

the cheery presence of Adjutant General Gatchell. We hope to see our dear friends of the G. A. R. again next year. We appreciate the opportunity they gave us of honoring our country's veterans.

One! Two! Three! Four! Who are we for? G. A. R.!

—MILDRED KETCHAM.

### THE GRADUATES' PARTY.

On May 25th, the High School girls assembled in the Academy Hall for the Graduates' Party.

The preparations had been going on for days and regular meetings



A HIGH SCHOOL GROUP

had been held after school. The invitations said three o'clock, but it seemed as though the time would never come!

The first amusement was a newspaper to be written by the graduates. The paper was arranged in columns, the headings being at the head of each, and the paper was called "The Teachers' Great Enlightener." Considerable time was given for the writing, and when the school bell rang the pages were well filled.

Now no doubt this school bell needs some explanation. The First and Second Years had prepared an entertainment for the Third and Fourth Years. This was a play called "The District School." The name speaks for itself. The stage was fixed up as a school room. The pupils ate candy, talked, and had a singing lesson during school. The director

came to visit the school and then the class prophecy, arranged alphabetically, was read by two of the enrolled pupils.

When this was finished a simple guess game was given to decide the newspaper prize, for the correcting of the papers was too arduous a task. The first prize, a book, "The Honorable Peter Stirling", was won by Miss Annette Keefe.

At half-past five our games were interrupted by the Benediction bell and we all filed into chapel.

At six we went to the refectory for refreshments. The refectory was prettily decorated with marguerites. The favors were fans trimmed with marguerites. The souvenirs for the graduates were silver "Cheyenne spoons."

Supper being over, the rest of the evening was devoted to dancing. At nine o'clock the party broke up and everyone claimed to have had a very enjoyable time.

Here are some extracts from "The Teachers' Great Enlightener":

DEATH NOTICES.—A small dog belonging to Miss M. Martin.

A little brown rat found dead in St. Ann's dormitory. Post mortem will be held to-morrow.

Common-sense and sorrow died last evening.

LOCALS.—Du Croquet (French grammar) was seen walking arm-in-arm with Annette Keefe.

Monsieur Syms (our French author) is thinking of taking a trip to Europe, as popular feeling is hard towards him.

HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN.—Win their confidence. Give them candy. Study their lessons. Allow talking. Keep your temper. For further advice apply to Miss A. Keefe, 4th Year, who already has her teacher's Certificate.

R. CORNELIUS.

LOST OR FOUND.—*Lost!* Some good practical teachers in a country school, who, when they heard the coyotes howl, thought they were in the Trojan War!

*Lost! Strayed! or Stolen!* Many good resolutions and high ideals. If found please return to R. C. Ranch.—M. COUGHLIN.

A. MANTEY, '12.

## THE GRADUATES OF 1911.

Miss Annette Keefe, the valedictorian of the class, has been a well known figure in the Academy corridors since the advanced age of two years and six months. We shall miss the name "Keefe" from our Register, for it has been there for many, many years.

Miss Marguerite Martin has been a member of the school since before reaching the age of reason! We can remember her as a tiny tot who took great delight in her curls.

Miss Ruth Cornelius entered the Second Year High School as a boarder in the year 1908. She has been most zealous in procuring specimens for the science classes, and "Jake" was long the bogy and terror of the younger members.

Miss Margaret Coughlin of Laramie entered the school as a Sixth

Grade pupil. She has always devoted special time and attention to music, and we predict for her a successful future as a pianist.

## THE CHOIR PICNIC.

The choir picnic was held at Bradley's Spur on Wednesday, May 31st. This is the first year that the boarders have been privileged to attend the picnic, as hitherto the date set has been for a day after our departure for home.

On the eventful morning our slumbers were disturbed at half-past four, and possibly there may have been like disturbances in many Cheyenne homes at the same hour—for even at a picnic one must look one's best, and the little fairy touches must not be neglected!

We had Mass at half-past five and breakfast at six, and by six-forty we were well on our way to the station; but oh bliss! there were neither baskets nor bundles to be carried, as everything in the edible line had been sent on ahead.

Our car (one all to ourselves) left the Burlington station at 7:10 a. m., and the two-hour ride passed all too quickly. The country looked delightfully fresh and green and the glimpses of the mountains made one long to climb them.

When our car was side-tracked we felt at liberty to seek our picnic grounds. There were ten of the Sisters with us, so there was no fear of our not faring well. Early as it was (hardly half-past nine) most of us began to feel we had had a very early breakfast, so the cans and baskets were soon removed from the car and a fire was soon roaring under the great coffee-pot.

After lunch we explored the hills and prairies to our hearts' content, and made love to the Chugwater Creek, for it was so cool and inviting that even the sedate grads. could not resist its invitation, and most of us took to the water like ducks! We saw several rattlers, and, in fact, almost stepped on one that was taking a mid-day siesta in the middle of the road. Had we done so our memories of the day might not be quite so happy!

Several of the girls went with some of the Sisters to the Underwood Ranch. Mrs. Underwood was most courteous and showed all the charms of her pretty home. Six little pigs (in *their* home, *not* in Mrs. Underwood's) seem to have made a special impression.

After supper we re-entered "our car", but the C. & S. was late (unusual occurrence!) so we did not reach Cheyenne till after 8 p. m. Some



of us had a glorious auto ride, as Mr. Dinneen brought two parties of us home in his sight-seeing auto. So ended a happy day; and all of us—day scholars and boarders—looked a very tired and sleepy set when seated at our desks—supposedly hard at work—on the first of June!

—DOROTHY SHIELDS, '12.

### CLASS PROPHECY OF 1911.

Sitting in the gathering twilight thinking of the four sweet graduates of 1911, I fell into a gentle sleep, and in my dream I met these four in their different paths of life.

Trying to make my way through the crowds on a New York wharf, I brushed against a very excited and flustered woman, speaking first to a tall straight man on her right, who seemed to be her husband, and next giving all manner of injunctions to some one whom she called Boniface. This Boniface appeared to be deaf and the woman's loud talking attracted my attention. On looking a second time I recognized Margaret Coughlin! She said she was so happy and she was on her way to Europe, having been married shortly before; in fact she was on her wedding tour and was actually going to cross the ocean! I watched the steamer slowly leave the wharf and then found my way back to the hotel.

Then my dream was changed and I found myself walking down a beautiful lane early in the morning, when suddenly the sound of a cracked school bell broke the silence. Walking in that direction I met some of the little children on their way to school, their hands filled with flowers.

"What are you going to do with the flowers?" I asked.

"Us is going to give them to teacher," was the answer.

"What is your teacher's name?" I asked again.

"Miss Martin."

When I heard this I determined to go with them and see if the teacher could be one of our sweet girl graduates. Looking in at the door I saw a straight stiff teacher sitting at the desk, with two curls hanging down at either side of her face, looking over her black-rimmed spectacles and with a long black ruler in her hand. She stood waiting for the children to enter. She looked at me but did not recognize me, so began hearing the lessons.

I finally walked up to her and said, "Why Marguerite, don't you remember me?" She said she did, but asked me to wait until the lessons had been heard. "I *never* let *anything* interfere with my duty," she said. It sounded so familiar; she always said that at school. But just to think of Marguerite Martin a district school teacher in the backwoods! What about the ————?

I invited the district school teacher to come to town with me, for it had been so long since her last visit to the city. We were about to enter the street car when we saw the Academy rank; it looked so natural that we waited to see the girls pass. But who should we see at the end but Annette Keefe. "Good afternoon, how do you do, Annette?" we both said. "Sh-sh-sh-h-h, my name is Sister Symphorosa now!" and she passed on.

I had seen all but Ruth and was wondering where she could be, when a prim old maid passed by cuddling a white poodle and talking so tenderly

to it. This surely can not be Ruth, thought I; but it was. Yes, she said, she still lived in Cheyenne and had another dog, five cats and a parrot. But she could not stop longer, she was just taking her poodle for his constitutional and it was almost his bed time. "Come and see me," she said, and hurried off still talking to the poodle.

With this last vision I awoke, and fell to wondering whether my dreams were true prophets. Well, time will tell, and perhaps in less than ten years' time those who read this "Prophecy" may find within it some "crumbs" of truth.

—ESTHER BOLLN, '12.

### THE CHRONICLE.

*To all who can laugh without a sneer or a knock, and who can be laughed at without a feeling of bitterness!*

Well, after two months of much-enjoyed freedom and pleasure we returned once more to travel the "flowery path of knowledge." The mor-



THE CONVENT IN WINTER

ning after our arrival we entered the classroom and espied an enormous pile of books on each desk. As we turned over a few pages of Geometry and glanced at some of the propositions, they appeared as Chinese puzzles. Cæsar had not such a dreadful appearance, because we were somewhat acquainted with him.

The first week we wandered around impatiently, our books lying idly on our desks, for as yet the thought of studying had not taken the place

of our summer pleasures. The mournful "wail" from each and every one was, "I wish the Christmas holidays were here!" Our school picnic helped to brush some of the cobwebs of lonesomeness from our brains.

One crisp November morning when the frost had turned the green leaves to yellow and red, and the autumn winds had gathered them in great heaps; when the snowflakes were making an appearance in the frosty air, one of the "brilliant" Seniors came in with a geometrical proposition to be proved by the Juniors in concrete form.

*The example.*—"To prove a certain Senior a parallelopiped." I will

not mention the name because there is such abundance of "brightness" among the Juniors (if no notice be taken of blank spells) that they would have succeeded in proving the Senior in question a veritable parallelopiped had not some of the corollaries upset the deductions.

In November we had a pretty concert for Martinmas, Reverend Mother's feast-day. The stage was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves and the Hall looked very pretty in its holiday dress. A few days later Reverend Mother Provincial paid the Rockies a visit. We repeated our concert for her, and we think our efforts were even more successful than they had been on Martinmas. This time the stage was decorated with trailing vines and wistaria.

Miss E. A. Hopkins, our new elcution teacher, came in the fall. Classes were at once organized both for Expression and for Physical work, and we all feel we have profited by them.

Father D. Scott and Fr. Groener came to Cheyenne in the early winter. We hope they will learn to love Wyoming as much as we do, for

then we are sure they will not be spirited away from us by larger and more attractive cities.

On the evening of December 16th, shortly before the holidays, we had our Christmas play, "The Yule-tide Fairies." The members of the High School (as a whole) being on *hard study* bent (!) found it impossible to take active part in the play, though their melodious voices added to the harmonious singing of the Carols. Nevertheless, four of the principal characters in the play were impersonated by High School pupils.

The dances were especially pretty and the audience fell in love with

