

The Sibyl

The Sibyl

Published by the

Senior Class of the High School

Portsmouth, Ohio

THE PORTSMOUTH TRIBUNE

1902.



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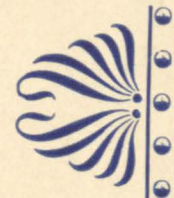
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<i>Associate Business Manager</i>	- - - - -	PHILIP C. YOUNG.

Editorial.

THE SIBYL is finished and we are pretty nearly so, as it were. There remains but a brief message to our readers. We do not hope to forestall criticism or censure but simply throw ourselves upon the mercy of the public. But whatever the shortcomings of our work may be and whatever sins of omission or commission for which we shall be held answerable we have but one plea, that our intentions were all for the best.

In reviving the custom of publishing an ANNUAL our class has entered into somewhat of an experiment. However, we have striven to make the work not merely an ANNUAL of the Senior Class but of the whole school, and hope that we have been able to produce something which, faulty as it is, will be a memorial of the year nineteen hundred and two to many of the students of this school.

If anyone has been hard hit in these pages, we extend to him our most heartfelt sympathy and assure him that if it had not been for the interference of the editors he would have been even more sorely smitten. We also wish to tender our sincere thanks to all who have lent us their aid in getting out this strenuous publication, especially to The Blade and The Times for their many courtesies to our class, and to commend to you for earnest perusal the "ads" to which it owes its existence.

Assuring you that we appreciate your excellent judgment in your choice of present reading matter, and that we will remember you in our last will and testament, we remain, kind reader,

Yours in love, weariness and debt,

THE EDITORS.



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The Class of '02.

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COLORS—BLUE AND WHITE.

MOTTO—"CERTUM PETE FINEM."

FLOWER—THE IRIS.

CLASS YELL

Razzle-dazzle, Hobble-gobble! Sis! Boom! Bah!

Portsmouth High School! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah for the White! Rah for the Blue!

Rah for the Class of Nineteen-Two!

Class Toast.

Here's to the Seniors of old Naughty-two,
You'll not find their equals the whole world through,
May the sun of glory long shed it's light
On the class that wears the Blue and the White.



	K. ZOELLNER	R. PRAY	E. MARTING	W. REEDER	V. STOCKHAM	
N. ANDERSON	M. FARMER	R. TREMPER	S. TERRY	W. DAWSON	L. SMALL	
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—PHOTO BY HARRIS

The History of the Class of '02.

IN speaking of History, we almost invariably associate it with antiquity, with ancient manners and armors, with something musty, cobwebby, or even moth-eaten. Now, if this were the case we Seniors could not possibly have a history for there is nothing ancient, musty, cobwebby, motheaten, or old fashioned about the Class of '02 of the Portsmouth High School.

We made a good beginning in our Freshman year, and earned the approbation of the Faculty to such an extent that we were awarded the distinguished honor of being "The best class that ever came into the High School." Such an honor as this is indeed reserved for very few classes.

When we became Sophomores and were no longer "little D's," as the Freshmen are called, we early showed that we were a progressive, up-to-date class and one that would speedily hold the first place in our Alma Mater. At this time there was a flag contest between the Seniors and the Juniors, and we were the first class that ever dared to raise a flag while yet Sophomores. Oh, we have been a great class, and our annals are surely written in the halls of Fame!

In our Junior year, we began to make history in earnest. Although it had not been customary to

organize classes until the Senior year, we organized in the beginning of the year. Then, the Senior class challenged us to a series of three debates to determine the debating championship of the High School and we immediately accepted the challenge. It would be impossible for me to tell of the flights of oratory on both sides, and I shall only say that we won two out of the three debates, thus proving ourselves to be leaders in that line. We also had a debate on Napoleon in our history class that revealed our President to us, for he astonished everyone by his magnificent bursts of eloquence. Indeed, we are a wonderful class! We revived an ancient custom when we banqueted the Seniors, much to our own and their pleasure, thus establishing a precedent for the on-coming classes.

We are glad to see that our successors have followed this custom, and we are certain that when we have left our Alma Mater, the reins of leadership will be safe in their hands.

The Class of '02 was the first to purchase separate Junior pins, and also introduced many other innovations. In order to show our good will to the Class of '01, we decorated most artistically the stage for their Commencement Exercises, and throughout

the entire year did everything in our power to make their last year the most enjoyable of their lives. For our kindness, we were repaid most delightfully by the Seniors in a picnic to Creighton's Inn. Then, we entertained ourselves by a picnic to Coney Island. Our Junior year ended in a blaze of glory by our pulling down and capturing every flag that the Class of '01 dared to raise, and substituting our own blue and white banner in its place.

Our class has always encouraged athletics, and early in the season of our Senior year a foot-ball team was organized which went through the entire season without a defeat. We were also instrumental in organizing the first basket ball team of which our school has ever boasted. We early saw the error of the prevailing custom of adopting the colors of each Senior Class as the High School colors, and set a movement on foot whereby permanent High School colors were chosen, and pins were procured for the school. No other class before us has been unselfish enough to sacrifice its own glory for the good of the school. We saw that the constant changing of colors was harmful, and speedily brought about the adoption of permanent colors, regardless of the self-sacrifice on our part. We held the debating championship of the school against all contestants for over a year (longer than any other class has ever held it); and then, as we were soon to leave the school,

conferred it upon the class of '03, which fought so gallantly for it.

We were most hospitably entertained by the Juniors in a banquet with such magnificence as is rarely seen in this city. The Juniors were such admirable hosts that we simply had a glorious time, and can not half express our thanks to them as we should like to do.

Following the custom of colleges, we gave as our Senior play one of Mr. W. D. Howells' farces, "The Albany Depot." This was a great success, and will be a shining example for the succeeding classes to follow.

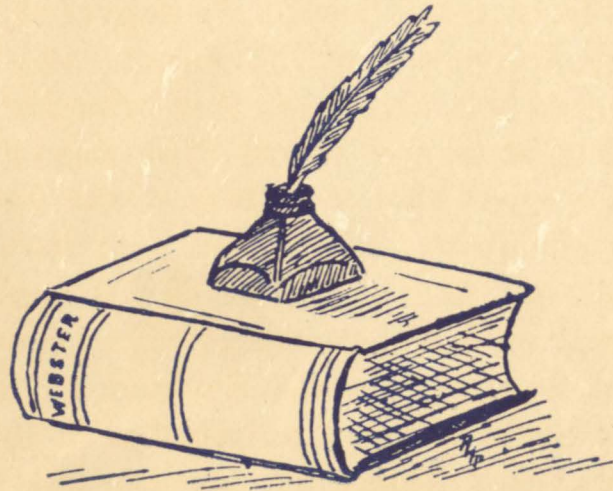
The Class of '02 also held under its auspices a very instructive lecture and experiments with Liquid Air. This lecture was most ably delivered by Prof. Davis, of the University of Michigan, and the class was commented on all sides for bringing such an intellectual treat to the town. It was the largest financiering project that any class of the Portsmouth High School had ever undertaken. It involved hundreds of dollars, but the Class of '02 undertook it with its usual push and energy, and was successful.

A fine dictionary was also donated to the school library as a slight token of our good will towards it. A magnificent memorial was presented as a lasting testimonial of our reverence and respect for our Alma Mater.

We were greatly surprised on Arbor Day by the Juniors, when they planted a tree in our honor on the campus of the new High School. To be remembered in this way is indeed the greatest token of friendship and good will.

As this book shows, we revived the custom of issuing an Annual, and have done everything in our power to further school spirit and enterprise. These are a few of the things that we have done, but the prophetess will tell you what we shall do.

MARIE PIXLEY.



Carmen Latinum.

A cat sedebat on our fence,
As laeta as could be;
Her vox surgebat to the skies,
Canebat merrily.

My clamor was of no avail
Tho' clare I did cry
Conspexit me with wild reproof,
And winked her alter eye.

Sed frustra ieci boot, a lamp,
Some bottles and a book;
Ergo I seized my pistols, et
My aim cum cura took.

I had sex shots, dixi, "Ye gods,
May I that felem kill!"
Unam! I took six of her lives
The other three sang still.

The felis sang cum maior vim,
Tho' meus aim was true,
Conatus sum putare quid
I utonum I'd do.

A scheme advenit my head,
Scius 'twould make her wince,
I sang et then the hostis fled
Non eam vidi since.

Officers.

<i>President,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RUSSELL WHITE.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	WILLIAM SPITZER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY MEYER.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELMER HEISEL.
Class Motto	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Carpe Diem.
Class Flower	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Scarlet Carnation.
Color	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Scarlet.

Class Yell

Rickety-rus, rickety-rus,
Scarlet's good enough for us;
Carpe diem, carpe di,
Portsmouth High School, Nineteen-Three!

The Class of '03.

Anderson, Lollie
Arnold, Walter R.
Baas, Effie M.
Bittner, Walter E.
Brunner, Oscar
Clare, James D.
Cook, Tena U.
Dever, Martha

Duvendeck, Ray H.
Elliot, Gertrude A.
Gates, Mabel A.
Graham, Verena B.
Heinisch, Hubert
Heisel, Elmer W.
Helt, Edna R.
Horr, Arthur N.

Kehrer, Frederick A.
Locher, Roy W.
Menke, C. Nellie
Meyer, Mary E.
Mills, Alfred
Prediger, Millie E.
Schlichter, Loraine
Schmitt, Clara E.

Smith, Bessie R.
Spitzer, William A.
Stewart, Winnetta
Treuthart, Florabel B.
Wallace, Sarah E.
White, Russell B.
Williams, M. Margaret.



CLASS OF 1903.

A SONG FOR THE JUNIORS.

(TUNE: THE BRAVE OLD OAK.)

1. A song for the B's, the dear old B's,
That have ruled in our hearts so long,
Each lad and each lass of the Junior Class,
Of the class in numbers strong,
And the scarlet they wear is so bright and fair,
'Tis an emblem that's fitly true,
There's no class, all agree, like to Nineteen-three
With the will both to dare and do.

Chorus:

2. Then sing of the B's, the dear old B's,
And the red that they love to see;
Let the welkin ring as a song we sing
Of the Class of Nineteen and Three.

Of victories bold, you've all been told,
That were won by their skill and might,
Here's health and renown and a laurel crown,
Which is surely their's by right,
And their motto so bold, they love to uphold,
"Carpe diem," it is, you see;
May old time on the wing every blessing bring
To the Class known as Nineteen Three.

Chorus:

AS THE JUNIORS SEE THE SENIORS.

Never Really Antagonistic.	Most Loquacious Summer Girl.
Worst Jilter Born.	Vociferating Many Sentiments.
Woman's Earthly Defender.	Sobriety With Tears.
Merry Obstreperous Fidget.	Real High Toned.
Ever Most Mournful.	Jes' Waitin'.
Merry Midget.	Beautiful Warbler.
Most Laudably Placid.	Pugilistic Charming Youth.
Real Future Pedagogue.	K(C)onceited Z---
Concise Witty Relater.	

AS THE JUNIORS SEE THE FACULTY.

Exacting Benefactress.	Laboratory Dabbler.
Cunning Brunette,	Living Walking Hallucination.
Extremely Minute Critic.	Most Too Rapturous.

ACROSTIC.

C stands for Englishman, lord of great state,
A for a major as bold and as great,
R for an artist, both famous and old,
P, a philosopher, learned and bold,
E for a woman of England's great fold.
D is a novelist, one of the best,
I an old country, where we'd love to rest,
E for deportment of each lad and lass,
M is for model, which is the B Class.

W. S.

Cornwallis.	Defoe.
Anderson.	Italy.
Raphael.	Excellent.
Plato.	B Class.
Elizabeth.	

A Retrospection.

Often, after a hard day's labor of attending to numerous calls and office practice, as I ponder over the depths of my books, my thoughts wander back to the day when I likewise pondered over my books at school.

Forty long years have passed since the time, when enjoying the youth of life, I was a Junior in the Class of 1903 of the Portsmouth High School. Yet in spite of by-gone years, how fresh in my mind are the num-

erous events connected with the career of this Junior Class. How we strove to uplift the "Scarlet" high above the White and Blue, and our success proved to the school our superiority over the Seniors, both in oratory and athletic sports. Today, even as then, whenever greeted by our welcome Stars and Stripes, I cannot help but feel proud as I see the "Scarlet" predominating over the White and Blue.

But all these things belong to the past. I try to pierce the mysterious future, only to find that I must content myself with the pleasures of knowing that each member of the class, true to his dear old motto "Carpe Diem," has made himself famous in his own little world, and that all the boys, "save two," are now enjoying the peacefulness of home, having by his side, each a life partner chosen from the band of noble girls with whom they mingled while enjoying the pleasures of Juniors.

Although these "two" are living just as Fate destined, yet neither is lonely or dissatisfied, for he, contented with his consoling violin and I, busy with the mysteries of physiology, anatomy, and hygiene, are enjoying the pleasures of a solitary life.

Still, as I continue to ponder over my books, my thoughts again drift back to the time when I became familiar with the quotation which so naturally describes these past years: "Time rolls his ceaseless course."
X. Y. Z.

TO PSYCHE.

O Psyche, fair name,
Which mortals defame!
One maiden so frisky
Avers it is "Sisky;"
A youth's dearest wish
Is to call it like "Pish;"
Another, no Micky,
Declares it is "Sicky;"
And troubles fall thick
To hear it called "Sick;"
A still wilder strike
Makes one mutter forth 'Sike'!
O Psyche, fair name,
Which mortals defame!

Junior Jests and Jokes.

Heard in the Roman History Class with a Visitor Present:

Student reciting—The Mediterranean was swarming with pirates.

Miss B—By the way, what are pirates?

Student—A kind of bird.

Sounds from the German:

Pupil translating "Es war nicht."—It was night.

Effie Mae Boss (Baas) but she can't boss me.

Officers.

<i>President,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	OSCAR DONALDSON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MAVIS E. DAVIDSON.
<i>Secretary,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDGAR THOMSON.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDITH McCALL.

The Class of '04.

Pop! crash! boom! What's that? Thunder? No, it is an explosion in the laboratory. The Sophs are making hydrogen in a flask and it worked. A sound is wafted from the Sixth Street Building. Of course it's the Sophs in the German Class. Does this happen often? Oh, yes, it's a common occurrence.

But we were asked to write a history of the Sophomores. Quoting one of our modern writers, "The happiest nations and the happiest women are those who have no history at all." And if any analogy exists among nations, women, and Sophomore Classes, then our class is certainly a happy one. It arose in a quiet and unostentatious manner, but after !!!!! The fuss over the colors! What a time! The committee on colors had a "tug-of-war." Three against three! They waited until darkness gathered over the room and over their perplexed minds and drove them home. But that is past, and now all is well. Such "high old times" the Sophs are having! Such sleigh rides! (?) Ha! Ha! Such social gatherings! Such banquets!

FOOTSTEPS OF SOPHOMORES.

(A PARODY.)

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake that dear Seel's hall that slumbered,
To a joyful, gay delight;

When the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful gas-light
Do not dance upon the wall;

Then the forms of all the Sophomores
Enter in the open door;
All the mirthful, the light-hearted,
Come to visit Seel's once more.

They, the young and strong, who cherish
Noble longings for their books(?)
(From o'er study they will perish,)
See their bright and joyous looks!

With no slow and noiseless footsteps,
Trooping up the long, long stair,
Take the vacant chairs in silence(?)
Soon there's someone in each chair.

Oh, if oft depressed and lonely,
All my griefs at once depart.
If I but remember only
In such joys I've had a part.



CLASS OF 1904.

The class meetings are all business, and as the Chinaman says, "much talkee, talkee, and velly much laughee, laughee." There are many of us, but "the more, the merrier." The boys all huddle together in one corner, and the girls, —oh, the girls,— they do all the business, the boys are so timid!!!

The Sophs are a very cheerful people, taking them as a whole. Of course, there are some who must have their grumble out first, but their murmurs do not amount to much, and their low spirits are not of long duration.

This class is so "bright" that it sheds its rays about illuminating all by its "brilliancy." Even the teachers are infused with its sunshine, as one of them remarked that the cheering influence of the Sophs made her feel better than she had for a long time. They are such hustlers, indeed, that instead of waiting until they were Juniors, like some others, they organized in the Sophomore year.

The gift that our class presented to the High School must not be forgotten. Emerson, it is said, had a "Greek head on right Yankee shoulders," Washington—our Washington—has a Yankee head on right Greek shoulders.

It is hard for us to realize that our High School course is half over. It seems but a short time since we first entered the Assembly Room, very much impressed; first, by our own importance, and then, when

we saw those wonderful Sophs, by our own insignificance. We're not angels—far from it—but we're a jolly, fun-loving class; not so bad or not so good. Don't laugh at us—you all made your mistakes once, too. Some day we'll be the Senior Class, a day to which we are already looking forward, and then you'll think that we're made of right good stuff. And until that time comes we are enjoying ourselves immensely, making the echoes ring with

Zippity zeen, zippity zeen,
What's the matter with "White and Green."
Rippity roar, rippity roar,
Portsmouth High School, Nineteen-four.

"Lives of students all remind us,
We should pay no heed to looks,
But on passing, leave behind us
Interlinings in our books;
Interlinings which another,
Toiling hard midst grief and pain,
Some forlorn and flunked-out fellow,
Reading, ne'er shall flunk again."

—Ex.

The minister who said that he could preach better without notes, owned that he didn't mean greenbacks.



CLASS OF 1905.

The Class of '05.

President, - - - - - MAUD ANDERSON
Vice-President, - - - - - DERBY CRAWFORD.
Secretary and Treasurer, - - - - - MARCELLA BANNON.

Class Flower - - - - - White Rose.
Colors - - - - - Royal Purple and White.



WE ARE TOO YOUNG TO HAVE A HISTORY.

The Senior Play.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Roberts,	-	-	-	-	C. Wells Reeder
Mrs. Roberts,	-	-	-	-	Marie L. Pixley
Mr. Campbell,	-	-	-	-	Karl Zoellner
Mrs. Campbell,	-	-	-	-	Edna M. Marting
Mr. McIlheny,	-	-	-	-	Richard H. Tremper
Mrs. McIlheny,	-	-	-	-	Judith Watkins
Cook,	-	-	-	-	Bertha M. Wilhelm
Porter,	-	-	-	-	William J. Bruch
Chorewoman,	-	-	-	-	Ruth F. Pray
Policeman,	-	-	-	-	Nelson R. Anderson
Mr. Weary Wraggles,	-	-	-	-	Wiley E. Dawson
Old Cronies,	-	-	-	-	Vesta M. Stockham
					Mary Musser
Summer Girls,	-	-	-	-	M. Louise Small
					Susan W. Terry
Mr. Jack Masher,	-	-	-	-	Philip C. Young
Director,	-	-	-	-	Mary O. Farmer

Before the Curtain.

On the afternoon of March 26, 1902, the Senior Class gave Mr. Howell's Play, "The Albany Depot," for their rhetorical exercises instead of the usual program of music and recitations. The giving of a

play by the students in the Assembly Room was an innovation in every way worthy of this original class.

The play is one of a series of comedies from Mr. Howell's pen, in most of which the same characters appear,—Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell—and when we see them again in the Albany Depot we feel that we are renewing an acquaintance with old and delightful friends.

In considering the play as a whole, the students were so successful in many points that it is difficult to select any one for particular commendation. First of all, the play was well cast. The parts were assigned with a keen appreciation of their possibilities. For instance, Marie Pixley for Mrs. Roberts and Wells Reeder for Mr. Roberts were capital choices—the nervous quickness of the one and the studious quietness of the other were just what the two parts needed. However, while Wiley Dawson made an excellent tramp in appearance, I can not say that I ever would have thought of him in connection with a Weary Wraggles.

The stage setting was also good,—especially so when the limitations of the Assembly Room are considered. By means of a time table rack, benches, an old clock and some signs, a depot was very realistic

cally represented. The stage management was excellent and well balanced. The grouping was very well done and showed a distinct regard for the stage effect as a whole.

Last, but not least, the players showed that each one grasped and understood his character and fully appreciated the comedy of the situations. Not a moment of the fun escaped the comprehension of the players, and it is a pity that, due to a certain indistinctness of action and speech, they at times failed to make the comedy entirely perceptible to the audience.

As to the individual characters, the nervous and heedless, but delightful Mrs. Roberts had a spirited interpreter in Marie Pixley. Wells Reeder, as Mr. Roberts, who preferred reading his "Popular Science Monthly" to hunting up a cook, made a capital foil for Mrs. Roberts. Wells gave to Mr. Roberts a certain air of absorption and absent-mindedness that the husband of a woman like Mrs. Roberts is bound to have. Karl Zoellner, as Willis Campbell, who fully appreciated the humor of the situation and through whose eyes the audience is expected to view the tangle, played his part well. Mrs. Campbell, played by Edna Marting, saw nothing but tragedy in a situation which her husband thought a joke. The "character" parts, Mr. and Mrs. McIlheny and Bridget, the cook, were all well played. Mr. McIlheny (Richard Tremper), the alderman of Irish descent,

peaceably inclined, but urged on to a quarrel by his wife, Mrs. McIlheny (Judith Watkins), who has an exaggerated idea of her own aristocracy, were thoroughly understood by their interpreters and well played. Bertha Wilhelm portrayed very well the righteous indignation of honest Bridget, the cook. The porter, played by William Bruch and the chorewoman by Ruth Pray were both excellent, and one of the most commendable things about the play was the fact that the minor characters were played and costumed with as much care as the leading ones.

In order to give more members of the class an opportunity to appear in the play, the committee resorted to the clever idea of adding to the regular cast several characters of their own creation, such as might be met with in any depot. The indispensable policeman and the tramp who is ejected from the waiting room, both looked their parts to perfection. The same can be said of the two old maids who showed such a natural curiosity in their fellow travelers. The pantomime carried on between the two Summer Girls and the Traveling Man was so well done that no one could possibly have mistaken the full extent and purpose of the action, although not a word was spoken by any one of the three. In fact, the action of all the interpolated characters was admirably done, as each one created a distinct individuality and kept up a constant by-play that made its meaning perfectly clear to

the audience, and yet was so nicely subordinated to the main action that it did not distract attention from the leading characters. This was to my mind one of the best aspects of the play, because it is one of the most difficult things to do well in a play and the point where most amateurs fail. However, to do just enough and not too much in anything is to attain perfection, and the pity is that the dividing line between too much and too little is so fine that few of us perceive it.

Of course, there are parts of the play that more rehearsal would have improved; such as a certain indistinctness of speech and action at times, and a failure to make some of the points tell upon the audience; all of which faults helpful criticism would have eradicated. But why speak of the slight blemishes when there was so much praise-worthy work to be mentioned? The play was the product of the students of the class, and was given without any assistance whatever, and as such should be considered not the least triumph in a four years successful career.

—Miss Bannon.

Behind the Curtain.

There are periods of time, in our brief stay upon this earth, when we earnestly wish that we were otherwise than we are. It was such a period when

our principal told us, privately, that we were to give a public rhetorical on March 26, 1902, and furthermore, that we were to receive the help of no teacher, that we were to do this entirely unaided. This announcement was made less than two weeks before the appointed time. The class was more or less moved. It was indeed a crisis. Two weeks—public rhetorical—unaided—yet this class rose to the occasion like a bass to a butterfly.

We spontaneously decided to have a play. Forthwith a committee of three was appointed to attend to the selection of a histrionic production. The play was to be of a strictly educational character. Mary Farmer was appointed chairman of the committee and director of the play. Louise Small was her assistant, and the writer made the third.

By dint of great personal exertion, "The Albany Depot," written by William Dean Howells, was procured. When the book was received by the class, and the parts were copied, we had one week and two days in which to memorize our parts, construct gestures, practice attitudes and attend to all the little details which go to make up stage life. There were not enough parts for all the class, so we, the committee, requested a few to perform on the piano, and the fertile brain of our Editor improvised enough parts to go around.

As to rehearsals, oh, they were more fun than a

monkey in a flour barrel. Dear me, nobody knew his part, and the improvised characters came straggling in at the most impossible times, and confusion was the chief characteristic of the rehearsals.

Then our director came to the rescue. She spoke at length, snapped her fingers, made extravagant gestures and shook her fists. Her coolness and deliberation did us good, for from that time we got along a little better, and finally we could say our parts through without handing personal remarks to each other. Before, the boys would adjourn to one room, and the girls to another, and then the blue smoke would rise like hydrogen gas in a glass funnel. Disinterested spectators said the greater excitement prevailed among the girls. The boys were more calm and deliberate, contenting themselves with fraternally smiting each other as to the head and other pleasant-ries of a like nature.

There was a little discussion among the boys, as each one wanted to put up the stage by himself. Our class has some very industrious members. Ask the teachers. Well, the matter was equivocably arranged by letting Wiley Dawson and Nelson Anderson put up the structure, and they vied with each other in carrying around the massive beams, which they tossed about as so many clothes props.

By the time the stage had been erected, and the girls had tacked blue and white bunting around the

edge to hide any discrepancies in the carpenter work, it was about five o'clock. Then Louise Small, a most considerate Miss, brought up some Graham crackers. According to the latest census taken, there weren't any left.

We had to put up the wire for the curtain, and Tremper and the writer went out to the Norfolk and Western Station to get some time tables. These were tacked on an old black-board, put up on the wall, and lo! the illusion was complete,—we had a time-table rack. To carry out the idea of a railway station, Tremper and "yours truly" lettered some signs, such as "Lunch Room," "No Smoking," etc, etc. Then we engaged the two colossi of the C Class, Donaldson and Towse, to draw and withdraw the curtain, "disrespectively."

The last rehearsal is over, and the fateful day is at hand. The hour is one. Great excitement in the dressing room. Some one is hastily dispatched to tell Donaldson and Towse that when Tremper, alone on the stage, makes a speech and strikes an attitude, to draw the curtain.

The hour is 1:45. The preliminaries are going on. The preliminaries consist of a few readings, and four girls in succession wrestling with the piano. At last, the big show, with its glittering panoply, its stupendously gigantic aggregation of wonders from the far East, and curiosities from the wide West, is about to begin.

Announcement:

"Mr. William Dean Howells' play, 'The Albany Depot,' will now be given." Tremendous enthusiasm. Curtain drawn. Chore-woman revealed to view. Chore-woman with apron, and handkerchief around her head. Enter Mrs. Roberts: "I was just looking for my husband,"—but Mr. Howells wrote this play, and if you care to read it, you will find an elegant gilt-edged copy, bound in white Morocco on the second shelf in "M" in the High School Library.

That troupe was certainly "barn-storming." We should like to quote from the social column of the Daily Pumpnickel:—

"* * * Among those taking part in the Senior Play, Misses Stockham and Musser were charming in black, cut a la Mayonnaise, three gores across the front, vent pixens."

"Miss Wilhelm wore a Creme de Menthe of light bolero gathered at the side with two pink tucks; her hat band being decorated with four Duchess roses, horizontally inclined."

"Misses Small and Terry were radiant in conventional summer costume."

"Miss Watkins, a brunette, wore a becoming gown of mosquito bar over paper mousseline, decorated with three large ruffles running diagonally, and a box pleat down the front, clarence pixens. Her hat was decorated with feathers, a la Droop, and was quite a creation."

"Wiley Dawson, the gentleman of leisure, was very realistically attired in a ragged suit, red neck-cloth, and cerise nose. He had let his beard grow four days, and he looked rusty as last years hoe."

"Tremper, the gentleman from cork, was striking in a frock coat, light vest, trousers very long, plug hat, red nose, and blue upper lip, as as are all stage Irishman."

"Bruch was the porter, and to carry out the "color scheme," he darkened his face with burnt cork. He wore a tonsorial artist's coat, and a Knight Templar's cap, and he certainly looked porter."

"Anderson becomingly took the part of the policeman. He had borrowed a stout policeman's suit; and as Nelson is somewhat slim and willowy, he could scarce fill out the clothes. So he made some adipose tissue out of five sofa cushions, a mattress, and a bolster. On this account he desired greatly to sit down, but it was found that although he could sit down by the simple expedient of letting himself fall into a chair, he could not rise without the greatest difficulty and the assistance of two strong men. In addition to his suit, he wore a helmet, white gloves, badge, red nose, moustache, and a long, shining William-club. Very few recognized this peaceful and bucolic youth in such a martial array."



There is a full cast of characters in this Annual

somewhere. Every one wanted his name printed in big type, like the star has his, but it wouldn't do.

At the end, Tremper made his speech and struck his attitude; but the "Heavenly Twins" that were to draw the curtain, were so enraptured, so oblivious to any thing else, that they forgot to draw. Tremper struck his attitude three (3) distinct times, and then as there was nothing else to do, he left the stage.

Then first did they draw the curtain, and they

were so pleased that they didn't want to draw it then.

The audience simply went wild. They cheered and applauded for at least ten minutes. They wouldn't vacate the building for a long time.

When everything had been straightened up, we wended our ways, the male members having previously scratched names for the banquet. But that is another story.

K. Z.



Something was going to happen—the High School did not seem like the same place, and anyone looking on would have said that something was in the air. The Juniors were hurrying to and fro,

holding consultations with the teachers and among themselves. Recitations were forgotten, nobody was studying in the Assembly Room, and the Freshmen and Sophomores could not quite understand it all, but

were trying to take it all in with eyes wide open, wishing all the while that they were only a little higher up the ladder of knowledge. The Seniors had a wise air, according to their station and dignity.

All this was on account of the banquet to be given that evening by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors. The banquet was held at Seel's and was a delightful affair. The table decorations were ferns and red carnations, and these flowers were given as favors. Blue and White, the colors of the Class of 1902, were hung in a graceful manner from the chandeliers. The place cards were dainty hand-painted flags of the two classes. Russell White, the president of the B Class, acted as toastmaster and gave the welcome address. Nelson Anderson, the A Class president, responded after which the following toasts were given:

"The A Class Girls,"	- - - - -	Roy Locher
"The A Class Boys,"	- - - - -	Flora Treuthart
"The Blue and the White,"	- - - - -	Marie Pixley
"The Scarlet,"	- - - - -	Clara Schmitt
"The High School Library,"	- - - - -	Edna Marting
"The Iris and the Carnation,"	- - - - -	Winnie Stewart
"Our Noble Selves,"	- - - - -	Wells Reeder
"Class Spirit,"	- - - - -	Elmer Heisel
"Examinations,"	- - - - -	Karl Zoellner
"The Faculty,"	- - - - -	Richard Tremper
"High School Bell(e)s,"	- - - - -	William Spitzer
"The Future,"	- - - - -	Philip Young
"Department,"	- - - - -	Miss Bannon

The other teachers present were called upon to speak and all responded. The two classes then sang together the very appropriate song, "Auld Lang Syne." Both classes will long remember the happy evening, but especially will the Seniors, in whose honor the Juniors entertained so delightfully and so royally.

"How Sweet This Life Would Be"

If—the library door was farther from the teacher's desk.

If—P. C. Young would wear a sweater now and then.

If—some kind person would wash Wm. Shakespeare's face.

If—Reeder and Dawson would lose their Latin ponies.

If—the boys of 1905 wore velvet slippers.

If—Bruch would limit his correspondence to three notes daily.

If—Miss Ball could not find her ruler at about 8:20 in the morning.

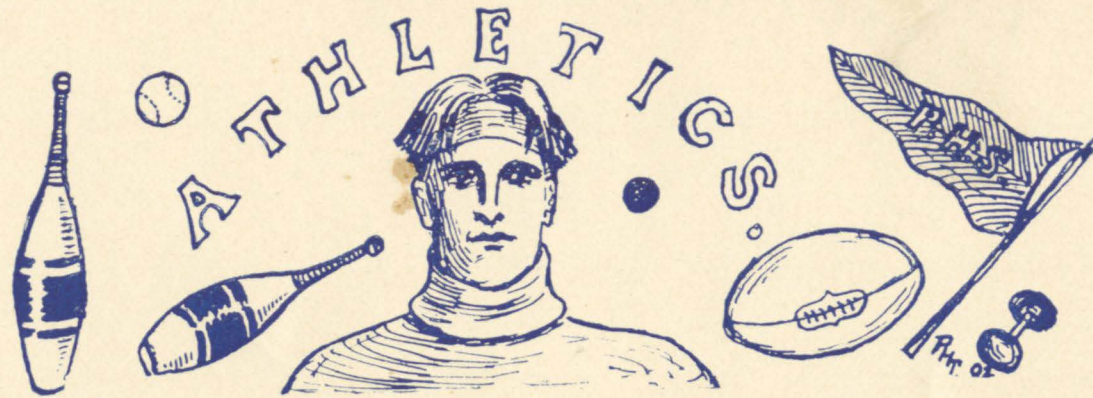
If—Oggie Arnold would settle down to a "steady."

If—Anderson would only sing.

If—the Faculty wore smoked glasses.

Senior Grinds.

NAME.	FAD.	QUALITY.	WHAT OTHERS SAY.
Anderson, Nelson R.....	Electioneering.....	Pomposity.....	For e'en though vanquished he could argue still.
Bruch, Wm. J.....	Moving to adjourn.....	Kittenish.....	An' ye will explain thine popularity with ye maidens faire, I will e'en reward thee well.
Dawson, Wiley E.....	Frivolous.....	Gallant.....	The gravity and stillness of your youth the world hath noticed.
Farmer, Mary O.....	Stage managing.....	Irresistable.....	Faith. she is an earthly paragon.
Marting, Edna M.....	Weak voice.....	Reserved.....	Her stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman.
Musser, Mary.....	Chattering.....	Flippant.....	Faith, I can cut a caper.
Pray, Ruth F.....	Tee-hee.....	Cherubic.....	The fair, the chaste, the inexpressible she.
Pixley, Marie L.....	Silence.....	Stolid.....	This ponderous, honest creature, doubtless sees and knows much more than she unfolds.
Reeder, Hon. C. Wells.....	Tete-a-tete.....	Grace itself.....	God knows I'm not the thing I should be.
Stockham, Vesta M.....	Whispering.....	Smoothness.....	The maiden dreameth her love-lit dream.
Small, M. Louise.....	Moonlight skating.....	Bashful.....	The cool, collected calm of self-reliance.
Terry, Susan W.....	Vergil.....	Eloquent.....	The dimple that thy chin contains has beauty in its round.
Tremper, Richard H.....	Singing.....	Childish.....	I'm not lean enough to be thought a good student.
Watkins, Judith.....	Long walks.....	L'enfant Terrible.....	Her hair's the raven's wing in hue.
Wilhelm, Bertha M.....	Polishing stoves.....	Scheming.....	A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet unfolded.
Young Philip C.....	Paris styles.....	Brawn.....	Favored by the gods—and the girls.
Zoellner, Karl.....	The strenuous life.....	Unobtrusive.....	He is the softest mannere'd man.



ALTHOUGH the P. H. S. does not yet boast of a gymnasium or an athletic instructor as do the other great institutions of learning, yet it would be doing her a gross injustice to say that she has been without her men of the gridiron, her base ball team and her enthusiasts in kindred sports.

As last year's class did not publish an Annual, it might be well now to mention some of the leading athletes of the class of 1901. Mr. Richard Gordon, of this city, and Mr. Oscar Micklethwait, of the Western Reserve University, are too well known to justify further comment, while Mr. Walter Daehler, also of Reserve, was ever a prominent figure in the field. Mr. Hazlebeck and Mr. Braunlin distinguished themselves more than once in the heroic rushes in defense of their class flag. Be it said to the credit of the Class of 1901 that they fought a good fight and deserve well of their Alma Mater.

The school year of 1901-02 has been a particularly bright one and replete with exciting encounters in the field. Never, as far back as memory stretches, has more enthusiasm or interest been displayed in outdoor sports. The star of the year, Mr. P. C. Young, the High School Hercules, has helped to make a great and glorious reputation for the foot ball team. Many a setting sun has beheld the mighty Philip lead his men from the field as victors, amid the deafening plaudits of the assembled rooters. Although in the famous I. X. L. game Young was compelled to retire on account of injuries, and his men had to be content to share even honors with the brawny warriors of the East, still, never yet has he been forced to depart in defeat. The P. H. S. may well be proud of the gallant lads that upheld her foot ball record for the season of 1901, and the fact that no one was seriously injured during any of the games adds still further to the honor of foot ball in our school.



P. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM.

Basket Ball.

The history of the basket ball team is short and to the point. Portsmouth either does not appreciate this interesting game, or appreciates too well the prowess of the P. H. S. in athletics, as no one answered the challenge which was put in all the local papers claiming the basket ball championship of Scioto County. Thus for another year, we may firmly claim the championship in this branch of sport.

Base Ball.

The base ball season has once more loomed up above the horizon with several teams in the field and everything points to a most successful season. Several preliminary games have been played between the Seniors and Sophs vs. the Juniors and Freshies. After each side won a game, the Seniors and Sophs won the deciding game by a score of 11 to 5, thus giving them the championship.

The Sophomore nine also defeated the Freshmen by a score of 19 to 9.

The regular P. H. S. team has now been organized and has already won several games. Thus far the season of 1902 has been very gratifying to the rooters and the athletic board, and there is material developing this year that will eventually round into one of the best clubs that has ever graced the Red and the Blue on the base ball diamond.

Next year, when the city of Portsmouth will possess a High School Building of which she may well be proud, and her citizens will be able to take pleasure in pointing it out to visitors, there will most assuredly be redoubled enthusiasm and interest both in scholarly perfection and athletic training shown within its walls. Our energetic School Board will surely not forget to provide for a good gymnasium, which could be fitted up in the basement without a great outlay of money. In the opinion of modern educators, a little money spent in the education and upbuilding of the body as well as the brain is money well spent. In the past at different times, the student body with the approval of the faculty has very earnestly considered and discussed the organization of a company of High School cadets, but every time it has been confronted by the hitherto unsolvable question of a room for an armory. If a hall should be fitted out as a gymnasium this obstacle would be effectually removed. That the large institutions are recognizing more and more every year the great benefits of such training as properly conducted "gyms" give, and are devoting more attention and time to physical culture, is an undoubted indication of the spirit of the times. There can be no way in which money can be better spent than in helping to provide the young men and women of this land with strong and vigorous constitutions with which they can successfully meet and triumph over the many



P. H. S. BASE BALL TEAM.

difficulties of our strenuous age. That the day of a single course of development is past, is admirably shown by the will of the late Cecil Rhodes. His will urges the necessity of a thorough all-round development of the human faculties, and is in accordance with the view taken by many great thinkers of the modern world. A gymnasium would, more than anything else, serve to make the school more popular with the students and their parents would look with increased favor upon it. With no valid objections to such a beneficial addition to our school, and with hundreds strongly and earnestly in favor of it, let us, by all means, have a "gym" in the new and greater Portsmouth High School.

Cadets

The many advantages of a military training in advanced schools have been recognized by many schools and colleges throughout the country. After a "gym" is fitted up nothing will be easier or more feasible than the organization of a cadet company. Very little expense would be attached to such an organization and its benefits would be manifold. This is a question that should be seriously considered between now and next September. Push it along Nineteen Three's Seniors! Take it up next fall's Juniors!! And get in line prospective Sophomores, not forgetting to pass the good news down to the little Freshies of 1906!!!

N. R. ANDERSON,
Pres. of Athletic Board.

An Examination in History.

1. Give a brief outline of Frankish history?
Did Charles Martel personally conduct Tours?
Was Pippin an apple of discord among the Franks?
2. Who was Constantine? Constantuis? Cornstarch?
Tell something about Geiseric's brother, Goldhib.
Was Rome captured by Paregoric? Who was Candelstic?
3. Compare the career of Stilicho and Bilighote.
4. Was Mohammed a Buffalo? Who was Ali?
Was he the person known after death as Paradise Ali?
5. Were any coon songs written in Medinah?
Who wrote the Mohammedan hymn, "Islam, lam, lam?"
6. During the persecutions of Diocletian, how long did it take an early Christian to become a late one?
6. In history which of a Roman's ears is known as the Roman frontier? —Ex.

The High School Yell.

Che-hee! Che-hee! Che-haw! haw! haw!
Portsmouth High School! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Portsmouth High! Portsmouth Low!
Portsmouth High School! Ho! Ho! Ho!



THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

WHEREAS, It has pleased His Satanic Majesty to call from our midst that venerable structure known in history as the "Old High School," the Class of '02 respectfully request your presence at the funeral orgies to be held within the mystic circle in front of the ill-fated building, at Midnight, June 14th, 1902. Bring sulphur, brimstone, and cowls. Dead March begins under the pine trees. Muffled drum and smoking torches. Suitable anathemas will be pronounced at the funeral pyre.

A Moonlight Visit to the Old High School Building, A. D. 2002.

(With Apologies to Mr. Longfellow.)

IT is now past midnight. The moon is full and bright, and the shadows lie so dark and massive in the street that they seem a part of the walls that cast them. I have just returned from the Old High School, whose outlines are so marvelously beautiful by moonlight. No stranger at Portsmouth omits this midnight visit; for though there is something unpleasant in having one's admiration forestalled, and being as it were romantic aforethought, yet the charm is so powerful, the scene so surpassingly beautiful and sublime,—the hour, the silence, and the colossal pile have such a mastery over the soul—that one is disarmed when most upon his guard, and betrayed into an enthusiasm which perhaps he had silently resolved he would not feel.

On my way to the High School, I crossed Chilli-cothe St., and descended into the Government Square by that branch of Gallia Avenue which leads past what was in ancient times Daum's butcher shop. Close upon my left hand are circular stones, now level with the ground, which mark the site where once stood the statue of the mighty Cogswell, and a little farther the huge bulk of the Government Building arises—its base in shadow, and the bright moonbeams striking aslant

upon the beautiful entablature above. Before me rose the Kricker Block, flanked by a lofty turret, which was, like a thin vapor hanging in the air, scarce visible; and far to the right, the classic lines of Dr. Lake's Veterinary Stable, and those colossal market wagons waiting for the coming of the morn—dim, shadowy, indistinct—seemed to melt away and mingle with the sky. I crossed the market place or Forum and ascending Gallia Avenue, passed beneath the magnificent sign of Rauch, the meat man. Soon after this, I saw ahead of me the gigantic outline of the High School, like a cloud resting upon the earth. As I approached, it grew more broad and high,—more definite in its form, and yet more grand in its dimensions,—till from the campus in which it stands, encompassed by grand old trees and shrubbery, the majestic edifice in all its solitary grandeur "swelled vast to heaven." A single policeman was pacing to and fro beneath the arched portal that leads to the interior, and his measured foot-steps were the only sound that broke the breathless stillness of the night. What a contrast with the scene which that same midnight hour presented, when, in Prof. Hudson's time, the mighty Braunlin and terrible Micklethwait marshaled their comrades in desperate hand-to-hand encounters with the invaders, in defense of their noble banner, and the impetuous Hazle gained immortality and a black eye! Nor was the contrast within less striking.

Silence and the quiet moonbeams, and the broad, deep shadows of the wall! Where were the mighty men of 1901, her matrons and her virgins? Where was the ferocious Gordon, who once put his foot through the very ceiling in his heroic deeds, and where were the howling combatants who struggled in desperate "rushes" for the emblems they held dear, when the ground was strewn with torn raiment and the ground was thick with clotted gore? Where were those matchless orators, who, amid the wild cheers and plaudits of their classmates, thundered forth the mightiest orations in the history of debate? Where were the barbarians of 1903 brought forth to a series of base ball games and "butchered to make a Senior holiday?" The awful silence answered, "They are mine!" The dust beneath me answered, "They are mine!"

I crossed to the opposite side of the hallway. A lamp was dimly burning in the little room which had formerly been known as the boys' cloak room. In the doorway sat an aged janitor, the only tenant of the High School, who guides the stranger by night through the long galleries of this vast pile. I followed him up a narrow wooden staircase, and entered one of the long majestic corridors, which are said to have run entirely around the building in ancient times. From here we entered the mammoth, cavernous Assembly Room. Huge columns of solid iron, that

seem the labor of Titans, support the flattened arches above; and although the shouting populace which once filled the capacious halls is gone, the desks stand majestic and unbroken, amid the trash around them, and seem to defy "the iron tooth of time." Through the windows to the left, I could faintly discern the ruins of the Sixth Street Building and the massive bulk of Drew, Selby & Co.'s structure; and from the right through every crack and cranny of the wall, poured the brilliant light of the full moon, casting gigantic shadows around me, and diffusing a soft, silvery twilight through the long decades. At length I came to an open space in the great center aisle. From this point I could see the whole interior spread out around me, with such a soft, indefinite outline that it seemed less an earthly reality than a reflection in the bosom of a lake. The pale statue of Shakespeare, streaked with yellow age, reminded one of a ghastly spectre from bygone days, gazing at us from a shadowy corner, and the pallid features of the "Father of his Country" looked calm and placid in the moonlight. I did not conjure up the past, for the past had already become identified with the present. It was before me in one of its most majestic and visible forms. The arbitrary distinctions of time, years, ages, centuries, were annihilated. I was a citizen of Portsmouth! This was the High School of J. I. Hudson! Mighty is the spirit of the past amid the ruins of the River City!

R. H. T.

The Theses of the Graduates.

"THE WORLD'S MASTERS	- . - . - . -	NELSON R. ANDERSON
"COAST DEFENCES,"	- . - . - . -	WILLIAM J. BRUCH
"NAPOLEON,"	- . - . - . -	WILEY E. DAWSON
"OUR STATE,"	- . - . - . -	MARY O. FARMER
"INTERPRETERS OF THE SOUL,"	- . - . - . -	EDNA MARTING
"THE ORIGIN OF SOME OF OUR COMMON SAYINGS	-	MARY MUSSER
"THE HIGHLANDERS,"	- . - . - . -	MARIE L. PIXLEY
"WHAT CAN A WOMAN DO?"	- . - . - . -	RUTH F. PRAY
"TENDIMUS IN LATIUM,"	- . - . - . -	C. WELLS REEDER
"A HIGH SCHOOL TRAINING,"	- . - . - . -	M. LOUISE SMALL
"ROMAN CUSTOMS AS PICTURED BY VERGIL,"	-	VESTA M. STOCKHAM
"OUR HOOSIER POET,"	- . - . - . -	SUSAN W. TERRY
"THE DESTINY OF OUR NATION,"	- . - . - . -	RICHARD H. TREMPER
"ROMOLA,"	- . - . - . -	JUDITH WATKINS
"AMERICAN HOLIDAYS,"	- . - . - . -	BERTHA M. WILHELM
"BRAIN AND BRAWN,"	- . - . - . -	PHILIP C. YOUNG
"THE BUSINESS ABILITY OF AMERICA,"	- . - . - . -	KARL ZOELLNER



The Class of 1902, among her many other innovations, holds the honor of establishing the first secret or fraternal organizations of which this school has ever boasted. At midnight on the thirteenth day of the thirteenth week of the year nineteen hundred and two, the order of the Mystic Seven was born, amid solemn ceremonies and awful pomp. The membership of this mysterious band is confined to the Senior Class, and their wild, nocturnal orgies and dark undertakings had better be left untold.

The Alpha Chapter of the Greek letter fraternity, Alpha Iota Omega was also established in the High

School during the past year. From the first conservatism in extension was the central motive of its founders, this being the only chapter known up to date. But although her history has been short, Alpha congratulates herself upon the congeniality and true friendship that has grown up among her members.

This fraternity is not a distinctively athletic, literary, political or social organization, but, although she has won honors in all these lines, the chief end sought has been fraternity—the fraternity of mutual helpfulness. The chapter is in a very flourishing condition, and enjoys an enviable prestige in the fraternity circles of our school.

Fratres in Scholia.

'02
N. R. ANDERSON.
R. H. TREMPER.

P. C. YOUNG.
C. W. REEDER.
W. J. BRUCH.

K. ZOELLNER.
W. E. DAWSON.

A. P. HUELS.

'04
P. MILSTEAD.
C. D. TOWSE.

E. THOMSON.

'03
F. A. KEHRER.
W. R. ARNOLD.

R. W. LOCHER.
E. W. HEISEL.

R. B. WHITE.

'05
W. S. PIXLEY.

Jokelets.

My hair is short, and thin, and gray;
Old age has changed my once fair face.
But still I can't forget the day
When Anderson wield 'd the billy-mace.

Who was George Washington? First on the
bracket, then on the shelf, the cause of the C class
bankrupting itself.

Chemistry Student (ten minutes after covering a
dime with nitric acid)—Say, Professor, I don't see
any sense in this experiment.

Professor—Of course you dont; the $H N O_3$ has
dissolved it all.

Words of a dying Cannibal—Write me down as
one who loved his fellow men.

The Hon. C. Wells Reeder tells us that competi-
tion is the life of trade!

Physics Teacher—What is velocity?
Bright Youth—Velocity is what a man drops a
hot plate with.

An Astronomical Fact—A little under 3,000 stars
can be seen with the naked eye; 748,349,802 are visible
at the moment the eye is blackened.

First Teacher—Why is Karl Zoellner like an
automobile?

Second Teacher—Why?

First Teacher—He is continually getting out of
order.

Professor (dictating Latin prose composition)—
Slave, where is thy horse?

Startled Student—It's under my desk, but I'm
not using it.

Teacher—How many mills make a cent, Johnny?
Johnny—None of e'm; Pa says they're all losin'
money.

I feared my wife's biscuits had finished me,
But soon I had ceased to fret;
For the doctor was called and wisely said
That I couldn't di—jest yet.

Physics Teacher—Give an example of how heat expands and cold contracts.

Student—In summer the days are long and in winter they are short.

Bruch (reading German)—“Ergeht in die schule damit—damit—I dont know that next word.

Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and the P. H. S. have never had a single fatality on the gridiron.

Literature Teacher—Can anyone tell me what position great scholars have assigned to Shakspere.

Junior (highly flattered)—Oh yes, the northeast corner of the Assembly Room.

Daniel Webster and Richard Tremper were both editors of school annuals. Is the world progressing?

Father—My son, did you eat the whole of that doughnut?

Son—No, sir; I ate what was around the hole.

College Student (writing home)—I spend all my spare time in healthful exercise. I have purchased a nice little pony and take frequent long rides.

One of two things will take one through high school swimmingly:

1. Faculty of working; example, Senior Class.
2. Working of Faculty; example, Junior Class.

English Teacher—Write a sentence using the word external, meaning on the outside.

Little D—The man entered the house, leaving his horse external.

Musical Director Anderson (instructing the Independent Order of Choristers)—Notice the pitch of the G Cleff and do not slur the Chromatic Scale too much, your technique is exquisite, but you must hold those incidentals more firmly.

History Professor—When was Christianity first introduced into England?

Wise Student—In 55 B. C.

By faith Enoch was translated.

Tremper (groaning)—Vergil was never translated by faith.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And it might be more sublime,
If we were not kept so busy
Studying Latin all the time.

Seven Wonderful Qualities of the Class of 1903.

1. Far-famed beauty.
 2. Pugilistic ability.
 3. Admiration for Shakespere.
 4. Originality.
 5. Silver-tongued oratory.
 6. Anarchistic tendencies.
 7. Recognized superiority in all respects(?).
-

One of the churches in a little Western town has a young woman as its pastor. She was called to the door of the parsonage one day and saw there a much embarrassed young farmer of the German type.

"Dey say der minister lifed in dis house," he said.

"Yes," replied the fair minister.

"Vell-m-I-vant-to kit-merrit!"

"To get married. Very well, I can marry you," said the minister, encouragingly.

"Oh, but I got a girl alreaty," was the disconcerting reply.

"A woman," said Reeder, "can't keep a secret."

"Huh!" replied Bruch, "the teacher in arithmetic kept me working a whole period on an example when she might have told me the answer any time."

The electrician sometimes uses shocking language.

What is taken from you before you get it? Your picture.

When a tramp asks for a meal he makes a sort of "after dinner speech."

Silas—Yes, Matilda used to sit out on the porch and sing to us through the screen door, but I stopped her.

Cyrus—What for?

Silas—Because I knew she was straining her voice.

"Lives of married folks remind us

We can make our lives as well,

And departing leave behind us

Such examples as will tell—

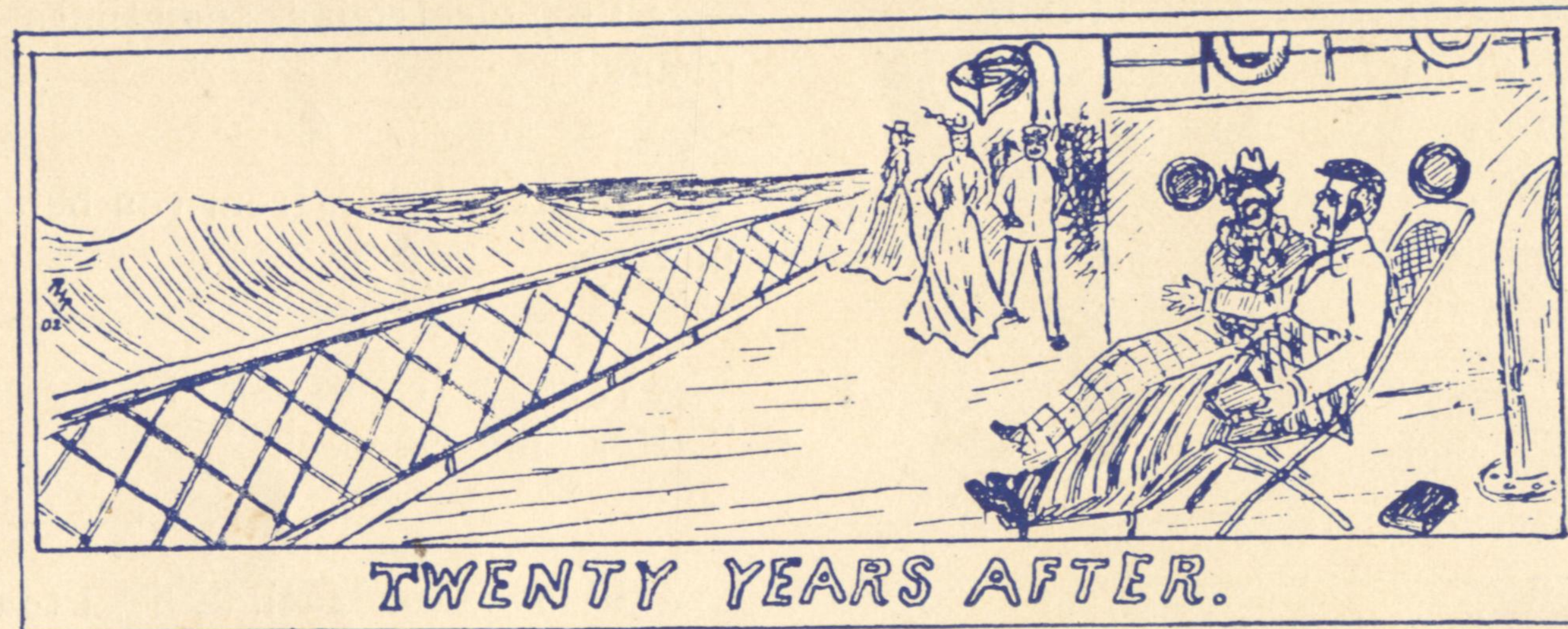
Such examples that another,

Wasting time in idle sport,

A forlorn, unmarried brother

Seeing shall take heart and court."

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.



IT was a bright June morning in the summer of nineteen hundred and twenty-two. I sat on the deck of a great New York liner; all was bustle, sailors and passengers running here and there, while an occasional shout rose above the general confusion of sounds. I felt lonely, for my friends had all left and I knew no one. As I sat there, I wished that I might meet some congenial acquaintance to make the trip pleasanter—perhaps some old friend with whom I could talk over old times—those dear old times which none of us can ever forget. My wish was more than gratified, for I heard a familiar voice behind me saying: “You used to be Louise Small, did you not?”

“Yes, and I still am,” I replied, and as I looked up, I saw standing there a tall, fine looking man, about my own age. “Wells Reeder, where in the world did you drop from?”

“Well,” said he, “you see it’s this way. I’m just going to Rome to look up the recent Archæological discoveries of Lancani and to locate just the precise spot where the geese were when they awakened the sleeping soldiers at the approach of the Gauls and saved Rome. There has always been a great difference of opinion on this subject, you know, and I hope to settle it beyond all discussion. I am also very much interested in the study of verb roots of the Latin language. By the way, I am now working on a new edition of Vergil’s “Aeneid.” It is quite complete, and promises to be very successful. Wait a minute, and I’ll go and get it.” And off he hurried, his mind so completely absorbed by this one intention that he failed utterly to notice chairs or children in his path, but pushed them all aside as troublesome obstacles in the way.

Well, well, I might have known that he would do something like this, for even now I can see him in the little dingy Latin room of long ago, rising like Father Anchises, to warn Miss Bannon, as he scents a figure from afar, that there is a prolepsis, and here a synesis; that in line two hundred and forty is the word "harena", from which the English word "arena" is derived—and that Connington's comment on this passage is extremely nonsensical and far-fetched. As these visions of the past flew through my mind, Mr. Reeder returned and brought the proof-sheets of his forthcoming book, a mighty tome, on the front page of which I read:

EDITED BY

C. WELLS REEDER, D.D., L.L.D., M.A., B.A., PH.D.

We soon began to discuss our classmates, and I asked him if he had heard from William Bruch, for I had heard nothing from him since commencement. Mr. Reeder said that William went into the "newspaper business," soon after he was graduated, and also became noted for his great German campaign speeches. Later he became interpreter in the War Department, and has been very successful, but we should naturally expect that from one who always did one thing well—that is, adjourn our meetings, and who was always so good-natured when we cried, "Bruch, Bruch, Bruch!" Mr. Reeder was impatient and would not ponder longer on "Bruch," and inter-

rupted my meditations abruptly by saying: "Do you know, Miss Small, I heard from Vesta Stockham the other day. Her oldest daughter is about to be married. Vesta married a wealthy and talented doctor, whom she met at the hospital while a trained nurse there, and who fell in love with her lovely character and sweet ways. I knew that she would amount to something if no one else did. I always did admire her, you know." Yes, I know, but I was anxious to hear from our president, and changed the subject to inquire about him. "For so young a man," Mr. Reeder replied, "Nelson Anderson has achieved remarkable success in politics. Will you ever forget his successful caucus, that chose those dreadful colors, yellow and heliotrope for the High School? He always was a natural wire-puller and leader. You remember you girls used to think that he led a little too much now and then. Well, he will certainly have the chance to lead now for he is Governor of Ohio, and has the best chance in the world of capturing the next Senatorial nomination. But, Miss Small, have you heard what Ruth Pray has made of herself? I wonder if any of the girls in our class have taken the places of those other dear old teachers?"

Yes, Wells, Ruth is teaching Civics (about treason, felony, and breach of promise, you know) in the High School, and Mamie Musser is still in Portsmouth, and is said to be one of the best teachers in

the lower grades. And Bertha Wilhelm is doing so much good, Wells, she and Sue Terry are both teaching in the free kindergartens in Cincinnati. They were both suited to that kind of work, and the little children in their care are raised so out of the awful lives in which many of them are placed. It is just grand to do something like that!

Do you know, Wells, I wouldn't have thought it of Wiley Dawson, but he has carried out a threat once made to me in a discussion over our Civics lesson, to become a great capitalist and magnate. He is the president of the Liquid Air Trust now, and his pet occupation is to give fine High School buildings to any cities that need them. Little did we think that the disadvantages of our old High School building would so impress Wiley as to result in such great good as that. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. I always knew that Wiley had qualities of steadiness, and although he was not a man of many words, he was always quietly pushing ahead, and that kind of a person is bound to succeed. Wells, what do you know of Judith Watkins?

"Why," replied Wells, "Of course, Judith got married. She married a rich Southern man, and continues to grace society with her presence. She does not stop at this, however, but does much good among the prisoners of St. Louis. Her sweet voice is a blessing to them and each visit creates a bright spot

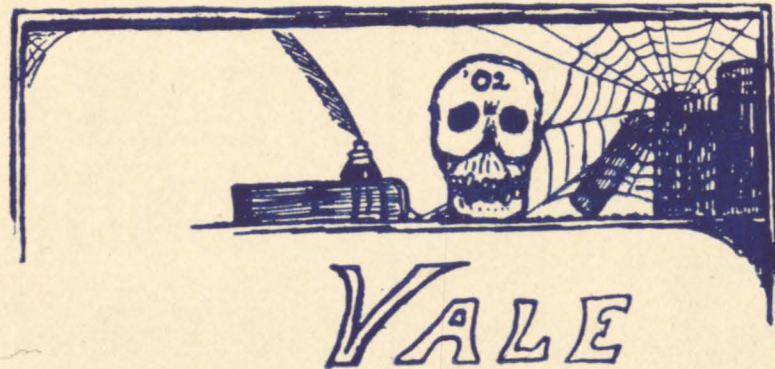
in their lonely lives. But, Louise, did you know that Karl Zoellner promises to be one of the leading mechanical engineers and draftsman in the United States? I went out into Arizona to lecture a few months ago, and as I stepped from the train who should address me but old Karl, with "What makes you cut your friends so, Roberts?" I could scarcely believe my eyes as I viewed the large, robust-looking man, but when I heard his "ha, ha," then I knew it was Karl. He has done much with his artistic talent, also. You remember he was always drawing, even while correcting our papers; he would cheer our souls with a skull and cross-bones. He said he hears from Richard Tremper now and then (you remember Richard and his mumblings for the general benefit). Richard uses his art only in a dilatory way, but has become one of the most successful lawyers in the country. He is toasted here and there, but best of all, he's not one of the kind to be 'overcome by his own magnificence.' Louise, now tell me about Marie, and Edna, and yourself, we have said nothing of you. Well, I had a letter from Marie Pixley the other day. She writes the most charming letters, but you are so interested in your Vergil, that I suppose you've never heard of her books. She writes the best children's stories I have ever read, and almost every magazine has something from her pen. There is a certain originality and a "personal characteristic" about her

writings that make them doubly attractive. She has such a pretty cottage home in California. I stayed with her there last winter and her life is quite ideal. She told me that Edna Marting is now teaching in the Boston Conservatory of Music. She studied first in Boston, and then completed her musical education in Germany. We certainly have reason to be proud of her. She told Marie that she met Mary Farmer on the street the other day. Mary is the Dean of Wellesly College and is well liked by the students. She was naturally fitted for some position like that, and was sure to win the love and respect of those under her. As for me, I am plain and simple "Frauln Louisy" with no career behind me and no future before me. I am just drifting along as I always did in school. But tell me about Philip Young. Of course, you have heard

that he is a famous scientist. "Yes, his discoveries are remarkable. He has found a way to make and preserve Liquid Air in great quantities and has utilized it in many ways. His laboratory is among the finest in the United States and he himself promises to be the "Edison of Liquid Air."

From these recollections of our High School days, we fell to philosophizing over life and what it had brought to our classmates of long ago. Fortune had dealt kindly with all, and Wells and I agreed that none of us had cause to complain. The promises of the old High School days were fulfilled in the case of each one of us, and as we thought of the future, all that I said was TENDIMUS IN LATIUM, we both remembered and understood.

LOUISE SMALL.



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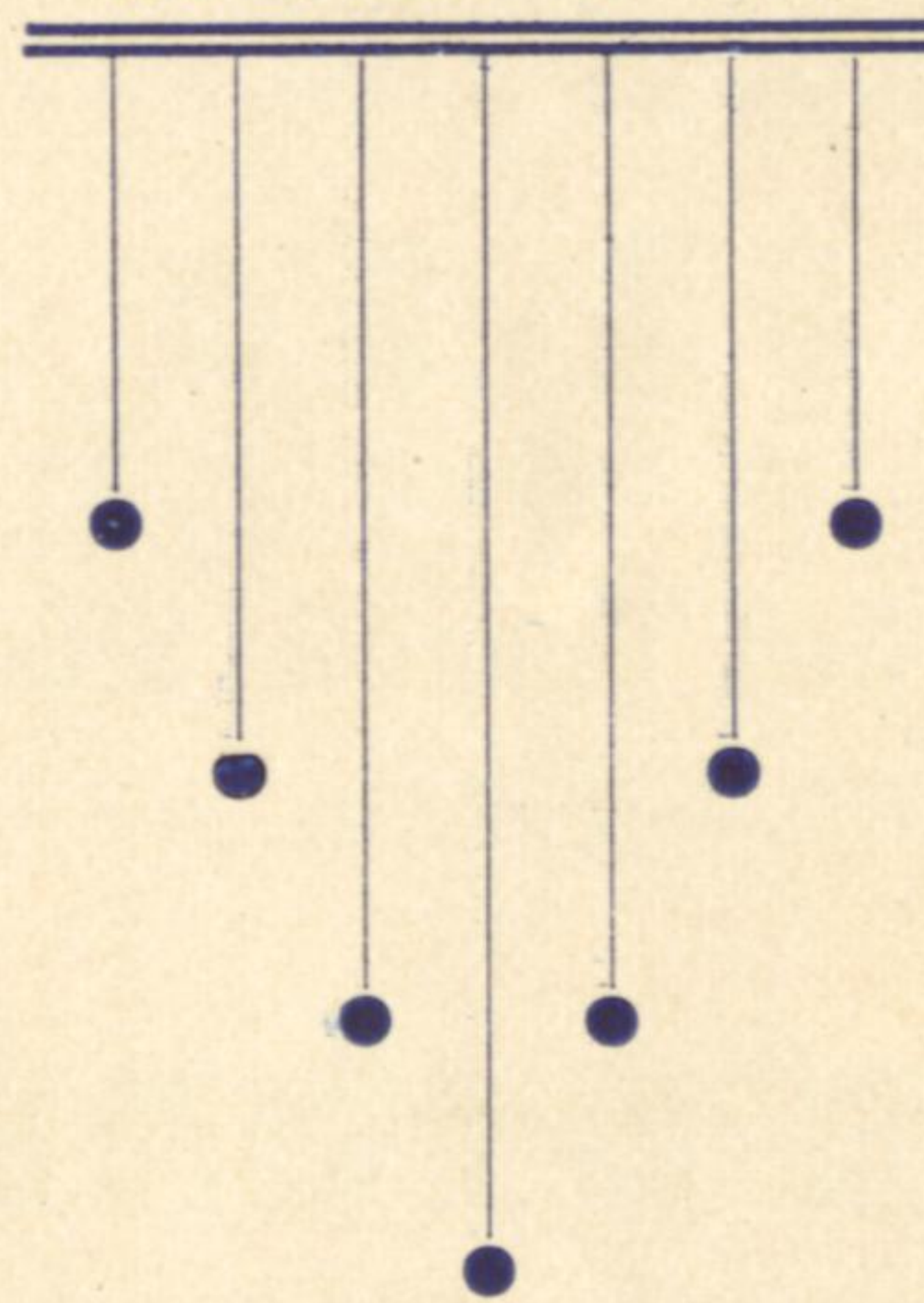
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