

THE VOICE

"Bring out your dead!" The grey prison walls echoed the hoarse call to the midnight air. A hurried tread of feet.

"What—only one!"  
Creak! Creak! The death cart rumbled on in its ghastly mission through the heavy night.

Grim and sullen loomed the disease-racked prison. The black waters of the moat lapped gloomily over the hideous secrets concealed beneath their oily depths. Far down in one of the foul dungeons the soul of a man cried out in agony. His thin, drawn face peered wildly out into the night through the pitiful slit that served as an air hole.

But cease, poor wretch! Your frantic clawings will avail you nothing. Many a captive, condemned like yourself, falsely, has spent his puny strength against their unyielding bars. Look! The faint gleam that you so eagerly strained to follow has disappeared. It was a coarse white sheet, man, the only coffin and pall of your friend.

The heavy chains rattled as the prisoner sank to the floor. All was silent save the gnawing of the hungry prison rats and the monotonous drip, drip, from a moss-covered rock in the wall.

A dull hatred filled the man's crazed brain. Faith, hope, trust in God, everything that had made life bearable in that miserable hole had turned to black despair. Before his eyes appeared again and again the dying face of his martyred leader. A saint he had been, with his white soul and his dreams.

For days and days, as a wounded animal guards her whelps, he had watched that inert body. Scratching desperately into the earth with the manicled claws that served as his hands, he had tried to hollow out a grave—a grave in a living tomb! But there had been a visit from the keeper, a brutal kick against the lifeless body, and then the rattle of wheels over the midnight streets.

Such was life. Such was the fate of him that had dared to speak the truth!

One by the village clock! Two by the village clock! The man sleeps. Now the hungry gnawing of the rats has ceased. Slowly a rosy light transforms the grey walls into beauty. As the sleeper awakens, the shackles fall from him as if struck off by an invisible power. Lo! A clear voice is speaking:

"Do not mourn for him, prisoners. He sleeps in peace! The earth has not a nobler name than his will be. Mighty deeds wrought in war, lofty flights of thought, the beauty of poetry, have insignificant honors compared to his. The cause of righteousness goes not unrewarded. Nothing here could be a fit return for it. No mortal can know the promised joys above. Take hope!"

The rosy glow fades. The man looks at his shackled hands, bewildered. But then through the tiny opening comes a ray of light. It is morning.

CORINNE COOK.

The Legend of the Flapper

The daintiest little sobriquet ever given to the women was that which was applied right after the great World War—the "Flapper." Somewhere in No-Man's-Land a woman conceived the idea to bob her hair. It was bound to have been in No-Man's-Land, because no man with any common sense would have let his wife or daughter bob her hair. Most likely one of the reasons she bobbed her hair was to make the outside of her head balance with the inside.

It has always been known that men accused their wives of not being economical enough. They were always buying too many clothes. The flapper decided to break up this idea by wearing as little clothes as possible. Now the men accuse them of trying to attract other men's attention.

Not only did the flapper bob her hair and wear short skirts. She painted her face up like an Indian war chief. She forgot all about the styles in clothes while trying to learn the different styles of rouge.

Ever since women became flappers, they have kept the men swaying (dances included). They went mad over the flapper role and decreased their husband's roll. In the end they made matters worse; they created the "tea-hound."

WALTER SMALLEY.

VAGABOND SONG

*I'm off for a jaunt on a winding trail  
That leads to the mountain top,  
Where the eagles go and the wild winds  
blow,  
And the treacherous gray crags drop.*

REFRAIN

*And oh, to be a vagabond,  
A-singing on the trail,  
Or crooned to sleep by the wind-flower  
song  
Or the tune of a nightingale!*

*I scorn the valleys of simple men  
That warm in the sunshine lie,  
And all I wish is the breezes' kiss—  
Just a wistful melody.*

REFRAIN

*I'm off on the road that leads me on,  
For there's wand'rer's blood in my veins.  
I'm off to the hills where there's air that  
fills  
My hair with the gray misty rains.*

REFRAIN

*I laugh with glee as I trudge along,  
Or lie 'neath the midnight skies,  
For there's none e'er knows how the  
wild wind blows  
The stardust in my eyes!*

REFRAIN

MARJORIE VANNEMAN.

Miss Good English

*Miss Good English's come to our school  
to stay,  
To wash the "ain't's" and "wuzes" up,  
and brush the "he don't" away,  
And shove the "he takes" out of the  
mouth, and clean our minds, and  
sweep,*

*And make us speak, show us how to  
speak, to earn her board-and-keep;  
And all we older children, when the  
school day is done,  
We sit around in 101 and have the  
mo-o-st fun  
A-list'nin' to the awful tales Miss English  
tells about.*

*And Improper Grammar'll get you  
If You Don't Watch Out!*

*Once there was a little boy who always  
said "I ain't,"  
So when he went that day near the can  
of paint,  
His teacher heard him holler, and his pal  
heard him bawl,  
And when they came near the can he  
wasn't there at all!  
And they sought him in the basement,  
the supply room, and office,  
And sought him up the stair-case, and  
everywhere, I guess;  
But all they ever found was just his  
shoes and roundabout!*

*And Improper Grammar'll get you  
If You Don't Watch Out!*

*Once there was a little girl who'd always  
laugh and holler,  
And make fun of Century Handbook, an'  
every noted scholar;  
And once during "Good Speech Week"  
when they all were to try,  
She mocked them and shocked them, an'  
didn't even cry!*

*And just as she felt blue, and wished  
then to repent,  
There were two great big black things  
which over her were bent,  
And they made her dumb right then, 'fore  
she knew what she's about!*

*And Improper Grammar'll get you  
If You Don't Watch Out!*

*And Miss English says, when Century  
Handbook is talked about and  
hated,  
And mistakes are made, by all, both old  
and great,  
And you hear our language abused, and  
people don't seem to know  
What "Better Speech Week" is all about,  
You'd better love that "C. H. Book," and  
try its rules to learn,  
And review those you know, and try some  
more to learn,  
And remove the "ain't seems" and "he  
don'ts" that cluster all about,  
'Cause Improper Grammar'll get you,  
If You Don't Watch Out!*

*Always put off till tomorrow what you  
can do today, because you may die to-  
morrow and you won't have to do it.*

ELIZABETH HODGIN.

A TEMPERAMENTAL CLOCK

Having been told by Miss Coleman to "get an article, dead or alive," I was sauntering down the hall, my nose on the trail of a subject for the afore-said article. That eagle eye of Miss Walker was upon me from the hall. So as I glanced innocently upward, my eye was caught by the piece of machinery on the wall (otherwise known as a time-piece), and my mind was made up. I forgot Miss Walker, rolled up my sleeves and with my best *repertoire* I began to question this pretender.

"No, I'm not bad," began Mr. Clock. "I'm just temperamental. At first I was wholly in sympathy with the faculty. I ran classes as much overtime as ten minutes."

Mr. Clock glanced suspiciously at me as I breathed a fervent "Amen."  
"They didn't seem to appreciate me, though Mr. Edwards tinkered with me for a week. After this I got even. One day I rang a whole half hour early." Mr. Clock chuckled gleefully. "Ever since then I have had spells. One day a poor boy came in late when I rang on time, so next day I rang five minutes late.

"Sometimes I get lonesome, so I ring early, and have a tardy room full to keep me company. Again, I do the other way around. It depends upon how I feel." Mr. Clock puffed out his chest importantly. "Yes, ma'am, it's fifteen minutes late now. I better ring now. Come to see me again."

Here Mr. Clock rang loudly if very lately, and I arrived in my next class, all the while trying to tell which end of my notes was which.

VIRGINIA JACKSON.

To Speak or Not to Speak

*To speak or not to speak—that is the question;*

*Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slang and errors of outrageous lan-  
guage,*

*Or to stop fighting against a sea of blun-  
ders,  
And by a silence end them? To hush,—  
to speak—*

*No more; and by such silence to say we  
end  
The slang and all grammatical errors  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consumma-  
tion*

*Devoutly to be wished. To hush—to  
speak,—*

*To speak! Perchance to err! ay, there's  
the rub;  
For in that careless speech, what "ain'ts"  
may come,*

*What "he don'ts" soon may follow,  
Must give us pause; there's the respect  
that makes  
The struggle for education of so long  
life;*

*For who would bear the whips and scorns  
of students,  
The professor's wrong, the teacher's con-  
tumely,*

*The pang of dispriz'd labor, the long  
delay,  
The tediousness of study, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.*

*When he himself might incorrectly speak  
With little trouble? Who would per-  
chance bear  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after  
school,  
The unexplored world into whose bourn  
Each must at length be hurled, puzzles  
the will,  
And makes us rather learn all that we  
can.*

*Than try to gain success so handicapped?  
Thus "Better Speech" should be the mot-  
to of us all;  
And thus the crude and native thought  
Is varnished over with a finer surface,  
Or rather doth acquire the finished touch  
Which enterprises of great pith and mo-  
ment  
Inexorably demand.*

LIZZIE.

Thoughtful Senior: "I can't say much for my skin, but I've a pocketbook they love to touch."  
Old Lady (kindly): "My little man, can you direct me to the First National Bank?"  
Ragged Urchin: "I can if there's a nickel in it. Us bank directors don't work for nothin' in this town."

MY PET PHANTOM

Thousands upon thousands of people—old, young, rich, poor—every person in the city who was lucky enough to get seats in the great hall that night, sat in breathless silence. The stillness was oppressive—someone tittered nervously. Slowly, majestically the curtain rose. A tremendous roar broke from the throng. Their idol had come back. After taking Europe by storm, crowned heads and all, she had come back to them after five years of uninterrupted triumph abroad. It was no dream, no press-agent stuff! She was back and nothing could ever take her away again. The applause swelled and re-echoed through the vast spaces.

The girl in the center of the stage raised her bow. Instantly silence reigned over the vast hall. The silvery liquid notes of "Souvenir" rippled forth. Over catchy cadences, difficult double-stopping the girl swept her way to the last perfect harmonic. Again the audience went wild. Through the masterpieces with sweetness and power the girl played, danced, and lived with the mass before her. All too rapidly the hours flew. At last, when quiet reigned again, the girl looking on and beyond the dim faces before her glided into that most beautiful masterpiece in all music, Schubert's "Ave Maria." The clear, full tones fell on a deathlike stillness. It did not seem possible that a mere human could perform such a miracle of beauty!

The man in the box sat spellbound during the entire three hours. As the last notes lingeringly died away, he rose, passed out and mingled with the throng. There was no word, no hand-clapping, no display; but a slow smile played about his lips. He had seen the cause, where others had seen only the effect. The violin had been the medium of showering forth all the purity and beauty of a girl's soul, and he had caught it. Thousands upon thousands had felt that intangible something that had elevated them, something they could not understand. Still with the little smile, the man patiently and unflatteringly pushed his way to the girl.

The rest of the story is obvious. He had found his "dream girl" and of course she responded. The rest is regulation fairy story ending. I came back to the prosaic for the simple reason that I am afraid my head will hit the sky if I keep on soaring, and I am really not ready for that—yet. How many times have I felt that stillness! Perhaps I have let my imagination run away with me, but I comfort myself with the thought—if I ever attain such a character as I have pictured the girl as having, it is worth a little dreaming and playing that a-flat minor scale sixteen times instead of just fifteen!

Sometimes I substitute the President of the United States "in the box." But tonight the romance seems more real.

The point is this: I want to play "Ave Maria" before thousands upon thousands.

VIRGINIA JACKSON.

Spring

*Spring has come, we know not how;  
All the birds are singing now,  
In the woods the wild flowers bloom,  
And Spring has chased off Winter's  
gloom.*

*Spring has come, the robins sing,  
Every month sweet flowers bring;  
In the meadows, babbling brooks  
Chattering pass the shady nooks.*

*Spring has come, the grass is green;  
Everywhere new life is seen.  
We love the Springtime for it is gay,  
Happy are we and content all day.*

IDA MAE FREELAND.

REFLECTIONS ON GUM

What a piece of work is gum! How delicious in taste! How durable in quality! For fun and enjoyment how express and admirable! For chewing, how like youth! In elasticity, how like rubber! The delight of pupils, the horror of teachers! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of sweets?

MARIAN WALTERS.

Sunday School Teacher: "Now, each pupil will quote a Bible verse as he drops in his pennies."

B. Shaw (after much thinking): "A fool and his money are soon parted."

HANK WRITES HOME

Dear Ma:  
I got moved into the new buildin our school bui't lass week. Hits a purty fine buildin made outa bricks with pascboard wall in hit. We hed to cary all our books hom fri. and report to the new buildin mon.

When we come mon. a hole lota boys wanted to sho us the bord of ejucaation, but all they did was to beet us with a peuce of flourin lak pa usta do out in the ole wood shed.

They is a lot more boys and girls that goes to this school to. Cause they have 3 buildins heer all ready afore we come over. One is a brick buildin and the other to is old woodin ones lak our ole barn down on the farm.

In one of the woodin ones is a big dinning room what they calls the calf-ateria but they warnt no calf there. In this dinning room they is a shelf on one side witch you go buy and grab things to eat off of, then you go buy a lady what makes you pay fer the things you got. After that you kin go set down and eat it effen somebody dont grab it afore you get to it.

It has started rainin round heer and the mud round the new buildin is red and soft and sticky.

Thats All,  
HANK.

A Message Old

*Have you ever thought, as you're pass-  
ing along,  
Of the people you see in the gathering  
throng?*

*Have you e'er from the highway stepping  
aside,  
Assisted one fallen to regain his stride?  
Have you ever smiled to a wearied one  
Whose struggle is hard, and is almost  
done?*

*Did you ever try helping a youth to gain  
Seared honor which he would have lost  
in vain?  
Have you ever helped a faltering child  
To believe in and trust Gentle Jesus  
Mild?*

*The throng marches on in the struggle  
and strife  
On this wonderful highway of circling  
years.  
The sun is e'er setting on somebody's life  
Which was brightened with laughter and  
watered with tears.*

*But to some happy ones, life is just  
what it seems,  
A beautiful land of dear, lovely dreams.  
To them, in their youth, life is only be-  
ginning,  
And they go their way rejoicing and  
singing.*

*But others are weary of toil and despair,  
And they welcome the break of the morn-  
ing so fair.  
From centuries old, and centuries new,  
There comes a sweet message, so clear  
and so true.*

*It brings us ideals of love and of peace,  
And all through eternity it never will  
cease;  
A message for all weary hearts of men,  
To help them to rise from their stothful  
sin.*

*To teach us to love our fellowman,  
And help them to strive on the best that  
they can.  
This is the message the angels give  
From One who died that we might live.*

MAXINE FERRE.

SPRING MEMORIES

*My mind wanders back on the first day  
of spring,  
When the sun shines gold and the wood-  
thrushes sing;  
So swiftly o'er ripples of swift-moving  
streams  
The sunlight now shines and there glances  
and gleams.*

*The blossoms smile sweetly at each mir-  
rored face,  
And sway in the breezes, each leaf in its  
place.  
The waters rush gurgling among the  
green grass,  
Rustling the leaves on the bushes they  
pass.*

*The wind hums a melody through the  
green trees,  
And the perfume of roses, pervading the  
breeze,  
Brings back dearest reveries of far-dis-  
tant days,  
Growing softer and sweeter through  
mem'ry's gray haze.*

MARJORIE VANNEMAN.