

THE THIRD ANNUAL
RAMBLER,
NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTEEN.



PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS OF LESLIE HIGH SCHOOL
LESLIE, MICHIGAN

SEP 27 2006

CAPITAL AREA DISTRICT LIBRARY



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EDITORIAL.



THE RAMBLER has reached its yearly goal; the Board of 1915 lay aside the implements of journalism, for the time has come to add one more volume to the recently established Rambler library. And when in coming years you cast aside this volume, we beg of you not to cast aside your loyalty to the L. H. S. at the same time. It needs the boosting of the alumnus, the undergraduate, and the faculty as well, to enable the Leslie High School to render the community the greatest success.

And now the Rambler of 1915 makes its farewell. As we look back upon the four years spent in this building, we realize the strength of the school, and the promise it offers to those who wish for a thorough four years' course.

We have endeavored to maintain the high standard which the Rambler has already attained, but whether we have succeeded or not, we trust our patrons will not be too severe with their criticisms.

We take this opportunity to extend thanks and appreciation to our faculty advisers, Miss De Camp and Mr. Schafer, for the labor and time they have given to the work. Thanks are also due to Holling Clancy for his excellent cartoons, Miss Gaylord, Mr. DeLamater, and others for their work and kind suggestions.

Above all, we wish to thank those liberal, broad-minded, public-spirited business and professional men who have made possible the success of the Rambler by taking up the advertising space. We hope that all readers will liberally patronize those merchants who have advertised in this Rambler.



MISS FLORENCE L. FISCHER

DEDICATION.

*Desiring to express some slight appreciation for the warm personal
interest and kind regard which she has shown toward the
Class of Nineteen Fifteen, we affectionately
dedicate this third Rambler
to
MISS FLORENCE L. FISCHER.*

RAMBLER STAFF



LUCILE TAYLOR,
Literary Editor.

RUTH WILCOX,
Joke Editor.

WYNN POTTER,
Business Manager.

GRACE FARRAND,
Editor-in-Chief.

CATHERINE HUNN,
Assistant Editor.

WILLIAM GRAVES,
Athletic Editor.



First Row—E. W. Potter, H. J. King.
Second Row—Dr. R. H. Nichols, Mrs. Prescott, Dr. A. E. Greene.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

President, R. H. NICHOLS.

Secretary, H. J. KING.

Treasurer, MRS. MINNIE PRESCOTT.

Trustees

Dr. A. E. Greene. E. W. Potter.

FACULTY



FLORENCE FISCHER,
Latin and German.
"Tis she."

WINONNA DECAMP,
English and History.
"To name her is to praise her."

JOHN SCHAFER,
Sciences.

"Never was there a man of his degree
So much esteemed, so well beloved, as he."

RALPH DODGE,
Mathematics.
"I know him of a noble mind."

MARJORIE NELTHORPE,
Music.
"If music be the food of love, play on."

A FAREWELL TO THE TEACHERS.

Dear teachers, we must turn away
And leave you ere another sun
Peeps o'er the eastern hills afar
And tells of victories to be won.

Our place is taken, we must go,
And break fore'er the mystic spell
That binds us now, on this, the day
When we must say our last "farewell."

Can this, the day that crowns our lives,
Be one of sadness and of tears,
When we have had it in our thoughts
Through all these happy, fleeting years?

These years are records of our youth,
And when our school days are no more,
We still can in our thoughts go back
And read these records o'er and o'er.

A fond farewell, for you have been
Our guides and helpers, kind and true,
Whate'er we are, wheree'er we are,
Our thoughts will always turn to you.

So, though this be our last farewell,
Though parting bring forth bitter tears,
Dear teachers, you will ever be
Our brightest joy in after years.

Sometimes, perhaps, we've idly spent
The golden hours, and lost thereby
That which we never can regain,
Or e'en with untold riches buy.

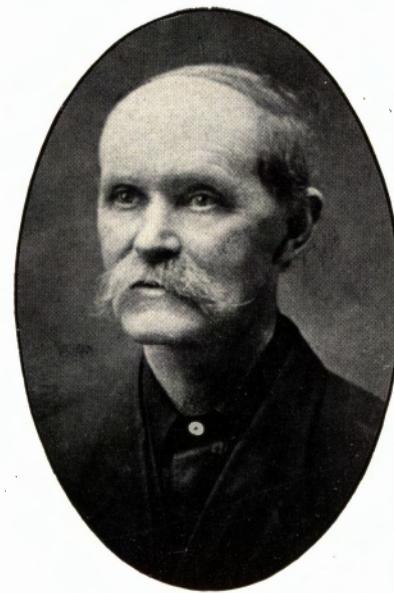
Dear Teachers, we can never lose
The knowledge you have helped us gain,
The sweetest thought in future years
Will be "We labored not in vain."

Oft times the skies were dark with clouds,
The star of hope was hid from view,
And then, discouraged as we were,
With all our cares we came to you.

You drove away our every doubt
And left our hearts all free and light,
And now, when we must leave you here,
The star of hope shines clear and bright.

The star of hope. Who put it there
To shine whenever doubts shall press?
'Twas you, in whom we e'er shall see
Our greatest joy and happiness.

HAZEL HILL.

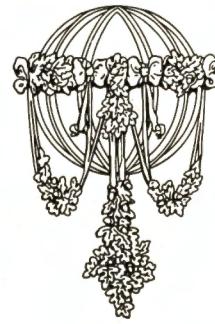


“MR. VICARY,
Our Janitor.”



Forest Parke Library and Archives - Capital Area District Libraries

Seniors





WILLIAM HORACE GRAVES

"Just a kid; like all kids, kiddish."

Class President, '12-'13, '14-'15.
Lyceum, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15.
Base Ball, '13, '14, '15.
Foot Ball, '11, '12, '13, '14, captain.
Athletic Association, '15.
Senior Play, '15.

CAROLYNN RUTH BARBER

"At peace with all humanity."

Lyceum, '14-'15.

Athletic Association, '14-'15.

Glee Club, '14-'15.

Basket Ball, '14-'15, President, '15.

Senior Play, '15.

MARVIN RUSSELL BROWN

"I do admire of womankind but one."

Class President, '11-'12.

Foot Ball, '11, '12, '13, '14, Capt. '11.

Base Ball, '12, '13, '14, '15, Capt. '12, '15.

Inter Se, '12-'13.

Lyceum, '12-'13, '14-'15.

Athletic Association, '14-'15, Pres.

Senior Play, '15.

Glee Club, '14-'15.

GRACE MARIAN FARRAND

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

Class Vice President, '14-'15.

Rambler Board, Editor-in-Chief, '15.

Girls' Glee Club, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15.

Athletic Association, '14-'15.

Class Secretary, '11-'12.





HAZEL MAY HILL

"I giggle, giggle as I go."

Inter Se, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15.

Secretary Inter Se, '13-'14.

Glee Club, '14-'15.

Senior Play, '15.

Salutorian.

6

ARA CATHRENE HUNN

"I'd rather be wise than winsome."

Class Vice President, '12-'13.

Class Secretary, '13-'14.

Librarian, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15.

Rambler Board, Associate Editor, '15.

Senior Play, '15.

WAYNE J. KESLER

"Worth makes the man."

Inter Se, '12.

Lyceum, '13-'14, '14-'15, Secretary, '15.

Athletic Association, '14-'15.

Senior Play, '15.

HALA MAY METCALF

"Modest and simple and sweet."

Inter Se, '13-'14, '14-'15.
Inter Se Secretary, '14.
Inter Se Treasurer, '15.
Athletic Association, '15.
Basket Ball, '15.
Senior Play, '15.



WYNN WAYNE POTTER

"He thinks too much; such thots are dangerous."

Class President, '13-'14.
Class Treasurer, '14-'15.
Lyceum, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15.
Lyceum Secretary, '15.
Foot Ball, '12, '13, '14.
Boys' Glee Club, '15.
Athletic Association, '15.
Senior Play, '15.



LUCILE EVELYN TAYLOR

"Love understands love; it needs no talk."

Class Vice President, '11-'12.
Class Secretary, '14-'15.
Inter Se, '11-'12.
Lyceum, '13-'14, Secretary.
Girls' Glee Club, '11-'12, '12-'13.
Athletic Association, '15.
Rambler Board, Literary Editor, '15.
Senior Play, '15.





RUTH ALICE WILCOX

"A chic, sweet maiden, with a wit as keen as a blade."

Class Secretary, '12-'13.

Rambler Board, Joke Editor, '15.

Girls' Glee Club, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15.

Athletic Association, '14-'15.

Inter Se, '12-'13.

Senior Play, '15.

DONALD DUNN WRIGHT

"Faint heart never won fair lady."

Class Treasurer, '12.

Lyceum, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15, President, '15.

Boys' Glee Club, '14-'15.

Athletic Association, '14-'15.

Class Valedictorian.

CHARLOTTE MAY WILLSON

"By Diligence she wins her way."

Lyceum, '09.

Girls' Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11, '13-'14, '14-'15.

Inter Se, '13-'14, President, '14.

Class Vice President, '13-'14.

Senior Play, '15.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

President, - - WILLIAM GRAVES.
Vice President, - - GRACE FARRAND.
Secretary, - - LUCILE TAYLOR.
Treasurer, - - WYNN POTTER.

Class Motto:
" Finished yet Beginning."

Class Colors:
Purple and Gold.

Class Flower:
White Rose.

Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Moody, Sunday, May
30, 1915, 7:30 p. m., Congregational Church,
Leslie, Michigan.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Prelude,	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. SIDNEY SPROUT.
Invocation,	-	-	-	-	-	-	REV. THOMPSON.
Salutatory,	-	-	-	-	-	-	HAZEL HILL.
Glee Club,	-	-	-	-	-	-	“CROON, CROON.”
Address, “American Bulwark”			-	-	-	-	PROF. H. Z. WILBER.
Class Song,	-	-	-	-	-	-	CLASS OF 1915.
Flute Solo,	-	-	-	-	-	-	DR. W. D. BROOKS.
Valedictory,	-	-	-	-	-	-	DONALD WRIGHT.
Presentation of Diplomas.							
Benediction,	-	-	-	-	-	-	REV. EARLY.

Underclasses





First row—A. Philips, H. Stitt, R. Downs, R. Sherd.

Second row—O. Reese, T. Chapman, R. Blackmore, J. Bates, L. Toohy, C. Blackmore, E. McCreery.

Third row—H. Mitchell, M. Sherd, L. Rumsey, G. Thompson, B. Wright.

JUNIOR REPORT.

Let me stop to think. Yes, I have a faint remembrance of those freshies who entered the Leslie High School in nineteen hundred thirteen, and Oh, how fresh they were. It all comes to mind now how those twenty-three freshmen stood on the school house steps at seven o'clock in the morning waiting for the doors to be unlocked. They managed to reach the second floor and entered the ninth grade assembly room, where Miss Florence Galusha reigned as Instructor. But now alas, those poor freshies. I can see them as they stood there waiting for someone, they knew not whom to ask them to sit down and stay awhile. This was all because they were a bit embarrassed and tempted to run, should any one point a finger at them. Nevertheless, they were not so green but that they organized their class, electing Henry Stitt as President. Then there comes the year when they were sophomores and smart. Well, it would not do to tell how smart, but in fact if you hunt this old globe over you would not find a smarter feeling set, unless you take for instance the sophomores of thirteen, however, they are not to be compared. Do you think the teachers had any presentment, when they looked into their searching eyes and intellectual faces that the minds before them were to increase their labors to so great an extent?

As Juniors they numbered eighteen, and I will endeavor to mention each member in rhyme, as follows:

A is for Athletics, in which we take pride,
B is for Bates, who so slowly glides,
C is for Clare, of whom we think well,
Also for Chapman, who'll on the farm dwell,
D is for Downs, who comes in on the car,
E is for each, living near and afar,
F is for fair, the Geometry sharks,
G is for Grace, whom Art likes to spark,
H is for Helen, with her work always done,
I is for Idiots, of which we have none,
J is for Jackson, the theme of our fun,
K is for the kids who like to go there,
L is for Lou, who once acted fair,

M is for Marie, the giggler in class,
Also McCreery, who surely will pass,
N is for Norris, in whom we'er concerned,
O is for Ocie, who is quick to learn,
P is for Philips, who hasn't a care,
Q is for questions which we all share,
R is for Ralph, whose fun makes despair,
S is for Stitt, and Sherd as well,
And on these fellows we'll never tell,
T is for Toohy, one of our number,
And this makes up the Class of which
Wright and Waters, good, are members.

LOUISE RUMSEY.



First row—D. Craddock, C. Doty, A. Farrand, A. Rogers.

Second row—L. Nims, N. Nichols, N. Nims, E. Scofield, M. Taylor.

Third row—B. Cole, N. Isham, N. Steiner, R. Scofield.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY.

The even tenor of our class has been disturbed by but few things which would be apt to divert the mind from its proper mood for study. In fact, our class has been ridiculed for its apparent lack of ability to display itself, which our younger fellow associates seem to think make the finest quality of a class spirit. It is known, as history demonstrates, that the greatest problems and best works have been wrought out in silence and obscurity. Therefore our class is bound to do something wonderful at some time or other.

We started out at the first of the year with the number of sixteen. At our first class meeting we elected the officers as follows: Arthur T. Farrand, President; Margaret Taylor, Vice President; Majel Wilcox, Secretary, and Nelson Isham, Treasurer. We gave many successful Chapels during the year, the most important of them was that given by the Alumni. Our semester exams were given in January and many succeeded in being excused. We began the second semester with the number of seventeen. In athletics we have done our part and have been represented on every team. In the future we hope to demonstrate our ability in scholarship and to assume the dignity which distinguishes the neo-scholasticism of the scholarly Juniors.

MARGARET TAYLOR.



First row—H. Troman, L. Parsons, A. Mears, H. Stitt, E. Rice, L. Sherwood, E. Dennis.

Second row—L. Snyder, G. Young, H. Clancy, E. Pickett, H. Buckingham.

Third row—M. Ludwick, B. Craddock, D. King, A. Young, G. Graham, C. Miner, P. Lyons.

Fourth row—L. Scoffield, V. Baker, E. Hammock, V. Hunter, V. Wing, G. Little.

FRESHMAN REPORT.

We have now completed our Freshman year and what have we done in that year? You may ask. A glorious time we have had to be sure. But there is nothing worth recording in history. In truth we have been eternally getting into scrapes and getting out again.

When school began in the Fall of 1914, the old freshmen gave up their position and title, for one more dignified, and we took the vacant spot left us. Oh, the misery of that first day! Will some of us ever forget it? But when we found our places, things ran more smoothly (not excluding paper wads). Therefore on September twenty-third we had our first class meeting, electing Harold Buckingham, President; George Young, Vice President; Loraine Scofield, Secretary, and Maxine Ludwick, Treasurer. Then on the thirtieth day of the same month Lewis Sherwood was elected class editor.

Our first class chapel was carried out well, although the world seemed like a merry-go-round. It was announced at the first of the year that all of those who had a G+ average for the semester would be excused from the examinations if they brought immediate satisfactory excuses for tardiness and absence. Most of the students tried for this, or rather pupils, as Mr. Dodge said, "Student was too much honor for a person in High School." Those who had to take the examinations have shown a great advance so far in the semester, and are hoping and trying to not have to take the second semester examinations.

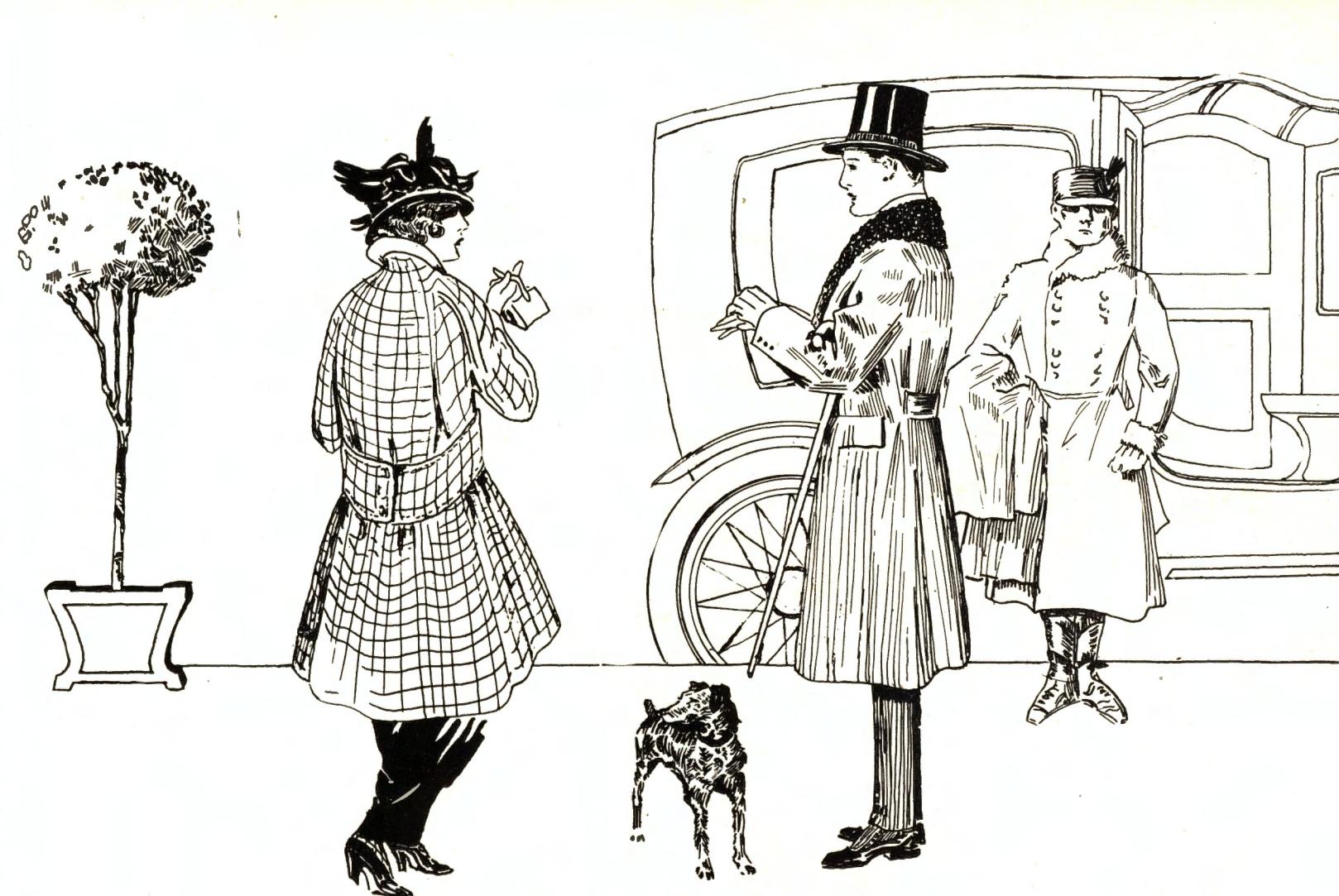
When the freshies' return for the second semester they found classics taking the place of compositions. Algebra in the place of arithmetic, and now alas, we poor freshies are struggling with almost incomprehensible equations which, let me tell you, extend through the next year, but do not be alarmed, we enjoy them.

By the time you read this we will be struggling in the last grip of the Freshman year. Kind friends and readers, I ask you to join us in a cheer for the Freshman, and also to wish us, as the class of 1918, which consists of about thirty members, "Good Speed" and a happy Sophomore year. Herewith I thank you for your kind attention and the interest you have taken in us during our Freshman year.

LEWIS SHERWOOD.

SENIOR CENSUS.

	<i>First Line - Favorite Expression. Second Line - Amusement.</i>	<i>First Line — Distinction. Second Line Book or Song.</i>	<i>First Line — Favorite Food. Second Line — Favorite Study</i>	<i>First Line — Where to Find Them. Second Line Probable Profession</i>
CAROLYN BARBER	"I'm a nervous wreck" To be anything	Short Jesse James	Chocolates Basket Ball	Pleasant Lake Teacher
MARVIN BROWN	"Suffering cats" To be loving	Flirting I Love My Wife, but—	Lettuce Astronomy	With Lucile Janitor
GRACE FARRAND	"That's funny" To graduate with '15 Class	Worrying My Dear	Pickles Senior Reviews	At Ruth's Mail Carrier
BILL GRAVES	"I bet you five dollars" To be a preacher	Cutting up Just for Tonight	Potatoes Girls	Rives Snake Charmer
HAZEL HILL	"Oh my land" To work	Giggling German	Pie Physics	Helms Authorist
CATHRENE HUNN	"I don't care" To be a teacher	Rosy cheeks St. Nicholas Magazine	Fudge History	Library Missionary
WAYNE KESLER	"We should worry" To make friends	Early hours Tanglewood Tales	Peanuts Agri.	At work Farmer
HALA METCALF	"Oh mercy" To get a fellow	Sweetness Nearer to Nature's Heart	Grapes Nature	Skating Housekeeper
WYNN POTTER	"W-h-a-t" To sing	Talking to himself Pilgrim's Progress	Krout Music	Jackson Aviator
LUCILE TAYLOR	"Oh dear" To get married	Studying Sweetheart of Mine	Kisses Home Economics	Dreaming Old Maid
CHARLOTTE WILSON	"W-e-l-l" To be wise	Recitations Geometry	Gum Trig.	Church Nurse
RUTH WILCOX	"That makes me sore" To be happy	Breaking dates A Model Daughter	Peaches Novels	Front seat Comedian
DONALD WRIGHT	"W-h-y" To be a druggist	Taking snapshots Correct Social Usage	Cough drops Rhetoric	Asleep President



ORGANIZATIONS

Forest Park Library and Archives - Capital Area District Libraries



First row—A. Rogers, R. Blackmore, Mr. Dodge, W. Graves, Mr. Schafer, D. Mitchell, W. Kesler.

Second row—H. Stitt, C. Doty, M. Brown, W. Potter, J. Bates, E. Pickett.

Third row—H. Troman, D. Wright, C. Blackmore, R. Downs, D. Craddock.

Fourth row—H. Clancy, G. Young, R. Sherd, P. Lyons, N. Isham, G. Graham, B. Cole.

Fifth row—T. Chapman, P. Clark, L. Toohy, H. Mitchell, G. Thompson, C. Barber, B. Wright.

LYCEUM.

The Lyceum was organized in 1876 by Charles A. Cook, a Superintendent of the Leslie High School. Primarily its two-fold object is to perfect its members in debating and parliamentary drill. Each semester a president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer are elected and at least eight meetings are held. Each month the president appoints a committee to select the questions for debate. Some of the questions for debate were as follows: Resolved, That the United States should annex Mexico. Resolved, that electricity is more valuable than steam. Resolved, that foreign immigration into the United States should be prohibited. From six to eight members participate in each debate and fifteen minutes is devoted each meeting to parliamentary drill. This is a very beneficial to those participating in it. Mr. Schafer serves as critic and under his efficient guidance and direction the Lyceum has proved a great success and also with the help of Mr. Dodge, who also assisted in judging and in parliamentary drill. We, the Seniors, sincerely hope that this society may continue through the years to come; and others going out into the world, may win distinction through the knowledge they obtained in the Lyceum.

Officers:

First Semester.

President—Henry Stitt.
Vice President—Harold Stitt.
Secretary—Wayne Kesler.
Treasurer—Harold Buckingham.

Second Semester.

President—Donald Wright.
Vice President—Thelma Chapman.
Secretary—Lorayne Toohy.
Treasurer—Norris DeCamp.



First row—H. Metcalf, L. Waters, L. Nims, H. Hill, E. Nims.
Second row—D. Pickett, Miss DeCamp, S. Hammock, N. Nichols.

INTER SE.

The Inter Se Society during the last three years has shown an unparalleled enthusiasm, and has been continued this year with a membership of fourteen. The work this year consisted of readings, recitations, current events, and five-minute talks. The best work was that of the five-minute talks for which a brief had to be handed in a few days before it was given. This is the beginning work for public speaking. Much help and inspiration has been received from the critic, Miss DeCamp, the teacher of English and history. Each member has shown enthusiasm in the work, and it has been very interesting as well as beneficial. Credit is given each year to the student who completes the work.

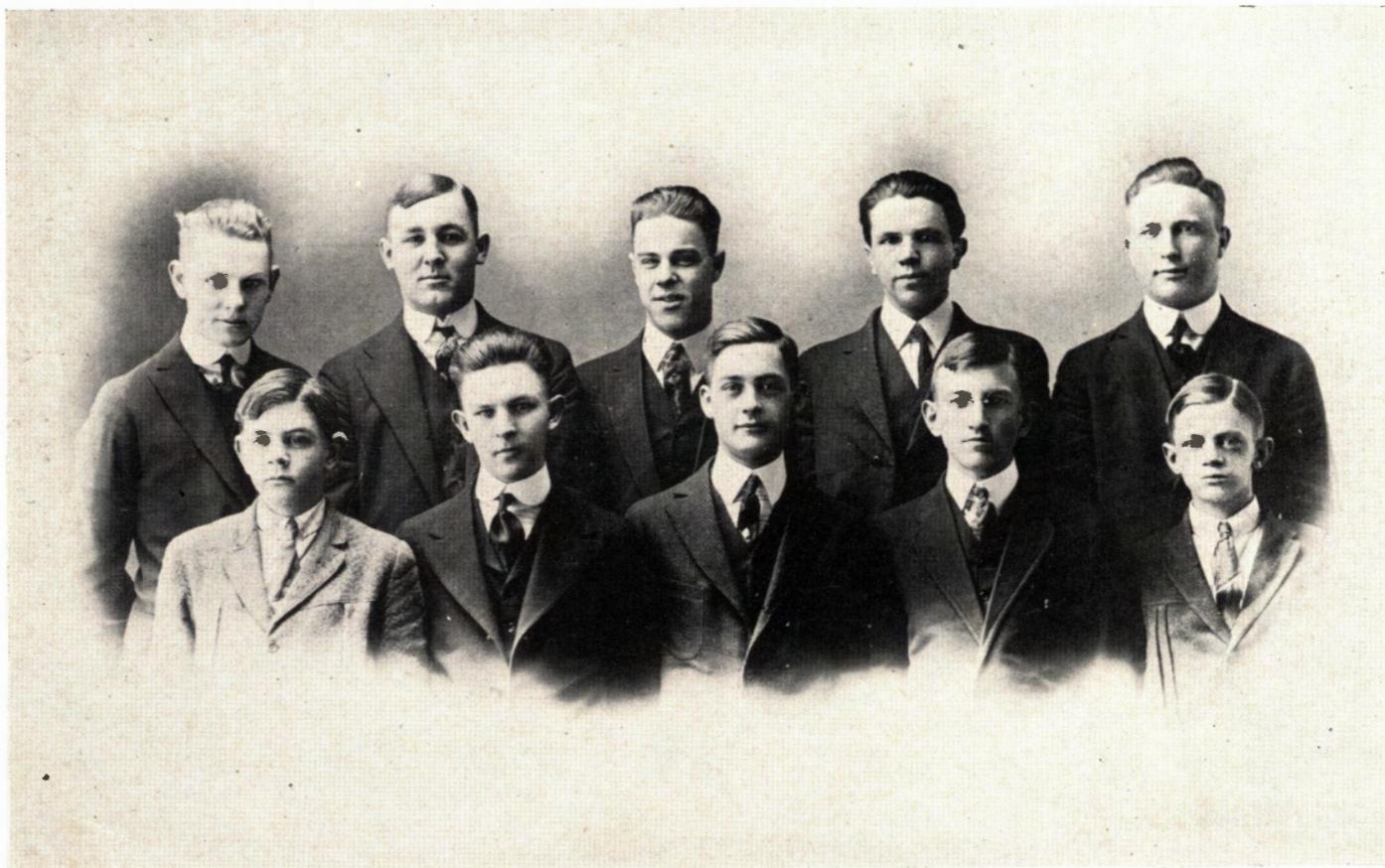
Officers:

First Semester.

President—Neva Steiner.
Vice President—Dorothy Pickett.
Secretary—Hala Metcalf.
Treasurer—Ruth Scofield.

Second Semester.

President—Erma Nims.
Vice President—Vivian Beale.
Secretary—Neva Steiner.
Treasurer—Hala Metcalf.



First row—W. Potter, R. Blackmore, M. Brown, C. Doty, J. Bates.

Second row—H. Clancy, B. Graves, D. Mitchell, D. Wright, R. Sherd.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

This year for the first time saw the organization of the Boys' Glee Club. It opened soon after the close of the Football season, with a membership of twelve. Tuesday nights were reserved for practice nights. Soon after Christmas one of our members, Paul Marshall, was obliged to discontinue his work in the club. Soon after Harold Stitt became a member in his place. The club made its first appearance at the Farmers' and Teachers' Institute, appeared in general assembly once and also several other places. This year the organization has amply justified its existence. It is the desire of the present members that this club shall become a permanent factor in the Leslie High School.

Directress, Miss Nelthorpe.
Pianist, Thelma Chapman,



First row—T. Chapman, R. Wilcox, V. Early, M. Sherd, Miss Nelthorpe, H. Hill, C. Barber, S. Hammock.
Second row—G. Farrand, E. Scofield, L. Rumsey, L. Waters, O. Reese, C. Willson.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club, organized early in the school year with a membership of thirteen, which represented all classes. The regular rehearsals have been held every Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Several times during the year the Glee Club have appeared in public, by singing three times in General Assembly, at the Teachers' Institute, at the Senior Play, at the Grange, and at the Commencement exercises. On these occasions the following selections have been rendered:

The Club has worked faithfully under the direction of Miss Nelthorpe and much has been accomplished. The attendance at the rehearsals has been good. The girls wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Nelthorpe for all she contributed toward making the work of this organization a pleasure as well as a success.

THE JUNIOR RECEPTION.

The Class of 1916 gave the annual Junior Reception on the evening of May 6, in honor of the Seniors, at the Masonic Hall.

This annual affair is always looked forward to with much pleasure and enjoyed fully as much.

The decorations, which were in the Junior Class colors, pink and white, were the best ever seen in the Masonic Hall.

The address of welcome was given by Ralph Blackmore, the Junior Class President, and a response by William Graves, the Senior Class President.

A very good program was provided, of which some of the numbers were: A vocal solo by Mrs. Hiser; a flute solo by Dr. Brooks; talk by Dr. R. H. Nichols, President of the School Board; a talk by Mr. Schafer; violin solo by E. Roscoe. The music by the orchestra was also another fine feature of the program.

Following the program both members of Senior and Junior classes took part in dance which was enjoyed by all.

Favors were white roses, the Senior Class Flower, and apple blossoms, the Junior Class Flower. Light refreshments were served.

The Junior Class are certainly to be congratulated by the Senior Class upon its success, and also the courtesy and friendship shown them.





A STORY OF MORGAN THE RAIDER.

About two years before the Civil War broke out, a man by the name of John Morgan came to live in the home of Mr. Henry, who lived on a farm near Pleasant Lake. Mr. Morgan was a rather quiet man, very congenial, and so kind that every one loved him. Mr. Henry had one pretty daughter, named Jane, who stayed at home and helped her parents, proving herself an aid to all on the farm. Jane and Mr. Morgan became quite intimate friends, and a year later they were married. They were very devoted, and loved each other dearly. Mr. Morgan was good to Jane, and he worked willingly for his father-in-law, with whom they lived.

Every now and then he would disappear, be gone a week or ten days, and come back again. Strange as it may seem, during each absence a public building was burned. People thought nothing of the coincidence at first, but as he went more frequently and more buildings burned, they came to suspect Mr. Morgan. Then soon the Civil War broke out; e'er long, Morgan, realizing that things were getting too warm for him at home, one night secretly slipped away, never to return. The people soon thought no more of him, but turned their attentions to Jane, who, a short time after her husband left, gave birth to a little son, whom they called Dwight. After many

weeks of anxious waiting for her husband, Jane pined away and died.

There were two men of the neighborhood, Mr. Lee and Mr. Godfrey, who went away to the war and enlisted in the Northern army. While their regiment was in Tennessee, fighting against Morgan, the Raider, they were captured, together with many others, and taken to Morgan's camp. Morgan was very cruel to the men he captured. He did not hold them as prisoners very long, but always had them lined up and shot down like blocks of wood.

Just before the soldiers were ordered to fire, a rider appeared above the hill. Morgan's men cheered long and loudly. Looking up, Lee and Godfrey saw a man with a dignified figure and with a stern, dark face, riding on a coal black horse. This was Morgan, the Raider. Where had they seen that man before? As the raider strode along the line of prisoners, a thought flashed into Lee's mind. That face he knew. It belonged to the man who had gone away leaving Jane Morgan in her parent's care. As Morgan was about to ride away, Lee stepped before him and cried out:

"John Morgan, what are you doing here? Don't you know us? Here's Godfrey. Don't you remember him? Don't you remember the times we went hunting and fishing together?"

Morgan looked savagely at him a moment.

"You shall be hanged for such impudence."

At this he turned and rode away. Lee resumed his place in the line, to await his death. Soon after this, a messenger stepped between the lines and said, "Mr. Lee and Mr. Godfrey are summoned to Morgan's private tent."

Death by a bullet was bad enough, but what might be the death that awaited them?

"Why did you dare do it?" growled Godfrey.

But Lee maintained a sullen silence as he strode toward Morgan's tent. As soon as they were well inside, Morgan's whole manner changed. He became anxious, eager, and hardly able to restrain himself.

"How is Jane? Is she well? Does she miss me? Are the folks all well? What is everyone doing?"

Lee and Godfrey answered these questions, and many others, as best they could. They told of Jane's death; of the little son she had left; of her longing for her husband. Then it was that the strong man, who feared neither man nor death, dropped his head on his arms and sobbed like a child.

"This war is cruel," he cried. "I cannot go back, I can never see my son Dwight; I can never see her grave. All that is lost to me."

He made both men promise never to reveal the things that had passed inside this tent. Then he told

them they could go back home. The two men were glad enough to leave. On reaching their homes, they refused to tell anything of their adventures. People conjectured many stories of desertion, of capture and escape, but no one could induce the two men to tell their secret.

Several years ago Mr. Archer, a wool-buyer living near Leslie, was one night staying in a hotel at Dansville. He heard the story from a man to whom it had been told by Mr. Godfrey. The next day, as he was passing Lee's home, he stopped, told the story, and asked if it were true.

"Mr. Godfrey had no business to tell that story, and you must promise me never to tell it while I live," was all the reply Lee gave.

Mr. Archer gave his promise, and drove on. Mr. Godfrey had been dead some time and Mr. Lee died about three years ago. Thus you see the story can be told.

Dwight Morgan is all that is left of the Henry family. He owned a grocery in Jackson for a long time. A year ago he traded it for a farm near Adrian, where he is now residing. Dear reader, if ever you meet Dwight Morgan, tell him this story, for he, to our knowledge, has never been informed of his parentage.

VIVIAN HUNTER.

THE THRUSHES' NEST.

First some twigs from the old oak tree,
Laid in the form of the letter "O"
Next some moss and soft dry leaves,
Each piece is placed precisely so.

Then some grass from the pond in the woods
Bits of bark and small roots too,
Which woven over and under each twig,
Makes the nest hold true.

Till, when the twilight comes creeping on,
Painting the world a dusky hue,
He stoops to his mate and softly chirps,
We've done a trick, no other can do.

With bill and claw the brown thrush works,
From early morn till dark,
Turning, turning, and turning around,
Testing its every part.

And when his trying task is done,
And his mate sits brooding on the nest,
He perches himself on a twig overhead,
And sings her his song from his little brown breast.

HOLLING CLANCY.

A SENIOR'S REVERIE.

It is one of those golden afternoons in early October. The verdant foliage of the forest is already beginning to take on the delicate tints of a coming autumn. The slanting rays of the afternoon sun kiss the sturdy branches of the oaks where they, the giant patriarchs of a dense forest, rear their gnarled heads above their companions. Their rich store of acorns are already falling on the mossy carpet at their feet, where doubtless master squirrel will carry them to their winter abode.

What is the gentle murmur that we hear? It is the rippling brook, whose source is beneath the moss-covered roots of yonder uprooted maple. Purple Asters nod on the brink of this crystal pool where the water oozes up from unseen depths. A tiny rivulet, whose sides are bordered by goldenrod, ripples, away to mingle its waters with some on rushing river. A leaf is wafted down, and floats gently away, like some tiny barge upon its surface. A cool breeze, the gentle reminder of a coming autumn, stirs the leaves

of the trees. It reminds us that the crystal waters of the brook will soon be wrapped in the icy mantle of winter.

What peace can be more complete than this? It is like the peace that surrounds the class of the purple and gold. Their lives have never been disturbed by contact with the ruthless world any more than the oaks have been disturbed by the merciless axe of the woodcutter. And we hope that the current of their lives may flow on like the brook, and be disturbed only by ripples of pleasure, and that they will treasure the memories of those halcyon days of high school life, as the squirrel hordes up his winter store.

For our school days will soon be wrapped in the mantle of the past, like the brook that sleeps quietly beneath the icy mantle of winter. May blessings follow the class of 1915 throughout their walk of life, cord to bind their hearts forever.

C. H.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE ROCKIES.

The warm September sun shone over the time worn sides of a little valley in the Rockies. Its gentle rays sought out a tiny cabin, which nestled in a group of pines on the Eastern side of the valley. It was so quiet around the cabin, that it almost seems as if it were untenanted, and the scant grass growing around its sides were ne'er disturbed save by the fleet foot of some timid deer. But a closer survey reveals to us a tiny path, which winds away from a sturdy clump of bushes to the rough door stone of the cabin. These bushes surround a spring, which bubbles up from a crevice in the rocks, and deposits its waters in a circular basin.

A girl is kneeling at its brink busy filling a bucket with the pure liquid. She rises presently and emerges from the bushes. You perceive her clad in the rough garb of the mountain girl, with two thick braids of hair falling below her waist. The open door of the cabin is soon reached, and the heavy bucket is safely deposited on the rude bench, near the table where her mother is working. The mother looked up with an anxious light in her eyes.

"You had best take your rifle, my dear," she said,

"and go for a walk in the forest. You are staying too much at the cabin."

A glad light came into the girl's face at these words. She took a rifle from its corner, and having put on a wide brimmed hat, she bade her mother farewell, and started forth on the intended ramble. Her steps lead toward a thick pine forest at the rear of the cabin. Would she not hunt or seek out some peaceful woodland nook? Deciding on the latter as best suiting the graceful autumnal afternoon, the girl turned sharply to the right, and descended a gentle slope to the banks of a small stream, whose waters flowed calmly on as if resting from the swift descent of the mountainside. With a sigh of contentment she leaned the rifle against a convenient tree trunk, and threw herself on the bed of moss and pine needles. The exhilarating odor of the pines filled the air with fragrance. The calm brown eyes rested dreamily on the murmuring stream. Perhaps, by watching patiently, a trout might be seen. At last the vigil was rewarded. A beautiful specimen darted swiftly into midstream. Its sides were curiously mottled, representing a sample of the beautiful trout, which frequented the streams of the moun-

tainside. A slight movement on the part of the girl, and it darted from sight beneath the overhanging bank. The silence of the forest was suddenly broken by the shrill scream of an eagle.

Looking upward she saw its huge body silhouetted against the azure sky. It circled swiftly and then darted from sight, doubtless catching sight of some defenseless woodland creature, with those eyes of world renowned vision. The girl had hardly lapsed into her interrupted train of thought, when the leaves at a short distance down the stream and a deer thrust his antlered head cautiously through the foliage. He sniffed the air suspiciously as if scenting danger, then catching sight of the girl he turned quickly and bounded away through the forest. "Oh, well, I am in no mood to harm the timid creature today," she murmured half aloud. The shadows are beginning to lengthen, if she does not hurry home she will be overtaken by the night, which settles down so swiftly in the mountains. But stop, what is that which catches the gleam of a stray sunbeam as it steals

through a rift in the pines. She stoops and dislodges it from its mossy bed. At first she did not realize what it was, then its value dawned upon her. It was a gold nugget worn smooth by the action of water. After having dug excitedly in the moss, five more were brought to light. Gathering up her treasure she darted away with the agility of a young fawn. The cabin is soon reached, the door burst open, and the nugget thrust into the excited mother's hands. "Oh, mother, mother, our dream is a reality. I have found gold. We shall be free, free to go where pleasure beckons. A happy light came into the mother's eyes as she realized what this meant to them.

Three months later the girl and her mother are living in one of the coast cities. The proceeds from the mine are enough to keep them comfortably. The girl's prophecy was true. They were able to live in contentment for the rest of their lives, and although her environment was changed, she never forgot those peaceful days spent in the little old log cabin in a remote valley of the Rockies.

CATHRINE HUNN.

LITTLE JACK AND HIS MOTHER.

On, on the dark little figure sped
Like the lightning makes the sky go red,
He was thinking of the storm vent,
As on through the gushing drops he went.

As he came to the old brown cottage door
He thought of the light that would shine no more,
For on the little old cottage bed
A poor old mother was nearly dead.

He opened the door with every care,
Except for him his comforts were rare,
He knelt beside the old worn bed,
Fearing and dreading she might be dead.

But she said, "You have come at last,
The worst 'little Jack' is almost past,
And through your life may you be blest,
For the long, long years I lay at rest."

Just one more breath and she was dead,
Poor Jack was left in the cold world of dread,
As he climbed beside her upon the bed
He thought of the days she had gone unfed.

He saw in the distance a bright light gleam,
And he fell asleep in a peaceful dream.
Next morning as the light shone through the rain,
It viewed two figures who were out of pain.

LETHA WATERS.

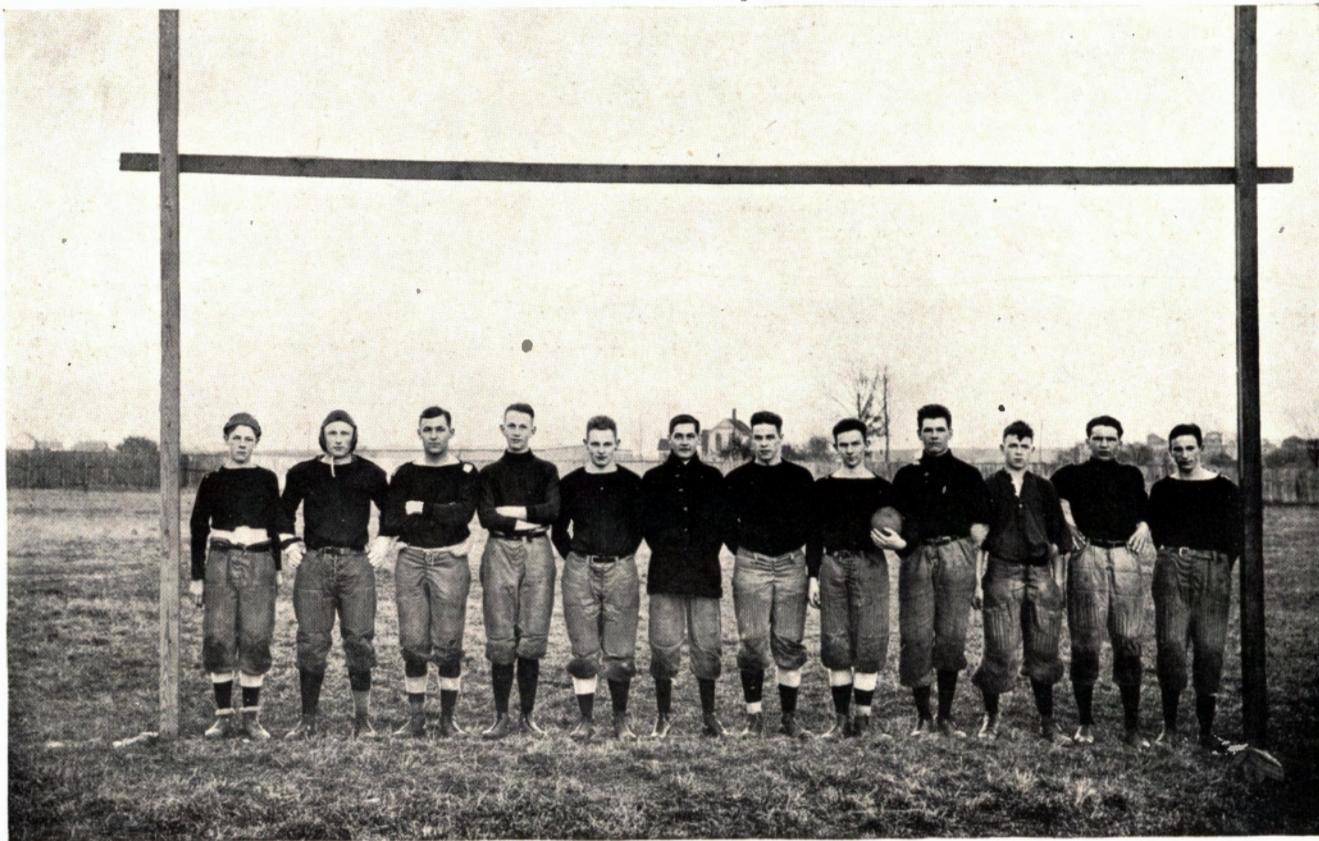
THE STUDENTS' TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt set the service of God and man before thine heart as the end of all thy work.
2. Thou shalt inquire of each study what it has for thee as a worker for a better world, not relinquishing thy pursuit of it until thou hast gained its profit unto this end.
3. Thou shalt love the truth and only the truth, and welcome all truth gladly, whether it bring thee or the world joy or suffering, pleasure or hardship, ease or toil.
4. Thou shalt meet each task at the moment assigned for it with a willing heart.
5. Thou shalt work each day to the limit of thy strength, consistently with the yet harder work which shall be thy duty on the morrow.
6. Thou shalt respect the rights and pleasures of others, claiming no privilege for thyself but the privilege of service and allowing thyself no joy which does not increase the joy of thy fellow men.
7. Thou shalt love thy friends more than thyself, thy college more than thy friends, thy country more than thy college, and God more than all else.
8. Thou shalt rejoice in the excellence of others and despise all rewards saving the gratitude of the fellows and the approval of God.
9. Thou shalt live by the best, holding thyself relentlessly to those ideals thou dost most admire in other men.
10. Thou shalt make for thyself commandments harder than another can make for thee, and each new day commandments more rigorous than thine own laws of the day before.

CLANCY



ATHLETICS.



D. Craddock, J. Bates, R. Blackmore, E. Dennis, W. Potter, D. Mitchell, M. Brown, W. Graves (capt.),
L. Sherwood, A. Mears, C. Doty, A. Farrand.

FOOT BALL.

Many new events took place at the beginning of the Football season, an athletic association was formed, a coach was added, and suppers were held.

Owing to the misfortunes we encountered at the beginning of the season and to the very strong schedule which was placed before us, we were unable to carry off a large per cent of the victories, but showed exceptionally well against the strong teams. We hope to wipe out these defeats in the near future.

The schedule was as follows:

Leslie.

Owosso at Owosso, -	-	-	-	32	0
Marshall at Marshall, -	-	-	-	45	0
Lansing at Leslie, -	-	-	-	0	40
Marshall at Leslie, -	-	-	-	14	0
Albion at Leslie, -	-	-	-	25	3
Grand Ledge at Leslie,	-	-	-	20	0

The lineup for the season was: L. E., Farrand; L. T., Doty; L. G., Mears; Center, Sherwood; R. G., Dennis; R. T., Potter; R. E., Mitchell; L. H., Blackmore; F. B., Brown; R. H., Bates; Q. B., Graves. Substitutes, Craddock, P. Farrand and Rogers.



H. Stitt, W. Potter, J. Bates, R. Blackmore, D. Mitchell, Mr. Dodge (coach), M. Brown, A. Rogers, A. Farrand, D. Craddock, W. Graves, H. Buckingham (not in picture).

BASE BALL REPORT.

Before it was time to begin practice, much talk was going on in the High School concerning the Tri-County League, and the cup which we legally won but never received.

When it came time to practice, much new material came out, and from these the three most promising were chosen to fill the places of those whom we lost last year.

At the end of the Eaton Rapids game, Mr. Dodge had the team lined up as follows:

Player.	Position.
John Bates,	Catcher.
Marvin Brown,	Pitcher.
Henry Stitt,	First base.
Harold Buckingham,	Second base.
Ralph Blackmore,	Third base.
Arthur Farrand,	Short stop.
George Young,	Right field.
William Graves,	Center field.
Dewey Craddock,	Left field.

Date.	Team.	Place.
April 21	Mason, 3; Leslie, 11.	
“ 24	Jackson, 5; Leslie, 2.	
May 1	Lansing (cancelled).	
“ 4	Stockbridge (rain), no game.	
“ 8	Eaton Rapids (rain), no game.	
“ 12	Leslie, 5; Mason, 7.	
“ 15	Albion, 7; Leslie, 5.	
“ 22	Leslie, 3; Eaton Rapids, 6.	
“ 26	Stockbridge, —; Leslie, —.	
June 4	Jackson, —; Leslie, —.	



H. Mitchell, D. King, M. Wilcox, L. Toohy, C. Barber, E. Scofield, M. Ludwick, N. Nichols, O. Reese, P. Clark,
M. Taylor, V. Hunter, T. Chapman (capt.).

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

The Girls' Basketball team started practice the middle of September with twelve prospects, Thelma Chapman acting as captain. The players all showing good form made it possible to have two teams, the Red and the Blue, who played many fast and exciting games among themselves. From the Red and Blue six of the best were chosen for the first team. They were:

Thelma Chapman,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Forward.
Lorayne Toohy,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Forward.
Emogene Scofield,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Center.
Pauline Clark,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Center Guard.
Ocie Reese,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Right Guard.
Helen Mitchell,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Left Guard.

Margaret Taylor and Caroline Barber were substitutes.

Although the team had no place indoors to practice, on November 20th they went to Chesaning and played a very plucky game, though beaten by a score of 44 to 7. At the election for the spring term, Lorayne Toohy was elected captain. On May 22 the team went to Eaton Rapids and were beaten by a 12 to 5 score. Next year's team promises to be a strong one.

Memories.

Oh, Leslie you're not forgotten
Though 'tis true, you're far away,
And the years have drawn a curtain
Twixt the "now" and "yesterday."

I remember quite distinctly
Where the football banner hung,
I can hear their loyal yelling,
I can sing the songs they sung.

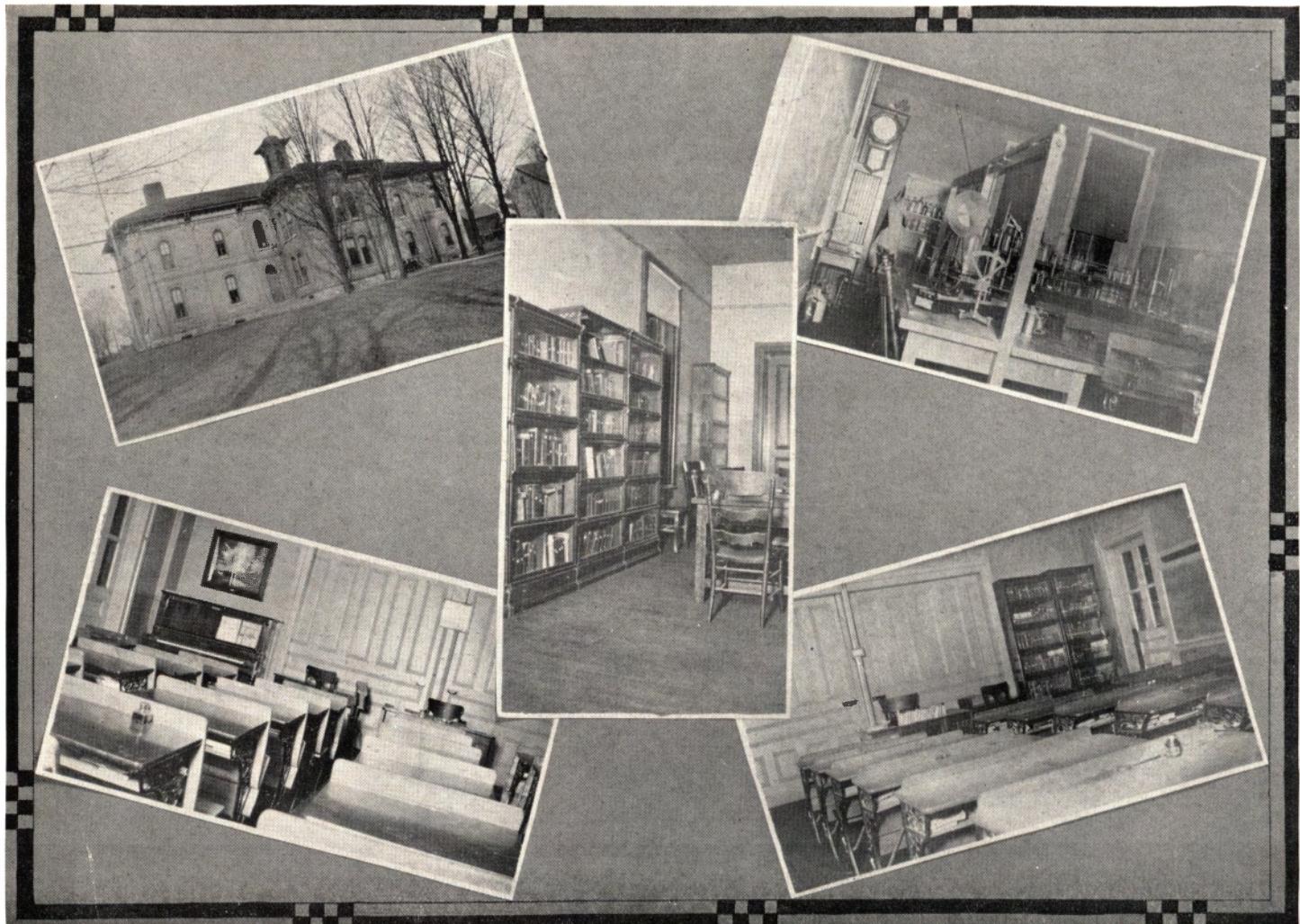
I recall the dear old glories
With those that may yet be made,
I can see the players fighting
For Leslie High School's sake.

When Leslie's spirit ceases,
When the players fight for gore,
Twill be then I'll not remember,
And will think of you no more.

CALENDAR.

Aug.	30—Teachers arrive.	Nov.	16—First hard snow storm.
"	31—School resumes again.	"	20—Girls play Chesaning "Central Hotel."
Sept.	2—Out for football practice.	"	26-30—Thanksgiving vacation. "Yum, Yum."
"	9—Election of Senior Class officers.	Dec.	7—Boys' Glee Club organized.
"	11—Organization of the Athletic Association.	"	11—Athletic Association gives railroad supper.
"	22—Election of the "Rambler" board.	"	Some are excused.
"	26—First football game, Leslie at Owosso.	"	15—"What I am to be I am now becoming."
Oct.	3—Leslie at Marshall.	"	16—Mrs. Nelson gave a talk on hygiene.
"	6—First "Rambler" board meeting.	"	16—First meeting of Lyceum and Inter Se.
"	7—"How do you like the Class Rings?"	"	23-Jan. 4—Christmas vacation, Santa Claus re-
"	10—Lansing at Leslie.	"	members us all.
"	27—Marshall at Leslie.	Jan.	5—Mr. Dodge falls down.
"	29-30—Teachers' Institute. We have a vaca-	"	12—Mr. Dodge absent on account of illness.
"	tion.	"	"Why?"
"	31—Albion at Leslie.	"	14—A. M. exams. bad enough; P. M. "worse."
Nov.	5—First basketball game.	"	15—More exams. "Worser."
"	15—Report cards. "All pleased" (?)	"	17—Talk by Mr. Pattengill.
"	15—Grand Ledge at Leslie.	"	25—Fire drill. "Freshmen don't be alarmed."

Feb.	12—Credits received. / "Worstest!!!"	April	15—Final meeting of Lyceum and Inter Se.
"	15—Seniors have snap shots taken. Part of kodak left.	"	Ralph debates, "page 24."
"	22—Miss Fischer loses temper in Reviews Class. "Wonder why?"	"	16—"Everybody bring rakes."
"	25—Juniors show off before company, as usual.	"	21—First ball game. Mason at Leslie.
"	26—Parts assigned for Senior Show.	"	23—Jackson at Leslie.
March	1—First show practice.	"	25—Fire drill. "See the circus parade."
"	20—Mr. Gottheimer supplies for Mr. Dodge.	"	29-30—Teachers' examinations.
"	17—Miss DeCamp takes up a bet. Punk loses box of chocolates.	May	4—Leslie at Stockbridge. —Battle of "Ink."
"	18—Junior and Senior feed. 7th Period. "Strictly private."	"	6—Junior Reception.
"	25—Seniors show their dramatic talent.	"	8—Eaton Rapids at Leslie. Eaton Rapids girls play Leslie girls. Kappa Kappa girls celebrate.
"	26-April 15—Spring vacation.	"	22—Leslie at Eaton Rapids.
April	7—Report cards given out. "For better or for worse."	"	28—Lucile entertains class.
		"	30—Baccalaureate Address.
		June	3—Commencement. 4—Reunion Day.



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LESLIE HIGH SCHOOL.

Like the sun setting below the western horizon, with all the accompanying brilliant colors and splendors which characterizes a perfect day, has set the career of the purple and gold for the class of 1915. The past year has been one of great enjoyment to all those concerned in the Leslie High School. The pleasant memories which linger with us will be among the most enjoyable that can occur throughout our allotments of life. We are leaving the work of the high school room, the regulated and defined day with its routine of classes; bells and specified duties; the Friday morning Chapels, and the meetings of our Lyceum, Inter Se, and Glee Clubs, with their programs and social affairs.

We who are leaving are glad to have had the opportunity of three new courses, penmanship, agriculture and spelling. In fact, the work offered in our high school can vie with that of any other school of its size in the State. The agricultural course introduced into the curriculum this year has, through the efforts of Mr. Dodge, been a great success. The other science courses have advanced abreast of the agriculture; especially has the course of chemistry progressed with remarkable rapidity, although the past classes thought no one could teach the subject but Mr. Vliet. Leslie may well boast of the excellent course offered in this subject.

The Palmer method of penmanship has been given special attention. On alternating days we have shown our skill in spelling. We have not established an old fashioned spelling school, but a modern spelling class. The bookkeeping, botany, and ancient history, and in fact, every course offered, has been so developed that we cannot see wherein it can be made better.

Now we look across the western horizon of 1916 and see aurora ushering in the dawn of another day; we see their progress with greater achievements on all sides; and we hear the halls of the old building echo with the words, "On! On!"

SENIOR PLAY.

The annual Senior Play, "A College Town," was presented Thursday, March 15, to a large audience. The members of the cast entered into their parts with much enthusiasm which was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

The scenes of the play were as follows:

Act I. A College Boarding House. Jimmie's Aunt Jane.

Act II. A Faculty Dinner Party. Aunt Jane not feeling well.

Act III. The Football Game. Aunt Jane on the Gridiron.

Place—Leslie College. Time—present.

Characters.

Jimmie Cavendish, a Rah-rah Boy,	- - - - -	William Graves.
Tad Cheseldine,	- - - - -	Marvin Brown.
Leviticus,	- - - - -	Harold Buckingham.
Major Kilpepper, the head of the military,	- - - - -	Donald Mitchell.
Prof. Senacharrib Popp, the chair of philology,	- - - - -	Donald Wright.
Scotch MacAllister, the football captain,	- - - - -	Wayne Kesler.
Shorty Long, the Ubiquitous Freshman,	- - - - -	Wynn Potter.
Billy Van Dorn, on the Glee Club,	- - - - -	Aubrey Rogers.
Miss "Jim" Channing,	- - - - -	Lucile Taylor.
Majorie Haviland, the College Widow,	- - - - -	Ruth Wilcox.
Mrs. Baggsby, "Ma," a Popular Landlady,	- - - - -	Hazel Hill.
Miss Jane Cavendish, Cavendish & Dean, Wall St., N. Y.,	- - - - -	Pauline Clark.
Mrs. Cleopatra Popp, A Faculty Type,	- - - - -	Caroline Barber.
Mrs. Mollie Stiles, a Honey Mooner,	- - - - -	Catherine Hunn.
Miss Twiggs,	- - - - -	Charlotte Willson.
Mrs. Twiggs, A Motherly Old Soul,	- - - - -	Hala Metcalf.
Mrs. Schlauber, a Faculty Type,	- - - - -	Grace Farrand.
Students, Members of the Faculty, Town Girls, the Football team.		

ALUMNI.

Class of 1873.

William Gifford, Detroit, Mich.
Alice Norton McMath, Leslie, Mich.
Belle Ward Prindle, Gladwin, Mich.

Class of 1876.

Julia Ward Perry, Cuero, Texas.
L. M. Russell, Almira, Wash.
C. W. Tufts.*
Eva McMath, Pagon, Neb.

Class of 1877.

Jesse Fry, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Rosa Oldman, Albion, Mich.
Edward Evans, Rochester, N. Y.
Libbie Fry Johnston, Lansing, Mich.
Wellie C. McMath, Leslie, Mich.

Class of 1878.

Carrie Covert Pickett, Des Moines, Iowa.
Horace Rackham, Detroit, Mich.
Jessie Clark Sloater, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Mattie Burdick Kirk, Howell, Mich.
Mattie Tufts Hathaway.*
Metta Platt Cogswell, Mason, Mich.
George Hathaway, Oakland, Cal.

Class of 1879.

Mattie Godfrey Drake, Toledo, Ohio.
Marsha Haire Hunt, Leslie, Mich.
Elva Earle Reed.*
Job Campbell.*
Mattie Hall Wheeler.*
Mina Harwood Allen, Leslie, Mich.
Ella Calkins Hill, Jackson, Mich.
Ida Angevine, Munith, Mich.
Emma Gray Brown, Leslie, Mich.

Class of 1882.

Ida Allen Stuart, Rockford, Ill.
Ezra Ketchum, Los Angeles, Cal.

Class of 1883.

Edward Boyle, Chicago, Ill.
W. P. Rankin, Hollywood, Cal.
M. P. Compton, Leslie, Mich.
Ida Hall Doolittle, Los Angeles, Cal.
John H. Lawrence, Sioux City, Iowa.
H. S. Tibbits.*
Anna Norton, Leslie, Mich.

Class of 1885.

Clara Doty Pickett, Leslie, Mich.
Arthur Hume.*
Eva DeMarsh, Jackson, Mich.

Class of 1886.

Alice Weeks Force, Harbor Springs, Mich.

Class of 1887.

Edwin Pickett, Leslie, Mich.*
Abbie Lyon Pickett, Leslie, Mich.
Sarah Burns Jones, Leslie, Mich.
Homer Taylor, Leslie, Mich.
Lou De Lamater, Leslie, Mich.

Class of 1888.

Herbert N. Morrill, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mable Bishop Doughty, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Blanch Frary.*
Inez VanHorn Marshall, Leslie, Mich.
Arthur J. Tuttle, Detroit, Mich.
Kate Landfair Rosenberry, Wausau, Wis.
Ida M. Town, Jackson, Mich.
Lois Knapp Bowen, Ypsilanti, Mich.

* Deceased.

Class of 1889.

J. B. Rayner, Lansing, Mich.
E. W. Hahn, Detroit, Mich.
Hattie Vicary Scutt, Onondaga, Mich.

Class of 1890.

Louise Rossman, Jackson, Mich.
Jesse Blackmore Annis, Leslie, Mich.
Will H. Hutchings, Detroit, Mich.
Edward Morrill, Rhineland, Wis.
Lena Davis, Jackson, Mich.
Lou B. McArthur, Mason, Mich.
Wert V. Fitch.*
Albert H. Pickett, Detroit, Mich.
Minnie McArthur Allen, Leslie, Mich.
Gertrude Covert Graves, Leslie, Mich.
Clayton Torrey, Dowagiac, Mich.
Homer C. Blair, Albion, Mich.

Class of 1891.

Louis M. Potter, Buffalo, N. Y.
C. R. Hasbrouck, Leslie, Mich.
Emma Pickett Johnson, Leslie, Mich.
Lulu Pickett.*
Lovett Bush, Battle Creek, Mich.

Class of 1892.

Genie Bartlett Algie, Alhambra, Cal.
Blanch Sloat Bush, Durand, Mich.
J. Elton Bailey, Bunkerhill, Mich.
Elva Scofield Murphy, Leslie, Mich.

* Deceased.

Grace Covert Stewart, Cleveland, Ohio.
Fred VanTassel, Laingsburg, Mich.
Grace Tuttle Annis, Leslie, Mich.
Lester De Camp, Boscobel, Wis.

Class of 1893.

Clara Cummins, Jackson, Mich.
A. J. Weeks, India.
T. J. Edmonds, Detroit, Mich.
Lura Bonnell, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Class of 1894.

Lillian Grossman Wright, Millington, Mich.
Bert O. Potter, Mt. Clair, N. J.
Lyman A. Culver, Lacota, Mich.
Mabel Roberts Schaws, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Dora Tripp.
Nora Tripp.
Guy C. Hull, Adrian, Mich.

Class of 1895.

Will T. Bailey, Toledo, Ohio.
Vernon M. Shoesmith, Lansing, Mich.
Ada Culver Hunt, Dansville, Mich.

Class of 1896.

Nettie Oldman Brown, Jackson, Mich.
Genevieve Boyle Anderson, Detroit, Mich.
Hal C. Johnston, Leslie, Mich.
Mabel Willson Clark, Jackson, Mich.

Christina Rolfe Keller, Holt, Mich.
Kate Dunham, Jackson, Mich.
J. Russell Baggerly, Leslie, Mich.
Lena Knapp Mellen Camp, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Leon D. Taylor, Leslie, Mich.
Lyman B. Bond, Detroit, Mich.
Anna Jones, Jackson, Mich.
Fred D. Bond, Detroit, Mich.

Class of 1897.

Katherine Peek Woodland, Leslie, Mich.
May Standish Taylor, Leslie, Mich.
Blanche Belcher Ingalls, Leslie, Mich.
Mary Rossman Byrum, Onondaga, Mich.
Reuben L. Rossman, Jackson, Mich.
Orlando B. Disenroth, Lawrence, Mich.
John C. Potter, Boston, Mass.
Oral Sherd Ferris, Onondaga, Mich.
Edith Stitt Johnston, Leslie, Mich.
Blanche Lewis Smith, Leslie, Mich.

Class of 1898.

May Culver Carr, Perma, Mont.
Floyd Roberts, Chicago, Ill.
Kate Covert Ludwick, Leslie, Mich.
Albert Norton, Leslie, Mich.
Mabel Tanner, Onondaga, Mich.

Class of 1899.

Alma Reynolds, Grass Lake, Mich.
Mabel Lombard Ward, Jackson, Mich.

John C. Becker, Lansing, Mich.
Arthur R. Martin, Chicago, Ill.
Clinton M. Annis, Lansing, Mich.
Frank Fogg, New York, N. Y.
Grace Styles Barnes, Acadia, Fla.
Fred L. Disenroth, Leslie, Mich.
Jesse Stewart Tuttle.*
Milo C. Jones, Newark, N. J.
Olive Young Clements, Port Huron, Mich.
Vern D. Farmer, Parma, Mich.
Louise Pierson Erlywine, Marion, Ind.

Class of 1900.

Hugh De Lamater, Flint, Mich.
Blanche Poxson Ryall, Escanaba, Mich.
Etta Lyons Weaver, Jackson, Mich.
Floyd Woodworth, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Lucille Bailey Conger, Leslie, Mich.
William Hocking, Leslie, Mich.
Nina Wildey Kelley, Jackson, Mich.

Class of 1901.

Edith M. Lankin, Leslie, Mich.
Alexander Mitchell, Jackson, Mich.
Beulah De Lamater Brooks, Leslie, Mich.
Mary A. Lampert, Calumet, Mich.
D. Clyde Potter, Chicago, Ill.
Mildred A. Cole Dowling, Leslie, Mich.
Jeanette McDaniels Douglas, Louisville, Iowa.
Ellena McMath Abel, Moline, Ill.
Nora Lampert Roe, Claire, Mich.
Clarice Peach.*

* Deceased.

Harry King, Leslie, Mich.
David H. Crowley, Lansing, Mich.
Arthur Wildey.

Class of 1902.

Earl Farmer, Lansing, Mich.
Edward Whitney, Grand Rapids, Mich.
John Mitchell, Leslie, Mich.
Maurice Peach, Goshen, Ind.
Lois Mason, Williamston, Mich.
Joe Pierson, Chicago, Ill.
Bessie Buck, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Irene Stitt Hurlbert, Chicago, Ill.
Paul McMath, Leslie, Mich.
Mart Pierson, Chicago, Ill.

Class of 1903.

Charles Barnes, Big Rapids, Mich.
Carrie Freeman White, Rives Junction, Mich.
Grace McDaniels, Columbus, Ohio.
Effie Barnes, Elkhart, Ind.
Johanna Hocking, Petoskey, Mich.
Florence Sammons Montandon, Mullan, Idaho.
Floy Flansburg, Houston, Tex.
Harold Lampert, Detroit, Mich.

Class of 1905.

Warren D. Byrum, Leslie, Mich.
Lucy Hocking Disenroth, Leslie, Mich.
Grace Prescott Mitchell.*
Estabrook Rankin, Berkeley, Cal.

Sybil Woodworth Edwards, Leslie, Mich.
Ilah Young Young, Jackson, Mich.

Class of 1906.

Cecil Broughton, Jackson, Mich.
John DeCamp, Flint, Mich.
George Mitchell, Jr., Leslie, Mich.
Loyd Magoon, Chicago, Ill.
Hazel VanCamp Lang, Mason, Mich.
Auburn Winchell, Jackson, Mich.
Lloyd Watson, Detroit, Mich.

Class of 1907.

Matilda Christie Young, Leslie, Mich.
Katherine Crowley Sullivan, Cheboygan, Mich.*
Lucile A. Davis, Leslie, Mich.
Gale C. Flansburg, Michigan Center, Mich.
William Hyatt, Detroit, Mich.
Florise Pierson, Marion, Ill.
Edward Prescott, Ionia, Mich.
Constance Rumsey True, Jackson, Mich.
Madge Sammons Vicary, Leslie, Mich.
Hazel Stitt Mitchell, Leslie, Mich.
Winnie G. Young, Port Huron, Mich.

Class of 1908.

D. Winona DeCamp, Leslie, Mich.
Grace Belle Fisher, Leslie, Mich.
Lowell E. Mason, Detroit, Mich.
Ray A. Noble, Williamston, Mich.
Myrtle E. Simmonds, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Irene Torrey, Leslie, Mich.

Class of 1909.

Allie Madge Aldrich, Munith, Mich.
Leah Buckland, Onondaga, Mich.
Edmund Blackmore, Leslie, Mich.
Anne Rene Compton, Detroit, Mich.
Maude Blair Hodge Bivins, Jackson, Mich.
Ora Magoon Kelley, Oxford, Mich.
Earl Mumby, Lawton, Mich.
Lyle A. Prescott, Leslie, Mich.
Elizabeth Reynolds, Tompkins, Mich.
Glenn Sayres, Leslie, Mich.
Harry Taylor, Wadsworth, Texas.
Harry Vicary.*
Ray A. Wetzel, Dexter, Mich.
Bessie Wilcox, Leslie, Mich.
Vere Wilcox, Leslie, Mich.

Class of 1910.

Bernice Beckwith, Lansing, Mich.
Florence Broughton Sanders, Grand Rapids,
Mich.
Catherine Campbell, U. of M.
Lucille Clark Young, Leslie, Mich.
Luna Davis, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Juliette Gaylord, Leslie, Mich.
Blanche Hull Terry, Onondaga, Mich.
Marguerite Julian, Munith, Mich.
Melina Maxson, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Nellie Rumsey Young, Leslie, Mich.
Earl Styles, Waterloo, Iowa.
Oliver C. Young, Leslie, Mich.
Paul Young, Big Rapids, Mich.

Class of 1911.

Lester Benjamin, Dansville,
Grace Clark, Leslie, Mich.
Harry Covert, Leslie, Mich.
Ralph Edwards, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Mabel Hocking, Leslie, Mich.
Lena Mumby, Ovid, Mich.
William Parker, Leslie, Mich.
Mildred Pickett, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Ruth Pickett Flansburg, Leslie, Mich.
Pauline Rumsey, Germfask, Mich.
Ruth Styles, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Earl Seger, Battle Creek, Mich.
Yoland Taylor, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Anna Wilcox, Leslie, Mich.
Lila Wilcox, Middleville, Mich.
Lynn Young, Leslie, Mich.

Class of 1912.

Katherine Bailey, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Beatrice Brown, Los Angeles, Cal.
Eugenie Burns Bonnell, Leslie, Mich.
Clare Chapman, Leslie, Mich.
Paul Doty, Leslie, Mich.
Stuart Grout, Detroit, Mich.
Dot Holling Ward, Leslie, Mich.
Claire McCollum, Jaskson, Mich.
Mae Marshall, Jackson, Mich.
Lorna Metcalf, Leslie, Mich.
Sophronia Norton, Leslie, Mich.
Nora Parsons, Leslie, Mich.
Clara Rice Norton, Charlotte, Mich.
John Slack, Leslie, Mich.
Clifford Toohy, U. of M.

Lucy Ward Rice, Leslie, Mich.
Gladys Willson, Leslie, Mich.
Madeline Young, Leslie, Mich.

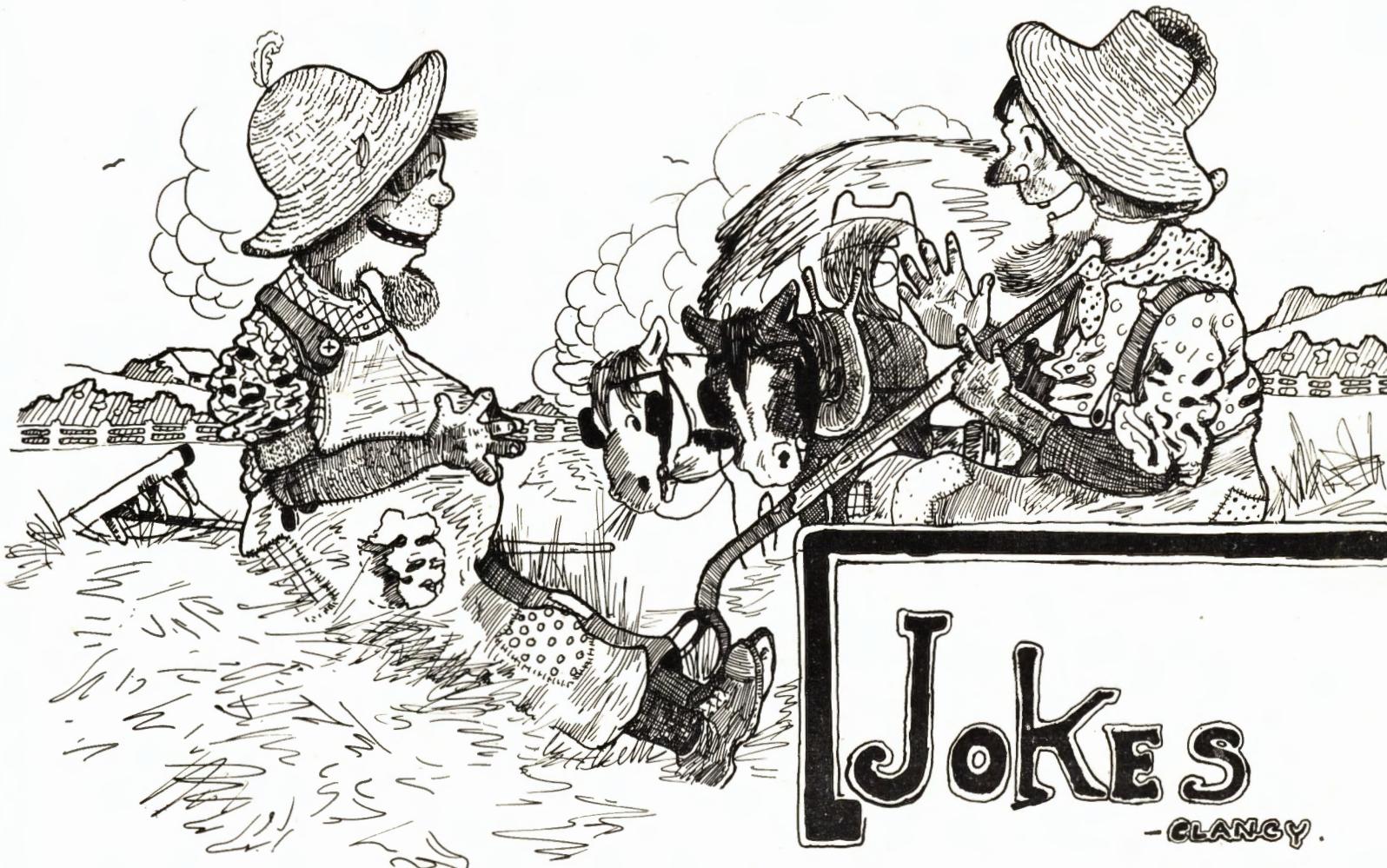
Class of 1913.

Arlo Angel, Bunkerhill, Mich.
Florene Chapman, Leslie, Mich.
Muriel Covert, Leslie, Mich.
Mabel Isham, Leslie, Mich.
Ruth Leach, Leslie, Mich.
Irene Luther, Leslie, Mich.
Gayle Prescott, M. A. C.
Claude Raymond, Leslie, Mich.
Laura Styles, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Class of 1914.

Myra Austin, Rives, Mich.
Emery Barr, Leslie, Mich.
Ethel Cazier, Leslie, Mich.
Pauline Clark, Leslie, Mich.
Elizabeth Doty, Leslie, Mich.
Bessie Harkness, Leslie, Mich.
Minnie Hart, Leslie, Mich.
Blair Hiser, Leslie, Mich.
Corah Isham, Leslie, Mich.
James Kelley, Leslie, Mich.
Noel Maxson, U. of M.
Donald Mitchell, Leslie, Mich.
Beatrice Reynolds, Leslie, Mich.
Moore Scarlett, Leslie, Mich.
Rex Wilcox, M. A. C.
Cleo Wilbur, Leslie, Mich.
Emmons Willson, Leslie, Mich.
Ruth Woodworth, Leslie, Mich.

* Deceased.



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ANCIENT LAUGHING GALLERY.

The amateur farmer was explaining his efforts and failures at the new occupation. "You know," he said, "we tried half the night recently to set a hen on some eggs, and finally discovered that the bird in question was a rooster."

"Rather illegal use of the male, wasn't it?" commented his friend.

"Why is bread like the sun?" "Because," said the Swede, "It rises out of der yeast and sets behind der vest."

"Will you please take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in?"

In a daily newspaper appeared an article relating the episode of a wild, wild youth who eloped with a maiden and took along his father's clothes. The heading of the article ran, "Flees in father's pants."

When charged with being drunk and disorderly, asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of gravy, and said: "Your honor, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousand mourn. I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as—."

"That will do," thundered the magistrate, "ten days. And officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They are as bad as he is."

"Have you ever ridden on an ostrich?"

"No, but I've been off on a lark."

A cross-eyed man was watching the activity of Niagara. "What a waste," he remarked to a friend. A very stout lady standing near by looked at him angrily and said, "Mind your own business."

An Englishman and a Frenchman once wished to be congenial by using the other's language as much as they could. As they parted, the Englishman said, "Reservoir." The Frenchman promptly replied, "Tanks."

A little boy was sitting behind a baldheaded man at church who was scratching the fringe of hair at one side of his bald pate. The old gentleman kept scratching so long that the boy became interested, and leaning over, said, "Say, mister, you'll never catch him that way; why don't you run him out into the open?"

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the young man sheepishly; "only that ain't her real name."

Sing a song of street-cars,
Seats all full mit chaps;
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging on their straps.
Ven their door was open
The men began to read
All the advertisements
About new breakfasts feed.

SOLID IVORY.

Miss DeCamp—"Wynn, where did the French carry on their explorations in Michigan?"

Wynn—"Around the St. Lawrence river."

Miss Fischer (in German II)—"Ralph, conjugate 'das garn spinnen.'"

Ralph—"Ich spinne gosh farn, Du spinne gosh farn, —gosh darn I don't either."

Miss Fischer (translating)—"Iris came down just as Dido was about to go off."

Hartley—"Was she a cannon?"

Phil Lyons (giving current events in chapel)—"The Crown Prince of Germany, who was killed last week, has been seriously wounded."

Mr. Dodge (in Geom.)—"What is a concave polygon?"

Lorayne Toohy—"It's a polygon having one side caved in."

Miss DeCamp (in Ancient History)—"Who was Joan of Arc?"

Majel—"Wife of Noah."

Boarding House Mistress—"What part of the chicken do you wish?"

Freshie—"Some of the meat please."

Miss DeCamp (in History 10)—"Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Margaret Taylor—"At the bottom."

Miss Fischer—"Grace, what is malaria?"
Grace—"O, you get it from bites."

Miss Fischer—"Give the word for 'spoon.'"
Bill Graves—"Did she say to spoon?"

Miss DeCamp (in Am. History)—"What did the early settlers do for a living?"

Bill—"They traded skins."

Mr. Dodge (in Agri.)—"If you drop a lump of sugar in water, what happens?"

Bryan Cole—"It evaporates."

Mr. Dodge—"You may find the least common multiple."

Gladys Little—"Is that thing lost again?"

Miss DeCamp—"What event of the French Revolution occurred on August 10?"

Dewey—"September Massacre."

Miss DeCamp—"What tense do I use when I say, 'I am beautiful?'"

Hartley—"Remote past."

Miss DeCamp—"What was Alexander's purpose?"

Edward Dennis—"To spread Greece all over the world."

Miss DeCamp (Eng. 6)—"What part of speech is woman?"

Ralph—"Four-fourths."

Mr. Schafer (in Chem.)—"What is an acid?"
Bethel Wright—"Anything that eats."

Marvin—"I see the Germans have taken Lodz."
Arthur Farrand—"I'll bite; loads of what?"

Miss DeCamp (Eng. 6)—"Mr. Wright, how may we date Shakespeare's plays?"

Mr. Wright—"They were issued in pamphlet form before they were written."

FACULTY SPARKS.

Mr. Schafer (in Physics)—"Carolyn, can you explain your figure?"

Miss Fischer (in German 12)—"Now, I want this lesson to be written orally."

Miss Nelthorpe—"Where did you get your musical temperament?"

Hazel—"I was born in A flat."

Mr. Dodge—"Harold, how much did you put on your Arithmetic?"

Harold—"Four hours."

Mr. Dodge—"What did you do, let the clock stand on it all the time?"

Miss Fischer (to Phy. class)—"You all know what starvation is; we won't discuss it."

Mr. Schafer—"They couldn't get sugar so cheap because the price was higher."

Mr. Schafer—"Miss Craddock, please move your seat."

Teacher's cranky,
Pupils few,
Questions flying,
Zeros, too.
What's the matter?
Don't you know?
Monday morning's
Always so.

Miss DeCamp (in Am. History)—"Now, we will discuss the stretching of the elasticity of the stretchability of the Constitution."

Mr. Dodge—"Turn your attention to the board, and I will quickly go through it."

Miss DeCamp (in Am. History)—"We'll now have Hamilton on the bank."

Freshman—"Mr. Schafer, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?"

Mr. Schafer—"There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."

Mr. Dodge (in Geom. 12, drawing a figure where the line reached to the bottom of the board)—"That's as far down as I go; we will call it H."

Why don't:

Emogene—quit chewing gum?
Punk—get to school on time?
Wayne—stop studying so hard?
Bill—stop bluffing?

HEARD IN THE HALLS.

Mr. Schafer—"I hope you will have a very pleasant vacation, and come back knowing more than you do now."

Freshie (attempting to be polite)—"The same to you."

Ralph (excitedly)—"Thelma's fainted; got any camphor?"

Marvin—"Yes, here's some."

Ralph—"Thanks. It always upsets me to see a woman faint."

Louise—"It looks like rain."

Marie—"What looks like rain?"

Louise—"Water."

Punk—"This match won't light."

Henry—"That's funny; it lit all right a minute ago."

Brown—"Potter ran over a chicken with his car the other day."

Graves—"Did she sue him?"

Freshie—"A senior spoke in a flattering way of you the other day."

Junior—"What did he say?"

Freshie—"He said if he had your assurance with his brains he'd run for president."

Senior—"Why, it's all over school."

Freshie (excitedly)—"What is?"

Senior (sweetly)—"Why, the roof, little one."

Donald Mitchell—"What course is Lucille going to take at boarding school?"

Marvin—"I can't remember, but I think it's cosmetics."

Lucille—"I'm so mad; Marvin cut me on the street last night."

Pauline—"Never mind; he was probably edged."

Senior—"No women ever made a fool of me."

Freshie—"Who did?"

Bates—"What do you think of the new baseball league?"

Brown—"It means war in the baseball world."

Bates—"Sure, it will be diamond cut diamond."

"Did you take the car?"

Graves—"No, the car took me."

Excited Sophomore—"Aw shut up."

Agitated Junior—"You're the biggest fool around here."

Irate Teacher—"Boys, you forget I am here."

Wright—"Did you tell Dodge I was a fool?"

Potter—"No, I thought he knew it."

Marvin plays at baseball,
Marvin drinks birch-beer:
Marvin jumps at beck and call
To please his Lucile dear.

LOVER'S LANE.

Arthur—"Do you believe in the power of the press, Grace?"

Grace—"Oh, Arthur, this is so sudden."

Thelma—"Ralph, where are we going on our honeymoon?"

Ralph—"Around the world. They are giving it in seven reels at Rice's movie."

He (impulsively)—"Let's kiss."

She—"What?"

A kiss, as described by a Sophomore girl:
Kiss is a noun, usually used as a conjunction.
It is never declined.
It is more common than proper.
Never singular, always plural.
And agrees with one.

And then (Hum)—"Are you ticklish?"
Her—"I don't know." (Business.)

Dodge—"I have your permission to call this evening?"

Lady friend—"I shall be very pleased; but don't forget that father switches off the light at ten."

Dodge—"All right, I'll be there directly at ten."

The latest report—That Marvin and Lucille were seen in jewelers.

Hearty congratulations—Seniors.

Miss DeCamp (deciphering an English paper on "How to Run a Automobile")—"First you turn on the gas;" she reads, "then you spark."

"Turn off the gas; turn off the gas," shouted the class with one accord.

Primus—"When she wasn't looking, I kissed her."

Secundus—"What did she do?"

Primus—"Refused to look at me all the rest of the evening."

He—"How old is the lamp?"

She—"About two years."

He—"Turn it down; it's too old to smoke."

He (ardently)—"I pressed my suit on bended knees."

She (icily)—"Haven't you any ironing board?"

At opposite sides of the sofa they sat—with vain regrets;

She had been eating onions, he smoking cigarettes.

Miss Fischer—"Mr. Troman, will you decline a kiss?"

Mr. Troman—"No, ma'am."

"I am going to turn you down," he said

She had an awful fright

But he didn't mean what she thought he meant,
For he meant the parlor light.

SIFTINGS.

Miss DeCamp—"Clayton, what is the shape of the earth?"

Clayton—"Round."

Miss DeCamp—"How do you know?"

Clayton—"Allright; it's square then; I don't want to start an argument."

Mr. Schafer—"Wynn, write a short theme on the subject of baseball."

Wynn (handed in next day)—"Rain—no game."

Punk—"Say, Mr. Schafer, I can't tell one of these stones from another."

Mr. Schafer—"That's queer; you must be stone blind."

Donald Mitchell—"I asked Miss Nelthorpe if I could see her home."

Arthur Farrand—"What did she say?"

Donald—"Come up and look it over any time."

Mr. Dodge—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

John Bates—"No wonder so many of us flunk on our exams."

Marvin (at class party)—"Do you think it is unlucky to have thirteen at the table?"

Wynn—"Not if the thirteenth is paying for the dinner."

Miss Fischer—"What is a weather vane?"

Aubrey Rogers—"Why—why—a chicken on a roof."

Henry Stitt—"Mr. Schafer, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Mr. Schafer—"Don't mention it; it is a mere trifle."

Mr. Dodge—"Is that your mother's signature?"

Marie—"Yes, as near as I could get it."

Miss DeCamp—"Who is your favorite author?"

Arthur Farrand—"My father."

Miss DeCamp—"What does he write?"

Arthur—"Checks."

Teacher—"How dare you swear before me?"

Scholar—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

Imagine—

Graves—singing a solo.

Donald Wright—studying out of his own books.

Grace Thompson—walking down the hall with a fellow.

Maxine Ludwick—in a convent.

Naoma Brown—without freckles.

Miss DeCamp—forgetting to say "allright."

Henry Stitt—in short trousers.

Marie Sherd—remaining silent for one minute.

Norris DeCamp—not fighting.

Emogine—not having at least three fellows in one week.

Charlotte—being out after 9:30 p. m.

Mr. Dodge—not saying, "Oh, I see."

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Charlotte—being out after 9:30 p. m.

Mr. Dodge—not saying, "Oh, I see."

Senior—"Shall I look natural for this picture?"
Freshie—"No, I'd look sober."

Mr. Schafer—"What air am I now applying?"
Wayne Kesler—"Hot air."

Grace—"I never say all that I think."
Bill—"Gee, you must think an awful lot."

Miss DeCamp—"Rinaldo, you may leave the room."
Rinaldo—"I didn't intend to take it with me."

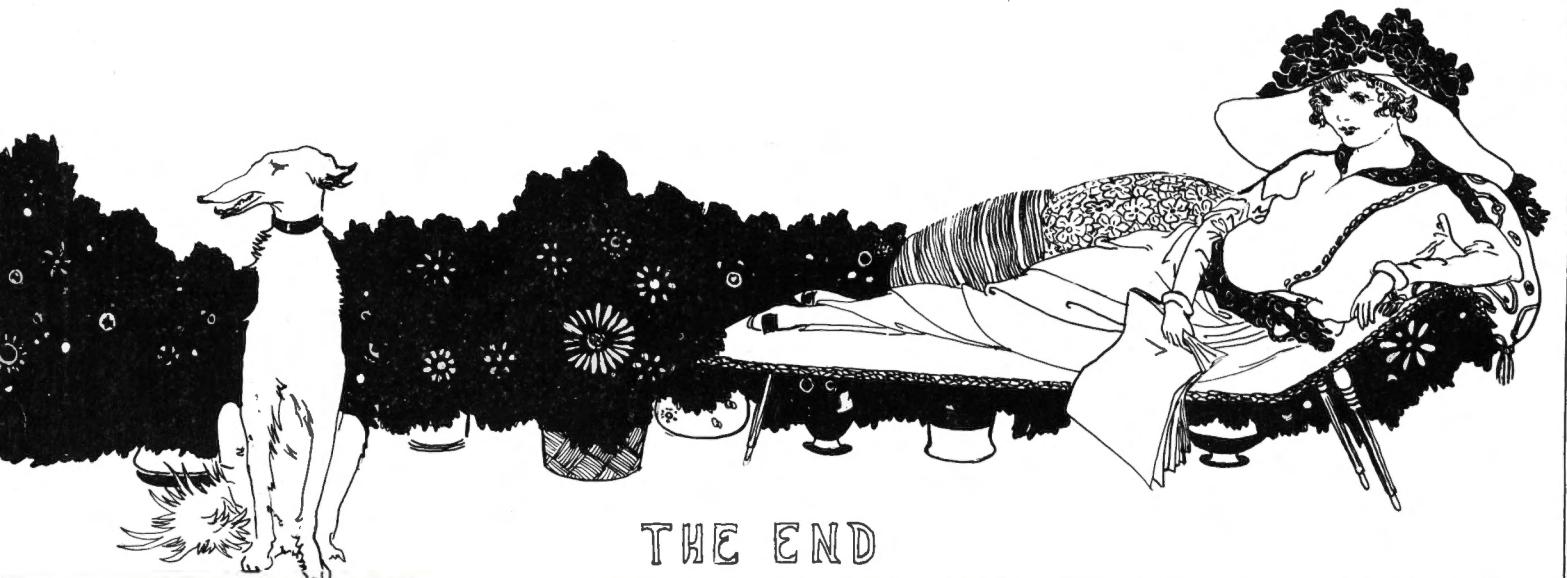
Austria got Hungary and went into Russia to get some Turkey, slipped on Greece and broke up the China.

He—"Nice little game, football?"

She (ardent suffragette)—"Yes, indeed; very lady-like."

Helen—"Yes, Mr. Dodge came back and sat in your seat a long time."

Marie—"Gee, I wish I'd been there."



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 A. E. GREENE, M. D., and R. H. NICHOLS, M. D., Visiting Physicians

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me MORE tho.

Optician

The greater percentage of nervous dis-
orders are due to eye strain.
I eliminate eye strain with scientifically
fitted lenses.

Jeweler

If you are not having a satisfactory time
it's probably because your time-piece
needs readjustment.
LEAVE it with me. My watch work
needs no watching.

THE BUSY MAN