

Duncan, King of Scotland, Meets Tragic Death

(Continued on Page 1)

are passing in line to view the last remains of their Nation's ruler. The flags are at half-mast and all business is suspended, as a last tribute to their King.

Scotland yards, though baffled by the mysterious circumstances surrounding the murder, are working along several lines and are confident that they will soon apprehend the murderer.

ELIZABETH DAVIS, '24.

The Autobiography of Our School House.

Several years ago a little bird told me this story: In 1887 several men came to this site of land and decided that this would be a good place on which to build a schoolhouse. Soon some men came and cut down all the pretty trees around. In one of the trees was my nest so I had to move out of the neighborhood and make another nest. The next time I came

here I saw this big brick building—yore."

I remember the first time I was used for a schoolhouse. All the older children laughed and seemed to be very glad to be in such beautiful surroundings. I have never seen myself but everyday while I was growing larger and larger, people would stop to admire me, and I would listen and be glad. In one of the rooms, however, which I heard a lady call the "first grade room" and in which were very small children, several little boys and girls were crying and clinging to their mothers. I often wondered why they cried and if they didn't like me. This question worried me very much, but later I learned that they were never away from their mothers before and were frightened.

In my life I've heard many secrets and funny things. Often I've heard a teacher accuse a little boy or girl of doing something which he or she didn't do and oh! how I've longed to tell her the truth about it, but I wasn't made to talk and must listen in silence. I've seen the little girls crying when they had to stay in, and the little boys trying bravely not to cry when "teacher" was whipping them. I've heard all the funny little things that happen in a classroom and have enjoyed it more than anyone else has. Many times I've seen and listened to some mighty good plays and speeches. Once a year I've been one of the most attentive listeners and ardent admirers at a kind of play called "Graduation Exercises." That means that those pupils who take part in the exercises will rarely come to see me again. I always miss their bright faces and long to see them again.

Soon after these "Graduation Exercises" I am left alone for three months. These are the worst times in my life. If you have never been away all alone for months, you cannot understand what I have to go through with. I can only see people passing on the street but, despite the fact that I am so large, I can not hear what they are saying to each other.

After three months of this banishment the children start coming to see me again. And oh! how their happy voices thrill me!

Last fall, my feet began to feel very hot, one day, my head began to

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swim and then I saw that I was enveloped in flames. I tried to call for help but I could not. Then bells began to ring, and a crowd gathered and shouted a great deal. After that I knew no more except that they poured water over me and cooled me off. I slept for a long, long time. When I awoke I saw that a large part of my beautiful frame had burned away. I was very sorry, for I thought that I could not hold all the children now, but carpenters came soon, and built back all that had burnt.

The other day I heard some folks say that, soon, all the high school pupils would stop coming to me. Later a little bird told me that a large and very handsome high school was being built on the other side of town. I was very sorry for I am very interested in all of them and when they go I won't get to see them often.

I have been trying and trying, since I heard this piece of news, to grow. I've drunk all the rain and eaten all the sunshine that I could, but it is of no use. I've grown old and am now too small, so I'll have to say goodbye to my high school friends. SIDNEY HOLMES, '24.

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