



NELLIE KINNEY '10 (MRS. R. COYLE)



EDSIE
CROSS
'10



AGNES COYNE '10



DORENE
TUHEY
'10



GEORGIA SULLIVAN '10

Greeley, Colorado, preparing herself for the position of "city" school teacher. We wonder if she has yet discovered a cure for tardiness! If so, it must be valuable and we should like to know it.

Miss Elsie Cross, now a resident of Beaver, still bemoans the fact that her "certificate" has been idle all the year—not from lack of desire to use it on her part—nor from lack of teacherless "district schools"—but because of parental prohibitions. If Elsie ever does conduct a school we sincerely hope the windows will be well barred, for, if we remember rightly, there is an innate tendency to "jump at conclusions", and the conclusions are sometimes so vivacious that there is danger to life and limb (if the windows be open and unguarded!)

Miss Lorene Tuhey of Cheyenne is now in Denver studying music. We wonder if there is a "pony" in the musical course, as among Miss Tuhey's possessions there was found a veritable broncho, branded M.C., worthy to have been ridden by Cæsar! As the pony has disappeared from public life we regret that we are unable to restore it to the owner of the brand. We hope that Lorene has had great success with her music; perhaps we shall soon have an opportunity of hearing her fairy touches.

THE FIRST YEAR PARTY.

After we had all returned to school and had settled down to hard work, the Senior and Junior classes decided to give a reception to the First Year to welcome them into the High School and encourage them along the thorny path of knowledge; for, trying to make a mark in the "philosophical" circle is not an easy thing to do;—though those "knowing First Years" undoubtedly thought it was, until we explained the theory more definitely and gave them something else besides school work to think about.

The date of this famous reception was set for October 19, and when the day came, the bright and happy Seniors and Juniors were well prepared to receive their honored guests. All arrived at the appointed time, their school-girl troubles having been left to take care of themselves, as all were on enjoyment bent.

The first part of the programme for the afternoon was a United States map puzzle, which consisted in guessing the names of all the States, which were cut out separately in white paper and tacked on the wall. The prize was a pen and ink sketch of a very studious geography class and was awarded to Norma Sherlock.

Another game that was played was guessing the mouths of the Seniors and Juniors. At one end of the room a curtain was arranged; a small hole was cut in it and the Seniors and Juniors, each in turn, put their rosy lips through the hole to be guessed by the First Year pupils. This time the prize was a pen and ink sketch of some cats having a moonlight concert on the fence top, and was awarded to Margaret Walsh.

After having spent the afternoon in this hard mental labor, all proceeded to the refectory, where refreshments were served. Potato salad, pickles, sandwiches and coffee formed the substantial part of the repast, and ice cream and cake the dessert.

This pleasant afternoon ended with a good old-fashioned country dance.
—CATHERINE MORGAN, '12.

“LA TRAGEDIE DE LA SOURIS”

There was a great commotion in
St. Anna's one night;
They'd heard a mouse, you know!
They got a match,
They lit a light,
And found themselves in an awful
plight.
But the mouse had taken the hint,
and so!—
They asked each other in tones so
low,
“Where did that *sly* mouse go?”
He stole their cake and candy sweet,
He robbed them of their rest;
He chewed their slippers,
He gnawed their sheet,
And crawled about their beds so
neat—

And acted so like a natural born foe,
They were forced to ask in tones of
woe,
“Where will that *bad* mouse go?”

A bright young lady procured a trap
And placed it to catch him—so,
They went to sleep
For just a short nap,
And woke up in the morning to find
The poor little thief was caught by
his toe.

And still they asked in moments of
sorrow:
“Where did that *dead* mouse go?”
The answer comes back in a whisper
low:—

“He was given to dear *Chico*.”
—M. MULLISON, '12.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

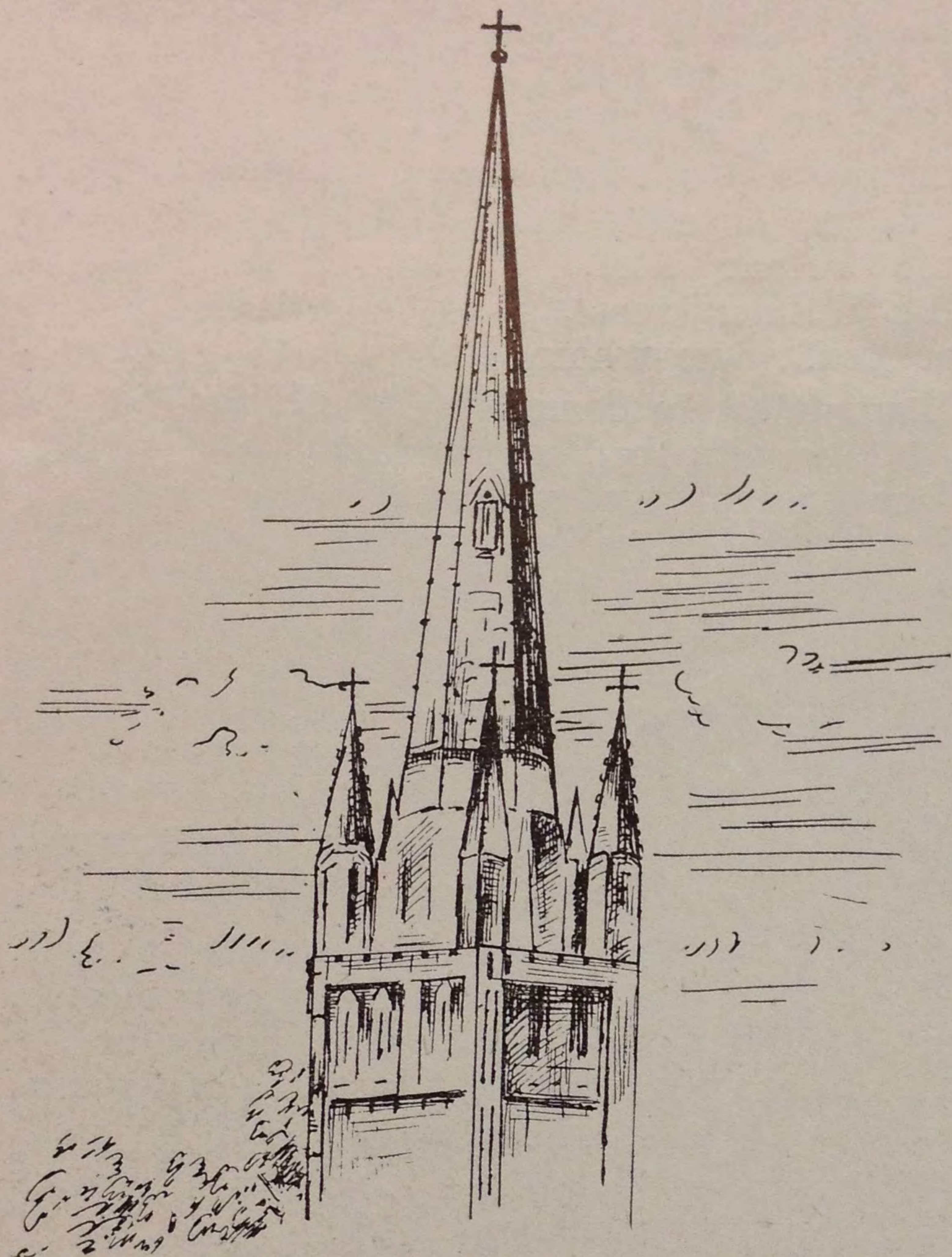
I was not always the bright shining piece of gold I am now. A great many hundred years ago, I was down in the dark mountains in California waiting to know if I should ever see daylight.

One day I heard something pounding and thumping over me. As I was wondering what was going to happen, the pounding and thumping came closer, and suddenly I was jerked out of the ground so quickly, that I didn't know where I was, until I fell on the earth and felt the hot sun shining on me. While I was being carried along in a wheelbarrow, I was wondering much what would be done to me next. In a short time, I was put in a very large furnace. I was very frightened at first, but when I knew I was being separated from the dirt and rubbish which was all around me, I was very glad. About a week later, I was taken many miles away to the Philadelphia mint. I felt very frightened during the journey; but, when I reached my new home and heard that I was thought to be very valuable, I was so happy.

The second day I was in the mint, another bright piece of gold, like myself, told me I was going to be made into money. On looking around me, I saw a great many large round pieces, and hoped that I was going to be as large as they; but, though I was not made into the largest piece of gold I was very proud; especially when I had a pretty lady's head stamped on one side of me, and an eagle on the other.

Then a few weeks passed and I was taken to the bank with a great many other pieces, and put into a dark drawer, where I could not see the

beautiful sun, which made me very sad. It was near Thanksgiving Day, when a very rich man came to get a check cashed. I was given to him with some of my companions, and he bought a Thanksgiving dinner with us.



In this way I got into the hands of a storekeeper who lived in West Philadelphia. One Sunday he took me to Saint Agatha's Church to put me in the collection box for his Xmas offering. Just as he was going up the church steps, I fell out of a little hole which he had in his pocket, but he didn't notice it. I rolled into a corner, but in a few minutes a big black bird flew down and grabbed me in his beak. I was very frightened going through the air to his nest away up in the steeple of the church, which was very high.

Here I lived for several years, tucked away in the lining of the crow's nest, till the church tower was pulled down, because it was in danger of falling. While this work was being done, the children coming home from school used to pick up little articles from the rubbish on the pavement for keepsakes. One day a little girl who was passing, thought she would look around to see if she could find anything. She picked up the crow's nest and began to pull it to pieces, when suddenly she saw me shining among the bits of twigs inside it. She gave a cry of joy and ran home as quickly as she could, to show me to her mother. Then she put me in her little bank to keep in remembrance of the Old Church Tower.

—WINIFRED McCLOSKEY, Sixth Grade.

ECHOES FROM THE EIGHTH GRADE.

The Purification! A great day for us! We had the happiness of being received into the Angels' Sodality. The same day marks the writing of the Semi-Annual Doctrine Test.

A fortnight later— The Day Scholars looked wondrous wise,
Having planned a "sweet" surprise—
Tempting e'en to Angels good—
For was it not pure "Angels' Food?"

THE GENTIAN

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The latest "acquisition" does not exactly hold our class breathless with the rapidity of her answers—rather,

Patience has our watchword been;
Waiting soon will make us thin.
Quick, oh quick, a sage reply,
Or, droop beneath the "blackest eye!"

It is said that enthusiasm makes weak men strong, and timid women courageous, so we are hopeful, very hopeful, that results are forthcoming, for

It's "Palmer" here,
It's "Palmer" there,

It's "Palmer" really everywhere,

with the never-ending "I want to be a Penman,
And with the Penmen stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
But a "Palmer" in my hand!

While "Angels" flit from place to place,
With beaming smiles upon each face,
They're asked to give the secret rare
That drives away all anxious care.

They answer—

"SELF-RELIANCE."

When in your happy school days
A knotty problem lies
Across the path that you must tread,
Don't weaken at its size.

Don't rush at once to Sister,
And ask her to assist,

But set your active brain at work,
And all your wits enlist.

And if you do the work yourself,
You'll stiffen up your muscle,

So you will be quite ready for
The next great mental tussle.

—MAUDE RODGERS, Eighth Grade.

MY FAVORITE FLOWER.

"In Eastern lands, they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland, their *loves* and *cares*;
Each blossom that blooms in the garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears;
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers."

Leaving aside the eastern climes, what is more beautiful on a summer morning, as one walks along the side of a hedge, its foliage still wet with dew, the leaves sparkling in the morning sunshine, than to see in the midst of the profusion of leaves, a full-blown rose! You bend over in admiration of your new-found treasure to partake of its fragrance, and for the first time your attention is attracted by the beauty of its construction.

From rose petals is made the famous and expensive attar of roses. They are distilled with about twice their weight of water, and are exposed to cold night air, in open vessels, from which in the morning a thin film of attar is removed with a feather. Twenty thousand roses are required to make only a small amount of attar.

Flowers raise our thoughts and elevate our minds to realms far

beyond this earth. Truly may it be said that flowers are nature's gems, for nowhere on the face of the globe has she been deprived of them. Not only do we find them in the haunts of men, but in the tangled depths of the forest, and in the mossy dells, where the rippling water of some stray brook sparkles o'er the rough untrodden stones.

Even on the sandy plains of Africa's great deserts, where for miles and miles one sees naught but barren waste, the eye is often relieved by the appearance of a cluster of fragrant flowers. For centuries, they have lifted their petals in the sunshine, and have wafted their fragrance like incense on the air around.

"Born to blush unseen", perhaps, by the eye of man, but can we agree with the poet that they "Waste their sweetness on the desert air"? Ah no! For though seen only by the eye of God, in this is the perfection of their existence realized.

How many times in viewing the different phases of life, do we not find characters like flowers—some reminding us of the snowy lily, whose spotless purity seems to shed a holy light on those around. What more fitting emblem of purity than the lily? Of charity, than the rose? Of joy, than the wood-sorrel? So with each and all the others. They will teach us a lesson which we might well take to heart.

"Flowers, sweet and lovely flowers,
Speaking to us from the sod,
Well we know your plaintive voices,
Gently lead us up to God."

—JESSIE RIDDEL, Eighth Grade.

TO A ROBIN.

Oh robin dear, oh robin free,
Your songs sound ever full of glee—
With joyous strains, the Lord you
praise,
For each wee bird His Law obeys!

You sing at noon, you sing at eve,
And all day long without reprieve!
In happy sunshine, in twilight grey,

Your song of thanks is a heaven-
born lay!

Oh! may we all be happy and free,
And may our hearts be ready to see
And praise the One Who reigns o'er
all,

When we hear the last, the final
Call!

—MARGARET F. COUGHLIN, '11.

MUSIC AND ELOCUTION RECITAL

On the evening of February fourteenth a Recital was given in the Academy Hall at eight p. m.

The Recital consisted of musical numbers under the direction of Miss M. Buchanan and several readings by the pupils of Miss E. A. Hopkins.

The stage of the hall was beautifully decorated with the new school pennants of green and white; and the walls were artistically draped with green and white tissue paper, which together with vines and plants made an attractive setting for the white-robed performers.

A large audience filled the hall, many of whom were members of the State Legislature, then in session in the city.