

# THE OCALEEAN ENSIGN

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## Every Woman, a Wonderful Play, Comes to Our Vicinity

Everywoman, as produced by Savage's company in Gainesville last Thursday, January 24th, was as wonderful as the advertisers foretold that it would be. It is unique in having the characteristics of musical comedy, grand opera and pure drama all three.

The author, Mr. Walter Brown, probably got the suggestion for at least the title of his production from Ben Jonson's Elizabethan comedy, *Every Man in His Humor*. But *Everywoman* is much deeper. It goes to the very heart of a woman's soul—of any woman's. It is an allegory of *Everywoman's Pilgrimage in Quest of Love*.

There are five acts, in the following order:

Act I.—Scene: A Room in *Everywoman's Home*.

Act II.—Scene: On the Stage of a Metropolitan Theater.

Act III.—Scene: *Everywoman's Apartment in the City*.

Act IV.—Scene: New Year's Eve on Broadway, New York.

Act V.—Scene: The same as Act I, *Everywoman's Home*.

As the curtain rises, a shadowy figure appears, who asks us to "Be merciful, be just, be fair. To everywoman, everywhere. Her faults are many. Nobody's the blame."

This Nobody, for a chorus has a most impressive personality.

Nobody questions Youth, Beauty and Modesty, *Everywoman's* three graces. As they dance before our admiring eyes, they are undoubtedly the living embodiment of what they represent.

Now, into her own room comes *Everywoman*, golden-haired, fair of face and form, mellow of tone, innocent in her unconscious simplicity. She loves her graces as they hover about her.

Her first fatally wrong step comes when she turns to her long mirror and beholds, at first, her white-clad, golden-crowned self—then—what? The smiling countenance of Sir Flattery! He tells her of the power she knows not of, which lies in her Beauty, and advises her to go in quest of King Love. This she immediately determine to do so, in spite of Modesty's suggestion that Love should seek the maiden instead of her going out to find him.

Then comes Truth who has always dwelt in *Everywoman's* garden, but whom *Everywoman* has thought very little about and who now appears as an unsightly, bent old woman. Truth's son, none other than King Love himself, insists upon speaking to *Everywoman* to urge her to refrain from the unmaidenly task she is about to undertake. But *Everywoman*, blinded by Flattery cannot recognize even King Love, and thinks him only a peasant.

Nobody warns *Everywoman*. He says, "Trust Nobody. Happiness is a mere poet's fantasy, a will o' the wisp—something *Everywoman* looks always to find but Nobody may ever overtake."

*Everywoman's* quest leads her first to the stage of a Metropolitan theater. We are allowed behind the scenes where the masks are off and the managers and actors are themselves. *Everywoman* no longer appears in guileless, flowing Grecian garments, but in blue velvet opera coat and black picture hat. At *Everywoman's* first engagement in the theater, Modesty has already been seized by rough hands and spirited away, *Everywoman* knows not where. Now, as *Everywoman* is fervently wooed by Passion, an actor, Modesty warns her in a vision before his kiss seals the truth.

*Everywoman* gives a banquet and is crowned queen by her Bohemian friends. Wealth, in the hour of *Everywoman's* triumph—as a popular star, offers her is all,—palaces, liveried servants, Parisian gowns, jewels, limousines, yachts,—power, at her feet. This time, as she is almost yielding, Conscience of the beautiful voice saves her. Beauty languishes during the scene, and, although fanned and soothed by songs from Conscience, ere morning dawns and the guests depart, she dies.

Now, *Everywoman* again turns to her mirror and sees, instead of false Flattery, homely Truth. With a shriek, she breaks the glass, and rushes from the room.

When next she appears, it is upon Broadway, on New Year's Eve. There

## The School Meet

The West Coast school meet, held in Brooksville last year, was well attended by Ocala contestants and visitors. Everyone who went thoroughly enjoyed the many features. Tho' we came home with only one honor—that won by Floyd Coleman, for his piano solo—it did not "down" our spirits and there will be representatives from O. H. S. this year.

The 1918 meet will be held in Dade City on the first Friday and Saturday in March. The program of contests is little changed from previous years. Individual prizes and points will be given as formerly except, quartet value is doubled and athletics reduced one-third.

The Knight & Wall Co. of Tampa has donated a beautiful cup for a three-year trophy. The school winning the most points in the next three years will be awarded this cup as its permanent trophy. Until this is decided the cup is held by the respective winners of the next several meets.

The purpose of the meet is to encourage in the schools contests in the difficult features of the meet. Local contests should be very popular—giving a spirit, enthusiasm and friendly rivalry to the pupils and the school.

The program for the 1918 meet is: Friday, 1:30 p. m.: Ready writing; Friday, 2:30 p. m.: Boys' declamation, piano and vocal solo.

Friday, 7:30 p. m.: Girls' declamation, quartet.

Saturday, 8 a. m.: Spelling from Sandwick and Bacon High School Speller.

Saturday, 9 a. m.: 100-yard dash; 220-yard dash; 440-yard run; 880-yard run; 12-pound shot put; pole vault; running high jump; running broad jump; 120-yard low hurdles; 880-yard relay.

## SERVICE FLAG

Our Service Flag has been a subject of much discussion among the High School pupils for the last three weeks.

It was proposed at first to give every person in the high school who had a brother in service the privilege of having a star on the flag. There are some boys in the High School who have gone into the service, who have no sisters nor brothers to represent them; and it is thought better by the majority of the students to let each star represent only those who have graduated and who have gone from the high school instead of letting it represent the immediate family.

In taking all those who have graduated, there will be a great many stars on our flag; and we ask Mr. Cassels to think about this and to see if he does not think that would be the better plan.

come and go the throngs—gay revelers, poverty and vice, all jostling elbows. Wealth meets *Everywoman*, without recognizing her. When taken to task, he laughs her to scorn, reminding her that *Everywoman* must keep. Youth and Beauty near if she expects man to be true. And now Youth, the last of *Everywoman's* graces has gone. She wears a plain-fitting, gray dress with a large, black shawl held tightly about her neck.

Finally, as she crouches in a nook of the wall, shrinking from the snow, there passes before her, a priest chanting a funeral prayer. He is followed by the pall bearers with their still burden; then the black-robed choristers; and, last of all, sweet-voiced, demure Conscience. As the chapel door closes upon the others, Conscience sings another of her beautiful songs, the burden of which is charity. Somehow, it warms *Everywoman's* cold heart and when charity comes once more into her soul, truth returns to her. Her eyes are opened and she sees Truth no longer bent and old but lovely of face and clad in royal purple.

Truth leads *Everywoman* back to her old home where she finds awaiting her—King Love! And after all, was Nobody mistaken in saying that happiness is unattainable?

At last, after seeing the play thru, we feel that we must, in the words of Coleridge, "rise the morrow morn a better and wiser person."

## O. H. S. Girls Meet Defeat—Score 23-20

In one of the most thrilling basket ball games ever played on the local court, the O. H. S. girls lost to the Sanford girls on the 18th, by a score of 20 to 23.

The game was witnessed by one of the largest crowds that ever attended a basketball game here and there was quite a lot of "school spirit" shown even by many who do not attend school now. From the very toss up of the ball it was very plain that the O. H. S. center, Kathleen Leitner would out jump the Sanford girl but during the first half the playing was slow and at the end of the first half the score was 9 to 19 in favor of the visitors.

In the second half the O. H. S. girls played harder and when Agnes Burford was put in as guard the score began to pile up, for the Sanford team won through the inability of the Ocala guards to keep them from throwing goals.

The playing of Ella Mae Rivers and Callie Gissendaner for Ocala and the goals made by Cora Lee Tillis of Sanford were the features of the game.

The line-up was as follows:

Ocala	Sanford
Forwards:	
Callie Gissendaner	Cora Lee Tillis
Ella Mae Rivers	May Thrasher
Centers:	
Kathleen Leitner	Helen Hand
Louise Spencer	Helen Peck
Guards:	
Ruth Simmons	Ethel Hurey
Mertie Blalock	Dorothy Remuph.

On the first half Meme Davis substituted for Ruth Simmons and in the second half Agnes Burford substituted for Mertie Blalock.

## INTERESTING AND WITTY LETTER

The following letter was received from a Florida boy who is now one of Uncle Sam's middies. Someone has sent him copies of the *Ocaleean Ensign*, which accounts for the following friendly advice. He has experienced Staff troubles, having been business manager of his high school annual, therefore he is in a position to give us valuable counsel.

"Your p apers came about a week ago and we left for this God-forsaken wide place in Chesapeake Bay Jangler Sound. We are having battle practice and target practice. That's why I haven't acknowledged them sooner.

"They're fine! It must be a terrific tide you have to pull against to get it out at all. Don't let the literary editor interfere with the business manager and visa versa. That isn't advice, just merely something for efficiency of the *Ensign*.

"In the United States there is a school spirit, but in about nine out of every ten persons it is inert. A good way to get advertising is to put it up to the student body from the school-spirit standpoint and offer a cash prize to the largest reapers as auxiliary to the school spirit. This reversed will set the inert into action. We had rather have it said the first way—we don't like to have ugly facts presented undisguised. If we didn't think how many diplomats would have to go to work.

"I've been bored to distraction for the last month. We've stayed in Hampton Roads and out here over a month. The best one can do is to have dinner at Hotel Chamberlin and dance. The newest dance is the Chinese Toddle. As a resident of Florida I know it isn't danced there yet, therefore my reason for telling you.

Norfolk is a village in action, the people prefer "Casey Jones" to Tanager or Parsifol,—to bed they creep when the sun goes down, and there's seven turns to every pansy in town.

"I noticed an article in the *Ensign* by some sailor. After it, was an editor's note saying 'from the above it doesn't seem that some of Uncle Sam's boys are treated so badly. Where did the editor get his first impression that we are?'

"Sailors have the cream, soldiers get the milk. Do you think I'd have come here without investigating? I am not so asinine as to drink from a bottle, because its contents look like water. I thought of being a soldier and sleeping in water and mud and eating maybe, also of my thin Florida blood and this below zero weather, then a warm ship and a regular routine of meals, so I made several friends among the officers and consequently always get good jobs and very near anything else I want. They are easy if you proceed tactfully.

## Ocala Schools Entertain the Marion Teachers' Association

### The Hawaiian Singers

A larger crowd than usual attended the Lyceum Course last Monday night. The Hawaiian Singers gave a most enjoyable and instructive entertainment.

One of the most interesting numbers was the singing of "Aloha Oe," the national hymn of the Hawaiians. It was preceded by an announcement given by the manager of the company. He told the interesting story of their late Queen Lili, who was seized and thrown into prison by the revolutionists. While there she composed this beautiful song, which has since been called the "The Hawaiian Farewell Song" or "Farewell to Thee."

The most fascinating thing about Hawaiian music is their original way of playing the guitar. Everyone who has ever heard Hawaiian phonograph music has wondered at the weird wily musical strain that is never heard elsewhere. This is the guitar played Hawaiian fashion. The "Rosary" and a number of Hawaiian popular songs were played by the guitar soloist.

The company was formed of two ladies and three men. All were native Hawaiians except one young lady who is an American. She has lived most of her life in Hawaii. She evidently loves the living there judging from her appearance when she sings the Hula songs.

The two ladies played ukuleles while two of the men played guitars. The last but most certainly not the least played the violin. There was never a mis-note nor mis-count on the violinists part but there was a mis-step in the dancing of "Yaka Hula Hika Dula" but who could expect a man to keep his hands and feet going in opposite directions at the same time. The violinist took "Poor Butterfly" as his solo, which seemed just the right one for him, for he had perfect Japanese features.

The manager of the company told us that people went to Hawaii for many different reasons. He told of the young lady who wished to go for the soul reason of seeing the equator. After sailing for two days she asked the captain where the equator was. He replied that it was not yet in sight. The following day he was confronted with the same question from the young lady—

"Captain, where is the equator?" The captain handed her some field glasses and told her to look toward the horizon and she would see the equator.

"Sir, she said, 'I see no equator' 'Adjust the glasses and look again' he said. She adjusted the glasses again and looked. As she did the captain pulled a long straight black hair from his head and placed it cross-wise before the field glasses, then he questioned:

"Do you see it now?" "Yes, yes!" she cried, "and there's a camel walking across it!"

### BOLSHEVIKI AND BOLSHEVISM

Makers of dictionaries and encyclopedias were wholly taken by surprise when the party of Lenine and Trotsky suddenly took possession of Russia. News began coming in about the Bolsheviki, which presumably was the plural form. But newspapers were left to struggle with the other forms, and the Russian editor was always out. In the dilemma the Star appealed to S. N. Harper, professor of Russian in the University of Chicago, who recently returned from Russia. He replies:

The plural is Bolsheviki and the singular Bolsheviki. Now that the word has become so familiar in America I believe Bolshevism the strictly correct form for the substantive, should be used, and perhaps also the adjective form, Bolshevist.

So hereafter a Bolshevist rushes to a meeting of Bolsheviki, crying, "Russia is ready to accept Bolshevism; let the Bolshevist party control."—Kansas City Star.

The article: "Wanted—Pep," in the Stetson Collegiate ought to be read by every member of the Ocala High School. Maybe it will give them school spirit.

The Marion County Teachers' Association held their first meeting of the school year Saturday morning at the Ocala High School, with an attendance of nearly seventy.

A good part of the time was taken up in perfecting the organization of the society and in the election of officers for the year.

Miss Isabelle Mays, assistant principal of the Ocala High School, was elected president, Prof. Feagle of Dunnellon, first vice-president and Miss Nellie Clyburn, principal of the Weirsdale school, second vice-president. Mrs. H. S. Wesson of the Ocala school was reelected secretary and treasurer of the association.

Mr. Braxton Beacham, the food administrator, was present at this meeting and addressed the teachers on the vital subject of co-operating with the government along this line. He also stressed the importance of the teachers bringing this matter before the pupils. Mr. J. H. Witney, his secretary, also gave a short talk along similar lines.

Prof. Carr of Bushnell addressed the association in the interest of the "Florida School Room," a well known educational paper.

Miss Mays put a motion before the house that this association should go on record as being in favor of the national suffrage amendment. This was seconded by Miss Felicia Williams, after much trouble in getting recognition by the secretary, who was acting in the chairman's place also.

They also passed a resolution condemning in the strongest terms possible the women picketing at the White House. This motion was made by Superintendent Brinson and heartily seconded by Miss Mays.

After adjournment, most enjoyable refreshments were served by Miss Conibear's Domestic Science class, which consisted of scalloped oysters, potato salad, bread, butter and coffee.

The next meeting of the association will be held at McIntosh on Saturday morning, February 9th.

### YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and at star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unflinching, child-like appetite for what next, the joy of the game of living. You are as young as youth faith, as old as your doubts; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. When it dies you are old. In the central place of your heart is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from God and from your fellow men, so long you are young.

—Author Unknown.

Prof.: What is the composition of water?

Jones: Hydrogen and oxygen, 2 to 1 in favor of hydrogen.—Ex.

"War, war, war," wailed the speaker. Voice from the rear: "Hang a service flag on yer ear; yer brains gone to war."—Exchange.

Some one lent us a copy of the Atlanta Prep-Pep. We think their articles are first rate and we would like to see some other copies.