

DELPHIAN



DELPHIAN

An Annual Published by the
Students of the New Phila-
delphia, Ohio, High School

Under the Supervision
of the

SENIOR CLASS

VOLUME VII

Preface

In the publication of this book we have endeavored to place before the readers the best and most interesting features of our school life. In hopes that it will fulfill its purposes, we present to you the nineteen hundred and nineteen "Delphian"







TO THE ALUMNI

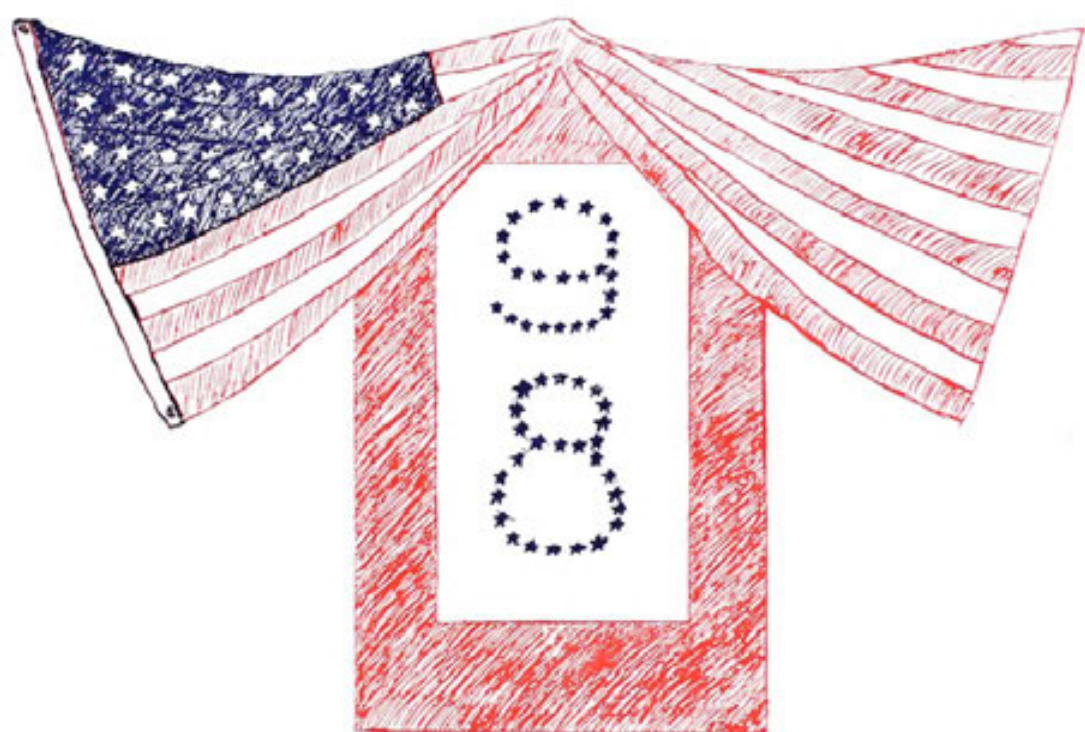


who offered their lives to make
the world safe for Democracy
we dedicate the 1919 "Delphian."



Honor Roll

Alexander, Jesse '04 Lieut. Engineer Corps, Overseas.
Anderson, Arthur '14 Torpedo Machinist.
Ashelman, Clarence '12 Sergt. Infantry, Overseas.
Battershell, Joyce '11 Mechanical Corps.
Balmer, Albert '09 Corp. Infantry Overseas
Beitler, Eddie '17 Infantry, Honorably Discharged
Beaber, Vrgil '15, Corp., Infantry
Blickensderfer, Joe '12, 2nd Lieut. Infantry
Butler, William '12 Graduate of Officers Training School
Briggs, Charles '07 Lieut. Medical Dept. Overseas.
Cable, James '07 2nd Lieut. Field Artillery
Carpenter, Charles '15 Clerical Work, Overseas
Church, Chester '13 Yeoman School Navy
Cooper, Elmer '13 Infantry
Cole, Ernest '15 2nd Lieut. Infantry
Cronebaugh, Robert '17 Officers Training School
Dodd, Charles '13 Sergt. Engineer Corps, Overseas
Doerschuk, Ernest '09 Machine Gun Co. Overseas
Empfield, Dale '08 Lieut. Infantry, Overseas
Englehart, Raymond '10 Capt. Field Artillery, Overseas
Exley, Russell '13 U. S. S. Maine Navy
Fiedler, Arthur '10 2nd Lieut. Engineer Corps, Overseas
Forsythe, Frank '12 Lieut. Infantry Overseas.
Frutiger, Clarence '12 Ambulance Corps, Overseas
Gintz, Frank '10 Officers Training School
Getz, Arthur '13 Corp. Ambulance Corps, Overseas.
Getz, Frank '12 Corp. Infantry
Harding, Lee '00 Lieut. Engineer Corps, Overseas
Haverman, Max '16 Honorably Discharged
Hensel, Earl '16 Infantry
Helmick, Clyde '12 Signal Corps Overseas.
Hodel, William '15 Engineer Corps, Overseas
Hughes, Wendell '12 Sergt. Hospital Corps, Overseas
Ikes, Vernon '11 Sergt. Infantry
Kaiser, Charles '15 2nd Lieut. Field Artillery
Kohr, Roland '13 Infantry
Kelly, James '15 Infantry
Kennedy, Walter '12 Sergt. Machine Gun Co.
Kislig, Frederick '06 Medical Dept. Overseas.
Knisely, George '16 Officers Training School
Leggett, Clifton '13 Base Hospital, Overseas
Marlowe, John '11 Infantry, Overseas
McCleary, Oliver '06 Major, Infantry
McGregor, Donald '07 Major Signal Corps
McIntosh, Frank '16 Infantry Overseas
McPherson, Jesse '11 2nd Lieut. Infantry
Meanor, Homer '17 Infantry, Overseas
Metzger, Luther '16 Artillery
Meyers, Chalmers '10 Sergt. Ordinance Dept. Overseas
Meyers, Walter '16 Honorably Discharged
Meyer, Walter '13 U. S. S. Iowa Navy



Melhorn, Ralph '11 Photographers Department
 Mowery, Earl '17 Officers Training School
 Mosshart, Raymond '11 Infantry, Overseas.
 Murray, Eldon '13 Infantry, Overseas
 Murray, Charles '15 Infantry
 Miller, Ben '09 Sergt. Engineer Corps, Overseas
 Nolan, Howard '13 Mortar Battalion, Overseas
 Nungesser, Carl '13 Artillery, Overseas
 O'Connell, Joe '08 Lieut. Infantry, Overseas
 Olmstead, John '08 2nd Lieut. Quartermasters Corps, Overseas
 Patrick, James '09 Lieut. Quartermasters Corps
 Parr, James '15 Sergt. Infantry
 Phillips, Eric '15 Field Artillery, Overseas
 Price, Russell '15 Officers Training School
 Rangeler, Luther '15 Corp. Machine Gun Co.
 Rausch, Homer '17 Base Hospital, Medical Dept.
 Reiser, Eugene '16 Infantry
 Reinhold, Harry '06 Lieut. Signal Corps, Overseas
 Rennels, Don '12 Sergt. Ammunition Train, Overseas
 Robb, Kenneth '13 Assistant Librarian, Camp Sherman
 Robinson, Gilbert '17 Infantry
 Roseh, Harry '12 2nd Lieut. Infantry
 Richards, Fletcher '11 Reserve Aviation Corps
 Schear, Rillmond '15 Field Hospital, Overseas
 Scott, Alfred '09 2nd Lieut. Aviation Corps
 Schumaker, William '11 Sergt. Army Reserve Dept.
 Schwab, Harvey '04 Capt. Infantry
 Seibert, Russell '14 Infantry, Overseas
 Senhauser, William '11 Sergt. Ambulance Corps, Overseas
 Sensenbaugher, Ray '11 Lieut. Dental Corps
 Sharp, Charles '14 Field Artillery, Overseas
 Stiffler, Herbert '16 Ensign Navy
 Stiffler, Elmer '10 Infantry, Overseas
 Stoneman, Harold '12 Guard Duty, Overseas
 Stevenson, Robert '14 Officers Training School
 Sharp, Robert '14 Gas Mask Factory
 Waltz, Bryan '14 Quartermasters Corps
 Walter, Howard '14 Artillery, Officers Training School
 Waddington, James '13 Ordnance Dept.
 Wallick, Paul '17 Artillery, Overseas
 Wallick, Russell '14 2nd Lieut. Infantry
 Watkins, McClelland '15 Infantry Overseas
 Warner, Dean '10 2nd Lieut. Infantry, Overseas
 Whitmer, Alvin '16 Infantry
 Wyss, Ralph '11 Engineer Corps, Overseas
 Zellner, Carl '06 Capt. Ordnance Dept., Overseas
 Zellner, Herman '11 Machine Gun Co., Overseas
 Zellner, Louis '05 2nd Lieut. Quartermaster Corps.





Caroline Rausch	-	-	'19	-	-	-	Editor
Russell Christy	-	-	'20	-	-	-	Ass't. Editor
Frank Freeman	-	-	'19	-	-	-	Business Manager
Russell Knisely	-	-	'20	-	-	-	Ass't. Business Manager
Walter Frye	-	-	-	-	-	-	Faculty Advisory Editor

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Edna Kies	-	-	-	'19	-	-	-	Class
Corinne France	-	-	-	'19	-	-	-	Literary
Earl Gross	-	-	-	'19	-	-	-	Athletic
Le Roy McGregor	-	-	-	'19	-	-	-	Art
Julia Marlowe	-	-	-	'20	-	-	-	Humorous

CLASS HISTORIANS

Winnifred Shott	-	'20	Clermont Milar	-	'20
Marian Stevens	-	'21	Wilma Schenk	-	'22

Table of Contents

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS

- Senior
- Junior
- Sophomore
- Freshmen

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

- Senior Sentiments
- Senior Prophecy
- Stories
- Poems

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

SOCIAL DEPARTMENT

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

- Track
- Football
- Basketball

HUMOR

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English

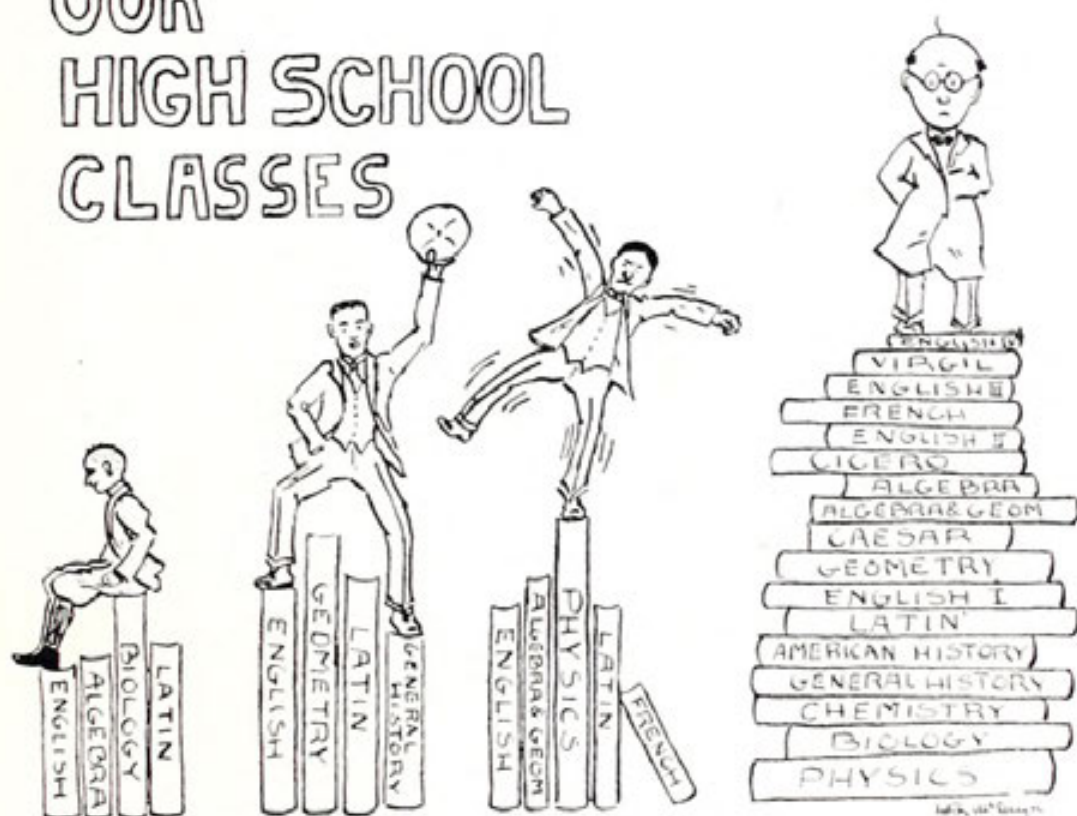


MISS MARY SCHAEFFLER
English



MR. LEO FRANCES
Manual Training

OUR HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES



Here's to Nineteen

Here's to the class of our schooldays
May its memory ever be green
May we ne'er lose the spirit of friendship
That we felt in the class of nineteen.

Here's to the ones who remain here
To finish their high school careers
Though many our class have forsaken
We've stayed on through all the four years.

Here's to the spirit so dauntless
That sustained us along the steep pathway
No matter how hard was the climbing
We've carried the honors away.

May that undaunted spirit stay with us
Wherever our future way leads
May it ever uplift and sustain us
To strive to accomplish great deeds.

What if we have not succeeded
A few times to o'ertop the rest?
We can say with feelings deep rooted
The class of nineteen is the best.

Here's to the hours we've expended
In study or pursuits more gay
We regret that they soon will be ended
We wish that their flight we could stay.

But now since the time for our parting
On no far distant day can be seen
Our spirits grow sad at the thought of our last
Farewell to the class of nineteen.

But we'll ne'er say farewell to our friendships
Nor to sever them e'er do we mean
And our last parting thoughts as we're leaving
Will be "Here's to the class of nineteen."

Helen Robb '19



Earl Gross	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Corinne France	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Caroline Rausch	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
William Phillips	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Motto—"We Aim to Win in the End."

Colors—Navy Blue and Silver

Flower—Violet

Honorary Member—Miss Schauffler

CLASS YELL

"Wild and wooly, wild and wooly

Buster, Broncho, Beater, Bully

Rootin, tootin, hootin, shootin

We're the bunch that do the rootin

Rip! Rip! Ree!

Seniors.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Corinne France

Nora Agness

Starling Bahmer

Gladys Dienst

Frank Freeman

Irene Gilgen

Margaret Gintz

Gerald Graff

Isabella Gregson

Pauline Hurst

Edna Kies

Marian Lieser

Harold Mosher

Lowell Loomis

Caroline Rausch

Earl Gross



EARL GROSS



NORA AGNESS



CORINNE FRANCE



RUTH ALLMAN

MARIAN LIESER



STARLING BAHMER



ISABELLA GREGSON



LUCILE LORENZE





HELEN FOWLES



JOHN BOGGLANA



IRENE GILGEN



IMOGENE BATTERSHELL

FRANK FREEMAN



EDNA BEAN



HELEN RICE



ELLEN HARRIS





MARGARET BOONE



GEORGE HARRIS



MARGARET GINTZ



EDNA KIES

ETHELYN BEAN



MARY ERDENKAUF



WILLARD CAMPBELL



THELMA FRY





OSCAR LIMBACH



GLADYS LAWRENCE



CHARLES MOORE



MARGARET MEYER

MARY MYER



HARRY SCHENK



CAROLINE RAUSCH



WILLIAM PHILLIPS





ETHEL MATHIAS



LOWELL LOOMIS



FRIEDA PFEIFFER



VERNA HENDERSON

JOSEPHINE MATHIAS



IRMA LEY



HAROLD MOSHER



CLARA RUFENACHT





GLADYS DIENST



SARAH ESPICH



WILLIAM BEDDOWS



OTTO BUEHLER

IRMA ROBSON



ARCHIE McCLELLAND

FLORENCE RAUSCH



GLADYS STANFIELD





GERALD GRAFF



WINNIFRED SHOTT



CATHERINE WELCH



KATHLEEN WEBSTER

ELMER HARSTINE



LEILA LAPPIN



LeROY McGREGOR



PAULINE HURST





HELEN ROBB



ROBERT KENNEDY



MAE SMITH



CHARLENE VAN FOSSEN

Chronicles of the Class One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nineteen

And it came to pass in those days of the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, there came to the great tent Phila Hi, one hundred and forty daughters and sons of Philadelphia and surrounding country to consult with the great chief Pierce. And on the fifteenth day of the ninth month the doors of knowledge were opened unto these children. And the law was laid before the sons and daughters by the great chief thus: "Less than four credits this year determine a failure, depart now unto the other tents and confer with the wise men employed in the tribe of knowledge." And the sons and daughters marvelled greatly.

And in the first days of the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, these sons and daughters of the Freshmen tribe saw many strange faces and met a great many strange people. And they were taught to look with reverence upon the people in the Junior and Senior tribes, and before long, they rather enjoyed the part. One young and blushing lad, Robert Fisher was chosen to look after the people in the Freshmen tribe. After many days of struggle and hard work, they were summoned by the Junior tribe to fun and frolic called a reception. The chief and his help-mates were well pleased with the place the Freshmen tribe had taken in the tent of knowledge. Thus ended the first chronicle.

On the twelfth day of the ninth month, these sons and daughters now belonging to the Sophomore tribe, came knocking at the doors of the tent. LeRoy McGregor now held the leading position in the tribe. Joy and peace reigned supreme at the sight of familiar faces. Again these sons and daughters were summoned to frolic, this time by the Senior tribe. These "Sophies" were loyal to the great tent, even when it came to the great battles known as athletics. Thus ended the second chronicle.

On the twelfth day of the ninth month, these sons and daughters were again seen at the great tent eager for knowledge. Corinne France was chosen for president because of her rare ability. And it came to pass that these youths and maidens were bid to merriment by the Freshmen tribe and later by the Senior tribe. Thus ended the third chronicle.

And it came to pass on the eighteenth day of the ninth month, these sons and daughters again assembled to consult with the most wise chief Frye, and behold this was the last year the Senior tribe was to dwell in the tent Phila Hi. But all did not prevail in peace. A dread disease was rapidly spreading over the land known as "flu." The great chief told these seekers of knowledge that the doors of the tents throughout the land would be closed to the children.

And there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. After a lapse of eleven weeks, the doors were again opened to these seekers of knowledge. One of unusual talent, Earl Gross by name was chosen president and a committee was appointed to assist him. The chief Frye forced this Senior tribe to search unceasingly for knowledge and their books were never closed. But it was not all struggle and work for the Senior tribe. They were soon summoned to a banquet. Here reigned joy and merriment robed in blue and gray. And it came to

pass on the sixteenth day of the fifth month, they were again bid to fun and frolic by the Juniors. Many of these youths and maidens set sail in ships anchoring at the port Phila Hi. But they did not long remain here, and soon their ships were wrecked on the sea of matrimony. And the great chief called his tribe together and bade them answer to their names that the last roll might be taken. And it was found that but three score answered, the other four score having fallen by the wayside while the history of the chronicle was in it's making. Then he commanded them to strike their tents for he was to be their chief no longer, and where joy had once flooded the soul with it's wealth of happiness, now sorrow drew its curtain of grief around their hearts, and with the sinking of the golden sun, the faithful band with firm step and resolute faces turned its steps to the westward, never to mingle with the same companions in the same places as in the days gone by. And as the golden sun sinks on the thirteenth day of the sixth month, each youth and maiden grasping the treasured parchment, bids a last farewell, and with aching hearts thus closes the ffourth chronicle of the sons and daughters of the class One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nineteen.

Winnifred Shott. '19

Nonsensical Nonsense or I Wonder Why

When our team is on the floor, kids

And the score is at a tie

We all feel sort of nervous

And, now, I wonder why?

When sometimes we get quite frisky

And the teachers try to guy,

They kick us out of classes,

And, now, I wonder why?

When they catch you throwing paperwads,

You say, "It was not I,"

Then, they don't believe you,

And, now, I wonder why?

When we get a pretty teacher,

Who is nice and young and spry,

She goes right off and leaves us

And, now, I wonder why?

When you've been bad and naughty

And make the teachers sigh,

It makes you rather shaky,

And, now, I wonder why?

When out into the world we've gone,

And we think of Phila High

A smile comes to our faces,

And, now, I wonder why?

Julia Marlowe. '20.



Mary Getz	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Russell Knisely	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Lucinda Frey	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Celestia Ankney	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Motto—"Strive to Win and Win you Will"

Colors—Blue and White

Flower—Sweet Pea

Honorary Member — Miss Felton

CLASS YELL

Rah! Rah! Rhu! White and Blue
 Whoop'em up, Whoop'em up,
 Sis. Bam, Boo,
 Rang-a-tang, Rang-a-tang,
 Sis. Boom, Bah!
 '20, '20, Rah! Rah! Rah!

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Russell Christy

Mary Snyder

Grace Newton

Donald Urfer

Howard Smith

Mary Thomas

Celestia Ankney

Donald Platz

Russell Knisely

Elma Brooks

Lucinda Frey

John Wenger

Mary Getz





Elmo Davis



Fern Miller



Joseph McClelland



Gertrude Swisher



Michael Deibel



Frances White



Grace Marsh



Robert Boothby



Gerald Viker



Gladys Bailey



Helma Dowling



Hazel Kenney



Mary Fritzner



Clark Skovstrom



Ada Pfeiffer



Mildred Pyburn



Hazel Russell



Benedita Vaseg



Edward Evans



James Dada



George Swift



Zora Hawn



Howard Smith



Mary Thomas



Dorothy Kennedy



John Wood



Hazel Green



Earl Fisher



James Dada



Nellie Olson



Margaret Hogg



Viola Martin



Robert Shannan



Harold Brown



Grace Earle



Catherine Scherer



Catherine Walker



Russell Cherry



Irene English

Junior Class History

In the fall of nineteen-sixteen, one hundred and twenty timid sailors, clothed in the customary costumes of "green," filed up the gang-plank of the good old ship "Higher Knowledge" which was bound from the "Port of Good Hope" to the "Port of Dividing Lanes". It took a few weeks for these timid sailors to get used to the ways of the "big boat," and to get over "sea sickness." Finally the Junior Officers taking pity on them, gave them a glimpse of the life of "Higher Officers" by inviting them to a masque-ball on the upper deck. After this the "green clad tars" felt more at home, and had a better time. After nine months of rough sailing, the ship landed at its first coaling-station, for repairs.

In about three months, the boat again drew up its gang-plank, and sailed away. Only the "green clad tars" had discarded their garb and were now displaying their knowledge and privileges to the new "green clad tars". But this next trip was much more pleasant as they drew near, they served the "Senior Officers" to a banquet in the same place where the "Junior Officers" had entertained them the year before. The next scheduled stop was at a small green island for rest, and sight seeing. Here the sailors had such a jolly time that when their "leave" was over, a few were so infatuated by the inhabitants that they refused to leave, so they were left behind, while the rest of the determined tars sailed on to their destination.

The first month out on the third trip, the sailors, now known as "Junior Officers" had a jolly time. But a cloud darkened their good time—a "storm" was coming. Soon the "storm" broke; and the ship was driven far from its course. One day the boat drifted to a dreary island. The sailors thought that they would have a terrible time here waiting for the storm to abate. But some had a better time than they expected; some were even called by the riches of the island and refused to leave when after ten long weeks, the boat again set sail in fine condition. But it had been driven so far from its route that it had to sail at twice its original speed to get to the next port at the appointed time. The work was twice as hard for the sailors, but still they had many fine times on board the "flying ship."

We hope that many of these "Junior Officers" will be so bound by their beacon "The Port of Dividing Lanes", that they will keep on with their journey, arriving, safely at last, ready for the center voyage of the World.

Clermont Milar '20



Joe Hurst	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
John Welty	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Ruth Deming	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Mary Loomis	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Motto—"Gardez Vos Pas"

Colors—Gold and Black

Flower—Ward Rose

Honorary Member — Miss Poland

CLASS YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Sis—Boom—Bah
 Twenty-one Twenty-one
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

William Keplinger

Marian Stevens

Mark Schear

Helen Emerson

Joe Hurst



Sophomores

Cora Abersold	Elmer Kaiser	Helen Rogers
Harold Allman	Paul Kuhn	Helen Shively
Donald Bucher	Dorothy Kline	Paul Sweaney
Laura Baeu	Opal Knight	Herman Shafer
Pauline Bigler	Perry Kaderly	Dwight Sheear
Russell Coates	Harold Kennedy	Mark Sheear
Lillian Cullip	Robert Leiser	Lawrence Scott
Garrett Casper	Ida Lorenz	Anna Steen
Ralph Carr	Bertha Latto	Gloren Schuepbach
Anna Carrothers	Thomas Lewis	Charles Stanfield
Russell Dienst	Mary Loomis	Flora Scherer
Ruth Deming	Esther Linder	Elizabeth Schweitzer
Edith Diefenbach	Roy Miller	William Stroup
Helen Emerson	Harry McKee	Marian Stevens
James Evans	Verna Maurer	Lillian Shanley
Darlie Edwards	Victor Marsh	Alice Smith
Augusta Fulmer	Myrtle Metzger	Verle Shreeley
John Howard	Elizabeth McMasters	Gertrude Thomas
William Howard	Edgar Nixon	Harry Uebel
Bessie Herron	Calvin Pfeiffer	John Welty
Joe Hurst	Ruth Polen	Earl Webster
Emmet Herron	Dean Roby	Annie Wright
Hazel Holzworth	Neva Rainsberg	Carl Wenger
Mary Huston	Margaret Roseh	John Walter
Ada Knouff	Arthur Ralston	Mary Tennent
Willaim Keplinger	Earl Riggle	Benjamin Thomas

Sophomore Class History

We who were Freshmen in '17 entered into our Sophomore year with fear and trembling. The mysteries of Geometry and Latin Prose hung over our heads like great dark clouds; Wentworth's principles and propositions and Ceasar's Gallic Wars seemed to us like monsters too terrible to encounter. We looked on the Juniors to be as heroes triumphant. But as we near the close of the Sophomore year, and take a backward view, we can truthfully say that the gruesome specters of our anticipation turned out to be not so terrible, and even in some cases assumed the most friendly and agreeable aspect.

Just as we were becoming accustomed to our duties as Sophomores and were advancing rapidly in our studies, a vacation of eleven weeks was forced upon us by the "Flu" epidemic. During this vacation many of our members found employment and when we were summoned again to our school work, some of our members failed to return. At the present time we number ten times the lucky seven.

Owing to the "Flu" epidemic the year has been an unusually quiet one. The enforced vacation and the making up of time lost have made social life in the school out of the question. But the year has not been without pleasures and fun. We can remember our Sophomore year as having the distinction of the signing of the armistice of the Great World War.

The Sophomores entered into Athletics with a will. A few of our boys have made places for themselves in the Basket Ball and Foot Ball teams. The inter-class games have shown that the Sophomore Basket Ball team contains good material for future use.

The girls have taken an interest in Basket Ball. In the game with the Junior girls they were defeated, but they have the distinction of being good losers.

We will strive to do our best during our remaining years in High School and live up to the standard the other classes have set.

Marian Stevens '21



Robert Nickels	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
John Kennedy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Lloyd Francee	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Jane Andreas	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Motto—Sempter Paratus

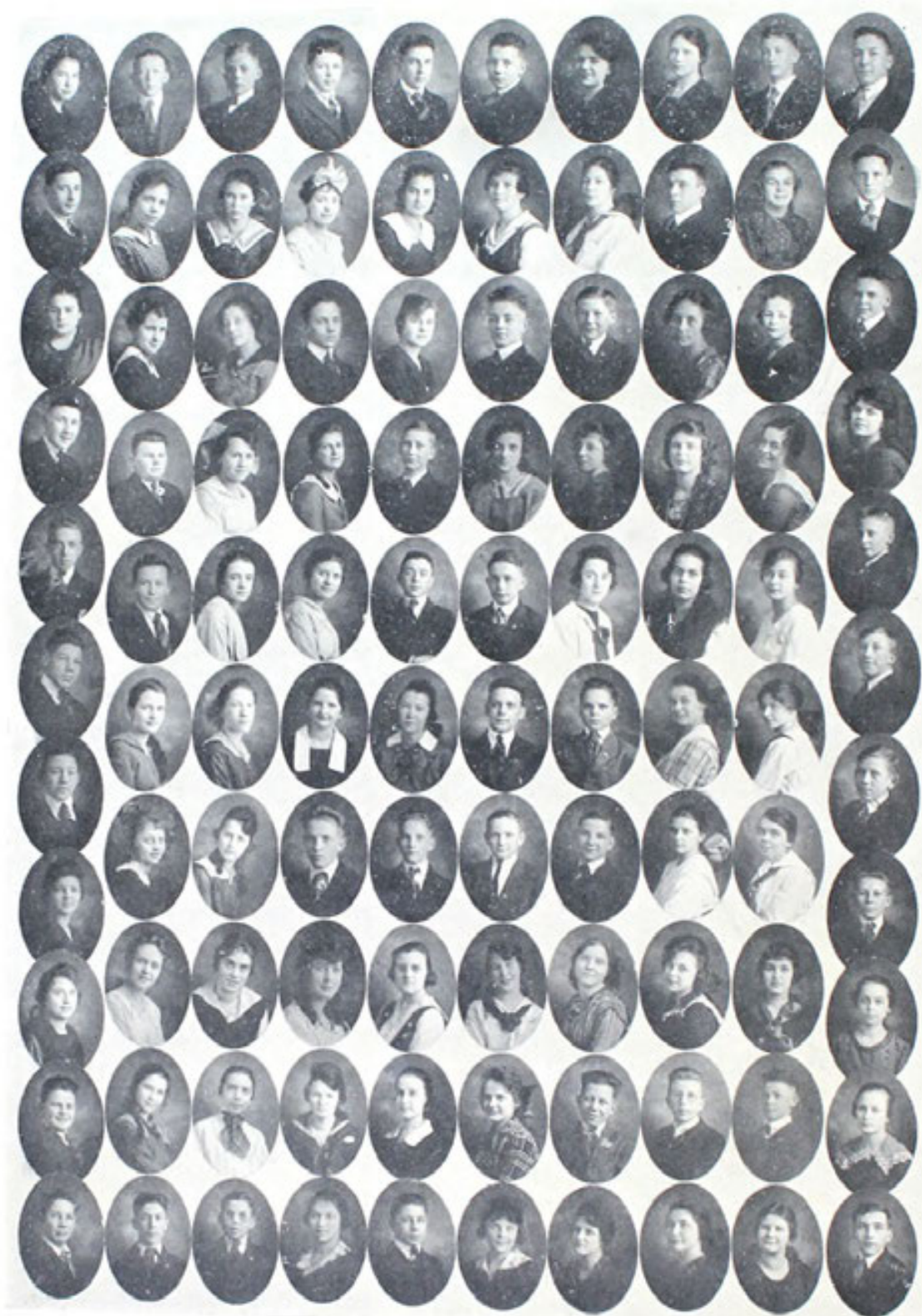
Colors—Purple and Gold

Flower—Chrysanthemum

Honorary Member — Miss Myer

CLASS YELL

Ice cream soda, lemonade, and pop,
 22, 22 is always on the top.
 Stand them on their head,
 Stand them on their feet,
 22, 22 can't be beat.



Freshmen

Charles Affolter	Mary Gamble	Marian Nardelli
Robert Anderson	Joshua Grimm	Merle Poland
Elizabeth Auginbaugh	Irene Gowins	Paul Pringle
George Alexander	Josephine Gribble	George Reed
Jane Andreas	Howard Helmick	Helen Roll
Francis Albaugh	Carl Harig	Gertrude Reiser
Martha Barnett	Alberta Herron	Paul Roby
Vesta Bean	Russell Harrison	Gladys Reardon
Russel Beichley	Bertha Hall	May Robinson
Freda Bichsel	Virginia Hartman	James Rice
Byron Buss	John Haman	Valeria Rogers
Florence Bartholonev	James Haney	Delbert Rausch
Marguerite Bahmer	Eugene Hurst	William Rausch
Winona Borden	Eugene Hanhart	Margaret Saam
Mildred Bierie	Thelma Henderson	Wilma Schenk
Vernon Beddows	Mary Hanson	Ruth Schneider
Lawrence Brochman	Margaret James	Earline Shively
Monica Barry	Thelma Kerner	George Sherretts
John Cole	Anna Kaserman	Freda Sneary
Paul Cole	John Kennedy	Edna Snyder
Jack Collins	Daniel Kappler	Gladys Snyder
Anthony Crescio	Walter Lawrence	Anna Syron
Paul Cunningham	John Leiser	Daniel Sweaney
Roma Campe	John Leggett	Catherine Stull
Celia Davidorf	Glen Leggett	Maynard Stechow
Beryl DeWalt	Herman Milinsky	Elsie Sullivan
Lucy Denning	Frank McIntosh	Foster Smith
Patrick Donahue	Delbert Mosher	Rae Taylor
Myrtle English	Leona Mathias	Catherine Thomas
Byron Edie	Gladys Miller	Thomas Walton
Mary Josephine Everett	Audra Mizer	Ian Waltz
Ada Everett	Elnora Maurer	Wilhelmina Warner
Thelma Fisher	Lulu Meyers	Della Wassem
Frances Fribley	Marie Mathias	Clifford Webster
Mary Fagley	Martha McMillan	Beatrice Whitmer
Thelma Frazier	Alice Murray	Urbana Whitmer
Lloyd France	Laura Meiser	Lloyd Wenger
Mildred Gauger	Evelena Narragon	Paul Walter
Edmund Goulder	Robert Nickels	Dollie Zucal

Freshman Class History

"On account of the Flu,
We have a lot to do,
And our lessons are hard, hard,
But who wouldn't try
Perfection to nigh
With Miss Myer for a 'pard."

Amidst the strains of "Wake Freshman Wake," and the laughs and jeers of the upper class men we, the class of 1922, were initiated into N. P. H. S. on the fourteenth day of September. Several days later we had some of the finest specimens of bald heads ever seen in the High School, but even this we took as fun.

When we entered N. P. H. S. we numbered one hundred and ten, but since then several have become weary and dropped along the wayside.

We Freshmen were just settled in our new quarters when a strange thing occurred. An epidemic, called the "Flu", broke out and spread very rapidly. Soon there were so many cases that the theatres, churches, and finally the schools were closed. The disease continued and so did the vacation. It was not until the thirteenth of January, eleven weeks later, that the schools opened. In order to make up the work we had to take longer lessons and this, of course, required a little more study than other years.

As for athletics the girls have done their share as well as the boys. This was shown when the Freshman girls won over the Seniors who have held the championship for three years.

The Junior-Freshman Reception, a fete always looked forward to by the Freshmen, was not given this year because our time was needed for other purposes.

Although we have had to study a little harder than usual, most of us have tried to live up to our motto of "Always Prepared", and in future years more will be heard of the class of "22".

Wilma Schenk '22



by Ray McGregor

LITERARY

Senior Sentiments

EARL GROSS

Where would our class be without Monk? He has made a name for us on which we can rightly be proud. One look at his activities will convince you of his athletic ability.

Class President 4, Commencement Manager, Athletic Editor 4, Humorous Editor 3, Basketball 1 2 3 4, Football 1 2 3 4, Track 1 2 3 4.

"Take him for all in all, he is a man."

NORA AGNESS

A very popular young lady. She is always in demand, in school and out. We predict a very promising future for Nora.

Class Secretary 1, Vice President 2, Basketball 1, Glee Club 2, Class Play.

"All that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

CORRINE FRANCE

Although Corrine's hair is of that shade which we usually couple with a fiery disposition, we have failed to find it in her. On the contrary we find her a sweet, lovable girl, and a general favorite with all.

Vice President 4, Literary Editor, Class President 3, Historian 2, 3, Social Social Committee 1 2 3 4, Chairman 4

"Mighty sweet and mighty wise,
The fun just twinkles in her eyes."

RUTH ALLMAN

Ruth is one of the tall, quiet, stately girls of our class. She is a very industrious young maiden. Although once in a while she forgets herself and takes time off for play.

Basketball 1 and 2, Glee Club 2

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

MARION LIESER

No one hesitates to ask a favor of Marian because they know she will do all she can to help a person. While she doesn't believe in studying all the time, yet she does enough to gain the reputation of being one of the best students.

Social Committee 3 4, Glee Club 2 3, Class Prophecy, Commencement Manager

"Tis nice to be natural, when you're naturally nice."

STARLING BAHMER

Starling is a good fellow and his quiet nature makes him interesting. He has been one of the real boosters of our class.

Social Committee 3 4, Class Basketball 2 3 4, Class Play.

"He doeth all things well"

ISABELLA GREGSON

Isabelle is one of the best known and best liked girls in the class. She always did her duty, in her school work as well as in social functions. She is also one of the most talented musicians.

Social Committee 3 4, Glee Club 2 3, Orchestra 4, Basketball 1.

"Is she as kind as she is fair
For beauty lives within kindness."

LUCILE LORENZE

Lucile's most distinguishing feature is a wealth of golden hair. She is not over talkative but nevertheless has made many friends while in school.

Basketball 1, Glee Club 2.

"Her pleasant ways and ready wit
Make her a friend of all"

HELEN FOWLES

This fair haired maiden with eyes of blue can make anyone do what she wants them to do. She is at home anywhere—in the class room, on the basket ball floor, in social affairs or even at cheer leading.

Basket ball 1 2 3 4, Captain 4, Social Committee 1 2 3, Class Play

"A maid quite winsome and commanding,
With yards and yards of understanding."

JOHN BOGGIANA

This young man who hails from Barnhill, has a substantiality that makes us all admire him. He can always be depended on in work or in play.

Track 3 4, Social Committee 3

"If he has any faults, he has left us in doubt."

IRENE GILGEN

Irene is not a very talkative person but her brown eyes usually speak for her. She is a good friend of the mail man on her street, we wonder why?

Basket Ball 1 2, Glee Club 2, Social Committee 4

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on."

IMOGENE BATTERSHELL

No task is too much for Imogene. She is one of the few who will not forsake her work for pleasure.

Glee Club 2 3, Basket Ball 2 3 4

"Even her failings lean to virtues side."

FRANK FREEMAN

"Hank" the heart-breaker, the fun-maker, the athlete, — the all around man. A John Wanamaker we predict him to be.

Manager "Delphian" 3 4, Class Play, Foot Ball 1 2 3 4, Captain 4

Basket Ball 3 4, Social Committee, Glee Club 2

"He's not merely a chip off the old block,
But the old block itself."

EDNA BEAN

Edna is the possessor of six long brown curls and a smile that has made her a friend of all the girls and boys in Phila High. During the four years she has spent with us she has become proficient in Domestic Art, which course she expects to continue and make it her life work.

Class Play

"She who is beautiful might ensnare a conqueror's soul."

HELEN RICE

Helen has in her possession the key to success, a smile and a happy disposition. She is much admired in High School and we always find surrounded by a laughing group of friends.

Basket Ball 1 2 3 4, Glee Club 2 3.

"How much lies in laughter,
The cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man."

ELLEN HARRIS

Ellen is fond of the name George—but not just because it is her brother's name. She is tall and dignified and is liked by all who know her.

"Let us be content in work, to do the things we can."

MARGARET BOONE

Margaret has decided to become a nurse and we feel sure she will be a success for she is a faithful and preserving student.

Basket Ball 1 2 4, Glee Club 2 3.

"And in her smile was health and right good welcome."

GEORGE HARRIS

Of all the quiet fellows in the class, George certainly heads the list. He, if any, can keep silent in seven languages, I am sure.

"To be efficient in a quiet way.

That is my aim throughout each day."

MARGARET GINTZ

Everyone knows Peg for who has not heard her sudden giggle in class or chapel? She is an accomplished young miss and Western Reserve cannot help but appreciate her next year.

Basket Ball 1 2 3 4, Manager 4, Social Committee 1 2 4,

Glee Club 2 3, Class Play.

"Oh woman, woman, when you are pleased you are least of all evils!"

EDNA KIES

This winsome and cheery lass is so talented that she has had an important part in High School activities. Whatever she undertakes, she does exceedingly well.

Basket Ball 1 2 3 4, Glee Club 2 3, Class Secretary 3, Orchestra 4, Class Song, Social Committee 1 2 3 4, Class Editor, Historian

"I'm always in haste, but never in a hurry."

ETHELYN BEAN

Ethelyn is another one of those who are lucky enough to have a street car ride every morning, for she too comes from Barnhill which is famous for it's pretty girls.

"A sweet disposition is a wholesome confection."

MARY ERDENKAUF

A friend of all. A shark in her studies, although she does love to go coasting once in a while.

Orchestra 1 2 3 4,

"A friendly heart with many friends."

WILLARD CAMPBELL

Although "Wee" thought it best to leave New Phila. the last of this year, we still consider him one of us and we are sure his heart is always with the class of '19.

Glee Club 2 3, Class Secretary 2

"He is not only a scholar, but a gentleman and a good fellow as well."

THELMA FRY

We are sorry Thelma has been with us only one year. During that short time she has won a place in the hearts of many in school and at least one outside. She is partial to Overland cars and says she intends to teach school, but we feel sure it will not be for life.

Basket Ball 4.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight to her dusky hair."

OSCAR LIMBACH

This giant from Stonecreek has won great honor for himself not only as a football player, but also an orator. Because of the latter, he has been chosen one of the commencement speakers.

Foot Ball 2 3 4, Commencement

"Nature might stand up and say to all the world,
This is a man."

GLADYS LAWRENCE

We wonder if Gladys is taking Domestic Science to teach to many, or to but one. Whichever it may be, we envy them.

Basket Ball 2 4

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

CHARLES MOORE

Here is a brilliant student—when he studies. His main idea is to defeat the teachers with the least possible effort.

Basket Ball 2 3 4. Glee Club 2 3. Class Play. Foot Ball 4. Social Committee.

"Don't aim too high, and your hopes won't have so far to fall."

MARGARET MEYER

Yes, we all feel comfortable with Margaret, her smile is always ready and her kindness is unfailing. There is no one more popular than this small lady

Glee Club 2 3. Basket Ball 1 2.

"She is prim, she is neat
She is pleasant and sweet."

MARY MYER

Merry and gay is this little Senior maiden. She is a good student and adds much to the credit of her class. What the future has in store for her, remains to be seen. But we are sure she will have a bright career, as only such a girl could have.

Basket Ball 2 3 4.

"A dainty maiden, fair and sweet."

HARRY SCHENK

Better known as "Sunny"—and sunny he is. He is always ready for a good time and every one has a good time who is with him. Of his stage achievements you all know and we all think he will be the future Charlie Chaplin or Al. G. Fields.

Foot Ball 4.

"Happy am I, from care I am free'
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

CAROLINE RAUSCH

No better token of the high esteem in which Caroline is held by the members of her class can be given, than the fact that she was chosen to be the Editor of the "Delphian". She has worked unceasingly to make it a success.

Editor Delphian. Class Secretary 4. Social Committee 2 3 4.

"Some are and must be greater than the rest."

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Every one likes this good-natured young man. No one ever saw him hurry, yet we hear no complaint of his being late. He is one of our standbys.

Social Committee 4, Class Treasurer 4.

"The deed I intend is great
But what, as yet, I know not."

ETHEL MATHIAS

Ethel is really a mystery to most of us, she is so quiet that it was a long time before we discovered her real worth, but she is one of our best.

Basket Ball 3 4.

"Who talks much must talk in vain."

FRIEDA PFEIFFER

Frieda is a happy, good-natured girl, who delights all by her fun-loving disposition. She is a good student yet always ready for a jolly time.

"I worked with patience, which is almost power."

LOWELL LOOMIS

"Loomy" makes little fuss but lots of dust. His favorite diversion is study. He will make a very good manager some day for he has surely had experience in that line the past year.

Glee Club 2 3. Foot Ball, Basket Ball, Track Mgr. 4. Social Committee 2 3 4. Chairman 3.

"There is a foolinsh corner even in the brain of a sage."

VERNA HENDERSON

Verna is another of the Barnhill lassies. She is an excellent student and also the possessor of a soprano voice which will some day make her famous.

Glee Club 2 3.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with truth."

JOSEPHINE MATHIAS

Here is one of our substantial girls, as many of us have found out when we bumped her in basket ball, but no matter how hard the bump she always comes up with a smile.

Basket Ball 1 2 3 4.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

IRMA LEY

Because Irma does not often assert herself is no sign that she has no opinion of her own. She has, and very good ones too, as a few of us know.

Basket Ball 1. Glee Club 2 3.

"Woman is most perfect when most womanly."

HAROLD MOSHER

"Jazz" as his best friends call him is one of those who, "hides his light under a bushel". Only a few really learn to know him, but to those few he is known as one of the kindest and most useful fellows in school.

Class Treasurer 3. Orchestra 1 2 3 4. Social Committee 2 3 4.

"Where he falls short 'tis natures fault alone.

When he succeeds, the merit's all his own."

CLARA RUFENACHT

Clara is entirely different from any other girl because of a wealth of auburn hair. She has a good looking grade card and adds much to the credit of her class.

"A happy soul, that all the way to Heaven hath a summer's day."

GLADYS DIENST

One of the shining stars of the class of '19. Any other mark than E. is a stranger to her card. Her ready smile makes her a friend of all.

Social Committee 3 4. Commencement

"Her voice is very sofe, gentle and low.

An excellent thing in woman."

SARAH ESPICH

Sarah the silent. Never saying much but always doing her part. We expect her to be the owner of a large, prosperous drygoods store.

Basket Ball 1 4.

"I've tried to be a modest girl and true.

How well I've played the part I leave to you."

WILLIAM BEDDOWS

In the one year Bill has been with us, he has proved to be an all around student; for he can do anything that is desired of him, from playing foot ball to proposing.

Foot Ball 4. Class Basket Ball 4. Track 4.

"Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

OTTO BUEHLER

Otto does not have much to say except when called on to recite. We are glad he came to our school after leaving Port Washington, for he has been a valuable addition to our class.

"I am not of the talking sort.
Let my deeds speak for me."

IRMA ROBSON

Irma is one of those who has contributed much to the success of the High School Orchestra. This has not detracted from her studies as we all know she is one of the most brilliant in the class.

Orchestra 1 2 3 4.

"One who quietly does her every duty well."

ARCHIE McCLELLAND

Ever since this admirer of the fair ones made the simultaneous jump into high school and long trousers his checkered career has progressed steadily onward. Keep on.

Glee Club 2 3.

"The ladies call him sweet."

FLORENCE RAUSCH

Few of our class deserve more praised for completing their High School than does Florence. Although she has three miles to walk, we usually find her on time with her lessons prepared.

"For she was just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies."

GLADYS STANFIELD

No difference how things go Gladys is always happy. Popular and mischevious she sure is, but she has no equal for hard common sense when that quality is necessary.

"As merry as the day is long."

GERALD GRAFF

Gerald is one of the quiet fellows in our class. He has made good use of his time while in N. P. H. S. and has proven an indispensable member of the Senior Social Committee

Social Committee 3 4.

"A brave heroic mind, worthy your country's name."

WINNIFRED SHOTT

"Winnie" is the living example of the saying that "valuable things come in small parcels." Although very petite she has a big place for herself in the class and we could not do without her.

Basket Ball 1 2 3 Class Historian 4

"Small things are not small, if great things come of them."

CATHERINE WELCH

Many good things and very few bad ones are heard about this attractive brown eyed young lady. Although she has been with us but two years we have all learned to love her.

Glee Club 3. Orchestra 4.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown, Take care."

KATHLEEN WEBSTER

A care-free young miss who does not care overly much about her lessons. We were surely glad to have Kathleen as one of our members.

Clee Club 2 3.

"Cares not a pin, what they say or may say."

ELMER HARSTINE

Elmer is not much of a lady fusser, but has a beaming smile for all. He likes to drive a Ford truck so much he will probably be a truck farmer.
"Wisely and slowly, they stumble that run fast."

LEILA LAPPIN

She is a very business like young lady, this maiden with such a stately air. If we did not have our doubts as to her single blessedness we would predict her to be the head of some large firm.
"May she always live happy,
And die at peace with mankind."

LeROY McGREGOR

Here is a man who is going to startle us all some day when he gets down to real serious work. Nobody ever saw him overexerting himself, or withdrawing from the society of his friends to study, but he always has his work finished on time.
Foot Ball 4, Class Basket Ball 1 2 3 4, Class President 1 2, Vice President 3, Art Editor of Delphian, Class Play
"I am Sir Oracle, and when I Ope my mouth
Let no dog bark."

FAULINE HURST

Here we come to Polly, who is so good natured she doesn't mind school work at all. She is a star in Basket Ball but her pass-time is dancing.
Basket Ball 1 2 3 4, Glee Club 2 3, Social Committee 1 2 4.
"A smile for all, all welcome glad,
A jovial coaxing way she had."

HELEN ROBB

Helen has always been a wonder to us. How one person can store away so much knowledge we cannot understand. He grade card looked like a garden of E's. A bright future is assured her.
Class Poem
"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

ROBERT KENNEDY

Bob is an advocate of athletics, his specialty is track-work. He has been so quiet around school that very few have learned to know him, but those who have, appreciate his friendship.
Track 3 4, Glee Club 2 3.
"It is tranquil people who accomplish much"

MAE SMITH

Mae is Mr. Sloe's right hand man. If she keeps on with her commercial work, we predict a bright business future for her.
Social Committee 3, Delphian Stenographer
"Large was her bounty and her soul sincere."

CHARLENE VAN FOSSEN

Charlene has proved a faithful and valuable member of the class of nineteen. She is thorough in her work as well as play. As a basket ball player she is hard to beat.
Basket Ball 1 2 3 4.
"And when it talks — Ye Gods how it talks."

Class Prophecy

After an absence of two decades, I return to the scene of our high school activities, and find the ranks of the class of 1919 thinned to the vanishing point; so, with eager anticipation, and some misgivings, I hie myself to the haunts of the crystal gazers, where I look long and earnestly, to learn what pranks fickle fate has played with the bright and shining of '19.

Gradually the familiar forms emerge, and first appears our diligent class president — Earl Gross, whose "stick-to-it-iveness" has won him a place as a captain of industry. Hugging him close — (figuratively, of course) — is dainty Nora Agnes who assures him he has no chance for alarm, inasmuch as she has already linked her fortunes with a stalwart youth from Dover, and it doesn't make a **Speck** of difference.

Sunny Schenk — gloom dispelled extraordinary came into his own as a "King of Minstrelsy", while Pauline Hurst, as a rhythmic dancer, gracefully won her way into the hearts of an admiring public. A building looms: It takes form, and I find myself in a structure which proves to be the last word in modern hospitals. Enter Dr. Mosher — chief surgeon. "Cutting up" was always a specialty with Harold, and his chosen profession enlarges his field of activity. Adjusting the ether cap upon a patient, a uniformed nurse, Miss Isabella Gregson, is sending dangerous thrusts from pretty eyes to the white-coated surgeon, but even so, with Caroline Rausch as dietitian it augurs well for those who have been interned against their wishes.

Imogene Battershell and Josephine Mathias give the spiritual tone to the class of '19, by going far into the foreign field as "Crusaders for Christ."

Helen Fowles made the world a prettier place to live in, by her cleverly executed interior decorations for homes designed by the master hand of the architect Charles Moore, whose dignified structures have placed him high in the ranks of his profession.

Edna Bean and Lucile Lorenze — these modern Priscillas — skillfully ply their needles, and create beautiful gowns, displayed by living models in the persons of Irma Ley and Helen Rice. Musical circles, also, were enriched by the talents of Margaret Gintz and Catherine Welch, artists of exceptional ability.

Mary Erdenkauf, May Smith, and Sarah Espich, suffragettes labored long and faithfully for the emancipation of women, carrying the torch of progress to the very out posts of the enemy. However, no forcible feeding has been necessary with the above mentioned suffragettes.

The crystal changes:—a fair maid from a Fair street sings in a plaintive voice;— "The Hank is Coming"—same Hank proving to be none other than F. Eugene Freeman, a second J. Pierpont Morgan, who is occupant of seat 1-A at the capitalists convention.

Corinne France whose "crown of glory" contains all the autumnal tints so becoming to a tree in Indian summer, excels all others in her nimble interpretation of French — "the language is not new to her" as the song goes, and as a French teacher she lends a hand to others, struggling on their weary way.

I fancy I hear the beating of a tom-tom, but the closest investigation fails to disclose anything except Gladys Lawrence and Carl Warner, beating it to the altar, with Gladys Stanfield and her "Rocky River", running a neck and neck race. In the case of Gladys we did warn her, but unheeding, she took the plunge.

Unlike our suffragette followers of Mrs. Pankhurst, Irma Robson, Ruth Allman, Etheyln Bean, Thelma Fry, and Ellen Harris believe it is more important that woman should "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and they live happily with the men of their choice, serene in the thought that a broom stick is the big-

gest stick a woman should wield. John Boggiana and Starling Bahmer, started the world by their discoveries in the field of chemistry, producing by their combined efforts, an explosive which makes "T. N. T." look as harmless as the fizz in a bottle of pink pop.

Margaret Meyer and Irene Gilgen heard the call of the pots and pans and shining just as brightly in their chosen profession as domestic science teachers they cater to those to whom the pleasures of the table make a strong appeal. For a moment the faces become indistinct, but soon the crystal clears and I find the cause was our esteemed classmate Lowell Loomis, raising considerable dust as a coal-baron. Flanking Lowell on the right sat the brown-eyed **Hercules** from **York township**, Oscar Limbach, whose knowledge of type-writer construction has forced the Remington people in to the bankruptcy court, slowly it filtered in to my consciousness that Ethel Mathias, Verna Henderson, Leila Lappin, Margaret Boone and Florence Rausch comprised the quintette of brilliant stenographers, demonstrating the Limbach machine, and carrying off the honors—against all comers — in taking rapid fire dictation.

Looming large in the educational world is Frieda Pfeiffer—with Clara Rufenacht, Mary Meyer and Gladys Dienst doing their bit and a good bit, too toward the education of the youth of our land. Helen Robb, a literary star of the first magnitude, also makes her bid for fame in the ranks of the teachers.

Again, figuratively, Willard Campbell is pressing them close for recognition, in a useful field of endeavor and if you walk with me, it will be my pleasure to show you a product of his engineering genius, a marvelous mass of steel and masonry, which spans the torrential waters of the **Beaver Dam**.

Calm and serene as a summer morning, Winnifred Shott and Edna Kies find joy in going about on errands of mercy, ministering to others as settlement workers.

My reveries are interrupted by a sound as of many voices, but approaching, I find only Charlene VanFossen, who is in a class by herself; the Maxim silencer having been tried without effect, she stands alone as the greatest living exponent of verbal barrage. Kathleen Webster, while not "going on forever" like Tennyson's Book, is a lavish dispenser of sweets, not always to the "sweet", however.

Gentle Romance marked three of our number for her very own and we find Elmer Harstine, who answered the matrimonial advertisement of a California blonde, rushing madly about inquiring the routes to Los Angeles. Who would have dreamed that **Otto Buehler** and Robert Kennedy, whose careers as scientific farmers, are carefully mapped out, would have qualified as "gay young Lotharios caught surreptitiously studying. "Short Cuts to a Woman's Heart," and when their fair ones appear, it will take more than an armistice to make them lay down their arms.

Sadly, I confess that three of our number violated the Sherman Anti-trust law by effecting a dangerous combination: Gerald Graff, after years of research, studying the 58th and lowest form of the cootes, gave up in despair and became a druggist.

William Beddows as an undertaker, constantly whistled "I hear you calling me" written by the National Casket Co., — (with apologies to Sunny Schenk). Archie McClelland, another amateur hero of Cumberland Gap, appears as a highly successful insurance man, so with Gerald selling the drugs, William burying the victims and Archie collecting the insurance, it may call for all the legalability of "Buzz McGregor and William Phillips, to extricate them from their difficulties. William had planned another career, but after Buzz inspired him with the tales of the Capital City and the achievements of his friends Atlee Pomerene and Roscoe McCullough he decided to try his luck as a legal light, carrying his cases, if necessary to chief justice McGregor of the Supreme Court.

The crystal dims — the familiar forms disappear, and I am left alone to ponder over the remarkable achievements of our class of '19.

Marian Lieser '19

His Victory

Karl Wagner was jogging along toward home in his rickety old wagon with its team of great old farm horses. He was thinking of the strange thing that had happened in town that morning. The great manufacturing plant had been blown up. He had been thru it the day before and my what a wonderful place it was.

Then his thoughts turned back over those past years and he remembered another great plant where they made similar things—but that was twenty years ago. Now that great country which he had left was at war with his country, the country in which he had sought the only things which make life, peace and happiness.

His reverie was interrupted by a cheery voice calling, "Hello, Dad."

He looked up and saw a young man striding across the field toward him. The father's heart swelled with pride as he looked at his son. This boy was named after him! This son of his was in the height of young manhood, straight, tall, slenderly built. His face was open and frank and expressed every emotion which held him.

Karl Wagner made room on the wagon seat for the young man and together they rode slowly toward home. Both were silent for some time and then the old man broke the silence saying,

"I suppose you have heard the news?"

"No what is it?"

"The Spring Rifle Works were blown up early this morning."

"Do they suspect anyone?" asked his son.

"I don't think so."

Then they fell silent and in a few moments the old man again began.

"How old are you, my son?"

"Eighteen, Dad."

"Old enough to fight for your country, aren't you, Karl?"

"Yes, Father, but why should I go? There are other fellows stronger and huskier than I. Let them go first, and then if they still need me, I'll go."

The old man looked sternly at his son and said,

"Why let other boys go? You are no better than they. You should and must do your part."

Nothing more was said on the subject but it set the young man to thinking.

The next evening Karl and his father and mother went to sit out on the front porch after the day's work was done. They were silent, listening to the chirps of the crickets and the croaking of the frogs in the nearby pond. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of foot steps coming down the road. Then two men crossed the road and entered the gate. On one of the men's coat lapels there glittered a silver star. They came up to the porch and one of them said,

"Good evening, Mr. Wagner."

"Good evening", responded the old man, then he relapsed into quietness again.

The other man continued curtly,

"I suppose you have heard of the blowing up of the Rifle Works"

Wagner replied calmly, "Yes, I heard it this morning while I was in town. Have they suspected anyone?"

The Sheriff responded, "Yes, we have suspected some one for quite a while."

"Why didn't you arrest him?"

"Because we have no evidence."

"Ah!"

Looking up, Karl Wagner saw the steel gray eyes of the sheriff on him.

"Yes, we know who it is. His name is"
As the old man gazed steadily into the eyes of the sheriff, he read the condemnation in them and his face slowly blanched.

He gasped, "Not"

"Yes, it is he. Your son! We are sure of it. We haven't proof enough to convict him as yet but that must come later. He has never mingled with anyone here and he always held himself aloof from the rest of the younger people. Why has he not gone to war? Because he is a slacker and a spy. We firmly believe that he is the guilty one and we will work until we find the proof that will convict him. That is all for the present. Good evening."

Karl Wagner was completely stunned. Had the idol of his heart, his most beloved, child fallen as low as that? He looked long and earnestly at this boy of his and all he saw in his frank, open face was amazement and wonder at this awful charge that had been made against him and once again there welled up into the heart of the father faith in his boy.

The boy looked up and said brokenly,

"It isn't true, Father, it isn't true."

The old man looked down into the face of the boy and said, "I do not believe the part about you being a spy but the other part is perfectly true."

"What part, Father?"

"The part about my boy being a slacker." Then turning he walked slowly and unsteadily into the house. The boy looked after his father in amazement for a minute and then he understood he buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. His mother looked sadly at him for she knew that what his father had said was only too true.

The next day Karl Wagner took his usual load of vegetables to market but no one bought from him and he could not get rid of them. When his friends and customers saw him, they did not greet him with a cheery word and smile but turned their heads away that they might not have to recognize him. At first he could not understand but then he remembered about the preceding evening.

This sort of thing went on for several weeks. The Wagner's might have been living on a desert island they were so alone and isolated from everyone. Then one day the mother fell ill. Her heart had broken under the shame and disgrace of it. One evening the father and son sat by her bedside because they knew that she had only a few minutes to live. As they looked down on her lying so peacefully on the old wooden bed, they could not help wondering how this beautiful and delicate woman could live the hard life of a farmer's wife. Suddenly she looked up and when she saw her son bending over her she took his hand in hers and whispered slowly but very distinctly, "Karl, I want you to clear your name. It is my wish." Those were the last words she ever spoke and as the shadows of the summer twilight fell over the land, her beautiful spirit passed on to a lovely and more beautiful world.

When the residents of the neighborhood heard the news, they looked at each other significantly but said nothing.

The next day they heard also that the boy had disappeared, no one knew where he had gone nor what had become of him.

Several weeks passed but still they heard nothing concerning him. By this time Karl Wagner had almost become reconciled to the loss of his son. He knew that his boy would do only that which he thought was right.

Even the loss of the old man did not make the people believe or sympathize with him. He had sold his farm to a stranger and now lived by himself in a little cottage at the extreme edge of the busy little town.

Then the day came when all our great land thrilled when it heard the stories concerning the brave aviators and their battles in the air. And

especially it thrilled when it heard of the daring exploits of a young and unknown American aviator who seemed to bear a charmed life. He had been decorated with every medal of bravery but still he carried on his fights among the clouds and came down in safety. Then one day word came that this daring aviator had fallen and then nothing more was heard of him. No one seemed to know whether he was living or dead.

Karl Wagner read all those daring exploits of this young fellow and he sighed sadly for he wished that his son might have been like him.

A year passed and spring had come again in all its glory. By this time Karl Wagner was a broken down old man. On this beautiful spring morning he was sitting out on the little front porch warming himself in the bright sunshine. From his seat he could see down the long busy street of the village. There seemed to be an unusual commotion this morning at the farther end of the street but he did not notice it very closely because he was dreaming of his darling, his boy, who had left him so suddenly, alone in his old age. He wondered where he was but he still had faith in him, he still believed that he could do no harm.

Then his ear caught the marshal strains of the Marsellaise and he turned his head to listen. Nearer and nearer came the music and now he could see a little band of men marching up the long dusty street followed by a mob of citizens waving their hats and yelling at the top of their voices. As they came nearer, the old man unconsciously stoop up and bared his head for—were they not playing the national hymn "The Star Spangled Banner?" Nearer still nearer came the crowd and now he could distinguish the sheriff and his helper and between them marched, with his head and shoulders thrown back, a tall fine looking young man dressed in the uniform of the American Aviation Corps. Old Karl Wagner's eyes grew dim with tears as he saw this beautiful fellow, some body's boy.

Now they had reached his gate and as the crowd caught sight of him standing there with his white head uncovered they set up a mighty yell. Then out from its midst burst a tall, lithe form.

"Father", it said, brokenly.

As the old man gazed he saw his son, his beautiful boy, taller, more beautiful and more wonderful than when he went away that long year ago. He opened his arms and embraced this boy, his boy, the one who was named after him.

Suddenly the crowd grew quiet and the father and son looking up saw the sheriff, his eyes streaming with tears, holding up his hand to command silence. Then he began in a voice that shook with emotion,

"Friends, you have come here today to pay homage to this brilliant and wonderful man who has done so much for his country. This man who has been so brave and helped his country so much by waging its battles up there in the clouds. I have come not only to pay him homage but to repair a great wrong that I made against him. We all remember the time when our great plant was blown up. We were greatly puzzled about who had done it but we decided that it must be one of the Wagner's. So one night we went to their home and told them as much. They were stunned by the news and I thought to myself then that they couldn't possibly be guilty. Not long after that the mother died and this lad disappeared. I went on working to find the guilty man and at last he has been found and has confessed. So now I have come to clear this young fellow's name. He is not only a brave man but he is an innocent one."

As the sheriff stopped speaking the boy turned to his father and found his reward for all his shame and suffering in the old man's eyes.

Just then a mighty shout arose from the closely packed throng.

"Three cheers for the Wagner's!"

Irma Beale '20

My Dream

Last night I had the strangest dream.
I dreamed I was in hell.
Just how I got there I don't know,
Nor can any mortal tell.
But there I saw the strangest sights
That ever one did see.
When asked to dine with the Old Man
Mrs. Renkert poured the tea.
The old man is quite learned, you know
And Shakespeare loves to hear,
So after we had dined our full,
Miss Hosick gave King Lear;
Miss Stockwell was the waiting maid
And tripped around quite spry,
But when I tried to talk to her,
She seemed to be quite shy.
Miss Doerschuk taught Geometry
To the Old Man's children three.
She told me all about her work
When I met her after tea.
Mrs. Gentsch was baby Devil's nurse
She did not like the job
For when I passed the nursery
I heard a great big sob.
Miss Krohn, I was surprised to see
I had to stand and gasp
And to my eyes it brought the tears
When I thought of our old French class.
Our old friend Sloe kept all the books,
But as there was a rush
The old man sent him extra help
In the form of Mister Thrush.
The fires were kept by Mister Frye
With Swan close by his side
Miss Myers I also got to see
For she went as my guide
Miss Felton talked with Kaiser Bill
And so I passed her by
Disgrace enough to be in hell
But to be with such a guy!
Friend Campe I only got to hear
It made me shiver so,
In tortured voice I heard him cry,
Its very hot, oh! oh!
I could not find Miss Poland there
No matter where I looked.
At last they told me we had had
For supper, Poland cooked.
Someone then gave em quite a push
And then they slammed the door
But I was not in hell at all
But only on the floor.

Julia Marlowe '20

The First Lesson

Robert Hewitt was the book-keeper and office manager of the Attractive Sign Co. He was a well built young man with a face that was good to look upon. He was what some people would term a wizard at keeping books, but his knowledge of mechanics had been sadly neglected. The only mechanical device he could operate was the pencil sharpener on the desk before him. He often wondered how any body could invent pencil sharpeners, egg beaters, and even automobiles, while all he could do was write and keep track of a column of figures.

It is true that he often wished he knew more about mechanics. He was willing to learn how to run an automobile, but no chance had presented itself. It was an impossibility for him to learn alone. To him an automobile was a most complicated affair, made up wholly of buttons, levers, and pedals. It was this complication that caused Bob all of his trouble.

One day his employer, Mr. Richard Henry, came into the office with the announcement that he was going away for several days. This meant that Bob would have to take the machine and take care of the rural trade. These two men were old acquaintances and called each other Bob and Dick. "I will come with the machine to-morrow and teach you how to run it," said Dick. "Be ready about two o'clock". He turned and left the office, leaving Bob alone with his thoughts.

The rest of the day Bob was rather excited, and his thoughts were of machines plunging over precipices, or climbing trees. He closed his books and went home early to prepare himself for the ordeal on the morrow. He had decided not to tell his wife about it because he knew she would object. Supper was just finished when she said, "Have you heard about the accident? A large touring car crashed into the express Limited at cut 63. There were five people in it; three of them were killed."

"Let us talk about a more pleasing subject," he replied. "All right! But don't you think machines are a great source of income to the doctor and undertaker." She continued. Seeing this was to be the theme of her conversation for the evening he went to bed.

During the night he crashed into the Express Limited several times and was killed or seriously injured each time. He worked hard all the next morning and was ready to leave when Dick came.

From this point I will tell you Bob's experience just as it was told to me by himself.

As I came out of the door I heard Dick say, "You might as well learn to crank it first, because you will spend three-fourths of your time cranking," and before I could utter a word he had stopped the motor.

I took the crank and started cranking. After I had cranked for about ten minutes, Dick jumped out of the machine. He took the crank, gave it a little twist, and the engine sputtered away in reply to his exertions. Then as I went to climb into the drivers seat, my foot accidentally hit a button on the dash board. Like a flash the engine stopped running. He stepped out and cranked it again saying that he could take a joke as well as the next person. I often wondered what is in that little box with the button, but never had the courage to ask him. After I was squeezed back of the steering wheel he commenced to explain.

"This car has a gear system of the planetary type, which allows for two speeds forward and one reverse." I tried to make him feel that I was listening even if I did not understand it, by replying "How delightful". He did not notice this remark and continued, "This pedal on the left side is the clutch; this one on the right is the foot brake, and

the one in the middle is the reverse gear. When you push the clutch pedal in, it draws two collars together and thus engages the rear wheels and the engine."

This sounded rather funny to me so I interrupted him by asking, "How do you know it draws two collars together, or have you just taken somebody's word for it?"

At this point he stopped explaining and suggested that I release the brake and shove the clutch in slowly. I did as I had been told, and when the car began to move forward, I suggested a rest instead of rushing things. Acting immediately the motor stopped.

Dick jumped out and started the motor again, but I noticed that he left the door open then he sat down again. "This time don't take your foot off the pedal until I have regulated the speed by means of the throttle", he said. "But what is the throttle?" I asked. "What has it got to do with two collars engaging in the clutch?"

He made no comment whatever, but sat there looking at me. I felt that he was angry with me so I jammed in the clutch and felt the car move forward with a terrible trembling and rumbling. I held it there until I heard Dick bellow, "Let out the clutch!"

I did this and to my surprise the machine jumped forward at a sickening rate of speed. Down the street we rambled shifting from one side of the road to the other. How we turned the corners is a mystery to me. Our good luck did not last long, for some foolish gardener suddenly transplanted his bed to the middle of the street. We plunged into it without any trouble, but I noticed that Dick was not in the seat beside me. Suddenly I heard his shout, "Put on the brake!"

Like an old hand at the job I shoved every pedal in the car. There was a grinding sound as the car came to a stand still.

Trembling with excitement I climbed out of the machine, to find that we were located on the lawn in front of Dick's home. Taking me by the arm Dick lead me toward the house leaving the Ford to blossom among the roses.

It can remain there forever and I will be content to crank the pencil sharpener on my desk.

Paul Winters '20

An Unexpected Holiday

On April 9, 1865 my grandmother and her friends started to school as usual. It was a lovely day, and they were all lamenting the fact that they must study such a fine day. Mr. McIlvane was the principal of the school. He was a stern looking gentleman, rather tall, with even features.

When they reached the school house my grandmother and her friends went to their classroom expecting to see Mr. McIlvane. To their surprise, he was no where to be seen. They went to their seats however and waited. In about fifteen minutes, when they were all laughing and talking Mr. McIlvane entered. He walked quietly to the platform and clapped his hands to bring them to order. They all thought that they were going to get a scolding, but Mr. McIlvane addressed them thus: "Word has just come that Lee has surrendered; you are dismissed." At these words one of the girls, who was a very fine singer walked to the platform and sang, "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean." It was very thrilling and she retired amid much applause. Every one then went out of the school house rejoicing at the surrender of Lee and the unexpected holiday.

When they reached the square, everyone was celebrating, and their holiday was a very happy one.

Elizabeth Aughinbaugh '22

For Belgium

Duffel was in confusion. Everything was plunged in darkness. Dark shapes could be seen running about the street. Many people could be heard bidding their last hurried farewells to their lifelong friends, and homes. Children cried, frightened at the confusion. The rumble of small carts, and wagons, piled high with all the owner could hurriedly gather together, could be heard as they left the village.

Only one house in the village seemed untouched by this confusion. It gave the appearance of peace and quietness, as one bright star shone directly over it. In days of peace, it might have been a bright, sunny spot, as it stood rather far back in a yard surrounded by a picket fence. Large willow trees edged the walk, and formed an arch over head.

Suddenly the door opened. Bright rays of light shone out into the other darkness. A small dark shape was seen in the doorway; then a voice was heard softly calling.

"Mother, I don't hear him yet, but don't worry. He'll be here soon. Perhaps the "Suis" was high; and the boat was hard to row."

Then the door was closed, and all was quiet.

Many inhabitants of the village, had often wondered what Pierri Foulquiere, the former village blacksmith, was now doing, as he left his shop soon after the army had been mobilized. Now he was seen very little in Duffel. Once in a while, a man was seen hurriedly going in or coming out of the Foulquiere house, but no one knew if it was Pierri or not.

Now Pierri's father-in-law, Mr. Stremmel, and Pierri, his small son did the work as best they could. Mr. Stremmel had given up work many years ago, and had intended to retire. But now that all the young men had been so hurriedly called to protect their land, old men were forced to do their work; and they did it cheerfully. As for Pierri, he would have looked better playing with other boys in the garden. But since the war had come, small boys had suddenly become young men ready to do their father's work.

Pierri did his work cheerfully. He was proud that he could, in some way, be of help to his country even if it was to do chores in his father's shop. It was the best he could do, until he was just a little older. As he often sat watching his grandfather he would tell him what he was going to do.

"I'll be sixteen in only three more years, Grandfather. It seems an awfully long time to wait, don't it? But father said I must stay here, and take care of mother and you. Besides they wouldn't take me until I am sixteen. Only three years, Grandfather," he would excitedly say. "And I'll be A Man fighting for My Country and Mother. I'm going to be an officer some day. Oh! I'll be in all big battles, and I'll cheer my men onward. Oh! I'll be brave, Grandfather."

Then he would lean back, and close his eyes, and dream of the time to come. He would be abruptly wakened from his dream by his grandfather's voice.

"Here, Sonny," he would say "wasting time again! Take this horse down to Jean's. He wants it by noon; and it's mighty near that time. Run along quickly. Help your country now while you have a chance; don't wait until you are older."

Pierri would get up quickly, stand at attention, salute his grandfather, jump on the horse, and ride away; crying—

"I'm off, General."

Pierri often attempted debating with Mr. Stremmel concerning the subject of doing his duty to his country by merely working at his father's shop.

"Oh! Grandfather, I want to do something great, and brave. Why can't I? Henri Kevelier is bugler in General Meers Company. He is really doing something, he can be proud of. Oh! why must I just stay here, and know what My Country is doing; but not be able to help—really help. Serving My Country in a blacksmith's shop — Baa."

But as his grandfather did not answer, Pierri was forced to stop talking.

Pierri didn't know exactly what his father did in the war, but he knew he was a patriot, and that he was willing to give his life for his country. He knew that his father came home very seldom, and that his mother was constantly worried about him. But when he asked where his father was, and what he did, she would say,

"Never mind, Pierri. Father is all right. Your father is a brave man."

But Pierri did worry sometimes. Why wasn't his father in any big battles? Why didn't he wear a real uniform? Why wasn't his brave father a General, perhaps? He sometimes felt that his father was not doing all he could for his country. Then a feeling of shame would over come him, for thinking thus of his father. He knew his father was doing all he possibly could.

Tonight all Duffel was in confusion, for the news had been posted at the Town Hall, that the Germans were advancing very rapidly. Duffel was in the direct route that the enemy was taking. Many friends of the Foulquiere family had left the town, and had urged the Foulquieres to do likewise. Mrs. Foulquiere said that she would stay, no matter what happened. She told Pierri he might go to London. At which Pierri was very indignant.

"Why Mother," he replied, "How can you say that? I couldn't go and leave you. Daddy told me to take care of you and Grandfather and I will stay, too."

Mrs. Foulquiere had said no more. She knew that Pierri would not go. Pierri was a brave boy.

On this night, Pierri's mother said that Mr. Foulquiere would come home. She thought that he would arrive at 6 o'clock, or not, later than 6:30. Supper was ready by six, but no one came. Finally Pierri and his grandfather ate their suppers. Mrs. Foulquiere refused to eat until Mr. Foulquiere came. Pierri went to the door, every time anyone was heard outside, to see if it might be his father coming home. But the dark figures which he saw, had passed by; some called quietly to him.—

"Staying in town, Pierri? We're leaving in a little while. You better come along. Duffel'll be no place for small boys."

All Pierri had answered was—

"Can't I'm going to stay with Mother."

Pierri tried to ease his mother by telling her tales of the village folks—those who had left and those who had stayed.

"Oh, Mother, most everybody has left town. Cowards, I call them; won't even stay and defend their own little homes. Mother, I'm proud of you, and so is Father."

He talked on and on. As he talked, he glanced at the clock very often, to see what time it was—the time went so slowly. Then he would start to talk again so that the time would pass more quickly.

At nine o'clock, Pierri knew that his Mother was almost frantic. He could think of nothing to say or do to help her. Everything was quiet in the house. Everyone was alert, waiting for some sign of the coming of Mr. Foulquiere. Suddenly Pierri sat up very straight; then he ran quickly to the door. Mrs. Foulquiere followed immediately behind him. A

dark shape was seen, supporting itself upon the gate post. A thin voice was heard calling—

"Marie."

Mrs. Foulquiere dashed out of the house before Pierre knew what happened.

"Oh, Pierre, Pierre! What is it? What has happened?"

Pierre didn't know how his father was gotten into the house. It all happened so soon. Mrs. Foulquiere, having regained some of her former self control, had gotten a basin of water.

"Pierre, go to the cupboard, and get that package of bandages," she commanded.

Pierre had never heard his mother talk in this way. He felt that something terrible had happened. He didn't cry. Now he must show his braveness. He had a strange feeling that he would soon be doing something very brave.

"Oh Marie, what shall I do? My God! the safety of the town depends on me. I must go. I can't stay here. Let me up, Marie!"

After crying these words, Pierri Foulquiere closed his eyes and tried to think what he could do. He knew he could not get the information to Henri by the required time.

Marie, Pierri's wife, gently patted his hand.

"Pierre, Dear" she softly said, Tell me how it happened. Please try and think how it happened; then we can see what we can do."

Pierri turned toward his wife, and opened his eyes.

"Well, Marie," he said, "I don't remember much that did happen. I was up in a tree from which I could see the German preparation, almost a day. At about three o'clock, I had gotten quite a lot of information concerning the position of the German Guns, number of men, and—Oh, I shouldn't tell you these things—I must go Marie. I can't lie here, and let the town be ruined.

"Now Pierre, you know that you cannot go. You must tell me what happened and what you saw, as that is the only way we can help at all," calmly replied Mrs. Foulquiere.

"Oh, Marie! Why can't I go?" he pleaded. "But I know I can't. I must tell you. You will know what had better be done. You are wonderful, Marie. Well I started from my observation post about three o'clock this afternoon. I had gotten within a quarter of a kilometer of the "Suis." I could see exactly where my boat was hidden. There was an open space of about one hundred meter between the field which I was in, and the trees and bushes which hid my boat. I had such good information to-day, Marie. I wanted to get to that boat. Quickly I peeped out of the high grain to see if any one was in sight. I saw no one. Stealthily I crept out of the field, and started across the open space. When I was about half way across, I heard a noise. Looking up I saw a tall man, clad in one of those terrible blue gray uniforms, coming out of the field about three hundred meters away."

"Halt!" he cried. "Who goes here?"

"I didn't know what I was doing, Marie. I ran as fast as I could, to the thicket, where my boat was hidden. I heard those hurried footsteps falling closer and closer behind me—a bullet whizzed close past me. Some how I intied the boat, and pushed it out into the "Suis." I rowed hard, Marie, very hard. But the German was after me. He had no boat. But—he could shoot. He fired at me many times—Yes, he could shoot."

Slowly Pierri tried to lift his arm. He glanced at his leg.

"Well, Marie," he harshly laughed. "You can see he 'got' me. He was a good shot. No doubt about it."

Then he began again — —

"I crossed the river. I ran as best I could. I fell down many times, so many times. But my duty was always leading me on. I couldn't stop. I had to come. I got this far, Marie — but what good does this do? My God, Marie, I've got to do something quick. I've got to get these observations to Henri." He reached for his cap. He took a small piece of paper from the inside lining.

"Here Marie, I have them—but Henri needs them."

Summoning all his strength, he tried to get up.

"Marie, Marie, I have to go," he cried in desperation. Then he fell back and closed his eyes.

After a few minutes, he opened his eyes quickly and called — —

"Pierri, Pierri, come here, my lad."

Pierri ran to the couch on which his father was lying.

"Here I am, Father. What do you want me to do?" he said

Mr. Foulquiere looked at Pierri very steadily for a few seconds; then said — —

"Pierri, I am going to tell you something, which, perhaps, I ought not to say. At the beginning of the war, I was called to Brussels. You remember? Well, when I got there, I was assigned to Scout duty, as I knew the country around here. I have been doing this work ever since then. Tonight, you know, the Germans are said to be advancing upon the city. I have with me here, some observations that must get to Henri, if the advance of the Germans is to be stopped. It must get to Henri, my lad. You are only thirteen, Pierri. But you are brave, I know. Do you think that you could get these observations to Henri, by midnight? The town depends upon the deliverance of them. It is a dangerous errand, Pierri. Can you do this?"

Pierri looked at his father, then answered — —

"Father, you can trust me. I will deliver the paper to Henri's headquarters by midnight if it is possible. I will be ready in a minute."

Pierri hurriedly got his cap and coat. Then he walked firmly back to his father's side.

"I am ready, Father. Where shall I go?" he said.

"Here's a map, Pierri. I will explain it to you. I think that you will have no trouble to find your way. I am almost sure that you'll meet no enemy, for I hope they have not advanced as far as Henri's headquarters, yet. You see the dotted line marked up to Frennies hill? Well you must take that path. When you come to the "falls," where you and I had our lunch one day. You remember, don't you? Turn down to the right when you come to the falls. Then go directly South-east. You understand the compass? You will be hidden by the forest for about five miles. Then you come to a field of brown rye. It will hide you, too, as you are not very tall. After going directly diagonal across the field, you will come out on a high way. Follow this road until you come to "Ruieu". Ruieu has been bombed many times, as it is very near the front. When in Ruieu, you will see a small, brownish green house, the upper story of which has been blown off. This house is Henri's headquarters. Give this paper to Henri—that is all. Good-bye, my son. Remember you have a great responsibility."

Mrs. Foulquiere kissed Pierri, and said — —

"Pierri, you are very brave. Be careful, my laddie."

Then she closed the door.

Pierri knew how to get to the "falls" very quickly. All small boys in Duffel knew the secret path, as the "falls" was their favorite woodland rendezvous. He turned hurriedly down the gulch to the right of the

falls. Then he looked at his compass. He went directly south-east as his father had told him. Suddenly he heard a noise behind him. He stood very still. He couldn't move. Finally he became less frightened for he heard no more noises. Pierri had been frightened merely by one of the many woodland noises.

"My, but it's dark, and cold up here, I never knew the trees were so big, or that it was so dark."

He walked very carefully down the little path. Soon he came to the field. He crept into the grain, took out a small flashlight and looked at his watch. He was very tired, and it was eleven-thirty.

"Oh! I must hurry. I must get to Ruen by midnight. I must not be afraid. No one will harm me." At the word brave, he straightened up.

"I'll be brave. I'll get this paper to Henri if I die," he said.

He hurried through the grain, and finally came to the highway. It was hard to tell in which direction to go, as all was very dark. There were no lights in Ruen, as almost every one had left long, long ago. Pierri stumbled along the road. Now in the moonlight he could make out dark shapes. They were all that could be seen of Ruen. At the sight of these dark shapes, Pierri almost yelled for joy; but he remembered that he must be very quiet.

He crept very quietly down what had once been the main thoroughfare of the village, but was now only a tiny almost indistinguishable path covered with wood, bricks and mud. At last he came in sight of the house; now which was the headquarters of Henri. Little rays of light shown out from between the shutters.

Suddenly Pierri stopped. Who was that creeping about the house; now looking in the window? Pierri had seen the German uniforms—this man seemed to be wearing one. The shape crept closer and closer to the window, as if listening to what was being said inside. The moon's rays were coming nearer and neared to the place where the figure stood. Pierri thought it must have been hours before the rays fell directly upon the figure at the window.—

Before he knew what he was doing, Pierri's hand had sought his pistol, which his father had given him—to use if it was necessary. He shot at the figure—It crumpled to the ground.

The door of the house opened. Men came running out. Pierri ran to the nearest one, and cried—

"Here is the information. Daddy sent it. Is it too late? It must not be."

That is all he could say. He felt very dizzy. All was growing very dark. The men seemed far away. He felt that he must tell them what he had done, and why he had come, before he faded entirely away. He made a great effort, but words would not come.

When Pierri opened his eyes, he looked wildly about. Where was he? Then he saw the kind, stern face of the man to whom he had given the paper. Now he remembered all.

"Oh, Hen—General," he said. "Was it here on time? Is the town all right? Was the man really a German? But I must tell you about father—why he didn't come, and all."

"Never mind lad," said the man kindly. "You told us yourself when you were sleeping. The information must have gotten here in time, for the latest news is, that the Germans are retreating."

"Oh!" cried Pierri. "Oh! I'm so glad. Now they won't do anything to my father, will they?"

"No, laddie, they won't harm your father. He did the best he

could. But Pierri Foulquiere, I've something to say to you. You are a very brave boy and have done more for your country than you probably understand. We are going to present you with a medal for bravery," he said, as he called all of the other men around the couch on which little Pierri was lying.

"We are very proud, Pierri Foulquiere, that we can present this medal to you. You have helped to save your country," he said, as he pinned the medal on Pierri's coat.

"Hurrah for Pierri Foulquiere. Long live Belgium," shouted all the men.

It was too much for tired, excited, little Pierri. He tried to thank them, but he could not, for a great lump seemed to rise in his throat every time he said a word. He hid his face in his arms, and cried.

But the men understood how he felt, for they were once boys themselves.

Clermont Milar '20

Verde

He was a pert young freshman
With cute green cap and hose,
When toddling by some shrubbery,
When from the bushes rose—
A nasty lot of soph'mores
To muss his pretty clothes.
They even tied and gagged him,
And bound him to a stake,
And piled around him kindling
A roaring blaze to make.
The flames rose high and ruddy,
The fresh, 'twould seem, must bake.
But strange, he scarcely sizzled
And cooling drinks he spurned,
For cute, grass green, wise freshman
This prudent youth had learned—
That neophytes in High School
Are too green to be burned.

Irma H. Ley '19

A Lost Dog

Little Johnny Jones was walking down the street. He was lonesome. He was so lonesome that he felt like going up to the next young fellow he met and saying to him, "Here, you've got to be my friend. I don't care whether you like me or not you've got to be my friend. Now 'Now come on let's take a hike.'" Why was Johnny lonesome? Oh! He and his aunt—an old woman who didn't care anything for him, but kept him just to carry coal and keep the fires burning in the winter and to weed the garden in the summer—just moved to this town and Johnny didn't know a

soul. He didn't even have Towser, little rabbit hound that he had where he had come from. So he was lonesome. All he needed was a friend and a few odd jobs to do. The jobs were not hard to find, for a middle Western town of about twenty-five thousand offer all kinds of them, but the friends were different.

About half a square down the street was the meat market to which Johnny had been sent to get some meat. When he stepped in the door the butcher asked, "That your dog?" pointing to a dog out in front.

"No," replied Johnny, "Why?"

"The critter's been pesterin' us all day for somethin' to eat. I thought if he's yours, you'd better take him away."

"No, he isn't mine," said Johnny.

Once outside, Johnny looked at the dog. It was a big black collie, a bit run down but Johnny could tell by its looks that it had not been astray very long. He spoke to it. The dog seemed to know that Johnny wished to be a friend and came up and licked his hand. "Poor dog," said Johnny "you're hungry; I suppose you're lonesome too, like I am. Let's be friends will you?"

The dog wagged its tail, and gave a few short yelps. Johnny straightened up from patting its head. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his last nickle. He looked at the nickle then at the dog. "He's the only friend I got," he said as he turned and walked back into the meat market.

"Give me all the old meat you can give for a nickle," he told the butcher, who had been watching him.

"Gon na 'adopt him?" he asked as he went to the scrap box. "Naw, I'm just gonna help my friend along."

Johnny picked up the scraps and walked out. "Come along, Prospect," he said to the dog. "We'll go home first, then I'll make a real husky dog out a'you again."

"Come to think about it, dog old kid, Prospect's a pretty good name for you," he said when they had arrived home and Johnny had given the dog some of the scraps. "You'll make a peach of a chum. I wonder if Aunt Sal will like you though." Just then Aunt Sal came to the door. "Hello Aunt Sal, I found a new friend."

"What's his name?" Aunt Sal asked.

"Prospect."

"Prospect. Huh, that's a funny name for a kid."

"It aint no kid, it's a dog."

"Oh, dog is it, and O s'pose you want to keep him here, do you?"

"Yea, won't you let me?"

Just then Prospect saw a rat. Aunt Sal and Johnny saw him crouch down, then with a bound he was upon the rat shaking the life out of it. Aunt Sal pleased with this little demonstration, said "Well, if he'll ketch rats, I s'pose you can keep him."

Johnny was so full of joy that he fell down and hugged Prospect, and Prospect, seeming to know what it was all about, wagged his tail and yelped.

Johnny worked in the garden until dinner, during which time Prospect killed two more rats. After dinner he mowed the grass for a woman across the street. This made him seventy-five cents — for the lawn was a big one — with part of which he bought a big, strong store box and made Prospect a warm kennel. He climbed into bed that night an exceedingly happy boy. He looked out the window just in time to see Prospect go into his kennel. "He's better than a person friend," he said as his eyes closed not to open until morning.

In the morning he awoke bright and early to find Prospect already out gnawing at the bone that was given him the night before. After breakfast they set out together for the woods.

"Come on, Prospect, let's see how many rabbits we can scare up," said Johnny as they came upon a thicket in an open field. Just then a rabbit jumped out of the thicket and started for the woods. Prospect was after it in an instant. When the rabbit got to the rail fence, that enclosed the woods, it went under while Prospect jumped over. When he landed on the other side, the rabbit was gone. He circled around trying to pick up the scent but couldn't find it. When Johnny came up he saw what the trouble was. "That's all right," he gasped—for he had been running hard—"It was good exercise any way."

They tramped around through the woods, Johnny scaring all kinds of little animals up, Prospect chasing them. They finally came out on a road that led into town. As it was dinner time they started home. When they got nearly there, Johnny saw a woman cutting grass away from the edge of the walk, as the woman looked up, he asked, "Would you like to have some one do that for you?"

"Why, yes," said the woman, "do you want to do it?"

"I'll do it for you right after dinner," Johnny replied.

"All right you come around right after dinner and you can do it," the woman told him.

Johnny hurried home, ate his dinner, and was back in half an hour. "My, you're back quick," the woman exclaimed, "I left the knife out where I left off. You can see about how much I've been cutting out," she added as he started out.

Johnny had done that kind of work before, so he knew how to get it even and straight. About an hour after he began the woman came out and watched him work for a few minutes. She also examined the work he had done and noticed that it was very neatly done. She did not say anything but went back into the house to her own work.

He had finished all the walks and had started on the drive way when he dug up a small gold locket. He opened it and found the picture of a child in it. He thought it might belong to the woman in the house, so he took it in. "I dug up a locket, Mrs., and I thought it might belong to you."

The woman took it and opened it. Then she said, "No it isn't mine, but I know whose it is. She has offered a reward and I can get it for you."

Johnny shook his head. "I don't want no reward," he said, "It's hers and she can have it. It wasn't no trouble for me; I'm glad I found it for her."

"So am I," she said, "Thank you very much," she added as he turned away to finish the work.

When he had finished he took the knife up to the house and told the woman that he was through.

"All right. How much do I owe you?" she asked.

"Oh, what ever you think it's worth."

She gave him a dollar and a half and said, "When ever you want any more work just you see Mrs. Carver, I'll give you all you want."

"Thank you," he said, "I'll do that."

Then he and Prospect went home to supper.

The next week he went to clean Mrs. Carver's cellar.

"Tie those papers and magazines up and take them up to Carver's Store," Mrs. Carver said while she was showing him what to do. "There's a small wagon back in the shed."

"Is there any rope to tie them up with?" Johnny asked.

"Oh yes," and she hurried off to get it. "Now I guess you can go ahead," she said when she returned, "you'd better get the papers up to the store first, before they get so busy."

John tied them up then got out the wagon. There were about three wagon loads. He had taken the first two loads down and was on the way with a third when he was held up, at a cross street by a funeral procession. Having sat down on the papers to wait, he noticed on the top bundle the "lost" column, and started to read some of the ads.

"Lost a pocket book," That wasn't interesting.

"Lost a bill fold," neither was that

"Lost a dog." What's that? A dog? Yes right there it was, "Lost a dog. A black collic with tan legs and white paws. A white spot under the neck and a white tip on the tail, answers to the name of Tip. If found please notify George J. Adams, Rockfield Road."

Johnny looked at Prospect. He answered the description all right. He decided to test him. Changing his voice as best he could he called, "Here Prospect," the dog didn't understand. Again he called in his natural voice, "Here Prospect," the dog looked up and wagged its tail. "Ah" he exclaimed, "He just recognizes my voice." He changed his voice again, "Here Tip," he called. The dog looked up quickly. "It's him all right," cried Johnny. Then he fell into silence.

He finished his work and went home. He didn't say anything to his aunt because she wouldn't care anything about it any how, as Johnny thought.

"I can't give him up," he said to himself as he was sitting on the front steps. "He's the only friend I got. It aint like the locket, that wasn't anyhin' to me. But I s'pose I gotto. He's theirs and they got a right to him. Gee! though, when I found him he was all run down, and I fed him up and made him strong and pretty again. They ought to give me something for it anyhow."

The next morning he and Prospect started out the Rockfield Road. Johnny looked at the name on every mail box but could not find any with the name, George J. Adams on it. It was getting near dinner time and Johnny began to wonder what he would do for dinner, when a big wagon came along on its way into town. Johnny asked the man to take him in. "Sure," said the man, "just lift your dog in and climb in yourself and we'll be there in a jiffy. That's a nice dog you got there," he added.

Is there an Adams lives up this way?" Johnny asked the man.

"Yes, why?"

"Why, I saw about him losin' his dog, and this one," pointing to Prospect, "looks just like what the paper said, and he answers to what the paper said his name was, so I was out tryin' to find his owner. Gee, but I hate to give him up though." And he looked at Prospect. Then he went on to explain some of the good times they had had together.

"Listen kid," the man said, "keep the dog; I'm a nighbor of Adams and he's given up all hope of gettin' his dog back. Keep it and he'll never know the difference."

Johnny thought a bit. "No" he said, "I couldn't do that; he belongs to the fellow and he's got a right to him. I'll take him back in the morning."

The next morning he started out again. This time he got a ride just outside of town and rode nearly all the way. When he went into Adams' yard the man that had taken him in the day before, was there talking to Mr. Adams.

"Are you Mr. Adams?" Johnny asked after he had said hello to the other man.

"Yes sir," said Mr. Adams, "what can I do for you?"
"I just brought your dog back," replied Johnny. "I found him in town and brought him back as soon as I found out whose he was."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Adams, "about how much do you think you owe me for the use of him?" He winked at the other man.

"Mr. Adams, if you'd seen him when I found him you'd pay me for keepin' him."

"Oh, then you want a reward."

"No, sir, I don't want a cent."

Mr. Adams laughed, "Well, son, you're all right."

The other man spoke up, "You're not going back for dinner are you?" he asked.

"Yes sir," said Johnny.

"You'd better come along over to my place; we'll give you dinner."

"I'm afraid I can't. My aunt will be looking for me," he said, then added, "What time is it?"

"A quarter till eleven," replied the man.

"Well, its pretty late to walk into town. I guess I will," Johnny said, and they started down the road.

"Much obliged for bringin' back the dog," Mr. Adams said.

"That's all right," replied Johnny. "Goodbye Prospect, old scout. I reckon we've walked together fer the last time." He patted the dog.

After dinner he got a ride into town.

He started once more to roam the streets without a friend. He felt his old lonesomeness. He thought ever of Prospect and of the good times they had had together.

Johnny pulled himself together. "I know what I'll do," he said to himself. "I'll just save up my money and go and buy him back." He decided to go, right away, to Mrs. Carver who gave him work to do. The next day he got a job sweeping out Carver's store, in the evening.

About ten days later found him once more on the road to Adams' with about seven dollars in his pocket. When he was nearly there, Mr. Adams, himself drove up. Johnny stopped him and climbed in the wagon.

He wasted no time but immediately asked, "Do you want to sell your dog, Mr. Adams?"

"Wall," replied Mr. Adams, "I hadn't thought of it, but I reckon I will if some one will offer me a good price for him."

"How much do you want?" Johnny hastened to find out.

"Oh, ten or twelve dollars," Johnny's heart sank.

"But I've only got seven," he exclaimed.

"Oh, you want to buy him do you?" The farmer asked.

"Yes, sir, only I guess I haven't enough money," he said, in a disappointed tone.

"Wall, we'll see what the dog says," the farmer said after a while.

They were nearing the gate. "There he is now," Johnny cried. He jumped from the wagon and ran to him. "Hello, Prospect, old scout," he said as he stooped over and hugged him. Prospect wagged his tail, licked his hand, and gave a few short yelps.

In a few minutes Mr. Adams came up to Johnny. "I s'pose you kin have 'im for that, seein' he likes you so well," he said. Johnny hugged Prospect again and again, and the dog barked, and wagged its tail as if it knew just what it was about.

He gave Mr. Adams the money. "Come on, Prospect; let's take a hike."

'Tis the Uniform that Makes the Man

Archie Prescott swung his cane jauntily as he walked down Main Street, seemingly unconscious of the gaze of the towns-people. From his bran-new derby hat to his immaculate white spats, he was the last word in men's styles. Always dressed in the height of fashion, he was even more so than usual today; for he was going to see Bettina Vane. The belle of the small town of Oakdale, Bettina had always seemed to prefer "Dudey" Prescott, as he was called; for in spite of his over-attention to dress, he had a very agreeable personality. Pulling back a dainty kid-glove, he glanced at his wrist-watch which marked two o'clock. As he turned down Cherry Street, he adjusted his handsome tie and smoothed the flower in his button-hole though more from habit than necessity.

The first object that arrested his attention was a figure in khaki, just emerging from the Vane home. It was followed by the familiar figure of a girl—his girl. It was Bettina, she was talking and very interestingly, too, for she did not look up at Archie's approach with Tommy Watkins. Tom Watkins, of all persons, thought Archie, incredulously. Tom was just taking his leave, and Bettina gave him her hand with a smile.

"And you'll write?" Archie heard his new rival ask.

"Yes, I'll write," promised Bettina.

Archibald Prescott was almost beside himself with jealousy; he managed to mutter a curt greeting to Tom, as the latter, with many voluble good-byes, and a triumphant look for Archie closed the gate behind him. Bettina gazed with admiring eyes, after the tall, khaki-clad figure. Archie surveyed her angrily, tapping excitedly on the pavement with his cane.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Well?" she inquired calmly.

"So you're going to write to **that**, are you? indicating "**that**" by a contemptuous wave of his cane, in the direction Tom had gone.

"Certainly," returned Bettina, defiantly. "And have you any objection?"

"Objections," stormed Archie. "Objections, well I should say I have. That is my ring you are wearing. You're engaged to me. And then you talk about objections. Who wouldn't object, if his fiancée took up with a man she formerly disliked, just because he was silly enough to become a soldier?"

"Silly enough, silly enough," returned Bettina. "I should say he would be silly if he had not become a soldier, if he had become a slacker, as you are." With a shrug of her shoulders, she drew the ring, a sparkling diamond solitaire from the third finger of her left hand. She half-flung it at him, and turned toward the house; but stopped half-way, and, giving him a scornful look, she cried, "And thank goodness, it is not too late to return your old ring, I will never marry a slacker. Now, go. And never come back, until you have acquired at least a little back-bone." With which words, she flounced into the house, giving the door a vicious slam.

Archie was stupefied, bewildered. He could hardly believe that Bettina Vane, who had always adored him, would jilt him now, for Tom Watkins, whom she had formerly ridiculed, and disliked. Archie picked up his cane, which had fallen to the ground, in his angry tirade against Bettina, and dusting his hat with great care, for it too had been precipitated rather suddenly into the arms of Mother Earth he returned it to his head.

With a prodigious sigh, he began to go in the same direction from which he had come, but in a much different mood. He could still hear the contemptuous words of his former fiancée. "Slacker, Slacker," She dared

call me a slacker, thought Archibald bitterly. Drawing out a dainty, engraved, cigarette case, he touched the spring. The lid flew open, and he saw that his stock needed replenishing. He entered the drug store on the corner. Inside the window, a brightly-colored poster caught his eye. Are you a slacker?" it read in flaming letters. Archie turned in disgust.

"Mine, too," said the clerk. "That's why I'm going to put a stop to it. At least, I'm going to help."

"Why, how in the world can you stop it?" asked Archie incredulously.

"Oh, I have enlisted, you know. I leave Thursday. I thought it was about time I had my fingers in the big pie, too."

"You have my pity" he remarked to the clerk.

"And you have mine" returned Bill Browning. "When you are drafted, as you will be, and soon, you will find that enlisted men have more chance."

Feigning not to hear this last pointed sentence, Archie closed the door behind him, puffing sullenly at his cigarette. Soon he arrived at a large and luxurious apartment-house. Entering he rang the elevator-bell, tapping nervously on the floor with his cane. Why should he care, what these fellows said anyway? Maybe such fellows as Tom Watkins and Bill Browning would be all right in war. They were never meant for anything better. But he—he was an ornament to society. How could it ever get along without him? It was simply preposterous. The idea. He knew he could never shoot anyone. Why, the very sight of blood made him positively faint.

He was aroused from these meditations by the returning of the elevator. The door opened and Archie entered, tipping the colored elevator-boy generously.

"Sixth floor,"

"Yessir."

The elevator rose.

Alone in his apartment, Archie surveyed himself moodily in the long mirror. To be sure, there was nothing therein to warrant dissatisfaction. Yet, as he stood there, Archie felt a sort of pity for himself. He lacked his former complacency. After all, he had nothing to be so cocksure about. He had never done anything to be proud of. He had not even had to accumulate money. An oblonging Uncle had died, leaving him sole heir to an extensive estate; and Archie had been educated to be what he was—a social butterfly, in the masculine sense of the word. Yet, Archie was almost feminine in his tastes and habits. His rooms were as dainty as a girl's boudoir though not as feminine in touch.

He pushed a button in the wall, and his English valet came.

"Haskins, don't disturb me; I want to rest. If you wish to go out, you may. I'll not need you until tomorrow."

"B-but sir, hi thought you were going to the 'Ammonds' dinner. Your dress-suit is hall laid hout, sir."

"Well, I've changed my mind, didn't I tell you I was going to rest?" growled his master, irritably. Giving Haskins his hat, gloves and cane, he sank down into a large, leather arm-chair.

Just as Archie in bed was sinking into a troubled sleep, the door opened gently.

"Mr. Harchibald, sir," meekly inquired the unmistakable voice of Haskins.

"What d'you want? didn't I tell you not to disturb me?" demanded Archibald.

"Y-yes, sir, I know, sir, but hi thought hi'd better tell you. You will have to get another valet, sir, hi'm giving a week's notice, sir. Hi've enlisted and leave next Thursday, sir."

"W-what!" expostulated Archie in dismay, rising on one elbow. "You, too, Ye gods!" and he sank down under the coverlet with a groan.

"S-sorry, sir," apologized Haskins, closing the door softly. There was no response from Archie.

On the bed, the covers shook violently. Soon a disheveled head appeared; and lo, in the eyes of Archibald Prescott, there glittered unmistakable signs of tears. With a sudden resolution, he sprang suddenly out of bed, garbed in his silken pajamas.

"I'll do it, I'll do it," he cried. Hurriedly he opened drawers and doors in an effort to find his clothes, which were pains takingly put in place, wrinkle-less, and immaculate.

While these things were occurring at the Prescott apartment, a very different scene was being enacted at the home of Bettina Vane. Remorse had followed her renunciation of Archie; and half a dozen times she had gone to the 'phone to call him, and apologize for her treatment of him in the afternoon. But each time she had refrained, thinking that he would soon call her. Every time the 'phone rang, she started, until her Mother finally asked "child, what is the matter? you're as white as a sheet."

"Nothing," responded Bettina nervously, but her manner belied her words.

That evening at dinner, Mr. Vane remarked,

"I hear that scapegrace of a Tom Watkins is drunk again. They're not allowed to sell liquor to soldiers, but he managed to get it, somehow. He isn't fit to wear khaki, but maybe the service will make a man of him."

Betty started violently, and her fork fell to the floor with a clatter. It was not noticed, however, as the maid came in at that moment, announcing a telephone call for Miss Bettina.

"For me?" asked Bettina; and without more words, she fled to the telephone.

"Hello," nervously. "Oh, Archie is that you?" — "Oh, don't say anything about it, Archie." — "No, no, please, it was all my fault" — "It was You have more backbone than that old Tom" — "Yes, you have" — "And you can't guess, Archie, he was drunk to-day." — "I might have known, he always was a" — "Yes, you're forgiven long ago" — "All right, dear, when will you come?" — "About nine? All right, goodbye."

Singing, Bettina returned to the table.

"Archie's coming down 'onight," she announced.

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Vane.

"So do I."

"Yes, you see, Dad, they'd had a quarrel and made up over the 'phone."

"H-how did you guess?" asked Bettina meekly.

"Well, when a daughter ac's as absent-minded and moody as you've acted and returns from a conversation with her lover singing, it doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to figure out that they have quarreled," replied her mother calmly.

After dinner, Bettina went up to her room to "primp", as she called it. When the clock in the hall struck nine she descended the stairs, dressed in a dainty pink frock. Opening the door, she went out on to the veranda, and seated herself in the porch-swing, rocking gently back and forth. Soon she heard familiar footsteps coming up the walk. She ran down the steps, and with an eager smile, gave Archie her hand.

"Forgiven?" he asked.

"Forgiven," was her shy reply.

"Well, my dear, I have the surprise of your life for you," said Archie, when they were comfortably ensconced on the soft cushions of the porch-swing.

"What is it? Oh, do tell me," coaxed Bettina.

"No, dear, it is a surprise that will keep until one week from to-night. Then, I will not need to tell you," he said mysteriously.

"Oh, Archie, do, please," pleaded Bettina eagerly. "You should know that woman's curiosity cannot stand that long a wait."

"No," he said firmly. "Now, let's forget about it. Here, do you want a present?"

"Yes," assented Bettina, knowing perfectly well what the present was.

"Give me your hand, then," commanded he.

In the light of a nearby street-light, the diamond sparkled and flashed, as he again placed it on her finger.

"Promise me one thing" asked Archie. "That you will trust me, and ask no questions until one week from to-night, Tuesday. Then I will tell you all there is to tell."

"I promise," responded Bettina, reluctantly.

The ensuing week went past on leaden wings. So thought Bettina Vane, at least, for her curiosity having been aroused, she was "on pins and needles," to use her own expression.

One night, as Bettina was sitting in a comfortable easy-chair, reading a magazine, the telephone rang loudly. Upon answering it, Betty found that it was Archie, as she had half expected. He was so sorry, but he could not be around, as he intended, on Sunday. Urgent business called him out of town. Sorry and all that sort of thing, you know. But really, he'd see her Tuesday, for sure.

"Well all right" conceded Bettina disappointedly. "But dear, that's three whole days." — "Well, I'll try to stand it." — "Good-bye."

Sunday fairly dragged itself along. Never had the Sunday-school exercises seemed so endless and monotonous. Never had the sermon seemed so dry, nor so long. Yet, somehow the wearisome day dragged itself to a close.

Monday morning came and Bettina went a-shopping. She bought many pretty things, and, as she was returning, bundle-laden, she was accosted by a pretty little Salvation-Army girl, soliciting for the Red Cross. Bettina willingly gave all the money remaining from her shopping trip. Then she proceeded onward, feeling a pang of regret that her Archie was not one of these many soldier-lads, who were giving their all for their country, for the world, and democracy.

"He IS really a slacker," she thought sadly. "Nothing can excuse that. 'I have promised to marry him and I shall keep my promise. But, there will always be that between us.'"

In a very down-hearted state of mind, she walked homeward. The next day did not pass quite so slowly. That evening, at eight, as on innumerable other evenings, Bettina descended the stairs, dressed in one of her most charming frocks.

"I thought I had to do the occasion justice," explained Bettina, when her mother playfully inquired the cause of her gala attire. "I can't wait to know the secret." Seating herself on the swing, she rocked idly back and forth. It was a moonlight night, and one could see far down the street, for it was autumn, and the leaves of the trees afforded less shadow to the walk, than in former days.

"At last," thought Bettina, as her alert ear detected familiar footsteps, far down the street. Catching up a dainty sweater, she threw it around her shoulders, and started toward the figure.

"Oh," she cried disappointedly. "It isn't he. It can't be."

"Oh, but it is, it is I," called the unmistakable voice. It was Archie Prescott, but what a different Archie. He was clothed in the most wonderful of colors, so Bettina thought, for Archie was dressed in khaki.

Marguerite MacDermott '20

Social Affairs

One of the first social affairs of the year was a wiener roast held by the Senior Class at Loomis's summer home on the Plains, October 2. The evening was spent in games and roasting weiners and toasting marshmallows.

All plans were made by the Juniors to welcome the Freshmen into N. P. H. S. on Hallowe'en but the "flu" ban was lowered putting all their plans to flight.

A six o'clock dinner was served by the Domestic Science department to the teachers January 16, as a farewell dinner to Miss Schaufler who left our school to attend Bryn Mawr College.

The Senior Class surprised Miss Schaufler, its honorary member, at her home on South Third Street, January 30. A leather bound book containing the autographs of the members of the Senior Class was presented to her.

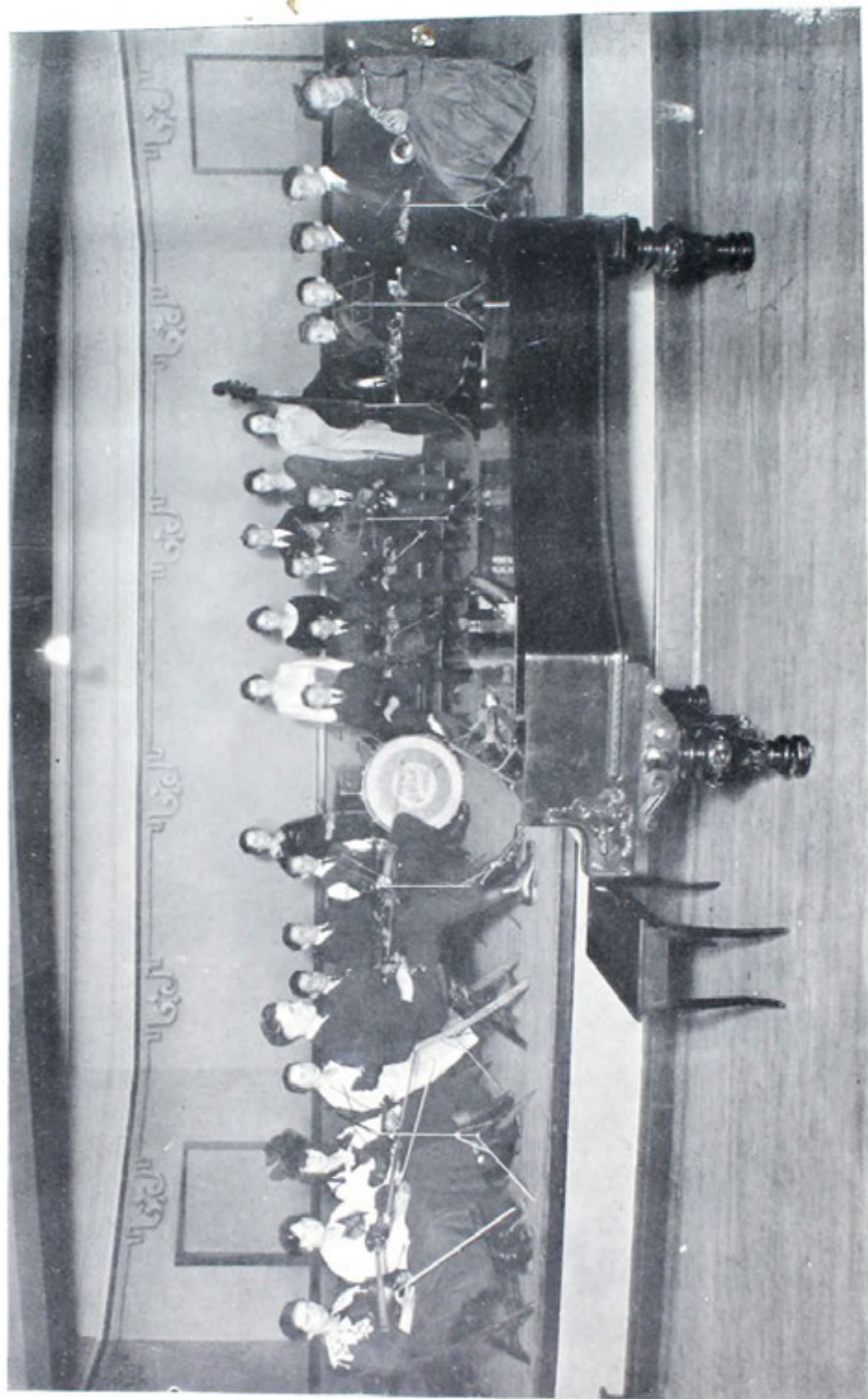
The Athletic Association of N. P. H. S. gave a banquet March 21, in honor of the athletes of the school. Coach Boles of Wooster and the Board of Education were guests.

The Annual Senior Banquet was held April 2 at the K. of P. hall. Toasts were given by members of the class and teachers. Mr. Campe played several harp solos during the meal. Eight Sophomore girls served.

The Junior-Senior reception takes place May 16. The entire entertainment will be carried out on the Japanese plan. A Japanese play will be given; "The Winning of Fuji." All are looking forward to the event as one of the biggest affairs of the year.

Parts have been given out for the Senior Class play. The play is "Rise o' Plymouth Town" and promises to live up to the plays of other years.

On account of the enforced vacation caused by the influenza epidemic, school activities have been curtailed with the exception of the Senior banquet and the Junior-Senior reception other class activities have been abandoned.



Personel of the High School Orchestra

Mary Erdenkauf	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Irma Robson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Gladys Reardon	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Thelma Fisher	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Jack Collins	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Russell Ricketts	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Calvin Pfeiffer	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
John Cole	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Russell Dienst	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Edgar Nixon	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Harold Mosher	-	-	-	-	-	-	Clarinet
Hugh Rangeler	-	-	-	-	-	-	Clarinet
Paul Winters	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cornet
Paul Cole	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cornet
Thomas Lewis	-	-	-	-	-	-	Trombone
Robert Barthelmeh	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cello
James Dodd	-	-	-	-	-	-	Flute
Anna Kaserman	-	-	-	-	-	-	Saxaphone
Catherine Welch	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bass
Mary Loomis	-	-	-	-	-	-	Drums
Isabella Gregson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Piano
Margaret Page	-	-	-	-	-	-	Piano
Edna Kies	-	-	-	-	-	-	Piano

The Music Department

HENRI F. CAMPE, Director

It has been the endeavor of the present head of the Music Department, to carry on the various school music activities along the lines laid down by his worthy predecessor, Frank R. Speck.

However, this purpose has been accomplished only in part, owing to un-foreseen and unavoidable circumstances. The epidemic of the "flu" and other contagious diseases, that made the suspension of all school activities imperative, interfered with all plans providing for prolonged periods of practice for the annual presentation of the "Messiah", and other musical undertakings. However, very creditable work was accomplished by the combined High School Chorus accompanied by the High School Orchestra in the rendition of several interesting programs.

The High School Orchestra will furnish the music for one or two evenings during Exhibit of the Art and Manual Training Department; the Senior-Junior Banquet; the Class Play, and the Graduating Exercises.

The High School Orchestra, numbering twenty-three members, is now on a solid foundation.

The personnel is representative of the school's best musical talent, and the well balanced instrumentation for full orchestra affords opportunities in which the capabilities of each and every member are brought into prominence. We very much regret the loss thru graduation, of Edna Kies, Isabella Gregson, Catherine Welch, Mary Erdenkauf, Irma Robson and Harold Mosher, and we take this opportunity for expressing our sincere appreciation of the loyalty, and the earnest endeavor, that has characterized their work in making the High School Orchestra a success.

The Grammar Grade Orchestra will furnish a number of capable players eligible for promotion to the High School Orchestra for next term; and the places thus made vacant in the Grammar Grade Orchestra will be filled by promotions from the Beginner's Orchestra. Both the Beginner's and the Grammar Grade Orchestras will furnish an evenings entertainment during the Exhibit of the Art and Manual Training Departments.

The reorganization of all the school musical activities of the past, and new enterprises involving combined effort, are planned for the beginning of next term.



LeRoy W. Gregor

ATHLETICS

N. P. H. S. in High School Athletics

We do not say that New Philadelphia has the best teams in the state, but we can boast of having very good ones. N. P. H. S. has always been able to keep up a high standard in all sports and has turned out many a good athlete.

In previous years there has always been a manager for each sport, but a change was made this year to a yealry manager with an assistant, the assistant becoming manager next year. Lowell Loomis was chosen to be the first manager and John Wenger the assistant.

Last year's track team was not the best in the state, but it was able to walk away with the Tri-County meet and to stand fifth in the Wooster College meet. They were not able to do much at Mt. Union because there were too many competitors. With Mr. Thrush as coach this year and such athletes as Boggiana, Gross, Christy, Keplinger, Kennedy and Stonebrook on the team, the track team should win a high place at any meet they enter.

The football team was not able to show what it really could do. The "flu" allowed the Red and Black team only two games, in both of which they were successful. They defeated Alliance in a fast and clean game by a score of 27 to 14. Next they defeated Massillon 1 to 0. In this game the score was 13 to 6 in our favor, but coach Snavelly withdrew his team from the field on a technicality.

If it had not been for the "flu", this foot ball team would surely have been a championship team finishing the year without a defeat, because Massillon and Alliance were two of the best teams in the state. Although the Red and Black loses eight of the regulars by graduation, there are plenty to fill their places and next year's team will finish what this year's started.

Basket-ball started out with a hum with all the regulars back from last year. They defeated the Alumni 42 to 16, an event rare in High School history. The next four games were won. One of these was Dover whom we defeated 31 to 23 on her own floor. Then we fell, losing to Cambridge 21 to 35 on their floor. They had a good team and won clean. The next week the team journeyed to Alliance, winning from one of the fastest and best teams in the state by a score of 21 to 14. Next we went to Niles. Although they did not have much of a team, they won 23 to 21. On the following Tuesday the team and a few rooters went to Akron, defeating Akron, South 36 to 18. On the following Saturday afternoon we played Uhrichsville winning from them 64 to 28. The next Friday night was the defeat of the season, the Red and Black loosing to Dover 28 to 34. But the team came back and defeated Canton 50 to 25. Canton had defeated Dover by a large score a few weeks before. The Canton game ended the season.

N. P. H. S. won nine out of twelve games. Although we lose Moore, Gross, Warner, Freeman and McGregor from the team, there should be just as good a team next year with Geib, Hurst, Schear and Stonebrook to fill their places.

TRACK





Track 1918

Stoller	-	-	-	Captain
Boggiana	-	-	-	Capt. elect.
Heck	-	-	-	Manager
Seibold,	Gross,	Keplinger,	Roser,	
Kennedy,	Christy			

OTHER MEN

Stonebrook, Sweaney, Nixon, Stroup,
Kurtz, Welty, Smith,
Schumaker

RECORD

Tri-County Meet	-	-	1st
Wooster College Meet	-	-	5th





FOOTBALL



Foot Ball Line Up 1918-19

Gross	-	-	-	-	L. E.
McGregor	-	-	-	-	L. T.
Limbach	-	-	-	-	L. G.
Schenk	-	-	-	-	C.
Mathias, (Capt. elect)	-	-	-	-	R. G.
Freeman, (Capt.)	-	-	-	-	R. T.
Keplinger	-	-	-	-	R. E.
Warner	-	-	-	-	Q.
Moore	-	-	-	-	F.
Beddows	-	-	-	-	L. H.
Heck	-	-	-	-	R. H.
Hurst	-	-	-	-	F.
Sehear	-	-	-	-	C.
Fisher	-	-	-	-	G.

RECORD

N. P. H. S. 27	-	-	-	Alliance 14
N. P. H. S. 1	-	-	-	Massillon 0



**FRANK FREEMAN—'19—Tackle and Half
Capt. of the Team**

Hank asked me not to say anything about Midvale so I won't. Hank is a four year man on the team. This is something that he should be proud of because very few men get on the team in their first year in High School. He could play either half or tackle, but he usually played tackle, breaking up any kind of a play that came his way. He was also as good a captain as player. Hank ought to make good at some college, but we do not know what he is going to do.



EARL GROSS '19—Left End and Quarterback

"Monk" is the boy that is known all over the state, not only in football but in all sort of sports. When it comes to breaking up the interference and running the ends, Monk has no equal. Monk has out-punted many a college man, and we only hope that some college will claim him next year. Monk is a four year man.



OSCAR LIMBACH '19—Tackle and Guard

Everybody knows where Oscar lives by the physique he carries around. Oscar at guard was exceptionally good. He could stop a whole team coming his way. The best play he ever stopped was a punt at Massillon with his face. This started the ball a rolling, and New Phila won 27 to 0. Sorry to say that this is Oscar's last year.



HARRY SCHENK '19—Center

You know him better as Sunny. This is he played center. But this first year on the team, and Sunny held up his position very good, and was good in passing the ball. He was a hard fighter, and never gave up. Sunny wanted to play only one more game, because he had a signal when he got a forward pass. But this is Sunny's last year in High School and he will have to wait until he gets to College to play that play.



CHARLES MOORE' 19—Full and End

Chaw played full and was equally as good at end. This was Chow's first and last year on the team. Although he was not big in stature, he made up for it in quickness and aggressiveness. Chow's long suit was pulling down forward passes. He would be a very valuable man next year, but he said that he was going to graduate. So watch for him at some college.

CARL WARNER '19—Quarterback

Warner played quarter this year, and played it well. This is Warner's last year on the team, and it makes him a three year man. Warner always had the fighting pep, and would never give up. It will take a good man to fill his place next year.



WILLIAM BEDDOWS '19—Half

This is Bill's first year in New Philadelphia High School, and he made his letter in football. At half-back, Bill could plow through the line, and always good for 4 or 5 yards. We are only sorry that the team could not finish the season, because we all know that Bill would have made good. We are also sorry that he is going to graduate.



LeROY MCGREGOR—Tackle

Although Buzz's first year out for football, he showed he could play. At tackle Buzz stopped everything that came his way. We are sorry that the season could not be finished, so he could show what he could do.



LOWELL LOOMIS '19—Manager

Loomy became the first yearly manager with John Wenger assistant. Loomy was a good manager and always tried to have the fellows and everything necessary on the spot. He was always on the job. When a fellow tried to ride into the Massillon game without paying, Loomy waited until the game was over and made him pay.



**CHAUNCEY MATHIAS '20—Tackle and Guard
(Capt. elect)**

Chauncey's position was guard, but he could play either guard or tackle. He could stop anything that came his way, and those big, long, lanky arms of his could reach a long ways. Chauncey has another year in school, and was chosen to lead the foot-ball team in the battle next year. Chauncey should be feared by many a team.





HAROLD HECK '20—Half

Only a little man in stature, he makes up for it in hard fighting and pluckiness. Hecky played half-back and was always on the job. He is out of school now, but we hope to see him back by next year.



HENRY KEPLINGER '21—End and Half

Better known as Bill. Bill is only a Sophomore and has two more years to play. Playing end, Bill could pull down passes and stop end running. We should hear big things from him next year.



JOE HURST '21—Full

Joe is husky and a good full-back. He is only a Sophomore, but he earned his letter and promises to make teams sit up and take notice next year.



MARK SCHEAR '21—Center and Guard

Mark is one of the quiet kind of fellows, but makes up for that in hard playing. He can play either center or guard, and is a good prospect for next year's team. Watch him!



EARL FISHER '20—Guard

Fish comes from the same country that Oscar does. He did not know much about football, but he picked it up fast and made his letter this year. He makes a good guard, and is going to keep teams busy next year watching him.



BASKETBALL

LeRoy Mc Gregor.



Basket Ball 1919

LINE UP

Moore	-	-	-	R. F.
Geib, Capt. elect	-	-	-	R. G.
Gross, Captain	-	-	-	C.
Warner	-	-	-	L. F.
Freeman	-	-	-	L. G.
Hurst	-	-	-	F
McGregor	-	-	-	G
Schear	-	-	-	G
Stonebrook	-	-	-	C

RECORD

N. P. H. S.	42	Alumni	16	H
N. P. H. S.	34	Uhrichsville	26	A
N. P. H. S.	69	Carrollton	13	H
N. P. H. S.	91	Minerva	14	H
N. P. H. S.	31	Dover	23	A
N. P. H. S.	24	Cambridge	35	A
N. P. H. S.	27	Alliance	14	A
N. P. H. S.	21	Niles	23	A
N. P. H. S.	36	Akron, S.	18	A
N. P. H. S.	64	Uhrichsville	28	H
N. P. H. S.	28	Dover	34	H
N. P. H. S.	50	Canton	25	H

EARL GROSS '19—Center and Left Forward

"Monk" is the boy that can dump the baskets in with feet. He has the record of making more points for the High School himself, than all the opposing teams scored against us. Although some coaches have made the remark that he has played for seven years already, we are sorry to say that he will leave us this year. Monk is a four year man in basketball.



CHARLES MOORE '19—R. F.

This is Chal's last year on the varsity and we will surely miss him. Chow was a hard player and an accurate shooter. Had it not been for him in the Dover game, the score would have been bigger on Dover's side. Chow should be claimed by some college next year.



FRANK FREEMAN '19—L. G.

Hank also played guard and many teams felt the effect of his breaking up shots and passes. He was also good on long shots, from the middle of the floor. We are sorry to say this is Hank's last year with N. P. H. S. but we expect to see his name on some college class roll.



CARL WARNER '19—L. F.

Warner played guard and forward and was a hard fighter. He was always in the game from start to finish. Alliance felt the effect of that. Warner had the tendency to break up their team work and to start ours.



LEROY MCGREGOR '19—G.

Buzz is the big fellow who is always ready to enter the game when needed. This is Buzz's last year and he well earned his letter.





LOWELL LOOMIS '19—Manager

Loomy, although manager, was always down helping Frye round the teams up. Loomy was always on the job when there was any money to be handled.



CARL GEIB '20—R. G., Capt. Elect.

Although Geiby was small, he could handle a guy twice as big as he was. Gib would dig the ball out and start the team work. He will be a valuable man next year as the leader of the Red and Black.



JOE HURST '21—F.

Joe has two more years to develop and if he does develop as much as he has in the last year, some teams will have their hands full. Joe is a good shot and a good floor worker. So keep up the good work for next year.



MARCUS SCHEAR '21—G

Mark is another one who can be depended on when needed. He plays a good game and will be a tower of strength on next years team.



CLARK STONEBROOK '20—C.

Cacky is the big lean lanky guy who plays center when needed and is always ready to enter the game. Cacky earned his letter this year and will make teams look up to him next year.







Captain 1920 Captain 1919



Manager 1919 Manager 1920



"Has-beens"



Captain 1919 Captain 1920



Manager 1918 Captain 1919



A Bit of School History



The first periodical production of the New Philadelphia High School was started and edited by one of the proprietors of the Boston, when he was one of the boys of '98. That was the High School Journal and it was alright for its time.

Just so with clothes. Some clothes selling ideas were started in '98. They were alright then. But today you would not fall for them any more than you would for the clothes of '98.

We know that progression is the keynote of success these days.

That is no doubt why this store is the successful store it is.



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JOKES

Russell Knisely is getting to be quite a piano palyer but it is difficult for him to keep his mind from one of the old melodys 'Alice where art Thou.'

Sunny—"For what was Eve created?"

Carl W.—"Search me."

Sunny—"For Adams Express Company."

Joe Hurst (Crossly)—"Do you think I'm a fool?"

Frye—"Really I would not have ventured the assertion, but since you ask my opinion, I must say I am not prepared to deny it."

Bob K.—"How long can a person live without brains?"

Miss Swan—"I don't know how old are you?"

Miss Felton—"What makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Bill L.—"It was built in the time of famine."

Deibel made an angel cake
For her darling Johnnies sake;
Then he heard the angel's drum
Calling softly; Johnny come!

The young man led for a heart
The maid for a diamond played,
The old man came down with a club
And the sexton used a spade.

Miss Swan—"Robert, how did Burbank discover beardless wheat?"

Bob A.—"He gave them a shave, I guess."

Carl G.—"I never saw anyone so afraid of catching cold as George Kurtz."

"Is he really?"

Carl—"I should say so. Why, when ever he takes a bath he stops up all the holes in the sponge."

Augusta Fulmer—"Say, Opal, which of the Cole twins is the oldest?"

Edna Beans translating in French—"I accept him with pleasure."

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Miss Stockwell to Clark Stonebrook—
"Clark, why are you late to class?"
Clark—"Miss Poland was standing
in the east stairs and I had to go
around to the west stairs to get
down."

Jim Riffer—"What does S. O. S.
mean?"

Margaret Page—"That means wire
less."

Roby (In English Test)—Mr. Sloe,
what is argumentation?"

Mr. Sloe—"An interview frequently
ending in an encounter."

A girl in bookkeeping class goes up
to the banker's to deposit a check.
Mr. Carr the banker was not present.

Sloe—"Banks closed today, remodel-
ing the top story."

George Kurtz—"That book is too
deep for you, you blockhead."

John Wood—"Why?"

George K—"Because it is 20,000
leagues under the sea."

'Tis so sweet to love
But oh how bitter,
To love a girl
And then not git 'er

Carl Harig

We call Jim Evans glow worm be-
cause he has such a fiery attic.

Sloe—"Harry, Spell topaz, a pre-
cious stone."

Harry McKee (Dreaming of Can-
nals)—"Toe paths."

Mr. Sloe (In Shorthand)—"What is
k comma s?"

Don Platz (Dreamily)—"Kiss."

Sunny—"Has anyone lost a roll of
bills with a rubber band around it?"

Hank—"I did"

Sunny—"I found the rubber band."

From Junior Shorthand Test Paper
—"A prefix is something added to
the beginning of a word to make it
shorter."

Mildred Lineberger (In Physics
Lab.)—"Miss Felton, I don't know
how to do this next part."

Miss Felton—"Soak your block in
water."

Miss Schaufler (In English)—"Who
was Ananias?"

John Rieser—"A Senator."

(In Bookkeeping II) Sloe—"Miss
Bigler did you get your trial balance?"

Miss B.—"I got half of it."

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Class of 1919

HUMPHREVILLE

"know him"

From a Junior Theme—"But, Elizabeth," he continued later, "you may as well hear it now. You remember Father brought me home a picture of you last winter? Well, I have loved and kissed that picture every day since. Now let me have a taste of the living."

Elizabeth, too, knew that she had worshiped his picture brought by his father, so now she claimed her own.

Teacher—"What is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

Bright Student—"Well, you don't have to pay for lightning."

Miss Schaufler speaking of news—"Under what kind of story would clogenments come?"

Silence—"No one seems to know."

Miss S.—"That would come under accidents."

Substitute in Geometry (Solid)—"Do two boys always sit together?"

J. R.—"Yes 'um"

Sub.—"Natural affinity, I guess."

Freshmen in Biology—"A bean is a plant which is planted and is eaten when it is ripe"—Bertha Hall.

Miss Felton in Physics—"What is the disadvantage of friction?"

F. W.—"If we didn't have friction so many scientists wouldn't become insane trying to produce perpetual motion."

Innocent Teacher—"Is that our bell?"

Sarcastic Student—"No, that's Liberty Bell."—(4:15 P. M.)

Stude 1—"This seems like a pretty heavy subject."

Stude 2—"No wonder, I've got my mind on it."

Felton in Physics—"What is tenacity?"

Don Urfer—"Jim Sigler's bull dog."

"Do you know that a man can be in two places at the same time?"

He can go to Europe and be homesick."

"Yes, and I can go to English class and be in Dutch."

"Russell K—"Are you seasick?"

"No, but I prefer More-land."

"Did you ever hear Reiser talk?"

"Isn't it strange how he stands up for the Dutch." (Deibel)

Junior translating in French—"All her friends were dead before her."

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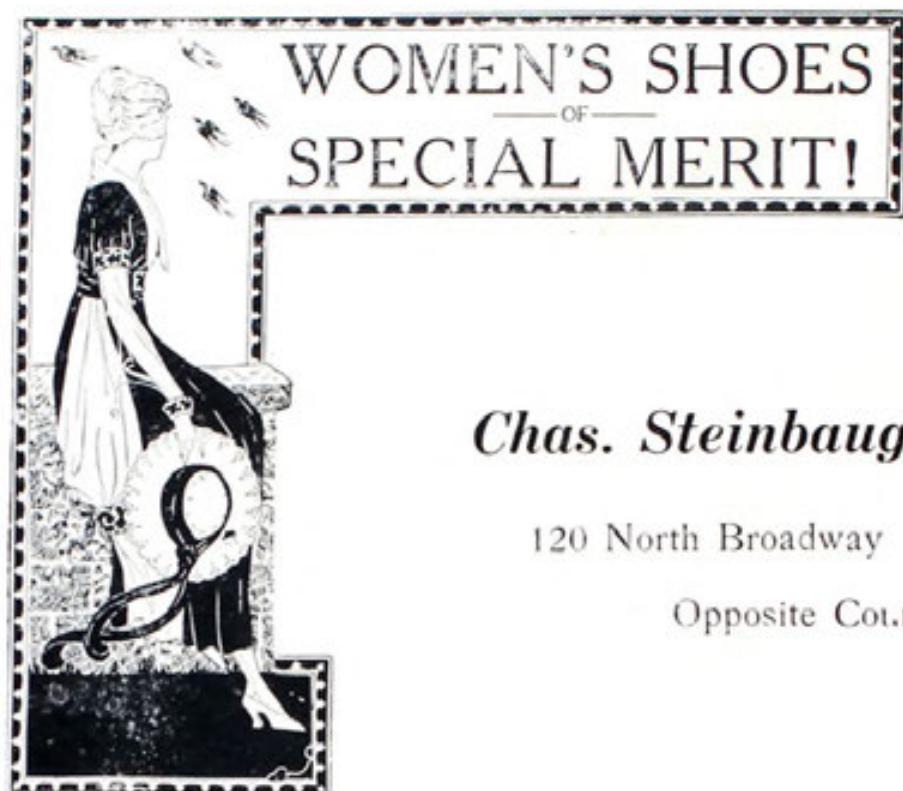
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A student came to take the finals. He received his sheet of questions and for several minutes gave the document careful consideration after which he was heard to remark: "These teachers sure do believe in Ty Cobb's axiom 'Hit 'em where they 'aint.'"

(Unless the Indians bailes Columbus out)

Question—Give for any one year the number of bales of cotton exported from the U. S.

Answer—1492, none.

Frieda P.—"I knew that was you, Jazz."

Jazz M.—"How did you know it?"

Frieda—"Because I heard you grinning."

On New Years Morning—Beddows—"Oh how I hate to get up in the morning."

Frye—"Oh! how I wish I had my breakfast."

Mrs Gentsch (In History) "Women are successful as Queens because—

Bill Beddows—"They know how to pick their men."

Helen Robb after reading "Washington's Farewell Address" for forty-five minutes.

Mrs Gentsch—"How much more is there, Helen?"

Winifred Schott—"Five minutes."

He put his arm around her waist
The color left her cheek
But on the shoulder of his coat
It stayed about a week.

C. Sherer in defining equilibrium—"stayable and unstayable equilibrium"

Margaret Page in Library goes up to ask Mrs. Gentsch a question.—Everyone starts to laugh.

(Mrs Gentsch)—"Well, what are you all laughing about nothing for?"

Miss Krohn in French to Willard Campbell—"What is the demonstrative adjective?"

Willard—"Cet" (Set)

Miss Krohn—"Spell it."

Willard—"S-i-t."

In Physics test—

Carrie Whitmer—"Gravity is the attraction of one person for other persons."

Mrs. Gentsch in History—"Why was Adams a good political elader?"

J. Mathias—"Well, because he was honest."



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Miss Felton in Physics—"Why doesn't the ocean freeze up?"
J. Riffer—"Two deep."

1st Junior—"Where is the hottest place on earth?"
2nd Junior—"Mr. Frye's office."

Miss Schaugler to Sunny Schenk in English—"How long did you study your lesson?"

Sunny—"Fifteen Minutes."
Miss S.—"My, I had to study over an hour."

Sunny—"Well, maybe you aren't as smart as I am."

Miss Schaugler to Sunny Schenk—"Do you play in the boy's band?"

Sunny—"No."
Miss S.—"Why don't you? Don't you know lots of fellows play to help go through school."

Sunny—"What, poker?"

Teacher—"How many make a million?"
Freshmen—"Not many."

Miss Doershuck in Geometry—"What can be cancelled out of this equation?"

Carl Geib—"Two Pies."

Isabella G. to Helen F.—"How do you like Mr. Thrush?"
Helen—"He's a bird."

Would Hank be a Free-man if Frye had him by the collar?"

Erma Ley, reciting in History—
Mrs. Gentsch—"Why did not the New Englanders devote their time to farming?"

Erma Ley—"Because the soil was better for fishing than for farming?"

Miss S.—"What tense do I use when I say I am beautiful?"
Freshmen—"Remote past."

Hank—"There is only one thing I like about you."

Dorothy—"What is it?"

Hank—"My arm?"

Translating in French.
"She is sitting near the window and he is standing near the door."

Jif Riffer—"Gee that's a heck of a way to be. I'd rather be closer."

Friend—"I hear you are in High school now. What part of it do you like best?"

George S.—"Commin' home."

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LOOMIS

SCHENK

Sept. 9—School opens every body happy.

Sept. 10—Football starts. Every one kicking the pumpkin.



SEPT. 10

Sept. 12—Registration Day. Some of us old men had to register and were a little late to classes, but it took C. Moore all day.

Sept. 13—Friday the thirteenth. Mrs. Gentsch starts business.

Sept. 15—Big scrimmage postponed on account of rain.

Sept. 17—Frye gives the Freshmen a definition for an isle.

Sept. 23—Patriotic league formed and organized.

Sept. 26—Fence at Ball Park is put up.

Sept. 27—Carl Warner is here on time for once. First rally for the year.

Sept. 28—Alliance 14 — N. P. H. S. 29.

Sept. 30—Mrs. Gentsch gives us a lecture about her travels around Tuscarawas county.

Oct. 1—Vocal solo by the Freshmen tenors.

Oct. 2—Seniors had a wiener roast at Loomis' Summer Home, for Heintz family.



OCT. 2

S. H. GREEN

PHOTOGRAPHER

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- Oct. 3.—Buzz McGregor here for history class on time.
- Oct. 4.—Organization of the literary societies.
- Oct. 5.—Poor Massillon forfeited, N. P. H. S. 1 — Massillon 0.
- Oct. 7.—County Fair week; every body thinking of it.
- Oct. 8.—Speech in chapel by Edna Kies.
- Oct. 9.—Fair day, out at noon. Every body going. Freshmen get in free.
- Oct. 10.—Spanish "flu" reported in town.
- Oct. 11.—Football team get finishing touches for the Canton game.
- Oct. 14.—School out on account of the Spanish "Flu".
- Dec. 30.—School opens after a little vacation of 11 weeks.
- Dec. 31.—Start Basket Ball practice. About 50 report.



- Jan. 1.—The faculty decide that we should start the New Year right. Many are tardy and absent on account of the celebration. Freeman gets to school in time to play basket ball with the scrubs.
- Jan. 2.—The flu seems to be gaining ground again. Fourteen new cases. The Freshmen try to conduct a class meeting.
- Jan. 3.—We beat Uhrichsville on their own floor 34 to 26. Most everyone that was there could tell you how far it was from Uhrichsville to Phila.
- Jan. 6.—Don Platz takes girl into Grimm's after show and sits at the table with his cap on.
- Jan. 7.—Frye asks that all class presidents meet him after chapel. Of course some had to blow the meeting. (It was a Freshmen)
- Jan. 8.—Moore learns more and more that he must study more or no more B. B.
- Jan. 9.—Class B. B. schedule made known to public. Some think it humorous, some think otherwise.
- Jan. 10.—Carrollton 18 — N. P. H. S. 69. Unlucky "Pork Chop" Geib got 13 baskets.
- Jan. 13.—Sunny gets a bad spill in B. B. practice and tries to break the Gym floor with his head.

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Jan. 14—A year ago to-day we had two feet of snow.

Jan. 15—Hank gives us a solo in chapel. Margaret Page gives us a piano solo of Smiles. How surprised we all were.

Jan. 16—Wee Campbell runs down to the B. & O. to see the wreck.

Jan. 17—Poor Minerva. N. P. H. S. 91 Minerva 14.

Jan. 20—Teachers need a rest. Three absent.

Jan. 21—Sophs. and Seniors clash to-night for the first class game.

Jan. 22—Hank and Sunny look for



Feb. 12

new dressing rooms but fail to find them.

Jan. 24—N. P. H. S. 31 — Dover 23

Jan. 28—Music for boys only. Some fine music. (If you don't care how loud you say it.)

Jan. 29—Just the opposite.

Jan. 30—Seniors give Miss Schaeffler a pleasant surprise at her home. She is leaving for Bryn Mawr College.

Jan. 31—Pep fest. Speeches by Wee Campbell and Miss Schaeffler.

Feb. 1—Homer Meanor who is back from France visited our schools today.

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Feb. 2—Mr. Thrush just blew in.
Feb. 4—Juniors 20 — Freshmen 12.
Feb. 5—Some Chemistry test. Some did and some didn't.
Feb. 6—Orchestra plays in chapel.
Feb. 7—Memorial in honor of Theodore Roosevelt.
Feb. 10—Bill Phillips had a bad day.
Feb. 11—His luck changed.

Feb. 12—Rubber Williams takes a little trip with Frye's permission.
Feb. 13—Finish first semester in Chemistry.
Feb. 14—N. P. H. S. 21 — Niles 23
Feb. 17—Snowing hard.
Feb. 18—Delphian Staff have meeting to-day.



Feb. 19—Sophomores 15 — Juniors 14
 Feb. 20—Every body doin' it. What? Studying for the exams.
 Feb. 21—Akron 18 — N. P. H. S. 36
 Feb. 26—Semister tests start today. Some are happy and some otherwise.
 Feb. 27—More tests. "The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver." This is what was seen on Oscars history paper.
 Feb. 28—Can't say much for today excepting that it is "flunkers" day.
 Mar. 1—Everybody back after a few days of vacation.
 Mar. 2—Henry Lieser gives us a contralto solo in chapel. Some may think it was good, but I'm not expressing my opinion.
 Mar. 3—SENIORS pennants arrive. Some class.
 Mar. 4—The Senior Class presents a picture of Woodrow Wilson to the High School

SENIOR-
 Banquet-
 APRIL 2



MARCH 5
 Mar. 5—The Freshmen wonder what the Seniors mean, when they talk about our Banquet.
 Mar. 7—Every body is told to come to the last game of the season not really that we want to see you but we need the money.
 Mar. 8—Sunny puts on a minstrel show in chapel. The company was composed of the Basket Ball team. Bit and Jim get kicked out.
 Mar. 9—Frye lectures on how to commit suicide. How many besides Monk Gross paid attention we do not know.



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- Mar. 11—Chauncey Mathias elected Foot Ball Captain and Carl Gelb Basket Ball Captain.
- Mar. 12—Junior girls 29 — Sophomore girls 6
- Mar. 13—Poor Monk went to bed at 12 p. m. (first time in his life) and couldn't get to school in time for the first period.
- Mar. 17—St. Patrick's day. Of course a few of the boys want to show us they knew what color to wear on that day.

Beichley After The
Flu



- Mar. 18—Hank and Chow recite in Agriculture. First time for——well we won't say how long. Beichley has the "flu"

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- Mar. 19—Cliff Webster has decided to reform. If he does he will get a gold medal.
- Mar. 20—"Splinters" Hurst has sworn off skipping. Don't laugh.
- Mar. 21—Some of the teachers spent the week end at their respective homes, visiting their parents and other friends. I didn't say what other friends.
- Mar. 22—Howard Smith pole-vaulted nine feet, and then said he wasn't trying.
- Mar. 23—Henry Lieser and Carl Geib attended Sunday School.
- Mar. 24—The balloon that landed over in the south-side caused quite a little excitement. Some pupils are excited now wondering how they will get an excuse for going over to see it.
- Mar. 25—While in the library the other day, Rubber Williams thought of a new game to play. It is called "Rolling pennies on on the Library floor."
- Mar. 26—Heinie Malinsky has found a new kind of light. Ask Heinie he will tell you all about it.
- Mar. 27—After singing "Hail! Hail! the gangs all here", John Lieser lost his beautiful soprano voice.
- Mar. 28—Margaret Page said something funny to-day so we thought we would publish it. Here it is. Nope. We've changed our minds.
- Mar. 30—I don't want to insult any body but just ask Hank what he got in the Chemistry test.
- Apr. 1—Track team developing fast. Capt. Boggiana sure to win the track meet at Dover.
- Apr. 2—Three of the Juniors are wearing the Senior Class colors around and don't know the difference.



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Apr. 4.—Mr. Thrush tells us how he ran Camp Sherman while he was in training there.

Apr. 5.—A bunch of ex-high fellows who just arrived from overseas visited our school today. Among them were Marion Willis and Eric Phillips.

Apr. 6.—Delphian Staff working hard to put out the Delphian. We sure are going to have some book this year.

Apr. 7.—Frye gives us a lecture in chapel on the good points of our high school.

Apr. 8.—A few of the Freshmen boys were called to the office and now they are wondering how they will spring the news to father gently.

Apr. 9.—Delphian sales are reported to be good this year.

Apr. 10.—We were all surprised in music this morning, as Mr. Campe didn't make us sing "Be Not Afraid."

Apr. 11.—We are told to get our excuses at a different place. Some are pleased and some otherwise.

Apr. 12.—Vic Marsh asked Mr. Campe if he could play his ukelele in the orchestra.

Apr. 14.—Seniors meet to start and prepare their class song.

Apr. 15.—Seniors have their voices tested. Monk Gross sings beautifully.

Apr. 6.—Victory loan boosted in our school.

Apr. 17.—Tommy Lewis "calls on Mr. Limbach." Some body gave him permission.

Apr. 18.—Jim Rife teaches the Agriculture class this morning.

Apr. 19.—Elmer Harstine made an oration in Sociology about the pretty girls out Oldtown.

Apr. 20.—The Sociology class takes a trip to the Belmont Co.

Apr. 21.—Some do and some don't. What? Get here for the first class in the morning.

Apr. 22.—Seniors start work on their class play.

Apr. 23.—Every body anxious to know when the class track meet is to be pulled off.

Apr. 24.—Teachers meeting. Some find out that they don't know every thing even if they are Seniors.

Apr. 25.—Oscar is out for the 100 yard dash.

Apr. 26.—Pupils are all sleepy. Some weather.

Apr. 27.—Bob Kennedy writes a poem for the Delphian.

Apr. 28.—Carl Warner read a sentence in Shorthand.

Apr. 29.—Everyboy's excited. Why? There has been fifteen cents lost and everybody's looking for it.

Apr. 30.—Delphian goes to Press.

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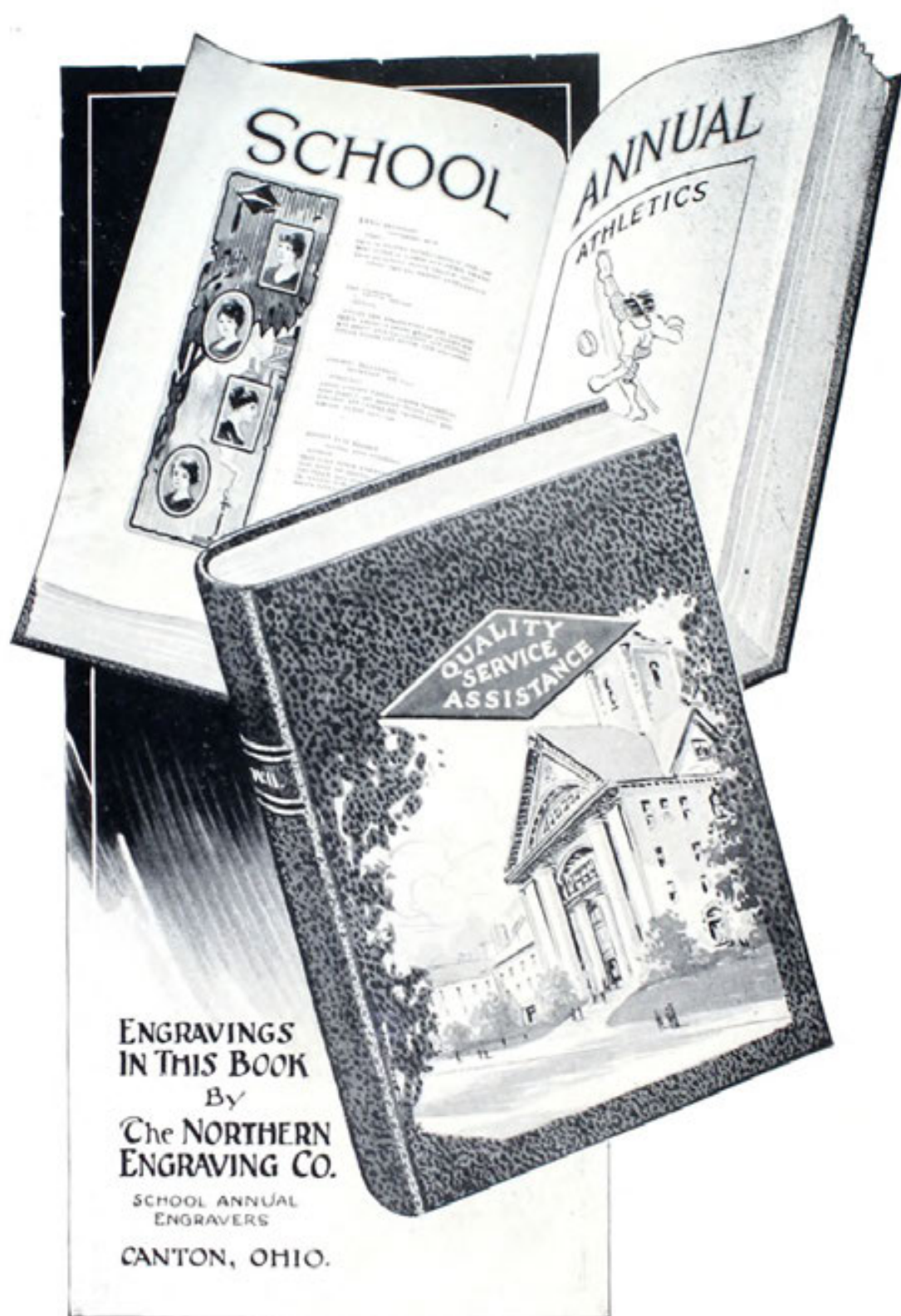
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Appreciation

As a means of showing our appreciation and gratitude, we, the staff, wish to thank those who have in any way helped in the publication of the Delphian; especially are we indebted to Miss Stockwell for her help and suggestions, and to the Senior Class whose aid by selling the largest number of books, was much appreciated.

We wish to thank the photographer, Mr. Green, The Hammond and Hurst Printing Company, and the Northern Engraving Company, who by their prompt and efficient service enabled us to publish our book at an early date.

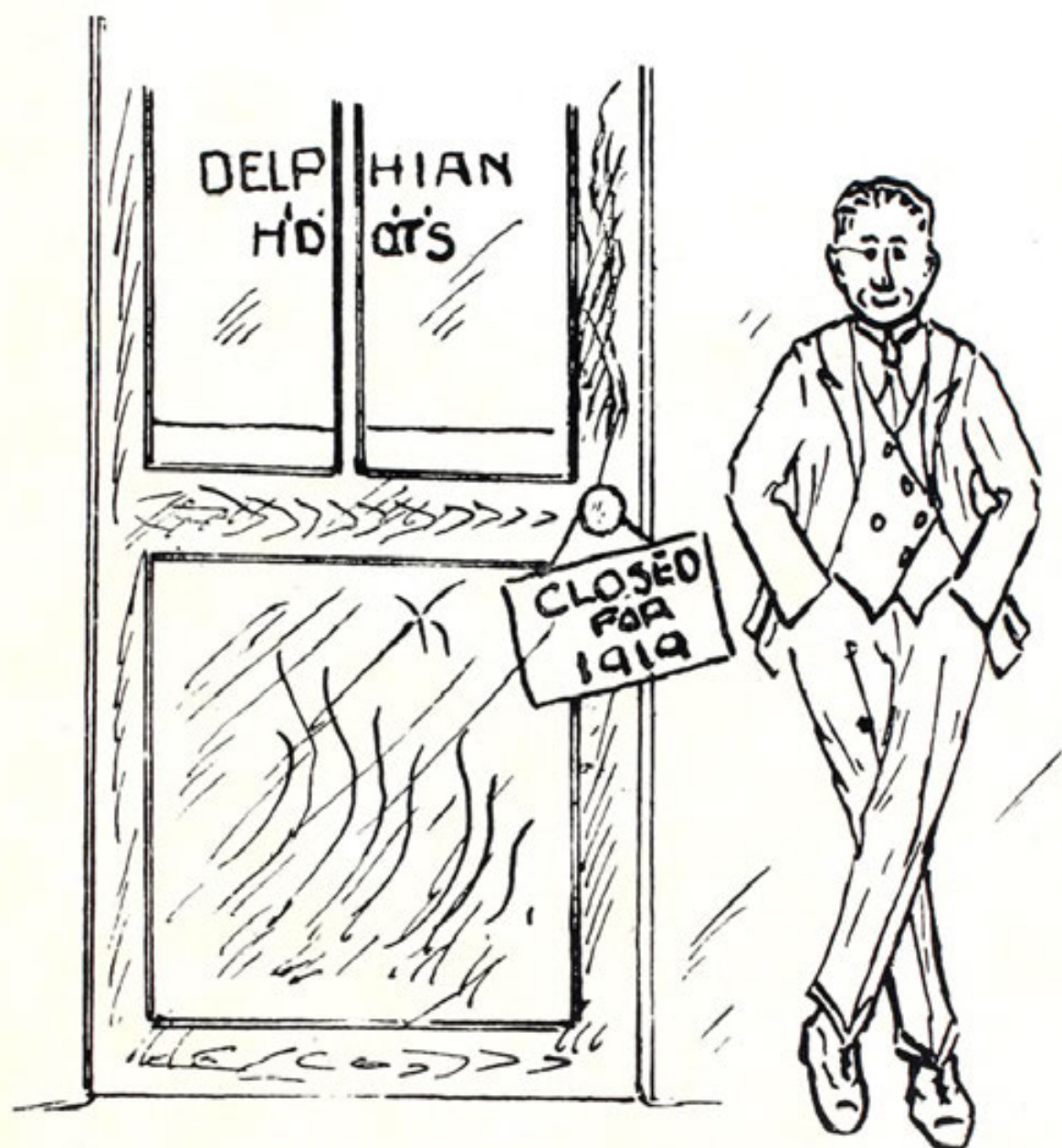
But above all, we appreciate the aid of the business men who, by their support, made our 1919 Delphian a possibility.

Delphian Staff

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The End

