

Class Prophecy

One Saturday morning, not many weeks ago, I felt an overwhelming desire to walk in the woods. The preceding week at school had been a hard one and it seemed to me that a quiet stroll through the pines to old Winter quarters would be very delightful, so regardless of the duties that Saturday morning brings, CLASS PROPHECY giving anyone notice of my intention, I started for my walk.

The birds were singing sweetly, the wind was murmuring NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE put all care away, still I could not keep out of my mind all thoughts of school and the many duties that come with the final BEATRICE CANNON STEVENSON

At length I reached a spot that has always been of great interest to me for I have heard wonderful stories that there had been buried great treasure, for which young people of the past generation had vainly searched. This spot showed a slight depression and feeling a little weary, I thought it an ideal place to rest.

As I sat there idly tossing into the road the little stones that lay around, my thoughts turned to the class of 1909, and longing to know what the future holds in store for

Class Prophecy

One Saturday morning, not many weeks ago, I felt an overwhelming desire to walk in the woods. The preceding week at school had been a hard one and it seemed to me that a quiet stroll through the pines to old Winter Quarters would be very delightful, so regardless of the duties that Saturday morning brings, I took my hat, and without giving anyone notice of my intention, I started for my walk.

The birds were singing sweetly, the wind was murmuring in the trees and nature herself seemed bidding me to put dull care away, still I could not keep out of my mind all thoughts of school and the many duties that come with the final weeks.

At length I reached a spot that has always been of great interest to me for I have heard wonderful stories that there had been buried great treasure, for which young people of the past generation had vainly searched. This spot showed a slight depression and feeling a little weary, I thought it an ideal place to rest.

As I sat there idly tossing into the road the little stones that lay around, my thoughts turned to the class of 1909, and longing to know what the future holds in store for

my classmates, I exclaimed, "Oh, I wonder where we will all be ten years from now." Then with a sigh upon the impenetrability of the future, I arose, and found myself following a path which seemed unfamiliar to me and ended abruptly at a very deep and mysterious looking pool.

As I looked into the pool, the thought suddenly came to me that this was the first day of May, and that according to old legends, venturesome maidens might, with the aid of a looking glass, at just such a time and place as this, find out many things about the future.

With this idea in mind I leaned above the pool. At first I could see nothing of significance in its obscure depths, but as I gazed I was very much surprised to see a faint vision, which gradually assumed the form of a large and imposing brick house, situated in a beautiful grove, and I saw just above the entrance, in large gilt letters, the inscription, "Home for Orphan Girls." Then a very attractive looking young lady, whom I took for the matron, appeared, followed by several small girls and an old negress, wearing the garb of a nurse, and wheeling in a go-cart an infant.

I peered anxiously into the dark waters and was so horrified that I nearly fell into the pool when I beheld the well known features of my friend and classmate, Susie Redden.

I was obliged to sit down for several minutes before I could recover from the shock. importance, living in the Philippines.

In a few minutes The only explanation I could think of for her unusual career is that having received so many attentions from the other sex, she had grown weary of them when very young, and had chosen this work because she would no longer be bothered by the men. down the wide steps of the house. As the

lady approached When I had sufficiently regained composure, I again looked into the pool, and this time the picture seemed to be a schoolroom, in which, from the various kinds of work that the pupils were doing, I decided that they were learning domestic science. The teacher, very young and pretty, was busily engaged in stirring something in a pan over an oil stove, and seemed to be enjoying her work immensely. I looked at her closely and noticed something strangely familiar, when suddenly she turned her face to me. Imagine my surprise when I recognized my friend, Gertrude Blades. This, however, was not quite so shocking to me as Susie's fate, for Gertrude has always been so very fond of household work. duty that I recog-

nized one Again I turned to the pool. The next picture slowly appeared and I saw a large white house made of stucco, and of different structure from those seen in this country, surrounded by beautiful grounds and palm trees. From the impos-

The next picture which I saw was a very artistic one.

ing appearance of the house and grounds, I saw that its owner was a person of means and importance, living in the Philippines. In a few minutes an open carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful black horses, drew up in front of the house, and a fine looking, handsomely dressed woman, followed by a magnificent looking man, wearing the uniform of a Lieutenant of the United States Army, came down the wide steps of the house. As the lady approached the carriage I could scarcely believe my eyes when I beheld the face of my schoolmate, Laura Bunting.

As this vision faded another slowly appeared, and this one seemed to be an immense auditorium crowded with women of every description. From the great excitement which prevailed, I decided that it was a "Suffragette" meeting. Many of the women wore very mannish looking attire, but the presiding lady wore a handsome gown of Royal Purple and Gold. She was tall, stately, dignified and seemed perfectly at her ease in such a responsible and exalted position. When some of the ladies became a little too warm upon the subject she easily silenced them, and it was with little difficulty that I recognized one of the most prominent members of this class, Emma Paradee. I have always expected Emma to preside over something, for she has shown great ability as President of this class, and is just crazy over Burke's Speech.

The next picture which I saw was a very artistic one.

A large studio appeared, in which there were the most beautiful paintings and drawings, surely the work of a master hand. Soon the door of the studio opened and a very dignified lady entered, and after having donned a large gingham apron, seated herself at the easel and began to work upon a half finished picture. As she turned around I was very much surprised to see Clara Payne, the artist of our class.

I had been so interested in trying to find out who the artist was that at first I had scarcely noticed the picture. Closer inspection showed it to be a view of large grounds surrounded by a line of magnificent pine and cedar trees, through the boughs of which a large dark gray building could be seen. Though somewhat changed, I had no difficulty in recognizing our old school, and I was glad that Clara had not forgotten it during her years of prosperity.

As this view faded there slowly appeared the interior of a magnificent church, crowded with worshipers. As I looked intently, wondering what was to be revealed to me, the congregation slowly arose from their knees, and from the rapt expression on their faces as they turned them toward the organ loft, I looked closely at the organist. As her features became more distinct, I was not surprised to see that she was no other than the musician of our class, Nora Wilson, for whom we have always predicted great success in the musical world.

By this time I was beginning to be a little nervous, for no matter what the future has in store for us, we feel some hesitation when we know that it is about to be revealed.

My half fearful glance this time showed a woodland scene. The trees were different from any that I had seen before, and in the center of the grove was a queer looking group of people. Seated on the ground was a woman dressed in white, shaded from the sun, which flickered through the trees, by an immense bamboo umbrella, and holding in her hand a book. Around her in attentive postures sat about a dozen children, whose brown skin and straight black hair showed that they belonged to the Malay race.

As the lady slowly closed her umbrella, I was horrified to see the features of my twin sister, for I had no idea that she had ever thought of becoming a missionary. Just then I heard a quick splash in the water and immediately the picture disappeared.

I continued to gaze into the pool, but nothing was to be seen except the shadows of the surrounding trees. Still I peered into its depths, for after seeing the last picture, I felt that I must know my own fate; but no reflection came to reward my patience.

At last I could but connect the revelation I had received with the stone which I had unconsciously held in my hand, and had dropped into the pool, and came to the conclusion that, as I had picked it up from the treasure hole, it must have had magic properties. Well, I suppose I shall be in a foreign land ten years from now, for you know I always do just exactly what Ed does.