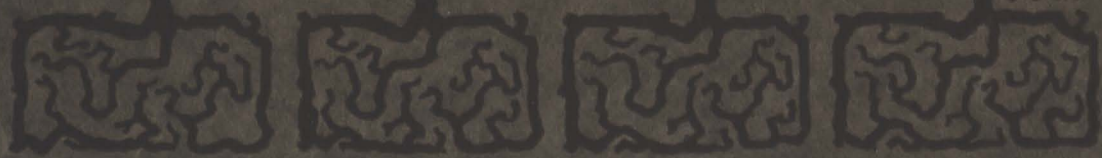




RHS '17



37



**THIS BOOK
BELONGS—
To—**

Lillian O. Jameson

MDM

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE G. A. MALME STUDIO, RACINE
ENGRAVINGS FROM WESTERN PRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY
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Worter, shade an' all so mixed, don't know
which you'd orter say: the worter
in the shadder—the shadder in the worter.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Class Song.

(To be sung to the tune of "On Wisconsin")

S-E-U-E-N-T-E-E-N is Seventeen
And the rest is R. H. S.
The high school of Racine.
Are we parting? No, just starting.
Friends are never lost.
Mountains are still beyond
The hills just crossed.

Now we're going. Make a showing.
Raise your voices high
Show them that we have the spirit,
We will do or die!
Sing it loudly, Shout it proudly,
Best class ever seen!
All together, three big cheers
For Seventeen.

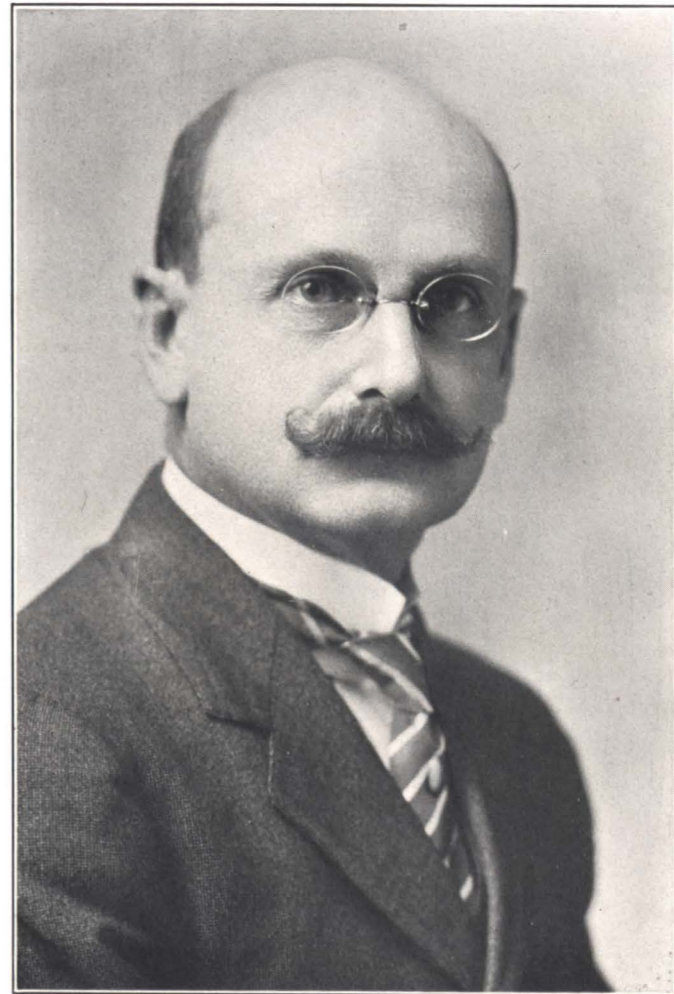
Rah! Rah! Rah!
- H. A. Wratten.



PUBLISHED BY THE
CLASS OF SEVENTEEN of RACINE HIGH SCHOOL
VOLUME IX

Dedication

To one whose interest in the students of the Racine High School has been of inestimable value in the educational progress of this institution and in the mental development of its students -- To Arthur J. Wilbor, we, the Seniors of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen, unanimously dedicate this ninth volume of the Kipikawwi.



A. J. Wilbor



OUR PRINCIPAL
L. W. BROOKS

*Yours Very Sincerely
L. W. Brooks.*



OUR SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
B. E. NELSON



W. G. W.



Susan M. Carter

L. E. Newcomb

Harriet A. Kearney



H. G. Carter

B. C. Racine

H. George Post - 1915



Louise M. Collier



Gertrude G. Walker

Miss O. Baker



Dorothy May



Rosa Pope



M. C. Bude



Anna



Lillian Watts

John R. [unclear]

Edy [unclear]

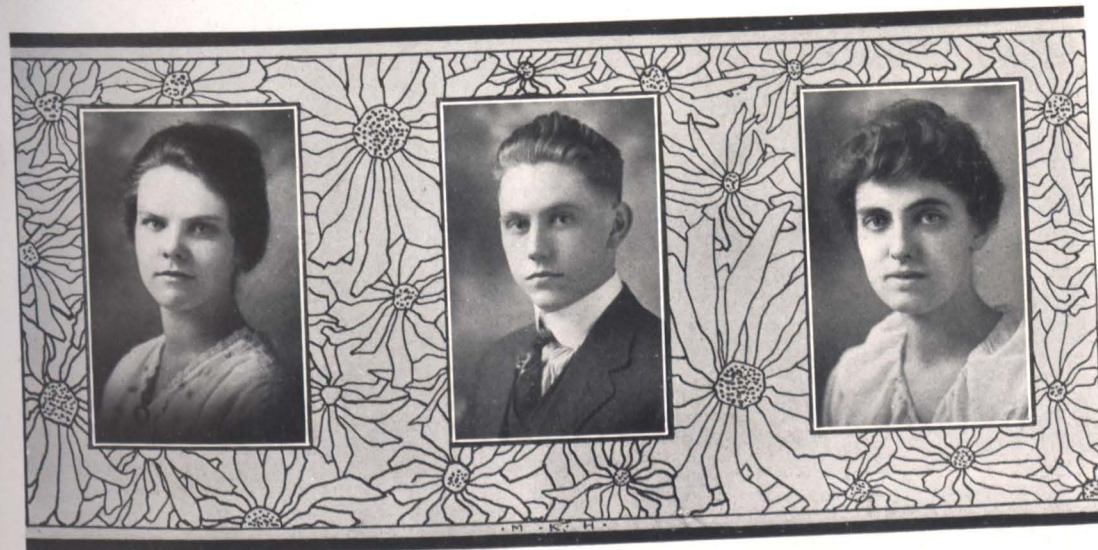
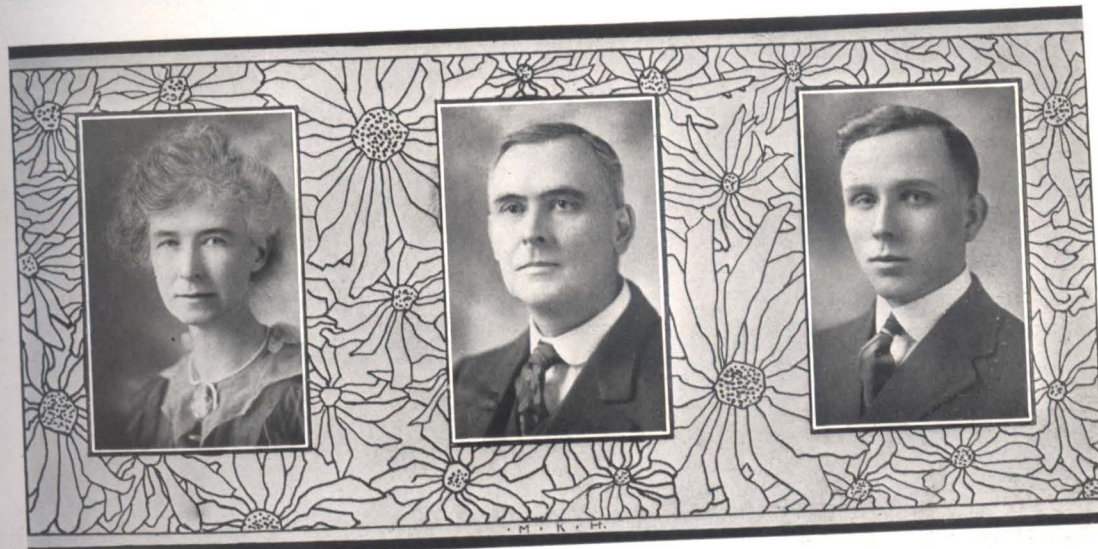


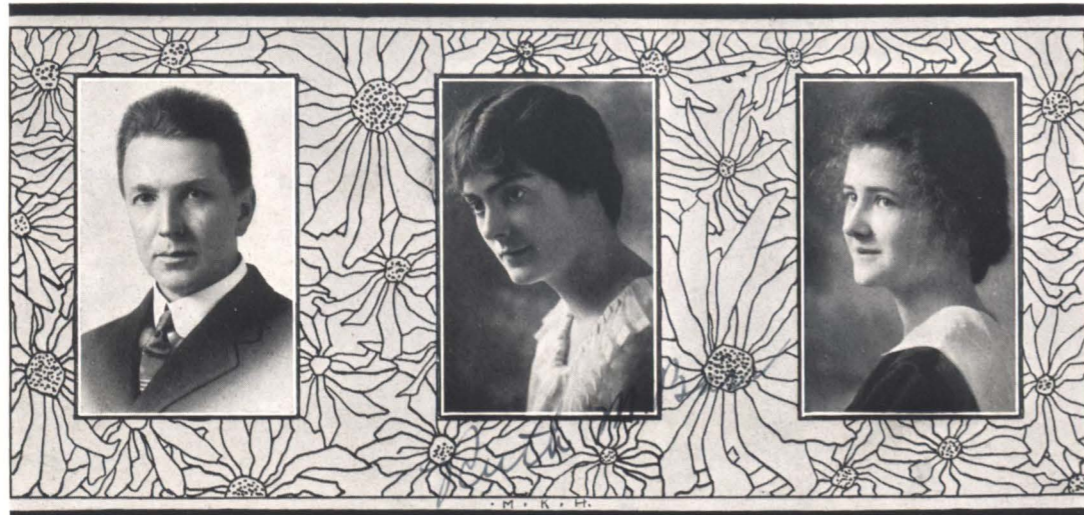
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Sullivan

Berna Helen





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WE LOVE OUR TEACHERS

SENIORS

Carl Thörn.

President William Browne
Secretary Harriet Wratten
Vice President Harry Baernstein
Treasurer Herbert Hansen

Colors Yale Blue
Motto..... "We have reached the foothills,
 the mountains are beyond."

Harriet A. Wratten





GLADYS MILLER—
A creature shy and fair
of face,
But quite afraid of men,
Her trail of words is
hard to trace,
For one, she uses ten!

MARSHALL BEAUGRAND—
"Mushy"
In football, worth his
weight in gold;
A foe of every jinx;
He's bold enough when
with the crowd,
When teachers come, he
shrinks.

MILDRED KRISTERIUS—
"Mil"
She giggles, and giggles,
Wherever she's seen,
But she sure is some
shark
On the basketball team.

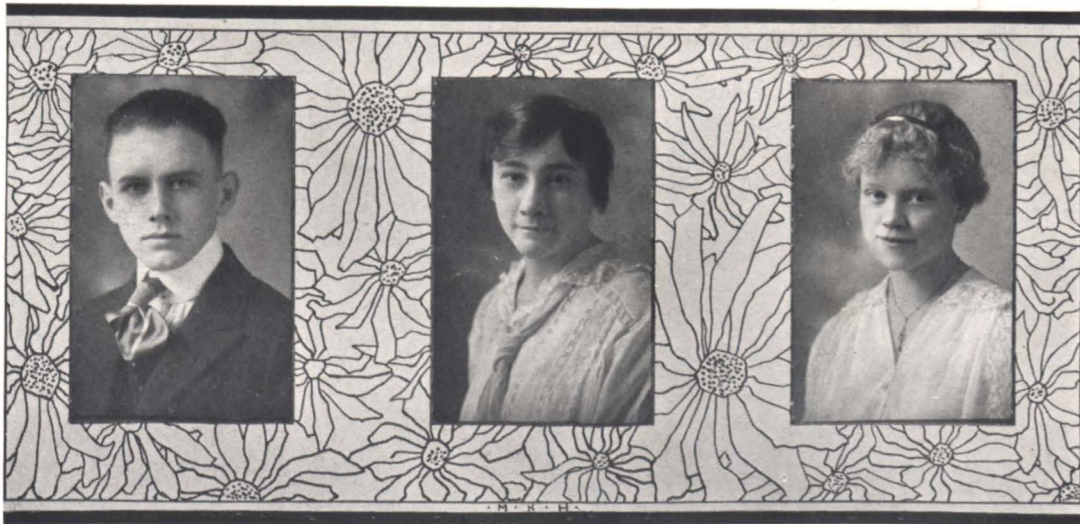


Charles Sugden

CHARLES SUGDEN—
"Pickles"
O Senior, struggling on
your way
Your fearful trip is
done!
And now at last 'tis
safe (?) to say
The prize you sought is
won.

FLORENCE SCHOPPE—
Won't you tell the se-
cret,
Or do you wish to keep
it?
Of happy cheer thru all
the day,
While you work, and
while you play

RUTH NELSON—
Here is a girl who the
teachers doth please,
Because, this year, she
received four "E's"
'Tis due to the fact that
she works all day,
With interests but pass-
ing in fun and in
play.



Florence Schoppe



RUSSELL LAYCOCK—
"Pill Box"
Russell may have a
speedy mind,
His teachers don't re-
prove;
But, recollecting, do
you find
That you ever saw him
move?

HELEN WIEDEBACK—
Another of the quiet
sort,
Who doesn't seem to
care for sport;
Oh, for a spark of fun
and vim
In one whose ways are
always prim.

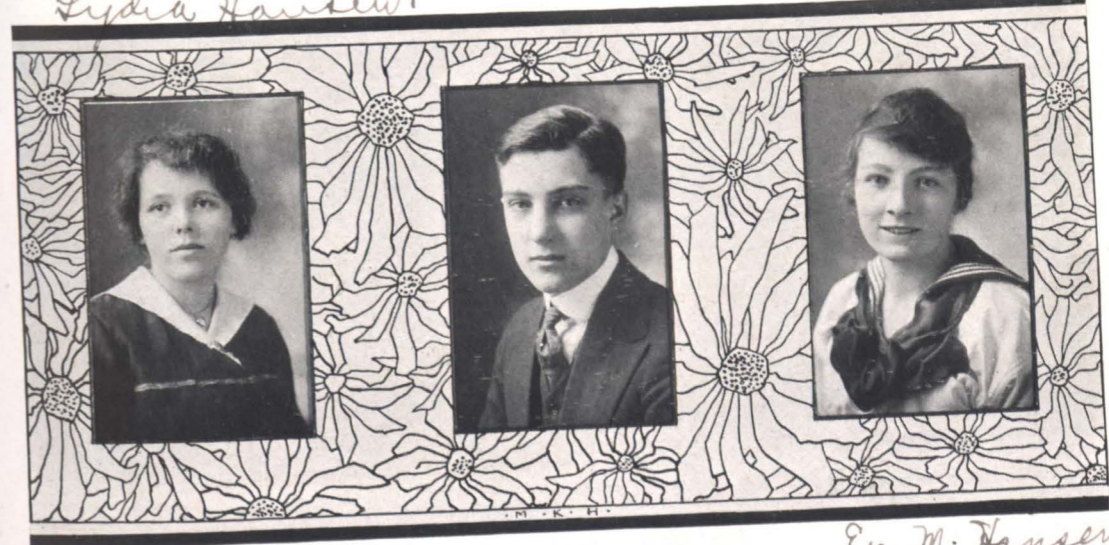
ELLWOOD RASMUSSEN—
He works within school
and without;
And we are sure with-
out even a doubt
That in this life he will
succeed,
For he accomplishes
every deed.



LYDIA HANSEN—
Why is one so very
quiet,
When one has so much
to say?
Why does not one risk
to try it—
Once, at least, in every
day?

FLOYD SHEPHARD—
"Shep"
He's very shy of girls—
Oh, yes!
At dodging, he's a
shark;
But, when he's at his
wireless,
You ought to see him
"spark."

EVA HANSEN—
First she'll laugh, then
she'll smile,
And then she thinks
she'll work a while;
But then she giggles and
laughs some more,
Until to workers she
becomes a bore.



Eva M. Hansen



WILLIAM BROWNE—
"Bill"

Our president's name is
"Bill" Browne—
He's the handsomest
man in our town;
There's an "e" on the
Browne,
And in writing it down,
Don't forget that his
name is "Bill"
Browne.

William J. Browne

HAZEL SORENSON—

Hazel is one of our
quiet girls
Looking sweet in "made
up" curls,
She frets o'er this and
frets o'er that,
But earns her "E's", for
all o' that.

Hazel E. Sorenson

HARRY BAERNSTEIN—
"Steinie"

In mind this man is a
sage,
In size he's very small,
But 'tis work and not
his age
That's responsible for
it all.

VERNA MILLER—

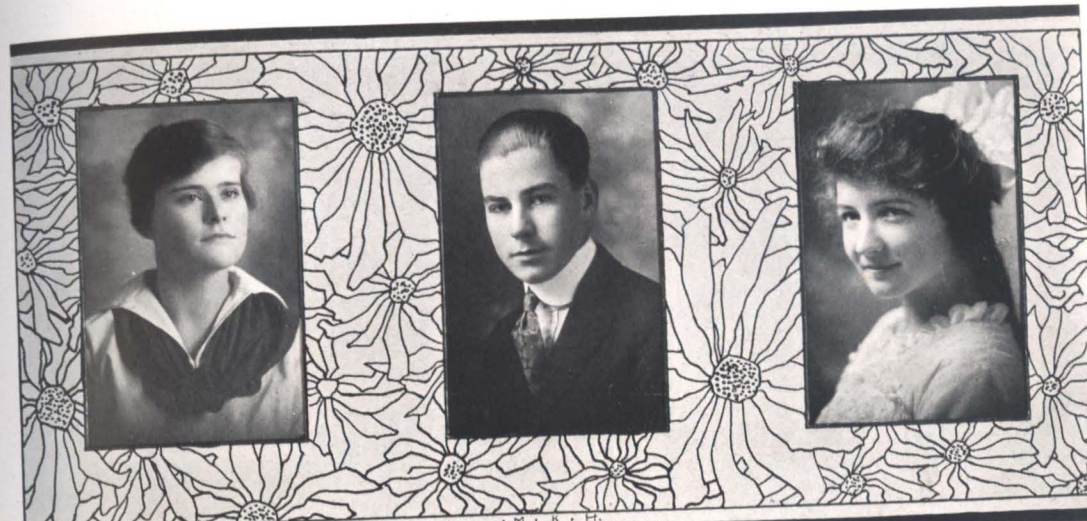
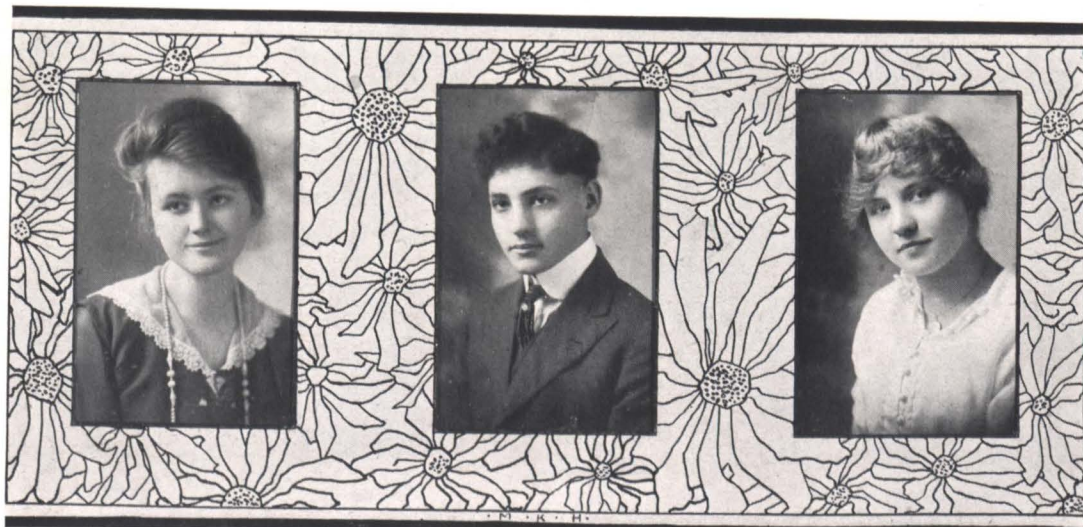
So quietly she comes
and goes,
That much of her no-
body knows;
As timid as a mouse is
she,
And from her work she's
never free.

FRED RUFFALO—"Fritz"

Is there a cross word
that tries to be said?
Don't let it, my dear,
don't let it,
Just speak two pleas-
ant words, quick in
its stead,
And that will make you
forget it.

AGNES LARSON—

Yes, her high school
years were four—
But wait—we'll have
to add one more,
You see, she thot she'd
rather be seen
Graduating with us in
'17.



EVA DUE—"Eve"

What cares she for the
teacher's beck?
What cares she for
their call?
For school is but a tiny
speck
On this terrestrial ball!

DAVID JOHNSON—
"Dave"

Dave is like a shining
light,
The brightest that's oc-
curred.
This conclusion must be
right,
He's scen, but never
heard.

David Johnson

DELLA BURGESS—

Here's to a little maid
so pert,
Who tries to copy Billie
Burke,
For all she does is blink
and smile,
And "carry on" most of
the while.

Della M. Burgess

Dorothy Wardell
DOROTHY WARDELL—

We find in her a quiet
girl,
Who minds what teach-
ers say;
And tho she keeps with-
out the whirl,
Her manners seem to
pay.

"Hank" Wiegand
HENRY WIEGAND—
"Hank"

"Hank" is his father's
best jewel—
And for polishing
bright
To remove flaws from
sight,
His father has sent him
to school!

Alice M. Ulbricht
ALICE ULBRICHT—

Alice Ulbricht has a
name,
Princess All-bright
means the same;
Is she to her cognomen
true?
Yes, I think so. Do
not you?



Hazel McLaughlin



BURTON LUND—"Lund"
Here is a boy who everyone knows
Is very fond of dancing,
But not so fond, as history shows,
That football's not entrancing.

Burton Lund

HAZEL McLAUGHLIN
"I am a man hater,"
Said Hazel one day,
"There's time enough later
To waste it away."

Count Eddie '17

HARRIET WRATTEN—
Our "Chief" seems to have gone quite dippy
Over that wonderful book, the "Kipi."
That she's a wonder, we all admit,
And our book is surely a proof of it.

EDWARD RUETZ—"Ruetz"
He knows all the news of the world of sport,
He's right there when it comes to a talk of this sort;
For at our mass meetings it is he
Whom up in front we always see.

ALBERT LAHR—"AP"
"Still water runs deep," so the old proverb goes,
And of Al's ponderous thots there is no one who knows;
For he's always unusually quiet and shy—
And thoughts ne'er been fathomed, so why should we try?

Al. Lahr

JULIA DAVIDSON—"Ju"
Do you see our Julia's picture?
Isn't hers a classy dress?
"We will wear but Peter Thompsons,"
Said the girls of R. H. S.



Julia Davidson '17



LESTER MADDEN—"Les"
Lester and his camera
Are inseparable, we've seen,
Except when fair Katrina
Appears upon the scene.

"Les" Madden '17

EDITH LYNCH—
Here is a Senior named Edith Lynch,
Whose school life seems to be a cinch,
Because she works, and never shirks,
At tests she's never in a pinch.

Edith Lynch '17

BENJAMIN LARSEN—"Ben"
Oh, boy, so faithful and bold (?)
Fair lad, so tender and true,
You shall be given a ring of gold,
And a pretty wrist watch, too.

Ben Larson '17

GEORGE GATES—"Gates"
Oh, yes, he has the monocle craze,
And, mercy! did you see that gaze?
Way across the assembly room it went—
I wonder—for whom do you think it was meant?

HELEN HANSEN—
It's difficult to slam this maid,
Her ways are very good; An "E" in all her work she made;
So she's done all she could.

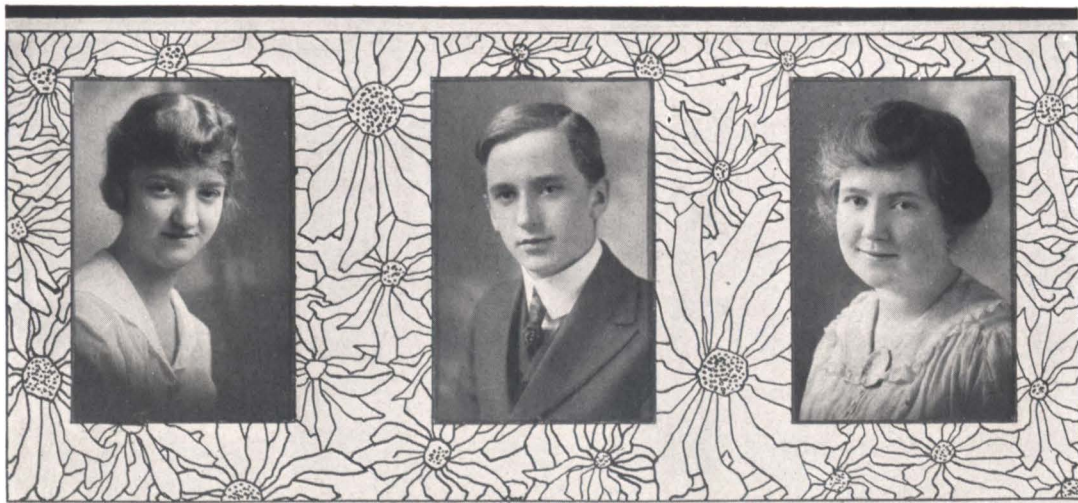
Helen Hansen '17

GEORGE SKEWES—"Red"
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How we wonder what you are;
Radiations from the brain,
Flowing in a fiery train.



Geo. B. Gates

George J. Skewes



GRACE HARDING—
Chief among our Grace's
joys
Is to frolic with the
boys.
But she never lets these
larks
Interfere with her class
marks. (?)

Grace Harding

NEWELL FRENCH—
"Frenchie"
An exception to the
rule,
His brain is really tire-
less;
Upon returning home
from school
He spends the night on
wireless.

LILLIAN CASE—
"Lillie"
Here's to a Senior
named Lillian,
You ask, "Does she
dance the cotillion?"
Oh, no! no! no! no!
Your assertion doth
show
You know not this Sen-
ior named Lillian.

*Lillian Case
(Remember
Organizations.)*

GLADYS ROBERTS—
"Fred"
She *seems*, indeed, so
very wise,
As you look into her
eyes;
But you know what
Chaucer means
When he uses the word
seems.

GUSTINE SLEZAK—
"Pep" is the root of all
success,
Would that you had
thus been blest,
Be briefer when you
recitate,
'Tis boring when you
hesitate.

NETTIE BIRDSALL—
As a bachelor maid she's
a star,
Which few of our maid-
ens now are;
It's all in "dramatic"
We make this emphatic,
In life it is harder by
far.

"Nett"



Gladys Roberts



CHESTER NELSON—
Speak, my lad, be not
afraid,
Great success by faith
is made;
Speak—lest you should
cultivate
Ways of those who hesi-
tate.

EDNA CHRISTENSEN—
Tall and talkative,
Talkative and tall,
That's all we know
Of you at all.

RUSSELL KURTEN—
"Russ"
And now comes a Senior
named Kurten,
Of one thing we surely
are certain—
That he's found an at-
traction in girls,
With their dimples, and
smiles, and their
curls.

Russ Kurten

VERNA ROBERTS—
Be not so meek and
mild,
For thou canst not al-
ways be as a child;
Speak up, and express
yourself, my dear,
Of boys and teachers
have no fear.

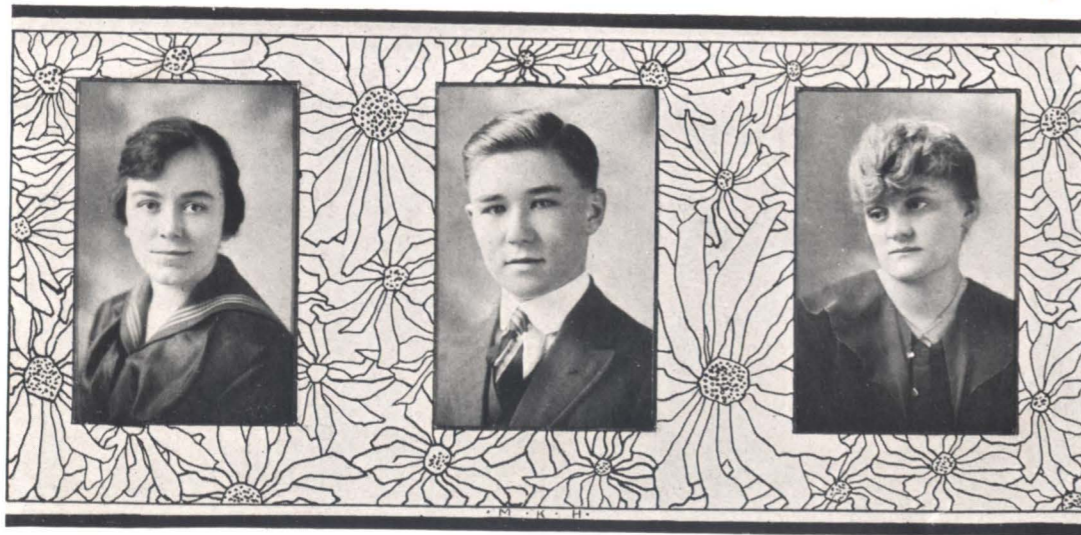
Verna B. Roberts

VICTOR JOHANNING—
"Vic"
He is very important,
indeed,
For the things upon
which he doth feed
Are history and such,
In amounts of so
much,
That he just couldn't
help but succeed.

IONE SORENSEN—
"Scurie"
A "Sherlock," indeed, is
Ione,
And, in truth, she
worked not alone,
With her large retinue
She slammed me and
you,
Did this sly little "Sher-
lock," Ione.

Ione A. Sorensen





DORIS DICKEY—"Dickie"
 Let us rest ourselves a bit!
 Worry? — Wave your
 hand to it.
 Kiss your finger tips
 and smile
 To care, farewell a lit-
 tle while!

Doris Dickey
Alta Lewis

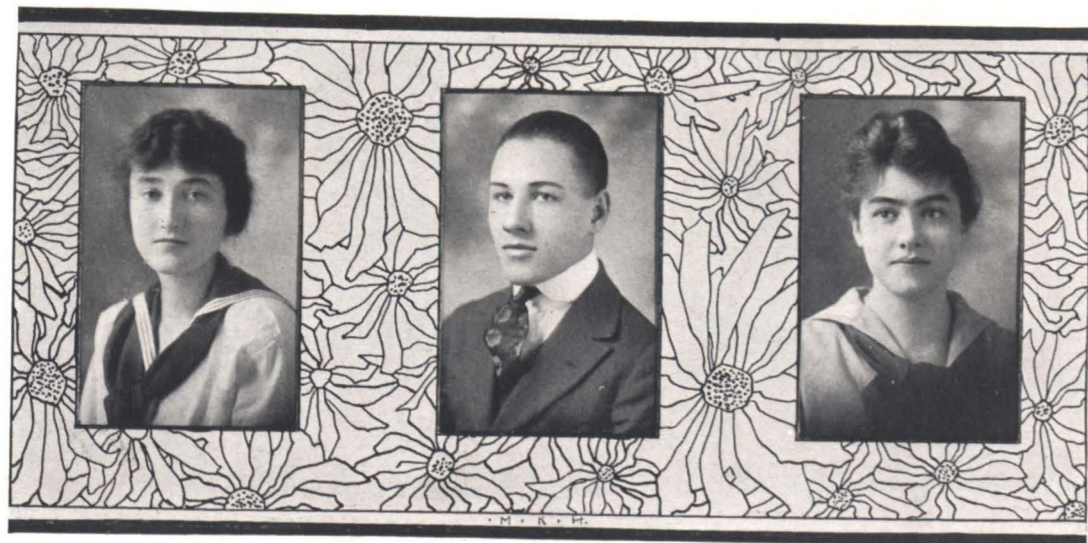
ALTA LEWIS—
 Here is a girl who,
 every day,
 Comes to school by a
 funny way,
 Her home is just a few
 miles west—
 Yes, that's the place!
 you all have guessed.

HERBER FELGENHAUER
 —"Herb"
 Here is a boy who draw-
 ing does like
 As much as he does his
 gasoline bike;
 To cease drawing he's
 loath,
 But it stunted the
 growth
 Of this lad with the
 gasoline bike.

RALPH MORGAN—
 "Monk"
 There's a lad by the
 name of Morgan,
 And at *ads* he is really
 a fan;
 We ne'er saw him fret,
 With an *ad* still to get,
 For his motto was,
 "Work, and you can."

HELEN JENSEN—
 Give me the room whose
 every nook
 Is dedicated to a book.
 Two windows will suf-
 fice for air
 And grant the light ad-
 mission there.

Billie and DuFour
LILLIAN DUFOUR—"Lil"
 The maid who has the
 name of DuFour,
 Oh, why must we slam
 her, we ask you, why
 for?
 She's sweet and pretty,
 Clever and witty;
 And we ask you now,
 "Could one want
 much more?"



CLAIR FANCHER—
 Fancher, in his Fresh-
 man days,
 From Corliss did com-
 mute;
 Now he drives his little
 Ford,
 And to the town does
 toot!

Clair Fancher

GLADYCE PETERSON—
 "Glad"
 Vain, vainer, vainest;
 all three
 Amply do apply to me,
 Fuss, fusser, fussing;
 these three
 Likewise do apply to
 me.

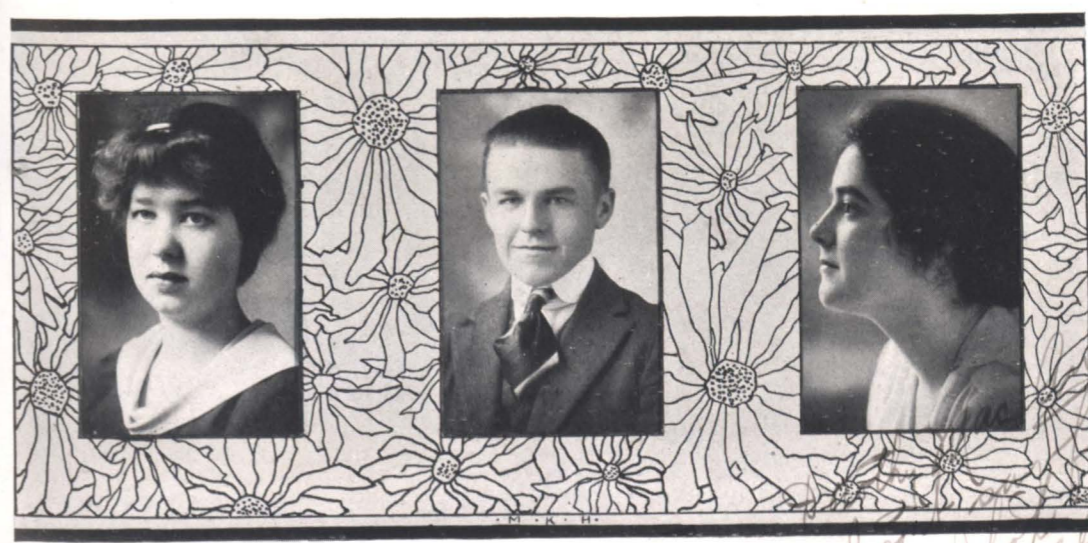
EDWARD KERSTEN—
 A boy with an excellent
 brain,
 Who likes to show his
 wit—
 A "G" he could easily
 gain,
 If he only would study
 a bit!

Edward Kersten

JENNIE ANDERSON—
 "Jen"
 There is a Senior named
 "Jen,"
 And she walks as fast
 as she "ken,"
 When she stumbles, she
 has a long fall,
 Because 'our Jennie is
 quite tall.

RAYMOND FOX—"Fox"
 "Some things on earth
 are very strange,
 Its mysteries are many;
 They say this is a world
 of change,
 But I can't borrow any."

DOROTHY MacANANNY
 Yes, that is Dorothy
 flitting about,
 It is she, without a sin-
 gle doubt;
 In a waist of bright
 yellow, or red, or
 green,
 She almost always may
 be seen.



*copy for photo to see
you often*

Manilla Rittman



GWENDOLYN EVANS—
"Gwen," "Babe"

We have seen and will see her many a time, Before she has reached her prime, With many a young man enjoying pleasure, Tripping a light, fantastic measure.

Gwen Evans

CHRISTOPHER PUGH—
"Crip"

"Crip" was the star on the basketball list, The captain and prop of the team— And tho you might judge him a pessimist In Kenosha, the lad was a beam.

"Crip" Pugh

MANILLA RITTMAN—
"Girlie"

Here is a maid with eyes so dark, And a tongue that wiggles so fast, She talks and talks the whole day thru, And oft one wonders how long it will last.

HARVEY PETERSON—

He prepares his lessons with care, He spends all his time on books, And if it were not for his loud, loud hair, We wouldn't have much on his looks.

EDNA HOUGH—

"A dillar, a dollar, a 10 o'clock scholar," She lives out near the Dam; And when you ask her why she's late, She's as silent as a clam.

Edna Hough

DONALD MOREY—"Don"

Don runs an auto round the town, And he asks the girls to ride, Nor is he ever known to frown When a maiden's by his side.



Bernice Block



BERNICE BLOCK—
"Bunny"

"Kipi Kawi Kopy Knocker." Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Such a girl is Bernice Block. She's typed the copy for the "Kipi." No one so much deserves our pity.

RUSSELL LYNCH—
"Lynch"

There is a lad named Lynch, Who's very, very wise, To rattle his tongue he finds a cinch, And all he does is criticize.

ALICE DOSTAL—

Alice is a maid demure, As we all know well; Tho her looks are shy, we're sure Looks don't always tell.

SUSAN SCHAMP—
"Soapsuds"

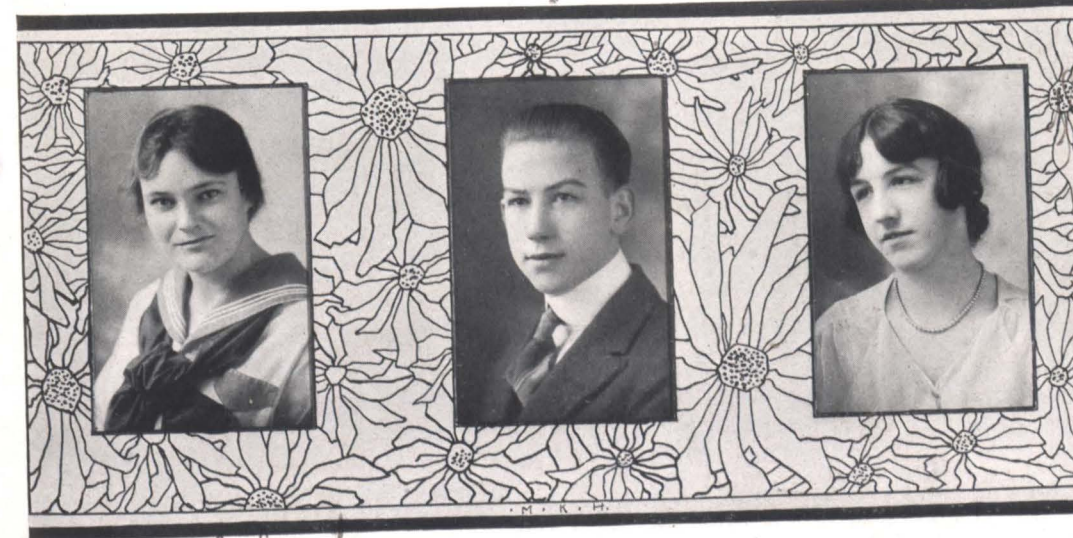
The girls all call me "Soapsuds," And the boys all call me "Sue," But my teachers call me "Susan," And, indeed, 'tis proper, too.

Bob Connolly
ROBERT CONNOLLY—
"Bob"

The Irish and the Dutch, They don't amount to much, But it really seems a pity, Not to credit them as witty.

FLORENCE WHEELER—

I see her face, I hear her voice, As now she gets her mark; Oh, yes, she is the teacher's choice, For she's the Spanish shark.



Susan Schamp

Vera Place.



VERA PLACE—
Prim, curious Vera,
She comes from the
farm,
And her ambition is
To be a school marm.

ALEXIS TOSTESON—
"Lecky"
"Lecky" carries a sad
expression,
One would think him in
depression;
But you ought to see
him "beam"
When he's on the high
school team.

HARRIETTE ROOT—
"Rootie"
Here is a girl who seems
to be blessed
With a knack of know-
ing just how to dress,
But she also does work
And it's seldom she'll
shirk,
Altho on her face is oft
writ distress.



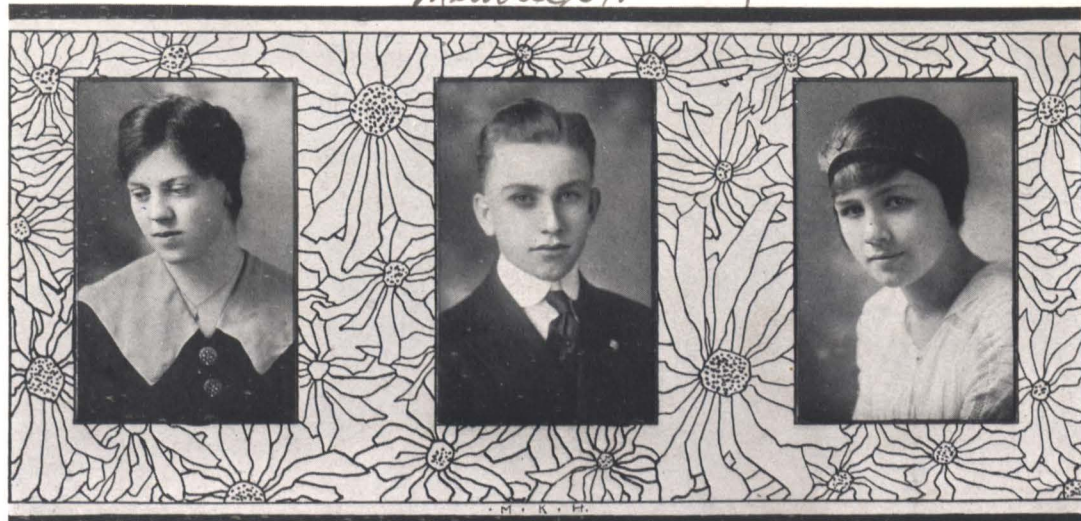
MILDRED SCHACHT—
This senior's name is
Mildred Schacht,
And with much knowl-
edge her head is
stocked,
At least, so they say,
Be that as it may,
She keeps very mum,
does Miss Schacht.

MELVILLE HOLLAND—
He'll be president some
day,
At least that's what
people say;
At "Central" he runs
the government,
For which he receives
not a single cent.

DOROTHY JOHNSON—
She laughs and giggles
outside of school,
But when she's here,
she obeys the rule,
She works very hard
the whole day long,
And never a thing does
she do that's wrong.



Melville & Holland



Dorothy Johnson

Lillian O. Jameson.



HARRIET GIFFORD—
Here is a girl whose
name is Gifford,
And she no time for
play can afford.
For she works with a
zest
Which is surely her
best;
For 'tis done of her own
true accord.

JOHN CLANCY—
"Jack"
"Jack" is so brimful of
mischief and joy,
It shows in his twink-
ling eye,
He's a modest (?) and
studious (?) boy,
Who causes the girls all
to sigh.

LILLIAN JAMESON—
"Sis"
Here is a girl who gig-
gles,
And giggles and giggles
and giggles;
And when she giggles
she wiggles;
Because when she gig-
gles, she giggles.



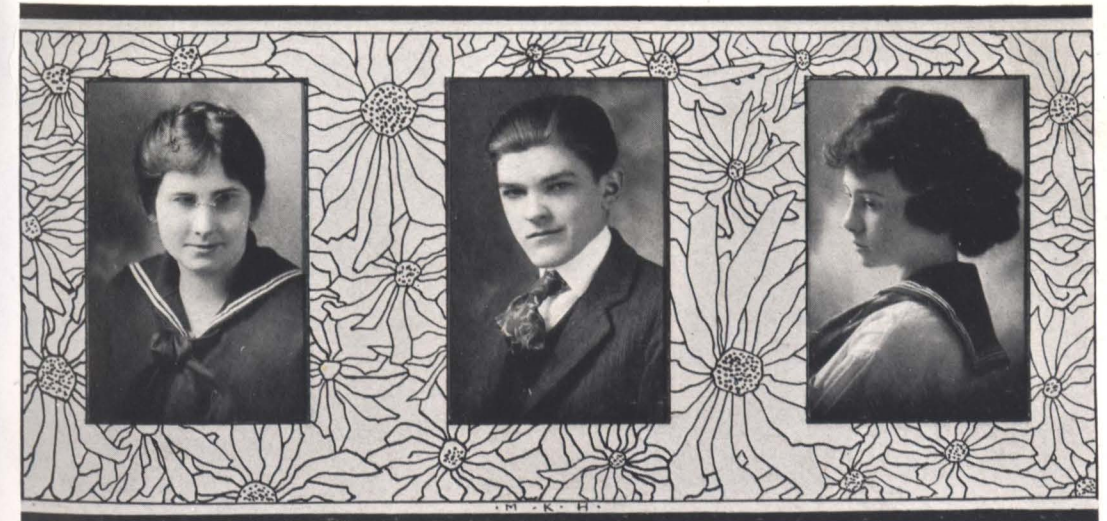
MARGARET SWEETMAN
She's a girl, and not a
sweet man,
Try to beat her if you
can.
In answering, she is
quite exact,
In every sentence, word,
and act.

RUSSELL FREDERICK—
Here is a boy who came
back for a year,
Because of a terrible,
haunting fear,
That the school couldn't
run without him
here;
And so he came back—
for just a year.

MILDRED EVANS—
Lots of time for loiter-
ing,
Lots of time for dreams,
"What's the use of
studying?"
Is her motto, so it
seems.



Mildred Evans





LEONE JENSEN—

Leone is an American Dane,
You surely could tell it from her name.
Her country is on the verge of war,
But she studies her German more and more.

Leone M. Jensen

LESTER AUGUSTINE—
"Sam"

This fellow can talk at a wonderful rate;
And it seems that his favorite employment is causing his classmates with him to debate;
To argue is his chief enjoyment.

ESTELLE FINK—
"Stella"

Stella seems a quiet lass,
Until one sees her out of class,
Roaming in the country free,
With a tall and unknown he.

CLAYTON DOW—"Dow"

You can tell him from the fellows,
By the color of his clothes,
And by his gaudy ties of yellow,
And, alas, by his purple hose.

ELEANOR PETERSON—

Yes, she's an "E" student of R. H. S.,
But couldn't we all be? Well, I guess,
If we just studied like she, *all day*,
And never cared a bit for play.

HARRY GROENKE—

A soldier brave and true is he,
A member of "Battery C";
He comes to a school in a *Mitchell* car,
Oh, what a soldier, my boy, you are!



Eleanor L. Peterson

Harry W. Groenke

Nell Fuller '17



NELL FULLER—"Nellie"

There was once a Senior named Nell,
Of whom we've often heard tell,
That one night she was seen
With a Senior named Dean,
Oh, alas! for our Senior girl Nell.

ALBERT HANSEN—"Al"

Did you ever notice his "pomp"
Flowing around on his head?
And those girlish eyes,
and the modist smile?
But his feet are heavy as lead.

CATHRYN CARPENTER—
"Caddie"

Here's to a girl named Carpenter,
'Twas that there'd be no slam for her,
Until her recent inclination
For fussing, gave us inspiration.

Cathryn W. Carpenter

GERTRUDE SCHAUFLE—
"Gertie"

Gertrude's very, very shy,
And all of us are wondering why
There isn't just a bit more fun,
In her whose work is always done.

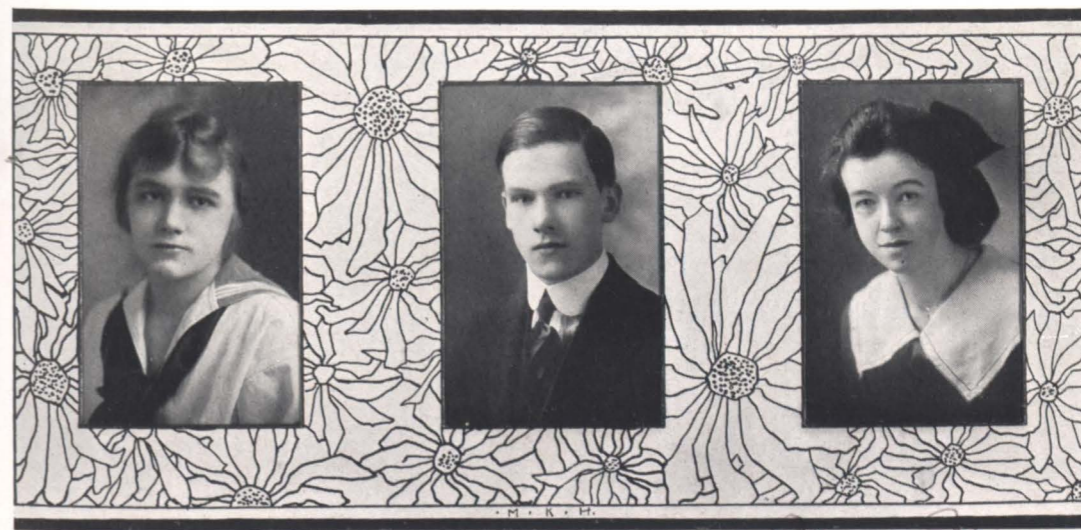
HERBERT HANSEN—

Oh, Herbert, of the blushing cheek,
You've so much talent and yet are so meek.
You play the piano in a way so adorable
You make my heart beat in a manner deplorable.

MARY KEARNEY—

I know my teachers like me,
I'm attentive and so still;
But they say, "Speak louder" rightly,
For I can, if so I will.

Herb. W. Hansen '17



Mary Kearney



HELGA STAFF—
Of Helga, whose sur-
name is Staff,
We might try, but we
couldn't tell half;
She's one of the dears
Who's stayed here five
years.
She loves R. H. S., does
our Staff.

Helga Staff

KATHRYN SMITH—
"Katz"
There is a maiden
named Kathryn
Smith,
Who when she is ab-
sent, we are sure to
miss;
For she laughs and she
talks
As fast as she walks,
Does this quiet (?) tiny
young miss.

CARL JOHNSON—
The only boy in a class
of girls,
A soft *shell* crab among
the pearls;
But that he does not
seem to mind,
Hfm in that class each
day you'll find.

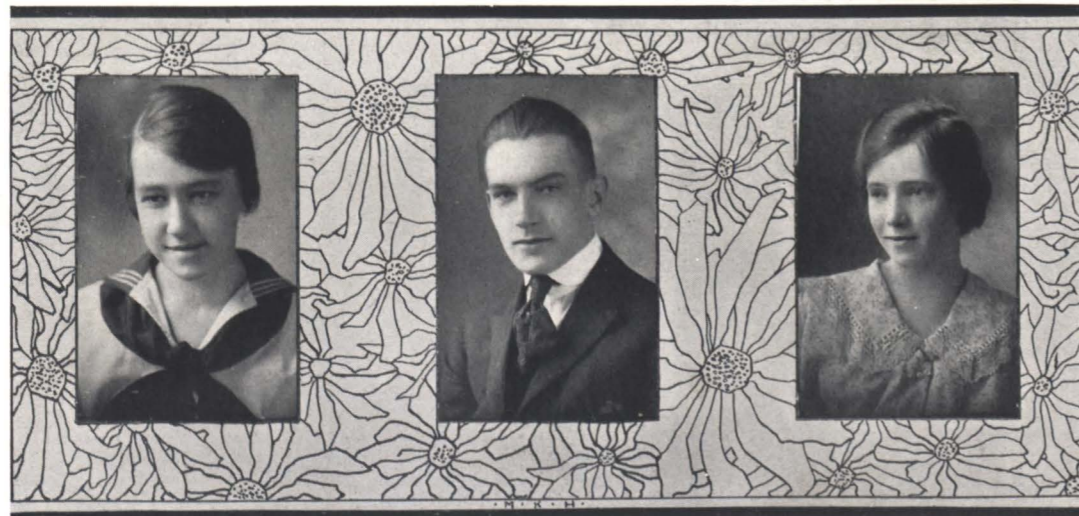
MARGARET SEATTER—
Here is a girl who, be-
cause of her voice,
In the Glee Club play
had very first choice,
She can sing—oh, my!
Remarkably high!
This girl with the won-
derful voice.

Margaret Seatter

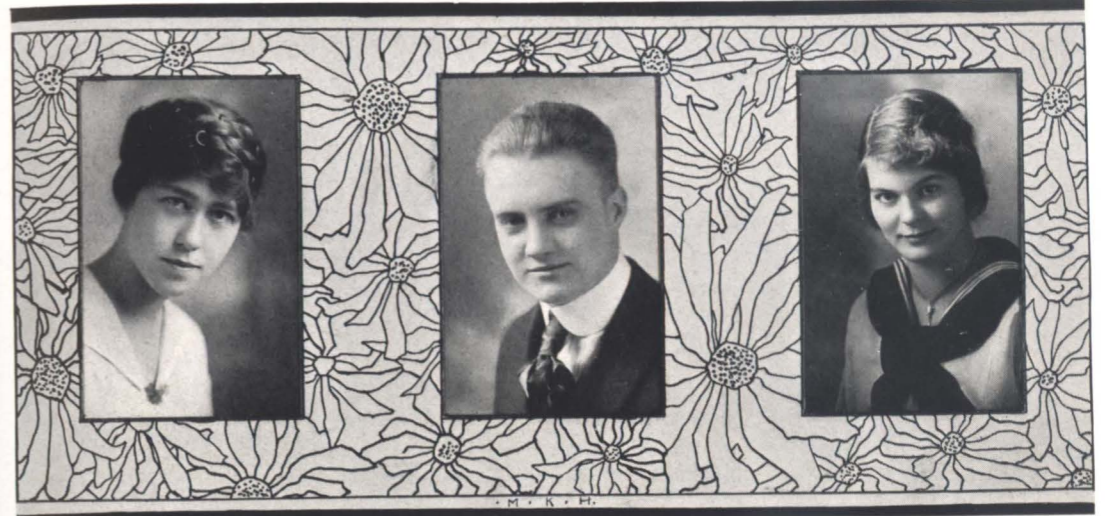
Ruth Phelps

JACK POWERS—
A basketball shark
named Powers,
Who above his oppo-
nents towers,
He's as strong as his
name,
And he's won for us
fame,
This lad by the name
of Jack Powers.

RUTH PHELPS—
There is a girl by the
name of Ruth Phelps,
Whose motto must be
"Each little bit helps";
For she may be seen
any time of the day
Working in a most dili-
gent way.



Kathryn Smith



MILDRED HAWES—
"Millie"
Rowley! O Rowley; I
luff but you,
Nothing can cut our luff
half in two.
Rowley! O Rowley! if
you love your dolly,
I promise to stick to
you schust like glue.

Mildred Hawes

PETER SINNEN—"Pete"
I wish someone would
give me
The ambition to work,
So I'd not be so lazy
And continue to shirk.

Pete Sinnen

FLORENCE VICTOR—
"Flo," "Boots"
Discovered!—a strange
new invention,
Which 'tis very essen-
tial to mention;
A Victor Machine
which, when it is
wound,
Continues forever in
one endless round.

Florence Victor

OLUF JACOBSON—
Oluf furnished many
snap-shots,
And he sure worked
hard to get lots,
So that "Kipikawi"
spaces
Might be decked with
students' faces.

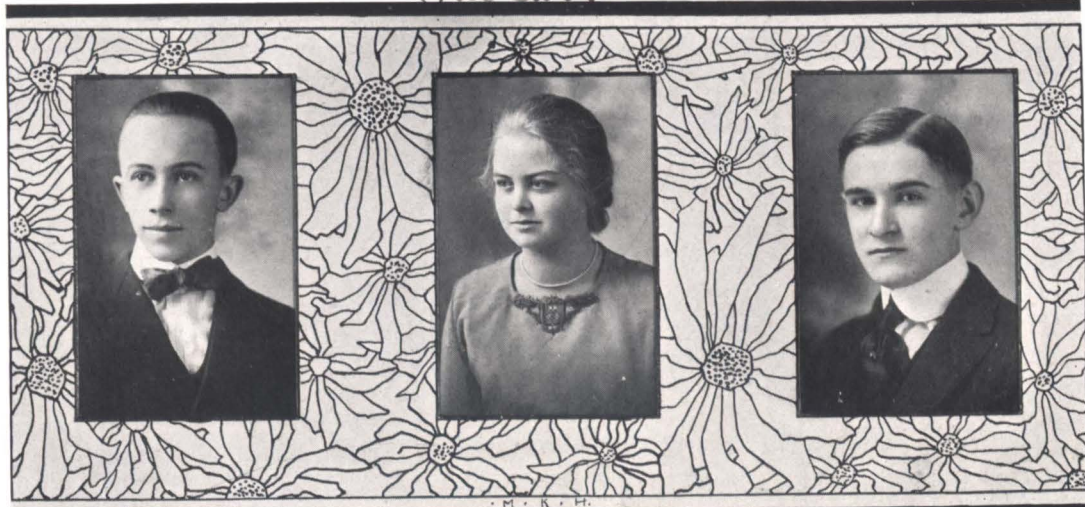
Olga Christensen

OLGA CHRISTENSEN—
To meet this maiden,
one would think
That all she cares to do
is wink!
But still there is an-
other thing,
For Olga dearly loves
to sing.

AUGUST SCHOENING—
"As tall as a pole,
As lean as a rake,
He is not right fat, I
undertake."



Paula H. Larsen.



BURTON ROWLEY—
"Tiggie"

"The cause of love can never be assigned, 'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind." When all is said and all is done, Is it not true of all, as of this one?"

PAULA LARSEN—

"I'm afraid we can't hear you," the teachers do say, When Paula recites almost every day; But still she continues to whisper her words, For all the world, like the little birds.

NORMAN BOTSFORD—
"Nor"

Photography is Norman's aim, At slight of hand, he's won some fame; But tho he seems to have his choice, He listens to "His Master's Voice."

Norman R. Botsford.

JOSEPH FUCILLA—"Jo"

Joseph is a busy man, He studies all the time he can, In three years' time he's done much more, Than most of us can do in four.

MARJORIE CHEESEMAN
"Jimmy"

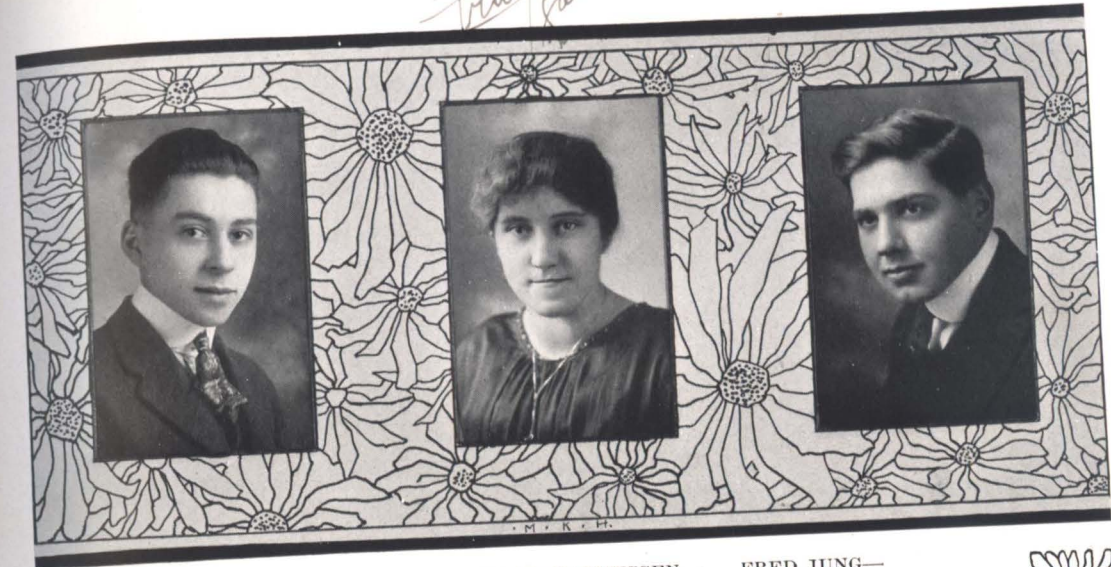
Of Marjorie Cheesman there are many who think At the fount of knowledge she likes to drink, Left by her peers, She's stayed six years, She deserves her diploma—we surely do think.

FRANK DAVIES—
"Happy"

The man who frets at worldly strife, Grows sallow, sad, and thin, Give us the lad whose happy life Is one perpetual grin!



Frances Rasmussen



JULIUS FEIGES—
"Feiges"

Yes, he belongs to "Battery C," On girls, he's daffy beyond recall; He drives a car; he eats chop suey; He's a regular guy; he knows it all.

Julius Feiges

FRANCES RASMUSSEN—

Yes, she loves to crack her jokes, And, in short, amuse the folks; So when you see a crowd around, You'll know that Frances' on the ground.

FRED JUNG—

When I speak it's "dis" and "dose," Why I do it, no one knows; But, alas, before I think, Out it pops, like Della's wink.

Fred L. Jung



Julius Feiges
Frances Rasmussen
Fred L. Jung

CATHERINE O'DONNELL

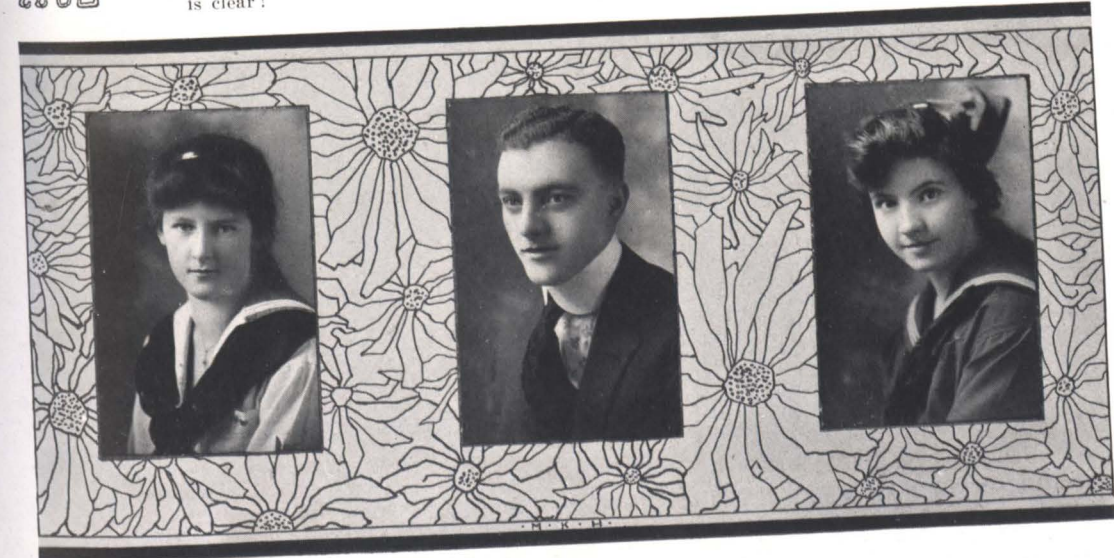
Since "h" stands for hunger, my dear, Then "f" stands for fussing, we fear; So your name should be H. F. For of both you've enough, To assure you your title is clear!

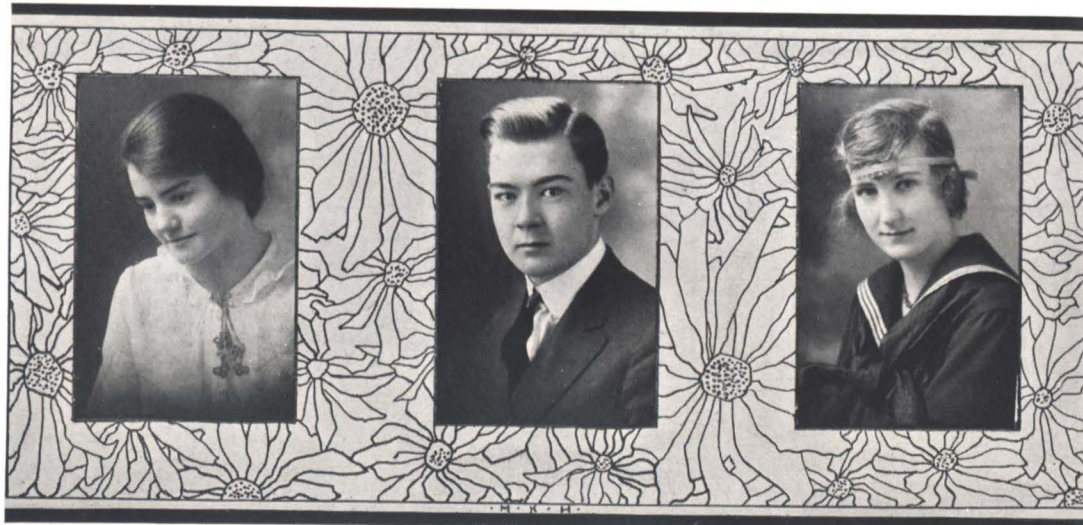
VICTOR CRANE—"Vic"

He's a twin, he asserts with a vim, And we only see "50" per cent of him; But, indeed, it's enough To prove he's a bluff— So his colleagues assert with a vim.

CHARLOTTE HERMES—
"Chuck"

What a vim, and what a zest, What a contrast from the rest, Just a whirl and then a dash, Just a streak—a passing flash.





JOSEPHINE NERAD—
Another of the studious
kind,
Who has a very absorb-
ent mind.
For she always recites
with a certain zest
As if she were answer-
ing an oral test.

CLARENCE B. PETERSON
He could "Due" his
German well
Every noon, they say;
But in physics, what be-
fell?
Fortune turned away!

Clarence B. Peterson

WINIFRED HERRICK—
"Winnie"
Love is hardest to be
hidden,
Do your best, you can't
conceal it!
Actions, looks, and
tones, unbidden,
All conspire to reveal
it!

Winifred Herrick

Pinky Park

ELLIOTT PARK—
"Pinky"

A fussy fusser here we
see,
A lady-killer he would
be;
And every evening forth
he goes,
To take the girls to
movie shows.

Virginia Thompson

VIRGINIA THOMPSON—
"Ginger"

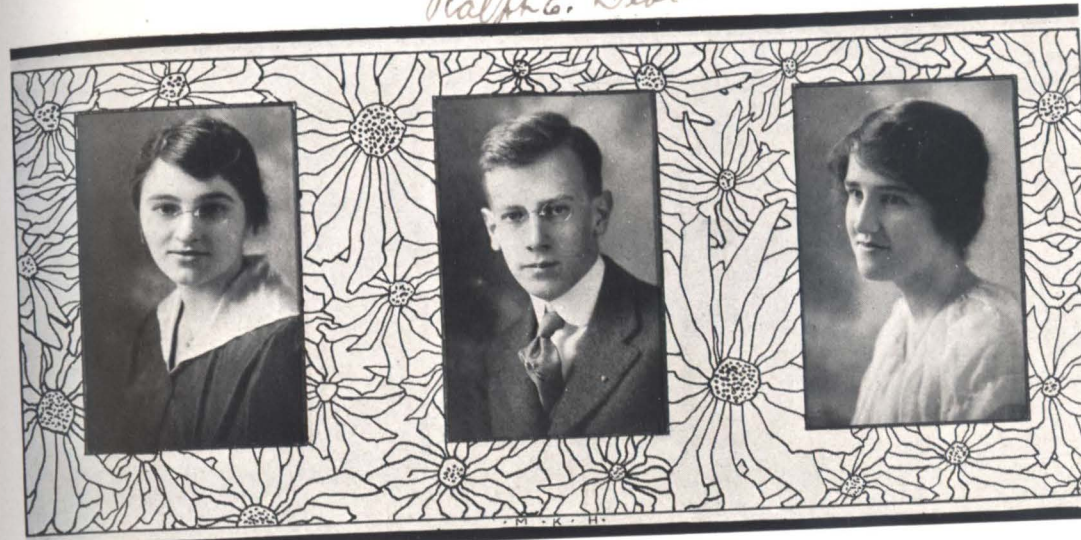
Her's a modest little
Senior
One can tell by her
demeanor
For the motto which is
hers,
Is "Children should be
seen, not heard."

GEORGE BARTLETT—

This youth has a man-
ner which fazes,
When he's talking in
knocks or in praises;
If he sticks to the
truth,
You may take it for-
sooth,
That he uses elastic
phrases.



Ralph E. Dean



LEONA THOMAS—
A step-aside that proves
the rule,
Regarding those who go
the school,
She always has her les-
sons done,
And finds a little time
for fun.

Russ, Mac
RUSSELL MACDOUGALL
"Russ," "Mac"
Field events and basket-
ball,
And girls—my avoca-
tions—
Studies?—They come
last of all—
I've other occupations.

RALPH DEAN—"Kippy"
Here's to our friend
named Dean,
And he is truly quite
lean,
But we smile as we say
Ralph Dean is quite
gay,
In his car with fair
maids he's oft seen.

DOROTHY MURPHY—
Happy am I,
From care I'm free;
Why can't you all
Be contented like me?

ESTHER JUSTESON—
A goody, goody miss is
she,
A far more saintly lass
than we;
And if for her you ever
search,
Do not neglect to look
in church.

IRVING GOTSCHE—
Come what will or come
what may,
Let not toil obstruct
your way—
Pleasures lead a life of
song—
Parts of labor drag
along!





IRENE SHERROW—
There is a wee senior
named Sherrow,
Who has a wee voice
like a sparrow;
She comes and she goes,
Still, nobody knows,
This wee little senior
named Sherrow.

Irene Sherrow.

ELI LAIKEN—
"Eli Whitney"
Subjects many does he
take,
At debating he's a fake.
You always see him
with his "trunk",
And all his books; so
he won't flunk.

MARGARET PERRY—
This girl whose name
is Margaret
Is always quiet, she
never does fret,
But then though she
seems so slow,
You can't always tell,
the quiet, you know.



RHIS

The following theme was awarded first place in the Senior Theme Contest.—Editors.

THE BELL.

"O young Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder."

List to a tale of a Gleam and its following. Somewhere among the eastern mountains of our country there lies a small village called Ridgeway. If you were to look for it you would probably not find it, for its name is little known to the people of the surrounding country. It is a very reserved and silent village, living its own life of monotony and solitude uninterrupted by its neighbors and the world. There the inhabitants rear their children and give to them a brief schooling. When the children grow up, they are married by the pastor of the only church which the village possesses; and, finally, their life's labors ended, they are laid to rest in the calm, brooding silence of the churchyard. The happenings of the outside world are of little interest to them. Visitors are rarely seen, for the roads over the mountains are rough and wearisome, and its people are too busy to receive them as guests.

The village itself, however, is one of quaint and picturesque beauty. On the north and west rise the lofty mountains, their silent, white-capped peaks towering amidst the clouds, their blue-gray sides sloping gently toward the village. There is something awe-inspiring and uplifting in the sight of these mountains even to the minds of the simple village-folk whose eyes from babyhood have been accustomed to seeing them standing out in misty outlines against the cold gray sky of the dawn or rearing themselves nobly and majestically toward the heavens in the dead of night. Wide jagged cliffs stretch in an unending line across the southern horizon, and in the east lie long rows of hills which are covered with streamlets. In the middle of the village is a lake with its crystal waters as pure and transparent as the mountains are grim and forbidding. Along this lake the villagers have built their homes,

their school-house, and their church. On its banks their children play, dabbling their little hands in its smiling serene surface and laughing gleefully when the breeze from over the mountains blows gently lapping waves on their bare feet. At the close of the farm summer days the farmers lead their horses and cattle down to its brink, and the clear water cools and refreshes the animals' heated and tired bodies.

Thus life in the village goes on while the days and years pass gradually into eternity; and the people live as their fathers did before them, rearing their children to useful and practical lives as they themselves had been reared. But there was, at the time of which I am writing, one singularity which rendered it unlike any other mountain village of its kind. It is an old village, as I have said, and the mountains surrounding it have been there from time immemorial and will be there forever, but there was a mystery none had ever tried to solve.

It was at sunset that it occurred. When in the west God was painting the sky with rose tints and purple and gold, and when the tops of the hills shone with a yellow, ethereal light, the mellow tones of a bell, seeming to descend from the sky itself, were heard daily, reverberating over the quiet countryside with pure, sweet notes. No one knew from whence they came, nor did many wish to know. To the villagers it was a beautiful, shadowy mystery, and one of the deep unknown things of life. "It has always been so," mothers told their children in answer to their questions and they accepted it with their childish faith; and when they grew up the sound had become so a part of their lives that they ceased wondering over it and no longer questioned its origin, but believed in it simply though incomprehensibly as their forefathers had done before them. Most of the inhabitants thought of it as in some mystic way connected with the Almighty, who thus called them at eventide from their work to give thanks to Him for His guidance and protection through the day. The villagers had come to regard that hour as dedicated to God; and every day when they heard the bell they would come from their work, their hands and clothing soiled with their labor in the earth, and, gathering



their children from their play, they would repair to the little stone church to listen to the solemn words of their pastor as he gave thanks to God for their many blessings.

This was the condition of life in the village when, at the close of a certain day near the end of June, a boy was born. His eyes were gray and brooding as the mountains. As time passed, he, too, learned to stop his play, when the bell from the hills rang out, that he might go with his parents to the church to worship God. To his eager curious mind, the bell was a wonderful thing, more marvelous because no one, not even the pastor of the church, could tell him what it was. It seemed to waken in his soul thoughts sublime and uplifting. It seemed, as he listened to its notes, to be a voice calling him, summoning him, with an irresistible luring, to break away from the life in the village, and to yield his soul to the melody—to follow it on and on wherever it might lead him.

As he grew older he longed, with a deep and irresistible desire, instead of following the village-folk to the church, to yield to the subtle, winning tones of the bell and to go on and on up the hills with their green mossy sides, and seek the place from which the tones came. As the afternoon waned and the sun began to travel slowly toward the west, he would often steal away from his play-mates and wait for the bell to send out its exquisite melody upon the air, and when it sounded, his face would become rapt and his eyes would shine and glow with the beauty of it all.

He was lying one day stretched out by the side of the lake ostensibly watching his father's cattle that were standing knee-deep in the water solemnly regarding each other; but, in reality, his thoughts were far away. His eyes were fixed upon the wide blue expanse of the lake as it glittered and sparkled. The tiny mischievous sunbeams played with the laughing dimpling waves. The boy was thinking of the bell and wondering in his vague childish way why his father and the minister had lived until their hair had become white and their faces wrinkled and worn without learning its mystery. They had even become impatient with his incessant questioning, so that now he no longer spoke of it to them, but in his own

mind he tried to satisfy his curiosity for himself.

As he lay on the soft grass on the bank of the lake, warmed and soothed by the sun and lulled by the soft murmur of the waves, he at last fell asleep. The murmuring of the wind had ceased and the golden rays of the sun had disappeared. He was alone in a dark unknown place. A mist seemed to enshroud him and to shut out the light of day. He was groping blindly, seeking for something, he knew not what. The ground beneath his feet, which he could only feel, seemed to be sinking down. His soul was filled with despair. But suddenly, far away in the distance, a gleam of light appeared, very faint at first but growing in radiance as he looked at it; and, as it became brighter, he heard the notes of his bell ringing out clearly; and the tones seemed to come from the midst of the radiance. He sprang up and, his soul alight with hope, followed in the direction of the gleam. But the way was hard. Huge rocks barred his path and cut his feet. Often the gleam itself disappeared and it was with difficulty that he found it again. But always, on seeing it, he hailed it with greater joy and hopefully followed it. Sometimes the notes of the bell grew so faint and low that he scarcely heard them, and then he would become despairing and hopeless. But through it all a voice whispered, "Press on."

But no matter how far and how long he journeyed, he could not reach the gleam nor see with his own eyes the bell which lured him onward. He was about to give up hope when the bell, whose notes had become soft and indistinct, suddenly pealed forth with a joyful, triumphant melody, and he awoke from his dream.

Dazed and bewildered, he looked about him. The bell was really ringing now. He sprang to his feet. He looked with unseeing eyes upon his neighbors and playmates wending their way to the church, but with his dream still fresh in his mind he turned his footsteps toward the east and hurried along, his eyes fixed on the eastern sky tinted to gold and purple by the reflection of the setting sun upon the mountains. Soon he reached the foot of the hills which stretched themselves



out along the golden horizon, and he began to ascend the sides. The hills were high and steep and the way often hard to follow, for it was the springtime of the year and the fallen branches and limbs, broken by the winter storms, lay everywhere about, but he did not heed them. As long as the bell rang he heard and felt nothing; he only knew that it was calling him and that if he did not answer its summons, it would never call him again in this way. Though his bare hands and feet were bleeding and his face was cut and torn, he kept on until he had reached the top of the hill.

Before him, in all its spring-time beauty, lay a little valley hemmed in on all sides. Above his head towered gigantic forest trees stretching their branches majestically up toward the sky. The crisp, unfolding leaves, gleaming and sparkling in the sunbeams, rustled softly. Birds twittered happily in the branches, and a red bird flew fearlessly to a twig above his head and began to warble his vespers, a composition consisting of trills and ecstasies, as though his fountain of life were bubbling over with joy. Past the boy's feet trickled a merry, rippling stream, its waves, after their long winter of frozen confinement, dancing over its surface like sprites, and glinting with the gold of the sun's rays. Along the edge of the stream anemones nodded their sleepy heads in the whispering breeze, and from all sides was wafted toward him the honey-laden odor of spring. Night hawks were beginning to circle about far above in the tree-tops.

The boy, awed by the loveliness of the little valley, advanced. Why had he never been told of this place before? Why had he never known there was such exquisite beauty in the world? He stopped and looked up through the green branches of the trees at the blue and unclouded sky above. As he looked, the tones of the bell rang out insistently upon the air. They were no nearer to him now than they ever had been, but they had brought him to this spot of beauty and contentment. He knew now that if he were ever to be nearer, he would have to continue his search of the bell. He had reached the foothills which surrounded the little village where he lived, but beyond him towered the

mountains, and beyond them lay the unknown. And always he would have the melody to lure him onward. The sun was sinking in the west behind him but it would rise again before him in the morning with its promise of greater glory, and his heart was filled with hope and gladness and a longing to press onward.

—Bernice Block, '17.

The following theme received second place in the Senior Theme Contest.—Editors.

FOR HER PEOPLE.

Darkness hung over the City of Light, making the countless white houses of the city look like so many queerly-shaped ghosts surrounded by a white curtain. The curtain in daylight was the city wall. The large, towered palace in the center of the city appeared to be a monster ghost with hundreds of shining eyes.

For a moment a ray of light shone thru the dark clouds and centered upon the figure of a little girl who was uncertainly hurrying away from the lights of the palace. The child's simple white dress fell in ripples from her shoulders, and the trailing folds of her white mantle were held firmly in one small hand. In the other hand she carried what from its appearance might have been a fairy-wand, which was tipped with a single bright jewel. Her long black curls, held in place by a ring of jewels which encircled her head, formed for her a crown of darkness. She raised her beautiful childish face and listened; then hurried on. Nor did the disappearance of the ray of light stay her progress; for the little Queen of the City of Light was blind.

How she had always longed to see her beautiful surroundings which her people had often described to her! To-night she had fled from the palace where she had given her subjects a ball and was hastening to the home of the Wise Man of the Land to ask him how she might receive her sight.

She had been to the Wise Man's home many times with her adviser and her memory and her wand served her well, for at length she reached the secret back-gate of the city, slipped thru and finally reached her goal. Here she found the Wise Man and stated her reason for coming.



"Ah, yes," said the kindly old Wise Man, looking down into the sightless, mutely pleading, dark eyes, "ask your good Genius for your sight. He will give you anything you ask for if you have faith. Just say, 'Please come, good Genius,' and then make your wish."

The delighted little princess kissed the old man's hand in the same manner as her subjects kissed hers, and in a moment she was gone.

II. Morning had dawned and bright light flooded the City of Light. The little Queen opened her eyes and saw. She gazed for the first time upon the splendor of her own richly furnished bed-chamber. Through the window she saw the roofs of the many white houses of the city. She sprang to the window to get a better view and then the great sun greeted her.

So enraptured was she by the brightness of the sun that she failed to notice the swift approach of the storm clouds. These soon hid the sun and then a terrific thunderstorm broke over the city. The bright lightning flashes startled, bewildered, and frightened her as the thunder never had. Her surprised maids found her sobbing, face downward, upon her bed.

When the storm had ceased and the child had been quieted, she told her attendants that she could see. Immediately the report rang thruout the city that the Queen could see, and great was the rejoicing of the people.

The great adviser, alone, did not rejoice. Instead, a troubled look wrinkled his brow, and his lips took on a look of sadness. But when the child herself came running to him and crying, "I can see; I can see my way to old Ropin's to-day," he could not but rejoice with her.

However, when her adviser opened the little secret door and sent her alone along the passage which led to old Ropin's home, she found that a light, apparently brighter than the sun, pressed her on all sides and so dazzled and burned her eyes that she seemed to be burning alive. With a cry, she turned and ran back thru the passage way and called to be let out, saying she was burning up. As her old adviser opened the door, he murmured,

"It is as I feared. The city is lost, but I must protect her."

III. The sun was at its height and shone pitilessly down upon the starving, half-clothed people of the City of Light. Again the little queen hurried toward the back gate of the city thru which one went to the home of the Wise Man of the Land. But this time the child did not fear that she would be stopped. No one cared what happened now in the City of Light.

At last the child reached the home of the Wise Man.

"Tell me, Wise Man, please," begged the little queen, "why my people have been so poor and sad and troubled since the day that I first saw. Did they not wish me to see? Tell me; no one else will, and I wish to know."

"Oh, yes," began the old Wise Man, "you should know; and, tho your adviser will be angry, I will tell you."

"Many years ago your people came here and found this land covered with and filled with the most precious jewels ever seen by a human being; jewels brighter than diamonds, as bright as the newly-found light in your eyes.

"But there was no food in the land and nothing with which to make clothes. However, the neighboring land of Prac contained these things and was willing to exchange them for the jewels; that is, after the jewels had been cut and polished. So your people became jewel-cutters and polishers.

"All went well until old Ropin, the king of the jewels, decided that he wanted them all himself. Then he gathered all the bright jewels in the ground into one big cave which can only be reached by passing his home. He left only the jewels which were already lying on top of the earth and these were soon picked up. After that the people tried to get them from their king to whom they were of no use.

"Old Ropin finally agreed to give some to any who could come to his home and would let him touch their heads—a method which he used for gaining human wisdom, the only thing he lacked. Many were willing but none could reach Ropin's home for it was a place of such dazzling brightness that no one with



human eye-sight could approach it, even when blindfolded.

"At last it was found that the blind baby queen could stand any amount of brightness; so, as soon as he could, your adviser taught you to go to old Ropin. But you never knew why you went, why he touched your head, or what you carried back. This worked well until you received your sight.

"Now the people are starving and in great danger, for they owe their neighbors so many polished jewels that if they are not paid over at sunset tomorrow, the City of Light will belong to Prac and your people will be slaves. No one, except your adviser and I, knows how the jewels were brot from Ropin but all know what will happen when they are not brot."

"Thank you, Wise Man," cried the little queen, "I am going to Ropin." With these words she hastened away.

Breathlessly, the child sought the adviser. "Take me to Ropin's passage," she cried and tho he demurred she had her way.

Again the little queen entered the passage-way and again the strong light nearly overcame her but this time she threw herself down upon the hard floor of the passage way and called, "Please come, Genius! Please give me blindness, good Genius."

"Would you give your eyes for a handful of jewels?" whispered Evil Genius.

"No," replied the little queen, "but for my people."

Swish! The curtain of darkness once more surrounded the little queen. Then she arose and groped her way to the home of Ropin whom she permitted to place his hand upon her head as long as he liked and from whom she received all the jewels she could carry.

She was gone so long that the adviser had opened the door and was trying to look down the passageway, when at last with radiant face, tho with sightless eyes, she returned and dropped showers of jewels at his feet.

IV. Darkness again enfolded the City of Light but this was a darkness lessened by the soft light of the moon. The little queen of the City of Light, mantled in her white robe, leaned back in her chair upon the balcony outside her window. She was enjoying the quiet of night after the busy rush of jewel cutting and polishing of the day and night

before. A slight wind lifted a dark curl which hung over her shoulder and gently laid it back again. The child almost believed that she could feel the touch of the moonbeams which she was certain were playing upon her upturned face. How peaceful it was!

Suddenly the little queen raised her hand, for she heard music in the distance. Her people were singing on their return from taking the jewels to their neighborland. The singing came nearer until it was directly underneath the balcony. The people, who had heard from the Adviser and the Wise Man how they had been saved, wished to thank their ruler and knew of no other way than by singing songs she loved to hear.

Slowly the music grew softer until it finally died away. Then the little queen arose, felt her way to the edge of the balcony and cried, "Welcome home to the City of Light. The queen cannot see her people but she can love them."

—Eleanor L. Peterson, '17.

WHEN JIMMY OBEYED ORDERS.

"Hey, Bill! what time d'ye s'pose it is?"

The answer came from far back in the woods, "Aw, I dunno; 'tain't very late. I ain't got all the nuts I want yet, neither."

"Well," declared the owner of the first voice, "I'm going; it's gettin' late, I know, 'cause I'm hungry."

"Aw, Jimmy, don't let's go yet."

"Sure, an I'm not a-staying another minit. Didn't I tell the boss I'd be home 'fore dark? And the woods is all dark now. C'mon." And he started briskly off, Bill following reluctantly.

The boys soon reached the edge of the woods, and Jimmy, glancing at the rapidly sinking sun, exclaimed, "Bill, we gotta get a hustle on! Let's climb th' embankment, an' walk the railroad track. It's shorter."

"A'right," agreed Bill, "there ain't no train due yet awhile, is there? There's a' awful long trestle to go over."

"Nope, the train won't come along for half an hour yet, an' we'll be across the trestle then, sure," promised Jimmy, and they quickly scrambled up to the track, where they trudged along at a good pace.

However, the time spent in gathering nuts



had passed more quickly than even the punctual Jimmy had dreamed, and they were still less than half-way across the trestle when suddenly with a roar and a great glare of light the passenger train rounded the curve, and came rushing down upon them. The boys stopped, and stared at one another with white, scared faces. "We—we can't make it!" gasped Bill. Jimmy, unable even to speak, shook his head. The approach of the train aroused him, however, and tearing off his coat, he waved it, shouting loudly; and, although the train was almost upon them, he was rewarded by seeing the wild gesticulations of the engineer, who frantically shouted, "Lie down, quick!"

The words were quite drowned by the noise, but Jimmy, obeying the accompanying gesture, instantly dropped flat in the center of the track. Bill stood wavering; and the train flashed by. It came to a stop when it had left the trestle, and the engineer hastened back to pick up a dazed and frightened boy, who remarked wonderingly, "Why, I guess I ain't dead, after all!"

"No, thank God!" replied the engineer fervently, "but if you hadn't lain down at once—Who taught you obedience?" he broke off abruptly, "You have learned the lesson well."

"Sure," replied the boy, "an' 'twas my mother said to me, 'Jimmy if ye want to get along all right, just remember to always mind yer betters, always obey orders'—But say," gazing anxiously about, "where is Bill?"

The engineer, glancing down into the valley below, shuddered, and said,— "Bill is—didn't obey orders."

—Lillian Case, '17.

PATRIOTIC DIXIE.

It was the Fourth of July, and oppressively hot—but why dally with anything like that? Most Fourth of Julys are hot. One might almost say that "Fourth of July" is synonymous with a "hot day." It was very noisy—but that is old, too; for any true patriot knows how the Fourth is celebrated, although the custom is fast changing to a "safe and sane" Fourth.

Mr. Hammond was a person of ponderous build, and had a broad, smiling, pleasant face. A really fat man needs no further description.

Everyone knows why most fat men are pleasant. In a nut-shell, how can a fat man punish a fleet-footed youngster who has just shot him in the ear with a pea-blower? And it is much the same in all cases of provocation.

He sat at ease in a large lounging-chair well adapted to his great size, in one corner of a cool, shady, screened veranda, where what little there was of cool breeze, wafted the clusters of sweet-scented flowers, and swayed the palms lightly. This place, at least, afforded a place of retreat from the extreme heat, and he was grateful. Opposite him sat his hostess and her elder daughter of surpassing charms. He was quite oblivious of his hostess, replying to her many queries in a rather indifferent and monosyllabic manner; but on the other hand he needed no urging to keep up the animated conversation that passed between him and the elder daughter. She enjoyed, or seemed to enjoy, hearing him describe his future, and as yet rather indefinite career.

Through the glass door that led into the interior of the house, Dixie peered upon the stranger. Be not misled, Dixie was a full-bred Boston terrier of pedigreed parentage, and a dog of unusual intelligence. Moreover, Dixie was the pet and favorite of the elder daughter, a fact of which Mr. Hammond was soon made aware. That saying, "Love me, love my dog," had come to his ears and he lost no time in testing its merit.

"I believe she wants to come out on the veranda, Dorothy," said Mrs. Moss to her daughter.

"Yes, I know," she replied, "but Dixie has a bad habit of digging the dirt out of the jardinieres, and she's ruined ever so many plants that way."

"Poor thing, you can almost see her plead with her eyes. She must be an intelligent dog. She certainly is prettily marked. Notice how the black just touches the inside corners of her eyes and leaves a white ring on her forehead."

"Yes," said Dorothy, much pleased that a stranger should immediately notice this, "father said those marks alone make her fifty dollars more valuable."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Hammond, "I was not far wrong then in conjecturing that she is a valuable dog, was I?"



"No, you surely weren't," said his hostess.

Stranger Hammond noticed, however, that he was the object of Dixie's eager, anxious gaze, and at first felt some uneasiness. These doubts were immediately dispelled, however, when Dorothy, following the same train of thought, continued reassuringly, "Dixie's so loving. Why she takes to strangers right away. Of course she knows a good man from a bad one, and she'd never let a tramp get anywhere near the door; but then again, she'd never bite anyone without a good reason."

"I really believe she likes me," said Mr. Hammond. "Why notice how she keeps watching me. Isn't it strange how they can tell whether they should like a person or not?"

Thereupon he leaned his head back and his thoughts took an entirely different course. "Gee, this is the first day," he thought, "and I sure have made progress." His reflections went no further.

"Mother, I think I'll let Dixie out here for just this once, so Mr. Hammond can see her," and Mr. Hammond was ready to talk more about dogs.

"Yes, do," he began, "let me see her."

His kind hostess complied with his wish, and Dixie was let out. In one beautiful leap of white and brindle she fell upon Stranger Hammond. But where was all that lovable nature, just now so highly praised? The scene that ensued is hardly describable.

By their main strength, Dorothy and her mother finally succeeded in dragging the furiously-growling Dixie away from the white-faced, and scarcely-breathing Mr. Hammond, who presented a sorry sight in his torn and tattered clothing. Assuring himself that he was safe from further manifestations of Dixie's loving nature, he got up, and shouted with a rage very contrary to a fat man's nature, "What the—for the—what's the matter with that gol-darned dog? She's mad! Do you call that loving? Look at my hands—why, I'm apt to get blood-poisoning from this, or what's worse, hydrophobia. She ought to be shot!"

It had been no farce; but despite the many painful impressions Dixie's sharp, young teeth had made on Stranger Hammond's ample leg, and his equally mutilated hands, Dorothy resented the attitude he now assumed toward her loving Dixie. She turned from him and en-

tered the house; but still had enough regard for him to see that Dixie did not get out again.

"I don't see why Dixie went so wildly mad," said the troubled hostess, in a conciliatory voice; but as she said it she did see. "Why, you were leaning on the flag," she exclaimed, as the reason for Dixie's ill-behavior dawned upon her. "We've had it ever so long. My father, as a color-bearer, carried it in the Civil War. You know, one time when Dixie was a little pup, father caught her growling and tugging at that flag and dragging it all about the room. She had pulled it down from the mantle-piece. He gave her a severe whipping and she's never forgotten it. Not long after—it was on the Fourth—rather a co-incidence, isn't it?—a man came and wanted to buy that flag, saying he was a collector of old curios. We would not sell it, and so he attempted to steal it; but father saw him just in time and set Dixie on him. He was glad to drop the flag and run for his life. Ever since then, Dixie seems to have assumed a guardianship of the flag. I suppose she resented your leaning against it."

—Albert Lahr, '17.

A TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

To him, who with judgment born of God, with sympathy, acquired by contact with, and allowance for the faults of his fellowmen; to him, who, with love proceeding from a heart and life of infinite tenderness, piloted the Ship of State through the troubled waters of misunderstanding, let us give honor.

Let us praise this genius who, sent by God, bore the cross and the crown of thorns of a nation which doubted, ridiculed, and even scorned him; who in meekness and humility did his best, and in so doing, became the Savior of this great and glorious Union of ours of which we are so proud.

To Abraham Lincoln, therefore, let us bring our honor and praise. Let us, by living lives patterned after his, serve our country to the best of our ability even as this "Man of Sorrows" did.

—Herbert Hansen, '17.



LETTERS OF A LORD.

New York, N. Y.
June 30, 1914.

Dear Jack:

Our plans for the summer are smashed to smithereens! Now, hold your breath, Jack, while I break the news! Instead of coming to California to spend the summer with you, I must go over to "deah old England" to be married! Yep! That's what I said! Married! "What does she look like?" Never saw her in my life! I suppose its only just to you to explain the whole business, altho it drags quite a bit of musty family history out into the light.

Never knew I was English, did you? None of the fellows at school did either. Well, I am! That is, my dad was. You see, he was what they call "a younger son" in England. When his father died, he crossed over to America, and went to work. He never had a chance at the family title, for there were two older brothers. My mother was a regular Yankee girl of a wealthy family. No, he didn't marry her for the money; it was a love match. When dad died, his will appointed mother's father executor, and said nothing about England, as he evidently never thought I would have occasion to go back. Well, the unexpected happened.

Dad's oldest brother lived longer than the other one, and as neither married, when he died, the title and estate descended to me! So I'm a duke! Me! Imagine it! I can hear the footmen announcing me, "is Ludship, the Duke of Uंबरland!" If they do, I'll snicker and shock the whole crowd.

That's bad enough, isn't it? But it isn't the worst! Before he died, his nibs, the ex-duce, fixed it so I have to marry some female, English, of course, and probably a hundred years old! No, I don't know her name, but her title's Duchess of Worcester! I have to go thru with it, too, to keep up the family stuff! If there was some girl over here, I'd chuck it, title and all, and I've half a mind to do it anyway!

Well, so long, Jack. I hope you won't hold it against me, I couldn't help it, you know, and I guess you'll have to excuse me this time.

Your pal, Harry.

P. S.—I sail to-morrow on the *Halcyon*.

S. S. Halcyon,
(Somewhere on the Atlantic),
July 2, 1914.

Dear Jack:

I couldn't write you yesterday,—seasick—but we got away all right. Felt fine this morning, and had an appetite like a horse. I guess old Neptune's sons got tired of playing football with the ship, because the sea is smooth this morning.

I've thought it all over, but the more I think, the less it seems true that I'm really a duke! Of course, I registered as plain Harry Trevor. I don't want to begin until I have to!

Seeing I haven't any immediate family, the only person on the ship I know, is the lawyer who came over to get me. I guess they call 'em solicitors over in England. He's still under the weather.

There's a bunch of pretty girls on board, and I guess I'll have to get acquainted. One of 'em's a perfect peach! I don't know how I'll meet her, but I'm going to do it! She was standing by the cabin stairs this morning, and I smiled at her, but she didn't seem to see me! Thermometer dropped suddenly! I'll try again, tho.

Your pal,

Harry.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that Fairbanks, the solicitor, insists on addressing me as "M'lord". I'll have to cure him of that before he comes on deck, or he might make us uncomfortable! Gee, I don't want people to know what I am! I want a chance!

Harry.

S. S. Halcyon,
(Still on the Atlantic)
July 4, 1914.

Dear Jack:

The deed is done! Remember that pippin I told you about in my last letter. I've met her! Of course, I haven't been introduced, but that doesn't matter. My cap blew off yesterday morning, and when I was chasing it, I ran plumb into her. I picked her up and apologized. "Well," says I to myself, "here go my chances!" But not at all! She was nice as could be. Introduced me to her aunt, Mrs. Chippendon, and everything. Gee, I'm a lucky guy, Jack!



Good old wind! And say! Believe me, Jack, she improves with acquaintance!

There's going to be a dance to-night in honor of the Fourth. Some more luck! If I don't have the time of my life, it won't be my fault!

Your pal,

Harry.

P. S.—There's some English Johnny hanging around her, but if you're doing any betting, Jack, you'd better put your money on yours truly.

P. S. S.—Her name is Alice Chittendon.

Harry.

S. S. Halcyon,
(Same scenery)
July 5, 1914.

Dear Jack:

Didn't roll in until 3 p. x. this morning! Some old dance last night! Alice is a peach of a dancer. Remember that English Johnny I told you about? I had six dances of my own, and swiped three more—two of them were his! Howls of grief from Freddy (that's his name), and echoes from Aunty!

Sat up on the boat deck with her after the dance ended at twelve. (Alice I mean, not Aunty.) Say, Jack, I never came so close to kissing a girl in my life, without doing it! Her hair blew across my face, and she kinda leaned against me—aw, gee, Jack, I can't describe it, but I guess you understand!

Your pal,

Harry.

P. S.—Gosh, but I wish it was Alice instead of the Duchess!

Harry.

S. S. Halcyon,
(Ditto)
July 6, 1914.

Dear Jack:

Aunty's declared an embargo on Alice! Trevor's stock dropped half a dozen points. Corresponding rise in Freddy's. Only trouble is that there's a lot of goods smuggled (I might say smuggled).

Escaped Aunty and explored the engine room this morning, but darned if I know whether the old boat runs on two engines or four. I know it's a steamer, because it was hot down below and I had to get Alice a

drink. Besides, she's got smoke-stacks (Alice, I mean,no, I don't, I mean the ship!)

Freddy and Aunty drew a cordon around Alice this afternoon, so I didn't have a chance. Gee, but it was a long afternoon! I wonder if I could dump Freddy overboard—no, that won't do! They'd chuck me in the coop, and then I couldn't see Alice at all! Well, he'd better duck, because there's something coming his way!

Later. Ran the blockade to-night and sat up behind the smoke-stacks with Alice. She leaned up against me again! She was all fluffy white and looked simply great. Some time she'll lean too far! I can't be responsible at a time like that, Duchess or no Duchess!

Found out she's in the same fix I am! She's crossing over to marry some old fossil that her folks picked for her before they croaked! England must be a rotten country! They don't seem to give anyone a chance over there! That's why Aunty's guarding her so close! Freddy's taboo, same as me! He doesn't seem half bad after all. I guess he's human.

Your pal,

Harry.

Dear Jack:

Three cheers and a tiger!—No, I guess I'd better tell it from the beginning!

Aunty had a touch of sea sickness at last! She's crossed before, so I thot she was immune. Had to say I was sorry, but darned if I could rake up any sympathy! Freddy's down and out, too! He slipped on the cabin stairs, and sprained his ankle. You'd think he only had a day to live by the way he carries on! Had the doctor six times in the morning alone!

Spent the morning with Alice at shuffle-board. She taught me how to play, but I couldn't play it again, if I wanted to! It's kind of funny how short my memory's getting lately!

Cap announced this morning, that we get in some time to-night, but don't dock until morning.

Walked and sat on deck all afternoon. I appropriated Aunty's chair! I felt pretty bum on account of its being the last day. Alice was sort of quiet, too. The afternoon passed mighty quick.

We went up on the boat deck, again, right after dinner. Alice didn't say much, and I



didn't feel much like talking, you can bet! We just sat up there. All I could think of was how much I'd hate to leave her! Seemed like I'd known her all my life. The moon was shining and all the stars were out, and the sea was like a big pond. I don't know what she wore and, believe me, Jack, I didn't care. I thot of the Duchess, and I felt kind of sick. All of a sudden, Alice sort of leaned over, like she did before, and said, kind of choky, "It's our last night together, Harry!"

"Yep!" says I, trying to be cheerful. "Will you miss me, Alice?"

"Will I!" she said, and her hair blew across my face again! Honest, Jack, I tried to think of the Duchess and the family honor but I just couldn't, and then I did it!

The first thing I knew, she was in my arms, her arms up around my neck, crying kind of quiet. Say, Jack! What's a Duchess or two to a girl like Alice!

We're going to be married as soon as we land in the morning, and then take a trip thru Scotland! Just think, Jack, a whole month of heaven!

Well, so long, I've got to look up old Fairbanks and break the news, and ask him to be my best man! I wish you were here now.

Your pal,

Harry.

P. S.—I guess this means I'll have to chuck the title, so you won't have to kotow after all!

Harry.

Liverpool, Eng.,
July 9, 1914.

Dear Jack:

Address your next letter to Lord Trevor, Duke of Umerland, Stonesides, England.

Alice is the Duchess!

You see, her dad, the old Duke, thot she ought to have a bit of American education, (bless his heart) so she spent four years at Vassar!

The minute Fairbanks set eyes on her, he knew she was the Duchess. The old fool had a photo of her in his grip all the time, but forgot to show it to me. Seems kind of funny he didn't see her on the boat, but he was sea-sick most of the time.

Well, goodbye, Jack, for now. This letter

is short, but take it from me, you're lucky to get this much.

Your pal,

Harry.

P. S.—I had a hunch, all the time that I'd never marry the Duchess, and, by George, Jack, I didn't.

Harry.

P. S.—How long we stay in England remains to be seen. Imagine we shall soon be back in good old U. S. A.

Harry.

—Russell Lynch, '17.

POST MORTEM.

I was resting in the gloaming,
Thinking of the days gone by,
And my thoughts kept roving—roaming,
Back to days at dear old High.

I remember, as a Freshman,
How our High School days began,
Frightened, scary, little Freshmen,
Up to Racine High we ran.

"For in High School," it was rumored,
"Upper classmen all are bad!"
"And the Seniors, they are humored!"
"Ducking Freshies is the fad!"

But the months kept swiftly flying,
Until Sophomores we appeared;
Now the Freshies we were trying,
And of teachers naught we feared.

Still the sands of time kept flowing;
We, as Juniors, took our stand,
And 'twas wonderful in knowing,
We were near the "Promised Land!"

Then one bright September morning,
We, as Seniors, passed that way,
Credit lists resound the warning
We for pleasures have to pay!

Invitations! Graduation!
Each an occupation choose.
On the threshold—expectation!
Of our life—to gain or lose.

Life's begun—the tumult's raging,
Strife and pleasure have the key,
When life's battle still is raging,
Back our thoughts still turn—to thee!

—William G. Browne, '17.



SENIOR GRAPHOLOGY.

Jennie Anderson: Not a scholar; is confidential; methodical; careful; thoughtful; logical. Does not care for display; is somewhat sensitive; does not make advances, nor seek favors.

Lester Augustine: Lacks determination; has kind disposition and unaffected manners; is unsystematic in his methods; has a lively imagination and is inclined to build air-castles. Must be willing to form orderly habits and cultivate will-power.

Harry Baernstein: Has self-confidence and determination; is not extravagant; not unduly modest; rather sensitive; has no taste for routine business; is interested in people.

George Bartlett: Loves study for its own sake; is accurate, careful in detail, systematic, orderly; prompt in attention to duties; reliable in judgment; kind and generous; ambitious; lacking conceit.

Marshall Beaugrand: Shows natural refinement; gentleness; is controlled by emotions; tastes are quiet and modest; is reticent concerning private affairs; loves neatness; is tactful, methodical and painstaking; sometimes worries; is often willful; thinks things out logically.

Nettie Birdsall: Quiet temperament; is easy to get along with; loves to picture rosy future; is interested in other people; is conventional; methodical; tidy; is follower rather than a leader; should be more self-confident.

Bernice Block: Shows good memory; loves accuracy; has ability to lead; is not unduly modest; shows good judgment; is quiet in tastes; reticent about personal affairs; enjoys pleasures and physical sports.

Norman Botsford: Has no love for order; is unsystematic; does not trouble about details; has saving disposition; dislikes display; can be trusted with one's confidence.

Clarence Brach: Gives care to details; is conventional; has love for the artistic; is careful about keeping thots to himself; is thrifty, reserved, and fond of physical sports.

William Browne: Is impulsive, unconventional, and sensitive. Has some qualities of leadership. Is extravagant and impatient with details. Should cultivate self-control and order.

Charles Buehler: Is energetic and active.

Has quiet tastes and a tendency to depression. Is practical, methodical, and self-reliant. Is not given to fancy imaginings or thots.

Della Burgess: Loves pleasure; enjoys companionship of other people; is careful not to offend. Has self-confidence and acts with assurance. Is fond of mental work and music.

Cathryn Carpenter: Is open and frank in conversation. Has modest tastes and ability to get her work without great mental effort. Is thrifty and unspoiled. Loves life of ease.

Lillian Case: Is inclined to act before her judgment is mature. Adapts herself to any occasion that may arise. Is susceptible to emotion and sentiment. Is not firm, determined type.

Marjory Cheesman: Loves pleasure; does not take life seriously. Is orderly, systematic, and careful to observe good form. Adapts herself easily to the wishes of others.

Edna Christensen: Is conscientious, reticent, and dependable. Cares very little for display. Is not self-assertive. Has sound business judgment. Takes life quietly.

Olga Christensen: Is socially inclined. Does not allow herself to be imposed upon. Is understanding, and is led by her emotions. Is truthful and careful to keep her private affairs to herself.

John Clancy: Is anxious to make a good showing on what information he has. Is sensitive on matters touching his pride. Is self-confident but thinks too much of the opinion of others.

Robert Connolly: Is independent and impatient of restraint. Is directed by others; of saving disposition. Is upright, and has thotful mind; is without pretense.

Victor Crane: Is self-confident, though sometimes timid. Is initiative and affectionate. Has high aspirations. Is generous and fond of physical sports; is energetic and determined.

Frank Davies: Is quiet and reserved; keeps thots very much to himself; is suspicious of others; conscientious; of saving disposition. Is not sufficiently painstaking in his work.

Ralph Dean: Has logical mind; quiet tastes; careful habits. Acts with decision and determination. Is conservative and saving. Does not believe in wasting time.

Doris Dickey: Delights in out-of-door activities; does not care for mental work; is



modest in dress; enjoys society; likes to win friends; can be trusted with a secret.

Alice Dostal: Is deliberate, thotful, and gentle. Is temperate in tastes; methodical and prudent; does everything according to rule. Has perseverance, generosity, and will-power.

Julia Davidson: Has habits of industry; good judgment; enjoys social intercourse. Has ambitious hopes. Is frank and discreet, and sometimes too determined. Is never lost in spending her time alone.

Clayton Dow: Is controlled by affections; self-confident; not particularly methodical. Has love for music and power for clear thought. Shows very little love for display.

Lillian Du Four: Is orderly, systematic, careful to observe conventions; timid, industrious, and determined. Is very fond of music; inclined to look out for her own interests.

Gwendolyn Evans: Has love of good times; quiet and simple tastes. Is practical, prudent, logical, methodical, and careful. Has literary talent and is uncommunicative on personal matters.

Mildred Evans: Is active and energetic; has "pep"; is sensitive, strong in affections, and careless about details. Is good conversationalist and has a love for out-door sports.

Clair Fancher: Is optimistic and hopeful of the future; does not believe in wasting time over details; has pronounced preferences. Is quiet, unconventional, and reserved.

Julius Feiges: Is very emotional; sensitive; expects recognition. Believes in doing things the easiest way. Has strong will-power. Is not interested in scholarly attainments.

Herbert Felgenhauer: Has good ability; logical mind; self-confidence. Is direct in manner and bearing. Is not too suspicious to confide in others. Is discreet, forceful, and energetic.

Estelle Fink: Takes responsibility seriously; is not self-assertive nor venturesome, but is sensitive and conventional. Loves music. Is carefully obedient to regulations.

Raymond Fox: Is not given to logical thot; inclined to jump to conclusions; not fond of deep study; outspoken; decides quickly on his regard for other people.

Russell Frederick: Has quiet tastes; good habits of study; is given to confiding in others.

Enjoys a quiet time and a book more than social gatherings.

Newell French: Has not too modest an idea of his own powers; clear and thotful mind; is carefully painstaking in his work; will not give up readily; interested in physical activities.

Joseph Fucilla: Has thotful and logical mind. Is not timid, but neither is he overconfident in himself. Is frank, firm of will, conventional, conscientious.

Nellie Fuller: Is quiet and unassuming; industrious; thotful; painstaking, conventional, reliable, systematic, and neat. Cares especially for good form. Is trustworthy and enjoys solitude.

George Gates: Is generous and even extravagant; intolerant of restraint; likes to do as he pleases; is fond of companionship of other people. Is venturesome, sensitive, impatient, and spirited.

Harriet Gifford: Has modest tastes and industrious habits. Is systematic, orderly, precise, and dependable. Loves good appearance. Is very exact and retiring. Enjoys physical exercise.

Irving Gotsche: Has ambition to have a successful career; is confident, fearless, and unwise in confidences; opinionated and sensitive; is not a habitual procrastinator.

Harry Groenke: Is quiet, timid, sensitive, and impulsive. Is very much given to telling of his own affairs. Has a good mind but is lacking in the habits of industry.

Albert Hansen: Has hopeful disposition; likes to make a good appearance; is energetic, determined, and impatient; fond of music and pleasure. Has no natural interest for student's life.

Eva Hansen: Has confidence and executive ability. Is sensitive, not too modest, and often determined on having her own way. Loves physical exercise; has literary talent; prefers to be plain and useful rather than ornamental.

Helen Hanson: Has good ability and careful habits of study; is conventional, logical, optimistic, frank, and outspoken; loves to build air-castles; has some literary talent.

Herbert Hansen: Is affectionate; independent in matters of taste; rather daring on occasions; talkative, impatient, energetic and



determined. Is careful to make a good impression.

Lydia Hansen: Has good mental ability and a love for out-door sports. Is given to conversation; sensitive; interested in other people. Is accustomed to careful, painstaking effort.

Herbert Hoffert: Is fond of good living and luxuries; enjoys active life; has good mental faculties. Is impulsive, analytic, and introspective. Has good tastes and a love for culture and refinement.

Grace Harding: Is deliberate, thotful, gentle, and temperate in tastes; careful, prudent, practical, sensitive, and somewhat suspicious of others. Is uncommunicative on personal matters.

Is this irony?—(Ed.)

Charlotte Hermes: Is very deliberate in matters of judgment. Has business ability; is somewhat self-centered; accepts customs and traditions without question. Is careful not to offend.

Winifred Herrick: Has quiet tastes; is somewhat timid; willing to fall in with the plans of other people and make herself agreeable; conventional. Cares not at all for display or to attract attention.

Mildred Hawes: Is energetic and forceful; has executive ability; has love for music and poetry; is controlled by emotions and desires. Is argumentative, frank in speech, and sensitive to slights.

Edna Houch: Rather given to self-depreciation; is unduly modest and timid; affectionate and generous; has a good mind and business judgment; becomes easily discouraged.

Oluf Jacobson: Has confident air; meets strangers with assurance; is careful about appearances; is self-reliant; arrives at conclusions by intuition. Is original, thrifty, and practical.

Lillian Jameson: Is conventional; careful to follow accepted usage and style; neat, systematic, and reserved. Has good tastes and a logical mind. Is thotful and generous.

Leona Jensen: Gives too much attention to trifles; is conservative in views; suspicious of motives of others; inclined to be easily discouraged.

Victor Johanning: Has executive ability; love for luxury; good, logical mind. Is quick

of thot; tactful; somewhat lacking in candor. Is self-confident and painstaking.

Carl Johnson: Has an original and an unusual imagination. Is trustworthy, unaffected, and somewhat wilful. Is irregular in habits of industry.

David Johnson: Is thotful, logical, and discreet. Has pronounced convictions; good taste; assurance; executive ability. Has artistic nature, but should cultivate tolerance.

Dorothy Johnson: Is deliberate, frank, sensitive, retiring, modest, original, and affectionate. Is controlled by reason and personal considerations; is confiding and painstaking.

Millard Johnson: Has trusting, quiet disposition; has an upright character; is obedient to regulations; never clashes with the will of others; is a better follower than a leader.

Fred Jung: Is self-confident; has assurance and determination; is generous; given to argumentative reasoning; is versatile; impatient of dictation; socially inclined.

Esther Justeson: Is original and unconventional; fond of the unusual; hard to convince; has strong will-power and firmness; is systematic, neat, modest, and careful about details.

Russell Kurten: Has original ideas; jumps to conclusions; is attentive to trifles; is conservative, unsystematic, sensitive, and impatient of restraint. Makes but does not keep good resolutions.

Mildred Kristerius: Is self-confident; not interested in mental culture; conservative in opinions; hopeful, optimistic, and discreet. Has love for the unusual.

Mary Kearney: Has a quiet disposition; is conservative, affectionate, orderly, and sensitive; deliberate, painstaking, and discreet, but not lacking in candor. Has no love for display.

Edward Kersten: Is versatile, energetic, impulsive, impatient of restraint and rules, unsystematic. Delights in conversation; is intuitive rather than reasoning in thot.

Albert Lahr: Is energetic and self-confident; enjoys physical exercise; is determined, polished, impatient, and emphatic. Has natural executive ability. Shows need of training.

Eli Laiken: Is deliberate, determined, and insistent; is hard to convince; conservative;



not too generous; saving and suspicious; should take a broader outlook on life.

Ben Larsen: Is literary; enjoys study; is careful about details and good form; is neat, systematic, and orderly; not easily discouraged; has a goal which he keeps continually before him.

Paula Larsen: Is deliberate; has executive ability; shows determination; has modest, quiet tastes; logical, clear-thinking mind; is artistic and discreet.

Russell Laycock: Has lofty aspirations; high ideals; is active and impulsive; does good work. Should cultivate will-power to carry out good impulses.

Alta Lewis: Has initiative and executive ability; force of character; is sensitive to opinion of others; likes to confide in others. Is discreet and conventional. Has good tastes.

Burton Lund: Sentiments controlled by reason and personal considerations; has ability and originality; is careful and diplomatic; guards his dignity carefully. Is self-reliant and capable.

Edith Lynch: Shows a lack of candor; is versatile and determined; has thoughtful argumentative mind; expects to be somebody; is tactful and modest, and should overcome sensitiveness.

Russell Lynch: Is impulsive and sometimes wilful; is not systematic and careful; has enthusiasm; enjoys music; is unconventional; does not care for regulations.

Russell Mac Dougall: Has original fancies; is guided by emotions; has strong assurance at the beginning of a task, but his ardor cools before its completion.

Lester Madden: Is self-assurant in a quiet way; conservative; not strong-willed; sometimes insists on having his own way; not orderly or systematic; has hopeful, optimistic spirit.

Hazel McLaughlin: Is logical, painstaking, systematic, neat, and conventional; interested in the welfare of others; has modest tastes. Should cultivate more tenacity of purpose.

Gladys Miller: Has quiet disposition; literary tastes; is energetic, persevering, attentive to duty, altruistic, conservative, and conventional. Has good, clear-thinking mind.

Verna Miller: Has originality; quiet determination; is a good student; careful about de-

tails; is reliable, quiet, modest, and conservative. Enjoys sports and music.

Ralph Morgan: Is interested in making good appearance; acts with decision; is cautious; careful not to waste time on what he regards as non-essentials; is interested in mathematics.

Dorothy Murphy: Has good taste; is neat, systematic, and impulsive; gives her imagination free play; does not like to give up her own way; is impatient of restraint.

Chester Nelson: Has high aspirations; is self-confident; diplomatic; loves display; is outspoken; enjoys conversation; is deliberate; determined; has affectionate disposition.

Ruth Marion Nelson: Has quiet disposition; is impulsive and optimistic; rather self-sufficient; original; loves music; is careful whom she trusts; not easily convinced.

Josephine Nerad: Has good executive ability; clear-thinking mind; is given to decisive action; loves physical sports; is discreet; modest in tastes; inclined to be sensitive.

Elliott Park: Enjoys study; has literary ability and tastes; business capability; is deliberate; decisive in action; has logical mind; is trustworthy and conscientious.

Eleanor Peterson: Is confiding; rather diffident; sincere; but is not always understood; influenced by others; should cultivate independence and self-assurance.

Gladys Peterson: Has rather unusual originality of ideas; is good mixer; has gracious manners and kindly ways; is neat and systematic.

Clarence Peterson: Is very modest and unassuming; reliable; reserved; fits into his place without interfering with others; does what is expected of him.

Jack Powers: Is cautious; believes in preparedness; has force of character; will not give up easily; has a good mind and some literary tastes; is painstaking.

Margaret Perry: Is methodical, neat, and systematic; determined, has clear-thinking mind; good judgment; will not save time or money to get the right results.

Christopher Pugh: Is timid; has modest tastes; is studious; hard to convince; enjoys physical exercise; is confiding on some occasions; quietly determined; is methodical and neat.



Burton Rowley: Has high aspiration; original ideas; believes in himself and his own powers; has determination; some business judgment; simple tastes; enjoys physical sports.

Gladys Roberts: Has strong affections; will devote herself to a cause; is sometimes absent-minded; conservative; given to quiet industry; has tenacity of purpose but is not strong willed.

Verna Roberts: Acts with promptness and decision; having made up her mind, she never hesitates; has self-confidence; executive ability; business judgment; logical mind; artistic tastes; generosity of feelings.

Harriet Root: Is generous, even to extravagancy; intolerant of restraint; has tenacity of purpose; is sensitive; works with enthusiasm; is impulsive and sometimes neglectful of details; guided by affections.

Mildred Schacht: Is rather self-sufficient; careful to win the regard of other people; has an eye for good order; does not always take time to be systematic; plans for the future; acts deliberately.

Susan Schamp: Will devote herself to a cause with an undying devotion; has an ever increasing sense of purpose; logical mind; high ideals; executive ability; literary ability; plans for the future; should learn to act with self-confidence.

August Schoening: Is hard to convince or influence; has high aspirations, but sometimes becomes discouraged; is public spirited; delights in physical exercise; is conservative in views.

Florence Schoeppe: Is neat, systematic, orderly, conventional, governed by reason; has good mind; deliberate; wastes neither time nor money; sometimes puts off what are regarded as unimportant duties.

Joseph Schrier: Has determination; believes in his own powers; holds to his own convictions; keeps his own counsel; is businesslike; energetic; should learn not to notice slights so quickly.

Margaret Seatter: Is strong willed in carrying out a purpose; deliberate; thoughtful; exercises carefully weighed judgment; is consistent; has simple tastes; is interested and careful in matters of form.

Floyd Shephard: Impatient of details and restraint; has strong ideas; is not easily influenced; does not give up readily; is out-

spoken; should cultivate thoughtfulness for others; should seek to learn good discipline.

Irene Sherrow: Has good ability in approaching people; has ideas of her own; is original; not easily convinced having made up her mind; is thrifty; loves music; should learn not to take offense.

Walter Sieb: Conservative views; carefully discreet as to own plans; very decided in actions; has no interest for music or art; is not always understood, because he does not make the effort to be understood.

Peter Sinnen: Methodical; neat; painstaking; thrifty; has careful judgment; is deliberate; has affection for his own circle of friends; has love for both ease and occasional industry; jumps at conclusions; is hasty.

George Skewes: Is of affectionate nature; is always willing to help others; is discreet; not especially methodical; has logical mind; neglectful of details.

Gustine Slezak: Is industrious; not too self confident; sticks to purpose but is not wilful; is interested in culture; likes refinement; cares not so much for sport; has an affectionate nature.

Kathryn Smith: Has self confidence; not the kind to be passed by without being noticed; acts with assurance; is not fond of mental work; enjoys social life.

Edward Sorenson: Has fine tastes; enjoys good books and culture; has neat, systematic, and industrious habits; accurate and businesslike in getting an education; discreet as to what he tells.

Hazel Sorenson: Likes style; likes to have things happen; inclined to follow own ideas; enjoys music and social gatherings; hard to convince; has clear-thinking mind; guards her dignity with care; capable of greater effort at some time than others.

Ione Sorensen: Has literary tastes; enjoys writing; likes things out of the ordinary; has strong will; will make sacrifices for others; has good mental ability.

Helga Staff: Quietly industrious; very fond of music; has high aspirations, but does not expect to attain what she hopes; has literary tastes; conventional ideas; independent spirit.

Charles Sugden: Is guided by affections; somewhat reckless; outspoken; not interested



in scholarly pursuits; impatient of restraint; has possibilities for business success; jumps at conclusions.

Margaret Sweetman: Deliberate; thotful mind; likely to follow the beaten path, has literary tastes.

Leona Thomas: Interested in the success of other people; enjoys quiet time and chance to read by herself; careful, methodical; has no desire to display her ability nor to attract attention of others.

Virginia Thompson: Has self-confidence; acts with assurance; loves order; likes to do for others; not always thinking of personal gain; not sensitive to slights; has taste for good form.

Alexis Tosteson: Acts without haste; is spasmodic in confiding; enjoys a "good visit" and likes to do his share of the talking; has conservative views and thrifty habits; has strong will.

Alice Ulbricht: Has orderly habits; can be relied upon; sometimes changes her mind; likely to travel along the beaten road; can act with decision; given to reasoning; is argumentative.

Dorothy Wardell: Neat, careful about good form; precise; thotful; reliable; will occasionally devote herself to welfare of others; has quiet modest disposition; industrious.

Florence Victor: Self-confidence; good taste; logical mind; taste for music and art; literary taste; interested in welfare of other people; not influenced by others; discreet; not sensitive.

Helen Wiedeback: Wilful; hard to convince; not easily influenced; is controlled by emotions, generous disposition; deliberate; good, clear-thinking mind; delights in out-of-door sports.

Henry Wiegand: Mental worker; capable of close concentration; sensitive; ambitious; sometimes becomes discouraged; can be very determined; taste for out-of-door sports; love of music.

Florence Wheeler: Conservative, even cautious; thotful of others; will do well to cultivate initiative.

Harriet Wratten: Executive ability; logical mind; confidence; socially inclined; generous; methodical; artistic in tastes; prefers the simple to the ornate.

Helen Jensen: Has original ideas and good tastes; has literary ability and self-confidence; is given to confiding in others; is sensitive, deliberate and careful.

Eva Due: Makes a loyal friend; takes the trouble to win friendship; has a good mind; may be depended upon; enjoys reading; has executive ability.

Fred Ruffalo: Is self-reliant; has executive ability and some mathematical ability; is deliberate and discreet; has thotful and logical mind.

Agnes Larsen: Will undertake work and see it through with ability, neglecting none of the details; plans carefully and executes in good order; enjoys physical activities.

Ruth Phelps: Is methodical, neat, faithful, and may be trusted with a secret; is willing to do her part; has a thoughtful mind; is not interested in the styles; is adaptable to people.

Donald Morey: Is deliberate and not at all venturesome; loves music; is painstaking, reliable; thoughtful, earnest, and discreet; has reasonably strong will; careful as to conventions.

Dorothy MacAnanny: Is self-confident and keeps things to herself; expects to do something worth while; has determination; is sometimes impatient; affections play a large part in her life.

Catherine O'Donnell: Is modest, sensitive, and obedient to regulations; has thoughtful mind; enjoys quiet time and good books; is greatly interested in other people.

Gertrude Schauffler: Has energy and determination; is thoughtful of others; has simple tastes; makes plans for the future and carries them out; is sometimes set on having her own way.

Melville Holland: Has an eye for good form; has strong affections; loves music; has qualities of leadership; is generous but not wasteful; keeps a neat appearance.

Vera Place: Has high hopes for the place she may some day fill; is painstaking, cautious, and sensitive; has a quiet temperament; is not inclined to push herself forward; is faithful as to details.

Frances Rasmussen: Has a retiring disposition; is deliberate and discreet; has some stick-to-it-iveness; has very little love for display; has logical mind; is careful as to form.



Elwood Rasmussen: Has good conversational ability; is versatile, energetic, and shows promise of a good character; is careful to keep his own counsel. Needs to overcome sensitiveness.

Harvey Peterson: Is interested in things of culture; is rather easily influenced by others; goes about work deliberately and conscientiously. Should cultivate self-confidence.

Manilla Rittman: Has refined tastes; is quiet, but talkative; is thoughtful of others, public spirited, reliable, painstaking, and precise. Has good business judgment.

Edward Ruetz: Is a person of high ambitions; is interested in physical sports; acts with assurance; resents any reflection upon his character; has good conversational ability.

TO THE WATER NYMPHS.

In the morning, bright and early,
E'er the sun has touched the land;
The water nymphs are tripping
In a circling, fairy band.

In the cups of dainty lilies,
Where the sparkling dew is bright,
Back and forth in joyous pleasure,
Dances every fairy sprite.

When the sun begins to clamber
In his chariot thru the sky,
Then the nymphs in gladness scamper,
Where the waves are rolling high.

—Margaret Sweetman, '17.

WHY SO LATE?

"Why so late?" her mother said,
"The dinner's almost cold;
Where has all your noon-hour sped?
Has it idly rolled?"

"No, indeed, it is not that;
It's in that dreadful mess,
I simply could not find my hat
Up at the R. H. S.

If we had a larger hall,
I never would be late.
Now to get one's hat and all,
Rests alone on fate.

—Mildred Kristerius, '17.

R. H. S.

R. H. S., R. H. S.,
Nothing wrong with you, I guess!
All your classmates, trusty pals,
Mighty "classy" bunch of "gals".
Athletes here, with teams the best,
Rank ahead of all the rest!
None can touch or put behind
Old R. H. S.,—the best you'll find.

—Hazel McLaughlin, '17.





JUNIORS

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President Wallace Nelson
Vice-President Pearl Schoeppe
Secretary Carroll Heft
Treasurer Robert Widmer

Flower Violet
Colors Purple and White
Motto Second to None. (Nulli Secundi)

Pearl R. Schoeppe Carroll Heft





JUNIOR SLAMS.

Helen Anderson—"Andy"—She is small but she is fierce. Margaret Anderson—Whoever blushes seems to be good. Gertrude Baggott—"Gertie"—A little louder, please. Maie Bailey—"Billy"—Where's the fire? Orrin Barker—"Prince"—He seems to be studying—but is he? Olga Berthelsen—"Augie"—And then she would giggle. William Bie—"Billie"—Not so industrious as his name suggests. Clarence Brach—He is as silent as a tomb. Edmund Brehm—"Eddie"—Full of pep? No, sleeping yet! Theresa Brehm—"Tee Bee"—One of those people who think they know everything. Esther Brietzke—"Fritz"—A Bark(er) hath the power to thrill her. Lucille Browne—"Lu"—A study in pink. Frederick Buerk—Silence is his one great art of conversation. Florence Burns—"Burnsie"—Variety is the spice of life. Edward Cashman—"Ed"—Students shirk and students study—but some bluff on forever. Peter Christianson—"Pete"—It's quantity not quality this time. Evald Clausen—"Eve"—My Kingdom for a voice. James Cullen—"Pat"—Industry is the parent of fortune. Clinton Davies—"Clint"—Conscience has no more to do with studying than with athletics. Carolyn Curcio—"Carrie"—Criticism is all right in its place. Dorothy Driver—"Dot"—She drives many with her smiles. Marion Dumphy—"Doc"—The hair is the richest ornament of woman. Jeannette Dursema—"Jenny"—I have touched the highest point of all my greatness. Gertrude Elliot—"Skinny"—Like a circle, ending never, doth her talk go on forever. Einer Erickson—"Erick"—My memory travels like a wireless message. Floyd Fancher—"Floydie"—His cases are not Ruth(less).

Margaret Flett—"Mugs"—Forget those hard, stern, exacting qualities, and be more like the rest of us! Alfred Fedderson—"Al"—There ain't no use in all this strife, and hurrying pell-mell right thru life. Ralph Feiges—A good dispatcher of messages. James Foley—"Jimmie"—Now grave, now gay, but never dull nor pert. Harold Forwark—He puts himself upon his good behavior. Russell Flynn—"Rus"—He delighteth to explain to others what he himself knoweth not. Herbert George—"Herb"—His dreams never come true. Edward Gertenbach—"Ed"—If Ed should drive as fast as he talks, how fast would he be going? Elizabeth Gilday—A big bundle of nerves in a little package tied with a green ribbon. David Gluck—"Dave"—"Lend me a dime." Warren Godske—"Speed"—A happy-go-lucky boy is this, bothered with no pretty miss. Clarice Goodland—Let her study the meaning of her name, and then live that meaning. Thorwald Haines—"Tor"—All smiles and bows and courtesy was he. Eva Hall—"Her modest looks a cottage might adorn." Inga Halvorson—"Ignatz"—If I could get this shyness out of my system. Jeanette Hammer—"Jean"—Jeanette can go *Bobbing* all the year round. Viola Hartman—What sweet delight a quiet life affords. Lillian Haub—"Lil"—Her smile is too sweet to be observed. Irene Haumersen—"2"—"So wise, so young," they say, "do ne'er live long." Alice Hay—"For she was jes' the quiet kind whose natures never vary." Margaret Heck—"Heck"—'Tis said that absence conquers love, but, oh, believe it not! Carroll Heft—"Heft"—The richest minds need not large libraries. Myrtle Henrickson—"Heinie"—Freckles she has and upturns her nose; giggles she does and away she goes.



Kathryn Herman—"Beware of all, but most beware of man". Joseph Higgins—"Higgie"—He trudged along and whistled as he went. Luella Hilker—"Lou"—The ceiling always attracts her attention when she is reciting. Bernard Healy—"Healy"—Yes, I'm going to forget—and study. Harold Jackson—The best conditioned and unwearied spirit. Ellen Jacobson—So innocent looking and yet. . . . Libbie Jansa—"Giggles"—From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, she is all mirth. Margaret Jenkins—"Jinks"—During the last year, she has grown many years our senior. Alice Jensen—Studying is her only pleasure. Harold C. Jensen—"Red"—Billy's *Golden Special*. Harold V. Jensen—The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in public. Mildred Jones—"Mil"—"They think too little who talk too much." Doris Johnson—What a spendthrift she is with her speech. Louis Jorgenson—It hurteth not the tongue to give fair words. Fred Kark—"Freddie"—Every year brings me nearer heaven. Leona Kark—"Lena"—Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike, but like the sun they shine on all alike. Josephine Keech—"Joe"—Sing away sorrow, cast away care. Ethel Kennedy—"Eth"—Happy am I, from care I'm free. Why aren't they all contended like me? George Kimple—"Kimpie"—A modest blush he wears, not formed by art. Sydonia Klicpera—In notes by distance made more sweet. Harold Koerner—"Red"—I am nothing if not critical. Joseph Kolinsky—"Joe"—It takes a smart man to bluff. Mathilda Koll—"Tillie"—The only way to have a friend is to be one. Henrietta Kortemeier—"Heinie"—We never speak our deepest feelings.

Adeler Lassen—"Ad"—Laugh if you are wise. Elmer Lindh } Who's who? Leonard Lindh } Elsie Loeper—Of manners, gentle; of affections, mild. Laura Lund—Better late than never. Marie Maibohm—Moderation is a great safeguard. Gertrude Malone—I'd rather die a sinner than an old maid. Charlotte Marquardt—Better out of the world than out of fashion. Clarence Matson—"Clause"—Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. Ruth Matthews—She dreams of—we know not what. Violet Maxwell—"Theda"—She speaks for herself. Donald McElroy—"Don"—Man delights not me: No, nor woman either(?). Rollin McElroy—"Roll"—She who hears me and understands me shall be mine. Donald McGrew—"Don"—Describe him, who can. Hester Miller—"Spit-fire"—Which way do you take her? Ruth A. Nelson—The path to the Commercial building holds charms for many. Wallace Nelson—"Wally"—And when a lady's in the case, You know all other things give place. Anthony Nerad—"Tony"—Cares not a pin what they said or may say. Cleveland Nixon—"Nix"—Oh girls! Can I be your Romeo? Marion O'Brien—No care beyond to-day. Lillian Olson—I'd be a butterfly born in a bower, where roses and lilies and violets meet. Alexander Olson—"Al"—One good bluff deserves another. Margaret O'Laughlin—"Double, double, toil and trouble." Burnett Organ—Our modern Long-fellow. Alice Paik—She tuned her notes, both evening and morn. John Owen—"Johnnie"—Trust her not; she's fooling thee. Marjorie Pauli—"Marj."—Marjorie's eyes glint when she sees Clint. George C. Peterson—"Petey"—"Charms strike the sight but merit wins the soul."



Ruth Peterson—Athletics is the only subject in my course which holds any charm for me.

Stella Peterson—A trying giggler.

Viola Peterson—To be slow in words is woman's only virtue.

Esther Piggins—No man is ever wise by chance.

Marjorie Piper—"Marj"—A quiet lass who has a look of wisdom in her eyes.

Wallace Piper—"Wallie"—His life is made up of ease. ("E's").

Earl Pokorny—I know the sum of all that makes a man.

Fenwick Pugh—"Fen"—Is there anything to be done? I'm the man you want.

Lindley Pugh—"Lin"—Respect the Faculty, who judge thee.

Myrtle Rasmussen—Is she quiet? Let me see! Is she noisy? Ask not me.

Florence Rice—Love, and you shall be loved.

Howard Rodgers—What I do is all that concerns me, not what the people think.

Ruth Rood—Not what her name implies.

William Rozumoff—Another Edison product.

Anna Schaaf—"An"—To be of service rather than to be conspicuous.

Alma Schaefer—The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

Pearl Schoeppe—"Fritz"—A human shark.

Claire Scott—She walks with a firm, true step.

Juanita Shepherd—"Nites"—Oh! I wish it were leap year again.

Harold Skow—"Porky"—Grow, grow, thou little tree.

Esther Smith—It is not always well to be too exact.

Guilford Steffen—"Steffie"—And let your haste commend your duty.

Esther Swingle—Too bad nature didn't bless you with curls.

Viola Thomas—Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.

Florence Thompson—"Flossy"—Silence is golden.

Bennie Tucholskie—"Ben"—Here comes a man of comfort.

Anna Van Arsdale—"Ann"—What is the secret of her smile?

Harry Van Ornum—Walks up and down with me, puts on his pretty looks.

Adelbert Van Wie—"Del"—I heard him complain, "You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

Edward Wackerhagen—"Bob"—A good name will wear out; a bad one may be returned; a nickname lasts forever.

Jacob Weisman—"Jake"—He can rate, orate, and debate.

Jeanette White—Ambition has no rest.

Robert Widmer—"Bobbie"—Yes, papa, I did it with my little "Hammer."

Joseph Williams—"Joe"—Punctures, tires, gasoline unknown; he comes to school in a pony-cart alone (?).

Eunice Wilson—A firm believer in the powers of silence.

Janette Wilson—Little brooks make great rivers.

Lynnda Wolff—"Lyn"—My head is here to-day, my feet will be here to-morrow.

Isabell Wratten—"Is"—There is luck in leisure.

This theme was awarded first place in the Junior Theme Contest.

TWO PROBLEMS.

"Never mind, Ruthie dear, don't cry any more over that useless old Latin," comforted Betty.

"One hundred lines to translate every day is really too long for a lesson," added Joe.

"Just because Betty, the brightest of us, can do that much, Miss Granger thinks every one can. Outrageous, I call it."

"I do not understand her any more; she used to be so jolly and nice, but now she seems so far away, and gives us such long lessons that often I think something dreadful has happened to her," said kind-hearted Betty.

"Another person who has changed is Professor Reed. Something serious must have happened between Miss Granger and him for I never see them together lately, and they used to be such fast friends," spoke up Joe.

Ding a ling! Ding a ling! Ding a ling!

"Oh my stars," she exclaimed, "the lecture bell already. That means listening to Prof's dry voice an hour on that monotonous labor question."



"Never mind, Joe, let it come in one ear and go out the other, as it usually does," said Betty with a laugh, as she wiped Ruth's tear-stained face.

"The peculiar feature of this strike is the assistance given to the small money makers by those obtaining large salaries. These men realize that the common workmen are unable to procure the necessities of life. This illustrates the principle, that justice is based not on what the ablest can do, but on what the majority can accomplish."

During the professor's lecture, Miss Granger kept nodding in affirmation.

Joe, poking Betty, whispered, "Look at Miss Granger, will you? She pretends she believes in what Prof is saying and then gives. . . ."

"Girls, this whispering must stop immediately," sounded Miss Granger's voice from behind them.

During the remainder of the lecture, it was obvious that the two girls were unusually attentive.

That afternoon, after the last period, all the members of the Latin Class were hurrying into "R. 13", but, why, they did not know. The suspense did not last long, for as soon as every one had assembled, Betty explained why she had summoned them.

"You all heard the lecture this morning. All you girls must strike in the same way as those men did, only for shorter lessons in Latin instead of more wages. Let us say sixty lines a day is a fair lesson."

Some of the girls consented immediately, but it took a great deal of Betty's and Joe's brilliant eloquence to have the others join, especially poor Ruth. She was afraid that she was the cause of it in the first place and if any girl were punished it would be her fault.

"That will do, Mary; Josephine, translate the next twenty lines," dictated Miss Granger.

After Joe had finished, everyone's eyes turned toward Betty, for the sixty-first line was now ahead of them. No one had prepared more than sixty lines. Some of the girls looked as if they were ready to fly from the room, while others merely looked amused.

Betty seemed to be the only one who had bravery in her eyes.

"Ruth, go on, please, with the translation," sounded the teacher's voice.

Poor Ruth, who never had luck in sight translation, stumbled along as best she could until she came to the seventieth line, when her voice utterly failed her.

"That will do; you will please report to me after class", said Miss Granger in an icy tone; and Ruth sat down as if she had just received her death penalty.

After three such discouraging recitations, Betty was called on.

"I did not prepare more than sixty lines," said Betty without a tremble in her voice.

"Why, Betty, how is it you haven't your whole lesson prepared? One hundred lines is surely not too much for you to translate?" questioned the surprised teacher.

"It isn't too long for me, but it is for the majority in this class. We are all striking for sixty-line lessons. We girls that can translate the latter amount without difficulty are striking with those that cannot, for you know one must never judge by the ablest," answered Betty.

"Betty, go to my office at once, and stay there until you come to your senses."

It was dinnertime, and Betty, the jolly, the daring, was now Betty, the hungry, but she was still persisting in her cause. While she was wondering what the girls were having for dinner, a rap sounded at the door, and in came Ruth with a tray of food.

I pretended I didn't feel well enough to go to the table and when the maid came with my tray, I told her about you. As you are her favorite, she told me to take my tray down to you at once, while she went to bring me another," said Ruth.

"Don't forget, just sixty lines for to-morrow for I am still with you," called Betty, as Ruth hurried out of the door.

After placing her empty tray under the couch, Betty again turned her thoughts to the matter uppermost in her mind.

"What can I do?" pondered Betty. "If only Miss Granger were as she used to be. But now she will not listen to me."

Betty began wondering what she could do for pastime. She took a tiny book from the



desk and as she opened it, a paper fluttered to the floor. As she picked it up a word drew her attention and unconsciously she read the whole of it.

"Now I know what changed Miss Granger and the professor; she refused his proposal of marriage and they are both sorry for it. Hurrah, I know what I can do, and solve two problems in one," sang Betty as she danced about the room.

She quickly took up a piece of paper and wrote:

"Dear Professor,

Just wish to tell you that if you still want to marry Miss Granger, you had better propose again, for I am sure she will accept.

A friend (also in need)."

"I wonder if it will work," she thought, as she laid the paper back into the birthday book from which it had fallen.

When the maid brought in the supper tray, Betty gave her the note to lay on the professor's desk.

The hours dragged by, and still no teacher appeared. Betty wondered if Miss Granger had forgotten her. At last, she became so tired that she lay down on the couch. In a daze she heard voices:

"Betty dear, wake up! You may have sixty lines for a lesson, and fifty if you want it, Betty!" Betty heard a sweet voice say.

"Yes, Betty, if all my lectures on the labor question were as successful as my last one, I would be the happiest man on earth," another voice said.

At last, Betty was wide awake and happy; for when she looked into the faces of the two, Betty knew she had solved two problems in one.

"Yes, Betty, everything is all right again," said Miss Granger, in her lovely way of long ago.

"I knew it would work," exulted Betty as she ran toward "R. 13".

—Jeanette Hammer, '18.

THE CONTEST THEME.

"O dear, Ann! What do you think? I've got to get that theme in by the fifth period to-morrow and if I am to save my reputation and be a credit to R. H. S., you've got to help me."

"I? You're off again, Bobs. How could I help you? I...who...."

"Don't bother to tell me your life history but think of a plot. Concentrate!"

"All right," laughed Ann. "I'm your slave. How would The Flight of the Blue Heron be for a title?"

"Wonderful! But I never heard of a blue heron, did you?"

"No—o, but let's be original. You know Ade—I mean our English teacher—is always telling us to be original."

"Ann," exclaimed Bobs enthusiastically, "let's have the 'Blue Heron' the name of the hero's yacht."

"Fine! Let's begin with a short sentence *a la* Poe and a description of the morning, also Poe, when James Mortimer Vincent, the heir to the Dukedom of New Castle elopes with lovely Evelyn, the gardener's daughter."

"Ah! I always knew two heads were better than one."

"Certainly, unless they are pinheads."

"Joke? To begin."

"The Flight of the Blue Heron."

"The day dawned."

"Short enough, I must say."

"For goodness' sake, Ann, don't interrupt my thoughts."

"Forgive me, deah. 'The day dawned.' Go on."

"The day dawned. The first rosy heralds of the morning streaked the sky and sent their golden scented rays to play among the fresh young leaves of the maple trees growing about the palace of the Duke of New Castle. The same rays came flickering through the sky to play hide-and-seek among the dark waters of the *tarn*."

"Here, you can't use that word."

"Why not?"

"I'll show you. It's *Woolley*, page—. Oh dear, I can't find it. Maybe it isn't *Woolley*—but you're stealing that from Poe. It's got a name but I've forgotten. You've got to think of something else, Bobs."

"I can't. That's good enough—besides—"

"But you can't leave it in. The whole English Department would rise in wrath."

"Oh well, just as you say. What'll I call it?—a lake?"

"No. I have it. The same golden rays



came streaking through the sky to play hide-and-seek among the lily-pads in the pool in the Duke's English garden."

"Adorable! Continue. You do it better than I do."

"J. Mort had risen early so that he might with Evelyn pluck the first blooms on the June rose bushes for his mother's breakfast table."

"Splendid. Have Mort stand in with Mother. Then she pleads with Father to wire his blessings when he receives word of the elopement. Ann, you're a wonder. This period is nearly over. Do hurry."

"Don't hurry me, Bobs. Looking about this assembly may give me an inspiration—Ah! I have it.—The Blue Heron rested at anchor

off the English coast in view of the dim smoke-stacks of London..."

"Let's hope the crews of the German submarine were invited to a coffee klatch at the Kaiser's."

"To end.... The message of congratulations was received by J. Mortimer and he turned to Mrs. J. Mortimer and clasped her to his heart."

"Right on the minute. I wonder if D. G. ever forgets to ring that sixth period bell on time."

"Thanks awfully, Nan. I'll buy you a box of *Keeley's* to-morrow and if it gets in the *Kipikawi*—I mean the story—I'll buy you two."

—Violet Maxwell, '18.

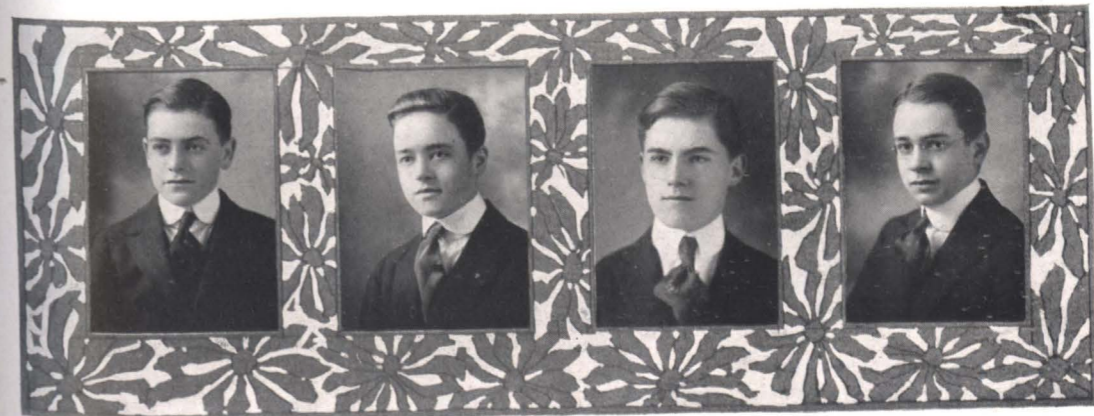




SIRIOMIRE

President Charles Cape.
Vice-President Herbert Bell.
Secretary David Clifford.
Treasurer Lawrence Sogard.

Flower Lily of the Valley.
Colors Pale green and white.
Motto Age quod agis.



71 *David Clifford*



The following theme was awarded first place in the Sophomore Theme Contest.

HARD LUCK.

Me an' Jim was goin' home cross-lots one night, when I slipped on some ice an' in tryin' to balance myself stubbed my toe on a stone an' took a header. Jim laughs at me, an' that gets me peeved.

"Aw, John, don't get sore. You was too darn funny fer anything; you're so graceful."

"You wouldn't laugh, if you was me," says I, an' we walks on widout sayin' nothin', till suddenly a idea hits him.

"Say, did ya know that when ya stumbles like that, it's a sign uv bad luck." I don't say nothin', but it puts me to wonderin' if it was true.

When I wakes up the nex' mornin', it's with a thud. I'd flopped out a bed and laid there on the floor all twisted up in the bed clothes. The winder was wide open an' it was twenty below that mornin'. "Boo!" maybe I didn't jump. My head bein' twisted in the bedclothes, I couldn't see. I guess somethin' must 'a happened 'cause stars begun to circle 'roun' my head and Maw come in an' said if she ever heard me talkin' like that agin, oh, well, she'd 'tend to me. I'd hit my block on the iron bedstead.

I jumps up as swif' as I could an' makes a rush fer the radiator. But little icicles was hangin' on it an' I couldn't get no heat there.

"Never mind, John," Maw exclaimed, "it 'ull do you good to dress in the cold. Now, when I was little girl, I. . . ."

"Aw gee, Maw, I heard that a thousand times!"

Jus' then a smell of somethin' burnin' floats up from the kitchen. That sends her pikin'.

Thinkin' I'd be brave, I starts to dress. I gets along all right 'till I pulls on my sock, but the big toe kep' on goin' till it 'ud come out t'other end.

"Aw, w'at's a little hole," and I keeps on till my garter busts. I jes' ketshes myself sayin' things in the nick uv time. Next come my pants, an' I was a standin' on one leg, like a stork, tryin' to poke t'other one in the inside-out pant leg, when I loses my balance an' falls. Sayin' things to myself comforted me a little. As I was puttin' on my las' shoe, the

darned string busts. I gets so sore I t'rows that measly string wi' all my might.

It goes sailin' thru the open door an' the metal end hits Paw, who is comin' in lookin' fer his collar button, square in the eye. An' me 'n' Paw has a game a' chase 'till I stubs my toe on a chair an' goes hurtlin' on my map. Paw, he grabs me by the seat of the breeches an' marches me into his room. Grabbin' his razor-stap, he gi' me a crack an' says he'll learn me to t'row things aroun'.

When I gets down to breakfas', the oatmeal tastes burned. Sniffin' it, I says to Maw, "I guess I don' want none."

"Now, John, it ain't burned but a little. Come now, be a good boy."

I's jes' gon' ter say "No", but Paw, with a roll stickin' out uv his mouth like the bung in a beer-keg, looks up from his paper. That look was enough, an' believe me I pitches in. But, ugh! w'at a taste.

Lookin' at my Ingersoll, I guesses it's about school-time, so I goes to get my precious algebra lesson, w'at I worked two hours on las' night and finds it gone.

"Hey, Maw, you seen my algebra," I hollers.

"Well I do 'member givin' baby a piece of paper from yer book for a soldier hat."

I chases that brat thru the house 'bout 'steen times afore I got 'im an' 'en had to give him my las' dime to make him give it up.

When I gets near school, I don't see no kids an' I thinks, "Golly, I'm early." But w'en I gets there it's a quarter to nine. I looks at my Ingersoll. The blamed thing 'ud stopped at eight. I knew better 'n to go to class, so I pikes up, light-hearted (?) to the office. A pretty lookin' girl sits there, but oh, w'at a face when I tells 'er I'm late. She talks like a blue streak and all I kin get is, "Ten hours."

When I gets into class I found that precious paper, w'at I paid my las' dime to redeem, gone.

"Problem nine, John."

"I los' my paper," I manages to stammer.

"I'll see you after class. Go on, Jane!"

An' when the time come I gets one good bawlin' out an' to top it all, she hands me a delinquent. Not seein' what it is, an' wantin' to be polite I says, "Thank you."



"What do you mean, young man! I'll report your impudence to the Principal," she busts out, growin' red like a beet.

That's the way school goes all day. When school's over I hustles to ole man Piggins' office to run erran's as I does every day.

Jus' when you get out the school door there's a nice slide, slipp'ry as glass. I come out readin' an excitin' story in my paper an' didn' notice it. The next minute I was kissing it an' there stood Pollyanna, my crush, laughin' at me.

I had to limp to work an' when I gets there, I'm three minutes, two and one tenth seconds late, accordin' to old Billy, the timekeeper. "An'," says he, "the boss 'ud like to see you."

When I gets on the carpet before him my knees was kissin' each other. Suddenly he looks up an' blurts out, "Did you sen' this?" An' he hol's up a valentine with a pig on it an' the followin' verse below:

"When ere I think of homely things
Your presence to my mem'ry springs;
You'd make a dandy for the Zoo,
This is my valentine to you."

It was so darn funny I laughs right out, an' he, turnin' purple behin' the ears, t'rows the ink stand at me. I dodges it, an' runs for the revolvin' door. I makes it go like a wind-mill in a sixty-mile breeze. It went so fas' I couldn't, or rather didn't dare, jump. The boss, chasin' me can't stop hisself, and the door hits him like a cannon ball. I heard later it took four men to get him out, he was wedged in so tight.

W'en I gets home I finds this tacked to the door:

Johnnie:—
Baby and I have gone to Ladies Aid.
Papa won't be home for supper, so get
your own.

Mother.

I knows how to make cocoa so I sets about it. At last it's done and I, hungry as a bear, gulps it down. Gee! I run fer the faucet, holds my mug wide open under it and turns the water on full force. After runnin' it for five minutes, the fire's out an' I discovers I'd used red pepper instead of cocoa.

Next I starts my lessons. I was writin' an excitin' theme 'bout cowboys an' Injuns, when right in the middle of it my pen runs dry.

My ink was to school and Paw'd threatened to tan my hide if I touched his'n. But the hope of an E theme gets the best of me an' I goes an' gets the forbidden bottle. The cork stuck an' I was a pullin' an' gruntin' when, Pop! an' away it flies agin the new wallpaper, an' the ink spills all over Paw's life-insurance papers. Jus' then he come in, an' say, I think I'll never need an overcoat agin, after the way he warms my jacket.

Maw'd heated up a flat iron an' wrapped it in rags, to warm my feet in bed. I crawls in an' lays there thinkin' 'bout my hard luck when I touched an uncovered spot on the iron. I whoops like a heathen an' Maw comes runnin' in an' hauls me out in the kitchen. After she dopes it up with arnicky I starts back. The light's out an' I feels for the door wi' out-stretched arms. One arm goes on one side of the door, an' the other on t'other side an' I whacks my nose right on the edge of it. I busts out, cussin' a blue streak. I says every darn thing I could think of to that fool door an' then crawls back in bed, as miserable a kid as ever slep' between two sheets.

—Lawrence Sogard, '19.

This story won second place in the Sophomore Theme Contest.

HOW SOME GIRLS STUDY.

"I do hope Leah will remember to come over to-night," said Jeanette to herself. "I get so tired of studying all the evening with only the clock for company. It is so quiet I can hear a fly walking on the ceiling. When I am a teacher, I won't give very long lessons to my pupils. They should have time for some fun."

This was nothing new for Jeanette. She frequently spoke of the time when she would be a teacher. One might imagine that her pupils would have an easy time.

If she had been at home, she might possibly have studied more diligently. Instead, she was some fifty miles from home, attending the Poplar Bluff High School. She never seemed to get along with her teachers very well, and there weré good reasons why.

"I don't see Leah coming and it is seven o'clock," she commented, looking out of the window. Immediately, she lighted her lamp.



Swinging around to the windows, she jerked down the shades and muttered, "Well, it wouldn't hurt Leah to hurry for once in her life."

She had no sooner seated herself with her books before her, than light footsteps were heard tripping up the stairs. Jeanette flew to the door and joyously admitted her much-beloved friend, Leah Cash.

"So you really remembered to come, did you?"

"How could I forget when I am always entertained so royally?" mischievously retorted Leah, dropping an armful of books upon the table, and giving Jeanette an affectionate pat on her shoulder. She quickly removed her sweater and cap.

Of course, they did not begin to study for at least twenty minutes; for, like most wide-awake, fun-loving high school girls, they had many things to chatter about. Jeanette had to show her chum a couple of new books which had come from her parents that day. There was also a letter from her special friend Jack, which they read together, discussing the contents enthusiastically. These, together with Leah's account of the party which she had attended the night before, kept them busy until the clock chimed seven-thirty.

Both girls were aroused by this startling reminder that time was flying, and neither said anything while they were arranging their books. Leah broke the silence by saying, "I have two lessons to prepare, besides a theme to finish."

They opened their English histories first.

"My," grieved Leah, "what a long lesson Miss Bennett gave us! Ten pages! Oh dear!"

"Yes," Jeanette sympathized, "she knows it all and expects us to know as much. Tough luck!"

"Well, who was Mary Stuart? I couldn't get any sense out of the lesson for to-day, except that she wanted to get the English throne away from Queen Elizabeth. I saw something about Sir Walter Raleigh. Was he her father....?"

"Oh, did you see Mr. Lamb's new wig to-day? Every time he shook or nodded his head, the wig would slide. All of us nearly went wild. How we did scream! Dear—oh—,

it makes me—ha-ha—laugh—ho-ho-ho—to think—te-he-he—of it now." Both girls were convulsed with laughter.

Having sufficiently recovered, they made another attempt at English History. Leah began with, "Queen Elizabeth was a thorough English woman." She had not read half a page when Jeanette interrupted:

"How did you like my hair to-day? I got it very becoming (viewing herself in a hand mirror). Before you go home let me fix yours this way." Then she added penitently, "Did I interrupt you? Put away that book and let's do algebra. Here, take some of these chocolates, which I got specially for you."

Leah readily put the history aside and was glad to rest her *much taxed* mind with a few delicious chocolates. Old history was so dry and wasn't meant for modern girls to study, anyway. Algebra was not quite so bad. So she arranged her papers on which to solve the problems that were unusually easy. Nevertheless, she said in a complaining tone, "Miss Tracy told us that if we did not have our problems to-morrow, we would have to...."

"Oh!" broke in Jeanette, beginning to laugh wildly. "I nearly got my head snapped off this morning. I couldn't get a problem, so I went up and asked Mr. Lamb, the instructor who wears a new wig, to help me. He said I ought to know enough to get that. He went on to reprove me for the work I have been doing lately—you know how he talks. I got riled up and I suppose I *did* say some pretty saucy things to him. Anyhow, he got so angry that he could not sit still. I thought he was getting up to make after me, but afterward Bobby Riddle, who was in the room at the time, said that the poor man, in desperation, was intending to help me by working the problem on the board. Poor gentle Lamb became so excited that he completely forgot his wig, and off it came. He got as red as a beet. Laugh—there was no word for it! I dashed out of the room and ran down the back stairs so he would not hear me giggle. My sides ache yet from....."

"Look, Jeanie dear, it is eight-thirty and we haven't done one problem. I resolve that we talk only of our lessons from now on."

"I'm with you," chimed in Jeanette, "but



first have some popcorn. Now show me how to do this tenth problem."

"Why, that's easy. You just multiply a^3c^2x by $a^2b^2x^3$ and...."

"Say, Leah, did you notice the new boy in German class to-day? What an angelic smile he had, and wasn't it dear the way he parted his hair in the middle....?"

"And he actually looked at me and smiled several times," Leah simpered, looking at herself in the hand mirror. "I met him at the party last night. His name is Algeron Archibald de Ponz. Isn't that just swell?"

At this point Jeanette's eyes roved about the room, finally lighting upon a plate of apples, which was on a small cupboard. Getting these, she nearly forced Leah to accept a large rosy one.

Their minds must have been running in the same channel, for both exclaimed, "Did you notice Estabelle Morgan's new hat last Sunday!"

Of course, both had, and Jeanette went on carelessly, "Wasn't it awful? Such a horrid combination of colors!"

"And it was altogether too large for her. You could scarcely see...."

"And those plumes! Such bright red! The ribbon and flowers were nearly as bad."

"It seems as though she could dress half decently with all the money her father spends on her," said Leah.

After eating all the apples and popcorn they could, Leah remembered her forgotten theme.

"Jeanette dear, do help me write at least a few lines. I can tell Miss Tracy that I was altogether too busy to finish it. She is awfully easy with us and will say, "All right, my dear, but finish as soon as possible."

Both girls had already eaten more than was good for them. Nevertheless, Jeanette conceived another idea for taking up the time.

"I'm thirsty. Let's make some chocolate. You light the alcohol lamp while I get things ready."

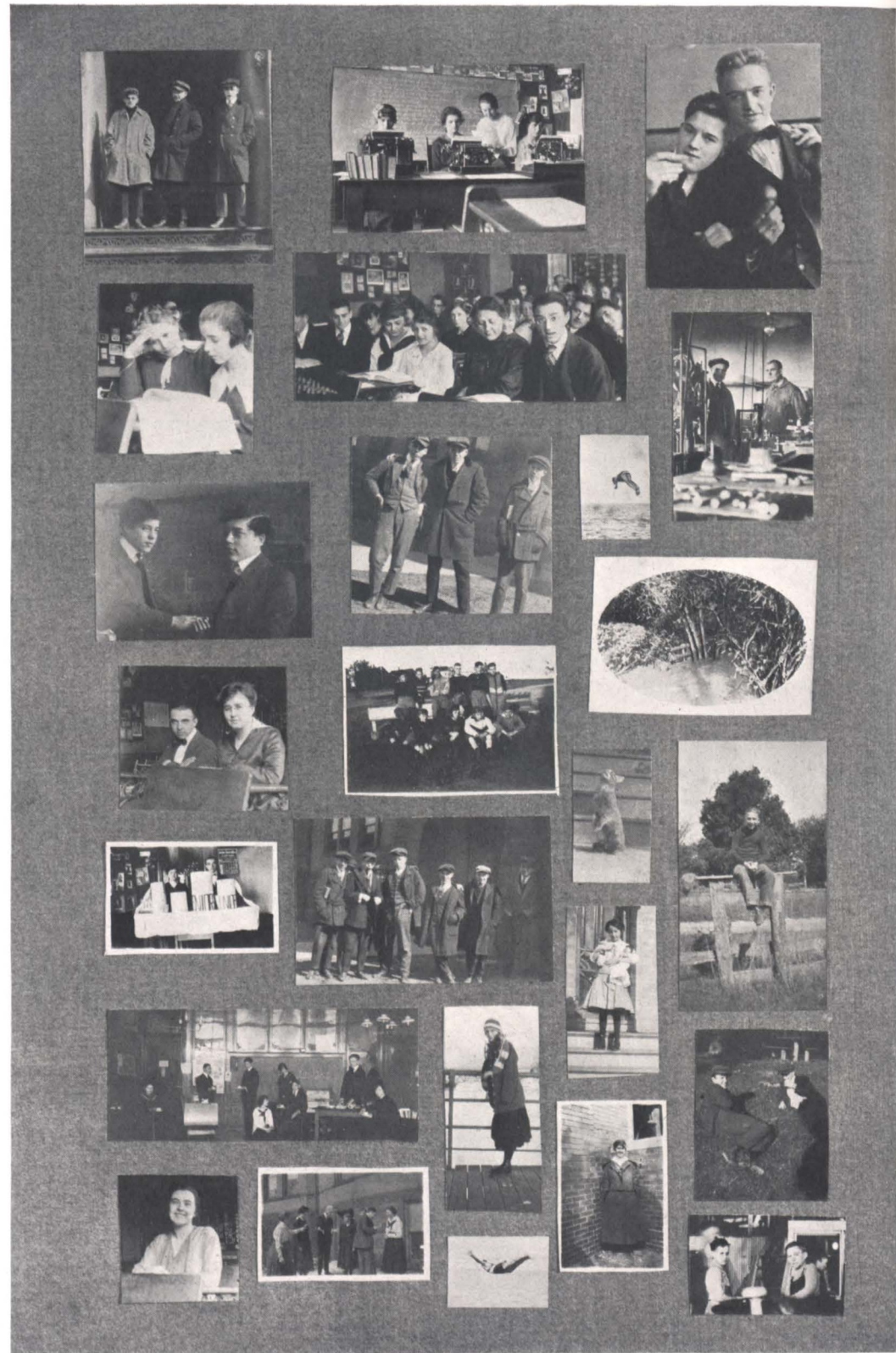
The lateness of the hour was forgotten, as the chums sipped the chocolate and chattered merrily. But presently the faithful little clock struck ten. Each looked at the other in astonishment, as Jeanette exclaimed, "Mercy, how time flies! What a lovely time we've had studying together. What a sense of satisfaction it gives a person to go to class with his lessons all prepared. I think I can face my meek Lamb in the morning without fear. Oh, Leah dear, must you go home so soon?" as she donned her cap and sweater.

"Yes," replied Leah. "I was out until after midnight last evening on account of the party. You bring your books over to our house to-morrow night, and we'll have another lovely evening studying together."

At the door they fondly embraced and, after fifteen minutes of parting talk, they finally separated, each feeling that she had spent a very profitable evening.

—Dorris E. L. Fleming, '19.





FRESHMEN



President Jack Rowland.
Vice-President Dorothy Alshuler.
Secretary Charles Born.
Treasurer Burton Evans.

Flower Sweet Pea.
Colors Old Rose and gold.
Motto Beyond the Mountains is Success.





The following story was awarded first place in the Freshman Theme Contest.—Editor.

THE VALENTINE MASQUERADE.

Virginia and Jack lived in a large mansion in Virginia. Their father was a wealthy cotton planter, and was away from home most of the time. Jack and Virginia attended a private school, but as the teacher was ill, they were at home.

On this particular day, brother and sister were reading in the library. Outside, the rain was falling, a drizzle which wet one to the skin.

Virginia was the first to break the silence. "Oh dear! but this is a stupid book," she declared emphatically, "if I were given the choice between this and a dictionary, I should be tempted to choose the dictionary."

"There!" exclaimed Jack from the corner, "I knew a girl couldn't keep still for ten minutes, especially when a fellow wants to read."

"There's the mailman; wonder if he brought us anything. Guess I'll go and find out," came from Virginia.

Virginia soon returned to the library, her hands full of letters. Glancing over them, she noticed one was for Jack. "Wonder who is writing to Jack?" she mused, it must be a girl because I never heard of boys using perfumed and tinted stationery."

"Oh, Jack," she called, "I've letter for you, and it's from a girl!"

"Wha—a—t?" exclaimed Jack, sitting up and beginning to take notice, "a letter for me from a girl?"

"That's what I said," was the reply. "Here's your letter."

"I say, Ginger," exclaimed Jack after a few moments, "we are invited to attend a Valentine masquerade given by Helen Cameron. We are to go masked, and not even tell each other how we will dress. Won't that be fun?"

"When's the masquerade to be?" demanded Virginia.

"Wednesday evening at eight o'clock," was the answer.

"That gives us almost a week to plan our costumes. I'm going to ask mother about mine right now," declared Virginia.

She found her mother busy sewing. "Oh, mother," she said, "Jack and I are invited to

a valentine masquerade, and I want you to help me with my costume."

"I can't give you an idea," said her mother after a moment's thought, "but we will go and ask your grandmother."

The situation was explained to Grandmother. "Well, dearie," said grandmother, in as spry a manner as you please, "there's an old trunk in the attic which contains my old clothes. I think by looking in there we shall find something."

A few moments later the trunk was brought down, and Virginia and her grandmother were kneeling before it.

"Here's a pink silk gown," said Virginia, "taking from the trunk an old fashioned silk gown. "Why it's just like I've seen in pictures, hoop-skirts and all."

"There are slippers to match. I guess they will do, and we will see how you look in them."

The night of the masquerade arrived. Virginia was arrayed in the pink gown, as the belle of the crinoline days. Her hair had been powdered and curled, and she looked just as if she had stepped down from some old picture.

"I wonder how Jack will be dressed?" she mused, "Won't it be fun not to know each other."

Virginia arrived at the party just as the games were beginning. She was warmly greeted by her hostess, and then she slipped into the big room unseen.

The fun was just beginning. The boys and girls drew lots for partners, and those receiving valentines alike were partners for the evening.

Virginia's partner happened to be a tall boy dressed in a George Washington costume.

"Nice boy," thought Virginia as he was talking to her, "wonder who he can be?"

"Won't you please lift up your mask just for a fraction of a second?" he was saying. "You seem so familiar to me, but yet I can't place you."

"No! I'll leave my mask on until unmasking time comes," declared Virginia. "Maybe after you know who I am, I won't be so interesting."

They did not have time to talk any more,



because the hostess was announcing the grand march for supper.

Back from the supper table, the guests were just starting on a new game when the old clock in the hall struck twelve solemn notes.

"Masks off!" cried the hostess. In a twinkling, all the masks were off, and Virginia faced her partner.

"Jack!" was her exclamation.

"Virginia!" was Jack's.

"Well, I never knew you could be so nice and entertaining," said Jack looking at her with admiration.

"And I never knew that you could be so nice to a girl, I really thought I had met a "Prince Charming." I hope you will take me to that opera as you promised.

—Hilga Norman, '20.

The following story was awarded second place in the Freshman Theme Contest.

BONES.

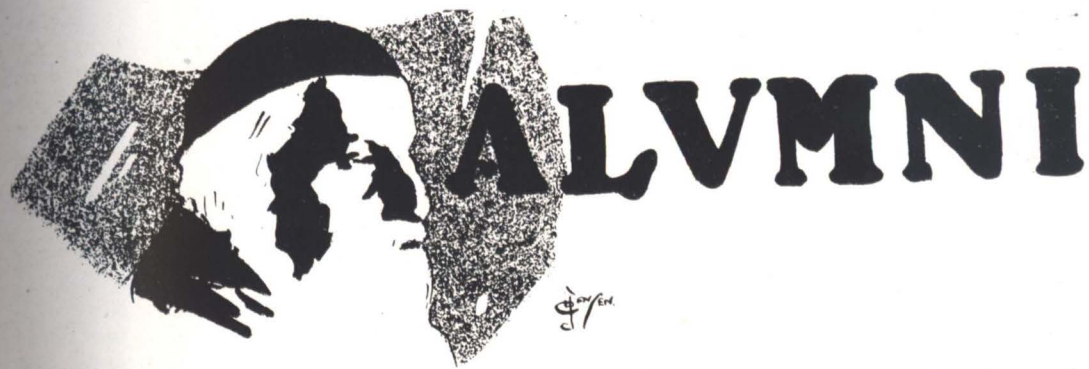
If it wasnt fur bones we coodent bee liven becus ar frameworks is made of them. Oh

yaa, one day skinny hooligan he went down the hill on his sled an he bumped intu a tree an the sled smashed all to smithereens an skinny got his neck bone broke hees in the hospitul now. Us folks at ar house eat soop made of bones. I hafta go too the butchurs an get a tensent soop bone an then my ma she make sum soop. All anymals has got bones becus wen we eat meet we generly fined bones in it. I no wy they hev a skeleton an sum bones under it on poyson, for becus if enybudy drunk that poyson they wood die an then there wood be nuthin left uv them but bones. Bones is good things to make different artikles frum. Nife handels are made frum em an onct I made sum clappers wat yoo holed between yoor fingers an clap'em together gee they make a dandy noise. Wen my teecher giv us sum heddings for theems I thawt bones wood be the goodest wun so I took it. My teecher sed that we shoodent writ mor then wun thowzand wurd she needent think I was gointer writ that much bleeve me well I gess I hev writ enuf so I will quitt. Goodbie.

willye jonse.

—Harold Kopplin, '20.





OLD NORM'S PIECE OF CAKE.

It was a boy's room and in much disorder. To begin with, the white plaster walls were so well covered with pennants and strange signs like "No Smoking," "Exit," "Step Lively," and "Keep Off the Grass", that the four sides of the room had the general cubistic effect of a crazy quilt. The bright Navajo rug covering the floor was wrinkled, and a large ink-stain showed up black on its brilliant redness. Pillows scattered helter-skelter in all directions gave signs of a recent battle. A chair was turned over. On the dressing table opposite the rumpled half-couch, half-bed were a set of mahogany-backed brushes, a picture in a silver frame of a sweet faced, middle aged woman, a tan shoe, and a baseball bat. On the study table across the room a tattered school book lay face downward, where it had been hurriedly thrown by its reader. Beside the book were a half eaten apple and a doughnut with a large, round bite taken out of it. A battered alarm clock back against the wall ticked loudly and pointed with its bent hands to ten-thirty. A bell rang somewhere off in the distant regions of the house. It was bedtime hour at Brockdale school.

After the clock had ticked on noisily for another half hour, there was a sudden confusion and scuffling outside in the corridor. The door rattled open and four boys shuffled in, vainly attempting quietness.

"There, we're here safely anyway," said one boy setting a large pan filled with shiny gray objects on the floor with a muffled bang.

He seemed to be the host of the party, for he began hurling the strewn pillows onto the

bed, and, with a second muffled bang, he righted the turned-over chair.

"Shut up, Ral," said another one of the four, a boy with curly hair, halo-like around his young face, "Old Norm will hear us yet."

A third boy, tall, freckle-faced, and with a shock of bright red hair was checking off on his fingers the array of packages which the boys had brot in with them. The fourth, a round fat youngster with red cheeks, popped one of the gray objects into his mouth.

"Stop eating all the oysters, Hory," said the host severely. "Fellows, have we got everything?"

"Yep," the boy of the freckles and red hair assured him, "here's the oysters, here's the rolls, and here's the cheese and cake."

Ral folded his arms, set his chin in a stern line and then declared in a determined voice, "Well, I'll tell you fellows this much. You can't have this here spread in my room, if you're goin' to eat these oysters raw. I can't eat oysters raw." He gingerly picked one up from the tin pan, manfully put it in his mouth, swallowed it, and then choked. "They've got to be cooked," he finished up between gasps.

"Oh, I say, Ral, be a sport," expostulated the other three.

"How the deuce can we cook'em?" Hory ended, a solemn expression on his round face.

"I've got that all planned out. We'll use my heater, and cook them like wieners—in hot water—and I'll get the water," wisely anticipating the next complaint.

Five minutes later he was sneaking down the cold hall, a pitcher in his hand. Turning a sudden corner in the dim flickering light, he



bumped headlong into someone. It was old Norm, the night watchman. "The jig is up," Ral thought to himself, unconsciously in the words of the book which he had been reading that day.

"Hey ther, young fellow, what are you doin' runnin' around this time o' night?"

"I was going to get some hot water, sir," Ral returned truthfully enough. He wrinkled up his face in sudden pain. Ral had a timely inspiration. "You see, sir, it's for my hot water bag, sir," in a trembling voice. "You see, I ate too much for dinner to-night."

Old Norm's expression softened. He was not of a suspicious nature, not even after twenty years' service as night watchman at Brockdale school, and Ralston seemed to be suffering. The old man patted the boy on the back, "Give me the pitcher, I'll go down and get hot water and bring it up to you. You run back to bed."

Ten minutes later, old Norman came into Ral's darkened room, put the pitcher of steaming hot water down at the side of the bed, and hoped in a low voice that the "lettle Mister" would be better in the morning. Ral groaned "thank you" and old Norm creaked out again, softly closing the door behind him. He did not see three other figures crouching in the darkness.

Another ten minutes later, four boys were munching on rolls and boiled oysters. Ral sliced a generous chunk off the cake and slid it into a dresser drawer. "This is for old Norm," he said with his mouth full of oysters.

—Alice G. Dickey, '16.

This story won first place in a Christmas Story Contest at Milwaukee Normal.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND THE END OF THE WORLD.

In a little town nestled snugly among the hills of New Hampshire, and hidden away from the great bold face of the world, the villagers were busily making preparations for the glad Christmas Day.

The night before Christmas had arrived, and as the Sunday school children were going to produce "The Nativity", the people were in joyful excitement. Very seldom was an opportunity given for the villagers to witness

a play, and now all the people, young and old, were going to the entertainment.

But there was one person who could not be persuaded to attend. That was Simon Troubesky. He lived alone in a small house on the outskirts of the village, and people believed that this house was haunted with other spirits than that of Troubesky, and held both the place and its owner in awe.

Simon Troubesky was a feeble old man. His snow white hair hung in locks over his pale temple, and deep furrows were upon his brow. His eyes were black and sullen, but the shape of his well-proportioned head was that of a man of wisdom. Evidently, he was a learned man, for once entering his home, one was impressed by the volumes of books extended in every direction.

He studied and wrote during the day, and sometimes his light could be seen burning far into the night, as he sat writing a book about the end of the world. On this Christmas Eve his heart was sad, for his book was not finished so that it might give the great word of warning to the world—that this night was the appointed time that Christ would again come to earth in triumph, as He had on that one joyful Christmas Day.

At one time, Troubesky had befriended two little orphan girls, and since then a mutual friendship had grown between these three lonely people. This night they came to his home and begged him to go with them to "The Nativity" in which they took part, but he only shook his head and would not go.

The children went away disappointed, but Kathryn, the older, said to Mary, "Let us surprise Unele Simon and visit him when we are all dressed up, we will act our part for him, and I am sure it will make him happy, for are not our costumes beautiful?" "They are indeed," answered Mary, "and he will think that we are real angels come to visit him."

The hours passed slowly for Simon Troubesky, as he sat among his old friends, the books. Why could he not study, write, or even read? Why did those terrible thoughts of the approaching event, the destruction of the world, keep chasing one another through the corridors of his brain? Oh, if only his book were finished, and the people warned, so that



they could prepare themselves for the second coming of the Lord, which was to end the world!

A dog barked, and it sent a thrill through his feeble frame. He tried to smoke and quiet his nerves, but the pipe chattered between his teeth, and his thin hands shook.

The bells chimed the hour of nine. Hark! What were those sounds? Troubesky thought of the coming of Christ, and repeated the words:

"There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky."

He rose to go to the window to see the star, for surely there was music in the air. As he tottered toward the window, softly and sweetly these words floated to him on the evening air:

"Joy to the world, the Lord has come,
Let earth receive his King."

"Surely," thought Troubesky, "the end of the world is now at hand."

"Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing."

Troubesky's knees could not support him

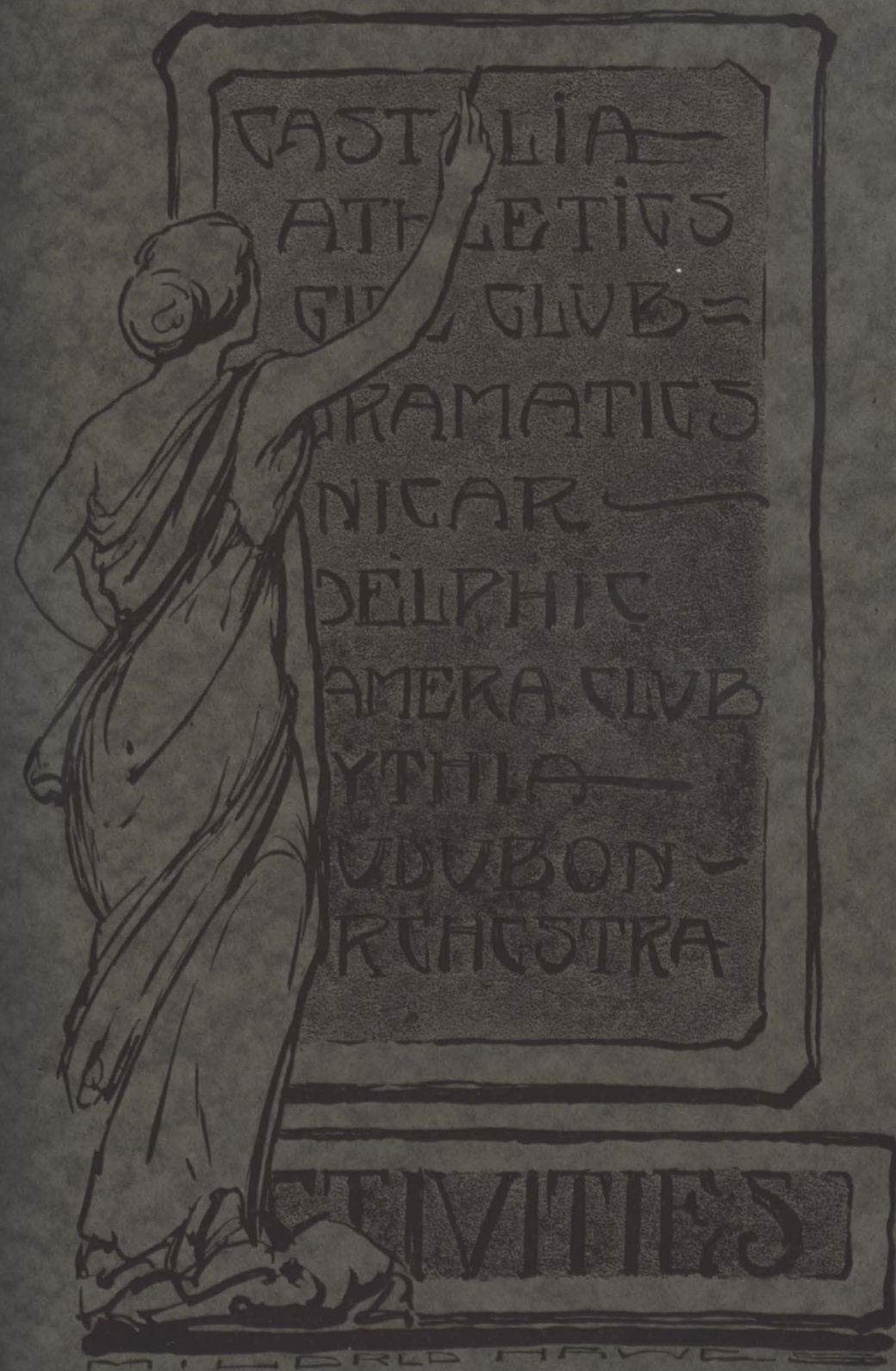
longer, and he knelt upon the floor. His door softly opened, and two angels entered, their gauzy wings fluttering in the soft breeze. Troubesky never before had seen such a wonderful sight!

When the two girls saw the old man kneeling on the floor, his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, they rushed toward him and cried, "Oh, Uncle Simon, don't you know us?" Now that these angels had actually spoken, he looked at them, and recognized his little friends, Kathryn and Mary.

At first he could not utter a word, but after they led him to a chair, and tried to tell him how sorry they were to have frightened him, he clasped them to him and said, "My little angels, you have taught me more than volumes of words ever could. Kathryn, bring me the manuscript lying on the table." Kathryn obeyed, and holding it to the eager tongues of the fire, he said, "I am only thankful that the book was not finished, for it would have frightened many other hearts about the destruction of the world."

—Gladys Holz, '16.







Athletic Board of Control

Ehler	Sinnen	Wendt	Finley
Brooks	Pugh	Reutz	Davis
			Rees



THE ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL.

The Athletic Board of Control was formed for the purpose of having a governing body for Athletic Activities. Moreover it gives the student an opportunity to voice his opinion concerning the activities. It has been the aim of the Board to make the activities a success, both from a financial and social stand point.

The following officers were elected:

- Edward Ruetz President
- Peter Sinnen Secretary
- Mr. Ehler Faculty Manager
- Mr. Finley Coach

The other members of the Board were Messrs. Brooks, Rees, and Wendt of the faculty; and Davies and Pugh of the student body.

There was left in the path of the Board an obstacle in the form of deficit from 1914—1915. While the football season closed with the books showing neither a gain nor a loss,

the Board can see success ahead, for it is the first time in a number of years that a loss was not evident. As the end of the basketball season draws near, the Board feels assured that from a financial standpoint the year has already proved itself a success. Basketball has not only paid its own expenses but has also paid the deficit of 1914—15. At the time we go to press, only Track and Baseball have to be considered, and as there is very little expense connected with these sports, it is certain that no deficit will be left for the school to settle next year.

The Board has passed thru an experimental stage this year but the members believe that it has been demonstrated that such an organization fills an important need in our school and will be of great help to the students; for it gives them a chance to satisfy their wants thru voicing their opinions.

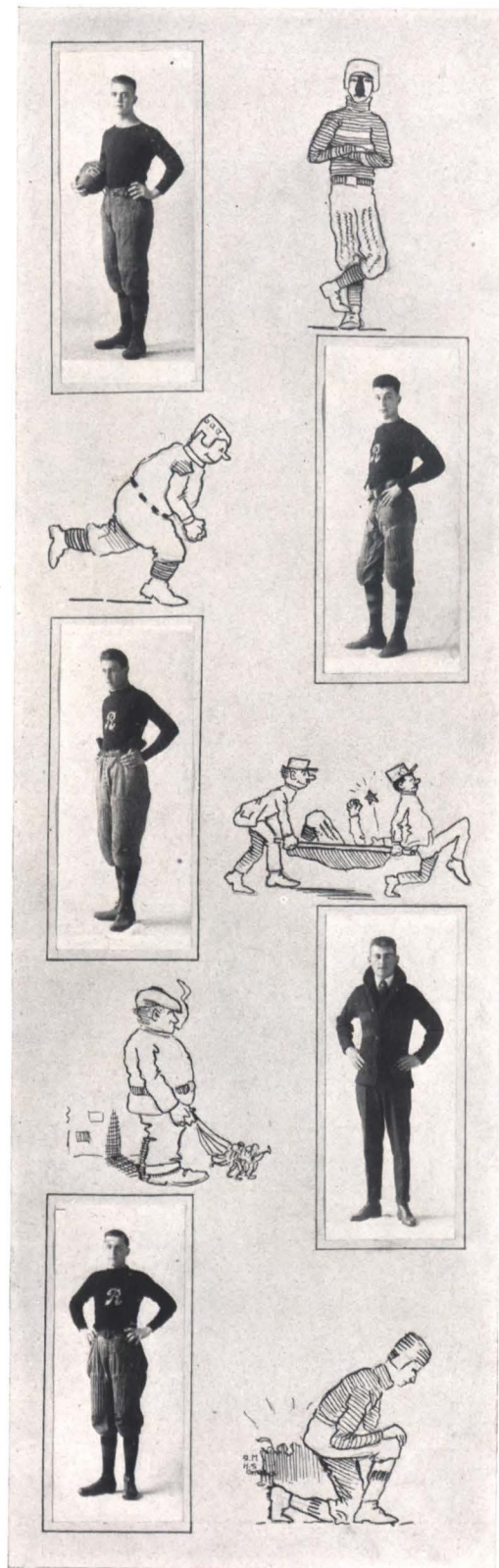
—Edward Ruetz, '17.
Pres. A. B. C.



Mr. Finley, Athletic Coach



FOOT BALL TEAM.



CLINTON DAVIES.

"Clint" Davies was our Captain brave,
Who made the football fans to rave.
I think you'll all be glad to hear
That "Clint" will lead again next year.

RALPH FEIGES.

Feiges was a watchful end,
And mixed in every play.
When anyone ran toward his side
He wished he'd gone the other way.

BURTON LUND.

The football invalid is "Burt,"
A poke will put him on his back;
That matters not, he soon comes to
And is up again for another crack.

EDWARD RUETZ.

The fame of Ruetz has traveled wide
From ocean shore to mountain side,
Till "Eddie's" very name will make
The men on other teams to quake.

MARSHALL BEAUGRAND.

Beaugrand was a speedy man,
Who played with snap and vim.
'Tho "Mushy" is a bashful lad
Milwaukee girls fell hard for him.

LINDLEY PUGH.

Whoever tackled our friend "Lin"
Surely learned a few!
They found they'd got the church all right,
But had failed to find the Pugh!

FRANK DAVIES.

There's one among the men who worked,
Was never heard to whine;
Whenever there was practice, "Happy"
Turned out rain or shine.

EDWARD SORENSON.

"Whitey" Sorenson stood the test
That gives him place among our best.
Nothing brilliant here, no thrills,
But steady as the ancient hills.

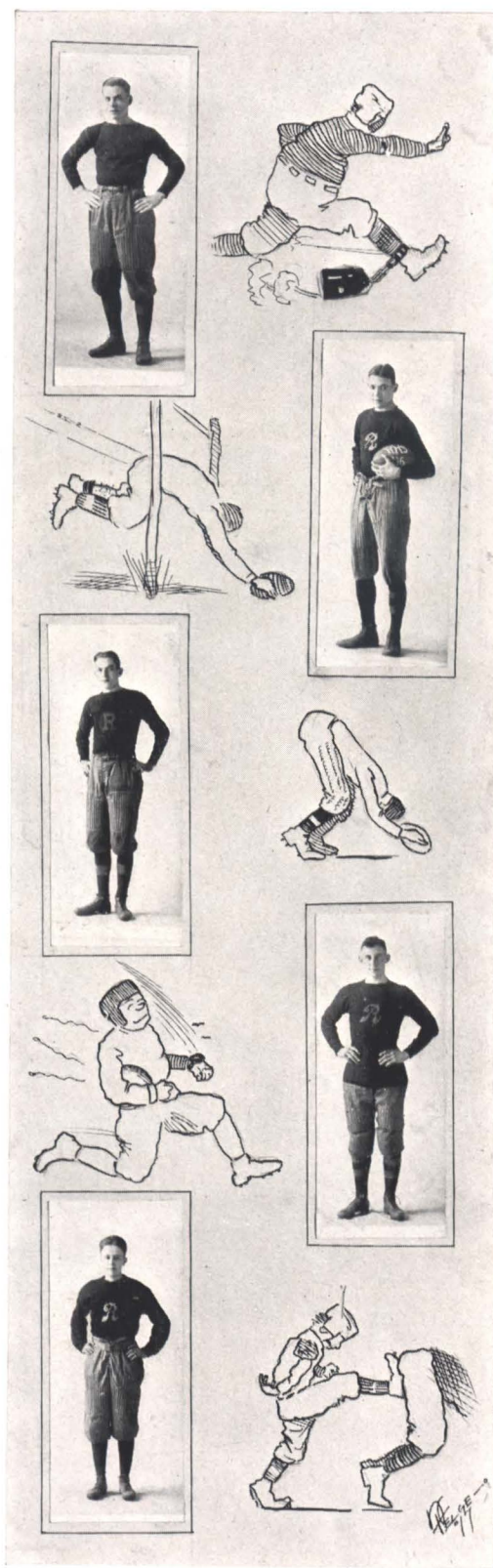
ARNOLD PIEPER.

When Arnold Pieper joined the team,
Our hopes were somewhat riper.
Whoever tried to round his end,
Always paid the Pieper.

PETER CHRISTENSEN.

Pete Christensen was a rock,
To other teams a stumbling block.
Finley says he's glad Pete grew,
For when he spreads, he stops a few!





LESLEY LUNDE.

Lunde played with might and main
And carried the ball for many a gain.
I now announce 'mid sounding cheers
That "Les" comes back for two more years.

WALTER SIEB.

A tall dark slayer, Sieb, and grim,
Who puts the men in fear of him.
Just let "Wally" find a hole—
He's always sure to make a goal.

JACK POWERS.

The team's Goliath now we view—
A hummer, you can bet!
Goliath? Yes! But let me say
Jack's never met his David yet!

EUGENE SMOLLEN.

"Gene" Smollen was a good man, too,
Who played full hard and fast;
I weep to tell you, now, my friends,
He's joined the ranks of those who've passed.

ALEXIS TOSTESON.

"Lecky" is our quarterback,
There never was a better;
The only yellow "Lecky" wears
Is on the outside of his sweater.



OUR FOOTBALL TEAM.

1.
You couldn't find a better bunch,
However long you'd seek.
They fight right down to the very last,
And troubles gladly meet.
How jolly, and courageous,
And oh, how strong they seem!
You don't know who those fellows are?
They're our High School Football team.

2.
How tough, and oh, how hard they fight,
Mid cheerful shouts and clamor
They're bound to get what they're looking for.
And that's that football banner.
Come on! let's cheer them, fellows!
They're our dessert and they're our cream,
I'll tell you who those fellows are—
They're our High School Football team.

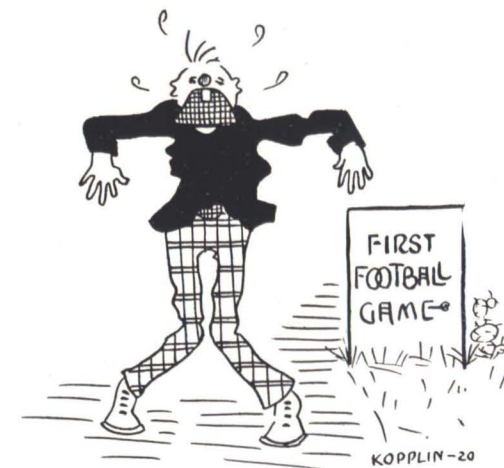
3.
I love to stand by the sideline,
They go through like a knife,
Oh, they've got the spirit, fellows,
For they're full of vim and life.
They're trying as hard as possible
Our wishes to redeem,
Why—anyone will tell you:
"They're our High School Football Team."

4.
The first part of the season
They got marooned—Oh Gee!
But now they're making up for it,
As you already see.
There isn't a quitter among them—
(None that I have ever seen,)
The very reason for this is,
They're our High School Football Team.
—George Schenkenberg, '20.

FOOTBALL REVIEW

SOUTH DIVISION

In the first game of the season, the Black and Gold football team ran up against the hard proposition of the entire schedule, in its contest with the South Division squad of Milwaukee. The R. H. S. team radiated pluck. The final whistle found them fighting with every ounce of weight in action. Score, South Division 60; R. H. S. 0.



MARQUETTE ACADEMY

An onlooker, in describing the Marquette game, said that in all his experience he had never seen such a game bunch of football men as the Black and Gold players. Though the game ended 54 to 3 in favor of the Milwaukee squad, the points were not a true criterion of the playing. Demons for offensive work, and a hardy, determined line for the defensive, they endeavored to stop the heavy experienced Academy team. During the second half, Sieb dropped a beautiful arching kick over the goal, from the 45-yard line, for the solitary three points. New life seized the team, and from the kickoff they began a steady march up the field and would have scored if time had not been called.

STATE SCHOOL

Game to the core, the Black and Gold took the third defeat of the season at the hands of the Delavan State School for Deaf and Dumb. The score board told the old tale—Delavan 30; Racine 6. System was the overpowering element in this game. The Delavan aggregation had reduced the game to a science and were able to outwit every move of the locals. Crandall was given try-out in this game. Before he had been in the fray three minutes, he succeeded in sending Davies over the line for the touchdown.

WAUKEGAN.

Flukes and skill conspired to defeat the Black and Gold in the first home game of the



season by a score of 33 to 7. Waukegan's team made the first touchdown within three minutes. Its superior weight and experience gave our line the appearance of a paper wall before a strong wind. The traditional third quarter revival gave us a touchdown. From our own 30-yard line we began a march that did not stop; first a center rush, then a wing play, next a plunge through tackle; finally Sieb went through for five yards, Davies forwarded to the end, and Sieb went over for the touchdown.

WAUKESHA GAME.

Waukesha's fondest hopes were rudely dashed to the ground by the Black and Gold. The visitors came to Racine for the express purpose of beating R. H. S. by a score 70 to 0. Poor Waukesha, such an awakening! They won, but, oh, such a score! When the smoke of the battle rolled away the score was 26 to 10. The visitors rushed their half over the line within two as a sample of their prowess. This most sanguine start made the Waukesha players reckless; trick play after trick play was attempted until they found themselves on their own ten yard line. They braced and came back, realizing the true worth of R. H. S. Sieb made a spectacular run of 45 yards to a touchdown, and later made a drop-kick.

WEST ALLIS.

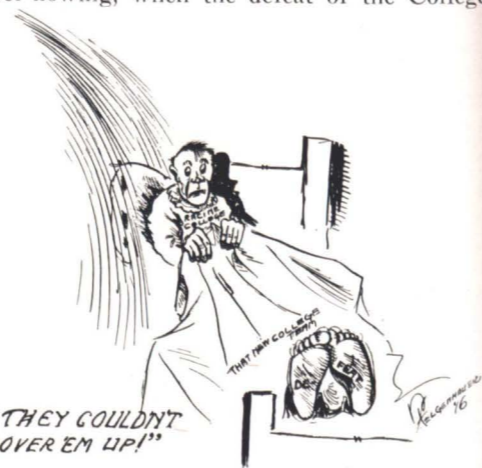
The first material victory was the defeat of West Allis by a 33 to 0 score. The team was sick of losing and decided it would show the students that it was made of stuff that did not lie down under drubbings. The first half was a whirlwind; the visiting team was out for a scalp and was going to try its best to obtain it. A peculiar formation tricked the Black and Gold for a few minutes. Sieb, however, soon detected our opponent's weak point and went through the line with plunge after plunge until he was over the line. Straight football netted R. H. S. another goal in the second quarter. The last quarter found the locals pushing hard; Tosteson succeeded in sending "Wally" over the chalk for two touchdowns. The fellows felt extra good that night after their victory and the school showed its appreciation.

KENOSHA.

In the annual clash with our old rival Kenosha, the Red and Black did not get a peep at the score, 34 to 0. On the kick-off, Kenosha advanced to its 40-yard line, where through an interchange the Black and Gold recovered the ball on the 50-yard line. Sieb, Lunde, and Davies ran the line in turn and Sieb was pushed over for a touchdown. "Clint," in the second quarter, took the pigskin for ten yards to a goal. On the kick-off, Sieb covered himself with glory by running for 45 yards until tackled. Lunde repeated Sieb's favorite trick of making touchdowns. "Wally" opened the last half by a beautiful punt that brought the ball down on Kenosha's 30-yard line. In the course of a few minutes, Sieb performed his little foot stunt, and Lunde, not to be outdone, did the same clever stunt. Powers, the bulwark of the line, put up a powerful game at center.

RACINE COLLEGE.

The High School's cup was full to overflowing, when the defeat of the College



was added to the draught distilled by the victory in the Kenosha game. Forty-seven to naught tells the complete story.

The day of the game was crisp and the very air proved exhilarating. "Cap" Davies won the toss and decided to defend the north goal. Received on the 40-yard line, the ball was advanced to the center of the field before Davies was downed. By two cleverly executed wing plays, Sieb and Lunde brought the ball to the



ten yard line, where a quarterback run put the ball within striking distance. Sieb put the game on ice when he scored the first touchdown within five minutes after the whistle had blown. Small made a spectacular run of 65 yards to a touchdown, only to be called back because one of his teammates was off sides. "Wally" succeeded in making another touchdown during the first quarter.

During the second quarter, Davies was pushed over the line by hard line-plunges and Sieb kicked goal. The Cadets attempted a number of lateral passes but made little headway.

Crandall, Sieb and Davies each went over for a touchdown during the last half.

Small and Prucia were the two leading lights in the College constellation. Small is a glutton for work and always uses his head. Prucia was a steady, persevering player who made every ounce count.

The old Black and Golds played for all there was in them in this game. Sieb, Lunde, Davies, and Pugh were largely responsible for the victory. Powers completely annihilated Evans' toss.

SUMMARY

R. H. S..... 0	South Division High..60
R. H. S..... 3	Marquette Academy..54
R. H. S..... 6	State School, Delavan.30
R. H. S..... 7	Waukegan High.....33
R. H. S.....10	Waukesha High.....26
R. H. S.....33	West Allis High..... 0
R. H. S.....34	Kenosha High..... 0
R. H. S.....47	Racine College..... 0
	—
	140 203

FOOTBALL BANQUET

The first annual banquet of Racine High School was held at the Y. M. C. A. Friday evening, December eighth, by the Hi-Y's and the A. B. C. Every seat in the banquet room was occupied, as one hundred and seventy-five people were present. The affair was a complete success.

The hall was attractively decorated in the old high school colors, purple and red, and in the new black and gold. A number of the high school girls served the banquet.

Harry Baernstein, as toastmaster, called upon Mr. E. V. Donaldson, the boys' secretary of the Y. M. C. A., for an address of welcome. Mr. Brooks responded to this address. L. R. Finley, football coach, then spoke of the splendid spirit and pluck shown by the fellows in coming out to practice, taking the defeats of the first of the season, and coming back for more. Clinton Davies, as captain, thanked the fellows for the support they had given him. Edward Ruetz, Walter Sieb, Mr. Sowers, Mr. Roest, Mr. Ehler, Miss Porter, Miss Harvey, Mr. Bowser and Miss Barr each spoke in turn.

Mr. Brooks presented the coveted "R" to the following men of the squad: Edward Ruetz, Clinton Davies, Ralph Feiges, Peter Christenson, Jack Powers, Eugene Smollen, Walter Sieb, Leslie Lunde, Arnold Pieper, Edward Sorenson, Marshall Beaugrand and Frank Davies. The squad re-elected Davies captain for the coming year.





SNAP SHOTS from FIELD-DAY



BASKETBALL



THE BASKETBALL SEASON.

In a preliminary game, the Alumni five gave the Regulars a sound drubbing, by a score of 28 to 42. The game was not so one-sided as it may appear, for we held the lead up to within the last four minutes. The "Grads" had a convenient failing of being hurt, whenever one of their men became winded. It appeared as a coincidence for the first couple of times, and then as it became an established form of play, it was exasperating. The speed manifested by the regulars gave great promise.

Auspiciously was the word that described the first basketball game. The Black and Gold handed the Elkhorn High School a lemon in the form of a 27 to 15 score. Loose playing marred the beauty of the game. The locals were on edge, excited and unsteady, so that for a few minutes it looked disastrous to all fond hopes. "Crip" Pugh and McElroy managed to keep their heads and, as a result, the team settled down. The entire last half lacked team work, and was without the customary starring. West Allis appeared next on the schedule,

and it, too, was doomed to defeat. It was nip and tuck up to the last minute, but the good old Black and Gold came out with colors flying. By superior team-work and basket shooting, the visitors nosed out in the lead, the first half. A change of tactics, however, so bewildered them that we gained a slight advantage. The last ten minutes of play were rare ones. Both teams worked as units, the ball traveling up and down the floor with a rapidity that defied the eyes. With never a slip, the playing was faultless and as pretty as could be desired. The final score was West Allis 24; R. H. S. 30.

The Delavan State School for the Deaf and Dumb was the first to withstand the onslaught of the Black and Gold. Consistent team-work and perfect basket shooting gave them a 39 to 29 victory. The State school secured the jump from the outset and never relinquished its comfortable lead. The locals came back to the second period with fight. During this half the team played its level best, and succeeded in beating the visitors by one point. Sieb played a fast, consistent game, while the stand-



bys, Pugh and McElroy, showed their usual good form.

Did we beat German-English? Oh, no!! We just naturally *lost* them under a 7 to 100 score. The game was a farce after the first minute, altogether too one-sided to be interesting. The only possible excitement was occasioned in the last minute of play with the score at 92. By means of a final spurt, the Black and Gold caged the needed four baskets. The Academy team was faulty. Their basket-shooting was a disgrace and their teamwork was a minus quantity.

By gentle persuasion the Black and Gold prevailed upon the College to concede us the first game of the series by a score of 39 to 29. The R. H. S. rooters, expecting a defeat because of the showing made by the college in former games, went to the game with their faces a mile long. Starting out at break-neck speed, the Cadets soon became winded and could not play their usual game for the remainder of the half. Coach Winfield had sized up our style of playing by the second half. But "Doc" outwitted them; he shifted style, also. Small, the one big man in a little team, was one of the fastest and most brilliant players seen on the floor during the season.

West Bend was too much for the Black and Gold; that team managed to scrape a 19 to 16 victory. Our boys were at a disadvantage, the floor was small and the ceilings were less than three feet above the baskets. Despite these annoying factors, we were able to lead for a goodly portion of the game, making it thoroughly interesting for the West Bend quintet.

By virtue of the second 39 to 29 victory over the Racine College, the high school holds the basketball championship for the inter-scholastic circles of the city. The teamwork of the Black and Gold, coupled with a new style of playing, completely bewildered the Cadets. Coach Finley had again outwitted the College: he developed a type of long, arching passes that were peculiarly adapted to the college floor. During the second half, the Cadets took a decided brace, nearly retrieving their playing of the first. Small was again the brains and driving force of the Purple and

White; his tireless playing was wonderful. Sieb's playing was spectacular, while Pugh used his head as usual. "Doc" Finley deserves a great deal of the credit.

In one of the fastest games of the season, the Burlington High basketball quintet saw fit to hand the squad a lemon in the shape of a 42 to 36 score. With Davies on the sick-list, and Sieb, Capt. Pugh, and Pinkowski out, the coach was up against it hard. Spunk and fight, clear to the back-bone, the Black and Gold played desperately. The boys used every means they possessed to outwit the visitors. Burlington's steady, systematic style of playing, with Beller and Groff giving exhibitions of fancy shots, was too much for our improvised first team.

Playing fast, consistent basketball, the College five took the third game of the series by a score of 41 to 25. Life was the dominant quality of the rejuvenated College team. From the minute the whistle blew, the Cadet squad showed superiority over our team. Team work, fast and sure, soon gave them the lead.

In the Kenosha game, played in Southport, the Black and Gold colors were trailed in the dust, the final score being 28 to 15. The first half was a nightmare, Kenosha being able to shoot without difficulty. The second half was not so bad, as the Black and Gold knew the floor and could guard. We retrieved ourselves to a great extent, but were unable to overcome the lead. Morgan, in his first game of the season, was responsible for most of the scoring; his individual playing marked him. Pugh put many a "kink" in the Red and Black's hopes.

The return game, the following week, was the hardest fought of the season. Playing nip and tuck, the Red and Black returned to Keno, the winner by a 26 to 20 score. A fight describes the contest exactly. The end of the half showed Kenosha in the lead by two baskets. The Black and Gold came back strong the last half, and had overcome the lead, when a mixup disqualified two men. "Crip" Pugh, who was on the sick list, was forced into the game. Southport staged a rally and made three baskets, giving them the contest. Lunde made a showing of which we can be proud.

—R. MacDougall, '17.



Park		McElroy
Lunde	Haines	Lund
Davies	Captain Pugh	Morgan

RHS

OUR PLAYERS

"Crip" Pugh.—As a captain, "Crip" was the brainiest and best liked fellow a basketball team has ever known. His steady get-there-playing-nothing-flashy, but simple, unvarnished true value made him the heart and soul of the squad. His guarding left nothing to be expected; his opponent was helpless.

"Don" McElroy.—"Don" was the old reliable. Getting the team out of tight holes was his specialty; he was found where he was most needed. McElroy looks like the most promising candidate for the captaincy next year.

"Burt" Lund.—At center he can outjump any man, and do it neatly too. Brilliant playing and fast basket-shooting marked "Burt" as an R. H. S. basketball player of the old stock. "Up and doing" was his motto.

"Wally" Sieb.—Sieb was a true chip off the old block that produced such men as Schacht and "Connie." His playing was above par and always on demand. Lively foot-work and sure basket-shooting mark him as one of the big men of the team.

"Lin" Pugh.—"Lin" is a fighter. From the minute the whistle blew, Pugh was away and played to his utmost throughout the contest. He was out for a forward, but perforce filled a position at guard.

"Pinkie" Parks.—A bit on the edge, Parks never was accused of lagging. At the forward position his style and form distinguished him.

"Gene" Smollen.—Old "Slew-foot" was always on the lookout for his opponent. "Gene" made an excellent guard, was sure on his feet, and in the right place at the right moment.

"Happy" Davies.—Socrates the second. "Hap" is nothing for weight; his ability to play forward lay in his head-work. Wiry and too fast for his guard to see the smoke he made, he knew where to go and he went.

"Carl" Johnson.—One of Finley's finds, and when "Doc" finds a man, he is a player.

This is the first year for Johnson, and his playing deserves especial credit.

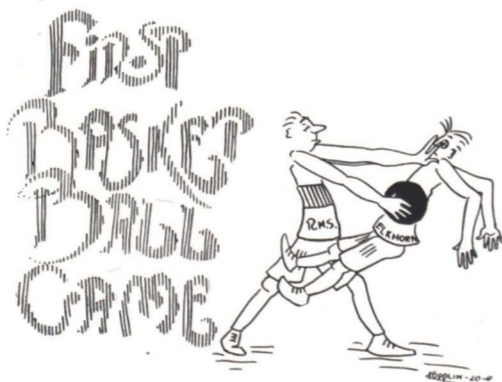
"Monk" Morgan.—He did not come out until the two Kenosha games. But did he have anything to do with the score? Morgan was a valuable man that should have been out earlier in the season.

"Lecky" Tosteson.—He ranks with "Happy." Small, but oh my! "Lecky" gave account of himself in every game he played. His idea of a good time is to tire men of the other team by having them chase him.

Haines.—Haines used more judgment than most basketball players. He is one of the brainiest men ever on a high school team, though his eye-sight interfered with his playing.

Leslie Lunde.—"Les." When "Doc" was in need of a good sub he could always count on "Les." Although his brother was one of the best players R. H. S. ever had, we look for still better playing from "Les."

"Clint" Davies.—Although "Clint" was put on the first team rather late in the season, his fast and classy playing atoned for it. "Clint" is always ready to settle quarrels arising over the game, as shown when Keno came here.



Felgenhauer Tosteson
Rasmussen Sieb "Happy" Davies
Morgan

SENIORS WIN CUP

One of the results of the Athletic Board of Control was the revived class basketball. The Association offered a cup to the winner of this league, and soon all the classes were working hard to merit the coveted trophy. Owing to the late date at which the schedule was started, only one game was played with each class.

In the first meet the Seniors succeeded in defeating the Juniors after a hard struggle. The score was close. Sieb and Morgan were a bit heavy for the Juniors. The Sophomores gave the Freshmen a good trouncing.

The finals were played at the Y. M. C. A. as preliminaries to the last College game. In the first game the Freshmen sprang a surprise when they literally ran away with the strong Junior team. The Seniors experienced little difficulty in beating the Sophomores, and clinching the cup.

The Senior team was composed of Morgan, who was captain, and Sieb as forwards; Connolly, center; and Baernstein and Tosteson, guards. F. Davies, Felgenhauer and Rasmussen each played a game.



The Cardinals carried off the honors at one of the most successful field days in the annals of the school. May 27, 1916, proved to be an ideal day—one suited for such an event. The final score of the meet showed the Cardinals had 161 points and the Indigoes 89 points. True grit was displayed by the latter under overwhelming odds. A number of the events was covered in amazingly good time.

The captains were as follows: Indigoes—Girls, Florence Schelling; boys, Conrad Lahr. Cardinals—Girls, Helen Sharpe; boys, Harry Baernstein.

The summary follows. ("I" stands for Indigo; "C" for Cardinal.)

100-yard Dash (unlimited)—1st, Cranston Spray, I; 2d, Marshall Beaugrand, C; 3d, Benoyt Bull, I.

50-yard Dash (lightweights)—1st, Frank Schacht, I; 2d, Paul Overdier, C; 3d, Alexis Tosteson, C.

100-yard Dash (lightweights)—1st, Harry Baernstein, C; 2d, Frank Schacht, I; 3d, Roy Rodgers, C.

220 Sprint (lightweights)—1st, Roy Rodgers, C; 2d, Thomas Tullock, I; 3d, Marshall Beaugrand, C.

Mile Run (unlimited)—1st, Walter Stransky, C; 2d, Victor Crane, C; 3d, Ernest Voss, I.

Half-mile (lightweights)—1st, Fred Ruffalo, C; 2d, Einer Mortenson, C; 3d, Jack Clancy, I.

120 Hurdles (lightweights)—1st, George Crandall, C; 2d, Thomas Tullock, I; 3d, John Albino, C.

120 Hurdles (unlimited)—1st, Harry Connolly, I; 2d, Raymond Kitchingman, C.

440 Sprint (unlimited)—1st, Walter Klap-

proth, C; 2d, Clinton Davies, I; 3d, Ernest Voss, I.

Shotput (unlimited)—1st, Charles Crowell, C; 2d, Nels Fedderson, I; 3d, Joseph Schrier, C.

440 Sprint (lightweights)—1st, Harry Baernstein, C; 2d, Einer Mortenson, C; 3d, George Bie, I.

Shotput (lightweights)—1st, Robert Connolly, I; 2d, John Albino, C; 3d, Fred Ruffalo, C.

Half Mile Run (unlimited)—1st, Walter Stransky, C; 2d, Clarence Matson, C; 3d, Victor Crane, C.

Discus (unlimited)—1st, Charles Cowell, C; 2d, Clarence Bing, I; 3d, Jack Powers, C.

Broad Jump (lightweights)—1st, Paul Overdier, C; 2d, Fred Ruffalo, C; 3d, Wayne Nelson, C.

Broad Jump (unlimited)—1st, Walter Seib, I; 2d, David Rowland, C; 3d, Conrad Lahr, I.

Pole Vault (lightweights)—1st, Frank Schacht, C; 2d, Arnold Pieper, I; 3d, Wayne Nelson, C.

High Jump (unlimited)—1st, Conrad Lahr, I; 2d, Jack Powers, C; 3d, Charles Sugden, I.

High Jump (lightweights)—1st, Arnold Pieper, I; Alexis Tosteson, C; 3d, Donald Morey, C.

Pole Vault (unlimited)—1st, William Summers, C; 2d, Ernest Voss, C; 3d, Harry Connolly, I.

Relay (unlimited)—Won by the Indigoes.

Relay (limited)—Won by the Cardinals.

The girls' events were divided evenly. The Cardinals took the tennis tournament and the baseball game, and the Indigoes the shuttle race and baseball throw.





ENTER SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

Lest toil and cares exclude the fun of youth,
 And keep us from our rightful joys, forsooth,
 We court the spice of life, variety,
 In rounds of clubs and good society.
 Nor is our time but dwindled thus away,
 'Tis not alone to pass the time of day
 We thus convene; indeed, our very fun
 Is largely sought in finding what is done,
 And how and why in daily worldly things,
 The useful art of learning pleasure brings.
 So let the fires of winter roar within,
 Or summer breezes blow about the inn,
 While spirits of the days gone by return.
 And ye who doubt, lay doubts aside and learn
 That tasks and joys of good society
 Are rightly called life's spice—variety!
 So enter, spirits, now, of social life,

Reveal the realms which quell the storms of
 strife;
 And, one by one, come forth and here proclaim
 For each society, its worthy aim.

ENTER THE SPIRIT OF THE
 "KIPIKAWI."

Out from the depths of seniors' hearts,
 Depths whence each great emotion starts,
 There from a calm and sweet repose
 My conscience called me. I arose.
 The hands of seniors led me hence,
 And neither doubt nor e'en suspense
 Was with me on my way.
 The garment I had worn was shed,
 My honored crown upon my head,
 Respect and reverence followed me;



KIPIKAWI STAFF.
 They Enter Upon Their Labors.



'Twas ever so, we hope 'twill ever be.
 With work of heart, of hand, and brain,
 My spirit has been clothed again,
 And here I am to-day!
 Eight years have called me forth before,
 I trust there will be many more!
 And you who are not senior crowned,
 You who are not on honored ground,
 Take me, and in my pages see
 What was, and is, and still shall be;
 And cherish me apart!
 For future years will find me here
 Led by *your* hand; and not in fear
 Would I come forth to heed your call,
 But feeling confident that all
 Had known me; and, hence, would make
 A better book for seniors' sake;
 Would clothe me from their heart.
 To seniors of the great to-day,
 To those whose paths now lead away,
 My spirit ever turns.
 For years will come to make of me
 An even greater boon to thee,
 A "Kipikawi" treasure book,
 To bind you 'all within the nook,
 Where Loyalty ever burns!

—H. A. W., '17.

"KIPIKAWI" STAFF

Editor-in-chief.....Harriet A. Wratten
 Assistant Editor.....Florence Victor
 Assistant Editor.....Harry Baernstein
 Business Manager.....Lester Augustine
 Assistant Business Manager...Newell French

COMMITTEES

Literary

Eleanor Peterson	Harriet Root
Della Burgess	Josephine Nerad
Joseph Fucilla	Hazel Sorenson
Cathryn Carpenter	Helen E. Hansen
Eva Hanson	Bernice Block
Gladys Roberts	Russell Lynch

Humor

George Bartlett	Winifred Herrick
Grace Harding	George Gates

Snapshots

Oluf Jacobson	Albert Lahr
Albert Hansen	Paula Larson
Lester Madden	Chester Nelson
Norman Botsford	David Johnson

Advertising

Ralph Morgan	Herbert Hansen
Christopher Pugh	Dorothy MacAnanny
Lester Madden	Clair Fancher
Russell Kurten	Mildred Hawes
George Skewes	Carl Johnson
Julius Feiges	Ellwood Rasmussen
Donald Morey	Gladys Peterson

Photography

Henry Wiegand	Dorothy MacAnanny
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Athletics

Russell MacDougall	Frank Davies
	Marshall Beaugrand

Art

Mildred Hawes	Burton Rowley
Herbert Felgenhauer	Victor Crane

Typewriting

Bernice Block	Jennie Anderson
Gwendolyn Evans	Virginia Thompson
Edna Christensen	Edna Houch
Gladys Peterson	Nellie Fuller
Victor Johanning	Esther Justeson

Organizations

Lillian Jameson	Dorothy Murphy
Dorothy Wardell	Fred Ruffalo
Ralph Dean	Lillian Case
Kathryn Smith	Edith Lynch
	Gustine Slezak

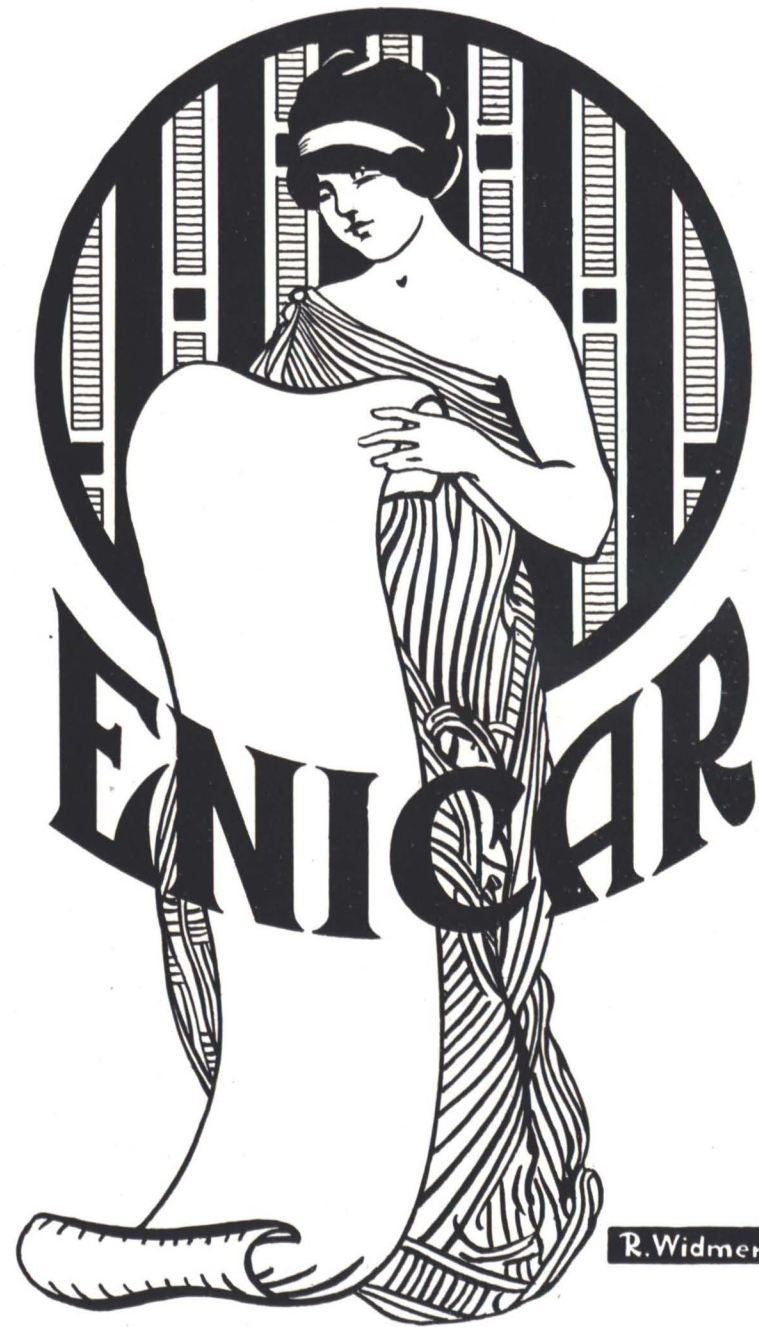
Slams

Ione Sorensen	Verna Roberts
Doris Dickey	Helen Wiedeback
William Browne	Julia Davidson
Olga Christensen	Mildred Schacht
Ben Larsen	George Gates
Susan Schamp	Frances Rasmussen
	Manilla Rittman

Faculty Adviser.....	Miss Collier
Business Adviser.....	Miss Crewes
Art Adviser.....	Miss Sawyer



KIPIKAWI STAFF
Their Labors Ended



R. Widmer

ENICAR

ENTER SPIRIT OF "ENICAR"

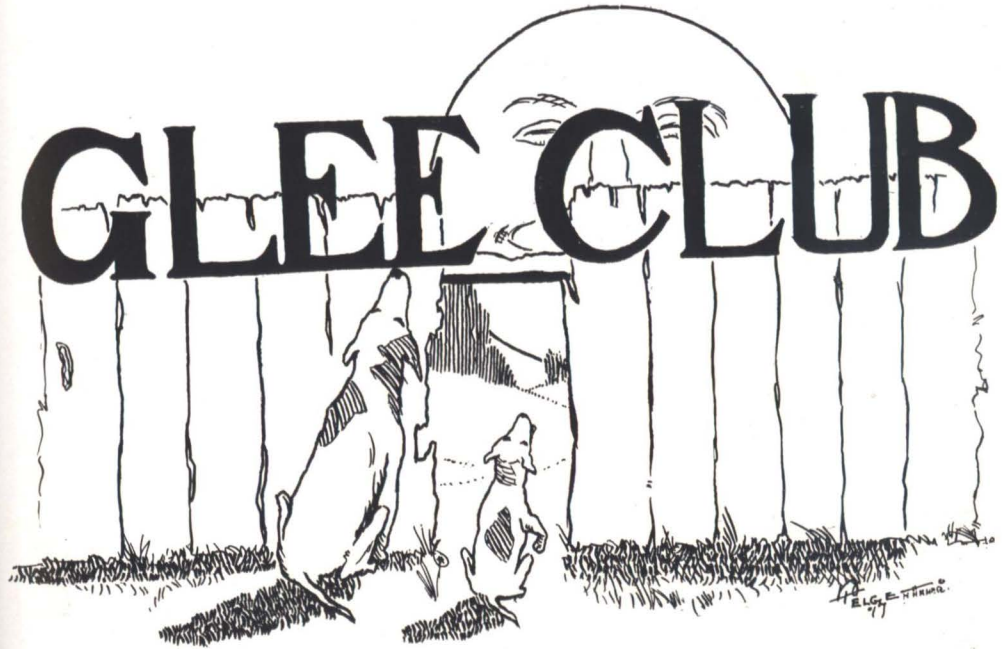
An enterprise of great success,
A "peppy" page, and nothing less
Has been the weekly *Enicar*,
A source of news as papers are.
A monthly in the days now past,
The old regime has closed at last.

It had a staff whose lively vim,
Made cares of life grow pale and dim.
On Tuesdays, we would all renew
The memories of the week's review.
And, thus, the *Enicar* imparts
The joy of news to students' hearts.
A *Cheer* for those who made it go,
With hopes it will be always so.



THE STAFF

Editor-in-chief.....Cleveland Nixon	Exchange.....Eleanor Brandt
Associate Editor.....George Gates	Reporters.....
Literary Department.....Florence Kyle	Marjery Heck, Dorothy Ashuler, Irene
News.....Russell MacDougall	Haumersen, William Browne
Business Manager.....Eleanor Peterson	Staff Stenographers.....
Advertising Manager (first semester)....	Alma Schaeffer, Ruth Rood, Florence
Evald Clausen	Victor
Advertising Manager (second semester)...	Faculty Adviser.....Miss Walker
Norman Botsford	



ENTER SPIRIT OF GLEE CLUBS

Behold, the curtain slowly parts,
And thus discloses, standing there,
Most potent Muse of all the arts,
Music, so quiet, sweet, and fair.
Forth she steps, and now is heard,
And her voice, with flute-like note,
Charms to silence every bird,
Stills the nightingale's sweet throat.
What is it elevates the base?
What grips the heart? What lights the face?
What man who has a soul, e'en low,
Does not the power of Music know?

For only Music can soothe the heart,
And cause its sorrows to depart.
What pleasures has it brot to us,
Rejoicing to regard it thus?
What feelings would we never know,
Could Music not control us so?
With concerts and the Glee Club play,
That light us on our yearly way,
What debt do students owe to me
The Spirit of the High School Glee?
To you, Miss Watts, our patron true,
We extend our gratitude, long due.





BOYS' GLEE

President.....Harry D. Baernstein
 Vice-President.....Burton Lund
 Secretary and Treasurer....William Browne
 Librarian.....Clinton Davies
 Assistant Librarian.....Lester Augustine
 Director.....Miss Watts

GIRLS' GLEE

President.....Margaret Seatter
 Vice-President.....Ione Sorensen
 Secretary and Treasurer....Della Burgess
 Librarian.....Gwendolyn Evans
 Assistant Librarian.....Mildred Hawes
 Director.....Miss Watts



Robin Hood

Given by the

Racine High School
 Glee Club

Under the direction of

Miss William Watts

Barita Hall

May 4 and 5, 1917



ENTER SPIRIT OF ORCHESTRA

The spirit of the orchestra am I,
 And to tell you of my history I will try.
 I play at every high school entertainment,
 Without a rest and even without payment.
 And every year my principal event—
 To help the Glee Club Play just after Lent.
 Our leader, Mr. Gilman, I must say,
 Has been our greatest boon in every way.
 At present, I am numbering twelve in all,

A few of my musicians left last fall;
 But the rest of us, above you now can see,
 In the latest picture photographed of me.
 Tho' I am but thirty-seven—not so old,
 I have oft before by wiser tongues been told
 That all things—no matter what—improve
 with age,
 So I have come to claim my "Kipikawi" page.



AUDUBON

ENTER THE SPIRIT OF THE AUDUBON

A club by fame known far and wide
 Doth beg of thee a tiny boon.
 Oh, list while I in thee confide.
 I sing of dales and pathless woods,
 Where haunts of birds are wont to be,
 Where seldom foot of man intrudes
 Upon the dwellers of the tree.
 Both south and north, and east and west,
 The love of nature makes me roam
 To find some hidden bluebird's nest,
 Or saucy red-wing's marshy home.
 Do I these secrets then unfold,
 That by my hand they come to harm?
 Ah, no! the secret's only told

The careless prior to disarm.
 For he who knows the joyful lark,
 Or knows the forest-loving squirrels,
 Will make of these no gunman's mark,
 He'll treat them all as nature's pearls.
 And when the winter winds do blow,
 He'll not the sweet-voiced birds forget,
 But throw them crumbs upon the snow,
 Or on a post a bird house set.
 This club five hundred members has
 Whose motto is "Protect the Birds."
 Miss Porter my true patron is.
 What more could now be told in words?



AUDUBON OFFICERS

Faculty Adviser.....Miss Porter

First Semester

President.....Lillian Jameson
 Vice-President.....George Skewes
 Secretary.....Joseph Fucilla
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Paula Larson

Second Semester

President.....George Skewes
 Vice-President.....Myrtle Henrickson
 Secretary.....Ernestine Dow
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Beulah Adams



ENTER SPIRIT OF CAMERA CLUB

The spirit of a club you'll hear
 If now you'll kindly lend an ear.
 From the Camera Club I'm come,
 And of its toils I'll tell you some.
 Enjoyable it really is
 To speak on such a theme as this.
 I wander over lawn and lake,
 And more than one snap-shot I take;
 A wayside chapel by the road,
 A pious hermit's drear abode,
 Besides my friends in poses rare—
 Or as they naturally appear.
 Composed of twenty-five am I
 And all with one another vie

Good naturedly to try and see
 Who the best photographer may be.
 In spring time when the grass is green,
 Or winter when the snow man's seen,
 But 'specially in summer gay
 Or in autumn's glorious array
 We're very apt to take a hike
 To some bright spot which we all like.
 We have Miss Porter's kindly care,
 An opportunity that's rare;
 But now as I've explained my art
 From you I hasten to depart;
 And hoping some time I've snapped you,
 I'll bid you all a fond adieu.



Dave Clifford Norman Botsford Russell MacDougall
 Bernice Hartman, Miss Porter, Doris Johnson.



DRAMATIC CLUBS

ENTER SPIRIT OF SENIOR
 DRAMATIC

Hurrah for the club that entertains,
 The one for which no interest wanes.
 The spirit now to speak will try,
 Dramatic club for Seniors, I.
 Composed of members, fifty some,
 Who certainly do make things hum.
 Already I two plays have shown,
 My popularity has grown.
Mr. X and *Christmas Chimes*,
 The former's presented two times.
 Three other plays are chosen, too,
The Best Laid Plans will interest you.
Fascinating Fanny Brown
 Will be the talk of all the town.

While *Local and Long Distance* you
 Will name the best you e'er did view.
 Our worthy Miss McBride o'ersees
 The plays we give; we can't but please,
 When she the club adviser is.
 Our club's a busy one and yet
 The fun we've had we'll ne'er forget.
 And we do personality
 Develop, and we learn to see
 How we should act in Parliament,
 If ever we're to meetings sent.
 Our interest you can see is wide.
 But now I think I'll step aside,
 And give some other club a chance
 The fortune of his work t' advance.



OFFICERS OF SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

First Semester

President.....Ralph Morgan
 Vice-President.....Florence Victor
 Secretary.....William Browne
 Publicity Manager.....Russell MacDougall
 Stage Manager.....Norman Botsford
 Property Manager.....Lester Madden

Second Semester

President.....Florence Victor
 Vice-President.....Dorothy MacAnanny
 Secretary.....Gladys Roberts
 Publicity Manager.....Ralph Morgan
 Stage Manager.....Lester Augustine
 Property Manager.....Russell MacDougall
 Faculty Adviser.....Miss McBride



ENTER SPIRIT OF JUNIOR
DRAMATIC

Into the midst of Racine High I come
With flowery speech, quaint manner, and shy
bow;
Much lore of ancients is safe within me kept,
My lot, to teach and so instruct the young
That all things crude, ungraceful, and un-
couth,
Be banished from them; my lot, to grace
their deeds
And make them gallant, chivalrous, and pure.
From pen of poet long since laid to rest,
Whose mouldy parchments faded are and old,
I bring new life, strange scenes, and people
rare
To grace our days with old-time thought and
ways.
I, aided by Miss Hatch, work earnestly and
long,
These arts to teach that we all men may
charm
With past romances, tales, and dramas old.



And thus we work together, and oft our toil
Is tinged with mirth, of joy and gladness born;
For 'tis our lot to so entrance mankind
That earthly troubles, sorrows, cares, distress,
Be all forgotten. May our work be blest.

OFFICERS OF JUNIOR DRAMATIC
Faculty Adviser.....Miss Hatch

First Semester

President.....Pearl Schoeppe
Vice-President.....George C. Peterson
Secretary and Treasurer.....Harold Skow
Publicity Manager.....Cleveland Nixon
Stage Manager.....David Gluck
Property Manager.....Harold C. Jensen

Second Semester

President.....David Gluck
Vice-President.....Florence Burns
Secretary and Treasurer.....John Owen
Publicity Manager.....William Rozumoff
Stage Manager.....Wallace Nelson
Property Manager.....Earl Porkorney



GREEN STOCKINGS

By A. E. W. MASON

Presented first by Margaret Anglin. Recently revived
by Miss Anglin

Motif:

An old English custom requires an unmarried
woman to wear Green Stockings at the mar-
riage of a younger sister.

Presented by
The Senior Class of Racine High School
Orpheum Theater

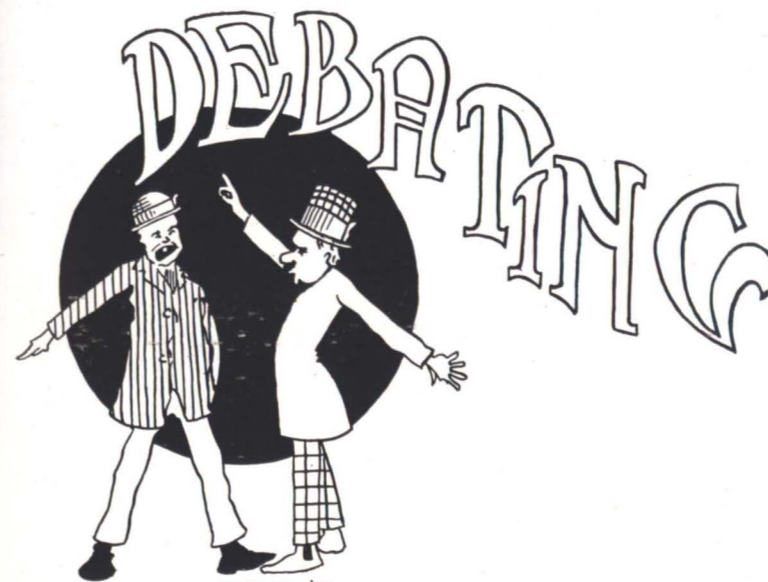
Wednesday Evening, June 13, 1917, 8:15 o'clock



PROGRAM
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
RACINE HIGH SCHOOL



THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 14, 1917
ORPHEUM THEATER



KOPPLIN-620

ENTER SPIRIT OF DEBATING

You have heard of all the work,
The ambitions and the rules,
Of all the clubs and classes here,
In this, the very best of schools.
And now, do not forget *me*, pray,
For I've been loyal, and done my best;
I've labored long and earnestly,
And met opponents with great zest.
Of my brave six, to Waukesha
Went Weisman, Peterson, and Heft;
While Koerner, Bartlett, and Ruffalo
To battle in Racine were left.

My Negatives from Waukesha
Returned home in the greatest glee,
For from the strong opposing team
They'd won an easy victory,
But those at home—alas! why dwell
Upon a fate so very sad?
Kenosha, ancient rival keen,
A hard-earned victory made glad.
We lost the cup, but, tho we're sad,
It surely can be no disgrace
To lose to such a worthy foe;
And next year, we'll regain our place.



The Class Roll

Jennie Anderson
 Lester Augustine
 Harry Daniel Baernstein
 George W. Bartlett, Jr.
 Marshall F. Beaugrand
 Nettie Birdsall
 Bernice Block
 Norman Botsford
 William G. Browne
 Della Mae Burgess
 Catherine Carpenter
 Lillian Pira Case
 Edna Christensen
 Olga Katherine Christensen
 John Clancy
 Robert Connolly
 Julia Davidson
 Franklin Case Davies
 Ralph E. Dean
 Doris Belle Dickey
 Alice Dostal
 Clayton Dow
 Eva Due
 Lillian Du Four
 Gwendolyn Evans
 Mildred R. Evans
 Clare Fancher
 Julius Fiegels
 Herbert Felgenhauer
 Estelle Fink
 Russell Frederick
 Newell French
 Joseph Guerin Fucilla
 Nell M. Fuller
 George B. Gates
 Harriet Ruth Gifford
 Harry W. Groenke
 Albert W. Hanson
 Eva Hanson
 Helen E. Hanson
 Herbert W. Hansen
 Lydia Marie Hansen
 Grace Lord Harding
 Mildred Kathryn Hawes

Charlotte J. Hermes
 Winifred Herrick
 Herbert Hoffert
 Melville Holland
 Edna M. Houch
 Oluf Jacobsen
 Lillian O. Jameson
 Helen S. Jensen
 Leona Jensen
 Victor Johanning
 Carl V. Johnson
 David Johnson
 Theodora L. Johnson
 Fred Henry Jung
 Esther Dagmar Justeson
 Mary Kearney
 Edward Kersten
 Mildred Kristerius
 Russell M. Kurten
 Albert Lahr
 Agnes Larson
 Benjamin Larsen
 Paula H. Larson
 Russell D. Laycock
 Alta Lewis
 Burton C. Lund
 Edith Lynch
 Russell Lynch
 Dorothy MacAnanny
 Russell McDougal
 T. Lester Madden
 Hazel Jean McLaughlin
 Gladys Ramona Miller
 Verna Miller
 Don Morey
 Ralph Morgan
 Dorothy J. Murphy
 Chester Nelson
 Ruth Marion Nelson
 Josephine Nerad
 Catherine O'Donnell
 Elliot Park
 Clarence B. Peterson

Eleanore Lelia Peterson
 Gladyce N. Peterson
 Harvey Peterson
 Ruth Estelle Phelps
 Vera Mildred Place
 Jack Powers
 Christopher Pugh
 Ellwood Z. V. Rasmussen
 Frances Rasmussen
 Manilla M. Rittman
 Gladys W. Roberts
 Verna B. Roberts
 Harriet W. Root
 Burton Rowley
 Edward J. Ruetz
 Fred Ruffolo
 Mildred Schacht
 Susan Schamp
 Gertrude Schaeffer
 August J. Schoening
 Florence Schoeppe
 Margaret Seater
 Floyd Shephard
 Irene Sherrow
 Peter Sinnen
 George J. Skewes
 Gustine Slezak
 Kathryn P. Smith
 Hazel Sorenson
 Ione A. Sorenson
 Helga Staff
 Charles Sugden
 Margaret Sweetman
 Leona E. Thomas
 Virginia Thompson
 Alexis Tosteson
 Alice K. Ulbricht
 Florence C. Victor
 Dorothy J. Wardell
 Florence J. C. Wheeler
 Helen Wiedeback
 Henry Wiegand
 Harriet Ann Wratten

PROGRAM

Overture—Mignonette *J. Baumann*
 Gavotte—Dancing Dolls *Julius Sereby*
 Intermezzo—Roses *E. Ascher*

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
 Carl A. Gilman, Director

Duet—Spring Song (Lucia di Lammermoor) *Donizetti*
 MARGARET SEATTER AND IONE SORENSON.

Piano—Two Larks *Leschitzky*
 To Spring *Grieg*
 Prelude, C sharp minor *Rachmaninoff*

CLAYTON DOW

Voice—Rolling Down to Rio *Kipling-German*
 HARRY BAERNSTEIN

Address—The Great Vision
 PROFESSOR R. L. LYMAN, University of Chicago

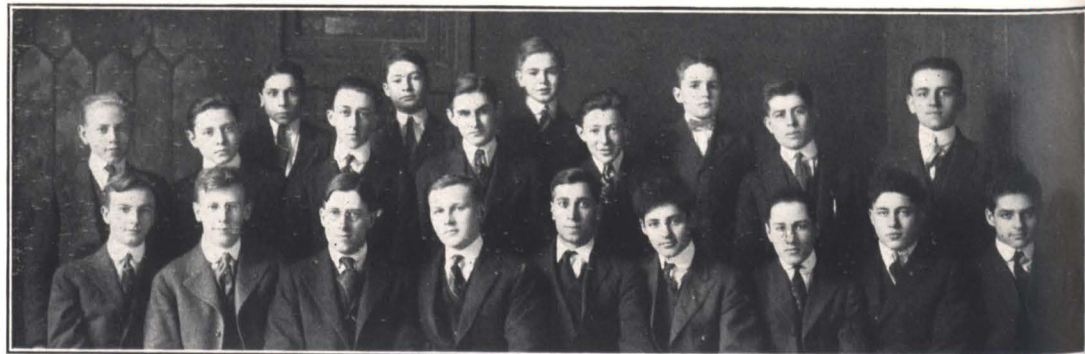
Chorus—Unfold, Ye Portals *Gounod*
 SENIOR GLEE CLUB

Presentation of Diplomas
 Class Color: Yale Blue Class Flower: Marguerite
 Class Motto: "We've reached the foothills; the mountains are beyond."

RACINE HIGH SCHOOL
ADELPHIC
 Rob(Widmer)

ENTER SPIRIT OF ADELPHIC

Back again to the "Kipi" pages,
 Where the students of all ages
 Learn what I have done this year:
 Every Wednesday night at four
 Saw me inside of Room 12 door.
 There with speeches and with reading,
 Parliamentary law and breeding,
 All, by effort and correction,
 Soon drew nearer to perfection.
 On the Eve of Hallowe'en
 Was a night of fun thruout Racine.
 Each member laid aside his task
 To join the rest and don a mask.
 Castalia and Pythia, too,
 Had known what we were going to do;
 And so all three at seventh tap
 Set out to reach the *Guilbert-Knapp*.
 It was a night of greatest joy
 For every Adelpthic boy.
 At Christmas time, another fete
 Kept the members up till late.
 Reading courses then were started
 When the first half year departed,
 And what books were good to read
 All discussed; and all agreed
 That the course would benefit
 Those who would take part in it.



With the girls we also met—
 Times we had we'll ne'er forget:
 Programs of the finest sort,
 Lots of wholesome fun and sport.
 Thus the year rolls on till June—
 Parting always comes too soon—
 But my Seniors leave us soon
 So let the Juniors fill the room.
 Those who go leave hearty cheer—
 Kindest wishes for next year—
 May the literary boys
 Lead a life of purest joys.

OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....Ralph Morgan
 Vice-President.....Russell MacDougall
 Secretary.....Norman Botsford
 Treasurer.....Joseph Fucilla
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Harold Skow
 Faculty Adviser.....Mr. Sowers

Second Semester

President.....Ben Larson
 Vice-President.....Joseph Fucilla
 Secretary.....Fred Ruffalo
 Treasurer.....Cleveland Nixon
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Ralph Dean
 Faculty Adviser.....Mr. Severy



THE SPIRIT OF CASTALIA

Long years ago on far-off Grecian shores,
 There stood a fountain, far famed for its power
 Of giving those who tasted of its flow
 Vast wisdom, more than other minds could
 know.
 'Tis from this fountain, now in ruin fall'n,
 Its magic long forgot, I take my name—
 Castalia; and now all those who wish
 Their knowledge to increase, seek me each
 week,
 And, thru Miss Harvey, who has known me
 best

As my adviser, and my officers,
 Much learning I impart on subjects such
 As parliamentary law and literature,
 As well as music, etiquette, and—fun!
 For oft, at Hallowe'en or Christmas tide,
 I, with my younger sister, Pythia,
 Sometimes Adelpthic, too, have journeyed far,
 In quest of mirth and merriment, which we
 Have found in picnics, hikes, and masquerades.
 And thus, in democratic work and fun,
 I bring the girls together in a way
 Which will create a loftier ideal,
 And so advance the standard of our school.



OFFICERS OF CASTALIA

Fourth Quarter
 President.....Doris F. Johnson
 Vice-President.....Kamma Ehrlich
 Secretary.....Isabelle Wight

Treasurer.....Charlotte Widmer
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Jeanette Hammer
 Faculty Adviser.....Miss Harvey



PYTHIA



H. N. BYRON

ENTER SPIRIT OF PYTHIA

The Pythia club I represent,
 To tell you untold things I'm sent.
 A club for high school girls we find,
 Its object—to improve the mind.
 In Nineteen Sixteen organized,
 Our fullest hopes now realized.
 A jolly, helpful club are we,
 In number nearly thirty-three.
 We learn in public how to speak
 And yet in company be meek.
 The Laws of Parliament we're taught,
 A practice that cannot be bought.
 Miss Neitzel is our dear adviser,
 And truly there was ne'er a wiser.
 Castalia and Adelpic, too,
 Have with us had joint meetings, few.
 With piano solos, poetry,
 And jokes, and stunts, you'd like to see,
 We entertain our members well.
 I need not on our programs dwell,
 But as our club is still quite young
 No more can now be told by tongue.



OFFICERS OF PYTHIA

First Quarter

President.....Lillian Jameson
 Vice-President.....Nell Fuller
 Secretary.....Florence Wheeler
 Treasurer.....Paula Larson
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Dorothy Wardell

Second Quarter

President.....Naomi Merz
 Vice-President.....Esther Justeson
 Secretary.....Dorothy Wardell
 Treasurer.....Ruth Phelps
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Thoros Wardell

Third Quarter

President.....Florence Birchell
 Vice-President.....Lillian Jameson
 Secretary.....Paula Larson
 Treasurer.....Eva Hall
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Florence Wheeler

Fourth Quarter

President.....Eva Hall
 Vice-President.....Marjorie Munroe
 Secretary.....Lillian Jameson
 Treasurer.....Thoros Wardell
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Florence Birchell
 Faculty Adviser.....Miss Neitzel



ENTER SPIRIT OF SPANISH CLUB

Altho our club is new this year,
 We claim an interesting career,
 For over twenty joined the ranks
 For study and for social pranks.
 Regardless of the wind or weather
 Each Tuesday noon we lunched together,
 And then to school we all returned,
 Where Spanish arts and forms were learned.
 We talked and read in Spanish tongue,
 In Spanish, too, our songs were sung.

Thus, hand in hand, our work and play
 Went on in a progressive way.
 We urge, as time for parting nears,
 A Spanish club for future years.

OFFICERS

President.....Joseph Fucilla
 Vice-President.....Cleveland Nixon
 Secretary and Treasurer...Florence Wheeler
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Glenn Williams
 Faculty Adviser.....Miss Dorothy Gray



ENTER SPIRIT OF HI-Y

Although but new to you, I'm two years old;
 I come to help the Racine High School boys;
 Their many problems with them to discuss,
 And send them on their way a great deal
 stronger.
 Baernstein and Sowers, my assistants were,

When first I came into the high school world.
 My helpers now are double what they were
 before;
 There's Hanson, Baernstein, Koerner, and
 "Donnie",
 All of whom help to keep me booming still.
 I meet them all, with thirty more, at six,
 Each Tuesday night, to eat at feasts galore.





Then when the inner man complains no more,
 We to our room adjourn immediately,
 And talk quite long of life's perplexities;
 And when we leave, our problems are no more.
 Now don't you think that this is all we do,
 For we have parties with a Bible Class
 Of high school girls, from the Y. W.;
 We have good times, good eats, and jolly fun.
 Last fall we gave a rousing banquet here,
 The football men our guests of honor were,
 An "R" was given to each valiant player,
 Then toasts were offered, and some "peppy"
 yells.
 Now, as this year is drawing near its end,
 To seniors brave I must bid sad farewell,
 And send them forth into the busy world
 With blessings and good wishes manifold.

OFFICERS

President.....Harry Baernstein
 Secretary.....Herbert Hansen
 Treasurer.....Harold Koerner



ENTER SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

Gone are they all, vacation claims her own;
 And yet, the seeds of clubs have well been
 sown,
 And once again, and still again each year,
 The spirits of the clubs will all be here.
 Ye who stay on, let not your interest wane;
 Nought's to be lost—but, oh, so much to gain!
 And e'er I part, may you but realize
 The password of success is "Organize."
 Leave not the helm to one, or two, or three,
 Let every one believe "It's up to me!"
 Then, in the strength of unity and vim,
 The light of high school progress can not dim.
 And, organized, each school society
 Will grant the students' need, variety!



TO publish this book without embodying in it an expression of appreciation to those who have helped make it what it is, would fall little short of ingratitude. Yet, this is hardly the cause of this insertion. This edition of the KIPKAWI belongs to the class of 1917, the publication is theirs, and, naturally, they have reaped the fruits of their labors, great or small, in the book itself. But to all others who have contributed their services in any way, and especially to our competent faculty advisors, Miss Louise M. Collier and Miss Frances Crewes, are we deeply grateful. Such services as have been indispensable and others which have formed but a small link in the chain of success which has made this Annual unprecedented in the history of R. H. S. Annuals, we wish upon the management of future editions.

Harriet A. Wratten, Editor.
 Lester S. Augustine, Business Manager.

My motto is:-

If your face wants to smile - let it.
If it doesn't - make it.

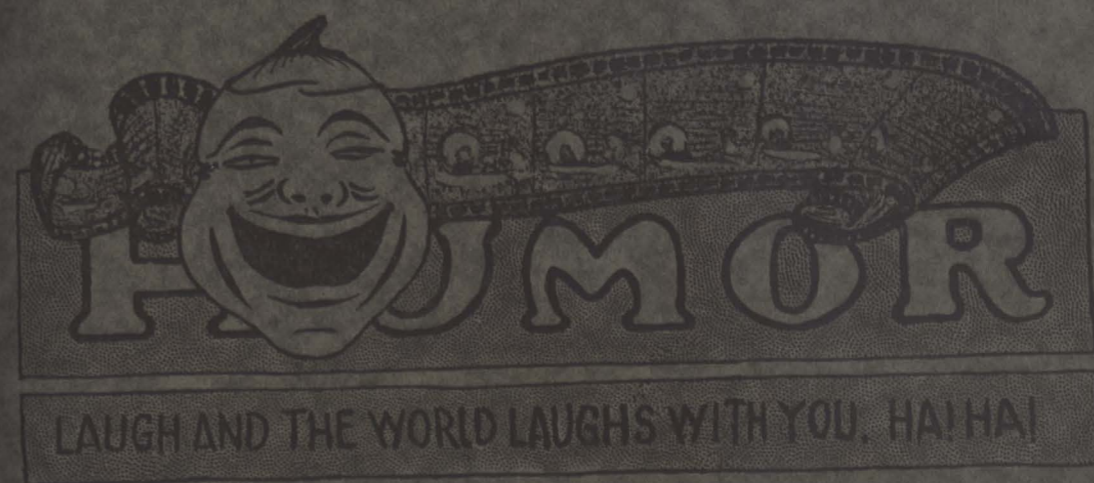
L.O.L.



Autographs

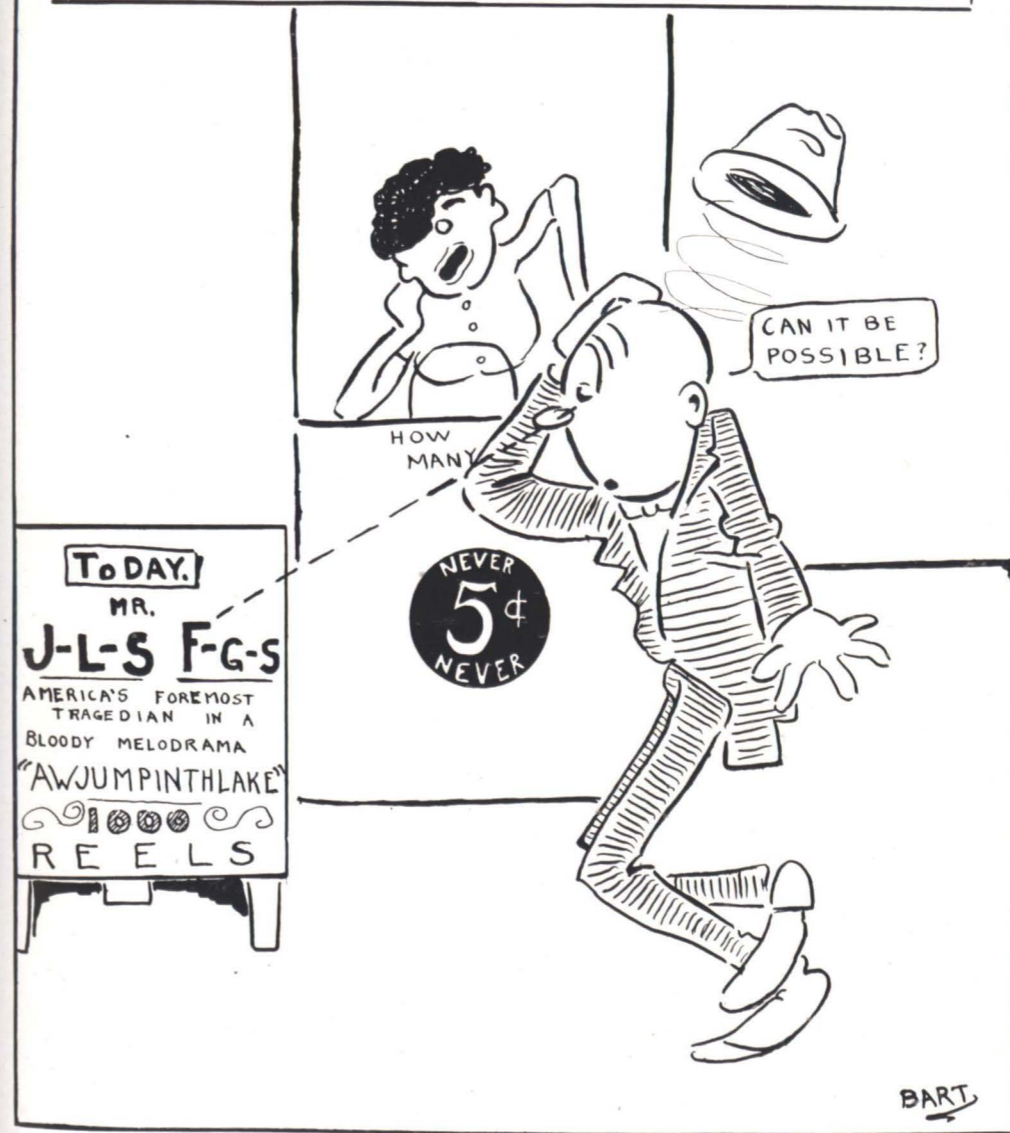
Joe E. Higgins '18. Marie Bailey '18
 Sam Duck '18 Allen Powers '18
 Eunice Wilson '18.

George E. Peterson "Petie" '18 P.O.E.
 Grace Severy Jeanette Dierema '15
 Ethel Brillman "Cully" W. Elmer Ryzanoff
 Florence A. Rice '18
 Alma M. Schaefer '18.
 Agne Waalfalk Sydney Klippen '18.
 Olga Ruckelshaus '18. Esther Bratzki '18
 Vera Fox '19. Jacob M. Weisman '18
 Jeannette Hammer Elizabeth Isidor '18.
 Viola Jacobson '16. Wethilda Koll '18
 Myrtle Henriksen
 Juanita E. Shepherd '18? Naomi Merg '18.
 Margery M. Heck '18. "Marg"
 Mabel Halverson '19.
 Doris Johnson '18 "Dorie"

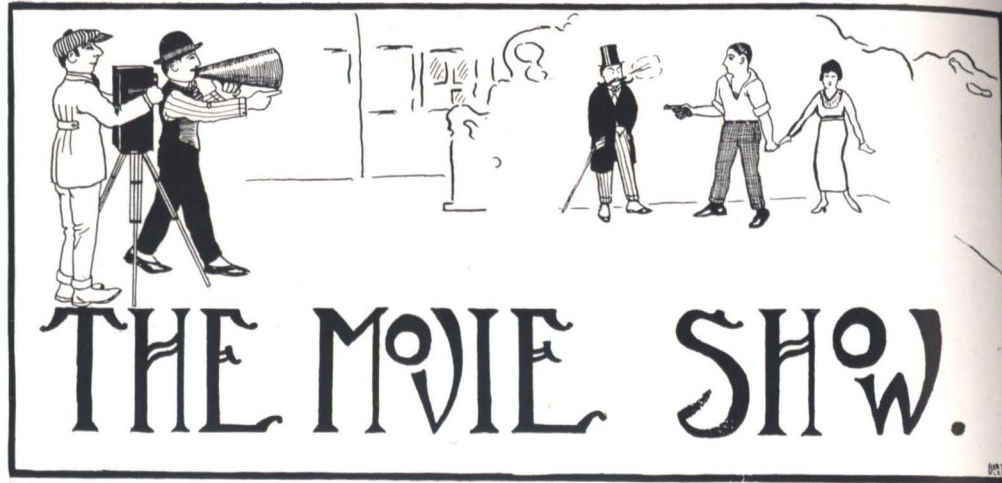


REELS

KRUMMYPHILM THEATRE



BART



"Oh, Bert, let's go in here. I'd just die if I had to miss him. He's just wonderful, especially when he's playing opposite Eleanor, She's too cute for words."

As these words were spoken, a gallant figure stepped up to the box office and, placing two dimes carelessly on the counter, said to the girl who was vigorously chewing some Spearmint:

"Two, please, Miss H-rd-ng. How is the picture today?"

"Ah, me heart, me fluttering heart!" cried timid Gr-ce. "J-li-s is just marvelous today. Ah, those eyes, that profile, and such noble feet!" She heaved a large, masculine sigh and passed out the tickets.

The two entered the theater. It was dark, except for the advertisement which was being shown on the screen.



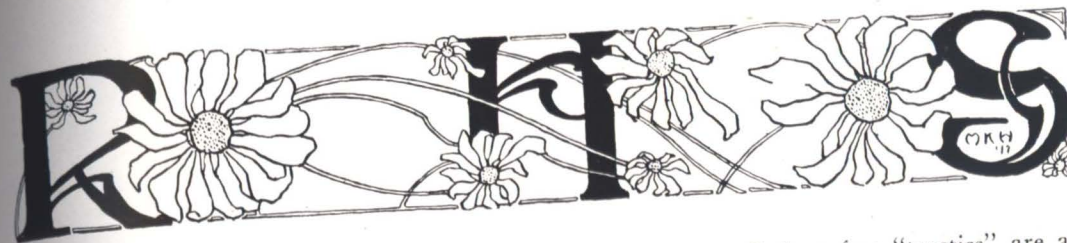
Then the pictures started. First came the only motion picture in existence, showing the great events occurring at Racine High School.



October 5. Hon. H. George Roest, A.M., B.A., Ph.D., D.D., professor of boobology in Racine High School, discovers a method by which a diploma can be obtained without work. When patented it will be sold among the students. Many sales are expected. The invention is being kept dark, but it is known to contain a great quantity of bluff and hot air.

February 2. War extra: Our camera gets 'em. The R. H. S. faculty declares war on all Senior Flunks, as they, the faculty, don't wish to have 'em around next year. Many brave Seniors are called into action, exposing themselves to bawlings out. Battles are fought after school daily. The faculty's peace terms are: "That the midnight oil be used on books and not on the state road or in dance hall."

February 14. Lieutenant Sieb of the "R. H. S. Flunkers' Brigade" was wounded while in action. While leading his valiant band of flunkers against an assault on the faculty, he was pierced by a "delinquent." It entered his right hand and was extracted from his inside coat pocket. His condition is serious.



November 21. Elliott Park, an ancient Roman fossil sitting in curule chair number 190, Lower Senate, puts one whole period of study on his Cicero. The venerable fathers are stroking their beards and shaking their heads dubiously, fearing his condition of mind.

December 15. Professor Newell French, great physicist, while experimenting in the modern up-to-date Lab of R. H. S., makes the startling discovery that tobacco smoke is harmful when inhaled (something hitherto unknown). He pulled down all the windows and closed all the doors and smoked two "3 for a nickel" punkarinoes. Had it not been for a rock breaking a window and thereby admitting air, it is probable that the Prof. would have succumbed. The rock was thrown by his rival, Harry Baernstein, Ph.D., who is being held for damages to our beautiful Lab. The Prof. will manufacture this gas for the Allies soon.



A Startling Discovery.

March 9. Criminals of all sizes and kinds, sent up for misdemeanors, fill the R. H. S. prison (Room 4), nightly. Warden H. A. H. has considerable trouble with several desperate "lifers," such as Voelkers, Bartlett, Bie and Williams. The heartless judges, Barr and Rodigan, are responsible for the most of the prisoners. Long hours and hard work help

fill the time. Only a few "trusties" are allowed a magazine such as the Literary Digest.

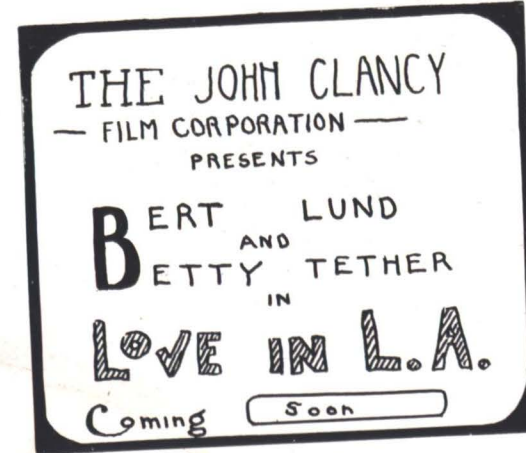
April 10. Prof. Anthony Nerad, greatest mathematician the world has ever known, solves the great perplexing question that has been haunting the minds of scholars for hundreds of years. Prof. Nerad claims he can prove the "volume of a theorem." Since his solving of this perplexing question, he has been offered many high positions, in places such as Gatliff and Mendota.



The "Human Submarine".

May 25. "Lecky" Tosteson swims length of bath tub under water. Greatest aquatic feat on record. In case of war with Germany, the "human submarine" will undoubtedly do coast duty along the shores of Lake Michigan.

—L.Sogard, '19.





Finally the big feature film started.
 "Oh, goody, Bert, here he is."
 "You make me tired. He's not so wonderful."

"Oh, but he is, Burton."
 "Shut up!"

A murmur rippled through the audience. On the screen was the announcement:

THE KRUMMPHILM COMPANY

presents

THAT EMINENT TRAGEDIAN

MR. J-L-S F-G-S

in

J. OCTAVIUS KNUTT'S FAMOUS MASTERPIECE

"AWJUMPINTHLAKE"

The Producers

Photography.....Vera Badd

Scenic Effects.....A. Little Worse

Production.....A. W. Full



The Hero.

"AWJUMPINTHLAKE"

Subtitle: "The Man"—Mr. J-l-s F-g-s.

Scene 1. Fade in. J-l-s discovered in a restaurant eating spaghetti, much to the delight of the people around him. Nobody but an artist can juggle a knife load of spaghetti into his face without disfiguring his mouth. Of course, he fails occasionally, and his necktie and vest suffer in consequence, but this only

heightens the general interest. Several of the onlookers become so excited that they sit on the edges of their chairs and desperately chew their finger nails while a portion of the stringy dough is elevated slowly, softly, surely toward that yawning cavern. Its equilibrium is suddenly disturbed, it sways—but, ah! he has regained it—click, the teeth have closed upon it. Manifestations of relief from the audience. Fade out.



Interpretative Dancing.

Subtitle: "And the Gal"—El-n-r P-t-rs-n.

Scene 2. Fade in. Mlle. El-n-r P-t-rs-n, who is learning aesthetic dancing, is discovered lightly interpreting "The Wreck of the Moving Van," accompanied on the lyre by that peerless musician, Cl-y-t-n D-w, who, dressed as a summer breeze, floats lightly along in the background, his gauze wings causing him to look even more angelic and graceful than he is in real life. The picture is one of happiness supreme. Fade out.

Subtitle: "The great triumvirate of master criminals"—"The Greater Mind," R-l-ph D-n; "Chung Lo," G-r-g- Sk-w-s; "Chung Hi," J-k Cl-y.



The Master Criminal

Scene 3. In the den of the "Dirty Dozen," otherwise known as the "Filthy Few." At the council table sits The Greater Mind in consultation with Chung Lo and Chung Hi, the garlic fiends. He nonchalantly picks his teeth with a bloody dagger, as he expounds to his confederates a campaign of crime against the millionaire baby, G-y Gr-n. "You see," says the super-criminal D-n, raising his massive arms, which are two in number, "his father is a millionaire. What we want is the million, not the air; but to get the million we must get the heir." Sk-w-s and Cl-y nod their heads knowingly. "It is as clear as one of Mr. Eh-er's geometric demonstrations," they admit. This remark causes The Greater Mind to get sore, and he draws his dagger. Exit conspirators.

Subtitle: "The Chee-ild"—Guy Gr-n.

Scene 4. In the millionaire's nursery. The chee-ild is in a delicate crib about ten feet wide. Once in a while a plaintive cry escapes his tiny lips, sounding much like a forty-two centimeter gun in action. Suddenly a shadow darkens the room. It is the villian Sk-w-s on the fire escape outside the window. He stealthily breaks the glass with his massive fist and softly crashes into the room. The baby hollers, but the vile wretch seizes a mattress and stuffs it into the baby's mouth.

Scene 5. The baby's father in the munition works, five miles away, hears his child's

scream, but thinks it is the five o'clock whistle. Putting on his hat, he says goodbye to his fair secretary, H-r-t R-t, whose knowledge of powder has rendered her services quite indispensable to the ammunition manufacturer, and leaves for home.



Her Knowledge of Powder.

Scene 6. Back to the nursery. Sk-w-s is now carrying the millionaire baby through the window.



The Great Kidnapping Scene.



Scene 7. Outside. A truck is waiting with Cl-y at the wheel. The child is placed in it and Sk-w-s jumps lightly to the seat. The truck drives away. Fade out.

Scene 8. The millionaire's home. The manufacturer, R-l-ph M-rg-n, enters, hands his hat to W-lt-r S-b, the butler, and calls fondly for his child, at the same time adjusting his ear muffs to prevent the expected answer from shattering his eardrums. However, no answer comes. He slides rapidly up the banister and enters his child's nursery. The broken window tells the story. "Gone!" he cries. "Gone!" Every cubic yard of my little one is gone—gone—gone." He acts like a



"Gone! Gone!! Gone!!!"

mad man, and wildly searches for some hair to tear from his bald head. Suddenly he glances at an empty cage in the corner. Jumbo, the pet rhinoceros, is gone! The baby has taken his favorite plaything with him. Drawing a cold million from his glove, M-rg-n throws it on the carpet with horrible oaths. "Gee! Heck!! Darn!!!" he hisses through his clenched teeth. "'Tis the work of the Filthy Few. I must see J. Barnes Montgomery about this." He rushes out.

Subtitle: "J. Barnes Montgomery, the world's greatest criminologist, and his assistant Diggs"—Mr. R-ss-l L-ch, Mr. R-ss-l McD-g-l.

Scene 9. The detectives' office. L-nch is trying on several of his famous disguises, including his wonderful impersonation of Adam, a disguise rarely used in winter. Suddenly the door bursts open and M-r-gn rushes in. At seeing L-nch in his disguise he becomes confused and turns to go. "I beg your pardon," he says, "I was looking for J. Barnes Montgomery, the great detective. I don't see how I ever got into this Turkish bathroom."

"Marvelous!" cries the enraptured McD-g-l, seeing how successful the disguise has proved. "Mr. M-rg-n, this is no other than that great detective himself. Wait till he removes his disguise and he'll be pleased to shake hands with you."

Presently the great criminologist emerged from his sanctum and allows his glance to fall on M-rg-n, knocking him senseless. McD-g-l rushes across the street in an effort to bring the millionaire two, but on the way upstairs he



Bringing Him Two.

spills one, and L-nch drinks the other one; so they use a pail of water instead. M-rg-n wakes up. After this slight interruption, the munition manufacturer tells the detectives of the disappearance of his child.



"Ah, ha!" ejaculates J. Barnes. "I deduce that she is gone, for you say she is not there." "Marvelous!" says McD-g-l.

Scene 10. The den of the "Dirty Dozen." All the criminals are trying to amuse the baby to keep him quiet. D-n is reading *Caesar* to him, while N-w-l Fr-nch is explaining to the little one logarithmic decrement of an undamped oscillation. But the baby cannot forget his favorite rhinoceros which he dropped enroute to the den. Being unable to scream on account of the mattress in his mouth, he vents his anger in swinging his chubby little fists to and fro, while The Greater Mind seeks refuge under the davenport. Finally, the baby is quieted by a gentle tap on the head with an ax. Fade out.

Scene 11. Outside the restaurant. F-g-s walks out, loosening belt. One could scarcely tell he had just finished a big dinner if it were not for the spaghetti and tomatoes resting lightly on his shirt bosom. Suddenly a girl approaches him. It is the heroine, captivating Catherine, the cute coppersmith (Mlle. El-n-r P-t-rs-n), a member of the "Dirty Dozen," but also a confidant of F-g-s. "They've got the chee-ild," she whispers hoarsely. "Shade of the Immortal Wilbor!!!" ejaculated F-g-s. "The time for action has come. I must prove myself a hero and save the baby. Will you help me, Catherine?" "I will," she answers. He hails a taxi. "How much to 169 Baltimore street, 10 cents? I'll take a jitney bus."

Scene 12. The great detectives at the scene of action. Barnes spies the indentations left by the wheel of the truck. "Quick, Diggs, me glawses!" he commands. Then, with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, he scrutinizes the tracks. "As I thought," he murmured. "These marks were certainly not made by a Ford. Mr. M-rg-n, may I have permission to use your cars a minute? Thank you." With the millionaire's permission he runs each auto over the tracks, but the wheels do not fit in the ruts. "Ah, ha!" cries the criminologist. "Our first clue. The automobile does not belong to Mr. M-rg-n. But wait!" Under the porch stands a child's velocipede which he quickly seizes and fits to the tracks. "No!" he exclaims. "I knew it. The marks do not belong to the velocipede, either."

"It might have been a truck," McD-g-l shyly suggests.

"Nonsense, Diggs," replies Barnes in contempt. "When you have had as much experience as I have had, you will not make such an absurd supposition."

As they continue along the road, presently they discover a large group of wailing people, seated in the middle of the thoroughfare amid the wreckage of several carriages. However, one man is wreathed in smiles, in spite of the disaster about him. On his chest is a sign which reads, "L-st-r A-g-s-t-n-, Wholesale Undertaker."

"You see," he explains, "we were crossing this road with a cheerful, unpretentious little funeral, when suddenly, as if by accident, a huge van crashed into the procession and now we have material for seven more funerals. My card, sir."

He extends a bit of cardboard, upon which is some printing which reads:

THE PEOPLE'S UNDERTAKER
(Our Aim Is To Please)
Phone 1313

We have the following conveniences for customers:

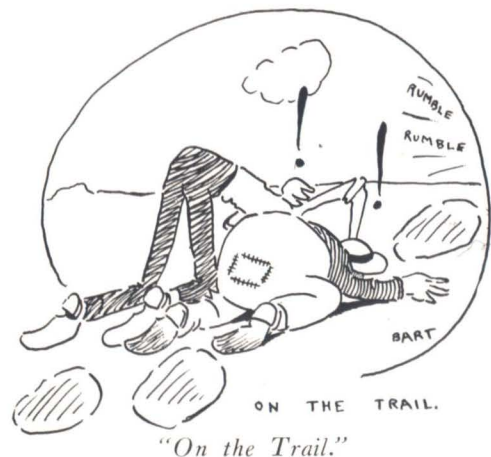
1. Embalming by day or week.
2. Special rates for extra large or small corpses.
3. All the latest style coffins at cut rates.
4. No extra charge for cremation.
5. Cemetery lots sold on installment plan.
6. Chopin's Funeral March, in ragtime if preferred.

The great Barnes pushes the card aside and adjusts his glasses. "Don't interrupt my train of thought!" he cries angrily. Then turning to Diggs, he folds his arms and says, "Exactly. They passed along this road in a truck. That was my idea from the first."

"I thought you said it was not a truck," ventures McD-g-l timidly.

"Never mind what you thought, Diggs," L-nch snorts. "There is work ahead of us." Just then a series of large holes in the soil meet his eye. "Ye gods! Footprints! The little angel has outwitted them and escaped!"

Diggs looks at his superior and volunteers apologetically, "They were blasting stumps yesterday. These holes—"



"Tut, tut, man; they're too large for that. Observe the impressions left by his shapely little feet. We must follow these tracks and we will surely find the little one."

Scene 13. F-g-s and Mlle. P-t-rs-n arrive at a low hut, in the sixteenth story of which a candle is burning. "Oh!" cries captivating Catherine, "I've forgotten my signal box. You know, we conspirators carry a hollow box with us upon which to rap for admittance, and I've left mine home!" With a knowing look, our hero removes his hat and stands with bowed head. She understands, and picking the granite cornerstone from the building with her teeth, she gives him three raps upon his cranium. The hollow sound echoes and reverberates throughout the building. The door on the sixteenth story opens and a masked head peers out. (However, on closer inspection, it proves not to be a mask, but merely the face of J-k Cl-y.) "Countersign!" he hollers. "Yourbeansareready," is the answer. "Wrong; come right in." F-g-s immediately gives a blast upon his whistle, "Honk! Honk!" The squad of crack policemen from Scotland Yard appear at once. They are burly, clean-cut, and alert, the prides of their respective forces. F-g-s calls the roll:

"M-dd-n! F-nch-r! R-sm-ss-n! Fr-d J-ng! H-rv-y P-t-r-sn!"

They all respond with their usual vigor.

Scene 14. On the trail. The detectives have secured the services of the police hound,

Red Jones. This famous hound is eager to go fast and it is all that Barnes and Diggs can do to keep up with him. Now and then a faint rumble is heard in the distance, which grows louder and louder as they advance. "Still blasting," observes Diggs.

"Nonsense, you idiot; it is the fairy-like tread of the object of our search. Quick, give the dog your potato ricer." With the aid of this instrument the hound strains his ears. "Arf, arf," he snorts. "All is well, continue onward," orders the detective. By this time the rumble has grown quite deafening. "Let us hurry," the criminologist cries wildly. "Perhaps the baby is stuck under a viaduct."

"There he is!" exclaims Diggs, all of a sudden.

It is dusk by this time and they can not see clearly, but the noise is now almost unbearable. Finally they come up to it, and McD-g-l utters an ejaculation of disappointment. "Curses!" says he. "It is the rhinoceros, not the baby. We have followed the wrong trail."

"I am never wrong," answered J. Barnes Montgomery, calm now, in the crisis. "I merely did this for the walk. Lovely evening, isn't it?"

Subtitle: "Greater Brains Hath No Man."
Subtitle: "The Raid."

Scene 15. Our hero and heroine, accompanied by the squad of police, ascend the fire escape. They enter the room. The Master-Mind, seeing the six policemen, begins to think there is foul play afoot.

"Charge, my gallant men!" cries the hero, glancing around for an exit.

"I won't be taken alive!" cries D-n, the super-criminal. "The baby is not here!" With that, he seizes a can of nitro-glycerine and drinks it. In a flash, the policemen spring upon him.

Just then a horrible noise was heard!!!
Subtitle: "The Real Heroes."

Scene 16. The munition manufacturer's office. He is in a gray pair of trousers. He wore white ones yesterday, but today he is in despair. Friends are trying to console him with the comforting thought that the police may find the child's body.



"Oh, my baby; I would give my fortune to have him back," he wails. Just then a knock is heard on the door. The door flies open and the baby crashes in.

"Daddy!" he bellows, crushing his fond father to his bosom.

So great was the rejoicing of M-rg-n at recovering his child that for a while he did not notice the two men who had come in with the baby. But he now turned to them.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are Bartlett and Gates, the young men who saved your child," they chanted in unison, as they extended their hands.

"Then where in the dickens is his hat?" he said, turning angrily upon them. The young men gasped. They had not expected such a cold welcome.

"And how," he continued, "could you locate little Emil after the best detectives in the world had failed?"

"Oh, we wrote the story."

(The End.)

Passed by the National Biscuit Co.

George Bartlett, '17.

George Gates, '17.

Good afternoon.



EXTRACTS FROM A FRESHMAN'S DIARY

January 15. The kid what sits rite next to me, Jack Clancy, I think they call him, wuz down with the Lay Grippy today. He sez he gets a cold every time he takes a bath. Gee whiz! I gess he aint had a cold since last forth of July.

January 19. We lost a game to the "dummies" last nite. Y' know, one of them thair fellers tryed to call the um-pir such a darn big name that he got cramps in his fingers. After the game the "dummy" team giv us a

yell, en it loked like a lotta suns uv isreal havin' an argument over a suit of clothes.

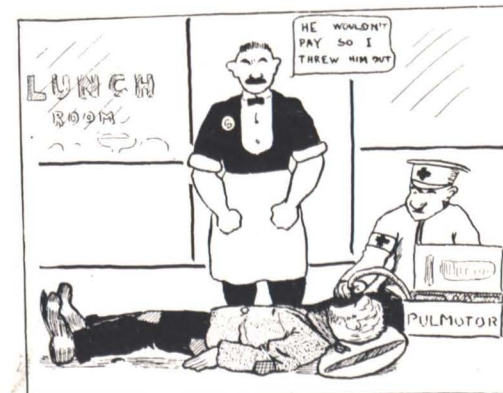
January 28. I run into mistur Wilbor today while I wuz whislin on the stares but other wise I had a enjoyable day. Slippery side-walks? My land, I slipped an hert myself behind the Christy building, but I gess it'll be all rite in a day or so.

February 1. New Years resolutions all broke to smithareens! Feiges wuz seen eatin' a choclate sody. My paw got a letter from his boss today sayin' he wuz fired, but I gess it's all a joke cuz it sed on the outside of the envelope, "Return in 5 days."

February 21. Ash Wednesday, I asked Clayton Dow whut he wuz goin' to giv up fer Lent, en he sez he thot he wud give up goin' to church. Wonder how he'll get along without it.

February 23. I went to the cafe-tearea fer lunch today an when I bit into wun of the sausages I found a lot of sawdust. Golly, I wuz mad. I went rite up an told the cashear and asked her why they were tryin' to feed me wood. "Well," she sez, "the way prices is goin' up, we find it vary hard to make both ends meat."

February 26. "Mush" Beaugrand wanted to fite me today. He sed I giv him a dirty look. I told him he lied and that even if he did have a dirty look that I didn't give it to him. When I got home I felt kinda sick and maw made me take some stuff like Gwen Evans took for ap-apin-apinde, aw call it soar throate and be done with it.



"My Idea of a Good Time."



1. Dean,
2. Sieb,

3. Lund,
4. Grace Harding.

RHS

THE FRIENDLY TWO

(Editor's Note:—This society was overlooked by the Organization department.)

Roll Call, 1917

1. Jacob Weisman
2. Fred Ruffalo

From the club's constitution:

"This organization shall be known as 'The Friendly Two' and its purpose will be that of developing the power of argument in the human brain. There shall be an annual election of officers, and meetings shall last as long as there is anything left to discuss (the time limit, however, being 2 o'clock in the morning)."

OFFICERS

President.....Jacob Weisman
 Vice-President.....Fred Ruffalo
 Secretary.....Jacob Weisman
 Treasurer.....Fred Ruffalo
 Sergeant-at-arms.....Jacob Weisman
 Water Boy.....Fred Ruffalo

MINUTES OF THE MEETING

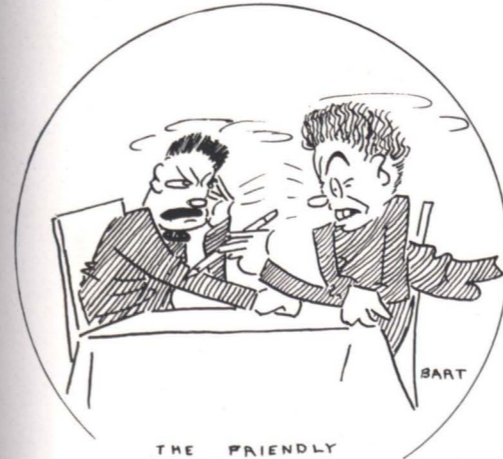
Meeting called to order. All members responded to roll call. A committee of two was appointed to frame a constitution. An election of officers was held, but on the first ballot the club was divided. The next time there were two votes for Ruffalo and one for Weisman. It was decided by the chairman that some member was guilty of repeating, so the sergeant-at-arms was called, and the offending party was forcibly ejected from the meeting. The election then proceeded and perfect harmony reigned, all ballots being unanimous.



"The Friendly Two."

VERS LIBRE

Do you know our little Tubbie Vaughn?
 He fell.
 In disgrace?
 Oh, no; into a mud puddle.
 Do tell.
 What happened to the puddle?
 Why, there wasn't any puddle when Tub got up.
 It had disappeared—
 Did Herbert get to school that morning?
 Oh, no; he went home to dry out.
 Poor little Tubbie!



THE FRIENDLY TWO.



A PSALM OF TESTS

Tell me not in endless numbers
Tests by students can be passed!
For the boy is flunked who slumbers,
Who by work is not harassed.
Tests are real! Tests are earnest!
And because thou didst not grind,
Black with wrath and fear thou turnest
When the questions thou dost find.
For they always ask for something
That cannot be faked or bluffed;
Then we wish with greater longing
That with knowledge we were stuffed!
Not enjoyment, but all sorrow
Is our destined end or path;
While our teachers greet the morrow
With a joke and hearty laugh.
For they've time to seek the humor
That our scribbled tests compass,
And the next day, with a fervor,
Spring it all before the class.
Let us, then stay up and study
Till the moon begins to fade;
Then, tho not so plump and ruddy,
We'll get "E" for every grade.
—Ralph Morgan, '17.

FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE.

I was being tried for murder. I had confessed to stabbing old Jim, the teamster. I was drunk and did not know what I was doing. The jury came in with the verdict of guilty. It was then that I fainted. "Fine, fine," yelled someone. My little mother, old and gray, sat on a bench, weeping and pleading with the judge to save her darling boy. I came to, the judge rose and sentenced me to death in the electric chair. My mother screamed, and became hysterical. They held her back. I was led to the little green room. I staggered and felt faint. I sat in the chair, I was strapped in, and the black hood was about to be clamped over my head—when the directors suddenly cried, "Hold." I arose from the chair and my mother came tripping in, taking off her wig as she came. I was congratulated on my success. It was the first time that I had acted for a movie.
Liston Semmes, '20.

A LYRIC POEM ENTITLED DETENTION

(A Subject Dear to All Hearts of High School Students.)
As I sit here in detention, waiting for the welcome bell,
Suddenly the thought comes to me (and I don't feel very well),
That to-morrow for my English I must write a little song,
So in hand I take my pen to write a lyric poem long.
A lyric it must be, so to my Stebbins soon I fly,
Then back to work I go again, but with a heavy sigh.
A spitball hits me in the neck, I turn around to see,
And then one hits the teacher, and she blames it onto me.
Then after explanation when the room again is calm,
It takes me quite a while to get my mind back on my psalm.
Sweet Genevieve, at length appears, to see just who is present,
And when she looks at me her glance is anything but pleasant.
I start to write regardless of the meter, verse or feet,
About the comic capers of a circus man named Pete.
An elegy, a comedy, or call this what you may,
I'll be darned if I'll write poetry from now till judgment day.
—G. B., '17.

"TEST-BOUND"

The son that dreaded winter morn
Rose cheerless from his bed so warm,
And, moving slowly round the room,
Looked sadder far than waning moon.
Slow stepping through the crowded aisles,
He saw each face devoid of smiles—
A portent seeming like a threat—
He sank from sight, his last hopes set.
The teachers did their knightly chores,
Brought in the questions, shut the doors,
Warned all that talking was forbidden—
Then minds searched hard for what was hidden!



All morning long the search kept on,
The first bell rang, but still worked Don.
In tiny spherules traced by lines
He worked on geometric signs.
Shut in from all the world without,
He tried to figure the answers out,
But left alone as boy friends sped,
The figures circle thru his head.
As noon drew nearer, from the desk
Miss Porter said, "We'll close the test."
While some delayed to leave the room,
Our Donald fled this place of gloom.
—Grace Harding, '17.

NUTS (An Essay)

Nuts are the fruit of nut trees. The original nut tree grew in the Garden of Eden, and, if Adam hadn't eaten the apple, he might have eaten a nut, and, if he did, our Adam's apple would be an Adam's nut; but he didn't. There are many varieties of nuts. Some are dangerous, but most are harmless. Some of the latter are walnuts that grow on walnut trees, and doughnuts, which grow on pantries. Some of the dangerous varieties are square and hexagonal nuts. These are found on whiffletrees and axletrees. There is another kind of nut which is quite harmless, if you don't eat too much of it. It is called the maple nut. This peculiar nut doesn't grow on a tree. The proprietor of an ice cream parlor takes some unsuspecting ice cream, sprinkles a little maple on it, and teases it until he drives it nutty. Some nuts are to be found on family trees, and a close examination of the halltree will usually reveal a few nut shells.

The human nut, otherwise known as the head, pate, or skating rink, receives its name from its similarity to the nuts I have described. It is hard on the outside, and sometimes has something in it and sometimes not. There is one difference, though. When a nut is cracked it is still good, but when a human nut is cracked it is no good, and the person to whom it belongs is then called a nut. These nuts are sometimes quite nutty.

If the reader is interested in nuts, let him take the C., M. & St. P. to Gatliff, and look around under the roof-tree out there. He is sure to find quite a variety of nuts under that tree.
—Russel Lynch, '17.

THE MEDITATIONS OF YOUTH.

When I consider rules and methods here,
How inefficiency prevails throughout,
My heart gives up its fight; for all about
Are pedagogues who hamper me; too dear
To bother them my plaintive tale to hear.
Oh, if they only knew the truth, without
The polished surface of the theory stout!
I'm sure they'd class him then without a peer
Who shows to them the points wherein they fail
To get results, though ceaseless do they strive
To tell us of the value, all unseen,
Resulting from obedience, in detail
To every principle which doth survive,
Regardless of its text or content mean.
—H. D. B., '17.

He really does not mean it, but one day when—for the first time in his whole school life he forgot his report card—a hard-hearted teacher "canned" him. Do you blame him for the above rave?

MISCELLANEOUS JOKES

Bartlett (rehearsing for the oratorical contest): "Is the gentleman done?"
Voice from Audience: "No, only half-baked."

Miss McBride: Has anyone seen "As You Like It"?
Baernstein: "Yes, I have.
Miss McB.: How did you like it?
B.: I was too young to appreciate it. I was only a Freshman when I saw it.

Mr. Milburne (to pupil who has just handed back a report card on which the signature of the parent is not yet dry): "Your father must use a very slowly drying ink."

Eli Laiken's test paper on Chaucer's Canterbury Tales: In April many people visit the graveyards, especially the graveyard where Baker lay.

Oscar Elkin (In theme): "The bear came on brandishing his teeth."
Miss Pope: "I can't brandish mine."



LAST, BUT NOT LEAST



MR. C. C. JOHNSON

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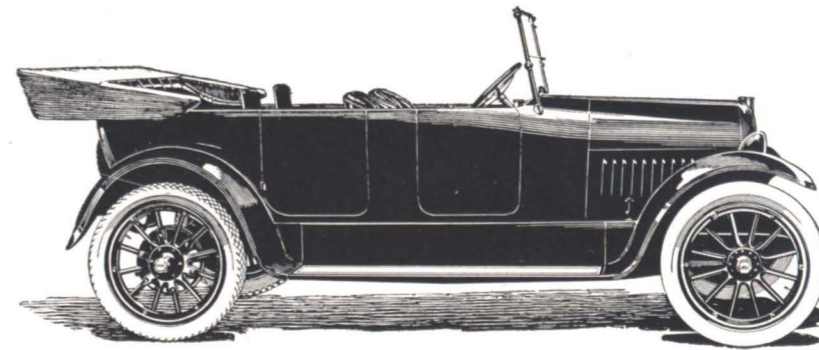
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The man who wants a car of freaky lines does not want a Case. The man who wants a car that will go 70 or 75 miles an hour must look elsewhere.

But the man who wants a car of real merit — a car that represents the highest standards of motor car design and construction — that man wants a Case Flexible Four.

Its motor — quiet, smooth, powerful, with vast reserve — is a source of delight for the owner who understands motor car construction. Its flexibility, its economy, its dependability, its wonderful riding ease are equaled only by cars costing hundreds of dollars more.

And the same degree of perfection that characterizes its motor construction is evident in the body. For the Case is different — it stands out from among all but quietly so.

Every day finds the demand for cars of the Case type becoming greater. Motor car owners are demanding year in and year out performance rather than useless speed and freaky bodies that one soon tires of.

And they are realizing that the Case offers them just the sort of car they are looking for.

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PARK WOOSTER

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No Charge for the Use of Our Private Chapel
RACINE, WISCONSIN

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A is for Alice with shining black hair,
Also for August of stature that's rare.
B for Bernice—she's a girl with a smile—
And B is for Ben, with his efforts worth while.
C is for Charlotte with temperament wild,
And also for Clarence, who's bashful and mild.
D is for Doris with smiles that are cheery,
For Della, of blinking ne'er tired or weary.
E is for Eleanor, of scholarship fame,
F is for Florence, a chattering dame.
G is for George, an illuminous spark,

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Again we say

Before and After Graduation

Our Viker progressive
and graduate clothing
will be a big boost up
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SUCCESS

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More Style
More Comfort
More Wear

and

Better Store Service

are the

qualifications that are making us
more "Walk-Over" friends every
day. Are you going to join this
loyal company of Walk-Over
wearers?

The Shop Ahead



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The Sporting Goods Store



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Who brightens the school when the weather
is dark.

H is for Harry, of wisdom profound,
And likewise for Hazel, whose tongue is un-
wound.

I for Ione, who lives but to love,
And I for Irene, as shy as a dove.

J is for Julia who's brimful of glee,

And maybe for Jack, who is always "at sea."

K for our "Kipi," the pride of our class,

K for our "Kawi," which naught can surpass.

L is for Lillian, whose giggle adorable

Vies with the Susie Schamp wiggle deplorable.

Your Diploma WILL REQUIRE A FRAME

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300 samples to select from. This is a
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Good, *fine, all wool* materials are getting
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A Trial Bundle Will Please
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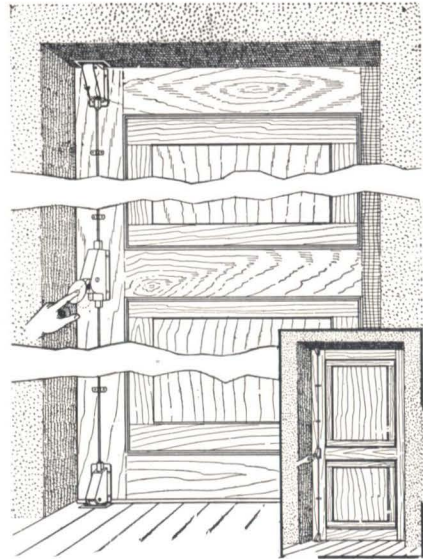
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Over 60 sets in use in the school buildings of Racine are giving entire satisfaction.

These Fasteners are especially adapted for school houses, and more especially for graded schools where little children go.

Attractive, strong and well made, and will hold securely against heavy pressure. Even if under heavy strain at the time, it takes only a slight push on the powerful little lever to release the catches and cause the door to swing out. A little child from the first grade can easily open a large door that is equipped with this lock.

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N is for Norman, a serious lad,
Who broods o'er a maiden as one who is mad.
O is for Oluf, whose laugh is a grunt,
For another such species—an African hunt!
P is for Peter, a famed sleeping beauty (?),
Likewise for Paula, whose pleasure is duty.
Q is for Quantity—plenty have we,
Quality, too—the Seniors' acme!
R is for Ray, with ways that are numerous,
Also for Ruth, whose locks are illuminous.
S for the Seniors, the class we revere,
Here's to success in our future career.
T for the Teachers, O long may they live,
To furnish the young with the knowledge they give.

HOME MUTUAL — BEST INTEREST WITH PERFECT SAFETY

Every Student

when leaving school,
should learn that the

Key to Success

IS

SYSTEMATIC SAVING

*COME AND LET US
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Men's Dress *Shoes* for formal functions and evening wear. These shoes are not only correct in style, but give that comfort and service which the student as well as the man of affairs appreciates.

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All Flavors



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Phone 271



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And ne'er was known
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If George Washington had run a grocery
store he'd have handled pure food all
right, 'cause he couldn't have sold a lie.
These grocery folks are first in quality,
first in service and first in the homes of
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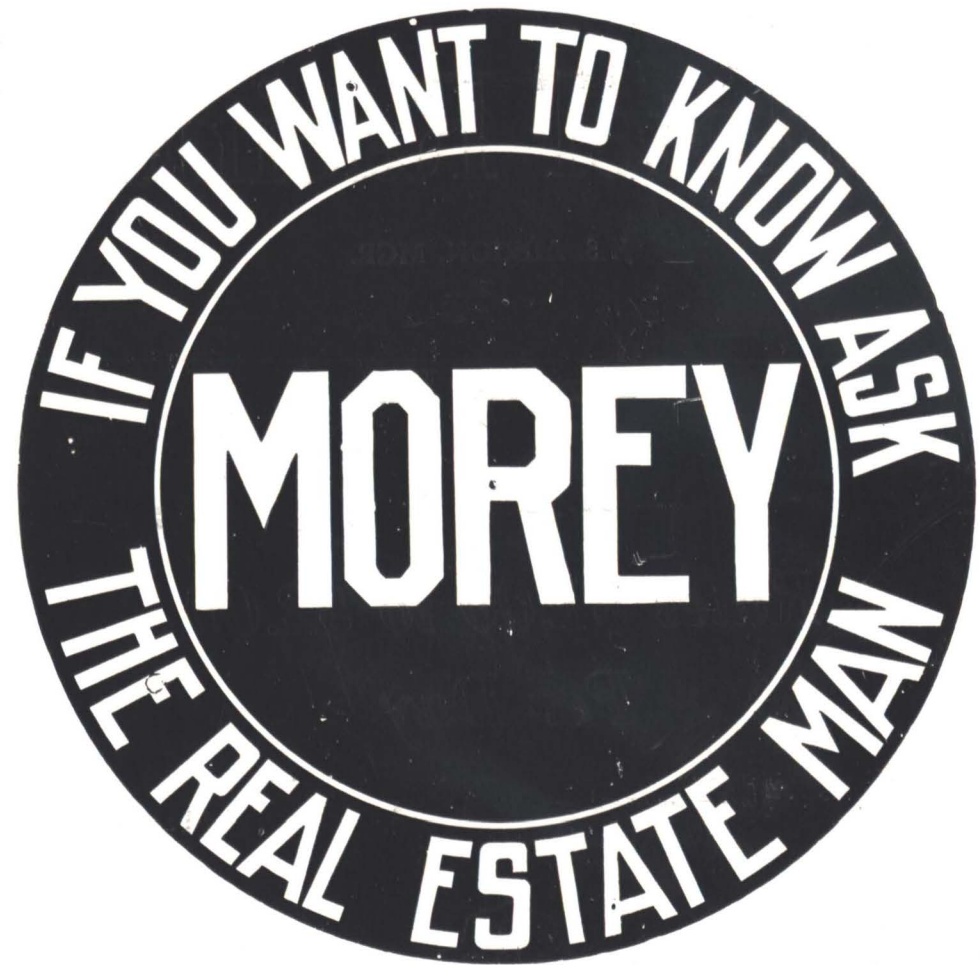
Where a young man's
tastes are understood
and satisfied



The Home of
FINE FURNISHINGS, HATS
and
HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX
CLOTHES

U for the "U" of our true aspiration,
Oh, let us attain to this high inclination.
V is for Vera, a sweet country lass,
Also for Victor, a bluff hard to surpass.
W's William, a youth shy and rare,
And W's "Winnie," a maiden so fair.
X the Example we give with true zest,
We relinquish it gladly for all that is best!
Y for our Youth, our pride and our hope,
To be used in wise manner till God shall
revoke.
Z for the Zeal of the class '17,
May it e'er be remembered in highest
esteem!

Julia Davidson, '17.
Bernice Block, '17.



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J. S. ADRION, MGR.

European Plan

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RACINE, WISCONSIN



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Carpenter & Rowland

Badger Building

Racine, Wis.

Robinson Building

Phone 356

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ARCHITECT

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TO PLEASE ALL

West Side Flower Shop



Telephone 2938

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Racine
Mitchell Junior—a 40-h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell
SIXES

\$1460 F. o. b.
Racine
7-Passenger—48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

Eight Exclusive Styles With Many Extras—Built by Mitchell Experts

Mitchell bodies are designed and built in our own great body plant.

We have our own designers, our own artists and experts. So every Mitchell model has its own distinctive body.

Our designers examine hundreds of bodies which come from other shops. They know every new line and touch. And they know the features women most approve.

Not one feature which has proved attractive is lacking in Mitchell bodies. We combine them all. But nowhere else do they appear exactly as in Mitchells.

In addition, each Mitchell body has many features found in no other car. These are the Mitchell extras.

24% Added Luxury

This new body plant will save us hundreds of thousands of dollars. We save the profits which others pay to outside body makers. And we save by applying John W. Bate's efficiency methods to bodies as well as chassis.

One new thing is a heat-fixed finish. Our many coats are baked on. This means a deep, rich finish which should keep new for years.

We use a rare-grade leather in our open cars. We use deep, costly springs. Our rear seats are wider. Every curve is perfect. And every de-

tail shows the artist's touch.

Extra Attractions

We use Bate cantilever springs—springs which have never broken. The most comfortable springs in the world.

We put a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front. We have handles to help you enter. Mitchells have 31 such features, most of which all other cars omit.

All-Season Types

The Mitchell convertible bodies are particularly unique. One is a Sedan in which the glass sides completely disappear. One is a Cabriolet. More and more people are coming to these types. In summer they mean clean driving. In winter a warm, closed car.

Another popular model is our new Club Roadster, which seats five.

See our new designs at your Mitchell showroom. No like designs are found elsewhere. And each is interesting in a hundred ways.

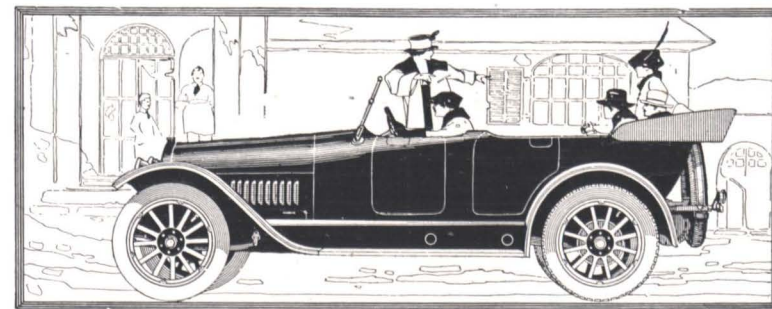
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Six, with 127-inch
wheelbase and a
highly-developed 48-
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MITCHELL — a 5-
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Six on similar lines
with 120-inch wheel-
base and a 40-horse-
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Also six styles of
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vertible bodies. Also
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Class 1917

Special showing of Graduation Suits now ready
Order yours now and it will be ready
for you when needed

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Beeston's Grocery

Tea and Coffee

The Grocery Store of Quality

TRY OUR TEAS AND COFFEES

We invite you to see our large line of Aluminum Premiums

ODE TO CLINT DAVIES

Twinkle, twinkle, little hair,
How I wonder what you air,
Up above that lip so brave—
Why the dickens don't you shave?

"Why is it that the dirt's so black?"
Said inquisitive little Gertie;
"Why, how simple," said Eddie Wimple,
"It's black because it's dirty."
—Exchange.

When was "B" the first letter in the alphabet? In the days of no "A" (Noah).—
Exchange.

When Mr. Brooks was traveling this spring he visited a colored people's high school, and while there saw a debate. He says the arguments of both sides were very keen.

HIGH SCHOOL CABARET

Why do many people prefer to eat their meals in the sewing room at the cafeteria? Because all the Singers are in there.

Phone 9081 L Racine

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TREES, SHRUBS AND FLOWERING PLANTS

Mt. Pleasant Nursery

W. E. FANCHER, Proprietor

CORLISS, WIS.

Thompson, Myers & Kearney

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS

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RACINE, WISCONSIN



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Clothes admit you or forbid you entrance to a given favorite spot
OUR CLOTHES ARE YOUR CARD OF ENTRY

Moers-Brandow Co.

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WINDOW SHADES

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The Coat of the Hour



A coat that will protect the wearer against all weathers.

Waterproof and Windproof

An ideal coat for motoring or every-day wear when a top coat is needed; equally valuable in rain or sunshine.

No expense has been spared in selecting the cloths, or in the making of this garment, that could in any way add to its appearance or usefulness.

Everywhere acknowledged the favorite coat model for either young men or men who dress young.

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Clothing Company**

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Trench Utility Coat

If your dealer does not handle our line get in touch with us, and we will see that you are supplied

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Telephone 1029

136 Main Street

Gertrude Thielen Williams

"Hat Shop"



316 Sixth Street, Between Wisconsin Street and College Avenue

LOGIC

Miss Porter: "Who was Prescott? (No answer.) Why, class, don't you know? Prescott was a historian. Now, Laiken, don't you remember what he wrote?"

Eli.: "Oh, yes, a history."

Miss McBride says that the laws of physics apply in our everyday life; for instance, the law of action and reaction. How about the principle, "Every body in the universe attracts every other body," as applied to high school students?

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Gray Iron and Semi Steel

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A musical instrument that actually re-creates music

GIBSON MANDOLINS and GUITARS
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ENGINEERS, FOUNDERS &
MACHINISTS
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EASTMANS ANSCO'S
DEFENDER

Printing and Developing

The Best in the City

We Know It

Try Us and You Will Know It

Pokorny Drug Co.

300 Main St., Opposite City Hall

Fulton Thompson

Richard G. Harvey

"DINK"

(Not Written from Experience.)

The night was dark as a dungeon,
It was 2 a. m., I think,
When awoke the queen of the household,
Insistently calling "Dink."

Thompson & Harvey

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

I crept from my bed in the darkness
And stumbled against the door,
Upsetting chairs on the journey,
And spilling things on the floor.

Amid groans and ejaculations,
I finally made a light,
Enthroned in her crib she waited,
And cuddled her dolly tight.

I offered the water to her,
But shaking her tousled head,
She held out her battered treasure,
"Dus Dolly wants dink," she said.
"*?!*??-*!" said I.

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207 Sixth St.

Racine, Wisconsin

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PAINTING, PAPERING AND DECORATING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

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403-5 Main Street

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O. C. Davis

PLUMBING AND
HEATING



600 Sixth Street

Those who do not believe in mind reading may look at Skewes and Koerner. Their heads are easily red.

Grace Harding (library work exams.): "A good card catalogue answers the question, 'Who wrote a certain book by a given author?'"

Mr. Milburn: "A. D. S. is an advertisement which you see in many drug store windows. It stands for American Druggists-ah-er-well. Does anybody know what the 'S' stands for?"

Ruetz: "'Sociation.'"

An old cow wandered down the street
Looking for something green;
A Freshman young she chanced to meet—
He's never since been seen.
(No, it wasn't Jack Rowland, either.)

Mr. Milburn: What is it that makes our Jewish merchants so successful?
Pete Sinnen: Bankruptcy.

The Junction Needlecraft

has a good line of

FANCY WORK

FINE LINENS AND LACES A SPECIALTY

1510 Washington Avenue

A. C. Hanson

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A. C. HANSON & COMPANY FURNITURE

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*Rugs and Linoleums
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OF QUALITY AT
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604-610 Sixth Street

*Undertaking Department Open Day
and Night*

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WRIGHT
211 SIXTH ST.

KODAKS

Developing and Finishing
of Films and Plates

IS OUR BUSINESS

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVERY
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Girls!

*Have you considered
that*

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CLUBS AND BIBLE STUDY
PARLORS & READING ROOM
SUMMER CAMP
SUMMER CONFERENCE

are yours for the taking

at the

Y. W. C. A.

424 Main Street

ALWAYS LOOK
FOR THIS SIGN

ARTHUR EHRLICH SELLS LOTS HERE

Downtown Office

OSGOOD BUILDING

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Racine, Wis.

A Freshman, meaning well but knowing little, stopped a sprinkling wagon on the street and informed the man that his wagon was leaking.

It is said that there are really only seven jokes in the world, and that all others are based on these. The number of basic jokes in the high school is even smaller. Here they are:

1. Cases.
2. Activities.
3. Cafeteria.
4. Feiges.

SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS ASK FOR A BOOKLET

Y. M. C. A.

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Swim in filtered water. (We will teach you how to swim.) Shower baths.
Fine gym. Club rooms. A good place to eat for men and women.
Become a member, it will help you to be fit. Special rates for the summer.

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Withstands sun, wind and wet

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The Original

MALTED MILK

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More beneficial than tea or coffee.

Induces restful sleep when taken hot upon retiring.

At all fountains — also sold in sealed glass jars for preparing in room. In Lunch Tablet form also, ready to eat.

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Ask for and get HORLICK'S, the Original Malted Milk

Substitutes cost YOU same price

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Phone 4865

TRUTHS AND UNTRUTHS ABOUT
SENIORS, 1917

Most Gallant.....Lester Augustine
Most Quiet.....Gladys Peterson
Most Bashful Girl.....Winifred Herrick
Most Bashful Boy.....Vic Crane
Class Baby.....Lillian Case
Handsomest Boy.....
Marshall Beaugrand. (Please don't take
this seriously, Mushy.)
Class Bachelor.....George Gates
Worst Fusser.....Russell Laycock
Class Dude.....Ed Ruetz

PROGRAM OF

DAVID G. JANES CO.

Established 1867

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Victor-Victrola



The best kind of company

You're never at a loss for something to do when there's a Victor-Victrola in the home.

The world's greatest artists to sing and play for you, whenever and as often as you wish, whatever kind of music you are in the mood to hear; music that is as instructive as it is entertaining.

Come in today and get acquainted with this wonderful instrument and the famous talent it puts at your command.

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Most Studious.....Ray Fox
 Class Musician.....
 Pete Sinnen. (Y' oughta hear him play
 the Star Spangled Banner on the sweet
 potato.)
 Class Optimist.....Wallie Sieb
 Most Sedate.....Mildred Evans
 Class Flirt.....
 Jack Clancy. (Hope I don't give you
 way, Jack.)
 Class Philosopher.....Margaret Perry

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Interest three percent on Savings Deposits

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NEW, UP-TO-DATE TAILORING



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Repairing, Cleaning, Pressing,
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GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

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CUSTOM TAILORS

Just My Style!

Expresses what is being said about the graduation portraits
we are making for them at our Studio.

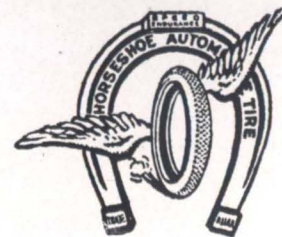
It has been our privilege and pleasure to make many grad-
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RACINE HORSE SHOE AUTO TIRE

"The Tire To Trust To"

As every expert automobilist knows, a tire, on which your life
may depend, must be constructed so that it will provide reason-
able protection in emergencies and extraordinary circumstances
This renders it imperative that they be hand-made tires and
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TIRES, which, being hand-made, are beyond all question

"THE TIRES TO TRUST TO"

RACINE AUTO TIRE CO.

RACINE, WISCONSIN



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\$1.50 — \$2.00 — \$2.50 — \$3.50 — \$5.00 — \$8.50 to \$12.50

Models for every type of figure in beautiful pink brocade, fancy and plain coutil. The Best Dressed Girls in High School appreciate these wonderful models. Why not come in tomorrow and be fitted? Expert fitter to fit you correctly and guide you to health and happiness.

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ALL THE HIGH SCHOOL BOOKS



Summer Sporting Goods

- Latin Shark.....Charles Sugden
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- Class Actor.....Elwood Rasmussen
- Youngest Boy.....Harry Baernstein
- Shortest Boy.....August Schoening
- Oldest Boy.....George Skewes
- Craziest Boy.....
- (The humor chairman wouldn't let this go through, so we can't tell.)
- Sweetest Singer.....Ralph Dean
- Most Dignified Girl.....Charlotte Hermes
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- Laziest Girl.....Bernice Block
- Most Talkative.....Verna Roberts
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Every year hundreds of bright young men enter the field of scientific agriculture and make a splendid success of their work. Today, brains, coupled with modern farm machinery, are more in demand than ever in order to supply the world with food.

J. I. Case Plows, planters and tillage implements have done, and will continue doing a great service at making modern agriculture an efficient and profit producing occupation.



J.-I-Case Plow Works - Racine, Wis.

GOOD-BYE.

School-days are over in this dear old place,
The time of parting is at hand today.
We know we'll meet no more in carefree way,
And each of us will miss some kind dear face.
We wonder if the others'll have the grace
To let us know that they're not feeling gay,
For surely they must have a word to say
To us with whom they've always had a place.
But not a sound, and if we could but know,
Down in their heart, they're wishing we
would speak,

And so express regret and yet not sigh,
For they, too, dread the time when they must
go.

We'd like to talk but words in vain we seek,
So lacking these, clasp hands and say, "Good-
bye".

—Eleanor L. Peterson, '17.

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RACINE, WIS.

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311 Sixth St., between College Ave.
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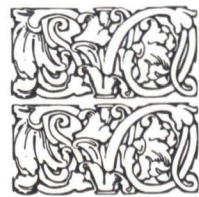
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down and weekly payments will buy good residence lots.

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Foremost
for Roses

OUR NAME IS
PRE-EMINENT

The Flower Shop

REHL & BENZ

Phone 407

617 Main St.

"THE WANDERLUST".

Dat feelin' ob rovin's again on my brain,
My blood seems to call me in sunshine and
rain,
At night, in my dreams, I see o'er de hills
De birches an' flowers, and quick little rills.

I long fer de deer an' its dhil'ren, de fawn,
De smell ob de smoke soon af'er de dawn,
To fish in de stream an' de cook in my camp,
An' read from de light ob a campfire lamp.

To wake wid de sun at de break ob de morn,
An' coax de birds wid a sly coxin' horn;
To hitch up de dogs an' to skim o'er de snow,
An' to lie in camp when de north win' does
blow.

I am not shif'less, 'cause work I con,
But to conquer dis rovin', I'm not a man:
De Oreads 're callin' an' I say my "Goo'-bye,"
Dis feelin's a heritage I hol' 'til I die.
—Russel Frederick, '17.

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330 MAIN STREET

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HATS AND GENTS'
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Racine Building & Loan Association

510 MONUMENT SQUARE

YOUR savings should be
beyond a passing im-
pulse, but not beyond use
for a real emergency.

Thos. A. Fagan, Secretary

Styles That Are Right

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND AT
MEHDER'S STORE

1408-1410 Washington Avenue

DOING.

It's not what a man would like to be,
It's what he really is!
Thinking and dreaming of victory,
Will never make it his!

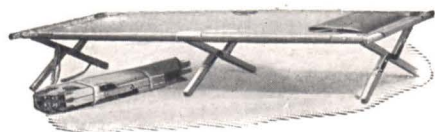
So, when you've thoughts, give each a trial,
And not only think but do!
It's thinking and doing that make worth while,
What is assigned to you!

—Albert Lahr, '17.

A HOUSEHOLD UTILITY—
A CAMPING NECESSITY—

"GOLD MEDAL" FOLDING COT-BEDS

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)



Made in single and double widths, full lengths and special lengths for children

MANY USES — FOR THE HOME AS WELL AS FOR CAMP

For the "unexpected guests," for the sick room, where sleeping facilities are limited.
For "outdoor" sleeping on porch, veranda or lawn during hot weather. Used in camp
by experienced campers. Fold into small space — can be thrown into corner of closet,
out of the way.

Sold by dealers in furniture, sporting goods, hardware and
tents everywhere

Write today for complete catalog of Cots, Chairs, Stools, Tables, and Camping Outfits



Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
Racine, Wisconsin



Where Quality Printing Predominates



Telephone 624

470-472 College Avenue



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Now occupied entirely by the Western Printing
& Lithographing Co.

Service, Gentlemen—not mere mechanical operations

You may come to us with full confidence that you can obtain the best obtainable in all that means advertising reproduction

BECAUSE

we have retained the best Advertising Counsellor procurable—the best Engravers obtainable—the best machinery extant for type making and printing, and have all this efficient equipment under one roof and under one principle, always at your service.

GOOD PRINTING AT HONEST PRICES

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RACINE, WIS.

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Co.
513-515, Mont. Sq.

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NEW METHOD

Sample Shoe Shop

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ALWAYS THE NEWEST STYLES FOR LESS MONEY

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Makers of

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De Luxe Cycle Co.

529 Wisconsin Street

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De Luxe and Indian Bicycles
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Smith Flyers
Thor and Indian Motorcycles
Kokomo, Goodyear & Racine Tires
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Bicycles, Motor Wheels, Motor-
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and Sharpen Skates

WE RETIRE

Bicycles, Motorcycles, Baby Cabs—
and every night we are wide awake

De Luxe Cycle Co.

529 WISCONSIN ST.

FOR BARGAINS GO TO

H. C. CASE

REAL ESTATE

MORTGAGES

AND LOANS

Fire and Tornado

Insurance



Case Building
Fifth St.

Racine,
Wis.

Ten Cents a day pays for **\$2,000** Insurance at Age **21**, but only **\$1,000** at Age **45. INSURE NOW.**

The Northwestern Mutual

furnishes the **BEST** at the **LEAST** cost

H. A. McCaughey,
Special Agent
Phone 34

W. S. McCaughey,
Special Agent

F. S. Gordon,
Special Agent
American Trades Bank Building

EVEN.

Phoebus now turns his chariot toward the west,
Each weary steed bends low his drooping head,
Now gleams a parting ray of ruby red,
Between the purpled clouds of heaven's breast.

The trilling cuckoo's clear-note songs are
stilled,

The zephyr's sweetened fragrance hangs o'er
all,

And Man, his laughter hushed as twilight
falls,

Surrenders all to sleep as nature willed.

—Julia Davidson, '17.

Sanitary Ice

Waukesha Spring Water
Ice

FOX ICE CO.

Wholesale and Retail

TELEPHONE 245

HARVEY "Boltless" Auto Springs

Always Stand the Test



218,734 Miles Without a Broken Spring!

During the winter 1915-16, the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co. conducted a very interesting contest to find out the greatest mileage original Hyatt Bearings could go and still be in service. This contest naturally aroused interest in the endurance of other parts of the cars.

James Lewis, Shelton, Conn., driving a 1909 Mitchell equipped with Harvey Springs, winner of second prize with a record of 218,734 miles, says:

"The original springs are on the old Mitchell and if you had not called my attention to it, I would not have realized how old the springs are. I have never given them a thought, not even oiling them once a year.

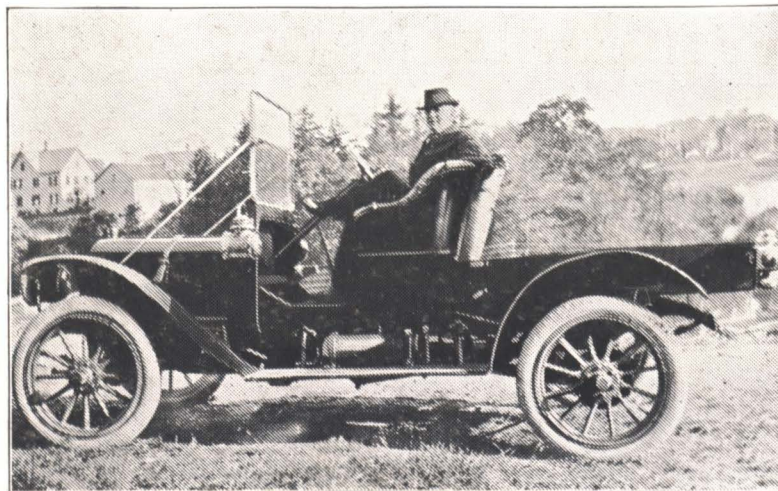
"When you consider that the springs have been carrying a load from 1,000 to 1,800 pounds day in and day out I must admit that they ought to be replaced, but when they are still doing business, what's the use?"

The Stockton Terminal & Eastern Railroad Co., driving a 1910 Mitchell with a record of 160,100 miles, says:

"We are using the original set of springs and never replaced a leaf. Furthermore, the car repeatedly held up sixteen passengers and once twenty instead of seven, as intended by the makers."

Linus Kiene, Buffalo, N. Y., driving a 1910 Mitchell equipped with Harvey Springs, with a record of 120,000 miles, says:

"I still have the original set of springs on my car and am pleased to say that they are in good condition after six years of service."



1909 Mitchell Owned by James Lewis, Shelton, Conn.

