

KIPIKAWI



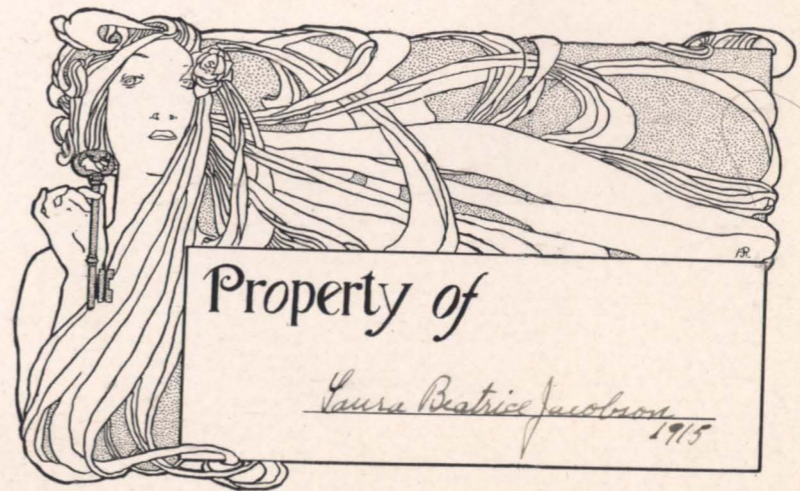
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MRS. SAM H. HAAS
1707 Spring Street
Racine, Wisconsin





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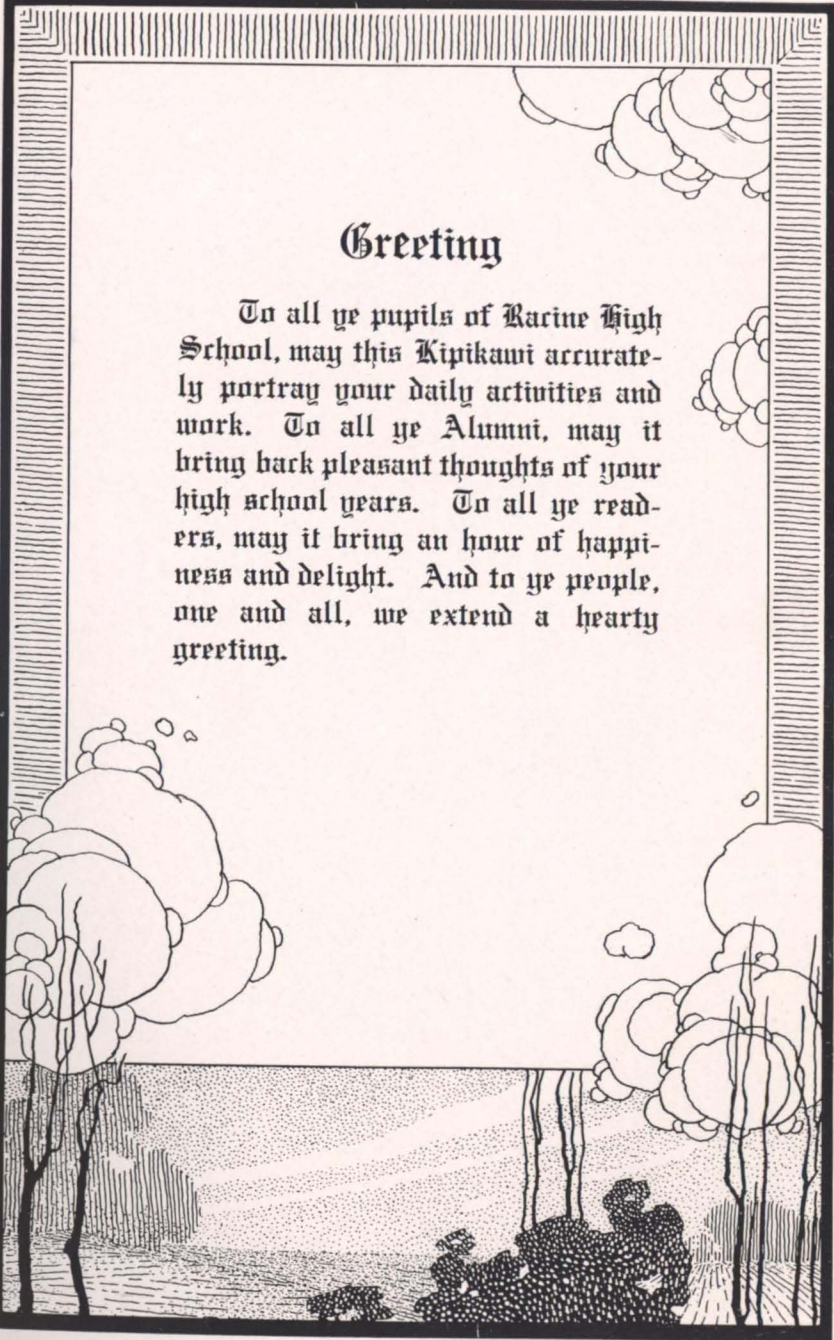
KIPIKAWI



BEING VOLUME VII OF THE R. H. S. ANNUAL
THE BOOK OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN FIFTEEN
RACINE, WISCONSIN



ROOT RIVER



Greeting

To all ye pupils of Racine High School, may this Kipikami accurately portray your daily activities and work. To all ye Alumni, may it bring back pleasant thoughts of your high school years. To all ye readers, may it bring an hour of happiness and delight. And to ye people, one and all, we extend a hearty greeting.

Dedication

To our Principal,
Lavern W. Brooks,
Who is our Friend and Leader,
This Kipikami is affectionately
dedicated.

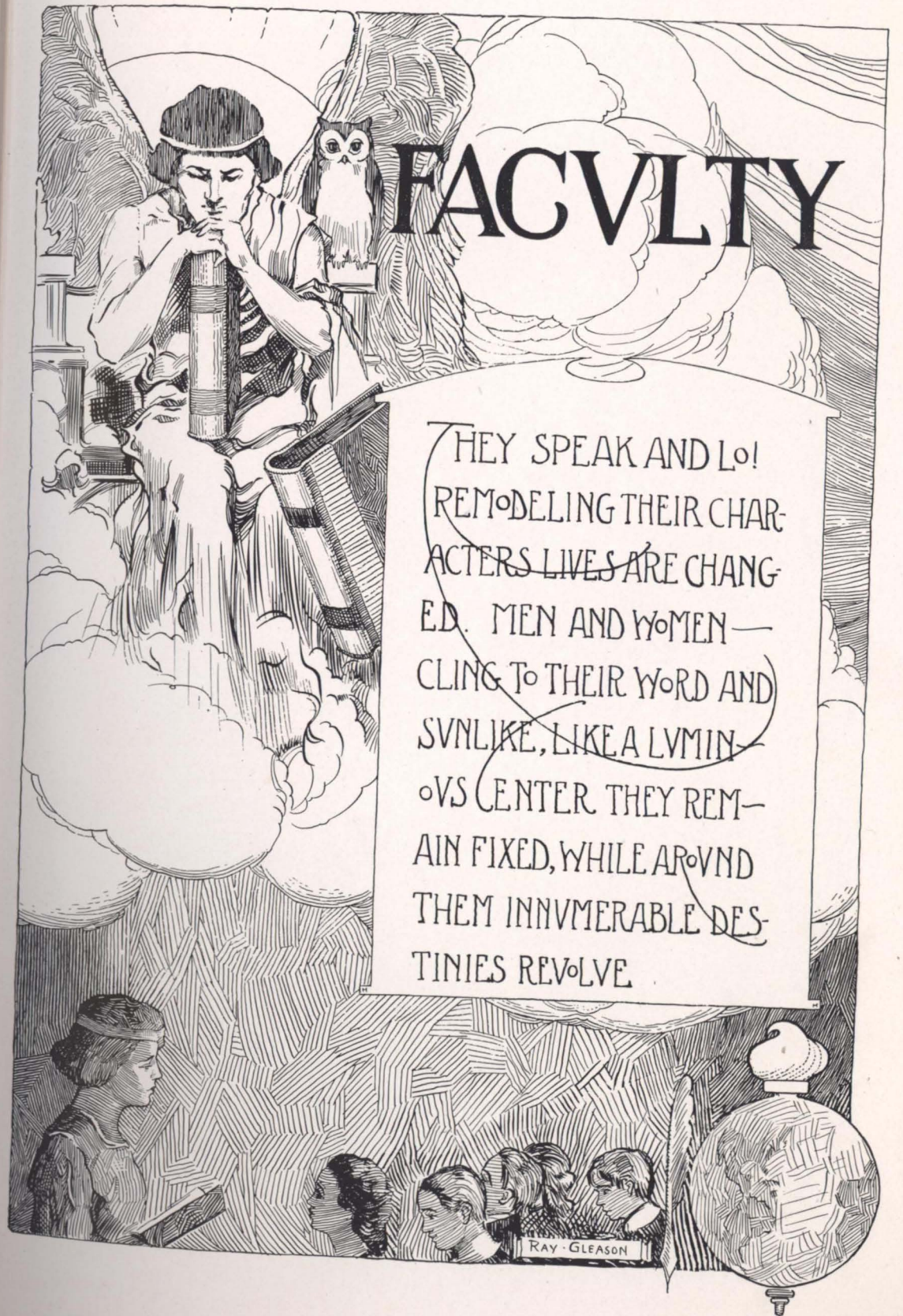


L. W. BROOKS, A. M., Principal



BURTON E. NELSON, Superintendent of Schools





FACULTY

THEY SPEAK AND LO!
REMODELING THEIR CHAR-
ACTERS LIVES ARE CHANG-
ED. MEN AND WOMEN —
CLING TO THEIR WORD AND
SVNLIKE, LIKE A LUMIN-
OUS CENTER. THEY REM-
AIN FIXED, WHILE AROUND
THEM INNVMERABLE DES-
TINIES REVOLVE.

RAY - GLEASON



Arthur J. Wilbor, A. M., Science;
Lawrence College.

Susan M. Porter, B. L., History;
University of Wisconsin.

Louise M. Collier, A. B., English;
Lawrence College.

Judd M. Schaad, A. B., Science;
Hillsdale College.

Zettie E. Sieb, A. B., Latin; Uni-
versity of Wisconsin.

Laura E. Du Four, A. B., History;
University of Wisconsin.

C. C. Aller, A. B., Science; Law-
rence College.

Harriet A. Harvey, A. B., History
and Civics; University of Wiscon-
sin.

A. E. Van Landegend, A. B.,
Mathematics; Hope College; Uni-
versity of Michigan.

May Bumby, A. B., English; Ri-
pon College.

Harriet Mason, A. B., Commer-
cial; University of Wisconsin;
Walton School of Accountancy;
Spencerian Business College.

Isabelle I. Mertle, Commercial;
Racine High School.





Blanche C. Racine, B. S., Mathematics and French; Lawrence College; University of Chicago.

Cora M. Manaton, A. B., English; Ripon College.

Olga T. Nelson, A. B., German; University of Wisconsin.

H. George Roest, A. B., Mathematics; Hope College, Holland, Mich.

May Claridge, A. B., Commercial; Lawrence College.

Belva L. Ronne, A. B., Librarian and Substitute; Ripon College.

Frank B. Thayer, A. B., English; Oberlin College.

Mary A. Potter, A. B., Mathematics; Lawrence College.

Mrs. Kate Sogard, A. B., English; Vassar College.

Ida Howe, A. B., German; University of Minnesota.

Gertrude Walker, A. B., English; University of Wisconsin.

Clarence A. Hibbard, A. B., English; University of Wisconsin.





Ella Tormey, B. L., Commercial; University of Wisconsin; Gregg School, Chicago.

Amy Pennefeather, Commercial; Whitewater Normal.

Marion Vandebrook, Commercial; Graduate of Gregg School.

Lida McBride, A. B., M. A., English and Public Speaking; Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

Carolyn Blackburn, A. B., M. A., Commercial; University; Spencerian Business College, Milwaukee; Cream City Business College.

Thomas S. Rees, Manual Training; Whitewater Normal; Oshkosh Normal; Stout Institute of Manual Training; Milwaukee School of Trades.

Miner Coberg, Manual Training; Beloit High School, seven years' experience.

Harry F. Pattie, Manual Training and Drawing; Hackley Manual Training School, Muskegan, Mich.; Bradley Polytechnical School.

Edward J. Whelan, Manual Training; Hackley Manual Training, Muskegan, Mich.

J. G. Childs, Manual Training; Mechanics Institute, University of Wisconsin; fifteen years' shop experience.

Elizabeth A. Hood, Domestic Science; University of Chicago.

Verna E. Gillen, Domestic Science; Stout Institute, Menominee, Wisconsin.







Mabel C. Wilton, Domestic Science; Rochester Atheneum Mechanics Institute, Rochester, N. Y.

Francis O'Laughlin, Domestic Science; Stout Institute, Menominee, Wisconsin.

Elizabeth Gilday, Domestic Science; School of Dressmaking.

Mary Moyle, Printing; fifteen years' experience in printing.

Lillian Watts, Vocal Music; New England Conservatory of Music.

Antonin J. Ruzicka, Drawing; Art Institute, Chicago.

Lovett B. Finley, Physical Education; Jensis State Normal College, N. Y.; Harvard.

C. A. Gilman, Orchestra Director.

Ruth Barr, Office Assistant.



CLASSES



"THEY DREAM, AND BEFORE
THEIR VISION BETTER
THINGS APPEAR"^{RUZICKA}

H.P.R. HANSEN



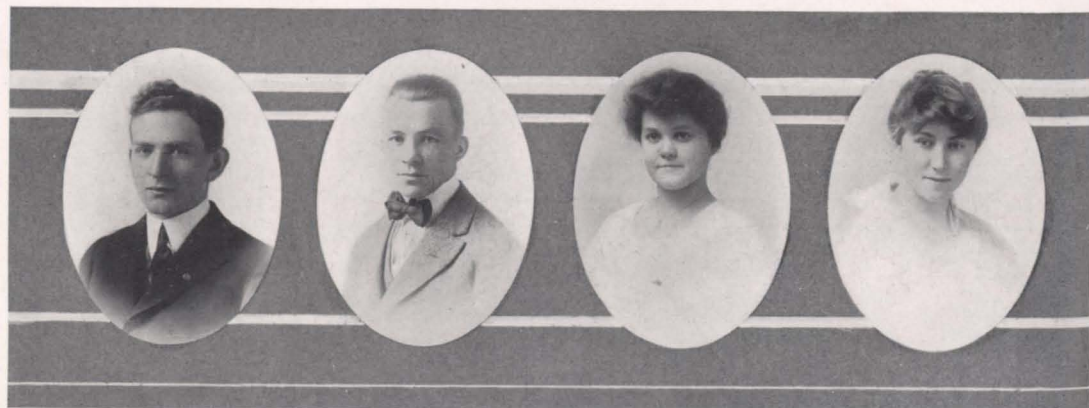
Seniors

Motto: Facta Non Verba.
Flower: Sweet Pea.
Colors: Green and White.

Class Officers

President, Louis Vance
Vice President, Stanley Howe

Secretary, Ruth Poland
Treasurer, Dorothy Tostevin





Dr
ROLAND SCHACHT: "Rollie"

O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his bizness.

Dr RUTH POLAND: *Q-1964*

She's one of those self-winding
affairs—and—she never runs down.

Dr STANLEY HOWE: *Q-1964* "Stan"

He has the power of Hercules,
and is a Leander in love.

GERALDINE PUGH: "Jerry"

There is a majesty in simplicity,
which is far above the qualities of
wit.

Dr RUSSEL FIDLER: "Russ"

"Say, you ought to see how I can
run!"

KATHLEEN HART: "Kitty"

A graduate of Miss Prim's School.

EVERETT FINK:

Look behind his blushes for his
virtues.

HELEN HENKEN: "Henky"

She's brimful of the old nick.

LEROY KOEHLER "Kelley"

Oh! He's a regular fellow—
Got teeth, wears a belt.

MARGARET CAREY: "Meggs"

She cares not a pin
What they said, or may say.

Dr LELAND WISHAU:

We don't appreciate our friends'
virtues, till after they have left us.

SYLVIA MUSIL: "Syl"

Now shall begin my song;
It shall be witty,
But it shan't be long.





GILBERT BRACH:

His favorite line of talk is argument.

PEARL SNELL: "Snellum"

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill," is my motto.

ELMER HERMES: "Cowball"

Why weren't we all born graceful like Elmer?

ELSIE GATTIE:

"She livese unknown."

WILLIAM CHRISTENSEN: "Bill"

It is I, William the Dane.

MILLIE MURRAY:

"What shall I say? Oh, do tell me what to say."

ALEXANDER McPHERSON: "Mac"

Folks won't know how great you are,
Unless you put 'em wise;
You want your Laurel Wreaths right *now*,
Get busy—A D V E R T I S E.

GERTRUDE GRESSING:

Do not put me to it,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

LOUIS HETH: "Louie"

Some men are born great, others achieve greatness, and still others have it thrust upon them.

ESTHER NELSON:

Few persons have courage enough to appear more angelic than they are.

ROBERT SVITAVSKY: "Bob"

The deed I intend is great; but what, as yet, I know not.

RUTH WILLIAMS: Mann

Slow but sure.





ARTHUR FREDERICKSON "Art"
You can't keep a good man down.

Sell
SELDA STOFFEL:
She is not constant, but is changing still.

P LEO TOOHEY: *Priest*
I think life's a long tragedy; this globe the stage.

FRANCES FREEMAN:
She scorns delight and lives laborious days (?)

P WILFRED HAUMERSEN:
"Fatty"
"Sighed and look'd and sigh'd again."

FLORENCE LA LONDE: *"Flo"*
"I know I'll be slammed on Art or George and I think it's mean."

GEORGE SMOLLEN:
Of an evening you are kind to the most unattractive of the wall flowers.

MARIE O'DONNELL:
Does she use a curling iron?

LOUIS VANCE: *"Swede"*
Oh, but a man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or, what's a heaven for?

VIOLET HANSEN:
Talk to her of Jacob's ladder and she would ask the number of steps.

LAYARD MILLER:
I don't desire my biography to be written till I am dead.

JOSEPHINE OLSON: *Teacher* *"Jo"*
You say she doesn't care for the boys? I say that girl has secrets.





DELOS HOLLOWELL: "Cutey"
 Night after night
 He sat and bleared his eyes with
 books. (?)

LAURA JACOBSON: "Lolly"
 I chatter, chatter as I go;
 With always a load of books, you
 know.

OSCAR JACOBSEN: "Osk"
 A member of the ancient order of
 Norsemen.

DOROTHY TOSTEVIN: "Bob"
 Oh mischief! thou art swift to
 enter my thoughts.

GEORGE PUGH:
 "Why should I keep awake when
 I can sleep?"

DAGMAR JENSEN:
 The fire i' the flint
 Shows not till it be struck.

ALBERT MURRAY: "Al"
 Nowhere a bisier man than he
 there was;
 And yet he seemed bisier than he
 was.

EDNA KEMPF: "Kempfee"
 Are good things always done in
 small parcels?

Dr MILO SORENSON: *dentist* "Doctor"
 "What's tha' hoot, mon?"

BLONDINE ARCHER "Bonnie"
 Sometimes sharp b, never flat b,
 but please natural be.

SAMSON HAAS:
 He is too rash, too unadvis'd, too
 sudden, too like lightning, which
 doth cease to be
 Ere one can say, "It lightens."

LYDIA NELSON: "Lela"
 "You know I say just what I
 think, and nothing more nor less. I
 can not say one thing and mean an-
 other."





Duplicate

LELAND WISHAU:
We don't appreciate our friends' virtues, till after they have left us.

LYDIA BRECKENFELD: "Lyd"
True blue.

HUGH MUNN: "Human"
"I am a Scout." Haven't you noticed my perpetual smile?"

KATHERINE SMOLLEN:
Coquettes are the quacks of love.

HOWARD JOHNSON: "Cupid"
I live and love, what would you more?
As never lover loved before.

LOUISE CAPE "Lou"
We can enjoy her while she's kind.

AMBROSE OWEN: "Ammie"
Rip Van Winkle has nothing on Owen, believe us.

KATHERINE HANLEY: "Kay"
"Can one love twice?"
She answers, "Yea, even thrice."

ROBERT BUSHELL "Bob"
Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

ALICE MOSS:
She evidently accepts the maxim
"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian springs."

STEPHEN DUFFEY:
Society is no comfort,
To one not sociable.

LEILA COLEMAN:
I will send,
And search the coast from end to end,
If haply wandering up and down,
He bides in forest or in town.





NORMAN RUSTON: "Buns"
 We cannot speak of that which
 we do not know.

RUTH PIPER:
 A type of Puritan maiden.

BYRON GERE:
 Blue-ribbon winner in Senior
 beauty show.

MARGARET GILDAY "Peggy"
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me.

LESTER HECK: "Czar"
 Of just the right size,
 With a smile and a song,
 For the good and the wise.

ESTHER WILSON:
 Three years of German and she is
 still neutral.

FREDERICK AHLGRIMM: "Fred"
 "With just enough learning to
 misquote."

NETTIE PEDERSON:
 Sensibility is neither good nor evil
 in itself—but in the application.

EMIL KARK:
 This would be a great world if
 we were *all* in love.

NELDA HILKER: "Nel"
 When I don't giggle, I dream.

VINCENT MCGRAW: "Mac"
 And when a lady's in the case
 You know, all other things give
 place.

JULIA FINK:
 She has an open ear and a closed
 mouth.





FREDERICK HELM: "Fritz"

He is Sir Oracle and when he opes his lips, let no dog bark.

JEANNETTE TIPPING: "Tips"

Well—if she hasn't forgotten it—she's lost it.

HAROLD HOLM:

Shut up
In measureless content.

LOUISE SCHREIER:

Of her habits, or external manners, nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen taciturnity, which her friends called modesty by too mild a name.

HARRY KAPPEL:

He thinks the world a moon and himself the man in it.

ANNA MARTOCHKO: "Anne"

I take it to be a principal rule of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

NEWTON PERRY: "Newt"

"The fair sex holds no charms for me."

ESTHER PIPER:

What shall I say to you? What can I say? What is better than silence?

HUGH COSTELLO:

He may have Irish wit but one must search long to find it.

JANET SMITH: "Peggy"

A thorny little rosebud is she.

EMANUEL EBERHARDT "Doc"

There are meters of foot
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters,
Is to meter alone.

ALICE HANSCHKE:

We begin shrewdly to suspect this young lady of a bent for poetry!





WALTER GEAREN:

Is there no "movie film" to ease
the anguish of a torturing hour?

GLADYS PRITCHARD: "Gypie"

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody,
If naebody cares for me,
I'll care for naebody.

VERNON CRANE: "Vern"

He climbs the grammar tree; distinctly knows,
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows.

ALICE JIRUCHA: "Allie"

She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers, and giggles, and winks;
She gossips more than a little,
And her hair is done up in kinks.

ROLAND MICKELSON: "Rollie"

Who, too deep for his hearers,
still went on refining, and thought
of convincing, while they thought of
dining.

HAZEL SCHAMP:

I do not chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles.



Senior Astrological Horoscope

Fred Helm
Emil Kark
Leo Toohey
Violet Hansen
Lydia Nelson

Hugh Munn
Gertrude Gressing
Leland Wishau
Layard Miller

Aries.—The first sign of the Zodiac. Its birthstones are amethyst and diamond; its professions, letters and teaching or lecturing; its chief characteristics are intuitive insight and a controlling power. In anything in which they can originate, Aries people succeed. They make good soldiers and commanders. These people are born organizers. They are very frank and generous. They love music and dancing, and make good leaders in society. In their love affairs they are apt to be fickle. One of their greatest faults is jealousy. This is seen in their desire to talk about themselves at all times, with a tendency to exaggerate their importance. A hot temper, easily provoked; a headlong, almost reckless impetuosity; and fickle, thoughtless disposition, concludes a category of faults.

Their most fortunate times in the year are the two weeks beginning April 13 and November 29.

Millie Murray
Harry Kappel
Albert Murray

Lydia Breckenfeld
Florence La Londe
Louis Vance

Taurus.—Its birthstones are moss agate and emerald, its profession is science, and its chief characteristic is a strong will with much natural sympathy. These people are great lovers of science and literary pursuits. Their temperament is slow and steady, even stubborn at times. One of their chief points is courage. There will rarely be found a miser among them, money being a means to the end. They are fond of beauty in every form and apt to judge things by appearance. These people rarely remain single. They glory in daring deeds. Fond of pleasures, bright and witty, they are never happier than when entertaining. Their enmity once aroused, they never

forgive. These people are determined, being born conquerors. They are very kind when sympathies are aroused but when angered they are unmanageable.

The most fortunate times in the year are the two weeks beginning September 5 and January 11.

Leila Coleman
Josephine Peterson
Kathleen Hart
Alice Hanche

Stanley Howe
Alex McPherson
Robert Bushell

Gemini.—Its birthstones are beryl, aquamarine, and sapphire; its profession is lecturing on literature or politics; and its chief characteristics are the power of clear expression, good reasoning, and a quick and brilliant brain power with a consuming love of new knowledge. These people have a vivacious, restless and nervous nature—a strong desire for travel and a constant craving, for something new. They are in a way butterfly people—brilliant, inspirational, inconsequent, easily beaten down and easily uplifted. Their minds are anxious and restless, the main spring of their action being the fear of evil resulting from not doing things, rather than the benefit derived from it. They are inclined to look on the dark side of things but take a philosophical and practical view of all subjects. They are religious, generous, and very affectionate, fond of the beautiful and possess fine voices.

The most fortunate time in the year for Gemini people are the weeks beginning April 26, and November 14.

Laura Jacobsen
Russel Fidler
Wilfred Haumerson
Arthur Fredrickson

Alice Moss
Bonnie Archer
Geraldine Pugh

Virgo.—The birthstones are jasper, and hyacinth; the characteristics are order, method, self-reliance, and will power; and its professions are chemistry, proof-reading, and finer details of a large organization. The Virgo



people become missionaries, chemists, public speakers, writers, editors, and reporters. They rebound quickly from any disaster. They have great interests in others' affairs and are born match makers. They are very sensitive; they imagine faults which they have not and deny those they have. They have remarkable memories and are lovers of good music and are liable to be affected by inharmonious surroundings. They are never awed by superiors and are very fastidious about their dress.

Their most fortunate times are those during the weeks commencing May 10th and December 28, and unfortunate, during the week beginning July 21st.

Nelda Hilker	Nettie Pederson
Edna Kempf	Ruth Poland
Louise Cape	Henry Hervig
Esther Wilson	Harold Piper

Scorpio.—Its birthstones are topaz and malachite; its professions are surgery, medicine, and the ministry; its chief characteristics are love of labor, tenacity, justice, silence, and skill. These people are liable to be taken in by flattery, placing too large a value on the opinion of the world. They possess great talent; being cool, calm, and very determined. They are honorable, truthful, bright, and witty. Their word is their bond. They have great persuasive ability and great respect for the accepted order of things. They are aggressive and executive in all things and naturally inclined to oversee others. They have a love of home and a noble desire to help all mankind. When a Scorpio person sets out to make mischief, there is no one equal to him.

The two most fortunate weeks in the year for Scorpio people are those beginning February 19 and July 3, but they should be very careful during the week beginning April 13.

Walter Gearen	Lester Heck
Roland Mickelson	Jeannette Tipping
Louis Heth	William Christensen
Vernon Crane	Frances Freeman

Aquarius.—Its birthstones are sapphire, opal, and turquoise; its professions are art,

music—especially vocal, electricity, and social leadership; its chief characteristics are memory, sensitiveness, good taste and sympathy. These are honorable, highminded people, proud and quiet. But lazy and careless people are also found in this sign. They like city life and social intercourse. The women are sometimes extravagant. The Aquarius people can be the strongest or weakest in the world. They should try to overcome their love of a fine personal appearance. One of the first things an Aquarius person must do is learn to keep his word. They are happy one day and blue the next. The two most fortunate weeks are those beginning May 27 and October 14.

George Smollen	Margaret Cary
Elmer Hermes	Hugh Costello

Pisces.—Its birthstones are chrysolite, pink shell and moonstone; its profession is art, as expressed in culture and mechanics; its chief characteristics are perception, emotion, and silence. These people have a love of nature and a generous and loyal faith in all mankind. As they grow older they sometimes withdraw into a shell of indifference and cynicism. They are very sensitive and proud and desperately afraid of ridicule. They often hurt the feelings of others in order to save their own. A wrong start in life is serious to them as they are apt to continue in it. They are very seldom egotistical; are unreasonably stubborn at times; are very fond of asking questions and can make themselves very unpleasant in this way. When they learn the value of silence they are on the road to success.

Their most fortunate weeks are those beginning November 12, and August 5.

Margaret Gilday	Ruth Williams
Roland Schacht	Leroy Koehler

Libra.—Its colors are crimson, black, and light blue; its professions are law, oratory, and commerce. They are often directors of religious organizations. The chief characteristics are ambition, pride, conservatism, inspiration, and respect for the laws. The



men are reckless, hopeful, and energetic. The women are retiring, gentle, and anxious, though energetic and capable. They have little regard for money, love excitement and will seek it in any form. Libra subjects are attractive to the opposite sex and are not noted for constancy. They are full of hope and energy. Their generosity and attractive personality gain them endless friends. They are born mimickers and are inclined toward the dramatic profession. When angry they leave nothing unsaid—at such times their remarks are cutting and their manners very taunting. They are apt to exaggerate.

The two most fortunate weeks for Libra people are those beginning April 13 and December 6.

Dagmar Jensen	Ruth Piper
Anna Martockho	Fred Ahlgrimm
Gilbert Brach	George Pugh
Katherine Hanley	Ambrose Owen
Emanuel Eberhardt	Howard Johnson
Norman Ruston	

Leo.—Its colors are yellow, red and green; its birthstones, ruby and diamond; its professions, the ministry, or society leadership; its extreme characteristics are conservatism, faith, and self control. The women are unusually quiet and make little use of their talents; while the men are impetuous, aggressive, magnetic, and pleasure loving. They all have very intense love natures. They are continually borrowing but lend as freely. They are generally artistic. They are very sympathetic and naturally of jovial and friendly disposition. They judge people by appearances and do not stop to analyze characters. They have a power to inspire others. Actions are guided by impulses and emotions. They are honorable in their intentions, but are frequently misunderstood.

Leo people are most fortunate during the month beginning July 22 and the week beginning January 27.

Pearl Snell	Delos Hollowell
Katherine Smollen	Vincent McGraw
Byron Gere	

Sagittarius.—Its birthstones are carbuncles, diamonds, and turquoises; its professions are traveling, buying and selling, or anything in which the great executive ability and penetrating foresight can be used. Their motto is "Touch me not." They are too busy attending their own affairs to interfere with others. They are distinctly people of one thing at a time. Neatness with them is a virtue and they dislike disorder of any kind. They hate anything underhanded or secret. They are religious and home loving. They are apt to be too blunt of speech and too impetuous. They are bright and witty, misfortune being unable to crush them. They are great lovers of animals and out door sports, spirited music and dancing.

The most fortunate time for Sagittarius people is during the period of November 22 and December 21.

Stephen Duffey	Esther Nelson
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Capricornus.—Its birthstones are the moonstone and white onyx; its professions are teaching and management of large sums of money; its chief characteristics are idealty, inspiration, and a great love of learning and self improvement. These people form wide acquaintances. There are many fine musicians and actors in this sign. They dislike flattery but appreciate the commendation they deserve. They dislike to be left alone. They are deep thinkers and good students and do not interfere with affairs of others. They are honorable, proud, and quiet—not demonstrative. They can be sarcastic and severe. They possess the charm of looking well.

The most fortunate times for Capricornus people are those two weeks beginning October 14 and May 21.

Dorothy Tostevin	Gladys Pritchard
Janet Smith	Samson Hass
Louise Schreier	Josephine Olson
Alice Jirucha	



Cancer.—Its birthstones are emerald and black onyx; its professions are manufacture and literature; its chief characteristics are sensitiveness, sympathy, and domesticity. Their great love and desire for home is regarded above all things. These people are very sensitive and no matter what they are doing, nor how interested they are, if their feelings are hurt they are ready to give up the whole thing.

They like money for its own sake. They should fight to death the first signs of miserliness, love of display, or inconstancy. They consider themselves the soul of truth and do not grasp their own faults. They have strong likes and dislikes as to companions. They are very determined and their opinions are usually respected. They can easily be ruled by kindness but resent the least sign of compulsion. Their most fortunate weeks are those when the moon is on the increase, and unfortunate ones are those when it is on the decrease.

This story received first place in the Senior Story Contest.

MISS ARLETTA'S LOVE LETTER.

Miss Arletta Black opened her eyes that May morning, and gazed drowsily around the room, as one will after a long night's sleep. Suddenly, she popped up, wide awake. She had a queer sensation, a thrill. Maybe it was the gay chattering of a family of sparrows whose nest was just beneath her window; maybe it was the glorious spring sunshine, flooding her plain spotless bedroom; or maybe it was the long crow of the neighbor's cock as he fearlessly challenged the world. Miss Arletta could not exactly explain, but she had a feeling in her bones that something was going to happen before the day was over, something extraordinary and strange. It thrilled her and rather frightened her, for during Miss Arletta's fifty years very few things out of the ordinary had happened. Day in and day out had practically been the same for herself and her older sister, Mehitable, ever since she could remember. Up at six

o'clock, meals as regular as the clock, mornings spent in dusting and cleaning, afternoons in mending, sometimes in receiving a few callers or going to the Aid Society, evenings spent in knitting, and at sharp 8:30 the reading of a lesson from the Bible by her older sister, and then bed. Such had been their days. Was it any wonder that Miss Arletta thrilled at this new feeling? As she lay there happily thinking, the village church clock struck six-thirty and simultaneously with the clock came her sister's voice.

"Arletta, Arletta, ain't you never goin' to get up? Here the clock's just struck half past six and you still a lyin' in bed. If you ain't the laziest thing, I'd like to know what is."

"Yes, yes, Hetty, I'm up", answered Miss Arletta, clambering out of bed. She was shocked at the thought of her laziness. Why she hadn't slept later than six o'clock since she'd had the chicken pox. "It surely is strange," she murmured to herself.

Fifteen minutes later, Miss Arletta, garbed in an immaculate house dress, with her hair, which was slightly gray at the temples, drawn tightly back, an ashamed look on her sweet thin face, entered the kitchen, prepared to hear an outburst from Miss Mehitable. But her sister was too disgusted to speak and they ate their breakfast in silence.

Breakfast done, the sisters went about their duties; Miss Arletta's, consisted in making the beds, and dusting and cleaning the living room and parlor. She went into the little living room, opened the windows and threw back the shutters, letting a flood of warm sunlight enter. Next, she went to the big oaken front door, unbarred and unlatched it and opened that—"Jist to air the place out." As she reached down to straighten the old rag doormat, something fluttered at her feet—a piece of paper, which had evidently been slid beneath the door. Miss Arletta gazed at it a few moments through her glasses; it was an envelope. What could it be? Trembling, she picked it gingerly up. Still holding it at some distance, she scrutinized it. Who could have written a letter and placed it beneath



their door? Maybe it was a blackmail letter. She turned white at the idea and trembled even more than she had. But no, that could not be, because this envelope was tinted, a pale lavender—her favorite color—and—she caught her breath—it was scented. No blackmail would ever be written on that kind of paper. Eagerly she turned it over in hopes of finding an address, but there was none. Who could have sent it? Whom was it for? Maybe she had better take it to sister Hetty. But somehow she shrank from doing that. In Miss Arletta there was a romantic spirit. It was probably this which had made Miss Arletta's monotonous life more bearable—for she lived in her land of romance. But Miss Mehitable was not romantic—far from it. All such thoughts were foolishness to her, and a waste of time, and she secretly pitied Miss Arletta for her flighty thoughts.

Knowing these things, Miss Arletta hesitated about taking this letter to her sister. She knew that Hetty would, with a disgusted grunt, tear open the letter and read its contents in a very matter of fact tone, which would straightway banish all romance it might contain.

Suddenly a thought occurred to Miss Arletta. She blushed furiously and tightly clutched the letter. Of course it was for her. Wasn't it written on lavender paper, her favorite color? And evidently from some one who knew it was her favorite color? That person knew that she was in the habit of opening the door, early in the morning; therefore, he had slid it beneath the door. And the one person who knew all these things was—here she blushed and trembled again—Jeremiah Hecks. Dear Man! She knew he had had something to tell her, he had acted so queerly lately. What an effort it must have cost him to write it, he was so shy and timid. Tears of joy came to her eyes at the thought and she gazed fondly at the letter—the letter that contained so much joy for her. She was brought back from the land of dreams by Miss Hetty's voice from the kitchen.

"Arletta, Arletta, if you're through with

that there dustin', there's plenty of work for you out here." Miss Arletta, very timidly, very shyly, pressed the letter to her trembling lips. Dear, dear Jeremiah! Then, looking around to see that Hetty was not near, she tucked it into her waist and went to do her sister's bidding.

To her it seemed as though the morning would never pass. She didn't dare read that precious message until she was in the privacy of her own room. That she knew would not be until bed time. At dinner she passed salt to Hetty instead of sugar and received a contemptuous sniff and a—

"Arletta, you must be sick; you ain't been natural like all day. What ails you?"

"Really, Hetty, I ain't sick. I'm—I'm jist happy." Miss Arletta was always very truthful.

"Humph, queer way you have of showing it. Thank heavens, you ain't always happy."

The afternoon went a little faster; the mending helped to pass the time, and the minister called to see them.

At last it was twenty minutes past eight. Hetty was turning the leaves of the Bible, preparatory to reading. Only a few more minutes—only a few more minutes—and then—she would read those dear words. Hetty sharply eyed Miss Arletta. At last, Hetty began to read. But alas! Miss Arletta's knitting needle dropped to the floor. Quietly she stooped forward to pick it up. As she did so, in some way, the letter slipped from her blouse and lay almost under Mehitable's feet.

Miss Arletta was dumfounded. Oh, what should she do? She stared as though hypnotized. What would Hetty say? She couldn't move, she couldn't speak. Hetty stopped reading, looked around in anger at her sister's disrespect, and then, spying the letter, swooped down and recovered it from the floor. Silence—so still one could fairly feel Miss Hetty shake with rage.

"Oh," she said, "so this explains it all! This is why you've been so mopish all day! This is the cause of your happiness! You—



you—a carryin' a letter around in this scandalous way—next to your heart. Arletta, after all my good teachin' and bringin' up, you've turned out a sinner—yes—a sinner! Oh, what would the minister say?"

Here Miss Mehitable, worked up to the highest pitch, broke down and sobbed. Miss Arletta was too stunned to do anything but stare. Hetty had her letter, the letter Jeremiah had written her, the letter she had not yet read. Oh, it was cruel, cruel!

"Now," said Hetty determinedly, drying her eyes and standing up very straight, "now, I'll see whose been a writin' to you in this clandestine way. I tell you I won't have it, I won't."

"But—" began Arletta—then she moaned. With a cry of anguish she saw her sister viciously tear the flap and draw out the letter. That dear, dear letter! Her first love letter—oh—oh—oh! Here she bent her head and sobbed gently.

She did not see the expression of Miss Hetty's grim face relax into amazement, and then from amazement into humor. Miss Arletta continued to sob, her head bent upon the table in despair. Hetty read the letter to the finish, laid it on the table and stared at the bowed head and shaking shoulders of her sister. Then in a strangely gentle tone she said, "Arletta—you're a fool." Then Miss Hetty, that grim determined sister, did a strange thing; she put back her head and laughed, laughed till the tears came to her eyes. Thoroughly astonished, Miss Arletta stared. Was her sister crazy? What was the matter? With a jump, she seized the letter from the table, and with tears still in her eyes, she read:

"Dear Customer:

If you want a beautiful, white, creamy complexion, use Colgate's Scented Soap and Powder, it will—"

The letter slipped from Miss Arletta's hand and fluttered to the floor, where it lay. Her only love letter.

—GERALDINE PUGH, '15.

A LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

This is not the story of great achievements, strife, success, or failure. This is a simple picture of a simple little woman, who kept her love for her fellowmen.

In a little country town by the side of a road, was situated a tiny cottage. The cottage was neat and cheery, and small flower beds were placed with careful precision about the yard. In this tranquil spot lived a little old woman. Her hair was silvered and her figure was bent. Sorrow had not passed her by lightly, but had left its heavy mark on her face and figure. Hers was not a beautiful face; indeed, strangers thought her exceedingly plain. Fine wrinkles formed a network on her face, but when she smiled it was as if a small part of heaven were peeping out at you; so sweet, cheery, gentle, and sympathetic was it. To us who loved her, her face was the most beautiful we had ever looked upon. Her white cap was placed neatly upon her silvered hair, and a spotless kerchief was folded across her breast. The house, like her, was neatness itself. The floors were spotless, the stove was always shining, and all was speckless.

It was not this neatness that caught my eye the first time I entered. In one corner was a curious assortment of childish play things. I glanced at them curiously; and she, catching my glance, smiled her beautiful smile and said, "I like to have the children come in and play with me sometimes and they like these old fashioned things."

My eye was next attracted by a piano which stood in a corner of one of the tiny rooms. This was not unusual but the little woman again smiled and said, "I cannot play, Dearie, but I like to have the young people come in and play for me sometimes." Oh, little woman, you always liked things which gave other people the most enjoyment, and great was the sorrow when you went away from your little house by the side of the road. The attractions for the children and young people were not rejected. The very walk which led



HODGETOWN GOSSIP.

It was a small handful of unresisting humanity which had been tossed into the most sequestered part of Arizona—Hodgetown by name—and thus named after a pioneer resident, Squire Hodge, who, at the time of his migration, had sought the seclusion of the place because of matrimonial inharmonies. How the remainder of the present population had trickled into this unpalatable bit of God's creation still remains an unsettled question in the minds of the village sages.

About a mile from the village a branch of the R. A. & L. railroad made its way. The trains sent through were mostly freights which, on their slow winding journey through the central portion of the state, collected their cargo from the farmers and ranchmen. The occasional, in fact, weekly passenger train which wended its slow way over the route, was scantily patronized. At a position directly east of Hodgetown, was a station, or more properly, a waiting room, about twice the size of a telephone booth, which could have been dispensed with, for it served no definite purpose, as Hodgetown saw very few visitors.

So, on a very sultry mid-summer's day, when a well dressed stranger was seen walking along the dusty highway leading from the station to the village, no little comment was aroused. He was tall, of dark complexion, and had a very handsome face. He wore a suit of light tweed, and a wide brimmed panama hat placed lightly over a mass of curly black hair. In his hand he carried a suitcase, which intimated that he probably planned a prolonged visit to this unattractive place.

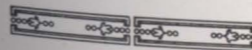
Under the wondering eyes of about half of the population, he walked directly to the general store and encountered Mr. Hodge in his shirtsleeves, weighing up a pound of sugar for his first customer of the day.

The stranger asked the proprietor of the store if he could secure lodgings. He explained that, tired of the busy life of the city, he had sought this place to rest. He gave his name as Edward Collins, and handed the

to the house seemed to be wearing out in places. Indeed the saying is very true, "The way is never long that leads to the home of a true friend," and this woman was indeed a true friend. Her sympathy never failed. When the visitor was happy, she was gay and cheerful; when the visitor was sad, she was sympathetic. She would enter into the moods of the children and young people as well as into those of the older people. The little woman was the very heart of this little town. When we entered the door of her cottage, the little woman would look up at us and say with her cheerful smile, "Well, dearies, how goes the world with you today?" And we would soon be confiding all our joys and sorrows. If they were joys, the little woman would enter into them with us heartily; if they were sorrows, she consoled us with her gentle sympathy. All through the years she lent a helping hand to mankind, and always cheerfully and sympathetically. She helped bear the troubles of all the little town, but not once did she so much as show a trouble of her own. I left the little town and the little old woman, but I have never forgotten them.

Some years after leaving the town, I received a letter telling of her death and her last message to us all. With this came the story of her life. Oh, little woman with your brave smile, under which your years of suffering were hidden, I know now that all bravery is not on the battle field nor in the limelight. Your life with its pitiful little story shall not be in vain. Life is made more beautiful and this world becomes more fit to live in, only on account of such lives as yours. You indeed showed the true meaning of the beautiful poem which ends with these words: "Let me live in a house by the side of the road, And be a friend to man."

—LYDIA NELSON, '15.





Squire a card bearing his name as advertising manager of the Cummings-McCormack Company.

"Well," said the Squire, in answer to Collins' inquiry, "The only possible place of getting lodgings that I know of, is at the Widow Riley's at the end of the street."

* * * * *

A week had passed, and in the meantime the Squire and Collins had become as oldtime friends. Now the Squire had long planned a little vacation, a fishing trip, to a small lake in the near vicinity. Why not give the visitor charge of the business for a few days? Of his capability the Squire was certain, and even though he might not know the stock well, the customers knew the whereabouts of the goods as well as did the proprietor himself. Besides it would draw trade.

When Collins appeared the next morning, Hodge had quite decided the question; and upon latter's broaching the subject, Collins stated compensation would be no object, that he would enjoy getting acquainted with the populace. Thus the Squire dismissed all doubt and hired him.

What happened during the next few days need not be accounted. The following Thursday, when the Squire's vacation ended, Collins asked for a private interview, which was granted. After they were comfortably seated in the living room of Hodge's plainly furnished home, Collins crossed his legs, drew a cigarette from a silver case, lighted it, and proceeded without further hesitation, to make clear the object of the interview.

"You probably do not know that I have misrepresented my purpose during the last four days, but I have," said he, as he flicked the ashes from his cigarette. "The reason I have given you for coming was but partially correct. This, as you remember my stating it, was to rest; but in reality I came to study you.

I, as you know, hold a position with one of the most thriving farming implement manufacturing companies in the country. In the position I hold it is necessary for me to write "ads" which will appeal to such people as

you have in this village, but I find this hard to accomplish. Upon request, I was granted permission to hire a man as my assistant, if I could find one capable of handling the work. I have visited several small towns but, Mr. Hodge, you are the only person I have met whom I consider able to hold the position." He stopped and relit his cigarette.

"Now, there is one thing which may prove distasteful to you, and that is, the placing of your bond. You see we require every man holding a position of any importance, to place a bond of about eight or ten thousand dollars." Collins arose. "I do not expect an immediate answer, but will call tomorrow for a definite reply," he said, putting on his hat and reaching for his walking stick.

The full meaning of it all seemed to dawn on Hodge at one time, leaving him absolutely dumb. Until midnight the Squire sat and pondered over the offer and when he retired, he dreamed of the luring life of the city.

His peculiar actions the next morning indicated that he was still in doubt, and was still trying to settle the question before him, for he handed a bag of salt over the counter to a youngster who had asked for a spool of thread. At noon, things seemed clearer and towards evening he had laid aside the best outfit of wearing apparel he carried for his appearance in the city.

During the two succeeding days, he prepared for his departure and turned as many of his assets into cash, as he possibly could. But the thing that bothered him most was the disposal of the store. When he told Collins of his perplexity, the young man called a meeting of the total male population and explained the co-operative system of running a business. After much explanation the idea seemed to be pretty well understood, and the store was put in the hands of the public to be paid for at the rate of forty dollars a month, the Squire retaining an option to reclaim it at any time within thirty days.

The Squire looked fairly presentable in his new outfit when the pair registered for a suite of rooms at a first class hotel in Chicago,



where the Cummings-McCormack Company carried on their enterprise.

They were comfortably lodged in their rooms when, at one o'clock, Collins excused himself, saying that he was going to the *Blackstone* to get some of his belongings which he had left there before going to Hodge-town. The Squire was glad of this chance to deposit his money with the clerk at the desk, for he did not want Collins to think that he mistrusted him. In spite of his past environment the Squire was pretty cautious where his money was concerned, and asked the clerk numerous questions about the Company with which he intended to connect himself. This led the clerk to hand him a copy of *Dunn & Bradstreet's*. Not having seen a work of this kind before, the Squire was naturally helpless in his effort to find the desired information, but by the clerk's cheerful aid he found that the Cummings-McCormack Company was an A1 concern. Feeling much relieved, he retired to his luxurious quarters and awaited the return of his room-mate.

Collins appeared very cheerful upon his return and informed Hodge that he had settled the question of his employment for sure. All that was needed now was to deposit the bond and they would begin work together on the following Monday.

At two o'clock Wednesday, after a good night's rest, the Squire felt quite jovial as the two walked out from under the massive bronze arch of the hotel entrance. He had been in Chicago before his misfortune. The sights only served to recall reminiscences of the past. It was but twenty minutes later when they entered the bank, passing through massive metal doors, and walking over the tiled floor to a seat in the farther corner of the lobby. Collins bade the Squire wait, and stepped over to the cashier's window. Presently he returned with a small wiry man with blond hair, and a large bushy moustache which, by the way he kept his head moving from one side to the other, seemed to obstruct his vision. Collins introduced him as Mr. Carrington, the cashier of the bank.

Addressing Carrington, he said, "This is

the man who will fill the vacancy I told you about." Then turning to Hodge he said, "We must not detain Mr. Carrington very long, because, you see," pointing to the cashier's window, in front of which were a dozen impatient men, "we are keeping him from his duties."

"I must congratulate you on your selection, Ed," said Carrington. "This man appears to be well fitted for the work."

The Squire had just taken the last of four small bundles from a fourth pocket and handed it to Carrington when a voice from behind the small window called, "Here are your references, Mr. Carrington." Carrington turned quickly and uttered "Just a minute," and then on facing the Squire took a small pad from his pocket. "How much is this?" he asked, tapping his side pocket where he had placed Hodge's money.

"Eight thousand dollars," returned the Squire.

Carrington scribbled on the pad and handed Hodge the memorandum with, "I have to get at the window again. Call in the morning for your pass book." He smiled a nervous little smile, and turned toward the window.

Once outside, the Squire breathed a sigh of relief, as he knew now that his money was safe and need not worry him.

They were at the hotel again, after a little stroll through the streets, in time for supper. After supper, Hodge was lounging in the lobby when Collins came up and introduced an over-dressed man in his company as his brother Frank, and also stated that he and his brother were going to visit a sick aunt, and would not return until the next morning.

"By the way," said Collins, as they were about to depart, "if I'm not here at noon tomorrow, call at our office and we'll fix up the matter of your salary."

At the appointed hour for the first visit to the firm of which he was now a part, Collins had not returned, and Hodge left for the office alone. When he arrived, he told the office boy that he wanted to see Edward Col-



lins. His request was granted and he was escorted into a large office with Collins' name on the window. Behind him at a table, a short, thick-set man bent over an advertisement he was preparing. This man was a blond fellow with a good natured look on his face, who, Hodge thought, must be filling the vacancy which was caused by Collins' short leave of absence. He looked up as the Squire entered and the latter asked, "May I speak to Mr. Collins, please?"

"I'm Collins," returned the other shortly.

The Squire gasped, and looked at the man before him. Was the stranger joking? If he were not, was he, Hodge, dreaming or in the wrong office? He pinched his leg until it bled, and decided to the contrary.

"Wh—why," he stammered throwing Collins' card on the table, "I'm sure I didn't get this from you."

"No," returned the stranger, as he smiled at the Squire's pale face. "I agree with you, but it's one of my cards. Who gave it to you?"

"Why, a tall, dark complexioned fellow offered me a position here as his assistant and gave that to me. I can't be mistaken in the place, can I? There is no other company in town by that name, is there?"

"No, I'm sure of that," was the reply. "But you're none the worse off, only a little disappointed, I suppose."

The Squire thought of his money deposited safely in a Chicago bank and smiled.

As there was no alternative, Hodge left the place and went to the bank from which he intended to draw his money, as he did not intend to stay in the city now that he had no job. After a short wait he stood in front of the window, bearing the word *Cashier* but did not see Carrington. He asked the man behind the screen for him.

"Carrington?" repeated the man thoughtfully, "Is he supposed to have been an employee of this bank?"

"Yes, he was introduced to me as cashier and I did some business with him yesterday."

"Why, I'm the cashier", returned the other

man, whom Hodge now remembered as the person who had called to Carrington the day before.

The Squire was thunder-struck. It seemed that his money was not as safe as he had suspected,—probably lost. Eight thousand dollars deposited, and the cashier not know of it? He hardly thought so. He handed the memorandum to his new cashier, who looked it over and shook his head, as though worried. He put an assistant behind the window and called Hodge into the president's office, and asked for all the details. These were given from the beginning. The president and cashier exchanged glances, and then the cashier's face lighted up, "I know now," he exclaimed, rather excitedly, "Carrington—that's the little, short fellow who came to me regarding the American Suit Company's references."

He continued, and gave the story as follows:

"About two o'clock yesterday afternoon, a man came to me and asked for the standing of the American Suit Company. His name was Carrington,—with some Western concern, I believe. As you know," turning to the president, "I had to leave my cage in order to find them in the files. I left the desk, and when I returned, this man, Carrington, was outside talking to a couple of men, strangers to me, and I called to him. He appeared startled, and I saw him give a small piece of paper to one of the men, which was probably this," looking at the memorandum of deposit he held in his hand. "He returned, shortly, took the references, and after waiting a short time, left the bank."

On the train which would arrive in Hodgestown late Sunday afternoon, huddled in a seat by the window, Hodge sat, gazing, with unseeing eyes, at the passing scenery. He saw the thing from a more optimistic viewpoint when he considered how the smart sharper had prepared for his, the Squire's, future by leaving him an option on his store.

Also he would have a subject, though very expensive, that would thrill the village for many days to come.

—LESTER HECK. '15.

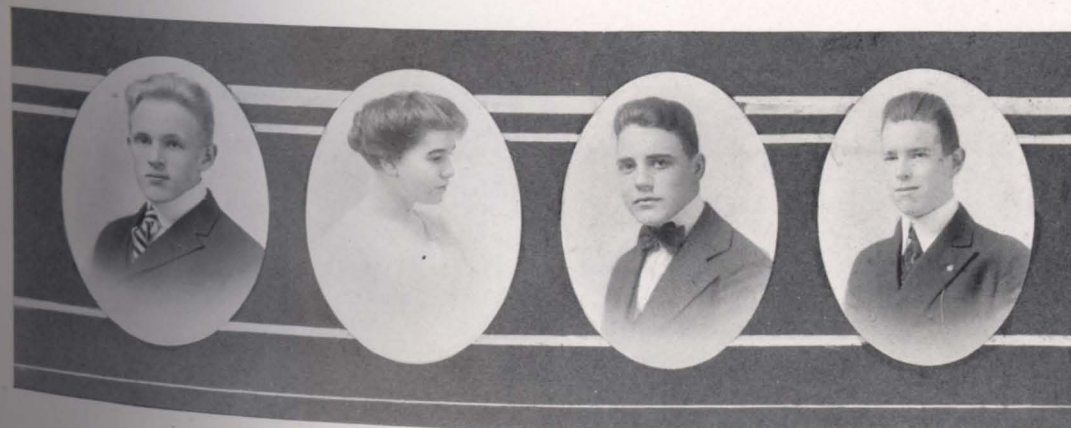


Flower: Yellow Rose.
Colors: White and Gold.
Motto: Seize the Opportunity.

Class Officers

President, Herbert Lenz
Vice President, Alice Dickey

Secretary, Harold Gootz
Treasurer, Robert Burns





JUNIOR SLAMS.

Ruth Baggot: "We were growing fond of Florence, when along came Ruth."

Constance Baumann: Of the right measure and quantity for making an excellent suffragette.

Pearl Bronn: A perfect gem and jewel.

Benoyt Bull: When will he ever get those short trousers worn out?

Robert Burns: The candidate who gets the vote of the fair sex ought to receive a handsome majority.

Anna Christensen: Denmark "uber alles."

Florence Collins: "She talks herself out of a class." (Another one of these canned peaches).—A teacher.

Harry Connolly: See that grape-nut jiggling? See him prance about? Oh, the squirrels are gwinter git him ef he don't watch out.

Grace Connors: Looks cannot paddle a canoe through the world.

Harold Cumming: He possesses adorable freckles, but he is a cumming man anyway.

Carrie Dana: She's good in her ways and that means much.

Hyman Davidson: A word of advice: "Tie a sinker to your voice."

Alice Dickey: Her favorite song is that old ditty entitled "Cadet Days."

Marie Die Disch: She's a shark in Cicero (?) if in nothing else.

Madeline Dobbratz: What will she do, now that flour costs so much?

Marie Eggert: Keep a going slowly and steadily and you will get there all right, Marie.

Sinah Evans: Does she sniff in contempt? No, in Cicero class.

Nels Fedderson: He enters and leaves

school without leaving any trace of his footsteps.

Mae Flynn: "You're one of the greatest tomboys I ever saw."—A Teacher.

Frederick Gaiser: "Old Faithful Gaiser."

Homer Gebhardt: I am no proud Jack, but a lad of mettle—a good boy.

Rose Geyer: We really don't think we ought to Geyer.

Grace Gifford: "Aha—Aha—Ahem!"

Marion Gilday: If we were all her size our H. S. would look like a kindergarten.

Olive Gilman: Yes, she is a relative of Gilman's band.

Ethel Gilman: Like an icicle; so slim, cold, and stiff that she freezes you. Br-r-r.

Harold Gootz: The lack of money is often the root of much evil. (He's our treasurer.)

Esther Groenke: How fussed we get when reciting!

Winifred Gunderson: She is just the quiet kind? Look into her eyes.

Alvia Hanson: Miss Just So-So.

Helen Harney: "Helen, you're a little old-fashioned 'cause we never hear from you."

Charles Haumersen: "Laugh and grow fat." (That's what your cousin did.)

Pearl Hilker: One of our best Marathon runners. Each morn and afternoon her fairy footsteps flit from Fifth to Seventh streets.

Viola Jacobson: She has no other than a woman's reason. She thinks so, because she thinks so.

Blanche Jansa: "Oh, no! I go to the Elgin for lunch."

Edna Johnson: Some people are too studious.

Elsie Johnson: She has heart trouble. I wonder who it is?

Claribel Kanters: She has Bushels of love for certain people.



Alice Kasper: She's not as light headed as she looks.

Gertrude Lahr: Oh, yes, she's Connie's sister.

Edward Langdon: "Toot, toot." This isn't a Ford, only Eddie's cornet.

Herbert Lenz: Some people think they're the whole circus when they haven't got a ghost of a show.

Dena Lew: A prim, slim, brunette maiden.

George Lew: How fine it must be to be able to look into a mirror and be satisfied with one's self.

Fred Liegler: Wake up, Fred. You're not supposed to sleep in classes.

Donald Morey: He is often hard hit by soft glances.

Ervin Moritz: If the quality were better, no account would be made of the quantity.

Einer Mortenson: A lazy man is a dead loss to himself.

Marion Nelson: "A man! A man! My kingdom for a man!"

Marie O'Day: "Nobody takes me seriously. Boo-hoo!"

Valerie Olson: She is a monitor—(Nuff sed).

Paul Overdier: He must be a darling, then.

Olga Prostrednik: A shallow little giggler; but she's got dimples at any rate.

Russell Pulford: Concealed knowledge is as useful as buried treasure.

Holger Rasmussen: Don't make so much noise.

Charlotte Revken: She belongs to the clinging vine kind.

Mason Roberts: He runs a block when he sees a girl coming.

David Rowland: The average man wastes a lot of energy laughing at his own jokes.

Adelaide Ruzicka: Although she bears that famous name, she's yet unknown.

Franklin Schacht: The brain is often measured by stature; his case is not an exception.

Fred Schacht: One of those German students who gets through in it because of his nationality.

Florence Schelling: It takes a wise indoor leader to come out right.

William Schmitt: Our self-appointed cheer leader.

Elsie Schueneman: Another German shark who wants the allies licked.

Marguerite Schulte: She is a 7:45 bird, an aspirant for skill in Domestic Arts.

Ruth Skow (editor of the *Enicar* Humor Department): "Laugh and grow fat." Notice how fat we all are.

Elmer Slama: Behold! a slama (ble) man.

George Spangenberg: Calm your blushes, Pinky.

Cranston Spray: Some men are like women in that they have a remarkable superfluity of vocal powers.

Helga Staff: Is she a Sophomore or a Junior? Her credits tell.

Ethel Stoffel: Blushes are the rainbow of modesty.

Walter Stransky: Let's slam him on his dark complexion! What fun! Nut-brown

Walter; emphasis on the nut.

Marie Sys: With that name it's a good thing she wasn't a boy.

Norman Thomas: ?!—X—!!—What would he do, if he were dumb?

Joe Toohey: Many a chap acts like a wise man.

Bernice Van Valkenburg: One of our shark typewriter key pounders.

Ernest Voss: He always has a piece of wood on his shoulder.

Harry Voss: Wanted: A specified duty on the *Enicar* Staff.

Verna Wichern: Graceful? Indeed, she is.

Arkley Wishau: A bright little boy with laughing face, whose every motion was full of grace.

Mamie Wuerzberger: It is good to be different, but what would become of the world if every man were so?

Helen Van Ornum: Remember, not all "fair" singers are blondes.

Laura White: A girl isn't necessarily artful because she paints.



Gladys Sackrider: Ask her why she says "Sure Mike" so sweetly. There's a reason.

Florence Baggott: You cannot help a woman's disposition by putting ruffles on her temper.

Raymond Kitchingman: Our slender ray of sunshine.

Donald Erickson: Better one boy in a schoolroom than two in a poolroom.

Elizabeth Christensen: If laughter is a smile set to music, what is giggling?

Marguerite Boyce: It is easier to fall in love or into a river, than to climb out.

Charlotte Loverin: "He has my heart! He has my heart!" (Three guesses who the *he* is.)

Norma Miller: A bundle of nerves; my, what a nervy little girl.

Clarence Bing: The whole family gets slammed on the paternal occupation.

Leo Bloom: "He just can't make his loving behave."

Bessie Brown: One of our shy little *deers* with gazelle eyes.

Percy Lunde: Hazel's "Mechanical Man."

Allan Mogenson: Profound thinkers are often helpless in society.

Walter Mogenson: A senior in years, a kindergartner in manners.

Alex Paton: Honorable industry traveling the same road with duty.

Esther Kasper: She is not so quiet as one would think on a slight acquaintance.

Marion Henneman: Have you seen her latest in hair arrangement?

Walter Klapproth: Not all good things come in big packages.

Anna Svitavsky: She deceives the world with her giggles.

First place in Junior Contest.

THE TWISTED TWINS.

SECOND EPISODE.

For Episode One, see the 1914 "Kipikawi"

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Percy Knox, the studious twin.

Phil Knox, the mischievous twin.

Chub Rorick, a chum of Phil's.

Margaret Rorick, Chub's sister, commonly called Peggy.

Miss Melinda Tabby, Peggy's aunt.

ACT I.

A boy's room in a college frat house. Percy, with rumpled hair and a wild look in his eye, is scribbling madly.

Percy:

'Twas a night in June,
And the silver moon
Shone down so tenderly—

(Boisterous voices are heard in the corridor singing, "It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go," (etc.) Phil and Chub burst into the room.)

Percy: For heavens' sake, can't you fellows make a little more noise?

Phil: What is it, Reginald?

Chub: Aw, shut your trap! Can't you see that the sweat of honest toil is on his manly brow?

Percy (mopping his "manly brow"): Tenderly—slenderly— (Both boys seat themselves at a table and open their books.)

Phil: The midnight oil for me tonight. I've got to hand in a ten page book report on "The Government of Germany" to Fraulein Nelson in the morning.

Chub: Aw, forget it! Reginald over here (jabbing his thumb toward Percy's corner) is doing enough work for one family. Anyway, by the time you get your semester marks there won't be any government in Germany.

Phil (dramatically): Cro-o-l wretch! Tempt me not into another fist discussion on the war, like the one I had with Angie Spoodledorf in the gym this morning.



Chub (convulsed): Ha! that's the time you came near getting a black eye. From a Dutchy, too, for defending the allies. Speaking of war, I got a letter from Peggy today.

Phil (with interest): Not the one with the curls, that I met last summer? What does she say?

Chub (reading):

"Dear Chub: This is to let you know that I expect to arrive some time Friday. I can hardly wait, for I've heard so much about your college hops.

Love,

PEGGY."

Isn't that just like a woman? I didn't know she was coming to *this* party, and here I've asked another girl.

Percy (murmuring): Pearl—girl—twirl.
Phil (quickly): Don't let that trouble you. I'll take Peggy and dee-lighted.

Chub: You'll get me out of a nasty scrape if you do.

Shake on it!

(Both boys shake hands and turn to gaze at Percy.)

Percy: Crouch—couch.

Chub: Ouch! What ails thou, Percy, muh love?

Phil (disgustedly): Oh, he's only getting sentimental.

Chub: Better look out, Phil, he'll be cutting you out with the ladies next, by writing sonnets to their eyebrows.

Percy: O boys, you are *so* annoying! Well, if you *must* know, I am only preparing my English for tomorrow, by composing my poem which Professor Thayer has requested us to write. (Gathers papers together and stalks out.)

Chub (mockingly): My goodness, Phil-ip, now see what you went and did.

Curtain.

ACT II.

Living rooms of the same frat house. Percy, seated by an open window, is reading a book. Voices are heard outside.

Girl's voice: Are neither Mr. Rorick nor Mr. Knox in?

Another voice: No, they have just left.

Sharp voice: Really, Margaret, this is preposterous!

Girl's voice (soothingly): Never mind, auntie, we'll go in here and wait until they come.

(Percy hurriedly gathers his books together and makes a dive for the door, but is too late to make his escape and collides with a bright-eyed, curly-haired girl, who is just entering, accompanied by an older woman. The girl's baggage flies in all directions.)

Percy (breathlessly): Er—er—ah—pardon me! Er—I didn't hear you coming.

The older woman (adjusting her hat to a more proper angle): Margaret, this *is* outrageous! Where can that worthless brother of yours be?

The girl (extending her hand to Percy): Why, how do you do, Mr. Knox? We were just asking about you.

Percy (stupefied): Er—er g-good m-morning. I mean g-good afternoon!

Girl (turning to the older woman): It's all right, auntie. This is Mr. Knox. You remember, he visited us last summer.

Auntie: Now that you mention it, Margaret, I *do* remember his face. (Turns to Percy.) Young man, do you know where my worthless nephew is?

Percy (more stupefied than before): Er—a-good afternoon! Who—who—

Girl (interrupting): Never mind, Auntie, Mr. Knox. Poor dear, she is tired out. (Places Auntie in a large lounging chair.) You see, my brother didn't know at just what time we were coming, so of course he couldn't meet us.

Percy (slowly regaining his lost wits, begins picking up suitcases): Er—a—who—who is—?

Girl (continuing): I came down for the hop tonight. Are you going to it, too?

Percy (boldly): Er—yes, now I believe I will go. (In a burst of confidence): But I—I don't like to dance very well.

Girl: Why, Mr. Knox, how you've changed! Weren't you the one who told me



last summer that you just *loved* to dance? And didn't you—

(Voices outside:)

Chub's voice: Did you say they were in the living room?

(Door opens, Chub enters.)

Chub: Well, well, this seems like home. (Gives girl a hearty kiss and bear hug, and shakes hands with Auntie.) Awfully sorry I couldn't make the train, Peggy.

Peggy: Oh, that was all right, Chub; your friend, Mr. Knox, has been entertaining us. (Turns to spot where Mr. Knox *once* stood, but he has suddenly departed. The open window has a telltale look.)

Auntie: Yes, your friend has been entertaining us, a very bright young man. He was here where he belonged when we arrived.

Chub: Why, Phil's been—(beginning to understand, he chuckles) er—er, you mean—er—yes, of course, you mean—Mr. Knox.

Peggy (in an echo): Of course I mean Mr. Knox. Stupid, whom do you think I mean?

Chub (breaking the news suddenly): You know he's going to take you to that hop to-night.

Peggy: Why, how nice, but he said he didn't like to dance (innocently). Do you know, Chub, Mr. Knox has changed so much from last summer. He used to be so jolly and gay, and now—

Chub (picking up suitcases and starting toward door): Well, this is only the first meeting. After you know him better it will be different.

Peggy: But I know him, Chub. I knew him last summer—

Chub (as they pass out): That's right, you did know *Phil*.

Curtain.

ACT III.

A palm-sheltered corner of the dancing floor, Phil and Peggy have just finished a good "fox-trot" and seated themselves on a wicker bench under the palms.

Phil: Whew! Dancing sure is hot work, isn't it, Miss Rorick?

Peggy (fanning herself): Indeed it is warm. Oh, I'm so thirsty.

Phil: So am I. May I get you an ice?

Peggy: Certainly. I *do* adore ices, Mr. Knox.

Phil: Pardon me just a second, then.

(Makes his way toward refreshment room.)

Peggy (to herself): How queer he is! Sometimes he is so jolly and sometimes he's so precise, that I feel like saying, "Oh, Gwendolyn, you'll do something wrong if you don't look out."

(As she spies *Percy* dancing with a pretty brunette.)

The poor simp! So that's why he wanted to get me an ice. He'll think something else beside the ice is frozen if he comes near me again.

(Stamps foot and pouts. The music stops, the dance is ended and the dancers flock to the refreshment room. Peggy sees *Phil* approach with a dish of lemon ice in each hand. She deliberately turns her back on him.)

Phil (flushing at her action): Er—er—Miss Rorick! (As Peggy drops her fan): Oh, allow me. (He stoops to pick it up, and in the attempt empties both dishes of ice on the floor at Peggy's feet.)

Peggy (rising): You awkward thing: My slippers are ruined! The next time I come to a hop at Tulliver, I'll wear my rubbers—

Phil (dazedly): Why—why—

Peggy (significantly): I just hate brunettes!

Chub (interrupting them): Hello, people, have you seen Kitty Cary? (Silence from the "people.") 'Smatter? You look like a couple of thunder clouds.

Phil: Your sister's peeved over something. I'm sure I don't know what it is.

Peggy: He excused himself to get me an ice and then I saw him dancing with another girl. And now he's tried to drown me with that miserable lemon ice. (She gazes at the remains, rapidly melting on the polished floor.)

Chub (as the truth dawns on him): Wait



a minute, children, till little Papa Peacemaker comes back. (He hurries off and returns in a few moments with *Percy*.)

Chub (mockingly): Miss Rorick, let me present to you the Messrs. Knox and Company.

Peggy (gazing from one to the other): W-why, which is which?

Phil (with a deep bow): The Hon. Philip Knox, at your service, miss.

Percy (staidly): And I am Percival Knox, Miss Rorick.

Peggy: Why, how shall I tell them apart?

Chub: Don't attempt the impossible, my dear. No one else does.

Phil (grinning): Oh, don't let that bother you in the least. The best looking one is me.

Chub: Let's see your program. Eighth dance, P. Knox. Say, which of you Siamese twins is this? I'm getting balled up myself.

(Percy and Phil consult their programs.)

Phil: 'Smine. (Bows to Peggy and offers her his arm. Ta-ta, Chub. Au reservoir, *Percy*, dear.)

(Exeunt.)
Curtain.

Helen Van Ornum, '17. Claribel Kanters, '17.

Alice Dickey, '17. Marguerite Boyce, '17.

Gladys Sackrider, '17.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

The storm was on. The barren, gray waste of the white-capped sea was now heaving and tossing as though possessed of a thousand demons. The swift moving black clouds hung so low that the spray from the furiously lashed rocks seemed to brush them as they swept by. Now, the huge billows, capped with white, would advance, topple, fall, and strike the icy granite ledges of the Metlakatla with the boom of a thousand cannons; and then, as the spray, in clouds a hundred feet high, would sweep inland with the gale, the shattered seas would retreat with an echoing roar, as they kissed the cruel, sharp-edged boulders along the shore. All the furies that ever were,

seemed to be combined in that titanic, pitching upheaval. It was a dangerous sea for any ship to be out in, but it was made more so by the fact that a great raft of redwood, owned by the Cutting brothers, had torn loose from its moorings and was now drifting aimlessly about in the narrow channel of Dixon's Entrance.

Unceasingly, the spit-spit of the company's wireless searched that vast gale-swept area, warning cautious navigators of the raft's presence. There was one ship in the path of the storm that had no wireless, but, nevertheless, was well protected by the keen-eyed, grizzled veteran who stood on the stern deck lashed to his wheel. The two-master, of which he had control, was scudding under bare poles before the wind. The heavy seas swept the little schooner's decks from stem to stern, and each time submerged the merry-eyed old salt waist deep with the icy flood. The pilot, mittens frozen to the wheel, eyes straight ahead and looking over the tops of the small cabin directly in front of him, chuckled as he felt the buck of the staunch little craft under his feet. *Fearless* she was and *Fearless* would she ever be; well did she deserve her name. For four long years had he taken the mail through the most dangerous channel on the Pacific Coast, to Sitka, *on time*; and once again would he do so, let the seas rave as they might!

With oilskins, beard, and sou'wester coated with briny spray; with the short, black stub of a pipe, tightly clenched between his tobacco-stained teeth, the pilot was a fitting representative of Neptune, save for the absence of the trident. But a gale was no joke to him; a storm meant work spelled with a capital "W." Handling the Sitka packet, in any and all kinds of weather, was his business.

His son, he had resolved long before, should never have to follow the dangerous calling of the sea all his life, like his daddy had. It had long been decided that the younger James O'Rourke should be a white-collared land-lubber, such as handed the elder James his pay envelope at the end of each nerve-racking "run." Partly because of the fond



hopes of "Dad," and the desire to become accustomed to the hard knocks of the world, the younger James had signed a two years' contract with the company, as first mate of the plucky little craft now kicking its heels in the Alaskan seas. Now, thought the older James, is the chance to discover how much "O'Rouke" is in the lad's makeup, and he chuckled some more to himself as he thought things over.

Below, in the cabin, a red-headed "kid" of twenty-two was donning his oilskins preparatory to his turn at the wheel. The eyes, nose, and square-set, determined chin, were an exact counterpart of those of the man at the helm. The light of daring shown through the light blue eyes under the weatherbeaten sou'wester as they observed the barometer still falling. "Well, Jan," he said, as he addressed the muscular, flaxen-haired Swede lying in a bunk, "I'm going to relieve dad." Another cup of steaming hot coffee, and a wait until the next heavy sea had passed, then the younger James climbed nimbly to the decks. He exchanged a hearty greeting with his father, after which he unlashd him, and was himself lashed to the wheel in turn.

Again, a pair of blue eyes, but those of the younger O'Rouke this time, swept the white-capped waves. On a lonesome vigil such as this, a young man will naturally have a tendency to dream. James the younger, however, had a curious ability of being able to dream and watch at the same time, an accomplishment most unusual among men. But he was an O'Rouke, and all O'Roukes are unusual. They had always been and always would be.

As he stood dreaming of the blond-haired American girl he had saved from the sinking power boat in Seattle Bay the previous summer, something unusual struck his gaze. Surely the shore could not be so close! But no! It couldn't be the shore; it was—a gigantic raft of logs! Excitedly, he halloed his father, who emerged from the cabin door in anticipation of trouble. Together they gazed at the huge mass before them.

CHAPTER II.

A wrinkle tightened on the old salt's brow. The chin edged forward a little more defiantly. "By the jumpin' gee hoke!" He spat an oily quid to the leeward, removed his ice-encrusted mittens, and bit off a fresh supply. "Sunny Jim, get the sack. Jan, you hump yerself below and git Bill and Jim. And hurry." He made a few lightning-like calculations. Boxed in between the gigantic raft—an outer reef that was discernible on the port only by its smothering mass of foam—and the granite ledges of the Metlakatla, escape with a whole skin was impossible. He jammed the helm hard a-lee and headed the nose of the plucky schooner straight for the shore. "Git riddy to jump, byes, she'll go quick."

Nerves keyed to the highest pitch, alert and desperate, the men gazed first at the boiling surf and then back into the cosy cabin they were about to leave. The tiny craft, for indeed the elements made it appear as a chip in the millstream, poised for what seemed an eternity on the crest of a gigantic wave and then plunged down upon the knife-edged rocks that lined the shore. She staggered as her keel was crushed in like an egg-shell, and then she began to fill. "Jump, ivry divil's son av ye," thundered the pilot. One after the other, the crew plunged into the icy seas. A look of mutual recognition passed from father to son that seemed to say, "We are the O'Roukes, who conquer the world." The elder and then the younger leapt over the rail into the boiling surf.

Gasping and numb with the cold, buffeted and strangled, dodging unseen dangers, the bruised and battered men fought their way, inch by inch, shoreward. Exhausted and half-frozen, the old salt dragged himself up on to the rocky shore. A few minutes later the younger O'Rouke drew himself up to safety. A big blue bruise on his forehead showed the narrowness of his escape. The former captain gazed anxiously through the flying spray for signs of the missing men. The sea was as devoid of life as the day it was created. Only the two masts of what had once been



the "Fearless" showed above the white caps. "Too good byes fer Davy Jones' locker," said the ancient mariner, wiping a bit of suspicious moisture from the corner of his eyes.

"Yes, dad, maybe it will be our turn next."

The bitter Alaskan gale froze the garments to the men as they stood.

The elder O'Rouke still gazed at the two spars showing above the Alaskan seas. The son, divining his father's feelings, vowed that the mail should get to Sitka on time in spite of the blizzard. He grasped his father by the arm, and with mail sack in hand, they staggered from the scene of disaster into the great white unknown. The blizzard struck them with all its pent-up fury, but the O'Rouke said, "Forward! Fate will decide."

* * * * *

Three hours later, the belated factor of the Tishkin post was racing homeward through the swirling drifts. The Indian, who was breaking trail, was doing his utmost. Even the dogs seemed intuitively to know that something was wrong, and for the first time in months were fairly flying over the packed snow. The silent figures on the sledge had a fighting chance. With them was a heavy leathern sack. Evidently it was very valuable, for these two men had risked life for it.

CHAPTER III.

The clock had made its round ten times, before the heavily bandaged figure on the farther bunk raised itself on one elbow and gazed across the cabin at the other watchful swathed figure. The eyes met. In the eyes of the elder man was an entreaty; in those of the younger, a mingled look of constancy and faith. The red hair topping the white expanse of the bandages, proclaimed them both to be O'Roukes. The elder James endeavored to speak, but failed. His son, seeing his predicament, rolled off the bunk and hobbled across the room. "Day?" was the tense whisper.

"February fifth," was the answer.

"Mail—Sitka—eighth," was the protesting cracked reply.

The younger man nodded comprehendingly.

Again, with much effort, came his father's voice, "My coat." It was stumblingly supplied, and an oilskin packet, which looked very bulky, was extracted from the depths of one of the roomy pockets. A few twists of the tarred cord, and a number of official-looking documents came to light, from which one was selected on whose border was a huge red seal, imprinted with the royal arms of England. "Read."

"And know all ye men, by these presents, that I, Henry V, King of England by the grace of God, do hereby proclaim the fidelity and faith of one Chauncey O'Rouke, who when given a set task to perform, or a faith to keep, does it and keeps the same and makes no excuses. In accordance with his faithfulness, I hereunto set my hand and seal, this tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord, sixteen hundred and three.

"HENRY V., REX."

"O'Roukes always," motioned the prostrate man as the paper was being reverently refolded and returned to its package. The younger James understood. At last his father's sense of duty was clear to him. He, too, was an O'Rouke, and must keep his father's faith.

The door banged noisily as the factor entered. The young Irishman whirled about. "When can I get a guide?"

"No guides," was the response.

"How far is Sitka?"

"One hundred and eighty miles."

"Get me a dog team."

The factor's jaw dropped. Surely the man must be insane! He remonstrated again and again, but to no avail, and then stamped out to make the preparations for departure. Surely the man must be insane!

The dog team drew up before the post just as the younger man was bidding his father a last good-bye. A look of child-like complacency flitted over the father's countenance as he gazed into his lad's determined face. The boy was O'Rouke to the core, he would do his duty or die hard, as was the custom of his people known far back in the annals



of England; he was the last of the O'Roukes. And then, filled with the satisfaction of having done his duty, the old man turned his face to the wall and awaited the end.

A few parting instructions, and under the expert guidance of the Indian, whom the factor had somehow managed to secure, the lone dog team sped on its journey to the North. Two hundred miles in three days!

Two days later, as the team was crossing the ice of an extremely treacherous river, in order to save time, the entire outfit was suddenly precipitated into the swift, icy current and swept away. Chilled to the marrow, weak and exhausted, the young Irishman at length crawled up on to the shore, a half mile farther down stream. Sledge, Indian, and dogs had all disappeared.

Alone, without food, or even the means of getting fire, he stood clutching the mail sack. The Indian had told him that Sitka was yet fifty miles away. Sitka it would be, dead or alive! His father's faith must be kept. He tottered forward into the wilderness. Stumbling and staggering, he plodded along. Soon, even the sense of motion was lost to him and he became as an automaton. His limbs hung like lead, but through it all the unquenchable light of victory flashed in the light blue eyes that looked toward Sitka. His head throbbed as though it would burst and a variegation of red, green and blue circles maddeningly danced before his eyes. Snow blindness, the curse of the North, had seized him.

The sun finally sank to rest, but still he staggered on. Human endurance could stand no more. He tottered and fell. Then, in the distance, came the long-drawn-out howl of the wolf on the wings of the Alaskan breeze. James O'Rouke stirred uneasily. Again, but nearer this time, came the long-drawn-out call. "Your father's duty," it seemed to say. Crawling to his feet, he staggered forward. But now the pack had scented its prey and was in full cry. He quickened his pace. Again his knees weakened, and he pitched forward into insensibility. The pack closed in.

"Crack!" spoke a pistol in the night,

"Crack-crack!" And then as a wolf would fall, his comrades would pounce upon him and tear him apart in a twinkling. Finally, when the rain of lead became too strong, they slunk away into the night.

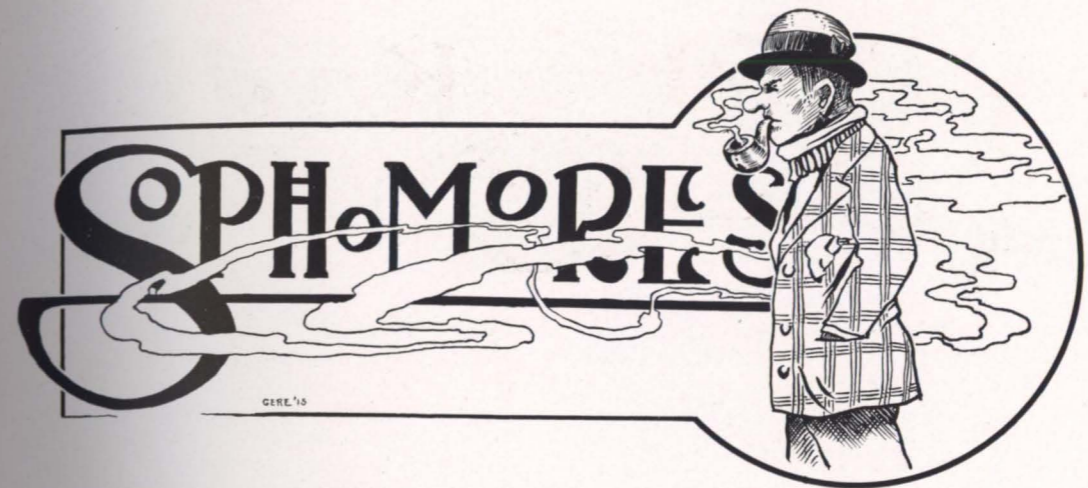
One of the newcomers, a grizzled prospector, rolled the silent figure over and poured a few drops of brandy down its throat. The figure stirred, and in the swollen visage, a slit, that resembled a mouth, opened and moved uneasily. "Mail—Sitka—February eight." Tenderly the men picked up the broken body and placed it on the sledge to speed the last twenty miles. The mail would be on time.

* * * * *

The doctor sadly shook his head. It was a fight against odds, and the odds were too great.
—ERNEST VOSS, '16.

OUR LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

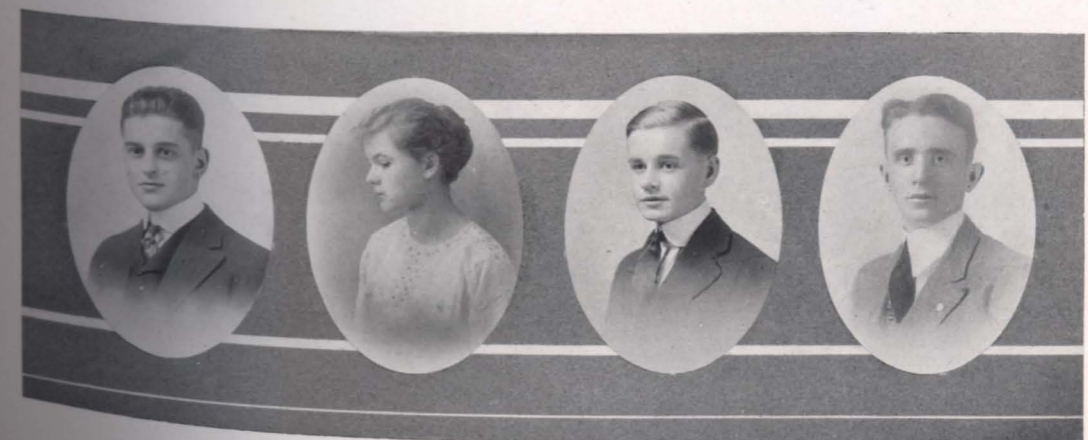
Sometimes I feel so ugly,
I don't know what to do;
A hand of evil grasps my soul,
'Tis something worse than blue.
I shove around with angry face,
And curse, oh, how I curse!
And every minute that drags by
Just seems to find me worse.
And ev'ry one I hap to meet
Seems sad and cross like me.
Oh, what an ugly world is this,
That just holds misery.
I go to bed, and sigh to sleep,
And lo, upon the morrow
The rising sun brings such a change,
And not a trace of sorrow.
The universe is wholly new,
And all I meet are singing:
"Good morning" and "How do you do."
Such sunshine it is bringing!
So thus it goes, and every day
Is merely what you make it:
Just smile a smile and see if this
Old lovely world won't take it.
—HYMAN DAVIDSON, '16.



Flower: Violet.
Colors: Green and red.
Motto: Deeds, not words.

Class Officers

President, Harry Baernstein Treasurer, George Gates
Vice President, Harriet Wratten Secretary, William Sommers





PAGEANT.
THE SPIRIT OF THE SOPHOMORE
CLASS.

Enter Spirit of the Sophomore Class:
While mortals live, content with mortal fate;
While Death, in calling some, bids others
wait;
While Peace beholds the mighty hand of
Thor,
And, even in her youth, despises war;
While seasons come and go, and men grow
old;
I gather youthful hearts within my fold.
And there imbued with love and friendship
well,
Within the bonds of spirit-life they dwell;
As one who's bound in heart, in thought, in
aim,
These youths live on; the Sophomore Class
their name.
And, guided by the spirits of their age,
Each slowly turns Life's vague, uncertain
page.
And though no other eyes than theirs can see
The sprites which daily urge them on to be
A noble class, and one to be renowned,
I hear a soft, familiar shuffling sound,
And know that at this moment, near at hand,
Are gathered all the Spirits of my band,
And from this, our "Kipi-Kawi" leaf,
Will tell you of a Sophomore's joy and grief.
Exit.

Enter Spirit of Wisdom:
Wisdom am I, the least-loved Sprite of all,
For only three have answered to my call
(those getting all *E's*)
And though I try in every way to gain
Their interest and their time, 'tis all in vain;
For when I think I have them charmed at
last,
The jester, with his cap and bells, goes past,
And those whom I had thought would follow
me
Forsake my realm, pursuing Fun and Glee.
Exit.

Enter Spirit of Fun:
If misinformed by Wisdom of my worth;

If doubtful of the value of my mirth;
I would but say that youthful hearts and
mine
Can live a life of joy in rain or shine.
I will admit I steal from Learning's fold
With merry songs, and tales of pots of gold,
But Wisdom always comes with age, you
know,
And younger folks must have their fun to
grow.
The Spirit of the Reference Room knows me,
And doubtless knows without me what
'twould be;
So ask this Sprite, and see what she will say,
While I speed on to make the weary gay.
Exit.

Enter Spirit of the Library:
However can I judge the worth of Fun,
The one who ruins things quite well begun?
For when I sit upon a shelf of books
To watch o'er those who probe in dusty
nooks
In seeking germs of knowledge never seen,
He enters, and disturbs the peaceful scene;
And even those who are at first quite stern
At last give in to Fun, and do not learn.
But still, if he should never come this way,
I'm sure I'd sit alone from day to day.
Yet hark! the Third Floor Spirit speaks above
In changing tones of thunder, awe, and love.
No need to come below, O valiant Sprite,
Or yet to speak in tones of greater might,
For every corner echoes with your voice,
And hearing is necessity, not choice.
But through the noise a heavy step draws
near.
I'll bid the speaker cease, that he may hear.
Exit.

Enter Spirit of Caesar:
Revenge! Revenge! I've nothing more to say,
For who can wreak his vengeance in a day?
And night will find me back in fairy-lore
To live a tortured Spirit, as before.
The stab of Brutus did not cause the pain
Which Sophomores give in murdering me
again;
For, reading "Julius Caesar" or my "War"



They tell of things I never knew before.
For instance, I was burned upon a pier,
A thing which I was quite surprised to hear,
For Shakespeare, in the land of human Fate,
Had told me how my body lay in state.
I also heard, "If he'd obeyed his wife
He'd still enjoy the blessings of this life."
But such the lot of him whose endless fame
Demands that every Sophomore know his
name.

If vengeance ever comes within my power
I fear 'twill be a doleful, dismal hour.
Enter Spirit of Silas Marnar:
I ain't the one to blame great Caesar here,
'Cause even now I'm sort o' cold with fear.
'Tis many years as folkses knew my book,
But all at once, by somethin', hook or crook,
I came to earth, and lived my life once more.
I ain't the one to blame a Sophomore,
I ain't the one to act up mean nor rude,
But these young people here are pretty
shrewd.

It seems to me, if I could catch the one
Who acted here, and used my very tongue,
Or see the child who played with Eppie's
heart,
If I could know young Godfrey, tall and
smart,
Or Nancy, with her merry sparkling eyes,
I'd ask 'em where they got to be so wise.
It's strange as I should care about their fun,
But I was sure my earthly cares were done.
I kind o' planned to watch for 'em some day,
An' ask them where they found old Marnar's
clay.

Exit.
Enter Spirit of Athletics:
When students meet to cheer the ones who
play,
'Tis I who make their young hearts light and
gay.
When Reverend Roest says, "Go, if you must
steal!"
'Tis I who fill his heart with earnest zeal.
And when he says, "Who'll go?" and you
shout, "I!"
I fear 'tis for my sake you falsify.
But spirit we must have, and loyal zest,

For if we do, we're sure to gain the rest.
So when you play, have hope; I'll hover near,
And, loyal students, don't give up, but
CHEER!

Exit.
Enter Spirit of the Societies:
Beyond the wall of study, toil, and care,
Within a garden, fruitful, rich, and fair,
In hearts of trees and laughing brooks I
dwell,
And though unseen, I guard my creatures
well.
While here and there a birdling builds its
nest,
And warblers sing their sweetest as they rest,
The keepers of my garden love to roam
And learn the many secrets of my home;
I say "my home," but still 'tis quite their own,
For to the greater part I'm yet unknown.
And since their numbers are not large, but
small,
They wait with open arms to welcome all.
Castalia and Adelpic bid you eat
The fruit of those great trees whose branches
meet;
And thus enjoying Wisdom's goodly store
They know, who'd learn the merry songsters'
call,

A priceless treasure lies beyond the wall,
Where members of the Audubon each day
Behold with joy fair Nature's peaceful sway,
And with them, those who revel in the trill
Of happy birds, and streams that sweep the
hill;
For each is filled with music, sweet and clear,
Which boys and girls of Glee Clubs love to
hear.
Then, too, the Camera Club finds pleasure
there,
Portraying things of beauty, strange and rare.
And now again I bid you, one and all,
Behold this fount of joy beyond the wall,
A Garden of the Gods for human eyes,
A fairy, yet a mortal, paradise.
Exit.
Enter Spirit of the *Enicar*:
When, in the coming year, I'm willed to you,
'Tis this I'd ask, 'tis this I'd have you do:



I would that you would make me rich and fair,
Would edit me with earnest, thoughtful care.
Think me not vain; I only long to see
The brilliant future that's in store for me;
And since, though young, I'm better every year,
I feel as if the promised day were near.

Exit.

Enter Spirit of the Faculty:

I've only come to wish the students well;
Outside of that, I haven't much to tell,
Excepting that a teacher's always glad
To help an anxious lass or earnest lad,
To join you in your laughter when you're gay,
To help you when despair obstructs your way.

Though many students wander in and out,
And through the years are scattered all about,
A teacher's always pleased, no matter where,
To learn of some old scholar here or there.
He likes to know what progress you have made;

And if you're doing well, he feels repaid.

Exit.

Enter Spirit of the *Annual*:

When Time has left these days to Memory's care,
Safe from the Future's din, and dazzling glare,

How often we will pause to look behind,
And, stirring dying embers of the mind,
Will picture in the dim and flickering light
The faces and the joys then lost from sight.

But if we've bought an *Annual* each year,
We'll always have our happy school-days near;
For in the eve of life we'll see the day,
The faces and events along the way;

And though our memory dies with growing age,

Our fingers will not fail to turn a page.

Exit.

Enter Spirit of the Sophomore Class:

While students live, content with any fate;
While Graduation bids the laggards wait;
While G beholds the mighty pomp of E,
And F, in envy, snubs the humble P;
While, yearly, Freshmen come, and Seniors go;

I gather Sophomore hearts from high and low,
And when they're bound with friendship's strongest tie,

Within the bonds of fellowship they lie;
As one, which human force can't break in twain,

These hearts beat on in one long, joyful strain;

And, kept alive by one great throbbing heart,
Each member of our class will do his part;
And though no other ears than ours can hear
The Spirit of the Junior Class draw near,
We know that soon from out our happy host
She'll call the new-crowned Junior to his post.

And so, upon the noon of our career,
Within her reach we wait in hope and fear;
And, as she stretches forth her beckoning hand,
For one brief moment, looking back, we stand.

The land we've left behind is pure and bright,
The sun, the moon, and stars its only light;
The deeds we've done, not words we've said,
are there;

The purple violet blossoms everywhere,
And golden sunbeams dance along the way;
'Tis calm and very fair, a perfect day.

And if by this the Freshmen are impressed
We'll feel that we have really done our best.
Although we'll still be just the class we've been,

Perhaps, when it is time to enter in
The Junior Land, each one will turn once more,

And wish that he were still a Sophomore.

Exit.
—HARRIET A. WRATTEN, '17.

First place in Sophomore Contest

THE MINIATURE WORLD.

The famous toy shop of Master Franz was located in the western section of a German city, where, because of his cleverly wrought playthings, and the beauty of his shop, he had won a high reputation and a well established trade.



When the black wings of night spread over the city, and great, long shadows poked in and out of corners, the brilliantly lighted windows cast gleaming rays into the darkness. The sparkling lights, and the beautiful child-things made the interior of the shop a charming fairyland, which people of all ages delighted to frequent.

But as time passed, the minds of the many people were centered on a new great thought, and fewer customers passed the toy-master's doors. The wonderful toys remained untouched, and save for the loving glances of poor children who watched through the great panes with interest, they were left unnoticed.

There came a day when the ticking of the clocks was loud and distinct through the stillness, and Master Franz, his fat chin buried on his breast, read the papers with flushed cheek.

The heavy doors opened, and a cold breath of air blew into the shop. The toy-master looked over his glasses, and leaving his papers, greeted the two newcomers. A few words followed, and the pudgy fist of the toy-master pushed open a great case, where the dolls of many nations reclined. He smiled at the pleasure of the Americans, for such they were; and, to be impressive, produced a miniature Uncle Sam. Their conversation turned to the war as the dolls were brought forth one by one, and while the fate of nations occupied their thoughts, dusk stole upon them. In another minute they had left, and the dolls were replaced. The day had passed without a sale.

For an instant the wonderful lamps were lighted, and then darkness fell heavily over the shop. The quick step of Master Franz echoed through the large building, the massive door swung shut, the lock snapped, and the clocks ticked on through the silence.

There was a stir in the great case, and Uncle Sam said with a sigh:

"Who could have foretold such happiness? Two of my own countrymen have stood at my side, have held me in their hands, and

have praised me. Oh, that they had taken me!"

"Yes," said the proud little German doll, "if they had only taken you. But the war—did you hear what they said? Oh, it is wonderful. Today we are victorious! Speak up, Miss France. Are you not delighted?"

The French doll trembled, and her silken gown rustled as she answered with dignity:

"My faith in my people permits me to remain unmoved. Were I to carry on in such a manner at a victory, it would seem that my opportunities were few."

"Good! Good!" cried a rosy-cheeked Belgian lass. "It is so. Tell him again. You speak wisely."

"Confidence!" thundered the angry little German. "A fine thing to have in time of war. Didn't you hear them? Right here in the presence of the Master, they said a million of our men had crossed the frontier."

"'Old, 'old," cried the excited butler in English livery. "You 'ave the Henglish yet. Hit's coming to you. Hit's far from over. We'll 'ave hit out."

"Coming to whom?" roared the German.

"And the Russians!" interrupted an enthusiastic native of that country. "Oh, little German, preserve your speech for the day, not far distant, when Russia's work on the field will win for her a wonderful victory, which will crown the beginning of a new era for the Russian peasantry."

Just then the Austrian general fell at their feet, breathless from the Servian's blow. Great excitement and loud talking followed. Fearing that the rest of the toy-shop, then reposing in peace, would become aroused and would join in the conflict, Uncle Sam cried above the din: "Peace! We must have it!"

The shouting ceased. Master of the moment, he continued: "The other toys must not be driven to follow your example. I have stood alone in my sanity, and when you are done, you will weep real tears of sorrow, and will look with respect upon my wisdom and the peace of my people."

KIPI KAWI

1916

All was still. Again the clocks ticked loudly, and the moon from behind the church tower shed its happy light into the play-shop. The dolls stood as in the presence of the Master, and Uncle Sam, supreme in war or tranquility, blessed their peace.

—HARRIET WRATTEN, '17.

WAR.

All was quiet on the ocean, except the sobbing of the wind, the lap of the waves and the ceaseless crying of the gulls. The darkness of night faded into the grayness of day, and the mists of ocean crept up from the east like the ghost of the departed night.

Out of the stillness came a distant hum. Nearer and nearer it sounded, until it grew to a buzz. Then out of the mists to the north sped a long, gray, grim shape. Hark! Into the buzz of the aeroplane engine cut a duller, heavier drone, and out of the fog grew a great, bulky shadow, with the likeness of a spider web suspended below.

Nearer and nearer to each other moved the airships. By some freak of the fog they remained unseen, unheard, to each other. Suddenly, simultaneously they burst into action! Red fire leapt from their guns and a sound as of the tearing of cloth split the fog, the smoke of battle hung in the air. Up sped the aeroplane, far above the Zeppelin, until only a speck could be seen. Then down it circled, like an eagle about to strike its prey. Down it came, slower and slower, until, nearly fifty rods above the airship, it hung motionless for a fraction of a second, and again sprang upward. For a second or two nothing happened. Then, like a toy balloon pricked with a pin, the rear end of the dirigible collapsed, and

hung—a useless drag. The bomb dropper's aim was true.

The aeroplane was gone; it had vanished into the fog above the airship.

Was the battle over? No! Under the Zeppelin appeared the aeroplane; or was it on the side, or above? All around the airship it sped, making a feint here and an attack there. Like a great wasp buzzed the annoyer of the dreadnought of the sky, only this wasp's sting was death. Slowly turned the ungainly dirigible, like a great, baited bear it swung; like a bull beset by dogs it fended. All of a sudden the lower works of the aeroplane were shot away. Down it dropped, but by a miracle recovered and, at a dangerous angle, climbed into the sky. Far, far, up it climbed, until it disappeared, then quickly it grew larger, larger, and still larger. It was not falling, for it was under perfect control, aimed straight for the middle of the great gas bag. Down it shot, swifter than the flight of any bird; down until it struck, right in the center of the Zeppelin.

* * * * *

Slowly with the wind drifted the wreck, parts of both adversaries apparent, always lower, always nearer the sea, but still guns cracked and spat aboard it. Down, down, but always sure, sank the mass until it rested on the breast of the ocean. There it floated for a while, and still the guns' sharp staccato cut the air, then it disappeared beneath the waves. A quiet struggle, a few bubbles on the sea, a piece of wreckage here and there, and all was over.

All was quiet on the ocean, except the sobbing of the wind, the lap of the waves and the distant crying of the gulls. The mists of ocean vanished into the west, and the glorious sun shone on a placid sea.

—RUSSELL LYNCH, '17.



FRESHMEN



Flower: American Beauty Rose

Colors: Blue and white

Class yell:

Well, I guess! well, I guess!
We are Freshmen of the R. H. S.
We have left our ma and pa.
For 1918, Rah! Rah! Rah!

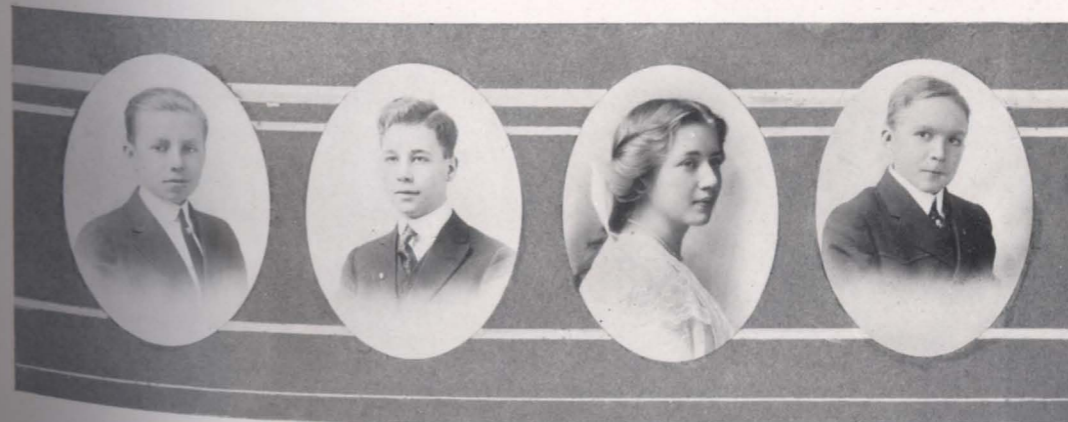
Class Officers

President, Earl Pokorney

Secretary, Robert Widmer

Vice President, Margaret Jenkins

Treasurer, Harold Skow





MY FRESHMAN CRUSH.

It was awful, yes—there is no other word for it. She was a senior, tall and stately and did her hair in a classic knot. Well, so did I, regardless of the fact that my nose was the snubbiest of all snub noses, my face the most freckle bespattered.

Once I heard her express a dislike for middies and basket ball, and though it almost broke my heart, for middies did appeal to me and basket ball was such fun, I gave them both up; that is, while my crush lasted.

One day I received a note, asking me to do her a favor. It was written upon gray paper emblazoned with a red monogram. Upon showing it to a senior acquaintance, I was informed that Alice received it directly from New York and never used anything else.

That settled it. I must have some gray note paper with a red monogram. The only thing that troubled me was the price. I couldn't work—oh, dear no! Alice had said that one should not associate with girls who worked. It did not occur to me then that my model was a downright out-and-out snob.

At last I conceived the brilliant idea of entering all the prize contests I could find. I did. I entered twenty-five, using fifty precious cents for postage stamps. I won an honorable mention and a celluloid button.

Then one day my crush terminated abruptly. Entering the cloakroom one noon, I heard my love and one of her friends discussing me. Delighted, I halted, waiting for the words of praise to fall from her lips. They did—not.

Said her companion, "Anna does everything you tell her to, doesn't she?"

"Oh, yes," assented my once-was-love, languidly. "Anna's a little fool. If she didn't do all my errands I'd drop her like a hot potato. As it is, she's a dreadful bore with her continual praise singing."

Dumbfounded, I stood stock still. Then

with a tremulous little laugh, I hung up my hat and coat. I never, never had another crush.

—MINA MELVIN, '18.

THE REVENGE.

Tommy Perkins came dashing into the house. The parlor door was closed and no one seemed to be around. He knew by the closed door that his mother had a caller, and of course he must not go in. At last, spying his small brother hiding under the sofa, he dragged him out, and began talking to him for the want of someone better to whom to talk.

"I just licked that sissy Johnnie Jones, the minister's son," he bragged. "He's twice as big as I am. I was teasin' him about his curls and he picked up a rock and slung it at me and then started to run home. 'Course I can run 'bout ten billion times as fast as he can," Tommy said, sticking out his chest, "and I caught him and gave him the worst thrashing you ever heard tell of, and he went home bawling."

"I'll bet I could lick him," declared Tommy's brother, "I'd just knock him down and jump on his stummick, I would."

"Naw," said Tommy, scornfully, "this is the way you should do it," and pulling up his sleeves he made a lunge at his brother. Sidney didn't wait to see the result; he bolted and ran, for he had seen and felt such illustrations before.

In the parlor, Mrs. Perkins was having a very trying time entertaining the minister. They could both hear Tommy quite plainly, and both were very much embarrassed. Finally the minister said something about having to make another call, and left. Mrs. Perkins gave a sigh of relief and started for Tommy, slipper in hand.

The minister went directly home and found Johnnie, his darling child, sobbing in his mother's lap. She was smoothing out his curls and trying to stop his bleeding nose.



"Do you mean to say that you let Tommy Perkins lick you in a fight?" the father asked.

"Y-y-yes," sobbed Johnnie.

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Tommy is a head smaller than you are. Beginning tonight, you have to take boxing lessons until you are able to whip a fellow your own size."

About three weeks after, Johnnie was walking home from school, when Tommy came along.

"Hello, Sissy," said Tommy.

"Aw, shut up," growled Johnnie.

"Look out, now," threatened Tommy. "Don't talk sass to me, or I'll give you another lickin'."

"Huh!" said Johnnie. "Yu' couldn't do it." And so the fight began.

Tommy rushed at him with eyes closed and arms flying like a windmill. Johnny deftly stepped aside and gave him a punch in the nose that sent the blood spurting out on all sides. Tommy stopped, dazed, expecting to see a pair of flying heels, but instead, he saw Johnnie standing to one side, smiling, his hands on his hips. Tommy gave a cry of rage and rushed at him again. Again he was met with a smashing blow, but this time in the eye. Then Johnnie really began to fight. He dodged nimbly the rushes of Tommy and always dealt him a blow as he passed. He rained blows on his opponent's face until it was all raw and out of shape, and Tommy could do nothing but take them.

He began to whimper and cry, but the revengeful Johnnie never stopped pounding him. Finally, so tired he could hit no longer, he let Tommy go, and the latter fled for home as if Old Nick himself were after him.

A few days later they made up and always after that they were the best of chums.

—EDWARD WACKERHAGEN, '18.

THE WAIL OF A YOUTHFUL JOB.

Verily, my friend, I say unto you, miserable indeed is the life of a student at the R. H. S.

The teachers they harass my soul, saying continually, "Wherefore art thou unprepared, my child? Let not the vain frivolities of life lead thee into the primrose path; but be ever faithful to our precepts."

Yet, more horrible even are the members of the *Kipi-Kawi* Board, who tormenteth me much, crying: "Hast thou not yet thy theme, O miserable one?" And from the deep anguish of my heart, I answer, "Nay."

Many are they who would lead me from the paths which lead schoolward, but I dare not stray; for galling to my spirit is the thought of hours of bondage spent in that chamber of torment, the sanctum of the wily office assistant.

She is a damsel of varied whims and ways. Beware, O thou unsophisticated Freshmen, for wise is she in the arts of skippers. Thy spirit which flaunteth itself with the hollow glory of seeming acceptance of excuse notes, is plunged into deepest depths of humiliation and despair when thou art ensnared; when thy articles of deception art bared to the mocking eyes of more successful fellow students; and thou art cast from the stately portals of this great hall of learning.

Stray not, then, from the straight and narrow way, but keep thy feet ever firmly on the ground. Indulge not in unseemly behavior, for sorrow is thy only reward.

Sad indeed is he whose hopes are blasted at the end of the ten weeks. Then on his card appeareth naught but a flaming "V. P."

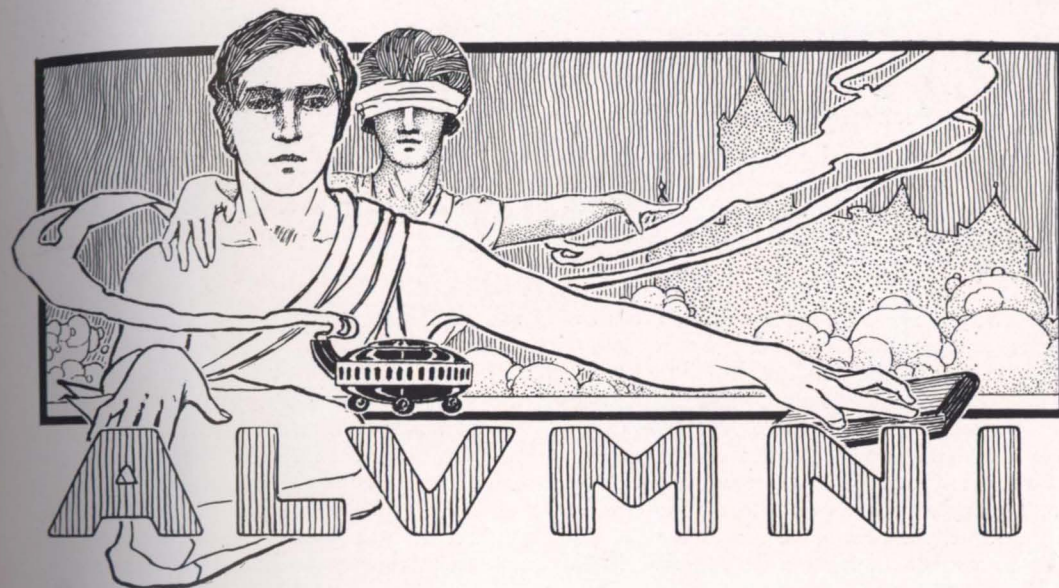
Yea, verily I say unto you, hard indeed is the path of knowledge, and he that receiveth that awe-inspiring document, which men call eth a *diploma*, is blessed indeed.

—MINA MELVIN, '18.





FROM ALL CLASSES AND WALKS OF LIFE



SCHOOL SPIRIT AMONG THE ALUMNI.

For at least ten years it has frequently occurred to me that the Alumni of the Racine High School as a body apparently were showing little of that interest in their Alma Mater or in each other, which one would expect of graduates from the same school. Although it may not be an appropriate subject for the "Kipi-Kawi" I take the liberty to say a few words with regard to it, for the reason that one of the present instructors a short time ago called my attention to this failing on the part of the Alumni and suggested that something in the *Annual* on that subject would not be out of place. Evidently this instructor coming from another city noticed the inactivity of our Alumni more than we who are the guilty parties.

I believe that years ago it was the custom to meet annually in June, the evening after the graduation exercises, when the members of the graduating class could appear as full-fledged Alumni to meet those that had gone before. The last such meeting, to the best of my recollection, was in June, 1904, at Guild Hall—more than ten years ago. At these meetings a most enjoyable time was always had by all. Several old "grads" have often recalled in my presence these gatherings and I remember very well the large attendance we had at Guild Hall in 1904. I have often heard the question asked, "Why don't we have the Alumni gatherings that we used to have?" and "Wasn't that last reunion a dandy

gathering?" At these meetings we had music, a luncheon (not an elaborate banquet), dancing for the younger set, and speeches, of course. The old "grads" always liked to tell of the good old days and we younger people enjoyed hearing the stories told, and dreamed of the time when we, too, could look back and tell what happened to us years ago. These annual events were unquestionably most delightful gatherings and made all proud of being graduates of our High School.

In writing these lines I am not thinking of another organization and do not advocate the pursuit of such a course, as we have too many organizations now that are continually creating burdens for their members, but a great many of us would like to see the old gatherings revived; interest in our old Alma Mater awakened, and old school friendships renewed. As we are a modest lot it might be well to elect officers so that the individuals chosen may feel at liberty to take charge of calling us together at such times as are suggested to them. Can anyone doubt the success of such an undertaking? For the past ten years the Racine High School has been turning out hundreds of graduates and there have been no means of their getting in touch with those of former years; and on the other hand those of former years have had no opportunity to meet their recent graduates or to get acquainted with the teachers in the school, and to learn about the work of the institution. Many of the old Alumni, probably, have absolutely no idea of what the school is now doing, and I believe they would



be pleasantly surprised upon discovering what is being accomplished by the students and teachers now in the school.

I have had the good fortune and the privilege of attending the last two Alumni gatherings and have always regretted that there were never any more. I know that there are a great many others among the Alumni that feel the same, for several have told me so.

Let us awaken the Alumni spirit that has been dormant so long and talk it over with fellow Alumni we meet from day to day; and before next June we will have created a demand for a reunion that will surpass all others heretofore had, and one which will be the predecessor of others even more successful in years to come.

—ADOLPH R. JANECKY, '03.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Nearly thirty busy little years have winged their flight since last the writer had the honor of contributing to a Racine High School publication. What a paper that was—the *High School Dial!* And what an honor it was to have one's inspirations, in rhetoric carefully studied for the occasion, appear in its columns! To be sure, the *Dial* was but a trifle when compared with the *Kipi-Kawi* or the *Enicar*; nevertheless, it was momentous in its day and I fancy its influence was far-reaching in shaping the lives of not a few of the boys closely identified with its publication, since several of them have followed journalism professionally. How things have changed since the days of the *Dial!* I mean, changed for the better, of course,—for naturally, as I am an optimist, I look for, and find advancement and improvement in the school methods of today, as compared with those of my school days. For instance, I wonder if the boys and girls of today can imagine the ordeal (that word should be written in italics) of the process of gaining admission to

the high school thirty years ago? Briefly, it was this,—all of the eighth grade pupils of the city were assembled at the high school (now the Christie Building), and there were put through a thorough and exhaustive examination in each and every subject they had ever encountered in the grade school course, including reading, individually, with the high school pupils for an audience. I think my assignment on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion was *Marco Bozzaris*. When I reached "Greece, her knee in suppliance bent," I had such a case of stage fright that I could only repeat, "Greece (grease) her knee!"—much to the merriment of the aforesaid audience.

As for social affairs, we never heard of such an event as the "Junior Prom," we never gave a play nor an operetta,—nor had we an orchestra; we possessed not so much as a second hand piano, but had only a little, old, wheezy reed organ.

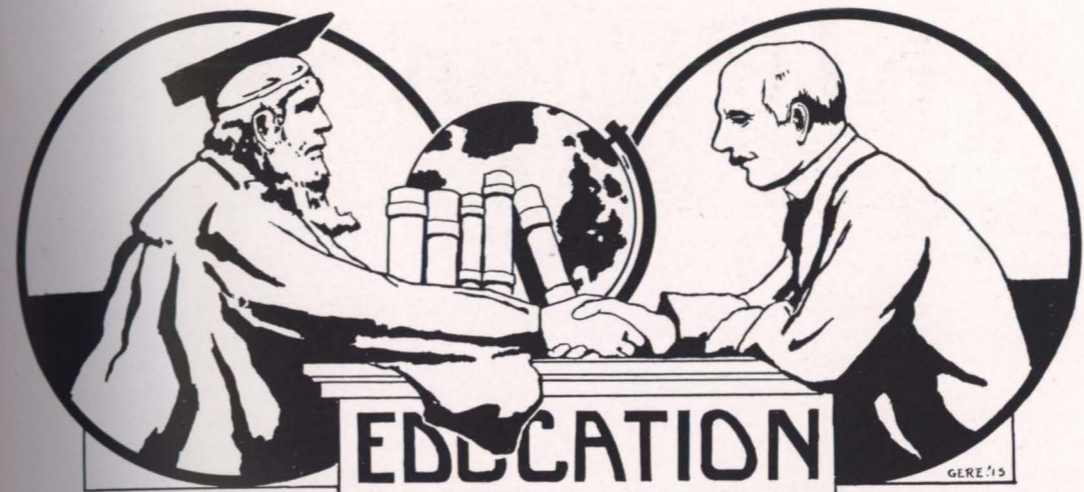
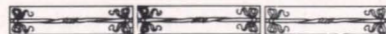
In athletics, we had a class in Indian club swinging; and, I might add, that as trigonometry was included in the curriculum, other forms of recreation were deemed unnecessary.

In reminiscent recount of school days there is a tendency on the part of many to criticize present day methods and to make disparaging comparisons with the glorious "by-gones;" however, I am free in confessing that I believe our present system of instruction, while far from perfect, is far in advance of that employed when I attended the old "R. H. S." I also believe that the opportunities afforded for obtaining an education today are vastly greater and nearer to the boy and girl than they were twenty or thirty years ago.

I trust that the day is not far distant when, locally, our High School equipment, in the way of an adequate, up-to-date building, will place Racine in the front rank as an educational center, since already she has considerable prominence in that respect.

Sincerely yours,

—J. A. RODIGAN, '86.



PARENTS-TEACHERS ASS'N

PARENTS-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

Originating, I believe, in the minds of Superintendent B. E. Nelson and Principal L. W. Brooks, it was suggested that a Parents-Teachers' Association of the Racine High School would be a helpful organization. Many high schools in other cities, as well as nearly all of the ward schools in our own city, have such organizations, with good results.

Accordingly, notices were sent to parents of the eight hundred high school students, including city officials and principals of the various ward schools, calling a general meeting to further consider the proposition. The result was a large attendance, and the formation of an association to be known as The Parents-Teachers' Association of the Racine High School.

Article 2 of the constitution, adopted at a later meeting, states the object of the organization as follows:

"Sec. 1. To bring into close relations the home and school, so that parents and teachers may co-operate intelligently in the education of the child.

"Sec. 2. The study of educational problems both from the home and school standpoints, the physical and social welfare of the pupils, and a continued effort to secure all possible advantages in the way of buildings,

equipment, decoration, and course of study." The following officers were elected for the first year:

- J. F. Bickel, President.
- A. J. Morey, Vice-President.
- Nellie Pugh, Secretary.
- L. H. Park, Treasurer.

In addition to general meetings held during the first year we had some prominent outside speakers, with special reference to subjects we felt would be of interest here. Each of these speakers occupied a portion of the time at some of the regular monthly meetings.

First, Professor Gould, of London, gave an illustrated talk on moral instruction.

Second, Architect Perkins, of Chicago, spoke on high school buildings and grounds, illustrated with stereopticon slides.

Third, Professor Sharp, of our State University, followed, whose subject was "Ethics in the High School."

Fourth, Mrs. Young, of Austin, Ill., who has had a wide experience in connection with parent-teachers' association, spoke especially on that subject.

The Association, during its first year, passed through a more or less experimental stage; but we believe it has been demonstrated that such an organization in connection with our own high school can fill an important place and be of great help to the officers and teachers in aiding them to handle



some of the many perplexing problems that confront them. One necessity, I believe we have discovered, above all others, is that of more room and better equipment to carry on the work we expect to see accomplished in behalf of our children during their four years or less of training in the high school, in the face of a constantly increasing attendance.

Very respectfully,

—J. F. BICKEL,
Ex-President of P. T. A.

FROM THE PARENTS' VIEWPOINT.

Quite a surprising disclosure came to a parent of a high school student a few years ago, when, after consulting a lawyer, he learned that no law had ever passed our state legislature which would prohibit him from visiting the high school when it was in session. Actually, there is no such law upon our statute books to prevent an occasional call there, and at least a casual acquaintance with the instructors.

Nevertheless, there seemed to be a time honored custom, regularly adhered to, of "hands off," from the moment our students left the eighth grade.

That the instructors have longed in vain to have this superstition exploded, is without doubt; yet it took two to make the bargain, and Father and Mother had been told to keep away. Why? Oh, because "Nobody ever comes to High School to visit."

It would be such a breach of etiquette, to say nothing of breaking the commandment: "Thou shalt not come to a high school class, or know the teachers thereof."

But several questions vexed the parent; i. e., Whose High School is it? Whose sons and daughters are there? Who pays the teachers? Who equipped the place for work? Who built the extension?

Grown bold after these questions, and strengthened by the legal advice in regard to his immunity from fearful consequences, the parent stretched forth his hand, clasped the instructor's; and then the Parents-Teachers' Association was formed.

"Now," they agreed, "we must continue in closest touch; for the experience and knowledge of each must be put at the disposal of the other. We have one purpose, one problem, and one desire in common; i. e., the development of the young student to his greatest efficiency and elevation."

The two institutions where these problems are solved, the home and the school, cannot be conducted successfully without co-operation.

So many times the teacher feels that so much more could be done for the student if home conditions were understood or improved; and just as often, the parent may feel that the school is lacking in some ways to do for the best interest of the student. Again, the student himself may wish that either his home condition or school environment might be altered.

The remedy for all three is the co-operation which can be gained through the Parents-Teachers' Association.

More and more the idea is gaining ground that our school houses should be our social centers, a place where the people have the pleasure and privilege of good lectures, entertainments, and concerts, as well as the opportunity to discuss the problems of common interest.

If the home influence is above that of school, then that of school will be raised by association; if below that of the school, then the home will be bettered by the contact; in either situation the one needs the other.

MRS. WM. VAN ARSDALE.

FROM A STUDENT'S VIEWPOINT

To Fellow Students:

What is the Parents-Teachers' Association? As I, a spokesman for the Senior Class, see it, the purpose of the Parents-Teachers' Association is to study the needs of the community and decide in what way facilities adequate to the present needs for the education of the pupils of Racine may be realized. Many pupils have the impression that the purpose of the meetings is the getting together of parents and teachers in order to criticise the pupils



individuals. As a result there is a lack of co-operation on the part of the pupil in getting the parents to attend the meetings. This impression, held by many students, is very erroneous. Let me ask you, fellow students, do you wish a new high school? If so, then do all in your power to get your fathers and mothers into the high school building, get them to attend not only the regular sessions of the Parents-Teachers' Association, but visit school as often as possible. In no other way will the parents—and through them the public at large—come to realize the crowded conditions in our present quarters.

To Parents:

Let us cite some of the conditions existing, for perchance this *Kipi-Kawi* will fall into the hands of some of the parents who have not yet become interested in this movement which is for our betterment. The enrollment of the school during the year 1914-1915 was over eight hundred, and there is not nearly room enough to accommodate that number. The assemblies are far too small and many pupils have to sit in the various classrooms, going to the assembly rooms for their vacant periods, thus wasting a great deal of their time. It is impossible for students to have individual desks—a result of which is lost books, stolen books and paper supplies. The pupils are losing the sense of individual possession. There is cloakroom space for about five hundred students. Can you imagine—you parents and citizens—the condition of wraps and hats hung two and three deep—when they are not lying on the floor? This evil, which can only be remedied by lockers, is a menace to the morals of our young people. Parents wonder why books, pens, pencils, paper, and money constantly disappear. What can be expected when a pupil has no place which he can call his own?

The housing of the high school at the present time consists of the main building, erected in 1895, the Christie Building, the building on the northwest corner of Seventh and Wisconsin Streets, and the Commercial High School. Part of this year a portable building was added to the Manual Training Department, but it has lately been removed. One can easily see a great deal of time is wasted in going from one building to another. This is especially true between the Commercial High School and the main building, for they are two blocks apart.

Is it not perfectly clear that the building constructed twenty years ago is not adequate today? The enrollment is steadily increasing. Between the years 1902 and 1914 it exactly doubled and the increase of 1915 over 1914 was more than twelve per cent.

In a modern high school there must be a large assembly room, where the pupils can hear good speakers, have mass meetings and entertainments of various kinds. These things are absolutely essential to make the student life unified and interesting.

Moreover, the High School has no gymnasium. The physical education of the boys and girls should go hand in hand with the mental education. Only about one-fourth of the boys, and very few girls, take part in the school's athletics. In addition to this, there is no room to which one who is ill may be taken—and this in a school of eight hundred students. The library is far too small to meet the demands upon it.

Consequently, since the High School is devoid of the facilities which are necessary for the training of the men and women of tomorrow, and is utterly inadequate for the present demands, let us work together for a new high school building in Racine.

—LEILA E. COLEMAN, '15.





WHERE WE HOLD OUR MASS MEETINGS

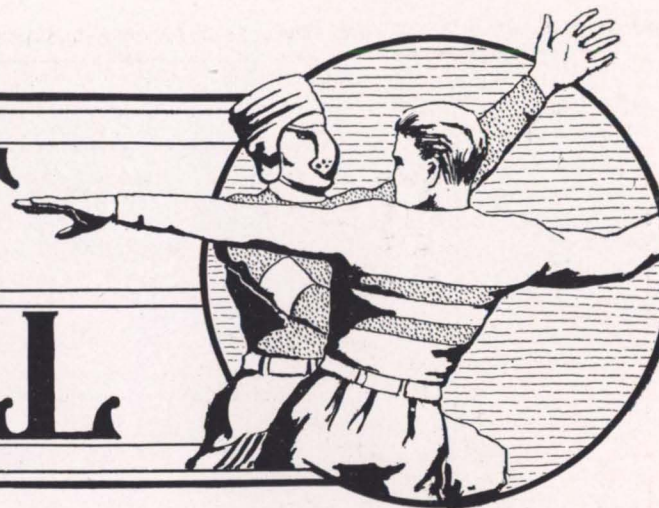


“**BUILD THEE MORE
STATELY MAN-
SIONS**”



ATHLETICS

**FOOT
BALL**



OUR LINE-UP

“Dave”. Dave Rowland played quarter-back last season. Dave played a good game and handled the team well, throughout the season. We are glad to say that Dave will be with us next year.

“Squat” Algrimn was a loyal, hard-working linesman. “Squat” would rather play football than eat. He’s going to try to be with us next fall.

“Rollie”. “Rollie” Schacht was a stonewall at center and besides this he was handy with his toe. His drop-kicking in the Beloit game was all that kept R. H. S. from annexing a goose-egg. He will be much missed next year.

“Howie” Johnson was “a little giant” in energy and speed. On end-running he showed ability for sidestepping and dodging that couldn’t be beaten. Howie’s football career ends this year.

“Van”. Van Wie was a heavy, hard-hitting back-field man. He not only hit the line hard, but was strong in the rest of the game.

“Hoik.” When Captain “Hoik” played the game, he played it for all he was worth and then some. Hoik was about as far removed from a “streak of yellow” as *Potash and Perl-*

mutter are from *Tipperary*. He’ll be with us again next fall.

“Clint.” “Clint” Davies proved that all Freshmen are not “green,” at least in football. From Captain of the second to sub-linesman on the first is the jump the husky Freshman made last Fall, and he won his “R,” a thing very seldom accomplished by a first year man. In Clint’s next three years at High School he ought to develop into “all-state” stuff.

“Gillie.” “Gillie” Brach held down a job at left-end last Fall and he surely proved himself worthy of it. He was a clean tackler and displayed remarkable coolness and headwork on the field, although it was his first year out.

“Connie.” “Connie” Lahr was a football player who possessed a rare combination, weight and speed. He was a shark in dodging and twisting through the line and, in fact, had all the requirements of a good back-field man. “Connie” captains the team next fall.

“Ernie” Voss was the most scientific, capable linesman R. H. S. has seen for some years. Ernie knew his position to perfection and the



way he "pulled" that pivot play in almost every game of the season was enough to make the whole opposing team lie down in despair. The man who played opposite Voss usually looked pretty sick after the game.

"De" Hollowell could break any interference in the country, but he wasn't satisfied with that honor, so he broke his arm. Hence, gloom for R. H. S.! While Delos lasted, he was a constant delight to the fans of R. H. S. and his sensational, clean tackling won him many admirers.

"Mac". McGraw came out late in the season, but he put up a good game, nevertheless. He played both in the line and back-field, and did splendid work in both positions.

"Clarence." One of our most loyal and capable linesmen was Clarence Bing. Steady, consistent, and a good offensive player, he was one of the bulwarks of our line.

FOOTBALL REVIEW

FROM VARIOUS VIEWPOINTS.

BELOIT, OCT. 17.

The Racine High School were "easy money" for the local eleven this afternoon, when they were overwhelmed with a 45-6 score. Although the rain had made a muddy field, it had not dampened the spirits of the state line boys, who were able to shake their heels at the Racineites. Schacht, of the Racines, proved the only point winner by kicking goal twice from the field.

SECOND GAME.

The local High School "copped" a fast game from Kenosha High by a score of 19-6 Saturday afternoon at W. I. Park. This makes the second victory for the Racine boys this season. The veterans Lahr, Johnson, and Connolly on the back line proved too great a battling force for the Kenosha team, the boys tearing through the Southport's defense at will for repeated gains.

MILWAUKEE, NOV. 7.

South Division High School won over their old rivals from Racine at Fons Park this afternoon by the score of 26-6. The game was fast throughout, the locals making the first touchdown after a few minutes of play. South netted their touchdowns before Connolly of Racine squabbed a fumble and made their only touchdown.

Gillo, all state fullback, was the local's "big man," while Van Wie, Lahr, and Voss held the honors for Racine.

FIRST GAME.

The Racine High School squad opened their season on the gridiron this afternoon by easily defeating Waukesha High by a score of 26-0. The local boys outplayed their opponents at every stage of the game and not once were in any danger from the upstate aggregation. The Belle City squad had an impregnable line in Voss, Ahlgrimm, and Schacht, while the ends, Hollowell and Brach, capered at will down the field. High hopes are entertained by the Racine High this year for a championship team.

ALUMNI.

The Racine High showed their metal Saturday afternoon, when they held the Alumni to a 0-0 score at W. I. Park. A record crowd witnessed the grilling contest between the veteran alumni and the undergrads.

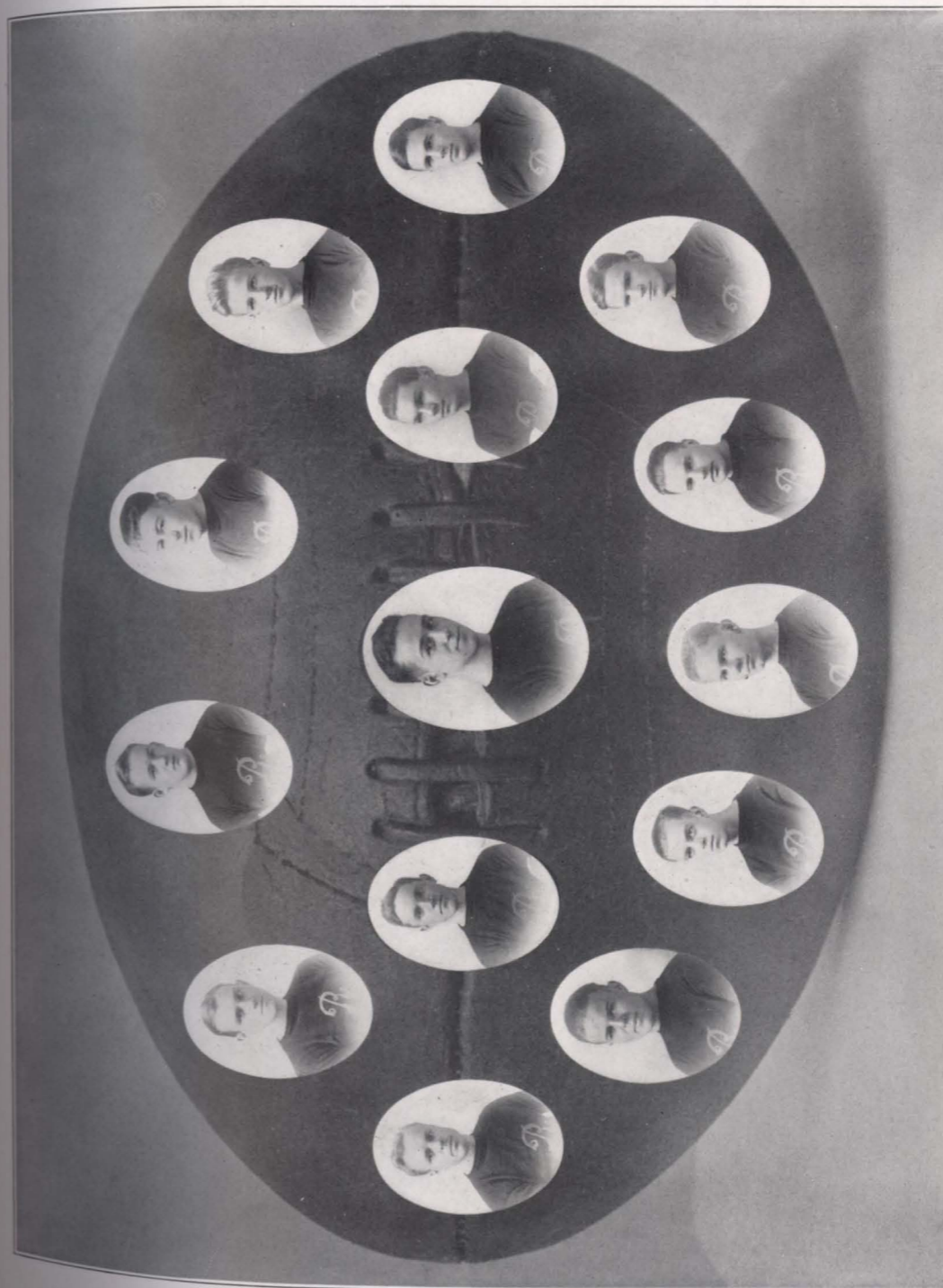
The plucky little school kids proved a surprise for the big alumni aggregation, who expected to walk over them.

DELAVAN, NOV. 2.

A hotly contested game resulted here Saturday when the local deaf school defeated the Racine High School. The Racine boys proved a "hard nut," but the superior playing of the local boys won over the aggregation from the Belle City.

RACINE COLLEGE.

Racine College "copped" the annual gridiron contest from their ancient rivals, the



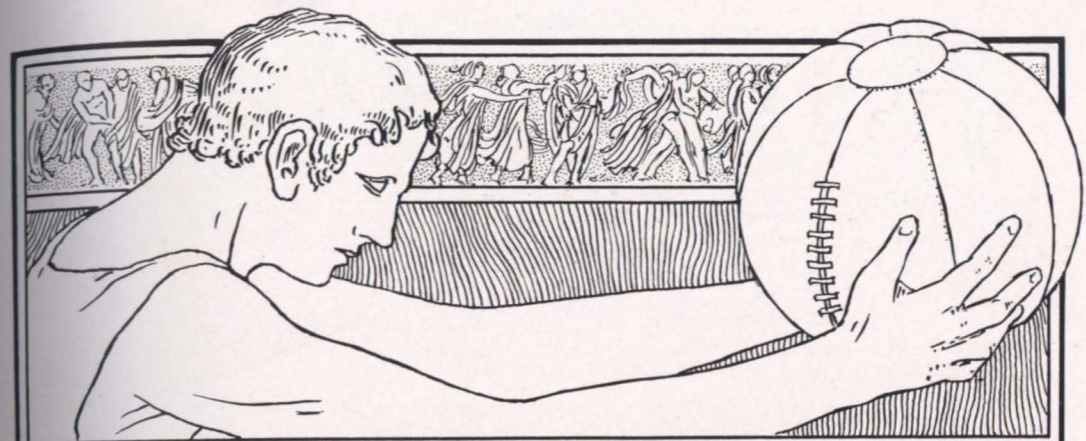
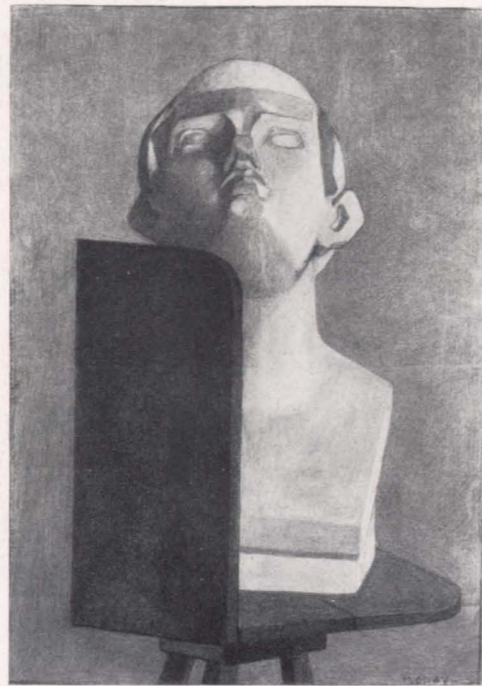
JOHNSON
LAHR
VOSS
BRACH
DAVIES
McGRAW
CONNOLLY
BING
REUTZ
VAN WIE
SCHACHT
ROWLAND
AHLGRIMM
HOLLOWELL



High School, yesterday afternoon, 28-0, at the college campus. The game was bitterly contested throughout, the High School failing to score at crucial points. Pope proved to be the stumbling block of the Highs. The third quarter was full of thrills. The High School received the ball on the kickoff. They were forced to punt, however, being unable to break through the college line. The college returned the ball, and Trainer securing it, made for the High School goal. "Hoik" Connolly downed him on the two yard line, but was injured so badly that he had to be taken out for the rest of the game. After the line plunges, the Cadets were able to put the ball over for the second touchdown. The third

touchdown came a few minutes later when the Cadets walked over the High School on repeated line plunges. Pope again went over for a touchdown. Choate, left tackle for the purple and white, made the final touchdown, when he dashed around left end in the final few minutes of play.

The loss of Hollowell and Van Wie of the High School was felt in this game, while Johnson and Brach, both being out for injuries, were finally put in to stop the rush of the college in the third quarter. Rowlands led his team gamely, but the odds were too great. Davies, Schmidt, Thomas, and Sieb proved coming in this game.



BASKET BALL



LAHR COACH FINLEY
 LUNDE MCGRAW SCHACHT THOMAS SIEB
 JOHNSON BUSHELL



BASKET BALL REVIEW.

January 1st. A team picked from the R. H. S. Alumni was matched against the high school regulars and the result was that the high school opened the season with a victory.

The game was hard fought, but the lack of team work on the part of the Alumni proved to be a handicap, and the game ended with the score at 27-24 with the high school at the long end.

Russell Frank proved to be the backbone of the Alumni, for he secured 14 points, while Robert Rowlands contributed 8 of the 24.

January 8th. The second game of the season was played at Milwaukee. Our contestants were the German-English. It was a heart-breaking game, but our team finally won out with a score of 35 to 28.

January 15th. Although greatly outweighed by the Wauwatosa Aggies, Racine's pass work and basket shooting from difficult positions turned the trick and we crushed our opponents by the score of 24 to 18.

The basket shooting of Bushell was a feature and the playing of Wauwatosa's big center was notable in that he never allowed Schacht to start a play from the center.

January 22nd. Entirely unacquainted with the floor and the unusual position of the baskets, the Racine High School dropped a slow game to the Waukegan High School at that city, the final score being 31 to 22.

The playing of the Waukegan aggregation resembled a machine. Considering the conditions, Racine put up a good game. Johnson featured for Racine, while Farrel played a remarkably defensive game for Waukegan.

February 5th. In a hard fought game with the German-English Academy, at the Stephen Bull School, Racine lost a close, exciting game.

At the end of the first half the score stood 12-10 in favor of the Academy. Towards the end of the second period the visitors were leading by 6 points. The fighting spirit in the locals was roused, and in the next ten minutes of play Racine took the lead and held

it to the close of the game. An error in scoring, however, gave the game to the Academy 30-29. Those starring for the locals were Lahr and Bing.

February 12. The Racine High School hit a snag in the Delavan Deaf Mutes and dropped a hard game.

The score at the end of the first period was 16-2 in favor of the "Dummies," Lahr being the only member on the team who was able to score. In the second half Racine showed its comeback qualities and made a more presentable score. Delavan, however, succeeded in keeping the advantage, and the final score was 24-20.

February 19th. The game staged at the Stephen Bull School between Racine and Waukegan Highs showed a marked improvement in the home team. It defeated its once superior opponents by the overwhelming score of 48-22.

Racine started with a jump and piled up 24 points to Waukegan's 17 during the first half. In the second half, the locals had little difficulty in doubling their count, while their opponents succeeded in swelling their score by only 7 points. Lahr and Johnson did most of the basket shooting for Racine, while Farrel played his usual good game for Waukegan.

February 26th. Racine had little trouble in conquering the Elkhorn Highs on their home floor. The game, although the score was 35 to 12, was interesting and had a great deal of "pep" in it; the Elkhorn outfit not losing hope until the final whistle.

Johnson and Thomas won the single honors of the affray.

March 5th. In a game featured by hard luck on the part of Racine, Kenosha carried away the honors at that city. The poor shooting form of Racine, combined with their unfamiliarity with offside play, was reason enough for the defeat. Despite these drawbacks, the game was close and exciting. The score was 14 to 11.



Those featuring were Schacht and Johnson for Racine, and Fink for Kenosha.

March 12th. The Delavan Deaf Mutes came to Racine and played under difficulties. The Stephen Bull gymnasium has a regulation floor, to which the "Dummies" were unaccustomed.

The game was hard and the players on each side were well spent at the finish. In return for a former defeat, Racine beat them 38 to 24.

Again the perfect team work of Racine was evident, and credit could not be bestowed upon any individual.

March 17th. Racine crossed swords with Waukesha in an elimination game at the Milwaukee Normal School's gymnasium. The game was to decide which of the two would contend for state honors, and with this object in view, the Racine aggregation managed to pile up 28 to its opponent's 18 points.

The playing of Sieb deserves special mention, both in his defensive and offensive work.

March 19th. The Racine and South Milwaukee High Schools engaged in a slow and uninteresting game at South Milwaukee. Despite the efforts of the Milwaukee team, Ra-

cine scored almost at will and held its opponents to a low count. The final score of this one-sided affair was 42 to 13.

March 25th. Elimination Game. It took two special cars to carry all the Burlington and Racine rooters to the scene of action, between the Burlington and Racine High Schools.

The game was staged at the Milwaukee Y. M. C. A., and was a good, cleanly played game from whistle to whistle, although it lacked the usual "pep" of the Racine team. In spite of the dispirited way in which their opponents played, the Burlington bunch had their hands full, for the game ended 23 to 19.

Sieb was the only Racine man who seemed to know the location of the basket. Thomas played a good defensive game.

March 26th. Racine brought home the bacon when they clashed with the Kenosha team at the Stephen Bull School. A former defeat at the hands of Kenosha put Racine in a fighting mood and the result was an 18 to 14 victory.

Individual playing was not in evidence, but the team worked with machine-like precision.



INDOOR GIRLS BASKETBALL

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—Verna Wichern.
 Referee and Coach—Miss Helen Armstrong, Y. W. C. A.
 Faculty Advisor and Chaperon—Miss Du Four.



Charlotte Hermes E. Christensen B. Jansa J. Hammer
 L. Herried L. Jacobson G. Pritchard M. Simmons E. Albino



FRESHMAN TEAM

Ruth Peterson Helen Flett Clare Scott Clarice Goodland Jane Walker



SOPHOMORE TEAM

Alice Ulbricht Charlotte Hermes Winifred Herrick
 Mary Simmons Florence Miller Ione Sorensen



JUNIOR TEAM

Florence Collins Alice Dickey Verna Wichern Marie O'Day
 Claribel Kanters

GIRLS' INDOOR BASEBALL.

There was some doubt at the beginning of the year if there could be a girls' baseball league. Such a thing had never been attempted before. But by the number that turned out at the call for organization, it was seen that there was plenty of good material. At the first meeting four captains were chosen: Helen Sharpe, Olga Prostednik, Gladys Pritchard, and Florence Miller. Florence Miller resigned later in favor of Florence Schelling. The girls voted to play a series of games in the fall to decide the champion team, and to continue in the winter with basket ball. The teams were picked and the

contest began. It was a hot race from start to finish and the players showed lots of "pep."

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

Early in March the girls' basket ball season began. The games were played at the Y. W. C. A. gym. Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors had their teams and because of their diligent practice all three teams seemed sure of success. The results were as follows:

Contestants.	Winners.
Juniors—Freshmen	Juniors
Freshmen—Sophomores	Sophomores
Juniors—Sophomores	Sophomores



ORCHESTRA

THE ORCHESTRA.

- Director—Mr. C. A. Gilman.
- Piano—Frances Freeman.
- First Violins—Elmer Slama, Dorothy Murphy, George Freeman, Allen Strouf.
- Second Violins—Norman Botsford, Gladys Holz, Einer Mortenson, Ralph Feiges.
- Flute—Olive Gilman.
- Clarinet—Edward Langdon.
- Cornets—Charles Johnson, George Pugh.
- Trombone—Raymond Kitchingman.
- Drums—Albert Johnson.





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

OFFICERS:

President Pearl Snell
 Vice-President Ruth Poland
 Secretary and Treasurer.... Millie Murray
 Librarian Katherine Hanley

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

OFFICERS:

President Harry Connolly
 Vice-President Wilfred Haumerson
 Secretary Stanley D. Howe
 Librarian Edward Rapps

GLEE CLUB.

A high school without a glee club is a school that is failing to offer a very essential element to its students toward the completion of a rounded out education. No student can truthfully say that he has a thorough education unless he has an appreciation of good music. As only a small percentage of the students go to higher institutions of learning, it is essential that the high schools offer this opportunity.

The Racine High School Glee Club is a very important organization. Perhaps those who have not given any thought as to its real value, have only considered it as a club to entertain by its choruses and annual plays, but in reality it means a great deal more than that.

In the first place, what do the members themselves get from this course? The class work acquaints the students with the names

of the best composers, and provides a connection in the mind of the student between the names of the best selections and their composers. A knowledge of these fundamentals in music is the prerequisite of every cultured person. Then, too, hearing the rendition of the best music soon helps the student to distinguish the difference between that and the lower type of so-called music. Another benefit is that the individual voices receive training and the pupil learns to read music easily and readily. The success of a club of this kind depends upon perfect attendance and promptness; and always being on time is a valuable lesson indeed.

The Glee Club plays certainly mean much not only to the students, but to the public. Operas such as *Erminie* and *The Chimes of Normandy* are presented,—an education, not only to the cast, but to the many students who attend, and to interested friends and patrons. The value of public work for the student cannot be overestimated. The drill in chorus work calls for concentration, patience, and perfect attendance.

Among all the instructors in Racine High School there is no one who deserves more credit than our musical director, Miss Watts. For years it has been she who has made the Glee Club Play one of the events of the school year—something to look forward to and enjoy. Under her direction the Glee Club has grown rapidly in size and ability, and the plays have shown marked improvement each year. Plays of almost every type have been produced under Miss Watts' capable direction, all with equal success.



ERMINIE CAST



"ERMINIE"

Under Personal Direction of Lillian Watts.

CAST

Erminie	Sylvia Musil
Eugene	Stanley D. Howe
Cerise	Anna Christensen
Ernst de Brissac	Louis Heth
Marquis de Ponvert	David Rowland
Chevalier de Brabazon	Cranston Spray
Princess	Pearl Snell
Ravennes	Harry Connolly
Cadeaux	Harry Baernstein
Javotte	Selda Stoffel
Marie	Millie Murray
Simon	Royal Schaefer
Capt. Delauney	Leo Toohey
Dufois	Russell Pulford

FLOWER GIRLS

Dorothy McAnanny	Charlotte Loverin
Claribel Kanters	Verna Wichern
Katherine Hanley	Helen Van Ornum

SWELLS

Charles Sugden	Russell Lynch
Donald Morey	Burton Lund
Leo Bloom	Mason Roberts

MAIDS

Sinah Evans	Edna Kempf
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LORDS

Lester Augustine	Victor Johanning
Herbert Hansen	Einer Mortenson
Julius Feiges	Henry Hervig
Samuel Frankel	George Mogensen

COURT LADIES

Marguerite Schulte	Carrie Dana
Geraldine Thome	Marie Eggert
Olga Prostednik	Charlotte Revken
Dena Lew	Bernice Van Valkenburg

PEASANT BOYS

Alexis Tostesin	Samuel Frankel
George Skewes	Herbert Hansen
Robert Connolly	Henry Hervig
Julius Feiges	Francis Jones

SOLDIERS

Leo Toohey—Capt. Delauney	
Edward Rapps—Sergeant	
George Doolan	Roland Schacht
Joseph Toohey	Alex Paton
Raymond Kitchingman	Edward Langdon

PEASANT GIRLS

Josephine Olson	Ruth Baggott
Nelda Hilker	Valerie Olson
Jeannette Tipping	Hazel Gatfield
Louise Schreier	Gertrude Lahr
Laura White	Ruth Skow
Frances Rasmussen	Marion Henneman
Cecelia Murphy	Pearl Brown
Florence Baggott	



ADDISON

OFFICERS

President: Violet Hausen.
 Vice President: Lloyd Abrahamson.
 Secretary and Treasurer: Donald McElroy.
 Faculty Advisor: Miss Porter.



KIRI KAWI

1916

AUDUBON SOCIETY.

The purpose of the Audubon Society, which is a national organization, is to love and protect all bird life, and to prevent the ruthless slaughter of the little creatures. The Wisconsin Audubon Society was organized in 1897. The following year Miss Porter introduced it into the high school. This year has been the most successful since its organization. The membership is past the 200 mark, with good attendance at the noon hour meetings.

At a meeting on November 11th the club members were favored with a talk by Miss Porter on the action taken by Henry Ford recently in building a sanctuary for the birds. It comprises 3,000 acres of forest land on the Detroit River and has every comfort and accommodation for each and all of our feathered friends. Each bird house is a result of extensive study and hence is constructed to the best advantage for its intended occupants.

Many enjoyable hikes and outings have been held, and although the members of the club are not authorities upon bird life, they have formed a more close acquaintance with them.

The officers for the first semester were:

PresidentWalter Gearen
 Vice-PresidentViolet Hansen
 Secretary and Treasurer....Laura Jacobson

The present semester's officers are:

PresidentViolet Hansen
 Vice-PresidentLloyd Abrahamson
 Secretary and Treasurer...Donald McElroy

AN ENGLISH LARK.

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,

That from heaven or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

I have always felt the force of these exquisite words of Shelley's since one summer morning when I had the good fortune to hear the song of an English lark.

The day was beautiful, as only an English summer day can be. The sky was deep azure, with not a sign of a cloud to mar its clearness. The air was calm and cool, and the sun shone down upon the meadows, flooding everything with a golden light. The field which I was crossing had hedges of wild roses to mark its limits, which, being in bloom, seemed to perfume the whole meadow. I neared one of these hedges, and was about to pluck a rose when I heard a whirring sound in the grass about ten yards from where I stood. Turning, I beheld a mother lark just rising from her nest. As she rose she began to sing, and if I were a genius I might be able to describe the gayety, the light-heartedness and the melody of that song. It seemed as if her whole heart and soul were being put into each note, as she rose higher and higher into the blueness above. Even when she was lost from sight her song did not cease, but came floating down in notes so clear and loud and sweet that I stood enraptured at the sound.

As I looked and listened, she came into sight again, suddenly descended and dropped into her nest as if an invisible cord had been her guide through the air. So true was her course, and so high her flight, that I think Wordsworth describes her fully when he speaks of her as
 "Type of the wise, who soar but never roam.
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

—JANET SMITH, '15.



MR. RUZICKA

CAMERA CLUB
 MISS PORTER

OUTINGS
 CAMERA CLUB EXHIBITS

CAMERA CLUB



THE CAMERA CLUB.

The Camera Club has completed another successful year. The same spirit and enthusiasm prevails that is so necessary to an organization of this character. The pictures taken by the club members have been excellent and the outings and hikes well attended.

At the first meeting of the club the following were elected:

President David Rowland
 Vice-President Mason Roberts
 Secretary and Treasurer..... Elmer Slama

Several of the city photographers have spoken before the club and have given them excellent information concerning photographic work. The annual exhibit was held at Thanksgiving time in Room 6. Fred Helm and Margaret Schulte had complete charge of the affair, which was a noteworthy success. The camera and art work were both of fine quality and the exhibit undoubtedly was



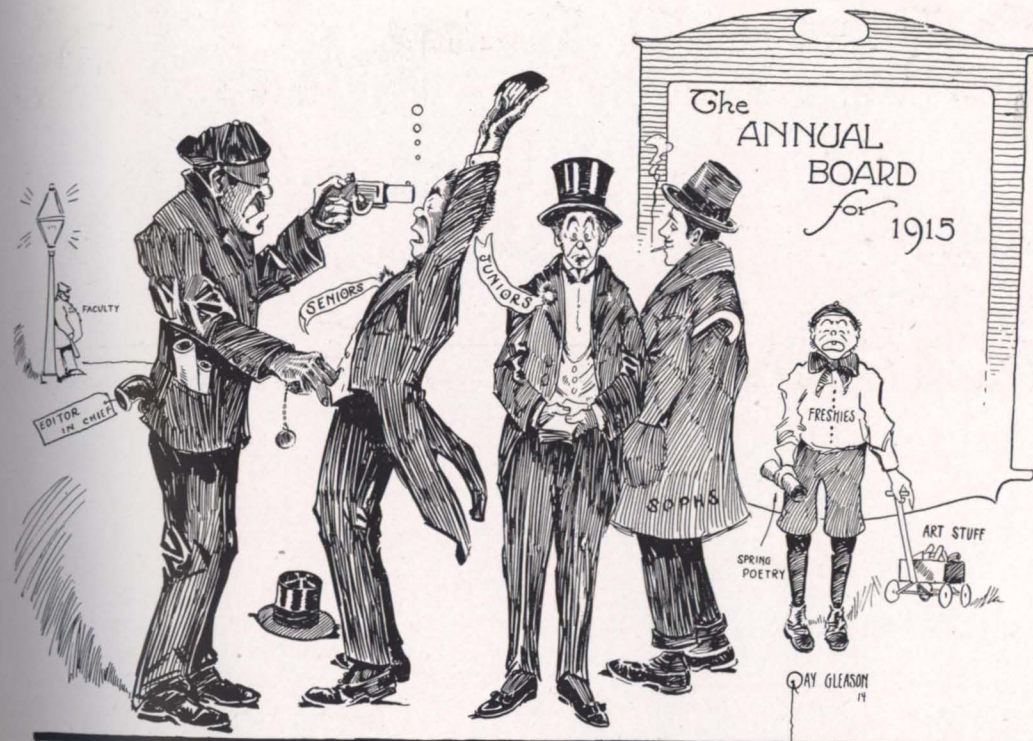
the best ever held. The technicality of the photographic work showed great thought in the choice of subjects. A contest was held at this time. Miss Porter was awarded first, and Violet Hansen, second prize. The leading photographers of the city exhibited their best pictures, which added greatly to the display. In the art exhibit the pictures shown were highly praised. These works were worthy of exhibit in any art school.

The excellence of the exhibit was greatly increased this year by the splendid display from the art department. That department, under Mr. Ruzicka, is filling a long felt want in our school.

Miss Porter continues as our advisor, inspiration, and chaperon. It is due to her enthusiasm that our club has become what it is.

The officers during the last semester were:

President Elmer Slama
 Vice-President Louis Vance
 Secretary and Treasurer..... Harold Jensen
 Faculty Member and Chaperon.. Miss Porter



THE "HOLDUP"

KIPI-KAWI BOARD.

EDITORS:

Anna Martochko Pearl Snell
 Leila Coleman Gilbert Brach

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

Emil Kark Albert Murray
 Leo Toohey

ADVERTISING COMMITTEE:

Chairman—Louis Vance
 Hugh Costello Vernon Crane
 Ambrose Owen

LITERARY:

Chairman—Geraldine Pugh
 Edna Kempf Josephine Olson
 Ruth Piper Dagmer Jensen
 Janette Tipping

HUMOR:

Chairman—Robert Bushell
 H. Munn Lester Heck
 Selda Stoffel Esther Piper
 Alice Hancshe Vernon Crane
 Katherine Hanley

ORGANIZATIONS:

Chairman—Fred Helm
 Roland Mickelson

SLAMS:

Chairman—Janet Smith
 Dorothy Tostevin Louise Cape
 Helen Henken Sylvia Musil
 Harry Kappel Ambrose Owen

ATHLETICS:

Chairman—Stanley Howe
 Lester Heck Roland Schacht

ART:

Blondine Archer Byron Gere

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Chairman—Ruth Poland

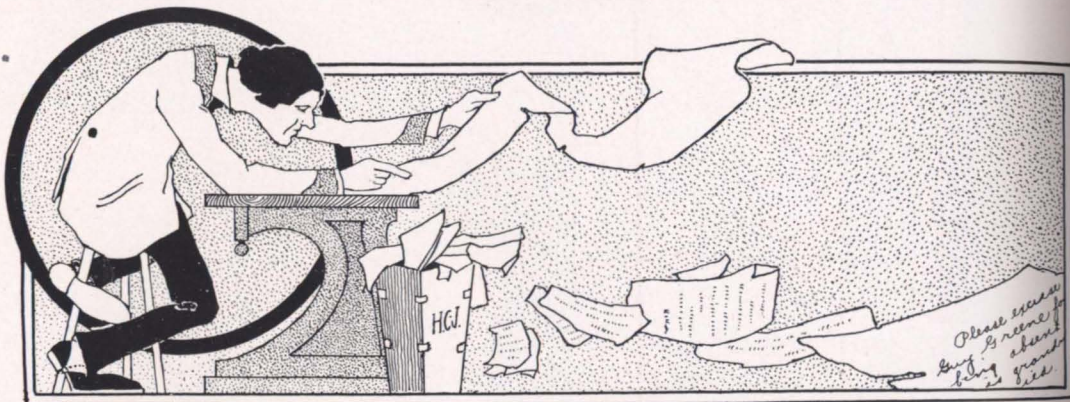
TYPEWRITING:

Chairman—Margaret Cary
 Margaret Gilday Russell Fiddler

Faculty Advisor—Miss Collier

Assistants:

Humor—Miss Potter
 Art Work—Mr. Ruzicka
 Treasurer—Miss Mason



MONITORS

LOWER ASSEMBLY.

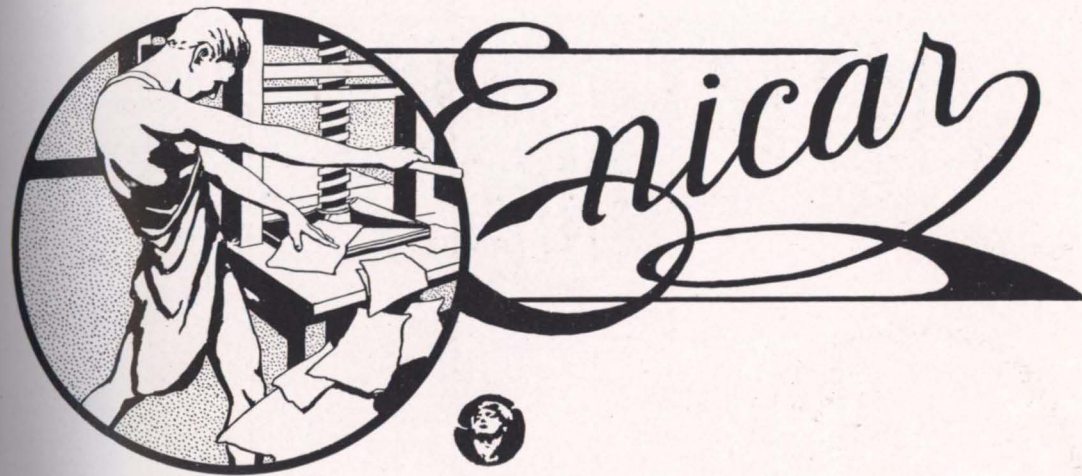
Pearl Snell
 Roland Schacht
 Stanley Howe
 Frederick Helm
 Howard Johnson
 Jeannette Tipping
 Gilbert Brach
 Gladys Sackrider
 Josephine Olson

UPPER ASSEMBLY.

Valerine Olsen
 Harriet Wratten
 Donald McElroy
 Viola Jacobsen
 Claribel Kanters
 Esther Kasper
 William Brown
 William Kannenberg
 Vera Place

Assistants:

Allyn Mogensen
 Herbert Hanson



ANNA CHRISTENSEN, Editor-in-Chief

HARRY VOSS, Associate Editor

Pearl Hilker, *Literary*

Verna Wichern, }
 David Rowland, } *Athletics*

Laura White, *Art*

Helen Van Ornum, *Music*

Marie Die Disch, }
 } *Dramatic Club*
 } *Camera Club*

Grace Gifford, *Audubon Society*

Ruth Skow, *Humor*

Mamie Wuerzberger, }
 Percy Lunde, } *Social*

Viola Jacobsen, *Alumni*

Rose Geyer, *Exchange*

Harold Goetz, *Adelphic Society*

Sinah Evans, *Castalia Society*

Margaret Gilday and Clarence Holm, *Staff Stenographers*

Alex Paton, *Business Manager*





ENICAR.

For many years the "Kipikawi" has been published by the Seniors in R. H. S. In 1913 it was decided that the Junior class should also have a publication. Hence, "The Enicar" was started. It is issued once a month by a staff composed of Juniors. "The Enicar" is the first paper edited in this school since "The Dial" was discontinued in 1883.

Our publication is unique in that not only the editing, but also the printing is done by High School students. This is not true of any other high school paper in the State of Wisconsin.

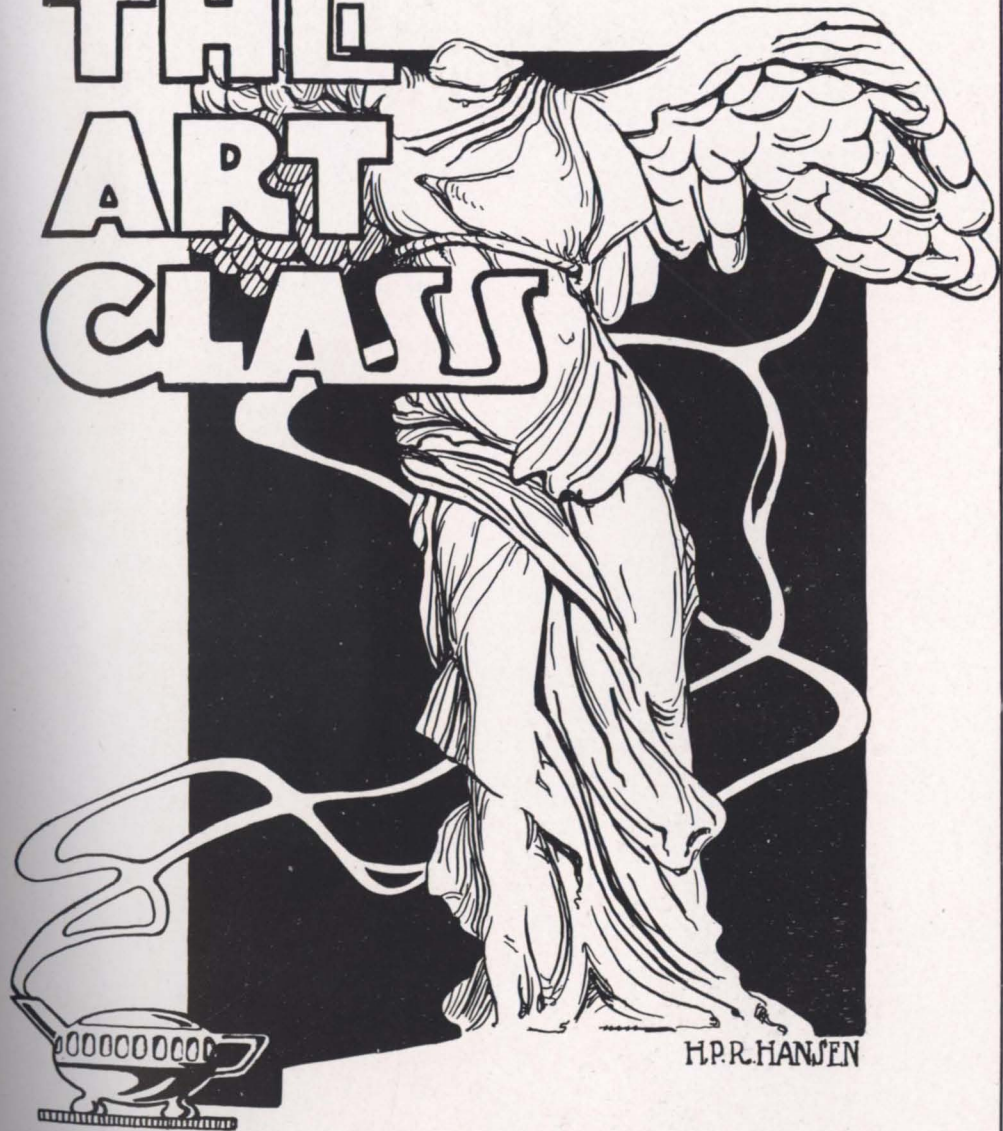
Since the pupils in the print shop have found it possible to do more work each month, the paper has been increased from twenty-eight to thirty-two pages. The general appearance of "The Enicar" is more artistic on account of the contributions of the Art Department. The Literary, Local, and Athletic departments have shown great improvement.

We have tried to improve the paper and we trust that we have in part succeeded. As fast as the class in printing becomes more efficient, it is the desire of those in charge to make "The Enicar" a larger and better publication.



Cover Design for the Christmas Number of the *Enicar*

THE
ART
CLASS



H.P.R. HANSEN

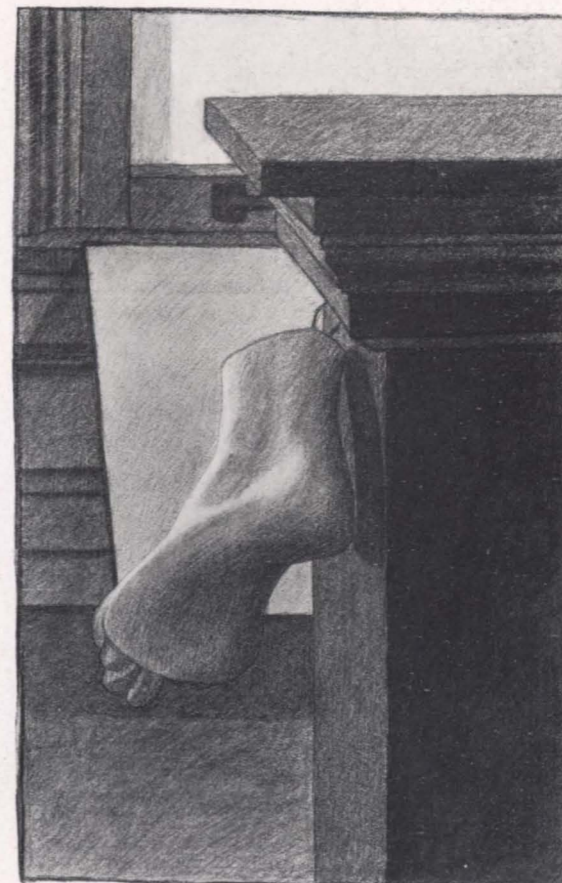
ARS LONGA VITA BREVIS



MEMBERS OF ART CLASS.

Byron Gere
 Ernest Voss
 Clarence Holm
 Marie O'Day
 Edward Kersten
 Dave Rowlands
 Robert Beffel
 Elizabeth Peil
 Earl Pokerny
 Thomas Smith
 Ernest Malmquist
 Edward Sorenson
 Harold Jensen

Leo Bloom
 Mildred Hawes
 Paul Overdier
 Guy Greene
 Mildred Socha
 Albert Gaiser
 Herbert Felgenhauer
 Burtan Rowley
 Margaret Perry
 Josephine Nerad
 Robert Widmer
 Clair Fancher
 Edward Glass
 Clark Miller
 Laura White





CASTALIA

OFFICERS.

President,..... Mamie Wuerzburger
 Vice President,..... Winifred Herrick
 Secretary,..... Sinah Evans
 Treasurer,..... Ruth Williams
 Sergeant-at-Arms,..... Lydia Breckenfeld





CASTALIA.

Castalia this year stands for the all-round girl. One of the first programs emphasized this idea. Talks were given on the appearance, scholarship, and character of a real girl. Many programs have been devoted to the carrying through of a certain theme. Some of these are as follows: A Kipling program, a Joan of Arc program, a musical program, a Greek story program, and a program on Winter Sports in Various Countries.

The ability of the Castalia girls to think was shown at a recent program at which impromptu speeches were demanded. Each girl who was given a topic responded readily and gave her talk in comparatively good English.

During the year, joint programs have been given once a month by the Adelphic and Castalia clubs. These meetings cause friendly competition and enthusiasm among the members of both clubs, and have been a great success. After one of the meetings the Junior Castalia girls served tea.

A Hallowe'en party was given on October 30th at the home of Margaret Seater. The house was appropriately decorated and all the girls wore fancy costumes. Ghosts and witches of all kinds appeared. The evening was spent in games, fortune telling, and diving for apples. In the middle of January a sleigh ride party was enjoyed by both Adelphic and Castalia.

The following is a list of members:

Lydia Breckenfeld, Della Burgess, Lillian Case, Edna Christianson, Anna Christensen, Marie Coon, Madaline Dobbratz, Alice Dostal, Sinah Evans, Ursula Gantenbein, Irma

Gratz, Clarice Goodland, Grace Gifford, Helen Henken, Charlotte Hermes, Winifred Herrick, Lona Herreid, Alice Kasper, Esther Kasper, Libby Jansa, Laura Jacobsen, Doris Johnson, Ethel Junco, Laura Lund, Anna Martochko, Norma Miller, Verna Miller, Mina Melvin, Marie O'Day, Ina Peterson, Nettie Peterson, Gladys Peterson, Eleanor Peterson, Gladys Pritchard, Olga Prostrednik, Vera Place, Verna Roberts, Juanita Shepherd, Margaret Seater, Charlotte Silverman, Anna Svitavsky, Ruth Williams, Mammie Wuerzberger, Helen Wiedeback, Florence Victor.

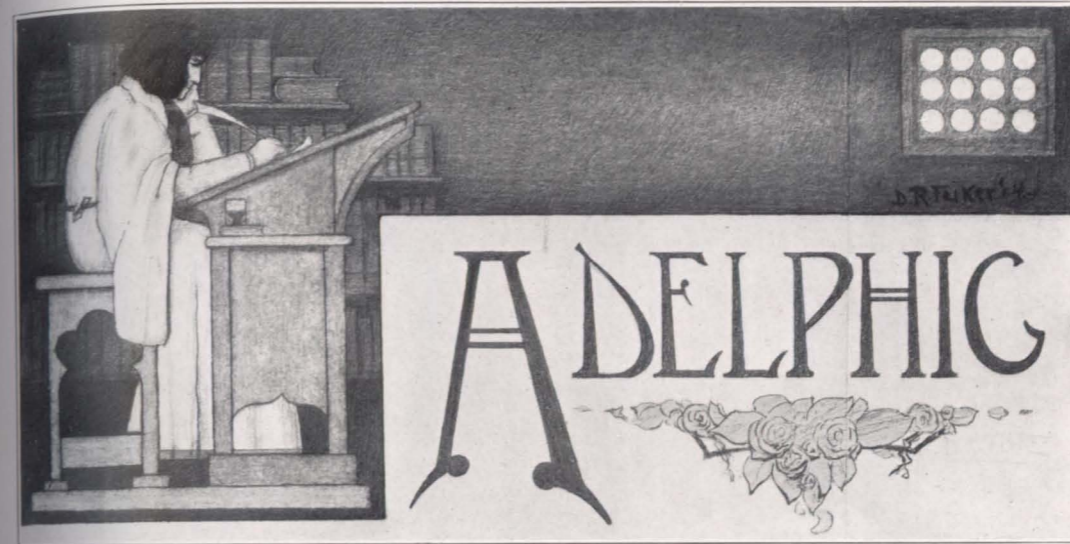
Officers for First Quarter: President, Anna Martochko; Vice-President, Helen Henken; Secretary, Mammie Wuerzberger; Treasurer, Anna Svitavsky; Sergeant-at-Arms, Eleanor Peterson.

Officers for Second Quarter: President, Anna Christensen; Vice-President, Norma Miller; Secretary, Marie O'Day; Treasurer, Esther Kasper; Sergeant-at-Arms, Margaret Seater.

Officers for Third Quarter: President, Helen Henken; Vice-President, Laura Jacobsen; Secretary, Mammie Wuerzberger; Treasurer, Gladys Pritchard; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ruth Williams.

Officers for Fourth Quarter: President, Mammie Wuerzberger; Vice-President, Winifred Herrick; Secretary, Sinah Evans; Treasurer, Ruth Williams; Sergeant-at-Arms, Lydia Breckenfeld.

Faculty Advisors: Miss Harvey and Miss Nelson.



OFFICERS.

- President,..... Oscar Jacobson
- Vice President,..... Fred Helm
- Secretary,..... Clayton Dow
- Treasurer,..... George Gates
- Sergeant-at-Arms,..... Harold Skow





THE ADELPHIC LITERARY SOCIETY

The Adelpic Society has had the most successful period in its history. The membership has remained over forty during the year. Any student interested in literary work may become a member of the society, provided the membership does not exceed fifty.

The purpose of the Adelpic is to make of its members good public speakers, with the necessary poise and self-confidence. In the last four years the club has furnished eighteen of the twenty-four persons on the interscholastic debating teams, and has contributed nearly all of the oratorical contestants. This year various athletic activities, besides the regular literary work have been introduced.

The first meeting was held on Thursday, October 1st, and meetings have been held every week since. The officers elected for the first semester were as follows:

- PresidentRoland Mickelson
- Vice-PresidentFred Helm
- SecretaryLeo Toohey
- TreasurerOscar Jacobson
- Sergeant-at-ArmsJoseph Toohey

Fred Helm was selected as chairman of the Program Committee for the first ten weeks, and Oscar Jacobson for the last ten weeks of the semester. Harold Gootz was the *Enicar* reporter for the Adelpic.

The meetings have been called to order at

3:45 Thursday afternoons in Room 12. Extemporaneous speeches, debates, orations, biographies, reminiscences, farces, dialogues, recitations, readings, invectives, eulogies, plays, and music have been features of the programs.

A meeting was held with the Castalia on October 20th, which has been followed by regular monthly joint meetings. This has resulted in securing a larger interest in, and a broader view of literary work.

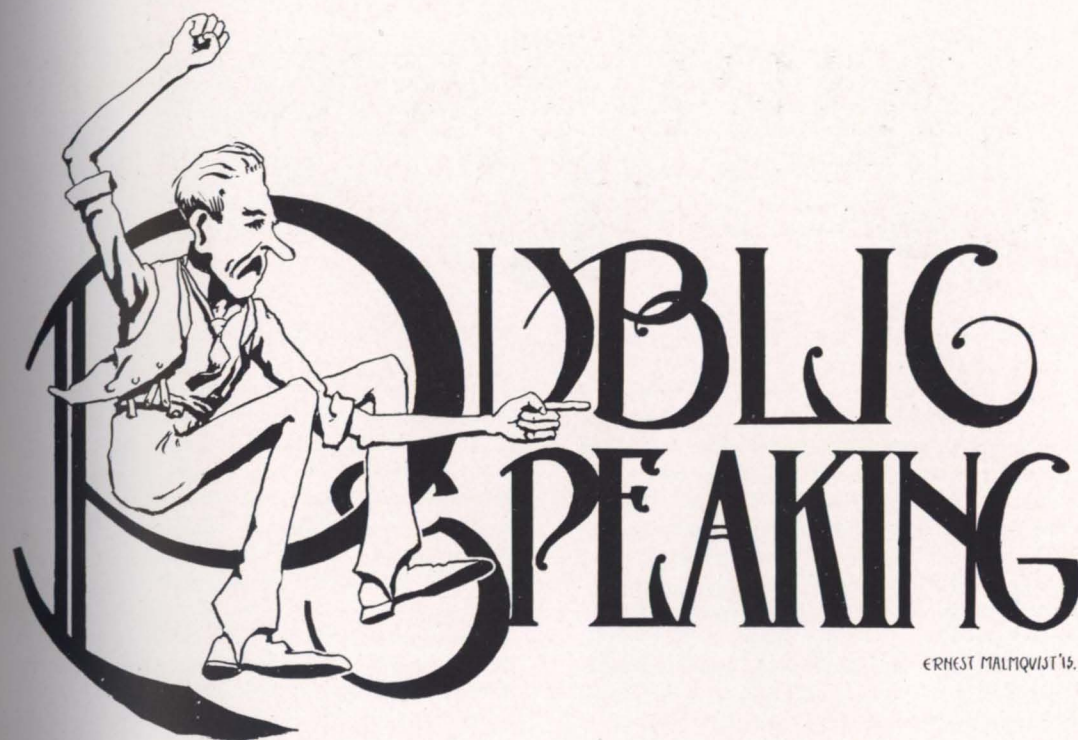
A sleigh ride party to Percy Nuttal's home was held with the Castalia, on January 8th.

On February 4th the following officers were elected for the second semester:

- PresidentOscar Jacobson
- Vice-PresidentFred Helm
- SecretaryClayton Dow
- TreasurerGeorge Gates
- Sergeant-at-ArmsHarold Skow

Oscar Jacobson, W. Sommers, and Roland Mickelson were selected for the Program Committee.

The third annual Castalia-Adelpic banquet was held at the Plymouth Congregational Church on Washington's Birthday. There were fifty-four present. A good program was rendered with Oscar Jacobson as toastmaster.



INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATE.

Racine is a member of the Wisconsin Interscholastic Debating League—a league which includes some twenty high schools under the direction of Lawrence College. To prepare for these inter-high school debates, a debating class was formed early in October. On November 9th the debate question was received. It read: "Resolved, That the Regular Army of the United States Should Be Increased to 500,000 Men." The debaters were occupied for the next three months in reading the available material, constructing briefs, writing and then committing speeches, and practicing rebuttals.

The preliminary contest was held on February 11th. Of the eight contestants, the judges awarded first place to Cranston Spray; second, Leila E. Coleman; third, Roland Mickelson; fourth, Fred Helm; fifth, Fred

Robinson; sixth, Jacob Weisman. Cranston Spray and Leila Coleman were awarded first and second places, respectively, because of excellence of presentation.

The following teams were formed:

Affirmative—Leila E. Coleman, captain; Fred Helm, Jacob Weisman.

Negative—Cranston Spray, captain, Fred Robinson, Roland Mickelson.

Ernest Voss was the alternative for the affirmative and Gustive Slezak for the negative.

Lawrence College had arranged a triangular contest between Kenosha, Racine, and Wauwatosa, but the latter school withdrew, so a dual debate was arranged between Kenosha and Racine.

On February 19th the affirmative remained at home to debate the Kenosha negative, while



the Racine negative went to Kenosha to debate their affirmative team.

The judges of the debates were requested to consider the presentation as well as the argument. The excellent delivery of the Kenosha team won them the debate, as the arguments advanced by the Racine debaters were equal, if not superior, to those advanced by Kenosha. The final result being four to two in favor of Kenosha, Racine was prevented from continuing any longer in the contest.

It is to be hoped that next year more students will enter for debating—not with spirit of beating someone else—but with the spirit of getting as much as possible out of this forensic activity. There is nothing that goes to make better citizens than does debating, for it furnishes the means of understanding the vital problems and issues of the day.

DECLAMATORY AND ORATORICAL CONTESTS.

On the evening of April 9th the five orators and five declaimers selected from the thirty contestants presented their orations and declamations before the Parent-Teachers' Association and the student body. Extraordinary skill and ability were shown by all who took part and much credit is due to their coach, Miss McBride.

Of the oratorical contestants, Fred Helm was awarded first place; Cranston Spray, second place; and Roland Mickelson, third place. Fred Helm represented our high school at the district contest held at Wauwatosa on April 30th, and won first place.

Of the declamatory contestants, Mina Melvin was awarded first place; Viola Jacobson, second place; and Sinah Evans, third place. Mina Melvin represented our school at the district contest held at West Allis on April 30th, and won second place. She spoke after eleven o'clock at night.

A PLEA FOR THE JEW.

Compiled by a Freshman for the Oratorical Contest.

There is a river in the ocean, which in the severest droughts never fails, nor in the mightiest floods ever overflows. Its fountain is the Gulf of Mexico, its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. So distinctly are its waters marked, that their line of union with the common sea water may be traced by the eye. Such is the want of affinity between these waters, such is the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of this river—the mighty Gulf stream—to mingle with the common waters of the sea.

As this curious phenomenon exists in the physical world, so also is its counterpart found in the moral world. In the midst of the ocean of mankind, there is a lonely river. Not the mightiest floods of human temptation have ever caused its overflow, not the fiercest fires of human cruelty, though seven times heated in the furnace of religious bigotry, ever caused its drought. Yet for two thousands years its waves have rolled crimson with the blood of its martyrs. In the great dawn of the world's history is its fountain, and in the shadow of eternity is its mouth. It, too, has refused to mingle with the surrounding waves, and the line which divides its restless billows from the common waters of humanity is also plainly visible. And this lonely river of humanity is the Jewish race.

Though dead as a nation, as we speak of a nation, yet the Jew lives; his ideas fill the world and move the wheels of its progress, even as the sun, which sinks behind the western hills, yet fills the heavens with the remnants of its glory. The suffering of the Jewish nation seems to have been in order to bring to pass the universal acceptance of the Jewish ideas, and the everlasting establishment of these ideas. There is no other instance in all the world's history of such a rejection of the person, and the character of a people, yet the acceptance of their doctrines and dogmas.

Let us briefly review their origin and his-



tory. A people of Semitic race whose ancestors appear at the very dawn of history of mankind on the banks of the Euphrates, Jordan, and the Nile; their fragments are now to be seen in larger or smaller numbers in almost all of the cities of the globe, from Alaska to New Orleans, and from Stockholm to Cape Town. While little more numerous than a family, yet they have their own language, their own customs, and their own peculiar observances. Though broken as if it were into atoms, and scattered in all climes, among the rudest and among the most civilized of nations, yet they have preserved through thousands of years their common features and observances, their common religion, their literature, and their sacred language. Without any political union, without any common head or center, yet they have treated with princes. They are generally regarded and regard themselves as a nation.

The Jew has been a social outcast, and in some places still is such, simply because he refused to abandon the God of his fathers.

For these, three thousand years ago were his burdens in Egypt greater than he could bear. For this, were his cities burned, the walls of his capital razed, his temples destroyed, his altars desecrated, his people slaughtered. For this was he carried into captivity by Babylonian and Syrian despots, his lands reduced to desert, sown with the bones of the murdered millions. He has struggled for his very existence against the Egyptians, Syrians, and the Romans; has been conquered and nearly exterminated by each of those powers, and has survived them all. Yet in spite of all, for fifteen hundred years, has the Jew clung to the horns of his altar, cherished his temples, and revered his God.

The Jew, alone, during all that period of terror, vice, tyranny, despair, and loathsome idolatry, taught the doctrines of one supreme God. He, alone, followed a code of laws which embraces every principle essential to liberty, morality, and religion. His laws and his religion were to those of the other na-

tions of the earth as a star of undescrivable glory, shining through the clouds of a stormy sky upon a sea of blood.

From this race comes your religion; from its sacred writings, your morals. It preserved the greater part of the knowledge in its ancient history; the sublimest examples of sacred poetry, and tenderest expressions of exalted devotion fell from the pens of inspired Jews.

Obliterate the work of the Jew before the Christian era, and you destroy the old Bible and the Ten Commandments. Strike out the worth of the Jew from the Christian era, and you obliterate the New Testament. Yet this race has ever been persecuted by those whom this race converted. They were massacred in England in the time of Richard I; in Germany, they were murdered at Erfurt and Fulda on the false accusation of their killing Christian boys for their blood at Passover; at Frankfort, at Meintz, at Nuremberg, and in old Franconia men strove to exterminate this people; they were killed like cattle; yea, mercilessly burned in Bastile, Freiburg, Alsace, Cologne, and in every part of Germany. When we call to mind that these are only instances of what the Jew has endured, and that for centuries they were in perpetual suffering and danger at all times and in all places, scarcely can we persuade ourselves that any remnant of a nation so bitterly persecuted can still survive. Yet there are countries in which the Jew is still subject to persecution and cruel oppression, such as the countries of Russia and Roumania.

The recent barbarities inflicted upon them in Russia are but the recollections of the darkest cruelties of the Middle Ages. Out of a false accusation that the Jews killed a Christian boy for Passover ceremonies, a groundless and monstrous invention, fabricated as a pretext for the plundering of the Jews—grew that bloody horror, the Kishineff Massacre. Yet this crying outrage, this damned spot on the fair light of the twentieth century, this horror without a shadow of justification, was sanctioned by high church authorities.



The glare of burning houses, the shrieks of outraged women, these wailings of orphaned children, go up to God, not only as witnesses against those who perpetrated them, but as accusations, also, against those who permitted them. For to no other powers in Christendom should the consequences of this horrible calumny of such long and infamous vitality be more odious and more hateful. Yet again we hear wailing through Russia, that old cry of Jewish sorrow, a cry we had hoped to hear no more. How shameful is it to know that within the shadow of the so-called Christian churches there are yet places dark with such cruel shadows.

No consideration of diplomacy, no international courtesy should for one moment stand in the way of stern and instant suppression of these outrages, for the Jews are our spiritual fathers, the authors of our morals, the founders of our civilization with all the power and dominion arising therefrom. So the great body of people professing Christianity, imbued with any of its noble spirit, should see that justice and protection are afforded them. Every consideration of humanity and international policy demands it. Their unspeakable misfortunes, their inherited woes, their very helplessness should be an appeal to the Christian chivalry, should be trumpet tones in behalf of those victims of a savage prejudice for which tolerant Christianity is not altogether irresponsible.

While the physical persecution of the Jews has measurably ceased among all nations of the highest civilization, nor is there longer any proscription upon their political rights in any land where the English tongue is spoken, there still remains among us an unspoken, yet deep-rooted prejudice. And even the free country of the United States, so boastful of its toleration, presents some curious evidence that the old spirit of persecution is not yet dead. Evidences, tending to show that the prejudices of two thousand years, are still with us; nor will our toleration be complete until we put prejudice, as well as the old barbaric physical torture, away. —JACOB WEISMAN, '18.

THE SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB.

Miss McBride, teacher of public speaking, organized the Senior Dramatic Club on September 22nd. This is the first time we have had a teacher especially for this work and we feel confident that the success of dramatics in our high school is assured. The members meet every Thursday evening, at which time short sketches and entertainments are given. The membership is limited to thirty, and all candidates must show ability before they are eligible to membership of the club.

During the first semester the following students served as officers:

President Stanley D. Howe
 Vice-President Pearl Snell
 Secretary Geraldine Pugh
 Stage Manager Leo Toohey
 Property Man Byron Gere

At the Christmas program given at Guild Hall, the Senior Dramatic Club staged "The Bride's Christmas Tree," a light, modern play in the nature of a farce. The plot was full of amusing situations, which were well carried through by the entire cast. The whole action was built around the non-appearance of certain relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wentworth, who in turn had planned great things for their first Christmas tree.

During the second semester the following served as officers:

President Geraldine Pugh
 Vice-President Leo Toohey
 Secretary Byron Gere
 Property Man Fred Helm
 Stage Manager Hugh Munn

The members of the Parent-Teachers' Association were well entertained at their February meeting by two casts from the Senior Dramatic Club. The two sketches staged were: "Rosalie" and "Six Cups of Chocolate." The program rendered during the evening was highly commendable and was termed by all present an excellent one.

The Senior Dramatic Club will conclude their year's work in the production of "The Professor's Love Story," a comedy farce in



SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB



JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB



ORATORS AND DECLAIMERS



three acts, which will be staged at the White House Theater on June 16 and 17.

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB.

Leila E. Coleman	Gladys Pritchard
Byron Gere	Geraldine Pugh
Gertrude Gressing	Selda Stoffel
Fred Helm	Leo Toohey
Helen Henken	Louis Vance
Nelda Hilker	Katherine Hanley
Stanley Howe	Josephine Olson
Laura Jacobson	Blondine Archer
Edna Kempf	Emil Kark
Millie Murray	Ruth Poland
Sylvia Musil	Hugh Munn
Josephine Peterson	

Faculty Coach, Miss McBride.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Junior Dramatic Club, brought into existence on September 24th, is a band of enthusiastic Juniors who meet for the purpose for dramatic work. The club, now one of the foremost in the school, has a membership of thirty, who find the work both beneficial and instructive.

The results of the first semester elections were:

President Marie DieDisch
 Vice-President Marguerite Boyce
 Secretary Sinah Evans

The club's first play, "The Christmas Guest," was given by a Junior cast on December 23rd at Guild Hall. This was a miracle play of the sixteenth century, portray-

ing the true spirit of Christmas. The cast deserves much credit for the excellency of its production.

The next play, "Spreading the News," was presented at the Parent-Teachers' Association meeting. The play was effectively given by the cast, who played their roles in the old Irish dialect.

The second semester officers elected were as follows:

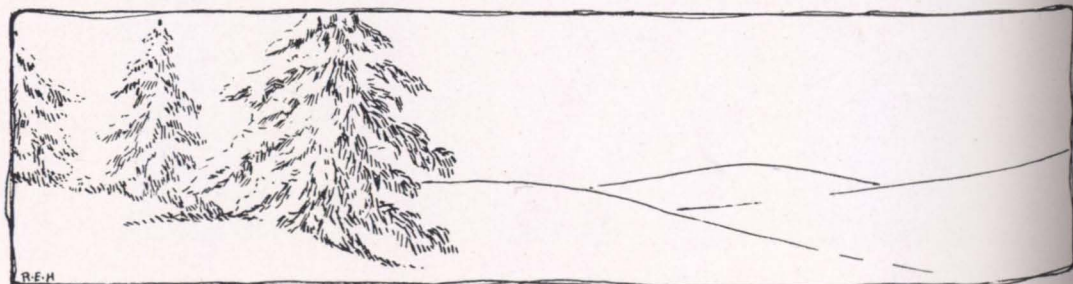
President Cranston Spray
 Vice-President Robert Burns
 Secretary Claribel Kanters

Every member feels assured that his work in the Junior Dramatic Club has been successful and profitable, and that much credit is due to our instructor, Miss McBride, and her untiring efforts.

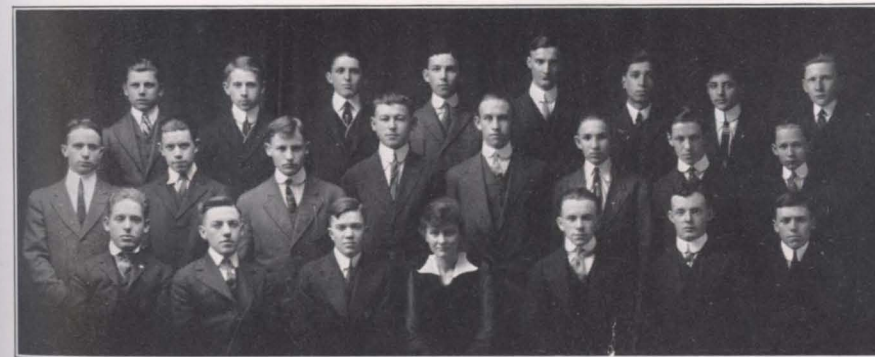
JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB MEMBERS.

Ruth Baggot	Charles Sugden
Florence Baggot	Helen Van Ornum
Marguerite Boyce	Laura White
Anna Christensen	Mamie Wuertzberger
Florence Collins	Gladys Sackrider
Carrie Lee Dana	John Albino
Marie DieDisch	Leo Bloom
Alice Dickey	Robert Burns
Alice Dostal	George Lew
Sinah Evans	Donald Morey
Marion Henneman	David Rowland
Claribel Kanters	Cranston Spray
Charlotte Loverin	Mason Roberts
Olga Prostednik	

Faculty Coach, Miss McBride.



Commercial Club



THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE CLUB.

A Commercial Club was organized on Wednesday afternoon, December 12th, for the purpose of promoting the social welfare of the Commercial Department. The meetings are held every Wednesday evening at the club rooms in the Commercial High School.

The club supplies the demand felt among commercial students in the High School for having some means of becoming better acquainted with commercial life in Racine. The membership is limited to twenty-five and each member must take at least one commercial subject.

The work of the club consists of parliamentary practice and discussions of civic conditions and activities. The business men of Racine often attend the meetings and speak

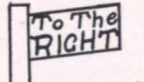


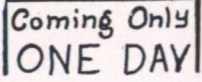

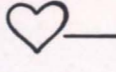
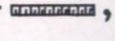
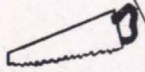


upon commercial subjects. The club had charge of the sale of the Christmas seals in Racine High School and increased the number sold last year (400) to 8,750. Pleasure is combined with work, as the boys have held a banquet, a sleigh ride party, and several outings. The club is a live one and ranks as one of the best of our high school organizations. Miss Pennefeather, the faculty advisor of the club, has been for the most part responsible for the success of the club.


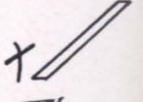


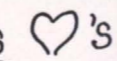


The officers are:







President Alexander McPherson
 Vice-President Herbert Brown
 Secretary and Treasurer Albert Murray
 Sergeant-at-Arms Stephen Duffy

KIPI KAWI

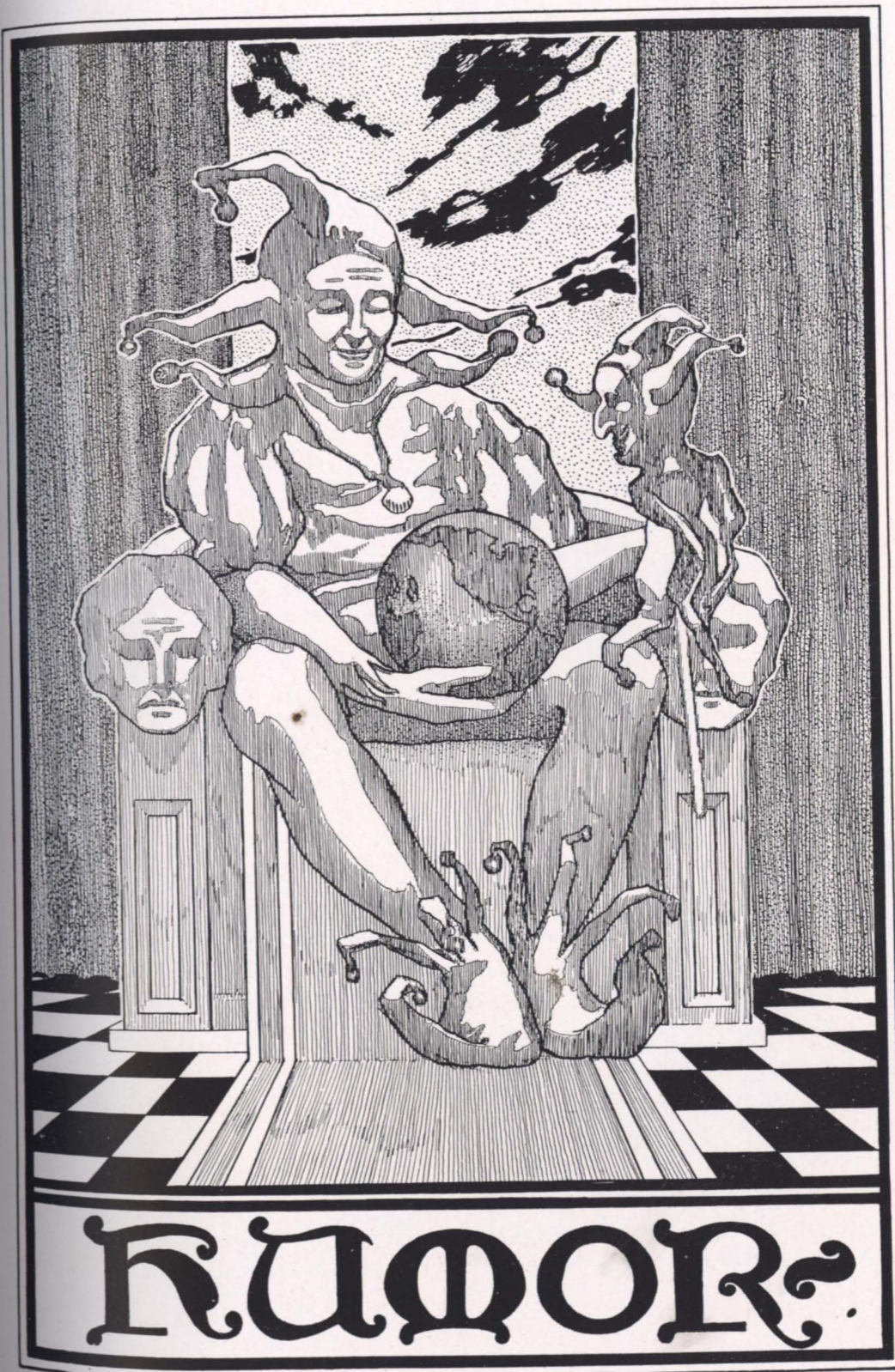
1916

H is the Senior, b  and ,
 Who skipped from   Coming Only
 ONE DAY.
 H  is the Teacher, — and C ,
 Who  the , when he skipped from .

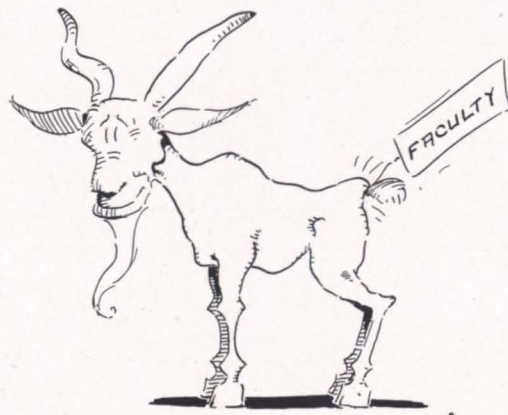
This is the  that Jimmy 
 And H is the rude old ,
 With which he ed 2 his 's con 
 Then farther & farther on  went.

The H returned  great surprise
 There stood  Teacher  4 his  ;
 4 this Senior, so it seems,
 H+ skipped 2  f Roff "L& of Dreams."

Laura White '16



ROBERT WIMER '16.



DEDICATION.

Dedicated to that bulge-brained, bespectacled, conspiring, sometimes perspiring being, who brought us into the land of slavery, misery and wretchedness some four years or more ago. To the one who has ruled over us with the mighty looks and tortuous rulers; who made us in our dreams to wake and start; that fiendish being so bookthirsty and pedagogical; that bibliomaniacal deity who so steeped itself in learning and philosophy that it was given a scrap of sheep's hide which entitled it to be our master; who received perhaps one hundred per for oppressing us—the noble-minded, dignified, self-respecting SENIORS. To the one whose main ambition was to present us lowly mortals every five weeks with blood-red tokens of its high esteem; only the most favored of us poor wretches ever saw them, indeed, some cast their gaze upon them too often, and, enthralled by the charm, must endure the agony for another year.

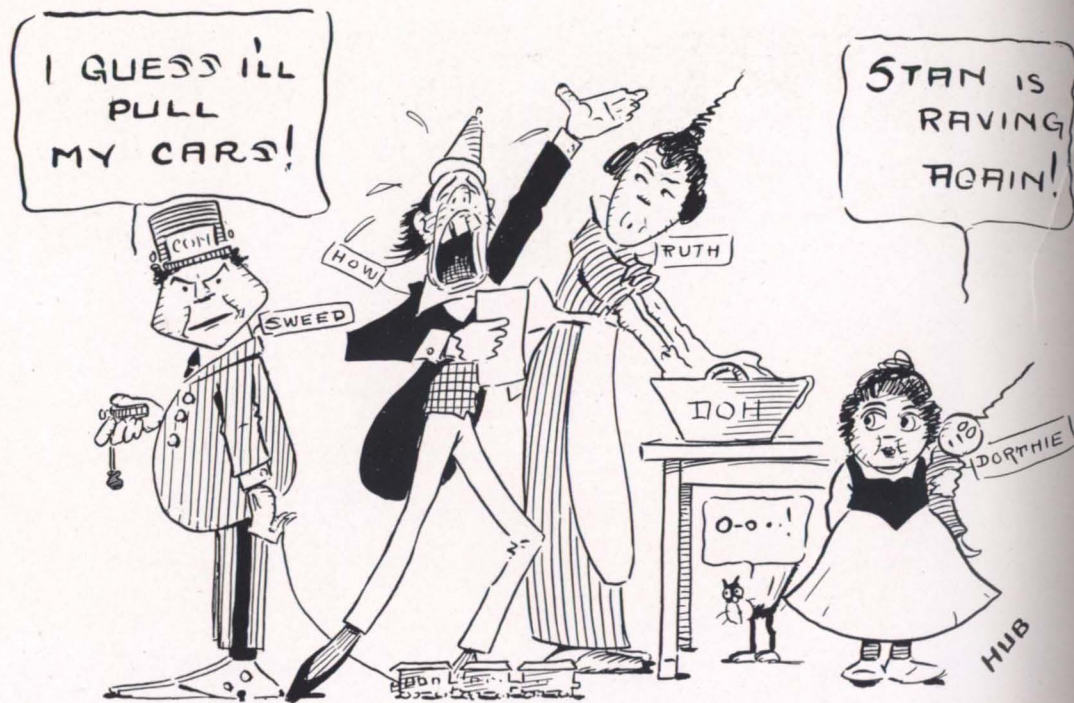
To this myriad-eyed, limber tongued, omnipresent scourge of student kind, the Faculty, we humbly dedicate this poor specimen of our labor in partial retribution for the wrongs we have endured.



Faculty

Lavern W. Brooks: Master of Ceremonies.
 Wisconsin College of Punsters.
 A. J. Wilbor: Bachelor Forever.
 Vassar College.
 Susan Porter: Author of Who's Who.
 Rockefeller Institute of Research.
 Louise Collier: Bachelor Annually.
 Dickson School of Memory.
 Judd Schaad: Doctor of Odors and Explosions.
 Armour Institute of Taxi-dermy.
 Zettie Sieb: Master of Quizzing and Before-Handedness.
 About to take a Domestic Science Course.
 Laura DuFour: Bachelor of Independence.
 Formerly President of *The DuFour Tours through Medieval and Modern Europe*.
 Captain Aller: Master of Fief, Estates and Incumbrances.
 Production of a Pail Factory.
 Harriet Harvey: Bachelor of Aesthetic Dancing.
 Long School for Civilians.
 A. E. Van Landegend: Bachelor of Hesitative Articulation.
 Lockhart School of Oratory.
 May Bumby: General of the English Army.
 Specialist in works of Liszt.
 Harriet Mason: Bachelor of Efficiency.
 Victor Talking Machine Factory.
 Isabelle Mertle: Bachelor of Time.
 Galesberger-Gerger College of Typoscribes.
 Blanche C. Racine: B. C. is her degree.
 Belle City Racine College.
 Cora Manaton: One gun of the English Army.
 School of England.
 Olga Nelson: Master of Dutch Tongue Twisting.
 Formerly with I. Ll. C. H. & Co.
 (See last year's *Kipi-Kawi*.)
 H. George Roest: Prestidigitator of Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
 College for Chefs.
 May Claridge: Master of Family Reminiscences.
 School of Brotherly Love.
 Belva Ronne: Jack of all Trades.
 Formerly with the Case Manufacturing Company.
 Frank Thayer: Formerly Manager of the Philadelphia Athletics.
 Thinn High School.
 Kate Sogard: Bachelor of all Arts.
 School of Erudition.
 Ida Howe: Master of Cloakroom Duty.
 Chicago School of Hardheartedness.

Mary Potter: Master of Occult-dynamic Penetration.
 Bankhurst College of Old English.
 Gertrude Walker: Master of Pedestrianism.
 College for Vocal Development.
 Clarence Hibbard: Bachelor of the Orient.
 Recently admitted to the Bar.
 Ella Tormey: "Perfectly killing, don't you know."
 Greggian Institute.
 Amy Pennfeather: Master of Sarcastic Mirth.
 Correspondence School for Deaf and Dumb.
 Marion Vandenbrook: Doctor Necessary.
 Home for Crippled Children.
 Lida McBride: Bachelor of the Footlights.
 N. Y. College for Stage Managers.
 Thomas Rees: Chief of Plain and Would Work.
 Short School for Men.
 Carolyn Blackburn: School of Correshortlaw.
 Master of Stand Please.
 Coberg: Bachelor of Woodery and Plain Department.
 Oh! Where do those eats come from?
 Harry F. Pattie: Bachelor of Good Looks.
 Lillian Russell Training School.
 Edward I. Whalen: Bachelor of Bashful Arts.
 Stout Institute.
 Childs: Bachelor of Machinistic Industries.
 ?
 Elizabeth Hood: Bachelor of Womanly Vocations.
 Goody Goodies College.
 Verna Gillen: Would-not-be-Bachelor.
 Graduate of "Do-The-Boys Hall."
 Mabel Wilton: Would-not-be-Bachelor.
 Graduate of "Do-The-Boys Hall."
 Frances O'Laughlin: Would-not-be-Bachelor.
 Graduate of "Do-The-Boys Hall."
 Elizabeth Gilday: It is *Fitting* she should be a bachelor.
 Editor of "Fashions of the Hour."
 Mary Moyle: Hades Printing School.
 Master of Devils (printer's).
 Lillian Watts: Bachelor of Vocal Gymnastics.
 Home for Vocalists.
 Antonin Ruzicka: Bachelor of Napoleonic Pose.
 School of the Marinello Shop.
 Lovett Finley: Overseer of Athletic Jumpnastics.
 Graduate of the Gogroft System (Susanna's).
 Carl Gilman: Master of Fiddlers.
 Paternal Instructor of our Gilmans.
 Ruth Barr: Master of Hearts.
 Detention School.



Seniors

OFFICERS:

President Swede Vance
 Vice-President Stan. Howe
 Flour—Pillsbury Best.

Secretary Ruth Poland
 Treasurer Bob Tostevin
 Motto—We knead the dough.

A CLASS PROPHECY.

(With apologies to Bill Shakespeare.)

Setting:

A very desolate moorland. It has been raining. Three witches are wandering slowly about when three very stylish-looking young men came upon the scene. The tallest one notices the apparitions first and calls the attention of the other two.

Helm: Speak, if you can, what are you?

First Witch: All hail, Helm! hail to thee, U. S. ruler!

Second Witch: All hail, Johnson! that shalt be champion!

Third Witch: All hail, Vance! mayor of Racine!

First Witch:

And so, from this great lot of '15 shall we Not find some noted ones? I, the name of truth,

There is a Pritchard girl who'll make indeed

A noble partner for a wealthy farmer.

I greet with present grace and great prediction

M. Cary who will upon a typewriter pound
 The rest of her weary life: to me it seems so.

And then I see Ruth Poland standing up
 Debating better than you have ever heard,
 And in the audience there sits McGraw,
 Who labors very hard.

First Witch: Schacht—

Second Witch: Bushell—

Third Witch: Howe—

First Witch: Lesser than Helm and greater.

Second Witch: Not so wealthy, yet much happier.

Third Witch:

Thou shalt be chief, though thou know it not.

So all hail (Janet and Josephina enter.)

First Witch: Josephine and Janet, all hail!

All: Stay you imperfect speakers, tell us more.

Enter Hecate.

First Witch: Why, how now Hecate! you can help us out.



Hecate:

Shall I so honored by you people be?
 So great and wonderful? Well, I do see
 One whom they call Janet,
 She sits and talks, oh, my! and knits,
 And making up the biggest mess
 About her neighbor's business.
 Alice and Esther—great chums—these
 two,
 The light one helps a dentist true
 While he extracts his friends' sore teeth.
 The dark one lives on Railroad Street,
 And there she stands behind washtubs,
 From morn till night just makes soapsuds.
 The Eberhardt's a doctor great—
 Kills patients with his opiates.
 So Alice J. with her curly locks,
 A fine and haughty lady looks.
 A. Wishesaw will a farmer be,
 Perhaps he will meet Gladys, whee!
 I guess we'll have to wait and see.

A man quite stout named Lester Heck,
 Is butler for the President,
 And Dorothy, a rosy pearl,
 Makes just the *sweetest* chorus girl,
 And when she comes out on the stage,
 The audience just shout and rage.
 And Russel Fiddler, a faithful man,
 Watches and cares for the souls of man.
 Then Louis Heth, a great man made,
 Is launched upon the sea of trade.
 Kark shall spurn Fate, scorn death, and
 bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.
 Hark! I am called—my little spirit—
 see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.
 Exit.

First Witch: Come, let's make haste, they
 know enough by now.

PEARL SNELL, '15.

RACINE WISC
 Feb 24 1915

Sir _____

Having heard you canned many
 pupils from school you was kicked out
 of the City. The same thing will happen
 to you here (Racine) if you don't watch out
 You've gave to many students a va-
 cation already and this makes no sense
 If you don't do something for those you
 canned, in a jiffy, you will also be canned
 We are having an outlook for you and
 seeing where your hangout is. It shall
 be reported inside of 10 days if you where a
 lout

SIGND

*Be wary
 get busy*

The Seven
 Bot Cor Pete
 Bloody Boones.
 Midnight Pete
 Skeleton John
 Maggus eyed muree!
 Fillyht Shain Sumer
 Racked shot Pete

BE WARE



Juniors

OFFICERS:

President Hub Lenz
 Vice-President Alice Dickey
 Secretary Harold Gootz
 Treasurer Bob Burns

Flour—Four o'clock.

Motto—Never do today what can be put off until tomorrow.

LITERARY.

(The following will was found among the papers of the late Senior class:)

WE, the members of the Senior Class, being of right mind and soundbody, do hereby make this our last will and testament:

We hereby bequeath all of our privileges, both real and imaginary, to our dear friends, the Juniors.

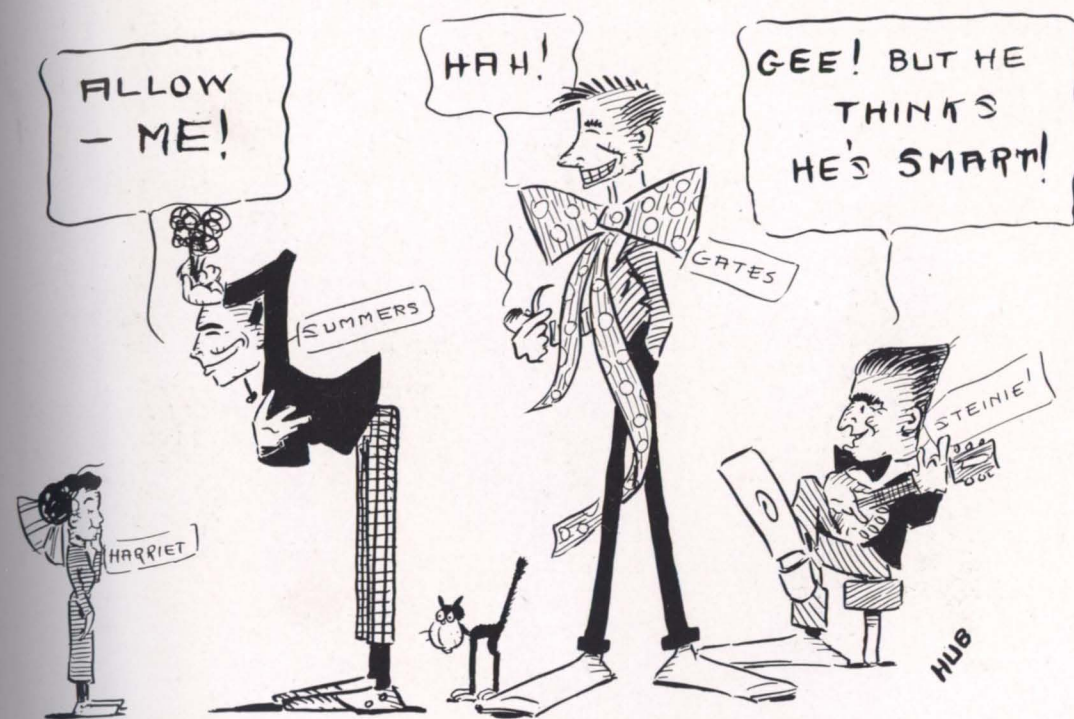
Said privileges being: Seats in the Lower Assembly, editing the *Kipi-Kawi*, producing the Senior play, being the head monitor, trying for the U. of Chicago scholarship in Public Speaking and English, joining the Senior Dramatic Club, buying the *Enicar*, studying in all four buildings, going to the Junior Prom free of charge, being the assistant librarian after graduation, and graduating with thirty-two credits.

To have and to hold with interest, for the sole and exclusive benefit of their children and their children's children until these same children and their children's children shall have attained an age sufficient to enable them to amble through the portals of dear old R. H. S.

(Signed) 1915 CLASS.

Witnessed—this the first day of April, 1915.

HUMAN
 FAT
 BOB



Sophomores

OFFICERS:

President Steinie Baernstein Secretary Will Sommers
 Vice-President Harriet Wratten Treasurer George Gates

Flower—Forget-us-not.

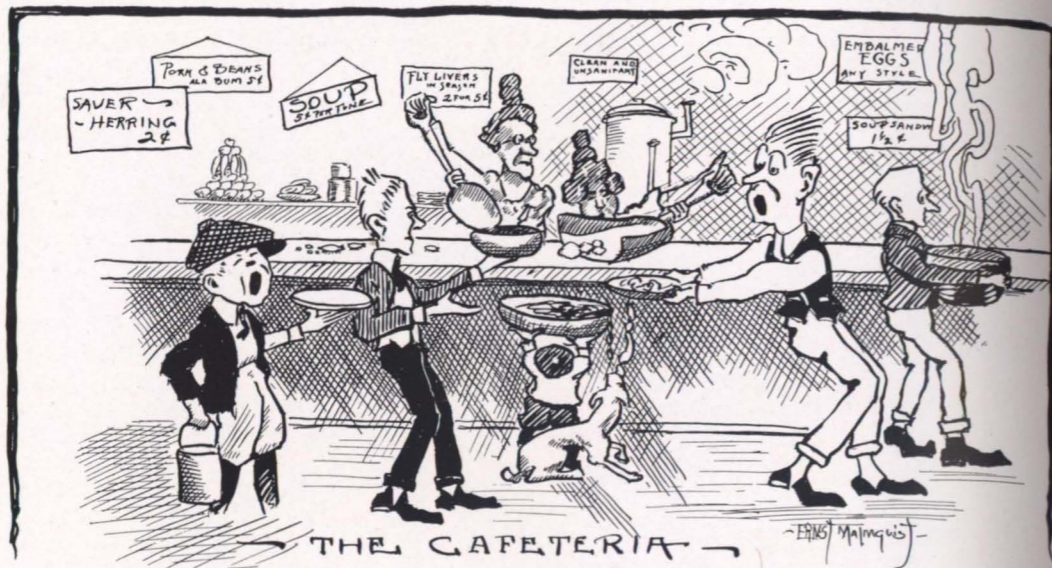
Motto—Nerve, crushed to earth, will rise again.

GUM CHEWING DAY.

(Ed. Note: This Oration was awarded first prize in the Oratorical Contest open to Sophomores.)

Friends, citizens and fellow gum-chewers: We are here today in the loving remembrance of our departed benefactor, the well known and better loved Mr. Chaw-Jaw Gumski. This day has been set apart as a day in which we all will partake of the valuable gift which Mr. Gumski has been the means of bestowing upon us. Why do we prize this gift so highly? Has it not been the means of developing the muscles and jaws of thousands of people and thus enabled many a great orator to use his vocal organs to a far better extent than he otherwise could have done? Why have Mickelson, Voss, Helm, and Vance become such great and mighty speakers? Simply because they saw a good thing and used *gum*. Though greatly opposed at times by the honorable

though misled faculty, they have at last learned to open their mouths so wide and to such perfection, that Daniel Webster himself might be proud. You do not need to say you agree with me, I know you do. Words are unnecessary and I feel that your hearts and mouths are too full for speech; but if there are any here without at least two packages of this valuable article in use at this very minute, may you blush for shame. I have said enough; and I do not wish to detain you longer, for your time is valuable. So, upon taking my leave, let me say my greatest desire is that you may chew more and larger cuds of Spearmint gum each year than you have the year before.



Freshmen

OFFICERS:

PresidentEarl Pokorney
 Vice-PresidentMargaret Jenkins
 SecretaryRobert Widmer
 TreasurerHarold Skow

Flower—Sweet William.
 Motto—Eat, drink, and be merry; for tomorrow we die.

LITERARY.

THE SOPHOMORES

(FROM A FRESHMAN'S VIEWPOINT.)

Those Sophomores they bane bad bunch,
 They tell me to jump in lake,
 But I got mighty big hunch
 That these Sophomores are only fake.
 One time I was taking drink,
 And Soph come push my head,
 I hit him right back
 And I guess he thought he was dead,
 But then they bane purty good fallers,
 They can run, yump, and ski,
 But they should remember that last year
 They were Freshmen like you and me.

—FRANK C. DAVIS, '18.

Literary

THAT EXCUSE FROM HOME.

All up and down the halls I shiver,
 Looking each way.
 And my poor heart begins to quiver,
 And well it may.
 For monitors they all are scowling;
 Where'er I roam,
 And teachers they are fond of howling:
 "Bring that excuse from home."

Yes, all the school seems dark and drear,
 Beside the Orpheum.
 My doom is ever drawing near,
 I've no excuse from "hum."

I'm giv'n a prize; two weeks, I wandered
 From school away.
 "Just bring me back the time I squandered,"
 Vainly I pray.

Yes, monitors they must be banished.
 No more to roam.
 Then all my troubles sore will vanish,
 No more excuse from home.

For all the school, now dark and dreary.
 Everywhere I roam,
 Would then be Oh, so bright and cheery—
 I'd need no excuse from home.

EYES.

You all know what eyes are; you use them every day either to get your lessons, or to forget them, by looking at something in general, or nothing in particular. Mankind was blessed with the gift of eyes so that he might observe the things which go on around him and to profit thereby. This power of observation is often abused in the high school and the owner sees things, willingly, which it would be just as well or even better if he had not observed so closely. The following are a few instances of these misuses of optics.

Look about the Lower Assembly and you will see messages transmitted from Lydia in Row one to Dorothy in far-distant Row fourteen by the use of the valuable optics. You see a little freshman looking admiringly at Selda when her back is turned, but the minute she looks back he is digging out his algebra very diligently. You use your eyes to find the good points in girls and boys. Take a glance down through the aisles; see the marks of

learning in Leila's eyes and the twinkle of fun in Millie's; see the deep, thoughtful expression in those of Geraldine, and those large, bewitching eyes belonging to Dorothy. Cast your glance toward Vance; his grave, furrowed brow indicates serious and deep thought; his eyes are stern until he meets the gaze of — — Gaze at Al and see his laughing eyes, even as those of his sister, radiating sunshine throughout the room.

Hermes also uses his eyes. He searches diligently for something he cannot find. Kelly sends a piercing glance about the room until his attention is stayed; he stops when he reaches number twelve and with the aid of a looking glass causes the eyes of someone to be turned toward him; now they are happy. Leila and Ruth wear two pairs since it makes them look dignified. Miss Nelson also uses her eyes and a myserious twinkle lurks in their depths when—but no, we must not tell. In some cases people neglect to use their eyes to see those things which go on in the assembly; we have our nabiscos, pickles, and pie unmolested. There is Kark, but he only uses his eyes sometimes, when two young ladies whose names begin with D are near. Piper lets his orbs rest during the third period and slumbers peacefully. Marjorie does not need to use her eyes; those days are past. Katherine uses hers in vacation watching for a Detroitter to round the corner. Blondine's, winking and blinking, are almost concealed by bales of blond hair. Fred Fathomless Helm and Roland Dauntless Mickelson are also on our list, and their optics show the unmistakable signs of knowledge. Look at George Smollen, a jerk and wink; it is all. Crane forgets the real purpose of eyes and uses them as a tool, trying to get his solid geometry with their help; or possibly looking over a new automobile catalogue with the prospect of buying a left hand monkey wrench from the regular equipment.

Just for one moment consider what a state of affairs we would be in if it were not for EYES. They are pressed into service at every turn of the head. How would the young ladies express their feelings if this medium was to be taken from them? The sense of sight is the most important of any of the five which are incorporated in man. Now look and be happy.

SAMSON HAAS, '15.



Athletics

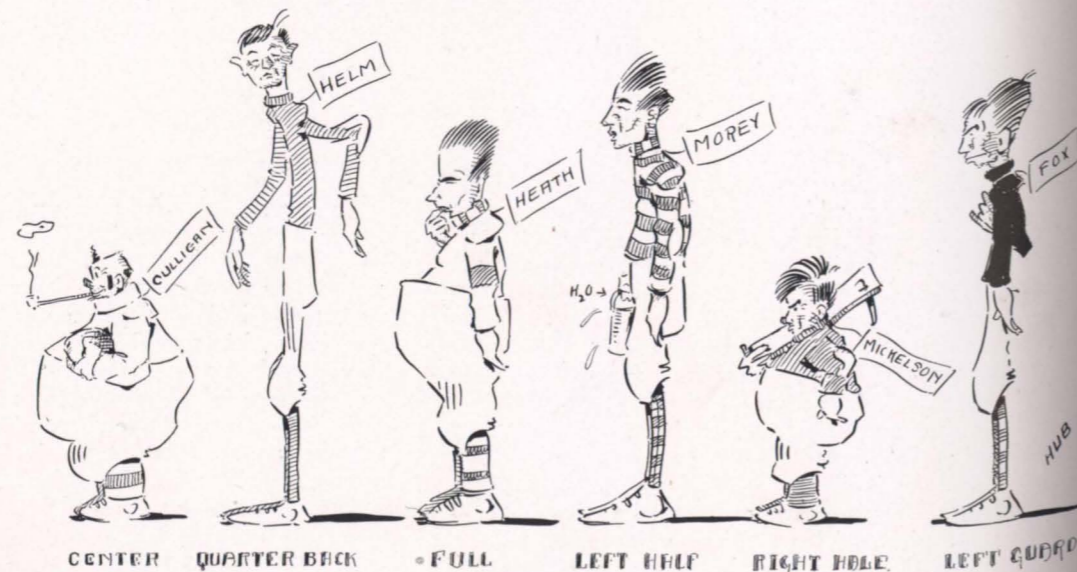
THE "ALL-STATE" FOOTBALL TEAM.

Since none of the Milwaukee newspapers have picked an all-state team this year, our budding grandstand loon and society belle, Grace N. Butee, has consented to make known her choice for the much coveted positions. We are very pleased at finding one or two of these stars are well known in the Racine High School circles. We are sure that our enthusiastic rooter and exponent of the game has shown no partiality in selecting these men, as they are all capable of holding their own on any field. These splendid specimens of brain and brawn have made powerful material for their respective teams during the past season. The line-up was given after a very careful examination of the material as follows:

Philip Heath.....	Fullback	203
Roland Mickelson.....	Right halfback	192
Donald Morey.....	Left halfback	186
Frederick Helm.....	Quarterback	61¾
Robert Svitavsky.....	Left end	84
Julius Feiges.....	Left tackle	298½
Raymond Fox.....	Left guard	43¼
Joseph Culligan.....	Center	353¾
Walter Gearen.....	Right guard	61
Ralph Dean.....	Right tackle	236½
Wilfred Haumersen.....	Right end	36
Elmer Hermes.....	Substitute	279¼

In order to show these men are best fitted for the positions for which they have been named, we present the facts Miss Butee used in picking this squad.

Our dashing fullback Heath, the battered warrior of many frays, was chosen because of his "sticking" properties, as any night from



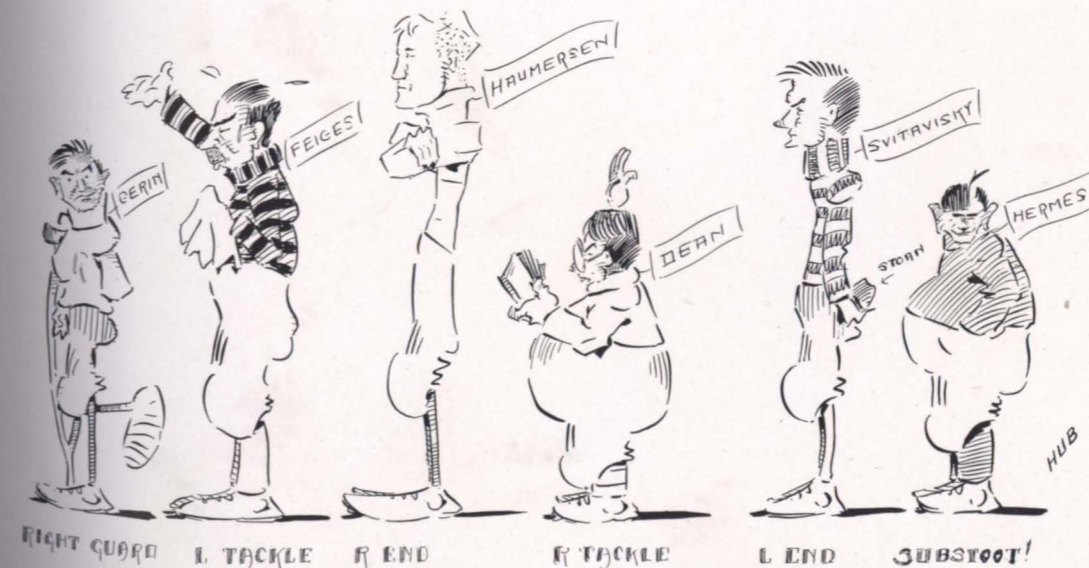
10 P. M. he may be found blowing smoke rings at the ceiling of Jesko's "kabaray." Roland Mickelson was chosen for the right half berth because he readily agreed with quarterback Helm on all statistics, and thus they made a great pair through their wonderful team work. Morey was chosen because of his wonderful "fussing" ability. He also secured reduced rates on life insurance policies for the members of the team. "See Morey." Helm was chosen because of his wonderful vocal powers, which he has developed to a remarkable degree as an orator in debating and public speaking. It is said by prominent authorities that he arises at 3 A. M. and orates above the din of the cats on the back fence. Svitavsky and Haumersen were chosen as ends because of their fleet-footedness and swiftness. These two men are, with the exception of Lester Heck, the fastest men in the school.

The choice of Feiges and Dean as tackles

is unmatched, because of their utter fearlessness and Samsonistic properties. Fox was given his position after his exceptionally fine work of running into his father's ice-wagon, and displaying the art of breaking the ice (trust). Culligan was chosen for the pivotal position because of his enormous stature, and the Italian influence of fearlessness which he exerted on the team. Gearen, because of his attractiveness as a barker at the Rex "thayather," drew enormous crowds, as everyone was anxious to hear the former president of the Audubon society play the bird-whistle in the (rubber) band.

Last, but not least, Hermes, the woman hater, was chosen for the substitute position, because of his wonderful ability in the imitation of Adam.

We are in hopes that next year will find as many of our gridiron heroes upon this roll of honor, as have been selected this year.





School Activities

GLEE CLUB.

Ich bin Fritzie Schmidt, und I juist kom ofer vom Deutschland. Ven I erst on der boat kam, I wuz almost squashed, der var so vieles low-down volks. I wuz der svellest von in die hol bunch und I nefer looked on dem. Aber ven I kom zu New York, I buyed mir ein neue schuit und efreyding und now I wuz sehr svell. Und don't you dell novon, but Ich habe "vieles Gelt" died auf in mein ret bendana, too.

Now, Ich habe ein freund vot I knowed vonce in mein alt heim, und I denk es lebt in ein blace vot I guess dey call Racine. I dought I would like to visit ihm, so I vent on mein vay. Ven I came der, after I had solch ein lofely rite on dem nice drains, I sah ein mann und I sagt zu ihm, "You know yet ver Hans lives?" I couldn't denk ov 'is andre nahm. Aber day mann er juist stand und roared und roared. I dunno vat er laugh at, do you? Den I valked away, up and down die shreets, aber keiner Hans. Den Ich sehe ein bick blace, aus ins frond it say "Haigh Shule," vot dass iss I dunno, es war nichts on ein hill. I denk maybe Hans var der yet, und I valked in. Ach mein gutness, but mein Heart vuz shocking. Eferyding vas quiet, so I vent up die shteps, aber ven I kom, Ich hore solch lovely musick, und I look in der door, und mein Hertz solch foine laidies, und dey singen und oben der mouces so vide dan I var afrait I would be svollowed, aber I loike zu in gehen, und dought, "Ich scould vory," und obened der door.

Den dat liody mit dot lang shtick gif me eins sthul und I listen. Katrina (I dunno dat in English), somevon got auf und spricht so vast, I dunno von vort vat she say. Soon dey alle gehen aus und den I spricht zu dot loidy. She say dot, dot var die "Glee" und dat soon dey vas goin' zu gif ein svell play, "Erminie"

—und vould I please ein speech zu make, zu alle die Kits about dis, 'cause I vould make solch ein hit mit mein vonney dalk. I sagt, "Ja" und dot I vould dell eferyvon vot I see. I vill doo, for dot awful noice loidy. I sayed, "Goot-bye," den und ging. Aber vot I see, ein great bick hole in der floor. I nefer see dot afore, mein oise war so looking an dem foine loidies. I didn't fall in dough. I bet dat hole iss vor bat kits, aint er?

Vell, I got aus vom dot place, but I nefer vound Hans, und I loike dot Racine so vell dat I bin shtill here. Say, bist du nicht glad dot I nefer stayed in der New York, cause den you vould nefer haf dis story?

THE MONITORS.

Der monitors ist some off der high school students vot little red buchs haf ter put you in, dat ist wen you are dere not. Dey shtand up in der assembly rooms wie chenerals at der head off der army, only dey fight none.

Der first ding in her mornin Roly Schacht he valk right up to dat lady on der shteps (he ain't afraid, but me, a Freshie, I am) und he von from dem little red buchs takes (I like dem buchs dey ist so awful svell looking) und den he to his seat vent back. But ven der bell ring all dem shmart ones schump up und look ter see vedder all der kids vas dere. Last year I denk dem chenerals used ter fight for 'scuse cards, but dey qvit now, dey dink der is enought fighting cross der pig lake. Den ven dese chenerals see dose who ain't dere, dey write dem in dose cute buchs und den sit down. But—dey don't shtay dere long. First, dat Shtanley Howe he up und valks out schust as fine sum efer could be. Den Jeannette Tipping she go und dalk und laugh und laugh, mit Leila, und den anoder von, Gladys Sackrider, she vent out, und dose teachers vot sit behind dat pig desk, dey schust aint got



nodings ter say about any von from dem monitors. Dey can do schust vot dey vant, but, oh my, vot vould happen ter me if I should valk out? I musn't dink about it, it's too turrible.

Upshtairs it is der same. Valerie Olson und Viola Jacobson, und Harriet Wratten, dey valk out und dalk all der dime, und schust hav der bestest fun. Say, dat is der life! I vish I could be von from dem monitors so nobody could boss me around, but I guess I'll haf ter vait till I vas a Senior.

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB.

Dot Senior Dramatic Club iss vun of dem play acten und foolishness clups. Dey only let peoples in dot society vor two reasons. You kan get in if you hass a vunny name, oder you can get in if you can yell as lout as Freddy Helm can.

Der people vot iss in diss society hass to bee in such vunny plays. Dey is in a blay vot is called, der cubs of chocalate, oder dey iss in a blay wer dey iss all burglars oder dey iss proponen under difficulties. In dot proponen under difficulties, dey hass a boy vot iss called human but wenn you see him a broprosen to sum nize young lady, vile der rest of der club stands around und looks on, you wudunt dink dot he vas human at all. Und denn dot girl vot iss so brite in all her studies, she iss vun of der fastest vuns in dot society, und dot iss because her name vas Schnell.

Dere iss only about six poys und twenty girls in it und vunce wenn dey vuss going to have a slay-ride dey couldn't go because Fred-

dy Helm und dot Toohey poy said dot dey vuss too bashful to take more dann three girls at a time.

Dey iss all good wurkers und der Senior Play iss goen to been a big success.

ADELPHIC.

Dot Adelphic Club iss sure vun funny club. Dey only meets ven, dot boy vot iss called Mickelson can get away frum his young lady friends und cum up and keep order. Der virst ding iss der roll call. Dot funny Toohey boy, vot looks just like his twin brudder calls it. Dey ist all good Americans in dot club, but you never would dink it, wenn you hear der roll call. It goes someting like diss: Bing, Irons, Noodles, Pintousky, French, Gates, and Ruffalo.

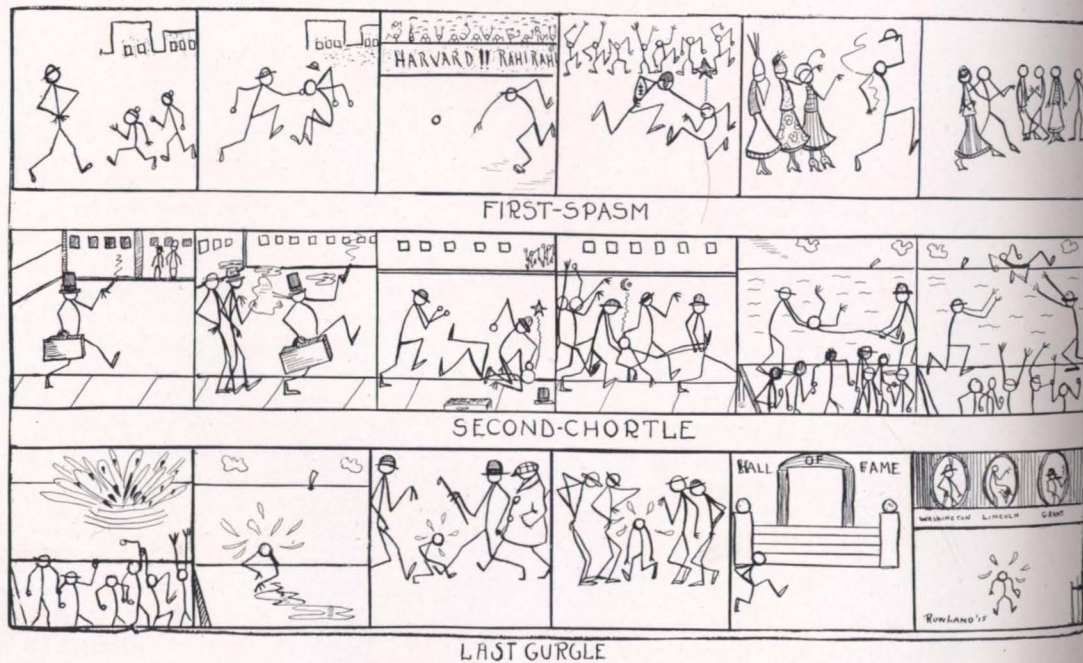
Den after der roll call dot Mickelson says, "We vill now proceed mit der program," und everbody but himself und Freddy Helm und Jakey und Mr. Van goes out, caws dey knows vot is Kummin. Dot Jakey he's a leetle fat boy, und you know he's a wise-man alright by his funny pompadoor.

Virst on der program ist our friend Freddy Helm. He gibs a funny little oration und den dot Mickelson sings a song. Der aint no music mit it oder any words, but it iss vine just der same. Denn dey have der criket's report und Mr. Van says he vill make it very brief und den he talks for half an hour. Dot's all dey dew in der Adelphic, but it iss a vine society just der same.





Humor



The Kipikawi Movies for 1915

(Passed by the Faculty Board of Censorship)

FIRST SPASM.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the sad, sad tale of Jimmy Greer.
'Twas a dream and nothing more
But it made Ambition soar,
And go clanging and bing-banging
Through his soul for ever-more,
While the visions of his triumphs
Filled his spirit by the score.
Cast your optics upward, Reader, to the large
entrancing dream.
Little Jimmy dreams of college,
But, dear Reader, not of knowledge—

Which one sometimes gets in college—
But, in fame to take a part;
On the streets to look quite smart,
Exponent of the manly art;
Pitcher on the baseball nine,
Greatest half-back of all time;
Smasher of girl hearts to shine,
The classiest dancer on the floor;
Knowing fox-trot steps galore.
O ye Gods and little fishes,
What a *won*-derful dream this is!!
Just one drawback now we rue,
Too good a dream can ne'er be true.



Second Chortle.

With a haw! haw! haw! and a hee! hee! hee!
Oh, why these lawfs of fiendish glee?
Ope all your eyes and you shall see
A scene of stern reality.
Enter the hero upon the scene
With black cigar and hat of green,
Arrived at last at a college of fame—
Harvard, we believe, is this col.ege's name—
To make the name of Jimmy Greer
Ring through all countries far and near.
With a soldierly tread we see him come,
With a rum-tumpy tum-tum tum!!!
Jimmy holds not his pride in yoke,
In a sophomore's face he blows black smoke;
Oh, Jimmy, e'en though it was a joke,
For less than that great men have croaked.
"What makes that front rank man fall down?"
Said Files on parade.
"A touch o' fists, a touch o' fists!!!" the color
sergeant said.
"For they've done with Jimmy Greer
And they're carrying him to the pier."
From thine liquid, soulful orbs shed a gurgly,
briny tear.
As for Jimmy, Ah! it seems
His fearful end is near.
Alas, for Jim, who now but sees
The moon shine through the cypress trees;
Who, hopeless, now is borne away,
Nor hopes to see the breaking day;
"I'm sorry that I did the deed
It only was a joke, Oh,
Because,"—Jim's brown hands lower fell—
"Because I hate to croak so,"
As with his wings aslant
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,

Shrieking and crying,
So o'er the billowy waves
Down to a watery grave
Flung by those Sophomore knaves
Jimmy went flying.
Now draw we fast the portal,
O thou cold distant mortal,
On this, the second chortle.
Long may it wave!

Final Gurgle.

Professor, play the funeral dirge,
Just one last, long, sad, final splurge,
Sad, slow, and melancholy, we urge
As o'er Jim's corpse the billows surge!!!
What's this we see before us here?
It's Jimmy clambering up the pier,
Our Jimmy, dear old Jimmy Greer.
Now altogether, one long cheer!!!
His pride has shrunk o'er much we fear.
Wet, bedraggled, we see him pass
Grave students of the upper class;
And now we see him pass again
Through gleeful rows of Sophomore men;
Now to the illustrious Hall of Fame
Behold him come in grief and shame
To see if his all-powerful name
Is written there in Tongues of Flame.
G. Washington, A. Lincoln, Grant
Gazed long at Jim, stern eyes aslant.
With eager steps he ran away,
And bid himself from light of Day.
By experience he now is cowed,
He's lost at last in the vulgar crowd,
No man now speaks his name aloud;
The sad, sad tale of Jimmy Greer,
And the final gurgle endeth here.



A LOT ABOUT NOTHING.

If you read the daily papers, all about the
classy capers,
All about the mystery, going on across the sea,
You will quite agree with me, that England,
France, and Germany,
Russia, Spain, and Italy, all have tasted vic-
tory.

"England has 10,000 dead," that is what the
papers said.
"Russia has 10,000 more; Portugal will join
the war."
Now the Kaiser lays a trap to wipe old Eng-
land off the map;
The English rise up to a man, and spoil the
Kaiser's pretty plan.

Then the noble Czar of Russia leads an army
into Prussia.
When he sees the Germans coming, then he
starts the things a humming;
Takes the Germans by surprise, cuts off all the
food supplies;
Captures 80,000 men, and marches right back
home again.

Now the President of France thinks that *he*
will take a chance;
Amidst a multitude of cheers, issues calls for
volunteers,
Tells them how to use a gun, tells them that
they must not run,
And that France will never be subject to Ger-
man tyranny.

Then the modest German Queen places a sub-
marine
Under the deep blue sea, and wins another
victory.
Now the famous old Count "Zep" who has
likewise lots of "pep,"
He, by means of airships three, helps the cause
of Germany.

King Albert, with tact and skill, sights the
enemy on the hill,
Cleans 'em up in great old style and makes
them run about a mile;
Then he calmy smokes a "pill," tells his men
to shoot to kill,
And that he will give a crown for every Ger-
man they mow down.

Surely it's an absurd way, the awful war
thus to portray,
And what's more it can't be true; if it were,
what would they do?

They'd have no men, they could not eat, they'd
be homeless in the street,
Germany and France are broke—, Heck, I
guess it's all a joke.

ALEX McPHERSON, '15.

THE CHARGE OF THE "JITNEY BUSS"—5c.

Half a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
Packed in the "Jitney Bus"
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward O 'Jitney Bus'!
Let none ahead of us."
Up to Monument Square
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Ford Brigade"
Was there a man delayed?
No, though the drivers knew
Street cars had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to make us fly.
Down all the streets of town
Rode the six hundred.

Street cars, all right for them!
Street cars are left by them,
Street cars in front of them
Clanged and rattled;
Stormed at with gong and bell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the heart of town,
Down in an old "Maxwell"
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their wind shields bare,
Flashed as they glis'n'd in air
How at the price of gasoline
They could run that Ford machine
All Racine wondered.
Plunged through the crowded street
Right through the throng they beat;
Ford car and Overland
Reel'd neath the heavy load
Pack'd till the axle groaned.
Then they went back again
With another six hundred.

When can their mem'ry fade?
Oh, the brave fight they made!
All Racine wondered.
Honor their serving us!
Honor the "Jitney Buss"
You! the six hundred.

—HUMAN, '15.

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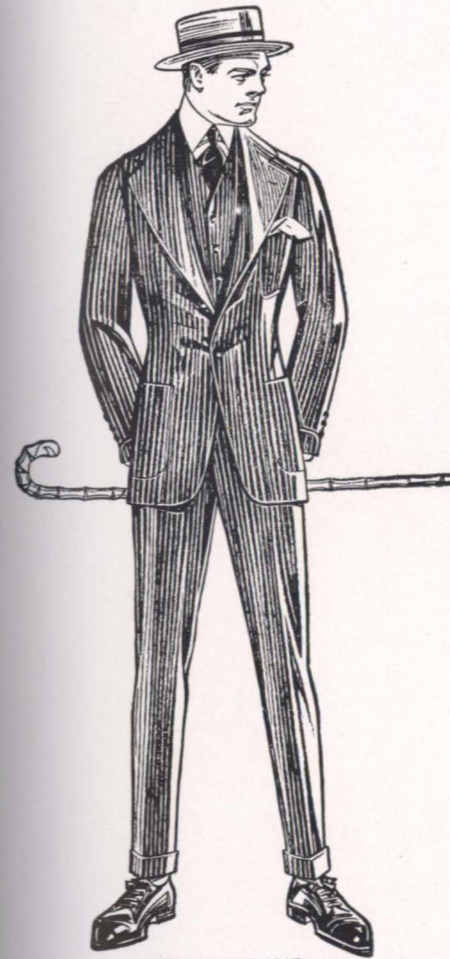
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Kohlman Carbonated Water Co.

For those alert men—

who make a point of being well dressed, yet always keep on the practical side of the extremes of fashion,

*We recommend the
"British"*



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THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

A most attractive, three button, soft roll sack, that breeds confidence in the man who wears it and in the men who made it.

If the British model is to your liking you can have it in solid blues, browns and neat gray mixtures. It comes in Tweeds, Cheviots, Worsteds, Serges, Flannels and Homespun—Glen Urquharts, with clear overplaids, shepherd check, gun club checks, hair-line stripes, mixes and solid colors—in short, every approved suiting which has come from the looms this season.

Something new all the time

Alshuler Bros.

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Anderson Clothing Company

MEN'S FURNISHINGS



French Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing
We Call For and Deliver

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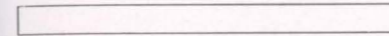
PROGRAM OF

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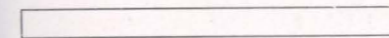
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NOT TOO HIGH
NOT TOO LOW, BUT JUST RIGHT

McGraw



The
Sixth Street
Shoe Man



307 SIXTH STREET

If it's from the Waverley
it's good



The sign of quality

207 Sixth Street Telephone 922

Hallowell.—In what course do you intend to graduate?

Hoik.—In the course of time.

Teacher, "Henry VIII was a cruel king; he ground down his peoples with taxes."

Test paper of modern pupil, "Henry VIII was a cruel king, who ran over his subjects with his automobile."

Blondy A.: You would be a good dancer but for two things.

Emil K.: What are they?

Blondy: Your feet.

Heck (reading in Eng.): I was so light almost I thought I had died in sleep. And was a blessed ghost.

DO YOU NEED
PROMPT
SERVICE

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1265

*For Mats, Aprons
and Towels*

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THERE are many distinct differences between Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Liquid Paint and ordinary paints, but the most noticeable is in the pocketbook. ¶ Ten gallons of "High Standard" will usually do as much work as ten to fifteen gallons of cheap paint—and do it much better. ¶ "High Standard" costs a little more per gallon, but you will use so many less gallons that your total cost will be lower. It works easier, too, and your painter can apply it in less time. ¶ "High Standard" is thoroughly tested to meet your requirements. ¶ Ask us for color cards. We will cheerfully give you an estimate on your requirements

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Anchor

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YOUR OWN SUCCESS DEPENDS
LARGELY UPON THE
EQUIPMENT YOU USE.

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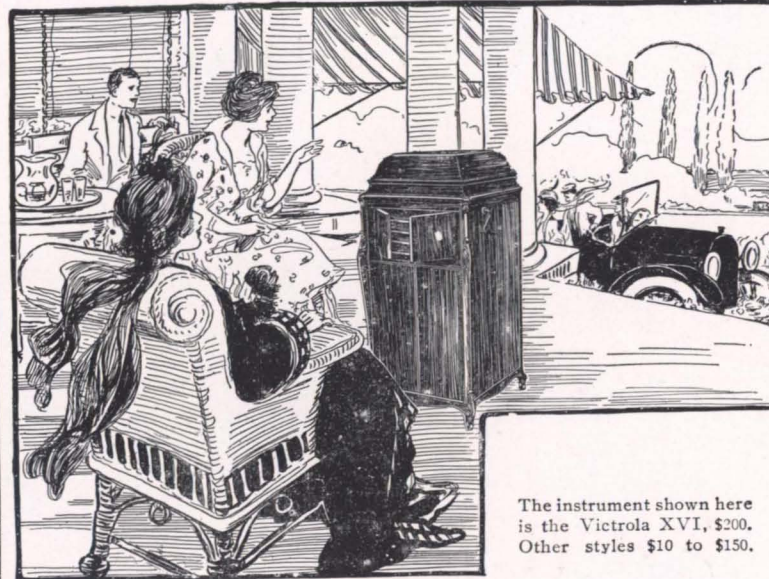
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 A SPECIALTY

Hot and Cold Water
 Baths

SIEB & SCHULTZ, Proprietors



The instrument shown here
 is the Victrola XVI, \$200.
 Other styles \$10 to \$150.

**The music of the Victrola
 is always enjoyable**

After you have been motoring and enjoying the beauties of nature, you can come home and enjoy the beauties of song on the Victrola.

And when a stormy day comes along and you have to stay indoors, you will be doubly glad to have a Victrola.

Stop in and we will play any music you wish to hear. We'll show you the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$200—and explain our system of easy terms.

Wiegand Bros.

Jewelry, Pianos, Victrolas
 420 Main Street Telephone 914



Miss DuFour: What are the children of the czar called?
 Spray: Czardines.

Mr. Wilbor: What is Newton's third law of motion?
 Vern Crane: Every little movement has a meaning all its own.

TELEPHONE 495

For Bargains Go To
H. C. CASE
Real Estate, Mortgages, Loans
Fire and Tornado Insurance

CASE BUILDING, 5th ST.

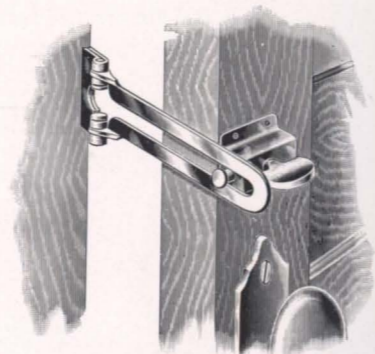
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ALWAYS PROTECT
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ALL ROUND
DEVELOP-
MENT

Y. M. C. A.

FOR
MEN
AND
BOYS

Roest: Three more German warships sunk
this morning.

Miss Harvey: Who by?

Roest: I ain't sure, think it was by The
Tribune.

Recent graduate of R. H. S. to man be-
hind the desk: What's the chances for a
young fellow beginning at the bottom and
working up?

Man at desk: Poor. We're contracting
for digging wells.

Every Garment Tried on Before
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No More **\$16.50** No Less

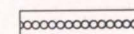
OVERCOATS TO MEASURE

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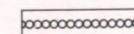
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WE DO IT WELL AND REASONABLY TOO!
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Model Steam Laundry



We wish to impress upon you, one reason for sending your laundry work to us. Shirts and collars are all done up by the latest press machines and are sure to please.

We also do rough dry and wet wash.

JORGENSEN BROTHERS, Props.
506 SIXTH STREET, RACINE, WISCONSIN

What musical instrument should you never believe?

Ans. A lyre.

Why is music like an icy sidewalk?

Ans. If you don't C sharp you will B flat.

What is the most moral musical instrument?

Ans. An upright piano.

Why couldn't a sailor's wife strike a low B flat?

Ans. Because she was used to singing above the high C (sea).

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Chi-Namel The original hammer-proof
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If we were to tell you of all the abuse Chi-Namel Varnish will stand without being ruined, we wouldn't expect you to believe us. But we're here to SHOW you, any day in the week, that hard knocks cannot make white spots on Chi-Namel or cause it to flake off.

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*We carry a complete line of
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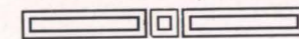
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TO A FRESHMAN.

Secrets of Success in High School.

"Take pains with your work," says the window.

"Push and don't always be led," says the pencil.

"Keep your dates," says the calendar.

"Always be on time," says the watch.

"Don't go to sleep in class, but keep your eyes open," say the needles.

"Keep your head when your teachers call on you," says the pin.

"Always be on hand when you are wanted," says the glove.

"Make a great thing out of a small thing," says the microscope.

"Do something original and don't always be a reflector," says the mirror.

"Never be at the foot of your class," says the shoe.

Mr. Roest in Reviews Class:

No E's for this class, too much E's (ease) taken in studying.

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211 Sixth St. Racine, Wis.



Boys! Here's A New Sport Shirt That's A Winner

Just what you've always wanted for any outdoor sport. It's the most comfortable sport shirt you ever saw. Fitted with the new, adjustable Hi-lo Collar. When you're in the game you leave the collar down and your neck is open and free. When you're through you button it up and you've got as dressy a shirt as you'd want to see. That's the beauty of the Hi-lo. You can wear it to school—for the "week-end"—to the tennis courts or golf links or ball field without going home to change.

Made in
Oxford Cloth
and Pongee.

Plain colors
and attractive
striping.

Racine **Hi-lo Sport Shirt**
FOR WORK OR PLAY. AT HOME OR AWAY

PRICES

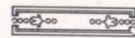
\$1.00
and
\$1.50

Made of fine, cool summer weight materials, in attractive colors, with elbow sleeves and cut coat style. Seams and buttons sewed extra strong so they'll stand the strain. To be comfortable and enjoy your summer sports at home or on your vacation, get a Hi-lo Shirt. It's made a big hit with thousands of red blooded, active men and boys.

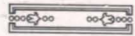
If your dealer hasn't the Hi-lo or hasn't the color or material you want, send his name and address with yours and we will see that you are supplied.

The Chas. Alshuler Mfg. Co.
RACINE WIS.

L. & C.
Clothes Shop

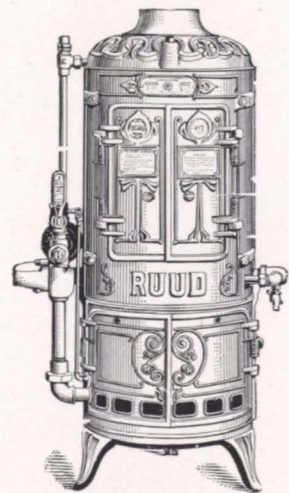


The Home of
Hirsh, Wickwire
Clothes



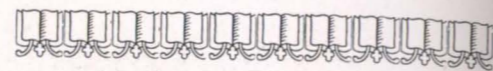
Fine Toggery

LAWRENCE & CHRISTENSEN
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Turn the Faucet—the
RUUD
Does the Rest

WISCONSIN GAS AND ELECTRIC
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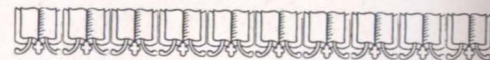
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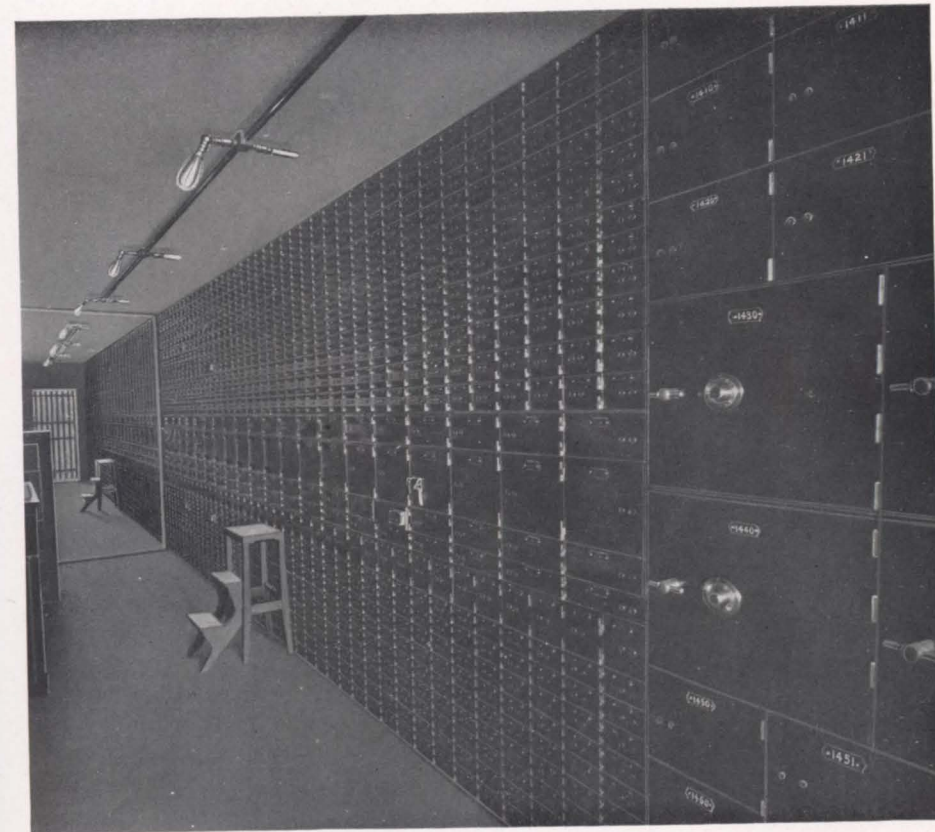


311 SIXTH STREET
1304 WASHINGTON AVENUE
720 HIGH STREET



HOERNEL HARDWARE
COMPANY

IT IS FAR BETTER TO BE SAFE THAN SORRY



INTERIOR OF SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT

*People of moderate means have just as much need
of a Safety Deposit Box as the wealthy, if not
more so, for they are less able to afford the loss of
valuables than those of larger fortune.*

The Manufacturers National Bank

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REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND LOANS,
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"The Main Street Real Estate Men"

413-415 Main Street

Racine, Wisconsin

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GO TO

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WASHINGTON AND GRANGE AVE.

Carry All—(Fat) Lester Heck.
Over All—L. W. Brooks.
Know All—H. George Roest.
Talk All—Ruth Barr.
Would be All—Freshmen.
After All—Junior Class.

A Freshman stood on the burning deck,
And so far as we can learn,
He stood in perfect safety, for
He was too green to burn.

The parlor sofa holds the twain,
Miranda and her love-sick swain,
Headshe.

Freshy: Can I be punished for a thing I
didn't do?

Teacher: I should say not, what is it you
didn't do?

Freshy: I didn't get my home work.

But heard a step upon the stair,
And papa finds them sitting there,
He and She.

BARRY ABSTRACT CO.

"Serves You Right"

STUDENTS

*After a "grind," or a turn in the "gym" are
much refreshed by taking a glass of*

HORLICK'S
— THE ORIGINAL —
MALTED MILK

Drink it in place of tea and coffee

Use it as a lunch between meals

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restful sleep*

IN LUNCH TABLET FORM, also, ready to eat.
Much used by students on "hikes," camping, fish-
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At All Druggists and Fountains

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Highest Quality—Moderate Prices

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Undertaking Department Complete. New Funeral Parlors Open Day and Night

You Know Jack Williams? Sure!

"He's the man who made the word **Service** mean **Something** in **Laundry**"

"ON TIME ALL THE TIME"

WHITE STAR LAUNDRY

"JACK" WILLIAMS, Proprietor

YOU SHOULD SHAVE

We have everything in Razors—Safety and Common.

Hones, Straps, Soap and Brushes.

Come in and see them.

WHITE HARDWARE CO.

306 SIXTH STREET

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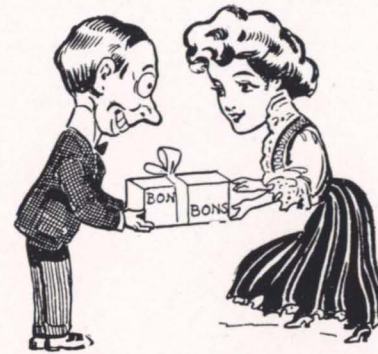
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Chocolates and Bon Bons

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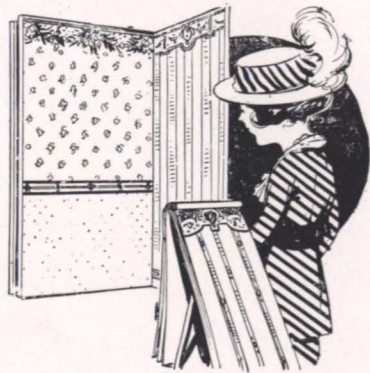
OSGOOD BUILDING

RUGS, CARPETS, DRAPERIES

Zahn Dry Goods Company

*We show the largest newest assortment
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WHITTALL'S Rugs are Featured



IT IS AN EASY MATTER
to make your selection of wall paper
at our store. We not only carry a
large line of the latest designs in wall
paper, but show it to you as it will
look on your walls—ceiling, borders
and side walls perfectly matched.
Kindly allow us to quote prices.

MOERS-BRANDOW CO.,
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THE SIXTH STREET PAINT STORE.

MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS'

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SOLD BY THE

Schulte Clothing Company

Corner Main and Fourth Sts.

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clothes for boys, the largest assort-
ment in Racine, will appeal to
every boy's mother as well as to the
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Bicycle Tires, Repairs and Accessories

The Dayton Cycle Co.

R. W. HANSEN, Manager

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PHOTO SUPPLIES. HIGH GRADE DEVELOPING
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A FULL LINE AND PRICES RIGHT

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300 MAIN STREET

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FOR FANCY FOODS

TOBIAS & ZAHALKA

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RACINE, WISCONSIN

SATISFACTION

to customers is the only basis for a permanent business. To eliminate complaints—to cut out the “kicks”—is therefore a vital part of business management.



*The Commercial Press
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Styles that are Right

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND AT

Mehder's Store

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Furniture of Quality

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DO NOT FORGET

C. B. LANGE



HE HAS
Post Cards, Books,
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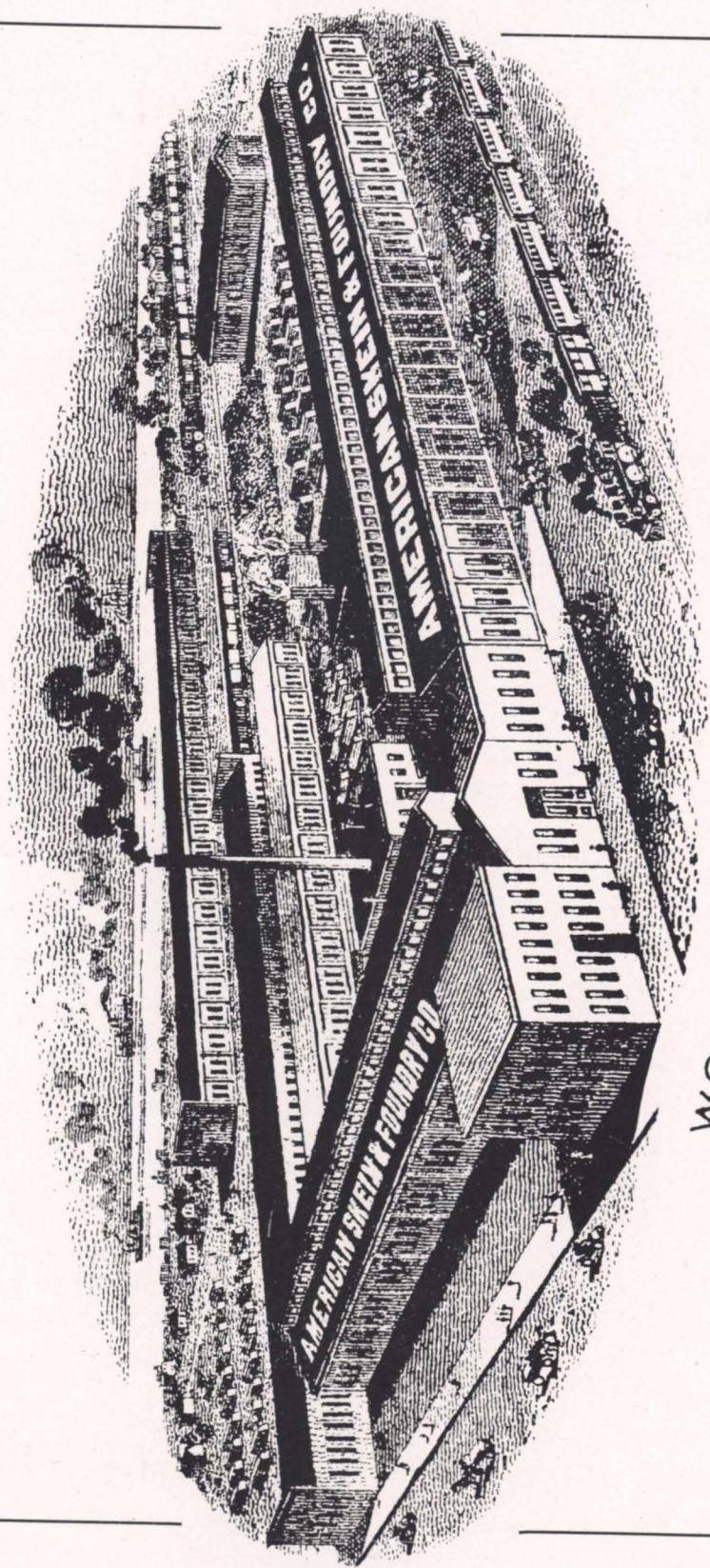
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**C. Johnson
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TAILORS



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Books for Graduating
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Leading Magazines,
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Daily Papers,
Cigars and Tobaccos,
Candies

NEW YORK SUNDAY TIMES

THE MODEL

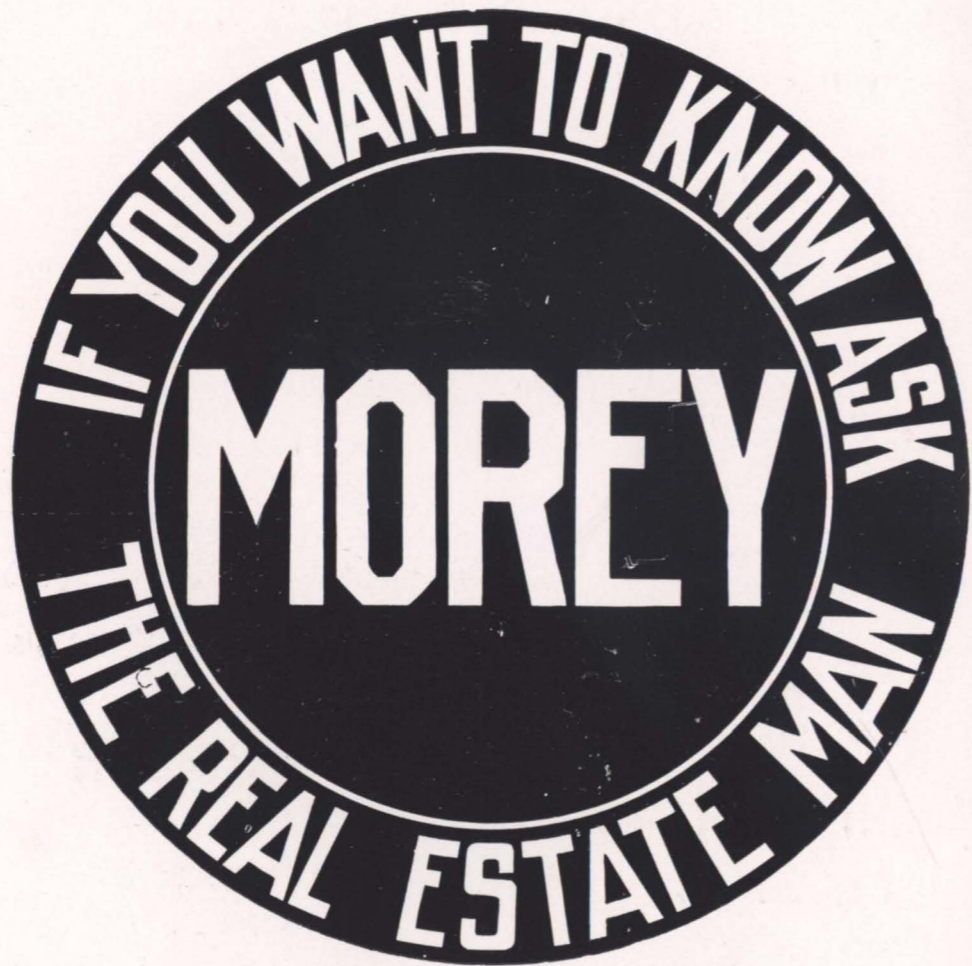
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Suit, Coat and
Millinery
Store



The store for the woman who
wants to be dressed in up-to-
date clothes at popular prices.

434 MAIN STREET



INSURANCE ::: LOANS

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MOREY BUILDING 5TH AND WISCONSIN STS.

MADE IN WISCONSIN

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

TRIED, TESTED AND FOUND BEST

Our school desks are made of selected first and second maple lumber, and chemically analyzed pig iron.

We do not use any stove plate or discarded scrap iron.

Makers of school furniture of all description, opera chairs, church furniture, etc.

Send for catalogues.

**AMERICAN SEATING
COMPANY**

RACINE, WISCONSIN

U. S. A.

The Farm Needs Brains

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 working wonders in revolutionizing this most ancient of all vocations.

J. I. Case plows, planters and tillage implements have done a great service in making modern agriculture an efficient and profit-producing occupation.



J. I. Case Plow Works - Racine, Wis.

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Quality Groceries

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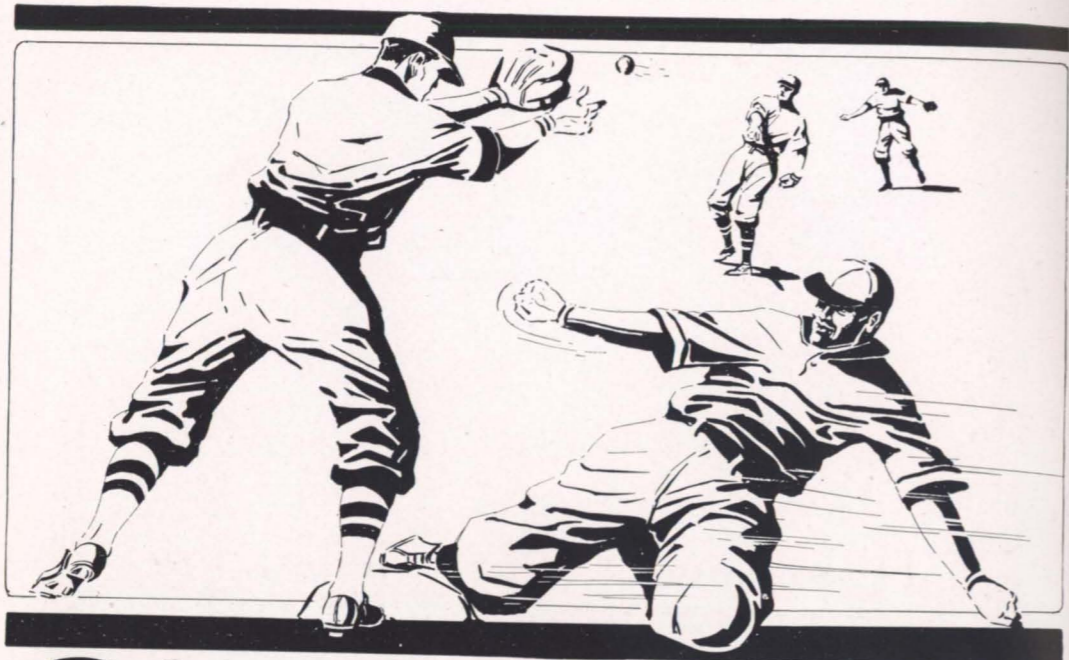
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ENGINEERS, FOUNDERS,
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RACINE, WIS.



Playing Safe!

WHEN the bleachers are clamoring for victory—the game is close—and there is a chance to score, the runner is ordered to “play safe.” He knows he must take no unnecessary risks.

In advertising the winner is the man who knows the “game” and “plays safe” at critical times. Such men have found that *Barnes-Crosby Service* is a big factor in “playing safe.” They take no chances with high-sounding promises—they go where they have learned from experience that they can get consistent service, and can rely on the quality of the work.

Day and Night Service

Barnes-Crosby Company

E. W. HOUSER, President

Artists :: Engravers
Catalog and Color
Plate Makers

226 W. Madison Street, Chicago
11th and Locust Streets, St. Louis
Branch Offices in Eleven Principal Cities



You, your father, your father's father, have known this trade mark of "Old Abe." So will your children's children. For 72 years it has been the Sign of Mechanical Excellence the world over.

From Generation to Generation

In 1842 a sturdy Racine pioneer started in a crude shed what has since become this immense plant with a world-wide business.

Little did he realize then, how thousands—yes hundreds of thousands—would be affected in later days by the simple code of sound business principles he then formulated. This code of business has caused grandfathers and fathers to teach their sons and grandsons the value of CASE Products.

That is why so many men today *believe* in CASE—for the name alone signifies generations of success. Its success has been well merited—for the CASE Standard of construction has always meant the best in materials and workmanship.

Thus by this constancy of set purpose we have grown by leaps and bounds until today CASE is recognized as among the leaders in the machinery world.

J. I. Case T. M. Company, Inc.
RACINE, WISCONSIN



No. 915—9x15 ft. "Gold Medal" Two-Room Fold-Up Portable House

Before You Go Camping, Hunting or Fishing

SEND FOR THE "GOLD MEDAL" CATALOG OF
"GOLD MEDAL" Fold-Up Portable Houses

Illustrating styles from a one-room cabin to a five-room cottage - complete with awnings, screens, windows, ventilators, floors, "GOLD MEDAL" Camp Furniture

etc. and "GOLD MEDAL" Camp Furniture
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Showing many new ideas in Folding Camp Beds, Cots, Chairs, Stools, Tables, Cooking Outfits and many other camp supplies

BOTH CATALOGS SENT
FREE ON REQUEST

STANDARD FOR THE U.
S. GOVERNMENT, AND
ALL OVER THE
WORLD.



"Gold Medal" Camp Bed No. 1

Fancy Porch Chair No. 35

"Gold Medal" Camp Furniture Manufacturing Co.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Camp Furniture in the World

"Best for the camp bears the 'Gold Medal' Stamp."

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AUTO DELIVERY

J. Harbridge Company



Druggists and Grocers

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422 MAIN STREET

Stoffel Bros.

We sell the best
LINOLEUM
made

RUGS AND
FLOOR COVERINGS
Our Specialty

612-614 High Street
616 State Street

Phone 3436

*Good Health Depends
Upon Good Drinking
Water.*

Dixon's Spring Water

1520 Clark St.

Racine, Wis.

ZIGAS



Cleaning and Dyeing

Expert French Dry
Cleaning



812 STATE STREET
TELEPHONE 468

OUR BROTHERS.

It was in the drear November,
Yes, distinctly I remember
How my lamp looked like an ember,
In the cold and misty night.
And I sat there madly blinking,
As my brain was wildly thinking
Of the humans slowly sinking,
Sinking from the path of right.
And 'twas then that I gave thought
Of the deeds that men had wrought,
Of the evils they had fought,
Long ago.
And I think of them today,
In their work and in their play,
How they lead the careless way,
As they scurry to and fro.
And I swore that if I could,
That—if I could—I surely would
Do all I could
To right the wrong.
For if each his aid would add,
We could lessen, much, the bad,
And could make this world so sad
Into a world of song.
—HYMAN DAVIDSON, '16.

D. L. Auld Co.

*Manufacturing Jewelers and
Steel Engravers*

Columbus, Ohio

Class Pins

Class Rings

TUNE OF TIPPERARY.

Up to Racine High School marched a Freshie
bold one day,
His heart was full of rapture, and he was
feeling gay,
Singing songs of ward school, and days that
might have been,
Till a Senior got excited, and shouted to him
then:

Chorus.

It's a great book called Kipikawi,
It's a great book you know,
There are stories and class pictures
And songs that you should know.

Good-bye, yet ancient novel,
So long, history,
It's a great, great book called Kipikawi;
It's the only book for me.

Second Verse.

Freshie thought it over and turning then said
he:

"Oh, Senior brave and noble, that is just the
book for me
Put me down for two my boy, and I will do
my best
And make the other Freshies help you Seniors
sell the rest."

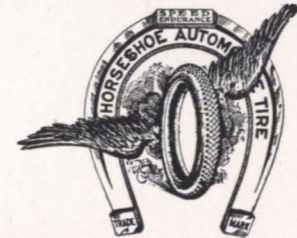
ALEX McPHERSON, '15.

Gittings & Burgess
Attorneys at Law

436-438 Main Street

Racine, Wisconsin

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 all reasonable protection
in emergencies and extraordinary cir-
cumstances.

This renders it imperative that they
be hand made tires, and consequently
advisable that they be RACINE HORSE
SHOE TIRES, which being hand made
are beyond all question "The Tires to
Trust to."

Racine Auto Tire Co.

RACINE, WISCONSIN

Johnson's Wood Dye is equally adapted for use on old and new furniture -

Johnson's Wood Dye

Beautiful results on any wood are easily obtained with Johnson's Wood Dye -

for the artistic coloring of hard and soft wood - floors, woodwork and furniture. With it inexpensive woods may be finished so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. Made in 17 standard shades, including *Mission, Early English, Golden Oak, Weathered, Fumed, etc.*

Johnson's Wood Dye is a combination spirit-oil preparation, embodying all the good qualities of both a spirit and an oil stain, with the disadvantages of neither. It is unsurpassed for staining reed baskets and manual training models - also for burlap and other wall coverings.

Johnson's Prepared Wax

A complete finish and polish for all wood - floors, woodwork, furniture, automobile bodies, etc. Apply with a cloth and polish with a dry cloth. Gives perfect results over any finish - varnish, shellac or oil.

For Polishing Automobile Bodies it has no equal for holding the luster in the paint indefinitely. Sheds water and is the one preparation that eliminates the objectionable dust-collecting feature, leaving a hard, perfect, smooth finish.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is unsurpassed as a polish for the finest mahogany and mission furniture, including pianos.

Ask your paint, hardware or drug dealer for a free copy of our 25c book "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." If he hasn't a copy, write us.

S. C. Johnson & Son
"Wood Finishing Authorities"
Dept.
Racine, Wis.

There is nothing equal to Johnson's Prepared Wax for polishing Automobile bodies.



Johnson's Prepared Wax is a lasting artistic finish for floors - new or old -

