COMMERCIAL COURSE IS MOST POPULAR AT LINCOLN HIGH

Only One of Graduating Class of 63 Majors in Latin—Many to Continue Studies in College.

THE commercial course is the most popular among the members of the graduating class of Lincoln High School this term, 19 of the 63 members of the class being graduated from that course.

Seventeen members of the class are registered from the High School of Commerce, but as that school was organized after the class was they will be graduated with the Lincoln graduates. After this semester each school will graduate its own classes.

The English course and the college preparatory course each will graduate nine pupils, and the teaching course eight.

German and domestic science are the majors of five each, and domestic art also will graduate five. The Latin course, that used to be the most popular, has but one graduate this semester. The French course has one, and three scientific majors are included in the class.

Forty of the class are girls and 23 boys. Not one boy is among the members of the teaching course majors, and more than half the commercial students are girls.

Twenty-four of the class intend to go to college, either this semester or in September. Nine will go to Oregon Agricultural College, the University of Oregon will get four, two will go to Reed College, one to Wisconsin State Normal School, one to the Oregon State Normal, one to Forest Park University, one to the University of Washington, and one to the University of Wisconsin. Clara Barton intends going to the University of California after completing a two-year course in pre-medics at a Los Angeles school.

Two members of the class will take post-graduate work at Lincoln High School. Two others will teach this year. The rest of the class will stay at home for a year at least.

The photographs of Elmer Colwell and Gladys Stephens do not appear, although they are members of the class.

PHOTOS BY THE REASLEYS

GIRL LOSES MAN AND SUFFERS LONG UNTIL SHE MEETS THE WRETCHED WOMAN WHO GOT HIM

Wooer Leaves Her After Summer of Careless Lovemaking—Unhappy Years Follow—She Turns to Seek Rest in Waves, Only to Find Another, and Hear Story That Sends Her Back With Head High.

BY MARY INEZ MARTIN.

THE girl had reached the meeting-point of brook and river with restive feet, impatient to be off and into the fray of life. Was she, in turn, to become like her mother asthmatic and stout, she wondered—a long black veil and a pretty daughter all that were left of her romantic girlhood dreams? She shoped not. Oh, for her fling—now—quick, she longed.

Then had come that memorable dance at the Country Club and the tall man with the bright, restless eyes. That was the beginning. This is usually the beginning—the haphazard, accidental beginning of the long life-story that is to follow. "'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round," proclaimed the orchestra in two-step time, as if divining the girl's thoughts as round and round they circled in time with this new and original discovery as to the rotary motion of the earth. And all night long, after the music had stopped and the lights were out, she listened to the echo of the waves singing "'Tis love, 'tis love—how her own little world had now begun to spin 'round, too.

The next morning from her nook behind the clematis the girl studied the faces of the women around her. Why did they not express more happiness, she wondered, why were so many faces written close and fine with hieroglyphs of cynicism, hypocrisy, disappointment when the world was so full of sweetness and beauty? She was too young to know it is this same motive power that makes everybody's world go 'round, but that sometimes they spin too fast and cause friction and jars, and sometimes something wears down or snaps and they cease to go at all, and it is the countenance that registers their rate.

So the girl with a blind faith went on living in her fool's paradise. This man had told her he loved her over and over, what more had life to offer? Then one bright morning he came to her and said: "I am going away tomorrow. Shall you miss me a little I shall miss you desperately." She was very sweet, this little tenderling and he meant just that.

"Do you really care?" he continued.

"Of course I care," she answered promptly, looking straight into his eyes, heart and soul telling him just to how great an extent she did care. The man drew back quickly.

"You've been awfully good to be my friend," he said with a sudden change of manner. "We've had some awfully jolly little dances and tramps and talks and that sort of thing, haven't we? I wish it might have lasted longer, but I—you see—"

A group of golfers came toward them giving the man a chance to cover his ignominious retreat by joining them.

"Hello, Jack," one of the men called, "come along." Then seeing the girl sitting in the shadow added, "Oh, pardon me, am I interrupting a balcony scene?"

"Oh, no," the girl heard a strange, hard little voice saying she had never heard before and did not recognize as her own.

The next day he was gone. She did not die of humiliation and heart-break because she could not. She was young and strong and she had to live. That was the worst of it.

Things Go On as Before.

There were years that followed marked off by the calendar into Winter gaieties and Summer outings. People came and went as usual and she continued to do as she had always done. She must grieve without the right to grieve, must weep without daring to show she drooped, for no one must know how suddenly her little world, just beginning to go 'round had stopped. So no one ever suspected this sweet, fresh little bud was withered and dead at the heart.

There were other men, of course, better men, but to her there was just this one man in all the great wide world. The part of her that had loved and loved and enjoyed was dead, but the part that suffered lived on. People called her a lucky girl. Other girls who had less beauty and notice and money envied her, and she, seeing the little housemaid loving and marrying the stable-boy envied her.

As each Summer dragged itself around all the old horrors of the same old scenes had to be endured again—the same gay hotel with the clematis-shaded nook sacred to so many bitter memories, the same murmuring of the ocean that mocked her with its same old cadence, "'Tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go 'round." Happy girls still danced gaily and smiled up into the eyes of their lovers or talked in corners of the verandah as she had done a thousand years ago. The older women still gossiped and read the days away — disillusioned, careworn and soured for the most part—they were much the same as they had always been and always will be, but the girl had not been able to look deep enough before to see what courage it takes to go on living after the wheels have stopped and only a dead cold thing is left in place of the mad, sweet existence they had thought life was to be.

Girl Meets Woman.

There was one woman who never joined the groups or gossiped with the others. She was young still and might have been pretty but that her mouth was puckered and strained from the bitterness of her apples of Sodom, her eyes dull and listless, as if tired of looking out upon a world that held so much suffering, and every line of her face drooped downward, as if every hope had sloughed off externally, leaving nothing but bitterness and disillusionment behind.

Something in the utter frankness of this woman's wretchedness drew the girl, for she envied her the right to be sincere at any cost, and as they both shunned the gay and sparkling life around them, they sometimes met in unfrequented places. But if they talked it was little and not of what they thought.

It was of this woman the girl was thinking one evening as she stood on the veranda watching the new arrivals come in; she stood and watched them idly from orce of habit, not because it made any difference to her who came or went. And when a tall man with bright, restless eyes sprang up the steps, she did not even start or turn any whiter. She was so used to playing her part that she merely slipped back into the shadows more numb than ever and waited for a chance to slip away.

This, after all, seemed the natural thing. A climax was bound to come some time, and she had gone on this way an eternity already, so this, she resolved, must be the end of it all. Why not? Why keep up the farce of living any longer? When she found her chance to slip away unnoticed she turned and walked resolutely toward the water. And suddenly she realized that she had known all the time these deep, calm depths were to be her ultimate end. She had paid life's toll of suffering to the full, what grim, implacable fate would she be appeasing by dragging out a long, broken, useless life?

Girl Offers Help.

The tall man had the same youthful spring in his step, his eyes were brighter and more restless than on that day when she had first looked into them. Had he suffered, or had he gone unscathed, she wondered. At any rate, she could stand this life not another day longer, she was arguing with herself as she walked swiftly on toward the water, and her secret should die with her.

But when she reached the cove under the cliff where the water was deep she found that the sad-eyed woman had already preceded her. She must have made her escape just before the girl had fled, or perhaps even before the train arrived. The ghost of every dead hope and heartbreak in the world semeed epitomized in the hunted, hopeless face the girl saw in one clear flash of moonlight before she crouched back under the cliff.

"Can't I help you?" burst instinctively from the girl's heart, her own trouble for the moment forgotten.

"No," the woman answered wearily, turning away from the approach of human sympathy.

But "I have suffered so deeply, too, you know," the girl continued. "Just let me try to help a little."

The appeal of the girl's voice made her turn again with a feeling of a common cause between them. "No," she repeated, "nobody can help me, but I may be able to help you, for whatever your trouble may be, it must seem light compared with the burdens of my life."

Drawing nearer on the sand, the girl sat down. She would get this poor, tortured soul to talking if she could. An outpouring of her grief would be an outlet and solace and she would be glad to do just one last kind act for somebody before—and, anyway, there was no hurry.

Woman Tells Her Story.

The girl listened quietly, sitting white and still, shivering, although the night was warm. The gentle moaning of the waters grew as she talked, 'til, gathering strength, they broke occasionally into a loud, wild sobbing or arose in their rage and threw themselves in bitter protest against the cliffs, only to be beaten back by the cold, merciless rock, broken and lifeless, to subside into a piteous moan.

It was late when at last the girl returned to the hotel. Her step was strong and her head was high. The veranda was still dotted with black coats and light dresses and the orchestra was playing a two-step. As she passed a young couple whispering softly in a clematis-covered nook she laughed inwardly at an old memory. "And I thought I was suffering and wretched all these wasted years," she was saying to herself, "because he was lost to me. But these years have been one long reign of joy and gladness compared with the bitter, blighting experience of the woman who got him."

The Morning Sweetness.

A morning sweetness fills the world,
And incense of the risen dew
Moves through the realm of shimmering sun,
And all the sun-kist air is new.
The spell of youth is on the earth,
Forgotten are the hoary things;
With jocund voice and lays of mirth
The spirit of the whole world sings.

The spell of Summer in the land
Is like a spell of morning sweet—
Love gives to lire her delicate hand,
And pipers play for dancing feet,
Such antic grace is in the day,
Such flooding of the hearts of men
With Attic hymn and faery lay
As if 'twere Eden-time again.

The Summer clouds are white as fleece,
And floating softly south they seem
Like galleons out of ancient Greece
Bound for the golden isles of dream,
Care falls from off the troubled heart,
The calm and morning world is ours,
Our life, our hope, our cheer a part
Of silver sun and bloom-girt bowers.
—Baltimore Sun.

REMARKABLE ATTENDANCE RECORDS MADE BY STUDENTS

Several Who Graduate From Washington High School Never Tardy, and Others Never Absent.

PHOTOS BY THE REASLEYS

SOME remarkable records in attendance have been made by members of the class that will be graduated from Washington High School next Friday night.

Gretchen Dickinson, Jane Eyre, Arthur Kuhnhausen, Ella Larsh, Frank Normandin, Josephine Pease and Ruth Worden have never been tardy since entering grammar school. Three others, Robert Cooke, Nora Maclay and Olive Snyder, have never been tardy since entering high school.

Bertelle Gerboth and Charles Strube have not been tardy nor absent since entering the fifth grade. Doris Sawtell has been neither absent nor tardy since entering high school.

Thirty-three members of the class intend to go to college. The colleges to be attended are University of Oregon, Oregon Agricultural College, Oregon State Normal, Reed College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Purdue University, University of Michigan, Stanford University, University of California and University of Washington. Members of the class who have decided what line of work they will pursue have chosen the following: Teaching 8, stenography 1, locomotive engineering 1, agriculture 3, electrical engineering 1, nursing 1, banking 1, mechanical engineering 1, business 2, library work 1, newspaper work 1, accountancy 1.

Magnhild Bodding's picture does not appear in the list of graduates although he is a member of the class.