb. Scorer, Porter.

We won from Stearns High at Patten the following week in a fast and interesting game. On our own floor we presented a faster team, but Stearns kept the lead down and the final whistle found us a one point winner.

P	Α.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Scribner	4	1	9
L. F. Kilgore	4		8
C. Fennimore	3	2	8
R. B. Birmingham	2	1	5
L. B. Wood		1	1
	13	5	31
Stearns	High		
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. Tibbetts			
L. B. Hall			

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BOUS' BASKETBALL TEAM

R. B. Waite	2	1	- 5
C. Michaud	6		12
L. F. Stearns			
L. F. Danish	1	1	3
R. F. Frazer	2	1	5
R. F. Siman		1	1
	12	6	30

Referee, Cobb. Scorer, Abbott.

We won from Sherman High at Sherman by a score of 40 to 30 in an unrecorded game. The small surface and poor lighting bothered us considerably, but the win was comparatively easy and we are now breaking even with our games. Trickey handled the game in a manner which was satisfactory to all.

Our next scheduled game was with Houlton High. This time we knew we had a team almost on par with theirs and we were eager for a chance to prove it. The game was probably the fastest up to date and at the half we were tied up 19 to 19. In the second half the lead seemed from one to another, so that when the final whistle blew we were again tied. Houlton won in the over time by a single basket but the final score was in doubt to the last whistle. Varney was the big gun in the Houlton offense, while team work was Patten's feature.

T SPECIAL TO TOTAL OF			
P.	. A.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Scribner	5	1	11
L. F. Kilgore	4		8
C. Fenimore	2	3	7
R. B. Birmingham			
R. B. Bates	1		2
L. B. Wood	3		6
	15	4	34
Hoult	on High		
L. B. Nevers	2		4
R. B. Gallop	1		2 4 2
R. B. McCluskey	1	2	4
C. Chase		2	2
L. F. Peabody	3	1	7
R .F. Varney	8	1	17
	15	6	36

Referee, Bucknam. Scorer, Abbott. We took in Merrill High School at Patten to the tune of 32 to 19. We jumped to an early lead and were never headed. Merrill suffered their second defeat in fourteen starts. The game:

P. 4	A.,		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Scribner	3	1	7
L. F. Kilgore	3	1	7
C. Fenimore	5		10
R. B. Birmingham	2	1	5
L. B. Wood	1	1	3
	14	4	32
Merrill Hig	ch Scho	ool	
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. McKee			
R. B. Fitzgerald			
C. Adams			
L. F. Pratt	5	2	12
R. F. Stevens	3	1	7
	8	3	19
Referee, Bucknam.	Scor	er, Ro	we.

Our next big game brought Ricker Classical to Patten for their return game. Now that we had begun our winning streak we were determined to annex this game also. The game was of special interest as Beattie, our star forward of last year, was in the Ricker line up. We took an early lead and at the half had a ten point margin. Beattie opened up in the last half, caging six baskets by his lonesome, but we were not to be denied and Ricker took the count 37 to 34. Beattie's floor work and shooting furnished the feature of the game while Wood proved himself an able defensive back.

P.	A.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Scribner	4		8
L. F. Kilgore	5	1	11
C. Fenimore	6		12
R. B. Birmingham L. B. Bates	1	2	4.
R. B. Wood	1		2
	17	3	37

Ricker (Classical G.	F.	T. P.	
L. B. Curtis	2	2	6	L. B. B.
L. B. Cyr				L. B. Ly
R. B. Foster	2		4	R. B. J.
C. Berry				C. Sheel
L. F. Stinson	2		4	L. F. Ro
R. F. Beattie	10		20	R. F. M
	16	2	34	
Doforco Duckness	Cann	un A	Month	77.0

Referee, Bucknam. Scorer, Abbott.

Brownville Junction was the next victim and we easily out-classed them in a fast but one sided contest. The game was slowed up unnecessarily by the whistle, but nothing could stop the home team from scoring at will.

scoring at with			
P	A.,		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Scribner	4	2	10
L. F. Kilgore	2	6	10
C. Fenimore	3	2	8
R. B. Birmingham	1		2
R. B. Bates			
L. B. Wood	3	4	10
	13	14	40
Brownville	Junetic	on	
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. Farnum			
R. B. Vickers			
C. Dickinson	2	2	6
L. F. Marsh	3	3	9
R. F., J. Cunningham			
R. F., G. Cunningham		1	1
	5	6	16
Dodana Adams	C*	Y	

Referee, Adams. Scorer, Ingerson.

"East Millinocket next" was the slogan and it became a reality. The game was fast. Excitement ran high as usual, but the string of victories remained unbroken.

P.	Α.		
R. F. Scribner	2	2	6
L. F. Kilgore	3	2	8
C. Fenimore	2	2	6
R. B. Birmingham R. B. Bates	1		2
L. B. Wood	3		6
	11	6	28

	E. M. H. S.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. Brawn		1	1
L. B. Lynch			
R. B. Jandry		1	1
C. Sheehan	5		10
L. F. Roach			
R. F. Moreane	6	1	13
	11	9	95

Referee, Folsom. Scorer, Cobb. Rowe.

Maine School of Commerce provided an hour's entertainment and another win to the Academy. The home team scored at will and were content to rest on an early lead and leaving the second half to the substitutes. Cunningham and "Gil" Brown, former P. A. athletes, were the high lights for the Commerce School. P. A. gave a fine exhibition of both offensive and defensive basketball.

P	. A.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Scribner	5	1	11
L. F. Kilgore	2	2	6
C. Fenimore	5		16
R. B. Birmingham R. B. Rigby R. B. Rowe	1		2
L B. Wood	2	1	5
L. B. Bates			
	15	4	34
Maine Schoo	1 of Com	merce	
	G.	F.	T. P.
L. B. Cunningham	1		2
R. B. Burrill			
C. Laity		1	1
C. S. Brown			
L. F., G. Brown	3		6
R. F. Marshall	1		2
	5	1	11
Water British Control of the Control	24	4 4 4	

Referee, Porter. Scorer, Abbott.

In a post- season game on March 26th, Guilford High defeated us by a single counter. Guilford came to Patten with a formidable record, they are undisputed champions of Piscataquis County, and reached the semi-finals at the Maine Tour-



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

nament by defeating Bangor. They presented a rangy outfit and although slow, their height and team work helped them to a twelve point lead at the half. In the second half Patten made a strong rally but was unfortunate in finding the basket. Birmingham played a strong defensive game for the home team, breaking up play after play while Weymouth was the bright light for the visitors. MacKechnie, the referee, handled the game exceptionally well. The summary:

P.	A.		
	G.	F.	T. P.
R. F. Scribner	2	1	.5
L. F. Kilgore	3	2	8
C. Fenimore	1		2
R. B. Birmingham	1	1	3 -
R. B. Bates			
L. B. Wood			
	-		

0.114	7	4	18
Guilfor	d High G.	F.	T. P
L. B. Evans	1	1	3
L. B. Wilson			
R. B. Maxfield			
R. B. Moody			
C. Sears	2	1	- 5
L. F. Adams	2	1	5
L. F. Evans			
R. F. Weymouth	3	1	7
	8	4	20

Referee, MacKechnie. Scorers, Johnson and MacCaffrey.

GIRLS BASKETBALL

At the beginning of the season the outlook was poor as two of the letter-women, Erdean Philpott and Frances Keyes, were unable to go out for practice, and we had no regular coach. For these reasons we lost the first three games. In spite of a poor beginning our spirits were undaunted and rose high when the two old players came back and Mr. Bucknam began to coach us. Due to his untiring efforts and the support of the "subs," we succeeded in winning the nine other games played.

THE RICKER GAME

Having been swamped by the fast Ricker sextet at Houlton, our girls entered the game with a determination to show them what we could do. Ricker gained the first point on a foul. Then, Patten shot a field goal and foul, making the score 3-1. The game continued in this manner with first Ricker and then Patten in the lead. At the end of the first half the score was 16-8. The last half proved as exciting as the first, the game ending with the score of 14-26 in our favor.

THE BROWNVILLE JUNCTION GAME

The second game with Brownville Junction, which was played on the home floor, was not a walk-away as the first had been. The Patten girls were fighting, so was Brownville. The first half ended 12-12. Both teams ran on the floor for the second half, determined to win. Brownville scored a basket immediately but was soon taken back when the P. A. girls rolled in four successive baskets. After this Patten kept the lead, winning with the score 27-38.

THE SEASON'S RECORD

Date	P. A.	Opponents	
Dec.			
9	0	Brownville	26
10	2	Brownville Jct.	27
Jan.			
7	4	Ricker Classical Inst.	14
14	27	Stearns High School	8
20	40	East Millinocket	14
27	18	Merrill High School	- 11
Feb.			
2	35	Sherman Mills	14
11	37	Merrill High School	11
14	26	Sherman Mills	2
18	26	Ricker Classical Inst.	- 14
24	38	Brownville Jct.	27
Total	253		168

INDIVIDUAL SCORES

Name 1	Position	B.	F.	P.
F. Keyes, Mgr.	R. F.	50	26	126
E. Philpott, Capt.	L. F.	39	10	88
J. Keyes	C.	17	1	35
F. Smallwood	S. C.			
W. Kyle	R. G.	1		2
E. Shaw	L. G.			
P. Downing	Sub.	1		2
R. Keyes	Sub.			

THE TEAM

Erdean Philpott, who has played three years as guard, played forward this year and deserves much praise. She has made a very good captain and started in the Millinocket game, in which she made eight baskets. The girls' team will surely miss her when she leaves this year.

Frances Keyes has played on the team one year and was "sub" the first year. She made the only points in the Ricker game and in the Sherman game made eight fouls, making a total of twenty-five points.

Jeannette Keyes played center and helped to win many games by getting the tipoff. She started in the Merrill game by securing ten points. This was her first year on the team.

Frances Smallwood played forward in the first three games. Then the coach changed her to side center. She was one of the fastest on the team and always put up a good fight. Winnie Kyle played right guard and should be congratulated on the good work in the Brownville game. The team will miss her snappy work next year.

OUR NEW SUITS

When the girls went to Millinocket on January 14, they fell in love with the Stearn's High School suits. They liked them so well that they decided to buy some similar ones. As the council could not assume the expense, the girls outlined a campaign to raise the money.

Several candy sales and a baked-bean supper brought in thirty dollars. The next week a social was held at the Grange Hall which swelled the amount five dollars more, As the time for payment was fast approaching and there was no opportunity for carrying out other moneyraising plans, the remaining sum was donated by a few generous townspeople. We wish to thank all those who aided us in anyway.

TO OUR COACH

The girls on the basketball squad wish to thank Mr. Bucknam for coaching our team, realizing deeply that he sacrified his time to help us. When we won, he was as glad as we, which showed that he was sincere and did not help us for his enjoyment.

He surely demonstrated his ability as a coach, for we won every game after he began so generously to devote to us his time and help.



Locals

Sept. 7. School opened again at P. A. with two new teachers, Mr. Floyd Abbott as Principal and Miss Madeline Miles, Commercial teacher. The registration was 95.

Sept. 16. Through the recommendation of Commissioner of Education, Augustus O. Thomas, to set aside one day of the week to commemorate the one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States, Mr. Abbott designated Thursday, September 16, on which we were to celebrate this important event.

Class-room work in both the Academy and Grammar School ceased at two o'clock, when all students gathered in the main room, for the privilege of listening to Mr. Caleb Scribner, who was to give the address.

Mr. Scribner began his speech by comparing the Constitution to a Gothic cathedral, which raised its spires to the sky, teaching men to reach for and aspire to the best and highest ideals.

He then briefly reviewed the Revolutionary War and the Declaration of Independence, out of which grew the need of a Constitution.

This was followed by a brief review of the ability, character, and fundamental principles of some of the signers of the Constitution.

In conclusion he quoted in a very inspirational manner the closing words of Daniel Webster's oration against secession, delivered in Congress on January 26, 1830, ending with the words, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Mr. Scribner made his talk unusually interesting by drawing from his extensive fund of knowledge of the early days of our country, and by interspersing the facts with anecdotes from the lives of the great heroes of that day.

The school feels very grateful to Mr. Scribner for his willingness to make the address.

Sept. 16. The annual Hare and Hound Chase was postponed becouse of rainy weather.

Sept. 17. The weather man being favorable, the much anticipated chase was held. The hares kept the hounds sniffing for the scent, but they finally picked up the trail, which led down the Island Falls Road about three miles to Reuben Hatt's, where some senior boys passed the word along that there the trail ended. Soon, however, another hare suggested that we retrace our steps for a mile, then take the road that leads to "Robbins Meadow." There we found the hares eagerly waiting us. We all enjoyed the feast of frankfurts, sandwiches, doughnuts, and coffee. Lest the Freshman should have trouble in digesting their food, they were made to run the gauntlet by the upperclass men, while the rest looked on. Games were then played until dark, everyone reporting a good time.

Sept. 25. Last night the school presented a benefit picture at the Chase Opera House. The students showed good spirit in selling tickets, about ten dollars being realized.

Sept. 27. This morning Mr. Keyes gave us a talk concerning the measles. With so many absent from school, the situation looked serious.

Sept. 29. The seniors all went on a strike to-day. So that is the cause of their remaining after school.

Oct. 1. To-night school closes for two weeks, so that the boys can help the farmers during the busy digging season.

Oct. 26. Patten Academy opens again.
All are glad to settle down to school work.

Oct. 26. Dr. Coombs of the State Department of Health talked to the boys and girls in a personal and very interesting manner on social hygiene.

Oct. 27. A hearty welcome was given Mr. Marsh, the Curtis Publishing Company representative, who came to organize our magazine selling campaign. Careful attention was paid to his remarks, which were interspersed with much humor, on the art of selling. Everyone looked forward to the last period when he promised to give a short play. No one was disappointed in the comic interpretations of the Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh scene, Washington at Valley Forge, and Abraham Lincoln and the widow, from each of which a valuable point in selling was learned.

The school was divided into three teams called Buccaneers, Sea Dogs, and Pirates. The group selling the most subscriptions was to reach the moon first and be given a revel by the loosing teams.

Oct. 28. A candy sale was held for the benefit of the Student Council.

Nov. 1. To-day Mr. McKinnie, the Swathmore Chautauqua Manager, spoke to us about the very interesting program which we were to have

Nov. 3. The magazine campaign ended to-day. The Reds and Blues being the losers, will give a party, which will take place Friday night.

Nov. 6. Last night the two losing teams of the Curtis plan gave the winning team a party, which was held at the Grange Hall. Many stunts were performed; then a lunch of sandwiches, cakes, and punch was served. The party was enjoyed by all.

Nov. 9. To-day Dr. Bible, the Swathmore Chautauqua Superintendent, spoke to us on the value of our school studies. One subject on which he spoke in particular was Latin; another, English Litrature and the merits of memorizing portions of the classics. To illustrate this point he gave very effectively a scene from "Julius Caesar." No. 11. To-day being Armistice Day, a special chapel was held at which Mr. Cornish addressed the Academy and Grammar School students. He described very vividly some of the horrors of war and said that the hope of the future lay in educating the children of the world to hate war with its terrible results and to love peace.

Nov. 12. Again the Grammar School joined us to listen to Mr. Christopher. His speech was on education. He said that many men and women go out into the world and are lost. He illustrated this by a humorous story:

One day a man went into town and said to a small boy, "How far is it to Good town?"

The reply was: "I don't know."

"How far is it to the next town?"

Again came the reply: "I don't know."
"What county is this town in?" asked
the man.

"I don't know."

"You haven't a very good education, have you?"

"I don't know," said the boy, "but I ain't lest."

Nov. 12. Swarthmore Chautauqua has come and gone, but we hope it will be with us again next year, as we all enjoyed the program and were benefited by it.

Nov. 16. Basketball practice for both girls and boys started to-day.

Preston McDowell left to-day for New Hampshire. A party was given for him last night by the Freshman Class, who were sorry to lose such an active member.

Nov. 17. Lillian Scott rejoined her classmates to-day, making a total of forty in the Freshman Class.

Nov. 17. To-day we were fortunate to have with us Dr. Taylor, a Missionary from South Africa.

He told us how white people went from the states down there to help the colored race acquire an education and teach them the work that is best suited to their needs. Dr. Taylor gave the following conversation, which was between a native and a minister:

The native said to the minister, "I have heard you preach so much about going to heaven that I have been wondering how I will be able to get my shirt on over my wings." The minister replied, "Oh, don't worry about that, your greatest problem is how are you going to get your hat on over your horns."

Nov. 24. School closed for the Thanksgiving holiday.

Dec. 4. Patten Academy played the first basketball game with Sherman High, P. A. winning with a score of 40-23.

Dec. 10. Today the basketball girls and boys left for Brownville and Brownville Junction.

Dec. 10. Mr. Waddington, a photographer from Houlton, took pictures of the school organizations, the seniors, and the faculty, to be used in the Mirror.

Dec. 13. We were glad to have Mr. Stimpson with us this morning. It seemed natural to hear him addressing the school. He told the basketball boys not to get discouraged if they were braten a few times, for they had the makings of a good team.

He really didn't know what to say about the girls' team but thought if they were as good at running on the team as they were off, they would be all right.

Dec. 23. Mr. Keyes addressed the school on behalf of the Swarthmore Chautauque, which, we are glad to say, is to be with us next year; and in the interests of the local Red Cross Organization, urging the students to help the cause by buying Xmas seals.

Dec. 24. The Fall Term ended with a Christmas tree celebration, held in the assembly hall. Before the tree was stripped of its many gifts, a short pro-

gram was given. Miss Miles played a piano solo and the school sang "Silent Night." Everyone received a gift and enjoyed the afternoon, not even allowing the merriment to be lessened by the rank cards that were handed out.

Jan. 3. The Winter Term begins.

Jan. 13. The Boys' basketball team went on a trip to Millinocket and East Millinocket.

Jan. 14. The girls' team battles Stearns High tonight.

Jan. 19. P. A. played Millinocket here last night in an exciting game, winning with a score of 30-31.

Jan. 20. The girls of the Junior Class entertained the school by singing at chapel.

Feb. 1. Preliminaries for the annual Prize Speaking Contest began this morning with the Seniors, the other classes following until all in school have delivered a selection. The local contest which, it is said, will be an inter-class affair with probably the three best speakers from each chosen, will be held in the Spring Term. This is preparatory to the quadrangular contest, in which Patten Academy will compete with delegations from Island Falls High School, Merrill High School and Sherman Mills High School.

Feb. 3. The basketball girls missed the night train for Smyrna Mills, and unwilling to give up the trip, journeyed to that town in snowmobiles, belonging to Dr. Hanson and The Katahdin Electric Company. The girls won the game with a score of 18 to 11.

Feb. 24. The afternoon was devoted to writing essays on "George Washington, A National Hero." Two prizes in gold, offered by some of the citizens, are to be awarded for the best efforts. The school feels very grateful for this incentive and interest shown by the townspeople.

March 4. Dr. Goddard, former pastor of the Chestnut Street Methodist Church of Portland, who has been the guest of the local Church, addressed us at chapel. We gained much inspiration and a broader outlook from his presentation of the present and future developments in all parts of the world.

March 21. This morning the Senior Honors were announced by Mr. Abbott: Eleanor Miles, valedictory; Winnifred Kyle, salutatory; Fred Nason, third honor; and Anita Hunter, fourth.

Prizes for the Short Story and Poetry contests were awarded: two dollars and a half to Eleanor Miles and Ira Hall, and one dollar to Alma Crocker for the second best story. Honorable mention was given to Andrew Stewart, who wrote a poem to his class.

The judges, who were Mrs. W. T. Cobb, Mrs. Charles A. Byram, and Reverend Mr. Arthur G. Christopher, found it difficult to make a decision in the short stories, of which there were a number of unusually good ones.

March 22. Mr. Keyes gave a short address to the school.

March 24. Winter term examinations are to be given today and Friday.

March 25. School closes for Easter vacation.

March 26. The Mirror goes to press.



JONNES



Mr. Abbott: "How many angles in a triangle?"

D. Scribner: "A triangle contains as many angles as sides."

Bright Scientist

Mr. Porter: "Does the color of the soil have anything to do with the amount of heat it can absorb?"

Miss Myrick: "I don't know."

Mr. Porter: "Then why do you wear a white dress in summer?"

(No answer)

Mr. Porter (turning to Curren): "Curren, why do you?"

Curren: "I don't."

Mr. Porter: "Braun, what is the keel of a ship?"

Braun: "It's the side."

Mr. Porter: "How long does it take the sun's light to reach the earth?"

Young hopeful: "Four years."

Miss Messer: "Give the definition of ferment."

D. Bates: "To work."

Miss Messer: "Now use it in a sentence,"

Bates: "In the summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the school house." Stewart: "Say, Hatt, how do you like Virginia's Wild Oats?"

Hatt: "I don't know, I never ate any."

Miss Messer: "Leave the room, Feni-

Fenimore: "Where shall I leave it, Miss Messer?"

Inquisitive person: "Where did the car hit him?"

Miss Hanson: "At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertibrae."

Hay: "Rigby has the disposition of a mule."

Straw: "Then don't talk about him behind his back."

Miss Hanson, who is drawing a figure on the board: "I can't draw that the way you said to do it."

Mr. Abbott: "Practice makes perfect."

Miss Messer: "What sort of work did Shakespeare do at first?"

Braun: "Worked on the stage as an actress."

Miss Messer: "What does Bacon recall to you?"

Birmingham, with a hungry look: "Breakfast."

Page Sixty-three

Fenimore in English: "He fell on his knees before the king and kissed—but what did he kiss?"

Miss Keyes: "Miss Shaw, what is a culprit?"

Miss Shaw: "Isn't it one of those things in which the minister stands when he's preaching?"

Mr. Abbott to Emery, who is slouched down in his seat: "What's going on downstairs, Emery?"

Emery: "I don't know."

Mr. Abbott: "I should think you would; you are almost down there."

Mr. Porter: "Miss Myrick, what is rock candy?"

Miss Myrick: "Sugar, molasses, and brown sugar."

Mr. Porter: "What does that make? Brown sugar candy?"

Mr. Porter: "Miss Stevens, what is iron? A liquid, gas, or a solid?"

Gardner (in a whisper): "Liquid." Miss Stevens: "It's a gas."

Conjugation of Allen:

Past: George Rigby. Present: Herbert Rowe. Future: We wonder.

Miss Messer: "What does elle finit mean?"

Humphrey: "She do finish."

Mr. Abbott, making a speech at a rally: "We have one of the finest coaches in the state."

(Wild applause from the school). Mr. Abbott: "Thank you."

It seems that Mr. Abbott missed his calling when he became a school teacher instead of a baseball pitcher. He throws a book with perfect control. (So Price says.)

Do You Wonder?

Why the seniors get all the lecturing?
Why "Eddie" likes the blacksmith trade?
If "Bif" is going to be a dwarf?
If Priscilla likes a certain rosie? (Rowe)

What B. Drew would do if he got less than A?

If Fenimore still rocks the cradle?

If K. Cunningbam has learned to "parleyvous?"

When Alma will get a boyish bob? If June has started to reduce?

Who is the next to get a weeks vacation? How Marse and W. Shaw would look together?

If "Del" really cares for Eleanor?

If Price will ever run down?

If the students in the advanced algebra class are dumb or just keeping their knowledge for future use?

If some of the girls on the basketball team know when the night train leaves?

If Merle Mahaney and Hattie Stewart make a pair?

If Rigby and Rowe are still good friends? If Hilda McCready will ever be skinny?

If Cora Philpott will be seen with Anthony?

If Maurice Birmingham will ever grow up?
If Susie Boynton broke all the hearts that she intended to?

If Frances Smallwood would like to live in Smyrna?

While passing a horse, Miss Scribner was heard saying, "So Boss."

Found in Examinations:

"Old Benjy was inflicted with rheumatism."

"Baccus was a French writer."

"The U. S. has washed its hands in the world court,"

"A floor talk is an oral talk given before a small ordinance."

Emery: (In Science class, looking in a pinhole camera): "I can't see anything but myself."

Porter: "You don't see much."

Page Sixty-four

Miss Messer: "What is the masculine of hen-sparrow?"

Freshman: "Crow-sparrow."

Will P. A. Ever See

Iris Getchell not trying to make "Woodie"

The seniors on good behaviour in typewriting?

Wood not fuming cigars? Nason flunking Physics?

Emery not asking questions?

Susie Boynton not looking around the room?

Merle Mahaney studying?

Stanley Wood not humming something?

Priscilla Allen not gazing at Herbert

Rowe and he at her? Jeannette Keyes smiling?

George Gardner where he belongs?

Gertrude Miles idle?

Frances Smallwood not writing letters?

Winnifred Kyle not dancing? Hilda Hanson not rolling her eyes?

Elizabeth Scribner not asking questions?

Freshmen

F is for freshness that is plentiful.

R is for rights that the Freshmen take.

E is for Emerson wide and full.

S is for basketball scrubs that take the cake.

H is for Howes who sets the styles.

M is for Miles the curly-headed sheik.

E is for Emery who in Algebra has trials.

N is for Numbsculls all and complete.

Sophomores

S is for smartness growing continually.

O is for orders of which they give many.

P is for Price who sits and laughs.

H is for Humphrey one among many.

O is for omens which the "Sophies" have.

M is for Mahaney the size of P. A.

O is for orange that with black goes,

R is for rose, Priscilla's favorite flower.

E is for Elsie a belle for beaux.

S is for Smallwood who never looks sour.

Juniors

J is for Jeannette a basketball crank.

U is for the unfortunate happening to "Lib."

N is for number although small are our ranks.

I is for Iris whom every one knows.

O is for organizations of which we have many.

R is for "Rosie", who is somebody's rose.

S is for Scribner and Shaw, who knows?

Seniors

S is for Scribner the brains of the class.

E is for Eleanor who plays the piano.

N is for Nason the business man.

I is for ignorance something we know.

O is for Orono where we will go.

R is for Richardson who plays a tin horn.

S is for Stewart a "belle fille" he has

Frances Keyes '28

E. Shaw; "How did you like the movies?" E. Scribner: "All right, but I didn't like the tragic ending."

Shaw: "What did he play?"

Can anyone tell us why Bernard Drew takes Miss Anderson and none other of the fair sex to the movies?

In Agricultural class Mr. Porter asked: "How much should eggs for setting weigh?"

Howes: "Twenty-six to twenty-seven ounces per pound."

Miss Messer: "What does hoary mean, Miss Shaw?"

Miss Shaw: "Hairy."

Pearly Emery thinks that if anyone were on top of the North Pole, he would be whizzing around so fast he would be dizzy.

Bates in French class as he looked over the first conjugation: "I don't understand those doeses."

Questions and Answers

- What kind of wood does Bob prefer? Smallwood.
- What is Laurel Davis's favorite song? "If You Knew Susie."

Jimmy and his mother were looking in the store windows for some cocoanuts. The little fellow, who was some distance ahead of his mother, shouted to her, "Oh, see, Mama, how funny they look with their hair shaved off."

His mother, coming up just then saw cantaloupes in the window.

Favorite Songs

Hilda McCready, "She Knows Her Onions." Hilda Hanson, "It Made You Happy When You Made Me Cry."

Maurice Birmingham, "Drifting and Dreaming."

Jerrold Cunningham, "It Won't Be Long Now."

Elsie Cyr, "Her Beaus Are Only Rainbows."

Phyllis Downing, "I Want To Go Where You Go."

Herbert Rowe, "I Went To The Animal Fair."

Frank Fenimore, "Idolizing."

Ivory Guptill, "All By My Lonesome."

Priscilla Allen, "He's My Rosie I'm His

Joe Braun, "Oh The Farmer."

Eleaner Miles, "Sometime."

Archer Scribner, "Hard To Get Gertie."

Firth Smallwood, "Where'd You Get Those Eyes."

"Bill" Lowell, "High, High, High Up On The Hill."

Paul Cunningham, "I'm Just Wild About Animal Crackers."

Favorite Expressions

Phyllis Downing: So's this. Winneford Kyle: Hi there! Stanley Wood: Is that right? Firth Smallwood: Really! Jeannette Keyes: Ma said— Erdean Philpott: Honest? "Bob" Richardson: Sure! Frances Keyes: All right!
Hattie Stewart: Good-night!
Elizabeth Shaw: Gracious!
Gertrude Miles: Oh, dear!
Elizabeth Scribner: Isn't that wild!
Jennie Woodbury: Heavens to Betsy!
Audrey Patterson: Oh Mamma!
Manley Kilgore: That's keen!

We Suggest that the Student Council Purchase:

A pair of stilts for Warren Shaw.

A loud speaker for Charlene Vickery.

An ear trumpet for Mr. Abbott.

Seats that won't come off the floor for Leon Bates and George Wheaton.

A book of answers for Pearley Wheaton. A spring cushion for Delmont Bates, so

that he will exemplify perpetual motion.

Dancing lessons for Herbert Rowe, so that

Pricilla won't have to go to the dances alone.

A room for Marshall Bates to study in, so that on one will bother him.

A marcel for Hilda McCready.

The latest songs for Winnie Kyle.

An authoritative goemetry for Jerrold Cunningham,

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-Exciter.

If she gets too excited-Controller.

If she talks too long-Interrupter.

If her way of thinking is not yours-Converter.

If she will not come all the way-Meter.

If she wants to go further-Conductor.

If she would go yet further-Despatcher.

If she wants to be an angel-Transformer.

If she is picking your pockets-Detector.

If she goes up in the air-Condenser.

If she wants chocolates-Feeder.

If she sings unharmonically-Tuner.

If she is in the country-Telegrapher.

If she eats too much-Reducer.

If she is wrong-Rectifier.

If she gossips too much-Regulator.

The Traveler's Beacon.

Exchanges

The Cauldron, Rockland High School, You have a very fine paper. Why not mix a few jokes with your advertisements?

The Aquilo, Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Me. A very pleasing and interesting paper.

The Rambler, Bristol High School, Bristol, Pa. A neat little paper with very attractive cuts.

The Red and White, Sanford High School. Your "In Other Tongues" adds much to your paper.

The Hebronian, Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine. Your alumni department is espenially fine.

Rostrum News, Guilford High School. A fine news sheet.

The Spud, Sherman High School. A well arranged paper. Why not add some pictures?

The Maine Campus, University of Maine, Orono, Maine. A complete newspaper that we enjoy reading.

The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine. A good news sheet.

Cony Cue, Cony High School, Augusta, Maine. A fine paper, one of our best exchanges.

The Signboard, Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass. A well balanced paper.



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Grocer: "Pail?"

Lady: "I didn't know you could get it in two shades."

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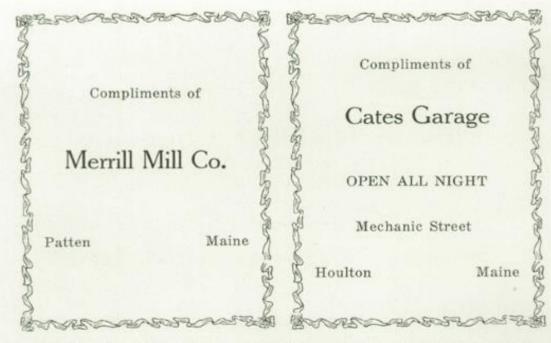
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"Well, well," gasped the reprobate, "so that's where I was last night."

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Mary: "Never, Charles, never, only a few college boys."

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"Your runabout watch?"

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Jimmie: "Is that all?"

"Yes, springtime, winter time, and any time I felt like it."

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She: "I am sorry; I'm married."

He: "'Sall right, I'm married and just as sorry."

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Berry: "Who? Woolworth?"

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June: "Good heavens, call the plumber!"

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B: "Not at all, but only on the condition that you do not tell him mine."

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Eddie: "Pardon me, Andre, but you have your skirt awful short."

Andre: Well haven't I a perfect right?

Eddie: Yes, and a perfect left, too.

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Patient (an ardent motorist): "Yes, fill 'er up, and change the oil in the crank-case, too."

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Joe: "Yessum, sumpin' wrong with my throat, and it's your fault. Ma said you always gave her a pain in the neck and now f got one!"

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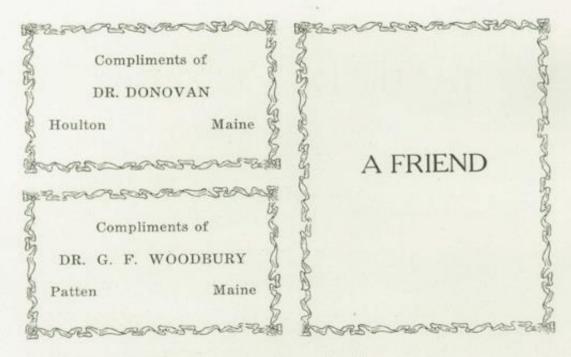
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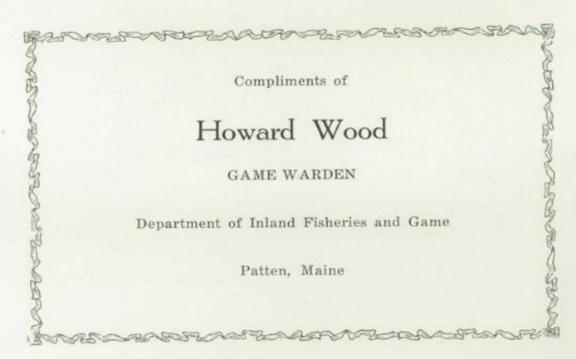
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Second Steno: "It tickled me, too."

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Sunday School Teacher: "Bobby, how often must I tell you to keep your eyes closed during prayer?"

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Bobby: "Yessum, how'd you know I didn't?"

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