

his ears when she so strangely declined him. Could he be going mad, he asked? The principal was too worried to answer, but his friend's last words put an idea into his head. He sent for a physician and at least partially confirmed his fears that she was suffering from a kind of insanity. A telegram was sent to Miss Devon's parents and they came to take her away to a sanatorium.

On the evening of their departure, a group of big-eyed girls gathered in the study to discuss sadly the fate of their beloved teacher.

"Did you hear," said one, "that she never had a little sister, Jane, or a brother?"

"Yes," sighed another, "she is an only child and her father is a carpenter and her mother not an invalid at all."

"They are as poor as can be."

"Well," drawled a little girl from the South, "I'm mighty sorry for her folks, but I'm glad I'm not a prodigy. I reckon it's just as well to go slow and keep your wits. Come on, let's go to bed."

That night the light was out in Mary Edith's room before the retiring bell rang, nor did it appear there again at forbidden hours.

—Jennie Lilly, '10.



A Vanquished Race

MANY years ago, before white man set his foot on the soil of the great Pacific Northwest, there dwelt a mighty race of Indians, called the Willamettes. They were so powerful that all the great tribes of the Puget Sound were allies to them and even the Indians of the east, knew of their existence. These Indians dwelt along the banks of the great Oregon river, or the Columbia, as the white men came to call it.

Perhaps the greatest man of this Indian confederacy was Mult-