

"Young man," shouted an irate, choking individual, "whatcha doin' to my fence? I'll not have an art gallery out of it. Shake a leg, thar, and rip ever' piece o' them gaudy pictures off o' thar."

He punctuated his remarks by unceremonious shakes and concluded them by dancing young James all over the sidewalk. When his head had settled back in its normal position, Jimmie took a sidelong glance at the irritated one. It was not Mr. Hanley.

That evening, long past the hour of his engagement, there stalked home a young gentleman, furious, sullen, and morose—no dimes, no dinner, all work. Worst of all, his dignity was irreparably damaged. By a curious transition, the blame was soon entirely the girl's. The tone of his homeward soliloquy was, "Down with the Women."

In another home in this same city there sat a young lady, also furious, sullen, and morose. The tone of her soliloquy was "Down with the Men."

DOROTHY WOLFE.

REVIEW OF THE TEACHERS

Impressive is his pompadour,
Now of boy friends he has a score,
But girls are most afraid of him
And guess his name is Jacob Jim.
He cares for nothing but his work
Which he's n'er been known to shirk.
He never laughs but he can roar.
Now who is he?

Her hair is light, her eyes look gray,
She mixes up things all the day,
To tearing up she over-sees.
For real home-making holds the keys.
In 'ssembly sits she in her chair,
But never once has moved from there.
And looks thru glasses ev'ry way.
Now who is she?

Her hair is black and dress dark red.
She likes good order it's been said
She wears some glasses on her nose
That always notice when you doze.
She's glad to help us, ev'ry one,
And seasons work often with fun.
She can be advised but not led.
Now who is she?

Complexion pink with golden locks,
He regulates the high school clocks,
And writes excuses every day
For every one that's been away.
He gets mad when money falls
And echoes far out in the halls.
He's for confession, not for knocks.
Now who is he?

With quiet voice and silent step,
She never would let us use "pep."
She has a stack of books in store,
Which Seniors borrow once or more.
She knows quotations by the roll.
Can translate a Latin scroll.
But she'd ne'er let us use "pep."
Now who is she?

With morning bell she then comes in,
And at evening bell, returns again.
But what she really does between,
Some few have guessed, but none have seen.
With her, she carries a magic stick
To encourage some to hurry quick.
But just say "cold," and she will grin.
Now who is she?

Now with a smile she does appear
Upon the platform twice a year.
She stays at high school not all day,
But few know when she is away.
And to her, pupils oft are sent
For moulding artistic temperament.
She seldom touches earth, I fear.
Now who is she?

Much busier than a freshman true,
With even more than one could do,
She's always hurrying in the halls.
With regular clatter her step falls.
She holds special session every day,
For pupils who just want to play,
And makes them learn before she's thru.
Now who is she?

Witty she, the headlight of the school,
Always has words and time to fool.
With magnetism in her eye,
She attracts boys in Princeton High.
Oft spices English with some jokes,
And grammar, so I've heard, with strokes.
She's the warmest friend now when she's cool.
Now who is she?

Shy as a mouse and yet each day
She's always getting in the way
On Hammond's path and walking slow,
'Till 'gether up the street they go.
She talks in class and, if not stopped, it's true
Would never stop the whole day thru,
When from the subject she would stray.
Now who is she?