



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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An Exciting Episode in My Life.

I turned out my light and I laid in bed, with my eyes wide open, watching the flickering shadows on the wall. It was late, but I could not sleep, because I was thinking. It is dangerous to stay awake and think, when you are alone in your room. Sooner or later your thoughts turn to ghosts, and spirits and other unhealthy things.

And so it was with me that night. The open closet door, revealed scores of dark figures huddling against the wall. Every corner of the room held a crouching form ready to spring upon

me, every window showed a wild face. I nestled down and gazed into the awful darkness with fascinated eyes. I was tense with fear. My hands were clenched. My heart was in my throat.

Then slowly and noiselessly my door swung open, and there stood a slight figure draped in garments white as driven snow, with out-stretched groping fingers and bright, unseeing eyes. I was so frightened that I thought I could not endure it. I tried to speak but my tongue failed me. I tried to raise my hand to cover my eyes and shut out the terrible form. And then I heard a low voice. My ghost

was speaking." Please pass the salt.
East Lynn wants me to pump her
a glass of water, mowing the lawn."

The voice trailed off into silence.
I sank back relaxing my tense muscles,
closing my eyes in a very ecstasy of
relief, and my heart went back to its
normal position. It was only Kathleen
walking in her sleep.

Rhetoric.

Maude Hart.

New York City, N.Y.,
~~Feb. June~~ 3^d, 1900.

Dear Robert:-

Well what would you say if someone told you that your old friend Lawrence Mc Kay, knew all of the inside of the mystery, which is puzzling all New York? I guess that you would think he was slightly demented, wouldn't you? But it is a fact, I hold the keys to the enigma.

You know what I refer to of course. How the band of robbers which had been marauding our neighborhood were finally traced to our High-school building and that was thought to be their meeting place at night?

It is not necessary for me to go into details, because all of the United States knows the Public Version, but I want to let you know the real facts, because I must tell some body, and ~~you~~ I know that I can trust you, never to let this pass your lips.

You remember Dick Bayberry, don't you? I introduced you to him, when you visited me last vacation. He is a happy-go-lucky sort of (a) boy, handsome as an Apollo and carefree as a child. Dick is naturally very bright, but he is brimming over with mischief and fun and lessons are secondary with him. However, all of his classmates worship him, his teachers ~~all~~ are fond

of him, and he generally manages to skim thru his lessons and get his credits. ~~How~~ I know you must remember him because he is not like the ordinary run of boys.

On the fifteenth day of ^{March} ~~May~~, Dick was sixteen, and his mother ~~was~~ had sent out invitations for a party that evening. ~~The~~ The morrow was a school day, and an examination, and it was absolutely necessary for him to stay after school and work. We boys urged him to come out for a game of ball, but he was firm and we could not tempt him out of doors. Finally we went off and left him in the deserted schoolroom.

the events

Dick has told me all that happened during the next four hours, and I now give them to you, explicitly.

He sat studying ~~at~~ at his desk, until the long shadows crept into the room and he could no longer read. Then he looked up (and) blinked and gave a start of surprise. "Christopher Columbus! Fifteen minutes after five! And I told sis that I'd be home in time to put up that shelf for her, but I can make it, if I hurry." He jumped up, ~~and~~ hurled his books into his desk, and groped his way, ~~to the~~ thru the dusk to the door. He turned the knob but, ~~it~~ there was no responsive click, and it did not yield to his

pressure.

Locked! He was locked in! Locked in the third story of the Highschool, in the center of the city, Locked in! and at home, preparations were under way for his birthday celebration! Locked in! and the gray dusk was settling around him, ~~while~~ so quickly that even now he could hardly make out the outlines of the ~~for~~ five hundred deserted desks which faced the high platform.

"Heaven bless my shoe leather," said Dick with expressive emphasis, "why under the ~~sun~~ is this door locked? I might have expected that the outside door would be locked,

but I didn't know that the janitor locked doors on the third story."

Then it flashed over him, that the assembly hall joined the superintendents office; and that possibly they might have been fearful for the papers and money which were in there. Because the robbers which had been in the neighborhood for a week past, did not even spare public buildings in their merciless ravaging.

He made his way to the door which opened into the office and finding ~~found~~ it unlocked, he entered and struck a light. Beside the desk stood a huge packing case, and

the books which it had contained were piled on the floor. The excelsior was littered on the floor and desks.

Dick's eyes eagerly scanned the room and finally they lit up with relief. Ah! the telephone! How lucky! Now that deliverance was at hand, he confessed that he had been worried. The telephone! how stupid of him to have forgotten it!

He crossed the room and took up the receiver. '333-13, 333-13', he said hastily. But the words died on his lips. For no humming noise, ~~perked his ear, and~~ no grind:

ring and rumbling, or no dear feminine voice asking for the number, greeted his ear. The telephone was dull, dead, lifeless.

"What luck!" cried Dick, "I believe my soul that the wires are cut or broken". He hastily lit another match. ~~and so~~

Now Dick is nothing if not inquisitive. And he has a hobby for electricity. So he opened the ~~little~~ telephone and began fussing with the receiving hook. But it was no use - the ^{wires} ~~lines~~ were evidently broken. He shook the match to extinguish it, and dropped it hastily, as he turned to seek other means of escape.

That is the way Robert, that the dreaded robbers pillaged the high-school and then ~~burned it~~ set fire to it to hide the damage. For of course, the match had caught the excelsior and in a moment Dick found himself in the midst of crisp flames. The fire licked up the dry straw and ate its way across the desks. It ran up one wall and ignited the wood-work. It crept across the floor and fed upon the newly unpacked books.

And Dick? Dick who was locked in this chamber of fire? (for the flames had reached the assembly hall) why he tore off his woollen jacket, and tied it under his chin by the sleeves,

and stood by the door working feverishly at the lock with his knife. He had been worried and annoyed before, but he was desperate now. He told me what he said as he worked steadily at the lock, while the flames crept up to him, inch by inch and the smoke blinded and choked him by turns. The remark was singularly characteristic of Dick. "I'll be damned if I won't get out of this before all that cake is eaten up."

The fire had changed its course and was eating its way toward the laboratory door. Dick did not notice it, ~~until then~~ because his mind and soul were concentrated on the lock.

Bouf! Bang! a long, low shriek and a blinding flash; the fire had evidently reached some explosives in the laboratory.

But Dick did not look around. The lock ~~was~~ had given. And the bags, some boxes, and a broom, were all suddenly precipitated down the steep stairs outside.

As he lay half stunned at the foot of the stairway, he heard the lower door creak, and the excited sound of human voices. Heavy foot steps were heard and Dick just stepped ~~behind~~ under the stairs, as a mass of people crowded in and the ringing of bells and the sound of horses without heralded the ~~entrance~~ coming of the firemen.

Meanwhile the party had begun. Mrs. Bay Berry had not been worried when he did not appear at supper, because he often lunched with his many friends. But as the guests began to arrive she was greatly alarmed. It was too late now however to do anything but entertain the young people, and trust that he would soon come.

The affair was at it's height. The ~~young~~ dancing had started and the bright gowns of the girls mingled with the sombre coats of the youths, ~~as~~ under the gleaming lights. But music and dancing stopped ~~with a~~ suddenly as Dick appear-

in the doorway. Tall and broadshouldered and debonair as usual in faultless broad cloth.

"I am sorry" was detained," he ~~he~~ said simply, and after he had taken a partner the dancing began again.

None of us noticed anything unusual about his appearance. He was gallant, handsome, and at his ease. Even when Mrs. Bayberry came in with news, he was quite composed.

"Robbers ^{had} pillaged the High school," she said, "and then set fire to it. The fireteam and police force

were at work, and the governor of the state had despatched troops.'

The entire party went to the fire. The girls slipped into their wraps and we boys took our caps and were off in a jiffy. Dick and one Alice Lewis stood just in front of Nan Bayberry and me as we watched the burning building, and I heard him say, "I always have thought that the High school building ~~had~~ should be patrolled by policemen, at least while this burglar scare is on."

"Yes I think so too. I think that the janitor ought to live in the basement, both for safety and the conven-

voice. And then you know," she added, "students sometimes get locked in. And that would be very serious, the way things are now."

"~~I think~~ Indeed it would be," replied Dick in an odd voice.

Well I must close. Because the newspapers have told the rest of the story. I trust that ~~you will~~ this will be safe with you. Indeed I know it will be -

ever your friend.

Laurence McKay.

The Autobiography of a Dog.

If you are going to hear the story of my life, you will want to know what I look like, so I will tell you I am an eskimo dog with five toes on each of my front ^{feet.} ~~toes.~~ If you know anything about dogs, you will plainly see that I am a very distinguished and aristocratic canine, because of those five toes. I have soft, white fur which hangs almost to the floor, and black eyes with white eyelashes, and a shiny, black nose like a bit of patent leather.

My earliest recollections are of being exhibited in the front window of a hardware shop, with

five of my brothers. It was Carnival time, and crowds of people used to stand on the sidewalk outside and look at us. It was fun being looked at, but it was hot inside the show window and we often wished ^{we} were common cures, who could roam at will around the streets, and find the shady places.

Our only diversion was looking at ourselves in the long mirror at one side; we would line up in front of it and look our handsomest. I remember that I was always the most aristocratic one of the group.

One night when Carnival was almost over, I was sold. An automobile stopped in front of the shop and a gentle-

man came inside and asked for a hammer. There was a little girl in the automobile, she was a pretty little girl with yellow hair twisted on top of her head for coolness, and merry brown eyes. When she caught sight of me she ran into the store and took hold of the gentleman's arm." O daddie! she cried, "me wants itty doggie. Bella wants itty doggie." I found out afterwards that she was his only child and he was a very wealthy man, so as you may imagine she did not have to tease long.

in a flash, I was taken out of the window, and little Bella had me in her arms, while the gentleman was paying my master ~~at~~ with a great many green papers which

he got out of his pocket. How pleasant it was to curl down in Bella's lap as the automobile whirled us thru the streets. I got a vague glimpse of brilliant lights, and swarming crowds, and heard the melange of laughing, talking, and yelling, and then I went to sleep, with my little mistress' soft fingers rubbing one between my eyes and the cool wind lifting ^{the} ~~my~~ thick fur on my hot little body as we sped along.

Bella lived in a big house out in the suburbs. It was elegantly furnished, with plenty of pillows and cozy places, cool balconies, and green shady lawns. This was a grand deal nicer than the hot show window. Everybody in the house was nice to me, except the chef.

I don't believe that men understood that I was a five loed dog. He used to make me eat out of a common tin bowl and drink from a trough. Ugh! it was dreadful.

Bella's older sister gave me a name. It was 'Septiferous' she got it out of the dictionary. Of course that was too long for everyday. So I was called 'Tiffy' on week days.

my life with Bella was very happy indeed. One day Bella was sick and could not play with me. she had scarlet fever and lay all day in her little white bed and the doctor came to see her and made her take medicine out of a bottle. Bella's papa could not bear to see her ~~her~~ me about, because it reminded him

of the time when she was well and strong. So
 I ~~went~~^{came} to live with Bella's auntie, Miss Flo.

Miss Flo lives in a lovely house too, and she is very good to me. She lets me ly on the sofa, and bathes me every day, and gives me ~~go~~ my dinner out of a china dish. I have a dozen different suits and she changes my costume five or six times a day. I go with her driving, and walking, and calling, and do any thing I like please.

I love Miss Flo, but I love little Bella more, and I hope that she will come after me some day. But after all it is better to be where your five toes are appreciated -

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Autobiography of a Dog.

Maudie Ford.

Maud Palmer Hart -

Box 618 -

The Fate of My First Silk Dress.

For a little girl there is a singular fascination in a silk dress. It costs no more, perhaps, than a muslin or dainty but it has an indefinable charm. It puts her in touch with fairy realms. It gives her a sense of kinship with the knights and ladies of old. It suggests gardens with trickling fountains, Elms on the shining river, and Cinderellas gliding thru the ball room.

I well remember my first silk dress. It was checked in colours tan and rose and cream. It lived during the week in my top bureau drawer with the sleeves stuffed full of tissue paper. On Sundays I was arrayed in it with the ribbons and furbelows attached. I remember how I used to preen myself in front of the mirror, ~~and~~ smoothing down the silken skirts, and then sally churchward between mother and father imagining myself to be exciting universal admiration.

Like every other child I suffered at an early age from a bad attack of serious mindedness. I was deeply depressed by my own sins and the sins of the whole world. After no little anxious thought, I made up my mind that by sacrifice and by sacrifice alone could I atone for

my wrong doing. The guiding finger of conscience pointed unmistakably to my greatest vanity. I knew that my first silk dress was doomed.

With many tears I drew it from the top bureau drawer. Down the stairs I crept and sought the pantry secure in the knowledge that mother was entertaining company in the parlor. A bowl of dutch cheese, the most appetizing thing I could find, was hastily dumped within the glistening folds of my fated dress.

When our kindhearted postman came I gave him an untidy bundle, wrapped in a newspaper, which bore the straggling inscription, "To the New York Pool". Then I went out into the garden and gazed gloomily into space, experiencing the solemn joys of martyrdom.

I did not know until long afterwards that the postman had returned it to mother, who with a sigh for the vagaries of childhood consigned the grease spotted treasure to the rag bag.

This seems to lack
unity. We want to run
it but do not feel we
can as it now stands.
Please work it over.

Thim. May.

618

Hon. Judges & Fellow Students:

On the preceding arguments for the Negative, my colleagues have proven to you, - 5 points. 1st that to retain the Ph. would be contrary to our policy. 2nd that it would be imperialism. 3rd that we would have great difficulty in maintaining a gov't there. 4th that it would involve us in international strife and 5th that we would obtain no advantages which we could not obtain in a better way. I will try to show to you, Hon. Judges, that we cannot honorably retain them, owing to our repeated promises. 2nd that the Filipinos do, as a people, still desire their independence and 3rd that for us to give it to them will be to fulfill their best interests.

^{What are they?}
Our past dealings with the Ph. have been so dishonourable, so fraught with broken pledges, and disregarded promises, that if the ~~the~~ facts were generally known, they would surely arouse us to some vital action. The islands are so far away, that during the troublous times of war, we did not, individually, quite follow the proceedings there. Reports which were unauthentic and unauthorized reached us, but the exact state of affairs was not known. When peace was restored, we found that the ^{islands were} ~~archipelago~~ was in our hands and that our gov't was at the helm, re-building the cities, starting schools, sending out missionaries, and doing all kinds of good work. And many Americans, who were not so public-spirited as might be desired, remained in blissful ignorance of the fact that

1 - - - -

2 - - - -

They were not a Republic
~~in any recognized sense~~

our national honour had been impaired,
our motives strongly questioned, that we
~~had abandoned~~ our standard of the liberty
and equality of man, ^{abandoned} and that the Ph. Republic
had been greatly wronged. But it is true,
Hon. judges, that we did take an hand in the
affair, and restore to the Filipinos the rights

~~of which we deprived them of.~~

During the recent

Spanish-American war, an American
squadron was stranded at Hong Kong, and
having no alternative, save sailing for home,
^{it} they crossed over to the Ph. islands, and
captured them, as Spanish possessions. ^{the people of} these
islands were in a state of rebellion against
Spain; they were trying to rid themselves of
the burden of unjust oppression and taxation

which Spain imposed, and to gain for themselves the life, liberty and happiness which we claim all people have a right to possess. Some 20 days after the conquest, Aguinaldo the leader of the Filipinos, came from Hong Kong to Manila, with a party of prominent Americans. There is no doubt but what he was promised their support and protection of his new enterprise. Because, ~~for immediately~~ upon his arrival at Manila, he declared an Independent Republic of the Ph. and further stated that an American protectorate would not be interfered with. Representatives of the U.S. were present; they heard this announcement and allowed it to stand; they saw the new flag elevated and took off their hats to it; they recognized the govt in many ways, ~~which I shall tell you.~~ The Ph. authorities did not doubt the

doubt the Americans, who they regarded as friends and allies. For is not Liberty the foundation of our Republic, do not all of our principles further the cause of freedom, and would not our sympathy with an enterprise of this sort, be taken for granted?

By the Treaty of Paris, the Ph. islands were ceded to us, disregarding their newly acquired independence. But, Hon. Judges, we did not even wait for this to be properly ratified. On Dec. 21st, 1898, before the agreement had really taken effect, the Pres. sent instructions to the Sect. of War to extend military govt over all of the islands and assume control. Therefore, Hon. Judges, our possession of the Ph. rests not on cession or purchase from Spain, but on

brutal conquest. For the Filipinos, bricked
and betrayed out of their ~~independent~~ independence,
rose as a man to wrest it again
from the ^{enemy} ~~betrayed~~ betrayer. We found the Filipinos a
cruel and treacherous enemy, but what
wonder? this wonderful and priceless
virtue of liberty, had as dear to him as it
was to our fathers when they fought for it,
had been ^{so} nearly within his reach for
him to part with it easily. The war was
shamefully conducted on both sides, and
waged to the end with desperate barbarity.
Mr. Millet, a prominent war Correspondent
said, at this time. "What has been done now
is fast praying for, but ought we not to enter
upon the duty of giving to the Filipinos an
opportunity of free development and real
self-gov't, with a clear understanding of the
utter un wisdom of our dealing with ^{the} ~~them~~
hitherto?"

Even after our victory, we did not at once redeem ourselves. Fire, riot, and wholesale slaughter of our native prisoners took place. Carpet-baggers, gold-seekers, and freebooters, flooded the country. I do not deny, Hon. Judges, but what we soon came partially to our senses, and the good work of the American administration, even in the Ph., since then, can hardly be overestimated, but behind that is the violation of our Dec. of Ind., and the spirit of our national ideals, and the shame and disgrace of our policy. And this disgrace, Hon. Judges, can only be wiped out, by fulfilling our promises, and giving the Filipinos that Independence, for which they fought so long and so bravely. /

Since there are

in existence, no written and signed promises between the parties concerned, the aff. will probably declare that none were made. But no person, looking at the facts in the case, and studying the attitude and line of action of the Filipino leader, could possibly deny it. If Aquinaldo had not been assured of the sympathy and protection of the officials who represented the U.S., would he had and his people have allied themselves, as they did, with the forces of the U.S. which was comparatively an unknown, foreign nation? And do we need a written contract to guarantee the compassion of all Americans with any people struggling for their freedom? Why, as long as our national standard is ^{liberty} freedom and as long as we incorporate that idea in our state documents and songs, and publish it to the world, we every one us pledge ourselves not to begin a career of conquest.

V.
Was this done officially?
Can you refer to the official
statement on this point?

A more tangible proof of our guilt, is the fact that our officers acknowledged the Ph. Republic and saluted the Ph. flag. We even brainsacked the business with their govt, for when the Spain wrote to us requesting good treatment of her prisoners, we referred the matter to the Ph. Republic, and all the Spain ards who came into our hands we turned over to its authorities. ~~They~~ The general heartfulness of the natives and their leader threw out the whole affair proves that they really considered us their friends.

Having thus seen how these little brown men, fought for their freedom, it seems almost superfluous to ask, 'do they desire it.' But the aff. will probably contend, that the recent attitude of the U.S. has

appeased them, and that they now are content to again assume the position of a dependent territory. However, the History of the Filipinas shows that they have always been distinguished by an indomitable passion for liberty, and this passion is not to be so easily crushed.

No consensus of opinion on the subject, has ever been taken, ~~on the~~ so we are not able to quote to you the exact no. of those who still want their freedom. But among the more educated sub classes much has been said and written about it. The President of the Filipina Junta says: "The fil. are capable of self-gov't and ought to have it." Juan Sumulong, member of the Honorary Board of Commissioners to the St. Louis Exposition says "The fil. are anxious for self-gov't; they want a chance to try and prove their ability". Another leading Filipina says "We want the Americans to stay with us until we are educated, united, capable and strong enough for self-gov't. Then we want self-gov't."

Sumulong also tells us something of the attitude of the lower classes. They are still hoping and planning on ~~self govt.~~ ^{aid.} and will be discontented until they have it. The American govt at Manila receives a great many petitions from the people, and has to devote a certain no. of days, ^{annually} to the hearing of malcontents. The most positive proof we have is this: the political party which has the largest no. of adherents has this idea in its platform; we want independence, as soon as it is practicable.

Of course if the natives were uncivilized, uneducated, disintegrated, unfriendly, and warring among themselves, it would be unwise to ~~quit them~~ liberate them. But, Hon. Judges, these conditions do not

prevail. They are capable of being civilized and educated, as shown by the large class in which this has been accomplished. The majority can read and write in their own language. They are very eager to learn and make good use of their advantages [They are sunny-dispositioned, affectionate, and genial, and the hospitality of the tribe is proverbial.] They are not so ~~dis~~ integrated as popularly supposed. They are not divided into small, warring, tribes, but the divisions are no more pronounced than the physiography of the islands demands, and they are now all friendly with each other. Their various dialects all spring from the same language and they are able to understand each other.

Among these people the U.S. is doing a great work, and ~~much is being accomplished~~ ^{an infinitely greater amount of good} but ~~much more~~ could be ~~done~~ if we had accomplished

the hearty support and co-operation of the natives themselves. We can only obtain this by giving them a promise of ultimate freedom. We may not be able to fulfill the promise, in this generation or the next. But if the people have it in view, they will re-double their efforts to build up the country and educate and civilize their children. History proves to us, that they will not thrive and prosper, commercially or any other way, until they start out for themselves and are working for the glory of their own nation. Japan and Switzerland are both examples of this truth.

So, Hon. Judges, when we have done our best for these people, and when we can see that our retention of them is working

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Character Study.

Oct. 22nd

Maude Hart.

Cooper has given us an example, of that rarity, a good Indian. In all the Indians, there are traits which are much to be admired; but too often we find ~~them~~ they are not only brave but brutal, and not only fearless, but cruel and treacherous. We find that the "last of the Mohicans", had all of the good traits of the Indians, with but a few of his defects.

The outward appearance of Uncas, was, in a large degree, symbolical of his personality. His figure was

nobly proportioned; and its grace and inflexibility were ~~not~~ hampered, by the primitive garments he wore.

His face showed that his strength was not only of ~~his~~ body. His features were cleanly cut; and as his eyes were bold and fearless, his expression was that of a brave and constant man.

Even timid Alice declared that she could sleep in peace, amidst all her terrors, if such a generous-looking youth were to be her sentinel.

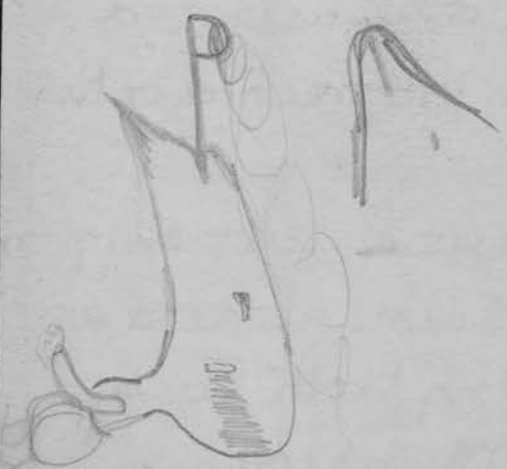
The young Mohican seems to have been a perfect Indian, untainted by the corruption which abounded among his people, at this age. He

2

So live that when this summons comes to join
The unnumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Coined to his dungeon, but sustained & soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

was considered an invincible shot, he was clever on the trail, he was fearless in battle. And combined with these warlike elements in his nature, were softer traits; his trustworthiness, justice, mercy, modesty, and his respect and admiration for his father. Every point that I have named is illustrated by some episode in the record of his adventures.

To him life was of secondary importance to honor. And he died as he had lived, keeping truth with his high ideal of Manhood.



I like that when the Summone come to join
 the innumerable caravan which my
 to that mysterious realm where enters
 his chamber in the hall of death,
 How do not like the quarry-chase
 poured to his dwelling but sustained & soothed
 By divine hospitality, I approach thy grave
 like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lets down the pleasant dream

Rhetoric.

Maude Hart.

An Exciting Episode in My Life.

Maude P. Hart.

One June I spent a week in the country, with a friend. It was only fifteen miles from town so I could telephone in to mother, every day. This was two years ago, and I was not so old but what I sometimes received an attack of homesickness, altho' I had entered my teens.

On the last day of my visit I phoned in as usual. Mother was busy but I talked with Kathleen a long time and I noticed that she was excited and nervous. At last, she did acknowledge that she had a delightful surprise. Then she rang off ~~the~~ for fear she might tell more than she ought.

You may imagine that I was burning with curiosity. The remainder of my visit dragged and I fear I was only too eager to take leave of my kind friend and start on my journey homeward. The old farm wagon jolted peacefully along the dusty road, between fragrant fields of clover, and instead of enjoying the ride I was in a fever of impatience twisting and turning on the high seat and asking my companion how near we were to home, every five minutes.

However, when I reached home I found ~~th~~ everything the same as usual. I do not know exactly what I had expected, but certainly not to see the ^{members of the} ~~entire~~ family

about the house, working at their ordinary tasks and everything quite the same as I had ^{left} ~~asked~~ it. Kathleen said I'd see my surprise in about an hour, so there was nothing to do but sit down and wait, meanwhile plying them with questions. 'Was it a new piece of furniture? or had company arrived? or had Mr. Carmegy left me a library all to myself?' But nobody answered my inquiries, or said anything about them, so at last I kept still and counted the minutes.

At last, it was four o'clock and papa drove around with the horse. Then the excitement began. Kathleen folded a towel across my eyes and

lead me outdoors, papa lifted me into the carriage and we drove off. I tried to follow where we went, but I could not. It seemed to me that we were going down front street. Now we were climbing that hill! We were turning. Where could we be going to? We turned around and I deduced that we must be on front street again. Now we must have gone across the bridge. The horse turned to the left and to the right and went in a circle. He stopped!

Papa lifted me out of the carriage and I was lead up some steps; we walked a little further and ascended another flight. There

was the opening of a door and I was pushed forward while somebody behind me pulled off the towel and I looked about me, blinking from the sunlight. I stood in a small room with stairs going up from one side. It was bare, and unfurnished, and most obviously new.

"O Maude; they all cried, "It is ours. Papa bought it Saturday. And its got nine rooms."

"yes", added Helen pulling at my dress, "now I don't have to room ^{with you} (~~by myself~~), thank goodness, and I fix my ^{3 cam} bureau to suit myself."

Rhetoric.

Sept. 25th

Maude Hart.

mm

X
Rhetoric.

Maude Palmer Hart.

It has always been a source of great wonder to admirers of philosophy, that such noble sentiments as portrayed in Bryant's "Thanatopsis", could have been conceived by so young an author. The wise view of death, which he gives to us, might have been the result of lifelong meditations by some thoughtful old man, instead of by a mere youth. He advances the comforting theory that our fate is only that of the hordes of

those who lived previous to us;
and that we make our bed
with all the wise and great and
good of past ages. And he advocates
that we live so that we will not
be afraid to die, but go trustingly
into the Great Unknown. After
all, these thoughts are simplicity
itself, and why should they not be
written by some one in the Spring
time of life?

Rhetoric -
Maude Hart.

Character Sketch.

One of the most interesting characters in the story is that of little Blois. Every phase of the story shows her in a more winsome light than the previous one. As the richest child in the hamlet she appeals to us, as the poorest she draws our admiration, as the chosen companion and friend of Nello, she holds our interest throughout the story.

A most delightful side of her character is her innocence. She was honored and flattered by all the people of the village. Her clothing was always neat and of good material. She did not know what it was

to be cold or hungry. Yet in spite of all this, she chooses for her friend a poor, orphan, boy; a lad who is not rich or honored, who is not her equal socially. Her insight of character is such that she does not notice these social barriers. Her innocent eyes see the manliness, the honesty, and talent, beneath the humble and unpretentious exterior of Nello.

The steadfastness of the friendship which little Alois entertained for Nello is brought out clearly; when, their intimacy being forbidden, ~~they~~ she kept quietly over her tasks, refused new play fellows, and was con-

slant to her old friend thro' all of the disgrace he endured.

~~A delightful bit of coquetry,~~
A femininely-tended heart, a deep affection for dumb animals, bring out points of ~~us~~ character which keep her from being unnatural or affected.

And her personal appearance was very beautiful. The authors pictures her as a simple little girl playing in the fields, dressed in the quaint garb of Flemish children. Her hair fell in yellow waves around her childish face, beautified by her soft, dark, eyes and soft, rosy, round features.

It was my great regret, as I

finished the story, that I could not follow her thru her girlhood and womanhood; and see her beautiful nature expand as her physical loveliness was heightened.

Latter part seemed more hurried. Lines not so good.

v. 9

My First Day at Highschool.

I think no other girl ever entered the Mantato High so full of instructions as I did. I had not only an older sister but a great many sophomore friends, who had explained to me over and over again the terms which always puzzle Freshmen. I knew what was a 'vacant period' and what it meant to 'flunk' and I knew that to choose a front seat or to prefix 'miss' or 'Mr.' to the names of instructors, would reveal my identity as a freshman.

My chum and I started to school about twelve thirty, in order to obtain a couple of back, corner, seats which we had been told were especially desirable. By some miraculous

chance we found the door open, and entered. No one was about but the janitor, so we went upstairs and found our coveted places. We put our spellers in our desks to hold them from all corners, and then retreated to the cloak hall to wait, with fear and trembling for other arrivals.

Gradually the empty hall began to fill up with girls, freshmen like ourselves, and we began to feel a little more at ease. We knew as much as anyone, perhaps more than some. When the gong rang we all filed in to secure our seats, and there - there in our coveted seats, laughing and talking in an undertone, were two students, boys at that!

After a hurried consultation, I finally agreed to speak to them; and with a frightened glance at the presiding teacher I stepped up to them. "I beg your pardon," I said, "But this is my seat".

"It's mine now," said the horrid boy.

"No! It is mine. I am sorry to trouble you but the bell has rung and I want to sit down." I remonstrated. Then forgetting ^{the} ~~my~~ young-ladified manner which I assumed for the occasion, I added sharply, "I came at twelve o'clock to get it, and it's mine so there. And this other seat is taken too. So get out, both of you".

I was surprised at my own daring, in speaking aloud within the sacred walls,

and though ~~the~~ my fellow-freshman were giving me anxious warnings, I looked at them defiantly as if to say "If this be treason, make the most of it."

The boys took their books and departed with much and haste, and we seated ourselves. Then I dared to look up at the personage at the desk, and saw her coming down the aisle - our aisle. As she neared my seat I had an awful, fluttering feeling. What should I tell her? How could I explain to her? O how I wished I would not blush and look self-conscious.

I gritted my teeth and clenched my hands, as Miss Fullerton passed me by and opened the window.

Maudie Hart.