

*Alberta M. Schwendler*

# SENIOR OCCIDENT

JAN. 1917

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Jan. 1917

C. G. TAYLOR

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Dedication - - -	131	The Graduates - - -	139
Class Poem - - -	132	The Staff - - -	150
Cartoon - - -	133	Editorial - - -	151
Will It Ever Be Thus? - -	134	The Senior Play - - -	152
Class History - - -	135	Possibilities of the Barge Canal	153
"Sir Oracle Hath Spoken?"	136	Field and Gym - - -	155
Last Will and Testament -	138	Poll-Tacks - - -	158

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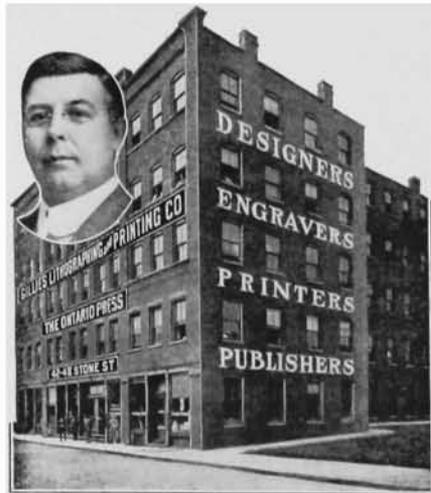
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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND SAY YOU SAW THEIR AD IN "THE OCCIDENT"



To  
**Dr. Charles Holzwarth**  
ALWAYS WITH US AND ALWAYS BEHIND US  
THE CLASS OF JANUARY, 1917, GLADLY  
DEDICATES THEIR CLASS BOOK

**Class Poem** Ruth Strong

You smile, dear Alma Mater, as o'er  
your loom you bend,  
Sorting, blending and with nodding  
head,  
Weaving a web of glistening thread,  
With quaint patterns of silver over it  
spread.  
Your smile is wistful now, one task is at  
an end.

'Tis true, you toiled for four long years,  
but 'twas not in vain,  
For in the meshes of the web were  
wrought  
Kind impulses and broadening thought,  
Friendships with pleasant memories  
fraught,  
All these, with firmness, do the fabric's  
strength maintain.

And so, dear Alma Mater, have you be-  
come a part  
Of us, and tho' we now must leave,  
Associations will ever cleave,  
And much in life that we achieve  
Is yours, and due unto your skill and art.



SENIOR

## WILL IT EVER BE THUS?

The quiet, after dinner hour had come. We had gathered around the fireplace for a cozy chat about the affairs of the day; but our hearty meal, together with the inviting warmth, made us drowsy and silent.

Suddenly an excited figure rushed in, bringing, in its rapid advance, a cool fresh draught of the keen, outer air. After the first moment of dazed surprise, I recognized, in the bunch of excitement, the person of my best friend, Sue.

"Excelsior!" she cried, waving aloft something which might have been the banner of old, so overwrought was she.

"What's up?" I cried, with a start. "Has the war ended?"

"Better than that—guess what!"

"I give it up. Don't keep me in suspense."

"I can't, or we won't get there in time."

"Get where? You needn't think I'd venture out on a night as cold as this."

Nevertheless, Sue's persuasive way was too much for me to withstand, so I started to get on my wraps.

"Do tell me what this is all about, will you?" I asked as I fumbled with the unruly coat buttons and strove to adjust my hat at the proper angle.

"Hurry, and I'll tell you on the way. No time now."

So we rushed from the house, even forgetting to close the door. I, in my attempt to keep up with Sue, tried to put on my new kid gloves while running. We were nearly to the corner when we heard a car approaching. With an extra spurt, we tried to catch it and would have succeeded if I had not fallen headlong into a snow drift. The car passed on.

"We should have taken that car," Sue exclaimed as she energetically pulled me out of the snow. "But never mind. I see another one coming."

We boarded this one without incident and sat down, entirely out of breath.

As soon as I could speak, I asked again, "Well, why all this rush?"

"See here—two tickets—for the exhibit to-night—at the Art Gallery. Think of it!—Complimentaries!—Aren't we lucky?—It's wonderful,—it's too good—"

But the car was stopping with many jerks and jolts and we alighted at the entrance of a long archway. Many people hurried to and fro and thru a maze of colored lights, we approached the door of the gallery. Here many men in gaudy uniforms were stationed to guard the precious treasures within.

We entered and, as patiently as possible, awaited our turn in the line of on-lookers. It seemed as if hours passed and we could get no nearer. Our feet were trodden-on and aching; our heads dizzy from the stifling atmosphere. Still, we did not give up. We had come to see the world's eighth wonder and see it we would.

All in a moment the crowd scattered.

"At last! Come on, here's a place," said Sue, and she darted forward.

And there before our wondering eyes lay the treasures for which J. Morgan Vanderrock had given not only his priceless paintings but also a large sum of money. A wrought-iron rail prevented the crowd from getting too near the table of pure gold upon which rested—think of it—a real egg and also a real potato.

The wonder of it almost overcame us. We had read much about, seen pictures of, but never expected actually to behold these treasures. We sighed contentedly and the hum of whispering voices seemed to swell and die out fitfully. Some words of mother's came back to me. Yes, I could hear them very dis-

(Continued on page 160)



Treasurer  
Floyd Owen

President, Carl Chamberlain  
Secretary, William Taft

Vice-President  
May Schenck

### CLASS HISTORY

One wintry day four years ago some one opened the gates to higher knowledge and the class of January 1917, made its début in West High School. While the girls did not actually appear in socks, still, many wore white stockings and the boys—Carl Chamberlain, Vincent Weiser, Floyd Owen, William Taft, Forrest Dewey, Harvey Hunt and all the others—were still shivering in short trousers.

Our freshmenn year was the last of the old study-room régime in which the teacher conducted a class in the front of the room and the supposedly studying youths and maidens conducted a circus in the back.

Next come the big general study halls. We have survived that experiment and

now we are about to be introduced to supervised study. Thus, you see, we have passed through the three great changes in West High School.

But more! We were the last class to get in under the six months' freshman biology requirement.

To us, too, was given the first freshman reception. (Know ye, oh Freshmen, that we established this noble custom!)

It was our ever original class that conceived and carried out with glorious success the unique idea of a poverty party in our sophomore year. We flatter ourselves that the clothing on that occasion has never been rivaled before or since.

Yet one thing more in that second year a sleigh ride! The big features of that were our hands and feet. It was

cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass monkey.

Though still treading the path of knowledge we crowned our junior year with a hop and the Shakespearean play, "As You Like It." This play, a big piece of work, was, like all else, a grand success.

We must not overlook the two championships for all-round athletics, won these last two years. You will please note the scope of our abilities!

And not two weeks ago was our senior dance and it is scarcely a week since our play, "Her Husband's Wife." They spoke for themselves. Need we say more?

Thus have we gone,—ever successful, ever triumphant, ever generous, a class that need not be ashamed. Pardon our pride. We are proud of our record. Have we not a right to be?

To convince you and end our course in a blaze of glory we hereby invite you all to a dance in the corridor at the close of this assembly,—the music to be furnished by a real orchestra.

MARIAN HUDDLESTON MILLER.

### "Sir Oracle Hath Spoken!"

At last! Aeneas had returned from his vacation trip to Hades, where, amidst other good times, he had his fortune told,—and now I might at last retire, with that piece of wedding cake under my pillow which, for wisest reasons, I had as yet refrained from eating—the cake (I mean). No sooner said, than done!

A massive iron gate before me, swung slowly open and, in sheer astonishment, I gazed open-mouthed at the numbers above it—1-9-3-4. Something pushed me on. I entered. All of a sudden, I came to my senses and realized that Aeneas wasn't the only one who should have the future revealed to him—tho surely I was in a far different locality.

Everything was different—the first thing that hit my eye, instead of the river Styx, was a monstrous sign on top of a little shack, not far from the entrance, which read, "C. C. C. and K. C. Co." What under the sun? My brain grew puzzled—of a sudden, the letters all unfolded, and I read, "Carl Chamberlain, Curl and Kink Cure. Co." Well! has it come to this, I sighed. I might have known.

"O yes!" replied a voice behind me—"you certainly might have!" I turned. What did I behold, but one of those long-haired, wandering, musing poets, with a huge label across the front of him, reading, "Sir Francis Seyfried—ex-nobleman!" Behind him trailed a long string of the queerest figures, who were all likewise labelled. I stood there simply dumfounded. In absolute silence, they passed me by, and this is what I read:

Marian H. Miller—Teacher of Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Calculus and Kindergarten—ex-lunch car proprietress.

Anabelle Mullen—Anarchist—Watch out!

Julia B. Snyder—Guaranteed Government.

Milton B. Steinman—Principal of North High School.

Helen M. Stein—Now Showing at the "Vic."

Wilbur Cooper—D. D. (interpret them as you wish).

Harvey K. Hunt—Second Sawdust-Trail.

Ruth C. Kumerow—Housekeeper—ex-suffragette.

Here the procession suddenly vanished and I was as puzzled as before. I started forth again, and the scenery changed completely.

I found myself in the middle of a crowded street. Everybody was staring upward and so I did, too. Oh, it was merely an aeroplane floating around above the traffic. No sooner had I com-

menced to wonder who that might be, than someone said, "O, that's only Gilbert Taylor out for a little exercise." Well, I never, what next?

Chancing to look across the street I received a shock, for there was a monstrous dry-goods store with the names "Wilkins, Smy and Smith Co." painted across the whole front. "Good for the girls," I thought and entering the store, I looked about with due curiosity. Rather bewildered, I approached a floor-walker—tall and gaunt—but oh my!—where had I seen him before? Somewhere, something seemed to say—"Don Williamson." Well, I never'd have believed it—it's a suitable job all right.

Again all of a sudden the scene changed, and I was alone. Afar off in the distance I heard an awful rattle and soon something that looked like a Ford drove into sight. On the side was painted in huge letters—Dr. H. Ross McNamee—gold-fish specialist. A head stuck out of the back—and who should I recognize but Floyd Owen—chief assistant M. D. and ex-comedian? In a second it was gone and I turned only to behold a group of Greek maidens dancing on the green. Again that mysterious voice echoed. "Mildred Mason, Estelle Schoonover, Doris Fuller and Katherine Sullivan—professionals at it." I received another shock right then and there.

Afar off in the distance I beheld the gate which I had entered, and started eagerly toward it, for I thought I'd had almost enough. Suddenly that long string of figures appeared again, and in the passing instant I caught these words:

Ruth E. Strong—Actress—ex-poetess.

Madeline M. Walsh—Mrs. Somebody—ex-princess.

Vincent T. Crowley—Detective—expick-pocket.

Gertrude M. Hall—Pianist at the "Grand"—don't miss it.

Winifred C. Anderson—Spinster—ex-book agent.

Vincent C. Wisner—Missionary—ex-calamity howler.

George F. Winegard—Storekeeper—ex-president.

Arthur H. Thompson—Lectures, in any language other than English!

William Taft—Chief Electrician in the S. P. skating pavilion—ex-lawyer.

Herbert E. Spencer—Bachelor—ex-Mormon.

Helen R. Day—Housekeeper—ex-waitress.

Adelaide Dark—Society speaker—ex-washerwoman.

Maida M. Judd—Chief Cook and Bottle Washer W. H. S.

Elmer Sachs—Mayor—ex-missionary.

Gladys Hanse—Heiress—ex-waitress.

Charles W. Perrine—Policeman—ex-shoplifter.

Rhea E. Kelley—Social Secretary—ex-waitress.

As suddenly as before they all vanished but still in the distance appeared three trudging figures bearing a single worn out label—"Hopeless Old Maids" Mildred Ford, Margaret Nichols—and, oh horrors,—alas, too true, myself.

Terrified and indignant I rushed toward the gate where a lone figure stood.

"Tell me," I shouted, "what does it all mean?" Slowly the figure pointed to the numbers above my head—1917 and murmured—"Will you go back and leave the fleeting shadows of the future?" Turning I saw his label—"Forrest W. Dewey, Farmer, Ex-Society Bug." With one final gasp I pushed through the gate. It closed with an awful clang and I awoke—but listen—

Dreams on Wedding Cake are bound to come to reality.

She—What do you like about me?

He—The other arm, till I rest this one.

### 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 the following manner:

First—According to precedent, established by Seniors, we direct that our just debts and graduation expenses be paid.

Second—To Mr. Bennett we respectfully leave one box of cubebs, and sincerely trust that he will smoke one after every assembly for the next ten weeks, for we realize what a "quiet smoke" will do for shattered nerves.

Third—To Miss Marian Miller we leave a Ford truck for her personal baggage, including one large black handbag.

Fourth—To Mr. Homer Fickett we leave a reserved seat in the library for the next four years, and likewise to Mr. Ralph Wilbur.

Fifth—We direct that a monthly pension be paid the aforesaid Mr. Wilbur for services rendered at the piano on Friday afternoon, provided he does not marry before the age of fifty or smoke before he is twenty-one. However, if he fails to qualify, we are sure that there are boys in West High who neither smoke or have any chances of getting married before they pass the half-century mark.

Sixth—We hereby appoint a body guard over Mr. Junior Petty to prevent him from stepping in front of street cars or automobiles, as he has done on previous occasions, as serious damage might be done to—the street cars or automobiles.

Seventh—To Miss Mildred Mason we leave a good speedometer, as she has already broken three in trying to get to school in eight and two-thirds minutes. This will also save her from

turning around frequently to see if there is an officer of the law on the trail.

Eighth—We direct that Miss Doris Gillette be appointed "Chief Examiner" of all fountain pens found in West High during the past four years, as we are sure that most of them must be hers.

Ninth—To Mr. Robert Lohges, one of the most promising young men in the United States, we leave a book entitled, "How to Become Famous," by Harry K. Thaw.

Tenth—To Miss Weaver we leave a large periscope, which will enable her to keep an eye on the library while walking about the building. This, we hope, will make library work more enjoyable as there is no buzzer attached to the periscope.

Eleventh—Lastly, to the whole school we leave the new system of "supervised study."

We hereby appoint B. Guile and E. Z. Money executors of this, our last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof, we have herewith subscribed our names on the nineteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and seven-

GAY AND GIDDY,

ISADORE WOOD,

Witnesses.

A street Arab stood on a weighing machine

In the light of the lingering day;  
Then a counterfeit penny he dropped in  
the slot,

And silently stole a-weigh.

May—Well, Bill, how many orders did you get yesterday?

Bill—I got two in one place.

May—That's the stuff. What were they?

Bill—One to get out and one to stay out.

# The Graduates



ANDERSON, CAROLYN W. ....193 Kirkland Rd.

*They claim she is going to be a suffragette  
But we can't understand it yet.*

Prepared No. 29.....Business School  
Freshman Reception Committee, 1; Tennis Tournament, 1; Choral Union, 2; Gymnasium Meet, 2; Tree Day Dance, 2; Glee Club, 3, 4; Debating, 3; Senior Dance Committee, 4; Class Memorial Committee, 4; West High Day Committee, 3, 4.

CHAMBERLAIN, CARL G.....Britton Road

*Carl Chamberlain is his name,  
Renowned for his beauty.  
And that is why, my dearest friends,  
We always call him "Cutie."*

Prepared No. 6.....Undecided  
Class Basket Ball, 1, 2; Class Soccer, 1, 2, 4; Soccer Team, 2, 3, 4; Second Soccer Team, 1; Hockey Manager, 3; Midget League Soccer, Basketball and Baseball, 1; Tennis Tournament, 3, 4; Chess Tournament, 2, 3; Study Hall Basketball; Class Secretary, 3; Sophomore Party Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Executive Council, 3; Junior Play; German Play, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 2, 3; Psychology Club, 3; West High Day Committee, 2, 3; Debating Society, 2; Class President, 4; Honor Roll; Yale Cup.



COOPER, WILBUR .....104 Hobart St.

*Long and lank and lean and slim,  
A willing boy and a heart within.*

Prepared No. 29 .....Undecided  
Chess.

THE OCCIDENT



CROWLEY, VINCENT JOHN.....381 Arnett Blvd.

*Oh Vincent! with your lengthy height,  
Tell me, am I wrong or right,  
When I say that brains do grow,  
Way up high, and not down low?*

Prepared Meadville, N. Y.....Syracuse University  
West High Day, 4; Hallowe'en Social, 4; Senior  
Party, 4.

DARK, ADELAIDE .....24 Fulton Ave.

*Adelaide is a pretty maid,  
Her heart is light and free;  
Above all fates on earth she hates  
To get a sorry "C."*

Prepared No. 6 .....Conservatory of Music  
Choral Union; Glee Club; Home Concert.



DAY, HELEN RUTH .....83 Columbia Ave.

*A quiet maid of the old aristocracy,  
Yet with ne'er a trace of the old hypocrisy.*

Prepared No. 3 .....Mechanics Institute  
Freshman Reception Committee; West High Day,  
1, 2, 3; Choral Union, 1, 2.

DEWEY, WILLIAM FORREST.....240 Rugby Ave.

*It's little things that seem to count,  
So wiser heads have found,  
No wonder something seems quite "off"  
When Forrest's not around.*

Prepared No. 29 .....Cornell  
Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Class Basketball, 2, 3, 4;  
Class Soccer, 1, 2, 4; Baseball Team, 3; Property  
Manager, Junior Play; Business Manager Senior  
OCCIDENT; Chairman Senior Class Day.





FORD, MILDRED .....44 Backus Ave.

*You should worry if your name  
Is cussed and taken so in vain.*

Prepared No. 6 .....University of Rochester  
Basketball; Chairman of Memorial Committee;  
Honor Roll.

FULLER, DORIS S. ....16 Hickory St.

*To whom parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That she says good-bye till it be morrow.*

Prepared No. 13 .....Undecided  
West High Day Committee, 3, 4; Senior Dance  
Committee, 4; Chairman Senior Dance Commit-  
tee, 5; Treasurer Wizard Party, 3.



HALL, GERTRUDE M. ....387 Post Ave.

*So may her music be translated to the skies  
And give resounding praise to Heaven's harmonies.*

Prepared Corpus Christi. .Rochester Normal School  
Glee Club, 3, 4; Senior Party Committee; Honor  
Roll.

HANSE, GLADYS ELIZABETH...90 Dorchester Rd.

*She is as dark as she is bright,  
In truth a vision of delight.*

Prepared No. 23 .....Undecided  
Girls' Club, 4; Tennis Tournament, 4; Freshman  
Reception, 4.



THE OCCIDENT

HUNT, HARVEY KENDALL.....232 Chili Ave.

*Harvey is a clever chap,  
Who wears a shirt of blue.  
He hammers the piano,  
And he's athletic, too.*



Prepared Ithaca Grammar School..U. of Wisconsin Study Hall Basketball, 2, 3; Class Basketball Championship Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Team, 3; Class Baseball Championship Team, 2, 3; Baseball Team, 2, 3, 4; Baseball Manager, 3; Tennis Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis Championship 2, 3; Runner-up, Tennis Tournament, 1, 4; Class Track, 3; Class Soccer Team, 4; Bowling Team, 3, 4; Debating Team, 4; President Student's Association, 4; President Student's Council, 4; Senior Play Committee.

JUDD, MAIDA MORSE.....1 Mt. Pleasant Pk.

*The sweetest flower of them all,  
Is always shorter than the tall.*

Prepared No. 3.....Rochester Normal School Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Choral Union; Announcement Committee, 4; Honor Roll.



KELLY, RHEA ELIZABETH.....248 Arnett Blvd.

*For every ill beneath the sun,  
Thy remedy is always fun.*

Prepared St. Monica's School .....R. B. I. Honor Roll, 4.

KUMEROW, RUTH CAROL.....246 Columbia Ave.

*She's like a pair of white kid gloves,  
That holds hands much, but never loves.*

Prepared No. 19.....Mechanics Institute Basketball.





MASON, MILDRED A. ....281 Barrington St.

*Millions of thoughts adorn her mind,  
Knowledge flows freely, but she's no "grind."*

Prepared No. 29 .....Miss Capen's School  
Glee Club, 2; Weihnachtfest, 2, 3; West High Day  
Committee, 2, 3; Tennis Tournament, 2, 3; Senior  
Party Committee; Senior OCCIDENT Staff Artist;  
Honor Roll.

McNAMEE, HAROLD ROSS.....383 Genesee St.

*He's all my fancy painted him—  
And then some,—so I've found,  
Methought he was a gentle youth—  
Oh yes!—when sleeping sound!*

Prepared Amherst, N. H., Grammar School.  
University of Buffalo Med.  
Track, 4; Cross-Country Team, 4; Captain Class  
Basketball Championship Team, 4; Tennis Team,  
4; Runner-up, Tennis Tournament, 3; Manager  
Tennis Team, 4; Senior Announcement Commit-  
tee; Associate Editor Senior OCCIDENT.



MILLER, MARIAN H. ....547 Lake Ave.

*She always has her lessons,  
Folks say she is a grind,  
But when it comes to eating,  
She leaves us all behind.*

Prepared No. 6.....Wellesley College  
Study Room Basketball, 1, 2; Sophomore Party  
Committee, 2; Tree Day, 3; Girls' Standard  
Bearer, 4; Senior OCCIDENT Staff; Chairman  
Senior Party Committee; Senior Dramatics; Class  
Historian; Honor Roll; Commencement Speaker.

MULLEN, ANNABELLE .....180 Grover St.

*A fine debater, we must say,  
Too bad, that she will go away.*

Prepared Leroy H. S. ....Rochester Normal School  
Tree Day Exercise, 1; Choral Union, 2; West  
High Day Committee, 3, 4; Debating Society, 3;  
Interclass Debating, 3; President of Debating So-  
ciety, 4; East High Debating Team; Senior Party  
Committee, 4; Junior Play, 3; Home Concert, 4;  
Senior Memorial Committee.





NICHOLS, MARGARET HELEN. 270 Mt. Hope Ave.

*So coy and fair, divinely tall,  
In courtesy outranking all.*

Prepared No. 13 ..... Post Graduate  
Honor Roll, Commencement Speaker.

OWEN, FLOYD H. .... 175 Spring St.

*A mother's pride, a father's joy,  
Oh, isn't he a darling boy.*

Prepared No. 3 ..... R. B. I.  
Class Basketball, 1, 2; Class Soccer, 3, 4; Soccer  
Team, 4; School Fire Inspector; Class Book Com-  
mittee; Senior Dance Committee; Class Treas-  
urer.



PERRINE, CHARLES W. .... 99 Chili Ave.

*A nice and unparticular man,  
A lovely boy with cheek of tan.*

Prepared No. 4 ..... Undecided  
Class Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Soccer Team, 4; Class Base-  
ball, 1, 2, 3; Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Study Hall  
Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Track, 2, 3, 4; Tennis  
Tournament, 3, 4; Entertainment Committee.

SACHS, ELMER ..... 306 Post Ave.

*Empty vessels, so they say,  
Make an awful sound.  
That's why silence is supreme  
When Elmer is around.*

Prepared No. 29 ..... Mechanics Institute  
Midget League, 1; Track, 2, 3; Class Track, 2, 3.





SCHENCK, MAY ANGLE.....11 Melrose St.

*Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the day,  
Here's a bet you can't out-jingle smiling little May.*

Prepared No. 29 .....Columbia University  
West High Day Committee, 2, 3; Tree Day Exercises, 3; Basketball, 1, 2; Debating Society, 2, 3; Debating Team, 3; Weihnachtsfest; Interclass Debates, 2, 3; State Committeeman, 4; Class Prophetress, 4; Vice-President, 4; Honor Roll; Editor-in-Chief of Senior Class Book.

SCHOONOVER, ESTELLE .....86 Raines Pk

*All wrapped up in your own little shell,  
Come down to earth, and join us—Estelle!*

Prepared No. 7 .....Columbia University  
Glee Club, 2; Weihnachtsfest; Wizard State Committee; West High Day Committee; Senior Day Committee; Honor Roll.



SEYFRIED, FRANCIS CHARLES....446 Clay Ave.

*He is a personage, my friend,  
Who to all affairs prestige doth lend.*

Prepared Watertown, Mass.—No. 7.....  
Landscape Art, Cornell  
Assistant Editor Senior Annual.

SMITH, MARION E. ....89 Woodbine Ave.

*When Marion shows her little dimple,  
She makes us all seem very simple.*

Prepared No. 4.....Mechanics Institute



THE OCCIDENT



SMY, IRENE V. ....4 Arnett St.

*Galloping, galloping, on we go,  
Until we come to a bump.  
Then off we go.*

Prepared No. 30 .....Study Art  
Hallowe'en Party Committee, 4; West High Day  
Committee, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4.

SNYDER, JULIA BOLLER .....69 Somerset St.

*Oh! day of rest! How beautiful, how fair,  
For banished is my high school care.*

Prepared No. 4 .....Mechanics Institute  
West High Day Committee, 3; Winner of Ger-  
man Medal; Senior Announcement Committee;  
Honor Roll.



SPENCER, HERBERT EARL.....185 Gardiner Ave.

*All I ask is to be let alone,  
With no dog will I pick a bone.*

Prepared No. 29 .....University of Rochester  
Honor Roll.

STEIN, HELEN M. ....922 Dewey Ave.

*Full of ginger, lots of pep,  
Don't forget to watch your step.*

Prepared No. 7 .....Wellesley College  
Glee Club, 2; West High Day Committee, 2, 3;  
Weihnachtsfest, 2, 3; Wizard State Commit-  
man, 2, 3; Senior Day Committee, 4; Class Will, 4.





STEINMAN, MILTON B. ....177 Shelter St.

*Methinks I see a studious youth,  
Who minds his p's and q's;  
Milton Steinman, why, of course,  
Milton Steinman, of course!  
Come all, his marks persue.*

Prepared No. 19 .....Cornell  
Senior Memorial Committee.

STRONG, RUTH .....361 Magee Ave.

*There is a fair lady named Strong,  
Whose life is as sweet as a song;  
She is clever to write, and a poem indite,  
All virtues to Ruth do belong.*

Prepared No. 7 .....Rochester Normal School  
Senior OCCIDENT Staff, 4; Class Memorial Com-  
mittee, 4; Class Poet.



SULLIVAN, KATHERINE D....72 Normandy Ave.

*Her spirit bow at wish can make  
A spell to soothe life's bitterest ache.*

Prepared St. Augustine's. Rochester Normal School  
Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; West High Day,  
4; Hallowe'en Party, 4.

TAFT, WILLIAM A. ....280 West Ave.

*No question here is ever settled,  
But in it he has sometime meddled.*

Prepared No. 29 .....Business  
Chess, 1, 2; Junior Play; Secretary Senior Class;  
Senior OCCIDENT Staff; Class Day Committee;  
Senior Play; Fire Inspector.





TAYLOR, C. GILBERT.....110 Sherwood Ave.

*In the bird of the air, in the thing that flies,  
In the winged machine, Gilbert Taylor is wise.*

Prepared No. 2<sup>o</sup> .....Undecided

THOMPSON, H. ARTHUR.....143 Genesee St.

*Little piece of happiness, little bit of joy,  
Nippy may be little, but he's every inch a boy.*

Prepared No. 4 .....Undecided.

Class Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 3, 4; Golf Tournament, 2; Assistant Manager Track Team, 2; Hockey Team, 3, 4; Captain and Manager Hockey Team, 3, 4; Baseball Team, 3; Assistant Manager Basketball, 3, 4; Stage Manager Junior Play; Second Soccer Team, 4; Cheer Leader, 3, 4; Manager Basketball Team, 4, 5.



WALSH, MADELINE MARY.....411 Genesee St.

*May the happy smiles that haunt your face,  
Never grow weary from life's hard race.*

Prepared St. Monica's...Rochester Normal School  
Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Tennis  
Tournament, 4; Announcement Committee, 4.

WILKINS, RUTH MARION.....120 Jefferson Ave.

*Ruth Wilkins, such a cute little "Billikens."*

Prepared No. 4 .....Business



THE OCCIDENT



WILLIAMSON DON D. .... Birr St.

*My feet are heavy now, but on I go.  
Were not thy feet quite always so?*

Prepared No. 7 ..... University of Rochester  
Tennis Tournament; Senior Dance Committee;  
Class Track, 1, 2; West High Day, 1, 2, 3; Class  
Basketball, 1.

WINEGARD, GEORGE A.....81 Atkinson St.

*George Winegard, you see, a right jolly young elf—  
I laugh when I see him in spite of myself.*

Prepared Webster Union Academy.....P. G.  
Glee Club, 3, 4; Debating Society, 2, 4; Class  
Memorial Committee.



WISER, C. VINCENT.....87 Hamilton St.

*Little children should be seen  
And by no means heard.  
My, but Vincent's awful good,  
Never says a word.*

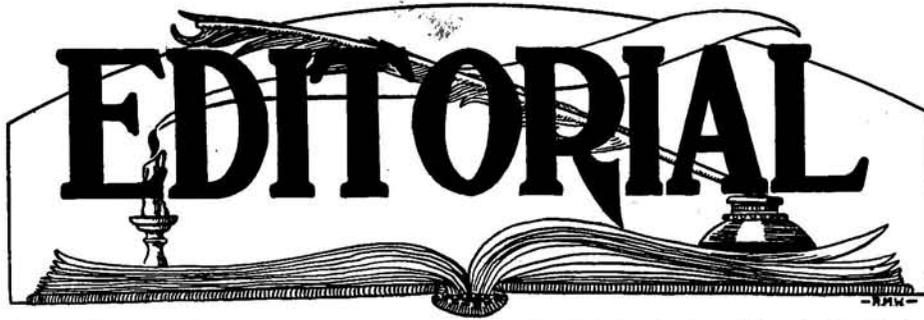
PPP Prepared St. Mary's School.....Albany Law  
Senior Party Committee.

PROGRESSION

Freshmen	Sophomore	Juniors	Seniors
Not to crib			
Not to cut			
Not to snicker	Not to crib		
Not to bluff	Not to cut		
To study hard	To study hard	To study hard	
To graduate	To graduate	To graduate	To graduate



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		Ruth Strong			Marian Miller

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**The New System**

The new term, which has just opened, ushered in the much talked of and entirely different daily schedule. The complete success of this new system cannot be definitely pronounced as yet; it is too young and some time will be required to test it thoroughly. However, we are all hoping that it will aid in raising the standard of West High School.

After much deliberation it was decided that some strenuous effort must be made to lessen the number of failure marks, and the present schedule is the result. It is expected that there will be less studying to do at home now than before. A great many of us will not be affected by this change, but nevertheless this is a big feature, for there are few homes where ideal studying conditions can be obtained and concentrated study is the key to a successful high school career. We will all do some studying in each class, every day, supervised by the teacher of that subject. This should help both pupil and teacher in getting better results.

It is a question whether or not the later afternoon session will instigate more skipping than the old time. So many events start before three-five P. M.

that this is to be looked for. However, the "Vic's" last show doesn't go on until four P. M. so we should all try to be satisfied with that.

The new plan has been tried elsewhere with good results, and we seriously hope that nothing but good will result from it here. The co-operation of every student and teacher will make that success possible.



Everybody sort of dislikes a "butter-in" and so do we! However, it makes us feel rather uncomfortable to say it, because, although by no means do we consider ourselves "butters-in," there is a feeling that we've sort of interrupted perhaps, the smoothest course of success that our OCCIDENT has ever known. I wonder if you feel that way? We are trying our very level best, to smooth down that threatening bump in the course of success—and perhaps even make it smoother—but, oh my! That's a job that seems a perfect mountain! Hasn't our OCCIDENT been just splendid?—and the Class-book Board feels it and takes this opportunity to say, that though we aren't "butters-in," and though we're working like everything,

you, O OCCIDENT Staff, have set a mighty high water mark. If only you will tell us—you, yourselves,—that we have not made a bump, it'll make us all feel fine, and we can go away feeling that we've reached the highest goal.

Where under the sun, have 1913, 1914, 1915 and 1916 gone to? If we only knew! Every Senior sighs and asks that oft repeated question, when the Great Day draws nigh—and we are no different—we ask it, too, but as before, no one ventures to answer. Only a short way can we trace those misty yesterdays—'midst all the happiness and joys of real "kids"—good times, and work which seems so trivial to us now. The class of January, 1917, cannot help but unanimously agree, that when she goes forth,—she goes with memories of the finest and most splendid school that ever was in existence, so seemingly for her alone. We all feel a much deeper sentiment but we don't know how to express it, for it's way inside of us somewhere. But we can and do say with all our hearts: Here's to the most successful and most splendid years, stretching forth into eternity, that old West High can ever know.



Our  
Senior  
Advisor

We Seniors, who are about to leave West High, realizing the difficulties of an entering class, wish to extend to you our most hearty welcome and wish you the same wonderful life of success that we have enjoyed in the past four years.

### The Senior Play

The most successful play given by West High pupils in many years, entertained a large audience in the Assembly Hall, Friday night, January the twelfth. The play, "Her Husband's Wife," was full of snap and vigor and held the attention of all present from the first curtain to the finis.

The acting was splendid and avoided that air of uncertainty which characterizes amateur productions. The players were well chosen for their parts and are to be congratulated on the manner in which they fulfilled all expectations.

Helen Upham, as Mrs. Irene Randolph, played an extremely difficult role and is to be admired for the manner in which she held the sympathy of the audience. Helen Edson carried the part of Emily Ladew with apparent ease, and demonstrated in the second act what clothing can do for women. Howard Jones, as Stuart Randolph, and Horace Thomas, as Richard Belding, appeared like legitimate players and were right at home on the stage. Eugene Curtis, as Uncle John Belding, rescued the play from dry moments and kept the audience in laughter, while the part of Nora the Maid, was decidedly well filled by Marian Miller.

The play itself was well adapted for a high school production and credit is due the persons who picked it out. A few dry places in the first act were made up by the lively second act, while the third happily untangled the complications brought about in the first and second. A big share of the success is due Mrs. Ellis, whose untiring efforts and

friendly manner are greatly appreciated by the whole school.

The business staff of the play consisted of Mrs. Clara B. Ellis, director; Sanford Slocum, business manager; El-lison Martin, asst. business manager; Roy Darron, advertising manager; De-witt Reed, property manager; Mary Filmore, asst. property manager; Warren Sperry, stage manager; William Taft, electrician.

The presentation of "Her Husband's Wife" has set a high water mark in West High theatricals and we all hope that this high standard may be maintained.

#### **The Possibilities of the Barge Canal**

Before discussing the possibilities of our Barge Canal let us review the history of the New York State canal system. Doing so, we find that Dewitt Clinton was the father of the system. He dreamed that the canals would create a commerce of such an extent as the nation had not yet witnessed. He believed that New York City would become the granary of the world, the emporium of commerce, and the focus of great pecuniary operations, through the influence of the canal.

Clinton's project was ridiculed by many who called it a "worthless ditch." Nevertheless, in 1825, this canal was opened and it was not long before it proved of great value to all. Commerce on it grew so that the shipping center of the country shifted from Philadelphia to New York City. Important cities at once sprang up along its route and it gave a cheap outlet to the unlimited resources of the Great Lake section.

Not many years passed before the Erie Canal was outgrown. In 1903, the people of this state voted greatly to enlarge this waterway of Clinton's, and make it a Barge Canal. Accordingly, a sum of \$108,000,000 was appropriated, followed

in 1915, by a second appropriation of \$25,000,000.

The Barge Canal will consist of four branches, namely; the Champlain Canal which will connect Lake Champlain with New York City; the Oswego Canal which will connect Lake Ontario (at Oswego) with New York; the Seneca Canal which will connect Lake Seneca with New York; and the Barge Canal proper which will connect Buffalo with New York.

The Barge Canal is one of the world's engineering feats. It is about ten times longer than the Panama Canal. It contains some of the most notable locks in the world of which there are fifty-seven. The new canal makes use of rivers and lakes wherever practical, it "canalizes" them by the building of dams, locks and other engineering works, and obtains what is known as slack water navigation. The length of the combined canals is about 446 miles. Only thirty percent. of this must be excavated. Of course difficulties have been encountered in the construction. About twenty-five per cent. of the canal must be cut through solid rock. In some places fills-in are necessary to conduct the channel over natural depressions.

Now comes the question: Do we need this expensive waterway? The answer is an emphatic YES!

Let us see what the Erie Canal accomplished. Was Dewitt Clinton's dream fulfilled? Yes. New York City became the greatest metropolis in the nation. Up to the height of the Erie's popularity, in 1882, it had earned about \$50,000,000 above the cost of construction and maintenance. It gave the cities along its banks the impetus of their development.

Commerce is the mainstay of New York State. Its greatness in commerce is due to the cheapness of transportation afforded by its excellent transportation facilities. The turning point in the ca-

reer of New York State was the construction of the Erie Canal. Since its completion, the state has taken first rank in the commercial world.

If the Erie Canal has been so successful, what ought not the Barge Canal, a great elaboration of the Erie system, to accomplish? It will be able to accommodate about 3,000,000 tons of freight annually at much lower freight rates and ten times the volume of traffic on the present canal. It will have magnificent harbor and terminal facilities at each important town with adequate machinery provided to load and unload the barges.

One reason for the failure of the Erie Canal was the lack of proper harbor and terminal provisions. The old canal was able to handle boats of an average displacement of 500 tons when loaded, while the new canal will be able to handle 3000-ton steel barges mechanically propelled. Therefore transportation on the new canal will be much more rapid. Of course there will be no tow-paths on the new canal.

Another advantage of the new canal will be that it will naturally force, on account of its low freights, a reduction of the same on the railroads. The latter have been supreme in the realm of transportation long enough and the new canal will compete with them on a fair basis.

The people of this state, as well as of those surrounding, will thereby profit, for low freight rates are the magic key that opens the way to profitable production. They transform the wilderness into busy beehives of industry. They attract business. They increase employment.

It is these facts, which cannot be gainsaid, that will gradually enter the minds of individuals and corporations about to establish new plants for manufacturing and attract to New York State where they will have access to cheap transportation facilities of the new canal. The magnet of the lower costs of materials

and food-stuffs on the one hand, and the lower cost of conveying the finished products to the consumer on the other, will force the establishment of new industries in New York State, and the prosperous expansion of those already here.

In this survey of the Barge Canal, I have tried to make it evident that the canal is very desirable primarily because it will be an important factor in the struggle to reduce the high cost of living. Also it will be one of the most important canals in the world, a fact of which New Yorkers may well be proud.

WILBUR COOPER



Mildred M.—Do you think the automobile will displace the horse?

Helen S.—Yes, it will if it ever hits him.

May—Who is that new janitor?

Harold McN.—He used to be a bartender.

May—Oh, I thought I had seen him before.

Irene—I couldn't marry a man studying for pharmacy.

Vincent—Why?

Irene—Because I would never live on a farm.



## WEST HIGH BEST IN YEARS

### Quint Shows More Form Than Ever Before

Winning five out of the six games already played is a mighty good record for an Orange and Black basketball team. It's a record that is to be looked up to. The only game we lost was the one which was played with Lima, and that was by a one point margin.

#### NEWARK IS EASY.

Newark was an easy pick for our boys and the pass-work machine carried the opponents off their feet. It was a steady string of baskets and, with Bartlett and Pete slipping the baskets in, the score steadily rose. The century mark could have easily been reached by the Occidentals, but owing to the monotony that was established by such a one-sided game the referee cut about eight minutes off of the second half. But even this made the game a record-breaker for it is the largest score ever made by a West High team, we received 78 points to Newark's 12.

#### BROCKPORT ALSO BOWS.

Brockport Normal came to Rochester to make a clean sweep of all that happened to get in the way. They were positive that they had an easy time in store when it came to West High and they had a perfect right; for they were considered by experts the better team and out-weighted our midgets by a goodly number of pounds. But they were "stung."

West High put up the hardest fight in years. The score was tie most of the time and when one side scored the other side worked twice as hard and scored also. The final whistle was about to blow and the score was 20-20. The ball flew into Capt. Bartlett's hands. He looked around and saw all the men covered, so down the floor he dribbled and shot a basket unassisted. The whistle then blew and we come out on top by a score of 22-20. This put one of the hardest opponents of the season on ice.

#### NEWARK TIGHTENS UP AT HOME.

Newark showed much better form on their home court and held us to but 26 points to their 14. West High played a loose game and should have piled up a larger score. This was perhaps due to a change in the line-up and it is a well known fact that when small town teams play on their own court, they usually can shoot the ball through the hoop from all corners, while West High is handicapped.

#### OCCIDENTALS ALSO TAKE CANANDAIGUA'S MEASURE.

The second game with Canandaigua was played on Canandaigua's home court and resulted in a second victory for West High over the academy boys, this season. A brand new shift was made in the line-up with Brigham and Zeitler back in the game; but Zeitler was gently pushed into the wall by a Canandaiguan and was

caused to lose his book of rules and proceed to use the opponent rather roughly. The referee seemed either to take sides or not to have seen the Canandaiguan on the offensive and ordered "Zeit" out of the game. Even with this great loss we piled up a larger score than we did Thanksgiving night. We managed to slip by for 34 points while Canandaigua only passed 20 when the game ended.

SHAKEUP IN SCHEDULE.

The schedule that Manager Thompson had arranged seemed to be the best in some time but a sudden shakeup in it has caused much trouble. South Park High School of Buffalo canceled both of its games and as this happened just a little before the date for the first game, we were left without a game for that night. There is a possibility that another Buffalo team will be booked up for the open date and will be announced later.

No Indoor Track

Owing to the poor facilities West High has to train an indoor track team, the sport was voted on to be dropped. In the past years West High has always made a pretty good showing at the various indoor track meets and, no doubt, would have continued the good work if they had set out to do so this year. When it is necessary to go to the Armory to practice it makes it pretty hard to get a bunch out and it was the best plan in the end to drop it entirely. What we must do now is work twice as hard in our outdoor track practice.

Bill—How many jewels in your watch?  
Seyfried—Jewels! None—I took them all out. I hate any kind of display.

Mr. Stowell's conception of Caesar —"A happy hunting ground for the dative and ablative."



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# POLL - TACKS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Label</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Ear Mark</i>	<i>*Kismet</i>
Anderson	Winnie	Language	Frivolous	Book Agent
Dark	Darkie	Dark Age	Peroxide blonde	Porter
Day	Daisy	Tonnage	Frailty	Artist's Model
Ford	Tin Lizzie	Garage	Rattle	Junk
Fuller	Vampire	Luggage	Aesthetism	Follies of 1921
Hall	Gertie	Peerage	Ivory Tickler	Band Lady
Hanse	Lieber Hans	Sewerage	Society	Spinster
Judd	Judge	Storage	Subtle	Bar Maid
Kelly	Irish	Corkage	Blarney	Nun
Kummerow	Kummer	Cabbage	Sauer Kraut	Mrs. ?
Mason	Mortar	Stone Age	Concrete	Mason
Miller	Mike	Garbage	Eating	Dish Washer
Mullen	Annie	Leafage	Debating	Suffrage Prater
Nichols	Jitney	Coinage	Currency	Bankrupt
Schenck	Angel	Visage	Amabilis	Knight Editor
Schoonover	Schooner	Beverage	Foam	Cabaret
Smith	Smity	Bandage	Silence	Ruff Box
Smy	Smyly	Marriage	Sweetness	Circus Rider
Snyder	Judy	Shrinkage	Thinking	Charwoman
Stein	Steiny	Equipage	Popularity	Ballet Dancer
Strong	Rufus	Adage	Argument	Dust-to-Dust
Sullivan	Kate	Squeak-age	Boiled Dinner	German Band*
Walsh	Madge	Sausage	Laughter	Miser
Wilkins	Willie	Vintage	Grape Juice	Mrs. Bryan 2d
Chamberlain	Cutie	Prestige	Wisdom	Siberia
Cooper	Coop	Silage	Brains	Missionary
Crowley	Shanks	Cleavage	"Mutt the 2nd"	Undertaker
Dewey	Wart	Heritage	Incidentals	Laundryman
Hunt	Harv	Mucillage	PIE	Iceman
McNamee	Mac	Massage	Hair	Chain-gang
Owen	Flo	Village	Spending	Juggler
Perrine	Perry	Savage	Dancing	Doctor
Sachs	Al	Package	Shape	Pugilist
Seyfried	Frog	Sage	Winking	South Ave.
Spenser	Snookums	Salvage	Chess	President
Steinman	Milly	Carriage	Flags	Army
Taft	Bill	Wreckage	"Has-Went"	Electrician
Taylor	Gilly	Courage	Aviation	Sky-sweeper
Thompson	Nippy	Hermitage	Bull	Politician
Williamson	Hack	Anchorage	Weight	Hansom Driver
Winegard	Pumpkin	Tillage	Cheek	Back to the soil
Wiser	Bud	Spinach	Cinco	Pressman
				*Fate

She—Do you love me with all your heart?

He—Yes, dear.

She—Would you die for me?

He—No, my love is undying.

Teacher—Harold, how is it you had so much of your examination in quotations?

Harold Mc—ee—Well, I copied most of it from the girl next to me.

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**WILL IT EVER BE THUS?***(Continued from page 134)*

tinctly: "When I was a child, we bought eggs for twelve cents a dozen and potatoes for sixty cents a bushel; but now—"

There was a sudden crash. I started—and awoke to see my mother picking up the stocking ball she had dropped.

"But now," she continued, "we're lucky if we get either of them for twelve cents apiece."

"Cheer up!" I said, now thoroughly awake. "I'm positive things could be much worse."



And They  
Let It  
Live!!

**Red Jacket**

Mr. Reed had been a general in the British army, but now resided in the village of Mt. Morris, with his many Indian neighbors. Mr. Reed had the coat that he had worn in the army. There was a certain Indian, a good friend of Mr. Reed's, who admired this red coat very much and for a long time had been planning how to get "it." Finally, one morning, he went over to Mr. Reed's and said, "Mr. Reed, me had a dream last night. Me dreamed that you gave me that red jacket." "So!" said Mr. Reed, "well I suppose I ought to make that dream true." He then gave the Indian the red jacket, who was after that called "Red Jacket."

About a month elapsed, when Mr. Reed went to visit the overjoyed Red Jacket. "Red Jacket," began Mr. Reed, "I had a dream last night." "Well, what did you dream?" asked Red Jacket. "I dreamed that you gave me five hundred acres of your land. There was a pause. "Well! me suppose me ought to make that dream true; but, Mr. Reed, *please don't dream any more.*" And Mr. Reed got the land.

Ruth A.

Miss Lotz—Fools ask questions that wise men cannot answer.

Harvey H.—Maybe that's why I failed in the last German test.

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**No Wonder He Fell!**

Once an old lady was being shown over Nelson's ship, "Victory." As the party approached the spot where Nelson met his death, the attendant pointed to the brass plate fixed in the deck and said: "That is where Nelson fell."

The old lady was impressed, but not in the right way.

"No wonder!" she said. "I nearly tripped over that thing myself."—Ex.

Sing a song of tightwads,  
Pockets full of dough;  
Six and twenty pretty girls,  
Standing in a row.  
Girls all start a-smiling,  
Boys begin to fade;  
Now isn't that a dirty way  
To treat a waiting maid?

Julia S—"Here's an account of a woman being killed by a train."

"Nippy"—"Well, she shouldn't wear one!"

If a drop of ink makes millions think  
To this we'll not say nay,  
A quart would drive them all to drink  
Were you to use it, May!

In Virgil Class, Mr. C. translating—  
"Woman is ever changeable and fickle.  
So saying he disappeared into the night."

Teacher—That was the proper thing for him to do, wasn't it?

He put his arm around her waist  
And the color left her cheek,  
But on the shoulder of his coat  
It showed up for a week.

Mr. Stowell—Where is the dead sea?

Forrest Dewey—I didn't even know one was sick.

We have reasons to believe that Howard Jones must be slightly hard of hearing.

Cutey Chamberlain had been up to "her" house one Sunday night. When it was about 11:00 P. M. he decided to leave. As they stood in the doorway she was heard to say, "Cutey! you are the light of my heart."

(Her father, from upstairs) "Put out that light and come to bed."

We always laugh at teacher's jokes  
No matter what they be;  
Not because they're funny,  
But because it's policy.

Did you ever notice what a rare opportunity there is in our assemblies for the study of sound?

Teacher in English—What are the three words most commonly used by high school students?

Enterprising Student—I dont know.

Mr. Grey—What that squad needs is life.

Hack.—Aw, no, thirty days is enough.

Will you marry me? he asked.

No, she replied.

And they lived happily ever afterwards.



**Do You Know Them?**

When I was a little boy I had but little  
 wit.  
 That was long, long, long ago,  
 And I have no more wit.  
 Signed "Nippy."

**Curses!**  
 The newly captured horse-thief,  
 Dangled from a tree.  
 In accents hoarse he muttered:  
 "This suspense is killing me."

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**The Flirt**

She dropped her eyes just as we met,  
 There's no joy in my cup.  
 I tripped and fell to my regret,  
 Trying to pick them up.

"Do you think your sister likes me,  
 Tommy?"

"Yes; she stood up for you at dinner."

"Stood up for me! Was anybody saying  
 anything against me?"

"No; nothing much. Father said he  
 thought you were rather a donkey, but  
 Sis got up and said you weren't, and told  
 father he ought to know better than  
 judge a man by his looks."

City Man: Why does that old hen  
 roost on the letterbox?

Farmer: She was hatched from a parcel-  
 post egg.

He: I haven't the cheek to kiss you.  
 She: Use mine.—Ex.

Jones: What makes you so fat?

Petty: I eat soldiers' food.

Jones: Well???

Petty: It always goes to the front.

Diogenes has given up looking for an  
 honest man and is hunting for a neutral  
 nation.

Miss Tripp (as Petty is going out):  
 Please leave the room one at a time.



**HAIL YE! ONE AND ALL!**

**Come to the Junior Prom.**

**FEBRUARY 16th, 1917**

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