

The programme, which included fifteen numbers, was opened by two very brilliant orchestra pieces: (a) Dreams; (b) Baisez Moi, both by Snyder.

The rest of the programme was as follows:

Reading—The Duel—Miss Darlene Boysen. Chorus—Sing, Smile, Slumber (Charles Gounod). Violin Duet—Berceuse (Delbruck)—Misses M. Ketcham and A. Cross; Miss Coughlin, accompanist. Piano Quartette—Menuetto Piccolo (W. Aletter)—Misses F. Collins, J. Riddel, B. Carroll, R. Heenan. (a) Hungarian (Brahms); (b) Villia Intermezzo (Arr. by Higgs)—Orchestra. Vocal Trio—Snowflakes (Cowen). Violin Solo—Romance from II Concerto (H. Wieniawski)—Miss Mildred Ketcham. Musical Reading—Japanese Lullaby (Eugene Field)—Misses K. and M. Walsh and Miss A. Maginnis. Piano Duo—Spanish Dance (Moszkowski)—Misses M. Coughlin and A. Keefe. (a) Morning (Grieg); (b) Anitra's Dance (Grieg)—Orchestra. Reading—Making a Climax—Miss R. Cornelius. Violin Solo—Miss M. Buchanan. Æsthetic Exercises—Misses M. Martin, K. Morgan, L. Mullin, D. Shields, A. Mantey, V. Kerrigan, H. Smith, M. Sterling, J. Riddel, E. Zimmerman. (a) Ase's Death (Grieg); (b) In the Hall of the Mountain King (Grieg)—Orchestra. L. D. S.

Miss Darlene Boysen did remarkably well in her recitation—The Duel; and special mention should be made of the Japanese Lullaby, read by Miss A. Maginnis and the Misses K. and M. Walsh. The Japanese concert reading was given to the peculiar rhythm of a Japanese accompaniment.

Judging from the hearty applause which followed each performance, the audience was evidently pleased. This will of course encourage us to try again.

—MARGARET F. COUGHLIN, '11.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The twenty-second of February, nineteen eleven, will in future bring happy remembrances to the old children of the school, recalling as it will the delightful evening then spent. The entire day was pleasantly occupied, even the weather being such as must insure a good time; but it was not until evening that the real fun began.

When we entered the sitting room we were delightfully surprised to see the following invitation on the board:—
"Your goodly companie is requested at a Colonial Tea holden at ye young Ladye's School in ye



towne of Cheyenne on ye twentie-second day, which be Wednesday, of ye second month of ye year of Our Lord 1911. Ye weather to ye contrarye notwithstanding. Ye men and women folk be expected to arrive in ancient dress at earlye candlelight, which be six o'clock". No sooner had the invitation been read than all was excitement; partners had to be chosen; suitable names to be selected, and last but not least, becoming costumes donned.

When the dressing was completed all assembled, masked, in the School Hall, which was beautifully decorated with the national colors; and in one corner had been arranged a "very cosy, cosy corner". Reverend Mother and the Sisters were present. There was first a grand march led by the Goddess of Liberty and Uncle Sam. After the march the partners were presented to Reverend Mother under their assumed names, and as they were recognized they unmasked. After all had been guessed there was a dance.

At seven we took our original partners and went down to the refectory, which was tastefully decorated and looked especially pretty in the soft light of the candles placed on the various tables. After supper there was dancing, until a sleepy and tired but very happy set of girls found it was time to "court sweet slumber" in the realms of "Slumberland".

May the generations in the years to come have as sweet remembrances of Washington's Birthday as are likely to remain with us!

—HELEN TIDD, '13.

"SKETCH BOOK" UP-TO-DATE.

INTRODUCTION.

Nine or ten years ago, upon a pleasant morning, you might have seen tripping *with an elastic step*, along the passage in the Convent, some figures which would even then have been called "interesting". They were a lot of little girls about six years old, rather sturdy, wearing little aprons over dainty gingham dresses, and little slippers. They had their hair "bobbed", and their eyes sparkled with mischief. These modest and kind maidens were the creators of this book, namely, the First and Second Senior.

(This work has been taken up by the First and Second Senior because they have had so many varieties and kinds of exercises from Irving's "Sketch Book". It is hoped this will meet the approval of the public as did the original.)

THE AUTHORS' ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES.

We are always fond of variety, especially in character and manners. Even when mere children we began our travels to the Third and Fourth Senior Classroom and had great occasions to study our "hobbies". We knew every spot where a joke had been told or a smart thing said, which things happened but seldom.

This propensity strengthened with our years, and we now never neglect an opportunity. We do not know whether the satisfying of this "passion" has been for our "welfare" or otherwise, but certainly it has afforded amusement. We cannot say that we have studied with the eye

of "experienced chaperons", but rather with the sauntering gaze of beauty lovers. As it is the fashion for modern "tourists" to travel, kodak in hand, and bring home their albums filled with photos, we are disposed to give some for the entertainment of our friends. (N. B.—There may be both "pen sketches" and "kodak pictures".) (P. S.—The editor lost her kodak, so you will have to be content with descriptions.)

THE VOYAGE.

To a First or Second Senior visiting the Room of the Third and Fourth the "voyage" is a great preparative. The vast space of passage which



A HIGH SCHOOL GROUP

separates the rooms is easily compared to the Atlantic as seen by Columbus. The great fear of getting found where you ought *not* to be, is a terror in itself. Who knows when you may return to your classroom, upon starting out upon the perilous voyage?

RIP VAN WINKLE.

(This will concern ourselves. We don't want to put too much in about the Third and Fourth Senior, because they might *get angry*.) (That's a *prelude*.)

Whoever has made the voyage into our classroom must remember Miss ———. She has a decided aversion to all kinds of study and after many failures wakes up to the fact that she *did* know the answer. The

following incident did not occur in the classroom so it will not be "telling tales" to relate it:—

Certain Person—Have you seen the infirmarian? I am afraid I am getting measles. I have the funniest little bump on my chin.

Miss ———. In—for—who?

Certain Person—Infirmarian.

Miss ———. Marion! Which one? I hope she has not got them!

Certain Person. Infirmarian.

Miss ———. Marion *who*?

Certain Person. Oh! the one that takes care of us when we are sick. Rip, dost thou understand? Wake up! It has been ages since I first asked thee that question.

Miss ———. O-o-o-o-o-o-o!!! Sure! I understand now. Yes, I saw her go down the passage just a second (???) ago.

RURAL LIFE IN (ENGLAND) WYOMING.

Maybe you would not call this "Rural Life in Wyoming", but it is certainly "Rural" and it happened in Wyoming.

One of our members was asked what "climbing up a first-rate man-of-war" meant. She answered, "Climbing up a man who was good in war"!

And we have never been able to discover why she got angry when we laughed.

THE BROKEN HEART.

All we happy mortals know about broken hearts is what Blaisdell's Physiology says on page ———!!!

THE ART OF (BOOK) ESSAY-MAKING.

We have *often* (?) wondered how it comes to pass that some people who show an aversion to most things, seem to teem over with wonderful facts (and words) when told to write a composition.

One evening I was loitering near a certain library, and I satisfied my curiosity by going in. Here I recognized various people I knew, busily taking down notes. They were so busy, in fact, that they did not notice me, for which I was thankful. I discovered the name of one volume, and after my friend had departed I busied myself with it. It was very dry, but filled with a variety of facts and large words. I wondered at the time what her reason was for reading it, but found out upon hearing her composition read, a few days later.

A ROYAL POET.

This is written by one who professes (?) to be a poet and it certainly is "royal"—

Oh! king come with a spring
And bring a sling
And sing for the ring
That's on the string.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

Decidedly a spectre!!!! That's all we innocents know!

THE STAGE COACH.

In the preceding "Sketches" we have made some general observations on the classroom affairs, and will now turn to the manner in which a few of our members go home.

Farther north, where railroads have not yet intruded, stage coaches are still used. The stage coach is a large covered wagon usually drawn by



A HIGH SCHOOL GROUP

four horses. There are places on the sides for suit cases and other luggage. The inside is arranged somewhat as is a caboose, the seats being on either side of the wagon.

The stage-coachman sits anywhere he pleases. He is usually a jolly cowboy and keeps the travellers laughing all the way. He is very well versed in all things about the western country and makes the trip very interesting.

(LONDON) CHEYENNE ANTIQUES.

(Question in "*Tale of Two Cities*")—What was a peculiarity of Miss Mannette's wedding?

(Answer)—Miss Pross and Mr. Lorry were bridesmaids!!!

THE ANGLER.

We have seen some anglers, but if we were to state the amount of success we have had in the art, (for we certainly call it an art) you would not wish to have us write on the subject. As it is, we think we had better keep still.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Sleepy Hollow is up one flight of stairs. We make few visits there because the elevator has not been connected yet. No legend has yet been written, but judging from the groans and other peculiar sounds that proceed therefrom about 6 a. m. each day a "Legend" is likely to appear in the near future.

—FLORENCE COLLINS, Second Senior '13.

"RIBBON CONCERT"—FEBRUARY 9, 1911.

The Semi-Annual Ribbon Concert for the first half of the term ending, February 1911, was held in the Convent Hall, and in the awful silence of suspense which followed the recitations, songs, duos, solos, etc., given by the pupils for Reverend Mother and the Sisters, we heard read from the big black book which is seen only twice a year, the Rewards of Merit.

First Blue.—Miss Margaret Coughlin.

Second Blue.—Miss Annette Keefe and Miss Marguerite Martin.

Third Blue.—Miss Catherine Morgan, Miss Margaret Mullison and Miss Esther Bolln.

First Green.—Miss Dorothy Shields and Miss Vera Kerrigan.

Second Green.—Miss Katherine Kintz.

Third Green.—Miss Lucile McHugh, Miss Elizabeth Doody and Miss Irma Corcoran.

Fourth Green.—Miss Lucy McSweeney and Miss Elsie Linder.

Fifth Green.—Miss Johneana Montgomery.

First Red.—Miss Ethel McMahan.

Second Red.—Miss Margaret Irwin, Miss Hazel Clauser and Miss Maybelle Sloan.

Boys' Badges.—Paul Linder, Frank Brennan, Lawrence Desmond, William Gauff and Frank Horisky.

The Concert was very unpretentious, as we had been preparing for the Recital and so could not devote much time to preparation.

ESTHER BOLLN, '12.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Mrs. M. N. Greeley (ELIZABETH MCKAY, '90) of Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, in the early part of 1910 sent us a picture of her happy family, and we have fallen in love with the little girl and her four fine-looking brothers. We wish they lived in Cheyenne instead of in far-away Kansas.

Can any one give us any information about MISS LAURA RYDER, '90? We know she is married and believe she is in Denver—but beyond that our ignorance is profound.