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The Mirror

Volume 3.

COLDWATER, MICHIGAN, MAY 1915.

Number 8.

Dedication of Mirror to C. H. S.

To the High School we are leaving now
We wish to leave a token,
So that when after years are passed
Our friendships won't be broken.

Herein you'll find illustrious deeds
Of Seniors great and small;
We're sure you'll want to copy them,
For they'll help you one and all.

We've put our teachers' records here,
Although their deeds are few.
We think that they deserve a place,
For they've helped us—maybe—too.

Stories, poems and the like
We've put in here and there,
To prove we have some talent
If we don't show it everywhere.

And one thing else we wish to add
We haven't said before,—
That in all four years in C. H. S.
We've had good times galore.

So now dear underclassmates,
We dedicate this Mirror,
Although it is a trifle now,
Sometime it may be dearer.

N. L. Clizbe, '15.



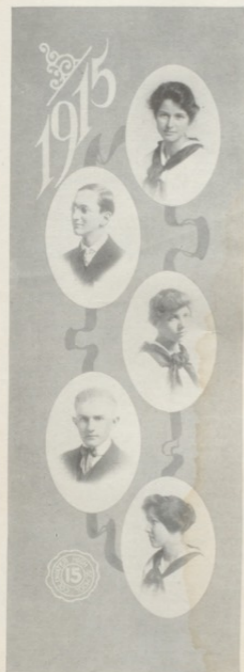
You all know Miss Frances Wimer,
 She's a solemn little lark.
 One look would tell she's no "old-timer,"
 She's an actress and a "shark."

Roscoe Stewart, our orator,
 He's a hero in the dark.
 The work he does in English,
 Shows him up to be a "shark."

One little girl wao is quite short,
 She gets up awful early (?)
 She belongs to the royal T. K. bunch
 And her name is Norma Wirley.

C. L. Wright, a farmer lad,
 Dandy, good guy we know.
 With his car, he's right "thar,"
 In summer time or snow.

Little Miss Lucile Clizbe
 She's the jolliest one of us,
 When she talks she's always smiling,
 And is never known to have a fuss.



Then there is Miss Charlotte Hawes.
 She surely is a marvelous lass.
 You bet she knows her "gees" and "haws,"
 And she's the strongest of her class.

Mr. Stansell, our young lawyer,
 Maybe he will be a judge.
 He has pretty wise opinions,
 And was never known to snudge.

Zella Waldron, a fair blonde,
 She don't know what to do,
 For she claims she has a dandy voice,
 But we say that 'tis not true.

Bill Heilenberg, he is some guy,
 He's a pitcher that can't be beat.
 On Memorial Day with Co. A,
 You'll see him on the street.

Fern AcMoody is a dandy,
 She has a little temper too.
 But when it comes to common sense,
 Well, I guess she's got a few.



Jennie Weage is a patient girl.

She is both wise and good we see,
Probably at some future date.

She'll be known as Mrs. John D.

Carleton Perry is some high jumper.

He's been working very hard.
'Cause he has to get up early

And bring a freshman from Girard.

Ruth Byers is a stately lady.

Who arrived from Akley Hall.
If she ever flunked in Latin—
It would surely be some fall.

Frank Tuttle has something on his mind.

Coldwater or Muskegon must be ditched.
For between the two he wished he knew
Virginia and Helen or which.

Glee Hart is a fair, young maid.

She has worked hard as she could
With Steinle's care and the president's air.
She surely has made good.



Doratha Cook, our walking wonder,
 Better known by just plain "Dot."
 When it comes to making speeches,
 She is "Johnny on the spot."

Little Willie Walker,
 We knew that Bingham he adored,
 But of late, Hooray! we've heard him say,
 He'd Ruthie's hand implored.

Miss Ransford, she's a thinker,
 Very lonely but demure,
 Her motto is "Just keep a plugging."
 She will get there some day sure.

And now Mr. Clarence Grove,
 Slower perhaps than time,
 And when it comes to matrimony,
 He'll sure be in his prime.

Bertha Vogt is a funny little "mutt,"
 She's as comical as can be,
 And if you take a look at her,
 John Bunny's face you'll see.



Miss Harriette Lind called "Heesky,"

Is a punchy kid, you bet

If you wish to see her in the following year,
She'll be in Olivet.

Here is Mr. Charles U. Clarke,

"Pod" it used to be.

He's had dat-s with all the girls,
But with none could he agree.

Little Miss Nina Pelton,

She's as quiet as a mouse;

And if you couldn't see, you'd think
She wasn't in the house.

"Shenny" wears a chauffeur's lid,

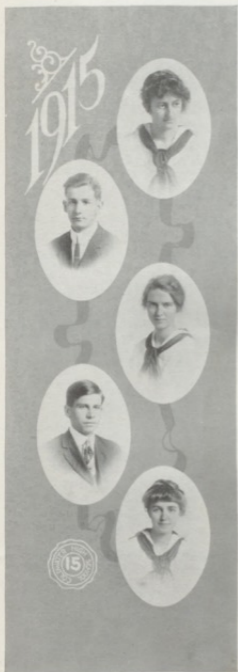
And as he goes a sailing by—

He makes the old Ford's blind who's skid;
Perhaps a Hudson by and by.

Rosamond Pollock of the T. K's.

Just "Polly" is all we say,

Her thots, they go most mighty deep,
She'll philosophize some day.



And Miss Marjorie Cortess,
 She could sing some if she would,
 Her reading down in English class
 Is sure most mighty good.

Merle Bennett is a good old scout,
 In C. H. S. he has worked hard,
 But in summer he is noted mostly,
 For his six mile ride to Girard.

Miss Ryder is a worker,
 She gets things on every side,
 But she does not need a pony,
 For she has a Reo ride.

Mr. Cliefelter, passed by Steinle,
 Will have a chance to work his will,
 For with whom he talks or what about,
 Tho' vanquished he can argue still.

Mary Preston is quite reserved,
 A wise, old owl is she,
 She is quite tall and is liked by all,
 A pretty good way to be.



Esther Youse, our farmer maid,
 She used to drive in every day,
 But to the joy of those she knows,
 She's come in town to stay.

Then there is Malvern Blackman,
 He's very smart we know,
 Anyone can surely tell him
 By the steps he takes to go.

Ruth Zeller is a solemn girl,
 Who studies hard indeed.
 Every day the Commercials say,
 In her classes she's the lead.

Now here is Charlie Barnard,
 In athletics he's right there;
 But he has quite a peculiar trick
 Of playing with his hair.

Bessie Holoway has a good allegro heart,
 And we can say without a cough,
 That she has a peachy disposition,
 And a smile that won't come off.



Miss Gertrude Gripman, she's a pippen,
As dignified as can be.
She has a peachy knack of bluffing
As in her classes we can see.

Harold Parker is a wonder,
He does things that can't be beat,
And I guess we think he will, by thunder!
Live and dye on Monroe street.

Marian Harris is a cute, little blonde,
And also quite hard to get.
But there is a guy who has on her his eye,
And she may fix bicycles yet.

Commencement Calendar.

Senior May Breakfast.....	Baptist Church, May 5
Senior Picnic.....	San Souci, May 21
Junior-Senior Banquet.....	M. E. Church, May 28
Junior-Senior Hop.....	Country Club, May 28
Baccalaureate Sermon.....	M. E. Church, June 6
Commencement.....	Opera House, June 10
High School Picnic.....	Coldwater Lake, June 11
Alumni Banquet.....	Last Week in June



Perhaps to know Miss Nina Brown
Would take but just one look.
She never walks so very fast,
And always has a book.

Howard Snyder, he's our milkman,
And he came from Cadillac.
Since he'll finish this year and he likes it here
I guess he won't go back.

Julia Soldatt has a mania,
To read all the German books.
Guess she'll be a Red Cross nurse,
Anyway that's how it looks.

Class Officers.

President—Charles U. Clarke.
Vice President—Ruth Byers.
Treasurer—Charlotte E. Hawes.
Secretary—William H. Walker.

Class Colors—Brown and Gold.
Class Flower—Brown-Eyed Susan.
Class Motto—"Ascendite etsi rupes sint durae:
Climb tho' the rocks be rugged."

Senior Honor Roll.

The following Seniors have averaged 90% won in their four years of High School:

Frances Wimer, 96%.

Charlotte Hawes, 95%.

Ruth Byers,

Doratha Cook,

Lucile Ransford,

Gertrude Gripman,

Bessie Holway,

Irving Stansell.

Marjorie Corless,

Malvern Blackman,

Reo Ryder,

Fern AcMoody,

Marian Harris,

Rosamond Pollock.

Salutatory.

To the Friends of Our Class:

It is our last duty and pleasure as members of the Coldwater High School to welcome you here tonight. We are glad to recognize and we appreciate the motives which influenced you in coming here. This is the climax of four years of both work and pleasure and, while we have enjoyed many good times together, we feel that we have had many valuable experiences that have, in a measure, prepared us for the future. We realize now, as we never have before, the value and importance of a High School education.

The advantages to be derived from four years spent in a High School are many, and they are familiar to almost everyone. This is an age of specialization, and the High School student is enabled to choose the line of work that he wishes to follow after he graduates. Then through the school associations he learns his relationship to his fellow students, so that he is better fitted for the social life of a community.

While we have been pursuing our course we have received help and encouragement from those who are interested in the school, especially from the members of the faculty. Our teachers have not only taught us the lessons in the textbooks, but they have given us a high standard of ideals and morals. We wish to thank these friends for all the assistance we have received from them.

We have also to thank the school board for the provision they have made for the high grade instruction that has been offered us. It is through their efforts that our High School is one of the best in the state, and we are glad to express our appreciation to them.

But we feel that we should give the greatest thanks to the parents who have given us these opportunities. It is sometimes difficult for parents to send their boys and girls to school, and we are glad that the fathers and mothers of today realize the value of a good education and

are anxious to give their children all the possible advantages of one. Although we may have seemed unappreciative at times, we are sincerely grateful for these four years, and we are trying to show our appreciation in a small way tonight.

Some of our class will take up higher education in college, and others will remain at home, but wherever we are and whatever we are doing, we can live pure and honest lives. In this way we can show our present friends that we have kept our ideals and are trying to live up to the principles that we acquired in our High School days.

So with hope for the future and gratitude for the past, we welcome you tonight.

Charlotte Hawes, '15.

Class History.

On a beautiful morning early in September in the year of 1911 "a band of exiles moored their bark on a strange and coveted shore." They were a frightened band as they tied their boats and climbed the steep and rugged banks to accomplish the work they had come to do.

You say you asked to have a class history written, not the history of the Pilgrims. Be patient until I have explained it all. The band of exiles was simply a band of Freshmen who had climbed up through eight years coveting the position of a High School student.

Frightened they were as they entered the assembly room where higher classmen were yelling themselves hoarse as well as blistering their hands, endeavoring to "clap them in". For about two days the lives of those poor Freshies were miserable. Then things quieted down and the Freshies were left to their own little selves.

There is nothing like a good square meal to win the confidence of a frightened and bashful party, and I rather think that is what the Senior class of 1911 thought. As a result of the bright thought the Freshmen were given a time of their lives in the Y. M. C. A. building, where games were played, a fake faculty acted, and refreshments were served.

After much delay and studying of parliamentary rules the class officers were elected. These were Roscoe Stewart, President; Jennie Weage, Vice President; Harriette Lind, Secretary and Treasurer. The colors brown and gold were selected as the class colors along with the brown-eyed susan as the class flower.

That winter these Freshmen decided to have a sleigh ride, but as usual they put it off so long that the sleigh ride was taken on wheels, after much trouble of exchanging a sleigh for a wagon. But the home of Marjorie Corless was reached and a fine time followed. The first picnic was celebrated at Coldwater lake in June 1912, and from that time on they were Sophomores.

Of course, when the school bell rolled its merry tones over the city

again in September, 1912, these same people walked into the assembly room with heads up and wings growing. They were Sophomores and had a perfect right to tilt their noses at an angle of forty-five degrees.

In this year the Sophs saw fit to elect Roland Shenefield as President, Gertrude Gripman as Vice President and Rosamond Pollock as Secretary and Treasurer.

Things were pretty quiet during that year, not even a sleigh load to ease the monotony. If a Senior's position is heavenly and a Freshman's earthly, the Sophomores is certainly half way between in nowhere. It was a dead year for the latter. And once more this same class went to Coldwater lake as Sophs and returned as Juniors.

You have often heard the saying, "When a man marries, his trouble begins," but I assume you if the saying ran thus—"When a person is a Junior, his trouble begins." Such it was with those Juniors of 1913-14. It was first one thing then another, and to cap the climax, money had to be earned to give the Senior class of 1914 a good square meal. Those Juniors had everything, from a social to a dance, to earn money, and money they earned. With the fat, round sum of one hundred thirty dollars they proceeded to have the square meal due the graduates of 1914. It was a success and those Seniors were filled up for once.

The only amusements those poor Juniors had was a good picnic supper at Harold Parker's rural residence, and picnic at the lake in June.

O lovely, lovely Senior. That is what they were when the month of September, 1914, rolled around. Those Freshies of 1911 were dignified (?) Seniors of '15.

A little of the greenness and the I-don't-know-what-to-do-with-my-feet feeling had worn off by that time, and their wings had increased in size, but they were the same exiles that had moored their bark on that memorable day in September, 1911.

During the years of 1914-15 many interesting things took place, chief of which were the "Xmas Ship" given by one of the English classes, and the May breakfast given to earn money to defray expenses for the Senior number of the "Mirror".

Then along came Commencement and each stately Senior busied his or her brain with thoughts of the oblong piece of sheepskin they were to earn. And after much discussion and pulling of hair, the class decided to have a class play to display the theatrical talent of the class.

At the banquet given the Seniors by the fifteen Juniors many tasty viands were disposed of and then the members of the two classes proceeded to wear out the soles of their shoes by "tripping the light fantastic toe".

On the eve of June 10th what a beating of hearts there was. The

play was given and things went off smoothly and each Senior received his reward for twelve or thirteen years of labor which had brought him to this last coveted goal

Carleton Perry, '15; Bessie Holway, '15; Jennie Weage, '15.

Class Prophecy of 1915.

It is the evening of June 10, 1935, and the spacious gymnasium of the new High School of Coldwater is gorgeously decorated with flowers, palms, brown and gold festoons, and banners of C. H. S. '15.

In the center of the hall are the tables beautifully decorated and laid ready for the feast. At one end of the hall is the orchestra ready to receive the guest of honor with a grand flourish of music. You ask why all this splendor and anxious expectation—why haven't you heard? The class of 1915 are celebrating their twentieth anniversary in honor of their old classmate, Roscoe Emerson Stewart, who was in the last election, elected President of the U. S.

At the door you meet the reception committee composed of Bessie Holway, Nina Pelton, Frank Tuttle and Harold Parker. It is to these few members of the class that we owe our thanks for such a splendid event. Since they still remained in the city, they took it upon themselves to look up the whereabouts of the other members of the class and send out the invitations.

We find that Frank Tuttle is now in partnership with his father in the furniture business. Although he is a prominent business man, he occasionally finds time to write poems for magazines and local papers which his aesthetic character is beautifully portrayed. Bessie Holway is still at home, keeping house for her father, and running opposition to the city bakery in baking bread. Harold Parker has taken up the trade of professional dyeing in the dye house on South Monroe street. Nina Pelton is also at home, taking care of her parents in their old age.

The other members of the class are now beginning to arrive and the committee is greeting them one after another. First we see Marian Harris entering, who says she is now teaching Domestic Science in Union City. Then Merle Bennett, who is now manager of the White City farm, and his prosperous little housewife, "Leelie," (Lucile Clizbe). Then Charlotte Hawes, who is teaching physical training in Alaska, with Gertrude Gripman, who became a trained nurse, and then married a congressman and lives in Washington. The movie star, Charles Clarke (president of the class), who is now playing the part of John Bunny, was the next to arrive. He was followed by Fern AcMoody, who has just signed a contract to teach a country school for boys. Presently Rosamond Pollock, now an easterner living in Massachusetts, joined the merry company. Then comes Reo Ryder, now manager of Mr. Cowell's office. Next is Capt. Arnold Hellenberg, who

had to leave his company of regulars, at West Point, to attend this banquet. Norma Wirley, who is teaching kindergarten in the south, and Jennie Weage, who spends her leisure moments driving that rattling good car of Deabler's, were the next to present themselves. Following these came Nina Brown, who is keeping house for a nice looking young man whom she captured early in her career. Next to come was the star actress of the U. S., Marjorie Corless. After her we see a ministerial looking man who turns out to be Clarence Grove, who is home from his missionary duties in Turkey for a short visit. Lucile Ransford came next—she is now teaching in a newly founded institute in the west. Immediately behind her is Zella Waldron, who now occupies the position (in about the same manner) formerly held by Nellie Driggs. The next arrival is Ruth Zellar, who is a successful bookkeeper for a large firm in Chicago.

The committee next greets Carlton Perry, the honored postmaster of Girard. The next to pass the committee and disappear in the confusion of the fast gathering crowd is Dorathea Cook, who gives lessons in elocution. We know the person with the long and easy stride to be Malvern Blackman, the latest addition to Michigan's body of surveyors. The next is Esther Youse, the naturalist. We know the next, by his stately bearing, to be Irving Stansell, the man who trims the people in the noble fashion of a legal advisor. We also recognize the next to be Glee Hart, who is now following the career of a public stenographer. The next is C. L. Wright, who is now agent for the Chevrolet car and who still pursues his hobby of frivolous driving. Mary Preston, who is a Red Cross nurse, and Julia Soldatt now working in a milliners' establishment in Detroit. The next to arrive, Howard Snyder and Charlie Barnard are the next to be met by the committee. Howard owns and runs a large rabbit and guinea pig farm, while we might find Charlie just before meal time in the kitchen of a large hotel in Alpena attending his duties as chef. Among the last to come was Harriette Lind, but, owing to her distance from Coldwater, she is excusable. By the way, Harriette lives peaceably on a farm near Fremont. The next is Owen Clinefelter, as can be told by his smile. He has just arrived from his farm in the near vicinity. The last but not the least by any means is Wm. Walker, commonly known as "Bill". "Bill" is here and speaking for himself. Very soon after the last arrived, the guests gather around the table with merry chatter and do ample justice to the elegant feed. After the feast, the company is favored by a toast given by Senator Ruth Byers. Following this, the old class is highly entertained with a vocal solo by Frances Wimer, who is now doing lyceum work. The guests are much surprised to see Roland Shenifield go to the piano to play her accompaniment, but he proves that he has sufficiently mastered the art as to be perfectly capable of accompanying Frances in her life work.

Soon after the entertainment the good time is interrupted by a messenger boy bringing a cablegram from Bertha Vogt, expressing her regret at not being able to attend the banquet, as she was in Berlin, Germany, studying music.

Due to the lateness of the hour, the guests began to depart, declaring the banquet a never-to-be-forgotten event in the history of the old class of 1915.

C. L. Wright,
Harriette Lind,
Fern AcMoody,
Harold Parker.

Class Will of 1915.

We, the class of 1915, of the Coldwater High School in the City of Coldwater, in the County of Branch, State of Michigan, being of sound intellect and memory, do make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament, in manner following, that is to say:

First. We direct that all our unpaid debts and funeral expenses be paid by the Junior class.

Second. We give, devise, bequeath Lucile Clizbe's infectious giggle to be equally divided between Janice Reynolds and Julia VanAken. No partiality to be shown by the administrator.

Third. We bequeath all of our illustrious classmate, Mr. Blackman's brilliant recitations to one H. Voorhees.

Fourth. We give, devise and bequeath Owen Clinefelter's smile and walk to George Smiley, the former to be retained, the latter to be developed.

Fifth. We bequeath our marvelous spelling average to the Freshmen, as they seem to need it most.

Sixth. We give, devise and bequeath Marian Harris' ability for flirting to Margaret Crame, hoping the aforesaid inheritance may not prove a calamity to too many hearts in Coldwater High.

Seventh. We give, devise and bequeath the strong and familiar tobacco odor of a dear classmate to Pete Welch, in the desperate hope that he will use said gift with more discretion than the donor.

Eighth. We give, devise and bequeath the dramatic talent of Frances Wimer to Jessie Treat on condition that she shall be properly escorted to and from the theater.

Ninth. Those members of the class who occupy the back seats, bequeath as many of them to the Juniors as their (the Juniors) reputation with Mr. Bechtel will permit them to hold down.

Tenth. We do bequeath Roscoe Stewart's harem to So Whitten, hoping he can be as successful as Mr. Stewart in adding to his collection.

Eleventh. We do bequeath our absence to Mr. Bechtel and the rest of the faculty, hoping they won't be too overjoyed at our generosity.

Twelfth. We bequeath all cuds of gum on the under side of the desks, to their respective occupants, with the understanding that the previously mentioned gum shall not be chewed longer than one year.

Thirteenth. We give, devise and bequeath all 'anaesthetic' instincts of our present Senior English class to that of next year, to be used with proper discrimination.

Lastly, we hereby appoint Mr. Stinebower executor of this our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former Wills made by us. In witness thereof we have here subscribed our name this twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Class of 1915.

We, whose names are hereto subscribed do certify that on the twenty-sixth day of May, 1915, the class of 1915, subscribed its name to this instrument in our presence, and in the presence of each of us, and at the same time, in our presence and having declared the same to be its Last Will and Testament, and requested us, and each of us to sign our names thereto as witnesses to the execution thereof which we hereby do in the presence of each other on said date.

Frances L. Wimer,
Gertrude M. Gripman,
Clarence Grove.

Valedictory.

"DREAMS."

I'd not give room for an emperor—
I'd hold my road for a king.
To the Triple Crown I'd not bend down—
But this is a different thing!
I'd not fight with the Powers of Air—
Sentries pass him through!
Drawbridge let fall—His the Lord of us all—
The dreamer whose dream came true.

Why does Kipling so exalt the person whose dreams come true? Is he such a rare individual that he stands above all others? It would seem that he is. He is the king of the world. Why? Because he has had the satisfaction of seeing his most cherished hope gone from a mere dream, a misty vision, into a reality that anyone may recognize.

We all have our dreams today, and dreams have always held their place in the heart of every person regardless of the vogue of material things in the outside world. Joan of Arc dreamed of an unconquered

France as she sat on the hillside, unmindful of her scattered flock; Napoleon, while still a boy, saw himself as the ruler of Europe, seated on a golden throne and surrounded by a magnificent court; Bismark dreamed of a united Germany; Lincoln dreamed of an emancipated race; and Edison dreamed of hearing the world's talent long after that talent was gone.

But all of these people did more than to dream. Along with their dreams they possessed high ideals, those high determinations, the steps by which they made their dreams come true. These they never lost sight of or laid down, however difficult it might be to keep them, for without these ideals their dreams might never have come true. Our ideals are the framework of our accomplishments, and the rosy day dreams are the thread with which we weave our patterns. We may not attain our hearts desire if we neglect one of the ideals. We constantly change the designs of our dreams as we grow older, but the same threads are always there. We even change our ideals, yet when the pattern is complete and we have attained our highest desire, we readily see familiar threads of our childish dreams of long ago.

A small boy with a white, delicate face once stood looking at beautiful Lake Geneva and the mountains around it. His little beauty-loving soul longed to put the picture on a canvas just as he saw it, but he was too poor to buy a brush and paints, so he drew with a stick in the sand, promising himself each day as he did so that sometime he should put it on a real canvas in its true colors.

Years later as he sat despondent in a garret in the Latin quarter of Paris, the beauty of the Alpine scene came before him; he seized his brush and palette and set to work to paint it, his heart growing lighter as he worked until a little tune bubbled out of his heart. After days of hard work and privation, the picture was completed, and he secured permission to hang it in a gallery. The world looked at his picture and at once proclaimed him a master artist. But where the world only saw a beautiful picture, he saw a cherished dream come true and his heart was glad that it had happened even better than his dreams because he was true to his task and to his ideals.

Like the master artist if we would gain our goal, we must be willing to endure hardship and privation. We should not regard the years as long through which we pass to make true our dreams, for time has no place in dreams. We may not overlook the little things that offer us advances toward our aspirations, for as someone has aptly said, "It's the little things in life that count." Whatever we undertake must be well done and then we are nearer the realization of our dreams. For:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night."

And so must we in the years that are before us remember our ideals and our dreams, and we can neither alter them or lay them aside, however "rugged may be the heights," if we would see our dreams come true. The principles we have gained from our High School and our instructors must be ever with us if we would be a successful class. So may it be said of us when we have long been memories in this High School, "there is not a might-have-been" among them; they are the best of us all, the dreamers whose dreams came true."

Frances Wimer.

Class Song.

Awake! Arise! To greet Commencement!

The time has come to take our leave.

Good times with friends are swiftly flying,

We've come to bid adieu this eve.

Awake! Arise! 'Tis Duty calling

The cares of life upon us falling;

With happy hearts we undertake our tasks

And songs of joy to make the echoes ring.

Now we look around us sailing

All our aims so high—our aims so high,

Dreams so bright are onward leading,

And our hope will never, never die.

Voices softly murmur, bidding us Ambition's hill to
climb, to climb.

Bells are ringing, while we're singing,

Joining with their chime.

Awake! Arise! To greet Commencement!

The time has come to take our leave.

Good times with friends are swiftly flying,

We've come to bid adieu this eve.

Awake! Arise! 'Tis Duty calling.

The cares of life upon us falling;

With happy hearts we undertake our tasks

And songs of joy to make the echoes ring.

Now comes Mem'ry whisp'ring low.

School life is passing, soon its sands are run;

But while we live we'll cherish friendships here begun.

Goodbye old classmates, goodbye to teachers all.

The future calls us—we obey its call.

Awake! Arise! To greet Commencement!
 The time has come to take our leave.
 Good times with friends are swiftly flying,
 We've come to bid adieu this eve.
 Awake! Arise! 'Tis Duty calling.
 'The cares of life upon us falling;
 With happy hearts we undertake our tasks
 And songs of joy to make the echoes ring.
 Songs of joy! Songs of joy!

Marjorie Corless,
 Mary Preston.

Commencement Program.

Play The Professor.

Act I. Mr. Johnson's Home.

Act II. Mr. Johnson's Office.

Act III. The Stage of the Opera House. (Afternoon before Commencement.)

Act IV. The Stage. (Evening of Commencement.)

Time. The Present.

Characters:

Arnold Hellenberg (Bill), President of Senior Class	Himself	
Marian Harris (Babe), A Freshman	Herself	
Charles Barnard (Charlie), (Generally Useful)	Himself	
Dorotha Cook	} A Senior	
Harriette Lind			} Committee
Norma Wirley			
Prof. Glen Bechtel, (Principal)		Wm. Walker
Mr. Arthur Bird Walker, (Pres. of Board of Education)		Frank Tuttle
Messenger	Merle Bennett	
Mr. T. Edward Johnson, (Superintendent)	Roscoe Stewart	
Mary, (The Johnson's Maid)	Lucile Clizbe	
Miss Marjorie Corless, (Elocutionist)	Herself	
Gertrude Gripman, (Leading Lady in Junior Play)	Herself	
Mrs. Johnson	Jane Weage	
Carpenter	Roland Shenefield	
Mrs. Wm. P. Milks, (Mr. Johnson's Mother-in-law)	Zella Waldron	
The Palm Man	Charles Clarke	
Miss Rosamond Pollock, (Favorite Pupil)	Herself	

Act IV. Commencement.

Salutatory	-----	Charlotte Elizabeth Hawes
Piano Solo	-----	Irving Stansell
Valedictory	-----	Frances Louise Wimer

Presentation of Diplomas

Class Song, Written by Marjorie Corless and Mary Preston.

Class Yell.

Junior-Senior Banquet.

Friday evening, May 28, the Juniors gave the Seniors their annual banquet and hop.

Promptly at six thirty we assembled in the parlors of the Methodist church, which were very artistically decorated in the Senior class colors, brown and gold. Here we mingled with the faculty and Juniors in an informal reception, and a few minutes later were called to the banquet.

The following menu was nicely served by the Sorosis:

	Fruit Cocktail	
	Wafers	
Creamed Chicken		Escalloped Potatoes
Warm Rolls		Brown Bread
Chocolate		Pineapple Ice
	Olives	
Spring Salad		Wafers
Neapolitan Ice Cream		Cake
	Mints	

After we had eaten, the following program of toasts was given:

Toast to Seniors	Laura Swain
Toast to Juniors	William Walker
Toast to Faculty	Elsie Dorrance
Toast from Faculty	Miss Newberry

After all these were nicely responded to, and Harold Voorhees, as toastmaster, had shown us small glimpses of his wit, we hastened to the Country Club Hall where Tompkins' orchestra played the following dance program:

1. Two Step—At the Mississippi Cabaret.
2. Waltz—On the Shores of Sunny Italy.
3. One Step—I'm Glad My Wife's in Europe.
4. Two Step—A Little Spark of Love Still Burning. [Vocal]
5. Waltz—Original Hesitation Waltz.
6. One Step—China Town.
7. Two Step—Back to Indiana. [Circle.]
8. Waltz—Mighty Lak 'a Rose. [Vocal— moonlight.]
9. Meadow Brook Fox Trot.
10. Two Step—In Dreamy Panama

INTERMISSION.

11. Waltz—Cherry Blossoms.
12. One Step—Everybody Rag With Me. [Ladies' choice.]
13. Two Step—Down at the Barbeque.
14. Waltz—Mother Moderee. [Vocal.]
15. One Step—Caper Sauce.
16. Two Step—Tennessee, I Hear You Calling Me. [Circle.]
17. Waltz—The Sweetest Girl in Ireland.
18. Balling the Jack. [Fox Trot.]
19. Two Step—Honeymoon Bells. [Moonlight.]
20. Waltz—June.

Needless to say, we all had a very good time and departed wishing the Juniors success in their Senior year.

What's the matter with the Juniors,
They're all right
Rah! Rah! Rah!
C—Rah! H—Rah! S—Rah! Rah!

Junior-Senior Chapel.

Friday morning, May 28, the Seniors and faculty were very pleasantly surprised by a chapel program prepared by the Juniors.

First, Mr. Cowell gave a nice little talk as a farewell to the Seniors and then the Seniors gave a few yells.

About this time they saw the Juniors moving toward the piano, and shortly the strains of the following song to the tune of "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary".

Up to Mr. Percy went the Senior class one day,
There wasn't hardly anyone that knew just what to say,
Because they were all Freshmen
And they toil and cut the air,
Till Bechtel told them that it couldn't do, and was not fair.

CHORUS:

It's a long way to plow thru High School,
It's a hard hill to climb,
It's a long way to a diploma,
To the honor of the time,
Farewell upper classman,
You have stood it well.
It's a sad, glad way that's why you tarry,
But our heart's right there.

Now they were all Sophomores and they knew a little more,
Began to know a few thing, but they didn't know what for.
They began to save their pennies for a spicy little spread,
They gave to those darn Seniors who have now gone on ahead.

CHO.

Now we called them Juniors and they thought they knew a lot.

They had to earn more money, but they knew not how or what,

But they finally got the sheckels and then they had the feed,

But this year they are Seniors, and have not a thing to heed.

CHO.

Then the following yell for the Seniors was given:

Clarke, Byers, Waldron, Hawes, Yes
They deserve lots of applause,
AcMoody, Clizbe, Corless, Cook,
Together could make up a book.
Gripman, Harris, Hart, Holway,
They do nothing but pass the time away,
Lind, Pollock, Preston, Ryder,
Ransford, Soldatt, Vogt, Snyder
Waldron, Weage, Wimer, Wirley,
In this piece they come not early,
Youse, Zellar, Pelton, Brown,
Most of these walk up and down,
Barnard, Bennett, Blackman, Clinefelter,
Whose typewriter keys go hilter-skilter,
Parker, Perry, Shenie, Stansell,
These the Seniors could not cancel,
Stewart, Tuttle, Wright, Grove,
Hellenberg, Rah! Rah! Rah Jove;

The Seniors then answered with a few more yells, and showed how much they appreciated the efforts of the Juniors. The beauty of the assembly was also greatly increased by three cartoons of members of the Senior class, Roscoe Stewart as a singer, Gertrude Gripman as a kindergarten teacher, and Irving Stansell as a lawyer.

Senior May Breakfast.

Perhaps one of the most pleasant school functions of the year was the May breakfast, which was served by members of the Senior class at the Baptist church Tuesday morning, May 5th. The affair was arranged for the purpose of raising funds with which to defray our commencement expenses.

The morning was damp and rainy, but this condition of affairs did not hinder those who had charge of the meal from being at the church at an early hour. At 6 o'clock the serving began and lasted from then until 8:30. It was quite a novel idea to take the first meal of the day away from home, and so about 250 people availed themselves of the opportunity. Everybody seemed well repaid for their efforts, for the splendid menu, together with the attractive appearance of the tables,

which were decorated with flowers, gave the whole affair an agreeable atmosphere. It was an appetizing menu which was served, as the following will testify:

Fruit	Eggs	Cereal
Coffee	Toast	Cocoa
Friedcakes		Cookies

It is estimated that about \$30.00 was cleared from the venture.

I. L. S., '15.

Senior Class Picnic.

As a result of our victory over the Juniors in the spelling contest, our half holiday, which Mr. Bechtel had promised us, fell on Friday afternoon, May 21st. In order that we might spend the time together most profitably, we decided to have a picnic at Coldwater lake.

When Friday morning dawned, prospects of our going looked rather doubtful, for the rain was pouring down in torrents. However, it cleared off nicely at noon and so we departed for our destination after the fourth hour class, making the trip in autos. Herr Schmidt acted as guide, and it is an assured fact that his discipline was perfect (?)

We came home at about 7 o'clock, a tired but merry crowd. It always pays to be good spellers, and we, as a class, certainly are proud of our record in this respect, for our yearly average is over 99 percent.

I. L. S., '15.

Fatima, or the Fatal Favorite.

With apologies to Arabian Night Tales.

Once upon a time there lived a grocerman and his three sons,—Galliaest, Omnisdivisa and Inpartestres. He thought Latin cognomens were elegant and these were all he could recall from his High School course. Now for some years the grocerman's family dwelt in perfect peace until, one bright morning, they received into their midst a fair orphan, Fatima, by name. As Fatima was a useful person, she soon assumed complete control of the grocerman's culinary craft. She was diligent, dutiful, but also deliciously, delightfully, darling. Thus the serpent entered the grocerman's garden!

Immediately Galliaest, Omnisdivisa, Inpartestres each betook himself to the kitchen faster than the others. Conversations flourished, cooking couldn't. Things progressed from bad to worse for weeks until unfortunate Fatima made a fatal social error. "Now" bellowed the grocerman, "this must cease! My sons,—Galliaest, Omnisdivisa, Inpartestres,—I wish to interview you immediately in the woodshed." So the young men arose manfully and met the situation, in other words their irate parent—at the appointed place.

But their father, having recently read lucid articles written by Inmate 657 of Kalamazoo, on the proper way to raise children, and having pondered upon the fact that his offspring were of age, decided not to be severe with them. He spoke thusly: "Now my sons, it is evident that you, each one separately, are in love with fair Fatima, and to prevent sudden murder among you, I have hit upon a scheme. Listen while I elucidate. He may win her who brings back the most marvelously, magnificently cute contraption in a year and a day. Go hence!"

So Galliaest, Omnisdivisa, Inpartestres packed their trunks, bags, tennis rackets, bats, and other essentials. They set out, traveling together until they came to the place where all roads meet. Galliaest made straight for the big city; Omnisdivisa followed a vanishing damsel into a dressmaking shop; while Inpartestres—our hero—strolled down an alluring by-path.

Many were the adventures each had to relate when he met with his brothers in a year and a day. Galliaest proudly exhibited the miraculous "wishing carpet," seated upon which one could be transported to any desired location in a twinkling of the eye. Of course this was nothing else than a Ford. Divisaest had acquired a mysterious mirror, probably the "Mirror of Fashion." For it is quite possible that such things may be found in select society. But Inpartestres had a truly wonderful gift. He hoped it would be the "apple of her eye". Now any deaf mute would spy that it was a diamond ring.

Together they sought the object of their affections who was again doing her duty dutifully. But why continue? The sparkle took her eye and the wedding bells rang merrily as is the custom of marriage bells. The bride wore a charming gown of white satin and her veil was an heirloom of the grocerman's family. To speak plainly, an old lace curtain. The groom wore conventional black. And—they all lived happily ever afterwards, especially Divisaest and Inpartestres.

Ruth Byers, '15.

Our Faculty.

It's mighty hard to be convinced
Our time has come at last,
To face the world, and now we look
With pleasure on our past.

And now we see these by-gone years,—
They all had special features;
We see our progress came about
By contact with our teachers.

We have a dandy lot of them,
The best beneath the sun,
And so I'll write a little verse
About them, one by one.

Our Superintendent Johnson is
A man of whom we're proud.
His good for conversation and
A mixer in a crowd.

Now Bechtel is a man of wit,
No man was ever greater;
We hope he'll never have bad luck
With tires or carburetor.

Our Science teacher, long and lean,
Is German, you could guess;
His name is Schmidt, and he is it,
At mixing H₂S.

The boss of foreign languages
Is Sisman, "Hock der Kaiser!"
She is so good along that line,
No pupil could despise her.

Miss Severance and Miss Post are loved
By all their younger scholars;
They've been here just two years and surely
Earn their shining dollars.

Miss Howell in the Latin room
Kids boys who try to tease her,
She grabs a book and makes them read
From Iliad and Caesar.

Frank Stinebower's just the man to teach
Both penmanship and spelling;
We're glad to hear he's going to start
A class in story telling.

Miss Kempster is assistant
In all commercial lines,
She is so nice in rain or shine,
That everybody minds.

Miss Newberry is a charming ma'am—
Her room has decorations
To cheer us up while in the act
Of writing class orations.

Miss Hungerford has the History room,
She's full of expert knowledge.
She's taught it all her life,—except
While she attended college.

Now Graham Barker is the man
Who coaches all our teams;
And when we've won a game of ball,
His yearned face fairly beams.

And Mrs. Randolph, don't forget,—
We all will hate to leave her,
Although in Trig or Algebra,
We probably did peeve her.

Miss Proctor run the music, and
She's fine; we always knew so;
If she continues very long,
She'll soon out class Caruso.

Miss Faith has charge of all the girls,
To make them strong and healthy.
We hear she's to be married, and
We hope her fellow's wealthy.

And last but truly not the least,
Miss Osborne is a wonder;
Domestic Science is her line,
She never makes a blunder.

And now I'll close and go to work,
And study stuff I hate,
But here is to our faculty,
The best bunch in the state.

—BILL WALKER, '15.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR FACULTY?
THEY'RE ALL RIGHT.

The Ambition of the Senior.

A certain Senior in the class of 1915 wished to make himself famous. He wished to invent some new method of cleaning dishes, other than by washing them with soap and water. He had also labored to find some way of making trees grow upside down. But "the schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," and so was it with the schemes of this illustrious Senior. He tried to discover so many seemingly impossible things that I really think his gray matter had begun to send out little rays of knowledge for his head was most always surrounded by a hazy, gray atmosphere.

On one memorable day in March in the year of 1915, as the occupants of the assembly room sat plying what few brains were available, to get their lessons for the following day, an unusual sound issued from that corner of the room known as the "Seniors' Recluse." Prin.

Bechtel raised his head and glowered in the aforesaid direction. And to see the figure of a certain Senior dancing about, flinging his arms aloft and yelling, "I have, I have it," certainly chilled the blood of our honored pedagogue for a second. But in a trice Mr. Bechtel was walking down the aisle and in another trice was escorting poor Mr. Senior out to safer quarters, which, by the way, was the chemical laboratory. Here our illustrious Senior had to stay.

Perhaps you think he had cause to worry, but on the contrary he made use of his misfortune by using his leisure moments in performing his experiments.

The thought that had come to his brain while in the assembly room and had caused all the disturbance was that one which urged him to make sunbeams out of cucumbers. You think that was a laughing matter, but I assure you it was a most serious one.

He then set about to catch a sunbeam, which was no easy task. All manners of traps were set to do the deed. Sticky flypaper was even pressed into service to ensnare the delicate, timid sunbeams.

One morning as he was about to give up in despair, he spied a stray sunbeam stealing into the room. How beautiful it was, so happy and gay, and oh how badly he hated to catch it, but his fame depended on his procuring it. Seizing his electric tweezers, he made a quiet but quick raid on the beam and caught it. In spite of all the wriggling and squirming, little sunbeam was placed in a glass jar for further use.

The search was begun for the proper acids etc., that were to be used on poor sunbeam. Having a little knowledge as to the composition of the beam, Mr. Senior did not have as hard a time as one might imagine finding his proper acids.

In the first place the sunbeam was divided into several parts and put into separate dishes. Taking one portion he put onto it one cubic beamometer of epizudimetric acid. No re-action took place. Taking another portion, a drop or two of bugothewisp was added which was such a strong compound that it entirely destroyed the sample of the sunbeam as well as the dish holding it.

The next experiment was to take a long, small, iron cylindrical, perforated pipe and supported it at both ends by blocks of wood. Into this pipe was placed a section of the sunbeam. Through the holes of the pipe chlorine was forced with great velocity, in fact, with such great velocity that the beam was forced out at one end, and, of course, flew away. Things had begun to look pretty discouraging, when three experiments had been done and no results had followed. Two other experiments were tried but were of no avail.

Taking his last sample of sunbeam in one hand and his bottle of precious compound, known as Mortaweeouregwampus acid (Mq2ZHP5TS7), in the other, he poured a few drops onto the bit of sun-

beam. O bliss! The desired results were obtained. A brilliant flash of light shot forth which was followed by the formation of a beautiful green jelly-like mass. How it glowed. Rays of light shot into every corner of the room, making it seem as if Aurora had been let loose. On examining the jelly-like mass, it was found that it resembled the pulp of cucumbers very much, and the liquid present acted a great deal like $Mq\ 2\ Z\ H\ P\ 5\ T\ S\ 7$ acids. Now knowing just about what composed sunbeams Mr. Senior at once sent for his cucumbers.

When the cucumbers were received, the Senior at once set about to prepare them for use. First he cut them into tiny pieces and then mixed them up with Stilloritus. The mixture was then placed in a flask and heated, and the vapor caught in a large glass jar. He had one more step to do and then,—he dared scarcely think of them,—only of the fact that his body would be laid to rest in West Minister Abbey.

Taking a few more drops of $Mq\ 2\ Z\ H\ P\ 5\ T\ S\ 7$, he placed it inside of the glass jar. At this juncture the brilliant sunbeams came forth, dancing and laughing as if they were attending a feast. The glare was so bright that Mr. Senior, of necessity, had to cover the jar with black cloth.

After doing this, he quickly made his way to the desk of Mr. Bechtel regardless of what had been told him by this awful personage, to relate his recent discovery.

In ten minutes the whole faculty was down in the basement praising Mr. Senior on his wonderful sunbeams. They all begged him to remove the black covering in order that more of the beams might be seen. Being very modest, he did not wish to do so, for fear the enthusiasm would be so great that his heart might be affected. Finally he yielded and removed the cover. Such expressions of praise as issued from the lips of our fond faculty were never heard.

The box of beams were at once taken to the assembly room, where it was left in order to be of use. All that had to be done on dark days was to open the box of beams a little, and out would trip a whole army of little beams, ready to do all the work they could. They were very tame, these little beams, and many times one might have been seen perched on the tip of someone's pencil.

Mr. Senior was given all kinds of receptions and feasts, half holidays and so forth, and also received notice that his greatest wish "to be buried in West Minister Abbey" would be fulfilled.

J. E. W., '15.

Class Jokes.

Carlton Perry in Eng. IV, 5th hour. "He sang with counterfeited (counterfeited) glee.

Malvern Blackman in German II, 1st hour. Translating "Mut Mut," says "Mutt, Mutt."

Charlotte Hawes. "When I got up tomorrow morning."

Bertha Vogt. "Tomorrow I was."

Roscoe Stewart. "And my face in the grass (glass) I'll serenely survey."

Frank Tuttle in German II, 1st hour. Trans., "I'll play dominoes with the ice bars."

Roland Shenefield in Eng. IV. "I don't know what high life is, but I can imagine."

Zella Waldron in Biology. "I want to be an angel and with the angels fly."

Owen Clinefelter in U. S. History. "Of course I've never had any experience, but I can't see how a man could do his best work after being recently drunk." Really Owen!

Marian Harris. "Every little girlie are."

Lucile Clizbe in Eng. IV. "Night is a time of rest,—because, because the children are in bed."

Harold Parker. "I've given up all hopes of dyeing (?)."

Norma Wirley. "I combed my light (?) brown hair."

Gertrude Gripman. "It doesn't take that long to say goodbye."

Rosamond Pollock. "I must brush my hat and put on my hair."
(Oh Polly, we never expected that of you.)

Bill Walker in German II. Trans., "So ist ein bunte Reihe" by
"This is punk service."

Miss Sisman in German II. "Mr. Walker, what gender is spoon?"
Bill, after much thought, "Masculine and feminine usually."

Musical Reflector.

Wellknown songs as applied to the Senior class:

Fern AcMoody__Love is a Game That Should be Played by Two
(only). With apologies to John Wilson Dodge.

Nina Browne__Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss.

Ruth Byers__I am Afraid I'm Beginning to Love You.

Malvern Blackman__Gee, I Wish That I Had a Girl.

Marian Harris__Oh, You Beautiful Doll

Clarence Grove__He's a Devil in His Own Home Town.

Merle Bennett__It's a Long Way to Tipperary.

Lucile Clizbe__I'll Raise an Army All of My Own.

Dorotha Cook__When I Lost You.

Charles Barnard__There Are Too Many Girls in This World for Me.

Gertrude Gripman __Somewhere a Voice is Calling.

Owen Clinefelter__Good Morning, Merry Sunshine.

Marjorie Corless__For He Loves My Dreamy Eyes.

Charles Clarke__Oh My Laddie.

Harold Parker__The Curse of an Aching Heart.

Rosamond Pollock__Million Dollar Doll.

Mary Preston__Mary's a Grand Old Name.

Nina Pelton__Sunbonnet Sue.

Harriette Lind__Will There be Any Stars in My Crown?

Arnold Hellenberg__Everybody Loves Me but the Girl I Love.

Charlotte Hawes__Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young

Charms.

Bessie Holway__Home Sweet Home.

Irving Stansell__School Days.

Frank Tuttle__The High Cost of Living.

Roscoe Stewart__In My Harem.

Julia Soldatt__Jolly Molly.

Lucile Ransford__And the Little Ford Rambled Right Along.

Roland Shenefield__I Love Her, Oh-oh-oh.

Carlton Perry__It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning but It's Nicer to Stay in Bed.

Reo Ryder__Sweet Sixteen.

Zella Waldron__I Can't be True so Far Away.

C. L. Wright__I Want to go Back to the Farm.

Bertha Vogt__You Need Sympathy.

Norma Wirley__She's a Rag (time) Picker.

Frances Wimer__Too Much Mustard.

Ruth Zellar__Along Came Ruth.

Glee Hast __It's Nice to Have a Sweetheart.

Wm. Walker__I Love the Ladies.

Esther Youse__Happy Little Country Girl.

Howard Snyder__The Bunny Hug.

Jane Weage__Johnny, on the Old Front Porch.

All the Seniors__Dreaming of Days to Come.

Faculty Comments.

(We may forget what we learned out of textbooks, but these things we never can forget.)

1. Mr. Johnson in U. S. History class...Now, I'll just suggest as a passing remark, that you might read over the textbook material before you come to class. This is only a passing suggestion, however.

2. Mrs. Johnson has a friend, a lady who married a German gentleman, etc.

3. Too bad! It's pretty hard luck when there are only two guesses, to guess wrong.

4. Up in Canada where I was born, the pine stumps, etc.

5. When my boy grows up, etc.

6. When I was in High School, I made fourteen credits in two years, etc.

7. Up in Onawa, where I came from.

8. This poor fellow didn't know enough to go in out of the rain.

9. Of course, it's up to the ladies. I can't see any reason why they shouldn't vote, etc.

10. When I was young and played in politics a little, etc.

11. When I was in college, my roommate had some Fillipinoes there all the time. I told him, etc.

12. I awfully hate to disturb such an interesting conversation but,

13. When I worked in a lumber camp.

14. I have a brother in New York, who is a socialist, etc.

15. My father was a minister.

16. You see, I have a keen sense of Irish humor.

17. I've always been a republican, except when I was a democrat, a socialist and a progressive.

18. Yes?

Miss Newberry in Eng. IV:

1. Why?

2. When?

3. Where?

4. Who?

5. Which?

6. Whose?

7. Now yesterday, we'll have those records

Miss Sisman in German II:

1. Now, you Senior boys are old enough to behave yourselves in class.

2. I'd like this talking stopped.

3. This is no time to prepare trigonometry.

4. Please don't write in your books.

5. Now if this happens again, I'll etc.

Mrs. Randolph in Trig class:

1. Mathematics are of vital importance.

2. Without mathematics, there wouldn't be anything.

3. But, my dear, it's this way.

4. Mathematics is a fine subject, it broadens you, etc.
5. I hope you'll all study higher mathematics.
6. If I can't have the individual attention of the class, etc.

Mr. Schmidt in chemistry:

1. Now I want you to cut out this monkeying and get down to business. You're getting too much fun out of this subject.
2. Don't sling stuff promiscuously around.
3. (Looking at ceiling.) If you'll please take your feet off the top of the seats, we'll go on with the lesson.
4. Now, get down to business, I want you to get something out of this subject.

OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Miss Hickok in Eng. II:

Now, kids, cut out this fooling, or I'll can you.

Miss Root in Eng. I and Latin I and II:

Yes, well?

Mr. Bechtel in Physics, Botany and Physiography:

Now, take and empty this, etc.

Miss Stowell in Ger. I:

I'm sure I never heard of such a rule.

Normal News.

The Normal commencement exercises will be held at the Baptist church on Wednesday evening, June 9th. The following program will be given:

Invocation, Ps. XIX	Normal Class
Piano Solo	Miss Proctor
Vocal Solo	Mrs. Ray Broughton
Address, "The New Patriotism"	Prof. Charles F. Pike
Vocal Duet	Elizabeth Stefanska, Velma Thomas
Presentation of Diplomas	Commissioner F. E. Robinson
Class Song	Normal Class
Benediction	Rev. C. C. Lamont

Jokes.

Washington—An officer of the general staff of the United States army who regards the fighting in the West Belgian campaign between the Germans and the allies as a "question of rights and lefts" today gave out the following description of the situation:

"The allies' left is trying to move around the Germans' right, but the Germans' right is also moving around the allies' left. Now, if the left of the Germans' right moves around the right of the allies' left, then what is left of the German right must be right where the allies left.

"But if the Germans' rights' left is left right where the allies' lefts' right was right before the allies' left, then the left is right where the right was right before the left's right left the right's left. Isn't that right? Or is it?

Prof. (to student). You are not fit for decent company; come up here with me.—Ex.

Voice (from rear). Sit down in front!

Gaping Onlooker. I can't sir, I'm not built that way.—Ex.

Girl. I wonder why so many fellows go to a dance "stag".

Fellow. Because of a scarcity of "doe".—Ex.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

Girl. Common noun. Playful person, singular number, feminine gender, aspiring to be in the possessive case to the noun "bachelor".

Kiss. Verb, active, imperative mood; joy, in the present tense; any person, plural number (preferred); agreeing with bachelor (mis) understood.

Bachelor. Noun, substantive; eligible person; singular number, masculine gender, objective to being governed by the noun "girl"

Letters. Improper noun; (not the) first person (whose fingers have been burnt by such things); plural number; neuter gender; breach of promise case.

Teacher. What kind of leather makes the best shoes?

Pupil. I don't know, but bananas make good slippers.

"What's the hardest things about roller skating when you're learning," asked a hesitating young man of the instructor at a rink.

"The floor," answered the attendant.

She's stopping at the Mountain House,

But great seclusion seeks;

She always dresses in the dark,

Because the mountain peaks.

At his first wedding engagement, as officiating clergyman, a nervous young minister said, "Is it kistomary to cuss the bride?"

Miss Newberry in Eng. Mr. Whitten, give me a sentence with deduce in it?

"So," I can swear like deduce

A lady entered a church and sat down in a pew that belonged to someone else.

The usher come up and said, "Mardon me, Padam, but you are occupewing the wrong pie. Let me sew you to a sheet."

A young lady who lisped took lessons of a professor in learning to talk plainly, and learned to say plainly, "Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers" (which by the way is a popular song).

One evening in a company she was asked to exhibit her new talent and upon being complimented upon her success she made the following remarks: "Yeth but ith thutch a diffacult thing to thay in ordinary converthation, ethpecially when you conthider that I haven't any thister Thusie."

Sanitary Selections.

Wriggle, wriggle little bug,
Cuddled in the mud so snug,
When you set your teeth in me
How I wonder which 'twill be!
When I feel your talons nip,
Will I have typhoid or grippe?
Must I wade through whooping cough
Or just sneeze my topknot off?

Like a song of microbes,
On a city street,
Four and twenty millions
Underneath one's feet.
When the mud is drying,
The beasts begin to float—
Aren't they very dreadful things
To gallop down one's throat?

—Borrowed.

Miss Gertrude Gripman.—Did you ever read one of those mushy little romances in which the pretty trained nurse disappears after the husky young millionaire joyride victim has been patched up and released from the hospital and the only trace of them is found on a marriage license of the same date? Yes? Well Gertrude is going to be a trained nurse. Do you get the idea—she's read 'em to. It always works out the same way

Goodbye, Old High School, We Leave You.

Four years of life and a battle won;
The enemy, Ignorance, on the run;
But whither she goes
She only knows,
And we may not choose but follow.

For at each halting or pause we make
She turns in the pathway, or like a snake
Glides into the grass,
And as we pass
Strikes at us from the hollow

But now that we've routed this wiley foe
Our duty is keeping her on the go.
And ever we'll strive
To keep alive
The spirit which you have shown us.

You've given us more than we claimed as due;
We've given the best that we had to you.
But now we know
That we must go
So goodbye, old High School, we leave you.

And may the record which class '15
Shall leave behind, be as bright and clean
As thoughts of the past
With you, that last
In the hearts of the class when it leaves you.

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