

EDITED BY STUDENTS OF
THE HIGH SCHOOL.

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In school life, where people meet and mingle together every day for a great part of each year, it is necessary in order to make that association beneficial and pleasurable that the morals and aims of each one be pure and commendable. Both for the reputation of the school as a whole, and for the individual, any debasing traits or characteristics should be wiped out. We wish to love our school, to look back to our school days with delight, to remember our schoolmates with gratitude—all of which may be rendered impossible by little acts of meanness, growing perhaps out of mere carelessness. To this apparently innocent source may possibly be traced many evils. The one to which we have special reference borders on theft. The habit of taking things belonging to someone else is soon fastened upon a student if he is not especially watchful. He may borrow a pencil, a book or a knife and forget to return it, and not being asked for it continues using it as his own. Soon he will take these things intentionally and eventually develop into a person whom all regard with suspicion and mistrust. How humiliating to be looked upon with aversion and pity! And how much better to enjoy the confidence and trust of everyone; to know that at least we have contributed our share in making the world a better place in which to live; that we have helped in preserving faith in humanity. Then let us be careful that we fall into no such degrading habits. Let us not mar the reputation of our school and our own happiness. It is for us,

rather, to raise the standard and keep it up, and to try to make these, our school days, sweet with memories of purity and good faith.

The Athletic Meet at Lake Forest takes place today at 10.30. Some of the schools sending representatives are: Evanston High School, Northwestern Military Academies of Evanston and Highland Park, Waukegan, Lake Forest and Deerfield Township High Schools. The latter are sending six boys to compete. They are: Relay Race—Culver Shields. High Jump—Herbert Moon. Mile Race—Lyman Prior. Shot-put and Pole Vault—H. Bell. 100 Yard Dash—John Gould. One-quarter to One-half Mile Dash—Edward Seymour.

A PLEA FOR THE CAT

I'll wager that half of the people in school have not the slightest idea what has become of Coffine, our feline mascot.

The horrible truth must out. She has—to put it delicately—kicked the pail. The poor creature has not been paid the last funeral rites; she has not, in short, been interred in her tomb, which is at present an open air affair. Now is this right? Is this christian treatment of a dumb animal who has carried us through so many victories and defeats?

The question may be raised, of course, that perhaps Coffine committed suicide, and in that case should not be given a full ceremony. Perhaps, despondent over the girls' losses in basket ball toward the end of the season, the cat "sneaked" some deadly poison from the laboratory and drank it. But I think that she deliberately ate one of Mr. Stoker's pies. This is the plausible theory, so we, as fellow sufferers ought to render the last offices to our faithful friend.

It would have been rather nice to have combined Coffine's wake with the Junior dance. It would have been appropriate because I think that Coffy did quite a little "waking" herself around this neighborhood during the still

watches of the night. However, it is not advisable to set any funeral on foot for the present. It is better to avoid the sylvan spot which Coffine, like Robin Hood, chose to die in. What I want to do though is to suggest an appropriate epitaph. This is rather touching:

Here lies Coffine,
Who to dry a tearful eye
Indulged in deadly pie.

Or perhaps this one:

Hic jacet Coffine
She sings among the angel cats,
No more she fears rules, books, or
bats,
For to another land she's flown,
And left us here to weep and
moan. M. B.

NOTES

Wednesday afternoon our baseball team played the Lake Forest Academy team at that place. The result was a score of 12 to 3 in favor of Lake Forest.

Mr. R. S. Short, formerly professor of mathematics of Illinois University, visited the algebra class Monday morning.

Toast to seniors: "May they be seen years hence and still be juniors.

Tally one! Teacher—What was the prodigal's return? Boy (looking longingly out of the window)—Bell's home run.

To be recorded—A. B. H. made a joke the other day. Somebody remarked that the new baseball diamond was somewhat small. "A solitaire, in fact," said A. H. Ha!

IS IT POSSIBLE?

It seems to be quite a fad among those delightful pieces of humanity called seniors to write charming epistles about the ancients, and many other such interesting subjects. Often we gaze upon them at this profitable, to say nothing of enjoyable, occupation. They sit at their desks, their intellectual faces resting upon hands that show constant use of the pen. On the desk in front of the venerable person are piles of papers, all sizes and kinds; it

gives one the idea they must be manuscripts, and this is right, for what else could they be called? All of a sudden the person jumps up, exclaiming: "Done at last," and, putting on a happy look, he gathers up his many papers and goes with a light step to some one of the teachers. In a little while we see our friend not as we last saw him, but coming slowly into the room. His happy look has fled, and he now again wears that sad expression customary on such occasions. In his hand he holds his beloved epistle, showing numerous red marks, one might think signs of a red cross A—
Poor senior, more trouble!
He has to go through the same thing again. Do we pity you?
Well, I wonder.

Cheer up, little senior,
Don't you cry,
You'll see your finish
By and by!

H. R. C.

Rhode Island Fowl Makes a Bid for Fame by Laying Eggs That Are Black.

Another freak in the egg-laying line is just announced, and while the particular bird who is responsible for it does not allow her fame to rest on fecundity like Mrs. McNally's hen, the variety of the eggs that she lays is something new to these parts, says the Providence Journal. This particular bird is a duck, a black duck, and she lays black eggs, a freak of nature that has never been encountered before by the duck raisers of Rhode Island.

It is an ordinary sized duck's egg and is a deep drab in color. The color is mottled in some places, and the only light spot on the egg is at the small end, and there it is somewhat white. This egg is not a freak with the particular duck for it is said that she has never laid any other kind of egg, and that she would be much surprised if she ever laid a white one.

The egg was brought in by John H. Montgomery, a relative of Mr. Young and he is authority for the statement that the meat in it is as good as in a white egg.

Commercial Camphor.

Practically all the camphor of commerce comes from Japan and Formosa, which is a Japanese colony. As Japan needs it for making smokeless gunpowder, the government has forbidden its export, so that Russia may not get any, and also in order that the Japanese powder mills may not run short. Japan's control of the camphor trade gives the mikado a sort of control over war among other nations.

If mankind would exercise as much care in finding something to please them as they do for causes of discontent, the world would be a pleasanter place in which to dwell.