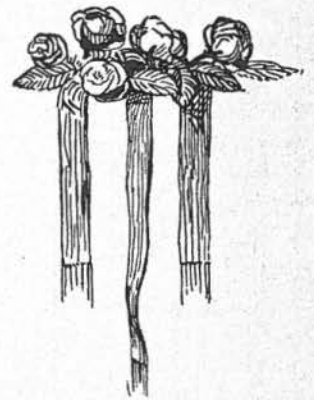
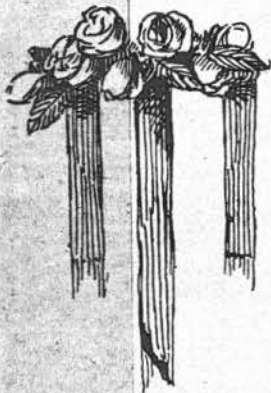


THE MAGICIAN

SENIOR ANNUAL NUMBER



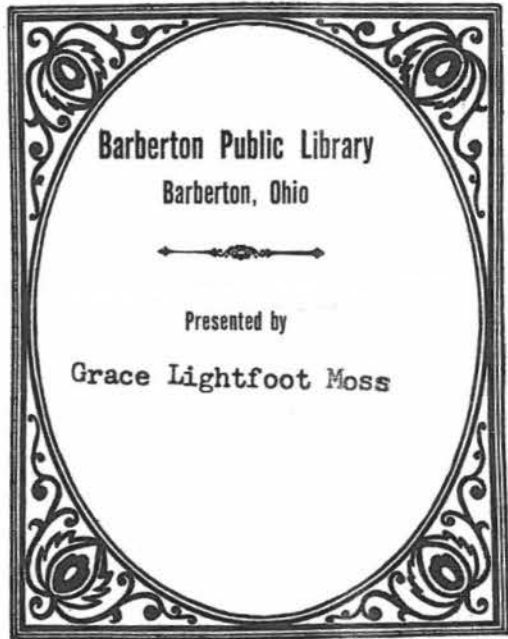
JUNE

1920

Ohio
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Barberton, Ohio.
High School.
Year Book 1920

Barberton High School 1920 Yearbook

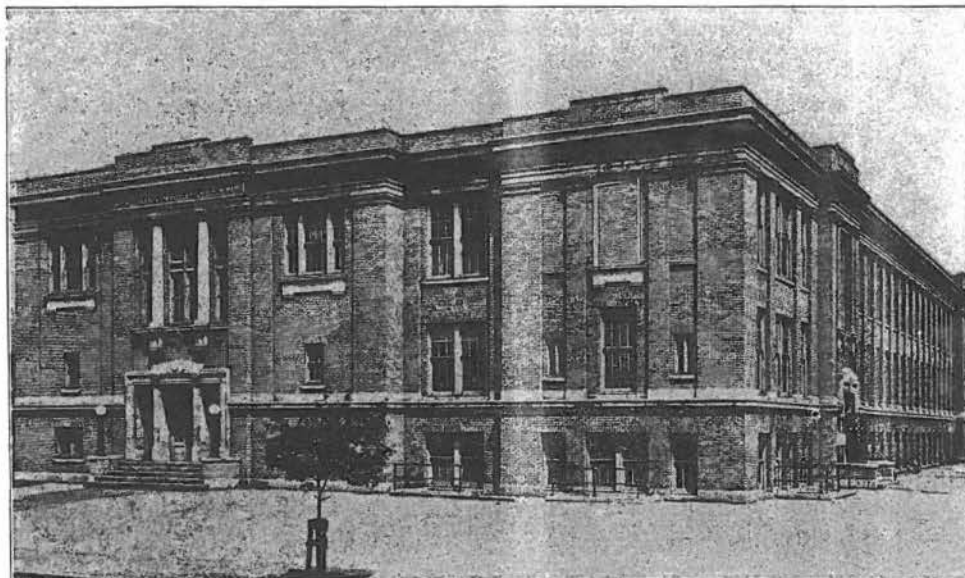




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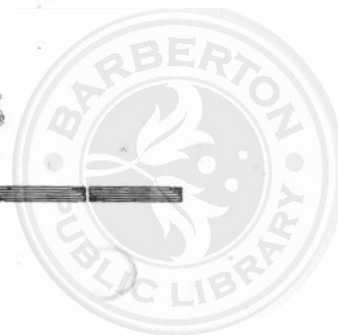
Do Not Take From This Room





CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

208385





U. L. LIGHT
Superintendent

TO THE SENIOR CLASS 1920.

I once read a creed which, as a parting word,
I should like to commend to you.

1. That which is easy is easily overdone.
2. It's the difficult thing that's in demand.
3. All that has been done can be done again.
4. You are the one who can do it.
5. Impossible is un-American.

With highest personal regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

U. L. LIGHT





S. W. Dodd L. L. Everett, A. A. McNeil, H. J. Thorpe, Lee Owen, R. L. Reed, R. E. Copper, Principal
 U. L. Light, Supt. Katherine Schults, Marion Danford, Margery VanSickle, Elizabeth Bates, Esther Schultz,
 Hattie Bastian, Myra Brenizer,

Lillian Rogers, Ruth Schultz, J. W. Judd, Corda E. Peck, Janet Haylor, Mary C. Brittain,





THELMA BAUER

"One who quietly does her every duty well"
Thelma was promoted from Norton to Barberton High in 1918. She grew up on a farm but decided Barberton would be better suited for her vocation.

EVELYN BIDDLE

"Who looks so meek and is not meek at all"
She was drafted from Wooster by Barberton High in 1919. Although here but a short time, she has become acquainted with all. She is a member of the glee club.

THEODORE BUFFINGTON

"TED"

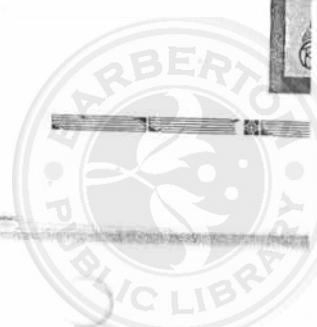
"None deserves more credit than does he."
It takes "Ted" to keep the class in a jolly spirit, especially English. He is our future chemist.

MARY BUTLER

"Her face makes sunshine in shady places."
Mary is one of our many talented members. She is a wonder at writing poems. Mary was our secretary in the Junior year.

FRANK CARMAN

"Are not great men the models of nations?"
Frank is one of the most efficient of our class. Give him something that can't be done and he will do it.





HELEN CASWALL

"Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy"

SARA CHANDLER

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will"

Sara is a member of the glee club and one of the liveli-
est of our class.

MARTIN CIPAR

"NOBY"

"In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."

Martin is quiet and does not often assert himself but
that does not say that he has no opinions of his own. He
is our artist and a very good athlete.

FLOYD COOK

"Cookie"

"The older I grow, the more I learn."

"Cookie" is among the best of our athletes. He mixes in
basket ball, track, Glee Club and our theatrical perform-
ances. Floyd is cheer leader in B. H. S. My, how the
girls yell!

EDWARD COREY

"Kid"

"Men granted that his speech be wise"

"Kid" came to us from Pittsburgh in 1916. Edward does
his part in athletics besides being the Editor in Chief of
the High School Paper.





ACHSAH CORMANY

"Silence more musical than any song"

If we had known her better we could write more about her.

MARIAN CULP

"Conscience is the sentinel of virtue"

Marian joined our ranks last fall and since has been a very valuable member.

MARY ECKROATE

"Her friends, they are many.

Her foes, are there any?"

We have never heard anything but praise of Mary. She has that rare quality of making every one her friend.

VIOLA EGBERT

"We live not to ourselves, our work is life"

Viola came to us as a Sophomore. She has a gentle kindly disposition and can always be depended upon.

FRED GALEHOUSE

"Galy"

"Let me have audience for a word or two"

Fred is one of our leading track men besides taking part in foot ball, basket ball and base ball. He is not quiet by any means for you should hear the noise in our class meetings.





PRESTON HELMICK "Hicks"(y)
 "None but himself can be his parallel"
 "Preston, please turn around"
 My! how familiar that sounds. Preston is responsible for a good deal of "pep" in the class, to the disgust of many teachers.
 Member of Glee Club and Magician Staff.

AMELIA HEROLD
 "Silence is one great art of conversation"
 Amelia is one of our four year Commercial students.

BRUCE HINDS "Jicks"
 "What a man dares, I dare"
 He is from the sunny South. Member of the Glee Club, foot ball, basket ball and base ball teams, Bruce's specialities are dancing, sleeping and talking to "Dot."

HAYS HUNTER "Skin"
 "And why should life all labor be?"
 Our honorable president. We have known him since Freshman A and decided he was talented enough to be our leader. He takes part in Glee Club and all Athletics.

FRED IMMLER "Puts"
 "I'll make thee famous by my pen"
 Everybody likes him, especially the freshman and sophomore girls. Puts is the star of stars in everything he tackles, as foot ball, base ball, basket ball and botany.





RUSSELL JENNINGS

"Dutch"

"Any argument will show up a man's wisdom"
The great United States History "star". His hobbies are music, putting out the high school paper and "red headed" girls.

CECILE LESSITER

"Cares not a pin what they may say"

Cecile is a quiet girl but she is liked by the whole class. She is loyal to the brown and white.

ETHEL MARSHALL

"She has no wish but to be glad"

Ethel is our class treasurer. She is a member of the glee club and does her share in all athletics.

EFFIE McDONOUGH

"Cares, cares go away,
Come again some other day"

Effie left us for a while to attend Akron South, but came back to graduate at B. H. S.

MARY MUZIK

One who quietly does her every duty well. Mary is liked by every one in the class for she does her every duty well and says nothing.





MARTIN MUZIK

"Muse"

"Quiet and unassuming but always on the job"
Martin is rather quiet but he makes up for this by his conduct on the foot ball, base ball and basket ball teams.

LUCY RAMSTHALER

"She never fails to speak a pleasant word"

Lucy entered our ranks as a Senior A and we have come to know her well.

PAULINE RASOR

"Her music vibrates in our memory still"

We are proud to have the school pianist, one of our members. Everyone will miss Pauline.

RUTH REED

"Life without laughing is a dreary blank"

Ruth is one of the jolliest members of the class.

WILLARD RUCH

"Rucky"

"Silent energy moves the world"
Willard is another of our chemistry stars. He is an all around good fellow,





MARION PARSONS

"The beginnings of all great things are small"
 Marion is a good and honest worker for the whole class

EDWIN STADTMILLER

"I may look a lady's man but I am not"
 Edwin keeps up the pep in our English class. He is a member of the orchestra.

HARLEY STALTER

"Chic"

"I am always in haste but never in a hurry"
 Harley left us as a Freshman to come back as a Junior. He is popular in athletics and with the girls.

RUSSELL STENDER

"Rus"

"Let not your thoughts be deep
 For fear you dround in them."
 Russell is the leading ukelele player of our class. He was president during our Junior year.

BAUMAN TITLEY

"Blushing Bauman"

"A grin or a smile, you can see it a mile"
 Came to Barberton in 1918. He takes part in everything member of glee club, foot ball, and does his share in keeping the class together. Bauman is liked by everybody.





HAROLD WASSON

"Fat"

"I never care to be as funny as I am"

Our wonder athlete. We are sure the old Hi will miss him on the foot ball and basket ball teams. Since a freshman he has been Mr. McNeil's right hand man in mathematics.

IRENE WEDDELL

"Thy silence quite becomes thee, little woman"

Prim, precise and proper! Meek, mild and modest is Irene.

OLGA WOWRA

"There is no fear in her"

We have known her for four years and like her well. Olga is ready when work is.

EDNA YEAGER

"So Fearful lest she make a noise"

Edna is a graduate of the Commercial course.

MERLIN BOUSCHER

"Tis a great plague to be a handsome man"

He came to us as a Senior. Merlin is the friend of every one.



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WILLIAM YEOMANS "Bill"
"Honesty needs no disguise or ornament"
Last but not least is Bill, His smile is always welcome
and it makes the whole class brighten up.



HISTORY OF THE GRADUATING CLASS.



Freshman Year

In September of 1916 a scared looking crowd of Freshies wended their way up to the imposing structure of B. H. S. The building was hardly half finished and we poor Freshies expected every moment to have some of the mammoth ceilings fall upon us.

We were ushered into the Auditorium and made to march up to the front before all the Juniors and Seniors for classes were quartered there. We were herded together in one section and then came the ordeal of making out schedule cards with the help of Miss Karg, the lady with the blue dress and beautiful eyes.

We had one advantage over all succeeding classes, we were no greener than the high and mighty Seniors, for they knew no more about the building than we did. There were all sorts of mix ups. Some of the Freshman boys got into the Senior algebra class and some Senior girls entered the Freshman latin class.

At last things got into some semblance of order and a meeting was called to organize the class. Harley Stalter was elected president, Mary Butler, Secretary and Frank Carman, treasurer. Leonce Marion was our representative in student council.

Soon came examinations and their worries. Some of us were deemed capable of doing Freshman A work and sad

to say some were not.

Next was basketball and here our history really began. Our team was confident and so were we, and, we won the Cup!! It was the first time in the annals of B. H. S. that such a thing had happened. Of course we were jubilant. Our feet seemed lighter when we passed a Senior in the hall and somehow our heads were easier to hold up than had been before. A few daring ones even managed a condescending smile. By this time we were installed in the Study Hall and the loving cup occupied a prominent place on top of the library. Many were the covetous glances cast upon it, and then one morning it was gone. Our grief knew no bounds and once more the old appellation, "Freshies" was heard.

All search was unavailing and our threats carried no weight. When lo! one fine morning it appeared in chapel, suspended by a wire from the top of the Auditorium.

We celebrated by a party, our first and most wonderful. The principal feature was the cake, for the team alone. Lawrence Marion ran away with it but was caught and fittingly punished; he had to take the last piece of cake.

The stunts were another success. Everyone remembers the mock wedding, the duet by Coffee and Cassy, the foot race, the auction and the cartoons.

Every member of the faculty was present and most of them still continue to attend our parties. They know our motto "The more the merrier."

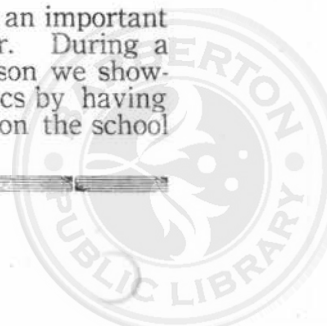
The purloiners of the cup were never known, though to this day we have some well founded suspicions.

Again came exams and then vacation. Before we departed our members decided that "Though the years might be many and the years might be long our class would always stand true."

Sophomore Year

When the past history of the Class of June '20 is revived, it is found to be incomparable with that of any other class. Altho our Freshmen year was very successful, our Sophomore year was even more so: the newness had worn off and our shoes no longer squeaked. We were rapidly ascending the "Steps of Knowledge" and had a chance to look down on a class as the Soph's a year before had looked down on us. The class was especially noted for its class room work. For proof of this statement ask the teacher of Ancient History. She will be proud to tell you that we were the most studious and best behaved class in Hi School.

Our class began to play an important part in athletics that year. During a very successful foot ball season we showed great interest in athletics by having a large number of Soph's on the school



teams. Another interesting feature of the class is the remarkable reputation it has for its entertaining ability. Altho our socials were numerous during our Soph. year, we had one grand marshmallow toast that we can't forget. It was here that some of the boys showed their unusual skill in swiping "eats."

No one who really knows of the achievements of this class will doubt its being the greatest and most honorable class that ever graced B. H. S. halls of fame.

In summing up the year's experiences I will close by saying that while most of the year was a "Comedy of Errors" "All's well that ends well."

Junior Year.

This year was spent in the Study Hall under the jurisdiction of Mr. Mc Neil and Miss E. Schultz for the first half and under Mr. Judd and Miss Schultz for the last half.

Mr. Judd brought back along with his uniform some very good ideas and started out in the Junior A year to turn the Study Hall into a training camp. Somehow his ideas on discipline and marching were not well accepted and eventually he returned to his one strong point "sarcasm".

The honorary member for this year was Mr. Reed. The president was Russel Stender and the secretary was Frank Carman.

The social life of this class for the year started out with a marshmallow

toast at which everyone was very much amused and entertained by the tales of the wild and wooly west related by Claude Nickerson alias "Texas Joe". Two parties were held in the gym during the winter. A canoe party ended the year's social calendar which was very much enjoyed by the few who attended.

One of the important incidents of the year was the purchase of the class rings. As would be natural in a bunch of forty-five or fifty it was hard to decide, but the class believes now that the ring they have has not been beaten so far, and it will be a hard job to get one better.

The Old Rose and Silver was displayed in several conspicuous places during the year, much to the disgust of the Senior class.

Senior Year

When but Freshmen we would look upon the Senior class as the greatest achievement possible. Surely they were lucky and how they must enjoy themselves was the way our thoughts ran concerning the highest class position in High School. Even when Juniors, we longed for the feeling of being highest. Would we ever attain it? Yes, we did attain it and the feeling of greatness although seizing us at first, was soon lost in the continued responsibility and enormous piling up of work. The Senior year was not all joy, it contained a tremendous amount of work.

Hays Hunter was elected our class president for the last year. In addition

to having small class quarrels and some opposing ideas, as will come to any class numbering over forty, we have had a display of pep in athletics and social proceedings which were only equaled in our Freshman year.

Several class parties have been held in the gym in the past year and all have been lively. Miss Swanson our honorary member has always aided in keeping up the interest at these gatherings by conducting a game or suggesting some other sort of entertainment.

Perhaps the most successful social affair of the year was the Senior banquet where the June '20 class treated the January '20 to a farewell banquet in the Domestic Science dining room. Bauman Titley made an entertaining toast master, calling on members of the class and faculty for short addresses.

The class did well in athletics this year, a majority of each varsity team being Seniors.

The chapel speeches were kept well up to the standard. Much credit is due to Miss Peck for this success. By making each member start early with his or her production Miss Peck obtained excellent results in delivery and well formed speeches. The subjects used were varied which caused all to be interesting.

The Senior play and the banquet takes the limelight now and much interest has been aroused concerning both.



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LILLIAN ROGELS
Art

ROGERS

Miss Lillian Rogels, who has been Secretary
of Art in the school for a number of years, is
presenting the position of Secretary of Art
for the year 1920-1921. She is a member of
the Art Club and is also a member of the
Art Society.



The First Period

The first period I go to history class
And sit beside a little lass,
Who is very much like other girls,
Because she has some frills and curls.

Next to her sits another maid,
Her hair is of a raven shade.
Mildred—in studies most proficient,
Whose charms the boys think all sufficient.

Just to my right is a boy named Pete,
Who draws cartoons that can't be beat.
When he depicts a vicious mule,
You can feel your feet begin to cool.

Viola is surely as smart as they make them.
If she can't get her lessons she'll generally fake them.
Now don't take this chatter as literally true,
For its only the dope of a person or two.

Another girl is Pauline Gray,
Of whom I have not much to say.
She lives a mile from the janitor Bill
In a house that's half-way up the hill.

Still another is Harold Young,
Who sits across from Harold Mong.
What history these two boys don't know,
Could be put in a hollow tooth or so.

'Flo' Immler in color of peacock hue
To cheer "Skin" Hunter when he feels blue.
When she appears in that green middy,
Old "Skin" begins to feel quite giddy.

Miss Haylor, our teacher in history
Explains our lessons most cheerfully.
She questions the best, she questions the worst
And she seems to always question me first.

I know that these, whom I have flattered,
Will think my wits are surely scattered.
I've painted them as best I could.
I'll quit now—while the quittin's good.

James Atkinson

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SOPHOMORES

The Sophmores are a busy class
 They always do their best.
 They never would their teachers
 sauce,
 Like Juniors and the rest.

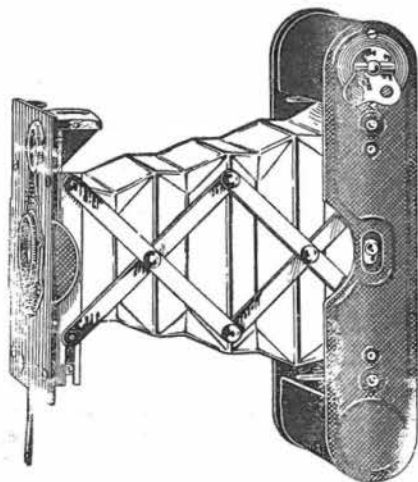
They sit in the school and never
 smile,
 And have their lessons great,
 You see they study all the while'
 And never are they late.

Now believe this if you please,
 Because I do not mind,
 But if they laugh when you
 sneeze
 There are others of their kind.

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 a pleasure for us to show and explain
 them to you.

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Relationship

"I will tell you how it is," said a former student of B. H. S., "I met a young widow with a grown up step-daughter, and I married that widow.

Then, my father met our step-daughter and married her. That made my wife my mother-in-law of her father-in law, and my father became my step-son. See?

Then my step-mother, the step-daughter of my wife, had a son. That boy of course, was my brother, because he was my father's son, but he was also the son of my wife's step-daughter, and therefore her grandson. That made me grand-father of my step-brother. Then my wife had a son.

My mother-in-law, the step-sister of my son, is also his grand-mother, because he is her step-son's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his step-sister is my wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my grand-mother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my fathers nephew, and I am my own grand-father."





SOPHOMORE A CLASS

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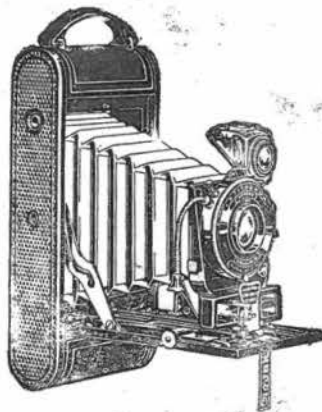
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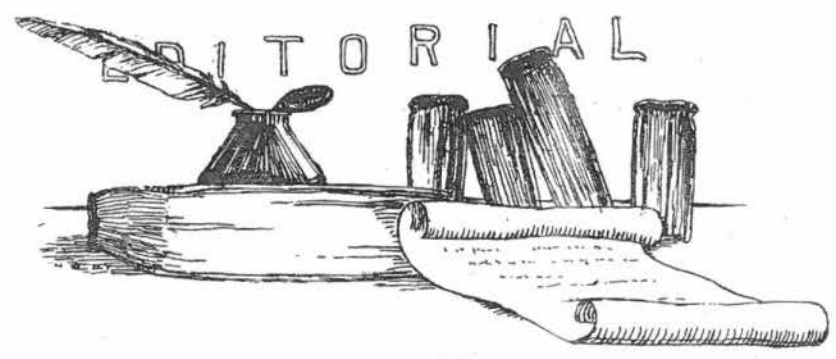
FRESHMAN A CLASS





THE MAGICIAN STAFF





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THE MAGICIAN

Published monthly by the student body of Barberton Central High School

Vol. 1. No. 4.

MAY 1920

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Well That's All

With this commencement number of the B. H. S. "Magician" the work of the present staff is over. We've done our best, all of us. We have heard both knocks and praises. Next year, a new staff will take the old "Magician" through another year. Before we disband we would like to give a few words of advice to that future staff, whoever you may be.

Don't expect things to go smoothly, for either you will not have enough ads, or else material will be scarce. Don't be discouraged by your first number, its sure to be small. And last but not least, work and your paper will be better as you gain in experience.

Vacation

It's coming. Impossible as it may seem the time has almost come when B. H. S. will close her doors for a good, long rest, and vacation will be here. Of course you will probably work, work from the day school closes to the day it opens again, most likely. But don't spend all your vacation in the shop. Take a few weeks to use as you feel like using them

Go camping, swimming, hiking, or just see how lazy it is possible for a fellow to be, and when it's all over, and you are

back at your studies again, you will feel ready to settle down for another nine months study.

When the first warm days of spring came, when you saw the early robins, when little green buds began to appear, how hard it was to disregard nature's appeal and tramp off to school. Outside were sunshine, sweet warm breezes, the woods, the mating birds; inside were books, that could not hold your interest, teachers who heroically tried to conceal a dissatisfaction as keen as your own, and seemingly endless hours of pent up longing.

But now all is changed. The buds are opened. Flowers are blooming. The great outdoors is even more beautiful. True, the invigorating, stirring breath of spring is vanishing, but in its stead comes summer, dreamy flower laden summer, with its swimming, canoeing, picnics and endless pleasures. And most of all it is bringing freedom from school. But, now that vacation is ours, we gaze back wistfully. No more daily meetings of friends only an unwelcome separation for many of us. Some of us will never enter old B. H. S. again. Our high school days

are over. We sighingly pause, give one last look, breathe a prayer that others may be as happy as we and pass on.

And the remainder of us; the freedom we so desired is at hand. Of course we are glad but, we too linger as we bid farewell.

We have spent a happy contented season within your old walls B. H. S. May the few months we shall be gone be as faithfully employed. May those leaving you forever not forget the principles they have been taught and continue to enjoy advantages equal to those you gave.

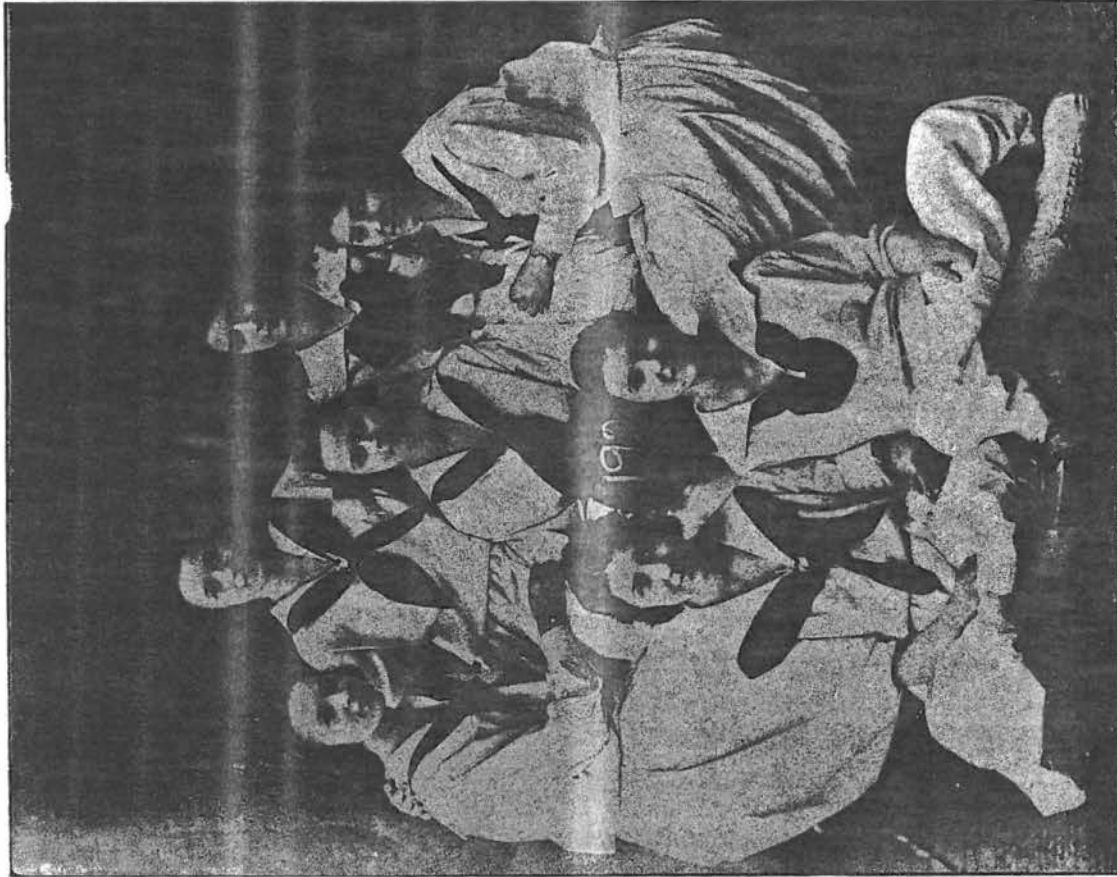
The Magician wishes you all a gloriously happy vacation and hopes that with the exception of the Sr.A's we will all meet again in autumn.

A Parting Word of Thanks

We wish to thank our advertisers, who have so generously supported our paper. We realize that the Magician would not have been possible without their help.

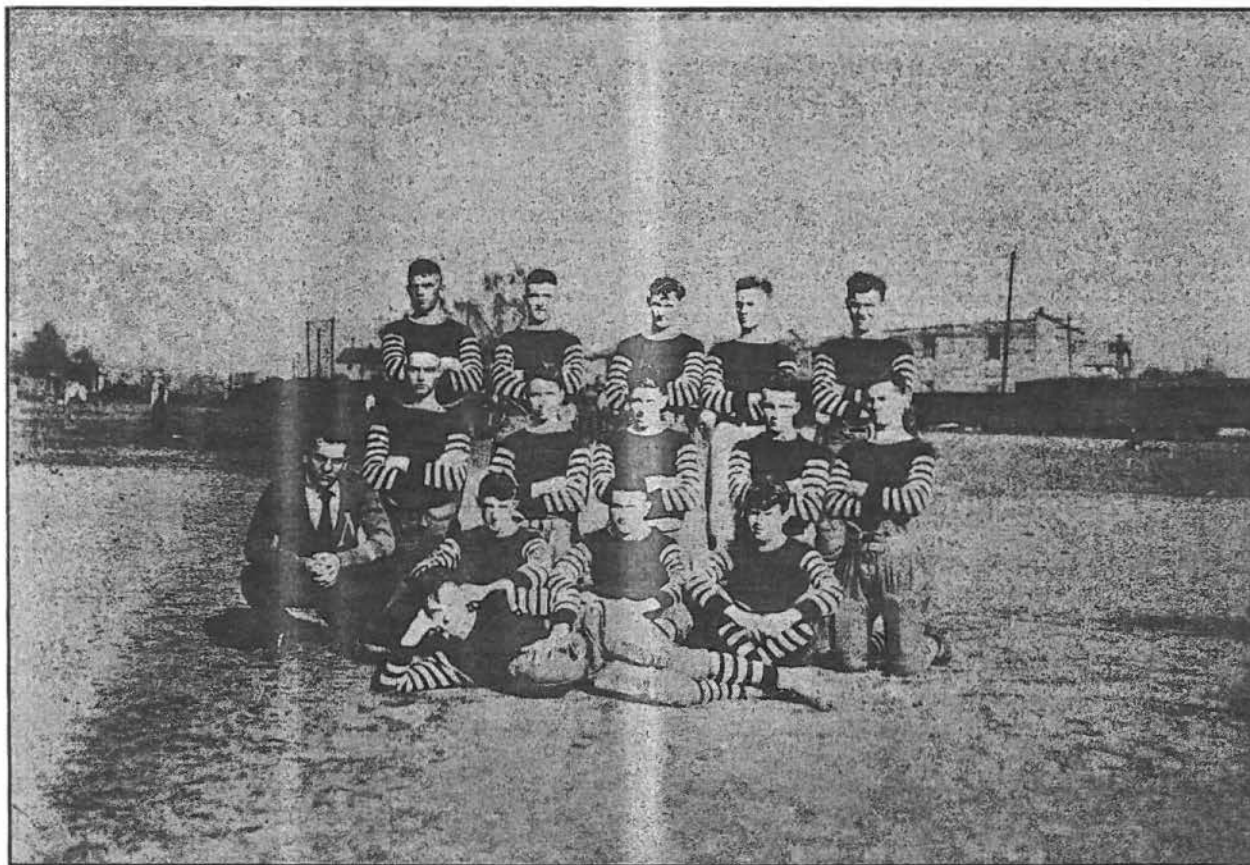
The average business man does not feel that he gets "value received" for any advertising he does in a high school paper. Let us prove that this is not true by patronizing those firms whose names appear in the Magician.





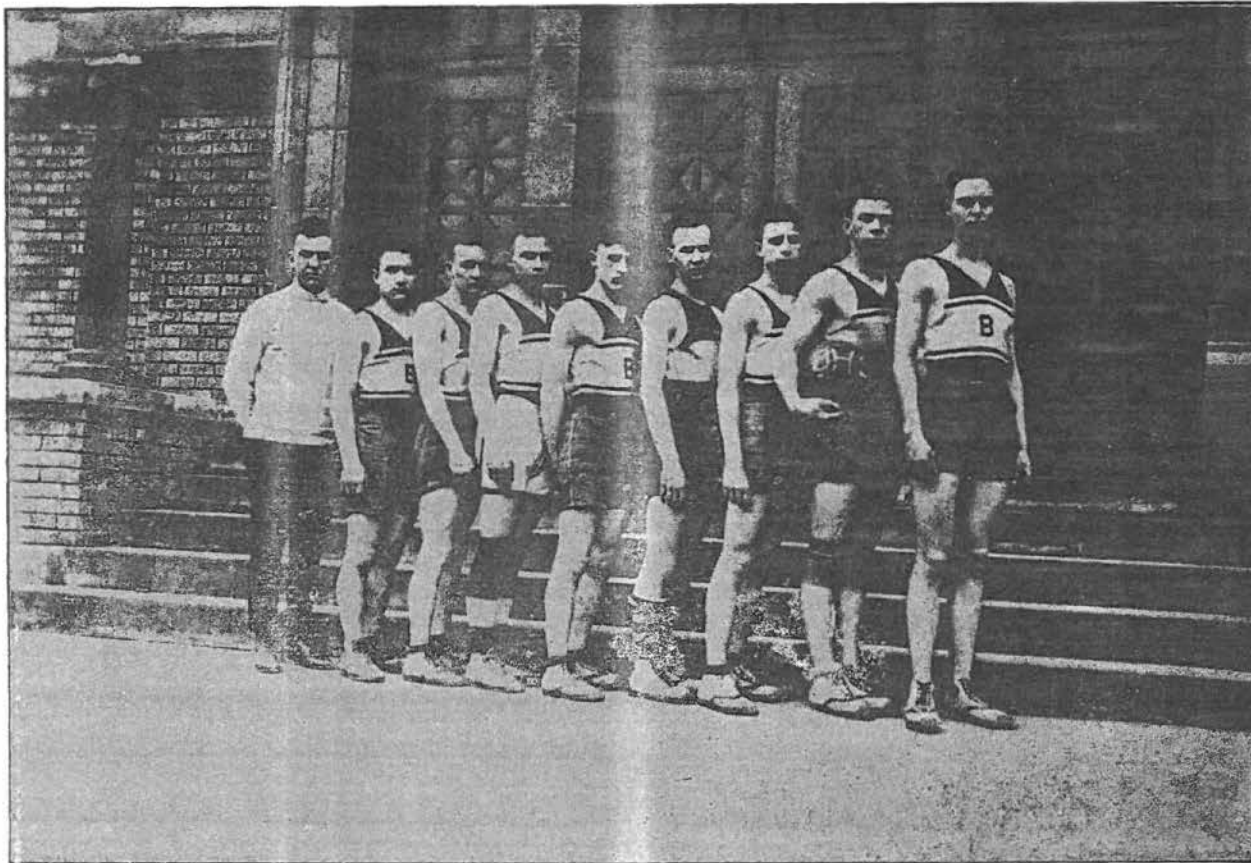
BASKET BALL TEAM





FOOT BALL TEAM





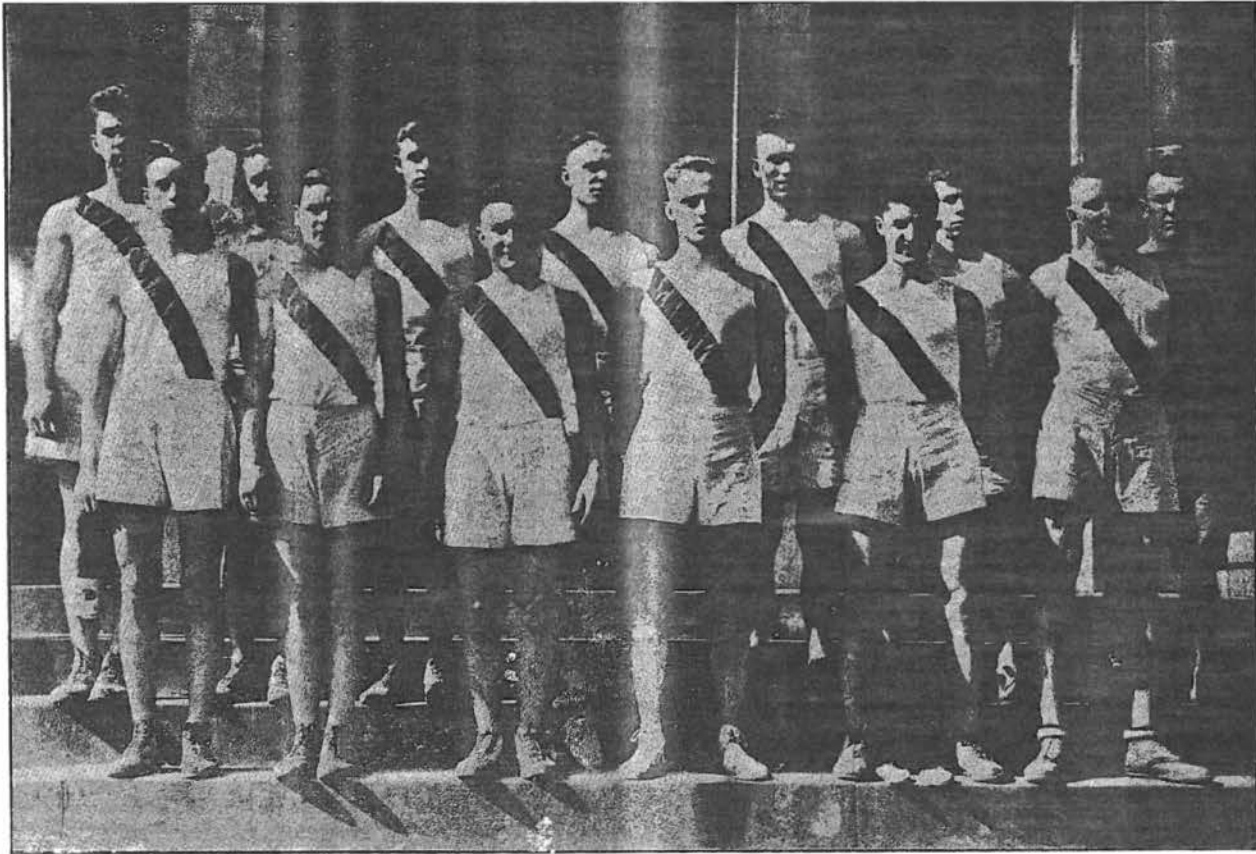
BASKET BALL TEAM





BASE BALL TEAM





TRACK TEAM



THE EMERALD EYE IN IRELAND

Dick Thornton had reached romantic age of twenty. He was a typical only son of American parents. Being an all round good fellow, he was inclined to have a good time when the opportunity afforded, even if it did include running the risk of being expelled for breaking the college rules, but equally ready to help a pal out of an embarrassing position.

At present, time hung heavily on his hands. He, with his parents was visiting an uncle in Ireland. He had unwillingly accompanied his father and mother with a characteristic resolution to make the best of things though he would much rather have spent his vacation with a number of friends in India. Now that he was in Ireland things looked very blue. He had hoped for some diversion to be furnished by his unknown cousin.

On his arrival, a few hours before, he had been told that Miss Kathyln was somewhere about the estate, with the added information that she had red hair and he would probably recognize her if he saw her. As a result he had started out to explore the estate, but very reluctantly. If there was one thing Dick detested it was red hair. The only red haired lady among his acquaintances was a maion friend of his mother who had acquired the shade of her tresses, together with her complexion at the drug store, consequently the preference in taste he exhibited. He sauntered down the drive till he came to a rustic bridge. Seated on a grassy knoll he spied a number of peasant girls.

It was evident that they were unaware of his presence and unconsciously he stood listening to their charming brogue. He learned that they had just visited a gypsy camp.

His attention was involuntarily drawn to a slender lass who sat with her back to him. She was excitedly relating how the gypsy fortune teller had given her a pretty eye-shaped emerald. Holding it up, she said, "Shure, and she said if I rubbed it very hard He would come and if he rubbed it he would have a wonderful dream. "And fine, it surely be," said one of the crowd, "if it works, but I'as me douts, I do. And its jealous you be Peggy me darlint, I'll rub it an see, shure I will." With this she began rubbing the curious charm. But no hero appeared. The impatient colleen held up the green stone. "An its a fine lover you bring. You canna' be Irish if tis green ye be. Oh Faith, Tis two minutes I waited and he dinna come. I shall be an ole woman in me grave and still be a waitin'. Shure, but men are always slow." "But better late than never, broke out a full voice. Dick had decided to announce himself. As a result he had caused much commotion among the surprised Irish lasses. Quickly the tiny head turned and Dick beheld a wordrous loving face, framed by beautiful auburn hair, peeping from beneath a quaint cap, and two big Irish eyes met his. A slight flush spread over the drooped cheeks but in no other way did the fascinating little miss betray her momentary confusion.

"And will ye be so kind as ter say who ye be sir?" she said.

"Mr. Richard Thornton, commonly called Dick, soon able to vote, unmarried, just arrived from Yankee land, very much inclined to answer your call, and ----at your service."

"An' sure, ye sound like a book. But call ye indeed I did not" was the indignant reply.

"Is it as hopeless as all that? Am I so very unpleasant that you refuse to acknowledge you summoned me by rubbing the stone? And after I came all the way from America too!"

"Ah Faith, when a man looks so forlorn as all that, an' sae han' some too, they mus' be the death of poor Kitty Malone. She hasn't the heart to tern ye away. Suppose ye prove ye were called by the charm. 'And how can I do that my Irish Kitty?' 'I dinna ken yet - ah faith an' I have it. Ye take the stone and if ye can tell me a dream worth while I may believe ye are not such a fibber as ye seem to be, or ye are such a good one, ye can make up a tale that will fool me.'" With these words she tossed Dick the stone.

"I am at your mercy, but when must I relate to you my dream. Shall it be tomorrow at this time, here?"

"As ye choose," was Kitty's parting reply as she sped down the road with her chums.

It was sunset when Dick reached his uncles mansion. Miss Kathyln did not



make her appearance at dinner but asked to be excused because of a severe headache. Mr. Mc Quire, Dick's uncle, seemed to think this a very unusual occurrence however he proved a very good host and Dick enjoyed his conversation very much. After dinner the men retired to the den. Scotch and soda were ordered and Dick up on his uncle's brusque insistence helped himself. Mr. Mc Quire with great hospitality desired that his guests sample a bottle of rare wine which he had. Altho they drank very moderately and the elderly gentleman seemed quite unaffected, Dick decided the mixture was proving too much for him and retired early.

When he reached his room he found a letter from his chum, who being more fortunate than he, had gone on the expedition to India. Although his mind was not entirely clear he managed to gather some data from his friend's enthusiastic reports and descriptions of the region he was now in. After reading the message his bewildering thoughts half returned to Kitty and he fell asleep holding the crumpled letter in one hand and with the other idly fingering the emerald stone in his pocket.

PART II.

It was stifling hot in this city of central India. The dirty streets, baked by the dying sun's rays were almost deserted. A few beggars squatted in ragged heaps about the doorways and an occasional traveler passed by, wearily seeking a place to rest. As I made my way along

the semi lighted paths I pondered upon what I would be doing had I remained at home. Could the sharp eyed but apparently indolent natives pierce my disguise? Hardly, but one could not be too sure. And, as I wandered and pondered, the setting sun was gone and the heavy air settled upon the town. It grew cooler and I wrapped my robe still closer around me.

It was dangerous, my senseless wandering about the city, but adventure I was seeking. And when, but at night would I seek adventure in New York? To be sure New York was not India, but mystery is symbolized by night the world over—and so I argued.

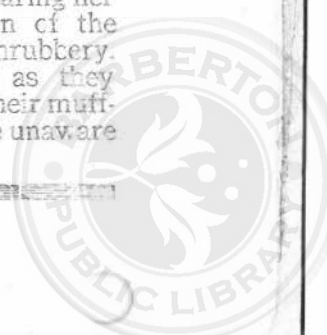
I stopped to rest in the shadow of a deserted car. Was I mistaken? No! Something—someone was creeping along the high house wall, formed by the sides of the joined dwellings, toward me. I remained motionless. Steadily it neared me. If it passed, should I follow? Of course! A door opened, a light appeared. Quick as a flash the prowler threw himself upon the ground, within four feet of me. After what seemed an age the door closed and all was dark and still again. My companion had seen me! "Stay where you are or suffer" I cried threateningly, in dialect. The unknown person remained motionless. I gained an upright position and commanded, "Get up!" Slowly the figure rose and then like a flash it darted by, leaving me in close pursuit. We raced for about a quarter of a mile when I caught up. In the struggle which followed I dislodged the head covering of my

opponent and beheld the face of a girl. In my momentary surprise I gasped in English, "A woman!" I had betrayed myself. The blue-black eyes flashed as she hissed, "A foreigner."

A call from those dark lips would bring a score of natives bent on murder to aid her. When she said, "Shall I call my countrymen?" I believed myself lost but I boldly answered, "And if a certain merchant should learn that an unaccompanied woman, in disguise, was prowling about his premises, and if he should start in pursuit if the girl call for revenge how shall she explain the man's clothes? But if she is not so rash perhaps the idle foreigner can help her. The expression on her face gave me my answer. I had scarcely spoken when the patter of feet broke the stillness and six men came into view.

With an imperative, "The Daughter of A' Mada's wife accepts your aid. Follow!" She then fled.

Not knowing what else to do, I obeyed. She led through street after street and the labyrinth of paths she followed were too puzzling for my faint sense of direction. Not once did she slacken her speed or gaze back to see if I were following, until she disappeared through a doorway in a high garden wall. I hesitated; should I follow? The sound of my approaching pursuers decided for me. I entered. The inclosure was a huge garden. Hearing her call I hastened in the direction of the sound. We crouched in the shrubbery. We heard our enemies talking as they searched, and gathered from their muffled conversation that they were unware



of more than one adversary. The mysterious girl talked quickly to me in very good English but with a peculiar accent.

She told me that if I was faithful a great reward would be mine, and if I was not,—the following of the serpent was the most lenient punishment rendered traitors. After giving me the pass-word "The Servant of the night man and the day woman", she unfolded to me a plan of action. Our pursuers were uncomfortably near and were very angry because of our disappearance.

She said that if we were discovered in the confusion I should pose as one of them until I could leave unnoticed. I was then to follow at a safe distance. Scarcely had her words sunk into my befuddled brain when the expected happened.

With a cry of triumph the prowlers surrounded her. After a vain struggle they managed to gag her and bore her away helpless. I being several feet from her was able to join the assailants with comparative safety. Once outside the wall, the leader turned to give commands it was Al Haman, the slave dealer. So that was the game! But there must be something more. The girl was no ordinary maid. Besides being radiantly beautiful, she was of a high family, but the most surprising thing was that she understood and spoke English. Instinct told me that Al Haman wanted her for more than the wife or slave of a wealthy man.

But I had no time to ponder over the puzzling circumstances. The captive's order "To my home, quickly." was rapidly obeyed. I managed to step into a door-

way unnoticed. It was fast approaching dawn and being satisfied as to the destination of my men, I lay down in the temporary shelter to sleep.

Early in the morning I summoned a street boy whose acquaintance I had previously made, I dispatched him with a note in code to my friends, telling them that I would be unavoidably delayed for an unknown time and to give the trusty youngster a certain amount of money which he would bring to me. While he was on the errand I made my way to Al Haman's house. Inquiry satisfied me that no one left the building after three o'clock. But how was I to gain admittance to the prison of my recent acquaintance.

At last a plan presented itself. I hastened to a near-by stand where I purchased woman's apparel and numerous trinkets. Soon my messenger returned, and I, in the disguise of a peddler, begged admittance to Al Haman's to learn that he had just left — alone. The women hearing my appeal, pleaded with the caretaker, to let them see my goods. After much heated debate I was admitted to their presence.

But now a new difficulty presented itself. How was I to recognize the woman I sought among so many veiled forms, or how was she to know me? One of them seemed less interested, but as I held up a beautiful shawl, she hesitated then reached for it. As she did so her arm touched mine. Could it be? Yes, I was not mistaken. My mystery lady had just such a bracelet. I recognized the touch of the jeweled serpent's head.

Scarcely controlling my voice I spoke "The servant of the night man" would be pleased to have you wear it. How could the others know but what "night" was a mere twist of the tongue and that I did not mean "might"? To be sure Al Haman was a man of might. "The daughter of A' Mada will wear your shawl". She tossed it to me and beneath its folds I managed to write on a scrap of paper:—"At the rear garden gate at 12 tonight."

Having showed the shawl to the caretaker and quarreled with him about the price, I finally persuaded him to buy it for the lady. Secretly my message in it I handed to her. By asking prices, sacrificially low I managed to sell her much of my goods and then departed.

Once without the house, I hastened my preparations for the night. Former survey of Al Haman's grounds had acquainted me with the fact that the rear gate opened upon the canal. Accordingly I secured a small boat and midnight found me in its vicinity. I had not long to wait when a familiar voice spoke, "Oh Servant of the night man". Cautiously I answered, "Who calls? A Mada's daughter?" "Yes Fool," she cried, "The girl in man's clothes. Hurry!" I helped to open the solid gate and assisted her into the boat. "Where to Miss?" "Ba vara", (meaning "The Beautiful") is my name", she answered, "To the city wharf, quickly."

From the wharf we went back to the garden of the night before. She commanded me to wait outside. In about ten minutes she returned and we hasten-



ed to a horse dealer's stall. She demanded the best two steeds and mounting on them we left the city.

Early morning found us approaching a small town. At a word of command from my companion we were quietly admitted to a big dwelling. For a few moments we appeared to be alone and I ventured, "And now that my lady seems safely home how can she be sure her father will welcome his unveiled daughter?" Angrily she raised her head, "Fool!" she cried, "The contents of this box are worth a thousand veiled women. Suddenly a tall old man entered. He spoke in a language I could not understand. She grew rigid, the color left her cheek, the eyes stared and she mechanically led the way from the room.

The new turn of affairs were too much for me. I knew better than to try to leave the room so I made myself at least physically comfortable. After what seemed an incomprehensible time, but in reality about an hour, she returned. She was dressed in a woman's costume of surpassing beauty and richness. A gold head-dress of wonderful workmanship, studded with precious stones partly covered her queenly head. Her heavy glossy hair hung down her back in glistening waves. Arms and throat were covered with jewels. Heavy veils and oriental brocade covered her beautiful body. From her adorned head to her silver sandaled feet she looked the princess she was. But one look, my first distinct one, into the wonderful face made me forget her appearance, the room,

everything—I was at her command. She told me to follow her.

We entered a large hall. On both sides of the room were seated men. Reverently they bowed their heads as she passed between them to a cushioned seat at the opposite end of the room. I remained near the other end where she had motioned me to stay. Having reached the divan she majestically turned and spoke, "You have helped me and proven true. I have pronounced you shall be rewarded. What would you have? Speak!"

I had almost forgotten that I was not of the men, but Dick Thornton. Some of the foolhardiness of my recent exploits came to me. Who said curiosity was a woman's trait? Even then with a cloud of mysterious uncertainty hovering over me, I could not forget I did not understand my former companion's errand or the meaning of the box. I answered "I would know of my lady's recent adventure, its results and I would see the contents of the box."

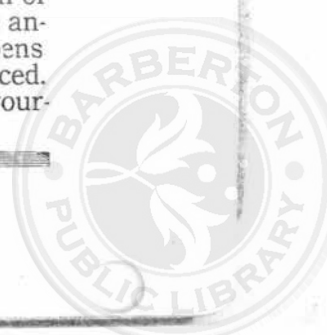
"You have chosen and you shall know. For thousands of years the great house of A' Mada ruled undisputed in its part of India. When the English first came to India they were not feared and no hostility was offered. But they began to crowd in against the Great Priest's orders. The insignificant house of Al Haman was the first to give way and by so doing disobeyed all orders. The Great Father was angry and he determined to punish the weaklings. He did—but that is a secret. However the English steadily gained in power and they obtained

the land of Al Haman."

"Ages ago the house of Al Haman and A Mada were very close and at that time was the Great Secret given to the former to guard for all time. But now that their house was abolished forever it was decided that the Holy thing should be brought from the heathen grounds to the Sacred Center of Faith. However the head of the house of Al Haman had anticipated trouble and given its care to his eldest son who of all his people escaped the divine vengeance.

The Great Father now dead and his daughter alone, was left of the family. She was made the Divine Head. I am she. Only hands of the High Priest or Priestess or those anointed by the holy oil, which too had been given to the disgraced Al Haman could touch the receptacle in which the Holy Object rested. Consequently my first great task was to recover it. This I have done. The tiny box which I concealed in the garden and again recovered is it. When in a fit of anger I betrayed somewhat my errand the priest next in rank demanded that you be made a "Freedom."

"You do not understand? Well when you saw the sacred box, curiosity was aroused in your soul, because of my angry pride, it is written the stirring of any heathen's emotion or passion in regard to the box will free the followers from that particular fault forever, while the emotion or passion which brought the box before another is exalted forever. This happens providing the heathen's life is sacrificed. Do not be alarmed for you have freed your-



self from such a fate."

When you asked to see the contents of the box you asked to see something upon which no mortal has ever gazed. All we know is that it contains the "All Seeing Eye". But you have asked, you, who saved the High Priestess from death or marriage — for Al Haman in revenge had sworn to either kill or sell me, and she is bound to give you that which you ask. Look! She had closed her eyes. The other priests lay with covered heads upon the floor. I looked and saw an emerald eye. As I looked it grew brighter and brighter. I awoke with my first Irish sun blinding my eyes.

"You can't say it wasn't some dream. Now will you believe me when I say that you are my sweetheart, little Miss Irish Brogue", finished Dick as he and his young lassie acquaintance of the day before sat together watching the sun sink.

"Ah sure and its almost a believin ye I be. But ye canna be in earnest for ye haven't even asked me my name."

"But I already know that. It's Kitty Malone."

"An it's mistookin ye be. Me names Miss Kathlyn Mc Quire. Now you see why I canna be your sweetheart Mr. Richard Thornton, commonly called Dick, soon able to vote and I forget the way of the rest", she said, curtsying in an adorably quaint way.

And all poor Dick could say was, "Well I'll be darned!"

Bernice Amstutz

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JOKES

■ ■ ■

One cloudy night as King Bantz and Pauline Razor were walking toward the latter's home a crowded street car was seen in the distance and the following conversation was over-heard:

She:—"Shall we squeeze in there?"

He:—"Good-night, girl can't you wait until we get home?"

Bill Evans:—"Here's your snow-shovel back."

Neighbor:—"Thanks very much, may I borrow your lawn-mower?"

C. Zimmerman:—(translating) "The er-er-er-man-er-er-then-er-er—"

Miss Schultz:—"Don't laugh children,—to err is human."

Scharpe:—"Did you read about the man who swallowed his teaspoon?"

Flatte:—"No! What happened to him?"

Scharpe:—"Oh, he can't stir."

Cecil L. who is a star science pupil, was asked: "What is the difference between electricity and lightning?"

"You don't have to pay anything for lightning" she answered.

Fat—When does a man rob his wife?
Fred—When he hooks her dress.

Raymond D.—Why is a horse a curious feeder?

Arthur H.—Give it up.

Raymond D.—Because it eats best without a bit in its mouth.

It was in the Argonne. A regiment of negro pioneers from Dixie who had been inducted into the service had just received a batch of mail, but neither Jefferson Madison Monroe nor his particular side kick, Washington Jones, was manifesting any great elation, in fact, they both looked decidedly in the dumps.

"Wash," murmured Jefferson, "I see the hard lukin'est nigger what was ever. I done just got a letter from my gal, and she's gone and married another."

"Oh, man, man!" wailed Wash, "You don't know what hard luck am. Me, I just got a letter from the draft board what says I'm exempt!"

Bright Sayings by Prof. J. W. Judd.

"Many a brilliant match has been extinguished by an old flame."

"Any old duffer can go to bed but it takes a real man to get up in the morning."

"Any civilized man will not arise before ten o'clock on Sunday morning."

Ruth Reed: "Oh, father how grand it is to be alive! The world is too good for any thing. "Why isn't everyone happy?"

Father: "Signs never fail, who is he this time".

Since Mr. Judd has his new fliver, he thinks the Norton Center Road affords the best touring because of the beautiful scenery. But the scenery usually rides beside Mr. Judd.

Preston H. (In Dom. Sci. Dept. at dinner):
"This coffee is nothing but mud."

Miss Brittan: "Yes, it was ground this morning."

Bill: "When I don't catch the name of the person I have been introduced to I always ask if it is spelled with an 'e' or an 'i' and it generally works."

Jim: "Well I use to try that dodge myself but once when I had been introduced to a young lady I asked about the 'e' or 'i' she flushed angrily and would not speak again the whole evening."

Bill: "What was her name?"

Jim: "I found out later it was Hill."

Bob Light: "Can you imagine anything worse than having cooties?"

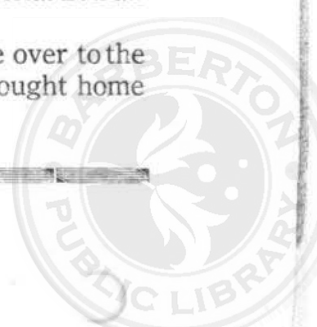
Bus Thomas: "Yes, suppose you had them and they chirped."

Bus Thomas: "It is a mistake for a man to go thru life alone."

Bernice Bell: "Why doesn't he get his ma to chaperone him?"

Joe K. — "Say Vince, did you have enough to eat, at the Industrial B. Ball banquet?"

Vincey:—"Oh, Boy! Come over to the house and I'll show you, I brought home enough for three days."



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