

THE
HOMERIAN
1915

copy #1 of 2

THE YEAR BOOK
OF THE
HOMER HIGH SCHOOL

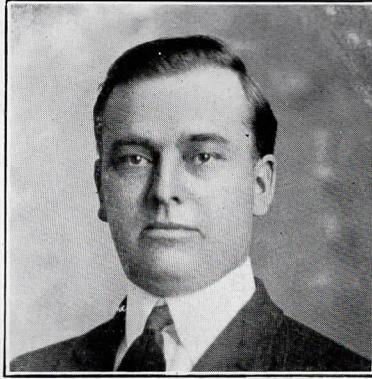
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Volume III

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS

Homer, Illinois



George B. Routt

TO
GEORGE B. ROUTT

our teacher and advisor
Who has labored so faithfully with us
and who has given so unreservedly
his loyal and effective service

We
the class of nineteen
hundred and fifteen
do gratefully dedicate
this book as a tribute
of appreciation and respect.

I appreciate deeply the action you have taken in dedicating this year's Homerian to me. Perhaps my fitness for such consideration is to be found in my persistent efforts for a better and higher standard for Homer High School, in my patient labors for all that is best for Undergraduates and Seniors alike.

I extend to the Homerian and Homerian Readers greetings, and wish for them as deep an interest in the High School as I have had myself. May we always have a good wish and a good word for Homer High.

—*Geo. B. Routt.*

The Staff



FRONT ROW—Seymer Current, Business Manager; Louise Oaks, Advertising Manager; George B. Routt, President;

SECOND ROW—Florence Robinson, Senior Prophetesier; Hazel Winters, Society Editor; Ben Hall, Art Editor; Waneta Burrows, Alumni Editor; Wilbur Martin, Athletic Editor; Helen Philbrook, Grammar News Corr.

THIRD ROW—Ruth Wallace, Calander Editor; Jasper Peters, Jr. News Corr.; Mary Peters, Senior Historian; Evelyn Broadbent, Humor Editor; Helen Hickman, Literary Editor; Mae Lee, Junior News Corr, (absent.)

Editorial

It was immediately after the 1914-15 session began last Fall that we, as Seniors, averted our attention to the question of "Whether or not we shall edit an Annual?" In conversing with each other, it was found that there were numerous and adverse opinions concerning the question. Consequently, a meeting was called to decide the question. Putting the question to a vote subsequent to considerable discussion, it was found that opposition was strong. The financial side of the question offered the most serious difficulty. Not arriving at a satisfactory reconciliation in this meeting another was called in which our efficient instructor and Superintendent, Geo. B. Routt, was requested to participate. He was delighted to respond and offer any advice that was necessary for starting things off. So, with these hortative incentives together with an incessant determination of a minority of the class, the final decision, that "We shall edit an Annual," was reached; thus overcoming all Stubbornness and doubt.

Now as we had at least reached the desired decision it was necessary to select officers for the many different departments of work, that compile the Annual, so as not to have any one burdened too heavily, considering the work expected of them as students. Our class being larger than last year's class, furnished all the officers with the exception of a reporter from each class, each one being urged to employ his utmost ability in rendering the best work possible, the results of which will be conspicuous as one turns the pages of this memorial. It has been our aim and earnest desire to produce something that is really worthwhile and valuable in the opinion of its readers. We hope that all will feel satisfied with our efforts as they peruse each page.

We wish to thank each individual contributor to this book for their consideration and kindness shown us while canvassing and hoping that they may never regret the contribution, which has been given to produce something that will ever stand as a grand souvenir of the Homer High School—the class of '15. Much of the success of this year's book is due to our energetic Supt. Mr. Routt who was responsible for our deciding in favor of it, and who has, since, been our promoter and advisor at all times—greatly assisting us in getting ads from out-of-town business firms.

Assuredly and without doubt we can safely assert that the greater success of this Annual is due to our well chosen Business Manager, Seymour Current, who has transacted almost all the business matters with engravers and publishers, etc. He has typewritten letters to business houses, whose distance prevented his being present in person, and has made a number of trips to Danville and Champaign to canvass. He has given

advice and attributed parts to many, at all times willing to render service to the best of his ability—thus endeavoring to please all alike. Thanks and gratitude to him.

There is still another person upon whom praise should be bestowed. That person is Ben Hall, who laboriously strove to produce the cartoons that are herein contained, and which met with the approval of the entire class and faculty. We admit that Ben certainly is original in his work. This also accounts for a portion of our success. We wish to thank him very much for his indispensable contribution.

Finally we wish to thank Chas. H. Warner, the photographer because of the excellence of the different groups of classes that he developed with a very skillful hand. He was very careful in dealing with us, as with all, to perfectly delineate the figure.

Now hoping that we have slighted none, with reference to their contributions, nor have said too little of any, we present to you this the third volume of the Homerician.

—*Editor-in-Chief.*



FACTUITY





GEORGE B. ROUTT

Graduate of Valparaiso University
Class 1905, B. S. Degree.

Graduate of Indiana University
Class 1913, A. B. Degree.

Teacher in Common Schools of Owen
Co., Ind. Five years.

Prin. High School, Shelby Co., '05-06.

Prin. of College, Ash Flat, Ark., '09-
13.

Prin. of Batesville City Schools, '09-
13.

Sup't. Homer Public School, '14-15.

Major Sciences.

Sup't. Elect. Pendleton, Public Schools.

LESTER E. MOORE

Graduate of Central Normal College,
Danville, Ind.

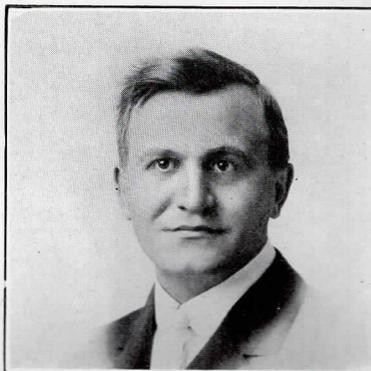
B. S. Degree from Indiana.

Prin. Star City H. S. Indiana.

Prin. Letts H. S. Indiana.

Prin. Homer H. S. Illinois.

Latin and Mathematics.



HELEN MITCHELL

Graduate of Urbana H. S.

Graduate of U. of I. '14.

Teacher in H. H. S. '14-15.

English and History.



GRACE DEXTER

Graduate of Urbana H. S.

Graduate of U. of I. '11.

Teacher in H. H. S.

Mathematics and Sewing.



Character Sketches of the Faculty

Our Superintendent, Mr. Routt, is the one that haunts the Laboratory and halls saying "Assembly Please" when a group of girls are primping in the glass of the Lab. He is the one that ought to have a pompadour as he is always running his hands through his hair, making himself look like a wild man. In spite of all these faults, however, he has a very good disposition and takes an interest in his school work. Though this is his first year with us, we have become very much attached to him and regret that he will not be here the coming year but wish him as successful a year as he has had here.

Mr. Moore, our Principal, came to us from Hoosier State. Since coming here we have given him a new name "Moses" to take back home with him because he is so slow. His greatest pleasures are to give readings to the High School and to keep the "Wiener" girls till six o'clock every evening after school. Although he is strict in his classes we have learned a great deal in them and in the end we will admire him more though it is pretty hard to believe it now. He is an excellent Latin teacher and drills us in it thoroughly. We are very sorry that he does not like Illinois but think if he stays another year he will become attached to it.

Our Mathematics teacher, Miss Dexter, is the quiet one of the Faculty and very tall. She does hate to see any one chew gum so the minute she spies a pupil chewing, she walks quietly up the aisle and politely asks them to throw it in the waste basket. She seems to have a pick on John Church. He says she is always blaming him for everything that happens and that he is 'most' always innocent. She is also our sewing teacher and we hope she will make some fine seamstresses before school is out.

Our English teacher, Miss Mitchell, is the lively one. She is always trying to spring something new on her classes. Her greatest pleasure is to stand by Wilbur's desk in the Assembly room and joke with him. Although she is jolly she has a temper. When that is up everybody stays away from her. She is a good singer and the pupils would regret it very much if she is not here to lead them in their singing next year.

—Ruth Wallace '15.

The Homer Public Schools 1914-15

There have been some important improvements in the school during the year 1914-15. As these changes have been somewhat experimental it might be well to inquire whether or not the experiment is working satisfactorily. First there has been initiated in the school a Manual Training Department. A room was equipped with benches of first class character. A few general tools were placed in this room as property of the school. The manual training work was confined to the seventh and eighth grades. A number of pieces were made this year including bracket shelf, hand-mirror, sled, taborets, bookcases, etc. Some practical work was done as making foot benches for primary grades and bookcases for the teachers.

Now the question is did it accomplish the idea that the administration had in mind in its inauguration or will it accomplish it? Without question yes. The board saw a great need for holding pupils in school. It was seen that the gap from the eighth grade to first year High School was hard to bridge. Attendance dropped fifty per cent here. Now the idea was if something could be introduced in the eighth and then carried over into first year High School the pupils would develop an interest in the subject in the eighth grade and then come back for first year High School to pursue the same subject. Has this interest been developed? It has without question. Splendid interest has manifested itself in Manual Training. It has been a problem to keep the number within the limits of our accomodation. Do they want it next year? A number of times the question has been asked, "What will we get to make next year." Great enthusiasm has already shown itself in another year's work.

Sewing has been started this year also. It was also confined to the seventh and eighth grades. A number of useful articles have been made. Splendid interest has been shown in this department also. Has it been worth while? Surely it has. Both of these innovations promise to do just what the board had in mind. In the light of our present knowledge the board did a perfectly sensible thing in starting these things.

The tone of the athletics has been elevated considerably. A better spirit prevails in this department. It has been a hard fight but success has already crowned our efforts.

Some changes have been made in the grades. A course in grade history has been introduced, beginning with primary grades and running through the grades. This enriches the program of work. Some primary arithmetics have been introduced. This was a much needed change. Interest has been aroused in personal hygiene. A number of things have

been done to elevate the standard of the public schools. We do not say this in the spirit of egotism or self laudation, but we have fought hard, sometimes against discouraging odds, for a better school and a more efficient factor in community betterment and we want you to feel that we think our efforts have been fruitful.

—*Geo. B. Routt, Supt. of School.*

Mathematics and Athletics

During the life of mankind every generation has been confronted with one or more grave social problems, the solution of which seemed at that time to be of vital importance to the progress of civilization. So, too, every age has had its alarmists, who have preached wars and desolutions and the utter destruction of existing institutions, but civilization has moved onward. There are at least two vital question that confront the life of every individual. One of these is the problem of bread earning, and the other is the problem of fair play. Then a student must be educated mentally and morally, and nowhere can this be cultivated better than in the study of Mathematics for mental training, and athletics for the moral training.

In order for any one to succeed he must have a well developed physical body. In the gymnasium the student may exercise his muscles, and acquire some skill in the manual training department while on the school ground he forms habits of fair play. Here it is that the student may get his first law lesson; he learns to subject himself to his superiors. He learns to obey. Athletics is not to see who can win in a hard fought battle, but it is to develop skill and a well developed body and to obtain some moral end. It is not the student that goes into the game with the idea of winning that makes the best athlete. Of course it is a general desire to win but there is a higher and better aim that we should attain and that is the development of clean amateur sportsmanship.

Not only then does the student get exercise in order to assure a good sound body, but he gets some of the most vital virtues that are cultivated in a moral being. He may form habits, if you please, of honesty, truthfulness, fairness, squareness and last but not least, he may learn to be obedient. Good, clean, well managed athletics then is of very great importance in the career of every student.

But after all of the training in athletics and after the body is well developed physically it will be lacking if the mental phase has been neglected. A student may read History, Literature, and some of the best articles on Physiography, and Science but unless there is something practical about them he may be at a loss to know what he really has obtained.

But in the study of Mathematics he finds that he needs just what he is getting out in the every day life. When the day comes that we do not need to know our Arithmetic there will be a very great change in the commercial world. The city boy needs to know how to buy things at the store, and how to invest his money to the very best advantage, etc., while the country boy may want to find the number of acres in a field, or the number of bushels in a bin, or the value of trees, etc. So we need our Arithmetic in every day life; it is one of the means of earning bread, if you please. You may say that all of the great problems have been solved and that there is no room for advancement but there are new problems being solved out daily and very many new propositions being solved out geometrically. We all know the story of how Euclid proved the fact that the square on the hypotenuse of a right triangle was equal to the sum of the squares of the two legs, and how they celebrated a great feast in his honor and served fifty bulls. Now we may prove the very same proposition and adorn it with all of the eloquence of the past and then not even get as much as a chicken dinner. It is the man who does these things first and proves to the world something new who gets the greatest praise. Of course we may not all become Euclids but we can solve at least those problems that have already been handed down to us by our predecessors. And if we would do ourselves the most good solve a few problems that do not have answers in the back of the book. What can be more pleasant than to solve a good hard problem or proposition that we have wrestled with for two or three days? Often times we dive into the sea of mental activity and bring up a pearl.

We no longer have to deal with a few fundamental facts but we have a broad basis upon which to base our reasoning. Some great men have helped us to work out our destiny. We must accept some fundamental principles. Astronomers tell us that the sun is ninety-five millions of miles from us and that Neptune is thirty times as far and that light comes from the sun in eight minutes and from Neptune in four hours. We receive their statements with credence and talk of the millions of miles but we can never comprehend such distance. Our idea of distance is obtained from the time it takes to travel over it; put a baby into an express train as soon as it is born and it would grow old and die without reaching the sun, for it is one hundred and eight years distance from us if we travel towards it day and night at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. If Adam and Eve had started for Neptune at the rate of fifty miles per hour they would not have reached it yet, and when we come to the fixed stars the nearest is so far away that light traveling one hundred and ninety thousand miles per second is three years in coming to us. There are stars whose light would take two thousand years to reach us. Here we are lost; we gain but a faint conception of these incomprehensible distances or rather a confused notion.

But in the mind of man there are powers that lie hidden like living seeds in the earth that have not produced all of their fruit! eternal

sunshine, the dew of ages, the everlasting seasons are all requisite for the development of all of the capabilities that are within us and which can never die. In the future state there will be an eternally progressive perception of Omnipotence perceiving the meaning of the mind an atom at a time; perfection can never be exhausted; everything can not be comprehended by us; but we can do our part in the great race that is before us, so let us strive on to gain for ourselves the greatest end available.

—*L. E. Moore.*

Sewing in Our School

If, while absorbed in study, you wear a hole in the elbow of your sleeve, the eighth grade girl can patch it so well you can never find the place, if, in your haste you tear your garment, she can darn it so neatly that no one would ever know it had been torn; if you lose a button she can replace it in one minute, and in one minute more make as neat a button-hole as you ever saw; and last, but not least, she can darn a stocking so smoothly that it will not be uncomfortable when worn. No matter what happens to your clothes she can make them as good as new.

So the Freshman girl of next year will possess this skill in sewing which possibly the girl of no other class can claim. "But how", you ask, "does she know how to do all this? No other Freshman girls have come to us with such knowledge. Not even Senior girls can do all this. Why, these girls have been the first girls to learn to sew in Homer school. But we hope that it will not be long until every girl in High School will have the opportunity of getting a practical knowledge of this art.

This knowledge is of as much importance to a girl as Latin or Geometry, perhaps more so. The majority of girls who graduate from High School become homemakers and as homemaking has become a profession girls should be trained for it. Is it not more important in her home life that the girl should know how to darn stockings than to write Latin poems? Would not her family be more cheerful and happy if she keeps her clothes mended and clean than as if she sits by the fire and proves dozens of propositions? It has been shown that the condition of one's clothes has a great deal to do with his state of mind. If his clothes are dirty, torn, and lacking fastening he will be in low spirits, apt to be cross, careless, and shiftless in what he tries to do. He cannot think clearly. On the other hand, if one has on clean, neat clothes, which, even tho they be old, are well taken care of, well mended, laundered, and supplied with all necessary fastenings he is apt to be in good spirits, can think more clearly, is careful and neat in whatever he attempts. If you do not believe that this is true try the experiment. Now some one must keep the clothes of the family in a good condition so that all the mem-

keep the clothes of the family in a good condition so that all the members can be happy and do their best work. Compare the number of Latin books the housekeeper reads or the Geometry problems she is called upon to solve, with the many articles of clothing that need attention every week.

It is said that a woman does the most of the buying for the household. If she is to fulfill the demands of her work she must know how and what to buy. She will not be able to buy wisely and economically unless she has been trained either at home or at school. Unfortunately all homes cannot or do not furnish this training so the school must supplement to some extent this lack. All home training is bound to be somewhat haphazard while that of the school is systematic and more economical, and the result more satisfactory. In a great many High Schools courses are given in dressmaking and the girls in them make their own clothes, the last article being their graduation dress. In this training course of a few hours a week, a girl learns as much as she would working as apprentice in a shop for many months where she has to do nothing but pull bastings for the first few weeks.

If the girl is not to become a housekeeper then she must seek a position whereby she may earn her own living. She goes to a strange town alone. Who will mend and take care of her clothes if she herself does not know how? It is not so easy to find one who will do such tasks, even for pay. In this age of so-called high cost of living dressmaking and sewing are not to be procured for any small sum. A girl who makes her own clothes will have better looking garments as well as more durable ones and will be able to save about one half the cost.

Besides being of importance to happiness and economic welfare, the training in sewing teaches habits which are beneficial. One of the aims of the course is to form habits of order, neatness, accuracy, promptness, speed, and reasoning. Patience is also developed in the girl as she works upon some difficult task, and sees after many trials and failures, that at last she is getting the desired result of her labor.

The aim of the education of today is to make our graduates efficient and valuable members of society. To be efficient, the girl who finishes High School must not only *know* what is in the books she has studied but she must be able to *do* some things.

—Miss Dexter.



Literature

It is a matter of personal and national pride to know our literature. Witness the women's clubs, some other organizations, and the increased allotment of time to English in the schools. This popular enthusiasm is one of the helpful things in our national life. It means that many appreciate the need of emphasizing the imaginative and spiritualizing element in living, and seek to temper practical aims in life by those finer influences sometimes called "grace."

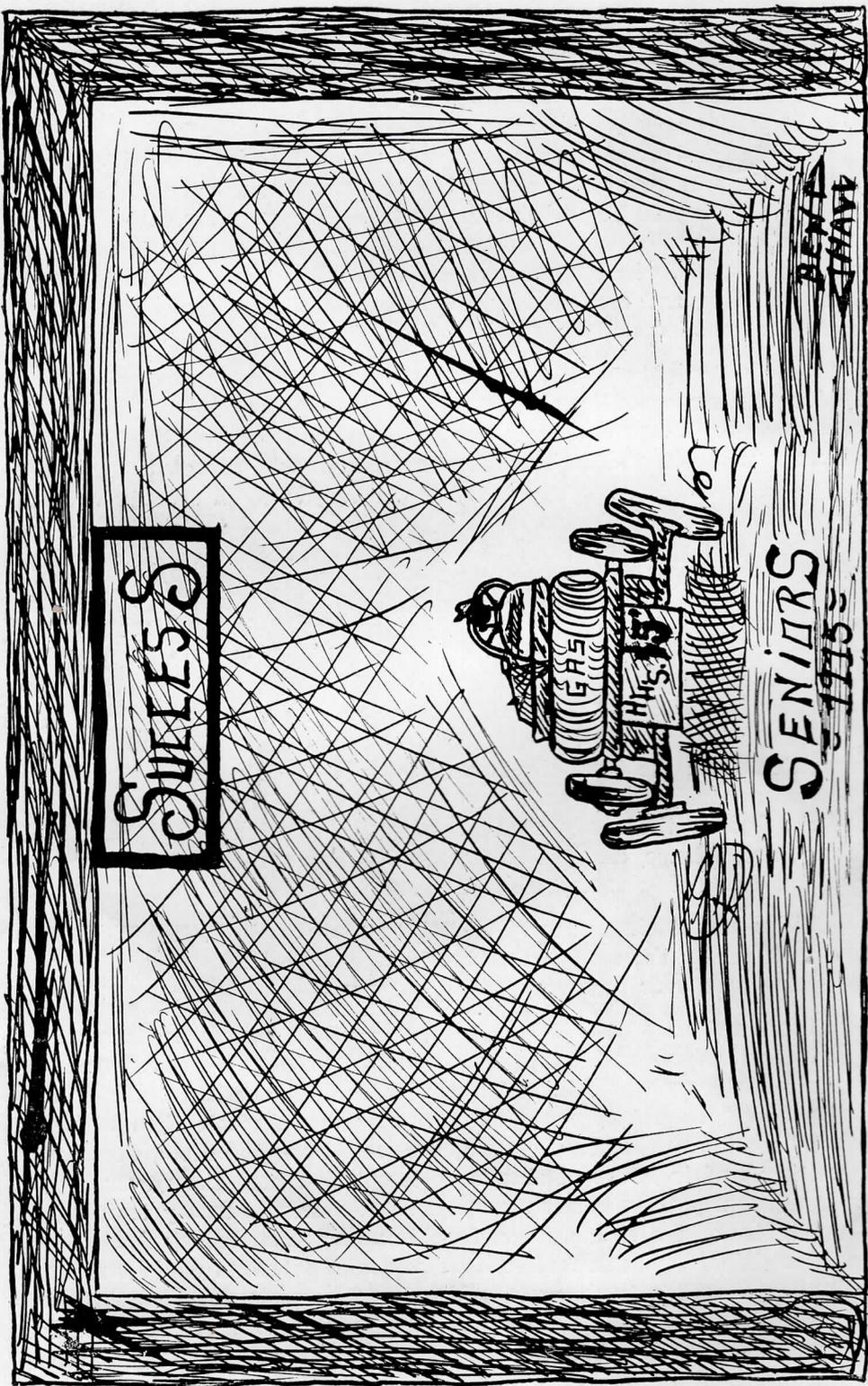
To acquaint one's self with literature is to get new insight into the deeper meaning of life and the way to live, to receive a call to greater seriousness in interpreting even the ordinary situations of life; to make life more valuable and to increase our sensitiveness to beauty in places where we would not expect beauty to be found; to direct our eyes to the past and infuse history with an intensely human interest, to discover to us characters for admiration, ideals for appreciation and occasions for sympathy which the level of ordinary experience seldom affords. All this, and much more, is meant by those who declare that the highest aim of literary study is *life*, broader, truer, manlier life.

There is a fundamental difference between the *study* of Literature and that of Algebra, Latin or Philosophy. In the latter branches there is a definite lesson to be memorized or thought out, and the answer may be written from the text. In these, the child more easily comprehends what is expected of him and be able to meet the requirements of the teacher; but in the study of literature the question often, gamut of history, art, science, and philosophy and the answer cannot be obtained from the textbook alone. The individual is the determinant.

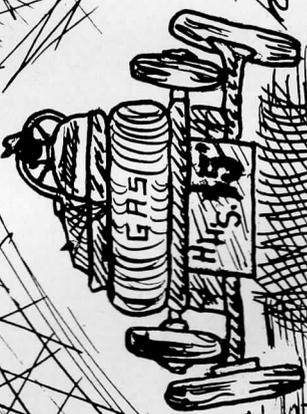
The memorizing of good literature does much for the child. If care be taken in the selection of the things to be memorized, its value can scarcely be over estimated.

It is not only good training for the memory, but it acquaints him with the best of language and unconsciously influences his own language. The selection is apt to contain new words, and so there is a continual enlargement of his working vocabulary. It keeps a whole thought fixed before his mind. The pupil often quotes selections to others, uses them in writing, and in hours of silence or temptation turn them over in his mind. Probably the most important influence from memory training is in the realm of the child's inner thinking. No matter how full of toil his future life may be; no matter if he be denied access to good literature; no matter what his environment; if he has memorized a few standard selections, he will never be wholly ignorant; never without good food for thought, because these thoughts will stay with him and sow good seed; he will gather their fruits often in advancing years.

—Miss Mitchell.

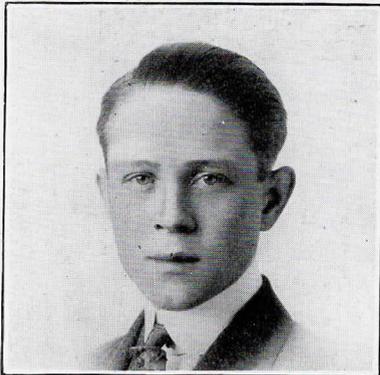


SUNNYS



SUNNYS

BEVERLY HILLS



WILBUR MARTIN

Vice-President '13-14, '14-15.
Basket Ball '13-14, '14-15.
Athletic Correspondent, Homarian
'15.
A College Town '14.
Mr. Bob '15.
Sec. and Treas of H. H. S. A. A. '13-
14.

"He never saw a girl he did not love."

MARY HILDA PETERS

Circulation Manager, Homarian '15.
Class Historian '15.
A College Town '14.

"A great big girl with a great big
soul."



PALMER H. DAVIS

Junior Play '14.
History of Homer '14.

"God made him therefore let him
pass for a man."

WANETA BURROWS

A College Town, '14.
Alumni Editor, Homarian '15.

"They say a wheel that turns, gath-
ers no rust, yet I am a trifle Rusty."



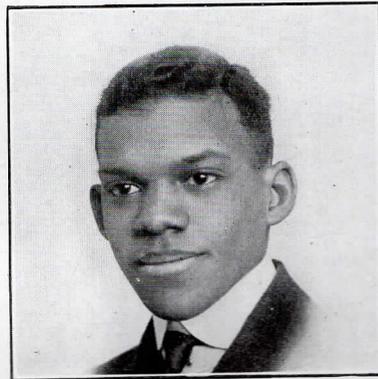


LOUISE OAKS

Basket Ball Mgr. '12-13, '13-14.
President of Class, '12-13.
Secy-Treas. of Class '13-14, '14-15.
Operetta cast, '13.
Humorous Editor of Homerian, '14.
A College Town, '14.
Adv. Mgr. Homerian, '15.

"Come not within my wrath."

WILLIAM FRANK EARNEST
Basket Ball '12-13, '13-14, '14-15.
Senior Play '14.
Capt. Track Team '12.
Football '11.
Junior News Correspondence '13-14.
Baseball '12.
Editor-in-chief, Homerian '14-15.
"Still waters run deepest."



HELEN MARIE HICKMAN

A College Town '14.
Literary Editor '14-15.

"My tongue within my lips, I reign,
for he who talks much must talk in
vain."

HAZEL DEANE WINTERS
Sec. and Treas '12-13.
Operetta '13.
A College Town '14.
Society Editor, Homerian '15.

"Great souls do in small bodies some-
times dwell."





SEYMER M. CURRENT

Senior Play '14.
Literary Editor, Homerian '14.
Business Manager, Homer '15.

"He will study; Ye Gods and Little Fishes; how he will study."

FLORENCE ANNA ROBINSON

Operett Cast '13.
Junior Play '14.
Senior Play '15.
Class Prophetess '15.

"What she wills to do or say, 'Tis wisest to let her have her way."



RUTH WALLACE

Pres. of Class '13-14, '14-15.
Basket Ball Team '12-13, 13-14.
Japanese Operetta '13.
A College Town '14.
Mr. Bob '15.
Calendar Editor, Homerian '15.

"She laughs and the world laughs with her."

FRANCES EVELYNE BROADBENT

Japanese Operetta '13.
A College Town '14.
Mr. Bob '15.
Humorous Editor, Homerian '15.

"Every gargle makes her giggle."





GEORGE S. SULLIVAN

Class Poet '14-15.
Class Play '14.

"Study hath made him lean."

Chaucerian Fragments

Senior Roll Call.

Whan that September morn his skyes shene,
Old Sol he wane thither for to wene
On al condicioun of days to be;
For now al soothly sorweful was he
To see this classe algate passant
Inne everich fother for to kep the haunt,
As now a Senior yer was facing heme
Whan soon that lernen leste al its leme
The lewed lese and the empty purs,
The smerte clube with its wikke curs;
So pricketh hem deduyt in hir corages,
Than longen kid to goon on pilgrimages.
And palmers for to seken straunge stroudes
To ferne Doctours couthe in sondry londes;
And specially from every countes ende
Of Illinois, to Homer High they wende,
The precious large diploma for to seke,
That each hath holpen whan that they were seke.

But natheles whyl I have tym and space
Er that I ferther in this poem pace
Methink it al acordaunt to resoun
To mention al of the condicioun
Of ech of hem so now it seems to me
And who they are and so of what degree;
And ech in what array that they were inne,
And with a Green-horn wol I first beginne.

A Green-horn here and that a worthy man,
 That fro the tym that he first began
 His pilgrimage in this lusty londe,
 He loken hye whan that he had to stonde.
 He lovde basket balle for to playe,
 And for to winne had he everich feye
 A voise had he as stronge as a hors,
 As likne to a carp'nt'rs hand-saw cors,
 That tutne hye whan er that he recite
 And so to hold yor ears his turns invite.—Wilbur.

A Goode-wife mite of whom I shalle speke,
 The boys were foold her compaignye they seke;
 In fellowship wel can she laugh and carpe,
 And from her eyes a loke vertu and sharpe.
 Of remedies of love she knows perchaunce,
 Ene ne coude she that art, the olde daunce.—Florence.

And near her site her love, a yonge squer,
 A lover, and a lusty bachelor;
 With trousers neat and they are leyd in presse;
 Of nineteen yer of age he is, I gesse.
 Of his stature he is of shorte lengthe,
 And wonderly of sense and great of strength,
 He coude walk just like a money'd type,
 And smoke Duke's Mixture in his old clay pipe.—Palmer.

A Cook we have among the lassies fair:
 Of beauty she has much and light brown hair,
 Tho large in size, a hart has she ne smalle,
 For trewely generous is she to alle.
 To be 'his' Cooke is her ambitione,
 For love knows best at rend'ring one's decisione.
 The boys may soon mak noise on pans I gesse,
 A hart grows fond you know in yers or lesse.—Mary.

A Goode-man have we of Religioun,
 Whos smiling fac is never seen to froun;
 Full hye and lean with understanding greate,
 He stond with open hand for fame or fate.
 A mite to dream is he sometimes inclined,
 But fortune favours a determined mind,
 To master over urchins he intende,
 In holpe of might to Mrs. Brown he wende;
 For he hath holpen fro the cours she give
 A knowledge he can spread to all who live.—Seymer.

A Singster have we who deserves remark,
 She maken sound as swete as a lark.
 Her stature smal it be tho ful of note
 Lyke charms of magic flowing from her throte;
 Her songs are not in vain you need not fear,
 For breathed into the air they fell to Reidies ear,
 Thus is't! The charm of music surely pays,
 For now he's off to store for rainy days.—Hazel.

Then too, we have a typical old maid
 Who knows to study hard to mak her grade,
 Her suitors are her studies tho it seme
 A lover might be welcome in her dreme;
 One trewth we know that Grandpa makes the rule
 Which says she shan's have beaux whyl she's in schule.
 Fret not kind friend take this advice from me,
 "They're left good fish, as ere were caught at sea."—Helen.

A Sweetheart next, who's found her mate at last,
 A victim now thru sympathy is clast.
 Her music rags to hear is worth one's whyle,
 But lo! Tain't half so charming as her smyle;
 For it is ever wholesome swete and wide,
 The kind that spreads from ear to ear each side.
 This Jonnie meets on everich Sunday nite,
 Till now his fac is spreading out of site.—Evelyn.

Liviticus, our shark of comedye,
 Liviticus, our shark of comedye,
 A star athlete, a foe to nobodye,
 Who's won for us honors inn many ways,
 He too has right to tyme and spac for praise.
 He maken jok with every one he sees,
 No wit is wanton, fun he finds at ease.
 Full big and stronge he stande lyke an oak
 To mete trials to bear the world's lyfe yoke.—Frank.

A Midget too, and she a worthy dame.
 Who's held our class a soothly honor'd name;
 With love and mischief her complexion glows,
 By which he wins and keeps a score of beaux.
 Poor Ben has fallen chief of her desires
 A loving pair, for her he to admires.
 Wide opportunities are forth for her
 To maken life success if she prefer.—Ruth.

The Temper of our class is fiery "Squeeze"
 Who spiten flames of fire with everich wheeze.
 To cross her would bring death to all of us
 So little do we mak with her a fus.
 Stil, she hath holpen whan she graduates
 To teachen school wher she can master trates.
 But lo! Her urchins must kep pretty mum
 Or they may have to "flee the wrath to come."—Louise.

Our class Torch-bearer we lend a space in rolle
 A light she strewn wide to everich soule;
 Her rusty rays are scattered everywhere,
 On everich coat sleeve you can find red hair.
 Of love and lovers she knows how to mix.
 So cunning too is she, and full of trix,
 That she can get poor Palmer out of sight,
 And trade a kiss for "Movies," any night.—Waneta.

Now here this foolish "dippy dope" must ende.
 For each of hem in class, a rym I've blende.
 To mention traits of character and guyse
 Tho tym may prove thes efforts nothing wyse;
 But natheles no harm is aimed to bring,
 Ene, some there be, these shots may sorely sting.
 And so to "flee the wrath" from such a messe,
 I'll hibernate a yer or two I gesse.

George Sullivan

Senior Class History

How happy a child feels when he wakes up in the morning and knows that now he can go to school. This is the way that each member of the present Senior class felt when they woke up on a bright September day in nineteen hundred two. We seemed rather young to start the long strife but by natural growth, scoldings, and a few more exciting experiences we have wiggled through.

Some of us fell by the wayside and some were added to the class. As it happens twelve we started and thirteen we graduate. In the fourth year, Frank Earnest, who is always frank and earnest, joined us. In the third year, Hazel Winters, whose curls were the envy of all the girls, came to help us out. In the fifth year, Seymer Current, who took away all hope of ranking first, came to take the honors. In the eighth year, Evelyne Broadbent, brought her giggle to us. And in the first year High School, Florence Robinson, with her studious manner, and Wilbur Martin, with his smiling presence, came to set us an example and cheer us up.

When we entered the first year High School there were fifteen of us. It seemed rather long to get through when we had to sit on one side of the room and measure the distance to the other side by years. We had our first grown up reception at the home of Mr. Stanberry, that year. One teacher had been enough to make us look sober, but when we had three, our faces looked rather long. The next year there were fourteen of us and four teachers: Miss Renich, Mr. Madden, Mr. Hickle and Miss Harrison. Miss Renich was the only teacher that had stayed with us, Mr. Stanberry and Mr. Tate having left. At Christmas time we had a fox and goose chase with an oyster supper. We were getting used to weiner roasts. There were fourteen of us in the year. There were two new teachers: Mr. Worley and Miss Womachs. Miss Renich and Mr. Hickle had left us.

When we reached this year we began to think there were some hopes of getting through. We had finished Latin and that was a good deal. At the Christmas reception we gave a mock wedding and carried off the prize for the best stunt performed. George Sullivan was the groom, Hazel Winters was the bride, Seymer Current the Minister, Florence Robinson, the flower-girl, and the rest of us filled in where needed. We sang the selection, "Let me call you sweetheart." We had a financial problem to face, the Senior reception. We decided to give a play to cover the expenses. This we did, on the thirteenth of March and it came off well to the surprise of all. The reception was given in May. Everybody reported a good time. The most important thing about it was the fact that we had a nice little pile of money left to help with the Annual this year.

When we started into the fourth year we were glad to know there would be thirteen to graduate. Thirteen was always our lucky number. Our teachers were all new but we know them pretty well now. They were Mr. Routt, Mr. Moore, Miss Mitchell and Miss Dexter. We began to think it was such a short time since we were Freshmen, to be sorry it would soon be over, and give advice to all pupils under us. We had to do so to keep up the Senior dignity.

We gave a play to help with the publishing of the third "Homerian", the Juniors entertained us in a royal fashion in May, and at the close of the term we graduate.

Our teachers have been like the rest of us, they all have had their faults, but they all have had so many good points that one does not stop to think of their faults.

This much in our lives we have attained. If we have done well in this, we may hope to do something well in later life. As we approach our commencement time, let us feel that we are merely starting in the conflict, that much lies before us to do and that our duty is to efficiently prepare ourselves for this work.

—*Mary Peters.*

Senior Class Prophecy

In accordance with the custom, rather style of a Senior Class originated by some unknown individual, there must be a class prophecy. Woe unto me. It has fallen to my lot to prophecy or by some miraculous means to anticipate a definite end for each of the members of the class of nineteen fifteen. All of whom will doubtless live to place a blot on my religion forever by proving me a conscientious liar. I feel as if I had been saved by the immortal Gods as Cicero of old, after being compelled by tears, anger, and threats to make continual modifications of this essay before it was allowed to be presented to the public.

First is Ruth, an Irish lassie, who with combination of serious thought and giggles must inevitably be a suffragette and win for her cause men as well as women. For if sanity cannot win them her giggles can, judging from former observations.

The vice-president of our class is Wilbur, Mr. Moore's despair, who, with development of squeaking ears and his habit of doing penance, by encounters with brass pins will surely come to his natural end, as "the squeaking and otherwise unnatural man of the C. Z. Circus."

Our able treasurer, invincible Louise, has defied the law of "elasticity" by stretching the strings of our purse to cover the numerous debts of the past year. We feel quite certain that she will not refuse to place this excellent quality at its greatest advantage by assuming the bonds of matrimony.

The light of our class is Waneta, who torments the faculty with her giggles and the students with questions. Certainly her solicitude for the welfare of others will place her in the role of "red-haired nurse."

Not knowing the ambitions of Palmer we hesitate to describe his future career. However, he possesses great argumental qualities and we feel he would be qualified for the bar, but as "back to the farm" is the slogan, now perhaps he will take this into consideration.

A very changeable mind has George, last year his hopes pointed to a chair in mathematics, but this year his highest ambition is to become an automobile mechanic. However, since aeroplanes are more in demand, perhaps by next year his characteristic wiggle will be replaced by hairpin turns and similar adventures of air pilots.

Mary with her kind heart and commendable habits has won all our admiration and is well qualified for philanthropic work. Really we came very near losing her, owing to this desire for tending the unprotected.

We join with Helen in hoping that she will shortly attain her present desire for teacherhood as her habits of disagreeing, which made

recitations as well as class meetings so interesting, is a usual accomplishment of this profession.

Hazel, whose blue eyes belie her name, is a living example of the universal law of gravitation thus being successful in whatsoever career she chooses. But whether this will be grand opera or domestic science is yet unknown to us.

The comedian of our class is unquestionably Frank Earnest. He has enlivened our recitations throughout our school career, by his wit but first gained renown as a comedian by these memorial lines, "Last week, I hain't got no sense, dis week I'se a rhinoceros, I bet I'se goin' to get me another place, where dey don't call me no names."

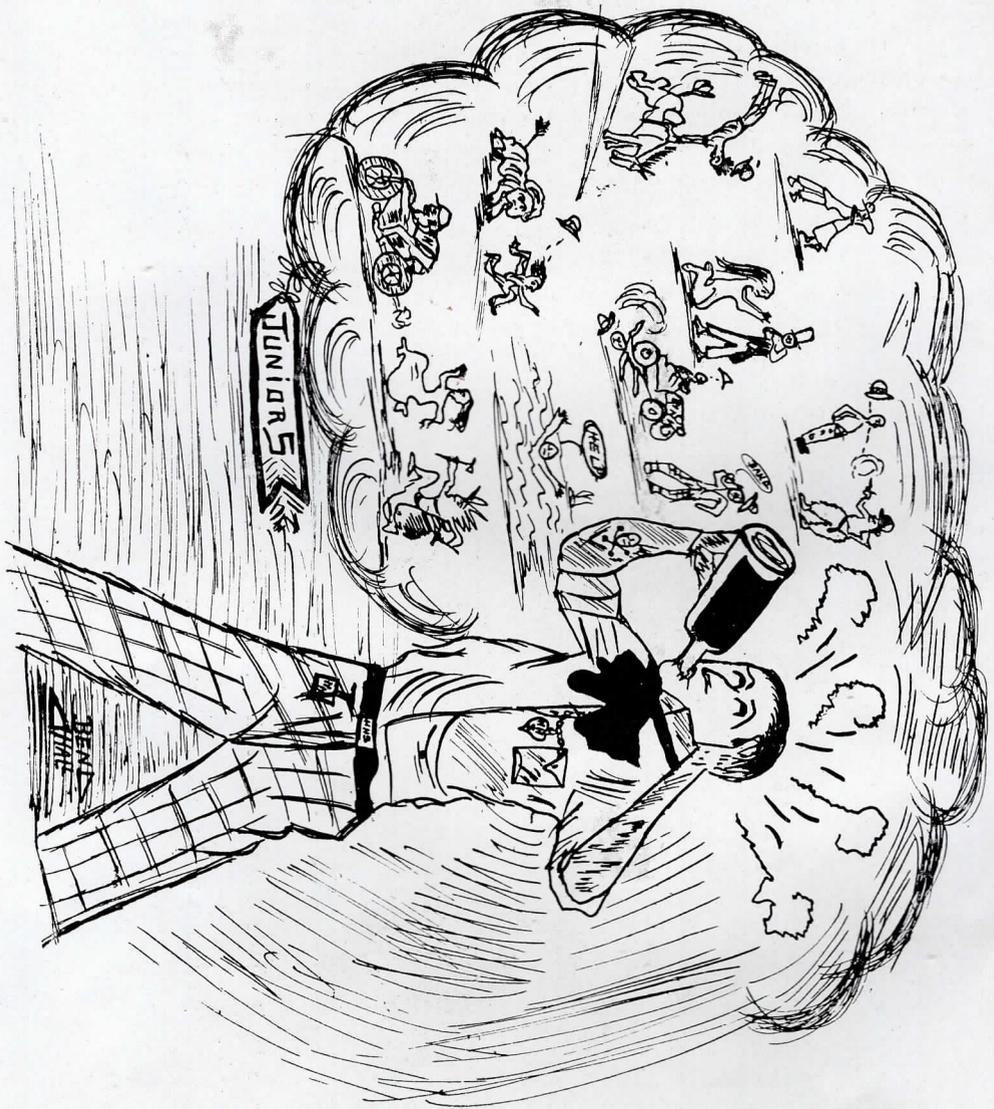
Seymer with his frequent and continuous peals of laughter, which have so grieved Miss Mitchell, signifies a sense of humor essential to all editors. This quality combined with his studious habits will undoubtedly place him on the staff of some metropolitan newspaper.

In the person of Evelyn with her conversational abilities, we hope to have a brilliant lecturer. But what field she will pursue is yet unknown as her recent years have been much occupied by weighty matter.

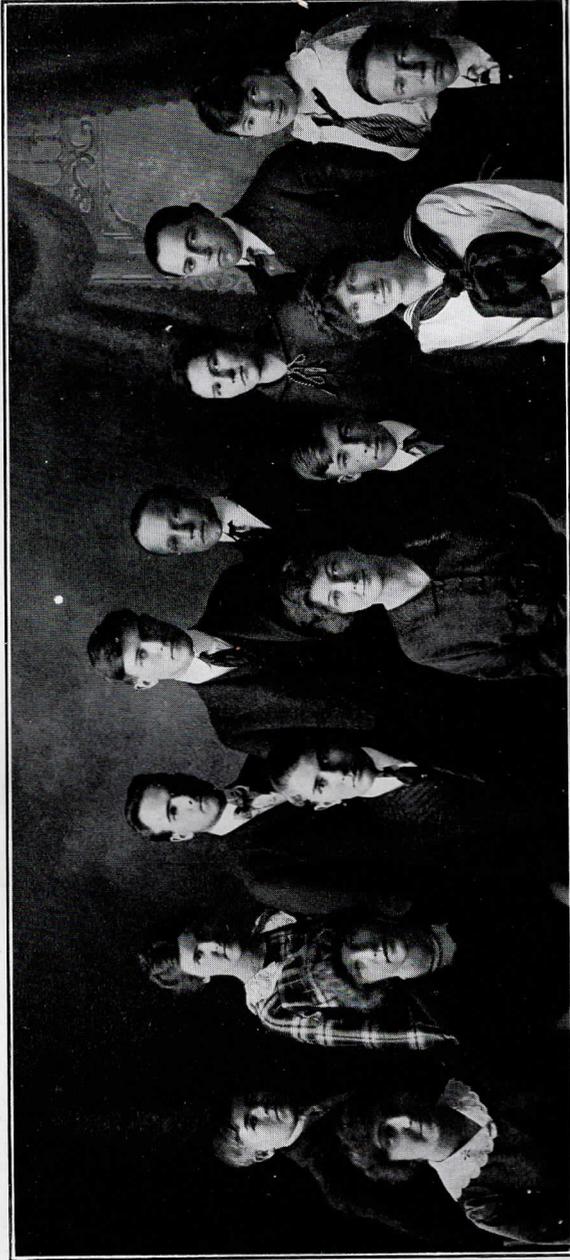
Concerning the gypsy of our class she desires only to be "More and more contented, without asking why."

Florence Robinson.





Junior Class



FRONT ROW—Grace Hall, Pearle Oaks, Guy Strahorn, Mary Baird, Eugene Peyton, Josephine Hardesty, John Farlee.

SECOND ROW—Gene Daugherty, Bessie Richards, Albert Riggs, George Bone, Jasper Peters, Ethel McElroy, Scott Spencer, Alma Philbrook.

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

MOTTO—Esse quam videri.

COLORS—Purple and Lavender.
FLOWER—Violet.

Junior Class Poem

We Juniors are a merry class
It's we who have the fun;
Jolly is every lad and lass
Since Freshmen we begun.

The teachers always dread the time
When we should come to them
For every moment of the time
We are always, well: Ahem.

Alma with her laughing ways
So tiny and so neat
And on pleasant days
She really looks quite sweet.

Bessie always comes to class
Promptly to the dot
In English, her we can't surpass,
She's pretty and knows it not.

Gene the smallest lad
That our class can name,
With his joking, runs us mad,
But under Mr. Moore he's tame.

George Dewey in Basket Ball
Certainly is a star
When he is near, clear the ball,
He'll hit you near and far.

Ethel Mc. in her Botany
Gets a wonderful grade
Ninety-six and not half try
She lays all in the shade.

Josephine with smiling face
In History is very good;
She knows just where to find the place,
And recites just where she should.

Grace in Plane Geometry
Really is quite smart,
Solids, cubes, trigonometry,
She always knows her part.

John is a queer boy,
He doesn't really understand,
The teachers he likes to annoy
And he gets a sharp reprimand.

Pearl knows her work.
And with a laugh recites
She was never known to shirk
And pride in us she excites.

Jasper our bright young man
Always his mates excel
The brightest in this noble land
Onlyhe can't spell.

Guy works so very hard
And usually makes good,
He deserves a just reward,
We don't all study as we should.

Gene Peyton our giggling classmate
Always does whate'er he can
Sometimes to school he's late
But he wouldn't have been had he ran.

Scott is last but not least
Makes us all want to smile
When he gets started with fun
He beats the rest a mile.

The writer will not write a verse
About her little self
Because she would not make it worse
For a lot of wealth.

Farewell to the Junior class.
Next year we'll Seniors be
And may we be a merry mass
And live a life of glee.

—*Mary Baird.*



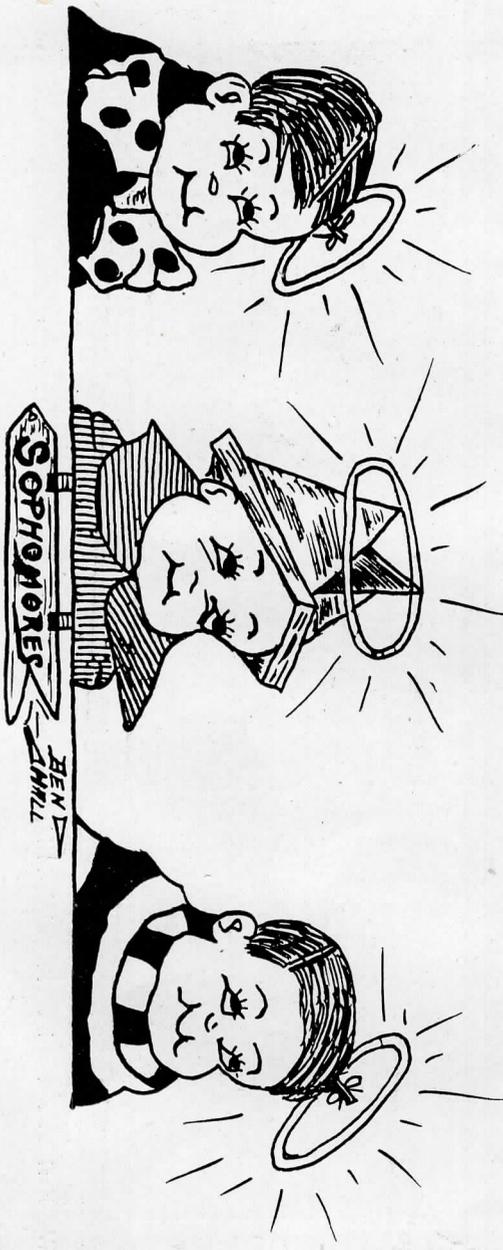
Charles W. Hefley

In Memoriam

It is very fitting and proper on this occasion that we pay our respect to the memory of our once school-mate and dear friend, Charley W. Hefley. His life altho short, is a link in the perfecting of the chain which unites all. Ever in a hurry thru this life we go, not thinking how soon we may pass into the eternal home. We develop into manhood and womanhood in a short time and as we are on the verge of doing something of worth we are called by Him, who judges all. But we go on from one design to another and lay out the plans of many years, until suddenly we are alarmed by the calling of death, when it is least expected; in the hour of happy existence.

Born in 1896 and reared in this vicinity, he graduated from the Common School and entered High School in 1913. He was industrious and promoted all things good, an enemy of ill and a patron of all things wise. To know him was to admire him and it was his pleasure to do a good deed when needed. The loads we lighten for others, the rough places we make smooth, and the good we do are the tests of the worth of a life. Altho never rugged physically, he never shirked his duties or failed in an allotted task, and obedient as a son he strove in every way to make life better. His presence a few months ago, his absence now should make us pause. Let us look upon one another as mariners upon the sea of life sailing towards that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns. Our guide the star of the North and our faith in Him, we strive to be of help to some poor distressed companion. Let the sky darken and the waves roll high and we are floated from our mooring place of joy and happiness unto the Eternal beyond as a part of God's plan.

—*E. M. Daugherty*, '16.



Sophomore Class



FRONT ROW—Earl Yount, Elizabeth Baird, Mildred Thompson, Alice Madden, Harold Spencer.

SECOND ROW—Margaret Babb, Clara Roloff, Frances Conkey, Pauline Akers, Hazel Morrison, Edith Rogers.

THIRD ROW—McKinley Towner, Hulda Palmer, Dwight Harris.
OFFICERS—President, Mildred Thompson; Vice-President, Frances Conkey; Secretary, Earl Yount; Treasurer, Earl Yount.

MOTTO—Crescat Scientia.
FLOWER—Daffodil.
COLORS—Orange and Black.

Sophomore Class Poem

Of all the Sophomores, fair Alice can surpass
Proving propositions in Geometry Class.

Clara is always there with a word of cheer,
When any of us are feeling drear.

The only one we can count on is Dwight
To come with his lessons all just right.

Elizabeth, a pretty lass,
Has just this year joined the happy class.

Earl, our High School Basket Ball Star,
Has brilliant thoughts we cannot mar.

Edith a very little girl,
Wears her hair in a pretty curl.

Of blushing Frances we cannot decide,
But Caesar seems her greatest pride.

Hulda, the mischievous one of the class,
Is always there with her looking glass.

About fun loving Harold we have little to say—
But that he is always happy and gay.

Margaret, our little Queen of Queens,
Is perfectly happy with a can of sardines.

Mae and Mildred are always together—
No matter what may be the weather.

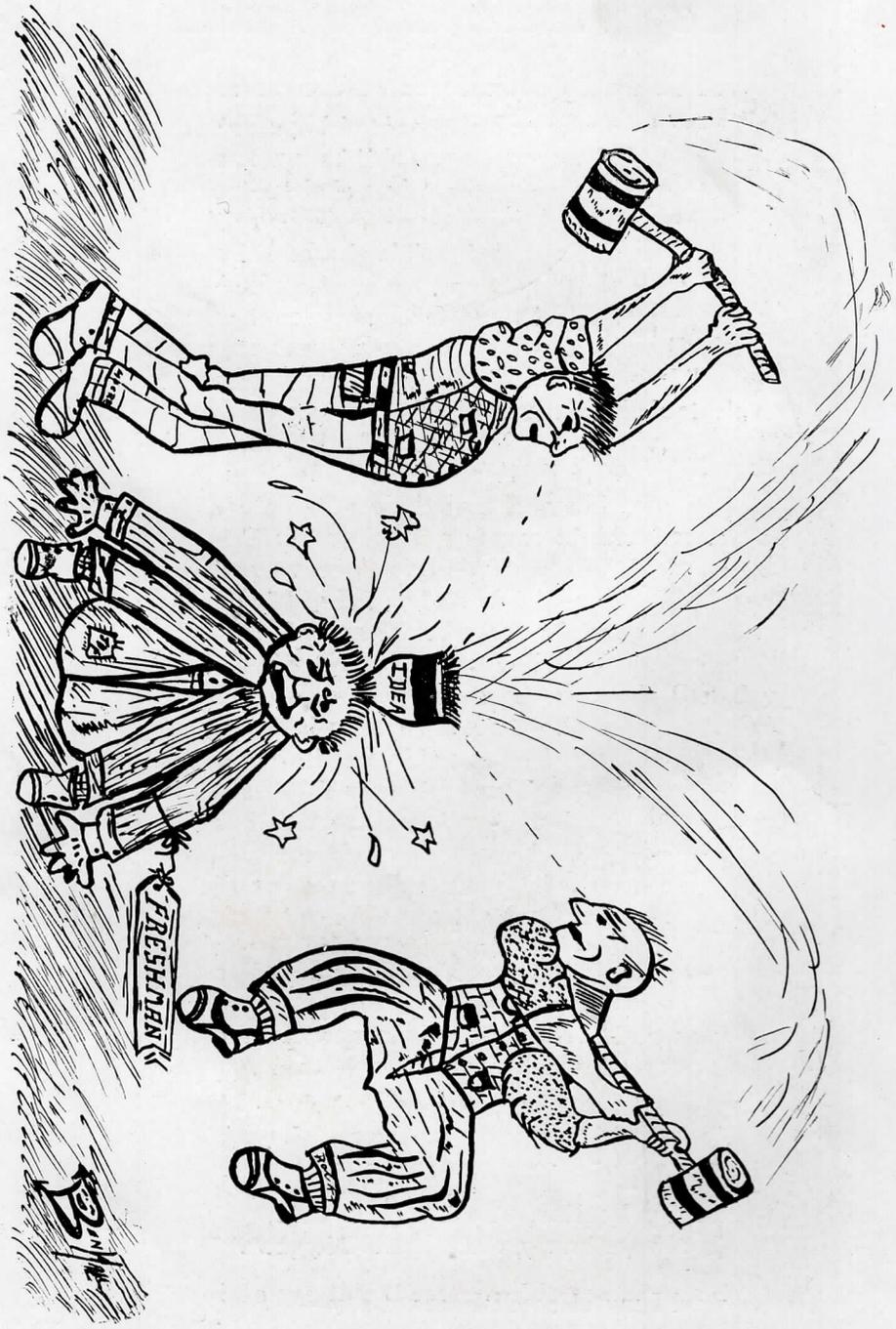
McKinley, though he is a tease,
Tries his best the teachers to please.

Pretty Pauline, who is such a dear,
Is always happy when Harold is near.

And I myself, well I cannot say—
My fate will be told some other day.

Thus ends the class and its past career—
We hope to do better in another year.

—Hazel Morrison.



Freshman Class



FRONT ROW—Frank Canaday, Vera Price, Lois Dennis, Nola O'Neil, Edna Brown, Paul Oaks.

SECOND ROW—Opal Smith, Nellie Ray, Carrie Earnest, Martha White, Charles Broyles, Bessie Hays.

THIRD ROW—Adolph Sickel, Frank Wrisk, Nellie Hays, Frank Cotton, Gladys Winters, (absent.)

OFFICERS—President, Nellie Ray; Vice-President, Lois Dennis; Secretary-Treasurer, Gladys Winters.

COLORS—Gold and White.

MOTTO—It will be pleasant to remember these things some day.

Freshman Class Poem

Listen my friends while I recall
 The story of this class rise and fall,
 Fourteen lads and lassies fair
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen hair,
 Started to school in nineteen five
 To books and to teacher very much alive.
 Now there was Adolphus Sickle,
 Whose funny sayings did the teacher tickle,
 The pilgrims did land at "bantam rock"
 And my mother belongs to the English stock,
 He could tell of the war of seventy-six,
 When all the British we did lick.
 How "Monte Calm" Bull Run did rain
 And Grant scaled the planes of Abraham.
 Nola was small and shy
 But quickly learned to multiply.
 Before she reached the age of seven
 Could say the tables up to 'leven.
 From the country home came Frank Canaday
 Whose God was cattle, corn and hay.
 And two little maids named Hays
 Started with us with charming ways.
 Now Lois Dennis not very tall
 Started too that very same fall,
 With ruler, pencil, slate and book
 Modestly she hied to the farther nook.
 Carrie finished the second reader
 And to stay longer we could not plead her,
 So she moved to where the quail whistles
 And studied the meadows, down, and thistles
 But like the robins she did return
 And her desire for greater knowledge burn.
 As for colors we have "White and Browne",
 Who joined our ranks and came to town.
 Most "Oakes" are sturdy and firm,
 But Paul is a Freshman for a second term
 For Latin and Algebra gave him concern
 And he ponders them over his second term.
 Charley Broyles, Earl Yount and Vera Price, him company
 keeps.
 For studies too they must complete.
 In the fifth year came Nellie Ray,
 Whose motto is "work and never play."
 No work is complete without a Smith,

And Opals charms are no myth.
For into a teacher's heart she won,
And her thoughts westward run.
Cotton and Wrisk are hard to beat,
And never found in the dunce's seat.
For best grades "Wrisk" did try to beat,
But "Winter" made him oft retreat.
Martha White last came along,
And joined our class with mirth and song.
Our aim is "Ignorance to fight"
With all our courage and our might."

—*Gladys Winters.*





Eighth Grade



FRONT ROW—Helen Philbrook, Ronald Rosenbaum, John Smoot, Delle Conkey, Wayne Shroll, Grace Madden.

SECOND ROW—Roy Dusan, Adah Morrison, Janice Conkey, John Church, James McElroy, Margaret Covert, Bernice Cusick, Leslie Townner.

THIRD ROW—Jewell White, Christoval Danner, Julian Wallace, Paul Hefley, Bernice Stackhouse.

OFFICERS—President, Julian; Vice-President, Helen Philbrook; Secretary, John Church; Treasurer, Leslie Townner.

COLORS—Pink and Green.

FLOWER—Carnation.

MOTTO—Not at the top but climbing.

Class Prophecy

In July, after the close of school, all of the graduating class of 1915 went on a walk or hike thru the woods. We walked for about two miles without seeing a house or human being, when finally, one of our boys, whom we call Leslie, cried, "Oh, there is a little log cabin, I wonder if there is anyone living there." Of course when he cried out we were all excited, so we walked very fast over to the cabin and looked in at the little window. Not seeing anyone we all went inside to explore. There was not much in the cabin but in one corner of the room sat an old man looking thru something very unfamiliar to us. When he saw us, he jumped up and said, "Howdy-do, children, won't you come over here and see my futurascope?"

Of course when we received such an invitation, we could not help but accept it; so we all went over to where the old man sat and looked at his new futurascope. He said that he had just finished it and that it was to tell your future if you looked thru it, so he said that if we wanted to try it we could, of course we accepted.

Since Leslie had discovered the cabin, we told him to look first. So he did. He said that he saw himself on a plow out in a field, and his wife, standing at the fence, waving at him.

The next person was Roy, who said he saw himself standing on a large box on a stage, acting as fat man for Ringling Bros. Circus. After Roy came our darling Adah, the belle of the class, who wanted to see what she was going to do, so of course we could not refuse her.

She saw herself sitting in an office as stenographer, in Kansas City, with her darling poodle dog beside her. When she was thru she laughed but after awhile we saw her crying. She said that she wanted it to come true but was afraid that it would not.

Next we thought that Bernice ought to see. She saw herself and Grace walking up and down State Street of Chicago, with large banners, on which were written 'Votes for Women.'

Next it was John Smoot's turn, who saw himself playing basket ball on a Chicago floor, the champion player.

Now it was Margaret's time, who said she wouldn't tell what she saw, but we all told her that she must, so after much persuading she said that she saw herself sitting in a very beautiful home as an old maid with long, corkscrew curls and glasses on her nose.

After Margaret came Paul, who told us he saw himself sitting on a tall stool before a desk, drawing cartoons for a paper.

When Paul had seen his future Grace looked to see what her future would be, and she said it was the same as what Bernice had seen.

Now it was time for Jewell to tell us what he saw, and he said that he was walking up and down the "streets" of Mayview, hunting for a girl, who would consent to be his wife.

When Jewell had looked thru the futurascope, he wanted to see what Delle was going to do, so of course she was ready. She saw herself at an Opera singing under the name of "Madam Della" and looking out in the audience to see if she could see her old school friend George.

Now it was time for our dear boy John Church to see his future and when he started to look in the 'scope, there was a twinkle in the old man's eye, which we all noticed. John wouldn't tell what he saw, but the old man mumbled to us under his breath, "A Great Sport," so of course we could all imagine what he saw.

After John came Wayne, the little one of our class. He saw himself in a bakery making bread and fancy cakes.

Now came the time for our sweet Helen, who said that she saw herself in a country school-house, with a long hickory rod in her hand, ready to punish one of her innocent boys.

Now there were only five more children left to see their futures, so the old man told the large, dark-complected boy, who was Christoval, to see his future, and he said that he saw himself as a farmer planting the seed for corn.

After Christoval came Ralph, who saw himself in a little store in Ogden selling neckties and shoes.

The next was James who saw himself making a fortune selling Cadillac Automobiles.

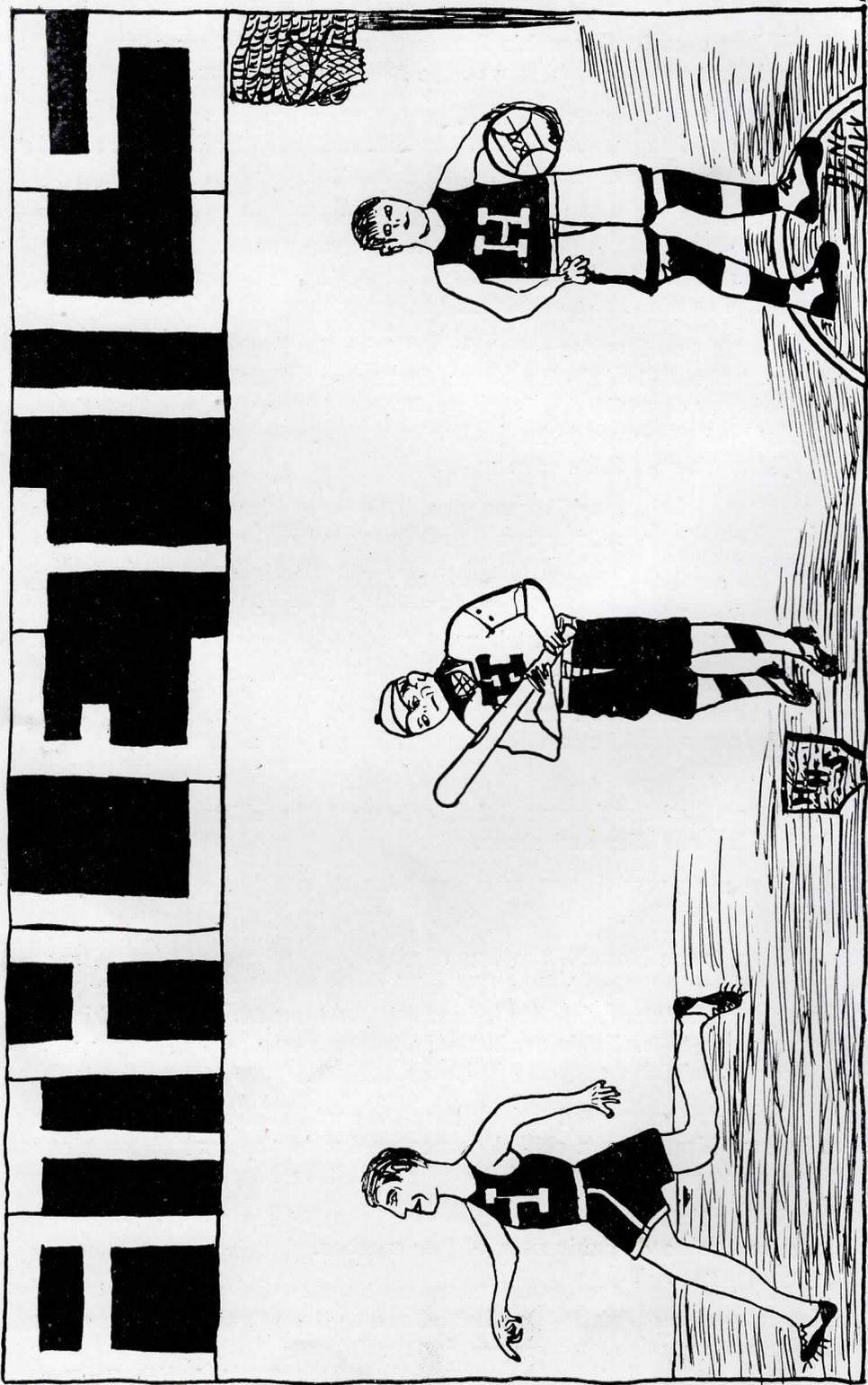
Then came Ronald, the fun of the class, who saw himself seated before an invention that looked like a Victrola, only it was what he called "The Human Talking Machine", invented by himself. The machine did not give music to its listeners, but only the real talking and funny things that Ronald had done and said in his school life.

Then Julian wanted to look thru the wonderful invention, who said that he saw himself as a skilled carpenter due to the careful teaching of Mr. Routt, building a beautiful home in which he hoped some day to live.

Last of all came Janice, who saw herself before a large audience, singing to the accompaniments of her mother.

When all had seen our futures we thanked the man, and told him we had enjoyed a delightful two hours, and as it was getting late we started back to town, with great hopes for the future.

—Janice Conkey.



Athletics

At the beginning of the year, there was so much good material for a football team, that this sport was brought before the H. H. S. Athletic Association immediately. However there was so much parental objection that the sport was given up.

As the time for basket ball approached, the veterans and new aspirants began showing up at practice on the Campus goals. A good team was insured, which certainly lived up to its expectations, having lost only four games out of fifteen. The second team, was also a speedy, well trained aggregation, that could give the regulars a good practice game. It played four games and won three.

It is now under discussion whether the upper-classmen and the lower-classmen shall have a dual track meet this year or not. There is lots of good material, and since that line of athletics has not developed to a great extent in the school it should be boosted along by the Association. However, track work is at the present only a myth that is hoped to be realized.

Base ball is to be the one sport in which the H. H. S. will show up this Spring, with four games already scheduled and the same line-up of players as last year. It has been the habit of Ben Hall to knock at least two window glasses out of the assembly room windows each Spring. But, since we have to pay for them now he will probably be more careful this Spring. We hope to take Champaign's scalp this year for the merciless way in which they tomahawked us last year.

BASKET BALL.

Right Forwards	Ben Hall, Harold Spencer
Left Forwards	Earl Yount, Wilbur Martin, Clyde Rogers
Center	George Bone
Right Guard	Frank Earnest
Left Guards	Frank Wrisk, Jasper Peters
Coach	Prin. L. E. Moore

November 7, Allerton 12; Homer 25. At Allerton.

An easily won game, the local team having outclassed them in weight, speed and team work.

November 20, St. Joseph 14; Homer 50. At Homer.

Another big victory over Homer's old enemy. They were swept off their feet from the first few minutes of playing.

November 27, Onargo 54; Homer 32. At Homer.

This was a clean, fast game, but the maroon and gold went down under the stellar playing of the two years' champions of Iroquois county.

December 11, Sidell 15; Homer 35. At Homer.

This set the H. H. S. colors triumphantly waving once more over another victim. This revived our spirit in the game only to have cold water thrown on it from the one that followed.

December 18, Bement 51; Homer 26. At Bement.

The first half was clean, fast and well played. Our boys at one time having twelve points to their five. Then they began football tactics on their long, narrow floor and it seemed that from that time on Homer was downed. Their score keeper either resigned or run out of chalk, hence the score was estimated by them. However, this score is easily explained by the fact that Homer's football team did not materialize and they were not used to playing that game under the milder name of basket ball. They also gave us a few hints regarding the game of "snowball" on the way to the interurban.

January 9, Mahomet 8; Homer 32. At Homer.

Although it seemed a heavy, fast team in practice, before the game, they soon lost their scalp and there was little hope for them throughout the whole game.

January 29, Sidney 27; Homer 67. At Sidney.

An easy victory from start to finish. Sidney never was able to beat Homer in basket ball.

January 15, Monticello 42; Homer 13. At Monticello.

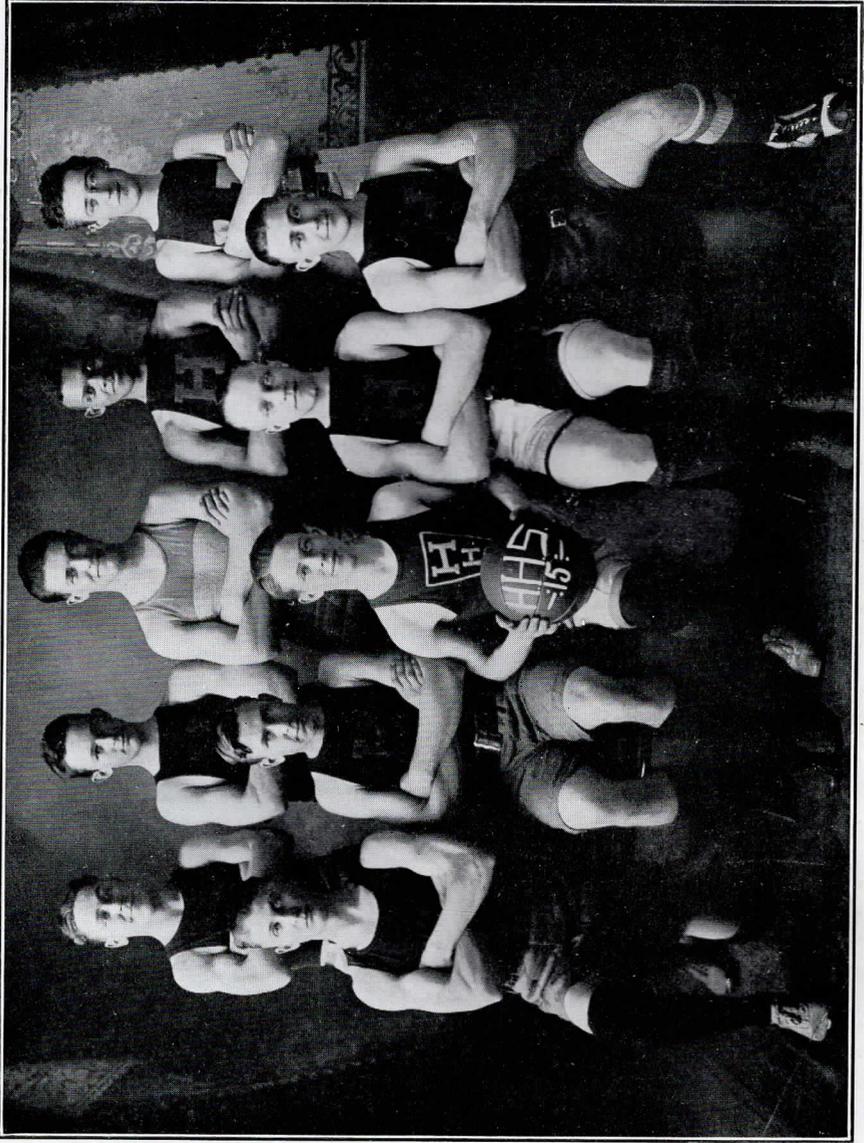
This was a rather easy game for our opponents since it was played by a crippled team and out of practice. This is shown by the fact that the H. H. S. has defeated them both on our own floor and on their floor since.

January 22, Armstrong 22; Homer 23. At Armstrong.

Took five hours on a slow train to get there and rode back seventeen miles in a bob-sled when it was 20 degrees below zero. However, the game was well worth it. The score being a tie, 21 to 21, Homer making the deciding basket.

January 29, Armstrong 25; Homer 42. At Homer.

In spite of their giant center, who was 6 feet and 5 inches, the local quintet played rings around the visitors, who seemed to be lost on the big floor, since they were used to playing on an extremely small floor. They held us to a very close score until the last half, when with a few changes in the line-up we shot baskets, one after another.



February 5, Sidell 67; Homer 15. At Sidell.

This was a defeat due to the loss of our regular center, a cement floor, and baskets two feet below the regulation. They refused a return game for the deciding game, thus forfeiting it to a score of 2 to 0.

February 12, Monticello 25; Homer 31. At Homer.

A fast game, no one knowing who was going to win until time was called. Bad weather caused the side-lines to be rather slim. But the exciting game was a stimulant to the fans.

February 26, Villa Grove 20; Homer 26. At Villa Grove.

This was an exceptionally well played game. Our opponents saying that it was the best game of their season so far. The local team now has its line-up and expects to win all coming games.

March 5, Monticello 33; Homer 61. At Monticello.

This game decided the superiority of the teams since each had won a game. The victory was more complete since it was won on our opponent's floor. The score was a tie of 33 to 33, when in the last minute of playing the ball swished through our basket. It was like an electric shock to Monticello.

March 5, Danville Gym. 2nd 26; Homer 61. At Homer.

This seemed to be a heavy team but they were too slow on their feet and showed the lack of practice. It was a walk-away for the old "Maroon and Gold."

Forfeits—February 19, Sidell 0; Homer 2. February 20, Mahomet 0; Homer 2.

Second Team Games—October 23, Ogden 9; Homer 7. At Ogden. November 20, Ogden 20; Homer 33. At Homer. November 27, St. Joseph 9; Homer 39. At Homer. December 25, Sidney 23; Homer 53. At Sidney.



SOCIETY



Society Notes

The High School and the eighth grade sang two choruses for the Farmers Institute, March fourth. They whistled the last chorus, which pleased the audience so much that they came back and whistled it over. Miss Mitchell sang a solo.

MR. BOB

Cast of Characters.

Philip Royson	Wilbur Martin
Robt. Brown (law clerk)	Scot Spencer
Jenkins (butler)	Benjamin Hall
Rebecca Luke (maiden lady)	Florence Robinson
Katherine Rodgers (a niece)	Ruth Wallace
Marion Bryant, Katherine's friend	Evelyn Broadbent

ACT I.

Scene. Dining room at Freshman. a. m.

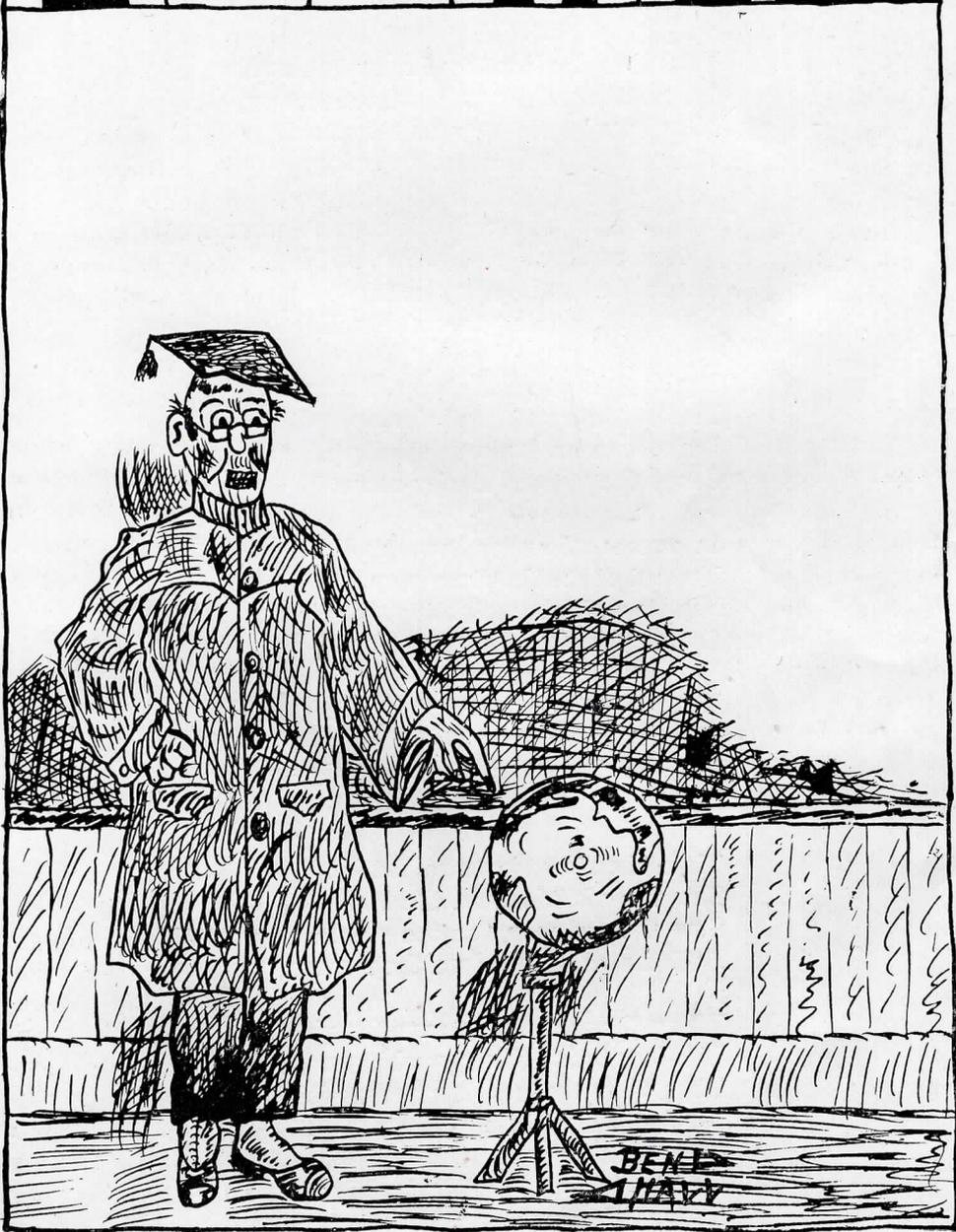
Miss Rebecca is a fanatic over cats, while her maid Patty leads Jenkins the butler, who is in love with her, a merry life, making him take the part of Romeo. Philip's hobby is boats but promises to give them up if cats are eliminated, but Auntie objects. Katherine arrives on the scene and says her friend Bob is to come today. Phil thinks Bob is a man and reluctantly assents to play the agreeable. Meanwhile cats cause lots of trouble and a Mr. Brown arrives. Philip thinks it is Mr. Bob, while Katherine and Bob thinks it is one of Philip's college friends. Mr. Brown is in a trying position and begins to bluff his way out, by taking the role of Mr. Bob. Kitty determines to have Bob sail Phil's yacht since he and his aunt make a compact to give up their hobbies.

ACT II.

Scene. Same as Act 1. p. m.

Kitty and Bob (Marion) lay plans to sail the yacht. Philip starts on a journey and finds his traveling bag full of cats, returns home angry. Meets Mr. Brown and still under the impression that he is Mr. Bob tries to make this weak, bashful specimen of humanity propose to Kitty. Marion and Philip meet and being old friends the pleasing surprise was mutual. Philip, however, never suspecting she was Kitty's Bob. Bob sails the yacht and wins the race. Philip is hilarious and carries the astonished Mr. Brown into the room on his shoulders giving 'rahs.' The little joke is then explained and Philip takes it good naturedly, since his yacht won. Marion or (Mr. Bob) asks for the yacht as a trophy. Philip gives it to her on condition she will take him too, since they are inseparable, and received the reply that she would be satisfied with the yacht and leave the rest to him.

ALUMNI



Sleeping River

Once a river proud and dashing,
With a bosom broad and strong,
Now she's but a sleeping maiden,
As she slowly glides along.

From her banks spread mighty forests,
Where the woodman's axe held sway,
Now have given way to farmland,
Where the knife and sickle play.

On the hills where Black Hawk's warriors,
Wooded and won the Indian maid,
Graze the cattle unmolested,
Ne'er of haunting forms afraid.

Trailing 'neath the shady bowers,
Peering into nook and den,
Ever eyes on lurking shadows,
Crept the simple, dusky men.

In canoes of rough hewn red oak,
Up and down the river way,
Hunting, fishing, fighting, playing,
Caring naught of coming day.

Many nights were spent in vigil,
Waiting at the water's side,
For the deer that came so slyly,
Eyes alert and nostrils wide.

Then the river saw the battles,
Saw the vic'tries and the loss,
Saw the red men flee the paleface,
And the oak trees lose their moss.

When the white men saw the river's
Life-blood throbbing, rushing on,
Then they made a bar across it,
Made it's soul into a pawn.

To it's strength a mill-wheel harnessed,
Turned the burrs and heavy gear,
As they ground out meal and flour,
For the settlers far and near.

Then came steam into the domain,
And the river lost it's use;
To the mill that stood upon it.
Fell a lot of sad abuse.

Gone, the forests and the red men,
Gone, the wolves and foxes shy,
Left alone the sleeping river,
There uncared for must she lie.

Sometimes now in dreams of anger,
She will from her channel rise,
Laying waste and fertile valleys,
Aided on by weeping skies.

Leaping, laughing, foaming, fighting,
Spurning, struggling, half awake,
Onward rushing, forward lashing,
She will dreams of fury take.

Smiles the sun with beams of pity,
Warms her heart 'til passion's fled,
Breathes the west wind soft and gentle,
Soothes her to her lowly bed.

In her dreams she sees the spirits,
Of the warriors flitting by,
Hears the fret and fumes of battle,
Or a brave his swan song cry .

Sleep, oh sleep, thou gentle river,
'Til the Call cleaves sod clad mounds,
On thy bosom swiftly float us,
To the Happy Hunting Grounds.

—Henry A. Mullen.

**Respectfully dedicated to the pioneers
who blazed the trail 'long
"Old Salt Fork."**

Alumni Record

Class of 1885.
Ella Long
Mary Long

Class of 1886.
Nora Gunder
Nancy White
Alta Woody
Jennie Smith

Class of 1887.
Dude White
C. B. Coffeen
Ola Shepherd
Carrie Burkhart
Fred Gray
Lydia Allen
Nellie Smith
Mary Morgan

Class of 1888.
Nellie Busey
Mable Ocheltree
Geo. Humrickhouse
Mary Butterfield
Ollie Reynolds
F. M. Conkey

Class of 1889.
Bertha Shepard
Fannie Miller
Belle Garwood
Sadie Custer
Effie Smith
Ella Riggs

Class of 1890.
Oscar Jamison
Will Pearsons

Class of 1891.
No Class.

Class of 1892.
Albert Smith
Lillie Conkey
Myrtle Mantle
Melvin Greeley
Bertha Starr
Sophia Palmer
Fred Hamil

Class of 1893.
Emma Burrows
Vollie Jacobus

Class of 1894.
Ed Hall
Dove Ashley
Garnet Hartman

Class of 1895.
Charles Howard
Carrie Evans
Nellie Gunder
Daisy Morrison
Walter Smith
Jessie Stengle
Alice Havard
Boone Garwood
Mary Tindall
Jay Sieboldt
Frank Barton
Dollie Humrickhouse

Class of 1896.
Stella Harden

Class of 1897.
Henry Mullen
Gertie Conkey
Roy Taylor

Class of 1898.
Daisy McCullough
Josie Smith
William Tudor
Roy Salladay
Ella Thomas
Roy Freeman
Pert Smoot
Beth Shaw
Fred Thompson
Curtis Carter
Ora Akers

Class of 1899.
Mary Woody
Carrie Wright

Class of 1900.
Lillie Burdick
Nellie Trimble
Sadie Cusick
Ellen Palmer
Effie Swartz
Lawson Jones
Mary Hall
Fred Summers

Class of 1901.
Gertrude Mudge
Edgar Thomas
John Witherspoon
Laura Brown
Richel Spencer
Myrtle Witherspoon
Milton Akers
Emma Willis
Zella Radebaugh
Nellie Yeazel

Class of 1902.
Gertrude Havard
Ethel Wilson
Ralph Wallace
George Hartman
Carrie Robinson

Class of 1903.
Katie Davis
Will Oaks
Oliver Brown
Vilue Rodgers
Lucy Glover
Eva Conkey
Goldie Briggs
Queenie Gray
Charles N. Brown
Maude Mantle
Ralph Foreman
Jennie Thomas
Dollie Palmer
Martha Nixon
Ada Hall
Guy Briggs
Allen Sickle

Class of 1904.
Charles Bennett

Class of 1905.
Elsie M. Wilson
Jennie Seibold
Earl C. Gibson
Helen Wallace
Colonel E. Elliott
Herbert Wright
Robert Hall

Class of 1906.
Edith Lucile Cooper
Cora Belle Spencer

Class of 1907.
 Howard Hess
 Zella Cotton
 Winifred Stearns
 Bessie Thompson
 Charles Hughes
 Mallie Davis
 Ollie Carter
 Roy Hall
 James Thompson
 Bessie Carter
 Carl Gibson
 Cora Hughes
 Burton Wilson

Class of 1908.
 Julia Jane Hess

Class of 1909.
 Warren Orr
 Mary Carter
 Gladys Hardesty
 Jemima Cecil

John Thompson
 Helen Borders
 Robert Cotton
 Mary Peyton
 Ethel Towner

Class of 1910.
 No Class.

Class of 1911.
 Ronald C. O'Neil
 Maurice W. Ocheltree
 Helen Wilson
 Juanita Gibson
 Helen N. Conkey
 Nora V. Spencer
 Merle Carter
 Jennie Burroughs
 Bonnie Hardesty

Class of 1912.
 Mary O'Neil
 Lew Wallace

Fern Judge
 Florence Hobson
 Henry Rose
 Arthur Roloff

Class of 1913.
 Lowell J. Hayes
 Ruby Regna McMasters
 Gertrude M. Palmer
 Grace S. Bowen
 Olive Julia O'Neil
 Maude D. Penny
 Lawrence K. Cecil

Class of 1914.
 Lucy Ellis
 Hazel Hickman
 Lillian Roloff
 Mary Roberts



LIBRARY



Value of Home Study to the Students

In schools of any size there are some pupils who are naturally brighter and quicker to learn. So the pupil who is slow to learn must resort to some way in which he can keep up with the brighter pupils. What other way is there except outside study? We will call this outside study "home study." It is not only necessary to the slow pupil, but also to the brighter pupils. It is not only necessary to the pupils more advanced in school, but also to those who are just beginning. At the end of the month when the report cards go out, you hear one pupil ask another to see his card. He takes it, looks at it, and hands it back without a word. When the other fellow is gone he says to his neighbor. "I don't see how he gets so much better grades than I do. I am every bit as smart as he is. That teacher just gave him those grades." Do you know why he makes better grades? He takes some of his lessons home to get them every night. He studies them too, when he gets them there. The time he has at school for study, he puts on his other lessons. When he goes up to class to recite he does not stammer around until he hears some one else give the answer. When it comes to examinations, he does not have to stay up all night before to cram, because he has learned it during the month. Then when it comes time to write it, he does not get nervous and write all around the question and never hit it.

The pupil who studies at home not only excels all others in his class at school, but he excels others outside of school. When he has finished his school education and is ready for business, he does not usually have to spend a year or two in study to pass a certain examination. His mind is ready to grasp things quickly because it has been kept in training. I do not mean to say that the pupil who is at the foot of the class does not do any home study. It may be that things are harder for him to grasp, but in time, he may be able to grasp things as quickly as the others.

In our common schools, we very seldom have a pupil who is able to get all their lessons in school hours unless he has had it several times and it is not likely that he will want to take it over so many times.

—*Helen Hickman.*



A Geometrical Catastrophe

A Perpendicular had a Disastrous Fall!

Strikes line at its middle point! Line completely bisected.
Was dropped from a given point.

Investigation.

Homer, Illinois, Nov. 1914. (Special)

It has been rumored that at an early hour this morning, a perpendicular was dropped from a given point, falling in such a manner as to completely bisect a line which happened to be passing below. A wild scene of confusion followed. Eye witnesses of the catastrophe say that the line made frantic efforts to avoid the onrush of the perpendicular but in vain. The line was struck amidship and is a total loss.

Suspects Held.

The perpetrator of this outrage is as yet unknown, but several suspects are under suspicion. Ben Hall is believed to have a knowledge of the case, as on various occasions for the past two years he has expressed a desire to commit the deed. Friends of Mr. Hall deny his guilt and claim that Earnest and Sullivan are to blame. Mr. Moore when interviewed stoutly maintained that Hall was innocent and closed by saying. "I do not believe that the gentle disposition of my friend and student would permit him to even think of such an outrage." Friends of Earnest and Sullivan are certain of their innocence and are ready to fight the case if necessary.

Woman in Case.

The most amazing information which has been unearthed, was, when Wilbur Martin avowed that Ruth Wallace knew more about the affair than she cared to tell, and he declares her to be at the bottom of the conspiracy. Her testimony will undoubtedly be investigated.

Authorities Investigate.

The public is to rest assured however, that a thorough investigation will follow; and any one connected with the affair will receive their just punishment. Enemies of Hall claim that he is guilty without doubt and should therefore receive the full credit of the offence. At the same time the authorities are of the opinion that if the offence is repeated, the guilty may expect nothing short of graduation.

—George Sullivan.

An Interpretation of the Law of Gravitation

Time: A sunny morning in June—six-thirty o'clock.

Place: A large cherry orchard.

People: A young girl of twenty and a man of twenty-three.

The curtain rises and the girl is discovered perched in the top of a large cherry tree.

Girl—(taking off her large hat and using it as a fan) “Oh, dear I’m tired of picking cherries. Maybe Ted Allen thinks I’m going to pick *all* these cherries. I wish he—no, I don’t. Oh, I wonder if he could be angry with me for what I said last night. I *hope* he isn’t. Why doesn’t he—here he comes.” (Picks cherries very industriously.)

A young man dressed in tennis flannels, whistling cheerfully, comes into view.

Man—“The top o’ the mornin’ to you.”

Girl—“Well it’s the top of the cherry tree for you. Slow poke.”

Man—“Oh come down Helen and play tennis for a half hour and I’ll pick cherries the rest of the day. It’s too nice a morning to spend out here—do—please.”

Girl—“Well, Ted Allen *I’m* not so lazy as *you* are. I’m going to pick this fruit and you can play tennis if you wish, but not with me.”

Man—“I’m coming up that tree young lady, and not to pick cherries either. I’ll show—”

Just as he started to climb, the limb on which the girl was sitting broke with a snap and she hurriedly came to the ground. Ted, scared, half out of his senses ran to her, but seeing she was unhurt, said unconcernedly. “Thought you were not coming down, Miss Helen.”

Girl—“Old smarty. I didn’t come down ’cause I wanted to. I came down ’cause every portion of matter attracts every portion of matter with a force directly proportional to the product of their masses.”

(And one attraction which had been great, grew greater.)

—Josephine Hardesty.

Found—My Own

Well I could stand it no longer, obtaining Wanda's permission I started toward the smoking car. We were just entering the tunnel at Detroit and I had just about made up my mind to drop off at Windsor. When about midway of the next coach the car gave a sudden lurch and came to a stand still. The lights went out and I found a seat beside a lady. All about was confusion yet my companion seemed to be the only one who did not enter into it. Wanda would probably be crying. The conductor passed through the car, calming the passengers saying that it was but a slight break-down and that he would be able to go on within fifteen or twenty minutes.

The coach was dark and therefore I was left to my thoughts. I fell to pondering over my elopement and the girl with whom I was eloping. The more I pondered the more dissatisfied I became with Wanda. She did not seem to meet any of my ideals, in fact she seemed not to have a single qualification which I desired that my wife should have. I finally decided to leave the train and Wanda forever at Windsor.

I soon became tired of my thoughts however, and spoke to the person beside me. She answered in full rich southern accents. I liked the voice and I began picturing in my mind what she must be like. Here probably was the daughter of some rich, old southern Colonel inheriting the intellect of her father and the beauty of her mother.

As we talked together, I found that our tastes were similar, that she loved the same books and enjoyed the same amusements as myself. Of course this made me only the more certain that I would leave Wanda at Windsor. Just then the car began moving and we passed from the tunnel.

I glanced at my companion, expecting to see a beautiful dark southern girl. Beside me sat a young well dressed negro girl and I started toward the last car with a heart full of joy, Wanda had, at least one qualification—she was white.

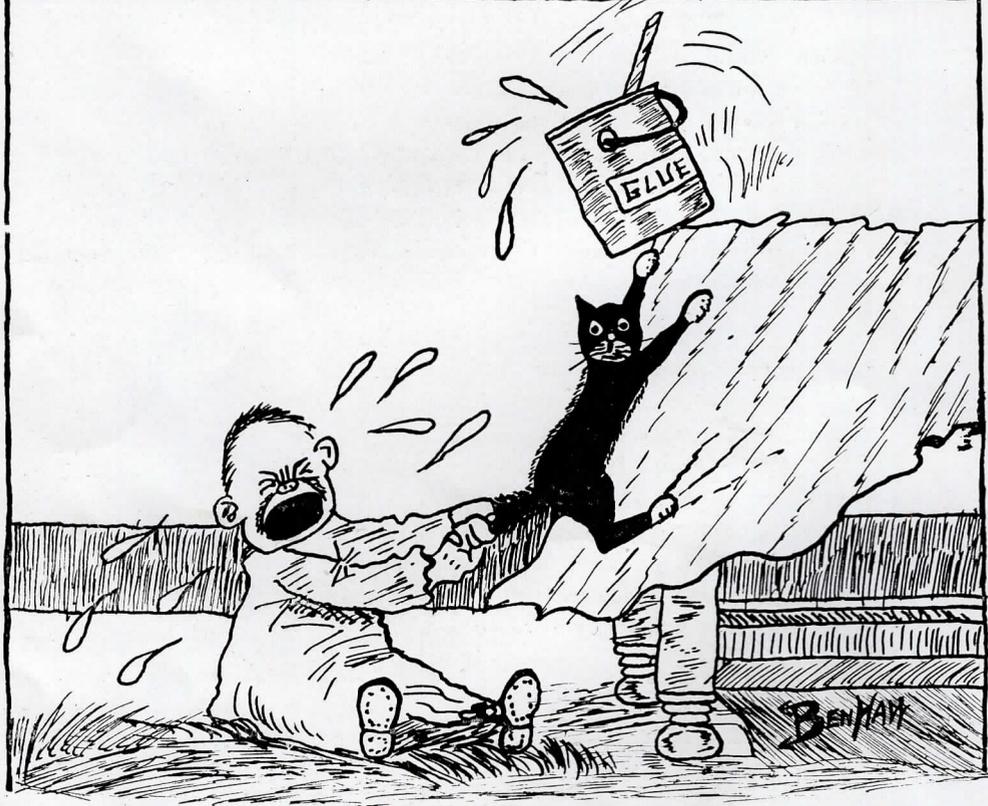
—Nola O'Neil and Lois Dennis.



Calendar

- Sept. 7, 1914—Labor Day. First day of school.
- Sept. 24—Ponies discovered in Caesar Class by Mr. Moore.
- Sept. 25—Order. Why? Mr. Routt has charge of the room.
- Sept. 25—Mr. Moore has a new Sears Roebuck suit on with tucks, plaits and buttons.
- Sept. 30—Weiner Roast given to the H. S. girls, by the H. S. boys.
- Oct. 5—Everybody went to the show last night and were hypnotized.
- Oct. 16—Camp Fire Girls organized.
- Oct. 23—First basket ball game of the season. Homer vs Ogden.
- Oct. 30—Exams. Seniors accused of cheating by Miss Mitchell.
- Nov. 4—Miss Mitchell on the war path.
- Nov. 6—Seniors mad. No apology from Miss Mitchell about the Seniors cheating.
- Nov. 25—Moore forgot to get the powder out of his eyebrows. He looks like he had been thrown in a flour barrel.
- Nov. 27—Mr. Moore has a new name—Moses.
- Dec. 10—Report cards received. Oh, the department grades.
- Dec. 17—Russian exile. Lock-Wits--Key visited the school and gave a talk.
- Dec. 23—Last day of school in the year.
- Jan. 4—Everybody back from vacation. The first day of school in the New Year.
- Jan. 5—Miss Dexter fell on ice and is not at school.
- Jan. 7—Mr. Moore became sick and went home.
- Jan. 8—Mr. Moore is back.
- Jan. 18—First day of second semester. Zoology Class started.
- Jan. 25-29—Classes have pictures taken.
- Feb. 3—Colored handkerchiefs have come into style in the H. S.
- Feb. 4—Mr. Watts and Mr. Wright visited the school today.
- Feb. 9—Mr. Davis and Mr. Edgar visited school and gave a talk against cigarettes and smoking.
- Feb. 11—Mr. Moore called away on account of the death of his mother-in-law.
- Feb. 12—Mr. H. J. Wiggins visited the school and gave an interesting talk. Exams.
- Feb. 17—Everything is to be handed in for the Annual today.
- Feb. 25—Seniors commenced to practice for their play "Mr. Bob."
- March 4—A new girl, Eunice Groves, has started to school.
- March 9—Ten H. S. girls played hookey. Went to the park and had a weiner roast.

JOKES



Jokes

Ben Hall in geometry exams
 Makes one hundred and never tries
 The teachers never give him slams
 Because he uses his eyes.

Miss Mitchell—"Now, pupils, we come to something simple.
 Gene Daugherty—."

THINGS HEARD IN SCHOOL

Classes, Stand, Pass.

Put your gum in the wastebasket.

Take this seat John. Where do you want me to take it to?

Come on back home you look homesick back there.

"McKinley why does a potato wrinkle?"

"Because it wilts" answered McKinley.

While talking of collective nouns, Grace Madden—"Is measles
 one?"

Please do not rave
 And curse the knave
 Or knaves, as it may be
 Who sought to raise in honest ways
 The laughs that here you see,
 For though you think that printer's ink
 Will make or mar your fame,
 My word I'll give that you'll outlive
 The slams upon your name.

McKinley in English class, looking in vain for a seat—"We can't
 sit on our imagination, can we?"

Adolph Sickle—"Micky swallowed two dimes and a quarter last
 week."

Frank Canaday—"How is he now?"

Adolph—"No change."

The H. H. S. entry for the better babies contest at the county fair
 for 1914 was Baby Bone. His picture will be sent on receipt of a two-
 cent stamp.

Albert Riggs is a studious fellow
 Altho' very quiet is he
 His laugh is clear and mellow
 When a pretty girl he'd see.

Harold—"No girl ever made a fool of me yet."
 Francis—"Oh I see, somebody already has beat them to it!"

TO OUR MATHEMATICS TEACHER

May her shadow never grow less,
 She is as lean as a snake,
 And her form resembles a rake?
 When she eats apples green,
 She is certain, I ween,
 To go to the Doctor for backache

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
 New jokes are hard to find,
 And e'en a whole Homeric Staff
 Can't tickle every mind.
 So if you meet some ancient joke,
 Decked out in modern guise,
 Don't frown and call the thing a joke,
 Just laugh—don't be too wise.

Miss Dexter—"Jule, there isn't any such thing as a stand table.
 A small table is called a stand."

Jule White—"Well, you just look in Sears Roebuck's catalog and
 you'll find a stand table."

Harold translating latin into English said—"The instructions ran
 across the field at daybreak."

Mr. Moore—"I think you had better go and find some of it."

The clock in the assembly was faster than the one in the office, and
 someone asked Mr. Routt which was right. He hesitated a moment then
 replied—"It doesn't make any difference which is right, school begins at
 8:45 anyhow."

Guy—"I've lost my book."

Miss Mitchell—"Now Guy did you lose your book just between
 Monday and Tuesday?"

Jasper, butting in as usual—"No, between the depot and the bank."

POPULAR SONGS

When my auburn hair will turn to golden brown—Josephine and Waneta.

Why did you make me care—Lois Dennis.

Pony Boy—George Bone.

Oh, you baby doll—Vera Price.

I wish that I was little—Alma Philbrook.

Squeeze, squeeze, keep on squeezing—Louise Oaks.

There's only one church for me—Evelyn Broadbent.

Three of a kind—Peany, Jap and Guy.

If I only had a steady girl—Scott Spencer.

I love him, don't you?—Ruth Wallace.

I always did like ham sandwiches—Grace Hall.

Don't you wish you were Irish—Gene Peyton.

DEDICATED TO BEN HALL

He was seated in the parlor

And he said unto the light

Either you or I old fellow

Will be turned down here tonight.

A note found for George Bone: My dear George—How are you?
I must close. Yours, as soon as possible, Delle.

Mother says I can but Pa says I can't—Poor Guy.

IMPOSSIBILITIES

For Seymer Current and Gladys Winters to stop making such good grades.

For Guy Strayhorn to stop getting us into trouble with his chewing gum.

For Nola O to stop showing her cute dimples.

For Ruth and Evelyn to act as dignified Seniors.

For John Farlee to keep out of other people's business.

For Hazel Morrison to grow.

For Mary Baird and Scott Spencer to stop writing notes.

Day before Xmas holidays ? ? ? ? ? ? ? some present.

Any student—"May I speak?"

Mr. Moore (five minutes later)—"Yes."

"Lois Dennis is getting to be quite an excellent Latin scholar", said Mr. Moore to a visitor. "Here is one of her exercise books and you can see for yourself."

Lois blushed scarlet and made a grab for the book. She was too late and the delighted visitor read aloud:

Boyibus kissibuss
Sweet girliorum
Girlibus likibus
Wanti somorum.

Mr. Moore—"Charles why do they fight a duel?"
Charles Broyles—"To see which one wins, of course."

Mr. Routt speaking of evaporation said—"In a field of timothy there is an evaporation of about eight tons in one day."

Lois—"I should think when harvesting time came there wouldn't be any timothy left."

Miss Dexter (geog. exam.)—"What is the shape of South America?"

Jule W.—"Like a three cornered angel."

There is a teacher named Mitchell, is there not?
Who on various occasions gets hot,
With anger she roars
As she paces the floors,
While the Students mind not a jot.

Harold and Earl on the way home from seeing their girls—
Earl—"Harold don't your mother miss you when you are gone so late?"

Harold—"Not very often. She can throw as straight as I can."

Mr. Moore in geometry class—"Every one must get a compass."
Mary Baird—"Like to know what you would do with one, had about sixty last year and they all got swiped."
Mr. Moore—"Put them in your pocket."

Jan.26—Jasper sent out of the room.
Jan. 27—Jasper sent out of the room.
It's getting to be a habit.

HOW THE AVERAGE STUDENT READS HIS ANNUAL.

First Five Minutes—Looks for himself in his class group and finds his name wherever he is on a committee. This is the most enjoyable period of inspection.

Second Five Minutes—Does same for his girl's name or picture.

Third Five Minutes—Hunts up every roast on his "case" or himself.

Last Five Minutes—Makes sure of all these things, then shuts the book forever. After this he takes pains to say that the Annual isn't as good as the "Homerian" generally is.

Mr. Moore—"John, get that monkey grin off your face."

John—"I can't help it for I've looked at you too long."

George Bone at Armstrong—"Can we have some more bread please?"

Miss Dexter—"Lord Alfred Tennyson's friend was drowned on the way to Italy."

Delle—"Why, I thought he died."

To the Homeric Staff
 Here's to the Homeric Staff
 Their job's to make everyone laugh,
 And to get a book
 That will make people look,
 Although they don't read it by half.

Water melon grinders—"Wilber Martin, Mary Baird and Walter Madden."

Seymer Current (in English)—"A run over line is where you coast over and don't put on the brakes."

Miss Mitchell—"Gene, what kind of light is Comus wanting?"
 Gene P.—"It must be moonshine."

Arthur said this morning that it was colder.
 Arthur who?
 Our thermometer.

Father—"I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell your son the same?"

John Church—"Not and keep my face as straight as you did Dad."

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
But all the simple little geese
Are in the Freshman class.

Mr. Wright (visiting school)—"Are you a student here?"

Clyde Rogers—"No, I'm in on a life sentence."

WANT AD COLUMN

WANTED—A cure for laughter in Senior American History Class. Hand donations to Scott Spencer and Ben Hall.

WANTED—Some more chalk or new finger tips.

WANTED—To know if Dwight Harris didn't want to be president of the Sophomore class.

WANTED—A receipt for the smile than wont come off Evelyne Broadbent's face.

WANTED—The origin of the word "flunk."

WANTED—A troop of soldiers from the German army to keep order and make everybody work in the Assembly Room.

WANTED—To be left alone in the Office with Miss Mitchell.—Wilber Martin.

WANTED—Somebody for Harold Spencer to cut up with all of the time.

WANTED—More spare time for recitation.

WANTED—To cut out the silly, silly note-writing.—Mr. Routt.

WANTED—To change her name.—Ethel McElroy.

WANTED—A button! They all seem to be on Mr. Moore's "Sears and Roebuck" suit.

FOR RENT—Four rooms in High School Building. Terms, Less Noise.

FOR SALE—A clock keeping good time.?? Easy terms.

Miss Mitchell in civics—"What is an undesirable citizen?"

Scott S.—"A boy with a dime novel and a package of cigarettes."

Somebody thinks of someone.—Hazel Winters.

Dwight H.—"What's that knot on your head?"

Gene D.—"Oh, that's where a thought struck me."

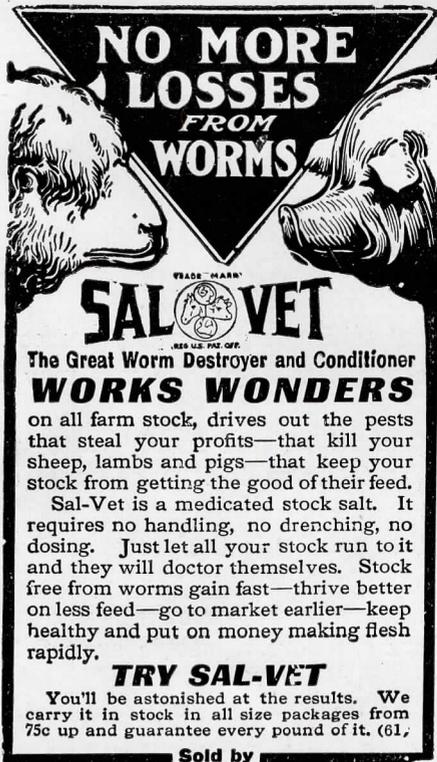
For nearly half a century we have rendered successful service to the good people of Homer and vicinity. We can guarantee satisfactory relations to all who avail themselves of the facilities offered by our institution.

The Citizens Bank

H. J. Wiggins, Pres. P. E. Wiggins, Cashier.

In tonsorial art we are there
On easy shaves and cutting hair
Our touch is light our razors keen
In cutting hair no steps are seen.

V. T. KEEN.



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**The Great Worm Destroyer and Conditioner
WORKS WONDERS**

on all farm stock, drives out the pests that steal your profits—that kill your sheep, lambs and pigs—that keep your stock from getting the good of their feed.

Sal-Vet is a medicated stock salt. It requires no handling, no drenching, no dosing. Just let all your stock run to it and they will doctor themselves. Stock free from worms gain fast—thrive better on less feed—go to market earlier—keep healthy and put on money making flesh rapidly.

TRY SAL-VET

You'll be astonished at the results. We carry it in stock in all size packages from 75c up and guarantee every pound of it. (61)

Sold by

Ask the
men who
have
used it.

G. M. Porter,
HOMER, ILL.

LITTLE, BUT OH!

Have you ever seen a crazy duck
 Go running through the hall?
 He seems to think that everyone
 Is at his beck and call.

He bosses all the faculty,
 He tells the students how
 They ought to run their business,
 And they must do it now.

He thinks the world would cease to go
 If he stopped bossing things;
 And one of these fine, sunny days
 He'll sprout some angel wings.

Some big "gink" should come along
 And soak him good and hard,
 And put him in the cooler, where
 He can't pass out his cards.

SCHOOL LIFE

Freshman—A little green weed that springs up in September and February.

Pony—A necessary and much used beast of burden.

Recitation—A little puffing.

Whispering—A little cultivated habit.

Recess—Time of torment and torture.

SATIRICAL ADVICE ON ETIQUETTE.

Always engage in an argument with every person you meet.

Never listen to the other person, for if you do you may forget what you want to say yourself.

Always talk of your private, personal, and family matters while conversing with strangers. They like to listen to long accounts of how you had the rheumatism.

If you are a politician never talk politics in the presence of women. Politics never interest women.

If a person makes a mistake in grammar, or calls a word wrong, always correct him, especially if there are several people around to hear you.

If a man has a glass eye, a wooden leg, or a wig, always refer to it.

Never talk in a mild, gentle and musical voice, but toot up high and loud. Drown other's voices, if you cannot drown their ideas.

F. W. Broadbent

BUSY BEE STORE

For Quality and Service

Fancy Groceries, Notions, Fruits, and Vegetables.
Larbee's Best Flour Nagroco Canned Goods.

HOMER HARDWARE CO.

Dealers in Hardware, Farm Implements, Stoves, Paint
Kitchen Utensils.

J. G. EBERLE & SON

HOMER, ILLINOIS

WHO'S WHO?

Undertaking

**Licensed Embalmer and Funeral
Director**

We have the most complete line of undertaking goods
in the city.

C. A. FRY

Phone 158y.

Homer, Illinois.

When the Prof. is talking let your eyes and mind wander about the room, and when he gets through ask him to repeat what he said.

While conversing with strangers always use profanity and vulgar words. You would be surprised how it will change their estimation of you.

Insist on talking about subjects that the rest of the company have never heard anything about. If you can't find a foreign subject like Europe, or what you did in College, pick out the prettiest girl in the room and whisper to her.

If you wish a woman to hold her tongue, just speak of "Women Suffrage."

If you have a 'crow to pick' with anyone, always 'pick' it in public so that there will be plenty around to catch the feathers.

KEEP A GOIN'.

If you can make a speech,
 Keep a goin', keep a goin';
 No matter if you screech,
 Keep a goin', keep a goin';
 'Taint no use to lose your goat,
 'Cause you cannot sound a note,
 Don't pull your hair but shed your coat,
 Keep a goin', keep a goin';
 If you cannot make a hit,
 Keep a goin', keep a goin';
 Watch your crowd and do not quit,
 Keep a goin', keep a goin';
 'Tain't no use to pull your hair,
 Makes it worse to cuss and swear,
 Raise your voice and you'll get there,
 Keep a goin', keep a goin'.

Mr. Warner (while having the Annual picture taken)—"That young lady to the right, move over a little."

Roy Dusan—"Who? Me?"

Adah M. (when working algebra)—"I don't see how you propose that problem."

Our Moral Freshmen—They walk on their heels to save their soles.

Wilbur (In American History when discussing the underground railway, used by the slaves)—"What was done with that under-ground railway, did they fill it up?"

I SELL THE EARTH. Why Pay Rent?

I sell land in Ind. and Ont.
Easy to buy and easy to pay for.

J. T. PALMER
Land Man

West Side Meat Market

Satisfaction Guaranteed

George T. Poage
Proprietor

J. A. Smith

Pharmacist

Homer, Illinois.

School Books and Supplies

Tudor's Drug Store

The Drug Store For
Everybody.

SICK AND WELL.

T. R. BUTLER

Staple and Fancy
Groceries.

Gents' Furnishings.

B. C. Krugh

Buggies

Light Driving and Team
Harness

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

The neatest assortment of
Spring and Summer Fabrics
ever shown by

R. A. ROLOFF

Merchant Tailor

*Is now ready. Suits
\$10 to \$45.*

Temptation always looks pleasant,
so do Warner's Photos.

Warner
Art Studio

Homer, Illinois

THE HOMERIAN

DO YOU?

All boys love their sisters
 But I so good have grown,
 That I love other boys' sisters
 Far better than my own.

Ronald R.—“How old is that lamp, Ma?”

Ma—“Oh, about two years.”

Ronald—“Turn it down. It is too young to smoke.”

BY THE WAYSIDE.

Woodman fell that tree,
 Spare not a single bough;
 It bears a former sweetheart's name
 I love another now.

SOME EXCUSES.

Dear Sir—

Kindly excuse my absence, as we all have been sick. My husband fell and hurt his head while working, and I was unable to get him ready for school. Respy Yours.

Dear Miss—

Please excuse Dwight from his home work. He had a soar toe last night and was unable to do it. Hoping this will be satisfactory, I am, Yours.

Dear Sir—

Our doctor vaccinated Palmer three times and he cannot vaccinate him again until Monday. If you want any more inflammation, refer to Doctor ———. Yours respy.

NOTICE—I hereby make notice that I am a graduate of the Homer University of Horse Doctors and humbly solicit the patronage of the public. Applying poltices is my specialty. Yours truly,

Dr. P. H. Davis,

Physician & Surgeon.

Assistant, Dr. W. O. Madden.

Why don't we sing any more? Ask Miss M.

Miss M.—“Tell all you can about the Caucasian Race.”

Louise O.—“I wasn't there. I was at the basket ball game.”

O MISERABLE EXAMS!

Exams and morning bell
 And one close call for me!
 And may the Prof. his hardest questions keep,
 For I am clear at sea.

At such my mind seems fast asleep,
 Too dull to think or write,
 When that which seemed so easy once,
 Has taken flight.

Exams and closing bells,
 And after that, how sad!
 And may there be no questions asked
 When I get home to dad.

 THE 23rd PSALM (*Revised*)

The pony is my helper, I shall not flunk. He maketh me to sit in my own seat, he leadeth me in the paths of the smart boys for my grade's sake. Yea, thought I walk through the valley of hard exams, I will fear no prof. for thou art in my pocket. Thou helpst in translations, thou comfortest me. Thou preparest my paper before me in the presence of mine enemies, the Prof. Thou annointest my head with praise, my grades runneth high. Surely honor and good grades shall follow me all the days of my life, for I will ride on the back of my pony forever.

Miss M to G. B. (with nose glasses on)—“What's the matter George, do you want to look learned?”

George B.—“Yes.”

Miss M.—“Well, that's impossible.”

Hasn't everybody seen Charlie B.'s new tie pin??

Palmer D.—“Say Mr. Moore, haven't you got something to advertise in the Annual?”

Mr. Moore—“Nothing but my wife, and she is not for sale.”

Gladys W. (in Freshmen class)—“Portia of ‘The Merchant of Venice’ was a lady of perfectly oval face, covered with beautiful hair.”

George S.—“No woman ever made a fool of me.”

Ruth W.—“Who did then?”

J. M. CURRENT & SONS

Dealers in

Grain and Coal

We solicit a share of your business.

C. H. WALLACE

Farm Loans, Real Estate and Insurance

Homer, Illinois.

Bonds and Mortgages for Sale.

RAYNOR & BABB

Bankers

Pay 3 per cent. on savings.

THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE

The White Grocery

Sole Agent for the celebrated Golden Sun line of
Coffees and Teas.

Also Occident and Puritan Flours, the best in the World.

GOOD GOODS AT RIGHT PRICES

is our motto at all times

Homer, Illinois.

Evelyn—"Oh, Louise, what's the matter with your nose?"

Louise—"Why that's caused from my glasses."

Evelyn—"Glasses of what?"

LIFE is short, only 4 letters in it. Three fourths of it is a "lie" and half of it is an "if."

Mr. Routt in Assembly Room, looking at Charley Broyle's red tie—"Let's have less noise back there Charley."

H. S. Pupils always be
Kind to everything you see,
Do not kick the table's legs,
Don't beat unoffending eggs.

Do not mischievously try
To poke things in a needle's eye
Nor guilty be of such a fault
As to pinch the table salt.

Do not pull a teapot's nose
Don't ask bread what time it rose
Little pitcher's ears don't tweak
Nor smack the apple's rosy cheek.

But remember it is right
To all things to be polite,
Let the Hay scales have their weigh
Wish the calendar good day.

Miss M.—"How was Marlowe killed?"

Frank E.—"Why—He died."

George Sullivan was discussing Bunyon's conversion as to whether or not he turned over a new leaf.

Miss M.—"What did he do, Frank?"

Frank E.—"He turned over."

Mr. Routt (in Latin)—"What number and person is the Latin word *laudant*?"

Frank C.—"Masculine number, neuter person."

The Busy Jewelry Shop

Danville's only manufacturing
Jeweler

Frank Schario

131 E. Main St., Danville, Ill.

Girls' Review School

The object of this School is to prepare pupils for the examination for teachers' county certificates. Terms eight weeks preceding each examination. For further information, address

LUCY S. BROWN

Bell Telephone Homer, Ill.



Dr. Wm. E. Surratt

Eye Sight Specialist
Optometrist Optician

Glasses fitted to relieve headache and
nervous troubles.

Phone 713. Office 113 N. Vermilion St.

Danville, Illinois

THE NEWEST LINE IN MILLINERY

Mrs. Sharp

Main Street. Homer, Ill.

DEXTER BROTHERS

Lumber and Building Material

St. Joseph, Illinois

The Western College for Women

OXFORD, OHIO

For information address
W. W. Boyd, President.

Welcome
to
Homer Park

Mary Peters is going around with about two pounds of Germicide in one hand and a telescope in the other, looking for the sleepy one who answered "Search me", to the question, "Where do the fleas go in the winter time?"

John F. (hunting for a job)—"Have you an opening for me, sir?"
 Busy Boss—"Yes, right behind you, close it as you go out."

Mr. Routt—"What is velocity, Wilbur?"
 Wilbur—"Velocity is what a fellow beats it from his girl's house with, when he has heard footsteps approaching the stairway."

Miss M.—"That man over there is staring straight at my nose."
 Seymer C.—"Maybe he's a reporter."
 Miss M.—"And why should a reporter be staring at my nose?"
 Seymer C.—"They are supposed to keep tab on everything that turns up."

A SENIOR DREAM

I wish all the money I've foolishly spent
 Would return to my pocketbook store,
 What joy and delight I should know as I went,
 To foolishly spend it once more.

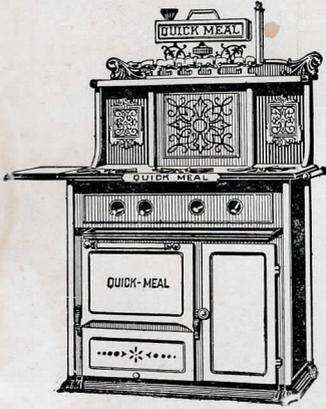
DEDICATED TO MR. ROUTT

A green little freshie in a green little way,
 Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day
 Now the green little grasses tenderly wave
 O'er the green little freshie's green little grave.

We don't care if Geo. S. does hear this: Definition of a Ford—
 "Something you buy when you can't afford an automobile."

My dog's name is "Etymologist," he is a collector of rare insects.

Latin is a dead language,
 As dead as dead can be.
 It's killed off all the Romans
 And now its killing me.



Conkey Brothers

Homer, Illinois

Hardware, Stoves and
Implements

The Matinee Store

*The Home of
Bargains.*

Millinery

Bunker Sisters

Homer, Illinois

PRINTED BY

The Benton Review Shop

School and College Printers

FOWLER, IND.

KISS A LADY.

Ma dressed me up the other day,
 And took me to a Matinee,
 It ended up about this way,
 A man he kissed a lady.

One time I saw another show—
 I guess it was a week ago,
 And all the folks whispered "O"—
 When some man kissed a lady.

My daddy took me out to see
 The "Deadwood Trail", it tickled me,
 Because they shot and then, Oh Gee,
 A man, he kissed a lady.

It seems that all the shows that's out
 Have thrillers hid somewhere about
 But when the cowboys cease to shout,
 A man he'll kiss a lady.

When I grow up I think I know
 Just what to do. I'll act Ho! Ho!
 And while the others shoot and blow
 I'll up and kiss a lady.

 SENIORS

All things come to those who wait,
 That's what they use to say:
 But we observed some whims of fate
 Don't pass out jobs that way.

 ADVICE TO CLASSES

Grams—Bear all troubles patiently.
 Freshmen—Be brave in the struggle of life.
 Sophomores—Never attempt to appear more than you are.
 Juniors—Employ your time well.
 Seniors—Pay your debts promptly.

Mr. Moore (after hearing a Junior translate Cicero perfectly)—
 "Methinks, I hear the sound of Ponies neighing."

After threatening H. S. with everything up to cannon balls and
 erasers, Moore exclaims—"A person does not have to be a Botanist to
 recognize a Blooming Idiot."

ENGRAVINGS

For College and School .. Publications ..

The above is the title of our Book of Instructions which is loaned to the staff of each publication for which we do the engraving. This book contains 164 pages, over 300 illustrations, and covers every phase of the engraving question as it would interest the staff of a college or school publication. Full description and information as how to obtain a copy sent to any one interested.

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For College and High School Annuals and Periodicals. Also fine copper plate and steel die embossed stationery such as

Commencement Invitations, Visiting Cards, Fraternity Stationery, Etc.

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All our halftones are etched by the Levy Acid Blast process, which insures deeper and more evenly etched plates than it is possible to get by the old tub process, thus insuring best possible results from the printer. The engravings for this Annual were made by us. Mail orders a specialty. Samples sent free if you state what you are especially interested in

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Engravings for College and School Publication a Specialty

Century Building

Indianapolis, Indiana.

He who Mrs. to take a kiss,
Has Mr. Thing that he should not Miss.—Ruth W.

DEDICATED TO MISS MITCHELL

Silently, one by one, in the infinite
Books of the teachers,
Blossom the neat little zeros,
The forgetmenots of the Seniors.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Frank Cotton making a date with a girl?
Helen Hickman without her gold beads?
George Bone to forget Delle Conkey?
What Evelyn B. will do when John Church goes home?
Geo. Sullivan without his waving locks and poetry?
Why Wilbur Martin likes a head-light?
A Senior without dignity?
What Ben Hall will do next year without Ruth W. at school?
Where Hazel W. got her "P" pin?
Florence R. with a boy?

Miss Dexter—"Do you know what an independent clause is?"
Grace Madden—"Yes, I am one."

Miss M. (As a train approaches)—"Stop reading Guy till the train goes by."

Gene D.—"If it was the Illinois Central, we would have to wait all day."

Gene P.—"I wonder why they dub a city she or he."

Gene D.—"Because it has so much bustle about it and continuous outskirts."

CHARACTERISTICS.

Freshmen Yr.—"Comedy of Errors."

Soph. Yr.—"Much ado about nothing."

Junior Yr.—"As you like it."

Senior Yr.—"All's well that ends well."

Alumni Yr.—"Lest we forget."

Mr. Moore (In Zoology)—"John, how does the earthworm move?"

John F.—"It crawls along the ground."

Conductor—"Your fare, Miss!"
Mary P.—"Do you think so, sir?"

Waneta—"No Palmer, I cannot marry you. The man who gets
me must be a grand man, upright and square."
Palmer—"My dear girl, you don't want a man, you want a piano."

Miss M.—"Who is the world's greatest satirist?"
Mary P. (After thinking awhile)—"Mr. Moore."

Frank W.—"I'll tell you, truthfully, I never kissed a girl in my
life."
Eugene P.—"Undoubtedly you are telling the truth, but I don't
envy you your record."

WHEN THE FACULTY SINGS.

We know we've fooled them before;
And we'll probably do it some more;
For the jokes are old,
They can't help looking sold,
And that "Amen" does make 'em sore.

Miss M.—"What was the loss or gain in the third Intercolonial
War?"
Hazel W.—"Nothing."
Frank E.—"Oh, I thought they killed thirty men."
Mr. Routh (in the line)—"What are they trying to make out of
you Davis, a sandwich?"
Davis—"No, pressed chicken."

Harold S. was day dreaming one day when the professor called
on him to give parts of the Latin verb he had just named.
Harold asked Gene what the verb was.
"Damn! I know" said Gene.
Mr. Moore was horror stricken when Harold confidently said,
"Damnno, damnnavi, damnfnare, damnfnatum."
Has any one seen Mr. Moore with any spare change? He is
wearing celluloid collars now.

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Harold asked Gene what the verb was.

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Has any one seen Mr. Moore with any spare change? He is wearing celluloid collars now.