

THE MILESTONE

1917 - 1918

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1918



# THE COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

CINCINNATI, OHIO

*THE 1918 ANNUAL*



PUBLISHED BY THE COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT  
OF THE SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, 1918



DEDICATED TO  
**THE JUNIORS**  
*for the*  
HIGHEST RECORD IN SCHOLARSHIP  
AND FELLOWSHIP





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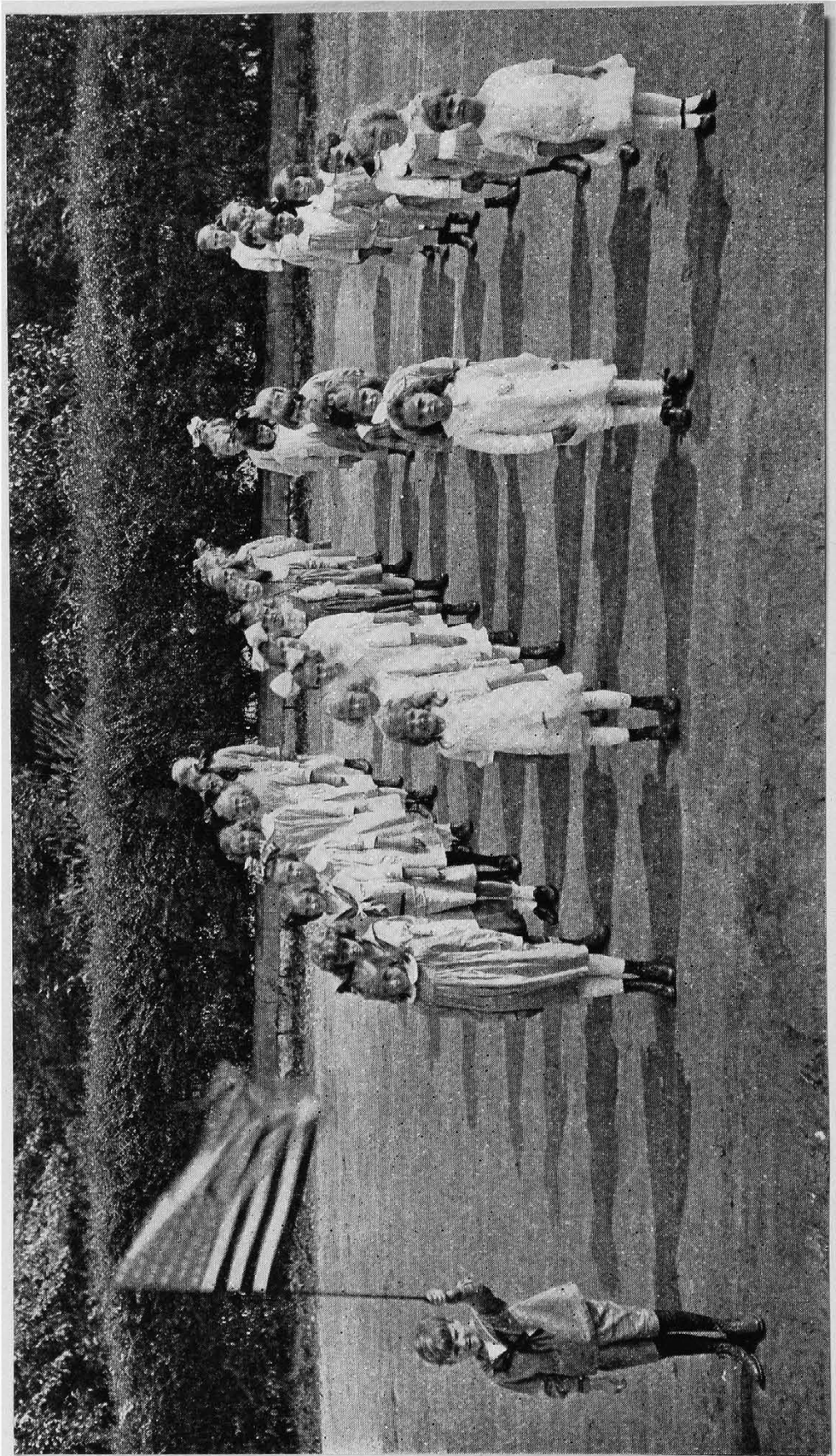
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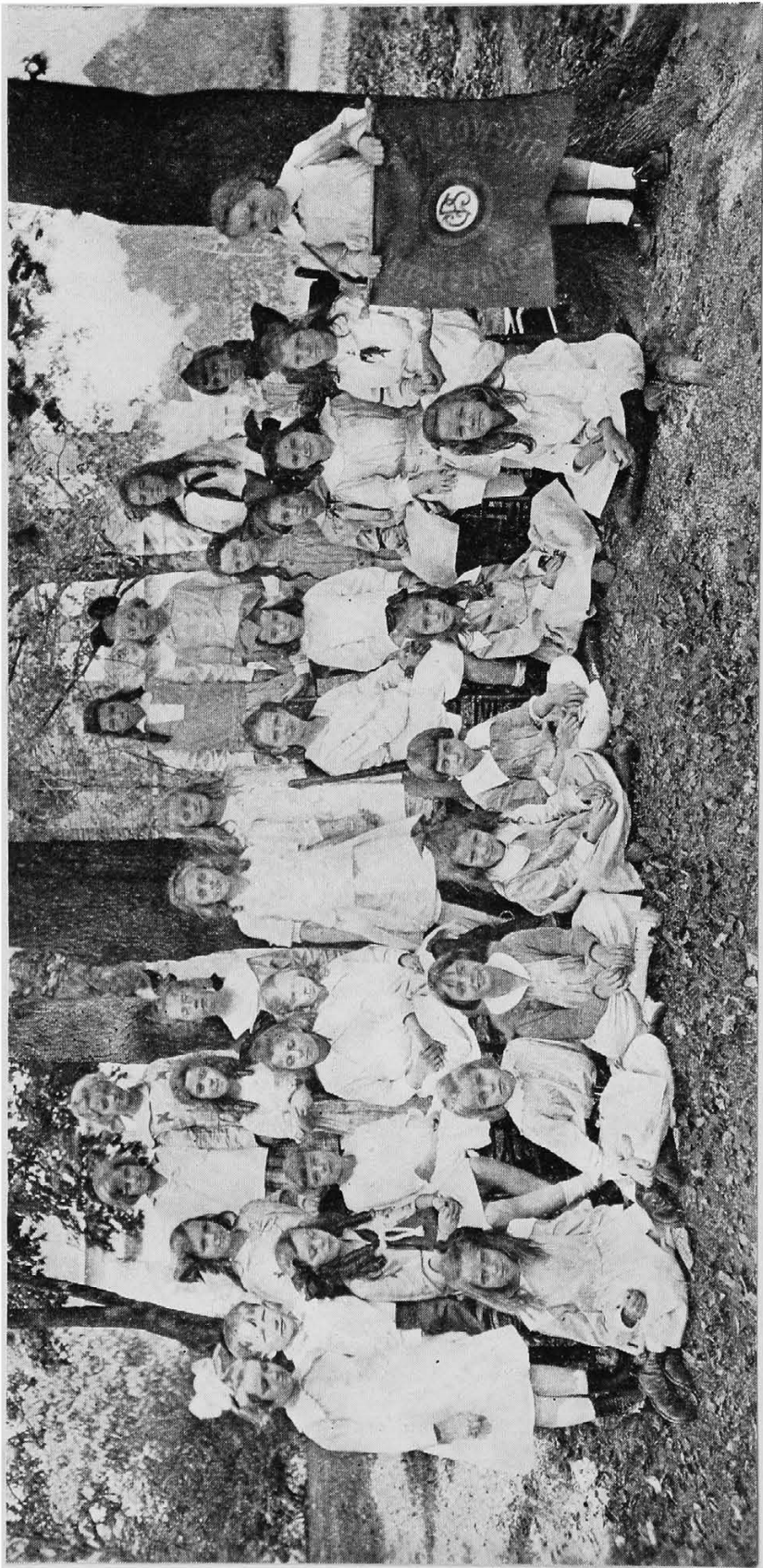
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JOYCE FERRIS	ADELE NOYES
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BELLE CLAY HANCOCK	GRACE ROWE
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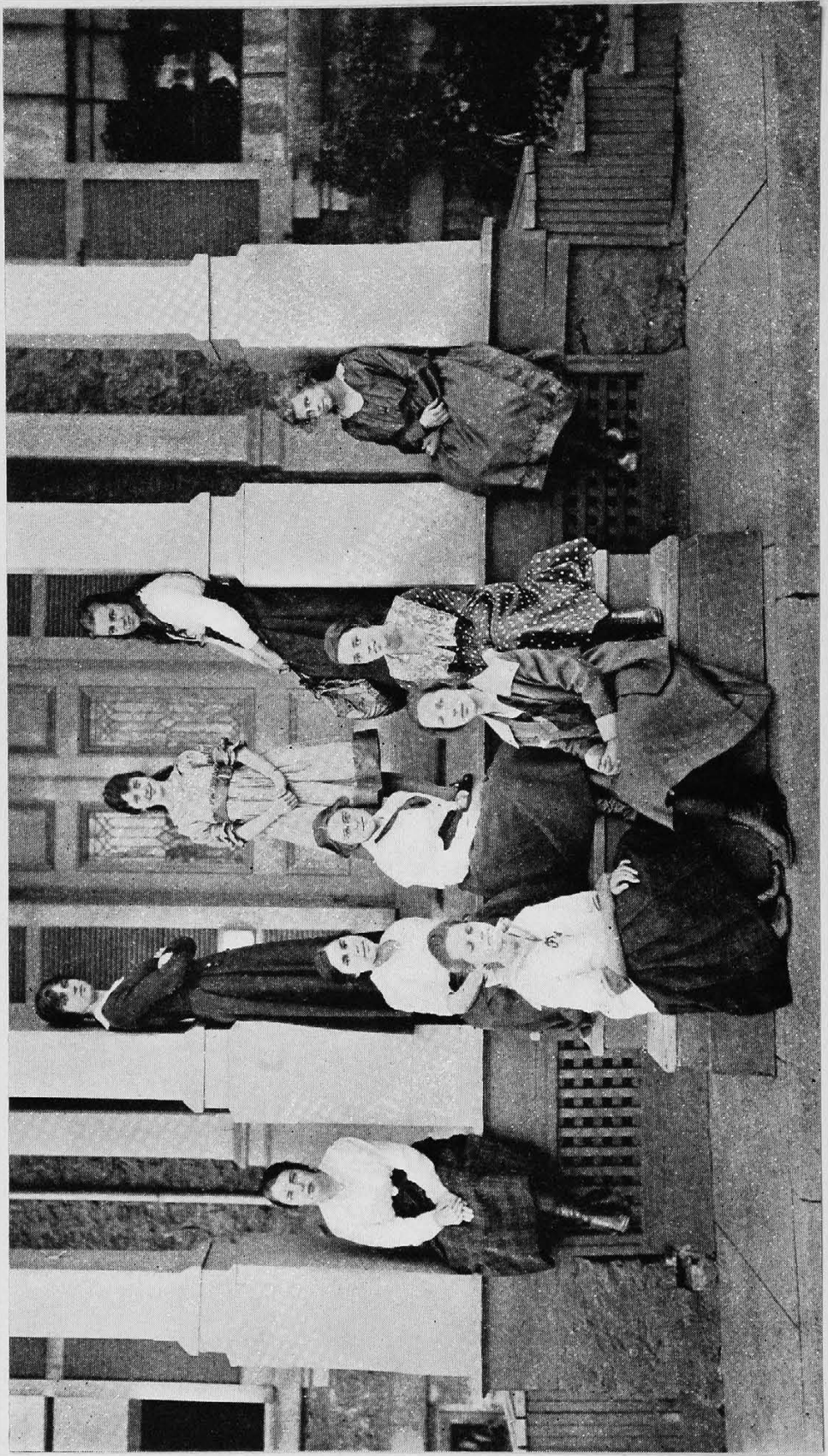


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VIRGINIA DALE  
ELIZABETH EMERSON  
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MILDRED LOCKWOOD

MARGARET MITCHEL  
MARY HELEN PROCTOR  
EUNICE RESOR  
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BETTY TAYLOR  
LAURA MAY WILSON  
NATALIE ZUBER



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**CLASS OF 1920**

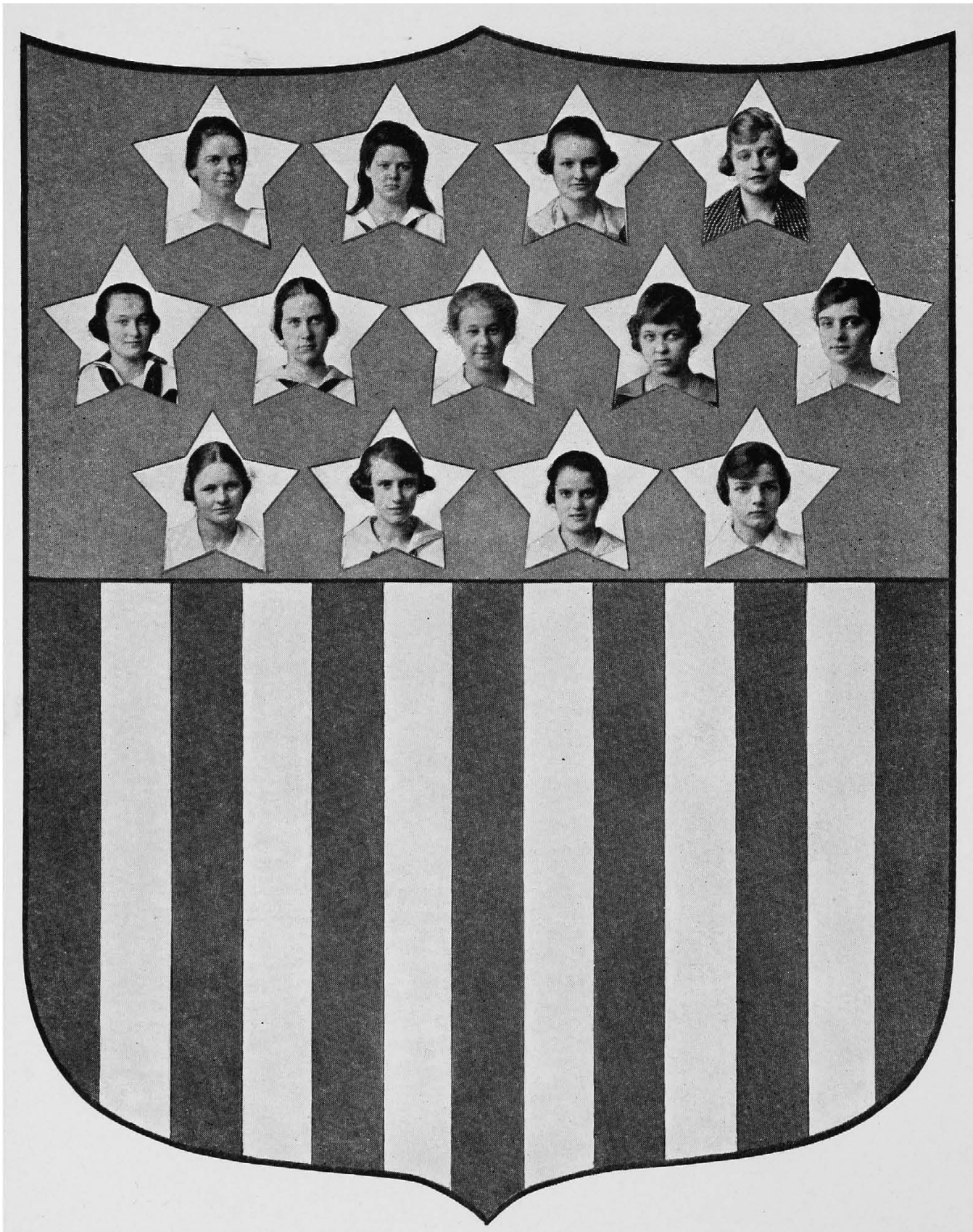
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 HELEN McCULLOUGH..... *Secretary*  
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 EDITH HARVEY  
 ALICE HINES  
 GERTRUDE HOMAN

GENEVA LANE  
 HELEN McCULLOUGH  
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 POLLY PERKINS  
 VIRGINIA ROGERS  
 ELIZABETH SPARROW  
 GRACE STEPHENSON  
 DOROTHY TALBERT  
 JANET WURLITZER

ELIZABETH YOUMANS



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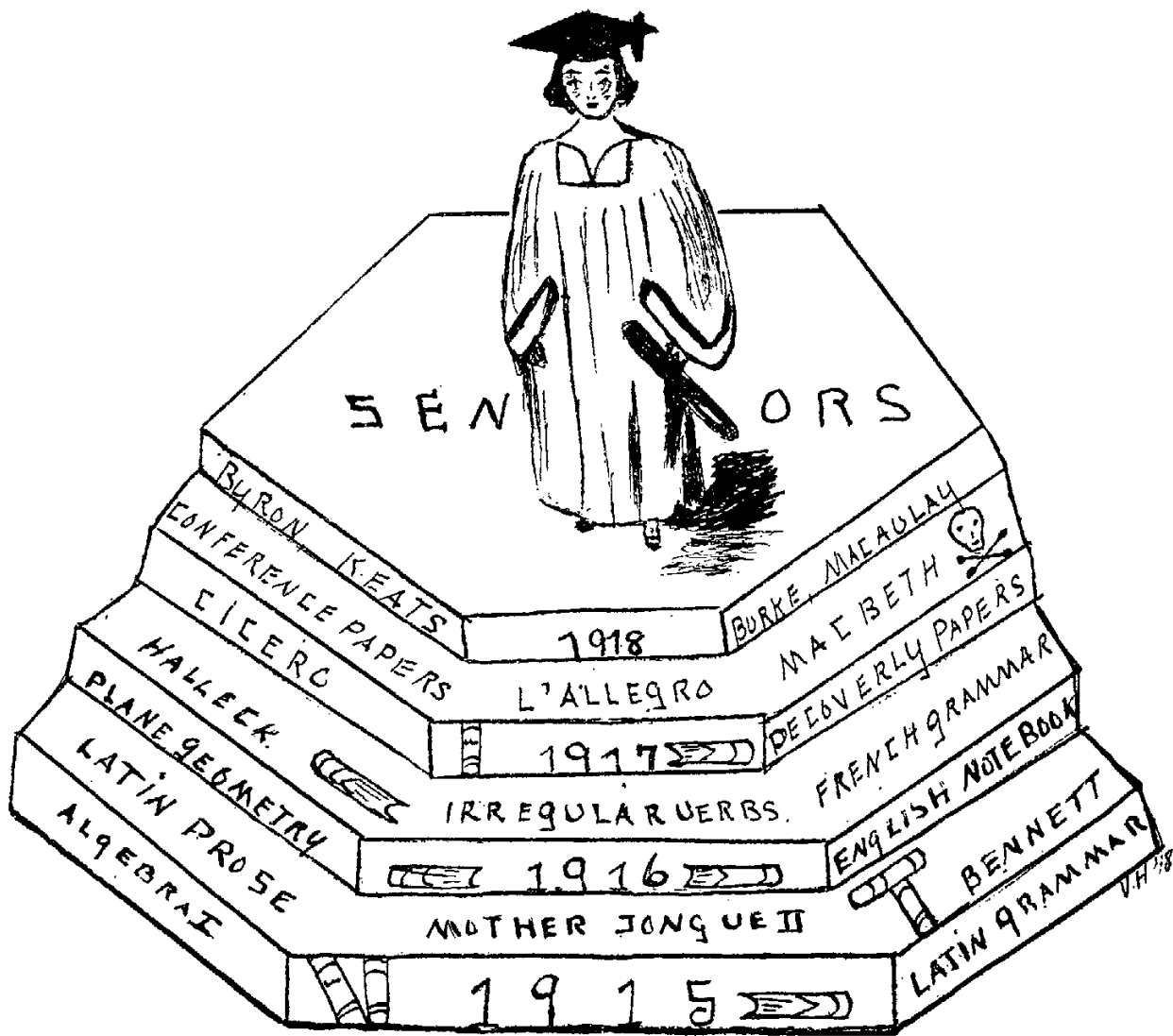
**CLASS OF 1919**

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ELLEN BEHRENS  
MARGUERITE BROWN  
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MARIAN HAYWARD  
HELEN KAIPER

HANNAH MALLON  
ANNE MENDENHALL  
DOROTHY MEYERS  
MARTHA MUNDY  
ALICE PAPE  
HARRIET RAMSEY  
ELVINA SPRAGUE



OVER THE TOP





**MILDRED ZIEGLER**

President of the Senior Class.  
Captain 1917 Basket-Ball Team.  
Coach 1921 Basket-Ball Team.

*"Crown'd with a sweet, continual control."*

**RUTH ANNE COOPER**

*"I never, with important air,  
In conversation overbear."*





**ALICE BOYCE COPE**

Secretary of the Senior Class.

*"A dainty Dresden maid."*

**JANE DINSMORE**

Business Manager of the "Annual."

1918 Basket-Ball Team.

Coach 1920 Basket-Ball Team.

Coach 1922 Basket-Ball Team.

*"Logic, energy, decision."*





**VIRGINIA THORPE HATFIELD**

1918 Basket-Ball Team.

*"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."*

**DOROTHY HAYWARD**

1918 Basket-Ball Team.

*"Do I view the world as a vale of tears?  
Ah, reverend sir, not I!"*





**DOROTHY HOLLOWAY**

Art Editor of "Annual."

*"Fearless in praising,  
Faltering in blame."*

**GRACE ROGERS LYNN**

Vice-President of the Senior Class.

*"A smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires."*





**GUIDA HARVEY MARX**

Member of "Annual" Board.

*"With gentle, yet prevailing force  
Intent upon her destin'd course."*

**BARBARA McKAY**

Editor-in-chief of "Annual."  
1918 Basket-Ball Team.

*"Realist and dreamer."*





ANNE BIRK PENNINGTON

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free—  
Why aren't they all sweet-tempered like me?"*

MARY ELIZABETH PRATT

*"Present mirth hath present laughter."*





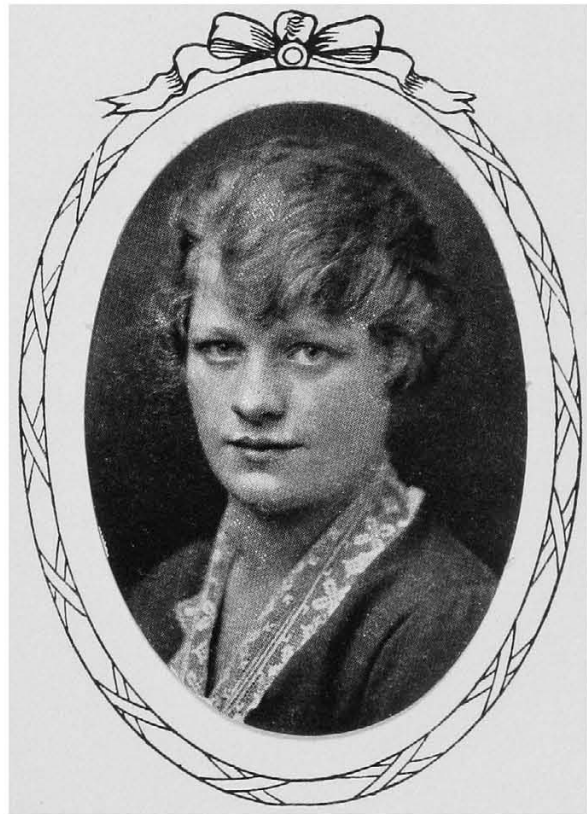
**HELEN LIVINGSTONE SERODINO**

*"Responsive wit, a leader's tact."*

**JANE ADELAIDE SMITH**

**Treasurer of the Senior Class.  
1918 Basket-Ball Team.**

*"When I use a word, it means just what  
I choose it to mean, neither more nor less."*





RUTH ANNE COOPER



ALICE BOYCE COPE



JANE DINSMORE



VIRGINIA T. HATFIELD



DOROTHY HAYWARD



DOROTHY HOLLOWAY



GRACE ROGERS LYNN





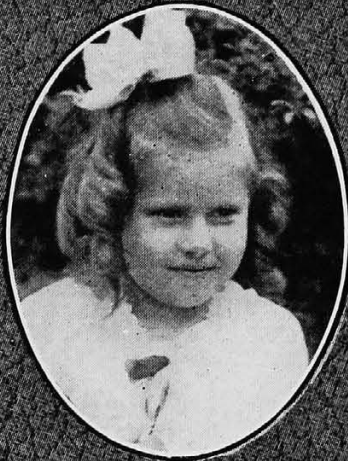
GUIDA HARVEY MARX



BARBARA MCKAY



ANNE B. PENNINGTON



MARY E. PRATT



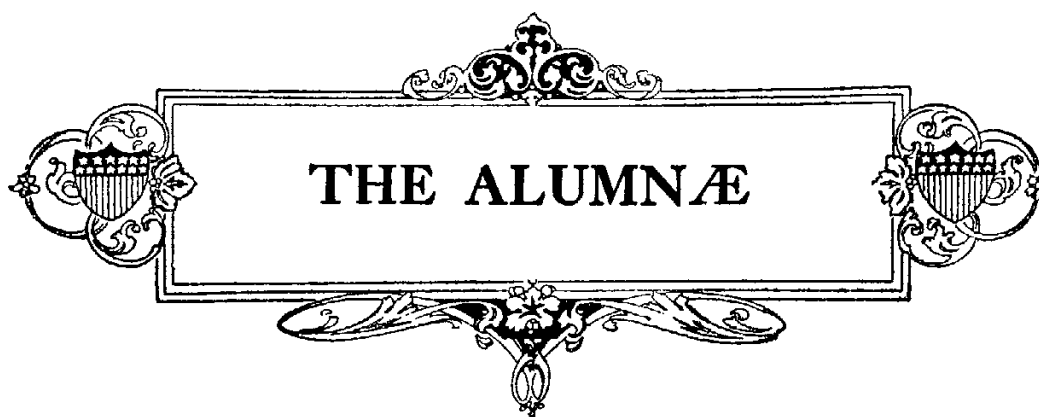
HELEN L. SERODINO



JANE ADELAIDE SMITH



MILDRED ZIEGLER



**OFFICERS**

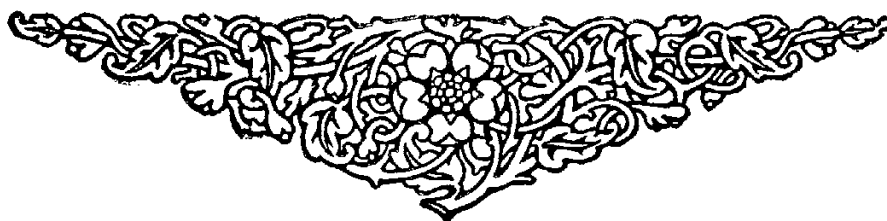
RUTH KINSEY SCHMUCK..... *President*  
 JEAN GUCKENBERGER..... *Secretary*

**MEMBERS**

Allen, Emily Powell (Mrs. Douglas Allen)	Bosworth, Evelyn Omwake (Assoc.) (Mrs. Ervin Bosworth)
Alter, Margaret Mawry (Associate) (Mrs. Robert Alter)	Brown, Nellie Knabe (1914) (Mrs. Samuel K. Brown)
Anderson, Julia (1910)	Brooks, Mildred Spencer (1915)
Anderson, Margaret (1917)	Buhr, Corinne Lawson (1911) (Mrs. Arthur J. Buhr)
Anderson, Dorothy (1917)	Butterfield, Jean (1915)
Ayres, Louise (Associate)	Cadwalader, Louise (1907)
Baker, Beatrice Carmichael (1914) (Mrs. Charles Wentworth Baker, Jr.)	Campbell, Adele (1912)
Banks, Louise Root (1911) (Mrs. Philip W. Banks)	Chase, Louise (1916)
Barnard, Alice (1917)	Clark, Margaret (1908)
Barr, Phyllis Fosdick (Mrs. Ingle Barr)	Clark, Marianne (1908)
Barrett, Dorothy (1914)	Camacho, Oriel (1916)
Bahlman, Janet Rhodes (1913) (Mrs. Wm. Thorne Bahlman)	Conroy, Elizabeth (1917)
Blackburn, Harriet (1912)	Cooper, Ruth Ann (1918)
Blake, Elizabeth (1917)	Cope, Alice Boyce (1918)
	Craig, Ruth Thrasher (1911) (Mrs. James Craig)
	Crawford, Gwendolyn (1914)
	Crothers, Ida E. (1916)

Crothers, Aline Moore (1912)  
     (Mrs. Stanley W. Crothers)  
 Davidson, Alma (1909)  
 Dimock, Imogene Kinsey (1910)  
     (Mrs. George E. Dimock)  
 Dinsmore, Jane (1918)  
 Dittman, Barbara Thrasher  
     (Mrs. George F. Dittman)  
 Ditmars, Anne Rothier (Associate)  
     (Mrs. John A. Ditmars)  
 Dominick, Helen (1910)  
 Doherty, Mary Harlan (Honorary)  
 Donough, Dorothy (1912)  
 Duncan, Dorothy (1912)  
 Dunn, Helen Justis (1914)  
     (Mrs. Donald Dunn)  
 Eaton, Ruth Crothers (1909)  
     (Mrs. Chester S. Eaton)  
 Egan, Marie Kupferschmidt (1912)  
     (Mrs. J. Clarence Egan)  
 Faran, Ange (1911)  
 Flach, Elaine Carew (Associate)  
     (Mrs. Frederick Flach, Jr.)  
 Forker, Augusta (1914)  
 Galvin, Julie Elizabeth (1917)  
 Geier, Helen Margaret (1914)  
 Geier, Virginia (1916)  
 Glascock, Katharine (1912)  
 Godley, Catherine Sherred (1912)  
 Goodall, Winifred (1909)  
 Granbury, Llewellyna Rebhun  
     (Mrs. James T. Granbury)  
 Greer, Mildred Chase (1913)  
     (Mrs. Sidney Greer)  
 Griffith, Jane (1913)  
 Grimm, Grace (1912)  
 Guckenberger, Jean (1917)  
 Hall, Frances Ebersole  
     (Mrs. Rufus Hall)  
 Hatfield, Ruth (1914)  
 Hatfield, Louise (1917)  
 Hatfield, Virginia (1918)  
 Hayward, Dorothy (1918)  
 Hicks, Madeline (1913)  
 Hinsch, Marjorie E. (1914)  
 Holden, Grace Morgan  
     (Mrs. Reuben Holden)  
 Holden, Mary Landis (1914)  
     (Mrs. Ira S. Holden)  
 Holmes, Helen Buchanan (1912)  
 Holmes, Mary Herbert (1913)  
     (Mrs. Wm. Holmes)  
 Holloway, Dorothy (1917)  
 Howe, Frances (1914)  
 Howell, Jean (Honorary)  
 Hunt, Louise (Honorary)  
 Johnson, Frances (1917)  
 Kinney, Louise (1915)  
 Kinsey, Helen (1911)  
 Koehler, Olive (1915)  
 Kroger, Lucille (1907)  
 Land, Dorothy Duncan  
     (Mrs. Joseph P. Land)  
 Langenbeck, Clara (Honorary)  
 Langenbeck, Anna (Honorary)  
 Langdon, Harriet (1915)  
 Langdon, Myra (1916)  
 Loveland, Angeline (1912)  
 Loveland, Clara (1917)  
 Lynn, Grace Rogers (1918)  
 Lyons, Virginia Bell (1909)  
     (Mrs. W. L. Lyons, Jr.)  
 Lyon, Dorothy (1916)  
 McCullough, Ethel (1908)  
 McLaren, Julia (1915)  
 McLaren, Louise (1917)  
 McLaughlin, Dorothy Kellogg (1907)  
     (Mrs. Charles J. McLaughlin)

McKay, Barbara (1918)	Shipley, Hannah (1917)
Mallon, Sophia (1914)	Simrall, Lillian Crothers (1912)
Marx, Guida Harvey (1918)	(Mrs. Wm. S. Simrall)
Moffett, Jennie (1910)	Singleton, Adelaide (1911)
Moore, Mary Lou (1916)	Staley, Marion Gaulding (1909)
	(Mrs. W. B. Staley)
Orr, Adelaide (Associate)	Stapleford, Margaret Titus (1911)
Osmond, Emelie Schmidlapp (1907)	(Mrs. Edward B. Stapleford)
(Mrs. E. A. Osmond)	Suydam, Elizabeth (1915)
Palmer, Anne (1916)	
Pennington, Anne Birk (1918)	Tangeman, Margaret (1913)
Perry, Evelyn Hollister	Tate, Miriam (1917)
(Mrs. Henry E. Perry)	Thrasher, Corinne (1913)
Pogue, Frances (1915)	Toe Water, Charlotte Shipley (1910)
Pratt, Mary Elizabeth (1918)	(Mrs. Geo. M. Toe Water)
Rawson, Gwendolyn (1909)	Waterman, Mary Mallon (1911)
Rogers, Doris Hays (1912)	(Mrs. Alan P. Waterman)
Rogers, Kathryn (1916)	Williams, Anne Sykes (Associate)
Robinson, Elsie (1917)	(Mrs. W. L. S. Williams)
	Williams, Louise (1910)
Sattler, Jean (1911)	Wilson, Ruth (1917)
Scherl, Louise (1917)	Withrow, Margaret (1916)
Serodino, Helen (1918)	
Schmuck, Ruth Kinsey (1909)	Ziegler, Mildred (1918)
(Mrs. Thomas K. Schmuck)	



## ENGAGEMENTS

Ella B. Baker and John Randolph Schindel  
Mary Elizabeth Conroy and Harold Robson LeBlond  
Sarah Ernst and John Palmer Darnall  
Mildred Brooks and John S. Littleford, Jr.  
Jane Lewis and Ralph Virden Haile



## MARRIAGES

Helen Justis and Donald Omar Dunn  
Frances Ebersole and Rufus Hall  
Ruth Thrasher and James Craig  
Mary Mallon and Alan T. Waterman  
Emily Powell and Douglass Allen  
Grace Morgan and Reuben Holden, Jr.  
Louise Root and Philip W. Banks  
Phyllis Fosdick and Ingle Barr  
Janet Sanders and Edwin deGraf Lappin  
Llewellyna Rebhun and James Granbury  
Evelyn Hollister and Henry Eldridge Perry  
Helen Andrews and John H. Gale  
Margaret Jameson and Edwin Risser  
Alice White and J. Stuart White  
Dorothy Duncan and Joseph Porter Land



## BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Buhr—Margaret More  
Mr. and Mrs. William Boyce Strong—William Boyce, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy Brown—Dorothy Knabe Brown  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. McLaughlin—Ralph Clark and Nancy Sandford  
Mr. and Mrs. William Lee Lyons, Jr.—Anne Law  
Mr. and Mrs. Ingle Barr—James Fosdick  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Black—Robert Black, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Allen—Douglas Marshall Allen, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Baker—Beatrice Carmichael



# The Primaries

## THE JUNIOR FIELD MEET

Saturday, March 23, 1918

Song—English National Hymn . . . . . “God Save the King”  
Sung by Primaries III and IV

Song—Japanese National Hymn . . . . . “Kimigayo”  
Sung by Primaries I and II

Song—Belgian National Hymn . . . . . “La Brabançonne”  
Sung by Intermediate IV

Song—Italian National Hymn . . . . . “Garibaldi Hymn”  
Sung by Intermediate III

Song—French National Hymn . . . . . “La Marseillaise”  
Sung by Intermediates I and II

Song—“The Star Spangled Banner,”  
Sung by all the Primaries and Intermediates

Flag Drill . . . . . Primary IV

Goal Race . . . . . Intermediate I and Intermediate II  
Won by Eleanor Rapp and Monica Goebel

Hopping Race . . . . . Primary III  
Won by Isabelle Resor and Peggy Lewis

Obstacle Race . . . . . Intermediate II  
Won by Dorette Kruse

Human Race .....	Primary IV
Winners—Division <i>a</i> —Elaine Flach, Clarinda Stephenson	
Division <i>b</i> —Ethel Burlingham, Josephine Gray	
Winners—Division <i>a</i> vs. Division <i>b</i> .....	Elaine Flach, Clarinda Stephenson
Handkerchief Relay Race .....	Intermediate III
Won by Mary Lloyd Mills and Jane Anderson	
Wheelbarrow Race .....	Primary II
Won by Josephine Breneman, Charlotte Kidd	
Elizabeth Leyman, Helen Huntington	
Japanese Crab Race .....	Primary I
Winners—Division <i>a</i> —Sophia Helen Fisk, Margaret Trotter	
Division <i>b</i> —Frances Suire, Betty Jane Reid	
Winner—Division <i>a</i> vs. Division <i>b</i> .....	Sophia Helen Fisk
Rolling Dumbbells .....	Intermediate IV
Winners—Division <i>a</i> —Russell Pogue, Grace Leyman	
Division <i>b</i> —Christine Ramsey, Isabelle Hunt	
Tug of War .....	Intermediate I vs. Intermediate II
Intermediate III vs. Intermediate IV	
Won by Intermediates II and IV	
Mercury Race .....	The Faculty
Won by Miss Jean Howell	
Sack Race .....	Intermediate I
Won by Phyllis Albert and Frances Shinkle	
Peanut Race .....	Primary III
Won by Atha Haydock	
Chariot Race .....	Intermediate II
Won by Sara Withrow, Monica Goebel and Mary Genevieve Andrews	
Potato Race .....	Primary IV
Winners, Bernice Williams, Josephine Gray, Louise Merrell	

Nose Race.....Intermediate II  
Won by Martha Mithoefer and Virginia Stephenson

Backward Race.....Primary II  
Won by Charlotte Kidd and Josephine Breneman

Quoits.....Primary I  
No points scored

Indian Clubs.....Intermediate IV  
Winners—Line 4—Natalie Wurlitzer, Hildegard Ault  
Elizabeth Cassatt, Betty Breneman

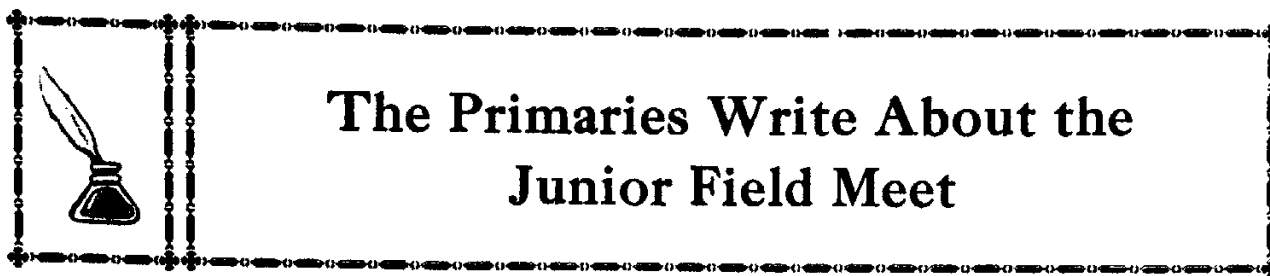
Tug of War.....Primary I vs. Primary II  
Won by Primary I

Musical Chairs.....The Primaries  
Won by Betty Livingood, Primary I

Musical Chairs.....The Intermediates  
Won by Harriet Emerson, Intermediate II

School Song





## The Primaries Write About the Junior Field Meet

### OUR PARTY

Saturday I had a good time. I had ice-cream at school.

BETTY HOMMEYER, *Primary IV.*



### OUR FIELD DAY PARTY

I had a lovely time at school Saturday  
I had ice-cream  
I had the best time too  
My sister won a race  
I was in a potato race  
I just loved ice cream on that Saturday  
Miss Howell's sister won in one game  
I had a long happy day that Saturday, Virginia foot Ramsey  
Everybody had a nice time I guess. Virginia  
This all was in the school room, Virginia foot Ramsey

VIRGINIA FOOTE RAMSEY, *Primary IV.*



### FIELD DAY

We went to school one Saturday. We were in many races. The funniest race was the teachers race. They put one arm out front and the other arm back. Then hopped on one foot to the end of the room. Miss Jean Howell won. Our races were a lot of fun. I won the hopping race. Miss Doherty gave me a flag. Atha won the peanut race. I spilt some ice-cream on my dress. I did not care for it was an old dress. I had such a good time.

ISABELLE RESOR, *Primary III.*

## FIELD DAY

We went to school on Saturday. We had a good time. We sang the Allies songs. We were in the running race and the potato race. I was judge of the teachers race. It was funny. I had ice cream and cake.

MINA LOUISE MERRELL, *Primary IV.*

\* \* \*

## FIELD MEET

I went to school on Saturday. It was field day. We had many games. I was in the peanut race and the hopping race. I won a flag in the peanut race. the teachers had a race too. Miss Jean Howell won the race. We played musical chairs. I had to sit down because I did not get a chair. We sang Great Britain's song. We marched in singing. Miss Baker's class sing the Japanese song. Florence Matthews almost won a race. Miss Baker's class was in a crab race that was very funny. Margaret Allen came in last. They had a wheelborrow race to. Prim. 4 had a potatoe race and a human race. Elaine won the human race. The the teacher's race was very funny. We had ice cream and cake.

ATHA HAYDOCK, *Primary III.*

\* \* \*

## FIELD DAY

I went to school at two o'clock on Saturday. Miss Jean Howell won a priz. I had ice-crean. I won two prizes one was a flag and a blue ribben. Miss Doherty pined it on me. We sang the Star Spangled Banner after we sang the other songs. We had a good time.

ELAINE CAREW FLACH, *Primary IV.*

## VERS LIBRE FROM PRIMARY IV—OUR PARTY

We went to school  
On Saturday. Then  
We went to the Jim.  
Then we sang.  
We had a flag drill  
We sang the Star  
Spangled Banner  
I had a very good time  
Then we played tug of war  
And then we had potato race.  
Then we had ice cream.  
And went home.

ETHEL BURLINGHAM, *Primary IV.*

\* \* \*

## MY PUSSY

I know a Pussy that does not scratch. This Pussy climbs a tree. He has a white head. This Pussy is very soft. My Pussy does not drink milk. He drinks water. I only see him in the spring. He climbs the Willow tree. Can you guess what it is?

ALFRED SHEPHERD, *Primary III.*

\* \* \*

## SONG OF SPRING

Spring's here, Spring's here,  
Hark, what dost thou hear?  
The song of the bird,  
That's what I heard.

Spring's here, Spring's here,  
Look, what dost thou see?  
Snowdrops, sweet snowdrops  
And a wak'ning bee.

MARGARET TROTTER, *Primary I.*

### THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens once went to the Zoo,—  
The same thing might happen to me or to you;  
Standing alone like a grayish brown rock,  
Old Hippotamus gave them a shock!  
Pink nose said, "Do you think its a pig?"  
"No," answered Blackey, "It's surely too big."  
With a huge smile Hippo started to say  
"I'm not a pig—but they all ran away.

HELEN LOUISE TAYLOR, *Primary I.*



### THE BLUEBIRD

Summer is coming,  
Summer is coming,  
For the bluebird has already come;  
He is singing and swinging in the tree.  
All the flowers are in bloom,  
The blue bird is singing amid their perfume.  
"Summer is coming," he sings  
"Cheep, cheep," says he and flutters his wings.

JOSEPHINE E. CHURCH, *Primary II.*





## THE INTERMEDIATES

### THE PRETTY MOON

Pretty moon, pretty moon,  
How you shine on the door,  
And you make it all bright  
On my nursery floor!

You will shine on my toys,  
And will show me their place,  
How I love to look up  
At your pretty bright face!

ISABELLE HUNT, *Intermediate IV.*

\*\*\*

### NEAR THE OLD STONE WALL

The golden rod is blooming,  
The aster's straight and tall;  
The rambler rose is sleeping,  
Near the old stone wall.

The leaves are changing color,  
For this is windy fall,  
The flowers all are nestling,  
Near the old stone wall.

All the leaves are blowing,  
For they've heard the wind's call,  
To cover up the flowers  
Near the old stone wall.

The baby seeds are sleeping,  
There are thousands in all,  
So cozy in their beds,  
Near the old stone wall.

MARY RANDOLPH MATTHEWS, *Intermediate II.*

## ACHILLES AND THE FORD

All society was agog over the Amateur Club's Greek play, in which Mr. Klutterbuck was to take the part of Achilles. Even that gentleman's wife, who generally looked with haughty disapproval upon such things, deigned to show interest in it. As for the young Klutterbucks, they spent all their time bragging about their father, until none of their playmates would go near them. The only thing that remained for the actor to do, was to appear in full dress before the admiring eyes of his family. They had heard his dignified speeches, had been told how poorly the others did at the rehearsals, but because of his being called away unexpectedly by business, they had not seen him in full costume. It was, therefore, with great excitement that they received him on his return from his trip, and learned that within an hour he would burst before their wondering eyes as the sun from under a cloud.

It was Mr. Klutterbuck's intention to dress at home and then proceed to the theater in his Ford. So, on Monday night, looking very Greek in a sheet, white tights, buskins and armor, he descended the stairs, slowly and with becoming dignity, while the family waited with bated breath below. His false beard, mustache and wig were ragged and shaggy, making him look like Huckleberry Finn's father. His helmet was tilted at a ridiculous slant on his ancient head. This piece of armor and his breast-plate of brass, he had whitened with fish-glue, at the suggestion of the director of the amateur players, in order that he and the others might look like sculptured marble. Unfortunately, the glue had first dried up and then decayed, so that by this time it emitted an exceedingly offensive smell. As Achilles hove in sight, reciting his opening lines, and waving his sword majestically, he was greeted with shouts of laughter from his family, who, as he drew nearer, began to sniff the air, suspiciously.

"Well," he said in a hurt tone, drawing himself up to full height, "is there anything the matter with me?"

"You," gasped his wife, holding her handkerchief to her nose, "anything the matter with you?" and she again burst out laughing.

"If this is the way you feel," he answered, "I am sure that your presence will not be missed at the play."

"Oh, Algernon," his wife answered, "I couldn't sit in the audience and see you in such a costume. And what in the name of goodness is wrong with you?" And again she held her handkerchief to her face.

"That ends it," said Mr. Klutterbuck indignantly, and retired to his room.

At seven o'clock, Achilles, resplendent in his perfumed armor, set forth in his Ford. It ran smoothly enough until about five blocks from the theater. There, in a little side-street, it stopped, and the actor got out to crank it. In

vain he worked, puffing and panting, his sheet very much in the way, until he heard some one say in a most persuasive tone,

“Permit me, madam.”

Mr. Klutterbuck turned his bearded face upon a cheaply dressed man who, perceiving his mistake, began to laugh loudly. The laughter increased in volume until Mr. Klutterbuck cried curtly,

“Be quiet, you fool!”

This only added to the stranger’s mirth, and it so enraged Achilles that he made a desperate dive for his sword, which lay at the bottom of the car. A policeman, coming around the corner, noticed the altercation and, rushing up, demanded an explanation.

“Take him up, officer, take him up!” cried the stranger. “He has bats in his belfry.”

“I demand in the name of the law,” expostulated Mr. Klutterbuck, “that you arrest this man for disturbing a peaceful citizen.”

“To the station with both of you,” answered the policeman. “Here, give me that sword.”

“But I’m Achilles, and I’ll be late for the play,” protested the actor.

“What’s that, you have been killing?” said the officer.

“No, no, you misunderstand me. Haven’t you heard of Achilles?”

“Never,” said the officer, “but what’s that smell?”

“If you let me take you to the theater, I’ll prove that I’m an actor,” said Mr. Klutterbuck, refusing to notice the reference to the fish-glue.

“Aw shucks, he’s loony,” said the stranger, “he smells like an aquarium, too.”

“We’ll see,” answered the officer, and he ordered Achilles to crank the Ford. In a few minutes they were before the theater, but to Mr. Klutterbuck’s amazement it was dark and lifeless.

“What did I tell you?” said the stranger. “He’s off! Drive to the asylum.”

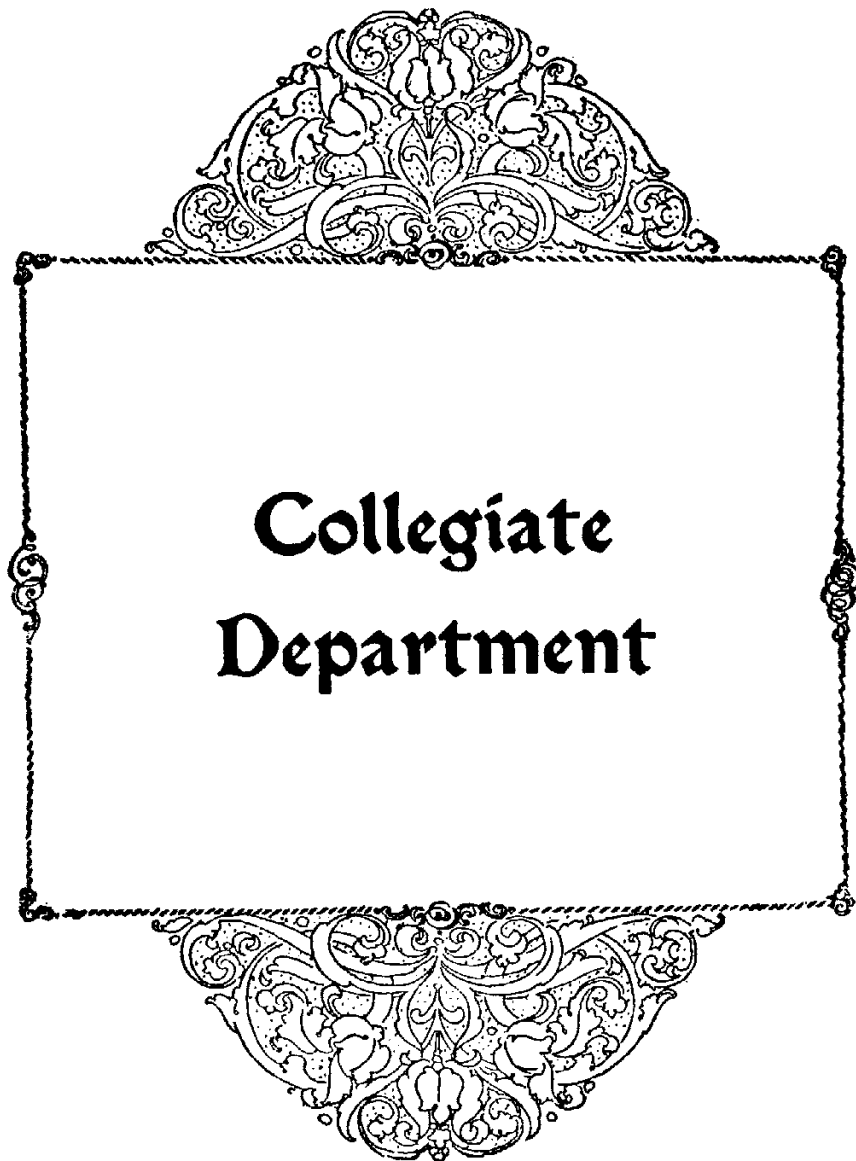
The officer by this time had begun to lose his temper, and with a growl he ordered Achilles to turn the Ford toward the police-station. There the sergeant at the desk, after firing questions at the culprit and suspiciously sniffing the air, permitted him to telephone to his wife. Through her choked laughter over the wire, Achilles heard her say.

“By the way, Algernon dear, you left in such ill-temper that I didn’t have a chance to tell you that the day before yesterday, when you were out of town, I received a card saying that the play would be postponed until next Monday.”

RUTH CHANDLER, *Intermediate I.*







**Collegiate  
Department**



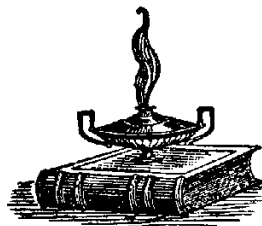
FROM the beginning of the school year, in late September, a new spirit has been felt throughout the school. It has steadily increased, and is at present very evident. It is the spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice. This spirit has been shown often through the year, and its influence has been felt in every class, from the First Grade to the Senior Class. Early in the fall, a Red Cross Unit was organized in the school, and its faithful workers have completed many knitted garments. In the middle of the winter, when the Red Triangle of the Y. M. C. A. launched its drive, the classes formed individual teams, and together were able to give \$125.00 to this cause. As this goes to print, the report of the Thrift Stamp Club, recently started, totals \$5,000.00 for eight days, a remarkable record and certain proof of the loyal feeling of the school. The High School classes have sacrificed the Interclass Parties, which are always such a pleasure and have decided to give the money which would have been spent on a good time, to War Charities. The Juniors have adopted a French Orphan with the money they would have spent on a party. At Commencement this year there will not be the lavish banks of flowers that have been so beautiful at previous Commencements. The Senior Class has requested that no flowers be sent to its members at Graduation. The Annual itself has been reduced in size and in price. The Annual Board felt that it was not in keeping with the times to bring out a big, expensive Annual, with many drawings and much elaboration. Therefore, all ornamentation has been done away with, the number of pages reduced, and, most important of all, the price of the Annual has been cut down to one-third of its former cost.

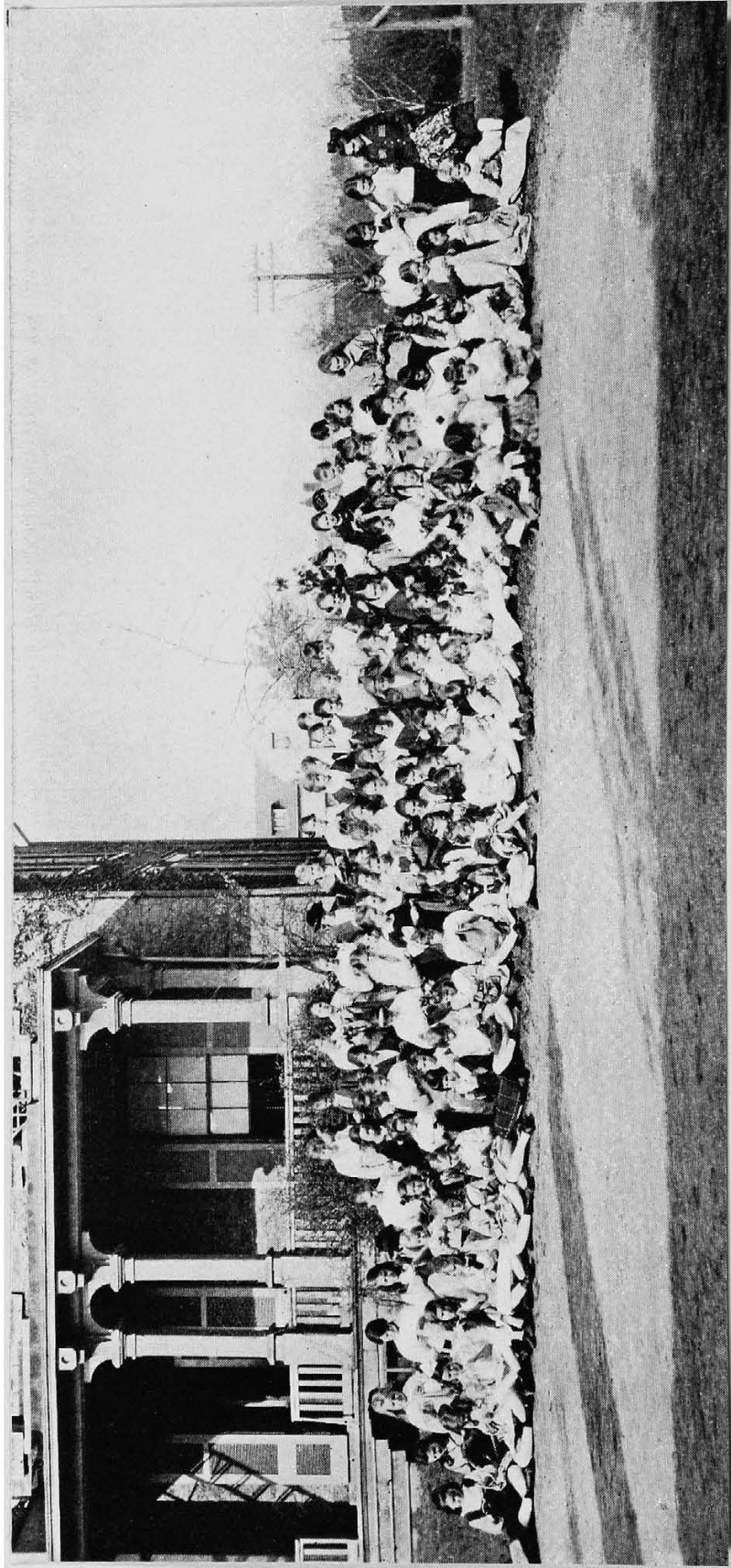
The finest thing about the work of this kind that the girls have done, and about the raising of the money, is that it was actually done by the girls themselves, and that every girl gave up something in order to do her part. The money that went for the little orphan and the Red Triangle and the Thrift Stamps was in practically every case money that had been saved from a girl's personal allowance at the cost of some pleasure to herself. The unselfish and patriotic spirit that goes with these dollars is certainly worth as much as the dollars themselves.

If this splendid spirit increases next year as much as it has this year, C. P. S. ought to make an unparalleled record. The "Milestone" extends its best wishes in that hope.

OUR "OLD GIRLS" IN WAR WORK

ASIDE from the Red Cross Work, the Surgical Dressings and the knitting that every girl of C. P. S. is doing, several of our "old girls" actually hold Government positions. Among these fortunate girls are, first, Alice Bowler and Jean Sattler, both of whom are in France doing Y. M. C. A. canteen work. Helen Kinsey is in the Intelligence Department at Washington. Mary Mallon Waterman and Julia McLaren are also in Washington in war work service. Gwendolyn Rawson and Mary Waite are engaged in active war work in Cincinnati. We are very proud of this work and watch it with patriotic interest.





RED CROSS KNITTERS

## RED CROSS REPORT

Miss Ange Faran, *Representative*

Primaries—18 boxes of snipping.

Intermediate IV—1 Blanket.

	Sweaters	Helmets	Scarfs	Pairs of Socks	Pairs of Wristlets	Bags	Pillowcases
College IV.....	3		1	5	3	9	
College III.....	11	11	3	2	17	1	2
College II.....	6	4	3	3	5	3	5
College I.....	6	6		4	10		
Intermediates.....	7	7	2	7	17		
Total.....	33	28	9	21	52	13	7



## THE RED TRIANGLE

Last November, when the Y. M. C. A., or rather the Red Triangle, drive took place in Cincinnati, the Seniors, very properly, took the initiative in promoting at C. P. S. this activity. Largely due to their organization, there was collected from the C. P. S. girls, for this cause, the sum of \$125.00.

## WAR LECTURES BY MISS SAGE

- 1st Lecture—The Provocation of France: The Franco-Prussian War, The Morocco Affair.
- 2d Lecture—Germany's Commercial Grip on the World. Germany's Moral Transformation.
- 3d Lecture—Pan-German Schemes: Mittel-Europa, Bagdad Railroad, Balkan Wars.
- 4th Lecture—The German System: Military Supreme Over Civil Power, Alsace-Saverne Affair, Importance of Reichstag, Honors and Decorations vs. Self-government.
- 5th Lecture—Germany's Loss of Prestige in Europe. Inevitableness of War in 1914.
- 6th Lecture—Examination of Evidence in Diplomatic Correspondence, Germany's Responsibility.
- 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th Lectures—Events and Progress of the War.



# 1918 ROLL OF HONOR



## The Service List of the Kinsmen of C. P. S. Girls



Name	Connection	Rank	Service	Post
Holloway, George Clarence.	Brother of Dorothy Holloway	Private..	Sanitation Department, U. S. Medical Corps	Washington, D. C.
Reemelin, Clarence.....	Uncle of Helen Serodino	Ensign...	U. S. Naval Aviation.....	Pensacola, Fla.
Smith, Hall.....	Brother of Jane Smith	Private..	Battery E, 136 U. S. Field Artillery	Camp Sheridan, Ala.
Collord, Victor.....	Brother of Mary Collord	Private..	U. S. Ambulance Corps.....	France
Hurd, Rukard.....	Uncle of Marion Hayward	Major...	U. S. Engineer Reserve Corps.....	Washington, D. C.
Mallon, Mrs. Guy W.....	Mother of Hannah Mallon		Y. M. C. A.....	France
Mallon, Neil.....	Brothers of	Captain.	U. S. Artillery.....	Ft. Sill, Oklahoma
Mallon, John.....	Hannah Mallon	1st Lieut.	U. S. Artillery.....	France
Mallon, Patrick.....		Private..	U. S. Signal Corps, Aviation.....	U. S.
Garvey, James.....	Brother of Katherine Garvey	1st Lieut.	Co. 8, 5th Reg. U. S. Marines.....	France
Hines, John L.....	Father of Alice Hines..	Brig.Gen.	U. S. Infantry, A. E. F..	France
Chapin, L. D.....	Uncle of Anne McKinney	Captain.	1st Major Mechanics, U. S. Signal Corps, A. E. F.	France
Stephenson, Edward L., Jr.*	Brothers of	Private..	Battery F, 136 U. S. Field Artillery	Camp Sheridan, Ala.
Stephenson, Samuel F.....	Grace Stephenson	Candidate	U. S. Officers' Signal Corps, Avia..	U. S. A.
Weinberg, George S.....	Uncle of Janet Wurlitzer	Major...	U. S. Engineering Corps.....	Washington, D. C.
Dale, John T.....	Brother of Virginia Dale	Captain.	Battery E, 136 U. S. Field Artillery	Camp Sheridan, Ala.
Emerson, Henry.....	Uncle of Elizabeth Emerson	Major...	Rainbow Division.....	France
Kuhn, Spencer.....	Uncle of Happy Korn..	1st Lieut.	U. S. Ordnance Department.....	Toledo, Ohio
Pfiester, Henry J.....	Uncle of Happy Korn..	1st Lieut.	U. S. Engineering Corps.....	France
Bellamy, F. W.....	Uncles of	Ensign...	U. S. Navy.....	Newport, R. I.
Walton, F. E.....	Ruth Chandler	1st Lieut.	U. S. Aviation, A. E. F.....	France
Graydon, Thomas H.....	Uncle of Anne Graydon	Captain.	U. S. Machine Gun Company.	Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

\*Died at Camp Sheridan, Alabama.

Name	Connection	Rank	Service	Post
Graydon, Bruce.....	Uncle of Anne Graydon	2d Lieut.	U. S. Infantry.....	Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Rogers, Cuthbert.....	Uncle of Anne Graydon	Major...	English Infantry.....	France
Sattler, Ray.....	Brother of Agnes Sattler	1st Lieut.	Base Hospital Unit.....	Camp Sherman, O.
Waite, H. M.....	Uncle of Frances Waite	Lieut. Col.	U. S. Engineering and Transportation, A. E. F.	France
Matthews, J. W.....	Uncle of Mary McPherson Matthews	2d Lieut.	339 U. S. Infantry.....	Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.
Matthews, A. P.....	Uncle of Mary McPherson Matthews	1st Lieut.	39th U. S. Infantry, Dental Corps	Camp Green, N. C.
Matthews, Randolph.....	Father of Mary Randolph Matthews	Quarter- master Sergeant	School for bakers and cooks permanent detachment.	Camp Sherman, O.
Rapp, George W., Jr.....	Uncle of Eleanor Rapp	1st Lieut.	325th U. S. Field Artillery.....	Camp Taylor, Ky.
Anderson, G. M.....	Brother of Jane Anderson	Corporal.	12th Field Artillery, Regimental Headquarters Co.	France
Fleischmann, Max.....	Uncle of Margaret Minor	Major...	U. S. Balloon Corps.....	Washington, D. C.
Pogue, Charles.....	Brothers of Lavinia Pogue	Private..	Battery E, 136 U. S. Field Artillery	Camp Sheridan, Ala.
Pogue, Province.....		Cadet...	U. S. Naval Aviation.....	Pensacola, Fla.
Hunt, Philip.....	Father of Isabella Hunt	1st Lieut.	U. S. Reserves.....	France
McFeders, Samuel..	Uncle of Mabel Pogue	Captain.	U. S. Artillery.....	Ft. Funston, Kansas
Saxon, Richard.....	Uncle of Georgiana Glascock	2d Lieut.	U. S. Ambulance Corps.....	France
Vernon, Victor.....	Uncle of Thomasia Hancock	Lieut. Sr. Grade	U. S. Navy.....	Anacosta Station, Washington, D. C.
Cockrell, Paul.....	Uncle of Drewry Putnam	Cadet...	U. S. Aviation Corps.....	Washington, D. C.
Weston, Sidney.....	Uncle of Helen Louise Taylor	Lieut. . .	Com. Officer, Quartermaster's Dept. Officers' School of Instruction.	Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I.
Wickham.....	Uncle of Constance Wickham	Major...	U. S. Medical Corps.....	France
Smith, Harrison B.....	Uncle of Katherine Taft	Candidate	Armed Guard of U. S. Navy.....	U. S.
Meacham, Robt. †.....	Uncle of Lida Bell.....	Private..	U. S. Ambulance Corps.....	France
Meacham, Standish.....	Uncle of Lida Bell.....	Private..	5th Field Artillery, Headquarters Company, A. E. F.	France
Flach, Frederick.....	Father of Elaine Flach	Captain.	Quartermasters' Division, U. S. A.	Washington, D. C.

†Died at Louisville, Kentucky.



## THE COLLEGE PREPARATORY WAR SAVINGS SOCIETY

Miss Doherty..... *President*  
Miss Feagley..... *Secretary*

### The Captains of Classes

Louise Merrell..... Primary IV  
Florence Matthews..... Primary III  
Josephine Breneman..... Primary II  
Emily Lea..... Primary I  
Christine Ramsey..... Intermediate IV  
Ione Waite..... Intermediate III  
Mary Randolph Matthews, Mary Genevieve Andrews,  
Intermediate II  
Anne Graydon..... Intermediate I  
Natalie Zuber..... College IV  
Anita Fenton..... College III  
Hannah Mallon..... College II  
Mildred Ziegler..... College I

### The following Classes received Honorable Mention

Intermediate III with a total of \$710.40  
Captain, Ione Waite

Intermediate II with a total of \$773.15  
Captains, Mary Randolph Matthews, Mary Genevieve Andrews

College III with a total of \$830.38  
Captain, Anita Fenton

Winner, Intermediate I with a total of \$1,560.10  
Captain, Anne Graydon

Total amount of War Savings and Thrift Stamps sold up to May 8, 1918,  
**\$9,000.00**

## BRIGADIER-GENERAL HINES IN THE MOVIES

**A**LICE Hines has won distinction as the daughter of Brigadier-General Hines, formerly one of General Pershing's Staff Officers. Colonel Hines' appearance in the movies has been eagerly awaited by his family since the first pictures of the American General began to arrive in the United States. But Alice was unable to find her father in any of these pictures, so she sent in a complaint to Headquarters.

The following reply was received—

### AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

August 17, 1917.

Miss Alice G. Hines,  
Hampton Inn,  
Westhampton Beach, L. I.,  
New York.

Dear Alice,

It was very splendid of you to send me such a nice letter, and I cannot tell you how much I appreciate it. I also think it is a shame that your father has not yet appeared in the movies. I shall see that he gets into the movies, and, if possible, see that he reaches you that way.

Give my love to your mother.

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John J. Pershing." The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name.



**G**EE, but I'll have to hurry and finish this letter. See it's almost time!" remarked Captain Lackney to his friend, as they sat in their dugout waiting for four o'clock. Then they would go "over the top" for the first time. Just as he finished sealing his letter, the order came to fall in. Crawling out into the gray, dull morning, they could faintly distinguish the dusky forms of the men. Each went to his respective place and after having supervised the placing of the scaling ladders, they gave the order and the men slowly, one by one, climbed up the ladders, with "Over the top with the best of luck and give them hell" ringing in their ears.

As Captain Lackney stole out through the broken paths in their barbed wire a sudden fear seized him. He looked out over the shell-holed "No Man's Land," and thought of the curtain of bullets which would, in a little while, meet him. Then he became aware that bullets were already spattering around him. He also became aware that his men were rushing toward him uttering blood-curdling yells. He spied a shell hole in front of him. Now was his chance to get away without anyone seeing him. He quickly ran forward and jumped into it. As he lay there in cowardly safety he could hear his men rushing on. Then everything disappeared and the ghosts of yesterday seemed to arise.

A group sat around a brightly burning fire. A battered, disheveled group it was, in gray, blood-stained uniforms. In front of them loomed a stone wall and a little way off gleamed another camp-fire. The first group was the Confederates and the second group was the Yankees. The struggle they had contended in that day was the Siege of Fredericksburg, Virginia. The gruff voices of the Confederates were mingled with the cries and moans of the wounded soldiers. Now and then a stray bullet would stop one of the cries with a thud. Suddenly a man jumped up and spoke to another man.

"Now, look here, Colonel, I am going out and help one of those men who have been asking for water for the last half hour. I can't stand it."

"Don't be foolish, Captain Lackney. You'll never come back alive," expostulated the Colonel, but he was talking to the air, for already Captain Lack-

ney had disappeared over the top of the stone wall. As he lit on the soft earth, Captain Lackney could see the Yankee sentries pacing to and fro. He didn't glance that way again, but with a determined face set out across the slippery field to his man. It was mighty slow work. Several times he had a narrow escape from bullets. One even grazed his cheek, making the blood trickle down his face. Again a dying Yankee tried to stop him but he went on. Finally he reached his man, who happened to be a Yankee. After Captain Lackney had given him a drink from his canteen and after he had made him as comfortable as he could, Captain Lackney started back. As he went, he administered to the wounded as best he could. Once a bullet hit him. He tottered a little but continued on his way. Again and again he fell but arose and went on. When he approached nearer to the wall, he fell once more. Would he ever reach that wall? By this time he had been discovered by the Yankees, but instead of shooting him, cheer upon cheer went up on both sides. Tottering and almost falling, he reached the wall and was dragged over. There having done his duty, he died.

As the scene faded away, Captain Lackney muttered,

"To think that he was my Grandfather! And here am I, his namesake, not even leading my men, let alone helping someone! But I will prove myself his grandson!"

With that he jumped up and clambered out of the hole and started on a wild dash across "No Man's Land." The wounded gazed at him in astonishment as he ran jumping and dodging across "No Man's Land." Would he reach that trench before his troop did? Once or twice he fell, but arose again and went on. In a little while he reached the German trench. With an exulting yell, he ran faster. As he approached nearer, he saw his men retreating. Now was his chance! He ran past them, shouting, "Come on, we'll get it yet!" The men, encouraged by their Captain, ran forward just in time to see their Captain fall in the trench, dead or wounded.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In Dixie land, I'll take my stand  
Away, away,"

floated feebly out of a First Aid dugout in the second line trenches. The song grew fainter and fainter till it died away. Captain Lackney had gone to meet his grandfather.

KATHERINE GARVEY, 1920.

# THE SPECTATOR

## REVIEWS THE BACKWARD PARTY

“Ubinam gentium sumus?”—Cicero.

I AM always well pleased with a party, especially if it is of an original kind. Some months ago, in the land of the spirits, my friend, the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, suggested that I revisit the earth in company with him. I declared that I would greatly enjoy such an excursion, since I was desirous of visiting a school for young ladies to see how the education of women had advanced since I wrote “Leonora’s Library.” The Caliph complied with my suggestion, for he loves adventure, especially where young ladies are concerned. Accordingly one Saturday night we alighted at C. P. S. and approached the front door. Here, however, we were stopped by a placard which acquainted us with the fact that we were to use the back door. We betook ourselves thither and entered through the massive green portal. The first persons that we confronted were several young gentlemen, or rather such they seemed to be, for I found out later that they were young ladies. One wore a high silk hat and a long-tailed black suit, evidently not his or rather her own, for it appeared to be several sizes too large. We walked upstairs and after a little trouble found ourselves in a pleasant, airy room.

Chairs were arranged before what I presumed to be a stage. I was not mistaken. The school assembled. Some of the young ladies were clad in curious garments, while others, whom I surmised were the instructors, for they bore themselves with more dignity, were dressed as if in anticipation of a great occasion. A young lady near me exclaimed, “I’ll bet this will be some party.” I realized then that the Caliph and I were not witnessing the routine of the school but had entered in time to enjoy a party. Suddenly a bell clanged and order was proclaimed. I looked expectantly at the stage in front of me but saw only three dull green screens overhung with the skins of wild beasts.

“Hula-hula-hoo-hoo”—cried a small creature artistically draped in an animal’s skin. It announced that the stunts were to begin. I was agreeably surprised to find that the form of entertainment was “stunts.” The strains of “Here Comes the Bride,” (a Wedding March so I was informed) accompanied by blowing of horns, drums, ukeleles (a new Hawaiian instrument) intermingled with wild roars from the creatures partaking in the stunt, ushered in the Senior Circus. The actors arranged themselves on the stage in various positions.

The silk-hatted man (whom I encountered in the hall) shouted unintelligibly for several moments. There were exhibitions of diving, tight-rope walking and animal tricks. The animals, however, true to their nature, as my friend Sir Roger would say, rose up and attacked their beautiful trainer. A sheriff ably removed all traces of the disaster. Everyone laughed heartily and I confessed myself much amused.

Following this the Freshmen gave the remarkable "Ride of Paul Revere." This was indeed a modern adaptation of that poem. A large moon rose, a man climbed a ladder and hung two lamps in the belfry, and Paul Revere "on the opposite shore" galloped off to rouse the country. His steed was a small hobby horse, as they are referred to by children. Then followed a battle between a member of the American Army and a red-coated Englishman. They gave each other ball for ball, just as the poem read.

After vehement applause, the audience was informed that the Juniors were to bring in a backward class for instruction. A group of girls, representing their teachers, entered and were taught various things in which the girls seemed to believe they needed instruction. My good friend Sir Roger would have been shocked at the conduct of the girls, for they abused the faculty in an unseemly fashion. The Caliph here shook his head and smiling said, "Women will be women and bicker with each other." The German department was informed how to conduct herself when receiving a gentleman caller. The English department was instructed in a dicing game called "craps." In a mild voice she insisted "I want a three, gosh darn ye!" Other members of the faculty were either taught how to swim, or powder their faces or dance some Greek steps to the hymn, "The Wearing of the Green." This stunt was completed by a fencing lesson in which the spirited French woman routed all, shouting, "Vive la France."

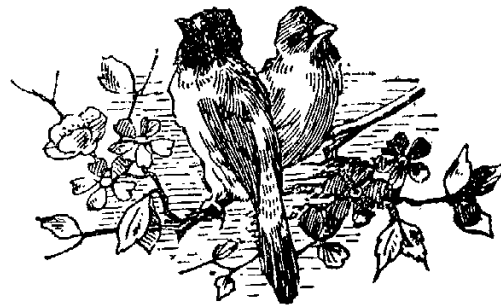
After such unusual forms of entertainment, I was prepared for almost anything. The next class, the Sophomores, presented a pantomime called "A Daring Movie of Love and Death." "Husky Harold," a stalwart youth, took the sweet saleslady for a ride in his "flivver." Vicious Victor, the villain, attempted to wreck the two, but was foiled in his plan. He received his due reward and Harold and his lady went out triumphantly to be joined in marriage.

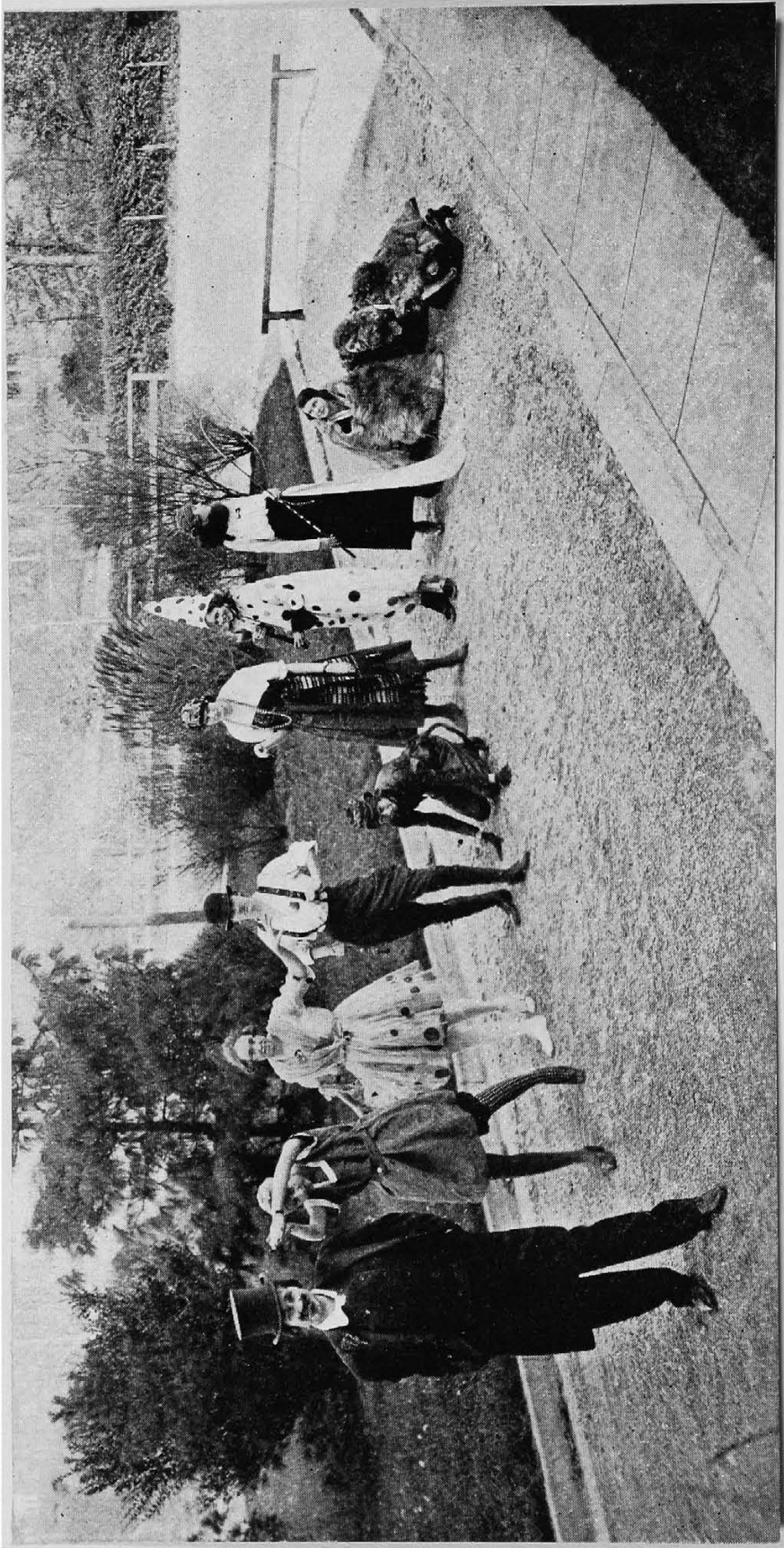
Exclamations poured from the eager young ladies around me as to who would receive the prize for the best stunt. The prize, so I ascertained after listening to the conversation of one of my animated neighbors, was to be a picture and a page in the Annual, the yearly literary production of the school. The judges, who were members of the faculty, withdrew and returned several minutes later. One lady, apparently the head of the school, called wildly through the megaphone that the Seniors had won the prize. I confess I was glad

of it for they are the oldest girls in the school and since they have studied longer are more deserving of a prize. Everyone else seemed pleased from the number of cheers that followed. The guests then either began to dance or sought the table in the corner. There an abundance of crimson and golden apples, crisp brown rings called doughnuts and a delicious beverage, apple cider, was spread forth. More dancing followed the refreshments, but being weary, the Caliph and I decided to return to the land of the spirits.

When I think how widely the education of the young women of today compares with their education when I lived upon earth, I am indeed glad that "Leonora's Library," my article on the lack of education among women, has done some good. What improvements women have made who "have been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination."

JANE DINSMORE, 1918.







## THE CIRCUS DAY PARADE

(With sincerest apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

Oh! the Circus Day Parade! How the ukeleles played!  
And how the saucy seniors tossed their glossy heads and raved  
As the rattle and the bang of the melodies' loud twang  
Filled all the gym of C. P. S. until the rafters rang.

2.

How the master of the ring through a megaphone did sing,  
Bidding each performer enter with a flourish and a swing!  
How the sheriff of the town kept the mirth within its bound,  
As he strutted round the ring with the chicken badge he'd found.

3.

How the strong man in his might lifted things way out of sight  
Till the people groaned and moaned at his prowess with a fright!  
And how the tight rope walker, in a butterfly array,  
Scoffed at heights, and, fearless, walked the chalked and narrow way!

4.

How the diver dove with grace from a high and lofty place  
Down into the feathery spray with a smile upon her face!  
How our fortunes were foretold when we crossed her palms with gold  
By the seer whose bright eyes glistened with a look both wise and bold.

5.

How the lions roared with rage when released from out their cage,  
As their trainer showed their tricks to the crowd around the stage,  
When behind their little chairs they sent up their little prayers,  
That they'd never more be subject to such wild and woolly stares.

6.

And last of all the race, to win the coveted first place  
Which was captured by the monkey with agility and grace!  
Let us not forget the clowns making fun for all around,  
The fair ones ever with us, but the dark ones left the town!

7.

Oh! the Circus Day Parade! How the ukeleles played!  
And how the saucy seniors tossed their glossy heads and raved,  
As the rattle and the bang of the melodies' loud twang  
Filled all the gym of C. P. S. until the rafters rang!

JANE SMITH, 1918.



## RACHEL'S SPRING HAT

OH, no! That isn't my style at all!" cried Rachel positively, as she gazed into the mirror over her mother's shoulder. Mrs. Randall sighed. She had gone through this so often!

"My style," continued Rachel dreamily, "is one of those big, soft, fluffy, crushy hats in pastel shades."

"But Rachel, think how impractical!" protested her mother, who knew, however, that it was of little avail to argue. When Rachel was in a stubborn mood, nothing could convince her.

"Well you know, mother, *practicalness* is not what *I'm* looking for when I get a spring hat."

Mrs. Randall knew only too well. Therefore she was not surprised when her daughter found nothing at Marston's to her liking. All the large hats possessed an uncompromising stiffness, in her mind. At Deland's they fared no better. The hats were soft, but small. At Harriland's, they were "crushy" but in offensively brilliant shades. At Lawrence's, Mrs. Randall's hopes rose at sight of the big hats in lovely pastel shades. Rachel spent three quarters of an hour trying them on, but finally, after surveying her very charming head in a variety of fetching hats and positions, announced that the hats were not "floppy" enough. At the almost tearful plea of her mother, she consented to try on one of those stylish little "tailor made" hats that seemed to be very much in vogue. It was most becoming, and Rachel almost (in her heart) decided to buy a certain little dark brown straw, close fitting, with a flare of scarlet quills on the side. If it had even remotely resembled her vivid description of "her style," she would certainly have taken it, but foolish pride forced her to say in a sweet, decided voice,

"It's very pretty, but not at all what I want. Come on, mother dear."

"Mother dear" was in despair as they left. It was dusk and the lights were flashing out on all the buildings. The five-forty-five was the last train out to Willowdale before 7 p. m., and it was a little after five now. Mrs. Randall opened her mouth to make a commanding speech, but before she had uttered a word—

"There it is!" cried Rachel, excitedly.

"What?" asked her mother, wearily.

"Why, the hat I want, of course." She propelled her mother up to one side of a small window, behind which, against a mauve background, were two hats: one a flaring, gleaming, shining orange color; the other, a huge, misty, cloud of pale lilac and rose, with dim, silver green leaves flat on one side. Mrs. Randall gasped.

"Do you know what this place is, Rachel?" she exclaimed, "It's Celeste's!"

"Is it? Oh, I've always been crazy to go in here," returned Rachel cheerily, and a moment later Mrs. Randall found herself inside the tiny, soft-carpeted shop, gazing as in a dream at an ecstatic Rachel, with shining gray eyes looking out from under the ethereal brim. It certainly was the most becoming thing Rachel had ever put on—it ought to have been, at the price—but it was not on that account that Mrs. Randall, still as in a dream, found herself outside the tiny shop, half an hour later, accompanied by a happy Rachel, who trod on air beside her, carrying a huge purple and gilt bandbox. She awoke from her dream the following day, with sufficient clearness to realize that her daughter had somehow bewitched her into buying the most inappropriate, expensive and impractical hat she had ever had, and seemed absurdly happy about it.

On Monday, Winifred Gibson was having a box party for the big baseball game. The party was to motor into town in the cars of the various guests, and at half past one, Rachel descended the porch steps and entered Bobby Smith's machine. Winifred, Mrs. Gibson and Neil Morris occupied the tonneau, while Rachel sat in state next to Bobby in the front. She received rather a shock when she saw Winifred's new hat. It was the fetching "tailor-made" of last Thursday, with its gay, gleaming, scarlet quills, and presented a marked contrast to Rachel's expensive headgear.

To tell the truth, Rachel was not very appropriately costumed for a long ride into town on a windy day. The breeze proved the hat to be almost too "soft and floppy" and Mme. Celeste certainly would not have admired its appearance as the wind-blown owner stepped from the car, her golden hair streaming loosely from beneath the layers of "pastel shades" which had decidedly slipped to one side. The hat was so big and loose, that the person behind Rachel at the game couldn't see, and she had to take it off. Its exasperating neighbor, the tailor-made, however, sat snugly over Winifred's dark, glossy hair, and the scarlet quills flared in triumph from the front, on the homeward ride, while poor Rachel cowered between two stout chaperones in the back and heard Florrie's measles and Ralph's sprained ankle discussed at length, punctuated by tantalizing bursts of laughter, issuing from the owners of the tweed cap and the brown straw.

When Mrs. Randall entered Rachel's room in the twilight after dinner, she found that young lady stretched out across the bed, her head under the pillow.

Long drawn-out sobs were muffled in the quilt, and Rachel raised a tear-stained face at the sound of her mother's voice.

"What have you done to this hat, child?" demanded the latter, "here's a big stain—don't tell me you spilt that red pop on it! " and the frame is bent—,"

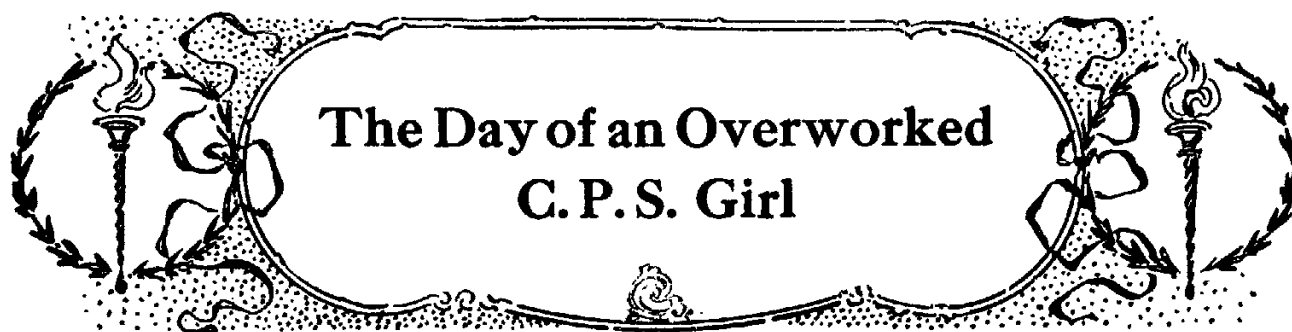
Rachel disappeared under the pillow again and when she emerged, her mother had gone. Strolling to the window, she received the climax to her perfect day. A green dress was visible through the budding trees, wandering along beside a well-known gray suit. A fragment of conversation floated up through the spring dusk.

"Well anyway, Win," came a masculine voice, "I'm glad you had the sense today not to wear a gauze feather-bed!"

That was the last straw—Rachel flung herself onto the bed again.

"Oh mother," she wailed, "Why didn't you make me get one of those cute little tailor-mades?"

B. M.



THE bell,  
The doze,  
The bell,  
The doze,  
The bell,  
The jump!  
The white undergarment that was inside out,  
The mate to the brown stocking,  
The fishing under the bed,  
The long run in the lost stocking,  
The hurried "darn,"  
The dab of powder  
The button that was off,  
The wisp of hair,  
The other dab of powder  
The cold reception at breakfast,  
The also cold bacon,  
The "you can't wear those dirty white spats,"  
The "But I'll be late if I don't go now,"  
The nine o'clock bell,  
The number you forgot to call,  
The disheartening grade of sixteen and two-thirds,  
The spilt ink,  
The demerit and,  
The black splotch,  
The one problem that made you "come some study bell,"  
The whispered word,  
The other demerit,  
The sweet chimes, namely the one-fifteen bell,  
The "mad" rush for Madisonville "in,"  
The dab of powder,  
The movies,

The wonderful "close up" of Wallace Reid,  
The wonderful pink peach cream whip at Mullane's,  
The ditto peach pink cream whip,  
The dab of powder and,  
The wisp of hair,  
The apricot stockings in Pogue's window,  
The uneasy feeling about the bill,  
The last cent for carfare,  
The vow that it's the last time you'll be home late,  
The "Why don't you eat?" from your fond parents,  
The excuse that didn't work,  
The hollow, remorseful, empty feeling,  
The caller,  
The dab of powder, and  
The wisp of hair,  
The caller goes and the remorseful, empty feeling returns,  
The algebra you couldn't do,  
The French book you forgot to bring home,  
The Latin you put off for "some" study bell,  
The English you temporarily postponed,  
The lovely novel,  
The burnt-out electric light fuse,  
The crawl into bed,  
The toss,  
The roll,  
The toss,  
The roll,  
The fitful sleep.

ANNE MENDENHALL, *Col. II.*

**SENIORS**  
BY AN UNDERCLASSMAN

UP! Up! Up!  
They have climbed the mountain,  
Stumbling, falling and regaining their footing,  
And now they are at the top  
Looking down.  
They do not see us, who are struggling up the precipice,  
For they are dizzy with the great altitude;  
They must steady themselves  
On the pinnacle.

The Freshmen, with loud laughter, leap up the sides  
From rock to rock  
Then rings forth the Seniors' hollow voice:  
"Silence! How dare you, in our presence!  
Behold and respect us!"

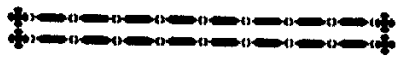
The Juniors fast approach  
The Seniors' castle on the high crags of the mountain.  
Soon it will be theirs.  
They are coming!

But now it is the Seniors' castle, and none may enter.  
"Stay out!" they cry, "this is not for you!"  
The Seniors' castle is spacious and luxurious;  
In their council chamber of dull brown  
They sit, clad in olive green and sickly gray,  
Which seem to distinguish them.  
How enticing, though, it seems!  
They lean back in effeminate armchairs,  
With easy backs. They dream.  
They hold council about a great table  
Covered with books—closed.  
They walk on soft rugs,  
They close their heavy doors.  
They are supreme!

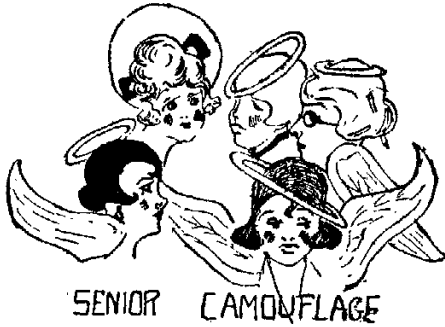
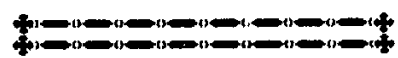
Yet over the crags and ravines they call,  
“Wait till you get here! Wait till you get here!”  
Is it mockery?  
What, then, awaits us?  
They seem, indeed, to strive to keep their place  
At the height of even this mountain;  
But there is a higher one still  
To climb.  
After all, they are but Freshmen to those  
Who have climbed the Greater Mountain,  
Far, far, up!

HARRIET RAMSEY, 1919.





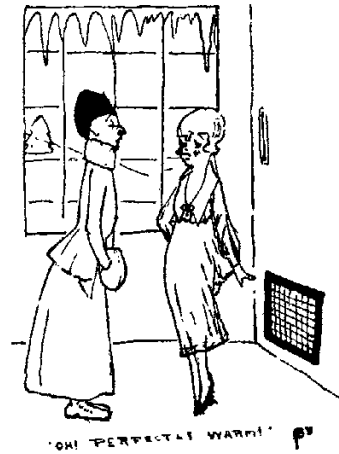
# CAMOUFLAGE



GILT halos are beautiful things  
 Especially if worn with gilt wings  
 So at school one fine morn  
 Did the seniors adorn  
 Themselves with these heavenly rings.

When these seniors, in some future dim  
 Are about to become cherubim  
 And the Saint asks what style  
 They prefer, they will smile  
 And say, "Broad, with a rather low brim."

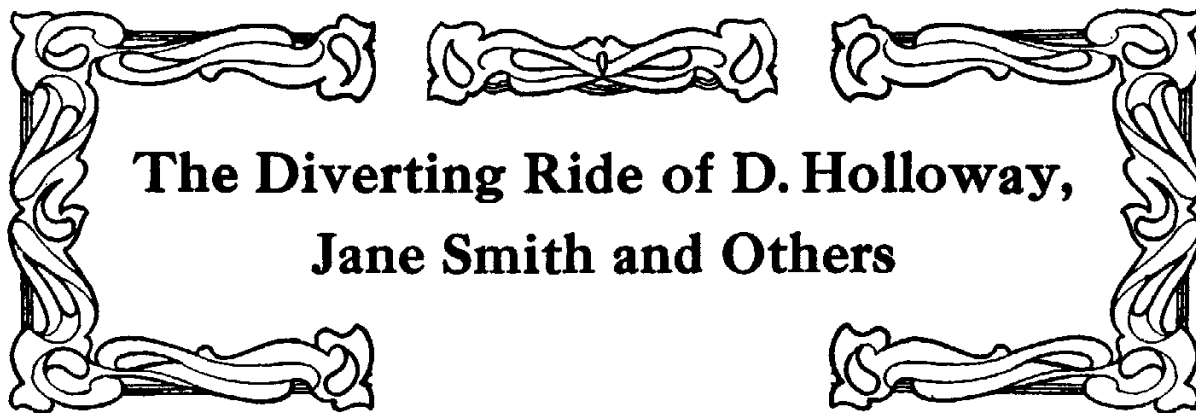
When the weather was five below zero  
 A chic little maid did appear-o,  
 Clad in filmy chiffon,  
 And silk stockings on,  
 Crying, "What's a cold snap to me? Cheer-o!"



Ah, whence comes that delicate rose  
 That in some maiden's cheeks richly glows?  
 The maiden keeps mum  
 And the mirror is dumb  
 So as it is, nobody knows.



A little girl in study bell  
 Knows camouflaging methods well;  
 With hand to cheek  
 Proceeds to speak  
 When she has any news to tell.



**The Diverting Ride of D. Holloway,  
Jane Smith and Others**

**W**E went round Peebles' corner,  
Got safely passed and all,  
The engine fluttered queerly,  
Cried Dot, "If it should stall!"

We coasted clear down Gilbert,  
Said Jane, "Put on more speed,  
You just can't go too fast for me  
To see old Wally Reid!"

We skidded round the "Dead Man's Curve,"  
"Lean to the right!" cried Dot,  
"If this old bus 'ud hit that post,  
We'd be one huge grease spot!"

On Fifth behind a line of cars,  
Cried Dot, with flying hair,  
"Here, take the wheel and steer awhile,  
I have to pump more air!"

We drove up to the fountain,  
There was a loud report,  
"She's going to stall, that's all," cried Dot,  
"Here's where we land in court!"

The much-loved Strand soon hove in sight,  
Said Dot, "Where shall we park?  
This line of cars will stay right here  
You know, till after dark!"

Round and round the crowded square  
We dashed with eagle eye,  
We looked in all directions,  
But no vacant space did spy.

Before Mullane's we got behind  
A truck, whose brakes they plied;  
The green car snorted angrily,  
Then the dear sweet engine died!

Oh woe! oh wildest panic!  
Frenzied advice we gave,  
She settled down quite comfortably  
As if into her grave.

The p'liceman beckoned wildly,  
Dot tried each thing in turn,  
He crossed his arms with sneering smile,  
"No hurry, time to burn!"

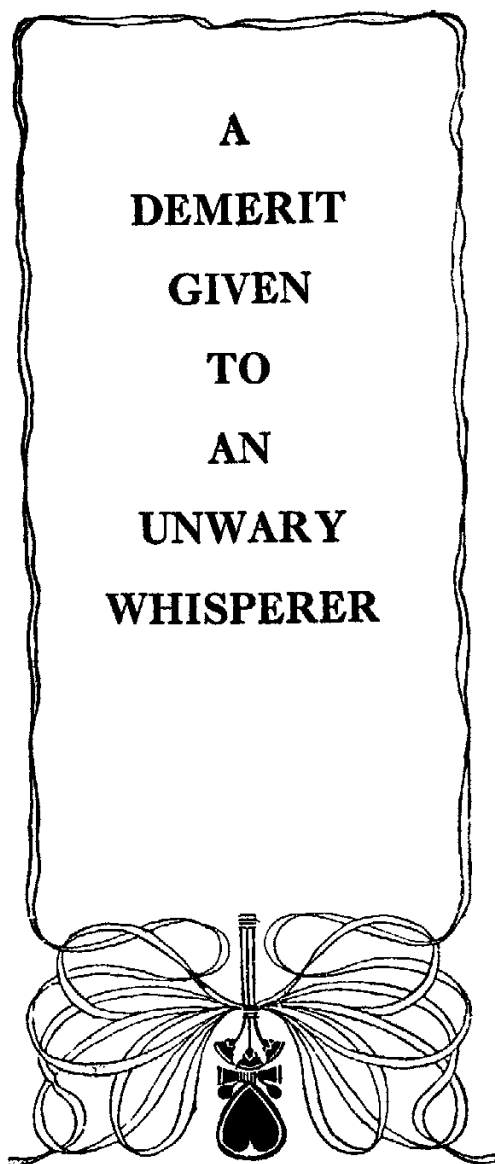
Dot leaned down, tried to reason  
With the car, but it hung back;  
He approached with over-bearing pomp,  
"S'matter—gas attack?"

Her foot touched something, out we sprang  
Like a charger full of fire;  
We left him threatening wildly  
His yells expelling ire.

Up near the Strand, oh beauteous sight,  
We saw a vacant space,  
Unloading there, out fell the nine  
And trooped into the place.

Before our eyes, flashed Wally dear—  
Be still, my beating heart!  
You'll always find us at the Strand  
When Wally plays a part!

VIRGINIA HATFIELD, 1918.



The black mantle  
Of despair  
Wilts  
Over me.

**L**UMP of distrust  
What  
Art thou?  
Zeus' bolt  
Of thunder's but  
A Glossy  
To you!

Dropped, cast, thrown  
From the lips  
Of one who shall be  
Nameless  
By thy dead weight  
Thou dost  
Crush me.

Red, orange anger  
Chases  
Blue chills about  
Me.  
Granite foam  
Encrusts  
My heart.

Lump of distrust  
Why  
Art  
Thou?

ALICE ELIZABETH PAPE, 1919.



## JOHN J. PERSHING GOES TO FRANCE

THE U. S. S. "Baltic" was sailing for France carrying two John J. Pershings who were both entirely unknown to each other. The first, General John J. Pershing was a fine, well-built man, who stood talking with the members of his staff on the tug which took them from Governor's Island to the Baltic. The second was a small Highland terrier, who had been smuggled on board the boat by Sammy, the wireless telegrapher. These two Pershings were destined to travel to Europe without seeing one another until nearly the end of their voyage.

Sammy sat at his desk in the wireless house, talking to the puppy, as the "Baltic" took her passengers farther and farther away from New York and the Statue of Liberty, who stood holding her torch aloft, even in the downpour of rain that was falling. It seemed to some that the flame flickered, but it never went out entirely. Sammy was thinking of Patricia, his sweetheart, to whom he had just said good-bye.

"She was sorry for us to go, Pershing, but she didn't cry until we left, did she? You know a pretty girl when you see one, I saw you lick her hand, Johnny!" he said.

Pershing showed his assent by immediately licking Sammy's hand. Just then Sammy saw the mate coming and put Pershing into a scrap-basket. The mate left soon, but Sammy realized he might have more visitors and so asked the steward, a particular friend, to take Pershing below deck. Here he was carefully hidden, but no one can expect a lively little puppy to lie still all day when he hears strange sounds which he thinks he must investigate. Pershing stealthily crawled out from his place of concealment and looked about him. He saw a tall, blond seaman, whom he approached and barked at.

"Damn you, you little fool!" he roared, kicking at Pershing.

The latter shrunk away from him and went back to his hiding place. However he could not stay there long and soon crept out to enjoy himself. He came to the first-mate's stateroom without meeting anyone and as the door was open went in. There lying on the floor was a lovely pair of shoes! Pershing settled down on his haunches with a shoe between his front paws and a placid look of contentment on his face. He had not been there long when the door opened, and the first-mate walked in. "Well, of all the nerve I ever saw!" he exclaimed angrily. He then found out to whom Pershing belonged and after

summoning Sammy told him he would have to get rid of Pershing. Sammy was almost heartbroken and turned to pick John J. Pershing up. However, he had completely disappeared and hunt as they would they could not find the dog.

Sammy walked dejectedly back to the wireless office and there curled up asleep under his desk was Pershing, blissfully unconscious of impending danger.

“Well, you just did save yourself, old boy, and now if you’ll only keep out of mischief, I’ll try to keep you hidden,” Sammy exclaimed joyously.

A few days later, at about eight o’clock in the evening, Sammy was working busily and Pershing, who was still hidden, lay asleep under Sammy’s bunk. The click, click of the wireless suddenly stopped and Sammy stretched his arms and yawned. Pershing slept quietly for a few minutes and then woke with a start as the noise of a scuffle reached his ears. Lying on the floor with his hands and feet bound and his mouth gagged was Sammy; and in Sammy’s accustomed place at the desk was the tall, blond seaman, who had kicked at Pershing. Soon the clicking of the wireless started again and Pershing realized that it was not right to have that man at Sammy’s desk, doing Sammy’s work, although he did not realize he was a German spy notifying a submarine of the whereabouts of the “Baltic.”

Pershing, therefore, crept quietly out of the room and ran as fast as he could to the first mate’s cabin. The first mate was there but could not understand what Pershing wanted by running in and out of the door and barking as he did. Finally, however, the first mate followed Pershing, who jumped joyously in the air and ran back to the wireless office. As soon as the first mate walked into the room he understood the whole situation, and after calling men to assist him, had the spy bound in the ropes which had so recently bound Sammy. The spy stood still and sullenly let them bind him. Sammy grabbed Pershing who had been barking furiously all the time and holding him up said:

“Well, I guess you’ll let him stay on board now, won’t you?”

Everyone began petting and praising Pershing until he was nearly wild with excitement. The captain asked Sammy if he would not take Pershing to see General Pershing. Sammy was, of course, delighted to get so near to such a hero and so went, carrying Pershing in his arms. General Pershing was sitting on deck, playing cards with three members of his staff, and looked up inquiringly as the procession, headed by the captain, filed up to him. He was told the story of Pershing’s presence of mind by the captain. He then took his little namesake in his arms and, patting his shaggy head, said,

“I hope I may be able to serve my country as well, in my way, as this little Pershing has done in his.”

ALICE G. HINES, 1920.

## INTERLUDE

THE stars are caught in the net of dusk,  
The birds are calling, calling;  
Across the purple-shadowed grass  
Blossoms are falling, falling.

Among the trees all veiled with Spring,  
The winds are sighing, sighing;  
In one pale gleam beyond the hills  
The April day is dying.

BARBARA MCKAY, *College I.*

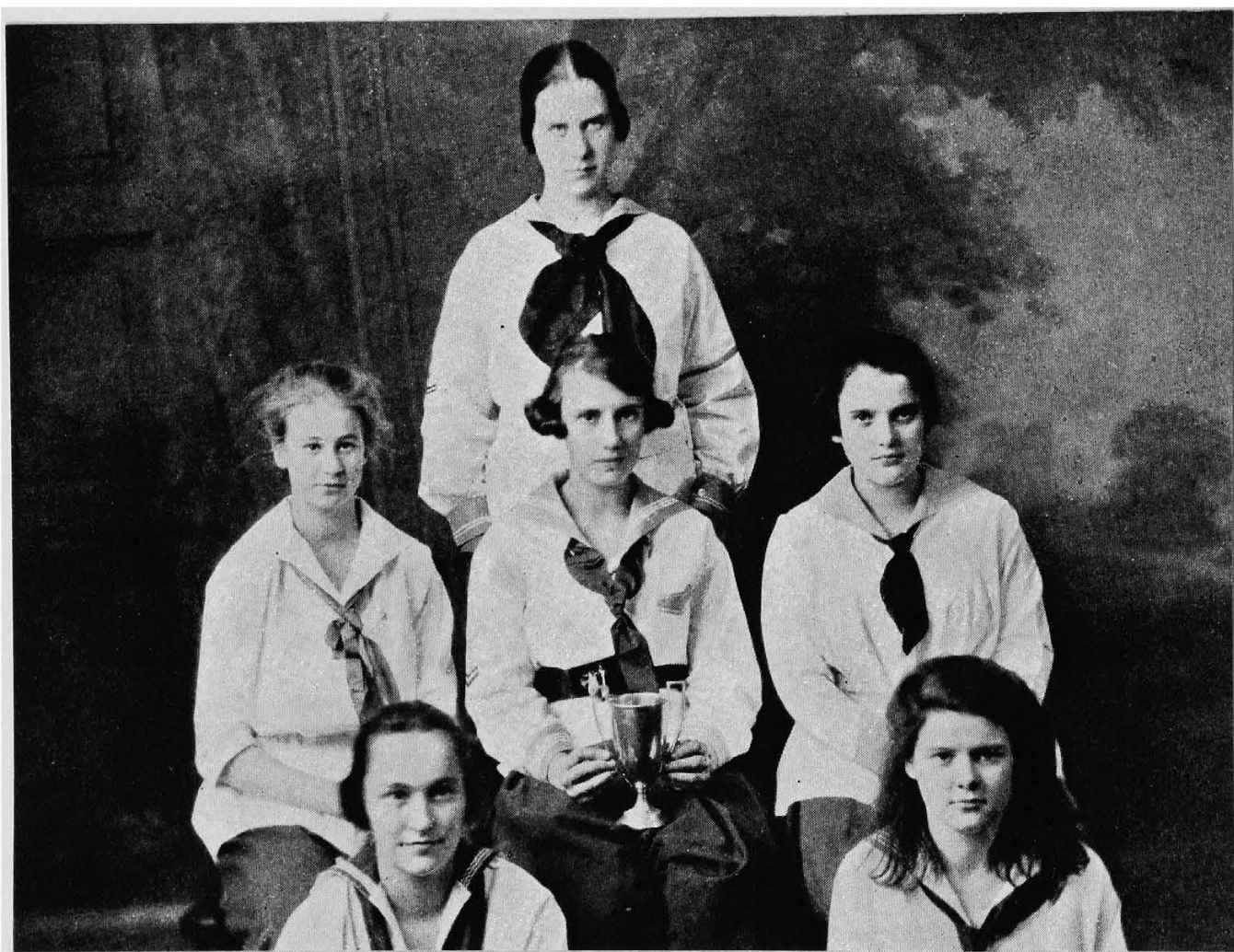
## STAR OF EVENING

THROUGH the gathering clouds of evening  
Clouds of black and threatening fierceness  
Rush the thunder, wind, and lightning,  
From the far off mountain regions,  
With such force and raging anger  
That the whole earth seems to tremble.  
Downward crashes the wild thunder  
Bringing with it blinding lightning  
And the fir trees on the hillsides  
Are bent low beneath the hailstorm.  
Now the clouds are slowly lifting,  
Passing on, beyond the mountains  
Naught is heard but distant rumblings  
Fading into dim remoteness.  
In the west below the sky line  
Sinks the sun in red-gold splendor  
Steeping all the earth in radiance,  
And the single star of evening  
Hesperus—shines in softened glory.

MILDRED ZIEGLER, 1918.







## BASKET-BALL TOURNAMENT

October 26—Intermediate II vs. Freshmen  
Score 29-21 Freshmen

November 1—Freshmen vs. Intermediate I  
Score, 18-17 Freshmen

November 2—Freshmen vs. Sophomores  
Score, 21-8 Sophomores

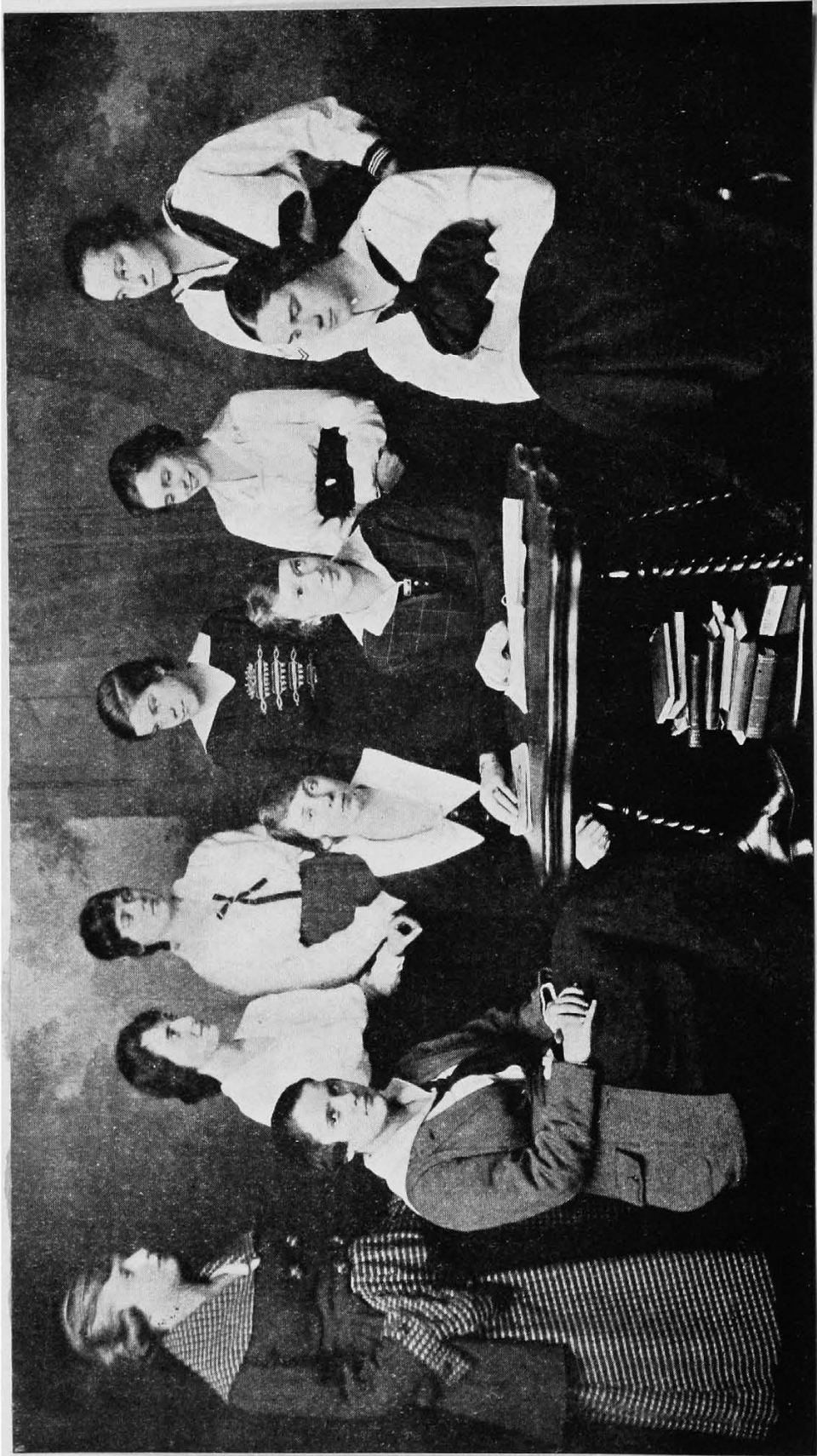
November 8—Sophomores vs. Seniors  
Score 34-21 Seniors

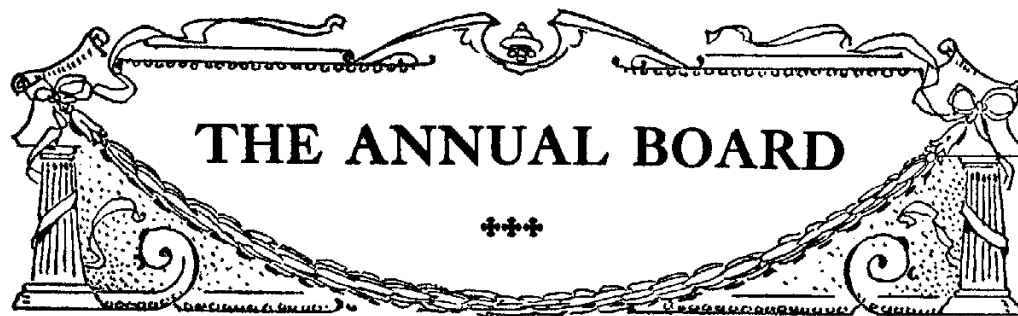
November 9—Seniors vs. Juniors  
Score, 24-18 Juniors

### Members of Championship Team, Class of 1919

Alice Pape, *Captain*  
Harriet Ramsey  
Virginia Beckler

Hannah Mallon  
Ann Mendenhall  
Isabelle Fisk





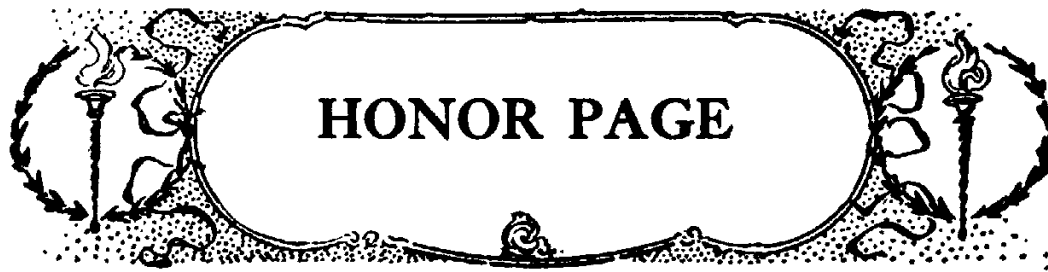
BARBARA McKAY, 1918.....*Editor-in-chief*  
 HARRIET RAMSEY, 1919.....*Assistant Editor*  
 JANE DINSMORE, 1918.....*Business Manager*  
 VIRGINIA BECKLER, 1919.....*Assistant Business Manager*  
 DOROTHY HOLLOWAY, 1918.....*Art Editor*  
 ELLEN BEHRENS, 1919.....*Assistant Art Editor*

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Guida Marx, 1918	Alice Hines, 1920
Ann Mendenhall, 1919	Elizabeth Emerson, 1921

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Miss Doherty	Miss Jean Howell	Miss Loveland
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THE Annual Board wishes to acknowledge with thanks the great assistance given to the editors by Miss Jean Howell in compiling the Annual, and to thank Alice Boyce Cope and Jane Smith for the generous aid in typewriting and copying material. The Board also wishes to mention the following girls for having secured the greatest number of advertisements for the Annual: Elvina Sprague, Grace Stephenson and Mildred Ziegler.

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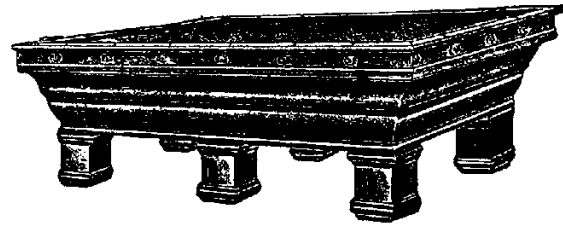
Fourth St., West

Vine and Race

Cincinnati

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**H**OT air rises, cold air falls. The Caloric system must first take in a supply of cold air before it can distribute the warm air.

### NATURE'S OWN METHOD

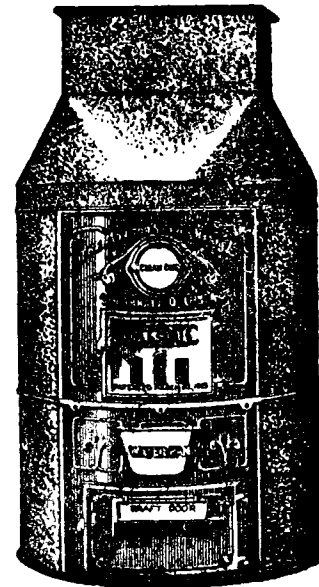
**J**UST as water is purified by constant motion so is air made clean and germless by circulation.

The hot air ascending through the central portion of the one register circulates to the most distant room of the house.

The air which has cooled returns to the register to be sent up again on its mission of comfort, after having come in contact with the hot castings.

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PRACTICAL  
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## Hooverizing on Coal

By Mrs. Dan Roche, Elroy, Wis.

**T**O HELP your Country Hooverize, There is no plan that's wiser Than to put Calorics in your homes And help to beat the Kaiser.

We Hooverize on fats and food,  
Our Tuesdays are all meatless,  
We Hooverized on fuel too  
But not a day was heatless.

Our shovel and our coal scuttle,  
Each had the Hoover tag,  
Which cut our coal bill quite in two,  
Enough to make one brag.

The price of coal we Hooverize,  
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Not less than eighty rated.

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Heats from One to Eighteen Rooms  
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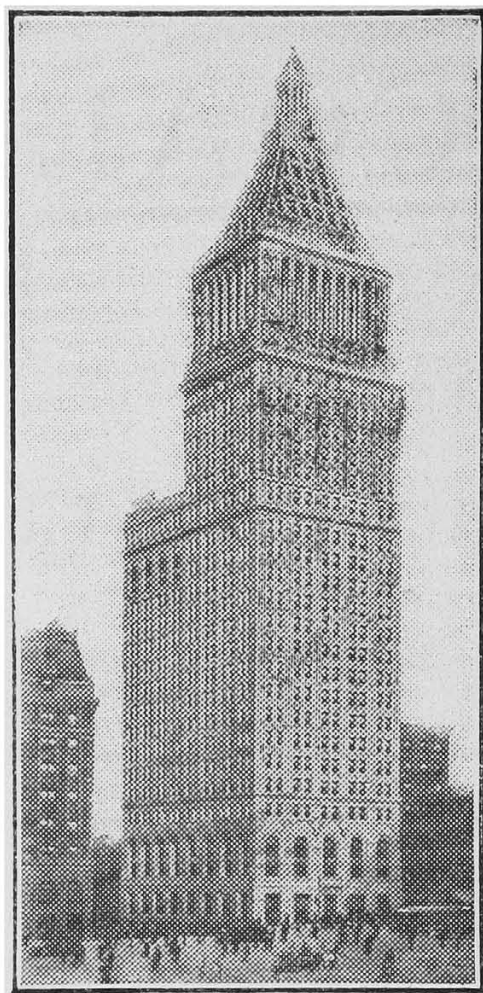
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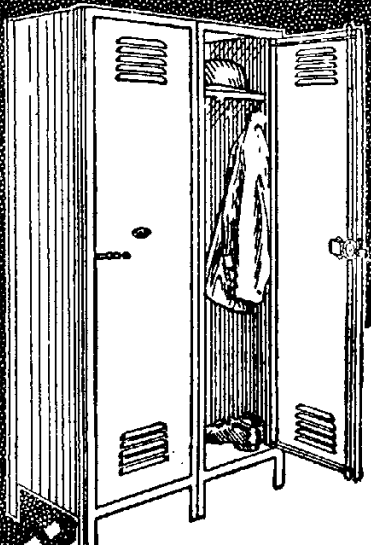
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incorporated under the Legal Reserve Laws of the State of Ohio, with Home Offices in the Federal Union Life Building at the N. E. corner of Ninth and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, insures lives in amounts from \$100 to \$25,000.00; premiums for which may be paid by the year, half-year, quarter-year or month. Mode of payment may be changed at any time without inconvenience to insured.

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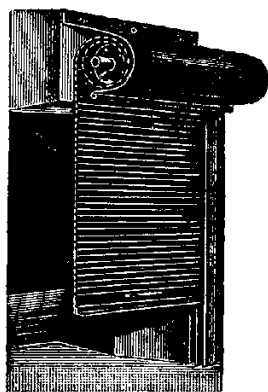
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