Peculiar "Art Period"

Biedermeier was a fictitious character invented for the pages of Fliegende Blatter, a good-natured bourgeois with no esthetic perception. Germany, after the Napoleonic wars, was either too poor or too prejudiced to follow the prevailing fashions in French furniture; hence the Biedermeier style, which eliminated the ormolu mounts and expensive carvings naturally symbolic of empire decoration, and substituted merely pretty forms, pretty details, unmeaning and weak. The Biedermeier period began with 1800 and ended about 1830.

Cradle of the Race?

An entirely new conception of the development of the human race has been opened up as the result of the discoveries made in the Oldoway beds of Tanganyika by the members of the East African archeological expedition. Fossils have been found of extinct animals such as hipparion, elephas and chalicotherium—the last name a great herbivorous animal something like a horse, but with peculiar "universal joints" to its feet. The Oldoway beds prove that in East Africa are to be found the representatives of the whole evolution of human culture from pre-historic days.

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Serpent Big Figure in Mythology and History

Considering that the serpent, alone among the lower creatures, can travel with speed upon land or upon water, can climb trees, swallow other creatures of much greater girth than itself, go without food for incredibly long periods, has eyes protected by a very strong horny substance, so that it can squeeze itself into stony crevices without damaging its eyesight, possesses the ability to fascinate birds and small animals so that they are helpless to make their escape, can inflict death by a bite, etc., it is not to be wondered at that it figures largely in ancient mythology and history, as also in Biblical lore.

Egypt, India, Africa found place for it among their gods. At one period in their history the Israelites also paid it divine honors (II Kings 18:4). In tropical countries where it is found in greatest number and widest variety, it is the dread and curse of the countryside, and fear is often an elementary ingredient of natural religion.

Mesopotamia, the original home of the human race, is especially infested with serpents, sometimes in numbers almost incredible, the mouth of the Euphrates in some flood seasons being a great moving mass of the horrifying creatures.

National Revenue

The proportion of public revenue raised by taxation and borrowing varies with the times. In peace time the United States has raised 100 per cent of her revenue by taxes, believing in the theory of paying as you go. During the World war about 75 per cent was raised by loans and 25 per cent by taxation. At one period in the national history—from about 1830 to 1870—considerable revenue was realized from the sale of public lands. The amount so realized now is a small decimal.

SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG



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HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

BY RUTH FOX

THOUGHTS

(If so they may be called)

I never expected to feel like this. I mean after the new Reflector staff was elected I thought I'd feel like a back seat driver who had been muffled. Nothing more for me to do. No more words to count. No more headlines to write. No more anything. But it is really different. I'm glad in fact, very happy. At first I couldn't understand why. However, I believe I know now. It's because of the staff. I've a lot of faith in Mary Margaret. And Robert Hoopes seems so serious. Both of them broadcast their capability. Those subscriptions are an important part. That was a lucky and a brilliant person who nominated Alice Marian Sterling for that office. Alice will dig into it, I know. And we need diggers. Too many people merely scratch the surface. Being business manager is IMPORTANT—important, did I say? I'd better underline it. Charles Dole is the boy who takes care of the money. And I know Charles can do it. Just to watch him walk, with that determined step, catalogues him....That was nice of Mr. Kreeger—giving the Seniors those little booklets called "Graduation Exercises." Perhaps I shouldn't say "NICE." It isn't correct English and the little books are nicer than nice anyway. Those mottos in it appeal to me. Especially the one: "Too low they build who build beneath the stars." And the last page set aside for "Future Addresses." H'm h'm—Future Addresses, I wonder....So Betty Thibodeau is Valedictorian. But then nearly everyone knew it. Betty's report cards always bristled with A's. Even in the 7th grade. That time—THE ONE TIME—Betty didn't know the answer to a question. We were all so surprised. Miss Loud looked at her, and anybody who ever had Miss Loud for a teacher knows that look, and understands what it means. Miss Loud was and still is an excellent teacher. Betty has never forgotten that time. Betty's naturally intelligent. She was born with brains....The graduation music is pretty. "Anchored," especially. But that "Goodbye, Old Pals, Goodbye" is too sentimental. Harriett Louisa Rogers vows she won't cry graduation night when we have to sing it. But she will, and probably she won't be the only one. Wouldn't it be funny if we had to stop singing because of the crying! Whew! I can't help laughing. I can see it all so plainly. The stage, the people, the singing, the crying, the embarrassed sniffs, the equally embarrassed glances,—and red noses! Especially, the red noses.

Did you know that—

One of Miss Peacock's pupils brought her a bouquet of pansies? Pansies stand for THOUGHT in the flower language.

George Washington and his aide have been reselected for the pageant. Corey Jones is General Washington and Herschel Calloway, the aide. The ladies and gentlemen are: Carolyn Jewell, Miriam Ford, Elizabeth Thibodeau, Gladys R. Aldridge, James Kreeger, Vernon Seward, Charles Atwater.

The Junior-Senior picnic is holding the upper classmen's attention. It is going to be held at Rolph's Wharf on May 31. Robert Wright is in charge of the transportation; Phoebe Pyle, the food; and Rebecca Groves, money. PHOEBE, do we have hot dogs?

The officers for next year's Literary Club are under consideration. Friday morning the school will vote on these people.

President—Charles Chester Atwater, Alice M. Sterling, Charles Dole.

Secretary—Myrtle Hadaway, Betty Capel, Dorothy Walbert.

Next week I shall be able to tell you who "won out."

Tuesday afternoon we had a Senior Class Meeting for the purpose of planning Class Night. Here is the program:

Presentation Speech—Mr. Poole.
Prophecy—Ruth Fox.
Class Will—?
Class Poem—?
Class History—?
Class Song—?
Presentation of Mantle—Mr. Willis.

It appears to me, after reading it over, that it is at present mostly a question mark. More next week.

Dots and Dashes—

Barbara Bigelow's talk on "Posture" was excellent. She used charts and posters for illustrations....The 9th grade girls are studying Interior Decorating, and to quote Miss Kersey "They are breezing along"....The 11th grade girls are tie dyeing....Helen Jervis and Priscilla Grainger made handkerchiefs. Mary Ellen Brown and Christine Clark dyed bridge sets....The Seniors are taking eighth grade spelling—and having a difficult time....Margaret Stavely is President of the 8-B Home Ec. Club....Elizabeth Baldwin is President of the 8-A Home Ec. Club....The Girls' Athletic Association had a picnic at Anthony's Tuesday.....Did Evelyn Crew get wet?....Dr. Gibson, State Supervisor of Music, was at C. H. S. Tuesday morning.....Lelia Anthony, Georgianna Redman, George Rasin, Robert Hoopes, Janet McVean, Virginia Doolan, Katherine Mench, and Ruth Redding have entered the Declamation Contest....Preparation for Rally Day is bouncing along—and no school Monday!

Christian Martyr.—

How sweet the girl
How true, how brave,
Who can kiss her man
When he needs a shave!

Which Way's the Wind?—Most of the straw voters in The Literary Digest poll seem to be using rye or barley straws.—Buffalo News.



PERCY SHELLEY

"The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, Wind, if Winter comes can Spring be far behind?" To aid another in his need, to bring one's abilities to the caretaking of another's perplexing problems is a worthy aim.

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The Gray House Mystery

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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WHEN the doctor ordered Sallie Barr into the country for complete rest and isolation from society, the first thought that came into Sallie's lovely head was a beautiful one about the old gray house that Uncle Peter Barr had left to her in his will.

"I want to get away from people, mumsie, dear," Sallie told her mother. "Imagine the old Gray house—two miles from everybody."

"Then I will write to Mrs. Lunty and tell her to get ready for you, Sally. Do you want to take your runabout with you?"

"I believe I'll drive down there myself—that will be fun—only sixty-five miles—and I'll send you and dad a wire the moment I arrive. The post office is Wiggin station, I'm sure."

"I thought they received their mail at Gearing—Gray house lies half way between the two villages."

And that was the beginning of the mystery, for Mrs. Lunty never received Mrs. Barr's letter.

A week later Sallie Barr stopped her car at the tiny railroad station in the hills of Connecticut, and sent off a telegram. "Arrived safely—send all mail to Wiggin station—feeling splendid after lovely ride. Sallie."

After inquring her way to Gray house, Sally hopped into the little car and started off to "her own house."

"Mmmm-nf! Broiled chops, baked potatoes," sniffed Sally hungrily as she mounted the steps and plied the brass knocker.

"Bless my soul, Miss Sally, dear, what are you doing here?" bleated Mrs. Lunty. "Why didn't you send me word, Miss Sally? I would have been prepared for you."

"Didn't you get the letter mother sent?"

"No—we receive our mail at Wiggin station—perhaps she sent it to Gearing."

"She did. I wired her from Wiggin," she smiled, as she explained about her banishment from the social whirl.

"I will go down and prepare your lunch now," said Mrs. Lunty, departing hastily. There was the pleasant smell of good tobacco.

"Makes me think of poor Don," thought Sally sadly, as she bathed herself and got into some summery clothes. Don Roberts was a young man, a poor young man and proud, who had tried to forget Sally, who was rich, and who had proudly let her go with an aching heart. She would not admit that that incident had anything to do with her illness.

"I believe this house is haunted," Sally said next morning at breakfast.

Mrs. Lunty stared at her with a stricken face. "I believe it is, Miss Sally. By a gentleman—who plays the violin," she added.

"Mercy, yes! Such haunting melodies—they seemed to come from the rose garden first, and after that the old tower."

Days passed, and now and then Sally heard the ghostly music from the tower room; she never investigated the tower, but she did think it odd one moonlight night when the music was suddenly stopped by the jarring discord of a broken string. A sharp exclamation in a masculine voice brought Sallie to her feet. "I do believe Mrs. Lunty is deceiving me," she said slowly. "She is keeping a boarder here, or she has a guest." She went to the window and looked down at the tempting garden. "I'm going down there before I sleep," she thought, strong in the new vigor that days of peace and rest had brought her.

The garden was drenched in moonlight, and the roses heavy with dew. Sallie buried her face in a full blown pink rose.

A sound startled her. Some one was approaching along the path between the taller roses.

"Specters can't make sounds," her common sense whispered, as she lifted her head, haughtily. The shadow of a young man approached, saw her, and stopped in front of her.

"Sally," he whispered. "Not Sally—here—why, I'm seeing things!" It was the voice of Don.

"You are seeing Sally Barr—and nobody else!" murmured that young woman courageously. "This is my house—and my rose garden—how dare you haunt it?"

"I came here because I was ill and was ordered to a quiet place," was his dignified reply. "Mrs. Lunty very kindly took me in as a boarder; she has just explained about your owning the house, and of course, I am leaving in the morning."

"Of course," mimicked Sally. "You—don't care—wh-whether you break my h-heart or n-n-not."

And then the ghost proceeded to behave like a very real young man very much in love.

"And they're going to live at Gray house," marveled Mrs. Lunty when they came in and told her all about it.

Old Mr. Lunty smiled at his wife and nodded his silver head. "Wherever there's an old gray house, and moonlight, and ghosts, there's bound to be a happy ending love story," he chuckled.

And Sally and Don, planning the happy life of country folk, kissed each other, and Sally whispered softly, "And a violin with a broken string! My ghost!"

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