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COLON, R. P.

THE CARIBBEAN

Vol. I

CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE, 1918

No. 1

PUBLISHED BY THE CRISTOBAL HIGH SCHOOL

CARIBBEAN STAFF

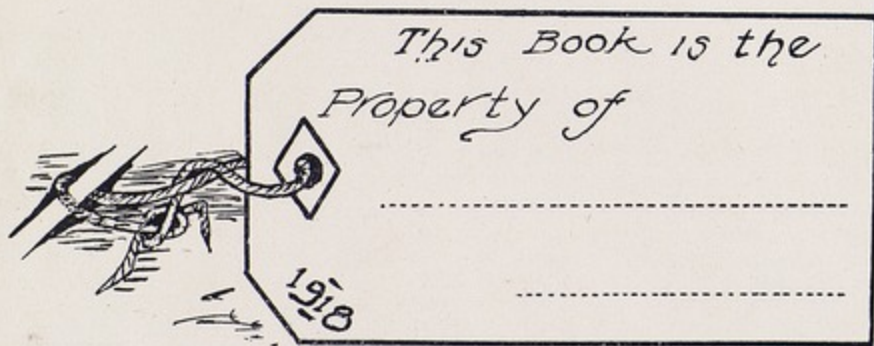
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Senior - - - - -	MINOT COTTON	Sophomore - - - - -	ALBERT DOYLE
Junior - - - - -	JAMES RAYMOND	Freshman - - - - -	FRANK RAYMOND

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EDITORIAL.

As a manufacturing business grows and then blooms out in several different factories, so has the High School on the Canal Zone grown until now there are two schools, each having the full four-year curriculum. The High School, here in Cristobal, has steadily grown. Last year the necessity of having at least three years' work was felt but somehow or other those who would have benefited by the plan did not show enough interest. This year opened and the third year was an assured thing. But with a big, new building, fully equipped for fourth year students, the prospects of having a full course brightened. By the end of the first week of school there were seven Seniors in Cristobal High. Now the fourth year is an established thing on the Atlantic side.

With the advent, then, of a full course at Cristobal, the school has acted more or less on its own sentiments. In pursuance of these feelings, it was decided to get out an annual, whereby the spirit and work of the school might be put before the public.

The result is this book. At first we were at a loss to know where to begin, for this was our first attempt at anything along this line. However, soon after the arrival of Mr. Davis, the work started. He, being well accustomed to this kind of work, gave

us fresh impetus and everybody got busy.

The High School boasts of only twenty-eight members but with characteristic grit has entered into the idea. Besides this book, the High School, together with some of the Grammar and Primary grades, has given an entertainment to complete payment on a piano which arrived early this year.

The new building has helped not a little in the development of our school life. When we look back upon the other buildings we have had to put up with, we wonder how it was ever possible. The new building, with its large, airy rooms, has provided excellent opportunities, heretofore unknown. We have given parties and one exhibition by which we were able to bring the work of the High School before the eyes of the American population.

What we hope this book will do, besides showing a little of what has been done this year, is to provide the foundation for future publications. The beginning is the hardest and we feel that with a successful start the future classes will have an easier road. Classes should begin to increase and larger classes can hope to have a larger measure of success.

G. MINOT COTTON, '18. *Editor.*

FOR THE ADVERTISERS.

This book is in no small measure indebted to its advertisers for its success. In going the rounds soliciting advertisements, the business manager has had to deal with different men who follow very different walks in life. In all he has found a very gentlemanly attitude and very ready listeners to his mission. That the advertisers have

felt the necessity of their support and the value of it both to themselves and to the school, is evidenced by the success of the advertising campaign. We can give only words of thanks to those advertisers who so kindly have helped build the foundation for this school publication.

TO THE CARIBBEAN.

MARY E. VERNER, '18.

Beneath the blue and blazing sky
The bluer, deeper waters lie:
O Youth! These ever-surging seas
Call thee to quit thy sloth and ease,
And in the storied Spanish Main
To seek those treasures o'er again
That old Caribbean guards so well
Below his long and tropic swell.

Or oft, in fury wild and blind,
The waters rear, and fall, behind;
And hoar Caribbean flings his spume
Along the shore with royal boom;
While trade winds rock the palm trees tall
Until they yield, and rend and fall.



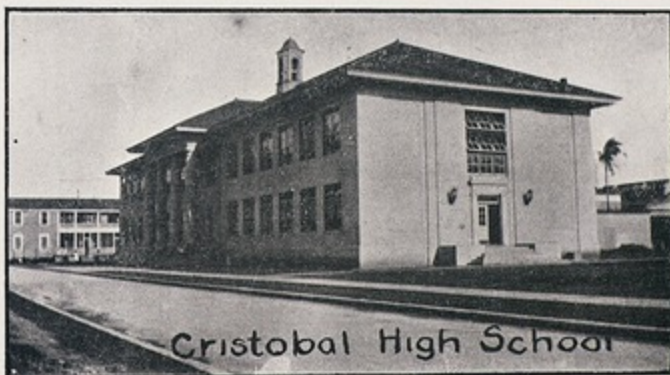
Anon, like nuns in worship bow'd,
Across the sky drifts soft gray cloud;
In reverent hush the sea but moves
As if in prayer to one he loves;
When, lo!—o'er his waters gray there run
Bright dancing gleams of golden sun!
O sea of magic moods, in truth
Sendst thou thy potent call—to Youth!

OUR SCHOOL.

JAMES RAYMOND, '19.

Our school is a two-story concrete building, situated about fifty yards from the seashore, and the ever incoming sea breezes strike it constantly. There are buildings on the right of us, in back of us, and on the left of us, but there is nothing in front to obstruct our view except a tall flagpole, flying Old Glory. We can see huge incoming and outgoing

we are living in a small town, two thousand miles from New York City, we are beside the great artery which joins the Atlantic and Pacific, and carries the traffic of the four corners of the globe. At almost any minute of the day we can see one of Uncle Sam's submarines going merrily along. It may be on the surface or it may be submerged.



ocean ships—transports carrying men to France; freight carriers; sailing schooners; mail carriers; hospital ships returning with New Zealand soldiers; warships; and even the small, fragile San Blas Indian cayucas, which sail up and down the coast. Constantly we are reminded of the fact, that, although

Even in the air there is great activity. Frequently we hear the humming of aeroplanes and hydroplanes high over head.

There are many schools in the interior of the United States with whom we would like to share the views from our study-room windows.

SUSIE INLOES HARRISON.
MARYLAND.

A well-disposed nature
Joined to a lovely feature.



GEORGE MINOT COTTON.
MASSACHUSETTS.

An honest man's the noblest
work of God.



MARY ELIZABETH VERNER.
SOUTH CAROLINA.

There is a light in thy
brown eyes
Like an eternal morn.



LULA MAE PULLIG.
LOUISIANA.

Pastyme, with good com-
panye,
I love, and shall untill I
dye.



LELAND BOURKE WELCH.
ARKANSAS.

One foot in sea and one on
shore,
To one thing constant
never.

CATHERINE TEESE WAID.
ILLINOIS.

A daughter of the gods,
divinely fair,
And most divinely tall.



CLASS WILL.

We, the Class of 1918, having reached the stage in our career where we believe we have mastered all the branches of learning as well as, if not better than, our renowned faculty, and having amassed such a quantity and quality of superiority as makes unbearable the remaining in the proximity of such mental inferiors as the underclassmen of Cristobal High School—even though we comprehend how our beloved faculty and the aforementioned underclassmen will grieve—have decided to take our leave and pursue our separate careers among our intellectual equals, if it is possible to find them, where our genius will be appreciated.

For the past three years we have closely watched the Class of '19. Under our guidance and instruction, they have shown many demonstrations of intelligence. With sufficient aid, they might hope to approach our present exalted position. It is toward this end that we now leave to the aforementioned class of '19 the major part of our accomplishments, our blessings, and our afflictions.

Therefore:

We, the Class of 1918 of the Cristobal High School, being at present of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make, and proclaim this our last will and testament, which supersedes all former wills and testaments made by us, in order, as justly and fairly as may be, to bequeath, devise, and otherwise dispose of our manifold accomplishments, our blessings, and the great quantity of worthless trash which we have accumulated during the past four years.

Firstly: To make as easy and light as possible the afflictions of the many sufferers, who, in the following years, will stumble along the path which we, as the first class to graduate from this school, have just completed, we bequeath a Superior Faculty, who, with unflinching perseverance and

pains, will guide and direct them for a period of four or more years.

Secondly: To the Junior Class, we relinquish all rights to the seats in the rear of the Assembly Hall. May they be permitted to hold them for the full nine months.

Thirdly: To the above-mentioned Juniors, we also leave a private lunch room, where they may retire for at least one hour a day with no fear of being molested and annoyed by the common rabble. This room has been of great value to us in establishing and upholding the dignity necessary to a Senior Class. We hope this gift will not be undervalued.

Fourthly: As a further aid in establishing and upholding this said dignity, we leave to the Juniors the sole right to wander around in the study room and through the halls during classes. This privilege will lend a great deal toward elevating and setting apart the class.

Fifthly: With much lamentation, we leave our new and well-equipped laboratory and our learned instructor, together with the leaky aquarium, and

Sixthly: Possessing various distinctive talents, traits, or gifts, of more or less educational value, we bequeath and devise them as follows:

(1) Susie Harrison leaves that Grin, by which she has become famous, to Della Brignac. She would not consent to part with it until the great need was explained to her.

(2) Catherine Waid bequeaths her Longitude to George Barte.

(3) Minot Cotton has a stand-in with the faculty. Realizing the abject and imperative need, he bequeaths this aforesaid stand-in to John Verner.

(4) Lula Mae Pullig leaves her Old Faithful Grouch, one that has stood by her every day in the year, to Jimmie Raymond.

(5) Bourke Welch leaves his Bumps of Knowledge in Math. to the incoming Freshies. This was resolved upon at the close of a council with the Principal, and at her very earnest request.

(6) Mary Verner leaves her Conceit and Loquacity to Mildred Huebner, with a warning born of sad experience, to beware the extensive use of either.

That part of our effects which is known and acknowledged as learning, being inconsiderable and of no value, we do not make disposition of in this instrument.

This document, being duly witnessed this 1st day of June, 1918, is hereby declared legal and valid.

(Signed) THE SENIOR CLASS.

A FLIGHTY REVELATION.

Class Prophecy.

MARY E. VERNER, '18.

The business of an aeronaut
Of course would be to fly;
So being full of naught but air,
A flight of fancy I will try.
'Twas in the year of thirty-eight.
Just eighteen years ahead,
When Josiah oiled up our plane,
And thro' the air we sped.
(Josiah was a married man;
Indeed, I was his wife,
He always let me have my way
And his, in all our life.)
By eating pears, the doctor said,
Our health had been impaired;
Besides, we wished a little change
Of air; so forth we fared.
At Honolulu first we stopped,
And here, one sunny day,
We wandered off into the bush
Where maids and monkeys play.
Almost the first thing that we saw,
Beneath a wide-spread tree,
A man with twenty dusky maids
Before him on the knee.
In their hands they shuffles held,
For they to tat would learn;
The man their teacher seemed to be,
Compelling, yet not stern.
"Now, my pretty heathen dears,"
He soon began to coo,
"If I'm to teach you how to tat,
Some things you must not do.
It annoys me for you to smile
At me—it's naughty to!"
"It's naughty to?" they wond'ring cried,

Then hung their heads, and sighed,
And tears bedimmed their beaming eyes,
Which on their skirts they dried.
He scratched his head, and blew his nose,
And seemed to be affected,
Then turned his face toward us, by chance
Just where the sun reflected.
"Bourke Welch!" I cried in great surprise,
And tumbled in a faint;
Josiah took me to the plane,
Tho' jealous of "that saint (?)."

We flew so fast, and flew so far,
That 'twas near Baltimore town,
Among the green and flowery meads,
We brought the hummer down.
A large and spacious house nearby
We saw, and there did go;
The strangest sight then met our eyes,
For, lying in a row,
Were twenty battered wooden legs,
A-kicking at the sun.
"Why, what on earth," I gasped, "are these?"
"Shut up—here comes some one."
'Twas true—from out the doorway came
A figure, fair and fat.
A water pail hung o'er her arm
Behind her walked a cat.
She 'gan to scrub those pseudo limbs,
A-talking all the while—
"You poor old things, you're so abused.
No wonder you can't smile!
Why, this one here's been round the world,
A-stumping on a deck,
And this one nearly lost his screw

In a railroad wreck."
 And then she saw us standing by—
 "Well, well, how do you do?
 Have you come to see the hospital,
 Or have you peg legs too?"—
 "Why, no," I said, "we're strangers here,
 But say, what is this place?"
 "A hospital for wooden legs—
 And I am here a nurse.
 These which you see I'm giving a bath—
 They are not so worse,
 As some we have inside. Our terms
 Are fifty cents a day.
 Why, you've only been a little while—
 You can't be going away!"
 But we had popped into the plane.—
 We went to Baltimore,
 And there about the hospital,
 We learned a great deal more.
 "That nurse you saw is somewhat cracked.—
 She had a love affair—
 Her lover went to Panama,
 And left her stranded there.
 She knows there is'nt any hope
 That he ever will return;
 But because he had a wooden leg
 Her fancy took this turn."
 "What is her name?" I wond'ring asked,
 "I knew her once, I think."
 "Her name is Susie Harrison—
 And her brains are on the blink!"

Once again we took our way,
 And sped far o'er the seas;
 And once we saw a battleship,
 Old Glory in the breeze.
 We, looking down upon the bridge,
 Did spy a towering form—
 We saw 'twas clad in petticoats,
 And careless braved the storm.
 We dropped our hydro on the waves,
 And soon aboard we went—
 Josiah'd seen a man to whom
 He once had money lent.
 I meanwhile for amusement talked
 With a tar, old and grim.
 "Now who is that upon the bridge
 In skirts?" I asked of him.
 "Oh, that's the captain of the boat:
 She's somewhat famed, ye know,
 As the only woman in the fleet
 Who's not afraid to show
 How well she's learned to swear. And more—
 Much fame she now does earn—

She attended once a famous school
 Where Physics she did learn;
 She supplies eggs from the crow's nest,
 And has made the fires burn
 With heat produced from cucumbers
 By the knowledge she does know."
 "Well, well," I cried—"Can it be true
 That all these things are so?
 Now what's her name—it seems to me
 I've seen her once before."
 "Why, her proper name is C. T. Waid—
 Of nicknames she has a score—
 They call her the Cussing Cap, or Cussing Kate,
 And sometimes, Swear-Word Waid.
 Why, you don't have to go, do you?
 Stay and have some lemonade."
 But I had jumped into the plane;
 Josiah tagged behind—
 He always did, for I possessed
 So much the stronger mind.
 Could that have been, I asked myself,
 Catherine N. T. Waid?
 Oh, well, she always loved the navy—
 And her love appeared repaid!

"Oh, take me to some quiet place
 Where I no friends can find—
 Some rural nook, where flowers fair
 Are all that claim the mind."
 So forthwith we to Georgia went,
 And here, one dewy morn,
 We saw a maid come down a lane.
 By her two pails were borne
 Brimful of milk. A song she sang
 In a voice so sweet and clear
 That all the bullfrogs ceased to croak,
 And silent paused to hear.
 "Why, what a voice!" I wond'ring cried,
 "To perish here unknown!"
 But suddenly the milkmaid paused
 Beside a graveyard stone,
 On which was writ: "Here lieth one
 Whom love did cruelly slay—
 Oh, stranger, from her false blue eyes,
 I pray thee keep away."
 "Alas, alas," the maiden sighed—
 "Why is my name thus blighted?
 I did not mean to kill thee, B—,
 'Twas your own fault you were slighted!
 But still, there's work enough to do,
 As well I now do ken—
 And pastime, too, I find enough—
 The world is full of men!"
 So up she took her pails again,

And singing, went her way.
"Now, where have I that voice once heard,
Long years before this day?
It can't be—yes, indeed it is—
The voice of Lula Mae!"

My wonder and amazement caused
Me to N. Y. to go,
And here one eve we went to see
A Ziegfeld Folly show.
"Who is it trains these graceful nymphs?"
I asked—"Why, he's a man—
His studio is right nearby.
To him this dancing clan
Do always look for their ballets—
I'd like to take you there"—
"I'd be so glad." Of course we went.
A class of maidens fair
Instruction were receiving then.
Their teacher was quite tall;
And his hair was red as hair could be,
Like maple leaves in Fall.
"All ready, girls—now one, two, three,
A little higher, please,—
Be quick, Miss Oldwin, in your twist.
Remember the crowd sees
Not what you do, but the way it's done—
The dash and grace you know.
We'll try that one all over again,
This time we'll take it slow.
One, two, three, bow, four, five, six, kick—
Just watch me for a spell."
And then he danced, and we could see
He did it wondrous well.

Class Motto: "Adelante, siempre adelante."

CLASS SONG.

MARY E. VERNER, '18.

(To the tune. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home.")

'Twas here they taught us all we know,
Tra-la, tra-la!
We're wiser than others here below,
Tra-la, tra-la!
There's Cicero and Shakespeare, too,
And lots of others unknown to you;
We've learned it all, for we're the class
Of nineteen eighteen.
We're going to set the seas on fire,
Tra-la, tra-la!
We're going to make the poles perspire,
Tra-la, tra-la!

"What is his name?" I whispered low;
"His name? I thought you knew—
It's Minot Cotton—you must have seen."
But suddenly I flew.

Next week, Josiah I divorced,
And sold the aeroplane;
And wandered off to Corozal,
The home for all insane.
And now the gentle arts I teach
To these unfortunates—
Both Physics and Geometry
Enlighten the inmates.

Oh, Lachesis, oh, Atropos,
Oh, Clotho, maidens stern!
To look into the Future's glass,
I never more will yearn!

APOLOGY TO POETRY.

There's some that odes and epics write,
There's others death on sonnets,
And some that scribble lyrics bright
Of bees, or nails, or comets;
But I'm a member of a class
That oft attempts them all,
And fails, as you can plainly see
By this lank, halting scrawl.
My eight years' schooling on the Zone—
All that I ever had—
Has taught me that this sort of stuff
Is poetry gone mad!

FACULTY

GED

MR. PAULSON



MISS. SANDERSON



MISS. DAVIS.
PRINCIPAL

MR. DAVIS



MR. VILLA FRANCA

1918

KATHERINE I. DAVIS, *Principal*,
NEW YORK.
English.

KATHARINE M. SANDERSON,
MINNESOTA.
Latin, History.

"That was the most un-
kindest cut of all."

W. E. PAULSON,
WISCONSIN.
Science, Mathematics.

C. E. DAVIS,
INDIANA.
Manual Arts.

FRANCO VILLAFRANCA
COSTA RICA.
Spanish.





THE PALM.

MARY E. VERNER, '18.

The mention of certain plants or trees always brings to our minds some particular country or region. The shamrock is forever associated with Ireland, the fleur-de-lis with France, and the olive tree with the Mediterranean East. All of these stand not only for a place on the map, but for the character of a people or land as well. And every zone that circles the earth is symbolized in our minds by the plants that grow within it.

But the tropical lands are peculiarly represented by the palm tree, and to those who have lived in Panama that country is always associated with the coconut palm. I say coconut, rather than royal palm, because the royal palm is found only around the towns and cities that men have built. But the coconut palm grows everywhere; it is the first sight that greets one on entering the harbor, fringing the brown reefs; it is the last sight that lingers when one is leaving.

The palm is tall, graceful, and beautiful. Silent and mysterious, it grows year after year a true symbol of the land, which has

watched the comings and goings of puny men from the time the first bold Conquistador sailed into Porto Bello until the American came and blasted the hills to join the seas. It sways with the trade winds of uncounted dry seasons, and droops in the calm of the lifeless summers; it remains indifferent alike to all, bearing its fruit, and rearing its leaves to heaven, that so soon droop and fall.

I have always had a peculiar fancy about a palm tree. It seems to me like a soul that once, hearing the divine music of the spheres, attempted to reach upward to the stars; but the infinite and immortal gods frowned on its presumption, and changed it so that it seems to be ever striving for, yet never reaching, heaven. All night long, it seems to be waiting, with infinite patience, for some divine message from the stars, and silently communing with the ever-blowing winds. And in silent, though uncomprehending, sympathy, the vast tropic world around watches it, and strives blindly in its wake to reach the stars. Who then shall say these majestic trees have no souls?

HOW THE SAN BLAS INDIAN GOT HIS HAT.

CATHERINE TEESE WAID, '18.

Wilcoxina, goddess of the San Blas strand, crouched in a palm tree. Below her, lashed to a green coconut, waited her chariot of coral mud drawn by seven snow-white pelicans. Wilcoxina was wroth. According to reports of two parakeets, the handsome Harrasue, chief of the village, had turned from the adoration of the goddess to an infatuation for a daughter of earth, a mere chit of the beach. The divinity was nursing her wrath, and woe unto the person who should feel her exalted displeasure!

At that moment poor Lulupulu, most obese of all the San Blas maidens, passed 'neath the palm tree, blithely singing her man-hunting song, for was she not on the way to her wedding with Harrasue? Her squat four feet five inches were beautiful in a simple costume of red calico, and on her head was a lid of humming birds' tongues. Upon seeing the last-named gorgeous creation, resentment and hate sprang up in the



majestic bosom of the divinity. For until now Wilcoxina had been the Venus of Darien, the belle of the gods, the "glass of fashion and the mold of form," but now a mortal threatened to usurp her position. She vowed that the maiden would rue the day she learned millinery.

"Stay!" she commanded the girl.

Lulupulu stopped.

"Insolent one, you are too insignificant for me to punish, but on thy men children and on thy children's men children will I lay a curse. Their heads shall be covered with straw of inconceivable hideousness in shape and fit. It shall be a torment by day and a torture by night to all beholders. I, Wilcoxina, have spoken."

Thus cursing, and withal munching the tail of a mackerel, the goddess fluttered into her chariot and the pelicans flew away.

The ignoble Lulupulu, weeping, continued on her way to the wedding. Alas, for the poor maiden! Harrasue, after hearing of the curse, took to his heels and retired to the jungle. But after three days of mourning Lulupulu married the village jester, and they lived happily ever after. Their progeny were as numerous as the stars of the sky, and upon each man-child the goddess' threat was fulfilled.

You don't believe this story? Ask any San Blas Indian you see where he got his hat, and he'll lay it to "Wilcox," which is short for Wilcoxina.

BALLAD OF A SAN BLAS INDIAN.

In imitation of an old English ballad.

ARLENE BALL, '19.

'Tis as the sun is setting,
When all his fruits are gone,
This little San Blas Indian
Has set his sail for home.

A figure strange he makes there,
His loose shirt hanging down,
Those bare feet and that tiny hat,
And solemn face so brown.

A tiny man he is, 'tis true,
But on that face of tan
Expression resolute there is,
He's every inch a man.

The waves are dark and rolling,
They cover half his boat;
Brave little man to venture
On that black sea afloat.

But oh—that burst of thunder,
That pounding flood of rain!
Has he no fear, this little man?
Still sits he, just the same.

Brave, stalwart, and unflinching
He faces death's cold shore.
The deep once more will claim its prize
Earth ne'er will see him more.

'Tis down in the deep blue waters,
Is there his far-off grave?
Will no man know his danger?
Can no man care to save?

Ah, no, unknown, unhonored
There in the deep he lies,
And few, how few are the loving ones,
To mourn because he dies.

And in a sea of sorrow,
Of failures and despairs
How many, many have lost their lives
And no man knows or cares!

JUST AN OLD MAN'S HOBBY.

LULA PULLIG, '18.

"I have a special liking for that piece of thousand-head china that you speak so lightly of. If you stopped to study it more, you might learn to appreciate it as I do. I could sit and look at that little teapot for hours. I have done that very thing and my interest never flags. This little thing has banished my despondency more than anything else, for when I feel blue I just naturally stroll in here and pick it up.

"I don't see why the son of my best friend, who appreciated everything that I admired, can't be interested in this.

"Why, man, can't you see in your mind's eye, thousands of years back, the beautiful

eastern maiden or perhaps the old, old man who worked at this? Can't you see them patting it into shape, then putting it away to age? Of course, the family knew where it was buried, for perhaps the maker would die and the thing would be lost. You know it has to stay beneath the earth for fifteen years or more. Then a young man, for he has taken up the work his father left, gets the little teapot out. It has a wonderful creamy luster and has hundreds upon hundreds of cracks. He mixes the dyes, secures the brushes, and here begins the real work. Can't you see him sitting in the door of his tent in the sand with the little teapot held

between his knees so that he can use both hands to work? Perhaps such tedious work is distasteful to the young man. You can hardly blame him for becoming dizzy even. Look at the thousands of heads! Here, notice, beginning at the top, that the head is made from a dash, which is the gentleman's hat; then there are the dots for the eyes and the nose; then another dash underneath this which represents the mouth and incidentally the next gentleman's hat—and so on all the way down and up again. Take it and turn it in any position you care to and you can see and distinguish the head.

"Don't the colors remind you of old China before the wall was built? Red, black, and gold must have been the Chinaman's most plentiful colors.

"Look here, the young fellow must have become careless or received a severe shock, for see how the red is daubed on here. He went so far as to miss this spot altogether.

"I like the way this little gold line crooks—it doesn't seem to have the same width in any two places. It looks as if a child, or at least some very careless person, had made it.

"My dear sir, I don't care how many crooks this little line has or how many spots the careless fellow missed, I love it.

"The only way you appreciate this kind of thing is from a practical mathematical point of view, it doesn't awaken your imagination but for me—

"Oh, well, I can't make you understand—leave the old man to his dreams."

OUR CAMP.

AL DOYLE, '20.

One night at our camp I retired at an early hour to my hammock swung between two coconut trees not three yards from the beach. The breeze that was blowing was of a dry quality and the blanket that was rolled around me was not necessary. The rest of the boys had their cots or hammocks spread beneath a broad mango tree. Mine was the only repose that was minus any covering. So at this time I lay staring up at the bare sky just flooded with twinkling stars that made one wonder whether the early Greeks, who believed that the sky was a vast dome over the earth, were not correct. This sky above me at that time would have brought joy to the heart of an astronomer.

While looking up at the wonderful display, the corner of my eye caught a gleam. I turned and saw the tip of a golden moon rising slowly above the summit of the mountains east of the city of Colon. In looking that way my attention was also attracted by

the lights of Colon. They appeared dull and yellow in contrast with the stars above. For some time I lay there looking at these scenes but finally was lulled to sleep by the gentle breaking of the waves on the beach almost beneath me.

I awoke with a start. My friend was shaking me and telling me that it was time for me to go on watch. Oh, the feeling that came over me! The wind had stopped but the air was now cold and misty. The blanket never felt so good to me. Maybe you have experienced the feeling on a cold winter morning in the States, when your mother called you. Remember how you hated to get up? Finally lured by the warm fire blazing beneath the mango tree, I unrolled from my blanket, jumped from my hammock and, after making a lengthy gesticulating stretch, walked over and sat down by the fire.

I had been there some minutes before I

began to take notice of my surroundings. When I did I looked toward the jungle. Its blackness seemed to threaten. On the northern side grew grass. The glow of the fire shone on this and, as I looked at it, I realized that it would make an ideal place for a wild cat, or even a lion, to enter with shiny teeth and glowing eyes. I looked up at the tall coconut palms and seemed to see long writhing snakes and massive apes in them. I looked toward the water. It was more friendly looking. But even there an ugly

and deathly looking octopus seemed to make its appearance. I found consolation in the camp fire.

Later, as I made my rounds I grew accustomed to my surroundings and all fear left me. I now sat down and began to think how I would get even with the boy that had wakened me so violently. The next night it was my turn to wake him up, so I went to his cot and shook him. He woke up and I said: "You have one hour and ten minutes to sleep yet!"

LISTEN TO THIS.

CATHERINE TEESE WAID, '18.

I sat up in bed with a jerk. Excitedly I reached under the bed and drew forth my Yami dream book from a tangle of shoes and suitcases. I turned the pages excitedly until I came to my dream. And a dream about a pink owl stood for 2308, so Mr. Yami said.

Whistling a tune I hopped over to the bureau—I never can remember where I put my slippers. There I stopped. My clothes were gone, vanished, vamoosed! With blank amazement I stared at the chair I always hung my shirt and trousers on. Nothing was on it but my roommate's red tie.

I sat on the bed and tried to collect my thoughts. My one and only suit of clothes had disappeared, that was evident. It was not on the chair, nor hanging over the transom, nor under the bed. Where could it be? There I was, tied up in my room in a pair of pyjamas and with the winning lottery number in my head. I would have given my pay for the next three months to have been able to drown that thief in Gatun Locks. I pictured myself hurling him into the water, and I could see myself putting my foot on his head and sinking him again every time he would bob up and beg for mercy. Death by torture was too good for that burglar.

I brought my mind back from these joyful hopes, I must get that lottery ticket. Bill my roommate, would not be home until two or three hours later, and by that time the lottery would have been drawn.

Suddenly an inspiration came to me, I knew what I would do. I dragged a chair over to the door, stood on it with my head through the transom and gave a horrible noise, halfway between a bellow and a snort. No response. I repeated my wild yodel. Footsteps were coming down the corridor. In my haste to dismount I fell from the chair and rolled against the bed. Somebody was speaking at the door. It was a lady's voice.

"Is there anybody sick heah?" (I love those Southern drawls.)

"Yes, that is—" I started to say, when to my horror I saw the door knob turning. She undoubtedly had one of those great natures that turn to a person in distress, but I wanted no young girls to see me in my present plight and pink pyjamas.

"You mustn't come in, it's the medico's orders. I must see no one for two days. But an important letter has just come, and my uncle wants a lottery ticket, number 2308. Could you buy it? I can't go out.

you know, on account of the quarantine."

There was a moment's hesitation on the other side of the door. (I like them all the more when they're not so confoundedly anxious.) Then my maiden said, "Yes, I will do it for you."

Was it my imagination that put a subtle emphasis on the "you"? Trembling I opened the door an eighth of an inch and shot a peso through the crack.

Steps died away in the corridor.

I sank back in my chair, almost faint. I knew who that girl was now. She was the new boarder that had arrived two days before. Some peach! Bill and I had wandered around like lost souls trying to get an introduction. Suppose she had come in and seen my pyjamas! The very thought set me to shivering.

So I waited for the lottery ticket and figured out how I could change my room in the morning so that the girl could never find out who the idiot was that had made that noise. I wasn't going to spoil any good impression I might make on her in the future by connecting myself in her mind with the escaped lunatic who wanted the lottery ticket.

About seven minutes later Bill sauntered in. I glared at him. He was wearing my clothes! Oh, Bill, if you but knew how near you were to death at that moment! For an instant I was speechless, then I began. When I'd finished Bill started to take off my coat. Calmly, insolently he informed me that he had taken Francisca to church.

Now Francisca was my best girl, and I consider that a man has more than human nerve when he takes my clothes and calls on my girl. However, I would be magnanimous. I resolved that Bill could have Francisca, my Southern girl was good enough for me. And I vowed that Bill would never get a look at her.

"Give me my clothes," I ordered. "I want them quick."

Bill did as per request. And as I put on my best yellow tie and pasted back my pompadour, I kept making up little speeches in my mind to say to the girl. I would tell her Bill was a trifle "off."

There was a knock at the door. I fairly broke my neck to get to it before Bill. You see I had decided that I might just as well get acquainted with the peach now as later, and then I could blame the noise on Bill. I took a deep breath, and stepped out into the hall——

It was good old Bill who caught me and took the ticket from her and laid me on the bed, and held my hand until I regained consciousness.

That lovely "Southern" drawl came from Jamaica and belonged to our new chambermaid.

The lottery ticket? Oh yes, 2308 did win, but her ladyship had bought 3280 instead.

"Bill," I said as I sat by the window, "I'll forgive you for taking my clothes."

"All right," said Bill with a grin, "The fellows will never know about it from me."

THE ANGELUS.

ROY FORD, '20.

The picture of the Angelus, when studied intently, is interesting and touching. One sees, far off in the distance, the spires of a church, which seem to project into the faint golden sky. The sun, just sinking, sends up its soft colors to the high cloud overhead. Nearer, in the middle background, the yellow stalks of corn or wheat can be seen. Still nearer, two peasants, with bowed heads, are praying. The Angelus in the far-off church is ringing to remind people to stop work and

worship God. The man stands with his hat held in his hands while the woman has her hands clasped together on her bosom. A loaded wheelbarrow back of the woman, a basket of potatoes on the ground, and a pitchfork standing at the side of the man suggest that they have been harvesting their crop. The whole atmosphere surrounding the two figures suggests goodness and reverence, and every detail is suggestive of peace.

AN INCIDENT OF FRANCE.

HARLAN HOLMWOOD, '20.

"Come, Joan, let us go out into the field to work," said Louis to his sister.

So the boy and girl took up their hats and after saying good-bye to their mother, stepped out into the gray dusk of early morning. Off in the East the first rays of the sun were just peeping over the hills. To the West could be heard the booming of the big guns as the sons of France fought to save their country from the German invader. The house in which the two children lived was one of ten or twelve which, together with a church, formed a small hamlet. This

little village was as an oasis on the desert, for the hand of war had not yet reached it, but to the West as far as the sight could reach could be seen the ruins of other villages. After leaving the house the two turned

eastward and, after walking a short distance through fields of growing grain, they halted in a bare field. They wasted no time but set to work immediately with their hoes to loosen up the soil. As the day pro-

gressed they stopped occasionally to rest but these stops were seldom and short. At noon they sat down in the shade of a tree to eat their lunch of black bread and meat, but, after finishing this meager repast, they went back to their work.

Late in the afternoon Louis looked up and saw an ox-cart coming down the road.

The driver, who was an old man, was talking to himself and seemed to be excited.

Louis hailed him. "Good afternoon, father, you seem excited. What is the matter?"



"What, have you not heard!" said the old man. "The Americans arrived to-day to help France."

The old man drove on but the children did not go back to work. They were thinking. Now that the Americans had come to relieve the soldiers of France, perhaps their father might come back to see them. They

were aroused from their thoughts by the ringing of a bell.

"The Angelus," said Louis. "Let us give thanks."

So they bowed their heads.

'While they offered up to Heaven,
A devoutly uttered prayer.'

ODE TO THE AEROPLANE.

KENNETH GREENE, '20.

Hear the rushing, raring rumble of the aeroplane on high,

As it circles, loops, and nose-dives on its way across the sky.

Like a legendary bumble-bee just loosened for the day,
It leaves the terra firma, and mounts to fly away.

Hear it mocking you and me,

While we learn geometry.

Hear it calling to us there,

As we sit and muss our hair.

And whisper to our neighbor

That we hate this mundane labor.

Hear the whining, purring buzzing of the aeroplane on high,

As it wheels and dips and tail-spins on its way across the sky.

Like a large, rapacious falcon adarting 'cross the bay,
It guards the tranquil waters for all the live-long day.

Hear it taunting you and me,

While we learn our Spanish III.

Hear it jeering at us there,

As we think 'bout open air,

And vow unto our neighbor

That old Caesar's not in favor.

See the steady, stable motion of the aeroplane on high,
As it spirals, curves, and side-slips on its way across the sky.

Like a huge, bald-headed eagle, it goes winging to the fray

When it sights a hostile aircraft above the peaceful bay.

See it beck'ning you and me,

While we study History.

See it teasing me and you,

As we sit and feel so blue,

And we wish the time would hurry

'Cause old History's a worry.

See the rapid, shooting movement of the aeroplane on high,

As it darts and glides and volplanes on its way across the sky.

Like a great Andean condor it goes swooping at its prey

When it spies a speeding sub 'neath the waters of the bay.

See it flaunting you and me,

While we sit and say, "Oh, gee!"

See it waving at us there,

As we sit on wooden chair,

And say unto our neighbor

That our English is much labor.



Cristobal, Canal Zone, High School.

STAMPS.

MINOT COTTON, '18.

Stamps—They are small bits of paper cut into different shapes, but, in comparison with their size, they are the world's greatest travelers. Some stamps must know wonderful tales and, if the stamps could do the telling, what unheard-of things would be unfolded to us. Here one may see a stamp of his own United States, or perhaps one from far-away India, or from New Zealand. Some travel for miles, but, when their destination is reached, they are often done for. Their next destination is the waste-basket, and, ultimately, the fire.

But there have grown up among us a few who wait and watch for the stamp on its arrival at its destination. These are the ones who make it their business to see that the stamp is not needlessly destroyed. They are called stamp collectors and follow the habit more as a hobby than anything else. Old stamps which trod the paths of this world years ago are especially prized. Rare stamps, of which perhaps there was only a small issue,

serve as an incentive for their struggles. At the post office may be seen eager boys who await the chance to pick up a new specimen from some unheard-of country, in order to "have it on" the rest of the boys.

This custom has grown popular of late years and the older folks are taking it up. Collections have been known to sell for fabulous prices. Even one stamp, if of very rare quality, may sell for a high mark, often into the thousands. Right now the stamp collector has been able to find two new styles, which everybody in these United States can get and which they can't sell for fabulous prices either. Unlike other stamps, during the whole time one holds them, they are earning money for him. Their advent has increased the number of stamp collectors by the thousands. In years to come long after War Saving Stamps and Thrift Stamps have matured, their value as souvenirs will be enormous.

THE STAR-DUST ORCHID.

MARY E. VERNER, '18.

One summer evening, a long time ago, just about the time that the sun had hidden his broad bright face behind the horizon, the Sandman started off on his work—to make all the babies in all the world sleepy and ready for bed. But just as he picked up his sack of sleepy-dust, and slung it over his shoulder, a mischievous comet came flashing by and, with a wicked switch of his long tail, tore a piece out of the big bag. Then all the bright sleepy-dust went running out of the hole, and dropped into the wide, shadowy ocean down below.

The poor Sandman was very much dis-

tressed—he simply didn't have time to go back home for more dust. Already he could hear the mothers scolding and coaxing their babies to go to sleep.

At this moment, his eye fell on Iris, busily polishing up her rainbows, and nearby stood a pot of gold star-dust.

"The very thing!" cried the Sandman, and stealing up to the big pot he began to stuff his pockets and his boots and his hat full of the star-dust. But Iris caught him, and, when she saw the dust on his hands, flew straightway into a great rage.

"You wicked, wicked thief!" she cried,

"Put that right back, this minute, sir."

"But, Iris," protested the poor Sandman.

"But nothing! Put it back, I say!"

"I won't!" answered the Sandman and sprang off toward the earth.

Iris jumped up, and, gathering her rainbow robes about her, went after him. Straight down, down they went; and all the stars jostled each other trying to see the chase.

The Sandman reached a big tree-top, and it looked for a minute as if he were going to get away; but suddenly he tripped—and Iris was almost on him.

"No! You won't get it, either!" shouted the Sandman, and, as Iris flung her rainbow scarf around him, he turned his pockets inside out, and scattered the yellow star-dust far and wide. Then he kicked off his boots, and flung off his hat; and, when Iris had

tied him up in her scarf, all the stolen star-dust was gone.

But down under the dark tops of the trees, the yellow dust stopped and hung on the leaves of the flowerless orchids that had lived so long in the dark that they had forgotten how to grow flowers. And once a very wise man came by, and picked a cluster off the tree, and cried in a deep voice, "This shall be called 'alcicorne oncidium.' Then he took it home and somebody cried out, "O, look—it looks just like a cluster of butterflies!"—so some people called it the Butterfly Orchid.

But we know better—because the Sandman told the Dream-Lady and the Dream-Lady told us; so we ought to know. It's the Star-Dust Orchid.

THE AMERICAN OF NINETEEN EIGHTEEN.

I.

LILLIAN M. COTTON, '20.

The Man of Nineteen Eighteen is the man in demand to-day. He is loved, honored, and respected. He is called upon to answer Democracy's call and he does it with love, willingness, and eagerness in his heart. He does not grieve over the small dollar he lends to the Government, or the money he gives to the greatest charity body in the world, the Red Cross. He wants to crush Prussianism in every manner, shape, and form, and "make the world a decent place to live in." He is willing to sacrifice food, money, and pleasure to help win the war, and he is so patriotic, that, if need be, he will enlist as a common private and leave his friends and family, his position and pleasures, to go wherever they may send him. He is willing to give even his life to the greatest cause in history, Democracy. Who could hear this call without feeling the blood tingle and a love of country spring up in one's heart!

The Man of Nineteen Eighteen can not, and, therefore, he joins the flying colors, and becomes a follower of Uncle Sam, to help kill Autocracy and to make the final conquest for Freedom. This is the man of 1918.

II

KENNETH GREENE, '20.

The average American of to-day is a sturdy, patriotic, peace-loving man. I say peace-loving—I mean by that that he loves peace as long as his country is not molested or insulted. When that happens, he is wild to avenge his beloved Republic. He has the stick-to-itiveness of the English, the fighting qualities of the Irish, and the sturdiness of the Scotch. He is willing to make any sacrifice for his country. If he can not give his life, he gives his money. Often he gives both. He goes into battle for his Uncle Sam with a song on his lips.— This is the American of Nineteen Eighteen.

WHY THE FIDDLER CRAB GOES SIDEWAYS.

LULA MAE PULLIG, '18.

Nira was a little wood nymph. She delighted in playing pranks on the other nymphs of the wood and on anyone that she happened to want to, for that matter. Once she delayed the marriage of Tina, the goddess of Forest Lake, and West Wind, by directing the Master of Ceremonies in the wrong direction. She caused fairy Mab to fall down by drawing a vine taut, before her path. The little lady's rage was inexpressible and through her influence Nira was banished to the other side of the forest.

Nira tripped blithely away without the least sadness. She flew hither and thither, playing her tricks as she went. She sat on a humming bird's nest and, when the owner returned, she could not find her nest, for little Nira had made it invisible. After the little bird had cried awhile and called upon the gods for aid, Nira flew away and the mother bird was greatly surprised to find herself standing close beside her nest.

The little nymph came to a place at last that suited her fancy. The birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and the ocean waves gently lapped the shore. She rested her tired little body before further investigation. Mermaids, daughters of Neptune, who is the god of the sea, came each day on the beach to sun their hair. Nira looked at their hair and the ornaments that they wore, longingly. All the daughters looked as if they might be attractive but one. She was freakish-looking and the wood nymph thought she had a bad disposition. She had

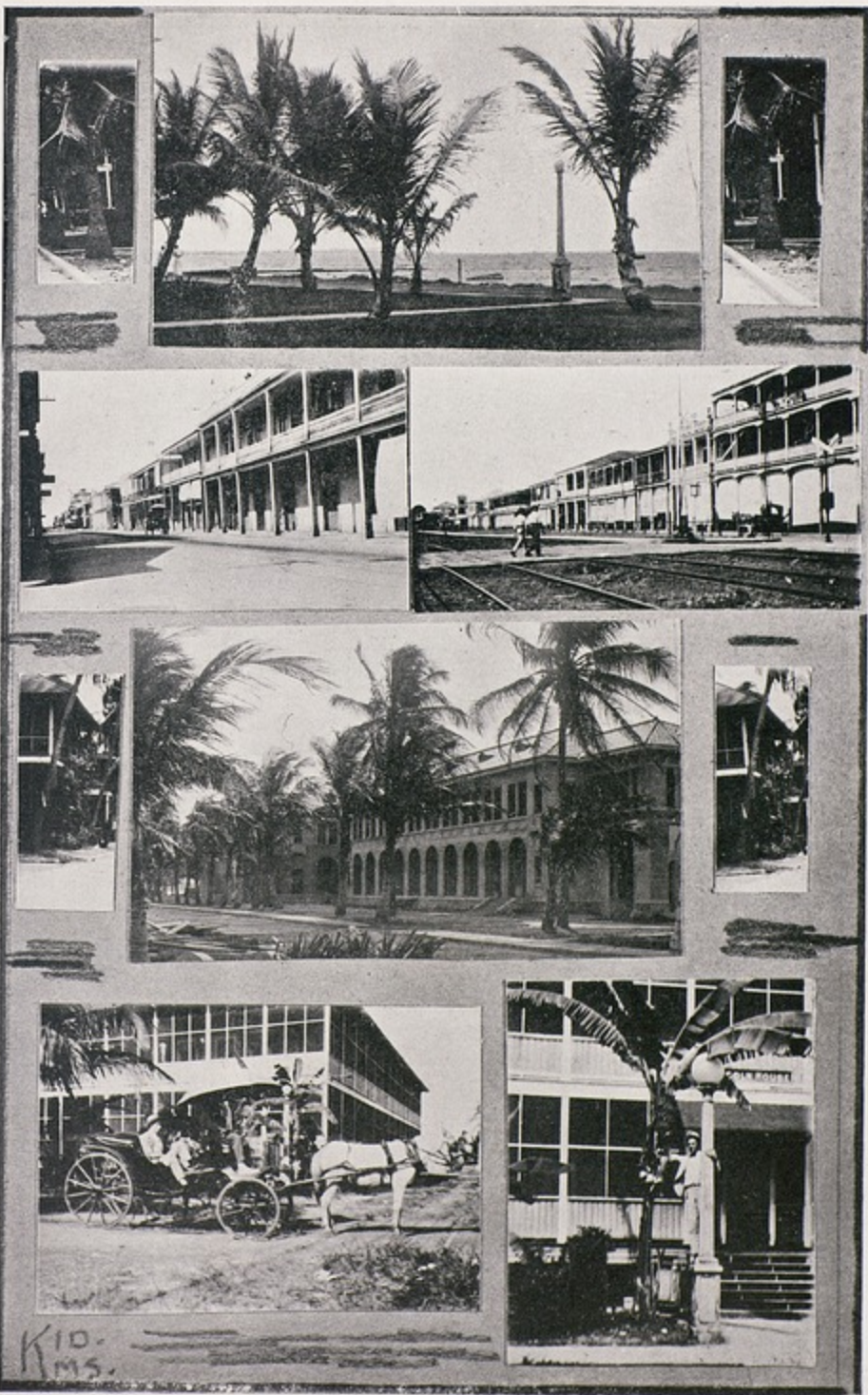
her doubts about teasing this one, and Thais, for this was her name, was the only one she wanted to meddle with.

One day, however, she overcame her better judgment. When she marched up, they were so interested in their conversation that they did not notice her. She tweaked the ugly one's long curls, she wasn't noticed; she pinched her hand, still no sign; finally she reached up and grabbed the string of pearls the sea nymph was playing with. The mermaids were powerless to follow, but, by sending one of Neptune's messengers to Zeus, the god of the Upper World, they had the pearls returned. But this did not suit the ugly one; the little nymph must be tried by Neptune's court. Then, when, by an unfair trial she was sentenced, Neptune left it to his daughter to choose the fate of little Nira.

Thais thought a while, she said aloud to herself, "The little imp ran off sideways dragging them on the ground." Then a bright idea struck her, "Let her and her children and her children's children be crabs and let them run sideways. This sentence shall last until I shall say it is over."

Thus the poor little thing was doomed. Zeus had power in his own realm only, but he said, if he ever got a chance at any of Neptune's children, he should hold them as hostages until they gave up little Nira.

You can distinguish Nira's descendants by their varied colored shells.



ALAS, ALAS!

In imitation of Thomas Gray's "On a Favorite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes".

MARY E. VERNER, '18.

'Twas on the shelving coral beach
Where soft-shelled crabs crawled in our reach,
And oyster stew did stew,
That Gerakline, of maids most fair,
Went forth to swim and take the air,
Where Carib's breezes blew.

Three times the side-stroke she essayed,
And then a feint to dive she made—
Enchanting all the fish,
Who, when they saw that beauteous maid,
With one accord, a clamor made—
They mortal form did wish.

But down beneath the waves there dwelt
A blue sea-crab, whose peace, he felt,
Was grievously disturbed;
So forth he stretched an armored claw,
Stuck out his eye—at once he saw
Her face, so unperturbed.

"Oh, grace divine, how lovely thou!"
Unto himself he murmured now,
"Oh, would that thou wert mine!"
And in his sudden captivity,
He seized her nose, an elevation
Which like a pearl did shine.

"Oh! Oh!" shrieked Gerakline in fright,
"I never yet was held so tight—
Good gracious, let me go!"
She rose, in panic terrified,
And to the beach did quickly stride,
All bent with crabbed woe.

The crab, they dealt a dreadful death;
They held his nose 'til he lost his breath,
Then cast him in the sea.
But Gerakline in sorrow goes—
Her classic and once pearly nose
Is bluer than was he.

HOW THE PALM FOUND ITS VOICE.

L. BOURKE WELCH, '18.

You know, a long time ago, the palm used to be silent. No matter how hard the wind urged it, it would never say a word. But now it is always talking, whispering low. If I could only understand all it says, I should have gold, hundreds of pounds of it, and diamonds and pearls, the treasure of a pirate king.

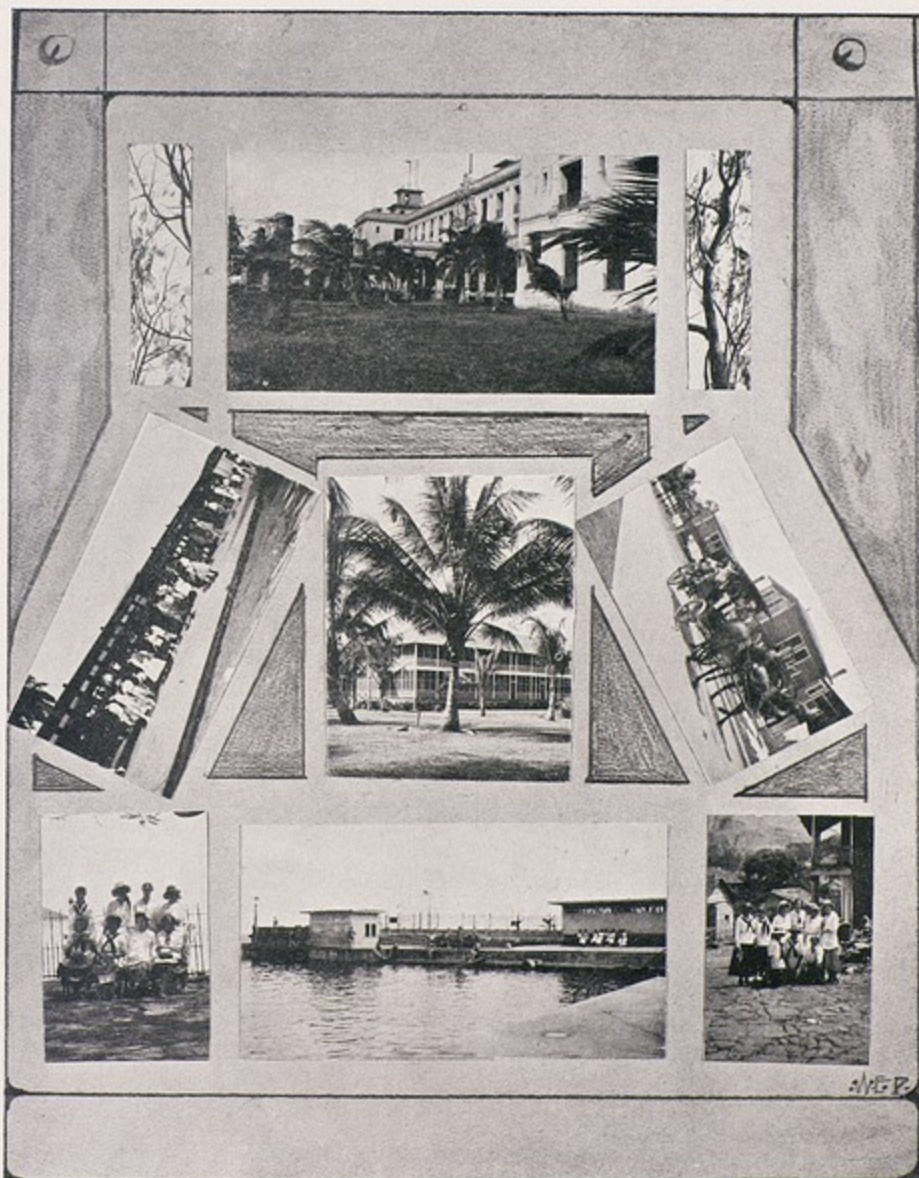
On this shore the headquarters of this king used to stand. Once, before he left for a long cruise, not trusting his confederates, he hid his treasure. It was in the evening. He went all alone, carrying it down in many trips. He took it all into the heart of a palm grove. There he dug a deep hole and buried it.

The swaying palms watched carefully all that was going on. They saw him dump the bars of gold into the hole. They watched

him run his fingers through the glittering jewels before locking them in a chest and lowering them, too, into the hole.

After the king had filled the hole and gone away, one old palm could not keep still any longer. It leaned over to its neighbor and whispered, "Gold! Jewels! Diamonds! Pearls!" The neighbor became excited and passed on the news, "Gold! Gold! Pearls! Wealth!" Since then the palms have never been quiet. They have never stopped gossiping about that treasure which the pirate never lived to recover.

But the palms, silly gossips that they are, can not tell me the most important thing of all, the location of this gold. Sometimes I think they are going to, but it turns either into an unintelligible murmur or into this same phrase, "Gold! Jewels! Treasure!"



CHIQUITO.

ROBERT S. WAID, '20.

He was just a common ordinary cur, but he had the most eloquent eyes I had ever seen. When I first noticed him, he was sleeping in the middle of the sidewalk. A little negro boy came out of an alley and kicked him, saying "Whaddayamean, sleepin' on my front steps?"

The poor dog got up, and, without even looking to see who had kicked him, walked off. Obviously he was used to such treatment.

Then I took a good look at him. Every rib was visible through his mangy skin. His haunches protruded from his body, and, like his ribs, seemed to have nothing over them but skin. He was lame in one leg, and

the three remaining match-sticks seemed unable to support his starved body. His long ears were covered with ticks, fleas, and burs; while about four inches of his tongue hung out of the side of his mouth.

Then I noticed his eyes. They held a volume—a volume of tales of abuses, days without food, nights without sleep, and unending pain and suffering from the ticks and fleas that were all over him. He looked at me, wagged his tail, and went on—a heap of bones, burs, and fleas.

Now Chiquito, as I call him, lives in my house, and is as good looking a dog as can be found anywhere on the Isthmus of Panama.

REVERIE OF A CANAL ZONE BACHELOR.

BEATRICE COSGROVE, '19.

"Well! this is the latest.

"Wheatless Day on Canal Zone.

'Beginning this week, the people of the Canal Zone will have a wheatless day a week, Monday. On that day no wheat bread, cake, nor Sunshine biscuits will be sold in the commissaries. This will hold likewise in the Panama Railroad restaurants, where only wheat substitutes will be sold.'

"That's from the *Star & Herald*. Not that I object to being patriotic by saving wheat, but if there was one thing the hotel made decently, it was sandwiches. Now if they made good 'co'n pones' I shouldn't kick, but as it is, no cakes nor pies for me from that place; you can't chew leather. The hotel's all right but the cooking's like home—well, hardly.

"Seems to me, Mabel said something about a girls' cooking class. Wonder if they sell stuff. Seems to me she said it was in the Old Washington, right here in this building! And they cook on Thursday afternoon!

Here, you, Joe, go downstairs and see if there are any girls down there. If there are, ask 'em if they'll sell me some eats. Tell them I'm a lonely bach, far from home and so forth.

"Say! I'll have to put the other fellows wise to this! Home cooking right at your own door! Hope those girls cook something good. They'd get lots of trade if they did, there are millions of bachelors like me, stranded here on the Isthmus, who'd give a good wad for a decent feed.

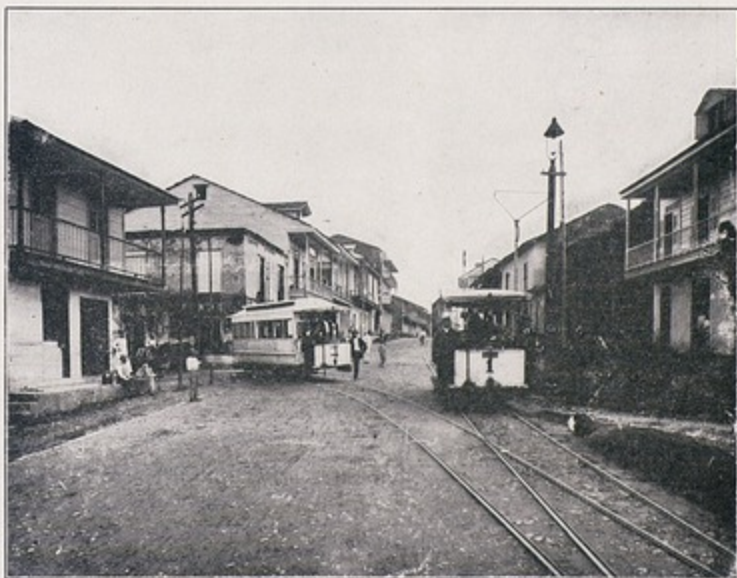
"Oh! here you are—what'd you get, Joe? Um! apple pie. Golly! look at it steam! It's hot! And a whole half! How much did she charge, Joe? What! they don't sell things! Just sent me up this because they had too much. Mm—m, it's good! Why don't they sell things? Tastes like mother used to make. I guess if I don't want hotel cooking, I'll have to get married.

"Let me see—a 5-pound box of Huyler's ought to fix it. Just watch yours truly get a feed every Thursday p. m.!"

Panama Now — Then

PANAMA, PAST AND PRESENT.

MINOR COTTON, '18.



CENTRAL AVENUE, PANAMA, IN 1892.

Many are the lives that have been sacrificed to make the Isthmus of Panama what it is to-day. Do you think that we should be down here now, enjoying the best of health, the best of food, entertainment and modern facilities, if it hadn't been for pioneers who came here years ago? Truly this place, when

the pioneers came, was a veritable pesthole.

Let your mind run back to the time when the Forty-Niners crossed the Isthmus. They had no railroad to ride on, they had no purified water to drink, they had no comfortable houses to stay in. Indeed not! They tramped across the Isthmus, passing

swamps where bred the deadly germs of malaria and yellow fever. They drank filthy water and they were glad to get it. They camped in the open and were subject to the weather and to the insects and disease carriers which abounded. Even come a little closer to our own time. How long is it

victims. Brave Americans came down here and exposed themselves to these dangers to make the place suitable for others to follow.

The result of their labors is our presence here to-day. Streets are paved, fireproof buildings can be seen everywhere. We have the best that can be brought down here and



CENTRAL AVENUE, PANAMA, IN 1916.

since the streets of Colon and Panama have been paved? Not much more than a decade ago many of the streets of these two cities were little better than canals. Water, stagnant water at that, stood in great puddles in the streets and disease-carrying germs were bred in front of the eyes of

daily we are getting more like a big city in the homeland. Panama, the metropolis of the Republic, has its street cars, electric lights, and up-to-date hospitals. The last fifty years has been a period of steady advance for this little American colony so far away from the United States.

COLON—BY NIGHT.

CATHERINE TEESE WAID, '18.

Colon is probably the most polyglot city in the New World. The worst—and some of the best—drift into the city from the Seven Seas.

It is Sunday evening. The sky is purple-black, the stars are huge and luminous and close. The green palm trees slowly bend to and fro, their fronds rustling as the breeze whispers to them tales of the Spanish Main. Orchids hang from trees; jasmine, hibiscus, and lilies make small splashes of color around the fountain. The municipal band is playing in the little plaza, and it is here that the cosmopolitanism that is Colon is seen.

The houses that were closed and silent this afternoon have come to life and yielded up whole family trees. The back rooms of the little shops have disgorged ten or twelve relatives of the proprietor. All of these flock to the plaza.

The band is playing a Spanish waltz. Ceaselessly, round and round the plaza, promenade the powdered señoritas, smiling into the eyes of their escorts and listening to more wonderful tales than ever Othello told to Desdemona.

Do you see the old white man on that bench underneath the umbrella tree, the one who is leaning on his cane and moving one hand in time to the music? He is a medico here, he hasn't been outside of Colon for seventeen years. If you ask him why, he smiles. "I sit in my drug store and watch the coaches pass and see my friends, what more is there to want in life?" All of which is very true.

The endless throng promenade—Chinese, shorn of cue; turbaned Hindoos; black-eyed Turks; San Blas Indians in blue smocks and straw hats; almond-eyed Japs; swarthy-skinned Syrians; French and Dutch sailors with red pom-poms on their caps; Americans

in palm beach; sleek Cubans; Englishmen in tweeds; our own soldiers and sailors in khaki and white; men and women from every province and country in Central and South America; and everywhere is a background of negroes—negroes from Africa, the States, Trinidad, Jamaica, Barbados, and every other island of the Antilles.

See that crowd following the negress in the blue calico dress with a cross in blood-red down the front and back? She is a Prophetess from heaven knows where, and she always wears that dress. She foretells fires and wars and destruction and the wrath to come. Wherever she goes you'll find that respectful crowd of admirers with her, gathering up the pearls of wisdom that fall from her lips.

There is a shriek in a house across from the plaza; a man bursts through a door, blood streaming from his back. A native policeman grabs him and another officer goes in to collect all the murderously inclined. Revolvers are not allowed in Colon, the provincial dagger is still much in use.

The band has stopped, the musicians have wrapped up their instruments. Imperceptibly the crowd has thinned. The French and Dutch sailors have left for their camouflaged ships. The shopkeepers have gone back to their holes in the wall.

The stars have been lowering themselves closer and closer to the earth. In a few minutes the Southern Cross will be in view. And the sea ripples and the palms rustle. Night holds sway.

In the glare of day Colon is not even interesting, but the lure of the tropics weaves its spell of fascination about the city as the last rays of the sinking sun fall over Limon Bay.

COLON HARBOR.

I. AT DAWN

CHARLES FLYNN, '20.

The blue streaks of dawn were just creeping over the Santa Rita Mountains. The harbor was as calm as a mill pond, save for the gentle swells of the incoming tide. The cool sea breezes were gently wafted over the land, giving everything a refreshing smell. A large cayuca drifted slowly out through the opening of the breakwater towards Porto Bello. It was nearly empty as the cargo had been sold the day before in Colon. The only passengers were two old Machee Indians.

Over the horizon the smoke of an approaching steamer could be seen. The whole town and harbor was almost noiseless. The numerous lights on the docks at Colon made them look like some summer resort in the States. Finally the blue streaks of dawn changed to a golden and reddish hue, which even tinted the water in some places. From all the conditions that prevailed a good day seemed in store for the inhabitants of Colon.

II. AT NOON.

ALSON SEARS, '20.

It was about noon. Through gently waving palms I could see the snowy breakers tumbling impatiently toward the shore. Soon I left the palms and found myself standing on the yellow, yielding sands of the beach. I looked around me. In front was the Atlantic disturbed only by the breakers that tumbled over the coral reef. The water was a deep blue, and over it floated a lone pelican, lazily searching for food. The sky was cloudless and no object disturbed the clear blue except a few sea gulls, sailing

lazily about. The sun shone out of this like a great, white-hot piece of iron, and it was quite as effective. In back and at both sides of me was the cool inviting shade of the palms. At the very top of the nearest palm, two tiny birds sat, calmly eating their lunch of tinier insects. Eighty feet below, reclining in the cool shade of the palms, chewing their cud, were three South American cattle.

This scene had the same effect on me as it must have had on the birds and cattle, for I also sat down under the lofty palms to chew my 'cud' of coconut meat.

III. AT SUNSET.

JOHN B. VERNER, '20.

The day is drawing near its close. The great orbit, once bright gold, now is turned to orange-gray. That orange-gray ball is sending its different tints over the harbor, darkening its waters and silhouetting the ships against the sky. The harbor is lying so peacefully that no motion can be seen save the disturbance left in the path of some slowly moving boat. As the sun sinks lower, the boats appear larger and the water more peaceful. As night draws on the two breakwaters seem to be two stretching arms, protecting the water within. Just outside these protecting arms lies the grim United States destroyer guarding the peaceful waters from the lurking danger of the submarine. The only trace of the sun now is the golden rays shooting over the top of the distant mountains. At last the bay is lost in sleep and only the twinkling lights on boats or the sweeping searchlights give signs of life. No sound comes over the water save the occasional "chug-chug" of a motorboat.

THE JUNGLE IN STORM.

KENNETH GREENE, '20.

I was lolling in the shade of a banana tree watching the tops of the royal palms as they swayed to and fro in the wind. In front of me, as far as eye could reach, stretched the broad Caribbean Sea. To the left lay the town of Colon, to the right, the tangled jungles and the Santa Rita Mountains. The parakeets chattered noisily and ceaselessly in a mango tree, whose top rose above the surrounding jungle. Rising above me stood the majestically tall royal palms. Out on the horizon was a large ocean liner with its trail of black smoke stretching away behind it. Closer in several fishing smacks and a small coasting vessel plied their devious ways.

Suddenly the sky darkened. Great billowy

storm clouds swept threateningly across the heavens. I had not come prepared for this, so all I could do was to crawl deeper under the banana tree and await the rain. It came. It poured down in great sheets, drenching the whole landscape. The lightning flashed. The thunder rolled and rumbled across the sky. For about ten minutes the rain, lightning, and thunder kept up, it seemed to me more like an hour. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the storm passed and the sun poured down his noonday rays, re-baking and drying the poor drenched earth. The parakeets, which had stopped their endless chatter during the rain, again struck up and chattered louder than ever.

ESPERITO SANTO.

KATHRYN BURGOON, '20.

The Esperito Santo orchid is very rare and is found only in the Isthmus of Panama and Colombia. Nearly all of the orchids get their food from the air, and grow either on trees or stubs of wood, but this orchid is an exception. It is found growing in the soil. Although the leaves of the Esperito Santo, or Holy Ghost, are very large, the flower itself is not more than an inch in diameter.

It is shaped somewhat like a tulip, and has four delicate, white petals and a lip at the bottom. The petals droop at the ends, thus forming a protection for the inside of the flower, which is the prettiest part. As you look down the lip, a small dove is seen. This dove has a faint purple and yellow tint. The Esperito Santo is one of the most beautiful flowers of Panama.

THE TROPICAL JUNGLE.

ALSON SEARS, '20.

Of all nature's mysteries the tropical jungle is the most mysterious. Most people who enter the jungle follow the beaten trail. These people see next to nothing of the real jungle. Stepping from the trail into the pathless jungle is comparable only to stepping off a dock and finding oneself in the water of the ocean. The first few feet one goes from the trail he sees nothing unusual or different, but, as he pushes farther, the great woods suddenly becomes

scolding all the while for being disturbed at his work. And over to the left a fat guinea hen waddles off to find a safer place to search for food.

Then, right before your eyes, as if by magic, the great woods becomes silent, mysterious—not a living thing can you see. Not a sound can you hear, save the steady, patient, yet impatient, northeast trade wind, worrying the leaves in the great treetops. The silence and the peaceful calm of it all



full of living and moving things. Perhaps at first you see nothing, but, upon taking a step forward, a twig snaps, or the leaves rustle under foot. Then everything comes to life. Directly under foot a little sky blue crab scampers off through the dry leaves making a terrific noise for such a small animal. Out of the bush at the right a ground dove throbs off into the silent depths ahead. From the tree above a fiery red squirrel shoots like a little red comet,


has a drowsy effect on you, but you dare not move for fear of breaking the spell. At last, however, two of the branches in the great tree scrape together with a rasping sound and the spell is broken. Perhaps you walk for a mile or more farther. Everywhere it is the same, dead calm; you see nothing hear nothing but your own foot steps. The quiet of it is getting on your nerves. If you don't see or hear something pretty "pronto," you will start something yourself. Then

presto!—your very blood is frozen in your veins, by the most awful crashing you ever heard. In the few seconds you have to think, maybe you say a prayer. But before you have time to look up, down through the trees from directly overhead descends, like a thunderbolt out of the clear sky, amidst a shower of twigs and leaves, a giant but harmless iguana. It lands at your feet with a bang, then springs up, and goes crashing

off through the underbrush, and, judging from the sound, you would swear it must be a tiger.

The jungle, as I said before, is the mystery of mysteries to one who does not understand it. It is as changeable as the evening sunset, as contrary as a young Scotch terrier, and yet, if one understands it, as simple as a nursery rhyme.





WELCOME, ANZACS.

ROBERT S. WAID, '20.

There is always a great difference in Colon when a hospital ship comes into the harbor. In ordinary times everyone goes around wishing it weren't so hot, or that it wouldn't rain. If it gets too hot, everyone takes to his house, and stays there until after it has begun to cool off a little bit. If it rains, everyone stops in his business and seeks cover and stays there 'till after the rain is over. People take their siestas and naps, and, if it is not raining, women congregate and talk at the commissary, and boys play baseball and basketball to their heart's content.

What a difference when a New Zealand Hospital ship comes in! Rain or shine, warm or cool, Sunday or week-day, everybody in the town begins to plan what he can do to entertain the heroes. Every American woman, if she possibly can, goes to the Gilbert House. Whether she goes or not, she bakes a cake and sends it down by a Boy Scout.

At the Gilbert House everything is in orderly confusion. Wounded men are seated here, there, and everywhere; girls rush hither and thither, bearing trays full of good things to eat. Off in a corner the piano groans and creaks under the mighty blows of a "ragger," a few people dance, others sing "Tipperary" and "Over There," and the visitors clap their hands for more when the music stops.

On the back porch of the Gilbert House



ladies are dishing out ice cream and cutting cake as fast as they can. They gladly wash dishes and wait on the Anzacs—work that they employ servants to do in their homes.

Outside the Gilbert House the road is lined with Army trucks, jitneys, and private cars, each driver blowing his horn, and trying to get some New Zealanders to take for a joy-ride.

Over on Front Street one sees the Hindu shops and Chinese stores crowded with the returned soldiers, each trying to buy something for some loved one at home. Down the street hops a soldier on crutches, showing by his apparently well foot that he has been frost-bitten; by his side walks another Anzac with his arm bandaged—he was "spotted" by a German sniper, but came through with nothing worse than a fracture. And so they pass, this one with a leg missing, another with his head bandaged, a third with an eye gone. Over to the left a "Sammie" is showing two wounded New Zealanders through the town, while on the right a "Jackie" is hustling several into a jitney for a ride.

At about nine o'clock a train stops before the Gilbert House and bears the happy and cheering crowd of Anzacs back to their ship.

Once again the populace of Colon settles back into its usual routine and waits for the next ship to come in.



A HOSPITAL SHIP.

AL DOYLE, '20.

What I saw was quite different from what I expected to see, when I stepped into Ward H, of the New Zealand hospital ship *Maheno* that was stopping at Colon for coal. I had once been given the impression that all soldiers were big, massive looking men. I was inclined to smile at the difference and would have smiled, had not the scene before me been so heart-rending.

I stood gazing at the rows and tiers of bunks, three deep and three high, all, except an occasional few, occupied by pale, thin and sorrowful-looking men. They were bandaged in every conceivable way. Here and there was a lively Tommy whistling or humming a tune. The rest of the men were engaged in reading or sleeping and some were just lying in their bunks staring into space, evidently thinking. Now and then, across the faces of these men would shoot spasms of pain, caused either by their suffering right then, or by the recalling of a horrible incident during their stay in the trenches.

I passed along a narrow aisle bidding each wounded Tommy "Hello," as I distributed my magazines and papers. The look of gratitude which brightened their faces was sufficient reward in itself.

I passed into the adjoining ward. This was supposed to contain the men in the

worst conditions and from all outside appearances it certainly did contain them. Such a set of men I had never seen before. All were as white as the sheets they were lying on. They were, most of them, skeleton thin and the crops of unkempt hair on their heads made them look still thinner. There were a number of other people visiting the wounded soldiers and conversing with them. I thought it would be a good idea to have a talk with one of these men. I went up to a Mr. Harvey and we were soon engaged in an interesting conversation. He told me a lot. I could listen for weeks to their stories. He ended by saying, "You don't know what it is, lad!" It was a common thing to say, but it was the way he said it that made it so effective. He gave me a number of pins, a ring off a hand grenade, and a real rifle bullet.

As I was about to take my leave, the whistle blew that meant the boat would leave soon to take the Tommies on the last lap of the long journey. I looked around. There was a great change! The men, who heretofore had worn a forlorn look, now smiled brightly and seemed to become jocund all of a sudden. They were going home.

THE PALM TREE'S STORY.

L. BOURKE WELCH, '18.

I went with the rest of the class on the trip down to the mouth of the River Chagres, to the site of the old Fort San Lorenzo, which was destroyed by Morgan about 1670. We climbed the hill and looked out to sea from the watch-station on the peak. Then we returned to the bottom and entered the underground passages. Led by a native carrying a lantern with a very dirty globe, we wandered through this labyrinth, stumbling along over stones and piles of dirt that had caved in from the roof, till I became tired of the whole business. As we came abreast of one of the branches, I looked down it and saw light.

Turning, I soon came out into the open. It was on the sea side opposite from where we had entered. There was a great old palm near the outlet of the tunnel. Not over three yards from the palm were two graves, marked each by a single round stone. Over the two mounds lay a large flat stone, on which had been chiseled the word, "Tissot." Just that one word, nothing else. It all seemed very strange to me, almost unnerving, after the winding, dark passages I had been through. Perhaps they had been man and wife, and Tissot was the name. At any rate, I was too tired to stand there any longer thinking about them. I sat down with my back against the tree and tried to recall all that I had heard and imagined of the old Spanish stronghold.

I thought again about those two graves. How I wished there were someone I could ask about them, who they had been, how they had happened to die, and whether they had been man and wife! I thought of the old padre at the little chapel, but he had just come from Cuba; he would not know. There was no one else, unless the old palm tree knew. I asked the palm tree. At first I got

no answer. In a minute, however, the first breath of the evening sea breeze was felt. With the first rustle, the old sentinel began to talk. This is the story:

"I do not know this story first-hand, for it all happened before my day. However, I heard it from an old palm that used to stand down there by the water's edge. He told it to me when I was young. Since then I have heard it often, for it has been passed from one tree to another ever since that terrible day.

"Andre Tissot was a young Frenchman in the service of the Spanish Charles. He was to be married soon to Maria, the beautiful daughter of the commander of the fort. The two were very happy. They were together constantly. She would come down in the mornings where he was drilling the men at the guns, for he was captain of a battery, you know; then in the afternoons they could be seen walking together along the beach or among the palms.

"This was all before the news of the English pirates was received, for the day the boat arrived bringing news of a 'fleet of hundreds of English ships headed this way,' the slow and easy life changed to one of work and anxiety. Native scouts were sent out. Magazines were opened. Guns were overhauled. Provisions were brought into the fort against a siege. These Spaniards were very confident of victory, but they could not forget the capture of Porto Bello by that small force of pirates.

"Then the natives came in with the news that the English had landed down the coast and were advancing through the mangrove jungles. That changed their plans. Cannon that had been charged with ball and pointed to sea were recharged with slugs and dragged to the other side of the fort.

"When the English charged up the hill,

every gun was turned upon them. The whole fort belched forth flame. At the first volley they staggered, but quickly re-formed and swept upward, leaving the ground covered with their comrades. After the third volley they broke and ran. More than half the men were left under the walls of the fort.

"Andre had commanded his battery with wonderful skill. His guns had spoken oftener than any of the others. He was everywhere at once, cheering his men and urging them on to great efforts.

"Everything went well until a burning arrow was fired into the thatched roof of the powder magazine. In the excitement of battle the fire was not noticed and the explosion came unexpectedly. Men at the guns were knocked to the ground, nearby houses were thrown down, and burning wood was scattered over the whole fort. At the explosion, the English charged again. The force in the fort was not strong enough to repel the English and at the same time fight the hundreds of small fires that were starting. The English were repulsed, but their object was realized, the fort was burning.

"From tree-tops, high ground, and other points of vantage, the sharpshooters amused themselves by picking off the Spaniards who were thrown into relief by the fire. Andre lost almost half his men that night.

"With the first gray streak of dawn, the pirates charged a third time. As the Spaniards rushed to their places to repel the attackers, the snipers opened fire. The swabber on one of the guns fell. Andre at once picked up the rod and took his place. The English pressed on up the hill, even in the face of the withering Spanish fire. Then Andre was wounded. A ball, fired by a sniper, struck him in the arm. As he dropped the swab, someone else picked it up. He didn't see who it was because of the cloud of smoke from the guns. The old cannon spoke again. As the smoke cleared away,

Andre saw Maria swabbing out the gun.



"A wild yell came from a soldier on the wall—'The ladders are up!' An English head was thrust over the top. It was immediately cut down, but another followed close upon it.

"Andre struggled to his feet, unsheathed his sword, and, commanding the remaining men to follow, ran to the assistance of the men at the walls. Removing a sword from one of the men lying near, Maria followed.

"The English had succeeded in placing many ladders along the wall at different places, and were swarming up them faster than they could be cut down. Though Andre's left arm hung useless, he could use his right. He took his place at one of the ladders. A short, squat Englishman came running up this one as if he were climbing on board his own ship. In his right hand he carried a heavy cutlass. As he came within reach, Andre made a lunge at him. Agile as a cat, he swung over to the left on the outside of the ladder, and at the same time brought his heavy cutlass down across the light blade of Andre, which splintered at the hilt. As a monkey might, the sailor sprang up a couple of steps, and, as he sprang, he dealt Andre a cut over the heart. But before he could raise his cutlass another time, he was run through by Maria, and fell back down the ladder carrying his comrades with him.

"Maria helped Andre over to the shade of a tree. She tried to stop the flow of blood, but even she could see that it was useless. Andre died in her arms with her name on his lips.

"A series of wild yells told the girl the English had forced the gates. She saw the pirates pour in, scatter out, and begin their looting. She tried to imagine her fate now, with them in possession. The least would be death. Then why not now, and with Andre?



"Calmly and without emotion, she removed the pistol from his sash, examined it as to its condition, cocked it, placed it to her temple, and pressed the trigger.

"The padre was not captured; he escaped to the jungle. Later in the night, when all were drunk, he returned for the wounded, and found Maria and Andre lying side by side. He carried them away and buried them here as you see."

When I awoke I realized it was dark and there were lights moving along shore and over the hillside. Voices were calling my name. I answered. My friends came running

and stumbling to me. They said they had thought me lost, but I quickly explained matters by telling them that I had only fallen asleep.

We all went back to the boat, which was almost filled with orchids bought in the village, and prepared to return to Gatun. The rest were jolly and gay, but I could not forget the little tragedy I had just heard. It worried me. So before we left, I slipped off a moment to run back and leave a beautiful Holy Ghost orchid in full bloom on their graves.

THE SACK OF PORTO BELLO.

ARLENE BALL, '19.

Night speeds on, dark, silent, and lonely. Since the last child has closed his eyes and floated off into slumberland, Sister Maria has sat in her little bare nun's room, plying her work. Stitch after stitch she takes, never changing her position, a seeming spirit mingled with the shadows on the wall. The flame of the dim oil lamp flickers as the

Even at that moment over the black waves steals death to that trusting woman. O'er the crest and down into the inky blackness of the Atlantic slip many little boats, bearing their midnight guests. Yes, these are Morgan's pirates with that gallant gentleman himself at their head. The keels of the boats sink in the soft sand.



GOVERNMENT HALL OF THE SPANIARDS, PORTO BELLO.

tiny breeze passes through the window. So very, very still is the night that the rustle of the rushes on the shore, as the sentry passes on his lonely watch, reaches the ear of the busy nun. All lights are out in the fortress on the shore. How calm and peaceful! Yes, the calm before the storm.

Has Sister Maria noticed that the sentry no longer treads the shore? No. Her needle still works on and on. She has not moved from where she sat.

The sentry is bound and gagged, the fort surrounded. Are all ignorant of their danger? No, fire is opened upon the pirates from the

fort. Alas! Might conquers right. All is confusion. Citizens, soldiers, women, little children, all rush forth. Cherished jewels are flung into the wells to keep them from the pirates. One mad struggle for life is made.

But here is Sister Maria, calm and quiet even now, soothing her disturbed flock. But look—Morgan has seized the gentle

people will not kill them. At the point of the bayonet these friars and nuns are forced to place the ladders. But, do you see? The guns of their friends are turned upon them. Death at a friend's hand? No, it can not be. Yes! One rending cry, one agonizing wail pierces the air. Sister Maria lies still.

On rush the pirates, over the wall. The town is taken. Ransom is secured. High



OLD FORTIFICATIONS IN PORTO BELLO.

Sister. His band have her Brethren and Sisters. Rough chains bind the Sister's tender wrists.

But here is the chance to make these prisoners of use. The castle in which the governor has taken a stand must be captured. They shall place these ladders on the wall and aid in the destruction. Surely their own

carnival and reveling is held in Porto Bello that night. But all the while, there lies Sister Maria, cold and quiet, a heavenly smile about her lips.

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne."

So it has been, so it is! But, so shall it always be?

A TROPICAL SCENE.

AL DOYLE, '20.

A gentle breeze was blowing on the faces of the tourists as they came to a standstill at the summit of the historical Fort San Lorenzo. Looking in a southwesterly direction they discerned, in plain sight, just below, the mouth of the noted Chagres River. After leaving the mouth, the channel of the river made an abrupt curve to the sea, and looking down on this from such a height as the tourists were, they could see a strong current moving swiftly seaward. The day, being characteristic of the days of the rainy season in the tropics, was remarkably clear. As a consequence the reefs, which bordered the hill, on which the fort was situated, could be plainly seen, with their underwater growths fanning to and fro with the current. Schools of little fishes swam back and forth and occasionally scattered wildly when a big fish would come charging down on them.

After watching these odd sights for some time the eyes of the tourists wandered seaward and along the coast. For miles

inland and following the coast, stretched the wild tropical wilderness. Just on the other side of the river mouth was spread a broad sea beach. In back of this stood an immense palm grove of coconuts, waving in the gentle breeze. From the beach outward lay the blue sea of the tropics. What mystery those waters held! What fighting and bloodshed they must have witnessed in the days when Buccaneer Morgan captured and destroyed the ponderous stronghold which was looking down on them now in its majestic ruin!

They turned and gazed around the ancient place. It was overrun with wild tangled brush and tropical grass. Here and there the solemn looking muzzle of an old cannon protruded from the brush. A keen observer could see piles of old cannon balls underneath the growth. Altogether, the scenes which they had witnessed brought to their minds tales of the Spanish Main.

THE BURIAL OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

JAMES RAYMOND, '19.

All was quiet on board the ship, as she lay at anchor in the harbor of Porto Bello. There was not the usual creaking of pulleys, nor the yohing of the crew as they hove up the sails. There were not their cheerful songs as they washed down the decks, nor was there any merry laughter as they played at dice. Instead, solemnity hovered over the ship, for he, the terror of the Spanish coast towns and destroyer of the Spanish Armada, was dead. In a few minutes he would be lying in his last resting place. A section of the great Atlantic had been reserved for him.

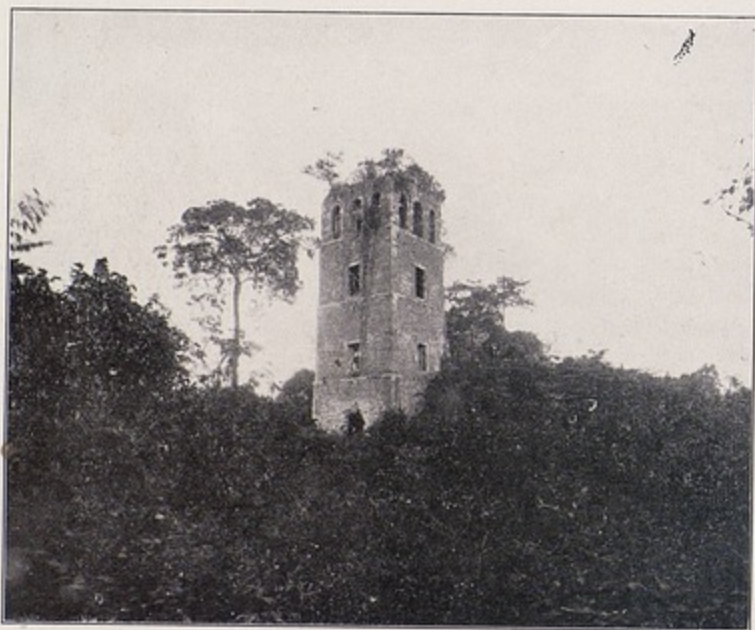
The crew mourned over the loss of their great leader, who for years had led them on many a raid on the coast towns, and had commanded them in many an encounter with Spanish galleons laden with treasure. As the priest from the town concluded the mass, one old mariner, who had been a member of his crew from the first, stole quietly to the forecabin, so that he might grieve in tears. The dead body, wrapped in canvas, was carried over to the rail and lowered gently into the dark blue sea. The ship listed heavily, as though trying to follow her gallant master to his final resting place.

FROM A BUCCANEER'S DIARY.

HARLAN HOLMWOOD, '20.

We had been marching for ten days through dense jungles. The days were terribly hot and we sweated and grumbled in our heavy clothes. But that was not the worst part of it. For three days we had eaten nothing but strips of leather cut from our boots and occasionally some horse meat.

and traps for us. Sir Henry took the guide's advice and so we were cutting our way through a maze of vines and undergrowth. It was up hill and down, and all the time that hot sun beating down mercilessly on our backs, and we could not but think of our native England with its cool breezes.



RUINS OF OLD PANAMA.

The Spaniards had gone before us and destroyed everything in the way of food.

However, we were nearing our goal and to-morrow we would feast and be merry. Just the day before the guards had warned us not to enter the city by the common highway as the Spaniards had laid ambushes

Finally, however, we ascended the last hill, for, when we reached the summit, we beheld below the fertile savannas, dotted here and there by small villages. In the center lay our goal, the city of Panama, that storehouse of treasures which were soon to be ours.

As we descended the hill and drew nigh unto the city, a body of Spanish cavalry sallied out to meet us. They rode admirably but the ground was too soft and their horses had hard work. A body of foot-soldiers tried to support the cavalry but they were no match for us and we cut them to pieces.

They ran off, doing us no damage. There was nothing for us to do now but to enter the city. We met with some resistance as we entered but we soon dispelled this.

That afternoon Sir Henry ordered that the principal buildings be set afire. The fire gained so quickly that by night the



RUINS OF OLD PANAMA.

We had found in former battles that they were no fighters.

As soon as the people saw their soldiers were being defeated they set a large herd of bulls moving toward us. However, the noise of the battle affrighted the bulls and

greater part of the city was in flames. The next day we set out to gather the gold and silver. We found large amounts of it hidden in wells and cisterns. On the 24th of February we left the ruins of the city, laden with great riches and numerous slaves.

A ROMANCE.

MARY E. VERNER, '18.

Robert Kenneth Barte was a most winning youth, very frank and generous. He had pledged the affections of his heart to Della Susie Raymond, a sweet and gentle lass. But alas! Della's cruel parents would not sanction their match; so they resolved to run away together. She packed a lunch basket with sandwiches and a bottle of Welch's grape juice. They met under the Greene Holmwood, which belonged to her father.

"We will go," said he, "to a certain mill. The parson is there."

"Won't the people of the Mildred our coming?"

"Oh, no, I gave them a Henter to keep them quiet."

Their way lay through a beautiful Lee. It was in the month of Mae, and the flowers,

Mary-golds, St. Charles wort, John-ny Jump-ups, and yellow Cotton flowers were blooming. The grass was cool and Duey, and the Etha was sweet and balmy.

Soon they reached a Ford in a stream, and he began to Teese her as they started to Waid across. It was now very warm. The sun was like a great hot Ball.

"Oh," sighed she, "for a nice, shady, Cosy Grove!"

"Well, never mind, here's the mill."

The mill people, Lula Sears and Al Ferguson, greeted them kindly, though the old woman was somewhat Carty on account of Della's pretty Cotton Foulard. The parson united them in hasty matrimony; then the bride spread the lunch Doyle-y and the wedding breakfast was eaten.

THAT WOMAN.

ARLENE BALL, '19.

Really, nothing could beat that woman! She would have everything that was coming to her at any rate.

Every morning, precisely at a quarter to eight, she was at the commissary, a small angular figure in a severe white shirtwaist. That was the only way to get anything decent, she would firmly assert. For 15 minutes, she would pace slowly up and down in front of the building, looking every two minutes at her gold watch which hung on a chatelaine on her waist. As the minutes passed she would grow more and more impatient till at length, when the doors were opened at five or ten minutes after eight, by her watch, she had worked herself into such a frame of mind that I really didn't envy the clerks who must wait on her.

"Why couldn't that commissary open on time?" was her constant complaint.

Straight to the fruit and vegetable counter she would go. And did ever anyone impose upon her by taking her turn? If they did, I never heard about it. There most assuredly would have been trouble brewing if anything of that kind had happened.

Did they have anything this morning? Of course not! They never did! She must see those tomatoes. Then every one of the tomatoes in the basket was carefully felt of, picked over, and poked at before she had decided which four she would take. Through this same process she went until she had four tomatoes, six oranges, and two pounds of apples picked out. No wonder the commissary never had anything decent!

Then came the task of paying for her purchases! The clerk added up the bill. She did likewise. With eagle eye she watched her commissary book. "You never can tell what these clerks will do," she would say.

On she went to the other counters. Never did she hand over that commissary book until she was assured that there was nothing

better to be had in the whole commissary than what she had before her. At last she had finished! A bundle under each arm she marched away.

And there wasn't a clerk in that commissary who didn't heave one great sigh of relief when he saw that same small, angular figure receding through the doorway!

COMMISSARY DIALOGUE.

(Time, 8 a. m.)

JAMES RAYMOND, '19.

"Why, how-do, Mrs. Viewall, how are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine, Mrs. Nomuch, but did you hear the latest?"

"No, what is it?"

"Why, Mrs. Jenkins has a new dress, and she looks like a camouflaged ship in distress."

"You don't say—gee, I'd love to see her."

"Eggs have gone up one cent this morning, isn't it getting awful?"

"Yes, dreadful."

"Oh, look at Mrs. Jones. Her husband got a ten-dollar raise the other day, and she just hates herself."

"What are you going to have for dinner?"

"I guess I don't know what I'm going to have."

"Neither do I. I wish Mr. Hoover would make every day an eatless day."

"Are you going to the Woman's Club tomorrow? I think I'll go."

"I can't say whether I will go or not. The last time, hubby came home from work, and scolded me because I didn't have supper ready."

"Oh, my hubby is just a dear. He never says a word to me."

"Last night, there were free movies at the 'Y' and guess who was there."

"Who? Mrs. Cheepstill?"

"Yes, what's more she had the whole family there."

"I asked my husband if we were going to the States this summer and he said if the war is over."

"I can't mention the States to my husband. Aren't men terrible?"

"My, yes—they're dreadfully mean."

"Gracious!!!—there goes the 11 o'clock whistle, and I haven't bought a thing."

School Life

Catherine Waid.



Editor.

C.E.D.

OUR SCHOOL SPIRIT.

ROBERT S. WAID, '20.

An army without great confidence in its leaders will never win a battle. This statement has been proved over and over, during the history of the world. It was proved when Greece overcame Persia, when the Spartans defeated the Athenians, when Hannibal vanquished three separate Roman armies, each of which was larger than his own. It was again proved when Cæsar conquered the Gallic tribes. It is being proved to-day in the war in Europe, in which the allied troops have much more confidence in their leaders than the Germans have in theirs.

This confidence in an army is called morale; in a baseball team, team work; and in a school, *esprit de corps*. If it is lacking anywhere the group that lacks it will never succeed, because they will never pull together. No one knows exactly where this confidence comes from or just when it goes, but it is a subtle something without which no organization can succeed.

Early this year the students gave an exhibition in the classrooms for their parents and relatives. Here were shown all the different accomplishments of the separate

classes. The High School next gave "Cranford" at the Broadway, in order to raise money to pay for the piano. The interest of the townspeople in both of these entertainments greatly increased our own interest in the student body and helped to make our *esprit de corps*. There was keen rivalry for the Junior Four-Minute Man diploma, but, after the decision, all were agreed that the honors had been given to the right ones. The Round Table discussions, which were held every week in the English classes, also provided us with a means of increasing our team work. The interclass games between the boys have aroused great competition, but, as no one gets angry, they merely serve to bind the classes more closely together. Just as the Liberty Loan issues have served to bind together the men and women of the nation, so the buying of Thrift and War Savings Stamps has served to mold the students of the Cristobal High School into one patriotic body, and has greatly increased our *esprit de corps*.

Next year, let us hope, this spirit of unity will be still greater than it is this year.

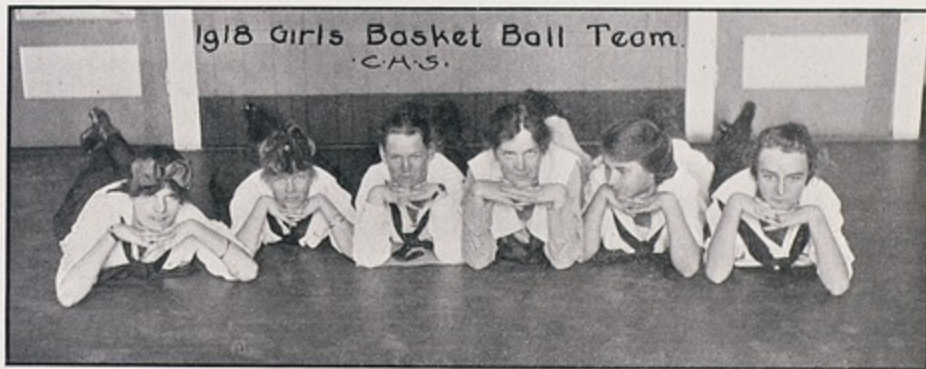
THE SCHOOL PERISCOPE.

At the beginning of the school year of 1917 the Cristobal High School moved into its new building on Colon Beach. From the school windows there is a beautiful view of the blue Caribbean Sea. When we are in our classrooms we can see the camouflaged ships as they round the breakwater and enter Colon harbor; as we look one of Uncle Sam's submarines glides through the water and a Navy or Coast Artillery hydroplane swoops overhead. A better site for an American school could not have been chosen.

Hallowe'en some Sophs went hunting for

ones who had Mr. Villafranca tell their fortunes.

Just before the Christmas vacation Mr. Paulson secured permission for the High School to go over to Fort Sherman and inspect the aeroplanes in the Coast Artillery hangars. With picnic lunches in our baskets we left Pier 11 for Toro Point in a Quartermaster Corps tug. At Fort Sherman a sergeant met us and showed us over one of the batteries. After seeing the big guns we walked over to the Aviation Field. Two planes were in their hangars, and an officer



trouble, and they found it in the belfry. They thought they had had a good time, but the next morning changed their minds.

In November the High School gave a party to itself. We needed a change after having put in a month exploring the mysteries of physics and Cicero. "Pete" Clarity, Janet Fraser, Robert Waid, and Kenneth Edwards were the committee for entertainment and Beatrice Cosgrove, Lillian Cotton, and Catherine Waid for refreshments. Mildred Huebner played for the songs and dancing. Everybody enjoyed himself, especially the

carefully explained the machines to us and answered all of our questions. Later we wandered over to the beach and ate our luncheon underneath some palms. A company of soldiers nearby were going through their bayonet practice and jabbing every straw-filled bag as though the Kaiser were there in the flesh. After our lunch some of us went in swimming and others walked around the post. Zealous guards gazed at us suspiciously everywhere, evidently determined that we should not bear away with us any military secrets. It is well that we

went when we did for orders have since been issued prohibiting civilians from visiting the fort.

In December our Senior Class accepted an invitation from the Senior Class of the Pacific side to attend a party to be given at the Balboa High School. We all went over on the 5.10 train and returned on the 1 a. m. Mrs. Owen was kind enough to chaperon us. We had a fine time—the floor, the orchestra, and the glad hand were all there. What more could we ask? The Balboa Seniors surely know how to entertain.

The students of the High School gave an exhibition for their parents and friends in the early part of February. Every class contributed something to the entertainment. The boys in the Latin classes had made Roman houses and camps, and the girls had dressed dolls in togas. The English classes all had interesting exhibitions, especially the Seniors with their pictures of Chaucer and the Sophomores with a model of the cottage of Silas Marner. Several piano solos were given in the music room, after which the guests were served refreshments made by the domestic science class. Everyone invited said they had had a most delightful time.

Students of the High School have contributed generously of their pocket money for the buying of War Savings Stamps, Thrift Stamps, and Liberty Bonds. When we started, a large thermometer was made on the blackboard in the Assembly Room. It has climbed steadily. As we go to press our total stands, \$750 in Liberty Bonds, and \$275.67 in War Savings and Thrift Stamps, making a total of \$1,025.67.

In the early part of the year aeroplanes were such a novelty that whenever one went up, everybody would rush to see it and the Faculty had to put a stop to the practice.

Now it is so common to see a plane that unless there are four or five up at once we scarcely bother to watch them.

On April 5 the Cristobal School gave an entertainment to raise money for books for our library and to pay the amount due on our piano. Over \$220 was netted from the show.

Following is the program of the High School's contribution to the entertainment: "Cranford," arranged and dramatized by Catherine Waid, Mary Verner, Susie Harrison, and Lula Pullig.

CHARACTERS.

Miss Betsy Barker.....	LULA PULLIG
Miss Pole.....	CATHERINE WAID
Miss Mattie Jenkins.....	ARLENE BALL
Miss Smith.....	LILLIAN COTTON
Lady Glenmire.....	MARY VERNER
Mrs. Jamieson.....	DELLA BRIGNAC
Mrs. Forrester.....	SUSIE HARRISON
Mrs. Fitz-Adams.....	ETHA BEVINGTON
Mrs. Barton.....	JANET FRASER
Peggy (Betsy Barker's maid).....	BEATRICE COSGROVE
Peter Jenkins.....	ROBERT WAID

Children: GRACE DOWELL, GRACE BROWN, ZONELLA BLISS, CORA OLIVER, VIRGINIA OLIVER, HAL COOPER, RUDOLF SCHYOTT, and JOHN POWELL.

CRANFORD.

- ACT I..... Miss Betsy Barker's Parlor
 ACT II..... Miss Mattie Jenkin's Tea Shop
2. Chorus..... High School
 (a) *The Jolly Tar*.
 (b) *The Bright Rosy Morning*.
3. Four-Minute Speech..... "Food Conservation"
 ROBERT WAID.
4. Four-Minute Speech..... "The Problem of the United States"
 ALBERT DOYLE

The latter part of April we held our Junior Four-Minute Men contest. The winner in the Senior Class was Minot Cotton; for the Juniors, Mary Verner; for the Sophomores, Harlan Holmwood; and for the Freshmen, Frank Raymond. Our congratulations to the victors.



CAST IN CRANFORD A PLAY GIVEN BY HIGH SCHOOL

Even now the Senior Class is planning its Senior Breakfast. Faculty, watch your step!

In April the High School gave a party to the Eighth Grade. Susie Harrison and Kathryn Burgoon were the committee on refreshments and Lula Pullig and James Raymond for entertainment. It was, if possible, more enjoyable than the other party.

The Civics class spent a day in court—voluntarily—in April.

At the beginning of May they went to the filtration plant at Mount Hope and were shown over the plant—which is one of the most modern in the world—by the Superintendent. They then ate their lunch under a breadfruit tree, much to the surprise of some Porto Rican soldiers on guard.

Sixteen soldiers from the New Zealand Hospital Ship which arrived in Colon harbor April 23 visited our school. Classes were dismissed and we all gathered in the music room to entertain our guests. They seemed to prefer "Keep the Home Fires Burning" to any of the other songs we sang for them. After some of the children from the grades had given a few folk dances, one of the soldiers gave us a very interesting talk. He spoke of the problems after the war, and closed by saying that, if the boys and girls before him were specimens of real Americans, there need be no fear of the outcome of the war.

Early in the school year the Seniors held a meeting to elect class officers. Minot Cotton was elected President; Catherine Waid, Vice President; Susie Harrison, Secretary and Treasurer; and Bourke Welch, Class Editor.

The Spanish classes, under Mr. Villafranca's censorship, are corresponding with students of the College in Cartago, Costa Rica.

The winners in the Senior Athletic Events have been announced:

120-yard Flirtation	BOURKE WELCH
High Bluff	CATHERINE WAID
Standing Broad Grin	SUSIE HARRISON
Two-Mile Hot Air	MARY VERNER
Discussion Throw	LULA PULLIG
Cross-Country Think	MINOT COTTON

The Seniors held their first annual dance at the Cristobal clubhouse on the 22d of May. The Naval Orchestra furnished the music and everybody there expressed themselves as having had a fine time. Proceeds of the dance were turned over to *The Caribbean* fund.

With the arrival of Mr. Russell at the clubhouse, physical exercises at the school took on new life. Every Tuesday and Thursday the High School went down and enjoyed twenty minutes of mingled work and pleasure.

At 9 a. m. Memorial Day, our new Stars and Stripes floated to the breeze for the first time. The dedication of the flag was made the occasion for one of the most beautiful and impressive ceremonies ever witnessed on the Isthmus. The program follows:

Parade of school children, escorted by the U. S. Naval Band, detachment of sailors from the Submarine Base, Coco Solo, and a company of Coast Artillery, leaving Headquarters, Fort de Lesseps, at 8.45 a. m.

1. Selection.....U. S. Naval Band
2. Prayer.....REV. P. J. BURNS, C. M.
3. Song—*America*.....SCHOOL
4. Introductory Address.....COL. T. B. LAMOREUX
5. Address.....DR. R. J. PIRKEY
6. Flag Raising.....BOY SCOUTS
7. Song—*Star Spangled Banner*.....SCHOOL

Christmas time saw the first active Red Cross work of the Cristobal School for this year. Red Cross seals to the value of \$173.56 were sold by the 327 pupils. This



school was awarded the second prize of \$10 in a seal-selling contest. In the school Miss De Camp's room was first with \$51.57, and Miss Littell's room second with \$41.95.

After Christmas a Branch of the Junior Red Cross was organized in the grades and in High School. Three hundred and twenty-seven pupils enrolled, their membership fees making a total of \$80.50. Two diplomas were received from the American Red Cross Chapter of the Canal Zone, one for the grades and the other for the High School.

These diplomas seem to have been an inspiration to the school members, for they have worked faithfully for the Red Cross ever since they enrolled.

The sewing classes under the supervision of Mrs. Pendleton have made garments for the refugee children in Europe, 100 comfort kits for our soldiers, and 75 baby bags. Many of the children have brought their candy money for a week, and with this and other contributions from the school, we have been able to fill 15 comfort kits and 75 baby bags with such necessities as talcum powder, soap, washcloths, and pins.

The school has collected over three hundred magazines for the New Zealand hospital ships.

We have made a good beginning, and hope to do even better in the coming year.

SUSIE I. HARRISON.

The entire Cristobal School gratefully acknowledges its indebtedness to Mr. A. P. E. Doyle and Mr. G. H. Ball who so generously supplied us with 1,000 programs for our entertainment at the Broadway Theater. These two friends of our school can always be relied upon to do the handsome thing.

Again we must thank Mr. G. H. Ball for his kindness in giving us the invitations and programs for our Flag Raising ceremony.

The sincere gratitude of the Cristobal School is due to those who contributed so

kindly to the purchase of our beautiful American flag, which will ever serve to remind us of the wonderful privilege of being an American. Below are the names of our friends:

MR. G. H. BALL	MR. A. LEVINGSTON
MR. IRWIN BUSER	MR. W. G. LUCE
CAPT. L. C. CALLOWAY	CAPT. F. H. PARSONS
MR. F. L. COREY	MR. W. PAULSON
MR. E. C. COTTON	CAPT. S. G. ROWE
MR. C. A. DADY	CAPT. JOHN WEISHOFER
MR. R. B. GROVES	

The class that the whole student body gets the most real enjoyment out of is the singing class. We have enjoyed the music this year better than ever before. Mr. Ward, Mildred Huebner, and the piano are the chief reasons.

A boys' quartette was formed and learned several songs under Mr. Ward's direction; but time was scarce, both with the boys and Mr. Ward, so they didn't get so much practice as they would have liked.

Mr. Davis, our Mechanical Drawing teacher, left us the latter part of May for his home in the United States. Mr. Davis did the lion's share of the work in getting the *Caribbean* started and his absence will be felt in its final success.

Bourke Welch was seen around the school early in June with a wrist watch on. We don't know what prompted him but then we guess that four years' high school work does get on one's nerves.

It is too bad that there wasn't somebody in the High School gifted with the ability to draw cartoons, but there wasn't, so we will have to do without.

Curiously enough three of the student body suffered from sprained ankles during



the year. In January Lula Pullig met with her accident while climbing aboard a battleship. On the first day of Easter vacation Minot Cotton fell in the "gym" at the clubhouse and had to use crutches at school for some days. Early in June, Al Sears repeated the stunt performed by Minot.

PERSONALS.

We have lost four of our students to Balboa: "Pete" Clarity, Evelyn Ericson, Elizabeth Twitchell, and Janet Fraser. Cristobal's loss is Balboa's gain.

In the middle of the school year Hazel Mitchell and Josephine Milihrum left us and went to the States. Our best wishes go with them.

Perhaps our greatest loss has been in the departure of Beatrice Cosgrove.

"Beatrice! Experience has taught me,
That all must love thee who behold thee."
Come back again, Beatrice.

The gratitude of the entire school is due Mildred Huebner, '19, for her generous assistance at the piano in all our entertainments, dances, and our daily singing. Without her untiring efforts we should have missed many of our good times.

POOR FRESHIE!

ROBERT S. WAID, '20.

The Freshies toil and sweat and cuss,
All the livelong day;
"Why do they always pick on us,
And keep us ever at bay?"

The Sophomore jeers with easy grace,
"Why don't you shut your trap?
Den't you know we were once in your place,
While now we have a snap?"

The Junior answers with beetling brows,
"Why won't you ever keep quiet?
You know better than to start these rows
Which always ends in a riot."

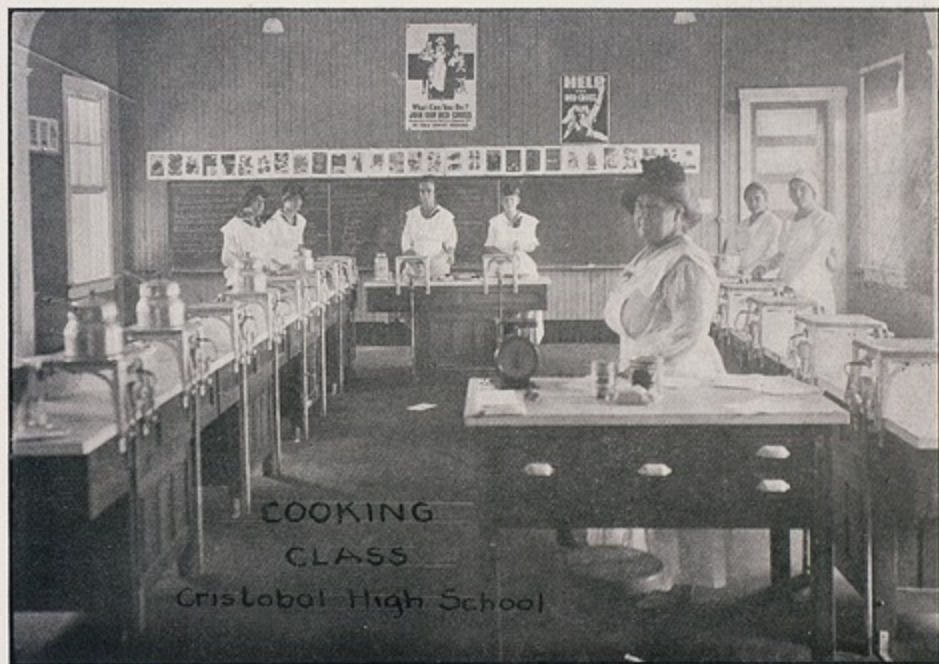
The Senior turns with scornful look,
"Poor little innocent fishes.
Why don't you run home and leave your book,
And help mother do up the dishes?"

The teacher answers with haughty mien,
"Keep still and go to your classes,
I thought this year I'd have bears to tame,
But now I find I have asses."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

George Barte fell in love.
Lillian Cotton wasn't on some committee.
Frank Raymond became bold with the girls.
Harry Ferguson gained weight.
Lula Pullig became sociable.
Charles Henter received a bawling out.
Robert Waid grew up.
Kathryn Burgoon wasn't in love.
Carl Duey forgot to bring a comb to school.
Jimmie Raymond had red hair and no teeth.
Della Brignac giggled in class.

Alson Sears became bald.
Catherine Waid tried to look small.
Susie Harrison forgot to take books home.
Charles Flynn talked loud enough to be heard.
Kenneth Edwards wore a necktie.
Al Doyle forgot his nautical terms.
Arlene Ball became mischievous.
Mildred Huebner couldn't play the piano.
Minot Cotton learned to dance.
Roy Ford talked English and forgot the dames.
Balboa School were better than ours.



COOKING
CLASS
Cristobal High School

FOUR-MINUTE SPEECHES

At the instance of the Committee on Public Information competitions were opened in the Cristobal Grammar and High School during April to determine the best Four-Minute speaker in each class, War Savings and Thrift Stamps being the subject of all the speeches. The winners were enrolled as Junior Four-Minute Men. The following were the four winning speeches in the High School:

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S CHANCE.



MINOT COTTON, '18.

The United States has been at war for over a year, but what has been done? In the first place over 1,000,000 men have been placed in camps, there to become soldiers and take up the task, along with the legions of England, France, and Italy, of making this world "a decent place to live in." Furthermore, ships have been built to carry these soldiers and supplies to the war. Munition plants have been built to provide these same soldiers with the implements necessary to successfully carry on against the German invader. Aeroplanes have been manufactured and sent to France. But how is the Government able to do all these things? Simply because it has the money. Besides doing all the things I have just told you about it has raised nearly ten billions of dollars. But that much money, huge though it may seem, is not enough to fulfill the demand made necessary by the war. That money and more too will be quickly used up, and a steady flow of it will have to come to the Government in order to insure a steady flow of supplies to our soldiers in France. The Kaiser does not fear, in the least, all the money we can stack up. Money alone can't win the war. What the Kaiser fears is the power this money has of providing the sinews of war.

The great German drive seems at last to have come to an end but, as you read in the daily papers the vivid accounts of how the

brave allied soldiers stood their ground and gave it up only at the greatest cost to the Germans, don't you feel in your heart a deep admiration for those stalwart lads? They did not falter, nor did they break and run. If they had, the Germans would have gained their objective and in a short time we might have seen France out of the war, for Germany wanted Amiens, the railroad key to Paris and to the coast. In truth it would have been a hard blow for us and the going would have been that much harder.

Now we are called upon to lend our money to the Government so that there shall be no fear of the Germans getting so far into France that our hopes may be jeopardized. Without money the Government can not successfully prosecute the war. It would be like a soldier at the front without weapons with which to fight. For those who can buy them the Government has issued Liberty Bonds, but Liberty Bonds do not satisfy the average school pupil. Then, therefore, in order that school children may save and help win the war, our Uncle Sam has issued War Savings and Thrift Stamps. The former cost a little over four dollars, the latter only a quarter. We are not asked to give up our money, simply to lend it. The whole United States is the promise to repay and that is security enough. When we buy these stamps we are saving and, if we are desirous of having a lot of them, it will be necessary to



sacrifice some things and that is the only way we can expect to win the war. Be thrifty and you can have plenty of stamps. Waste not a single thing, even if it be but a clothes-pin, because it is just as necessary that we save materials as money. With the assurance that the people at home are going to send a steady, unending line of supplies, our boys at the front can go into battle with the knowledge that the whole United States is behind them. What more encouragement could they have?

Boys and girls, we are unable to take our

places alongside the boys in France, but we can do our little right here. Let us each imagine that we have two brothers in the front line trench and let us so regulate our financial needs that every possible cent can be turned into War Savings Stamps, thereby helping those brothers. Over there the soldiers are bravely going to their death that we may live in peace and freedom. The least we can do is to help our Government financially so that "those honored dead shall not have died in vain."

DEMOCRACY AT STAKE.

MARY E. VERNER.

Friends, the American people have never yet failed in any crisis where the standards of Liberty, Law, and Democracy were threatened. Our earliest ancestors struggled against lawless savages and conquered them. Later, our forefathers stood nobly and died nobly to gain that Freedom which their descendants enjoy to-day. To make this great Union complete and firm, the crisis of the Civil War was passed. Now those same standards are threatened, not only for us, but for the whole world as well. There are few, I think, who do not believe that this war is waged to maintain those same principles which every civilized nation acknowledges, and which shall one day govern the German people themselves.

However, we realize that, as long as the present government of Germany exists, there can be no peace with her. But that government has not yet been overthrown. The finest manhood of France, Britain, and Italy have gone forth, fought, and died; but the Kaiser is still holding his throne. Now America has entered; and the bravest and dearest of the land are rising and offering themselves. Many have gone to the battle-

fields already, and many are eagerly waiting to go. America is sending them to do her battles for her, and America must stand ready to back them up.

The American people have willingly entered the war, so they must uncomplainingly help support the war. Our Government can not force us to assist, but it has provided an easy way for every man, woman, and child to do all he is able or wishes to do to help. The German government is a great system; a sinister, insidious, many-armed monster, with which we are now brought face to face. We can not win the war on enthusiasm—we must likewise have a system, a system as thorough, as strong, and more infallible than theirs. Money is the greatest power in the world, so money we must have.

It is the people that must furnish the money—the money to build battleships, transports, torpedo boats, and submarines, railroads, trucks, and airplanes; to furnish food, clothing, and hospital supplies—all that is necessary to overcome the foe. The Government wants to borrow, not take, this money from us, and we will respond. Liberty Bonds, War-Savings Stamps, and Thrift

Stamps, all bound with the unquestioned security of the United States Government, are issued to every man, woman, and child able to buy. So let us bring forth our money, and, when what we have is lent, let us save to make more to lend. We can not all fight

on the battlefields, but we can and will lend all we have to strengthen those who are fighting, fighting that this menace to Freedom, Justice, and Democracy shall be forever wiped off the face of the earth!

THE NECESSITY OF BUYING WAR SAVINGS STAMPS.

HARLAN HOLMWOOD, '20.

On April 6, 1917, just about one year ago, the United States declared war on Germany. The Army was at that time comparatively small and what soldiers there were had to be more properly equipped before taking part in the great struggle.

So, to provide money for this purpose, the Government introduced the Liberty Bonds. By these any person who had at least \$50 could lend it for 30 years to the Government and during that time receive interest at 4 per cent.

The people responded loyally, and in September a second series of bonds known as the Second Liberty Loan was issued. As in the first case there was a loyal answer, but there was no way for children to help with their nickels and dimes and unless a man could invest \$50 he could not help. So in December, 1917, the War Savings and Thrift Stamps were issued.

A Thrift Stamp is a small green stamp about one by one-half inches. A Thrift Stamp costs twenty-five cents always and bears no interest. When you buy your first Thrift Stamp you are given a card on which to put it. Each card holds 16 stamps and when you have filled a card, you can, by adding 15 cents this month, 16 cents next month and so on, exchange it for a War Savings Stamp.

A War Savings Stamp cost \$4.12 in December. The price of a War Savings Stamp increases one cent each month. They bear interest at four per cent and mature at the end of five years. You may have your War Savings Stamps registered so that if you lose them you can get back your money, but if they are not registered they are the same as money, and if you lose them you can not redeem your money.

There are a great many people who do not fully understand the importance of buying these stamps. A number of you, I suppose, have visited the British hospital ships which have passed through the Canal. In one place you might have seen a man with his leg or his arm shot away, or maybe a man who was compelled to lie flat on his back during the whole voyage, or maybe a man who had to sit in a certain posture. Imagine, if you can, some of your own relatives, maybe your cousins, or your brothers, or even your father in such conditions. Wouldn't you like to know that you were helping to make these wounded men more comfortable?

You know yourselves that a baseball team can not play well if it has no rooters. It is the same with soldiers. They can not fight if they have no one backing them. Are you backing the soldiers with your War Savings Stamps?

THE CIVILIAN'S CALL TO ARMS.

FRANK RAYMOND, '21.

We must realize that we are living in the most momentous time in all history; in a time when the lives and destinies of nations are in the balance; when even the civilization, which it has taken centuries to build up, may crumble before our very eyes. We are not only living in this critical moment but we are engaged in the bloodiest struggle for peace that ever swept the earth. A struggle to crush utterly the autocratic militarism of an unscrupulous and unreasoning demagogue.

Now that we are fighting the great Hun, we must show him up for what he is. Never yet has Old Glory been defeated and it shall not be defeated now if we are true Americans.

In 1776 the Colonies carried Old Glory to victory by bravery. They won for the Americans the name of being the best fighters and most patriotic men. Since our fathers and forefathers helped to build this nation, must we not do our part to preserve it?

There are some, perhaps, who feel that we might have avoided this war. President Wilson did all in his power to preserve our neutrality, but the military officials of Germany offered such insults to us as a nation that we were forced to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a democratic government.

There are many examples of these outrages. Recall how they tried to arouse Mexico and Japan; how they sought to destroy our industries; and how they

repeatedly denied us the rights to use the high seas. By such atrocious measures we were forced by the military masters of Germany, forcibly to demand our rights.

Why did Germany force us into this war? Did she not fear us? By no means. We were unprepared for a conflict of this nature, while she had back of her the preparation of years. To be sure we struggled hard in the last year to make up for our negligence in the past, but there is still much to be done. Enlisting our men, preparing their camps, providing their food and clothing, securing ships, guns, ammunition, and other supplies. All this must be done and will be done but it requires time and money. The money we can furnish by loaning to our Government freely. Uncle Sam does not ask you to give him your money, only loan him what you can and he will use it to save our country from a military autocracy. How are you going to loan your money? He has provided simple and accessible means to everyone. The two most popular and simple ways are to buy Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps, which are on sale at any post office.

Think of the sacrifice the soldiers in the trenches are making. Can you compare your sacrifice with theirs? The boys in France are depending on us for the money, and by buying Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps, we do our bit, that a "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

TO OUR BOYS IN THE NAVY.

The boys in the naval service on the Isthmus are increasing in number steadily. We, the residents of the Canal Zone, are glad to have you with us. From the time that the first sailor boys came with the submarines until now, the company of the sailors has been most welcome. Now that war has darkened the horizon, we feel more than ever glad that you are with us.

You give us a feeling of security. We realize that your patrol work is for our protection. Without you, under what conditions would our daily life go on? Our harbors would be free for anyone, be he friend or foe, to roam around in, and who knows what harm might result?

We are indebted, also, to the boys in other latitudes. Those on convoy duty, those in the anti-U-boat patrols, those in the North Sea. You all are working for our protection.

Boys, wherever you may be, you may feel that we are behind you. May luck be with you for the unending glory of our Navy!

TO OUR BOYS IN KHAKI.

Boys the citizens of Cristobal and Colon wish you to know that your presence here is felt in every heart. We see you upon the streets and our hearts swell with pride, because you are the brave men who represent our country, the United States of America. You are the men who make it possible for us to live here in absolute security. In case of attack, the great guns, to protect the interests of Uncle Sam on the Isthmus of which we are a part, would be manned and held by you.

Every citizen is proud of you, and will back you to the end. Every man respects you, because you have left your loved ones to fight for the greatest thing in the lives of all men—Liberty. We, the pupils of the Cristobal school, thank you for all that you have done for us, and wish you the best of luck, better health, and a safe return to "God's Country" and your loved ones.

NUESTRA CLASE DE LECTURA!

JAMES RAYMOND, '19.

Señor V.: "Raymond, siéntese."

Raymond: "Me siento muy cansado, señor, me gustaría irme a casa."

Señor V.: ¿Por qué, Raymond, siempre viene Ud. a la clase tan cansado?—¿Qué le pasa?

Raymond. Pero, señor, como esta clase es la última del día, y cuando es hora de tenerla, siempre estamos cansados.

Señor V.: Vamos a leer Marianela.

Srta. Waid: Señor, no léamos eso, hagamos alguna otra cosa.

Señor V.: Ud., Miss Waid, nunca está Ud. satisfecha con nuestro programa, y todos

los días quiere hacer alguna otra cosa en lugar de su lección.

Srta. Waid: A mí no me gusta esto, señor, ¿por qué no nos da un día de descanso?

Señor V.: Si yo les diera descanso cada vez que Uds. lo pidieran, estoy seguro que nunca tendríamos lecciones. Lea, Miss Verner..

Srta. Verner: Yo no sé en donde estamos leyendo.

Señor V.: ¡Que modelo de clase! Lea en la primera línea, página 25.

Srta. Verner: Señor, mi libro no tiene esa página.

Señor V.: ¡Que ideal! Lea, Raymond—síntese bien.

Raymond: Yo no oí la página, señor, ¿cuál es?

Señor V.: ¿En donde estaba pues cuando la dije?

Raymond: Yo estaba aquí pero me siento tan cansado que no puedo casi oírle.

Señor V.: Raymond, si a Ud. no le gusta esta clase—

Raymond: Sí, señor, a mí me gusta mucho.

Señor V.: ¿Qué le sucede a Ud., por qué se siente siempre tan cansado?

Raymond: Demasiado trabajo, señor.

Señor V.: No hable, Miss Verner.

Srta Verner: Yo no estaba hablando, estaba solamente diciéndole a Miss Ball que hoy llega el buque hospital con los heridos neozelandeses.

Señor V.: Lea, Miss Huebner.

Toda la clase: La Señorita Huebner no está aquí, tiene que tocar piano para las danzas que están aprendiendo los grados inferiores.

Señor V.: ¿Está bien. Miss Waid, tiene Ud. la composición de ayer?

Srta. Waid: No, señor, pero yo la traeré mañana si Ud. quiere?

Señor V.: Sí, Miss Waid, traígala dos veces para mañana. Raymond, síntese bien. Miss Verner, síntese aquí, siempre le está Ud. hablando a Miss Ball.

Srta. Waid: Señor, ¿cómo se dice “dynamite” en español?

Señor V.: ¿Que es dynamo?

Srta. Waid: No, señor; “dynamite,” que va “BOOM!”

Señor V.: Muy expresiva su explicación, ¿dinamita dice Ud.?

Srta Waid: Sí, señor. Gracias.

Señor V.: Empiece Ud. a leer, Raymond.

Raymond: Señor, ya no tenemos tiempo porque son las tres menos cinco minutos.

Señor V.: Raymond, no hable; siga leyendo Ud., Miss Ball.

Raymond: Pero señor, faltan solamente tres minutos—denos un descanso! Además, este reloj está atrasado—la campana está sonando.

Señor V.: Raymond, espere, espere—para mañana, escriban una composición. Pueden salir.

LOS PLACERES DE LA SOLEDAD

MARY E. VERNER, '18.

Eran las diez de la noche, y como todo los de casa habían salido, creía encontrarme completamente sola. Acerqué una silla a la puerta de mi cuarto que daba a las escaleras y me senté a leer algunos cuentos de Poe. “The Fall of the House of Usher,” “The Murders of the Rue Morgue,” etc. No había concluido de leer este último, cuando oí un ruido casi imperceptible que venía de las escaleras. Estaba yo tan nerviosa a consecuencia de mi lectura, que esto fué suficiente para que a mi mente viniesen mil pensamientos. El ruido volvió a repetirse, esta vez me pareció distinguir el paso de alguien que subía las escaleras de puntillas. Traté de hablar, pero no pude; sentía como si

me hubiesen atado la lengua. El terror se apoderaba de mí de tal manera, que no me atrevía a mover ni siquiera un dedo. El ruido volvió a repetirse, ya esta vez cerca de la puerta. ¿Que será? ¿Será alguien? ¿Algún ladrón? ¿Algún loco? La puerta se movió; quise gritar, pero imposible. Sentíame como si me fuese a desmayar, pero al mismo tiempo la curiosidad de saber lo que era me lo impedía, pues ella mantenía mis sentidos en un estado activo.

La puerta empezó a abrirse poco a poco; cesó por un momento para abrirse de repente. Dí un grito de horror y me desmayé.

Cuando abrí los ojos, vi sentado tranquilamente a mi lado un perro!

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LULA MAE PULLIG.

Jokes.

James Raymond,
Editor.



One student: "Can any one of you fellows tell me what an epistle is?"

Another: "Why, you boob, that's the wife of an apostle."

Mr. Paulson (in Geometry I): "Lines perpendicular to the same line are perpendicular to each other."

Mr. Paulson: "A diamond is the same element as coal."

Pupil: "No wonder the price of coal is going up."

Teacher: "In what year did the War of 1812 begin?"

John Verner: "1690 or 1691, I don't remember which."

In Chemistry: "This experiment is likely to go wrong any minute and blow us up to the sky." *Later—*"Come closer so you can follow me."

Pupil (in Geometry): "C. O. P. equals, ah _____"

Mr. Paulson: "C. O. P. equals a policeman, doesn't it?"

Teacher (explaining the origin of the Orpheum lyre): "Orpheus was a mortal who played on the lyre so well that the trees and rocks danced."

Pupil: "Oh! that irresistible rag."

Chemistry: "These dyes are used in the latest women's clothes."

Pupil: "No wonder they're fast."

(QUESTION—The women or the dyes?)

Mr. Paulson (in solid geometry): "What is the trouble with Bourke?"

Intelligent boy: "His figure is wrong, sir."

Miss Davis (in English, while discussing Macbeth): "The odd numbers were always lucky."

M. Cotton: "Yes, mam', 7 or 11."

K. Greene (in English): "That's an error in correctness."

Mr. Paulson (giving the Freshmen a little advice in algebra): "All you have to know is how to work them."

Miss Sanderson (assigning the lesson in Ancient History): "I am only going to give you a short lesson for to-morrow. You may take in advance, the next chapter, it's only 18 pages, and, in addition, make an outline of the emperors through Hadrian, make a map of Hannibal's route, review the last chapter, and get your note books ready to hand in. That will be all! Excused!"

Sophomore (in poetic inspiration): "A steak of jagged lightning shot across the sky."

From a Cæsar exam.: After a long time of brief fighting he captured two forts.

A true friend is one who, after he has been killed, is willing to lay down his life for his friend.

First girl: Don't you think that he is handsome?

Second girl: Yes, that is, except his features.

A flaming question: Where does Jimmie Raymond get his ties?"

Mr. Ward: "I hope we do have a holiday Friday (Liberty Day), not for my own benefit, but for the boys and girls." And they wonder why we laughed.

Question: "What is the largest room in the world?"

Bright Junior: "Room for improvement."

Soph: "I was out bicycling the other day and I came to a river but found no means of getting my bike across."

Freshie: "Well, what did you do?"

Soph: "I sat down and thought it over."

First Student: "Why is death like a tin can tied to a dog?"

Second Student: "Because its bound to a cur."

One day a German officer met a small boy in a village in Belgium, walking along, leading a jackass.

"I bet you call him Albert," said the officer.

"Oh, no, sir, I think too much of my king," replied the boy.

"I hope you don't dare call him William," retorted the officer.

"Oh, no, sir, I think too much of my jackass," the boy said.

Jones and Smith went into a dairy lunch. Jones being first took the biggest piece of pie in sight, leaving Smith a small piece. When they were seated Smith said, "Fine manners you got, taking the biggest piece of pie!"

"Well, what would you have done if you had been first?" inquired Jones.

"I would have taken the smaller piece," Smith replied.

"Then what are you kickin' about, you got it, didn't you?" retorted Jones.

Question: "Why is the English General Sir Julian Byng, the hero of Cambrai, like Annette Kellerman?"

Answer: They've both been made famous by the tanks.

The news of a young Southern girl's engagement to an army officer had just been announced, and there was great excitement in their circle.

"Liza," said a friend of the family to the old colored washwoman, "have you seen Miss Edith's fiancé?"

"Liza pondered for a moment, then bent over the tubs once more.

"No ma'am," she said, "it ain't been in the wash yet."

The drawing teacher had ordered all the pupils to draw something original during the class period.

At the end of the period one boy had only drawn horizontal lines across his paper. When the teacher came around to see the drawings, he noticed that this boy had only drawn lines.

"What kind of a drawing do you call that?" he asked.

"That—th—that's a French ammunition train camouflaged," the boy answered.

"I'll teach you to swear," said the father as he chased his boy up the stairs. Half way up he stumbled and fell on his chin. When all the confusion had ceased the youngster yelled down the steps, "I can't learn all that in one lesson, Pop."

Senior: "Why is custard pie like a slacker?"
Freshie: "Because it is yellow and hasn't got crust enough to go over the top."

LITTLE BITS OF INSIDE DOPE FROM THE LOWER GRADES.

Question in music: In reading music how can you tell when an exercise is ended.

Answer: "There ain't no more notes to be seen."

Petroleum is found in rocks where there is water washing down a mountain.

The President of the United States is D. C. and he lives in North America.

I. Question: Account for the food shortage.

Answer: The present shortage of food is due to the fact that no one but Germany expected the war, and also, that the sea is full of steel sharks to prevent commerce.

II. Question: State proper position when writing.

Answer: The bottom left-hand corner should be pointing toward your stomach in the center of the desk.

III. Question: Should the government be interested in labor conditions?

Answer: The government should look after the conditions of the laborers, because, if not, the laborers would want to work all day and all night in order to make more money.

IV. The civilized turkey came from Europe.

The wild turkey of America was sent to Europe to be tamed.

V. An ancient Greek home was one large room supported by large pillows.

VI. Question in examination in physiology: Describe an experiment that shows the presence of carbonic acid gas in expired breath.

Answer: Light a candle, breathe or blow on it, the candle will be distinguished due to the presence of alcohol in the breath.

The Alps are in Denmark.

The Hague is a river in Switzerland.

Switzerland's disadvantage is that it is a seaport.

Berlin is in France.

The Huguenots were a tribe of Indians.

CARE OF THE EYES.

Don't go out on Fourth of July or you'll get a firecracker in your eye.

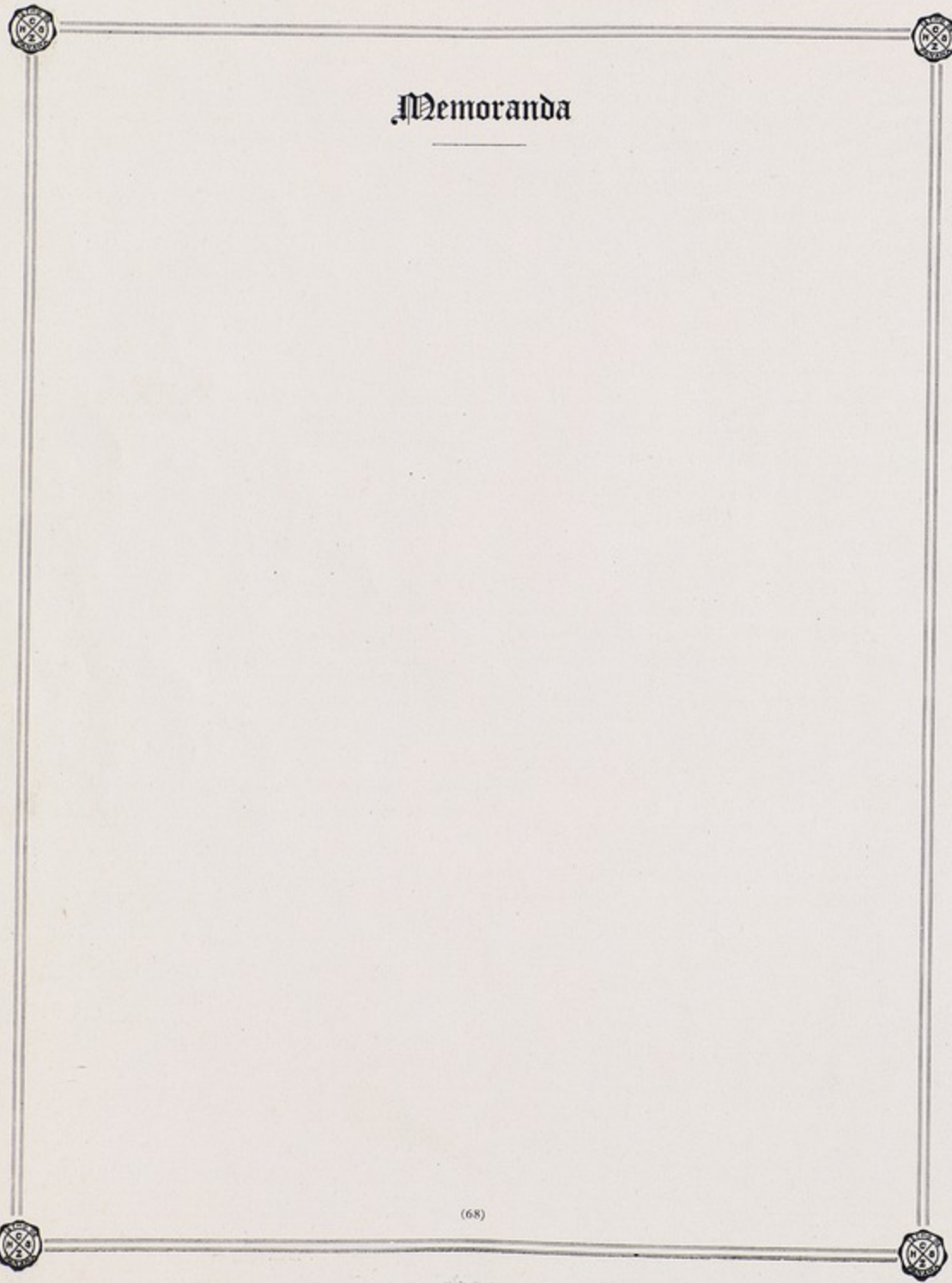
If you breath through your mouth it will dry up.

Alcohol is more useful in warm countries because you can't freeze to death in warm countries.

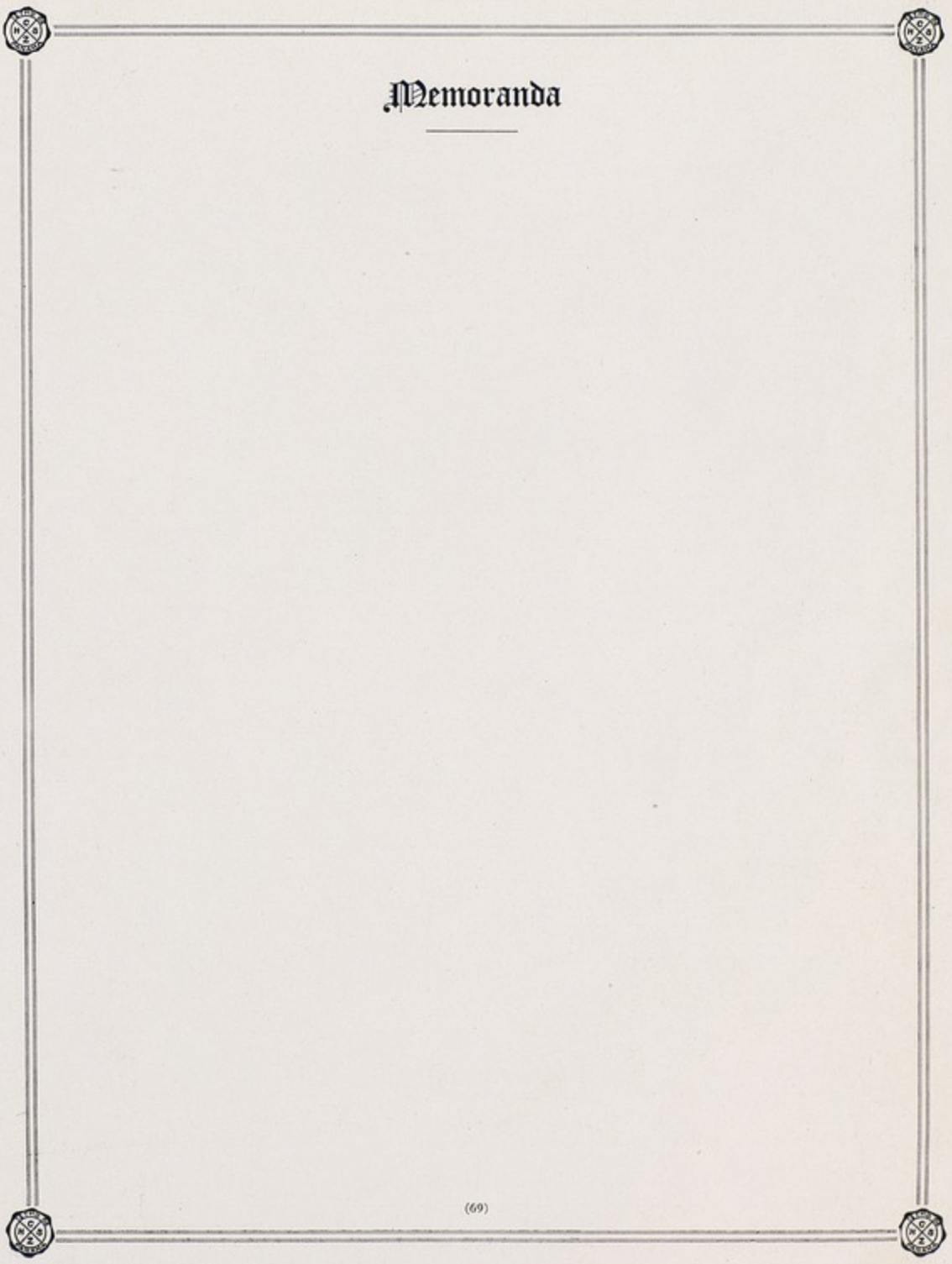
When the head be washed that should find many animals that live there.

Sign for Thrift Stamp booth:

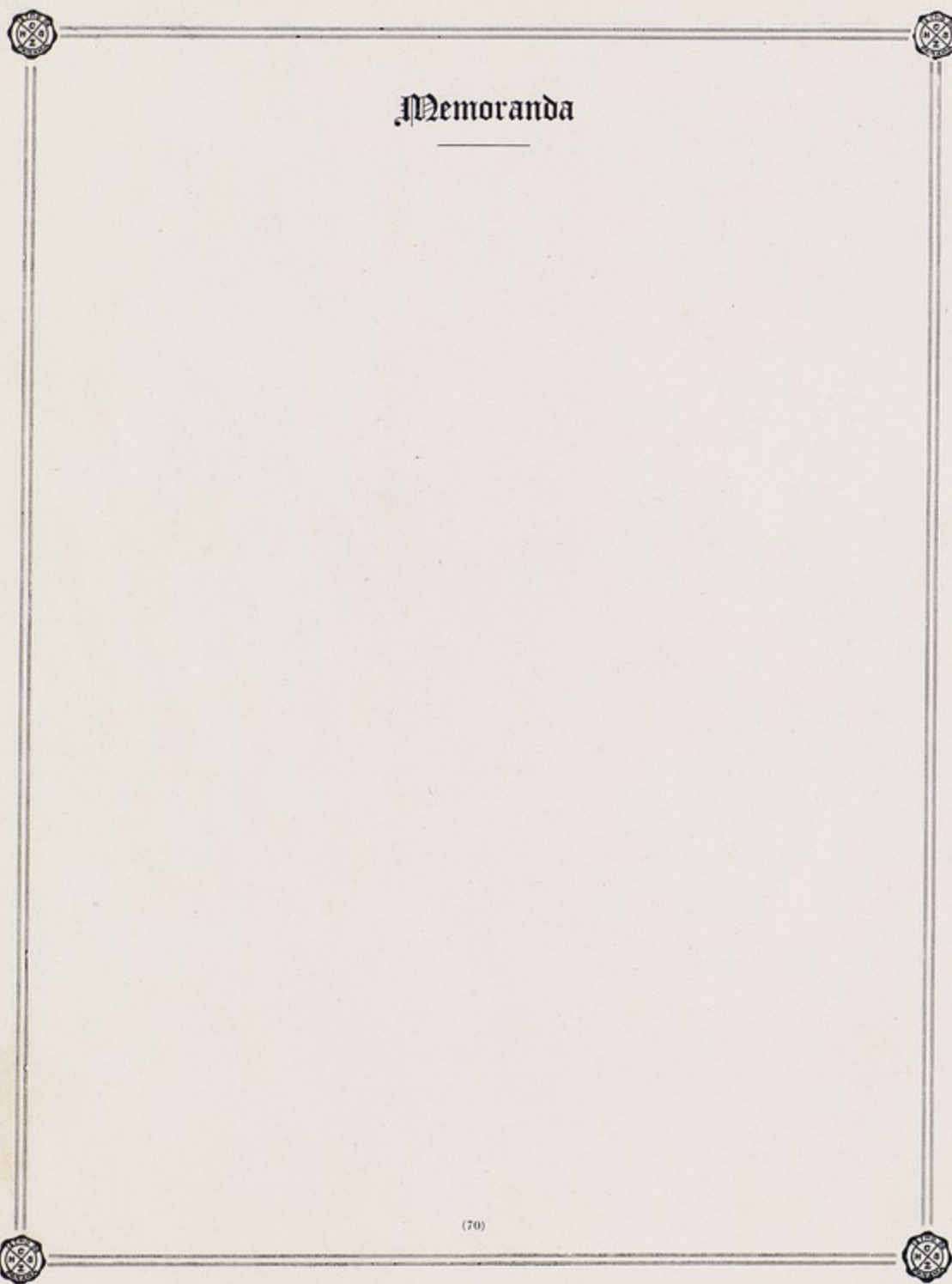
"STOP, LICK, AND LOOSEN."



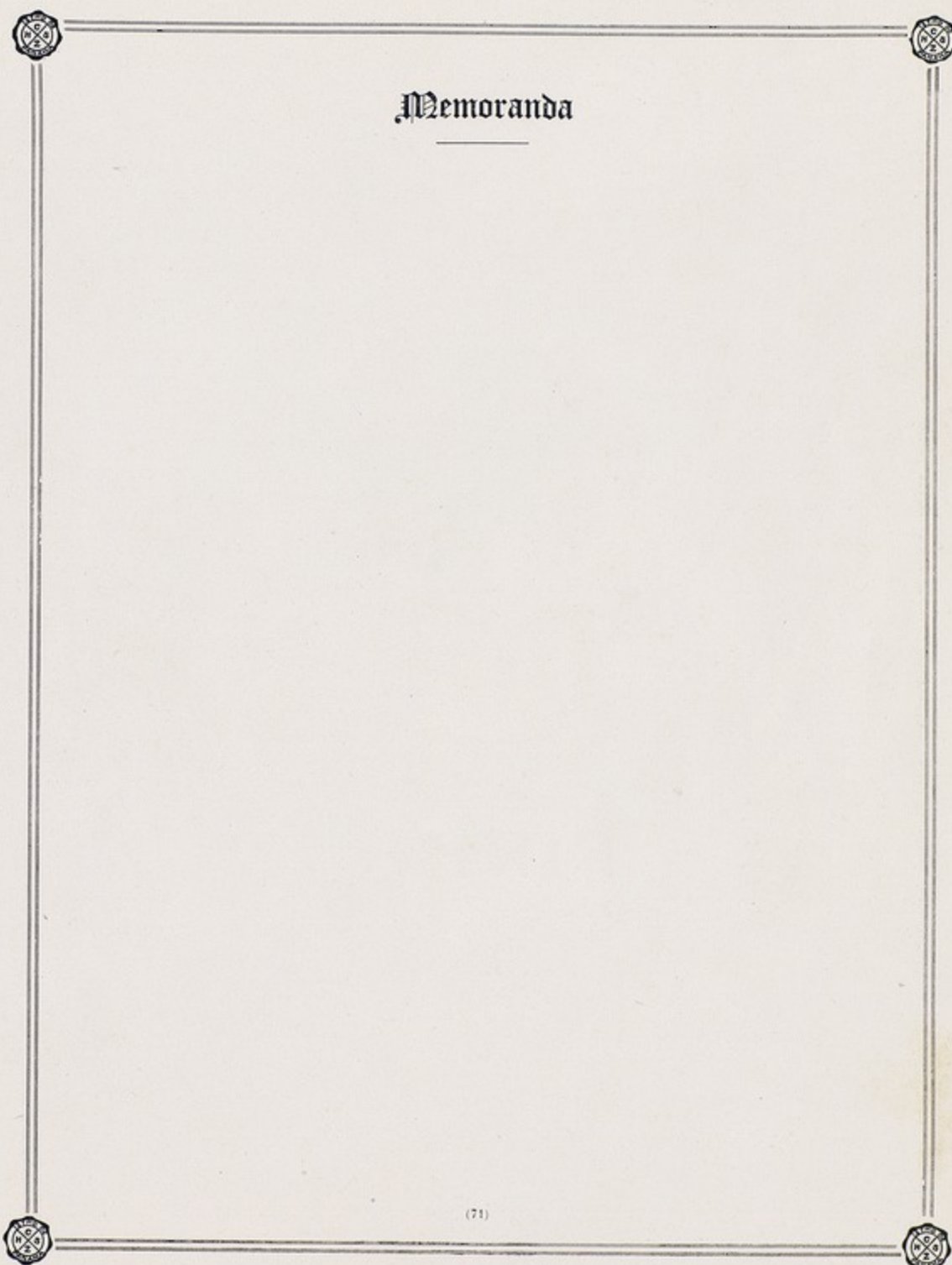
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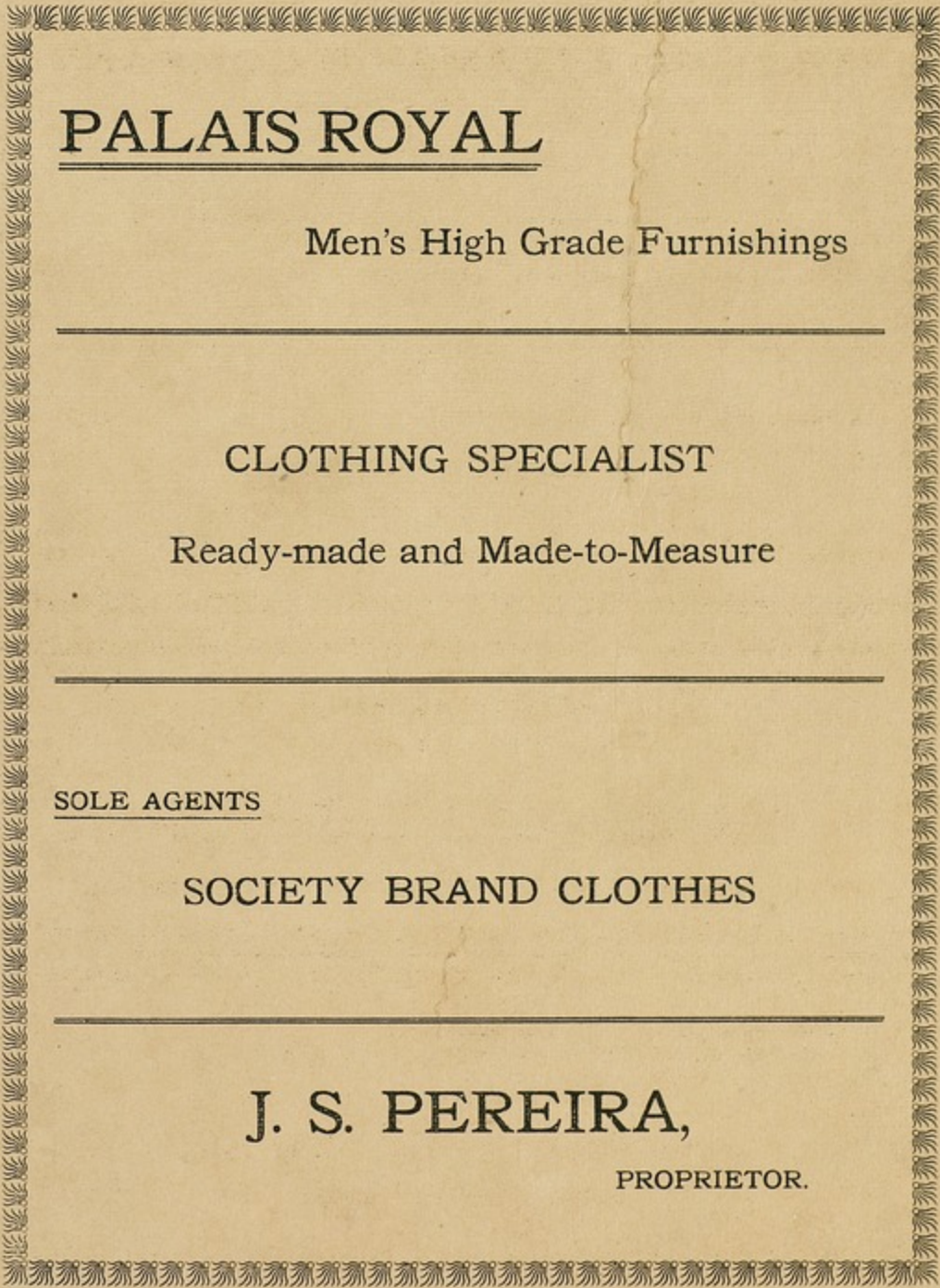
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