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Tipton High School. Senior
Class.
The Tiptonian





The Tiptonian

The Year Book

of the

Tipton High School

Volume XX

1909

Published Annually by the Tiptonian Staff
of the Senior Class

Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Dedication

To our honored and beloved Superintendent

Charles F. Patterson

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine respectfully
dedicate this volume.



Preface

IN presenting this book to the Students, Faculty, Alumni, and Friends of the Tipton High School, we beg that so far as is possible, all matter herein contained shall be received with charitable forgiveness and its spirit justly interpreted. We do not claim to have compiled a classic, we only hope that our efforts in their sum total will give an insight into the life of Tipton High. If we have even approached our aim we are satisfied. Our work has not been all play. We have had our troubles along with the rest of mankind. If we have pleased, we too are pleased. If we have angered, we have been misunderstood, and the fault lies in our faculty of expression.

In conclusion, we wish to thank the members of our own class who have been faithful and we hope that this book which we herewith submit to "Tipton High School," as a token of our love and loyalty, will rebound to the credit, not of ourselves, but of the class to which we are thankful to belong.

TIPTONIAN STAFF OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

A Toast

It is with pleasure that we look back to the years we have spent in High School. We are exultant because we have overcome all the difficulties that beset our way. Yet this feeling of exultation is now mingling with one of certainty of future success. We believe that with the same determination with which we have fought our way through the High School, we shall be able to win out in whatever we attempt.

We shall miss the hands that have guided us through our School career, but we feel we have acquired strength enough to guide ourselves.

Then let us give three cheers for Tipton High School to whom the credit of this feeling belongs.

THE CLASS OF '09.

Tiptonian Staff

Editor in Chief

GLADYS PATTON '09

Business Manager

FRANK RICHEY '09

Assistant Business Manager

ERSIE MARTIN '10

Associate Editors

ALTA MOUNT '09

MARGARET MILLER '09

CHELSEL URMSTON '09

MABEL KLEYLA '09

DANE PATTERSON '10

FLORENCE LEWIS '11

RUTH McCONKEY '11

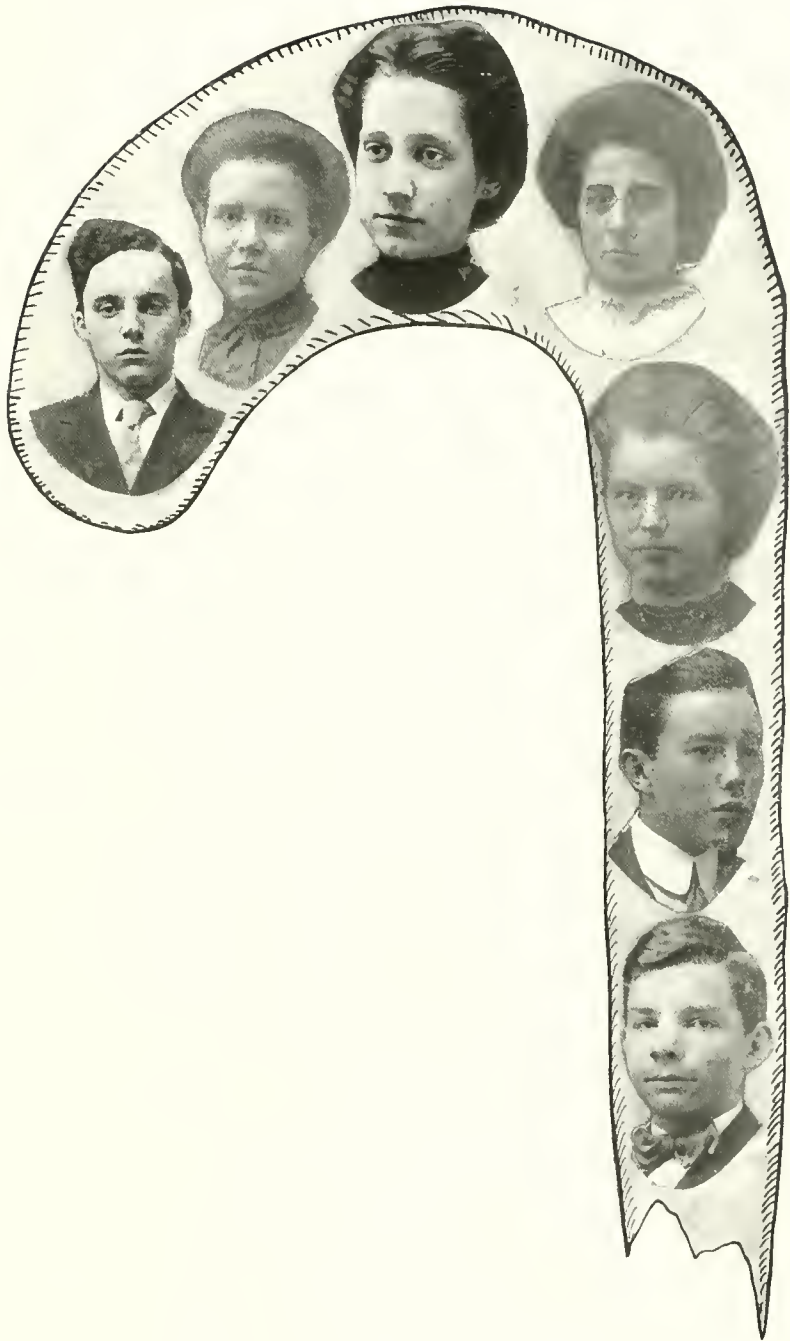
FRED ROULS '12

DONALD TRESIDDER '12

Staff Artists

FRANK RICHEY '09

DUDLEY WAGSTAFF '11



Faculty



CHARLES F. PATTERSON, Supt.
History



A. E. HIGHLEY, Principal
Mathematics



MASON E. HUFFORD
Science

Faculty



EDNA E. MORGAN
English



ELINOR K. TOWNE
Latin



GARNET G. DODDS
German and History

Tipton High School

MOTTO.

I am a part of all that I have met.

COLOR.

Prussian Blue.

FLOWER.

White Rose.

YELL.

Hoop La ! Boom La !!

Phiza Boom ! Ya Hah !!

Tipton High School !!

Wah Hoo !! Wa Hah !!

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

President	-	-	-	WALTER W. MOUNT
Secretary	-	-	-	A. W. RAMSAY
Treasurer	-	-	-	WALTER CARTER



Tipton High School Course

FIRST YEAR

FIRST TERM

Algebra.
Latin.
English.
Ancient History.
Geology.

SECOND TERM

Algebra.
English.
Ancient History.
Latin.
Geology.

SECOND YEAR

FIRST TERM

Algebra.
English.
Modern History.
Latin, Caesar.
Botany.

SECOND TERM

Algebra.
English.
Modern History.
Latin, Caesar.
Botany.

THIRD YEAR

FIRST TERM

Plane Geometry.
English.
English History.
Latin, Cicero.
{ Physics or
{ German.

SECOND TERM

Plane Geometry.
Civics.
Latin, Cicero.
{ Physics or
{ German.

FOURTH YEAR

FIRST TERM

Solid Geometry.
English.
American History.
Latin, Vergil.
{ Chemistry or
{ German.

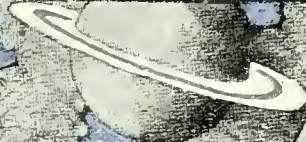
SECOND TERM

Trigonometry or Arithmetic.
English.
American History.
Debates.
Latin, Vergil.
{ Chemistry or
{ German.

High School Roll

Allison, Ebert	Johns, Jean	Robinson, Thomas
Anderson, Ruth	Johnson, Allen	Rosenthal, Ernest
Askren, Pearl	Katon, Espy	Rouls, Fred
Bohannon, Lester	Kemp, Ralph	Russell, Bertha
Barr, Clyde	Kigin, Leo	Schmitt, Ambrose
Barr, Paul	Kirtley, Mae	Shook, Bertha
Baxter, Emil	Kirtley, Ralph	Shook, Hugh
Bower, Paul	Kirtley, Ray	Showers, Mabel
Bowlin, Gladys	Kleyla, Mabel	Sloan, Sylvia
Brookbank, Paul	Krumanaker, Ruth	Smith, John D.
Brown, Helen	Leap, Fred	Smith, Mary
Brown, Merle	Lewis, Florence	Smith, Nelson
Bruce, Holly	Little, Edna	Smith, Paul
Carroll, Charlotte	Long, Aurelia	Smith, Ralph
Cochran, Hazel	Loucks, Noel	Smith, Robert
Coleman, Ethel	Ludwig, Earle	Smith, Ross
Coryell, Clifford	Marker, Kyle	Springer, Stanley
Cox, Odna	Martin, Erse	Staats, Frances
Cullen, Cecelia	Mayne, Floyd	Stewart, Madge
Daum, Enola	Mayne, Pearl	Templeton, Bethel
Doversberger, Clara	McArdle, Raymond	Teter, Eugene
Downey, James	McAvoy, Anna	Teter, Garnet
Drake, Ben	McConkey, Ruth	Teter, Zenas
Durham, James	McEntee, Aloysius	Thompson, Dennis
Fisher, Pearl	Messmore, Laura	Tranbarger, Bessie
Foster, Louis	Miller, Clara	Trautman, Emma
Foster, Oren	Miller, Margaret	Tresidder, Donald
Francis, Herschel	Mitchell, Amy	Tresidder, Juanita
Frisz, Florence	Moore, Anna	Trimble, Grace
Fuller, Arvilla	Mount, Alta	Trimble, Lydia
Glenn, Ray	Mount, Gladys	Trittsehuh, Carrie
Good, Lela	Nash, Penn	Turner, Flora
Gordon, Hazel	Nicholson, Helen	Urmston, Chessel
Graham, Berl	Nicholson, Marie	VanBuskirk, Paul
Graham, Ethel	O'Banion, Clayton	Wagner, Johanna
Graham, Pearl	O'Hara, Herman	Wagstaff, Dudley
Green, Mary	O'Hara, Margaret	Wagstaff, Verne
Green, Myrtle	Patten, Gladys	Warner, Beulah
Groves, Samuel	Patten, Harold	Watson, Muriel
Haggerty, Genevieve	Patterson, Dane	Webb, Floyd
Hancock, Loral	Pence, Leonard	Wells, Charlotte
Hardy, Frank	Pence, Opal	Wheatley, Gordy
Harlan, Lodelle	Pickerell, Lucy	Wiggins, Maude
Harris, Marcus	Plake, Hazel	Williams, Lola
Hartman, Lydia	Porter, Bertha	Wise, Cora
Haskett, Buell	Pyke, Ailee	
Herron, Harry	Pyke, Eugene	
Hershman, Okla	Quear, Hazel	
Hobbs, Lovie	Ramsay, Edith	
Hogan, James	Reagan, Minnie	
Holman, Blanche	Reed, Frances	
Huber, Raymond	Renner, Roderick	
Hughes, Monroe	Repp, Edna	
Hurley, Louis	Richey, Frank	
Illges, Florence	Richman, Carl	
Innis, Allan	Richman, Ralph	

Senior Class



1909



Herman B. O'Hara

President Class '09; Treasurer Athletic Association; Pen and Pipe; Royal Council; Football Team '08; Baseball Team '09; Class Football Team '07, '08; Class Baseball Team '08, '09.

"Talking is one of the Fine Arts."



Gladys Patten

Editor-in-Chief '09 Tiptonian.

"Silence is More Eloquent than Words."



Arvilla Fuller

Pony Club; Secretary-Treasurer '09.

"Education Makes the Woman."



Raymond McArdle

Pen and Pipe; Pony Club.

OUR BABY.

"Cheeks as soft as July peaches
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches,
Poppie's paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise."



Cora Wise

Pony Club.

"The Chatterbox, may She give Us
A few Brilliant Flashes of Silence."



Ben Drake

Pen and Pipe; Smoker's Club; Independent Order of Flunkers; Class Football Team '07, '08; Class Baseball Team '09.

"Cupid."



Lydia Hartman

Pony Club.

"To Abstain from Action is Well."



Okla Herschman

Anarchist's Club; Independent Order of Flunkers; Class Football Team '08; Class Baseball Team '08, '09.

"Akin to none, yet aching to be great.
He dined---he ran and cursed his fate."



Gladys Mount

Anarchist's Club.

"A Patient Woman Is a Pattern for a Queen."



Mabel Kleyla

Anarchist's Club; Vice-President '09; Society Editor '09 Tiptonian.

"A Quiet, Gentle Miss."



Alta Mount

Independent Order of Flunkers; Calendar Editor '09 Tiptonian.

"Her Life was Gentle."



Ruth Krumanaker

Pony Club.

"And Trip it as We Go
On the Light Fantastic Tæe."



Frank H. Richey

Business Manager '09 Tiptonian; Assistant Business Manager '08; Pen and Pipe; Royal Council; Football Team '08, '07, '05, '04; Class Football Team '08, '07, '05, '04; Baseball Team '09, '08 '06; Class Baseball Team '09, '08, '06; Manager Athletic Association.

"Company. Villanous Company has been the Spoil
of Me."



Ethel Coleman

Pony Club.

"Thou Driftest Gently,
Down the Tides of Sleep."



Dennis Thompson

Pen and Pipe; Royal Council; Football Squad '07;
Football Team '08; Class Football team '07, '08; Baseball
Team '08, '09; Class Baseball Team '08, '09.

"He Could on Either side Dispute,
Confute. Change Hands and Still Confute."



Opal Pence

Pony Club.

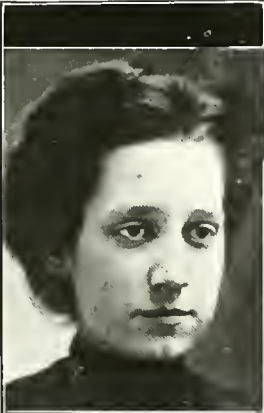
"Be to Her Virtues very Kind,
Be to Her Faults a Little Blind."



Monroe Hughes

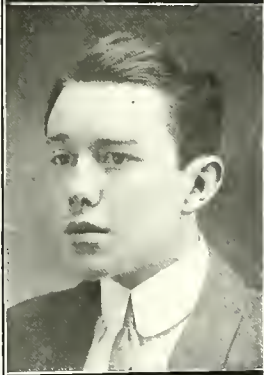
Pony Club; Football Team '07, '08; Class Football
Team '06, '07, '08; Class Baseball Team '06, '08, '09.

"A Bold Bad Man."



Margaret Miller

Anarchist's Club; Assistant Editor '09 Tiptonian.
"A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing."



Chessel Urmston

Pony Club; Royal Council; Grind Editor '09 Tiptonian;
Pen and Pipe; Class Football Team '08; Class Baseball
Team '09.

"A Puzzle."



Espy Katon

Independent Order of Flunkers.

"O! This Learning! What a Thing it Is."

Class History

WE, the class of 1909, first embarked upon our long journey of High School life in the old building on West Jefferson street. We will never forget the feelings both of pride and timidity which we experienced as we mounted the creaking stairs to the Assembly room with our diplomas under our arms. But it does not take long for Freshmen to get into the spirit of the school, and soon we were the boldest class to be found. As Freshmen are wont to do we watched every move which our adored Seniors made. The following day after the Seniors first class meeting a very scrawly notice appeared on the board for a Freshman class meeting. After much loud discussion in which disorder reigned we managed to elect Claire Williams for our President. This was perhaps the happiest year of our life notwithstanding those Latin declensions and the dreadful—7x9. But our most miserable experience was the quarterly examinations, for how could thirty-six carefree Freshmen be expected to escape those dreadful demerits.

How soon the first year of our High School life rolled around! Almost before we could realize it we were Sophomores. Now we truly did think we were some body. The poor Freshmen who succeeded us fared even worse than we, for, as our name indicated we were "Wise Fools" and wished to display our authority over the Freshmen. Our President for this year was Roderick Renner, who distinguished himself as a natural born leader—of pranks. Our mischief-loving boys painted '09 on the H. S. building in black paint. The faculty becoming angry threatened to expel them if they did not take it off. The next night about a half dozen boys might have been seen over at the old building scratching away with all their might. Fearing some one would see them, they made quick work of it and left. Next day there was still an '09 on the building. The boys had not taken into consideration that the building was at one time red.

As Juniors we spent our most uneventful year. We worked some and idled more. We had fully expected to get into the new building but were disappointed in this. During this year we were initiated into the Oral Composition society and sorry to say, we lost our worthy class President, Earl Jorden, who died from an attack of stage fright.

What change time has wrought. Out of thirty-six rollicking Freshmen only ten remain. However during the four years many new members were added until now we number in all twenty.

We have completed that journey which, as Freshmen, seemed unending. Now we look back and it seems but yesterday since we looked across the long room at the Seniors, never daring to hope that at some time we might fill that honorable position.

Now as we go forth to our separate stations in life, we wish to say a few words of praise for the members of the faculty who have labored (we hope not in vain) to make us able to go forth and take up those burdens which we are called upon to bear.

The Senior Class

MOTTO

There's no such word as "Fail"

COLORS

Lavender and Crimson.

OFFICERS

President—Herman O'Hara
Vice-President—Mable Kleyla
Secretary and Treasurer—
Arvilla Fuller



FLOWER

Pink Tea Rose

YELL

Clickety-TeClax-TeClax-
TeClax.
Rickety-TeRah-TeRah-TeRah.
Zip-TeZine-TeZine-TeZine.
Rah for the class of 1909.

SPEAK gently to the Senior,
He's so very kind and true.
That if you treat him nobly,
He'll do the same to you.
But should you like to bluster,
My friend, of him fight shy:
For, if you scorn my warning,
You will suffer by and by.

Junior Class History.

THE present Junior class entered the Tipton High School in the fall of Nineteen hundred and Six with about fifty members. We escaped the notice usually bestowed upon poor Freshies, as all the pupils were interested in becoming acquainted with the new members of the faculty. We chose royal purple and gold as our class colors and the white rose as a class flower with "Work and Win" as our motto. We accomplished the Freshman work in such a manner that the greater part of our class was promoted to the Sophomore year.

In this year "Fide et Amore Vicimus" was chosen as the class motto. We now gave up some of the frivolities of Freshmen and became serious minded students. In the course of this as well as the Junior year, our class was strengthened by the addition of several new members who are doing very creditable work.

September of Nineteen hundred and Eight found our class in a splendid new school building with a membership of thirty-three. As Juniors, we have during this year taken up our work more earnestly than heretofore, each member hoping to complete the High School course in Nineteen hundred and Ten.

History says, "Happy is the nation whose annals are brief." If this can be applied to a class of industrious High School students our class ought to be very happy indeed for during the past three years of its work it has made a rather uneventful record. Occasionally, however, the attention of even "a hard working Junior" is attracted from his work. Only recently Bethel Templeton, one of our number, won our attention and admiration when after a heroic struggle in the sea of mathematics, he suddenly rose above the waves and is now one of the most progressive members of the class. Also we have a distinguished group of students who follow the teaching of Civil Government with a vim that predicts future recognition for them in the political world. Last but not least, we have James Hogan who in true Irish spirit keeps us all from taking a too serious view of high school life. Guided by a faculty devoted to the best interests of all and with just enough variety of temperament and talent to encourage us to our best efforts, our class has the opportunity of entering and passing through the Senior year, a credit to our school. In "Fide et Amore" let us conquer.

Junior's Class Roll

PEARLE ASKREN

EMIL BAXTER

HAZEL COCHRAN

CLARA DOVERSBERGER

PEARL FISHER

HERSCHEL FRANCIS

GRACE TRIMBLE

SAMUEL GROVES

GENEVIEVE HAGGERTY

LODELLE HARLAN

JAMES HOGAN

BLANCHIE HOLMAN

LOUIS HURLEY

FLORENCE ILLGES

RALPH KEMP

ERSIE MARTIN

LELA GOOD

FLOYD WEBB

FLORENCE FRISZ

ETHEL GRAHAM

LAURA MESSMORE

CLARA MILLER

DANE PATTERSON

LUCY PICKERELL

BETHEL TEMPLETON

BERTHA RUSSELL

SYLVIA SLOAN

DUDLEY WAGSTAFF

CHARLOTTE WELLS

JUANITA TRESIDDER

PAUL VANBUSKIRK

EMMA TRAUTMAN

GARNET TETER

PAUL SMITH

MARY SMITH

EDNA REPP



The Wise Fools

MOTTO

To the Stars thru Difficulties

COLORS

Dark Red and Gray

OFFICERS

President—Pearl Mayne
Vice-President—Carl Richman
Secretary and Treasurer—
Gladys Bowlin



FLOWER

Dark Red Rose

YELL

Hi Whooperty Dass
What's the Matter with the
One Nought Class
They are in It—in It When?
Till after the Year of 1910!!

SPEAK gently to the Sophomore:
His freshman year is past;
And with it fled his greenness,
Nor did his fear long last.
He's got the swell head now though;
And thinks he knows it all;
So lift him gently from his perch,
And let him softly fall.

The Sophomore Class of 1911.

THE Sophomore Class of 1911 is composed of about thirty-five members. Nearly all of us were in the Freshman year together, in the old High School building. This building is indeed very dear to us and many things have happened on its premises which we cannot easily forget but as it was very small and unaccommodating in many ways, we are better able to appreciate the value of this splendid new edifice in which we daily take up our work.

Though, it is true, we were very fresh and green when we first took our books. Latin, Algebra, Geology, etc., for the terms work, yet we believe that we have already proven that our work has not been done in vain. The plant, which in the beginning had only green leaves along its stem has, as time went by, grown a flower in the axil of each leaf, which has just begun to bloom. We should not attribute this advancement in knowledge which we have made too much to our own work. All our influence and existing conditions are of the very best. In the first place we have the best of teachers. Then they are given a better opportunity to teach us because we are divided into two sections, giving the individual more time to explain what he knows, and to ask questions when he needs information. Also our text books and things to work with are as up-to-date as can be bought.

But what would all these circumstances amount to if it were not for the CLASS? Though we are all stars and shine out brilliantly in one subject or another, it is worth the while to mention a few names in particular, as for instance, Leonard Pence, who is smarter (perhaps) than our learned history teacher, Prof. G. G. Dodds. Harold Patten has become famous among us by his English recitations and Bertha Porter by her quickness in Algebra and Geometry. John D. is a wonder in Latin.

Latin is interesting to us, though it might not be if it were not for the story in it, and most of all, Miss Towne's help and encouragement. She keeps our spirits up when we are translating a very difficult passage, for we are all in the habit of walking to Latin. It is already seen that none of us are very apt to become botanists, but just the same Mr. Hufford keeps us busy and assures us that when we finish our course we will be able to name any plant he should describe to us. If we won't we have a think coming. We will also be able to write out an exact copy of our text book in Botany. History never gets draggy because when we get to thin ice and feel somewhat discouraged, Mr. Dodds comes to the rescue and explodes some interesting and helpful stories, which blow us to solid ground again. If he cannot impress the events on our minds by such means, he tries more effective ones, in which he is teacher not instructor. The English class is always wide-awake and Miss Morgan never leaves any points of discussion covered but goes through with them all, making it truly absorbing. By the aid of Stevenson's Treasure Island, Scott's Marmion and classics our composition work has been taken with little bad effect. Algebra and Geometry though last named is studied with most zeal and enthusiasum. Our teacher, Mr. Highley has stated to us that we have done somewhat better in Algebra than any preceding class.

In addition to this we have members of great skill in out door exercises. As, for example, Ray Glenn, Merle Brown, Dudley Wagstaff in foot ball. After summing everything up we have come to the conclusion, that, though we are probably least in number of all the classes, nevertheless we are not last in ability and perseverance and are going to prove it in the next two years.

Sophomore's Class Roll

EBERT ALLISON

RUTH ANDERSON

PAUL BARR

GLADYS BOWLIN

HELEN BROWN

MERLE BROWN

OREN POSTER

RAY GLENN

HARRY HERRON

ALLAN INNIS

RAY KIRTLEY

MAE KIRTLEY

LYDIA TRIMBLE

FLORENCE LEWIS

FLOYD MAYNE

PEARL MAYNE

FRED LEAP

RUTH McCONKEY

ALOYSIUS McENTEE

RAYMOND HUBER

BERL GRAHAM

HELEN NICHOLSON

HAROLD PATTEN

LEONARD PENCE

BERTHA PORTER

EUGENE PYKE

CARRIE TRITTSCHUH

FRANCES REED

CARL RICHMAN

MABEL SHOWERS

JOHN D. SMITH

EDITH RAMSAY



The Infant Department

MOTTO

Seniors or "Bust"

COLORS

Old Gold and Light Blue

FLOWER

Pink Carnation



OFFICERS

President—Clayton O'Banion.
Vice-Pres.—Lola Williams.
Treasurer—Lewis Foster.
Secretary—Lovie Hobbs.

YELL

Rickity rix,
Flickity flee;
The Class of '12
Will do for me.

SPEAK gently to the Freshman,
He's rather timid yet;
The stories told by mother
He cannot quite forget.
You, too, were once a Freshman.
And just as green as he;
So speak not to him harshly,
But treat him tenderly.

Freshman Class History.

WHEN the class of 1912 entered the High School, every one expected that it would prove as uninteresting as most Freshman classes. As far as the customary green goes, color this class exceeded all former records taken from the dusty archives of the ancient past, being the class which claims in a natural way two green substances unfortunately named by their parents Mary and Myrtle. In the early part of the present school year a meeting was held for the avowed purpose of electing officers. After much wrangling pro and con they elected for their leader a person of harmless and inoffensive character and not responsible in any manner whatever for his actions. The other offices were distributed much in the manner of prize packages at a bargain sale. Little can be said of this class either for or against, except that they have a well developed class spirit and prospects of future greatness.

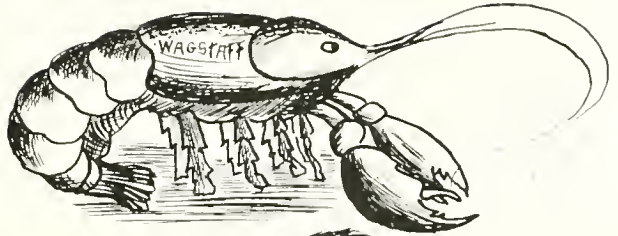
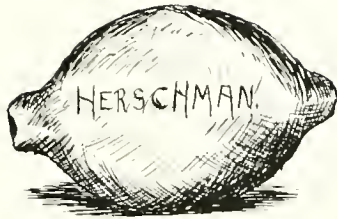


Freshman Class Roll

CLYDE BARR
LESTER BOHANNON
PAUL BOWERS
HOLLY BRUCE
CHARLOTTE CARROLL
CLIFFORD CORYELL
ODNA COX
CECELIA CULLEN
ENOLA DAUM
JAMES DOWNEY
JAMES DURHAM
LOUIS FOSTER
HAZEL GORDON
PEARL GRAHAM
MARY GREEN
MYRTLE GREEN
LEO KIGIN
JEAN JOHNS
PENN NASH
CLAYTON O'BANION
LORAL HANCOCK
MARGARET O'HARA
FRANK HARDY
HAZEL QUEAR
MARCUS HARRIS
MINNIE REAGAN
RUELL HASKETT
THOMAS ROBINSON
LOVIE HOBBS
ERNEST ROSENTHAL
ALLEN JOHNSON
AMBROSE SCHMITT
EDNA LITTLE
BERTHA SHOOK
AURELIA LONG
HUGH SHOOK
NOEL LOUCKS
NELSON SMITH
EARLE LUDWIG
RALPH SMITH
KYLE MARKER
STANLEY SPRINGER
ANNA McAVOY
FRANCES STAATS
ANNA MOORE
MADGE STEWART
MARIE NICHOLSON
EUGENE TETER
ALICE PYKE
ZENAS TETER
HAZEL PLAKE
FLORA TURNER
FRED ROULS
LOLA WILLIAMS
ROSS SMITH
DONALD TRESSIDER
JOHANNA WAGNER
BEULAH WARNER
MURIEL WATSON
GORDY WHEATLEY
MAUDE WIGGINS
BESSIE TRANBARGER







NOV. 16. '08.



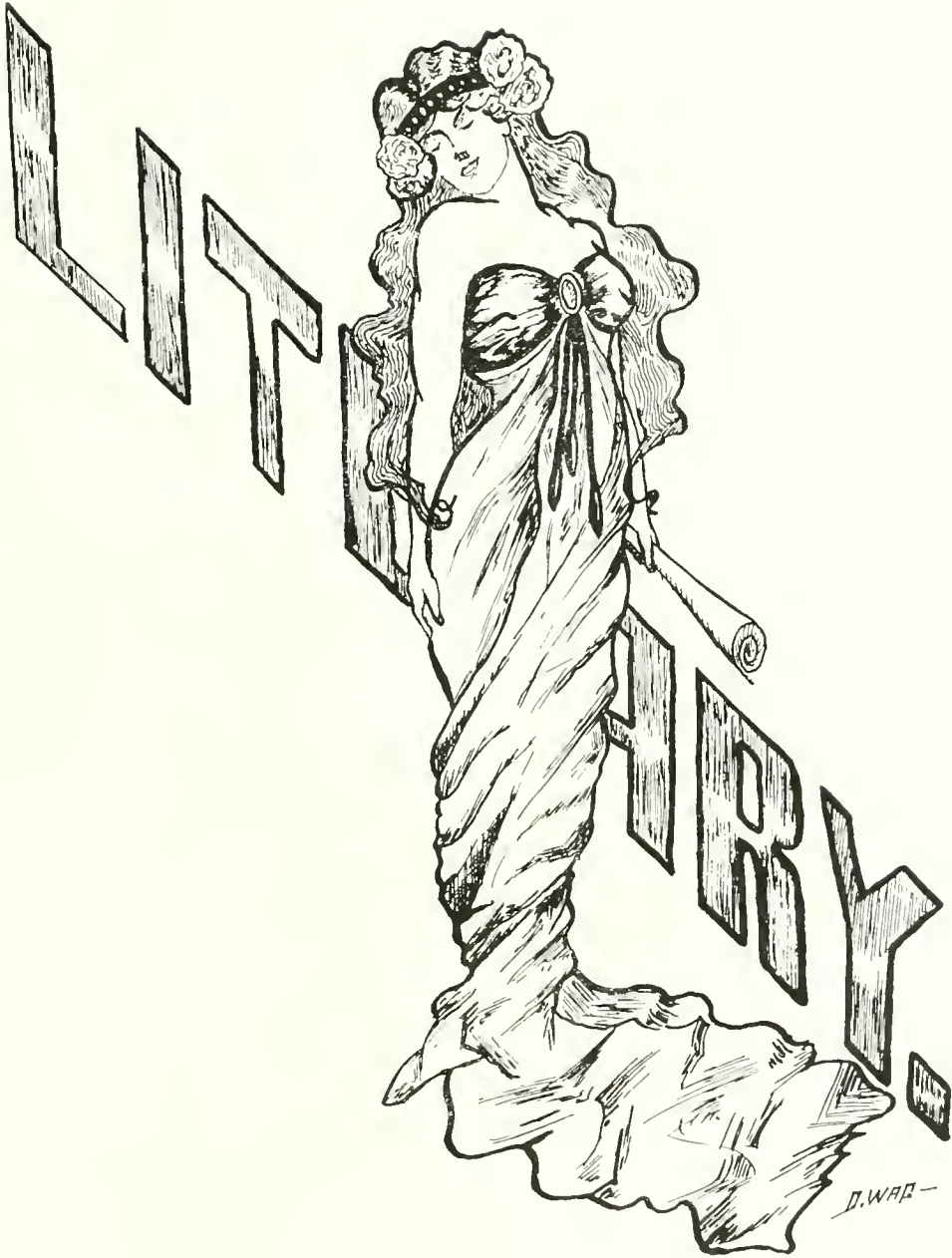
IN MEMORIAM

Robert B. Beauchamp

President Board of Education

BORN Oct. 3, 1845. DIED Sept. 16, 1908.

***“The Best Friend Tipton
High School Ever Had.”***



The Pen and Pipe Club

THE PEN AND PIPE was founded February, Nineteen hundred and Nine. It's purpose is to enliven the literary life of the school and to promote good fellowship. It has done faithfully what it could along this line and has fulfilled the object for which it was created. It has done more than that, it has saved the literary department of the High School Annual of 1909 from being a failure. It was organized as an instrument of necessity and has accomplished that for which it was organized to a degree beyond all expectations. The members have worked faithfully and deserve credit for the work which they have performed.

The one trouble in literary work is the lack of support. This is true in far too many high school enterprises. The student body stands back and lets the "other fellow" do it, and consequently if it is accomplished, one or two must carry the enterprise through or make a failure and bear the blame. If a person is requested to aid in accomplishing an object he immediately finds all sorts of excuses and escapes what he or she term the "trouble." There are exceptions to all things and there are to this, but they are far outnumbered by the "I cants" in combination with the "I don't want to's."

This is plain talk, but it is the truth. Until this can be overcome, either by school rules or a decided reform in patriotic and high school spirit among the students, literary work in the Tipton High School will be seriously hampered and in the end lose the slight good it now wields.

The Annual is a pride to every high school student, and will be cherished more in after years, and the student, whether he be a Freshman or a Senior can hardly think of it's failure, but such will in time be the case unless a literary revolution occurs among it's supporters.

For the sake of T. H. S., for the sake of his class, for his school mates, and for himself, let every T. H. S. student make himself a committee of one to propagate the literary side of the Tiptonian.

The Tipton High School Senate

IT came to pass in the misrule of one of the tyrants that a senate was organized. Its membership consisted of the male members of the class of '09. It was organized on account of the desire of its members to display their unbounded wisdom. The person who considered himself of most importance in their meetings, which were held in the assembly room every day at noon, was named Frank, by his parents. He was also addressed by this name by those who desired to gain a favor from him but usually more fitting epithets were used, such as "Peanut Fiend," "Freak," "Mutt Head" and "Swell Head." His chief characteristics were his high opinion of himself; his inability to understand the other's attitude toward him; his ability to scorch anyone who dared oppose him, by pouring forth volumes of hot air; and his credulity for his own stories. His classmates considered him as an evil which is too strong to be overcome and must be borne in patience.

Another prominent member, prominent on account of his fine appearance and the wonderful stories he could tell of feats performed at a school which he had attended for a short time, was decorated with the inspiring cognomen, Okla. This was used almost universally, since even in the almost unlimited vocabulary of his friends, no nickname could be found which would express their opinion of him. His chief characteristics were his love for athletics, for balls and society in general; his pugnacious and revengeful spirit; his attention to his appearance, especially his well curled hair; his tendency to overestimate himself; and the desire, common to most High School students, to obtain his school supplies at the expense of another. His friends would have thought him a joke but for his splendid appearance. This they envied him very much.

I have described the two who were the organizers of the body and for whom it was kept up. I will speak briefly of the other members. They were Monroe and Raymond, the great philosophers who exploded such wonderful theories in the meetings; Dennis, whose love of fact caused him to dispute anything about which he had any room for doubt; Ralph, who always wished to converse about the number of female hearts he had conquered; Chessel who took whole thing as a joke; Herman the unmerciful kidder; and Ben at whom the intended jests of the others were usually directed.

A Mountaineer's Christmas Eve.

“**A**ND on earth peace, good will toward men.” It was Christmas Eve in the lonely Tennessee mountains, but scarcely any one in the cottages scattered here and there along the trail realized it.

Large flakes of snow were falling as they never fall except on Christmas Eve, and, in the dim twilight the holly bushes stood out like ghostly sentinels along the trail. A brawny man whose lean face bore the scars of the silent battles waged by those of his kind rode slowly down the path. He was not thinking of this Christmas Eve, but of the day a year before when he sat in the prison chapel and heard the story of “Peace on earth, good will toward men.” But there was no peace in his heart, only an intense longing for the day when he could satisfy his hatred on the man who put him there.

And this was the day. The snow gathered on James Weston's slouch hat and whitened his hair and moustache until, to a childish mind, he resembled Santa Claus on his way to distribute gifts to the children in the lonely cottages.

At last he saw a light gleaming like a star from the cottage at the head of the path; here lived the man who had wronged him. Still, he could not get the story that the chaplain told a year ago out of his mind. Who was he to take vengeance on his enemy? At last the light gleamed in his face and he knew that the time was at hand.

He hitched his horse in the shadow of a ravine a few steps away from the house and crouched behind a tree, with the window just a few feet above the level of his eyes. He had waited long years and had ridden day and night for his. He gripped the pistol in his hand tightly. A woman stepped briskly about the kitchen followed by a toddling youngster. In the chimney-corner, peacefully smoking his pipe, sat his man. The cold hatred surged in his heart at sight of him and he almost smiled. This was the moment, but now that it had come, a sense of shame ran through Weston. None of his kind had ever done this thing before; but the man peacefully smoking in the chimney-corner had and his own protected him. This man had shot from the hedge, and that was why he was safe at home, and James Weston was out there homeless in the snow.

He watched for many minutes thinking of all this. Then his enemy rose and disappeared out of his range. James Weston was glad; he would meet him face to face the next day and kill him like a man.

The door opened and there in the firelight stood the girl who had been all the world to him and whom he had heard was dead. So this was more of his enemy's work. And now she who had been his sweetheart stood before him—the wife of the man he intended to kill.

Her lips moved and he thought he could hear her talking to the child, and then the man rose and after putting on his coat, stooped and kissed the child before leaving the house. A flame flared up in the man crouching out side,—the old

hatred intensified a hundred fold. Then he cocked his pistol, and waited. He was a mad man now and would kill. Nearer and nearer came his man all unaware of the form crouching near him in the darkness. There was a rapping on the window and the man turned around and waved his hand to the child who stood smiling at him from the window. It was the boy with dark hair just like his mother's and he stood peering at his father until the man was out of sight. Then the little fellow went back to the fire place and began to play. The sounds of his merriment floated out to the lonely man outside. The man watched until the child grew tired and went to sleep before the fire.

An hour passed and at last the woman came and stood in the door-way looking anxiously out into the darkness. Weston stood up when she closed the door and started for his horse. He then and there resolved that his was not the hand to do this thing. As he mounted his horse he heard the man returning and he hid behind a holly bush.

Again the door opened and the light flashed out on the snow.

"That you, Bill?" a woman's voice called.

"Yes, Mary."

And—then the child's voice: "Hello, daddy."

"Hello, boy."

The greeting rang out almost at Weston's ear, and Bill passed death waiting for him behind the holly bush, and never saw the crouching figure in the snow.

Then far down on the narrow, crooked path, with no light except that of the wonderful star shining over head—the star that led him away and was leading him he knew not where, Weston turned and saw the lights of the cottage shining out.

Once more he gazed at the star and again the voice came back to him: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." And he was glad for her sake and the child's that he had not spoiled their Christmas Eve.

ESPY KATON '09.

A Dream.

BLUSTERING March had given away before April's tears, which in turn were dried by the persistently sunny nature of May. It was May that coaxed a green carpet from Mother Earth, that persuaded the flowers to unfold their soft petals; that clothed the naked trees in rustling leaves: that encouraged the birds in home-making among the leafy bowers. May did all this, but it was beautiful June, that with richest touch, turned the earth and all creation to the one grand, perfect chord; that of life and love. An old man, feeling its subtle power, was tempted out of doors for the first time in many weeks, and seating himself under a spreading maple, watched the dancing sunbeams at his feet and listened to the leaves whisper to him of other days.

Pretty soon the snowy head began to nod drowsily, and the Goddess of Dreams, touching him with her magic wand, led him into a happy field where the birds were singing and flowers were nodding him welcome as they gayly rocked in the breeze. He looked wonderingly at the beauty around him.

"This is what Father Time calls childhood," said his guide, smiling tenderly at him, as he once more trod the paths of those bygone years. Hardened by severer things, he did not feel the pebbles under foot that had hurt him, when as a child, he had passed that way, nor did he feel the little thorns among the flowers he plucked.

"Father Time next brought you here," she continued, as they entered the field adjoining, "This is called Youth." He noticed the flowers here, although not so bright, were of a richer, deeper color, while the birds warbling had a note of thoughtfulness in it.

They came to a stream of dark, turbulent water, and as they crossed over, some vague, half-forgotten memory seemed to trouble the old man. "That is the stream of Disappointment," said the Goddess of Dreams, in answer to his backward glance. "The first time you crossed, it was not bridged, and as it was very deep, and cold, you were almost overcome; but since then you have bridged it over with Faith, and this bridge seems to grow stronger and firmer each succeeding year."

The path seemed to get rough and more stony. He noticed weeds growing among the flowers and careless steps brought him in contact with the thorns. As he gathered the flowers of Ambition and Success he inevitably plucked the sombre ones of Care, Sorrow, and Regret. He held a mixed bouquet, but in gazing at the bright blossoms, he seemed to forget the sombre ones. Soon they came to a single rose bush, weighted down with its burden of white, and sinking upon his knees, he pressed the nearest flower to his lips, while his companion laughed softly. "That is the flower of Love, which you know so well," she said, and the flowers in his hand dropped for an instant but he did not cast them away. The flower of

Love was then added to those he already held, and shed its fragrance about them, as they continued their journey through the past.

He soon began to tire. "Let us rest here for a while," he begged of the Goddess, but she shook her head. "Father Time would not hear of it, we are not half through Middle Age yet; wait until you reach the end of your journey, then you can rest; you have but one more field to cross." With a sigh he once more pressed forward, but he noticed that the flowers which had been growing so thickly about him now appeared less and less often, until they reached the last field where only the white flowers of Peace and Content waved. He felt weary, and with a last look on the now withered bouquet of Ambition, Work and Success, with its clinging companions of Care, Sorrow, and Regret, he flung it from him and sank down to rest in the shade and quietness of Old Age.

The Goddess, never weary, looked pityingly at the bent form and bowed head, thinking with what joy he had come to this field.

She stooped over him. "Once more we have gone the Past," she whispered softly. "Now tell me what you would have liked best, to bring from there with you to the land of Old Age?"

He smiled feebly, as he tenderly caressed the rose in his hand, "Nothing more than I still have; it is something that never grows old," and a tiny breeze caused the rose to tremble joyously.

Father Time then touched the Goddess on the shoulder. "Come, you have been with him long enough, depart." And with a last caress she turned away.

Looking at the resting figure again, Father Time beckoned to the Angel of Death. "He looks tired," said he; "take him home," and lightly the spirit of the aged one was borne heavenward, while Father Time silently passed on.

LUCY PICKERELL '10.

A Sick Boy's Afternoon.

ONE beautiful, warm afternoon in early spring a sick boy was lying fast asleep on a little white couch before an open window. Outside the birds were flitting about among the blossom-laden apple boughs, singing joyously. The cool breeze stole softly through the open window and gently lifted the golden ringlets on the snowy pillow.

At last the child awoke, greatly refreshed, after his quiet sleep, and looked out on the beautiful picture of the world about him. He reached out his slender hand and broke off a twig of apple blossoms, which was lying on the window sill, seemingly regarding him with laughing eyes. While enjoying the fragrance of the blossoms, he watched a pair of robins, who were busily engaged in building their home. They were flying rapidly to and from the apple tree and on each return trip they carried something for their nest.

A beautiful butterfly, which seemed to be making explorations, flew through the open window into the room, and the boy clapped his thin hands as he watched it flying about. When it found its way out again, he watched it until it was out of sight.

As the sun was about to sink below the distant hills, the child's mother entered the room. "O, mother," he exclaimed, in answer to her anxious inquiry, "I have been watching the birds and butterflies and flowers all afternoon and I feel so much better. Isn't it beautiful!" he said, his delighted eyes sweeping over the surrounding landscape.

"Yes, my son, it is a beautiful, happy world," said the mother, slowly lowering the window.

EDNA LITTLE.

Gingles.

"Would you know why Gordie Wheatley
Must from Heaven for ever turn?
Then to Matthew, 7-14
Look, and you will doubtless learn."

"When Hogan shall reach a warmer clime,
He says he'll have an awful time."
We hope, for the good of Jim,
They'll make it cool enough for him.

My name is Okla Herschman,
And I want to tell you now,
If you think I can't play football,
There's going to be a row.

I tore 'em up at Greenwood,
As every one could see,
But the manager didn't like me,
So I didn't get my T.

Reveries of A Bachelor.

JACK ALLISON leaned over and punched the fire in the grate till it flamed up anew. The clock in the hall struck ten and he heard his mother's retreating foot-steps as she made her nightly rounds to see that all doors and windows were securely fastened to bar the entrance of a possible burglar. Soon her foot-steps died away in silence—silence except for the hissing of the fire and the crackling and popping of a log as it burst forth in flame and then died away in ashes. All was darkness, except for the changing lights and shadows cast by the fire,—shadows, which deepened into murky gloom in the father corners of the room.

Jack's head, the dark hair threaded here and there with gray, was bent forward and rested on his hand; his brows were drawn together over a pair of pensive brown eyes, eyes that gazed into the fire conjuring up pictures of other days: his mouth was firmly set with the lips slightly drawn, as if he was restraining some powerful emotion; in his lap lay a letter yellowed and faded with age; and Jack's thoughts were far away.

That evening while looking through his desk he had come upon this letter which for years had lain apart. It brought back a stream of memories, and many of them painful ones. It was only a parting message from a girl who proved untrue, telling him that she was to wed another, but the wound it inflicted had not yet entirely healed. He had never seen her since but he had heard of her often, and although her home was far more luxurious than any he could have given her, he wondered if she were truly happy.

He saw, in fancy, the girl as he first met her, in a dark red suit with costly furs, as his dearest friend handed her out of a sleigh and introduced her as his sister. He saw her again in a shimmering gown of white, with her eyes shining like stars, the night she promised to be his wife. And then not quite a year later came the little note breaking the engagement. It was only a broken promise but how it changed his future. At first life seemed scarcely worth living, but Jack remembered his mother's pride and faith in him, so he resolutely set to work to root out all thoughts of love from his heart. He succeeded in a measure, and after a time as his business prospered, this world again seemed a good sort of place after all.

But now the olden days were brought fresh to his memory by a little faded bit of paper. He tossed the letter into the fire and as it blackened the parting words," and it is best that we should meet no more," remained. He wondered if that meant that she was thinking of him.

The fire burned low, the last log was now but a mass of glowing embers. Jack's head sank lower in his hands. And in the hall the great clock struck twelve.

The Discovery of America.

In Fourteen hundred and Ninety-two,
Columbus sailed they say;
With three small ships and sailors few,
To find a new trade-way.

He sailed due westward for he thought
The world to be a sphere,
But others thought quite differently;
And his men were filled with fear.

They wept as land passed out of sight;
They thought that nevermore
They'd meet with friends and kindred there
On the dear old Spanish shore.

But Columbus urged, encouraged them,
And begged that they would go
With him to find a new trade route,
Which Europe needed so.

For many days they westward sailed,
Until some birds flew by;
And then they followed where these led;
They thought, "Land must be nigh."

For several days they followed them,
And yet no land appeared;
The sailors filled with fear and rage,
Now at their leader sneered.

They said if he did not turn back
They would drown him in the main.
'Twas then he promised in three days
That he'd turn back again;

His faith was strong that by this time,
They'd reach the land somewhere;
For every sign made him quite sure,
That land was lying near.

A leaf, a bud, a carven stick,
Were found from day to day;
The wind was mild, the water still,
The climate was like May.

They watched by night, they watched by day,
As the third day drew near,
Columbus walking on the deck,
Peered through the dark in fear.

Lest, after all, his enterprise
Might end in failure drear:
But he was sure he must be right,
And that the land was near,
When suddenly he saw a light—
O, yes! it must be true!
He called his captains to his side,
That they might see it too.
They all cried out. "It is a light,
And must be on the land,
Because it moves from place to place,"
" 'Tis carried by a hand."
They waited eagerly for dawn,
And there lay near at hand,
All beautiful beneath the sun,
A seeming fairy-land.
With smooth green fields and rivulets,
It, to the weary eyes
That had not seen the land for weeks,
Was like a Paradise.
They shouted praises unto God,
They sang Te Deums loud,
They ran ashore in highest glee,
They to Columbus bowed.
They begged forgiveness of him
For what they'd done and said:
They all agreed that he had been
By some divine power led.
And thus Columbus ope'd the gate
To a new hemisphere
And broke the chain that e'er had bound
The Atlantic dark and drear.
So then all hail Columbus!
The man who first did see.
The country where our people live,
So happy and so free.
And may his spirit rest in peace
And great be his reward
When with us at the judgment seat,
He meets his loving Lord.

The Elf-king.

Who rides so late in the night dark and wild?
It is a father with his child;
He clasps the young boy in his arm,
He holds him securely and keeps him warm.

"Child, why do you hide your face in fear?"

"See father dear, the Elf-king is near,
The Elf-king with his crown and train,"—

"My son, 'tis only the mist and rain."

"Dear little child, come away with me!
I will play very pretty games with thee;
There are gay-colored flowers on the strand;
My mother has garments rich and grand."

"My father, my father, cries the boy in fear,
The Elf-king's promise do you not hear?"—

"Be quiet my child, do be at ease,

'Tis only the wind among the trees."

"O, lovely boy, will you go with me?
My daughters will tenderly care for thee;
My daughters lead a festal dance,
To sleep and pleasure they entrance."

"And father, dear father, do you not mark
The Elf-king's daughters in the dark?"

"Yes, yes, my son, quite well I see
It is the willows that frighten thee."

"I love you, I'm charmed by your lovely form,
I shall take you by force from your father's arm."

"O, father, my father, he is grasping me now,
His awful hand is on my brow."

The father shudders, he rides like wild,
He clasps yet closer the moaning child,
He reaches the court with pain and dread,
For in his arms the boy lies dead.

TRANSLATED FROM "ERL-KOENIG."

TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG

Over every hill-top
Is repose,
In every tree-top
There blows
Scarcely a breeze;
The little birds cease to sing.
Soon the night will bring
Comfort and ease.

TRANSLATED FROM "WANDERERS NACHTLIED."

A Freshman's Farewell to His Toys.

My dear old toys, my dear old toys,
How dear to me thou art,
Gone are all my childhood joys,
I stifle the sigh from my heart.

For to-night I have laid thee by,
Have bidden thee farewell,
No more will cares away fly,
Soothed by thy mystic spell.

At last I must part from thee,
Though the parting causes woe,
The anguish it brings to me,
No one will ever know.

But I will try to forget you,
Nor think of the bliss that is past,
Though friends so faithful are few,
'Twas not best for this friendship to last.

PEN AND PIPE.

Sonnet to My Pipe.

When friends desert me and I sit alone,
And silent brood over my unhappy lot,
And fancy brings up memories long forgot,
Of happy days gone by, forever flown,
When night winds wailing softly sob and moan,
And thoughts which from my soul I fain would blot,
Arise with longings vain, and leave me not,
And fill my heart with terror, vague, unknown,
My loved Briarwood I silently fill
And softly strike the match, it's phizz so low
It's ever faithful puffs respond and soon
My heart with useful peace doth overflow,
The darkness of my soul is changed to noon
And vanished in the night is all my woe.

PEN AND PIPE.

My Favorite Study.

THERE are so many wise and good things written in books, that every one should early try to cultivate a taste for reading. There are many thousands of books; and all that is written in them is either about the world which God has made, or about the thoughts and sayings of His creatures on whom He has bestowed the power to think and to speak.

My favorite study is history, for it describes what kind of people have lived in olden times, and in other countries. By reading history, we know what is the difference between our own nation and the famous nations which lived and flourished in the early periods of the world's history. Such were the Egyptians, who built the Pyramids,—the most stupendous buildings of stone ever constructed by men; and the Babylonians, who had a city with huge walls, built of bricks, and furnished with a number of brazen gates.

History tells us of the Jews, to whom the commands of God were given; of the Greeks, who knew how to make fine statues and buildings, and to write books; of the Romans, that people who lived in the ancient city of Rome, and how skillful they were in war.

It is also from history, that we may learn what kind of men lived in our own country before it was peopled with emigrants from Europe, or even with the wild Indians whom they found here; and something of the mounds found in various parts of our country, built by a people the memory of whom has passed away.

Again we learn what kind of men lived, in olden times, in the northern part of Asia and Europe, and how they passed from there to the south and west, overturning civilized nations in their course, and founding the present nations of Europe; and how some of these people came to live in England, and planted there a mighty kingdom lasting to our own time.

If we try to be better for all we read, as well as wiser, we shall find books a great help towards goodness as well as knowledge.

LORAL HANCOCK, '12.

The Shopper.

THE shopper entered the store with her mind fully made up. It was to be soft, gray satin with a small pink flower. She knew the exact shade.

As she passed along the counter she met a friend who had very good taste. "Oh, I am so glad I met you" she said, "I want you to help me select a new waist to match my gray suit."

They went farther down to the silk counter. Yes, they had a new kind of waisting just the right shade of gray. "But, it has a blue dot in and my gray hat has pink flowers on it," said she. Of course it wouldn't do and it was hardly the right shade. Her friend suggested that they have a suit brought and match the goods. The clerk carried several suits back and forth, before getting the right shade and then "well that is hardly the right shade but I guess it will do."

After the clerk had pulled down several more bolts of goods, her friend said "Lets go over to Brown and Barton's. They keep the best goods and are always so willing to show their line."

As they left the counter the clerk was heard to mutter. "And they are always so willing."

MADGE STEWART '12.



Robert Douglas's Home-coming.

ROBERT DOUGLAS strode down the little platform of the railway station with his suitcase in his hand. He stopped a moment and looked about him, as if undecided which way to turn; not that he was unfamiliar with the place, no indeed, for he was going home; but he was undecided which of two familiar ways to go. He finally took the longest way, not because he dreaded to reach his home, nor because the long way was best, but because he wished to avoid a certain old elm tree on the other road.

Beneath this tree, three years before, Robert had quarreled with Mildred Palefrey, the girl he was to marry. He had left the country at once, and gone to join an uncle in India. Now he had come back, forgetting her angry words and longing to see her again. Somehow it had always seemed to him that he would first meet Mildred beneath the elm tree where they had parted, and he did not wish to dispel the illusion. Of course it was possible that she might be there but it was not at all probable and he did not wish to take any chances.

He noticed the changes in the little village as he hurried down the street. "Uncle Ben" Sailes had a new sign for his shoe shop. Robert greeted the old man as he passed, but from the answering salutation he saw that he was not recognized. Perhaps his beard made all the difference; he was frightfully bronzed, too, by the hot Indian sun, after all he didn't suppose that he looked much like the fair, slender boy, that had left three years before. He wondered if his mother and Mildred would recognize him. He had not written that he was coming home for he wished it to be a surprise. As he passed the big brick house of Henry Jacobs he was struck with its sleek, well-trimmed air. He wondered if Mr. Jacobs had at last married the widow, Mrs. Locke. Mrs. Kirton was sitting on her veranda knitting, as he had seen her hundreds of times before. A little cottage was built on Deacon Brown's cow-pasture, a pretty little cottage with green blinds and a lawn with long white walks and shady trees. Perhaps that would be his home—their home when Mildred and he were married.

His heart was light as he turned in at the home gate. A little figure in black, with a brown sun-bonnet—he believed it was the same old bonnet—was bending over a rose bush. He set down his suitcase and sprang forward. The little woman hesitated a moment, then ran to him crying, "Oh, Bob! Bob!" as she threw her arms about him.

In a few minutes they were sitting on the shady porch talking as fast as their tongues could go. He had much to tell of his adventures in a foreign land and she

quite as much to relate about the village happenings. At last a silence fell between them which was broken by Robert's question.

"And Mildred, is she well?"

His mother's voice was very low when she answered: "Didn't you get my letter?"

"No, is Mildred ill?"

"She is dead," her voice was lower still.

A strange pallor showed beneath the tan and Robert Douglas tightly gripped the arms of his chair. His mother went on telling how, two winters before, Mildred had fallen ill. After a time she had seemed to grow better but was never quite strong again. She had lingered, growing weaker and weaker, until the next autumn when the first chill wind had carried her away. They had laid her beneath the branches of the old elm tree where she and Robert had parted, two years before.

Robert was very quiet while she told the sad little story, so strangely calm that his mother began to think that he had not cared as much for the girl as she had believed. When she entered the house to get supper, Robert said that he was going to see Mildred's grave. His mother, without a word, gave him a bunch of pansies and he set forth down the street which he had before avoided. While he walked slowly onward he watched the sun sinking behind a mass of dark gray clouds. At last he stood with bowed head under the old elm and, as the night fell slowly over the earth, all the hope and joy seemed to have gone from his life, leaving only the gloom of a great loss.

Sam's Scare.

The night was dark as dark could be,
No stars nor moonlit sky
To light the traveler's weary way.
Or cheer the passersby.

The little village on the hill
Lay folded in the night.
From cottage windows now and then
Flashed flickering rays of light.

Within the village grocery store
The swains from miles around
Were wont to gather and discuss
Affairs of state and town.

Around the store this evening sat
The usual jolly crowd
While, ever and anon, came peals
Of laughter long and loud.

Foremost in all the jokes was Sam
A dark haired, grey eyed lad,
Who laughed at jokes on others played,
But when on him, got mad.

At last the ring began to thin
As some tall husky swain
Departed to his usual home
To seek repose again.

Then Sam began to stretch himself,
Put on his cap and gloves,
And buttoned up his overcoat
As any school boy does.

"So long!" he said and then was gone
Out in the roadway bare,
And shuddered as he thought of ghosts
A 'flying through the air.

When suddenly before him stood
A figure broad and tall,
And Samuel's knees became so weak
He nearly got a fall.

At last he got up nerve to say
"Good evening, Sir," but oh!
The monster answered not a word,
And Sam was cold as snow.

He took a few short paces and
Began to think that all
Was over when he saw a flash
And heard a whistling ball.
His steps began to quicken then
Almost into a run,
And then again came the report
From out the same old gun.
But when the sound had died away
Sam's running blood was up;
He nearly flew along the road,
Past fields and barn and hut.
So fast he flew that when he heard
The fence posts whizzing by
He thought that they were bullets and
He wished that he could fly.
At last he reached his own dear home
And afterwards he said
It never looked so good to him
As the night he raced with lead.
"Why, Samuel, dear," his father said
"You're early home this eve"
"Yey" said Sam, "and after this
I'll stay home if you please."
And now when they all gather round
The cheery grocery stoves
They laugh and tell about the joke
They played on Samuel Groves.

HERSCHEL FRANCES '10

Physics

I WAS sitting by the window studying that most discouraging and difficult subject, Physics. Suddenly, I heard a voice saying, "Bring your book and come here." Glad of an excuse, I closed my book with a bang and went out on the porch. I followed the voice and reached the bottom step before I noticed its owner.

It was a queer little thing. I never believed in fairies, but I didn't know what else to call this beautiful little creature. She was about one foot high and was dressed in a rose colored dress of something so light that it seemed like air. She had a pair of wings made of pink rose petals. Her hair looked like sunshine and her eyes were ocean blue. I have never been able to describe that face. It was always changing and yet always beautiful. She held a large pink rose in her hand for a wand.

She beckoned me to follow but I hesitated. "Come," she then said in a voice of sweetest music. I was too much surprised to speak so I followed in silence. She led me on and on. I was not walking but floating into a very strange land. At last we came in sight of what seemed to be a large glass house.

She stopped in front of this building and said, "This is a house built of tears, which have fallen from the eyes of Physics students. In it we will place your book." I had forgotten about my book, but thinking about my lesson for to-morrow, I asked why. Without answering she opened the door and we passed into a very large hall. On shelves around this room were all kinds of Physics text-books. I looked so very bewildered that she began to explain.

"We fairies have decided," she said, "that Physics is a subject altogether too hard for poor weak man to study. Therefore we have collected all the text-books, but yours. We shall lock them up in here and no man will ever find them. If you give us yours you may go back home and never have to study that subject again, but if you do not, come and see the result."

She took me to a door at the other end of the hall. I looked through the glass made of salty tears and saw two of my classmates, who, because they had loved Physics so well, had refused to give up their text-books, and were doomed to work problems and take Physics examinations, all the rest of their lives. When I saw their terrible fate, I immediately and not in the least unwillingly surrendered my book.

My fairy then conducted me to the door and told me I might go home. I went on my way rejoicing and thinking how delightful it would be not to bother our brains about, heat, light, machines, mechanics of liquids and solids, and laws of all kinds and descriptions. As I floated on happily engaged with these thoughts I suddenly heard some one calling my name and awoke with the sad realization that I was back in the land of text-books and that my joyful experience was all a dream.

PEARL FISHER '10.

Class Prophecy

PART I.

I WANDERED down to the beach one hot afternoon in July. It was one of those still, lazy days when every thing seems to be asleep. Being an active person, I disliked the drowsiness of the weather and tried to soothe my feelings by listening to the dash of the waves upon the beach. I had been there only a few minutes when Opal Pence, my school mate, who was also taking an outing at the sea shore, came along and sat down beside me.

"Well, school is over," said Opal "and I wonder what will become of us all now. I don't believe the faculty thinks we will, as a whole, amount to much."

"I wish we had a prophecy of our class. It would be interesting wouldn't it" said I.

We had been so engrossed in our conversation that we did not notice the little skiff that had drawn up by us on the beach. We both looked up at the same moment and there in the boat were two beautiful mermaids. When they saw our questioning looks, one of them addressed us.

"Pardon me" she said in a soft musical voice "but we could not help hearing your conversation about school. You know that mermaids are supposed to foretell the future. How would you like to go down with us to the home of the mermaids? We have a prophetess who makes a specialty of the schools of the lands."

We jumped up, eager at any chance for diversion and needed no second invitation to step into the boat.

PART II.

We rowed out a little way and then our boat began to sink; down; down we went and after what seemed eternity to our giddy brains we reached the bottom. At first we could see nothing but sand. Our friends bade us follow them and we entered a low room of sand where a beautiful mermaid sat at a desk of sea-weed writing. We told her our mission and she rose and went to a little coral chest, brought forth a parchment and read it over.

"Yes" she said slowly "you have a very good record. Whom shall I begin with?"

"With our President, Herman O'Hara" said Opal.

"Well, he has no definite plan in his mind now and he will try many things but he will in the end give his time to scientific pursuits and will become quite great."

"My! we must write to Herman and tell him about Raymond McArdle.

"Oh! he has an old uncle who shall leave him a large sum of money and he will get into New York's four hundred and his head will become quite turned for a time. He will have a flirtation with a New York girl but after a time he will

marry Margaret Miller and she will take his silly notions away from him."

"That's two more accounted for" said Opal, "now tell us about Arvilla Fuller."

"She will teach for a while in the country schools. But this is not her destiny. She will go through college and become a mathematics teacher."

"Tell us about Espy Katon" said Opal. "I've always wondered what she would do."

Espy is planning now to be married next spring to her soldier boy. She will have her trousseau all ready and the day set for the wedding but circumstances which no one will know about will prevent the marriage. She will become quite thin from worry and live a recluse the rest of her life."

"The girl named Cora Wise who could not speak when school was out has lost her voice for good. She has talked so much all her life that she has lost her voice and will never recover it. But she will not be idle. She will become an accomplished dress-maker. Her specialty being graduation and wedding garments."

"There is no need telling you of Ethel Coleman's success she will study abroad for several years and her success will be unlimited."

"Ben Drake will go west and live on a ranch. He will become very wealthy."

"Lydia Hartman will be a nurse in St. Eva's Hospital and become quite famous for her surgical skill."

"Gladys Patten will be a famous authoress and startle the world with her books."

"Frank Richey will be a credit to his class. He will run for Congressman and win his laurels by his public speaking."

"Okla Hershman and his sister Chloe will establish a seminary in the west and Mabel Kleyla will be the Latin teacher."

"Dennis Thompson will marry and run his farm close to Tipton."

"Gladys Mount will become great in a literary way. She will also devote much time to art."

"Tell us next about Monroe Hughes" said Opal.

"Let me see—she said. "Oh, yes! Monroe will spend his life gathering up all the old fairy tales he can find, occasionally adding one which he has written himself."

"Of course Ruth Krumanaker will marry Roscoe and live a contented and happy life."

"How about Chessel Urmston" I asked.

"He will be a "Jack of all trades but master of none." He is a very bright and intelligent boy but he can't stick to any one thing except Mary Green."

"Now, Opal, it's your turn" said I, "you shall be a teacher for some years. You have always declared you would never marry but you have not met your ideal. You will fall in love with a professor and marry him."

"And what will become of me" I then asked.

"Oh! you will become morbid over a love affair and will live alone with your parrot and kittens."

"Well every one will amount to something but me. Come let us go. I don't believe in prophecies and I shall prove it isn't so."

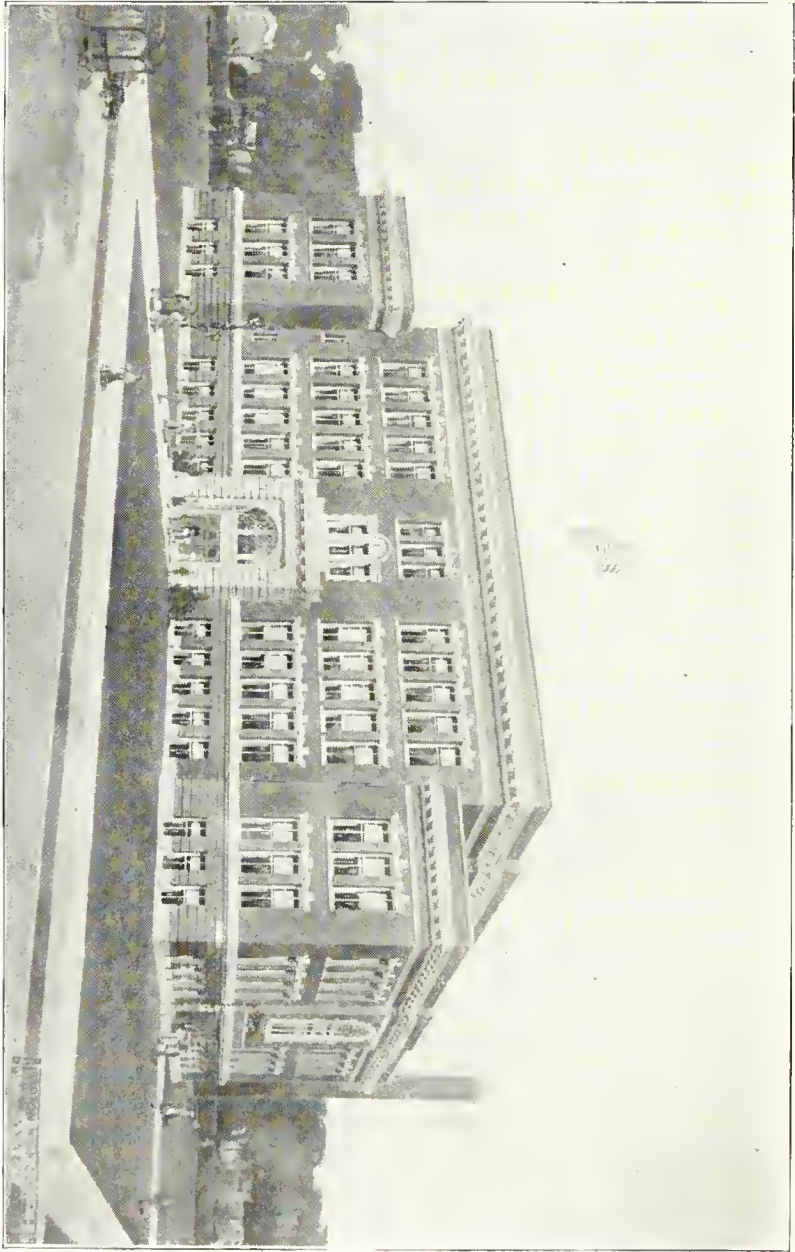
"You are just angry because you didn't get your lover" laughed Opal as we were wafted back to dry land.

The New High School Building.

FOR the past decade the people have felt the need of better school facilities but not until December, 1906 were effective steps taken to secure the same. Under the laws of the state it was necessary to hold an election to determine if the people would submit to the extra taxation necessary in order to erect the building. The vote carried by a good majority and ground was broken for a new building in April, 1907.

The contract was let to P. H. McCormack, of Columbus, Indiana, one of the best known contractors in the country. Many were the delays incident to the erection of so large a structure and not until September, 1908 was the building ready for use.

All who have inspected the building agree that Tipton has one of the most commodious structures in the entire country. It will amply care for the needs of the people of Tipton, and Tipton county, for many years to come.



TIPTON'S NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

The Departmental Work.

FOR the first time in the history of the Tipton Public Schools has departmental work been introduced. It has been placed in the efficient charge of Mr. E. E. VanBuskirk, assisted by Mr. J. T. Tracy and Miss Mary McArdle, and the plan is no longer considered an experiment, but a decided success. There are about two hundred pupils in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, and the room presents the finest appearance of any in the state of Indiana, within the writer's knowledge.

People who were not thoroughly conversant with the old crowded conditions and bad sanitary environment of their children in the city schools can hardly realize the welcome change and the fine spirit infused into both pupils and teachers.



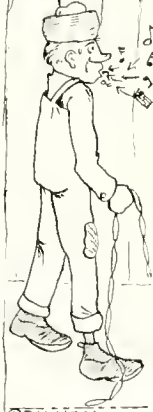
HIGH SCHOOL
 BILL POSTING COMPANY
 C.F. PATTERSON, PRES

THE GREAT FREAKS



CLAYTON O'BANTON SEEING HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM.

CLAYTON O'BANION THE ONLY LIVING HUMAN BEING THAT SEES HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM.



PEN NASH THE BOY WINNER - WORST FRIEND ALSO PLAYS MANY POPULAR AIRS AS HE DRAWS HIS BREATH.



MISS MARY GREEN. WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SNAKE CHARMER, TIGHT ROPE WALKER, AND CONTORTIONIST. ALSO A DANGEROUS BOY CHARMER.

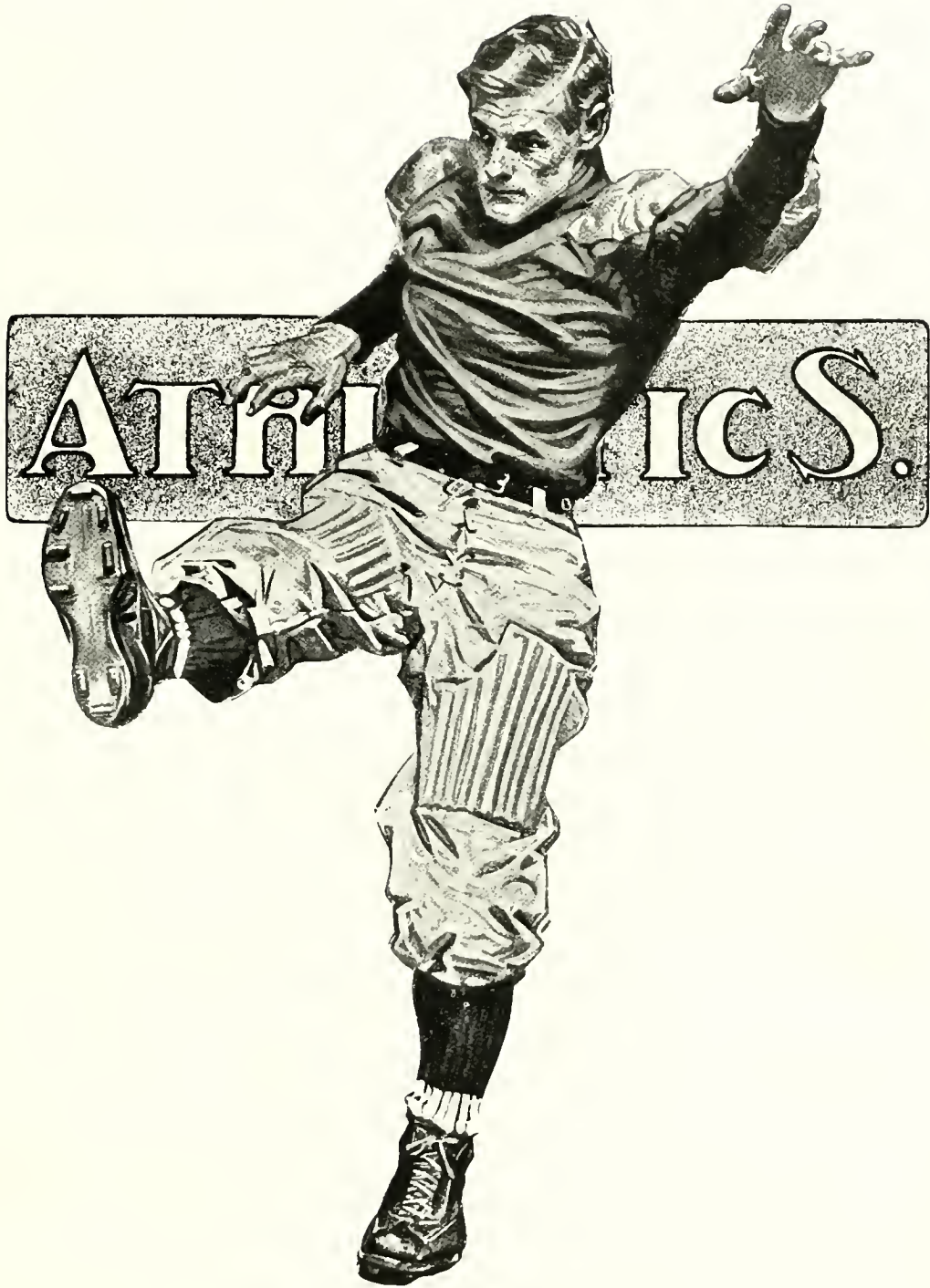


JEAN JOHNS. PET OF THE FACULTY, NEVER HAS BEEN KNOWN TO DISTURB THE MANAGERS' DEEP SLEEP "DANGEROUS"

THE FREAKS UNDER MANAGEMENT OF A.E. HIGHLEY AMUSEMENT COMPANY.



R.



ATHLETICS.





The Gridiron

Oh, the Gridiron! the Gridiron!
How I love your dusty length.
Where the foot ball boys gather
To prove their grit and strength.

How I love the dear old sidelines,
Where we girls stood day by day
And lent encouraging voices
When they made some skillful play.

How proud we are of Richey
So gritty and so game,
Who always tore the line up
And always came out lame.

And little Dud, the quarterback
Although he was so small,
When he set out to tackle
We knew his man would fall.

And then there was Jacky Brookbank,
Whose head was like a stone
If ever once he'd hit a man
We knew he'd break a bone.

And Kirtley, the Captain
With hair of flaxen hue
Who sometimes said "Dad Burn it"
When he lost his temper, too.

Among the later heroes
Sheeny Brown must have a place
We girls are all so proud of him
Although he had no "case."

And when they'd call time out
You'd hear some maiden say,
"Oh Dear, Renner is hurt again
I wish he wouldn't play."

And Hughes, who staid right in the game
Altho his head got bumped,
And Glenn, who always played quite well
And his opponent dumped.

And O'Hara, though he looked so small
He proved himself a "gun;"
And "Banty," when he kicked a goal;
We knew 'twould be well done.

Indeed when you would look at them
Ere we'd a game begin,
With men like Francis, Thompson, "Wag"—
You'd think we'd surely win.

O, the Gridiron, the Gridiron,
You are still so dear to me.
And we will always love you
Tho far away we be.

TIPTON HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS.

The Athletic Association

Athletic Board--1908-'09

President—RALPH KIRTLEY

Vice President—PAUL VANBUSKIRK

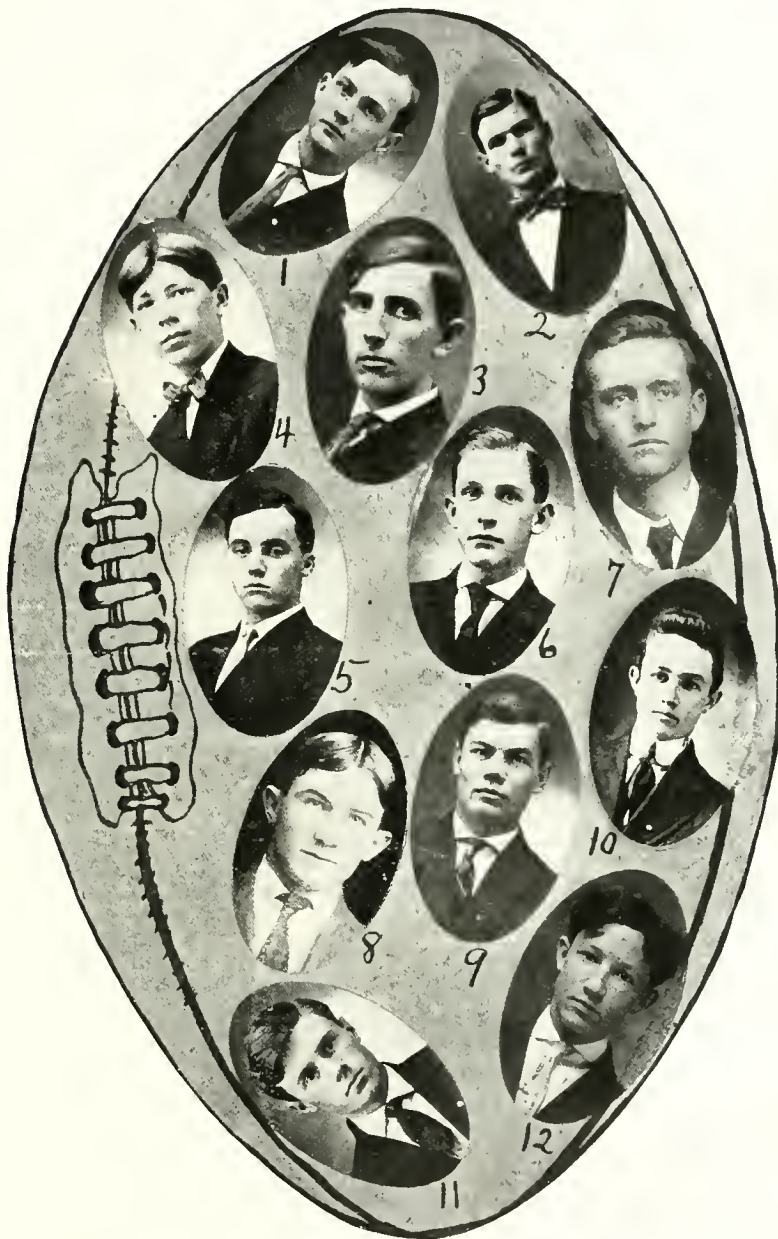
Secretary and Treasurer—HERMAN O'HARA

General Athletic Manager—FRANK RICHEY

In the fall of 1908 the students of Tipton High, recognizing the lack of athletics, formed a local association and unanimously voted a membership fee of twenty-five cents to support the teams and incidental expenses.

An Athletic Board was placed in charge of athletics and the local school became a member of the State High School Association and the local organization combined with the State in making Tipton High a strong member.

FOOT BALL



1—Hughes—2—VanBuskirk—3—Brown—4—Glenn—5—Richey—6—
O'Hara—7—Renner—8—Brookbank—9—Kirtley—10—V. Wagstaff—11—
Thompson—12—D. Wagstaff

Foot Ball

THE 1908 Athletic year at Tipton High has in many respects been successful. It marks the passing of the athletes who for years have brought honor and fame to Tipton High, and the supplementing of them by younger and less experienced, though not less nerry men. Though scores made by this year's eleven have not been the equal of some in the past, the hardworking members of the '08 team have been pursued by a hard fate, which, taken into consideration, makes their performance appear in the light in which they should be appreciated.

In Sept. the first call for candidates was issued and about twenty fellows responded. Of this number only four, Kirtley, Renner, Richey and Francis, were players of experience. However, prospects did not appear of an entire black hue and the best was hoped for. The boys went to work and for three or four days practice was hard, then came a relapse, and the team, when the first game with Elwood was played, had no practice whatever.

They opened the season Sept. 19th in Elwood with the High School team of that city, who had been at constant practice for three weeks and were confident of sweeping the Tipton county lads off their feet. The Tipton team only hoped to hold the Madison county champions to a low score and entertained no hopes of the tie game which resulted.

Our boys put up a great game and were twice prevented from scoring by the whistle blowing for time. Result: Tipton High, 0; Elwood High, 0.

After this game Tipton High stock soared, for we had proved ourselves to have light but fairly good material, but lack of spirit soon began to tell and for a time the team appeared to have disbanded, but finally after a desperate effort it survived and came onto the field for a second game with Greenwood High School in that city, Nov. 6th.

This game was our first victory, and in a hard-fought game which was stubbornly contested throughout, the local boys defeated the Greenwood eleven 15-0. This greatly encouraged the hopes of the players, and two weeks later the unexpected happened, and we defeated Bunker Hill High School in that city on Nov. 14, by the score of 21-0, despite the fact that the local boys were outweighed twenty pounds to the man and forced to abide by the decisions of a dishonest referee.

No more games were played until the big Thanksgiving contest with Attica High School in that city on Thanksgiving day. The local team entered the game under disadvantages for which no one could be held accountable and were not in the best of condition for the final struggle. On Thanksgiving, before 1,000 football enthusiasts and rooters, Tipton went down to defeat by a score of 15-0. Though outweighed twenty pounds to the man, and the recipients of all the day's ill luck in the way of fumbles and general tough luck, the Tipton team of 1908 will long be remembered for the nerry game contest which it put up. The Tipton team was accorded the most cordial treatment by the citizens and players of Attica and

the sting of their only defeat was entirely wiped out by the hospitality of the Attica people and students. Had the local boys been under the guide of a competent coach a great record might have been made, but as the season stands, the school is satisfied with the results under the conditions which they were obtained.

Hughes and Van Buskirk, the two ends, were a well matched pair, always on the alert and ever ready for what might come their way. In Francis, O'Hara and Wagstaff, Tipton High had three tackles who gave the team the best they had without regard for the effect upon themselves. Francis, of course, stood above his team mates on account of his experience and weight. Renner played a consistent game throughout the year and his experience also helped him greatly. Without him the left side of the line would have been much weaker. In Glenn, small, wiry and quick, the team had a man decidedly the opposite of his brother guard, but what he lacked in weight he made up in nerve and endurance. Though his first year on the gridiron, Brown put up a steady, consistent game at center, that in most of the contests he outplayed his more experienced opponents. Despite his light weight he repeatedly broke through the opposing line and smashed up plays before they were fairly started. Richey and Brookbank at halves and Kirtley at full made a good backfield combination. Brookbank was not only a fair defensive man but featured in long end runs and made many gains by crossing the field before being tackled. Richey played a consistent game the entire year. While his offensive work was good the defense was his forte, and time after time he piled up the heavy backs of the opposing team. Kirtley, heavy and compact, was not only a good line plunger but a defensive man of no mean ability. He was a hard worker and always pulling his man a few inches farther. D. Wagstaff filled the quarterback position in the most creditable manner and ran the team with the judgment and coolness of a veteran. V. Wagstaff, Teter, Thompson and Urmston filled the bill as substitutes in the most creditable manner.

Weares of the "T"

Foot Ball

HUGHES, VAN BUSKIRK, FRANCIS,
V. WAGSTAFF, O'HARA, RENNER,
GLENN, BROWN, THOMPSON, D. WAGSTAFF,
BROOKBANK, E. TETER,
KIRTLEY, RICHEY.

THE TEAM

LEFT END	LEFT TACKLE	LEFT GUARD	CENTER	RIGHT GUARD	RIGHT TACKLE	RIGHT END
VanBuskirk,	Francis,	Renner,	Brown,	Glenn,	O'Hara,	Hughes,
					V. Wagstaff,	

QUARTER BACK
D. Wagstaff,

LEFT HALF
Brookbank,

RIGHT HALF
Richey,

FULL BACK
Kirtley,



1—Hughes—2—O'Hara—3—E. Teter—4—Brown—5—Renner—6—Shook—7—
VanBuskirk—8—D. Wagstaff—9—Thompson—10—Kirtley—11—Riehey

Inter-Class Foot Ball

THE class championship of the High School was fought out in the early part of the season and the laurels fell to the Senior class who so demonstrated their superiority that the Freshmen class, the only class they did not meet, conceded them the honors.

The Sophomore team started the season by defeating the Freshmen eleven 10 to 5 in an interesting game. The Sophomores, elated by their victory, repeated it in a short time at the expense of the Juniors by the score of 5 to 0. The Sophomores having now defeated '10 and '12, issued a challenge to the newly formed Senior eleven which was accepted at once.

In the first game the Seniors ran away with the Sophomores and proceeded to pile up a score of 30 to 0, blasting the hopes of '11 for High School championship honors.

The Juniors were the next victims of the victorious Senior eleven, and they went down in a hard-fought game by a score of 25 to 5.

These games settled the championship question beyond a doubt, and the Freshmen eleven lost no time in conceding their inferiority to the Seniors. No more games bearing upon the championship were played although the Freshmen eleven trimmed the Sophomores in a final game by the score of 10 to 5.

STANDING OF TEAMS AT CLOSE OF SEASON.

CLASS.	WON	LOST	PER CENT.
Seniors - -	2	0	1000
Sophomores -	2	2	500
Freshmen - -	1	1	500
Juniors - -	0	2	000

CLASS TEAMS 1908.

SENIORS

L. E., O'Hara
L. T., V. Wagstaff
L. G., Renner
C., Urmston
R. G., Drake
R. T., Herschman
R. E., Hughes
Q. B., Thompson
L. H., Brookbank
R. H., Richey
F. B., Kirtley, Capt.

JUNIORS

L. E., P. Smith
L. T., Baxter
L. G., Martin
C., Hogan
R. G., Webb
R. T., G. Teter
R. E., Groves
Q. B., Templeton
L. H., Kemp
R. H., Van Buskirk, Capt.
F. B., Francis

SOPHOMORES

L. E., O. Foster
L. T., Leap
L. G., Barr
C., R. Kirtley
R. G., McEntee
R. T., J. Smith
R. E., Z. Teter
Q. B., D. Wagstaff, Capt.
L. H., Haskett
R. H., Brown
F. B., Glenn

FRESHMEN

L. E., R. Smith
L. T., E. Teter
L. G., L. Foster
C., O'Banion
R. G., Robinson
R. T., Downey
R. E., Bohannon
Q. B., Shook
L. H., Rouls
R. H., Bruce
F. B., Nash

BASE BALL



1—Glenn—2—Thompson—3—Shook—4—D. Wagstaff—5—Richey—6—Kirtley—7—
VanBuskirk—8—O'Hara—9—Hughes—10—Brown

Weares of the "T"

Base Ball

BROWN, WAGSTAFF, SHOOK,
HUGHES, GLENN, THOMPSON,
O'HARA, VANBUSKIRK, KIRTLEY,
RICHEY.

THE TEAM

CATCHER
Brown.

FIRST BASE
Richey.

PITCHER
VanBuskirk

THIRD BASE
Shook

SHORT STOP
Glenn.

SECOND BASE
Wagstaff

RIGHT FIELD
Thompson.

LEFT FIELD
Kirtley.

CENTER FIELD
O'Hara.

Base Ball

THE success of the 1909 team has been one of more or less brilliant aspect. During the winter months prospects were exceedingly bright for a strong team, but the failure of several players to maintain grades that would retain them in good standing, weakened the prospects for supremacy of the local school upon the diamond. Trouble was also entercountered in arranging a satisfactory schedule owing to several of the neighboring schools having forsaken the diamond for the track. Games were secured however with Kempton High School, Windfall High School, L. E. & W. Office Team, and Taylor's All Americans.

The opening game was played with the Kempton High School team in that city on April 17th and after a weird game in which misplays and heavy hitting featured the T. H. S. team was defeated by the score of 13 to 11. The boys were far from satisfied with the manner in which they had played and it was only after a week's practice that they tackled the Taylor's All Americans, who after a desperate struggle were defeated by the score of 5 to 1. The next game was played with the Windfall H. S. team in that city and after a nerve racking game the T. H. S. team went down to defeat by the score of 2 to 1. The following day the L. E. & W. Office Men were defeated by the score of 7 to 4, and two weeks later the T. H. S. team again defeated them by the score of 5 to 4. The High School boys the following week again played Taylor's All Americans in this city, being defeated by the score of 3 to 1, and winning the third game by the score of 5 to 2.

On Friday May 6th, the T. H. S. team crossed bats for the second time with the Windfall H. S. aggregation, and defeated the Windfall boys by the score of 13 to 1. Proving their superiority in every department of the game.

Of the old men Kirtley, Richey, Thompson, Hughes and Glenn made the team with Brown, VanBuskirk, Wagstaff, Shook and O'Hara as new men. The development of the team may be seen from the fact that it was defeated easily by Kempton early in the season, while the later games were victories over much stronger teams than the one representing Kempton High School.

The old players are too well known to need any comment. VanBuskirk and Brown, both new men, formed a high class high school battery. Glenn at short played a reliable game. Richey at first was a good reliable player and safe batter. Wagstaff played a good game at second through out the season. Shook at third played with snap and vim, while Kirtley, O'Hara and Thompson pulled down many apparently safe drives in the outfield. Hughes played well in whatever position he was placed. Brown was the premier slugger of the team and caught a good game, while VanBuskirk not only pitched excellent ball but helped considerably in the batting department. The fielding and batting of the team was excellent and their record is one to be proud of, considering the limited practice which they were able to obtain.

RECORD

	T. H. S.	Opponents
T. H. S. vs. Kempton High School.....	11	13
T. H. S. vs. Taylor's All Americans.....	5	1
T. H. S. vs. Windfall High School.....	1	2
T. H. S. vs. L. E. & W. Office Men.....	7	4
T. H. S. vs. L. E. & W. Office Men.....	5	4
T. H. S. vs. Taylor's All Americans.....	1	3
T. H. S. vs. Taylor's All Americans.....	13	1
	Won 5.	Lost 3.

Total score: Tipton High School 48; Opponents, 39.

Can You Imagine

Urmston preaching?
Allen Johnson loose in Chicago?
Bertha Porter in tights?
Kirtley talking in a low sweet voice?
Hughes back on the farm?
Dan Patterson with a pug nose?
Hogan in a hurry?
Coryell playing base ball?
Wheatley at a free lunch counter?
Kemp saying his prayers?
Rouls working?
Pyke a real sport?
Katon and Messmore scrapping?
Haskett looking happy?
Richey bald-headed?
Herschman without a yellow streak?
Martin attending dancing school?
Hufford leading a choir?
Hurley with his knees unsprung?
Dodds selling "War Cry's"?
Opal Pence on stilts?
Richman going to a foot ball game?
O'Hara with his toes turned out?
Hogan winning the mile run?
Thompson taking a bath?
O'Banion teaching a Sunday-school class?
Downey earning his salt?
McArdle admiring some one other than himself?
Webb cracking a joke?
D. Wagstaff with wings?
Bruce walking like a man?
Richey editing a decent Annual?
Highley getting drunk?
Margaret Miller doing a calk walk?
G. Teter in a good humor?
Cora Wise keeping quiet?
Francis bowlegged?
Marker studying?
Urmston walking with Miss Wise?
O'Banion tall and slender?
Templeton looking bashful?
Laura Messmore looking thin?
Ruth Krumanaker an old maid?
Arvilla fuller?

Monroe Marqus De Layfetter, Christopher Columbus.
George Washington Hughes—?

Queries and Answers

DEAR STAFF—

I have been here for three years and would like to know how to be sporty now that I am filled with knowledge and have time for the pleasant side of life.

GARNET TETER

It is with great concern that we read your request, but if you have the "sporty" feeling, as you term it, why, learn to smoke cigarettes.—Staff.

DEAR STAFF—

I am Okla Hershman, of this city. I write you for information, not because I need it, but from exuberance, so to speak. I am rated as a Senior, as you probably know. But I am digressing. What I wish to know is in regard to the work I will take up on graduating from Tipton High. I have fifty-three jobs offered me, and they are all good ones, the salaries ranging from fourteen thousand to one hundred thousand per year. I am young, but am denied the privilege of starting in at the bottom of the ladder, as all other prominent men have done. Now what would you advise me to do?

Hoping that you may throw some light on my difficult problem, I remain,

Yours very truly, OKLA HERSHMAN

DEAR MR. HERSHMAN—

After having studied the situation very carefully, we realize what your condition is, and we advise you to take Cascarets.—Staff.

DEAR STAFF—

Can a young man afford to leave half his questions unanswered in an english test in order to walk home with just one girl.

Sincerely yours, CHESSEL URMSTON

MY DEAR MR. URMSTON—

By all means; embrace every opportunity to walk home with the young lady of your choice. There will be other english tests—flunk tests, for instance, but there is just one girl.—Staff.

DEAR STAFF—

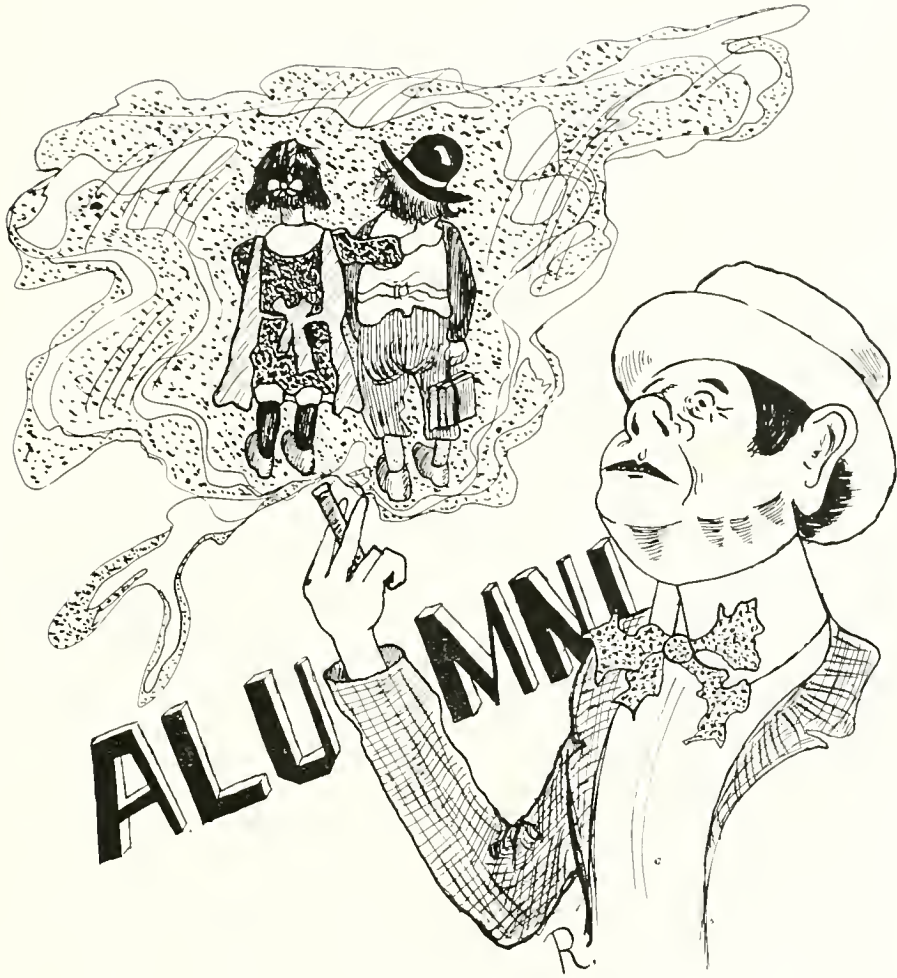
Having now enjoyed the pleasures of teaching Science in your prosperous school for one year, and daily gazing at the beautiful Senior girls, my mind turns to more serious thoughts, and I wish you to advise me, in regard, to what one of the above mentioned damsels might be approached on the subject of matrimony.

Respectfully Yours, M. E. HUFFORD

MR. M. E. HUFFORD

DEAR SIR—

Take anyone of the bunch, they won't be hard to get. Margaret or Arvilla we think would accept at once.—Staff.



OFFICERS

President—R. O. GLEASON
Vice-Pres.—VALLIE MOORE
Treasurer—FRANK VAWTER
Secretary—FERN WELLS

NURSERY RHYMES

Sing a song of Freshmen,
Pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty Freshmen,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
Bruce yelled with pain,
"You talk of ruined houses,
Think of my ruined name!"
O'Banion as the nurse—man
Tryin' to soothe the child;
But not until Miss Morgan came,
Did he grow calm and mild.
Loucks in the office
Smiling fit to beat;
Up came a Sophomore
And picked him off his seat.

Sing a song of Sophomores,
Pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty Sophomores,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
They all began to cry:
"A. E., A. E., yum—yum—yo
Deliver us from Tipton High."
Brown in the office,
Tellin' of his woe;
Ruth in the reception room,
Waitin' for her beau.
Glenn out on the Campus,
Playin' mighty hard—
Up came a black bird
And nipped off his guard

Sing a song of Juniors,
Pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty Juniors
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
Bertha began to sing:
Wasn't that a jolly dish
To set before a king?
Dane in the Library,
Making foolish dates.
Kemp in the cellar,
Carving out his fates.
Lodelle Harlan walkin'
Out with Sheene Brown,

Along came Leo Smith,
And scared him out of town.

Sing a song of Seniors,
Pocket full of rye.
Four and twenty Seniors,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
Hughes began to kick:
Wasn't that the kind of a dish
That made all others sick?
Katon up in English,
Tryin' to give a talk,
Chessel and Mary Green
Partakin' of a walk.
McArdle at the baby show,
Actin' mighty funny;
Taking all the prizes,
And raking in the money.

Sing a song of Faculty,
Pocket full of rye.
Six mighty Faculty folk,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
Highley began to spout;
That made the pupils mad,
And they began to pout.
C. F. in his office,
A smile upon his face;
Miss Morgan flyin' round the room,
At—that two forty pace.
Dodds in the office,
Counting out his money;
In walked Miss Towne,
And Hufford called him "Sonny."

Sing a song of Class Scrap,
Pocket full of rye;
A lot of Freshmen and Seniors,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
Bohanon began to fight.
Then all hands and the cook jumped in,
And 'twas a sorry sight.
Bohanon on the barber chair,
A yellin' "Leave one piece."
"Louck's head out the window,
Hollerin' for the police.
Rosenthal and Tressider right in the fight.
'Twas a hot old time at Tipton High
On November 16th's dark night.

In Memoriam.

VERNE EPPERSON WAGSTAFF

Departed this High School life January, 1909.

"He has left us little to say."

RODERICK RENNER

Went hence in January last.

"We didn't want him any longer, he was long enough already."

PAUL BROOKBANK

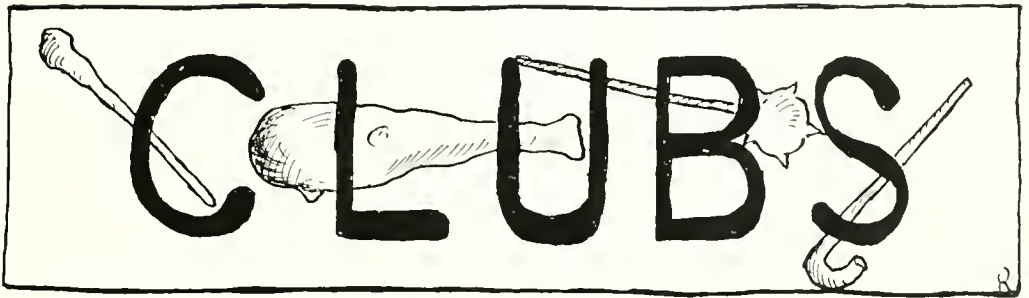
Died by an assassin's hand during the fateful month of January.

"Gone, but not forgotten."

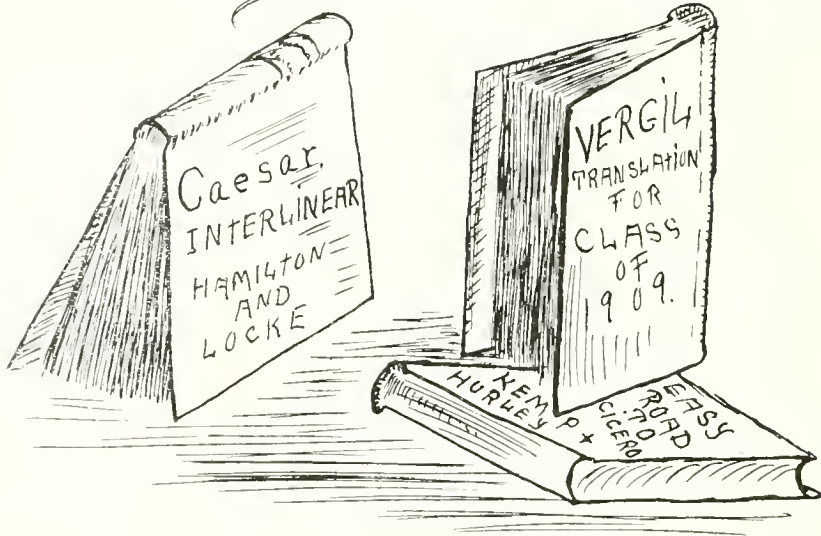
MISS AMY MITCHELL

She was buried in Washington, Indiana, December, 1908.

"Peaceful and calm is her sleep."



PONY CLUB



MOTTO

"A Pony! A Pony! My kingdom for A Pony."

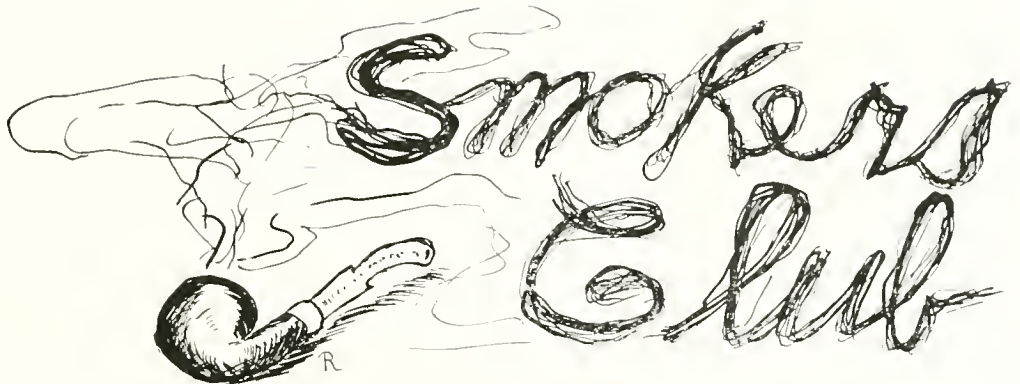
OFFICERS

Chief Rider	Ralph O. Kirtley
High Roller	Monroe Hughes
Attendant of Ponies	Sire James Hogan
Stable Hand	Ralph Kemp

MEMBERS

Chessel Urmston	Cora Wise
Raymond McArdle	Edna Repp
Ethel Coleman	Bertha Russell
Ralph Kemp	Ruth Krumanaker
Paul Smith	Charlotte Wells
Ray Glenn	Lodelle Harlan
Monroe Hughes	Pearle Askren
Jimmy Hogan	Ruth McConkey
Arvillia Fuller	Ruth Anderson
Bethel Templeton	Laura Messmore
Opal Pence	Lydia Hartman

Honorary Member
Elinor K. Towne



MOTTO

"Have Your Graft Handy"

OBJECT—To Encourage Smoking.

Club Brand

O. P.

OFFICERS

Corncob Drake—President

Tobacco Roults—Vice President

Windy Wagstaff—Secretary

Bowlegged O'Banion—Treasurer

Gas Belt Templeton—General Mgr.

Meetings held every noon on Court House Square.

Members taken in at any and all times providing their characters are all that can be expected.



MOTTO

"Down With Everything."

Place of Meeting—Any convenient free lunch counter.

Officers are to hold their chairs until blown up by their Bretheren.

OFFICERS

President—A. E. Highley

(Position of Vice President now vacant, the late vice president having mistaken a stick of dynamite for stove wood.)

Secretary—Garnet Teter

Treasurer—Okla Herschman

MEMBERS

Blanche Holman

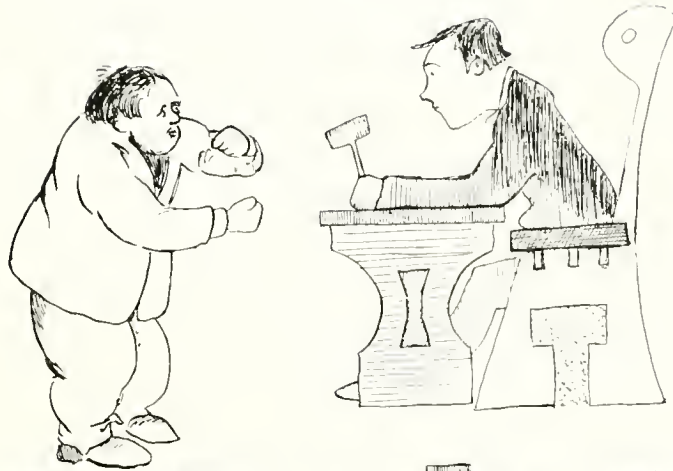
Louis Hurley

Gladys Mount

Margaret Miller

Edith Ramsay

Mabel Kleyla



THE ROYAL COUNCIL

MOTTO

"All Things Must Be Discussed."

OBJECT—To Create A Disturbance.

Place of Meeting—Senior English Class.

OFFICERS

Doughnut O'Hara—Chief Wrangler

Onion Skin Richey—Royal Argurer

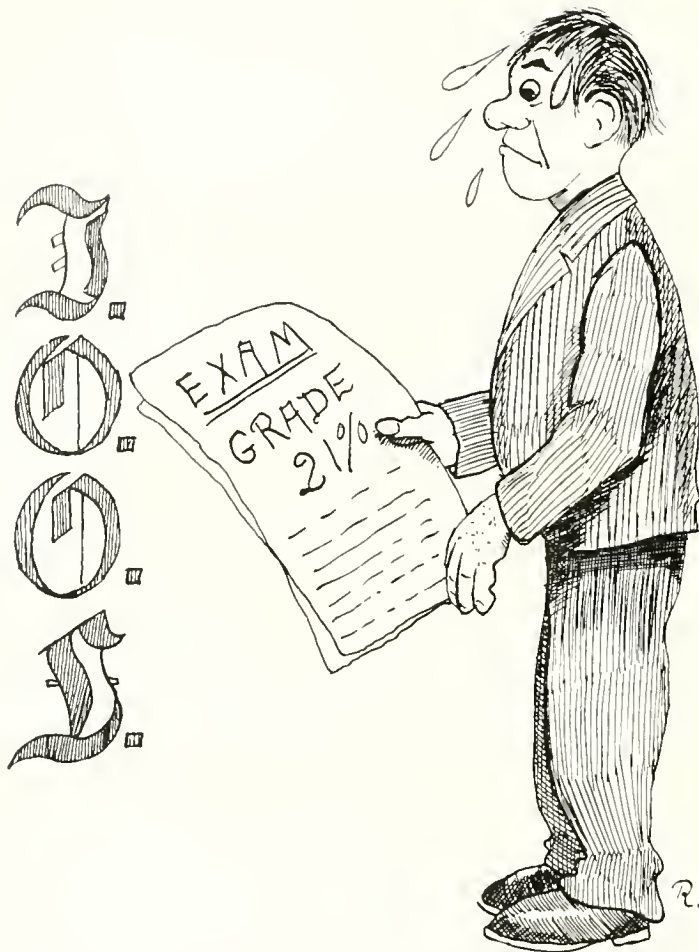
King Nuts Urmston—Chief Liar

Grandma Thompson—Official Statistician

Honorary Member—E. E. Morgan.

Members taken in by the Feet or Head.

Positively no one admitted to membership who cannot
keep still for at least the English period.



Independent Order of Flunkers

MOTTO

"T'is Folly to be Wise"

Place of Meeting—Newcomb's Poolroom.

OFFICERS

Clayton O'Banion—President
 Ralph Kirtley—Vice President
 Dane Patterson—Treasurer
 Allan Johnson—Secretary

MEMBERS

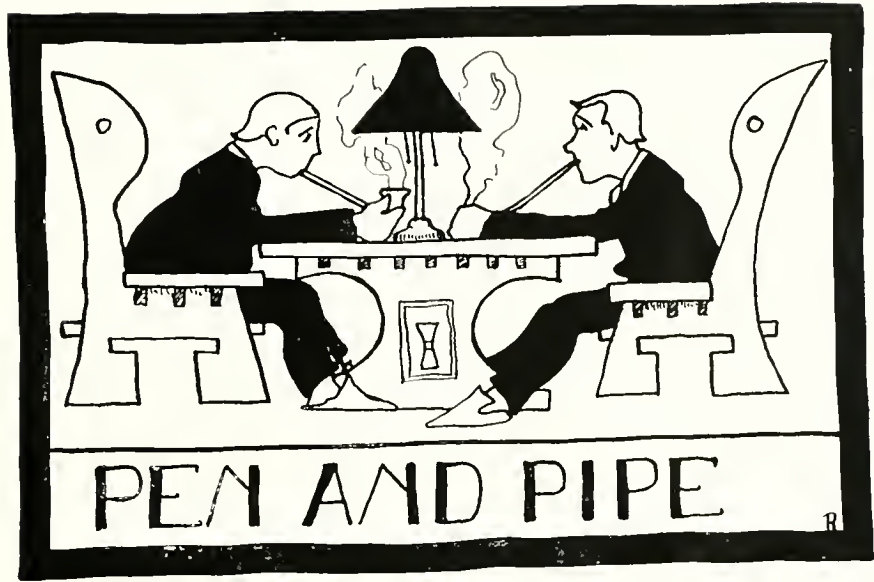
Merle Brown
 Ben Drake
 James Hogan
 Francis Staats

Espy Katon

Alta Mount
 Herman O'Hara
 Helen Nicholson
 Clara Miller

IN MEMORIAM

Verne E. Wagstaff



For the Advancement of T. H. S. Letters

MEMBERS

RAYMOND McARDLE

BEN DRAKE

HERMAN O'HARA

FRANK RICHEY

CARL RICHMAN

CHELSEL URMSTON

DENNIS THOMPSON

Critic—GARNET G. DODDS



SOCIETY

Society Notes

ON the eighth of October, the class of '09 were entertained at the home of Espy Katon on West Adams street. After the business of the class had been discussed in which it was decided to give a pie supper at the old T. H. S. building. Every one joined in the games.

One feature of the evening's entertainment was playing forfeits. Many comical things happened, among which Cora Wise capped the climax by falling into Frank Richey's arms.

Dainty refreshments were served, after which the meeting adjourned until the next month.

On the sixth of November, the Senior Class was entertained at the home of Ethel Coleman on Conde street. Owing to the fact that the boys of the class had gone to Greenwood to play ball, only a few were present.

The evening was spent in music and games, after which dainty refreshments were served.

On the twenty-fourth of November, a surprise party was given for Pearle Askren and Mabel Kleyla, at the home of the latter five miles north of town. The Junior and Senior classes and a few other friends assembled at the home about seven o'clock to await the coming of the two girls, who were detained in town. It proved to be a success for they were completely surprised.

The evening was spent in playing games and dancing, with which there was good music. Many amusing things happened during the evening, one of which was the falling of one of the girls thru a barrel, and then had to be lifted out.

Refreshments were served, after which the company were conveyed to the car line in a farm wagon.

One of the most pleasing and delightful events of the jolly winter was the good old fashioned bob sled party of the Sophomore class to the home of their classmate John D. Smith. The largest percent of the class took advantage of the Smith hospitality and after spending a jolly hour and a half en-route to the Smith mansion they proceeded to consume a quantity of good things, which one of their number

afterwards declared, he had never known to be in existence. The evening was varied with numerous forms of amusement and after an almost overwhelming lunch they returned to their homes with a hope of another bob sled party.

The Junior reception for the Senior class was given at the home of Ralph Kemp. The magnificent home of the Kemp's was tastefully decorated for the occasion in flowers and both class colors. The evening was spent in various entertainments and at a late hour refreshments were served after which the Seniors and Juniors parted from their last affair in common.

How Much Do You Suppose?

Espy weighs.

Urmston plugs.

Herschman fights.

Richey shaves.

McArdle grins.

Kleyla likes frogs.

Wise talks.

Arvilla writes notes.

THE JUNIORS WOULD AMOUNT TO IN A "MIX-UP" WITH THE SENIORS.

Hughes really don't know.

O'Hara scolds the Freshies.

We will get in Chemistry.

Thompson works.

Drake sleeps.

Opal praises others.

Ruth loves—?

Margaret blushes.

IGNORANCE.

Poor Vernie Wagstaff!

He didn't mean offense!

He knew not Herschman's pennant

Cost eighty-five cents!

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

Why Herschman's hair is curly.

How much O'Banion paid for his tie

Why Raymond McArdle wears a corset

Why Ethel Coleman is always sleepy

Why Urmston prefers Freshmen girls to Seniors.

Why James Hogan is a pet

Why Blanche Holman wears a board in her back.

The Pie Supper.

AN old fashioned pie supper was given by the Seniors at the old T. H. S. building on the evening of the twenty-third of October for the purpose of aiding the class in buying their class-pins. About seventy-five pies were brought by the girls of the High School and of the town. A cake was awarded the prettiest girl,



HURLEY PRESENTS KEMP WITH A PIE.

which, after a heated contest was given to Sally Huckupson. Clayton O'Banion was awarded the cane for being the laziest boy in the house.

It was a great success for the Seniors and all went home to suffer with dyspepsia.



GRINDS

Please do not rave
And curse the knave
Or knaves as it may be
Who sought to raise in honest ways
The laughs that you here see,
For thought you think that printer's ink
Will make or mar your fame,
My word I'll give you'll outlive
The slams upon your name.

Grind No. 1. Grind Editor is appointed.

Grind No. 2. Raymond McCardle occupies the Criminal chair on the Carpet with the Greenish hue.

Grind No. 3. Margaret Miller.

Espy Katon (Handing a butterfly to Margaret M.) "Here Margaret, you belong to the Botany class don't you?"

Miss Morgan: "How much of the first act of Hamlet is introduction.

Monroe H. "The first one scene."

Arvilla Fuller after the first Chemistry recitation does not rest easy until she learns that Mr. Hufford is an unmarried man.

Teacher, (to Claytie O'B) "Sonny, I don't like to see you copying."
Claytie. "Then turn yer head, I'll be through in a minit."

Miss Morgan (In Eng III) "Who is the hero of the play."
Bethel Templeton, "I think Portia is the hero."

Ersie M. (Eng III) "When physicians pull teeth they have music."
Lodelle H. "They never had music when they pulled my tooth."

Dodds, "Where is West Minister Abbey?"
Minnie R. "In the United States."

Miss Towne (speaking to pupil in Latin IV) "What does attolens mollify?"

Patterson (butting into English IV and talking about Mac Beth) "Now if he had married a woman like Miss Morgan he would have led a pretty decent life."

Monroe Hughes, (Sticking on a Latin Sentence) "Through various, various, various, various, various, various, well—various."

Opal Pence (Writing a letter) "Loan me your dictionary, Espy, I've forgotten how to spell friend."

On Sept 22nd Okla Hershman went to Elwood. Out of respect for the High School, his girl, and his parents, we will not say what he did after he arrived.

Miss Morgan (in Eng IV) "Arvilla, what is it you were thinking of?"
Villy (Slowly) "Well, its marriage."

Mr. Hufford in Botany II: "It rains in the Torrid Zone every day and then sometimes more."

Frances Staats, (Hist I) "How did the people that came down to Assyria get in the moutains?"

Dodds, "Got up there like Topsy did, I suppose."

Mr. Dodds, in History I; "What does X mean in History?"

Clayton O'B, "I know, it means before Christ."

Dodds, (speaking of Solomon) "His death resulted from satisfying 800 wives."

Hippo, "That would kill anybody."

Espy Katon found the Alto of a right triangle.

Mr. Patterson, (speaking to Ethel C. who is trying to lower a window) "You will have to eat more bacon before you will ever be able to get that window down Ethel."

Floyd Webb, (translating Latin III), "Do you entrust your life to fleas and solitude?"

Lodelle H. "Say, Herschel, what does "Pious" mean?"

Herschel, "Full of pie I suppose."

Miss Towne, "Ernest, give, 'We shall have been advised.'"

Ernest, "Do you want it in the singular or plural number."

Fred Rouls, (Pronouncing Arithmetical) Arith me tickle.

Dodds, (History I) "What are the products of Greece besides grain."

Leo K. (Half asleep) "Wheat and corn."

Dodds, "Did we have the rebuilding of Athens explained yesterday?"

Claytie O'Banion, "No."

Dodds. "Well Clayton. you may tell us all about it."

Claytie (hastily) O, I remember of having it yesterday."

Patterson (in History IV) "Whereabouts in Indiana did Harrison live?"

Espy K. "In Ohio."

Dodds (History I), "Did you ever see anything as peculiar as this?"

Eugene Teter, "Yes! A woman."

Miss Morgan (in English IV) "That wouldst thou holly what thou wouldst highly."

Things Concerning which we are in doubt.

Did Okla Herschman ever eat at the Hotel Francis?

Did Mary Green ever squeeze a blackhead out of Clayton O'Banion's nose?

Does Okla Herschman wear his hair like a musician in order to attract Ethel Coleman?

What does Highley's nose resemble?

Leo K. "Do you think I am a fool sir?"

Bubbles W. "Well, I aint prepared to deny it."

Jimmy Hogan, "Oi hear ye know Lefty, me bhoy, that the Oirish are always ready ter bear arms for the mither country."

Lefty O'H, "Yes Jimmy an the Scots ready to bare legs."

Mother Green (upstairs) "What time is it down there?"

Mary (down in the parlor) "Just ten by the clock, mamma."

Mamma, "All right! Don't forget to start the clock again when Chessel leaves."

Hufford, (speaking of Geol) "What is the next thing to man?"

Allan Johnson "His undershirt."

Carl Richman, "Do you know Dane Patterson?"

Leonard P., "Oh! yes, he's a bookkeeper."

Carl R., "Yes, he's had one of mine for three years."

Banty Van B., "They say that Napoleon's name appears in print oftener each year than that of any living man."

Ralph Kemp, "Gee, that feller must have a dandy press agent. Wonder what he pays him."

Hufford, (in Chemistry IV) "What is Bi-Chloride of Gold?"

Okla Herschman, (frantically waving his hand) "The Keeley cure."

Edna R., "Where did woman come from?"

Bertha R., "Where?"

Edna, "From the rib of man."

Bertha, "Well, I'd like to see the rib that Barnum's fat woman came from."

Laura, "James, what will remove this double chin of mine?"

Jimmy H., "Nothing but a guillotine will ever do that, Laura."

DEDICATED TO DUDLEY.

He swept the bank out daily,
As office boys must,
Till in his zeal he finally
Departed with the dust.

Floyd W., (speaking of Bethel T) "He's the laziest man I know, and he has wheels in his head."

Paul S., "They're probably what gave him that 'tired' feeling."

Hamlet Highley, (in mournful soliloquy) "They used to say I was their ideal of a golden principal, but now they think I am nearer an ideal of a golden brick."

Miss Morgan (speaking to freshie) "What are you hunting, my boy?"

Jimmy D., "I'm looking for one of those storks. If one of them sails over here with a baby, I'll just wing him and get the kid."

Highley, "Here's a splendid conundrum, Miss Towne, Why am I like a goat?"

Miss Towne (conscientiously) "I suppose because you can't help it."

A Senior girl being asked upon her return from the library with the latest novel, if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her head and answered:

"Shakespeare? Of course I have. I read that when it first came out."

Hufford, (in Physics III) "Samuel, why is it lightning never stricks twice in the same place?"

Samuel, "Becuz the place ain't there when it strikes the second time."

How the average student reads his annual.

First five minutes.

Looks for himself in his class group and finds his name wherever he is on a committee. This is the most enjoyable period of inspection.

Second five minutes.

Does the same with his girl's name and picture.

Third five minutes.

Hunts up every roast on his "Case" or himself.

Last five minutes.

Makes sure of all these things, then shuts the book forever. After this he takes pains to say that the annual isn't as good as it generally is.



П.В.В.В.

CALENDAR

CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER

- 14th. School assembles in new High School building. Freshmen come carrying their diplomas.
Rent books.
- 15th. Seniors get lost Freshmen make fun of them.
- 16th. Sudden death of Mr. Beauchamp.
- 17th. School adjourns out of respect for the death of Mr. Beauchamp.
- 21st. Ralph Kemp forgets and goes out to old high school building.
- 22nd. Okla Hershman looses his curling iron and consequently his hair is straight to-day.
- 23rd. Freezing cold! Professor Patterson says all those who have not an extra coat of paint may get their wraps. Every one hastens to get their coats except Pearle Askren.
- 24th. Ralph Kirtley staid so late Sunday night at Amy Mitchell's that she became sleeping beauty for the next three days.
- 25th. Mr. Dodds calls Aurelia Long—Aurelia Short. She becomes very angry.
- 28th. Mr. Highley becomes T. H. S. new music teacher. Freshmen pronounce him fine.
- 29th. Alta Mount on taking a book from her desk pulls out a cigar.
- 30th. Carl Richman (in Bot II) tries to tell Mr. Hufford that every thing looks green and tender.

OCTOBER

- 1st. Mr. Hufford asks Monroe Hughes what the color of Hydrogen is. Monroe says it's odorless.
- 2nd. Ersie Martin in Physics III says that water weighs sixty-two cubic pounds.
- 5th. High School sing "Forsaken." Every one thinks of Miss Buchanan.
- 6th. Okla Hershman says that the intercession (intersection) of two parallel planes are parallel.
- 7th. Mr. Highley goes into Miss Towne's first year Latin class to fix the radiator. The plug blows out, giving Highley a shower bath and frightening the timid freshies nearly to death.
- 8th. Lydia Hartman translating in German IV says—"I have been silent to all these deeds which I see—saw."
- 9th. Cora Wise falls into Frank Richey arms at Senior's Class meeting.
- 12th. Miss Towne gives Freshmen a Latin examination.
- 13th. Immediately after Highley gives a spiel on leaving the room to ask for examination grades, the Freshmen all troop into Miss Towne's room to determine their Latin grades.
- 14th. Mr. Patterson says he is afraid that the Flag Day exercises will disturb Mr. Highley's peaceful dreams.
Two great speakers. Seth Low and Ralph Kirtley.
- 15th. In Geom IV, Mr. Highley says that there will be a meeting of the Senior girls after class. Okla Hershman stays

- 16th. Rainy Day! Jimmy Hogan counts the girls who have naturally curly hair.
- 19th. Mr. Dodds asks Gladys Mount how often the Vassal was compelled to go to war for his Lord. She answers—"Forty days a month."
- 20th. Seniors go into the house cleaning business. They leave school to clean the old T. H. S. building for the famous pie supper.
- 21st. Freshmen are jealous because the Seniors get off two periods to work for the pie supper.
- 22nd. Famous Pie Supper comes off! Buck creek is in demand.
- 23rd. Mr. Hufford delivers an address on the inward and outward effects of hard work.
- 26th. Miss Morgan advises Okla Hershman to study crimonology.
- 27th. Mr. Dodds asks Florence Lewis to tell about the serfs. Florence (who has not been paying attention) says "why-er-did you say for me to tell about surds."
- 28th. Chessel recites "Mary had a little lamb" for a pastime. It is nice to consider oneself something tame.
- 29th. The Seniors go for the first time to Labratory on third floor. Class gets lost in their attempt to find the stairs and Mr. Hufford has to usher them down.
- 30th. Mr. Dodds informs his German III class that they will have to speak louder because he has been taking quinnine.

NOVEMBER

- 2nd. Every one is talking politics.
- 3rd. Election Day.
"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."
- 4th. Professor Patterson thinks he is better off than one democrat in Brown county who bet his trousers on Bryan.
- 5th. Mr. Hufford asks Cora Wise what the weight of nitrogen is. Cora undecided says "twenty-three"—Class laugh. Professor Hufford does not take the hint.
- 6th. Arvilla Fuller (in Latin IV) says—"The ships being chattered (shattered) by the waves."
- 9th. Pearl Mayne, when she thinks no one is looking, uses her powder rag.
- 10th. Blanche Mason and Ruth Daum visit school. Miss Towne forgets that they are no longer pupils and asks Blanche to take a front seat.
- 11th. Dark Day! Janitor lights the assembly room lights. Freshmen clap their hands in glee and begin counting the pretty lights.
- 12th. Espy Katon in Latin IV says that the Trojans distinguished their hunger.
- 13th. Margaret Miller says that insomnia is a pretty bad disease because it makes a person tell too much that they shouldn't.
- 16th. Miss Morgan in English IV asks Arvilla what she is thinking about. Her astonishing answer was "marriage."
- 17th. Ruth Krumanaker's pony was lame to-day and consequently she had to walk to Latin Class.
- 18th. Chessel Urmston is ill. Mary Green wears black to school.
- 19th. Ralph Kemp asks Ruth Krumanaker how much an acre the new style hats cost.
- 20th. Miss Morgan asks Clayton O'Banion what ewe are? Clayton says "Aren't ewe a kind of a deer?"

- 23rd. "There's music in the air" every forty minutes.
- 24th. Lodelle Harlan insists to Mr. Patterson that she knows from experience how to play Leap Frog.
- 25th. Mr. Highley says a prism may be inscribed in or outscribed about a cone. Seniors advise him to take a course in English.
- 26th. Seniors have pie (π) for Geometry.
- 27th. Opal Pence in Latin IV says that cupidō comes from cuspidor.
- 30th. Professor Patterson asks if any one can tell what part of Indiana Harrison came from. Espy Katon (eager to display her knowledge) says, "why he came from Ohio."

DECEMBER

- 1st. The Juniors in Physics III wonder how much force would be produced if Jimmy would fall to the ground.
- 2nd. Arvilla Fuller winks at Dennis Thompson in Chemistry IV. Professor Hufford becomes jealous and sends her to the Assembly room.
- 3rd. Louis Hurley says that Rowena is the hero of Ivanhoe.
- 4th. Mr. Highley in Geometry III says the crooked line is the straight line.
- 7th. Miss Morgan asks Monroe Hughes if he has his English lesson. Monroe says he has if she doesn't scare it out of him.
- 8th. Jimmy thinks the new program bells run by perpetual motion.
- 9th. Frank Richey in Chemistry IV asks Mr. Hufford if O didn't donate (denote) one atom of Oxygen.
- 10th. Mr. Dodds tells Arvilla Fuller to talk louder because it is so dark he can not hear.
- 11th. Miss Towne in Latin IV asks if any one knows the meaning of superbum. Monroe Hughes (waiving his hand excitedly) says "It means more than bum."
- 14th. Okla Hershman in Geometry IV declares that he doesn't know how to divide pie (π). The Seniors wonder if he is in the habit of eating a whole pie.
- 15th. Seniors wonder what is the matter with Kyle Marker. She hasn't been seen at the "B" for one whole day.
- 16th. Mabel Kleyla asks Arvilla if fifteen is an odd number. Arvilla says she doesn't think so.
- 17th. Ethel Coleman's pet rat died yesterday. To-day she puts on mourning by wearing her hair flat.
- 18th. Ralph Richman makes a talk in History IV. Raymond McArdle wants to know what he is talking about.
- 21st. Mr. Dodds calling on Miss Kelly notices a picture of Baby Stuart on the wall. "How old were you Miss Kelly when you had that taken?"
- 22nd. Mr. Hufford tells Bertha Porter not to put her feet on the floor for a whole period.
- 23rd. Opal Pence in Latin IV stares at Mabel Kleyla. Mabel—"What are you looking at Opal?" Opal—(absently.) Nothing.
- 24th. Out for Xmas vacation.

JANUARY

- 5th. Every one is wearing something new.
- 6th. Seniors scrap with grade teachers over the possession of a rug for their parlor.
- 7th. Seniors have rug under lock and key.

- 8th. Freshmen have a class meeting. Mr. Highley acts as presiding Elder.
Clayton O'Banion declares that he wants the sun-flower for their class flower.
- 11th. Raymond Huber has started to school. Wonder why Florence Lewis is so happy.
- 12th. Every body working hard.
- 13th. The same.
- 14th. Term Examination!!
Oh, unhappy is the lot of one who hath not his work well done.
- 15th. Book rental.
- 18th. Raymond Mc. says Cora Wise's laugh reminds him of a hen cackling.
- 19th. Mr. Hufford in Chemistry IV, asks Okla H. what the other name for Ethylene is. Okla says it is gasoline.
- 20th. Mr. Dodds tells Lodelle H. to make an attempt at reading a German passage and if she falls down he will pick her up. Juniors wonder if he means it.
- 21st. Floyd M. wants to know which side his heart is on. Sophomores wonder if he thinks he has lost it.
- 22nd. Mr. Dodds tells Harold Patten to sit up and look pert.
- 25th. Mabel K. went to sleep last night at church. Delt Glenn had to wake her up.
- 26th. Ruth K. in Latin IV says, "Father Anchises extends his palms to the stars with his mouth."
- 27th. Miss Morgan falls from the Assembly room platform. Professor Patterson tries to sell her an accident insurance policy.
- 28th. The Seniors get excused from school to hear Professor Hufford lecture at the Farmers Institute, but are sadly disappointed to find out he could not be there.
- 29th. Espy Katon (reading in English IV) "Abram was the father (friend) of God on high."

FEBRUARY

- 1st. Miss Morgan objects to the Juniors artificial laugh.
- 2nd. Ruth Krumanaker says she wishes she could paint. Ralph Kemp wants to know if she doesn't.
- 3rd. Miss Towne asks Fred R. what Nescio Quid means. Fred says "I know not what."
- 4th. Miss Morgan pecks on her desk at Arvilla F. Arvilla thinks it is a red headed woodpecker.
- 5th. Miss Morgan in English IV asks Mabel K. which one of Burn's poems she likes best. Mabel promptly says "Ae Fond Kiss."
- 8th. Seniors get 85% on deportment this month. Freshmen get 100.
- 9th. Dane Patterson wants to know why Emma Troutman looks so changed. Ersie M. says it is because she has an addition to her hair.
- 10th. Espy Katon and Opal Pence get excused from school to go see the Baptist minister.
- 11th. Seniors give a program in honor of Lincoln's birthday. Ralph R. delivers the oration.
- 12th. Mr. Dodds in German III says "Youngins" is good English.
- 15th. Freshmen are caught writing love letters.

- 16th. Professor Patterson takes a notion to cut the Seniors History grades down just to hear them quarrel with him.
- 17th. Laura M. says in Civics III that Ben Franklin's snake was a stuffed snake.
- 18th. Miss Towne in Latin IV asks Mabel K. how Mare is translated. Mabel say "Let's see" (sea). Then wonder why the class laughs.
- 19th. Okla H. reads a circular on beauty preserver during morning exercises.
- 22nd. Miss Morgan in English IV asks who was Shelley's closest friend. Gladys P. says "A Hogg."
- 23rd. Mabel K. has a chance for the measles. Frank Richey dares her to break out at school.
- 24th. Miss Towne advises the Seniors to read the terrors of the Under World.
- 25th. Dudley W. reads a dime novel in the Assembly room. Mr. Dodds takes it away from him and proceeds to read it himself.
- 26th. Mr. Dodds in German IV tells the class that getting married is the happiest moment in a man's life—he had been told.

MARCH

- 1st. Freshmen draw maps. Clayton O'Banion spends one whole period in coloring his.
- 2nd. Grace Trimble asks Mr. Hufford if the condenser on Winshurt's machine is charged negatively or affirmatively (positively.)
- 3rd. Two great events! The inauguration of President Taft on of President O'Hara of the Senior class.
- 4th. Blanche H. comes skipping down the hall. Highly asks her why she is so hilarious. She says she forgot and thought she was a Freshman.
- 5th. Ruth Anderson comes to school trigged out in a new spring hat and winter furs.
- 8th. Seniors decide to wear cap and gown at the commencement exercises. Mr. Patterson says he has ordered his robe from the black-smith shop.
- 9th. Miss Morgan in English III says we must have no more laughing in here such as we had to-morrow.
- 10th. Lodelle H. in Geometry III says "Mr. Highley them angels wuzn't equal, are they?"
- 11th. Freshman adopt the new motto—"Put off to-day what you possibly can do tomorrow."
- 12th. Mr. Dodds informs his German III class that he is not conducting a charity class where credits are to be handed out free of charge.
- 15th. Miss Morgan asks Aurelia Long to give a sentence in which the suspence is held until the end of sentence. Aurelia says "The class was held in breathless suspence."
- 16th. Monroe H. returns to school after an attack of the measles. Professor Patterson warns him that infantile deseases are hard on the eyes.
- 17th. Chessel U. tries to tell Miss Morgan that a man must fall before he can understand Burn's character. Class wonders if Chessel understands him.
- 18th. Mr. Dodds informs his German III class that he thinks he will have some beautiful faces in German III next year.
- 19th. Ethel Coleman translating in German IV says "He turned around and followed before himself backward."
- 22nd. Jean Johns moves to the country.
- 23rd. Floyd Mayne walks to school with Lovie Hobbs.
- 24th. German III class translate "The watch on the Rhine," into English poetry. Mr. Dodds decides to revise the H. S. song books and give Juniors version.
- 25th. Floyd Mayne walks to school with lovie Hobbs again.
- 26th. Floyd M. nicknames Lovie Hobbs "Love me."
- 26th. Lover's Lane is moved from Green street to North Main for convenience for T. H. S.
- 30th. Opal Pence (translating in German) says "Let go my hand." Arvilla F.—"Oh! yes. Opal belongs to the Bachelor's Girl Club."
- 31st. Eugene Pyke wakens up at the middle of the second period and finds his class has gone to recitation.

APRIL

- 1st. and 2nd. Spring vacation.
- 5th. Mr. Patterson asks Bethel Templeton to define Civil service. Bethel says it is when men go around in plain clothes and you do not know them.
- 6th. Arvilla F. translating in German IV says, "Amos compared his legs to Apollo's in the vatican under his father's table.
- 7th. Seniors give a debate before High School.
- 8th. Professor Patterson selects Lydia H. to debate on the affirmative side of the question. Resolved that pursuit is more pleasurable than possession. He thinks Lydia has had more experience in pursuit.
- 9th. Mr. Hufford asks Bethel T. what effect water has on condensers of electricity, Bethel says "It gits 'em wet."
- 12th. Miss Towne in Latin II says, "A tawny mountain descended the Lion."
- 13th. Prof. Hufford asks the Senior Chemistry Class (after a written lesson) if there is any price put upon ignorance.
- 14th. Mr. Dodds in History II says he wishes he had been present when Marie Antionette was guillotined. Harold P. says nobody, who amounted to much, wanted to go.
- 15th. Espy Katon in German IV says, "Amos measured the stranger who gave him wine from head to foot."
- 16th. Sophomore's go on a Botany trip.
- 19th. Mr. Dodds asks Leonard P. if he could think of a way to remedy the injustice of school taxes for old Bachelors. Lenord promptly answers, "Let them get married."
- 20th. Helen N. wears a new plaid dress to school. Dudley W. says it is so loud that he heard her coming a square away.
- 21st. Frank Richey asks Gladys M. if they are going to take the appendix to the Trigonometry. She says, "No we are going to cut that out."
- 22nd. John D. asks Jean J. how many eggs she brought into town Saturday.
- 23rd. Oscar Ramsey sends a cake of "Kiss Me" chewing gum to Margaret M.
- 26th. Professor Roby visits the High School building. He mistakes Miss Towne for a Senior.
- 27th. Faculty become anxious to get rid of Seniors and decide that they need not come any more except for recitations.
- 28th. Freshmen gather dandelions for their "teacher."
- 29th. Gladys B. translates Eugene Pyke's Latin. Miss Towne asks him if he has a new pony.
- 30th. Mr. Highley in Geometry III assigns a stiff Geometry lesson for the following day. He says he hopes they will all be able to answer six, but he greatly fears they will not even be able to answer present.

MAY

- 3rd. Miss Morgan in English III "Class, you are going to the dogs."
Dudley W. "You mean "Bow-wows."
- 4th. Bertha P. asking for an excuse to go home says, "I want to go before you send me."
- 5th. Jean Johns opens the Assembly room windows. Miss Morgan informs her that she will attend to the ventilation.
- 6th. and 7th. Art exhibit.
- 10th. Charlotte W. asks Mr Highley for an excuse to leave school.
Mr. Highley, "What do you want to go for?" Charlotte, "Wh-wh-er-er My Mam—mamma is cleaning house and I expect I had better go home and help her."
- 11th. Cora Wise while discussing the Faculty with the Senior girls says, "O, I think Hufford is a darling" and Mr. Hufford overhears her.
- 12th. Hazel Q. in Algebra I tells Mr. Highley to draw a circle that isn't round.
- 13th. Lodelle H. in Civics III declares that Porto Rico is in Africa.
- 14th. In Latin II Johns D. says, "Commit your life to fleas (flight) and solitude."

Our Free Local Page

For Sale—A Virgil pony; perfectly docile; has been ridden two years.

MISS CORA WISE

Wanted—Some one to answer embarrassing questions.

MISS TOWNE

Wanted—Some one to donate a few thousand dollars to build and equip a high school gymnasium.

HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS.

For Sale—Six hundred copies of the latest addition to science. "Why I know the earth is flat, or how badly scientists have been deluded.

MONROE HUGHES' AUTHOR.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—A lock of hair, more or less.

ERNEST ROSENTHAL

Wanted—A girl. Not very particular as to beauty.

DENNIS THOMPSON

Wanted—A refrigerator, in which to keep jokes.

EDITOR OF ANNUAL

Wanted—By the friends of Miss Cora Wise, a phonograph, to be turned on in their leisure moments.

Wanted—To know what Brown resembles in the football picture.

Lessons given in Indian shadow dancing apply.

LAURA MESSMORE

Wanted—Revenge.

FRESHMEN CLASS

Wanted—A bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup.

RAYMOND McARDLE

Wanted—A chance to cut the hair of the Senior boys.

JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN.

DEDICATED TO THE FELLOW WHO FILES THE MOST EXCUSES.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who ne'er unto himself hath said——

"This is the day that I'll skip class."

.

If such there be, go mark him well,

For him no minstrel raptures swell——

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim,

Despite those titles, powers and pelf,

The dig who never rests hisself,

Living shall live without renown

And doubly dying shall go down

To the vile dust from which he sprung,

Unwept, unhonored, and feeling bum.

A CHEMICAL EPITAPH.

He had an all consuming thirst,

Drank everything in sight,

And this same thirst caused weary Bill's

Tired soul to wing it's flight.

He found a jug and quenched his thirst,

His face no more we'll see,

He thought it $C_2 H_3 O$ ——

But t'was $H N O_3$

I looked into the Blue Mass eyes and saw a glycerine tear, and when she heard the dodide of Potash, oh, how she did sulphur for me,

Limericks and Lemons

A wild agitator named McArdle
Only smiled at the Senior's retardle,
But in sorrowful mood
When the Freshmen got rude
He wept extremely hardle.

There's a husky young half-back named Frankie
Whose football capers are cranky;
He's too stubby and stout
To be graceful, no doubt,
But for bucking the line he's a dandy.

Hughes won fame as a grafter
But swift retribution came after,
For his one piece of cake
Was like boarding-house steak,
And the gang were all choked with laughter.

There was a ball player named Shook
Who would rag every chance that he took,
At a roast from the bleachers
His distorted features
Were screwed into a fierce look.

Herr Dodds is very polite—
When he smiling hears you recite,
He will say, "Dot is gut,"
And, "Excuse me," to boot,
Though the guess that you make is not right.

When all my thinks in vain are thunk
When all my winks in vain are wank
What saves me from an awful flunk
My Pony.

Signed, RALPH KEMP

MET ONLY ONCE.

They met by chance
They never met before
They only met that once
And his head got sore
They never met again
Don't want to, I pop
They only met that once
'Twas O'Hara and a Cop.

Statistics and Testimonials

THE following is a table compiled from the actual dictation of the vociferous Mr. Hufford, Jan. 13th, 1909, showing the rapid fluency with which the above named gentleman is given to "shooting" it into his classes. After the 20th minute, the class was in a profound state of slumber:

1st.	Minute.....	20 words
2nd.	"	9 words
3rd.	"	Repose
4th.	"	7 words
5th.	"	11 words
6th.	"	8 words
7th.	"	more repose
8th.	"	9 words
9th.	"	10 words
10th.	"	4 words
11th.	"	Funny Joke
12th.	"	15 words
13th. 14th. 15th. 16th.	minutes.....	15 words
		Side talk on evil effects of pop.
17th.	Minute.....	Explains a point
18th.	"	Rotten Joke
19th.	"	Laughs at the Joke
20th.	"	Repose

TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that I have used Rose Plex Toilet Cream for three (3) years, and find it satisfactory in every particular.

Very respectfully,

OKLA HERSCHMAN

To Whom it May Concern:

This is to certify that I find the Rising Sun Stove Polish perfectly satisfactory as a shoe polish. It does not only preserve the leather, but keeps the heels from running over.

Yours truly,

CHARLOTTE WELLS

This is to certify that I find Lennox Soap the only satisfactory soap to use in washing white Teddy Bears.

Sincerely yours,

RUTH KRUMANAKER

This is to certify that I find Allen's Foot Ease an excellent article to slip into your girl's father's shoe when you call in the early part of the evening as it eases the effect of his foot about twelve o'clock the same night.

Sincerely,

CHESSEL URMSTON

This is to certify that I find the Skinem Safety Razor to be far in advance of the Cream and Cat method of removing fuzz from the upper lip.

HAROLD PATTEN

This is to certify that I the undersigned have used Peruna for corns and have found it to be exceedingly well adapted for the removal of such.

Respectfully yours,

A. E. HIGHLEY

(ABOVE TESTIMONIAL UNSOLICATED.)

Love Sonnets of the Wooded.

TO HAZEL PLAKE

Sweetest maid of my acquaint,
Listen to my humble plaint
Let me tell thee—tell thee dear,
How a thought of thee will cheer
Me when I'm sad.
Drive away each glistening tear
And make me glad:
How I long to hold thy hand
And on thy finger place a band.
A little golden band
All this would I fondly do
All this would I say to you
But I—lack sand.

With sweetest thoughts, CLAYTON O'BANION

TO MARY GREEN

Could I live ever by thy side
Sweet Mary I believe
My heart would never sorrow know
That I could never grieve
My life would be one summer day,
Full four and twenty long
My cares would vanish like a mist
Before thy happy song
But much I fear
Indeed I fear
That this can never be
That I can never be alone.
Alone with God and thee
For like a guardian angel
Or a devil in his glee
That watchful loving Senior
Is ever near to thee.

Lovingly, JAMES DOWNEY

TO BERTHA RUSSELL

Darling Bertha, List to me,
Wilt thou my little sweetheart be?
Let me tell a tale to thee
A gentle tale of love
Let me tell thee how my heart
Beats for thee where ere thou art
Throbs for thee in every part
Beats with throbs of love
How I long when thou art nigh

To call a glance from thy sweet eye
A glance half smile and half sigh
A tender glance of love
Tell me sweet one if you may
Do thoughts of me ere with you stay
And these thoughts of me—now say
Are they thoughts of love?
This x marks the kisses.

LOUIS HURLEY

TO RUTH KRUMANAKER

Like to a slender flower fair
Of simple beauty sweet and rare
My Ruth is. Her girlish grace
Her dark dark eyes, her winsome face
Form a picture good to see,
A picture ever dear to me.
Yea, should an angel to me say
"If for a gift tonight you'll pray—
But only one you understand,
It will be given to your hand."
I wouldn't ask for beauty, nay
Nor wealth, nor wisdom, but,—Oh say,
I'd get these gifts in every truth
Because I'd ask for Ruth.

Fondly, OKLA HERSCHMAN

TO MARGARET MILLER

A darling girl,
A soft brown curl,
A cheek with beauty flushing
A charming miss
With promised bliss
In those sweet lips just made to kiss,
And seeming ever blushing
Of this dear maid
I'm half afraid
She seems so far above me
Yet my whole life
With pleasure rife
Would be if she would be my wife
And say to me, "I love thee."
Must I confess
Or can't thou guess
Who is this lass I'm after
Why, Marguerite
'Tis thou my sweet
'Tis thou couldst make my life complete
What's that, do I hear laughter ??????????
Yours in suspenders and trouble,

RAYMOND McARDLE

1908-09. Voting Contest In T. H. S.

Who is the Handsomest Man?

Heavy voting in this contest. Several challenges, and attempted cramming of the ballot box. It was about a tie between Ralph Kemp and Ben Drake, with slight leaning in Drake's direction. Honorable mention is awarded to O'Banion '12 and Patten '11.

Who is the Freshest?

Among the Freshmen, Rosenthal, Loucks, and Tressider ran a close race. Rosenthal winning in the last precinct.

Who is the Biggest Lemon?

"Dud" Wagstaff was awarded first place by a unanimous vote. O'Banion running well for the second prize.

Who is our Ladies' Man?

Margaret tells us Raymond Mc won her heart by the coquettish manner he has of raising his eye brows. He was awarded first place without a dissenting voice. Allan Johnson was honored with second prize.

Who is the Most Conceited?

Heavy voting here. Herschman took both first and second prizes, on an unanimous vote (great applause.)

Who is the Most Religious?

(Faculty barred.)

First place Monroe Hughes; second prize Edith Ramsay; third place awarded to Paul VanBuskirk by consent of board of education.

Who Isn't?

Owing to the number of candidates placed in nomination, the question was waved.

Who is the Laziest Man?

Bethel Templeton, First, Second and Third prizes.

What is your Favorite Food?

Jim Hogan says Mellin's Food, while Bruce says fudge for hisin'.

What is the greatest achievement of your H. S. career?

Zenus Teter says smoking. Margaret Miller; getting through geometry. Monroe Hughes, making my Latin credits. Urmston and Coleman "graduating."
(We agree with them.)

What is the Best Course in School?

High School voted in a body on this question "Course of least Resistance."

What is the Biggest Cinch?

Opal Pence says English. But Hurley stoutly maintained that Mr. Hufford is Who is the Worst Gossiper?

Great rivalry between Cora Wise and Espy Katon, was decided by drawing from Mr. Patterson's hat. Espy drew the lucky number (C. Wise much disappointed.)

Who is the Worst Knocker?

This honor was voted to the late deceased Mr. Verne E. Wagstaff.

Who is the Most Awkward?

What a question! Oh Ye Gods? Martin of course.

Who is the Most Graceful?

Bertha Porter was awarded the highest honors without a dissenting vote.

Who is the Most Popular Man in School?

A tie vote resulted on this momentous question, as every one voted for himself.

Who thinks He Is?

The ballot box was stuffed until it moaned with pain, and upon being relieved it was discovered that Herschman had captured first prize. Floyd Webb second, and "Doggie" Templeton third.

To Whom are We Thankful It is No Worse?

The faculty was entered as a dark horse, but swept the field clear of all obstacles and romped home an easy winner.

What sort of a Girl Do You Like Best?

Richey says the kind they have in Attica, Urmston says he likes the green ones. Thompson says anything but the T. H. S. crop (???)

What is your Favorite Amusement?

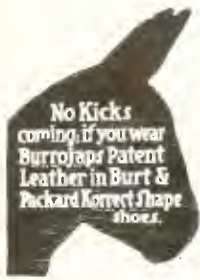
Pen Nash and Harold Patten say playing marbles. Laura Messmore says dancing. Ruth Krumanaker says sleeping while James Downey prefers to make eyes at Mary G.

What is your Idea of Perfect Misery?

Mr. Highley's morning lectures.

What is your Favorite Smoke?

Garnet Teter says other peoples tobacco, "Jim" Hogan says coal smoke.



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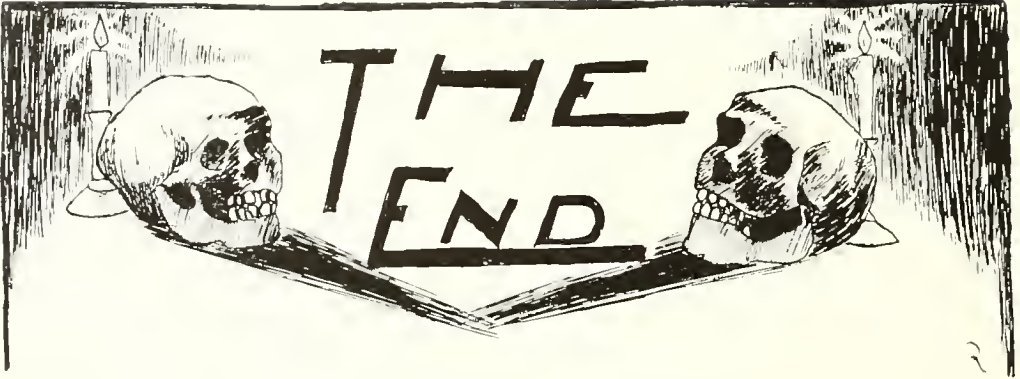
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