

---

"All Hallows in the West".....	Miss R. Moody
Priscilla, the Puritan Maid.....	Miss Kelley
Yum-Yum.....	Marjorie Johnston
Dawn.....	Marjorie McCartney
Night.....	Dorrie Sweet
Bluebell.....	Doreen Broad
Buttercup.....	Ruby Clark
A College Don.....	Miss Dodd
Wasp.....	Miss Nevitt
Martha Washington.....	Mrs. Woodward
Dresden Shepherdess.....	Miss Shibley

---

### Green and Gold.

This is a world of contrasts—simple and complex. Nature delights in contrast of shadow and sunshine—of winter and summer—of new life in spring and dying in autumn. Following nature comes humanity with contrast of young and old, rich and poor, of happiness granted to the few, and the hopeless misery of thousands; with contrasts in each man's being of love and hate, greed and generosity.

We had crossed the river, and climbed up some seven hundred feet; the trail good and fairly wide for walking, though we failed to see how a wagon could be drawn there; yet as the path wound upward, now in shade, now in blazing sunshine, with ever-varying views of mountain and of river, our guide stopped several times to point out where "he and the mules" went over and caught on this pine, or that fallen log. The first time, when, horror-struck, we shuddered, "And the poor mule was killed?" "No, ma'am," came the re-assuring answer, "but a case of cream busted all over the hill-side." And when we arrived at our bridge, of which more presently, he told us how the worst thing he did, and on that very bridge, was to tip over a steel kitchen range on to his brother, who was helping him, but like the mule, he wasn't hurt.

Poor mules! Such a trail! Up that seven hundred feet and then down a sharp zig-zag—down—down—down—to the water—Siwash creek itself! Every day our guide, the "packer" for the mines, travels that path, in the heat of summer, and when the "switch-back," as the descent to the creek is named, is frozen into one mass of glittering ice, and the mules' only hope of safe arrival at the bottom is to sit down and slide there.

We had a fortunate day, cool and gray most of the time, with occasional gleams of sunshine to brighten up the world and wealth of spring green exulting around us in lavish welcome. So we managed to preserve some dignity as we walked down the switch-back and arrived at the creek. The bridge is built of logs propped on a