

HEALOGY
RBOOK
212
ON

UNION CITY HIGH SCHOOL
UNION CITY, MICHIGAN.

FRAGILE - Handle with care!





U--C

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

Union City High School,

UNION CITY, MICHIGAN.

1914.

VOLUME ONE.

EDITOR—RUTH A. BROWN.

MANAGER—OWEN DECKE.

Branch District Library
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195 N. Broadway
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DEDICATION

To

Our Superintendent and Friend

HOWARD E. STEARNS.



Superintendent Howard E. Stearns.

U-C Staff.



Ruth Armaleen Brown



Owen L. Decker



<i>Editor-In-Chief</i>	<i>Ruth A. Brown</i>
<i>Associate Editor</i>	<i>Marietta B. Knauss</i>
<i>Social Editor</i>	<i>Louise Hubbard</i>
<i>Joke Editor</i>	<i>Levi E. Hopkins</i>
<i>Athletic Editor</i>	<i>George Greenwood</i>
<i>Art Editor</i>	<i>Marshall Brushart</i>
<i>Business Manager</i>	<i>Owen L. Decker</i>
<i>Associate Manager</i>	<i>Hugh Moore</i>

Toast to Faculty.



O our true leaders, the faculty, we, the class of 1914, give grateful recognition.

Not only as educators do we realize your position and ability, but also as men and women we revere your worth and standard.

We realize that upon your efforts and influences rests the real value, as well as the recognized reputation of our High School.

May you stay with us, is our wish, that coming students will feel your gracious influence, and thus become filled with those aspirations which you have given to us.



**SUPERINTENDENT
H. E. STEARNS**

Mathematics.

*"There is no genius in life like the
genius-of energy and activity."*

**PRINCIPAL
GRACE H. BROWN**

English-Chemistry.

*"What we are ourselves, insensibly translates
itself into the lives of others."*



FREDA IRELAND

Music-Art.

*"All ones life is music if one strikes the
notes rightty and in time."*





GEORGIANNA BASSETT

History.

*"Her life is honest, earnest work,
not play."*



JOHN M. WENDT

Agriculture.

*"He believed that he was born, not for
himself, but for the whole world."*



MABLE E. BENSON

Latin-German.

*"She loved whoe're she looked at, and
her looks went everywhere."*



HAROLD W. WILTON

Commercial.

"I never dare to act as funny as I can."

CHARLOTTE P. CARR

Latin-German.

*"Truth and goodness in her heart
find place."*



CLAUDE LEWIS

Commercial.

*"Air and manners are more expressive
than words."*

To the Senior Class of 1914.

GREETING:

You have reached the goal of graduation; you have completed the authorized course of study; you are to take your departure from the school that has provided twelve years of instruction for you; you are to be called upon to meet the problems of life and decide upon their solution; you are to become a part of the community in which you will choose as your abode. It is the hope of your teachers and friends that your efforts and trials during your days, now ended, shall not have been in vain. We assume that the training you have received will be utilized for the betterment of all mankind, wherever you may chance to be, and that your experience in this school will promote your future progress and success.

As you journey along life's pathway, we admonish you to keep in mind the purpose for which this school, your *Alma Mater*, is organized and sustained—the *building of character*—and we trust the knowledge gained will be an inspiration upon which noble purposes of character, high ideals and aspirations are founded. We urge you to be a living example to those you leave behind, and let your conduct be such that it will receive the applause and commendation of those who know you best, and when your life is completed, the world will arise in one accord and say "*well done.*"

Very sincerely yours,

H. E. STEARNS.



LEVI E. HOPKINS



RUTH A. BROWN



OWEN L. DECKER



MARIETTA B. KNAUSS



GEORGE GREENWOOD



MARY E. MARGESON



MYRTIE SEABURY



NINA B. DORMER



MARSHALL BRUSHART



MARY M. CHILDS



MARIE O'RORKE



CHRISTEL F. GROTH



J. B. GOWER



LOUISE H. HUBBARD



ELLA M. MACK



MABLE VAN SCHOICK



HUGH MOORE



IRENE M. PHILO



VIETTA RICKARD



IVA SMITH



JAMES CRAIG



RUTH M. COX

Class History.

And it came to pass in the nineteenth hundredth year, the ninth month and the first day that the class of nineteen hundred and fourteen heard the sound of the bell and took warning for it was their first year of High School and they were to be Freshmen.

Now these are the names of the children of Union City High School that came in as Freshmen: Ruth the Brownite; Georgia the Krullite; J. B. the Gowerite; Robert the Burnsite; Ruth the Coxite; Leslie the Fishellite; James the Craigite; Nina the Dormerite; Carl the Brayite; Owen the Deckerite; Mary the Childsite; Levi the Hopkinsite; Henry the Loveite; Louise the Hubbardite; Ethel the Coleite; George the Greenwoodite; Don the Wellsite; Mariette the Knaussite; Hugh the Mooreite; Christel the Grothite; Lynn the Moreyite; James the Palmerite; Judson and Vietta the Rickardites; Marie the O'Rorkeite; Ray the Zongerite; Mary the Margensonite; Ella the Mackite; Lyle the Wilburite; Hubert the Spenserite; Iva the Smithite; Margaret the Pepperite; Althea the Marshite; Irene the Osbornite; Lelia the Maynardite; Nina the Worthite; Mabel the VanSchoichite; Myrtie the Seaburyite; Irene the Philoite.

Now it came to pass that in the days when we were Freshmen that the Seniors began to prey upon us, and certain ones would make a joke of us, but we were not to be thus used as the Seniors soon found.

Now there were many obstacles before us, such as Latin and Algebra.

But it came to pass since we feared them not that we conquered them.

There was English, and much trouble was there in ruling this, but the weary English teachers tried hard and so did their best.

There were times of amusement and often at these times did we go into the country in sleigh loads to the Grange hall and at these times there was much happiness and enjoyment.

And it came to pass, while we were thus engaged, that a great sorrow came to us, the sudden death of our classmate, Georgia the Krullite.

But before departing from school it came to pass we journeyed through the country of the Calhounites, to the Lake of Lee

and remained there a day and were happy.

It came to pass that we again started in school and that we were Sophomores, during which there were more times of urgent studying, and times of enjoyment as before.

And it came to pass that more obstacles arose such as Caesar and Geometry, but again did we conquer.

At the end of this year, we departed for the land of the Coldwaterites, and another day of happiness was spent and the year was ended well.

But, behold, in the third year when we again did come to school, we found several more followers and they were thus called: Margarite and Marshall Brushardites, Bridgway the Culverite, Bernice the Brattinite.

There were many who departed from the field of learning and it came to pass that we remaining ones studied less industriously then before, and that there was much amusement and gatherings in the library.

Then, at the end of this year, when we were Juniors it was known that a banquet had to be given unto the Seniors and henceforth we began to labor that we might find favor in the sight of them, and that success might be our fortune.

We, therefore, labored and though we became weary of the task we were exceedingly glad, for it came to pass that success did come to us and we rejoiced.

And, behold, another year had passed, and we again journeyed into the land of the Coldwaterites, the Narrows, and again, as before, spent a day of enjoyment.

Behold, when we again did assemble we were Seniors, and it was to be our last year. Lo! all but twenty-two had grown weary by the wayside, and we were left to assume our duties as before.

Now, during this year, we found that trouble had at last come to us in our class and that we did not work in harmony, however, right carried the day.

It was in this year that we did plan to have an "Annual", the first of this school. Behold! again our forces were victorious.

Therefore in the month of June, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fourteen, we did present the "hoodoo" for the people.

And it came to pass at the end of the school year, nineteen hundred and fourteen, that we did dream that we were presented with a parchment with writing upon it.

The interpretation of the writing was, that the sons and daughters of these tribes of the Unionites were graduates of the Union City High School.

Then we all went our various ways rejoicing.

Here endeth the history of the class of nineteen hundred fourteen.
—Irene Philo.

Let Deeds Prove.

Tonight we are gathered together,
Dear class of nineteen fourteen,
With glad hearts filled with ambition
That is born of action not dream.

Shall we stand on the top of Life's mountain?
Ah no!—that is never our way,
For as, "Let Deeds Prove" is our motto,
We must always be up and away.

Down into the valley of mankind,
Touch shoulders with your brother men.
Struggling thru Life's ways of sand.
Never faltering to hold forth a hand.

And each for his highest ambition.
Each sacredly guarding his goal.
Shall silently strengthen the tendrils
That bind him to the eternal soul.

And when, as this journey nears ending
And the heights of ambition still far.
Just gaze into the valley, my brother.
"Have Deeds Proven—the things as they are?"

They say that our life's what we make it
Dear classmates of fourteen, so true.
But a glad smile and courageous heart
Go a long way toward making it for you.

Across the heartstrings of memory
Come flooding an ocean of things.
Of happy, glad days in our High School,
Thru autumns and summers and springs.

And now as the hours grow shorter,
And even to minutes do fly,
Comes a pulsating current of sadness,
With smiles and tears mingled by.

Far out o'er the town bathed in sunset
Is ringing the bell in the steeple
For the last time, together, to see us
Are gathered the happy town's people.

For the last time, their circle they're forming
The Seniors of dear Union High,
And flaunting above them their motto
"Let Your Deeds Prove"—in the world that is nigh.

—R. A. B.

Over the Wall.

RUTH ARMALEEN BROWN.

Oh, class of mine, I call to you
Come, come with me—all haste,
For over across the high stone walls
The ways of Life await.

Last night the moon was shining in,
And sleep seemed far away.
The path from here to yonder wall
Stretched out—as in the day.

The stars were twinkling thru the night clouds dark
And always the wall gleamed out—apart.
A slender figure in shining white
Took my hand and led me thru the night.

We wandered on, until we came
To the high stone wall—lacking gate and chain.
All about, the world lay wrapped in sleep,
For night brings rest both to strong and weak.

The silent figure, as my guide, aided me
In scaling the stony side.

I then looked over the wall I'd seen;
And from a distance thot and dreamed.

Over a world the same as where we stay
The same dark skies, the shrouded earth,
The same pale moon of recent birth,
The very hills and meadows seemed as ours.

I wondered—then the White One spoke:
"Oh, child of the World, I am the Spirit of Content;"
For weary days and nights and noons, I've seen you wonder
Over on your side, what this life could hold.

Over the wall, the people, as you, are wearing their lives away,
Crying for night, when they're having day.
Longing for June when the month is December
And many more things that I cannot remember.

Oh—take from this journey 'Over the Wall'
A lesson,—and answer, the World-weary call.
The hours of Life's morning are slipping past
Yet, the anchor of youth, you hold in your clasp.

For you—Life stands with smiling grace,
And arms piled high with sweetest gifts
To offer you—but, you, do gaze at yonder wall
And dream—Oh child of many ages, awake! awake!
Arise! go joyfully forth to your Life and falter not,
Fear not, the long journey before you, for you stand
In the radiance of High Noon—and ever at Eventide
There comes—a bend in Life's way—and rest.

Never a life has faded into the west, without casting back
Rosy flushes to be cherished by a soul in need.
And—when the call from the Borderland reaches you
Be of good cheer, dear heart, for you journey to the Eternal Blue.

For, on the western slope of life—all shall be joyful,
And the night shall be made light,
And it shall be everlasting day
In a land, far more precious than 'Over the Wall'.

After these strange words—I was left alone.
Toward the east the Dawn sent its rosy flushes
Into the morning sky—the lark poured forth its song,
And in my innermost being—I knew it to be Day.

Gladly I went, back to my work and to contentment,
Perhaps in some vague, reaching way—you may learn
As I have learned—How very sweet is Life
And how unworthy the things we long for most.

Love at Twilight.

They love:

You smile at the phrase,
And say you know it is not true.
For youth alone is made for love
As blushing rose for morning dew.

But love:

Comes not alone to youth
At early dawn of day,
It comes too, when the shadows fall
Across the Borderway.

And:

They who love when silver hairs
Have won away the gold,
And trembling lips seek for the kiss,
And weary arms infold.

Love indeed:

Undaunted shines within the eyes,
And in the heart is perfect rest.
Ah! you say love at morn is true,
But I say twilight love is best.

Class Song.

RUTH A. BROWN.

Here we are assembled in this dear old hall once more,
Just as here we've been assembled many, many times before.
But now it's up to us to say, that our vast knowledge's here to stay
Ere we journey on with memories of our dear old classmates.

CHORUS:

Farewell, Union, how we hate to go,
For we love our Union High School so,
Chasing thru those noisy halls,
Heeding not the teachers' calls,
Making good examples for the Freshmen, Freshmen.
But we've never been sorry I ween
That we were not of nineteen thirteen,
For the spirit we did show
Made the football laddies go,
And so we'll give one rah! for Union High!

Of course we're ever so sorry for the naughty things we've done,
But we just couldn't sit around and not have any fun.
We beat them all in playing ball, we beat them on the honor roll,
And of course we beat them all in good deportment.

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Class Prophecy.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowering herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew trees shade.
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap.
Each in his narrow cell forever laid
Rude forefathers of Union sleep.

'Twas sixty years since that bright day,
When the class of fourteen did graduate,
That I did ask St. Peter, "Pray"
Allow me to pass through the golden gate.

"Allow me to pass through the golden gate,
To the place that is haunted by the ghosts,
To the place in which the dead await
Till Gabriel's horn calls forth the hosts."

Wandering along in the stilly night
The graves of old classmates I pass,
Reading each verse by the moon's pale light
As I float 'neath the yew, o'er the dewy grass.

Levi and Ruth Hopkins.
Beneath this stone in the dark, cold ground
Ruth lies in eternal sleep.
And close beside her Levi is found
Determined as of old his place to keep.

Mary Margeson.
I read on this slab of marble stone,
These painful words of her alone;
"Little Mary,—Box of paints,
Sucked the brush,—joined the saints.

James Craig,
Now James would rabbit hunting go,
But soon he tired of his gun to carry.
The fellows, hard hearted, no pity would show,
So Jamie said, "'Tis here I'll tarry."

Owen and Marietta.
Owen Decker to Marietta said,
"You are the one I want to wed."
So side by side their life they led.
Now side by side you'll find them dead.

Nina Dormer.
Here lies the body of Nina Dormer,
In nursing folks she won great fame.

A well known medical reformer,
She leaves behind an honored name.

J. B. Gower.

Now J. B. Gower a jockey famed was he,
And a jockey's fate befell him
His pride was humbled, for his horse stumbled,
Then J. B. tumbled, and now he's crumbled.

Mabel VanSchoick.

This towering shaft rises o'er fair Mabel
On whom Dame Fortune smiled each year
As on Croesus, told an ancient fable.
And lying by her side is Palmiter.

Marie O'Rorke.

Ah! There were none more fair than she
With whom Don C. wished to tarry.
But she a teacher strict would be
And no man would she marry.

Myrtie Seabury.

Here lies the body of Myrtie Seabury
She was always as noisy as the old Harry.
With a flap and a bang she dashed around
And turned this old world upside down.

Vietta Rickard.

Here's one who ever kept that rule of gold
Against all pranks; 'twas she would fight.
I see on her stone this maxim, her's of old,
'Tis only this, "Dare to do right"

Marshall Brushart.

Here lies a man of great renown
An artist's name he gained.
His first great work was in this town
In the Annual of Union High he won his fame.

Ruth Cox.

O, Ruth, she tooted, tooted, tooted ever.
Like Marsyas as the gods to surpass
She strived the angel Gabriel to conquer
And now she's laid low 'neath the grass.

George Greenwood.

Here is the mound of a hero great,
He won great fame on the gridiron smooth.
He now has passed through the pearly gate.
For never a thing was he known to lose.

Hugh Moore.

Noted for strength, did he, a Samson go,
Traveling round on the vaudeville stage.
In Hodunk and in such towns did he show.
Truly he was the wonder of his age.

Ella Mack.

Here lies the body of our Ella dear
Who over many a foreign land didst roam.
Now her soul's in heaven and her body's here
And at last 'tis here she makes her home.

Iva Smith.

The form of a missionary lies buried here.
Oh it had to be, she had to go.
Oh stranger dost thou forbear thy tear
And thank God from whom all blessings flow.

Mary Childs.

Always accused of playing pranks.
Her roguish face forbade the question "Why?"
In rest well earned she dwells in the ghostly ranks.
While o'er her grave 'neath the yew,
The wind doth sigh.

Louise Hubbarrd.

Ah! Here lies one who never smiled.
Whether at play or whether at work.
Always a sober mien she carried,
Always a cloud her countenance bemerk.

Irene Philo.

Like a tiger lily, brown of hair
Was born to blush unseen
And waste her fragrance on the desert air.
For no man could her truth worth deem.

And as for myself,—but hark.
The good St. Peter calls I fear.
The dawn's announce by song of lark.
And back I drift to the angels dear.

No further seek their merits to disclose
Or draw the frailties from their dread abode,
(Where they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of their Father and their God.

—Christel Groth.

Class Will.

We, the Senior Class of Union City High School, County of Branch, State of Michigan, U. S. A., being in sound mind and memory and considering the uncertainties of life, have a few cherished possessions which we wish to distribute to the underclassmen, since we know that our High School life is nearly at an end.

We do therefore, make, publish and declare, this, our last will and testament in the manner following—that is to say:

First: We give, devise and bequeath to the Junior Class the honors, rights and privileges which we, as Seniors, have the right to enjoy.

Second: We give, devise and bequeath to the Class of 1915 the right to have—and to hold—“Senior Spreads” (undisturbed).

Third: We give, devise and bequeath to the Sophomore Class our choice collection of pencils, pens and note books and we hope they may prove efficient in their two remaining years of High School life.

Fourth: We give, devise and bequeath to the Freshman Class all quids of gum found under our desks and ponies which have been broken—may be driven single or double.

Fifth: We give, devise and bequeath to any member of the Class of 1915 who is fully developed intellectually, the sole right to be chums with the Faculty, a position Ruth Brown has filled in the past.

Sixth: Louise Hubbard bequeaths her powder and paint equipment, which promises to assure a most killing effect, to Annette Harris, (if she needs more) and to Lucile Wilbur.

Seventh: Hugh Moore bequeaths his surplus knowledge to those of the Junior Class who may be able to grasp it.

Eighth: Our “Mamma’s Boy” bequeaths to Frederick Lewis all his sewing accessories — including fancy work, thimbles, needles, etc., in hopes that he will become a capable seamstress.

Ninth: Owen Decker wishes to bequeath to Gordon Hulce his ability to grow a mustache; he also bequeaths his position as librarian, hoping Gordon will be as bright and shining a light as Owen has been in the past (with all due respects to red hair).

Tenth: Those members of the Senior Class who have experienced tender emotions in the library wish to bequeath them to those members in the lower classes who are able to appreciate them.

Eleventh: We give, devise and bequeath to Annette Harris and Don Drake the exclusive right to play at love and to occupy the same seat in A. which has been much used by some of our illustrious Seniors in the past, with the wish that they make good use of the golden minutes after 3:45.

Twelfth: We give, devise and bequeath unto Thomas Anderson and R. C. Miller the right to blow the Physics Lab. up (including Prof. Wendt and all apparatus) hoping they will be as successful as they were in the Chemical Lab. We do advise them not to forget cook books and candy utensils.

Thirteenth: We, the Senior Class, give, devise and bequeath to the Class of 1915 the exclusive right to publish an "Annual" which may surpass ours in beauty, but not in brilliancy or depth.

Lastly, we hereby nominate and appoint the faculty executors of this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this the _____ day of June, A. D., 1914.

[SEAL]

SENIORS,
FACULTY.

—Owen L. Decker.

In Memory of Georgia M. Krull.

1893-1911.

We came from separate paths
Which wound.—some way to the main of life.
Stretching immeasurably distant
Out to the setting sun.

We met—and for a short, sweet while
Our paths, together ran, but suddenly
Your path dear, turned
And we lost you in eternity.

Lonely, we trod the long, white road,
Which ever to the western slope of life doth lead.
Lonely, we go,—but yet, 'twas you
Who taught us love—and we cannot forget.

Commencement Program.

JUNE 14-19.

June 14—Baccalaureate Sermon..... Rev. G. D. Yinger

June 18—Class Play, "The Hoodoo."

June 19—Commencement.

PROGRAM.

March..... Marjorie Cathcart

Invocation..... Rev. P. V. Dame

Song—"My Dear Alma Mater, Goodbye"..... Class

Salutatory..... Christel Groth

Valedictory..... Iva B. Smith

Vocal Solo..... Miss Freda Ireland

Address—"Thought and Character"..... Rev. Ray Morton Hardy

Presentation of Diplomas..... Dr. Anderson

Class Song..... Class

Benediction..... Rev. P. V. Dame

Class Motto—"Let Deeds Prove."

Class Colors—Green and White.

Class Flower—White Rose.

Senior Boys.

Owen with his pink mustache,
All the sweet girls he can mash;
Now he is Miss K's ardent lover,
Many a mile he oft will drive her,
Till, at dawn, he'll homeward creep,
Boy and horse too tired to eat.

At the President next we'll whack,
He is commonly known as "Jack";
City news he writes for you,
Tho named "Levi", he's no Jew;
Rosy cheeks, and dimples, too,
Makes girls say, "I love you."

Hugh, the giant of the class,
Next upon our views we'll pass;
He at football wins renown,
And with some, he too's, a clown.
With the girls he's seldom seen,
Tho we're sure he knows "Irene".

Captain "Greenie",—the bat can wield,
Wins many honors on the field;
As for girls much he could tell.
Knows them all, but loves one well,
Says his "Tash" is "out of sight",
Just because its color's white.

There's our noisy J. B. Gower,
Every day he gets the "power";
Of the "medicine" he can sell,
Nearly all the class can tell.
As for girls, he likes them all,
A sweetheart, tho, we can't recall

Thoughts of James, makes us recall,
He's the neatest boy of all;
Soon's he sees a speck of dirt,
Hard and faithfully he will work.
Girls?—of them, all we can say,
He's a new one every day.

Last of all, comes our boy Marshall,
To one girl, somewhere, must he be partial;
For to Senior girls we're told,
He has turned a shoulder cold.
Smiling, pleasant, every day,
These good words for him we say.

Senior Girls.

This isn't a dream, it isn't a guess,
It's simply a fact put down with stress.
The jolliest girls, never breaking a rule,
Are sure to be found in U. C. High School.

You ask me to name them
With "J" Rights divine.
I am sure you will obtain them,
If you trace through this rhyme.

First comes the editor, gladsome and gay.
She is all curls and smiles, but likes her own way.
She is dancing and singing a gay little song
And always defends the right, not the wrong.

Louise and Irene come tumbling in,
Things half ended and half began.
Flying skirts and detachable curls
They're the jolliest of girls.

Marietta, two Marys and one Marie,
Are always sedate and fair to see.
Whether at work or whether at play,
They're sure to be happy the livelong day.

Nina Dormer flying comes
The people say, "What under the sun"?
But the Seniors laughing only say,
"Another fuss with Wendt today."

Myrtie and Iva, true friends to the last
Never have to worry about "D cards or pass"
Always continuing to perform their best,
They go right on working never taking a test.

Christel, Vietta, Mabel, Ella and Ruth C.
That's quite a big mouthful, seems to me.
But the never-the-less they're jolly good fun,
And keep time with the others in the long run.



PHILAMATHEAN SOCIETY.

(Love of Learning.)

Organized by the English and American Literature Classes under Miss Grace H. Brown, in September, 1913. It is the first literary society ever organized in the Union City High School. The programs prepared by the members in turn, have been both interesting and beneficial in their literature classes.

Junior Poem.

It was the year of nineteen eleven,
On a bright September day,
A crowd of thirty-seven
Started on their High School way.

How busily each passing hour,
Was used to reach the top
Of a path not made of flowers,
Yet they knew they must not stop.

A year later some were absent
And newcomers took their place,
There were about thirty met
With industrious looks upon their face.

Time passed as time always will
All too soon for those
Who could not climb the weary hill,
So full of dreary woes.

Days came and quickly passed
Too soon for those who found,
That when the final came at last
They had won no great renown.

Now only nineteen gather
To hear their teachers say,
You had been not surrender,
If the lesson is hard today.

So we keep on with the battle ever,
Never thinking of the rest
And we'll always know forever,
That our teachers, they know best.

—Alice M. Waffle.





Sophomore Poem.

When we entered old Union High
School.

In the year of nineteen twelve,
With our minds refreshed from study,
We into new work did delve.

The Seniors and the Juniors,
Of us great sport did make,
One incident of this was
The pilf ring of our party cake.

With devils cake and angels food,
This year the Seniors planned a
spread,

'Twas then the Sophs and Juniors
prayed:

"O Lord, give us our daily bread."

Low to take their eats was naughty
Said Prof. so we obeyed;
But later satisfied ourselves
With our own feast grandly laid.

But since a guilty conscience
Is common to a thief;
In the midst of these proceedings
Two Seniors came to grief.

And in other things we have shown
them,

Of just what stuff we're made,
For I guess we'll reach the standard,
When the honest game is played.

—Marie Kindig and Bertha Olmstead.



Freshmen Poem.

F—Stands for Freshmen
Unburdened by care.
R—Stands for ready,
And we are always right there.
E—Stands for easy
Our work's O! what fun.
S—Stands for surely,
How well we've begun.
H—Stands for High School,
Our dear Union High.
M—Stands for merry, "Aye, aye,"
Are we merry?
E—Stands for ending,
But we aren't there quite yet.
N—And really means nothing
So the end we'll forget.

—Mildred Lockard.



The Preps,

Our class of Preps is oftimes scorned,
And shunned by High School students grand.
But we are learning fast, and soon will be,
The very best class in the land

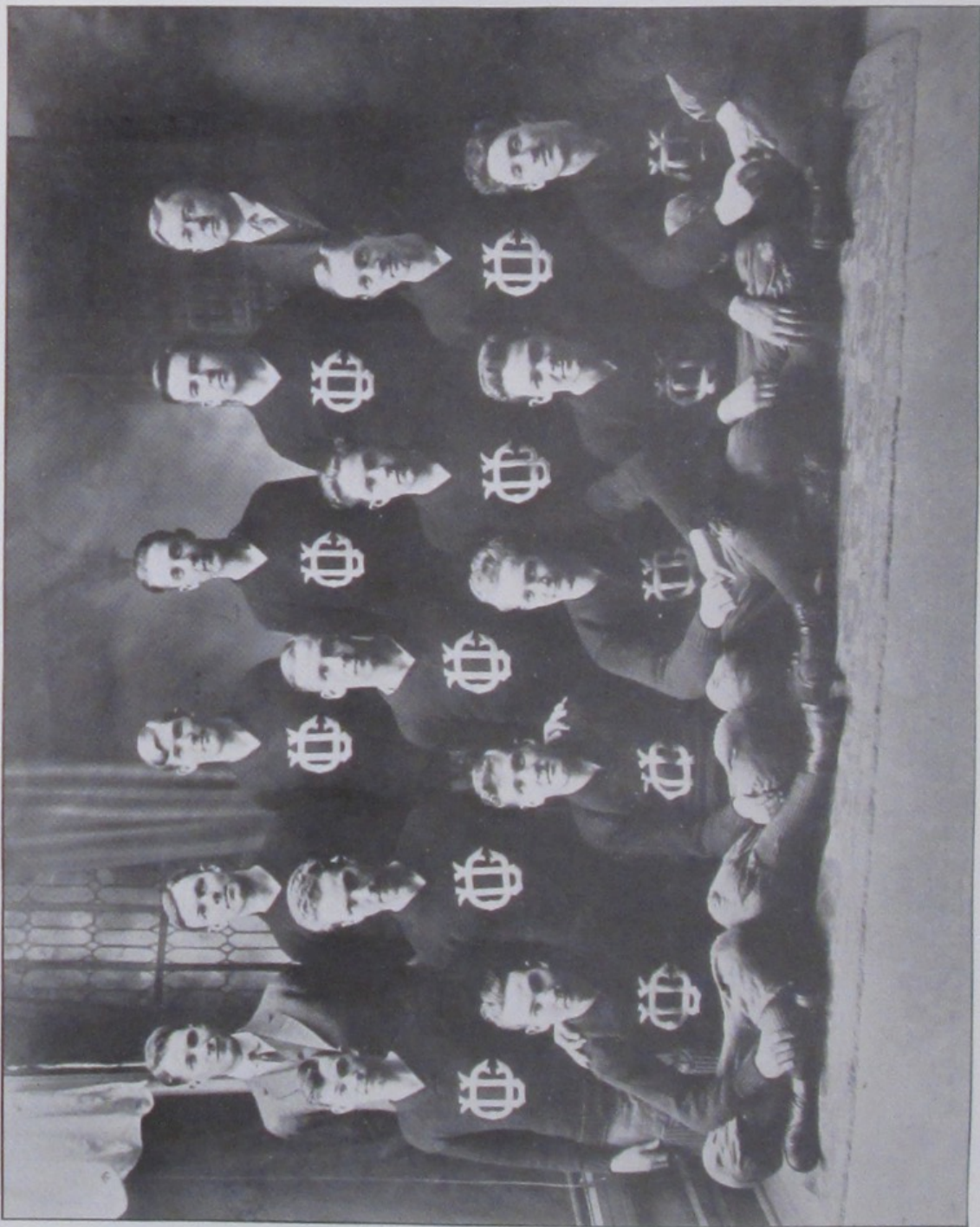
The Preps.

The teachers, too, thought we were green,
But ah, they were mistaken there
We learned our lessons perfectly,
And they could only stand and stare.
At the Preps.

The night of the Preps and Senior game,
The Seniors looked the graver,
Receiving a very great surprise,
When they found the score eighteen to five
In favor of the Preps.

Sometime we must all depart,
And leave these Halls of Learning,
We are sure the record that will shine
And blind the eyes of Profs and grind
Will be the Preps.

Evelyn M. Brown.



Athletic.

For a number of years Union City High School has laid claims to superiority in an athletic way, and the records indicate that the claims are well founded.

For the last four years we have had a winning baseball nine.

Last fall the football team won nearly everything in sight, its record being one of the best in southern Michigan. The 1913 eleven was the first gridiron aggregation organized since 1907. Through the efforts of Coach Wendt, a winning team was organized from enthusiastic though inexperienced material. The record is given below:

Sept. 20—Union City 32,	Tekonsha 6.
Sept. 27—Union City 22,	Athens 19.
Oct. 4—Union City 0,	Albion 48.
Oct. 11—Union City 101,	Three Rivers 0.
Oct. 18—Union City 48,	Tekonsha 0.
Oct. 29—Union City 55,	Sturgis 0.
Nov. 8—Union City 20,	Albion 7.
Nov. 15—Union City 10,	Coldwater 13.
Nov. 27—Union City 21,	Athens 0.
Totals:	
309	117

Social Calendar.

Sept. 1. School opens with thirty-one Freshmen. Juniors have the usual trouble patching up conflicts.

Sept. 4. Mr. Wendt shows the Physics class how to gently (?) break an electric light bulb.

Sept. 8. Serious symptoms developing. Ruth Cox begins taking two books home each night.

Sept. 15. First meeting of the faculty—very mysterious!

Sept. 16. The mystery solved and the well-behaved Seniors are picturing themselves in the agonies of semester exams.

Sept. 19. High School startled! Freshman class have organized at last.

Sept. 20. First experience with the pigskin; Tekonsha—our victory.

Sept. 27. Our old rival defeated. Some people may not believe much can happen in the last half of a game—but?

Sept. 29. Edwin Blackburn takes his first nap in class.

Sept. 30. J. B. Gower discovered with an intellectual look.

Oct. 2. First report cards issued. Great barometric changes reported.

Oct. 4. We went, we saw,—we were conquered! Albion at Albion.

Oct. 6. Senior and Junior presidents feel they need a rest—they go fishing and catch—a vacation.

Oct. 11. Three Rivers came and went—words fail us.

Oct. 13. Library opens with usual large attendance of Seniors and Juniors.

Oct. 14. Our editor calls a meeting of overworked and intellectual staff members and suitable names for our Annual are suggested.

Oct. 17. Second meeting of High School faculty this evening.

Oct. 22. Senior Spread. Indigestion (in the form of underclassmen) gets in its deadly work.

Oct. 28. The Juniors and Sophomores grow “select”, and no Seniors are invited to their spread.

Oct. 29. Sturgis—crazy to come—happy to get away—U C. wins.

Oct. 30. Freshman party. Sedate Seniors make themselves welcome—later! ! Visions of stripes and iron bars—Bill Fenno.

Oct. 30 to Nov. 4. State Teachers' Association. Ruth Brown takes Ruth Cox to the city and shows her how to “look around”. Ruth Cox returns home weary but broadened by travel.

Nov. 8. Football team visits Coldwater, came home—“nuff sed.”

Nov. 12. Appropriators of the Freshmen eats, apologize—the clock strikes 18.

Nov. 15. Albion returns our visit—they did us once, but never again.

Nov. 27. The downfall of Athens on the local gridiron—break training. Football banquet.

Nov. 28. Thomas Anderson and Owen Decker leave for the

Y. M. C. A. convention.

Dec 1 to 5. Farmers' School. Agriculture classes intensely interested. Mary Margeson and Ruth Brown learn how to raise chickens.

Dec. 6. Philamathean Fair—girls do all the work.

Dec. 18. The "Preps" prove that Santa Claus is not a fraud. High School give farewell party for Miss Carr. Class honors for 1914 announced. School closes for 1913.

Jan. 1. Marie Kindig resolves, "I will not grow more than one inch a week this year." Lucile Wilbur resolves, "No more than two packages of Spearmint at a time." Leonard Marsh, "I will cut out flirting, and study at the most one hour a day.

Jan. 5. School opens—we meet Miss Benson—more later.

Jan. 6. Senior boys call a meeting. Senior girls very happy, expecting anything from a sleigh ride to a banquet.

Jan. 7. "Stung." Senior fellows have gone hunting. Girls plan game supper—visions of an owl and a rabbit.

Jan. 9. Philamathean spell down. J. B. Gower hesitates before spelling "squirrel". Annual football dance.

Jan. 12. Boys come to school looking sheepish. Casting shy glances at the girls and rubbing their upper lips. Later—the mystery is explained. They decide to hide for thirty days behind facial shrubbery.

Jan. 14 to 19. Classes wash their faces, fuss up and have their pictures taken.

Jan. 20. Famous Faculty Ruling for conduct in halls inaugurated. Miss Brown and Miss Bassett become foot-weary.

Jan. 28. Senior supper. Later the inquisition.

Feb. 4. A new rule. Chew gum, lose E. Lose E. take the finals. Take the finals flunk.

Feb. 11. Miss Ireland assigns characters for "Bulbul".

Feb. 18. Senior Benefit.

Feb. 20. Philamathean Society entertained by the Primary room at a George Washington party.

Feb. 27. Seventh grade dramatize "Evangeline".

Mar. 2. Declamatory contest. Clara Strong wins.

Mar. 9. Seniors decide to give "The Hoodoo" for their class play. Panama Canal lecture.

March 10. Practice for operetta begins. Wanted by Miss

Ireland, some devise that will bring each and every member of her wandering show troupe to practice.

March 25. The High School Glee Clubs present "Bulbul" to a crowded house.

Mar. 27. School closes for spring vacation.

April 6. School begins again. Seniors (some of them) begin cramming for teachers' exams.

April 7. War declared with Tekonsha.

April 11. First battle fought. The Union forces defeated.

April 18. Bronson wants to fight and Union licks 'em.

April 24. Philamathean contest ended. The "U's" won.

April 25. Another skirmish with Tekonsha. Another defeat.

April 27. Geometry and Civics classes struck by lightning. No one enlightened much!

April 28. Senior class very quietly (?) retire to B. and still more quietly pick out their graduating invitations.

April 29. Eleven happy Seniors depart for the teachers' exams., leaving the less fortunate ones at home to weep.

May 1. The Freshmen present the "Merchant of Venice—Up-To-Date."

May 5. The Junior Benefit.

May 8. The "U. C." goes to press. The Editorial Board take out life insurance, and prepare for the inquisition.

May 15. The "C's" show unusual generous spirit and treat the "U's".

May 21. Junior Reception.

June 14. Baccalaureate Sunday.

June 15-17. Tortures! Humane and County officers called in.

June 18. "The Hoodoo."

June 19. "Educated B'gosh."

—Louise H. Hubbard, Social Editor.

“The Hoodoo.”

On the eighteenth day of June, nineteen hundred and fourteen, the Senior class put on at the local theater, a high class comedy entitled “The Hoodoo.”

“The Hoodoo” is an Egyptian searab and into whosoever hands it falls it brings misfortune and mishaps. The play is full of amusing incidents and, when interest is at its height, the affairs suddenly arrange themselves, Billy Jackson and Doris elope with the help of Brighton Early.

CAST OF CHARACTER.

Brighton Early, about to be married	Levi Hopkins
Billy Jackson, the heart breaker	George Greenwood
Prof. Solomon Spiggot, an authority on Egypt	Hugh Moore
Hemachus Spiggot, his son, aged 17	Marshall Brushart
Mr. Malachi Meek, a lively old gentleman of 69	Owen Decker
Mr. Dun, the burglar	J. B. Gower
Miss Amy Lee, ward of Mrs. Perrington Shine	Louise Hubbard
Miss Doris Ruffles, engaged to Billy	Ruth A. Brown
Mrs. Perrington Shine, daughter of Mr. Meek	Mary Margeson
Gwendolyn Perrington Shine, who does just as mamma says	Iva Smith
Mrs. Ima Clinger, a fascinating young widow	Marietta Knauss
Angeline, her angel child, aged 8	Nina Dormer
Dodo DeGraft, the dazzling daisy	Irene Philo
Mrs. Semiramic Spiggot, the mother of 7	Myrtie Seabury
Eupepsia Spiggot, her daughter, aged 16	Marie O'Rorke
Four little Spiggots:	
Cheops, aged 6	James Craig
Remesia, aged 7	Mable VanSchoick
Cleopatra, aged 12	Mary Childs
Osris Isis, aged 14	Vietta Rickard
Miss Longnecker, a public school teacher	Christel Groth
Lulu, maid, a lulu by name and nature	Ruth Cox
Aunt Paradine, a colored cook	Ella Mack
Stage manager and director	Miss Grace H. Brown

"The Legend of the Bleeding Heart"

or

"How Union City Received its Name."

Many years ago, long before the white man came to this country, there dwelt along the banks of a river, now well known in the southern part of Michigan as the St. Joe, a tribe of Indians called the Pottowattamies.

At this time, the river was several times its present size and the mighty waters rushing through the thick forest, did seem like a Great Way—rushing, tumbling, picturesque in its untamedness—to meet some vital force—maybe civilization. Now mills and powerhouses have been built on its banks and the once proud river flows unobtrusively along, through the many towns and cities which have overtaxed its strength and left it to ripple softly as though ashamed, lest it be noticed and commented upon.

"Great Heart" was chief of the Pottowattamies. He had a daughter whose hair was the color of golden maize, and eyes as deep and starry as the stars in a midsummer sky. "Great Heart" loved his daughter with a passion lacking any control,—but he was secretly ashamed that the child of the chief of the Pottowattamies should resemble no known creature. He mourned over his degradation, and the sight of the sunshine mingled with his daughter's golden hair made sorrow within his heart.

The Indian maiden had never known a mother's love, for, on the day of her birth, also the day of the "Sungod's" visit to earth, the tired little mother went Home—where no longer the war cries would trouble her slumbers. Before she went she caressed her baby, and, because of her golden hair called her the "Sunmaid".

The Indians thought the Sungod had been displeased and had sent to them a creature so utterly different from anyone they had ever seen. And even though they loved the maiden dearly, who was so considerate of their comforts, they allowed her to grow up, knowing fully their real feelings and leaving her to bear her sorrow alone.

One day in the time of ripened maize, the Sunmaid came home from a trip in the forest and found all confusion within the wigwam. The chief and his warriors were going on the warpath with a neighboring tribe—All In. This tribe were excellent warriors and, by far, outnumbered the Pottowattamies and the Sunmaid's

heart sank for she knew they would not be the victors.

The next day at sundown she wandered down the river. It was just sixteen years since her mother had left her. The last rays of sun in the west shed its rosy light over the weeping maiden. Suddenly the figure of the Sungod appeared and said, "Listen to me! There is one way by which you may be saved, and that is by the tribes uniting. I will cause this to be brought about if you will return with me to the region of the sun, coming back only once each year in the night to visit your home."

The Sunmaid loved her father, and knowing that only through her could the union be brought about, she consented.—But pray let me leave some sign that my father may know where I have gone. So she went to the region of the sun with the Sungod and every summer there comes a day when the corn is at its ripened stage and the Sungod visits the earth. He allows the "Sunmaid" just at nightfall to return for a brief visit. So if you should now hear the sound of dancing waters and whispering trees, you may know that it is the Sunmaid back among her own.

The day after the disappearance of the Indian maiden, the chief was walking beside the river and he saw a bush on which grew many, many little bleeding hearts,—he knew then that the Sungod had taken his daughter and he would never see her again.

But true to the Sungod's promise, the tribes were united and today on the banks of the St. Joe river there is a prospering little town which resulted from the united tribes and is called by the inhabitants—Union City. —R. A. B.

The Sunset.

Union City was yet naked and leafless, but its sunsets are always beautiful, and the rosy glow of the sun is tinging with its radiance the whole evening sky. It is inspiring and soothing to witness the effect of the after-glow, to see the very heavens bursting forth in the flashes of gold and crimson, to experience the feeling of awe stealing over the senses.

The gold-tipped arrows of the sunset pierce the deepening shadows of the sky and burst into beautiful tints. Look at those gorgeous rainbow hues! See the colors—mother of pearl, carmine, violet, lavender—"what does it mean?" I cried. Ah! those rainbow hues are searchlights turned on the world beyond.

The vivid colors fade and a cloud castle appears silhouetted and dimly painted in the ashen sky. It is a vast castle with round turret and columns stained by the faintest of rainbow-blended tints. At either side of it, the cloud mountains rise in august majesty. Lift thine eyes, Oh! lift thine eyes to the cloud mountains whose ashen grandeur throws into relief a white, foaming river, rushing past the cloud castle, and leaping into the blue sea beyond.

As I look at the scene, I recall that the Romans held that a city should have a not too distant view of mountains to uplift the soul of the citizen and a river to--Hark!

Ah! the great bells of the town swell into a full, glorious harmony that sweeps the soul. The sun sets, the clouds move, the twilight fades, and leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Battles.

There are battles brave in history,
There are battles of force and fame,
But in the heart of a woman
Is the battle of which I name.

The foes are hidden in ambush,
Their weapons are joy and pain;
The battle ground is the conscience,
And the losing is oftimes the gain.

A Reverie.

The statesman tells of the glory
Of grand and godlike deeds,
And fires the heart with the story,
The listener hears and heeds;
But I tell of the sweetly virtues
Of fudge the school girl makes,
And I see in each square a sermon
For the text of purity.

The artist paints the beauty
Of land, and sky, and sea,
On his canvas, by the magic
Of the brush that baffles me.
But I am a candy artist,
And paint in the school girls' way,
A picture that gives to all sweet tasting pleasure
The fudge to eat each day.

--Fudge Truth.

Jokes.

Mr. Wendt—Well, Decker, what is the difference between sound and light?

Decker—We hear one and see the other.

Miss Bassett, U. S. Hist.—Will you all bring your "Hart's Essential" to class tomorrow.

G. Greenwood—I can't, she isn't here.

He Took the Air Line Down.

Wounded Aviator lying on ground after falling 1200 feet.

Physician, gravely—Stand back crowd, and give him air.

Pat, disgusted—Air is it he wants? It looks to me as if he's had too much air already.

Owen D.—What do we have in Physics today?

Myrtie S.—We have a test, and problems in heat.

O. D.—I'll be scorched if I do them.

The Great Awakening.

D. D. to Confident—So many people are telling me that I have the big-head that I'm beginning to believe it.

A Gapping Wound.

M. K.—Say, you remind me of a great bird.

R. A. B. (getting thru yawning and stretching)—What bird?

M. K.—The "awe stretch".

Mr. Wendt, Botany—Tell about the odors of flowers as attraction of insects.

Miss Yunt—Well-er-some insects can smell two feet.

Question—Whose feet?

Miss Brown, discussing adjectives, Eng. Lit.—"The dark, gloomy day finally passed." "Class, it doesn't have to be gloomy to be dark does it?"

Brushart—"No, and lots of times it's dark without being gloomy."

Vietta Rickard translating Ger. II, 'Immense'—Reinhard stood still and looked over the tree tops at his feet (?). Some feet.

Hugh Moore, translating Ger. II.—The old man looked back onto the city which lay before him.

Miss Brown, Eng. Lit.: Did you read Burns' poem, "To a Mouse?"

Lit. student: No, I tried to but it ran away.

R. A. B. rushing into the art room looking for a High School magazine, "The Echo".

"Oh, Miss Ireland, have you seen an Echo in here?"

Oh, what is so rare
As a piece of
Steak at the Hart House.

Do You Think These Fit?

(Some years hence.)

Irene Philo	As an actress
Louise Hubbard	A sunshine nurse
Marietta Knauss	A model housekeeper
Nina Dormer	Keeper of an old man's home
Ruth Brown	Still writing
Iva Smith	School ma'm
Marie O'Rorke	Married again

Sometimes we wonder!

Ratios and Proportions.

Hugh : Ruth : : Owen : Marietta.

Miss Bassett : Exams : : cat : rat.

R. A. B. Book : : Marietta : stroll.

James : Physics : : Mr. Wendt : Induction coil.

Irene : ? : : elephant : ant.

Meaningless Meanness.

Don Drake's definition of a bass viol—a violin blowed up.

Mr. Hopkins began talking about the heathens.

"I don't know what you call them,—them heathens—" Pause.

Miss Benson: "Well, Mr. Hopkins, you haven't advanced very much yourself."

Mr. Wendt: Why do we cover cooking dishes?

George Greenwood: To keep the smell in.

Miss Bassett: It was not that way when I went to school.

Nina Dormer: Well times have changed you know.

Miss Brown: "Our hopes and prayers are that you may be saved?" Miss Smith please go to the board and diagram that sentence.

Miss Smith: "Our hopes and prayers are that Hugh may be saved."

(But she didn't diagram it.)

A. Waffle giving Bible verse in Philamathean: "Lo! I am a vine."

Mrs. Lewis addressing Ger. II class: "Say, who put the pep in pepper?"

Weep and you are called a baby,
Laugh and you're called a fool,
Yield and you're called a coward,
Stand and you're called a mule,
Smile and they'll call you silly,
Frown and they'll call you gruff,
Put on a front like a millionaire,
And some guy calls you a bluff. —Ex.

Mr. S.: Mr. Drake, what is your head for anyway?

Don: Please, sir, I suppose its to keep my collar on.

It is necessary to find out immediately whether the following are real or imaginary:

Junior class spirit—
The solemn look of Miss Bassett."
The serious dignity of the Seniors.
That smile on Levi Hopkins.
The tiredness of Nellie Kingsbury.
The cares of Nina Dormer.
The "inspirations" of Ruth Brown.
The "happiness" of Miss Ireland.
The "inclinations" of Marietta Knauss.

Turn failure into victory
Don't let your courage fade.
And if you get a lemon
Just make the lemon aid. —Ex.

Mary was a knowing maid,
A knowing maid was she,
But she stepped on a serpent's foot
And she got stung, b'gee. —Anon.

James stood on the burning deck,
Just like a little man,
Until a spark got down his neck
And then you bet he ran. —Anon.

Spooning in the back of the bobs' silence—unbroken. Suddenly a voice from the front, "Oh say, they're selling spark plugs in the city for ten cents."

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OPPOSITE UNION HOTEL

Fruits and Vegetables. Highest Market Price for
BUTTER AND EGGS.

Hubbard & Seaver, - Union City, Michigan.

Miss Bassett, Civics class—Who can tell me what the State Contingent Fund is?

1st Bright Lad—It is a fund given to the Governor to pay for cases.

2nd B. L.—Yes, it is a fund reserved to entertain his visitors.

The Zenith of Her Career.

Supt. Stearns addressing her highness, Christel Groth—Yes, Christel, my girl, you have at length reached a great height.—and then he handed her her diploma.

Prof. Wendt, physics—Craig, what is work?

Jamie (honestly)—Search me!

Miss Bassett, U. S. History—J. B., name the nations.

J. B. G.—Oh, there's England, Germany, France, United States and—

Miss B.—Yes, those are all nations. Is Mexico a nation?

J. B. (thinking awhile)—Yes, a damnation.

Childish.

M. M. C.—Oh, I can't accept this picture—one of my eye-brows is raised up.

Mr. King (photog.)—Well, I'm glad there's one high-brow in the class.

WHITING'S PHARMACY

Whiting's Velvet Chocolate Syrup

Vernor's Ginger Ale

Potter's Ice Cream

Welch's Grape Juice

Chocolate and Malted Milk Drinks a Specialty.

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Michigan.

Senior soliloquizing—Yes, we are always financially embarrassed.

Coldly speaking, if the “Absolute” cost was a “Centigrade” how “Fahrenheit” do you suppose we could go?

The Joke Editor just before he died—I hold the world but as the world, a stage where every man must play his part—and mine a sad one.

Miss Benson—Wouldn't you like me tell you about my last trip to Chicago?

Miss Ireland—Well—oh yes, but just wait 'til I get my sewing so I'll have something to think about while you're talking.

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Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Optical Goods, Silver
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Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing.

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For the Man Who Cares

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THESE clothes sell at from \$10 to \$25 are ready for service at our store. You can quickly find the suit that fits your form and fancy. No waiting, no delay, no guessing how it will look when you try it on. May we have the opportunity to convince you.

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Geo. L. Minto Company.

Milan

Union City

Mt. Pleasant

Second Hour in Assembly Hall "A":

Visitor—Why is Miss Ireland sitting there with her chin in her hand?

Bright Student—Oh she is trying to think and is afraid she'll interrupt herself.

Miss I.— Oh gloom!

Man in the case—I like it dark too, dear.

By these words you shall know them:

Oh jolly!—M. B. K.—My kingdom for—a man I. P.

Shades of Jupiter!—L. E. H.—I never tell things twice alike.

L. H.

Yes.

We wonder if the Freshmen will canonize Miss Brown.

If Miss Benson would like to be a Mormon.

If Miss Ireland is as good as she looks.

If Miss Bassett's bark is as bad as her bite.

Mr. Wendt—Miss Brown, how many chickens would you have on your farm.

R. A. B.—Seventeen hens, five roosters and a cock.

FIRST WORD

In Style



LAST WORD

In Comfort

WALK - OVER
E. J. GWIN & SON.

Visitor—Why are the agriculture classes so popular?

Student—Because they're a credit for putting in time.

Heard coming home from a faculty sleigh ride in the rear of the bobs—"Cold dear?" "'Bout to freeze." "Want my coat dear?" "Just the sleeves." Guess who?

Grave digger! bill for digging a grave for one man named Button. One Button hole \$3.00.—Ex.

Seniors' Song.

"I wouldn't be an angel,
For angels have to sing—
I'd rather be a senior
And never do a thing."

Divine Rights.

Divine Right of:

Mr. Stearns, to walk the halls.

Miss Brown, to "keep smiling."

Miss Ireland, to throw batons at Seniors.

Miss Bassett, to facts, not theory.

Miss Benson, to take numerous vacations.

Mr. Wendt, to heat, light and electrify the minds of the Seniors.

Mr. Lewis, to mind his own business.

The Seniors, to look, listen, smile, and do as you please.

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Complete Line of Hardware

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“THE CLOTHES BEAUTIFUL.”



HERE are lots of good clothes, but we know better clothes than you'll find here are not made. You'll find that we have the very best selection of

SPECIAL YOUNG MEN'S MODELS

Styles with a class and “ginger” to them that you don't ordinarily see.

We'll sell you the best suit you ever bought for \$10.00 or the best you ever bought for \$20.00.

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WE DON'T BUY IN LARGE QUANTITIES. OUR ROOM IS LIMITED.
COURTEOUS TREATMENT AND PROMPT ATTENTION.

H. E. HAYNER & SON.

Want “Ads.”---Unclassified.

Wanted—A knowledge of the universe—Miss Brown.

Wanted—A man, (good, bad or indifferent)—Miss Benson.

Wanted—To change my name—Miss Bassett.

Wanted—A model chorus—Miss Ireland.

Wouldn't That Jar You.

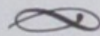
Mr. Wendt, Physics—“Where there must be no jar a steam turbine is better for use than a reciprocating steam engine.”
“Where could a steam turbine be used?”

Al.—“In a dynamite factory.”

H. C. Rheubottom

Funeral Director

Monuments



Markers..

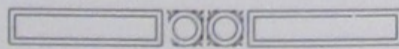
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Cemetery Work of All Kinds.

BOTH PHONES.

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We should worry like a bell and ring the Sanitary Market for that meat order for there is always a fine line of fresh, salt and smoked meats in stock.

RING EITHER
PHONE

Fresh Oysters
Fruits
and
Vegetables

IN SEASON.

Oh, you chicken!
We have the kind for your Sunday Dinner.

Ask about our line of Staple Canned Goods.

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OFFICERS:

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J. S. NESBITT, CASHIER

Agl II—Miss Brown, what kind of an insect pest attacks the leaves of the apple tree?

R.A.B.—Why, those funny little worms with their fuzz half on and half off.

WEATHER FORECAST given daily—Lucile Wilbur—Snow every night this week.

Mr. Edwin Blackburn spent Sunday night and a part of Monday a. m. at the home of Mr. J. L. Kindig.

Irene Smith and Elva Walsworth are now following the Lewis & Clark trail.

Queen Quality

STOP!

LOOK!!

LISTEN!!!

Then Demand our QUEEN QUALITY Shoes and Oxfords.

PARSONS, The Shoe Man.

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Southern Calhoun County.*

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Miss Brown in Senior Lit., dramatizing "Macbeth"—Ruth you may read the Witch scene and the class will be trees blowing in the wind. Mr. Hopkins what kind of a tree will you be?

Mr. H.—A Popular, I guess.

Some are Called on, and Some Give Themselves Away.

Class discussing Shakespeare's "Macbeth"—"Be not found here, hence with your little ones."

Miss Brown—From this speech have you any idea how old Lady Macduff's children were?"

Miss Hubbard—I think they were quite small.

Irene Philo—Oh! You might be called 'little one' when quite old.

Iva Smith translating Ger. II—

Er rühmte sich,
Auf ihrer hundert seiner
Man zu treffen.

Her translation—"He boasts of shooting one man in a hundred." Some shot, eh, Iva?

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Some of Our Misses.

- Mis (s)—cellaneous—Marie O'Rorke.
Mis (s)—take —Iva Smith.
Mis (s)—hap —Ruth Cox.
Mis (s)—construe —Louise Hubbard.
Mis (s)—behave —Irene Philo.
Mis (s)—chief —Ruth Brown.
Mis (s)—fit —Annette Harris.
Mis (s)—demeanor —Mary Margeson.
Mis (s)—govern —Marietta Knauss.
Mis (s)—report —Marie Kindig.
Mis (s)—proportion—Nina Dormer.
Mis (s)—cognizant —Lucile Wilbur.

Shocking!

Prof. Wendt (in class)—Miss—, I wish you would come up to my desk at 4:30. I wish to hold you a few minutes after dismissal.

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DAY OR NIGHT.

Marietta Knauss giving Bible verse in Philamathean—"Come
all ye that are heavy, and I will give you rest."

Monday Morning.

Mr. Wendt, Physics—Miss Hubbard, what does E. M. F.
mean?

Louise (light-haired but heavy-eyed)—I don't know.

Mr. W.—I think you had better send him home an hour
earlier.

Miss Ireland addressing the Joke Editor—Do you know what
I'll do to you if you do not leave Nina Dormer alone?

J. E.—Will I—become acquainted with your baton?

"Hugh Moore, you naughty boy, you'll have to stop throwing
kisses at the teachers."

Miss Brown in Philamathean, trying to illustrate the charade,
'rest': What is it that we find written on marble slabs, and which
comes during vacation?

Frank Finten—The Fourth of July.

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and you will
Stay to Buy*

Prof. W. (in Physics): If I were to drink a glass of lemonade with a straw, what would be drawing it up?

Bright lad: The sucker.

Prof. W.: If there were no atmosphere in the world, how would things appear in the morning.

Mr. B. K.: All soaked up.

Life.

A smile, a tear, a speeding year,
Some joy intermingled with sorrow.
A friendship---and a long, dark night,
Then the end----of our brief night.

Heard Across the Way.

R. B. (to Don Drake): What did you get in Geometry final?

Don: What did you get?

R. B.: Money.

Don: Well I got money minus.

Miss Bassett: Name some important happening during Wilson's term of office.

Nina: Oh, the Panama canal was built under him.

James C. Britton

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"Get into the harness"	H. E. Stearns
"Now don't be silly"	Miss Brown
"Translate further please"	Miss Benson
"We'll have less noise"	Miss Bassett
"That will do"	Mr. Wendt
"You bore me to death"	Miss Ireland
"Room for one more sign"	C. E. Lewis

By these songs you shall know them:

"The Owl"	Hugh Moore
"I Love the Girls"	J. B. Gower
"The Busy Bee"	Iva Smith
"Fading Away"	Ruth Cox
"Aufwieder sehen"	Ruth Brown
"Let's Away"	Marshall Brushart
"Good Night"	Levi Hopkins
"Pancake Song"	Nina Dormer
"Abend Frieden"	Marietta Knauss
"Whirl and Twirl"	Irene Philo

Mary had an aeroplane
With wings as white as snow;
They're picking up the pieces now
Because it wouldn't go.

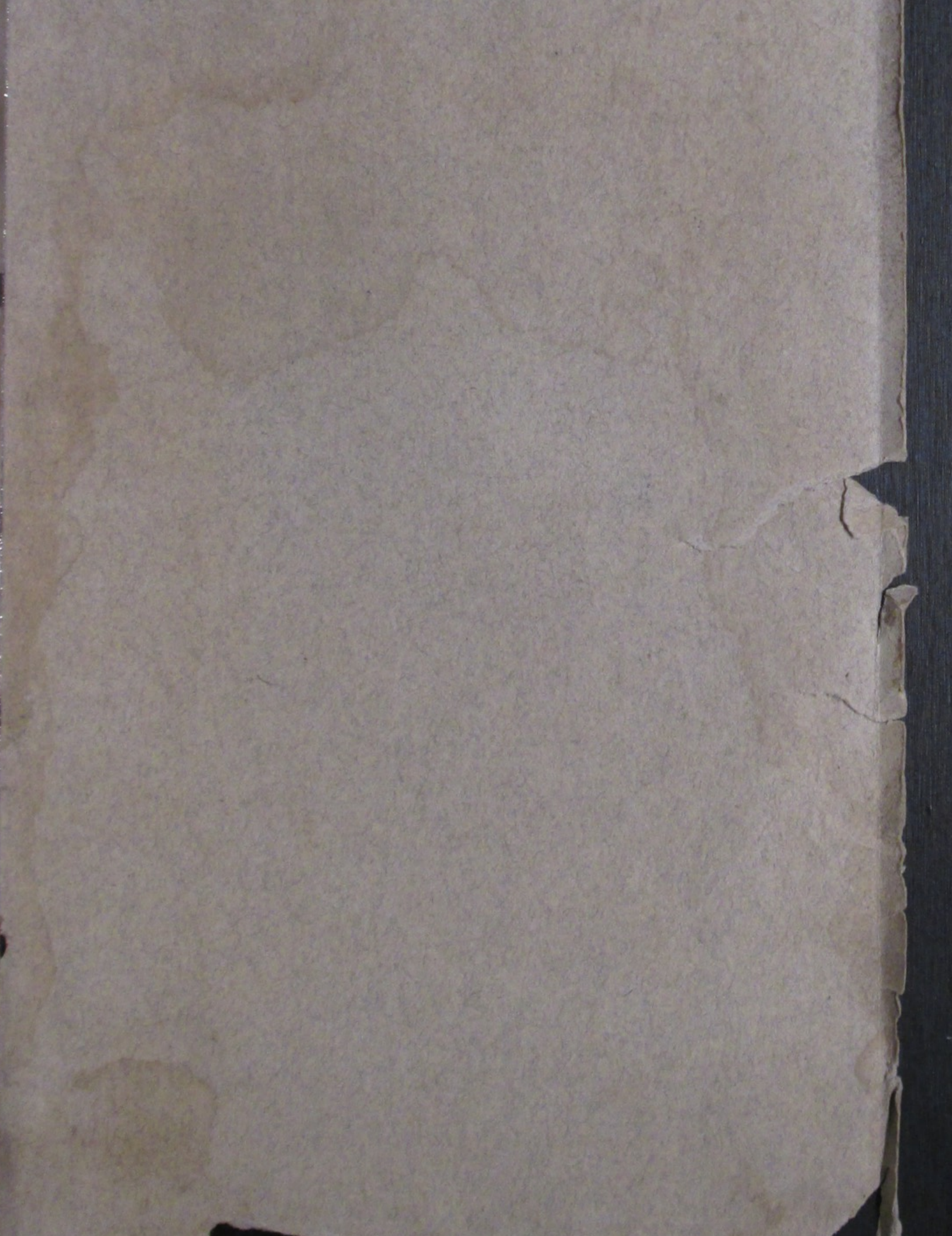
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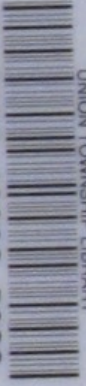


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