

# THE WOODEN HORSE

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St. Petersburg  
Junior College

February 28, 1930

Price, 20 cents

## *Short Story Contest*

It is the purpose of this magazine to encourage more individual effort along popular literary lines and in order to perpetuate what shall be considered the best works accomplished this year in the writing of short stories and essays in the college this contest is opened to all members of the student body of the Junior College. The following rules will control the manuscripts entered:

1. The short story selected shall contain a minimum of 1500 words or a maximum of 3000 words.
2. The humorous essay selected shall contain a minimum of 1000 words or a maximum of 1500 words.
3. The serious essay selected shall contain a minimum of 1000 words or a maximum of 1500 words.
4. Poems to be entered are limited at the discretion of the writer. The magazine reserves the right to refuse to publish any poem unless chosen from a representative number and is one that merits the award.
5. All manuscripts must be typed on white paper (one side of the paper only).
6. Manuscripts are to be turned over to the editor in an unsealed envelope hearing the name of the contributor. No marks of identification are to be on the manuscript. A seal bearing a number will be placed on the envelope and a similar one will be placed on the manuscript. In this manner no one shall know the identity of the writer until after the decision is reached.
7. The work must be original and each contributor is requested not to seek outside aid in the writing of the work.
8. Manuscripts will not be accepted after March 28th on which date the contest closes and the manuscripts are turned over to the judges. The manuscripts will be judged by the English instructors of the Junior College.

# THE WOODEN HORSE

Published by the students of the St. Petersburg Junior College, at St. Petersburg, Fla.

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Dorothy Thorpe, Edmund McCollough, Jean Mair, Kathleen Badgley, Marie Kent, Richard Holland, John Gingery.

## EDITORIAL

The school year is growing shorter each day and little time remains in which to put across the two big events of the season,—the Shakespearean Play produced annually by the Playmakers and the May Fete, starring the college fair (and warmer) sex. In order to make both of these events a success it will require the whole hearted support of every member of the college. Both of these are established as traditions even in so young an institution as we have. We hope that it will continue until Miss Center has exhausted the plentiful store of Shakespeare's manuscripts. Great strides have been made by the college in work of that kind and the dramatic performances sponsored by the Playmakers, the first college club to be organized, have brought recognition to the college from many who are experienced in that art. It is hoped that everyone will help support the project and make it the success of the season.

There are a number of interesting plans in regard to the Annual hanging in the balance, dependent upon the results obtained by the ad-getters. No matter what is done on the magazine a great part of the work rests on the business staff and to those workers belongs the credit for whatever success it may be.

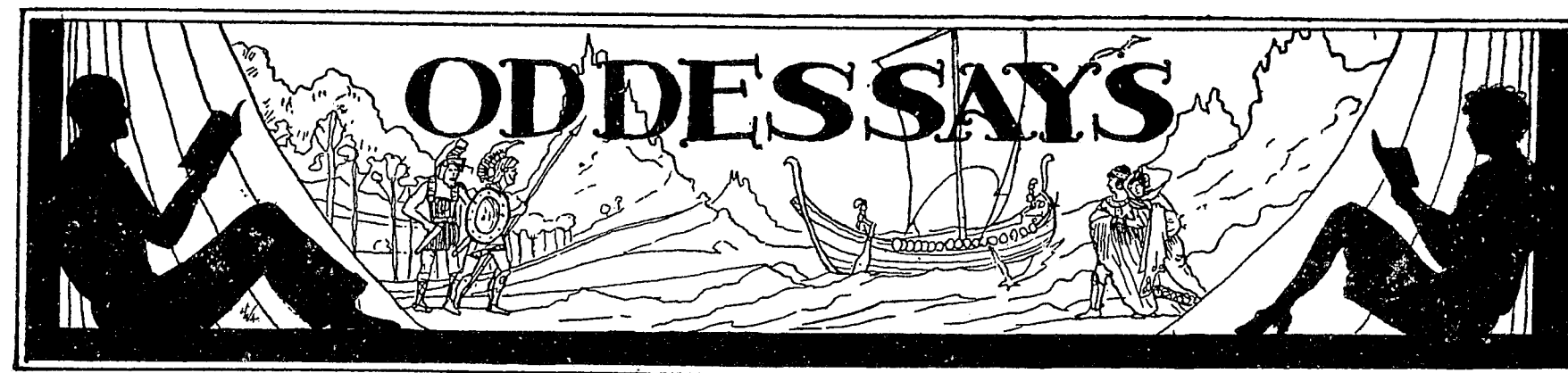
It is hoped that the majority of the students will enter manuscripts in the short story contest. The only prize we can offer is the publication of the winning works in the Annual; but if we could write well enough for that we would refuse to be the only ineligible party. We'll do our best to see that the winners receive an extra copy of the book as an award of merit.

The Annual will go to all subscribers at no additional cost provided they have paid the subscription in full not later than the date of the last regular edition on April 1. This is an emphatic and final statement from the business department of the Annual.

We happened to run across an old saying of Benjamin Franklin's to the effect that "experience is a hard master but fools will learn from no other." From our limited knowledge we have arrived at the conclusion that the fool is one who will not even learn from experience. That has been partially demonstrated here in the Junior College.

If last year's example in regard to the May Fete could be carried out again this season another tradition would be firmly established. That of having the May Queen selected from the Sophomore Class and the Maid of Honor chosen from among the Freshmen. It is only fair that some such division should be made.

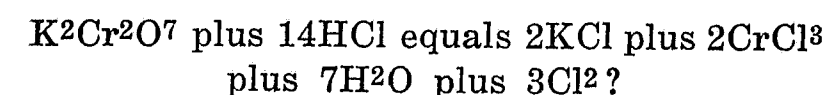
As soon as the play is well under way other projects will be undertaken by the Speech Department. In connection with the work in argumentation and debate a debating club will be organized and we have it from authority that it will not be necessary for you to take speech in order to become a member. We are very much interested in this branch of speech work and wish to take this opportunity to urge others of you to help make its aim successful. There is sufficient talent in both classes to form a good sized working group and after a start is made other plans for competition can be formulated. Competition in debating with one of the minor teams of the University of Florida will not tend to lower the opinion of the public in regard to the Junior College.



## DE EADEM MALA SCIENTIA

Who would believe that in this age of progress there is yet present an unearthly form of torture—torture comparable in cruelty to that inflicted in the far-off Middle Ages? Who would suppose that students everywhere are daily enduring unspeakable torment inflicted by frightful tyrants in the guise of well meaning teachers? Necromancers of ancient Egypt could scarcely have concocted a worse affliction; witches of Salem were never subjected to anything more horrible. Alas, civilization is yet in its cradle, for in the twentieth century in every high school and college curriculum this inhuman form of persecution is provided—nay more, encouraged! The study of chemistry flourishes today!

Perhaps you are wondering upon what grounds I hurl such bitter invectives against the cursed subject. Alas! I speak from the saddest personal experiences. No moment of my life has been so disastrous as the wretched one in which I inscribed the fateful word "Chemistry" upon my registration card, for I soon found that I had not the mind of a scientist. Innumerable hours I spent in my chamber, late into the night I poured over my chemistry book seeking to drink in the accumulated knowledge of the world's greatest chemists, but in vain. How could I be expected to remember that



My mentality was indeed inadequate!

Little as I was able to comprehend the realm of chemistry, my mind constantly teemed with chemical formulas. My meals were haunted by the mental apparition of the subject. I completely forgot the good old appellation "sugar" and begged my mother to pass me the  $\text{C}_{12}\text{H}_{22}\text{O}_{11}$ . Savory dishes I salted with sodium chloride, and I bathed my wounds with hydrogen peroxide. The sandy beach of which I had always

been so fond, I sorrowfully discovered to be silicon and oxygen, and to think that I swam in two gases, H and O with, of course in Florida, a great deal of NaCl. I lived in a house made of cellulose and I myself a mere combination of metals and gases! Never before have I sunk so low in my own estimation as when I discovered that I, too, am chemically composed.

One evening, after I had poured for several torturous hours over my deep and ponderous chemistry volume I retired, sank into a troubled slumber, and vented all my detestation for the subject in the following dream:

"Ye Gods, who bear sceptre over souls, ye mute phantoms, and ye, Chaos and Phelegethon, realms far-silent beneath the night . . . suffer me by your will to reveal what is hidden in the abysms of earth and darkness!"—Virgil.



Lavoisier analyzing a chemistry teacher

The best families of Hades were indeed upon their spiritual ears. As Beau Brummel had expressed it in a chance conversation with Noah, "such an outrage had never before occurred in Stygian social circles, and the prestige of every infernal citizen was certainly at stake! And Noah had sadly nodded his hoary head, for it was too true—an evil spirit was indeed abroad in Hades.

The whole affair would never have happened but for a most unfortunate incident. Cerberus, the faithful guard of the Stygian gate had been indisposed for some time with

(Continued on page 11)



## CONTRACT

By Merle Patrick

Dudley Graham peered anxiously into the mirror, struggling nervously with his cravat, while Helen, his wife, hovered excitedly in the background.

"Everything's got to be perfect!" he exclaimed feverishly. "So much depends on my making a good impression. Caxton says he and Burroughs are very favorably impressed with my plans for the building; and this having luncheon with them today . . . It might mean almost anything!"

Helen's eyes smiled bravely into his from the glass.

"Oh, I know it's going to mean a great deal to you! Just think! You'll get to talk to them personally about the work. It **must** mean they intend giving you the chance . . . Ten thousand dollars! Oh Dudley . . .!"

Her voice trailed off into a tremulous sound curiously suggestive of a sob. Dudley turned quickly.

"Try not to count too much on it, honey," he said huskily. "It may mean nothing. Perhaps . . . If the plans suit them . . ."

He hated to see his wife so gripped by the possibilities of the situation. After all, he tried to tell himself, what right had he, a struggling young architect just out of college, to expect an immediate success in a field where the best craftsmen in the city were competing. He realized his imperfections. Helen, though . . . A woman's faith in her man! She had spurred him on to do his best. Now he could only await the outcome of the choice. This luncheon engagement today might mean anything . . . Or nothing. At least it showed an interest in him on the part of the two men who could be most influential in his success.

Caxton was waiting for him outside the Hudson Club.

"It was good of you to come," he murmured affably as they entered.

Dudley held his breath for a moment. They were dining at the Hudson Club! This would be something to tell Helen when he got home! Men had been known to spend a lifetime in seeking entry into its sacred

portals! Perhaps Caxton was more than mildly interested in him.

"Mr. Graham, Mr. Burroughs," his host smiled, introducing them.

Burroughs shook hands. "Ah, yes. 'The young architect,' he said jovially. "Caxton was telling me about you."

That reference to the business which was Dudley's only thought was the sole one made during the meal. They talked of golf; of the flurry in Wall Street; in short, about everything except what lay closest to his thoughts.

Another member of the club joined them as they were finishing. Dudley recognized him as one of the richest and most influential men in the city.

"Would you gentlemen care to play a few hands of bridge?" Van Koppen, the stranger, asked when he had been introduced to Dudley.

Caxton and Burroughs agreed immediately, and Dudley followed suit, although he would rather have talked about his designs.

They cut for partners, Dudley and Caxton playing against Burroughs and Van Koppen.

"How much a point?" asked Burroughs, riffling the cards through his fingers.

"Make it one." Van Koppen answered, and then added politely, "too steep for anyone?"

Dudley thought quickly. A cent a point at bridge was apt to mount up rather rapidly. Still . . . He couldn't act the "piker" . . . It wouldn't do to have them think he couldn't afford it. They would lose their respect for him. Besides, it would be money well spent if he did lose seventy-five or a hundred dollars.

He nodded in agreement.

"If you'd rather play for a little lower stakes, I'm sure the gentlemen won't mind . . ."

"Not at all." Dudley answered nonchalantly, striving to act as though bridge games at a cent a point were no unusual occurrence with him.

The game proceeded. They were playing contract, a form of bridge with which Dudley was none too familiar. He wished they had elected to play auction. Still, he couldn't complain. Caxton and he won consistently from the first. They held good cards, a for-

(Continued on page 10)

## AUTHORS

WILL PAYNE

It is a rare privilege to meet a man who is at once so great and so modest as the well-known author, Mr. Will Payne. Mr. Payne, whose home was originally in Illinois, went to Chicago as a young man and his literary ability enabled him to become in turn, reporter, editorial writer, city editor and financial editor of the Chicago Chronicle. Today Mr. Payne is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and well-known journalist. In addition to his excellent magazine articles he has written several books including "Overlook House," "Mr. Salt" and "The Losing Game." The attractive personality of this writer is accentuated by his appearance. He is tall, of rather slight build, with silvery grey hair which contrasts with his ruddy complexion; and he immediately impresses one with his retiring yet forceful dignity. This unassuming manner and striking appearance make one realize that he is a man who well deserves the fame which has been bestowed upon him. Mr. Payne very modestly declines to talk of his achievements, or, in fact, of himself at all.

Mr. Payne made his first visit to this city in 1904 and generously shares his earlier impressions of the Sunshine City with a visitor. He says that he has now become one of St. Petersburg's permanent fixtures, having resided here for a number of years. He remembers that on his first visit the only school which St. Petersburg could boast of was the old building across from the Junior College, which was "way out in the country." Mr. Payne is very much interested in the work of the Junior College and hopes that some day soon St. Petersburg will have a four-year college.

—Marie Kent. '30

### "IN QUEST OF THE SOUL OF CIVILIZATION"

(By Hagop Bogiggian)

In his simple and naive manner Mr. Bogiggian gives us the gripping story of his earlier experiences as an immigrant and of

the numerous obstacles which he was forced to overcome in reaching this country. He received his primary education in the mission schools of his native land, Armenia. After a few years of comparatively inadequate instruction he was sent out to teach his fellow countrymen. At an early part of his career as a teacher he became inspired with the idea of going to America.

The difficulties he encountered along the way and the story of his consistent success in this country occupy the larger part of his work. In America he became acquainted with such men as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Dr. Eliot of Harvard University who exerted a profound influence upon his later life.

It is apparent from his style that Mr. Bogiggian is not a professional author; he says in a few short words what some writers would require paragraphs to make clear. This is perhaps a main reason why he has made such a success of his business career. His statements in regard to certain incidents seem so startling at times that they border on the amusing. Through them all we get a strong feeling of sincerity and uprightness that is characteristic of the author. He does not hesitate to make statements which he knows to be true, but all his criticisms, even though unfavorable at times, are constructive. He has demonstrated throughout his life in this country his loyalty to the American government but nevertheless he does not desist to point out its faults when they are most glaring. His criticisms are worthy of consideration and the moral behind his life's story is well deserving the attention of the youth of America.

Mr. Bogiggian is a man who is as interesting as his book. Somewhat short in stature, he nevertheless carries himself in a manner which bespeaks years of authority. His greyish white hair and beard gives his face a gentle expression that is increased by the kindly gleam of his eyes. He has a ready smile for everyone and a word or so of interesting philosophy for his interviewers. He was quite willing to talk about his book and tell us something about its reception. It is interesting to note that Mr. Bogiggian was inspired to write the

(Continued on page 15)

## ACTIVITIES

Last Monday morning a most interesting program was presented in chapel by the Freshmen in behalf of their coming bridge party. Roy Klett, Al Furen, Al Adcock, and Johnny Gingery were represented as playing a game of bridge, which Dean Reed, played by Dick Holland plus a mustache, surprised. The "dean" then gave the boys a lecture on card playing and took a lesson himself. Perhaps the high light of the program for some of us was that the dean himself rose afterward and endorsed what Dick had said in the skit about playing cards in the building.

The Freshmen are certainly putting forth every effort to make this party a success, and it is only fair that the rest of us back them. So remember, come to the tea tomorrow, and have a grand good time!

The Sci-Math Club conducted its annual initiation rites, Monday evening, February 17th. Upon arriving the candidates were ushered into one of the class-rooms where they underwent a critical general examination, which proved that the majority of them had confined their learning to the lines of science and mathematics. After the exam had been largely flunked the doomed ones were conducted one by one to the chamber of magical blackness. There the book of knowledge was unfolded to them through the medium of three loving kisses. When each had finished he usually found himself to be a "horse of a different color." Some of the candidates were really excited. One attempted to leap from the second story window but by picking the wrong window it happened that the veranda roof was the chief sufferer. Two young ladies endeavored to apply their knowledge of physics and chemistry to the process of feeding one another bananas. That was a big smear on the evening's program. After all the candidates had been administered unto a short business session was held.

At the close of the business meeting refreshments were served by the hostesses.

Those exposed to ill treatment were: M. Banks, Elizabeth Brockman, Claire Butterworth, Donald Carrison, Nelle Driggs, Lena Easton, Doris Frisbie, Faithe Harris, Mary Byrd Harris, R. Holland, Mildred Kaniss, Carl Lingham, Pete Mac Maller, Harold Schuh, Cal Shelton, Francis Smith, Sewall Welch, L. J. Workizer.

The club wishes to welcome the new members and to congratulate them on their high marks in science or mathematics. The Sci-Math Club is the only honorary society in the college and a semester average of 88 in any science or of 90 in any math. course, together with the requirement that the student shall not be failing in any other subject, is necessary for entrance.

The Playmakers held their February meeting at the Junior College, Thursday evening, February 13th. Though the meeting was a short one, everyone agreed that it was one of the most enjoyable that the club has held. Miss Ruth Thane McDevitt, an honorary member of the club was our guest artist. From the chapel programs she has presented we knew that her program would be excellent. A surprise to some of us was the serious number which she gave. It was an adaptation of a gripping one-act play by a popular dramatist. She did it with such intensity of feeling that it was truly a work of wondrous dramatic ability. It would be difficult to decide whether we liked better the serious number or the humorous selections as "At the Tea" which she has heretofore presented to us. The refreshments served after the program carried out the Valentine idea.

### CLUBS

The Junior College Reviewers Club met Monday evening at the home of Mildred Canning. The business of the evening consisted of plans for the page the club is to have in the Annual. Lois Davis gave an interesting review of "O Genteel Lady," by Esther Forbes. Doris Frisbie read a paper on the opportunities of young people making up libraries of worthwhile books published in cheaper editions. Christine Wiehe read poems of Edna St. Vincent Milet and gave a resume of her lyric drama "The King's Henchmen." Marie Kent delighted

(Continued on page 14)

## CO-ED CLARA *says*

"Who is he?" "Where's he from?" What's his name?" Now if you'll all sit down and be quiet for a few minutes I'll try to tell you something about each of these interesting students.

Let's take Bayard Angle first, just because he comes at the top of the alphabet. Bayard played football and graduated from our own high school. (Yes he did both!) Bayard seems to have recently developed a great interest in the English language, literature and things!

Mathew Morrison comes from —well, the place where they have Alabama snow. But he attended the St. Petersburg High School and took an active part in athletics. Mathew turned out for basketball practice almost as soon as he got here—how's that for the old spirit?

Remember the "Midsummer Night's Dream" that Miss Center gave so long ago? Now think real hard again and see if you can't remember Puck. Why, of course! None other than Martha Oxford and here she is back with us from Emerson College.

Same Green comes to us from the University of Florida. Sam seems to be dreadfully quiet but by digging around in old Annuals I finally discovered something—he graduated from St. Petersburg High School just three years ago. Old Sherlock on the job again!

Now here's the answer to the question, "Who is that pretty little blonde that's just entered school?" She's Maxine Bussey and comes from Maryville College. Now are you satisfied?

Manhattan College, New York, sends us a new student this semester—Joseph McCann. We're glad to meet the "Young Man from Manhattan," and hope he'll feel at home.

Guess what school Robert Hopper last attended? Why, Cornell, that's what! Doesn't it make us feel as if Bob had confidence in us to come down here? Welcome to our Junior College—we hope you'll like us, Bob.

Don Carrison is from Western Illinois State Teachers' College. Although Don is in some of our classes we don't know him real well, but he looks like lots of fun and so we have hopes of knowing him soon.

Mrs. Ruth Wilson comes from Wauchula. Mrs. Wilson is gaining new friends among the students every day and is also learning the Highland fling and Irish jig with the rest of us on Thursdays.

And from Flint, Michigan, comes Tinsly Northrup. We've seen him with Speed Horn quite a bit here lately, so we 'spose he's well taken care of.

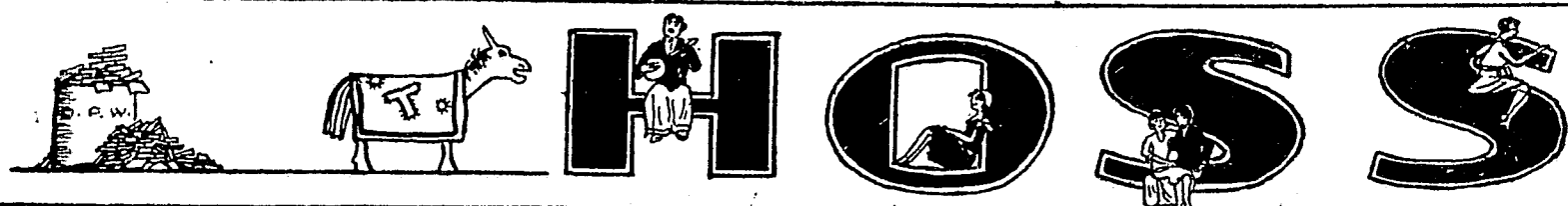
I've seen other faces about the halls that are new but I really can't find out to whom they belong. I just know we are going to like each other immensely, at least I hope you newcomers will like us all. By this time I am sure that you are over being strangers but I like to take advantage of this opportunity to make you welcome.

Are you going to the bridge tea Saturday? I'm sure it is going to be a success. I know I can't win a prize, but I'm going to be there. You just know that the styles displayed are going to be interesting and besides it is too expensive to get permanents only for photographs.

There's the boy friend stamping down the hall. I've been keeping him waiting in order to let everyone get acquainted with our new classmates. So long kids. See you all at the Freshman Tea.

—Clara.





The art of expression in four lessons.

1. Surprise—"Oh yeah?"
2. Indignation—"Oh yeah?"
3. Scorn—"Oh yeah?"
4. Sarcasm—"Oh yeah?"

"Now Johnny, what do you think a land flowing with milk and honey would be like?"  
"Sticky!"

Pat—"Would you marry an idiot for the sake of his money?"

Martha—"O, this is so sudden!"

Vrooman—"How does Julia like your new moustache?"

Willis—"I forgot to show her."

#### We Don't Believe It

Mrs. Ervin—"Does your car have a worm drive?"

Mrs. Gager—"Yes, but I tell him where to drive."

Edythe—"John hasn't been out a single night for the last three weeks. Has he turned over a new leaf?"

Merle—"No. He turned over Dad's new car."

Canning—"I'll give him credit for getting me a nice engagement ring."

Kaniss—"I expect that's what the jeweler gave him, too."

Rooster-Pooster—"What are you eating those tacks for?"

Henny Penny—"I'm going to lay a carpet."

Then there's a Scotchman who went to the shower with a grapefruit for the bride.

Waiter—"Here's your short cake, sir."

Patron—"Short cake! Gwan—take it out and berry it."

Doorman at Fraternity Meeting—"Who's there?"

Voice—"It is I."

Doorman—"No school teachers allowed."

Mr. Ervin—"Will you join me in a bowl of soup?"

Miss West—"Do you think there will be room enough for us both?"

Dick—"What would I have to give for just one little kiss?"

Mary Byrd—"Chloroform."

Mother (reading)—"Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper."

Bobby—"What's his theme song, ma?"

"But, my dear, whatever do you want with another new coat?"

"A new hat."

They may be dumb, but a rabbit never marries a wild cat and a crow never ruins its health digging worms for a bird of paradise.

"Girls are more forgiving than men."  
"Yeah?"

"Yeah—they make up more often."

Wife—"Darling, here's the bill from the hospital."

Hubby—"Just one more payment and the baby is ours."

Hoover—"I don't like these pictures. They don't do me justice."

Photographer—"Justice? Lady, what you want is mercy."

"Who put that statue in the hall."  
"Sh! That's Ed working."

She—"How can I prove that you love me?"

He—"Get a hammer—I'll hold a nail while you hammer."

"Pity is akin to love."  
"Maybe, but my girl will accept no substitutes."

Mr. Gager—in algebra: "Now watch the board closely and I'll run through it again."



John Gingery—"When I get to heaven I'll ask Shakespeare if he wrote all those plays."

Frank Hodgkinson—"What if he ain't there?"

John G.—"Then you ask him."

Mr. Worrell—"So you met my son in college, eh? Did you know him well?"

Crabby—"Sure. We used to sleep in the same Economics class together."

Miss Center—"I suppose you read Shakespeare?"

Ruth W.—"Oh, yes, I read all his stuff as soon as it comes out."

Curry: Is your girl learning how to drive your car?"

Edgerton: "Well the road is beginning to turn where she does."

Pat (tired with interruptions): "We seem to have a great many fools here tonight. Wouldn't it be advisable to hear one at a time?"

Voice in back of room: "Yes, get on with your speech."

Mr. Gager: "Did you prepare your assignment, Miss Babington?"

Mae: "Yes!"

Mr. Gager: "When?"

Mae: "Next period!"

Northrup: "Dad, I saved a dime today. I ran all the way to school behind the street car."

Father: "Why didn't you run behind a taxi and save a dollar?"

Bradfield: "Don't you know there are germs in kisses?"

Scott: "Not in mine, girlie, the heat kills them."

Examiner: "What would you do in the case of a person eating poisonous mushrooms?"

Marks: "Recommend a change of diet."

Crabby—(desperately): "And again, will you marry me?"

Gene—"But I never married you before."

Banks: "You may not believe it but I said 'No' to seven different men this summer."

Al: "What were they selling?"

Frank (finding a button in his salad): "I suppose it fell off while the salad was dressing."

Newsboy: "'Post,' Mister?"

Drunk: "Nope. Hic. I'm almosh home!"

Financier: "That Jones boy wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?"

Miss West: "If he were any steadier he'd be motionless."

It's not economical for women to shoot their husbands lately because "dead men shell no kale."

*The rumble seat, the humble seat  
Where poor relations ride.  
The rumble seat, the grumble seat—  
They're never satisfied.*

*The rumble seat, the jumble seat,  
Where folks together thrown,  
Discuss with heat the rumble seat  
In bitter monotone.*

Judge: "And you were having words with your wife?"

Mr. Reed: "Not with her, your honor, from her."

Boss: "You're late again, Jones."

Jones: "Yes, sir; we have a new baby at our house."

Boss: "Um-er-er, well, don't let it happen again."

The boys call her Postscript for her name is Adeline Moore.

Englishman: "I say, old chap, where's my 'ammer."

"Floridian: "Oh, it's a little joint over on the East Coast."

## CONTRACT

(Continued from page 4)

tunate thing since Dudley was not playing any too well. He couldn't seem to keep his mind on the game when he thought of all that this luncheon might mean to him.

They played hand after hand, Dudley bidding and laying his cards down mechanically. Why, he asked himself, had they invited him to the club if they didn't intend to discuss business. The game seemed to drag on interminably.

At last Burroughs, pleading a business engagement, suggested that the next hand be their final one. Dudley was glad. Maybe he'd learn something about their decision, now. He waited while the score was being figured. The results were decidedly in Caxton's and his favor.

"I'll attend to this later, gentlemen," Burroughs remarked, making a memorandum of the score. "And now I'm afraid I'll have to leave you."

He turned at the door.

"By the way, Graham, about those plans—I'll let you know as soon as we reach a decision."

That was all Dudley had to tell Helen when he returned home. He didn't mention the game of bridge. She wouldn't have approved of him gambling for such high stakes. He didn't remember how much the score had been but he must have won fifty dollars or more. He decided that he would buy Helen something nice with the money when Burroughs settled up—square his conscience with her.

For a week he paced the narrow confines of his modest office, leaping to meet the mailman each time he came down the hall. It was getting on his nerves, this waiting. Every night Helen met him at the door, scanning his face with anxious eyes; and each night he had nothing to report.

Then one morning the mailman handed him a letter with Burroughs' name in the corner. For a moment he stared stupidly at its non-committal appearance—his future coming to him in the innocent disguise of a business letter! His fingers trembled as he tore the envelope.

A check fluttered to the floor. He let the slip of paper lie for a moment, paralyzed at the silent significance of its being enclosed in the letter. Then he snatched it up

to stare at the figures. A feeling of weakness swept over him, as though a gust of hot air had temporarily sapped his strength.

Twelve thousand dollars!

Suddenly the full realization of his good fortune smote him. He was made! A success! Helen's faith in him was justified! He was destined to greatness!

There was a letter in the envelope, too. He read it, eagerly at first, then with increasing amazement.

"My dear Mr. Graham:" it read. "We are extremely sorry that we were unable to accept your plans for our proposed building."

"You see, there was a tie between you and another contestant, and we decided to give the work to the other—the poorer man, feeling that your financial condition must be independent of your success in architecture."

There was more, but Dudley's eyes riveted themselves upon the postscript attached.

"Enclosed you will find a check for your winnings at bridge the other afternoon. I believe you will find it correct, figured at our accepted agreement of ONE DOLLAR A POINT."

(The End)

## HONOR STUDENTS

The following students of the college succeeded in reaching the high standard for honor students set by the college. This standard requires an average of not less than 90 with no grade under 85. They who make the grade are to be honored indeed!

## Sophomores

Kathleen Badgely.....	94
Edmund McCollough.....	94
Elinor Knighton.....	92
Faith Harris.....	91
Christine Wiehe.....	91
Janette Kinkade.....	90
Elizabeth Smith.....	90

## Freshmen

Ellen Thomas.....	98
Elizabeth Brockman.....	95
Constance Crawford.....	93
Marian Banks.....	92
Richard Holland.....	91

## ODDESSAYS

(Continued from page 3)

a rather severe attack of chronic hydrophobia, in addition to having the mumps in one of his three jaws, and was under the care of the finest veterinarian in the realms of Pluto. The pup was thoroughly disgusted, for this wicked spirit would certainly have been a morsel de luxe for his canine appetite.

The Scyllas, the Gorgons and the Harpies who lie in wait for evil spirits, felt that they too had been shamefully treated, for this wily shade had completely disarmed them by opening a bottle of H<sub>2</sub>S<sup>(1)</sup> as he approached. Poor beasts! How could they be expected to stand up under such an alluring fragrance as that?

Charon, too, had failed utterly in the execution of his duty, but then it was not entirely his fault, for, as everyone knew, he had been in a most questionable condition at the time when he had ferried the evil phantom across the Styx. Rumor had it that his ancient and leaky craft, celebrated so extensively by Virgil <sup>(2)</sup> and Homer, to say nothing of John Kendrick Bangs, had been used more frequently of late in Charon's new profession of border bootlegging than in his erstwhile innocent occupation of



"And there 'mid the furies around him he has ever afterward continued his studies."

ferrying spirits, and that the presence of the shades of so many contraband hootch bottles had proved quite too much for him. Poor man, he had been steeped in grief when he learned from Sherlock Holmes that what, in his tipsy state, he had supposed to

(1) The odor commonly known by suffering students as "rotten eggs."

(2) Virgil, I believe, devotes five or six lines of his stupendous epic to the old man's beard alone.

(3) Mr. Bangs will forgive me for using his appellation for this society.

be Siamese twins, had later proved to be the wickedest spirit extant.

And so the shade of Lavoisier, the father of modern chemistry, had gained admittance within Avernian portals. Though no golden bough, like that of Pious Aeneas, brought he, and though guided on his journey by no Cumean Sibyl nor bard of Mantua, for him the descent to Avernus had been unusually easy.

And now that he was really in, it seemed that he was there to stay, for even the efforts of the Associated Shades <sup>(3)</sup> had proved futile in expelling the intruder. Try as they might they could find nothing in the Constitution of Hades which would banish his foul spirit. Only the indictment against those unfortunates who were unburied could be found, and Lavoisier unluckily was respectfully interred.

Picture, if you can, the consternation which prevailed among the infernal four hundred at this tragic turn of events. Poor Xantippe had been prostrated by the news and had spent the last two days in the hospital, leaving Socrates to divide his attention between the shade of Cleopatra and some of Charon's finest hootch. Raleigh was in an agony of apprehension for fear Elizabeth would succumb, and Dido was mournfully occupied in building herself another pyre. The mud puddle, in which Dante places those poor souls who were accustomed to lose their tempers while on earth, issued forth many gurgles of protest for the shades beneath its depths, and even Tartarus was strangely upset. Receding banquets had never so tantalized poor Tantalus. Never had the Furies been so furious!

Yes. Lavoisier, it seemed, was in to stay. Daily he would stroll, unmolested, up and down the streets of the finest residential section, or would amuse himself listening to the howls and sounds of lashing whips issuing from Tartarus. Once he had even ventured to seek admission to the exclusive Houseboat on the Styx, but at Plato's suggestion a "measles" sign had been hung on the gangplank, so Lavoisier came not.

But our chemist had not reckoned upon



one phase of his visit to the nether world, and upon receiving summons to the palace of Pluto, he anticipated only a pleasant tete-a-tete with Proserpina. Imagine his surprise then, to find himself ushered on to the platform of an elaborate courtroom where the dread judge Minos and a stern jury of eleven (Lucrezia Borgia was unavoidably absent) were arrayed with all pomp and solemnity.

The trial soon commenced and Minos began to read the charges brought up against the accused. This man, this one man, he said, who sat so confidently on the platform, was guilty of crimes without end. To him was attributed the law of the conservation of matter; to him, the discovery of the true nature of phlogiston; to him the strengthening of the atomic theory; and to him the foundation of all quantitative experiments. This culprit was the founder of modern chemistry! Here Minos, who had taken college chemistry for three weeks, succumbed at the thought that one man could be the perpetrator of such startling atrocities, and it was with difficulty that he rallied even long enough to read the sentence which he and Nemesis had sat up 'till midnight for the last eight years preparing. Lavoisier must come to realize the great evil which he had brought upon mankind. Eternally in the depths of Tartarus he must pore over foul smelling test tubes, he must sweat for hours over odious experiments and be nauseated by the fumes of a Bunsen burner, as students of chemistry have, for years after him. He must calculate quantitative analysis until his head whirled with empirical formulas and, worst of all, he must keep a notebook of all he did, to be inspected by Minos at monthly intervals.

Such was the sentence inflicted upon the guiltiest spirit which ever set foot in Hades. Howling and gnashing his teeth, the wicked Lavoisier, who had for some time been anticipating with pleasure a protracted study of the sunlight in the Elysian Fields, descended into the depths of gloomy Tartarus and there 'mid the Furies hissing around him, he has ever afterward continued his loathsome study. Even today one may taste the foul waters issuing from his laboratories deep in the earth's abysmal centers.

The gushing springs which so many people erringly term the Fountain of Youth are only the outlets for his poisonous waste chemicals. Accept my warning—never drink therefrom!

Chopin by the way was so impressed with Lavoisier's great guilt that, at the next meeting of the Associated Shades, he proposed that Shakespeare write some fitting verses concerning it, to the tune of his "Funeral March." The motion was almost unanimously carried, Marlowe, jealous because he was not selected, being the only one dissenting; and as a consequence that following verses appeared in the next edition of the "Infernal Informer," a weekly newspaper jointly operated by the shades of Addison and Steele.

Hearken ye children on old Mother Earth,  
Lend ear to advice of most paramount worth,

Although I'm a spirit ancient and grey,  
Think deeply on what I'm about to say.

There is a subject in your schools,  
Abounding in problems and terrible rules  
A disgrace to the civilized—bane to the free  
The study I speak of is chemistry!

But take it, and sorrow, and trouble, and strife  
Will haunt every moment of your mortal life;  
Matters will soon go from bad to worse  
Beware, or you'll speedily ride in the hearse!

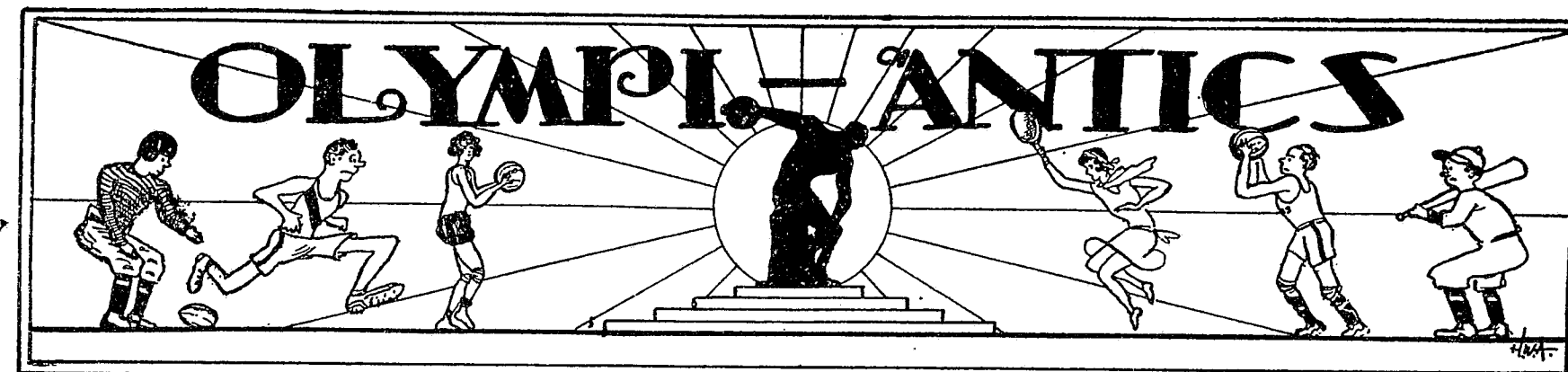
So heed my injunction, by hook and by crook,  
Make haste to get rid of your chemistry book.

Cast the foul lexicon into the bay,  
Let it sizzle in ashes and smoulder away.

Let it be mangled, enfouled and torn  
May the buzzards partake of its horrible form

Happy and joyous the world will be  
When destruction has fallen on 'alchemy!

—ELLEN THOMAS. '31



### THIS MARBLE TOURNAMENT

Those who are unable to make themselves conspicuous in some field of athletics will have a chance to display their athletic ability and their manly physiques and to win laurels and wide praise in the Annual Junior College Marble Tournament which will be held some time in the near future. The college, no doubt has some expert marble shooters.

### BASKETBALL

For the past month a faithful squad of basketball enthusiasts has been going through a hard practice and workout every afternoon on the gym floor of the Girls' Junior High School; and even though the season is well advanced and no games have yet been played, they hope to be able to schedule a few games with some of the numerous teams in the city leagues before the season is entirely gone. This faithful squad of basketeters has some very good material, both in veterans and newcomers in the field. Hodgkinson is a veteran player and expert in basketball as well as in other athletics. "Crabby" Cook, an excellent football player does not fall down in his reputation when engaged in shooting baskets. Worrell, another good player in football is equally good in basketball. Klett, that steady, and consistent Trojan lineman is no less steady and consistent when wielding a round pigskin. Gingery (of sliced-orange fame) is a fast player and can always place the ball right in the basket. Sheldon is a speedy player and always gives a good account of himself. Curry, Bingham, Morrison, Welch and Walker are all good and valuable basketeters.

The majority of the fellows are playing basketball in one or the other of the city leagues and are getting the experience which will come in handy as soon as games are arranged.

### LETTERS AWARDED

After a most successful football season had been closed, the Knights of the Gridiron were rewarded for their meritorious service by being awarded the Trojan T. Coach Hutchison presented the letters after making a very fitting speech of appreciation for the hard work and co-operation of the team and the managers. "Hutch" especially commended the work of the fellows who had not won the prized letter. After all it takes a lot of sand for anyone to stick by the team all season and to realize all the while that he will not get the letter. If football can teach a fellow to "stick to it," not to give up a task just because he sees no immediate reward to work hard and unceasingly on, and, to be the master of a situation and master of himself—when football accomplishes these things it has indeed accomplished worth while ends. "Hutch" stated further that he had never had a better group of fellows to work with, nor a group in which there was better co-operation and good feeling among its members.

Those who won letters all made an excellent showing for themselves during the season and deserve a great deal of praise and credit. Captain Hodgkinson was the first one "Hutch" called to receive his reward, and then as the other men were called they all rushed up to the front of the auditorium to be rewarded and to be gazed at as football heroes by an admiring student body. The following men were awarded letters: Klett, Hewitt, Gregory, McIntyre, Sauers, Gingery, Shelton, Cook, Worrell, Beazley, Coss, Stoner, Presstman, Welch, Furen, Hodgkinson (captain), and Miller (manager).

The close of this school year will mean the loss of many valuable players but the Freshmen on the team proved real assets and with such men as Sauers, Gingery, Sheldon, and Gregory as a basis, a first-rate team should be produced next year.

—R. H. '31



## ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 6)

her audience with an informal discussion of "Mamba's Daughter," by DeeBoro Hayward, a popular seller with the Southland as its locale. Betty Guild reviewed and gave excerpts from "Street Scene," the successful stage play, by Elmer Rice. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mildred Canning, Mildred Kanis and Betty Nichols. It was decided that the next meeting would be held at the home of Marie Kent after the February meeting had been declared a huge success.

## REVERIE OF AN UGLY DUCKLING

If I were fair, oh very fair, this world might hold great happiness for me—but alas, I am the unfortunate ugly duckling, only a sister to three others who are most beautiful creatures to look upon.

I have lain in the night, with wakeful eyes, weeping over my sad fate; even I have had still, secret hopes and visions of a Prince Charming who might ride up to the door and into my life one day; I have slept and dreamed that my day-dreams were true, only to awaken again to the cruel disenchantment of the morning.

No human powers or artifices can aid me, for the more I try, by means of costly ornament and fancy costume, to improve my unfortunate appearance, the uglier I seem to be! My sisters look on me in pity, but I am weary of that, for they, being beautiful, cannot know sympathy for me.

If I were fair, oh very fair—but shh, I have a scheme! I have decided to become very wise, and now I am sure of winning pre-eminence over my three beautiful sisters.

—C. Cook.

When wintry winds are blowing  
And the world is bleak and bare  
It isn't so much the overhead  
As it is the underwear.

—Exchange.

To succeed, don't put things off—put them over.

Silence is a true friend that never betrays.

## "TWELFTH NIGHT" CAST

After much consideration Miss Center has succeeded in accomplishing one of the most difficult tasks of play production, the selection of the cast. Some of them are old hands among our amateur talent and will not need introducing. We hope to learn of the others later. The following cast of characters will appear in the Playmaker's production of "Twelfth Night":

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.....	Richard Holland
Viola.....	Constance Horning
(Understudy).....	Edith McKim
Sebastian, brother to Viola.....	Merle Patrick
Olivia.....	Gladys Boyle
(Understudy).....	Jean Mair
Malvolio.....	Peter Stoner
Sir Toby Belch.....	Ed. McCollough
Sir Andrew Aquecheek.....	John Gingery
Maria (Lady in waiting to Olivia)	
	Faith Harris
Clown.....	Frank Hodgkinson
Fabian.....	J. R. Hill
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to	
Sebastian.....	Shapiro Weiss
Valentine (of Orsino's Court)	
	Woods Beekman
Curio (of Orsino's Court)	
	Forrest Van Dusen
Sea Captain, friend to Viola.....	A. C. Northrup
Priest.....	Wesley Lawton

The following people will assist in the production of the play in various capacities including publicity, art, staging and as extra attendants and ladies in waiting.

Boys: Al Adcock, Glen Bagget, Dudley Gilbert, John Hewitt, Junior Jones, Gordon Reeves, Lew Wallace, John Patrick, Sam Green, Richard Wiersteiner.

Girls: Marie Kent, Colleen Cooper, Betty Guild, Mary Sue Larkin, Marian Banks, Alice Cassett, Ruth Childs, Constance Crawford, Shirley Holt, Helen Hoover, Elsie Shippey, Myriel Riley, Julia Kelsey, Josephine Williams, Eleanor Knighton, Gertrude Harrington.

The fellow who goes through life looking for something soft can probably find it under his hat.

The man who lives for himself alone hasn't got much to live for.

## AUTHORS

(Continued from page 5)

book by Dr. Eliot who felt that the story of his life would be a lesson to young men of America comparable to that taught by the late Edward Bok in his autobiography. Because of this inspiration Mr. Bogiggian published the book himself and distributed it to the majority of Y. M. C. A.'s and similar organizations where it would reach the hands of those for whom it was intended. It has been favorably received by the Boston Transcript, the Chicago Chronicle and many other large newspapers throughout the county. The Christian Science Monitor republished it in serial form with permission from the author. Copies of the book are now in the libraries of the larger universities such as Harvard and Yale and both of these institutions have reviewed it favorably in their magazines.

Mr. Bogiggian says that if it will help any young man towards a better aim in life the result will be well worth the sum which he has expended in publishing and distributing the book.

## MARK TWAIN.

One day a child in Washington, seeing Mark Twain and believing him to be Chief Justice Fuller, asked him to sign her autograph book. Mark Twain, with his usual rare sense of humor, assented to the child's request and wrote:

"It is nice to be full but it is glorious to be Fuller." Then he signed his own name, and the little girl went off happily, not realizing the real treasure she had obtained.

## TEACHERS

According to the best authorities' views, a teacher is one who gives instructions, or imparts knowledge, to a person of lesser intellectual scope. Such is not my conception now, nor was it my conception when a child, however, my ideas are somewhat different now than they were during my childhood. During the past twelve years that I have been placed under the influence of these creatures called teachers, my mental impressions of these organisms have been so varied that an explanation of these changes is legitimate.

The first recollection I have of any schooling comes to me not through the knowledge absorbed, but through the media of absorption. A personal impression was not recorded. The actual memory comes in the form of the connoted impression of the noun teachers. When my ears received the di-syllabic word "teachers," the idea of a strict disciplinary organism was flashed on my mind. This conception was gradually changed into a more complicated process which reached its full development during the earlier part of my third year in high school work. I say high school work, for up until that time the mental reaction was only a mechanical process. Thus I developed from a pupil into a student.

The next impression I conceived upon hearing teacher was of a critter who considered himself a sort of demi-god in comparison to the lowly students. It seems that they were only considerable of their subjects from the standpoint of a means of gaining a better income. My attention is called to a science teacher to whom I was exposed during my junior year of high school. He considered himself a student of psychology and a very learned one in the psychological principles involved in teaching. These erring thoughts led him to be placed in a very secluded position in his students' minds and also impaired his efficiency as an instructor.

The classification that I now give to a teacher is so infinitely augmented that space prohibits a detailed explanation. I consider every pupil, student, and scholar as much of a teacher and imparter of knowledge as the teachers, instructors and professors. The only noticeable difference between the two classes is that the latter usually receive a pecuniary compensation, while the former receive their compensation from a psychological standpoint; both remunerations being dependent upon the individual's sincerity. Thus has the word "teacher" developed within my mental limitations.

Few people remain in the self-satisfied class after they get acquainted with themselves.

If you think you resemble a great man say nothing about it. The resemblance may cease the moment you open your mouth.

## TROJAN TOPICS *in* BRIEF

We have a good many new students in school and it behooves us as "old timers" to make them feel at home. Johnnie Hewitt has been doing fine, but how about some others following his example? The most lonesome feeling is lonesomeness.

The girls surely have developed "curlo-mania" lately. But then they've been "watching the little byrd."

"Matty" Morrison, a former Green Devil star is helping coach the Trojan cagers. With his aid a successful season, if any, is expected.

Did you notice G. B. and S. G. dancing in Mr. Glisson's room during chapel to the classic strains of saxophone music?

And you haven't found out yet who the Twelfth "Knight" is? Just hang around Miss Center a little while and you will be enlightened.

### THAT CERTAIN PARTY

Miss Porter (In Lit class): "Marie, you know a lot about English history, would you please tell me the name of that general who fought in one of the battles during some war?"

These resplendent coats of tan we see about the building certainly do not come from the sun streaming through the library windows.

The Reviewers Club meetings are beginning to have the appearance of a harem scene from the "Arabian Nights."

Our photographer can't do the impossible with everybody. It's certainly a wonder what he has done to some of the photographs. That one we saw of Junior Jones actually had the appearance of bearing some streaks of intelligence. Mr. Jones tried to convince us that it was natural. Anyway they were good pictures.

We have been having a real life "Comedy of Errors" right here in school. These twins certainly are confusing, aren't they, Curry?

Frank says that when he finishes his school career he will be able to qualify for a job in a circus. The role of jester in the May Fete for a number of years, and that of clown in Twelfth Night certainly puts him in line for a Punchinello position.

If the class of thirty is to leave anything useful to the school we suggest a pair of hip boots and a gondola for Mr. Gager, to be used in damp weather. But it isn't every school that can boast of modern conveniences such as running water in every room.

When we get water without cups one week the deficiency is made up the next by our getting cups without any water.

The Playmakers are assured an artistic success in the production of "Twelfth Night." Ernest Rager and Harry Anderson, both alumni members, are working on the sets for the play.

Some of the fellows would be certain of victory in the marble tournament if the games were played with marbles that were less spherical.

Our alumni are certainly making names for themselves and for the college this year. Donald Benn's record at Maryville certainly is an enviable one and one for all who knew him to feel proud of. We learned that Jack Lentz caused the President of Duke University to reverse his opinion of Junior colleges; and the former one wasn't at all favorable.

Speak of the superiority of the male if you wish, but first take a glance at the list of honor students published in this issue. At least the two leaders of the student body have set an example for the rest of the boys to follow.

## Striving for Better Service

¶ No industry spends more money in research and experimentation to improve service than the electrical industry. Electricity is manufactured at a power station. Not a day goes by but trained men devote hours of study to the problem of distributing electricity more efficiently and more economically.

¶ A large capital investment is necessary in the distribution system of your electrical company. But every day better service is achieved through the better service methods discovered and applied. The electrical industry does not stand still.



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# first

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—IN RESOURCES  
—IN YEARS OF  
SERVICE

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as big as your future.  
First National invites  
Your Account*

**1st National Bank**  
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