





COLGATE, RANDALL - "Royal Blood." Senior B. B. T
"Lean as a starved ghost, long as the moral law."

DOW, MARIE - - - "Marie." Party Comm
"Her voice was ever soft and low."

DUNNE, IRENE - - - "Dunnie." Girls Chorus. Clas
Senior Commissioner. Credi
"Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

FRANCISCO, RAYMOND - - - "Cotton." Senior B. B
"Slow as molasses in January."





HASKELL, LEO - - - "Leo." Party Committee. Credits 32.
"So mild, so sweet, withal so sensitive."

HOLTZMAN, EDWARD - - - "Deacon" Senior B. B. Team. Vice-President Senior Class. Athletic Editor Annual. Credits 32.

"Here is one of those quiet men, who say little but say much."

HUGHES, PAULINE - - - "Polly Anne." Party Committee. Literary Editor Annual. Credits 32.

"As full of spirit as the month of May."

JACKSON, MARY - - - "Mary." Senior B. B. Team. Class Play Committee. Senior Commissioner. Credits 32.

"Sweetness, truth and every grace, you read distinctly in her face."



KLEIN, CHARLES - - - "Kleinie." Capt. Senior B. B. Team Class
Play Committee, Capt. Varsity B. B. Team.
Credits 32.

"Oh love, love, love, love is like a dizziness. It wi'na let a poor* body
gang about his business."

LEE, LORA - - - - - "Lora," Party Committee. Credits 32.

"Full of the deepest truest thought, doing the very thing she ought."

McCULLOUGH, CHARLES - - - "Uncle Charley" Party Committee.
Senior Commissioner. Credits 34.

"He gives whole days to the pursuit of sober study."

RALSTON, NETTIE - - - "Nettie." Party Committee. Credits 32

"On study most her mind was bent, her books she had where'er she went."



SAUER, GRACE - - - - "Grace." Senior Girls B. B. Team. Credits 32.
"Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace."

SHAUGHNESSY, HARRY - - - "Red" Senior B. B. Team. Class Play
Committee. Assistant Editor Annual. Credits 32
"When duty and pleasure clash, let duty go to smelt."

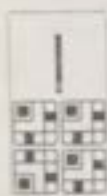
SHERMAN, OPAL - - - - "Opal." Secretary Senior Class. Class Play
Committee. M. H. S. reader Franklin 1914.
Aurora 1915. Credits 32.
"Tell me not in mournful numbers life is but an empty
dream."

STUART, ELLA - - - - "Pill." Party Committee. Faculty Editor Annual.
Credits 32.
"I am nothing if not critical."



HUGHES, CHARLES. "Doll" Party Committee. Credits 31.
"He was so tall his feet just touched the ground."

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY



In September, 1912, the names of twenty-eight timid Freshmen were registered on the roll of M. H. S. The many problems which every Freshman has to meet can only be understood and sympathy can only be extended by those who themselves have been at sometime or other a Freshman.

Out of the twenty-eight members who entered, only thirteen of the original members remain. It seems impossible that over fifty per cent should have dropped out in the course of four years. For various reasons they have left our midst.

In our present class, consisting of twenty-six members, thirteen of these have been with the class the entire four years. The other thirteen have, for various reasons, joined our ranks at different times.

As Freshmen we had no special class organization and not much thought was given to the question of social functions. But when we advanced from the stage of Freshmen to that of Sophomores, we felt it necessary to model after others. We met and elected officers and from that time forth we have carried on affairs in a business-like manner. In our Sophomore and Junior years, Chas. Klein ably served as President. In our Junior year several parties were given to relieve the monotony of the wearisome studies to which, of course all of our time was devoted during school hours.

When we became full-fledged Seniors, we realized that there were indeed quite a few things which we did not know. Too bad we had to receive such a blow to our former conceptions of Senior wisdom. Nevertheless we are by no means a dull class. Oh! no.

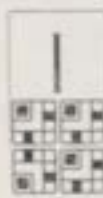
At the beginning of our last year it was decided to elect all new officers and the result was as follows: Rayburn Austin, President; Edward Holtzman, Vice-President; Opal Sherman, Secretary; Nay Cochrane, Treasurer.

We trust that in the future we may live up to the high ideals set before us by our teachers, and that we may never fall short of the trust placed in us.

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HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '17



IN the fall of 1913, the doors of the Madison High School swung wide to admit the sixty-three members of the Freshmen Class. Unlike all previous Freshmen, we did not enter in a cringing, servile manner, but strode, even into the awful presence of the Seniors, with a bold air, and a very decided manner which showed that we had come to make our influence felt.

The fall of 1914 found us beginning our career as Sophomores with a much depleted class roll. Of the sixty-three members of our Freshmen year, only forty-six returned. We now organized and for the first few weeks, "Quietly pursued the even tenor of our way." The Basket Ball season then opened and the position of guard was secured by one of our men, Floyd Meek.

Our career as Sophomores was excellent in regard to class work, social affairs and athletics.

The beginning of the second term was marked by a delightful party at the home of Miss Hazel Augustin, which party, the rest of the school decided it was their duty to break up. This was easier to determine than to carry out, for when the other three classes appeared in force, three of the Sophomore boys held them off until the doors and windows were securely fastened. We then returned into the house and enjoyed ourselves, leaving the Seniors out in the cold, cold street with no one to play with except the Freshmen and one or two Juniors. This failure served as an object lesson to the rest of the classes, and we were permitted to enjoy our social functions, for the remainder of the term in peace and quiet.

The fall of 1915 welcomed us back again to the halls of M. H. S., and found us full-fledged Juniors. Not only in class work have we excelled but we have contributed six men to the Basket Ball squad, David Kahr, "Phiz" Campbell, John Harper, "Senator" Meek, "Shorty" Winscott and Alois Beerck. We have also supplied several sweet voices to the Girls' Chorus.

In reviewing our past history we can say that the Madison High School has felt the strong uplift of our presence. Through our efforts we have won credit and honor in all the school activities. We are also a kind class. We have helped the little Freshmen over the rough places, and thus far have proven ourselves their faithful guides, philosophers, and friends.

With pleasure we review the past, with hope we look forward to the future, trusting that where'er our lot may be cast, we may be a blessing to the world and an honor to the ever dear old M. H. S.

Chas. Winscott, '17"



HARPER

CLASS OF 1918

OFFICERS.

President	-	-	-	Howard Denton
Vice-President	-	-	-	George S. Patton
Sec'y and Treasurer	-	-	-	Marie Smith.

ROLL.

Butler, William	Lanham, Edna
Black, Roy	McGuire, John
Campbell, Lillian	Miles, Mildred
Demaree, Agnes	Miller, Marie
Denton, Howard	Peck, Leroy
Ernst, Virginia	Patton, George
Fewell, Paul	Server, Roy
Furnish, Wilhelmina	Smith, Marie
Grayson, Lucille	Schofield, Marianna
Grayson, Loretta	Welling, Howard
Gros, Adelaide	Weyer, Donald
Haak, Robert	Woodfill, Nadine
Heath, Louise	Wiley, Marie
Harper, Merritt	Willyard, Dorcas



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '18



THE bell of Madison High School was sending its melodious peals o'er the crisp air that morn in September, 1915, summoning many glad hearts to strive once again for higher ideals. The yard was filled with students, both new and old, we being the new ones. Finally the bell for entrance rang and we were taken to room 6, where amid sly winks and occasional snickers from the superior classmen, we sat to await the terrible unknown.

At length the first day was ended and soon the first week was closed. Shortly we were familiar with all the nooks and corners of the dear old school, and were ready for our four years journey. In a few months we moved one step higher on the scale of knowledge. The first term ended now, and another term succeeded. Shortly afterwards we organized. Paul Fewell was elected President and Marie Smith Sec'y and Treasurer.

In due time there came the eventful time of all Freshmen's lives, the first class party. Although there were threats of interference, we held it successfully at the home of one who proved herself a royal entertainer, Agnes Demarec.

Time rolled on and amid the breezes of June and the songs of the birds, we disbanded until the following year.

Once again the bell sent its peals over the September air and once again we assembled, now as Sophomores. Within a short time we organized, and the election resulted thus: president, Howard Denton; vice-president, George Patton; Secretary, Marie Smith. Before long we held a party with great success at the home of George Patton, one who proved his ability for entertaining in splendid style. Later Miss Lillian Campbell entertained, and all voted her a delightful hostess. As a farewell when half of our Sophomore year was ended, we held a party at the home of Miss Adelaide Gros, who entertained us most charmingly.

Now we have moved one round on the ladder of education and in days to come may we stand preeminent in the eyes of our fellow men, and be as we have been thus far, the class of classes.

Marie Smith, '18



CLASS OF 1919

OFFICERS.

President
Vice-President
Secretary

Louis Francisco.
Richard Johnson
Mary McClure

ROLL

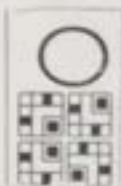
Augustin, Arthur
Bucknell, Myrtle
Bunch, Lillice
Chapman, James
Cole, Philip
Crawford, William
Crozier, Helen
Deatherage, Amos
Deatherage, Mary
Denny, Neva
Donlan, Garrett
Donat, Ruth
Eads, Abbidcan
Eckert, John
Francisco, Louis
Gourley, Herbert
Hastings, Jessie
Hemphill, Chas.
Horton, Margaret
Hummel, Chas.
Hunger, Ben
Imel, Leslie
Johnson, Louise
Johnson, Richard
James, Myrtle
Jessup, Herman

Kasper, Herman
Kellar, Collette
Lanham, Mabel
Leland, Stanley
Litson, Howard
Lotz, Benjamin
Mickel, Mildred
Miller, Norma
McClure, Mary
Morrow, Harold
Peddie, Paul
Pogue, Howard
Phillips, Amy
Sauer, Nathan
Sauley, Anna
Sauley, Sam
Shelke, Robert
Schnabel, Chas.
Spencer, Morris
Strother, Sam
Stodghill, Marie
Sullender, Jas.
Vincent, Thomas
Vail, Dorothy
Wise, Goebel
Wunderlich, Sophia

Zearing, Marguerite.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '19



OUR class came together at the beginning of the year with the firm determination that the class of '19 was to be the noblest that had ever entered the portals of our Alma Mater, and the degree to which that standard has been attained can only be disclosed at our Commencement. But we have made an excellent and unexcelled beginning.

We decided that every member should be properly launched in his search for knowledge. Hence our diligence in the class room and our lack of any of the attributes of frivolity in our character.

Being of an industrious trend of mind, we so hate to waste our hours outside of school, that a good part of our time is taken up in social gatherings, which, it is useless to say, are envied by all those who are not so fortunate as to be able to participate.

We are true disciples of the prophet who said "Pleasure is a necessary adjunct to work." Consequently our gastronomical propensities. We feel that with the entering of this noble class of '19, that dear old M. H. S. enters upon a new epoch, and we will do our best to make others follow in the unerring footsteps of this class.

Seniors, we bid you farewell, and if you will look back upon your Alma Mater in three years, you will see leaving M. H. S. the most brilliant class in history, the class of '19.

Mary McClure, '19.

CLASS OF 1920

OFFICERS

President
Secretary

Harry Benson
Charles Dunne

CLASS ROLL

Barkley, Helen
Baum, Evelyn
Benson, Harry
Bird, Howard
Campbell, Grace
Deatherage, Helen
Dunne, Charles
Dunn, Hilda
Gardner, Ralph
Hewitt, Isabelle
Holstein, Josie
Imel, Elberta
Jenkins, Eva
Litson, Helen
Magers, Vivian
McCauley, Chester

McGlasson, Janet
McIntyre, Oliver
Miller, Vernon
Moorehead, Joseph
Pate, Brooks
Potter, Nelda
Reed, Margaret
Richards, Freda
Sauley, Walter
Schofield, Frances
Smith, Everett
Stanton, Charles
Taylor, Esther
Tower, Clinton
Turner, Catherine
Williams, Willie



MID-YEAR CLASS OF 1920



BOOK III. -- ATHLETICS



VARSITY BASKET BALL



URING the 1915-16 season the first team of the High School made an unusually good record. At the beginning of the season there were many candidates for the position on the school team. Practice under the supervision of Prof. Kelly and Prof. Millar started early in October, and it was soon apparent that there was plenty of material from which to pick a winning team.

So far eleven games have been played and the Madison boys have won five of them. Games were lost to Moorefield, and Milan at Madison and North Vernon and Vevay at the latter places.

The trip to Vevay was made in automobiles thru rain and mud and the players were forced to walk for almost two miles wading mud several inches deep. In addition to this Patton and Augustine, two of the best players were out of the game on account of sickness.

The closest and most exciting game of the season was the first game with North Vernon. The two teams were tied at the end of the game and Madison won in the extra five minutes which were played. The work of Cap't Klein and Campbell showed up brilliantly in this game, as well as in other games played.

The team is practicing faithfully now and we hope that no bad luck appears to keep Madison from ending the season with the majority of games played to her credit.

Below is a list of games played:

Place	Winner	Loser
Madison	Moorefield 29	Madison 25
Madison	Madison 38	N. Vernon 36
Madison	Milan 24	Madison 21
Madison	Madison 37	Vevay 22
Vevay	Vevay 29	Madison 16
Moorefield	Madison 15	Moorefield 6
Madison	Madison 42	N. Madison 12
N. Vernon	N. Vernon 38	Madison 10
Madison	Moore Hill College 31	Madison 21
Madison	Madison 33	Austin 19
Madison	Madison 28	Hanover 18

Members of the team are:

Augustine (Forwards)
Patton
Campbell (Center)
Klein (Cap't)
Cole (Guards)
Morrow
Meeks (Sub)
Peddie

INTER-CLASS BASKET BALL



MADISON High School is regaining her old form in athletics. Financially and otherwise athletics have been a big success this year. The branch of athletics which Madison has excelled in this year is basket ball.

Early in the school year an Athletic Board of Control, consisting of three members from the faculty, and four members elected from the student body, was formed. This Board proposed a series of interclass basketball games, among both the girls and the boys. This project was received with enthusiasm, and to show this enthusiasm, and their loyalty to the school one hundred and sixteen pupils paid admission to the Athletic Association.

To make it more interesting, a group of public-spirited citizens of Madison offered two silver cups, one to the champion of the girls' teams, and the other to the champion of the boys' teams. These cups are to remain in the chapel of the school, and are to be played for by class teams each year. The teams which win the championship, will have their names inscribed on the cup as a monument to their memory.

The games started off with a rush. For a long time it was uncertain who would win the championship. Finally the Freshman boys' team, forged ahead of the Junior team and won the cup.

In the number of games played, the girls have not been quite as successful as the boys. A great amount of coaxing was required to get the girls out on the floor for the regular games, and consequently only four games have been played so far. However, the games that were played, were just as exciting as the boys' games, and they showed constant practice on the part of the players. As the schedule is not quite completed, the championship is still undecided.

These interclass games were well supported by the students, and a large crowd was present. Prof. Long, as president

of the Board of Control deserves great credit for his untiring work to make this project a success. We believe that the interclass games have been a great benefit to the school. They have given every pupil a chance to develop physically as well as mentally, and have inspired loyalty and devotion to the school. We are glad that they were held, and we hope that they will be continued in future years. Following is a list of games played and the results:

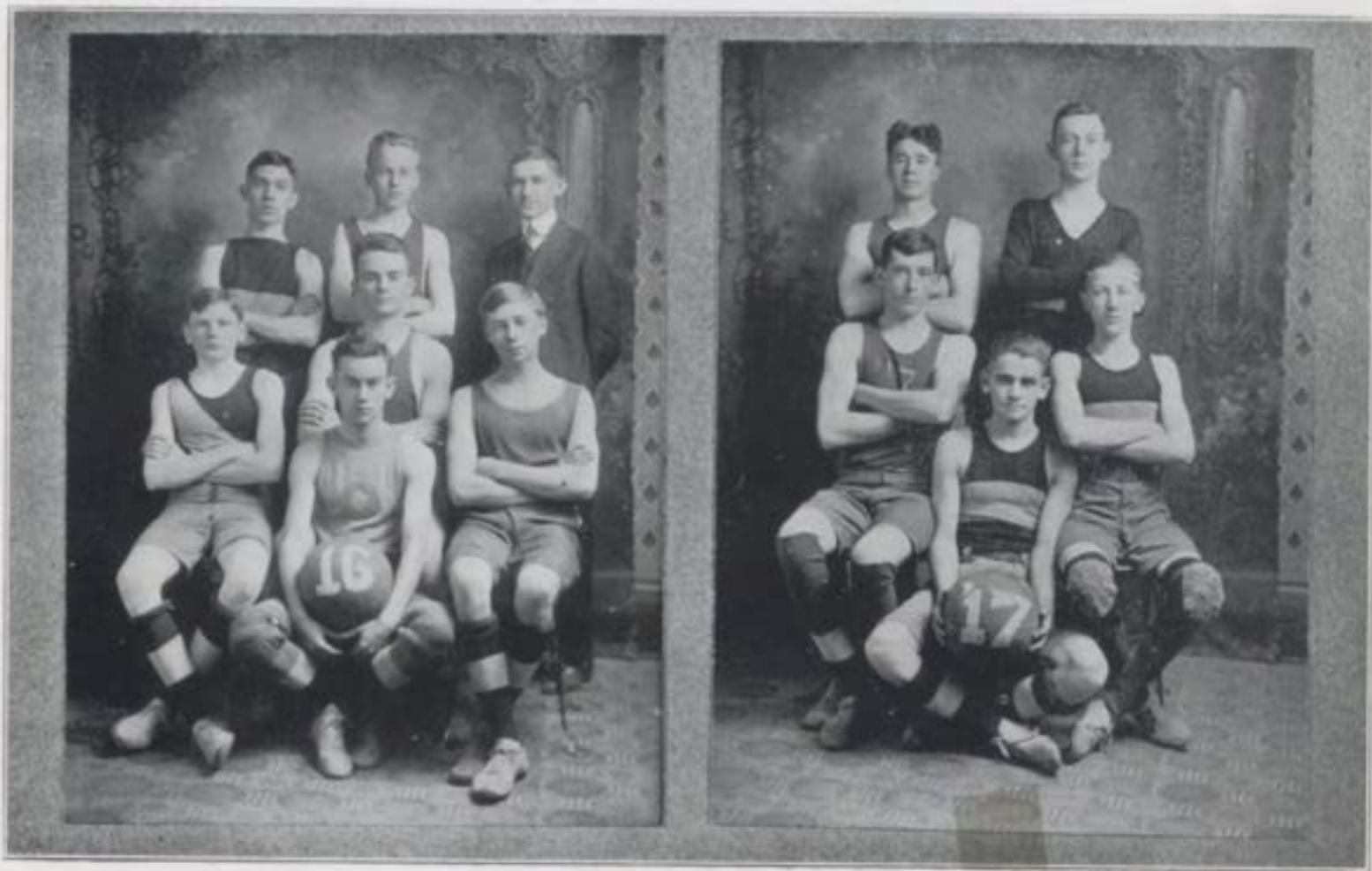
Boys' Teams.

Nov. 16.	Juniors 28.	Seniors 13	Dec. 7.	Juniors 26.	Sophs. 12
	Freshmen 32.	Sophs. 10	Dec. 14.	Freshmen 29.	Seniors 20
Nov. 30.	Freshmen 35.	Juniors 21	Jan. 10.	Juniors 39.	Seniors 9
	Sophs. 28.	Seniors 14	Jan. 17.	Freshmen 2.	Sophs 0 Forfeited
		Jan. 25.	Freshmen 34.	Juniors 28	

Girls' Teams.

Dec. 7.	Seniors 8.	Juniors 4
Dec. 14.	Juniors 7.	Sophs. 2
Jan. 25.	Freshmen 11.	Juniors 3

Owing to the disbandment of the girls' teams the cup will not be awarded this year.









"School Days"



"Just Etern"



"LONG AND SHORT of it"



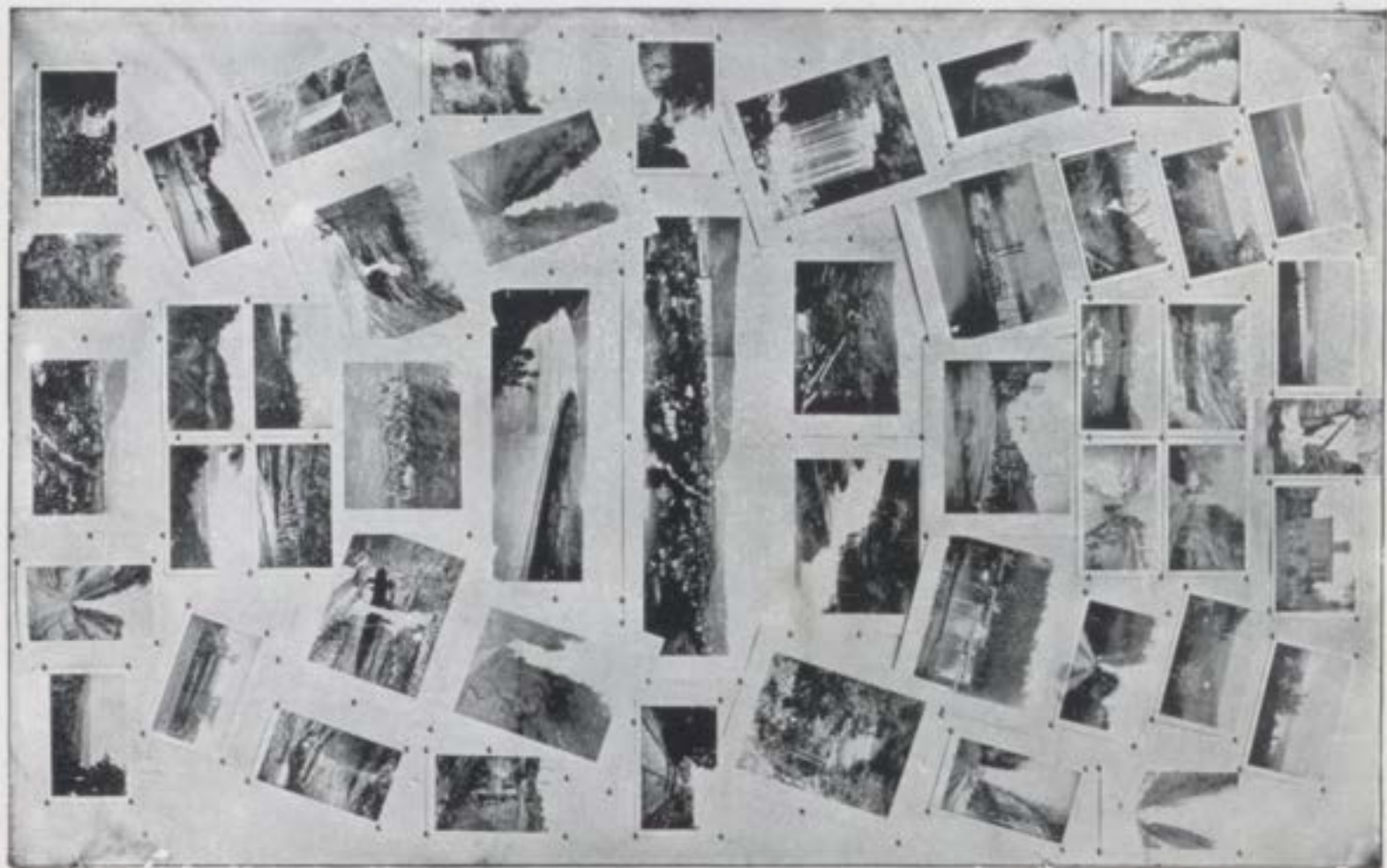
"HI-FLIERS"



"Guess whose back?"



"Sic'em"





HARPER →
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BOOK V. -- ALUMNI

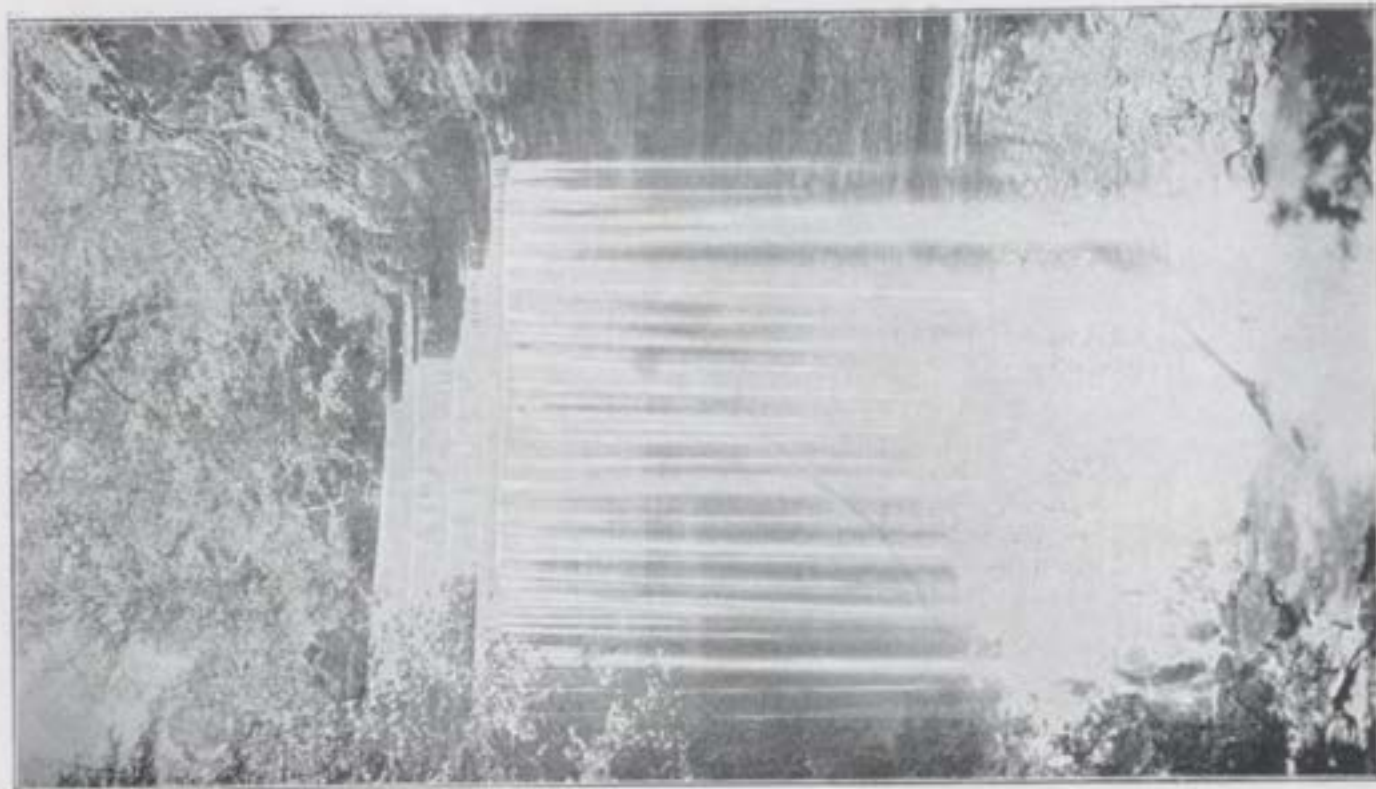
ALUMNI

Class of 1862—Will N. Fitch, Will H. Rogers, Emma Morehouse. Class of '63—Jennie Cochran, Sarah Marshall, Asa Hunt, Mary Jewell, Joseph Chapman, Kate Reid, Elisha Whitehead, George Chapman, Dr. Moffat, Alois Holstein. Class of '65—Mary Cotton, Alice Conway, Emma Charlesworth, Belle Duncan. Class of '66—Mary Caplinger, Haftie Ong, Thomas N. Calloway, Smith M. Collins, Ida M. Zuck. Class of '67—Sarah Thomas, Dora Temple. Class of '68—Will V. Clark, Lucian H. Richardson, Thomas T. Davidson, Lizzie Dill, Jennie Culbertson, Clara T. Thompson. Class of '70—Kate Caplinger, Ness Lanham, Josie Shaddy, Helen Lewis, Mary Calloway, Jennie Hurlbert, Sallie Reynolds, Anna Charlesworth. Class of '71—Lilia Foster, Josie Rushton, Lon Philips Kirsey, Eva Philips, Lilian Pearson, Dora McCoy, Will A. Stanton, Sallie A. Worden. Class of '72—Vivia Arbuckle, Lizzie Greyble, Jennie Duncan, Effie Duncan, Sarah Benson, Elisha M. Thomas. Class of '74—Cora Daniels, Charles R. Barnes, Emma Vauter, Minnie B. Truax. Class of '75—Della Culbertson, Julia Rushton Deputy, Mary G. Taylor, Eliza Zearing. Class of '76—Ella Arbuckle, Sulie Ralston, Birdie Clough, Nettie B. Hubbs, Nettie Ralston. Class of '77—Lydia B. Middleton, Bertha B. Taylor, Emma L. Rushton, Lizzie L. Vorhees, Nellie Sanxay. Class of '78—Mattie D. Dougherty, Lue B. Sullivan, Alice M. Hulbert, Lulie C. Smock, Sallie C. Hubbs. Class of '79—Laura M. Arbuckle, John C. Clough, Judie Bright, Katie R. Cochran, Emma Clegg, Callie J. Harrison. Class of '80—Nettie M. Colgate, Nellie Grayson, Josie L. Hutchings, Emma M. Davis, Ida Hennessey, Emma R. Vorhees, Annie L. Duncan, Maud Hutchings. Class of '81—Jennie Elliott, Sophronia S. Lewis, Minnie Weir, Frank P. Gebest, Clara E. Rahe, Lizzie Williams, Cora A. Hennessy, Luella Weir. Class of '82—Kitty Alling, Kate Cochran, Ella Early, Agnes Sanxay, Fannie Vail, Charles Allison, Anna Cosby, Nettie Hulbert, Elmer E. Scott, Hallie Bright, Cora Cross, Hattie Joyce, Stella Stanley. Class of '83—Isa Davidson, Ida G. Rushton, Falley C. Wood, Ida Greiner, Helen D. Stanton, Fannie C. Morton, William D. Sullivan. Class of '84—Fannie Caplinger, Gertie Greiner, John Palmer, Fannie Ross, Mary Cornett, Anna Marquis, Charles Rea, Maggie Stackhouse, Mamie Gavitt, Dora Marks, Lizzie Richert, Fannie Caplinger. Class of '85—Carrie Calloway, Clara Grebe, Florence Harper, Mollie Lepper, Harry Philips, Anna Weyer, Belle Doig, Alice Grossman, Nora Henerger, Charles Middleton, Nora Schwab, Jennie Smith, Nettie Francisco, Sadie Hammell, Vic Herbst, Ella Peace, Ida Scott. Class of '86—Will Aten, Fannie Glenn, Rachel Kronenberger, Mattie Skillman, Agnes Cornett, Clarissa Hammel, Laura Peterman, Sara Sullivan, Gertie Gibson, Leah Kronenberger, Charlie Stanton, Belle Wallace. Class of '87—Emma Brashear, Grace Gahr, Lillie Muse, Etta Crozier, Nora Gibson, Jessie Cunliffe, Lillie Henry. Class of '88—Maud H. Branham, Lulu Dickson, Rosa Lorringer, Carrie M. Peace, Elizabeth M. Stanley, Stella M. Skaggs, Minnie G. Wallace, Grace M. Chapman, Margaret DeMoss Fitch, Maud Mahaffey, Clara E. Price, Bertha V. Swope, Grace Tibbets, Lydia G. White, Carrie Davison, Carrie M. Glaser, Robert T. McElroy, Alice M. Zuigley, Florence

C. Scheik, Orilla Williams, Albert B. Voiles. Class of '89—Benjamin Baer, Ida Hillabold, Robert S. Stanton, May Gray, Minnie Kronenberger, Joseph Stanley, Bertha Hennessy, Adela Leland, John Sterns. Class of '90—Clara Aten, Grace Hay, Brainard Platt, Nora Schofield, Virginia Given, Nellie Hitz Stanton, Olive Sanxay, Florence Smiley, Mayme Greisling, Earl Martin, Flora Schelke, Theodore Sullivan. Class of '91—Kathryn Barton, Florence Cisco, Adelaide Dorsey, Anna Friedly, Ida Hitz, Bessie Middleton, Margaret Scheik Crozier, Sallie E. Thomas, Jessie Bowman, Lulu M. Dietz, Pauline H. Ernest, Elizabeth H. Gutton, Agnes Hutchings, Grace Myers, Josephine Schumann, Ella Brashears, Agnes M. Doig, Lillie B. Foltz, Fred C. Hennessy, Ada McGregor, Marion Robinson, Annie A. Tait. Class of '92—Nellie Barber, Etta Hoffstadt, Thresa Richerts, Alice Robertson, Beatie Thompson, Maggie Burlage, Thomas Hoffman, Nellie Roberts, Edward S. Roberts, Carrie Weyer, Lizzie Herbst, Robert McKenna, Charles Robinson, Abbie Townsend. Class of '94—Eva Buchanan, Kate Snyder, Nellie Elliott, Cordia Tate, Edna Wallon, Pearl Shannon, Louise Wallace. Class of '95—Minnie Bishop Matthews, Anna Heck Monroe, Mamie Hoffstadt, Ferd Litterer, Carrie Mitchell Hayden, Abbie Sering Moffett, Cora Voires, Anna Cravens Rott, Stella Hitz Whiting, Ethel Jewell, Helen Lodge, Louis Ross, Gertrude Smock Aspinall, Lola Williams, Fritz Ernst, John Hoffman, Bertha Kronenberger, Inez Long, Fannie Schiek Crozier, Pauline Tayne Thomas. Class of '96—Gertie Bowman, Suza Brinkworth, Richard Buchanan, Ires Carr Hancock, Mable Creamer, Bertha Crosby, Margaret Crosby, Louise Diederich, Rebekah Drake, Hugh Garber, Beatrice Garlinghouse, Florence J. Connor, May Brundage, Mayme Glass, Ella Hampton, Eddie Heuse, Will Leland, David Philips McLelland, Fannie L. Meuser, Alvin Montgomery, Emma Phillips Black, Irene Reiser, Margaret Sering White, Salome Shannon Binkley, Pauline Townsend. Class of '97—Frederick Crane Alling, Fannie Virginia Barritt, May Bell Reed, Leota Bowman, Jeannette Chadwick Davis, Agnes Cochrane, Mary Corya, Walter Dietz, Nellie DeMuth, Carl Dow, Daisy Ernest, Michael Garner, Ethel Gardner, Bessie Hampton Garber, Margaret Johnson, Frances Hennessy, Tom McGregor, Ford Moore, Roland Rennee, Frank Stewart, Sabina Townsend, Mayme Wallace, Elizabeth Wilson, Arthur E. Wooden. Class of '98—Ella B. Branham Dow, Agnes Carr Morgan, Hattie Cohen Cross, Will S. Dow, Mary H. Firth, Helen Francisco, Robin Graham, Mayme Griffin, Maud Hammond, Lula Harris, Bessie Hitz, Lucy Hughes, Zoe Hutchings, Helen Hennessy, Mabel Johnson, Charles Leonard, Emma Niese, Gertrude Henry, Daisy Nash, Strussie Nash Giltner, Mayme Davis, George Sherlocke, James L. Snyder, Paul Snyder, Bessie Stackhouse, Ben Stewart, Emma Stewart, Lulie Winnefield. Class of '99—Anna Barton Powell, Cora Brunk Allman, Grace Christie Tait, Grace Cochran, Florence Conway, Maud Grayson Deweese, Katie Hughes, Reynold Dosby, Phillip Kestner, Bert Lay, Mabel Moore, Lida Price, Agnes Rea, George Rea, Henry Schofield, George Simpson, Anna Smith, Hodges Sherlocke, Mary Van Horn Ashly, Jeannette Wilson, Robert Rea. Class of 1900—Clifford Ach, Stewart Blasingham, Emery Bowen, Myrtle Courtney, Joe Ernest, Mamie Glauber, Joe Griffin, Walton Hampton, Daisy Jamison, Richard Johnson, Rosetta Johnson, George Middleton, Lola Ryker, Elsie Schooley, Flora Snyder, Pearl Spotts, Charlotte

Stanley, Certrude Sullivan, Robert Swan, Estella Wallace, Jessie Wood, Walter Wooden. Class of '01--Maud Allen, George Bersch, Lina Bowman Lory, Alice Camerer, Alex Golden, Emma Heuse, Martha Hill, Guy Matthews, Flora Price, Korah Lounsberry, Howard Wallace, Alfred Wood, John Wilson. Class of '02--Alice Straub, May Copeland, Lemuel Richert, Laura Rea, Grace Martin, Bessie Williams, Grace Ringwald, Susie Stewart, May Blackard. Class of '03--Blanch A. Cisco, Benjamin F. Davis, Mary Hill, Ethel Jamison, Clara Miller Lauer, Mantie Montgomery, Helen Nesslage, Jeanette Simpson, Belle Watlington Dow, Richard B. Cooney. Class of '04--Mary Anger, Arthur Ach, Dot Barnes, Oscar Demaree, Thomas Finnegan, Clara Heuse, Neil Hinton, Ray Hoffstadt, Leota Lochard, Emma Millar, Oscar Rahe, John Rankin, Howard Richardson, Howard Turpin, Anna Sauer, Stella Straub, Maud Wolf. Class of '05--Ella Crawford, Rose Dickerson, Harriett Angeline Davis, Walter A. Greiner, Rachael E. Haigh, Alice E. Henry, Edith Johnson, Julia R. Klein, Fred W. Lotz, Dorothy Brook Lotz, Georgia Florence Miller, Fay Alene Merrett, Halstead S. Murat, Mary R. Rankin, Marie Crane Sappington, Bertha May Straub, Virginia S. Wymond. Class of '06--Elva Bowman, Ford Bowman, Lee Childs, Elsie Hitz, Ella Kahn, William Millar, John Radcliff, Mollie Slattery, Vella Wilson, George Wray, Carl Friedersdorf. Class of 1907--Mary Bowman, Ethel Calloway, Lena Camerer, Katherine Crawford, William Cochran, Fred Diederich, Florence Freidersdorf, Gertie Gordon, Elizabeth Gossom, Virginia Hitz, Mary Hughes, William Klein, Nadine Millican, George Osner, William Rahe, Willa Walker, Lila Wilhoit, Lottie Wolf. Class of 1908--Edward Arbuckle, Frank Benham, Marguerite Bersch, Minnie Bränham, Mary Chapman, Roy Dunlop, Bess Friedersdorff, Vinnie Gray, Gilbert Harr, Mary Hensler, Clara Hunger, Grace Huntley, Harry Kellam, Helen Lauer, George Lewis, Robert Millar, Clinton E. Moffett, Archie Priest, Harriett Renfro, Mildred Sauer, Lola Sullivan, Nora Van Horn, Foree Walker, William Werning, Florence Winnefield, Georgine Yunker. Class of 1909--Laura Bach, Horton Barber, Mary Brossart, Earle E. Buchanan, Josephine L. Cadzow, Moses Cochrane, Mary Driggs, Nell Ferguson, Everett E. George, Margarete Gibson, Georgia Haumesser, Corinne Johnson, Phillip Kahn, Mary Kernen, Irwin Klein, William Kremer, Harry Lemen, John Lotz, Lawrence H. Matthews, Herbert Metzger, Carrie P. Moffett, Harold Patton, Adelbert Stigerwald, Edith Stewart, Jeanette Tester, Lyland Tevis, Nell Wallace, Chester Williams, Robert Williams, Grace Wood. Class of 1910--Gertrude Augustine, Frieda Bach, Mollie Bach, Sam Buchanan, McKim Copeland, Argus Dean, Goldie Douglas, Hattie Driggs, Mary Eckert, Gale Frances, Frazier Hitz, Gertrude Law, Pearl McKinney, Cora Millar, Jean Millican, Ferdinand Rahe, Florence Rahe, Cora Renfro, Marion A. Schufield, Lillian Shaughnessy, Wallace Skeldon, Ethel Simpson, Howard Spaulding, William Straub, Olive Stewart, Earl Swan, Charles Weber, Ina Wood, Clifford Zoeller. Class of '11--Charles Anger, Stella Brooks, Ethel Copher, Gladys L. Cox, Stella Cravens, Howard Douglas, Edna Greiner, Edna Ferguson, Clara Finnegan, Irwin Flora, Fred Flynn, Charles Grooms, Carl Grossman, Anna F. Harper, Juliet Hoffstadt, Frank Holtzhauer, Evelyn Hood, Mable R. Jessup, Helen Leland, Henry Lyons, Helen McGregor, Bertha Metzger, Mary E. Phillips, Fred Pommerehn, Alice Radcliffe, Ethel Rivaud, Wallace Robertson, Gertrude Rousch, Blanche

Ryker, Leota Stott, Mary Wilson, Robert Yunker. Class of '12--Carl Bach, Anna Bangerter, Nell Bingham, Libbie Clements, Cleon Colgate, David Cox, Martha Deitz, Katheryn Donlan, Blanche Garber, Maude Greiner, Mable Ford, Mary Frances Hargan, Walter Hewett, Helen Hughes, Oscar Hunger, Mildred Huntington, Helen Johnson, Julian Keller, Bernice Knoebel, Madeline K. Laidley, Glenn Law, Harold Lotz, Thomas K. Lockett, Vinton Matthews, John Niesse, Verna Paugh, Nell Pogue, Marie Rapp, Margaret Robertson, Lavant Sample, Gertrude Schroeder, Frieda Schwab, Minnie Schwab, Margaret Scott, Gladys Shipman, Robert H. Stanton, Mable Stein, Bernice Stern, Helen Sulzer, Robert Thomas, Margaret P. Vail, Olyne Whealey, Eleanor Wyatt. Class of '13--Mary Barnes, Carrick Cochran, Agnes Connor, Florence Demaree, Howard Demaree, Leota Denny, Agnes Donlan, Anna Fehr, Hazel Furbush, Howard Haak, Richard Heck, Merwin Holtzman, Hazel Jamieson, Alfreda Kalb, Lelia Lamb, Helen Lotz, Mamie Rivaud, Nellie Rivaud, Alvin Rogers, Mabel Ryker, John Sauer, Ophelia Schnaitter, Golden Skeldon, Mary Spaulding, Margaret Gertrude Stillhammer, May Tevis. Class of '14--Daisy Adams, Edna Augustine, Theresa Bierck, Stanley Cochrane, Ada Colgate, Elzia Commiskey, Elizabeth Davison, Mayme Francisco, Van Francisco, Laura Gertz, Vera Hammel, Ercel Hankins, Carolyn V. Hargan, Ellen Harper, Martha Hatch, Charles Heck, Hazel Heimsath, Chris Herbig, Howard Hitz, Mildred Hammel, Marcella Keller, Edna Kestner, Beatrice Lannam, Cecil B. Leakey, Simeon E. Leland, John Matthews, Boyce Morrow, William Patton, Everett Phillips, Francis Prenatt, Earl Rogers, Aline Ryker, Edith Sauer, Eugene Sauer, Frieda Schelke, John Shaughnessy, Ethel Shockley, R. Lewis Stern, Mildred Tibbets, Royden Vawter, Martha Winter. Class of '15--Alice Adams, Donald Bear, Eleanor Beerck, Goldie Bird, Wallace Bishop, William Bowman, Roy E. Brown, Nora Bucknell, Irene Bucknell, Ella Rhea Carson, William Clay, Jessie Copher, Burton Eaglin, Sering Ernst, Robert Fagan, Anne Finnegan, Aline Garlinghouse, Gladys Grayson, Nadine Harr, Margaret Hitz, Mable Housefield, Moffett Inglis, Albert Johnson, Antoinette Keller, Mary E. Leland, Bernard Lotz, Frieda Lotz, Bessie B. Lyon, Mildred McKenna, Elsie Mersdorff, Alice Millar, Charles Nichols, Dale Phillips, Bernard Rahe, Ernest Rogers, Margaretta Rousch, Rosamond Ryker, Louis Schofield, Erwin Stucker, Rachel Sauer, Phillipine Wolf, Margaretta Waltz, James K. Weber, Dana M. Vail, Lillian Yunker, Leo Yunker.





HARPER

BOOK VI. -- SOCIETY

ALUMNI BANQUET



THE crowning event of each school year is the alumni banquet. Here old friends gather together and talk over happy school days, and here youth and old age meet in firm fellowship; here meet those who have been battling the waves in the sea of life, and those who are just putting out to sea, and have not yet passed the breakwater.

On the eve of May 20, 1915, there gathered in the Knights of Pythias hall a congregation of past and present members of Madison High School. About one hundred persons were present. A splendid banquet was spread for those who assembled, and various toasts were proposed by the president of the association, Miss Helen Leland. The class of 1915 was presented by Mr Long and received into the association. The president of the class, Mr Louis B. Schofield, responded to the reception by the president of the Alumni association. Following the banquet, Mr Charles Alling, formerly of Madison, now a resident of Chicago, Ill., delivered a splendid address. The officers for 1916 were elected as follows: Wm. Millaf, President; Chester Williams, Vice-President; Martha Winters, Secretary; Eleanor Beerck, Assistant; and Earl Swan, Treasurer.

CLASS DAY

Class day is the day of all days in the Senior History. Every one in school looks forward to class day and no one could be persuaded to cut chapel on this day, no matter how great events might be at stake.

The Seniors sit upon the platform and the president acts as announcer for the occasion. This is the Seniors farewell and they proceed to roast everyone present, not excluding teachers.

Songs, jokes, stories and specialities are introduced, and everyone, especially the Juniors, come in for a share of the "hot stuff" which the Seniors hand out. But nobody minds because each one knows his time will come in the roasting process.

CLASS PARTIES

The Juniors gave their first party in October at the home of Miss Virginia Benson on West Main Street. Various forms of amusements occupied the evening, and the hours were quickly whiled away. Delightful refreshments were served at a late hour. Miss Edith Mohny acted as chaperon for the occasion.

On the Friday evening just preceding Halloween the Junior Class gave a second party at the home of Miss Virginia Benson, the ever ready hostess of the Juniors. Clowns, gypsies, rustics and prim old maids joined together in having a rare good time, and producing a beautiful effect with the varied colors and costumes of the revellers. Cider and doughnuts were served as refreshments.

In the wee small hours, the affair closed, one of the most successful and enjoyable of the Junior parties.

SOPHOMORE PARTIES



S Scott expressed it "November day was chill and drear," so it was on the night of our first party, held at the home of Vice-President, George Patton on the eve of November 22, 1915.

But notwithstanding the chilliness or dreariness, all arrived safely and the time flew past with the games and pleasures that only sophomores can feel. When the merriment was at its greatest, the Juniors were reported to be outside but on the Sophs rushing out they disappeared. Refreshments were served and at a late hour the guests dispersed. This was one of our most enjoyable and successful social functions during our Sophomore year.

The Sophomores were royally entertained during the month of January by Miss Adelaide Gross at the home of her uncle, Mr. Frank P. Vail. Games and music occupied the evening, and refreshments consisting of an iced course were served.

The social functions we have had this year have been well attended and have served to bind our classmates closer in bonds of friendship and common interest.

SENIOR PARTY SYSTEM

The Senior Class has followed the same custom this year as it did last in the arrangement for Senior parties. The class is divided into three committees, of which the chairmen are, respectively, Pauline R. Hughes, Tressie Augustine, and R. C. Austin.

It was arranged for each committee to give a party at some time in the year, and usually at the home of the chairman.

The Freshmen Class gave a party at the home of Miss Mary McClure, the night of October 29, 1915. As Miss McClure lives on the hill several members went in machines, while others walked the mile and a half up the Michigan road. Various forms of amusement occupied the evening, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the event.

JUNIOR RECEPTION

Each year, near the close of the final term, it is the custom for the junior class to give a reception for the outgoing Seniors.

In the spring of 1915, the class of '16 not to be outdone by former classes, secured the Hotel Jefferson for their recep-

tion to the Seniors. There was dancing in the spacious dining hall, and card tables were placed in the parlors. At a late hour an excellent luncheon was served. About seventy students were present besides the High School faculty.

This affair is always looked forward to with eagerness on the part of both Juniors and Seniors. To the former it spells an opportunity to show their ability in a social line; to the latter it represents a royal good time spent with friends and classmates



GIRLS' CHORUS



BOOK VII. -- LITERARY

THE CUSTER ORATORICAL



MR. A. S. CUSTER.



THE Custer Contest has come to be one of the big annual events of the Madison High School. This contest was made possible through the generosity of Mr. A. S. Custer, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Custer was at one time a resident of Jefferson County and has proven himself a loyal friend of the Madison Schools by donating \$1000 to the High School, the yearly interest of \$60 being given in prizes to members of the Senior class under the following rules:

The first requirement is that of deportment. No senior with a deportment grade of less than 90 per cent is eligible. From those eligible in deportment the five having the highest average grades in Scholarship are chosen to compete in a public oratorical contest. Each contestant must prepare and deliver an original oration. If any refuse to compete the one ranking next highest in scholarship and eligible in deportment is selected.

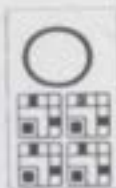
This student winning first place in this contest receives the first prize of thirty dollars in gold. The one winning second place receives fifteen dollars in gold, and each of the remaining three receive five dollars. The winner of the first place has his or her name placed upon the roll of honor in the office of the school.

The Contest was started in 1912, and the following names are now upon the honor roll:

Margaret Palmer Vail	-	-	1912
Alvin T. Rogers	-	-	1913
Eliza M. Commiskey	-	-	1914
Nora Frances Bucknell	-	-	1915

The Contestants from the class of 1916 are Opal Sherman, Rayburn Austin, Pauline Hughes, Raymond Francisco, and Randall Colgate.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC ORATORICAL CONTESTS



ONE of the most beneficial and interesting affairs in the High School course is the reading and oratorical contest which is held every year at one of the schools in the Southeastern Indiana Association, namely Aurora, Franklin, Lawrenceburg, Madison, North Vernon and Seymour. Each year the contest is held at one of these six schools, and a gold medal is awarded to both the best reader and best orator. The second best in both reading and oratory receive a silver medal.

Previous to this district contest a preliminary contest is held in each school in the Association to select the two representatives, one in reading and one in oratory, who will attend the district contest.

Two or more orators and readers are generally chosen from each class. These prepare their speeches and a local contest is held in the school assembly hall, and judged by local judges. The best orator and reader is selected to represent the school in the district contest. This contest is fine training for every one in school, especially to those who are to compete in the Custer Contest in the Senior year. It is open to any person in school.

Last year the school was represented by R. C. Austin as orator, and Miss Opal Sherman as reader, and the Contest was held at Aurora, Ind.

McKEE CONTEST



R. McKee, now of Indianapolis, but a former resident of Madison, has made it possible for several students of the Madison Schools to receive a unique Christmas present. In the fall of 1912 he offered prizes for the best essays on the subject "The Improvement of Madison". First, second and third prizes were to be awarded to the pupils of the 4th, 5th and 6th grades, the Grammar School, and the High School. In the lower grades the prizes were, two dollars, one dollar and a pound box of Glass' best candy. In the Grammar School they were three dollars, two dollars and one dollar. In the High School the prizes were five dollars, three dollars and one dollar.

The winners in the High School of the first contest were, Jessie Buchanan, Rayburn Austin and Glenn Hewitt. Prizes were awarded in chapel exercises just before Christmas.

Mr McKee again offered prizes to the same grades under the same conditions in the fall of 1915, the subject this time being, "Why Madison Maintains Public Schools". An additional prize of a box of Glass' candy was given as a fourth prize in the High School. This year the prizes were awarded just before Christmas and the winners were, Rayburn Austin, Jessie Mechem, Glenn Hewitt, and Margaret Stephenson, from M. H. S.



MR. E. L. MCKEE

THE TREASURE HUNT



AND SO," concluded Edith Perry in her letter to Alice Murphy, "we have never found the silver; for when the news of the Indian Massacre reached grandfather's ears, he packed up the household valuables, to bury them in the great treasure vaults at the back of the house. There we found everything in the record, except grandmother's silver. When the massacre was over, Grandfather brought Grandmother home, and she died three days later, fatally wounded by an Indian bullet. In all that time, she spoke not a word about the silver, and so we have not even a clue to help us in finding it. But the grounds have always been in our family, and I am determined to unearth it, if it is still on the place. Will write later. Yours, Edith."

Sealing the stamped and addressed envelope, she ran out into the hall and down the wide stone steps. As she walked down the long avenue shaded by double rows of giant oaks which had stood there for generations, she tried to think of some place among the trees where her grandmother might have seen fit to bury the silver. To be sure it must have been somewhere near the house; the moments of suspense would not have allowed them to take it farther.

Her first thought was of the "nook," the place between the semi-circle of willows, and the hydrangea bushes, near the brook and the house at the same time.

After posting the letter, she took the short cut over the lawns, and entered the nook by an opening in the bushes. After carefully examining the ground near the willows, she decided that here she would dig.

Borrowing a spade from the tool-house, she set about her work; but the end of a quarter-hour found her tired, discouraged and impatient.

Her attempts had failed to unearth anything, save a few black boulders.

Returning the spade, she entered the house just in time to hear her mother say: "O! Mrs Morris? Why certainly, I'll have Edith look. No trouble at all. No one has been in the attic for a long time, but I'm sure she will find what you want. Certainly."

Edith heard her mother snap the receiver into its hook. A moment later she entered the room.

"Edith, Mrs Morris wishes you to see if you have anything in that big chest in the attic that little Agnes can wear to Helen Gardner's masquerade tonight. Will you look?"

Edith rose and with a perplexed frown mounted the steps leading to the attic. They had been unused so long that the cob-webs hung in festoons and in some places she had to brush them away.

The great cedar chest did not hold what she wanted. So turning to a smaller chest, she was about to pull it into the

light, from its place under the rafters, when she tripped on a ragged piece of carpet and fell heavily against the wall.

Recovering herself she once more turned her attention to the chest, when lo! with a creaking sound a door opened from the wall and swung outward.

Edith watched it as if fascinated; and then, looking into the secret closet, she beheld a rather large, dusty box. It was of polished cherry and had a monogrammed lock.

Her fingers trembled so she could barely drag the box from its hiding-place. She was disappointed to find that it was to all appearances, locked. But time had deprived the lock of the strength it had once possessed and Edith easily pried the lid open with a hairpin.

Then she gasped in amazement, for there, in even rows on the purple plush lining, lay Grandmother's missing silver--tarnished to be sure, but with the dainty monogram cut in each piece.

The riddle was solved. Thinking the silver was buried some where on the grounds of the estate, those who sought it had never found its real resting place. It had taken Edith to do that.

Grandmother, on the day of the Massacre, had placed the silver in the safest spot she knew, and it had lain there so many, many years.

Edith could not have been more pleased if she had unearthed some of Captain Kidd's treasure; probably not even that could have made her so proud as did the finding of Grandmother's silver.

Dorothy Vail, '19

NOTHING

From A Crazy Man's Diary.



have to write on nothing. Ah! That's nothing. It doesn't take anything to write on nothing. Anybody who has something to write about can write on nothing. Let's see what'll I write about nothing.

On second thought, I believe it is impossible to write on nothing. For if I wrote about nothing I would be writing about something, and I don't want to write about something, because I have to write about nothing. From where I stand now it seems impossible to accomplish this big task of writing about nothing. I'll stand over there and see how it looks.

It don't look any better here than it did over there. It's impossible here too. For if I wrote on nothing, nobody could see it. I must write on paper or something, so somebody could see it. This is terrible.

I have sat up late at night, burning the mid-night oil, keeping the fire going with scrap paper, until I am nearly dead--all on account of having to write on nothing. But every time I start to write about nothing, something gets into it. Try as I will, I can't keep something out of it, so I guess I will have to give up trying to write "Nothing."

Ha! I have it! I have written nothing.

THE RECONCILIATION



“We haven’t heard the violin, tonight, Katrine.”

Katrine studied a moment before replying.

“Oh, that’s right; maybe he is sick.”

“Maybe he iss, for I saw him go oop dis morning early, yet.”

As Katrine did not reply, Hans continued perusing his newspaper, and Katrine went on with her knitting.

The two speakers in our story were Germans: Hans, a short stocky fellow with a black mustache, and Katrine his wife, a medium-sized, fair-haired girl. At the opening of our story, Hans was quietly sitting in front of the fireplace, smoking and reading his newspaper, while Katrine was knitting a little distance away. Chancing to read something about a violinist, he was reminded of the violinist upstairs and the foregoing conversation took place as a consequence.

The violinist whom they were discussing was a lone Frenchman, named Francois, who lived in the flat above them. He was tall and thin and about sixty-years of age. He had been endeavoring to sell his compositions but to no avail, and he was slowly starving to death! On his day, he had just received his compositions which had been submitted to a publisher, and the outlook for the winter was indeed gloomy. For the past two days he had had nothing to eat, and now he was so weak he could not stand. Every day his violin could be heard by the other occupants of the apartment house, as his compositions were in the writing, but today it was silent.

In the dark recesses of her mind, Katrine had a feeling that all was not well with Francois, tho she could not exactly define this feeling. As the Frenchman had isolated himself from the other occupants of the building, neither she nor Hans knew very much of him.

Suddenly, upon her dreaming came the sound of a heavy fall, followed by a moaning cry. Both jumped up and looked at each other.

“It iss the Frenchie,” came from Hans.

“Hurry vunce, and let us go oop and see vass iss?” was Katrine’s only reply.

Rushing to his door they listened, and hearing nothing, hurriedly entered. There lay Francois on the floor, unconscious. They picked him up and carried him down to their room, where they soon revived him. No one else had seemed to notice any thing unusual.

When he told them his pitiful story they gave him a good meal, and invited him to share their apartment, which invitation he at length accepted.

And so it was that a few days later found the picture of the Kaiser hanging on the wall beside that of Napoleon.

Great friends they were, Hans, Francois and Katrina, until one eventful day, Hans, entered with a newspaper which told in glaring headlines that France and Germany had declared war! Then it was that the demon Gloom, spread his shadow over all.

"I haf a notion to enlist for the cause of the dear old Fatherland," was the first remark of Hans.

"Och! don't and leave me all alone." Katrina was crying as she said it.

"Alone—with Francois," smilingly came from Hans.

Now it was Francois' turn to speak.

"I also will enlist. I will make the Germans lick ze dust. France needs me. Oui."

"Nein! You will not make the Germans the dust lick. It cannot be did!" Hans' anger had so risen at Francois' remark that he cared not what he said.

"I will. I challenge you to—"

"Get out, NOW; I said idt!"

With a heavy heart, Francois picked up his hat and without another word left the room, directing his steps toward the nearest French recruiting office.

Many times had Katrine vainly sought to silence the quarrel, and now she turned toward Hans.

"Why did you turn him out? Look at what you have done already, yet!"

At the recruiting station Francois briskly entered and stated briefly that he wished to enlist for France. The officer looked at him, and asked his age.

"Sixty."

"You're too old."

"Too old? Bah! I could best you in a dual."

"Accepted. Shall it be swords?"

"Yes."

And then a dual was staged in the recruiting office, in which Francois so demeaned himself that the referee called a halt to the dual and the officer enlisted him immediately for service.

He wended his way back to the scene of the quarrel to find that Hans had also left to enlist. Bidding Katrina farewell, he packed a few belongings and was soon away.

Weeks later found Francois in the French army, Hans in the German.

One day Hans received a call to headquarters. Upon entering, the officer questioned him.

"Are you willing to risk death for your country?"

"I am."

"I want you to spy on the enemy's fortifications. If you are caught you know what it means—death."

"I am not afraid."

And so it was that Hans found himself a few days later, taking notes on the manoeuvres of the enemy.

Stealing softly away he was suddenly challenged by a sentry and taken before the general of the French. A search soon revealed the notes he had taken, and the General commanded that he be placed in the guard-house until the sunrise next day, when he was to be shot.

That night, the last night of life, he sat sorrowfully thinking of his home far away, of Katrina, and of his quarrel with Francois. Many times before had he regretted that quarrel and now, on the eve of his death, he wished that he could meet Francois and that they could be friends once more.

He walked to the window and looked out upon the night, upon the French encampments as they stood in the moonlight. The sentry had paced back and forth many times before, and now his footsteps could again be heard returning.

His form could now be seen in silhouette and to Hans it looked strangely familiar. As the sentry reached the window, he recognized him.

"Francois," he called.

The sentry turned.

"Hans."

Briefly Hans told of his predicament and begged the forgiveness of Francois for his rash act.

"For the sake of our former friendship, can you help me to escape?"

Francois, remembering their quarrel, was at first inclined to refuse, but when he recalled how Hans had saved his life when he was dying of starvation, he relented, and glancing hastily around to see that he was not observed, he entered the guard house.

"Come with me," was his only remark to Hans.

Hans obeyed and Francois stealthily led him past all the guards to safety at the outskirts of the camp.

They hurriedly parted when Hans suddenly turned around and asked of Francois--

"What will they do to you?"

"Don't worry about me. I am alone in the world. I can die in your place. Katrina needs you."

And so it was that a few days later Hans had returned home and there was once more happiness in the German family.

But what of Francois? Returning to the guard house he did sentry duty all night until the dawn came.

Then the soldiers arrived prepared for the execution of Hans.

When it was found that he had escaped the General questioned Francois.

"Did you see him escape?"

"No."

"Were you on duty all night?"

"Yes."

"Then because you permitted a prisoner of war, a spy to escape you will have to pay for your negligence with your own life."

Thereupon, Francois was led to the death plain and blindfolded. The soldiers fired and the heart-rending incident was closed forever.

Glenn Hewitt '18.

UNDER THE ROOF



We embarked at St. Louis, the metropolis of the middle west. Under the long echoing train shed we boarded the sleeper, assisted by an obsequious descendant of Ham, who grabbed our luggage and disappeared within the gloomy recesses of the car. We found the berths all made down, and the aisle was obstructed by various persons and articles of baggage left by the porter in his hasty flight.

After rescuing our baggage from the dim recesses under the berth where it had been hidden, we decided to attempt slumber. Meanwhile the train had started. Anyone who has not attempted to walk through the aisle of a swiftly moving Pullman car when all the occupants are in bed, or partly so, cannot appreciate the adventurous feeling that comes over one. You feel as if you were walking a beam of a skyscraper in mid-air, liable at any time to be hurled into a curtained berth and arouse the somnolent traveler to wrathful imprecations. Then there are numerous forms of people sitting on the edge of the berth with the curtain bulged far out in front of them. These you must avoid, only to bump into the porter who is returning with a step-ladder which you will soon ascend to your last (at least you feel it will be your last) resting place. After you have removed your shoes from your feet and left them under the berth, that the aforesaid Hamite may exercise his arm muscles on them at the cheap price of twenty-five cents per shine, you ascend the ladder before mentioned and crawl into an enlarged book shelf fitted with bed clothing. At last, ladies and gentlemen, you are up under the the Pullman roof. Now comes the supreme effort of the occasion, that of disrobing. If you, in your calm, uneventful life, have never had recourse to transforming yourself into a mint for uncoined words, let not your heart be troubled, for if ye believe me, I say unto you that if ever you ride in a Pullman upper berth, you will learn the art of expressive expression.

You rebuke yourself that you have never taken up acrobatics or contortion as a means of livelihood instead of being a doctor, lawyer, merchant or chief.

But let us draw the heavy green curtains on this painful scene, and describe instead, some of the eccentricities of the Pullman upper. In every berth is a small hammock slung against the wall. Any male person putting his trousers thereinto at night will find them in the morning beautifully creased all over. Also on the wall in the upper berth will be found an unlightable electric light, and an unpushable push button. These are evidently relics of days when sleepers in the upper berth were entitled to some comforts.

The car creaks and groans and sometimes rattles, reminding us of home, and the dear little Ford, the family car. Just as we are dropping off to sleep, the sadly belated Pullman conductor happens round and demands our tickets. These are handed out, but sleep does not come quickly again. The train stops innumerable times.

I have often wondered why through trains should stop so much at night. Probably the engineer stops at a desert cafeteria to drink a cup of coffee with the lovely waitress. It is not the stopping you mind, but the starting which is apparently done in a very unscientific manner, and with evident ill-will against the passengers. The train stops, lights flash on, legions of trainmen rush through the car, the brakes are released with an agonizing wail, the far-away engine toots the warning to brace yourself firmly, and we are off. But, no sooner have we become soothed to sleep until we stop, this time hearing the sound of many cattle saying their evening prayers before settling to sleep in their side door Pullmans.

At last, with a warning toot from the engine, we depart from the cow's union station and rattle over several hundred switches and out onto smooth track again.

It is near morning now, at last we sink off to sleep, up under the roof of that distinctly American institution (if we may call it such) the Pullman sleeping car.

Rayburn Austin '16.

WHEN MARJORIE WON



MARJORIE went into room two, got her books, and started slowly home. It was a bright spring day and not long before the graduating exercises. Marjorie was a Senior. Her one ambition was to go to college, but she had very little hope of this, because her father was dead, and her mother had to work hard for a living.

A short time before graduation all the Seniors were to be in a contest, the prize being enough money to take the winner thru college. Here is where Marjorie's greatest hope lay, for she knew she was the brightest pupil in the Senior class. Each one was to write an essay on nature. Marjorie had often gone to the woods and to the country and she knew a great deal about nature.

As she was slowly walking toward home she heard her name called. Turning she saw her best friend coming toward her. "Oh Marjorie," she said, "are you going to enter the contest? I know you are so it's no use for me to. I did so want to go to college, but we have hardly enough money to pay the doctor bills for father. Well, there is no use fretting, for I can teach a year or two, and in that way get enough money for college."

Quick tears sprang to Marjorie's eyes, for she knew her dear little friend was weak like her father, and would never be able to teach.

"Don't worry, Elsie, dear," she said, swallowing hard, "you will find a way some time to get thru college."

The two girls locked arms and began talking more cheerfully.

It was the day for the essays to be written. All was excitement as the Seniors set laboriously to their tasks.

Of course Marjorie's was the best, but while the papers were lying on the principal's desk, she slipped into the office. She quickly looked thru the papers. Finding Elsie's, then hers, she took an eraser from her pocket, erased the names, and changed them. It was all done in a twinkling, and Marjorie was again on her path towards home.

The next night the pupils were to read their essays in public. The great event came and the Seniors were seated on the stage. With one look at the essay she held, Elsie saw that it was Marjorie's. She quietly stepped from the platform and went up to the principal.

After Elsie had explained to the principal, he shook his head with a wise look and in a short time Marjorie was standing before the audience reading her very own essay. She did not know how it all happened for it all happened so quickly.

Marjorie won the prize.

In a week a letter was received by her mother. Marjorie rushed home with it from the post-office for it was marked important.

Marjorie watched her mother's face as she read the letter. The hard lines in her mother's face broke into broad smiles. Looking down into the face of her daughter she said, "Marjorie, you are an heiress."

With these words Marjorie nearly toppled off the chair she was sitting on. She looked into her mother's eyes and said, "Mother, is it really true?"

Elsie received a package containing enough to take her through college and still she would have some left. Also in the package was a letter saying that a doctor would come to see Mr. Moore until he was well. The doctor also was to be paid by the same person who sent the money. At the end of the note it said, "From a friend. I'm an heiress, now, Elsie. That won't make me look down upon you though, for you have been my best friend, and are still. My uncle died and left me a fortune. He did not know that we were destitute or he would have sent us more money before. I am starting to college today, and mother is going to live with Aunt Lucy."

Janet McGlasson, '20.

WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS



HERE comes a time in the life of every man when he arrives at the conviction that a little learning is a dangerous thing. I have arrived at that conclusion a number of times. It has been my good fortune recently to have ridden with a certain well known High School pupil who possesses a small but popular make of car. We have made several trips to the nearby rural communities and have not made many friends thereby; for we are almost sure to be come stalled in the middle of some well crowned road, while some farmer with a load of hay dispels all doubt as to lack of progress in rural language.

On one of our recent trips my friend frequently complained that the engine was missing. The frequency of the complaint led me to believe that the wheels might also be missing, but upon investigation my belief was unfounded. But for the super learning of my friend, I should have believed all was well.

Yet out of my colossal ignorance I sometimes make a valuable suggestion. When the car slows up, the man at the wheel says that this or that is wrong and mentions something that I never thought could be seen outside of a drug-store. He next gets out and looks up and down the road for the aforementioned article, gazes blankly at the tool box and then draws out a diagram of a machine, with its interior exposed in gruesome fashion. He follows the dotted line A. B. in the general direction of the car's liver. He now gets under the car and hunts for the imaginary line, and finds that A. B. is also imaginary, they put it on cars that sell for \$1000. While he is fussing I get uneasy and take my foot off the brake, and the car picks up and runs just as easy without an A. B. as with one, thereby proving that "ignorance is bliss."

The other night my good friend asked me to ride to North Madison with him. We started the engine. The car made a leap, set back its ears and refused to budge. I could see my friend making silent calculations as to the distance to the nearest garage. He now began to walk around the car as if he expected whatever was the matter would jump out and bite him, and that he would fix it and we would go on our way "rejoicing bringing in the sheaves." He asked me what I thought was the matter so I got out and looked at the front lights, but they were burning all right so I told him, I didn't know, that I couldn't see any thing the matter.

So he put in new batteries and gave her more gas, and less gas, and used a lot of technical terms I was not familiar with. Every time he pulled the lever, the car would rear up, give a snort and settle back. By this time he was ready to send out an S. O. S. to the nearest garage, but I told him to wait, and I would look at the tail light and see if it was alright. It was burning alright but my friend had forgotten to unlock the patent chain off the wheel.

Ever since this event, in any case in which I am ignorant of the fundamentals, I usually try some home remedy instead of trying to see if the differential calculus is short circuited by the centrifugal pump and I generally arrive at the answer, thereby proving, that there are times "When Ignorance is Bliss."

C. R. Creamer, '16.

LOOKING BACK FROM 1926.

Where are the teachers of ten years ago,
Those of M. H. S. we used to know,
I read in the paper the other day,
That Professor Long was back pitching hay.
'Twas said that he tired of city life,
And conducting classes was too great a strife.
So now we see him down on the farm,
With several milk pails on each arm.
'Tis better so than of the past,
Our dear old friend is happy at last.

Miss Mohney has departed, we must now relate,
Gone back to Kansas, her old home state,
Her classes got so wise—beyond her reach,
So she has gone home, the grass-hoppers to teach.

Where is Mr. Kelly with his sweet winning smile?
Well, he tried teaching just for a while,
He tired of flirting; and the novelty wore off
Of sending people to the office just for a cough,
He became entranced with the glories of war,
And went to Russia to fight for the Czar.
Did he stay in Russia? Well, I should say No!
For he found life there was entirely too slow.
What became of our teacher will e'er be a mystery,
We look for his name in some new modern history.

Who reigns now today in old room four,
The room where we trembled outside the door?

It is certain that Miss Hughes' reign there has ceased.
But in the dear old town her power has increased;
She is mayor of the city I am here to tell,
And business is prospering and all doing well

Who stands guard over old room three
The region of algebra and geometry,
Mr. Miller has left a long time ago,
Just where he went nobody does know.
His home room pupils just set him wild
This man who was always so gentle and mild.
We hope he is happy and doing his best
To attain his fortune in the great West.

He left his room to Miss Doig forever.
Will she tolerate mischief? Oh, no, never!
She is cramming the brains with algebra that stays,
And teaching Geometry in all sorts of ways.
She looks just the same as she did of old,
And rules with a rod of iron we are told,

And now we come to old room two,
The appearance of which is neither old or new
But the English teacher resides there still,
And all new pupils bend to her will.
She has attained the station that she loves best,
And with her teachings all students are blest.

Strangers fill the other places
With strange methods and stranger faces
And though my story amounts to naught,
It shows what ten long years have wrought.

SENIOR DIRECTORY

NAME	KNOWN AS	BYWORD	ASPIRATION.
Anderson, Maud	"Oh, Maude."	"Do I talk too loud?"	Be a farmers wife.
Ashby, Winfred	"Fred"	"Gangway."	Fords.
Augustine, Tressie	Queen Anne"	"That's what I said."	Be a suffragette.
Austin, Rayburn	"Doc"	"Oh, Lord"	Politics.
Bellamy, Ruth	"Dutch"	"Goin to B. B. practice?"	Sell eyeless needles
Cochrane, Nay	"Sig"	"Got in at 4.00 A. M.	Be a brewer and Political Boss.
Copeland, Aldean	"Dean"	"Oh, hel-p."	Getting married.
Creamer, Chas.	"Mutt"	"Ain't it so?"	Making dates.
Colegate, Randall	"Royal Blood"	"Have you seen Gus?"	Lumberman.
Dow, Marie	"Sena Dear"	"I just can't get this."	Be a teacher.
Dunne, Irene	"Dunnie"	"Oh thats' swell."	Dramatics.
Francisco, Raymond	"Grump"	"Oh, Liz"	Hunting.
Haskell, Leo	"Cleopatra"	"Do you know your Grom?"	Be a country school ma'am.
Holtzman, Edward	"Deacon"	"Gee Whiz."	Journalism.
Hughes, Chas.	"Doll"	"Oh, is that so?"	To assist Cocharne.
Hughes, Pauline	"Polly Anne."	"What, for instance?"	Be a (Bow)man.
Jackson, Mary	"Mary"	"It made me so mad."	Live in Bedford.
Klein, Chas.	"Kleiny"	"Oh girls."	Making headache powders.
Lee, Lora	"Lora"	"Oh my."	Preside over a "deestrick" school.
McCullough, Chas.	"Uncle Charley"	"By Heck."	Be a prune peddler.
Ralston, Nettie	"Nettie"	"Forever more."	Teach school.
Sauer, Grace	"Sweetie"	"That makes me so tired."	Be a nurse.
Shaughnessy, Harry	"Red"	"Lemme alone."	Be as tall as Ashby.
Sherman, Opal	"Dolly"	"Oh, my soul."	Be an elocutionist.
Stuart, Ella	"Pill-Easy"	"Miss Hughes says—."	Be like Miss Hughes.



BOOK VIII--FUNNY SIDE



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THE GIRL OF HIS HEART

A PARABLE



AND it came to Pass that a Certain Young Man, journeying into a Far Country and Engaging himself in the Toils of Procuring this our Daily Bread was sore beset with woeful troubles, in which there appeared on a certain Day, a Maiden, and behold, she was Fair like unto a Lily,

Then the Young Man wearying of his Labors sought the Company of the Maiden and his Heart waxed Warm. And he was sore troubled.

And he saith, "Behold this comely Maid whom, I would fain take unto me, for she is fair, yea, even fair like unto Mary Pickford, yet will I seek council, for Beauty is but Skin Deep. I will hie me to the Wise Man and seek his goodly Council.

And when he had found him, he spoke thusly; "Teach me, Good Father of wisdom, that I may know that this Love which consumeth me is of Kind that doth not fail."

And the Wise Man made answer saying, "Why, Oh Youth of Folly, should December council May? Get thee to thy Love and ask thine Heart to teach thee."

But the Young Man, sore distressed besought him saying, "Have I not, Oh Lord of wisdom, at Times, with Lights turned Low, Communed with my Love, upon my Knees and did not our Hearts beat faster and yea, even as one?"

And the Wise Man made answer, saying, "Hearken unto me. When other Men, their shadows about thy Lady cast, hast not thine Heart Strings snapped as if to break?"

And again spoke Youth saying, "All this has come to pass, but, oh Wisest Councillor, proof give me which shall set my Fears at Naught."

Then spake the Magi, "Return unto thy Light of Love, take unto thyself oh Great of Youth and Small of Faith, my Last and Greatest Counsel. If thou wouldst make sure that this which eateth thy Heart is Real and Earnest, hie thee to thy Lady's House at Daybreak and Wait until she taketh in the Milk and the Morning Paper. Then Return unto me that I may know thy Heart."

Then spake the Youth saying, "Even so," and departed. Ere many Days had passed once again there came the Youth in exceeding Haste and Eagerness Intense (and he was weary). And the Wise Man spoke saying, "Didst thou do even as I expounded to thee?"

And Youth answered, "Of a truth I waited weary Hours and as I gazed I beheld the Form of Her I hold most Dear clad in a Mysterious Garment, of one Piece and Blue, all tightly wrapped about and most carefully held and her Hair as if with

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Sweetmeats covered, clad in Curls of Paper and with strange shapes of curious Metal keeping her hair in Bondage most unwilling."
Then saith the Wise Man. "Hearken unto me, Oh Youth and say what was foremost in your thoughts when her you thus beheld,

And the Youth answering, spake, saying. "Oh Man of Wisdom, me that I saw an Angel out of Heaven descending."

Then the Wise Man arose even to a Great Height and said, "Of a surety this Love of Yours is Great and Good and Surpasseth all Understanding. Go in Peace. for thou hast been sorely tried and hast conquered the "Curse of the Curl Paper and the Blue Kimona."

And the Young Man was exceedingly comforted,

Selah.

C. R. Creamer. '16.

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A PARODY ON
"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER."

Just before the test, Dearest,
I am thinking most of you.
While upon the board we're gazing
With the teacher's head in view;
Classmates brave around me sitting,
Thinking of the dreaded grades,
For we know that on the morrow
We shall know what we have made.

Chorus.

Farewell, Dearest, you may never
Let me take you home again,
But you'll not forget me Dearest
If I'm numbered 'mong the slain.

Now I see the teacher looking
'Tis the signal for the test
Now may our cribs protect us,
As they always have the rest,
Hark the teacher now is speaking,
How the sound swells on the air
Now we know that we are failing
But our teacher does not care.

Benjamin Lotz, '19.

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THE VIEWPOINT OF A FLY ABOUT TO PERISH BY A FLY SWATTER



H Yes, My Dear Sir, I have observed your intention! I have seen the instrument of death in your hands. I have seen the shadow of my fate impending. Think you I have not seen your fell purpose? Think you I could not escape the awful swoop of that screen wire guillotine?

But I am a reasoning fly, and I wish to converse with you upon the viewpoint that a flighty fly takes of life.

First sir, let us consider the cause of your wrath. I will admit before any bar of justice (or anything else), that I entered your house through a window. Also, I alighted on your festal board and sampled of your collation spread before my bedazzled set of six eyes.

But what of that. If you were thrifty you would patch your screens.

Also, the Lord did not doom flies to earn their living by the sweat of their brows, therefore they must either feed on garbage cans or do as I have done. I will leave it to you, sir. I do not consider garbage cans as fit banquet halls for any self-respecting fly like your honorable servant.

Ah yes, I see your hand twitching for a chance to strike, but remember, if I did not like your company, I could spread out my white wings and fly home to my half million of children.

But to resume, sir, let us consider the consequences of such a death as you have prescribed for me.

First and foremost, I would make quite a spatter on your clean white table cloth, and that I perceive, would greive you sorely.

Second, noble sir, by killing me you depopulate flydom by about six million young and promising flylets.

Stop and consider also, the awful ruin of that little home among the rubbish heaps of fair Crooked Creek, should I be carried away. Think of the sorrow of that widow and her half million joyful offspring should the husband and father of that happy throng be borne home on his funeral bier amid the chanting of the dismal Coronac, and the throbbing of the death drums. Ah sir, that sad picture causes my eyes to fill with bitter tears, causes my heart to beat tumultuously and my breast to heave with the torrent of passion primeval.

And, fair sir, consider my children thrown out on the cruel, cruel world, without a lump of sugar or a drop of molasses to appease the raging fury of their hunger. Consider then, that your act would cast into oblivion half a million innocent souls. You are a father yourself, sir: look on my death with a father's eyes. In flydom as in man's kingdom, large families go hand in hand with small purses.

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Consider, also, my friend, my noble ancestry. I am a direct descendant of that noble pair who sailed with Noah in the "Ark."

Other of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower. They ate with the pilgrims and even shared with them their first Thanksgiving feast.

Ah, I see your purpose weakening; I see your hand trembling, and the tear of sympathy in your kindly eye.

I perceive my hypotyposis has had its effect on you, and for this I am deeply grateful. For my days on earth are indeed numbered. Though from you and your scythe of death I experience no gnawing feeling of malice, yet do I know that e'er many months have passed over my weary head, the frost of winter will nip my fragile spirit, and I shall be gathered to my fathers.

Therefore, with thankfulness to you, I bid you a fond and loving Adieu, monsieur, bon ami, adieu.

Rayburn Austin, '16.

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JOY KILLERS OR LAMENTATIONS OF A SMALL BOY

Somebody is always takin' the joy out of life,
It just seems as if they cut it with a knife,
For when you think you're happy and livin' in the sun,
Along comes somebody and spoils all your fun.

It's "Willie do this, or Willie do that,"
Till it keeps a fellow worried so he never will get fat.
The first thing in the morning to the latest thing at night,
It's work, work, work, and I don't think it's right.

The first thing in the mornin' when you're sleepin like a bear,
You got to get up to wash your face and comb your tangled hair.
Then eat your breakfast and work like a mule
Till it's time to get ready to start off to school.

Then the next thing to do is to travel off to school,
And for five days in the week you sit there like a fool.
What's the use of arithmetic and all that sort of stuff,
When there's lots of things to do, and other troubles bad enough.

Then right after school when you get in sight,
Your mother calls, "Come home and get the kindlin' in for night."
And then when you might have time for fun,
Your mother calls you in and keeps you on the run.

And on Saturday when you want to go in swimmin'
You either have to hoe or chop a box of kindlin'.
Every time you want to go explorin' with your pal,

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IS SOMETHING EVERY MAN CONSIDERS REGARDLESS OF THE STRENGTH OR WEAKNESS OF HIS PURSE.

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MADISON, INDIANA.

You must stay home and do something that don't seem worthwhile.

Sunday seems to me to be the worst of all.

For you have to go to church and be dressed up like a doll.

There's no use trying to be happy in doin' anything,

When you have to go to Sunday School and try to learn to sing.

What's the use of livin' when you can't have fun,

When all the world's agin' you, and keeps you on the run,

Whenever you think you're happy, up something else will bob,

And you're sure to find the joy-killer always on his job.

Edward Holtzman, '16



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MOONLIGHT MEDITATIONS

A love lyric written in the 20th. century by an unknown poet.

The Argument.

The poet stands on the hill, drenched in moonlight. He is sad and melancholy and stands looking out over the city and the distant hills. He thinks of his past life, his mistakes and later of his vast and consuming love. The prelude to the poem reads thus: [with apologies to Longfellow.]

I stood on the hill at midnight;
The whistle was blowing the hour.
The moon rose o'er the asylum,
Behind the high water tower.

With this sad prelude the poem begins and the poet wanders on, impressed by the beauty of the scene and the weight of his own thoughts. Another gem describes the night: [kind acknowledgement to the immortal Coleridge.]

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
Is the sky rainy and cloudy?
The sky is rainy, but not cloudy.

He rambles on, telling of the evils of life and the weakness of man, in his ceaseless struggle against the temptation and vanity of women. Of the latter he says:

O waspish wisp of woman, oh ruiner of man's soul,
How completely thou hast kept him from his high and noble goal.

But the poet then launches into his beloved theme, that of the one woman in the world for him, his beloved Eileen. He gives this little gem, entitled "Divisus" or "The Parting." Notice the extreme feeling in the poem.

Oh pain intense, and agony extreme,
When Love's bubble has burst, and ended my cherished dream.
Blackness descends: the sunny skies are filled with gloom,
Though joys be all around me, black sorrows only loom.
A wracking pain convulses all my heart, my eyes are sleepless 'till the dawn,
Demons break in, my breath to steal, when She is gone,

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With ceaseless step and perished soul aflame,
Far, far, I roam.
There is no pleasure in the universe,
There is no rapture in this earthly home;
I am caged in the prison of my thoughts,
I am caught in the tempest of my soul:
Earth seems to me a thing of little part,
Man and his deeds, but workings of a mole;
But carried by the whirlwind of my mind, I drift beneath the waves of Acheron,
Goaded, tormented, by a Vision fair, I am a haunted creature when She is gone.

This is the saddest part of the poem. The light, however, begins to break on his darkened mind. Notice the uplifting tone of the following lines: (Inspiration due to Henley.)

Out of the blackness of despair,
Out of the pall that covers me,
Out of the depths of a fiendish lair,
I come - for I know she cares for me,
A ray of hope, a lightning spark,
A beacon shining o'er the sea;
A hand to steer my spirit's bark:
The thought - the fact - she cares for me,
The storm may beat, the tempest roar,
The fiends of Hades grasp for me,
Out of it all on wings I'll soar,
For wonderful truth - she cares for me.

Here the poet has regained his life and spirit. Peace has returned to him. Now the moonlight intoxicates him and he breathes soft words of love. In the verses that follow we have his descriptions of his loved one, one of the rare bits of English literature contributed by this unknown poet.

You ask if she is beautiful? Yes, as the dawn,
So lovely that men gaze and are bewitched;
Eyes of infinite deepness, like a fawn.

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Lips, like the lips of Aphrodite, with foam enriched.
With form like Venus and with raven hair,
With teeth pearl white, like marble in the sun,
Were Paris forced to choose with that one there,
He would have turned to her from everyone.

This is the poet's finest bit of description and he shows his heart is in it. Now the moon has descended from the sky and the poet lies down to sleep. As he glides off to the land of dream, he addresses this apostrophe to the moon, and with it the poem closes. (Echoes of Burns)

Oh moon, glide on o'er heaven's blue deep.
Bathe me in radiance, sooth me to sleep,
Shed o'er me thine arms of silvery beams.
Float gently, sweet Luna, disturb not my dreams.

Rayburn Austin, 16

Guess Who?



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THE BUSINESS SYSTEM OF CITY GOVERNMENT.



CITIES cannot remain forever in one condition—they must either prosper and grow, or they must decline in importance. With the change in the conditions of the city, there must needs be a change in the laws governing the city. The conditions existing today are not the same as they were shortly after the Union was formed, nor are they the same as they will be 50 or 100 years hence. So in order to keep up-to-date, considering the growth of cities, it is absolutely necessary to have a government whereby laws can be changed to fit the present conditions of the city.

Then, too, it is impossible for a body of men in the state legislature to lay down laws that will provide a satisfactory government for every city within that state. What laws would be suitable and appropriate for one city, would be wholly unable to meet the needs and demands of other cities. Practically the only way to remedy this would be to give the cities home rule. Home Rule is the policy where by the citizens are given the right of governing their own cities, and are protected from State Legislature interference, except in questions concerning the State as a whole. If cities had home rule, a body of men from each city could meet and decide what laws would be best for their own particular city.

Several modern plans for municipal government, making it possible for the voters to control the management of their own cities, have been suggested. Some of the advised methods of city government are (1) commission form, (2) business system, (3) short-ballot, (4) initiative, referendum and recall, (5) city manager system. Any of these would be made possible under the provision of Home Rule.

Everything the city does is "business," except the enforcing of the laws, so why should not the government of a city be carried on along the "business system" of management? I favor the business system of government for the cities of Indiana, and Home Rule, because it would make it possible to secure this system of government.

Every city, whether large or small, deals with banks and trust companies, erects building, builds streets, sidewalks, bridges, etc., lays out parks, improves property, runs a police, health and fire department, and carries on many other lines of work. Under what other name than "Business" could the management of the above affair be classified? Taxes are paid in money, money is used in paying salaries, and the handling of money is "Business." So we can see that practically everything within city limits is "Business" and is carried on in a business-like way.

The business system of government will give people the right to replace the present out-of-date partisan system of municipal rule with a plan of management which will be non-partisan, effective and progressive. Since municipal government has to do with the welfare and happiness of human beings in their every day life, it should not be influenced by doctrines and beliefs of parties. Therefore a non-partisan system of government should be instituted by law.

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This method of government provides for non-partisan elections to choose members for a board of Councilors or Directors. Any qualified voter can be a candidate. The question of party distinction does not enter into this method of election. The chief duty of these Directors is to appoint a Mayor and four commissioners, making a Board of Administration and the power is vested in these men to appoint all other officials and employees all except Mayor, Clerk and Judge under civil service rules. In this way officers are appointed according to merit rather than political opinion.

This system of government also provides for longer tenure of office. Under the elective system, officials are usually replaced at regular elections, every two or four years, in Indiana by present law, every four years. This is a serious mistake for every one knows that a man becomes more valuable and efficient along a certain line of work, after he has been engaged along one particular line for four or five years, and for this reason he should be kept as long as he renders satisfactory service. This very fact will tend to attract better men to these important offices. If an inefficient man should be chosen he could be recalled by the people, so the city would not have to suffer from his incapability to manage affairs.

The people can exercise complete control over the Board of Directors by using the Recall on men who prove inefficient. The Recall merely means that if a man proves incapable of managing the affairs of the office to which he has been elected, his name can be put before the public and then a vote is cast, either for or against him. If a majority of the qualified voters of the city vote against him, he is put out of office. The Referendum also gives the people an advantage, for by a petition signed by 25 per cent of the voters, any ordinance concerning a franchise, grant or privilege which has been passed by the Board of Administration, can be submitted to a popular vote. The Initiative permits the citizens to force the Board to take action on any measure. The business system of city government would give the people Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, which without doubt, places the government of a city in the hands of the citizens themselves. They do not have to appeal to the State for special legislation, but they can with less time and trouble, put the matter before men who reside in their own locality, and who are up-to-date on the problems of the city.

If the requirements of man in every line is supplied by a system of condensed authority, why should not this be done in the government? Having shown that the city is purely an organization for "business," why should we not adopt the business method, and delegate our power and privileges to a Board of Directors or Councilors? If a Board of Directors is safe enough for every business organization and corporation, why would it not be safe in a city? The system of a Board has surely been safe in business organization, for we never hear of any other method suggested. Therefore if it is safe enough for business corporations, where people trust vast sums of money and large amounts of property to a Board of Directors, there surely is not a question in our minds but what it would also prove effective for the government of a city. With the abolishment of the partisan system, the evils of today, such as bribery, graft, trickery, etc., would also be erased from our minds and the government would be in the hands of honest, efficient men who have the interest of their city at heart.

Opal Sherman '16

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Lives of Editors all remind us,
That their lives are not sublime,
For they have to work like Titans,
To get this copy out on time.

Doc. "Its all over school."

Addie "What?"

Doc. "The roof."

Kelly. "What is the strongest day in the week?"

Miller "I don't know."

Kelly. "Sunday. The rest are week days."

Long "What's todays' lesson about?"

Ella "Its about the hardest this year."

Opal "Do you like pop-corn balls?"

Polly. "I don't know I never attended one "

Long "Is George here today?"

Kelly "No he was here yesterday."

F - - ierce lessons.

L - - ate hours

U - - nexpected callers.

N - - ot prepared.

K - - icked out.

THE REPORT CARD.

Just a bit of paste board,

Just a little ink,

Makes the pupils wonder,

And the teachers think.

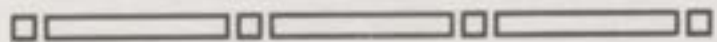
Miller "What is a caterpillar?"

Rosetta "An upholstered worm "



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PHONE 404 L.



Cochrane. "Did you ever see a close race?"

Campbell. "Yes, I spent three month in Scotland."

James Hargan. (discussing matrimony). "I held your attitude once."

Dorothy Vail. (indignantly). "You did not."

"That's where I shine" said the young man as he showed his blue serge suit to the tailor.

Lillian. "Charles Hughes seems to be wandering in his mind."

Aldean. "He can't stray far."

Ed. Holtzman. "You are the breath of my life."

Aldean. "Why don't you try holding your breath a while."

Miss Doig. "There's nothing new under the sun."

Mr. Long. "Have you seen my baby?"

Miss Doig. "The diameter of a circle is 10 ft. and the area is 35 ft. Now Harry what do we have to find?"

Harry. "How long it will take an iron ball to fall 100 feet."

[During Chautauqua.] Beerck. "Do you think we can squeeze in this crowded car?"

Marie. "Hadn't we better wait until we get home?"

Kelly. "Who can mention a famous date in history?"

Ruth B. "Antony's date with Cleopatra."

Cole. "Do you serve lobsters?"

Waiter. "Yes, what will you have?"

Pat. after a swim at Clifty. "I have been in too long. I have lost nearly all my strength."

Mutt. "Yes, I notice you don't smell nearly as strong as you used to."

MIDDLETON & WYMOND CO.

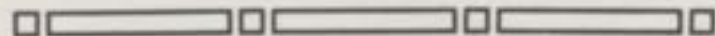
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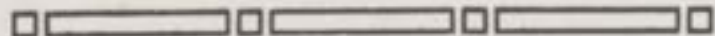
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GUS. YUNKER, PROP.



John Mc. "Say, is there any difference between contented and satisfied?"

Peddle. "Well, I'm satisfied Dutch is going to take my girl to the party tonight, but darned if I'm contented."

Business Man. "Then according to you nothing would build up my trade as much as a half-page ad in the Mahischo?"

Pat. "Oh, yes, a page ad would."

"Save me," cried Mary McClure as she fell into the arms of Chas. Klein, and being economical he did so.

Geile. "I'm going to call this cigar the "American Lady in the Japanese Kimona."

Joe. "Why?"

Geile. "Domestic filler and imported wrapper."

The elevator chauffeur lay dying in his bed,
"Oh doctor, just one question," the patient softly said,
"I want to know my finish, so do not fuss or frown,
Give me my final orders, going up or going down."

Porter, (as train nears Madison). "Shall I brush you off, sir?"

Kelley. "No, I'll get off the usual way."

Miss Hilands. "The shower of soot and ashes from Mt. Vesuvius must be an awe inspiring sight. Wouldn't you like to witness it?"

Mrs Long. "Oh, I don't know, I've seen my husband take down a stovepipe."

Mr. Long. "What could be more pathetic than a man without a country?"

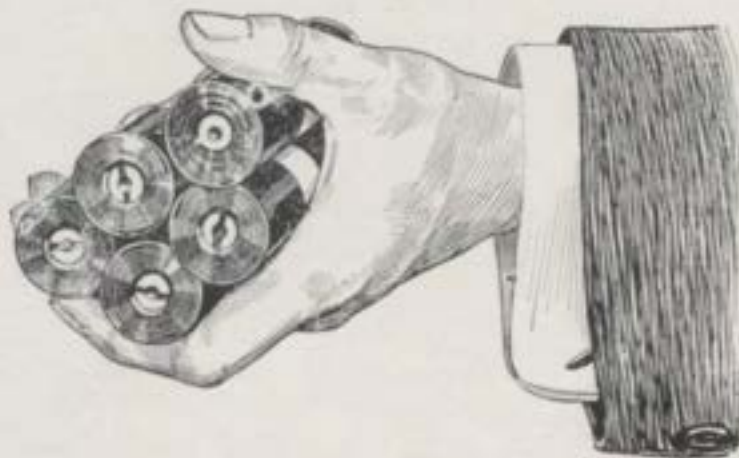
Pauline. "A country without a man."

Doc. "Where did you get your musical temperament?"

Mutt. "I was born in a flat."

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the other and you are equipped
for a picture taking tour of
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IT'S THE BEST OR NOTHING.

C. H. ROUSCH & CO.

"The Student's Store"

Helen C. "Do you like tea?"

Kasper. "Yes, but I like the next letter better."

(In order to get this repeat the alphabet slowly three times.)

Noble. "Do you think I am a fool?"

Tressie. "No I don't judge people by their looks."

Cochran. "This picture makes me look like an ape."

Spaulding. "You should have considered that before you had this picture taken."

Miss Hilands to Mr Long. "No body around here can fill your shoes."

Here lies Aldean, the Chemistry star.

We'll hear of her no more.

For instead of taking $H^+ O$,

She took $H^+ SO^+$.

Mrs. Clements of the Domestic Science department has prepared a table showing the distance various foods can be discerned by their odors:

Fried Ham	- - - - -	200 Ft.
Toasted cheese	- - - - -	750 Yds.
Fried onions	- - - - -	2,400 Yds.
Boiled cabbage	- - - - -	12 miles.

Miss Hilands. "Give me a common noun."

David Kahn. "Smith."

Doc. Austin. "Say, Sherlock, is "who" a preposition?"

Miss Doig. "Who was the first electrician?"

Bertha. "Noah, because he made the first ark light on Mt. Ararat."

Kelly, in Biology class. "Where does the digestion of a crayfish begin?"

Charlie H. "On page fifty."

WHEN IN MADISON Stop at the
HOTEL JEFFERSON

THE BEST HOTEL IN SOUTHERN INDIANA

PFORTNER'S GROCERY

Full and complete line of fancy and staple Groceries. Use our special
blends of Coffees.

PHONE 18

She sat on the steps, 'twas eventide,
Enjoying the balmy air.
He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"
And she gave him a vacant stair.

IN MEMORIAM

Sacred to the memory of Homer
Long's dear departed jokes, which
died of old age on the way to the
press.

What circulates more than money? Gossip among the faculty.
Wanted for the school. Clocks that tick as one.

"Shall I brain him," said the Senior,
And the victim's courage fled.
"No, you cannot, he's a Freshman,
So just hit him on the head."

Favorite "Hims"

Revive us Again	- - - -	Girl's Chorus.
He giveth his beloved sleep	- - - -	Long (in History)
Rock of Ages	- - - -	Miss Doig
The son of god goes forth to war	- - - -	Kelly
Haste, traveller, haste	- - - -	Harry Horton
I need thee every hour	- - - -	Harper



