OFFICERS.

LEWIS CLEVELAND STOCKDALE...........President
WALTER R. EYMAN......................Vice-President.
SIDNEY COLE ARMITAGE...............Secretary.
JOHN F. MORROW.......................Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

ARTHUR HALE ABBOTT,......................Red Lodge, Mont.
C. H. ADAMS,.........................Missoula, Mont.
WAYNE FOSKET ALEXANDER,.............Kalispell, Mont.
SIDNEY COLE ARMITAGE,.................Billings, Mont.
HOMER JEFFERSON BARBER,.............Dell, Mont.
FREDERICK HAYDEN BETTS,.............Harlem, Ida.
RAY ORVILLE BULLERDICK,..............Sheridan, Mont.
GEORGE WILLIAM BURKE,...............Wallace, Ida.
RUFUS ELMER CLAY,.....................Troy, Mont.
OWEN DOUGLAS DAVIS,..................Missoula, Mont.
FENYORK GILBERT DORMAN,..............Missoula, Mont.
MARK EDICK,..........................Saratoga, Wyo.
WALTER R. EYMAN,......................Livingston, Mont.
RAY R. FITTING,.......................Kooskia, Ida.
HOWARD RAYMOND FLINT,.................Bena, Minn.
CHRISTIAN ORVILLE HANSEN,............Boulder, Mont.
BENJAMIN B. HOLT,.....................Ashland, Mont.
CLAUD OSN HoughtON,.................Libby, Mont.
GLORIA BERTHA HOUGHTON,..............Libby, Mont.
DAVID DAILY JOHNSON,..................Helena, Mont.
ABBOT ROSSEAU LEARY,................Libby, Mont.
JOHN F. MORROW,.....................Gold Creek, Mont.
RAY A. PHILLIPS,......................Missoula, Mont.
JAMES E. RYAN,.......................Chetate, Wash.
MAJOR SKINNER,........................Missoula, Mont.
GLEN LAWRENCE SMUH,..................Anaconda, Mont.
JAMES WILLIAM STANTON,..............Ashland, Mont.
LEWIS CLEVELAND STOCKDALE,........Stockdale, Penn.
A. PRICE TOWNSEND,...................Augusta, Mont.
RALPH HUGO WEISS,.....................Missoula, Mont.
The 1910 Memorial Bench
LITERARY
Montana

Tell me of that Treasure State,
    Story always new,
Tell me of its beauties grand
    And it's hearts so true,
Mountains of sunset fire,
    The land I love the best,
Let me grasp the hand of one
    From out the Golden West.

Each country has its flower,
    Each one plays a part;
Each bloom brings a longing hope
    To some lonely heart,
Bitterroot to me is dear,
    Growing in my land
Sing then that glorious air —
    The one I understand.

Montana, Montana,
    Glory of the West,
Of all the states from coast to coast,
    You're easily the best.
Montana, Montana,
    Where skies are always blue,
M-O-N-T-A-N-A, Montana,
    I love you.

—Howard.
The Day is Done

The day is done at last; her heralds clothed
In flaming garments all of rose and gold
Stand at the portals of the sunset land
To make her passing beautiful and glad.
They lift their torches up to fire the sky,
And far across the broad Pacific way,
They spread a gleaming carpet for her feet
A pathway for the fair departing one.

Earth does not grieve because the day is dead
For other days will come as fair as she;
And in the haze-soft haunts of yesterday
This day still lives and will live through all time.

So may it be when day is done for me.
I want no sorrowing, no tearful grays
But earth serene and smiling and the sky
All flaming color, gorgeous rose and gold.
So may day's heralds make a path for me
Across the broad Pacific till I come
Unto the sunset land, and fearlessly
Enter the haze-soft haunts of yesterday.

Montana Buswell, '09.
AC INTYRE stood at his window, looking moodily out, a hopeless dejection and forlorness about his whole figure. His eyes rested despairingly on the campus before him, in the first, fresh, tender greenness of spring. The trees were just beginning to leaf, and there was that peculiar freshness and softness about them that can belong only to that time when the air teems with the life of growing things. It was spring, spring everywhere, and all nature tingled with the message.

Suddenly, as he gazed, almost unseeingly, something inside of MacIntyre seemed to loosen. He closed his eyes and took a long, deep breath. He was the boy of the farm again, walking through the tall, wet hay, and its perfume, the sweetest in the world, came to him with a thrill of delight. He felt again the plow under his hard, calloused hands, he felt the cold perspiration trickle down his hot face, as he stood for a moment, leaning heavily on his pitchfork. The scene brought with it a sense of peace and security such as he had not known for four lonely years. Was it worth the struggle? Would it not be better to go back and give the whole thing up? He would never be anything but an awkward, ungainly country boy. He longed for companionship, for popularity, for the hundred and one little things making college life dear which the other fellows took as a matter of course, and for which he would have given anything he possessed. He knew how the fellows regarded him—a good fellow, but among that smaller number who still had the mistaken idea that college was a place for work. He knew there was toward him none of that spirit of comaraderie and good-fellowship that they felt for the other fellows. That was the reason he had been out practicing for two months now, for the race at the big meet, to wrest from the fellows what they would not give freely, to make them notice him, to have one hour of triumph with the whole world as his.

He started abruptly, rudely awakened from his dream as a girlish voice, shrill with anger, floated up to him. He pulled aside the curtain and leaned out, to look down upon two familiar figures, Shorty Armstrong and Eleanor Wilkins, engaged in rather heated conversation.
"Why, you can't do anything. I believe you're lazy, Ellsworth Armstrong," and her voice gave scornful emphasis to the word Ellsworth. "Yes, lazy, there's no other name for it. Why, if I were a boy, a big, strong, healthy boy, and had a chance to do something like that, a chance to bring honor to my school and— a—and—win," she fairly panted the last word, she was so angry, "I'd be ashamed to stand 'round and watch other fellows do it. You're lazy, do you hear me?"

MacIntyre looked down at the slim, angry little figure confronting Shorty. He saw the flushed cheeks and the suspicious glitter of the girl's eyes. He saw Shorty make a vain attempt to open his mouth and speak, but before he could say a word, she had swept by him, her skirts seeming to cut the wind; MacIntyre felt sure he could hear the air crackle and sizzle.

He gazed down at Shorty, a wry, crooked little smile appearing at the corners of his mouth.

A deep wave of red had dyed Shorty's face from neck to temple. The blood beat hard in his ears, as he stood for a moment in utter astonishment. Shame, wonderment, anger, anger such as he had never experienced in his whole life before, succeeded each other quickly in his heart as he stood there. He bit his lip hard, while the color mounted and receded in his face, leaving him pale and trembling.

Something, he could not tell what, made Shorty glance involuntarily up at MacIntyre's window, and his face became almost purple as he saw MacIntyre leaning out.

"What's the matter, Mac, that you're not out? This is a great day to be moping around inside. Better come and take a stroll with me."

In a few moments MacIntyre was at Shorty's side, a stack of books under his arm. "I'll walk over to Main Hall with you. I have a class next hour."

Shorty seemed, all of a sudden, to become very embarrassed. "The dickens! Wonder if he heard her?" Then, aloud. "Yes, it does look like fine weather for the meet. Hear it's a regular walkover for you, Mac."
MacIntyre smiled foolishly and became very red. "You mustn't believe everything you hear," he murmured, in what he tried to make an indifferent voice; nevertheless he looked ridiculously pleased.

"Well, time alone can tell," said Shorty, with the air of a philosopher delivering himself of some great truth. He nodded brightly to MacIntyre, who disappeared into the main building.

As the heavy doors closed on his retreating figure, Shorty's air of jauntiness became less pronounced, and he slackened his speed considerably. His eyes lost their merry twinkle and for the moment became very serious. "The little spit-fire!" Then the humor of the situation overcame him, and he threw back his head and laughed loudly. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, straightened up to his full height—about five foot five—and assumed a peacock strut, whistling merrily all the while.

"Here's where Ellsworth," and he mimicked her tone exactly, "Here's where Ellsworth (the dickens with that name) Armstrong enters. It's win—win"—and he closed his mouth hard,—"or—Holy cat, but I'd give my eye teeth to know if that young innocent heard her."

For six weeks, Shorty, in his more dignified moments, Ellsworth Armstrong, practiced diligently, and for the first time in his rather desultory, aimless life, he was putting heart and soul into his work. "He'd show her. He'd beat MacIntyre. He'd show everybody." but even as he said it, he became very red at the recollection of those stinging words that had prompted this sudden determination.

The big meet was only three days off now, but oh, the agony of those three days! They were interminable, yet not half enough for the work Shorty wanted to do. When he thought of MacIntyre's long legs, a sort of chill closed around his heart. To have his school win was, of course, the big thing, but Shorty was young, only a Freshman, and still human enough to want to have the glory himself; besides she had said— Then MacIntyre was a Senior, and couldn't, simply couldn't want to win as much as he did. Mac was such a slow, plodding fellow—never seemed to get excited about anything. He was doing a fine thing, working his way through school, and going every Saturday to the little farm, to work and help support his mother. Shorty admitted all this but—. "He knows he'll win, of course, but I don't believe he cares beans about it." Thus reasoned Shorty in his youthful ignorance and cruelty.

It was the day at last, the great day, the only day which had been on the calendar to MacIntyre for three months. He sprang from bed with unusual alacrity. A peculiar sense of exhilaration and inexpressible joy pervaded his whole being. For the first time in four years he failed to note, with a secret pang and tightening of his heart, the desolate bareness and shabbiness of the little room. It was spring, this was his day, and he was going to win the race, that race whose victory had come to mean to him the only thing worth living for, the only thing in his whole life. He was happy, exuberantly, ridiculously happy.

Then abruptly, unpleasantly, that little scene that had taken place under his window six weeks before, came back to him. He heard again that angry voice, scraps of the conversation, almost forgotten, came back to tantalize him—"chance to bring
honor to my school—win.” He saw Eleanor Wilkins as she stood that day, six weeks before, confronting Shorty. He recalled her straight little figure drawn to its full height, the angry glitter of her eyes. Once before he had seen Eleanor angry. Eleanor was a Freshman, and he, MacIntyre, a Senior, but even this gulf, had not prevented him from asking her to a lecture. He would never forget, he knew, the awful, embarrassing silence, then the hard, stony expression that came into Eleanor’s eyes as she haughtily said, “I am very sorry, but I am engaged this evening.” His ardor had not been dampened, however, by even such a rebuff as this, and he continued to worship in silence and from afar, despite the fact that more than once he had hungrily watched her smile on Shorty, while he, MacIntyre, passed unnoticed.

As he stood there thinking, he suddenly became aware of a feeling of depression that had gradually been growing upon him. Something seemed to have entered in and was gnawing at his happiness, something intangible, indefinable, yet definite enough to disturb him. He hurried into his clothes and started for a long walk, thinking to throw off this feeling.

It was only half-past one when he returned from his walk and went straight to the gymnasium, a curiously drawn and set expression on his face. Already the crowd had begun to stream in, and the ticket windows were besieged by eager, pushing people who were afraid of not getting a good seat. Business men waited impatiently behind enthusiastic and much ribboned high school girls, craning their necks every now and then to see if the meet had begun, and if they were missing anything.

“You know Harry MacIntyre, do you? Of course you know him. He’s going to win the mile race today.”

Eleanor Wilkins turned around in her seat at the sound of the high, rather querulous voice. She found herself looking into the careworn face of a woman of about forty-five or fifty. That she was from the country was easily recognizable by her dress and manner.

“He’s my boy, you know. He’ll win all right. He told me he was going to, and he always does what he says. Takes after his father that way.”

Eleanor was too surprised, for the moment, to speak. She looked coldly at the woman behind her; then something in the pathetic droop of the hard coarsened hands, as they lay folded in her lap, in their black, cotton gloves which came only to the knuckles, touched her and she smiled kindly up into the face.

“Yes, I suppose he will win,” murmured the girl, but her hand tightened on the handkerchief as she said it. “Everyone expects him to win, and—and—he deserves to win,” she faltered on the last word.

“Well, now, I’m so glad you think so, I’m going to stay right here beside you and you can just tell me everything.”

Shorty sat huddled upon a bench, his short legs wiggling in the cold, a serious, intent look on his face. He saw the crowded grandstand, the officials with their badges, but they made no impression on him. He looked up quickly once, and thought he saw the flutter of a handkerchief. A warm glow enveloped his whole body. He looked again, but he saw only a blurred mass of faces.
At the touch of a heavy hand on his shoulder, Shorty turned around to look up into the red homely face of MacIntyre. Long, lank, awkward, he towered over Shorty. Shorty looked slowly at the long, loose legs, at the big, ugly hands, then at the red, homely face, and his eyes lingered unconsciously. There was a hungry, yearning look in the eyes, a strange quivering of the hard, firm mouth.

"I can win I know," MacIntyre was saying to himself: "I can win. Wouldn't mother feel proud tho? She expects me to win, I told her I'd win. And the fellows? I'd make them like me, if only for this one day. To hear them yelling and shouting my name—mine, mine—oh the joy of it!"

Already the sound was ringing in his ears. He saw himself the center of an admiring throng. The lonesome, starved heart of the boy cried out for this one, exquisite pleasure. He demanded it as his right. Then he looked down at the brown head so far below him. "It can't mean more to him—no, it can't but the fellows would rather have him win and he'll enjoy it more, and she wants him to win," and he smiled grimly to himself at this. He closed his mouth hard and clinched the hand that hung at his side, until the nails pressed into the flesh, and he felt the blood come.

Shorty looked around just in time to see a curious smile overspread MacIntyre’s face. He thought, reluctantly to himself, that he had never seen anything sweeter. "Why, Mac was almost handsome."

But even as he look a pang of jealousy seized him, and he had almost a hatred for MacIntyre. "Feels sort of sure of winning I suppose. I wouldn't be so darned certain if I were he. Wouldn't go around with that satisfied grin, anyhow." Shorty knew this was unjust, but he felt too mean to care just then.

"Shorty," and Shorty felt the hand again tighten hard on his shoulder. "Shorty, you're going to win, old chap, and you must win—must, do you hear me?" and the voice choked the last word. Shorty looked up in surprise just as the last ca’l for the mile sounded.

Shorty took his place next to MacIntyre. His legs trembled and he felt cold all over. His heart thumped until he felt sure the whole grandstand could hear it. "Wonder if she could hear it and knew what a coward he was?" He moistened his dry lips, gritted his teeth hard and bent over, ready to dart forward.

The pistol sounded and Shorty started mechanically. A fresh breeze blew full on his hot face, and, then, for the first time, long, oh, long ago, since the first pistol sounded, he was conscious of his surroundings. He saw MacIntyre’s long legs ahead of him and his heart sank.

It was on the third lap when suddenly Shorty became conscious that somebody had darted ahead of MacIntyre. He could not see whom, but Shorty bent every muscle to the struggle, his eyes riveted straight ahead.

"They must win, they must." He no longer thought of himself, his own glory, but only of his college, of her honor. But he never could—no, he never could last all that way 'round. The blood was pounding in his head and he ached all over. Just a few paces more and he felt he would fall in a heap.

"MacIntyre! MacIntyre! MacIntyre!" These cries rose one after another, shouted by hundreds of hoarse, mad voices.

Once more Shorty pulled himself together, and with a wave of relief, saw MacIntyre ahead, his long legs flying out behind him. Shorty thought, then, he had never
seen such a welcome sight as those long lean legs. He could drop over, now. Mac-
Intyre would get there—the day would be saved yet and MacIntyre was a mighty good
fellow anyhow.

"Rah, rah, rah! MacIntyre! Long legs! MacIntyre!" The whole grand-
stand had risen and they seemed to sway back and forth with excitement.

"But he's giving out, he's giving out, at the very end too. What a shame!"

They were on the last stretch, and MacIntyre was at least five yards ahead. Shorty
gasped and then MacIntyre seemed to hesitate, but just for a moment—then he
fell back, breathing heavily, and Shorty simply shot past him and fell over the
line in a heap. On the grandstand, a brown eyed girl was bending over an old
woman, whispering words of sympathy, although her eyes were glistening.

"Pretty, plucky fellow, that little one. But what happened to that big fellow?
He seemed to give out at the very last. Too bad."

"But he didn't seem at all winded when he came in. That's the funny part of it."

These and various other remarks floated to the ears of MacIntyre as he stood
leaning against the grandstand, fairly beaming.

"Doesn't seem much cut up about it. That's going too far though, to wear a grin
like that. I like to see a fellow lose hard." MacIntyre caught these words as
one of the fellows, passing by, glanced at him curiously. The grin became rather
grim as he looked after him, and he turned away, rather sadly, to go into the gymnasium
and dress.

About half an hour later, as he came out, he was seized by Shorty who took his
hand and wrenched it hard in his grasp. Not a word passed between them for a
full minute, while the blue and brown eyes met in a long look of eloquent understand-
ing. Then MacIntyre broke into a laugh as he looked down into the eager boyish
face, into the already adoring blue eyes of Shorty, and his face softened.

"Well, I guess I'm in for it now. Look, Shorty," and both boys turned to
look at two figures approaching, the one, slim and girlish; the other, tall and angular.
The faces of both were wrinkled in smiles.

"Oh, Mr. MacIntyre," and the girl took both the big hands in hers. "The
President said you did the most sportsmanlike thing he had ever seen done. Will
you let me tell you, that it was the most courageous, the most beautiful thing I ever
want to see," and as she looked into the bright face, smiling so happily down at her,
a great lump rose in her throat, and she felt herself winking back the tears. The
older woman stood unobtrusively by, smiling in a happy, peaceful way, as she looked
at the tall boy before her.

"Oh, Shorty, this is awful. What is it going to be first? A bunch of violets
(and he smiled down at the girl) or your highly prized cat's eye," and Shorty
chuckled in pure glee.

—Helen A. Wear, '12.
The morning star hung gleaming in the west;
The morning mist still lingered on the peaks;
Yet in a grassy vale of Hindu Kush,
A motley crowd of people, flocks, and carts
Surged to and fro,—a mighty multitude,
With droning buzz of voices like the hum
Of countless locusts whirring through the air;
Upon the green a crude stone altar rose;
Upon it lay the sacrificial flesh,
Before it stood the rough-garbed, bearded priest,
Who raised his large hands high above his head.
The crowd, its moving ceased and silent stood,
As clearly came the reverent words of prayer
From him who stood before the altar's flame.
"O gold-robed God of beauteous, breaking day,
Hear now thy children of the gladsome earth
Who journey hither toward thy draped tents
That spread each eve their gay folds in the west.
O, give us courage as we hither go
To seek more light beyond these dreary peaks."
The morning prayer was ended as the smoke
Rose fragrant toward the zenith's hazy gray:
There came the clang of roughly fashioned arms,
The cries of children, and the bleat of flocks,
The lumbering of rough carts by oxen drawn,
And forward toward the purple unknown west,
The vast procession moved to seek the light.

The Aryan priest for centuries in the vale
Of sacred Indus has his last rest made.
But ever has his mighty race pressed on
With his old cry of conquest, "Light, more light."
Its knights have scoured the yellow desert's plain,
Have suffered winter's chill and summer's heat;
The monk in cell has spent the fleeting hours
And borne the bitter pain and solitude;
The Greek the snowy marble chiseled well,
And striving well, coaxed heroes from the stone;
Then crossed the changing sea the Genoese
To grasp the jeweled isles set in the deep—
But whether round the gay symposium board
Athenians lounged to hear wise Socrates,
Or Phidias carved the splendor of his Zeus,
Or Raphael touched the canvas with his brush
And lo! an infant's face shone sweetly pure,
Or Milton heard the heavenly music sweet
That vibrates through the boundless universe,
Or Goethe saw the truth of human life
And set it in the scope of living art,—
Like struggling buds of bright, puissant spring,
That seek to bask in heaven's golden light,
The race has sought to burst its heavy bonds,
And find somewhere Truth's whole, eternal light.

Since Alcuin taught first within the court
Of Chivalry's bold hero Charlemagne,
The armored knight and richly gown'd dame,
The college has in trumpet tones e'er called
The race to seek the ever beckoning light;
Like Agamemnon's torches burning bright,
It ever flashes high the signal flame
Of Truth from height to height and shore to shore
Where smoke of factories pales the glowing red
Of morning's glory in the eastern sky,
Or mountain peaks throw up their heaving crests
From valleys green with flocks upon the mead,
Or flowing plains lie soft and gently warm
'Neath living light from summer's clearest skies,
The college there lifts high its towers aloft,
And to the race says, "On, let us seek on,
For in the depths of life's immense unknown,
There shall we find forever, 'Light, more light.' "

—Florence De Ryke, '12.
ARIE, remember that I trust you to help Ethel in all ways. She is my baby and all I have left. See that she gets along all right, and does not get lonely."

"How queerly auntie writes!" Marie ejaculated to herself. "Anyone would think that Ethel were a baby. Imagine her dependent on me for anything!" and a low laugh rippled from between her lips.

"Marie, oh Marie!" Ethel's voice interrupted her reading, and the letter fluttered to her lap, as a tall dark-haired girl rushed into the room. Through a fly-away mass of hair two eyes sparkled merrily. Her lips curved into a contagious smile, and the poise of her head defied trouble.

"I am going skating, you with the pink cheeks. Don't you want to take care of this until I get back?" "This" was a small tin box which she held in one hand. "The girls all paid their class dues today, and so there is quite a bit of money in the box. I hate to leave it in my room while I'm gone, because, you remember, the matron warned us against Helen, the new maid. Say, by the way, have you seen her? The girls say she looks like me. I wonder if she really does. Well, I must be off or I will miss that car. Here, I'll put the box in your desk-drawer. Farewell, dear coz." She laughed, and with a light hurried kiss she was gone.
After the door had closed Marie quietly went on with her reading. When she finished her mail, she found that she couldn’t study without a book that she had lent one of her classmates. She hurried off down the hall.

As she came slowly back about forty minutes later, she noticed wonderingly that a faint rectangle of yellow showed on the wall opposite her room. Her heart jumped convulsively; she stopped with her hand on the door-knob. Her first thought was of the money in her desk-drawer. It was not much, and yet it was not hers.

“I am sure I turned my light off before I went down to see Gertrude. Who can be in my room?” Marie asked herself, as she hesitated before the door. Resolutely she turned the knob and softly opened the door. She stopped just as she got inside, and a surprised gasp escaped her involuntarily. There, over the desk, bent a tall figure in a soft loose kimona. A dark heavy braid hung down her back, which was turned to the center of the room. The opening of the door had been so noiseless that she was not interrupted.

Marie started to speak. With recognition of the black braid had come a wave of relieved feeling. It was only Ethel after all. And yet—What would Ethel be doing there? She had gone skating not more than an hour before; she couldn’t be back yet. She stood irresolutely in the doorway trying to frame in her mind a plausible explanation for her cousin’s appearance.

“Ethel, what are you doing?” The sound of the tone startled the girl bending over the desk, and she quickly reached out and turned the electric switch. Under cover of the darkness, she glided softly across the room and through the side door—the door leading into Ethel’s room.

Stumbling dazedly in the dark, Marie reached the other side, and fumbled the light on again. The drawer of her desk stood open, and a glance showed that the tin box, which she had left there, was gone.
Two perplexed wrinkles furrowed themselves in the girl's forehead, and her mouth puckered into a low whistle of wonderment. What could Ethel have wanted with the class-money, and how had she come back so quickly?

"I will go and ask her what the meaning of all this can be," she decided to herself, and turned to follow in the direction that the girl had taken. She opened the door quickly, and said as she did so:

"When did you get home, Ethel?" But the room was dark, and in the same state of confusion that it was in when Ethel left for skating.

Marie turned back. The perplexed wrinkles in her forehead deepened, and her eyes widened, as she went to her own room. Here she looked fixedly and unseeingly at the open drawer in her desk. It couldn't all be a dream, for there, before her own eyes, was the empty drawer.

"I am as sure as can be that the girl who was here was Ethel, and yet what could she have been doing with the box, and where is she now?" She would ask Ethel to explain it, when she saw her, she decided, and made her preparations for bed.

Throughout the night, vague shadows haunted her dreams, and a bent figure beckoned to her from every corner of her sleep. One time the figure straightened itself to look suddenly about with its finger upraised, saying, "I, Ethel, am taking this money, but you will be accused of the theft." So familiar was the voice, and so realistic the figure, that Marie awoke with a start. The light was just drifting in through a crack in the shades, and one long strip fell across the still open drawer with an accusing finger.

"I? I accused of the theft? How?" she asked herself, fully awake by this time. Suddenly it all came to her. The box was left in her care. No one knew where it was. Ethel had gone skating, and, while she was gone, the money had disappeared. Who else but she, Marie, would be suspected? What could Ethel want with the money? Oh! She remembered now! That very morning her cousin had complained, because she had not a new pair of skates. The money would be more than enough to buy them. But surely, Ethel, her own cousin, would not stoop so low as to steal. Marie shuddered as she expressed the word to herself. Evidence was against her though, surely. A cold perspiration stood out on her face as she unwillingly came to the conclusion that, as far as she could see, the thief must have been her cousin.

"I can't believe she took it", she half wailed. Then the dream voice seemed to repeat its prophecy. Could it be that Ethel had taken the money and done everything in such a way that suspicion should point to her? The very forming of this thought made Marie shiver, and she rose quickly to dress and hurried into the out-doors to walk off her doubt.

When she returned, she was surprised to see how late it was. Breakfast was over, and the girls were talking in groups about the lower hall, waiting for the bell to call them to the assembly room. One glance sufficed to show Marie that something unusual had occurred. The girlish faces were flushed, and their eyes sparkled with excitement. A sudden hush pervaded the hall, when Marie entered, and no
one spoke to her as she crossed to the stairway and climbed to her room. The girls had found out that the money was gone, she decided. Did they suspect her already? How would Ethel take the news?

Wearily the girl tidied herself and room, and started out with her books under her arm. As she came down the stairs she heard one of the girls say sharply, “Well, who else could have done it? Of course she did.”

Marie trembled at the unsympathetic tone. In spite of the cold stares and silence that met her approach, she advanced bravely up to the girls and followed the rest to their places in the assembly hall as the bell rang, and then waited in strained silence for the matron’s words.

“Girls”, the matron’s voice was low and sweet, “We need make no hidden allusions to the sad thing that has happened. I have decided to speak to you at this time frankly, openly, about the disappearance of the Freshman class money. We have Miss Dunlop’s word that she placed the box in Miss Farnsworth’s care when she went skating. Beyond that we know nothing save that, when Miss Dunlop went to get the money this morning, she found the room empty, and the box gone. I see that Miss Farnsworth is in the assembly now. If she can explain the disappearance of the money, which I feel confident she can do, will she please rise and do so?”

A deathlike hush weighed down the whole assembly. The matron calmly looked at the girl in the back seat. Every eye was turned in her direction too, but the girl did not speak. Her gaze wandered from the matron about the room, until it rested on a dark head in one corner. The head was bowed slightly, but the eyes seemed to flash a meaning look across the room. As clearly as though she had spoken, the sad, frightened eyes seemed to say, “Don’t speak! Don’t!”
Marie's eyes brightened, her head raised itself a little, and she looked directly into the matron's face, as she said in a voice that trembled but slightly, "I have nothing to say, Miss Evans."

The hush gave place to a confused flutter; subdued voices exclaimed and wondered.

"Silence, young ladies!" the matron commanded sharply. "Perhaps what Miss Farnsworth has to say cannot be said here. Perhaps she knows nothing. Who the thief is must be discovered sooner or later, and, for the sake of the reputation of the school, and for the protection of the girl herself, I wish to urge the guilty one to come to me quietly and refund the money. She has been punished sufficiently by this time, I am sure, and, if she comes to me alone, no one shall ever know who it was. I will deal with her myself."

Marie secretly rejoiced at the words. Now Ethel would have a chance to redeem herself. She glanced at Ethel across the room, and was surprised to meet a look from cold piercing eyes. Beyond a doubt there was no sign of repentence in the disdainful gaze; only a quickly expressed denunciation.

"If any girl", the matron went on, "knows anything about the theft, or can tell me her grounds for suspecting any one, come to me with your story. Don't talk about it among the girls. That is all. Go to your classes, and remember that I will be in my office all morning."

Marie quickly went to her own room. Here she tossed her books on the table, and threw herself dejectedly on the bed.

"Will Ethel speak? Will she exonerate me?" she asked herself as she lay there.

She recalled the cold stares and silent accusation of the girls that morning. The matron's face, surprised and grieved at her silence, appeared before her.

"I can't stand it", she cried aloud, "I will go to Miss Evans and tell her all I know about it. Accused of stealing money belonging to the Freshman class! Oh, no! I can't bear to be blamed for such a petty theft. I can't have my name linked with any such rumor!"

She jumped to her feet, and began to cross the room. She stopped half-way.

"Marie, remember that I trust you to help Ethel in all ways." The words of her aunt's letter flashed through her mind. She glanced at the door of the room that separated her from Ethel.

"I will go to her and tell her that I know who did it, and ask her to go to Miss Evans and explain—No—that would not help Ethel. If she is honorable she will go herself. Oh, why doesn't she come to tell me that it is she who is guilty and not I. Doesn't she see that the girls blame me?—I am not guilty—I will go to her!"

She stumbled half blindly across the room, when her eye fell upon the picture in a silver frame on her dressing table. The eyes met hers squarely; the mouth was bowed into a soft smile which seemed to say, "I love you, Marie. We have been friends so long!"
"I can't do it, Ethel!" she murmured brokenly to the picture. Her mouth ceased trembling. The wrinkles smoothed themselves from her forehead, and her eyes lost their staring brightness. From her parted lips a confused string of words tumbled.

"No—she is my cousin—I won't—I can't. I will give her a chance to clear herself."

As the muscles of her face relaxed, she became weak and limp all over, and she dropped into a rocking chair. Only a minute did she remain so. Her glance fell on the school books on the table; the clock struck the half-hour. Resolutely she arose, took up her books, and with a glance and a nod to the pictured face on the dressing-table, she went out to class.

Miss Evans was awakened from her troubled sleep early the next morning, by footsteps outside her door. She jumped up, and hurriedly throwing a dressing-gown over her, she went to the door to see a tall figure in a long coat hurrying down the passage with a small satchel in her hand.

"Ethel Dunlop!" she exclaimed.

The girl turned quickly, and her eyes burned with a frightened light under the heavy mass of her black hair. When she saw the matron in the doorway, she started and a shrill scream pierced the grey, dusky hall. Doors flew open on both sides of the hall, and kimonied figures flitted from every direction. In the far corner crouched the figure. The air buzzed with questions and exclamations.

"Ethel!" the matron commanded. "Come here! What are you doing here at this time of morning dressed to go out?"

As the matron spoke the name "Ethel" so sharply, a frightened look gleamed in the eyes of a small girl on the edge of the anxious group; she looked steadily at a tall girl in front of her. Could it be that Ethel had not confessed, and that Miss Evans had discovered who it was? But who had screamed?

At the quick command the girl in the corner started and her fingers released their hold on the bag in her hand. The catch loosened, it struck the floor, and countless small coins rolled and clattered on the hard wood. When she saw the money rolling on the floor, the girl turned quickly and straightened herself to meet the inevitable, like a stag at bay.

"Helen! The Freshman Class money!" ejaculated the matron in one breath. The words sounded clearly through the silent hall. Then every tongue seemed loosed; every girl exclaimed and wondered at the same time. Under cover of that din of many voices, two girls expressed simultaneously their relief in the longing petition—"Oh, cousin, forgive me!"
