

Vol. I

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, JUNE, 1908

No. VII



## Smart Spring Styles

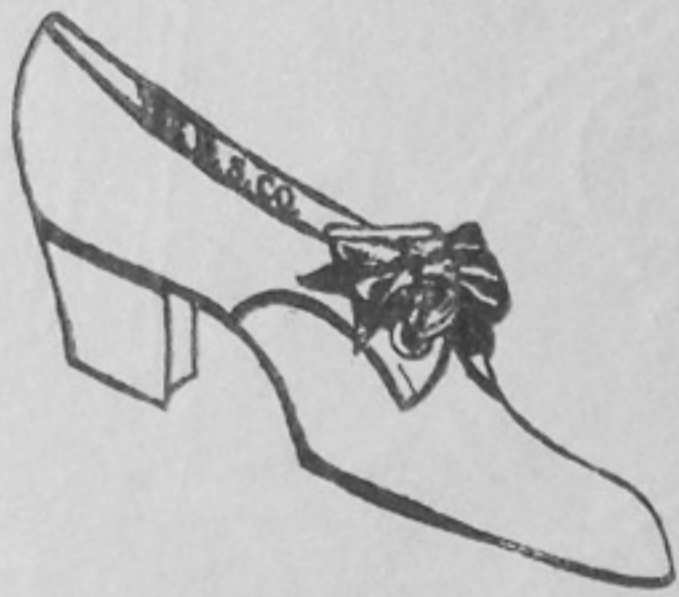
in Men's and Young Men's Footwear. Always a splendid line of snappy styles shown here . . . . .

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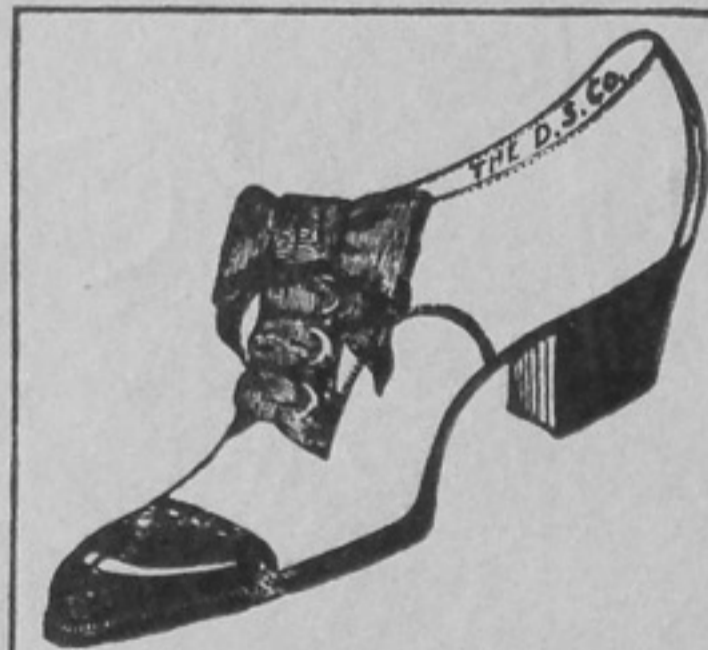
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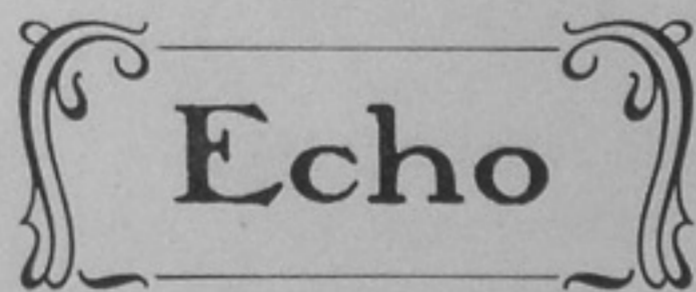
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## The Fisher & Streich Pharmacy

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE



Marigold Cream, for Chaps, 10 and 25c

# THE ECHO

VOL. I

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, JUNE, 1908

No. VII



## THE PRODIGAL SON

BY TOM J. BRUSHART.

NOW, once upon a time, so the story runs, there was a man who had two sons, each of whom was greatly talented. The elder of the two, if we may believe the tale, was an industrious, hard-working sort of a chap, Hairshornbob by name, but called Hairless for short, who worked early and late in the fields for his father. The younger son was different. His most prominent talent lay in his ability to get into mischief. He was one of those ne'er-do-wells who are considered the blight of the family tree. That he would come to no good end was predicted by every one. He "toiled not, neither did he spin"; nor was he guilty of any other such libelous criminality against the sacred order of the U. B. A. W's. He took life easily, disported himself gayly in the old swimming hole, ate all the cook's choicest doughnuts and pies (he was a great lover of pie), and cut up terribly in general. One of his chief diversions was to tie the family cat's private tail

into many knots, a proceeding that, besides being against his father's religion, was a source of great annoyance to the stupid old critter.

As the son (he had not become the Prodigal yet) grew older, he was a "regular devil," in our phraseology, and around Palm Street Store was known as "the village cut-up." Alas! both titles he roundly deserved, for he either went profoundly to sleep in the stuffy little church during the sermons, or else sneezed whenever things were most solemn, thus spoiling the whole show. And twice he was significantly reprov'd by the town constabulary for spitting tobacco juice upon the public highway. His father paid the fines, and afterward soundly thrashed him.

The young man's noble sire was soon at his wits' ends to know what to do with the scapegrace. The old gentleman kindly called him a blockhead, dubbed him idiot, and loudly proclaimed that dis-

grace was about to fall upon his house and name. Under his breath he'd mutter something like "Chickens come home to roost," so you will easily see, gentle reader, that the old fellow himself once must have been a high-flyer. With his mother the boy was stout. She shielded him in all possible ways and bore his misdemeanors quite becomingly. He was her youngest, you know.

When the son reached his majority he thought he would like to strike out and see the world. Maybe the girls in his neighborhood weren't up to expectations. Maybe he didn't like the cooking he was receiving at home. Be the reasons what they may, he decided to go out into the world and see life for himself. So he packed his belongings into his red bandana, bade the home folks a touching farewell, and set out, saying he'd be back when he had killed the giant that guarded the princess, or some other rot to that effect.

His mother wept a great deal at his departure, for she really loved the scamp. The father exploded in a lubberly fashion, and then naturally ceased to think about his son in his excitement over the latest news from Wall Street. And the Hairless One was so supremely tickled because his brother was going away that he forgot to work, and climbed up on the high windmill to wave a dee-lighted good-bye to the Prodigal.

Yes, that was how the son got the name of Prodigal. It was because he was going forth to waste his substance in the wide, wide, wicked world. It might be said that all his earthly possessions, tied up in his red bandana handkerchief, consisted of a pair of loud socks, a pocket knife, a plug of "Gentleman Jack's," a most villainous-looking pipe, and the latest "best-seller." In our language he would have been vulgarly called a hobo.

The first thing he did was to get out of his native land. It was unpleasantly hot there, and the fleas and the mosquitoes seemed to think man's body their own private dining board, on which it was their inalienable right to hold banquets at will. Fleas, mosquitoes, and the latest musical comedy are alike; they are all out to sting us.

When the Prodigal landed in New York he was certainly a queer specimen of barbarism, what of his strange garb and foreign accent. But he could speak English fairly well, having mastered the vocabulary of one of Marie Corelli's thunders; and so he began inspection of the great city with a strong heart.

In the course of events he got tangled up in the iniquitous meshes of that disreputable part of New York known as the Bowery. He fell in with thieves, and the proverbial Good Samaritan did not come to his rescue. The Prodigal made his escape only after the thieves had ascertained the dilapidated state of his bank account. When he ran into an officer of the law, whom he asked to help him recover his beloved pipe and his dazzling socks, he was politely invited by that officer "to dust the drag"—that is, to get out. The Prodigal was in the state of mind needed to comply without argument.

Following the directions of the policeman, he was nearly out of the Bowery, when he was beset by two vicious bulldogs for no reason save that he had tried to be familiar enough to inspect their highnesses. He sought to escape them, and, endeavoring to cross the street, was knocked flat by a hurrying messenger boy on a bicycle. In complete bewilderment he extricated himself from the mix-up, only to be ridden over by a rattling milk wagon, that calmly jolted along, spilling milk at every jolt.

The Prodigal, covered with milk, flee-





THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

ing from a huge vehicle that lumbered in his rear without visible propelling power, next greeted the sight of the amazed spectators. Every time the great monster in the street emitted one of its terrifying honks the Prodigal ran faster. He ran into a fat Irish woman, who increased his speed by soundly boxing his ears. His wild career brought down upon his head the wrath of an Italian fruit vender and a storm of overripe stock. In his efforts to escape these missiles he used his head as a battering ram against the stomach of a portly old gentleman, who was out taking his constitutional. "Oh, I say!" bellowed the corpulent individual, shaking a flabby fist at the fleeing Prodigal. "Assassin! thief! murderer! Stop, madman!" But he had no intentions of stopping. He only hurried on the faster. And the pursuing horror that was bent on his destruction,

howling incessantly, had almost overtaken him when the Prodigal, headgear in hand, his tongue hanging out, running like a locoed broncho, dashed madly into another street.

Here there was even more confusion than on the street he had left. Hundreds of people were hurrying along, shoving one another, and paying no attention to any one. In the street, crossing and criss-crossing, were a multitude of just such demons as the one from which he was fleeing. The poor Prodigal did not know what to do. He helped matters to a crisis by doing nothing. After uttering a prayer to home and mother, he consigned his spirit to the great Allah, folded his arms, and struck a dramatic pose. One of the yellow, chugging, honking demons of the street, a slowly-moving touring car, got him. Again the Prodigal went flat.

The two young lady occupants of the car shrieked simultaneously and tried their best to faint. When they gathered their wits together, they commanded the chauffeur to bring the big roadster to a standstill. There were only a few minutes in which to pick up the Prodigal and to place him in the machine before the congestion in the rear forced them onward. The Prodigal wasn't hurt a bit, but he thought he was killed. While he was coming to he murmured something about pretty girls and "fields of eternal bliss off in the sunset lands."

"Oh, hear him talk! Surely he's a poet. We must find out who he is," said the younger maid, an exceedingly pretty girl of about sixteen. Sixteen years is the required age for a heroine, I believe.

"How romantic! Just like a novel, where the hero is a prince in disguise. But I, as your chaperon, must look after you," exclaimed the elder woman, who didn't look as if she had sense enough to chaperon a poodle to a dog show.

"If he is titled I must have him. I adore titles, and ma says one is necessary to go with pa's millions!" replied the girl.

"Quite right, and so romantic, too!" gurgled the chaperon. "And now he is reviving."

"Oh, I'm a dead one! I'm dead, I know I'm dead!" groaned the Prodigal, opening his eyes.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" asked the fair sixteen-year-old. To the Prodigal her voice was like a silver lute, and her eyes resembled sapphires, and all that sort of thing.

"The tomb of Moses!" ejaculated he, under his breath, "am I dreaming?" And then aloud: "I'm all right, ladies. I thank you for picking me up."

"Really, you must not mention it at all. It is we who should apologize for knocking you over. Will you take a spin with us?" The young beauty's long

lashes swept her perfect cheeks in a manner that made the Prodigal's head fairly swim.

"To be sure. Many thanks!" said he, although he had not the slightest idea of what "a spin" meant.

The chaperon found it imperative to do some shopping without delay. Would they excuse her and pick her up later for dinner at Sherry's? No expostulations could detain her. She got out and left them, murmuring that it was all so very romantic, etc.

Now, when there is no chaperon around, it is quite easy for a young couple to have a good time. The preliminaries of getting acquainted are, of course, unimportant, but they are here given for your special benefit, young readers. You might get in the same predicament and not know what to do. The following is the formula:

"Isn't the weather delightful?"

"Quite fine."

"Please tell me about yourself. I know your life must be interesting."

"I'm the Prodigal, a man of mysterious ways and multitudinous adventures."

The ice was broken and the maid took her cue: "Ah, yes! I've heard of you before. Believe me, your fame has preceded you. You must be a great personage in your country."

"Yes," said the Prodigal, never batting an eyelid, "I'm the only living heir to the throne of Oshkosh. Great line, ours—twenty-third dynasty. I'm traveling to get data on military tactics."

"Why, he is indeed a prince," breathed the young girl to herself. "That's much better than Margaret Easystreet did when she got her gouty old earl last summer. I must land this God-send or it'll show awfully poor business ability on my part. I wonder what settlement he'll ask of pa!" Now, indeed, Miss Sixteen-year-old was quite innocent looking for all

that. Aloud she said: "You're nice. I like you."

"Oh, you're 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever'!" returned the Prodigal, plagiarizing his uncle, a prophet, who himself was something of a plagiarist.

"And you are a dear, a perfect dear," smiled the girl, while one of her little white hands crept into his.

"Tell me," said she, after a long pause, "when shall we announce it?"

"Announce what?" asked the mystified Prodigal.

"Why, our engagement, to be sure."

The Prodigal nearly expired from heart failure. Poor fellow! He didn't know that it was leap year.

"I—er—um—I'm not for sale; that is, not just at present, anyway," he managed to articulate.

"You have trifled with my tender affections, and you have gone too far! But you will pay for this insult, sir! My father has wealth, sir, and money is power." Her anger was entirely becoming to her style of beauty, as she herself well knew.

"But I don't want to marry. I'm too young for the responsible position of a man of affairs," said the Prodigal, trying to pacify her.

"Don't be stupid! Marriage is all right, in spite of what the younger set of novelists preach!"

"Well, I shan't marry at all. I think I shall go back home as soon as possible. I want to go back to the farm and taste mother's cooking once again."

"The farm! What farm?" fairly shrieked the young miss, shrinking away from him. "Who ever heard of a prince living on a farm! I don't believe you are a prince!" Tears of vexation filled her pretty eyes.

At her command the car came to a stop. "Now, who are you?" she demanded.

"Alas! lady, I'm not a prince. I'm only the Prodigal, and I'm tired of being even that. I think I shall go home."

"Yes, you had better go," she answered, haughtily.

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Every one knows the rest of the story. How the Prodigal, weary and footsore, his raiment in shreds, finally turned up at his father's back door. How the old gentleman wept, and ordered the calf to be killed. And how the Hairless One grew angry and said that he had received the little end of the whole deal. The facts of the case you may read elsewhere. The only thing that I might add is, that the Prodigal's mother was the most overjoyed of all the household at the safe return of her son. The good old soul bustled about and baked seven mince pies for the Prodigal, all of which he ate, even to the last crumb. When the pastry had disappeared into the Prodigal's voluminous capacity, he turned to her, and, his face beaming with great content, said: "Ah, mother, those pies were fine! No one can bake them just like you. All the time I was gone I longed for the pies mother used to make!"



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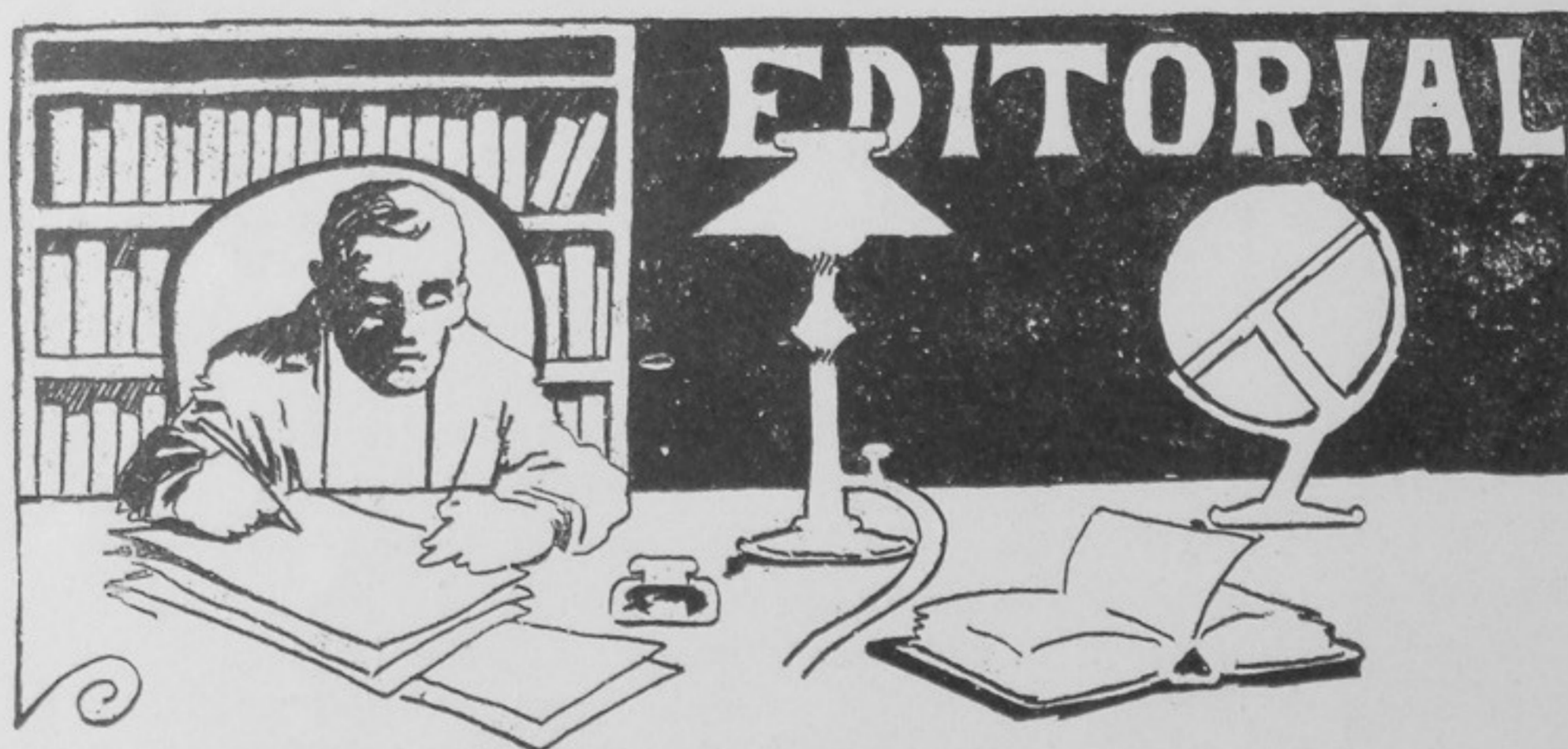
TOM J. BRUSHART.....*Editor-in-Chief*  
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CARL BENNETT.....*Sporting Editor*      NELLIE HUDSON.....*Exchange Editor*  
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GRACE FRY.....*Assistant Local Editor*      WILLARD GUSTIN.....*Business Manager*  
WILLIAM ATLAS.....*Assistant Business Manager*

This Magazine is published the first of every month, throughout the school year,  
by Willard Gustin.

Price, sixty-five cents per year, payable in advance; ten cents per copy.

Address all correspondence to the Editor of THE ECHO, Superintendent's Office, Portsmouth High School, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Entered as Second-class Matter, February 24, 1908, at Portsmouth, O., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



*Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!* The Seniors are dead ones—long live the Seniors! Who are the Seniors now? They are our erstwhile Junior Class—the ablest and the noblest class that ever adorned the halls of our High School. They are a class of which to be proud. They do things—their deeds transcend and outshine the glory of any class that

has been so fortunate as to come within the sacred portals of Portsmouth High School. Their history is the history in epitome of this school. One can always find them behind a good thing, lending it their aid and endeavor, or else riding in on the golden-crested billows of achievement. The events of this High School will be entwined more closely about the

destiny of this class in the future. Therefore, be sure, Juniors—Seniors!—that you deserve the preponderance accorded you.

Doubtless much disappointment will be felt by the subscribers of the paper at the absence of the cuts of our athletic teams, but the fault does not lie with the staff of the paper. The photographers were delayed to such an extent that it was utterly impossible to have the cuts in time for the Annual. However, the teams have the consolation of being conspicuous by their absence.

#### NEXT YEAR'S "ECHO" STAFF.

Our school publication next year will surpass the excellent record it has made this year under the direction of the following corps:

Editor-in-chief, Tom Brushart.  
 Assistant Editor, John Grimes.  
 Sporting Editor, Harold Buchert.  
 Local Editor, Bernice Bettman.  
 Exchange Editor, Evan Williams.  
 Alumni Editor, Beatrice Nave.  
 Literary Editor, Hazel Kenyon.  
 Business Manager, William Atlas.

## VALE !

*The realization sweeps over us that soon — ah, far too soon — that merry little band of Seniors, pilgrims wayfaring to the mystical fountain of learning, will have passed from out our gates to continue their glorious quest in other and distant lands.*

*Regretfully the "Echo" bids good-bye to them.*

*All that is ours to feel and hope for we wish may befall their destiny.*

*May To-morrow be for them as Yesterday, and all the Days before — flowered and perfumed with sweet things, and crowned with gems of joy!*

*May their lips touch only the dew of the morning, and may the sands beneath their feet be grains of gold!*

*May the sun of their prosperity shine ever from a sky unclouded with adversity — a torch to further efforts, a reward for past endeavors!*

*May their friendships be as many as the birds in the trees, as helpful and as loving!*

*May the grandeur of their deeds dim the sheen of the stars scattered in the sky; and let it be that each star in the beholding firmament shall shine upon some separate happiness of theirs!*

*May their Day be long, the Sunset glorious, the Night cool and restful and filled with the whispering caresses of the soft south wind!*

*Seniors, farewell! For you, the dawn of the greater, grander Day; for us, the ache and the void. Farewell!*



THE SENIOR CLASS.

## CLASS HISTORY—'08

ONE balmy day in September of the year 1904 the Portsmouth High School welcomed within its portals a band of children that was destined to bring fame to the dear old P. H. S.

These children, because of their great number, were divided into three sections, so that they could be looked after more closely. The first stage of their development proved a great trial to these poor children, for they were "Freshies" in the true sense of the word. Soon, however, this first year was over, and in June a few were fortunate enough to secure certificates, and were able to proceed in their progress of development.

When they returned from their summer vacation these fortunate ones were no longer children, but were considered as young men and women—that is, by themselves. They were now no longer "Freshies," but constituted a dignified (?) body called "Sophs." Following the custom of their predecessors, this worthy body of Sophs presented a gift to the High School. This gift was appreciated by all; for who would not appreciate and love the "American flag"? This flag now greatly enhances the beauty of the assembly hall. The first social event of the class took place in this year. It consisted of an "informal spread" given at the home of Ruth Jackson. The year ended all too soon, but where was the Soph who was not glad to receive the certificate which declared that he was now a Junior?

In this third stage of their development the Juniors—for they were now no longer young men and women, but

middle-aged folks—were kept very busy. They not only had difficult lessons to master, but they had a great many social duties. A new custom was established by this renowned class, that of presenting a class pennant to the school. This pennant of red and green, as well as the flag of red, white, and blue, will be lasting memorials of the Class of 1908. Besides several class parties, there was the great social event of the year, the "Junior-Senior banquet." This banquet was a great success; to this the Class of 1907 will testify. But, alas! one can not be a Junior always, for soon certificates were given out, and the "Mighty Juniors" became "Wise Seniors."

They are now in the last stage of their development. Few are the Seniors in comparison with the many Freshies who belonged to the class in their first stage. Although the work has been hard in this last stage of development, there have been a few pleasures. There have been several class parties as well as the "Junior-Senior banquet," in return for which the Seniors gave an outing to the worthy Juniors at Camp Washington. All of these events have been great successes. As the Class of 1908 looks back upon its course, the trials and difficulties passed over are forgotten. Nothing but pleasures are remembered, and it is a great regret to each member to bid farewell to the dear old P. H. S.

Farewell, dear old P. H. S.,

Farewell, 'tis time we go;

And though we know 'tis for the best,

We hate to leave you so.

KATHARINE CALL.

## PROPHECY, '08

WHILE sitting alone in my room this morning, I was half-startled when the school bell rang. What memories did it not call to mind! What recollections of dear chums did it not bring back! To what alternate hopes and fears had it not summoned me! It had been fifteen years since I had seen the dear old school or any one belonging to my class.

Filled with an intense desire to see what had become of my old schoolmates, I took my memorandum, in which I had jotted down the news of each classmate as it had been received.

The first name was that of Florence Alexander. There was a press notice reading thus: "Miss Florence Alexander, having in youth developed a liking for things foreign, has brought back with her from Italy a real, live count." I smiled to myself as I thought the notice sounded like some of Orin Oakes' work in the newspaper.

Mary Anderson, I found, had developed into an author of recognized ability. She had set forth treatises on Rhetoric that had put at naught the opinions of men hitherto considered most learned.

The following dispatch contained a message concerning Carl Bennett: "The navy is fortunate in having as admiral, Mr. Carl Bennett, of Portsmouth, O. However, it is rumored that such a strong light is attracting Carl to Portsmouth that the navy fears that they will not succeed in keeping him much longer."

Louise Balmert had become a music teacher. She had developed her system according to principles learned in Physics.

Katharine Call, having taught a country school, became so attached to her surroundings (and her hold on the hearts of the farmers) that she refused an excellent position in the city.

Cornelia Dillon, I saw, at last had attained the dream of her life, that is, to be a teacher of Mathematics.

Next comes the name of Anna Fowler. Who would have thought that quiet Anna would ever become a woman Socialist leader? Yet here we find her making daily speeches, which are printed in all the newspapers.

Grace Fry, because of her ability as assistant local editor of the famous ECHO, had obtained a responsible position as society editor of one of the leading newspapers.

The names of Minnie Gumbert and Margaret Graf are as closely associated in every-day life as they had been in school. They are perfectly happy, working side by side in a city school, teaching the youthful there is something else to be learned.

Ah! here is a young man of whom we have heard much. Because of his talking ability, Willard Gustin has become a speaker against the Democrats, who were his pet aversion from childhood.

Howard Harsha, who once knew how Presidents were elected, had been giving the "staff of life" to the public.

Nellie Hudson has had no difficulty in life, because she always feels better after helping W. G. out of political scrapes. Suffice it to say that this work has kept her busy.

Ben Heer, our famous model for argumentative discourse, is working in the capacity of a prosecuting attorney. Many criminals cringe when Ben takes the floor.

Ruth Jackson had acquired fame as the writer of a French novel concerning an English heroine, a German hero, a Turkish villain, and a Russian villainess.

Next on the list was Katharine Daw-



son. Out of the depths of her generous heart Katie had consented to become a missionary to convert the heathen, much to the profound regret of certain young men, who would consider it a kindness if she would stay home and convert them.

Ah, here is our upholder of woman, Margaret Klingman. Woe be to the wretched man who denounces woman suffrage while Margaret is near. If he is not already wretched, she will make him so.

Next came our merry-faced boy, Hill McCall, known to fame as the organ builder of the world. He has invented an organ without *pipes*. He uses cigarettes instead.

Ralph Marting, having captured all the offices in school, has still been succeeding in capturing not only offices inside, but the offices outside the country. He has gotten the habit.

Anna Meyer had actually settled down. To what? To day dreams, of course. Merry-hearted Anna must still have her day dreams, although they cover a wider area than formerly.

Clifford Miller, I found, had become a grocer. He was thinking, however, of going into the florist business. He may as well, because he gets enough to start a flower garden for a certain girl in the Class of '08.

Here is the name of Beth Norris. Dear old girl! Her motherly heart has embraced the care of the sick. She is a trained nurse, for whom every patient watches eagerly.

Amy Schultz was a school teacher until a certain N. & W. conductor—but I won't say any more.

Nellie Smith had gone abroad to study music under an accomplished musician.

Stanley Switalski had become a most original journalist. Every one who read his articles could actually have told what they had read about.

Harry Uhl, being a model of patience that endureth forever, is still waiting for (?) Meanwhile he had devoted his energies to the invention of electrical apparatus.

Pauline Wilhelm did not enjoy single blessedness, so she took unto herself a—Teddy Bear.

Well, that concluded the list, and a great sense of loneliness came stealing over me as I thought of all the good times we had when we were friends together.

LENORA MCNAMARA, '08.

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#### PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF '08.

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K. Dawson: First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of her fellow men.

P. Wilhelm: Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

E. Norris: No scandal about Elizabeth.

N. Hudson: She gets light from smoke.

H. McCall: Melancholy hath marked him for her own.

L. McNamara:  
And first a woman will or won't, depend on't.

If she will do it, she will; and there's an end on't.

A. Meyer:  
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe sleep.  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

W. Gustin: I shall ne'er beware of mine own wit until I break my shins against it.

C. Miller: Society is no comfort for me.

R. Marting: I do so like this office.

H. Harsha: Suppose we put a tax on learning; ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in this kingdom.

R. Jackson:

O. Oakes: Twenty hours thou must give to sleep, after which the remainder is to be given voluntarily to songs and feasting.

L. Balmert: Why, is that so?

M. Klingman: Make the men sit down.

C. Bennett: 'Tis the soldiers' life To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

N. Smith: A flower of meekness on a stem of grace.

G. Fry: Pray, sir, what is your opinion of affairs in general?

H. Uhl: Patience is a nobler passion than any deed.

M. Anderson: She speaks for herself.

B. Heer: In arguing, even though vanquished, he could argue still.

A. Fowler: Men are real respectable.

K. Call: She has no temper.

C. Dillon: She can't define sin.

S. Switalski: I'll write a story.

M. Gumbert: She doesn't tell everything she knows.

M. Graf: Our Peace-maker.

F. Alexander: But you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

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### TEN JOLLY SENIORS.

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1. Ten jolly Senior boys, fishing for a time,  
Carl Bennett got "hooked," and then there were nine.
2. Nine merry Senior boys, finding it was late,  
Howard stayed to say good-bye, and then there were eight.
3. Eight happy Senior boys, working on the eleven,  
Opponents took Miller for the ball, and then there were seven.
4. Seven silly Senior boys, always up to tricks,

Hill stopped a rotten egg, and then there were six.

5. Six foolish Senior boys, playing round a hive,  
Millard G. got stung, and then there were five.

6. Five loony Senior boys, swinging on a door,  
Ralph fell and broke his knob, and then there were four.

7. Four joyful Senior boys, singing full of glee,  
Ben strained his vocal cord, and then there were three.

8. Three lonesome Senior boys, don't know what to do,  
Stan got canned from THE ECHO's staff, and then there were two.

9. Two little Senior boys, trying to have some fun,  
Orin fell from his pony, and then there was one.

10. One sorrowful Senior left all alone,  
Margaret turned poor Harry down, and then there were none.

11. Ten poor Senior boys, left to cruel fate,  
Of their warmth in the next world I'd forgotten to relate.

L. Mc., '08.

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### WHAT THE SENIORS EXPECT TO DO NEXT YEAR.

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Mary Anderson—"I am undecided."

Florence Alexander—"I am going to Arizona, and expect to attend some school."

Louise Balmert—"I don't know yet what I shall do."

Carl Bennett—"I have passed all examinations for entering the Naval Academy, except the physical one, and if I succeed in that, I am going to Annapolis."

Katherine Call—"I expect to teach some place."

Cornelia Dillon—"I am undecided, but will go to college either this year or next."

Anna Fowler—"I have passed the teachers' examination, and may teach. Otherwise I will stay at home."

Grace Fry—"I am undecided."

Margaret Graf—"I am going to attend some normal school, but do not know which one yet."

Minnie Gumbert—"I don't know."

Willard Gustin—

Howard Harsha—"I am undecided."

Ben Heer—"I expect to go to school this year or next, but I am undecided."

Nellie Hudson—"I am going away to college."

Ruth Jackson—"I am going to Delaware to learn how to be a real college sport."

Margaret Klingman—"Teach school."

Hill McCall—

Lenora McNamara—"I won't tell."

Ralph Marting—"I expect to go away to school."

Clifford Miller—"I expect to stay at home."

Anna Meyer—

Elizabeth Norris—"I am going to study music."

Ivy Shultz—"I have no idea."

Nellie Smith—"Teach in the country."

Stanley Switalski—"I expect to go to Pittsburg."

Harry Uhl—"I don't know."

Katherine Dawson—"Elope in the fall, but don't tell."

Pauline Wilhelm—"Take vocal lessons."

## A TRAGEDY

There sits "our Willie" grinding  
His happy life away;  
He months ago was idle—  
Now works ten hours a day.

About his fate he's anxious;  
It takes a "C" to win,  
And he can't possibly get that  
For what he has *within*.

So he keeps on a-grinding,  
And "cramming it" for fair;  
He stows away the pages  
Of Virgil by the pair.

'Till for exams he's ready—  
They can not bluff him out;  
He's tired of all this worry—  
He knows what he's about.

He sends *some* invitations  
By American Express  
For all his *dear* relations  
To see him in "full dress."

On day of celebration  
Into the town they're blown,  
Exclaiming adulously:  
"My, how 'our Willie's' grown!"

They all go buy him presents—  
None are too good for Will;  
When he's about to graduate,  
They happily foot the bill.

Then Will hangs 'round the school house  
To hear the blessed word  
That he goes "with distinction,"  
But this is what he heard:

"Cheer up, lad, don't be frightened,  
You are not too old yet;  
Just try a little harder—  
Next year you'll go, I bet."

JOHN L. GRIMES, '10.



THE JUNIOR CLASS.

## THE CLASS OF 1909

IN the memorable year of 1905 a group of one hundred and twenty-five gay, chattering girls and handsome boys appeared at the door of the High School. They knocked, and it was opened unto them. In fact, they were somewhat taken back by the vast store of knowledge, the accumulation of centuries, thus thrown open to them. At first they were all earnest and had high ambitions; but when the novelty of assembly hall, class rooms, teachers, and books wore off, they seemed to forget all seriousness in a mad rush for a good time. And they certainly had it. They determined to "be something" in the social life of the High School; accordingly they organized and elected officers early in the year. Red and white were chosen as class colors, and the red rose was selected as the class flower. No opportunity was given them to shine, however, until the Junior lawn fete, where they made a very creditable appearance. Near the close of the year many realized that something must be done in the line of studying. So great was the amount of midnight oil burned that a goodly number were permitted to ascend several rounds of the ladder of knowledge.

As Sophomores these favored ones held their heads a notch higher, but they did more studying and less dreaming. Following the custom of each C Class, the Class of 1909 presented a gift to the High School, and selected a present worthy of its brilliant members. With a neat speech the President, Morton Shumway, presented a section of bookcase and five complete volumes of five standard poets. This was certainly a gift which

will be useful as well as ornamental. So the year passed on with high expectations of "next year"—its banquet, and parties (Query: Where are they?), and other pleasures of the upper classes. The close of the year was marked by a lawn fete given by the Athletic Association, and the annual flag-day parade, which was greatly improved by the addition of the High School classes, especially the Class of 1909.

In the fall, when the class again assembled, many had dropped from its ranks. Those remaining bravely took up the work with a determination to "make good." The year has been full of pleasures. In particular, the basketball teams, organized this year, have been successful. In girls' basketball, the Juniors won the class championship, thus adding fresh laurels. In the Athletic X they also played a prominent part, which is one secret of the success of the X. The class furthered its good fellowship at the Junior-Senior banquet Friday, the 13th of March. As a crowning glory the Class of 1909 furnished two debaters in the recent contest with Chillicothe. Well may the Juniors hold their heads high, since they can claim two such members as these young orators. As a parting social affair, the Seniors will entertain the Juniors at Camp Washington May 15th, when a very enjoyable time is anticipated. A class party has been promised, which most certainly will add to the pleasures of the year. The end of the year will be further enlivened by class day, commencement, and flag day.

The High School has good reason to be proud of the Class of 1909.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

## SOPHOMORE HISTORY

UP to the present date every class, when telling their histories, have used the month of September somewhat overtime.

Their histories have never failed to begin: "On such and such a day, September such and such a year." The present historian wishes to set a good example—just once—by doing something really original, and so will endeavor to start off differently.

On the corner of Waller and Gallia Streets, "once upon a time," a number of tall, handsome, athletic-looking young gentlemen congregated and waited patiently for their shy lady friends; who, along with them, were to begin a memorable jaunt through the historic halls of P. H. S.

"Has it been a memorable jaunt?" you may ask. Why, of course it has. If you should look up the meaning of *jaunt*, you would find that it means a wearisome journey. Well, in some ways this journey has been wearisome, but the particular one made by the Class of '10 has benefited the High School in both reputation and appearances. That is a thing that most Soph classes are not able to do.

Take the football and basketball teams, for instance. Both in the Freshman and Sophomore years our classmen have formed the heart of the teams. What could football do without us? Nothing! We put more players on the basketball team than any other class, and what's

more, they were the equal of any of the others. The Soph basketball team won the P. H. S. championship. Why? For the same reason that we win everything else—because we're better.

Baseball last year would have made a very poor showing without our pitchers, catchers, and fielders. It would be even worse this year, as five out of nine players are Sophs.

But it is not alone in athletics that we excel. It was only the other day that one of the teachers was heard to remark that she "was proud of her C Class." Of course, in our Freshman year we were teased and tormented by the inconsistent Sophs, but we have since taken revenge—upon the meek little Freshies.

The teachers, too, have taken particular pains with us, and have worked hard to develop that talent which they know to be in us; for talent in a class is always recognized, you know.

If you have the time and inclination to look, you'll find that class historians have never failed to say something about the "triumphal march of their class through the Freshman and Sophomore years." So, not to vary an ancient custom—our triumphal march through the Freshman and Sophomore years has been attended with many pleasures, privations, disappointments, and heartaches; but we've come through, and here we are, and here we will be for another two years, always willing and ready to do our best for good old P. H. S. in any possible way.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS.



## D HISTORY

THE Seniors returned to school last fall with mingled joy and sorrow; the Juniors swelling with pride in their newly-acquired dignity; the Sophs strolled in, giving a sigh of relief to think they had now passed their "green stage." Of course the Freshies came—everybody saw them, although some were so tiny they could scarcely be seen above the desks—great hosts of them, in Sunday best, with a calm face hiding a quaking heart. Some of them quaked so much that they gave up the fight before long as a thing impossible, and thus their number has been greatly decreased. But many, more valiant, persevered, and they became more confident of themselves, until, at length, their good qualities came to light. Some took a prominent part in athletics, some in literary work, and

others did something which the teachers appreciated, made a shining record in the class room. The D Class has also two representatives in the High School orchestra.

Of course, this class has its faults, but there are many virtues also; so, as the year is closing, we should ignore the former and remember the latter. Great hopes are held for the future of this class in all departments of high-school life, and things look bright at present.

So here's to the Freshmen, so bright and so jolly,

Let us look at their good traits and not their folly;

We are sure that in all things this new class will shine,

Hurrah for the Freshmen of 19-0-9.

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## A NATIVE OF SWEDEN VISITS PORTSMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL

THE students of the High School were recently given a rare treat, when Mr. Jansen, a native of Sweden, addressed them. He came to Portsmouth with the idea of giving an entertainment, but as that was impossible, he merely talked to the pupils. Mr. Jansen is now a citizen of the United States, and he has made a special study of Shakespeare. While in Sweden he studied at a school of oratory at Stockholm, and he shows himself a man of no mean ability. In his talk,

while he was very amusing, he said many helpful things. His chief thought was that every one should always act in a natural way. After his address to the school he met the Seniors, and presented to them many points in regard to Shakespeare's works. His talk confirmed many opinions which had been discussed in the study of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "Julius Cæsar." Throughout, his coming to the High School was a pleasure and a help to the students.



THE FACULTY.

## THE FACULTY AND VACATION.

Miss Ball expects to spend part of her vacation at Montgomery, Ala., as guest of her brothers.

Mr. J. R. Gilliland is going to remain in Portsmouth.

Miss Dice will sail for Weimar, Germany, on June 18, and will there take a course of study. Her trip is also to be one of pleasure.

Miss Jackson has made no plans for the summer, but will be at home the first part, at least.

Mr. Keller intends to spend the summer at his home in Findlay. He may also visit Lakeside for a while.

Miss Hall has made no plans for the summer as yet.

Miss Cramer and Miss Ricker are going to spend the vacation on a farm near Lucasville.

Mr. W. D. Gilliland has made no plans, but will probably spend part of the summer away from Portsmouth.

## THE CLASS OF 1860.

The first class that graduated from the Portsmouth High School was the Class of 1860. The graduation exercises were held in the Second Street school building, with Prof. Emerson E. White as Superintendent. There were five in the graduation class, two girls and three boys. All are dead except Frances Wait Lister, sister of Mr. G. Wait. The exercises were as follows:

"A Home Beyond the 'Tide'.....Quartette  
 Oration, "Dueling".....Louis Terry  
 Essay, "The Present Age".....Frances Wait  
 Oration, "Concentration of the Mental  
 Powers".....George H. Bell  
 "Look to Heaven, for There's Your  
 Home" .....Quartette  
 Essay, "Trials and Triumphs".....  
 .....Emma P. Hunter  
 Oration, "School Life".....James S. Kehoe  
 "The Scholar's Farewell".....Quartette  
 Presentation of diplomas.  
 Address by Rev. E. Burr, D.D.  
 Benediction.

## THE COLLEGE CHAP FROM NEW YORK

OH, dad! here's a telegram for you," said Polly, as she laid the little yellow envelope on her father's desk.

"All right, my dear," answered her father, while he put his glasses on and mechanically tore open the envelope.

"I hope it contains no bad news," Polly said, inquiringly.

"No bad news, my dear. It is a message from an old college friend of mine in New York, saying that he will be with us in a week or so, as soon as he settles up some business in Chicago. Well, well, it will seem like renewed youth to see Tom again. I have not seen him for almost thirty-five years." Then Mr. Howard laughed boyishly. "Oh, yes, I almost forgot that the message says his son is coming on through immediately, and will be here at 4 o'clock to-morrow."

"Why, dad, that is the most important of all," exclaimed Polly. "Does he say how old his son is, and what he looks like?"

"Of course not," replied her father. "Do you expect him to put in a full description of his son in a telegram? But I can safely say, if he looks like his father did when young, he will be handsome."

"How dandy! Won't those two sisters of mine be delighted! I must run and tell them. But say, dad, do you suppose he is a college chap?"

"Oh, I suppose so," laughed her father. "In the last letter I had from Tom, about a year ago, he said he had two sons in college."

Polly waited to hear no more, but darted away to the tennis court to tell the wonderful news to her sisters. The tennis game, that was in progress when

Polly appeared on the scene, was never finished.

You can imagine the excitement that the news of the coming of a young college fellow would make among three girls of the ages sixteen, eighteen, and twenty. To some girls a visit of a young man may seem a small thing, but to these girls, who had been brought up in Iowa, twenty-five miles from any city, the visit of a college-bred young man from New York was a rare treat. Besides, if you wish to interest girls, give them a taste of romance.

"Oh," cried Nan, "I wonder if he will play tennis, go boating and riding, and such things."

"Of course he will, silly," said Polly, with a look of something like disgust on her face. "Did you ever hear of a college chap who ever did anything else?"

"Oh, surely he will," offered Lib. "I can just shut my eyes now and see him. He will wear great big, baggy trousers, a long coat, a hat turned up in front, with his frat. pin stuck in it, and he will smoke a pipe, too."

"Yes," exclaimed Polly, "and he'll have his trousers turned up about six inches to display his lavender hose."

"Well, I know he will be handsome, 'cause dad said so. I wonder what his first name is? I think Harold is a pretty name, and it goes fine with Stephenson." Nan repeated the name over. "Harold Stephenson, doesn't that sound nice?"

It would be useless to try to repeat all the private little conversations that were held during the day concerning the great Mr. Stephenson. It is sufficient to say that each girl had an idealized picture of the young man in her mind.

That night they all had beautiful

dreams, the central figure of which was a handsome college chap, who bore the heroic names Archibald, Maurice, Mortimer, and Harold. Each girl awoke to the disappointing fact that the moonlight rides, drives, and rambles with the great "Him" were only dreams.

The next day dragged, dragged. Would 4 o'clock never come? The girls spent most of their time trying to decide upon the most becoming arrangement of their hair and what gown each should wear.

Who should meet the young man at the depot was also a momentous question. Their father at last solved the problem satisfactorily to all. He suggested that they take the two-seated trap and all escort the guest home in royal style.

At last the clock struck three, and the trap, with its charming occupants, dressed in their most becoming gowns, rolled down the dusty road. It was only a mile

and a half to the station, so, consequently, the girls arrived about a half an hour before time. Oh, those long, dreary thirty minutes!

"It's a good thing that train is not late or I never could stand it," said Polly, as she heard the train whistle in the distance. A few moments more and the train rolled into the station and came to a halt.

The girls gazed up and down the platform. Still no one got off. Then a pretty little boy of perhaps twelve years came nimbly down the steps, the bell rang, and the train pulled out of the station.

The girls looked at one another in bitter disappointment. He had not come. But the little boy walked up to the trap and inquired eagerly: "Are you Mr. Howard's daughters?"

"Yes," replied Polly, almost savagely.

"Well, I'm Harold Stephenson, from New York." HAZEL KENYON.

### ATHLETICS.

In the election of officers of the Athletic Association for the ensuing year, the following were elected:

President—Starling Pearce.  
Secretary—Mary Davidson.  
Treasurer—Paul Harsha.  
Property Manager—Jamie Williams.

In all the tightest places  
That Portsmouth High has been,  
When victory was hardest,  
'Twas we who helped to win.

But what we've done is little  
Compared with what we must,  
And we are bound to show you  
We're here to "do" or bust.

J. G., '10.

### TO THE CLASS OF '08.

We never can tell, as we journey through life,  
Just what our future will be;  
Some will have sorrow, and trouble, and strife,  
While others are happy and free.  
But wherever you go or whatever you do,  
Remember these words, for they're true:  
Do unto others nothing but what  
You would wish them to do unto you.

We never can tell, as we journey life through,  
Assisting the fallen to rise;  
You may help me, or I may help you,  
No matter what troubles arise.  
So we'll do what we can to help others along,  
With our hearts overflowing with song;  
Always using the "Golden Rule,"  
For we know it can right every wrong.

—Peter McNamara, Class of 1903.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

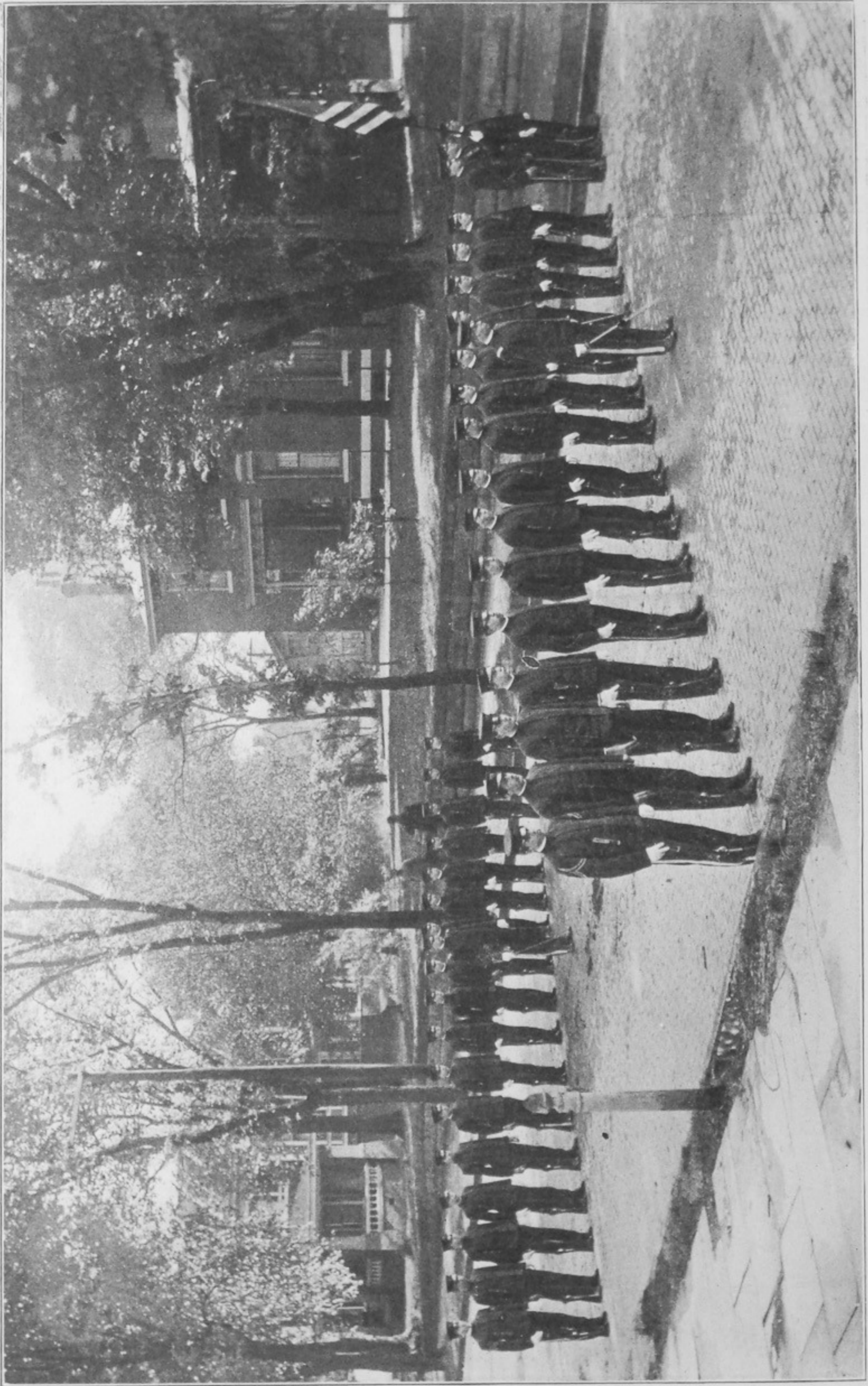
## ATHLETICS

IN athletics of last year, Portsmouth has more than made a name for itself. Never before has a High School made such strides in advancing in athletics. Two years ago we never even had a team of anything. Last year we did fairly well, while this year we have established our reputation as an athletic body of students. In football we held Chillicothe, the team that claimed the State championship, down to 0 to 0. In basketball we defeated the Ideal Redudars, the champions of the city, 14 to 12. In baseball we have won all the games this year. Here are a few statistics that may interest our readers. Taking athletics all together, Portsmouth High School has made 298 points to its opponents' 209.

In football Portsmouth scored 104 to the opponents' 28. In basketball we made 174, while our opponents only made 167. In baseball our rivals made 14, while we made 20. That is a complete summary of our games. What a record! Do you wonder that we are proud? We are especially jubilant over the way we "did up" Ironton, our famous rivals. On the different fields of honor on which we were engaged with Ironton, our up-river friends managed to capture only 18 points. That is in basketball, football, and baseball. As for us, we made 109.

### BASEBALL.

That our predictions concerning our baseball team have come about no one



THE MILITARY COMPANY.

will doubt. We predicted a good team. We have it. We foresaw a *winning* team. The fact is proved. We beat Ironton High School twice without half trying, and before this article reaches its readers we will have added several other baseball scalps to our belt.

Although baseball never has, and probably never will have, the degree of popularity in American schools that football has, nevertheless the national game flourishes. Especially is this fact true in our High School. This spring our attention and interest have been divided between track athletics and baseball, which fact accounts for the comparatively dull interest in the latter. As it is, our schedule contains more games this season than it did last season.

In the first Ironton game Captain Daniels missed the train, and an inexperienced Freshman was substituted in the pitcher's box. It was this change that allowed our opponents seven hits. Sampson pulled safely out of several tight places, where a miscue might have lost the game. Our boys finished up in the ninth inning with the score 7 to 5 in our favor.

The second game was a repetition of the first, and old Ironton received the same dope at the rate of 13 to 9.

As we go to press the fellows are preparing to give Jackson High School a good drubbing on Decoration Day. The game is scheduled at Jackson.

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#### TRACK ATHLETICS.

At last the old school has launched out into track work. The Athletic Association has purchased several pieces of apparatus for the boys to work out on. Among these are jumping standards and a pole-vaulting outfit. Next year the management hopes to purchase much more paraphernalia, and thus in a few years we will have a complete equipment.

Although a team for this year has been impractical, yet a chance has been given for the required practice. The athletic season of 1908 and 1909 should certainly be greatly strengthened by the christening of this branch of athletics.

Our entrance into the Ohio Interscholastic Athletic League places us at an advantage over former years, and it will be an easy matter to arrange track meets.

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#### BASKETBALL.

The result of the post-season basketball game with Ironton was just what we all expected. Our opponents had no chance whatever with our fellows, as the score given below will indicate:

Score—P. H. S., 22; I. H. S., 4. Date, May 9, 1908.

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#### THE MILITARY.

Our military company is one of our many organizations of which we are proud. We are proud of the cadet corps because it has made itself worthy of praise. Of course, there are many people who look with disfavor on this department, just as many are opposed to the military element in any school. If the persons that hold such views could see and realize the good results of military training, they would be very likely to withdraw their objections.

Some people claim that such organizations tend toward militarism. We deny this claim for two main reasons: First, the individual is taught the rudiments of military discipline, which causes him to chafe under severe rules. Second, the experience that he gets at drill helps him to imagine the machine-like life of the real soldier. Hence, by being shown the inside of military life, the cadet is instilled with an intelligent hatred for the evils of militarism.

We maintain that military drill is use-

ful to the American youth for the following reasons: First, the systematic drill improves the physical condition and deportment of the individual. Second, it creates in each participant a respect for superiors and a habit of unquestioned obedience to orders. Third, it trains the youth in the mechanics of war, the usefulness of which in past experience is too apparent for explanation.

In the face of these arguments it is to be hoped that more parents will consent to their boys joining the P. H. S. cadets. Beside the numerous benefits to the physical side, the cadet is also given credit on his school work for drill. The military credit is sufficient to raise any low study or studies up several per cent. higher at the end of the school year.

#### THE CADET CAMP.

If no hitch occurs in the arrangements, our cadets will go into camp on June 12th in company with the Chillicothe company. An ideal location, on the Scioto River, near Lucasville, has been selected as the site of the joint camp. The boys expect to have the time of their lives, for it will be an event long to be remembered. Of course, military routine will prevail, and much practical information will be gained. Aside from this, ample time will be had for amusements—baseball, boating, swimming, fishing, target practice, etc.

The Chillicothe company will number about sixty members, and with our company the camp will contain over a hundred boys. The up-valley boys expect to march from Piketon to Lucasville, and if a majority favor it, our company will also "hike" to Lucasville.

The officers that will have charge of the P. H. S. cadets are as follows:

Commandant, J. R. Gilliland.  
 Captain, A. Carl Bennett.  
 First Lieutenant, Benj. L. Heer.

First Lieutenant (staff), Ralph S. Marting.

Second Lieutenant, Evan Williams.

Commissary Lieutenant, Howard Harsha.

First Sergeant, E. Starling Pearce.

Second Sergeant, Wallace Drew.

Musicians, Thomas Curry, Houston Rickey.

Corporals, Walter Wood, Chas. Nichols, Willard Gustin, Stanley Switalski.

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#### NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

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*Glittering Generalities*, by Ralph Marting. One of the most original books ever published, containing an account of all the instances when the author has escaped absolute failure by his wise use of such language. Mr. W. D. G., the eminent critic, says of this work of art: "Of all the books I have ever read, 'Glittering Generalities' is most true to life."

\* \* \*

*From a Senior of P. H. S. to a Senator of U. S. A.*, by the Honorable Willard Gustin. An interesting account of how the author rose after his arduous labors of Class Day to the position he now holds as the brilliant lawyer at home and the respected legislator at Washington. Margaret K. says of the book: "I bought a copy of the Hon. Mr. Gustin's work for my brother (?), and he read day and night until the book was finished."

\* \* \*

*The Power of Country Air*, by Hill McCall. The author relates in an entertaining manner what a wonderful power the country air about Rushtown has of waking up persons with somnambulistic tendencies. Mr. H. K. says: "I think the book an entertaining one, and must say that I hold the same views."





THE ECHO STAFF.

## HITS

There once was a laddie named "Chuck,"  
 Who had such deuced bad luck,  
 His troubles are extra large;  
 He's worried, they say,  
 Till his hair's turning gray,  
 For fear some one will get Marge.

There once was a boy named "Cot,"  
 The handsomest the High School's got;  
 He is a soldier so fair.  
 He has a sweet tenor voice,  
 That makes you rejoice,  
 But why does he bleach his hair?

There once was a boy named Heer,  
 Who had once been away to Culver;  
 Oh, he is so proud of it.  
 To all that he meets  
 This is what he repeats:  
 "Gee! but I made a mighty big hit!"

There once was a boy named Uhl,  
 Who really wasn't a fool;  
 He had more brains than a sheep.  
 "How's Margaret?" I said,  
 But he just shook his head;  
 "Oh, hush, for you make me weep."

There once was a boy named Oakes,  
 Who is a subject for every one's jokes;  
 It's a shame the way folks abuse him.  
 He surely sticks tight  
 To his girl, just all right;  
 Don't worry, you never can lose him.

Katy D.,  
 She tells me  
 About her many beaux;  
 Run, boys, run,  
 When you see her come.  
 If she catches you, she'll propose.

Anna Meyer,  
 Her heart's on fire,  
 And so is her head, just look!  
 She says, "He! he!  
 Just look at me,  
 I've got Carl on my hook."

Mary, Mary,  
 Quite contrary,  
 Has a garden that's a joke;  
 Flowers fair  
 Can't grow there,  
 Nothing but a gnarled old Oak(es).

Lizzy, Lizzy,  
 Always busy  
 Chasing Ralph and Carl;  
 Says she to me:  
 "If I catch 'em, gee!  
 I'll put them both in a barrel."

Margaret, Margaret,  
 Is a target  
 For all of Cupid's darts;  
 She's very fickle,  
 And she don't give a nickel  
 If she breaks all the poor boys' hearts.

## A WORD TO THE "ALUMNI."

**A**N organization which has been in existence for forty years should be doing something substantial for the High School. Is the Alumni Association doing its duty to the Portsmouth High School? This association should be more than a mere social club, which meets once a year to enjoy a banquet. The Portsmouth High School needs your support. Any plan that will bring the undergraduates and the Alumni members together more will be beneficial to both.

The Philomathean Literary Society is doing a good work. The meetings are always open to members of the "Alumni." It is easy to find the time for the next meeting, and you will enjoy it, and also show that you are interested. Help it along.

A new high school is badly needed. Use your influence to get a new high-school building of which the city may be proud; not another remodeled building, but an entirely new one, with a gymnasium.

Before a debate the "Alumni" might take the side of the opponents and give some practice to the debaters. The attendance at the debate with Chillicothe shows that nothing needs to be said about the attendance at future debates.

The Alumni members could help athletics along greatly. In basketball many of the members would enjoy the games. Perhaps an Alumni team could be organized, and in both these ways this department of athletics would be aided. The results of the Athletic X and the New Year's football game show that the "Alumni" wish to do these things. If something exciting is wanted, attend one of the football or baseball games. Anybody who has seen one of these games knows how interesting and exciting they really are. A tennis club, composed of members of the Alumni Association and

students of the High School, would tend to awaken more interest in the doings in the High School. Tournaments in basketball, tennis, and football could be arranged. Of course, only the younger members would take part in these, but it would help to foster a more congenial spirit between the High School and the Association.

This publication could be greatly helped by more of your subscriptions next year, and by sending items of interest to the Alumni editor.

Speak of the good qualities of our P. H. S. and of the value of a high-school education. Don't run down the High School, but help it along. It is now growing more rapidly than ever before, but it can grow faster with your aid. The faster the growth, the sooner a new building, with its advantages, will be necessary. The High School is wide awake, and it needs the aid of the Alumni Association.

## THE SENIOR-JUNIOR PICNIC.

**H**URRAH for Camp Washington! What a glorious time! Let's come back again!" These were some of the exclamations heard when the Seniors and Juniors, chaperoned by the Faculty, were returning from their outing at Camp Washington on Friday evening, May 15.

And it was a glorious time. However, it didn't look so glorious that Friday morning, when every one started to school in a pouring rain; but by noon it had stopped raining, and as all were willing to risk getting wet, when the 4:25 train pulled out there was an extra coach filled with light-hearted school children. When Rushtown was reached the sun was shining bright, and immediately the good time began.

After a short walk the camp was reached, and an exploration began. Then the boys and girls, and also the teachers,

played all sorts of games, from ball to fox and goose. The girls jumped the rope, while the boys played leapfrog.

When everybody was good and hot, Margaret Graf's mother announced supper, and as soon as all were cooled off a delightful lunch was served, picnic fashion. Mrs. Graf was assisted by the owners of the camp, and by Misses Ball and Hall.

When the supper was over nearly every one participated in a moonlight stroll, but all were back to camp long before train time. Then the main feature of entertainment was singing the old school songs. About 9 o'clock it was necessary to start for the train, and all acknowledged a good time by cheering Camp Washington, Mrs. Graf, and the Benders.



THE ANNUAL COMMITTEE.

## AN APOLOGY

Praise us not too much, nor blame us,  
 For we have done our very best.  
 Look to those who didn't help us,  
 And leave the "staff" to peaceful rest.



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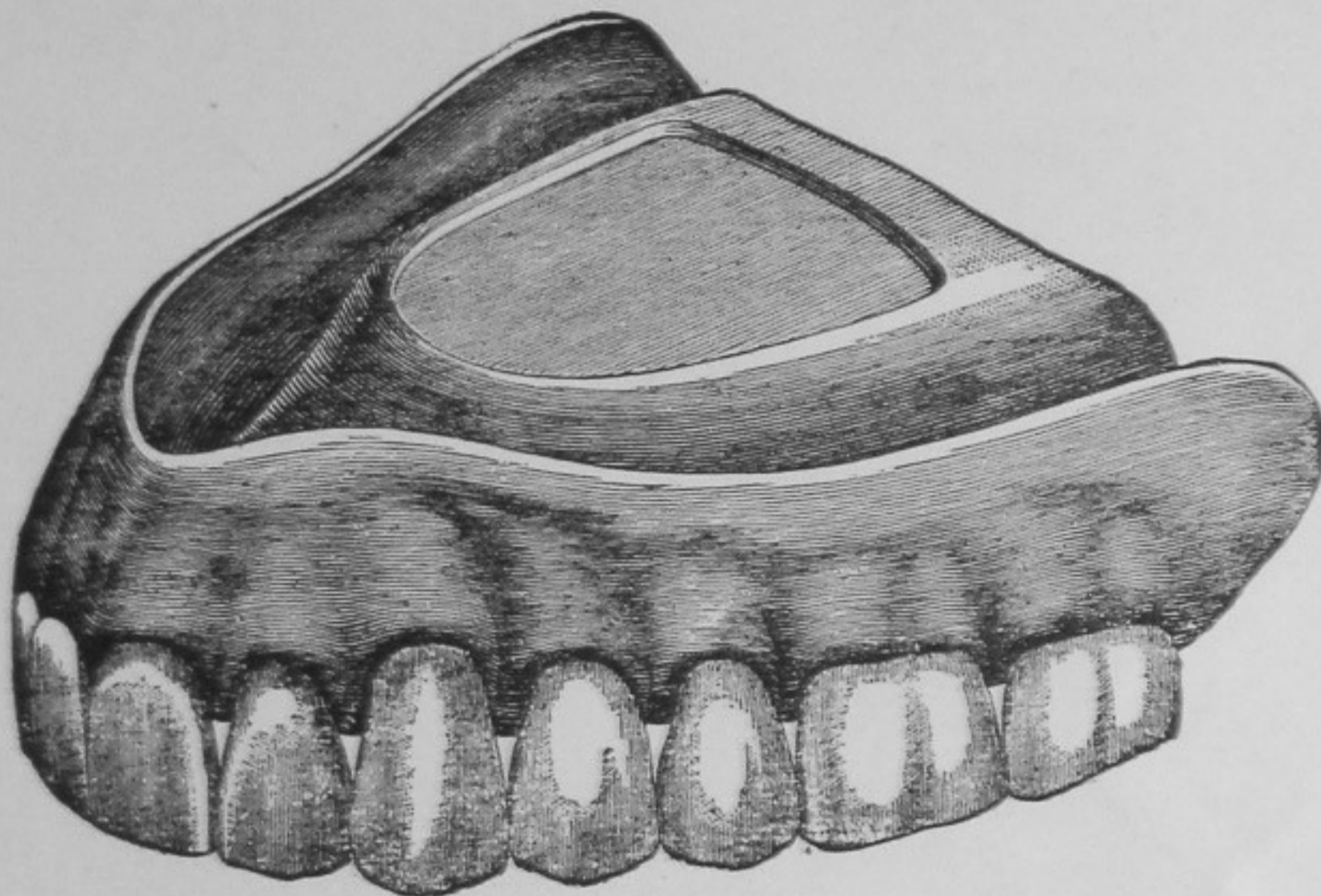
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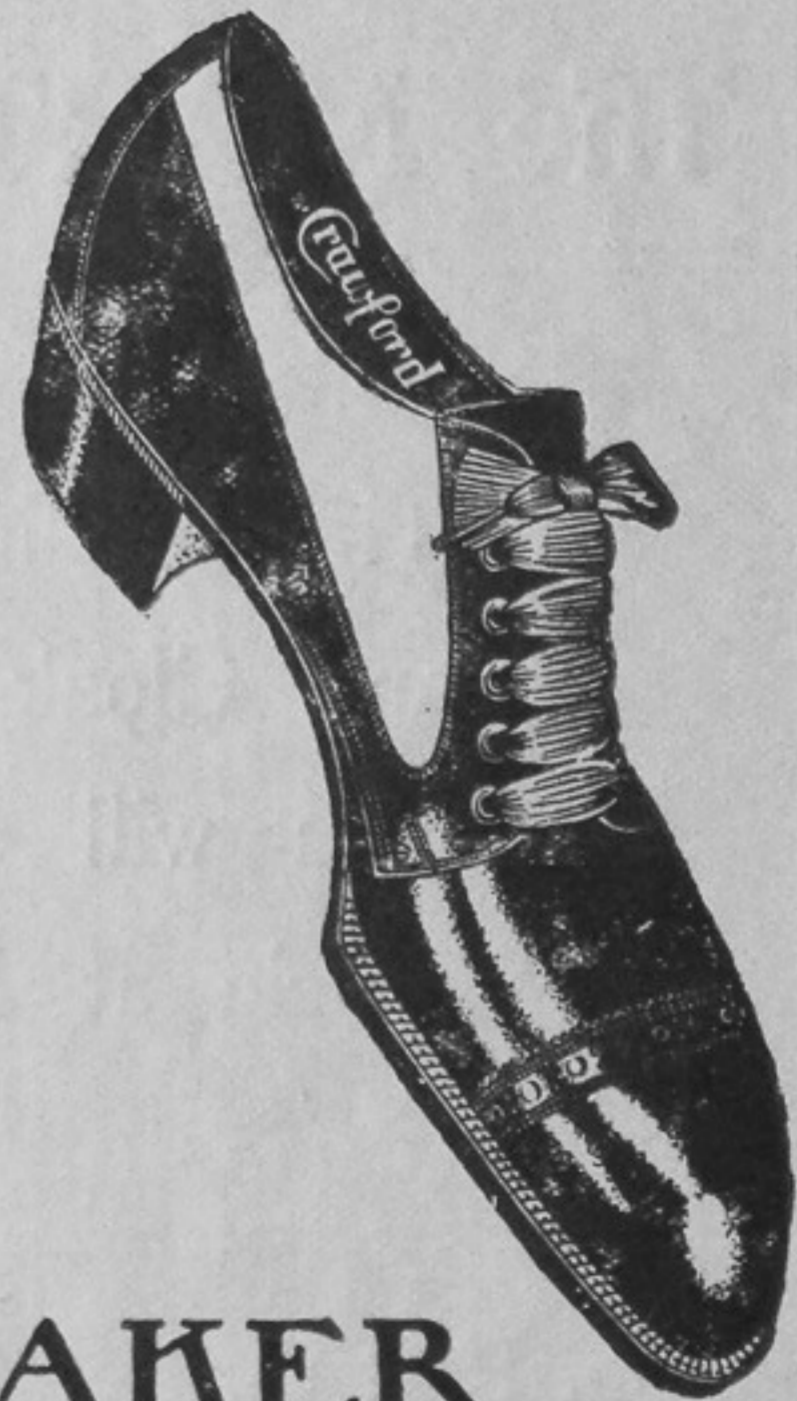
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