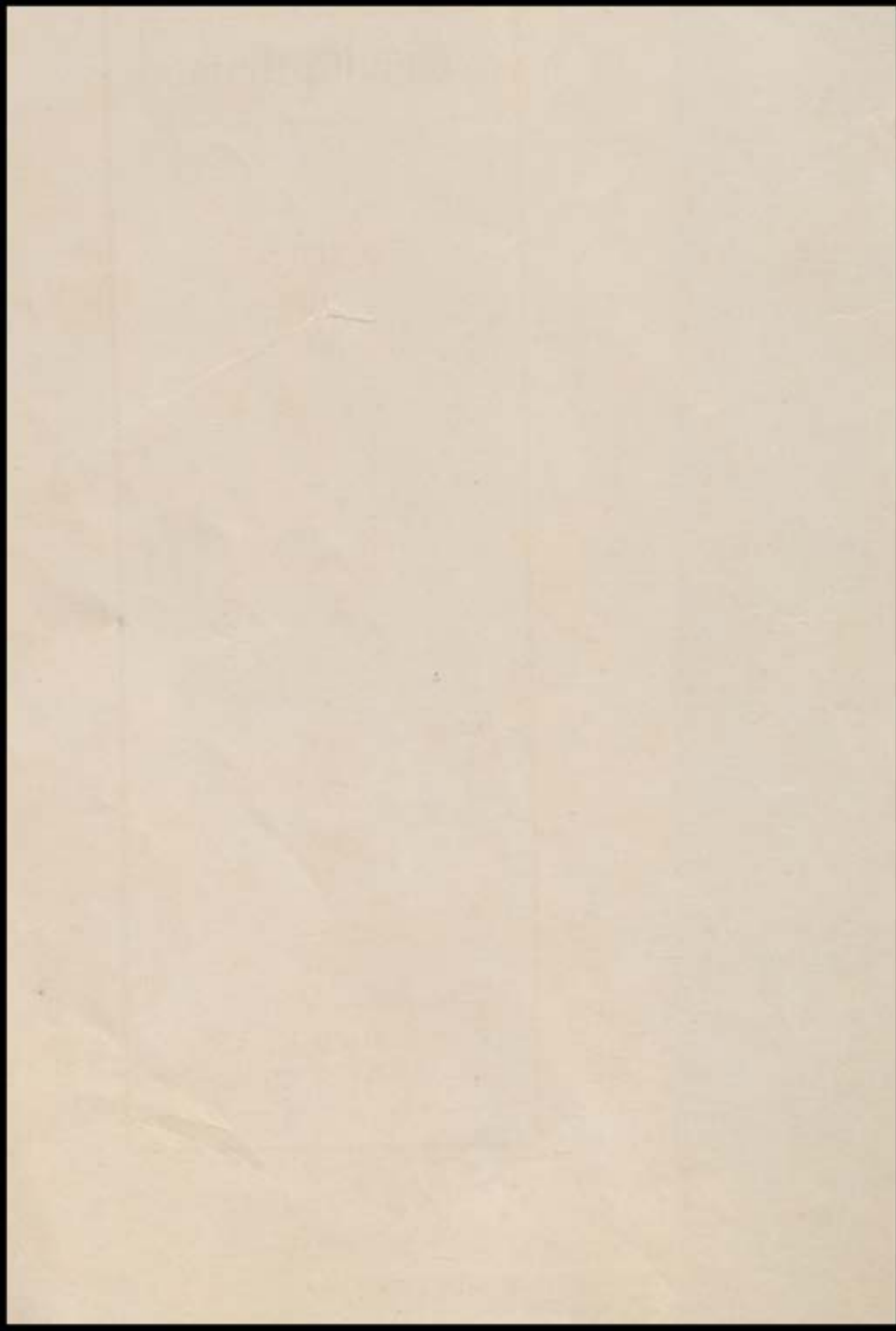


MADISONIAN

1904







The Optimist

OF M. H. S.
1904



PUBLISHED BY THE
PUPILS OF M. H. S.

Preface

SCHOOL DAYS are said to be the happiest days of our lives, and a good remembrancer of these is most acceptable. This volume is published with this in view.

¶ An Annual has not been published by the Madison High School for several years, and the mention of one was greeted with much enthusiasm. ¶ It is published especially for the pupils of the school and the alumni. If it interests other people, we will be pleased; if it pleases the students, we are satisfied. ¶ If there are jokes about them, let them take them lightly. If there are good things about them, let them take them seriously. Let this be for the good of the school. ¶ We here wish to thank those who have so ably and willingly given us their assistance in making a success of the volume.

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HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

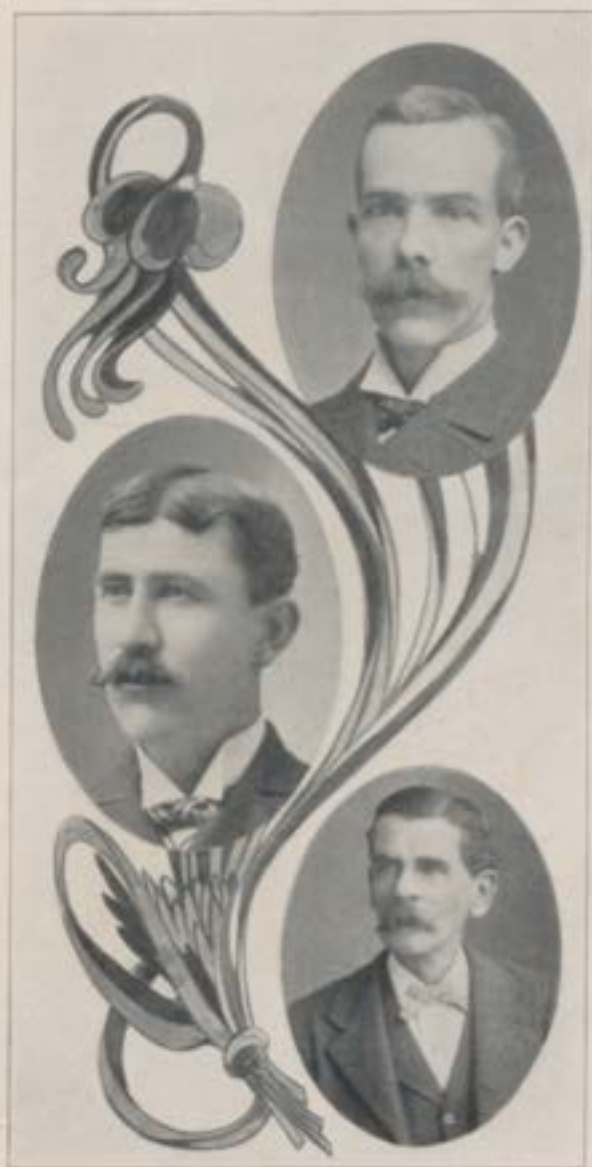
TO OUR PRINCIPAL
ALVA O. NEAL
THIS ANNUAL IS
RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED



PROFESSOR A. O. NEAL



PROFESSOR C. M. McDANIEL



JOHN W. TAYLOR

HENRY EDWARDS
BENJAMIN F. WELLS

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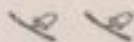
Ella Kahn, '06, Secretary.

Professor Charles M. McDaniel

Charles M. McDaniel, Superintendent of the Madison Public Schools, was born in Montgomery county, Indiana, in 1863. He spent his early years in the country, and in order to obtain better educational advantages, his parents moved to Crawfordsville. Here he attended the public schools until the close of his Junior Year at the High School, when he entered the Senior Preparatory Class at Wabash College, from which institution he graduated in '85. In 1891 he received the degree of A. M. from his Alma Mater.

After graduating, he taught school near Crawfordsville, and the following year was appointed Principal of the Newton High School. Since then he has held a similar position in the Portland, Edinburg, and Madison High Schools.

Mr. McDaniel was promoted to the superintendency of the city schools in 1896, which position he holds at the present time. He has done much toward bettering the schools in every way, and there has been a great improvement in the last few years, which in itself is a reward for his unceasing labor. As an acknowledgment of his faithful work, we extend to him our most sincere thanks.



Professor A. O. Neal

A. O. Neal, Principal of the M. H. S., was born in Franklin in 1870. He attended the public school, and graduated from the Franklin High School in 1888. Later he graduated from Franklin College, and received the B. S. and M. S. degrees from that institution. He then took post-graduate work at the University of Chicago and Franklin College. In 1892 he was appointed to the Department of Latin and Science in the Franklin High School, and afterwards was appointed Principal of that school. Mr. Neal has been Principal of the Madison High School for the last two years, and is one of the most competent Principals the school has ever had.

Departments

Department of Latin

The importance given to any subject in a High School course will depend upon the need of the pupil and the fitness of the subject in fitting that need. The need of the pupil is trained faculties for meeting the problems outside of school life. For this purpose he needs trained the powers of observation, memory, and reason.

The fact that the ancient languages have been one principal means of training the minds of generations justifies its place in every logical scheme of education.

The question is seldom asked, "Why study Latin?" The colleges require it, and the testimony of cultured people is so decidedly in favor of it.

The course in the Madison High School is arranged to meet the requirements of the various colleges and universities of the State. It is the purpose to train the powers of observation to the extent that the pupil will observe accurately not only in Latin, but in English and science.

The memory is trained in the recollection of the many and varied observations, while the reasoning powers must be carefully used in the construction of every translation.

The course is as follows:

First Year—

Collier & Daniells' First Latin Book.

This year's work is that of acquiring a vocabulary and working knowledge of forms and syntax. Especial emphasis is laid upon diagrams of all Latin sentences and English and Latin translations.

Second Year—

Caesar—Four Books or its equivalent. Work in Syntax and Composition.

Third Year—

First Term. Cicero—Four Orations against Cataline. Oration for Archias. Syntax.

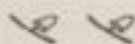
Second Term. Vergil—Two Books of Aeneid. Elements of Prosody and Reading. Latin Poetry.

Fourth Year—

First Term. Third and Fourth Books of Aeneid. Prosody. General Review of Grammar.



Miss MacKenzie attended the Ludington High School, the Ypsilanti State Normal College, and later the Michigan and Chicago Universities. She then taught Latin and German in Mendon and Plainwell, Michigan, and is now teaching German in the Madison High School.



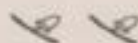
Department of German

Modern languages are receiving every increasing attention beside the classic languages in the school course. German in itself is a very attractive and interesting language, and is being used more every day, especially in the commercial world.

This department in the High School includes a three and a half year's course. In the Freshman year the German Grammar is studied in connection with some simple stories and fairy tales. In the Sophomore and Junior years the students become acquainted with the writings of the great classic writers, such as Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing. In the Senior year the time is spent in studying about Germany, historically and geographically. The text which is used is Lodeman's "Germany and the Germans," and proves to be both interesting and instructive to the student.



Miss Borton took a High School course at Farmer City, Illinois. Later she graduated from the School of Oratory of the Northwestern University, and received the A. B. degree from the University of Illinois. She is the present instructress in English at the M. H. S.



Department of English

The aim of the English Department is to enable the student to express his thought clearly and forcibly; to give him a knowledge and appreciation of the world's best literature, and to inspire him to a higher and nobler life.

The composition work extends through the first three years of the course. The first year's work is devoted largely to the foundation work in rhetoric and composition. Word formation, sentence structure, and paragraphing are emphasized with a particular view to correctness of expression.

In the second and third years theme work is made an important feature with a view to an observance of unity, coherence, and emphasis in the paragraph, and the theme as a whole.

Three years and a half are devoted to the study of classics. In the Freshman year a critical study is made of the Sketch Book, Ancient Mariner, and Lady of the Lake.

The Sophomore year finds the Merchant of Venice and Ivanhoe very interesting.

A critical study of Silas Marner and the Princess, in the Junior year, and Autoerast of the Breakfast Table and Macbeth, in the Senior year, are found instructive.

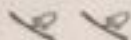
A home study is also required to receive the credit in English work. Some of the books which constitute the list are: *Hard Cash*, *Last of the Mohicans*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Paradise Lost*.

The Senior year is devoted to the study of English and American literature. The great changes in the subjects of English thought have caused English literature to swing itself naturally into certain great periods, such as the period stimulated by the Renaissance and the German Reformation.

The study of American literature is put last. Here it is the purpose of the work to have the student see the relation of the writer and the literature to the historical and social conditions of American life, as it did in English life. Intensive study is made of those authors who are the best representatives of the real spirit of American literature.



Mr. B. W. Billings graduated from the High School at Greencastle, Indiana. He then attended DePauw University, from which institution he graduated, and later took a post-graduate course, receiving Ph. B. and A. M. degrees. Mr. Billings has since taught in the DePauw Academy, and the Greencastle and Madison High Schools.



Department of History

"It is quite impossible to understand our time, our government, our social institutions, the thought and feeling of our age, without a knowledge of history. The true reformer, the statesman, the man of constructive

genius, builds on foundations laid long ago. In a self-governing country, where the voice of the ignorant man is heard as freely as the voice of the wisest man, the knowledge of history is of supreme importance.

"History is the recorded memory of the race, and the more completely a man can share that memory the greater will be his own growth and the value of his work. History is the background against the entire life of today, and no art or industry or activity can be thoroughly understood unless it is studied with that background in full view.

"There is, in fact, no great man or movement or work that can be really understood without the ability, not only to see the conditions in which the man lived, the movement was carried on or the work done, but also to recognize the antecedent forces, conditions and circumstances. The study of history is, therefore, a part of every other study; a kind of common ground on which philosophy, theology, politics, economics, art, literature, and industry meet, and where alone they reveal their common origin in the needs, the capacities, the conditions of the human in the long record of its unfolding."

The study of history has just been organized as a separate department during the last year. Much of the course has necessarily been text-book work, owing to a lack of adequate resources for collateral work and of sufficient time devoted to history. However, a number of good reference books and maps have been secured during the current year, and every endeavor will be made to increase the efficiency of the department as rapidly as possible.

The course, as arranged during the current year, includes a study of Ancient History during the Sophomore Year, with especial emphasis given to the political institutions and artistic achievements of Greece and Rome. The first part of the Junior Year is given to French History and the larger remainder devoted to English History, which is studied as a preparation for a thorough understanding of the history of our own country. The Senior Year is spent in a study of United States History. Channing's excellent text is used as a base book and papers are prepared by the class on special topics. Political and party history is taken up during the last few weeks, using Johnston's American Politics as a guide.



Miss Hilands was graduated from Hanover College. She taught three years in the public schools of Jefferson county. She afterward took one year's work in the University of Chicago, and has taught in the Madison High School since 1899.



Department of Science

The Department of Science certainly deserves to be mentioned among the foremost of the High School departments, not only for what it has done, but for what it is still doing.

This department of science includes botany, chemistry, physics, and physical geography.

Botany

Botany is studied in the Freshman Year. Here the pupil becomes acquainted with the structure of plants and flowers.

Dr. Coulter's "Plant Studies" is the text used. Field trips are made in the fall and spring about the hills, on which the student finds many varied specimens.

Physical Geography

The second year use Gilbert and Brigham's Geography. Here the students learn of the formation of the hills, valleys and rivers which surround them.

Chemistry

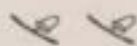
To those whose olfactory organs are not so developed that an occasional scent of H₂S becomes unbearable to them the department of chemistry is one of the most inviting in the High School. The text used is Newell's Descriptive Chemistry. Each student is required to do individual work, thus finding knowledge about the food he eats and the water he drinks.

Physics

A brief course in Physics, by Hoadley, is the text through the Junior Year; laboratory work is done in connection with the text.



Mrs. Wrigley graduated from the Michigan State Normal College and studied one year at the Michigan University. She has been Superintendent at Bangor, Michigan, and assistant in the High Schools at Houghton and Calumet, Michigan; Litchfield, Illinois, and Madison, Indiana.



Department of Mathematics

In this department a two-fold object is sought: a practical knowledge of the branches taught and the development and discipline of the reasoning faculties. The effort to blend the results of mathematical analysis into harmony with the other department of the course is constant in all the work.

Mathematics is provided for all regular students who desire it during the entire four years' course. In these four years Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry and Commercial Arithmetic are studied.

Algebra

Milne's High School Algebra is the text used. The student is led by natural and properly graduated exercises to a thorough comprehension of the principles of the science, and then he is given such abundant practice

in applying them, that they become fixed in the memory and the most rapid progress is secured.

Geometry

Most persons do not possess the power of abstractions requisite for apprehending geometrical conceptions and for keeping in mind the steps of a continuous argument.

The text, *Plane and Solid Geometry*, by Wentworth, helps the student, however, to accomplish this. It fully meets the demands of the institutions that are preparing students for higher scientific schools and for advanced standing in our colleges.

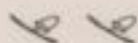
Commercial Arithmetic

This is taught in the latter part of the Senior Year, and is practically a general review of previous work done in the course.





Mr. L. G. Millisor attended the Rochester Normal University, taking a Commercial Teachers' Course, and graduated in 1902. He was then appointed teacher and Principal of the Commercial Department of that College, and is now the instructor in the Commercial Department in the M. H. S.



Commercial Department

The main factor in shaping a Commercial Course for the High School has been for the welfare of the student who goes directly from the High School to his life work. It will provide a training of such a character as will fit a student completing it to enter the schools of commerce and industry as well as other courses in higher educational institutions.

Shorthand

The mental discipline arising from the thorough study and practice of this science is unexcelled. The ability of one listening to a lecture to analyze instantly the words into their parts and to write them in sound-signs that present them to the eye precisely as they were uttered implies a power of attention scarcely attainable by any other study.

Typewriting

The clerical requirements of the commercial world are such that in most departments you can begin in no other way so advantageously as in the capacity of a stenographer.

Bookkeeping

The initiatory portion of this work is devoted to elucidating the principles of double and single entry bookkeeping.

Through the first part of the course the pupil is taught the simple theory of accounts. Every principle is fully explained, and particular attention is given to journalizing, posting, taking trial balances, making financial statements and closing the ledger. After the pupil has mastered the elements of bookkeeping he is required to make his records from vouchers representing business transactions. These vouchers come to the pupil in substantially the same way as do similar documents to the bookkeeper in business affairs.

The advanced portion of the work is devoted to the technical and labor-saving forms of bookkeeping. The several sets illustrating these methods include: Wholesale and retail grocery business, coal, lumber, commission, jobbing, and manufacturing. Also the use of letter-heads, envelopes, bill-heads, telegraph blanks, notes, drafts, receipts, deposit tickets, pass book, check book, bill of lading, daily statements, etc.

Arithmetic, Commercial

The chief purpose of this work is to train the student to use his head more and his pencil less in performing ordinary commercial calculations—to make him quick and accurate in his arithmetical operations, thus increasing his usefulness.

The subjects taught in the Commercial Department this year are:

First Year—

- Shorthand (Cross Eclectic),
- Spelling (Williams-Rogers).

Second Year—

- Typewriting (Touch Method),
- Penmanship (Natural Slant).

Third Year—

- Bookkeeping (Sadler-Rowe),
- Commercial Arithmetic (Williams-Rogers).

Fourth Year—

- Bookkeeping (Sadler-Rowe),
- Commercial Arithmetic (Williams-Rogers).



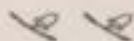
Miss Schuman, the supervisor of Music in the public schools, graduated from Madison High School; she then took one year of work at the State Normal School at Terre Haute, and later graduated from the College of Music in Cincinnati. Miss Schuman taught music in the schools at Norwood, Indiana, and has taught since then in the public schools of Madison.



Department of Music

What is the lone language of the soul? Music; it is the medium between this and the other world. In the High School more than anywhere else is music needed as a means to relieve the strains of other studies.

Twice a week the school has chorus practice under a competent instructor. The girls' chorus, which meets once a week, is doing fine work under its instructor.



Humorous

Teacher—"What person was responsible for the introduction of slaves into the colonies?"

Student (hesitatingly)—"Well—er—it—was a Dutch man-of-war, but I don't know his name."

Pupil (who had been studying of the guerrilla warfare)—"This giraffe warfare was carried on for years—"

CLASSES



SENIOR CLASS

1904

OFFICERS:

President—Howard Richardson.
Vice-President—Niell Hinton.
Secretary—Dot Barnes.
Treasurer—Oscar Rahe.

COLORS: Orange and Black.

FLOWER: White Rose.

MOTTO: "Onward to Victory."

YELL:

More! More! More!
Rickity! Rackity! Rockity! Roar!
Sis—ca—boom!
Open the door—
We're the class of 1904.

Class Roll

Arthur Ach.	Ray Hoffstadt.
Mary Anger.	Leota Loehard.
Dot Barnes.	Emma Millar.
Oscar Demaree.	Oscar Rahe.
Thomas Finnegan.	John Rankin.
Clara Heuse.	Howard Richardson.
Neill Hinton.	Anna Sauer.
Howard Turpin.	Stella Straub.

Maude Wolf.

Class History—'04

On one bright September day of 1899, there were ushered into the High School some fifty boys and girls who were to become the world-renowned class of 1904. At first, as are all Eighth Grades, we were rather timid, but ere long we had overcome our bashfulness, and soon had class meetings, organized our class, choosing officers, colors, and a motto, "Onward to Victory." Many pleasant memories of this year return to us. There are the recollections of our first class party, when we met with one of our classmates and spent a pleasant evening together. There is also the memory of our picnic the same year, when several hay-wagons crowded with merry boys and girls went for a day's outing to Johnson's farm. Before long the year had passed, and when on the last day of school we parted, all hoped to meet again as Freshmen.

Many did, but some few were missing when next we met and entered upon our career as High School students. In our Freshmen year much was accomplished. Both the Latin and German courses were followed, and we were introduced to the a's and b's of our Algebra. Botany also was taken up, and many were the enjoyable trips over hill and vale in search of flowers and to study Nature in all her beauty and grandeur. As a result of this work, many of us have a book of spring flowers which were gathered, pressed, and mounted in connection with Botany. Attention was given to Literature and Classics, and we were acquainted with several of the masterpieces of our American authors.

In our Sophomore Year, Latin and German were continued, and Physical Geography was taken up in the Science course. In connection with this, many trips were taken to the various points around Madison to study geological formations. Toward the end of the year the study of fossils was taken up, and quite a large collection was gathered on the hills surrounding our city. We were acquainted with the mysteries of Geometry, and carried back to the time of Grecian and Roman power in our History. Our class picnic was held at Clifty, and a most enjoyable time was spent.

Greater than either of these years was our Junior year, the remembrance of which will never fade from our minds. Excellent work was done in Geometry, Physics and History. Our Junior Night was a great success and showed there was certainly genius in the class of '04. The program consisted of a class history, class prophecy, song, an Indian Club drill, several selections by our Mandolin Club, and a farce, "The Scheme That Failed." This showed some good amateur acting and was repeated this year for the benefit of Manual Training in our public schools. At this exhibition, a beautiful statue of Victory was presented to the school. The Juniors were delightfully entertained by one of the classes and a picnic was held at Hanover.

But the crowning year of our school life has been the present one of our Senior Year. United States History, Grammar and Arithmetic have all been taken up with a view of refreshing them in our minds before we

leave school. This year our class has often met together and spent delightful evenings with games and music. We also enjoyed a bob-sled ride to Paul School House and a fine time was had.

In a word, we have had a most remarkable career in High School. Excellent work has been done and a feeling of love and good-will has constantly been among us. From a class that has accomplished so much, we may expect great achievements in the future, and we prophesy that the Class of 1904 will win great success in life.

HISTORIAN.



The Class of 1904

Once upon a bright fall morning,
There happened in without a warning
A merry group of girls and boys,
With lightsome step, yet plenty noise.
The teachers watched them, sighing, sighing,
For much they feared they would be trying,
Trying, trying every day
To make the teachers earn their pay.
And ne'er recitation 'ere went bye'
Without the thoughtful question "why."
The teachers said it o'er and o'er,
Well, these are "preps," and nothing more.

The next year then again they came,
Freshman, Freshman, was their name;
And again their lessons tried,
With their teacher for a guide.
How they studied truth and right,
Nobly they began the fight.
Thallophyte, gametophyte;
Vertophyte and hydrophyte;
Hallophyte and every fight
They overcame by strength and might.
And by the time vacation's come,
Decided victories they won.

Next time came the Sophomore,
Knocking at the High School door;
Again they seek the unknown X,
The common fractions and complex;
Numbers constant and that vary,
Well-known and imaginary.
They've found what makes a perfect 'pye.'

Have made it in those days gone bye,
Every word in proper place;
Every noun is in its case;
Every verb's in pleasant mood,
Relationship again renewed.

The Juniors formed a grand alliance,
With their teachers, books, and science.
Just to hear the class recite
Is a dream of pure delight.
"Magnetic needles do not sew,
They only show the way to go."
"Gravitation holds us fast,
Or into space we would be cast."
"Electric currents flow and spark,
Display their best when in the dark."
Electric shocks of course were taken,
The nervous impulse to awaken.
Their fondest dream was that they pass
Into the graduating Class.

They realized their high ambition,
The Seniors' dignified position.
Their minds from off their lessons wandered,
On leap year balls their fancies pondered;
O, visions of punch and cake and cream,
Of rose-hued hearts and shamrock green.
Until the teachers' well-known fact
Aroused their minds up to the fact,
That midnight oil and gas they'd burned,
Nor had their lessons yet been learned.
For you there's trouble now in store,
Too bad, too bad, "O 1904."
Grammar was spelled by using "e,"
Matter was spelled with only one "t";
Lab(o)ratory without the "o"—
The teacher sighed and whispered low:
"O Senior Class, O Senior Class,
When out into this world you pass
O never again make a mistake,
The word "Forget" will you forsake?
Solve every problem just at sight,
Spell every word you hear, aright.
Will you do that I implore?
Quoth the Seniors, "Forevermore."

ANNA BEATRICE SAUER.

Down in the Laboratory

Seventeen Seniors in a row,
Trying to show how much they know,
But all went well till that sad day.
The teacher sent them all away.

One burned her finger with nitric acid,
Yet thro' it all was cool and placid.
An explosion sudden and unawares,
Sent one of the girls away up stairs.

One spoilt his hands by using cut glass,
And straightway did leave the rest of the class
One finished his work before all the rest,
He was dismissed by his own request.

One tested all things that came in his way,
And all went so well until that sad day,
He tested the limit of his teacher's patience,
By this foolish act he ended relations.

One left all his work and flew up stair,
To test of the purity of atmosphere there.
One Senior marked present on that fateful day,
In mind he was wandering afar, far away.

The teacher announced another equation,
And many there not equal the occasion.
She sent them upstairs, more than half a score,
Who could not return until they knew more.

The laboratory seemed lonely and bare,
On that fateful day when no Seniors were there.
The teacher was lonely with nothing to do,
So she left the room and went upstairs too.

A. B. S.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY



PHYSICAL LABORATORY



JUNIOR CLASS '00

1905

OFFICERS:

President—Walter Greiner.
Secretary—Virginia Wymond.
Treasurer—Marie Sappington.

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

MOTTO: "Hitch Your Auto to a Star."

YELL:

Rizer! Razer! Rax!
Give 'em all the axe,
When we fight
For green and white,
Watch them turn their B-A-C-K-S.

Class Roll

Ford Bowman.	Dora Letz.
Ella Crawford.	Fred Lotz.
Lina Davis.	Fay Merritt.
Rose Dickerson.	Florence Miller.
George Anna Franciseo.	Halstead Murat.
Carl Friedersdorf.	Mary Rankin.
Walter Greiner.	Ruby Schmidlap.
Rachael Haigh.	Kathleen Shaugnessy.
Alice Henry.	Bertha Straub.
Bayard Hughes.	Marie Sappington.
Edith Johnson.	Ella Wood.
Julia Klein.	Virginia Wymond.
Lulu Laidley.	Grace Montz.

Class of 1905

For nearly three years we have been members of the Madison High School, and looking back over this time we can see how our class has advanced since its start.

In our first year, of course, we were only beginning to know of the class duties and honors, and yet we felt far superior to our little Eighth Grade friends. Our officers elected were: President, Margaret Rea; Secretary, Virginia Wymond, and Treasurer, Marie Sappington. We chose moss green and ruby red for our colors and red carnation for the flower. As a class, we stood firm by our vows to become more than Freshmen. However, before the close of the year our President and Vice-President had both left. The first to become a member of another school and the latter on account of ill health. This one has since been taken to her Father's home, and though we all miss merry "Peg," yet we feel that "all is well."

During our Sophomore year we seemed to have had our zeal awakened and had various "fights" with the '04 over matters of colors, parties, and entertainments. We decided that our colors didn't please us, and so changed them for green and white with white carnation. For President we had Bayard Hughes, with the former Secretary and Treasurer. Many class meetings were held, and we seemed to be more united for the general welfare.

Upon entering the Junior year, the dignity of our station is recognized in a greater degree. We are striving to win honors worthy of our name and so far have not entirely failed. Five of our boys were on the Foot Ball Team last fall. Our President was Captain, and Walter Greiner, Manager. At the middle of the year we were forced to choose a new President, as Mr. Hughes was to leave for Kentucky. Walter Greiner was the one selected. Three of our boys are to be on the coming Base Ball Team, Ford Bowman, Fred Lotz, and Walter Greiner.

Of our class who are members of the Annual Board of Editors we have Marie Sappington, Julia Klein, and Ford Bowman. A short time ago we took for our motto the inspiring words: "Hitch your auto to a star." At the close of last year our present President was made President of the local Oratorical Association, and in the fall became President of the State Association, an honor never before conferred on a member of the Madison High School.

Now as spring approaches, we look forward with great eagerness to our Class Day, and hope that it may be a credit to our school. While in our future course we will endeavor to stand loyally together, remembering that "In Unity There is Strength."

Class Poem

O we're the class of nineteen five,
We're wise and gay and quite alive,
We'll show men how to do and dare,
For We'll be wanted everywhere.

There's nothing the matter with nineteen five,
We're great in strength as well as size,
'Tis "git up and git" that people like,
In nineteen five it is always in sight.

We'll hitch our Auto to a star,
They wish they'd waited a year or so,
And been a Junior, don't you know,

We'll first be true to our red, white and blue,
And then to our Hoosier land so true;
But these two colors of green and white,
Will ever keep us in the right.

We've chosen a flower of reputation,
A flower respected by a nation,
In beauty and sweetness lies its power,
The white carnation is our flower.

O we're the students of M. H. S.,
The class of honor and success,
For we're the Juniors, that's our name,
We'll be the class that merits fame.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

1906

OFFICERS:

President—Lee Childs.

Vice-President—Everett Weeks.

Treasurer—Wm. Millar.

Secretary—Verlia Magers.

COLORS: Blue and White.

FLOWER: Red Carnation.

MOTTO: "Rest at the Summit."

YELL:

Whiz! Whiz! Lickity Siz!

Flipity! Flopity! Flipity fist!

Rickity ra! Rickity rix!

Wat's the matter wid 1906.

Blue and White,

Dey're alright,

Raw! Raw! Boomerah! 1906.

Class Roll

Elva Bowman.

Nathan Chadwick.

Lee Childs.

Jean Graham.

Theodore Harding.

Elsie Hitz.

Ella Kahn.

Verlia Magers.

Nellie McCane.

William Millar.

John Radeliff.

Marion Schnaitter.

Mollie Slattery.

Everett Weeks.

Vella V. Wilson.

History of Class of 1906

As a country is happy whose history is brief, so it may be said of our class. Its life has been remarkably peaceable, has been marked by no petty brawls. An interesting characteristic of our class, which it has generally maintained throughout the two years of its High School course, is its cool, calm, and dignified air. In dignity we have rivalled the Seniors themselves. Indeed, it might be well if the afore-said Seniors would take a few lessons from us, and cultivate that valuable quality, that during the year of their High School course, they may conduct themselves as Seniors should. Our class is noticeable more on account of its calm good sense and scholarly qualities, than on account of any achievements in class war. But the war-like spirit is latent within us and only needs the occasion to cause it to break out. Another characteristic is class spirit and loyalty to the best interests of the school. This has been made manifest on several occasions, particularly in the decoration of the Assembly Room for Special Programs, and the elaborate decorations of a box at the Opera House, filled with loyal Sophomores at each number of the lecture course.

The first social event in which the Sophomores were concerned, was a picnic given by members of the class, at Happy Valley, near Hanover. Basketball constituted the favorite amusement. Also one rainy afternoon last spring, Miss Hilands took the Botany class to Clifty Falls, for a study of the many different kinds of plants which are found there. It was not all work, however, for after an hour's study, the boys were given their liberty, for about thirty minutes, while the girls spread on a platform the lunch they had prepared. After lunch came the pleasant ride home. This will always be remembered as a most enjoyable and helpful gathering of the class.

Our class has suffered the usual fate of most classes; and from a class numbering about forty-five, only fifteen remain. The members of our class have all tried to be persistent and, above all, honest in their work. We are aware that it is quality that is sought after in this rapid age of the world, and unless we possess this desirable thing, we will not be "in it." What we shall accomplish in the future will depend mostly on our aim and training here. When we close our work here, we shall not have a kind teacher to test us, but the stern world will be our judge. In any event, whether in school or out, we will aim to conduct our lives in keeping with the sentiment expressed in our motto, "Rest at the Summit."



FRESHMAN CLASS 07

1907

OFFICERS:

President—William Cochran.
Vice-President—Florence Friedersdorff.
Secretary—Virginia Snyder.
Treasurer—William Klein.

COLORS: Red and Blue.

FLOWER: Red Rose.

MOTTO: "Ever to the Heights."

YELL:

Clekity! Clakity!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
1907
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Class Roll

Mary Bowman.	Ernest Matthews.
Ethel Calloway.	Maude McNutt.
Lena G. Camerer.	Nadine Millican.
Bernice Childs.	Augustus Mitchell.
Nell Clements.	George Osner.
Sara Clements.	Florence Pogue.
Wm. Cochran.	Don Price.
Katherine Crawford.	Willie Rahe.
Ora Cull.	Clara Sauer.
Linnie Custer.	Mattie Rutledge.
Fred Denny.	Frank Sellock.
Fred Diederich.	Virginia Snyder.
Florence Friedersdorff.	Anna Spoo.
Dora Geisler.	Pearl Riee.
Gertie Gordon.	Marguerite Stapp.
Virginia Hitz.	Susie Tower.
Fritz Hoffstadt.	Willa Walker.
Mary Hughes.	Pauline Ward.
Amy Kistler.	Lila Wilhoite.
William Klein.	Lottie Wolf.

Willie Wood.

History of Class of 1907

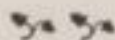
We are the class of '07 and we are trying to do our best work and obtain the good opinion of our teachers and any friends who take an interest in our work.

Our class roll last year numbered fifty, most of the members being from the seminaries, although there were a few strangers. Nevertheless, we soon became acquainted. Toward the close of the year we held a meeting, electing the following officers: William Cochran, President; Florence Friedersdorff, Vice-President; Virginia Snyder, Secretary; and Ernest Matthews, Treasurer. We also chose the different committees. We took red and blue for our class colors, the red rose for our flower, and "Ever to the Heights" for our motto.

This year we have thirty-eight members, many of them being strangers, who were not in the class last year.

Near the last of January, a blue and red flag was put up on our High School flag staff. The Freshman Class, having blue and red for their colors, were supposed to have put them there. Our Freshman boys were accused of doing it, and were kept from recitation for half a day. They denied having anything to do with it, but nevertheless they had to suffer the consequences. The rope, having been cut, it was necessary to take the pole down in order to get the flag off. The boys had to pay for it.

It is difficult to write a history of a class which has not much of a history, but we are all very proud of our High School. HISTORIAN

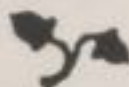


History of the M. H. S.

The early history of Madison High School is shrouded in uncertainty, as there were no records kept. But the first attempt to establish a high school we find made in the year 1852. At that time the board issued an order that the high school should be held in the second story of the lower seminary, and appointed Mr. Charles Barnes as principal. However, it has been learned, that the high school did not hold its first session at the place indicated above, but in the basement of the First Presbyterian Church. It remained there for a year or two, and was taken to the present Central building. After continuing for a few years, the high school ceased its work, and did not begin again until September, 1861, in the present Jewish Syna-

gogue. The first class graduated in 1862. By the fall of 1868, the Central Building was remodelled, and at the beginning of the school year, the high school was brought back to this building, and remained there until 1877, when it was given permanent quarters in the present building.

From this time on, the growth of the high school in usefulness and in attendance has been constant, the latter having increased over eighty per cent. The school has been enlarged and remodeled, more teachers employed, and laboratories have been added to meet the demands of the increasing attendance. The Oratorical Association holds contests in oratory annually, and sends the winner to the contest in the State Oratorical Association, of which this school is a charter member. The classes also have class organizations, in which a kindly spirit of class rivalry is exhibited. These, along with numerous other things, tend to show the great progress the school has made, and also help toward centering interest in the institution.





EIGHTH GRADE '58

1908

OFFICERS:

President—Burr R. Callis.
Vice-President—Ivy Bear.
Secretary—Victoria Genter.
Treasurer—Bernice Bingham.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

MOTTO: "Lead, not Follow."

FLOWER: Yellow Chrysanthemum.

YELL:

Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
Hurrah, Rate!
Madison High School,
Nineteen Eight.

Class Roll

Mary Anderson.	Lea Sinkhorn.
Edward Arbuckle.	Bab Laidly.
Ivy Bear.	Emma Lemen.
Charles Bersch.	George Lewis.
Margarite Bersch.	Charles Lustig.
Louis Bierck.	Blanche Matthews.
Bernice Bingham.	Robert Millar.
Fred Brossart.	Doan Miller.
Burr Callis.	Clinton Moffett.
Mary Chapman.	Maude Nichols.
Moses Cochran.	Estella Noble.
Yandel Copeland.	Ralph Pratt.
William Davis.	Archie Priest.
Hazel Davis.	Lillian Rea.
George Diedrich.	Laura Selig.
Frank Dittgen.	Graham Ross.
Howard Eckert.	Westey Server.
Rea Eckert.	Mable Stottlebower.
Bessie Friedersdorff.	William Straub.
Victoria Genter.	Vera Tandy.
Nellie Hammel.	Bessie Todd.
Gilbert Harr.	Bessie Toole.
James Hill.	Stella Trigg.
Grace Huntly.	Nora Vanhorn.
Annie Johnson.	Martha Vawter.
Vinnie Gray.	Emma Walker.
Harry Kellam.	Force Walker.
Claude Kemper.	Stella Weeks.
Harry Lemen.	Florence Winnefield.



HOWARD RICHARDSON



William Wallace

"O Scotland! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child,
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountains and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

From these lines of Scott we get a vivid conception of this picturesque land of lakes and rivers. Scottish authors have not been read in vain,—the impressions formed of this "Switzerland of Great Britain" are not to be forgotten.

Scotland was once free and independent. Her people were a nation of great strength and power, ruled by a most noble line of Alexandrian Kings. A God-fearing and a God-revering people, wealth and happiness were theirs. Church and state walked hand in hand and the betterment and advancement of the two were ever the prevalent ideas. No civil strife or cruel warfare blotted their records of government. No treacherous hands of unscrupulous men, clad in the sacred robes of priesthood had ever tainted the altars of her sanctuaries. Earth then yielded them bountifully of her hoarded treasures. Noble and peasant alike, rejoiced in their advanced civilization, and under the vast dome of Heaven's azure blue, peace and contentment reigned supreme.

Unfortunately, conditions were not to be ever thus. The death of Scotland's King left no descendent to the throne. Immediately several claimants to the crown appeared; only two of whom, however, had unquestionable legal rights. The controversy between these pretenders waxed stronger and stronger as time progressed. At last it was agreed to submit the matter to the arbitration of the haughty King Edward the First, of England.

England at that time, was just developing and perfecting her present well known policy of expansion. She had long feasted her covetous eyes upon that prosperous land to the north, to which, in imaginative reverie, she had extended her avaricious fingers, tingling with the expectant touch of gold and silver. Doubtless, she had, secretly, resolved by honest means, or otherwise, to make the revenues of that fair land replenish her depleted coffers.

Edward lost little time in settling affairs. He entered into a secret agreement with the pretender, John Baliol, to whom he awarded the crown, in return for which he received certain friendly concessions of state. King John and the Scots were not blind to the artfulness of Edward. They were quick to perceive that he was steadily and rapidly encroaching upon their precious and most sacred rights.

At last the die was cast. Edward announced himself as liege lord and protector of Scotland.

Scotland, incensed at the audacity of such an affront, arose in battle array. Edward, in anticipation of such a result, had moved forward with a large army. The two armies met. Scotland was crushed, and the memorable plains of Dunbar were drenched with Scottish blood.

Edward, exultant with self-pride, triumphant with victory, now welded the chains of slavery upon the prostrate form of bleeding Scotland. All must pay homage to him. All must swear fealty and acknowledge his lordship. Many steadfastly refused to take the oath; imprisonment and exile were their fate. King John himself, and a few of the most powerful nobles of his retinue were sent into exile in England.

To further strengthen his ill-gotten power, Edward placed military governors with large garrisons of men over the different provinces. These governors were tyrannical despots. They displayed utter disregard for law and order. Self-aggrandizement seemed their sole ambition. Their soldiers plundered, pillaged and ravaged the land with fire and sword.

The homes of the honest countrymen were razed to the ground. Rapine and ruthless murders were committed. Barren wastes and the charred remains of once happy homes were left as relics of their vandalism. The terror-stricken countryman, quickly gathering about him his dear ones, flees from further molestation to the hidden retreats in the mountains. There among the cliffs, the caves, the mountain torrents, he struggles for an existence.

This was the miserable condition of Scotland under the cruel yoke of the relentless Edward. A year before the smile of Heaven had rested on

the joyful land, but now in most cruel contrast it seemed as if the very bedlam of Hell itself had been let loose within its borders. The Sun of enlightenment, which had once beamed forth so brightly upon Scotland, had now passed behind a cloud.

Nestled in a quiet vale in the southwestern part of Scotland, there is a chieftain's home. How beautiful, how picturesque, is the spot! A vale surrounded by high hills, clothed in autumnal hue, upon whose sides waves the brown heath, over which the sturdy oak stands out silent sentinel year by year. Tiny rivulets of water, trickling down, quickly gather volume in the descent. Then rushing and leaping away over rock and precipice, they suddenly disappear into the bowels of the earth, only to be united in some nearby stream. The fire and sword of English soldiers has not as yet disturbed the tranquility of this peaceful bower.

A mountain stag, monarch of forest and glen, feeding on a neighboring hillside, starts up in fear at the sharp notes of the hunter's bugle. Three times the soft, mellow notes of the instrument are wafted down into the vale below.

But, behold! Around yonder curve on the hillside trail comes the hunter—William Wallace. A superb specimen of physical manhood, with majestic tread and stately mein he approaches, his Scottish plaid and locks of golden hair waving in the passing breeze. From his deep blue eyes there beams forth both love and mercy for his fellowman. True, in reference to Wallace, are the words of the poet that:—

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

On nearer approach his youthful wife rushes forth to meet him. He tenderly clasps her in his arms and fervently implants a kiss upon her brow, radiant with the smiles and blushes of womanly loveliness. Together they enter their happy home. Is not here exemplified the manifestation of domestic felicity in its truest form?

Modest, unassuming by nature, yet William Wallace possessed that silent power which magnetically drew men to his side. He did not aspire to be a leader among men. He did not fight Scotland's battles for the power and glory that eventually await the successful leader. In strife and turmoil, self-sacrifice, not self-advancement, was his creed. He followed the dictates of a pure and noble heart, through which coursed the blood of a free and illustrious ancestry. The moral and physical fibers of their simple lives were of the consistency which would not tolerate the despotism of a tyrant.

William Wallace dearly loved his bonny land. Scotland's woods and Scotland's hills were precious to him. The sighings of her pines and the murmurings of her waterfalls were as sweet music to his ears. One who so loves and cherishes his country should be willing to lay down his life in its defense. In this respect, Wallace was not lacking. It was he who struck the first blow for freedom.

One evening in late autumn during the absence of Wallace from home, the English Governor and military escort arrived with a warrant for his arrest. The soldiers proceeded to make diligent but useless search for the chieftain. Unsuccessful and baffled by blind rage, the Governor was inflamed with anger. Summoning the trembling mistress of the home, he demanded the whereabouts of her husband. Unable to give the desired information, and fearful for her loved one's safety, she remained silent. Now beside himself with rage, the Governor grasped her by the throat, and with one thrust of his sword, pierced through her snow white bosom. Destruction was made complete when the torch had been applied and the ashes of another Scottish home had been scattered to the winds.

That dastardly deed was the climax of semi-barbarism. The inflammable fuel of the discontent of an oppressed people had too long been smouldering. Now steps forward into the arena of action a man to apply that inward spark, needed to set off and sweep Scotland with fire and sword.

With a few of his bravest and most loyal neighbors, Wallace made a night attack on the Governor's quarters. Having beaten down the guards at the door, they burst into his room. There in bed cringed the miserable wretch whose soul was soon dispatched into eternity's fires to expiate for earthly sins.

This first successful attack revived the fire of patriotism which had so long remained dormant in the throbbing breasts of the men. Many now allied themselves to Wallace. The small band of patriots betook themselves to the mountains and there strengthened and perfected their plans for defense.

A greater struggle was now to engage them. Dumbarton Castle, held by a large force, must be surprised and taken. Wallace, with the consummate skill of a born leader, leads the assault with his hundred men. In the darkness, the castle walls are scaled and then hand to hand the conflict rages. Though the enemy are five to one, Scotland's arms and sinews are five fold strengthened. Our chieftain, towering above all, is seen in the thickest of the fight, wielding his sword right and left with most telling effect. The English are driven back, defeated and put to precipitous flight.

Complete as was the victory for Wallace, greater still must be measured its effect on his fellow countrymen. Uprising after uprising in different parts of Scotland immediately took place with equal success. Scotland had at last been awakened from its lethargy, which had proven so detrimental to life and happiness. Men now took hope and placed their confidence in this modern Gideon, now arisen in their midst. Encouraged and inspired, they rushed to the defense of their country.

The military genius of Wallace was soon to be subjected to a most crucial test. An army was fast being gathered under his standards. How admirably did he organize and instruct it for the coming struggle! A struggle to death for the redemption of his native land and heath.

England perplexed, startled, alarmed, could not at once fully compre-

hend this sudden turn of events. But she speedily determined to crush the uprising in one great battle. Accordingly, an army of sixty thousand was sent by rapid marches into Scotland. Commanding them was the King's own brother-in-law.

Now was to come the supreme moment for William Wallace. Had he won his glory and renown by the sheer accident of that chance, which sometimes enters into the lives of men? Was he no other than an ordinary soldier upon whom fortune had chanced to alight at a most opportune moment? Wallace must display those true sterling qualities of patriotism, that sense of love and duty, which every one should exemplify to his countrymen.

With the military genius of an Alexander and with the intellectual endowment of a Socrates, he organized and placed his few thousand men to meet the onslaught of England's many thousands. Fearful was the carnage and flow of blood that awful day! Briton fought for a King; Scot fought for the freedom of wives, mothers, and dear ones. England, humbled, defeated, was driven from the land!

Scotland was free! The hand of a tyrant and the weight of oppression's evils had been thrown off by the might of one man. "All glory be to William Wallace, Champion of his country!"

"Long live William, the Second, King of Scotland!" These were the hearty acclamations of the jubilant and rejuvenated people.

Wallace was in the zenith of his power. All Scotland fell at his feet and looked up to him as the King. Yet did he refuse the crown! He labored for the restoration of the crown to its rightful owner, the exile in England. For the time, he became regent of the land, and to him was entrusted the task of restoring law and order. Very acceptably and honestly did he turn himself to the work. Within a few years Scotland had almost regained her former prosperity; but length of time only can wipe out the dire effects of war.

King Edward had never given up hope of a third invasion of Scotland. He found that plots had been secretly formed for the downfall of the regent. Several of the most powerful nobles were jealous of the power and glory which this man had attained. Encouraged and aided now by those in power, he decided upon another attempt at conquest. He himself led forth his army, which was one of the largest and best that had ever marched under British standards.

Scotland trembled at their approach, but Wallace with old-time vigor and courage, sought to arouse the patriots to its defense. They fought valiantly, but at a critical moment, several of the leaders turned traitors and with their disloyal followers went over to the side of the English. Wallace urged on the unequal conquest, but to no avail. Greatly outnumbered by the enemy and awe-stricken by the treachery of their own blood, the standards of Wallace fell. Scotland was once more subjected to the yoke of Edward.

A large reward having been offered for him, dead or alive, Wallace fled

to the northern mountains. There trusting himself to the hospitality of a former friend and companion in arms, for a night's lodging, he was betrayed and taken prisoner.

He was hastily transported to the tower of London, where he was confined to await inevitable death.

In Westminster Court he was given a trial for his life, but it was only mockery. Led through the streets of London, the people cried out, like the rabble of centuries before to the lonely Nazarene, "Hosanna, Hosanna, The King, The King. Long Live the King!"

Wallace met his fate at the executioner's block. The severed head was placed upon one of the high pillars of London bridge and the body, dismembered, was sent into the four parts of Scotland, to be forever a warning of the wrath of England. Thus ended the life of one of Scotland's early martyrs.

Is martyrdom to be ever the reward of heroes? Must the laurel wreath be denied them? Must a Joan of Arc be burned at the stake as a heretic? Must a Lincoln be struck down in the midst of his triumphs? Must a McKinley terminate his life struggle at the hands of an assassin?

"God's will, not our's, be done."

And yet, William Wallace, you did not live in vain. The fruits of your labors did not blossom, ripen and fall to the earth only to perish. Your actions and deeds are immortal, and will be sung in song and told in story as long as man thinks and writes, encouraging, strengthening and inspiring the hearts of men to greater deeds of valor in the struggle of truth and error, of right and wrong, resulting in the enthronement of the eternal principle of liberty and freedom.

Announcement of Program

Commencement Week of Madison Public Schools

- May 24, 8:00 P. M. Contest in Declamation and Recitation, Assembly Room, City High School.
- May 26, 8:00 P. M. Junior Exhibition, Odd Fellows Hall.
- May 27, 8:00 P. M. Broadway High School Commencement, Odd Fellows Hall.
- May 29, 7:30 P. M. Baccalaureate Address by Rev. W. S. Biddle, Trinity, M. E. Church.
- May 31 and
June 1, 2:00 P. M.
to 5:00 P. M. Exhibition of Manual Training Work, Assembly Room, City High School.
- June 2, 8:15 P. M. City High School Commencement, Grand Opera House.
- June 3, 8:00 P. M. Reception by Alumni Association, Madison Hotel.
9:00 P. M. Alumni Banquet. Principal Address by Hon. J. Frank Hanly.

Junior Night Program

Selection Orchestra
 Class Song.

Tableau in Three Scenes

CAST

Girl Marie Sappington
 Young Man Walter Griener
 Minister Halstead Murat
 Music Orchestra

Play—"Young Doctor Devine"

CAST

Marie Ella Wood
Elizabeth	} Seminary Girls	}	} Mary Rankin
Rose Lina Davis
Rebecca Fay Merritt
Laura Bertha Straub
Maude Dora Lotz
Grace Florence Millar
Madam Alice Henry
Doctor Devine Julia Klein

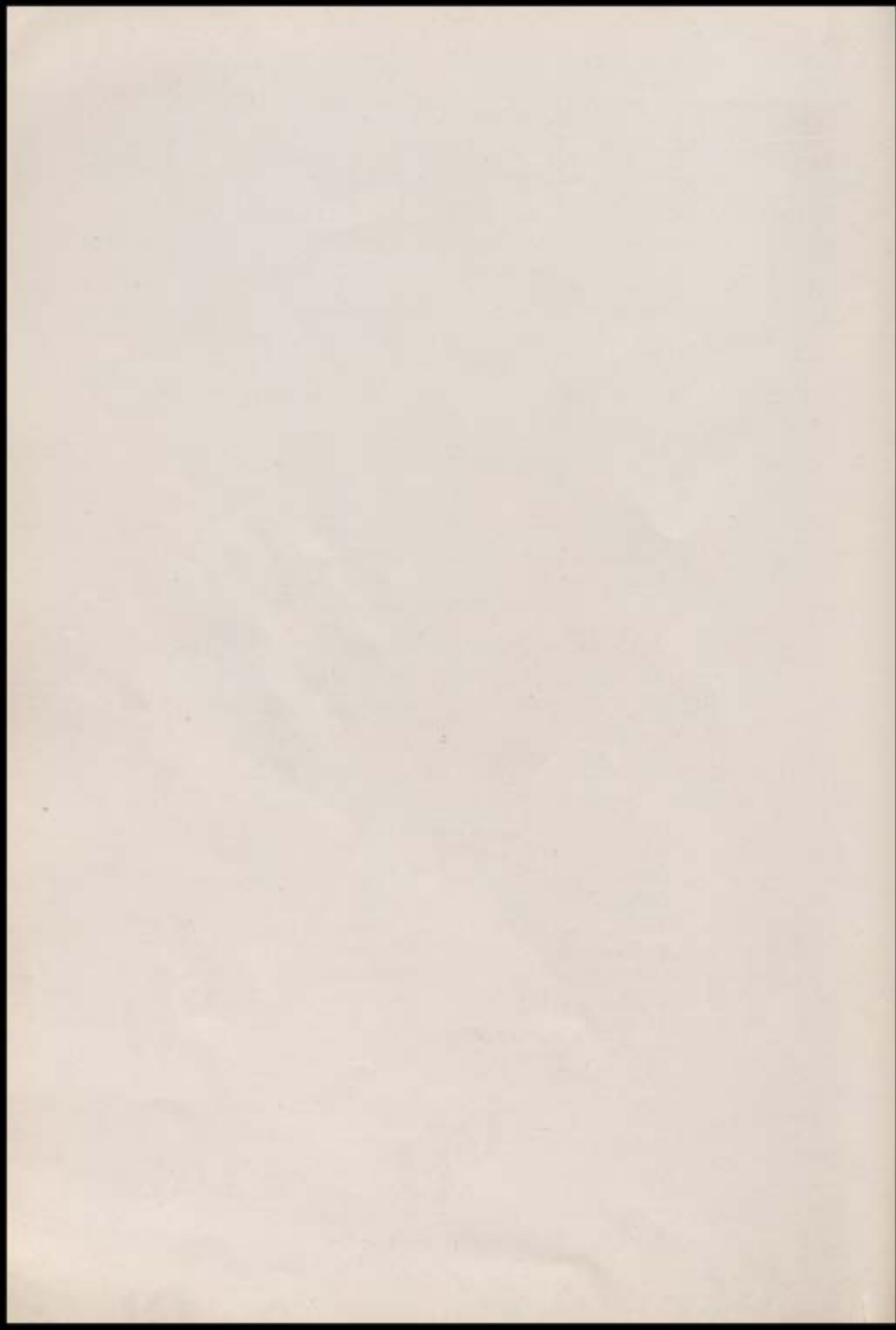
Cornet Solo Halstead Murat
 Presentation of Gift Ford Bowman
 Acceptance of Gift Everett Weeks
 Music Orchestra

Play—"A Case of Suspension"

CAST

Dorothy Rose Dickerson
Mildred	} Ladies of Seminary	}	} Virginia Wymond
Alice Edith Johnson
Kathleen, maid Ella Crawford
Miss Judkins Rachel Haigh
Jack	} Under-graduates of nearby College	}	} Halstead Murat
Harold Ford Bowman
Tom Carl Fritsdersdorff
Jonas, hired man Fred Lotz
Professor Edgerton Walter Griener

Music Orchestra



LITERARY.

That Mirror

Oh it happened just this way,
That the girls would, day by day,
When their wraps they put away
Linger Long.

It hung on the western wall,
And was in the girl's cloak hall,
Where the girls would always gather,
Twice a day.

In that room they lingered long,
'Till the ringing of the gong,
And with many looks forlorn,
They passed away.

But to make the question clearer,
It was just a common mirror,
That kept the girls awaiting,
In the hall.

Now it happened that one day
This mirror passed away,
And they saw it not again,
For many a day.

Oh! those pupils thought 'twas mean,
But the teachers had foreseen,
That for the studies of the girls,
It was best.

But the girls, mad and undaunted,
Found the place which they had wanted,
And now they use the glass,
That is in the door.

Then at last they found the glass,
But it had no use, alas!
For the girls had found it shorter
To the door.

JOHN R. RANKIN.

The Panic

The great, old clock in the Dorm Hall had just announced the solemn hour of mid-night. All the college was hushed and dark, save one room on the second floor. Here the soft rays of a candle disclosed a group of girls, huddled closely together and eagerly talking in whispers.

"Well, I never heard anything so absurd as what that simple Will Jimson said!" broke in Dora Allan. "Absurd, well, I should say so! He's a regular freak, anyway! The idea of saying girls would be scared of anything, and they'd turn green if they heard a creak in the night!" This indignant speech was uttered by "Peggie" Monroe. "Well, all the boys are alike, and I'd just like to show them a thing or two. I'd let them know that I've heard a few things and didn't run, either. O! gracious, girls, it's twelve o'clock! We'd better get hence to bed, for woe be unto the girl who stays up after twelve, for surely she will lose her beauty sleep." Thus warned by Isabel Hastings, they took their leave. Truly, so interested had they been in discussing the jolly events of the previous evening—Halloe'en—that they had not noticed how long they had overstayed their usual time. Now, however, with stealthy steps, they went swiftly to their nests. All the rooms connected with one another so there was no danger of being caught by the vigilant girl-watcher.

To the last of the rooms in the wing, Clara Gray and Isabel Hastings crept, and were soon making up for lost time. Suddenly, upon the stillness, tap, tap, tap! Something was under the bed! Isabel, who was a light sleeper, sat up in bed, listening intently. Nothing could be heard, then again came that strange rubbing sound. Shaking in every limb, she shortly arose and groped about for a lamp. Where on earth was it? Oh! now she remembered she had loaned it to Peggie! Well, she must have a light, what could she do? She dared not remain with that frightful noise, and yet to walk clear across the room to Peggie. Well, she just must, so as silently and quickly as possible, she sped into Peggie's room and awoke her friend with the cry, "Oh, Peg, there is some one in my room, I know there is. Oh! what shall I do?" Quickly she made a light with a match which happened to be in the safe, and not waiting for the still sleepy Peggie, she crept back into the room. All was silent now, so gathering all her courage, she slowly leaned over and peered under the bed. When oh, horror of horrors! what a sight! "Oh—h mercy! I see a foot!" screaming with fright she rushed to the door; tore down the hall and in her frantic effort to reach the first floor and aid, she missed her footing and fell headlong, lamp and all, to the bottom of the stairs.

Meanwhile, Peggie, aroused by the cries of her friend, ran into her

room. Then seeing the light disappear from sight, she followed into the hall and, rushing on (forgetful of where she might land), she also made a misstep, and found her companion below.

By this time Clara and the rest of the girls were awakened. Upon finding her room-mate gone, she arose and went in search of her. In her terror she ran down the hall, instead of up, and as a result, soon lay among the ruins at the foot of the stairs.

Now, however, all the girls from the second and third floors had arrived, made a light and were endeavoring to raise the fallen. Soon they were all once more on their feet and clothed in their right minds, with only a few bruises and bumps. However, just as they were ready to go and find the cause, Dora decided that the proper thing to do was to faint. So over she keeled, stirring up another hubbub. Soon however, she came to, and they all proceeded to the room of feet. "Oh! I believe you were dreaming. The idea of any one getting in your room," said one. "Well, I don't care, I know I saw two great big feet, and I heard a terrible sound just like rattling bones." Now they had reached the door, and first as they looked in they saw some one go hurrying out. Quickly following, they soon overtook and brought back the culprit, Susan Adams. Then by muttered threats and scourgings, they drew forth the story. She had been invited to the Halloe'en party, but had listened to the girls' rehearsal and their wonderful vows of bravery. So for spite and at Will's persuasions, she had planned to see how far this would go. "And now," she said, "You needn't tell me what you'll do, for I've had enough fun for two dozen Halloe'en parties, and paid you back—so there, now." So saying, she left and the girls, crestfallen, but wiser, made their exits, vowing that those boys should never hear of that, especially that mean Will.

MARY RANKIN, '05.

What Next?

Now the Senior's blood's a-tingle
About the way he is to mingle,
 With the world.
He has long been in the school,
And as long been under rule,
But his mind now leaves the school,
 For the world.

He has thought, yes many days,
Of the many, many ways
 To earn a dollar.
But the one that's best for him,
The one in which he'll win,
In deciding makes him thin,
 This poor Senior.

He thinks of all the great men,
Who have made this country great,
 In his dreams;
But which one he'd like to be
Traveling o'er life's stormy sea,
Will the greatest one be he?
 He wonders.

In the hours of day or night,
He's in an awful plight
 About the future.
When Commencement day is past,
And he's gained the goal at last,
It's then his time to ask
 And answer.

A. J. ACH, '04.

The Minister's Version of a True Ghost Story

I once had (and still have, for that matter), a very dear friend down in a small village in New Hampshire. I have never seen a more devoted couple than he and his wife were, and on my frequent visits to the village, I stayed with them and enjoyed myself very much.

One day upon arriving at my home in Washington, I was given a letter which proved to be from my friend, saying that his wife was dead. I immediately wrote him a letter of sympathy, and intended going to see him every week, but other matters detained me. About a month afterwards I received another letter from my friend urging me to come to him at once, as he had a matter of importance he wished to confide in me. Of course, I dropped all else, and went immediately.

On the train I met two or three persons from this village, and they were talking of the ghost of this man's wife, which might be seen every night walking in the yard. I am not very imaginative, so I said: "What utter nonsense," and thought nothing more of the matter. When I arrived, it was rather late, so I went to the hotel to stay over night. In the lobby I met several men discussing the subject, which I had heard on the train. One of them seemed very enthusiastic, and said: "Well, I never was superstitious, but I saw it with my own eyes, and I guess I believe it now." I asked him the particulars, and he said: "Well, I had heard these reports, and know several people who swore they saw it, so I determined to see it myself. So one night, my brother and I went over about half-past eleven, and concealed ourselves in the hedge, and prepared to watch for the ghost. The magic hour of twelve came, and I saw nothing of the ghost, one o'clock and still nothing. I started home, disgusted with myself and everybody else, when my brother clutched me by the arm and said: "There it is." I looked and to my surprise, and, (I must confess), fear, in the moonlight, I saw a white-robed figure, walking back and forth and wringing its hands, and now no one can tell me that there isn't such a thing as ghosts. I thought a great deal about the matter, and then decided the man was of a nervous disposition, and imagined it.

The next morning my friend met me, and drove me to his home. I was surprised to see the change in him. He was worn, haggard, and seemed on the verge of nervous prostration. I saw that he had something on his mind to tell me, but could think of nothing, but that nonsensical ghost story.

Finally, in the evening we sat down by the fire, and he said: "I have a confession to make, a secret to reveal to you, which no one else knows. I killed my wife." I was horrified, and thought the man was crazy, but he hastened to explain that it was unintentional. He had given her an over-

dose of medicine. I tried to comfort him in every way I could, and told him that in the morning I would go for the doctor.

After I had gone to my room, I sat thinking until the fire had nearly burned out, then went to bed. About midnight I woke up suddenly, conscious of some one's being in the room, but I turned over and closed my eyes, chiding myself for such nonsense. But my curiosity got the better of me, and I opened my eyes, and to my horror, saw something white standing in the far corner. Still I would not give myself up to such folly, and once more started to sleep. This time I was in a doze, when an icy-cold hand was placed on my forehead. For a moment I was paralyzed, but I kept my wits together, and sprang up, and seized the figure in my arms. When I tore off the sheet I found it was the old man walking in his sleep. He was half crazed at the thoughts of killing his wife, whom he loved so well, and had imitated her ghost in his sleep.

I led him back to his room, and after reviving him, by dashing some cold water in his face, I stayed with him until morning.

Early the next morning I went for the doctor. He questioned the old man thoroughly, and after examining the bottle, he said: "Why, my dear friend, if you had given your wife the whole bottle of this, it would not have killed her." He prescribed a change of climate, and the next day my friend and I left for the seashore. I was called home rather suddenly and it is needless to say that the next time I saw my friend he was entirely a new man.

V. W., '05.

Peggy's Experience at the M. H. S.

Margaret Conley, or "old-fashioned Peggy," as she was commonly called, lived near Milton, just across the river from the beautiful city of Madison. Her mother was dead and she lived with her father on the farm. He was a well-to-do old farmer, but was one of that kind that don't believe in spending money. Peggy had received her little education in the small, two-roomed school-house at Milton, but her one ideal in life was to be a member of the M. H. S. Each morning as she saw the other Kentucky girls coming over to school she would look coaxingly into her father's face and ask him to let her go, but he declared education was "all nonsense," and a "fool way of spending money," as he expressed it. And so the school-days passed on without Peggy, until the term had closed, and vacation was now coming to an end.

One day Peggy had been sitting in the old garden swing watching her father cutting corn in the field near by. Suddenly a thought struck her and with a bound she was at her father's side. Grabbing hold of his scythe, she leaned against it and looking pleadingly into his face, she said: "Oh, Daddykins, you say it costs too much to go to school, and I've thought of a new plan." She drew his old gray head down to her face and whispered: "I'm going to sell Dixie. Of course, I love her, and it's hard to give her up, but I do want to go so bad. Oh, Daddy, please don't say no." Her father's wrinkled face softened until he was almost nice-looking, and putting his arm around her shoulder, he said: "Well, my little Peggy, I guess you're bound 'ter have your way; and I'm feared you'll be sorry for givin' up old Dixie, for she is a fine little pony, but if you're so determined to go, I guess you'll have to have your way. And besides," he said, "thiakin' about it, I believe it would be quite an honor to have my little country gal a member of the Madison High School." Peggy's heart thrilled with joy, and, squeezing her father's sunburned hand, she skipped off to the house. Just to think she was really going to Madison to school, and it was to begin Monday, and this was Thursday, and such preparations as needed to be made for such a great occasion. She bounded up the steps to her room, building air castles of the school life to come.

The days passed slowly to poor Peggy, but early Monday morning found her down by the river, waiting for the ferry boat. She was "dressed up" in her idea and the little starched white sunbonnet was tied on a head held as high as a millionaire's. Her blue checked gingham dress stood out stiff all around her, and in her hand she carried an old and dilapidated hand satchel. Down the levy came the other Kentucky girls, dressed in the height of fashion, and as they saw Peggy in her outfit they laughed, and one of them said jeeringly: "Well, so Peggy Conley is going to school to learn some things. Well, it's my opinion if they succeed in pounding anything

through that white sunbonnet, it will be with the aid of an ax." Peggy heard the remark, but said nothing, and was thankful that the boat had landed for them to get on.

In a few minutes she found herself in front of the High School building. It was not until now that she felt herself grow timid, but she gathered up courage and entered, and followed the other girls down the hall to the cloak room. Here she saw a large mirror, and girls dodging right and left, all trying to see at once. Peggy was glad when the gong sounded to call the school to order. She walked timidly into the assembly room, and sat down in the first seat she came to. After chapel, the classes passed into their rooms for lessons. The days following were hard for Peggy. The four Kentucky girls tried to make it as disagreeable as possible for her, and indeed they partly succeeded. But Peggy "stuck to her post" and showed great ability in her lessons, especially classics.

Days passed on until the time for the Oratorical Contest came. It had been a year full of class spirit and prejudice on the part of all, and each class with two representatives was determined to win. Out of Peggy's class it had been hard to choose the speakers. One of the Kentucky girls had been chosen, but they could not decide on the other one. Peggy had been fairly wild to speak, but no one had asked her. The next morning, as she entered the school, the principal went to her and said: "Margaret, I hear you have a special talent for speaking; suppose you help out your class in the contest." Peggy's heart gave a leap of joy, but sank again as she thought of how the other girls would taunt her. But then she said to herself, "How pleased Dad would be if I was to win," and at last she consented.

As she passed through the hall, she met the girls whom she most dreaded, and one of them said: "Well, I never heard anything so absurd in my life, Peggy Conley, as you, a farmer's daughter, thinking you can beat me in speaking. Well, just wait until the time comes, and you'll be so badly beaten, you'll want to pull that pretty white sunbonnet clear over your head."

Peggy passed on and she said to herself: "Yes, we will see, but if she does beat me in speaking, she can't beat me in manners."

Time went on and the eventful evening came. All the classes were well represented, and it was declared by all the people that the Senior contestant would win. Finally it came time for the "Kentucky Belle" to speak. She stepped on to the platform with a soft rustle of silk, and a sickening odor of perfume. She began with a tone that sounded like thunder, and a lot of gestures which showed her sparkling rings to perfection. On and on she sailed, until Peggy thought there was no hope for her. But suddenly, in the most thrilling part, she stopped. She looked first at the floor, then the ceiling, with a blank expression, and knit her eyebrows together until they almost crossed. She could not think of another word. She caught her mother's anxious eye, and, thinking of the disgrace, it made her

all the worse, and with a switch of her pretty dress she sat down. All the other classes yelled and jeered, for they had feared she would win. But she sat through it all, and I doubt if she wouldn't have liked the aid of a sunbonnet as well as some "whitewash."

Peggy was the last on the program, and when her recitation was announced, she felt as if she could not move. She sat in her chair as if she had not heard, and clutched her dress nervously. In a moment she got up, and as she walked toward the platform her gaze fell on an old, gray-haired and sunburned man. Yes, it was Dad, dear old Dad, and she did not know he was coming. There he sat, all dressed up in his best suit (which was none too good), his hair combed smoothly over his forehead, which was something unusual for Dad, and he even had on a high stand-up collar; and by the way he held his head, it could be told he wasn't used to wearing one. But Peggy did not care for this. It was the earnest and anxious expression in his eyes that made her brace up and determine to do her best.

As she stepped on the platform a stir went through the audience and smiles played around the faces of many. But Peggy saw nothing. With the utterance of her first word she was no longer herself, but playing the part of her character. All the fire in her eyes shone forth and the tone of her voice seemed to come straight from her soul. The people seemed to forget her appearance and were carried away by her truths. The last of her recitation ended with a verse from "My Old Kentucky Home," which fairly brought down the house, and even the four Kentucky girls joined in the applause.

All was excitement during the time for the judging of prizes. The Seniors declared they should win, as did all the other classes. Every one waited in suspense, and each listened anxiously for the first words of the judge, as he took his stand on the platform.

"This contest," he said, "has been a pretty close one, but I am glad to have the pleasure of announcing that the Seniors—" Before he had time to finish such a roar went up from the Seniors that he could not be heard. Peggy's eyes dropped in disappointment, and the gray-haired man in the back part of the audience shook his head slowly and said to himself, "All educational nonsense."

But the judge slowly lifted his hand for silence and said: "I will repeat that the Seniors receive the second prize." A hush fell over the Seniors and a yell rang out from the other classes. Peggy's eyes brightened as he said: "And now allow me to award the first prize to Miss Margaret Conely, who has done nobly and is certainly an honor to her class." Peggy stepped forward, with a bound in her heart. From the back part of the room, where the four Kentucky girls sat, a joyous yell went up, followed by three cheers for the little Kentucky girl, and was joined by all except the Seniors. Finally one of the girls said thoughtfully: "Girls, I've been thinking about the way we treat that poor little Margaret Conley, and I am going to redeem myself, if possible." "Well, that is exactly what I have

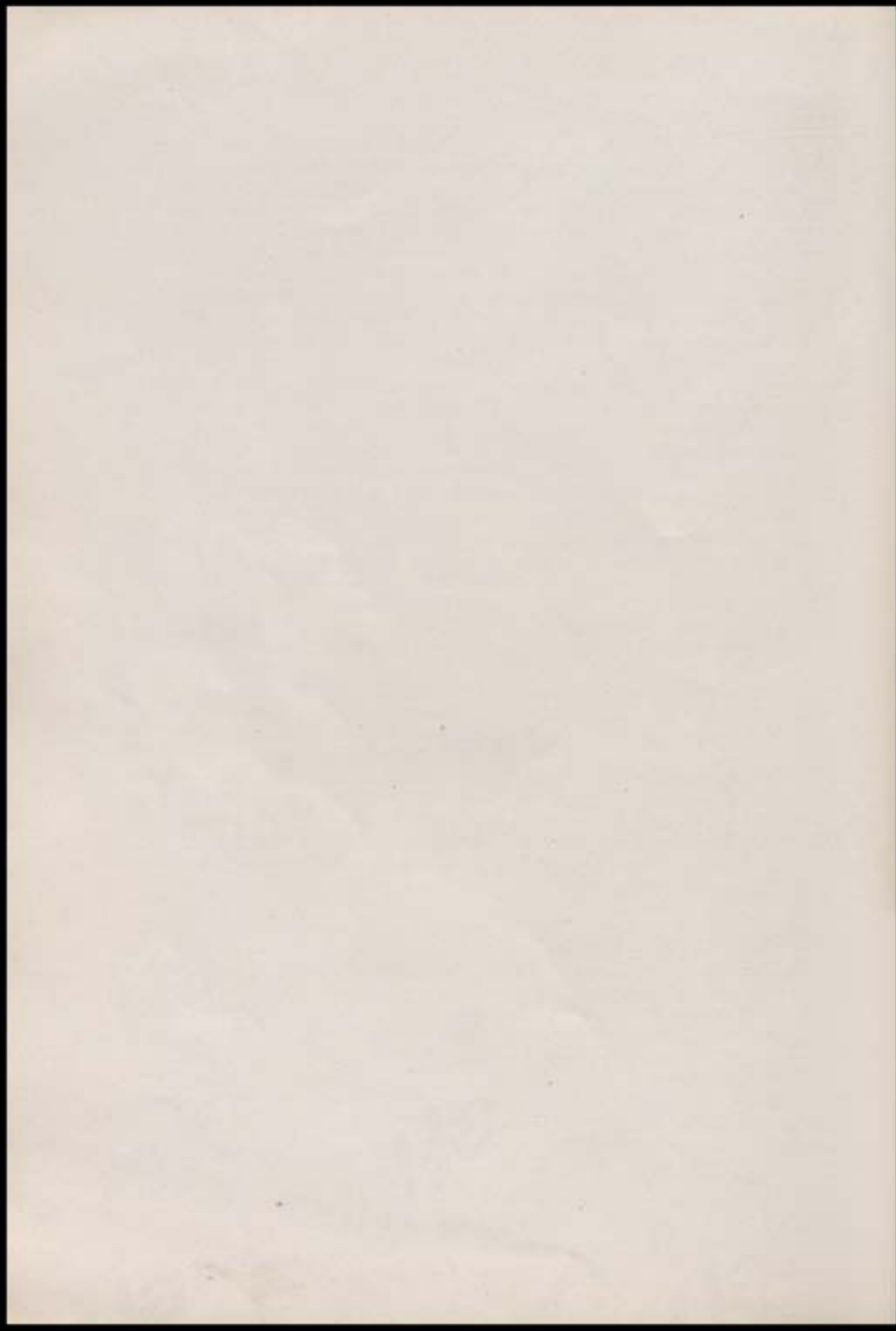
been thinking," exclaimed another, and "I," said a third, "but I was ashamed, after we had started, to mention that we were carrying it too far." "Well," said the first, "now that the contest is over, let us go to her and make friends. She has not only shown us her good qualities, but has taken the honors of the school, and I am really proud of her." So the four girls pushed their way through the crowd to where Peggy was standing with her father. All four caught her at once and told her how sorry they were for the way they had treated her and how proud of her they were. Kind-hearted and forgiving little Peggy showed by her beaming face how happy she was.

And she said to her father: "I did look forward to winning the prize, and I have succeeded, but no such thought as making friends with these girls ever entered my mind. Take me home, Daddy dear," she said; "I am happy, perfectly happy."

As she passed through the door three more cheers rang for Peggy, and, turning around, she cried, "Yes, and three more for the dear old M. H. S."

LORRIE M. WOLZ, '07.









FOOT-BALL TEAM

Foot Ball

On the line this year Harding played a fast and sure game at center.

Richardson and Finnegan played well as guards, and they could be depended upon to stop an opponent's rush, and also to make an opening in the opponent's line.

Lotz and Bowman played good games at tackle, and much of the praise for keeping the scores against the Madison side at such a low figure is due to them.

Hitz and Cull, being fast on their feet and sure on a tackle, stopped nearly every end run.

Rankin played a steady game at quarter, and nearly always hit the enemy in some weak position.

Hughes and Greiner made many brilliant end runs and hard line plunges, but Turpin was the star punter and line hitter.

The line-up was as follows:

Harding, C., '06.	
Richardson, L. G., '04.	Finnegan, R. G., '04.
Bowman, L. T., '05.	Lotz, R. T., '05.
Hitz, L. E., '06.	Cull, R. E., '07.
Rankin, Q. B., '04.	
Greiner, L. H. B., '05.	Hughes, R. H. B., '05.
Turpin, F. B., '04.	
Friedersdorff, Sub., '05.	Weeks, Sub., '06.

The football team this year, although light, was heavier than last season's team, and, in all, it made a better showing. Early in the season the captain and manager were elected, and immediately the team began to practice. After much hard work under the efficient coaches, Ernst and Mellisor, the team lined up against Hanover second (?).

Hanover was our superior in weight, but not in nerve, for every foot of ground gained was earned. By the excellent work of Capt. Hughes and his assistants the score was held to 15 to 0, our only defeat of the season.

The second game was with Indiana Business College. The teams were about even in weight, but the fast work on our backs won the victory to the tune of 10 to 0.

On October 17, we met North Vernon, on our own grounds, and easily defeated them by the score of 31 to 0.

On October 31, we met North Vernon on their field, and again we won by the score of 28 to 5.

The outlook for next year is not very favorable, as Hughes, Turpin, Rankin, Richardson, and Finnegan leave this year, but the second team has some good players who can be brought into shape by hard practice.



BASE BALL TEAM

Base Ball Team

Lotz, C.	Bowman, 3 B.
Selig, P.	Cull, S. S.
Monroe, P.	Sage, R. F.
Greiner, 1 B.	Radeliffe, C. F.
Rankin, 2 B.	Finnigan, L. F.

Richardson, Sub.

At the opening of the season the Baseball team was in poor condition on account of the muddy grounds making practice impossible. We hope that before the season closes that Madison High School will be in the lead, as she is wont to be.



Basket Ball

The Basket Ball team this year was the first organized in this school, and from the record that was made we can say that in the future Madison will boast of one of the best Basket Ball teams in the State.



Humorous Athletics

Track Team

We are pleased to say that the track team is constantly receiving new additions to its membership. Capt. Bowman, while a little heavy, makes a good sprinter. Ach is the fastest sprinter we have. He gets his training going to and from the Senior class parties.

It is also understood that Bowman gets his training chasing A. Ach to and from Senior class parties. Bowman is a Junior, you know.

Marian Schnaitter is our champion five-mile runner.

George Osner is our best man on the bicycle.

Our relay team consists of Marian Schnaitter, William Millar, Earnest Matthews, and William Rahe, all fast men.

Augustus Mitchell is our weight man. His records so far are wonderful.

Records Up to Date

Name.	Distance.	Time.
Arthur Aeh, Sprinter—Second to Main St. on Central Ave., 125 yards		5 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds
Ford Bowman, Sprinter—Same distance as above		5 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds
Everett S. Weeks, Runner—Beach Grove park to Broadway, one mile		1 minute flat
Marian Schnaitter—Five miles	8 days, 10 hrs., 15 $\frac{7}{8}$ sec.	
George Osner, Bicyclist—Madison to his home, 8 miles, 1 hr., 59 999-1000 a.		
One-mile Relay—		
Marian Schnaitter		3 yrs., 8 months
William Millar		3 weeks, 4 days
Earnest Mathews		6 hrs., 30 min.
William Rahe		67 $\frac{7}{8}$ seconds

Weights

Augustus Mitchell—16 lb. shot, put 68 feet; 16 lb. hammer, thrown 248 ft., 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

His measurements are: Chest, 44; Neck, 17; Biceps, 18; Calf, 16; Thigh, 38; Waist, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$; Head, 6 yds. (slightly swelled); Height, 3 feet 6 inches.

It will be noticed that all previous records of the world have been broken by these men. The time of the five-mile run and the mile relay are especially noticeable. The M. H. S. is not a member of the A. A. A. E., and so these records are not considered official. If proof of the time or distance of these events is wanted, the inquirer must apply to the man who made the record.



LOCAL-ALUMNI

Representative Alumni

Many of the graduates of the Madison High School have come into prominence, and it is the desire of the Optimist to bring before the people again some who have gained prominent positions for themselves and have thereby helped others.

Charles Reid Barnes, '74, graduated at Hanover in 1877. In 1878-80 was a teacher in Hanover Public Schools and in Utica, Ind., and Lafayette High Schools. From 1881 to '87 he was the professor of Natural History at Purdue University. In 1882 he married Mary King Ward. From 1887 to 1897 he held the position of Professor of Botany at the University of Wisconsin, and now he is professor in the University of Chicago. He has been editor of *Botanical Gazette*, and is the author of "Plant Dissections," "Key to Genera and Series of Mosses."

John A. Plamer, '83, graduated from Hanover College in 1888. In 1888-9 he attended McCormick University. From 1891-94 he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Hills City, S. D. In 1894-95 he attended Princeton College, and in 1893 married Louise Rose. In '95 he was called to Emmanuel Chapel, New York city, which position he still holds. His influence has been felt throughout a large sphere and his work has been most helpful to all who know him.

Earl Martin, '90, graduated from Moore's Hill College in 1894. In 1895 he was a reporter on the Indianapolis News, and in 1896 was the reporter and assistant telegraph editor of the Cincinnati Post. In 1897 he was the manager of the Scripps-McRae Press Association for Cincinnati. Now he holds a position on the Indianapolis Star. He has been very successful with the newspaper work, and has proved himself most efficient in all lines of that work.

Pauline A. Ernst, '91, was a student at Moore's Hill College in 1892. During 1893-96 she was a student at Hanover College, from which she graduated in 1896. In 1896 she became assistant principal and teacher of mathematics in the Madison High School. She married Guy Hamilton, after which Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton went to Siam and China for missionary work. Their work in Siam and China has been most useful and helpful.

Edward S. Roberts, '92, became attorney at law from 1893-95. In 1896 he was deputy prosecuting attorney of the Fifth Judicial District. He rapidly rose into prominence and is now at Washington, D. C.

Fritz Ernst, '95, attended Purdue University from '96 to 1900. He received the degree of B. S., and is now instructor in car and locomotive design at Purdue.

Edward O. House, '96, graduated from Hanover in 1900 with the highest honor. Then he was appointed assistant principal of the Noblesville

High School. He then took a summer course at Cornell, and was appointed assistant professor, first in the Webb City College, and at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Now he is assistant in chemistry at the University of Illinois.

Locals

Miss Clara Heuse delightfully entertained the Senior Class, Nov. 20th. The rooms were artistically decorated in orange and black, the class colors, which color scheme was carried out in the refreshments.

One of the most successful entertainments ever given by the High School was the dramatization of "Bird's Christmas Carol" before the Christmas vacation. The cast was composed of the members of different classes of the High School, as follows:

Carol.....	Kathleen Shaughnessy, '05
Mrs. Bird.....	Dot Barnes, '04
Uncle Jack.....	Leo Scott, '06
Mr. Bird.....	Howard Turpin, '04
Mrs. Ruggles.....	Clara Heuse, '04
Sarah Maude.....	Emma Millar, '04
Pete.....	Tom Finnegan, '04
Kitty.....	Lila Wilhoite, '07
Peora.....	Mary Rankin, '05
Clem.....	Gus Mitchell, '07
and.....	and
Con.....	Robert Millar, '08
Ely.....	Bessie Toole, '08
Baby Larry.....	Ralph Pratt, '08
Reader.....	Miss Lucina Borton

John Griffith addressed the school on Macbeth, Feb. 11.

We regret very much to lose Leo Scott, '06. He was liked by all the pupils and will be greatly missed.

We wish to thank especially A. J. Ach, '04, for his work on the Optimist in the absence of one of the board.

The Junior Class lost a good president when Bayard Hughes left the school. We regret very much his departure.

Seniors enjoyed a bob-sled ride up Canaan road, Feb. 19. They stopped at old Paul School House, where they were served a dainty lunch.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Anger, assisted by "St. Patrick," entertained the Senior Class March 17. The evening was delightfully spent and all justice was done to the good "Ould Saint."

Mr. Dunlap, of Siam, addressed the school March 18, on Siam. He spoke on the social, political and educational work in Siam, and described very entertainingly the life and habits of the Siamese.

Rev. Mr. Overstreet, of Charleston, Ill., held chapel services March 23d. He spoke on the strength of the individual and of the connection of the moral, mental and physical strength of man. He also sang for us.

In response to an invitation given out by Mr. M. J. Hoffstadt and Miss Etta M. Hoffstadt, a joyful crowd of Seniors gathered at their home on Feb. 11. Decorations and refreshments and the games carried out the Valentine idea.

Under the management of Miss MacKenzie, a delightful German social was given to the German students and guests, April 8. Dr. Graham addressed them in German, after which the time was spent in German conversation.

The D. A. R. presented to the High School a beautiful fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence. Appropriate exercises were held. It was presented in behalf of the D. A. R. by Mrs. M. C. Garber, and received in behalf of the School by Arthur Ach, '04.

The Seniors presented two fine maple trees to the John Paul Memorial Park. The ceremonies were held at the park. President Richardson broke the ground, after which every member of the class did some of the planting. A bottle was placed at the base of the trees, in which were the names of the class of '04. After the trees were planted the class retired to Hargans, where they were refreshed.

Indiana Business College

BOOKKEEPING

Actual and practical books kept as they are kept in business houses.

SHORTHAND

Gregg—Since adopting this system we have placed every graduate, within twenty-four hours after graduation, in a position. ¶Cross Eclectic—Is taught by a teacher who has had several years' experience in teaching this system.

DO YOU WANT A POSITION?

Then finish one or both of our Courses. Keep cool this summer, we have the coolest rooms in the city.

Indiana Business College
323-325 East Main Street MADISON, INDIANA

WATCH US GROW

Lambert Brothers
Clothiers, Hatters and Gents' Furnishers

We invite you to visit us and see how we will save you the dollars. ¶Our new department of Merchant Tailoring we invite you to inspect.

Lambert Brothers
Clothiers, Hatters and Gents' Furnishers
122 East Main Street Next Gebest Hotel

Answers to Correspondents

Willie Wood—Yes, a church member can eat brandy snaps in moderation.

T. Harding—Yes, you can tell what you know about college, but can not make up any yarns of your own.

E. Weeks—You can get anti-fat medicine from any first-class drug store.

E. Millar—A girl can talk as long as she can get any one to listen to her.

The School—Yes, it was reported that a doctor was needed in the Senior class bob-sleigh ride. Some boys' arms were out of place. Nothing serious, though.

James Hill—No, whatever you do, do not pull up your stockings or comb your hair before coming to school. You look too much like genius now.

V. Wilson—It is allowable to pose in school if it does not keep your thoughts from the lessons.

Dot Barnes—No, we would not mention you in the Annual for a cent's worth of salted peanuts.

George Osner—See reply to E. Weeks, above.

Marion Schmatter—Never be in a hurry; time will wait for you.

Mary Anger—We found it after an exhausting search. Here it is: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Sarah Clements—You can grow fleshy by taking some of Dr. Lee Child's "Fat Producer."

S. Straub—To be tall and slender take some of Dr. Frank Denny's "Elongating Tablets."

Mollie Slattery—No, we know of no way by which your Pompadour could be made higher.

Junior Girls—To remove freckles and tan from the face, apply this lotion just before retiring. It is also a sure cure for insomnia and a fine beauty wash: To two barrels of quick lime add a half barrel of castor oil. Add sand to the taste; boil 15,25644 seconds; then put in the mixture seven pairs of old rubbers, a small quantity of fudge, a pack of cards, some shoe blacking, a cup of lemonade and some olives. Spread it two inches thick on face, and in the morning wash it off, if possible. This is guaranteed to cure or kill.

Fritz Hoffstadt—Yes, it is improper for one so immature to be so noisy and talkative; it shows bad form.

Fred Diederich—We are glad to hear of your accomplishment, but we would advise that you eat only one barrel of sauerkraut the next time.

ARE YOU A CUSTOMER OF MINE?

If not I want
you to be, so
give me a trial
and I am satis-
fied you will
always be my
customer :::
☛ You will
always find
everything of
the very latest
and up to date



BARGAINS
EVERY
DAY
at

Haigh's Furniture and Undertaking Store

No. 131 East Main St.
Phone 72 Night or Day

Second Door
West of Hargan's Wholesale Grocery

N. Horuff & Sons

Distinction in Dress

You have never heard any woman say that she bought a Printzess suit that was "color-mixed," or poorly made, or one that failed to meet every guarantee of the makers.

Satisfaction in fabric, style and making are assured to you on any suit bearing this label.



"PRINTZESS"

New Spring Styles in Suits

\$7.50	\$18.00
\$10.00	\$20.00
\$12.50	\$22.50
\$15.00	\$25.00

N. Horuff & Sons

Walter Greiner—Yes, for one of your size we would advise frock-tailed collar, short trousers, tan shoes, and rubber coat.

R. Hoffstadt—Yes, the tongue was made to talk.

Anna Sauer—Sperm oil is a good lubricant for creaking elbow joints.

Oscar Demaree—Yes, it is healthy to sleep at any time or place. It is especially healthy to sleep in History Class.

Howard Turpin—It is exactly 2 miles, 319 rods, 21 yds., 2 feet, 8 1/25 inches out there; 1/32 of the sole of the shoe is wasted coming and going. We know.

Mary Rankin—Small and loud. We would advise some elongating tablets and a quart of strychnine. Miss Doig recommends this preparation.

Ora Cull—L. To sell sock suspenders, borrow a pair, then draw a derby down over the ears, and proceed in the usual way.

First Year—L. Little and noisy. How sad! One bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for each member. This is a sure cure for diseases of small children.

Augustus Mitchell—To become quiet, take, as example, Fritz Hoffstadt or Willie Wood, and follow in their footsteps.

Boys of First and Second Years and Eighth Grade—Barber advertisements can be seen in the advertising edition. There are ads. of razors, shaving mugs and brushes, and mustache cups. The last named article is needed by a great many of the aforesaid grades.

To those who wish to know—Is it proper to bestow one's affections on a dog? No; it would be nearly as bad as having a "regular" in the eighth grade.

The School—The writer of this column carries four 15-pounders, two 16-inch breech-loading rifles, 25 Colt revolvers, four Marlin repeating rifles, 10 shotguns, and knives, scilettoes, daggers, and swords too numerous to mention. So—B E W A R E.

Notice

Girls, Please Take Notice

No personal questions will be answered, such as the following: Am I prettier than Miss Blank? Who is the most handsome boy in the school? These questions will not be answered in the annual, but by personally applying to the editor of this department he will gladly give you his opinion.

Cut Out This Coupon

This coupon entitles.....to complete membership in the N. S. of the M. H. S., or the Nosey Society of M. H. S. This last chance is given out to those who looked in John Rankin's desk for the annual work. No entrance fees are charged; just butt in like the charter members did. (Signed) MA-DE WO--E, Sec.

WILLIE W---D, President.

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Chickenology

Professor in Physics—"Did you ever see a furnace set?"

Johnny Bright—"No, but I saw a furnace flue."



Mr. B. (in Fourth Year History Class, explaining fight in senate)—
"Yes, he hit him with a stuffed stick."

Hoarse laugh from back row.

Mr. B.—"Yes, that is what it was—a stuffed stick."



Science

Miss Hilands—"What kind of gases are in the ocean?"

Verla Magers—"The same as on the land."



Maudie Wolfe (in Latin)—"Fritz, do you use a pony?"

Fritz—"No, I haven't got that far yet."

Go to the girls of the Junior Jockey Club for information on handling ponies.

Ross (reading on a machine)—Pat applied for.

Pratt—"That man Pat applies for almost everything, don't he?"

"Mr. James Wyatt was run over and killed by a train near town. It will be remembered that a similar accident occurred to him last year."—
Goat Hollow Gazette, Country Exchange.

Prof. M. and N. are a good pair of suspenders, although not in good action this year.

Teacher—"What is a serial story?"

Guy Wise—"A cereal story is a breakfast food ad."

Teacher—"What is Algebra?"

Little Tot—"A black and white striped mule. I seen one at the circus."

No doubt '06 and '07 wish this definition were true. It's easier to work a mule than Algebra.



Seniors

He—"I hear you are to read the valedictory."

She—"Yes, and I don't know what style to select."

He—"Why, there's only one style. You're simply to—"

She—"Oh, I mean my costume."

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Call on him when you want the
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In the Restaurant

Howard T.—“Have a lobster!”

She—“Oh, this is so sudden!”



In the Dairying Class

He—“Ethel, you'd make a good farmer's wife.”

She—“Oh, Oscar D., this is no place to propose.”



In the Ice Cream Saloon

He—“This is sweet, but not so sweet as you.”

She—“This is soft, but not so soft as you.”

He—“This is cold, but not so cold as you.”



J. Graham is using her desk as a stable for the horse.

Howard R. (in Chemistry)—“This must have a superabundance of Oxygen.”

Howard has enlargement of the vocabulary. All orators are subject to this disease.

“Why does the Bunsen Burner light at the top?”

Clara H.—“Because we generally light it there.”

Mr. B.—“What is Seward's view of the Constitution?”

Emma—“Gateway to Heaven, a doorway to H—.”

Mr. B.—“What was the underground railway?”

Maude—“Railway built underground.”

Miss B.—“When did Shakespeare die?”

Maude—“1901.”

Miss Borton—“Who wrote the Chambered Natulid?”

Anna—“Longfellow.”

William Millar (translating in German)—“Victoria, the oldest King, was made King in 18—.”

Ask Fred Lotz how to pronounce Mosaic.

Ask the Seniors how to spell pressure and exercises.

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A Senior's Plea

Dear Father: Once you said, "My son,
To manhood you have grown;
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone."
Now, father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they trusted me, want their pay,
And I can stand a loan. —Exchange.



In Latin Class

"Maude, what is a farrier?"

Maude—"A man who takes the ferry boat across the river."

An athletic tack once stood on its head,
Just where a student stepped out of bed,
And e'en the Dutch Prof. it would really balk,
To follow the idiom he was heard to talk.

Teacher—"What figure of speech is 'I love my teacher?'"

Pupil—"Sarcasm."

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Johnny—"I've heard father say they smelt it."

Miss H.—"What is the difference between a gale and a breeze?"

Nellie McCance—"A gale travels faster than the wind, and the breeze does not."



Overheard in Senior Class Meeting

Anna—"Well, John, you needn't stay away because I'm not going."



From the Exponent

"Dear Father: I am working hard. My room-mate is preparing to go fishing to-morrow, while I am digging for de-bate (de - bate)."



The tall pines pine,
The paw-paws paw,
And the bumblebee bumbles all day;
The eavesdropper drops,
And the grasshopper hops,
While gently the cow-slips (cow-slips) away.
—Exchange.

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Ain't Dat a Shame?

- That J—s H—l is afflicted with a smile that won't come off?
That V—a W—n always thinks she hears some one singing, "I've got
my eyes on you!"
That the Freshmen had to jerk down their rag?
That W—e W—d isn't a girl?
That W—lk—r isn't a little larger for his size?
That M—me R—k—n can't giggle?
That the Seniors only have one funny boy?
That D—t B—n—s don't give anyone else a chance to speak?
That M—y A—r missed a question this year?
That Edison don't take T—p—n for an assistant?
That O—r R—be is seldom seen outside of a book?
That An—e S—r was late one morning this year?
That Roosevelt don't resign in favor of H—d Ri—d—n?
That E—m—a M—r is so quiet and backward?
That a nursery is not provided for the Eighth Grade?
That buttinsky tickets are not on sale at M. H. S.?
That you can't josh Billings?



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