





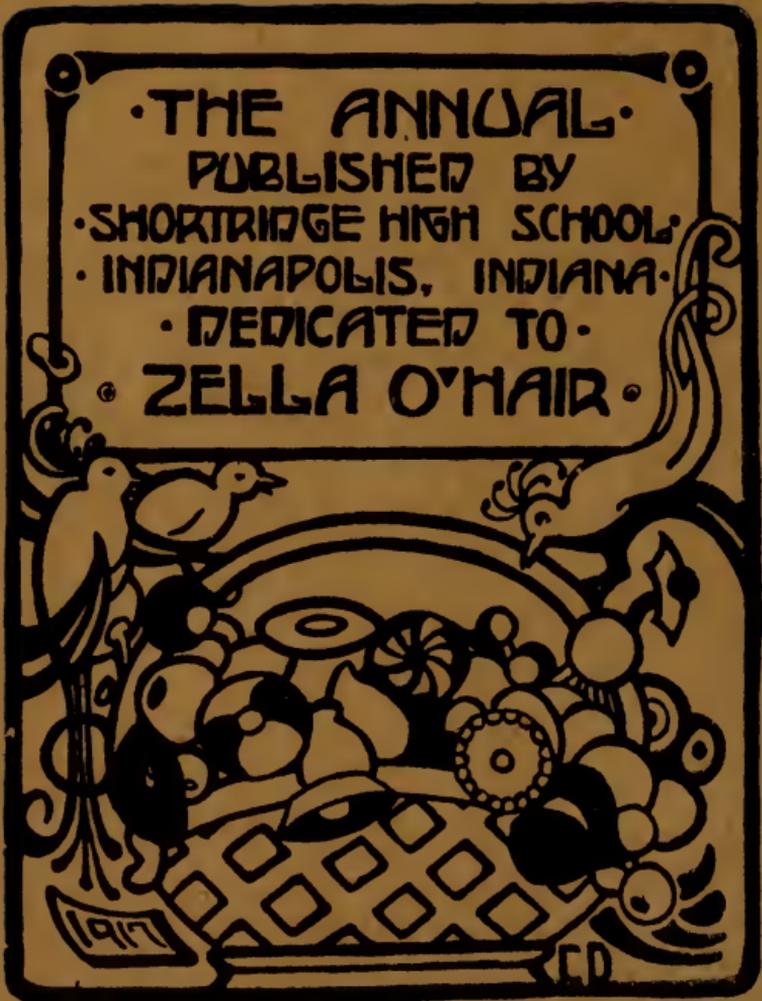
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• THE ANNUAL •
PUBLISHED BY
• SHORTRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL •
• INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA •
• DEDICATED TO •
• ZELLA O'HAIR •





FOREWORD

The curtain's ringing up;
The lights are brightly lit,
The lookers-on alert
In rapt attention sit—
And Shortridge is the stage,
Shortridge action on each page,
Of our Annual.

The clown in cap and bells,
Takes his turn across with glee,
And with many a flaunting jest
He flings his jollity.
Take the mirth
For what it's worth,
In our Annual.

In gently flowing robes,
Stepping forth with dignity,
Not unmixed with lighter gait,
Enters here fair Poetry.
With the deeper mood combined
The fantastic you will find,
In our Annual.

With these players and still more
Here a pageant bright is laid,
And behind the gleaming lights,
A varied act displayed.
And 'tis all put in a book
You may see, will you but look
In our Annual.

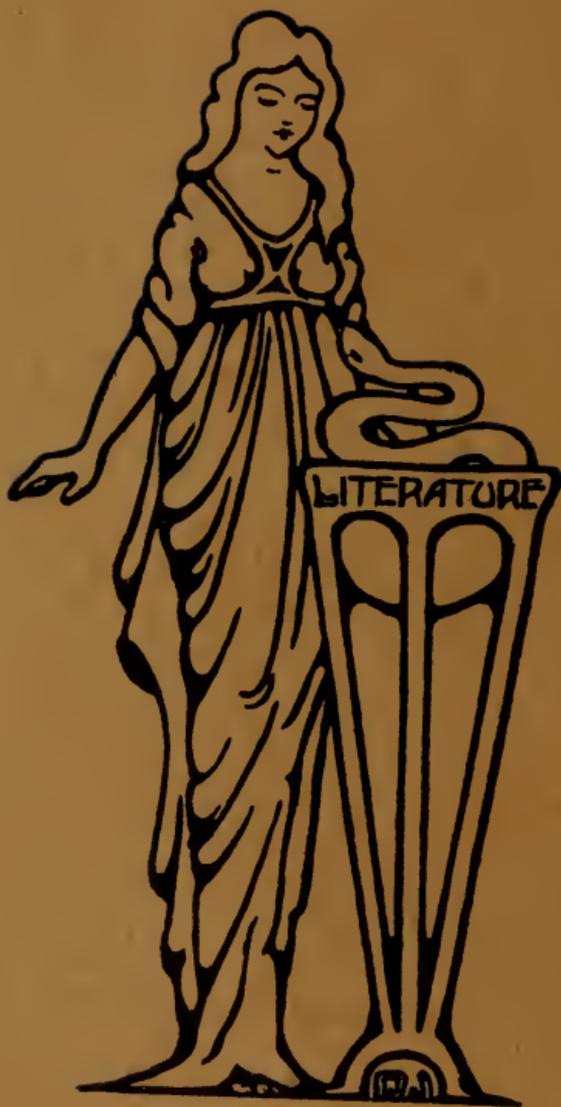


TO
MISS ZELLA O'HAIR
OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
AND
CENSOR OF THE SENIOR BOOK,

• A TEACHER DEAR TO ALL OUR HEARTS, •
•• A WOMAN KIND YET FIRM ENOUGH ••
TO TRAIN THE ERRING WAYS OF FRESHMEN,
AND SHE HAS TAUGHT US FROM THE FIRST
THE PRINCIPLES OF REAL SCHOOL SPIRIT,
• AND HER DEVOTION TO OUR WEALE •
IS EQUALED ONLY BY OUR LOVE FOR HER,

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK.
THE CLASS OF 1917.







And now that you are started on our book,
We hope you'll hesitate to lay it down.
Here are some stories written just for you,
Of poems, sketches, pictures, not a few.
And e'en some drama, which, we hope, your look
Will not escape, but banish every frown.
They're at your service.

EDITORIAL BY THE EDITOR



WITH anxious heart we release this book, with the wish that every reader may find herein some measure of worth and enjoyment. It is no small undertaking to produce a book that will be representative of the senior class and of the school, and at the same time be pleasing to everyone, when both the school and the class have such an array of varied interests. We have recognized this difficulty, and our constant aim has been to embody in the 1917 Annual nothing but the best material afforded by Shortridge talent. If we have succeeded in making this book representative of Shortridge's best, it naturally follows that it is representative of the class of nineteen-seventeen.

Reader, look twice before you judge. If you are inclined to be hypercritical, or if the first page doesn't suit your fancy, just turn to the next page, and think of a weary editor with his hard-worked, loyal staff, reading copy, copy, copy, and crossing out and inserting and counting words. *For every word in this book has been counted.*

Since we believe firmly in hope as an excellent stimulant until the worst is known, we hope that you will like our poetry and art, that you will think our stories interesting, that your sense of humor is elastic enough to stand a little stretching, and that your picture flatters you. (This last is for the seniors only). It is no less our desire that every senior at least will find something in these few pages that will make him treasure his class book as the connecting link of days gone by—of many fruitful and happy hours spent here at old Shortridge. We hope his heart will beat just a little faster at the sight of a long-forgotten signature or face.

And so we bid our little book God-speed on its journey to find your favor.



THE NOBLE ABU



LI-BEHR sat in his shop contentedly smoking his water pipe. Cross-legged, with his hands folded across his well filled stomach, he lazily puffed vapory rings ceiling-ward, and watched them blend into the blue layer of smoke which hung over the dusty book shelves. A few minutes before, he had risen from his prayer rug, and now the quiet peace of evening reflection filled his heart; for had Allah not been good to Ali-Behr on this day? Had he not bought the magnificent camel Abu, from his palm-itching neighbor, Omar, at a ridiculously low price? The wonderful Abu, whose equal was to be found only in the Sheik's own herds. And the gold pieces which he had put into Omar's yellow fingers represented but half of Abu's real value. Omar was a money lender and knew very little of camels.

"Allah is good," breathed Ali-Behr. He had put Abu in the small court behind his house to be kept until the morrow, when she would be taken to the pastures outside the city, to receive the food and care due to such a noble beast. And so Ali-Behr slowly rose and went there to view his bargain before retiring for the night.

Abu was hitching uneasily, and seemed to be, trying to relieve one foot from tension. Ali-Behr saw, and his mind filled with misgivings; the greedy and crafty Omar had tricked him—Abu was lame. He thought of the shining gold pieces, and anger filled his heart—then cunning; he must get back those gold pieces.

Ali-Behr was waiting the next morning when the money lender opened the shutters of his stall.

"Allah be with you, Omar," he called.

"Allah be with you, Ali-Behr," returned Omar. "Doth Abu prosper in her new home?"

Ali-Behr smiled benignly.

"Ah, yes," he answered, "and she loveth her new master as those of Medina loved the Prophet."

"Yes."

"I shall send her to the pasture this morning," continued Ali-Behr. "There she will receive treatment as she deserveth."

"To the pastures?" repeated Omar; and Ali-Behr saw a troubled look in the money lender's eyes. "To the pastures? Ah, by Allah, I shall long for the noble Abu."

"Yes," replied Ali-Behr.

"Am I never to see her again?" asked Omar.

"Perhaps not."

THE NOBLE ABU

Omar wiped a real tear from his eye. "My poor Abu," he sighed. For a moment there was silence between the two, then Omar suddenly burst out, "No! by Allah and Mahomed the prophet of Allah, no! Love my wife and take her if you will, but leave me my camel; for I am a jealous man. You shall not send her to the pastures!"

"No?" asked Ali-Behr solicitously; "but she is mine."

"Wellah!" cried Omar, "by the beard of the prophet, I will buy her back from you."

"Yes?" purred Ali-Behr. "But she is lame."

"Lame?" shouted Omar; "my magnificent Abu, my noble Abu—lame? It cannot be!"

"Yes," Ali-Behr went on; "then you shall give me what I gave you for her."

Omar looked at Ali-Behr reproachfully and shrugged his shoulders.

"But she is lame since I sold her to you," he exclaimed.

There was no disputing this fact, and Ali-Behr weakened. Abu had undoubtedly walked impartially on her four feet when he had bought her. And so, after haggling and compromising for the better part of the morning, Ali-Behr believed that he was doing well to accept a half of his gold pieces in return for Abu. He went back to his court-yard and returned with the hobbling Abu, meanwhile cursing under his breath.

While Ali-Behr sadly returned to his shop and water pipe, to mourn the loss of so many gold pieces, Omar received the animal with caresses, and led her to his home. Once inside, he peered furtively across at the bowed head of Ali-Behr, and stooping, untied a light, thin thread from Abu's lame ankle.

"Allah is good," he murmured in his beard. "He sendeth the noble Abu back to her master sound and well."

Across the street Ali-Behr sadly puffed on his pipe; then he arose, unrolled his prayer rug, and kneeled devoutly.

"Allah, be good to the faithful," he pleaded. "Make my sons strong and my daughters beautiful, and, above all, keep me forever from any dealings with Omar, the money lender."

—ARTHUR TIERNAN.



OUR HISTORY



T the High School of the people,
 At the Shortridge Hall of Learning,
 Ours, the class of Seventeen-teeners,
 Was the best and biggest ever;
 Better still than all the others,
 That had finished school at Shortridge.
 Better than the class of Six-teen,
 Even better than of Fifteen,
 Was the class of Seventeeners.

In the year of Nineteen Thirteen,
 To our Shortridge, in September,
 Came our class of Seventeeners.
 And as usual, ours was called the
 Greenest of the Green, at Shortridge.
 But we soon o'ercame this feeling.
 Soon those mighty Seniors loved us,
 All the Juniors and the Sophomores
 Knew that we were part of Shortridge.
 Thus they knew, and learned to know us
 As the owners of the Spirit,
 Of the live, sweet Shortridge Spirit.
 So we passed on to be Sophomores.
 Then as Sophomores, still we labored
 At our lessons, as good pupils.
 As we studied we made progress
 Toward our Junior year at Shortridge.

When at last we were called Juniors,
 Then began our course of action;
 Soon we organized our forces,
 Time came to elect our leaders.
 And we then chose Alex. Cavins
 To be leader of our class;
 And we knew that Edmund Severns
 Would be best to get the money
 For our treasury and expenses.

Hildegarde Flanner held the office
 Of Vice-presidency for us,
 Nellie Keith, she read the minutes
 Of each meeting of the Juniors.
 Thus our officers were chosen.
 But we were not very lucky;
 For the Seniors won a Track Meet
 And a Basketball game from us.
 Still our spirits were not dampened;
 On we worked for the high honors
 Due to us as Seventeeners.
 And in March, of Nineteen Sixteen
 Our Junior Prom was quite successful;
 Then we gave, on June the second,
 A reception for the Seniors.
 Thus our third year passed by happy.

We at last grew to be Seniors
 At the Shortridge Hall of Learning.
 This our greatest and our last year
 Was our best and most successful;
 For we won a Track Meet from the
 Juniors and then Basketball, too,
 [Thanks to Pinky Porter, Captain].
 Won a Meet from Underclassmen,
 Gave a Prom, the best one ever.
 And our Senior officers were the
 Best of all the Shortridge people.
 Byron Elliott was our President,
 Marian Stoner, Secretary,
 Martha Morris our Vice-president,
 And Raymond Mead, our Treasurer.
 Then for noise, we had Bud Recker,
 Best of all the good Yell-leaders
 Who had led the yells at Shortridge.
 Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday;
 Monday, Class Day exercises;
 Came on Wednesday, Graduation,
 Then on June eighth came our Class Play;
 Then at last our work was ended,
 We had been—Semper Paratus.
 Thus we said, "Farewell to Shortridge,
 To the best of High Schools, ever,
 To our dearest Alma Mater."

RUTH ANNE KNOTT.



AWOKE suddenly—why I do not know—but on the instant I was fully conscious of the fact that I was awake. And the reason for this was that I and my feet were cold, although it was August. I was, however, over two miles higher than the Atlantic, and the clump of trees in which our camp was pitched was in the vanguard of a forest that struggled in vain up the steep sides of a mountain, whose summit frowned on us down a jagged half-mile of precipice. It was about midnight, I judged, and the silver stars sparkled in an ecstasy of coldness in their inky setting, for there was no moon in the sky. A little breeze, gentle but cold, lingered lovingly about my neck, and the grim old mountain on my left looked anything but warm. As my eyes wandered along

the rocky ridge from straight above me toward my feet, their gaze halted half way; for there, just showing through a huge notch in the ridge was a star, the like of which I had never seen. In size, brilliancy, and beauty it eclipsed its comrades over the whole sky. What could such a star be doing in the east at this time of night? Perhaps I had discovered some new planet! I gazed at it again. It was brighter than ever. I elbowed my father, who was peacefully snoring at my side.

“Dad,” I exclaimed, “look at that star! What is it? It’s a new one on me.”

“What star?”—sleepily.

“That one over there. Right above the ridge.”

“Oh, that—that’s the moon.”

And I, who had become almost warm with the excitement of discovery, became colder than ever, and while waiting for the dawn, resigned myself to counting the countless stars.

—ALEXANDER W. CAVINS.

A TRIBUTE TO CHARITY DYE



THESE words are meant for one whose heart entire
Is freely given to her beloved State;
She reverence hath for those whose lives relate
The adding of an ember to the fire
Of progress. She ardently doth admire
Brave men and women and their actions great.
And to this love she adds another trait
That bids her give, to all who may desire,
Sweet sympathy and kindly words sincere;
To her whose thoughts and hopes soar far above
Discouragement and hindering petty fear,—
To our own Charity Dye, we pledge our love
The boys and girls of Shortridge School.

—JUNE HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

A LAUGH ON THE INSIDE OF ME



THE world 'round about may be frozen and cold,
And my face may be wrinkled and weary and old,—
And my body be bound that now is so free,
But there'll still be a laugh on the inside of me.

A laugh just as joyous and happy and gay
As a schoolboy when free from his tasks for a day,
Just as airy and light as the moonbeams e'er seem,
When they peep past the curtains at some maiden's dream.

Just as warm and as true as was mother's kiss,
When I'd asked for forgiveness for something amiss;
And as sweet and as clear as a friendship once vowed,
When it comes through the mire and the fog of the crowd.

Yea, though my friends be all gone, I come through the pain,
Quite fresh and quite fair—a young child again;
And I'll save, for those whose lives still shall be,
A good, kindly laugh on the inside of me.

—VERA SANGERNEBO.

THIRTY-THREE TO THIRTY-TWO



ARMAND OLSEN sat between two tiers of steel lockers in the darkest portion of the dressing-room, and raged inwardly. McTolliver, Hartleys' little Irish coach, never had liked him and now he gloried in dealing a final blow which Olsen could not return. At least Olsen thought this to be the case, when the coach had ordered him to "kill" Duncan, Martin's newly discovered miler, via the sprint method.

Twice Olsen unlaced his shoes, and twice he laced them up again. If he didn't run the mile, it wouldn't ruin McTolliver's reputation; it would only dub himself as a quitter and probably lose the meet for Hartley. Yet the more he contemplated the situation, the angrier he grew.

"If Griffith can't beat Martin's inexperienced 'find' in a fair and square race, he doesn't deserve to win," he reasoned bluntly,—“and the same applies to me. This teaming together and killing the rival school's best man isn't sport, and I 'can't see it.' McTolliver thinks I'm Griffith's flunky, but I'll show him. When Griffith finishes this mile, I'll be under the showers.”

Olsen was anything but a conceited fellow, but McTolliver had aroused his ire. He had always known that he could beat Griffith, but his nature was of a modest sort which shuns honor and publicity as though it were some dreaded evil. Moreover, he had never been able to do his best under McTolliver, but now he had been slighted and under-estimated, and it had aroused his spirit.

Voices floated over the lockers to him from a group of runners gathered in the farther corner of the room.

"Donaldson will win the 440," said one, "but even then it will be a close meet."

"But he didn't win the 440!" exclaimed another excitedly. "See, they've marked up the score, 28 to 28. Griffith, you've got to win this mile or we're beat."

Just then McTolliver broke into the room.

"Where's Olsen," he asked, searching the room with a glance.

"Here," called a voice from behind the lockers.

"Now all o' ye milers listen to me," commanded the coach. "The mile will decide this meet, and we will win the mile if each one does as he has been directed."

"All out for the mile!" bawled the announcer at the door.

"Come on, boys," said McTolliver, "and remember instructions."

As Hartley's coach led his quartet of "milers" across the track and down to the starting line, a roar burst from the stands. The excitement was intense. This event was to decide the meet.

THIRTY-THREE TO THIRTY-TWO



As Olsen took his place, he appeared to be the most collected one of the group. Underneath he was on fire. "He'd not disobey McTolliver—oh no!—If that farmer from Martin's cared to follow him from the first, all right, but—"

"On your marks," warned the starter. "Get set.—Go!"

Olsen sprang to the lead, and started to draw away from the rest. One runner stepped out and followed him. A glance told Olsen that it wasn't Duncan.

"Trying the same game, are they?" he asked himself. "Well come on kid," and he quickened his pace.

A cheer greeted them as they passed the grand-stand on the west turn. Yells for Olsen, Duncan, Griffith and all the rest, intermingled and were lost to the runners as they swept into the back stretch and on to the next turn.

Olsen finished the quarter ten yards ahead of the Martin's man, who had started so enthusiastically, and twenty yards ahead of Griffith and Duncan. Some one caught the time on the quarter. It was sixty-five seconds. The judges and referee smiled. That couldn't last.

"Come o-o-o-on Olsen!" was the grand-stand's greeting as the leader entered the second lap with pace unabated. A glance backwards showed him that Duncan was clinging persistently to Griffith's heels and running easily. Once more he quickened, and ran the back stretch in an out-and-out sprint. His lead was now thirty-five yards. Then with the hope of drawing Duncan out, he feigned exhaustion and let down perceptibly.

Duncan saw the apparent exhaustion and broke away from Griffith in an attempt to regain some ground. But soon he was aware that the leader had overcome his "fatigue," and was again stepping briskly; so he slowed down.

THIRTY-THREE TO THIRTY-TWO

Olsen passed the half-mile mark in two minutes and twelve seconds with Duncan, now his nearest competitor, thirty yards behind. All the other contestants were running in a knot, headed by Griffith. As he crossed the tape, Olsen was breathing rather freely, but otherwise he seemed to be as strong as ever.

On passing into the third quarter, he renewed his pace again, and even McTolliver was surprised, for he jerked out his watch and clicked it, as Olsen passed between him and a hurdle.

The stands were silent as the runners passed them for a third time. With everyone it was a question whether Olsen would last. He was Hartley's only chance, for Griffith showed by repeated attempts to sprint, that he was out of the race. Already Duncan had left him nearly fifteen yards behind.

Olsen did his running on the straight-aways. Or perhaps it should be said he did his running in this quarter, for when he entered the front stretch, five more yards lay between him and Duncan.

The third quarter was finished in seventy seconds. McTolliver pocketed his watch and frowned doubtfully. Olsen's face was drawn; his head was thrown back, and his breath came shorter, as he started into the final lap. Plainly he had won or lost in that third quarter.

He ran bravely past the surging, yelling crowd of rooters, but on the back stretch he lost his stride. Once he stumbled and almost fell.

With Duncan things were different. At the crack of the starter's gun, signaling the final lap, he had "opened up" and started to cut down the forty yards lead. Olsen seemed to hold his own to the back stretch but there he began to waver.

As he rounded the east turn, he looked back and saw Duncan scarcely twenty yards behind him, running beautifully. He must make one more sprint. His feet seemed like weights. All the blood in his body seemed to rush to his head. His ears roared and his sight was blinded. He imagined that Duncan was just behind him. Then it seemed that something passed him. A blanket fell about him and some one gently laid him on the grass.

"Quick! Take him to the gym!" commanded McTolliver's voice. "The crowd is coming."

Willing hands seized him and bore him to the dressing room. Soon he was on the rubbing table and the little Irish coach was working on him.

"How much did he beat me?" Olsen asked weakly after regaining his breath sufficiently.

"Beachye!" exclaimed McTolliver. "Why, me bye, ye broke the track's record o' 4:42 and galloped in four yards ahead o' that fliver!"

Olsen was happy. McTolliver never had treated him this way before.

"Can ye walk now?" asked the little Irishman concernedly.

Olsen struggled off the table and walked slowly about the room, assisted by two of his team-mates. Outside the whole school chanted: "Olsen, Olsen—33 to 32. Olsen, Olsen—33 to 32."

—RICHARD A. CALKINS.

AMERICA



Y blue world, my white world,
My golden world, my crystal world!
There's dew on every petal of thy roses.
There's a chortling songster perched
On every wire that's stretched by Commerce.
Thou hast awe-inspiring canyons,
Snow-robed peaks that pierce the sky;
Thou hast stretches, vast and solemn,
Of dark green, murmuring pines.
There are pools that hide within them,
Where the flashing minnows play.
And there are snakes, and frogs, and butterflies,

In my land of untold wonders.
More wonderful than this, my land has cities,
Where the masses push and crowd, and laugh and cry.
There are a hundred million lives,
And every life has its own sorrow, its own joy.
Every soul holds a secret aspiration;
Every heart knows its own love.
Every child finds life worth living,
And grows bigger,—
In my land of new ambition,
In my land of untold wonders,
In my land, America!

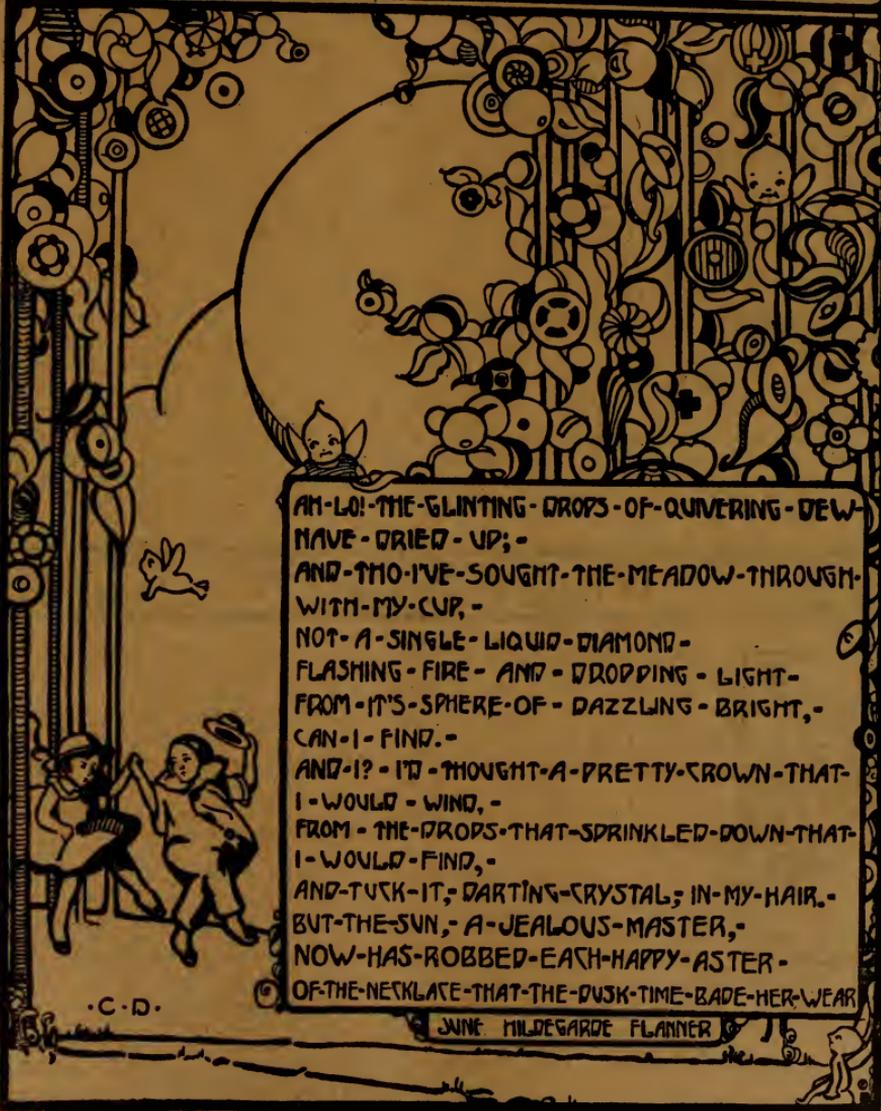
—TRUMAN FELT.

ERATO

Hail to thee, blithe Erato,
Blush of May morn on thy cheek,
Dimpled chin of ivory hue,
Tresses that the zephyrs seek,
Eyes that mirror heaven's blue;
Wave-like dancing joyful maid,
Sunlight waving into shade,
Like to thee I never knew,
Never will I let thee go!

—BONNARD LEAVITT.

A PIPE OF PAN



AM-LO! THE GLINTING DROPS OF QUIVERING DEW
HAVE DRIED UP; -
AND THO I'VE SOUGHT THE MEADOW THROUGH
WITH MY CUP, -
NOT A SINGLE LIQUID DIAMOND -
FLASHING FIRE AND DROPPING LIGHT -
FROM ITS SPHERE OF DAZZLING BRIGHT, -
CAN I FIND. -
AND I? I'D THOUGHT A PRETTY CROWN THAT
I WOULD WIN, -
FROM THE DROPS THAT SPRINKLED DOWN THAT
I WOULD FIND, -
AND TUCK IT, DARTING CRYSTAL, IN MY HAIR. -
BUT THE SUN, A JEALOUS MASTER, -
NOW HAS ROBBED EACH HAPPY ASTER -
OF THE NECKLACE THAT THE DUSK TIME BADE HER WEAR

.C.D.

JUNE MILDEGARDE FLANNER

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK



IVE me your hand, and let me lead you to a mountain brook which I have seen. It doesn't matter just where it is located; its source is a mountain top near the continental divide, and its mouth is the great Columbia, which empties into the Pacific. This brooklet rises from beneath a snowy cap and dashes downward over jagged rocks and smoother pebbles. It winds through pines and firs, for a brief moment, moving only by the momentum from the previous dash. Down again, for a hundred feet, it leaps, to leap again as far, and hurries on, swishing in hollow eddies, around stony pivots. For a moment it disappears beneath a natural tunnel, only to plunge out again, and down. On it goes, now fast, now slow. Uncurbed it rushes to its destiny with merriment and daring. It stops short at an unexpected turn, then hurries on to be absorbed in one last plunge, by the mighty Columbia.

Here let us pause to read an allegory in my impetuous little brooklet. It is the universe; it is the world; it is one man. My little brooklet rushes ever onward, dares the cliffs, and disappears beneath the earth; but always it has a path, always a place to go, a journey's end. And only with my brook and another, and yet another, could the great Columbia live.—ALLEGRA STEWART.

PLEASURE



HAT makes pleasure, and how may it be obtained? Unlike happiness, it comes through perception. If it is sought, it cannot be found; its advent must be spontaneous. Burns says:

“But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall on the river,
A moment white—then gone forever.”

There are many devices, both simple and complicated, that give pleasure. But to them we must add something, to realize it. Our attitude must be interested, enthusiastic. A pup can derive much pleasure from a ball, yet he is not contented with the sight of it only. To enjoy it he must have it; he must roll it.

The type of pleasure is largely determined by the temperament of the individual. The variety of sources is so large that there is something for everyone. To one the greatest pleasure may come from the joy of creating; to another it may lie in serving others; to another it may even be derived from crime. But whatever the source, pleasure, the recreation of the mind, sustains and renews the vigor of the mind.

—ALICE M. TREAT.



HY fame, oh, Cock, has spread afar and wide,
 Where'er thy call has pierced the human ear;
 In darkest night, dispelling doubt and fear,
 As if sweet words of cheer thy notes implied.
 And when thy voice peals through the countryside
 The dreamers wake, and from the mists they hear
 Your welcome to the dawn, in accents clear,
 First herald to the coming morning-tide.
 Then peeps the sun from out the shadows gray,
 Obedient to thy call, to fright the gloom
 With rainbow tints, and sets the One aglow
 Who stands rejoicing in the birth of day.
 The One who sounds to night its note of doom,
 And wakes the sun to light us here below.

—VIVIAN ROSS.



A NIGHT ON AN ISLAND



I was with high expectations that Laura and I pushed off from Goat Island in our canoe, after hauling down the combined bedding of our tents and a "two-some" campers' kit. Ninimoushi, the island to which we were paddling, is only a huge ledge of rock jutting up from the lake, with scraggly pines and balsam, and here and there a birch growing—Heaven knows how—out of the crevices in the rock, and shaggy with underbrush of dwarf pine.

When we had arrived at Ninimoushi, and had unloaded, and built a fire, I found that the kit had been lost in the shuffle; so I had to hunt for it, my zeal for camping in "furrin parts" gradually oozing away. The kit finally came to light and the smell of frying bacon soothed my perturbed spirits.

After we had eaten all food in sight, we chucked the dirty plates under a bush and sat trying to admire the sunset. We began to grow cold and to feel peevish, and we sat making "catty" remarks to one another till I suggested that we retire. Laura assented, and we lay down, rolled in our blankets, on cold, damp Mother Earth.

Soon I heard a faint buzzing and felt small creatures promenading over my nose, climbing into my ears, and making all manner of strange noises. I lay frantically batting with my arms, until I finally withdrew my forces in disorder, tucked my head under my blanket, and went to sleep in self-defense.

Such a night! I awoke with a start from an uneasy sleep, and had my hand on the axe in a jiffy. We had told each other we'd better have it in case we "needed wood." The weirdest sounds imaginable were issuing from the opposite shore. I lay down again and tried to sleep. Did you ever lie for hours, rigid, listening for every sound? That night all the familiar night noises of the woods pierced me through and left me cold. All this time gentle snores from the other blanket told of Laura's uninterrupted slumbers. Weary with listening, I finally slept, to wake again at sunrise. I unrolled myself from my blanket, got up and explored the island, then pushed off the canoe and nosed along the shore a little way. I would have gone farther if I hadn't had visions of Laura, waking to find me gone, sending S. O. S. signals to camp. My fears were unwarranted, for she hadn't moved, but lay there still sleeping on and on. After making the fire and cooking breakfast, I gave Laura a gentle tap in the region of her diaphragm with the toe of my boot. She did not move. Another jab—more forcible than the first, but still lady-like—sufficed to arouse her to the world and breakfast. She rolled out, grunting, and we ate peculiar, musty-tasting bacon and greasy potatoes. Laura was quite chipper, and when I started to pack up to go home, she suggested we stay another night. I said that I was terribly anxious to stay, but perhaps they might need us in camp or "something might come up." We pushed off and paddled for Goat Island in a canoe that carried one poor soul who, though the night before she had hankered to go far from the "madding crowd's ignoble strife," was inordinately glad to be in its midst again.

—ELIZABETH SNODGRASS.



BRIDGET was baking pies. Two had already gone through the oven and were on the table, diffusing an odor which seemed heavenly to five-year-old Larry. He stood in the doorway, his eyes traveling from Bridget to the pies, and then back again to Bridget. Larry's eyes were round, brown, and very eloquent. Perhaps he knew, child though he was, what a weakening effect a pair of eloquent eyes have on a woman's heart, perhaps not. But anyway, Bridget wasn't a mere woman—she was Bridget. She had watched Larry's father grow from infancy to manhood, and had still remained in the family when he married and became master of ceremonies himself. That her Irish heart was fairly brimming over with love for "Mr. Jim" and his wife and son, she took great pains to hide.

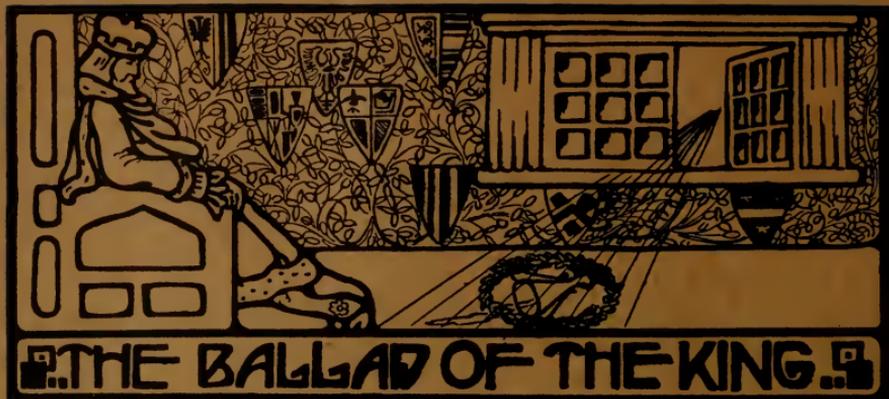
Bridget promised herself that she would show no knowledge of Larry's presence. She moved back and forth from the oven to the pies, as serenely unconscious as if there were no hungering gaze following her every move. Larry did not exactly relish the pie-baker's attitude, but he had a degree of patience that amounted to a virtue, and planned a campaign of watchful waiting.

"Humph," grunted Bridget to herself, "he's not agoin' to bother me with those begging eyes of his." Nevertheless, she began to fidget nervously, and burned her hand when she next opened the oven door. She said something softly under her breath and cast an exasperated glance at her torturer. He was regarding her out of those solemn brown eyes, and she quickly glanced away. If Larry chuckled to himself at this sign of her discomfiture, he took pains to conceal the fact.

When Bridget again stole a glance at him, it seemed that his eyes were more appealing and pathetic than ever, and she realized with a sigh that, to retain her peace of mind, she must surrender. Cutting off a generous piece of pie and placing it in a saucer, she turned to the victor saying, "Here, take this and chase yourself."

And so it was, the brown eyes won.

—ADELAIDE MAYER.



THE BALLAD OF THE KING.



HE great king raised to his lips the cup of sorrow and quaffed ;
Then dropped the goblet upon the floor, and loudly, bitterly
laughed.

"There is in all the world," quoth he, "but sorrow and pain for me,
And death and woes, with their crushing blows,
And the curse of enmity.

The sea rolls up to the cragged rocks, and the rocks frown back
on the sea,

And like to the weight of the washing waves, is the weight of
my sorrow on me."

And then through the mist of the darkness, a sunbeam shot the
room,

And with dazzling white, a sparkling light,

Made mock of th' encroaching gloom.

And in the pall of his dark thoughts, and in the mist's deep shroud,
The king drew tighter his robe of black, and cringeing, cried aloud,
"Shut out that light from my chamber! The glare of it hurts mine eyes.

Shut out the light! By its golden gleam, I can see where the goblet lies!"
But the sun's rays glistened the brighter; the grandeur grew apace,

And a soft fresh breeze, with the murmur of leaves,

Crept in and touched the king's face.

He opened his eyes to see, and threw back his head to breathe,

And lo! at his feet was the goblet of dread, festooned with a fragrant
wreath;

And within it quivered water pure that glinted and flashed in the light,
And around the outer portion, the flare of emeralds bright.

And a voice echoed down from the sky of blue, and the words distinct at
length—

"Take heart, O king, rise up and sing,

For what you thought was the cup of woe, was but the goblet of strength."

—JUNE HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

COMMENTS BY FOREIGN STUDENTS



HE BLACK EYES might be a good speaker and writer in Japanese, but he is neither a good speaker nor writer. He is only two years old in this country.

On the register day Mr. Buck admitted him to enter Shortridge High School. He did not know how to express his sincere gratitude for Mr. Buck's kindness. This was his first impressions. The second was, that when he saw the large building which has a large Auditorium, a Gymnasium, Study Hall, and School Library, he was surprised at it and felt happy he could study in this school.

The third was the free system by which he could select his subjects and hours. When he was studying in his Japanese home high school, he was forced to take definite subjects and hours. And if he fall in one subject he had to study whole same subjects once more.

The fourth was the relation between teachers and students. So teachers understand students even as students do teachers. They are making a big family. I am having very fine time at school, as the teachers and students are kind to me. I can't express my sincere gratitude with my pen. I shall never forget it through my life.

—KICHISHIRO TAKAKU.



HE ROUMANIAN is not a tradesman, and his main interest lies in farming. Even the selling of the surplus grain usually takes place at his farm to itinerant buyers, for he seems to be wary of the town merchant, and rarely trusts himself to the wiles of the city, except on the occasion of the annual fair. The great industrialist in the peasant's home is the housewife. Within the house she is complete mistress, and the greatest help she can expect from her husband is limited to splitting an occasional armful of wood, milking the cow, or fetching a pail of water. And some of the outdoor work is almost wholly in the hands of the women. They take the hemp and the flax from the seed to the finished garment, and deem themselves fortunate if the husband plows for them the ground. After the sheep are shorn, the wool comes into the women's hands; after varied processes of washing, combing, and spinning, the worsted is woven into all sorts of carpets, blankets, coverlets, and clothing. As the spinning and weaving are done by the women, the clothing worn by the family is tangible evidence of the taste and industry of the women-folk.

—VASIL VOSS.

COMMENTS BY FOREIGN STUDENTS



It is characteristic of the American people that with the American occupation of the Philippines came popular education for the Filipinos—education controlled by the state, entirely separated from the church, and intended not only for the children of the most humble *tao*, but also for the wealthy so-called *ilustrados*.

Within a few months after Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, American schools were opened in and near Manila by officers of the United States army, with American soldiers for teachers. Later the schools spread into the neighboring towns and provinces until at present the school-house is to be found in every nook and hamlet throughout the archipelago. The highest institution of learning is the University of the Philippines which

is the equal of any state university in this country.

In every province there is at least one provincial high school; intermediate schools are in many of the more important towns, while each barrio and village has its primary school. Since every important division of the archipelago has its peculiar dialect, all instruction is given in English, in order to give the people a common language.

The primary schools offer a four years' course which will prepare a boy or girl for entrance to the intermediate schools. Here one must choose one of the five intermediate courses which will be of most use to him in after years. An intermediate graduate may enter the high school.

The branches taught in the Philippine public schools are the same as those of the schools of the United States, with the addition of such subjects as Philippine history, tropical sanitation, colonial government, etc. A most important part of the education of the Filipino youth is the industrial training which is of a very practical nature and includes woodworking, basketry, slipper-making, embroidery, sewing, cooking, gardening, etc.

Another phase of school work which receives a great deal of attention in Philippine schools, is athletics, in which all pupils must take part. In every school there is a daily schedule of organized games, calisthenics, baseball, volley ball, and basketball. As a result, each student receives an amount of physical training which develops a strong and healthy body.

There are two great athletic events every year throughout the Philippines—the Inter-Provincial Meets, and the athletic meet of the Philippine Carnival. The Inter-Provincial Meets are usually held in December or January. The winners of these meets are then taken to Manila to participate in the Carnival Meet. The stars of the latter meet represent the Philippines in the Far Eastern Olympiad, organized by oriental countries—Japan, China, the Philippines and Siam.

I believe that I am voicing the general feelings of every Filipino when I express my sincere gratitude and appreciation of the noble work of the people who have helped us to a higher plane of civilization, which we hope will some day enable us to have a united and intelligent Filipino nation, capable of taking a place by the side of other nations of the world.

—PELAGIO VILLARIN.

COMMENTS BY FOREIGN STUDENTS



ALL cities in Serbia being very small, about one-fifth of Indianapolis, and closely together, not every city has colleges and some have no high schools. But the cities with high schools and colleges provide for the students of other cities with room and board. The students pay a year as much as they can. All students who live in the school are getting from the school a good suit of clothes and a pair of shoes in same form for everybody. Students living in these schools are not allowed to go out to town more than twice a week, with the exception of Sunday being all day free. In good weather the students and teachers very often go out in the field and, when possible, they give the lessons there.

Parts of Serbia having been under Turkish government and being freed from them only a few years ago, have retained some things from the Turkish system. Turks generally have the school at the same place where they worship. They go to school every day except Friday, which is their Sunday, and their period is one hour long. Turks don't know, nor are interested to have, any of the practical exercises in the school, such as baseball, basketball, or gymnasium. Turks are not interested in plays except in guns and knives. They never take their hats off from their head in the school or at any place.

—MARK YOVAN.



GALICIA VIEWED FROM AMERICA.

As I look back at my old home town, Gorlice, I am convinced that, taking into consideration the different European environments and customs of the little town, there is not so much difference in the spirit of the people there and in this country. The crude village institutions exist in Gorlice just as they do in the little Indiana, and other American towns and hamlets, with their comedy fire and police forces, their town characters, and the like. They all have the same love for country.

The surmounting of the differences between the people of every land will yet lead to the formation of a world republic, including and uniting every people.

—SAMUEL BROWN.

COMMENTS BY FOREIGN STUDENTS



ONE night about ten o'clock, I was suddenly awakened by a terrific crash. I got up, opened the window, and as I was doing that, another crash followed louder than the first one. I looked up and saw a great number of search lights trying to find something in the sky.

Suddenly the lights found a glimpse of a Zeppelin. The guns began to shoot, and white spots after white spots were seen in the sky. The Zeppelins threw bombs, but the guns did not seem able to reach them. It was awfully exciting; some people were seen running in the street, and others were shouting for fear. I must say I was not one of the bravest. Some of the people who were in the theaters came running out to see the sight. One bus was hit by a bomb and nothing remained of it. At last, after two hours, the Zeppelins went away, having caused a lot of destruction, and the biggest city in the world was itself again.

—ANDRE MARX, A Freshman.

ON ARRIVING IN AMERICA FROM ENGLAND.

One of the first things that impressed me in this country was the different accent. I noticed that in the schools nearly all the teachers are women and that they have much better control over their pupils than the English male teachers.

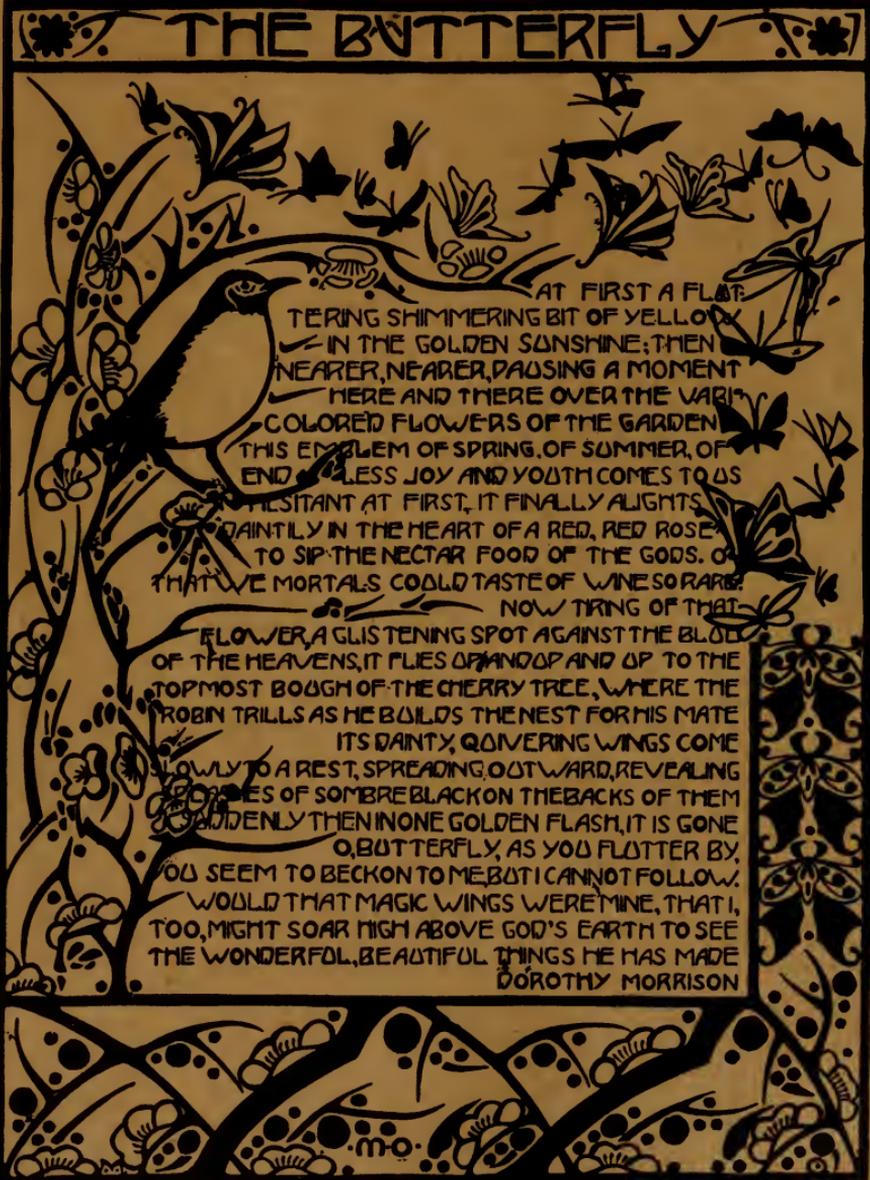
Soon I discovered that Americans, men and boys especially, chew gum a great deal and that a good many of the children wear jewelry, a thing which they hardly ever do in England. Also I was pleased with the more sociable attitude of the boys and girls, and grown-ups also; for the English people seem to me to be rather stiff with people with whom they are not well acquainted.

I was interested in the differences in the railroads. The locomotives are much smaller in England than they are here, and they are painted in colors, while the American engines all seem to be big and black and smoky. The signal systems are rather different, too. The English signals are controlled by levers and moved with wires. The rails themselves are laid down in a different way.

A point which is very interesting to me is that the American national hymn, "America," has the same tune as the English anthem, "God Save the King."

—EDWARD OLSEN, A Freshman.

THE BUTTERFLY



AT FIRST A FLAT-
TERING SHIMMERING BIT OF YELLOW
IN THE GOLDEN SUNSHINE; THEN
NEARER, NEARER, PAUSING A MOMENT
HERE AND THERE OVER THE VARI-
COLORED FLOWERS OF THE GARDEN
THIS EMBLEM OF SPRING, OF SUMMER, OF
ENDLESS JOY AND YOUTH COMES TO US
HESITANT AT FIRST, IT FINALLY ALIGHTS
Daintily IN THE HEART OF A RED, RED ROSE
TO SIP THE NECTAR FOOD OF THE GODS. OF
THAT WE MORTALS COULD TASTE OF WINE SO RARE.

NOW TRING OF THAT
FLOWER, A GLISTENING SPOT AGAINST THE BLUE
OF THE HEAVENS, IT FLIES UP AND UP AND UP TO THE
TOPMOST BOUGH OF THE CHERRY TREE, WHERE THE
ROBIN TRILLS AS HE BUILDS THE NEST FOR HIS MATE

ITS DAINTY, QUIVERING WINGS COME
SLOWLY TO A REST, SPREADING OUTWARD, REVEALING
SPOTS OF SOMBER BLACK ON THE BACKS OF THEM
BOLDLY THEN IN ONE GOLDEN FLASH, IT IS GONE
O, BUTTERFLY, AS YOU FLUTTER BY,

YOU SEEM TO BECKON TO ME, BUT I CANNOT FOLLOW.
WOULD THAT MAGIC WINGS WERE MINE, THAT I,
TOO, MIGHT SOAR HIGH ABOVE GOD'S EARTH TO SEE
THE WONDERFUL, BEAUTIFUL THINGS HE HAS MADE

DOROTHY MORRISON

CONCERNING TRAVEL



WE do not agree with that old saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but we do advance that it overcomes its inertia and sees more of the great wide world, and that there is no reason why it should not settle down somewhere again and gather all the moss it can hold. But cannot you travel, and not go beyond the threshold of your house? You may indeed, if you are some sort of a spiritual phenomenon. But if you are made of flesh and blood, as we believe the majority of mankind is, you cannot. In fact a book of travel would satisfy a man's curiosity about his surroundings in exactly the same manner as a cook book would stay the pangs of hunger. The world, as we understand it when we speak of travel, is a living, pulsating, sensible, tangible thing, and not in any wise to be perceived intellectually. A man may gaze on a picture of the ocean until he goes blind and try to form some conception of it. But he cannot hear the swish and thunder of the waves, nor smell the delicious odor of brine, nor see the boundless blue expanse, nor feel the delightful, exhilarating breeze that blows therefrom. There are certain entities, truly, which have their existence in the mind, such as happiness, love, anger, etc. The ocean exists in no man's mind; it is a certain body of water lying in a depression of the earth's surface, and is to be reached by a definite amount of physical movement, known as travel. Yet we are persuaded that he who has *seen* the ocean has a clearer conception of eternity.

The last consideration leads us to the statement that matter has really no other excuse for existing than this, that by its grandeur, its minuteness, its simplicity, or its beauty it points out to us certain attributes of the soul itself; that by its laws we may be made better acquainted with the laws of the spirit. In this half-tinted state where the physical stream is so intimately met by the spiritual, we have as yet no language of the soul. We must use certain physical symbols in our conversation, so that he who travels has a manifold advantage. Travel sharpens the observation, enriches the memory, adorns conversation, and enhances the understanding, and as all things evolve and tend upward, its chief benefit is not physical nor sensual, but spiritual.

In short our travel shows to us how all scenes are somewhat like all other scenes and all people not unlike their fellow creatures. It shows us that the great soul of nature is, after all, no more a complex arrangement of lines and substances, but simple and lovable always; that God is alike on the desert, in the mountain, on the ocean, his thoughts writ everywhere; that there is in man something which is stellar and universal, and which the poor, the rich, the learned and the unlearned alike possess. And lastly our travel opens our eyes to that infinite variety of sameness which must always be the wonder of a thinking creation.

—BONNARD LEAVITT.

THE SMILING CHERUB



O-HUM"—ere the yawn was half stretched, Jimmy snapped his mouth shut and diplomatically lowered his eyes—just in time. The teacher's quick glance caught nothing but a very studious small boy, perusing in the reader a selection which they had been studying ten minutes before.

"P'sss,"—the sharp sound did not escape the teacher's ears. Looking again in that direction she perceived the angelic face in exactly the same pose.

"Ahem"—Jimmy raised his eyelids in a glance at his bosom friend, John Sullivan. But John was wise and took no notice of him. This time he had barely scuttled his eyes to his book when the teacher raised hers.

He grew desperately impatient.

"Kachoo!"

At last the experienced schoolmistress was too quick for him.

"James!"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied meekly.

Miss Browne wisely refrained from convicting him on that last outbreak, for she knew the craft of a boy's mind, and she foresaw the undisputable plea of a cold. She changed her tactics.

"You may read next." Jimmy turned over a few pages. He had no clue even to the last sentence. He kicked his neighbor, but Miss Browne's eyes held him. He was exposed. But it was his nature never to give up without a struggle, so he ventured:

"Then the little Hiawatha—"

"You may sit down. After school this afternoon, I shall teach you how to keep the place."

Jimmy glared, first at the teacher, then, finding her piercing gaze uncomfortable, at the statue of a beaming cherub, balanced on a ball, on one foot.

The more he thought, the more he realized that no recompense of good behavior could repeal his sentence. He knew he had irritated Miss Browne too often of late, and that she was hardened to his sweet atonements. Gradually, as he pondered, frowning meditatively, his forehead smoothed unconsciously under the influence of the beatific smile of the cherub. Then Jimmy came actually to smile back at it. Suddenly, as he became fully aware of the fact that he was smiling—at a statue!—he became possessed of an inconsistently inordinate desire to fight with that particular cherub. He doubled up his fist and bestowed his most withering glance upon it. The bland smile was his return challenge.

Jimmy looked away scornfully but the smile invisibly followed. It was very interesting—this jaunty mockery of his situation like conscience pursuing the wicked.

THE SMILING CHERUB

As he had to stay after school at any rate, Jimmy reasoned that he could afford some reckless vengeance, so the statue was made the target of the first paper wad. Truly in accordance with its reputation, the cherub being smitten in its right cheek, turned the left also. Jimmy played up to the saintliness by another wad. However he wanted more effective measures, but chicken fights were not his specialty.

Lacking inspiration, he yanked the girl's braid in front of him and enjoyed her startled "ouch." He kicked the shins of the boy in the seat with him, until the exasperated teacher changed his seat to an isolated one in the corner. And of all corners, it was the one which was graced by the objectionable work of art.

Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he discovered an empty water-pistol. Jimmy felt flooded now with coming ideas. The bell rang, and the pupils filed out, followed by the teacher.

Quickly Jimmy filled the pistol with ink and aimed. He pulled the trigger; and, presto change, his enemy had a black eye. For a moment he felt the joy of triumphant pugilism, but the smile on the cherub remained like the haunt of a dead foe.

"James Durfield, what have you done?"

The tired, tortured teacher stood blazing at Jimmy.

"There is only one thing to do to such boys as you—law or no law."

She raised the book in her hand with impetuous force.

"No, you don't," muttered Jimmy under his breath. The only sacrifice, perforce, that he allowed his pride, was to be spanked by his father, but by a school teacher—never!

He ducked in the wrong direction; the book crashed on the desk—the boy crashed into the statue. The cherub wavered for an instant on the pedestal, and then—its arms spread out, smiling benignly, fell to earth.

The teacher gasped, and looking at Jimmy, beheld him, his eyes riveted on one of the fragments, the smile of the cherub, intact and unmarred—thus signifying its indomitable good will, destined to endure forever.

—MIRA BOWLES.





ON THE PRAIRIES



HE Transcontinental Limited had been speeding eastward all day across the broad expanse of plains in eastern Colorado and Kansas. The passengers, long grown weary of the monotonous landscape, had gradually deserted the observation platform for other parts of the train. It was late in the afternoon, and the dazzling sun hung suspended only a little distance above the hot prairies. The train scarcely seemed to move at all as it rumbled along. The last station, now eight or ten miles away, stood out clearly above the horizon—merely a tall grain elevator and a water tank. As far as our eyes could see, there was nothing to break the monotony of the flat gray country—not a tree nor a house anywhere. The wind had a full sweep over the limitless stretch of earth bounded only by the sky. The dull gray sage brush grew everywhere.

Occasionally, here and there, could be seen the homes of the prairie dogs—little mounds of sand scattered out over the dry plains. Once in a while we sighted a lonely dust covered automobile laboriously and patiently plodding its way along a forsaken road through that huge desert. These were the only signs of life on that broad, unending plain.

It seemed as if we were in the midst of a strange, large ocean far from shore—as if we were traveling on a big steamer. Never before had the earth seemed so vast; never before had the sky been so wide in expanse. The picture before us was one of magnificent wonder and grandeur, one which we felt we could never forget. All too soon did it come to an end when the porter aroused us with the words, "First call for supper in the dining car."

—HAROLD WOOD.

PREPARE

To think of tomorrow is a vision;
To think of the past but a dream;
But today opportunity offers,
Though small and obscure it may seem.

Look well to the day that is dawning;
Forget the days that are gone.
You failed in the hours just over;
Prepare for the hours begun.

—EMMETT CURME.

A MORALITY PLAY



IN which it is set forth how Gallantry met his death at the hands of Power, Greed, and Jealousy, who were instigated by Slander.

Personages Appearing in the Play:

Power—Ruler of Any Land.

War—Power's most devoted follower.

Slander—The slave of Greed and Jealousy.

Jealousy and Greed—Slaves of selfishness allied to Power.

Gallantry—Chivalry idealized; subject to Courage and Patriotism.

Oppression—Keeper of the prisons.

Courage and Patriotism—Leaders of Gallantry.

Time—Any Time.

Place—The audience hall of Power, ruler of Any Land.

(Power is seated upon his throne, hearing reports concerning a recent war. He is of gigantic size, with a face at once cruel and foolish. War wears a helmet and cuirass, is huge of body, and fierce in expression.)

Power—(to War)—How many prisoners did you say, my lord?

War—Five hundred thousand, sire.

Power—My faith, Sir War, you've done your duty well.

War—I love it, Sire.

Power—What with one million slain, and half that sum

Within our power, me seems our enemies

Will deem it best to mind their own affairs

From this time forth. Accept my thanks.

Your most courageous man was Gallantry?

War—Alas, your Majesty, not mine—he followed in the train of Patriotism.

Power (disappointed)—Oh! I have no love for her or Loyalty. They do not line my pockets with the gold that you put there. It is too bad, for I had thought to use Sir Gallantry.

(Here Slander throws himself fawning at Power's feet.)

Slander—I crave an audience, O radiant one, O lord all-powerful, whose bounty is exceeded but by your strength. My noble lords, Greed and Jealousy, have sent me here to warn your Highness 'gainst the schemes of Gallantry. They fought with War, my liege, and watched this traitor.

Power—Let them be called.

(Enter Jealousy and Greed. Jealousy is tall, thin, hypocritical and covetous-looking. Greed is fat, rude and repulsive.)

Jealousy—We need no summons, Sire;

Where Power calls, we answer straight.

Power—Good sirs, there's business to be done; I ask your aid.

Greed—We know the nature of that business, Sire—

You hate Sir Gallantry? Well, so do we!

Jealousy—In battle, Sire, he gained a glory for his Fatherland,
For God and for himself, which, had he not been there,
We could have won for you.

A MORALITY PLAY

And when the fight was won, his prisoners
Were treated not like victims, but like lords!
The noblest would be given back his sword
And wealth; the poorest would receive
Kind treatment and rich presents from his hands.
And all this wealth, had we been in his place—
Well—hem! You know, my liege, where it would be.

Greed—Oh, Sire, his greed surpasses mortal understanding!
He owns a castle fit for any King—
A garden beautiful as love's own bower,
His halls are wide and fair, bedecked with priceless paintings.
(Slowly and impressively)

All these things were made for none but Kings!

Power—What's to be done?

Greed—The richest may come to poverty.

Jealousy—The most beloved may come to be despised
When Power governs, Sire.

Greed—You've but to seize your pen,
And Gallantry tomorrow wakes a pauper!

Power—Then all his wealth, his glory, will henceforth be mine!
(Slander, edging close, whispers in Power's ear.)

Power—By God, you've hit the mark! Where is he now?

(At this exclamation, the door at the back of the stage, right, is thrown open, and Sir Gallantry appears, with his head held high and his eyes shining. He is dressed magnificently.)

Gallantry—Sir Gallantry is here!

What do you want with him whom you call traitor?

Power—Your ears did not deceive you, worthy sir.

I called you traitor, and I call you so again.

Gallantry—In faith, I'm not surprised, but why?

Power—You have three hundred prisoners, have you not?

Gallantry—I have, my lord. My name is Gallantry;

They shall not die! And I uphold the liberties of man
Against a cruel despot!

To wage that war was tyranny enough, without the shame
Of butchery affixed to legal slaughter.—

They shall not die, for innocence will live
While I survive to champion its cause.

Power—I called you traitor justly, sir, I see.

Gallantry—If that be treason, Sire, I own my guilt.

Power—Sir, do you know a traitor's fate is—Death?

Gallantry (indifferently)—Ah, indeed?

Power—As St. Mark's chimes are striking eight, you shall

Be stood before the prison wall, and shot.

Gallantry (laughing)—Forsooth, 'twill be a novel welcome-home for one
who's spent three years in battlements and forts!

Power—Then, sir, what gives you cause to sport with Death?

Gallantry (smiling)—Why, Courage, Sire.

Power (bewildered)—And what is Courage, pray?

A MORALITY PLAY

Gallantry—A maid with dark-brown hair and laughing eyes,
The one I love, my lord. She gives me strength
To bear both pain and grief, and leads me on
To dare to do what's right. Without her, Sire, I cannot think
What my poor life would be!

Power—I know her not. Where is she now?

Gallantry—Beside me, in the room. You cannot see her, though.

Power—And why, forsooth?

Gallantry—She's never known to anyone that's bound with Greed and
Jealousy!

Jealousy—What insolence!

Power—Sirrah, I'd have you know I am your King,
And though you stand upon the brink of Death,
I'm not to be reviled!—What chain is that you wear?

Gallantry (quietly)—Why, mine.

Power—Henceforward, it is ours! What rings are those?

Gallantry—Mine, too.

Power—Well, take them off. Now, give your sword to me.

Gallantry (quietly laying his hand on his sword)—
I will not hand my sword to anyone
Who rules my earthly self. It is the badge
And symbol of my soul, and of the vows
I've made to God above. My chain and rings
I give you gladly, Sire.

(He draws his sword. It is very simple, devoid of ornament or jewel.)
But this, my weapon, set with precious stones
For every virtue which I add to it,
I'll give but to the Courage whence it came.
No hand of man shall touch it!

Power—Od's my life!

Then keep your senseless steel. It has no gems—

Why do you laugh at me?—What, warder, ho!

(To Slander)—Go, call Oppression, keeper of my jails,
To lead this fool away!

Gallantry (bowing)—Pray spare yourself the pains.

(Steps to the door, gracefully opens it, and calls.)

Sirrah! My lord Oppression! Your presence is desired.

Oppression—Another, eh, my lord? How fast these gentles come!
Aye, and how fast they go. My stick's too much for 'em!

(He makes his club spin.)

La, pretty darling! Don't they love its song
And hug its pat, that feel it on their bones?

(He makes for Gallantry with it, but the latter unsheathes his sword, and
turns the blow of Oppression, who starts back bewildered. Gallantry quietly
puts up his weapon.)

Eh, so you've got one, too! Pray, what's its name?

Gallantry—"The Head of Courage." Why?

Oppression—Mine's called "The Tool o' Death." Ah, pretty toy!
It's sent a good round sum to Davy Jones!

A MORALITY PLAY

Power (to Oppression)—Wait with this man until the hall is lit,
Lest, in the darkness, he should try escape.

(Exit Power, Slander, Jealousy, Greed and Oppression. During this action the stage has gradually become dark. Gallantry stands in the door-way. Patriotism and Courage slowly become visible. Patriotism is a straight, slender girl, with the martyr's crown on her head, the sword of the country's wars at her side. Courage wears an empty sheathe, but carries no weapon.)

Gallantry (indicating the departed Vices)—
Power is my ruler here on earth—
My body needs must follow where he leads.
But you—you are my saints—my guides divine!
To you I dedicate my heart and soul!
You follow me to death?

Patriotism—We do.

Courage—We know, Sir Gallantry.
It is the courage to uphold the Right,
And all the love you give to your fair Land
That ask your life of you.

Gallantry—The price is small,
If I have done my duty here on earth.
(Oppression steps within the threshold.)

Oppression—Your time is up, my pretty bird!
Gallantry—They call me now and I must go. (To Courage) But first
I give you back my sword, the symbol of my love
For what is right, and of my efforts here
To realize that love.

(He draws the sword, which flashes with a myriad of jewels, as the light from the door falls on it, and, kneeling, he kisses the hilt and hands the flashing emblem to Courage. Courage touches him on the shoulder and sheathes the sword.)

Courage—Sir Gallantry,
In recognition of your life and deeds.
A Man, whose heart is fearless, and whose life is pure.

Patriotism—When Greed and Jealousy are bound
To Power, Gallantry must die. (She lifts the martyr's crown
from her brow and places it upon that of Gallantry.) I give
You this to mark you one who dared to do
The Right, to brave that Power for Principle,
And, last, to give you life without lament—
A martyr to your land.

Oppression (Calling)—Speed ye, within.

Courage—Arise, Sir Gallantry. Give me your hand—
They order you to Death.

Gallantry (Goes to Courage and Patriotism with a strange, laughing joy in his voice)—And I obey!
I sacrifice myself to my dear land,
And gladly die when Courage leads the way!

CURTAIN.

—BEATRICE BROWN.



THE CLASS POEM



The eager eyes may search the paths that leading forward lie,
Rejoice, that strange and new the road they wond'ringly descry;
Yet many hearts, reluctantly, in parting learn to say,
"Oh, wonderful the road may be, and new th' unrolling way,
But none know where the long road ends nor where the pathways turn;
We only know that as we go, each heart will backward yearn,
Will yearn to thee,
Oh, Shortridge!

Our sails are set; our flags unfurled; dark storms o'erblast the sea;
And unknown winds may wreck the barks we launch so boastfully.
Yet we will venture on the broil of turmoil's seething wave,
And plunge our minds, in troubled times, in puzzles hard and grave.
'Tis not for us, we know it well, to shirk unpleasant duty;
For we have learned, in obstacles, there lies a hidden beauty.
You taught us this,
Oh, Shortridge!

The voyages of some may find the coasts of golden treasure,
And touch the strands of care-free lands and skirt the seas of pleasure,
While others yet may take a path whose wayward course shall show
That great the hardships they must bear and far their wanderings go.
But whether ease shall smooth the road or labor point the way,
You give us that by which we may the hardest task essay,—
Courageous cheer,
Oh, Shortridge!

And as the years unroll their lengths, and mem'ries bright grow dimmer,
And friendship's flame that seemed so strong, shall fade with paling
glimmer,
In our possession yet shall be, of all thy gifts, the best,
The one, that e'er we go from thee on each heart lies impresst—
Ah, know, it is our love for thee, increasing year by year,
Unalterable, unchanged by time and burning true and clear—
'Tis thy best gift,
Our Shortridge!"

—JUNE HILDEGARDE FLANNÉ.





At last the jester comes, with all his train
Of fun and foolishness, and cap and bell—
We all enjoy a hearty laugh or two,
But when they're not at hand, a smile will do.
And so we bid you turn the page again
And hope that what you find will please you well.

WHO'S WHO IN S.H.S.

One day I chaunst to meet upon the way
 A jolly lad in loose brown weeds yclad,
 His shoes unblackd, his hair in sad array,
 And by his belt his books he hanging had;
 Gloomy he seemed, and very strangely sad;
 And looking for more pessimism too
 For he was Monday's editor so sad;
 And all the way he frown-ed and was blue,
 I shall not tell you how he highte; you guess who.

A youthe he is, a mighte fine lad—
 In highte perchance five foote eighte he is;
 Before his eyen, he dark rimmed glasses wears;
 And 'bout his mouth a lovely smile there plays.
 He dances foxe-trote and the one-step grande;
 A verry parfit gentleman he is.

Est puella scholá nostrá
 Cuius nomen est similis
 Septem atque quinquaginta.
 Ullum suum factum curá
 Est spectatum, ab illi cor
 Cui semper est paratus
 Eam malo prohibere.

There's a teacher whose name sounds like auto,
 Who always does that which he ought to;
 So refrains from all pie—
 We all know just why.—
 And we'd tell, but he told us sure not to.



"Look you, who comes here, a Senior bold with meandering gait."

"Aye, he speaketh with another, and it seems the argument is waxing strong.
 I prithee of what cause are they so wroth?"

"O 'tis a matter of the Senate forsooth. Our Senior friend has sat in that
 grave body almost as long as he at Shortridge has resided. 'Tis there he had his
 training in parliamentary rule. At first called meeting, when Seniors were mere
 Juniors, he held the chair till a president might be chosen."

"Indeed, a wonder seemeth he, armed in words and manner, of countenance
 stern with dark edged spectacles."

"There is a rumor floating that he doth even wrangle with his teachers in
 dread discussions deep. Alas! alas! his name doth flee my mind at present in-
 stant. For shame, I cannot tell thee who he is."



HE music stopped. The audience waited breathless. Then the hero entered.

His head was bare (not a fact; he wasn't bald) and, as he strode towards the front of the stage and looked over the foot-lights at the breathless hundreds, he straightened up, took a full breath, and blew out his chest. That is, he did not extinguish his chest, nor did he cause a blow-out, but he simply took up more room above his waist. The effect of this act of talent was marvelous, and, when the audience was once more quieted, the hero bent himself in the middle, and then bent his steps toward the rear of the stage, and waited.

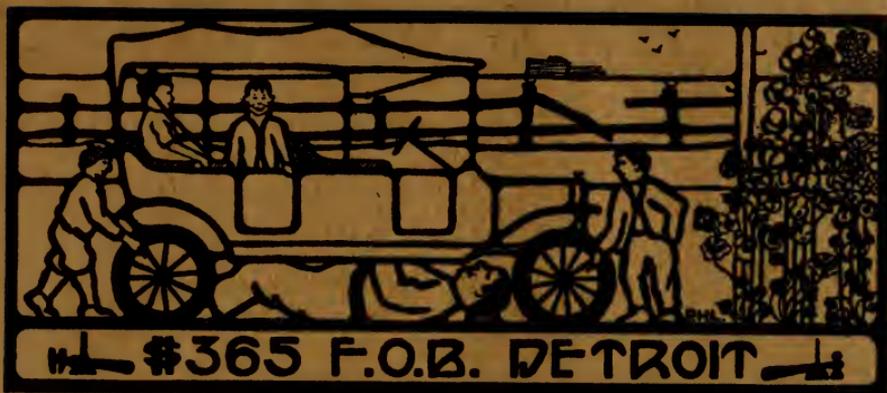
Slowly, very slowly, a white hand shoved a tree aside, and the heroine entered. Bashfully, gently she came forward. She cast down her eyes, but no one offered to pick them up for her. Turning, she bent her steps toward the hero. This was rather hard to do, because her steps were too small to bend; but therein lay her talent. The audience strained their lungs, but still held their breath. Two minutes had passed, and they were still submerged.

The players neared each other. Then the hero took the heroine's hand. That is, he didn't take it off, but rather folded it up in his. Then the climax came. With a quick turn of the neck, or rather the two necks, the actor and actress skillfully faced the audience and—smiled!

Then there was an outburst of enthusiasm. Cheers, claps and shouts greeted the players' ears.

The audience had come to the surface.

—THE DRAMATIC CRICKET.



WHEN the O'Connor family, consisting of Mama, Papa, Freddie, Oswald and Omar stepped into their little \$365 F. O. B. Detroit, they little knew what memories that Sunday afternoon ride would leave in their mind. Omar wound the spring, and, because of Papa's misadjustment of the unknown, yet ever surprise-producing lever, received a smart kick. But, to the pleasant surprise of all, the machine began to roar, and, with a few telling lever pushes from Papa, it advanced toward the country with its O'Connor load. The country had never seemed so delightful before; the birds sang sweetly; the cows were browsing peacefully on the smooth-shaven greens; and all nature was at its best. Papa got devilish and reflected it by pulling on the speed lever until the landscape was a blur, and telegraph poles looked like the teeth of a fine-toothed comb. When speed no longer produced thrills, and taking corners on two wheels became tame, the machine gave a few heart-rending "sputs" and the car coasted to a dead stand-still. The car being of a brand often known to run on past reputation alone, the stop was unaccountable, though it was attributed to intoxication due to too much alcohol in the radiator or sand in the gear box. Papa, being of the bay-window build, found it very hard to adjust a fifteen inch thickness to a ten inch clearance under the machine. Freddie and Oswald, much to their delight and to the sad discomfort of Papa, let the wind out of two of the tires, lowering the machine on the road or, rather on Papa. As all things have an end, so even this. When the squirmings of Papa and frantic efforts of Mama, Freddie, Oswald, and Omar had not succeeded in dislodging Papa from his immediate surroundings, a car came in sight. The fellow traveler to eternity, frightened to think that such might sometime happen to him, was persuaded to blow up the tires, dislodge Papa, and pull them home.

Believe me, the freeing of Papa was greeted with much applause, and you may be sure that memories of this Sunday afternoon will long remain in the minds of the O'Connors.

—ROBERT CHENOWETH.

SEVEN KEYS TO THE STUDY HALL

(With apologies to Earl Derr Biggers, William Shakespeare and John Milton.)
All Star Cast.

Barbara Hines	B. H.
Ralph Cooney	Pete Piecrust, Pessimist
Byron Elliott	Senior President
James George	Timpy
Hilda Lieber	H. L.
Max Recker	Bud
Harold Taylor	Valedictorian

Time—Any Saturday before commencement, 1917.

Place—Deserted Study Hall at Shortridge High School.

Barbara Hines (entering Study Hall by north front door) Now, for a little while, I can be alone. For I must have solitude in order to work.

(Seats herself and begins to study. Enter Ralph Cooney by south front door of Study Hall.)

B. H.—Why, 'tis Pete Piecrust! How came you here? I have the key.

Pete Piecrust—Yes, and I have the key—I came to grow pessimistic,—I came for solitude.

(Seats himself a little distance from Barbara. Door in south wall of Study Hall opens to admit Byron Elliott.)

P. P. P.—Intruder, how do you come?

Byron Elliott—I have a key—Earl Swain's own private one.

B. H.—But what is your purpose in coming?

S. Pres.—I came through the wireless room, to meditate on the laws of Physics and currents in the air. I came for solitude.

(Sits several seats from other two. Enter James George through little door in middle front of Study Hall.)

S. Pres.—Give us the password by which you enter, oh, greenest of green.

Timpy—Mister President, see—I have the key.

P. P. P.—What is your mission?

Timpy—I have come to find how high I could jump, if forced to put my skill to some practical application. But I must have space, and solitude.

(Goes to one corner of Study Hall. Hilda Lieber enters through ref. lib.)

Timpy, S. Pres., P. P. P. and B. H.—How could you come in? We have keys.

H. L.—I also have a key—belonging to Miss Ridpath.

Timpy—But what is the purpose of your call here?

H. L.—In truth, 'twas never my aim to make a social call. I came to theorize on the proper way to enter a class room, in which my friends are reciting, when carrying notes from the office. But I wish quiet and solitude.

(Sits at Miss Allen's desk. Noise from above is heard. Trap door in ceiling opens, and, by degrees, the body of Bud Recker appears.)

H. L.—How did you unlock the trap door, invader?

Bud—I have a key—borrowed from Mr. Green's own pocket.

Timpy—But why do you come here at such a risk?

Bud (looking around him hopelessly).—

I came for quiet—and so that we may have noise. I came to compose a never-to-be-forgotten yell, to pull off at class day.—I must have solitude.

SEVEN KEYS TO THE STUDY HALL

(Goes to back of room, whence weird sounds emit. Something taps on window in back of Study Hall. Window opens, and Harold Taylor scrambles in.)
H. Taylor—What, ho! A motley crowd in mine own retreat?

Bud—Your retreat?

Valedictorian—Yes, I have a key to yon window, generously loaned by Bob Hare, who always used to escape from this very hall when study periods became dull, or he felt especially "hard-boiled."

H. L.—But why did you take your life in your hands to scale these walls?

Valedictorian (assuming oratorical manner.)—

Let each one render me a welcome hand;

First, Mister President, will I shake with you;—

Next, Hilda Lieber, do I take your hand;—

Now, Peter Piecrust, yours; now yours, our track man;—

Yours, Recker,—ay, and last, my Bobbie, yours.

Ladies and gentlemen,—what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me—

Either a burglar or a rank invader.

I came, dear friends, for quiet solitude,

'Mid which to cogitate on an address

To be delivered at commencement time.

Be patient till I'm done.—Ladies, gentlemen,

Students, the flower of Shortridge, now yours, soon lost,

True Shortridders—or have ye chosen this place

After the toil of studies, to repose

Your wearied souls, for the ease you find?

Or in this solitude have all ye sworn

To honor him who causes us to work—

To labor for our own and others' good—

Until his messengers will seek us out

Here where we are, and taking all our keys,

Secure us in this hall with no escape?

Awake, arise, or now be locked within!

(They hear and are abasht, and up they spring

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch

On duty, sleeping, found by whom they dread,

Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

So do they all, arising quickly now,

And each one going on his different way.)

(Curtain)

—MARGARET L. DAVIDSON.



ESSAY ON THE COLLAR-BUTTON



THE collar-button is a peculiar instrument. Yet it is very important to the welfare of mankind and is an essential factor in a man's dressing apparel. In fact, no collar-button means no collar, and a man with no collar feels that he is only half-dressed. There are many different species of collar-buttons: short ones, tall ones, fat ones, thin ones, some made of bone, some of cheap metals; and once in a while we see a "real-for-sure" gold one. Those made of bone and cheap metals belong to the button family, but the gold ones are known as "jewelry." However, all collar-buttons have the same qualities and habits. You have probably noticed, some morning when the alarm-clock failed to go off, and you are all dressed, except for the collar and tie, that the collar-button's chief hobby is to conceal itself behind said clock. And when it is finally found, and you are wielding the little "brute," it exhibits an uncanny ability to evade the clutch of your eager fingers, and to roll heartlessly to the remotest spot under the wardrobe. If your collar is a half size too large, the button in the rear seldom fails to trickle down the spinal column. On the other hand, if the neck is a half-size too large, the front button usually engraves a pretty, little imprint just North of the Adam's Apple. However, because of its usefulness, considerable credit is due the collar-button.

—RAY PORTER.

NEWLY DISCOVERED GEOMETRIC PROOF

Theorem: A sudden shower plus two Shortridgers on a street corner, minus umbrellas, forms a friendship.

Given: Sudden shower plus two Shortridgers on a street corner, minus umbrellas.

To Prove: That a friendship ensues.

Construction: With the car track as a center and no street car in sight, gradually draw the two students closer together.

Proof: (1) First Shortridger—Isn't this awful? I never wore good clothes in my life but that it poured down rain.

(2) Second Shortridger—I might have known it would rain just because I didn't carry an umbrella. I do wish a car would come.

(3) First S.—Do you have far to go? * * * No! Surely not. I live just a block from there and I have never seen you before. * * * Just moved there? Oh! I'm so glad to meet you.

(4) Second S.—Yes, and I want you to come over and see me. We have "Poor Butterfly" on the Victrola. Oh!—Here comes the car!

Therefore: A sudden shower plus two Shortridgers on a street corner minus umbrellas forms a friendship.

Q. E. D.

Corollary 1: A friendship plus two pupils on a street corner minus umbrellas does not cause a sudden shower.

Corollary 2: A sudden shower plus a friendship does not cause two pupils to be standing on a street corner minus umbrellas. —MARGARET B. PIERSON.

AS OTHERS SEE US

SNOBBY, STUCK-UP, SENIOR, STAUTTING, STRIDENTLY,
SENSELESS, SIMPERING, SENIOR, SIGHING, SLUSHILY,
STROLLING, SHORTTRIDGE, STADILY,
SAYING -:- SPEECHES -:- SAGILY,
STOP SUCH SOARING STUPIDNESS,
SQUELCH SOME SUPERFICIALNESS!



JAUNTY, JEERING, JUNIOR, JABBERING,
JOYFULLY,
JOSTLING, JUMPING, JUNIOR, JIDDING,
JEARILY,
JESTING, JAPING, JEALOUSLY,
JAWING, JAWING, JEJUNELY,
JUST, JOLT, JAUNTY, JEMMINESSE,
JOSTLE, JOUGLING, JOCOSENESS.

SILLY, SILLY, SOPHOMORE, SINGING, SQUEAKILY,
SAUCY, SNICKERING SOPHOMORE, SMILING SMIRKINGLY,
SLAMMING, -:- SLANGING, -:- SNAPPILY!
SMIRKING, -:- SHOUTING, -:- SHOCKINGLY,
SPEAK, SOMETIMES, SOME SENSEFULLNESS
SPARE, SOME, SLANGY, -:- SENSELESSNESS.



FLIGHTY, FUSSY, FESHMEN, FRETTEING,
FRANTICALLY,
FUNNY FUMBLING, FRESHMEN, FISHING,
FLIPPANTLY,
FEIGNING, -:- FAME, -:- FUTILY,
FLUNKING, FAILING, FEARFULLY,
FOOLISH, FRILLY, FREAKISHNESS,
FUNNY, -:- FAMOUS, -:- FRESHMENESS!



CONSTANCE WARREN.

SHORTRIDGE SLANG

Slang is surely Shortridge art,
 On that most all agree;
 But if you doubt that this is true,
 Just listen carefully.

"Isn't he the spiffy guy?"
 "I think that boob's a pill."
 "Pipe the tie that dude's got on."
 "He surely fills the bill."



"This spicy stuff has got my goat."
 "Good night! it's worse'n that!"
 "You say that kid knows how to stall?"
 "He's got that dope down pat."

"Don't you think the Prof. is hard?"
 "Yes, but she's a snap."
 "I never do a blooming thing
 And I don't give a rap."

"Isn't she a little dream?"
 "I'll say that she's a beaner!"
 "You can put it down from me, old top,
 That she's a seventeener."

"Gee! but Virgil's hard to get!"
 "Why don't you ride a pony?"
 "Because I've got a date tonight
 That means farewell, dear money."



My reader turns, his face is pale,
 His hand is on his heart;
 "Yes, yes!" he gasps, "I sure agree
 That slang is Shortridge art."



—ELIZABETH WANGELIN.



E reigns within our halls, like some old "Donnergott,"
 His eyes look us through and through, and read our every thought.
 When we haven't learned our lesson, he rises us to reprimand,
 And scolds us all in accents, in a tongue we can not understand.
 We choose a nice big roomy locker, that suits us fine from top to ground;
 But when we go to get our coat, it isn't to be found.
 We seek him and he flatly tells us, with scornful voice and features,
 That assigning pupils' lockers isn't done to amuse the sternest teachers!
 In our dreams he oft pursues us, holding a worn book forth,
 He thunders, "This cost ninety cents. Now learn your money's worth."

—CHARLENE EVANS.

IN HONOR OF OUR PESSIMIST



We have a would-be humorist whose nom de plume is Pete,
Search far and wide o'er land and sea, you'll never find his
beat.

You ask if he's a genius or if he's awful bright,
But that's surely not the reason—not by a long, long sight.
Here's why we perpetrate this rhyme—we say it just because
Nobody else would have the nerve to write the stuff he does.



In 49 there dwells a man, as round as round can be,
He teaches Trig and Algebra, and some Geometry.
It seems among our faculty that fun doth go with pounds,
And that is why our Mr. Roache with jollity abounds.



If ever your manners get dusty and need to be polished up
clean,
And you forget all your rules of etiquette, just call at
Room 17,
For there you can gain much knowledge, and Miss Hunt will
shew you just how,
Should you meet the King of England, to make him a royal
court bow.

A FABLE IN SLANG



TWO Ginks of Tender Years having finished their Four Year Sentence in High School—a Common Term for a First Class Misery Factory—had Preambled into the Limelight, Training their Eagle Eyes toward Success.

One Boob was the Latest Thing in a Dear Little Matinee Idol, who could Kid a Jester into forgetting to Retort, more on account of his Rainbow Attire than his Brains, which could be Rattled around in a Flea's Skull like a Pair of Dice in a Box. He Tripped the Light Fantastic in such a Ravishingly Divine manner that even the Picket Suffragettes were tempted to Give Him the Once Over Twice. But Sad to relate he never let his Languishing Lamps Light on Work, or Study of any kind, or even on their First Cousins Twice Removed by Marriage.

A FABLE IN SLANG

The Other One was given the Various Handles of Bookworm, Nobody Home, Poor Froup, and Jelly Fish, but ignoring these Adjectives, he burnt the Midnight Oil Regularly. Did he weep Briny Tears over the Fact that his Coat was not the Latest Pinch Back, that his Ties were not Brocaded in Red, Pink or Purple, that his Socks did not have the Behind the Bars Effect or his Shirt the Scenic Beauty of a Flowering Cow Pasture? Not on Your Life. He just Grinned, the Corners of his Mouth almost Overlapping in the Back, and Jingled the Jitneys accumulated Therefrom.

Our Idolized Dude let his Imagination Sling him far above the Atmospheric Pressure, where had he been Human it would have been a Sure Case of Good-night, and Pictured Miss Success as a Pink Tulled Young Thing in "The Follies."

With his Diploma tied up with a Baby Blue Ribbon, he One-stepped over to Skinem's Million Buck Factory, Hesitated, then Fox-trotted right up to the Humble President and Demanded the Easy Chair of the General Manager, advancing Hot Air to the effect that "Brains," Young Blood, and Pep were needed in the Skinem business. The President Tightened his Eyelid Muscles—Relaxed them—then pointed to the Broom. Our young Hero drew himself up, assuming a Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford Air and informed Mr. President that any time the Feather Bed of General Manager was Minus He would Condescend to Shake it Up a Bit. Then Adjusting his Wristwatch he Hipped Out.

To Cut down the Gas and Save Paper it is Up to Us to add that he spent the Rest of his Life Mixing Fancy Drinks for Gossiping Giggly Girls who traded at that Drugstore just for the sake of making Sick Cow Eyes at him and Nudging the Rest of the Kids into Piping off his Airy Fairy Ways.

Now to return to the Jellyfish. He had Condensed his Jell into a Taffy like Substance which resembled Backbone, and Soberly Attired he Stalked forward to Squint on President Skinem. Getting a Do or Die look in the Corner of his Peepers and an Horatio Alger Hero expression on his Map he invaded the Sanctum of the High Mogul. Removing his Lid he Pawed it as if expecting a Bite and Waited for the Verdict. Skinem ogled him—Wiggled a Digit in the Direction where Rested the Afore Mentioned Broom and Went on Exercising his Pen. Mr. Poor Fish Grabbed Said Article and began to Raise a Sixty Mile an Hour Dust. To be Brief—the Bookwormish Froup took Chance No. 1 and Climbed toward the Ethereal Regions. At Middle Age he was Sporting 250 Pounds, a Diamond Stud and a New Handle—Mr. President.

MORAL—Always Hop the Running Board of the First Street Car, for the Second may Never Come!

—ELIZABETH WANGELIN.

THE COOL OF MY TOMB



RISE,

The rusty hatches breaking, and stretching forth my hands to the dank, chill walls,

I rejoice in the cool of my tomb.

A rollicking time we have in here—the little black worms and I.

I am never too warm while I stay in my tomb;

I'm as cool as "an oyster in a bed of Shasta daisies,"

And there is nothing to do but enjoy myself, listening to the dripping sounds, watching the little worms crawl, and composing this immortal

Free verse!

—From the "Eleven Arts" for Juvember, 1719.

THE FINAL FLIGHT

Characters:—Antony, Cleopatra, Diogenes, Columbus.

Time:—March, 1917.

Scene:—Sun parlor in New York apartment. Antony and Cleopatra seated at breakfast, Antony reading sport section of the Evening Sun, and Cleopatra looking over Vogue.

Antony (hopefully)—Say, Cleo, can't I have an egg this morning for breakfast? Cleo (in horror)—A negg! A negg! *Certainly* not.

Ant.—Well, I say, this isn't like old days back on the river Cydnus.

Cleo—I've only one egg, and I got that from Caesar last Wednesday, when I ceded over Mesopotamia to him. And you certainly can't have it.

Ant. (in disgust)—Oh, shucks, I don't think life's worth living any longer.

Knock at door. Enter Diogenes with electric flashlight in hand.

Ant.—Well, well, if here isn't Diogenes. Still looking for your honest man?

Di (grumpily)—Wouldn't come to see you if I was, do you think?

(Antony looks hurt and Cleo giggles.)

(Diogenes sits down, takes a tissue and beribboned package from his pocket and unties it carefully, disclosing a good sized potato. He looks at it fondly, pats it once or twice, and replaces it.)

Di. (proudly)—I got that the other day for saying, publicly, that a candidate for the mayoralty in an eastern town here, was the long sought honest man. He won the election on the strength of that, and this potato's what I got.

Ant. (sighing deeply)—I haven't tasted a baked potato since—since the eruption of Vesuvius!

(Cleo looks at him affectionately and offers him a glass of water. Peculiar humming noise is heard and rapid explosions.)

Di.—That's Columbus. I saw him over at the polo game with his aeroplane. He said he'd drop by here.

(Columbus appears in window.)

C.—Am I welcome in?

THE FINAL FLIGHT

Di. (politely)—Not very. But come on.

(C. Steps down. Bows to queen.)

C.—Good morning, queen. How's business?

Cleo. (sniffs)—Very poorly.

C. (timidly)—Well,—er—oh—say, could I have a cup of tea, do you suppose? It always does rest me so.

Ant.—Well, the nerve! (Starts up from his chair and angrily throws a plate at C.'s head. Plate falls and breaks.)

Cleo. (reprovingly)—Antony, that's the third dish you've broken this month. Don't you know Coalport's expensive? (Sadly to Columbus.) No, Chris, no tea this morning. Why, every time I want a cup of Lipton's, I have to put "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" on the Victrola.

C. (heaving a mighty groan)—I know; times is terrible. (Takes small tin box out of pocket and gazes at it with brimming eyes.)

Di.—Wha'sat?

C. (ecstatically)—An onion! I won it this morning at the International Polo Meet.

Cleo. (begs)—Oh, *do* let me see it! I did adore onions so, back in Egypt.

(C. opens box. They all crowd around and exclaim.)

C. (restoring onion to pocket)—I did have a proposition to make to you all. But since our friend here acted so snippy—(he turns and glowers at Antony, who makes a face.)

Di.—Don't mind him. He's always had a bad disposition.

Ant. (very red in the face)—Well, I suppose you think *your* disposition is something to be proud of?

Cleo.—For the sake of Isis and Osiris, Antony, do take another grain of rice and be still! (Sweetly to C.) Do tell us.

C. (somewhat soothed)—Well, you see it's like this. I was out riding my airship, and I came upon a new planet—just a grand place! Everything is fresh and green—all wild of course, nothing cultivated—but my proposition is this. Why not move off the World, and go to this new planet? We could live there in comfort and find *plenty* to eat. (He closes his eyes and smacks his lips.)

Cleo., Di. and Ant. (in chorus)—Columbus! You're a wonder! How perfectly elegant!

Cleo. (hysterically)—We'll go right away! This very minute! We'll take the egg, and the potato and the onion, and the Victrola, and fly immediately.

Ant. (shouting wildly)—You saw something to—to—*eat* up there?

C.—Ay, ay. Many of them.

(Ant. picks up Victrola and starts toward window.)

Di.—Wait a minute. I'll go if you'll stop at the Biltmore and get my tub. I don't intend living in the wilderness with no kind of shelter at all.

C. (affably)—Sure. You can take your old tub with you.

(Cleo. takes egg from strong box in corner and grabs Di. by arm, who gathers up the Victrola records. They all step through the window. The propeller starts and they can be seen sailing away. Above the whir of the machine, floats back the sound of music—the Victrola, playing "There is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away.")

(Curtain)

—JUNE HILDEGARDE FLANNER.



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1919



HE annual athletic entertainment was given in Caleb Mills Hall on April 13 and in spite of the unlucky date it was a "howling success." The first number, "At Mrs. Perley's," was a clever boarding-house comedy written by Miles Tiernan, an alumnus. The cast included Selma Horowitz, as Susie the boarding-house slavey; Elvin Vliet, as Bull Egan, the prize fighter; Anita Libking as Mrs. Perley; Roland Rust as Professor Samson, and Pauline Marshall and Melvin Masters as the student lovers.

Following this was a light operetta, "Trial by Jury," by Gilbert and Sullivan. The following had prominent parts: Catherine Howard, Parrvyn Lawson, Richard Calkins, Charles Alwes, Mr. B. T. Osbon and Ross Stacy. "Dick's" weeping will be remembered for many days. When the curtain fell on this performance the most successful athletic entertainment of all passed into the history of our Alma Mater.



HE Shortridge track season was again, this year, ushered in by the inter-class meets. The first *fracas*, the Junior-Senior meet, was warmly contested, but proved to be rather a Senior-Junior affair, since the Seniors won by a score of 38½ to 32½. Likewise in the Senior-Underclassmen meet the Seniors triumphed, this time by a score of 41½ to 30½.

Prospects of being again the state track champions looked bright for Shortridge when the snow covered the ground and the team was practicing diligently in the gym. Koehring ground off a mile as regularly as the day rolled around and before the team began out-door practice, he had run the distance in 4:39, thereby unofficially breaking the state record. Captain Hancock was running the hundred yards in :10:4 and at the same time, Wilson, the winner of the low hurdles in the state meet last year, was developing form on the three hurdles lined across the gym floor. Pattison, too, was a promising performer in the dashes and hurdles. Stover cleared the bar at six feet, six and one-half inches before the team went out of doors for practice. Wheeler and Sullivan were vying over the 44 yard dash, and Atkinson was surpassing all but Koehring in the half-mile. But this combination was destined to meet with disaster throughout the season. The distance events were crippled for Shortridge when Koehring enlisted. The first out door meet of the year was held with Sheridan High School at Sheridan. It resulted in the defeat of the crippled Blue and White team by a score of 51 to 47. For various reasons several of the "regulars" were unable to participate and several substitutions had to be made. Owing to unseasonable weather the meet with Fairmount had to be postponed and finally cancellation was necessary when injuries and ineligibility thinned the team's ranks. Likewise weather conditions opposed the meet with Washington, and arrangements could not be made for a second date.

A hoodoo seemed to pursue our veteran thinly-clads even unto the bitter end—the state meet. But Ed Sullivan shed some light on things when he waltzed in first in the 440. And then the relay team, composed of Hancock, Evans, Pattison and Sullivan, showed their dust to the rest by a margin of fifty yards. Robert Bruce had nothing on our track team in the matter of trying for it.



THE Athletic Board of 1916-17 has completed a year of hard work, and though its success has not been as brilliant as in former years it has established a good precedent and made the way easier for next year's work. The members were: Mr. Crossland, president; Miss Donnan, treasurer; Mr. Roache; Barbara Hines, secretary; Arthur Chevalier and Clare Stevens. As Clare graduated in the January class, John Woodruff was appointed in his place.

The Board decided that six teams of basketball be kept as in the preceding year. Mr. Braun was appointed track coach with Mr. Sharp as his assistant. A swimming team was sent to Evanston, but failed to "cop" any points. The three best tennis players were sent to the state tournament; but on account of their ineligibility the baseball team could not participate in the state meet.

Miss Donnan successfully financed the athletic play, a charming light operetta, "Trial by Jury," and "At Mrs. Perley's" by Miles Tiernan.



THOUGH inter-class basketball of Shortridge saw no All-star nor State teams this year, as it has before, the 1917 season proved to be fully satisfactory. In spite of the fact that excellent material would not justify having six teams, and that each team could not be individually coached, a league of six teams was organized. At a mass meeting early in the season, the teams and captains chosen were as follows:

Purples—Woodruff, Capt.	Blacks—Wier, Capt.
Blues—Recker, Capt.	Whites—Porter, Capt.
Reds—Cox, Capt.	Greens—Barrett, Capt.

At the close of the season the championship was won by the Purples; but it was not until the last few games that the winners had clinched the titles from the Blues. Woodruff, Stevens, and A. Wood formed a nucleus for teamwork which could be surpassed by no other players in the league. The best work of the Blues was done by Recker, Wilson, George and Ruckelshaus. Practically every game to their discredit was lost only by a few points. The Reds, with L. Wheeler and Bastian starring, placed third. Their weak start was counterbalanced by their brilliant playing after the season was well under way. The Blacks, Whites and Greens were unsuccessful in their competition with other teams and were respectively forced to occupy the lower division of the league standing. Among these teams, Weir, Race, Porter, Short, R. Wheeler, Roberts and Barrett proved to be the stellar performers.

The climax of basketball activities was reached when the two upperclass teams challenged each other to a series of three games. The first game was played in February. Equal struggling of both teams necessitated two overtime periods, and the final score stood in favor of the seniors 28 to 24. Capt. Porter and Recker paved the way to victory for the class of 1917, while the work of Capt. Woodruff and Cox was the great obstacle to be overcome by the older quintet. The March conflict started out with a rush, but the reserve strength of the seniors brought them a second victory, with a score of 28 to 19, canceling the third game of the challenge.



F half as many boys had turned out for the Glee Club as there were girls who turned out for basketball this season, Mr. Osborn would have had ample reason for dancing a jig. There were enough girls for ten teams with three substitutes each. All the teams did not play on one day, however. Four played on Monday and six on Wednesday. One characteristic which was plainly shown this year was good sportsmanship, and all varieties of pep were in evidence. Mrs. Steichman chose an "all star" team consisting of Helen Congdon, captain and center; Aileen Riley, forward; Doris Holmes, forward; Mabel Williams, guard; Charlene Evans, guard; Ruth Beals, guard.



HE volley ball season this year was the best one in recent years. Forty girls turned out and played steadily, reluctant ever to miss or lose a game. Marguerite Ernst, a freshman, will receive an "S" for her playing. The game is especially interesting to the freshmen and they were urgently urged to turn out. When the weather permitted, the games were played out doors with Mrs. Steichman as their referee. The other "S" winners were Charlene Evans, Mandana Pang, Ethelwyn Nalley, Martha Barth, Julietta Gally, and Martha Carr.



N the girls' fall tennis tourney of last year the Maidens of Fate quarreled over the one upon whom they should bestow the championship, and whilst they were thus engaged, Vivian Pernot, a girl hitherto unknown in the circle of Shortridge tennis players, deliberately "cut and drove" her way even through the finals. In the preliminary round, Margaret Bruner, an Irvington player of skill and experience, offered the champion her most perplexing problem of the tournament. But even she was finally defeated by the score of 6-4, 7-5. Another surprise of the preliminaries was the defeat of Ruth Beals by Isabel Antrim in two sets of the tournament's most exciting play.

After the preliminaries the champion was never forced to display her best strokes, though she met several players of promise. In the final round she won from Helen Wilson by a score of 6-1, 6-3.

After repeated postponements of the last date for entering the doubles tournament, Miss Garber, the censor, was forced to announce that owing to the lateness of the season, this feature would be canceled. Without doubt the cause for this lack of interest in the doubles play was the decidedly cool weather, which did not invite bare arms and canvas oxfords.



HE boys' fall tennis tournament of nineteen-sixteen, to use the apt expression, was a "cut and dried affair." Fred Bastian, who made such an admirable showing against Throckmorton, the American Junior Champion, was, according to the fans, indisputably the winner before, as well as after the tournament. Strange to say, however, this situation rather encouraged than discouraged the school's ardent "snow-shoe wielders" and even a larger number than ever before entered "the lists," each prepared for a "whack" at the presumed champion.

Interest among the spectators assumed a livelier tinge, when all contestants, excepting Bastian, Starbuck, Kellum, Cox and Hennessy, had been eliminated. Bastian marched steadily toward the coveted laurels after defeating Starbuck 6-3, 6-0, 6-1, while Kellum and Cox each struggled mightily to overpower Hennessy and gain the right to block the champion's path. Hennessy, too, fell before Bastian by a score of 6-1, 6-1, 8-6, which scarcely narrates the "battle royal" as it was.

In the doubles tournament the result was impossible to predict. Even after the honors lay between the Bastian-Barrett, Starbuck-Berg and Hennessy-Kohn pairs, the outcome was still in the hands of Mademoiselle Fortune. However, Hennessy and Kohn finally triumphed—first over Bastian and Barrett 7-5, 6-2, 6-3, and then over Starbuck plus Berg.



HE Shortridge Orchestra has passed through another successful year under Mr. Osbon's leadership. The organization has made many appreciated appearances before the student body. The various instruments, including the xylophone, which have been added, have greatly strengthened the orchestra. The musically talented students have also taken more interest in the orchestra, and have aided in making it a success. At the many "home talent" auditorium exercises quite a number of its members have given solos on the piano, violin, cornet, clarinet, and other instruments. The Senior class is especially indebted to the orchestra, since the latter furnishes the music at commencement.



HE Math. Club having found a new and capable censor in Miss Hunt after the departure of Mr. Dodson, has experienced another successful year in its history. It was reorganized late in October, the officers for the first semester being Justine Pritchard, president; Ethel Campbell, secretary, and Scoville Wishard, treasurer. The club has enjoyed solutions of problems and geometrical proofs given by the members and some of the faculty. During the year two parties were given, one in the gymnasium and the other, a picnic, at Williams' Creek. Membership in the club is honorary, only those pupils averaging B or above being eligible. The second semester officers are: Mary Sandy, president; Ruth Heyman, secretary, and Burt Case, treasurer.



The annual baseball mass meeting held March 28, about one hundred fellows turned out, making the outlook for the Shortridge baseball league look bright. The captains chosen by the Athletic Board were Roberts, Weir, Hendricks and Barrett. They captained the Grays, Blues, Whites and Reds, respectively.

GRAYS	BLUES	WHITES	REDS
Roberts	Weir	Hendricks	Barrett
Atkinson	Woodruff	King	Kellum
Phillips	L. Wheeler	D. Johnson	Petrovitsky
J. Hall	Martin	Conner	Meyer
B. Hall	Middleworth	Sebel	Berg
M. Hanna	Wilson	Cotter	R. Porter
Shallercross	Stevens	L. Ruckelshaus	Sampson
Vliet	Sullivan	Walmsley	R. Smith
May		L. Wood	
		Russe	

STANDINGS

	W	L		W	L	
Whites	2	1	666	Reds	1	500
Grays	2	1	666	Blues	2	000



The Shortridge Echo Press Association, organized in 1912, has been for several years of great benefit to our young journalists. The club is made up of the five Echo staffs, with Mr. Otto acting as censor. During this year the program has been in the hands of a committee which has procured successful newspaper men and women to talk on different aspects of the work.

Besides providing a chance for the Echo writers to get together, the Press Club advocates anything in the nature of an improvement for the Echo. At the beginning of the year a campaign was planned and carried out for getting enough subscriptions to assure a successful and profitable year to our Shortridge daily. The officers of the club are Alexander Cavins, president; Mary Henderson, vice-president, and Albert Mueller, secretary.



The Girls' Therapon Club has just completed a very busy year. Standing as this organization does, for the highest ideals of Shortridge, it has had a very hard task to perform, that of making a constitution worthy of its aims. Under the able leadership of the officers, Betty Snodgrass, Margaret Pierson, and Sarah Birk, the club has accomplished this task, and feels that it now has formed a democratic organization for the good of Shortridge. Besides this work, the club has attended to its usual duties of helping the freshmen and new comers. The semi-annual parties have been given and have succeeded in creating a cordial atmosphere among the upper and lower classes. Although it is a new organization, the club has attained many of its aims in a short time. Mrs. Carey, the censor, feels that the year has done much to propagate the motto, "Service, Love, Loyalty."



THE Boys' Debating League experienced one of the most profitable and successful years in its history. With about twenty boys in the class, under Mr. Otto, meeting twice a week, the work has aroused wide-spread interest among the students. The auditorium debate was held early in January on the subject of compulsory arbitration of disputes between capital and labor. The affirmative team, composed of John Ruckelshaus, captain, Robert Coleman, and Joseph McGowan, won a 4-1 victory over the negative team, which was made up of Telford Orbison, captain, Lyman Hoover, and Henry Bruner. It was generally agreed that this debate was one of the very best ever held in the auditorium exercises, though none of the boys had been in any important debates before. Joseph McGowan, who won the right to represent Shortridge in the State Discussion Contests, took first place in the sectional contest with Technical and had the honor of being among the six who took part in the final contest at Bloomington.

The interstate debates this year showed the results of the regular study and high grade coaching in the debating league. In the dual debate between Detroit Central High School and Shortridge on the subject of universal military training, the affirmative team, composed of Joseph McGowan, captain, Harold Taylor, and Telford Orbison, won by a vote of 3-0 at home; and the negative team at Detroit, composed of Truman Felt, captain, Lyman Hoover, and John Ruckelshaus lost by a vote of 2-1. In our debate with the Boys' High School of Louisville on the same question, our negative team, with Frederick Brewer, captain, Henry Bruner, and Mitchell Benson, scored a brilliant victory at the former school by a vote of 2-1. The only thing which marred the year's work in debating was the withdrawal, because of illness, of Neal Newlin, one of the most experienced speakers, from the big debates.



THE Girls' Debating Club, efficiently censored by Miss Shaw, has had a very successful year. Debates have been held and authors studied alternately at the weekly meetings. Among those studied were Jean Webster, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, and Jack London. Among the subjects debated were Single Tax, Capital Punishment, Universal Military Training, and High School Sororities. Talks by Mr. Barnhardt and Mina Amelung added greatly to the meetings. The Girls' Club visited the Boys' Debating Club for one meeting. The officers for the first semester were LaVerda Lamb, president; Adelaide Mayer, vice-president; and Corienna Fawkes, secretary. For this semester, LaVerda Lamb, president; Mae Schaefer, vice-president and Mary Smoot, secretary. A delightful party was given just before Christmas at which time each member presented some other member with a significant gift. A mock debate was held on the subject, *Resolved, that there is a Santa Claus*. Virginia May and Kathryn Turney gave readings at this time and Miss Shaw rendered several selections on the victrola. The year has been a very enjoyable and encouraging one to every member as well as to the censor.



HE Fiction Club, under the censorship of Mr. W. S. Jennings, spent a very interesting and profitable year. Much more work on original stories has been done than ever before, and the quality has improved accordingly. Several speakers of experience in the writing of short stories have addressed the club. In the mid-year contest Ruth Lauer won first prize, and Allegra Stewart, second prize, out of a field of stories which proved the value of the analytical study which the club has done. Many social events increased the enjoyment of the club work. The Brown County dinner at Mr. Jennings' home, and the luncheon which was given by Barbara Hines at the Columbia Club will not soon be forgotten. The officers were: Truman Felt, President; Barbara Hines, secretary; Susan Rummel, master of programs. As Susan Rummel was unable to give the time to the work, Allegra Stewart took her place for the second semester.



NEED long felt by chemistry students for some way to continue and expand their interest in chemistry outside the classroom was supplied this year by the organization of the Chemistry Club. One-half year of chemistry is required for active membership, although the meetings are open. The club activities include the reading of papers on interesting subjects, an illustrative experiment usually accompanying, and individual advanced laboratory work. A series of most instructive lectures was given by teachers of the chemistry department on atomic and molecular work. The club has had a fine start under the censorship of Mr. Sharp, and there is every reason for its progress in the future. The officers of the club are Guy Steinhauer, president; LaVerda Lamb, vice-president, and Vance Smith, secretary.



HE Shortridge High School Senate, the original organization of its kind, was founded in 1887 by Miss Laura Donnan. Still under her competent censorship, the Senate this year finished its thirtieth successful year. The Senate Trial, always exceedingly interesting, was made particularly so this year by the fact that the indictment used was practically the same as that of the Donn Roberts case of Terre Haute. All the meetings were well attended and a great deal of valuable work was done along the lines of parliamentary rule and public speaking. Many wide-awake topics of the day were discussed; such as: The Literacy Test for Immigrants, Capital Punishment, The Single Tax, Woman Suffrage and Universal Military Training. The members elected to the presidency during the year were Senators Poindexter (Ralph Cooney), Watson (Adelaide Mayer), and Johnson (Neal Newlin), the latter two having both served for two terms.



UNDER the competent censorship of Miss Jennings, the Physiography Club has completed a year of most interesting and beneficial scientific work and investigation. The course of study followed by the members of the organization at their weekly meetings has been the Conservation of Natural Resources in its numerous phases, soil, forests, minerals and water. In addition to these discussions, a number of trips have been taken, which gave the students interested in the work excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the soil, glacial forms, rivers and valley forms of the country around Indianapolis. The officers are: Archie Scott, president; Ruth Jacobs, vice-president; May Schaefer, secretary; Gertrude Schmidt, treasurer and Echo reporter.



ONE of the most recent organizations of Shortridge is the English I Club which has now four semesters of active existence to its credit. It was first organized in September, 1915, by some of the freshmen, Mrs. T. R. Tucker and Miss C. Little being the censors. The regular meetings which are held twice a month have proved to be very enjoyable—the programs being given by the different members. This year, Old English ballads, Norse legends and short stories have been studied. In addition the club has been doing Red Cross work and has made quite a nice little sum for the cause. The program committee which has had charge of the activities this year is composed of the following members: Florence Lupton, LaVon Larrison, Betty Middleton, Mildred Welch and Evelyn McFarren.



UNE marked the close of another successful year of one of the largest organizations in Shortridge—the Story Tellers' Club. The club was founded in 1909 by Miss Zella O'Hair for the purpose of helping the English IIg students in the study of the Wagner operas. It increased in numbers until Miss O'Hair was compelled to seek assistant censors, and secured the aid of Miss Sawyer and Miss Ruth O'Hair. Only pupils in English IIg are eligible to membership.

This semester the pupils wore very pretty little pins as a sign of membership in the club. At the autumnal election of officers Mildred Stockdale was chosen president; Ralph Boggs, vice-president; Gwendolyn Dorey, secretary, and James Henderson, treasurer. By the aid of the graphonola, slides, and talks by the different members, the club studied the operas, The Flying Dutchman, The Mastersingers, Lohengrin, Parsifal, and Tannhauser.

At the spring organization, John Collet was elected president; Elizabeth Paterson, vice-president; Margaret Skinner, secretary; and Hillis Howie, treasurer. During this time they studied the four "Nibelungen Operas."

Besides adding forty-nine slides to the collection, and deducting all expenses for the year, the club had \$36.50 left in the treasury. With this money the club adopted a war orphan for one year.



ALTHOUGH the Camera Club was not organized until after spring vacation this year, it came to life with great vim and vigor, determined to make up for lost time. Meetings were held twice a month. Interesting as well as instructive talks were given by members of the faculty and experienced photographers. A dark room was maintained in the basement of the old building where members were privileged to do their own developing if they so desired. Many hikes were taken, some in the afternoons after school and some on Saturdays when picnic lunches were enjoyed. The officers of the club were Harold Wood, president; Elizabeth Marmon, vice-president; Sarah Birk, secretary and Fred Brewer, treasurer. Miss Philputt and Miss Allen acted as social censors; Miss Garber as dark room censor, and Mr. Forsyth as hike censor.



THE Girls' Glee Club is one of the numerous clubs of which Shortridge is duly proud. The club organized early in the term with about fifty members. The following officers were elected: Mona Brown, president; Bernice Bailey, vice-president; Maxine Murphy, secretary and treasurer; Lucile Bailey, librarian, and Ruth Fisher, Echo reporter. The girls gave a little informal party at the beginning of the term which was quite a success. The club was called upon to participate in the annual athletic entertainment, and with the aid of the Boys' Glee Club they contributed the operetta "Trial by Jury." To celebrate their success, the girls with Miss Donnan as chaperon gave a little dance in the gymnasium for the boys. The Mandolin Club furnished the music. Towards the end of the term the Mandolin Club gave a concert and the Girls' Glee Club was again represented in this.



ONE of the liveliest live wire organizations of the school is the Wireless Club. During the first semester, both time and money were devoted to getting the instruments into good working condition; the wireless code was carefully studied and code practices were frequently held. The thoroughness of the work is shown by the fact that six of the members—Earl Swain, Parrvyn Lawson, Richard Kiger, Paul Barrett, Ralph Schaefer and Preston Sargent, were able to pass the government examination given in January. Several instructive lectures have been given before the club by different radio operators and engineers. Since the United States has declared war, all wireless stations have been ordered closed, and so no operating has been done since that time. The

officers for the first semester were Earl Swain, president; Thomas Hood, vice-president; Parrvyn Lawson, secretary and Charles Kiger, treasurer. The second semester officers were: Earl Swain, president; Parrvyn Lawson, vice-president; Herbert Bloss, secretary; Charles Kiger, treasurer. Mr. E. Weyant was the censor.



HORTRIDGE'S most popular organization, the Mandolin Club, was organized in November with Mr. Limper as censor and Robert Coleman as president. Repeated calls for members brought the membership up to about thirty boys and girls. After weeks of hard work, the first auditorium program was given. The performance might have been better if all the instruments had been tuned the same, or if all had started to play at the same time. The club took a relapse and dwindled to about four boys. Before the next time the club was called on for a number, Ed Brackett came along with his xylophone and saved the day. That time the club brought down the house. Later in the same week the Mandolin Club played for a teachers' reception and again scored a hit. Brackett was made president of the club. The membership was brought up to about fifteen boys, and the Mandolin Club took a place among the best organizations of Shortridge, and gave several performances before the school. Before the season closed the club was obliged to turn down offers of several outside engagements, so great had its popularity become.

War Relief Work in Shortridge



Although "business as usual" is being carried on in class rooms and study halls, there is much evidence of business unusual. Any one entering the school is instantly aware of these war-time activities. The advertisements in the Echo, boosting the "Penny a Day" campaign, the attractive posters urging the "canning" of the pennies, and the miniature Dutch Cleanser cans, seen and heard on every side, are some of the signs which show how wholeheartedly Shortridge has gone into War Relief Work.

Shortly before spring vacation the women teachers organized the Shortridge Auxiliary of the American Red Cross. The members of this auxiliary have undertaken a variety of work. They have helped to form classes in First Aid and Home Nursing. They have sewed for the Red Cross and the French Relief, and they have directed the activities of the students along many lines. One group of Shortridge girls is crocheting convalescent caps for French Soldiers, another is making fracture pillows, and a third is collecting old linen, and cutting it into napkins and tray cloths for the Red Cross.

The students in the art department have had a very important part in advertising all the relief work. Besides many placards, for the French Relief, they printed the Lafayette Day Proclamation which was displayed in the windows of shops on Lafayette Day. They exhibited in one of the down town stores a collection of beautiful posters, urging the making of home gardens. Their latest work has been the placing of slogans and posters in all rooms, supporting in a most artistic and efficient way the Penny-a-Day campaign.

Not only has Shortridge given the time for service, but the school is also giving generously of her money. The Junior Class set a splendid example by voting to give up the customary Junior reception and to contribute to the Red Cross the money usually spent on this entertainment. This sacrifice made possible a gift of \$112.00. On Lafayette Day the collection amounted to \$125.00 and it was decided to use this money in adopting three French orphans, two girls and a boy, all in the same family. The girl whose picture appears with this article, is the oldest—eight years of age. Her name is Marie Henriette Josephine Felicie Agneau. The family lives in Western France, at Ste. Rescine par Marevil sur le Lay. The father, a farmer, was killed in the battle of The Marne, on March 5, 1915. Two of the French classes and the Story Tellers' Club have each adopted an orphan, and some of the pupils have formed neighborhood groups to help care for the fatherless children of France.

The culmination of all these activities has been the Penny-a-Day collection. Each Shortridger had a bank, and each one tried to save a penny a day for thirty days. The collection was commenced May 8th, and on June 6th a jubilee was held in the auditorium, when the money was turned in by session rooms. Although "a penny a day" was the slogan at the beginning of the campaign it was soon changed to "how many pennies a day" by the enthusiasm of the students, and many plans were devised for swelling the sum. Room 55 secured the services of the Mandolin Club, and gave a concert, the proceeds from which they contributed to the fund.

Surely here in Shortridge we are finding many ways of doing "our bit."







And here are our pictured faces,
Behold all the lovely young graces!
 That handsome young boy!
 (Each one mother's joy.)
Yet the girls fill up most of the spaces.



HE class of 1917 annexed a great success to their history on Friday, June 8. The Murat Theater was well filled and at 8:15 the curtain rose for the first act of Earl Derr Bigger's "Inside the Lines." The play was a modern military play laid in Gibraltar at the outbreak of the European war in 1914. Success was due to the individual interest taken by the cast and the excellent coaching of Mr. Harry Porter. The managers, Ferd Mueller, Vance Smith and Elvin Vliet, should also be mentioned for the work they have done.

CAST

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------|
| Capt. Woodhouse..... | Max Recker |
| Jane Gerson..... | Kathryn Turney |
| Gen. Crandall..... | Harold W. Taylor |
| Lady Crandall..... | Pauline Marshall |
| Henry J. Sherman..... | Ralph B. Cooney |
| Mrs. Henry J. Sherman..... | Ruth Kestner |
| Kitty Sherman..... | Euba McClure |
| Willie Kimball..... | Gilbert Fuller |
| Almer..... | Arthur Chevalier |
| Jamair Kahn..... | John Wamsley |
| Major Bishop..... | Seth Ward |
| Capper..... | Dwight Curnick |
| Maria..... | Marie Goetz |
| Mr. Reynolds..... | Ralph Bennett |
| Sergeant Crosby..... | Raymond Mead |
| Fritz..... | Ray Porter |
| Maid..... | Lois Johnston |
- Extras: Charles Hunt, Thomas Sampson, Theodore Morris, James Hopper and Carter Byron.

THE PHANTOM FAREWELL



WAS in 1950 that it was decided
That class pictures too long in the halls had resided.
"They only disfigure, and take up space,
Tomorrow at noon we'll burn every face."
This was the edict, the pictures' death call
That was heard on all hands, in all parts of the hall.
Midnight soon came, when 'mid darkness and gloom
Could be heard a soft rustle, a far-away boom,
As the glass in the pictures slid back in the wall,
All faces turned students, both great and small.
They stepped down from their places, forming a line
As solemn and sad as one could well find.

With steps that lagged and lips quite still
Their way they wound into Caleb Mill(s).
They took their seats, while the class of '17
Filed up on the stage where it could be seen.
For many years previous, it had been named
The largest, the best, and was all that it claimed.
The shadowy form of Byron arose
"A Brave Way to Die" was the subject he chose.
When Byron had finished up rose our Max
And, as a fit dirge, chanted "Give 'Em the Ax."
There was a feeble attempt of ghost hands to cheer it
While each beckoned for death with true Shortridge spirit.
As morning came with its dim ghastly light
Not a trace of the phantoms was now in sight.
The pictures were there; every face was serene,
Waiting so bravely the fire's withering gleam.

—RUTH LAUER.



SENIOR OFFICERS

CENSOR



WILLIAM OTTO

PRESIDENT



BYRON ELLIOTT



RAYMOND MEAD



MARIAN STONER
JUNIOR OFFICERS



MARTHA MORRIS

CENSOR



ANGELINE CAREY

PRESIDENT



LYMAN HOOVER



HERBERT HILL



MARIE FIELD



MARY HENDERSON

HONOR ROLL

ELIZABETH·SNOODGRASS·94.79
VERA·SANGERNEBO·94.50
DOROTHY·RITTER·94.48
WILLIAM·FISHBEIN·94.16
MARY·FUGATE·94.13
ALEXANDER·GAVINS·93.95
ESTHER·SKINNER·93.91
HAROLD·WOOD·93.88
MARGARET·PIERSON·93.66
MARIAN·SAYLER·93.40
ADELAIDE·MAYER·93.26
META·LIEBER·92.70
PHILIP·ADLER·92.60
HILDEGARDE·FLANNER·92.59
BERNARD·JEU·92.03
EMIL·CASSANDY·92.00
HILDA·LIEBER·91.60
HAROLD·TAYLOR·91.48
BYRON·ELLIOTT·91.48
MILDRED·BESS·91.20
CONSTANCE·WARREN·91.14
ESTHER·THORNTON·90.96
EDITH·MCLAIN·90.91
JEWEL·MOLL·90.91
ADRIENNE·SCHMEDEL·90.62
RUTH·KNOTT·90.50
ISADORE·KATANIUK·90.22
CHARLOTTE·COMSTOCK·90.20
ETHEL·TYLER·90.00

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BEATRICE BROWN



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TRUMAN FELT



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META LIEBER



RUTH KNOTT



FERD MUELLER



DOROTHY JOHNSON



MARGARET OTT



MARY FUGATE



ELIZABETH WINGERGER



GORDON MESS



HELEN DECKER



CONSTANCE WADALE



PAUL LONG

ART
STAFF

ART
EDITORS

1. **RUBY ACRE**—Ruby wrote her Junior essay on Camp Fire Work, and she is a loyal member, living up to the laws faithfully. She is at present eager for the Camp Fire girls to be called to the front.
2. **ESTRYL ADAMS**—A descendant of Adam, like all the rest of us. A history "shark." Again Shortridge will lose and Butler will gain.
3. **PHILIP ADLER**—One of Miss Claybaugh's Vergil stars who always has his lesson well enough to sit back, and beg his feminine friends to "please write him a note."
4. **HARRY ALEXANDER**—A skillful wielder of the "home-made knit bumble-bee swatter." "Alex," while smart, is not a smart Alec. His grin wins.
5. **MYRA ALLISON**—Myra is an inseparable of Louise Clark's. She is a girl of high ideals and splendid scholarship, although she is known for her run-about ways.
6. **BLANCHE ALSOP**—Blanche never quite agreed with certain teachers that Latin poetry is beautiful. An interesting, pretty girl with lots of friends.
7. **DOROTHY ALWES**—Therapon. Dot always has something amusing to say. Almost a star in German. Interested indirectly in the violin and directly in the piano.
8. **ROBIRDA APPLE**—Formerly known as Sunshine Apple. No one, as yet, has asked her about Mr. Apple and all the little crabs. The name Sunshine befits her disposition well.
9. **ELIZABETH ARNETT**—Quiet in manner, and a good friend who is willing to help you out of difficulties, especially about lessons.
10. **WILLIAM S. AVERITT**—"Bill" likes to study English and Art and divide his hair equally. His hobby is agriculture. He believes in the "back to nature" movement and will give his undivided attention to drawing a fortune from the farm by raising pigs and potatoes.
11. **MARIAN AVERILL**—This young lady has a "much of a muchness" of hair. Fond of dancing. She's O. K. in general.
12. **HERBERT BAGANZ**—Herbert left us for Connersville last September, but S. H. S. had so great an attraction for him that he returned in February. Class Day "Will-Maker."
13. **NORMAN BALL**—Although Norman is quite a quiet youth, nevertheless he is a very good scholar, and is very much alive underneath.
14. **BERNADINE BAPTISTE**—We understand that Bernadine's interest centers around "Indiana," but nevertheless she is every inch a true Shortridge, and she is quite a few inches in height.
15. **EUGENE BARRETT**—"Gene" is right with the ball most of the time, whenever he plays the game. He seems to have a mania for performing clownish stunts no one else could think of. We are not mentioning snuff.
16. **FRED BASTIAN**—Fritz stopped school as soon as the basketball season stopped. He surely is a good player though, and a fine fellow with loads of school spirit.
17. **GLADYS BATMAN**—Not a baseball player but a star in basketball. "Amlable" is her sixth name. Should have a master's degree in athletics.
18. **MILDRED BEALE**—One of the few who could graduate without credits, for there were none beside her name on the Senior list. One of the stars in Miss Sullivan's office training class.
19. **RUTH BEALS**—When it comes to starring in athletics, Ruth is right there with the goods. Has won many S's. Her chief hobbies are basketball and tennis. Ruth is known for her good nature.
20. **MILDRED BEETH**—Mildred is a very quiet girl. A very good student. She has a most charming personality. Always ready to help her friends when in need.



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21. **JEANETTE BENEDICT**—We fain would wax sentimental—but, Oh, no, we couldn't be blamed. Her tastes aren't "Benedictine" despite her name. Therapon Club.
22. **RALPH BENNETT**—A member of the Horse-Shoe Club when in existence. Writes for the Fiction Club. Mr. Reynolds in Noner play.
23. **MILDRED BESS**—Mildred had the ability to finish high school in three years and enter normal in February before receiving her diploma. She once received an A instead of A+ in chemistry.
24. **SARAH BIRK**—(First, if Broad Ripple has any more like her, S. H. S. wants them.) Sarah measures up to all standards, both physical and mental. Amiability is her keystone name although she isn't a movie actress. Therapon Club couldn't do without her.
25. **HANNAH BLOCK**—Hannah is one of the Shortridge fashion-plate figures, always looking trim and extremely stylish. However, her fondness for pretty clothes has not caused her to neglect her studies.
26. **ALMA BOND**—Alma is a quiet-voiced little girl, but that did not prevent her from starring in Mr. Otto's English VIII class. She always seemed to know exactly what Mr. Otto was thinking when he asked questions.
27. **EMMA BONN**—Emma has taken about all the math. Shortridge offers, and she certainly has taken it thoroughly. She is evidently of a mathematical turn of mind. She understands physics, too.
28. **ALBERTA BOYER**—Alberta stayed out of school several semesters, but she came back to graduate. She is a girl with real musical talent and ability, and has a host of friends.
29. **EDWIN BRACKETT**—We wonder what Shortridgers will do when Ed and his xylophone are gone. Ed loves music and the ladies equally well. Plays 17 instruments.
30. **WILHELMINA BRANDENBURG**—Won the third place in the Christmas story contest.
31. **JESSIE BRENNAN**—Very fond of the "khaki suits." Was in an extremely despondent mood until Battery A returned from the border. Receives a good many letters from Detroit.
32. **BEATRICE BROWN**—Quite familiar is B. with the uses of the pen—for drawing, writing poetry, and getting lessons. Occasionally she departs the role of dignified Therapon President, and as a follower of Thalia or Melpomene, disports behind the footlights.
33. **LUELLE BROWN**—The year spent with Shortridge teachers and pupils will be memorable for the associations and the attainments of high aspirations.
34. **RUSSELL BROWN**—The good old scout over there wearing the tortoise goggles. He doesn't need those binoculars to see through a joke though. "Russ" could have graduated with the sixteeners but he preferred our class.
35. **RUTH BROWN**—Ruth is a jolly girl who is always in for a good time. She is an accomplished pianist. At present she is very much interested in Altamont, Ill.
36. **VERNON BROWN**—Better known as "Tad." He is a curly-headed little chap, and has a mania for illustrating books. Math. star of first magnitude.
37. **MARGARET BRUNER**—Sister of one of our star debaters; strong for tennis; sympathetic and jolly as the day is long.
38. **GRACE BUCHANAN**—There are few who, like Grace, have held their composure even amid the depths of the Aeneid. A quiet girl.
39. **HAROLD BRYSON**—Shows marked ascendant tendencies early in life. Evidently "the sky's the limit."
40. **RICHARD CALKINS**—Annual staff. Business manager for the Annual. Monday Echo Editor I. Dick was founder of the "Red Head Club," but his disposition does not match his "fiery dome." Charlie Chaplin the 2nd. Won fame as the "Weeping Usher" in "Trial by Jury." Dick said he liked to boast that he had no enemies and the boast is not an idle one. Fond of "V. V.'s Eyes."



41. **ELIZABETH CANFIELD**—A rather backward young lady who plays the violin very well. In fact she's a member of our orchestra, and is an ardent supporter of the Y. W. C. A.
42. **OLIVE CARLTON**—For once an olive was a "peach." A good dancer and naturally popular with the fellows.
43. **THEODORE CARNES**—Duke and wireless agree perfectly, although he is seldom granted the privilege of remaining in his physics III recitations. U. S. Navy now.
44. **GLADYS CARTER**—Gladys is a hard worker. She likes Shortridge and has done her best. A studious and interested pupil.
45. **EMIL CASSADY**—One of our tall people, who nevertheless is always ready to stoop from his lofty height to help someone else. Advertising genius and a rare cartoonist.
46. **ALEXANDER W. CAVINS**—A very good student, but rather flippant in his remarks on the Latin classics. Should be thankful he had such a patient and forgiving Vergil teacher. Knows practically all there is to know about chemistry (at least gives the ladies that impression). Besides all this—Junior President, Friday Echo Editor, actor, honor roll, Annual Editor.
47. **MARGARET CHAPIN**—Margaret leaves home in such a hurry that she usually has to go back to get her hat. She and "Woody" are inseparable.
48. **MABEL CHENOWETH**—Mabel is quite a popular girl and an all around good sport. From what we've seen at Shortridge she'll never lack company.
49. **ROBERT CHENOWETH**—A noted professor of geology. Has been trying to apply his knowledge by working on a farm during the last few weeks.
50. **ARTHUR CHEVALIER**—The good-looking blonde next to ———. As he says, the photo doesn't do him justice, and the picture man was a "photo-grafter." However, you girls all know "Art."
51. **JOHN CHRISTENA**—A patriotic Shortridger. Left school to work on a farm. We wonder whether he did it for patriotism or to—enough said.
52. **CLIMPSON CLAPP**—Climp came to us recently from Beech Grove. He took to all Shortridge and all Shortridge took to him immediately.
53. **DORIS CLARE**—Everyone who knows Doris has heard of "Jimmie," and those five-pound boxes of candy. She aspires to conduct a dance hall in Indianapolis some time in the near future—"very select, of course."
54. **LOUISE CLARK**—A loyal supporter of Shortridge and all connected therewith. Louise is a quiet girl, yet full of humor. We are proud of her.
55. **MARJORIE CLARK**—Her presence may always be detected by her smile radiating sunshine at the rate of a bushel per second. Marjorie delights in basketball and in fact, is fond of nearly all forms of athletics. An A number one student.
56. **HELEN CLINE**—Helen and Robirda Apple are one and inseparable. Commercial Geography was not their idea of perfect bliss, even though Mr. Crossland did teach it.
57. **ISADORE COHEN**—If you get "Izzie" started on socialism—well, he'll argue all night. Some people think his constant questions are "bluffs," but as he himself says, he "really wants to know."
58. **JOSEPH COHEN**—When Joe starts to go down stairs his red "balloon" looks like a setting sun. Withall Joe is honest and loyal to his class—he paid his Senior dues on the installment plan.
59. **JOSEPH COLE**—A very good Physics pupil, and graduate student in the art of teasing.
60. **ROBERT D. COLEMAN**—"Beatrice with the suspension-bridge specks." Bob is a debater, scientist, musician and lawyer. He stands for right principles regardless of criticism and public opinion.



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61. **CHARLOTTE COMSTOCK**—Honor Roll. According to her chum, Sara Hunter, nothing terrible ever happened to Charlotte so one could tell it about her.
62. **ELIZABETH CONWAY**—Mild of manner, studious in nature and faithful to duty as a member of her Hist. VIII class. Unlike most maidens not only in that she thinks, but thinks before she speaks.
63. **MARJORIE COOK**—Marjorie is quite a pleasant young lady and is one of our pottery stars.
64. **RALPH COONEY**—Pete Pie Crust, head of the Gloom Trust, Pessimist. Particularly noted for his kind and cheerful remarks(?). Monday Echo editor. Senior play.
65. **LUCILE COPPOCK**—Lucille is a pretty, dainty, little girl, with lots of friends. Math. V worried her quite a lot last year, but "she came up smiling." She is quite interested in Butler College at present.
66. **ETHEL COX**—A girl who likes the boys nearly as well as the boys like her. Besides being an ardent athletic booster she is a musician of no mean ability.
67. **CARL CRAIG**—Here you see the intelligent end of Carl. No photographer has as yet succeeded in getting his whole anatomy in one picture. The girls are fond of Carl and his candy, too.
68. **MARGUERITE CRAIG**—Girls' Debating Club. Such a dainty, blushing, dimpling person you would never expect to be a fiery orator. But such she is.
69. **EVA CROMER**—Eva was a "star" in Stenography once in the past, but she no longer confines her brilliancy to the one line. A very likable person who is an all-round Shortridge.
70. **DWIGHT CURNICK**—Dwight's chief accomplishment (at least the one he employs the most) is singing while he dances. He evidently believes it is the gentleman's place to entertain. Capper in Senior play.
71. **JULIA DAVID**—A young lady who also thinks her photo looks "inhuman." However, she worries more over civic needs and the conservativeness of Shortridge as regards athletics.
72. **ALMA DAVIS**—Alma always is cheerful—perhaps it's her yellow hair. But at any rate, hair or innate disposition, it is a very pleasing trait.
73. **FRANCES DAVIS**—Frances was heard to remark that she considered herself qualified to edit an Echo, if all that she had to do was to record clever sayings of Mr. Otto to his English VIII class.
74. **FRED DAVIS**—A special type of young gentlemen who are very modest and afraid of the opposite sex. Never mind, Fred, you'll outgrow it.
75. **ESTHER DAY**—Usually known as "Ike." Although she is finishing school in Marion, she graduates with her class. Her mischievous ways and hearty laughter make her a favorite.
76. **HELEN DECKER**—Therapon. Helen didn't escape the ukelele craze in spite of the fact that she was a last-term Senior. When she is not tinkering with her uke she is usually painting or drawing.
77. **BERNICE DINSMORE**—Bernice is quite an athlete, as she played basketball and took gym all through high school. She has done some influential work around S. H. S. in connection with the High School Girls' Club at the Y. W. C. A.
78. **MARGARET DODDS**—Margaret is quiet but she's a mighty good person to know. Being tall herself, she is fond of tall people, especially of a certain Young person.
79. **HELEN DOOLEY**—Helen started to have a good time in her Freshman year and has not fallen in her attempt. A splendid pianist and very fond of art work.
80. **HELEN DOWNS**—Helen was a decided Latin star, daring to contradict Miss Welshans and even Cicero on certain points. She is very fond of debating, and was an enthusiastic member of the Senate. Was also interested in Spanish.



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81. **ADDISON DUNN**—Could anyone find a fellow with a good humor on par with Addison?
82. **ALFRED EFROYMSON**—Good friend of Mr. Roache. Showed special genius in geometry. Looks like his brother.
83. **MEYER EFROYMSON**—There is a young man named Meyer; it is said that to love he aspired. But she called him a clown, and turned him down; so now young Meyer is retired.
84. **PEARL EHLE**—Pearl was assistant in the Art Department. She was a shining star in Solid Geometry and Trig., and Mr. Roache's "right hand man" whenever he had any papers to be marked or other difficult work.
85. **BYRON K. ELLIOTT**—The Senior president who made the very statues in the study hall take notice when he wielded the gavel. The best presiding officer ever at Shortridge. The Shortridge Marconi. Assistant editor of Thursday Echo. Honor Roll. Byron is not only a perfect representative of the 1917 class, but he satisfies our traditional ideals of what a Shortridger should be.
86. **HELENA ELLIOTT**—A real student and a jolly one at that. Helena was always ready for a good time especially if it was in the nature of a dare, for she was quite an exponent of the Terpsichorean art.
87. **ALTA ENYART**—Alta's beautiful, dark curls must be mentioned—they are so very attractive. However much the admiration, they have not turned her head a bit. She is a true Shortridge girl with lots of school and class spirit.
88. **LUCILE ERNST**—Lucile is quite a Chemistry star and one of Mr. Wade's pets. She talks so much that she never hears what the instructor has to say. She is always playing jokes. She also likes soldier boys.
89. **CHARLENE EVANS**—Known as "Shoddy" and her wit as "Spicy Stuff." One of our ambitious Shortridgers who made the four-year course in three years. Charlene is quite active on basketball floor, and on tennis court. Has won several S's in various kinds of athletics.
90. **EDITH EVANS**—Edith stars in History—she stars in Latin (or used to)—in fact it seems that she twinkles in all her classes. Although no relation, she is usually seen with Margaret Evans.
91. **MARGARET EVANS**—A dear, pretty girl who might do well as an advertisement for Colgates' tooth paste and who gets A+'s even though she annually deserts her studies for the "Sunny South."
92. **RUTH FARMER**—With her drollery and dry humor Ruth always managed to liven up her classes, no matter how dry.
93. **TRUMAN FELT**—Editor of Tuesday's Echo. Debating. Fiction Club president. Literary aspirations. Everyone knows Truman for his excellent delivery of the Gettysburg address in auditorium.
94. **WILLIAM FISHBEIN**—Willam was the highest boy on the honor roll, and a star in every subject. He stayed out of school several days his last semester to take West Point examinations.
95. **CECILIA FITZGERALD**—This was her first year in Shortridge and she is proud to be ranked as a Shortridger. One of those who although not so well known, more than makes up for it by being well liked.
96. **HILDEGARDE FLANNER**—Nimble-witted, nimble-footed, nimble-fingered (with the pen). This young lady surely cannot complain of a dull life. Thursday editor. Junior vice-president. Therapon. Annual staff.
97. **WILLIAM FLORE**—Likes the ladies pretty well. A loyal Shortridge rooter. Can always be found at Eaton's when not in school. Private secretary to two girls in his English class.
98. **DOROTHY FORSYTH**—Commonly called March by her friends for a certain well-hidden reason. Dorothy doesn't say very much, but she gets there in her quiet way.
99. **ALICE FOSTER**—Alice came to us from Kentucky and still has interests there. We are glad she came but would be more pleased to be able to hold her interests.
100. **ELVA FRAZEE**—Elva Pleasant Jollie Witty Winning Frazee is her full name—at least it should be. If it were not a worn out "fraz" we would say "a loyal Shortridger."



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101. **HESTER FREDENBURG**—Regular little "speed king" when it comes to reading Vergil. Likes to run after tennis balls.
102. **OTTO FRENZEL**—A member of the Heavy-weight Club. Otto is no mean basketball player. However, he doesn't like the ladies.
103. **FRANCES FROMMEYER**—Frances is one of the girls who is always giving parties. She can't seem to live without it. She goes to a good many of them—week-ends at Purdue.
104. **GEORGE FROSS**—Was a page in last legislature, in the House. Member of Senate. His debates with Neal Newlin in History VII-a helped to liven it up. An inveterate girl hater.
105. **MARY FUGATE**—Said Mr. Forsyth, "I doubt is there is anyone else who can recite history like Mary." Honor Roll. Art Editor. You can see for yourself she did her duty by the '17 Annual.
106. **GILBERT FULLER**—"Gib" writes the S. H. S. "dope" for the Star. Willy Kimble in the Senior class play, and quite an actor, too.
107. **PRICE GARLAND**—Came here from Manual all on account of, well we won't say who, and thus avoid any needless embarrassment on either side. One of our "handsomest" Shortridgers.
108. **ESTHER GATER**—She fairly seemed to revel in Philosophy, for she belongs to that innumerable crowd who thinks Miss McClellan is just right. She can study and have a good time without letting one interfere with the other.
109. **JAMES GEORGE**—Jimmy, or Timpy, is a mighty good pole vaulter, besides being a good fellow. He's never quite gotten over the effects of a certain A in Vergil. Jimmy won't fail to make himself known and liked wherever he goes.
110. **NAOMI GERKIN**—Naomi took about all the history and civics taught in Shortridge, and took it thoroughly. She was one of Miss Donnan's proteges.
111. **MARIE GOETZ**—An old stand-by in the German plays. Quite a success in the Senior play as the little Italian girl. Marie is a vivacious, interesting girl and has loads of friends from both sexes.
112. **EVELYN GOOLD**—A Math. star with pretty pink cheeks, light hair, and dimples. What more can you ask for?
113. **WARREN GRAFTON**—To be recognized as a minister's son Warren ought to be labeled. A Greek and Physics star. If you ever see Warren looking serious, watch out.
114. **GERTRUDE GREEN**—Gertrude had the strength to face French III and IV together, but she evidently made a success for she did the same with V and VI. Gertrude is interested "muchly" in Medical College.
115. **JEAN GREENLEAF**—Jean is one of the Shortridgers who will seek Chicago Unlversity for a higher education. She is not always appreciated by those who know her only a little, because of her retriring disposition.
116. **EDITH HAGEDON**—A bright, good-natured girl, who has the rare virtue of being able to recognize the line between work and play, and puts herself into each the more vigorously, on this account. A fine student.
117. **DOROTHY HAINES**—Dorothy has only been here a year, but she has managed to make hosts of friends. A member of the Therapon Club and prominent in the Girls' Debating Club. A dandy good friend.
118. **JAMES HALL**—Basketball. One of Mr. Forsyth's nephews. Jim is a good farmer when put to it.
119. **ROBERT HARE**—Bob should work hard to live up to the famous man for whom he is named. He "sacrificed" the last two months of his senior year to work on a farm.
120. **MARIE HARRINGTON**—A pretty little girl with lots of fun in her. Didn't like Vergil II very well, but she came out with flying colors.



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121. **CLEON HEADRICK**—Cleon is an Irvingtonite—and to say that about her is saying enough. In addition to this, she is an athlete of no small note, starring especially in basketball.
122. **KATHERINE HEATH**—Belonged to the famous "Gigglers" in one of Mr. Crossland's Bookkeeping classes. She was one of our speed fiends in Stenotype and Type-writing. A very popular young lady.
123. **MARIE HEATHCO**—Well known in "Commercial" circles while at S. H. S. She took everything Shortridge had to offer and used it to advantage.
124. **VIRGINIA HELFENBERGER**—Finished school in February and spent all the intervening time in driving to Fort Harrison and back, carrying "eats" to a candidate. We feel sure that he is well fed.
125. **DOROTHY HENDERSON**—Whenever Dotty is about, a good time and some fun assuredly have a place on the program. Although a French and Vergil star, she cannot quite decide that to go to college next year is as alluring as to stay at home sailing about in her father's big Cole.
126. **ROBERT HENDREN**—Bob is one of those very patriotic Seniors who has devoted the last two months on a farm. He is a real sport. Cares quite a bit for the fairer sex.
127. **JOHN HENDRICKS**—Jack is usually seen in a big Pathfinder but not very often at school. He has been captain of a baseball team for two years. We predict a great future for Jack if he keeps it up.
128. **FREDERICK HENSHAW**—Ted lost his chum in last year's Senior president. A champion tennis player.
129. **MIRIAM HILL**—We almost lost Pete in an accident during her Senior year,—except that she wasn't hurt a bit! Isn't her nick-name appropriate? She is a cordial pretty girl whom everyone admires.
130. **BARBARA HINES**—Yellow haired and pink cheeked. A nice combination, at least one person thinks. Another one who was wont to make disrespectful remarks in Vergil. Fiction Club, Athletic Board Secretary.
131. **LEWIS HOATSON**—A quiet, reserved type of fellow, who was always ready to do his bit for Shortridge.
132. **THELMA HOLDER**—A talented Shortridger who took part in the Art Entertainment. A member of the Girls' Glee Club.
133. **OLGA HOFFMAN**—Olga would like to be a girl scientist and we don't doubt but that she will be. She carried Physics, Zoology and Physiology all in one term. Her disposition is every bit as sweet as her voice.
134. **DORIS HOLMES**—Therapon. Doris is very fond of room 15. She may be found there when not in Room 9. A basketball enthusiast.
135. **THOMAS HOOD**—Tried to climb a telephone pole in a machine but thought better of it after the first attempt. Has an especial regard for Tudor Hall.
136. **RUTH HOOVER**—A quiet little girl who used to delight everyone at the "All Girls' Parties" with her recitations.
137. **JAMES HOPPER**—His smile would banish the worst kind of gloom. One of our track men. If you don't know him you ought to.
138. **SELMA HOROWITZ**—Selma was very amusing and clever in the Athletic Play. She delights in debating with her friends, and is an enthusiastic senator.
139. **JENNIE HUFFMAN**—Takes after another "whistler" in that she is an artist of no small ability. She used to lead Miss Philputt merry chases through the halls.
140. **LEDA HUGHES**—Irvingtonites seem to have a faculty for starring in Latin,—and Leda is no exception. She is very earnest and sincere in everything she does.



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141. **MILDRED HULS**—Mildred started out in Miss McClellan's Geology class, but decided that she preferred taking music at the Metropolitan that period. She has acted as piano accompanist to several of the musical organizations at Shortridge.
142. **CHARLES HUNT**—No relation to Miss Hunt. According to Mrs. Carey he is as quiet as a mouse, but when he does talk everyone sits up and takes notice.
143. **EDNA HUNT**—She is good nature personified. If Edna ever stopped laughing, we would look for the end of the world. All the feminine Shortridgites envy her rosy cheeks—probably the boys do too, but they won't admit it.
144. **GERTRUDE HUNTER**—One of the S. H. S. girls who can always get her lessons and still have time for her "Manual" friends. A pleasing personality and a smile that won't wash off.
145. **SARAH HUNTER**—After careful investigation it has been discovered that Sarah simply cannot live without a "Porter." She loves to tease, and although her poor victims sometimes turn, she doesn't mind.
146. **PAUL IRWIN**—Every day, rain or shine, he wears seven league boots as he comes to school. Is a member of the exclusive set which celebrates St. Patrick's Day. A "jolly good" companion.
147. **EFFIE JACKSON**—Effie tats and tats and tats and does it beautifully. She liked Physics because it wasn't easy.
148. **RUTH JACOBS**—Ruth did some very creditable work on the Wednesday Echo staff, although she was only a member for a short time. She is very little in body, but, as she puts it, "large, indeed."
149. **BERNARD JEUP**—Commonly known as "Buzzle." Is visible when looked at through a powerful microscope, but nevertheless is big enough to be a star in German. Boys' Debating Club. Honor roll. Son of the city engineer.
150. **DOROTHY JOHNSON**—A very pretty girl whose friendship is valued. Dorothy is an artist of fine ability as is shown by her work on the Annual.
151. **MARY ESTHER JOHNSON**—Esther is fond of spending her winters in the sunny south, but seems to prefer S. H. S. as a regular diet. She has been called a typical and ideal American school girl.
152. **RICHARD JOHNSON**—Almost a society butterfly. Dick is accused of being girl-struck but it's false. It is the girls that are struck—he parts his hair in the middle!
153. **LOIS JOHNSON**—Lois was a charming little maid in the class play. She has gone quietly through school always getting her lessons well, and winning many sincere friends.
154. **ISADORE KATANIK**—Honor Roll. Izzy is a Chem. star, but is equally brilliant in other things. At least his Physics I class learned all about Trig. from him.
155. **RUTH KAUFFMAN**—Ruth made a special request that we say something nice about her so "here goes," although we don't think she needs it in the least. How do you like it, Ruth?
156. **NELLIE KEITH**—Another yellow haired damsel. Secretary of our Junior class, and, we might add in passing, very popular. Nuff said.
157. **MARGARET KELLENBACH**—Delights to relate thrilling experiences to her friends. When it comes to fathoming out deep literary puzzles, Margaret is right there on the spot. Therapon.
158. **MARIAN KERN**—Has not increased in size since her Freshman year, but no one excels her in Shortridge spirit.
159. **RUTH KESTNER**—The rotund "Mrs. Sherman" of the class play. Like her chum, Julia David, she is a civic reformer and a booster for Interscholastics.
160. **ROSINA KISTNER**—A girl who is just as conscientious in her studies as she is in having a good time. Therapon Club. A sister SPHYNX and a charming girl.



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161. **RUTH ANNE KNOTT**—Honor Roll, Class Historian, Annual staff. A pretty, vivacious, little maid with queenly qualities, yet full of fun and loved by everyone. Profoundly interested in Michigan U. and Purdue.
162. **DAVID KRAFT**—Craftily named. David, like his ancient namesake, tackles big jobs and uses big words. All we need is more like him.
163. **HELEN KUECHLER**—"Bill" played guard on the famous Black basketball team during her Junior year. She stayed out last semester, but came back to graduate.
164. **LEROY LAKIN**—He is one of the fellows who sticks to things. Remained an enthusiastic supporter of the track team even though he never made a first. Leroy is very proud of his new pledge pin.
165. **LA VERDA LAMB**—President of Girls' Debating Club. Senate. Here's one case where red hair and a hot temper don't go together.
166. **RUTH LAUER**—Ruth was an enthusiastic member of the Fiction Club. She can write a story on a minute's notice. She is a quiet girl who has been called Vivian Ross' twin.
167. **PARRVYN LAWSON**—A second "Bill Bailey" on the ukelele. Also a gallant and attentive counsel in the "Trial by Jury." Liked by everyone—especially by the ladies, though he does not agree to this. Mandolin Club. Chemistry Club.
168. **BONNARD LEAVITT**—Bonnard is a very quiet, philosophical sort of fellow. When he doesn't talk, he is writing poetry for the Echo. The Shortridge Spectator.
169. **MARY LEAVITT**—The Roycrofters had better watch her closely, for she is expert in Art Metal work.
170. **DOROTHY LEE**—"Dotty" is a girl with a winning smile for every one who has a smile for her. She has a full appreciation of the enjoyment of life.
171. **RICHARD LENTZ**—Dick was unexpectedly a star in Mr. Roache's Trig. class last semester,—unexpectedly to himself, that is. He has lots of school spirit, all right.
172. **ROBERT LIDDELL**—"Pat" had a somewhat checkered high school career, attending three schools in the course of his four years. However he came to Shortridge the last semester to graduate,—we're glad he came.
173. **HILDA LIEBER**—"Hil" is one of the famous Lieber twins,—the athletic one, that is. She plays the uke with the same ease with which she drives her electric. She's a good sport in everything she does.
174. **META LIEBER**—Answers accommodatingly to the name of twin, to those who can't tell which is which. She has an illimitable amount of life and eagerness,—which she occasionally gives vent to upon her innocent friends. Therapon, Monday Echo staff, Annual staff.
175. **HAZEL LOCKWOOD**—Hazel is famed for her dinner parties, which are always well attended. She will be as capable a teacher as she is a delightful hostess.
176. **PAUL LONG**—A gallant youth who tries his hand at nearly everything. Is a member of the Senior basketball team. Thinks he is a popular hero with the girls. Who knows?
177. **MILDRED LOUCKS**—Mildred stars particularly in things mathematical and scientific. Her work always used to satisfy Mr. Barcus,—and that's saying a good deal for the work in question.
178. **SUSIEBEL LOVELACE**—If you want to start something just persuade Susiebel to talk about Kentucky, or "Max." Susiebel has won many friends down at Shortridge.
179. **ELIZABETH LYBRAND**—Elizabeth, or Libbey,—never Lizzy—is a rather lively young person with dark hair. She never did like Miss Donnan's history conferences though.
180. **EUBA McCLURE**—Euba was darling as Kitty in "Inside the Lines,"—and oh, those roses she wore. She must be fond of Greek for she often refers quite familiarly to "Homer."



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181. **JOHN McCONNELL**—An artist of whom the Senior class should be proud. John made one of the best posters for the Senior prom. He is another one who has been considerate of the class color in selecting his hair.
182. **RUBY McCoy**—Her name speaks for her value. A very quiet little Miss who is deeply interested in commercial studies. Liked by all.
183. **CHALMERS McGAUGHEY**—Who said that if it's true that the handsomest men have the homeliest wives his wife would sure be a fright.
184. **EDITH McLAIN**—Train going west. All Edith's interests are centered in California and Japan. She is on the Honor Roll.
185. **ELIZABETH MARSH**—Is usually known as "Beb" except on stately and dignified occasions. Belongs to the noisy set of racket wielders. A renowned wonder in the science of Math.
186. **PAULINE MARSHALL**—An imposing personage who has "gone in" for grand "operie." (Her neighbors are very docile.) Pauline, we are very sure, knows a joke when she—sees it.
187. **VIRGINIA MAY**—Virginia is extremely interested in Physiography and has been an active member of that club for some time. She was also president of the Girls' Debating and Agora Clubs. Her recitations have added spice to the girls' parties on several different occasions.
188. **ADELAIDE MAYER**—Honor Roll, member of Monday's staff and president of the Senate. Peggy seems to be developing a wonderful liking for track meets; was especially interested in our team until April 13. Unlucky day.
189. **RAYMOND MEAD**—Our "old scientist" and class treasurer. A "live member" of the Chemistry Club, and according to some of the girls, the handsomest fellow in the class.
190. **KATHRYN MEAD**—Kathryn is Raymond's sister, but her size and inclinations are of very opposite natures. However, Kathryn managed to study Botany with some of the enthusiasm and appreciation of her brother.
191. **FRED MEYER**—A jolly good fellow and always out for a good time. Made the course in three years.
192. **ETHEL MILLER**—Ethel is something happy, something round, and something comfortable like an arm chair. She is a very charming companion.
193. **VIOLA MILLER**—When Viola gets up to recite the whole class is instantly attention for she knows just the right moment to make witty remarks. What she hasn't read in the magazines on most all subjects isn't worth reading.
194. **MARJORIE MILLER**—Marjorie seems demure and shy to most people but her friends know that she is a regular "cut up." A good student who knows that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."
195. **HELEN MILLS**—Helen has certainly proved her devotion to Shortridge by coming in dally from Bridgeport. To quote her, she "just loves English," and she has certainly been an excellent student in that subject.
196. **MILDRED MITCHELL**—Quite resembles a tornado when she begins to talk, but usually does little damage except when greatly excited.
197. **JEWELL MOLL**—Having just passed the age of fifteen, Jewell decided he was a little too old for high school, so he went down to DePauw last February. Our loss. Honor Roll.
198. **BERG MOORE**—Give us more Berg Moores. Berg is taking only sciences this semester, and is starring in them all. A fine but quiet chap.
199. **PAUL MOORE**—Won the high hurdles in the State Meet at Franklin last spring, but couldn't help us out this year. We are sorry Paul, for we wanted all the help we could get.
200. **MARGARET MORGAN**—We wonder if Margaret still retires at 7 p. m. We hear a rumor that she is very fond of Swiss cheese sandwiches. How about it, Peggy?



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201. **MADLINE MORRIS**—A quiet and modest girl who is fond of Botany and would like to make it a specialty.
202. **MARTHA MORRIS**—Martha was Senior vice-president and she certainly was splendid in that capacity. She is one of the most gracious and democratic girls at Shortridge, a friend of everyone. Martha is lots of fun, but she can be very business-like on occasions.
203. **THEODORE MORRIS**—Theodore has acquired a reputation of being able to produce some rather awkward and humorous expressions in translating Vergil. Nevertheless he has thoroughly good intentions, and moreover, possesses that valuable gift of stick-to-it-iveness.
204. **DOROTHY MORRISON**—Really too small to be a Senior, but her shortness is made up by her pleasing smile, her jolly remarks, practical ideals and "wanton wiles."
205. **JOHN MOSS**—John gave up Latin after he had taken Cicero I, but came back and finished Cicero in order to get his credits. Perhaps his fondness for a certain instructor in that branch had something to do with his return.
206. **FERDINAND A. MUELLER, Jr.**—One of the most accommodating and generous persons in the Senior class. Our patient pin agent. Annual staff, Senate, Business Manager of Senior Play.
207. **PEARL MURPHY**—A quiet, thoughtful girl inclined to philanthropy. Always first to respond to a call for service to others. An earnest student.
208. **MARY NEAL**—Mary has a peculiarly deep-rooted interest in Brown county,—we don't know why. She is a splendid type of Shortridger,—very democratic, and enthusiastic and alive in everything she undertakes.
209. **BEATRICE NEALE**—A jolly good-natured person who has managed to spend a happy, successful four years at Shortridge.
210. **NEAL NEWLIN**—Debating Club. Senate. Neal has followed zealously in the tracks of his brother. He hopes some day to enter the bar. Chairman of "Hot Water" committee.
211. **WALTER NUSBAUM**—Walter's favorite occupations are arguing on socialism in Mr. Weyant's Physics II class and annoying the girls in said class.
212. **ZELLA O'BRIEN**—Liked Shorthand and Typewriting IV so well that she took the course a second time, just for the fun of it, when she didn't have to do so.
213. **IRMA OLSEN**—"Irm" just can't keep her feet still when there's music and declares she will put Castle steps in the shade. A regular little wizard at fixing other people's mis-fixings in Art Metal. Pottery star.
214. **JOSEPH O'NEAL**—So few were the times that Joseph made imperfect recitations in history, that when that did happen, Miss Donnan and her class would almost faint dead away. Senate.
215. **EUGENE OSBORN**—A "live wire" and a pretty good sized one at that. Enjoyed the distinction of being one of our largest members.
216. **MARGARET OTT**—Assistant Art editor. A rare student. Represented Shortridge art well by gaining honorable mention in the nation-wide poster contest for Electrical Week. Quiet and studious.
217. **IRVINE PAGE**—Mr. Wade's right bower in the chemistry lab. and makes a very efficient living dictionary in Vergil. Irvine left school to do chemical work at the water company.
218. **LILLIAN PAINTER**—Lillian is a splendid student, and a girl of very pleasing personality, who has lots of friends.
219. **DOROTHY PAYNE**—An interesting girl who always has something nice to say about everyone. Is one of Mr. Forsyth's History VIII stars. Likes Commercial Law very much.
220. **VIVIAN PERNOT**—1917 girls' tennis champion. When it comes to putting the ball over the net just outside her opponent's reach Vivian is right there with the goods. Any one who says that a girl plays a slow game will sing a different tune after watching Vivian play a set.



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221. **MABEL PHILLIPS**—A star in Physics. Has a deep interest in commercial work,—perhaps because of a certain teacher—we won't say who.
222. **MARGARET PIERSON**—Secretary of Therapon. Thursday's Echo staff. Honor Roll. A splendid girl with high ideals. A real student with the prettiest curly hair we know about. Profession, a collector.
223. **GARNER POINDEXTER**—Garner was very anxious about getting the extra "G" in his name in the right place on the Senior list. What does it stand for, anyway? Good? Great? Grand? That's Garner
224. **PEARL POLLARD**—Pearl was a fine assistant in Room 60, Mrs. Thompson's room of girls. We suggest the Rental or the Reference Library as a good place for Pearl to apply for a position next year. She would surely succeed if she did try it.
225. **RAYMOND PORTER**—"Pinkle" won out in Senior Play Finals in spite of his father's prejudice. One of our basketball stars. Ray is quite a lady-fusser.
226. **LILLIAN POTTER**—With such a beautiful home we wonder how Lillian ever comes to school. She didn't come this last semester. Another young lady who is fond of making jewelry.
227. **HARRIETT POWELL**—Yes, Harry took Trig,—she throve on it, too. In fact, some people think she has become a little "Rust-y" without it lately. Is it possible, Harriett? We don't believe it.
228. **ALMA PRICE**—Alma is a "wee" little Senior and it is quite necessary for her to make "unnecessary" noises to keep her fellow Shortridgers from stepping on her. Alma is baffled now since she is the center of attraction in the laboratory where she can't get a slight explosion by compounding some chemical solutions while conducting experiments.
229. **BERNARD PRITCHETT**—Bernard has spent the last semester at I. U. where he is studying medicine. He was a promising member of the Boys' Glee Club and is a violinist. A boy with lots of life in him.
230. **RUTH RALSTON**—Ruth is a girl in whom good sense and judicious wisdom are mixed with a fair amount of frivolity and fun. She lives up to her own ideals, which are high.
231. **LOUISE RAPP**—She has not been with us long, but she has proved her admirable adaptability by gaining some fine friends in the class
232. **RUTH RATCLIFFE**—Has at least one classical ancestor. Must have been a brilliant essayist for she was able to pull off a plus in English VI.
233. **MAX RECKER**—Commonly known as "Bud." Made a wonderful leading man in Senior play. Thinks that he is in possession of the Missing Link. Bud certainly is the best yell-leader Shortridge has had in years.
234. **ELSA REUTLINGER**—Elsa is a kind-hearted, good natured girl who has won many friends while at Shortridge. She managed to get along here without over-studying much.
235. **GRAYCE REYNOLDS**—A quiet girl who doesn't say much in any of her classes, but what she does say is to the point. Outside of school she is an interesting and lively companion.
236. **HELEN RICHTER**—Helen is just a wee bit bashful at first, but when her acquaintance is once made, she is one of the best friends a person could have.
237. **DOROTHY RITTER**—Honor Roll. Therapon Club. Wednesday's Echo staff. Annual staff. Dotty is a real student. She is fond of rooms 5 and 7. Quite easily teased. An all around star.
238. **CALVIN ROBERTS**—Calvin is a fine all around athlete; he has several S's to his credit and was a baseball captain. He is a splendid fellow with the ability to do a number of things well.
239. **HENRY RONEY**—With his black hair and quiet ways, Henry has spent his four years of high school in calmly and quietly absorbing knowledge.
240. **ALFRED ROSIER**—Alfred is the boy who knows more about Physics than he can explain in class. He has an accent that is very distinguished and foreign-sounding.



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241. **SUSAN RUMMEL**—Member of Therapon. Fiction Club. Math. Club. A true Short-ridger. Susan is known by all as generous with her great abundance of knowledge.
242. **ROLAND RUST**—Commonly known as "Rusty." He seems to be quite a good friend of a brunette in Session Room 11. A visitor to DePauw.
243. **LULA RUTLEDGE**—She made the startling announcement that during the spring vacation she slept until seven o'clock every morning. Her greatest fear is that her pet freckles will show up if she has her picture taken.
244. **THOMAS SAMPSON**—An excellent basketball player of the Senior class. Also an enthusiastic follower of the diamond sport.
245. **VERA SANGERNEBO**—Honor Roll. Therapon. Vera plays the violin and is always good natured. A great Zoology enthusiast and interested in the language of the Greeks. Also writes poetry. One of our "Red Heads."
246. **MARIAN SAYLER**—Marian is one of the most ambitious Seniors. She's high on Honor Roll.
247. **OLIVIA SCHAD**—Another exponent of Broad Ripple. A promoter of all good causes both in and out of Shortridge. Therapon Club. One of Shortridge's prettiest girls. President of the High School Girls' Club.
248. **CHARLOTTE SCHAEFER**—A faithful Senator who was always on the job. One of our fiery forceful feminine debaters. Although attractive she shies a little at the sterner sex.
249. **LAYMAN SCHELL**—Demands action. Quite taken up with the ladies. Yes, Butler is quite an "attractive" school in his opinion. Layman is a "peach."
250. **ADRIENNE SCHMEDEL**—Therapon. A sweet, jolly girl with plenty of friends. Also a mild athletic enthusiast.
251. **PHYLLIS SCHNEIDER**—Phyllis thinks that she had better change the spelling of her last name just to show that she's a true American. A dental college enthusiast.
252. **EDNA SCHOENBERGER**—Edna is known all over Shortridge by her hearty laugh and every ready wit. We wonder why she is so loyal to the Old Gold and Black. What's at Purdue, Edna?
253. **MARIE SCHORES**—We wonder if she is as good a beet eater as she is a beater of silver in Art Metal.
254. **GERTRUDE SCHULER**—Therapon. One of Miss McCoy's chief supporters. An interesting pretty girl, who laughs and talks a great deal.
255. **NORMAN SCHULMEYER**—When Norman grows up he'll forget some of his youthful ways. He just couldn't get his lessons and attend Sunday school, so his lessons slipped a bit.
256. **CARL SELL**—Carl is one of our "stars" who stars both in studies and making friends.
257. **HAROLD SELVAGE**—A finished lady-fusser. Who finished him? Ask Euba. Harold is strictly for the conservation of energy and still a good "scout."
258. **EDMOND SEVERNS**—Junior treasurer, the other Business Manager of the Annual, and a member of the Senior basketball team. Ed's smile is contagious, and his Bookkeeping III class could not work when Ed wasn't there.
259. **MATILDA SHELBY**—Matilda was an enthusiastic Physicist, and she drives her Premier and electric as if she understands how they work, and everything about them.
260. **LEONA SHETZLEY**—Leona is small in stature, but her happy-go-lucky butterfly ways won for her a host of friends and admirers.



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261. **PHOEBE SHIERK**—Phoebe is from Irvington, too. If you ever have any extra "Clips" in your pocket, give them to her,—she's fond of them for some reason, and we feel sure she will accept all donations gladly, as she only has one at present.
262. **JANE SICKLES**—Jane and Cicero II didn't get along at all well together,—but it seems that they both survived. Everybody knows Jane, and "to know her is to love her."
263. **GLADYS SILVER**—Gladys' last name is not appropriate, for she is not in the least mercenary. She loves to give her friends a good time, and is so sincere in everything that she is always admired.
264. **LILLIAN SIEGRIST**—Lillian was a member of Mr. Otto's famous suffrage English VIII class. She didn't say much, but what she did say was worth listening to. It always is, for that matter.
265. **ESTHER SKINNER**—Therapon. Honor Roll. Esther is an incurable tease, but in spite of it she has a host of friends. An inseparable of Ruth Lauer's. One of the prettiest girls we know.
266. **IAN SMALL**—Those who have been in Ian's classes can best appreciate his sense or humor, but we all can appreciate the musical quality of his voice. A good natured fellow.
267. **ISABEL SMALL**—Is not quite so diminutive as her name suggests. Author of some very interesting short stories. She is an excellent and industrious student and is well known for her sunny disposition.
268. **IVAN SMITH**—A boy with a splendid general knowledge. He can talk well on almost any subject. We expect Ivan to make a name for himself sometime.
269. **LAWRENCE SMITH**—Lawrence did not love school but he was greatly attracted by the fair sex. He left in February for the more pleasing atmosphere of real work.
270. **MARY SMITH**—Mary proved to be a great "heroess" in the art metal and pottery department.
271. **MILDRED SMITH**—"Schmitty" is a jolly girl who considers life rather vacant without the movies and her pet piano. The horror still exists between her and all the stools in Art Metal.
272. **VANCE SMITH**—Publicity manager for the Senior play. Thursday staff. He works his head off but you can't shake his smile.
273. **MARY SMOOT**—Senate. Girls' Debating Club. Monday's Echo. Besides being an excellent student, Mary has won distinction as a debater and by her musical ability.
274. **JANET SNIDER**—Janet is one of the energetic Seniors who made Shortridge in three years. She would have liked to stay longer, but she is in an awful hurry to get to Wisconsin University.
275. **ELISABETH SNODGRASS**—Head of Honor Roll. Therapon vice-president. Ectty is a radical, but can be made to listen to reason. An ardent suffragist and a supporter of I. U.
276. **JOSEPHINE SNODGRASS**—Noted for her voice, or rather loss of voice, whenever she catches a cold.
277. **RUTH SPRINGGATE**—Ruth was out of school the last half of her Senior year, studying music. She is a girl with a great deal of musical talent, and she intends to continue specializing in that line after her graduation.
278. **GUY STEINHAUER**—President of the Chem. Club, Echo, Fiction Club. Here's the fellow that put the Chemistry Club on the map and pulled it through its dark hours. An all-round fellow.
279. **CLARE STEVENS**—Alias "Tubby." One of the best basket-ball players in the state. Tubby also shines in baseball.
280. **ELIZABETH STEVENSON**—When you want some excitement at a picnic just ask Elizabeth to go along. Always seen with Sarah Hunter and Esther Comstock.



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281. **ALLEGRA STEWART**—Rightfully president of the "Heavy Weight Club." Member of the Fiction Club. Therapon and Annual staff. A jolly good substitute teacher. In fact she is a literary light.
282. **MARIAN STEWART**—Marian has real talent in artistic lines, and will do big things some day. She is a splendid, interesting girl whose earnest manner is a source of joy to her friends.
283. **WALTER STINER**—The Mandolin Club's piano beater, and his mother's carpet beater. Walter is the monkey of Miss McClellan's Geology class—but he knows a good deal, although no one would think so from his actions.
284. **WESTON STODDARD**—Wes is a fine fellow. He is a good athlete, splendid cornetist, and all kinds of fun. He went to New York in February, but is coming back to graduate. Came to us from Detroit.
285. **MARIAN STONER**—Mary Anne has black hair and blue eyes—another nice combination, the effect of which is not lost on any one. Keeps the diary for the Senior class.
286. **HARNEY STOVER**—Harney came to us from Irvington and he surely has made good. In the three years he spent at Shortridge he rendered himself almost indispensable to the track team. He was one of our best high jumpers.
287. **HESTER STRICKLAND**—Hester is a jolly entertaining little girl who says she likes school all but reciting and having to study.
288. **ESTELLA STRAIN**—A person who is rather hard to get acquainted with, but when you have once captured her friendship she is as true as the sky of blue. Deeply interested in Hamilton, Ohio.
289. **GRADY STUBBS**—The fellow who lost his ticket to last year's state track meet. Grady is a Scotchman.—Yep, he's Stub-born, (His own joke). Debating League.
290. **MARY STUBBS**—Mary took Physics III, Chemistry, Solid Geometry,—in fact, she took everything difficult. She starred in everything she took, too. She is an amusing little girl whom people like to talk to, and be with.
291. **HELEN SUMMERS**—Just loves to take our dignified Mr. Mueller out in her Ford, because if it won't go he can pull it in.
292. **EARL SWAIN**—The weight of the dignity of being president of the Wireless Club may have something to do with his height. U. S. Wireless operator now.
293. **PAUL SUTTON**—Our ultra-phenomenal swimmer; swims four strokes without stopping. What Paul doesn't know about Physics isn't worth knowing.
294. **HAROLD TAYLOR**—Debating. A member of the victorious team. Fiction Club. Honor Roll. Harold's pink cheeks are due largely to a steady diet of Hines' 57 variettes.
295. **IVA TAYLOR**—Iva, Zella O'Brien and Dorothy Morrison seemed to be the three Graces, at least where there was one, there were the other two. Seems to be interested in Commercial work.
296. **ROSS TAYLOR**—When asked what he wanted in the Annual about himself he modestly said "Nothing." That's what he says most of the time anyway, but he thinks much. "Such men are dangerous."
297. **FRANCES TERRELL**—A plump, pretty girl with dimples and a soft, gentle voice. Again, what more do you desire?
298. **CRYSTAL THOMAS**—Told a friend that when she became a teacher she wasn't going to let the men teachers flirt with her as Miss Sullivan does.
299. **FRANCES THOMAS**—A girl who will some day be in the limelight if she continues along her athletic lines in the future as well as she has done in the past.
300. **PAUL THOMAS**—A student and humorist. A booster of athletics and a good all-round fellow.



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301. **ESTHER THORNTON**—Therapon. Honor Roll. A mighty sweet girl and one who will make herself loved wherever she goes.
302. **KATHRYN TURNEY**—"Kate" was amazed at the number of reasons that were breezed about that she should not have been leading lady and proceeded to show that they were negative reasons. There's no doubt about it that for the part of an "American" girl, no one could be better.
303. **JOHN TURPIN**—John has taken about all the science there is to take at Shortridge, and he starred in all of it. He represents one of the finest types of the Shortridge boy.
304. **ETHEL TYLER**—Ethel never shirks anything difficult. She was a star in her Physics class and is an active member in the Senate.
305. **LORETA VAN METER**—All kinds of a dancer, but specializes in the "toe" variety. Spends a great part of her time asking Mr. Otto questions.
306. **ROSAIOMOND VAN NESS**—Was overheard to say that she "wished she was a movie actress, so Charlie Chaplin would kiss her."
307. **SUSAN VICKREY**—Susan came to Shortridge rather late in her high school course, and we hate to lose her when she's been with us so short a time. Everyone who knows her values her friendship greatly.
308. **PELAGIO VILLARIN**—We can't pronounce his name,—but there's nothing he can't do. He came here from Honolulu, and is a splendid scholar. Took charge of Spanish classes several times in Miss Lynch's absence.
309. **ELVIN VLIET**—The charming(?) Mr. Egan of the Athletic play. Well we think "El" would make a good prize-fighter anyway, as he is a splendid athlete.
310. **CARRIE VOELLER**—A German star—almost a sun. Delights to carry on German conversations with her teachers so fast that one else can understand them. She sometimes exceeds the speed limit.
311. **HELEN VOSHELL**—Says her chief enjoyment is dates. Sugared we suppose.
312. **MILDRED WAGNER**—Mildred is familiar to us all on account of her good recitations and careful pronounciation.
313. **JOHN WAMSLEY**—John made a fine Indian in the Senior play,—he certainly looked the part. He is fond of Trig. His favorite flowers are Sweet "Williams," and his favorite candy "Benedicts."
314. **ELIZABETH WANGELIN**—"Worst First" is our motto, that is why she is so near the end of the list. "Buff" (not "Red") was the primary president of the "Red Head Club." Famous editor of the Friday Echo. Annual staff.
315. **RUTH WARD**—It's rumored that Ruth is especially fond of soldiers who belong to the cavalry. How about it, Ruth?
316. **SETH S. WARD**—Major Bishop in Senior play. Track team. Camera Club. He always tried to stand in good with Ike so that his name would appear often on the third page of Tuesday's Echo. A member of the B. V. D's.
317. **CONSTANCE WARREN**—Connie was a gym and basketball star during her first two years at Shortridge, but her Senior year she was too busy studying,—yes, she was only with us three years.
318. **NATHAN T. WASHBURN**—A boy full of Shortridge spirit. Everybody knows Nathan. Furthermore, he is liked by all, because of his ever cheerful disposition. Camera Club. Debating League. Member of B. V. D.
319. **WILBUR WEIR**—Bird certainly is some basketball star. He has been prominent as an all around athlete for some time, and is a splendid fellow with lots of school spirit and "team work."
320. **ETHELWYN WEAVER**—Christmas Echo contest winner for the cover design. She has done splendid work in the art department and is on the road to success.



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321. **VIRGINIA WESLER**—Virginia is a beautiful, striking looking girl who has often been told by her friends that she would be a successful motion picture actress. We're sure she would, but she doesn't seem inclined to adopt the screen as a profession just yet.
322. **LEON WHEELER**—A good student and an athlete. "Toy" is an excellent forward and has enough S's to furnish a basketball team of his own with them. His outside interest centers around Springfield, O., and Butler College.
323. **MARJORIE WHITE**—Marjorie is one of those girls who is blessed with a perpetual smile. Marjorie is very popular with both sexes. A quiet girl who has a host of friends.
324. **VIVIAN WHITE**—One of those rare individuals seldom seen in Shortridge. She is a history star.
325. **HAROLD WILDING**—Harold always has something to laugh about, if nothing more than his own jokes. Plays the violin and plays mighty well, too.
326. **FRANCES WIGAL**—Says "I don't like to talk about myself, but I just know I'm the sweetest thing."
327. **KATHRYN WILLIAMS**—Kathryn came from Shelbyville High School to graduate from Shortridge. Better late than never. Kathryn has an easy way of winning friends and has made an immense number in the few months she has been here.
328. **PAUL WILLIAMS**—We are expecting to see Paul a prominent member of the bar, sometime. He is going into a law office immediately, having finished taking office training.
329. **RUTH WILLIAMS**—Even with her Tennessee accent and southern ways Ruth seemed quite at home in Shortridge. And why shouldn't she?
330. **WINTHROP WILLIAMS**—Winthrop is not very large, but when it comes to Physics he knows all that's in the book to know. He is a delight to his instructors.
331. **GRACE WILLIS**—"Billie" not only twinkled in Science but had time for the bright side of life as well, being especially fond of dancing and a good dancer as her many friends can testify.
332. **DEWEY WILSON**—When it comes to basketball Dewey is right there as he shows all the fighting qualities of his famous namesake. Won low hurdles at state meet last year. "S" in track.
333. **GEORGE WILSON**—George, the gentleman from Springfield, O., spent two years in S. H. S. He stands 5 feet high and the grades on his report card always stood nearly as "tall." The seriousness of George's attitude might be accounted for since it is possible that he may be contemplating entering upon the theological field.
334. **LORENE WINN**—Lorene is the tiniest girl in the Senior class, but she could have no more influence if she were a giant in stature.
335. **WALTER WOLF**—One of our most aggressive members in the forensic line. A prominent member of the Senate. Has not been "caught" by the girls as yet.
336. **ASHTON WOOD**—Goes out for basketball and baseball and does well in both.
337. **HAROLD WOOD**—No one, for a moment, will doubt Harold's creative ability, since he can make, out of the merest bit of news, a whole column of Echo copy. Thursday staff. Annual staff.
338. **ELLEN WOODY**—Was overheard to say, "Oh, Sarah, are my lips on straight? I'm afraid Mr. Kuebler will notice it if they aren't"
339. **MABEL WRIGHT**—Mabel was an able commercial student, and a delight to Miss Sullivan's heart. A thoughtful, earnest girl who does everything well.
340. **CHARLES WYLIE**—According to reliable authority Charles scratches his head at arm's length. Yes, he is Dave's brother but "Who'd a thunk it?"
341. **IRENE HART**—No social affair is complete without Irene and her wonderful-terpsichorean ability. Irene is on her way to success in a musical career. We didn't know she was going to graduate until the Annual had almost gone to press, so that's why she's 'way down here.



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AFTERWORD

The curtain's ringing down,
The lights are burning low,
The lookers-on arise
And turn away to go.
Shortridge life has been portrayed,
Many a well known scene been played,
In our Annual.

The light's faint gleam has died,
The stage they leave behind,
But memories are not lost,
As they are soon to find—
For ever will they stay,
The actors and the play,
In our Annual.

However far we go,
However long the way,
However strange the road
O'er which our feet may stray—
Still our school we can't forget,
For it will be living yet,
In our Annual.

And now that our task is done, it remains for us to thank one and all the "silent partners" in our business, without whom the Annual would be an impossibility. Every Shortridger knows, or ought to know, of Miss Selleck's unparalleled devotion to the Annual year after year. Under her guiding hand the art work in the senior book has come to be recognized among the annuals of the nation. It is only very poorly indeed that we can express our indebtedness to the art censor for her untiring efforts to make the printed Annual what it is.

To the literary censor, Miss Zella O'Hair, must be credited the finishing touches on the literary side. She has given a host of ideas and helpful suggestions. But above all her wise supervision, stands the spirit with which she has imbued the work on the Annual. She has been an ever present source of inspiration.

The factor usually taken for granted in putting out a book is the mechanical side. Mr. McKee has more sympathy for a worried editor than we thought a printer could have. He has stayed right with the book, and is as anxious as we are that it fulfill expectations.

And fourth, the editor wishes to thank his staff for their loyal support through thick and thin, and all others who have contributed copy. The Art staff have done nobly, as is evidenced by their delightful work all through the Annual. The business managers, Richard Calkins and Edmond Severns, have seen to it that the Annual did not go bankrupt.

It might well be noted here that Byron K. Elliott is the author of "Talent in Our Senior Play," and that Truman Felt wrote "In the Cool of My Tomb." In the track article, we mentioned the state sectional meet as the "state" meet, as it was held in Indianapolis, but of course it is understood that the final state meet was held at Lafayette.

Autographs



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