

# ORACLE



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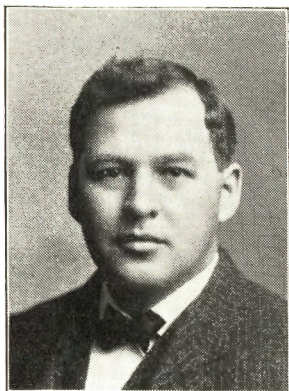
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You do not know what  
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Pays 3 per cent Interest on Savings Accounts  
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# Y. ORACLE

VOLUME  
14

Published by  
Y. Class of 1905, Lansing High School



To  
Mr. Norman B. Sloan,  
who  
has been our friend  
during four years of school  
life, and whose assistance  
in  
the preparation of this volume  
has been invaluable,  
we,  
the Oracle Board of 1905,  
dedicate this Oracle.

379.774  
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**FACULTY**  
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NORMAN BERT SLOAN

"A moral, sensible, and well bred man."  
Civics, U. S. History

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"'Tis well to be merry and wise."  
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"A man with pure and simple heart."  
Physics, Domestic Science, Chemistry.

WILNINA ROBINSON

"A spirit pure is hers."  
English X

JENNIE WHITE

"Stately and tall she moves in the hall."  
English IX, XI

FRANCES COOK

"Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve."  
English XII

IDA LAMB

"My errors are only those of charity to mankind."  
German IX, XI<sub>1</sub>, XII<sub>4</sub>

ETTA WILBUR

"But to see her was to love her."  
German X, XI<sub>1</sub>, XII<sub>2</sub> English IX



BEULAH PRATT

"Grace was in all her steps"  
English IX, Chemistry

EMMA LOTT

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."  
Algebra IX

HARRY GARDNER

"Blessings on thee, little man."  
Geometry XI, Book-keeping, Correspondence and Spelling.

S. EDITH KING

"Free-minded and cheerfully disposed."  
Botany, Algebra IX

CARL RUFUS

"His eye was blue and calm."  
Algebra X, Geometry X, Commercial Geography.

MARGARET DODDS

"A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort and command."  
Latin X, XI. Eng. IX

EDITH EMMA ATKINS

"I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best."  
Latin IX, XII, Greek

HELEN L. DOUGLAS

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."  
Ancient and Mediæval History



## EDITORIAL

WHEN, to perform the duty bequeathed to us by the class of '04, we undertook the publication of this Oracle, we little knew what lay before us. But now we are wiser. We therefore place this book in your hands with the customary amount of, perhaps uncalled for, pride, with the assurance that it is the result of our best efforts, and with the request that you be not critical, but remember us as novices, and this as our first attempt; yet we cannot subdue the feeling that if circumstances had been different we might have done better. We have had the competition of the "Zodiac" to strive against, but this has impelled us to stronger endeavors, and for it we are thankful. Hard to endure, however, have been the noticeable indifference within our own class, and, in some quarters, the ill-concealed animosity. While we have been obliged to omit some of the enterprises which we at first projected, because of lack of time and workers, we feel that we have at least *equalled* the work of former Oracle boards; as to whether or not we have *surpassed* them, we leave for you to judge.

\* \* \* \*

In remarkable contrast to the spirit of unconcern shown us by some of our class, are the good will and the many kindnesses tendered us by the under-classes, and others. To these, to artists, friends, and contributors, as well as to the faculty, librarians, printers, photographers, advertisers, and all others who have made the success of this book possible, we express our heartfelt thanks.

\* \* \* \*

One of the strongest arguments for the abolishment of high school sororities may be found in the actions of the local organization colloqui-

ally known as the "Lambs." In spite of many courtesies shown them by the class and by the Oracle Board, they have repeatedly and persistently given evidence of an ill-nature akin to childishness.

\* \* \* \*

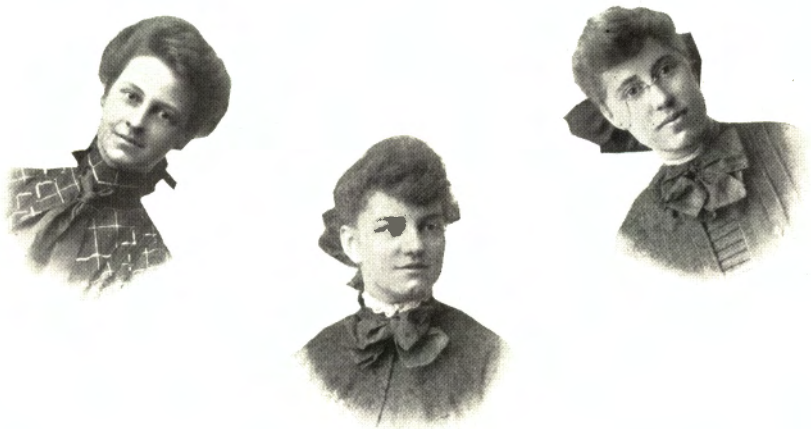
We would suggest that, as the "Zodiac" is supposed to represent the school as a whole, the staff might better be chosen at a general assembly of the four classes. Officers elected in this way might be supposed to take more pride in their work than those chosen by the faculty.

\* \* \* \*

The custom always used to be to hold the commencement exercises in the opera house; last year they were relegated to the Masonic Temple, and now we are obliged to enter upon the river of life from a church building. Do you not think that this event, this most important event in our lives for years to come, merits a better display than this? or must the rising generation of this great and growing city be shoved aside and neglected in this age of wearisome commercialism?

\* \* \* \*

As usual, we have had an excellent football team, a splendid track team, and a—pretty good baseball team. It is an odd coincidence that Lansing's baseball team always falls below the standard maintained by her other representatives in the field of athletics. The result may be seen in the gate receipts.—By the way, we think it is about time the price of season tickets was advanced. Giving a high school student three dollars worth of fun for fifty cents doesn't make the Athletic Association a get-rich-quick scheme. With a reasonable charge for admission to our athletic events, it ought not to be necessary to ask the merchants of the city for a contribution every fall.

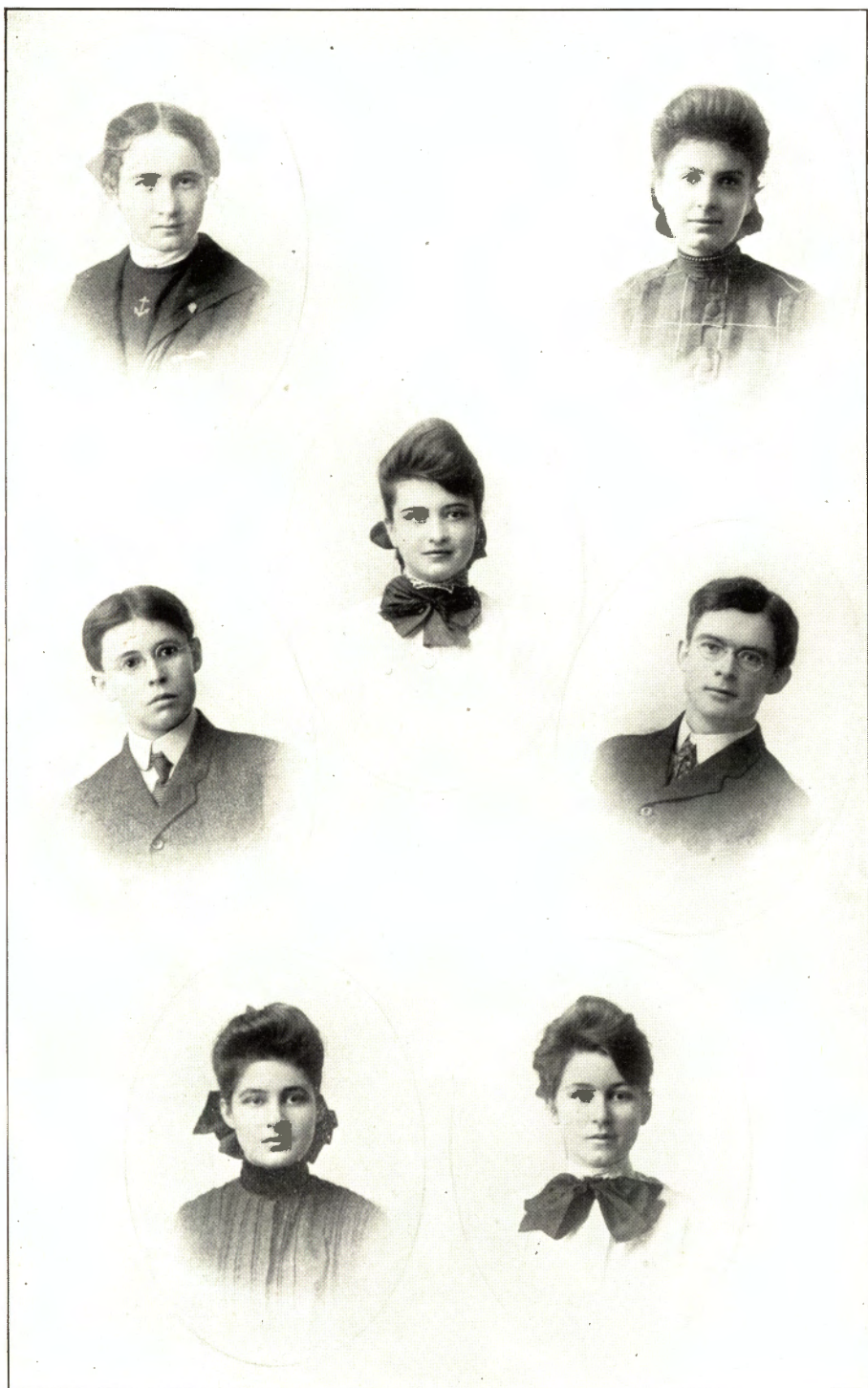




## Oracle Board

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Alta Dell Stabler . . . . .	Ass't Art Editor
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Ethel Webb . . . . .	Ass't Advertising Manager



## Oracle Board

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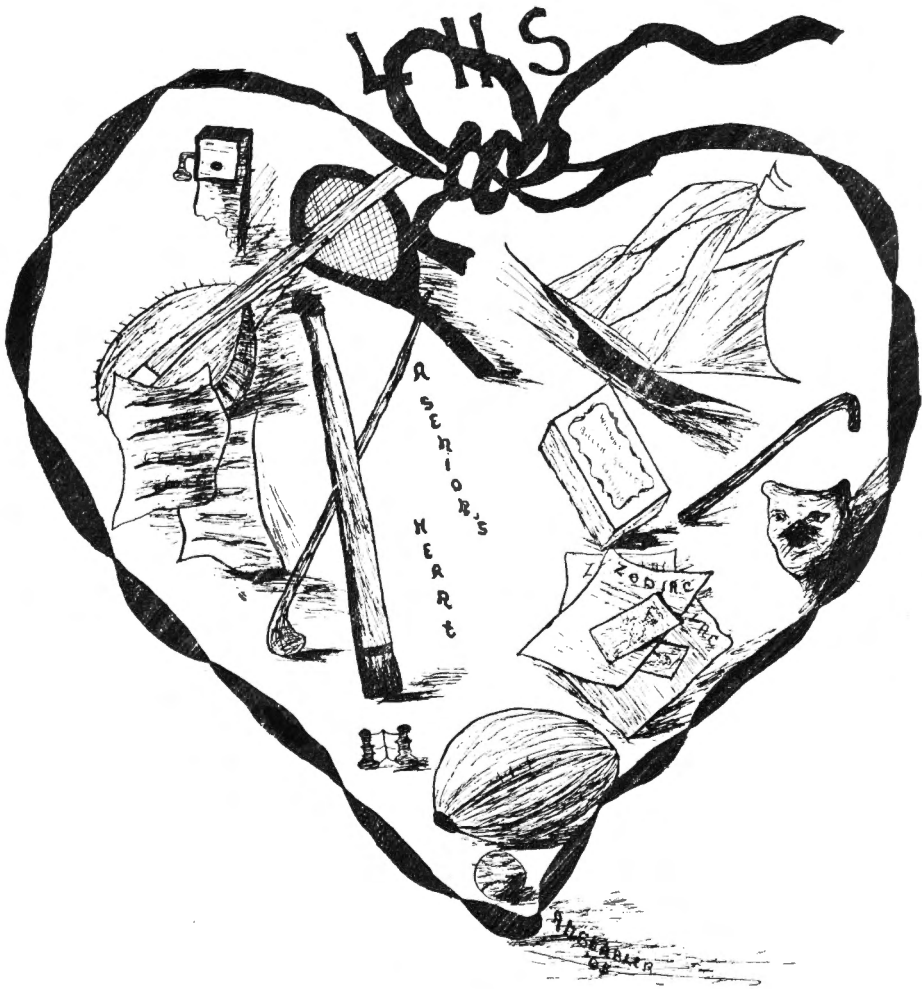
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Clara Stolte	.	.	.	Associate Editor
Carar M. Hume	.	.	.	Associate Editor
Antoinette Hill	.	.	.	Ex-Officio



## OUR SYMPHONY

To live content with small means,—to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion,—to be worthy, not respectable,—and wealthy, not rich,—to work hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly,—to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart,—to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never,—in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common,—this is my symphony.

CHANNING.



## SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

ANTOINETTE HILL	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
WILLIAM BAUMGRAS	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
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KARL E. HOPPHAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary

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### '01-'02

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 ANTOINETTE HILL, Secretary  
 CLARE L. BRACKETT, Treasurer

### COLORS

Light Blue and Gold.

### MOTTO

Impossible is Un-American.

### YELL

Rickety russ, rickety russ;  
 Naughty-five, that's us.





HELEN LUCILE McLOUTH - - - - - Entered 1903

"Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet."

SAMUEL KILBOURNE HARRIS - - - - - Entered 1901

"Did I love less I should be happier."

Chairman Freshmen Reception Committee, Chairman Senior Hop Committee, Business Manager Oracle, Lens Board '02, J. X.

CARRIE ANTOINETTE HILL - - - - - Entered 1901

"A woman led the exploit."

Secretary '01-'02, Secretary '02-'03, President '04-'05

ISABEL ALICE HARTLEY - - - - - Entered 1902

"Fair words gladden so many a heart."

HUBERT CUSHMAN PRATT - - - - - Entered 1901

"A drefle smart man."

Board of Directors A. A. '01-'02, Treasurer '02-'03, J. X., J. X. Committee, Class Orator, Zodiac Staff, Football '04, Manager Tennis Association '03-'04

CLINTON JONES NELSON - - - - - Entered 1903

"I have married a wife."

IRENE LOWER - - - - - Entered 1901

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

Assistant Prophetess

KARL EARNEST HOPPHAN - - - - - Entered 1901

"A harmless thunderbolt."

Advertising Manager Oracle, Commencement Committee, Secretary '04-'05





HELEN MARTHA ESSELSTYN - - - - - Entered 1901

"If I chance to talk a little while, forgive me."

Motto Committee '01, Oracle Board, Class Historian, J. X.,  
J. X. Committee, Picnic Committee.

CLARE LAHMAN BRACKETT - - - - - Entered 1901

"SHE floats upon the river of his thoughts."

President '03-'04, Treasurer '01-'02, Business Manager Zodiac,  
Track Team '04, '05

JAMES ISRAEL BAILEY - - - - - Entered 1901

"Study is the bane of boyhood."

Treasurer '03-'04, J. X. Committee, Color Committee '03, J. X.

AGNES LOUISE BENNETT - - - - - Entered 1901

"Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom."

J. X. Committee, J. X.

MARGARET MCCARGAR BRECK - - - - - Entered 1901

"Earth holds no other like to thee."

Vice President Tennis Association '04-'05.

ALICE MORSE ARMSTRONG - - - - - Entered 1901

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

RUBY MAY DELVIN - - - - - Entered 1901

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the mid-night oil?"



CORA WHITTINGHAM TODD - - - - - Entered 1904

"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike."

Senior Hop Committee, Zodiac Staff Ass't

LEON STARMONT - - - - - Entered 1901

"The man is either mad or he is making verses."

Freshmen Reception Committee, Class Day Committee, Yell Committee  
'01, Editor-in-Chief Oracle, Senior Hop Committee

OLIVE ESTELLE GRAHAM - - - - - Entered 1901

"Each mind has its own method."

Freshmen Reception Committee, Senior Hop Committee,  
Treasurer '04-'05

EDNA MARGUERITE CHAMBERLIN - - - - - Entered 1901

"Not o'erstepping the bounds of modesty."

Color Committee '01, Oracle Board, Vice President '03-'04, J. X., J. X.  
Committee, Pin Committee

EDWINA KATHERINE PRUDDEN - - - - - Entered 1901

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

J. X. Committee, J. X., Junior Hop Committee

JAY KNIGHT ESLER - - - - - Entered 1901

"Fields are won by those who believe in the winning."

Commencement Decorating Committee '04, Track Team '05

SARAH EUNICE KEENEY - - - - - Entered 1903

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt."

Picnic Committee

J. FRED MCKALE - - - - - Entered 1901

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!"

Baseball '03, '04, '05, Football '03, '04, Vice President Athletic  
Association '04-'05, Chairman Picnic Committee





HELEN ROSE HULL - - - - - Entered 1901

"I will arrest their attention by a pleasing novelty."

Ass't Editor Oracle

CARAC MARTIN HUME - - - - - Entered 1901

"I would rather excel others, in knowledge than in power."

Oracle Board

NEVA MAE VANCE - - - - - Entered 1901

"Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more."

Senior Hop Committee, Art Editor Oracle

NELLEEN SULLIVAN - - - - - Entered 1901

"What I will, I will, and there's an end."

Vice-President '01-'02, J. X. Committee, Zodiac Staff, J. X.

ADA CEDONIA STABLER - - - - - Entered 1901

"Nothing is more useful to man than gentleness."

LEO SOLOMON KOSITCHEK - - - - - Entered 1901

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun."

Chairman Commencement Decorating Committee '04, Football '04,  
Junior Hop Committee, Senior Hop Committee

BLANCHE GRACE NAGEL - - - - - Entered 1903

"Who but must laugh?"

WILLIAM JACOB BAUMGRAS - - - - - Entered 1901

"Blessed are the meek."

Vice President '04-'05, Oracle Board

GARRY HIRAM TITUS - - - - - Entered 1901

"His valor and his generous mind  
Prove him superior of his kind."

Football '03, '04, Baseball '04, Track Team '05





WALTER RAY CHASE - - - - - Entered 1900

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Class Day Committee

SYLVIA ALMA SLOCUM - - - - - Entered 1901

"So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long."

Class Day Committee

EVA MAY ERNSBERGER - - - - - Entered 1904

"No sooner said than done."

CLEMENT STEPHEN McELWAIN - - - - - Entered 1900

"I am satisfied to trifle away my time."

Football '04

ALICE WAGENVOORD - - - - - Entered 1901

"Nothing rarer than real goodness."

Commencement Committee

BERNICE FLORENCE CORBIN - - - - - Entered 1903

"A maiden never bold, of spirit so still and quiet that her motion blushes at herself."

HAZEL IVAH ALLEN - - - - - Entered 1904

"O this learning! What a thing it is."

Zodiac Staff Assistant





BERTHA KIRK - - - - - Entered 1903

"A good name is better than a girdle of gold."

NELLIE ELIZABETH THOMPSON - - - - - Entered 1902

"Charity,  
Which renders good for bad,  
Blessings for curses."

ANNIE FRANKLIN THOMAS - - - - - Entered 1903

"I never dare to write  
As funny as I can."

Freshmen Reception Committee, Class Poetess

CLARA MURIEL EWING - - - - - Entered 1900

"Good-humor is always a success."

DONNA MARJORIE SAVAGE - - - - - Entered 1901

"We love in others what we lack ourselves."

Yell Committee '01





GERTRUDE MAYE CREYTS - - - - - Entered 1901

"I hate nobody; I am in charity with the world."

Color Committee '03, Class Orator

MILDRED PERRIN - - - - - Entered 1900

"A gentle maiden."

ALTA DELL STABLER - - - - - Entered 1901

"It is good

To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

Ass't Art Editor Oracle, Ass't Prophetess

LOUIS MORTON KOSITCHEK - - - - - Entered 1901

"He was a verray parfit gentil knyght."

Chairman Commencement Committee, Chairman J. X. Committee, Manager Track Team, '04, '05, Editor-in-Chief Zodiac, President

'02-'03, Football, '03-'04, Secretary Tennis Association  
'04-'05

ANNA MARIE VOGEL - - - - - Entered 1900

"Wisdom comes to no one by chance."

HAZEL GARDNER SUTHERLAND - - - - - Entered 1900

"A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue."

Commencement Committee, Class Prophetess

HARRIE ROMANE YAKELY - - - - - Entered 1901

"Honest good-humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting."

Motto Committee '01, Baseball '04, '05

HENRY McVEY - - - - - Entered 1903

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

FRANKLIN HAROLD CLARK - - - - - Entered 1901

"Of the most pure intentions, and strict integrity."

Freshman Reception Committee, Zodiac Staff Ass't, J. X.,  
J. X. Committee





SHIRLEY MAY GARDNER - - - - - Entered 1901

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look."

Ass't Business Manager Oracle, Vice President Literary Society '01,  
J. X., Secretary '03-'04 Lens Board '02, Class Day Committee

HAZEL JENNIE BLADES - - - - - Entered 1901

"An open hearted maiden, true and pure."

Motto Committee '01, Freshman Reception Committee

OLIVE BELLE BURDICK - - - - - Entered 1901

"To speak but little becomes a woman."

Pin Committee '03, Oracle Board

CLARA ALMA STOLTE - - - - - Entered 1901

"The rising blushes which her cheek o'erspread  
Are opening roses in the lily's bed."

Ass't Prophetess, Oracle Board

MABELLE TURNER - - - - - Entered 1900

"Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe."

MAUDE ETHEL WEBB - - - - - Entered 1901

"In peace, there is nothing so becomes  
As modest stillness, and humility."

Ass't Advertising Manager Oracle

Owing to an error Miss Webb's picture was omitted from the class groups, but it will be found with the Oracle Board.



## RULES FOR THE CONDUCT OF A SENIOR CLASS MEETING

**T**HE meeting shall be called by the President, Vice President, or Mr. Sloan.

The President shall preside if she so desires.

The minutes of the previous meeting shall not be read.

Five shall constitute a quorum.

When the meeting is called to order the doors shall be locked and all who are present shall be obliged to remain.

No admission shall be charged.

If a quorum is not present, members of the lower classes shall be impressed until the desired number is obtained.

Four freshmen, three sophomores, or two juniors shall be considered equal to one senior.

All motions shall be made by Mr. Starmont and seconded by Miss Gardner.

All amendments shall be moved by Mr. Harris.

The President shall then change the motion to suit herself.

The voting shall be done by Mr. Starmont, Mr. Hume, Mr. Leo Kositchek, Miss Gardner, Miss Hull, and Miss Esselstyn.

Mr. Pratt shall declare that everything is out of order, and suggest that they begin again.

The President shall overrule him.

Mr. Pratt and Mr. Bailey shall favor the assembly with an impromptu cane-drill.

The sorority girls shall leave.

If Mr. Baumgras' snoring disturbs the meeting he shall be ejected.

When no one remains, the meeting shall be considered adjourned.

Mr. Chase shall then appear and ask when the meeting is.





## JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

CLIFFORD McKIBBIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
IRENE COLE	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
MARION FRENCH	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
FRANK BARLOW	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

'03-'04

EARL SHUTTLEWORTH, President  
 FLORENCE RECK, Vice President  
 JUNE BRADFORD, Secretary  
 CLIFFORD McKIBBIN, Treasurer

'02-'03

HARRY SMITH, President  
 BESSIE BAILEY, Vice President  
 GERTRUDE LONGYEAR, Secretary  
 JOHN WEAVER, Treasurer

### COLORS

Orange and Black.

### MOTTO

Ever conquering; never conquered.

### YELL

Nickety, rickety, nickety, nix;  
 Rickety, rackety, rockety rix,  
 We are champions,—we are bricks;  
 We're the class of naughty-six.

## JUNIOR ROSTER

William J. Atchinson  
Helen Armstrong  
Ferdinand Affeldt  
Bessie Bailey  
Frank Barlow  
Clara Bascom  
June Bradford  
Mabel Branche  
Lakin Brown  
Hazel Briggs  
Harry Collins  
Richard Cole  
Georgiana Collins  
Veva Caster  
Irene Cole  
Luella DeLamarter  
Ruth Emery  
Helen Emery  
Theo. Foster  
Gladys Fulton  
Max Farmer  
Marion French  
Chester Griffin  
Lorena Goodrich  
Arthur Hurd

Minnie Karkau  
Adelia Kelley  
Gertrude Longyear  
Lucy Longyear  
Maggie Merrifield  
Clifford McKibbin  
Charlotte Marshall  
Pearl Palmer  
Robert Piatt  
Theodore Robson  
Florence Reck  
Frank Strang  
Daisy St. Mary  
Florence Stabler  
John P. Sanderson  
Myrtie Smith  
Theresa Shier  
Myrtle Shivley  
Gladys Walsh  
Hal. J. Waldo  
Floy Van De Warker  
Deville Wood  
Pearle Wood  
Ray Yunker









## SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

WALTER MOSHER	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
DOROTHY BROWN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
NELLIE COOK	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
ROBERT HOLDSWORTH	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

'03-'04

LEON GARDNER, President  
 ELIZABETH JARRARD, Vice President  
 ALICE JEFFREY, Secretary  
 PAUL DODDS, Treasurer

### COLORS

Purple and Gold.

### MOTTO

No labor, no reward.

### YELL

Hickawasha, Hickawasha,  
 Chic, cho, chah;  
 The forward class of '07,  
 Rah, rah, rah!

## SOPHOMORE ROSTER

Mabel Ainslie	Gert Clark
Esme Allen	Hazel Cole
Belle Adams	David Cooley
Clyde Backus	Elmer Clark
Norman Beasley	Flint Delvin
Harry Boorn	Paul Dodds
Chrissie Brumm	Helen Dodge
Dorothy Brown	Coral Dryer
Viola Butler	Helen Eichele
Clara Brisbin	Bessie Eddy
Pauline Bryan	Charles Fratcher
Lee Bancroft	Josephine Fink
Harry Bradley	Ethel Ferguson
James Barry	Lucia Foerster
Wilmina Bradford	Elsie Frey
Agnes Burrill	Henry Glicman
Florence Buckley	May Grant
Myrn Billman	Zelin Goodell
Eva Brown	Leon Gardner
Winifred Brumm	Alice Groat
Arlington Buckley	Earle Gardner
Lena Brown	Vern Hopkins
Marion Buck	Otto Holley
Harry Brackett	Charles Hafer
Clinton Chilson	Robert Holdsworth
Nellie Cooke	Dana Hagadorn
Frank Cook	Eva Horan
Beatrice Clear	Gurd Hayes
Dwight Carpenter	Lulu Hume
Frances Corbin	Ford Hodson
Margaret Conklin	Leo Himelberger
Howard Chilson	Bessie Hamilton

Maud Huxtable	Hazel Nelson
Randolph Hill	Russell Ostrander
Adelaide Hoffman	Nettie Oliner
Florence Johnson	Margaret Pattengill
Lysle Johnson	Elijah Poxson
Alice Jeffery	Alfred Pulcifer
Jessie James	Leona Pearson
Elizabeth Jarrard	Leah Petty
Frances Kirk	Mable Rose
Emil Kositchek	Carrie Rolfe
Margaret Kedzie	Leua Robinson
Louise Kelley	Jay Rose
Margaret Kennedy	Minnie Ruhf
Ralph Kirby	Harry Saier
Malcolm Kedzie	Elizabeth Snyder
Zella Kimmel	Frank Sindlinger
Fannie Keith	Lawrence Sterling
Maud Lamerson	Lillian Shafer
Floyd Lamerson	Albert Seyfried
Harrie Lott	Ethel Springer
Julia Luce	Florence Seeley
Hazel Loomis	Elmer Smith
Iva Leonard	Blanche Strang
Sarah Losey	Mabel St. John
Mona Merrifield	Earle Shuttleworth
Stella Morris	Phila Smith
Warren Miles	Edith Salisbury
Queene Matthey	Archie Stabler
Fanny Maltby	Leroy Thompson
Walter Mosher	Clare Trager
Grace Munroe	Hazel Taft
Irene McCarthy	Rose Thompson
Nella Miller	Grace Thompson
Dorothy Mills	Ethel Van Wagoner
Clifton Marvin	Norma Vedder
Princess Moon	Helen Walters
Irving McPhee	Evesia Watherston
Victor Moldenhauer	Clarence Webb





## FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

CLARENCE ROE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
IONE HARDY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
HARRIS COLLINGWOOD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
CRAIG PATTENGILL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

### COLORS

None.

### MOTTO

None.

### YELL

None.

## FRESHMAN ROSTER

Jeane Avery	Carl Chapman
Marjorie Atchison	Dulcie Ola Costigan
Clarence Affeldt	Forest Cable
Frederika Bertch	Eva Doane
Mildred Barnes	Margaret Downey
Willard Bowerman	Mildred Davis
Ernest Bohnet	Helen De Merrell
Howard Bush	Harry Davis
Harold Blades	Sophie Dodge
Dorothy Bement	Irene Dale
Monroe Buckley	Don Esler
Earl Brackett	Harvey Evans
George Bartel	Isabel Emery
Samuel Beck	Nellie Flitton
Florence Boyce	Ruth Foster
Blanche Bugbee	Ethel Fulton
Iva Bonnell	Marjorie Fuller
John Brooks, Jr.	Charles Foerster
Maude Battenfield	John Fox
Jennie Burnett	Minnie Felton
Harris Collingwood	Hazel Field
Harry Collins	Helen Foster
Mary Crane	Walter Goodrich
Zoa Collins	Ralph Goodell
Marion Chase	Maurice Glicman
Earl Chapman	Bertha Gross
Don Carey	Robert Gillam
Gladys Carey	Ford Gunn
Florence Chase	Lucile Grant
Louise Coleman	Dwight Gardner
Vivian Charles	Max Gardner
Laura Coleman	C. Ross Holmes
Everett Cavanagh	Clara Hoffman

Laura Herrick  
Merlin Hamilton  
Frederick Hull  
Hazel Hungerford  
Sadie Hinman  
Lee Harcourt  
Lewis Hopphan  
Golda Hodges  
Bessie Howe  
Lloyd Hodges  
Myrtle Haire  
Ione Hardy  
Frank Ingersoll  
Lillian James  
Eugene Jason  
Mae Jenkins  
Roy Kirk  
Harold Kneeland  
Mamie Knickerbocker  
Charles Krieger  
Jennie Knight  
Daisy Kelley  
Letha Kuhns  
Margaret Kimmell  
Edward Lanson  
Frank LeClear  
George Lindsley  
Elizabeth Larned  
Birdice Laurence  
Irene Lewis  
Mabel Leonard  
Nathaniel Lothridge  
Howard Leatherman  
Laura Mundon  
Dwight Morgan  
Earl Moore  
Robert Morse  
Plummer Mifflin  
Hazel Marsh  
Floyd Millard  
Neenah Mullen

Loren Millard  
John McKrill  
Millard McElwain  
Vern McManamon  
Doris Marvin  
Walter Mack  
Arthur McNutt  
John Many  
Edward Moers  
Erma Mullen  
Harry McFadden  
Harry Neins  
Herbert Neins  
Kate Olds  
Laurence Piatt  
Iva Pratt  
Grace Price  
Maude Perrin  
Craig Pattengill  
Cecil Peabody  
Ray Ruby  
Helen Ruhf  
Clarence Roe  
Alger Reed  
Mabel Reeves  
Paul Rice  
Merle Rolfe  
Andrew Shivley  
Percy Shields  
Lynn Streeter  
Frances Sedina  
Anna Scott  
Walter Schneider  
Mollie Schemerhorn  
Edward Saier  
Edwin Sadler  
Earle Smith  
Belle Slocum  
Hazel Spencer  
Earle Spencer  
Carlton St. Johns



Eddie Stolte  
Robert Street  
Karl Shubel  
Florence Sindlinger  
Bertha Smith  
Louis Smyser  
Dula E. Sherwood  
Lois Thompson  
Mary Thompson  
Sarah VanDervoort  
Lucile Vance  
Anna Van Halteren  
Margaret Williams

Ives Wood  
Mort Waldo  
Blanche Weaver  
Tillie Walter  
Nina Wells  
Harry Wise  
Irving Wright  
Mabel Weeks  
Ivan Williams  
Leon Yakeley  
Pearl Young  
Fern Zacharias

Weep, gentle reader, for it is my lot,  
A fate to possess which *you* surely cannot;  
I'm quite void of sense, as you plainly will see,  
Yet there are a great many others like me;  
I've had to endure my full share of abuses,  
And therefore I chafe and I rail and I rage,  
For I am the poem the editor uses  
To fill up the space at the end of a page.

## FORMER ORACLE BOARDS

1892

Howard Bement, Editor-in-Chief  
G. Edward Foerster  
Jennie Kelso  
Mary Pugh  
C. S. Jones  
G. H. Richmond

1893

Robert Larned, Editor-in-Chief  
Edwin J. Bement  
Iva Letta Boice  
William Hornberger  
Jessie Ballard

1894

Harley H. Newman, Editor-in-Chief  
Florence Porter  
John W. Hoag  
Minah C. Cook  
Grace Hagadorn  
Mary Humphrey  
Harry L. Lewis  
Henry E. Ballard

1895

Wm. F. Dickerman, Editor-in-Chief  
Florence E. Bissell  
R. Guy Brownson  
Sadie B. Cooper  
Lottie E. Newell  
Bell G. Hopkins  
Henry W. Wightman  
E. Clinton Ward

1896

Thomas M. Marshall, Editor-in-Chief  
Harriet I. Robson  
Walter S. Foster  
Florence Hedges  
Lou D. Baker  
E. Louise Chambers  
Arthur H. Dail  
William Thorne Fulton

1897

George A. Field, Editor-in-Chief  
June L. Davis  
Ralph G. Hasty  
Beth Hume  
Maude E. Tracy  
Louise E. Alsdorf  
Frank B. McKibbin  
Roy D. Chapin

1898

Florence Gitchell, Editor-in-Chief  
Harry Fargo  
Frances Farrand  
William Humphrey  
Mildred Fulton  
W. Lee Watling  
William Brown

1899

Clark Jagger Editor-in-Chief  
Marion Seeley  
Herbert Barringer  
Harold Hedges

Jessie Laird  
Clara Armstrong  
Franc Bennett  
Arthur Reasoner

1900

Milton A. Caine, Editor-in-Chief  
Mable Strang, Ass't Editor  
C. Turril Burnett, Bus. Mgr.  
Otis Lee Dane, Adv. Mgr.  
Blanche B. Watson, Art Editor  
Fannie C. Bangs  
Maribel B. Havens  
Mabelle R. Chapin  
C. Bon Bennett  
Katherine Larned  
John M. Flanagan

1901

Bart Thoman, Editor-in-Chief  
Mabel Briggs, Ass't Editor-in-Chief  
Rex Plummer, Bus. Mgr.  
Victor Gardner, Associate Adv. Mgr.  
Walter Shuttleworth, Associate Adv.  
Mgr.

Howard Piatt, Associate Adv. Mgr.  
Katherine Ostrander, Art Editor  
Grace Whitely  
Bell Farrand  
George Hopkins  
Clara Campbell  
Ethel Plowman  
Merton Kirk

1902

Fred Algate, Editor-in-Chief  
Della Knight, Ass't Editor-in-Chief  
Charles Karkau, Bus. Mgr.  
Harold Brown, Adv. Mgr.  
J. Alton Humphrey, Associate Adv.  
Mgr.  
John Chapman, Associate Adv. Mgr.

Nellie Blair, Art Editor  
Irene Cooper  
Edythe Kositchek  
Grant Graham  
Arthur Boice  
Erma Brown  
Frieda Schneider

1903

Howard V. Luce, Editor-in-Chief  
A. Crossman Pratt, Bus. Mgr.  
J. Earle McIntyre, Ass't Bus. Mgr.  
Russell S. Canfield, Adv. Mgr.  
Andrew Van Halteren, Ass't Adv.  
Mgr.

E. Clark Rowley, Art Editor  
Irene Hewitt, Ass't Art Editor  
Mae M. Watrous  
Elmer J. Rork  
Edith McEwing  
Tilla Krause  
Charles R. Nichols  
E. Cyril Marsh  
J. Lee Baker, Ex-officio

1904

Frank E. Wood, Editor-in-Chief  
Clara H. Austin, Ass't Editor  
Sol B. Kositchek, Bus. Mgr.  
Robert E. Marsh, Adv. Mgr.  
Albert G. Karkau, Ass't Adv. Mgr.  
George L. Hammell, Ass't Adv.  
Mgr.

Lenora C. Smith, Art Editor  
Jennie Barber, Ass't Art Editor  
Grace Morgan  
Anna M. Smith  
Lewis S. Fuller  
N. Margaret Huxtable  
Russell A. Gunn  
Ward W. Webb







## A LITTLE CHILD'S MISSION

**I**T was midnight on the ocean,  
And the steamer Meryl tossed  
Back and forth upon the billows  
Like a bird in tempest lost.  
It was blacker in the heavens  
Than the inky shades of night,  
And the lightning's frequent flashes  
Furnished but a dismal light.  
Ruinous rain drops fell in torrents  
On the battered, swaying ship,  
While the wild-wind played the death-ode  
As the sails began to rip.

It was on the threatened steamer,  
That the crew in terror thrown,  
Shouted wildly to each other,  
In despairing hopeless tone.  
But the struggling ship was laden  
With a load of human freight  
Who in anguish in the cabins  
Waited each to meet his fate.

Far apart from all the others,  
With head bowed upon his breast,  
Sat a man whose very figure  
Showed a soul with sin distressed.  
Not in anger, but in sorrow,  
Did he silent wait his doom;  
All too conscious that atonement  
Must be made beyond the tomb.  
How he shuddered as the vision  
Of his guilty deeds and strife,  
Looming up in accusation,  
Pointed out the after life.

Then a little voice in pity  
Checked the maddening train of thought,  
As a tiny hand of mercy  
His great blood-stained fingers sought.  
"Is 'oo naughty? Is 'oo kying?  
Dod loves children big as 'oo;  
And if 'oo will say 'oo's sorry,  
'Oo tan do to heaven too.  
Maybe 'oo's afraid of funder;  
Maybe ytning makes 'oo ky.  
Mamma says dat it's Dod's funder,  
And the ytning's fwom Dod's sky."

Then the hardened, sin-wrecked stranger  
Caught the tiny, dainty maid;  
Hugged her tightly to his bosom,  
On her head his rough hand laid.  
But she kissed the trembling fingers  
Of the man who knew not love,  
Whispering softly, "I'll be pwaying  
Dat I'll see 'oo up above."  
Quickly then the wee tot vanished:  
And the man sat still and awed,  
Wishing he had learned the story  
Of the wondrous love of God.

How the cordage now is creaking!  
There are groans and women's wails:  
All the ship is bruised, broken:  
There is naught but tattered sails.  
There amidst the wild confusion,  
There amidst the lightning's flare,  
There between the peals of thunder,  
Sweetest music fills the air.  
Hushed and eagerly all listen,  
Quickly crowding 'round to see  
Whence the soothing sound is coming,  
Who the comforter might be.

"Rock of Ages, Rock of Ages,"  
Sings the lady sweetly fair.

"Wock of Ages, Wock of Ages,"  
Trilled the maid with golden hair,  
"Yet me hi-ed, Yet me hi-ed,  
Yet me hide mytelf in thee,"  
And the beautiful wee maiden  
Looked about and smiled in glee.

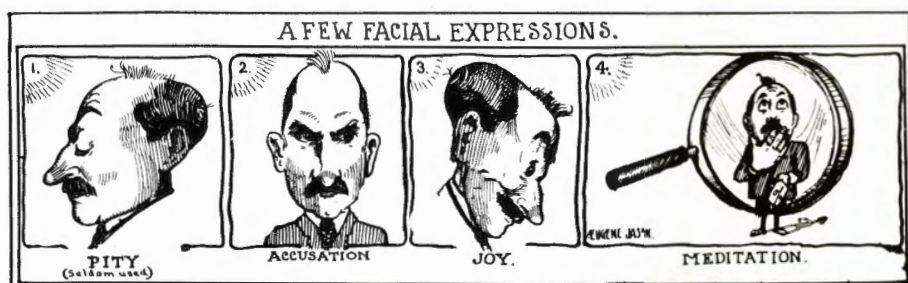
"Blessed baby," spoke the criminal,  
"If this is what their God can do,  
I myself am going to find Him;  
Shall I, too, boys, pray for you?"  
Down all knelt amidst the tempest:  
Not a single eye was dry,  
As the brutal, heart-sick sinner  
To great God sent up his cry—  
For the frightened, death-doomed people;  
For the souls of all who bowed  
Down their heads in deep contrition,  
For escape from evil's shroud.

And that prayer went straight to heaven,  
Just as prayer to God of old.  
Answer came; the storm abated;  
Stars peeped out from heaven's fold.  
Then the sinner sought the mother;  
Told the story of his wrongs;  
Told her that he'd found his Master  
Through her baby's prayer and songs.  
"Ah, my brother," spoke the lady,  
"You, indeed, have found your God.  
I am thankful that my baby  
Led you where the Saints have trod."

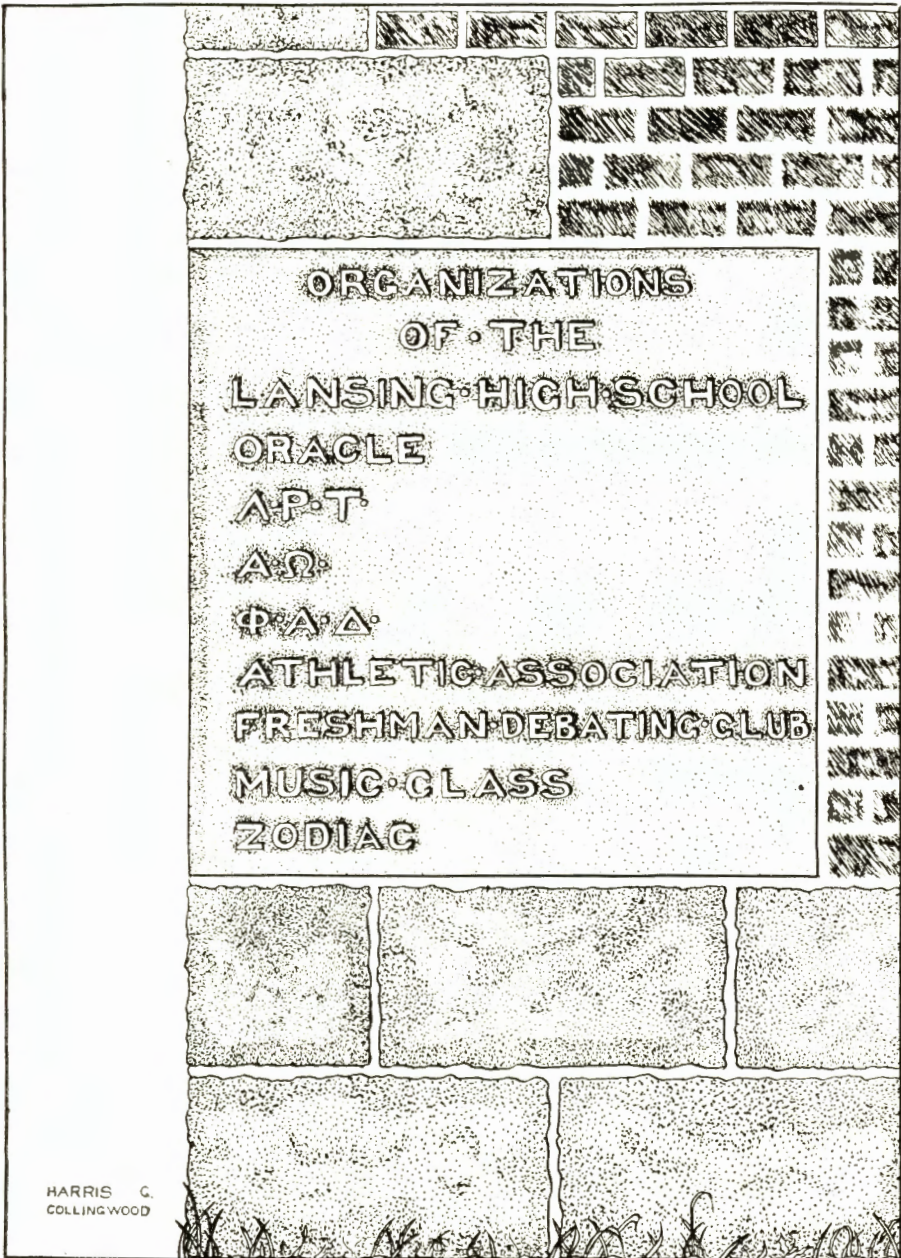
As the mother spoke, the pilot  
Proclaimed sight of welcome land;  
And e're long the wearied travellers  
Were all safe upon the strand.  
Thus a "little child shall lead them,"  
Trusting in His power to save;  
Rescue souls of wandering sinners;  
Save lives from the watery grave.

RUBY M. DELVIN.





With all due apologies to Mr. G——.

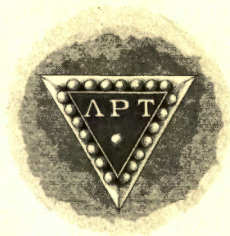












## LAMBDA RHO TAU SORORITY

ORGANIZED MARCH 3, 1899

ALPHA CHAPTER, LANSING, MICHIGAN

BETA CHAPTER, PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

### PASSIVE

Laura Donovan  
Florence Day  
Bell Farrand  
Anna Ewing  
Florence Hammond  
Hattie Whitehead  
Beulah Broas  
Carlotta Brant  
Franc Hart  
Stella Bailey  
Lena Barnes  
Amy Prudden  
Glendora Wheeler

Carolyn Warren  
Eva Bailey  
Clara Campbell  
Marion Ewing  
Sue Baird  
Merle Bradish  
Blanche Freedman  
Margaret Farrand  
Mabel Briggs  
Lille Pattengill  
Lucy Safford  
Grace Morgan

### ACTIVE

Donna Savage  
Irene Cole  
Bell Hartley  
Muriel Ewing  
Nelleen Sullivan  
Bessie Bailey  
Edwina Prudden  
Norma Vedder

Julia Luce  
Elizabeth Jarrard  
Lucy Longyear  
Bessie Larned  
Gertrude Longyear  
Margaret Pattengill  
Lucile McLouth

## PHI ALPHA DELTA FRATERNITY

FOUNDED AT LANSING HIGH SCHOOL, 1897

COLORS: PURPLE AND ORANGE

### FRATRES IN ALUMNIS

T. Paul Hickey  
Guy L. Stewart  
William Bailey  
George A. Field  
Frank B. McKibbin  
Stanley D. Montgomery  
James Turner  
Scott Turner  
Chandler Z. Tompkins  
Edward P. Hopkins  
\*Ray A. North  
William D. Humphrey  
Harvey D. Fargo  
Frank D. Longyear  
Erving Larose  
Harris M. Hanshue

James B. Porter  
Walter S. Foster  
Frank L. Cooley  
George H. Hopkins  
Bart W. Thoman  
Orlando M. Barnes  
Frederick C. Jenison  
Frederick J. Nichols  
\*Charles T. Nichols  
Dorman W. Crane  
A. Crossman Pratt  
Donald S. Olds  
Stowell C. Stebbins  
Jerome E. Graves  
Harold Pound  
Leslie L. Smith

### FRATRES IN SCHOLA

Hubert C. Pratt  
Samuel K. Harris  
Fred J. McKale  
Clifford McKibbin  
Chester A. Griffin  
Theodore G. Foster

Paul Dodds  
David Cooley  
Robert Holdsworth  
Russel P. Ostrander  
Lawrence Sterling

\*Deceased





W.A. STURGEON & CO.









WRIGHT, KAY & CO.  
DETROIT.

# FRATERNITY OF ALPHA OMEGA

FOUNDED AT CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL,

DETROIT, 1897

## CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	-	Central High School and D. U. S., Detroit, Michigan
BETA	- - -	Lansing High School, Lansing, Michigan
GAMMA	- - -	Sioux City High School, Sioux City, Iowa
DELTA	- - -	Omaha High School, Omaha, Nebraska
EPSILON	- - -	Steel High School, Dayton, Ohio
ZETA	- - -	Columbus High School, Columbus, Ohio
THETA	- - -	St. Louis High School, St. Louis, Missouri
IOTA	- - -	LaCrosse High School, LaCrosse, Wisconsin
LAMBDA	- - -	Central High School Cleveland, Ohio
DENVER ALPHA	-	Denver High School, Denver, Colorado
KAPPA	- - -	Des Moines High School, Des Moines, Iowa
ETA	- - -	Marquette High School, Marquette, Michigan
TAU	- - -	Dubuque High School, Dubuque, Iowa
UPSILON	- - -	Madison High School, Madison, Wisconsin
OMICRON	- - -	Springfield High School, Springfield, Illinois
INDIANAPOLIS GAMMA	-	Indianapolis High School, Indianapolis, Indiana
SIGMA	- - -	Kenyon Military Academy, Gambier, Ohio



# ALPHA OMEGA FRATERNITY

BETA CHAPTER, ESTABLISHED 1898

## FRATRES HONORARI

J. Howard Bement  
Herbert W. Runnels  
Marquis B. Eaton

## FRATRES EX SCHOLA

Clarence W. Christopher	Rex C. Plummer
Merle A. Urquhart	George F. Day
Ralph H. Dahl	T. Earle Jarrard
Howard I. Piatt	Andrew Langenbacher
Fred M. Dean	Edward S. Larned
Henry B. Baker, Jr.	Gray K. Burrington
Clark B. Jagger	Victor R. Sullivan
J. Cameron Hartness	Robert D. Safford
Harry B. Huston	Harold A. Childs
Arthur T. Reasoner	J. Lee Baker
Claude E. Chamberlin	Howard V. Luce
Eugene T. Hammond	Russel S. Canfield
Claude T. Burnett	E. Clark Rowley
Drury S. Porter	S. Elgin Mifflin, Jr.
Harry S. Purvis	Victor R. Pattengill
Frank E. Wood	George L. Hammell
Russell A. Gunn	James F. Hammell
Milton A. Caine	

## FRATRES IN SCHOLA

1905	1907
Clare L. Brackett	James B. Barry
	Earle A. Gardner
1906	Dana Hagadorn
Robert A. Piatt	Jay F. Rose
Arthur E. Hurd	
Theodore T. Robson	1908
	Plummer Mifflin
	Robert Morse



"Knowledge is power, boys."  
With all due apologies to Miss C——.

## CHEMISTRY AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The work in general chemistry occupies about one half of the school year. During this time the elements, their characteristics and compounds are thoroughly studied. Three hours a week are given to class work and two are devoted to individual work in the laboratory. Quantitative work is given to illustrate the laws and theories of chemistry and to show the student the usefulness of the subject. The laboratory is situated in the basement and is well equipped, being supplied with water and gas, also electric lighting.

After this general knowledge is obtained, the class is divided. The boys continue the study of chemistry proper, giving attention to the qualitative analysis of compounds, such as alum, cream of tartar, baking powder, etc., that they may know something of the materials used so largely in everyday life. Some time is also given to the study of unknowns.

The girl's division give their attention to the composition and compounds of common foods. The per cent of ash or mineral matter, protein, sugar, starch, and fat are carefully determined. Some of the special subjects treated during this time are water, vinegar, milk, spices, extracts, coffee, etc. These are studied that the girls may see the value of pure foods and the wide use of adulterated ones. Tests are given to determine the purity of various foods. Later, some time is devoted to the principles of cooking.

Foods, their composition, values, and proper preparation, with practical work under an instructor in Domestic Science, complete one of the most interesting and instructive courses of the school.

HAZEL I. ALLEN, '05.



A DOMESTIC  
SCIENTIST—



## A CHANGED AMBITION

MARGARET sat at her writing desk with flushed face and sparkling eyes. At last she had an opportunity to accomplish something, to acquire culture by meeting cultured people, to—but her thoughts followed each other in such rapid succession that she was fairly dazed.

Margaret Hall had been graduated from college only a little over a year before. Since then she had been teaching English and History in the high school of her native town. She was an only child and lived with her parents who were in moderate circumstances.

But now she had received the offer of a position in a high school in a distant city. The salary was not much larger, but, as Margaret said, she would be brought in contact with people of greater culture and thus acquire a broader education.

She arose from her chair and with joyful step went to tell her father and mother the good news. She found her mother in the sitting room and read her the letter, finishing with the remark, "Isn't that lovely? Just the opportunity I have been longing for! Aren't you glad, mother?"

"Yes, dearie, it will be very nice for you. And you will write to us real often, so that it will seem almost like having you here at home."

Margaret did not notice the wistful look in the soft, brown eyes, nor the sigh which accompanied the words, for just then her father entered and the good news must be told to him. He glanced furtively at his wife, but answered, "Suit yourself, girlie. It is quite a place you're going to, but I hope it will not make you forget mother and me."

"Oh, father, as if I ever could! You know that is impossible!"

Her father smiled gently and said nothing more. But somehow it seemed to Margaret that her mother looked sadder than usual that evening, and that her father's manner was graver and more anxious, she did not know why.

Early the next afternoon she was passing through the park on her way to the postoffice to mail her letter of acceptance, when she heard a quick step behind her and a tall, dark eyed young man appeared at her side. He was George Dabney, whom most people spoke of as "the rising young lawyer." But Margaret and he had been friends from childhood

and so in a few minutes she told him of the offer and her acceptance of it, and asked him what he thought of her decision.

"Before I answer your question," he said, "I should like to know if you are in a hurry." She shook her head.

"Then won't you sit here on this bench while I tell you a story I once read?" Smiling somewhat wonderingly, she complied, and, having seated himself beside her, he began:

"Once upon a time there was a poor woodcutter who lived on the edge of a great forest with his wife and daughter Alice. He toiled all day and his wife helped him. But Alice was their sunshine. If she smiled, it seemed to them as if the whole world grew brighter for it, and if she wept, which seldom occurred, it was as if the sky were overcast with clouds. Alice loved her father and mother and they all lived contentedly together, satisfied with little because of their great love for each other.

"One day a strange lady and her husband stopped at the cottage to escape a sudden rain storm. They told wonderful things of the great city from which they came, and especially of life at the court, for they were of the nobility. Alice listened, enchanted, and could not hear enough. At last the visitors rode away, but wonderful thoughts filled Alice's mind.

"After this, whenever her work was done, she would sit under the trees at the edge of the forest, and gaze in the direction of the royal city, dreaming wonderful dreams, of what she would do if she were a court lady, and of the delights of a life among such people. Yet all this time she was as sunshiny as ever.

"One day the Queen passed by the cottage with her retinue. Alice saw their former visitors riding beside the queen, and received a look of recognition from the lady, who said something in a low tone to her sovereign. Immediately the cavalcade halted, and to her surprise Alice heard her majesty saying, 'Indeed, thou art a pretty maid. Emillia telleth me that thou wouldst like to come to court. Is that true?' Alice nodded her head, speechless with astonishment.

"'An thou comest, we can make a fine lady of thee,' said the Queen. Then, turning to the woodcutter and his wife, she continued, 'Of course, you have no objection, my good people, since the child will be so favored. Preferment doth not grow upon every bramble-bush.'

"The woodcutter answered, 'Her happiness is ours. Let her speak for herself. If she is happy we are content.' But his voice trembled, and his wife looked longingly at her daughter. 'Well, then,' said the Queen to Alice, 'thou mayest go with us now, an thou list.'

"But Alice looked at her father's wistful face, and also saw the sorrow which her mother tried vainly to conceal, and her love conquered, so she said, 'Gracious Queen, I thank thee. But I must stay with my parents. I am their only child and they need me. I cannot go with thee.'

"Then all the court marvelled, and some said the girl was mad. The Queen ordered them to proceed, and soon she and her train of attendants had passed from view.

"Perchance Alice stifled a sigh as she re-entered her humble home, but when she saw the happiness on her mother's face she forgot her disappointment, and smiled her old sunshiny smile. This is the story of Alice, the Woodcutter's Child."

He ceased speaking and stole a glance at his listener. Margaret's cheeks were flushed and a tear hung on her lashes. She spoke breathlessly, "Thank you, O thank you! I understand what you mean. How blind I have been! But it is not too late yet. Oh, how glad I am that I have not mailed this letter! What is an opportunity like that compared to the one I so nearly threw away? Good bye, and thank you!"

She walked quickly away, while the young man stood and looked after her, a smile upon his lips and a far-off expression in his eyes.

He had forgotten to say that the woodcutter's daughter also had a lover. But I suspect Margaret learned that later, don't you?

ANNIE F. THOMAS.

Gallery gods, at Junior Ex, as the High School Orchestra appears, greeting Karl Hopphan, shout, "Rah! Rah! Rah! Hop to 'em! Hop to 'em!"

Lady in audience—"Oh, hear those scholars. They are speaking German, aren't they?"

Little Freshie—"No, mamma; that's Latin."

Lady—"Isn't it nice that they use their school learning like that!"







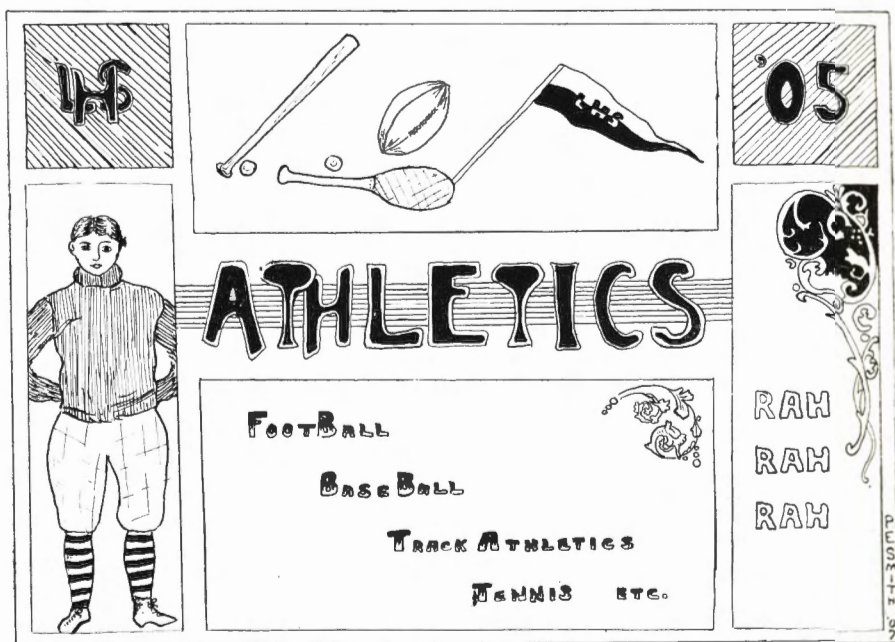
## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

ARTHUR E. HURD	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
GARRY H. TITUS	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer
EARL A. GARDNER	-	-	-	-	-	-	Representative
LOUIS M. KOSITCHEK	-	-	-	-	-	-	Representative

NORMAN B. SLOAN

MYRON A. COBB

CARL RUFUS



## CONSTITUTION

### ARTICLE I. NAME.

THE name of this association shall be the Lansing High School Athletic Association.

### ARTICLE II. MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. Any student enrolled and in good standing in the L. H. S. and any teacher in the same, shall be eligible to membership upon signing the constitution and paying the prescribed dues.

Sec. 2. Membership in the association shall be forfeited when the relation of the student and teacher in the said school ceases.

Sec. 3. Any member of this association may be expelled by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any meeting, providing there shall be a quorum present at such meeting.

### ARTICLE III. OFFICERS.

Section 1. The officers of this association shall be: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer.

Sec. 2. The term of office shall be for one year or until their successors shall be elected.

Sec. 3. The president shall preside at meetings of the association, but shall have no vote except in case of a tie.

Sec. 4. The vice president shall have a vote in all meetings of the association except when filling the office of president, and then in case of a tie.

Sec. 5. The office of secretary and treasurer shall be vested in the same person.

Sec. 6. The treasurer shall have charge of all funds raised for athletic purposes: shall only pay out from the same on bills that have been



approved by the board of directors ; except that between meetings of said board he may pay bills to a total of not to exceed \$5.00 which have been countersigned by the president, secretary and the manager within whose province the bill comes. He shall render a financial statement at each meeting of the association and whenever called upon by the board of directors. He shall be a member of said bodies with full voting power.

Sec. 7. When any vacancy shall occur by reason of resignation or of any officer leaving school, the place shall be filled at the next regular or special meeting of the association.

#### ARTICLE IV. BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Section 1. The board of directors shall consist of three student and three faculty members. The student members shall consist of the president and treasurer of the association and one representative elected by the association. The principal of the high school shall be chairman and entitled to a vote. In case of tie the question shall be referred to the superintendent.

Sec. 2. The directors shall have general supervision of all athletic affairs of the high school ; shall have charge of raising money for athletic purposes, and power to make such by-laws for its own government as will not conflict with the following section.

Sec. 3. The directors shall meet at such time and place as the chairman may appoint. The chairman shall call a meeting of the board of directors at any time at the written request of five members. Five members of the board shall constitute a quorum.

#### ARTICLE V. MANAGERS.

Section 1. The manager of the Football, Baseball, Track Team and Basketball Team shall provide grounds suitable for practice and make all arrangements for games to be played by their respective teams. They shall be responsible to the association for all appliances in the respective departments purchased with funds belonging to the association.

Sec. 2. At least one day before any match game or field event the manager shall present to the board of directors a list of all persons to participate in those games. No player will be allowed to take part in such games unless his name appears in the certified list.

## ARTICLE VI. ELECTION.

Section 1. The association shall elect President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer in order named; also elect football, track team, baseball managers. All elections shall be by ballot. No proxy vote shall be allowed. No member in arrears for dues shall have a vote.

## ARTICLE VII. MEETINGS.

Section 1. Annual meetings of the association shall be held the second Tuesday of the regular school year.

Sec. 2. The president shall call the meeting of the association at least once each semester, and must do so upon written request of twenty-five per cent of membership, provided that the notice of said meeting shall have been properly posted for two full days preceding the same.

Sec. 3. Fifty per cent of membership shall constitute a quorum.

## ARTICLE VIII. DUES.

Section 1. The dues of this association shall be \$1.00 per year, payable monthly in advance.

Sec. 2. No person shall be eligible to represent the school in any game or event being in arrears for dues.

## ARTICLE IX. MONOGRAMS.

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the board of directors, upon the recommendation of the captains of the various teams, to award monograms, subject to the following regulations:

1. Provided that track teammen shall have won one-half point in the Interscholastic field day.

Sec. 2. The high school sweater shall be of maroon color, to be furnished by individuals.

Sec. 3. The monograms shall be white, to be given by the association as provided for in Sec. 1 of this Article.

Sec. 4. The regulation high school cap shall be the "University" cap of dark blue cloth, having a three-inch visor.

## ARTICLE X. AMENDMENTS.

Section 1. This constitution may be amended by a unanimous vote of the members present at any meeting, provided that there shall be a quorum present at such meeting, and provided that such amendment shall have been passed by the board of directors previously.





## FOOTBALL

*Manager, MR. W. C. RUFUS.*

*Assistant Manager and Captain, E. GARDNER.*

<i>Right End</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hurd
<i>Right Tackle</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gardner, Cole
<i>Right Guard</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	I. Wood
<i>Center</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	D. Wood
<i>Left Guard</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pratt
<i>Left Tackle</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Shivley
<i>Left End</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Brackett, McElwain
<i>Quarterback</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	McKale, McElwain
<i>Right Half</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Louis Kositchek
<i>Left Half</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Titus
<i>Fullback</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Leo Kositchek, Gardner



## FOOTBALL

OUR team, although we did not win the championship, was among the best in the state. With but few veterans, Coach Fred Close, assisted by Don Childs, an old high school man, developed an eleven which defeated, except in three games, the best high school teams in the state.

Two weeks before the opening of school the squad went into training at Pine Lake, which consisted of four hours of practice every day; the remainder of the time was spent in various sports.

The team returned ready for their first battle with Charlotte city team, whom they defeated in a well-played game. The next game was played on home grounds with Ann Arbor H. S., and resulted in a tie. The victory was to have been decided the following week, by another game, but after considerable inconsistency and bad treatment on the part of the State Interscholastic Board, which is controlled largely by Ann Arbor H. S., Lansing, following the example of many other teams, withdrew from the league. We then defeated Marshall, Hastings, Detroit Business University, and Detroit Western H. S., losing in closely contested games to Grand Rapids, Ypsilanti, and Owosso.

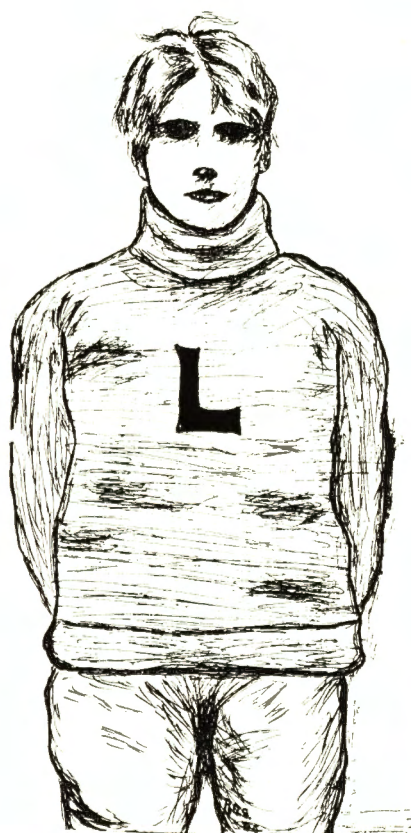
The team was well supported by students and business men, and many thanks are due to Mr. John A. Weston, for the interest he took in our team and the aid he afforded us.

The football material for next year will be better than in previous years, and we hope to see a championship team under Captain-elect Titus.

L. K.

### SCORES OF FOOTBALL GAMES

L. H. S.—	11	.....	Charlotte city team	0
"	45	.....	Marshall H. S.,	0
"	5	.....	Ann Arbor H. S.,	5
"	0	.....	Ypsilanti H. S.,	5
"	6	.....	Detroit B. U.,	5
"	0	.....	Grand Rapids H. S.,	24
"	0	.....	Owosso H. S.,	5
"	17	.....	Hastings H. S.,	12
"	43	.....	Detroit Western H. S.,	0
L. H. S.—	127	.....	Opponents,	56



## THE INTER-CLASS MEET

AS soon as the ground was in fit condition the students of all four classes began to team out for track events. A rivalry soon sprang up between the classes, each desiring to outdo the others. Finally an inter-class meet was arranged for Friday, April 28, '05. Both the Juniors and Seniors were confident of victory, but the Sophomores only displayed their knowing smile.

The first event was the 120-yard hurdles, which Ostrander of '07 won without an effort. In the 100-yard dash Brackett of '07 easily carried away the victory, Gardner taking third, having taken pity on Griffin of '06. Brackett and Gardner repeated the same performance in the 220-yard dash. Griffin was a great help to his class of '06, securing to himself  $27\frac{1}{2}$  points, winning the all-around.

Another surprise to the Juniors was the ball game, which they played against the illustrious Sophomores. The score was 18 to 4.

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS

120-yard Hurdles—1st, Ostrander '07; 2nd, Griffin '06; 3rd, Gardner '07.

Pole vault—1st, Cole '06; 2nd, Griffin '06; 3rd, Ostrander '07.

High jump—1st, Griffin '06; 2nd, Ostrander '07; 3rd, Pratt '05; height, 5 feet.

100-yard dash—1st, Brackett '07; 2nd, Griffin '06; 3rd, Gardner, '07; time, 10 3-5 seconds.

Hammer throw—1st, Gardner '07; 2nd, Cole '06; 3rd, Cook '07; distance, 96 feet 2 inches.

Shot put—1st, Pratt '05; 2nd Griffin '06; 3rd, Gardner '07; distance, 34 feet 10 inches.

220 yard dash—1st, Brackett '07; 2nd Kositchek '05; 3rd, Gardner '07; time, 25 seconds.

Broad jump—1st, Griffin '06; 2nd, McKale '06; 3rd, Ostrander '07; distance, 17 feet 8 inches.

One-half mile—1st Ostrander '07; 2nd, Foster '06; 3rd, Poxson '08.

40-yard dash—1st, Gardner '07; 2nd, Griffin '06; 3rd, Kositchek '05.

One mile—1st, Robson '06; 2nd, Brackett '05; 3rd, Ostrander '07.

Half mile relay—Won by sophomores—Brackett, Gardner, Barry, Hayes; 2nd, Seniors—Pratt, Bailey, Kositchek, Clark; 3rd, Juniors—Griffin, Kositchek, Foster, McKibbin.

Total—Seniors, 19; Juniors, 39; Sophomores, 51; Freshmen, 1.

## BATTLE CREEK-LANSING MEET

**S**ATURDAY, May 20th, the track teams of Lansing and Battle Creek High Schools met in a dual meet at the latter place. The events were closely contested, Lansing winning forty-nine points to Battle Creek's forty-six.

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS

220-yard low hurdles—Ostrander, L.; Titus, L.; Roper, B. C.

880-yard run—Tozer, B. C.; Robson, L.; Finlay, B. C.

100-yard dash—Tie between Roper, B. C., and H. Brackett, L.; Kositchek, L.

Running broad jump—Gould, B. C.; Pratt, L.; Griffin, L.

Hammer throw—Holmes, B. C.; Cole, L.; Spores, B. C.

220-yard dash—Roper, B. C.; H. Brackett, L.; Gould, B. C.

Shot put—Cole, L.; Griffin, L.; Titus, L.

High jump—Ostrander, L.; Roper, B. C.; Gould, B. C.

440-yard dash—Ostrander, L.; Roe, L.; I. Halladay, B. C.

Pole vault—Roper, B. C.; Gould, B. C.; Cole, L.

Relay race—Roper, Gould, Spores, Kelley, B. C.; Brackett, Kositchek, Titus, Griffin, L.





## TRACK TEAM

*Manager, Mr. W. C. RUFUS.*

*Assistant Manager, LOUIS KOSITCHEK.*

*Captain, H. BRACKETT.*

*100-Yard Dash, 220-Yard Dash, and Relay Team—*

H. Brackett, E. Gardner, L. Kositchek, C. Griffin

*High Jump*       -       -       -       C. Brackett, R. Ostrander, C. Griffin

*Shot Put*       -       -       -       -       C. Griffin, H. Pratt, G. Titus

*Hammer Throw*       -       -       -       -       D. Cole, G. Titus, E. Gardner

*880 Yards*       -       -       -       -       T. Robson, C. Brackett, T. Foster

*440 Yards*       -       -       -       -       -       -       -       Ostrander, Roe

*Broad Jump*       -       -       -       -       -       -       Griffin, Pratt, Titus





## BASE BALL TEAM

*Captain, FRED MCKALE.*

*Manager, MR. W. C. RUFUS.*

<i>Catcher</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	McKale
<i>First Base</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Titus
<i>Second Base</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	L. Millard
<i>Short Stop</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	L. Gardner
<i>Third Base</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Yakeley
<i>Left Field</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cook and Hayes
<i>Center Field</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	McKibbin
<i>Right Field</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ostrander
<i>Pitcher</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	F. Millard and Baumgras

*Coach, MR. C. M. BARBER.*

### SCORES

L. H. S.—	12	.....	M. A. C. Freshmen,	4
"	13	.....	Oldsmobile,	11
"	7	.....	Mason,	1
"	6	.....	St. Johns,	4
"	0	.....	Albion,	4
"	1	.....	Howell,	14
"	0	.....	Albion,	1
"	3	.....	Williamston,	5
"	10	.....	St. Johns,	5
"	5	.....	Howell,	7
"	4	.....	Mason,	1
"	8	.....	Walpole Indians,	4
L. H. S.—	69	.....	Opponents,	61



# **TENNIS ASSOCIATION**

THEODORE FOSTER,  
President

MARGARET BRECK,  
Vice President

LOUIS KOSITCHEK,  
Secretary and Treasurer

RUSSELL OSTRANDER,  
Manager





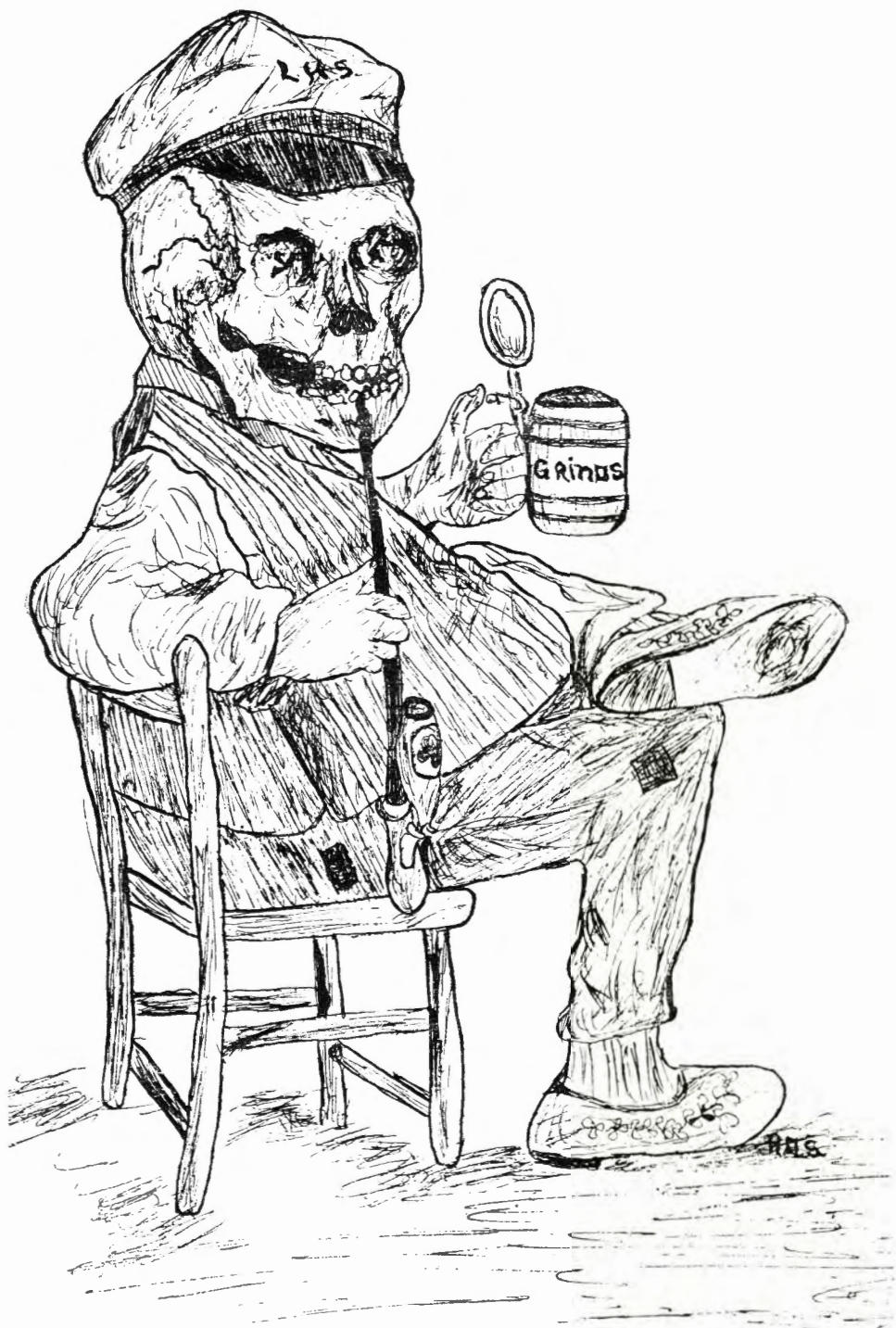
RELAY TEAM

Griffin

Gardner

Kositchek

Brackett



## GRINDS

Mr. Gardner, in Virgil—"His arms resound on his shoulders."

Miss Todd, in Virgil—"On the threshold the chieftains await the queen lingering in her toilet."

Miss Turner—"Why don't they say election day is 1st Tuesday in November, instead of 1st Tuesday after the 1st Monday?"

Mr. Sloan—"Because the first Tuesday might be on Sunday."

Miss Wilbur, in German—"Of what gender are the neuter nouns in this declension?"

Mr. Barber, in Economics—"What was your answer to the next question?"

Mr. Gardner—"Yesterday was my day off."

Mr. Barber—"I think you have a good many days off."

Mr. Sloan, in Phys. Geog.—"In the middle of the forest where the hand of man never set foot."

Clare Brackett—"Didn't Pochahontas save Raleigh's life?"

Mr. Barber—"The poor boy can go to school as well as the rich boy's son."

Leo Kositchek (translating the description of Mercury's disappearance)—"His vision vanished as he spoke, and he disappeared into air from his eyes; Æneas was struck mute, his hair stood erect with terror, and his voice clung to his jaws."

Alice Wagenvoord—"The barking dogs are raging in the air."

Miss Nagel—"De Soto visited Memphis and several other southern cities."

Miss Hartley—"Coronado started out to explore the state of Arizona."

"When Romeo climbed the balcony and the love-kiss ascended into the heavens,—I don't see any sense in that."—Miss Vance, in German.



Miss Creyts, in German—"No one excelled him in the elasticity of a ghost."

Miss Atkins—(translating Virgil)—"They brought forth the grain damaged by the water and the cook utensils wearied by their troubles."

AFTER THE ELECTION.

Miss Cook (to Mr. Kositchek, who has been holding a somewhat audible conversation with himself)—"Mr. Kositchek, please stop talking. Don't you know that talking is a woman's prerogative?"

Mr. Kositchek (*sotto voce*)—"Well, they seem to be taking all of ours. We will have to take what we can get of theirs."

Miss Wagenvoord (translating Virgil)—"Persevere, and preserve yourselves."

Mr. Wood (reciting on Chaucer)—"We learn of architecture from the descriptions of the inn."

Miss Cook—"Does Chaucer give a description of the inn?"

Mr. Wood—"No; but there's a picture of it in my English book."

Miss Nagel (translating Virgil)—"He sees Priam holding out his armless hands."

Miss Ernsberger (translating Virgil)—"It pleased us to see the shore left behind."

Miss Wagenvoord (Virgil)—"Hasten, son, and fly!"

Miss Nagel—(Virgil)—"I will avenge the cinders of my friends."

Miss Atkins to Miss Esselstyn—"Has your book an interrogation point after that?"

Miss Esselstyn—"No, ma'am, it has a question mark."

Leo Kositchek—(Virgil)—"The wretched likeness of my wife appeared to me.—My voice hung in my jaws."

Miss Gardner (translating German)—"She looked at him with her eyes."

Kositchek (translating Virgil)—"He gives to us gifts heavy with gold and commands the elephants to be taken to the ships."

Miss Breck, translating German—"Mr. Eckart cut it with his good sound teeth."

Miss Sullivan, translating in German—"If he had not as always cast his expression upon the pavement ——."

Miss Prudden, in German—"The two men wandered down the street, arm in arm, with their happy conversation."

Miss Prudden—"In his heart the raven Remorse scratched, 'You are done for.'"

Miss Sullivan, translating Virgil (just after Miss Atkins had given an address on speaking in a *clear* voice)—"As this voice reached the crowd, their minds were astounded, and tremor passed through their very bones."

Mr. Louis Kositchek, translating German—"He sought shelter under the linden trees standing on the water."

Mr. Louis Kositchek, in German—"She ran down the street like a bird."

Miss Prudden, translating German—"He nodded his slouch-hat."

Miss Breck, translating German—"He looked over his feet."

Miss Prudden, in German—"They went about *headless* in the greatest degree of confusion."

Miss Wilbur—"What is the meaning of 'Ich bin es?'"

Miss Nagel—"I am it."

Miss Sullivan—"From this time I was wise."

Miss Prudden, translating German—"I saw him as he gazed at the pale face in the glass with half-closed eyes in order to see if he would appear well as a ghost."

Miss Wilbur to Miss Sullivan, in German—"In what case is that adjective, Miss Pratt?"

(A sentimental smile from Hubert.)

Mr. G., in Com. Law—"Miss Hartley, is this waste-basket my property?"

Miss H.—"The right you have in it is yours."

Mr. Esler, Com. Law—"Widows have a different kind of pension than men."

Mr. G.—"Do you mean when their husband's are alive?"

Mr. G.—Can you think of any one who does not sell his services?"

Mr. Harris—"Tramps."

Mr. Sloan—"Mr. Harris, give evidences of civilization in the South."

Mr. Harris—"Their dishes were civilized."

Mr. Sloan—"Mr. Kositchek, give one of the principal dates or events connected with the Virginia Colony."

Mr. Louie K.—"1621 the introduction of women"—(importation).

Mr. S.—"Miss Lower, would a half-penny an acre seem an excessive tax?"

Miss L.—"Not to me, it wouldn't."

Mr. S. in U. S. H.—"There are some things that I want you to know and want you to know that you know them."

Miss Cook—"What did the Saxons believe about the death of a warrior?"

Mr. Harris—"They believed that it was premeditated" (pre-ordained).

Mr. G.—"Mr. Harris, what is the difference between a greenback and a silver certificate?"

Mr. H.—"I never had a greenback."

Miss Cook, Eng. XII., reading Locksley Hall—"All the love-light quickly dawning in the dark of hazel eyes."

Everyone laughs, looking at Hazel S.

Miss C.—"Hazel is not written with a capital."

Mr. S., in Civics—What causes the high tide in the Bay of Fundy?"

Mr. Bailey—"It is the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence river coming together."

Mr. Esler, in Virgil (just after a flunk)—"Here I made my first mistake."

Miss Savage, translating German—"Reinhard took her arm and carried her across."

Miss Wilbur, in German, just after Miss Prudden had recited—"Mr. Kositchek, was that not a picture of a pretty little girl?"

Miss Keeney, translating in German—"He heard the hammering of the woodpecker and the screeching of the other wood-fowls."

Miss Vance, translating Latin—"The servants bore her fainting lips into the marble palace."

Mr. Starmont, in English—"That was a lover, and a merry bachelor, with locks of curly hair, as though they had been on curl-papers." (Pg. 46, Prologue, l. 89.)

Miss Cook, in English, speaking to Mr. Wood, who was trying to make a fine translation of Chaucer's "Prologue"—"Yes, it is in your notes; I have taught this book for the last forty years, and you can't fool me on that!"

Mr. Wood, in English—"He was embroidered;" instead of "His coat was embroidered."

Miss Cook, in English—"How do those people in that room keep together?"

Mr. Starmont—"They all talk at the same time."

Mr. Starmont, just returning from Senior assembly room, after having been sent by Miss Cook to get his English book, takes it out of his pocket.

Miss Cook, in English—When Ben Jonson was died, where was he buried.

Mr. Louis Kositchek, in English—"Queen Elizabeth had a funny nature."

Miss C.—"What do you mean by 'funny?' "

Mr. K.—"Well, she was just like all the noble people of that time."





## THE SENIOR HOP

One of the most pleasing social events of the year was the Senior Hop, given by the class of '05 on the evening of April 28, 1905, at the Masonic Temple. The hall was handsomely decorated in the class colors of blue and gold, and delightful music was furnished by the Baker orchestra. The committee consisted of

S. Kilbourne Harris, chairman,  
Olive Graham,  
Leo Kositchek,  
Leon Starmont,  
Cora Todd,  
Neva Vance.

## JUNIOR HOP

On the evening of February 17th, 1905, the class of '06 gave the Fifth Annual Junior Hop at the Masonic Temple. It was one of the most enjoyable social events of the year; potted plants and bunting in black and gold, the class colors, furnished the decorations, and a large crowd enjoyed the dancing to the music of Parreant's orchestra. The committee:

Emil Kositchek, chairman,  
Clara Bascom,  
Norman Beasley,  
Helen Emery,  
Ethel Springer,  
Chester Griffin,  
Helen Armstrong,  
Clifford McKibbin, ex-officio.

## THE JUNIOR HOP

One of the most enjoyable social events of the school year of 1904 was the Annual Junior Hop, given by the class of '05. This most successful ball was held at the Assembly Hall February 18.

The hall was beautifully decorated in blue and gold, the class colors; cozy corners and divans filled all the available nooks and corners.

The dancing began at nine o'clock and continued until the city clock struck two, upon which the guests departed, having been deeply impressed with the hospitality of the class of '05.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling and Mr. and Mrs. Sloan were the patrons and patronesses.

The committee:

Theodore Robson, chairman,  
Grace Seage,  
Glendora Wheeler,  
Edwina Prudden,  
Leo Kositchek.

## JUNIOR EX

The Fourteenth Annual Junior Exhibition was given by the class of 1906 in Baird's Opera House on March 17, 1905. After the overture by the High School Orchestra, Clifford McKibbin gave the president's address. Following this came a piano selection by Frances Hamilton, and then an oration by Luella DeLamarter. Last of all were the two farces, Fortunes of War, and A Box of Monkeys. The characters of the first were June Bradford, Gertrude Longyear, Isabella Hamilton, Pearl Wood, Irene Cole, and Ray Yunker; of the second, Clifford McKibbin, Lakin Brown, Bessie Bailey, Florence Reck, and Marion French. Considering that they were only Juniors, all did very well.

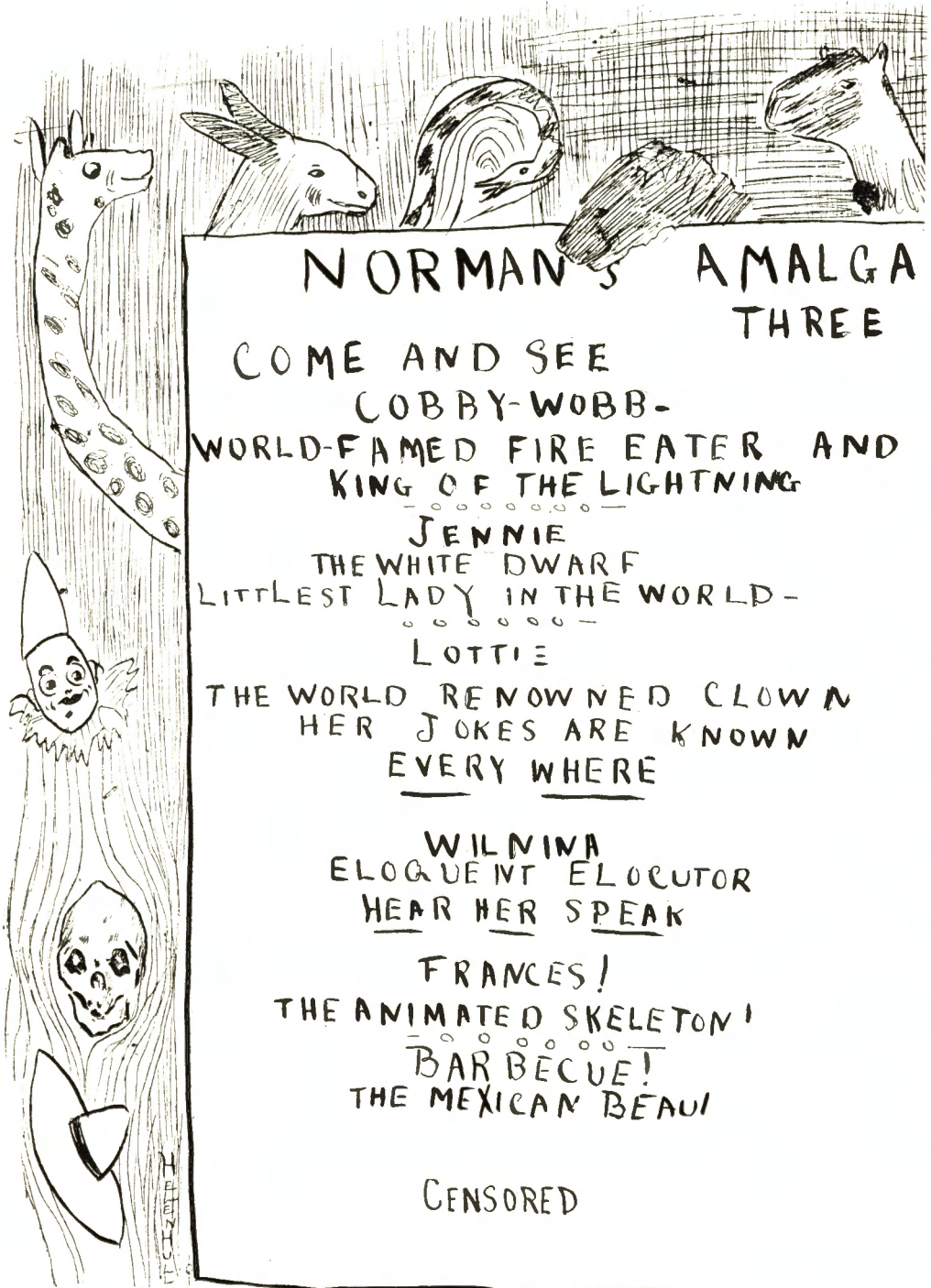
## THE FRESHMEN RECEPTION

One of the first of the year's social events was the reception given for the Freshmen by the Senior class. It is not difficult to imagine how the Freshmen eagerly awaited the 28th of October, on which the reception occurred. Many were present, Sophomores and Juniors as well as Seniors and Freshmen, and a member of the reception committee discovered that the absence of his much-desired "cozy-corner" did not matter, since two chairs in a corner served his purpose just as well. The teachers lined up, as usual, and many trembling Freshmen were sent through the mill. Dancing and cards helped to while the evening away. The affair was a financial and a social success, indeed such a success that it necessitated the calling out of the police force, although it was slightly marred by the early departure of the Freshman president.

The committee:

Kilbourne Harris, chairman,  
Annie Thomas,  
Hazel Blades,  
Olive Graham,  
Franklin Clark,  
Leon Starnont,  
Antoinette Hill, ex-officio.





NORMAN'S AMALGA  
THREE

COME AND SEE  
COBBY-WOBB-  
WORLD-FAMED FIRE EATER AND  
KING OF THE LIGHTNING

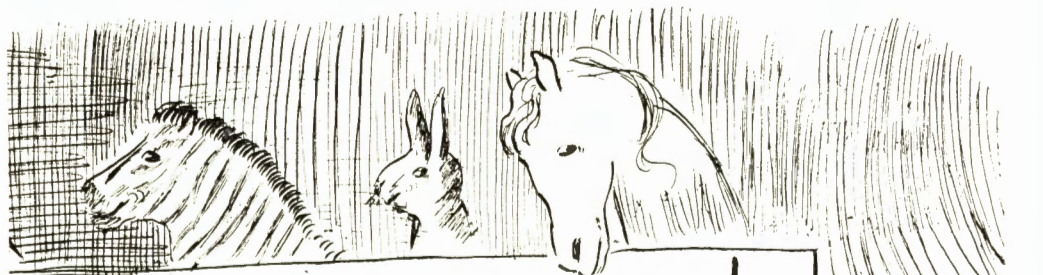
JENNIE  
THE WHITE DWARF  
LITTLEST LADY IN THE WORLD-

LOTTIE  
THE WORLD RENOWNED CLOWN  
HER JOKES ARE KNOWN  
EVERY WHERE

WILMINA  
ELOQUENT ELOCUTOR  
HEAR HER SPEAK

FRANCES!  
THE ANIMATED SKELETON!  
BARBECUE!  
THE MEXICAN BEAU!

CENSORED



# MATED BIG CIRCUS!

FLOORS

COME AND SEE

EDI THEM A ATHENS

EIGHTH WONDER OF THE  
WORLD

SPEAKS DECEASED TONGUES!

- o o o o o -

SEE  
G ARDMY

THE LILLIPUTIAN GIANT! THE ONLY  
HUMAN ATOM!

- o o o o o -  
EDITH

KING OF THE 'WILD-FLOWERS!  
TAMES EVEN THE WILDEST OF ALL  
THE DANDELION-

- o o o o o -

D O D D O

THE LIGHT OF LANSING

THE SUN-GODDESS FROM THE  
ORIENT.

- o o o o o -

THE EDUCATED LAMB!  
THE ONLY LAMB WHO  
CAN TALK GERMAN!

AND THERE ARE ~~OTHERS~~, TOO.

NO ADMISSION - RESERVED SEATS FOR ALL

HULL '05



# SIDE SHOWS.

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**BUTCH, The Baby Elephant!**

---

**FOUR BRACKETTS—Count 'Em—Four!**  
**Skeboa, Dite, Reddy and the Dog!**

---

**CHEVY CHASE, The Animated Derrick!**

---

**Dashing, Daring, Danger-Deriding, Death-  
Defying**

**DIABOLO**

**Sought by the Truant Officers of Eight  
Continents!**

---

**HELEN, with the Grin-That-Won't-Come-Off!**

---

**CURLY, The King of the Freshmen, with a  
Head Like a Cauliflower!**

---

**BUB YAKELEY, The Human Easter Egg!**

---

**The Beatific, Cherubic, Seraphic, Celestial  
TRIPLET**

**T-square, Brick and Ted Robson—  
Three in One!**

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<b>HUBERT, THE BOY WONDER!</b>
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## THE SCHOOLBOOK'S PLIGHT

THE books lay in a restless pile,  
Books of varied kind and style,  
Each not knowing what the other  
Hid beneath its dismal cover.  
Not one daring to complain,  
Fearing lest they'd go insane.  
Then the Greek began to sigh,  
And old Virgil wiped his eye.  
All were sad and sore distressed;  
All in ragged mantles dressed.

Then one book began to speak,  
Looking very old and weak;  
Smeared with ink in many dots,  
Also marred with pencil spots.  
"I am feeling very doleful:  
Hope I do not look so woeful;  
I am filled with all things nice:  
I know how to make and splice.  
Mechanics I know off by heart:  
I'd give every boy a start.  
I am not of long duration,  
Though I'm known o'er all creation.

"I would live a real long life  
If the boys would treat me nice;  
But they'll slam me on the floor,  
Wishing I'd be seen no more.  
Now my cover is all broken;  
I have not a single token  
To show my intrinsic worth,  
And what I've done throughout the earth."



"Huh! you're in a sorry plight!  
Look about as black as night.  
I am, too, a pretty sight,  
For I've had an awful fight  
To keep my pages clean and bright,  
And from being used to fly a kite.  
Xenophon created me;  
He lived far across the sea.

"I tell how those famous Greeks,  
Through so many dreary weeks,  
Fought and suffered, toiled and bled,  
Poorly clothed, more poorly fed;  
Till from Persia's direful strands  
They, joyful, reached their native lands.  
Come, tell what your lot may be,  
I hope you're not akin to me."  
The Greek book nudged a little fellow,  
With covers gone and pages yellow.

With measured accents, low and stern,  
The book then told them where to learn  
How to write a composition,  
If they had the disposition.  
"I am just a Rhetoric true,  
Though I make all pupils blue,  
Make them groan and shake their head,  
Send them always late to bed.

"But I try and do my best  
To make them ready for a test.  
Yet they use me very ill,  
Leave me on the window sill,  
Till the rain in many drops,  
Leaves my pages soiled with blots."  
Then a book in coat of green,  
Said that he felt pretty mean.

"I'm a Physics book profound  
I explain machines and sound,  
If you ope my tattered cover

Many things you will discover,—  
What Newton, Pascal, others knew :  
About Boyle's law, and pulleys too.  
Many mysteries I'll unravel,  
How fast light and heat do travel—"

Laughter bold was just then heard,  
Followed by these mocking words ;  
"Oh, just listen to the boners!  
I must say they're cheerful groaners.  
I'll declare that all these moaners  
Are really unassuming loaners.  
But they make a person weary  
Saying nothing bright and cheery.  
Ha! I will sing and dance and play,  
And I'll be joyous every day."

The voice proceeded from a case  
Where books of jokes are given place.  
The Virgil 'gan to make reply,  
And all the group forgot to sigh.  
But ere the book his speech began,  
Into the room the student ran,  
Grabbed the books of law and rule,  
And hustled off in haste to school.

RUBY M. DELVIN.

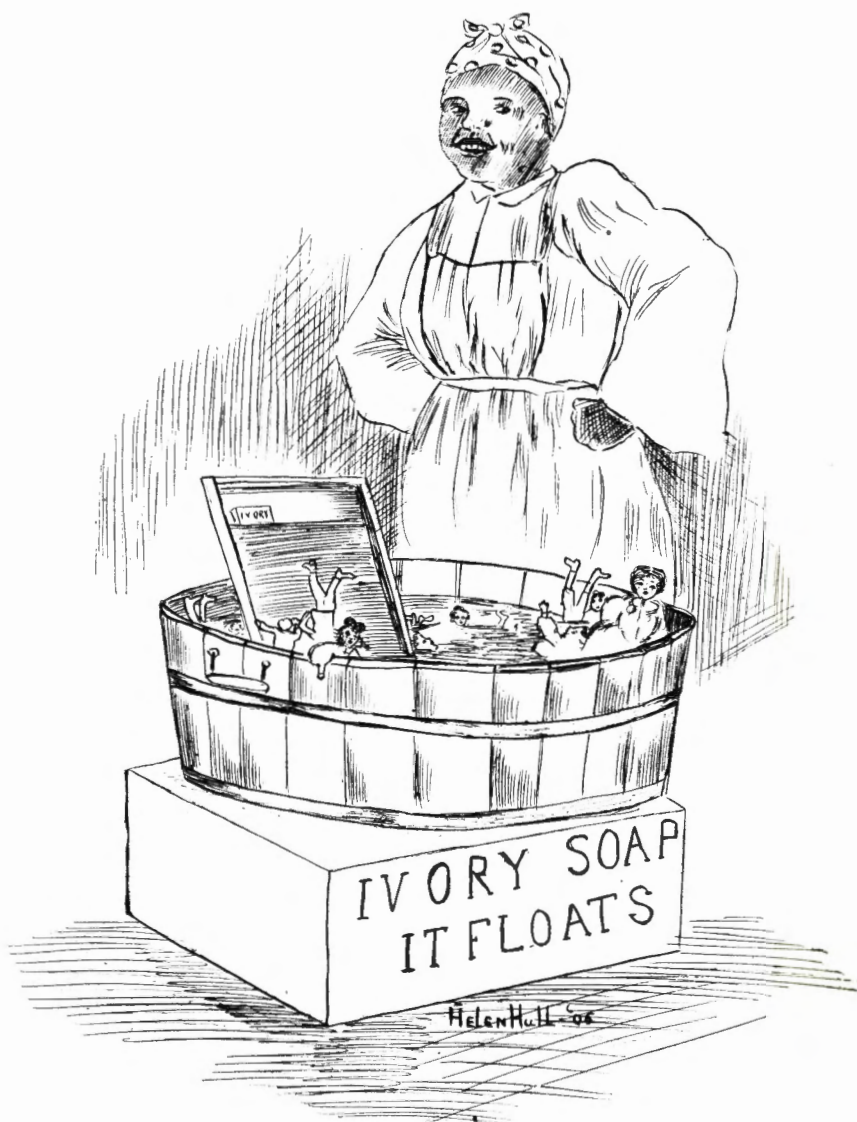
Miss Wilbur, on a dull day—"O, sugar! You don't study!"

Miss Wilbur—"What was it that could be seen sticking out of the ring-master's pocket?"

Wise Freshie—"From his pocket could be seen a — oh, I — a pitchfork!"

Miss Ewing, English XI., reciting Shakespeare—"Reap the ears of the man who the main harvest gathers."

# RUBS



## RUBS

We regret to inform our readers that the city directory is at fault in classifying Art Hurd as a "student."

Conundrum—When will Mabelle St. John be in Greek class?

Will some one please buy Mr. Barber a copy of James Whitcomb Riley's "Pomes?"

When will Edwina get her hair fixed?

Where did Edna get her snort?

When will Sylvia hold her head still?

When won't Ruby know it?

What's the difference between Ted Robson and a locomotive?

The locomotive has to be fired so it will go, and Ted Robson has to be fired so he won't go.

Did anyone ever see Hop-to-'Em let off steam?

Did anyone ever hear Billy Baumgras keep still?



## J. X.

ON the evening of February 19, '04, the 13th annual J. X. of the L. H. S. was given by the class of '05 at Baird's Opera House, which, owing to the careful training and natural theatrical ability of those taking part was a success in every way. The stage was tastefully decorated with palms and the class colors, blue and gold. The curtain rose before a large audience who were anticipating the best exhibition ever given by any class of the L. H. S., and as the performance advanced thir expectations were fully realized.

The literary part of the program consisted of an address given by the president, Clare Brackett. Following this musical selections were rendered by Miss Armstrong and Miss Staley. An able oration entitled, "Impossible is Un-American," was delivered by Miss Leah Seibly.

The second part of the program then opened by a short farce entitled, "Our Aunt Robertina," characters of which were as follows: Mr. Aspen, a retired merchant living in a western town, Kilbourne Harris; Gladys, his daughter, Helen Esselstyn; Aunt Robertina, a notable spinster, Edna Chamberlin; Robert Aspen, an English cousin, Arthur E. Hurd; Emily, a maid, Shirley Gardner; Phibbs, a man servant, William Baumgras; a tramp, George Urbanski.

The characters of the second and somewhat longer farce entitled "A Rank Deception," were Mrs. Francis Charmington, Agnes Bennett; Madelina Deering, Nelleen Sullivan; Dora Vandever, Edwina Prudden; Reginald de Bluster, Hubert C. Pratt; George Washington Wheelshaft, Franklin Clark; Frederick, James I. Bailey.

The committee having the affair in charge consisted of:

Louis Kositchek, chairman,  
Nelleen Sullivan,  
James I. Bailey,  
Edna Chamberlin,  
Arthur E. Hurd,  
Agnes Bennett,  
Franklin Clark,  
Helen Esselstyn,  
Warren Frye,  
Edwina Prudden,  
Clare L. Brackett, ex-officio,  
Miss Helen Douglas, director.

## CLASS HISTORY

**M**OST histories deal principally with the past, to some extent with the present, and hint at the future; so with ours. As nearly as can be ascertained the class came into existence between the years 1884 and 1889, our youngest member being Hazel Sutherland. The majority of us were born in the state of Michigan, but there are members from Ohio, North Dakota, California, Maryland, Wyoming, Holland, and Persia, while Leon Starmont informs us that he was born in the state of "infancy." We are all Yankees, but in descent English, Scotch, French, German, Irish, Dutch, Swedish, and Hubert Pratt claims Polish.

The first date in our history as a class, is September 3, 1901, when we entered upon our High School course. Soon after this we held our first class meeting with Mr. Hurd present to start us in a business-like way. In other meetings during the year we decided on class colors, motto, yell, and other like matters.

Of perhaps more interest than our class meetings, this first year, were several other facts, which we enumerate:—essays we wrote and handed in to Miss Eaton; the Senior reception in our honor on October 18th; several cases of mumps; the falling of the plaster from our assembly room; our one fire drill; Miss Osborne's music lessons, which resulted in the chorus singing a song for chapel in the big assembly room; and early dismissal every other Friday on account of the sessions of Senate, House of Representatives, and Sophomore rhetoricals; and one other event at the close of the year for which we were very sorry, the resignation of our good friend and superintendent, Mr. Holmes.

Our Sophomore year was perhaps the most difficult for those who had second year Latin, but for others not so hard, though we might remark that, upon investigation, the fact appears that the majority have had our highest mark in Latin. This year we all enjoyed general history, in which we had our well-remembered debate on Alexander and Cæsar. The only occurrences of interest were the picture taken of the big assembly room, when there was considerable difficulty in grouping the pupils so that all should show to advantage, and was finally a failure; the discussion as to whether or not we should purchase class pins; and the much regretted resignation of Miss Smith.

Last year was remarkable for interesting class meetings. We had quite a dispute as to what shade of blue was our class color. Samples were brought, secretary's book studied, the subject much debated, and finally we decided on light blue.

Miss Douglas was meanwhile supervising preparations for the Junior Ex which everyone said was a brilliant success, thanks to her faithful work.

March twenty-fourth a class meeting was held with the purpose of deciding how much money taken in from the Junior Ex should be given to the Athletic Association. The girls decided that \$15 was sufficient, while the boys contended that \$30 was little enough. Finally, after motions to give half a cent, and some other such witty ideas on the part of the boys, the girls decided to give \$20. It must be remembered that the meeting was called at 3:30. At five Mr. Sloan came in to say that the doors would soon be closed. To make a long story short, the girls had their way.

The next day was interesting as being the worst of the flood. Many telephoned to Mr. Sloan to ask if there would be school. There was, and a Geometry test, too. Several came till after this, but still more did not come at all. There was no serious epidemic of which the teachers knew, except that of skipping, so when school opened after spring vacation there were many gray admits handed out.

Other incidents worthy of mention were our numerous fire drills; a change in the seating of the main assembly room; basketball for the girls; a new flag on the staff after spring vacation; the resignation of two more of our kind teachers, Miss Bronson, and Mr. Slaughter; and one other incident which was rather amusing then. It was when two of our number kindly swept the big assembly room, one fourth hour. However, we little thought at the time that it was training one of them along lines which might be useful within a year.

Among other things, these first three years, we enjoyed chapel nearly every Thursday morning.

This past year has been eventful indeed. In the first place, the girls elected Antoinette Hill president, and following the class meeting, together with Mr. Sloan, were treated to ice cream by the president, whom they cheered repeatedly.

There were many rumors of both boys' meetings and girls' meetings before and after the election, but the next class meeting was a week later for the purpose of electing a vice president, an office left vacant by the resignation of J. I. Bailey, who probably felt bashful about holding it under a girl. Christopher Columbus, the man in the moon, Edna



Chamberlin, and others were nominated, but finally William Baumgras was chosen.

October 28 school was dismissed early on account of smallpox, and better yet—no one was allowed to take books home. However the scare did not prevent a large number enjoying the Freshman reception which was held that evening in Assembly Hall.

November 18 we were again excused early for the same reason, and this time we had a whole week of vacation, thanks to the president's issuing a proclamation that the twenty-fourth should be Thanksgiving Day.

On this day the High School played Detroit in the last game of football for the year, carrying off the laurels as usual.

In the autumn a chorus was organized which sang in the main assembly room on the Friday before Christmas vacation, but the Seniors did not have the privilege of enjoying it. The Zodiac and High School Orchestra have also taken up the attention of some Seniors. But a matter of more universal interest is that of historical essays. At the end of the first semester Miss Douglas left us and Mr. Barber came to take her place. We all know it is customary to have a little fun when a new teacher comes, but Mr. Barber seriously objected to whispering. Being much interested in history himself, and desiring to make us also, he concluded a good penalty for the crime would be to write essays, which would take both time and hard work. At least half of us know the pleasures of this "historical research" and some have experienced the pleasure three times.

When school reassembled after Lincoln's birthday, Mr. Barber gave us a very entertaining talk, taking as his subject, "Lincoln, the Statesman," not, however, confining himself very closely to the text. Other favorite themes of his seem to be "My Mexican Girl" and "My Lansing Girls."

Spring vacation came as usual and then one session, which brings us to the present. But before leaving the past to total oblivion, a few pleasant memories come to us, some of which we enjoyed greatly at the time, others not so much. First, we might mention our two essays of last year, one to be a concrete, the other an abstract subject; next, the illustrated books on *L'Allegro* and *Il'Penseroso*, which some of us preferred in place of a test; then comes that time-honored phrase, "Between now and time for class tomorrow I should like to speak to—somebody;" also our impromptu talks in Miss Atkins' Latin classes; our supplies in Physiology and Senior English, and our assistants, Mr. McVey and Kilbourne Harris, in the physical laboratory; our talks about publishing the "Lens," of which Warren Frye was to be the editor; the conver-



sations between Miss Cook and Leo Kositchek in English; the fire drill when an attempt was made to use the old alarm as a gong; and last, but by no means least, our Junior and Senior hops.

As to the class at present, in height we vary from five feet one inch, to six feet; in weight, from one hundred pounds to one hundred seventy; in politics, while there are a few Democrats, most of the girls, and Harrie Yakeley are Prohibitionists, and the rest who have politics, Republicans. We differ more in religion, being made up of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Hebrews, Adventists, and undoubtedly, more or less heathen. We have but one member who is only half of himself—as to whether the better or worse, we may not say—in other words, Clinton Nelson is our only married person. But we might add that most of the girls, upon being questioned as to whether they were married or not, answered, “Not yet.” Another matter of interest is along what lines we excell. With some it is music, others art, athletics, knowledge of mechanics, skill in cooking, while with a good share of girls it is making fudge.

For the future our different ambitions are law, art, music, school teaching, to become trained nurses, missionary or sister of charity (by the way, Louis Kositchek might have something to say to the person who has this ambition), Carac Hume’s is to “marry a pretty girl,” and Helen Hull’s “to wear a crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand,” but we might tell her that only the good die young.

And now, remembering how much we owe to our teachers for this start in training for our life’s work, we wish all our classmates the greatest success in life, with the reminder that “Impossible is Un-American.”

HELEN MARTHA ESSELSTYN.

## “IMPOSSIBLE IS UN-AMERICAN”

AFTER a tiresome journey of sixty-five days across the trackless sea and a month's exploration along the New England coast, on the 20th of December, 1620, the Mayflower anchored in Plymouth harbor. Five days later the weary band of Pilgrims left their ships and stepping upon the great rock, which was to stand as the corner-stone of the American nation, returned thanks to God for his protection and entered a new world. Before them lay the vast expanse of wilderness which already bore traces of the bitter winter. Hardships and privations innumerable confronted them—no homes, no friends, no comforts of life,—save only an impenetrable forest filled with savage beasts and more savage men. From *this*, they must make homes, with *these*, they must make friends or prove themselves the conqueror. Stout indeed was the heart and indomitable the will necessary to carry into effect this purpose. Few people would have dared to face the cruel winter under such unfavorable circumstances; but *this* was the embryo of the American nation, and here amid the hardships and privations of the New World they set the seal of “Impossibility” on Americanism.

Step by step they conquered the difficulties surrounding them. One by one colonies were established along the sea coast; sympathy and brotherly love united this brave, religious band, still loyal to the mother country and her king. But there was another element in this industrious people—the keynote of American greatness, the undying love of Liberty. For this they became exiles, forsaking homes, friends, and comforts; for this they had established new homes and endured untold hardships in a strange land, and for this they were soon to enter into the most remarkable war in the history of nations.

The grain fields, concealing the graves of loved ones unable to endure the strenuous life, furnished them with food; the cotton and wool by the dextrous hands of the women gave them clothes, and soon a little nation began its existence in the land of freedom. But financial embarrassments of the parent country caused her to become oppressive, and the spark of American liberty which had smouldered during the pioneer days burst into flames, and thirteen little colonies—unskilled in the arts of war, unequipped, and without financial resource—dared, upon the Fourth of

July, 1776, to declare themselves a free and independent nation. The old world smiled in derision at the *impossible* result, for they had yet never known the elements of Americanism. The Declaration of Independence looked to them like the bombast of a schoolboy—that a great nation was that day born into the universe seemed an impossibility, yet among the English leaders a few such men as Burke, Pitt, and Fox, realized that they were to meet an element hitherto unknown in colonial life. At the end of five years' struggle, when the immortal Washington first stood before the world as the people's chosen leader, and the United States of America was recognized as a free and independent nation, when

"The glorious flag with its crimson bars,  
Its field of blue, and its thirteen stars,"

rose above the little colonies on the eastern coast of the broad, unknown continent, the world had received the first demonstration that "Impossible is Un-American."

But marvelous as must have appeared to them these results, they were nothing compared to its future. Less than three hundred years ago last Christmas day one hundred two Pilgrims landed at Plymouth harbor. One hundred and twenty-seven years ago the fourth day of last July the three million colonists declared their independence. In 1861, thirty million people declared that the United States should be one and undivided. In 1904 eighty millions of people declare her the greatest and most beloved land in the known world. Like a fairy tale is its history. In place of the hand-tilled fields along the eastern sea-coast we have the great western prairies—then an unknown land—where wheat from its thousands of acres is exported to every civilized land on the globe. In place of the hand-loom and spinning jenny, great factories send forth millions of dollars worth of the finest productions in the market. While from beneath its surface, minerals, salts, and oils are making it the richest nation in the world.

When less than a century and a half ago its defense by land and sea was the poorly armed colonists, today its standing army and its magnificent navy are among the proudest in the world.

From the coast of the Atlantic with its centers of culture and world famed manufactures, across the agricultural and commercial districts of the middle, and the great stock ranches of the west-central states, to the coast of the Pacific, yes, across the waters of the Pacific, to its new possessions in the far distance, it throbs with the mighty impulse of progress. Great cities and palatial homes take the place of the log huts in the forest. The dangerous Indian is now either extinct or having become



civilized by the mighty tide of progress is uniting with the other representatives of various races in this great amalgamated unit. Year after year, hundreds of people from foreign lands settle within our borders—a few years more, and the ignorant foreigner, filling his soul with the free air of culture and education has become a part of the massive whole—his sons and daughters under its government rise to places of influence and esteem. Again America demonstrates the possibility of making citizens true and loyal to her precepts from all the “strangers within her gates.”

Every year marks its advance in some new line. Great colleges, universities, and institutes are making it more wise; laboratories of science and workshops of invention are making it more famous; its own unity and its theories of expansion are making it more powerful; observation and statecraft are making it more diplomatic. With commerce, wealth, wisdom, fame, power, diplomacy, and religious liberty, what can be called “Impossible to America?”

And her sons and daughters, with such a heritage, such a birthright! No coronet descending from a proud line of noble ancestry can be to man or woman such a blessing as the banner of liberty. No blood coursing through the veins can claim a more glorious allegiance than to that which was shed for the preservation of their home and the worship of their God.

The possession of a land where no man is bound by the shackles of slavery or oppression, where worth, energy, and character are the only passwords of brotherhood—with such a heritage the American boy or girl may accomplish what he will, for “Impossible is Un-American.”

LEAH M. SEIBLY.

Miss Cook, in English—“Where is the home of the soul, Mr. Wood?”  
Mr. W. (doubtfully)—“Heaven?”

Mr. Sloan, in History—“Where did the Pilgrims go after leaving Holland?”

Miss Stolte—“South Haven.”



## PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

THE exercises of this week complete four years during which we have lived in a world practically our own. A world filled with hopes and aspirations of what this day would mean to us. But upon reaching it we find that our hopes are brighter, our aspirations higher, our longings deeper than in any preceding years. Our ambition for knowledge, for learning, for breadth of character, has received a new impetus by the demonstration of the hour.

When we entered the High School as Freshmen, graduation seemed far in the distance, but with perseverance, courage, and fortitude, under the guidance of able instructors, we stand ready to receive the honors that our school is willing to confer upon us. We are just far enough to see new opportunities and new avenues of learning, each demanding our consideration. We see the doors of the Normal School, of the College, and of the University opening before us, each willing to accept the academical standing of our Lansing High School and usher us on and on into larger fields of thought, greater activities and broader conceptions of life.

Nor would we forget that there is another school wherein the student is educated, not by the carefully chosen subjects of learned directors, but where he must learn for himself from the great school of life. To those privileged to pursue advanced study in our colleges and universities, the time to decide upon some definite line of life work is partially postponed. But even now the question presents itself to every member of our class. What course shall we follow in order to make the best of this four years of rigid study and necessary discipline? Viewing our future work from this standpoint, graduation means not completion, but truly commencement.

Should we enter the industrial life, we find the opportunities for success greater than ever before, for the educated, the honest and the trustworthy. Problems are met every day in the office and shops of our great industrial institutions that demand the educated man, the man of brains. This is equally true of the political and professional life. The men and women of brains are those who are to make the world better, politically, socially, industrially, morally.

Are we to join the masses, leaving the world as we find it, or are we to leave the imprint of personality, of individuality and character upon it? What shall be our heritage to the generation which follows?

I have faith in the class that I represent. I have hope for the future of every member, because of the strenuous efforts they have put forth, and the progress they have made during these past years.

The Senior Class wishes to pay tribute to the classes it is now leaving. We have formed among you companionships and ties that have bound our hearts together, filling our memory with sweet reminiscences. Through the eye of retrospection we shall follow you, step by step, through this institution and through higher intellectual pursuits in the more classic halls of colleges and universities. We bid you Godspeed. We go from the scholastic atmosphere of our Alma Mater with fixed purposes, with decision of character, and with unflinching and unwavering determination. With such purpose, such character and such determination our success is assured and our destiny determined.

"Be this our wall of brass; to feel no guilt within, no fault to turn us pale."—*Horace*.

ANTOINETTE HILL.

## “OUR NOBLEST BIRTHRIGHT”

**I**T has been said: Work is the noblest birthright of the human race. “It is not a curse, but a benediction, not a mark of degradation or servitude, but an insignia of royalty.”

The entire physical and mental world find motive power, alone, in untiring effort. Years of patient toil dragged the huge stones across the plains of Egypt to produce the architectural wonders of the world. It opened, foot by foot, the vast tunnel through the Alps; it sinks the piers for the bridge over Great Salt Lake; it irrigates the western deserts, making them to blossom and bring forth fruit; it says that in spite of continued failure, man shall yet ride upon the winds and travel among the clouds.

Hardships become but stepping stones to the man filled with potential force, knowing that “idleness breeds stagnation, whose only issue is corruption, decay, and death.”

It was the blind poet, depending upon chance visitors for assistance, who wrote the greatest epic of literature. It was Toussaint L'Ouverture, the slave, who triumphing over French arms made himself monarch of St. Domingo. It was the indefatigable Stanley who explored the unknown regions of Africa.

Labor began with the creation of the earth. God gave to mankind an incomplete world, that through his toil it might be perfected. He was given the raw material, latent with possibilities. The entire earth is a treasure-house opening its doors only to personal effort. In the heart of the earth, God placed minerals and gems, in the soil elements necessary for the nourishment of vegetation, he filled the sea with untold wealth, making even the elements obedient to the will of man.

It is labor which educates and develops the individual, it acquaints man with himself, sets him in harmony with nature, creates self-control, character, moral power, and that educational result we call civilization. It produces art, literature, science, everything which comes as a blessing to mankind. Therefore we should not look upon it as a burden, but as a pleasure, knowing that there is no reward but as a result of effort.

If blessed with financial heritage it represents the labors of others.

It matters not what your position is, it is the result of someone's effort. Nor does it matter what the task before you, it is the worker which dignifies the task and not the task the worker. Nothing honorable or sincere is below the best effort of manhood or womanhood.

The history of the world is a record of marvelous achievements, both personal and material resulting from constant and well directed energy. In the archives in the Atheneum at Hartford, Connecticut, there is carefully preserved a small strip of paper. To the observer it is but a single télégram sent to Baltimore from the Supreme Court Chamber at Washington, on May 24, 1844, bearing these words, "What hath God wrought?" Yet to the thoughtful it tells the wonderful story of disappointments, toil, privation, poverty, with the final triumph that revolutionized the business world. And Samuel F. B. Morse had opened the first door in electrical science whose development continues more and more to surprise even the progressive twentieth century; an age in which there seems no limitation of possibilities either to man or science.

Untiring personal energy is the life history of nearly every prominent man before the world today. The man born in slavery, who has forged his way, step by step, to a position, not only as leader of his race, but whose ability is recognized in the audiences given him by the rulers and potentates of every land he visits is a truly American illustration of pluck and determination, and I believe he is doing more to solve the great American social problem than any other living man—because the basis of his theory is, "There is no equality but as the result of personal achievement." To the students of his school he says, "When you can prove yourself, by your own efforts, the equal of the white race, then, and not until then, you are." A few years ago in the great northwest there lived a boy, cursed by a drunken father, obliged to help the hard-working mother to obtain food and shelter for the family, little thinking that the hour would come when he should sit in the palatial government house of Minnesota. No governor of the state has ever been placed there with a larger majority than John B. Johnson.

Almost our entire industrial and financial systems stand as active proof of the power of effort and sagacity.

That "Impossible is Un-American" was proved when the owner of a small stockyard became the proprietor of one of the largest packing houses in the world; when the newsboy became the multi-millionaire railroad president, or the rail-splitter the head of the nation.

England may bow before the impoverished race of noble blood, the old world may pay homage to crowns and coronets, but America in her truest



and highest development will ever be the worshiper of personal achievement and manly industry.

God designed us for a noble purpose, placing us in a "trial world" that we may develop every element of our nature to highest perfection. Duty demands that we should neither seek an easier task nor fail in the one assigned, but taking our birthright as one of the richest blessings, work for higher standards mentally, morally, physically, and spiritually.

GERTRUDE M. CREYTS.

### WHAT SOME SENIORS WISH FOR A GRADUATING PRESENT

- A. Bennett—A New Gunn.
- L. Starmont—A Gardner.
- N. Vance—Cole for Next Winter.
- H. Pratt—A Belle.
- C. Brackett—"Any Pretty Girl."
- H. Sutherland—Poems of Louis I.
- A. Stabler—Flowers.
- K. Harris—Cora(1).
- N. Sullivan—The Hand of an Earl.
- E. Prudden—A Victor.

Mr. Sloan, in Civics—"Miss Hartley, who were the husbandmen?"  
Miss H.—"I thought they were those that graze."

Mr. Barber, in Political Economy—"I have a pair of boots and I want to exchange them for something another farmer has."

Mr. Barber, in Political Economy—"Who was the great single tax exponent?"

Silence.

"Surely you haven't lived these 25 years without knowing that!"

## HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY, NO. II

(MODERNIZED)

O THAT this too, too prosaic book would either  
Burn or resolve itself into a smoke,  
Or, that Cobb, our instructor, had not fixed  
His canons 'gainst the flunker! O Cobb! O Cobb!  
How weary, dry, flat and improbable  
Seem to me all the laws of this book!  
Fie on't! Ah fie; 'tis an unending burden  
That wearies man; things dark and deep in nature  
Possess it only \* \* \* That it should come to *this*,  
But two months back; nay, not so much, not two;  
So excellent a mark; that was to this  
As whole to half: so pleasing to the student  
That he might then behold the plans of future  
With a hope most worldly. Physics and "A"!  
Must I remember? Why, I would work on it  
As if desire of knowledge had grown  
By what it fed on; and yet,—within a month,—  
Let me not think of 't! Flunking, thy name is torture.  
A little month, or ere these shoes are old,  
With which I wended my way to Physics class  
Like a "Prof." all wisdom. Why, "Junior"—even he—  
O! Fate! A "Freshie" that wants knowledge of study  
Would have worked harder—Conned in a study.  
My own report card, but no more like my last one  
Than I like Carhart; Within a month  
Ere yet the hope which that most glorious mark  
Had left in triumph in my happy heart,  
I flunked. O most cruel fate, to hear,  
And with such dread, "Return this afternoon!"  
It is a "C," it cannot be erased—  
But hark! My father comes—to sign my card!

S. K. H.

## THE ZODIAC

**A**MONG the notable events of the past year was the establishment of the "Zodiac," the only paper ever published by the High School that has succeeded. In every previous attempt of this kind, a single class was the sponsor, and due to petty jealousies and inconsistencies in the treatment of the other classes by the editors, the enterprise could not succeed.

The founding of the "Zodiac" is due principally to the efforts of Mr. Sloan, who appointed the staff and set the paper upon its feet. As at first projected, seven numbers were to be published; but owing to a lack of interest on the part of the students and a seeming aversion to work on the part of the editors themselves, only five were issued. As to contents, the "Zodiac" compared quite favorably with other high school magazines of the state; the literary and athletic departments were especially good, and the pictures were far the best of any printed by a school publication in Michigan.

The staff was as follows:

### EDITORIAL STAFF

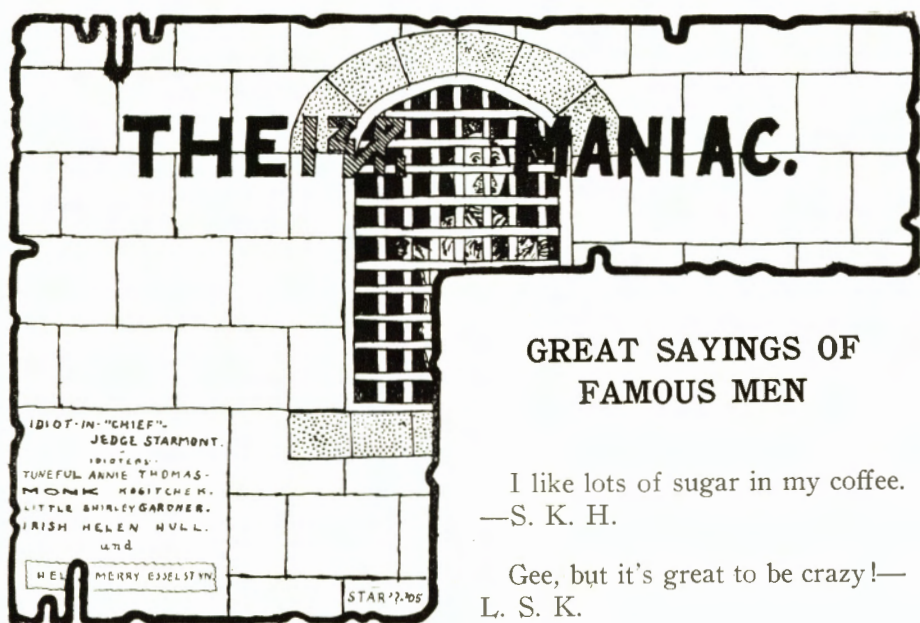
Louis Kositchek, '05	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
A. Eugene Jason, '07	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Art Editor
Hubert Pratt, '05	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Current Topics
Luella De Lamarter, '06	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Poetry and Fiction
William Atchison, '06	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Exchange
Harry Brackett, '07	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Athletics
Lakin Brown, '06	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jokes
Nelleen Sullivan, '05	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	News

### BUSINESS STAFF

Clare Brackett, '05	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
Clinton H. Chilson, '06	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Advertising Manager

### ASSISTANTS

Pearl Wood, '06	Franklin Clark, '05
Cora Todd, '05	Hazel Allen, '05
Isabelle Hamilton, '06	Minnie Karkau, '06
Helen Dodge, '07	Elizabeth Jarrard, '07
Lawrence Sterling, '07	Margaret Downey, '08
Craig Pattengill, '08	Earl Brackett, '08
Hal Waldo, '06	Frank Cook, '08



## IDIOTORIALS

Gentle readers we place to you the ferst ishue of our little magazine with the hope and trust that it may become representative of our high school. You should remember that we are armatures and forgive us our faults because we are selected under the personal supervision of Miss Coak and not mischosen by popular favoritism. the reason why is because we are not on the Oracle Board.

Hjr damfwy opnpjffi fito fi ffug  
bgk aolunpnyoiwof bgjgwilk cudli

How many exams did you get  
out of!

Why don't you read the Zodiac!

Please read the Zodiac!

## GREAT SAYINGS OF FAMOUS MEN

I like lots of sugar in my coffee.  
—S. K. H.

Gee, but it's great to be crazy!—  
L. S. K.

You can "roast" me, but not too  
much.—W. R. C.

I am hungry.—L. S.

Don't call me a *Senior!*—A  
E. H.

I have been in Battle Creek be-  
fore!—C. L. B.

There's no use in being "sore"  
over it!—H. C. P.

S-s-s-s — Boom-m-m! Gr-r-r!  
—K. E. H.

"If you want me  
To hold for you  
In the top of my head  
A high estimation,  
Just call me 'Carac!' "  
—C. M. H.



## THE MANIAC



Clement McElwain has been an occasional visitor at the High School during the past year.

Miss Wilbur finally has her Freshman English class so well trained that they merely smile when the little mouse comes out. We regret to say that the Seniors have not yet reached that stage.

We hear that Mr. Wood and Mr. Hurd, by some unaccountable oversight, remained in English class during a whole hour one day last week.

Mr. Cobb unfortunately failed to tell the second hour Physics class that "light knows geometry better than some Seniors," and that "if you put a ray of light through a concave mirror, it costs you seventy-five cents." The class, however, pardoned the omission, as it was the only time in several weeks that it occurred.

The sore-osity held a meeting recently and appointed a committee to ask the Senior class if there was anything they could do to help it. Two plans were suggested, one being to sell fifty Oracles apiece, and the other to give a special benefit and donate the proceeds to the class treasury. About this time somebody Lambda Rho-ten Tau-mato through the window and the meeting broke up.

## ADS

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Try Kositchek's Witch Hazel for bruised hearts. One of our prominent citizens writes as follows:—

"I have tried this Witch Hazel and find it to be satisfactory beyond the highest expectations. If possible, I would always have it at hand."

Yours in gratitude,

F. H. CLARK.

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There is nothing so refreshing as Kilbourne's Toddy.

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WANTED—Someone to tell Mabelle Turner who our present governor is.

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WANTED—Someone to teach Helen Esselstyn to appreciate the beauties of Virgil.

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WANTED—A Gardner.—Call Starmont, on the new phone.

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Lessons in Love.—N. Beasley.

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**ROME'S WESTWARD EXPANSION,  
264-146 B. C.**

At the beginning of the second semester, Mr. Barber, who was in charge of the Senior assembly room, made the rule that when a Senior was twice seen to whisper, he or she would have to write an essay on some historical subject which Mr. Barber would select. The following essay was submitted by one of the guilty Seniors:

It must be understood, in the beginning, that Rome and Carthage had always been at enmity since the time when Æneas had skipped out and left Dido a grass widow. Rome was as jealous of Carthage as Dido had been of Æneas, and so the Romans jumped at the first opportunity of martial conflict which presented itself, although the courses of this war are as doubtful as the age of some ladies.

The first Punic war, that is, Carthaginian war, which means war with Carthage, or to be more definite, war between Rome and Carthage, lasted from—well, you may remember it better, gentle reader, if you look it up for yourself.

The Romans resolved themselves into a shipbuilding corporation, which was at last floated in the form of 130 ships. The descendants of Father Æneas contended in

naval battles with the Carthaginians, but they found they were completely out of their element while sailing on the briny deep, besides being afflicted with sea-sickness, causing them to long for "home, sweet home."

I cannot close the history of this war without first giving an account of a foul massacre committed at the instigation of P. Claudius Plucher. Before a certain battle, when the auspices were taken they failed to be auspicious, for the sacred chickens would not eat. Claudius was not awed by the inauspicious auspices, and saying, "Well, I reckon they can drink, then," he tossed them into the cerulean depths of the foam-crested waves. The soldiers took the fate of the chickens so much to heart that they became quite chicken-hearted and failed to put up a game fight, so that Carthage won the victory.

Claudius was summoned to Rome to answer the charges preferred against him by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but a thunderstorm interrupted the proceedings and apparently cleared both the atmosphere and his character at the same time, for the matter was dropped. The ultimate fate of Claudius is not known, but it is suspected that he died.

## THE MANIAC

After the fighting was over the war came to an end.

In the second Punic war the Carthaginians were commanded by Hannibal, who, while only nine years of age, had sworn eternal hatred to the Romans. I am surprised that his father should allow him to contract the swearing habit at so tender an age.

Hannibal, after many difficulties, reached the top of the Alps and there inspired his soldiers with the soul-inspiring words,

"Here I stand, all ragged and dirty,  
If the Romans should chase me I'd  
run like a turkey."

His men echoed the sentiments with loud cheers which caused them all to feel very cheerful. Then they all descended into Italy, and had numerous adventures. I would describe these more fully, but Homer has said, "Brevity is the soul of wit," and so I refrain.

Finally the soldiers did run like turkeys and Carthage ate humble pie of Rome's baking.

Then Cato got an idea which he aired at every opportunity, namely, "Carthago delenda est," which being translated is, "We must wipe the dust with Carthage." After some discussion, they did so, though it is said that some of the Carthaginians were so unreasonable as to object, but I fail to see their object in so doing.

Hannibal fled to several places and finally committed suicide in the solitude of his own apartment, having given the world those famous lines, "To be or not to be, that is the question," etc.

And it was thus that Rome became mistress of the seas, and she managed to seize about everything that came her way.

In conclusion, I can only quote from the famous comedy written by Kipling:

Polonius—"What do you read, my lord?"

Hamlet—"Words, words, words."

ANNIE F. THOMAS.

TRANSLATION OF IRRFÄHRTEN

BY A - F R - D P - - C - F - R.

(One of the rules of the school is that during the half-day session, when a student is absent or has not prepared his lesson, he must return some afternoon and make up the work missed. This is a sample of a German translation, written in the afternoon, when the student was in a hurry.)

Pg. 51, ll. 20-29.

Now, what was that to the hangman? Did he wear, without being noticed, something noticeable in appearance or something disorderly on his clothes? He contemplated, so far as that without himself could happen laughter ———, from head to foot, could not discover the trifle, and thereby was the whisper always strong; indeed the old gentleman, who seemed to have the higher direction of the bank, actually maintained himself, aimed the look firmly on him, with one of the gamblers and the latter motioned over to a servant, with whom he whispered something and to whom he gave in all events a commission or errand.

Pg. 52, ll. 9-20.

For that was at last to him outside a joke, and while the blood arose in the temples and he felt out and out, as if he was red all over, he fixed his eyes firmly and determined upon the Person who was

staring at him, in order to obtain now for the first time a definite hold on someone—but it did not prove successful. When he looked firmly himself—, everyone looked sideways; and yet he knew, that all other looks fell on him, and at last tired to be the end of such an intolerable attention, he turned and walked out into the next hall.

Pg. 52 and 53, l. 32-l. 5.

In like manner one of the servants came in, and began to dust of the table, and made his occupation very long there in, until he again stood up and left the place. Now he came upon the restaurant, but not with the best results: indeed, it was evident that the followers of the restaurant whispered something about him, where upon he himself whispered something into the ear of the waiters and then in a like manner observed sharply his movements.



## LYRICS

There once was a lady named  
 White,  
 Whose head was way up out of  
 sight;  
 When told to have her pictu,  
 She said, "Horribile dictu!  
 To look pleasant is out of my  
 might."

There was a man and he was game,  
 And Mr. Barber was his name;  
     He took a gang  
     Of girls to Wang  
 And quickly he acquired great  
 fame.

A Senior with love became hot,  
 And proposed to a maid on the  
 spot.  
 When he asked, "Will you wed?"  
 The maid Prudden-ly said,  
 "I de-Clare! I really cannot!"

Part of our Physics lesson was—  
 "Draw a vibration wave."  
 At last I had it finished,  
 Though it fairly made me rave.

With care-lined brow I sat in class,  
 And heard Miss Delvin dare  
 To say to me in frightened tones,  
 "I drew two; will Cobb care?"

Oh, we can print 'most anything  
     Regarding you, you see,  
 Because we are the editor,  
     And you're the editee!

## A TRAGIC TALE

It was a wild, dark night, and  
 all the agony of long past ages  
 seemed pent up in the wind as it  
 howled and shrieked in its misery.  
 A gentle breeze lifted the waving  
 locks from the marble brow of  
 Chauncy Onthespot Green, as  
 bathed in the soft rays of the  
 moon's kindly light, he ascended  
 the steps of her palatial resi-  
 dence. Stealthily, panther-like,  
 did he ascend the steps, and  
 his heavy footsteps echoed and  
 thundered through the dismal alley.  
 As he took his hand and laid it up-  
 on the doorknob, something struck  
 him. It was only a ray of light, of  
 love-light, coming from the eye of  
 the cook as she gazed upon the  
 policeman, which making the angle  
 of incidence equal to that of re-  
 flection, since light knows geometry  
 better than some Seniors, had  
 struck him, just over his eye. He  
 removed his watch from his pocket  
 and pressed it tenderly above his  
 eye, not noticing in his fury that  
 three drops of the gore from the  
 wound lingered upon his otherwise  
 immaculate cuff—which fact was to  
 cause the intensest sorrow his shat-  
 tered young life had ever known.

Fairy footsteps pattered down  
 the hall. His heart, vibrating 256  
 times per second, produced the note  
 of "C," and as the door swung ma-  
 jestically upon its hinges, he did  
 indeed "C" her.

"Hush!" she screamed, as she fell upon his neck, dislocating that member; "Hush! the game is up. The clock strikes the hour. Oh, curfew must not ring tonight."

"My, don't your heart," he started to reply, when a hand, firm, although soft and tender, seized him by the collar, in sweetly modulated tones, said in a whisper, "Conjugate 'do' in the present tense, simple, progressive, emphatic."

Trembling, he began, "I am done, I am undone, I am over done, I am too done," when a dog barked in the distance, and with a rapturous cry, "A dog—it's a dog—," the tall, white lady vanished into the night.

The tap, tap, tap, of crutches on an asphalt pavement was heard, and in abject terror he and she crouched upon the stairs. For permission to speak did not mean to stay all the hour, and if you wanted to come back and study in the afternoon you could. But the sound of the crutches died away. He drew a sigh of relief from his vest pocket and handed her half of it.

As they boarded the car they met a crowd of men carrying a fair youth upon another board. His lips were compressed, his eyes were fixed, his cheek was pale, his hand pulsated feebly in the air. As the conductor took up the contribution he told them 'twas a man from Chicago, and he had been setting next a man from Ethiopia. There was little chance for his recovery so they

dropped a pair of tears and passed on.

As they neared their destination, it was "quarter of eleven, but the clock struck three." Their hearts beat fast, but not in unison. No, merely in Lansing did they beat. He lighted a cigar, and as he took the first puff she bent her lovely face near his, in encouragement in his disastrous and novel undertaking, when of a sudden a wild explosion rent the stilly night, and she was no more! For she had merely mistaken the gasoline can for the powder box, when she made her toilet. Beware! gentle reader, beware!

A sadder but a wiser youth, he turned his feet back. Swiftly he was speeding along when a mighty man rose before him, and in sepulchral tones demanded, "Know ye aught of the Jonysonian diamonds, rash youth?"

Chauncy's hair clove to the top of his mouth, his teeth rose on end, his tongue chattered. He raised his hand to speak, when the man saw the three gory drops upon his cuff, and drawing his revolver, shrilled, "Villian, you, and you only, have done this deed—so die!" He pulled the trigger, and the shock to Chauncy's nerves was so tremendous that he at once perished, or died, to use simpler language. He was true to his name. He was always Onthespot, even when he perished, a martyr to his cause. LLUH NELEH, '05.

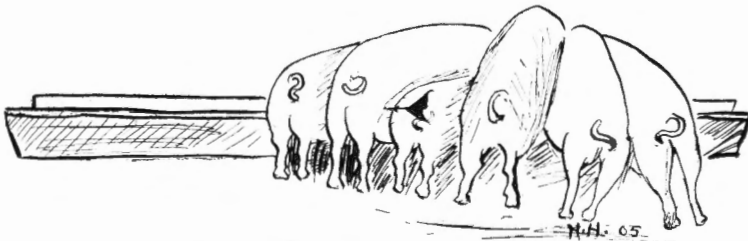
## THE MANIAC

### JAMES, HUBERT AND CLARE

James, and Hubert, and Clare, one day,  
 Declared they would like to be  
 The High Muk-i-muk,—the I-am;—nay,  
 The President, don't you see?  
 So they gathered together their henchmen bold,  
 And sent them here and there,  
 And many a wonderful tale was told  
 Of James, and Hubert, and Clare.

James, and Hubert, and Clare, you see,  
 Had lofty hopes, and high;  
 They were n't quite It, but they 'd like to be.  
 (Don't blame them! So would I!)  
 So they sent out their friends, and fished for votes:  
 The election was held;—and there  
 Were heard the solemn and sorrowful notes,  
 Of James, and Hubert, and Clare.

James, and Hubert, and Clare, at first,  
 Were puzzled, and sore, and sad;  
 If they could n't be best, they 'd be the worst,  
 And the class could go to the bad;  
 But after a while they changed their ways,  
 Took on a more cheerful air,  
 'Til now the girls all sing the praise  
 Of James, and Hubert, and Clare!



The Tail piece—

## CLASS POEM

C LASSMATES—the time has come to say farewell;  
Soon will our paths divide, and we must take  
Our leave of those who, on the road of life  
Have guided us thus far. Now must we strive  
To make our way alone.

You will recall  
That, in the house of the Interpreter,  
Was shown the picture of a man who sought  
The things of this world with such eagerness  
That, never looking up, he failed to see  
The golden crown which o'er his head was held.

Oh, in our coming life let us not be  
Like him, unmindful of the highest aims  
And seeking only for the worthless things  
Which lie beneath our feet. Let us be like  
The youth who, always striving upward, thought  
No hardship was too great to overcome,  
But ever struggled on until he gained  
The topmost peaks of all.

Our fathers founded this great nation; they  
Were men of noble minds and strong of heart,  
In spirit mighty as the giant oak  
Which towers above the other trees, a king.  
The master-minds for centuries have left  
To us their learning and experience;  
And shall we, when we meet with obstacles,  
Forget our birthright and stand sadly back,  
Saying, "Impossible?" Nay! knowest thou not  
"Impossible is un-American?"  
But rather let us cry "Excelsior!"  
Press on; nor be content with lower things.



Yet count it not a lower thing to speak  
Encouragement to weary souls who pause,  
Despairing, on the rough and thorny road;  
For God-like is that trait of sympathy.

O Heavenly Father, watch Thou over us,  
As we start out on ways so new and hard;  
Whene'er we meet temptation, shield Thou us;  
Whenever we are wearied, strengthen us,  
Nor let our feet stray from the path, lest we,  
At random wand'ring, e'er should lose our way  
And ne'er attain what we had striven for.

But hasten! Father Time is calling us,  
And urgent is his call; we must obey.  
Sweet have the hours of childhood been, but now  
Behold! the gates swing open, and we stand  
Upon the threshold of a newer life,  
One bright with promise and with joys to come.  
Behind us now the gates are closing; we  
May never see our childhood days again.  
Dear childhood days,—we cannot bid them stay,  
And with regretful hearts we sigh, "Farewell!"

ANNIE F. THOMAS.

Miss Atkins—"One should never allow the full moon to shine upon one, but should lower the shade."

S. Gardner—"What would you do if you were outside?"

Miss Atkins, after a pause—"Oh, that depends upon the circumstances."

## BY AN UNKNOWN ROAD

OUTSIDE the tent the wind shouted angrily through the trees and the rain dashed in fury against the protecting rock. Within, the fire cast a faint light across the face of the man who was lying beside it, gazing with sombre eyes into the flames. The light grew more faint and he raised himself slowly, with difficulty, and laid a stick upon the coals. That was the last stick of wood. The fire would go out when that was burned. But what did that matter? All other things were gone, and the loss of the tiny blaze could not cause him to suffer, he was now so chilled. He smiled quietly, peacefully, then again lay down and watched the flickering flames. One by one the days of the journey slipped back into his mind, lingered a moment, and then fled.

First came the day they had started into the wilderness. They had stayed all night at the Northwest River camp, a Hudson Bay Company post. There was only one man in charge. He had wished to go with them, for he was very lonely. When they had pushed off their heavily laden canoe the next morning, they had parted with him reluctantly, and had watched the lonely figure until the morning mists blotted it from their vision.

At first all went well. The river ran through a spruce covered valley between high hills. It was low, and many little rapids varied the monotony of canoeing. They had traveled along, sometimes portaging everything for a few miles because the river was so shallow, until they came to the junction of two rivers. They had a map, deficient and incorrect, of the Labrador country, and from this they decided that the south branch was the river which led to Lake Michikamau, their destination. So they had started up that river. Some days they caught trout, twice they had shot wild geese, and thus they journeyed on, canoeing and portaging, camping at night, tired but content. Then when they had discovered that the river was not the Nescaupée of the map, they left it and struck across the country to the west, coming to Big River. The night they reached that, he remembered, they had had biscuit and syrup and bacon for supper. Two weeks ago the thought would have maddened him, but now he was past all desire for food.

Up this river to its source they had continued. They had passed

several lakes and had camped near one which he had cause to remember. He had sat on the shore after the day's weary toil had ended, watching the changing shadows of the mountains which surrounded the lake except where the valley opened to the west. One of the shadows, like a long ghostly finger seemed pointing at him, silently accusing him as it floated back and forth upon the water. He turned away in vain—it still followed him, pointing to him as to a contemptible thing. The wind which hurried through the spruce trees whispered "failure" as it passed. He hid his face in his hands. Was he a failure? He had tried so long—so hard—he had risked the lives of his companions—he had spent so many hours—were they wasted? In childhood, when every child has vague ambitions and desires, his had been definite, to explore the unknown regions of Labrador. He had not lost it when he grew older, as so many do, but rather it had grown stronger, until at length, in his glorious young manhood, he had started forth. Now must he go back unsuccessful, must he return when he had done so little? His heart rebelled hotly, but his judgment bade him think of those with him. He might risk his own life, but their's were not his to risk. At length he raised his head, slowly—was the finger of scorn still there? The sun was just setting, and shining through the narrow opening at the west between the mountains, it made a broad path of gold across the lake to his very feet. He rose, startled. As he gazed across this path of light to the glory beyond in the sky, his heart suddenly was glad again. As the light had banished the long shadows, so had it scattered his doubts and fears. Again he could take up his journey with new courage and new hope.

After that, for some days they pushed courageously on, determined to conquer this unknown land. The food supply had grown very low. They depended almost wholly on the fish they could catch. On and on they journeyed, little by little their hope fled. The map had been wrong. Where was the lake? What if the winter should close in upon them, provisionless? But still they had courage and struggled on.

At length one day, when they were weak from lack of food, they came to a large lake, with hills around it. He and the Indian guide had climbed to the summit of one of the hills, by painful exertion, and there, on the other side of the range of hilly country, twelve miles or so away, they could catch glimpses of an expanse of water. Their hearts told them it was Lake Michikamau, their goal—with a lake and some miles of hills intervening.

That night they camped on a small island near the mainland, thinking to go on in the morning. Their hearts were glad, for they had not failed after all. But in the morning a gale was blowing, and the lake was too

rough for them to think of venturing upon it. So they had waited there. But the wind did not die away. They waited until their food was almost gone. The fish would not bite, it was so cold and windy, and at length they saw starvation staring them in the face. They must go back—or die.

So they had started back, hoping to find the remnants of food they had cast away in their old camps. At length his strength had given out—he could not carry his pack, nor even walk. Eleven miles further on they had left a bag of wet flour. Thirty miles below was a trapper's cache. So George, the Indian, and Dillon, had reluctantly left him there, and gone on to find food and bring aid. Since then it had rained, rained, rained. He had found a piece of dried apple that morning, and as he slowly ate it, his fancy flew back to his old home—to the tree in the corner of the orchard, under which he used to lie and dream, a map of Canada at his side, his finger tracing imaginary routes through the unexplored Labrador. He had little thought then that he should die in realizing his dearest wish, or in an attempt to realize it. He sighed. He had accomplished so little of what he had undertaken, but he had done his best, and any man's best is never failure, no matter how far from success it may be.

He roused himself a little. He had not written in his diary for several days; he must say good bye, to Dillon, who would come back and find him dead. He fumbled around in his blankets—his diary was there by his hand. He rolled over on his side and slowly scrawled a few words on one of the pages.

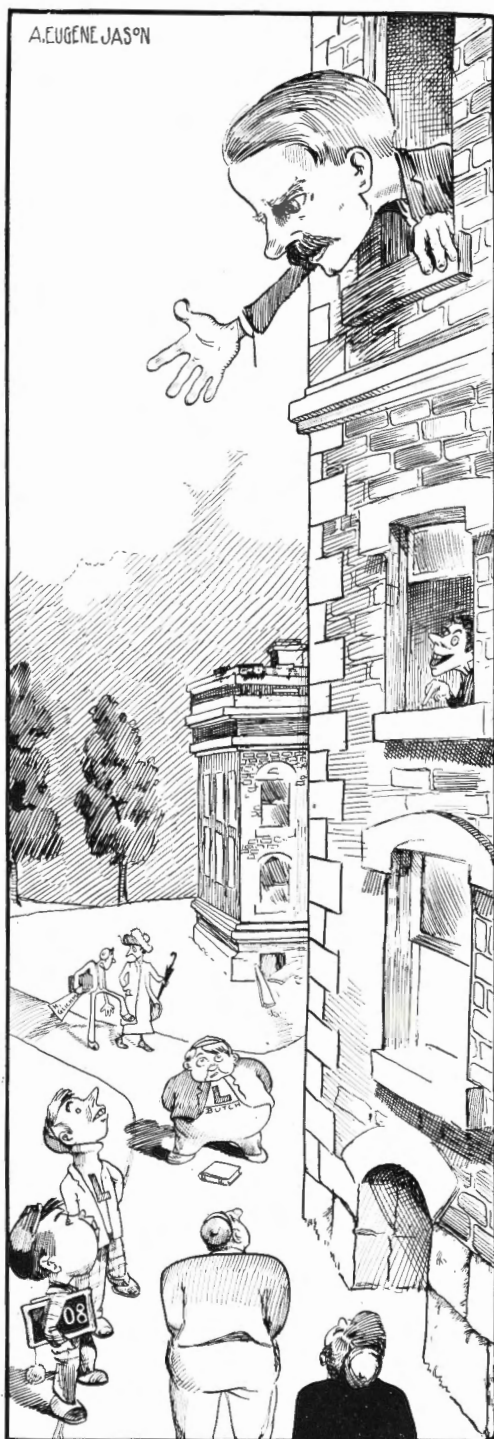
Slowly the fire had died away. The red coals crumbled into lifeless gray. His eyes closed and he fell asleep. The wind in a furious burst tore away the scanty covering of the tent, and the rain poured down upon him, but he did not move.

Weeks afterward, when all the ground was hidden by snow, two men on snow shoes came to the rock where the tent had been. Beneath the deep snow they found their friend and companion sleeping peacefully. At his side lay his diary, with the pencil between the leaves. Brushing away his tears, Dillon read the last few words.

"I see I must say good-bye, but do not be grieved. I have lived my life as well as I could, and have done what I could, so death does not matter. God bless you, Dillon, you have been a true friend. And some day perhaps you can return and finish my attempt.—The light has grown very dim— Good bye."

HELEN ROSE HULL, '05.





THAT HIGH SCHOOL RULE OF OURS  
Mr. C———. (from above) "Move on or come in, boys."

## A TRANSLATION FROM THE ILIAD, BOOK I

I N Homer's time, so long ago,  
Within his tale of strife and woe,  
We find that gods did fume and fret,  
As is the case of mortals yet.

Now, Thetis had a warrior son,  
Who to the Trojan war had gone  
To aid the Greeks in that wild fray,  
And win for them a glorious day.

But he and Atreus' son in wrath—  
'T would really make a deacon laugh—  
Had uttered words of hate and scorn,  
And parted at the break of morn.

Achilles straight to Thetis went,  
And, 'midst his tears of grief, he sent  
His goddess mother to high Jove,  
To tell him of his countless woes.

Then this we read in Homer's book,  
That Zeus upon fair Thetis looked  
In anger, and thus spoke: "Indeed  
'T would be a sorry thing to heed

Your word, and make my darling wife  
In envy fight with me in strife,  
For Hera always questions me,  
And scolds, and says that she can see  
That even now I give my aid,  
And help the Trojans in each raid.

But go, else she will see you here,  
And woe is me; still do not fear.  
With my own head I'll give the nod,  
Which, granted by the father god,  
Naught can recall, nor can it fail  
To be fulfilled, though Hera rail."

Then mighty Zeus his head did shake,  
And high Olympus seemed to quake;  
Fair Thetis, now no longer sad,  
Leaped to the sea, care free and glad.

The thunder god went to his home  
And strode the airy heights alone.  
But every god in heaven high,  
Welcomed their king as he drew nigh.

But, woe, alas! Had Hera seen  
That Thetis with her lord had been?  
Ah, yes; with bitter accents stern,  
All saw the angry goddess turn.

She spake in wrath and high disdain:  
"Intriguer, crafty one, I fain  
Would know, indeed, what meddling god  
Has counselled you to give that nod?"

You always love to fool your wife,  
And never during all your life  
In council or in kindly speech  
Have offered once to tell or teach  
Me what your plans and judgments brook;  
Nor on me do you gently look."

Then, lifting up his kingly voice,  
The monarch spake with words of choice:  
"Hera, you ever strive and try  
Into my plans and deeds to pry;

You always ask and beg to know,  
What e'er I do, and where I go.

Now, what is fitting you should hear,  
I always tell you, do not fear.  
But when I do not tell you, know  
That I have deemed it better so.  
Now, never ask and seek to find  
What lies in secret on my mind."

The queenly Hera, haughty now,  
Made answer, with contracting brow :  
"Dread Krono's son, what's that you say?  
That I have asked you questions? Nay;

You always make your plans apart  
From me, and hide them in your heart.  
And now I fear that Thetis seeks  
Grim death and woes for all the Greeks,

Till Atreus' son shall glories shed,  
And honors on Achille's head.  
Now, I have heard, most dreadful god,  
Your answer by the mighty nod."

In wrath the husband chides his queen :  
"Perverse one, thinking still, I ween ;  
I never once escape your eye ;  
You ne'er forget, nor fail to spy.

But know, 'twill be much worse for you  
To seek to learn what e'er I do.  
Sit down, be still, and have some fear  
That if I speak and then draw near,  
Not all the gods could give the aid,  
My meddling wife, though much afraid."

He spake, and she, in fear sat down,  
In silence, 'neath her husband's frown,  
But all the gods were angry then ;  
(And why? Because they're just like men.  
But here on earth domestic strife  
Oft ends in victory for the wife).

RUBY M. DELVIN, '05.





## PROPHECY

### LIST OF CHARACTERS

*Prophetess*—HAZEL G. SUTHERLAND.

*Goddess of Liberty*—CLARA STOLTE.      *Melancholy*—IRENE LOWER.

*Goddess of Jollity*—ALTA DELL STABLER.

Scene—Woodland.

Melancholy in background with scroll. Nymph hidden among green.  
Soft music.

Prophetess—Hence loathed Melancholy,  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads her jealous wings  
And the night raven sings.

(Exit Melancholy. Prophetess extends hand to Nymph.)

Come thou Goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven called Euphrosyne,  
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity.  
And on thy right hand lead with thee,  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

(Exit Nymph, returning with Goddess of Jollity.)

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek  
And love to live in dimpled cheek;  
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,  
And Laughter, holding both her sides;  
Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe.

(Goddess of Liberty enters.) Music—Stars and Stripes.

Prophetess—Then sing, oh Goddess fair and free,  
 The secrets that are known to thee,  
 The fate of men to thee made clear,  
 The life of lad and lassie dear.  
 No other eye but thine can see  
 Thro' misty light, the stern decree.  
 Let this suffice: the die is cast,  
 Look not with longing to the past;  
 Let every youth and maiden see  
 What Fate decrees must surely be.

GARRY TITUS.

Jollity—O'er the plains of Harvard wide,  
 Ball men rushing forth with pride,  
 On a bright October morn,  
 With the merry flag and horn;  
 Titus, noble hero, stands  
 With a football in his hands,  
 And above the tumult's din  
 Still we hear the shout, "Old Tim."

HELEN ESSELSTYN.

Liberty—Back to eastern lands she'll go,  
 Neath the Oriental glow;  
 Bringing forth her mission school,  
 Ever under law and rule.

KILBOURNE HARRIS.

Jollity—Bidding the muse of Orpheus sing,  
 Harris touched the sacred string;  
 As sweetly singing o'er and o'er  
 "Oh, My Lena, my Lenore."  
 To European shores he went,  
 To Africa's dark continent,  
 From morn till night his music rings,  
 As o'er and o'er this song he sings.

HELEN HULL.

Liberty—Where glowing embers through a room  
 Teach light to break the sullen gloom,  
 In the land of Holt is found  
 Doctor Hull, so brave and sound.

GARDNER, KIRK, AND CORBIN.

Jollity—Tower'd cities please us then,  
 Far from the haunts of wicked men,  
 With scores of maidens' bright eyes,  
 Search through books for hidden prize;  
 Gardner and Kirk the college hold,  
 Away from rash intruder bold;  
 While Bernice Corbin, with their aid,  
 Keeps the lasses sweet and staid.

ANTOINETTE HILL.

Liberty—She to keep her wonted state,  
 Vowed to live without a mate;  
 And since the East will not permit,  
 Some far removed place will fit;  
 Where woman still may hold her sway,  
 To Kansas, now she takes her way.  
 Prophetess—But hail, thou Goddess, so sage and holy!  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight;  
 And therefore, to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue.

EVA ERNSBERGER.

Melancholy—And night oft finds in her career  
 Before the glowing morn appear,  
 Fast in the resorts of mirth  
 With merry tales about the hearth,  
 A happy hostess, bright and gay,  
 Charming the weary hours away.

CLARE BRACKETT.

Jollity—Oft did his laugh at midnight hour  
 Stream from the hermit's lonely tower,  
 The tales of German to unfold,  
 Or Grecian legends, rare and old.  
 Obligated at last his health to seek  
 In far retreat at Battle Creek.



SARAH KEENEY.

Liberty—Reigning in the midst of leisure,  
Cultured, happy, full of pleasure,  
Leader of a woman's club,  
Sarah Keeney's at the "Hub."

BLANCHE NAGEL.

Melancholy—Companionship with sorrow keep,  
Soothing the weary into sleep,  
Helping the weak to rise again,  
Calling the wanderer back from sin.  
The lowly, all, will bless thy name,  
What richer chaplet given by Fame?

FRED MC KALE.

Jollity—Owner of a little store,  
On a western river's shore;  
Deacon, with his smiling face,  
Sunday joy of all the place.

CORA TODD.

Melancholy—Tell the story far and near  
Let the listening people hear,  
How the place of Miss Cook,  
Cora Todd, the Senior, took.

NELLEEN SULLIVAN.

Jollity—And now thro' blue Italian air,  
'Mid ancient ruins grave and rare,  
Underneath two aged trees,  
Watching a Gardner rake the leaves,  
Musing beneath her verdant bower,  
Nelleen enjoys the morning hour.

HARRIE YAKELEY.

Liberty—On the frozen northern land,  
Leader of a Russian band,  
Yakeley's heroes brave and bold,  
Oft a dangerous passage hold.

Prophetess—Haste thee, maids; beware, beware!  
Cupid waits in hiding there;  
Arrows sharp and bow well strung,  
On his arm his quiver's hung.

SYLVIA SLOCUM.

Jollity—Sylvia, maiden young and fair,  
Cupid never caught her there.  
"Heart of ice," all suitors say,  
But her pupils every day,  
At the sound of step or call,  
Hasten to her in the hall,  
Crying loud that ne'er before  
Did they a teacher so adore.

WILLIAM BAUMGRAS.

Liberty—With a judgment clear and grave,  
From the prison cell to save  
All oppressed and honest men,  
William all his aid does lend;  
Circuit judge, in state he sits,  
As his brow in thought he knits.

LOU KOSITCHEK.

Melancholy—Testing the world and regions bold,  
A cowboy on the plains behold;  
O'er acres broad of golden grain,  
And a willful wife does Louis reign.

ANNA THOMAS.

Liberty—Clio comes upon the wing,  
Laurel on her hands to bring;  
Pouring forth immortal rhyme,  
Legends, stories of all time.  
Anna, poetess of the class,  
May thy glory never pass!

EDWINA PRUDDEN.

Melancholy—Countess Politiski, young and gay,  
Passes her happy hours away;  
A widow, in yon castle old,

In Russian land of snow and cold;  
Mid statues rare and pictured hall,  
Yet she, the fairest of them all.

RAY CHASE — ADA STABLER.

Prophetess—Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures.

Jollity—Hard by a cottage chimney smokes  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Ray and Ada sweetly met,  
And at their dainty supper set.

NEVA VANCE.

Liberty—Come, sweet artist of our class  
By thy famous pictures pass  
Looks commencing with the land  
Far removed from known hand,  
Fame has claimed thee for her own,  
Known alike, abroad, at home.

HUBERT PRATT.

Melancholy—Orator of wide renown,  
Traveling all the country round;  
Speaker on each platform new,  
Hubert Pratt appears to view.

ISABELLE HARTLEY.

Jollity—Ever free from household cares,  
Singing soft Italian airs,  
Favorite of the foreign stage,  
Isabelle is all the rage.

JAY ESLER.

Melancholy—A high school building made of stone,  
Site, on a grass plot all alone,  
Esler built the structure high,  
Towering upward toward the sky.

ALICE WAGENVOORD.

To Esler's building now return,  
There you'll find a teacher stern,

With bad boys upon a bench,  
Conning o'er their Greek and French.

DONNA SAVAGE.

Liberty—A missionary in the west,  
Savage homes by her are blest;  
War whoop never gives her fright,  
Nor the death-dance of the night.

LEO KOSITCHEK.

Jollity—When the jester's bells ring round  
King and lord, with merry sound,  
Talking still to sway the rod,  
Calling forth the monarch's nod,  
Ruling empire by his say,  
Still it is gay Leo's way.

EDNA CHAMBERLIN.

Melancholy—In the land of Utah springs,  
Queen of home, she gaily sings;  
Never dreaming of the danger,  
That her love may meet a stranger.

ETHEL WEBB.

Jollity—Where with pain and fever tos't,  
Heart and courage both are lost,  
Moving among cots of white,  
Ethel goes with footstep light.

LEON STARMONT.

Liberty—Neath the capitol's lofty dome,  
Conning over tome by tome,  
All the records, old and new,  
Leon Starmont meets our view.

OLIVE GRAHAM.

As her idol she views her Star,  
On their home life not one mar;  
In Lansing you'll find their home,  
For Olive never cares to roam.



MURIEL EWING.

Melancholy—Under glowing southern skies,  
Where the stately palm trees rise,  
In a villa long and wide,  
Muriel dwells, a happy bride.

CARAC HUME.

Liberty—A doctor sage, with solemn tread,  
Softly moves about each bed;  
The patient to life allures,  
With "Hume's Great Consumption Cures."

KARL HOPPHAN.

Jollity—Ever doomed afar to roam,  
Far from haunts of peaceful home,  
Gaily now with glorious pageant,  
Karl appears, an insurance agent.

OLIVE BURDICK.

Jollity—Tho' midnight, still on Olive's brow  
The anxious traces linger now,  
A deaconess with patient hand,  
She ministers throughout the land.

J. I. BAILEY.

Liberty—To Roumania's far off strand,  
Envoy in that distant land,  
Bailey's patience never lacks,  
Columbia's burden on his back.

HAZEL ALLEN.

Jollity—A maiden fair that hath forsook  
The smile of men to write a book;  
Oft high she soars on fame's wings,  
Mid bards and poets, sweet she sings.

NELLIE THOMPSON.

Melancholy—Neath rows of elms on hillocks green,  
A modest little cot is seen;  
There observing every rule,

Teaching a kindergarten school,  
Nellie whiles the hours away  
From early dawn to close of day.

AGNES BENNETT.

Liberty—Tho' face and form were passing fair,  
Winsome, blithe and debonaire,  
Ne'er the secret will be known,  
Why our Agnes lives alone.

RUBY DELVIN.

Jollity—Mid ruins in the land of Greece,  
Where classic wonders never cease,  
Searching—nothing will appease her  
Till she finds the bones of Cæsar.

FRANKLIN CLARK.

Melancholy—And to the well-known stage anon,  
When Clark, the learned actor's on,  
Marveling at his fame today,  
From his "Greenville Tragedy."

MILDRED PERRIN.

Mildred lives a happy life,  
A leading actor's cherished wife;  
Mid mask and wig and pageantry,  
As smiling, winning "Adah Dray."

MARGARET BRECK.

Jollity—Robed in gown of purest white,  
Like clouds in snowy livery dight,  
Tripping the light fantastic toe,  
As on the merry dancers go,  
Guiding the steps of youth and maid,  
Gliding beneath the mellow shade,  
Teaching a modern dancing class,  
The pride and joy of many a lass.

ALICE ARMSTRONG.

Liberty—Alice, from the Gods descended,  
Never yet their powers offended;

That the world improved may be,  
She the woman's reign would see.

HENRY MC VEY.

Melancholy—In a cavern, all alone,  
Built of adamant and stone,  
Hunting for the liquid gold,  
McVey labors hours untold.

HAZEL BLADES.

Jollity—On a sunny holiday,  
When merry maids come forth to play,  
Hazel, graceful, sweet and tall,  
Leads the game of basket ball.

CLEMENT MC ELWAIN.

Liberty—Oft listening to the auto's horn,  
O'er the fields on sunny morn,  
McElwain, the chaffeur, rides,  
A smiling maiden by his side.

GERTRUDE CREYTS.

Melancholy—Far away in western state,  
Toiling early, toiling late,  
On Domestic Science bent,  
Gertrude, all her strength has spent.

ANNA VOGEL.

Jollity—Oh, see from the far distant Rhine,  
The midnight lamps of Anna shine;  
In "Das Vaterland" she'll gain  
All that has given Miss Lamb fame.

LUCILE MC LOUTH.

Liberty—Winning always by her smile,  
Children come for many a mile  
Books and toys from her to buy,  
For the glances of her eye.

CLINTON NELSON.

Jollity—In a cottage small neath arched groves  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,  
Happy that he a wife had won,  
E're Senior days were half done.

Prophetess—Further thoughts of mortal state,  
Are unworthy of our debate;  
Men their days in strife employ,  
We will rest in peace and joy;  
Blest the man who sends above  
Tributes of respect and love.

Mr. Rufus, Com. Geog.—“What are cattle raised for in the United States?”

Mr. Hodson—“For meat and fur.”

Miss Esselstyn, in Civics—“The laws, customs and occupations of a people constitute their civil institutions.”

Mr. Sloan—“Could you say industries just as well?”

Miss Esselstyn—“No.”

Mr. Sloan—“Well, for instance, my occupation is teaching and—”

Miss Esselstyn (interrupting)—“Well, but you may not be industrious at it.”



## BILLY AND I AND THE BURGLARS

WE sat in the library,—Billy and I,—refreshing our minds with the knowledge of books. Mr. Cobb sat at the next table, and Billy ineffectually tried to hide the sporting page of the Free Press behind a copy of the Scientific American. Billy had flunked in Physics that morning. (Of course, you see at a glance that I am not speaking of Billy Baumgras.) As for me, I had been eagerly devouring all sorts of impossible stories of impossible adventures of Mexican outlaws and all-pervading detectives, Admirable Tinkers and gentleman burglars, and had arrived at the point where I had to look carefully to learn whether Don Rodriguez, the Arizona sheriff-killer, regarded me not with sinister eye over the barrel of a Colt or a Smith & Wesson, from under the table or behind the magazine-rack,—when the janitor began to turn out the lights. Mr. Cobb then arose and inspected closely the sporting page of the Free Press which Billy still tried ineffectually to conceal behind the Scientific American. When Mr. Cobb departed I had it on my tongue to express my disapproval of such despicable deception on the part of the youthful William, but my mind was on other things,—on the weird and uncanny things which I had just read in books. I was always susceptible to the charm of romance and mystery. From my earliest childhood my ambition had been, not to shine as the second Edison, or as the tight-rope performer in the circus, nor the applause of listening senates to command, but to have people tremble like the leaves of the aspen at the mention of my name, and to be pointed out to awe-struck, wondering beholders as Gunpowder Garry, the Mystery of Main Street. The perusal of those tales of daring and adventure had awaked the dormant lust for conquest in my breast, and I felt like dashing up Capitol avenue on my untamable mustang and shooting out the street lights with my (t)rusty rifle.

As we sat on the steps talking about the girls we know (on this subject Billy and I always agree; it is the only hobby we have in common), it occurred to me that to a soul restless and longing for excitement of a more strenuous kind than lawn-tennis, a night unconstrained offered unrivaled advantages. I communicated my sentiments to Billy, and he crawfished miserably. I finally converted him, however, through a Girl.

When he and I were young we were both ardent and bashful admirers of the same girl, and many were the bloody affrays in which we engaged whenever, as often, our interests clashed, and the disappointed wooer waylaid the successful suitor upon his return trip from her home. But a third rival stepped in and copped her; and on him we turned our implacable hatred, and him we swore to punish.

Billy was waiting at the corner of Walnut and St. Joe when I got there, a little after midnight. I had provided myself with a blank cartridge revolver that I bought in St. Johns, the Fourth of July; it made it seem more life-like and wild-like, you know. Billy had no weapons, for which I upbraided him dreadfully, for who can tell when a wild Mohawk Indian or a Kansas bushwhacker is going to jump out from behind a hedge or a telephone pole. Billy asked what I intended doing to our hated rival, and I was nearly stuck for an answer, for really I had given it no thought. But I assumed a Sherlock Holmes air and assured him he should know when the time was ripe. We sat on the west steps of the capitol until one o'clock. Billy wanted to know when we were to wreak our vengeance on the head of our common enemy; but I answered him in the language of the books, and pointing across the plains (which is to say the capitol lawn), murmured: "The west wind whispers seducingly of caroling birds and the love of Indian maidens, where the flocks of shaggy buffalo munch the tender grasses and the campfires of the redskins cast a ruddy glow upon the primeval bivouac along the Big Smoky! The wind dies! From beyond the shoulder of Dead Man's Butte a solitary coyote wails: mournful, melancholy, child-like!" The caroling birds and the flocks of buffalo and the shoulder of Dead Man's Butte were the figments of my imagination; the solitary coyote was Brackett's dog; and Billy shook his fist in my face and threatened doings dire if I continued to rave thusly; whereupon we traveled.

We traveled west. Billy insisted on peeking in Todd's window to see if Harris was there, but of course, the lights were down, so he couldn't see. We traveled west. And then we stopped. Two men passed south. They did not see us. But we saw them. They wore masks. They had guns. And they carried a stepladder. I was going to pull out my blank and tell them to hold up their hands, but for some reason I could not get hold of it until they had passed around the corner. Billy was scared stiff.

I peered around the corner, and as soon as the burglars were a safe distance up the street I followed them. Billy did not want to come at first, but I shoved my blank in his face and he made haste to obey. Poor lad! he was so scared he quite forgot that my revolver was a blank!

Up the street the burglars strode, and up the street we followed them. At last they halted, set the ladder beside a porch, climbed upon its roof, and disappeared within a window. When Billy and I approached, we found it was the home of our hated rival. Billy thought the best way to be revenged on the dog was to wither away and let the burglars kidnap or murder him, but I said, "Perish, base thought! William, when will you ever be a brave man like I am?" and followed the midnight marauders up the ladder and through the window, leaving the timid Billy cowering on the dewy grass with instructions to capture the robbers if they came out. Billy is a good tennis player, but he has not much nerve.

As soon as I was in, I regretted it, for I heard one of the burglars returning through the hall, and I crawled under the bed just in time. The man in the mask drew the ladder up and laid it flat on the roof. Billy must have jumped under the porch; anyway, the man did not see him. When the burglar entered the window and left the room again, I stealthily followed him. He proceeded through a hall and down stairs, and still I followed him, being careful to keep just out of hearing. He went into the dining room, where a faint light was glowing, and I approached near enough to see the pair taking the silverware from the sideboard. Burglar No. 1 had evidently become fatigued from the exertion of drawing up the step ladder, for he removed his coat and hat and laid them on a chair beside the door. He also laid aside his mask. Then he entered the room where I was. I hid behind a curtain. He pulled open the door of a room that looked like a wardrobe. I closed the door behind him and turned the key. Then, as burglar No. 2 still had his back turned, I reached inside the door, and taking the coat, hat, and mask of burglar No. 1, I donned them. I then entered the room where the robbery was being committed, and accidentally kicked over a pile of silverware that stood by the wall.

"Confound it, Jacob," said No. 2, "that'll rouse the house, sure!" And it did. From upstairs descended a wild yell, and No. 2 leaped for the window and crashed through it, carrying the sash with him. I tried to grab his heels as he passed through, and received a kick that dislocated my wrist. I turned and found an eery apparition in white covering me with a revolver as big as a cannon, and yelling bloody murder till I feared for his lungs. In a small window in the wall appeared the smiling visage of No. 1, who coolly pointed a 44 at my head, and requested the eery apparition to unlock the clothes press door. "Why, sir, who are you?" demanded the latter. "Donald FitzDonald, private detective, at your service, sir," was the cool reply, and in answer to my expostulations and agonized pleadings, "Silence, my good man, and remember that any-

thing you may say will be used against you at your trial. Sir," (turning to the eery apparition) "it is indeed a fortunate circumstance that this person has been apprehended; he is one of the most desperate and original criminals of the century, despite his youth; he is a veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,—during the day, an innocent, stupid school-boy; by night, a safe-cracker, dynamiter, and, I fear, a murderer. To him has been traced a series of crimes, the very audacity of which will appall creation. Well, my fine fellow, we will proceed to the lock-up, where your friends are waiting for you."

How I wished that my hated rival would appear and let me off! At that moment I could have forgiven him all his sins,—I could have kissed his feet,—but inexorable fate was unrelenting, and down I hiked to the station house, my captive's captive.

No. 1 delivered me into the presence of the night-jailer, and excused himself, saying he would return for my hearing in the morning. But he never came back. In the morning I succeeded in obtaining a sympathetic listener to my sad story, and secured my freedom.

As for No. 2,—well, Billy says he chased him up into the Grand Trunk woods; but he was seen fleeing fleetly to the north with the window sash still about his neck, and Dick Cole, while coming home from Neva Vance's, met Billy racing south; Dick thought he was a footpad, and climbed a tree.



## OUR SENIOR PARTY

THOSE of our beloved class who were willing to lay aside the dignity of Seniors for a few short hours and enjoy once more and perhaps for the last time, the pleasures of children when assembled for a romping, good time, will remember with many a smile and perhaps a long and hearty laugh, the evening of February 24, 1905, when Miss Helen Esselstyn acted as hostess at a children's party, given at her home on Maple street west.

The invitations were given around with the request to dress as children of ten years, and come prepared for fun.

Most of us obliged her, and, when once gathered together behind those friendly window curtains, and, the curiosity of examining each other died out, our fun and games continued until the next morning.

Many games, such as "London's Bridge is Falling Down," "Ring Around the Rosy," "Drop the Handkerchief," "Winkum," and "Post-office," were heartily indulged in, although the latter panned out to be a dismal failure, with the exception of two fond lovers whose names will not here appear.

Meanwhile a large dish of all day (2 min.) suckers was standing where all had free access to them. They were fully appreciated and began to disappear very rapidly.

After tiring of the games, our hostess showed us a large bowl of orange punch, which also rapidly vanished. Later in the evening ice cream (in small quantities) and several kinds of cake were served.

The cream was enjoyed undoubtedly as well by the under classmen as by the Seniors. The last of us finally left for home about 12:45, thus ending a most delightful evening.

S. K. H.



RESOLVED! -

THAT MISS WILBUR HAS  
GOT TO GO HOME SO LOUIE <sup>AND</sup>  
ME CAN KISS THE GIRLS  
LET'S PLAY POST-OFFICE! I  
DO N'T SEE WHY MISS WILBUR  
WON'T LET US. - OH, WOMAN, IN  
YOUR HOURS OF EASE YOU'RE  
AWFUL SHY <sup>AND</sup> HARD TO PLEASE;  
BUT KISSES ARE THE HEART'S  
DELIGHT, - O.K., - RICH, - SCRUMP-  
TIOUS; - AINT IT RIGHT? -  
IT IS NONSENSE TO CALL FOR  
THE SAME GIRL ALL THE TIME. - IT  
IS N'T MANLY TO MAKE A GIRL LET  
YOU OFF EASY; - STEP UP <sup>AND</sup> TAKE  
YOUR DOSE LIKE A  
MAN, - OR A STAR.

IF HE WAS  
ANY



- BUSTER MONK.  
P.S. - I'M GLAD BAR-  
BER AIN'T HERE, -  
THERE WOULDN'T BE  
CHANCE FOR US!

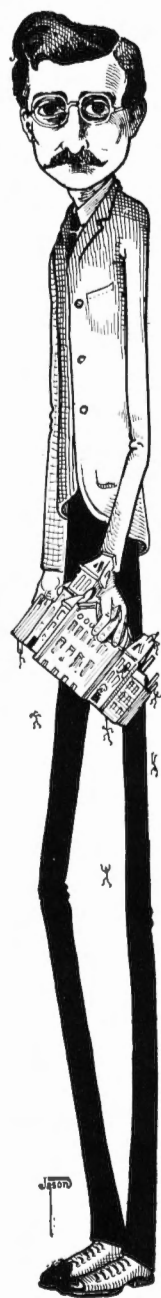
## MISS ATKINS' CLOCK

MISS Atkins' clock hangs on the wall;  
It simply won't run down;  
They cannot shut it off at all,—  
It simply *won't* run down.  
It strikes by day, it strikes by night,  
It strikes when classes should recite;  
But when it strikes, it's never right;  
It simply won't run down.

As we sit in Miss Cook's class room,  
We're as happy as can be;  
We are dreaming dreams of heaven;—  
We will soon again be free;  
'Tis a quarter past eleven,  
But the clock  
Strikes  
Three!

Miss Cook, she asks us to be good;  
The clock strikes, "Ting, ting, ting!"  
And then she "calls" Devillo Wood,—  
The clock strikes, "Ting, ting, ting!"  
And then she spys some saucy lass,  
And says she'll fire her out of class,  
And tells her that she cannot pass;—  
The clock strikes, "Ting, ting, ting!"

As we list in Miss Cook's class room  
To its music, glad are we;  
Cries Devillo dear, "Hot seven!  
We will soon again be free;—  
'Tis a quarter past eleven  
When the clock  
Strikes  
Three!"



Courtesy "The Zodiac"  
With all due apologies to Mr. S ———.



## AN ORACLE BOARD MEETING

*Scene: Room 4, City Hall.*

*Time: 7:32 p. m.*

Enter Leon Starmont. (Sits at desk and reads Mss.)

Enter Karl Hopphan.

Karl H.—Hello, you old rascal, you! Why wasn't you here on time? You're always late! Say, what 're you going to do tomorrow afternoon? I wish you'd help me some. Say, Wilson's going to take the front cover. Say, what's my archive? I bet you've got some rub! Say, Harris and I went out to the college yesterday and got their ad. Say, did you hear about Billy? Oh, gee! 'That was rich! 'That—gee! somebody's comin'! Me for behind the screen!

Enter Helen Hull.

Helen H.—Hello! I first again?

Karl H.—Hee-haw!

Helen H.—What's that?

Karl H.—Hee-haw! Hee-haw!

Helen H.—What is that?

(Walks toward screen. Karl H. jumps out.)

Oh! O-oh!

Karl H.—Haw-haw-haw! Gee! I bet you thought I was a— say, what *did* you think I was?

Helen H.—I don't know! I guess I thought you was a Mohawk, or something.

Leon S.—Chicken Mo-hawk?

(Helen H. and Karl H. look blank.)

Why, that's a joke!

Helen H.—Well, I wouldn't recognize it!

Enter Helen Esselstyn, Olive Burdick, Edna Chamberlin,  
William Baumgras.

Karl H.—Billy! Well, by gee! I didn't think you had the nerve.

Helen E.—Oh, he didn't come all the way with us, did you Willie?  
We met him down at the corner.

Edna C.—Why, hello, Bridget!

Helen H.—Hello, Edna! Let's hear you snort.

Enter Antoinette Hill, Alta Stabler.

Helen E.—Why, hello, girls! You're quite strangers here.

Antoinette H.—Well, I can only stay until a quarter past eight.

Helen H.—(aside) As usual!

Enter Shirley Gardner.

Shirley G.—Why, good evening, peoples.

All—Good eve-ning.

Edna C.—Why doesn't Kilbourne come any more?

(Silence.)

Helen E.—Has Cora got a telephone?

Karl H.—No!

Helen E.—Oh, how do you know?

Karl H.—DON'T MENTION IT!

(Long silence.)

Hark! I hear silence!

(Olive B. laughs. More silence.)

Enter Carac Hume.

Carac H.—Mercy! What's the matter? Are you dead? How are you all? Hello, Shirley!

Shirley G.—Why, good evening, Mr. Hume.

Leon S.—Well, let's get down to business.

Helen H.—The low comedian wants to get down!

Wm. B.—The high comedian better get up! He's sitting on my feet.

Karl H.—Is them your feet? I thought it was part of the lounge!

(Silence.)

Edna C.—Willie, are you bashful?

Helen E.—No, he isn't. He's the best fellow in the class; aren't you, Willie?

Wm. B.—(blushing) Oh, I, — er, — I dunno!

Enter Neva Vance, Clara Stolte, Brothers.

Exit Brothers.

Both—Hello, girls!

Girls—Hello!

Leon S.—Now, I feel slighted!

Neva V.—Oh, hello, Le-e-e-on! (To girls) What have you done already?

Antoinette H.—Nothing yet.

Leon S.—Oh, let's get down to business!

Karl H.—(clears throat) Ugh! Ah! Mr. Editor, I rise to make a motion.

Leon S.—You couldn't very well rise without making a motion.

Helen E.—(mocking) Now, let's get down to business.

Leon S.—The meeting will please come to order!

Helen E.—Oh, is that so?

Leon S.—THE MEETING WILL COME TO ORDER !!!

Karl H.—(sotto voce) Fare, please!

Helen E.—Leon, let's see you grin.

Edna C.—Oh, Helen, you grin!

(Helen E. grins. Antoinette Hill develops hysterics; Neva Vance weeps; Helen Hull howls; Edna Chamberlin, Olive Burdick, and Alta Stabler choke; Shirley Gardner buries her face in her hands, and Clara Stolte looks on with a calm and superior smile. Carac Hume falls from his chair, and rising, places it nearer to Shirley Gardner. Leon Starmont closes door.)

Leon S.—Oh, shut up! ORDER! The meeting will come to order! Please! PLEASE!

Helen E.—Oh, he's calling the p'lice!

(Loud knock at door. Instant silence. Leon S. opens door.)

Enter Ethel Webb.

Ethel W.—What in the world is going on?

Karl H.—Nothing. Hume fell off.

Ethel W.—Well, I thought I'd come and see if you had a quorum without me. You've got enough here, so I guess I'll go.

Helen E.—Oh, stay awhile, Ethel.

Ethel W.—No, I can't. Good-bye.

All—Good-bye.

Karl H.—(shouts) Good-bye, Ruggles!

Edna C.—(scandalized) Why, Karl!

Helen E.—Karl, you're a reg'lar old monkey!

Leon S.—Aw, say; you make me tired!

Helen E.—Hee-hee!

Karl H.—Hee-haw! Hee-haw!

(Paroxysms of laughter.)

Leon S.—The meeting will please come to order!

Clara S.—Mr. Editor, I move we adjourn.

Neva V.—I second it.

Leon S.—Moved and seconded we adjourn! Any remarks?

Karl H.—(interrupting) You don't have to say "Any remarks!"

Leon S.—OH, SIT DOWN! Any remarks? Those in favor will say "Aye!"

(Silence.)

Opposed, the same!

(Silence.)

The result of the vote is a tie. As I have the deciding vote, we do not adjourn. Unless you people quit your fooling and get to work I'm going ahead and print this thing myself! Actually, you haven't got any more sense than a lot of — — —

Edna C.—Oh, Leon; stop!

Antoinette H.—Le-e-e-eon!

Leon S.—bgj- (gwrlkq! vbgkq \*! '|. (3 t o'

Karl H.—Hee-haw! Hee-haw!

(Snores are heard from the lounge.)

Leon S.—Wake Billy up; will you, Dutch?

(Another paroxysm.)

Alta S.—Is there anything to do tonight?

Leon S.—Yes; but I've forgotten what it is.

Alta S.—Well, let's adjourn, then.

Leon S.—All right! We're adjourned!

(Girls scramble for coats. Exeunt, by the door (except Karl Hopphan, through the window), Carac Hume after Shirley Gardner. Leon Starmont takes him by collar and pulls him back. Turns out lights.)

Leon S.—Me first, always!

Carac H.—Darn it!

(Exeunt severally. Five minutes elapse.)

Enter Kilbourne Harris.

Kilbourne H.—Darn Starmont! He called a meeting for tonight, and now there's nobody here! (Exit.)



## THE PROGRESS OF THE PAST CENTURY

**I**N treating any subject it is always well to have a good definition of the terms used before one. Webster defines progress as a going forward, a moving forward in growth and as an advance in knowledge, an advance in intellectual or moral improvement, and an advance in proficiency. Upon reading this carefully the question presents itself, has the last century been one of progress in the largest sense? I reply most decidedly that it has been.

At the beginning of the century that part of the world inhabited by civilized men included Europe, south and southwest Asia, north Africa and a narrow strip of land between the Atlantic ocean and the mountains of our own continent. That of the civilized world was much smaller, embracing only western and southern Europe and our own country. At the close, the civilized world embraced all of Europe, all of North America, and the greater portions of South America, Africa, Australia, together with scattered parts of Asia. This great advance has been accomplished through the determination of the Christian peoples to extend the doctrines of Christianity over the whole earth. One of the agents which has done much to accomplish this is the great improvement in the liberal arts. Books are made so very much cheaper and better and are so graphically illustrated that the pictures alone serve an important part in the instructiveness of the book. Not only has the Bible been translated into about forty-eight different languages, but also the standard philosophical, scientific and historical works. Now, too, it is possible for a missionary not only to have the Bible and other works printed in the language of the people with whom he is working, but he may purchase a typewriter so constructed that it will print anything in their language. Just recently there has been patented a typewriter of the Chinese language. It prints about four hundred characters, those chosen being the ones most commonly used in conversation and business transactions.

One hundred years ago there was but one man honored with the title of president. He was president of the United States. During these

hundred years the number has been slowly increasing until now there are twenty-four countries having a republican form of government. Also during this period the curse of slavery has been wiped from our country and from all the world; great strides have been taken in the direction of universal peace, and in the direction of universal temperance. The improvement in the conditions of the laboring classes has been enormous, owing to the commissioners appointed in the different states to look after their interests. The question of child labor has been thoroughly investigated and the conditions favorable to child labor one hundred years ago have in a large measure been done away with.

At the close of the War of 1812 the treaty of peace was signed at Ghent on the eve of Christmas, 1814. On the 8th of the next January the greatest battle of war was fought at New Orleans. This battle, although resulting in a victory for the American arms was the most bloody of the war. This great unnecessary loss of life would have been impossible and the bloodshed have been averted had there been at that time the electric telegraph to transmit messages. The speed of this mode of communication is so great that when, not long since, an heir to the Russian throne was born, the fact was known and printed in the New York papers 40 minutes later, where the readers were greatly surprised to read at 8 o'clock that the czarévitch was born at 10:30. All this we owe to two men, Samuel F. B. Morse, the perfecter of the electric telegraph and to Cyrus W. Field, who first secured communication between the Old World and the New by means of the submarine cable.

In 1887 Heinrich Heitz discovered that sparks from a Leyden jar or an induction coil were oscillatory and produced waves in the ether. He also proved that these waves might be detected by a loop of wire, Marconi used these discoveries and produced the wireless telegraph. This is now used to a small extent for commercial purposes. Since the original invention of the wireless telegraph numerous variations and improvements have been made so that now one may not only send a message without wires but may even talk with his friend by means of the wireless telephone.

The first steam locomotive used in America was built in England for Horatio Allen who drove it for the first time at Honesdale, Pa., in 1829. Since that time the locomotive has become a public necessity, and from being a small, weak thing, capable of making only twelve miles without a load, it has been so vastly improved that now they easily travel fifty miles per hour hauling a heavy passenger train, and, under the most favorable conditions, a speed of ninety miles per hour has been attained. However, this mode of transportation is destined to be superseded by

the electric locomotive, which is rapidly coming into favor as a means of hauling trains in tunnels where the gases and smoke are dangerous, and in the cities and suburbs where the smoke is obnoxious to the inhabitants.

In the medical world the changes have been so numerous that the science has almost become a new one. If a doctor of 1805 could be here today and attend a clinic he would be greatly surprised at the operations performed as well as at the different modes of treatment. At that time no one suspected that violet rays of light had healing properties or that tuberculosis was caused by a germ. Instead of operating for appendicitis, peppermint was administered for the stomach ache. If you should tell the aged doctor that all these various operations were performed without pain he would think you needed bleeding because your mind was unbalanced. Just recently there has been a new anæsthetic discovered called "Stevaine," which, when administered, does not cause unconsciousness of the whole body, but only of that part to be operated upon.

All of these examples go to the conclusive proof of the world's advancement, but out of them the question arises, will this advancement work for the advantage or disadvantage of the world? Each invention brings its opportunity and its corresponding responsibility. The opportunity for doing a beneficial work for mankind and the responsibility of seeing that through the invention one person or corporation does not obtain control of the output of some necessity. The demand of the hour is for men of purpose and honest integrity of character to fight the graft spirit, everywhere in evidence; to overcome corporate greed and equitably adjust the division of profits among all sharers in the production of wealth, thereby insuring that these opportunities shall be used for the benefit of mankind and not as a means of oppression.

HUBERT C. PRATT.

Mr. Barber, Political Economy—"The Golden Rule is, 'Do unto others as they do unto you.'"

Mr. S.—"Name the planets."

Earth, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Venice and Sapphire.

Blanche Nagel, Latin—"Three dears were wandering on the shore. Hurd followed them."

Deville Wood, History—"George Fox was *founded* in 1624."

## CHRONICLES

**S**EPTEMBER 6.—And lo! there was great lamentation throughout all the land.

September 14.—And certain maidens of the tribe of the Seniors came with one accord and said, one to another, "Behold, how that certain warriors of the tribe have banded themselves together and have ruled over us these three years. Now let us rise up against them and let us no longer suffer this great wrong! Have we not wisdom? Are we not a greater multitude than they? Wherefore should they reign over us?"

And all the damsels cried out again saying, "Yea! we will rise up against them, and overthrow them!"

September 17.—And it came to pass that our mighty men descended upon the warriors of Charlotte and smote them so that the score was 11-0.

September 19.—And on that day the warriors of the Seniors held a council and spake, saying, "A marvellous thing hath come to our ears. Behold, the damsels say among themselves that they will put down the mighty warriors from their seat. Surely that cannot be. We will never do aught at the command of any damsel. Verily, let us swear an oath that we will never smile on them again." And the warriors all swore a great oath.

September 20.—And it came to pass in those days that the Seniors gathered themselves together from the farthest boundaries of their habitations. And there arose Clare the Courageous, a warrior mighty in valor and chieftain of the tribe. And he cried unto the people, saying, "Whom will ye have for a leader, O my people, and whom to rule over you?"

Then there arose a damsel who spake saying, "O chief, there is a maiden of the tribe, dauntless of spirit and learned in all the wisdom of the Seniors. Her will we have to rule over us!" And all the damsels cried with a loud voice, "Yea! Antonia will we have, O chief!"

But Hubert the Wise did rise up and say, "Truly, there is a lying spirit in the voice of the people and the maiden was not chosen justly.



Yea, verily, some spake thrice and four times, which accordeth not with the statutes of the tribe."

Then arose a damsel of the Seniors, mighty in her wrath, saying, "O chief, if there was aught of wrong in the voice of the people, it was brought to pass by the barbarians who have assembled unto the council. Command them to depart for it is not meet for barbarians to come unto our council."

And Clare the Courageous said unto the barbarians, "Go!" And they departed.

Then spake he unto Antonia, saying, "Take thou this place." And all the people shouted, "Hail, Antonia!"

Now the rest of the acts of that council, are they not graven in the minds of the Seniors? And it came to pass that the damsels were an-hungred and did all refresh themselves in the camp of the Sugar Bowl. Then they cried, with a loud voice, "To your tents, O damsels!" And they departed, every maid to her tent.

September 21.—And lo! the mighty Sloan spake to the valorous warriors and said, "Behold! the maidens of your tribe have made themselves a leader, and none of you were chosen. Have ye not read in the chronicles of your people that 'half a loaf excelleth none at all'? Then let the light of your countenances again shine upon the damsels, and leave them not in perpetual darkness." And many of them cried out, saying, "Nay, we will have pity on them and will not withdraw the light of our presence from their councils."

September 24.—And upon that day the men of Marshall fell upon our warriors and would have smitten them sore, but their courage failed not and they overthrew the men of Marshall so that the score was 45-0.

October 1.—And the noise of battle was heard afar off, for the valorous men of Ann Arbor had come up to do battle against us. But our warriors were mighty and the score was 5-5.

October 18.—And on that day did Clare the Courageous appear in the camp of Seniors in goodly apparel.

October 22.—And the mighty men of Lansing and the warriors of Battle Creek did not join in battle on that day for the rain descended and the battle-ground was wet.

October 28.—It came to pass on that night, that the Seniors said unto the barbarians, "Ye may be our friends, and at convenient seasons will we smile upon you."

And the barbarians cried, "O Seniors, live forever!" For they were as strangers in the land.

October 29.—And our warriors spake unto the men of Detroit Busi-

ness University saying, "Come over and fight us!" And the mighty men of Detroit came glorying in their strength, but they were overthrown while all the people shouted, "6 to 5!"

November 18.—In those days there was a pestilence in the land and Sloan said unto the people, "Depart hence, and come not nigh this place for nine days." And the people departed.

November 19.—And there was strife between the men of Lansing and the warriors of Hastings, and the score was 17-12.

November 24.—And we were thankful, for did not our men overcome the men of the Detroit Western 41-0?

November 28.—And on that day did Myron the Learned appear before the Seniors. And they marveled at his magnificent raiment.

December 5.—And lo! Willie the Willing had new sandals. And they glistened like unto the sun, for were they not patent leather?

January 3.—And the Seniors spake one to another, "Lo! our wisdom hath departed from us."

January 13.—And in those days were the Seniors arrayed in purple and fine linen, for many repaired unto LeClear's.

February 10.—And Myron the Learned did whistle to the flame, and it leaped for joy.

February 17.—And the maidens of the Virgilians played a new game, which is to say football, and lo! Miss Atkins was full-back.

March 7.—And the Virgilians did sit at the feet of Helen the Heedless, and she spake unto them, saying, "Use Ayer's Hair Vigor for hay fever!"

April 3.—On that day the Seniors rose up early in the morning and came unto the camp. And it came to pass that about the fifth hour they were sore an-hungered.

May 17.—And in those days Charles the Cheerful spake unto the Seniors, saying, "Now may ye speak freely, nor will I reprove ye therefor."

May 25.—On that day a dog did twice appear in the council of the Seniors. And Hubert the Wise conveyed him out of the assembly of the learned, for did he not conduct him unto the council of the Sophomores?

May 26.—And Charles the Cheerful did read unto the people the Autobiography of a Pig. And lo! he was himself the author thereof.

June 11.—Baccalaureate, Central M. E. Church.

June 12.—Class Day, Central M. E. Church.

June 14.—Commencement, Congregational Church.

June 15.—Class Picnic, Grand Ledge.

# *Autographs*

# *Autographs*



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Stores and  
Ice Cream  
Parlors

# Metropolitan Olympian

Wholesale  
and  
Retail  
...

ALEX. ANDROS, Prop.

Fine Box Goods and Full Line  
of Fine Confectionery



115 and 216 Washington Ave. S.  
Lansing, Mich.

## Rouser's Capitol Drug Store

### Announcement

If you are ever in need of a nice, cool, refreshing drink or an ice cream  
soda that is sure to quench your thirst, the place to get it  
is at Rouser's Capitol Drug Store, the finest  
and most up-to-date in the city

Frank E. Paine, Dispenser

**Rork & Price**  
**Department Store**



200-202 Franklin Ave , NO. LANSING

**ASK YOUR GRANDFATHER**

If BEMENT STOVES aren't ever-  
lastingly durable, always the best. The  
Palace baked biscuit in three minutes.

**WARRANTED**



The Modern Kitchen Furniture Emporium.

**Bement's Retail Store**

"The Best Goods for the Least Money."

## When Thinking of GIFTS

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Go to **A.M. Emery's**  
116 Washington Ave. N.  
and get a fine : : :

### *Water Color or Etching*

neatly framed. A large  
assortment to choose from.  
Or a late Novel or Book of  
Poems bound in latest style might  
please better. Also Fountain Pens,  
Finest Stationery, Hammocks and Books  
for warm weather ❀❀❀❀❀❀❀❀

## Rose & Burton



are always  
selling

### *Up-to-date Footwear*

218 Wash. Ave. S.

## The State Republican

*"Lansing's Leading Newspaper"*

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# Le Clear's Photos

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Ask Anyone