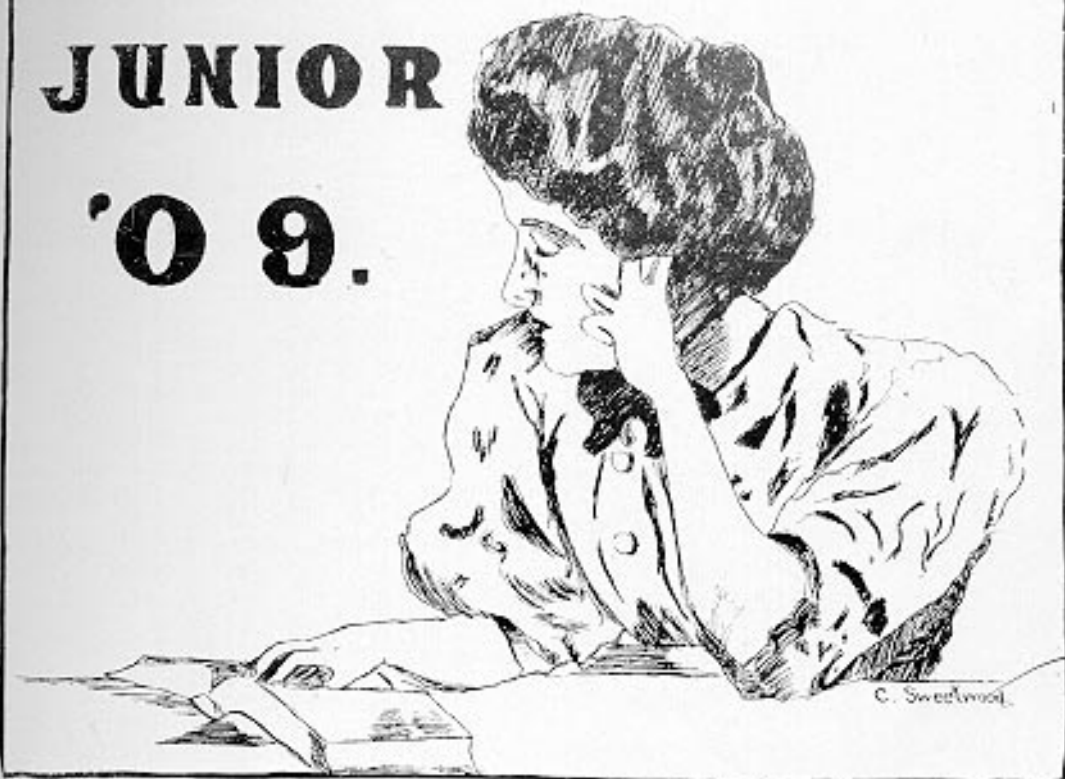


JUNIOR
'09.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS



Ethel Moore, Sec.
Eugene Miller, Treas.

Gwendolynne Furey, Pres.
Homer Woodall, Vice-Pres.

Class Roll

Sterling Hyrum Allred
Bessie May Basset
William Guy Clendenin
Roger Macy Coffin
Herbert Rae David
Ethel Cecilia Moore
Minnie Elizabeth Smith
Peter Francis Derham
Lillie Catherine A. Fagerstrom
Brady Virden Furis
Barbara May Forrest
Gwendolynne Irene Furey
William J. Mullen
Robert Strunk
Lillie Ella Germer
Edie Gittins
Henry George Griffith
Parry Simmons Harrison
Leota Elizabeth Herron
Lillian Otilie Nord
Mayme Blanche Taylor
Ida Elizabeth Jenkins
Estella Geneva Justice
Sarah Jane Lyman
Ambrose Hugh McGuire
Eugene Miller
David James Reese
Frances Newell Whittlesey
Homer William Woodall

George Allen—"Remember, boys, base ball practice to-night."

Gay Clendenin—"Now, it's just this way, to be specific."

Maey Collin—"I wonder who's kissing her now."

Pete Derham—"Aw, Naw! My way is better!"

Lilly Fagerstrom—"Just can't help smiling."

Gwendolynne Furey—"Now see here, we want to do this thing up right."

Effie Gittins—"Got your geometry?"

Leo Golding—"Don't make fun o' my grin!"

Clair Goodwin—"About ten minutes before a 'function'" "Say, fellows, don't think it's too late to ask her now, is it?"

Leota Herron—"Oh, Kiddo! I've made another fool of myself again."

Estella Justice—"Wonder if I'd better ask Carl B. up this evening?"

Eugene Miller—"She surely looks good to me."

Ethel Moore—"Planning her schedule" "Now, girls, at 2:23 I'll have to tend to this, at 4:16, to that, and then just have to get back in time for supper, and then—"

Dave Reese—"Did you hear what I said?"

Lizzie Smith—"Oh, that's punk."

Robert Strunk—"Pass the pie, I say, pass the pie!"

Mayme Taylor—"Now, ain't I cute?"

Jennie Turner—"Is it Lemmon? (Or a lemon?)"

Homer Woodall—"Sunday afternoon: "Will you go walking on the hill, Eleanor?"

A PROMENADE given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors on April 24, 1909, was a thorough success. The decorations received many compliments, the "gym" being resplendent in purple, white and green, arranged in a tent effect from the center of the "gym" roof to the sides of the building.

The purple and white were the Juniors' colors, while the green and white represented the Seniors' colors. The pennants of the two classes were suspended from the center of the roof in the "gym" and produced a very striking effect.

The "whirls" of the evening were held in the "gym," while between "whirls" mad rushes were made for the library where punch was served. Pennants, rugs, cozy corners and easy chairs formed the decoration of the library,



at one end of which three dainty maidens served the refreshing punch.

During the evening, Miss Eva Roberts, a specially invited guest, favored the company with one of her beautiful vocal selections. This was certainly a treat for Miss Robert's voice was remarkably fine that evening.

After refreshments were served, the party broke up,

everyone leaving rather reluctantly with their dainty programs as souvenirs, and declaring it to be one of the most enjoyable events of the school year.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

'10 '10 '10 '10

A. I. A. I. Juniors!

Madame Beaucaire

IT was rather late on a wintry afternoon when Madame Beaucaire was resting in the alcove of her drawing room. She had just been aroused from her siesta. She summoned her maid-in-waiting, Lady Trevour.

"Bring me my Madiera wine," she commanded. Lady Trevour, with a graceful bow, left the room. Madame Beaucaire once more leaned back in her big arm-chair. Her thoughts were vague, in reality she thought of nothing. She leaned forward a little and rested her chin in the palm of her right hand. Looking listlessly out of the window, her attention was attracted by a large funeral procession. Soon Lady Trevour entered the room and set the tray of wine beside Madame Beaucaire.

"Lady Trevour," she asked in a rather careless way, just then lifting the goblet of wine to her lips, "whose large funeral could that be?"

"I believe the chef said it was the late M. DeCost's, gracious lady," said Lady Trevour, readjusting the pillows about the madame.

"M. DeCost!" the madame exclaimed, setting down the untouched wine and leaning back in her chair.

"Yes, madame," answered Lady Trevour, not noticing the extreme surprise in the tone of voice.

"Ah! Could it be? Could it be possible?" murmured Madame Beaucaire to herself. Then her thoughts went back to girlhood days. She remembered one beautiful summer evening when, tired with her day's work and pleas-

ure, she had seated herself in her father's garden by a small spraying fountain. Suddenly hearing the sound of hares' hoofs, she looked down the highway and saw a gallant young horseman approaching.

"Pardon me, fair lady," he exclaimed with a salute, "Is this the Oaks' mansion?"

"Yes, monsieur, it is," returned Catherine Oaks. "I would like to see M. Oaks," he said in a reproachful way and then she lead the way to the mansion.

This gallant young man was very popular in the French court and had been sent to the Oaks' mansion to interview the owner. They found M. Oaks and his friend, M. Beaucaire, in the den, enjoying a smoke. The young man was invited in and asked to remain for dinner. He accepted. M. Oaks acquainted the young gallant with his daughter, the lady whom he had first seen upon his entrance to the mansion. The next day Catherine told her friend, Minerva, of her acquaintance with the young man of the French court. Many evenings following the young gallant visited the Oaks' mansion. He seemed to fancy the fair-haired girl. She could sing and play most wonderfully. She was well versed in all languages. Her attitude toward everyone seemed to please him.

One evening as they walked about the garden the monsieur told Catherine he intended to leave the court for a short time as he said he was to visit his uncle in the country. Lady Catherine did not like the idea first but as he insisted that the time he was away from her side would not be long, she consented. All the next day Catherine was

displeased with everything. She found fault with everything Minerva did or said.

At last Minerva said very impatiently, "Catherine, the reason you are so displeased today is because the young gallant monsieur has gone." This made Catherine angry.

"No, indeed," she answered very indignantly, "I am not."

"Now, Catherine, you know that you are in love with that courtier and you might as well confess." This was too much for Catherine. Her conscience was guilty and she blushed.

"That's all right," Minerva began, "but do you know that this young man is engaged to the youngest daughter of M. Burnee? You think he is going to propose to you, don't you? And by the way this young man whom you call a gallant is at this time perhaps with Mademoiselle Burnee."

"No, he is not. He is with his uncle, for he told me so," answered Catherine with increasing anger.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Minerva, "of course that's what he told you, most undoubtedly, and the worst of it is you believe him. Oh! Yes! I see it plainly."

With this Catherine broke down and cried, and Minerva, thinking her evil work accomplished, left the room. To think that the young monsieur, whom the evening before had flattered her with all his complimentary phrases, was now with the Mademoiselle Burnee. How she hated the Burnee household and especially the daughter! How jealous she was! How angry she was! Why had not some one told her of this before! Her first impulse was to tell her father. No, she would not do that because M. Beaucaille, her father's dearest friend, would know of it. No, she would brave it out herself. By evening she had it definitely planned what she was to do. At eight o'clock she called the stable boy.

"Saddle my steed," she commanded.

The boy left the room. While the horse was being saddled, she dressed herself in her black riding habit. At half-past eight she started for the Burnee mansion, which was

some distance from her home. She kept close to the stone fence. She rode quickly and at a steady gait.

Finally she reached the place. She dismounted her horse and then walked through the vineyard near the mansion. She thought she heard some one whispering. She listened and the voice said, "Never mind, I'll hold the ladder."

Here she saw what she knew to be the monsieur helping the mademoiselle to elope with him. Her head throbbed! Chills came over her! Her heart stood still! She heard, she saw, and she knew now that it was true!

How she got home that night she did not know. She woke up the next morning with a rather stunned recollection of the night before. Could it be that she had dreamed all this? No, it was true! She knew it was true! It could be no dream!

Minerva came in Catherine's room early the next morning. "Have you read the morning papers?" she asked, looking up at Catherine. "Why, what's the matter? You look tired. Are you?"

"No," Catherine said with a faint smile, "I'm all right."

"Did you see this heading, 'Mademoiselle Burnee eloped with Monsieur DeCast,' Catherine. What did I tell you last evening? What makes you so pale? Don't you feel well?" Minerva asked one question right after the other.

Lady Trevour, seeing the extreme paleness of Madame Beaucaille's face and the death-like look in her eye, laid her hand on the Madame's forehead.

"Oh, Lady Trevour, are you here? Where am I? What have I been doing?" the madame began very excitably, not knowing where she was.

"Yes, I am. Can I do anything for you?" Lady Trevour said.

"Oh, no, I am very well. So this is the Monsieur De Cast whom I used to love," murmured Madame Beaucaille, as the end of the procession passed the window.

—ETHEL MOORE, 1910.