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Articles, 

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S. Geake: "He arose from the depth deep."

Porter: "He was possessed of a strange unrelentlessness."

Hand: "By no means did he spake these things not knowing."

J. Parker (translating): "The old man raised himself to the stars."

Mr. Lane: "Excused, Miss Eva."

Miss Eva: "The old man raised himself on his ears."

A. Burdette: "He fanned a flame into the blaze"

E. McCullough: "Rome destroyed Carthage about 1200 B. C."

Alderman: "Seventy words are too many."

Van Kahliden: "Oh, no, Miss Tennant can say seventy words in half a minute."

Burdett: Mable is talking about Willie. Will he never understand?"

Ella Mc: "No, he never 'will.'"

Crowe: "Did you never study the relative humility of the air?"

Smith: "I immediately arose quickly with great alacrity."

Clara Porter, Louise Bond, Mae Fitch, Addie Diether (in unison): "O dear, we do think there might be a big college here at Fort Wayne."

G. B. Woodworth & Co.,
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S. Geake: "He was the husband of his wife."

Van Kahlden: "Hilda is a German name, meaning originally to fight. (Is that true Smaltz?)"

Brown: "Why, urbs is the name of a town."

Kellar: "They wouldn't put a proposition in the book if it couldn't be proved. As this one is in the book it can, therefore, be proved. There is no need of my proving it, hence I will take it for granted."

Higgins: "We are not spiritualisms."

Olds: "The result is five halves of a foot."

Van Kahlden: "You girls are so exaggerating (exasperating.)"

Parry: "Spargo, Spargere, Spargari."

Lane: "Asparagus, excused."

Yarnelle: "When you want to know what kind of weather we are going to have, why just look at the thermometer."

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Van Kahlden: "Decline your name Miss Smith."
Smith: "Fraulein Smith. Oh, I can't."

Van Kahlden: "Oh, excuse me, I can't see how any one could decline you, Miss Smith."

Yarnelle: "A siphon carries water over an elevation without the use of a pump and disturbing the water."

Brown: "Aneas didn't have his armor, so he was afraid of his wife."

Lane: "When you have used the 24 letters of the alphabet use figures."

Parker: "He raised himself to the stars."

Miss Diether (on a moonlight night after a long silence): "Let us sing 'Absence makes the heart grow tender.'"

Lane: "Have you nec in your book?"

Tennant: "Yes, I have two necks (necs.)"

Miss Hamilton: "That's one of those verbs which double when they come to the perfect."

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Miss Sperry: "Mr. Zent and Mr. Sunderland, I am tired of your spooning."

Maude Whiteleather: "We have three empty hours."

Miss Kolb: "What is the chief city of Athens?"

McMillen: "If he was a man he was struck down by Apollo, but if he happened to be a woman then he was struck down by Diana."

Miss Kolb: "Turn out that fire as low as you can."

McMillen: "Who was the mother of Achilles?"
Miss Kantz: "Agememnon."

Miss Kolb (Nov. 6): "If the election goes right I will give you a shorter lesson for Wed."

Mr. Zent: "A stream ran between two hills and one hill was on each side of the stream,"

L. O. HULL, WALL PAPER,

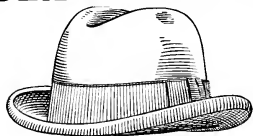
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WAYNE STREETS.

S. Geake: "The goddess was holding her fixed eyes to the ground."

J. Parker: "The throne of Tyre had a father."

Prof Lane (sort of confidentially): "You know that heu (pronounced Hugh) means 'alas.' That's a sign of troubles and tribulations. Taken in connection with the old meaning of Hilda (to fight) it is quite significant."

Van Kahlden: "'Der Geweh' now means a gun, especially a shotgun," (confusion of Miss Burdette.)

Coppock: "Wilhelm Tell was this man's savior."

Bieno: "So near to him?"

Tom: "Well, Tell was his son-in-law."

Alderman: "He was a misfortunate man."

Coppock: "It hadn't ought to be beared."

Hopkins (translating horridus myrtus): "Near-by stood a horrid myrtle tree."

Lane: "Why 'horrid myrtle?' " (Confusion of Paul.)

Poor Alice,

In a pickle;

'Tis a pity

She's so fickle;

She's had fellows

Near a score;

The boys all know her -

She has no more.

Van Kahlden: "What is a moral quantity?"

H. Coudrey: "Something that is inside you."

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Spice Store,*

No. 1 Arcade, Berry Street.

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Manager.

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Laura Fee: "Don't you think Page has a case on Bondie?"

Hamilton (overhearing): "Say, what Bondie is that?"

Smaltz (at staff meeting): "What shall we put down to describe Hazel Pearse?"

Hamilton: "Godlike."

Mac: "No, I don't want you, Miss Pearse."

Hazel: "What! you don't want me?"

A notice on Van Kahlden's board: "Every corpus come ad the pes ball game. Gum Wabash. Admission 25 sesterces."

M. Miller: "The line would then be a jenny-play-tricks," (genatrix)

Mr. Van Kahlden: "Why do we have this scene where Stauffacher talks with his wife?"

Hamilton: "He didn't have any one else to talk to."

Kellar (6:30 p. m.): "Me kind friend, 'tis six weeks since I last beheld the setting sun."

Nutting (translating): "The Suessonies lived on broad and fertile boundary line."

Willard Thomas (Geography class): "I also observe some sunshine around the sun."



**FORT WAYNE
HIGH SCHOOL
ENLAVTON '01**



ENIAUTON
MCM I

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF THE
Fort Wayne High School,

NINETEEN HUNDRED ONE.

W. D. PAGE, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

178077

DEDICATION.

To all whom it may concern:

*Let it be known that the '01
Eniauton is dedicated to our dear
fathers and mothers, who have
cheerfully paid all our bills and
groaned over our reports.*



- Frontispiece.
 Dedication.
 Preface.
 Staff.
 Staff Roll.
 Roll of School Board.
 School Board.
 Faculty Roll.
 Classes.
 '01 Poem.
 '01.
 '01 Organization.
 Members of Senior Class.
 '01 History.
 '02 Poem.
 '02.
 '02 Organization.
 '02 History.
 '03 Poem.
 '03.
 '03 History.
 '04 Poem.
 '04 Organization.
 '04 History.
 Manual Training.
 Picture High School.
 The Two Kinds.
 Athletics, Picture.
 A. A. A. Organization.
 Seventh Annual Meet of the High School.
 Events of '00 Field Day.
 Track Team Picture.
 Records of Fort Wayne High School A.
 A. A.
 Base Ball Team of '01.
 Foot Ball Picture.
 Foot Ball Team '00.
 Foot Ball Team Picture.
 Foot Ball Season of '00.
 An Athletic Review.
 The Club Links.
 A Daring Deed.
 Society.
 Delta Sigma Nu.
 Kappa Alpha Phi.
 Phi Alpha Psi.
 Gamma Delta Tau.
 Delta Sigma Nu Sisters.
 T. D. F. Cooking Club.
 Lilliputian Club.
 Pedro Club.
 B. E. S. Club.
 Six G' Cooking Club.
 The Fort Wayne High School Musicales.
 The Harmonic (?) Club.
 C. C. C.
 Lane's Prescription List.
 Devotees of Goo-Goo Eyes.
 Grind.
 Some Communications.
 A Dream of the Future.
 Local Items.
 A Poetical Diagnosis of the Two-Step.
 Constitution of the Fort Wayne High
 School.
 Some Testimonials.
 The Last Crime of the 19th Century.
 '02½ Poem.
 '02½ History.
 Statistics.
 Calendar.
 Great Events of the Year.
 An Episode in Bagdad.
 All for a Lady.
 Finis.

PREFACE.

Our Dear Readers :



AFTER many sleepless nights and many failures in recitations, we are at last able to present this volume of the Eniauton for your approbation. And that it would meet your approval has been our sustaining hope throughout all our work. We have tried to keep it free from all caustic remarks, for we have no desire to hurt anybody's feelings. If any such remarks have crept in, our only defense is, that it was unintentional on our part.

Should you examine the preceding Annuals, you would perhaps notice that they seem to be the production rather of a single class than of the whole school. The cause of this was that the name, size and color of the editions changed annually, to suit the tastes of the classes.

Last year's staff suggested that the name should remain the same each year, which, we think, would remedy the fault somewhat. Our suggestion to future classes is, that the size and color of the book remain unchanged, as well as the name. That this suggestion may be the more easily followed, we have published a book which we hope will be deemed worthy of imitation by coming Senior Classes.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Miss Bertha Jackson and Messrs. Paul Hopkins, Chas. B. Falls, Marian Miller and Fred Burger, who have aided us very efficiently in illustrating our Annual.



Staff Roll.

Editor-in-Chief,	-	-	-	-	WALTER HAMILTON.
Assistant,	-	-	-	-	CLARA PORTER.
Assistant,	-	-	-	-	ADAH BURDETT.
Society Editress,	-	-	-	-	ADAH HIGGINS.
Assistant,	-	-	-	-	ALMANA BEEBE.
Literary Editress,	-	-	-	-	HAZEL PEARSE.
Assistant Literary Editress,	-	-	-	-	LURA FEE.
Grind Editor,	-	-	-	-	PAUL HOPKINS.
Calendar Editor,	-	-	-	-	HOWARD PIERCE.
Athletic Editor,	-	-	-	-	HUGH SMALTZ.
Business Manager,	-	-	-	-	GUY SMITH.
Assistant,	-	-	-	-	CHAS. ALDERMAN.



Faculty

C. Y. Lane ~~C. Y. Lane~~ Principal

Latin and Mathematics

Mary L. Jay Assistant Principal

Latin and Literature

~~W. Brown~~ Physics and Chemistry

Wm G McMillan
Literature and Composition

Botany E. A. Schuttz

J. A. Price

Physical Geography and Algebra

Katharine H. Blinn.
Algebra and Higher Mathematics

Mary C. Kolb.
History

E. Louise Hamilton
English ~~and~~ and Composition

Leanne M. Sperry
Latin

B. C. von Kahlder.
Greek Latin and German

J. Alice E. Hull

Drawing
William Miles
Vocal Music



Superintendent of Schools,

JUSTIN N. STUDY.

Board of School Trustees,

ALLEN HAMILTON, President.

GEO. F. FELTS, Secretary.

WRIGHT W. ROCKHILL, Treasurer.

CLARA M. GREER, Clerk.

EDWARD A. ROSS LEWIN, Sup't of Building.

CONRAD LEIDOLF, Sup't of High School Building.

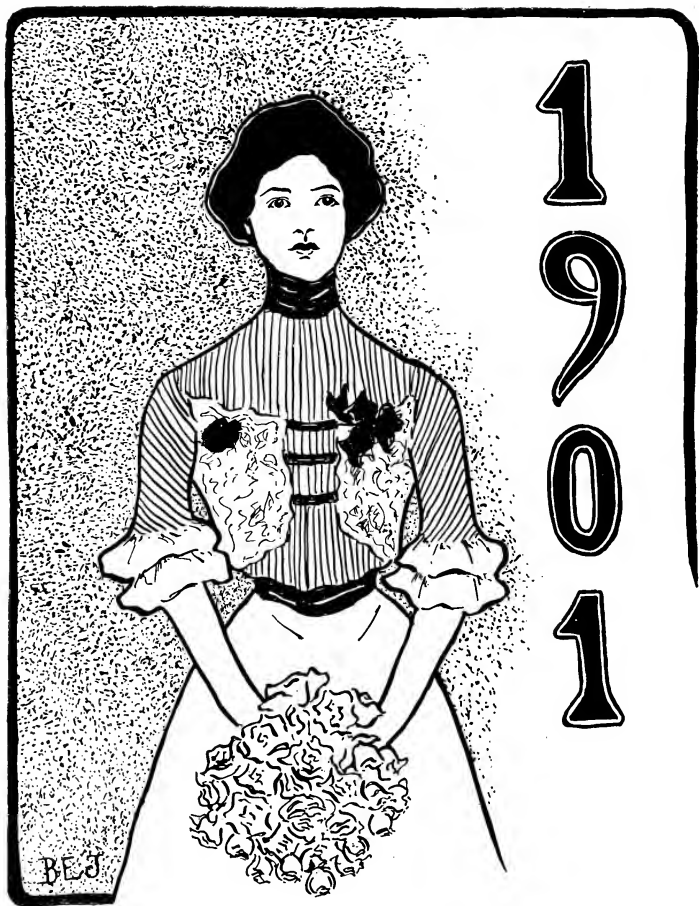


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Poem '01.

On history's many covered pages,
Will be read in after ages,
The story of the centuries told
Deeds of valor there unrolled.
England's sons on bloody fields,
Boers' grim courage made to yield.
America's mighty navy fleet,
Spain's disaster and defeat.
The flag of freedom on new soil,
Despots and tyrants to despoil.
Scientific discoveries great and grand,
A beacon for mankind will stand.
Art and literature to the store
Have in the century added more.
Members of the class Naught One
Have a lasting fame thus won.
They have stood where centuries meet,
Bid the old depart, the new one greet.
And members each will bear a part
In sowing seeds of some useful art.
Now, classmates, adieu,
Whether your years be many or few,
May the memories of the class '01,
Be the dearest cherished by each one.



1901

BEJ

Class of '01.

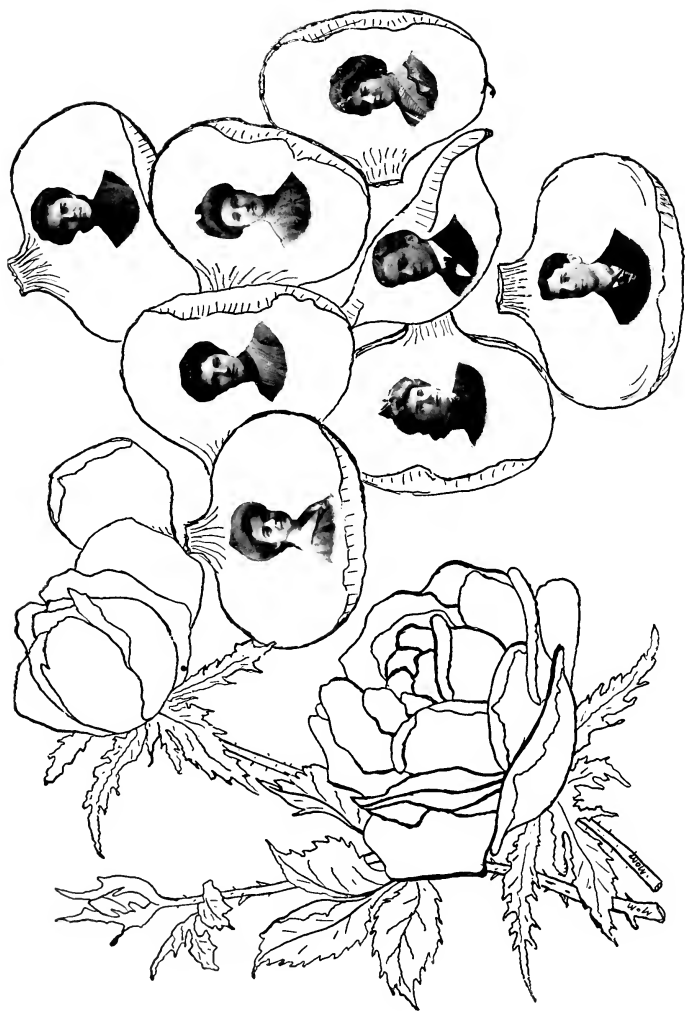
MOTTO: Veni, Vidi, Vici.

FLOWERS: American Beauty. COLORS: Red and Blue.

YELL—Rip Rah! Zip Rah! Rip Rah Ru!
Rickety Rack! Zickety Zack! Red and Blue!
Rip Rah! Zip Rah! Rip Rah Run!
Fort Wayne High School Nineteen One.

OFFICERS:

Hugh Smaltz, President. Fred Burger, Treasurer.
Paul Hopkins, Secretary.
Walter Hamilton, Historian. Louise Bond, Poetess.





MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS

MARY S. STOCKBRIDGE, Latin.

MABEL KATHERINE TENNANT, Latin, German.

ELMINA JESSICA BALDWIN, Latin, German.

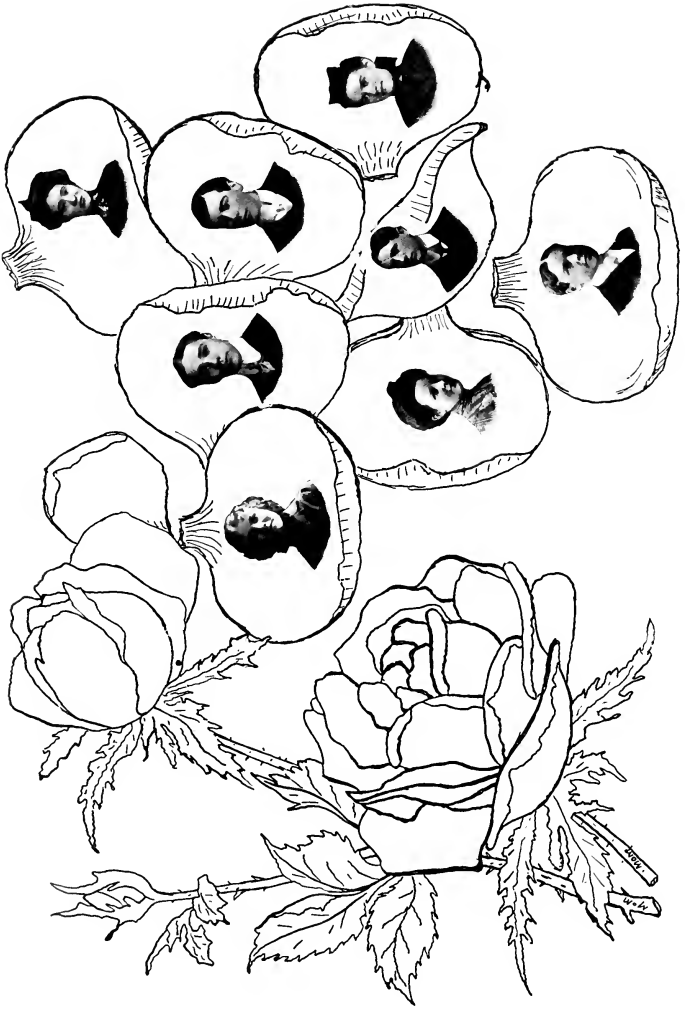
ALMANA BEEBE, Latin, German, Delta Tau, Assistant
Society Editress '01 Eniauton.

ELEANOR JEAN BENOY, English, German.

CHARLES GREGG ALDERMAN, Latin, German, Kappa
Alpha Phi, Track Team '00-'01, Assistant Business Mana-
ger '01 Eniauton.

LOUISE BOND, English, German, Gamma Delta Tau,
Delta Sigma Nu Sisters.

FRED SIMMINGER, English, German.



ELLA GUSTINE MCCOLLOUGH, Latin.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HAND, Latin.

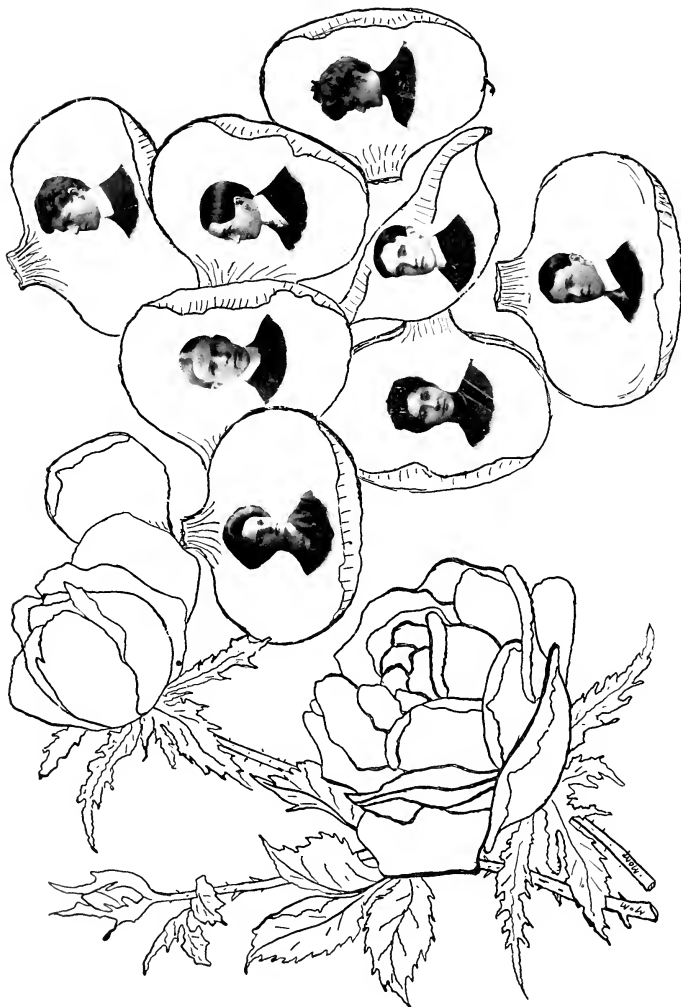
OLIVER PAUL HOPKINS, Latin, Kappa Alpha Phi, Captain Foot Ball Team '99-'01, Captain Base Ball Team '99, Class Secretary '01.

ADAH LOUISE HIGGINS, Latin, German, Society Editress '01 Eniauton.

BESSIE MILDRED MEYERS, Latin, German.

JOHN HENRY GAETJE, Base Ball Team '99, '00, '01.

GUY WALTER HAMILTON, Delta Sigma Nu, Foot Ball Team '98, '99, '00, Historian '01, Editor in Chief '01 Eniauton.



HOWARD PIERCE, Latin, Foot Ball Team '98, Grind Editor '01 Eniauton.

DUDLEY ELLIS MURRAY, Latin.

HUGH MONROE SMALTZ, Latin, Kappa Alpha Phi, Manager Foot Ball Team '00-'01, Athletic Editor '01 Eniauton.

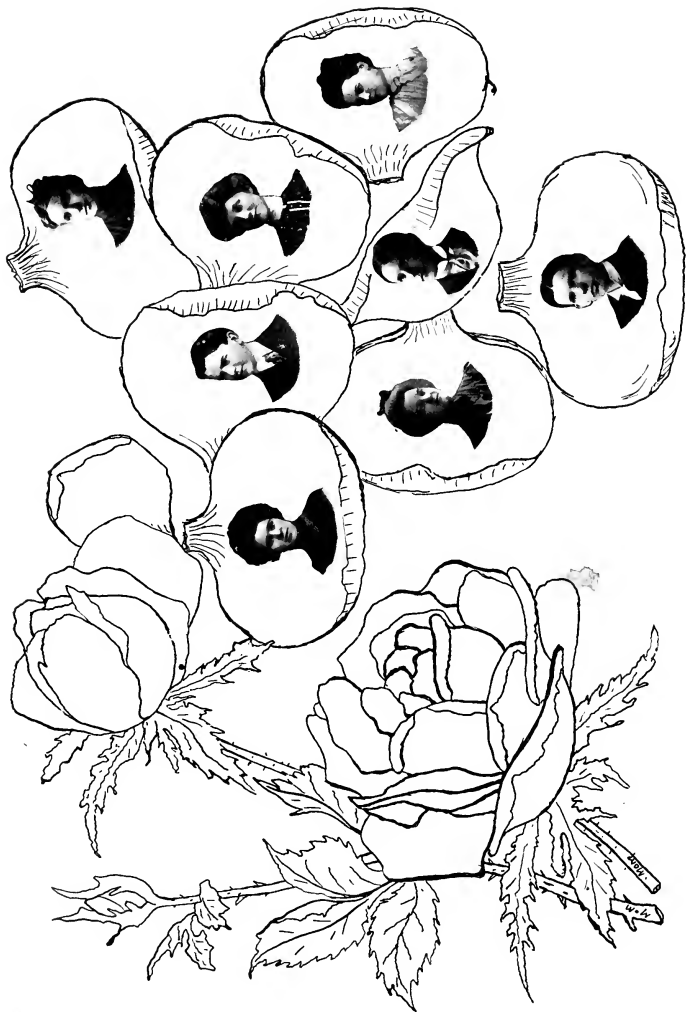
CLARA PHELPS PORTER, Classical, Gamma Delta Tau, Assistant Editor in Chief '01 Eniauton.

HAZEL BLANCH PEARSE, Latin, Gamma Delta Tau, Delta Sigma Nu Sisters, Literary Editress '01 Eniauton.

HENRY CARL WEHNERT, English, German.

JESSIE LLOYD PARKER, Latin.

GUY ADDISON SMITH, Kappa Alpha Phi, Foot Ball Team '00, Manager Foot Ball Team '99, Track Team '99, '00, '01, Business Manager '01 Eniauton.



EVA BUCK, Latin, German.

ADAH REIFEL BURDETT, Latin, German, Historian '99,
Assistant Editor in Chief '01 Eniauton.

THOMAS BUCHMAN COPPOCK, English, German.

GEORGIA LURA FEE, Latin, Campa Uelta Tau, Delta
Sigma Nu Sisters, Assistant Literary Editress '01 Eniauton.

LORINDA DEVILISS, English, German.

FREDERICK WILLIAM BURGER, English, German, '00 Foot
Ball Team, Artist '01 Eniauton.

ALICE MAE FITCH, English, German, Gamma Delta
Tau.

FRANKLIN JAY BROWN, Latin.

History of Class '01.



AFTER four years of ceaseless toil, we are, at last able to lay down our burdens with a sigh of relief and look forward to taking up new ones, in the grander and nobler fields for which we have been so long preparing. Some of us joyfully anticipate four years in some of our large universities, while others will begin their life work from this point. But no matter what paths we tread in the succeeding years there can hardly be any one of us so unappreciative of the benefits received or the pleasure which we have had during our course that he will not recall these four years with the greatest pleasure.

The events which have transpired during our course here in the High School will hardly be as clear in our minds four or five years hence as they are now, but nevertheless they will still cling there. Dim and hazy as they may become they are now as distinctly outlined in our minds as though they had happened yesterday. It requires but a slight stretch of the imagination and we are again timid freshmen, wandering through the now familiar halls in search of our abiding place, but too bashful to ask. We can almost feel again the sense of relief when we are safely housed under the red hot attic roof. Then with perfect ease we begin at the beginning and live our whole freshman year over again. We hear ourselves boasting to the upper classmen of our enormous numbers, having at length rid ourselves of our bashfulness. And now in our Senior year, it occurs to us for the first time, that we were the originators of the "two halves and no reports system." Such a thing was never known to the High School before we entered, and we in our steady march onward have at last advanced it to the Senior year. But let us pass on into our Sophomore year. Again we stand at the entrance of our second year. Once more we seem to survey our sadly depleted numbers. We see again the punishment of some unruly member of our class for a deed that grew simply out of an overflow of restless ardour. This same restless spirit and tireless energy which spent itself then in mischievous deeds has, when at last it has been rightly directed carried us over many knotty problems during the last two years. There is little to recall in this or the following years which would interest any one except the participants, yet there is one of few happenings which we would fain chronicle, should our readers permit it. This is our acknowledgement of the class '00's kind invitation to usher for them on the night of their graduation. It has always been a custom among Colleges and

High Schools to make just as much trouble for the graduating class as possible. In our High School the time usually chosen for this was the night of the graduation, when all the Seniors were sitting in their stiff backed chairs at the Temple. Therefore we chose this time for the customary discomfiting of the Seniors. It was with great impatience that we waited for this night. At last it came. Also in accordance with the custom we acted as ushers. For a very warm and long quarter of an hour we rushed wildly about while the people filed quietly in and took their places. At the end of this time all were seated, and the Seniors, poor fellows, had filed quietly in and taken their places. The performance began with a whoop and a roar from the orchestra. Then followed speech upon speech in quick succession. In the very midst of the melee our originality appeared. Two dusky coons, concealed from the audience by a huge '01 banner, paraded down the aisle into the front box. The effect was grand. There appeared to be no motive power to the banner, but that it actually had taken legs and was walking majestically down the aisle. Not long after the hubub succeeding this had subsided our next disturbance appeared. Everything was passing along serenely when the lights were turned out and there was total darkness for an instant. Then the lights were turned on. Lo, the color had been changed, and instead of the glaring white light the audience now see by means of the glorious old red and blue. The other happenings of that eventful night might perhaps weary you, so we leave them to tradition to tell.

And now our school days in High School are almost ended. The days of pleasure and hard work combined are nearly finished, and we must soon take up the serious pursuits of life. We must in a little while separate and tread different paths. But let us hope that even as it has taken these four years for the bud which appeared in the freshman year to unfold into its full beauty in our Senior year, that it may not now decay and become soiled by the ravages of time, but that each petal may be as pure and white as in our freshman year, and above all, that it may still cling to good old stem 1901.



Class of '02.

MOTTO: Caspe Dicm.

FLOWERS: White Rose.

COLORS: Navy Blue and Gold.

YELL—Hiro! Kiro!
Rip! Rah! Ru!
Fort Wayne High School
Nineteen Two.

OFFICERS:

Page Yarnelle, President.

Florence Alderman, Vice-Prest.

Clara Owen, Secretary.

Alexander Olds, Treasurer.

George Thorward, Historian.

Favor Vreeland, Poetess.

The Juniors.

In our school there is a class;
Many a lad and many a lass,
Who are trying hard to pass.

The Juniors.

In this class each girl and boy
Seems to take delight and joy
All their teachers to annoy.

The Juniors.

You may ask which class is brightest?
Who are those whose hearts are lightest?
And who the dragon "study" smitest?

The Juniors.

Though to you we may seem loud,
Still our teachers say they're proud
That they know this little crowd,

The Juniors.

All our teachers will tell you
That this class of Nineteen Two
Are all bound that they'll get through,
And be Seniors.

History of Class '02.



THE Class of 1902 began its High School career with a determination to grace the Fort Wayne High School with the best class that has ever entered. It cannot be said that the class tested the capacity of the old attic in which it was stored, but what it lacked in numbers was more than made up by the unusually large amount of genius displayed at the recitations. The class was organized early in its career and launched forth with its glorious banner of gold and blue streaming at the mast, and with competent officers at the helm, ready to guide it through the storms and vicissitudes of high school life.

When one year of high school life had passed, and the class of 1902 was about to enter upon its second year, the members began to think of laying aside their childish ways and assuming the dignity becoming to sophomores. Consequently this year was very quiet, but few class meetings were held, and nothing of importance was accomplished outside of school work. In the recitation rooms, however, our teachers all acknowledged that they never had a better class. Even Geometry was taken up this year. On field day the first and third all-around medals were won by members of 1902.

The third year was begun with a large decrease in number. Some members entered preparatory school, or business college, while others found a good chance to learn a trade; but we lost comparatively few because of failure in lessons. Notwithstanding the large decrease in number, the class entered upon the junior year with a great show of enthusiasm. Many business meetings were held. At one of the first of these it was decided to buy class pins this year instead of the final year, as was the custom. Consequently the class of 1902 has the honor of being the first to wear its pin in the junior year. About the middle of the year the customary dance was given to the seniors. This, like all undertakings of the class was a success, both socially and financially. It is predicted that a glorious future lies before the class of 1902, and every indication points to a brilliant end which must necessarily follow a good beginning.



Class of '03.

MOTTO: An investment in knowledge pays best interest.

FLOWER: Pink Rose. COLORS: Dark Blue and White.

YELL - Boomalaca! Boomalaca!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Chingalaca! Chingalaca!
Chaw! Chaw! Chaw!
Boomalaca! Chingalaca!
Re! Rah! Re!
Fort Wayne High School
Nineteen Three.

Chester Dunten, President.	Elinor Bond, Secretary.
Harry McCormick, Vice-Prest.	Ed. Lukens, Treasurer.
Florida Banning, Historian.	Lula Gregg, Poetess.

'03 Poem.

In my dreams I climbed a mountain high,
Like the glaciated Alpine chain,
And, behold, I had a vision there
Of the Sophomore class in train.

There came o'er the crest of the sun-kissed waves
Time bears on its surging sea,
Images noble and grand and true
Of our class of Nineteen Three.

The boys drifted far on the sea of time
With the ebb and flow of the tide;
Many set sail in the ship of Fame,
Turbid waters of Honor to ride.

Some of us reached the radiant top
Of the ladder of knowledge we' climbed;
While others lingered to rest and repose
In sunlit valleys behind.

I thought "what a destiny is ours,
If we only do not mar
The figure on the horoscope,
Where shines our risen star!"

But a few, I saw, oft tempted to stray
In paths far from virtue and right,
But here my vision was shrouded in gloom
As dense as the darkness of night.

Then I saw the girls – the Sophomore girls –
Each a rosebud promise to be,
A rare promise of beauty, truth and worth,
For the crown worn by Nineteen Three .

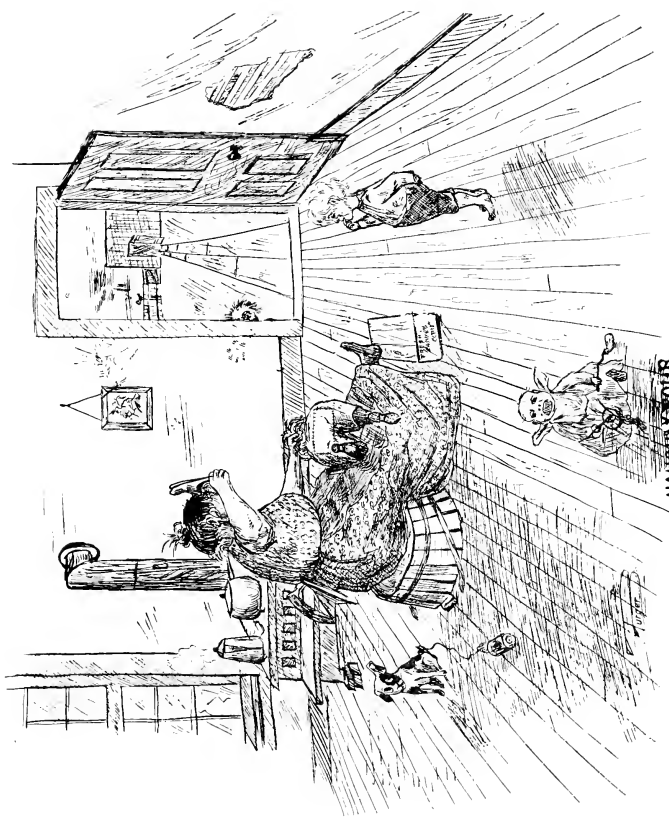
History of Class '03



CLASS of 1903 entered its Freshman year in the Fort Wayne High School with a full appreciation of the glorious opportunities lying before them. The class was formally organized on the 13 of February, 1900. At this meeting the officers were elected and committees appointed. After a due amount of discussion, Blue and White were selected as class colors.

Nineteen hundred and one finds our star in the ascendant. Oratory has broken out in our midst. The High School finds itself unable to give an entertainment without calling on 1903. We sing! We play! We recite! In forensic oratory we challenge all other classes!

It is our purpose to improve upon our past, and when 1903 passes from the classic halls of the Fort Wayne High School, it will leave behind a record attained by no other class.



NAUGHTY FOUR.

Class '04.

MOTTO: A good education is a better safe-guard of liberty than a standing army.

COLORS: Red and White. FLOWERS: Carnations

YELL—Halla Belooh! Balah! Beloe!
Halla Ka zaek! Ka zoo! Ka zoe!
Rip Roar! Rip Roar!
Fort Wayne High School
Nineteen Four.

OFFICERS.

Jessie Habercorn, President. Edward C. Olds, Treasurer.
Sam Morris, Vice-President. Miles F. Porter, Secretary.
Charlotte Habercorn, Poetess. Mary Orvis, Historian.

'04 Poem.

In September, year of naughty naught,
A certain class with learning traught,
The Freshman class of Nineteen Four
Passed in the High School's open door.
No one there of manners so kind,
As their guide to be, could the freshman find,
Who would show the way to the topmost floor,
The Freshman's abode since the days of yore,
So with faltering, timid steps they hied,
Upward, ever upward till an open door they spied,
In an attic big and bare
They were told to take a chair,
So in suspense they waited
While their programme was debated.
It didn't take the teacher's long,
They learned their programme like a song,
The teachers say they're very nice,
And what they say it will suffice,
In classes they're as good as any,
And have more fun than a good many.
This class complains about the stairs,
The building too, and e'en the chairs,
(But whose is a better right than theirs?)
In winter its so cold and dark,
In summer its hotter than the ark,
But if the teachers, kind and dear(?)
Can stand it with patience and with good cheer,
We ought to be able to stand it too,
Since the prospect of a building new,
By kindness of School Board, we have in view.
Negative P's on our papers are found,
P's and F's and all the round
Of marks, results of toil,
Results of burning the midnight oil.
At school we would be found,
If you should happen to call around,
Hard studying at the mound
Of papers, our studies to expound.
For studying occupies most of the year,
When one is a Freshman pure and clear,
With only a trick ever and anon
Thrown in to help our studying along.
So in journeying on to the second year,
With all good will and hearty good cheer,
With fellowship sound,
And learning profound,
While the virtues and truths symbolized by our flower,
Help us to survive with credit the dangers of many an
hour,
We'll shout out our class yell till the rafters resound,
And echo it back, the glad joytul sound,
And hurrah for the Red, and hurrah for the White,
Till the walls catch them up and answer them "all right."

178077

History of Class '04.



IN the fall of the year of 1900, a large class of verdant Freshmen were transplanted from the sprouting beds of the "grades" to the capacious hot house of the High School. We thrived well in the genial light and warmth on the third floor. Our gardener gave us the most thoughtful attention. When we did not do well in certain parts of the room, she transplanted us temporarily to that brightest and warmest of all spots, "the bench."

But we were not without self government. We met and organized on the fifth day of October. At this meeting we elected a president, whose duty it is to look all that is sweet and gracious; a vice president, who will represent us well in events of pomp and dignity; a secretary, whose duty it is to sit on the platform and keep the president company; a treasurer, who assures us at every meeting that our class dues come in slowly; and lastly the poetess and the historian, who try to impress the public with the perfections of this glorious body. The motto which we have undertaken to substantiate is, "A good education is a better safe guard of liberty than a standing army."

The choice of colors mark the various epochs in our class history. Those first chosen were the devil's own—red and black. But for obvious reasons we assumed the more modest green and grey. Later as our confidence returned and our spirits rose, they were changed to lavender and gold. But now our colors are as fixed as the stars; and in accordance with our motto we have white for peace, and red for the fight that is in us. Our flowers are red and white carnations.

The social events of the year was the sleighing party to Swift's farm, on the evening of February 11th. Those of us who remained at home heard glowing accounts of the warm hospitality enjoyed by the others. The school event of the year was the loss of Professor Shultz, with whom our work was intensely interesting.

As a class we enjoy one characteristic, unique in itself. It takes the form of a hope, a hope that no Fort Wayne High School class, for the last twenty years, has had courage to sustain, the hope that we may be the first class to graduate from that mystic building, "The New High School. But, dear readers, this is a history, and if you wish to see this hopeful, loyal, jolly class, whatever you do, don't look for us under the skylight, for—

"Where, Oh where, are those verdant Freshmen?
Where, Oh where, are those verdant Freshmen?
Where, Oh where, are those verdant Freshmen?
Landed safe in Soph'more year."



Manual Training Schools.

There seems to be a strong probability that manual training will be established in the near future as a department of the Fort Wayne High School. A few remarks on the development of manual training high schools in the United States, on the character, scope, and aim of their work will therefore not be out of place.

Twenty-five years ago there did not exist a manual training school in the now generally accepted sense of that term. There were schools of engineering everywhere, and in the old world there were trade schools of various sorts, the object of which was to produce "lock-makers, box-makers, basket-makers, weavers, instrument-makers, cabinet-makers," etc. But the manual training school is neither the one nor the other of these. It is rather a school of "general education," in which are combined the regular academic training given in ordinary high schools and a training in the theory and use of tools, in the properties of materials, and in those fundamental principles of construction that underlie the mechanic arts. How to effect this combination in such a way as to make the manual training as purely educational as the academic training and to enrich, not cripple and curtail, the already existing curriculum of the secondary school was the problem that confronted thoughtful educators who believed that general education could be and ought to be brought into closer contact with modern life and who yet shrank from and disbelieved in that narrow training that looks toward mere dexterity and skill in a particular trade.

The solution of this problem and the school that illustrates and embodies the solution are purely American, although the experiences and influences that led to the solution have been varied and widespread. The establishment of manual training as an integral part of general secondary education is an excellent example of the dissemination of ideas that results from international exhibitions; for the key to the solution of the problem above stated was furnished by a Russian exhibit at Philadelphia in 1876. The Russian exhibit was not, however, from a school established for the purpose of general education, but was an exhibit of the elementary work done in the Imperial Technical School at Moscow, the purpose of the school being exclusively the training of government engineers. This Russian exhibit stimulated discussion and encouraged experiment, and within four years the first strictly manual training school in the United States was established as a sub-department of Washington University at St. Louis, Missouri. Here was something new in the educational world, and interested visitors flocked to St. Louis to see it and to study its methods and results.

The tide of discussion now rose high. Space forbids any detailed account of the progress of this great debate. It must suffice to say that in the end it was clearly established that the shops of the manual training school were as free from the taint of commercialism as were the physical and chemical laboratories, that the instruction given in them could be justified by as sound pedagogical principles as those that justify instruction in geometry and physics, that it helps to prepare boys for the higher technical schools, that it facilitates their induction into various mechanical industries, does not necessitate their becoming and remaining artisans, that it does not prevent them from becoming merchants, philosophers or priests, that it assists materially in developing the intellect, the judgment, the taste, and reacts favorably upon the moral nature. Opposition receded and practically vanished as these facts were successively established by argument and experience.

The school at St. Louis was established and has always been supported by the contributions of public-spirited citizens, and citizens of Chicago and other cities soon followed their example. In Baltimore, 1884, was established the first manual training school that was a part of the public school system. About 1894 the legislature of Massachusetts enacted that every city in the state of 20,000 or more inhabitants "must incorporate manual training into its High School course of study." What the cities of Massachusetts have done under compulsion, other cities in all parts of the country have done voluntarily, until to-day there are several hundred public high schools with manual training courses.

The scope of the work of these schools can best be learned by an inspection of their courses of study. These courses are rather more uniform than are the courses laid out for other high schools. The academic studies are Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Physical Geography, Botany, Physics, Chemistry, General History, the English language and Literature, French or German or (sometimes) Latin, Freehand and Mechanical Drawing. The work in manual training consists of joinery, turning, wood-carving and pattern-making, welding, casting, bench and machine cutting, fitting and finishing of iron, steel, and brass; forging, tempering, soldering and brazing. Girls take some of the lighter work in wood and substitute for the rest sewing, garment-cutting, cooking and all that goes with it, music, chorus singing, physical culture, etc. The time of the student is about equally divided between purely academic work and manual training.

An inspection of the work thus laid out for manual training schools makes it clear that their aim is not to prepare for any trade or occupation, and this fact is emphasized by the positive declaration of the directors and principals of the most prominent and best schools in the country, who uniformly state that the primary object of their schools is educational and that the industrial advantages, though considerable, are merely incidental. It is also clear that manual training courses are not an asylum for the lazy, the shiftless, and the incompetent. They make very strong demands, as any good school must, upon the patience, perseverance and ability of the student. The shop work of such schools is attractive to boys of great physical activity and to those who have a mechanical bias. Such work seems to many to have a more vital connection with the realities of life than some of the work offered in ordinary high schools, and serves also to make clear the value of mathematics and the allied sciences, and hence invests these with a new interest.

Manual training is not, however, attractive to all alike. It is said of Emerson that he could split a shingle in more different ways by driving a single nail into it than any other living man. He might have been robbed of this pre-eminence by a course in a manual training school, but he would hardly have thus become a skilled mechanic or engineer. Thoreau, on the contrary, might thus have been transformed from a dreamer into a doer. But would he have been happier or the world better for the transformation? There is room in the world for all kinds of men, and variety in the natures of young people calls for variety in training. If to the opportunities now offered in the high school there should be added an opportunity for manual training and also for a thoroughly good business education, it would seem that every young person could find there what he wants and needs. A good business course would include not only thorough training in business arithmetic, book-keeping, stenography, type-writing and the elements of business law but also in the English language and literature, history, the elements of political economy and French or German. Such an extension of the work of a school costs money, but what people value they are generally willing to pay for. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that in addition to building, equipment and varied courses, thoroughly competent and skillful teachers must be provided, and that without these the expected fruit will turn to ashes on the lips.

C. T. L.



The Two Kinds.

Say, Tommy Walker's got a beau;
He's always talkin' to the same.
Right out where folks pass to and fro,—
He aint no proper sense of shame.
She's jest a bunch of yellow curls;
Oh, sugar! 'Fore I'd go 'ith girls!

I thought he had more sense 'n that;
He plays base ball to beat the best;
Can catch an' pitch an' field an' bat;
I never, never would have guessed
That he'd get stuck on yellow curls.
Oh, sugar! 'Fore I'd go 'ith girls!

He used to want, when school was out,
To go a swimmin' in the Branch,
But now he rather loaf about
An' tip his hat to Milly Hanch,
An' see her shake her yellow curls.
Oh, sugar! 'Fore I'd go 'ith girls!

Us kids a standin' 'round 'll wink
At one another, snicker, laugh;
But Tom don't mind it, not a wink,
An' swallows all our guyin' chaff;
Then leaves us for those yellow curls.
Oh, sugar! 'Fore I'd go 'ith girls!

He sidles up to her as slick;
An' she p'tends to be suprised,
An' blushes 'nough to make you sick,—
That girl-way is to be despised,—
An' smiles an' flirts her yellow curls,
Oh, sugar! 'Fore I'd go 'ith girls!

To think he might be havin' fun,
A-fighten' yellow jackets' nests,
Or heavin' rocks at cats, or run
'ith us a sheddin' coats an' vests,
Our eyes upon the water-whirls!
Oh, sugar! 'Fore I'd go 'ith girls!

Or playin' pomp-pomp-pull-away,
Or froggin' down along the Branch;
But no, he'd ruther throw away
His time along 'ith Milly Hanch,
An' Milly Hanches yellow curls!
Oh, sugar! 'Fore I'd go 'ith girls!

I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do,—
I'm goin' to get some colored chalk,
An' write their names in red 'an blue
All up an' down the school house walk,
In letters bright as yellow curls.
Oh, sugar! 'Fore I'd go 'ith girls!

An' see if that won't shame him some;
I guess he'll drop her quick as wnk,
An' be a boy again, an' come
Away to play 'ith us, I think,—
Forgettin' 'bout those yellow curls!
Oh, shucks an' sugar! That ter girls!

Athletics





HIGH SCHOOL
AMATEUR
Athletic Association
Seventh Annual Field Day,
DRIVING PARK, FRIDAY, MAY 25th, 1900.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

HUGH SMALTZ.
 RALPH MURRAY.
 GEO. DRAVER.

PRIZE COMMITTEE.

HUGH SMALTZ.
 CHAS. BEALL.
 ANDREW ELLISON.

Referee, - - - - -
 Starter, - - - - -
 Scorer, - - - - -
 Clerk of Course, - - - - -
 Handicapper, - - - - -

TIMERS.

C. MYERS. W. T. MYERS.
 W. PETERS.

EVENT COMMITTEE.

PAUL HOPKINS.
 K. EVANS.
 N. McLAIN.

PROPERTY COMMITTEE.

PAUL HOPKINS.
 HUGH SMALTZ.
 WALTER HAMILTON.

PROF. PRICE.
 PROF. CROWE.
 PROF. SCHULTZ.
 PROF. McMILLEN.
 PROF. LANE.

JUDGES.

L. RANDALL. M. BLACK.
 WILL PELTIER.

Events of '00 Field Day.

	Fifty Yard Dash.	
1st, Schultz.	2nd, Huston. Time, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.	3rd, Nathan.
	Putting the Shot (12 lb).	
1st, Schultz.	2nd, Huston. Distance, 38 feet 9 inches.	3rd, Ellison.
	Hundred Yard Dash.	
1st, Schultz.	2nd, Huston. Time, 11 sec.	3rd, Nathan.
	Throwing the Hammer (12 lb).	
1st, Schultz.	2nd, Miller. Distance, 102 feet 8 inches.	
	220 Yard Dash.	
1st, Schultz.	2nd, Huston. Time, 25 sec.	3rd, Nathan.
	Base Ball Throw.	
1st, Murray.	2nd, Berger. Distance, 295 feet 5 inches.	3rd, Huston.
	One Half Mile Run.	
1st, Schultz.	2nd, Wright. Time, 2 min. 22 sec.	
	One Mile Bicycle Race (H. S.)	
1st, Hughes.	2nd, Smith. Time, 3 min. 12 sec.	3rd, Coppock.
	Running High Jump.	
1st, Drayer.	2nd, Diether. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.	3rd, Beall.
	Running Hop, Step and Jump.	
1st, Dick.	2nd, Miller. Distance, 37 feet 10 inches.	3rd, Pierce.
	Running Broad Jump.	
1st, Diether.	2nd, Miller. Distance, 16 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.	3rd, Dick.
	120 Yard Hurdle Race.	
1st, Nathan.	2nd, Diether. Time, 21 sec.	3rd, Huston.
	Pole Valt.	
1st, Dick.	2nd, Diether. Height, 8 feet 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.	3rd, Beall.
	Standing Broad Jump.	
1st, Diether.	2nd, Dick. Distance, 9 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.	3rd, Pierce.

Records of F. W. H. S. Athletic Association.

	Time.	Year.	Name.	Class.
50 yard dash.....	5 ¹ / ₂ sec.....	'97	Willson.....	'99
100 yard dash.....	10 ¹ / ₂ sec.....	'97	Willson.....	'99
220 yard dash.....	24 3-5 sec..	'96	Stonecifer.....	'96
440 yard dash.....	56 sec.....	'97	Fred Schultz.....	'99
One mile run.....	5 min. 35 sec.....	'95	D. McDonald.....	'95
Half mile run.....	2 min. 22 sec.....	'00	Art Schultz.....	'02
120 yard hurdle.....	20 ¹ / ₄ sec.....	'95	Orff.....	'97
Quarter mile walk.....	1 min. 43 ³ / ₄ sec.....	'97	Crim.....	'97
Potato race.....	1 min. 15 sec.....	'95	Bursley.....	'95
Obstacle.....	25 sec.....	'95	Bursley.....	'95
One mile bicycle race.....	2 min. 39 sec.....	'99	Thayer.....	'00
Two mile bicycle lap race, 7 min.	28 sec.....	'97	Dawson.....	'00
Three legged race (100 yards).....	14 sec.....	'97	Husten and Miller.....	'00
Half mile relay race.....	1 min 26 sec.....	'97	Team of.....	'99
	Distance.	year.	Name.	Class.
Running high jump.....	5 feet 2 in.....	'00	Drayer.....	'01
Running hop, step and jump.....	38 feet 1 in.....	'98	Willson.....	'99
Standing hop, step and jump.....	27 feet 2 ¹ / ₂ in.....	'96	Stonecifer.....	'96
Running broad jump.....	18 feet.....	'95	Orff.....	'97
Standing broad jump.....	9 feet ¹ / ₂ in.....	'00	Diether.....	'01
Throwing hammer (16 lb.).....	95 feet 8 in.....	'95	John Bass, Jr.....	'98
Putting shot (12 lb.).....	39 feet 6 in.....	'95	John Bass, Jr.....	'98
Throwing base ball.....	306 feet 6 in.....	'95	Orff.....	'97
Throwing foot ball.....	105 feet 7 in.....	'95	D. McDonald.....	'95
Pole Vault.....	8 feet 2 ¹ / ₂ in.....	'00	Geo. Dick.....	'00

An Athletic Review.

Since the last annual appeared the spinning planet which we infest has made another lap around the sun without a jar or a wobble or any visible sign of its enormous motion.

Less smooth has been the course and more perturbed by interplanetary attraction has been the path of that company of its inhabitants which composes the Fort Wayne High School Athletic Association. In fact, early in the year it barely escaped conjunction with another body, and at a later stage of its orbit it had a series of collisions, the last one fraught with dire results.

However, the members of this organization do not desire too smooth sailing and rather welcome occasional hard bumps as making for the "strenuous life" of which we heard so much (and saw so much) in the recent political campaign.

In the last twelve months the A. A. has added to its record a chapter in which may be found some novel experiences and many things of interest to those who are interested in such things.

The newest experience was the attempt and failure to hold an "Interscholastic" Field Day with the Auburn High School Association. This "meet" proved to be a dream from which the sleepers were rudely awakened only when upon the track and just as the bell rang for the first event.

An unfortunate difference of opinion as to the necessary school status of contestants, strengthened no doubt by the mutual knowledge that upon the point in debate rested largely the issue of the day, resulted in what in unvarnished terms would be called a wrangle. And while at the last instant, for the sake of the investing spectators, Fort Wayne protestingly receded from her position, it was not in time to keep the Auburnites from receding from the grounds. Then the Auburn flag was pulled down in a spectacular manner and the "meet" was transformed into a good old time field day of our own. The contest was spirited and new records were made, as can be seen on a neighboring page.

In the fall the manager of the foot ball team secured a good schedule of games, and a series of red hot contests resulted, from which we seemed likely to emerge as champions. Others had something to say about that however, and one of the last games of the year, played with Huntington, proved our Waterloo. But this may be said. A careful study of the season's games in Northern Indiana, shows our record for the year to be at least as good as that of any other school.

The nature of this article and its space limits makes it impossible to go into the details of the games or into an analysis of the team.

The dates of the games with the score for each appear in this book. As for the players, it is said a kodak fiend got a snap shot of them unawares for the annual, and no doubt their unconscious poses in this picture will strike the observer.

It is too bad that space will not allow the recording of how desperately the captain, Hopkins, hit the line and what big and continued gains he made thro' right tackle; and how neatly Evans and Smith got around the ends for long runs; and how irrepressibly Alex and "Fat" wound their arms around the man with the ball, and in short how each man "behind the gun" did his part with American precision and dispatch.

It may be a long time before as good a team appears again; for Commencement night will see the final departure of most of the players. And it will be hard to get as efficient a manager as Smaltz and as faithful and helpful a coach as Dr. Jamieson. But let us hope and work for the coming year, and as we "ring out the old and ring in the new," have confidence that with new talent we shall move on to new achievements no less glorious.

Base Ball Team.

HUGH SMALTZ, Manager.

Captain, HERBERT ERICKSON.

First base Hopkins '01
Second base Smaltz '01
Third base Berger '01
Left field Nutting '03
 Lukens '03
Center field Bond '03
Right field Sunderland '03
 McCormick '03
Catcher Simminger '01
Pitcher Erickson '04
Short stop Thorward '02

SUBSTITUTES.

Hite '03
Olds '02
McLain '03
Bash '03
Ginty '03
Gaetje '03



First Foot Ball Team.

~~~~~

HUGH SMALTZ, Manager.

PAUL HOPKINS, Captain.

DR. JAMIESON, Coach

|                      | Class.              | Weight. |
|----------------------|---------------------|---------|
| Left end.....        | Olds.....'02        | 135 lbs |
| Left tackle.....     | Hopkins.....'01     | 175 lbs |
| Left guard.....      | Berger.....'01      | 154 lbs |
|                      | Sweet.....'02       | 145 lbs |
| Center.....          | Schultz.....'04     | 191 lbs |
| Right guard.....     | Miller.....'02      | 154 lbs |
| Right tackle.....    | Art Schultz.....'02 | 175 lbs |
| Right end.....       | McCormick.....'03   | 125 lbs |
| Quarter back.....    | Barrows.....'02     | 150 lbs |
| Right half back..... | Evans.....'03       | 159 lbs |
| Left half back.....  | Smith.....'01       | 160 lbs |
| Full back.....       | Hamilton.....'01    | 155 lbs |

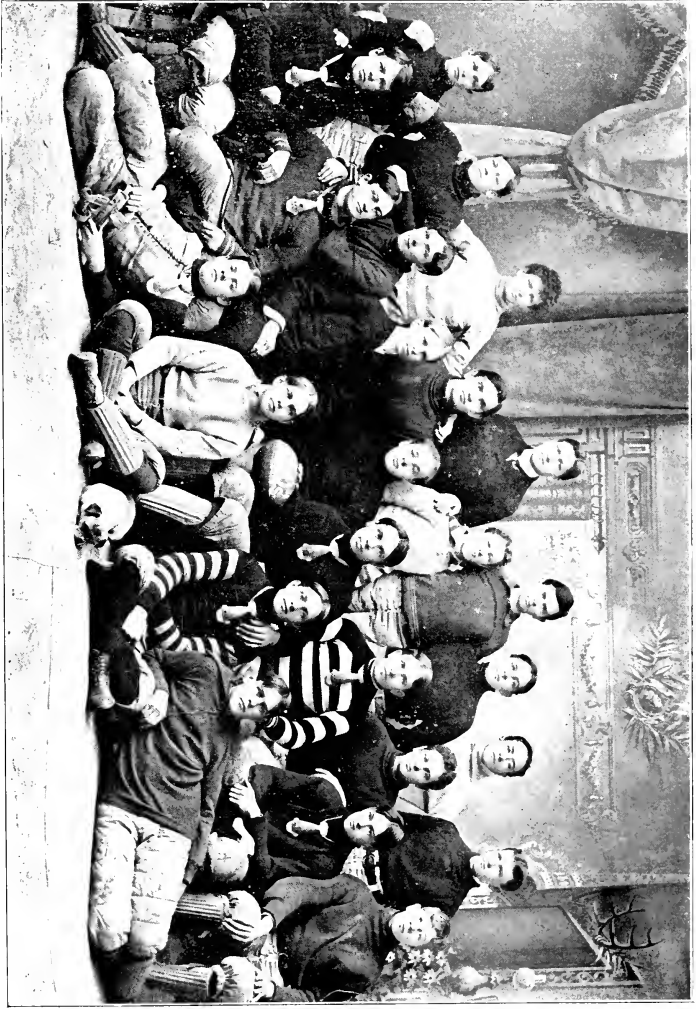
SUBSTITUTES.

|                |     |         |
|----------------|-----|---------|
| Coppock.....   | '01 | 130 lbs |
| McFadden.....  | '04 | 165 lbs |
| Ellenwood..... | '03 | 140 lbs |
| Ginty.....     | '03 | 156 lbs |
| Bash.....      | '03 | 155 lbs |

## *Foot Ball Schedule for 1900.*

|                                                               | Score.   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Oct. 6th—F. W. H. S. vs. Business College, at Fort Wayne..... | 10 to 0  |
| Oct. 13th— “ “ vs. Huntington H. S., at Huntington.....       | 6 to 17  |
| Oct. 20th— “ “ vs. Kendallville H. S., at Fort Wayne.....     | 23 to 0  |
| Nov. 3rd— “ “ vs. Wabash H. S., at Fort Wayne.....            | 21 to 17 |
| Nov. 24th— “ “ vs. Huntington H. S., at Fort Wayne.....       | 0 to 6   |
| Nov. 29th— “ “ vs. Auburn H. S., at Fort Wayne.....           | 32 to 0  |





## *Second Foot Ball Team.*

Roy TIGER, Manager.

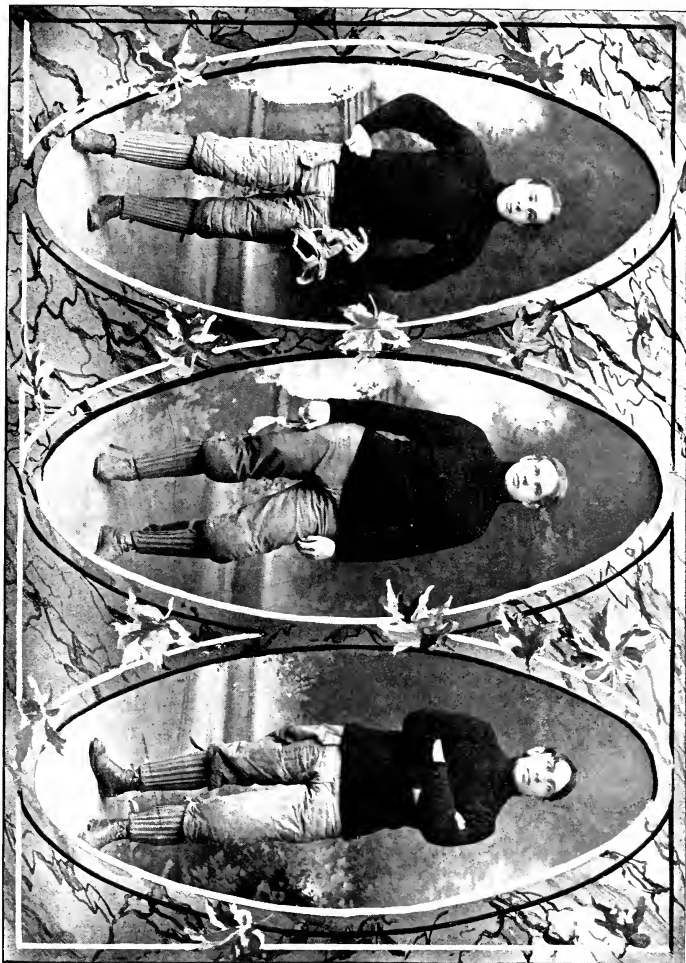
THOS. B. COPPOCK, Captain.

|                           | Class.                                 | Weight. |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------------|---------|
| Left end . . . . .        | Frank Hamilton . . . . . '03 . . . . . | 130 lbs |
| Left tackle . . . . .     | Ginty . . . . . '03 . . . . .          | 156 lbs |
| Left guard . . . . .      | Bash . . . . . '03 . . . . .           | 155 lbs |
| Center . . . . .          | Tiger . . . . . '02 . . . . .          | 123 lbs |
| Right guard . . . . .     | Sweet . . . . . '02 . . . . .          | 145 lbs |
| Right tackle . . . . .    | Hite . . . . . '03 . . . . .           | 144 lbs |
| Right end . . . . .       | Lukens . . . . . '03 . . . . .         | 121 lbs |
| Quarter back . . . . .    | Thorward . . . . . '02 . . . . .       | 120 lbs |
| Right half back . . . . . | Dunten . . . . . '03 . . . . .         | 148 lbs |
| Left half back . . . . .  | Ellenwood . . . . . '03 . . . . .      | 140 lbs |
| Full back . . . . .       | Coppock . . . . . '01 . . . . .        | 130 lbs |

### SUBSTITUTES.

|                      |                         |         |
|----------------------|-------------------------|---------|
| Williams . . . . .   | . . . . . '03 . . . . . | 124 lbs |
| Sunderland . . . . . | . . . . . '03 . . . . . | 119 lbs |
| Shields . . . . .    | . . . . . '03 . . . . . | 131 lbs |
| Linke . . . . .      | . . . . . '03 . . . . . | 135 lbs |
| Twinning . . . . .   | . . . . . '02 . . . . . | 138 lbs |

|                                                          |          |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Oct. 13th—F. W. H. S., vs. Tigers . . . . .              | 15 to 0  |
| Nov. 3rd     "     " vs. Tigers . . . . .                | 10 to 11 |
| Dec. 3rd    -     "     " vs. Business College . . . . . | 6 to 6   |



## Foot Ball Season of '00.

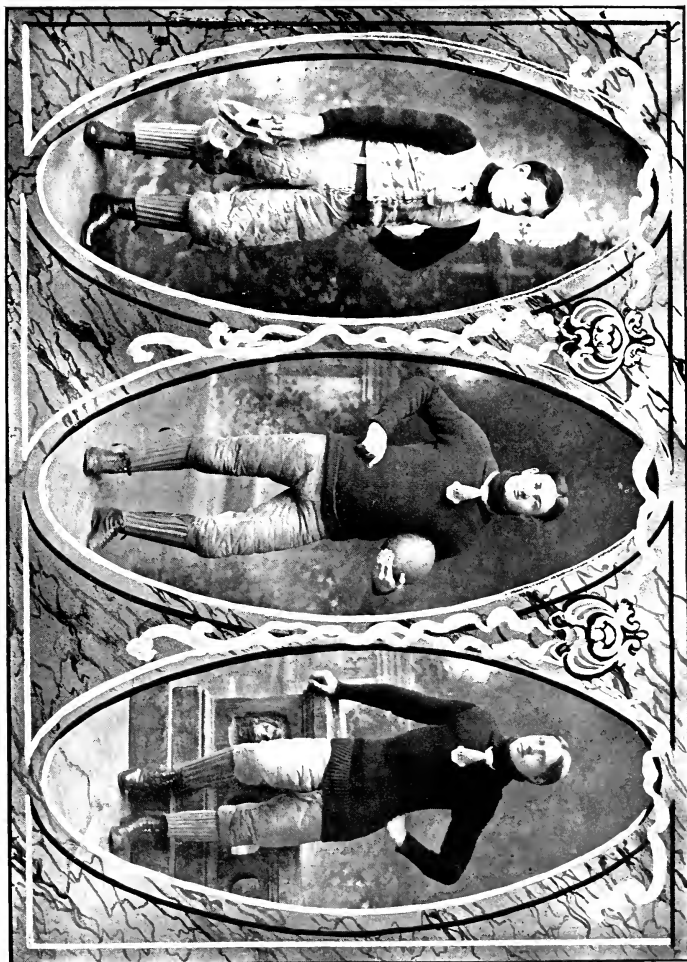
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IN a preceding article the "Foot Ball Season of '00," has been dealt with under the general head of Athletics, but in this one the subject will be treated purely from a foot ball standpoint. Enough has been said of the work of the individual members of the team, so we will pass over that phase of the subject and proceed to a somewhat fuller discussion of the season's games.

The team which lined up as the representatives of the High School in the first game was a most disheartening appearing crew to the adherents of the game. Our opponents were a picked team, called for the sake of a name "Business Colleges." The game resulted in a hard won victory for the High School. The outcome, although not entirely unexpected, was yet somewhat in the nature of a pleasant surprise. Practice for the Huntington game was taken up the following week in a way very gratifying to both Captain and Coach. We lost at Huntington solely through lack of "staying powers." The game seemed to be ours at first, but the men became exhausted before the end of the first half and the result was a defeat for us. The defeat instead of demoralizing the team only seemed to spur them to greater efforts. Practice for the game with Kendallville was resumed with renewed vigor. This was won with ease as was also the Wabash game.

The most important game of the season was lost to Huntington. We played hard for it but lost. Of course we have many excuses which account for our defeat, but lack of space and a distrust of the reader's credulity will not permit us to insert them here. The best we can do to wipe out the stain is to hold up before you the glorious defeat of Auburn, our ancient rivals. Last year they gained a victory of 20 to 0 over us, and with this fresh in their minds they came to Fort Wayne confident of their ability to defeat us. We will say but little of the game since the score in itself speaks such volumes. Auburn was entirely outclassed in weight, in skill, in individual play, and in team work. With this very satisfying and effective cure for our terrible wound received the week before, we closed the not altogether inglorious season of '00.



## *The Club Links.*

A Senior thus addressed the class of Nineteen Hundred One,  
"With struggle hard and labor long at last our task is done,  
Let's spend the summer playing golf for pleasant 'tis and wise  
To throw aside the books and pen and muscle exercise.  
I know the very meadows wide will suit us to a 'Tee,'  
They now belong to Farmer Jones, but I am sure that he  
Will only be too glad to let us use them for our links.  
I'll hie me out this very day and ask him to—by jinks!"  
The senior mounted then his wheel, with might and main he rode,  
Until he reached the old red house where Farmer Jones abode.  
"Good morning, Farmer Jones," said he, "the boys have sent me  
out,

They wish to keep a fine golf links out here or here about;  
And thinking that your meadows green would give a splendid run,  
We wish to ask of you a leave to use them for our fun.  
We'll only dig a dozen holes and make a pond or two,  
Throw up a bunker here and there—but that won't bother you."  
Old Farmer Jones, he scratched his head, and twice he winked his  
eye,

Then stopped another straw to chew ere he made this reply:  
"A 'hayseed' I suppose I am, and you boys are pretty warm,  
But I'm most too smart to let a lynx go prowling round this  
farm."



# *Delta Sigma Nu.*

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FLOWERS: Meteor Carnations.      COLORS: Olive Green and Wine.  
OFFICIAL ORGAN. Delta Sigma Nu Quarterly.

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YELL—Ring! Chang! Bang!  
Rip! Raph! Rhu!  
Fort Wayne High School  
Delta Sigma Nu.

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## **CHAPTERS.**

- ALPHA—ANN ARBOR HIGH SCHOOL—ANN ARBOR, MICH.  
Founded 1891.
- BETA—FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL—FORT WAYNE, IND.  
Organized 1895.
- GAMMA—ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY—DELAFIELD, WIS.  
Organized 1897.
- DELTA—PONTIAC HIGH SCHOOL—PONTIAC, MICH.  
Organized 1897.
- EPSILON—DULUTH HIGH SCHOOL—DULUTH, MINN.  
Organized 1899.









# *Delta Sigma Nu.*

## **BETA CHAPTER.**

### **CHARTER MEMBERS.**

|                                |                                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Alfred Murray Cressler, '95.   | Ronald Randolph Purman, '95.    |
| John Jacob Stahl, '95.         | James Montgomery Hamilton, '95. |
| *Fred Morrison Gregg, '97.     | Joseph Aldrich Bursley, '95.    |
| Frederick Barnett Shoaff, '95. | Donald McDonald, '95.           |
| Guy Reed Bell, '97.            | Ralph Emerson Chapin, '95.      |
| George Halliway Cressler, '96. | Frank Edwin Davis, '95.         |

### **ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.**

|                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Hugh Glenn Keegan.   | Lee James Ninde.      |
| Harvey Edsall Crane. | Edward Tobias Reitze. |

### **ALUMNI MEMBERS.**

|                           |                             |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Frank Edwin Davis.        | James Montgomery Hamilton.  |
| George Halliway Cressler. | Alfred Murray Cressler.     |
| *Fred Morrison Gregg.     | Charles Starr Brackenridge. |
| Ralph Emerson Chapin.     | Charles Kimball Foote.      |
| Donald McDonald.          | Charles Douglass Barrett.   |
| Asahel Jay Reed.          | Guy Reed Bell.              |
| Benjamin Rector Bell.     | Hugh Worthington Croxton.   |
| David V. Jones.           | Walter Henshaw Crim.        |
| Ronald Randolph Purman.   | George Perry McDonald.      |
| Joseph Aldrich Bursley.   | Philip Everett Bursley.     |
| John Jacob Stahl.         | Charles Simpson Hanna.      |
| Frederick Barnett Shoaff. | Harry Alfred Hattersley.    |
| Alexander Paul Wood.      | Walter Aldrich Barrett.     |
| Andrew W. S. Ellison.     | Carl Frederick Diether.     |

Hugo Schlatter.

\*Deceased February, 1900.

### **ACTIVE MEMBERS.**

|                                   |                                |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Raymond Handron Barrows, '01.     | Carl Bradlaugh Woodworth, '03. |
| Guy Walter Hamilton, '01.         | Ralph Jones, '03.              |
| Frank Hamilton, '03.              | Francis Williams, '03.         |
| Edward Francis Lukens, '03.       | William Page Yarnelle, '02.    |
| Howard Herford VanSweringen, '04. | William Washburn Nutting, '03. |



# *Kappa Alpha Phi.*

FLOWERS: White Rose.      COLORS: Yale Blue and White,

Founded at Muncie High School, Feb. 16, 1898.

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YELL—Hi! Hi! Hee!  
Kappa Alpha Phi!  
Live Ever! Die Never!  
Kappa Alpha Phi!

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## **ROLL OF CHAPTERS.**

ALPHA—MUNCIE HIGH SCHOOL—MUNCIE, IND.

BETA—PERU HIGH SCHOOL—PERU, IND.

GAMMA—BELOIT COLLEGE ACADEMY—BELOIT, WIS.

DELTA—COLUMBUS HIGH SCHOOL—COLUMBUS, IND.

EPSILON—FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL—FORT WAYNE, IND.

## **EPSILON CHAPTER ROLL.**

### ALUMNI MEMBERS.

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Carl H. Upmeyer.    | Baron H. Long.     |
| Charles F. Thayer.  | Arthur S. Hibbins. |
| Victor N. Nussbaum. |                    |

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

|                 |                      |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| Guy A. Smith.   | Charles G. Alderman. |
| Hugh M. Smaltz. | George Thorward.     |
| Paul Hopkins.   | William Zent.        |



# *Phi Alpha Psi.*

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MOTTO : Omnia in Camera.                      COLORS: Red and Black.

Organized 1901.

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YELL—Rip! Ri!  
Phi Alpha Psi!  
Fort Wayne High School.

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## CHAPTERS.

ALPHA--FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL--Fort Wayne, Ind.

BETA--LAKE VIEW HIGH SCHOOL--Chicago, Ill.

GAMMA--NORWALK HIGH SCHOOL--NORWALK, OHIO.

DELTA--VAN WERT HIGH SCHOOL--VAN WERT, OHIO.

## CHARTER MEMBERS.

|                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| Alex Olds, '02.     | Dan N. Beers, '02.     |
| Samuel Morris, '04. | Harry Moellering, '03. |

## ACTIVE MEMBERS.

|                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| Alex Olds, '02.     | Harry Moellering, '03. |
| Samuel Morris, '04. | Glen Sawyer, '02.      |
| Dan N. Beers, '02.  | Robert Kinnard, '02.   |
| Jean You, '04.      | Royden Tigar, '02.     |



# *Gamma Delta Tau Sorority.*

FLOWERS : Marguerite.

COLORS : Gold and White.

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## CHAPTERS.

ALPHA—KALAMAZOO, MICH—1895.

BETA—JACKSON, MICH—1895.

GAMMA—BATTLE CREEK, MICH—1895.

DELTA—GRAND RAPIDS, MICH—1895.

EPSILON—WASHINGTON, D. C.—1895.

ZETA—FORT WAYNE, IND—1900.



## *Gamma Delta Tau Sorority.*

(CONTINUED.)

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### ZETA CHAPTER,

#### HONORARY MEMBERS.

|                          |                        |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Florence Ewing Barrett.  | Mrs. Anna Bond Brown.  |
| Carrie Elizabeth Hughes. | Mary Ellen McDonald.   |
| Katherine Hoffman.       | Elizabeth Jane Knight. |
| Esther McDonald.         | Jessie Belle Reitze.   |

#### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

|                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Clara Phelps Porter.     | Almana Beebe.            |
| Grace Aurelia Fitch.     | Alice Mae Fitch.         |
| Hazel Blanche Pearse.    | Flora Wilhelmina Peters. |
| Grace Martha Smith.      | Emma Della Russell.      |
| Clara O'Rourke.          | Edith Rebecca Hughes.    |
| Elinor Bond.             | Elizabeth Morris Evans.  |
| Louise Bond.             | Edith May Philley.       |
| Adelaide Amelia Diether, | Sinclair Hattersley.     |
| Georgiana Lura Fee.      |                          |

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## *Delta Sigma Nu Sisters.*

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|                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| Georgiana Lura Fee.   | Alice May Fitch.         |
| Hazel Blanche Pearse. | Flora Wilhelmina Peters. |
| Grace Martha Smith.   | Emma Della Russell.      |
| Clara O'Rourke.       | Jessie Belle Reitze.     |
| Esther McDonald.      | Elinor Bond.             |
| Edith Rebecca Hughes. | Elizabeth Morris Evans.  |
| Louise Bond.          | Adelaide Amelia Diether. |
| Edith May Philley.    | Sinclair Hattersley.     |



## *The Pedro Club.*

*MOTTO: Hearts are Trump.*

FLOWERS: Pink Rose.

COLORS: Pink and Silver.

Elizabeth Evans, '02.  
Sinclair Hattersley, '03.  
Katherine Walton, '05.  
Clara O'Rourke.  
Clara Hull, '03.  
Alice Foster, '02.

Clara Porter, '01.  
Ella McCollough, '01.  
Hilda Lane, '03.  
Clara Owen, '02.  
Almana Becbe, '01.  
Ethel Saylor, '00.

## *Brown Eyed Susans Club.*

*MOTTO: Have a good time.*

FLOWERS: Brown Eyed Susans.    COLORS: Yellow and Brown.

Esther McDonald.  
Edith M. Philley.  
Jessie B. Reitze.

Emma Della Russell.  
Adelaide Diether.  
Georgiana Lura Fee.



### *T. D. F. Cooking Club.*

*MOTTO: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you may die."*

EMBLEM: Skull and Cross-Bones.

COLORS: Blood Red and Black.

Clara Owen.

Alice Foster.

Marjorie Olds.

Clara Porter.

Myrtle Wilding.

Clara Hull.

Agnes Fairbank.

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### *Six G's Cooking Club.*

FLOWERS: Red Carnations.

COLORS: Red and White.

Anna Biddle, '02.

Verna Graffe, '03.

Ella McCullough, '01.

Anna Newton, Ex., '01.

Clara O'Rourke, '03.

Alice Foster, '02.

Almana Beebe, '01.



## *The F. W. H. S. Musicale.*

DIRECTOR: Prof. Wm. Miles.

PIANISTS.

Jassimine Bailey, '03.                      Almana Beebe, '01.  
Hugh Smaltz, '01.

MANDOLIN.

Robert Morris, '03.

VIOLINISTS.

Charles Ross, '04.                      Adah Higgins, '01.

VOCALISTS.

Alice Foster, '02.                      Agnes Fairbank, '03.  
Dorothy Albrecht, '03.                      Adelaide Diether, '03.  
Doris Diamond, '04.                      Howard Sweringen, '04.

F. W. H. S. QUARTET.

Ralph Wilson, 1st Tenor.                      Raymond Barrows, 1st Bass.  
Chas. Alderman, 2nd Tenor.                      Guy A. Smith, 2nd Bass.

## *C. C. C.*

*MOTTO: After Duty - pleasure.*

FLOWER: Buttercup.                      COLORS: Black and Yellow.

MEMBERS.

Florence Alderman.                      Florida Banning.  
Grace Gates.                      Ethel Homsher.  
Favor Vreeland.                      Elizabeth Williams.



## *Devotees of Goo-Goo-Eyes.*

|               |                  |                  |
|---------------|------------------|------------------|
| Hazel Pearse. | ~~~~~            | Dortha Albright. |
| Lura Fee.     | Mabelle Tennant. | Alice Foster.    |
| Grace Smith.  | Louise Bond.     | Anna Biddle.     |
|               | Georgia Davis.   |                  |
|               | Erna Dochterman. |                  |

### VICTIMS.

|                 |                  |              |
|-----------------|------------------|--------------|
| Franklin Brown. | Willie Zent.     | John Gaetje. |
| Ray Barrows.    | George Thorward. | Roy Tigar.   |
| Archie Coleman. | William Nutting. |              |

## *The Harmonie(?) Club.*

~~~~~  
MOTTO: Love is blind.

FLOWER : Bleeding Heart. COLORS: Blue(s).

Ze Grand Spooners	{	Adelaide Diether.
	}	Charles Barrett.
Ze Grand Scrappers	{	Clara Porter.
	}	Carl Upmeyer.
Contented Ones	{	Adah Higgins.
	}	Guy Smith.
Midnight Owls	{	Lura Fee.
	}	Walter Barrett.
Happy Go Luckies	{	Elinor Bond.
	}	Walter Hamilton.
Frequenters of Love's Lane	{	Hilda Lane.
	}	Hugh Smaltz.
An Uncertainty	{	Page Yarnelle.
	}	?
The Turtle Doves	{	Hazel Pearse.
	}	Raymond Barrows.



Lane's Proscription List.

Alex Olds.

Adah Higgins.

William MacDonald.

Mabelle Tennant.

Frank Hamilton.

Hoppie.

Kinsey Evans.

Arthur Parry.

Fred Schidel.

The Lilliputian Club.

MOTTO: Little - but Oh! My!

Lillian Hirsh, 4 feet 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Alice Foster, 5 feet.

Bessie Keeran, 5 feet.

Creighton Butler, 4 feet.

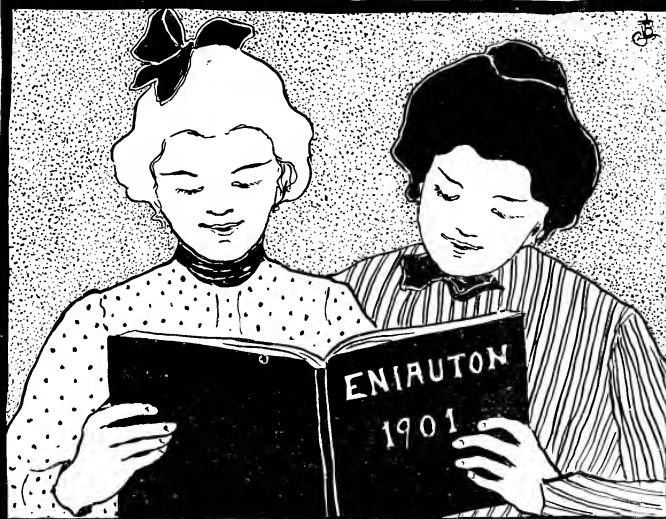
Lillian Joost, 5 feet.

Edith Foster 4 feet 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Adah Higgins, 5 feet 1 in.

Morris Seelberg, 3 feet 10 in.

Grinds



ENIAUTON, F. W. H. S.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Local items from Freshville, Jay County.

We learn that Prof. Schultze is about to leave. O, my! what will become of the babes?

Howard Sweringen has entered society. May his career be long and prosperous.

Lura informs us that she is in love with Howard. Look out for Barrett, Howard.

Morris has founded a new fraternity. Keep it up, Sam. You will be as famous as your father some day.

We learn from reliable sources that Gene You has established himself quite deeply in the good graces of Mamie Blair. Good work; keep it up.

Chesterfield, Maiden Lane, Taylor County.

We learn that quiet Bill Nutting has become quite a bad boy. Must be Sinclair's example.

For the past few months there has been a gradual migration of the Seniors from Southern Chesterfield to the northern part of the rapidly increasing community. Congratulations, Seniors, upon your good taste.

Elinor witnesses some of Fat's flunks. Spare him, Mr. Lane, for the sake of her feelings.

Thomas and Clara go skating quite often. Back up, Clara.

Grace Smith has made an exhaustive study of making Googoo eyes. She now practices with great success. Charges reasonable. Success guaranteed.

Billy Zent has acquired a bad habit of getting on the bench. Must be the girl's fault.

Mabel Tennant is endowed with a mighty gift of gab. Look out for Mr. Lane, Mabel.

Lura is growing quite impudent in her old age.

Fred is quite a man with the ladies. Look out, Fritz, it's dangerous.

Hamilton, the second, is rapidly achieving fame as a desperado. He is only sowing his wild oats.

Alicc is aging quite fast. Norman and Citizen Newton are quite conclusive evidences. Come back, little girl.

Old settlers would hardly recognize McLain, so far has he risen toward the stars.

Elizabeth is becoming quite famous. She has been appointed to the "Speaker's Chair" in front of Hamilton. Were you to become a man some day, Elizabeth, we would advise you to study oratory.

Charles Alderman has informed us that he has at last formed the habit of twisting his hair to aid him in studying. Lane is patiently waiting for results.

Smaltz has been writing letters on some expensive monogram paper since Xmas. Must have been a present from papa (Mr. Lane.)

Hamilton County Tartaras.

Clara made the remarkable discovery that she looks much prettier with her hair in a little corkscrew. There wasn't much room for improvement, but you have made some. Here's hoping that this will disclose your charm to the "fellows."

Sinclair has gained a reputation as a naughty little girl. She has been ostracised from the society of model pupils in the rear of the room.

Elinor is caricatured quite often in Zent's daily. This doesn't please Fat, for it is always in connection with Charles Phelps.

Hilda says she isn't afraid of her papa. Oh, Hilda! just wait until you get into one of his classes.



THE BELLE OF THE SCHOOL

A Poetical Diagnosis of the Two-Step.

With graceful steps direct your way
To some fair girl in bright display.
Smile and bow ; ask her favour ;
And lift her by the arm with pleasure.
Now up together take your stand,
You with eyes toward New England,
Catch 'round your partner's waist just so,
And clasp her hand as white as snow.
Of course have on your Sunday pants ;
With backward steps begin the Dance ;
Then toward Salt Lake the right foot swing,
And after it the left one bring
Now forward with a sprightly gait
No matter how much supper you ate.
Point now your nose toward Arctic regions
And backward step 'tween dancing legions.
Don't shove your partner o'er a seat
Or step upon her dainty feet,
For you might her wrath arouse
And she would in her ire carouse.
Think of Hazel's flashing eyes
Steeped in Nelson's diamond dyes.
Horrid thought ! O Lord forbid !
A girl should say she, you, outdid,
With Scaean whirl shift to the left
With steps that are both quick and deft.
Now face the front, and to the right
A gliding two-step take real light.
One full whirl you now have done ;
Keep on till 'round the room you've gone.
If your partner tries to lead,
Assistance which you do not need,
With gentle voice and accents clear
Whisper this into her ear :
" All you've to do is to look up clear ;
Leave all the rest to me, my dear. "
Then wiggle those monstrous feet of thine,
Larger by six sizes than mine.
Pace now the place of Sol's ascension ;
And shuffle those feet of huge dimensions.
Dudley, me you do amaze,
For when your left toot you should raise
You your right one lift instead,
As though crawling into bed.
Thrice the self-same rounds repeat,
Then take your partner to a seat.
Fan the sweat from off the brow
Which does your lady's face endow.
When at last the dancing's done,
And the clock has struck for one,
She will before your eyes arise
And with a smile of sweet surprise:
" Dudley, dear, O, Dudley, dear,
" Can we part without a tear ? "
Raise then your eyes toward the stars
And thank good Heaven that the cars
Are still a-running even yet ;

Don overcoat and hat and get.
But if perchance the cars have gone
And everything seems going wrong,
Homeward plod your weary way
And soundly sleep till dawn of day.
Dream of two-steps, waltzes, lancers,
For the fairies are good dancers.
But yet, dear friends, how vain we are
To think this educates us far.
Teach us however much it may,
I must exclaim with the poet Grey :
" The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
" All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
" Await alike the inevitable hour,
" The paths of glory lead but to the grave. "

To my devoted friend and pal,
MR. DUDLEY MURRAY,
This poem is
respectfully dedicated
by the hilarious devotee of Terpsichore,
The " Deacon : "
The one and only originator of
Deacon's chemical process and
the great manipulator of elec-
trical machines, dynamos, in-
duction coils, etc., etc., etc.



Testimonials.

To the Public :

By this means I wish to say that for several months past I have been afflicted with a most terrible malady. I had the disease of taking morning strolls. It is terribly contagious and I feared for my fellow students. Although I tried hard to cure it, I found it was impossible. At length hope appeared on the horizon. Kinsey was fired, but alas ! all too soon he returned. But behold he was fired again, and this time for good. I hereby state that I am effectually cured.

MARJORIE OLDS.

To which witness my hand and seal.

ALICE FOSTER, Notary Public.

MY DARLING WILLIE :—

From the time of my earliest recollections I have been unable to center my affections upon one boy. It has been a great annoyance to me. I have tried every remedy known to the lover's profession, but each have signally failed. But at last, my dear little boy, I am entirely cured. To you I owe it all. I would hardly recommend you to any one else though, because I am, yours forever.

MABEL.

Professors Association of Illicit Distillers.

DEAR SIR :—For the past year we have been afflicted with a serious loss of appetite for our noonday meals. We found no cause for it, but nevertheless was painfully aware of its presence. It was not only the cause of much discomfort, but also a great deal of inattention to our lessons. We tried many remedies and even resorted to carrying sweetmeats in our pockets. Everything failed and we were in utter despair. A friend advised us to go to Lit. class and try a whiff of your excellently distilled chocolate. Although we doubted its success, nevertheless we were entirely cured after two treatments.

Yours truly,

SENIOR LIT. CLASS.

Mr Lane.

DEAR SIR :—I was afflicted with a surplus of wickedness. This caused me a great deal of trouble. I could hardly attend to my business. Every remedy was tried but all in vain. I found none of them successful. I suffered a long while. Finally I happened to hit upon your wonderful invention, a dose of fresh air. Although not entirely cured, I am rapidly convalescing. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted with the same evil.

Yours truly,

ALEX. OLDS.

Mr. Crowe.

MY DEAR SIR:—While serving on the foot-ball team last fall I contracted a very severe lazy fever. Although I have tried many remedies I have found none which give any relief. Every one had given me up in despair. But just then the new air pump arrived. Your timely advice that I pump it for an hour each day has probably saved me from an untimely grave. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted in the same way.

Yours truly,

MARION MILLER.

Senior Class—Division Femina.

Almost from the time of my birth I have had an insatiable desire for doughnuts. I ate every sort of doughnuts in an attempt to cure myself, and even used restaurant ones, but all in vain. But how wonderful are the achievements of this world. The end for which I have striven all my life was accomplished in one day. I bought five dozen of your wonderful doughnuts. After taking these as one dose, I am entirely cured. To you I ascribe all the glory.

Yours truly,

GUY SMITH.



A Dream of the Future.

'Tis one fine day at the set of sun,
The evening shades have well begun.
The pale moon streaks the broken clouds,
And with her silvery light the wood enshrouds.
The dim light of the eastern sky
Blends with the fading red on high.
Forth with sad and care-worn brows
I go to sleep beneath the boughs
Of the giant forest oak
That towers aloft with sombre look.
The dew makes with the lily stems
A flowery carpet rich with gems.
Low I lay my drooping head
Upon a dark and mossy bed.
Sleep doth soon my brain allure,
Anxious for the vague future
Of my high-school friends forlorn
Who think that they were surely born
To perform most noble deeds
And stand as oaks amidst the reeds.
Soon I behold with dreaming eye
A fairy down before me fly.
She beckoned to me : "Up, arise !
" Soar with me through distant skies
" And see what Future holds in store
" For your dear friends ; " for she divined
The mist that pallid my mortal mind.
On we fly o'er the pathless road
That leads to the dread Parcian abode.
The fairy pulls aside the veil
And lo ! doth to my soul reveal
They who rule the world forever,
As they spin and twist and sever.
They seemed to know right well my wish,
So, quicker than a lightning's flash
There was upreared before my view
A form of architecture new.
I read engraved upon a stone
" Fort Wayne High School, 1901. "
I drew a sigh and looked no more
Upon the " substance of things hoped for,
The evidence of things unseen, "
It vanished from my eyesight keen,
And I discern in outline bold
The form of Alexander Olds.
He kicks a ball with all his might
And strains his leg ; it was a sight.
With heavenward eyes, convulsive lips
He curses games and turns fit flips.
His race of life has been well run,
The thread is clipped, Clotho had spun.
I hear a cat-mew in the distance
And then I see in vague existence
Poor Fred Shidel's pallid form,
Emaciated, sad, care-worn ;
The remnants of a silly grin
Are scattered o'er his peaked chin.
All at once his parts collapse,

Now his spiritual wings he flaps
And sails into the infinite
Into regions dark as night.
Next there lies before our view
A field of tombstones old and new.
The fairy leads with ghostly tread
Through the city of the dead.
Soon to a marble slab we come,
My leader points with gesture dumb,
This the inscription that I spied :
" Alice Foster born and died,
" Her soul is now in Paradise,
" With the saints she doth rejoice.
" She longed to be a loving wife
" And spend with some fair lad this life:
" Her one desire was ne'er supplied,
" So with a broken heart she died. "
The graves have vanished : we stand alone :
We reign in silence, the breeze our throne.
Yet still another scene was painted
At which my heart it nearly fainted.
A gorgeous room in splendor furnished,
The chairs and stands with silver burnished :
A fine flush carpet on the floor,
A costly rug before the door,
Two sit in the room together,
They always loved and will forever.
These two long ago were twain,
Both are now one and the same,
Miss Hazel Pearse and Page Yarnelle,
How they love each other no tongue can tell.
I close my eyes and heave a sigh
E'er one more scene I must descry.
An opera building now doth rise
Whose towering gables reach the skies ;
Forth the clamoring throng doth go
To see the evening ten-cent show.
A young man steps before our gaze
And says in pleasing, gracetul ways :
" Dear ladies and kind gentlemen,
" I introduce to you Doris Diamond. "
Forth there steps a human chunk
Of operatic ire and spunk :
She opes her lips and tries to sing,
Her shrieks do through the audience ring.
A thunder storm goes rattling by
And harmonizes with her cry.
I sought the fairy, but she'd gone,
Scared away by the horrid song.
I start to go ; alas ! I fall :
In vain I loudly tor her call.
Down I go with hail and rain,
I ne'er will go so high again.
I now do see the woods below,
My blood doth tast and hotly flow.
Where am I now ? Oh ! sure I know,
I'm on my bed of mosses low.

—DEACON.

Communications.

OUR DEAR MISS FEE :—

In reply to your query as to the propriety of a young lady putting her hand in a young gentleman's pocket, we would say that it would depend entirely on the circumstances. But in the circumstances which you have stated we consider it entirely improper. Especially since the young gentleman's hand was also in the pocket and was minus a glove.

Yours truly,

BARRETT, Attorney at Law.

OUR DEAR MISS PEARSE :—

Yours of the 16th inst. received. In reply we would say that while you will hardly break the Deacon's heart, yet should you persist in your jollying you would sadly disturb his peace of mind for many years to come.

RAY & Co.

BONDIE :—

Your delightful letter received. I make exceeding haste to answer it, as usual. You must have had a great old time at the Junior dance. The punch must have been good. Oh, yes, you asked me whether it was entirely wrong to drink all the punch before any one else has any. I have done it myself, but I really didn't expect you to follow my example.

DEITZ.

MR. YARNELLE :—

I received your letter. I know you must have had a good time at the ball, since you took L—F—. It couldn't be otherwise. But even if you have broken other girls' hearts you can't break mine.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

MY DEAR MR. BARROWS :—

If, as you say, you prefer that whipper snapper, I wish you success. But I think it's real mean that you won't take Deitz's place while he is gone, even if you don't care for me. I have tried to be attractive, but if I have failed, I suppose I must bear it.

Yours truly,

BOND,

Matrimonial Agent.

MISS SMITH :—

In reply to yours of 2nd inst., we would say that parting the hair is most assuredly coming into fashion again. But we would like to suggest that you chose a more becoming color than green for a bow. A less conspicuous color would probably not amuse your fellow students so much.

BEAUX.

Constitution of Fort Wayne High School.

~~~~~  
PREAMBLE.

We, the School Board of the city of Fort Wayne, in order to cause great sorrow to miscreants, to flunk all students and to put them in jeopardy of life and book, do ordain and establish this constitution of the F. W. H. S.

ARTICLE I.

Clause 1. All executive and judicial powers herein granted shall be vested in C. T. Lane, from whom there shall be but one appeal, and that to Mr. J. N. Study.

Clause 2. The chief executive and judicial officer shall have power to unconditionally and without trial fire any student from school.

Clause 3. To regulate the passing of notes. He may either suffer it to be done or prohibit it, as he, according to the dictates of his feelings, may deem expedient.

Clause 4. To establish an uniform system of library hours, which shall in all cases conflict with each student's recitations.

Clause 5. To constitute tribunals inferior to himself, which shall be empowered to try all crimes of a minor nature. But no such tribunal, except in flagrant violations of the law, shall be empowered to fire students from school. All such inferior courts shall convene in the place or places wherein the crime or crimes shall have been committed.

ARTICLE II.

Clause 1. All legislative power shall be vested in Mr. J. N. Study and a lower house, to be known as teachers.

Clause 2. All teachers shall receive an exhorbitant compensation for their services. They shall be neither liked by the students nor shall their judgment ever be questioned.

Clause 3. All teachers shall hold office during life or until they go absolutely insane. But in the event of the expectation of a better job they shall be immediately released without question.

Clause 5. No person except a natural born scholar shall be eligible to the office of teacher.

Clause 5. Any teacher may suspend all rules and regulations laid down in this constitution, or such part of them as he may deem necessary, upon a petition of one-third of his good judgment. Should any irate father appear in consequence of such suspension the said teacher shall be expected to bear the full brunt of all the abuse.

ARTICLE III.

Clause 1. Any student wanted by one teacher and held by another shall, upon the uttering of warrant by Mr. Lane, deliver up such a student to the last claimant.

Clause 3. No student presenting a certificate of an engagement with a music teacher, dentist, or any other professional man, the time of whom is limited, shall be allowed to go when otherwise bound to any teacher whatsoever. This provision shall apply in cases of sickness as well.

Clause 3. No school books shall be drawn from another fellow's desk unless both the teacher's and owner's backs are turned, at which time the deed may safely be accomplished. In all other circumstances the owner's and the teacher's permission are required.

Clause 4. No student shall enter into any confederation or conspiracy against any teacher, nor shall any student translate Latin at sight unless he shall have before been declared exceptionally bright. Every student shall, before he may come to class, borrow some one's translation, whereby he may ascertain the purity of his own translation.

#### AMENDMENTS.

Article 1. A well-groomed pony being necessary to the excellence of a student's recitation, Mr. C. T. Lane shall make no regulation concerning its banishment, nor shall he in any way attempt to disparage its use.

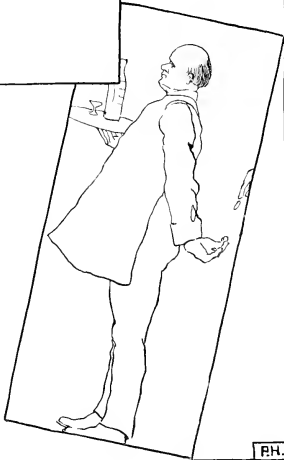
Article 2. The right of students to be secure in their persons, desks, and books against unreasonable searches shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue except upon testimony of a tattletale. All such warrants must come from the principal.





WHAT'S  
IN A  
NAME

Smith  
Alderman  
Porter  
Muir-head  
Beers  
Fee.



## '03 and Her Daring Deeds.

---

It was a very cold night in January. It was one of those sort of nights when every one keeps indoors. Father had stayed home from the club that night and my older brother from the theater. Uncle Ned had come that day from his home in Louisville to visit us. His visit, as well as the cold, perhaps, caused father's and brother's sacrifice, for a sacrifice it was, for either to stay at home. The fire in the grate, it seemed to me, never before looked so warm and bright. I could hear the wind howling about the corners of the house outside and wagons creaking as they went along. Within all was bright and cheerful. The family circle was complete for the first time in a long while. Dinner that night had been much better than usual on account of Uncle Ned's visit. This latter, perhaps, accounted mostly for the feeling of satisfaction.

Uncle Ned was a great story teller. It wasn't long before he got to telling stories. Among them he told one about one of his High School escapades. I was in High School at that time, and I suppose the tale has clung to me longer than the rest for that reason. Here it is, as well as I can remember it. I cannot tell it as well as Uncle Ned did, but I will do my best :

"Long about '01, or somewhere along there, I was going to a High School down in Fort Wayne. I was a quiet sort of a fellow myself, but I got into a class in which there were a great many rowdies. There wasn't anything which they wouldn't do, just as long as it would disturb the peace of the community. Well, it wasn't long before I got to be as bad as the next one. It happened one week that we hadn't done a naughty thing the whole week. This would never do, so I decided to do something which would be naughtier than anything which had ever been heard of in the history school. I thought a long while, and at last came to the conclusion that about the "rowdiest" act I could think of was to put a flag on top of the school. It didn't make much difference what kind of a flag it was, but just a flag. I found enough fellows in about two turns around a sapling to aid me in the execution of my plan ; but the next thing to get was the flag. At last we hit upon a scheme. There was a girl in our class with lots of class spirit (I guess that's what you call it now). She was always raising some sort of a class rumpus. It wouldn't be hard to get her to make a flag, as long as it was '03 class flag. She was just what we wanted. Well, we got the flag without any trouble. It was a "corker," too.

The next thing now was the fun of putting it up. The very next night at about twelve o'clock found me and about five other peace disturbers down at the school trying every window. At last we got in. Up we went, out through the trap-door in the attic, and in about twenty minutes the deed was done. Just to make it interesting for the fellow who tried to take it down we

smear'd tar all over the flag-pole. Next morning we were down bright and early to wonder who the fellows were that did it. But what was this? When we got down to the school, lo and behold the flag was gone, and the pole still there. Well, sir, you never saw six more dejected law-breakers in your life. To make matters worse the girl who made the flag let the whole thing out. I didn't go to school for a couple of days. I thought it would all have blown over by that time, but I got it as bad when I did come as though it were the night before that we had done our neat trick.

It wouldn't hardly do to fail like that. We might have let it pass if every one hadn't found it out, but it would never do to let it go now. So we forgave our feminine accomplice her overflow of words and asked her to make us another one. She never even said that we were a lot of bunglers, but went to work and made it. This one was about twice as large as the other one. It must have taken an awful long while to make it. This time we got up a telephone pole in the alley, and thence onto the building. A policeman saw us but he didn't say anything when we told him what we were going to do. We got the flag up all right, except that the letters were upside down. Then we smear'd tar all over the pole again. This time one of the fellows produced a hammer and nails and nailed the trap door down so that no one could get out on the roof. Then we slid down the telephone pole and found ourselves in the arms of another policeman. Again we explained it all. The next morning we got up and found ourselves famous. There was a story in the morning paper about some vandals prowling about the High School, but were scared away by a policeman. Confidently expecting to see the flag waving over the old school, I hurried down town, but lo! there it was again. The same old story—the flag gone. The pole with its coat of tar was still there. I always suspected the janitor of taking those flags, but I never could swear to it. If it was he he must have had a pair of badly tarred trousers, or else he must have been the proud possessor of the first airship, for we certainly did try our best to make it hard work for him.

### *The Last Crime of the 19th Century.*

It was the time when tumult filled the air,  
When streamers rode the breezes o'er the land,  
And towns were crowded almost everywhere  
With long processions headed by a band,  
Strife and envy dwelt in every mind,  
And party spirit drowned the nation's peace,  
Each side brought in all great men it could find  
To give its party's power another lease.  
One day there rode into our mighty town  
One who as an orator had glorious fame,  
For lungs and mind he had great renown  
And to use these he to our city came.  
Clubs came from East and West and South and North  
To meet this wise tool marching down the street,  
So High School wished its members to lead forth  
And hence at the old school-house they did meet.  
Here Pandemonium reigned supreme as king,  
When night o'er all her starry veil had drawn  
The boys turned topsy-turvy everything  
And held Indian frolics on the lawn.  
Ah ! Could the ruesome sport have stopped but here  
All would have been as well as e'er before,  
Then none would have had occasion for a tear,  
Or dreaded punishment which was in store.  
'Tis said that Demons dwell in man's own soul,  
And not in some far place we oft call "hell."  
'Twas surely so with those two boys that stole  
On high to take the clapper from the bell.  
For the stupid "Deacon" and his sober pal  
Ascended lofty steps that midnight hour,  
Sad forebodings hovered over all  
As these two scoundrels stood upon the tower.  
Silence ! Still and bid me tell no more  
About that awful crime done in the dark ;  
Worse deeds by worse boys have been done before ;  
We did nothing more than was our part.  
O tell us how our natures to reform,  
How to fight life's battle to a close,  
And we will safely pass life's wicked storm  
Till death shall lay our bodies in repose.



## *An Episode in Bagdad.*

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Scene: Bagdad. Lucifer Jones's hut in the foreground ; a figure is seen in the distance, evidently making tracks for Lucifer's house. General complexion of horizon is decidedly stormy. Lucifer is sitting on a stool in front of his house. He has evidently been having his only shirt washed, for he is sitting in dishabille (ah ! that last word looks nice ; shows knowledge, too, doesn't it ?) and a shirt is hanging on the line outside. When Lucifer sees the cloud of dust coming down upon his hut like a cyclone, he is heard to exclaim suddenly and with some abruptness, "Why, bless my stars ! if here does not come William Tailorgoose. He is doubtless after the pay for that last suit he made me." From which we infer that Lucifer had forgotten to pay his last tailor bill (how careless men are about these things !) Thereupon he executed a double somersault backwards and disappeared through the door of his house.

Meanwhile the irate figure of the tailor strutted with menacing footsteps through the desert sands of Bagdad, toward the object of his quest. And, meanwhile, too, the burning sun smote poor Billy on the back of the neck most unmercifully. Billy swore under his breath ; i. e., we could not hear him swear, but knew he must be swearing, therefore he was swearing under his breath. He walked right up to the house that Lucifer built, and he said, said he, "Ho, Lucifer !"

No response. Then again and louder, "I say ! Lucifer !"

"I'm not home, you dunce," from inside the hut.

"But I see your only shirt on the line out here." This from Billy.

"How careless I am, to be sure. I have gone out without my shirt on."

Then Billy swore a mighty oath and vowed that he would have the money for that last suit or a corresponding section of Lucifer's hide. This brought Lucifer to time.

"Oh, son of a gun !" he said. (N. B. This is merely eastern politeness, not as most carnal minded persons imagine, an obnoxious epithet.) "You shall have all you want," he continued. Then, as if it were a second thought, he said: "But, ah ! will you, take it now or wait 'till you get it ?"

Then arose straightway Billy's ire and having rolled up his sleeves and grasped firmly his walking stick, he hurled a winged word at Lucifer. Lucifer replied in kind, and right nobly did those two mighty men contend. The conversation (we could hear only snatches of it) ran very much like this :

Billy: —“ O, son of Ebenezer Jones, my first patron, grievously wilt thou rue this day, if dost not pay me my price.”

Voice from within : “ O, glad to hear it. And how's your father. Is your mother working?”

Billy: — Quite well, thank you, and mother is— Didst thou mean to play a vile trick upon me, thou deceitful youth? Where's my money?”

Voice from within : —“ Oh, you will feel better soon. But now, dear Billy, run along and sit on a tack, that's a good boy.”

Then Billy waxed exceedingly wroth, and oaths flowed from his lips in a torrent, and each oath was stronger than the preceding one; and he swore by the beards of all the prophets he had ever known or heard tell about. Finally he made up his mind to enter (this idea seemed to have first entered his mind at this time,) and force the impertinent Lucifer to pay him.

Lucifer (within and aside :)—“ If Willy will to the water, Willy must take consequences,” (I always pride myself on my ability to quote different authors in the right place.) Then Lucifer went over to his cage of pet crabs and let them loose. Whereupon he took a hurried departure through the rear door. About this time Billy's wrath overcame all bounds and he bravely forced his way through the unresisting door, and entered. He heard taunts coming from somewhere, he knew not where, such as these :

“ How's your mother?”

“ Be a good boy, Billy. Goodbye.”

“ Oh, tell your mother she wants you.”

Meanwhile Billy continued his search, and having ransacked the house and found no Lucifer, he was about to depart, thinking that it had been spirits that were talking to him. And he was frightened half out of his wits when he heard a loud taunt right under his nose, to-wit : “ Before you depart, Billy dear, please put the room in order.” He brought his stick down with considerable force in the direction of the sound, but hit nothing in particular and a large space in general. By so doing, ah! sad to relate, he stirred up all the evil passions which had lain dormant so long in those crabs, and they, vicious and evil-minded creatures, being no respecters of persons, nor even of parts of person's anatomy, seized hold of some choice spots in Billy's form. Then Billy, being sorely vexed, and likewise in a very painful state of mind, let out one whoop, which same was loud enough to wake the dead “ Howly sufferin' smoke! ‘Tis the devil, be jabbers!” he said. (This exclamation he had heard an Irish trader use.) Then straightway and with a great deal of abruptness, Billy bolted. And lo! a figure was seen to hurl open the doors of Lucifer's hut and hasten away. And even as it hurried along a merry “ Ha! ha!” floated out from Lucifer's hut, and followed the fast retreating figure of the thoroughly frightened tailor, as he sped on his way across the burning sands of Bagdad. A merry twinkle was observed in the eyes of the sun by the astronomers, but they knew not the reason for it, as they had not seen the episode.

That evening as Lucifer lay on his cot, and tried to go to sleep, his donkey, Jonathan, stuck stuck his head in the door of Lucifer's house and whispered :

"Say, Lucifer!"

"What?" Lucifer said in a sleepy tone.

"Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"What is a tailor who is perambulating along at the rate of 'steen miles an hour, with the hot sun beating down on him and a crab firmly holding on to his leg?"

"Don't know. Give it up. What is he, Jonathan?"

"A scorcher."

"But what has the crab to do with it, Jonathan?"

"Why," said the donkey as he got ready to run, "that's the sticker, Lucifer."



*'02 and a Half Class Poem.*

Perhaps you've never heard of us?  
And no doubt you will laugh,  
But we will get there just the same,  
The Class of Two-and-a-half.

You think because we are so few  
We do not amount to much,  
From small beginnings great things come ;  
Yet the world is made of such.

The stamp of knowledge on our brows  
Our wise teachers did detect ;  
After their verdict we were formed  
In a jolly class select.

We hail you students, one and all,  
With our watchword, Rip ! Rah ! Raf !  
This school has ne'er known such a class  
As Naughty Two-and-a-half.

Our Graduation Day will come  
In the depths of winter cold,  
And if by luck you get the chance  
Look on us with glances bold.

For there you'll see the budding time  
Of genius born in glory,  
And if you wait but long enough—  
Well, now I'll close my story.

## '02 and a Half History.

Of the class of daring sailors who enrolled for service in the noble craft old High School, and whose harbor was to be Graduation, February, 1903, but few remain. Part of them have proved deserters while part have been washed overboard by an overwhelming wave.

No ordinary chronicler of events can tell of the doings of this noble class. We have been unlike all previous classes, though like them we have had our colors, which are green, the most restful color to the eye, and salmon gold, the purchasing power of the whole world. As a whole we have marked peculiarities. These are shown in our high marks and general deportment.

The first gathering of our class was at our acquaintance meeting, where each young man was compelled to run the fire of the flashing eyes of the assembled girls, which has, as you have seen, done sad havoc among our ranks. At this meeting we chose our motto and swore allegiance to the Class of Two and a half.

We have had one swell affair—a Weiner Roast, at the home of one of our members. In the wee' sma' hours of the morning we departed for home shouting ourselves hoarse with our

Hip-ka Minika Honikaza!

Mebu! Tebu! and we Ha! Ha!! Ha'!!!

till the quiet streets of the city resounded with the immortal

Fort Wayne High School, Rip! Rap! Raf!

We're the Class of Two and a half.

Although there are few of us left, we still remain true to our Class and we are bound to come forth Conquerors in the end-

## *Fort Wayne High School a Wreck.*

*Visited by an Awful Storm During the Night. Damage  
Will Amount to a Prodigious Sum.*

(Special to Enauton) Dec. 1.—Some time during the night the High School building at Fort Wayne was struck by a storm. The exact nature of the storm could not be determined. No one witnessed the deplorable accident, nor were any other building damaged by the storm. The janitor was the first one to discover the awful ruin. When he unlocked the building this morning to prepare it for the regular routine of business, he found an awful scene of ruin and devastation. Chairs were piled in the corners of the rooms in disorderly heaps, the blackboards badly marred with disfiguring class numerals; teachers' desks were turned upside down and the papers extracted. The floors were littered with great heaps of rubbish. Papers were strewn all over the building. A close examination revealed the fact that the electric bell service was crippled almost beyond repair. Also that the pupils' books had been exchanged.

The storm, or whatever it was, committed many queer freaks. In some mysterious manner it filled the piano with paper, but otherwise left it unharmed. Although the interior of the building was badly damaged, the outside escaped injury. The storm seemed to spend its fury on the two first floors, while the upper ones remained uninjured.

The damage will be repaired as soon as possible and school resumed. The faculty rejoice to think it was no worse, but yet they do not long for another visitation.

## Calendar, 1900-1901.

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Monday, Sept. 10. School opens. The Freshman climb fearfully two flights of stairs and are safely housed in the attic.

Tuesday, Sept. 11. Seniors' first chemical experiment. Kellar burnt his fingers. Hamilton put on front seat.

Wednesday, Sept. 12. Mr. Lane starts in by giving us a lecture on proper conduct. We get the afternoon off to welcome the old veterans.

Friday, Sept. 14. The campaign was opened by the boys of the High School this morning. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Kellar have the largest audience.

Monday, Sept. 17. A sudden change of weather keeps the loiterers off the corner. Mr. Lane smiles.

Tuesday, Sept. 18. This is unprepared day for the Virgil class. At least Mr. Lane thought so from the awful lesson. It took him till 4:30 to recover from the shock.



Wednesday, Sept. 19. The Senior Class elects its officers.

Thursday, Sept. 20. The "bench" groans under the weight of twelve evil-doers. The front bench already needs repairing.

Friday, Sept. 21. The entire Senior Greek Class absent this morning. The class consists of one pupil.

Tuesday, Sept. 25. The temperature nearly reaches the boiling point, and collars wilt in great numbers.

Wednesday, Sept. 26. The "High School Republican Marching Club" organizes. It's as big as its title.



Thursday, Sept. 27.  
Prof Crowe receives his new air-pump. His face is covered with smiles.



Friday, Sept. 28. We are addressed by Mr. Brown of the Anti-Cigarette League. The effect is marvelous among the boys, in the wrong direction.

### OCTOBER.

Monday, Oct. 1. An Anti-Cigarette League organized by the girls of the High School. They expect to reform the boys.



Tuesday, Oct. 2. The reformation does not progress. Speeches against the League are made by Messrs. Hamilton, Kellar, et al.

Wednesday, Oct. Mr. S. Mitchell, of the Fort Wayne Dispatch, develops his throwing arm at the expense of the High School boys.



Thursday, Oct. 4. The White Bank corner is closely guarded by a heavily armed policemen. The bank officials fear a raid by certain desperadoes of the High School.

Tuesday, Oct. 9. An ultimatum from Prof. Miles: "Everybody must have a music book or be suspended."

Wednesday, Oct. 10. A dozen boys "played hokey." Their finish comes to-morrow.

Thursday, Oct. 10. The dozen "canned."

Monday, Oct. 15. The foot-ball team tell how it happened that they were defeated at Huntington last Saturday.



Tuesday, Oct. 16. George Hand grew curious this morning, and put the tube from a hydrogen generator in a flame. A loud report and a tableau follow.





Monday, Oct. 17. A visitor hears the Seniors' recitation in Macbeth. He left hurriedly after a few minutes' agony. Bring on more victims for the torture.

Tuesday, Oct. 18. A step forward in music. We now use the "Advanced Music Reader."

Friday, Oct. 19. Franklin Brown and Hazel Pearse walk together. An announcement of their engagement will soon be forthcoming.

Tuesday, Oct. 23. Prof. Lane gives the Virgil Class a lengthy talk on the use of the harness. Prof. Miles declares he is the only true American. There are others also.

Wednesday, Oct. 24. The "Union of Music Singers" organized. Any member who sings after 4:30 p. m., the end of the music period, is subject to a fine.

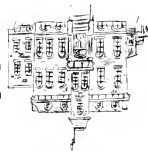
Thursday, Oct. 25. Somebody steals the bell-clapper, and we are summoned to school by a dinner bell. The enticement to a meal failed to bring about twenty boys.

Friday, Oct. 26. The twenty boys still hungry because they did not answer the dinner bell.

Monday, Oct. 29. The Civil Gov't Class is informed that it is the worst class ever instructed. This is a yearly announcement.

#### NOVEMBER.

Thursday, Nov. 1. Hallowe'en was celebrated in the old-time way in the High School last night.



Friday, Nov. 2. Capt. Hopkins in despair. No member of the foot-ball team will practice. He threatens to resign.

Monday, Nov. 5. A betting craze on the presidential election seizes the High School pupils. McKinley rules a hot favorite at odds of 2 to 1.

Tuesday, Nov. 6. (X) In hoc signo vinces.

Wednesday, Nov. 7. Prof. Lane says he knew that the Republican party would be successful because the majority of the High School pupils were Republicans. The Fort Wayne High School is therefore the pivotal community instead of New York.

Thursday, Nov. 8. Walter Hamilton disappoints a large audience. He fails to wheel Kellar in a wheel-barrow in front of the school.

Friday, Nov. 9. Several petitions circulate for the buying of a new bell-clapper. Eight pupils tardy this morning because they didn't hear the dinner bell.

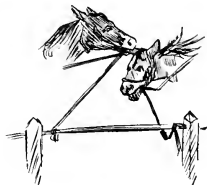
Monday, Nov. 12. The secretary of the Senior Class receives a sample of a class pin. The manufacturer claims it is a great bargain at 10c.



Tuesday, Nov. 13. Mr. McMillan and Alex Olds hold an interesting conversation. The audience is held spell-bound by the display of eloquence.

Wednesday, Nov. 14. Somebody spills Crowe's bottle of red ink over his desk. He says he will make it interesting for the one who did it. Question: Is it all a bluff?

Thursday, Nov. 15. Two horses fight in front of the school. Their squeals interrupt the recitations.



Friday, Nov. 16. Kellar informs us that he has not seen the sun set for two weeks. He is in great demand by the teachers.



Monday, Nov. 10. A seedy looking individual strolls into the High School in search of work. He is directed to the Fort Wayne Dispatch office.

Tuesday, Nov. 20. The school is filled with the smell of burning bread. Some thoughtless (?) students threw the remnants of sandwiches into the furnace.

Wednesday, Nov. 21. McMillan wears a pair of new brown shoes.

Thursday, Nov. 22. Albie Kellar is suspended and the teachers breathe easier.

Monday, Nov. 26. Prof. Lance gives the Junior Latin Class a much-needed spelling lesson.

Tuesday, Nov. 27. Prof. Miles gives in to the "Union of Music Singers" after a long wrangle.



Wednesday, Nov. 28. Prof. Crowe and Guy Smith have a wordy war over the possession of a book. No damage done.

The girls of the High School entertain the Indianapolis High School team.

Thursday, Nov. 28. Thanksgiving vacation. Our foot-ball team wipe out last year's defeat by Auburn by the score of 32-0. Prof. Lane was seen to dance a Highland fling over the victory.

## DECEMBER.

Monday, Dec. 3. A sure sign that the foot-ball season has ended, the team appear with shorn heads.

Tuesday, Dec. 4. The stove pipe in Miss Kolb's room collapses after enduring the strain of bad recitations for nearly four months. The climax was brought on by her declaring that the Civil Gov't. papers were abominable.



Friday, Dec. 7. Mabelle Tenant was requested to stand still for three minutes at the Art Studio. The exertion was too great and she fainted.

Tuesday, Dec. 11. Walter Hamilton is sent out into the cold for declaiming in the Latin recitation.

Wednesday, Dec. 12. McMillan has a new occupation. He chases itinerant students into the coal-bins cellars, and then he chases them into the bench.

Friday Dec. 14. Prof. Lane appears on his bike, with his coat-tails hanging down over the wheels.

Monday, Dec. 16. A man fresh from the country walks into the school looking for the dining-room. He heard the dinner-bell ring.

Wednesday, Dec. 17. Walter Hamilton appeared with his hair cut and his shoes shined.

Friday, Dec. 19. The last school hour of the last school day of the last year, etc., was celebrated by a delightful entertainment.

## JANUARY.

Monday, Jan. 7. First school day of new century. No change, not even a new bell-clapper. The school takes pride in keeping in the old rut. The teachers and pupils display their Xmas presents.

Tuesday, Jan. 8. Eight notes passed between Guy Smith and Adah Higgins during the Latin lesson.

Thursday, Jan. 10. Franklin Brown tells a story ! What will Hazel say ?

Friday, Jan. 11. Lura Fee discovers a new "hubbie" (John Gaetje.)

Monday, Jan. 14. It has just been discovered that the bell-clapper was stolen by Frank Brown and Dudley Murray.

Tuesday, Jan. 15. Students have just found out that Hugh means woe, and Hilda means fight. Draw your conclusions.

Thursday, Jan. 17. The engagement of Franklin and Hazel is announced.



Friday, Jan. 18. Miss Hilda Lane explains Hugh Smaltz's absence as follows: "Papa, I mean Hugh's papa, is out of the city, and Hugh has to run the factory."

A mock trial held in the evening. Prof. Lane draws this conclusion: "A good time for amateur talent to display its buffoonery."

Monday, Jan. 21. Congress of girls of High School draw up a resolution that Willie Zent shall be considered a "perfect darling." Watch Billie's head when he reads this.

Wednesday, Jan. 23. Lura Fee learns how to make "them goo-goo eyes" and then tries their effect on John Gactje.

Thursday, Jan. 24. The High School Cooking Club organizes. They have captured a few stray cats and dogs to experiment on with their first attempt at pies, etc.



Monday, Jan. 28. Louise Bond goes sleigh-riding and is dumped into the snow. The next day there was no school, (for Miss Bond.)

Tuesday, Jan. 29. Franklin Brown turns poet. He claims he writes us poems from inspiration. We wonder who inspires him?

Thursday, Jan. 31. Crowe thrown in deep mourning over the loss of his air-pump. He broke it and must send it back to the factory for repairs.

## FEBRUARY.

Friday, Feb. 1. The last day of examinations, and students await in fear the dreaded summons to the office.



Monday, Feb. 4. The morning of promotion and demotion, and the feeling of joy or woe is regulated by those little pasteboards.

Tuesday, Feb. 5. The great spirit of charity of the High School displayed in its contributions to the Relief Union.

Thursday, Feb. 7. Crowe appears in a new suit.



Friday, Feb. 8. Students wade through snow drifts to the school. Janitor takes a lay-off.

Monday, Feb. 11. Some one stretches a wire across an aisle. It produces a great commotion among Miss Hamilton's lambs.

Tuesday, Feb. 12. Alice Foster "Makes Them Goo-Goo Eyes" and "cops" Nelson as her prize (for that morning.)

Wednesday, Feb. 13. Three girls talk too much and are sent out to enjoy the fresh air.

Thursday, Feb. 14. Walter Hamilton turns dog-catcher. He will receive the hearty endorsement of his High School friends to succeed Jack Tremmel as pond-master next election.

Friday, Feb. 15. The Junior class gives a dance in honor of the Seniors. A success in every way.

Monday, Feb. 18. Mr. Lane informs certain of his friends that he is a critical trainer of lambs.

Tuesday, Feb. 19. A shocking act! Mr. Crowe borrows Miss Porter's furs to induce an electric current.

Wednesday, Feb. 20. Kinsey Evans leaves school "for ever and aye." Miss Olds puts on mourning.

Thursday, Feb. 21. Albert Schaff fails to answer a question in the Junior Latin class. Mr. Lane faints.

Friday, Feb. 22. All hail to Washington's birthday! We celebrate the day by hard study.

Monday, Feb. 25. Mr. Crowe breaks his coffee pot and the teachers rush the pie-house.

Tuesday, Feb. 26. Adah Higgins and Guy Smith late. They didn't hear the bell. Why?

Wednesday, Feb. 28. Mr. Study announces that a new High School will be built in the near future. Prof. Miles: "Let us sing."

Thursday, Feb. 29. Mr. Crowe looks very blue. Somebody stole his proff-plane, (a cent fastened to an old, glass rod). He informs his classes that this will not break him up.

#### MARCH.

Friday, March 1. Frank Brown runs a fast fifty yards, closely pursued by a "drunk" who wanted to fight.

Monday, March 4. Joshua Simpkins' band gives us an half hour serenade. Mr. Lane deeply moved by the music.

Tuesday, March 5. Prof. Miles threatens resignation. He spent ten minutes in removing paper from the piano.

Wednesday, March 6. Somebody rings the gong in the hall, and starts the teachers on a still hunt.

Thursday, March 7. Prof. Lane is seen crawling through a window of the school by an early arriver.

Friday, March 8. Poet Brown (Henry W.) turns out two more poems. He claims that he writes from inspiration. Question: Who inspires him?

Monday, March 11. There is a conspiracy on foot to remove Francis Williams flowing moustache and beard.

Tuesday, March 12. Something very strange—George Sweet talking to a girl.

Wednesday, March 13. Mabelle Tenant absent this morning. The room is strangely quiet.

Thursday, March 14. A window in a down-town store was broken. This act is charged to the High School boys. The police officials always unburden their minds of mysteries in this manner.

Friday, March 15. The court house becomes a refuge for students in distress. Especially those who do not have their Latin lessons.

Monday, March 18. The Junior Geometry class makes a wonderful record. One good recitation. Mr. Lane greatly surprised.

Tuesday, March 19. Lura Fee and Mr. Lane hold a short, spirited conversation, resulting in a home run for Miss Lura.

Wednesday, March 20. Jackey Crick forgets to wash his face, so a few boys put on face-powder to brighten his countenance.

Thursday, March 21. Almana Beebe sings "I love you" to Franklin Brown. Mr. Crowe puts a stop to the performance.

Friday, March 22. A mouse creates a panic in Mr. Crowe's room.

## *Great Events of the Year.*

---

School Board breaks off its contract with Review of Reviews. Too much reading for pleasure and not enough for reference.

Messrs. Lane and Schultze doff their reefers and become men once more. They also abandon winter bicycling.

Suspension of the morning curfew and substitution of dinner bell.

Falling off of the usual promenaders, caused by the departure of the masculine gender for college.

The institution of a farmer's convenience. A new fence placed in front of the school, to which the farmers may hitch their fiery steeds.

Importation of coal into the cellar. Let us all feel sorry for the janitor. Also let us grieve for our poor teachers, who will miss the vacation very much.

A new High School decided on. "All glory and praise to preceding annuals," so saith "Herr" Lane.

Mirabile Dictu, the Juniors have their class pins; but remember the old adage. Early ripe, early rotten.

Bieno introduces a different Dutch book. Heu! How great has been the suffering of the Seniors pocket books!

Extreme punishment has been changed from a long respite on the bench to exclusion from the society of their fellow students until their fathers shall smoke a cigar with Prof. Lane.

## “*Jack and Gill.*”

---

Jackus et Jilla ascendabant collem,  
Ut aquam obtinerent Jackus,  
Occidebat et caput frangebat  
Et Jilla cadens sequebatur.

---

“ Some irregular Latin verbs: ”

Meeto, love, kisse, captum,  
Marreo, kidere, squalli, spankum,  
Heno, chickere, goosi, dictum.

---

A maid, a man,  
An open fan,  
A seat upon the stair,  
A stolen kiss,  
Six weeks in bliss,  
And forty years of care.

---

Little grains of powder,  
Little drops of paint,  
Made the ladies' freckles  
Look as if they ain't.

---

A mosquito lit on a Freshman's head  
And settled down to drill ;  
He bored away for half an hour  
Until he broke his bill.

---

Breathes there a man  
With soul so dead,  
Who never to his friends has said,  
Are you a Buffalo ?



# Statistics.

| NAME.                      | LIKE IN PERSONAL APPEARANCE. | CHIEF DEFICIENCY.   | CURE FOR DEFICIENCY. | REDEEMING FEATURE.   | UPPERMOST THOUGHT. | NICKNAME.    |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------|----------------------|----------------------|--------------------|--------------|
| Franklin Brown . . . . .   | Diogenes.                    | His Poetry          | Seeing it in Print.  | His Dancing          | Hazel.             | Deacon.      |
| Hazel Pearse . . . . .     | Venus by her own say.        | Primping.           | Ray's Disapproval.   | Her Laugh.           | Ray.               | Dear.        |
| Adah Burdette . . . . .    | Same as Hazel P.             | Hair.               | Switch.              | Innocence.           | Erie, Pa.          | Shotgun.     |
| Walter Hamilton . . . . .  | Ben Johnson                  | Energy.             | Carpentering         | Statesmanship.       | His Appearance.    | Fat.         |
| Page Yarnelle . . . . .    | Daniel Webster               | Sobriety.           | Time.                | His walk             | Unknown.           | Pagie.       |
| Lura Fee . . . . .         | Queen Victoria.              | Lisping.            | Lane's Slams         | Her Eyes.            | Ann Arbor?         | Lute.        |
| Dudley Murray . . . . .    | Amish Preacher               | Dancing.            | Mirror.              | Cut of His Hair.     | Dudley Murray.     | Dud.         |
| Clara Porter . . . . .     | Sphinx.                      | Scrapping.          | Less of Curly        | Her Biush.           | Same as Lute       | Tubby.       |
| Alexander Olds . . . . .   | The Devil.                   | Being Canned.       | Tar on His Seat.     | Graat Spirits        | Trouble.           | Olds.        |
| Alice Foster . . . . .     | Cleopatra.                   | Constancy.          | Porter.              | Googoo Eyes          | Shifts.            | Kid.         |
| Francis Williams . . . . . | Pader wiskey.                | Foot-ball Trousers. | Better Memory.       | Jollying.            | Church.            | Bowlie.      |
| Robert Morris . . . . .    | Ichabod Crane.               | Shape.              | Pretty Girl.         | His Fountain Pen     | Mandolin.          | Ace.         |
| Frank Hamilton . . . . .   | Same as Olds                 | Peaceful ness       | Big Brother.         | His Whis- pering.    | The Bed.           | Ham.         |
| Paul Hopkins . . . . .     | Achilles.                    | Hair (bald)         | Less Scrapes         | Sight Trans- lation  | Kindergarten       | Hop (10 ft.) |
| Hugh Smaltz . . . . .      | A little Dutch Boy.          | His Anger.          | Loss of Hilda.       | His Father- in-law.  | Hunting.           | Hughie.      |
| Adah Higgins . . . . .     | A little girl.               | Nose.               | ?                    | Her Dutch Essay.     | Gas.               | Scag gs.     |
| Jahn Gaetje . . . . .      | Baron Munch- hausen          | Coat Sleeves        | A little Sugar       | Latin Trans- lation. | Lura.              | Dutchy.      |
| William Zent . . . . .     | Andonis.                     | Age.                | His Beauty           | His Winning Smile.   | Trouble.           | Pretty.      |
| Fred Shidel . . . . .      | An Ape.                      | Sense.              | None.                | Playing.             | Miss Hamil- ton.   | Cotton Top.  |
| William McDonald . . . . . | A Spaniard                   | Skipping.           | Truant Offi- cer.    | Grin.                | Studies.           | Mickie.      |

# Statistics

| NAME.                      | LIKE IN PERSONAL APPEARANCE. | CHIEF DEFICIENCY.        | CURE FOR DEFICIENCY.   | REDEEMING FEATURE.            | UPPERMOST THOUGHT.       | NICKNAME.   |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------|
| Grace Smith . . . . .      | Cupid.                       | Boys.                    | Fudge.                 | Her Class.                    | How to win 'em.          | Schmidt.    |
| Hilda Lane . . . . .       | Juno.                        | Sweet Temper.            | More of Hugh.          | Her Fudge.                    | How to pay election bets | Hildagarde. |
| Roy Tigar . . . . .        | An Ass.                      | 25 for a Hair Cut.       | A Collection           | His Football Playing.         | Spooning.                | Too Minor.  |
| Guy Smith . . . . .        | Tem Reed.                    | Paper.                   | Less Notes to Adah.    | That Form.                    | Artificial Ice.          | Gas.        |
| Almana Beebe . . . . .     | Grin.                        | Never Flunking.          | Less Study.            | Those Oratorical Gestures.    | Pets.                    | Mame.       |
| Dan Beers . . . . .        | Girl                         | Curling Iron.            | A Big Sister.          | Golf.                         | Plumbing.                | Booge.      |
| Prof. Schultze . . . . .   | Napoleon.                    | Length of Our Coat.      | Some New.              | \$5.                          | Botany.                  | Plants.     |
| Van Kalbden . . . . .      | Edward VIII                  | Sufficient Exercise      | A Gym.                 | His Whiskers.                 | Telling Stories.         | Bieno.      |
| Miss Hamilton . . . . .    | Miss Hamilton.               | Too Easy.                | A Temper.              | Those Deceiving Glass.        | Those Silly Girls.       | Specs.      |
| Miss Kolb . . . . .        | Madona.                      | Please Report            | A Taste of It Herself. | Good Works                    | Her Howard.              | Many.       |
| Louise Bond . . . . .      | A new woman.                 | A Winter Beau.           | Ray.                   | Her Laugh.                    | Duty.                    | Bondie.     |
| Mable Tenant . . . . .     | An Angel.                    | Rebellious Spirit.       | Bench.                 | Tilts with Bieno.             | Lane.                    | Teneo.      |
| Charles Alderman . . . . . | Konig Canaster.              | Yellow Paper.            | Stealing Some.         | His Eyes.                     | His Class.               | Bummy.      |
| Dorthy Albrecht . . . . .  | Lucretia.                    | Feet aren't Mates.       | Long Dresses           | Her Face.                     | Self.                    | Dot.        |
| Howard Pierce . . . . .    | Prof. H.                     | His Calendar             | More Work.             | His Blushes.                  | Annual(?)                | Thick.      |
| Elizabeth Evans . . . . .  | Dutch Milk Maid.             | Talking.                 | More of Page           | Her Snicker.                  | Page.                    | Lizzie.     |
| Marjorie Olds . . . . .    | Amazon.                      | A knowledge of Geometry. | Less of Kinsey.        | Breezy Manner.                | Princeton.               | Maggie.     |
| Flora Peters . . . . .     | Iris.                        | Her Lessons.             | New Teacher            | Her Rosy Checks.              | Purdue.                  | Pete.       |
| Fred Burger . . . . .      | Gibson Man.                  | Literature.              | Get Called On.         | Sketching on School Property. | Football.                | Bergie.     |
| George Hand . . . . .      | Demos-thenes.                | Talking.                 | More Knowledge.        | Being a democrat              | Politics.                | George III. |

## *All for a Lady.*

---

The scene of this little story is laid in the Southwestern part of England, away back in the year 17—, when our great, great, great-grandfathers were young men, courting their sweethearts in silken hose and knickerbockers, with fierce moustaches on their lips, and swords hanging at their sides. While as yet differences that arose between gentlemen were settled by the stern decision of the sword, and every gentleman was ever ready to maintain his love for a lady by sheathing his sword in the body of him who chose to gainsay it. In those days every man was an adept in the art of fencing, and my great, great, great-grandfather was no exception. For full many were the little experiences and adventures which those youths went through for their sweethearts, and consequently practice in fencing was never lacking. It is with one of these little adventures that the following story, which, by the way, I found among the papers left by my aforementioned ancestor at his death has to deal.

He, too, was in love. But alas! there were rivals for the fair hand of my Lady Fairfax, for my Lord Lansdowne, who was also a mere youth, was in love with her. It was out of such affairs as this that duels grew. But it will doubtless be more pleasant for the reader to peruse the account of this adventure in the words of the chief actor:

"I had long known that my Lord Lansdowne was in love with the same lady that I was. I had even received some letters from the lord to the purport that did I not cease to visit my Lady Fairfax, it would be the worse for me. But was I to be deterred from seeing the lady of my love by these vain threats, as I chose to call them? The same evening on which I received one of them I paid another visit to my lady love, but took care to be well armed. And 'twas well I did so. I made my call and was safely started on my homeward course. My lady seemed very anxious as I set out, but I bid her be of good cheer.

The moon shone down with a clear pale light, and everything in nature seemed at rest and sleeping, being fanned the while by gentle zephyrs, which sang a soft lullaby to the tree-tops. A spirit of peace came o'er me. I forgot earthly cares and tripped gaily along. Now my road entered a forest. Dark trees hedged it in on both sides. The moon's rays did not penetrate this darkness except here and there, where the tree-tops left an opening. There indeed the light came down, as the rays of truth break into the gloom of a sinner's heart. I saw a flicker of light, as of the moon's rays reflected from steel farther on in the forest, but I thought nothing of it, except that it was probably caused by a lightning bug, trying to light up the depth of the forest, which even the moon could not do. Truly, I thought, the little bug is undertaking an Herculean task.

I had gotten as far as the darkest place in the road, and could now see light ahead, when suddenly a dark form arose from out the darkness and stood in my path, not ten paces distant.

Other forms now rose and stationed themselves silently and slowly at the side of the path, and a deep voice called :

“ Halt ! ”

“ Who dares to hinder the passage of a traveler on the King's highway ? ” I replied.

“ That concerns thee not, ” said the same voice, “ Advance and make no hostile movement, or egad ! thou wilt be the heavier by five inches of good English steel ”

I did not reply to this, but making as though I would advance, I suddenly dashed aside into the forest. A pistol shot rang out, and I heard a clear-toned voice call :

“ After him, men ! ”

When the men dashed into the forest I ran low and strong. The cruel branches tore my flesh, but I cared not. The pursuers were hot on my tracks. Suddenly and without warning, I burst out of the forest, into a cleared place. Not far away there was a mansion, whose occupants had left on a visit, and I made for this. The front door was barred, but one kick of my heavy boot set it to shaking violently and another burst it open. I entered and going to the back of the building, I hid behind a screen.

The search party with my Lord Lansdowne at its head invaded the old mansion. Nearer and nearer the searchers drew, until at last one of them thrust his head behind the screen which hid me. Then they withdrew to the front of the building. In the brief instant during which the head had been behind the screen, I had recognized the face of Lord Lansdowne, and knew that I was discovered. So I came forth from my hiding place and stood in one corner, until he should return, as I knew he would. For his spite could only be satiated by killing me himself, and whatever else he was, no one could call him a coward. He had gone merely to dismiss his retinue.

This was a fine place for a fight. I could not recall a better. It was in a long spacious hall. The carpeted floors prevented slipping. An old-fashioned eight day clock stood in one corner ticking off the seconds as they passed to form hours. The hands, following the lonely circuit of the dial, marking off the hours as they passed to form days, years, centuries, pointed to the hour of ten. The pale moonlight streamed in at the window a flood of silver, giving all the light necessary to see by. Everything touched by it stood out in bold relief. The picture of the owner of this mansion hung on the wall. I could see every feature plainly. He seemed to be gazing at me with an ever-watchful eye. I could not escape with that eye on me, and what is more I did not care to, for I desired to settle this matter forever, and this was as good a place to die in as I could wish. Forsooth it was not pleasant to be hunted like a dog, and that merely because I happened to love the same lady that my lord did. What mattered it if I did make a visit to my Lady Fairfax ? Inasmuch as I loved her and she loved me and did not love my lord, had I not a right ? Why should he organize a party to intercept me on my road to-night, as if I had been a poor rabbit, or some beast ? Mary, I would show him that even the hare, when brought to bay, could fight. I would let him taste an honest man's steel. The idea never entered my head that I would be killed, for I was a good swordsman. But so was my lord.

I heard footsteps returning now, and presently my lord entered. As he stepped into the moonlight I could see that he wore a grimly sarcastical smile, and I bade him stop.

"Did the brave boy, perchance, see a mouse, that he hid behind the screen," he said in a singularly sweet-toned voice. His features were exceedingly boyish, and as he stood bathed in the silver moonlight, he was even handsome. Must I kill this boy, so young, so handsome? Was it possible that there could exist between two boys a quarrel so deep-rooted as to require the life of one as its forfeit? Then I thought of my wrongs.

"Is a man who frightens at a mouse so formidable to you, my Lord, that you must needs waylay him with a file of men!" I replied.

"I waylaid you to fight you; the men were merely to see that you did not escape, for I vow that to-night this matter must be settled. But enough of that. Do you agree to give up all claims to the hand of my Lady Fairfax?"

"Never! Never while this hand of mine shall have strength to hold a sword, — never, while this heart of mine shall beat, will I agree to such an infamous proposition."

"Then die"

He bared his sword arm at the word, and bade me make ready. But I was already prepared, and my sword was itching to find a rest in his body.

"On guard," said I, and we assumed our favorite fencing positions.

From the beginning I took the offensive. Our extreme rage incited us to furious fighting, and feints, lunges, thrusts, followed each other in quick succession. The sparks flew from the rapidly clashing blades in one continued stream. Now as the sword play took the path of a circle, a halo of fire was formed between us. Again, as the swords played from side to side, up and down, the sparks took the form of a fiery cross, which vibrated between us. No opening was left unguarded by either of us. No chance was given for a home thrust. Thrust as I would I could not touch him. His defense was perfect.

Thus far I had forced the fight, but now I relaxed my pace and let my Lord take the offensive. On he came with all the fury of a wild bull. His sword thrusts, glimmering in the moonlight like lightning flashes. I parried as by instinct. Once he feinted low, and thrust at my heart. This I would easily have parried had I not slipped. As it was, I succeeded in turning it enough to one side so that it but grazed my skin.

We commenced to sweat profusely. Great drops broke out on his forehead and his skin was all aglow with the exercise. He knew that he had met his match. The veins on his forehead swelled with anger till they looked like cords—anger at being frustrated in his design—anger at being beaten. Thrice did my point prick the pink flesh. By this time we were both panting, he especially was weak. What with the furious pace we had set, and the loss of blood, he was in a bad condition.

Now there was a lull in the fighting, as the lull in a storm just before the last furious outburst, and I saw that he was gathering up all his strength for the final effort—for life or death. Could I but withstand this last assault, I could see my way clear for love and a happy life thereafter. Now his blows fast became stronger, he rushed the fight with all the strength born of desperation, and I had all I could do to guard myself. His was a splendid exhibition of skill. Expert

was written in every feint, in every lunge, in every parry. His footwork and management of his body also showed consummate skill. Twice I executed my favorite trick. I feinted high, and instantly my blade leaped at his heart, with a dangerous gleam. By a quick shifting of his body, he avoided the thrust. 'Twas a beautiful display of the farthest reach of the fencer's art.

Touch me he could not. For while his attack was faultless, yet my blade formed an impassable barrier between the point of his sword and my body. My lord rushed, nay hurled himself at me again and again. I stood firm. His thrusts seemed tongues of flame as they leaped toward me; my sword a glittering reflection of his as it met and parried them. How often, when his sword was within an ace of my body did my good blade intervene just in the nick of time. One mistake, a slip, a thrust, a feint, a cut misdirected in so much as an inch, and he who made it would have been answering to his Maker in the next instant. The blows rained on our swords as hail falls on a roof in summer. As the hail does not break through the roof, neither did our swords break through the other's defense. What a seemingly frail defense a sword is against a torrent of blows. Yet, when placed in the hands of an expert, it becomes a coat of mail. Our swords were in the hands of experts.

My lord's sword, formerly pressing so fiercely against mine, was weakening now. His sword arm was tired because of the fast and furious pace we had set and maintained. He himself was weak from loss of blood.

My lips and throat were parched dry as timber under the burning rays of the midsummer sun. The end was near, when one of us must receive the fatal thrust, and, dying, give up his life for love.

I summoned all my reserve force and pressed forward. My lord yielded ground. His strength was all gone. I was about to rush the fight to a conclusion, and, as I well knew, a successful ending, when a figure entered the calm splendor of the moonlight. Ye gods! what a sight. 'Twas Venus come to earth. The noble, beautiful face outlined most becomingly against the golden hair, the figure formed in the best proportions of her sex, the whole strikingly outlined against the dark green of the draperies through which it had passed, formed a body like to an angel's. My lord did not see her. For an instant I must have relaxed my guard, for my lord's sword flashed out. It was within my guard. I felt a burning sensation in my neck. I fell backward, and even as I fell, I saw a pallor overspread her beautiful face. For a fraction of a second I was stunned. Then I looked up. My lord was over me. His sword was at my throat. At the moment of success I had fallen. When about to grasp the palm of victory I had slipped.

"Promise me, Ralph West, on your word as a gentleman, that you relinquish all claims to the hand of my Lady Fairfax, or your death is near at hand," my lord was saying in a harsh, dry voice, and I knew that he meant what he said.

With your enemy standing over you, his sword at your throat, and eternity hanging but on the speaking of a word, you think quickly. But my situation admitted of no alternative. I could answer but one thing. I kissed my hand in token of farewell at the figure in the moonlight, who stood as if paralyzed, and I thought she waved a kiss at me. Then I answered in as firm a voice as I could command:

"I will not promise. Do your will."

He raised his sword in a feeble, half-sorrowful manner, then fell over in a faint. I remember nothing from that time, for I also fainted, until I dreamed I was in heaven, and the angels were gathered round me pouring sweet soothing ointments on my feverish brow. I opened my eyes to get the first sight of paradise and the angels, and I saw a kindly, beautiful face, half buried in a mass of golden hair, close to mine. It was not unlike a face I had known and loved on earth. Then I came to my senses, but I quite agreed with my dream, that what I saw was heaven.

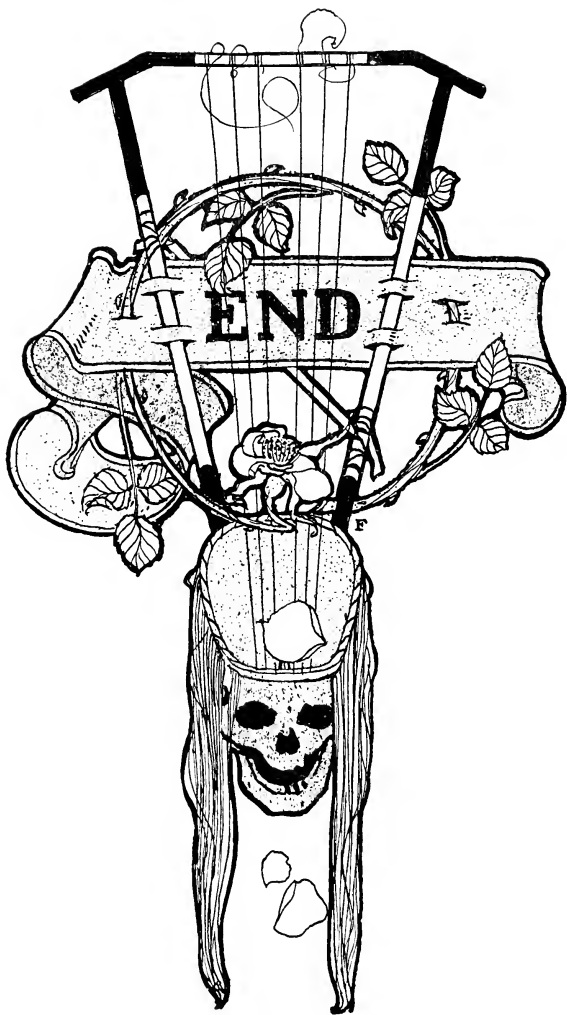
"Lay still, dear," she said ; "you will be well soon."

Then, as if anticipating my question, she said : "He is merely weak from loss of blood, and will soon be well."

I was ill, hovering between life and death for many weeks, during which my lady was ever by my side. And it was then that she promised to be mine. My lord's wounds were slight and he soon recovered from them, and we became friends again. But never was that eventful night alluded to. My lord had fought like a gentleman, and lost.

And now I will tell you the story, as I had it from those sweet lips, of how the sight which caused me to be struck down, only to be raised to greater heights of happiness, came about. She said :

"On the afternoon of that day, as I was sitting at the window I saw dark streaks of blood across the western sky at sunset, and I knew not why, but I had a presentment that something awful was going to happen. So that evening when I saw my lord fully accoutred, and with a file of men following him, march down the road and disappear in the forest glades, my presentiment was strengthened. Then when you left my house, I begged one of the servants to accompany me, and slipping out unobserved, I followed you as far as the forest. There I heard a loud command to halt, a pistol shot and saw a fleeing figure, followed closely by a band of men, dash into that mansion. The attendants' going back, passed me as I lay hidden by the roadside, but one was gone of the number who had marched out. I knew not what it was that made me so far forget myself, but I followed you into that house. As I entered it, the wind played a sad tune on the treetops, and the appearance of the house looked gruesome. I feared foul play. Then I heard the merry clinking of the swords, and, guided by the sound, I went to the room where you were. Having left my servant on the outside, I entered. I was paralyzed at the sight that met my eyes, and remained so throughout the rest of the fight, which lasted only about two minutes. But Oh! dear, words cannot describe how glad I was when you opened your eyes."





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tised in this book.*



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Miss Sperry: "Tell us about the Bellovacii."

Francis Williams (awakening): "No, I guess that was only the first bell."

Fanny Green (pronouncing Bibrax): "Bi-Bi-Beer-box."

Smaltz: "An unwritten constitution can be changed 'easierly' than a written one."

Alderman: "The parallelogram bisects it in three equal parts."

Beebe: "The rapourous wolves rush along."

Mr. Lane: "When he was stammered."

Van Kahlden: "What gender is the word for bird?"

Smith: "I don't know."

Van Kahlden: "Why, feminine, all birds are feminine."

A. Olds (talking about a girl): "No, she needn't think I am running after her. There are a lot of other girls--but I won't finish."

# Rurode Dry Goods Co.



## *Fort Wayne's Greatest Store.*

*Better able to serve you than ever before. Always seeking to better the best. We want you to feel that your buying interests center here. We want your confidence. Backed by it we can develop into larger usefulness.*

### *Bright New Merchandise.*

*Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, China and Glassware, Cloaks, Suits, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Men's Furnishings, Notions, Fancy Goods, Etc.*

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*Babies Pictured as Babies.* —————

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*'Duplicates from Barrows' and Shoaff's Negatives.*

## *Foster*

## *Shirt*

## *Waist,*

Best Value of Any Made.

Popular in Style!

Popular in Fit!

Popular in Price!

Smaltz: "He was the most justest of men."

McMillen: "It was heavier so it did sunk."

M. Muirhead: "Yes, we get along well together, our minds run in the same canal."

Fay Van Camp: "He traveled six hours per mile for five miles."

McMillen: "How would you find out the time of 'to be?'"

Madge Jewell: "By looking at the clock."

Blanche Jones: "Caesar was fighting a sham battle with the Belgians."

Hamilton: "It was an understanding cow."

Addie Diether: "I object to being kissed by the boys. I get cold sores every time."

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Nineteen Departments. Sixty-five members of the faculty. One thousand and fifty students. Every county in Indiana represented. No fees except small library and laboratory fees and in Law.

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Wholesale and Retail

**Teas, Coffees,  
Sugars, Spices, Etc.**

**Carpets, Linoleums,**

**Chinaware and House furnishings.**

Calhoun and Wayne Streets.

FORT WAYNE.

Go to James M. Kane and buy your Base Ball and Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Croquet, Hammocks, Baby Cabs and Go Carts, Pocket Books, Fancy Baskets, Stockings, Bird Cages, Boy's Wagons, Velocipedes, Umbrellas, Pocket Knives, Scissors; Alarm Clocks 85 cents each; Trunks from \$1 up to \$10; Fishing Rods, Reels and Lines of all kinds. Stock immense to select from. Notions, Toys and Fancy Goods. Trade at James M. Kane's and save money.

Hazel Pearse: "No, I really don't like to be kissed."

McMillen: "He was not an oratory."

Mae Fith (translating): "I move up the straight and narrow path where all life stands still."


Beers (to Mr. Lane): "Can I take my physic in the morning?"

# F. J. REINEKE, UPHOLSTERY and AWNINGS

Parlor Suits, Lounges, Couches, Chairs and Hair Mattresses.

No. 41 East Main Street, Third Door East of Clinton.

Carpets cleaned and laid. Awnings made and hung. Feathers renovated. Baby Cabs Upholstered.  
Home Phone 676

Fine Chocolates and Bon-Bons. 

## A. C. AURENTZ,

Try our delicious Ice Cream Soda,  
the best in the city.

18 West Berry Street.

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*Dancing and Deportment.*

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Society, Stage and Fancy Dances

Taught for the stage or home amusement.  
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Go to GOLDEN,

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For Up To-Date

# HATS

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*"The Apparel oft proclaims the man."*  
**DRESS WELL.**

*For fit, style and price, you  
can rely upon*

*The Frankel Tailoring Co.*

*Special inducements to graduates.*

Miss Kolb—What don't you know what a  
subsidy is. Why the last campaign was  
full—(laughter) I mean the speaker, of  
course. (A howl.)

Van Kahliden—You may recite, Charles  
(Bash.) (Charles hesitates) Go on, don't  
be so bash-ful.

Brown (translating)—Happy one, born in  
the piety of your son.

Van Kahliden—By heavens, nature made  
a mistake when she made Alderman a boy.

SODA WATER

H. C. GRANNEMAN,

Prescription Druggist,

74 Calhoun Street.

Kodaks and Kodak Supplies.

Vernor's Ginger Ale.

GINGERS.

MISS FLICK,

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All the latest in graduating boquets and baskets.

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*Columbia Candy Kitchen, the best place in the city for  
Fine Chocolates and Bon-Bons,  
Ice Cream Soda, Extra Fine, served  
all year.*

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Repairing Neatly Done.  
Prices Reasonable.



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MERCHANT TAILOR,

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**Swinney Park Water and Pure Fruit Juices are used  
in Our Soda.**

**A. C. GOCKE.**

**Your Druggist.**

**96 Broadway.**

Tennant (translating the speech of Meier introducing Winkelried to Stauffacher)—Herr Stauffacher, this Winkelried is my sister-in-law.

Brown—His beard was unkempt and his hide was hung together with thorns.

Hamilton (translating)—He stood amazed when he saw the Trojans had (habitus.)

Mr. Lane—Four little boys have twelve pennies how many did each boy have.

Barrows—Four times twelve.

# PIXLEY & COMPANY,

Manufacturers and Retail Dealers in

# CLOTHING!

*Custom and Ready Made*

—AND—

**Gents' Furnishing Goods.**

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For Summer Wear. A Great Variety  
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Recommended by the Physicians as the only Ice healthful for family use.  
BOTH PHONES 87.

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To those who desire to procure the purest possible ice for the table or refrigerator purposes, we call attention to our superior Artificial Ice—made from water that has been purified by an elaborate system of filtration and distillation. After this process of cleansing—converting into steam and condensing back to water—it is frozen into solid blocks of ice which is necessarily germ proof, clear, pure and wholesome.

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## TO THE PUBLIC.

The highest purity obtainable is the claim made by the Higgins' Artificial Ice Company for its products. No expense or pains have been spared to properly equip this plant, in which a personal pride is taken by the management, and all persons who so desire are invited to inspect this plant in detail.

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Luxuriously spent in intelligent enjoyment, can be made doubly delicious by refined and beautiful surroundings. The pleasure of the senses are ministered to at the same time, and no one can cater to the natural desire like

### *The Pape Furniture Co,*

Who can furnish your house with the handsomest and most attractive Furniture to be found anywhere. Our stock is filled with novelties in this line beyond compare.

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14, 16 and 18 West Berry Street,

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Rooms 35 and 50 cents per day.

Page Yarnelle: "Clearchus wept a large time peace."

Van Kahlden (to the noisy Junior Greek class): "What you children need is chairs with rollers on or baby cabs."

Hamilton: "I got a gun that will shoot as fer as I kin see."

Kellar: "That's nothing, mine 'ell kill a rabbit so fer off that it'll spoil before you kin get to it."

Van Kahlden: "Have you got a catastrophy after that word."



