

Albana Schindler

Senior Class Book



January 1916

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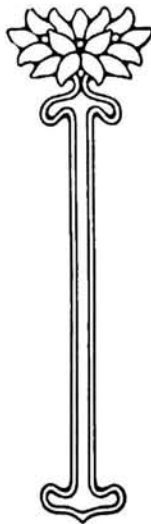
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To the Public



THE the class of 1916, have been here four years. The time has come, dear Alma Mater, when we must leave your portals. Very soon we will be but a memory within your halls.

This book is our last effort—our farewell—our “ave atque vale.” But we are keenly sensible to its imperfections; that which we would have done we have left undone, while that which we would not have done we have done.

However, dear reader, gentle or otherwise, judge this book kindly, more by what we intended to do than by what we have done.

And now in the words of the gladiators before Caesar: “Morituri salutamus!”





Dedication

TO MISS WEAVER, who has believed in us and helped us, who has trusted us in difficulty and rejoiced with us in success, and whose respect and friendship we hope to gain, we joyfully dedicate this, our book.

Class Poem



I.

I gazed into the mystic em'rald pool
Wherein the seer of old had gazed and
found
His fate, with invocations wierd, pro-
found,
His fortune, written on the waters cool.
And, as I gazed, I thought, "My class in
school—
How will they fare, the broad, wide
world around?"
And, as I dreamed, reclining on the
ground,
An apparition from the magic pool
Arose—a spirit clothed in purest white—
And with its hand it pointed toward the
sky
And lo! from out the west a shooting
star
Shot upward, onward, and did mount on
high,
Reach Zenith, halt, and disappear afar.

II.

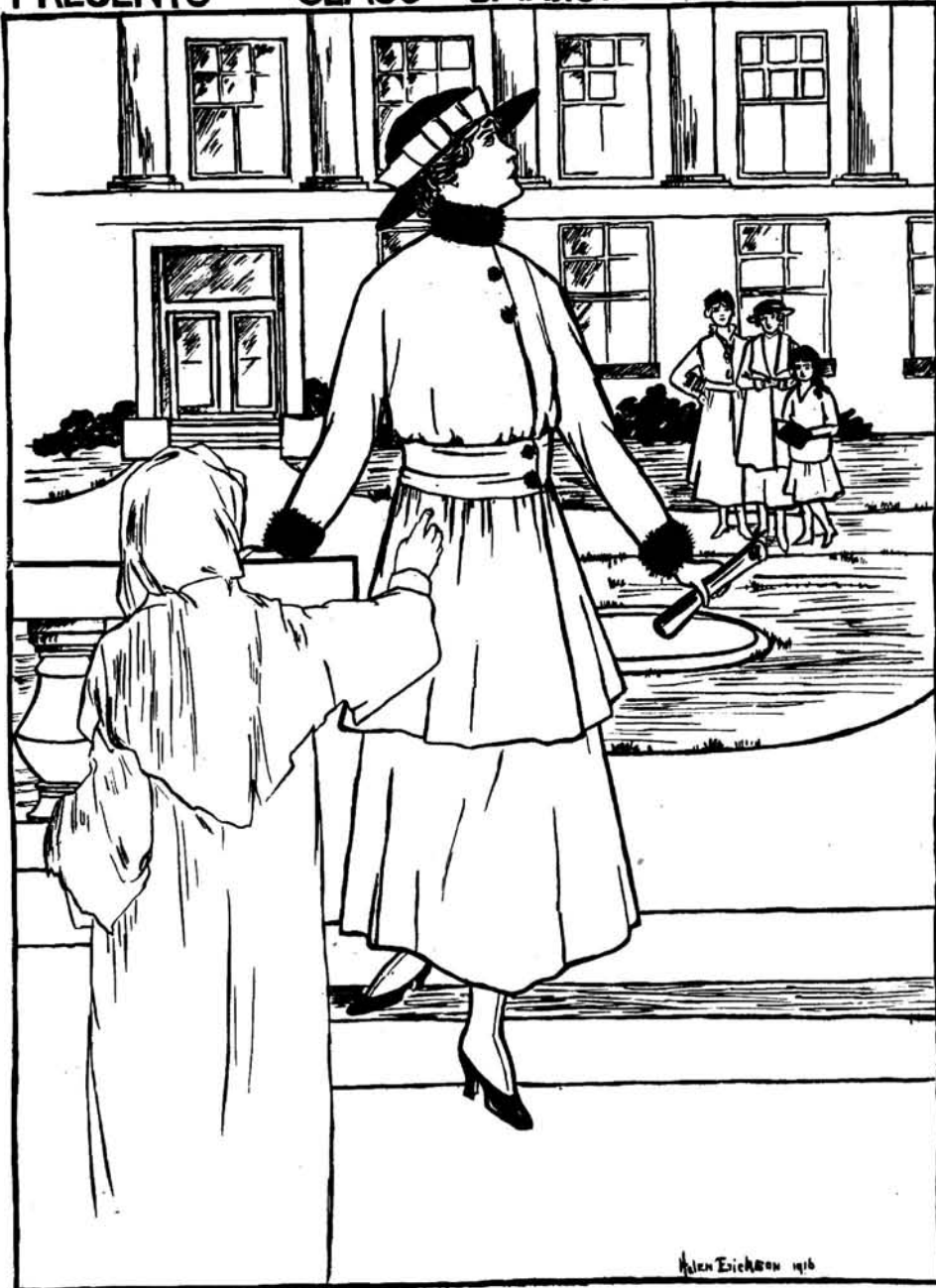
I gazed into the golden bowl of fate,
The golden bowl with em'rald water
brimming,
And there the destinies, the future lim-
ning,
Showed forth unto my eager eyes the
late
Fulfillment of a late accomplished fate.
A purple cloud, the em'rald water dim-
ming,
Parted, and o'er the placid surface skim-
ming,
Appeared a bird; then quickly flying
straight
Into the air, in eagle's form, and bright,
And in increasing spirals ever higher
It winged its way, till it could not be
seen.
Then whence it vanished shone a ball of
light;
And then, in accents of a voice of fire,
I heard these mystic words: "Nineteen-
sixteen"



Year 1916



WEST HIGH
PRESENTS the CLASS of JAN. 1916 to the FUTURE



THE REFUGEE

By Fanny Thomas

"Jean, ah Jean!" Marie cried when she found herself separated from her brother in the great crowd of Belgian refugees who were trying to board the ship that September night in the memorable year of 1914. She struggled to free herself, but she could not turn back. The mob swept her on, across the gang-plank, on to the boat. She tried to force her way against the steady stream of people boarding the vessel. Suddenly she realized the futility of her efforts for the gang-plank was taken in and the ship was in motion. Terror seized her! She ran to the railing. In agony, she stretched out her arms in longing for Jean and her native land, but the space between them continued to widen. She stood for a time as though in a trance, her mind's eye picturing Jean pressed into service, suffering in the trenches,—possibly—but no it could not be! In a frenzy, she ran her twitching fingers through her hair. The girl had been compelled to go as a steerage passenger for lack of money. She shuddered at the thoughts of a voyage in such a manner for she was accustomed to comfortable surroundings.

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed hoarsely; and collapsed, falling to the floor in a heap—

Marie awoke to find herself no longer in the steerage but in a berth in a state-room. She wondered at it, only faintly recalling how she happened to be on a ship. As though in answer to her thoughts she heard a voice saying in French, though with an unaccustomed accent.

"Well, my dear, I am glad to see that you have recovered. Half an hour ago, when I saw you faint I was much alarmed and had you brought up here. As soon as you feel well enough I want you to tell me about yourself."

Marie turned her head and saw beside her a kindly, gray-haired woman whose face showed the suffering which she was experiencing. Weariness was there, and sorrow, also. She did not recognize her as one of New York's foremost women but only as a new, true, friend. Marie felt much better; so she sat up in order the better to tell her story.

"I am Marie De Seur," she began. "My brother and I fled from the town when our home was destroyed and father was taken prisoner. With what little money we had we arrived at the coast, planning to go to America. We were separated in the rush to board the ship for we and others were late." She



OFTEN CRYING—

stopped short, and then turned to Mrs. Vanderrock crying, "O! Madame, what shall I do? I am alone and without money—Jean!—Father!" She burst into sobs and clung to Mrs. Vanderrock.

"Never mind, my dear," Mrs. Vanderrock said, "you shall be safe with me. Now I will call the stewardess to help you back to your place, but come again to-morrow. In the meantime, I shall plan something for you."

II.

In New York, Marie acted as governess to Mrs. Vanderrock's children. A long, long year had passed; no news of Jean had reached her although she had tried to communicate with him and friends in Belgium. During all those months she had suffered dreadfully. Although she was sent to school, she made no friends for she was timid in attempting to speak English. Moreover, her reserved manner, due greatly to her deep sorrow did not invite friendship. She often sought the seclusion of a classroom after school hours to dream of home and Jean, often crying over their misfortune. She worked hard in her spare time, with Mrs. Vanderrock's children; so she had no time for recreation.

More lonely than ever, Marie was wandering slowly home after an especially hard day at school when, glancing down, she saw a coin in the snow. Trembling she picked it up. It was the first time she had had any money since she and Jean had been parted. Mrs. Vanderrock had given her a home and schooling, but no money. She was wondering how to use it when she turned and saw that she was in front of a moving picture theatre. She decided to go in, for she was cold and unusually depressed.

Marie had never been in an American theatre. She selected a seat in the front. By chance she sat down next to a young man who took no interest in the pictures. He was settled comfortably and was

looking about when he noticed Marie coming in. He was struck by her beauty. She, however, was not even aware of his presence, for this was a novelty to her. He studied her profile, noticing her piquant nose and heavy, dark lashes; her olive skin and her drooping mouth.

Marie was interested in spite of herself, in the pictures, smiling or sighing at intervals. She was enjoying herself thus when a war film was thrown upon the screen. She took a passer's interest in it at first, but suddenly she sat up. Could it be he?—It was he!

"Mon Dieu," she cried, "'tis Jean!"

She started forward but then sank back when she felt the futility of her move. Her eyes widened as she saw Jean step forward from the line of soldiers, remove his cap, and proudly receive the badge of merit which was pinned to his coat. Marie clasped her hands, watching the movements with all the pride and admiration of a mother. Too soon, he stepped back into line and another picture was being shown. Marie relaxed, weeping quietly as her longing for Jean came upon her, more urgent than ever.

"Mon frère," she sobbed, "je suis navrée."

The young fellow beside her noticed her starts and wondered at them. He finally decided that one of the French soldiers was her lover. Presently he arose and went out. But once outside, the beautiful, sad, face of the girl recurred in his mind and her piteous cry sounded in his ears. He determined to go back to watch her. She didn't even know he was there, he argued. So he went in again taking a seat beside her. As he sat there he tried to recall where he had seen such a girl. Suddenly he realized that it was this same girl! He had seen her at Mrs. Vanderrock's when he had driven his mother there to call.

Again, the war picture was before them. Marie had waited, regardless of



SHE SAW A COIN IN THE SNOW

the flying hours. When her brother again stepped forward, she stretched out her arms and murmured despairingly:

"Jean—Jean."

The young fellow beside her could no longer refrain from speaking to her.

"I am Irving Burton," he ventured, "can I be of any assistance to you? I think we have a mutual friend in Mrs. Vanderrock."

Marie turned, surprised to hear a voice so near. She saw the kindness in his face and the straightforwardness of his demeanor. In no time, she had told him her story.

After Marie had gone he went to the box office of the theatre and secured the address of the war film company. Then he went home and wrote to secure all the news possible of the French regiment. As he sat at his desk, he became strangely moved. He contrasted the life which he was leading with that of young Jean in France. On the one hand, he saw himself not only "busted out" of college, but absolutely dependent upon his father for every cent he spent. On the other hand, he saw Jean working with all his might for himself and for his sister of whom he probably thought continually, and hoped some day to find.

Irving had lately felt much abused and downcast on account of his failure at college though this hadn't troubled him as much as the fact that his father had cut his allowance. Worse yet, his mother, even, had turned against him. He had considered that his was a sad fate until he met Marie. It was then that he found a sorrow far greater than his. Irving began to realize that he alone was responsible for the sadness. He resolved, then and there, to change his way and to do better.

In a week's time, Irving received a reply from the film company. He went directly to Mrs. Vanderrock with the good news. It contained all that Marie desired—mainly that the regiment was in winter quarters near Calais. She wrote to Jean asking him if it would be possible and advisable for her to join him in France as a nurse.

Weeks of vague hope passed. Marie began to despair of having an answer from Jean; but finally it came! She was elated for it contained the news that nurses were urgently needed, that she should come at once,—and to Jean's camp! Passage was enclosed, so there was nothing to do but to prepare for her leaving.

(Continued on page 154)



RUTH GILLETTE, President



ELIZABETH GAY, Vice-President



LOUISE SCHENCK, Secretary

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF JANUARY, 1916

Once upon a time, many years ago, (four, to be exact) a great many children, diplomas, papers and entrance cards in hand, presented themselves in good time at the portals of West High School. When the doors were opened, they timidly entered, and went at once to their study rooms. How large and terrifying everything looked! Nevertheless, they did all they could to appear nonchalant and entirely at home. Yet how the day dragged! In thinking of the four years ahead of them it seemed as though

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow

Would creep in petty pace, from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time."

Yet it seemed scarcely a week until the first term was but a memory. We were freshman finals, and could sit back with amused glances for other newcomers. The class was organized, and the pins purchased. This was the beginning of our career.

In the second year, tableaux were given, which were known as the "Sophomore Character Sketches." Our class also set a new precedent by transforming the old "Sophomore Dance" into a

truly informal and social occasion, for the members of the class alone. The evening was a great success, and was much enjoyed by every one.

Our third year was marked chiefly by the Junior Dance, held in the corridors of the school, and the Junior Farce. The play selected was "My Lord in Livery" and was presented by an able cast, trained by Mrs. Ellis.

And now we come to our fourth year, the last and best of all! There are so many things that we must not forget! Our Christmas party, held in the girls' gymnasium, met with the success which seemed to attend all of the undertakings of our fortunate class. Our play, the "Piper," given by both the June and January classes of 1916, was the most elaborate production ever staged at West High. January 14th is a night that will long be remembered by every member of the class. Senior Day, Class Day, examinations, follow each other closely. And now comes graduation, and the end of our brief reign. We go to swell the ever increasing number of the alumni. You who follow in our foot-steps, remember and honor us, not only for what we have done, but for what we have been.

MARY R. COWLES.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF JANUARY, 1916

It was in the year 1930. After rushing madly through the depot gates, I just managed to board the Erie Aeroplane Limited before it started. When my natural composure had returned I extracted from my bag the numerous articles necessary to continue my latest book called "The Mystery of the Sewer, or Who Clogged up the Sink?"

I had written two words when a magazine was thrust violently under my nose and bending over me stood a magazine boy. Great Caesar! It was Fred Pel-low, of the Class of '16, of dear old West High School! He didn't recognize me and hurried off before I could say a word.

Not feeling in a writing mood after that, I allowed my eyes to roam about the aeroplane. In the seat ahead sat a very loving couple, whose eyes were for each other alone. Their antics had amused me for half an hour, when I noticed who they were, and, in my amazement, I leaned forward and shouted: "Emily and Charles, how long have you two idiots been married?" They seemed glad to see me and the blushing Emily replied: "Oh, we've been married almost a week. Chuck has a wonderful position in Woolworth's."

"What does he do?" "Sings popular songs." "Isn't that lovely! Tell me all about your wedding." Emmy was only too willing. "Do you remember Jenny Latimer? She was my maid of honor. She shines as reporter on the N. Y. Star. Frank Isler, who is the wealthiest bachelor in New York, was best man. There is a rumor that he is infatuated with the actress, Gladys Tozier, whom they call the second Theda Bara."

During this steady stream of words, Emmy's eyes wandered, and suddenly she said: "Say, isn't that Verna Young across the aisle?" Sure enough, there

sat our former classmate smiling vacantly over her knitting. We called her over to find out how much she knew and were informed that she was President of the Eastern Star and devoted spare hours to her Home for Cats.

We were soon interrupted by the conductor, who was none other than Raymond Brooks. He had no time to chat but threw Verna a sweet smile.

Glancing through the window we caught sight of a kite to which was attached a billboard with a dazzling headline "THAT DARING TRIO." Below the headline were the likenesses of Lucille Dean, Cassie Mee and Emily Donnellan, in acrobatic array, jumping wildly from one trapeze to another.

The aeroplane swooped towards the earth, and looking out of the window we could see in the near distance the smoky chimneys and tall sky scrapers of some large and bustling city. As we glided nearer to terra firma we could make out an immense sign over what looked like the City Hall, and as we spelled out the sign it read "BUSHNELL'S BASIN," "THE HOME OF ANHEUSER BUSHES." As we came to a halt at the station Chuck raised the window and whistled. Two women rushed up with bottles of "COLD TEA." (New York being a dry state.) Lo, and behold! The two women were Anna Beaman and Margaret Van Billiard. They were as surprised to see us as we were them. Chuck asked them what they did to occupy their time between trains and they said they kept busy FILLING THE BASIN. They told us to be sure and keep our eyes out about a mile out of the city and we would see Lowell Harder digging potatoes in a field. We also learned that Marion Cartwright was teaching school there, Harold Smith had a large chicken farm, and Margaret Gul-

len was a whirlwind gum chewing waitress in the largest hotel.

We bid hurried good-byes as we flew on our way and the city faded from view. The next stop we made was New York where we all alighted, and, after separating, made toward home. I was delayed for a time by a crowd gathered about the Salvation Army of which Louise Schenck was leader.

A few blocks farther on I came to a corner black with people surrounding the greatest Suffragette of the time, Marion Cook. I listened as long as I could stand such a flow of language accompanied by gestures and shrieks and then tried to elbow my way out of the street. Some tall, athletic woman pushed me aside with one hand and was away, but not before I recognized her as Wilhelmina Steinkamp. She was escorted by Jess Willard.

In my next scramble for safety, I tripped over the brush of a street sweeper, who helped me to my feet. Good Night! It was Orton Lannin, as full of ambition as ever. He handed me over to a jolly Police Woman, Anna Hoesterey, who took me to my boarding house. There the landlady, Mrs. Margaret Smith O'Brien, let me in.

Comfortably settled in my room, newspaper in hand, I turned to the "Beauty Talks," written by Elizabeth Gay. Below was a headline "ARRESTED FOR NOT PAYING FARE IN JITNEY." This lawbreaker proved to be Fanny Thomas.

In the Society news was an account of a Grand Ball given by Carolyn Cushman, wife of Lord Helpus. Among the guests present were the famous Lady Senator from East Avon, Mildred Coffin, Louis Murphy, C. O. D., R. F. D. and Elizabeth Janes, the noted Philanthropist. An exhibition dance was given by pupils of the aesthetic dancer, Ruth Gillette.

Another page revealed the name of Helen Dodds soprano, Irene Hess-pianist, Mabel Stallman, violinist, to be

heard in a concert that night. My eyes next caught the words "Beautiful Young Aviatrix, Margaret McKelvey, Unhurt By Fall of 2000 Feet."

I was reading about a successful book that had been written by Viola Van Buren, when Mary Cowles rushed into the room to tell me that she had been made Chief Overseer of the City's Refuse Grounds.

Helen Erickson, the noted artist, came in then and said she had been to the theater with Fireman Mark Kirchmaier. They had seen Rheba Wilbur, Champion Ice Skater, on the stage. "What a day!"

ELSIE ANDERSON.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the noble Senior Class of West High School of the City of Rochester in the County of Monroe and State of New York, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this, our last Will and Testament, in manner following, that is to say:

First.—We direct that all our debts and graduation expenses be paid.

Second.—To the egotistical class of January, 1917, we leave and bequeath our Hallowe'en Social which was so successfully given by us, on the condition that they do not sell hard cider without a license which must be granted by the advisory board.

Third.—To the exalted class of June, 1916, we give and bequeath the plan, originated by us, that the menu of the lunch room be changed once every term.

Fourth.—To Elwood "Tiglath Pileser" Snider we leave a new girl to take the place of Helen Cleopatra Dodds who now passes out of existence.

Fifth.—To Seth Widner we leave a reserved place under the clock just outside Mr. Bennett's office.

(Continued on page 154)



CLASS OF JANUARY, 1916

Senior Diagnoses

- ANDERSON, ELSIE1088 South Avenue
"A merry companion is music in a journey."
 Prepared No. 13University of Rochester
 Glee Club 2, 3; Tennis Tournament 4; Flower Committee 4; Hallowe'en
 Social Committee 4; Class Prophet 4.
- BEAMAN, H. ANNA15 Churchlea Place
"So womanly, so benigne, and so meek."
 Prepared Churchville High SchoolBrockport Normal
 Choral Union 3, 4; West High Day Committee 4; Hallowe'en Social Com-
 mittee 4; Senior Play, Senior Play Cast, Senior Floral Committee.
- BROOKS, RAYMOND278 Emerson Street
"A true Philosopher."
 Prepared Ilion High SchoolUndecided
- CARTWRIGHT, MARION5 Kay Terrace
"She wears the rose of youth upon her."
 Prepared Cleveland Ave. School, Niagara Falls.....Training School
 Glee Club 3, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Entertainment Committee Senior Christ-
 mas Party.
- COFFIN, MILDRED15 Fairview Heights
"Her stature tall. I hate a dumpy woman."
 Prepared No. 7University of Rochester
 Sophomore Party 2; Class Honor Roll 4; Junior Dance 3; Senior Recep-
 tion 4; Hallowe'en Party 4; Senior Christmas Party 4; Senior Day Com-
 mittee 4; Color Bearer 4.
- COOK, MARION E.239 Birr Street
"Laugh and be merry is my motto."
 Prepared No. 6Mechanics Institute
 Senior Party Committee 4; Chairman Flower Committee 4; Class Testa-
 trix 4.
- COST, MARGUERITE204 Flint Street
"I leave thy praise unexpressed."
 Prepared Wolcott High SchoolMechanics Institute
- COWLES, MARY R.85 Birr Street
*"My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases,
 but enduring as marble to retain."*
 Prepared No. 7Training School
 Class Treasurer; Class President 2; Sophomore Character Sktches 2; West
 High Day Committee 4; Senior Reception Committee 4; Chairman For-
 tune Telling Committee Senior Social 4; Invitation Committee 4; Class
 Day Committee 4; Senior Play Cast; Class Honor Roll; Class Historian;
 Christmas Senior Party Committee.

- CUSHMAN, CAROLYN LOUISE14 Hickory Street
"Woman's crowning glory is her hair."
 Prepared No. 13Mechanics Institute
 Senior Reception Committee 4; Christmas Party 4; Senior Day Committee 4.
- DEAN, LUCILE M.174 Grover Street
"Silence is a great peace maker."
 Prepared Shortsville High SchoolUniversity of Rochester
 Decoration Committee Senior Play.
- DODDS, HELEN MARIE506 Plymouth Avenue
"One tongue is sufficient for a woman."
 Prepared No. 19University of Rochester
 Tree Day Exercises 1, 2; Debating Society 3; Candy Committee Halloween Social 4; Chairman Entertainment Committee Christmas Party 4; Senior Play Cast.
- DONNELLAN, EMILY216 Earl Street
*"For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose nature's never vary."*
 Prepared St. Monica's SchoolUndecided
 Choral Union 2; Flower Committee 4.
- ERICKSON, HELEN M.1198 Atlantic Avenue
"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."
 Prepared Nathaniel Rochester SchoolMechanics Institute
 West High Day Committee 3, 4; Tree Day Exercises 2; Halloween Social Committee 4; Senior Party Committee; Senior Play Cast; Senior Entertainment 3.
- GAY, SUSAN ELIZABETH40 Essex Street
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
 Prepared No. 29University of Rochester
 West High Day Committee 3; Senior Reception 4; Senior Christmas Party 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Manager Girls' Debate 4; Trust Buster State Committeeman 3; Class Vice-President 4; OCCIDENT Board Senior Annual; Honor Roll; Halloween Social; Debating Society 3. ..
- GILLETTE, RUTH ELIZABETH80 Kenwood Avenue
"Once a friend, always a friend."
 Prepared No. 29.....University of Rochester
 Sophomore Party; Executive Council 4; Debating Team 3; Debating Pin 3; West High Day Committee 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Class President 4; Senior Reception Committee; Honor Roll; Invitation Committee 4; Senior Christmas Party; Halloween Social; Senior Day Committee.
- GULLEN, MARGARET J.104 Seward Street
"Is she not passing fair?"
 Prepared Immaculate Conception SchoolTraining School
 Class Basketball Team 1, 2, 3; Sophomore Party Committee 2; Class Baseball 1, 2.

THE OCCIDENT

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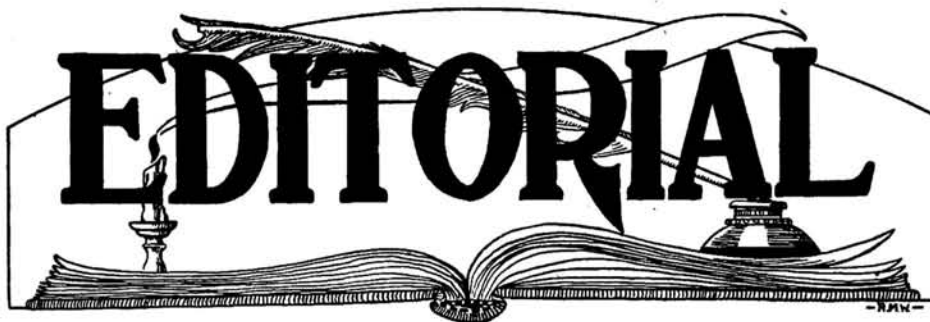
- HARDER, LOWELL GEORGE305 Thurston Road
"The more understanding, the fewer words."
 Prepared Dist. No. 3, GatesPost Graduate
 Chess Team 4, 5; Chess Tournament 4, 5.
- HESS, IRENE ELIZABETH53 Walnut Street
*"Besides, 'tis known she could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs do squeak."*
 Prepared No. 17University of Rochester
 Decoration Committee Senior Party; Flower Committee for Graduation;
 Class Honor Roll; Commencement Speaker.
- HOESTEREY, ANNA232 Avenue A
"My heart is like a singing bird."
 Prepared No. 8N. A. G. U., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Class Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball Cap-
 tain 3, 4; Gym. Meet 3, 4; Championship Meet 3; Trophy Winner 3; School
 Baseball Team 4; Choral Union 2; Hallowe'en Ticket Committee 4; Senior
 Flower Committee; Senior Christmas Party Committee; Senior OCCIDENT
 Board 4; Honor Roll; Commencement Speaker.
- ISLER, FRANK381 Troup Street
"Knowledge is power."
 Prepared No. 4Undecided
 Hallowe'en Party Committee 4; Announcement Committee 4; Senior Play
 Cast; Honor Roll; Commencement Speaker.
- JANES, ELIZABETH571 Genesee Street
"The Littlest Rebel."
 Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Gym. Meet 3, 4; Senior Christmas
 Party Committee; Ticket Committee; Hallowe'en Social Committee.
- KIRCHMAIER, MARK F.140 Glenwood Avenue
"Victor he must ever be."
 Prepared No. 7University of Rochester
 Class Soccer 2, 4; W. H. S. Soccer Team 3, 4; Property Manager Senior
 Play 4; Senior Party 4; Class Baseball 1; Class Track 4; West High Day
 Committee 3; Senior Announcement Committee 4.
- LANNIN, ORTON H.1162 Lake Avenue
"More to know did never meddle with my thoughts."
 Prepared No. 7College
 Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1, 2; Business Manager Senior
 Annual 3; Treasurer Senior Class 4; West High Day Committee 2, 3, 4;
 Senior Dance Committee.
- LATIMER, JENNIE46 Starling Street
*"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends
 Oft she regrets, but never once offends."*
 Prepared No. 7University of Rochester
 Decoration Committee Senior Christmas Party.

- MARTIN, CHARLES K.22 Ford Street
"I loafe and invite my soul."
 Prepared Nathaniel Rochester School No. 3.....University of Rochester
 Hallowe'en Social Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Honor Roll; Senior Occi-
 DENT Board 4; Standard Bearer 4; Christmas Party Committee 4; Com-
 mencement Speaker.
- McKELVEY, MARGARET9 Locust Street
"None but herself can be her parallel."
 Prepared No. 6Mechanics Institute
 Hallowe'en Party Committee 4; Senior Party Committee 4; Flower Com-
 mittee 4; Senior OCCIDENT Board 4.
- MEE, CASSIE WARD80 Adams Street
"Laugh and be fat."
 Prepared Nathaniel Rochester School No. 3.....Undecided
 Class Basketball Team 1, 2, 3; Class Baseball Team 1; Tree Day Exer-
 cises 2; Choral Union 2; Ticket Committee Senior Christmas Party 4;
 Asst. Secretary of Book Exchange 3, 4; Class Honor Roll.
- MURPHY, LOUIS W.105 Mason Street
*"From Harmony from heavenly Harmony
 This universal form began."*
 Prepared Cathedral HighUndecided
 Junior Play 3; Orchestra 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3; Finance Committee 3.
- PELLOW, FRED L.165 Wellington Avenue
"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."
 Prepared No. 8Business
 Class Soccer 3, 4; Class Track 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Senior OCCIDENT
 Board 4; Senior Day Committee 4.
- SAUER, EMILY FRANCES65 Hickory Street
*"Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile. And with her
 whole heart's welcome in her smile."*
 Prepared No. 13University of Rochester
 Senior Reception Committee 4; Flower Committee 4; Hallowe'en Enter-
 tainment Committee 4; Senior Party Committee; Commencement An-
 nouncements 4; Debating Society 3.
- SCHENCK, LOUISE ANGLE11 Melrose Street
"Laugh and the world laughs with you."
 Prepared No. 29Mechanics Institute
 Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Council 3; West High Day 3; Senior Reception;
 Flower Committee 4; Hallowe'en Social; Debating Society 3; Senior Day
 Committee 4; Ticket Committee Senior Party 4; Class Secretary 4.
- SMITH, MARGARET FURMAN14 Locust Street
*"She that was ever fair and never proud
 Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."*
 Prepared No. 6Miss Wheelock's Training School
 West High Day Committee 3; Hallowe'en Party Committee 4; Senior
 Party Committee 4.

THE OCCIDENT

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- SMITH, HAROLD CULLINAN132 Curtis Street
"A kinder gentleman treads not the earth."
 Prepared No. 17University of Rochester
- STALLMAN, MABEL E.90 Earl Street
"Honest labor bears a lovely face."
 Prepared No. 19Mechanics Institute
 Class Honor Roll.
- STEINKAMP, WILHELMINA MAY100 Shelter Street
"Lady, you have a merry heart."
 Prepared No. 19Undecided
 Basketball Team 3; Baseball Team 2; Typewriting Contest 2; Tennis
 Tournament 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Committee Senior Party; Gym. Meet
 2; Hallowe'en Social Committee 4.
- THOMAS, FANNY27 Wellington Avenue
"Learned and fair and good is she."
 Prepared No. 29Training School
 Vice-President of Class 3; Guard of Honor 2; West High Day Committee
 3; Hallowe'en Committee 3; Efficiency Committee 4; Executive Council 4;
 Senior Reception Committee; Honor Roll; Senior Christmas Party Com-
 mittee.
- TOUNG, VERA F.21 Suter Terrace
*"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."*
 Prepared No. 13Music
- TOZIER, GLADYS JULIA12 Algonquin Terrace
*"How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour."*
 Prepared No. 29University of Rochester
 Pin Committee 1; Sophomore Party Committee; Executive Council 2, 3, 4;
 Chairman School Publication Committee 4; OCCIDENT 2, 3, 4; Editor-in-
 Chief OCCIDENT 4; Hallowe'en Social Committee; Vice-President Debating
 Society 3; Debating Team 3; Debating Pin 4; Senior Play; Senior Recep-
 tion Committee; Editor-in-Chief Senior Class Book; Senior Christmas
 Party Committee; Honor Roll; Vice-President Students' Association.
- VAN BILLIARD, MARGUERITE J.120 Sherwood Avenue
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."
 Prepared No. 29Undecided
 Christmas Party Committee 4; Hallowe'en Social Committee 4; Study-
 room Basketball 2, 3.
- VAN BUREN, VIOLA R.204 Spring Street
"Joy is the sweet voice."
 Prepared Public School No. 5, Albany, N. Y.Training
- WILBUR, RHEBA253 Albemarle Street
"A true friend is one worth having."
 Prepared No. 7Mechanics Institute
 Choral Union 1; Glee Club 4; Senior Reception Committee 4; Senior
 Christmas Party 4; Hallowe'en Party Committee 4.



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Entered as second-class matter October 23, 1906, at the Postoffice at Rochester, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The Senior Class Book Board wishes to express their thanks to the OCCIDENT Staff for granting them the privilege of publishing their January OCCIDENT. Although this book is chiefly in the interests of the present graduating class we have tried to make it entertaining and interesting to all the classes, from Freshmen to Senior.

Such thoughts pass through the minds of most of us this new year, as we stand on a threshold of a new life. We have become a part of you, West High, and into our new world we will take the memories of the pleasantest four years ever spent, and shall miss it all.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." We realize, and know that it should be that way, but as we take our pen in hand to write these our last editorials, there is a queer tug at our heart. For four years we have looked forward to this time; have dreamed dreams of our Senior days, and built air-castles concerning our future, but now as we near the end of our last term in West High School, and realize that we are to go out from those walls, which have sheltered us for four years, and no longer roam the corridors where perhaps we have made our best friends, we experience a new feeling, one, which is not easy to describe, but deeper, and different from any other.

Do we realize that it is impolite to stand in front of the teachers, and absorb the contents of the board in the office marked for their use? Surely we would be more careful, if we realized that it was a breach of etiquette.

How many of us place our fingers upon the glass doors as we pass in and out of them? This not only is impolite but makes the doors look untidy. Be more careful, fellow-students, about placing your fingers, where they will leave a tell-tale mark.

Then, again, it is very easy to acquire the habit of standing with your head against the wall. If you are guilty, stop it; break yourself of the habit. This helps to make a black streak on the wall that does not improve the looks of the building.

It is often said that the first thoughts are the best, but if your first impulse is to read the contents of the teachers' bulletin board, place your finger-tips on the door as you pass through, or stand with your head against the wall, think twice, you will not lose anything, and you may gain something.

A teacher read from a test paper "General Grant was a prominent soldier in the Revolutionary army under Washington's command." A student who overheard it said, "I believe in preparedness." Preparedness is one of the greatest questions of the day; papers are full of accounts of it, magazines have articles on it; motion pictures are showing the need of it, and we are all more or less interested in it. But the week before the monthly tests, and especially the few weeks before the dreaded "finals," when we hear students saying "I have got to make up three lessons," or "It means cramming to get through," we doubt our preparedness. Why need we worry, if each day our lessons have been prepared? Tests are merely a review of the daily work in a nut-shell, and if we all believed in being prepared and in its practice there would be no need of a nervous strain before "exams."

The motto of the Boy Scout organization is "Be Prepared" and it has been found that already they have reached a considerable state of preparedness. Would it not be a good motto for us to adopt and follow? And then by demonstration let it be found that we too have reached at least a state of semi-preparedness,

The weather is very patient. We abuse and blame him, but ne'er a complaint does he make; we exalt, praise, but no sign of appreciation does he show. Why not be as patient with the weather, as

the weather is patient with us? Surely we will agree, that the January weather has not been the most agreeable. Skate-lovers feel very much abused because there has been so little ice, while the lovers of the sunshine have longed for the warm rays. It seems impossible to satisfy everyone. The weather, like the rest of us, has his trials; so let us try not to be so ready to complain. It has long proved true that it is far wiser to make the best of things.

PROBLEM

My High School days are nearly over,
Now what am I to do?
So far my life has been in clover,
But will my dreams come true?
I've often thought I'd like to teach,
Or perhaps to be a nurse,
But they require a lot more work,
Before they fill the purse.
I think the best thing I can do,
If not too long I've tarried,
Is to find some man who'll love me true
And then—then go get married.

UNIQUE

A gent with an eyesight oblique
Journeyed forth, some mushrooms to
sique;
But, sad to relate,
'Twas a toadstool he ate;
And that ended up the poor gique.

A gink with a nose quite unique
Got in a dispute with a Grique;
But the Grique, with a smile,
Picked up a big file
And hammered him over the bique.

A SENIOR, TOO

"Oh gee, why on earth ain't I bright?
I can think and think all the night,
But to poor stupid me . .
Comes not one idee
For a theme,—now ain't that a fright?"

DEBATING TANGLE

We have chosen to debate the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved: That the commission form of government as adopted in Buffalo would give Rochester a more efficient and more responsible government than its present charter does," with both E. H. S. and Lafayette, for, after much discussion pro and con the boys did not wish to debate against their own convictions even though they knew they did not stand as good a chance of winning on the affirmative. Two weeks after we had wired the Buffalo manager of the side we chose we had an official communication signed by the coach and the principal asking that another question be adopted as this one had already been debated so much in Buffalo that they feared they could get no audience, and saying furthermore, that they did not see why they should submit a question of East High's choosing. The West High manager, Mr. Thomas, replied by quoting the letter of the Lafayette manager in which he proposed that his team submit the same question that it received from East High and stating that West High had supposed the question was a peculiarly acceptable and timely one for them. If their suggestion of changing had been made before we had selected our side of the question we should have yielded but, in as much as they had evidently chosen both the question and the side they wished to debate, we felt compelled to hold them to the terms of the agreement and they replied that they yielded. It is hoped in debating and faculty circles that this interchange of diplomatic notes will not disturb the good-feeling and friendly rivalry that has always existed between the two schools.

MORE NEGOTIATIONS

The third team is composed of Widener, Flack, Snapp and Southwick, alternate. Negotiations for a debate have been opened with Batavia High School and a further communication is awaited.

DEBATE HELD

During the Christmas vacation each member of the teams to meet Lafayette and East High mailed an analysis of the question to the coach. The teams are now preparing to meet each other. A debate was held on Jan. 20th between our two teams, the team to meet East High taking the negative and those to meet Lafayette taking the affirmative. No decision was rendered but much profit was derived from the contest.

SCANDAL?

Anyone who knows any case of Aldermanic scandal or graft will confer a great favor by submitting the same with proof to any member of the teams.

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT FOR WEST

HIGH

Harvey Hunt was responsible for the suggestion that the Student Government of West High be of the commission plan. It is probable that the question of commission government for West High will be debated some morning soon in Assembly.

SERIES OF TALKS

The Boys' Debating Societies have been holding a series of talks on the various municipal departments. Kennell, Reed and Nivelung have given talks.

COMBINED SOCIETY?

The Underclassmen have been having readings from modern literature in connection with their meetings. This has raised the question of a combined Literary and Debating Society for the boys. After the interscholastic debates, the cup debates will probably be continued. Home Room 26 still holds the cup.

GIRLS' TEAM PICKED

The trial debates are over and the following team of girls to meet the East High girls has been chosen: Anabel Mullen, May Schenck, Murial Hamilton and Rose Kingsley, alternate.



SENIOR OCCIDENT BOARD



CLASS ROOM AND CORRIDOR

We, who are about to be graduated, salute you, West High School!

This month sees the end of our life here. No more will we come every day to study. Nor yet for anything else.

But there is some consolation in the thought that after all, every book we have read on such themes is distinctly inaccurate. We are, very likely, quite unique as a class. I say this for I believe that being an ordinary student, I may judge the others by myself. Therefore I repeat, we are an extraordinary class.

No feeling of sad meditation steals over me as I view the drinking fountains and bulletin boards, for the last time, perhaps. My eyes do not grow dim when I pass the waste-basket. I do not soliloquize over the fusser's benches. If I did I should not think of the many touching scenes here enacted. I should think that a coat of varnish would probably help them a bit. I feel no impulse to enrich the freshman with advice and admonition. I do not drop tears of regret into the fountain. I do not believe I would spend four more years here if I could. I have sighed over the combination on my locker, but I never will again.

And yet, though my saddest memories are of the lunch-room, I am not quite devoid of sentiment. I have a mild affection for the library. Really it has been so convenient! Also I should like to know before I go how the electric clocks are run. I am really enthusiastic about the class. I have heard it pronounced slow. I am not prepared to dispute it. In fact

I think it dignified. Nervous activity is often misjudged and certainly not elegant. Ours is a talented class. Indeed, I feel that there is at least one embryo author in our midst. I am sure the school will miss us tremendously.

And now for the school itself. It is high time to settle this matter of school-spirit. We, of the January, nineteen-sixteen class, pronounce it our opinion that there is no such thing—but we consider it a fine myth to propagate. I don't know what our rising young orators would do without it.

We, who are about to be graduated salute you, West High School!

It is somewhat embarrassing, of course, but we just want to say on the quiet that whenever you want anything, old West High, you know us. Really we hate slush, but just the same there is a soft spot in our hearts for you. If you need a new building or anything in later years we'll see that you get it. No, I'm not. It's just a cold in my head. Good-bye, West High.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT

I'm dinged at by my teacher,
I'm dinged at by the staff,
I'm dinged at by the editor,
They have a sort of graft.

I guess they think
That we should write
Works like Milton
Or maybe Bryant.

Now OCCIDENT don't
At this get sore,
For if you do
I'll write no more.

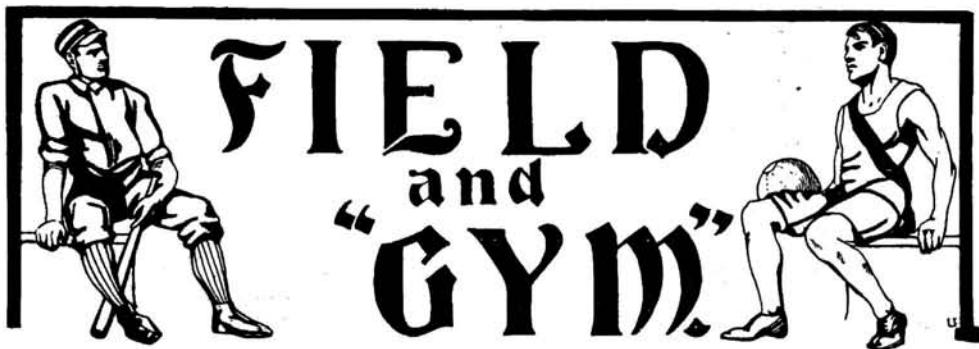


SENIOR PLAY CAST

IMPRESSIONS

*"For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet clay;
And with its all-obiterated Tongue
It murmured—'Gently, Brother, gently, pray!'"*

- | | |
|--|--|
| Elsie Anderson | Orton H. Lannin |
|Cleopatra and Joan of Arc | The Vicar of Wakefield in a taxicab |
| H. Anna Beaman | Jennie Latimer |
|St Helena at a tango tea | ...Queen Victoria doing the tango |
| Raymond Brooks..Cicero in a jitney bus | Margaret McKelvey |
| Marian Cartwright | Cleopatra at the First Methodist Church. |
| Marie Antoinette reading the "Synthetic Philosophy." | Chas. K. Martin |
| Mildred Coffin | Alexander the Great on an ash wagon. |
| ..Mrs. Browning and Jane Addams | Cassie Ward Mee |
| Marian E. Cook...Beatrice in a taxicab | ..Brunhilde and Wrigley's spearmint |
| Mary R. Cowles | W. Louis Murphy |
| Marie Antoinette and Florence Nightingale. |Paganini with a Jew's-harp |
| Carolyn Louise Cushman | Fred L. Pellow |
|Queen Elizabeth playing bridge | ..Cyrano de Bergerac in shirtsleeves |
| Lucille M. Dean | Emily Frances Sauer |
| An animated volume of Calvin's sermons. | ...Isabella of Castile at the movies |
| Helen Marie Dodds | Louise Angle Schenck |
| ...Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat | Marie Dressler and Helen of Troy |
| Emily Donnellan | Harold Cullinan Smith |
| ..Pallas Athene at the W. C. T. U. | ..Xenophon with a cold in the head |
| Helen Erickson | Margaret Furman Smith |
| ...Joan of Arc and Dora Spenslow |Madame Roland at the Vic. |
| Susan Elizabeth Gay | Mabel Stallman |
| Ophelia and the nebular hypothesis | Sappho on the Socialistic tendencies of the United States. |
| Ruth Elizabeth Gillette | Wilhelmina May Steinkamp |
| Joan of Arc and a Greek grammar | Catherine the Great and Mary Pickford. |
| Margaret J. Gullen | Fanny Thomas |
| Maria Theresa reading Bertha Clay | Maria Theresa with a package of theme paper. |
| Lowell George Harder | Verna F. Young |
| Philippe de Valois in an all-night lunch car. |Portia as district attorney |
| Irene Elizabeth Hess | Gladys Julia Tozier |
| Joan of Arc and Susan B. Anthony | Empress Josephine and Mrs. Baker Eddy. |
| Anna Hoesterey | Marguerite I. Van Billiard |
|Diana in a Genesee St. car |Rosalind and Jane Addams |
| Frank Isler | Viola R. Van Buren |
| Frederic the Great in a butcher shop | Marie Antoinette and Carrie Chapman Catt. |
| Elizabeth Janes | Rheba Wilbur |
| Florence Nightingale and an ice cream soda. | Martha Washington and Calpurnia |
| Mark F. Kirchmaier | |
| Julius Caesar selling butter and eggs | |



Looming up on the athletic horizon at the present time is a sport that has received very little favor from the student body in past years. Track, which is considered by men prominent in physical work to be the best sport for the development of youth, has been put in the background for some time. It even went back so far that it was necessary to abolish the indoor end of the game two years ago. Last year there was a slight revival of spirit, and the sport came back but without any surprising result. This year another attempt will be made to rejuvenate the sport but unless there is a big turnout when the opening gun is fired work will cease until the outdoor season in the spring.

With adequate material it will be possible to go through a good season, as the management has opportunity to arrange a schedule that will be better than any that a West High team has had in some time. Meets can be arranged with both scholastic and collegiate-freshman teams. The Occidentals will be pitted against the fastest teams in the state and the men will be given a chance to show their worth.

Should a team be picked it is quite possible that something new in the local scholastic game will be tried out. The freshman team of Hobart College is especially desirous to arrange a triangular meet with East and West High Schools, but the managements think that it would be better to combine the teams, picking the best from each school and

entering the meet under the name of the Rochester High Schools. This plan was introduced by the West High management and is quite acceptable to West High. This would be the first time that such a thing has been attempted.

If the plan works out in the Hobart meet the same team will very likely be entered in the big interscholastic meets that are held throughout the state during the winter months.

This thing looks very good to us, as the combined strength of the two schools should comprise a team that would be equal to if not better than any scholastic team in the state. It would tend to put Rochester and the high schools on the sport map.

The outdoor season will not open until May, the same as last season. West High has always been to the fore on the cinders, having held the city championship two years ago.

There are several good men available for an indoor team, practically all of last year's team being back in school. After a year's drilling these athletes should be in good shape and ready to go out and cop the gonfalon this year. Such men as Hale, Sachs, Brooks and Howard will uphold the colors of the school in the sprints. Shirley, Osler, Wegman and Wignall will take care of the distance runs. MacDonald, Brooks, Johnson and Slattery are as good as the best in the field events. Many of the younger students have the stuff and it is for them to come out and help the cause.

BASKETBALL

Most of the championship aspirations have been knocked out of the West High basketball team within the past month. Cathedral High School was the main offender when they handed the Occidentals a 30 to 16 defeat on the Armory court. It was the first time that the quint had tasted the sting of defeat and they will all aver that it was very bitter medicine. However, it may have its good effects and tend to bring them back. They still have one more crack at the city title and we wish them all the luck possible, while at the same time we extend our sympathies for the defeat of the past.

The Occidental record for the season, however, is one to be proud of. Five victories to one defeat giving them an .833 average looks very good. At present they are leading the local teams when the percentage is figured up. Their latest victim was Newark High School who threw a little scare into the team during the first few minutes of play but they very quickly shook the fright and came away with the country lads' scalps dangling at their belts—we will not vouch for the truth of this statement for we do not know whether or not the team wear belts.

John Shirley, he of the eagle eye, is leading the scoring column. Shirley has seventy-one points to his credit. He is closely followed by Brooks, Bartlett, Pope and Yawger in the order named.

Much credit for the success of the team to date must be given to the guards, Jack Pope and Foster Yawger. They are some classy pair on the defense. We have yet to see a pair that is any better. They know every angle of the game, can intercept passes with ease. Their heroic work in the Cathedral game, when defeat stared the team in the face, is a proof of their ability. For their credit we must say that no two guards can hold five fast players down and that is what

Pope and Yawger had to do that night.

A slight change was made necessary in the schedule by the cancellation of two games by Warsaw. Geneseo Normal School has been substituted.

Summary of Games

W. H. R.	Po.	E. H.	Zeitler	Donovan, Lynch
Short	Positions	Mitchell	right guard	Score—West High Re-
Wegman	right forward	Goodwin	baskets from field, How-	ard 6, Short, Bingham,
Meyn	left forward	Reid	Zeidler 2, O'Keefe 3, Weg-	man 4, Murphy, Gilmore,
O'Keefe	center	Greenway	Zigler 5; baskets from	fouls, Kingston, Wegman,
Zeitler	left guard	McCormick	Murphy, Zigler; referee,	Remington.
Score—West High Re-				
serves 22, East Rochester				
7; baskets from field,				
Wegman 3, Meyn 5, Good-				
win, McCormick; baskets				
from foul line, Short 3,				
Wegman 3, Reid; referee,				
Schaefer; time of halves,				
20 minutes each.				
West High	Lima			
Positions				
Shirley	F. Gooddale			
right forward				
Brooks	H. Merson			
left forward				
Bartlett	J. Gooddale			
center				
Pope	Lines			
left guard				
Yawger	J. Merson, Rogers			
right guard				
Score—West High 35,				
Lima 26; baskets from				
field Shirley 4, Brooks 4,				
Bartlett 4, Pope, H. Mer-				
son, 4, Gooddale 2; bas-				
kets from fouls, Shirley				
9, J. Gooddale 10; ref,				
Boudier; time of halves,				
20 minutes each.				
West High	Waterloo			
Positions				
Shirley	Chappelle			
right forward				
Brooks	Root			
left forward				
Bartlett	Scofield			
left guard				
Pope	Shaw			
left guard				
Yawger	Savage			
right guard				
Score—West High 31,				
Waterloo 18; baskets				
from field, Brooks 4;				
Shirley 5, Bartlett 5,				
Yawger, Chappelle, Root				
3, Scofield, Shaw 2; bas-				
kets from fouls, Brooks,				
Chappelle 4; referee,				
Bloss; time of halves, 20				
minutes each.				
W. H. R.	Nazareth			
Positions				
Howard	Murphy			
right forward				
Short, Wegman	Gilmore			
left forward				
Kingston, Meyn	Zigler			
center				
O'Keefe	Hazen			
left guard				
Score—Cathedral High				
30, West High 16; bas-				
kets from field, Quigley 7,				
Whitman 4, Walz 2, Shir-				
ley, Bartlett 3, Yawger;				
baskets from foul line,				
Wegner 4, Shirley 6; ref,				
Bloss.				



In this wonderful class of '16,
We have many a beautiful queen;
Of knights we have few,
I'll relate to you
Some tales (on which truth does not
lean).

There are Anna and Mildred and Irene,
Without books they never are seen;
For they love to study
And outshine "everybuddy"
And make us appear very green.

We have a young man who's called Pel-
low,
Who has a fine voice, very mellow,
Though he has a bad habit
Of eating Welsh "rabbit"
On the whole he's a pretty good fellow.

There is a young lady named Cook,
Who loathes to study a book;
But she loves to skip
And to movies to trip
Where, at all of the pictures she'll look.

There's also a young man named Mark,
Have you ever seen him in the park
With a pretty young girl
With her hair in a curl?
Could you fancy them having a lark?

In our class is a girl named Cartwright,
Who always knows how to start right;
She can play on the fiddle,
Tell many a riddle,
A remarkable girl, this Miss Cartwright.

There are 'Lizabeth, Ruthie and Glad,
These three who never are sad;
They are very bright pupils
With conscientious scruples
And they never skip or are bad.

There is a young lady named Dodds,
Who at every one pleasantly nods;
But she breaks the rule
And whispers in school
And sometimes she throws paperwads.

In our class one has fine flaxen hair,
On her face a sweet smile does she
wear;
She has soft cheeks of pink
And blue eyes that wink
And boys—well, perhaps they do stare.

Miss Toug is another young lass
Who belongs to our most famous class.
She gets all unstrung
When she is called "Tongue"
And things come to an a-awful pass.

We mustn't forget "Emmy" Sauer,
Who resembles a beautiful flower (?)
Oft she comes in late
With the direful fate
Of staying after school one whole hour.

A Short Verse

Happy in West High have we met,
Happy in West High have we been,
Happy in West High may we part,
Happy in West High meet again.

THE REFUGEE

(Continued from page 134)

Marie trod on air during the next week. Delightful pictures of her future kept recurring in her mind. She saw only happiness;—none of the drudgery of the life she had chosen, for she would be with Jean, and in France again!

Mrs. Vanderrock tried to discuss the seriousness of her move with the girl but she would not listen. The older woman had become strongly attached to the girl but there was no way of influencing her to stay. At the last moment, however, Marie felt a pang at leaving her benefactress and she wanted, for a moment, to stay with her; but again such visions of Jean and France came before her that she went happily to the dock.

Irving was there to see her off. She could not find words enough to express her gratitude for all that he had done for her but her appreciation spoke for itself in her happy face.

"Eet is of a great kindness you have been to me," she said, "and I feel it more than I can tell you. O!" she exclaimed, "I am so happy." She ran on board gaily, at the last minute.

The wailing cry of "All ashore!" was heard.

Marie smiled and waved to Irving as the ocean liner set sail. The great ship moved out through the surging water. It was an awesome scene to witness but Irving saw only Marie in all her beauty and gladness. He thought of how the contact with her had changed his outlook upon life. He stood watching the ship until it was silhouetted against the winter sky. He turned, going thoughtfully on his way. He had found someone with a deeper sorrow than his, and he was grateful for it.

Marie was returning home, older and more serious, but more truly happy for she had known what it was to suffer.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

(Continued from page 137)

Sixth.—To the Honorable William Barton we leave the "Mighty Dollar," formerly run by Charles Martin.

Seventh.—To Miss Pratt's learned Virgil class we sorrowfully leave the "ponies" once used by us so that the school may have cavalry as well as infantry.

Eighth.—We respectfully leave to Miss Katherine S. Wetmore, the huge black and white cat often seen promenading around the corridors, so that she may have company when writing tardy slips becomes too tiresome.

Ninth.—To Donald Saunders we gladly leave the lunch-room "sinkers" to check him in his wild career.

Tenth.—To Wallace Church we leave the well-known "life preserver" and trust that in the future he will be more careful of it so that it may be passed on to his successors.

Eleventh.—Lastly, to the whole school we leave the eleventh Commandment.


We hereby appoint Lena Bulle and Philip McCann executors of this, our last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our name on the day of Reckoning in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen.

LENA KNUTTE,
HEEZA LEAR,
Witnesses.

"Russell," said the teacher during the lesson in physiology, "What is the use of the external ear."

Russell Howe, after much consideration. "I think, it is mostly used to catch dirt."


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 Ruth Gillette chant
 Irene Hess talk quicker than lightning
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 Emily Sauer whisper
 Elsie Anderson rave
 How Fanny Thomas uses the install-
 ment plan
 How Marian Cartwright abstains from
 candy?

Or seen—

Anna Beaman prink
 Helen Erickson blush
 Margaret McKelvey flirt
 Margaret Smith make eyes
 Verna Young crochet
 Helen Dodds eat

Cassie Mee weigh herself
 Gladys Tozier play with dolls
 Mildred Coffin fight for the middle
 seat in English class
 Caroline Cushman refuse anything
 Mary Cowles weep
 Elizabeth Gay nod
 Margaret Gullen work
 Anna Hoesterey do "gym" stunts
 Jennie Latimer arguing
 Mabel Stallman come late to Chemis-
 try class
 Marguerite Van Billiard chewing
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 Wilhelmina Steinkamp dance
 Emily Donnelan smile

or

Rheba Wilbur figure out 100 calorie
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WHAT ECCNALB HAS TO SAY AND THINK

A teased teaser is a tired man.

Write in haste; repent more hastily.

A well told lie never goes into details.

He writes well, who does not write much.

To the insane man every one else is crazy.

Some people think that policy is the best honesty.

'Tis folly to say anything when you know nothing.

Christmas is truly merry only to those that think of others.

Fashion is the adopting of other people's follies as your own.

People who strive to appear what they are not, only succeed in being nothing.

Those people are the most comical, who are funny without meaning to be so.

A man in debt is like a cat up a tree—goes up easily and then yowls to get down.

Not the early riser, but he who gets the best sleep, is the one who gets the worms.

Many people keep themselves so busy doing nothing that they never accomplish anything.

This would be a world of sadness if everyone knew what his neighbors thought of him.

There may be such a thing as too much conscience, but there is no such thing as too much common sense.

The secret of letter writing—Written words—little wit—many words—not a bit—never write—that is it.

Tact, is an art which enables one to linger in the domain of inoffensive dissimulation, while avoiding ignoble deceit.

There are some people who won't get into the heavenly orchestra because they refuse to play anything but the first fiddle.

An Allurement

He, (putting aside the telephone)—“I believe that I'll go fishing.”

She—“I didn't know you cared for fishing.”

He—“I don't ordinarily; but it is the only chance I have to sit at the end of a line that isn't busy.”

Tough Luck

“Hello, got a Ford.”

“As you see.”

“Where'd you get it?”

“There was a contest—”

“And you won?”

“No, I lost.”

But Rarer, too

Clarence: “Pop, what is a millenium?”

Darktown Father: “It's dess about de same as a centennial, muh son, on'y it's got mo' legs.”

“Now,” said the chemistry professor, “under what combination is gold most quickly released?”

The student pondered a moment. “I know, sir,” he answered, “marriage.”

“If there was a burglar in the cellar, would the coal chute?”

“No dynamite and kindling wood.”

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