

[n.d.]



To Mr. Earle M. Parker, who has been so kind in helping us about the publication of this paper, we gratefully dedicate this issue of the Midget Quill.

EDITORIAL

There is a question which we are sure is on the minds of all of the ninth graders. It is that of summer school. No one in the class is in favor of it, although there are many different reasons. One says that a few who have always attended the Normal have never had a summer off yet and that it is about time they are getting their chance. Others want the time to go on a trip. Mr. Parker has very definite ideas on the subject. He does not want us to come back for the six weeks providing that we finish our year's course. Mr. Stockwell is not in favor of summer school and as we now are far ahead of the average work, he does not expect that we shall have to come back.

MIDGET
QUILL

EXTRA

JUST RUSHED
THRU THE PRESS

\$50 REWARD

for the arrest or conviction of the robbers
robber in the great shoe mystery. In the
quiet of noon hour of the ~~ro~~ the robbers
stealthily approached the ninth grade
room and slipping a beautiful pair of girl's
shoes under a desk, they made away
with their loot and disappeared (probably).
This is the first robbery of the kind, and the
owner's name will not be made public. The
robber has not left a clue as can be found
The Midget Quill Detective Agency offers this
reward.

FREE

\$150

FREE

The most startling offer ever made to the public, one hundred fifty dollars (\$150) is offered for the best name of our new moving picture company. The manager is Douglas Menhard. The director is Rath Tobin. There will be a special page set aside each month for moving pictures acted and passed by this company. Do not be afraid!! Send in the name right away and the \$150 is yours! The name of the winner will be published next month.

Notice: The winner in addition to the \$150 will receive a free copy of the last issue of the Midget Quill. (JUNE)

You (the winner) may give this copy to any friend whom you wish.

PLACE THIS SLIP IN THE CONTRIBUTION
BOX ON MR. STOCKWELL'S TABLE
PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME ON THE
BACK OF IT

NOTICE

THIS OFFER IS ONLY FOR NINTH
GRADE STUDENTS.

WRITE NAME OF COMPANY

HERE

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

THE

COMPANY
THE MIDGET QUILL
ADVERTISING
COMPANY

At the Stroke of Midnight. (cont)

Her husband looked at her in a distress! He moved to her side and spoke gently.

"What have you forgotten, darling?"

Her only reply was to eye him strangely and draw away from him as if in terror. He bent, kissed her forehead and then passed out into the hallway, where he slipped on his overcoat and with a farwell look at the figure before the fire left the house.

He must be alone to think! He walked down the brilliantly lighted street looking neither to the right nor left and seeing no one.

At last he thought he had solved his problem! He would find his old friend Tom Jackson at the R-----club and talk it over with him.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Brown had retired to her room, and the maid, having extinguished the light and locked the doors, followed her. During the illness of the former she had been as dependent as a child, and it had been necessary that the maid should be within calling distance every moment. This night she resumed her post in the room adjoining that of Mrs. Brown. After considerable tossing and murmuring the unfortunate woman fell into a light, troubled sleep.

It was about midnight when Lawyer Brown returned and when he put his hand into his pocket for his latch key it was gone. He searched every pocket! His keys were all missing! Where had he left them? After a moment's thought he remembered. He had left his bunch of keys hanging where he had used them last! In the safe!

As a last resort he drew out his jackknife and with his clumsy fingers began to cut his way through the leaded glass of the door!

Mrs. Brown was awakened from her troubled slumbers by rasping and grating sounds. She sat up and listened! Yes, there it was again! A third time the mysterious sounds came to her listening ears! She slipped on her kimono. Then cautiously she crept past the sleeping maid and swiftly and noiselessly she descended the stairs.

Hastily reaching the hallway, she hesitated a moment. Her otherwise expressionless eyes, filled with wonder and alarm, for she could see the form of a man silhouetted on the glass of the door. Then turning she fled in the direction of the dining room. For a moment no sound could be heard!

A pane of glass slipped from its place and a hand stole through the opening! A second only elapsed, before the door swung back and admitted the form of a man. It was the lawyer!

Without turning on the hall light he started at once for the sitting room to get his keys. He touched the button and the room was flooded with light. The sight that then met his eyes, made his heart leap! He stood motionless, unable to speak, for before the mantel on a chair stood his wife, a puzzled expression on her face. In one hand she held a vase and in the other a small box.

Suddenly a smile lit up her face and as she looked down into the face of her husband her eyes wore their old time expression.

"How I remember", was all she said.

She held out the box to her husband, and with a glad cry he gathered her tenderly into his arms.

His cup of joy was overflowing.

Vero H. June.

OLD FORT MARION.

At one end of the quaint old town of St. Augustine, Florida, is old Fort Marion. It was formerly called Fort San Marco, and was started by the Spaniards in 1565. Slaves built the fort, and one hundred ninety years were required to do the work. The structure covers five acres. The thickest part of the fort walls is forty feet. It is built of coquina, which is a kind of stone formed of minute sea shells and is quarried near by.

The fort has inner and outer barriers, a barbican, a drawbridge, portcullis, wicket, and all appliances of such fortifications. Its walls and watch towers remain intact, but its guns are dismounted and the moat is dry.

The fort is, in all respects, a castle built after the plan of those of the middle ages in Europe. There are holes in the walls where guns were formerly mounted. The fort is square and has projections at the corners so that assailants may be shot down wherever they may attack.

In the center is a large and spacious courtyard with doors opening into it from all sides. Some of the doors are strapped inside and out with iron strips five inches apart and bolted to the door, so that if the doors should be burned or cut away no one could get through. Prominent in one corner of the courtyard is an old Roman arch supporting part of the stairs which leads up to the parapet from which all the fighting was done.

Small watch towers are on three corners of the fort and a tall tower on the fourth corner overlooks the ocean.

The dungeon of Fort Marion is dark, damp, and stuffy. Both Osceola and Coacoochee, Indian chiefs, were confined in this fort for over seven years. The entrance into the first room in the dungeon is through a kind of double door and that into the famous secret dungeon is through an aperture thirty inches in height by three feet wide. This dungeon in the northeast bastion was accidentally discovered in 1835. Two cages containing the skeletons of a man and a woman were found fastened to the wall. The room is twenty feet long, thirteen feet wide, and seven feet high. It has a rounded ceiling and is very interesting.

The moat had gates that would open automatically when the tide came in and close to keep the water in when the tide went out. The moat is all dried up now and overgrown with grass.

In one wall of the fort may be seen bullet holes left from prisoners being executed there. A hot shot oven is outside of the fort. In this oven shot were heated to fire at wooden vessels.

The fort is beautifully located, overlooking the harbor, and from the tower a good view of the town may be obtained.

Charles E. Lytle.

OUR FLAG

Our Flag beats the flags of all nations,

Our Flag we are proud to behold,

On account of the generous off'rings

Made by the soldiers of old.

Some gave their wives' red petticoats,

Some gave their own suits of blue,

The white came from sheets, pillow cases--

Or anything else that would do.

Our Washington did the designing,

Miss Betsy Ross did the work,

She did it without hesitating,

For Betsy a task ne're would shirk.

The red and the white were brought to her,

The blue next was brought to be made

Into the sky of ~~the~~ blue--loyalty

Shown by the men at the head.

The red, we are told, stands for courage,

The white stands for purity divine,

The blue as we know, for loyalty,

Our red, white and blue so fine.

Betsy so quaint and so quiet,

Sat down with a needle and thread,

Picked up the red and the white stripes,

And sewed them so neatly with red.

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She took the large cloth when 'twas finished,
And cutting the corner, laid blue
With white stars all scattered upon it,
Making the Red, White, and Blue.
Then, carefully folded, she placed it
Upon the table beside,
Then calling to General Washington
Sat down with a heavy sigh.

Such is the tale of the making
Of our own Red, White and Blue,
Making the banner of freedom
The flag of such brilliant hue.

Mabel Ball.

Mount Clair Seminary was a private school for girls in Kentucky. In former days the school had been the home of a wealthy man and his only daughter. When the man died he bequeathed his beautiful estate to Dr. Brooks and his wife to establish a school for girls in memory of his daughter.

The school consisted of the main building or dormitory which was the former home of the man, the gymnasium, a building erected recently, and the Domestic Science building. The dormitory was of typical Southern architecture. Opening from the wide veranda was a long reception hall with the staircase ascending in the middle. The staircase was wide and about eight steps from the top to the landing. At one side of the landing was the telephone, a kind of closet with a glass door that locked when the door was closed. The telephone stood on a stool and the only other furniture was a low chair. The upstairs was like any other house. In the center was a long hall reaching to the front of the house with rooms opening off from it.

When the clock struck ten the call of "Lights out, girls" was heard and soon after the house was in darkness and the students of sleep had settled. But one person was not asleep and that person was Judith Gray. Judith could not for some reason settle down to sleep. She tossed and turned

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and finally thought, "I guess I am ready to sleep at last". Soon her eyelids slowly closed and she had sunk into a ~~half~~ half slumber when a low creaking awakened her. She listened, alert to the sound and then, not hearing it again, thought that it must have been her imagination. But no, there it was again. She sat up in bed, her long brown hair, twisted in two braids, hanging down her back, reached out for her flashlight which lay on a chair near the bed and flashed it. The short flash showed a girl with large, dark eyes, a flushed face and lovely hair hanging down against the white bed clothes. Judith was a courageous girl and fond of adventure and so slipped out of bed, put on her slippers and kimono, and taking her flashlight went out into the dark hall to see if anything was amiss.

She stole to the stairs and peeked down, when, to her horror, she saw the dim outline of a man. All that could be seen was a cap pulled well down over his face and a short coat. In his hand he had something which might have been a revolver or a lantern. Judith's first impulse was to scream but then she thought they would not be able to capture him in that way and so, keeping her eye on him, she pondered as to what she could do. In a minute she had made up her mind to try to manage him herself. The man was crouching by the wall near the staircase as if contemplating coming up stairs. Soon he moved a little toward the stairs and Judith shrank back into the hall. "If he only comes upstairs I can slide down and get in the telephone booth", she thought, "and then his capture will be complete."

The man by this time had begun to slowly ascend the stairs. Judith watched almost breathlessly until she saw him on the last flight and then she shrank still farther back into the hall until she was lost to view. Soon he was on the top step, began to crawl along toward a door, and soon Judith realized that her room was the one he was entering. Nevertheless, out she came from her hiding place, softly glided down the stairs, and noiselessly opened the door into the telephone booth. Once there she felt safe but knew there was no time to be lost.

"Give me the police headquarters", she said slowly and calmly, almost whispering for fear she should be heard. "Come to the dormitory of Mt. Clair immediately", she said and rang off.

Now, how was Judith going to get out and down stairs to let the police in and warn them to be quiet. She peered out but saw no one and slowly raised herself and opened the door wide enough to slide out. She crept down the stairs and arrived in the hall just in time to hear the men's footsteps on the porch. Swiftly she opened the door and admitted two large and stout policemen who looked equal to almost anything.

"What kind of a game do you call this, young lady?" said one policeman rather crossly, thinking that it was some joke.

"It's no game, sir", answered Judith with dignity. "There is a burglar upstairs and if you act quickly probably

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you might catch him".

"A burglar, come on John, we'll get him!" said the other policeman.

Judith led the way upstairs and just at the top they were met by the matron, Mrs. Brooks, followed by a line of anxious girls all asking questions and wondering what Judith had to do with the policemen.

"What does this all mean?" said Mrs. Brooks, addressing Judith.

"Mrs. Brooks, there is a burglar in the house and I heard him and telephoned the police and they have come to capture him. But don't let the girls know if you can help it" she added shyly.

"Move aside and we shall proceed to get our man" said one of the policemen to Mrs. Brooks.

"Go back to your rooms, girls", said Mrs. Brooks, "and when I have time I will tell you all about it".

The girls, with the exception of Judith, trooped back to their rooms.

"Go straight back to the end of the hall and I think you can corner him, Jim", said one of the policemen, "and I will stand here and grab him".

The burglar thought that there were back stairs to escape by but in this he was mistaken and so, seeing he could do nothing to save himself except to jump, and realising this would be foolish, he crouched down in the corner and waited, vainly hoping to escape. But the policemen had

seen something move, made a plunge at it, and grabbed the man.

"Come along here, you fellow", he said and seized him by the coat collar. The man jerked and pulled but soon saw it was useless to try to get away and marched along with him to the head of the stairs.

"Well, Judith, you have made quite a capture", was Mrs. Brooks' remark when she saw the man.

"She's some smart kid", was the prisoner's remark when he saw Judith by the light of the flashlight.

"Oh, I didn't do anything so great after all, and the credit of capturing is all yours", she answered, turning to the policeman.

"Well, goodnight", said Mrs. Brooks, "If you ever need any extra police here is one who could do very well", and she turned and put her arm around Judith who was now beginning to feel the effects of the excitement and looked very tired and heavy-eyed.

"Goodnight. We shall see that you get all your stolen property tomorrow", said the policeman and they turned and went down stairs and out into the night.

Helen Brainerd.

LUCKY JACK.

Chapter I.

As the train rambled into the small station of Little Horn, Montana, a tall man swung off and dropped a large saddle-bag on the platform. He stood and watched the train as it slowly pulled out, and then he eagerly turned his young face towards the village.

A big, wide brimmed hat partly shaded his face from the hot sun. He had on large cowhide boots which came up to his knees, and also leather gauntlets. When Jack, (for this was his name) walked, large steel spurs clanked on the pavement. His suit was light brown and the boots came up over his trousers. A large leather belt with bullets all around, and a revolver holster adorned his waist. His shirt was unbuttoned at his neck, and a red bandana handkerchief was tied around it. All his clothes were bright and new, betraying the fact that they had not been worn before. He took his hat off to wipe his forehead, showing an abundance of dark, curly hair. His eyes were dark brown and clear. His frank, open face invited both friendship and confidence.

Jack picked up his bag and started to walk slowly up the one street of the village. His boots were a bit too large, so he had to walk slowly for fear they would fall off. The street had been practically deserted except for a few men lounging around a neighboring saloon. Now, though, as he clanked up the street, people stuck their heads out of

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their doors to see who was disturbing the quiet atmosphere of the village. Their curiosity satisfied, their heads soon disappeared, leaving Jack to move up the street undisturbed.

Chapter II.

"Well, Dad, he's here". The speaker was a short, shabbily dressed man with a small, brown face and dark, shifty eyes.

"Yes, e", drawled Dad, a tall, thin man, "I hear somebody is here".

"Oh, I didn't tell you about him, did I", said Mike, "then it was the hotelkeeper who I told. Come over here and I will tell you about him. It's a chance for us to have some fun. There's just us three knows about him, you, me, and the hotelkeeper".

They bent their heads together and talked in a low tone for a long time, and once in a while would burst out laughing. Then they went to the back of the saloon. In a little while they came back, each with a wide brimmed hat and a revolver holster.

Chapter III.

"Is this the Little Horn hotel?" Jack asked this question of a small, fat man, who was standing in the doorway of a low, dirty looking house.

"Can't you read that sign?" roared the hotelkeeper (for this was he).

//

"No, I never saw it", said Jack, trembling.

"Well, you ought to be able to see it unless you're blind". Then changing his tone, "Yes, this is the hotel and it's the best one in town. (There wasn't any other in town).

"This is not the part of the ~~town~~ town for you anyhow. The place where cowboys go is at the other part of the town. But it is too late to go there tonight"

"Gee, this looks pretty bad already", thought Jack. "I guess I'll have to hang on to my gun."

"All right", said he aloud, "could I have a place to sleep for the night and something to eat? I'll go over to my part of the town early in the morning."

The hotelkeeper said gruffly, "Follow me", and led Jack through the bar room and up a flight of stairs to a room way down the end of the hall.

"How much is it?" Jack opened his wallet and took out a large roll of bills.

"Five dollars, please".

Jack had taken out a dollar bill and was going to give it to him with an order to keep the change. Now he slowly extracted four more and handed them to the foxy hotelkeeper.

Sam Topping was a foxy man. When a man came there with a roll of bills like that he always got it in the end, so he started planning how he could get hold of it. All of a sudden he remembered that he had a date with two men. He

got a man to take care of the hotel, and, donning his hat, he walked out into the night, still dreaming how to get that roll of bills.

Chapter IV.

A man was walking along a dark alley when all of a sudden three men sprang upon him. A large puddle of water was near, and they bore him thither. One man went through his pockets and then got up with a grunt of dissatisfaction. All the men had wide brimmed hats and revolvers. After a while they picked the man up and threw him into the middle of the puddle. Then they swiftly disappeared into the darkness.

Chapter V.

As Jack picked himself up, slowly and painfully, the first thing he thought of was his money that he had left back at the hotel. He limped as fast as he could towards the hotel, at the same time brushing off his clothes as best he could. But alas! The clothes that had, a minute before, been spotlessly clean, were now splashed with mud. He was a sorrowful sight indeed.

When Jack came near the hotel he saw a man quickly go into the building. The stairs were creaky and made a good deal of noise, so when he reached his room no one was to be seen. But the money was not to be seen either!

(To be continued)

NAME	FOR SHORT	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE EATS
Mildred Johnson	Mil	Keeping quiet	Chocolate cake
Ethel McCullough	Ethel	Picking up marbles for Ray	Crisp toast
Raymond Peterson	Pete	Dropping marbles	Buttermilk
Loretta Haley	Loretta	Basketball	Sandwiches
Elizabeth Ellison	Lovie	Dancing	Jaw Breakers
Charles Lytle	Chuck	Driving Studebaker	Caramels
Ruth Tobin	Toby	Drawing pictures	Niggerbabies
Vero June	V	Writing stories	Graham crackers
Margaret Haley	Margaret	Keeping quiet	Apple pie
Marl Ball	Mab	Dancing	Cookies
Mildred Hanford	Milly	Tennis	Dill pickles
Clarence Christian	Clarence	Playing violin	Grape juice
Melissa Delf	Meliss'	Dancing	Stuffed olives
Anna Johnson	Anna	Basketball	Jellybeans
Douglas Manhard	Doug	Movies	Fudge
Alice Smith	Allie	Riding bike	Onions
Helen Brainerd	Helen	Dancing	Gumdrops
Rudolph Erickson	Rudy	Studyin	Frankforts
Mary Lewis	Mary	Singing	Candy
Lincoln Lindstrom	Link	Buying ties	Pink lemonade
Ruth Spencer	Ruth	Smiling	Bon bons

NEWS

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The Normal High School met May 5 and discussed various questions. Chief among these were: "Shall We have our pictures put in the Quill?" and "Shall we have a party and when?" These questions were debated long and furiously, but were finally settled. We shall have our pictures in the Quill and we also shall have a party. Committees were appointed and arrangements will be announced later.

We are very sorry that Margaret Saunders is unable to attend school and hope that she will be well enough to return soon.

One day there was a great deal of excitement about one-thirty when the fire whistle blew the box number---. Many were undecided whether to go to the fire or English class. The fire was just large enough to make a little smoke and cause a good deal of excitement.

Miss Eleanor Hill of East Liverpool, Ohio, was visiting Mabel Ball and visited school for a few days.

It was reported that a certain lady was very sick-- almost dead.

C. L. C. She is not as sick as that. It was only a rumor.

C. A. C. Oh, I didn't know they kept roomers!

16.

When Raymond came from the hall

He looked so very small

Said a pretty student lass,

"Do you belong to my fourth grade class?"

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in the woods?"

Ask the boys.

Mr. Parker:--Who were the twin brothers?

Love:-- Diana and Apollo.

R. P.:--Oh, why art thou silent, Katherine Whitting?

We only saw two new bonnets the first day of school that interested us. They were owned by Miss Delf and Mr. Parker.

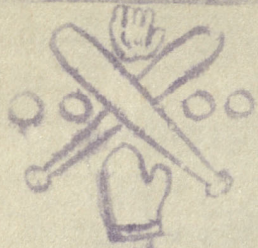
For instructions in the latest dancing see H. and M. Their specialty is flopping. See dent in Mr. Parker's floor.

Company for Lincoln, and a new member in algebra class--both supplied by Miss Ruth Spencer.

Hush! Silence! Did not the breeze bring once again the rumor of a party? Live Wire Daily.

Who says we don't travel? Charles goes to the Exposition and Melissa to Washington, D. C., this month.

THE MIDGET QUILL



BASE BALL
SUPPLIES

HAVE YOUR TELEGRAMS SENT
BY THE NEWEST AND LATEST
SYSTEM.

MANAGERS
C. CHRISTIAN
R. PERSSON
R. ERICSSON
V. JUNE

UNDER
Douglas
Monhard's
Seat

DO YOU LIKE GO
MUSIC ?

YES?

DO YOU WANT TO
DANCE ?

NO!

THEN COME AND
LISTEN TO THE

NORMAL
ORCHESTRA

AND GET

THE

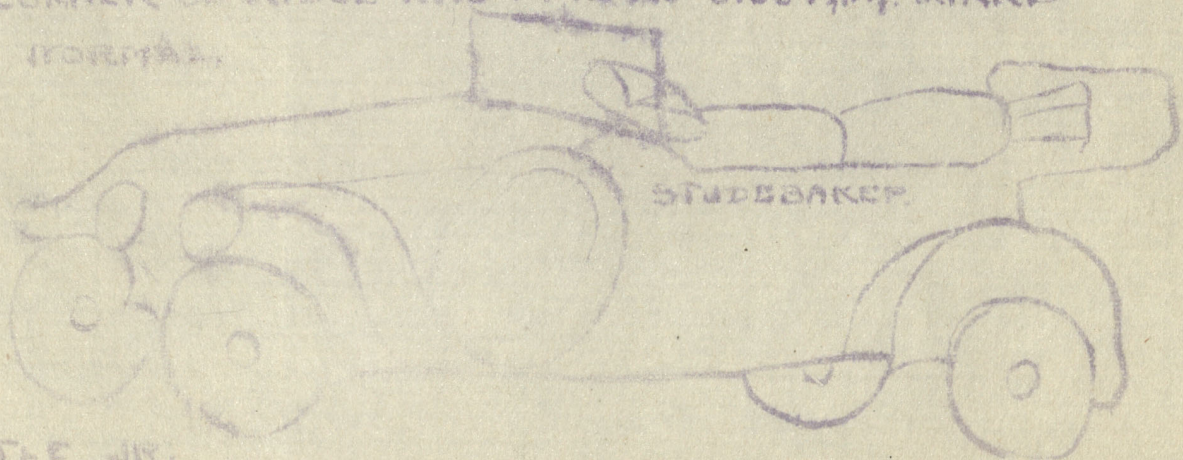
CRAZE.



WHEN YOU ADVERTISE
IN THIS PAPER YOU
REACH EVERY GRADE
IN THE SEVENTH

SITNEY
BUST

LEAVES CORNER OF RIDGE AND PINE AT 8:00 A.M. SHARD
FOR THE NORMAL.



C. WYLLIE JR.

C.A. CHRISTIAN

PHOTOGRAPHER

THE WAR DEPARTMENT
MY LAST YEARS



PORTRAIT
OF C.A. CHRISTIAN

ORDERS TAKEN
OR
PICTURES OF
EVERGREEN DAY.

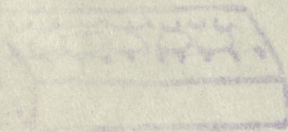
MILK! MILK! MILK!



R. PETERSON

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finished inside of ONE MINUTE

WATCH THIS SPACE

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IN

MARQUETTE.