

The

Zonian

'18

The Zonian Staff wishes to express appreciation of the help given by the head of our English Department, Miss Gallup, by our Principal, Mr. Manning, in his direction of business management, by Miss Frost, in gathering data for the Alumni Department, and by the student body in loyal support in making this the best Zonian.

Zonian Staff

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FACULTY ADVISERS

<i>Literary:</i>	Miss Gallup
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Faculty.

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LATIN AND SPANISH.

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University of Chicago,
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COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS.

ARTHUR E. WARD,

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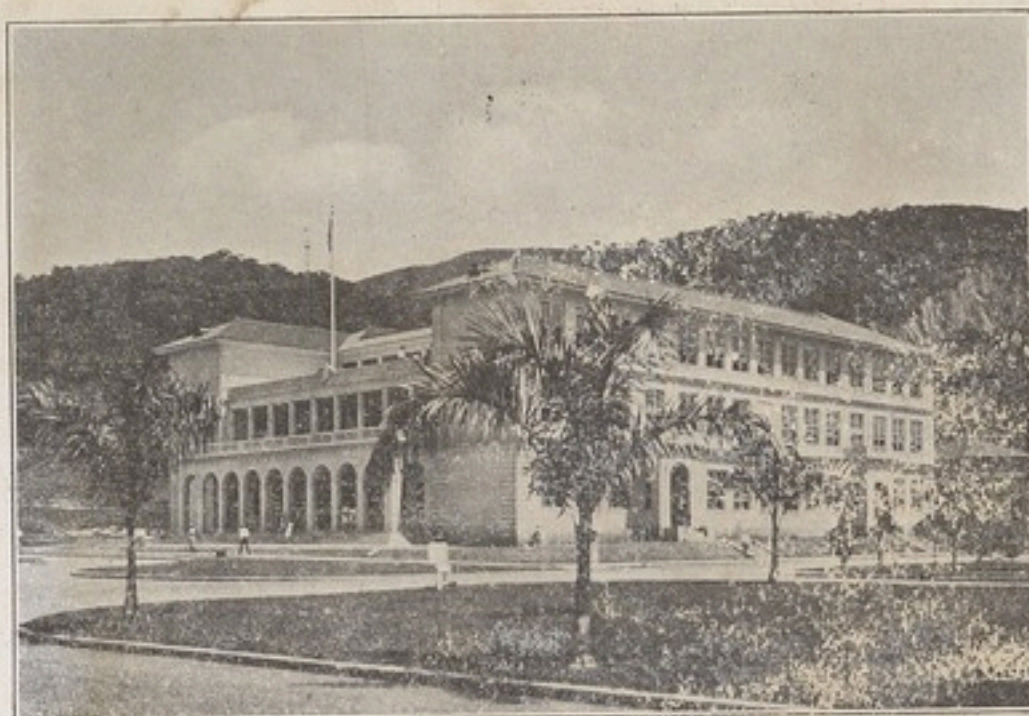
Lewis Institute,
University of Wisconsin,

INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. PENDLETON,

Boston Cooking School,

HOUSEHOLD ARTS.



Class of '18.

*"We gathered once, a joyous throng
With jest and laugh and shout and song,
We made the floors and walls resound."*



Gift Shady,

Characteristic—Sweetness.
Favorite expression—"But, listen."
Weakness—Loud talking?????
Ambition—To be a dentist.
Vice-President '18.



James Stephens Engelke,

Characteristic—Democracy.
Favorite expression—"He."
Ambition—To be a scientific farmer.
Weakness—Procrastination.
Class President '18; Class Editor '14; Captain High School
Basket Ball Team '17 and '18; Athletic Editor '17 and '18;
Manager Baseball Team '15; President Student Council '18;
Basket Ball team '17 and '18; Athletic Editor '17 and '18;
Manager Baseball Team '15; President Student Council '18.



Dorothea Emma Westburg,

Characteristic—Amiability.
Favorite expression—"Darn it."
Ambition—To go to college.
Weakness—Day-dreaming.
Captain Senior Girls' Track and
Basket Ball Team;
Secretary-Treasurer '18; Athletic
Editor '17 and '18.

Honor Students



Cecil Wagon Hursey,

Characteristic—Stick-to-it-iveness.
 Favorite expression—"But—gee."
 Ambition—To be a scientific farmer.
 Weakness—Making eyes at the Spanish 'señoritas'.
 Editor-in-Chief '18; Class Editor '16; Class President, '16;
 President Open Forum.



Florence Dorothea Atchison,

Characteristic—Adaptability.
 Favorite expression—"Well, my dear."
 Ambition—To practice household arts.
 Weakness—Teaching Mr. Boss chemistry.
 Social Editor '18; Student Council '18.



Beatrice Clawson,

Characteristic—Accuracy.
 Favorite expression—"Well—I don't know."
 Ambition—To be worth while.
 Weakness—Mr. Boss says she has none.



Harry Roberts Carson,

Characteristic—Perversity.
 Favorite expression—"Second the Motion."
 Ambition—West Point.
 Weakness—Proving that things that are, "aint."
 Alumni Editor '18.



Stewart MacFarlane,

Characteristic—Reliability.
 Favorite expression—"Look at that boat, will you."
 Ambition—To be a Naval Architect.
 Weakness—Fleshy.
 Student Council Member '18.



Virginia Emelia Winkvist

Characteristic—Optimism.
 Favorite expression—"More fun than a picnic."
 Ambition—To be a teacher.
 Weakness—Sufrage boosting.
 Athletic Council '18.



Louise Dexter.

Characteristic—Congeniality.
 Favorite expression—"Oh, dear."
 Ambition—To be useful.
 Weakness—Delivering four-minute
 speeches in forty seconds.
 Exchange Editor '18.



Branson Graves Stevenson

Characteristic—Falling in love.
 Favorite expression—"Que pollita simpatia."
 Ambition—To be an artist.
 Weakness—Never doing today what he can put off 'til mañana.
 Art Editor '18.



John Edwin Wilcox,

Characteristic—Practicality.
 Favorite expression—"Aw, g'wan."
 Ambition—To be a mechanical engineer.
 Weakness—Chewing Gum.
 Class Editor '18.

**Emil Charles Weiss,**

Characteristic—Joviality.

Favorite expression—"Wait until I see Davis do it."

Ambition—To be an aviator.

Weakness—Girls.

Business Manager '18.

**Winnie-Mae Stevenson**

Characteristic—Dreaminess.

Favorite expression—"Caramba."

Ambition—To study domestic science and arts.

Weakness—Giggling.

**Charles Edward Davis,**

Characteristic—Fondness for the other side of the question.

Favorite expression—

"Superspondoxologically speaking."

Ambition—To travel.

Weakness—Arguing.

Captain Baseball Team '17; President

Athletic Association '18;

Circulation Manager '17 and '18.

**Myron M. Weaver,**

Characteristic—Steadfastness.

Favorite expression—"Oh, gee."

Ambition—To be a chemical engineer.

Weakness—"Peggy."

Captain Water Polo.

**Ruth Dicker Farrell,**

Characteristic—Impishness.

Favorite expression—"Happy day for me."

Ambition—To be a nurse.

Weakness—Getting in "Dutch" with the Faculty"

**Frances Emily Nelson.**

Characteristic—Tactiturnity.

Favorite expression—"Oh, but you know——"

Ambition—To be an actress.

Weakness—The movies.

**George Walker Winkvist**

Characteristic—Manliness.

Favorite expression—"What's a matter?"

Ambition—To be an electrical engineer.

Weakness—Throwing erasers.

Captain Senior Track Team '18.

**Calvin B. Breden.**

Characteristic—Quietness.

Favorite expression—Never been heard.

Ambition—To be a chemist.

Weakness—Cutting up.

**Lois Kelso Greene.**

Characteristic—Sportiveness.

Favorite expression—"Don't tell me that."

Ambition—To be private secretary to the President.

Weakness—Perpetual smiling.

**Charles P. Clarity.**

Characteristic—Vivacity.

Favorite expression—Censored.

Ambition—To be a mechanical engineer.

Weakness—Elder-vessing.

Class Circulation Manager; Student Council C.H.S.

*"Best for worst shall make amends
Find us, keep us, leave us friends
Till, perchance, we meet agains,
Benedicite, — Amen!"*

Editorial



To obtain the best results from man or beast, it is necessary that the environment be of the best class. Girls in dirty, ill-ventilated factories turn out a poorer grade of work than those in modern, well-lighted and airy shops. Clerks laboring in a dark, dingy office do about 50 per cent. perfect work. And although people little think it, the lighting,

the ventilation, the color scheme of a school room, have much to do with a student's standing as well as with his health. A clean, cheerful-looking schoolroom produces clean, cheerful-looking students who will think clean, cheerful thoughts.

This year has been a record breaker in the annals of the Balboa High School as far as school spirit goes. A new concrete school has done wonders. We take a legitimate pride in our school building. Looked upon from without, it presents a cheerful, academic appearance to the passer-by. The interior, with its large, airy and well-ventilated class rooms is the joy of the student who has suffered in our old, dingy building. The large assembly room is equipped with new individual desks and is a pleasant and airy study hall. Every recitation room is an inviting place and will be more so when the pictures we have ordered arrive. One of the chief objects of satisfaction is the well-equipped science laboratory, with its modern apparatus. The library will soon be filled and will be a source of great pleasure to book lovers.

Another explanation of the increase of school spirit is the excellent co-operation between teachers and students. Great credit is due our efficient faculty for the way they have labored with us in

an endeavor to make our school one of the best. They have been ceaseless in their efforts to bring our standard up, and thanks to their untiring help, the standing of each student is raised. We have been greatly assisted in launching our plan of student government by the addition of new members to our teaching corps and by the continued support of the old members of the faculty. Unfortunately, some people have the wrong conception of the inside workings of schools in general, and ours in particular. We occasionally hear that within our school there is a continued strife between teachers and students. Never was a greater mistake made. We know what we are here for; the teachers know what we are here for. We are here to learn; they to teach. There are few schools, especially high schools, where the individual is more thought of and receives more attention than here in this school. Every student understands this, and consequently we are all steadily working towards making ourselves better men and women, and better citizens of a great republic.

The increase of school spirit was productive of surprises too! To educate a person is to draw out what is in him. Unforeseen talents, unknown abilities were discovered. Many boys and girls who heretofore were "just students" turned out to be some of the best athletes, orators, and leaders in the school. Every one has at least one special talent, and it takes school spirit such as we had to develop it.

Not only did the school spirit assume great proportions academically, but also socially. Everybody knew everything else and thought of the "other person" as a friend, not as a somebody who is only striving for an education. The school building, with its spacious corridors, served frequently for class parties and dances.

Thank goodness! We have at last thrown aside the idea that our school is a place where knowledge is handed out in packages, but a place where we can go to learn; a place we enjoy to be in; a place where everybody is equal.



The Bolshevik

David Fuller Ash, '19

George Marvin, small-town genius, sat on the edge of his cot, and thoughtfully considered a scant handful of small change. His career had thus far progressed quite conventionally, but he was not satisfied.

He was a poet of the Byronic type, scheduled for the Hall of Fame. Doing indifferently well in his more prosaic studies, in English he had been the wonder of his High School. Did his English teacher ask for an essay on "Friendship," George would retire to his room, rumple up his hair, and dash off an impassioned poem on the free soul that spurned the ways of men and winged the Empyrean, as free and unfettered as the eagle. Despite his conflicts with senseless convention, he graduated with flying colors, took a prize with his "Essay on the Poetic Principle," and left for New York amid the plaudits of his friends to enter into a sphere less confining to his soaring soul.

Seeking his kind, he had gravitated towards Greenwich Village, the *Quartier Latin* of the New World, mingled with poets and painters, and radical writers of a hundred strange schools and a hundred tongues, and began to wear Windsor ties.

He had fallen in with a little group of intellectuals who sat around a table at the "Blue Demon," smoked many cigarettes, cursed the commercialism that kept their genius submerged, and reconstructed the world on a proletarian basis. Though his friends spoke English, it was with a decided accent. All about him, he was accustomed to hear much Yiddish, blended with the rattle of Italian, sputtering Slavonian, and guttural German. He became convinced that commercialism had stultified the Anglo-Saxon intellect, stifled individualism, strangled genius. The immortal fire still blazed in the breast of the Slav, the Latin, the Semite, and from these would emanate

the glorious literature of the future, in which the Anglo-Saxon could play but a small part.

His friends were congenial, but poor, after the manner of geniuses. Their work was printed only by a few magazines of small circulation, and they wrote their political articles gratis, "for the Cause." As those who would publish his poems could not pay for them, and those who could pay would not publish them, his funds had dwindled to the little pile he gazed at so intently.

There was a rap on the door, and a voice called in a rich Semitic accent, "Marvin, are you in?"

"Come in, Janska!" he cried, letting the silver jingle into his pocket.

The door opened, and in walked a short, dark man with a pale, deeply lined face, intense eyes, prominent nose, and mass of crisp, curly hair. This was Janska, the Polish socialist.

"What is it, Janska?" asked Marvin, grasping him by the hand.

"Over at the Hall we hold a meeting to discuss the situation in Russia. Important speeches—come!"

Marvin adjusted his flowing tie at a warped mirror, perched a disreputable hat on his billowing hair, and accompanied Janska to the Hall, where a Lithuanian with a bushy blond beard was delivering a wild harangue in his native tongue, greeted with enthusiastic shouts and much stamping of feet.

Then Janska took the floor amid wild cheers, and with furious speech and gesture excoriated the *bourgeoisie* and the Germans. His fierce invective drew upon Polish and Yiddish for such force as the English lacked.

As Janska returned to his seat amid thundering applause, George Marvin, fired with enthusiasm, arose on a sudden impulse:

"Comrades, you have heard! The Revolution is in danger! It is our brothers who fight! We

must help them—we must do all in our power! I wish I might join them—if I could, I should go tomorrow!”

Somewhere in the back of the hall, a man began to sing “The Marsellaise,” and like a spark in a magazine it burst forth:

“Allons, Enfants de la Patrie,

Le jour de gloire est arrivé!”

At the line, “*L’étendard sanglant est levé!*”

a red flag fluttered forth . . .

Afterwards, at the “Blue Demon,” Janska said softly, “Comrade, you show a fine enthusiasm. Are you in earnest? If the call came, would you defend the Revolution—in Russia?”

George Marvin laid his hand on his breast. “Comrade, those who fight over there battle for the liberties of the world—I regret that I cannot be with them in the flesh as I am in the spirit!”

“But you can! On a boat that leaves for Norway tomorrow will be the first detachment of the American Red Guard. Are you with us?”

“I am!” said George, rising with glass in hand. “To the Revolution!” And as he raised his glass, a sunbeam passing through the Chianti threw a crimson stream across his brow.

II.

George Marvin found his voyage to Russia romantic, but decidedly disagreeable. Putting out from Long Island in a launch, under cover of darkness, about twenty Red Guards boarded the Norwegian boat, whose captain resembled von Hindenburg. Here George received his first shock—they travelled steerage. As a proletarian, he ought not to have minded that, but it offended his aesthetic sense.

They were halted by a submarine, whose commander permitted them to proceed unmolested after a long colloquy with him of the iron countenance. They were detained a week at Dover, where two sailors and three Red Guards were taken off, the captain manifesting no concern.

After losing another of their number at Stockholm, where it seemed he was wanted for murder, the “first detachment of the American Red Guard” was landed on a small island off the coast of Finland, where they were augmented by a body of grey-faced Finns, and a stout, brutal-looking Finn

named Fischkin assumed command, Janska being elected his lieutenant.

After several days delay, they were transported to the Finnish mainland by a fishing-fleet, and entered the little village of Ernborg, filing down a street amid wondering peasants who essayed faint-hearted cheers.

A strangely unmilitary lot, they halted before a quaint old Lutheran church, converted into barracks. A tattered red flag flapped from the belfry, and groups of men in red armlets lounged about the steps, conversing in crackling consonants, with occasional bellows of Gargantuan mirth.

Entering the church, George saw that it had been ransacked. The pulpit was gone, and what few pews remained had been overturned and broken. Crusts of black bread, empty bottles, and rags of discarded clothing lay all about.

“Here, comrade, your uniform,” said a voice at his elbow. Turning, he saw that the speaker, a poet named Pilkis, extended a red armlet, marked in white Slavonian characters. As he fastened it about his arm, he heard someone beating a pan outside.

“Ah, we eat!” said Pilkis. “It won’t be very dainty, but a soldier of the people can’t be too particular, *hein?*”

In the churchyard, a fire had been built with some of the quaintly carved pews, and over it steamed an immense cauldron, toward which the Red Guards streamed. The soldiers swarmed around the kettle, where a sweating Finn ladled out pannikins of stew, and another stood at a table—the pulpit!—and hacked big loaves of black bread in two, handing a piece to each of his comrades.

The bread was gritty, sour, and miserably tough, so George used it as a spoon, following Pilkis’ example, and then threw it away.

Shortly after they had finished, while George was explaining his reason for joining the Red Guard, they were approached by Janska, who handed each a revolver.

“Come, comrades, a shopkeeper refuses our men provisions.”

“*Nun geht es los!*” said Pilkis jubilantly, “We begin our work!”

Arriving at the place to which Fischkin directed, George was astonished to discover that it was a drink shop. They entered, and Janska informed the proprietor, a Swede, that he was under arrest. The man protested that he wanted pay for his stock, and Janska sternly accused him of being an enemy of the people.

Meanwhile, Pilkis reached across the counter and commandeered a bottle, "for the Cause." The Swede snatched for it, and as Pilkis pulled it behind his back the Swede's hand grazed his cheek.

"Bourgeois!" he cried, and brought the bottle crashing down on the Swede's head. Staggering back, the Swede drew a knife, and leaped on his assailant, but Janska struck him down from behind with a vicious swing of his pistol.

Pilkis dropped the bottle neck, and commandeered several fresh bottles, while Janska emptied the till. Stupefied, George permitted Pilkis to pile his arms full of bottles, while Janska swung a rifle and sent all the remaining bottles crashing to the floor, whereupon there arose an overpowering odor of spirits.

"But this is not war!" said George protestingly.

"It is social war!" said Janska shortly, turning on his heel.

III.

Marvin was considerably disturbed by this little incident. He could not reconcile his ideal of the proletarian revolt with this practical application. His friends, however, took great pains to explain its justice.

"It is sufficient that he was a *bourgeois*," said Janska.

"But it was not right to deprive him of his property," protested George.

"It was not his property," said Pilkis, "it was the property of the working people who made it, and did not receive adequate compensation."

"Well, admit that we had as much right to it as he—surely, we had no right to destroy what we did. What right had we to destroy what we claim as the property of all the people?"

"We represent the people, comrade. We destroyed it in the people's name. We could not permit it to remain in his hands, and yet—well, there was much more than our men could be trusted with. And it was vile stuff."

"You should know."

"Well, we must have some relaxation," said Pilkis, who was a little ashamed of precipitating the fight in the shop. "We can't all be saints—no soldier can—not even a soldier of the people. As a poet, you know a man needs inspiration."

"But not as a soldier—and spirits are hardly an inspiration."

"Did we not destroy the major portion?" demanded Janska.

"I didn't come to Russia for relaxation," persisted George. "I could have obtained that in New York."

"Better relax while you can, comrade," said Janska shortly. As he spoke, a shot rang out, then another. Janska seized his rifle.

"Now you have a relief from relaxation," he said grimly.

They hurried from the church steps where they had been sitting, and joined the rapidly growing group in the street. No one seemed to know what had happened.

A peasant came rushing up, and poured forth a wild flood of consonants.

"The *bourgeois* are coming," said Pilkis.

In the unaccountable absence of Fischkin, Janska assumed command, and divided the men into two sections, sending one in one direction to see the enemy, and leading the other in another direction. George Marvin and Pilkis were in the leaderless section, which wandered aimlessly down the street. Ahead of them there suddenly appeared a little band of men who wore white armlets.

"The White Guard!" said Pilkis, discharging his rifle hastily. At the sound, the enemy broke for cover, darting into the nearest houses. With wild shouts, the Red Guard took after them.

Pilkis and Marvin rushed into the nearest house they had seen a White Guard enter. As they opened the door, their foe discharged his rifle pointblank—it crashed like a cannon in the confined space. Through the eddying smoke, George saw a dim form, and pulled trigger convulsively, the recoil almost throwing him over.

"You got him! Come on," said Pilkis, "after the rest!"

They emerged, and met some of the others, who held a struggling White Guard. They entered several other houses, but only saw one other *bourgeois*, who had already been killed.

From the direction whence they had just come, there came a great crackling of firearms. As they started back, someone fired from a window, and a Red Guard ripped out a crackling oath, and seized George's arm for support, leaned against him for a moment, and then sank to the ground, his hands clenching convulsively.

George was the first to enter the house, and was tripped up by a burly Finn. As a heavy boot crashed into his side, a rifle bellowed, and his assailant jerked back, turned half around, and collapsed. A woman rushed in from a back room as George attempted to rise, and at the same moment several Red Guards rushed in from the street. As the woman gasped to see her husband dead on the floor, she was seized and dragged out.

"What are they going to do with her?" asked George, as Pilkis helped him up.

"Shoot her!"

"But she is a woman!" George gasped.

"This is a class war, a struggle for existence," said Pilkis, but his words were drowned by a shriek, and then— a shot . . .

IV.

The main attack of the *bourgeois* White Guard had been in another part of the village, where savage street-fighting was in progress. The White Guard had taken the village completely by surprise.

The Red Guard were outnumbered, and retired slowly, entering each house, firing from the windows, and then, when forced out, setting fire to it. The White Guard followed at their heels steadily, killing those who were too slow, and in their turn being picked off by snipers.

They had retired to within sight of the church, when George suddenly discovered that he had run out of ammunition. He determined to try to get some at the church, and set out on a run, oblivious to the advancing White Guard. As he ran, he passed here and there a dead body, and empty cartridges lay all about. Arrived at the church, he was unable to find any cartridges, and was about to return to the battle without them,

when he heard a scream, apparently from overhead.

Looking up to the belfry, he saw a woman, struggling with two men who wore the red armlet. They were forcing her out of the window, and she was struggling desperately, beating at them with her fists, screaming all the while.

For a moment he was paralyzed with horror—his heart seemed to stop its regular beat—it gave a sudden leap that was like a blow—with an agonizing echo in his bruised side—then another rush and sickening blow, as if it would burst its bounds.

With a desperate effort of his will, he maintained a grip on his consciousness, and dashed into the church. Up the stairs he rushed, stumbling over a drunken form, and had just reached the door to the belfry, and was fumbling for the latch in the darkness with a trembling hand, when the shriek swelled into a ghastly *fortissimo* like that of a damned soul, then trailed off, and terminated abruptly in a slapping thud, as of a hand brought smartly against a fat cheek. And when he burst upon the soldiers, they were alone. . . .

V.

As he staggered out, sick with horror, and leaned against the lintel of the door for support, he saw the battle plainer than he had been able to before. The village of Ernberg was in flames, and a great cloud of smoke rolled over all. He could see his comrades dart from house to house, swinging the flaming torch, kneeling to fire at the advancing foe, or suddenly keeling over as they ran.

Here the White Guards battered in the door of a house whence rifles spurted, and rushed in, leaving several of their number dead, there a crawling man was bayoneted by a merciless foe. The inhabitants had long since fled. Surely, God hid His face—even He could not look upon this perversion of what He had made in His image.

A little group of Red Guard, powder-stained, sweat-dripping, looking more like fiends than men tore across to the church, and even as they came, one fell, crawled as grotesquely as a broken-backed snake, and lay still.

"We can hold the church, comrade!" cried Pilkis, the foremost man. But as they approached, and as the Red Guard everywhere abandoned

their positions and bolted for the church, George Marvin was inundated in a wave of giddiness, and the whole horrid scene was mercifully blotted from his eyes.

After an eternity of swinging and plunging through a void of blackest night, George Marvin opened his eyes to the world again.

He lay in the bottom of an open boat, that was being skillfully propelled through the water by

sturdy sailors who spoke a strange tongue. He was manacled, and beside him lay Pilkis, his brow in a blood-stained rag.

"We are prisoners, comrade," said Pilkis.

George, managing to sit erect for a moment despite his handcuffs, saw, across the dancing waves, a cruiser flying the blue and yellow of Sweden.

"Thank God for that!" he said.

In School Days

Margaret V. Campbell

Minding entirely his own business (for he was eating candy kisses from the Dandy Kandy Kitchen in Panama,) Merrick Irwin Collins, otherwise "Mic" slowly descended the right hand stairs of a four-family-concrete-house-with-three-bed-rooms-on-the-Prado." At the same time Ida-Ruth (with a hyphen) Hall, entirely minding everyone else's business, descended the left hand stairs of a "four-family-concrete-house-with-three-bed-rooms-on-the-Prado." The former was greeted by

"Dibs, Mic!"

and answered almost in the same breath,

"No dibbies!"

"Aw, I beat yuh at jacks last night!"

"All right!"

And as the candy kisses changed owners Ida-Ruth gave him a toothless smile. She was just "leven" and adorable, red-headed, freckled and minus three front teeth. The two swung into step and slowly proceeded to school.

"Betcha I can beat yuh at 'nuther game of jacks." (This came from Ida-Ruth. One piece of candy remained.)

"Yuh can't either!"

"Come on. Let's try it!"

"We haven't got time!" ("Mic" could argue when candy was at stake.)

"You're a boy. You're 'fraid I'll beat yuh!"

That was sufficient. Merrick squatted on the concrete walk like an Indian, and with a movement akin to a folding jack-knife Ida-Ruth followed. The game was on. Neither spoke nor noticed the heat of the tropical sun, nor the dust, nor the tar (spilled on the walk by some careless laborer). From "oneses" to "twoses" and on up, the game went, "Mic" in the lead and Ida-Ruth a step behind. But she was gaining. Mentally "Mic" kissed the candy good-bye, mentally he saw her eat, and lastly triumph over him. It just simpl—

And it had done, not once before, the school-bell saved him. With a sigh of relief he rose, with a sigh of disgust she rose, and together they made a bee-line for the rank which Miss Landis was endeavouring to straighten.

The fourth grade stirred uneasily as a hive of bees ready to swarm. It was a hot sultry day such as only Panama has in the dry season. The usual wind had died down and a brooding silence such as foretells a great calamity hung over all.

Miss Landis dragged Section A through "Jog-fry," shoved them into Spelling and had just drawn them slowly through "r-e-e-e-i-v-e." She turned to Section B. As of one mind they shifted in their seats. "Jogfry" came first.

"Merrick, can you name a cape in Alaska?"

Merrick reluctantly rose. Doomsday had come. With his hands in his pockets, he gazed at the floor and began counting the cracks.

"Merrick!" (It sounded dangerous) "can you name a cape in Alaska?"

"No'm."

"That's right, Merrick, Nome. You may be seated."

The latter's eyes popped with surprise, his jaw sagged with amazement, and like a man who walks in his sleep, he "beseated" himself.

"Now, Ida-Ruth, will you please arise and name another?"

Ida-Ruth put her feet in the aisle and made an upward movement, but quickly sank back. She tried again with the same result. Appreciatively the class giggled. She tried again. But in vain. She was stuck hard and fast. The hot tar had done its work. It stuck and stuck well.

"Ida-Ruth, will you please rise?"

"I c-c-can't, Miss Landis."

"You can't! or do you mean you don't care to do it?"

"I c-c-c-can't I tell you," and she added, "I'm stuck!"

Inquiries were made. Explanations were given.

And the prisoner was freed with the aid of a jack-knife. Then, with the not unusual remark, "Remain after school, Ida-Ruth," Section B resumed its study of Alaska.

Several hours later, as the tropical sun sank behind Sosa, sending its final rays over the town, two doors on a "four-family-concrete-house-with-three-bed-rooms,-on-the-Prado" simultaneously opened. Minding entirely some one else's business, Merrick Irwin Collins descended his steps and Ida-Ruth Hall, minding entirely her own business (for she was eating candy-kisses from the Dandy Kandy Kitchen in Panama) descended her stairs. In an awed whisper "Mic" asked,

"Did yuh get licked?"

"Naw, Papa he just laughed and when he came home from town, brung me some candy. Want some?"

She extended the bag and "Mic" hastily complied with her entreaty. Then, he sat down. He couldn't stand and think at the same time. "Jacks-candy-cape-tar-Nome, candy" and then they became reversed, "candy, jacks, tar, cape, candy, Nome." It was too much. Slowly he shook his head and from between his candy-stuck teeth fell the simple phrase.

"Well I'll be darned!"



I am Might!
 I bestride this world as the man of Rhodes
 Bestrides his channel . . .
 Red are my eyes as the core of Hell
 And red is all they behold—
 Black-crisp'd my path—
 With a whip of flame I lash the world
 And scorch it,
 And every pang my victims feel
 Thrice scorches me—
 I am Might,
 And shall consume myself.
David Ash, '19.

Ace

Chas J. Watson '19

You who have never owned a dog, can not appreciate my story. You who have, will know my feelings. I don't mean those little yaps that ladies carry around with them in their arms to teas and concerts, those little wooly bow-wows that you have to stick with a pin to know his nose from his tail; but a man-sized dog, a dog that has been your companion for years through thick and thin, who in your sorrow has come and laid his head on your knee and mutely sympathized with you, and in your joy has frolicked around, nipping your heels and barking his approval of you.

Such was Ace, a hunting dog, or rather a deer hound, a cross between a bloodhound and foxhound. He was not mine. He belonged to the hunting club. Every member, however, loved him as I did, and hoped that when the dog's days of usefulness passed he would be given to him to care for. He had been with the club since nineteen five and was growing old. Yet he was the leader of the pack, the surest, swiftest trailer, fighter and all around dog of the bunch. He had brought down alone several deer, many pigs, and a host of smaller game. He had trailed over two hundred deer brought down by the rifle. He was not pretty to look at. His long ears were tattered from an encounter with a panther in the jungle behind Gorgona. Several large scars and a slight limp showed that he had not totally escaped the slash of the peccary, or the keen-edged hoofs of some deer. But for all that he was yet the best dog on the Isthmus. He was our standby. As Peep Sight Jones said, "That dawg sho' can find deer like a Georgia niggah finds watch melons."

We had been hearing tales from the Spigs of a huge deer that would fight their dogs, instead of fleeing from them, and more strange, had attacked two of the men who were hunting in the vicinity. We resolved to find out if it were true, and made plans for the following Sunday. We doubt-

ed that a deer would stand up to Ace and the pack. We arrived at the place at dawn, after walking several hours over the historic Cruces trail. It was an ideal place, long rambling hills with burnings of the past season just beginning to sprout. The men scattered to advantageous locations overlooking ravines and trails, favorite places for the fleeing deer to pass along. Andy took the dogs, all whimpering with eagerness to be off, and turned them loose. They scattered hither and thither, noses to the ground, tails waving in short jerky motions.

A minute passed. Andy's voice encouraged the dogs. A short yelp from Blue brought them together. He had struck something. Was it deer? A sudden yelping and baying removed the doubt. It was, and a warm trail at that. What music the dogs were making. "There went Lady!" "Hear that? That was Dan!" A deep bell-like bay rang through the air. Andy chuckled, "There goes the old boy to work." The sound gradually lessened and died away. They were going straight back in the jungle, a sure sign that it was a big one.

I walked leisurely down a runway, looking for a good stand to wait from. The sound of the dogs was far away. I reached a little stream at the foot of a small knoll and sat down on a boulder. This was as good a stand as any. From it I could watch in all directions and particularly towards the open burnings. Having, as I expected, a long wait, I proceeded to study the tracks on the muddy edge of the stream. A lizard came rustling through the grass, saw me and scurried back. Two humming birds, like living jewels, hummed before a passion flower, extracting its sweet nectar. I fell into a doze.

A chorus of yelps brought me up in a hurry. They were coming back, and good fortune! towards me. The dogs seemed over half a mile away. Suddenly, without a sound, there broke across the opening, in glorious bounds, the biggest buck I

have ever seen in this country. Head back, holding his massive antlers on his shoulders, he hardly seemed to touch the earth. He loped across the clearing, the white froth streaming from his flanks. I raised my rifle, covered his foreshoulder, and fired. He stiffened in his bound and crashed without a struggle to the ground. I hurried forward, in my excitement forgetting to extract the empty shell and reload.

Fool I was, for no deer is dead that falls without a struggle at the crack of the rifle. I was within ten feet of him, when with a bound he sprang to his feet facing me. I frantically tried to pump a bullet into the chamber, but it jammed. I saw murder in that buck's eyes. They were red with the fury within him and the way he stamped and lowered his head made my hair rise on end. I reached for my knife, took a step backwards, tripped, and fell to the ground, seeing as I fell the antlers bearing down upon me. I threw up my hands. They caught in something bony, and I lost interest in this world as something seemed to cave in my chest. I regained consciousness slowly. Where was I? Piece by piece the scene came back to me. Where was the mad buck? I rolled over. There not twenty feet away he stood on his hind legs trying with all his might to shake off Ace who clung to his throat and whose hoarse growls I could now hear. He had come up just in time to save me, probably as the deer drew back from me to use his hoofs. The deer was using them now with deadly effect upon the dog. Their razor edges were cutting him to bits and he was thumped terribly as the deer swung him against nearby trees, yet he hung there with the grimness of death, and I noticed the blood beginning to spout from the deer's throat as the dog's teeth found the jugular.

It could not last much longer. The deer sank to his knees, struggled, and then the pack came up. They fell upon him with a terrible frenzy as if to

avenge their leader and me, for Ace was laying there dead or badly wounded. The thought roused me and I staggered to his side. He was still hanging on to the throat of the deer. I called him. He wagged his tail and opened his eyes. He was mortally wounded and dying. I looked at the deer. He was breathing his last. A red welt on top of his neck showed where my bullet had creased him.

I took my hunting horn and blew the death call, —three long blasts. The gang came struggling in. Not a word was spoken. Ace was picked up and laid on Bogg's brand new coat which he had sworn at me for touching with my greasy gun barrel.

He lay on his side, breathing heavily, blood oozing slowly from the cruel wounds inflicted by the razor edged hoofs. Andy filled his hat with water from the creek and held it to his muzzle. He stirred feebly, whimpered, raised his head with an effort, lapped a few drops, then settled down again.

A fly droned by; then all was quiet again. No one spoke. The end was near. His breathing was coming in short irregular gasps. Suddenly he stirred. His muscles tightened in an effort as he rose and looked into space with those huge brown eyes. His figure became rigid, quivered a second and, so sudden that it made our taut nerves snap, there pealed from his huge throat the booming bay of "Trail," as he chased his last deer over the great divide.

We buried him under a huge mango tree by the old Cruces trail. You may know the place by the tombstone, a square piece of brass nailed to the mango tree with the antlers of his last deer attached.

It bears the simple epitaph:

Ace,

A hound dog.

He did his best.

Angels could do no more.



The Frenchman's Bit

Nancy Turner, '20

There are so many thousands of things and people in our metropolis, that few persons would give more than a passing glance to the tiny shop on lower Sixth Avenue. Over its door a black sign bears the legend in white letters, "Monsieur Le Bran, Jeweler." But if you happened to be in the right mood you would immediately picture Monsieur Le Bran as a little old white haired gentleman, an ardent snuff-user. But he wasn't really so very old—thirty three—neither did he use snuff, but he was a gentleman. He had small piercing black eyes which of late had had in them an indefinable look of unhappiness. Of all people, Monsieur Le Bran would have been the last to inspire pity, he was so lively, almost dapper, as he solicitously attended to the needs of his few customers. You would never have accused him of having a "secret sorrow," and still he had one. Its cause is becoming absurdly common these days—"The War."

When his country had first been plunged into the Maelstrom he had not rushed heroically to the nearest boat and thereon embarked to save his native land. He really didn't think much about it at first; he was a naturalized American citizen and France had many men. It worried him however more and more as time went on. America's entrance on the scene of strife decided him. He never thought about his not being able to get in, and went soon after his decision to a near-by recruiting office. Thus began a series of fruitless attempts to become an American soldier. Again and again he tried, each time quelled with an answer more stinging than the preceding one, such as, "Too small," "Too short," or "Not strong enough." Heartsick and weary and sensitive to the one sight of a khaki uniform, at last he gave up.

In this mood he sat one morning in his little shop, when a young American officer entered. He

made a small purchase and stood talking, leaning on the glass counter. Monsieur Le Bran watched him intently. How he envied him his splendid height and broad shoulders! Presently he said "Ah Monsieur, to think what lies before you. How I envy you!"

"Well," said the officer, "I envy you." At the look of incredulity that dawned on the Frenchman's face he continued, "You see I don't want to go; and I am going next week."

"Then why—?" began the jeweler.

"Why?" he answered. "It's my family. All my grandfathers were soldiers and when this war broke out the family sort of took it for granted that I'd do my bit. I dodged their meaning looks for a while, but I soon saw that it was me for the nearest training camp, or life long family disgrace".

He stopped a moment and smiled rather whimsically. "You see" he said, "it really isn't my fault. I'm just a born coward. And—" he stopped abruptly gazing down into the show case. "What's this? By Jove! Courage rings?"

Monsieur Le Bran could feel himself crimson, then he too, became confidential. In a few words he told of his vain attempts to get into the army, and of the heart-breaking and self contempt it caused him. "One day," he said, "I came home so downcast that in a moment of impulse I decided I would do something. I couldn't make guns so I thought I'd make some rings to fire men's courage. You see," he laughed humorously and shrugged his shoulders, "how I've accomplished this, but the rings remain,— also the inscription."

Naturally the young coward bought one. As the jeweler handed it to him he said, "I know that you are not really a coward at heart, and therefore you don't need this ring, Monsieur, but perhaps it may help a little."

A slight rain was falling on the Western Front, a drizzly half hearted sort of rain. One would hardly recognize Trench "53" as belonging to men, and much less to the lean, strong Americans that had stepped in so blithely four days ago. There were twelve mud-caked men and one officer in the same condition. Just at present the officer, a captain, was endeavoring to dislodge a cake of mud from the interior of his jaw where an exploding shell had sent it. The foul, muddy water enveloped him nearly to the waist and it was necessary to keep moving constantly in order to keep the "trench rats" away. It was comparatively quiet now. All was gray and misty, and the air was so insufferably odorous that the nausea dizzied him. Suddenly the wireless operator came running toward him from his dugout.

"Captain!" he shouted, "Orders! To advance to save the town of Mofnay. It's being attacked by a regiment and a half of Huns. Half a regiment of our Infantry will join us at once. You will be the only officer. Quick, Captain!"

The Captain was standing perfectly still, his face, white, and wet from the rain, shining in the dark.

"I can't," he muttered, and then out loud "I won't. I will not send or lead my men to a sure death. Whatever the consequences I will not obey that order!"

The wireless sergeant, startled by the outburst, turned away. The Captain stood alone a moment,

deep dry sobs rising to his throat only to be choked back. He lifted his hand to brush this terrible horror from his brain. Then suddenly in this action he noticed the ring on the little finger of his left hand, a plain signet ring. Then like a flash there came before his eyes the face of the little jeweler who had sold it to him. "I envy you," he had said and then, "I know that you are not a coward!"

"But I am," cried the Captain bitterly, "I am!" and then in letters of fire he seemed to see the inscription he knew to be on the inside of the ring.

"For Home and Freedom!"

"Sergeant!" he shouted through the mist.

"Give the order! Advance! Over the top!"

You probably read about it in the New York papers—how half an infantry regiment saved the town of Mofnay from a regiment and a half of invading Hun artillery—how they did it by sheer courage and pluck, led by their gallant Captain. Monsieur Le Bran read about it, with tears streaming down his face.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried again and again, "my own town, my birth-place; saved by the Americans! My Mofnay! *Mon Dieu!* If Jean Le Bran could have had only one tiny share in this victory. Even to have touched the hand of that most noble Captain! *Eh Bien!* Just one little share! But no," and his voice grew calmer and his narrow shoulders shrugged, with that hint of humor, "I am a jeweler on Sixth Avenue."

Tune—Send me away with a smile.

Send me away with an "A" Mr. Cloys,
Brush the fear from out my head,
It may be for best,
That I'm taking this test,
But I wish all the teachers were dead.
It may be forever I stay in this school,
And it may be for only a day,
But if friends we would be,
Please don't give me a "D",
But send me away with an "A."

I. Chronicles, VII

Louise Dexter, '18

1. And it came to pass in those days, that men journeyed to a far country and digged there a ditch, that ships might pass through.

2. And they multiplied and grew strong, for it was a land of plenty and the vine and fig tree flourished.

3. And they said, "Behold the Lord is good to us. Has He not guided us to this land of milk and honey, given us food for our bodies, raiment to cover them, and children to gladden our homes?"

4. Let us have builded a Temple so that they may not forget the wisdom of their Fathers, and that the light may not go out in the land.

5. And let there be brought wise men and women from our country, skilled in all wisdom, to teach them."

6. So they builded a temple like unto Solomon's, and it was 200 cubits long and 100 cubits wide and 30 cubits high with many great pillars and windows.

7. And it was good to look upon.

8. And the rooms were so many that all the youths and maidens could gather together at the feet of the masters.

9. And it came to pass that before the days of the building of the temple, that Jessie had gathered the children together and taught them; but she took unto herself a husband and went to a far country and the people knew her no more.

10. But in her stead George Albert, surnamed Manning, a goodly man, who had taught in his own country, was placed at the head of the wise men and women, and did have control over them and of the youths and maidens.

11. And there were with him in the temple a son of Cloys, learned in all the works of nature and in Arabic signs; and Bernard, son of Boss, skilled in making divers smells, and who taught without his mantle.

12. And there was Myrtis, daughter of James who was surnamed Gallup, gifted with knowledge of literature of the prophets; and Olga of the tribe of Frost, who taught in many tongues; and Thomas of the Sutherlands, crafty in things of wood or iron.

13. And many others were there also, that none of the youths and maidens should lack knowledge of any good thing.

14. Now it came to pass that among the youths and maidens that went to the temple were many bands, and each year one band did lay down its books and leave the temple and go its way.

15. And some of the bands were goodly to look upon and heeded the words of the masters, and waxed wise and strong; and some did not.

16. But in the year of the great battles, the band was goodlier than in all the years that had gone before, with more youths and maidens, and did excel in all things, in running races, in singing and in playing games and in the knowledge of all good things.

17. And they chose Stephens, of the tribe of Engelke to be their leader, and Dorothea of the tribe of the Westburgians, to be their scribe.

18. Others of the band were Stewart, of the clan Macfarlane; and Ruth—not she who in the fields of Boaz did pull the ears.

19. And Roberts and Calvin, sons of prophets, and Myron whose father sat in a high place in the Synagogue.

20. And a brother and sister of the tribe of Stevenson, Winnie-Mae, a dreamer of dreams, and Branson, a drawer of pictures; and another Dorothea, called Atchison; and a Gift of God who came from over the sea.

21. And there were three named Charles, two of whom were sons of Beelzebub; and the third, called Pete, made light of serious things and moved the band to laughter.

22. And Jack there was whose hill to climb, was ever that of knowledge, and George and Lois, runners of races.

23. And Frances, from over the seas, a player of plays; and Virginia, beloved of all, and Beatrice, the Good; and Cecil, the Brilliant; and Louise whose father was not of those that digged the ditch.

24. These are the names and generations of those that formed the band that did set forth from the temple in the year of many wars.

25. And some youths did join the warriors

that made strife for freedom, and some entered the market place, and some sought other temples to sit at the feet of the wise men.

26. And of the maidens, many also went over the seas in search of more learning; others kept the fires burning in the homes; some were given unto husbands in marriage.

27. And the band that did leave the temple in the year of Armageddon, shall they not be written in letters of blood in the pages of history, or in letters of gold in the progress of the land, or in letters of love in the hearts of little children?

Qvaestio Ignota

After William Blake

Thou canst not read the mystic rune
Writ in silver on the moon—
I've crack'd my skull and dull'd my een
With that in the dying moon I've seen;
This it is: There is no Hell
For him that doth his labour well;
Now it reads: There is no Heaven
For him that lazily hath liven.
Long I've sate, and fruitless tho't,
Nor all my lore availeth aught,
And my heart is pierc'd with an icy chill,
For reels my mind, and reels until
From my lips unbidden wells a hiss,
And my sicken'd heart it knows but this—
I can not read the mystic rune
Writ in silver on the moon.

IVNIOR.



Realized

Robert Getman, '20

Don's chief ambition was to quit being a farmer and become an automobile racer. All his dreams were of races. When his father had bought a second hand "Ford" he had nearly gone crazy. Inside of a month it was the best Ford in the country; but before that month was over Don was wishing for an auto that would do more than fifty miles an hour, which was the highest speed he could coax out of the Ford.

One morning in April he was leaning dreamily against the fence, resting from the exertion of plowing. His head suddenly jerked up and cocked to one side. A faint roar that spoke of power came to his ears. He looked down the road and saw a cloud of dust out of which one of the big racers of his dream tore its way. It hurtled toward him at a terrific speed. A sudden bang! and the car slewed crazily off the road into the ditch where it slid perhaps twenty feet, alternating from its side to its wheels, stopping at last upright. Don vaulted the fence and ran to the auto. A man lay limply on the wheel. He straightened up weakly before Don reached the car. He grinned sheepishly at Don, saying in a shaky voice "Bruised me up some, but I'm lucky to get off that easy."

"It certainly did. I thought you were gone for sure when you hit the ditch," came eagerly from Don. The man climbed slowly out of the car and looked ruefully at the bent side. Don looked the car over with worshipful eyes.

"I guess you can get in if you've got an extra tire," ventured Don.

"Yes, I guess so," meditatively answered the racer. "Do you think you could drive it?" he asked Don. "My wrist is pretty sore."

"Could I?" excitedly answered Don, "Why I'd give anything to try it."

"Well, if you'll help me to get her going and drive her to the nearest garage I'll make it worth your while, son."

They had the car out of the ditch inside of an hour and ready to go.

Don started the engine and climbed into the car. The man climbed up beside him and he started off. After the first half a mile he felt at home behind the big wheel. He felt a desire to go fast. He asked the racer, whose name was Smith, if he could speed her up a little.

"Go as fast as you want," came the answer. Don stepped on her with increasing pressure. The speedometer registered forty—fifty—fifty-five—sixty. He held her there. The wind's roar mingled with that of the engine, making what to him was the sweetest of music.

"I thought you wanted to speed her up," teased Smith. Don gave her more gas. Sixty-five—seventy. He had all he could do to hold the road now. A curve loomed up ahead so he slowed down.

"Boy, you're there," praised Smith.

"Gee, I'd like to open her wide on a race track," Smith said nothing for a minute.

"I think I'll enter the ten mile race on the Fourth over at Saratoga. Do you want to be my machinist?"

"Do you mean it?" unbelievably gasped Don.

"Sure thing," grinned Smith.

"I'm your man." And on he drove with expectant eyes.

It was the morning of the Fourth. Don had his father's permission to go in the race that afternoon. Smith had the car jacked up and was examining the tires. With no warning at all the car bumped off the jacks. One of them fell over. It's end hit Smith's sore wrist. He jumped up, holding his wrist, his face wrinkled with pain and disgust at his carelessness.

"That sure is tough luck," he complained. "With a weak wrist I can't drive that race. It takes two strong arms to hold the track when you hit ninety." Neither said anything for a while.

"Why not let me drive?" offered Don timidly.

"What? Why I don't know. Let's see. I guess you could. Why sure you could. You're as good as any of these fellows," agreed Smith. Don beamed. Then his hands clinched and he determined to win the race at all costs.

At last it was time to start. Don sat behind the wheel with Smith beside him. He had an empty feeling. At times the incessant noise of the crowd bothered him. His hands ran nervously over the controls. The starter came forward. Don threw out his clutch and put her in second. The starter raised his arm. Don speeded up the engine. Bang! He let the clutch in with a jerk, shifted to high and gave her more gas. There were four ahead of him. Smith knew the leader. He was a fellow called "The Meteor" and was one of the best racers around. Don wasn't nervous now. He pushed the accelerator nearly all the way down. The needle of the speedometer moved steadily across the figures on the dial. Fifty, sixty, seventy-five it reached. He passed two of the four. Someone was dangerously close behind him. He fed her more gas and passed another. "The Meteor" was still leading, but not by so much as before. A big yellow demon tore ahead of him. The wind was terrific. He could scarcely breathe.

He crept up steadily upon the two leaders. Five of the ten miles had been covered. Three cars had dropped out.

Suddenly "The Meteor" lurched crazily to one

side and stopped. They were doing around ninety miles an hour now. He was nearly even with the yellow car. He bent lower over the wheel and pushed the accelerator down to its limit. He felt the car jump ahead. The yellow car also jumped ahead, but Don passed him surely though slowly. Hardly had he passed him when he became aware of another car close upon him. It very slowly drew up beside him. One mile to go. It was "The Meteor" beside him. Beside him? No, half a length ahead. Don advanced his spark. He caught "The Meteor" and pulled ahead. The speedometer showed an even hundred. He advanced his spark the last notch and roared down the home stretch, a blurred mass of fire—spitting power. He took the checkered flag scarcely half a length ahead of "The Meteor." He slowed down and stopped. He had won. He was a real auto racer he told himself. Smith was waving a check before him and pounding his back, and yelling, "The best race I ever saw!" Newspaper men were crowding around the car. One exclaimed, "Why he's only a boy!"

After they arrived at the garage Don loosened up.

"Did I drive all right?" he asked.

"Just as good as a professional," Smith declared.

"That was the most fun I ever had," Don said reminiscently.



Haiti. To-day and Yesterday

Roberts Carson, '18

Proclamation au Peuple Haitien, 28 d'Avril, 1804. Noirs et jaunes, vous ne faites aujourd'hui qu'un seul tout, qu'une seule famille. Maintenez votre precieuse concorde, cette heureuse harmonie parmi vous; c'est le gage de votre bonheur, de votre soliet, de vos succes; c'est le secret d'etre invincibles.

Jean Jacques Dessalines.

Thus reads the inscription on a monument in the Champ-de-Mars, Port-au-Prince, erected in memory of the first Haitien ruler. The concord of which he spoke, however, did not long abide in Haiti. Every leader worked for his own advancement, until, in a short hundred years, Haiti could boast of having had two emperors, two kings, and nineteen presidents, at times several simultaneously.

There has been a more serious result of the innumerable revolutions; the country suffered commercially and agriculturally. He who preferred farming to fighting had a hard row to hoe. "Major Generals" at the head of some ten men would raid his place and impress him into the army. Or, were he so fortunate as to evade conscription and succeed in raising something, the roads leading to the market place were sure to be beset with petty marauders, and if his produce were not stolen on his way into town, his money would certainly be on his return. Such was the condition of the people when the American Marines began their occupation in 1914.

The immediate cause of their coming was in support of the Monroe Doctrine. In 1912, certain Haitiens hid a mine of dynamite and gunpowder under the National Palace in which, at the time, were the President and his cabinet. None survived. In 1914, the then President sought refuge in the French Legation, the sanctity of which was violated by a mob in their successful attempt to kill him. To satisfy France, the

United States intervened. It was high time, otherwise some other less generous foreign power would have done so. Money, of course, was essential to the revolutions, and as each new party came into power, it was the practice to repudiate the debts of its predecessors. The loans being mostly from foreign sources, naturally their governments would desire to take up the matter.

To illustrate the helplessness of the Haitiens: Some time previously, a police official had insulted the consul of Germany. The Kaiser saw his chance to secure another colony, and promptly sent two cruisers to Port-au-Prince. On the arrival of the latter, the Haitiens were given four hours in which to apologize for the affront, pay an indemnity of \$20,000 and salute the German flag with twenty one guns. In return, the German consul was to give a reception to the President of Haiti. To add to the troubles of this latter, the French Minister reminded him that his legation would be in the line of fire from the cruisers against the government buildings. So it was decided to pay the \$20,000 and make the other amends demanded. But the Germans forgot to give the reception. In 1914, the Germans even went so far as to land marines at one of the smaller ports, and there is a possibility that they might have been kept there had not the outbreak of the European War at this juncture necessitated the immediate withdrawal of the ships. Needless to say, there is no love lost between the Haitiens and the Germans now.

There was little resistance offered to the landing of the Americans. One incident that occurred in the north of the island will serve to show the ineffectiveness of the native army. The Americans had captured a fort, which, incidentally, was considered by the natives to be impregnable, and they found the entire muster roll of a major general. In his division there were one brigadier general, two colonels, one major, a lieutenant, and exactly twenty-three men! Other papers gave

information to the effect that the Government could furnish this major general only four cartridges per man, but if he would proceed with his division to a second major general it might be possible to secure a few more!

It is interesting to note some of the immediate results of American occupation. One of the first steps taken was the organization of the police force. Instead of a menace to public welfare, it has become its safeguard. In all the small towns there are a few Gendarmes, as they are called, under a non-commissioned officer of the Marine Corps. The Haitians are learning discipline among their other lessons.

Sanitation, road building, education, have progressed along with policing. The people have been compelled to keep their surroundings clean as they never before dreamed of doing. A *corvé* law requiring every man to furnish two days labor every month when necessary for repairing roads has been extended to the building of new roads, and much work is so accomplished. Experimental stations have been provided to show the possibilities of the rich soil, and the people were sorely in need of the instruction. No longer the land of *mañana*, it is fast becoming the land of *toute de suite*.

One of the things the Haitians did when they first drove out the French was to destroy everything that was associated with work, believing that by so doing they could pass their days in idleness. As a result, besides ruining an extensive aqueduct system, all crops that could not grow in a wild state were destroyed. It certainly was the survival of the fittest, and from orchards of European fruit only the native wild orange now remains. Even the principal export products of the island, cotton, coffee, cane, grow with scarcely any cultivation. With the wonderfully rich soil, much in an agricultural way may be expected in the future.

At present, the Government is almost entirely in American hands. Most of the important officials of the customs, posts, civil administration, etc., are nominated by the President of the United States and appointed by the President of Haiti. The original term of the protectorate

was for a period of ten years but, recently, it was extended to twenty, and may still be further increased if desirable.

One of the practices of former governments which has caused many unfortunate results was the granting of concessions to various private concerns to do government work. One instance of mismanagement is seen in the lighting system of the town of Gonnaives. The President approved such a disproportionate number of street lights for this place that it is asserted to be the most prodigally lighted city in the world.

Another concession might be mentioned which has greatly retarded the development of Port-au-Prince. For building and maintaining three light-houses, a Frenchman was allowed to make a charge of six cents per ton on all vessels entering the port. And the tonnage includes the weight of the ship itself and all cargo, even that destined for another port. For this reason the steamers of the Panama Railroad Steamship Company stop at St. Marc instead of Port-au-Prince. This profitable contract is estimated to make a return of \$100,000 annually on an original investment of \$20,000 and a yearly upkeep of \$2,000. Only seventeen years of the concession, covering a period of fifty years, have expired. At present, however, steps are being taken to bring the agreement to an end.

The railway system of Haïti is unique. A train runs from St. Marc to Port-au-Prince every other day. The distance is 115 km.; the average time from six to nine hours; the track narrow gauge; the stops numerous; the engine a wood-burner; and the train a mixture of freight, gravel, and passenger cars. This road may well boast of its service, however. Should a passenger happen to be carried asleep past his station, the engineer will gladly accommodate the passenger by backing to his destination. The same accommodating disposition will be shown when one happens to lose his hat, and the Haitian hat costs only from three to six cents.

A close second to the Chemins de Fer National de la République d'Haiti is the street railway of Port-au-Prince. There is a slightly more antiquated type of a wood-burner that pulls the cars

thru the city. The fare is two cents and is exorbitant.

The Americans have greatly improved the capital city. There is a population of upwards a hundred thousand, several really fine buildings, and clean streets. An interesting feature is the the public market. Here the people come in from the surrounding mountain sides to peddle their wares. In front of the imposing cathedral, there is a public square, where, squatting on the ground in the blazing tropical sun, the day is spent. To the visitor, there seem to be more sellers than buyers. During the term of President Hypolite two buildings were constructed for markets but the open air selling place seems to be preferred by the natives. Perhaps it may be because the the license is five centimes in the open air against twenty-five centimes in the more pretentious buildings.

The native Haitien is like most negroes except possibly more so. He wears such rags that it is a mystery how he gets into them again when he takes them off. The answer is, he never takes them off. His favorite occupation is loafing, and

for that reason bee keeping is largely practised. The bees do the work.

It might be remarked here that no such antagonism against the American prevails in Haiti as in some Latin American Republics. The common people appreciate the respite from revolutions and the popular ambition now is to get on the police force.

A large part of the revenue of the Haitien government comes from import and export duties. Almost everything is taxed, and high, for out of it the President must get his salary of \$30,000. At one time a consignment of tooth-picks was received and the officials were mystified as to their proper classification. Finally, it was decided to term them 'unfinished lumber' and the tariff was fixed accordingly.

There are many stories current as to the ludicrous attempts of the Haitien at self-government, too often resulting in tragedy. None can doubt, however, that under the tutelage of the American government he will learn the true principles. Nor can it be doubted that our Government will amply justify the trust that the Haitien of to-day so freely accords.

Tune—Where do we go from here.

"Where do we go from here boys?
Where do we go from here?"
That's the cry at Balboa High,
The first day of the year.
When a freshman sees a senior near,
He whispers in his ear,
"Oh boy, Oh joy! Where do we go from here?"

"When do we go from here boys?
When do we go from here?
We've been down in this old school
For many and many a year."
And as the days go flitting by,
We all begin to cry,
"Oh Loy, Oh joy! Where do we go from here?"



Lo que Podemos Hacer

Cecil Hussey, '18

Nuestra patria está implicada en una de las más estupendas y horribles guerras de la historia del mundo. Esta guerra es la gran lucha de la autocracia contra la democracia. Estamos peleando así que la libertad viva, eternamente, segura de los ataques de los bárbaros.

El imperio germánico es simplemente una máquina militar, usada por los pocos aristócratas para realizar sus propias ideas de un imperio que alcance a los fines del globo.

Por tres años nuestros aliados han estado tratando de vencer al Huno cruel.

Inglaterra necesita nuestra ayuda, Italia está casi agotada, y la Francia sangría, la noble república, está pidiendo socorro de su hermana americana. ¡Por fin hemos dejado de ser neutrales y ahora somos humanos! Entramos en esta

guerra para ganar y no dejaremos de pelear hasta que hubieremos dado la libertad al mundo o hasta que el último americano muriera, peleando. Nuestros padres han comprado "Liberty Bonds" o se han enrolado; nuestras madres están economizando los víveres y nosotros, gracias a Dios, podemos hacer nuestro poquito ahorrando nuestros reales y comprando "Thrift Stamps."

Consideren amigos, comprando "Thrift Stamps" en vez de ir a los cinematógrafos ó en vez de gastar el dinero tontamente, ustedes pueden ayudar a ganar la guerra.

Si yo les preguntase a ustedes, "Les gustaría ser esclavos de los inhumanos alemanes?" me contestarían, "NO, NO" y no los seremos."

¡Entonces compren 'Thrift Stamps' y comprenlos hoy!

Guerra de Viveres

Branson Stevenson '18

El espíritu de guerra ciertamente ha echado raíces en nuestras fondas cuando 'goulash húngaro' rehúsa mezclarse en el mismo plato con 'spaghetti italiano,' y panecillo de Viena rechaza las atenciones fragantes de 'fromage de Brie.' Cuando 'filet mignon' no se sentará más a la mesa donde se sirve 'Wienerschnitzel,' verdaderamente es un estado de guerra muy triste por decir lo menos. Una vez, hace mucho tiempo,

cuando este país de nacionalidades mixtas estaba pacífico, cuando dinero y patatas estaban en iguales condiciones y collares de perlas se hallaban comunmente en todas partes, se consideraba un placer entrar en una de estas posadas y gozar de la tinta roja o vino hecho en Francia con un 'Limburger Sandwich' de la región de Rin. ¡Qué lástima! ¡Todos estos manjares han roto sus relaciones los unos con los otros!

Senior:—"Only fools are positive."

Freshmen:—"Are you sure?"

Senior:—"I'm positive."

Generally speaking, a woman is,—generally pesaking.

Freshman: "I think Mr. Manning ought to get spectacles."

Sophomore: "Why?"

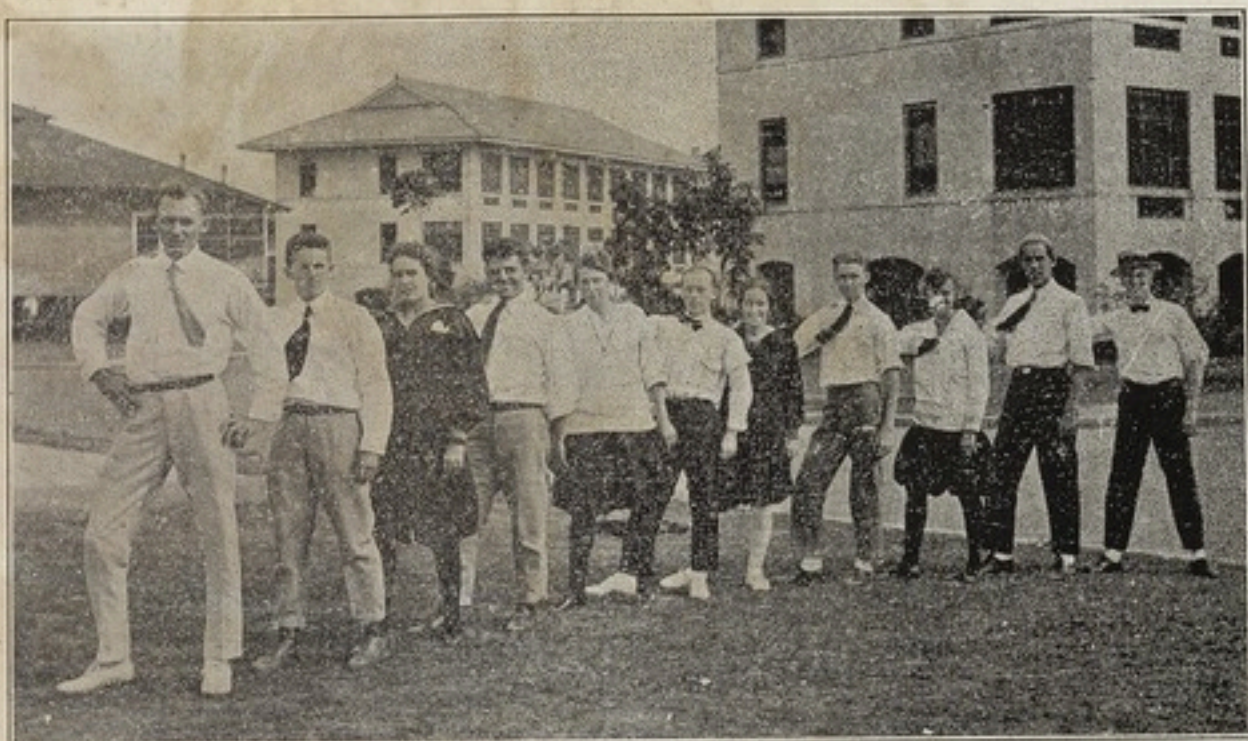
Freshman: "I came into the assembly-room yesterday, and he said 'Where's your hat, little boy?' And there it was on my head all the time!"

Snap



Shots





Alice in Hoover-land

Mae Wynne, '21

"Goodness Gracious, sakes alive" said Alice, as she sat up and sleepily rubbed her eyes; "Goodness Gracious, sakes alive!" she repeated and blinked rapidly. "Where in the world am I?" and she might well ask. She had gone to sleep in her own little bedroom and here she was awake in goodness knows where. There wasn't a single familiar thing in sight except the blue, blue sky and even that, in some subtle, intangible, incomprehensible way, was different.

"Well, you're awake at last; it's about time," said a squeaky little voice. "Don't you know that you must conserve daylight?"

Alice looked about her, seeking the source of this small voice and found it in a smaller man, clad in woven moonbeams (so that he wouldn't have to carry a lamp at night and might thus conserve energy). "Where am I?" she asked again. "You aren't yet, but you will be soon," he replied. "Aren't what and will be what and why?" asked Alice, slightly puzzled. "There, of course," was the answer. "Use your eyes." Alice did and saw before her a signpost bearing this inscription:

TWO MILES TO HOOVERVILLE; WALK
ON YOUR HANDS AND SAVE SHOE
LEATHER.

"But I don't WANT to go," Alice protested. "I want to go home and I can't walk on my hands." "You have to go," was the reply; "and if you can't walk on your hands it's about time you learned. It's very simple," he added in a kinder tone, "but it isn't absolutely necessary yet, so we will proceed at once."

"But why must I go?" she insisted.

"Because," was the impatient retort. "Don't stand there wasting time and energy, but come on." She went.

They had been walking for some time in silence, when Alice timidly ventured to ask, "Isn't it about breakfast time?"

"Breakfast"! cried the little man, seemingly highly delighted, "Breakfast!" he cried again, going off into a gale of laughter. "Don't you know that we breakfast on imagination here?" and he indulged in another spasm of mirth.

"But I don't LIKE imagination," said Alice, "I want some pancakes."

"Pancakes"! he all but shrieked, lifting hands and eyes in saintly horror. Then, "Child, these are war times," he gasped, "DO YOUR BIT."

Alice, deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, wisely refrained from making any remarks for as much as five minutes. Then her curiosity got the better of her. She was becoming quite interested in her strange adventure, and was bubbling over with questions just begging to be asked. On either hand stretched fields covered with—(you couldn't guess in a million years) nettles! This was when Alice's curiosity would not let her refrain from asking their purpose. She received an answer that, under ordinary circumstances would have greatly astonished her.

"You remember," he began, "the fairy story of the girl who wove her wedding dress of nettles? You do? Well, a very learned gentleman, Professor Knowsall, to be exact, has devised a means by which a very creditable yarn can be manufactured from nettles. Soon you will be knitting mufflers from these very nettles, or perhaps socks or wristlets, who knows?"

"Or sweaters," she exclaimed eagerly, "I'm knitting one now."

"Good," he said, "You will make a fine Hooverite."

Alice and her miniature conductor walked on and on and on. Just as Alice was beginning to be sure she could not go another step, they found themselves in the midst of an exceedingly busy scene. The noise of innumerable machines could be heard, and here, there, and everywhere, people were hurrying about in a seemingly aimless, but

no doubt, very efficient manner. Her guide seemed suddenly infused with this restless energy and dragged her along at an enormous rate of speed; answering all her protests with—"We MUST hurry."

"Where are you taking me"? she finally demanded, planting her feet firmly on the ground and jerking her hand from his grasp. "I won't go another step until you tell me."

"To the Sunshine Factory. HURRY," snatching her hand and again dragging her forward.

"Oh!" said Alice. That sounded quite promising and she decided to go. After leading her through several narrow, crooked streets, he called a halt before an unusually tall tower, so tall that it appeared to rock in the faintest breeze. Over the door was a sign, announcing to the world at large that this was the Sunshine Factory. Alice followed her guide through the doorway and found herself before an elevator shaft. While waiting for the elevator she had just enough time to notice that inside and out, the tower was painted a bright, dazzling yellow.

Then they stepped into the elevator and shot skyward at a dizzying rate of speed. The car stopped with a bang and they stepped into a room so large that Alice couldn't see how the slender tower could contain it.

The air was filled with the noise of the machines, which they explained to her, took in the worn-out sunbeams and made them over. It was quite a novel sensation to see the sunbeams going in quite worn and frayed and coming out whole, in long,

thining yellow strings, which were then wound on spools and stored for future use. She learned also that this rejuvenation of sunbeams was another device of the clever brain of the noted Professor Knowsitall, and quite a recent industry.

After this they visited many other places in quick succession, ending with the bakeries where the various war breads were compounded and made, the "Yarn Works" where the nettles and other things were boiled, crushed, combed, dyed and spun into yarn, and the iron foundries. These last were very interesting. Alice saw truck load after truck load of scrap iron and other metals go in, and emerge in new forms, as aeroplanes, Fords, tanks, etc. They were in the iron foundry when the noon whistle blew and all the employees hastened to the lunch room. Alice and her guide accompanied them.

There were long tables provided, and on them, loaves of war bread and bowls of black broth. Alice was standing before one of the tables, expostulating in vain over this Spartan—like fare—when the floor suddenly gave way beneath her and she felt herself hurtling through space. "These war time floors," she muttered and suddenly landed on a very hard one. She opened her eyes which she had convulsively closed when she fell, and looked around her in astonishment. She was in her own room and the sun was streaming through the window. "Oh, Mumsey," she called to her mother who had entered the room, "I hope there are pancakes for breakfast."



A Junior's apology to his girl:
 "If I'da only knowed
 That you'da wanted to went,
 I certainly would'a saw
 That you'da got to get to go."

Miss Burkheiser:—"I wish that janitor would stop ringing that bell. He rings it twice as long as necessary."

Breden:—"Perhaps he needs the exercise."

Miss B:—"Then let him use a dumb-bell."

Courage

David Neville, '20

At an "All right! Go!" a group of about ten boys plunged in with a racing speed and tore the fifty yard length of the pool. When the first arrival pulled himself from the water you realized with a shock that he was lame. His right side was deformed; the shoulder drooped noticeably below the other; the one leg was twisted until the foot pointed directly across his body, and from the shoulder to the edge of the bathing suit under the arm, and from the bottom of the suit to knee, the huge scars gave the impression that they extended from neck to knee. He sat on the edge of the pool while the others raced by him and gleefully scrambled up the fifty foot diving tower.

One boy whom the others addressed as "Cap," paused at his side and said, "Come on, Jim, try it once from the twenty foot board. You'll never learn unless you try."

But Jim wistfully shook his head and answered, "If you're not going to swim any more I think I'll go. I've enough practice for one afternoon." He rose, paused indecisively a moment at the foot of the tower, then turned, and as though he sensed the appraising glances flung after him, passed slowly, and with bent head through the bath-house door to dress.

As he was gathering up his belongings preparatory to leaving, he heard a voice at the door, "I wouldn't trust him in the San Diego meet. It's obvious that he's a quitter, and we can't afford to have him lie down on us in the meet. We'll need every point we can get."

"But he can swim away from any of us."

"Admitted. But he's yellow; he lacks the punch, the go. He carries this sewing party with a rush, but when he strikes the real thing he'll quit. Humph! And he refuses to try to dive."

Jim tiptoed to the far end of the room and walked heavily back. The voices ceased. As he came through the door, "Cap," whom I afterward learned was manager of the "National City Swim-

ming Club," addressed him. "Oh, Jim, tomorrow we're going out to Buena Vista for a bit of practice in open water. The walk will do us good; or, if you wish, come on your horse."

In the bath-house one of the smaller boys whispered, though audibly, in a taunting tone, "Oh, no. There's no place to dive out there."

Jim flushed, and after expressing his consent, hurried home.

The next afternoon he rode out, arriving at the grove on the cliff above the beach, a little before the rest were due. After donning his bathing suit he tethered the horse and strolled over to the cliff side to observe the scenery.

The beach lay in a little cove, and, towering ninety feet above, rose a blank wall of granite. Excepting in one place there was no means of descent. Here, however, a diminutive stream had worn steps, down which it was possible to clamber. On either side headlands jutted into the sea forming a break water about the little beach, and the huge waves of the restless Pacific had undercut their base until a cave had been formed.

Jim walked out on one of the headlands. He held his head just a trifle higher than when in contact with his fellows, and as he drew the keen air into his lungs, his eyes brightened and his drooping shoulder straightened. But when he arrived at the point and looked over he shivered as if with ague, and drawing back, hurried to the grove, where he found the boys had come and were already dressed for swimming.

They started to go down, but "Cap" paused and exclaimed, "I'm not going to walk down!"

"Goin t' slide?" ventured one.

"Why?"

"Jump?" suggested others.

"Well, the last almost hits it," he laughed, "I'm going to dive."

"Dive! dive!" they all chorused. "Are you touched?"

"Who'll go with me?" he questioned.

"I'll look it over," said Mitch, Cap's right hand man, the one who had been so certain of Jim's character. "But don't you think there are rocks below?"

"I know there are not," said Cap. "When I was here before I swam around and looked the ground over. On this side of the point there are twenty feet. It drops off abruptly there."

By this time all had turned and were advancing slowly toward the point. Jim limped behind. It was a terrible dive. He knew that there was a possibility that they would not clear the shelf and also that Cap's confidence and courage exceeded his skill.

He thought of protesting but knew he would be derided and ignored, so kept silent. But a worried look settled on his countenance—"A ninety foot dive—?"

They all stood on the brink. Cap was the only one that was going. He walked to the edge. Silence fell on the group. Cap swung his arm and drawing his lungs full, launched himself into space. Down—down—halfway—. He began to turn. The watchers held their breath. Down—. He would get in safely. Twenty feet from the water a jerk of his body, a twist, and he fell with a crack on his side.

The group broke up. Some ran for the beach, some to procure logs for sustainers. Only one was left on the cliff side. It was Jim. Cap was rising into sight through the clear water, Jim ran back a few paces, turned, and tore for the drop off. Those left within sight stared spell bound. "Was he crazy?" At the edge he jumped, feet first. All rushed back. Jim plunged down. Limbs rigid and under full control, he turned from feet first to horizontal, then with head down he plunged with scarcely a splash.

Cap's body had come to the surface and lay motionless. Jim curved under the water toward

him. He came to the surface. A few strokes and he had him. A few more and a huge roller rushed him toward the rocks. "Ah! A flat dry top just ahead." He elevated Cap's shoulders on his hands, and, as the wave swelled up, flung him on it, where Cap gained consciousness enough to pull himself out of reach of the waves. But Jim was hurled against and under the rock and when finally, tattered, bleeding, and with two broken ribs, he pulled himself on the shore, he fainted.

Shortly after a fishing boat was procured, and, four hours later, as Jim lay on a bed in the hospital, the whole swimming club filed silently into the room. They were awed and shaken by the near tragedy, and it took some time for Jim's light talk to dispel their sober mood, and then it began to look as though Jim were in danger of having his head badly turned by their applause. At last Cap, white and serious faced, but otherwise none the worse for his mishap, pressed forward and took Jim's hand.

"Jim,—Jim," he said and stopped, but it was noticed that he held his place at the head of the bed and the sick boy's hand. Then, rather at a loss, he exclaimed in a light tone, "Well, you'll be out diving with us in a few days now I guess." But Jim's expression saddened wistfully, and he exclaimed, "You fellows have still got me placed wrong. I am afraid to dive. The sight of water below makes me cringe. Once I dived from the scaffolding of a burning lighthouse. My little brother, who was unable to swim, had been driven off before me by the heat and when I plunged down through the dark, I struck a mass of wreckage, maiming myself for life. My brother drowned. I clung to the wreckage until morning and was saved."

He paused and lay back, weak from his exertions, and the boys, at a warning sign from the nurse, pressed his hand in turn and passed quietly from the room.



“Under Fire”

Albert S. Browning, '21

Maybe you have never been shot at by a machine gun. Well, don't be too anxious. Probably you will have a chance at that kind of thing before the war is over, if you are a male of fighting age and are able to carry a gun, etc. I am not going to say anything about the trenches in Europe, but what I am going to say can happen to anybody right here on the Canal Zone. So if you will take my advice, you will read all the official bulletins you see, and read them very carefully and be sure you understand them. I do now.

One afternoon a friend of mine (we'll call him Bill) suggested that we get a canoe and go for a little cruise about the Canal. Neither of us owned such a thing as a boat, in any shape or form, but Bill said he knew of a canoe he thought he could borrow for the day, so I made and seconded the motion that Bill be elected as a committee to attend to the borrowing of the canoe. The next day Bill informed me that he had been successful and that we could have the canoe for Sunday. The question now arose as to where we should go. Bill said he knew of a place called Palo Seco, where the leper asylum is, which is not very far from the Balboa Yacht Club. Although Palo Seco is not within sight of the Yacht Club, on account of being on a point which is on the opposite side of the Canal, it is not a very great distance from the Yacht Club. Bill said there was a good bathing beach there and some native huts where we could buy some fruit in case we got hungry. Well, Palo Seco sounded good to me and as I had been on the Canal Zone a very short time and knew of no better place, I seconded the motion that we go there.

Sunday morning I got up about six o'clock and went down to the Y. M. C. A., where I met Bill, and we started out with great expectations of a day of adventure. From the Y. M. C. A. we walked over to the Yacht Club where the canoe was kept. On arriving at the Yacht Club, an-

other trouble confronted us. Bill had forgotten to ask where this particular canoe was kept and what the name of it was, and the keeper who was a new man didn't know any more about it than we did. But after discussing the question for about fifteen minutes we finally decided upon a nice looking one with no name. We then put on our bathing suits, which we deemed most suitable for such an occasion, and went out. We had some little trouble getting the canoe launched on account of the tide's being low, but before very long we were skimming over the water at a great rate.

In order to reach Palo Seco it was necessary to go around a point or small peninsula, so we immediately set out in that direction. We had not gone very far before we came to what looked like a bunch of large logs chained together and stretched across the Canal. Neither of us knew what they were, so we just slid over them and started on, but we hadn't gone more than a few feet when there was a crack! and a bullet hit the water just a few feet in front of us. We both thought it was some one shooting on land and a stray bullet had come our way, so we called it a narrow escape and were about to resume our rowing, when there came crack! crack! crack! and a siss-siss-siss and three more bullets hit the water along side of us. I saw Bill turn white and almost drop his paddle and I guess I did the same, but neither of us made any attempt to go one way or the other; we just sat there and every time we heard a report we ducked until we heard or saw the bullet hit the water.

After sitting there in that stupefied manner for about two or three minutes, with "the bullets kickin' dust spots on the green" as Kipling says, only in this case it was kickin' splashes in the Canal, we came to our senses and decided that we had better go back to where we had come from. After a lot of "lost motion" trying to paddle, Bill paddling one way and I the other, we at last

succeeded in getting back over this bunch of logs that were stretched across the Canal, and as soon as we had done this the firing immediately stopped. I breathed a prayer of thanks and guess Bill did the same, although he didn't say so.

As it was only about eight thirty then, and as we had borrowed the canoe for the day, we didn't feel like letting this spoil our fun, so we decided to go to Far Fan beach, which is just across from the Yacht Club, as some one seemed to have a grudge against our going to Palo Seco. On the way to Far Fan we saw two soldiers on shore and they seemed to be calling us so we went over towards them. I don't know how Bill felt but for my part I could see myself behind the bars, and I thought that these soldiers were the ones that were going to capture us. But I was very much relieved to find that they only wanted us to do them the small favor of carrying them to their boat which was a small distance from the shore. They had been hunting and had left their boat on the beach but in the meantime the tide had risen and their boat had gotten beyond their reach. After carrying them to their boat we again wended our way Far Fan-ward. On arriving at Far Fan we met another bunch of soldiers, and we got frightened, but these were only out for a good time, so after telling them of our adventure we went in bathing. We bathed for a while and then decided we would go up Far Fan River, which is a little river that runs into the Canal at this point.

Just as we started up the river we heard another rifle report and on turning around we saw a launch coming up behind us with a lieutenant and about six soldiers in it. The officer motioned to us to come to him, which we did, and on coming up to his launch he asked us, "Are you the fellows that jumped the nets?"

"Yes sir," said Eill, but I don't think he knew whether we had jumped the nets or not, but I guess it was his guilty conscience that told him "yes."

"Follow me," said the officer and he threw out a rope and tied us on behind. We rode in this manner for what seemed hours, but I guess it was only a few minutes, until we came to Naos

Island. On arriving there, the officer said to two of the soldiers, "Take the prisoners up to the brig and keep them there until further notice."

We crawled out of the canoe and were escorted to the "brig" by the soldiers. I guess we presented "some" aspect, limping over the stones in our bare feet and bathing suits, but it couldn't be helped. The brig was a good deal better than the hot sun though, so we sat down on a cot to await development, or further notice, as the officer expressed it. I don't remember one word's passing between Bill and me from the time we were taken prisoners until we were tried. I say tried, but it was not exactly what you might call a trial. The commanding officer of the Canal Zone and a Canal Zone policeman came out to the island and we had an interview with them.

The commanding officer asked if we knew what we were arrested for, and we replied, "We do not."

"You are arrested," he said, "for crossing the submarine nets without permission or notifying us of your intentions to do so. What have you to say for yourselves?"

"We were on our way to Palo Seco," I replied, "and when we came to these nets, not knowing what they were we went over them."

"You can read, can't you?" said the policeman.

"Yes," said I.

"Don't you ever read the official bulletins?" he said, "There are bulletins everywhere warning people against crossing these nets without permission."

We said, "We have seen none."

"When you cross those nets," said the officer, "you are in the restricted area, and we have a perfect right to shoot you. Had it been night or evening instead of day we would have shot to hit, but we knew that we could catch you so the man at the machine gun was ordered to shoot to scare (which he did), and not to hit."

The policeman said, "You see how near you came to being shot," and Bill and I answered very weakly, "Yes sir."

The officer said he didn't think we did it in

tentionally so after taking our names, addresses and a few other things he gave us our canoe and told us we could go home. We were very thankful, and said so, but the policeman didn't seem to

be. He said, "If it were me I would not let you off so easy."

But as it was not the policeman we got into our canoe and rowed homeward.

His Natural Mistake

Maria Heunsecker, '20

It was a mistake long remembered by the crowd. Eeny-Meeny was our wooden Indian girl that we had found on the island and had named her Eeny-Meeny on account of her up-lifted hand and her pointing finger.

"Wouldn't it be nice to put her in a canoe filled with flowers and send her over the falls of St. Pierre River like the Legend of Niagara?" suggested one of the group as we were talking about Eeny-Meeny.

"How could we get Eeny-Meeny and the canoe out again? They would be dashed in pieces on the rocks," cried another.

"No! There isn't a particle of danger of dashing the boat in pieces, because there aren't any rocks below the falls, and even if Eeny-Meeny does fall out *en route*, we can fish her out again and drain her off."

In the soft glow of the sunset the great tragedy took place. We sat around on the river banks and cheered the canoe as it appeared above the falls filled with pine branches on which reposed the lovely form of Eeny-Meeny, her brows crowned with wreaths and a flowering branch in her outstretched hand. With increasing swiftness the canoe approached the falls, poised on the brink a moment, then tilted forward and shot downward, turning over and over and spilling Eeny-Meeny and her piney bed into the river.

Just at that moment, with a suddenness which took our breath away, a man appeared on the river bank, coming apparently from the woods, and cried loudly, "Be calm! I will save her!" and flinging his coat off he sprang into the water before anyone could say Jack Robinson. He swam out to the form bobbing in the current, her arm thrown up as if for help; grasped that arm

and then uttered a long, choking sputter, shoved Eeny-Meeny violently away from him and swam back to shore. We made valiant attempts not to laugh when he crawled out on the bank, dripping and disgusted.

From his appearance, he was an Englishman. He was dressed in a sort of golfing suit, with short baggy trousers and long, checked stockings. He had sandy whiskers which were dripping water in a stream. Such a ludicrous sight he was as he stood there, with his once natty suit all limp and clinging, that one by one we dissolved into helpless giggles. Uncle Don, the chief of the tribe, managed to hold on to his composure long enough to explain how it happened that Eeny-Meeny went over the falls in such a spectacular manner. The Englishman stared open-mouthed.

"Well, really!" he drawled at last in voice which expressed doubt as to our sanity, and the few who had maintained straight faces so far lost control of themselves.

He explained that two of them were on a walking trip and while his friend was cooking supper, he had strolled off and had come through the woods just in time to see Eeny-Meeny go over the falls, and as it was growing dark he had mistaken her for a real person.

"Oh, I say," he called back after he had started to take his departure, "if you should happen to run into my friend anywhere would you be so kind as not to mention this-er-mistake of mine? He is somewhat of a joker and I am afraid he would repeat the story where it would cause me some embarrassment." And he solemnly withdrew, leaving us to indulge our mirth to our heart's content.

Exchanges.



The Exchange department has had a very successful year. There have been about fifty exchanges, which have been received and read with pleasure. The general tone of all the exchanges is patriotic, many war stories and poems being prominent, and almost every issue speaks, in its school notes, of the many men and woman following the colors. Nearly every school is doing patriotic Red Cross work to a surprising degree.

This is the age for patriotism and that is what will keep us from failing Uncle Sam.

Two of the papers had stories about Panama and we noticed with interest who wrote them. We feel, however, impelled to say that the Canal Zone in those days was very different from what is is now. George Udry is still remembered here, and we were glad to learn of his whereabouts.

AS SEEN BY US.

Oak Hall Topics:

St. Paul, Minn.

Oak Hall Topics is one of our best exchanges. Fine cuts, interesting stories and every department well represented. Your paper shows the school spirit and life. Your cover designs are good.

The Dalhi:

Dallas, Texas

You have a good paper and we have enjoyed your company. All the departments are well represented and well written up. But where is your Exchange Department?



The Clarion: East Hartford, Conn.

The Clarion is a well arranged paper. You have a large Clarion board. Can't you cause some excitement and put some 'pep' into your paper?

The Hour Glass.

The stories and jokes are good. The cuts could be better.

The Midway: Chicago, Ill.

Fine stories, but they overshadow your other departments.

Purple and Gold: Franklin, Ky.

Your editorials are strong and just what we all need. You have enviable school spirit. Cuts would improve your paper.

The Tusconian.

This is one of our best exchanges. It is complete

in every detail and has several new points that are interesting. We enjoy your snap-shots and your well written stories.

The Oracle: Des Moines, Iowa.

A fine little paper. The organizations are well written up and you have a patriotic school. The poetry is good.

John Marshall Record: Richmond, Va

You have several new points in your magazine that are interesting and instructive. Your jokes, though numerous, could be better.

The Sentinel: Leisenring, Pa.

We like your paper. You certainly have a patriotic air in it. Your cover designs deserve praise.

AS SEEN BY YOU.

John Marshall Record: Richmond, Va.

We are delighted to receive a magazine from the far away Panama, Canal Zone. The Zonian, which is one of our best exchanges, is carefully edited and attractively gotten up. We are very much pleased to find such a number of interesting stories. The pictures add a great deal to the magazine, but we would suggest that a few drawings would improve it still more.

The Student: Covington, Ky.

The Zonian. Your material is unusually good and well arranged from cover to cover.

The Samborn Echo: Kingston, N. H.

The Zonian. You have a fine paper, especially the Exchange Department.

Oak Hall Topics: St. Paul, Minn.

"Le Jardin" is very original and shows literary talent.

The Lyceum: Chillicothe, Ohio

Your literary department is quite extensive and instructive, as well as entertaining.

The Easterner: Washington, D.C.

The literature in your magazine has great merit and originality. We have enjoyed reading the whole magazine, especially the poem entitled "The Wind" We don't often find such a well written piece of poetry.

The Oracle: Petersburg, Va.

The Zonian appears and tells us interesting summer stories.

The Missile: Petersburg, Va.

The photographs in your magazine are very attractive, but why not have a few artistic cuts? Otherwise the paper is one of our best exchanges, containing altogether, the best assortment of well written stories.

We acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of the following Exchanges:

The Oracle, Duval High School, Jacksonville, Florida.

The John Marshall Record, John Marshall High School, Richmond, Virginia.

The Spectator, Trenton Senior High School, Trenton, New Jersey.

The Rutherfordian, Rutherford High School, Rutherford, New Jersey.

The Tiger, Kewanee High School, Kewanee, Kansas.

The Dalhi Journal, Bryan Street High School, Dallas, Texas.

The Midway, University High School, Chicago, Illinois.

The Student, Covington High School, Covington, Kentucky.

Insight, Hartford High School, Hartford City, Indiana.

The Signal, Sisterville High School, Sisterville.

The Review, Lowell High School, Lowell, Massachusetts.

The Blue and Gold, Marist College, Atlanta, Georgia.

The High School Herald, Westfield High School, Westfield, Massachusetts.

The Sanborn Echo, Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, New Hampshire.

The Kentucky Kern'l, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky.

The Mirror, Pratt, Kansas.

High School Gazette, Charleston High School, Charleston, South Carolina.

The Distaff, Girls' High School, Ecstun, Massachusetts.

The Micrometer, Ohio Mechanics School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Lyceum, Chillicothe High School, Chillicothe, Ohio.

The Headlight, Garfield Junior High School, Richmond, Indiana.

The Reflector, Jackson High School, Jackson, Michigan.

The Student, Covington High School, Covington, Kentucky.

The Folio, Jordan High School, Lewiston, Maine.

Purple and Gold, Franklin High School, Franklin, Kentucky.

Powder Horn, Powder Point School for Boys, Duxbury, Massachusetts.

The Clarion, West Hartford High, West Hartford, Connecticut.

Hour Glass, Ashland Kentucky High School, Ashland, Kentucky.

The High School News, Mount Sterling High School, Mount Sterling, Kentucky.

The Sentinel, Dunbar Township High School, Leisenring, Pennsylvania.

Oak Hall Tropics, Mrs. Backus School for Girls, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Commerce Life, High School of Commerce, Columbus, Ohio.

The Easterner, Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.

The Gleeman, Bellevue High School, Bellevue, Pennsylvania.

The Vidette, High School, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The Acorn, Oak Cliff High School.

The Criterion, Bridgeport High School, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The Lincolnian, Lincoln High School, Tacoma, Washington.

The Nor'easter, Northeast High School, Kansas City, Missouri.

Abserner, Dobbs Ferry High School, Dobbs Ferry, New York.

The Missile, Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Virginia.

Canton High School Monthly, Canton High School, Canton, Ohio.

The Black and Gold, McKinley High School, Honolulu, Hawaii.

The Argonaut, Mansfield High, Mansfield, Massachusetts.

The Stampede, Havre High, Havre, Montana.



Social Notes

SENIOR PARTY.

The evening of December 22 will long be remembered by all of the class of '18 as one of the most enjoyable of their Senior year. That evening the first party of the Senior class, which was also the first party in the new building, was held. The Senior class of Cristobal High School were guests. All were in a holiday spirit and both balconies of the new High School building presented a gay scene. Dancing and games were enjoyed on the lower balcony which was beautifully decorated with palms and crepe paper in the class colors, purple and gold. In the latter part of the evening there was a grand march ending on the upper balcony bedecked in the Christmas red and green. Here refreshments were served. Much merriment was caused by the presence of some mistletoe, brought in by one of the boys. The patrons and patronesses for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Miss Frost, Mrs. Owens, Mrs. Macfarlane, and Mr. Boss.

Senior Valentine Party.

For over a week a Senior boy had not been able to stir without encountering a group of Senior girls with their heads close together in a whispered consultation which immediately ceased when he appeared. Then one day each Senior boy received an invitation from his Valentine, asking him to be true and meet at the "Y," February 15, at 7:30 P. M. The Senior boys, always a true-blue bunch, met and were escorted to the home of Lois Green where a Valentine party had been arranged for. The living and dining room were both beautifully decorated with crepe paper and cupids. Appropriate games were played; Valentine poems written, and pictures of your "heart's desire" drawn. Dancing was also enjoyed. Later all joined in a grand march, ending in the dining room where refreshments were served. Toasts were given by Mr. Manning, Dorothea Westburg, Gift Shady, and Stephens Engelke. A "round table" talk

followed, in which the ambitions of the class of '18 were revealed.

Mustache Club Party.

"Oh where, oh where are our mustaches gone? Oh where, oh where can they be?"—So sang the boys of the Mustache Club the evening of March 16. But not until the girls had passed judgment and Stephens Engelke's had been voted the most successful attempt. This happened at the school building. Then at about 7:30, all, about forty, clambered into an immense truck and were off for a delightful hay-ride to Old Panama and Bella Vista. At Bella Vista, the girls produced picnic lunches and, altho some cookies and bananas were rather the worse for being sat on, the lunches were much enjoyed. There was some dancing in the pavilion, and then there was a grand rush for seats in the truck and off again we gaily started; but this time towards Balboa. Miss Gallup, Miss Frost, Miss Ellis, and Mr. Boss were excellent chaperones.

High School Carnival

"Right this way, ladies and gentlemen! Vaudeville now starting!"

"Step right this way! Greatest wonder in the world, Zimbo, the wild!"

Such were the cries heard above the buzz of the great crowd present at the High School Carnival on February 8. The entire building presented a gay scene that evening, with its decorations of palms, flowers, flags, colored streamers, and bright lights. And the gayety was duplicated in the ever-increasing crowd of old and young, thronging from one room to the other. The vaudeville was extremely popular. To accommodate everyone, three shows were necessary. The dance, held on the lower open porch, was very popular with the young folks. Among the most successful booths were the "Camouflage Museum," the "Niger-baby" booth, and the "Mechanical Dolls." There was also the fortune

teller in her gypsy costume to foretell happy fortunes for all. Then after visiting the booths, each must needs stop for refreshment at the ice cream parlor, a truly tropical bower. And all evening, much amusement was afforded by posters such as "No Drinking Aloud" in the tea booth, and "Penalty for Stepping on Toes" where dancing was going on. The carnival was also very successful financially. Part of the proceeds is to be used to buy Victrola records and books; but the greater part of the money goes into the piano fund. It is expected that a new piano will be in the building when school opens next fall.

Sophomore Class Party.

The Sophomores held a class party at the Balboa School Friday evening, April, 5 with about thirty members present. During the first part of the evening, games were played, in which all joined and had a good time. After fruit punch was served, the members proceeded to the open porch where dancing was enjoyed. Later, ice-cream and cake appeared and also disappeared very rapidly. The party broke up in time for some of the members to catch the ten-forty train, but many stayed until later. When they finally left, they could truthfully say "we had a lovely time" and thank Miss Hill for chaperoning them so nicely.

Junior Trip to Arraijan.

The Juniors, while maybe not as active, socially, as other classes, nevertheless have had many jolly good times. The first Junior "affair" was a hike to Arraijan, a native village about eight miles back from the northern side of the canal. With Mrs. Dwelle as chaperone, the class left the Balboa Docks about six o'clock, crossed the canal in a small launch and "struck" the trail for

Arraijan. In spite of the intense heat, all were alive enough to eat a big lunch when they arrived. The class loitered about the village, watching the natives for awhile; then started for "Home Sweet Home" which was about eight miles away. The returning was not so joyful as the going. Nevertheless, it was a happy crowd of sun-burnt boys and girls that reached the docks at sunset. Most of the class survived well enough to attend the dance that night.

Junior Class Party.

Some weeks after the Arraijan Hike, the Juniors introduced skating into the High School. At about eight thirty, the whole building resounded with the merry click of the skates on the concrete of the upper floor. Later in the evening, when the skaters became tired of their sport, they abandoned their skates and spent the time in dancing and games. Refreshments were served at ten o'clock, after which there were several peanut races on skates. The Juniors had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Manning and their class adviser, Miss Gallup.

Junior Red Cross Dance.

Friday evening, April 19, the Junior class gave a Junior Red Cross dance at the High School. A very large crowd attended. The upper balcony was decorated with signal flags which were uniquely arranged to spell "Junior." A large Red Cross flag waved from the flag pole and large American flags were also in evidence. The music for the eighteen dances and two extras was furnished by the Fort Amador orchestra. On the lower floor, ice-cream cones and punch were sold by the mothers of the Junior girls. Every one had a delightful time. The affair was also successful financially.





Girl's Athletics



The enthusiasm of the High School for girls' athletics and aquatics has increased wonderfully in the past year. It might be of interest to know that a pupil must be able to swim before he will be allowed to graduate.

Just as soon as we were settled in the new school, gymnasium classes were organized, and each class elected a class captain, who was to act as captain of all the athletics for his class: Seniors, Dorothea Westberg; Juniors, Margaret Campbell; Sophomores, Jane Calvit; Freshmen, Julia Jackson. The girls had an average attend-

ance of thirty-five, which is considered a large class here on the Isthmus.

First we had calisthenics and folk dances, then games, such as volley-ball, basket-ball, and indoor base-ball. A basket-ball league was organized which consists of a team from each class.

The Seniors, the winners of the league, had a fast and reliable team. Most of the girls on this team, having played together for two or more years, developed much better team-work than the others.

The Juniors and the Sophomores were quite evenly matched, both having very fast teams. In their last game they fought very hard for second place, but the Sophomores won by one point. In the first half of the game the score was two to nothing in favor of the Juniors, but the Sophomores soon picked up and at the last moment made a field goal which put them one point ahead—score eight to seven. The hardest games the Seniors played were the games they played with the Sophomores, who are agile and alert. The Sophomores have shown so much skill that it is more than probable that they will take all the girls' Basket-Ball honors during their remaining years in high school.

Although they lost every game, the Freshmen played very hard and deserve a great deal of credit. They also showed some of the older teams what good sportmanship is. Owing to half of their teams being out on account of measles, the regularly scheduled game with the Juniors could not be played, so that the Juniors won it by forfeit. With an opportunity to play the Juniors with their team intact, the results might have been different.

Water-polo is another popular amusement enjoyed by the pupils of the High School. One team was formed by the High School girls who won from all the women's teams they played. Some of their opponents failed to show up, apparently on account of fear. This shows the progress of the Balboa High School Girls.

The annual Athletic Meet was held on the 16th and the 23d of March; the Aquatic Meet on the 13th of the following month. The Seniors walked away with the honors of the Athletic Meet, while the Freshmen did the same in the Aquatic meet. In athletics the Seniors won 100 points, the Juniors 6, Sophomores 32½, Freshmen 32½. Aquatics: Seniors 41 points, Juniors 71, Sophomores 14, and the Freshmen 90. Classes were much better represented this year than they were at the last meet. The Junior girls didn't go in very much for athletics.

The Senior Girls, wishing to test their endurance, decided to hike across the Isthmus. When they heard that some of the boys were going to do the

same thing they were all the more determined. Well they did it. Their motto is: DO OR DIE!

They left Balboa at 3:20 A. M. on the 27th of March and arrived at Cristobal at 11:59 A. M. the 28th of March, the actual walking time was 19½ hours. The trip would have seemed very long but for the consoling phrase of Mr. Attaway, the physical director, "Just around the bend, girls." They walked the track and it seemed that each station was around the bend. Now that they, Ruth Farrell, Beatrice Clawson, Lois Greene and Dorothea Westberg, have accomplished this feat, they defy anyone to say that high school girls can't hike. It was only forty-six or forty-seven miles.

One of the Senior Girls recently won the Championship, in the Ladies' Tennis Tournament.

Following are the different winners in the Athletic Meet:

75 YD. DASH.

1. Lois Greene, Senior.
2. Ethel Getman, Freshman.
3. Beatrice Clawson, Senior.
4. Ruth Farrell, Senior.

100 YD. DASH.

1. Louise Dexter, Senior.
2. Lois Greene, Senior.
3. Beatrice Clawson, Senior.
4. Ruth Farrell, Senior.

POTATO RACE.

1. Ethel Getman, Freshman.
2. Marie McMahan, Freshman.
3. Marian Byrne, Freshman.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

1. Louise Dexter, Senior.
2. Lois Greene, Senior.
3. Ruth Farrell, Senior.

RELAY.

Seniors First.
Freshmen Second.
Sophomores Third.

THREE LEGGED RACE.

1. Marian Byrne and Ethel Getman, Freshmen.
2. Beatrice Clawson and Ruth Farrell, Seniors.
3. Lois Greene and Dorothea Westberg, Seniors.

Winners in the Aquatic Meet:

FANCY DIVING.

1. Margaret Campbell, Junior.
2. Dorothy Browning, Junior.
3. Cornelia Van Hardevelt and Ethel Getman (tie), Freshmen.

100 YD. SWIM.

1. Dorothy Browning, Junior. Time 1.27.
2. Lois Greene, Senior.
3. Ethel Getman, Freshman.

PLUNGE FOR DISTANCE.

1. Dorothy Browning, Junior. 48 feet.
2. Lois Greene, Senior.
3. Margaret Campbell, Junior.

22 YY. BACK STROKE.

1. E. Getman, 21 sec.
2. M. McMahan.
3. M. Campbell.

22 YD. SWIM.

1. D. Browning, 13 sec.
2. L. Greene.
3. E. Getman.

42 YD. SWIM.

1. D. Browning.
2. M. Campbell.
3. E. Getman.

FINAL STANDING OF THE TEAMS.

	G	W	L	Av.
Seniors.....	6	6	0	1000
Sophomores.....	7	4	3	571
Juniors.....	7	3	4	429
Freshmen.....	6	0	6	000



Boys' Athletics



This has been the High School's most successful year in Athletics. The sports have been more varied and the students are beginning to show signs of an awakening school spirit, the most essential part in school activities, and which has been sadly lacking heretofore. Besides baseball, basketball, and indoor baseball, we have taken up water-polo, track work, hand ball, and hiking. Outside of school our High School athletes have successfully competed against the best on the Isthmus in every branch of sport.

BASKET BALL.

Basket Ball is fast becoming the principal sport in the High School. More interest has been shown

in the inter-class games this year than ever before. The most encouraging feature was the crowd of rooters, who attended each game. The teams were evenly matched and played fast and clean games.

The High School team played only two games this year, both with fast team of the Panama National Institute. The Institute team is yet to be defeated. They have met and conquered some of the fastest teams on the Zone and in Panama. Both games were played at the Institute. In the first game they played us on our feet, and ran up a score of 47 to 20. The second was fast and exciting from beginning to end, and the Institute boys had to extend themselves to the limit to win. They finally pulled thru to the tune of 41 to 31. Mr. Dwelle of Ancon Y. M. C. A. officiated as referee in both games. The following are members of the High School team: M. Golden, R. Brumby, C. Davis, C. Hussey, J. Kuller, W. Christian, J. Miller, G. Winkvist, C. Watson, and S. Engelke.

INTER-CLASS GAMES.

The Freshies started the series by easily winning from the Juniors. The Juniors were badly handicapped on account of just having five men, two of whom are new at the game. They fought it out gamely and put up a hard battle. Score, 18-10. Line-ups: Freshmen—Bramley, Brownell, 1; Heald, c; Copeland, Miller, g; Juniors—Golden, Palmer, f; Kerr, c; Watson, Hutchings, g.

SENIORS 35—SOPHS 26.

The Seniors and Sophs hooked up in the second game of the series. The Seniors had things their own way the first half and managed to score enough points to take things easy the second half. The Sophs began scoring heavily in the last quarter and threw a score into their rivals. Christian of the Sophs, shot 9 foul goals, 7 of which were made in the second half. Field goals—Christian, 9;

Kuller, 2; Neville, 1; Davis, 7; Engelke, 6; Winquist, 4; Fouls—Kuller, 2; Engelke, 1; Referee—Mr. Scott.

SENIORS 31—FRESHMEN 16.

In one of the hardest fought games of the series the Seniors triumphed over the Freshies. It was anybody's game up to the last quarter, when the fast pace began to tell on the Freshies. Both teams were tied for first place in the league and the rooters of both teams filled the Y. M. C. A. Team work and under-hand passing won for the Seniors. Field goals—Engelke 4, Davis, 5; Winquist, 3; Hussey 1, Brumby, 2; Holt, 2; Copeland, 1; Miller, 1. Fouls—Engelke, 5; Copeland, 3; Brumby 1.

JUNIORS DEFEAT THE SOPHS. 18—12.

The Juniors won their last and only game of the series from the Sophs. Golden and Watson starred for the Juniors. Christian was among the absent ones, which weakened the Sophomores considerably. Line-ups: Juniors—Golden, Palmer, f; Kerr, c; Watson, Hutchings, g; Sophomores—MacMahon, Kuller, f; Donald, c; Manassa, sa; Jackson, g.

SOPHOMORES 28—SENIORS 27.

Before a small crowd of rooters, the Sophs. avenged themselves on the Seniors for their last defeat and broke their record of three straight wins. The Seniors did not wake up until the last two minutes of play, but it was too late. The pass work of MacMahon, and Christian's shooting featured. Field Goals—MacMahon, 4; Christian, 8; Jackson, 1; Davis, 4; Engelke, 2; Winquist, 6; Hussey, 1. Fouls—Christian, 2; Winquist, 1.

FRESHMEN DEFEAT SENIORS AND TIE FOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The unexpected happened! The Freshies defeated the Seniors in the last game of the series and by doing so, tied them for the lead. Seniors took the lead and held it until the last quarter, when the Freshies forged ahead in a whirlwind finish and nosed them out by two baskets. The game was hard fought and very exciting. The score was tied in the last quarter and it took fully five minutes before the Freshies made a basket. Score, 25—21.

FRESHIES WIN CHAMPIONSHIP.

Before the largest crowd of the season, the Freshies defeated the Seniors in the play-off of the tie for the inter-class Championship 33-19. The Seniors were completely outclassed. They put a hard fight, however, and kept after their opponents until the final whistle sounded. The big three, Miller, Brumby, and Copeland did the heavy work for the Freshies. Miller especially covered himself with glory. Time after time he broke up the Senior's pass work and took the ball down the floor under his own basket. The game was played at a terrific pace and was a little rough at times. The Seniors doff their hats to the cleanest, and best sports in the High School. Line-ups—Freshies, Brumby, Brownell, f; Jackson, c; Miller, Copeland g; Seniors—Davis, Engelke, f; Winquist, c; Hussey, Wickham, g; Field Goals—Brumby, 8; Brownell, 3; Jackson, 2; Miller, 3; Engelke, 4; Davis, 2; Winquist, 3. Fouls—Engelke, 1; Copeland, 1.

HIGH SCHOOL TRACK MEET. MARCH 15.

The High School held their annual track and field meet on March 15 at the Stadium. The Senior Class covered themselves with glory and won the meet easily. The Seniors scored 100 points; the Sophomores and Freshmen tied with 32½ each and the Juniors scored 6. Davis, Weiss and Christian made the largest individual scores.

RESULTS. BOYS OVER 120 LBS.

100 yd. Dash—(1) C. Weiss; (2) G. Winquist; (3) C. Davis.

220 yd. Dash—(1) C. Davis; (2) G. Winquist; (3) H. Manassa.

12 lb. Shot-put—(1) Weiss, 31 feet 10 inches; (2) Davis, 30 feet 6 inches; (3) Winquist, 28 feet 8 inches.

440 yd. Dash—(1) Davis; (2) Brumby; (3) W. Jordan.

Low Hurdles—(1) Davis; (2) Weiss; (3) Brumby.

BOYS—120 LBS. AND UNDER.

12 lbs. Shot-put—(1) J. Miller; (2) M. Golden; (3) R. Getman.

Low Hurdles—(1) Christian; (2) M. Golden; (3) F. MacMahon.

75 yd. Dash—(1) Christian; (2) C. Hussey; (3) S. Engelke.

220 yd. Dash—(1) Christian (2) Golden; (3) Engelke.

OPEN EVENTS.

Potato Race—(1) Christian; (2) Winquist; (3) C. Clarity.

Three legged Race—(1) Jordan—MacMahon; (2) Weiss —Davis; (3) Getman—Conger.

Running Broad Jump—(1) Davis, 18 feet, 11½ inches; (2) Engelke, 17 feet 7 inches; (3) Jordan, 15 feet 11 inches.

Relay Race—(1) Seniors; (2) Freshmen; (3) Sophomores; (4) Juniors.

Running High Jump—(1) Engelke, 4 feet, 10 inches; (2) Weiss, 4 feet, 8 inches; (3) Miller, 4 feet, 7 inches.

Individual Points, over 120 lbs—(1) Davis, 26; (2) Weiss, 18; (3) Winquist, 10.

120 lbs and under—(1) Christian, 20; (2) Engelke, 11½; (3) MacMahon, 6.

WATER SPORTS.

Much interest has been shown in water sports this year, especially in water polo. The High School team composed of Weaver (Capt.), Brady, Kerr, Jordan, Capwell, Neville, Knapp, and Winquist have defeated many of the best teams on the Zone and those of our warships which have stopped in port. Much credit for their good show-

ing is due to the untiring coaching of Mr. H. Greiser of the Balboa Y. M. C. A.

SWIMMING MEET APRIL 13, 1918.

The swimming meet came off in great style. It was the Freshmen who won everything this time. The surprise of the meet was the good showing made by Theodore Knapp. He won the 440 yd. swim against such swimmers as Kerr and Brady. He also scored the most points. The best point makers of the meet were Knapp 27; Kerr 24¼; Capwell, 23; Weaver 20½ and Brady, 18. The Freshmen won the 168 yd. relay in 1 min. 9 4-5 sec.; (2) Seniors (3) Sophomores; (4) Juniors. Points by classes. Freshmen 88; Juniors, 66; Seniors, 41; Sophomores, 14.

BASEBALL.

The prospects for the baseball team were not very bright this year with Moore, Green, Roberts and Mettke gone but some good material was discovered in the Freshmen class. Bob Penman, our star pitcher, went to join his family in Chile before the season started and that left our pitching staff crippled. Nevertheless we had a fairly good season winning 3 out of 8 games and tying one. The following make up the High School Team Christian (Capt.), MacMahon, Davis, Golden (Mgr.), Winquist, Copeland, Brumby, Wilcox, Jackson, Engelke.



Alumni Notes

As this is the first year that the "Zonian" has had an Alumni Department, there are several graduates whose complete addresses we have been unable to find. It would be appreciated if all would communicate with us from time to time so that in the future we may be able to make this department both correct and interesting.

Our first graduate, Miss Maria Elise Johnson, made quite a name for herself in violin recitals. She has played with much success at Cincinnati and New York, and has been pronounced by Maude Powell to have a great future in store for her. At present she is studying in the studio of Ovid Musin at New York.

The following is the list of the graduates of the Balboa High School with their addresses as far as we have been able to ascertain:

1911.

Maria Elise Johnson—West Palm Beach, Florida.

Marguerite Stevens—Balboa, C. Z.

1912.

Edith Stevens—Balboa, C. Z.

Ruth Hackenburg Dwell—Ancon, C. Z.

Helen Michel—Ohio.

Katherine Francis Farmer—Bocas del Toro, R. de P.

Myrtle Lindersmith.

1913.

Corine Browning Alley—1566 Moreland Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Emma Stubner—Ohio State University.

Emanuel Perry.

Fred Barber.

Adeline Babitt—Meriden, Conn.

Helen Calkins—Sherman St., Morris Park, L.I.

Arthur Howard—Balboa, C. Z.

1914.

Marion Blake—Rockliff, Ky.

Joe Udry—Kentucky.

William Fraser—5645 2nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn Polytech.

Dorothy Magnuson Hamlin—Balboa, C. Z.

Blossom Compton—Momrett Hall, Delaware, Ohio.

Eva Swineheart—Berlin, Wis.

James Loulan—Washington, D. C.

Miriam Stevens Baumen—Cristobal, C. Z.

Eleanor Comber—University of Mich., 814 Coley Ave., Columbia, Mo.

1915.

Richard Hunter—Deceased.

Paul Warner—Box 115, Hyattsville, Md.

Lewis Moore—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

Fred Whiston—School of Mines, El Paso, Texas

Andrew Fraser—5645 2nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Brooklyn Polytechnic.

John Loulan—Deceased.

Ethel Gowan—Balboa, C. Z.

Franke Reisner Meroney—825 East Lincoln St., Hoopston, Ill.

Dorothy Wonson—Boston, Mass.

Esther Francis—924 Beach St., St. Paul, Minn.

Josephine Prochaska—1019 E. 40th St., Los Angeles, California.

1916.

Leslie Jennings Appleton—Cristobal, C. Z.

Elizabeth Porter Ash—Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

John Jewsbury Bradley, Jr.—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Gabrielle Frances Butler—Ancon, C. Z.

Ord Garishe Chrisman—University of Idaho.

Richard John Dorson—Balboa, C. Z.

Ave Maria Agnes Doyle—Cristobal, C. Z.

Sara Elizabeth Harrison—Goucher College, Baltimore, Md.

Catherine Neville Hinton—Richmond, Va.

Marie Elizabeth Holland—Ancon, C. Z.

Francis Edwin Holleran, Jr.—Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

Phyllis Aline Kelly—Paraiso, C. Z.

George Dewey Mitten—Purdue University, 328 Lutz Ave., Lafayette, Ind.

James Youmans Smith—172-1 N. 4th St., Ohio State University, Athens, Ohio.

William Hartman Stevens—2209 16th St., Troy, N. Y. Rensselaer Polytechnic.

William Richter Tomey—U. S. M. A., West Point.

1917.

Edward Hume Clendenin—Washington, D. C.

Edward Lloyd Greene—Cristobal, C. Z.

Charles Michael Kennedy—U. S. M. A., West Point.

Agnes Beverley Kuller—Balboa Heights, C. Z.

Lillian McGeachy—236 Sabanas Road, Panama, R. P.

Gertrude Francois McKenzie Absten—Darien, C. Z.

Ruth Medinger—2549 11th. St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Frank Everett Moore, Jr.—Troy, N. Y. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Ethel Ruth Otis—Balboa, C. Z.

Willard Ropes Trask—26 James Smith Hall, Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.

Emilio Villegas V.—University of Louisiana, Baton Rouge.

Former Members of Class of 1918.

Grace Falk—Brooklyn, N. Y.

Richard Roberts—Balboa, C. Z.

Donald Hunter—McKinley Industrial School, Washington, D. C.

William Wilson—Balboa, C. Z.

William Comb—Paraiso, C. Z.

Mary Trask—

Catherine Holland Graham—Ft. Amador, C. Z.

Cristine Kearney Cooper—Culebra, C. Z.

Robert Penman—Balboa, C. Z.

Harlan Feuille—Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

William Grove, Jr.—Central High School, Washington, D. C.



Members of the B. H. S. who have joined the Colors.



Leroy Clear—U. S. A., Camp Upton, N. Y.

Malcolm Holt—U. S. A., Ft. Slocum, N. Y.



William Brumby—Hospital Corps, U. S. A., Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, La.



Peter Geyer—Capt. U. S. M. C., France.

Frank Heald—U. S. N., Darien, C. Z.



Roger Greene—U. S. N., U. S. S. Tallahassee.

Clyde Brink—Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Ill.



Edward Clendenin—U. S. A.

John Loulan—U. S. A., Deceased.



Willis R. Pressell—Corozal, C. Z.



Jokes



Physics Teacher:—"Tell me, Alex., when you see bubbles arising in water does it necessarily mean that the water has begun to boil?"

Bright Alex:—"No sir. There might be fishes in the water."

Miss Gallup:—"You must either use, 'Yours truly,' or 'Yours sincerely,' at the end of a letter."

Ikey Banton:—"Couldn't you use, 'Yours hopefully,' if you were asking for a job?"

"I say, boy, stop that mule!"

"I haven't any stopper, sir."

"Well, head him, then."

"He's already headed, sir."

"Confound your impertinence, turn him."

"He's right side out, sir."

"Speak to him, you rascal."

"Good morning, Mr. Mule."

Heard in bookkeeping.

Miss Burkheiser; "Open your books to drafts. Katherine, close the door."

Junior—A conservative is a place something like a green house, where you sit and watch the the moon.

Freshman—A vacuum is a place where the pope is kept.

Teacher:—"When was the revival of learning?"

(Soft voice in the back of the room):—"Before the last examination."—Ex.

The janitor had been hanging some pictures for Johnny's teacher, but the noon intermission found his work unfinished. Johnny went home at noon and said, "Mother, I am not going to school this afternoon."

Mother: "Oh, yes, Johnny, you are."

Johnny: "No, Mother, I am not."

Mother: "Yes, yes, for you are not sick."

Johnny: "No, but Mother, something terrible will happen to me if I go."

Mother: "What will happen?"

Johnny: "Why, the janitor came to our room and said to our teacher, 'I'll hang the rest of them this afternoon.'"

In history.

Miss Ellis:—"The ruler of Russia is called the Czar, the ruler of England is called the King. Now what is the ruler of Germany called?"

Lyle:—"I know what my father calls him, but it wouldn't do to tell you."

Charles asked to tell in court, in his own way, how the accident happened, said: "Well, Lyle and I was walking down the track and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track and the train went by, and I got on the track and I didn't see Lyle; but I walked along and pretty soon I seen Lyle's hat, and I walked on and seen one of Lyle's legs, and then I seen one of Lyle's arms, and then another leg, and then over on one side Lyle's head, and I says, "My God! Something muster happened to Lyle."

H. G. (in Geom.):—"The line HI is equal to the line OG."

Mr. Cloys:—"Don't you think you'd better change G. to some other letter. It sounds bad to say O. G."

H. G.:—"All right, I'll call it OL."

In sport he called her "lemon on ice,"
And said he'd be the squeezer.
Instead he felt like a lemon ice.
And she—well, she was the freezer.—Ex.

Youth:—"I sent you some suggestions telling you how to make your paper more interesting. Have you carried out any of my ideas?"

Editor:—"Did you meet the office boy with the waste-paper basket as you came up stairs?"

Youth:—"Yes, yes I did."

Editor:—"Well, he was carrying out your ideas."

Miss Smith:—"Where are your school books?"

William:—"When notices appeared that books were wanted for the wounded going through the Canal, I gave mine to them."



WHO'S WHO IN 1918.

Whole Cheese	Charles Davis
Wittiest	Stewart Macfarlane
Most Sedate	Gift Shady
Physics Shark	Beatrice Clawson
Spanish Shark	Branson Stevenson
Chemistry Shark	Myron Weaver
Ladies' Man	Charles Weiss
Biggest Bluffer	Jack Wilcox
Quietest	Calvin Breden
Heartbreaker	Steve Engelke
Heartbreaker	Dorothea Westberg
Most Impossible	Roberts Carson
The Live Wire	Lois Greene
Most Popular Boy	Cecil Hussey
Most Popular Girl	Virginia Winkvist
Most Conceited	The Two Charlies
Most Versatile Girl	Dorothea Atchison
Most Talented Girl	Louise Dexter
Biggest Flirt	Charles Clarity
The Best Sport	Ruth Farrell
Most Reserved	Frances Norton
The 220-yard Artist	George Winkvist
The Georgia Peach	Winnie Mae Stevenson

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