



MUSIC



RECITAL

The following is a recital given by the students of the Department of Music of the Academy of Idaho, Friday, March 6, 1908, at 3 p. m. in the Academy auditorium, under the direction of Professor Muehlen.

PART I.

1. Overture A. of I. Orchestra
Miss Mora McManis, Messrs. Nichols, Dodge, Parsons, Peterson, Steendahl, and Retherford.
2. Piano Solo, "In the Merry Month of May" Merkel
Miss Carrie Angier.
3. Piano Duet, "Qui Vive" Ganz
Misses Mildred Gayle and Gwendolynne Furey.
4. Piano Solo, "Alpine Horn" Schirmer
Miss Lillie Edrington.
5. Vocal Solo, "Deep in the Mine" Jude
Miss Rose McGonigle.
6. Piano Solo, "Harpist's Dream" Auber
Miss Vernie Sellstrom.
7. Vocal Trio, "Stars of the Summer Night" Owen
Misses Roberts, Faris, McGonigle, Furey, Angier, and Wolford.
8. Piano Solo, "Flowers and Ferns" Keiser
Miss Ida Bistline.

PART II.

1. Selection A. of I. Orchestra
2. Piano Solos, (a) "Galop Infernal" Koelling
(b) "Flatterer" Chaminade
Miss Gwendolynne Furey.
3. Piano Duet, "Lustspiel Overture" Keler-Bela
Misses Vera Roberts and Florence Brennan.
4. Piano Solo, "Stille Liebe" Lange
Miss Cecilia O'Brien.
5. Vocal Solo, "Spring Song" Mendelssohn
Miss Eva Roberts.
6. Piano Solo, "Valse Styrienne" Wollenhaupt
Miss Mildred Gayle.
7. Vocal Duet, "Fly Away, Birdling" Abt
Misses Eva Roberts and Rose McGonigle.
8. Piano Solos, (a) "Polish Dance" Scharwenka
(b) "Traumerei" Schumann
Miss Gretchen Miller.



THE JOLLY SEXTETTE

By Rose McGonigle.

I.

Among the many students
That gather in the hall,
Is a crowd of merry girls,
So stately and so tall.

II.

With voices sweet and clear,
This merry bunch of six,
Keeps time without a fear,
To the metronome's steady ticks.

III.

Those six have many talents,
But their singing beats them all,
For this is the Jolly Sextette,
So stately and so tall.

IV.

Eva and Nona's soprano voices;
Rose's and Katie's deep and low,
Are always heard in the distance,
Beyond the footlights' glow.

V.

Vernie with tenor sweet,
And Carrie sings the same,
Those two will soon be noted,
In the gallery of fame.

VI.

And when this crowd quits singing,
The audience's praises are high,
There's many a singer fine,
In the Sextette, A. of I.

The A. of I. Orchestra



Raymond V. Peterson, Piano Leslie Dodge, 2d Violin J. E. Retherford, Bass Violin Howard Parsons, Cornet
Joseph Masero, Clarinet Mora McManis, 1st Violin John O. Steendahl, Clarinet



THE need of an Academy orchestra was felt very keenly this year and all were glad to learn that Professor Muehlen had taken up the matter and secured instruments that were needed. Players were scarce and after some encouragement Mr. Retherford promised to play the bass viol. Leslie Dodge accepted the 'cello with a smile and soon an orchestra containing eight pieces was scheduled to appear before the assembly.

The personnel of the orchestra is as follows:

Mr. Steendahl	Clarinet and Leader
Joe Masero	Clarinet
Howard Parsons	Cornet
Nichols	First Violin
Mora McManis	First Violin
Leslie Dodge	Violinecello
Raymond Peterson	Piano
Mr. Retherford	Bass Viol

It is needless to say that the orchestra made a hit with the school and after the first public appearance the orchestra was called upon to furnish music for many occasions.

The combined High School and Academy orchestras played at the Declamatory contest held at the Auditorium. Many favorable comments were expressed by those who heard them play.

Next year the Academy Orchestra will be larger and better. A regular period may be set aside for daily practice and special attention and energy will be put forth to develop an excellent orchestra.

The Faculty Quartette



EACH year the commencement program has contained a number that has been keenly enjoyed and loudly encored. The Faculty Quartet has always been one of the pleasant features of the last week of school. This year is no exception and Professor Muehlen with a beaming face announces that the quartet of 1908 is a record breaker. Under his helpful training the quartet has developed rapidly and will appear several times during commencement week. The following are the members of the quartet:

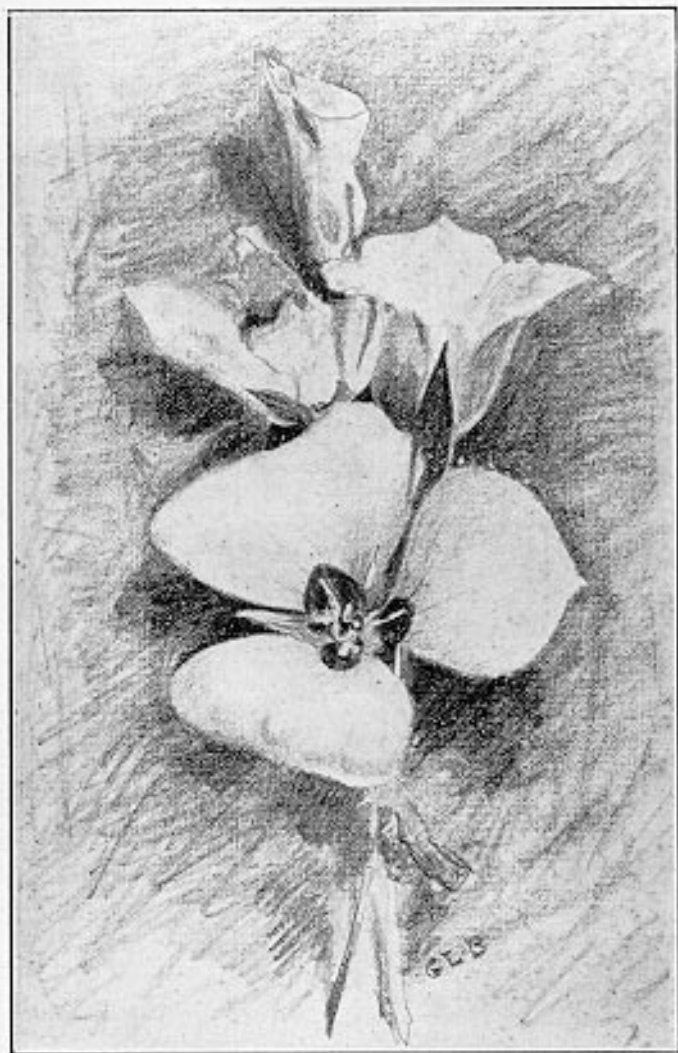
J. O. Steendahl	First Tenor
J. S. Morris	Second Tenor
J. E. Retherford	First Bass
C. E. Carlton	Second Bass

Mendelssohn Program

By Professor Muehlen.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Fleecy Cloud. | 5. Hope. | 9. Funeral March. |
| 2. Spinning Wheel. | 6. On the Sea Shore. | 10. Confidencee. |
| 3. Spring Song. | 7. Forsaken. | 11. Consolation. |
| 4. Hunting Song. | 8. Sadness of Soul. | 12. Rondo Capriccioso. |
| 13. Midsummer Night's Dream. | 14. Concerto in G Minor. | |

THE SEGO LILLY



A Product of the Hills



Department of Art and Sciences



Domestic Science Plea



WHY do so few girls take up the study of domestic science? This question is asked by the faculty, when they are invited to sample the goodies of the kitchen; visitors when they are shown through our rooms; and in fact by everyone—save the girl students themselves—interested in the school.

Each questioner answers the query in his own way; but I think the question has not been satisfactorily answered. Let us take a few typical cases. At registration, when the girls are asked if they are going to take domestic science, some say, "Oh, I get enough of that at home." Others, "I will never need that. I don't want to know how to cook and sew." Still others do not even know what is being offered in the course though they have a vague and hazy notion that, as they put it, the girls do not get practical work.

In answer to the first objection, "We get that at home," we ask another question, "Do you get that at home?" True, many girls learn to cook at home—our mothers did—but we might as well argue that we will continue to seed cotton with our fingers—our fathers did. There are easier and better ways of learning to sew and cook. It is true that at home girls probably learn to cook the same things that their mothers cooked, but domestic science shows a more scientific way to do plain cooking and in addition teaches the making and serving of fancy dishes. Furthermore, serving is taught—and who is there but will agree that efficient and dainty service is the best of appetizers?

Secondly—Girls, even if you think you are not going to **need** to cook and sew, how can you be sure of it? Isn't it every girl's place to know how? Isn't she supposed to know? Can you imagine your mother saying, "I don't know how to cook—I don't know how to sew." Picture your ideal woman without womanly accomplishments.

Thirdly—Stop talking about the impracticability of the course. If you do not know what is offered, find out. So much for registration time.

Look at the situation a little later. The girls who do not take domestic science have started something else. They see a bit here and there of what the domestic science girls are doing. "Oh," they say, "I wish I had taken that." It is too late then. To get the good of the course you must start at the queerest of places—the beginning. When they see one of the girls wearing a waist that she has made, they say, "Did you make that in domestic science? I would like to be able to make my own clothes." Then when they meet the girls coming from the cooking rooms, "What did you cook today?" "Where is it?" "Isn't it fine?" "Don't you like it?" These are the every-day questions hurled at the impractical domestic economy girl.

When June comes and things from both cooking and sewing class are on exhibition, the students, with one voice say, "I wish I had taken that course," and mothers say, "My girls shall take that next year." But alas, for plans and intentions. When next year comes, other girls do as those before them have done and start in something else. So the domestic science department suffers.

Listen, future managers of homes: Our rooms are bright and cheery, furnished with nearly everything the housewife needs. The work first of all is practical and helpful. Secondly, it is interesting; thirdly, it is a wonderful change.

You leave classes where you have been doing only brain work and where almost absolute keeping still is required, to go to a class room where you work with hands as well as with brains, and you have the blessed privilege of moving around.

When you are through at the end of the year, you have your receipt book which you may take with you and your dress you have made for exhibition. With practice in both of these studies you improve and really like the work and you have also acquired a good deal of knowledge which will stay with you always.

Girls, why not take domestic science?

—Genevieve Gee.

What a Brownie Told Me

YES, I jes' made up my min' I'd go and listen to their dreams an' fin' out if they really thought 'bout their sewing as much as they said they did. So I started out, an' firs' I went down to Ban's room and sneaked up to her an' listened an' pretty soon I hear her dreamin' 'bout an underskirt, an' she say, "No, there isn't any use sewing on buttons an' making buttonholes when a safety-pin is just as good," and then she say awful loud, "Who has got the strawberry?" then she kin' a laugh an' wake up a little bit and so I fly out of the window in a hurry for fear she see me.

Den I went over to Florence Harvey's an' there she was a dreamin' 'bout bias strips an' tucks and 'broidery and everythin', then she say, "I wonder when that frame formy skirt will be here? I want to get it framed and hung up so that everybody can see it." Then she began to dream 'bout trains and conductors so I went over to Callie's.

Callie was dreamin' 'bout railroad offees mos'ly, but I heard her say, "Yes, mamma, I have learned to sew at last, so I hope you won't laugh at my efforts any more," then she began dreamin' 'bout railroad offees again, so I lef' an' went over to the dormitory.

When I got there I looked up and see the windows was open in Eva's an' Mildred's room, so I clim' in an' Oh, Ha! Ha! I wish you could have heard what Eva was a dreamin'. It was the funniest dream I ever listened to. Couldn't make any sense out of it cause every other word she'd say was, "Ole," and then she would say something 'bout that table linen she was 'broiderin', but it was all mixed up with Ole! Ha! Ha! it was the funniest dream. I wish I could remember it, but I can't.

Mildred she say sumpin' 'bout she'd finish her skirt by next Christmas an' 'en she seemed to have a nightmare 'bout that skirt. She dreamt she was out walkin' and all of a sudden it fell apart, and just becuse she didn't fasten the threads the way Miss Walker told her to, an' I guess it made her so sorry she disobeyed, but she will always mind after this. Then she had another nightmare 'bout sewing an' 'broidery with a French seam and she say, "Oh, I jes' seam even, I wish—" but just then a mouse ran across the floor and scared me so 'at I flew straight through the key hole into the hall. I guess those girls had been having a feast and dropped some crumbs that attracted the mouse.

Well, I was standin' out in the hall an' I hear someone say, "Just two more," an' den she sigh, so I listen and

when I hear 'em sigh again I knew it was Stella so I sneaked in an' listen an' she say, "Well, when I get these two tucks done I will be ready to sew my embroidery together," and then she dream she picked herself with a pin and she bollerred so loud that it hurt my ears and I flew out of the window in a hurry an' went up to May Harkins' room.

There she was a dreamin' 'bout all the work she had to make up 'cause she'd been sick and she sigh and grumble an' take a terrible yawn, it make me feel so bad I jes' couldn't stand it, so I went away feelin' awful sorry for her.

Next place I went to see where Mary Alberts and Clara lived and I just go right in through the window, for it was wide open, and I fin' these girls a talkin' together in their sleep, firs' Mary she say, "Clara, throw me the thread and I'll finish sewin' on this button, then I'll be through. Say, do you know which are the warp threads and which are the woof?" En Clara she say, "No, I always use buttons that have four holes in them so that you don't need to know. I wish my skirt was as near done as yours, but it took me forever to get that ruffle fixed right. I wish we would hurry up and have cookin'." And Mary she say real snappy like, "Yes, you stupid thing, if everyone was as slow as you are we never would start to cook, but thank goodness they're not." And this made Clara so mad she jest sit right up in her sleep and threw a pillow at Mary, but sorry to say she hit me instead and knocked me down.

Well, pretty soon I get up feelin' awful limp an' kin' a sick and when I was goin' toward the window I hear an awful screech, so I look up and see they was havin' awful hair pullin', so I scampered out as fast as I could 'cause I didn't want to get hurt any more.

When I got outdoors I felt better, so I went over to Maxine's, but for a long time she wouldn't dream a word. Guess she's an awful weak girl, but by and by she begin kin' a say, "Well, I don't mind ripping it out cause I want it done right an' the French seams aint made narrow; they're not a bit nice." An' she turn over and frown just a little bit, but she didn't look a bit cross like Jessie did when I went over to her house.

Goodness, I don't never want to see anyone look so cross again as long as I live. She just scowl and say real cranky, "one-eighth of one and three-fourths. Oh, I don't know what it is. One eighth of one and three-fourths yards I can't do it; there's no use my trying," so she just stopped dreamin' and I went down to Florence Bean's.

She was dreamin' about apron bands and underskirts; and patchin' and sewin' left handed; 'en she began dreamin' 'bout she was sewin' on the machine, and all of a sudden she say right out loud, "Miss Walker, this crazy machine won't sew. I don't know what's the matter with it. I just looked at it and it stopped sewin' right away." 'En she laugh and begin wigglin' her feet like she was running a machine, but she didn't dream any more I reckon.

Lutie she dream 'at she was draftin' a pattern 'cause she say, "Measure four inches from the waist line," and then she move her hands all over the bed clothes like she was measurin' and cuttin' out something.

Then I went down to your house, but I couldn't understand a word you were dreamin', 'cause you dream so fast, so I gave it up as a bad job.

Now what I just told you is exactly what they was all dreamin' 'at night, but I don't want to spend any more of my nights 'at way 'specially when they bung me all up the way Clara did with that pillow.

—Carolyn Angier.



SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING



The Shorthand Class



The Shorthand Hall of Fame



MYRTLE BETHEL: Wishes to correspond with gentleman between the ages of 16 and 60. Will marry if suited. Myrtle is a very handsome girl, and someone ought to take up the above proposition, and do a kind act by not letting her become an old maid.

Carl Bryan: Carl is about to adopt a ma. He is worn to a shadow through grieving over his lost love. Favorite flower: Marguerite. Favorite tree: Ash.

George Allen: Director in athletics. Fighting and running a specialty.

✓
Madge Bassett: Fat and fair; will be 40. She is the real sleeping beauty, and has plenty of admirers but does not know it (?).

Catherine Bassett: Wanted by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Would make a very fine kicker on the A. of I. football team.

Sterling Allred: Is looking for a job, but objects to work. He has been arrested several times for exceeding the speed limit. Sterling is the father of the shorthand class.

Harold Worsley: Young and green, and a regular flirt. ✓

Reginald Murray: Promising heart smasher. He is slightly touched in the head. Has a bad habit of nosing about, which comes from the above mentioned illness.

Lorrette Duddleson: Is looking-ah-for a job-ah-in a milliner's-ah-shop-ah-to pose-ah-as a wax-ah-model-ah.

Florence Record: Pet of the class. She has to leave class 20 minutes ahead of time because she runs the machine too hot and has to let the machine cool off before the next student takes it. Favorite song: "Jerusalem."

Jean Campbell: Jean is going into the stock broking business, and her favorite industrial is "Comstock." Has springs in her shoes. Jean is also Miss Kahn's guiding star.

Susie Johnson. Chief pastime is foolishness, small change (such as nickels), and giggling.

Jessie Pierce. Jessie stoops to conquer. Would make a charming stenographer for any young gentleman who is in need of one.

Elizabeth Kearney: "Sun, moon and stars forgot, upward I fly."

Maudie Dayton: Thinks she is still teaching in school, but for all that, she is young and shy. She is the baby of the class.

Gertrude Berry: Miss Berry is another one who still thinks she is teaching school. When she reads to the shorthand class she usually gets exasperated, forgetting she is teaching a crowd of young men and women, instead of the little kids. Chief characteristic, comparing shorthand notes and turning others down.

Mark Sullivan: Abnormal swelling of the head. Back to the woods.

Marshall Olsen: Emigrant from Wisconsin to United States. A. of I.'s guiding star (?). Mamma's boy, 23. His motto is "Home, Sweet Home, For Me."

Lawrence Redford: "The leg went walking off." Lawrence is the jester of the class, and of the school, too. Chief characteristic, laugh like a riveting machine.

Lizzie Germer: Not dead, but sleeping. An ideal mother-in-law. Would do well to become a tenor singer in a male quartette.

Mayme Taylor: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."—Byron.

Bertha Hayes: The idol of her own brain; nobody else's. Her religion is "Self Esteem." She always makes good.

Martin O'Brien: Although he is an Irishman, he has never been heard to crack a joke or ever have a smile on his beautiful face.

Margaret Ash: Fled from Bryan and politics. "Only a dream of childhood."

Claude Bistline: "I'm aye too young to marry yet." "I'll love you when your hair turns gray." Goes to bed with a baseball and a bat.

Leslie Dodge: Would do well to take dancing lessons from a good instructor.

Howard Parsons: Famous for scaling fences when a fight begins. Is always loyal to his school when there is no danger about. Legs always ready to protect his face.

Alden Nichols: Professor of music and farming. Instructor in barn dances. Hobby, fiddling.

Joe Masero: The "hot air" kid. Joe's stock is never exhausted, and is just as fresh as ever. "There's music in the air." Has the intense power of a 1000-K. W. dynamo.

Rose McGonigle: Sweet, buxom lass of 170. Afflicted with severe attack of the giggles. May recover in time, but will never be herself again. "Laughs and then laughs at herself for laughing." The Sembrich of the school.

Mary Callahan: Modest and sedate. "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you."

Ola Wolford: Powder and paint will **never** make a saint. Has a very bad case of the dry grins. Her chief pastime is looking pretty. "Hello, Central, give me Levis. I want to go to the dance."

Mabel Downey: "O dear mother, what a flower I be,

Two young men came courting me,
One was blind, t'other couldn't see,
O dear mother, what a flower I be,"

Raymond Peterson: Ambassador to U. S. from Wisconsin. Came to Idaho to look after ma's boy, "Olie, the Swede." "You know it."

Clara Ward: "O dear, what can the matter be,
Ross is so long at the fair;
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
To tie up my yellow green hair."

Julia Peck: Stronger (driving mule team through Malad): "Good morning, madam. Will you please tell me where I can buy some baled hay?"

Julia: "No, sir, I don't believe they raise it here. All they raise here is alfalfa and timothy."

Grace Warner: Falls down stairs every morning on her way to school. Better late than never.

—Sterling Allred,
—Reginald Murray.

The Advanced Shorthand Class.

The short hand class is the strongest,
Of any class in school,
But that is little wonder, for
In it there's not one fool.

Although we have the largest class,
Our good teacher knows them all,
From the smartest to the poorest
From the largest to the small.

First in order's Sterling Allred,
Who answers when he can,
And then comes George Allen,
Who says writing tires his hand.

Madge Bassett can read shorthand,
If she only could have time,
Miss Berry thinks she knows it,
And she always falls in line.

Catherine Bassett would read if she could,
But it's kind of hard for her,
Carl Bryan makes an effort,
Though he often makes a slur.

Myrtle Bethel when asked to read,
Often does not know the place,
And then he calls "Claude Bistline,"
Who gladly fills the space.

Then comes Lorretto Duddleson,
Who can always read the spots,
Mrs. Dayton never gets a chance
To from her take the dots.

Barbara Forrest, ever true to study,
Always knows her part,
Lizzie Germer, always sleeping,
At her name wakes with a start.

Bertha Hayes likes to answer,
She's very sweet, I know,
From Joseph Masero the words
Always correctly flow.

Reggie Murray to his name responds,
And always plays his part,
Alden Nichols has other things in view,
So shorthand has not his heart.

Marshall Olsen would be surprised
If he could read his part,
Martin O'Brien knows his transcripts
Nearly off by heart.

Raymond Peterson says he'd rather
Play the piano all day long,
Lawrence Redford's all right on shorthand,
He knows he is quite strong.

Florence Record sets the part
Of a bright star in the room;
Mayme Taylor knows when she can't answer,
Just what will be her doom.

Harold Worsley makes a brave attempt
To try and win the boon,
But the poor fellow realizes,
He has taken it too soon.

Then there's Yours Truly in it,
Who answers by and by,
And some say if she couldn't,
It would surely make her sigh.

This ends the history of the class,
If justice has been given,
And if shorthand was the only thing,
We'd know our chance of Heaven.

—Jean M. Campbell.

Shorthand--How it Was Transcribed

Dictated: "Many stenographers are bewildered when a dictater uses such common Latin phrases as 'vice versa,' 'hona fide,' etc."

Transcribed: "Many stenographers are bewildered when a dictater uses such common Latin phrases as 'visay verses,' 'bony fido,' etc."

Dictated: "With dictionaries cheap and accessible, there is no excuse for these little foxes that destroy the vine."

Transcribed: "With dictation slow and accessible there is no excuse for these little fixes that destroy the wine."

Raymond Peterson (reading from notes): "We mail you under separate cover our"—(pause), "our—our—"

Mr. S., (interrupting), "Go ahead, the hours are passing rapidly."

Shorthand Student (reading notes): "We quote you on jelly tumblers: One-half pint with tin **door**—" Class explodes.



Commercial Alphabet

A stands for Allen and Amundsen,
For they, this list must begin.

B stands for the Bryan brothers, decreed,
And Butler and Bell and Berg, who lead.

C stands for Comstock and Custer,
Clendenin, and Catheart, a brilliant muster.

D stands for Dayton and Derham,
With Dull thrown in as bird's feed, the worm.

F is the Honorable Fowler
Who stands alone, but O, such a growler!

G stands for Griffith and Goodburn
So smart, so swift; and still they can learn.

J stands for Jenkins and Jones,
And of these is said that no girl owns.

L stands for Lucky Lewis,
Who is now looking for a Jewess.

M stands for Meng, Mooney and Mason,
And McGarvey whom they wish (?) to shun.

N stands for Nordquist so fleet,
O stands for O'Brien another to beat.

P stands for Peck and Peterson,
With Piquet to back them up, for they are going some.

R stands for Roberts, so keen (?),
S stands for Smith unseen (?).

W stands for White and West,
Who cause this alphabet to rest.

—Wray M. Peck, 1910.

Commercial Dictionary

A.

Accommodation—To show Winford Condit the Commercial Exchange window.

Account—See Ida Bistline for work of perfection.

Acknowledgement—of the remembrance of C. E. Carlton by the Commercial Class.

Ad Valorem—According to value. Ex. Wilmer A. Dull.

Assets—Something on hand. The ink on Carl Bryan's hand, for example.

Auction—Sale to the highest bidder, i. e., Mabel Weidemann to William Fowler.

B.

Bankrupt—All in, down and out.

Bear—Dealer who lowers the value. See Ralph Lewis.

Bull—Raising of value. Guy Clendenin will sell a piece of paper in the B. R. E. Co.'s office for \$3,800.00 and think he is giving a bargain.

Business—One's profession. Ex., Matilda Nordquist's smiling.

C.

Compact—Agreement between Pete Derham and Venette Meng.

D.

Disonor—To refuse, as Joe Masero does, the deposits.

E.

Exchange—To trade good for evil. See Arthur Butler.

Execution—To prevent Ross Jones from playing base ball.

F.

Face—Whose? John Berg's, for his face is always at the window doing a transaction.

I.

Insurance—Protection such as Griff offers Nellie.

Inventory—A list, usually quite lengthy, such as the Commercial Class and the 100 per cent (?) grades.

J.

Junior Partner—Cecilia O'Brien.

Landlord—Owner of an estate like John Amundsen's.

Landlorl—Owner of an estate like John Amundsen's.

Liabilities—The amount that Duke owes Mabel Mooney.

Lien—The right to hold possession, as Marshall Olsen and Adele Smith have on the freight office.

N.

Negotiable—Such quick changes as Raymond Peterson is noted for.

P.

Par—The self-estimate of Leon Comstock.

Prima Facie—The first sight is all that is needed to convince you that the Commercial Students are the best students in school.

S.

Settle—Will Custer's Long Suit.

T.

Tacit—That Mrs. Dayton has the best class record (?)

—Wray M. Peek, '10.

The Second Wall Street



COLLEGE CITY, Idaho, a city of two hundred thousand and odd, is located in Bannock County about forty miles from the southeastern corner of Idaho.

As a busy, humming and industrious commercial city it has no peer. It stands outlined against the commercial horizon with well defined outlines, its prominence causing the vision of the others to be obscure. Like all large cities, the residences are located in one spot, the factories in one, and the business section in another.

In the very centre of the city the commercial heart is found to be throbbing unceasingly for six days in every week and only slows down for a brief respite on the Sabbath only to start again on the following day with increased vigor, sending the currents of commercial blood with great rapidity through the multifarious channels of business. This seemingly wild confusion is merely the common daily business routine of Second Wall Street.

This second Wall Street, the one that has caused the prestige of the once great Wall Street of New York to sink

into oblivion, is known the wide world o'er. The enormous business not only attracts the observer's attention, but also the mammoth buildings, which soaring skyward, appear as mountains in contrast with the smaller buildings.

The Academy supply, which at once attracts the observer's attention, is thirty-five stories high, while its neighbor, the Bannock Real Estate, is twenty-five.

The Wall Street First National Bank is twenty stories high and is built of the costly New Hampshire marble. Its beauty is unsurpassed.

The College City Depot is located on the extreme end of the street. The cost of this building when completed was two million dollars. All the above named buildings stand in the order described, occupying six ordinary blocks.

Having a faint picture of the buildings of Second Wall Street let us become acquainted in brief with the system of the business and the men behind the guns, the men who furnish the power, guide, and direct the business of this great metropolis.

At the head of the bank is Hon. Joe Masero, president, and Miss Maude Dayton, vice president. Masero is a modern, up-to-date banker, shrewd and skilled in modern finance, proved his skill when he hired Miss Dayton, a young and highly accomplished brunette. According to recent rumors circulating around Wall Street, Miss Dayton is soon to occupy the president's chair. As yet the boat has not been launched upon the sea of matrimony.

The Academy Supply Co. is managed by Hon. Wray Peek, and assistants, Mr. Derham and Will Custer. Peek, formerly a sugar beet merchant of Rigby, Idaho, became fabulously wealthy by the issuing of sugar beet scrip. He advanced by strides until you find him where he now is, president of the Academy Supply Co. The shrewdness of this man is taxed to the very utmost in keeping his first assistant, Will Custer, from answering the 'phone. Public phones are located on every corner in Wall Street for the accommodation of the busy man. Though Peek is noted for shrewdness he is also noted for his striking balance. He always believes in being off \$30,000.00 or so on a trial balance for a week anyway. The Supply Company supplies the needs of all needful men. Its business is immense.

The Bannock Real Estate is run under the capable man-

agement of the Honorables Clendenin and Bryan. These millionaires take life easy, having all their help hired.

The wholesale house run by Allen & Peterson sends out daily hundreds and hundreds of tons of merchandise to Wall Street merchants. The trade of this house is immense and the profits great.

Mr. A. Nichols, who formerly ran the wholesale department after plugging a trial balance, embezzled \$10,000.00 or more and eloped with one called Miss Johnson. Please return the strayed sheep to justice.

The College City Railway is run under the able and competent management of Ole Olsen and Adele Smith. The high standard of this railroad is due to these two. The immense amount of daily traffic is tremendous. These two have many hard problems or cases to confront. Two heads are better than one.

Berg & Co., White & Co., and all the leading merchants of Wall Street send their merchandise via the C. C. R. R. The banking business of all these companies is done with the Wall Street National. This bank receives daily deposits ranging from \$100.00 to \$300,000.00.

The business of Wall Street was running like well oiled machinery when suddenly the oil gave out and the bombs of bankruptcy were bursting everywhere. The first bomb exploded in the Wall Street National Bank with very disastrous results. Masero committed suicide by drinking a heavy portion of Pocatello water. Mrs. Dayton still occupies the president's chair. Ole skipped and nowhere can Adele be found. Wray Peek, the once brilliant man, was driven to hard drink and it is reported that he now wears a 44 belt, formerly wearing a 16. The panic was beneficial to Peek.

Guy Clendenin and Carl Bryan, the big real estate men, are almost insolvent, their money being tied up in farming lands. Guy never wears that merry face that he used to.

Bookkeeper Derham is reported to have absconded with several thousand, and last heard of was in England. Derham may make a hit over there in the tennis line since he is coached by a second May Sutton, Miss Angiers. Derham always did like tennis.

Petersen & Allen succeeded in withstanding the attacks of the panic for some time, but even they were affected to a certain extent. Allen was ill with what is known as the Spring

Fever. The doctor says the only sure cure is to play a little baseball. Allen has been playing ever since.

The panic still hovers over Second Wall Street and pros-

pects are very dubious. Let us hope that the clouds will break away before the first of September, 1908.

Character Sketch of Queen Elizabeth

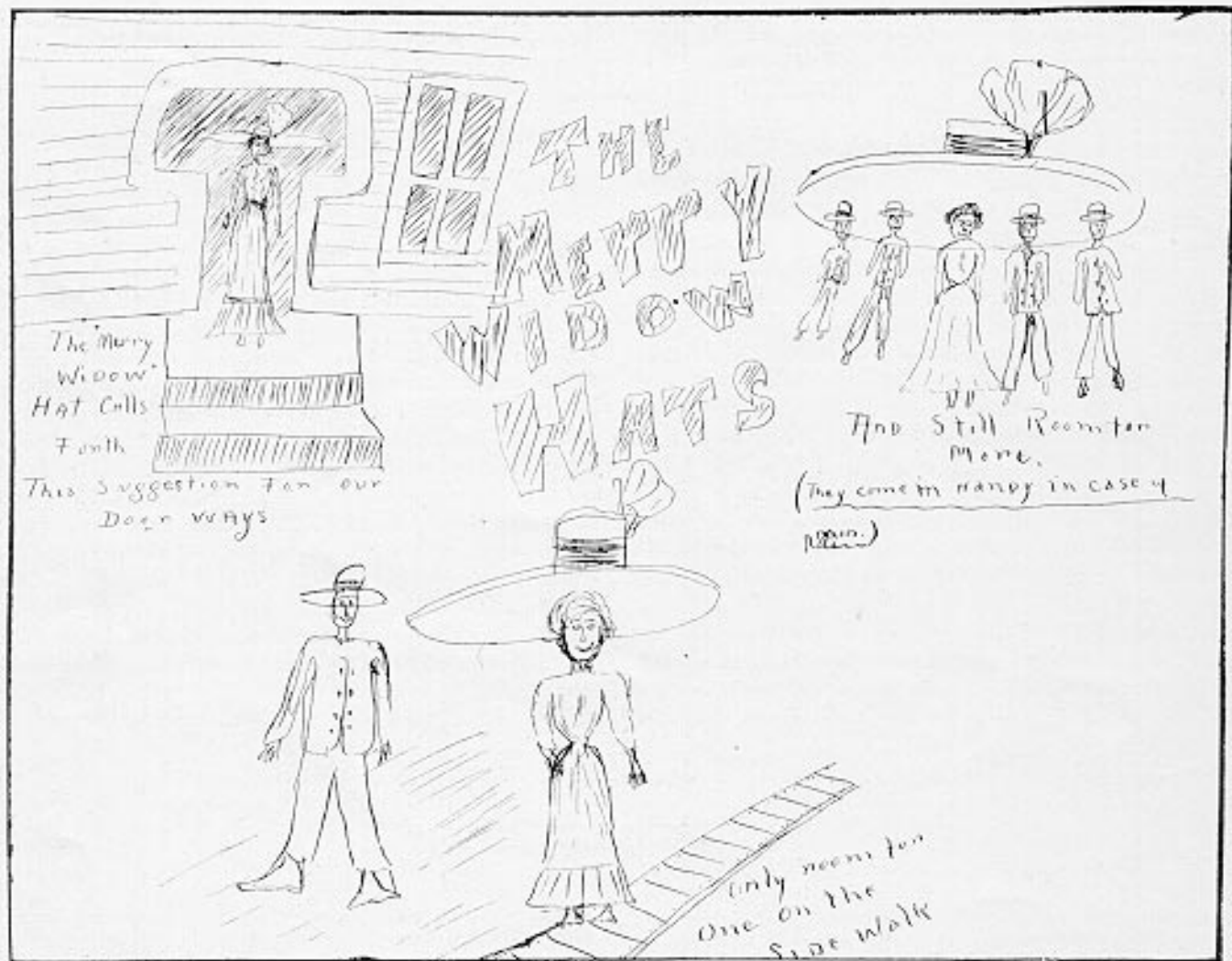
AS one reads about England's virgin queen, it is difficult to reconcile the traits of character shown in her childhood with those of her womanhood. When a small child, Elizabeth was remarkable for her timidity. But it takes no profound student of history to see that as she grew older she developed traits which were anything but demure. This trait was brought out, in all probability, by her enforced association and dealing with men. She must have inherited her quality of bluff from her father, Henry VIII. She used this quality with telling effect upon the King of Spain when Drake returned from his famous voyage around the world with about four millions of dollars of Spanish gold and silver. To his threats of war she replied that she was ready, and after making "eyes" at the Spanish ambassador for awhile she induced the king to accept a small percentage of the booty and be satisfied. In this incident are shown other elements of her character—caution, a love for money, and deceit. She was cautious by nature, an element strongly characteristic of her grandfather, Henry VII. The conditions of the times and her love for England demanded

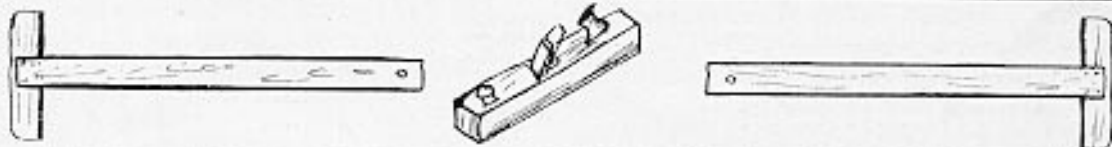
that she be economical in order to avoid hardships for her people, and one of the chief characteristics of her age was deceit or scheming. She must cultivate this practice in order to hold her throne against the Catholics, who claimed that she was an illegitimate heir to the throne.

Her economy did not extend to her own person, for her expenses almost rivalled those of the luxurious Cleopatra. Ruffles and ribbons and jewels were always in prominence and her courtiers in order to keep pace with her were often forced into bankruptcy. Her little tricks of diplomacy gained her the reputation of being a coquette, but it is only fair to say that in most cases her sole purpose was to win a point for her true lover—England. Most of her acts were governed by her desire to advance the interests of her country. Her religion, her scheming cruelty to Mary, Queen of Scots, and to some of her fallen favorites, her deceit, her coquetry and all the other elements of her character, were developed by the exigencies of her time and left a lasting effect on her people.

—Florence L. Brennan.







THE MECHANIC ARTS & DEPARTMENT

Class Roll

William Busche,
Stanley Cleare,
Meril Hays,
Reginald John Murray,
Arthur Nielson,
Calvin Sellstrom,

John Tupper,
Lloyd Weeter,
Horace Whittlesey,
Fred Yearian,
Earl White,
Gus Cannon,

William Hays,
Roy Houde,
Arthur Jacobson,
Clarence Rainey,
Dow Franklin,
George Griffith.

MECHANIC ARTS

THE present year has been one of encouragement to the Mechanic Arts department. When the course was first established this department possessed a very meagre and poor equipment. The work was carried on in the basement of the boys' dormitory, which was a very unsatisfactory place. Year by year the equipment has been added to until we now possess a well equipped shop, adapted to all forms of wood work and mechanical drawing.

Last year (1907), new single benches were purchased in Chicago, and additional quick-acting vices were placed on all the old benches. A quantity of new saws, planes and other tools was added to the equipment.

It is the plan of the school to add equipment year by year until work can be offered in all forms of metal as well as wood work. With a good equipment of forges, machine lathes and other metal working machinery, the Academy can boast of a strong Mechanic Arts department.

The classes have been small this year, but have made a record in the amount and efficiency of the work. The first year class has accomplished a vast amount of good work and it is exhibit will be the best ever shown by the department.

The second year class has spent a large share of the year making joinery exercises and applying same in the making of furniture. Many large pieces of furniture are being completed by both classes. Library tables, center tables, book stands, rocking chairs, magazine racks, tabourettes and smaller pieces make up the exhibit.

The last few weeks of school were spent in staining and varnishing the models. Many complete working drawings were finished and were exhibited with the models.

The work in the drawing room has been even more pleasing than that of the wood-working shop. The first year class has completed a year and a half's work and has handed in a

high class of work. The second year class has completed the two years' course with credit.

Next year the third year students will have the choice of two courses in drawing, i. e., the architectural drawing course and the machine drawing course. Each course covers a period of two years.

The future of the Mechanic Arts department is very bright. At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees the question of enlarging the department met with approval. This department will be enlarged by the addition of wood-turning lathes, a forge shop and a machine shop. This will mean that a new building will be constructed or that the present building will be enlarged. There is a great demand for instruction along mechanical lines. When the new equipment is at hand this department will be second to none in this part of the country.

The first year class contains a very bright lot of young men, Billie Busche being the bright and shining light. Bill could use up more material in a day than all the rest of the class. Bill's hobby was planing. One boy was assigned to Bill's bench to pour water on Bill's plane to keep it from burning.

Murray is the "whirlwind" of the class. Reg is late of England, and had seen carpenters' tools before. Reg's hobby is creating noise. He should have worn moccasins instead of boots.

Cleare, Tupper and Weeter are the "candy kids" of the class, always being willing to see the funny side of things. Have to tie them to the benches to help them at work. They do like to gossip.

Nielson is in a class by himself; slow but steady. There are many things Arthur can do better than shop work. He has a habit of joining Murray in all pranks.

Whittlesey and Yearian seem to belong to the same class and are said to be top-notchers in their work. Horace is a worker and can turn out good work. We all look up to him. Fred is just like him only he lives in the dormitory and has a subdued air about him.

Houde, Porter, Beckstead, White, Rayle, Busche and Woodall gave up the ship early in the game.

Will-o'-the-Wisp



ANY of us have probably had the opportunity of seeing this peculiar and unaccounted-for light; but we have never been offered a suitable explanation for its occurrence or its nature. The best authorities give the following explanations; but they are yet uncertain.

Will-o'-the-Wisp, or better known as *ignis fatuus*, is a luminous appearance frequently seen in marshy places, in churchyards, and over stagnant pools. It appears as a blue-colored flame varying in size and shape; sometimes it disappears, and reappears within short intervals. It floats in the air at about two feet from the ground, is sometimes fixed, and sometimes moves with great rapidity. Like a mirage it appears to the eye brighter at a distance. Many efforts have been made to discover its true cause; but so varied are its appearances and so void of any common principle that these attempts have in the most part failed. Two explanations appear most prominent. The first is that *ignis fatuus* is due to phosphuretted hydrogen gas (PH_3), also known as phosphine, which possesses the property of igniting when it comes in contact with dry atmospheric air. The gas is probably generated by the decomposition of animal matter present in a marshy soil. If phosphine is generated from bones or animal matter by caustic potash, which might possibly be the case, it contains some vapors of the liquid phosphide (P_2H_4), which take fire spontaneously and therefore causes the inflammable phosphine to ignite. The second explanation is that it is due to the combustion of methane or marsh gas (CH_4), produced by the decomposition of vegetable matter; but though this supposition accounts for many appearances connected with the *ignis fatuus*, the gas itself is not spontaneously combustible, therefore additional suppositions are necessary to account for its ignition. The probable conclusion is that several phenomena apparently similar, but arising from different causes, are the source of *ignis fatuus*. The first explanation is usually preferred.

The appearance of *ignis fatuus* is not very common, and generally can never be found by naturalists who wish to in-

vestigate it. Nevertheless, it has been repeatedly seen in different countries, and in former days was an object of superstition among the people who had the opportunity of seeing it.

Its existence always causes much apprehension among the ignorant and superstitious class. Instances are many and I endeavor to cite a few. One of our professors tells the following story:

"A certain gentleman who was riding alone one dark night through a marshy region beheld a moving light ahead of him near a bridge which he was obliged to cross. He supposed the light was that of a lantern carried by a pedestrian. On nearer approach he was able to distinguish the bridge and the stream which flowed beneath, but the blue light was following a course of its own apparently without assistance. It seemed to be moving about two feet above the ground, assuming no definite shape, although it was not very large. When the rider had gained the bridge the light had taken the responsibility of leading the way, a fact which might have been considered as a favor on the part of the traveler had he not been otherwise disposed, and it advanced down the pike at a convenient rate of speed not surpassing that of the gentleman's horse. It continued in this way to the awe and astonishment of the lonely rider until the road forked, one part branching off up a hill, the other continuing along the valley. The willful light took the hill road and as the rider's course lay in the other direction, he, greatly relieved, was left to consider the spectacle as he pursued his nightly errand."

Will-o'-the-Wisp was a name which had been given this strange phenomenon by people of the early ages, because of its resemblance to a lighted wisp of straw.

I have had the occasion to become acquainted with another tale of an experience similar to this near my own home: Three brothers who had been visiting in a nearby town were returning to their country home at a somewhat late hour, when on approaching the farmhouse they were met by their two sisters, who had been left on the place alone. They were very much frightened and had been crying. The only explanation the boys could get was that the girls had seen a distant light, which moved in every direction at the same

distance above the ground and often with great rapidity. It had appeared for a few seconds, then disappeared, and when it reappeared it was in an entirely new position, usually many yards away from the place of its first appearance. It was of that kind before mentioned which appears at regular intervals, in this case the interval was about one minute. The girls, not familiar with ignis fatuus, had good cause to be frightened, and the boys also, without knowledge of the pecu-

liar occurrence, would have displayed their uneasiness had they not outnumbered the girls and were proud enough not to disclose their failing in the presence of the weaker sex. They, too, were soon offered the opportunity of seeing the unwelcome and uncanny spectacle, but after a few repeated appearances it disappeared, not to return again as long as they watched that evening, and up to the present time its occurrence is an incident of the past. —L. E. D., '08.

LIZA

HOW lonely it had been on the plantation since Mr. Mr. Gwynn and his nineteen-year-old son George had left it to join the Southern army. And now since the news of Mr. Gwynn's death, the depression that hung over the Gwynn household was more than Liza, the fourteen-year-old nigger girl, could stand.

She was a lively little creature and was as vain as she was lively. Her only consolation was to sneak up to Miss Genevieve's room when she was out and prance up and down before the long mirrors nodding and coquetting in Miss Genevieve's best raiment.

One day she unbraided her woolly pigtails and brushed them out until they stood out straight from her head and tied the wiry bunches, supposed to be curls, with dainty pink ribbons. She had no sooner completed this wonderful bit of toilet when she heard Miss Genevieve running up the stairs. She was so startled that she dropped the beautiful French mirror in which she was admiring herself, with a crash to the floor. Poor Liza, what would Miss Genevieve say? In great despair, just before Miss Genevieve reached the door Liza flopped down on top of the ruin and spreading her scant calico skirt over the broken glass she proceeded to look diligently for a splinter in the bottom of her foot. When Miss Genevieve's eyes fell on the frizzly head tied with pink ribbons a smile swept over her face. However, it did not remain long, for she remembered the crash that she had heard as she reached the top of the stairs. "Liza," she demanded sternly, "what are you doing in my room, and what was that awful crash I just heard?"

"Dunno," answered without raising her eyes from her foot.

"Yes, you do know," insisted Miss Genevieve, "get up!"

"Can't, got de cramps," wailed the child.

"Can't, can't yo'? Got the cramps, well, if yo' don't leave her' in two seconds I shall send yo' down to Yellow Jo."

"Golly!" cried the horrified girl, and hurriedly rose to her feet. Yellow Jo was the great slave trader in New Orleans and was the terror of all the slaves in the community. As Liza got up she clutched at the broken glass and flew out of the room and down to the cornfield behind the niggers' cabins, where she flung herself flat on her face and wailed for an hour.

When she had recovered, to a certain extent, from the disgrace of being found in Miss Genevieve's room, she sat up and pulled forth the piece of glass she had been able to get hold of. To her great delight one of the pieces was quite large, and after an admiring glance at her tear-streaked countenance she stuck the treasure up her sleeve. The smaller pieces she buried deep in the cornfield.

As she neared the cabin she heard the old woman with whom she lived, shuffling about the room. "Golly," gasped Liza, "what old mammy say? She sho' will beat me w'ose dan eber when Miss Genevieve tells her dat I done crack her beautiful mirror dat her Uncle Walter sent her." And with this last remark she turned and ran down the cornfield as fast as her black little feet could carry her. She reached the far end of the field but did not stop. She dashed into the

thick low trees and made her way into the middle of the grove. But it began to get very dark and Liza's eyes grew larger and her ears stood out straighter than ever in an attempt to catch any sign of the many wild beasts that she supposed lived in this grove.

It was now quite dark and every time the nigger cracked a twig with her foot her heart jumped into her throat. At last, tired out and too frightened to go any further, she fell down beneath a large tree and like an ostrich, buried her head in a pile of leaves so that the beasts would not find her, and went to sleep.

The next morning she was awakened by some one vigorously shaking her by the shoulder and to her great horror she saw that it was a Union soldier. "Golly!" gasped Liza, "a-am yo' really, ah, Oh, Lordy, Lordy, am yo' really a Union soldier?" This brought a hearty laugh from the small corps of soldiers who had run across her early in the morning, but, until now, had been unable to wake her.

"Yes, we are Union soldiers," answered the man who had awakened her, "but we aint going to hurt you, you look as if you were afraid of us!"

Liza sat bolt upright and rubbing her eyes, ejaculated, "Golly, and yo' are sho' yo' aint agwine to kill me? Miss Genevieve said dat de Union soldiers would kill every nigger dey saw." This brought another laugh from the soldiers.

"Well," said the soldier who had spoken before, "next time you see Miss Genevieve you tell her she is greatly mistaken; now come along with me and have some breakfast. You look half starved." The men built a fire and soon the captain handed Liza a piece of broiled bacon on a stick. She had just started to eat it when the captain of the corps said, "See here, little girl, what are you doing out here in the woods all alone?"

The question struck Liza with such force that she dropped her bacon to the ground. Since she woke up so many strange things had happened that the accident with the mirror, and her rapid flight from the plantation had quite slipped her shallow mind.

After a useless moment of reflection, she said in a mystified way, "Ho, dunno. Dunno whar' I is, un dunno why I's he'."

"That's strange," said the amused captain, "I'm afraid you've run away from your home."

"Run away from home!" A happy idea struck Liza. She had heard of niggers running away from slavery, so she said, "Oh, yes, I dan run away from slavery and I'm goin' up north and be a white person and neber be a slave no mo'." At this, the captain laughed so long that Liza began to get uneasy for fear she had said something wrong.

"Well," finally said the captain, "we'll take you along with us and see what we can do for you. The little nigger amused him and he thought he would take her up to the main camps and see if he couldn't do something for her so that she wouldn't have to go back to the plantation.

All day long they traveled northward, Liza riding the horse that carried the provisions, and reached the main camp shortly after sundown. While the captain and Liza were walking down through the aisles between the tents the soldiers laughed at her and made fun of her head-dress. This made the vain girl very indignant because she thought her hair was very becomingly done in this unique fashion, and so the first possible chance she pulled the mirror from her sleeve and looked at herself to discover, if possible, what made the soldiers laugh so. To her great distress she found that her wiry hair had come loose from the ribbons and was standing straight out all over her head. She ran down to the stream and soused her head in an attempt to make her unruly hair lay in some sort of order, but the water only made it look worse. She looked at herself in the mirror and at the frightful sight that met her eyes. She wailed, "Oh, Lordy, Lordy, why don't it stay down?"

"Why don't what stay down?" asked a voice behind her.

"Golly, who am dat? Oh, yo'?" she cried, as she turned and faced the captain. "Dunno, nothing," she answered as she slipped the precious piece of mirror up her sleeve.

"Well, come along with me," laughed the captain, and took her to the tent in which she was to spend the night.

The next morning she was given the freedom of the camp and immediately set about exploring it. Along toward noon she discovered a large high fence at the northern end of the camp ground.

Liza was almost as curious as she was vain, and when

she discovered the wall, she walked around the fence until she found a crack through which she could peak and discovered to her great surprise that instead of being full of horses it was full of men. She couldn't imagine what those men were doing inside of the fence, so she decided to climb over and satisfy her curiosity by asking them.

After considerable time she found herself inside the great enclosure and, could it be true? Were her eyes deceiving her? No. Lying there in the hot sun, a captive in a Union camp, was her young master George.

"Law bless me, mars' George, what am yo' doin' he'?" asked the surprised Liza.

Young George was as much amazed at seeing the slave girl in the camp as she was at seeing him. He beckoned her to sit down beside him and for an hour George Gwynn sat beside a nigger, planning for his escape.

When Liza left the corral a half hour later her eyes were bulging and her heart was beating rapidly under the force of the great secret she had with her master.

That evening, just after dark, she ran to the sentinel at the extreme end of the prison, and told him that the captain wanted him to report at headquarters at once.

The sentinel thought it was rather strange that the captain should send this little girl after him and not send anyone to keep watch during his absence, but the captain's orders were compulsory, and so he said, "Well, all right, little girl, but who'll keep watch for me while I'm gone?"

"Oh, I'se gwine do dat fo' yo', sur," answered Liza. The sentinel laughed and started off toward headquarters. "Oh, but yo's got to gimme yo' gun," called the excited Liza. The soldier turned and looked at her very hard for a minute and then said:

"See here, little gal, who did you say sent for me?"

"Why, de captain dat alus sends fo' yo', of course," stammered Liza.

"Oh," answered the sentinel, and with another look at the unexpressive face before him he handed Liza the gun and walked off in the dark toward the captain's tent.

As soon as he was out of sight, Liza ran to the prison wall and called, "Mars' George, Mars' George, quick, run, he am gone." At this, all the Southern captives headed by George Gwynn, scrambled over the board fence and hurried

noiselessly into the dark forest. Liza, very much frightened, hurried back to the place where the sentinel had left her, but surely she heard the sound of a number of men running toward her, and she cried, "Oh, golly, what will dey do to me, and I dassen't tell dem what I done 'cause Mars' George said he would sho' sell me down to Yellow Jo if I did. Oh, Lordy," and with this last ejaculation she threw herself into a clump of bushes and waited aloud. Before long one of the soldiers who had been called to the scene as soon as the truth of the situation dawned on the sentinel, found the frightened nigger girl and roused her with the point of his bayonet.

"Where are those Southern soldiers and where is that gun?" the soldier demanded in a gruff tone.

"Oh, golly, dunno," wailed the terrified child as the soldier gave her another poke with his bayonet.

Liza remembered that her first promise to her master was to tell the soldiers that she didn't know anything about his escape and she intended to keep this promise, not through any sense of honor, but because of her extreme fear of Yellow Jo.

"Get up," said the soldier gruffly, "You do know where they are, and you've got to tell me where they went," and he gave her a vigorous shake of the shoulder.

"Let me alone," screamed Liza, "Yo's sho' gwine to kill me, after all, just like Miss Genevieve said, and the captain promised dat yo' all wouldn't. Oh, Lordy, Lordy," and she fell back on the ground howling at the top of her voice.

At this identical moment Liza's friend, the captain, arrived on the scene, inquiring the cause of the terrible noise, and when the soldier told him he said, "Never mind, we've caught every one of them and have them under double guard."

"Hab yo' dun caught Mars' George, too?" she screamed.

"Who?" asked the captain.

"Mars' George Gwynn," she repeated, and after being assured over and over that he was locked up and couldn't possibly punish her she told the soldiers all about the plans for the escape.

When she was all through the captain said very crossly,

"Well, we surely don't want anybody like you around this camp. Tomorrow you go back to the Gwynn plantation."

The next morning very early, Liza and a soldier started for the Gwynn home bearing the news of George's capture.


That night when Liza was once more in the little cabin she pulled forth her precious mirror and was smiling at her black countenance when in walked old Mammy Grey.

"See he?" she snapped, as she boxed Liza on the ear, "Yo' good fo' nothin' nigger, you', I 'low I'll beat yo' good fo' running away like day and gettin' po' Mars' George cap-

tured dat a-way, and den yo' sits around he' grinnin' at yo' hideous self in the mirror. Now just clar out of he' and wash yo' dirty face and fo' de law sakes, braid yo' hair," and with another good boxing she sent poor Liza flying up to the well to make her toilet. As she hung on the railing looking down into the deep, dark well, she remarked, "Golly, but I did have a pow'ful bad time," and then she added with a grin, "But I never got no beatin', though, and Miss Genevieve's clar forgot about dat mirror."

—Carrie Angier.

JOHN

 N a bright summer's day the little valley lay basking in the warm sunlight. It was nestled down among the mountains as though it loved them for the protection which they afforded, making even the winters mild. Two rivers looking like strips of silver in the sunlight, wound their way through this happy valley. The larger river followed close along the mountains while the other cut across the valley to meet it. The two rivers joining in this way formed a large Y. At the junction of the rivers and on either side of the larger was the pretty little town of Summerside.

The part of the town next to the mountains was built on the first bench of the rolling foothills. A clear mountain creek splashed through it and tumbled into the river a short distance above the moss-grown piers of the bridge.

The roaring waters, the singing birds, and all the sounds that are heard on spring days, mingled harmoniously.

Summerside looked like a gay little flower garden. The many different colored roofs and little patches of green lawn surrounding the cottages, made a pleasing picture.

From the porch of a cozy little brown cottage the climbing roses seemed to be nodding a welcome to the orchard in full bloom. The bright colored choristers of the air, free from fear, flutter and twitter in the vines and trees. The deserted hammock and the open book thrown face downward by it give the impression that the people living here find too much in "God's out of doors" to spend their time searching for amusement between covers of a book.

Baby John, a bright little lad of four years, rolled and

tumbled on the lawn with his playful black dog, Jet. With a merry twinkling of the eyes and a challenge, "I'll beat," to the girlish figure in the doorway, he bounded down the gravel walk to meet his father. The challenge was accepted and the mother following the child joined in the race to the gate. Then the family, this breathless little group, took advantage of the cool shade of a large tree in the yard, and sat down to rest beneath it.

"Guss, isn't this a beautiful world? Nothing could make our little home and valley more complete. See those snow-capped peaks, the rolling foothills, the rivers, and our happy Summerside; a picture that only nature can paint. It does almost seem, doesn't it, that neither sin nor sorrow could come here."

Guss noticed the moisture in her eyes as she spoke, and watched the dimples playing in her cheeks.

"Hope is your name and it is the very symbol of your life. All are not like you, though, for even in this seemingly perfect haven we have business and with it come its trials and temptations."

He heaved a long sigh.

"Nothing has happened, Guss?" Even though her disposition was an unusually cheerful one, she could momentarily change, to sympathize with those she loved.

"No, nothing," he laughed. "Only enough to give me a splendid appetite. I was only teasing."

"All right, lunch is ready. You were late in getting home today."

So they started for the cottage. Baby John, not being

content to walk with them, bounded on ahead frolicking and romping with Jet. His large eager eyes were much like his mother's, and sunny little curls bobbed all over his head.

Even a stranger, on account of the frank, open expression and keen wits of the little fellow, could not help feeling strangely alive when with him.

Late that afternoon, Baby John came to his mother sobbing, "Mamma, Liz-beth's mad. She wouldn't let me slap Jet when he rolled on my hat; she said it was my fault and that I ought to had it rolled on for not wearing it. And when I slapped him anyhow she went home. Now I want someone to play with."

"Well, dear, 'Liz'beth seems to be lonely, too; see, she is hanging on her gate; don't you think you and Jet had better go over and see her and take some flowers as a peace-offering. And if I were you I would wear my hat this time, and remember not to hurt little girl's feelings."

Baby John picked a few of the brightest flowers and scrambled across the street to his playmate-sweetheart. She saw him coming and met him half way.

"You're not mad at me, are you?" She was the first to pipe. No," shamefacedly. Then meeting her eager eyes he added manfully, "But I am mad at the devil because he made me be naughty."

One chubby little fist screwed around in his eye while the other extended the peace offering, accompanied by a murmured "Please?" It is needless to say that the little friends were fully reconciled and had soon forgotten all about it in their merry faces and romps together.

When Hope was putting Baby John to bed that evening he blurted out, "Mamma, why don't the devil ever make little girls naughty? He made me bad today and didn't do anything to 'Liz'beth."

"Dear Baby John, he does make little girls naughty sometimes." And then Hope tried to explain, as she had often done before, the mysteries of life, by telling him stories of the flowers, the stars, the angels, and God, the Father. By these lovely stories his baby mind was trained to see the beautiful in all living things.

Spring had come and gone, and early summer had blossomed into late summer, but ever since the last of spring the

"Black Reaper" had hung like a shadow over the valley, reaping a harvest that human hands had not sown. Many homes had been stricken by this plague—diphtheria. Seemingly on all sides of the little brown cottage the homes had been visited, but the dark shadow lingered as if not daring to fall upon the little home which had been so unbrokenly happy and bright.

In the house just over the way, Baby John's dearly beloved Aunt Laura had died. Once again for the one hundredth and first time, Hope tried to explain it all to the baby. He had been taught that God is good and to think that he would take his people from him completely upset his whole ideal.

Day after day he heard of death, but his childish mind could not grasp it. He could not understand these long, slow, black processions that he might watch only from behind curtained windows. They were not in the least like a circus, procession or what his father called rallies, or anything he had seen before. What did this have to do with people going to live in the sky? He had not been afraid of that; it simply meant that then you were going to God and Heaven and that was even better than Summerside. But he was afraid and shrank from these processions. Besides other things had changed. Before, everyone had always been willing to play with Baby John, but now no one would go for a romp with him, not even his own mother. He and 'Liz'beth were forced to play almost alone, and they were even asked to keep comparatively quiet when they played in the yard, on account of the sick neighbors.

"Mamma, can I go play with 'Liz'beth this morning?" he asked a few weeks after his aunt's death.

Hope's eyes filled with tears as she answered, "No, dear, 'Liz'beth isn't well today, and Dr. Ross says she was very sick last night."

The next day Baby John inquired again, but received almost the same answer. All he could do was to lay a bunch of flowers on the gatepost and wave to 'Liz'beth's window.

He spent many happy yet thoughtful moments as he picked the flowers, with scarcely any stem, and crammed them into his warm, sweaty, little hand. After the life had been squeezed nearly out of them they made a rather wilted and forsaken offering, but oh, the thoughts, the love and

the spirit in which they were sent was sufficient to atone for all of this.

Standing by the window a few days later he watched a small, white box being brought out of his little playmate's home. He knew what it was, for his mother had told him that morning that Elizabeth was dead. He also knew now what those long processions were, for Hope had explained to him that when a person died their bodies were placed in the warm earth and many beautiful flowers were laid on the little mounds. He could not understand it very much, but he knew that he would not be able to play with her any more; that she was a little angel now. His little heart thumped loudly and seemed to almost choke him. In spite of the chubby little fists the tears began to run down his cheeks and he sobbed, "I want 'Liz'beth. I want 'Liz'beth." Dear Hope tried to soothe him by talking to him. She said that she knew that he was lonely and grieved for his playmate but he must not grieve very much because 'Liz'beth was happy, and would feel hurt if he did. Whenever the tears swelled to his eyes he must try and say, "'Liz'beth has gone to God. It is God's will and God knows best."

Dear little Baby John missed his playmate very much, but the little soul was to have a still greater test. The very next morning the jolly old doctor stopped at the brown cottage to see his mother, who didn't feel very well.

The little home had been stricken. Baby John was deprived of even seeing his mother. His father remained at home in the meantime and a week dragged slowly on.

At first the crisis came and the doctors said that if Hope could live until morning all would go well.

That night was one long fight for life. The doctors gave up all hope, but the spirit which had found this world so beautiful struggled on, feeling that even Heaven would not be complete without the baby. When the morning star faded it took with it the light of a beautiful life, and the weary struggle was over.

When she had been prepared for her last rest, Baby John was told he might see his mother. The father not knowing his son as the mother had, did not dare to tell him the truth, and so the little fellow ran shouting for joy, thinking he would be clasped to her warm heart, but stopped surprised at her coffin, and slowly said, "Mamma 'as gone to be with

'Liz'beth, and God knows best." Impulsively his chubby little arms clasped tightly around his father's neck and so in his childish way led the father into that sweeter, more holy sorrow, which forgets the sting and leaves only the beauty.

Baby John's mother's teachings were held sacred by the little fellow and they remained with him and guided him from day to day. He knew that his mother had gone from him and accepted it as the inevitable, not asking why it was so. In his own little heart he felt it a duty to pick the flowers;—she had left them for him, and it would be her wish. He wondered why those around him could be so bowed down with grief when mamma had only gone to Heaven, and so she must be lots happier there than she was here. She had gone to 'Liz'beth, and God knows best.

Many years later a tall, broad-shouldered young man, sitting on the corner of his desk, which was piled high with lawyers' books and papers, was reading a letter, the contents of which evidently pleased him.

"That's all right for you, Elizabeth, have your good times out in Colorado and sow your wild oats now. In about two weeks you will become 'Mrs. John Quarels,' and then you'll have to act more dignified and devote most of your time to me."

Having folded the letter he gazed absently out of the window over the metropolis. The same light was sparkling in his eyes, the same smile playing about his lips that was so noticeable and attractive in his childhood, when he was called Baby John—and when he had had another sweetheart Elizabeth.

This pleasant reverie was broken in upon by an independent little messenger boy waving a slip of yellow paper in the doorway.

"What, father, back so soon?" And John rose to take the telegram. He tore it open and read, "Elizabeth killed. Thrown from horse. Come." He passed his hand over his forehead, dazed, as though trying to push some thought away, then staggered to his chair, rested his head on his arms upon the desk; everything,—everything,—for the moment forgotten.

Slowly all his life seemed to pass before him and he

remembered a day much like this, twenty-five years ago, when his dear memory-mother had told him that 'Liz'beth, his childhood sweetheart, was dead, and that that meant she had gone to be with God. He was lonely, she knew, and grieved (Ah, did *she* know it now?), but he must not forget that the father, God, knew best. Elizabeth was happy, she

would not be if she thought he were grieved. He must try to say: "Elizabeth had gone,—to God—and God knows best."

Slowly the grown-up little boy lifted his head. "Elizabeth has gone to God," faltered the tearful words, "and God knows best."
—G. K.

