



GANYMEDE

To a Physicist Physicked by the Physician

(Lines written to a member of the Physics Class who was
sojourning in the infirmary.)

The plumb line isn't plumb at all,
 Oh, dear!
And atoms are no longer small
 'Cause you're not here.
The force of gravity has wings,
And we no longer find with strings
The center of the mass, and things
 We found when you were here.

We've lost our equilibrium too,
 Oh, dear!
And every gas we find looks blue
 'Cause you're not here.
We cannot now expand the air,
Nor mark the weight of atmosphere,
For vacuums are everywhere
 When you're not here.

In fact we don't know what to do—
 Oh, dear!
Our attraction's lost, we know, for you,
 Or you'd be here.
But then we hope you will not mind
If by experiment we find
That all our forces when combined
 Will draw you here.

Swords and Roses



At his home in Winchester, Virginia, Daniel Morgan had gone into headquarters for the early winter that was already beginning to set in. The Morgan riflemen were encamped just beyond the straggling little village, and it was strange how often some young courier would have business with the Colonel, and by chance speak a word with his daughter, Miss Nancy.

To-night the proud old father was giving a dance in her honor; and there was not one young officer but wished for a less stained, less tattered, uniform in which to appear before this famous belle of The Valley. Among these was Lieutenant Headly, a bright, brave, American who had come on an errand of import to the Colonel. He was a member of Lafayette's staff and had, for bravery in the recent battle of Brandywine, been presented by that general with his own sword when the Continental Congress had seen fit to honor Lafayette with the gift of a far more handsome weapon. The news that he was wearing it to-night spread like wild-fire among the girls, who were eager to see both the sword and its owner.

Never had a cavalier bowed lower over his lady's hand than Lieutenant Headly bowed over Nancy's that night; and turn as she would, she always found him near at hand. But it was not until they had drifted away from the others and out into the broad hall that Nancy's curiosity got the better of her and she asked to see the sword. He showed it with a pardonable degree of pride, his head coming perilously near hers as together they bent over the dainty weapon, which seemed so much nearer fitted to Nancy's little hand than to that of some great general famed for valiant deeds. The slender rosewood handle was twined with silver wire, and near the base of the blade was a French motto, curiously wrought.

"Do you know what they mean?" she asked with one finger on the words.

"Of course," he laughed, "just this, 'The virtue of the sword lies in the bravery of the man.'"

"And you were brave, so brave," she murmured in a low thrilled voice, her wide blue eyes searching his face.

Not all the praise of his general had ever stirred him like those simple words, and no heart under ragged continental uniform throbbed faster than did his as he rode home that night.

But Nancy's thoughts did not follow him. After the ball, she sat long in her own little room, wondering—with a dull, deep ache—where alone that night the brave young hero of her girlish heart kept silent watch beneath the stars. He was just the kind, she told herself, who would be sent to watch. This was young Dick Conn, playmate, comrade, and friend of her life. No word of love had ever passed between the two; but on the night before Dick had ridden off to the war, they had walked to-

gether down the garden path, and he, plucking a rose as they passed, had laid it among her brown curls with a kind of caress, saying in a low full voice, "Red roses for love." That was all; yet now the rose was her most priceless possession, and daily she offered incense before it.

The winter passed, and business sent Lieutenant Headly often to The Valley, until rumor began to connect his name with that of the young girl; nor did he himself discourage it. Certainly Nancy received him with a welcome frank and free; and if she made no open show of more than friendship, that indeed was lacking in nothing.

Nancy saw little of her father these days. He had been raised to the rank of General; and Colonel Richard I. W. Conn—so the despatch read—had been put in command of the Morgan Rifles. This despatch was laid away with the rose, but neither had received much attention of late. How could they when a handsome young officer made frequent visits to Winchester, and each time left behind him faint rumors of some fresh feat of daring? In her heart Nancy was half ashamed that she heard no more of Dick's bravery than she did; for "Dick never was a coward," she defended him to herself again and again. And yet it was true that she had seen far less of him that winter than she had of Lieutenant Headly; for the few times that Dick had been home, he had come chiefly on matters of business, and there always seemed to be some urgent duty which called him back to his general almost before Nancy had time to assure herself that she had really seen him. Not that she cared. Oh, no! But then he might have come oftener if just to show her that he had not forgotten the old times.

The war came to an end, and England gave up trying to conquer her American subjects. The straggling, half-starved men came home if home were left to them; but winter had passed and spring had come again before the forces were disbanded. One day in the late spring Nancy, out among her roses, saw Lieutenant Headly ride up to the gate and dismount. She went with ready smile to greet him.

"I am going West," he exclaimed hurriedly, his handsome face furrowed by a frown and his usual buoyant tone changed to one of almost harsh impatience. "I am anxious to try my fortune beyond the mountains, where the way is new and the air is free; and when I have proved what I can do, I will return. Not until then," he added gallantly, "will I say what is in my heart. But now I ask you to keep for me the one thing I prize most, my sword, until I come again to redeem it."

He said it all with such a knightly air that Nancy was dazzled a little by the romance of it, and before she knew it she had the dainty weapon in her hand. She held it timidly and looked at him with shy, half-frightened, half-trustful eyes—but kept it. Then turning to go, he reached up, pulled a white rose from the arbor above, and laid it in her pink palm, kissing the tips of her fingers as he did so, and saying, "Keep this to remind you that you are loved."

Instantly she dropped it, and the sword too fell with a clang as the crimson flush spread from cheek to neck and surged back again, leaving her face white as the rose at her feet. In a minute, however, she had recovered her self-possession and laughingly declared that she had been afraid of the sword, in proof of which she refused to touch it again.

Oh, why had he said that? "Red roses for love," protested her heart, and she wished just then that she had never seen the young man before her. But she had gone too far now to go back, she said to herself, and, after all, what did it matter? Dick did not care, or he would have come home to see her. Wounded pride swelled the girl's heart until at last she held out her hand again to young Headly, and he kissed it reverently in parting. And this time she did not refuse the proffered sword but held it proudly while she watched him out of sight.

So he rode away to the West.

Nancy found to her surprise that she did not miss him so much as she had anticipated. Away from his handsome, dashing, presence his conduct did not appear so manly and brave as it had seemed; yet even to herself she would not admit that he had ever gamed more wildly or drunk more freely than other young men of her acquaintance whose place in society was undisputed.

By and by Richard came home, and after him came stories of his courage and daring that once more filled her soul with pride. How she treasured up each one until her heart began to make comparisons. But she told herself over and over that she was in some way bound to the soldier whose sword she kept.

If she had even faintly suspected that the man to whom this quixotic sense of loyalty kept her falsely bound was not the soul of honor that her fancy painted him, she would have scorned to recognize his claim at all. And further, she would have felt his trust an insult had she known that the payment of his fine by a fellow officer was all that had kept him from forfeiting the sword and repenting in a Luray prison for the gay life he had led and the debts he had incurred while yet an officer. But she had no way of knowing, and so she fought off the thoughts of Dick that came between this man and her, and saw no more of her former comrade than was absolutely necessary. As for Dick, if he seemed to have grown older and more grave, he was none the less as kind and true a friend as ever, though no more.

One day a letter came, bearing a familiar western postmark, and Nancy's calm interest changed to startled fear as she read in a scrawling hand the simple words, "Lieut. Headly died last night. Wounded in skirmish with Indians, May 25."

Enclosed was a brief letter of good-bye and confession from the man who had died alone under western skies, and Nancy's heart ached with pity as she read the broken sentences that showed how boyishly he still clung to her love. He begged that she forgive his rashness and give his sword to Colonel Richard I. W. Conn, the man who had befriended him when he needed it most, and to whom the sword should now belong.

A little note from Nancy brought Dick to her that night; and she came down the walk to meet him, wearing a soft white dress with a single red rose at her throat.

"I would have come sooner," he spoke with tender sympathy, "but I feared to intrude upon your grief."

"You are mistaken," she answered earnestly, "I never loved Lieutenant Headly.—O Dick, why did you not tell me before?" she broke out passion-

ately. "Why did you let me go on thinking him as noble and manly as—as—you?"

He looked at her with unbelief and hope warring in his eyes, "I did not think—"he said slowly, "I only knew I could not let him be sent to prison when it meant so much to you, and I had the simple means of saving him. I could not have done less."

"And he was not honorable enough to tell me," she broke out. "How could I have thought that I might love him? Yet he is gone now," she added contritely, "and he was manly enough to ask that I give you his sword, Dick. That is why I sent for you."

"I do not want his sword. He gave it to you in the first place, and we would both prefer that you keep it." His voice sounded strangely harsh.

"I can't," she cried, "I don't want it."

"And I refuse to take it, unless," he finished slowly, "you give me the keeper with it."

For a minute only, Nancy hung her head, then raised it proudly, and as her eyes met his, she pulled the rose from her throat and held it out to him.

"I give it back," she said in her mellow voice. "It is yours, Dick, 'Red roses for love.'"

* * * * *

These were real people, and the sword may even now be found hanging above the fireplace at the home of Nancy's great-granddaughter in the quiet village of McGaheysville, which nestles at the mountain's foot in the Valley of Virginia.



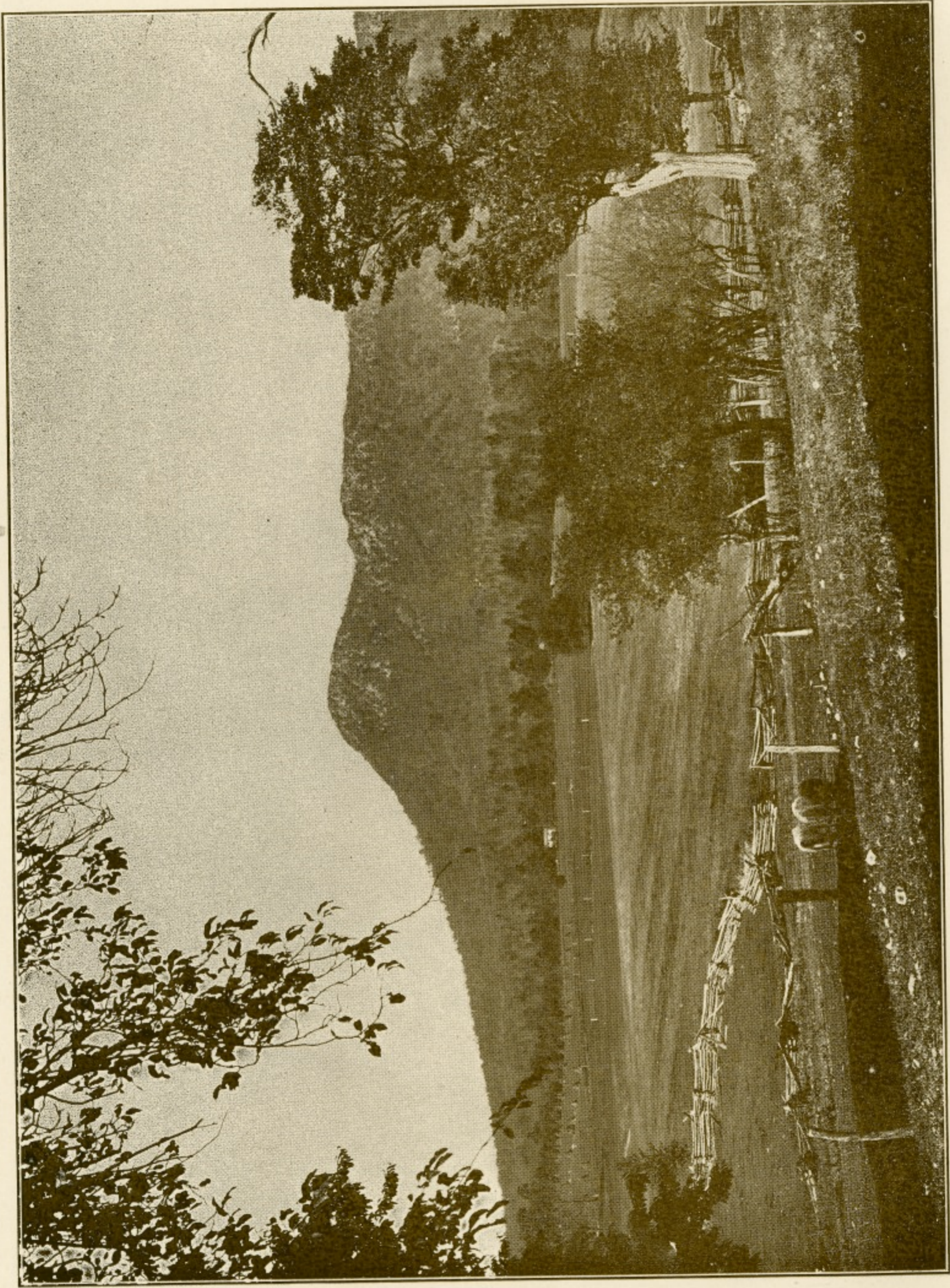


OUR FLOWER AND OUR BOYS

In the Superlative Degree

Prettiest	Nan Jennings
Wittiest	Ruth Conn
Most Studious	Mary Settle
Best Disposition	Alpine Gatling
Cutest	Kate Taylor
Most Popular	Sarah Shields
Neatest	Helen Harris
Best All Around	Eva Massey
Best Athlete	Frances Mackey
Most Scholarly	Octavia Goode
Biggest Bluffer	Lucy Madison
Most Dignified	Eva Massey
Most Energetic	Pearl Haldeman
Best Singer	Nan Jennings





MASSANUTTEN PEAK

Shendo Land

(Tune Dixie)

I wish I was at de school in Shendo,
Good times dar don't seem to end, so
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
In Shendo land dey is boun' to ketch you
If yo' beau done come to fetch you,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

CHORUS:

Den I wish I was in Shendo, Hooray! Hooray!
In Shendo land I'll take my stand,
To lib an'die in Shendo,
Away, away, away up dar in Shendo!
Away, away, away up dar in Shendo!

Dem blue stone walls at de school in Shendo
Mighty fine fer de Gub'ner said so,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
Dem red tile roofs look kinder bumpshus;
Jined wid de blue stone, ain't dey scrumpshus?
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
(Chorus.)

Dar's Missus Brooke an' Mistah Burruss,
Bustlin' roun' an' a-hustlin' fer us,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
Dar's two more men an' a lot o' ladies,
Don't nevah tell you what yo' grade is,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
(Chorus.)

Den go 'way skeeter, don't you pester,
B. an' O. an' de Ches'peake Wester,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
I'se gwine ter choose fer de silber casket—
Lam dat ball right t'rough de basket!—
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
(Chorus.)

Our Flower Catalogue



MISS SCOTT—American Beauty Rose

“Ah! crimson rose,—deep fused with gold,
Your perfumed heart rare secrets hold!”

MISS BELL—Daffodil

“Oh! daffydowndilly, so brave and so true!
I wish that there were more like you,
Ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
Combining courage and beauty to-gether.”



MISS LIDA CLEVELAND—Poppy

“As full blown poppies, overcharged with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping, kiss the plain.”

MISS LANCASTER—Wild Rose

“Graceful and tall the slender drooping stem,
With two broad leaves below;
Shapely the flower so lightly poised between,
And warm her rosy glow.”



MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND—Magnolia

“Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.”

MISS PRESTON—Dandelion

“Dear flower, that grow’st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold.”



MISS SALE—Cornflower

“None looked upon it, but he straightway thought
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer.”

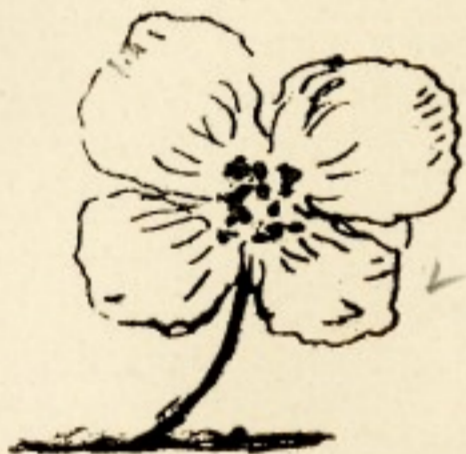


MISS KING—Black-eyed Susan
 "Comrade of winds, beloved by sun,
 Kissed by the dewdrops, one by one."



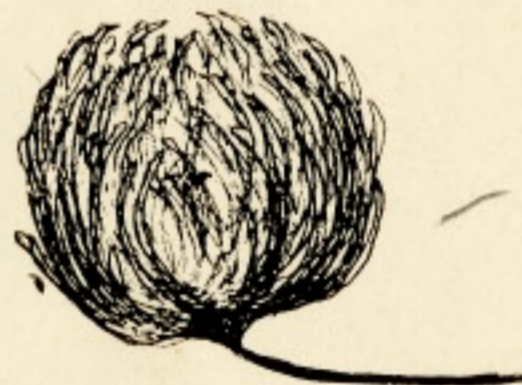
MISS HUDSON—Carnation
 "Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
 Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said."

MISS HARRINGTON—Anemone
 "Then with me I pray you say:
 Sweetest flower I've found to-day,
 Type of grace and purity,
 Lovely wind anemone!"



MISS HOFFMAN—Primrose
 "Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory."

MRS. BROOKE—Chrysanthemum
 "Only those who love them
 Know the joy they bring."



MISS ANNIE CLEVELAND—Love In a Tangle
 "Roses red and violets blue,
 And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew."

MISS SPECK—Lavender
 "Yet slight thy form and low thy seat,
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
 Unapt the passing glance to meet,
 When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh."



MISS SHONINGER—Lily
 "A soul as white as heaven."



AMELIA HARRISON BROOKE

Amelia shall have a page all to her own dear self because her place among us is so unique and individual that she can not be pigeon-holed in either classification—faculty or student body. Although she is a full fledged Alumna and wears a thermometer as her badge of office, the girls have never ceased to claim her, and THE SCHOOLMA'AM would feel very tremulous without her wise counsel and experience.

Her presence is closely interwoven with all the joys and sorrows of our life here, from the happy distribution of home letters to the clink of the spoon in the medicine glass.

What girl of all our graduates is leading a more normal life?—all the time busy just “helping Mother.”

Cohee and Tuckahoe

Into his split-bottomed chair on the vine-covered porch dropped the sturdy old Valley farmer. As he settled his tired body, a little bird close to him in the vine tweeted, set its pretty head on one side, and looked as if to say, "Jacob Miller, where are those crumbs for me?"

Just then Jacob's sister came out, Miss Mary, a white-haired girl of sixty-five, whose love "for folks and for dumb critters" would keep her young, even should her calendar of years mount up to a hundred.

"Here's your butter-milk, Jacob," she said, handing him the big mug as she seated herself for a little chat with her brother.

Miss Mary herself did not see how anybody could like butter-milk. But Jacob as a young man had lived a year or two in Eastern Virginia and had shown ever since a weakness for this Tuckahoe nectar, though he had never acquired a taste for its natural accompaniment, "cawn bread."

Jacob seemed aging of late, and his sister's eyes were very gentle as she looked at him to-day. They were both growing old; but they were growing old together, and their little interests were keen and absorbing.

"Feel donsie to-day, Jacob?"

"Oh, no, just a little tired. I come by the barn just now, and I tell you that hutchie is going to make a fine mare. She is as knowing as her mother already yet. I think I'll name her Trixie after that smart horse down at the Exposition."

"Yes, Trixie was better'n some folks," laughed the old lady. "You remember how she said her prayers?—Are you going to veal that hommie?"

"Why, no, Mary. Cherry is such a good cow and looked at me with such human eyes this morning I said, 'Cherry, chew your cud in peace. I'll leave you be. I'm not going to send your hommie away.'"

And so, as the old folks rested a minute, the sister went on talking: "The new teacher that's come to take Miss Sarah's place is boarding at Pete Stoutamyre's. She's from East Virginia somewhere. She talks just like 'em. She's a nice little thing, though. Even Elvira Stoutamyre owns that she don't seem lazy a bit, nor stuck-up.—And she's got no father nor mother."

"From East Virginia, you say? What's her name?"

"Shirley Wingfield."

It was well that the shadow of the clematis on the porch shielded the old man's face, for that had been the name of the only girl whom Jacob Miller had ever loved. But she had married her cousin, and long ago Jacob had heard that both were dead.

Miss Mary did not know, and she talked on.

"Young folks ought not to be lonesome like that. Suppose you hook up Dolly and Dimple and go for her Sunday morning. There aint no meeting that day."

"I think maybe I knew her mother," the old man said quietly.

Sunday was a beautiful day. Bright and early Jacob Miller's surrey went rolling down the lane between the rich green wheat-fields, and soon came back with the dearest, sweetest, girl you ever saw.

Such a glorious day for the lonely little teacher! In the warmth of this

home she opened like a flower and gladdened the two kindly old hearts. After the restraint of being among strangers for weeks, she now let herself go. She dropped in glad freedom back into the East Virginia drawl, and not an *ing* nor an *r* came within earshot.

How she laughed and told jokes on herself!

'I never dreamed,' she confessed to Jacob while Miss Mary was out getting dinner ready, "that I'd have to learn a foreign language and that I didn't even know how to talk English. But little Johnnie Stoutamyre's eyes looked almost as big as saucers when I asked him to 'carry the horse to water,' and he told some of the other children that he thought I ought to be grown-up enough and smart enough to talk right!"

"Oh, I've had more language lessons than my little scholars," she chatted on gayly, seeing that the old man was delighted to listen to her. "One day Susie couldn't write because she had a *bealing* on her hand. I examined the afflicted spot with the air of a surgeon and pronounced it a *rising*. But *rising* was as strange to Susie as *bealing* was to me. And the bad part was that the dictionary didn't uphold my word any better than it did Susie's!—I tell you, I've stopped being rash in my remarks and questions. What with the children talking about *bel snickers* for next Christmas and Mrs. Stoutamyre having *ponhos* and *noodles* and *snits* for supper, and not knowing what *snaps* and *cymilins* are, I have been at my wit's end. But things taste so good up here in this splendid mountain air that I swallow everything, name and all. I always had such a weakness for pies, too—I must have been born to live in The Valley, if I can ever master the language. But now when people say 'on the garret,' I have to take the roof off mentally before I can get their point of view. Over here they 'get company' who 'give you goodbye.' Now, at home we always 'have company' who 'tell you goodbye.' But I notice that the handshake feels the same, anyway."

"Come out to dinner," said Aunt Mary, as Shirley already called the dear old lady.

"Is my hair strubly?" laughed the girl.

But Aunt Mary did not laugh. Why should she?

And oh, that dinner! The golden brown fried chicken heaped high! And the gravy! These at least bore no strange name. But, although the air or the water or the viands—or all combined—had indeed given Shirley the best of appetites, it soon became evident to her that a guest could not be expected to partake of everything this table afforded, but must exercise the faculty of choice.

"It is just like Washington Irving's Sleepy Hollow supper," she declared. "Here is certainly 'the whole family of cakes,' even to the 'crisp and crumbling cruller.'"

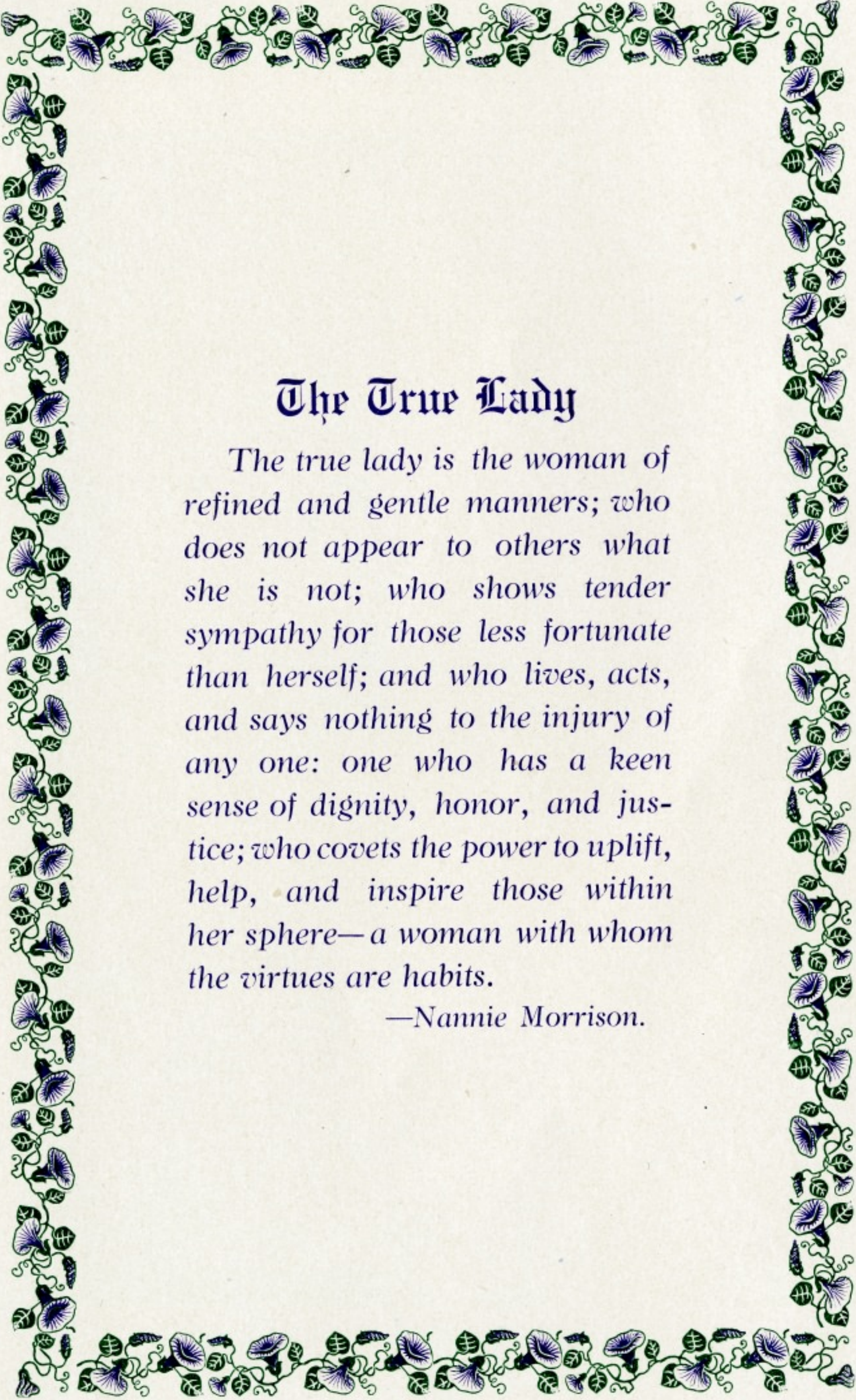
On their drive back that afternoon Shirley said once more, "To think you knew Mamma!"

"Yes," said the old man in a husky voice, "she was a very dear friend of mine."

But he did not tell her that this had been the one love of his young manhood and indeed of his whole life. He only said, "Child, make our house your home."

And later it came about that she did.

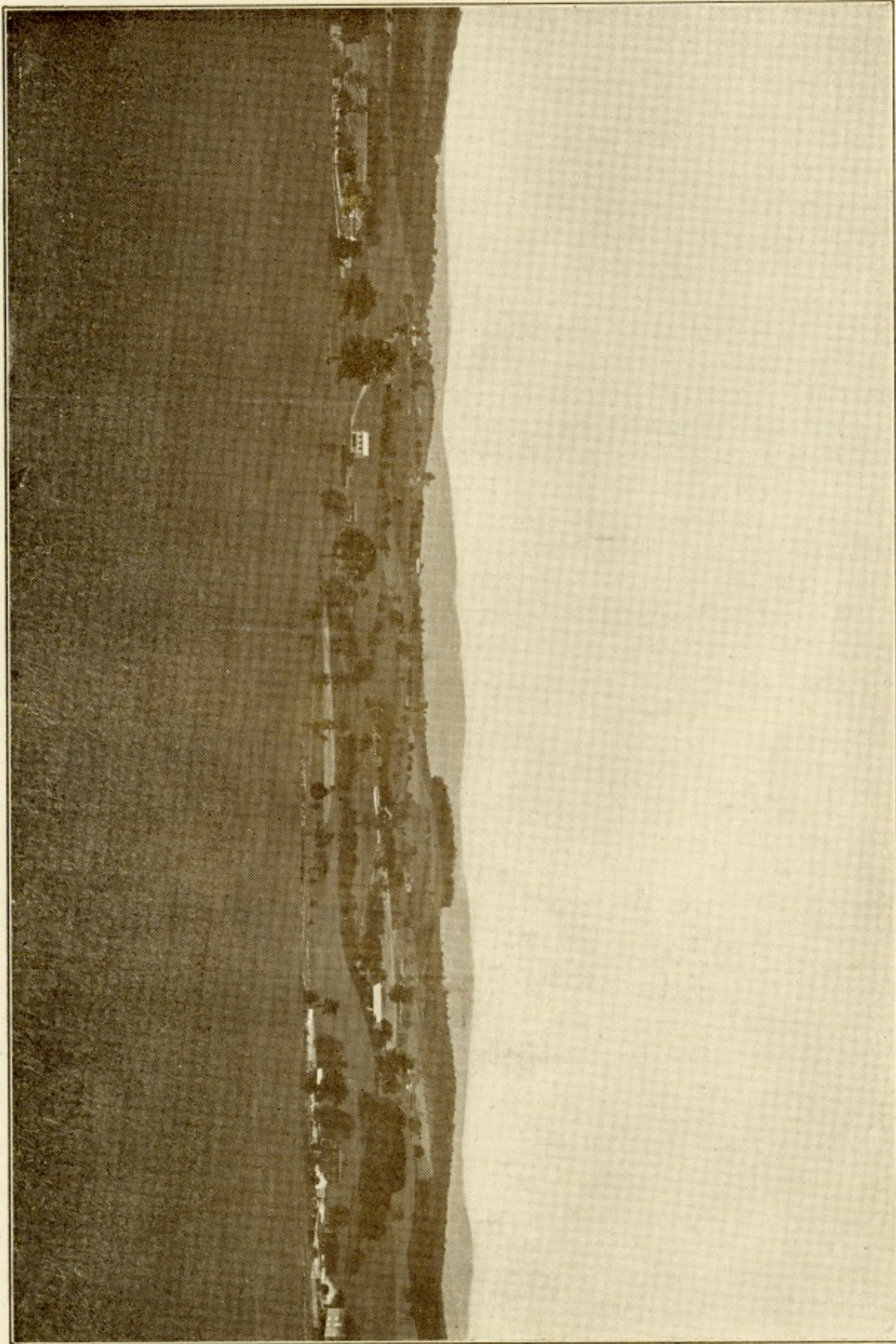
—By Several of Us.



The True Lady

The true lady is the woman of refined and gentle manners; who does not appear to others what she is not; who shows tender sympathy for those less fortunate than herself; and who lives, acts, and says nothing to the injury of any one: one who has a keen sense of dignity, honor, and justice; who covets the power to uplift, help, and inspire those within her sphere—a woman with whom the virtues are habits.

—Nannie Morrison.



WHERE WE DO OUR RURAL PRACTICE TEACHING

The Prince Burglar

"Is this the place?" demanded Miss Agatha in a shrill voice as her lawyer helped her to alight in front of a spacious gray stone mansion. "You say that the house has been unoccupied for some time? It looks like it. I think these trees and bushes have been growing at random for the last fifty years."

"My! they planted a great deal in an acre," continued she as she walked with a vigorous step through the handsome but neglected grounds. "I never did have any use for so many trees and so much under-brush growing around. They must be cut away. Well! what is that across the road? An orphanage, of all things! Are there any children in it? *Two hundred?* How can I ever stand it? It is bad enough to be in a city anyhow, but think of living right across from *two hundred children!*"

As Miss Agatha paused for breath, Mr. Huntington suggested that they go in and take a look at the house.

The two walked silently from room to room, their footsteps resounding through the high-ceiled chambers. There was not yet even a servant in the kitchen, and the solitude was oppressive. Miss Agatha felt this although for years her only companions had been three black cats.

Suddenly she came to a halt, planted her foot firmly on the hard wood floor, and exclaimed:

"Before I can live in this house, every outside window must be barred."

Mr. Huntington would have laughed, but he saw the seriousness of Miss Agatha's expression, and he was a kind man.

She felt his lack of sympathy, however, and hastened to defend herself.

"Why, do you think that I would live in a city without taking that precaution? When we were coming up from the station, I saw a dozen or more good-for-nothing boys hanging around in front of some stores. I dare say their only business is to pick honest folks' pockets in the day and break into their houses at night. I've lived long enough, Mr. Huntington, to know the dangers of a city life."

The lawyer tried to reassure her, but all to no purpose. He thought that it would be a capital plan for her to rent out several of the rooms.

"I know two very nice young men—" he ventured, but got no further.

"*Men!* Do you think that I would have a man near me? A man is one thing not to be trusted."

This verdict was pronounced with a fine disregard for the fact that her lawyer was a man. Mr. Huntington only smiled; and if he thought of any other solution of the problem, he kept it to himself. He had learned during his brief acquaintance with Miss Agatha that she was a woman with whom it was unsafe to argue.

When each room had been opened and Miss Agatha was satisfied that not a man was concealed behind the massive furniture, Mr. Huntington

said good-by, promising again to have the windows barred as soon as possible.

Miss Agatha, exhausted by such a strenuous day, stretched herself across a newly-made bed. Soon she fell into a sleep not undisturbed by visions of burglars mounting ladders to her windows, and of children, the greatest of all pests, pouring in through all the doors.

Bang! Was that a door slamming, or was it only a dream? There it is again! Miss Agatha opened her eyes. Her heart stood still. She turned her head, and there on a chair right at her bed stood a five-year-old youngster clapping his hands in delight.

"Oh-h-h!" he cried, "I knew that the sleeping princess lived in this castle. Aren't you tired of sleeping? I wanted to come and set you free, but the matron said it was nonsense, that nobody lived here. I slipped away to-day. Gee! but I had a hard time getting here! Weeds can grow a lot in a hundred years, can't they? Oh, you are so pretty! And I love you so! Does your finger hurt yet, where you stuck it? Where is the King? I just hate your bad old god-mother. You woke up too soon. You didn't give me a chance to kiss you. You know I'm the true Prince, and I've travelled over the whole world looking for you." The little fellow's eyes filled with tears, and he could say no more.

"You can kiss me now," said Miss Agatha.

Then she was ashamed of herself for saying it. A second invitation was not needed. Two chubby arms were thrown about her neck, two sticky lips met hers, then a curly head found a place on her shoulder.

Not long afterwards Mr. Huntington called one evening. Two bare feet pattered down the long hall to meet him. A little hand was laid in his and he was led to a transformed room, where Miss Agatha sat with a soiled story-book open upon her knee.

"Mr. Huntington, you need not bother about the bars," she said smiling. "It is too late. A wee mite of a burglar has slipped in already and has stolen all that I have. Now he is going to stay and take care of me."

"Sit down," cried the little Prince, tugging at the big man, "Auntie is going to read us the story of the Sleeping Princess, and I'm not *ever* going away 'cause I'm her little boy now."

—*Louise Lancaster.*





Dr. Wayland, in History 48, thinking of the discovery of the North Pole—
 “What happened in 1909 that never happened before and never will
 happen again?”

Enthusiastic Student—“The opening of the Harrisonburg Normal
 School.”

Senior Kindergartner, in discussing the programs for the week—“Tuesday
 I took up the cow.”

Miss H.—“I should think you’d have put her down in a hurry.”

Student, teaching the scale of Music 58—“Some one who lives on a farm
 tell me how the cow goes.”

Bright Student—“She goes on four feet.”

Member of Lanier Society, seeing silhouettes of the faculty on “Scenery
 Hall”—“What do you call them—soliloquies?”

Miss Lancaster—“Have you any scales in here?”

Miss Speck—“No, I haven’t any Miss Scales in my class.”

Student—“What special name is given to the bird stores?”

Miss S.—“Aquariums.”

Girl, finding *Q* in a bag of animal crackers—“Take this *Q* to Florence.
Q is for Keezell, you know.”

Senior—“Who wrote ‘Electra?’ ”

Junior—“Why Shakespeare, of course.”

Dr. Wayland in History—“What state was admitted to the Union in
 Monroe’s administration?”

Student—“Spain.”

Dignified Senior to Miss Scott, who accidentally stepped upon her toe—
 “Great Scott, get off my foot.”

Business Manager in Staff meeting—“I thought you would have a blank
 page between the title page and the *dedicatee’s* picture.”

Little Special, after doing her hair a new way—“Don’t you like my new
 curfew?”

At the beginning of the spring quarter, a member of the faculty, seeing a girl looking rather lonesome—"I'm so glad to see you, and hope you will like our school very much."

Student—"Thank you, I've been here two quarters already."

Student, breathlessly, to Dr. Wayland—"Somebody wants to see you over the phone."

One of the girls—"Miss King, is buckwheat made from wheat?"

Knowing Senior—"Oh, I'll never reach the top of these windows to see how long I want the curtain pole."

In English 63—"Take Browning's poem, 'One Word More.' "

This is how the Editor of the Lanier Monthly wrote it—"Take the next word."

Senior, writing up an Ideal Senior—"How many teeth have we?"

Junior—"207."

Miss Bell—"Sh-h-h-h."

Small boy, when asked his teacher's name—"We have one teacher for singing, one for reading, one for number work, and then we have a plain every-day teacher who stands around and does nothing."

Miss S., discussing with prospective teachers the general appearance of dress, neatness, etc.—"I suppose you have heard this a number of times this year, have you not?"

Students—"No."

Miss S.—"Well it's high time some one is taking it up then."

Student, in a written lesson in English 47, wrote, "Man is a common noun, masculine gender, nominative case, singular number, subject of Abraham Lincoln."

Evidently to her Abraham Lincoln was a king.

Notice on faculty bulletin board—"Lost, in the Assembly Hall, probably a small diamond."

We wonder if it couldn't probably have been a small ruby just as well. We suggest a course in English 3.

"The Grammarian's Funeral"—examination in English 48.

Heard in observation—"If mother baked twelve pies and four of them burned, how many would she have left?"

"She'd have twelve, because she would have the burnt ones too."

Junior Kindergartner in Ed. 36—"How large shall we make the circles?"

Miss H.—"About two inches square."

Dr. Wayland's little boy was reviewing the catechism with his mother.

Mrs. W.—"Where did Adam and Eve live?"

Walter—"At the Normal."

Instructor in Physiology Class—"Where does ham come from?"
Bright Sophomore—"Beef."

First small kindergartner, choosing birds one morning, chose two of the practice students.

Second small kindergartner—"They are mighty big birds."

First—"Yes, they are."

Third—"They can be turkey buzzards."

In the dining-room the girls at one table were talking of horseback rides, and the falls connected with them, when the head of the table remarked, "The only time I ever fell off a horse was once when I was riding a mule through— — —"

Puzzle—Find the hidden faculty on pages 16 and 17.

Miss Cleveland, in English 48—"They turned the kid on the spit. What is a kid?"

Sophomore—"A kid is a small child."

First Student—"Do you sing by note?"

Second Student—"No, I sing by tune."

Lost—on the board walk—a long dark braid. Finder please return to Bertie Lib Miller.

For any information concerning twigs, nature and kind—apply to Julie Gish. Private lessons given at reasonable rates.

The kindergarten tot was evidently getting his first taste of toil, as he spaded his plot in the school garden, for he declared warmly, "I've got tears running off me all over."

Song heard on the streets down town—"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelley?"

"Layamon's brute was a french translation," she wrote—and she wasn't a kindergarten baby either.

"Is that a woodpecker tapping?"

"No, it's just the editors of THE SCHOOLMA'AM rapping their knuckles, trying to make the metre of their poetry come right."

Two Monday mornings passed and no hash appeared on the breakfast table. We wonder what will happen next!

WANTED—

Shoes to shine

Hose to mend

Skirts to press

Terms reasonable. Apply to Y. W. C. A. Committees.

Information concerning equipment and plans for rural schools can be obtained from any member of Ed. 44.

Wanted—by Sophomores, Freshmen, Specials, and Faculty to be Juniors on Arbor Day.

Tonsilitis by the Forelock

They said, "The thing has surely come,
And it has come to stay,
And Doctor Firebaugh's made a list
Of things he wants to-day:
A ton or two of Epsom salts
And gargle by the quart,
Hot water bottles for your neck—
He's certainly done his part.
The infirmary is ready too,
And sore throat's all about,
And you'll get the tonsilitis
If you

Don't
Watch
Out."

There was a girl who worked and worked
With all her might and vim,
Who staid indoors from early morn
Until the light grew dim;
But this one time she went down town
And there her substance spent,
And now she's in the infirmary
With leisure to repent;
They'll keep her in for days and days—
There's not the slightest doubt—
For she caught the tonsilitis
'Cause she

Didn't
Watch
Out.

Her fever rose, so she did not
Get anything to eat;
She had to swallow medicine
As if it were a treat;
No matter what was going on—
A test, a box, a game—
She could not do a single thing
Except to say (oh, shame!)
"Those other girls will have it soon;"
But we—it came about—
Didn't have the tonsilitis
'Cause we

Did
Watch
Out.

—Emily Ellis.



Train Time at McGaheysville

One Saturday in early spring,
When bird and bee were on the wing,
A merry crowd, with packs informal,
Fared eastward from the Town and Normal.

They climbed the Peak to prove their metal,
Then went down straight into the Kettle;
'Twas there within th' encircling mountain
They gaily lunched beside the fountain.

Refreshed by food and drink and rest,
Adown the rocky gorge they pressed;
Above, the broad-winged eagle soared,
Beneath, the hidden waters roared.

The rocks lay heaped in wild profusion,
The thickets rank made more confusion,
And many a maid, dismayed, confessed
She wished she were less whitely dressed.

The skirts were white, the logs were black
And charred along th' unbroken track—
At least it was so at the first:
At last the case was just reversed.

But finally some reached the "pike"
Down at the Gap, and then a hike
Began adown the long, long, hill—
'Twas train time at McGaheysville!

There are some fords along the stream,
Where roaming waters splash and gleam;
There was some mud along the way—
Before they passed—I've heard them say.

For full two miles along the "pike"
The line was stretched in that mad hike;
And shouts arose from vale and hill:
"'Tis train time at McGaheysville!"

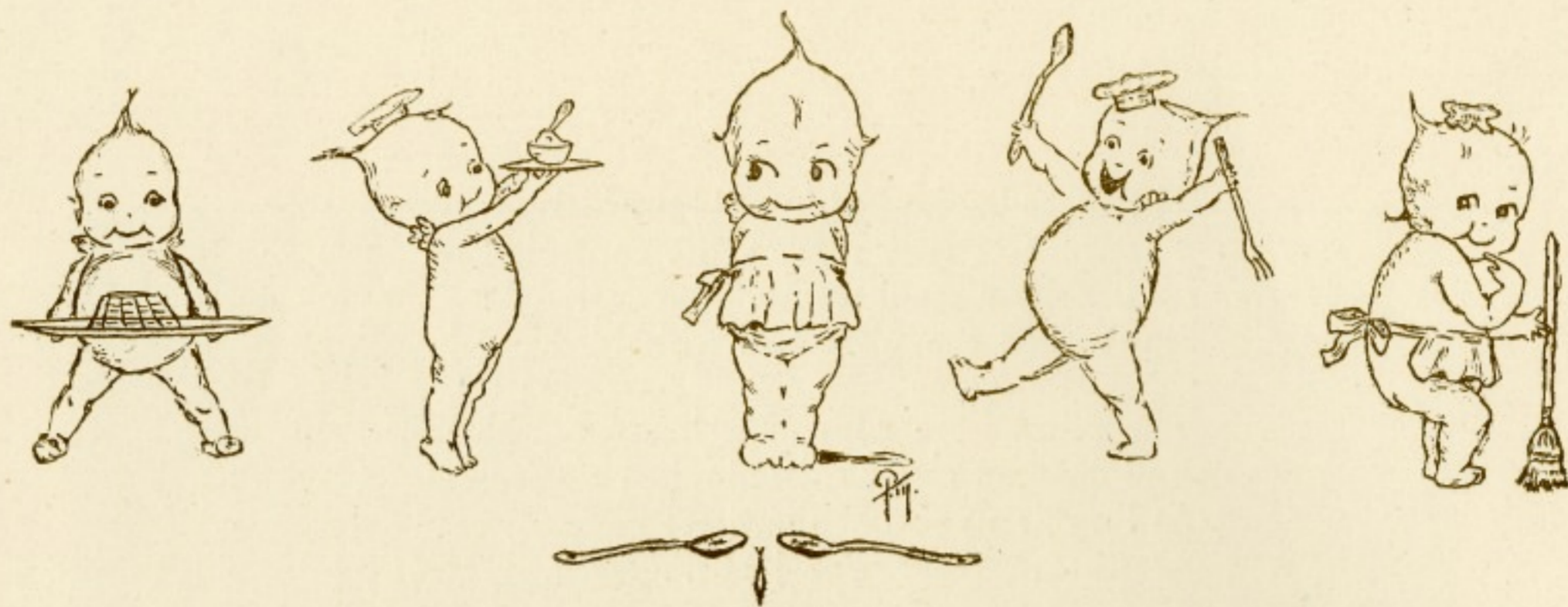
The first, with grim determination,
Just beat the train into the station;
But where, oh where, and in what fettle
Were those who lagged within the Kettle?

The sun sank down, the minutes flew,
The loud bell clanged, the whistle blew;
The "Captain" said he would not wait,
And the travelers stormed at being late.

But now again they proved their metal,
Those doughty maids from out the Kettle;
They sprinted down the long, long, hill—
'Twas train time at McGaheysville!

And so in spite of every fate,
Of mails held up and travelers late,
Those doughty maids from out the Kettle
"Got there" at last, and proved their metal.

And then, as round the Peak they rolled,
The Chesapeake-Western was extolled;
And as they caught their breath and fanned,
They proudly sang of "Shendo Land."



To Suit the Epicurean Taste

RECIPE FOR A SENIOR

Brown curly tresses, Edmonia
 Two brown eyes, Nancy
 One nose, Vada
 Two lips, Lizzie
 Thirty-two teeth, Katie
 One chin, Mary Sadler
 One speaking voice, Susie
 One laugh, Mr. Heatwole
 One neck, Inez
 Two hands, Kate

Mix this well. Add to it Octavia's scholarly air, Miss Otley's dignity, combined with Pearl's energy, Lucy's ability to act, Alpine's disposition, Mary Thom's stateliness, and Annie's graciousness of manner. Season with a dash of Ruth Conn's wit, Hallie's loveliness, Eva's seriousness, and "Coffee's" recklessness. This is guaranteed to produce the most perfect Senior.

RECIPE FOR A COMPOSITE JUNIOR

Place in classification room the following ingredients:

1 cup Selby's energy
 1 lb. Mackey's resourcefulness
 2 cups Suter's high ideals

Beat well, and add 3-4 cup Settle's studiousness and 4 ounces Bell's power of concentration.

Stir together, 1-2 pound each, Gish's vitality, Harris's class-spirit, and Berry's amiability. To this add

1 cup Puller's perseverance
 5 ounces Moffett's conscientiousness
 1 teaspoonful Royall's dignity
 3 tablespoonfuls Fletcher's gentle manners

Flavor to taste with Kelley's attractiveness, Sanders's musical talent, Rawls's sense of humor, and Burke's zetetic disposition.

Mold this carefully and leave in Room 11 for two quarters—the result should be an ideal Junior.

A RECIPE FOR A COMPOSITE SOPHOMORE

Two rosy lips.....Virginia Allen
One pair brown eyes.....Althea Adams
One suit of brown hair.....Kathleen Harless
One pair beautiful hands.....Florence Allen
One pair shapely suede pumps.....Kathleen Marcum

Mix the above ingredients with a good supply of Mary Martin's dignity; add one quart of Marion Russell's humor, and one pint of the Davis girls' studiousness. Spice well with Geneva Babb's questions, and then bake in a slow oven for three years.

A RECIPE FOR MAKING A COMPOSITE FRESHMAN

Ingredients:

One figure like Sophie's
Two large brown eyes such as Frances Wiley has
A chin like May Ferrell's
Hair and mouth resembling Mary D's
A small portion of Anna B's complexion
A nose like Sara's
28 small white teeth like Edith's

Mix well, being careful to get the features in their proper places; then add a small pinch of Frances Selby's temper and a large portion of her grace, a generous dash of Nell's style, and a tablespoonful of Ida M's wit. Elizabeth Gentry's smile and all her disposition, stirred well with Elizabeth Heatwole's dignity, will greatly improve the composition.

Keep the mixture in a cool place at the Normal for a year, and at the end of that time it will have congealed into a composite Freshman.



MONA LISA—FOUND
At the Normal