

# STARS

University of Central Florida  
STARS

---

Text Materials of Central Florida

Central Florida Memory

---

4-1-1928

## Tiger Tales

Orlando High School (Orlando, Fla.)

Find similar works at: <https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-texts>  
University of Central Florida Libraries <http://library.ucf.edu>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Central Florida Memory at STARS. It has been accepted for inclusion in Text Materials of Central Florida by an authorized administrator of STARS. For more information, please contact [STARS@ucf.edu](mailto:STARS@ucf.edu).

---

### Recommended Citation

Orlando High School (Orlando, Fla.), "Tiger Tales" (1928). *Text Materials of Central Florida*. 490.  
<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-texts/490>



# Tiger Tales

Orlando High School Literary Magazine



EASTER NUMBER



"MADE IN  
ORLANDO"

"FACTORY  
TO YOU"

# FISCHER FROCKS

Manufacturers

and Retailers



**The Most Critical  
Buyers—  
Are Our Biggest Boosters**

It is the critical buyer—the buyer who has shopped everywhere—and has made the most careful and exhaustive comparisons—who is the most appreciative of FISCHER QUALITY and FISCHER VALUES. It is significant to note that today FISCHER FROCKS have been purchased by hundreds and hundreds of the most critical buyers in Orlando.

Come in; compare them; you, too, will buy at FISCHER'S, for here you have the largest stock of beautiful wash frocks in the state from which to select.

Our factories are under the direct supervision of Mr. Fischer, whose 23 years of manufacturing experience assures you of the highest quality at all times, and in addition,

**SAVE THE  
MIDDLEMAN'S  
PROFIT**



PRICES \$1.95 AND UP

FISCHER FROCKS ARE EXPERTLY DESIGNED AND CAREFULLY MADE FROM THE VERY NEWEST CREATIONS IN WASHABLE FABRICS. THEY ARE SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY TO YOU AND THIS IS REAL ECONOMY.

**138 So. Orange Avenue And 210 W. Central Street**

## The Inland Press

Manufacturing Printers  
and Stationers

—PUBLISHERS OF—  
ORANGE AND WHITE, TIGER TALES

—AND OTHER—  
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS

# Stylish Clothing

FOR

**YOUTHS AND  
YOUNG MEN**

MODERATE  
PRICES



# LEADER

H. STALBERG.

CORNER W. CHURCH AND BOONE

## The Wonderful Instrument "The Tivolette"

Played as a Ukelele and as a Tenor Banjo, but has a much better tone

**SEE IT! PLAY IT!  
HERE THAT SNAPPY TONE!**

Special Sale on it now at  
**Davis Music Store**  
28 East Pine Street



# TIGER TALES

Literary Magazine of Orlando High School

Volume 1.

Orlando, Florida, April, 1928.

Number 3

## CONTENTS

### SHORT STORIES

The Envoy of Spring, <i>Kenneth Curry</i> .....	3
The Silver Note, <i>Vivienne Row</i> .....	4
Hilda's Predicament, <i>George Burdick</i> .....	5
The Dub, <i>Lindsey Perkins</i> .....	6
True Story of George Washington, <i>Caroline McBurney</i> .....	7

### POEMS

Resurrection .....	2
Glowing Embers, <i>Felix Ellett</i> .....	3
Chinese Suite, <i>Louie Bean</i> .....	6
Dew Drops, <i>Jordan Johnson</i> .....	8
Easter Dawn, <i>Bessie Wright</i> .....	8
A Song of Sorrow, <i>Kenneth Curry</i> .....	8
A Noosegay, <i>Esther Peffer</i> .....	8
Ode To Death, <i>Bob Redding</i> .....	8
My Southern Home, <i>Janis Garratt</i> .....	8

### ESSAYS

On Chewing Gum, <i>Dick Stewart</i> .....	9
"Essay on Man," <i>Vilma Ebsen</i> .....	9

### MISCELLANEOUS

"Eavesdropping" Will Rogers, <i>Ruthjeanne Bellamy</i> .....	10
"You See, It Was This Way," <i>Esmond Marks</i> .....	11
Knots Tied in the Tiger's Tail, <i>H. L. V. K. B.</i> .....	12
Exchanges .....	13
"Singing in the Rain," <i>Book Review</i> .....	16

### STAFF

Editor— <i>Ruthjeanne Bellamy</i>	
Literary Editors .....	<i>Bessie Wright and Kenneth Curry</i>
Features Editor .....	<i>Lucile Stickle</i>
Exchange Editor .....	<i>Vivienne Row</i>
Art Editors .....	<i>Walter Jordan and Gertrude Carr</i>
Business Manager— <i>Lynn Churchwell</i>	
Advertising Manager .....	<i>Burnett Roth</i>
Associates .....	<i>Beatrice Barry and Cecile Caldwell</i>
Circulation Manager .....	<i>Violet Anderson</i>
Associates .....	<i>Maudie Bryan and Ralph Meiten</i>
Typists .....	<i>Maudie Bryan and Virginia Crooke</i>
Publicity Manager .....	<i>Louie Bean</i>
Faculty Advisor— <i>Miss Eoline Everett</i>	

Carl Sandburg, lecturing at Rollins College recently, said, "Art and literature are matters of personal taste." Probably that accounts for the various and unique forms of writing which are popular today. Certainly it is the American idea of liberty.

### TIGER TALES

"Poetry is the dominant note in America today," said Jessie Rittenhouse Scollard at a meeting of the Poetry Society in Winter Park not long ago.

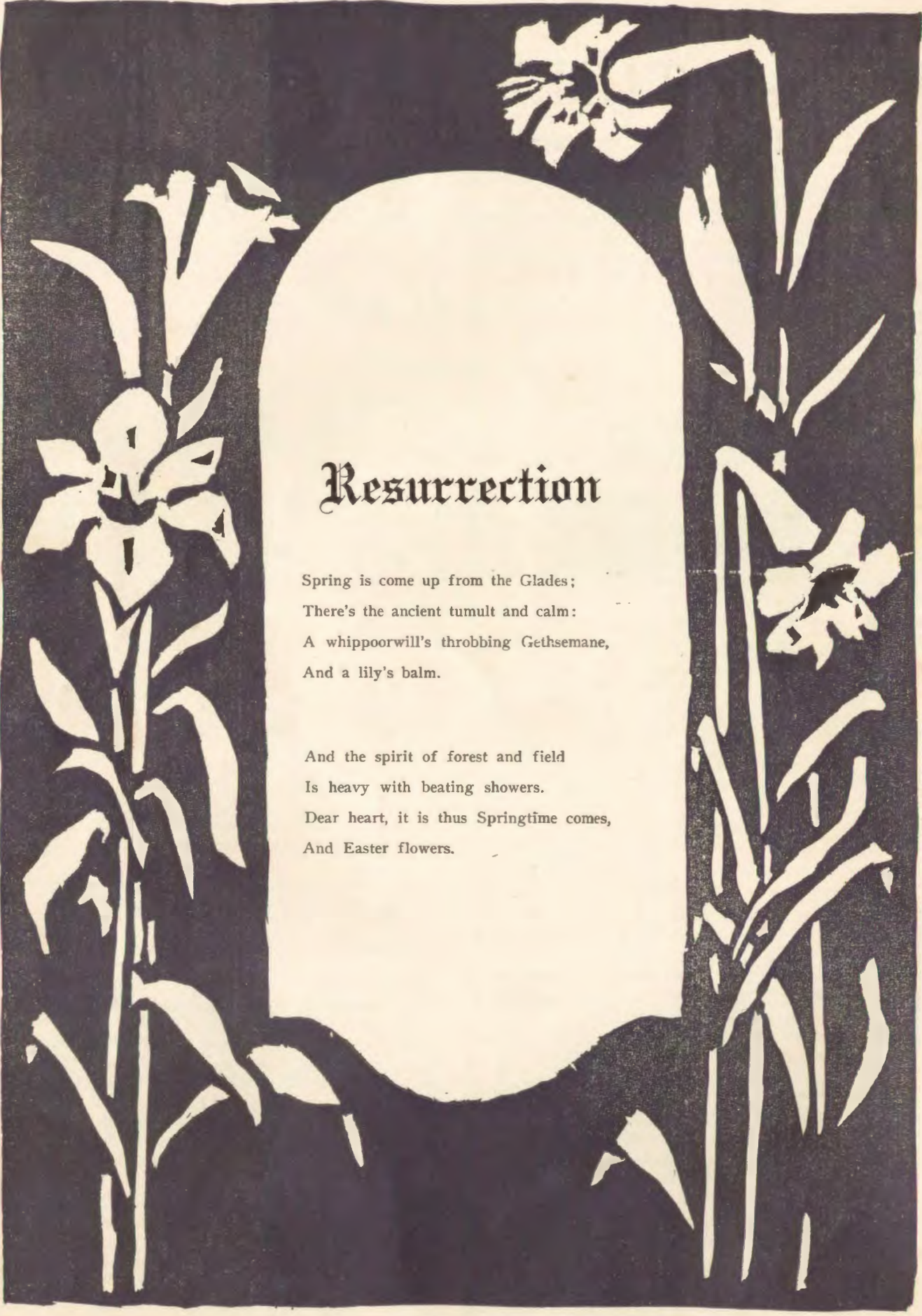
### PROGRESS IN O. H. S.

Progress is the watchword in O. H. S. this year. Old and wornout institutions have been abandoned, and many successful innovations introduced.

On every hand we see improvement. Every phase of our school life is becoming better and better as new organizations begin to function and established organizations improve the quality of their work. Proof of this spirit of progress is seen in the formation of the Orlando Chapter of the National Honor Society, and in the systematic assembling of student leaders to promote co-operation among the various activities. The success of The Orange and White, the athletic teams, the debate team, and the glee clubs, is further evidence of this same spirit.

In keeping with this progressive idea, Tiger Tales is striving for steady improvement. The members of the staff aim to improve it step by step so that before long it will rank among the first of its kind. We feel that this number is an improvement over the first issues. We present it for your inspection.



A black and white illustration of a tombstone. The tombstone is a simple, rounded archway shape, centered on the page. It is surrounded by stylized, high-contrast floral designs. On the left and right sides, there are tall, slender stems with long, narrow leaves and several large, five-petaled flowers. The flowers have dark centers and light petals. The background is a solid black color, making the white elements of the tombstone and flowers stand out. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century decorative arts or book design.

## Resurrection

Spring is come up from the Glades;  
There's the ancient tumult and calm:  
A whippoorwill's throbbing Gethsemane,  
And a lily's balm.

And the spirit of forest and field  
Is heavy with beating showers.  
Dear heart, it is thus Springtime comes,  
And Easter flowers.



# TIGER TALES

A tale, a tune, a timely thought—  
Tiger treasures, Tiger wrought.

## An Envoy of Spring

BY KENNETH CURRY



GABRIEL found it infinitely more pleasant to gaze out of the window at the bleak distant rocks, than to stare at the four walls of his hotel room. He felt unhappy as he noticed the play of the sunlight upon the varicolored roofs beneath him.

Dejected, he wandered into the street below, idly choosing his way. At length, Gabriel found himself within a park, whose great sheltering trees, hundreds of years old, were putting forth their first few leaves. Finding a bench, he seated himself beneath one.

He found it strange that he had been despondent so long. Usually his moods of depression lasted only a day or so, but this one had lasted for months.

He should have contemplated a solution, but instead he studied the view stretched out before him. Gabriel hardly heard the faint rustle of a footstep upon the grass. Looking up, he beheld a queer figure. It was a little man, who wore a green frock, of little or no shape, and about whose eyes there lurked a dreamy charm. Gabriel remembered illustrations of fairy tales that were strangely similar.

"I see that you are thinking deeply about something," the strange figure stated. "Perhaps I can help you?"

"Well, who are you?" Gabriel blurted. "I don't remember having seen you before."

The little old figure did not answer immediately but appeared to be studying Gabriel. Finally he replied. "I am an envoy of the Maker of Dreams from the Land of Memory."

"Oh!" exclaimed the astonished Gabriel, "Oh, I see! But how did you happen to come to me?"

"My employer who manufactures dreams sends me to all those who have lost the art of dreaming and their appreciation of beauty."

"But why do you come to me?" Gabriel asked. "I no longer care to dream. I am removed beyond the pale of such foolishly whimsical fancies."

"Ah, Gabriel," the envoy sighed. "That is where your trouble lies. You have closed your heart to everyday beauty in the search for abstract things and have let the little happy dreams slip by you."

"Yes," Gabriel answered slowly, with a small degree of interest. "This is interesting, but how may I find this beauty of which you speak? I'll try anything, if only you will tell me where to seek."

"Yes, Gabriel, but I may not tell you where to look. That is half the joy, discovering the way to find these beautiful things that are about you."

"Yes, but tell me—." Gabriel stopped abruptly. The envoy of the maker of dreams had disappeared! And Gabriel had so many questions to ask him.

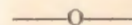
Gabriel, arising from his bench in bewilderment, peered around cautiously, called several times, but to no avail. With an eloquent shrug of his shoulders, he turned and walked away.

But he could not so easily dismiss the idea. The fanciful experience gripped his imagination; and he seated himself upon the grass to consider it.

Gabriel had been seated about ten minutes, when suddenly, he observed not five inches from his hand a clump of small lilies. Strange that he had never seen them before! They reminded him of a trip he had taken years ago with his sister when the lilies had been blooming. He had forgotten how beautiful they could be. Instinctively he drew nearer, and unthinking, plucked one.

He had not intended to take one, but since he had, he thought it would be best to return to the hotel and place it in water. On the way back, he wondered if there might not be other flowers along the way.

Gabriel, when he had placed the lily in water, suddenly remembered. He had forgotten about the envoy! Then with an intuitive flash, he recalled something. "I wonder," he cried aloud, "I wonder if the envoy was not speaking of the dream power of lilies, and their everyday beauty?"



### GLOWING EMBERS

BY FELIX ELLETT

Sadly I watched the glowing embers,  
The last remains of a beautiful pine;  
And the faint blue trace of smoke curling upwards—  
The pungent blue smoke of smoldering wood;  
And I imagined it as being a funeral pyre  
At the death of this majestic tree.

Page Three



# The Silver Note

BY VIVIENNE ROW



IN THE midst of a large stretch of woods in Southern Maryland there stands a grand old summer home. It was there we went one summer for a few weeks of rest and recreation. There we heard a remarkable story.

It was of a young man who later became one of the most famous violinists of America. And in Baltimore a few months later I had the privilege of seeing the end of the story.

For a week we spent our time in delightful expeditions, all over the woods. Hay rides, swimming parties and long tramps for miles and miles through the dewy beauty of the woods were enjoyed immensely.

One evening our plans were upset by the sudden coming of one of the summer storms which last a couple of hours.

The air was chilly and a fire had been made in the fireplace. It was still early so we all grouped around the fire, telling stories.

Our hostess, we knew, was a fine story teller, and we begged her to tell us one of her experiences. The story she told and the adventure following I will never forget.

"Two years ago this summer," she began, "a house party of about ten came to a summer lodge six miles south of here. They were a friendly, jolly crowd for they visited us a few times. There were three business men, their wives and four others; one of the couples were brother and sister. The other were engaged to be married the following spring.

"The young man was a talented violinist of rising fame and the girl a pretty society girl. The two made a striking couple as they stood one evening in this room, he playing his beloved violin and she singing softly.

"Everyone had a fine time and soon they were to go back to the city to take up their work. A few nights before they were to leave I heard a frantic bang on the door. It was near midnight and storming fiercely. I hastened to the front but before I reached the door it was flung open and Dick, the young violinist, rushed in, wild-eyed and breathless.

"He made a quick survey of the room and then slumped into a chair. "Oh, isn't Barbara here?" he asked despairingly.

"We told him, 'No,' and asked anxiously what was the matter. He groaned and buried his head in his hands. It was some time before we were able to get anything out of him.

"Then he told us that about seven o'clock Barbara had gone for a short walk. They did not worry until nine and then the storm came up. They went outside and called

Page Four

but no response came. They then searched the woods as much as was possible in the rain but all in vain. Their last hope was that she had come over here.

"We searched the woods everywhere for days but never found Barbara. All we ever found was her tiny lace handkerchief.

"Dick was broken-hearted. After all hope had died and all the others had decided to go back to the city, he insisted on staying there.

"And now, almost every night, near twelve o'clock, he goes out in the woods and plays his violin. It seems he plays to his sweetheart always hoping to hear her sing to him. Some nights one may hear him play from a small secluded nook."



As she finished her story we were very sad. The rain had ceased by this time. The moon was shining full and bright. We asked our hostess if she would take us to hear Dick that evening. She consented and bade us rest for the tramp.

The thought of an adventure was thrilling, but the thought of one at midnight was wonderful.

The place where we stopped was a sort of nook set back in a clump of trees. We had not many minutes to wait. Soon Dick came out of the cabin with the beloved violin poised on his shoulder.

First the notes came low and trembling, then they swelled out rich and full, but with an infinite sadness. As I listened it seemed he was telling the woods his story and pleading help for his lost sweetheart. Then, near the end, he paused as though expecting her answer to come to him. But none came. The last notes were far too sorrowful for a young man of such talent.

As we went home each of us carried with us the beauty and sadness of the scene. Each of us was busy with the thought that while we were happy some one's heart was always aching.

The next week we were busy with our packing and preparations for ending our vacation. The day before we were ready to leave a young man came up to the walk and as he neared we saw that it was Dick. He came to the veranda and asked if we were going back to Baltimore. When we replied that we were going the next day, he asked if he could accompany us. Then he told our hostess that he believed it was of no use to stay there, for Barbara would never be found.

So when we arrived in Baltimore it was in company  
(Continued on Page 14)



# Hilda's Predicament

BY GEORGE BURDICK

It was a cold day in late fall, in the little old log church in old Salem. All day long there had been trials of the women accused of witchcraft. Finally, the call was made for the last woman. Two stern, stiff-necked Puritans marched to the small room back of the pulpit, and jerked a pathetic little figure to the trial seat. She was weeping violently, and as yet had not lifted her face from her kerchief into which were falling her bitter tears.

"Attention, thou ill-fated witch of Amsterdam!"

Slowly and hesitatingly, the beautiful face of a typical Dutch maiden, with rosy cheeks and deep blue eyes, was raised. As she raised her head, the assembly stiffened—all except a little old lady seated over in the far corner of the room. The trial was on. It seemed as if the girl's fate was decided, even before she had spoken a word. Little Hilda, servant of old Crosley, the meanest settler in all the surrounding country, was indeed frightened.

At one side, on a raised platform, sat the judges, stern and reserved, looking at the victim through the same measuring glass. From the platform, the governor stood up and began unrolling a document. A moment of dread silence ensued as he began: "Hilda Schoburgh, ye are accused of witchcraft, and of having conferences with the devil; ye have been seen walking through the thick woods, and on coming to a certain group of saplings, to pull up one, mount it, and fly away to some unknown place. Ye would have been excused for this had it not been for your conference with the white devils at which ye were seen at midnight on the hill, one week ago. If these conferences are so necessary, meet them on their own meeting ground."

Waiting for this to take full effect on the assembly, he added, "Do ye have aught to say, child of Satan?"

"Oh, 'tis not true!" wailed Hilda, breaking out sobbing again.

"Have ye proof 'tis not true?" questioned Jarvis, another landowner seated next to Crosley, on the front bench.

There came no answer, so the governor asked with a final and impressive tone, "Has anyone further accusation to make against this person?"

A little wizened man, gray-haired and kind-eyed, twisted uneasily in his seat, but said not a word.

"Oh, yes, indeed," snapped Mary Jarvis, wife of the second accuser, "my children have countless times cried all night after they have come under the eye of Hilda, there.

Those wicked eyes should be probed with red-hot cinders to let out the devils in her." At this, the poor little creature shrank back into her seat with horror.

"Ye can all say what ye please, but I know facts, and I ain't like Hilda here—afraid to squeal on 'em!" All eyes were turned to the speaker, the little old woman, who, as everybody knew, was the only servant of the Jarvis household. "The night before last—there was a movement in the room, but Prilla Jenks went fearlessly on.

"The night before last, about as near's a body could guess, they sent me to bed but I hadn't went 'cause I heard talkin' goin' on in the kitchen, and listens. They planned and comes through the weedshed, and listens. They planned

all this out so's to make it look like she's havin' conference with the devil, but the truth is that she's been forced to go through the woods over to the other side of the settlement and drive back sheep, four or five at a time. Because she refused to do this any longer, they planned this against her."

At this, the three made a rush for the door but they were barred.

"I ain't as chicken-hearted as our Rev. Coldridge and Juniper Frost. When they see white at night, it's either a ghost of the devil himself. It was that night I was comin' back from Goody Lawrence's when she was sick, that I saw them two travelin' toward the settlement to spread the news. I went over to see what them white objects was, and Hilda was sittin' on a rock out in the plain moonlight, and the sheep was grazin' in the shadows. Hilda never noticed me when I went by—she was cryin' that and into her petticoat!"

"So last night I heard how Jarvis and Crosley was dividin' up on account of some debt or other that Crosley had against

him. After Crosley left, the home, the mistress told Jarvis that she could tell that half-wit son of hers a story, and he could easy imagine it. That's how that tree-flyin' tale was started, and as for their brats cryin' all night—I'd cry too, if I didn't have nothin' but an old crust fer supper. I guess ye can see that Hilda ain't a witch. An' today ends her services to old Crosley, an' from now on me an' Hilda is goin' to live together, for I ain't bound to work fer nobody."

At that, Prilla Jenks put her protecting arm about Hilda, as a mother bird puts her wing over her little ones, and walked out into the cold November evening, leaving a staring group of Puritans to deal with the false accusers.

Page Five





# The Dub

BY LINDSEY PERKINS



ALL THROUGH the long black night a slow procession moved along the road between Vazelay and Bichonne. In the center of the pitted, shell-torn road, on which the haggard engineer corps worked desperately, moved with a monotonous rumble the great guns, lesser guns and supply wagons. On each side of the road, with "the ponderous tread of the ancient dead," tramped the infantry, thousands upon thousands of men, young and old, rich and poor, great and small, the vast conglomeration of war. To the north, just beyond the blasted village of Bichonne, intermittent flashes and the dull steady roar of the artillery marked the position of the great battle.

The day before, the worn-out French troops had crumpled before a desperate attack of the Germans, and after falling back two miles, had rallied to hold a shaky position in front of Bichonne.

With every one of their own seasoned men needed in their own section of the line, and no help to be gotten from the other Allies, the American officers decided to send in comparatively raw recruits who had been in training in France only a week. Once again Americans were to show their unseasoned militia was equal to any seasoned European army. And one drop in the bucket, one atom in the mass, was Private William Barnes, known to his company as "Will, the Dub."

How The Dub had arrived in the company was a complete mystery. He was as innocent-looking specimen as could be imagined, with sandy hair and big grey eyes, and he had a vague, wandering sort of look, as if he didn't know exactly what it was all about. He had gotten away from his own company somehow or other, and had come over with the comparatively seasoned troops, although he had had only one week's training. Willy didn't know much about fighting, but he had heard that his country needed men, and he had enlisted immediately. He had a great and abiding desire to learn, to be of some use to his company and the army, but he was large and awkward, with a general ignorance of everything concerning the army. With only one week's training, he was the abomination of desolation to the long-suffering sergeant, who, after one whole day of forceful ad-

monition, decided to take drastic measures.

"Williams," he said, speaking to one of the seasoned men, "take this poor dub out and drill him, and for Gawd's sake, learn him something about the army."

But evidently the attempt to "learn" Billy something about the army failed utterly, for he was just as much of a dub as ever, after the intensive drill, and the sergeant gave him up as a bad job, hoping that he would improve with the ensuing weeks of training. But before a week passed, the troops were called up, and among them Willy the Dub blundered, the direct cause of the sulphurous stream which flowed from the sergeant's lips.

Thus it was that the Dub marched, or rather stumbled ahead in the long khaki line, occasionally treading on the heels of the sergeant, who was too preoccupied to notice him, or he would probably have thrown him over one of the splintered trees with neatness and despatch. On and on they marched, until the meagerly trained Willy began to feel fatigue. However, he kept on without a grumble, and finally the company broke away from the main troop and filed into a trench, where they were informed by the captain that they would attack at 3 o'clock in the morning. The boys were fatigued and flung themselves down in the trench to get what little rest they could before the attack began. They were awakened by the thunder of the guns behind their lines, laying down a barrage preparatory to the attack. One half hour later they went over the top.

The Dub didn't know much about military tactics, but he figured that the sergeant did, and so followed him across.

It was a cold, dark, rainy, opaque night, too dark to distinguish anything except by the blot it made on the horizon. The Dub stumbled along across the shell-torn field, now and then sinking up to his knees in a mud-filled shell hole, stumbling over dead bodies, onward through the hail of bullets which crashed out of the enemy trench. Willy saw a man fall, then another, but always miraculously other men sprang up to take the place of the fallen.

He caught himself thinking of Mary—Mary and the kids—back home in New York—what they would do if he passed over the last Great Trench to peace. He wondered how they would take it, and how they would get along. He

(Continued on Page 14)

## Chinese Suite

BY LOUIE COINER BEAN

(On a Broken Chinese Plate)

Some scraps of earth, with here and there  
A touch of go'd, green, red and black—  
A faint reminder of what might be  
Except for clumsy fingers  
That changed a thing of beauty into mere shattered  
trash.

(On an Image of Buddha)

A Chinese idol upon a dealer's shelf—  
A Buddha whose inscrutable smile  
Has meant religion to millions in the past;  
The materialistic part, whose curling incense

Has carried fervent prayers of love and hate  
Upward, to the omnipotent god he represents;  
Now, only a curio displayed, for sale,  
But with the same calm smile, inscrutable.

(On a Broken Idol)

Who knows but that once you sat  
Before an ancient Chinese mandarin  
Whose black-and-yellow-covered back  
Before you bent in reverent homage?  
But now you lie, a broken pile of rubbish,  
Like dreams once beautiful and rare  
But now, deserted scraps, in memory stored.



# True Story of Geo. Washington and the Cherrie Tree

BY CAROLINE McBURNEY

## (INTRODUCTION)

**W**HILE busily engaged the other day studying the deeds of that famous Southern general of the Civil War who is so much admired for his genius and character by the world today, I was suddenly interrupted by my right hand neighbor, one Lucile Hall, who informed me and some other listeners that she was the fourth cousin of this very Robert E. Lee. I did not immediately comprehend the full significance of this assertion. In fact it was some time before it dawned upon my intellect that my little classmate was also claiming kinship to George Washington himself. Yet this is simple enough.

Robert E. Lee married a granddaughter of Martha Washington, namely Mary Randolph Custis. The Custis estate then fell into the hands of General Lee.

My interest being aroused I asked my little friend, if by any happy chance, she was in possession of some of George Washington's personal attachments. I believe that my journalistic training alone was entirely responsible for such an opportune question.

"Why," she answered, "I have a portion of George Washington's diary which he kept as a small boy. It was found in the old Custis estate and given to me by my grandfather."

"Glorious!" I cried, "and could you let me copy it for publication in Tiger Tales?"

"Sure, I would be glad to!" she answered in her usually obliging manner, accompanied by a well-known Lucile giggle.

Thus it is that Tiger Tales is privileged to publish for the first time the only true story of George Washington's experience with the cherrie tree.

## A PORTION OF THE DIARY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, AGED 10 YEARS.

May 22, 1740.

All great men have to be little once and I'll tell my future admirers that I'm making the best of my childhood. I rode my favorite steed all the way up the creek this morning with the very best imaginary cavalry in the world hard upon our heels. Believe me, we reproduced the Revolutionary War in a way the Red Coats will never dream of. Nobody knows it yet, but I'm going to be a real hero in that war. Yo, Yo Ho, and a Bottle of Rum! and I've already got Paul Revere looking like a rabbit with his ears cut off. I not only waked up "every Middlesex village and farm," but I gave the amphibians and the quardupeds and the duopeds and the counry-side in general a thorough surprise party.

Dad gave me a little red hatchet today but I haven't used it yet.

May 24.

Well, I went to school today. School's the Bunk and that's no exaggeration. I don't mind reading and learning stuff, but when you are all cooped up in a stuffy room and the sun's shining outside and the bird're singing, how can anybody but a hard-hearted school master expect you to enjoy sticking your nose in a book? I'd much rather save my reading for one of those "rainy days" you hear so much about.

I've been trying to find something to use my hatchet on but most everything is too big for such a little thing. I almost wish Dad had given me an ax instead.

May 25

I was talking to Jim today (Jim is our gardener) and he said if he was me he would chop down that little old cherrie tree that's standing right smack in the middle of his way every time he goes to cultivate the orchard. Of course I thought he was joking but I went and had a look for myself anyway and it was a sorry little tree to be left in the road like that. However, the cherries weren't ripe yet so I figured I could wait a few days until they were and by that time I could gain some exercise with my hatchet and get some ripe cherries to boot.

May 26.

I had the funniest dream last night. I haven't got over it yet. I dreamed that I was riding a horse in front of a whole company of soldiers and I was carrying my new hatchet and we met a whole rediment of red cherries and I just took my hatchet and cut them down as fast as they came up.

It rained today, so I read.

May 28.

Well, I made history today. Father went off to one of the neighbors so I thought this would be a good time to cut down that cherrie tree, especially since it looked like the cherries were getting ripe. I knew my Dad had a sort of liking for the tree, so I figured it would be less painful for him if I cut it down when he didn't have to watch me. So I whacked it down, and it wasn't any very easy job at that. I had to get Jim to sharpen my hatchet about every other whack. But I got it down at last and maybe those cherries weren't good! I mean they were. They weren't all ripe maybe, but they tasted good anyway. I had a regular feast. I filled my pockets with them and climbed up into a big tree near by and threw the seeds at the blue jays. I was having a grand time when all of a sudden I saw my father coming out to look at the orchard. I hadn't expected h'm back so soon. When he saw that tree cut down he just stopped and stared and then he called mother and they both looked at it and they both looked at each other, and by that time I began to get scared because I knew when they looked that way it was something serious. So pretty soon my Dad called, "George! Oh, George!" and I thought it was about time to make my appearance, so I jumped down out of the tree, and my father said, "George, is this your hatchet?" and I said, "Yes, sir." Now I knew that my Dad knew that I had chopp'd down that cherrie tree, so I knew the only safe thing for me to do was to confess, so when Father said, "Who chopped down this tree?" I said, "I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet." Then my Dad said, "Bravo! Here's a nickel for being an honest boy!" But I said, "No, thank you, but I'll take a half a dollar for the work." "Indeed, you will not," says my Dad, "You'll give me a dollar for the tree you ruined and the cherries you ate."

May 29.

I had another dream last night. I dreamed I was a big cherrie and I was backed up against a wall trying to keep away about a million hatchets that were all trying to

(Continued on Page 15)

Page Seven



# Poems of Today

## Dew Drops

BY JORDAN JOHNSON

The sun doesn't rise at a trumpet's sharp blast;  
There's fragrance of flowers,  
There's dew on the grass.

Silvery dew clinging soft to each blade:  
Dew-drops and sunrise—  
Diamonds are made.

Oh, wasn't it kind of God to have laid  
The dew on the grass in the willow-green shade?

## Easter Dawn

BESSIE WRIGHT

Floating mists of silent silver,  
Dew-kissed flowers  
Nodding their heads in awakening  
slumber—;

Crooning,  
Gentle lapping of waves against the  
shore;

Hushed calls of waterfalls;  
Feather-footed shadows fading:

Far away on the horizon  
The sky flecked with red and gold,  
Brightens the earth with a rosy hue.  
Perfumed breezes blow,  
Calling the dew from the lilies  
To form a curtain of incensed mist,  
To hide for a moment  
The marvelous picture!

Then, heralded by the songs  
Of a choir of birds,  
Fallen petals of roses on its path—  
The sun rises!  
Ushering triumphant  
To a flower-decked, music-filled world  
God-given Easter Day.

## A Noosegay

BY ESTHER PEFFER

Old-fashioned, frail-fashioned flowers,  
Hollyhocks, pinks, sweet peas,  
Moss roses, big purple violets,  
Sunshine, butterflies, bees—

And some of them say to me, "Heaven,"  
And all of them say to me, "God,"  
And "Patience" and "Kindness" they echo—  
Flowers lifted up from the sod.

## Ode to Death

BY BOB REDDING

Sometimes in the hush of e'en,  
With soul to passion rife,  
Stripped to a quivering bareness,  
We fear the end of life.

Life is but a prelude,  
Existence is fraught with gloom;  
A house where we see but shadows  
As we flit from room to room.

As the beast in the depths of the jungle  
Creeps away to a lair unseen,  
Knows no pain but a sense of sleeping,  
Lies down to die serene.

And a voice from the infinite silence  
Gently calls of space beyond,  
With a tone of ineffable sweetness,  
Softly murmuring, "Come."



## My Southern Home

BY JANIS GARRATT

Mine was a southern town;  
Mine was a mansion on a hill;  
Never do I think of that home  
But my heart stands still.  
Never do I smell the southern winds,  
But tears are in my eyes.  
The winds that yestermorn, perhaps,  
Blew under Southern skies.  
Mine was a home on the hillside,  
Bordered with frail flowers of blue;  
Never do I dream of my home,  
Dear, but I think of you!  
And ne'er do I smell the soft winds,  
That carry only memories true,  
But I think of my Southern home,  
And you! Dear Mother—You!

Page Eight

## A Song of Sorrow

KENNETH CURRY

You were a lamp to my soul,  
Dark in grief.  
You were the words upon the scroll  
I read to find relief.

You made me learn to live again,  
When I was dead.  
You were the one I hoped to win—  
But lost instead.



# ESSAYS

## On Chewing Gum

BY DICK STEWART



IMES have changed, and with them, indoor sports. Once on rainy afternoons the house would resound to the merry shouts of the Ping Pong players, as with little wooden rackets they would send the little celluloid ball bouncing back and forth. (Note: In fact, celluloid was the rage in those days, being used in such necessities as collars, shirt-fronts, etc. It is thought that from this quaint custom is derived our modern expression, "You take the celluloid frying pan." This expression, however, is on the face of it preposterous and absurd, celluloid being highly inflammable, which renders it quite useless as material for cooking utensils.)

But now, all is altered, and on days in which the weather shows a tendency to remain inclement, the windows vibrate to the steady click-click of jaws, as the new national sport, chewing gum, (also known as chicle), is carried on with great zest.

Let us look into this matter. A comprehensive survey of the chewing gum industry, from producer to consumer, (Note: consumer is not precisely accurate, according to the ranking lexicographers, as the gum is not consumed except, of course, by accident, but is discarded after a period of time varying from one-half hour to three days), is bound to bring out some interesting facts. In passing, a short study of its causes and effects may be made.

It is thought by some that chewing gum had its inception in the cow, which is seldom seen while not chewing its cud. According to this theory, man, observing the cow, and noting the great peace and tranquility which the habit seemed to bring to the bovine, tried to do likewise. First trying grass, which he discarded as distasteful, he turns to the trees, and discovered—slippery elm! Which, by the way, had to satisfy him for a good many years. Finally, some genius, noting the wearing properties of the gum of the chicle tree, advertised the fact, which advertising resulted in several interesting things.

First, it established Mr. Wrigley's financial condition on a thoroughly substantial basis. Second, it provided employment for a good many people, twenty five men being employed in the New York Central Depot alone for the express purpose of scraping it off the floor. Third, it made the American people the sturdy, square-jawed race that they are today. Fourth, it established material for essays like this.

Sad to relate, some ill effects are also noted. Who of us has never known the sickening realization that we have stepped on some chewing gum, recently discarded? Dentists will soon be dependent on charity, if the slogan, "A stick a day keeps the dentist away" gains much more popularity. (In this uneven battle the dentists are at a great

(Continued on Page 14)

## Essay On Man

BY VILMA EBSEN



MAN WAS created first but when the Creator perceived His creation, He immediately decided that He would have to continue creating—and therefore, Woman!

That was the first and last time that man had first chance in any thing. From that day to this, it is a well-known fact that it is impossible for men to get the first word, impossible to get the last and it is of no consequence to state that they may or may not get an insignificant word in between.

Man was created a fool, and it took a woman to prove it to the rest of the world. When Eve led Adam to the apple tree, and pointing to one, said, "I want that one," she set a precedent. Since that time women desiring apples of any nature, have pointed up or down and men to get them have climbed up or down, as the case may be, much in the manner of a monkey on a string.

Men are superior beings. Yes, far superior to women in two ways—vanity and egotism. From the feats of strength and display of muscle of the Cave Man's Era, to the war paint and daudy colors of later periods, up to the present day, men win the laurel wreath for doing the most unsurpassably ridiculous things in order to win admiration and applause—that hollow, mocking tone produced by the flapping together of fins—that is sweeter to their ears than the music of Saint Cecilia. The murmur of "Oh, isn't he wonderful!" when it reaches the ears of any man crescendoes into a gigantic roar of "WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!" till it swells and lifts him to the highest peaks of ecstasy; when the comment has only been made by some woman, probably his wife—as an encouragement to see what other ridiculous limits he will go to in his desire to be the "life of the party."

Men are great thinkers and wonderful companions. Why, a man, by sitting in a comfortable chair in front of a fire with a pipe in his mouth and a cloud of smoke around his head, can create an atmosphere of deep and concentrated thought. But is it worth it? Do his thoughts really equal in value the price of the tobacco or the cost of such an atmosphere? Would it not be more to his benefit were he to turn out the light and go to sleep?

Emerson has said that association and conversation with men gives us an insight into their ideas and principles and that we know what they are going to say before they themselves have drawn a definite conclusion. May I dare to correct his statement by saying that association and conversation with one man is like having a carbon copy of every other man and that the sameness is not only dismaying but oftener most boring. The simplicity of the creature and the childishness! Today, a little sympathy, a little pat, an ounce of silken flattery, will make out of an average

(Continued on Page 15)



# "Eaves-Dropping Will Rogers"

BY RUTHJEANNE BELLAMY



"HEE-EW!" said Will Rogers as he came off the stage mopping his brow. "I'm glad that's over!"

I noticed that his jaws were working hard at chewing gum, and the violent motion did not cease until he seemed to realize that he was actually off the stage. Then he suddenly slowed down, and began to chat glibly with George Ezzard of O. H. S. who came back stage to ask for his autograph.

"Why sure!" he exclaimed on hearing George's request. "What'll I write?"

He took his small notebook and scrawled his signature across the page.

"Maybe you remember my father," George suggested. "You and he used to be friends."

"What did you say the name was? Ezzard? Why, I'll say I do remember him! There were two names in the firm, Ezzard and—"

George finished the phrase for him, while Rogers added a word or two to what he had written in George's notebook.

I was astounded. Here was Will Rogers, after talking for two hours steady before a large audience in the enormous Municipal Auditorium—which, in my opinion, is enough to give any man a set of raw nerves for an hour afterward: Here was Will Rogers, I say, chatting casually as though he had been strolling in the park for an hour before.

I'd better tell you right here and now that this is not the regular kind of an interview story where the person-to-be-interviewed gives definite statements for publication. Will Rogers gave us no definite statements whatever. But Violet Anderson and I had conceived the idea of interviewing the famous cowboy while we were taking care of the Parent-Teacher Association's benefit refreshment booth at the Auditorium that night; we had gone around to the stage door, and had stood in the cold darkness and the drizzling rain for forty-five minutes in the hope of interviewing him; and we didn't intend to go away without something for our trouble.

Waiting outside, we occasionally mounted a small stone ledge near the door and peered through a high little glass window to see if there was any chance of the show's ending soon. For a long time we saw nothing but two stage hands seated on boxes near the curtain and straining their ears to catch every word of the speech. Finally we heard steps going back and forth, and by peeping through the window we could see a lady dressed in a dark suit, walking to and fro. She had on a small hat and was carrying a beaded hand-bag.

Just as we were trying to figure out who she might be, a messenger boy arrived with a telegram. We begged him to let us take it in—that would give us a good excuse for going in before the end of the performance, we thought. But at that moment the door was opened by the lady we had seen. She heard us talking.

"I am Mrs. Rogers," she said, and took the message.

As soon as she had read the telegram, we quickly explained our purpose to her. Scarcely had we finished, when Mr. Rogers came off the stage, and we knew that

the act was over. It was then that George Ezzard came up.

When Mr. Rogers was through writing his autograph, his wife called to him.

"Will, here are two girls from the high school who want to speak to you."

"We thought you might give us a little information for an interview story for our literary magazine," we began.

"Pshaw!" he replied. "I've just told everything I know out there on the stage tonight. You might make up something from that, can't you? (Which proves, by the way, that Will Rogers knows something of the wiles of reporters, too)."

But we were not to be shaken thus easily from our firm resolve.

"I saw that an interview with you won first place in a national contest," I ventured. "So I thought—"

"Yeah!" he exclaimed, "somebody sent me the little book with that story in it. It was written by a fellow out in Yakima, Washington. I remember him. He went around with our party pretty near all day, everywhere we went. Right good story, too—well written up."

"And say," he continued enthusiastically, "you know I read that little book almost through on the train one day. You remember that play in there—written up in the mountains about those mountain and the things they did? I liked that a lot. It sure is remarkable what high school students are doing in journalism and literary lines nowadays. Why, some of that stuff in that little book is better than what regular authors can write! And the high school work is getting better all the time, the way I see it."

The book of which Mr. Rogers was speaking is called "Best Creative Work in American High Schools for 1926-1927." It contains prize-winning material from the annual journalistic and literary contests sponsored by Quill and Scroll, the National Honorary Society for High School Journalists. The play which so attracted the cowboy philosopher centers around the character-struggles among the typical mountaineers of North Carolina.

While Mr. Rogers was talking, people were beginning to come back-stage, and Mr. Rogers was dragged off to talk to them one at a time. But we "stuck around" hoping to hear him say something of unusual interest. We were rewarded.

Rogers was talking in a friendly way with one man when I heard him say, "I've got a lot of sympathy for this part of the country, and I've got a lot of faith in it. The general impression seems to be that Florida is on the blink, but folks that say that—Shoot, they're cuckoo!"

For a brief moment no one came up to talk, and Rogers saw us still standing there.

"That was Joe Tinker, the real estate man," he explained to us. "He's a good friend of mine. Yeah, I've been knowing him for years now—ever since he played on the Cubs."

Soon after that the rest of his party gathered around, and they went down the stairs to the door. As I saw the famous Will Rogers go out into the night, I thought to myself that there went a living proof of the old saying that "The greatest man, like the greatest truths, are the simplest."



# "You See, it Was This Way"

BY ESMOND MARKS

## ACT I, Scene I.

(Lord Wonfred is seated at an oaken table, slowly drinking ale, and looking into the fire. The room in which he is sitting has a tall ceiling; the lofty walls are covered with pennants and weapons of war. The fire crackles merrily, casting its ruddy rays over the room).

*Enter servant.*

S.: My lord, thy vassal, Mambus, awaits without, and he doth say that he hath a message for thee.

Lord W. (starting to his feet): Well, stand thou not there, thou fool; bring him in.

S.: (backing out): As thou sayest, master.

*Enter Vassal.*

V.: (going over and kneeling at the feet of Lord W.): My lord, I humbly ask thy forgiveness for arriving so late. You see it was this way: As I was passing through the Forest of Dragons, trying my best to reach the castle before sunset, I heard a queer noise. Turning in my saddle, I saw, much to my terror, a dragon of brilliant colors. There he came, up the road, the smoke streaming out of his nostrils! As he came closer, I saw about his mouth the dried blood of his victims. Sliding off my steed, I drew my trusty broadsword. Then bracing myself, I waited. On came the dragon, his immense form crashing over the trees and stirring up a terrible cloud of dust.

As he loomed over me, I thrust upward at his throat. The blood came pouring down upon me, the poisonous smoke from his nostrils choked me, but I gallantly held my ground. I fought as a man possessed. Just as the dragon—

Lord W.: Haw! Haw! Haw! Oh, me, yes, yes. Go on. Proceed! Continue!

V.: My lord, what are you so mirthful about? Just think of the danger your loyal vassal was in—!

Lord W.: Come, thou knave! Cease this foolery. Where is that goodly sum of a hundred pounds for the ransom of Baron Sinfred's fair daughter, Barbara?

V.: Bear thy time, my lord,—I'm coming to that part. To continue my story: I was wearied from fighting, but just as I was about to fall from exhaustion, my blade struck true. The dragon staggered and fell. Then sitting down calmly on his head, I wiped the perspiration from my brow and looked about me. The ground was torn and the trees were uprooted; pools of blood lay on the earth, and the smoke was slowly floating away through the trees. Oh, my lord, it was a dastardly sight!

Lord W.: Yes, but where is my hundred pounds? Come! Out with it, ere I crack thy pate for thee, thou lowly dragon-killer!

V.: But, my lord, as I entered the castle grounds of Baron Sinfred, a moat-keeper threw a stone at me, and called me a worthless swine. Of course, this made me lose my head in wrath, and I violently stuck my tongue out at him. At this, he wept with anger. Just as he was blubbering about a duel at sundown, a knight appeared on the wall and threw me down this package. He told me to take it to Lord Wonfred, with his compliments. But my lord, when I questioned him about the moneys, he laughed and said the answer was contained therein.

Lord W.: Quick! Hand it to me, ere I kick thy face

in for thee!

*(Snatches the letter and hurriedly opens. Reads aloud)*

Most Noble Lord Wonfred:

"I, Baron Sinfred, do hereby challenge you in deadly combat. If thy heart is brave, meet me at sunrise, where the brook passes the old oak of Trinity. If thy heart is faint, or thy corns bother thee, be prepared for the worst. I will not pay that sum for the ransom of my daughter. If harm comes to her, thou shalt pay with thy head.

Disrespectfully,

Baron Sinfred."

Ah, that dog of a Saxon threatens me! Ho! His fair daughter shall suffer. By the head of St. George, he shalt grieve ere the new moon shalt arise from behind the castle tower!

*Curtain.*

## ACT I, Scene II.

Setting: the dungeon of Lord Wonfred's Castle.

The scene is dark and gloomy. Rats run hither and thither on the damp floor. A bench and table are the furniture. Rusty chains hang from the wall. On the bench sits a beautiful maid with long, disheveled hair. She is amusing herself by weeping. Sobs rend the air. Ah, fair readers, it is a wretched scene! The maiden slowly raises her head—her beautiful blue eyes filled with tears.

*Enter a servant bearing bows and arrows.*

Barbara: Hast thou news of my father? Quick! Speak! How long must I suffer thus?

S.: I have no news of thy father, damsel. But thou hast complained of the rats in this dungeon. Here is a weapon to destroy them with. *(Hands her the bow and arrows.) Exit.*

Barbara begins to shoot at the rats. While she is employed thus, the door opens and a hooded figure enters, bearing a tray of food. Laying the tray on the table, the mysterious figure walks silently over to Barbara and touches her shoulder. The girl turns around, startled. The figure throws back the hood—and behold, there is our hero!

B.: William!

W.: Barbara!

W.: Ah, my beloved, my heart is burning with rage to see such a fair rose caged in such evil surroundings. But thou shalt be avenged. I shall run this dastardly villain through.

B.: I knew thou wouldst come, my champion! Ah, this is an evil hour for thee. If Lord Wonfred shouldst find thee here, I shudder to think of thy fate. Begone, my beloved!

W.: How I dread to leave thee, Barbara. But we will attack the castle on the morrow just before the sun rises. Be ready to leave. Now I am off.

B.: May the saints be with you!

*(Lord Wonfred and attendants burst into dungeon and seize William, while he struggles valiantly but in vain.)*

Lord W.: Ah, my handsome champion, so thou hast attempted the rescue of this fair damsel? Well, my gallant, thy neck shalt stretch ere the sun is high in the heaven on the morrow!

B.: Oh, my lord, have mercy! *(Throws herself at)*  
(Continued on Page 13)



# ❖ ❖ Knots Tied in the Tigers Tail ❖ ❖

BY HERR LUDWIG VON KINER BOHONIG

Torture, torture, burning bright  
In the shades of awful night—  
What infernal bard or lie  
Could write such rotten stuff as I?

H. L. V. K. B.

—————TIGER TALES—————

NOTICE!!!

Dear Readers: We who have been inspired and have perspired to present to you the fruits of creative genius (Hear! Hear!) are horrified and overcome to announce that there is a wolf in sheep's clothing, a traitor in our midst (Cries of consternation), a vile creature who has on sense of loyalty to literature, no admiration for art, and worst of all no praise for poetry: the abominable free-thinker who writes this column, the infamous Herr Ludwing Von Kiner Bohonig. (Try to find out who he, she, or it, is!)  
Rocks on the mountain, seven miles apart—  
And every time I think of you  
It nearly breaks my heart.

—————TIGER TALES—————

(We wonder if L. C. B. wrote that in Janet Arnold's memory book).

—————TIGER TALES—————

Our idea of the world's softest job: Press-agent for Lindbergh.

—————TIGER TALES—————

Some reasons we're glad we're alive:

1. June nights on Lake Virginia.
2. Sylvester Starling and Dorothy Livingston.
3. That Lynn Churchwell has become a woman-hater.
4. That all high school teachers don't behave like the cartoon depict them.
5. Back door exits to school houses.
6. Fewer jokes about "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
7. Because Volstead isn't principal.
8. Mr. Mays.

—————TIGER TALES—————

"Mother is the necessity for invention," is Bob Caruthers' slogan as he tries to think up excuses for being out late again.

—————TIGER TALES—————

"The culprit has left clues," observed the great Gerald Graham, casting a quick glance about the room. "The culprit has short black hair, is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, smoked Rolled Gold cigarettes, wears wollen socks, plays a good game of golf, drives an automobile, has had six love affairs, and drinks, but not to excess."

"Marvelous!" Bob Redding exclaimed. "But was the culprit a man or woman?"

It was then that the baffled look came over Gerald's face.

—————TIGER TALES—————

Conversation between Floridan and his Northern friend:

- "This the street you live on?"  
"Yes, the longest and widest ever built."  
"Any orange groves near here?"  
"Largest one in the world right over there."  
"Nice house we just passed."  
"That's the most beautiful home in the world."  
And then the Northerner pushed him in the lake.

Page Twelve

Janis Garratt: "I'm making a collection of useless words; can you help me?"

Dick Pomeroy: "Sure. Here's a copy of my diary.

—————TIGER TALES—————

If you love me  
As I love you,  
You're not to blame  
For what you do.

(This is alleged to have been written by Mary Evelyn Dye at the age of six).

—————TIGER TALES—————

Karo Corn Syrup Co.,  
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sirs—I wish to tell you that I have drunk three cans of your corn syrup and it has not removed my corns yet.

Yours truly,  
Bessie Wright.

—————TIGER TALES—————

We see by the papers:—  
B. C. (Before Chrysler's)

—————TIGER TALES—————

"For Sale: One Ford Coupe, late 1027 model." Adv. in Chicago Tribune.

—————TIGER TALES—————

K. Curry: I never was so mortified in my life! One of these new-riches told me to "spill" some of my poetry."

P. Minter: "And what did you say?"

K. Curry: "I told him I did not chuse to run."

—————TIGER TALES—————

And this from the Jacksonville Metropolis:

"They were followed by the bride, who entered with her father who gave her in marriage. She wore a dark blue hat trimmed with spring flowers. They were met at the altar by Mr. Griffin and his best."—(Here's hoping they brought warm weather with them. Oh, Stanley, how could you?)

—————TIGER TALES—————

"I love you, you are the idol of my eye," said Red. Carruthers. "You were plain and drab until my love made you blossom. Ah! now as I feel your soft caress, I am in paradise. My beautiful, my wonderful, adorable, priceless, unique Chemistry Notebook!"

—————TIGER TALES—————

Don't let riding in an elevator be the only way you rise in your profession.

—————TIGER TALES—————

Among the well-known authors in O. H. S., we have the following with their best-known books:

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Ruth Latta.

"Daddy Long-Legs," Bill Delaporte.

"Wearing of the Green," "Tots" Murphy.

"Tillic the Toiler," Janet Arnold.

"Private Life of Marcus T. Cicero," Charlie Andrews.

"Lavendar and Old Lace," Dorothy Taylor.

"Venus and Adonis," Rupert Jones.

"The Uncovered Wagon," Dick Mouser.

—————TIGER TALES—————

Love makes the world go around, but so does a good crack on the jaw.

—————TIGER TALES—————

"A married man is one who has two hands to steer the car with," says Dick Stewart.



# EXCHANGES

"Aegis" of Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass., runs the "Spectator." The guest while pondering about where to take Sir Roger hits upon the happy thought of going to the class reunion. An interesting time follows. The Poet's Corner has some very good poetry, and we like your little article of the News Dispatch Editor.

"Understanding Pals" is a story of a small boy who teaches Bud Morris of God and life. "The Song of the Violin" tells of an old man and his wonderful "home-made violin." "Daisies Won't Tell" is of a young girl who confides in her diary all her troubles. These three stories appeared in "The Roman" from Rome, Georgia. They are well written and interesting.

"The High School Citizen" from Dunkirk, New York, liked our "Letter a la Margy" so well that they are running a column similar to ours.

"The Cherry and White" hails from Williamsport, Penn. They have their literary magazine and "C and W News" combined in their magazine.

The mid-year graduation issue of the "The Whisp" of Wilmington, Delaware, has reached us. The literary section contains some good stories. They are skillfully done.

Tiger Tales has received "The Cryptian" which is a school magazine from Gloucester, England. Their school has had football since 1583 and the school itself is 388 years old. Their stories are good but they are lacking in poetry.

"The Oriole" of Baltimore City College gives us a story, "Jessica's Return," a sequel to the "Merchant of Venice.

"The Missile" from Petersburg, Virginia, seems to specialize in poetry.

We also have on our desk the following: "The Oracle" from Abington High, Abington, Penn. We liked your "Tonny Dreer's Ride," "Westward Ho" from Western High School, Baltimore. Your whole page cuts are very clever and attract attention.

"The Academy," from St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul, Minn.

"The Irondale Static," Irondale, Ohio.

"McKinley News," Kencha, Wisconsin.

"Eastern Echo," Eastern High, Baltimore.

"The Oracle," from Montgomery, Alabama.

"The Piquonian," from Piquai, Ohio.

"The Eko from Brewster High," Brewster, N. Y.

"The Mercury," West Springfield, Mass.

Miss Wood: "What word has the most letters in it?"  
Mat B.: "Envelope."

One of our worthy Sophs wore his \$1.98 sweater in the rain a few days ago—"It won't be long now!"

Jimmie J.: "The first four years in the senior class are the hardest!"

Sophomore: "Who are the faculty?"

Another: "They are the people who help the seniors run the school."

Mrs. Rogers: "How much time did you spend on your Virgil last night?"

Harold I.: "Seven hours."

Mrs. R.: "How in the world did you do it?"

Harold: "Slept on it."

## "You See, it was This Way"

(Continued from Page 11)

his feet. William is taken out while curtain slowly falls).

ACT II.

(Barbara is standing by the barred window. The first gray of the morning fills the east. Sounds of hammering can be heard. Enter a servant, a toothless old hag).

S.: Here is thy breakfast, fair maid. Dost thou see yon men toiling on the gallows? Ha! Ha! Ha! —(A cracked laugh). Thy gallant will meet his Maker, ere much is spent.

Exit.

B.: Oh, gracious saints! They are leading him to the gallows! There is the priest. Oh, Father, save him, save him! The hangman, the hangman—Oh, that evil man in black! He is putting the rope about his neck! Oh, the priest is saying the prayer for the dying! Let me die—let me die! I cannot live without him! (Swoons and sinks to the floor).

(But on the outside, in the castle yard, wild war cries can be heard. There is the stamp of horses, the clash of

weapons, the shrieks of dying men).

(Sounds are heard at the dungeon door. Lord W. backs in, fighting furiously against William. Then William's sword passes through Lord W., and he staggers across the floor, the blood streaming from his wound).

(He falls to his knees, then starts to his feet, and falls over dead. Sir William, his arms covered with blood and his clothes torn, goes over to Barbara, who lies unconscious).

W.: The saints be praised! Thou art unhurt. Methinks we can make use of that priest below. He could not give me extreme unction, but he can pronounce my marriage blessing.

(Picks up Barbara in his arms, and stalks gallantly out of dungeon).

Curtain.

Now, folks, tomorrow afternoon, we will have that favorite melodrama, "East Lynne," with no advance in prices. I thank you for your kind attention. Good night.

Page Thirteen



## The Silver Note

(Continued from Page 4)

with the man who in a few months roused every musician there with his wonderful violin.

One evening about three months after our visit I was invited to attend a charity entertainment at the famous Ford's Opera House. I learned that Dick was to play. Also a mysterious young lady was to sing. She was making her debut under a very old singing master.

Dick was next to last on the program and the singer was to be the closing number. I was back stage with Dick and as he went out to play I gave him the last word of encouragement. He seemed restless over something, but he couldn't tell the cause.

As he drew the bow across the violin the same old note of beautiful sadness came. Then for the first time since his return Dick played for the audience the sweet little song that was the last his sweetheart had sung for him.

Suddenly from in back of me came a tiny little sob. Then past me swept a dainty figure of a girl. She stopped at the end of the wing and pausing there started singing in a low beautiful voice. When Dick heard it he started toward the voice as though he thought it was a spectre. Then as the voice swelled out in its wonderful richness he played on as he had never played before.

As he finished the audience thundered its applause. But Dick rushed to the wings and in an instant had the sobbing figure in his arms. Then I was certain it was Barbara came back as from the grave.

When the sobs were quieted and they had made sure it was really Barbara, she told us the story.

"Oh, Dick," she started with unsteady voice, "that day in the woods when the storm broke I was so frightened!" Here Dick's arm tightened around her and he whispered a word of encouragement. "I ran as fast as I could toward a tiny cottage and just as I reached it I stumbled and fell. The next thing I remember was a cool hand resting on my forehead and I looked into the kindest old face I have ever seen. But Dick, I couldn't remember my name or where I came from. As the days went on and I recovered, Dilandi discovered that I could sing. So he taught me each day the things I had been longing to know. Sometimes, Dick, when I sang for him he would tell me there was a hidden note of longing. And he would try to get me to recall things. But I just could not. At times I would feel such a feeling of longing for someone that it was almost unbearable. Then Dilandi told me he was going to take me to the city to make my first appearance. And tonight when I heard the first strains of the violin something in me seemed to stir and fight for an opening. Then—oh, Dick, you started our song! Your silver note brought me back!"

A little while later Barbara sang accompanied by the violin and that sweetest, most wonderful voice told many people of the two who were infinitely happy.

## On Chewing Gum

(Continued from Page 9)

disadvantage, for we understand there is much more gum than there are dentists).

The popularity of chewing gum is indeed wonderful,  
*Page Fourteen*

## The Dub

(Continued from Page 6)

felt a sharp pain in his side, like the sting of a hornet, but he did not stop.

At last, after what seemed an interminable time, they came to the first trench. A great, black figure, seemingly gigantic in the night, loomed over Willy. He lunged viciously with his bayonet, felt a sharp impact and tearing of flesh, and the figure disappeared into the bottomless pit of the night. He saw two go down before the sergeant's revolver, and the line swept over the first trench and onward.

The opposition grew stronger at every foot. For every German disposed of, two more rose up. The Dub lunged on as in a dream, striking at the shadows, often receiving blows, but he was insensible to wounds.

The sergeant and Willy were working side by side now. Suddenly, out of the blackness, four figures rose and lunged toward them. The sergeant's pistol accounted for one of them before he closed between the sergeant and the Germans. He lunged at the nearest, felt the tear of steel through bone, but before he could withdraw it, the figure of the other man towered over him. A gleam of steel, a sharp shock, and the world lifted and whirled and floated away as Willy sank down—down—down.

\* \* \* \*

Willy came out of the fog to feel a cool hand on his forehead, stroking his hair gently.

"Mary," he murmured, sinking back. "Sergeant Johnson," said the sergeant in a queer sort of voice that broke as he spoke.

"Oh," said Willy weakly, and tried to sit up, only to find he could not move. A groan escaped him and he closed his eyes. There was an excruciating pain in his side, and he felt like drifting away on the fleecy, foggy clouds which seemed to permeate the atmosphere. All at once he looked up at the sergeant.

"Say, sergrant, did I do all right?" he queried weakly.

"Yes, Willy, the best of the lot."

With a peaceful sigh, Willy closed his eyes and rested. For he had fought a good fight for his country, and he could afford to rest. Thus Willy the Dub went to his last sleep.

The sergeant, with frank tears streaming down his face, waved the stretcher away, and the men laid Willy, no longer the Dub, in his last resting place on No-Man's Land.

---

especially with the fair sex; who, it is thought, jumped at chewing gum as a means of perpetual jaw motion when there was no one to talk to. For a time the novelty of the thing precluded talking altogether, and the men lived in hope that this could be a permanent arrangement, and chewing gum as a gift for the wife was very popular. However, sad to relate, after long research by a committee of prominent women, it was discovered that talking and chewing could be carried on simultaneously, much to the chagrin of the married male contingent.

We confess for ourselves a great admiration for this gentle pastime, chewing five sticks a day, and thus accounting for five dentists. However, we are fast losing our teeth. This cannot last, and the dentists will have lost a dangerous opponent.

Ah! me; times have changed!



## True Story of Washington -Cherrie Tree

(Continued from Page 7)

hit me but they kept getting closer and closer and I began to feel their sharp stabs and I let out a scream and woke up and all the cherries and hatchets were inside of me having a regular war. Which proves that there is more than one disadvantage in having initiative, especially when the cherries are green.

But maybe it is worth all the pain and scolding just to have a lot of people named after you. Why even away in Orlando, Florida, High School there is a boy named George Washington Pharr, and he's not such a bad boy, too.

Oh, its a great life for some people!

### Essay on Man

(Continued from Page 9)

man a wiggly, fawning little puppy-dog, eager and begging to be at beck and call, and willing to be led dancing at the end of a woman's string. And yet, men have been given credit for the rise and fall of many an empire—It is to laugh!

To say that there are men in the world would only be to waste paper, but there are, though it is not their fault nor mine. And they are not to be ignored as they are so numerous. Also, who wants to ignore them?

So every nun, princess, or simple maiden always *praying* when, coming upon one of them quietly, one hears a softly whispered "A(h)—men!"

## HOWARD STUDIO

32 EAST PINE STREET  
SECOND FLOOR

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

—SAFE AND SANE—  
—PHOTOGRAPHS—

SAFE—because PERMANENT  
SANE—because NOT FREAKS

*Good, Up-standing, Artistic  
Yet Fine Likenesses*

All of these qualities  
at my reasonable prices

## THRIFT...

is a part of a child's education. Regardless of what particular calling they may choose or be best suited for in future life, it is certain that they cannot escape the problems of finance and the necessity of habits of thrift.

*Every parent that has the welfare of his children at heart should encourage the thrift habit in their early life.*

## The State Bank of Orlando and Trust Company

COMMERCIAL BANKING

Trust Dept.

Savings Dept.

## Singing in the Rain

ANNE SHANNON MOORE

REVIEWED BY LUCILE STICKLE



HAVE YOU ever been so discouraged that you want to hit somebody when they smile at you? Have you ever felt that people are laughing behind your back? Its not easy to control yourself then; it is even harder to ignore it and continue to be happy. Anne Shannon Moore calls it "Singing in the Rain." To sing in the rain, Anne Shannon Moore thought is the most worthwhile thing in life and she named her book that way, so that those who only caught a glimpse of her title would be happier by it.

In her little volume she has written essays in such a care-free, easy that her point is carried without a re-reading. Yet you would not mind the pleasure of reading it over.

She speaks about unseen gifts that we have hidden somewhere about our consciousness, but to which we haven't paid a great deal of attention. She writes, too, about our imperfections, calling them our best blessings in disguise. Some of them are pretty much disguised, I'll admit, but when one thinks about it, they really could be put to some more practicable good.

This book may be obtained at the Owl Book Shop.

Page Fifteen



# The Reform of Frontenac

BY MARION PHILLIPS

Ho! Come ye to me to ask  
For life, for freedom, aye, for liberty?  
Sirs, show your best! For time is not  
But what we make it in losing.  
Why keep me so occupied? Must I  
Be ready to decide your fate?  
What battles have you fought? How  
Oft have ye deserted and come to  
Thy enemy, as ye have to me?  
Ye ask me what your fate shall be?  
Who has said that ye have one, come from me?  
Ye are relieved, I take it so,  
That from your manner ye have both  
Betrayed a wholesome love for this,  
Your life.  
Thou mayest go!

"Oh God! I have spared these lives for  
Thy own works. If they scorn Thy love  
I take defeat. Wilt Thou, Oh God!  
Give courage hence, and I will work in  
Thy defence."

Thus spoke the once bold Frontenac;  
The desperate, heedless man who lacked

## SAN JUAN PHARMACY

Orange and Central

## EVANS-REX DRUG CO.

21 S. Orange

## Watching the Wheels Go 'Round

YOU will make the wheels of  
Commerce and Industry revolve  
tomorrow.

TO GAIN an insight in this  
fascinating business machinery  
—see that your father brings his  
copy home every month!

THE BUSINESS  
MAGAZINE  
of Orlando and Orange County

234 W. Washington St, Orlando.

Even the powers of prayer in his life;  
Who killed, repented not, and in strife  
Would laugh at the turns that destiny took  
But what a change; what caused it so?  
Just one small thing, that is, true love.  
Oft he had murmured (if that he could)  
Harsh, yet tender, words of love.  
Telling the maids their beautiful traits;  
But forgetting, as soon as to the army he  
Marched, how many behind had  
Left only broken hearts.  
When one fair day he journeyed forth,  
And to his eyes a vision fell.  
He thought he dreamed, but it was not  
So,  
He was stricken from then, forever more.  
This beautiful maiden was  
Jeanne Herouard, the daughter  
Of the pompous Count Palladine.  
Frontenac knew that now came his test  
For the strength that was in him  
To do his best,  
Lest he should break down completely  
Before Jeanne's haughty stare.

Ah! He remembered those cruel  
Heartless days,  
When her father treated him  
As a mere page.  
But he struggled and wooed  
And finally won! That which brought  
Frontenac's Reform.



# SANTA GRANDA

A 5c SPECIAL



"The Smoke of Satisfaction"

AT

## CURRY & SMITH

CIGAR FACTORY

*The Home of The*

*"NEW SOUTH"*



### *Spring Arrives*

and to the feminine mind Spring and New Clothes are synonymous. We know what well dressed women want, and we have it in wide variety.

GOWNS—SPORT CLOTHES

## SLATER-SCOTT

20 NORTH ORANGE AVE.

**NEW STORE  
LOCATED WHERE  
PARKING SPACE  
IS AVAILABLE**

Soda Fountain, Table or Curb Service  
Prescriptions Called for and Delivered  
Registered Pharmacist Always In Charge

**Special Display of  
EASTER CANDIES**

## JACKSON DRUG COMPANY

1101 EAST COLONIAL DRIVE

Just Dial 3467

Motorcycle Service

"Religious Books Build Character"



**A BOOK IS THE IDEAL EASTER  
GIFT.**

—WE SUGGEST—

**"CRUSADE"**

*By Donn Byrne*

**"DAWN"**

*By Irving Bachelier*

**"WHAT CAN A MAN BELIEVE?"**

*By Bruce Barton*

**"CHRIST AT THE ROUND  
TABLE"**

*By E. Stanley Jones*

*Let us show you these and other suitable books, including our large assortment of Bibles.*

—THE OWL BOOK SHOP—

10 MURPHY ARCADE  
ORLANDO, FLORIDA



Pride—

Spirit—

Honors

The Orlando Chamber of Commerce takes this opportunity to offer its congratulations for the splendid accomplishments of the "Orange and White," the sister organ of "Tiger Tales." These accomplishments indicate the high type of Orlando's future citizens.

We place so high a value on the schools of Orlando, we invariably emphasize their high standards of scholarship and citizenship in all our contacts with prospective winter or permanent residents.

*"Watch the Spirit of the Tigers"*

---

*The* ————— *Orlando*

Orlando Chamber of Commerce