

THE HOMERIAN

1914

THE HOMERIAN

NINETEEN HUNDRED FOURTEEN



Published Annually by
THE SENIOR CLASS OF
THE HOMER HIGH SCHOOL

in the Interests of
THE SCHOOL AND ITS ALUMNI



VOLUME II.

MAY 1914

HOMER, ILLINOIS

Dedication

*We dedicate this, the second volume of
the High School Annual to our
Principal, O. H. Worley*

O*H* for a booke and a shadie nook
Either in-doors or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhead,
Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I may reade all at my ease,
Both of the new and olde;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde.

Old English Song

Editorial Staff

| | | |
|---------------------|-----------|------------------------|
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| Fresh, News Corr. | - - - - - | <i>Margaret Babb</i> |
| Grammar News Corr. | - - - - - | <i>Lois Dennis</i> |

Editorial

A short time after school began last fall, a meeting was held by the Senior class, to decide whether we should publish an annual as last year's class had done. Since they had started it we decided that it was not necessary for us to discontinue the custom. Since we are so small a class, the Juniors seemed to think that they ought to publish the annual, but we decided that it was our duty so here we are.

The members of the staff were chosen from our class and the other classes in school, but since there were no boys in our class to take the office of business manager, we asked Mr. Worley, Principal of the High

He hath small stature, but a monstrous opinion of himself—Ben Hall.

School to assume those responsibilities. He accepted and has done his duty honestly and faithfully.

We, as seniors, wish to thank everyone who had anything to do with the publication of this book. Every member of the staff has done their full duty in compiling the work for their respective departments. We also want to thank our advertisers in Homer, Danville and Champaign for their financial aid, the subscribers, who know a good thing when they see it, Chas. Warner, our photographer, for the excellent photographic work which has helped to make our book what it is and Dr. Fletcher for his contribution.

It is Mr. Worley, who has had the most work of all. He has helped us, not as a member of the faculty, but a member of the class, and has never shirked his duty, but has done his and many other duties which we want to thank him for. He has typewritten letters to every business man in Danville and Champaign once and some several times, and besides he has taken the time to typewrite every word that is printed herein. There are not many teachers who would take enough interest in an annual, published by a class, to do this. When some member of the staff or contributor did not know exactly how to do his work, Mr. Worley was sought out, and it was he who gave advice and help. He has written to every engraving and printing company, whose name and address could be obtained in order to get the best prices and workmanship. We cannot express our thanks to him for all this, for it is he who has made this annual what it is, and each of us do sincerely thank him in the very best way we can, for all he has done for its success.

Believing that the name "Golden" would be a future handicap to classes desiring to bind the annual in class colors rather than high school colors, we have taken the liberty to change the name of the annual with the consent of the high school body.

Thus we present to our readers the "Homerian." Please read it kindly and not too critically.

—*Editor-in-chief.*

Thou hast the fatal gift of beauty—Hazel Winters.



Faculty

W. D. MADDEN

Student at Bement High.
 Student at Illinois State Normal at Normal.
 Student at Illinois University.
 Principal at Penfield, 1895-98.
 Principal at Bellflower, 1899.
 Principal at Ogden, 1904-5.
 Supt. at Catlin, 1906-11.
 Supt. at Melvin, 1912.
 Supt. at Homer, 1913-14.
 State Supervisory Life Certificate.

Major Sciences.

O. H. WORLEY

Patterson High School, Patterson, Ohio.
 Kenton High School, Kenton, Ohio.
 Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, A. B.
 Principal at Homer High.

Latin and History.

BERNICE HARRISON

Champaign High, Elective Course.

University of Illinois, A. B.
Homer High Mathematics;

Minor Sciences.

MABEL WOMACKS

Champaign High School.

Student at University of Illinois.

Homer High, German and English.



Character Sketches of the Faculty

It is W. D. Madden, who haunts the halls to make sure that no-one is making more noise than he is. He is the terror alike to book agents and pupils. His one great enjoyment is keeping pupils after school, although he takes much pleasure in grading examination papers as low as possible. But though he has a hasty temper he is sympathetic in all the undertakings of the High School and is both a capable teacher and supervisor. He has been with us two years and has been successful in his work.

Our Principal O. H. Worley, who came to us this year from the Buckeye State, has made himself popular among the young people of the school and the town. He has taken a lively interest in the activities of the school. He is full of vim and vigor and is always ready to do his part in all the undertakings of the students. He coached the athletics, took part in the Junior play, and was business manager of the Homeric. But though he is good natured at most times, no one dares whisper or make a noise when this fierce little person is presiding. He often uses his sarcasm to good advantage, though not pleasing to some of us. Those rules and regulations which Mr. Madden could not think of, originated in the mind of our Principal.

Someone has nick-named Miss Harrison, "Tempest and Sunshine," and indeed this name characterizes her very appropriately. When she frowns, the skies grow dark and a great tempest rages. Then the frown clears, the sun appears from behind the clouds and we know that all is well. She has been with us two years and has become a favorite with both the towns-people and pupils. Her sunny nature will make friends for her wherever she may go.

Our quiet, even-tempered English teacher, Miss Womacks, is all that can be wished. She alone can not be accused of possessing a temper. She, the calm and pleasant teacher, is always willing to aid those who need help and sympathy. She is fond of making her classes work and is often censured by the pupils for assigning too long lessons. This is especially true of the Juniors. Maybe the lessons are not so long, but the fault may lie with the Juniors in not being able to get them.

I know that it is a sin, for me to sit and grin at him here—Vera Pryce.

The Faculty of 1913-14

Nothing is more interesting to the students on the first day of school than the new teachers and nothing is more interesting to the new teachers than the new students.

When we are planning to go into a new community, we always wonder what new experiences we will have, what new trials we will meet, and what new friends we will make. No sooner do we arrive than we find that we are the topic of the day. We hear such comments as, "Do you think he is cross?" or "How old is she?" "Do you think she goes to the University, she wears a ribbon on her hair like they do there?" Each one, having answered these and similar questions to his own personal satisfaction, the faculty is permitted to enter the inner sanctuary of society. Receptions, teas and the less formal "wiener" roasts are given to welcome us and we are made to feel at home by kind words, bright smiles and warm handclasps.

Although the new friends are so kind to entertain us, we teachers find meeting with them inadequate to get very much acquainted with each other and so we plan little entertainments of our own, where we may discuss school plans and exchange ideas. For this purpose, we find no place quite so befitting as a quiet secluded spot in the woods, where seated about a fire, with a "wiener" in one hand and a fat bun in the other, we discuss and dream to our heart's content.

With the approach of winter, however, it is imprudent to entertain ourselves by outdoor clubs, so we organize an indoor club where we feed our minds with philosophy rather than our bodies with wieners. It seems easier to talk of weighty problems indoors than out and so we spend our time with the problems that Descartes, Bacon, and Newton propounded to their own and succeeding generations and are still being propounded by the present generation.

But a more important question than "What is matter?" arises. "What shall we have for the Christmas entertainment?" We discuss the various kinds of parties that we have ever heard of and finally decide upon a stunt show to be given at the hall with light refreshments. Whereupon, the men, departing from the old order of conventionalities, request the

Ave Caesar! Morituri te salutant—Guy Strahorn.

ladies to attend to the renting of the hall while they procure the refreshments, the cateress and the dishes. This, however, seems to be a favorable plan since everything is well managed and every one enters into it with heart and soul.

While we are entertaining and being entertained, we must prepare and plan each day's work, and be prepared to meet the various questions and problems that daily arise. I was interested in what one of our classes had to say about "If I were teacher." It seemed to be the general agreement of the class that if they were teachers, they would be patient, good natured, firm and kind. I quite agree with them. We should be all this and more. We must be tactful, and one must know what to do when one hears canary birds throughout the room; or what should be done with the pupil who is so very tired that he relieves his feelings by a regular, five minutes, long drawn out sigh, or who are the ones who have a tendency to entertain or annoy others by shooting shot across the school room. It is difficult for us to understand why some students should desire to come to school, to shoot shot across a school room, when they could stay out and shoot across a two hundred acre field. But such has always been the way of the world. "Opposition adds spice" and the teacher's life is all spice.

These are only tiny grievances; the worst and least avoidable trouble is grading papers. There are stacks of them; themes, examination papers and note books. Conscience says "Grade papers." Friend says "Go to the movies." "Conscience" say we "you counsel well." "Friend" say we "you counsel well." To be ruled by our conscience, we should grade papers, but our conscience is but a hard conscience to offer to counsel us to grade papers. The friend gives the more friendly counsel.

After all our mission is to teach others how to live. It is to teach unselfishness. And we must, by our example, and by our influence, create in others the desire to be like us. And yet we are such poor human creatures that we find a great deal of comfort in the words that Longfellow has given to us.



As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean—Clyde Rodgers.

The Arrow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, that sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song.

Long, long after in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.





Seniors

LUCY ELLIS

Sect-Treas. '13-'14.

Advertising Manager Hom-
erian.

"A quiet mind is richer than a
crown."

HAZEL HICKMAN

President of Class '13-'14.

Society and Alumni Editor.

"For her lips could well pro-
nounce, words that were per-
suasions."

LILLIAN ROLOFF

Sect-Treas. '12-'13.

Librarian '13-'14.

Circulating Manager Hom-
erian.

"Beauty is its own excuse for
being."

MARY ROBERTS

Editor-in-chief Hom-
erian.

"Pale genius roves alone,
No scout can track his way;
None credits him till he has
shown

His diamonds to the day."

Class Emblems

Motto—Honors wait at Labor's
gate.

Colors—Maroon and Silver.

Flower—American Beauty.

Senior Class History

It was a beautiful summer day in the year 1901, when the old school bell pealed forth its merry chimes, and groups of merry children tripped off to school. The girls were in their daintiest frocks and the boys in cleanest raiment, because, why because, they were starting to school.

These boys and girls looked vacantly at one another, as they were seated in the sun-shiney room, presided over by a dear little teacher, with glowing red hair. Here it was that we, the class of 1914, began a long siege of learning.

After one year of what we then considered hard work, we passed into the second room. Now there was a proud feeling in our hearts, that we were no longer in the primary department, where they used slates and slate pencils, but now we used a paper tablet and lead pencil. But the lead pencil lasted too long without needing to be sharpened so we would bite the point or break it in a crack in the desk.

Many were the times that we had to throw a piece of nice, white chewing gum, which we had bought with a hard earned penny, into the waste basket. Another unpleasant thing was to stand in the corner or with our nose in a chalk circle on the black board. Some of the more pleasant things was having our picture taken, which happened quite frequently. It was always with pride that we stood before the camera looking our best.

When we were in the seventh grade, we had acquired a great ability for debating and many were the words which we exchanged over the results of debates. In this grade we had many good times, such as bob-sled rides and other excursions. Another time we went to see the stone quarry, which was about seven miles away. We went on a hay ladder and took with us a large pork roast and everything good to go with it. We were going to roast it over a fire. When we arrived at our destination, we built the fire and put the meat over it, well packed in paper and clay. After exploring the stone quarry, we came back with ravenous appetites, thinking of the good pork roast awaiting us, but the meat that was served to us was raw. We were so hungry that we had to eat it. Such were the good times which we had in the seventh grade.

Hail to the blithe spirit, bird thou never wert—George Sullivan.

In the eighth grade we were preparing for our Freshman year. We certainly were a lively bunch. One of our specialties was pinning placards on the backs of our pals to make fun for the others. But these pranks were sprinkled heavily with work, and we all made good grades, and were promoted into the High School. We then hoarded the grand, good feeling that we would be Freshmen at the end of the summer vacation. Thus the years in the grades rolled by, mingled with sunshine and shadows.

In our Freshman year I suppose that we were green like others of that clan, but we soon became acquainted with the higher branches and the terms, which the High School students use. During this year we mastered all our studies, Latin being our main difficulty.

The next year we were Sophomores and we thought ourselves quite learned. We thought the Freshmen, the greenest of foliage and were quite amused at their blunders. Robert Morton, a member of our class, was a star in athletics, and was also a history shark. One of our greatest enjoyments, during this year, was discussing the future life, evolution, and such philosophical questions, in English class, the discussion being led by Miss Renich, who never would give her opinion on the subject except by facial expression. We did not devote all of our time to discussion, however, for the hours were many in which we pored over the pages of Caesar, and Geometry problems. By this time all of the male members of our class disappeared but two, and we lived in hopes that they would not desert us.

At the beginning of the Junior year, only two of the original girls and one who had joined us in the grades remained, but not a boy. A former Junior boy, and a dear little girl from another town joined us. She soon made herself one of us, and the boy, Oh! do not pity him for he really enjoyed the feminine gossip.

The main feature of our Junior year was the reception which we gave to the Seniors. The Seniors thought us only a small class and not capable of doing much, but we showed our colors and entertained them—well, I do not want to praise ourselves, but just the same, none went away hungry. We had a great deal of fun preparing for the reception and our one brave boy proved a great help to us.

I think that it is no more than proper to tell you that this boy was Albert Hardesty, better known as "Red." He was a great favorite among the feminine sex and a star in basketball.

Multum in parvo—Edna Brown.

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So the Junior year passed, but alas at the beginning of the Senior year, there was ne'er a boy, for he had left us to go to Normal, but with the strength which women possess, we took the duties of our class and have striven to do our best. Now although we are Seniors, and have been looked upon by our instructors to be examples for our fellow students, yet we have had our good times, which consisted of several things which we would not do for the faculty to know.

We have worked hard this year, especially in Physics, studying in the laboratory and talking sometimes, but ever on the lookout for the soft foot-steps of W. D. who steals in the doorway at times most unexpectedly. Two other great hills were Algebra and Geometry but we were guided by the skillful hand of our mathematics teacher, Miss Harrison. Then the last recitation was German, to which we always went with happy hearts for we knew that a smile awaited us there from Miss Womacks.

The greatest accomplishment of this year was under the leadership of Principal Worley, when we published the second volume of the High School Annual.

So we passed through our Senior year and have now reached the end of our High School days, but we are only at the Commencement of the real school of life. Thanks to the dear old grade teachers and the High School Faculty, who have given us the best training possible, that we might be duly prepared for this work, we are now to commence

—Lillian Rolfe

She talks of politics or prayers, of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets—Mae Lee.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1914, being of sound mind, do hereby and hereon record our last will and testament.

To the Freshman class, we will our Caesar note books, which may help them to mount the hills of difficulty in Latin.

We will our Senior dignity to the Sophomores, who are sadly wanting in that respect.

To the Juniors, we will our privelege of occupying the Laboratory during Physics study period, but we advise them to be on the lookout for the soft footfalls of W. D.

We also will our Physics note books to the Juniors that they may not have so hard a time to get 2 7-9 as we did.

Josephine Hardesty will want to settle down to work next year. In order that she may do this, we will to her Hazel Hickman's studious habits and quiet manners.

Mary Roberts wills her giggles, which has annoyed the teachers so much this year, to Bessie Richards.

Lillian Roloff says George Sullivan may have the seat which she occupied this year at the back of the room, providing he will promise to will it to George Bone when he is through with it.

All the leftover material from our annual, we leave to the Junior class, that they may not have to work so hard to publish the Homeric next year.

Lucy Ellis wills to Mary Peters the privelege of having George Sullivan walk home with her, for she knows that she need not fear that Mary will supplant her in his affections.

Waneta Burrows has stung Palmer Davis so many times that we fear he will get discouraged, so we will to him all our spunk and determination, with these he will surely win his fair haired damsel.

We will the seats in the assembly room and the piano, to the junk dealer.

All our conversational abilities we give to Albert Riggs and hope he will make good use of them.

*Most fond of reflection—but 'tis the kind that's found in the mirror,
not in the mind—Ruth Wallace.*

Her hair is a lamp unto her feet—Waneta Burrows.

Under a spreading maple tree,
The village high school stands
The school, a mighty one is she,
And ruled by trained hands,
And the lesson that therein are taught,
Are what the world demands.
And now come children, tripping out,
Without a doubt or care,
They come without a single pout,
To see what's happening there.
They look their teachers in the face,
These little ones so fair.

Class Poem

*Lucy Ellis,
Mary Roberts,
Hazel Hickman,
William Roloff,*

Wishing to give to the faculty some little token of our regard which will be most appreciated, we will to Mr. Worley who is not very high up in the world, a stiff hat and a pair of high heeled shoes. To Mr. Madden, who is of a rather nervous temperament, we donate a bottle of soothing syrup. To Miss Womack, we give all our temper so that she may be able to frighten some of the mischievous boys who have annoyed her so much. Miss Harrison is such a capable, independent person, that we feel we have nothing much which would help her in future life, so we extend to her our sincere thanks for pulling us thru Algebra and Solid Geometry.
To the school board we will our generosity, having nothing else which we think would benefit them.
This will, being duly drawn and signed, this 27th day of March, 1914.

Year in, year out, from morn till night,
 They work till all is done,
 And on and on with all their might,
 They think that it is fun,
 At length they know the value of
 the battles they have won.

And then still onward, along their way;
 A call is heard from afar,
 It is the call of high school days,
 To which we cross the bar,
 Some heed it, but it is not all,
 But Freshmen, now we are.

Toiling, rejoicing sorrowing,
 Onward thru school we go,
 Each morning sees our work begun,
 Each night we see it close,
 Something attempted, but nothing gained,
 Has earned many a zero.

The Seniors left to face the task
 are strong and persevering,
 Concerning our number, do not ask,
 Or the teachers, most endearing.
 Battling onward to the end,
 The victory never fearing.

Thanks be to you, Oh! worthy ones!
 For the lessons you have taught.
 Thus at the crisis of our lives,
 Our futures must be sought.
 So Seniors as we journey on,
 Let each deed be carefully wrought.

Mary Roberts

*For on thy cheeks the glow is spread, that tints the morning hills with
 red—Frances Conkey.*

Class Prophcey

Glover, Ill. April, 9 1935.

Dear friend:-

I promised you almost two years ago that if I heard from my classmates, I would write and tell you how they are spending there lives. Altho you did not get to finish school with us, you always seemed interested in the class. Within the last few months, I have had the pleasure of hearing from all my old schoolmates, who graduated in 1914.

Some time ago, as I was passing thru the hall of my bording place the maid handed me a letter. I recognized the writing at once. It was from Lucy Ellis. I was certainly glad to hear from her, for I had often wondered where she was. Lucy has done just what I thot she would do when we were together at Homer High. she said that she had been married for fifteen years and was living on a farm near Fairmount. She said that she had been making about ten pounds of butter every week. After she finished my letter, she was going out to build a chicken coop for thirteen little chickens, which had hatched the day before.

I almost forgot to tell you that I have changed my line of work. There is a girl's college here at Glover, and the English teacher having just recently resigned, I have been hired to fill her place. There are about one hundred and fifty girls enrolled, and I am enjoying my work very much.

Not long ago, while taking tea with one of the other teachers, she remarked that the girls were interested in elocution, and that they had decided to have a good elocutionist come to the school to give a recital, I asked if they had any one in view. She replied that they had invited Miss Lillian Roloff, of New York City. I was very much surprised and wondered if it could be the Lillian of our High School days.

On the evening of the recital, the house was crowded with girls faculty and a few friends from outside. I waited expectantly, as the speaker was being introduced, and sure enough, it was our Lillian, She gave one of the best entertainment that I have ever heard, as only Lillian could do. At the end of the program, I went to the platform, and she was surely surprised to see me. She went with me to my room to spend the night, and we

Requiescat in pace—Dwight Harris.

had so much to tell that we talked until early morning. She asked about Lucy and I let her read her letter. Then I asked if she had ever heard from Mary.

The week before in St. Louis, she had attended a recital given by Mary's music pupils, and one of her pupils had won a gold medal for the best playing in music contest of the best players in the country. She called on Mary and they had a long visit together, talking over High School days.

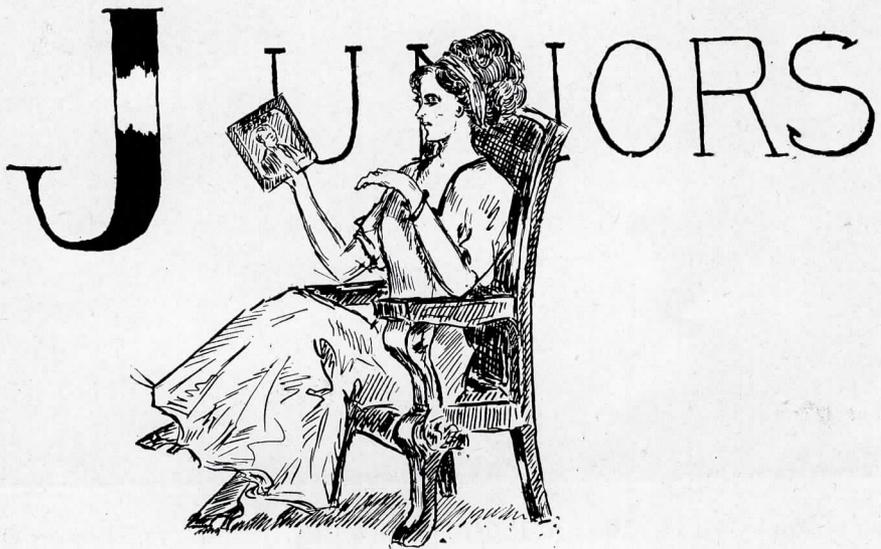
Now when you answer this letter tell me all about yourself, as you were a member of the class, I want to know just what you are doing, and when ever you hear from the girls, write me about it.

Your friend,

Hazel Hickman.



With stammering lips and insufficient sound, I strive and struggle to deliver right—Eugene Peyton.



The Junior Class



Front Row—Wilbur Martin, Ruth Wallace George Sullivan, Louise Oaks, Ben Hall. Second Row—Mary Peters, Walter Madden, Frank Earnest, Evelyne Broadbent, Helen Hickman. Third Row—Hazel Winters, Waneta Burrows, Seymer Current, Florence Robinson, Palmer Davis.

Officers of the class—President, Ruth Wallace; Vice President, Wilbur Martin; Secretary-Treasurer, Louise Oaks.

Colors—Blue and White.

Flower—American Beauty.

Motto—*Aevo Rarissima nostros simplicitas.*

So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long—Margaret Babb.

Junior Class History

I shall endeavor to give a brief history concerning the Junior Class. We began our school career in the beautiful autumn of 1903, after a vacation as we might call it, of about six years. This was the longest vacation that we have ever had and was probably the most pleasant time of our life, for then we were dreaming of the great things before us. Our first day of school was one to be long remembered. Upon entering the school room, we were greeted by our most lovable teacher, Miss Long, who knew the instruction of the "little folks" from A to Z, and deemed it the greatest delight to be with them. After awhile we were seated in our seats, arranged in rows over the room. This being the first day, we were afforded the pleasure in the afternoon of narrating to our mothers about our first day in school.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of beginning, we were soon on the progressive line, which was wonderfully illustrated by our report cards at the expiration of the first term. Being greatly overjoyed with the results of the past year, we pleasantly spent the vacation in waiting for the opening of the succeeding term about three months off. At the end of this period, the peal of the school bell again resounded to our ears, rather mournful to some of us, who had had such a merry time during the vacation. This year our teacher was Mrs. Mary Summers, with whom all were fairly well acquainted and for the most part we did excellent work, for which we were promoted to the third grade.

Being thoroughly instructed in this grade, by Miss Jesse Harnit, we were welcomed into the fourth grade by Miss Ethel Wilson, who later became Mrs. Hodgson, to the surprise of us all. The wedding took place at Christmas time, after which Mr. Hodgson visited us, entering the room as Santa Claus with many treats. This was probably the happiest session throughout the grades. It was during this term that the minority of us received certificates of award for our punctuality and scholarship, from the county superintendent, C. H. Watts, which, doubtless, produced in us a more vigorous mental power for study.

The next year was a very successful one with Miss Elsie Clark as our teacher. She proved to be a very efficient teacher, under whom, we

Dark was her hair, her hand was white, her voice was exquisitely tender—Florence Robinson.

made rapid advancement. She could use the strap to perfection, but lucky for us, it always occurred among the other classes.

Having been promoted to the sixth grade, we came under the strict supervision of Mrs. Maye Hays. It was under this teacher that we learned the method of concentrating our minds upon our studies, thus not being forced to appear in class with a defective recitation. She taught us throughout the seventh and then met us in the eighth grade. We all liked her very much and were always glad to do some kind deed for her, for fear of the strap. It was at the beginning of the second semester, while in the eighth grade, that our class roll was increased one in the person of Evelyne Broadbent, a dainty maid of about fourteen summers. She gained much popularity among her class-mates for having such a broad view of history together with other things and later becoming the fun maker of the class. When February 27th came around, we were all very sad with the exception of Evelyne, because of that awful Central Examination, in which the majority of the class were successful. Evelyne was especially fortunate in this respect in not being with us the first semester.

Now the last of our grades being completed, a four year course in the High School was staring us in the face. We soon realized that there were three very important factors that proceed to produce a No. 1, High School student, that is patience, perseverance and memory. Upon entering the Freshman class in 1911, the cases of inelligibility being proportional to the newcomers, our number was neither increased nor diminished. At this juncture, we came under the instruction of three teachers, namely, Mr. O. J. Stansberry, Supt.; Mr. H. L. Tate, Principal and Miss Amanda Renich, each of whom, were especially fitted in their respective line of work, and conducted a brilliant session. It was during this year that Wilbur Martin joined us, after spending about a week in the eighth grade, where he claimed that he found nothing to interest him, and that he was desirous of being a Freshman. He soon became very popular, by wearing a white celluloid collar for which he received many compliments. He said that it saved the laundry bill because he could wash it himself.

While studying Physiography under Mr. Tate, we took a field trip during which many amusing and interesting incidents happened, while crossing ditches, traversing hills and valleys to a distance of about two miles up Salt Fork and return.

At the beginning of the succeeding year, we were entitled to be called Sophomores. This year our work was directed by four competent

instructors, Mr. W. D. Madden, Supt.; Mr. G. C. Hickle, Principal, Miss Renich and Miss Harrison. Mr. Hickle was found to be very jovial and it was from him that we drew our fun. But alas! Try to spring one on Mr. Madden if you dare, although he did go with us on some of our "weenie" roasts, and really seemed to enjoy them. At Christmas time the entire High School indulged in a sure-enough fox chase, led by the members of the faculty, after which we enjoyed an oyster stew at the High School Building, a treat by the faculty. When the second semester opened, we were increased one by Seymer Current, who is very studious and obedient in every respect.

Having thoroughly accomplished our Sophomore work, we were admitted to the Junior roll with two new instructors, Mr. O. H. Worley, Principal, and Miss Womacks. Assuredly, we are under more strict supervision now than in any preceding year. At Christmas time this year, we were again entertained by the faculty, but this time at the opera house where we had many amusing "stunts" and played many games, after which we enjoyed a "feed." Walter Madden, who joined us last year left us during the latter part of this year to take up a position in the South. George Sullivan and Palmer Davis, our class mates from Fairmount, seem to be enjoying themselves with the pretty lasses of the school.

Last fall our Zoology instructor, Mr. Madden, took us on a field trip which furnished many amusing incidents, such as the girls getting stuck on burrs and the like. The trip was terminated by a "weenie" roast along Salt Fork. Miss Harrison, Miss Womacks and Mr. Worley joined us in the "weenie" foast.

On March 13, 1914, we presented a play at the Pastime Theatre, which was well attended, netting us about forty-five dollars.

Our meetings in the Laboratory are quite frequent as we are a business group. The majority of the class have developed some distinctive character, so that it is very probable that we could furnish employees to the following positions, farmers, merchants, singers, pianists, electricians, mechanics, stenographers, violinists, school teachers and lovers, together with a few athletes. This is sufficient to show that we are capable of making good in what ever walk of life we might enter, and really such a qualified class as ours is rarely found.

At present we are fifteen in number and are still pressing on, striving to attain that most precious goal—education.

—Frank Earnest.

Non omnia possumus omnes—Christoval Danner.

The Junior Class Play

The Juniors decided to give a play this year, and "A College Town" was chosen. This play was given on March 13, at the Pastime Theatre, with great success.

We began practicing, three weeks before at the school house, in the main hall, with Mrs. Porter coaching us. The boys all brought lanterns with which to light the room, since our school building can not boast of electric lights. We used boxes of all sizes and descriptions for the stage furniture. We were greatly handicapped and did not make much headway, so we transferred our rehearsing to Mrs. Porter's residence. Here we made rapid progress, in spite of our crowded quarters. We practiced every night and the next week we began rehearsing at the theatre. We rehearsed here five nights, thus getting used to the stage, entrances, wings, etc.

On the Wednesday night before the play, everything went wrong. Scarcely anyone knew their part nor their cues, and the date was only two nights away. We were all discouraged, but were more so the next night when things went no better. This was dress rehearsal, but some of the actors and actresses, amateurs as they were, had not procured their costumes, nor did they have any idea where they would get them. Mrs. Porter kindly offered her wardrobe to the unfortunates and her aid was gratefully accepted. The last act, being a "fizzle," so to speak, we wanted to rehearse it the second time, but were prevented from doing so by the proprietor of the opera house, for he was thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair.

However, the next day, we all went around with smiling faces, (though quaking in our shoes,) telling everyone that the play was going to be fine, (for we wanted their money,) but we had very serious misgivings in our own minds.

At last Friday night came, and the deed had to be done, and only those who saw the play can tell how well we did it. We received praise from every side, and the proprietor of the opera house said that it was the best play that had ever been given in Homer. Now say that the Juniors are not equal to every occasion.

Labor omnia vincit—Lucy Ellis.

Among the sidelights of the play, were some amusing incidents. It was always rather difficult to get Wilbur out to the rehearsals, because a certain auburn haired lassie in the south part of town, attracted his attention. Several times, we were forced to wait until he made his evening visit in that quarter, before we could rehearse.

Mary Peters is said to have had several "Irish brawls" before she could attend. On one occasion, when she brought Doris with her, Mr. Worley feared for his life, but Doris said it was alright in the play.

Ben did not like to see Wilbur make love to Ruth, but he knew that he had no cause to worry, since Wilbur was too much tied up as it were, but he did have a difficult time rehearsing on one particular evening. Ask him why.

Seymer Current says that he would not take a good deal for the experience which he procured, while making love to "aunt Jane." Although it was all new to Seymer, he had several experienced coaches, and he profited by their wide experience. We may see the results of this coaching if we read the love story written by Seymer in the Literary department.

George Sullivan said that he did wish the Seniors were in the play, that he knew he could play his part better, but she was in the audience and that fact was such an inspiration to him, that he starred in the performance. But we learn since that his heart has been broken. Cheer up George it might be worse.

Palmer almost recovered from his stage fright, after we had rehearsed at the opera house five times. He said that it helped a lot to have a certain Junior girl present, but he did hate to see her stand by George Sullivan in the second act.

Walter Madden and Charlie Heffley threatened to leave us in the lurch on the last rehearsal, because we would not let them wear white flannel trousers to a football game on Thanksgiving day. We wanted to hang the trousers out on the curtain with their names on them or announce from the stage that they had a pair, but they finally decided that they would wait and wear them to the park this summer, then the people could see them.

George Bone, whom we adopted from the sophomore class, because we needed a good looking fellow, was a regular matinee idol. Several girls in the seventh and eighth grades, have been quite crazy about

him ever since. George has been thinking some of going on the stage for his life work, but he can not decide between that and being a preacher.

"Our foot ball team was a grand old team," for we chose all the athletic men of the eighth grade, freshman, and sophomore classes. Gene Daugherty wanted to be on the team, but we needed him to watch our valuables in the dressing rooms, while we were on the stage. If you ever need a watch dog, call on Gene.

We were very grateful to the teachers and Mr. Warner, who helped us in the play, and we owed much of our success to Mrs. Porter, who spent her valuable time in coaching us.

Junior Class Poem

And now I take my pen to write—
 A tale? Not so.
 Nor will it be of Loveland bright,
 Where 'Honeys' flow;
 Nor yet have I a song to sing,
 Nor do I news from Heaven bring
 Whose tidings glad do always ring,
 As you should know.

I'll take this space to call our roll;
 We're Juniors proud.
 So just a line or two I stole,
 And if allowed
 I'll blend for each a single rhyme
 Of youth and character sublime,
 Whose towering aims are yet but prime,
 Yet well endowed.

Speak stubborn earth, and tell me where, Oh where hast thou a symbol of her red hair—Wilbur Martin.

Now first we have our sturdy Frank
 So large and tall;
 Some have named him Homer's Crank
 In Basket Ball.
 A friend he's always been to me,
 A worthier friend you'll never see,
 For Earnest he shall always be.
 How personal!

And next we have a Wilbur gay,
 A friend to you.
 He sings and chatters night and day
 As Martins do.
 He too is good in Basket Ball,
 He never gets a single fall,
 And "Grand-stands," he can make them all.
 Like him are few.

Then too we have an Evelyn,
 A heart of fun;
 As stately as Evangeline.
 Ere she is won
 'Twill be by one as true as she,
 For noble he must surely be
 If she could hear his tempting plea
 For unison.

Then her best friend is Hazel dear,
 (Eliza Short)
 But she'll take care of herself, don't fear.
 The "Just Married" sort.
 But still a heart for 'one' has she,
 Yet cool in name you must agree,
 But Winters she shan't always be,
 From good report.

Life is a dream they tell, waking to die—Earl Yount.

Our stellar Star is Florence gay,
 Who never fails.
 She labors hard by night and day,
 Thus she prevails.
 To go with boys is her delight,
 While mother dear is out of sight,
 For she would rather face the night
 Than Ma's assails.

There's one to whom we look for strength;
 Our foremost guard.
 She holds her foes at full arms length.
 Tho often hard
 To master when she sets her head,
 If Dorris dear must raise the bread
 He'll run his bungalow instead
 Of his regard.

Then Walter is our college Sport,
 Beware! Fair dame.
 For you may have to go to court
 To hold your name.
 With every girl he tries to flirt,
 Yea, everything that wears a skirt;
 Beware, your heart will throb and hurt;
 So watch your game.

Of all the dogs that roam the streets,
 Keep clear of Ben.
 He too will steal the heart he meets,
 And always when
 You think you have him by the nose,
 He turns away and off he goes,
 And you, as lost your man, must pose.
 Lay low! Amen.

Then next we have a Miss Louise—
Our Junior Kee.
A manner stern has little Squeeze,
And you can see
She's not cut out to take your jokes,
Nor will she let you beg and coax;
Her form is stately like the Oaks.
Will always be.

Then Helen with a willing hand
To do her share
Steps right up and takes her stand;
And with an air
Of one who triumphs over all,
And ne'er a dame so brave and tall,
Was found more ready for life's call
And worldly care.

Our class Sweetheart we must not lose
So young and fair,
Whose heart and hand will Palmer choose,
For auburn hair
Has been his choice for years, and tho'
To all his pleadings she's said 'No'!
He says he will not let her go.
A loving pair.

But low! Now all your fun must stop.
The Major's near;
A brother-in-law to Mister Popp,
And do not fear,
He'll never hold his deadly fist,
If he should find the guy what kissed
Fair Cleopatra his sis.
So boys keep clear.

This is her highest wish, to help the helpless—Miss Harrison.

The "Midget" of the class is Ruth,
 President too.
 So full of fun, the brand of youth.
 Our humble crew
 Would feed the dogs 'twere not for her,
 Who, by her sympathetic purr,
 Can raise the dead, their conscience stir,
 To blaze anew.

Of all man's 'bulls' in blunder forms,
 Look over Scotch.
 A temper like late thunder storms,
 So you must watch
 And do not swallow all his truck,
 You might perhaps get thunder struck,
 And then little girl, your heart he'd pluck,
 And leave you a blotch.

But for myself, I've no excuse,
 I feel I'm lost.
 My only aim is to induce
 Without a cost,
 The faculty to step aside,
 And pass their chairs to me, for I'd
 Beat them if I only tried.
 "Your honored Most."

And here our simple roll must end,
 Fifteen are all.
 As each with each we've made a friend,
 We cannot fall.
 Like Turtle-doves o'er sea or land,
 Our God above would smile so grand
 To know for love of truth we stand
 And wait our call.

Gaudeamus igitur invenes dum sumus—Clara Roloff.

This nation should be proud to clasp
 A hand of ours,
That reaches forward, soon to grasp
 Life's nurtured flowers,
Which, sown by minds late hours of toil,
Through paths of youth, in richest soil,
Are grown to live, not wilt and spoil
 In beating showers.

We feel, we hear, Life's billows roll,
 We hear them moan.
Far out in life we see a goal
For men full grown.
Tho shadows face us, fogs are deep,
We lay at night, we cannot sleep,
Life's Springtime's short, we're soon to reap
 What we have sown.

Amid the fogs of far ahead,
 We chill, to see
A battle field of kindred dead;
 Which still to be
A barrier we soon must climb
And crown, like kings of ancient time,
While our heart's bells swell a chime
 Like waves at sea.

But far beyond those battles fought,
 We see a light;
As from a star of Heaven's wrought
 Which gives invite
To wayward souls, like shepherds old
Who followed far the star of gold,
Until they reached a manger cold,
 And found delight.

I will leave large foot prints on the sands of time—Walter Madden.

To gain that light we bravely strive,
Pray, give us cheer;
The sparks of hope we've fanned alive,
Which blaze despair.
We look, we see life's petty glen.
'Mid opportunities for men,
Whether plow, or tongue, or book, or pen,
We'll do our share.

—George Sullivan.



She wrote a charming hand and Oh! How sweetly all her notes were folded—Pauline Akers.

THE
SOPHOMORE.



The Junior Class



Front Row—Gene Daugherty, Josephine Hardesty, Chas. Heffly, Mary Baird, George Bone. Second Row—Dwight Harris, Pearle Oaks, Jasper Peters, Bessie Richards, Eugene Peyton, Grace Hall.

Third Row—Ethel O'Connor, Ethel McElroy, Guy Strahorn, Albert Riggs, Alma Phillbrook.

Officers—President, George Bone; Vice President, Jasper Peters, Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Baird.

Colors—Purple and Lavender.

Flower—Violet.

Motto—*Esse quam videri.*

Like one that on a lonesome road, doth walk in fear and dread—George Bone.

Sophomore Class History

We entered into the hardships, trials and tribulations of school life when we were six years old. In our first year in school, our teacher, Miss Havard, was very kind to us and about all that we did was to play games and cut out pictures. But when the teacher did punish us, by making us stand with our faces in the corner, we felt very much hurt about it and it taught us a lesson.

In the second year, we started in with a very prim and precise teacher, Miss Somers. We always had our lessons just so and consequently we passed at the end of the year. Our next teacher had a name which suited her well, Miss Hornet, and she surely made us think sometimes that we were stung. One day a real hornet came flying into the room, but we did not welcome it as we thought she was enough.

In the fourth grade we were under Mrs. Hodgson. She made us toe the mark. By this time we had learned how to be mean and unruly. We worried her very much and she often let us know her feelings without the least hesitation.

When we reached the fifth grade, our unforgotten, beloved, old teacher of the second room, Miss Somers, was with us again, reminding us of the time when we were mere children. She often chased the boys around the room to give them some punishment. Though the boys were very swift and she was a large woman, nevertheless she usually caught them and inflicted deserved punishment. While in this grade we were under five different teachers, Miss Somers, Miss Barton, Miss Stearns, Miss Ferris, and Mr. Barton. The latter certainly made us walk the chalk. While we were in this grade, Josephine Hardesty joined us. She was a little red-headed, country lass, with fair complexion and dancing, blue eyes. Although she was a little green at first, she soon grew accustomed to the ways of our little city and now she is one of the Belles of Homer.

For the three succeeding years, Mrs. Maye Hays was our teacher. She wore glasses with big hooks over her ears and she looked like a very fierce teacher to spend a whole year with. In this grade we did many things to aggravate our teachers. We often stuck nice, soft pieces of

She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on—Josephine Hardesty.

gum in one another's hair and thought it great fun, but we were usually punished for our misdemeanors. The girls were punished as well as the boys for they were no angels. We also had another kind of education, furnished by Charles Heffley, who passed around dime novels for the enlightenment and education of the pupils. They read them and considered them good literature. When we graduated from the eighth grade, there were twenty-five of us to enter High School.

Our first year in High School was for most of us, a success. We tried to be dignified and very nice to everyone, but the rest of the pupils constantly reminded us that we were Freshmen. After all our attempts to be good, we could plainly see that we were furnishing laughter for the whole school. They called us "Greenies," "Freshies" and all the pet names that they could think of but we did not mind that.

A number of new scholars entered our brilliant class after we came into High School. George Dewey Bone from Randolph school, was an awkward, bashful, country lad, but he has changed somewhat, for he is now a brilliant, bold heart smasher and a wonderful athlete. Mary Baird joined us, from Lost Grove. She was a fair-haired, blue eyed country maiden who made fun for all. Bessie Richards was another newcomer, a shy little girl from the country, but she is an excellent scholar.

At the end of last year, the "cute little seniors" donated to us a pretty green flag, they had received while they were "Greenies." We received it with due courtesy and still keep it wrapped in lavender and moth balls to preserve its beautiful hue of green.

We are now in our Sophomore year and though looked upon as a dead class, we can still show the others a thing or two. We still have our athletic G. D. B. but he persists in climbing on to freight trains and we fear that he will get injured. Chas. H., our cartoonist will some day make a great name for himself (on card board). Lajoy B., our prima donna, has been inspired by the muses lately and we fear she will become a great poet. Alma Phillbrook will some day out-shine Pankhurst as a suffragette speaker. Grace Hall is rather undecided what will be her vocation since W. M. has gone. Jasper Peters will be a celebrated lawyer, in time if he lives long enough. We will some time in the future, be able to read some of the books of Josephine Hardesty our author, but her name may be changed by that time. Guy Strahorn expects to become Professor of Latin at the University, that is if he can ride fast enough.

Ipse dixit—Mr. Madden.

Gene Peyton will make his mark in the world as a Historian and Pearle Oaks as a German Student. Dwight Harris will some day out-rival Wm. Jennings as an orator while we expect great things of Albert Riggs as a dramatist. Bessie Richards will probably teach children some history. Last and least is dear Gene. We will not attempt to outline his life course as he is too changeable. He is thinking of going in to big league base ball.

You may see by these short sketches that Homer High School will some day be proud of our wonderful class.

*Josephine Hardesty,
Alma Phillbrook.*

Sophomore Class Poem

Our brilliant, happy, Sophomore Class,
With a great wide future ahead,
Hope that they will each one pass
When their lessons have been said.

We hope for better, brighter days
Of business, pleasure and fame,
As we think of the teachers along our ways,
Their strict rule, we do not blame.

Each one hopes for greater joys,
When our school life all has past,
When we have forgotten high school toys,
And happiness is ours at last.

Latin exams. we just detest,
And wish that Caesar had died
Before he became such an awful pest,
And extended the Empire wide.

Having the grace of speech and skill in the turning of phrases—Mary Peters.

Ancient History is not so bad,
And all great men we know,
But dates, we wish, we never had,
'Cause we learn them, Oh! so slow.

English, we think, is always grand,
With its poems, stories and tales,
And when the teachers, a recitation demand,
Not a one of us ever fails.

Last, but not least, Geometry,
We hate with all our heart,
It makes us want to climb a tree,
And shout "Here's where we part."

But our work is really not so bad
If our time we nobly spend,
Devoting it all to what we've had,
And let work and victory blend.

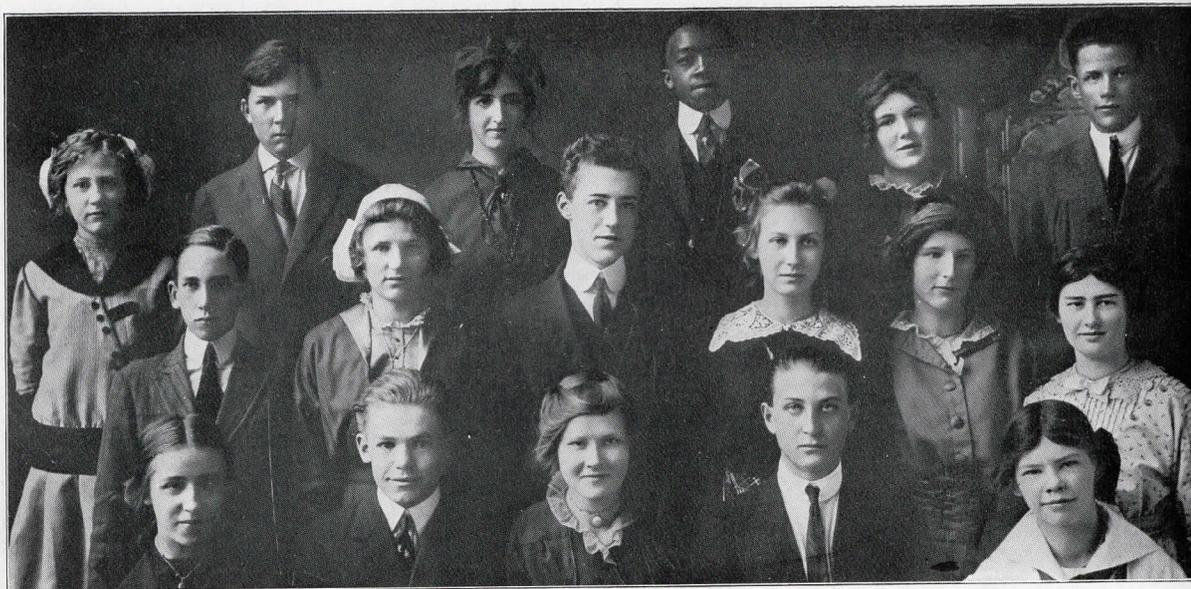
Thanks, thanks, to all our teachers dear,
Who have been kind to us,
If we look to them, we need not fear,
But give them all our trust.

—*Mary Baird.*





The Freshman Class



Front Row—Clara Roloff, Walter Richards, Mildred Thompson, Earl Yount, Margaret Babb. Second Row—McKinley Towner, Huldah Palmer, Clyde Rodgers, Frances Conkey, Alice Madden, Hazel Morrison.

Third Row—Edith Rodgers, Glenn White, Pauline Akers, Chas. Broyles, Mae Lee, Paul Oaks.

Officers of the class—President, Mildred Thompson; Vice President, Glenn White; Secretary, Earl Yount; Treasurer, Frances Conkey.

Colors—Orange and Black.

Flower—Daffodil.

Motto—*Crescat Scientia.*

Who thinketh too little, and talketh too much—Ethel O'Connor.

The Freshmen

Here's to the Freshmen, the studious class,
The best in the world, which none can surpass;
From morn till night these children do toil
Burning quite often, the midnight oil.

The Freshmen are usually called —called green if it is permissible to use that word now that we are in high school—by the sophomores. The Juniors usually take our part and the seniors are noted for being, let us say unobservant. We have tried to outlive our verdancy. You know how well we have succeeded.

We certainly do feel better toward our upper-classmen for the leniency which they have shown to us this year. We heard that they had done terrible things to the Freshmen who have gone before.

Our class is twenty-five in number. It is composed of many fair ladies and gallant gentlemen—in the making. Some have dropped out from our midst this year. We are sorry to lose them. Think of all the fun they will miss while we are wading through the mysteries of the higher mathematics, more Latin, German and those awful things that they do in the Laboratory.

You have been good to us dear teachers and we have tried to obey your kindly rule (?)

Ye learned ones who read this, "Pray pardon," when we get as old as you, perhaps we shall know better. Now we are only Freshmen—Hoping to be older and wiser some day.

—Margaret Babb.

Freshmen Field Trip

Once upon a time in the history of the Freshman Class of 1913-14, when we were all decidedly blue, a trip to the park was suggested. We all jumped at the chance of a little outing away from school and books. Arrangements were hurriedly made for the crowd to leave on the 10:40 car.

We left at recess to go home to make the necessary preparations, and some of us certainly had to hurry to make the car. Two or three of the class did not wait for the car, but found buggies and drove out, but those who went on the car reached the park at least fifteen minutes before they did.

Some could not even wait for the roll call, but began to scatter in all directions. The majority remained together however, and these started to explore, going west. Naturally every one tried to get ahead of every one else, almost running at times, scrambling over, under and through fences, and into cockle burrs and Spanish needles, which proved to be our worst enemy of the day, as it took about half our time to pull them off.

Finally after we had stopped to take our breath, we crowded together and had our pictures taken. We were looking crazy enough to break the camera, but I believe it survived the shock.

Some of the boys found a couple of boats which they put into use without delay. One began to leak and the occupants soon vacated it, but Harold and Paul remained in their's and took several rides and then invited the girls to go with them. Mildred and Alice, being the bravest ? ? ?, went with them while the rest of us went on exploring. We found some dried wild grapes, which we ate despite the objections of the digestive organs. We attempted to walk out to a miniature island on the rocks, missed the rocks and got our feet wet.

I don't suppose that we were a very quite party, for in one place, we made so much noise that we scared away all the fish from a man who was trying to catch them, thus causing him to seek a more secluded spot for his angling. We also scared away a bunch of ducks that were quietly swimming around.

How I love its giddy gurgle, how I love its fluent flow, how I love to wind my mouth up, how I love to hear it go—Mary Roberts.

In one place we found an old tree that had broken and fallen across the creek. Two or three of us girls walked out on a lower limb and the boys would not allow us to return, and we had our pictures taken while we were out there. Glen walked out to the end of the limb and shook it so that we could scarcely keep our positions. At last when the chance came to get down, we jumped into a patch of Spanish needles, out of the frying pan into the fire. After a while we boarded the car for home, tired and dusty but none the worse for our outing.

—Mae Lee.



Whene'er that little man comes in, all nature wears one universal grin—O. H. Worley.



THOSE LITTLE ONES

Seventh Grade Class



Front Row—Frank Cannady, Gladys Winters, Nelle Ray, Nola O'Neil, Lois Dennis, Christoval Danner. Second Row—Nellie Hayes, Ronald Rosenbaum, Edna Brown, Edna Hammill, Bernice Stackhouse.

Third Row—Inez Vale, Grace Stackhouse, Julian Wallace. Fourth Row—Robert Riggs, Opal Smith, Bessie Hayes, Paul Heffly, Beulah King, Adolph Sickel, Ada Morrison.

Officers—President, Nelle Ray ; Vice President, Lois Dennis; Secretary-Treasurer, Gladys Winters.

Colors—Gold and White.

*She smiled on many just for fun, I knew there was nothing in it—
Mildred Thompson.*

There's Adolph, whose name should be mentioned here,
He hopes sometime to be a mechanical engineer,
And Adah who wishes her beauty to improve,
By the use of cosmetics, her freckles to remove.
Then there's Bessie Hayes, who dotes on art,
Her pictures in school life, from a large part.
There's Beulah, whose nature is full of fire,
Whose jokes, to be sure, we all admire.
Bernice whose smiles are few but sweet,
Her good behavior is hard to beat.
Christoval, of the girls, is the beau ideal
To whom, in trouble, they all appeal.
Edna Brown, a blue eyed, country lass,
Still holds her own in every class.
The gilded mirror, which Edna Hamill keeps,
Is always handy, so she can take a peep.
Frank Cannady, a youth, dashing and bold,
Whose strength lies in his hair, like Sampson of old.
Grace who is very quite and demure,
Has plenty of brains, you may be sure.
And Gladys the sweet singer of the class,
Don't find any difficulty, at all to pass.
Inez who is large, amiable and sweet,
Is as happy a girl, as one could meet.
Julian, who always has his hand in the air,
Should be more careful, or it will freeze there.
Lois, the giggling girl, whose one delight,
Is to tease Inez Vale and make her fight.
Nola's dainty white hands never met any harm,
But we think that her dimples are her real charm.
Nelle Ray with her beautiful eyes of brown,
We fear is not going to remain in town.
Nellie Hayes, tho timid, backward and shy,
Will outgrow all that bye and bye.
Tho late to school, almost every day,
It doesn't affect Opal's graceful sway.

Life is busy, life is earnest—Frank Earnest.

Paul expects some day, a cartoonist to be,
Adah will get him, just wait and see.
Bobbie Riggs, with whom you can't keep pace,
When it comes to a spearmint chewing gum race.
The last and least of we eighth graders,
Is Ronald, small and cunning,
He keep's the teachers in a frantic,
His mouth is always running.

*Gladys Winters,
Lois Dennis.*

Our Teachers

The first teacher that we had,
Was Miss Ferris, gentle and kind.
Then Miss Vance endeavored to train us
And broadened each little mind.
Mrs Hodgson was our third attempt,
Whom every one liked they say.
While Hall had charge of the fifth,
With a time for work or play.
McPherron taught us in the sixth,
And much we learned that year,
While in the seventh Miss Crow was head,
Who now cannot be here.
Now eight stars fill our glorious crown,
To daze our teachers three,
And tho we study all the time,
They still send forth their plea.
But never fret, for the eighth grade class,
While ambition reigns supreme,
For in future life we'll win our mark,
Without a doubt or dream.

Gladys Winters.

'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the scriptures—Walter Richards.



The Value of a Minute

“I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it,
Forced upon me, can't refuse it,
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it,
But it's up to me to choose it,
I must suffer if I lose it,
Give account if I abuse it,
Just a tiny little minute,
But eternity is in it.”

This is the opinion of H. M. Course; to make all he can out of each minute. If we should all make all we can out of every minute would the results be good and would we learn the value of a minute?

A minute is but a small period of time, yet it is sixty times larger than a second, and it takes only sixty minutes to make an hour, twenty four hours to make a day, three hundred and sixty five days to make a year, and about thirty six years to a life time. Yet people throw away time as freely as a house maid would wipe the dust particles from the furniture.

When you go down streets, count the loafers who seem to have nothing to do, sitting on boxes, smoking and spitting. If they are not on the street you will find them in the stores, pool-rooms, barber shops and saloons, wasting their minutes, hours, days and years.

Our minutes are forced upon us, we did not choose it. We are not responsible for our existence, yet we can not refuse it. We are responsible for what we get out of life and it behooves us to meet all the advantages and disadvantages as they come for often we are benefited most by overcoming the disadvantages.

We must use our time, for if we do not, we will suffer in our loss. We are in this world to make the best of life, and if we abuse our time, we must give an account of that time.

What if we were to be called upon to account for every waking minute that we have spent since we have been old enough to realize the

value of that short space of time? If every minute that we have used for the good of ourselves and others was given to our credit and every minute that we have let slip by was counted against us, what would be the result? Which account would be the greater?

This morning I called at the home of a washwoman. Everything looked clean and she was busy at her work, but before the stove sat her husband, his spittoon close by. He was reading a novel entitled, "Who was the Bride?" The fire was very low, and sitting with his legs wrapped around the stove he seemed to be trying to sit on the stove to keep warm. He has a knowledge of his trade, but is too lazy to put it into practice, while she, being good hearted, has bought a home, reared three children and done all she could for the betterment of this world with what she could earn over the wash tub.

"She hath done what she could."

Could that be said of all of us? How did she do it? She did it by doing and not dreaming; she did it by doing and keeping at it and whenever I see her, I think---

"Just a tiny little minute,
But eternity is in it."

—*Mary Peters*

The Proposal

Tom Hastings had decided to pop the fatal question. On arriving at Mary's house, he climbed out of the buggy and while tying Beauty, he rehearsed the little speech, which he had prepared.

"Mary, I love you with all my heart; won't you be my wife? Oh! we would be so happy together." "I think that sounds fine," he added aloud.

"What sounds fine, Tom?" asked Mary's voice from behind a rose bush.

"Why, Why, the crickets singing," stammered Tom.

"Oh", laughed Mary, "You've changed your mind, you always said

you didn't like to hear crickets."

Tom remembered that he had said that, but not thinking of a suitable answer, he remained silent. Mary has never before looked so beautiful, thought Tom, and he felt his courage rising.

"Mary!"

"Yes, Tom, what is it?"

"I love—love—to ride, let's go. It's a fine evening."

"Certainly, Tom, I love to ride."

After they were seated in the buggy and were spinning over the smooth roads, Tom looked down into Mary's face. "Mary, I love—love—the moonlight."

"Oh Tom! how sentimental you are, but I like it too tonight."

Tom cleared his throat, touched Beauty with the whip and turned to Mary once more.

"Mary, I can't tell you how—how—hard that clover hay was to bale."

"That's too bad papa got along fine with his."

"Mary, won't you give me one of your roses?"

"Why yes Tom, I didn't know you cared for roses." She gave him the rose and a happy thot came to Tom.

"Mary, would you mind singing a part of my favorite song?"

"She nodded and began, "Roses have a tale of love."

"Oh Mary!" burst out Tom "That's just what I've been tring to tell you, but somehow I couldn't. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes I see" murmured Mary, from his shoulder, and Beauty, thinking Tom clucked to him, started out on a brisk trot, unheeded by the happy pair.

Seymer Current.



Short and to the point—Alma Phillbrook.

Jane at Boarding School

Jane Endicott, a bright, jovial girl, had graduated from High School and was now preparing to go to college. She was a girl who loved jolly good times and pretty clothes; so she got much pleasure out of her preparation.

Now Jane was a girl of moderate means and did not visit much, so she did not have a very clear conception of college life, however she gathered a great deal from books which had procured, and the catalogues and bulletins which had been sent to her from various colleges. During the summer, while her mother was busy sewing for her, Jane read about college, and imagined some of the things which she would do.

She was just simply crazy to go, altho she shed many tears the morning of her departure. As she bid her mother good by and the train pulled out of the station she realized for the first time what it really meant to leave home, and for a little while she felt very badly, but soon she began to think of the good times that she was going to have and she became her own happy self again.

Jane was a rather funny looking creature with baggage on every hand and even sofa pillows tied to her suit case. She arrived at college safe and sound and was kept busy for two weeks, learning the ways of the students and studying, and also helping June Sanders, her room-mate, decorate and arrange the room. In spite of all, they did not have enough pillows and they had to write home for more.

At first Jane took life and college rather seriously and the girls thought that she was a "grind," but as the novelty of her new work wore off, she began to mix with the girls and they found that she was the most mischievous one among them. After this, many were the college pranks that originated in the mind of Jane and carried out under her leadership. Among these was a trick played upon Miss Ann, the English teacher.

Mr. Stafford, the dean, was very much smitten with Miss Ann. Now the girls were very intimate with Miss Ann and thot her the kindest creature in all the world, but they did enjoy a joke. One evening they overheard Mr. Stafford telling her how beautiful her golden tresses were and wishing that she would always arrange them in that manner, it was so becoming. Of course this only put foolishness into the girls' heads, and

they were looking for a chance to play a joke on these sentimental pedagogues. Now the faculty was to have an entertainment on the following evening and they knew that Miss Ann was to give a reading. About noon the girls were passing her door and peeking in, they found that she was not there so they entered.

"Oh look, look!" exclaimed Polly, very much excited, "there are those golden tresses so beautifully arranged that Mr. Stafford raves so about." "Let's hide them or take them some where," suggested Jane, which met with the greatest approval.

When Miss Ann returned, she looked high and low for her wig, but it was nowhere to be found. She became desperate for she knew that she must attend, but she dreaded facing the faculty without her wig, for she wore it constantly when out among people. She hunted until almost time to go then twisting her own little coil of straight black hair she departed to face the audience and Mr. Stafford.

In the meantime the girls had carefully arranged the false hair in a flower box and attached a card to it "From Mr. Stafford," imitating his writing as nearly as possible. After the entertainment had commenced, the girls slipped around to the side entrance and when Miss Ann was about to finish her reading they sent a street urchin to the rostrum with the box. He presented it to her and she opened it immediately, thinking that it was flowers, but alas, her own familiar golden tresses fell to the floor. This finished Miss Ann for the evening for she could scarcely recover from the shock.

The girls were rather quiet for a while, for fear they would be suspected of the trick, but everything blew over and no one was the wiser.

One day as Jane was on her way to the assembly room, she noticed a paster on the bulletin board, announcing that the Hon. Prof. Magill would lecture at the auditorium Thurs. evening at 8 p. m. on a subject from Ancient History. This did not appeal at all to the roguish Jane. She knew that every girl would be required to attend the lecture and she went to the assembly room puzzled in her mind as to what excuse she might make in order to stay away from the lecture. At the noon hour a bright ray seemed to flash over her countenance. Jane as usual, had discovered a plan.

At 3:30 p. m. while the class was very busy with their Caesar, Jane became suddenly ill. The Latin teacher was frightened and had her

taken to her room. The doctor was summoned and he pronounced her case a severe nervous attack, and cautioned them to keep her quiet as possible and to give her only beef tea. Much as Jane hated beef tea, her joke must be carried out and she submitted with lassitude.

When the beef tea was brot in by the nurse, who seemed very dear and kind, she was asked many little favors by Jane, to which she responded very readily. When the nurse stepped out of the room on one of these errands, Jane was left to relish her beef tea. She stepped to the window and threw out the bouillion and unintentionally, the cup. Not being able to see over the huge marble sill, she did not know what course it was taking and lo and behold! it struck the Hon. Prof. on the head, causing an ugly wound thus preventing him from delivering the lecture that evening.

When the matter was investigated and the doctor consulted as to Janes condition, it was found that she was up to her old pranks. She was punished by being kept in her room all the next day and that evening she was compelled to attend the lecture, which had been postponed from the previous evening. To her great astonishment, the lecture was on his experiences in China and as he was closing, he stated that China was all broken up over him.

But thru it all, dear little Jane was very happy. Her classmates who watched her during the evening, decided to call her "Happy-go-lucky Jane." Happy because she was always cheerful, and sunshine seemed to linger wherever she went, and lucky because she never received very severe punishment for her pranks.

—*Louise Oaks.*



Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine—Grace Hall.

An English-Latin Letter

Few students realized how constantly Latin enters into almost every thing they do. The following was written by a business man a firm believer in Latin to illustrate this fact to a doubting pupil.

"Latin is a great help in everything we study. In bookkeeping, it is much easier to understand *debit* and *credit* if we know their derivation; in Algebra, it shows us without a rule the difference between *identity* and *equation*; in Geometry, Q. E. D. (*quod erat demonstrandum*) is much easier to say than which was to be proven. In Botany, Agriculture, and nearly all the Sciences, most of the names come from the Latin, while it is impossible to get so much out of History and German without Latin as with it.

"But in English the most everyday practical study of all Latin helps most. We cannot get away from it. If we know Latin, we never misspell *preparation*, *precedence*, *laudable* and so on. Consciously or unconsciously we use it all the time, not only indirectly in fully half the words we speak or write, but directly as well. We see a football poster:

High School *versus* Academy

Game called at 3 P. M.

Do we know the italicized words? In the game only *bona fide* students are allowed to play: others are unfit to represent our *Alma Mater*. We go to the game and pay our money (which has *e pluribus unum* stamped on the back) to the manager, who is *ex officio* gate-keeper. Our team beats the other (or *vice versa*) and the captain makes an *ex tempore* speech. We pretend the other team is dead, and we hold a *post mortem* celebration parading the streets with a big banner with a *fac simile* of the rival school marked *In Memoriam* and *Requiesat in Pace*.

"If the principal opposes athletics, we may argue *pro* and *con*, urging a *referendum* to the students. A single *lapsus linguae* may spoil our case *in toto*. We may use an effective *a priori* argument, or say there is *prima facie* evidence that football is a good thing; but if we fail to make our points, things remain *in statu quo*, the principal gives his *ultimatur* and we make our *exit*."

A little learning is a dangerous thing—Harold Spencer.

“And so I could go on *ad infinitum* by talking of *fiat* money, *ad valorem* tariff duties, *ex post facto* laws, and *ante bellum* days, when the *per capita* income of the country was less *per annum* than it is now. But you ought to be studying your Latin, instead of reading this about it, so I will stop”

This letter gives us some idea of the many Latin derivatives that there are in the English language, yet we hear many high school students wondering of what good the study of Latin is to them. I have often heard pupils say “Of what use is Latin to me, I never intend to talk it, it is a dead language which is no longer used for conversation, why should I study Latin.” These pupils forget that they are talking Latin all the time. In the study of science Latin words are predominate. In Agri-horticulture, floriculture, biennial, perrennial, stamen, corolla, calyx, fungus and many others. In Biology there are, animal, quadruped, centipede, nares vertabrae, digit. In mathematics we find, plus, minus, exponent, transpose, subtract, decimal, unit, radius and hundreds of others. In the study of medicine, law or almost any other professions, Latin is almost absolutely necessary. There is scarcely a study or profession but what may be much better understood by studying Latin.

—O. H. W.

School Days

I am a desk in one of the public schools of Illinois, and I am going to tell you of my different occupants. The first occupant was a girl with dark brown hair and deep brown eyes. She was about twelve years of age. She treated me very nicely, and one time, after school was dismissed, she washed my face with some soap-suds, that she had brought to school in a bottle. My face was very dirty and I guess it needed the washing badly. She was a very good girl and never stuck gum behind my ears or anything like that.

My next occupant was a redheaded boy. The very first thing that he did was to cut his name in my face with his knife. I did not like it at all, but he did not know that, because I could not tell him. He wrote

He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment—Gene Dougherty.

on my face with a pencil and even drew pictures on me. One day the teacher informed the pupils, that those who had cut their names on their desks, would have to fix them and the redheaded boy got some putty and fixed the places on my face. It did not feel good at all. Then he put some stuff, called varnish, all over my face to make it shine. I tell you, I would rather that redheaded boys had never been my occupant.

The next occupant was a young lady who was a great flirt. She also wrote upon my face and she did put gum behind my ears. She would sit by hours and write letters to her boy friends, when she ought to have been studying her lessons, for she never could recite. No one but that girl and myself, know what was in all those letters, and she won't tell and I can't, so no one will be the wiser. I often thought, if each one of those fellows knew what she wrote the other ones, she would never get an answer, but then they will never know. She often writes their names on my face with her pencil. I do not like her very well and I do not know how long she will stay, though I liked her a little better than the redheaded boy, I liked my first occupant the best.

Alma Phillbrook.

Work Away

Work away, my lad, work away,
If you the prize should win,
It's only the poor, faint hearted ones
Who talk of giving in.

Success may be long in coming,
But it will surely arrive,
To those who work hard daily,
And at their studies strive.

Work away my lad at your studies,
Don't think they're not for you,
Consider the work of others,
And still your studies pursue,

She laughed and every heart was glad—Evelyne Broadbent.

Should the task of the day seem hard,
Don't admit that you are done,
But work it out to the end my lad,
Work away till the setting sun.

Let this then your motto be,
For steady, honest efforts, bound,
To bring to you victory:
And then will great praise resound.

—*Ethel McElroy*

Our School Spirit

How many of us realize that the spirit of our school is a thing of which to be proud? There is a spirit of hearty co-operation, of sympathy and of good fellowship between student and student, and between teacher and student. There is such a desire on the part of the students and teacher to have the various activities succeed that many are willing to work for them with such untiring devotion; that both mind and body are tired and aching on account of the energy expended. If a play is being given, all those participating will work until they are exhausted to make it a success.

This prevailing spirit of our school is in the air. It is contagious. New students feel it as soon as they arrive. Teachers entering our school for the first time are always impressed with it.

In schools where this school spirit does not exist, there is a lack of sympathy and comradeship between pupil and teacher. There is no sincere striving after good grades in the part of the pupil; no real support from the student body in the various activities of the school. Instead, there is an incessant complaint against the school, as being such a bore, and against the teachers for making it so. Ought we not to be thankful that our school is not that kind?

In fearless youth, we tempt the height of art—Chas. Heffley.

The students of the Homer High School deserve a great deal of credit for taking such an interest in the school activities. It is this feeling of pride, that enables us to win in athletics. It is such a spirit that enables the students to have such good natured rivalry as was manifested in the basket-ball games this season, and which we hope will show itself next year and in the years succeeding. Let us treasure our splendid school spirit; if possible making it even stronger. Therein lies the secret of our success.

Ben Hall.

The Joys of Motoring

A gay party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Peggy Brown, her two friends and the chauffeur, loaded with chocolate and other good things with which to allay their hunger, started from a small town in Kentucky for the Mammoth Cave.

Just as soon as they left the speed limits, they let out the motor for all it was worth, to show their appreciation of the good roads. The scenery was beautiful and they were enjoying every phase of the journey, when they were forced to pass a distillery, but this was soon passed and they went speeding along toward the Cave.

About two miles from the town, a discussion arose, about the road. Mrs. Brown said one way and her daughter said another. Finally to settle the dispute, the Blue Book was handed to Mr. Brown, who could not determine the way even then, although it is called a guide book. The name is somewhat misleading, for he began to read the directions for the road which they had passed an hour before. They finally accepted the word of a teamster, whom they met, and they started on their way again.

Then suddenly, rounding a curve, they stopped short. The bridge was out. Mr. Brown inquired concerning the depth of the creek, and the workman said, "It is alright. Three machines have been through there today."

Mr. Brown intended to steer the car straight across the stream. It ran smoothly to the middle—the engine gave a few hurried gasps—

Hail to the blithe spirit, bird thou never wert—George Sullivan.

then silence. The water had flooded the engine. One of the young girls leaned out and cried, "Oh, the water is touching the suit case and my new gown is on the bottom."

Now Mr. Brown came to life and the chauffeur pulled off his shoes and stockings, waded out and cranked and cranked and cranked. No reward came for all these exertions and I fear Mr. Brown said something under his breath.

The men on the bank looked on grinning, finally one called out, "Want me to pull you out with these here mules?" Mr. Brown accepted the offer and they were soon up the hill and speeding away, minus fifty cents which was in the pocket of the man with the mules.

A few more miles of studying the Blue Book and landscape, when Zip! Boom!, a regular cloudburst descended upon the car, and incidentally, its occupants. The ever needed chauffeur pulled out the side curtains and by the time he had them on, the rain had ceased and the sun was shining.

The inhabitants of this district had placed logs across the road to make it better, but which alas! did not make the occupants of the car more comfortable. The party thought they well deserved the name, "Dead Irishmen," which the natives had given them.

The next mishap was getting into a mud hole. All the motorists got out and gathered poles from the roadside. They pried until they were exhausted and then took turns, resting on a log. Mr. Brown sat in state in the front seat of the car, twisting the steering wheel. A few natives came along and offered advice, but no help.

They all began to feel thirsty, and Peggy, by chance, saw a keg of water, hidden in a thicket, and they all refreshed themselves, including the engine.

After an hour's delay, they again started off, to be nearly drowned in another downpour of rain. Having more wisdom this time, they left on the side curtains to ward off other showers, which seemed in this country to come out of a clear sky.

The next obstacle, was a swollen pond, which entirely concealed the road. By this time the party were prepared for anything they might meet.

Automobiles, it seemed, were an unusual thing in that country, for, on coming up behind a wagon, two men jumped off and climbed the fence and another a telephone pole, leaving a small boy on the wagon.

After another shower and more swollen ponds, the motor drew up before the hotel at the Cave. The next day they learned that another

party had paid two dollars to get pulled out of that stream, and they thought, such are the joys of motoring.

—Margaret Babb.

History of Homer

In 1833, M. D. Coffeen came through Illinois, selling fanning mills to clean the grain that had been thrashed out on the barn floors. When he reached this part of the country, he realized that there was a good opening for a store, so he opened a general store on the south side of what is now Homer Park, the first store in Champaign County. Moses E. Thomas Sr. soon after built a dam across the river to furnish power for a grist mill which was driven by an overshot wheel. James Wright next started a store and in the course of a few years, the town grew to have about a dozen houses, a blacksmith shop and a saloon.

James Pogue gives us an interesting picture of the life of the settlers about eleven years before M. D. Coffeen came to Homer. His father Allen Pogue, built a log cabin about three and a half miles northeast of Homer. He had one white neighbor where Catlin is now situated, one in Danville and one in Urbana, but he was not always without red neighbors, for every fall, the Indians camped in one of his fields, sometimes in numbers of five hundred at a time. The Indians, having taken the spirit of industry from the white man, did not hesitate to ask a good bargain for the trinkets they had to barter, for they knew that the settlers were compelled to trade for safety. Five years later, settlers came to Hickory Grove and Salt Fork and after that the Indians were not so troublesome. It was not until a number of years later that the actual settlement of Homer was begun, and when it did begin to prosper, it was backward in comparison with the prosperity of today. Corn sold for six cents a bushel, when it was possible to sell a few bushels to drovers, who were driving their stock to market, for this was the only market for corn at that period. Eggs sold for three cents a dozen and it was no uncommon thing for a boy to

Life is busy, life is earnest—Frank Earnest.

carry two watermelons in a sack a distance of three or four miles to sell them for five cents each. Hogs sold for a dollar and a half per hundred. All the hogs in Champaign and Vermillion counties were bought by Coffeen and Gruendyke for a number of years. They bought the hogs on a year's time and sold goods from their store on the same plan. They drove the hogs to Eugene (Cayuga) Ind., where they were killed and the meat shipped to New Orleans in an open flat boat with a crew of four men. The crew of the boat disposed of the meat and brought back a supply of goods to Eugene whence they were freighted overland to Homer. Sugar sold for four cents per pound, calico three cents per yard and other articles in proportion.

In the latter part of the year 1856, the prospects of the new railroad, led the inhabitants to move the town to the present site, where it would be on the line of the road. During the winter of '56-'57, the moving took place. Trees about forty feet long were formed into sled-runners which were placed under the houses and then the front end of these runners were connected by a large beam thus forming a large sled. From three to twenty-two oxen were hitched to the sled, according to the size of the house, and when a house was started it was not allowed to stop until it reached its destination. From three to four houses could be moved in a day by this method. The old house standing in ruins just north of where Perry Morrison now lives, was the first frame house built in Old Homer, being used in the capacity of a Post Office on the old stage line. The first Post Office in New Homer is now used as a ware house for the firm of F. C. Hays & Co.

Homer was organized as a village, to be called the Village of Homer, under an act to provide for the incorporation of cities and villages, in force July 1st, 1872. The question of the organization, being submitted to a vote of the legal voters residing therein on the eighth day of August 1872, resulting as follows: Number of votes for village organization, sixty-four; against organizations, none. The following board of trustees were elected: H. Lewellen, O. W. Upp, Jesse Beals, C. C. Stearns, M. Smith.

The spirit of the people has always been in favor of good roads, being demonstrated by the fact, that the first town board demanded three days labor of every male citizen, twenty-one years of age, to work on the streets. This feeling reached its climax, when in 1909 and 1910, the vil-

Thou hast the fatal gift of beauty—Hazel Winters.

lage of Homer built two miles of brick pavement, while the population at that time did not exceed nine or ten hundred.

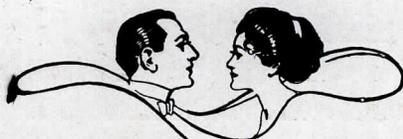
The first school taught in Homer was in 1855. This school was like all the rest of the pioneer schools. With small attendance and poor equipment, the school furnished all that could be expected under the existing circumstances. The first teacher was Mr. Crosby, who was succeeded by Mr. Doyle. The town grew rapidly in population and by 1858 the school was so large as to demand two teachers and a larger building. In 1880 the school was graded and the High School department added, and in February 1911 the High School was placed on the accredited list of the University of Illinois, Mr. J. O. Stansberry, being superintendent. At present the total enrollment of the school is two hundred and sixty-five, with nine teachers.

On May 25, 1904, the first interurban entered Homer over a branch line, built by the Illinois Traction System. This serves a double capacity, carrying both passengers and freight, besides giving excellent railroad connection between most of the principle cities in Illinois.

The census report of 1910 shows the town to have a population of 1080. Of this population, one hundred and nineteen families are Methodist, sixty families are Presbyterian, and forty families belong to the Church of Christ. The Methodists and Presbyterians each have new brick churches and the Methodists built a new parsonage in 1913.

In a business way, Homer has one department store, three groceries, two drug stores, two restaurants and a hotel, three hardware stores, one furniture store, two barber shops, two pool rooms, two meat markets, a bakery, two millinery shops, one tailor shop, two banks, one ten cent store, a lumber and coal yard, two elevators, a harness shop, a cigar factory, an electric light plant, a telephone exchange, two opera houses, a garage, four doctors, two veterinaries, three livery barns, and a few small industries.

—Palmer Davis.



Ave Caesar! Morituri te salutant—Guy Strahorn.

As You Like It

"My mamma wants to know if she can have"—began little Helen, as she came trotting into Mrs. Smith's kitchen. Then she gave a big snuff.

"Gee I guess I smell fudge" she said, stepping closer to the table. "I haven't had any fudge for the longest time.

"It isn't fudge? Well, I'm sure it smells like fudge. What is it then? Cocoa, well I like that just about as well.

"No I'm not hungry. Yes, I am kinda hungry, but I better not take any of your cocoa, but I would like a cup maybe. It smells like fudge, cause we made some last night and it was good too.

"What's that in that little pan? It's a cute little pan, ain't it? Did you say eggs? Why don't you boil 'em in the teakettle? It 'ould be clean alright. I'm sure my mother does. Anyway she would if she thought about it.

"Oh what's that nice little brush? It's a tooth brush isn't it? Do you brush your teeth with it? Oh you brush the vegetables. Does some of them have teeth like the potatoes have eyes? I don't think mother brushes our vegetable's teeth.

"Oh yes I see, you scrub the dirt off them. That's nice. I hate to find sand and dirt in my baked potatoes, don't you?

"But I think the tooth brush for the vegetables is awful nice. Is it your's or Mr. Smith's?

"Oh I thought it was just an old one you was using up out here. You know sometimes get old and fall out, and stick into you too, but they wouldn't hurt the vegetables, would they? That's an awful good way to use up your old brushes, and Mr. Smith has such big teeth that he must use up a lot of them. Oh yes, I forgot, you did say that was a new one, but I think when I tell my mother she'll use old ones, for we've got a lot of them around the house.

"Once I brushed my teeth—that's how I know about those bristles. I don't know whose brush it was, but it was the nicest looking one in the bath room, so I took some of mamma's new face cream and put on it and then brushed the baby's teeth. He made such a fuss about it that I just brushed mine to show him it was alright, but you bet, I didn't use face

cream on my teeth. I could tell from the way baby acted that it didn't taste very good, but the bristles came out all over my mouth, and I was awful sorry that I ever brushed my teeth.

"Say that cocoa was awful good. Were you making it for lunch, or just for us for a between meal's lunch? If it was just for us, I'll drink another cup with you.

"Why don't you drink some too? Are you saving it for Mr. Smith? That's the way mamma does sometimes. I should think you'd have to make a big pan full for anyone as big as Mr. Smith.

"My mamma puts more cream in her cocoa than you do, but I like this just as well.

"Don't you make dessert for lunch? I don't like to eat very well without dessert. Gee, but I like pie with ice cream on it, but I guess it costs a good deal.

"Did you say Mr. Smith didn't like dessert? Oh he's just fooling you, don't you believe him?

"I thought I saw some cake over there on the table. Oh that's for company tonight? I see. Would you call me company when I just come over in the morning? Would you like to have me show you my dollie tonight?

"Oh there's my mamma calling me. She wanted me to come over here and get some—what did she say—I forgot what. I'll just run over and ask and then I'll be right back.

"Shall I bring my dollie to show your company tonight? I know they'd be glad to see it, don't you?"

—*Evelyne Broadbent.*

The Honor System in High School

To have the Honor System in high school, it is my belief that there should be a student court appointed or elected, to try all cases of cheating and other unfair advantages on the part of the pupils. Also, all students, perceiving others doing wrong, should report the guilty ones to the court,

Mellin's food makes healthy babies—Frank Cannady.

whose duty it would be to fix the punishment, by flunking them or forcing them to take the examination for the second time.

The Honor System, I think, should be adopted in all high schools, and it would be a good thing in the Homer High School. If a pupil has honor enough about him to keep from cheating, he should have honor enough to report the evil of others.

Some say that cheating helps one to learn better. Yes as "practice makes perfect," they might become more proficient in cheating so that they would be able to take unfair advantages of others in the business world.

Think of the chagrin of the guilty one to have some one spread the news throughout the school, that "So-and-So" cheated on an examination. He wrote half of it from a book or she used a pony in getting her Caesar lesson. Why not report the guilt to a student's court, whereby the evildoer could receive honorable punishment instead of enduring the torture of class mates.

Sometimes, teachers take away the books of the pupils during examination. I hate to see anyone who does not have enough honor to make the teacher think enough of them to allow them to keep their books, instead of mistrusting them. Such instances show the need of the Honor System.

Pupils in this and in many other schools would think it absurd for a teacher to put the examination questions on the board and then go out of the room. I think that when a class has sufficient honor about them that the teacher may leave the room without them cheating, they should indeed be proud of themselves.

And lastly, if the pupil does break this rule, the privilege of having the students fix the punishment is far better than going before the "Profs." and getting a regular "Sunday-fore-noon-sermon" given to him, and perhaps a sentence to stay one half hour after school for two or three months.

So for the benefit of the teachers and pupils, I think the Honor System is a good thing.

—George Bone.



Cui bono—Mary Baird.

Our Schools

No conscientious teacher is ever satisfied with the results he gets in his teaching. This is a self-evident truth to all teachers and I state it as an axiom. But I want to raise the question why is the teacher constantly being disappointed? Is it because he deals directly with the human nature, human nature that always falls short of its aspirations and ideals? Yes, partly, but there are many other disillusionments, and chief among them is a growing conviction that our schools are not the kind of educative force they ought to be in many ways. They are not serving their communities as they should.

Take our Homer Public Schools for example. What results are we getting for the fifty dollars per capita cost in the High School, a little less in the grades? The story of the classes which should have been graduated in the years of 1912, 1913 and 1914 is the answer. These three classes numbered in all 75 pupils when entering the Primary Room. Upon inquiry as to the whereabouts of these people, I found the following results:

| | |
|--|-------|
| Dead | 3* |
| Moved to other communities | 11 |
| Graduated at Homer (1912-'13-'14) | 11 |
| Graduated elsewhere | 4 |
| Still in school (not graduating in 1914) | 3 |
| No information | 13 |
| Quit | 32* |
| | <hr/> |
| Total | 75 |

Now if we exclude from our consideration those thirteen (13) students about whom we have no information, we find that 15-62 of the rest will have been graduated at the end of this year, that is to say, only 24 per cent or a little more than one-fifth of those who started in the first grade have finished the public school work. These are the young people of whom you are all proud.

But the group of thirty-two (32) people, whom I shall call "quitters" is more significant for my purposes. Thirty-two sixty-seconds or

*Two of the pupils who died were first quitters.

*Most fond of reflection—but 'tis the kind that's found in the mirror,
not in the mind—Ruth Wallace.*

somewhat, more than one-half of our Homer boys and girls of these three classes have *not* finished our *public school* work! A few of these, not more than six or eight, have been obliged to leave school on account of ill health or home responsibilities. Most of them however, are just plain "quitters." And an astonishingly big fact is that nineteen (19) of these quitters are non-desirable citizens of Homer and would not be rated first class, nor even second class, I fear, in any self respecting community. The school has had very little effect on these nineteen people.

Since the number of voluntary quitters is so proportionately large we must ask ourselves, why do they leave? Is it because they feel that school has nothing vital for them? I believe it is so with many for I hear questions of this sort very often from our boys: "What good will school do me? Mr. A. makes lots of money and he don't know anything about Geometry, or History, or Zoology, or Latin? Now of course this means that the boy wants to learn something that will help him to make money to earn a living. History, Latin, Mathematics, and the other subjects we teach are largely cultural, and as culture does not appeal to half our boys and girls. They want to learn how to do something. Do you blame them?"

I do not mean to discredit the value of the present semi-classical curriculum. but the progress of our industrial development demands that some things which the child formerly learned in the home now be taught in the school. Where the duty of the school used to be single—to impart learning or culture, today it is twofold—to give (a) culture and (b) vocational training. In order to combine these two elements the ideal or aim of education is often stated in this way: education seeks to teach people *how to live*.

To this end of teaching people how to live I think the community school is best adapted. Such schools are in successful operation in Rochester, New York and in Gary, Indiana. Their success is shown by the fact that in Gary on Saturdays and through the summer when attendance is entirely voluntary, about half of the pupils come regularly. The school buildings are open every day and every evening summer and winter and are centers of interest where every one, whether old or young, likes to go. And the older people do go, learning things from the same teachers that do their children. The parents' schooling of course consists largely of lec-

Ave Caesar! Morituri te salutant—Guy Strahorn.

tures, demonstrations and round-table discussions. The effect on the child is rather striking. When he finds that his parents like to go to school he begins to think that it must be of some use.

I believe that within the next twenty five years we shall have many such community schools and I wish Homer might have one within five years. A school where the boys would learn to farm scientifically to make furniture, to use electricity, to print newspapers, and all the things our boys want to learn. A school where the girls would learn to cook, sew, keep house with all its duties and learn the best ways, which are the scientific way, of doing these things. There ought to be club-rooms where the parents could meet to discuss household science, literature, politics, etc. And above all there ought to be a community library, where any one could get information on any subject. In a word the school ought to be the center of social and educational interest in the community.

It was the idea of the great educator Froebel that the great should extend all through life, and until our schools are equipped to give this life-long education they will not serve their communities as they should.

Bernice Harrison.

The Train

Hark!

It sounds!

It bounds!

With eyes in the air,

I catch the glare,

The warning whistle shrieks,

And the fireman speaks,

Then off it bounds,

Leaving but the sounds;

I see white smoke in the skies,

I hear the fireman's warning cries,

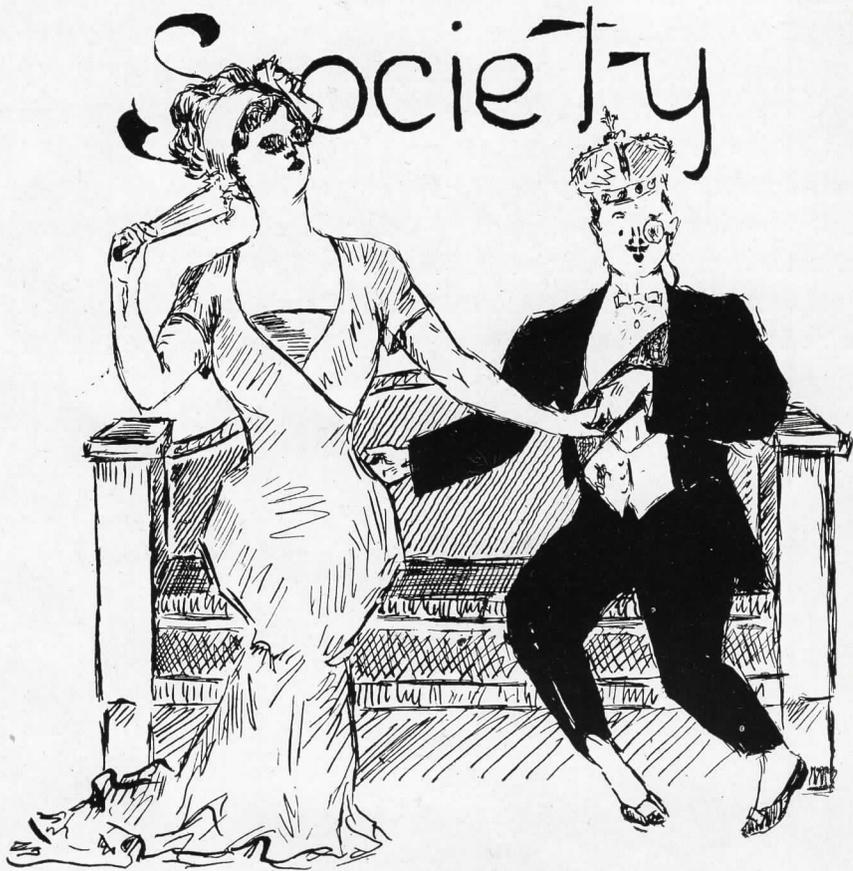
The sound dies,

I hear no cries—

'Tis gone.

—*McKinley Towner.*

Mens aequa in arduis—Louise Oaks.



Social News

ZOOLOGY FIELD TRIP.

The Junior Class with their instructor, W. D. Madden, went to the park on a field trip. It had been planned before they left town, to have a "weeny" roast afterward. They invited the rest of the High School Faculty to join them after school. The evening was a pleasant one and they all enjoyed it.

Lawn Supper.

Another social event of the season was a lawn supper, given by the Athletic Association on the School campus. Everybody was invited and the evening was spent in a jolly good time. The proceeds of the social were used for athletic purposes.

Box Social.

A box social was given by the Senior Class at the opera house. There was a good display of boxes and plenty of young men to buy them. The evening was spent in playing games of all kinds. The social was broken up at a late hour and all went home filled with a more social spirit.

Christmas Entertainment.

At Christmas time, the faculty gave the H. H. S. a supper at the opera house. A part of the entertainment of the evening was "stunts," given by each class. The "stunts" represented things that had happened in school. The Juniors carried off the honor for having the best "stunt." After supper, we were favored with a few musical selections. Each member of the faculty was presented with a gift.

Recital.

Miss Bernice Fielding of Champaign, under the auspices of the Senior class, gave a recital at the opera house. The people were highly entertained and were well pleased with the recital.

Junior Play.

The Junior Class gave a home talent play at the opera house "A College Town" was the drama produced. The play was a big success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean—Clyde Rodgers.

The following Homer High School graduates live in Homer: Mrs. C. D. Babb, '86, Mrs. F. M. Conkey, '87, Mable Ocheltree, '88, Lillian Conkey, '92, Mrs. Harlan Morrison, '92, Mrs. J. Breedlove, '92, Mrs. Clarence Ellis, '96, Ray Sallady, '98, Bertha Smoot, '98, Ella Thomas, '98, Mrs. H. M. Smoot, '98, Fred Thompson, '98, Mrs. Walter Wood, '00, Mrs. James McPherran, '00 (Mrs. Frank Hobson, '01, Mrs. Lewis Jurgensmeyer, '03, Mrs. Newton Foreman, '03, Martha Nixon, '03, Mrs. Harlan Winters, '03, Helen Wallace, '05, Earle Gibson, '05, Howard Hess, '07, Chas. Hughes, '07, Cora Hughes, '07, Mrs. Harvey Boyd, '09, Mrs. Frank Kuder, '11, Merle Carter, '11, Mrs. Oscar Baird, '11, Fern Judge, '12, Mary O'Neil, '12, Florence Hodson, '12, Olive O'Neil, '13, Maud Penny, '13, Grace Bowen, '13.

Bonnie Hardesty, '11, Lew Wallace, '12, Arthur Rollof, '12, are attending the University at Urbana.

Lawrence Cecil '13, is correspondent on the Champaign News.

Lowell Hays, '13, is in the grocery buisness with his father at Lafayette, Indiana.



Nec possum tecum vivere, nec sine te—Palmer Davis.

Alumni News

ALUMNI NEWS.

F. M. Conkey, '88 is practising dentistry in Homer. His wife is Ola (Sheperd) Conkey, '87.

Albert Smith, '92, has been a druggist in Homer for several years. During this summer, he will travel for a large wall paper company.

Fred Hamill, '92 and Roy Freeman, '98 are Lawyers in Champaign.

Chas. Havard, '95 is bookkeeper for The Hess Department Store in Homer. He is a member of the school board.

Wm. Tudor, '98 is in business with his father in the drug store at Homer.

Miss Gertrude Mudge, '01 has a position at The Emery Dry Goods Store at Danville.

Rev. George Hartman, '02, is the Presbyterian minister at Sydney. He was appointed moderator of the Homer Presbyterian Church during the vacancy of the pulpit in that church.

Robt. Hall, '05 is the I. T. S. agent at Homer.

Bessie Thompson, '07 has a position in The Meis Dry Goods Store at Danville.

Ray Hall, '07 is in the employment of the International Correspondence School at Mattoon.

Robt. Cotton, '07 is a student at the Normal School at Bloomington.

John Thompson, '09 is attending The Chicago Medical School.

Ronald O'Neil, '11 is timekeeper at the Pullman shops in Chicago.

Henry Rose, '12 is attending Medical school at Detroit, Mich.

The Homer High School has sent out the following teachers. Mrs. Mary (Butterfield) Summers, '88, Principal of the Dr. Howard School at Champaign, Zella Rodebauh, '01, and Winifred Stearns, '07 in the Champaign Public Schools, Mary Carter, '09, at Georgetown, Helen Borders '09, at Rossville, Nora Spencer, '11, at Thomasboro, Bessie Carter, '07, Principal of a school in Washington, and the following are teaching near Homer: Gladys Hardesty, '09, Maurice Ocheltree, '11, Helen Wilson, '11, Gertrude Palmer, '13, Regna McMaster, '13.

Palmer, '13, Regna McMaster, '13.



Athletics

We are proud to say that Homer High School has one of the strongest organizations of athletics in the state. The Association which backed the team thru thick and thin, was formed September 15th. At this meeting, the officers were elected and fifty cents per member was charged. With this money preparations were made for the successful season of basketball which followed.

There were about forty members enrolled in the association and from this number there were several teams, among which were the boy's first and second team, the girl's first team,, the Freshman and Grammar Girl's teams. The first teams owe their success to the other teams which came out and afforded them an opposing team against which to practice. They also owe much of their success to the coach and other members of the association and school who helped to support the teams.

No student in High School was eligible to play unless he or she passed three branches of High School work, but this bothered the teams very little as they always had a strong lineup for every game. This plan guaranteed that no student would neglect his work for the team and balanced both work and play.

The officers of the Association were: Ben Hall, President, and Captain of the team; Wilbur Martin, Sect, and Treas; Prof. Worley, Manager and coach; Louise Oaks, Captain of the Girl's team and Ruth Wallace, Manager.

The First Team.

When Coach Worley gave the call for tryouts on the team, there were only three players from last years team, but there was plenty of material on hand from which to choose, for all who came out were willing to do their best to make a place on this season's team.

Many hours were spent after school, practicing and participating in other forms of training, both for endurance and wind. This is what will always make the backbone of a team, said Coach Worley, and it did. Our team played a fast clean game which kept the opposing team always on the go. It was nothing unusual for the coach to receive letter or cards from

Non omnia possumus omnes—Christoval Danner.

other High Schools, wanting to arrange games with us, as they had heard of our clean playing. Every team that came to our city received the best of treatment including all they could eat, and we were on the best of terms with all our opponents after the game as well as before.

No serious accidents resulted during the entire season, to mar our success. Our team averaged about 150 lbs. Our heaviest man weighed ——, our lightest, 131 lbs. Our tallest player was 6 ft., 1 in., our shortest, 5 ft., 5 1-2 inches.

We won every High School game that we played, the highest score which we piled up on our opponents was with the Fithian team. We played this game Dec. 5 on the famous Fithian floor and when the smoke cleared away the score stood 73 to 16 in our favor.

Very few High School teams are able to send out as good players as George Bone, Frank Earnest, Chet Pryce, Walter Richards, Ben Hall, Wilbur Martin, Clyde Rodgers and Walter Madden. How could we have other than capable teams with the rigid rules and training and the dear old coach who put us over the rough and rocky road so successfully. It was for these reasons that we had a championship season, for we did come out without a defeat. Though we did not play as many games as the team last year, we won those we did play with higher scores and several competent judges say that we had the best team that has ever played on the Homer floor. We had a full season scheduled, but toward the end we received many excuses for cancelling games which looked as though our fame had spread far and wide and these teams were a little afraid to tackle us.

We can consider ourselves champions of Champaign county, and we defeated one of the strongest teams of Vermillion County. We had two games scheduled with Danville, but were forced to cancel them toward the end of the season because we could not get the hall for the games.

Now let's give nine Rahs for our small but mighty coach who deserves much of the credit for our success.

RECORD OF GAMES

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| Homer 31 | St Joseph 14 |
| Homer 22 | Ogden 10 |
| Homer 29 | Catlin 8 |
| Homer 33 | Urbana 19 |
| Homer 52 | Rossville 18 |

She laughed and every heart was glad—Evelyne Broadbent.



Otto H. Worley
Coach

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| Homer 75 | Fithian 16 |
| Total—Homer 242 | Opponents 85 |

LINE-UP

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| Right Forward | Ben Hall (Captain). |
| Left Forward | Walter Richards, Wilbur Martin |
| Center | George Bone |
| Right Guard | Frank Earnest |
| Left Guard | Chet Pryce, Clyde Rodgers, Walter Madden |

GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM

Although not playing many games, the girl's team had a very successful season. They played a neat, clean game at all times, but when necessary they could resort to rough tactics. Under the training of Miss Harrison and Miss Womacks with the aid of Coach Worley the girls played several successful games, and helped in the financial game by helping to draw the crowd.

Louise Oaks played a great game at center, outplaying her opponent at all times. Grace Hall and Josephine Hardesty can not be beaten for basket throwing, while Ruth Wallace, Alma Phillbrook and Huldah Palmer were always successful in guarding their opponents.

During most of the season the girls had but five players and this fact caused trouble at Catlin, when the Catlin team refused to play with five, thus they lost the game with a score 2 to 0 according to I. A. A. rules.

The girls lost the game at Sidell, due to a small hall with a bad floor and unfair referee. The floor was concrete and covered with pitch to prevent slipping and the ceiling was so low that they could scarcely pass the ball so how could we expect a team that has always been used to a large hall to win under these difficulties. But they were only defeated by one point.

Although the girls did not have a 1,000 per cent team, nevertheless they won three out of four games and had a good claim to the fourth.

RECORD OF GAMES

| | |
|----------------|-------------|
| Homer 31 | St Joseph 4 |
| Homer 2 | Catlin 0 |
| Homer 14 | Sidell 15 |

Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas—Edna Hamill.

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| Homer 10 | Catlin 2 |
| Total, Homer 57 | Opponents 21 |

LINE UP

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Right Forward | Grace Hall |
| Left Forward | Josephine Hardesty |
| Center | Louise Oaks |
| Center Guard | Huldah Palmer |
| Right Guard | Ruth Wallace |
| Left Guard | Alma Phillbrook |

SECOND TEAM

The second team did not have a strong aggregation this year as a great part of the men were held in reserve for the first team. These men did their best work in furnishing an opponent against which the first team practiced. The basketball squad for this year consisted of about twelve men and in practice, Coach Worley often changed the positions of these men in order to give all an equal amount of practice, and thus the second team was not an organization to itself but consisted of some of the "Subs." of the first team. They played two games during the season, both being played with Fithian High School. The boys won the game at Fithian, 40 to 5. They lost the game on our floor 20 to 50. Those playing on this team, were Wilbur Martin, Chas. Hefley, Walter Madden, Clyde Rodgers, Harold Spencer and Julian Wallace.

THIRD TEAM

A third team consisting of Harold Spencer, Walter Anderson, Eugene Peyton, Paul Oaks and Julian Wallace, played three games during the season winning two of the three games. This team was handicapped as they had to practice on their own resources and only when the other teams did not have the floor. Most of their games were played at the same time as the city team's games. This team won from Sidney, 25 to 24, from Ogden, 35 to 4, and lost to Fithian 15 to 16.

SUMMARY OF THE GAMES OF FIRST TEAM

November 7—H. H. S. 31; St. Joseph 14.

The Maroon and Gold started the season by slipping one over on St. Joe, by the score of 31 to 14 on our floor. The game was exciting from

He has hard work, who has nothing to do—Glen White

start to finish. A \$22.00 house attended this first game. The rooting for both sides was spirited as the visiting team had brought a number of supporters. A number of H. H. S. noise artists had tin horns which they used to advantage. Every man on the Homer team put up an excellent game. No particular star can be named as every man played the best game of which he was capable. Our team work was perfect. The visitors could not locate the basket. While our fellows dropped the ball in from every angle. This was the first game hence a great encouragement for us.

November 13, H. H. S. 22; Ogden 10.

The home team playing only mediocre ball, defeated the Ogden quintet 22 to 10. During the first half our team had no team work and allowed the visitors to run up a fair score, but coming back strong in the second half we easily defeated them.

November 28, H. H. S. 29; Catlin 8.

In a fast game we defeated the Catlin bunch on our floor with a score of 29 to 8. The visitors played a good game but our boys were too fast for them and our basket shooting too accurate. Both teams displayed good spirit throughout the game.

December 5, H. H. S. 75; Fithian 16.

On this date we journeyed to Fithian, where we easily defeated the team at that place. We ran up the biggest score of the season 75 to 16. Our men threw baskets until their tongues hung out. Our right forward broke the record of the number of baskets thrown in a single game by caging the ball 15 times.

December 12, H. H. S. 33; Urbana 19.

Urbana was defeated by our team on our floor to the tune of 33 to 19. We got their goat early in the game and the rest was easy. They had a husky bunch and the game was rough and fifteen minutes of the game was used for injuries. The game was rather close until the last five minutes of play when we made ten points.

January 10, H. H. S. 52; Rossville 18.

We ended our season games by defeating Rossville on our floor, by the decisive score of 52 to 18. Rossville started strong but after a few minutes of play, failed to score until toward the end of the second half. Our men played a smooth and snappy game throughout. We had a large attendance and enthusiasm was at its height during the whole game. The game started promptly at eight o'clock. Mowry of Rossville shot a beauti-

'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the scriptures—Walter Richards.

ful basket from center at the outset of the game, Reed followed a minute later with another spectacular goal. Bones scored first for H. H. S. by dropping in a pretty field goal and Richards followed with a free throw. Bone then scored two more goals and Hall put in three in rapid succession. The first half ended with our team in the lead ten points. In the second half, the visitors struggled to come back, but we were too strong for them. This was the best game of the season.

BASE BALL

Since basketball is our strongest game, we have not much to say with regard to other athletics. As the Annual goes to press before the base ball season opens up we will merely speak of prospects.

Chet Pryce was elected captain of the team and Prof. Worley manager and coach, but since that time, Pryce has left school. Richards and Madden have also departed so that we have lost some good material. Pryce and Richards were both slab-artists, but Rodgers will be able to do good work at that position.

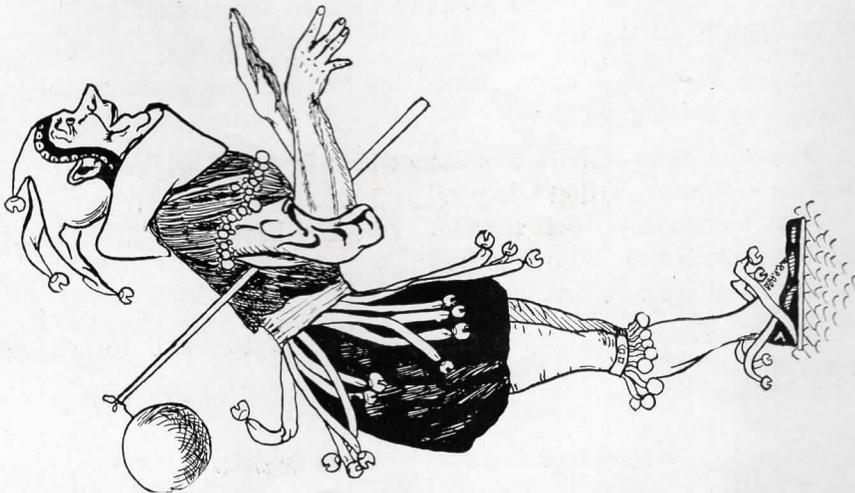
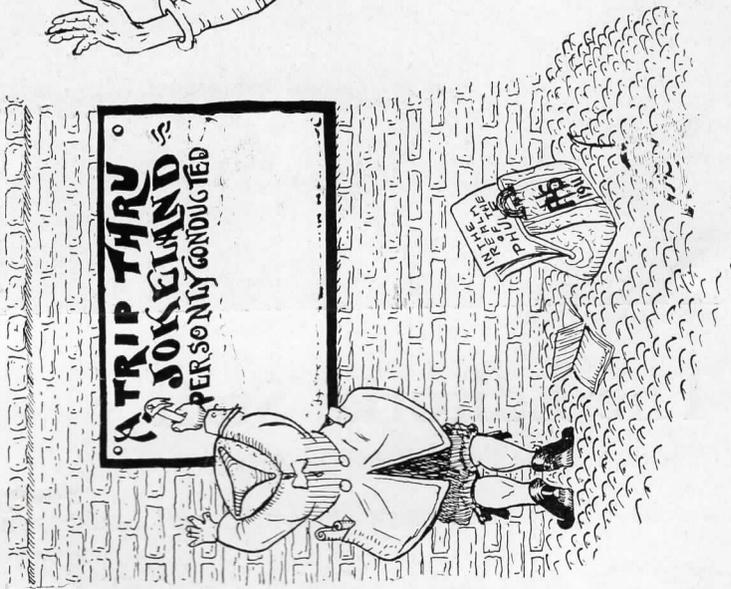
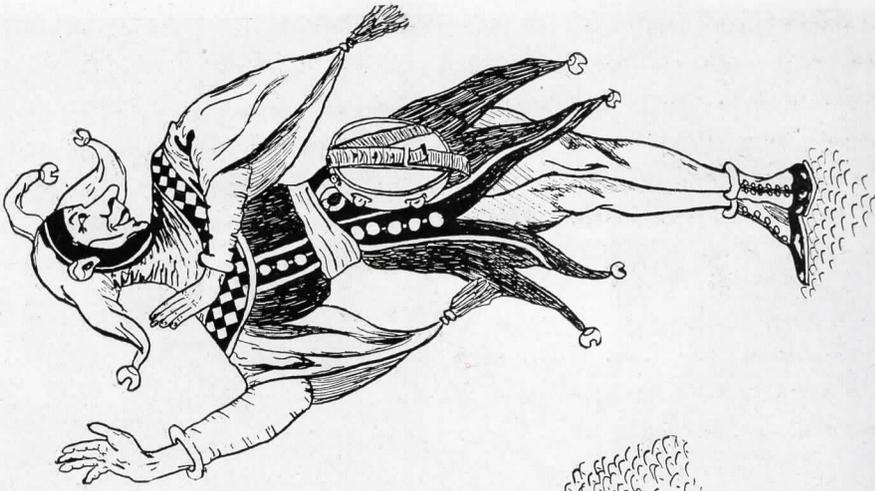
We have already received two challenges for games from Urbana and St. Joseph. We will not play a very heavy schedule as we do not have sufficient material for a base ball team.

TRACK TEAM

Our track team for this year is largely a myth as yet, but time will tell. This is one phase of athletics that we have not entered into to a great extent although we did have a team last year. Again there is not sufficient material in our school for a team of this kind. We will have a few good men in the dashes and field events. We are laying off the different tracks on the campus and expect to get busy in a short time.



Mens aequa in arduis—Louise Oaks.





The Editorial Staff

(which should have appeared on page 3)

Miss Womacks—"How were plays announced in Shakespeare's time?"

Waneta B.—"They either rang a whistle or blew a bell."

Mr. Worley—"Why was Alexander called the Great?"

Dwight H.—"He was the leader of a famous ragtime band."

George B.—"No I never smoke, but you can tell whether they are good or not by feeling them."

Miss Womacks—"Who was James-Fitz-James, Earl Yount?"

Earl—"Um-er, I don't know."

Miss Womacks—"Well Harold," who had been waving his hand in the air for some time, "Who was he?"

Harold—"He's forgot."

Mr. Madden (in Spanish class)—"You must learn to conjugate these verbs."

Requiescat in pace—Dwight Harris.

Inez Vale—"I never could remember anything except:
 Roses are red,
 And violets are blue.
 Sugar is sweet,
 And so are you."

Mr. Madden (horrified)—"Oh-h you mustn't say that to me. I am married."

HEARD IN SCHOOL

Wilbur (translating in German)—"Yes, yes I only feel for you alone."

You may Reid Hazel.

Miss Womacks—"Cut that out."

Palmer—"Say Ben, if you should ask a girl for her company to a show and she would say, "Alright" would you consider that as yes?"

"Oh Ruth, the slit in your skirt is wearing out."

Mr. Worley—"Close your books." "Pick up the paper around your desks." "Please go quietly."

Mr. Worley—"George, did Mary Queen of Scots have any descendants?"

George (inattentively)—"Yes, she had a little lamb."

Josephine—"Wilbur are you going to be any place for supper this evening?"

Wilbur (eagerly)—"Why no, not that I know of."

Josephine—"My! won't you be hungry in the morning."

Guy S.—"I got zero in Latin today."

Jasper P.—"That's nothing."

Guy—"What's nothing?"

Jasper—"Zero."

Rip Van Winkle awoke from his long sleep and stumbled down the mountain side—"Has Gene Daugherty grown any yet?" he asked, as the barber adjusted the towel.

"Nope."

"Has Dwight Harris found a girl?"

"Nope."

"Has Waneta Burrows quit chewing gum?"

"Nope."

"Has George Bone had a date?"

"Nope."

"Has Chas. Heffley graduated?"

"Nope."

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean—Clyde Rodgers.

"Has Mary Baird found a man?"

"Nope."

"Say, you needn't shave the rest of my face, I'm going back to sleep."

Miss Harrison—"How many sides has a circle?"

George Sullivan—"Two."

Miss H.—"What are they?"

George—"Inside and outside."

Wilbur Martin, after seeing an experiment which proves that water is incompressible—"Say Ben, that isn't the only thing you can't squeeze."

George Sullivan, putting his hand to his head—"We all have our weak spot."

Mr. Madden—"Frank, take this frog and hold it six feet from your face."

Frank—"Let George do it."

Miss Womacks, seeing a note hit Peany Peyton on the head—"It's alright as long as you don't throw brick bats."

Chas. H.—"Speaking of electricity, that makes me think—"

Evelyn—"Really, isn't it wonderful what electricity can do?"

Mary P.—"Why are the roofs in Germany slanting?"

Walter M.—"So the water can run off."

Miss Womacks—"Charley, give me a long sentence."

Chas. H.—"Imprisonment for life."

A FEW SUPERHUMANS

George Bone, with his superabundant fat.

Seymer Current with his superdominant voice.

Dwight Harris with his supernatural brain.

Palmer Davis with his superescent dome.

Guy Strahorn with his superstructive feet.

Charley Heffley with his superficial mind.

George Sullivan with his superfluous conversation.

Ben Hall with his supercilious manner.

Walter Madden with his superannuated jokes.

Miss Harrison—"My exams are like rattlesnakes. They always warn before they strike."

Ben Hall—"Yes and they always strike hard when they hit."

Mr. Worley—"Lots of people don't get what they deserve until after they are dead and then they get——."

Mellin's food makes healthy babies—Frank Cannady.

Lillian—"How many orders for Ads. did you get yesterday?"

Lucy—"I got two orders in one place."

Lillian—"That's fine. What were they?"

Lucy—"One was to get out and the other was to stay out."

Perpetual motion's here,
Yes; it's come;
Just watch Waneta dear,
Chewing gum.

There was a boy in High School,
And he was wondrous y y y y y;
He kept a pony on his desk,
Before the teacher's i i i i i
One day the teacher spied the pet,
And on to it did c c c c c
He never got it back again,
As much as he would t t t t t.

Palmer D.—"I don't use powder, because I want to shine in school."

Miss Womacks—"How would you punctuate the sentence, 'Josephine, a pretty girl, is walking down the street.' "

Wilbur, Gene, George—"Make a dash after Josephine."

Wanted, a man—Mary Baird.

President Wiggins—"Do you think the world is round or flat?"

Miss Womacks—"Well some think one way, and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

Walter R.—"Hello Ruth, is Evelyn there?"

Ruth—"Yes, do you want her?"

Walter—"No, not for three years."

Miss Womacks (in German class)—"Seymer, give the principle parts of 'singen.'"

Seymer—"Singen, sinkte, gesinkte."

Clyde R.—"I have to look in the mirror every morning to see if my face is clean."

Dwight H.—"Aw-w I don't."

Clyde—"Why?"

Dwight—"Cause I always look on the towel."

Mr. Worley—"Where did the Celts go from England?"

Wilbur—"They were all driven back into Whales (Wales)."

Mr. Madden—"How does the snail move?"

Wilbur—"By the lingual ribbon."

Hazel H.—“How do you know that six equals three halves?”

Miss Harrison—“That is so indeterminate, I scarcely know how to answer it.”

A Reprimand:

“You knew your lesson today,” said Ben to Walter Richards accusingly.

“Yes captain.”

We'll let it pass this time, but it looks as if you were neglecting your basket-ball.”

Helen H.—“I have so much on my hands, I don't know what to do.”

Louise—“Well wash them.”

Hearing a graphonola in the distance while we were discussing the Clitellum of an earthworm, the following conversation took place:

Mr. Madden—“Did you notice that band?”

Ruth—“Whose, Sousa's?”

Miss Womacks—“What is a comma?”

Peany—“A peroid that has sprouted.”

Mr. Worley—“George Bone will you read next?”

George—“Well, I translated that last night, but I went so fast I have forgotten it.”

Chas. Heffley—“Where is the best place to hold the world's fair?”

Ben H.—“Around the waist.”

Mr. Worley (the first day of school)—“Miss Soaks proceed.”

Louise—“I know the meaning, but can't express it.”

Mr. Worley—“Send it by freight.”

Ben H.—“Say Davis, where were you last night?”

Palmer—“Oh, down at father Burrow's.”

The Homer school building is the largest in the county. It covers three Akers (acres).

Miss Womacks—“Seymer what is a numph?”

Seymer—“A young grasshopper.”

Before having pictures taken:

“Say Joe, Dwight and George want to know whether you have any collars they could wear this afternoon.”

After winning a game at Fithian, the basket-ball squad, including Mr. Worley were discussing smoking.

Mr. Worley—“My father smoked until he was fifty years old, then laid his cigar away and never smoked again.”

George Bone (innocently)—“Has he still got his cigar?”

Short and to the point—Alma Phillbrook.

Ruth W.—“Let's get a flower for the annual.”

Louise—“What's the matter, is it dead?”

Mary B.—“A strange fellow flirted with me today.”

Josephine H.—“Gee, he must have been a strange fellow.”

If Adah is green, is Edna Brown?

If Nelle Ray prayed, would Nola O'Neil?

If Lois Dennis is editor, is Beulah King?

If Inez is fat, does Julian Wallace?

If Bessie's Hay, would Adolph Sickle?

If Christoval is buggy, is “Bobby” Riggs?

If Ronald is bughouse, is Bernice Stackhouse?

If Paul played hooky, would Frank Cannady?

If this weather is summer, is Gladys Winter?

Mary Peters—“How does a snail get about?”

George—“Why it takes a clam for an escort.”

To Adah Morrison—

Honey! Give me jes one kiss,

Lord yo eyes is blue;

If I loves a earthly thing,

That thing am shorely you.

—*Julian Wallace.*

Junior—“Do you think George will get the swell head, since he made good on the city team?”

Freshman—“No. You can't inflate a billiard ball.”

Miss Womacks (in German)—“Name three strong nouns.”

Seymer—“Onions, garlic and limburger.”

Generally speaking, the sophomore girls are—

Oh, yes they are—

Are what?

Generally speaking.

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares.

He's paralyzed.

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right;
His wife can tell just where he is
At morning, noon, and night—

He's dead.

He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment—Gene Dougherty.

"Ah! I have an impression." exclaimed Miss Womacks, touching her head with her fore-finger. "Now, Gene, can you tell me what an impression is?"

Gene—"Oh! I know, an impression is a dent in a soft place."

Miss Womacks—"You are excused for today Gene."

"It is a well known fact that most everybody has a well developed bump of curiosity," said the practical man.

"Think so?" inquired the other.

"Yes, most of the people who see this paragraph, will turn the book upside down."

Miss Harrison—"Well Chet. how stupid you are. Can't multiply eighty-eight by twenty-five. I'll wager that Chas. can do it in less than no time."

Chet—"I shouldn't be surprised. They say fools multiply rapidly these days."

Mr. Madden—"When rain falls, does it ever rise again?"

Lucy—"Yes sir."

Mr. M.—"When?"

Lucy—"In dew-time."

How the word hominy originated—

Homo—a man

Hominis—of a man.

Homini—for a man.

So you see hominy, being for a man, comes from Latin.

Prof.—"What would you call a man, who pretends to know everything?"

Freshman—"A professor."

Mr. Worley (in history)—"What was the era of good feeling?"

Hazel Hickman—"Why-y-y, that was the era that felt good."

Miss Harrison—"What is a quadruped?"

Ronald—"An animal having four legs."

Miss H.—"Name one."

Ronald—"Puppy Harris."

Mr. Worley—"The presidents who died in office were, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley."

Julian—"Why I thought McKinley died in bed."

Miss Womacks—"Inez, you may give the nominative form of cat."

Inez—"Kitten."

Ave Caesar! Morituri te salutant—Guy Strahorn.

HEAPS of YOUNG SPIRIT

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WELCOME TO

HOMER PARK

April 20—Oct. 20

211 E. Van Buren St.

(Space purchased by "Homer
Enterprise" but not paid for.)

Gene—"If the autocratic government, means ruled by a few, what does Otto Worley mean?"

Jasper—"Ruled by a "Penny."

Mr. Worley (in Ancient History)—"Charlie, tell what you can of the Egyptian race."

Chas. H.—"I wasn't there, I went to the basket ball game."

Gene D.—"Are you acquainted with your new neighbor, George Sullivan?"

Jasper P—"Only in a round about way. His books are usually piled on my desk."

Ethel M.—"Joe, what ails Dwight today?"

Joe H.—"He asked Mary Baird for a date last night and got stung."

Miss Womacks—"Charlie, will you please keep quiet and not answer me back?"

Chas. H.—"With the greatest of animosity."

Ruth Wallace is so modest, that she will not do improper fractions.

Lucy E. (at a basket ball game)—"The referee called a foul, but I do not see any feathers."

Geo. S.—"Right you are my little one, this is a picked five."

Palmer D. (at first baseball game on a rainy day)—"Look at those fellows of ours all covered with mud. How will they ever get clean?"

Mr. Worley (disgustedly)—"What do you suppose we have a scrub team for?"

We think, and think, and think, and think,
 To find a name that was not punk,
 We searched thru magazine and manual,
 To find a name for the High School Annual.
 At last Mr. Worley in desperation,
 Had a happy inspiration;
 Thus the name that he did choose,
 Was "Homerian," for the high school news.
 The Juniors voted on the name
 To see if it they should retain;
 They finally chose it with great care,
 To save the Seniors from despair.

Palmer D.—"I know your father just hates me."

Waneta.—"Why?"

Palmer.—"He's seen me twice."

Hail to the blithe spirit, bird thou never wert—George Sullivan.

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happy and gay as when
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Benton Review

SHOP

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SPECIALTY OF SCHOOL ANNUALS

Mary B.—“How do you feel this morning?”

Chas. H.—“Like a package of lead pencils.”

Mary.—“How’s that?”

Chas.—“All write.”

Mr. Madden.—“By the time the sun gets cold, the chances are, we’ll be getting heat from another source.”

Mr. Worley.—“What was the Conway Cabal?”

Mary R.—“A cable line.”

Miss Womacks (while the class was studying *Evangeline*.)—“What kind of feet do we find in this poem?”

Gene P.—“Longfellows.”

Huldah Palmer in *Physiography*.—“If water always runs down hill how does it get back on top?”

Miss Womacks.—“Distinguish between custom and fashion.”

Maye Hinton.—“Custom is a dress, and fashion is the way you wear it.”

Miss Harrison.—“Clara, what is the Mediterranean sea?”

Clara.—“It is a deep sea in the middle of the ocean.”

Miss Womacks—(in English 1.) “Didn’t you practice these gestures at home?”

Harold.—“Where would you practice them?”

Miss W.—“In front of the mirror.”

Harold.—“I was afraid I might break the looking glass.”

Miss Harrison—(in *Physiography*) “What is a fissure?”

Huldah P.—“A place where men fish.”

Mr. Madden—(in *Physiology*) “Name a cavity of the body.”

McKinley Towner.—“The head.”

Palmer Davis—(one beautiful evening while out walking) “Good evening Mr. Worley, summer’s come, have a peanut.” The question is, why was he so embarrassed?

Freshman.—“They say that Mr. Worley is going to resort to the bankrupt law, because his resources have dwindled to a Penny.”

Some one said that Mary Baird was especially fond of sandwiches. For particulars, read the “Homer Aggravator.”

Nec possum tecum vivere, nec sine te—Palmer Davis.

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A Cognominal Description.

In the *Vale* and *Glen*, all thru the long *Winter*, the *Brown* squirrel *Burrows* in the *Oaks*, with its store of *Hazel* nuts, but in the *Earl-y Mae*, when the sun's *Ray* has driven away the *Hayes*, we see the *Bone-s* of this little animal, which has so *Mary-ly* scampered o'er the *Lee*, *Ruth-lessly* scattered along the *Babb-ling* brook, whose swift *Current* had flooded *Akers* of the surrounding country and as tho with a *Sickel*, had cut down the mighty trees. But now this mighty flood has receded and the stones in the brook appear as *White Pearls* and *Opals*, *Price-less* gems, fit for a *King*.

(Continued)

A Few Don'ts

Don't shirk. Everyone hates a quitter.

Don't cheat. Ten to one the teacher will find you out and you will only lose the respect of your fellow students.

Don't bragg. If you deserve praise, let someone else do the praising.

Don't knock. It is hard on the knuckles.

Don't get into debt. "Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Be a man."

Don't talk about people behind their backs. Cowards do that. Give them a chance to clear themselves if they can.

Don't lose a friend. Friends are the greatest asset that man can have to make a success in life.

Don't be a pessimist. "Every cloud has a silver lining."

Don't get down in the mouth. Think of Jonah. He came out alright.

Calendar

Sept. 8. First day of school. Mr. Worley and Miss Womacks cause a great sensation.

Sept. 9. Conflicts of studies is a Chinese puzzle.

Sept. 10. Final Program, arranged, settled down to business.

Sept. 11. The first split skirt appears.

Sept. 12. Famous Military Drill.

Sept. 15. Athletic Association reorganizes.

Sept. 16. Zoology class is found asleep from the effects of ether.

Sept. 17. Take your seat Charlie.

Sept. 18. Basket Ball practice begins out doors.

Sept. 19. Rev. Wilson addresses the High School.

Sept. 22. Principal Worley says "No more whispering."

Sept. 23. Every body mum.

He hath small stature, but a monstrous opinion of himself—Ben Hall.

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- Sept. 24. First Senior class meeting.
 Sept. 25. Mr. Hollister visits High School.
 Sept. 26. Mr. Baker gives a talk on "Ideal Education."
 Sept. 29. Oh George! Where's your coat?
 Sept. 30. Cram, cram, for exam.
 Oct. 1. Exams.
 Oct. 2. More exams.
 Oct. 3. Some quizz papers returned and some look quizzical.
 Oct. 6. Seniors receive sample of class pins, but, Oh!
 Oct. 7. Several hung around until four o'clock to varnish desks.
 Oct. 8. Every body sticking around.
 Oct. 9. Miss Womacks wears a new dress.
 Oct. 10. Nothing doing. Why don't something happen?
 Oct. 13. Miss Renich's smiling face is once more among us.
 Oct. 14. Mr. Madden read the scriptures and the faculty went on
 a wiener roast.
 Oct. 16. Supt. Madden has a cold caused by a hair cut.
 Oct. 17. High School oyster supper.
 Oct. 20. First snow of the season.
 Oct. 21. Everything is weary. Everyone is weary.
 Oct. 22. Rain, rain, rain.
 Oct. 23. Our old schoolmate "Chet" Davis visits the seat of learning.
 Oct. 27. Miss Womacks is late for school, but is excused because it
 is Mon. morning.
 Oct. 28. First meeting of the Homeric staff.
 Oct. 30. Mr. Wright visits High School.
 Oct 31. Albert Hardesty visited school. Welcome Albert. Hallowe'en.
 Nov. 3. Everyone has their lessons (?) Almost.
 Nov. 4. Box social for the benefit of Homeric. Good attendance.
 Nov. 5. Practiced yells.
 Nov. 6. H. S. Spirit is being developed rapidly.
 Nov. 7. First Basketball game of the season. Victory for both boy's
 and girl's team over St. Joe.
 Nov. 10. Some new books placed in the library. Oh you novels!
 Nov. 11. "Puppy" Harris has his hair cut.
 Nov. 12. Freshmen have a "weenie" roast.
 Nov. 13. Electric bells installed. No excuse for being late to class.
 Nov. 14. Basketball team goes to Catlin. Team was unfairly defeated
 by an independent team.
 Nov. 18. "Baby" Sullivan was teasing the hoot owl in the Lab. and
 it bit one of his hooks.
 Nov. 19. Principal Worley passes another mile stone.

Whene'er that little man comes in, all nature wears one universal grin—O. H. Worley.

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Nov. 20. Everyone looks pleasant. Tomorrow is a holiday for the pupils.

Nov. 24. Sophomore class victims of onions.

Nov. 25. Mr. Madden instructs the physics class that sweets are good for people when taken in limited quantities.

Nov. 26. More rain, but cheer up we have a couple of holidays to be thankful for.

Dec. 1. Mr. Worley has started ze nice moustache.

Dec. 2. The juniors are very unruly today.

Dec. 3. The owl is no longer the center of attraction in the Lab. but a typewriter.

Dec. 4. Everybody dull today.

Dec. 5. Team won a game from Fithian 72 to 16.

Dec. 8. A new one sprung on the H. S. "waiter I did not order that" What?

Dec. 9. A mirror seems to be Mr. Worley's best friend to day.

Dec. 10. Three sophomore girls, entertained in the office by the Supt.

Dec. 11. A show at the Pastime to "nite" and all the boys are busy making dates or getting stung.

Dec. 12. Seniors make a business trip to Champaign. Basketball team wins a game from Thornburn.

Dec. 17. New rule. Everybody struts out of the assembly room like turkey gobblers.

Dec. 19. Miss Harrison favors the physiography class with a solo.

Dec. 20. Miss Womacks had the misfortune to break her arm and will not report for duty until after vacation. Faculty entertain the High School royally.

Dec. 23. Everybody looking forward to Christmas vacation.

H. L. Tate, a former principal of Homer High addresses the school.

Jan. 5. Pupils return to their duties, having made many New Year resolutions.

Jan. 6. Juniors hold a class meeting.

Jan. 7. Freshmen and Sophmores remain until four thirty, for playing with toys during school hours.

Jan 8. A sophomore marches proudly to the front to hand a note to English teacher.

Jan. 9. Team defeats Rossville.

Jan. 12. Many remain after school for interview with teachers.

Jan. 14. Murdered! A cat by the Zoology class.

Jan. 15. Freshmen hold a class meeting.

Jan. 16. Juniors attend lecture on farming.

Jan. 20. Semester exams begin.

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- Jan. 26. Second semester begins.
 Jan. 27. Everyone resolves to study this semester.
 Jan. 28. So warm that we have Spring fever.
 Jan. 29. Raining and sleeting. Winter again.
 Feb. 2. Fire drill. Ground hog saw his shadow.
 Feb. 3. Freezing cold today.
 Feb. 4. Still cold. 20 above zero.
 Feb. 5. Miss Harrison appears in a new dress.
 Feb. 6. W. D. M. is absent this P. M.
 Feb. 9. Another Staff meeting.
 Feb. 10. Students can no longer loaf in the halls after 3:35.
 Feb. 11. Mr. Madden breaks mirror in Physics Lab.
 Feb. 12. H. S. Celebrates Lincoln's birthday.
 Feb. 13. Juniors work hard at their class play.
 Feb. 19. No school this afternoon. Recital in the evening under the auspices of the Senior class.
 Feb. 20. Miss Hull reads the court scene from the Merchant of Venice.
 Feb. 23. Biggest snow of the winter. No school.
 March. 2. Juniors have pictures taken.
 March. 3. Freshmen have pictures taken.
 March. 4. Sophs. have pictures taken. Where did they get all the dollars?
 March. 5. Staff and Basketball team have mugs taken.
 March. 12. Robt. Morton, a former student, visited school.
 March. 13. Junior class play proves a big success.
 March. 17. St. Patrick's day celebration.
 March. 18. Seniors clean the Lab.
 March. 20. Teachers visit Urbana and Champaign schools. Mr. Worley shaves moustache.

TEACHERS OF HOMER PUBLIC SCHOOLS 1913-1914

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| W. D. Madden | Superintendent |
| O. H. Worley | Principal of High School |
| Bernice Harrison | Mathematics and Minor Sciences |
| Mabel C. Womacks | English and German |
| Delia O'Connor | 6th and 7th grades |
| Sylvia Jenkins | 5th grade |
| Bertha Bibbler | 3rd and 4th grades |
| Fannie Forth | 2nd and 3rd grades |
| Isabel Wilson | 1st grade |

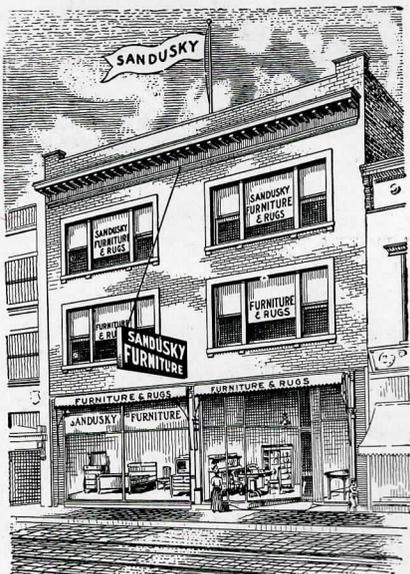
She laughed and every heart was glad—Evelyne Broadbent.

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