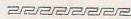


The

Homeric

1916

**Year Book of the Homer High
School for 1916**



The Homerician
Volume IV



**PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
HOMER, ILLINOIS**



The Class of 1916 gratefully dedicates The Homerician to
H. P. BANGERT
in appreciation of his services as
counsellor and manager

Homer High School Building



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TOP ROW---Left to Right: Albert Riggs, Cartoonist; John Finnegan, Literary Editor; Jasper Peters, Athletic Editor and Circulation Manager; George Bone, Business Manager.
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 BOTTOM ROW---Left to Right: Guy Strahom, Humor Editor; Pearl Oakes, Alumni Editor; Victor Current, 8th Grade Correspondent; Josephine Hardesty, Class Historian; Eugene Peyton, Advertising Manager.

Editorial

It has been the custom for the last three years for the senior class to publish an Annual, and since we believe the custom to be an excellent one, there was no dissenting voice when the question "To publish or not to publish" arose. We proceeded at once to elect a staff and to raise money to defray the expenses. To secure the money needed has been no light task but the advertisements, the Senior play, and finally the proceeds from the sale of the book have enabled us to raise the needed funds. We read the proud statements of last year's staff and voted unanimously that their Annual was a good one, but that ours—well judge for yourself.

The Homeric represents the labor of many people and we expect you to find therein the variety that naturally results from such an arrangement. To these many contributors we feel that we owe a word of gratitude.

We wish to thank each and every contributor for his or her article. The class correspondents have been very faithful and to them we extend the wish that when they become Seniors they will find the lower classes as willing to help as we have found them.

The heads of the departments deserve praise, for without exception they did all in their power to make the Annual a success. We have attempted to make each department a little bigger and better and the degree of success with which we have met reflects on our various editors.

We are deeply grateful to the faculty for its assistance. To Miss Mitchell do we extend special thanks for her labors with the Senior play; to Mr. Bangert for his assistance in the business department and suggestions as to the contents of the Annual and to Mr. Weisiger and Miss Dexter for the kind encouragement which they have been ever ready to give us.

We extend our thanks to Mr. Phar for the excellent work he has done in the photography and for the infinite care he has shown in making each appear at his best.

Finally we wish to express our gratitude to those people, who, with advertisements or otherwise have assisted us financially and have enabled us to publish this annual. We sincerely appreciate the efforts of everyone in making the Homeric '16 a criterion for past and future years.

In presenting this Homeric for your approval we hope that you will extend to us that criticism which recognizes the difficulties under which such an Annual is published. If there is aught herein worthy of blame it is there not because we desired it but because we did not perceive it. If there is aught herein worthy of praise we are glad that we have succeeded in our effort.

This Annual is published by the Senior class, but it represents the spirit of the entire High School. We have dealt purposely with the lighter side of life, believing firmly that the more serious moods are to be dealt with in a later period of life. We hope that the Homeric will convey to you a message of cheer, of life and of never ending conviction that all is well. If we have succeeded in furnishing a single happy moment for each of our readers, we shall feel well paid for our efforts.

We extend greetings to all friends and patrons of Homer High and sincerely hope that the hearty cooperation of the school and community will continue to give us a bigger and better Homer High. THE STAFF.

* * * *

The Township High School

"The Township High School." This Slogan was on the tongues of many people in the City of Homer and the surrounding vicinity not long ago and it seemed to be a fitting subject or debate. At any rate it was a question which withstood many heated arguments both "pro" and "con." But at the election it seemed that the people arguing "con" were in the majority.

Homer, a town of twelve hundred population is situated in one of the best and wealthiest farming districts of Illinois. The town boasts of its progress for a small town, its pavement, its electric lights, its parks, and many other advantages. But where did you ever see an article boasting of its public schools? True, a Parent-Teachers' Association and other school societies have been formed, and the school is on the credited list, but does this benefit the school going population to such a great extent? It is a help to them, certainly; but are not other things needed too?

The High School of Homer contains about sixty students. Its assembly room seats about fifty-five. Where do the others sit, you say? Anywhere they can. They double up in the seats or sit on chairs. The recitation rooms are limited so that both the assembly and the eighth grade rooms are pressed into use for recitation rooms. Imagine one studying as well in a room where a class is reciting as in a room that is quiet. The laboratory in Homer High School is inadequately equipped and furnishes one of the puzzling problems in the school. Many crude, homemade apparatuses have to be made for some experiments, when the same instruments might be purchased at a small price. Another department that is lacking in the school is the manual training department. This department at present furnishes only courses for the eighth grade and Freshmen. Whereas it should be extended to the whole High School.

Still another thing lacking in the School is the Athletic spirit. This deficiency could be remedied by a well equipped gymnasium in connection with the school. The above are but a few of the problems which have presented themselves of late to the students and faculty; and now who says a new and better High School is not needed?

The farmers in the district taken in for the Township High School have fought the proposition to a finish. But this does not eliminate a goodly portion of our townspeople from the same mistake. Some of the people who live at a distance are excusable, but there is no excuse for those who live close to the school and see the deficiencies of it every day. Some have complained of the taxes and other expenses but it has been shown that if a moderately high priced High School should be built that it would cause no one to go bankrupt. Many too, who worked against the school were mistaken in their views concerning the proposition. They thought that the townspeople would reap all the benefit at their expense. But if every farmer boy and girl would grasp the opportunity that the High School offers, there would be many more sagacious people to fill the perplexed positions which confront the people of the United States today. Opportunity knocks but once and when a boy or girl, man or woman, fails to heed the call of education they make themselves deaf to the call of opportunity. The High School is a representative of Opportunity and the better the school is and the more enthusiastic the people are in making it a success is an assistance to all students.

And so the people voted that a better school was not needed. People who had not been to town for months came to the polls to help prevent the betterment of one of the greatest institutions of any civilized nation, the High School. They defeated the proposition in two elections but it is only a matter of time until they will see their mistake. Let them spend four years in the school and they will realize some of the handicaps that the students have to contend with.

G. DEWEY BONE, '16.



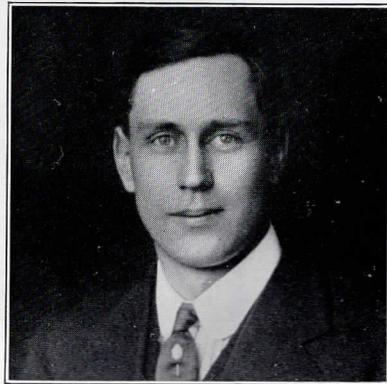
FACULTY



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The Faculty

:~



GEO. B. WEISIGER, Supt.

LL. P., University of Illinois

MAJOR SCIENCES, LATIN



H. P. Bangert
Prin. H. S.

Blackburn U.
I. S. N. U.

BIOLOGY, HISTORY,
GERMAN



Helen Mitchell

A. B., University
of Illinois

ENGLISH



Grace E. Dexter

University of Illinois, A. B.

Kinmundy H. S. 1913-'14
MATHEMATICS

Homer H. S. 1914-'15-'16

Character Sketches of the Faculty

Three of our teachers are exceptionally tall—
While the fourth I'm afraid we'll have to call small.

Mr. Weisiger, our superintendent, is one that has length,
And if he grew angry, we fear he'd have strength;
He is rather nervous and goes with a rush,
When he looks at the guilty ones, they surely do blush.
Not having taught us long (only this year)
We have grown to like him and wish he'd stay here.

Mr. Bangert, our principal, is the next one in height;
His complexion, his hair, and his eyes are light;
His weight is great and his feet are not small,
In his bright shirts and ties he is envied by all.
With his "Any questions?" "Scused," which we hear ev'ry day,
He is liked by us all, I can safely say.

Miss Dexter is the last of the lengthy three,
A very patient teacher, we all will agree;
Although she writes mottoes against chewing gum,
We always enjoy her and have lots of fun.
She has been here two years, but we hope that's not all,
That her face we will see when we come back next fall.

Miss Mitchell is last and shortest of all,
When music is wanted upon her we call;
She sings quite sweetly and teaches us well,
And when she is angry we always can tell.
She also has been with us these two years past--
But if rumor is true, this year is her last.

If more of their traits you would like to know,
Just call up and mention it to N. N. O.

Standardizing the Work of the Schools

With the cost of public education as the largest item on the tax receipts, the members of a community often question whether they are getting value received for the money expended. As a rule they meet this taxation ungrudgingly. They do not object to paying for something worth while. If they could be assured that the school work in their district was up to the standard of efficiency of the best schools, they would have more enthusiasm for their own school and contribute to its maintenance more willingly.

The results of instruction in the common school have, heretofore, seemed so intangible that there has been great difficulty in measuring them. Usually the work has been received with a hope that the pupils received sufficient training to give them a foundation for developing into useful citizens. Parents have relied entirely on the judgment of teachers with regard to the advancement of their children; and, as no two teachers have exactly the same ideas as to what constitutes standard work, every parent knows of the wide variation that exists between the marks of different teachers.

In the last decade a great deal of research work has been done in order to formulate definite requirements in the various subjects of study for pupils in the different grades. The common elements of education, which each pupil should be required to master, are fairly well understood. These common elements make up the work which is considered necessary to master in order that the pupil may be an efficient factor in society.

Standard tests have been devised to determine whether these common elements have been learned thoroughly, or to see whether the schools are meeting the requirements set upon them by society. Many of these tests are now in use throughout the United States. Tests have been made for nearly all of the grade subjects and for a few high school studies. New standards are being arrived at each year. The tests are uniform in method of grading, so that a particular paper would get the same mark without regard to the opinion of the teacher who grades it.

By using these standards, a teacher may compare the standing of her pupils in arithmetic, for example, with that of other children of the same grade throughout the state or nation. She has a definite goal to work for and an accurate way of knowing whether all individual pupils reach it.

When standard tests come into general use, there will be greater uniform-

ity of ability in classes; the teacher will have the satisfaction of knowing definitely what has been accomplished; parents will learn the real standing of their children; and patrons may know the real status of the work of the school.

Schools are rapidly adopting standard tests. The reading of all the schools in Iowa has been standardized in accordance with "The Kansas Test for Silent Reading.

In other lines of work, definite results are expected. Why should this not be true of the schools? Although there are certain phases of education the results of which cannot be measured by this method, development of character for instance, yet the standard tests supply a device that is sure to increase the efficiency of our schools.

GEO. B. WEISIGER.

Athletics in the School

Athletics have a place in the school. No school of today that is a school is complete without its athletic department. Indeed, in many schools this department overshadows any other one. Such schools as Yale and Harvard draw many students by their athletics and even our own University of Illinois places among her brightest glories her athletic record. A football game draws a larger crowd than the finest literary program that the University can offer. I think it is safe to say that the Minnesota-Illinois game aroused more genuine enthusiasm than the entire lecture course.

Athletics have a place in the school. That point is beyond dispute. And their place is a prominent one. Not only today but in the ages past have athletic achievements been looked upon as highly honorable. No higher honor could befall a Greek than to be crowned victor in an Olympic game. The same qualities which made athletics popular with the Greeks of B. C. makes them popular with us. They require action and the world admires action. Furthermore the action must be clean. The coward, the weakling, the bully, the quitter, find no honor and no encouragement in the field of athletics. The virile, red blooded man is the winner. Nor must it be supposed that strength alone is the essential quality for an athlete. The heart and brain are still more important. The greater of all athletes are those, who, though defeat be staring them in the face, fight on and on and never quit. Many a game has been won by brave hearts, when muscles failed to win it. Quick thinking is required, too. The body, no matter how well it may be developed physically, can

do but little if directed by a sluggish brain. The player who can seize every opportunity, whether large or small, and play it for its full value, achieves results. We may say then, that athletics are popular because they demand those faculties which we all admire.

But popularity alone is not sufficient reason for the existence of a branch of school life. It must give us other returns or it will be abandoned. Play is as essential to the human machine as work. It improves our work. It brings into action new cells and rests the old ones. It brightens our minds, brushes away the cobwebs and persistently pushes us out of the rut in which we are likely to move. These things alone would justify athletics but athletics do far more than that. They act as an agent of democracy. Rich and poor, Jew and gentile meet there on a common ground. The insignificant man sits beside the great plutocrat and neither regards the other as anything except a fellow citizen—and both have a common aim. And the man on the field who does good work is cheered just as lustily whether he be black or white, red or yellow. To the athlete the game means still more. It makes him loyal to his school. It instills into his system the love of fair play and contempt for cheating. If there is in him any tendency to quit it rids him of it and teaches him to hold on. He must learn to think and think rapidly and to seize every opportunity. He learns to meet conditions, whether favorable or not, and to face them with as cheery a smile and as brave a heart as if the prize were assuredly his. And what is possibly more important than all is that he must learn self control. The good athlete is always master of himself. The rattle-brained player is hopeless. He is totally out of place and the athlete soon learns that his body must be the controlled and not the controller.

Athletics on the whole, exert a most beneficial influence on a school. A school where no athletic spirit exists is usually a disunited straggling affair, incapable of producing its best results. Like most other things, the department of athletics has its evils but those evils are the results of the loss of self control which athletics teaches us to retain. The almighty dollar has laid its hold upon the department in many of the larger schools and one cannot but feel that with some of the colleges athletics affords but a chance for medals and glory. Happily this is not true of the minority and the evil does not tend to spread. Athletics have repeatedly proved their worth; from the Olympic games of Greece to the contests of today they have flourished and will continue to flourish. The question is not "Shall Athletics be a Part of the School?" but rather "How Shall We Manage Our Athletics so that Our School May Derive the Greatest Possible Benefit From Them?"

H. P. BANGERT.

A Letter

Copy of a letter received by Inez Dennis, December 8, 1950, at Sitka, Alaska

Great Valley, New York
December 3, 1950

MY DEAR INEZ—

Last summer as I was walking along the bank of the beautiful Allegheny river, a strange thing occurred, which I must tell you about. It was late summer—almost autumn—and the leaves with their first faint tinges of red, combined with the soft intermittant breezes from the slowly moving river below, to throw me into a contemplative mood. I sat down on the still green turf and thought of times long past, my mind reverting constantly to periods of my life farther and farther remote. Suddenly I was living over again the days when I taught in the Homer school, especially in 1916 when you graduated from the eighth grade. Do you remember? Of course you do—all of them—Angeline, Georgia, Florence, and the rest. Really, that was the best eighth grade I ever knew—well, actually, I had been so buried in my work I had lost all knowledge of the outside world. But often had I wondered—wondered where you all were and what had become of you.

Suddenly an unusually strong gust of wind came from upstream and I was attracted to a slowly moving object floating on the water. Something about it excited my curiosity to a remarkable degree and I arose and went quite to the edge of the water awaiting its approach with eager expectancy. As it came near enough to distinguish its form I perceived a small bottle well corked, which contained some white object. Strangely enough it floated right up to me. I picked it out of the water and took from it a piece of paper folded again and again into a small square. On unfolding it I found it to be a page torn from a school "History of American Literature," and to my utter surprise and dismay it read as follows:

Charles Thompson (1901—) An American poet and dramatist, the most popular author of his day. His popularity was partly due to the merit of his poems and partly to the fact that they celebrated the heroes of the day. His most famous compositions were the "Yellow Pad" and the

"Boys of '15"

Now first we have our sturdy Floyd,
Altho some say he is made of celluloid.
A friend he's always been to me,
A worthier friend you'll never see.

And next we have our Andrew gay,
 A friend to you.
 He sings and chatters night and day,
 As all Maxwells do.
 Then Victor, with a willing hand

To do his share,
 Steps right up and takes his stand
 And with an air
 Of one who triumphs over all.

Of all the dogs that roam the streets
 Keep clear of Clint;
 For he will steal the heart he meets.
 And when you think you have him by the nose,
 He turns, and off he goes.

“There’s one to whom we look for strength,
 Our foremost basket-ball guard.
 He holds his opponents at arm’s length.
 Though often hard.”

I read and staggered back to my seat on the bank quite overcome. To think of Charles, the most popular author of his day! And with his hatred of work—of course you remember that!

I looked again into the bottle, which I still held in my hand, and perceived another small folded paper. I opened that—it looked fully forty years old and was almost falling to pieces in the folds—and read:

“It was a dewey morning
 In the dewey month of May,
 When a man named Dewey
 Sailed up Manila bay.

“And when the Spainards sighted him
 The guns began to sing,
 And what did Mr. Dewey do?
 He didn’t do a thing.” W. F. S.

“W. F. S.”—It seems to me that those were the initials of some one in that eighth grade, Inez. Weren’t they?

It is a fine poem, I think; it jingles just like Kipling's verse.

Well, I am not over the shock yet, but I remember that Andrew, and Floyd, and Victor were also pretty good poets back there. I am going to get that 1916 Homeric out when I go home and read your prophecy again. And won't you write me, if you know whether or not it all came true?

Your friend and teacher, GRACE E. DEXTER.

Literature--An Intensive Study

"Brutus and Caesar. What should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it does become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Caesar.'"

In these lines taken from JULIUS CAESAR, Cassius was analyzing the names of Brutus and Caesar to see what he could find in them. He was analyzing the names that Brutus might appreciate the grave situation which was facing Rome. Cassius did not mar either name—he gave Brutus material for deep thought.

Similarly in literature, lines and words may be analyzed that they may be more fully appreciated. The selection is not marred by the process but attention is called to some particular, possibly peculiar, effects which will help to open a new intellectual field for the reading, thinking pupil.

There is something fascinating about reading

"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,"

and

"The murmur of innumerable doves in immemorial elms."

The pupil hears the sounds as he reads and on looking closer and analyzing, he sees that the lines are composed of words which, as they are pronounced, seem to echo the thought there contained. The sound is suited to the sense. How easily then can he hear the 'silver bells' as they are

"Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells."

Where is the boy who will not like to make these lines sound as if he really heard the sound?

"It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!"

After he reads these lines to his own satisfaction, he will tell you that he has found other lines in another book which he would like to read

"How they clang, and clash, and roar!"

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging

How the danger ebbs and flows.”

Then when he finds the lines

“Of Sir Launfal’s gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings——”

he will see that there, too, the sound is suited to the sense.

Single words will also appeal to him. A TILT is balanced ready to go backward or forward; WONDROUS cold makes him shiver; “OILILY bubbled up the mere,” gives a slick, damp feeling and THUMP lands him heavily on solid earth.

Another element enters when he reads—

“Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow.”

Analysis shows that the words are made up of vowels and liquid letters, both pronounced and that is the reason that the lines are so easily read.

“And then low words oft creep in one dull line.”

When the ordinary high school pupil comes upon this line in his reading, he will read it and will pass on to the next without giving it a second thought. Are not ten low words in that dull line? Farther along he reads

“A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.”

He knows that the Alexandrine line contains six measures and is commonly used after a five measure line. There he will discover that an Alexandrine line has been cleverly described and illustrated in the description. The same writer says:

“Tho oft the ear the open vowels tire.”

Has this writer not given you a line of words containing open vowels? Few readers will recognize the art, the polish of Pope unless they have eyes and ears alert.

A little intensive study leads the pupil on and he will tell you that by a change in the metrical foot, the movement of a line is changed and that the balanced sentence

“For the sky and the sea and the sea and the sky”

throbs as

“The balls like pulses beat.”

On and on he will trail thru literature—more eagerly than before—looking for beauties, undiscovered by many. His mind is keen to hear, to see, and to feel what is written in the lines. Then he begins to somewhat appreciate POETIC ART and can agree with Pope when he says

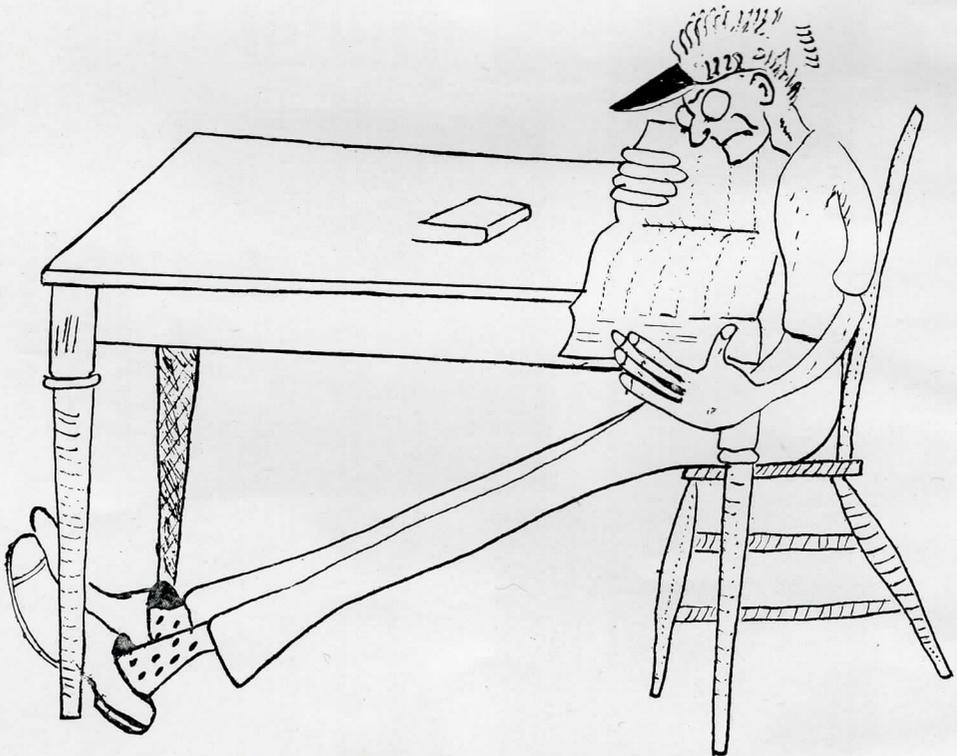
“What oft was thought, but ne’er so well express’d,”

or the romantic poet who expressed it as

“—if mine had been the Painter’s hand
To express what I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet’s dream.”

MISS HELEN MITCHELL.

SENIORS

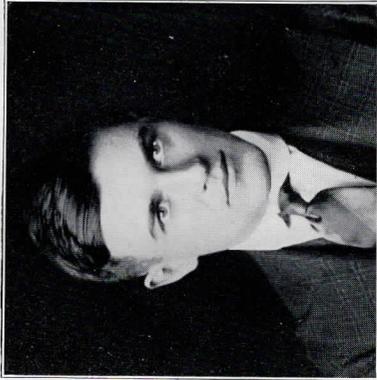


The Senior Class



Gene Daugherty

Editor-in-Chief "Homerian" '16
 "Mose" '16
 Athletic Editor "Homerian" '16
 Junior Play '15
 Literary Society No. 1, '16



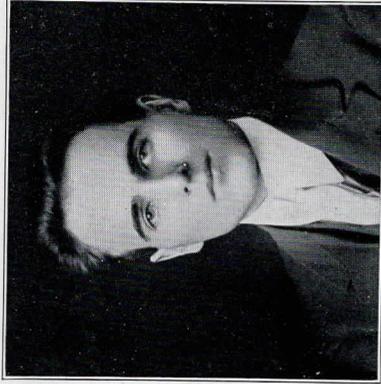
George D. Bone

Basket Ball '13-'14, Cap. '14-'15, '15-'16
 Base Ball '12-'13, '13-'14, Mgr. '14-'15
 A College Town, '14
 "Mose" '16
 Business Mgr. Homerian '16
 Pres. of Class '14, '15, '16
 Literary Society No. 1 '15-'16
 Junior Play '15



Josephine Frances Hardesty

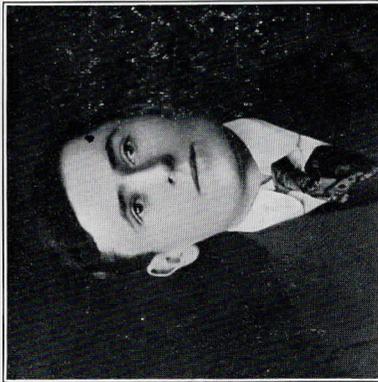
Sec.-Treas. Class '13-'14
 Japanese Operetta '13
 Basket Ball, Capt. '12-'13
 Girls' Glee Club '14-15
 "Mose" '16
 V. Pres. Literary Society No 1 '16
 Class Historian, '16



Albert Riggs

Senior Play '16
 Class Artist '15-16

The Senior Class



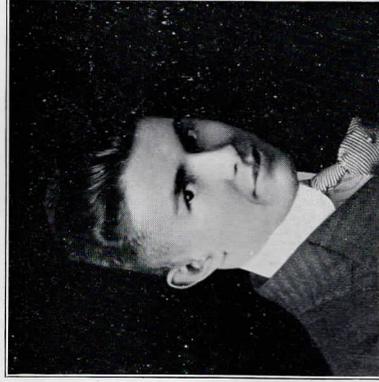
John Finnegan
 Sec. Senior Class '16
 Literary Society No. 1
 Senior Play '16



Alma Helena Phillbrook
 Basket Ball '12-'13, '13-'14
 Japanese Operetta '13
 Girls' Glee Club '14-'15
 "Mr. Bob" '15
 Calendar Editor '16
 Newspaper Staff '16
 "Mose" '16
 Literary Society No. 2 '16



Stasia Finnegan
 Pres. Literary Society No. 2
 "Mose" '16
 Class Prophecy Homerian '16



Guy Tomas Strahorn
 V. Pres. Literary Society No. 2
 Senior Play '16
 Junior Play '15
 Editor Joke Dept. Homerian '16
 Base Ball '12
 "A College Town" '14

The Senior Class



Grace Fern Hall
 Japanese Operetta '13
 Pres. of Class '13-'14
 Capt. Basket Ball '13-'14
 Girls' Glee Club '14-'15
 Literary Society No. 2 '16
 "Mose" '16
 Society Editor Homerian '16



Jasper Peters
 Vice Pres. of Class
 Pres. Literary Society No. 1, '16
 Basket Ball '14-'15, '15-'16
 Senior Play '16
 Junior Play '15
 Junior News Correspondent '14-'15
 Circulation Mgr. Homerian '16
 Base Ball '13-'14, '14-'15



Eugene Peyton
 Basket Ball '14-'15 and '15-'16
 Base Ball '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15
 Senior Play '16
 Adv. Mgr. Homerian '16
 Junior Play '15



Nelle Pearlé Oakes
 Japanese Operetta '13
 "Mose" '16
 Alumni Editor Homerian '16
 Literary Society No. 1, '15-'16

Our Class

NAME	FAVORITE SAYING	WHAT NOTED FOR	PURPOSE
G. D. Bone	Hello, Honey	His Size	To Play B. B.
G. Daugherty	Oh, My Berneice	His Size	To be traveling man
S. Finnegan	Oh, I Say	Her Loudness (?)	To be a Teacher
J. Finnegan	What Was That?	Being a gentleman	To Graduate
G. Hall	Leave Me Alone	Sweet Smile	To Tantalize
J. Hardesty	Now You Stop	Charming Ways	Feed teachers fudge
P. Oakes	Oh! U don't say so	Giggles	To ask questions
J. Peters	'Lo Kid	A Sport	To tease the girls
G. Peyton	Ouch!	Nothing	To be a C. Chaplin
A. Philbrook	Go to Grass	Gladiator ^{With a Ruler}	To learn Germ. Lan.
A. Riggs	What!	Artist	To get a girl
G. Strahorn	Iss Dot Sho?	A Tease	To be a Historian

"Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with studies." --Guy Strahorn

Seniors

The Shortest.....	Alma Philbrook
The Tallest.....	John Finnegan
The Quietest.....	Stasia Finnegan
The Noisiest.....	Guy Strahorn
The Crankiest.....	George Bone
The Cleverest.....	Eugene Daugherty
The Most Bashful.....	Grace Hall
The Woman Hater (?).....	Jasper Peters
The Feminist.....	Ethel McElroy
The Most Useful.....	Pearl Oakes
The Slimmest.....	Eugene Peyton
The Artist.....	Albert Riggs
The Happiest.....	Josephine Hardesty

"He played basket ball."--George Bone

Senior Class Poem

Standing at the portal of the op'ning year;
Words of comfort meet us, hushing every fear,
Spoken through the silence of our teacher's voice,
Tender, strong and faithful, making us rejoice.

We now start our life work, hopeful and true,
Success expected by each of us. If we only do
That which is meant for us, time's not ill spent.
Hopefully, each on his career is bent.

Albert's our artist, silent and gifted,
And tho' off the earth he is not lifted
By his art's muses, as some people are,
Still he is our only artistical star.

Bone is the athlete, strong and tall,
He's the big center in Basket Ball;
He has broken the heart of many a lass,
But hush, he's the President of our class.

Stasia, Irish, demure and sweet,
In all her classes is hard to beat;
A friend to all who are in need,
Ready to help and do a kind deed.

John, a base ballist, quick and sly,
Proficient in catching a high pop-fly;
But while in the school room he studies in silence,
And never cuts up with very much violence.

Josephine's a merry lass, happy and gay,
With a sunny smile, ditto hair, you'd say;
Making fudge is her first delight,
Second, she studies with all her might.

Guy is the business man, stern and proud,
His numerous ties are not so loud,
But that you always can hear him coming,
Sometimes a-cackling and sometimes a-humming.

"Tones sweet as honey from her lips distilled"—Jo. Hardesty

Grace is demure, sweet and shy,
 You spare her feelings or she will cry:
 Her hair is as the color of the raven's wing,
 And as the skylark, she surely can sing.

Ethel's a suffragette, stern and cool,
 And though often funny, we know she's no fool;
 But never come within her wrath,
 She allows no one to cross her path.

Eugene is a spendthrift, carefree and gay,
 We have great hopes that he, some day,
 Will be of importance in our country's affairs,
 And will button his coat as do all debonairs.

Pearle, happy, able and jolly,
 As bright and gay as a branch of holly;
 Her giggle is louder than the rest,
 A friend? yes indeed, she's one of the best.

Gene's the dwarf, little but mighty,
 And tho' he is often a little bit flighty,
 He is the best Physicist in our class,
 He's captured the heart of a Freshman lass.

Jasper's a scholar, witty and clever,
 "Good Time" 's his motto, now and forever;
 Pauline's his favorite, she's a Junior girl
 Who keeps his head all in a whirl.

ALMA PHILBROOK.

And what shall we say of Alma P?
 Clever in German, likes poetry.
 Her ambition is to become a nurse,
 We wish her success, she could do worse.

CONTRIBUTED.



"To study or not to study is a question which puzzles me"—Ethel McElroy

Senior Class History

As a Freshman class in High School, we started with an enrollment of twenty-six boys and girls. These same twenty-six graduated from the eighth grade. We did not know the ways of the High School, but we soon became acquainted.

George Bone came from Randolph, a country school, entered the Freshman class and is graduating as our President and Business Manager. He was very, very bashful at first but overcame this in time and was soon as merry and jolly as any of us. Since the first year he has been a Basket-ball Star and will be greatly missed both in athletics and general school work. He has always kept a big class record, being especially proficient in Latin.

Gladys McMains was a cheery, brown eyed, little girl, who loved her studies. Also enjoyed being with her high school chums. But when she was a Freshman, she left us to live in Champaign, no more to be in our joyous class.

Eugene Peyton, our Irish lad, has stayed with us the four years and helped fight to keep our flag on the top notch of the High School pole in our Sophomore year. He is another star in Basket-ball, a right forward and has won many games because of his star basket making. He expects to enter the University of Illinois after he graduates.

Ethel O'Connor was one of our number, when we were Sophomores. She seemed to like a Girl's School better and went to school at Kansas City, Missouri, where she became acquainted with her future husband to whom she was married in 1915.

Eugene Daugherty, the small, laughable "joke" of the class, has at last succeeded in finding his credits. 'Gene's greatest ambition is to be a traveling salesman. If you want to know about the time trains leave Ogden, just ask 'Gene, he knows all about them.

Grace Hall started in as President of our class. She was forward on the Basket-ball Team during the time the girls had a Basket-ball Team. We know the Assembly will miss Grace's Brown, dreamy eyes and cunning giggly ways. But she thinks it best to graduate and become a student in Brown's Business College and afterward to be a stenographer.

John Farlee was a Freshman and Sophomore with us. At school he never knew where to sit, when to study or when to play. After that he had the idea of traveling in his head. He went to California but became tired of the West so he came back to join us again. He stayed only a few months and wandered away again.

Mary Baird, the country lass, loved to tease the teachers and to be up and doing. She was our Secretary and Treasurer in our Junior year, but

"I would not waste my spring of youth in idle dalliance."—Stasia Finnegan

her health did not permit her to return for her Senior year.

Guy Strahorn, our joke editor, always kept the High School on the "Hum"—also the teachers. He made himself famous by the way in which he played his part in the Senior play "Mose." He expects to enter the University of Illinois next fall, making History his major, after which he expects to make the teaching of it his life work.

For a year and a half Nellie Tibbets stayed with us. She has since that time been a life of pleasure and ease. Now, it has been rumored, she is soon to take up a course in Domestic Science.

Albert Riggs, another one of our cartoonists, came from the country, and liked the study of the sciences. He had a great struggle with History and English but at last he has succeeded in mastering them. Like most of them he said, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Ethel McElroy came in our class when we were in the first grade. But on account of her heartachings for Claude we do not think she will remain in school until graduation.

Charlie Heffly was our cartoonist who always wanted to stay with his boy friends. He was a great help to our Freshman Class. He was always the life of the school. It was a great loss to all when Charley died but behind him he left a record of a clean and manly fellow.

Who was Secretary and Treasurer in the Freshman year? Who ate peanuts to bother Mr. Routt and was the subject of dissertations written within the covers of Wilbur Martin's Civics and English book? Who supplies the heat for the class and who is going to end her existence in a nice select school for young ladies? Who dropped the basket-ball in the basket? Josephine Hardesty, of course.

Bessie Richards, the bashful little lassie, entered our class in the Freshman year. She fought with her studies until she was tired and she said she either had to finish school or get married. Well—she chose the latter.

John Finnigan entered Homer High School this year, coming from Sidney. John always takes care to be very polite. He graduates as one of our brightest students and wishes to spend the rest of his life in the country.

Alma Philbrook, although small, has gained her credits without too much work and she has been our center guard in Basket-ball and has always enjoyed the fun of helping defeat the other teams. After she graduates, to become a trained nurse is her one desire.

Gladys Wiggins was with us all of the Freshman year. Since then she has been attending Ward Belmont, a girls' school in Nashville, Tennessee.

Another student who left us after the first year was Roy Ellis. He is now battling with life and the high cost of living at Butler's Store.

Pearl Oaks went through the Sophomore and Junior year very quietly, but this year she has shown her class spirit. She played the part of Anne in the Class Play "Mose." She did this well, as she has done everything else. She

"Three Seniors who eat out of the same dish"—Gene P., Jasper P., Guy S.

expects to enter a girls' school after she graduates.

Dwight Harris did not seem to like our class well enough to stay with it. He dropped back one class where he seemed to enjoy the companionship much better. The Junior girls gave him much attention. This made him think he could move to Champaign and get several pretty damsels. He moved and also won the girls.

Stasia Finnegan is the Irish Lassie and most studious girl. She only entered our class this year. She wishes to be a teacher of English. We all agree with her in her ambition, for her rank in the High School is very high.

Jasper Peters was Vice-President in our Sophomore, Junior and Senior years. He plays guard in Basket-ball and is a star in the game. He is a fine student but of late has neglected his work for the delightful companionship of a little bit o' lady. His one desire is to win her and then go back to the farm.

We are graduating with twelve in the ranks but not all of the twelve who are finishing were in the class in the beginning. Out of the twenty-six that started only ten remain, and the other two joined us only for the one year.

JOSEPHINE HARDESTY.

Class Prophecy

By STASIA FINNEGAN

While on our way from California to attend a big convention of teachers which was to be held in one of the eastern cities, we were detained one day until late at night, in a little western town by a snow blockade.

By the persuasion of the storekeeper and the desire for a novel entertainment, we attended the widely advertised speech to be given by one of the nearby ranch owners in the little brick building which served for a town hall. Having come early we obtained good seats and while waiting for the appearance of the speaker, we commented on the well kept streets, well constructed buildings, and the neat little town hall of this cowboy settlement.

The speaker was announced at this time and to my surprise who should he be but Jasper Peters, a member of the Homer High School Graduating Class of nineteen hundred sixteen.

Judging from the number of new improvements which the speaker was recommending it was little wonder that we now looked on a town in such good condition. We were called to the station before the speech was over by the shrill whistle of the locomotive; meanwhile, I could not help won-

"Best gifts come in small packages."—Gene Daugherty

dering what was accountable for Mr. Peters' becoming a second Henry Ford in the line of philanthropy.

We reached the city the next evening and at nine o'clock the following morning we were seated in the auditorium of one of the college buildings awaiting the speaker. What a coincidence! To come from a western town having heard a philanthropic speech by one of my classmates and having reached an eastern city to be confronted by another member of the class, for who should the speaker be, but Pearl Oaks, lecturing on "Educational Methods."

I was conversing with Miss Oaks for a few minutes after her speech, and when leaving she added, "Be prepared for another surprise before the meeting is over."

The day passed without anything extraordinary happening, but chancing to look over my program I noticed that a discussion on "The Value of Motion Pictures in the School" was to be given the next morning. Several college men talked on the subject and the next speaker was announced as one of the greatest movie actors in the United States. Pearl's prophecy was to be fulfilled for the actor was none other than Eugene Peyton.

My enthusiastic desire to learn the whereabouts of the other members of the class could not be suppressed, so that same evening I sent their names with a request to know their present homes and occupations, to one of the business men of Homer. Within a few days the answer came. He stated that as he had resided in the town but a short time the only members of which he knew still resided at or near Homer, and that their names were marked in the enclosed newspaper.

Opening the paper an advertisement caught my eye. "The Conkey-Strahorn Hardware Company has opened its new store and solicits your patronage." I was quite surprised at this news for I had expected to hear of Mr. Strahorn's owning a line of confectionery stores, which would extend from coast to coast, but his having engaged in the hardware business certainly indicated a change of heart.

I also learned that John Finnegan was conducting a model farm west of town. His ability to make farming such a proposition seemed to be gained from the numerous farm magazines for which he subscribed and his attendance at all the farmers' institutes and agricultural short courses.

From the items I learned that the letters received by Miss Hall during her Senior year which were postmarked St. Joseph, had worked their charm and Grace was comfortably settled on a farm near that town.

But the next item contained the biggest surprise of all. I had expected to look up the whereabouts of George Bone from the congressional records or perhaps as a candidate for the presidency, but George seemed to have realized the truth of Caesar's statement, "Better be first in a little Iberian village

"In whose little body lodged a mighty mind"—Alma Philbrook

than second in Rome," and was living happily on the Morrison farm east of Homer.

Turning to the next passage marked by a blue cross, I read: "Mr. Eugene Daugherty, about whose great mechanical invention we have read so much will for the present, continue to keep his blacksmith shop on South Main Street." So 'Gene was competing for honors with Thomas A. Edison! We all realized his great power of invention in high school days though it seemed more intellectual than mechanical.

After vainly searching for more news about the class I laid the paper aside.

At this point one of the girls rushed in to have me accompany her to the wharf to see a friend off to Europe. Reaching there our attention was taken up by a group of young nurses who were sailing to the Phillipines under the care of one of the head nurses from one of the city's largest hospitals. My friend offered to give me an introduction and how delighted I was to discover Alma Phillbrook in the person of the head nurse! We did not have time for a long talk but Alma told me that she had the same morning seen Josephine Hardesty who had become a famous gown designer in France, even rivalling the famous Lucille of London and had taken the name of Mme. a la Francaise.

Leaving the wharf, I met and recognized Josephine returning from the ship whither she had gone with one of her assistants who was sailing for France. She herself, had just returned from a trip through Italy a few days before, and was very enthusiastic about the paintings she had seen at Rome.

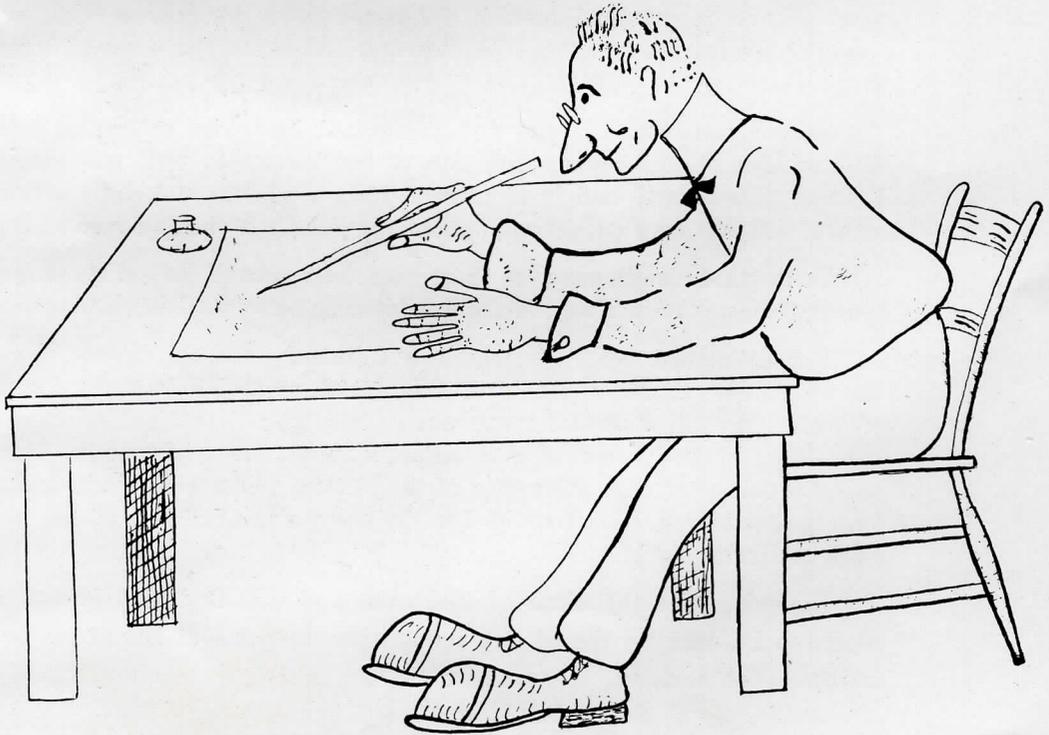
Having a desire to compare them with the works of the artists of our own country she was on her way to the exhibit then being held in the city.

I accompanied her. Meanwhile, we talked over old times. We spent the whole morning at the exhibit but Josephine seemed to be sadly disappointed with home talent until her eye was caught by a beautiful landscape drawing. She declared it was almost as beautiful as the works of the European painters and after gazing intently at the picture, remarked that it might have been painted by a Homer artist for the scene reminded her of the old Salt Fork at Homer Park.

I inquired for the name of the artist and was told that it was Albert Riggs, so I closed my list of classmates with the name of one of the greatest artists in the country.

"None but herself can be her parallel."—Frances C.

JUNIORS



The Junior Class



TOP ROW---Left to right: Mae Lee, Huldah Palmer, Dwight Harris, Harold Spencer, Frances Conkey, Edith Rogers.
BOTTOM ROW--Left to right: Clara Roloff, Mildred Thompson, McKinley Towner, Pauline Akers, Hazle Morrison.

A Junior Vision

I studied and studied till midnight
Till the clock was striking the hour,
And visions black crept o'er me
Till I was lost in their power.

In a long and solemn procession
Come Williams and Henrys and Charles
And horrors of war overwhelmed me,
As I thought of their struggles and quarrels.

How often, oh, how often
In the days that have gone by,
I have stood at that board and pondered
How "a" plus "z" equaled "y."

I thought of the frogs and the fish worms,
The spider, the gnat, and the flea,
And a number of one celled animalicules
That live in the deep blue sea.

The verbs with their conjugation,
The modals, zeitwörter and nouns,
The translations and the declensions
Were met with many frowns.

In English the themes were unending,
And grammar was always a foe.
Study Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Browning
And neglect not Longfellow and Poe.

But at last my vision was ended;
All these horrors had passed away,
And I thought of the several one hundreds
I'd be able to make the next day.

HAZLE MORRISON.

"Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven"—Stasia Finnegan

Junior Editorial

It is a difficult task to do justice to the Junior class in such a limited space. Two years ago we began as verdant "Freshmen," but not so verdant as freshmen usually are.

We gradually found ourselves developing into the beings commonly known as sophomores. By diligent study and regular attendance we climbed to another round of the ladder and suddenly discovered that we were Juniors. Our greatest hopes and our wildest dreams were realized.

It remains to be seen just what wonderful feats the Junior class will yet accomplish. However, there are two things that we are noted for, and that distinguish us from all other classes of the Homer High School. These are originality and high ideals.

Although we all have different vocations in view, we all have one great aim, that of obtaining an education that will prepare us for the battles of life.

HAZLE MORRISON.



"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."—Nola O'Neil

Junior Prophecy

As our class parted in 1917 we determined to have a class reunion to be held if possible in 1925. True to our word, as ever, in June 1925 we assembled in the Aetna Hotel in our dear old home town.

All of us were there except McKinley Towner who, as a member of the Chicago Glee Club, had an important engagement for that week and could not possibly leave.

Mildred Thompson, our class president, was there, more ready to talk than ever, except that her subject had now changed to that all important one of votes for women.

Her dearest friend, Mae Lee, who during our school days had high aspirations toward becoming Dean of some woman's college, astonished us all by announcing that she was the famous actress, Mme. Mae, of whom we had heard so much.

Edith Rogers, the tiny one of our class, having her greatest wish gratified by the gods, had become a beauty-doctor, well known for her famous cream which will remove freckles and guarantees a lily-white complexion.

Dwight, now a railroad magnate, came in his private car and explained to us his new invention of aluminum spikes which would go down in history as one of the greatest inventions of the age,

Clara Roloff, now the wife of the manager of a moving picture theatre in Champaign, talked to all of us unmarried women on the ecstasies of married life.

Who would ever imagine that our dear little primary teacher, Hazle Dean Morrison, would give up her independent life and freedom for a diamond? But this is what that young lady has done and she will soon become the wife of a prosperous young farmer living near Ogden.

Frances and Pauline were still bosom friends. Whether their occupations had been selected for that purpose we can't say, but they made it possible. Frances had become an athlete, so well known that she was greeted by all as a champion golf player. In her spare hours she wrote German text books and treatises on Botany. Pauline, on the other hand was leading a quiet life, in fact a life of sacrifice. She too was an author but her subject differed. She conducted an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column for a great daily newspaper.

Just at the last moment in rushed Hulda, red in the face and as lively as ever. She breathlessly informed us that she had only that morning persuaded her manager to give her her vacation that week. In response to our eager

"He who falls in love with himself will have no rivals"—Harold Spencer

inquiries as to who her manager was, she calmly answered. "Oh, you know I'm the star trapeze performer in Ringling Brothers' Circus." We always knew Hulda would make her mark in the world.

Having given up the other member of our class, we assembled in the large dining hall of the Aetna Hotel, of which Guy T. Strahorn was now proprietor. Seating ourselves, we proceeded to devour the good things set before us, when in strolled a dilapidated piece of humanity whom nobody recognized. Stopping somewhat uncertainly in the doorway, he suddenly let out a warwhoop and rushing to the railroad magnate, exclaimed "Well, if it ain't my old friend, Pup." It was Harold, the missing link. Grinning from ear to ear he informed us that "bein' a hobo" was the life for him. Alas! Alas! that he should come to this after all our great expectations!!!

Now came the great rejoicing and many confused and inarticulate sounds could be heard issuing from the doors and windows of the hotel, waking up the dead old town and reminding everyone of the old days when we were youngsters in High School.

After dinner, the class all repaired to Homer Park, which had been a favorite place of amusement in by-gone years. The afternoon was spent, everyone pleasing himself skating, dancing, swimming, fishing, rowing, playing golf or tennis. Some of the most adventurous even fed peanuts to the bear, which was now so old as to be perfectly harmless. Supper was eaten picnic-fashion on the grass and then a grand dance was held in the pavilion.

The next morning we departed to the railway station where we boarded Dwight's private car and the train slowly pulled out amid much cheering.

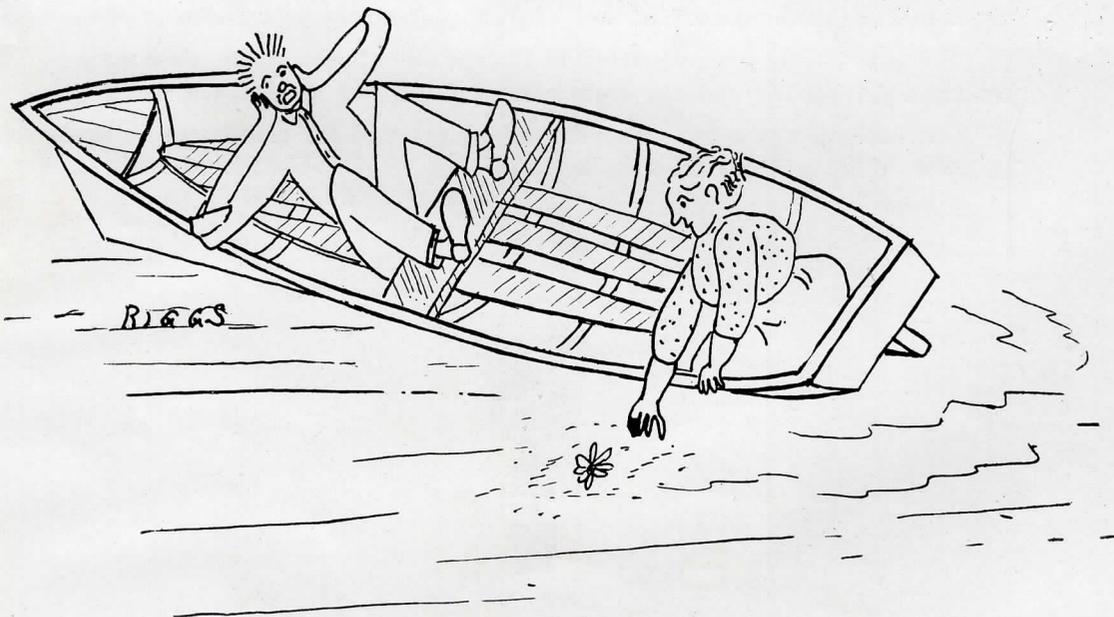
Our reunion was a great success and we planned for another to be held in 1935. What will our fates be by then?

PAULINE AKERS
FRANCES CONKEY



"His clothes have the 'Royal Tailored' look."—Julian Wallace

SOPHOMORES



The Sophomore Class



TOP ROW--Left to Right: Frank Cannady, Glen White, Frank Wrisk, Earl Yount, Frank Cotton, Charley Broyles, Paul Oakes.
MIDDLE ROW--Left to Right: Nellie Hays, Lois Dennis, Nola O'Neil, Nellie Ray, Gladys Winters.

BOTTOM ROW--Left to Right: Carrie Ernest, Bessie Hays, Martha White, Elizabeth Baird, Edna Brown, Adolph Sickel.

Sophomore Class Poem

If you're looking for a jolly class,
Just peep in at our number;
For we are jolly Sophomores
Who're never caught in slumber.

The first in line is Nola,
The gem of all the classes;
But Lois Dennis holds her own
For beauty 'mong the lasses.

Gladys is still our "trump card,"
For she is hard to beat;
Whisk tried to keep in pace with her
But could not quite compete.

Nelle Ray, the Latin student,
'Most surpasses all the rest,
And we know she gets it honestly,
For she proves it in the test.

Most Oaks are strong and sturdy
And we are sure Paul is,
For he shows us that spirit
In the Ancient History quiz.

As Brown is the color name
Which all people like,
Do not abuse our Edna or
You'll have us all to fight.

Bessie and Nellie Hays
Are sisters quite demure;
But working as art students
They re wonders, I'm quite sure.

Chas. Broyles and Frank Cannaday
Are surely comical fellows;
The laugh of C. Broyles
Reminds us of bellows.

Adolph Sickel in Geometry class
Shows us he's very smart
By proving the propositions,
But, he's mighty hard to start.

"Short and sassy is this little lassie"—Hazel Morrison

Martha White in English
Is a shy and modest lass
Who answers when she's called upon
In a voice that stills the class.

Earl Yount and Glenn White
Win favor where e'er they go
With their excellent behavior
And smiles and grins-just so.

Elizabeth Baird has such a cute laugh
We all love to hear her begin,
So that we too can join in the fun
To make a great bustle and din.

Frank Cotton is the fellow
With his low melodious speeches
That has won his way into the hearts
Of his carefully listening teachers.

Of myself, the writer,--
Oh well! I will not say,
But will leave it to the future
To speak as the future may.

And now we hope you'll wish us well
This class of girls and boys,
For we soon will leave the Sophomore fun
To seek the Junior joys.

CARRIE EARNEST.



"What's the use of living if you can't have any fun"—Pauline Akers

Sophomore Prophecy

“Classmates! It is a fearful strife,
 For man endowed with mortal life,
 Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
 Each feverish pang and fainting chill,
 Whose eyes can stare in stony trance,
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior’s lance,
 ’Tis hard for such to view unfurled,
 The curtain of the future world.
 Yet witness every quaking limb,
 My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn—
 Thus for my classmates have I borne!—”

Thus spoke the prophet when the Faghairm was tried to show us the Sophomores as they appear June 1918.

Gladys has bravely led her class since we first started the struggle for knowledge, up thru our Senior year and in a few more days will lead her class across the platform to receive their diplomas, after which she will leave each and everyone so that she may begin her brilliant career as housekeeper.

If you will stop and think you will remember that two years ago Frank Cotton was so bashful he had St. Vitus’s Dance everytime a girl smiled at him. We now claim him for our professional “ladies’ man.” During his Junior and Senior years he has blossomed wondrously and it’s rather doubtful whether or not he will receive his diploma for the simple reason that he spent all school hours writing notes, and had a date with a different girl six nights out of every week.

Frank Canady has been spending all spare moments in making a dairy wagon and in collecting old bottles. He is graduating with high honors and is going to keep on in the intellectual field for several more years. To earn his college expenses, he is going to run a dairy wagon during the summer.

Of course we knew years ago that Bessie Hays was a real artist. Her drawings were so good that the Juniors have been begging and beseeching her to flunk purposely so that she can make their Annual a success. But she promises to remain true to her classmates.

Adolph Sickle will have a statue placed in the assembly room, in his honor some day. He almost went blind a year ago trying to see his work at school on dark days, so he invented a new kind of light with scarcely no expense. It supplied the entire High School. (You see when they built the new

“For every ‘why’ he had a ‘wherefore’”—John Finnegan

Township High School they ran out of money before they came to the light question and we suffered the consequences).

Mr. Burkhardt added one night of vaudeville each week to his establishment several months ago and ever since Nola O'Neil has smiled over the footlights while she trips the "light fantastic" across the stage.

Frank Whisk became too wise for the rest of his classmates at the end of his Sophomore year. He then became an employee of the Sears and Roebuck establishment and has invented a machine that lays the Ford in the shade. Some one received a letter from him the other day saying that he was coming home to see his old classmates graduate.

Nelle Ray occupies the front seat directly in front of the Professor's desk. Once she was so shy and demure she was trusted in any seat in the room, but now—such a change. The tall angular old maid who took Miss Mitchell's place in 1916, is her worst enemy and the way they fight is something dreadful.

And Carrie, everyone sit up and take notice, those little hand-backs she used to give Mr. Moore and Mr. Bangert were not in vain. She writes up the "Jest and Jollity" page for the Homer Aggravater now.

A great many trunks are still at the Wabash station and from the Northwest part of town come wild shrieks. By putting two and two together we learn that Lois Dennis has packed her wardrobe and is waiting merely to receive her diploma before starting to Berlin where she will star in Royal Grand Opera.

She sits in the corner seat, bothering no one and smiling tolerantly, with her pretty brown eyes upon the foolish occupants of the assembly. During the past year she has been Editor-in-Chief of the Homerician. If you haven't already guessed that it's Nellie Hays, you've missed your guess.

Edna Brown drives back and forth to School in her Hudson during all kinds of weather. She was arrested this morning on the charge of speeding and of having killed twenty dollars worth of poultry in the past week. Her trial is set for the day after the commencement exercises, and the School Board is having quite a time trying to get her released long enough to go thru the exercises at least.

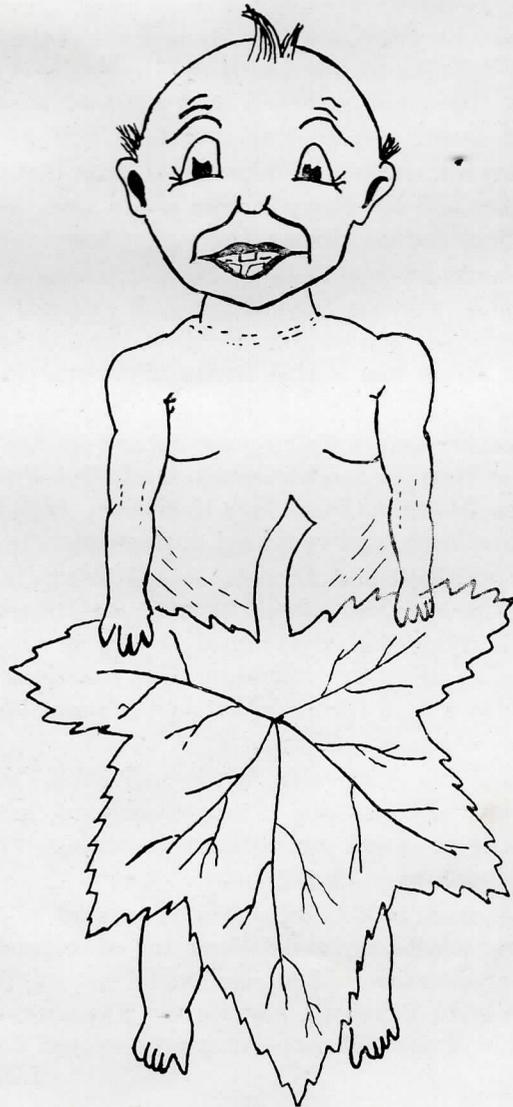
Charley Broyles, Paul Oaks, Glen White and Earl Yount have formed a High School quartet. One morning of every week they entertain the High School. They also sing at church and school entertainments and are thinking of joining the chautauqua when they get out of school.

And last, but not least, is Elizabeth, who on account of ill health left the rest of her class a few months ago and took up the correspondence course that she might finish her education. If anyone would get anything out of that course, it would surely be Elizabeth, because she was always good at corresponding, but we doubt if she still uses that pretty colored stationery.

LOIS DENNIS.

"In wit a man, in simplicity a child."—Ronald Rosenbaum

FRESHIE



The Freshman Class



TOP ROW---Left to right: James McElroy, Julian Wallace, Edna Hamill, Wayne Schroll.
MIDDLE ROW---Left to Right: Roy Dusan, Bernice Cusick, Ronald Rosenbaum, Beryl Royse, Adah Morrison.
BOTTOM ROW---Left to Right: Leslie Townner, Opal Smith, John Smoot, Fern Schomberg.

Freshman Class Poem

Out of the eighth grade the last of May,
 We're the Freshmen; list to what I say.
 The bashful teachers with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste to the principal's door,
 The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
 Told them that we were there once more,
 And vacation only eight months away.

Each one of us tried so hard to be good,
 The teachers tho't we behaved as well as we could.
 Our class grew larger this Freshman year,
 By Beryl and Martha from Hoosier, my dear;
 We only kept Beryl till Christmas time,
 As her heart was in Hoosier she could not stay,
 And vacation still five months away.

And there is Fern Schomburg from a country school
 Joined our ranks and obeyed the rule;
 She studied so hard, each and every night,
 We all thought sure her hair would turn white.
 Next comes John Smoot figuring faster and faster,
 He says he will surely be an Algebra master;
 Grace Madden decided that she would not stay
 So she packed her books and went her way,
 And vacation still four months away.

In her studies no fear our Helen showed,
 Although she was sick for a month we are told;
 Ronald, Leslie and James will not be behind,
 For hardly any trouble in their studies they find;
 Translating Latin Wayne never does tire,
 But if difficulties arise he is filled with ire.
 To be teachers is Edna's and Opal's desire,
 And of course we all hope that they may,
 But still vacation is a few months away.

Next comes Adah and Bernice,
 Who make us stop to listen and pause,
 For they both say that they are going
 To speak for the woman's cause.
 Now I'm afraid that Julian and Roy,
 Havoc with this poem did play;
 Do we like to write poems? We both answer nay,
 But still we have tried it any way.
 So please excuse us if you may,
 For vacation's still some months away.

Roy J. Dusan and Julian Wallace.

"Look on her face and you will forget all"—Gladys Winters

Freshman Class Prophecy

The Freshman Class when on a field trip one day, met a gipsy caravan. Of course we all wanted our fortunes told, altho our teacher objected.

We went to a large dirty wagon, within which our future destinies were to be told.

First Wayne entered the coach of mystery and found that he was going to be a mathematics teacher in a large school in the east. We all agreed that his future was well founded.

Then James felt anxious about his future and discovered that horse-trading was the industry picked for him and he would have a great success.

Beryl was much surprised when she learned that she was destined to be a saleswoman for a colored hosiery firm in the South.

Next came Edna who was to be a wealthy spinster, still corresponding.

Helen came next and she was found to be a soprano singer, singing to accompany John's bass voice in a holiness church. They followed their preacher around from tabernacle to tabernacle. The preacher was no other than Leslie Towner.

Now it was Adah's turn. She found her future to be taking part in a matrimonial bureau.

Bernice informed us that she was to be a great elocutionist.

Roy's future was to be spent in a large railway depot in Chicago, as a porter.

Then Julian found that he was going to rival Caruso and McCormack.

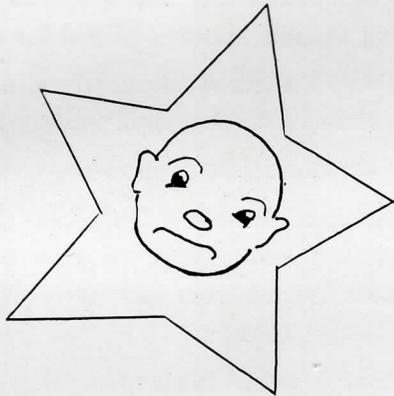
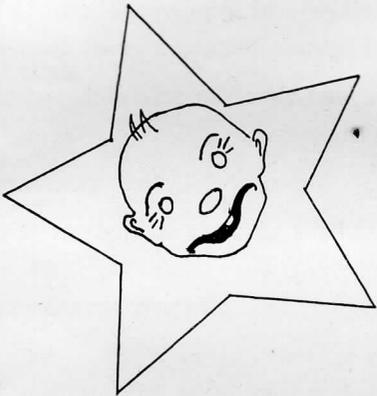
Ronald was much worried to learn that he was to be a rich old bachelor, suffering from St. Vitus's dance. We all have our opinions that it will be just the effects of his school-day restlessness.

Opal was very proud to tell us that she was to be the world's greatest actress.

Last came Fern whose destiny it was to make fashionable clothes for the wealthy people when they go to see Opal perform on the stage.

"The gods awake to the sound of his ponderous footsteps."—Frank Cotton

GRADES



The Eighth Grade



TOP ROW---Left to Right: Andrew Maxwell, Victor Current, Gordon Smith, Harold Conkey, Charles Thompson.
MIDDLE ROW---Left to Right: Floyd Smith, Liela Rogers, Lorissa Royse, Florence Edgar, Idill White.
BOTTOM ROW---Left to Right: Angeline Wilson, Helen Brayshaw, Georgie Akers, Inez Dennis, Vera Broyles.

The Eighth Grade

The Eighth grade is organized with the High School, Miss Mitchell teaching our Grammar and History and Miss Dexter teaching the remaining subjects. Twice a day we march ? into the office and once a day we are in the assembly. So we are familiar with the High School. Next year we hope to enter it and while we know that we shall be looked down upon as mere Freshies, yet we feel sure that ere the year is gone we shall make the upper classes sit up and take notice.

This year is our last in the grades, and when we graduate this spring, we shall receive our diplomas not with the feeling that our education is complete, but knowing that we have completed the first lap. The eight years of effort mean a great deal to us and as we enter the High School, we feel that we must say farewell to the grades and extend to them our kindest wishes.

Class Prophecy

You may wonder whence I received my knowledge. I shall tell you. One night while trying to close my eyes in slumber, I saw that which has become my prophecy. I suppose I must have dozed because it surely was a dream, a thoroughly interesting dream. It comes back to me again and I shall write it for you.

First I saw a small, bare garret room, lighted by one candle. In the center of the room was a small stand and bending over it was Victor, the class poet of days gone by.

Next I saw Georgia, a well known manicurist, in a barber shop. She was holding a young man's hand and smiling, showing her dimples in a most charming manner.

I saw Floyd teaching Manual Training in the U. of I. and Idell a grand opera singer. Vera was teaching in the Hampton school in Virginia and Oressa was giving sewing lessons in the new Homer Township High School.

"To see her is to love her"—Grace Hall

Next I saw a race track overhung with dust and a buzzing racer bearing the number 5 whirled past. In it was Gordon Smith.

Then I crossed the ocean to Europe and went to the field of battle. I thought I heard a familiar voice and on looking I saw a Red Cross nurse ministering to a wounded soldier. It was Angeline.

I went on till I saw a beautiful lake with shining water on which a small canoe was floating lazily. In this canoe was Charlie Thompson reading the "Homerian" of 1920. Later I saw him behind a high desk doing cartooning work for the "Chicago Daily."

Again I found myself in a large building listening to a philanthropic lecture by a lady with spectacles and cork screw curls hanging down the side of her face. Instantly I recognized my old school mate, Florence.

Next I entered the "Accident Ward" of a hospital. I saw before me a very pale looking face upon a snowy white pillow. I inquired why he had so many bruises and scratches and was told that it was Clint Ewing. He had just been brought there after a motorcycle accident.

Then I saw a beautiful palace and grounds. I asked to be admitted to them. On going inside I met Helen who said that she was the lady of the house. I asked her how she happened to marry a lord. She told me that she had come to England looking for her lost fortune and after finding it she married this lord. And Harold I saw in court looking very dignified. (Judge Wise Owl of the Supreme Court of U. S.)

Next I found myself on a railroad train on my way to Utah. After entering the car I found most of the seats occupied, so I sat down beside a brown haired lady. I looked at her and thot I had seen her before. I asked her if she knew me. She said no. "Aren t you Lelia Rodgers, of Homer?" I asked. She said, "Yes, I am an actress on the road now."

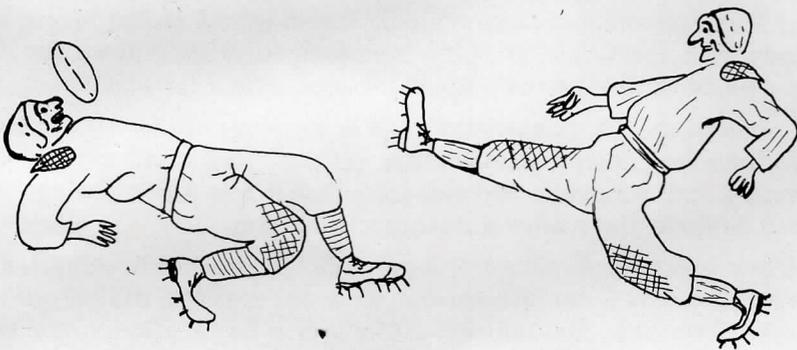
On reaching Utah, I met a friend who introduced me to Andrew Maxwell. Andrew said he was living out there and was the Mormon prophet which he wished to be when a boy.

Most wonderful of all I saw myself in a beautiful new high school building in Homer where, with a number of friends, I was admiring a demonstration in cooking, offered by the high school domestic science department.

That was almost too good and I awoke from my wandering dream in the same room, same house in the same town as when the objects of my dream last saw me.

INEZ DENNIS.

ATHLETICS



Athletics

Athletics in Homer High School have not yet reached the point of greatest efficiency. The school spirit is good but not excellent, and as this spirit improves the results will be more gratifying. Basket-ball playing is practically the only activity in this line in which we engage. There are many reasons for this. We have no apparatus, no grounds, no hall, and are dependent wholly on the public favor for the money with which to conduct the department. The public, when sufficiently encouraged, responds, but this method tends to discourage the boys who in turn do not produce the results of which they are capable and the public in turn ceases to contribute generously.

The position of Homer in Athletics is good, it can be better. There is no reason why we should be restricted to one line of athletics. When the spirit moves us we will branch out into the other lines as other schools are doing and our own school, in turn, will improve. The success with which we meet will serve but to encourage us and serve to make our name dreaded by other schools for our efficiency, but honored for our fair play.

Basket Ball

Shortly after the beginning of school, the athletic question rested heavily on the minds of the students. The High School have always supported a basket-ball team and it was decided to organize a basket-ball association. The association was formed and Mr. Bangert, the coach, began the first practice of the year on the High School campus. George Bone was elected captain of the team. There was also a good deal of new material in which were a number of undeveloped stars. The team did not reach its real stride until after a few games had been played and then began to show real form. Below are the games and the official score of each:

Homer vs. St. Joseph, at Homer, Oct. 22, 1915.

This game may be called a practice game as the Homer team was in very poor condition. It was played on the High School campus. The game was close but there was no fast playing. Coach Bangert refereed. Score, Homer 20, St. Joseph 16.

"Mrs. Jarley, the beautiful leader of the stunt show."—Hulda Palmer

Homer vs. Allerton, at Allerton, Oct. 29, 1915.

This game on the Allerton floor showed great team work for Homer, despite the fact that they played on a small floor. The game was fast and very much one-sided. Captain Bone starred, by counting 37 points. This accounts for the score of Homer 51, Allerton 14.

Homer vs. St. Joseph, at St. Joseph, Nov. 5, 1915.

This game was also played on the ground as St. Joseph has no hall in which to play. The substitutes officiated for Homer in this game and at one time in the game the guards were shifted to forward position. Revenge is sweet, and they got it. Score, St. Joseph 22, Homer 18.

Homer vs. Catlin, at Homer, Dec. 10, 1915.

This was really the first official game of the season, as it was the first scheduled game and the first to be played in the hall. Homer played a fast game and easily outclassed the visitors and won in a walkaway. The playing of Peyton, Bone and Wrisk featured. Score, Homer 47, Catlin 13.

Homer vs. Mahomet, at Mahomet, Dec. 17, 1915.

Homer left for Mahomet with the expectation of meeting a strong team. But they were not as fast as expected, and this encouraged the Homer lads some. The Mahomet players were all large but lacked quality. The playing of Bone and Yount featured. Score, Homer 27, Mahomet 12.

Homer vs. Champaign, at Homer, Dec. 22, 1915.

This game was the best game played on the Homer floor during the whole season. The game started out very one-sided as the score-board read 10 to 0 at the beginning, in favor of Homer. But Champaign soon caught up and a real fight ensued. The first half ended with Homer leading by a score of 10 to 8. At the beginning of the second half Homer started in in whirlwind fashion. Yount succeeded in getting five successive field goals, but was afterwards put out on personal fouls. His absence was sorely felt on Homer's part as Champaign soon tied the score. The last half ended with the score, 34-34. It was agreed that an extra five minutes should be played and the team ahead at the end of the five minutes should win. The fighting was hard in those five minutes. Neither of the teams scored a field goal but Homer finally surged into the lead, on a field goal and won, 35-34.

Homer vs. Champaign, at Champaign, Jan. 7, 1916.

Homer left for Champaign expecting a bad beating. But this game was of

"Always has a Sunday date for church"—Mildred Thompson

the same variety as the other Homer-Champaign game. Champaign started in the lead but was soon caught. The game was close and well played. At the end of the first half Homer was leading to the tune of 11 to 9. Wilson, a Champaign forward, was expelled from the game at the last of the first half on personal fouls. Homer led all through the last half until the last few minutes of play. But the Champaign forwards got away and therefore led at the end of the session. Score, Champaign 23, Homer 21.

Homer vs. Villa Grove, at Homer, Jan. 14, 1916.

The Homer team, as well as Homer students, will admit that Villa Grove has a good Basket-ball Team. They won from Homer in a well played game that was featured by its cleanliness and team-work. The crippled condition of Capt. Bone also aided the Villa Grove quintet. Score, Villa Grove 31, Homer 13.

Homer vs. Sidell, at Homer, Jan. 28, 1916.

Sidell has a larger High School than Homer, but they have not as good a basket-ball team. Homer was badly beaten by Sidell last year, but time tells for they completely outclassed Sidell this year. The exceptionally good guarding of Peters featured in this game. Homer 34, Sidell 18.

Homer vs. Villa Grove, at Villa Grove, Feb. 5, 1916.

This game did not end as badly as local fans expected. Altho Homer was beaten, they played a better game on the enemy's floor than they did on the home floor, taking all things into consideration. But the quality of the Villa Grove team was much too strong for Homer. Score, Villa Grove 33, Homer 11.

Homer vs. Sidell, at Sidell, Feb. 11, 1916.

Sidell can defeat a much faster team than themselves on their own floor. They are assisted by low ceiling, cement floor, overhead pipes near the baskets, and last of all, Sears & Roebuck's baskets. These things are the causes of Homer's defeat at Sidell. It was the circumstances that caused the defeat of Homer. Score, Sidell 28, Homer 10.

Homer vs. Mahomet, at Homer, Feb. 18, 1916.

Mahomet never came to Homer with the expectation of beating them. They came to play off a schedule game, which was necessary according to association rules. Homer players had promised Coach Bangert they would make 60 points. They fulfilled their promise and gave him a good measure. The last reading of the score board was, Homer 69, Mahomet 3.

"Here's a metal I present to myself as a token of my self-esteem"—Lois Dennis

Homer vs. Monticello, at Bloomington, Feb. 24, 1916.

Monticello has a much stronger team this year than they did last year. They clearly demonstrated this fact to Homer at the tournament in Bloomington. Homer never expected to win the tournament but went for experience. They got it. Score, Monticello 50, Homer 24.

SEASON'S LINEUP

Forward—Oaks, Peyton.

Guard—Peters, Cotton.

Forward—Spencer, Yount.

Guard—Wrisk, Wallace.

Center—Bone

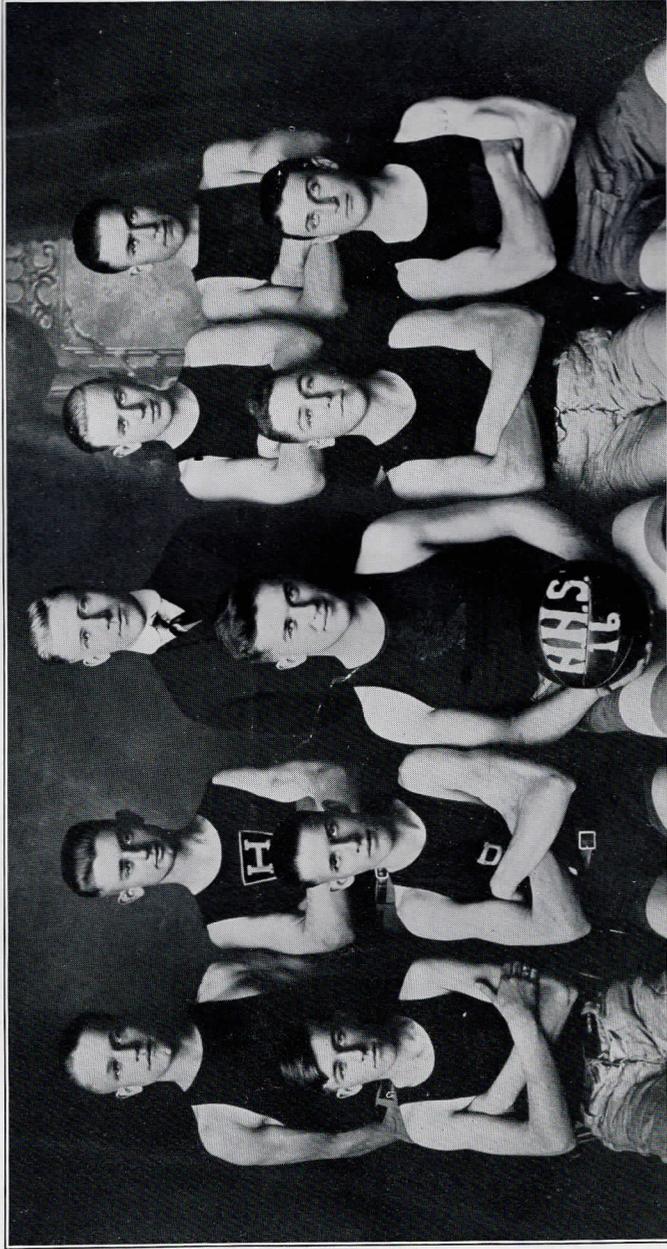
Total number of points in all games, Homer 436, opponents 320.

DAUGHERTY, '16.



"The world knows little of its greatest men"—Gene Peyton

Basket Ball Team



TOP ROW---Left to Right: Peters, Cotton, Bangert (coach), Wallace, Wrisk.

BOTTOM ROW---Left to Right: Peyton, Oakes, Bone--Capt; Spencer, Yount.

SOCIETY



Society Events

THE GLEE CLUB

A Girls' Glee Club has been organized in the High School by Miss Mitchell. A large number of girls are taking part.

THE TATLER

The Tatler is the weekly paper which consists of announcements, jokes, local items, athletic news and poems by our bright poets of our school. The paper is read Thursday of each week by a High School student.

HOMER-CHAMPAIGN BASKET-BALL GAME

The High School Basket-ball team played Champaign High School, Jan. 7, 1916, in the new Champaign H. S. gymnasium. The High School girls accompanied the team, and much enthusiasm was shown, but still we lost the game by two points.

THE LEAP YEAR BASKET-BALL GAME

The last Basket-ball game of the season was played February 18 at the Opera House. This game was in charge of the High School girls, and it was declared the best of the season. It was widely advertised as a leap year game, Unique posters were put in the business windows and bills were posted in the adjoining towns. The hall was decorated very prettily with red hearts and crepe paper. After the game, dancing was enjoyed.

PARENT-TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION

A Parent-Teacher's association has been organized in the school, the purpose of which is to bring the parents in closer relations to the school work. Meetings are held the third Monday evening of each month, at the school building. A program is prepared by the High School and the officers of the association. The first meeting was held January 25, and Supt. Watts of Urbana gave the address for the evening. After the program a social time was enjoyed and refreshments were served by Mesdames Sickle and Richard.

The second Parent-Teacher's meeting was held February 21. A splendid program was given by Miss Mann's Pupils and the Glee Club. A larger crowd attended than at the previous meeting.

"Wonder what this old place will look like without me?"—Pearle Oakes

WIENER ROASTS

In October, the High School boys and girls, with the Faculty as chaperones, took a hike to the park. Huge fires were made and everyone roasted wieners and marshmallows. Many camp-fire melodies were sung and jokes were told until past dusk, then we wandered homeward.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

The annual Junior-Senior party will be held in May at the home of Frances Conkey, on East street. The Senior color scheme will be used in the decorations. A four-course dinner will be served.

"MOSE"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mose, a foot-ball hero	- - - - -	George D. Bone
Frank Thornton, weak but not wicked	- - - - -	Guy Strahorn
Thurston Hall, who makes a mistake	- - - - -	Gene Peyton
Billy Holt, the inevitable freshman	- - - - -	Jasper Peters
Henry Warrick, product of yellow journalism	- - - - -	John Finnegan
"Society" Smith, one of the boys	- - - - -	John Smoot
Rodney, another	- - - - -	Julian Wallace
Sumner, another	- - - - -	Frank Wrisk
Hayden, another	- - - - -	Harold Spencer
Thomas Edward, "l'enfant terrible"	- - - - -	Gene Daugherty
An old man, Mose's father	- - - - -	Albert Riggs
Eleanor Thornton, loves a man for his strength	- - - - -	Jo. Hardesty
Anne Schuyler, loves a man for his weakness	- - - - -	Pearl Oaks
Betty Carewe, who loves a freshman	- - - - -	Alma Philbrook
Sally Middleton	- - - - -	Pauline Akers
Katharine Stanton	- - - - -	Frances Conkey
Edythe Burn Jones	- - - - -	Ethel McElroy
Mrs. Bone, the "frat" house matron	- - - - -	Stasia Finnegan
Mrs. Vouche, a chaperon	- - - - -	Grace Hall
Mrs. Courant, another	- - - - -	Hazel Morrison
Inga, the maid	- - - - -	Hulda Palmer

* * * *

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.

Scene: Living Room in Fraternity house. Afternoon.

Mose is a foot-ball hero and has reached the climax of his career. He is

"He hunted, but in vain"—Albert Riggs

made custodian of the Fraternity funds. Frank Thornton, Eleanor's brother, is tempted to take five hundred dollars of the funds to meet poker debts. Mose, while at the desk, notices that the secret drawer is sprung. He finds Frank's cuff button in the corner of the drawer. Mose, who is in love with Eleanor, decides to keep this from her.

ACT II.

Scene: Reception Room of the Grolier Club. Evening.

Eleanor and Mose become engaged. While at the ball in the evening, Thurston Hall accuses Mose of taking the money. Mose, in order to shield Eleanor, admits the guilt.

ACT III.

Scene: At the Fraternity House. Early the next morning.

Frank learns that Mose knows that it was he who took the money and he confesses his theft to Eleanor. In the meantime Mose plans to go West. As the boys and girls are bidding him good-bye, Eleanor rushes in and tells it was not Mose who took the money, but it was her brother Frank. Everything is made alright again and Eleanor leaves with Mose for the West.

THE PLAY

The Senior play which was given March 10 proved to be a great success. All of the persons taking part in it had their parts learned well. A large crowd attended. The funds will be used for the Homerian.



"The hero of an hour."—Frank W risk

Courtship by Mail

Being an extract from the correspondence of that well-known couple, Joey C. Bunyon and Winnie B. Jenks.

BY MILDRED THOMPSON.

Dear Joey :

I received your letter yesterday and send you my photo as you ask. I am a good cook but slightly freckled around the neck. I have tender ways and sunset hair. Now I will be frank with you and say I am not hopelessly fascinated with you if the photograph you send me is a truthful likeness of the way you look when you are in your right mind. What seemed to be the trouble, Joey, when you posed for this masterpiece? Your mustache looks as tho it had taken offense at something the photographer said to you and had just gotten up to go home when he pulled the trigger on you. Are there no painless photographers out West? Here they give gas in severe cases like this. But do not take offense. I am an out-spoken woman and as you know me better you will learn to love me for it.

Yours tenderly

Winnie B. Jenks.

Miss Winnie B. Jenke,

Dear Madam :

The day I had my face illustrated the fotygrafer had such hard work to get me to look life-like that he jabbed and punched me behind the ears with his prongs until I told him if he harpooned me again I would lick him with my new tight suit on, and thrash him with with his three dollar tripod, and in that frame of mind I was sketched, and I defy any man to sit for two hours and be jabbed like I was and then look well in the negative or any place else. What I want to say to you is that I have a gentle disposition and can be led to do most anything with kindness and love. I am bald headed but otherwise in good health and hope you are the same. I have blue eyes, and a span of mules, one hundred and sixty acres of land, thirty head of hogs and a mustache. There are some women here who would like to claim my two hands in the holy ties of married wedlock, but I said no, for I am looking for a bird of finer feathers. I have a parlor organ and was run for supervisor once, but was defeated because three men stayed at home to brain potato bugs instead of serving their country. Write soon.

With due affection,

Joey C. Bunyon.

"Acting in the moving picture of nature"—Miss Dale

Alumni

BY PEARL OAKS

The High School department was added to the school in 1880 but it only consisted of three years course then. In 1884 Bell Anderson completed the work then in 1885 the first class graduated. In 1910 the fourth year was added.

Five negroes have graduated from the High School: Lydia Allen, Mary Morgan, Will Pearson, Walter Smith, and Frank Earnest.

Of the one hundred and seventy nine members graduated from Homer High but eight are deceased. Nellie B. Smith, Dollie Humrickhouse, Roy Taylor, Mary Wood, Herbert Wright, Lucielle Cooper, Mary O'Neil and Helen Wilson.

The members of this Alumni are engaged in almost all classes of business in various parts of the United States and a few in other parts of the world.

Alumni Record

CLASS OF 1885

Ella Song
Mary Smith

CLASS OF 1886

Nora Gunder
Nancy White
Alta Woody

CLASS OF 1887

Dude White
Carrie Burkhart
C. B. Coffeen

Fred Gray
Ola Shepherd
Lydia Allen

Nellie Smith
Mary Morgan

CLASS OF 1888

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

CLASS OF 1889

Bertha Shepard
Sadie Custer
Fannie Miller
Effie Smith
Ella Riggs

Belle Garwood

CLASS OF 1890

Oscar Jamison
Will Pearsons

CLASS OF 1891

No class

CLASS OF 1892

Albert Smith
Melvin Greeley
Lillie Conkey
Bertha Starr

Myrtle Mantle
Sophia Palmer
Fred Hammill

CLASS OF 1893

Emma Burrows
Vollie Jacobus

CLASS OF 1894

Ed Hall
Dove Ashley
Garnet Hartman

CLASS OF 1895

Chas. Havard
Daisy Morrison

Alice Havard
Jay Sieboldt
Carrie Evans
Walter Smith
Boone Garwood

Frank Barton

Nellie Gunder

Jessie Stengle

Mary Tindall

Dollie Humrickhouse

CLASS OF 1896

Stella Harden

CLASS OF 1897

Henry Mullen
Gertie Conkey
Roy Taylor

CLASS OF 1898

Daisy McCullough

Roy Sallady

Bert Smoot

Curtis Carter

Josie Smith

Ella Thomas

Beth Shaw

Ora Akers

Will Tudor

Roy Freeman

Fred Thompson

CLASS OF 1899

Mary Woody

Carrie Wright

CLASS OF 1900

Lillie Burdick

Ellen Palmer

"Fair, fat and of questionable age."—Frank Canady

Mary Hall	Charles Bennett	Juanita Gibson
Nellie Trimble	CLASS OF 1905	Merle Carter
Effie Swartz	Elsie Wilson	Maurice Ocheltree
Fred Summers	Helen Wallace	Helen Conkey
Sadie Cusick	Jennie Sieboldt	Jennie Burroughs
Lawson Jones	Colonel Elliott	Helen Wilson
CLASS OF 1901	Earle Gibson	Nora Spencer
Gertrude Mudge	Herbert Wright	Bon Hardesty
Laura Brown	Robert Hall	CLASS OF 1912
Milton Akers	CLASS OF 1906	Mary O'Neil
Edgar Thomas	Edith Lucile Cooper	Florence Hodson
Richel Spencer	Gora Belle Spencer	Lew Wallace
Emma Willis	CLASS OF 1907	Henry Rose
John Witherspoon	Howard Hess	Fern Judge
Myrtle Witherspoon	Bess Thompson	Arthur Roloff
Zella Radebaugh	Ollie Carter	CLASS OF 1913
Nellie Yeazel	Bessie Carter	Lowell Hays
CLASS OF 1902	Zella Cotton	Grace Bowen
Gertrude Havard	Chas. Hughes	Regna M. Masters
George Hartman	Ray Hall	Olive O'Neil
Ethel Wilson	Carl Gibson	Gertrude Palmer
Carrie Robinson	Winifred Stearns	Maud Penny
Ralph Wallace	Mallie Davis	Lawrence Cecil
CLASS OF 1903	James Thompson	CLASS OF 1915
Katie Davis	Cora Hughes	Mary Roberts
Will Oaks	Burton Wilson	Hazel Hickman
Oliver Brown	CLASS OF 1908	Lillian Roloff
Vilue Rogers	Julia Jane Hess	Lucy Ellis
Goldie Briggs	CLASS OF 1909	CLASS OF 1915
Guy Briggs	Warren Orr	Wanita Burroughs
Maude Mantle	Jemima Cecil	Mary Peters
Dollie Palmer	Robert Cotton	Ruth Wallace
Lucy Glover	Mary Carter	Seymour Current
Queenie Gray	John Thompson	Frank Earnest
Ralph Foreman	Mary Peyton	Louise Oaks
Martha Nixon	Gladys Hardesty	Evelyne Broadbent
Allen Sickle	Helen Borders	Helen Hickman
Eva Conkey	Ethel Towner	Hazel Winters
Chas. N. Brown	CLASS OF 1910	Flo Robinson
Jennie Thomas	No class	Palmer Davis
Ada Hall	CLASS OF 1911	George Sullivan
CLASS OF 1904	Ronald C. O'Neil	Wilbur Martin



"Better to be out of world, than out of fashion."—Ada Morrison.

LITERARY



Literary Societies

A short time before Christmas at the suggestion of Mr. Weisiger, Mr. Bangert formed two literary societies in the High School by dividing the pupils into two groups. Each group was made up of two divisions, the members of which were to appear at least once upon a literary program. The two divisions of each group decided to give the program together and elected their officers.

The officers of Society No. 1 were: President, Jasper Peters; Vice President, Josephine Hardesty and Secretary, Frances Conkey.

Those elected by Society No. 2 were: President, Stasia Finnegar; Vice President, Guy Straborn and Secretary, Gladys Winters. Besides these officers there was a committee of five appointed to prepare a program.

The best program was given by Society No. 1 who had only a week to prepare, as they gave their program the last Friday in January. Being unskilled in getting up a literary program they did not carry out their meeting in full parliamentary order and therefore received the criticism of Mr. Weisiger. Considering the short time in which the members had to prepare it was very good.

Society No. 2 gave their program the latter part of February and their only complaint was that Mr. Bangert made them give it a week earlier than they had expected. This was necessary because the basket-ball team had to attend the tournament the Friday of the following week. Their program was well received by their audience who however expected a good one because they had a much longer time for preparation. Mr. Bangert was appointed critic and as one member expressed it, "The critic criticised everything that could be criticised."

The members of literary Society No. 1 began to consider themselves unlucky for both senior and junior plays were presented in March and they did not have much time to prepare a program as they had expected. But they certainly did themselves justice and their listeners were well entertained by the program which made Society No. 2 work their hardest in getting up the April program which is the last to be given this year. Miss Dexter was appointed critic of this meeting.

The programs were made up of speeches, essays, humorous stories, dia-

"Zealous, yet modest"—Fern Schomberg

logues and debates. The speeches were generally on some current topic. The essays were well written and generally had a point which was well brought out. The dialogues received much applause from the audience. The music was very good and one of the chief attractions, the German song given on the last program of Society No. 1 was very good tho the majority of the listeners including the German class was unable to translate it. A debate was given at each program and three judges were appointed by the president of each society.

The debates given in order for the three programs were: "Term examinations Should Be Abolished," "Preparedness" and "The Honor System Should Be Established in Schools." The first debate was decided in the negative and the last two in the affirmative.

Most of the work is original with the pupils and we think sometimes our teachers are delighted with the witty articles in the programs that are given.

Miss Mitchell helps the pupils with the musical part of the program, the pupils rehearsing their parts under the direction of Mr. Bangert. Mr. Weisiger is always ready to help them with their speeches and debates, and Miss Dexter renders her services when an extra pianist is needed.

JOHN FINNEGAN '16.



"Kindness has resistless charms"—Miss Wilson

“Tis the Good Reader That Makes the Good Book”

We do not realize the great number of writers there have been in the past ages, and the many writers of today who spent their whole lives producing literary works, some to gain a meager living and to satisfy their uncontrollable desire to write, while others hoped to win fame and fortune by the creation of some great work. Each writer goes forward with the confident and hopeful determination to produce a better book than any of his predecessors. But the question arises, “How is a book made great?” In writing his books, each author endeavors to put into them those elements of his own feeling that will excite the sympathy of his readers. A number of great writers, who have risen to fame by the production of one book, are not looked upon as being very great by those people who, unable to read the book with the same spirit that the author put into it, throw the book aside as worthless.

The author of such a work, after spending years seeking to reach his writer's tastes, becomes discouraged and dies leaving his book as a monument to his unappreciated efforts. After many years, which may extend even into centuries, the book will be found and its greatness made known, and the writer, who while living, was looked upon as a dunce, will be showered with great praises and counted one of the best writers of his age.

But now the question again arises, what was it that made his work so great? Was it not the ability of one reader to feel the author's spirit running through every page and to judge the work accordingly?

When we attend the theatre we seldom leave without having been held under the spell of one player who has ability to impersonate exactly that character which he acts. In the same way a public reader who feels with his book characters makes us see them in the reality of our every day life.

Thus we realize that whether read by an able judge who passes his opinion on to others or by a public reader who reaches our sympathy through the medium of expression that we can truly say, “Tis the good reader that makes the good book.”

JOHN FINNEGAN '16.

“For who talketh much, must talk in vain”—Leslie Towner

Silence Does Not Always Give Consent

If we could sail in an aeroplane over a wide stretch of country we would unconsciously lessen our speed as we sailed over the sleepy little towns of New England. Even at such a height we would be conscious of the pervading atmosphere of quiet contentment and tranquility abounding throughout those little towns and the surrounding country.

One out of their number particularly attracts our attention and we pause awhile to watch it. Here the church steeple is just a little higher, the trees just a little more shapely and the cottages just a little more modern than its neighbors. Now our eyes are drawn to a little white cottage a trifle more old-fashioned than its fellows and almost buried from sight by a clump of green trees.

But the most attractive feature is not the cottage but a girl who is comfortably esconced on a limb of a big tree contentedly munching an apple while her bright eyes travel from the quiet little street to the old mill at the corner, then back again to the street. Meanwhile we will observe her more closely. Her shapely head is crowned with a mass of brown hair and curly little ringlets have escaped their bonds and cluster about her piquant face. Her eyes are bright blue with a mischievous light in them which is unmistakable. Her lips are as red as the apple she is munching and the two rows of dazzling teeth add much to the beauty of this bewitching little queen of the apple tree.

She had come to this little town of Fairview upon the death of her mother three years before when the girl was but fifteen. Her father was a scholarly gentleman and did not care to cope with the question of properly rearing this wild little maid by himself so she came to her grandparents

She was affectionate, generous and lovable, and quickly won the hearts of both old and young by her charming ways, but many of the old women would sadly shake their heads when she was mentioned and wonder how she would end, for sad to say this little lady was an incorrigible tom-boy and absolutely refused to conform to the set rules by which all the rosy-cheeked maidens of Fairview had been brought up for generations past. She insisted

"A deedful life, a silent voice"—Martha White

upon climbing trees occasionally, skating, dancing and even played ball with several of the young men, all of whom followed her whithersoever she led them to the expressed despair of the other girls. She laughed, talked, skated and danced with them but gave no preference to any of the clamoring suitors.

On Sunday she walked down the narrow little street to the church which was the only one of which Fairview boasted. Inside she walked demurely up the aisle to her pew and listened attentively to the sermon. More than one admiring glance was cast in her direction but she was oblivious to all, even to that of Deacon Brown who had buried his first wife fourteen years before and was looking for another. He had formed a habit of walking home from church with the girl and her grandparents. Of late years grandma had become feeble and grandfather had to walk with her and help her along, so it fell to the deacon's lot to escort the girl and talk with her. He congratulated himself upon being able to entertain her but she thought of him merely as a friend of her grandparents whom they respected and stood in awe of, and all his efforts were lost as far as she was concerned. She usually spent her thots, during this walk, on how funny he would look if he should suddenly slip and lose his dignified appearance, or if he should get his hat on crooked or something else equally ridiculous for him.

On this morning about which the story is written, the young lady in question glanced up the street and saw the dignified gentleman coming, dressed in his best black suit that he wore on Sundays, walking a trifle more dignified than usual, and wonder of wonders, he was turning in at their gate and came toward her. At first thot she decided to jump down from the tree but second thot caused her to defiantly hold her position. She was in a mischievous mood this morning and after returning his greeting quite innocently invited him to the seat beside her.

"Oh, mercy no!" ejaculated the horrified deacon at the thot of a man of his age and a deacon at that sitting in a tree and besides his suit had been freshly pressed, "I would much rather stand here."

They talked for a few moments and then she said, "If you came to see grandfather I think you will find him in the house."

"Well, I didn't have any especial business with him this morning, you see—ahem—I have something of importance to talk over with you."

"Me!" She exclaimed, then fearing she had been rude she explained that she didn't suppose anyone would want to talk important business with her.

"Yes, Miss—ahem—you don't understand me. I'll explain," he spoke in the same tone an indulgent parent might have used toward a refractory child. Then followed in so many words a proposal for her hand. Something

"Great is wisdom"—Carrie Earnest

in his tone made the girl feel as though he were conferring a great favor and it irritated her. His words were well selected and precisely spoken. He had almost finished before the meaning of all these words entered her brain, but when she did comprehend it she was so surprised she couldn't speak, and to make things worse, a piece of that apple had started down the wrong way and she felt that she must choke, but, horror of horrors, she mustn't choke in the middle of this beautiful proposal, she might miss part of it and it might offend him forever. She mustn't do that, but the big question was, was that apple going down or was it going to come up? The deacon was now waiting for her answer, but it was no wonder that such a bright blush suffused her face or that she should be silent.

"Ah, you do not speak. Silence gives consent, so we can begin our preparations at once," he said with a complacent smile and stroking his whiskers with pleasure.

Just then matters were becoming desperate between the girl and the apple. With a hard effort on the part of the girl the apple came up as if surprised at itself. The girl broke into irrepressible laughter which greatly shocked the deacon's sense of propriety, then quickly recovering herself, she said, "I beg your pardon, deacon, but what did you say?"

"Ahem—I say silence gives consent and we can begin our preparations at once."

"But I didn't say I would marry you," objected the girl.

"No, I know, but you didn't say anything and silence gives consent and—"

"Always, Mr. Brown?"

"Why, I hope so—at least here."

"But what if I wasn't silent because I wanted to be?" interposed the girl.

"Oh, but my dear, you are never silent except when you want to be."

"How do you know, Mr. Brown?" questioned the girl.

"Well, I never thot that you were, anyway. Come now, you were silent because you wanted to be, weren't you? Your pretty blushes meant——"

"No indeed," interrupted the incorrigible one. "The only reason I didn't speak was that I was choking and I could hardly be blamed for being silent then or blushing either."

"Then you mean——?"

Fate is kind sometimes. As Deacon Brown began his final plea the girl squirmed in her seat and in so doing shook the limb on which she was siting.

"A man in all the world's new fashion planted"—John Smoot

An apple, soft from old age and decay, gently let go its twig and started downward. The deacon was looking up, and the apple came kersplash on his forehead. Romance flew from his heart as the apple trickled down his face. The girl tried hard not to laugh. The deacon gurgled and tried hard not to swear.

“The young women of America,” he said a day later to a widow he had casually called upon, “are very ungrateful, irresponsible and do not make the most of their opportunities. For myself, I could never admire them. I never enjoy the company of a person younger than you, Mrs. Jones. How lovely the birds sing today.”

MAE LEE, Junior.



“Thou art graced with all power of words”—Miss Mitchell

While Waiting for Her to Come Downstairs

Is This a Story of Life In Homer

There was a loud ring and the door was immediately opened by a servant. After showing the visitor into a large cheery-looking living room where a bright fire was blazing in the grate, the servant departed to summon his young mistress. The caller was a handsome young man, of medium height, dark complexion, dark eyes and black hair. He sat down in the large easy chair by the fire and began looking around the room, studying the pictures on the wall. After looking at everyone on the wall several times he sat gazing into the fire thinking of "Her."

Suddenly the door opened and rising from his chair he turned to meet her. To his surprise her four-year-old brother came dancing into the room. He was a small fellow with light hair and blue eyes and greatly resembled his sister.

"Hello, Lorry, where did you come from?" asked the young man seating himself again and taking the little fellow on his lap.

"Oh, I've been in t'other room lookin' at some pictures and I heard you come in, so I slipped out to come in and talk to you. Sis don't know I'm in here, she told me to stay out because she says I always tell everything I know. I don't either. I know lots of things I don't tell. Why, I heard mother and Sis talking about some debts we owe and she said that you would pay some of our debts when Sis married you, now I never told anybody that. Oh, say, do you like people with light hair? You know Sis and me has light hair, but you've got black hair, what makes it so black? I heard Sis tell Mary that she liked people with dark hair awful well, better'n them with light hair. I 'spose its cause your hair is black. I wish mine was, but she likes me just the same cause she kisses me and she always kisses people that she likes. Don't you think her kisses feel good? Are you getting warm? Your face is so red. Let's move back from the fire a little."

"Yes, it is a—a bit bit warm in here," replied the young man moving his chair back from the fire, but that did not seem to take the red from his cheeks.

"Say," continued the little fellow, "can you write funny letters? The

"To him alone, 'twas natural to please"—Glen White

other night she was reading a letter and every once in a while she smiled and acted like she liked it. I asked her who it was from and she told me to be still. I don't talk very much, do I? You ain't said hardly anything, only just nod your head when I asked you a question. Why don't you talk?"

"Well, I have been listening to you talk," responded the young man.

"Oh, say," continued the little boy, "what was you doin' in the jewelry store t'other day. Oh. I saw you. Sis said there was the prettiest diamond ring in there and she just wanted it awful bad. I bet you got it for her, didn't you. She told mother she was going to land you tonight. What's the question. What'd she mean? I never heard tell of such a thing. I know you can pop corn and I like that but I never heard of popping questions. I asked her what she meant and she told me to keep still and she said I asked too many questions. I don't talk very much, do I?"

The young man's cheeks began to get redder. The little boy noticing the continued redness said, "I wont tell anybody, but do you paint your face? Sister does, 'cause I seen her, but I'm not gon'a tell tho, do you?"

The young man's face became redder and redder until upon feeling his face the little boy said, "My, but your cheeks is hot, but wait a minute an' I'll fix it," and jumping down he ran toward the door intent upon some plan which he had in mind.

This plan was not completed, for his sister, who had long ago come down stairs and after hearing one of his questions had been listening without, caught the boy as he went through the door and whispered sorrowfully to herself, "Oh, he will never marry me now, but you shall take back what you said," and turning him around she led him back into the living room saying, "Now Lorry, take——" but Lorry broke in before she had time to finish talking and said excitedly, "Sister said you wouldn't marry her now, 'cause I told you so much. But that wouldn't make any difference if you loved her, would it? Why mother even kisses me after I do something that I'm sorry about afterward."

The girl had become very embarrassed, but the young man taking a large diamond ring from his pocket said, "Yes, she shall marry me and you shall come to the wedding."

The little fellow beaming with joy went dancing about the room and exclaimed, "You can kiss her now and I wont tell anybody, 'cause I don't talk very much."

GLADYS WINTERS.

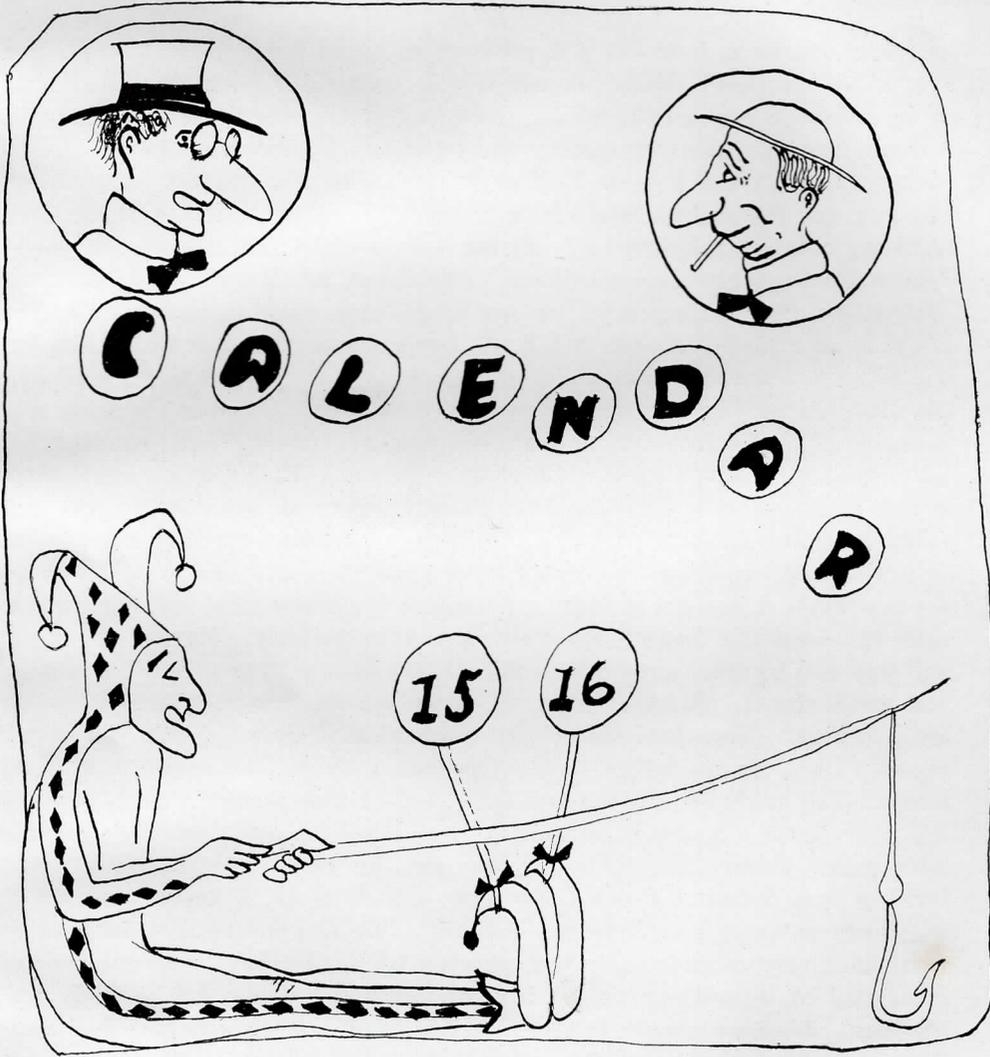
"She has bought golden opinions from all sorts of people"— Clara Roloff

Studying Together

Why Marjorie, how did you get here so soon? * * * Billy brought you over in his machine? Didn't he ask to take us a ride? Stingy. Well, come on in and we'll hurry and get our German. * * Do you think so? I thought it would be easy. It was yesterday and I just supposed it would be today. Of course I haven't had time to look at it. Now, for the wrestle. Oh, Marge, can you get the eighth line? It is "Aber war denn Deutsche Reich noch nicht zu stande gekommen?" Please tell me how you translated——? Wait a minute, there is the telephone. Oh, Marge, it's Mary. Wait Mary and I'll tell her. * * * Mary says you are to go with what's-his-name. Oh, you know, I can't think just now. * * * Oh, I suppose so. I should rather not, but if that's the best you can do we'll let it go at that. * * * All right, good-bye. Oh, Marge, what in the world are you going to wear? I haven't a thing that is decent. * * * I forgot all about this German. We'll begin again. * * * You said that so fast I couldn't keep up with you. There isn't a bit of sense in this sentence, "Die Eltern werden bestraft, wenn sie die kinder nicht acht jahre lang hinschicken." * * * I don't see what you mean but I'll pretend I do when I get to class. He won't know the difference. Marge, did you see my new hat? I just got it today. I think it is awfully good looking. It has some new kind of a floppy feather straight up in the back. Here it is. If you will stop getting that German for a minute, I'll show it to you. * * * I thought you would like it. Before you go, I'll show you the new furs dad got me for my birthday. They are almost like yours, but I didn't think you would object. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you that I had a long letter from Betty today. You know she is away at school now. I wish mother would let me go this year, but it's no use wishing because she told me that I couldn't go until next year. I have Betty's letter here in my German book. She writes terribly long letters. I don't see how she does it. I never can. * * * Oh, there isn't much more to get, is there? We've got two new lines, so we won't have very much trouble with the rest of it. I think I can get the rest translated by myself, all right. Marge, you and I always could study well together. We always seem to accomplish so much. Some girls just fool away the time and never do anything but talk. * * * Do you have to go? Six o'clock? Do you really mean it, Marge? I'm sorry you must go, but I guess I had better hurry too, because I told mother I would meet her at 6 o'clock, sharp. * * * All right. Be sure to come by for me at eight tomorrow morning. Good-bye.

GRACE HALL and JO HARDESTY.

"The maid improves her charms with inward greatness"—Mrs. Bush



Calendar

- Sept. 6—First day of school. We received new titles of Mr. and Miss.
 Sept. 7—Miss Royce creates quite a sensation.
 Sept. 8—Curly Locks started to school.
 Sept. 9—All the boys show a fondness for curly hair.
 Sept. 10—All pins are to be buried.
 Sept. 13—Boys' basket-ball team organized.
 Sept. 14—Girls decide to have a basket-ball team.
 Sept. 15—The Zoology class went on a field trip.
 Sept. 16—George Bone played in soap suds in Physics class.
 Sept. 17—Miss Smith requests not to be elected captain of girls' basket-ball team.
 Sept. 21—Senior boys are a constant annoyance to Miss Mitchell.
 Sept. 23—Show in town.
 Sept. 27—Everyone is taking the "First Lesson."
 Sept. 28—Grace and Jo are interested in the seventh grade teacher.
 Sept. 29—Eugene Daugherty and Mr. Bangert clash.
 Oct. 1—Is she angry, Jasper?
 Oct. 4—Mr. Bangert lectures the German class.
 Oct. 5—Another lecture by Miss Mitchell.
 Oct. 6—Street Fair. Thirteen absent.
 Oct. 7—Mr. Bangert went home.
 Oct. 8—More street fair. No school.
 Oct. 11—Mr. Bangert came back. Bad pennies always return.
 Oct. 12—Wanted:—Name and age of every lass and lad.
 Oct. 13—Postponed.
 Oct. 14—Senior class forms Annual Staff.
 Oct. 15—Teachers' Institute. No school.
 Oct. 18—Senior ring samples arrive.
 Oct. 19—Crayfish are objects of interest in Lab.
 Oct. 20—The crayfish get loose.
 Oct. 23—Home talent giving show in town tonight.
 Oct. 24—Mr. Bangert lost his blessed singleness last evening.
 Oct. 28—Who will be the first to stand on the floor.
 Oct. 29—Edna Hamill sat down unexpectedly.
 Nov. 1—"Beryl, please go out into the hall and eat your candy."

"On their own merits modest men are dumb"—Adolph Sickel

- Nov. 2—Sleepy-heads. Eugene Peyton has a black eye.
 Nov. 3—Eugene D. has the hall to himself.
 Nov. 4—"Give me some red-hots."
 Nov. 5—Beryl wears pink (?) hose to school.
 Nov. 9—"Seniors, please remember your dignity."
 Nov. 10—Eng. IV. "Mr. Bone, please sit up straight."
 Nov. 11—Eng. IV. "Mr. Bone, please sit up straight." G. D. B. is becoming crooked.
 Nov. 12—Physics class. When the cat is away the mice will play.
 Nov. 15—George Bone has a stiff white collar on.
 Nov. 16—"Nola, please stop smiling at Jasper."
 Nov. 17—Who broke the dykes in G. D. B's. pocket?
 Nov. 18—Jasper has an unusual fondness for apples today.
 Nov. 23—Taffy—just a little bit of taffy.
 Nov. 24—Little girls must not talk in Physics class.
 Nov. 25—Thanksgiving. No school.
 Nov. 26—No school.
 Dec. 1—They were neither Freshmen, Sophomores nor Juniors.
 Dec. 2—Mr. Bangert wishes all German pupils to become romantic.
 Dec. 3—Josephine and Alma were caught talking in German exam.
 Dec. 6—Developing school spirit.
 Dec. 7—The High School decided to have a newspaper.
 Dec. 8—George Bone in English IV. "OUCH."
 Dec. 9—The noisy bunch practice H. S. yells.
 Dec. 10—Mr. Bangert eats fudge.
 Dec. 13—Picture man to see the Seniors.
 Dec. 14—Alma and Jasper have the privilege of sitting on front seats.
 Dec. 16—Newspaper read—first edition.
 Dec. 17—B. B. boys went to Mahomet.
 Dec. 20—Misses Ruth Wallace and Evelyn Broadbent visited school today.
 Dec. 21—Mr. Bangert has a grouch.
 Dec. 22—Second edition of Tatler read. Practiced H. S. yells Wilbur Martin visited school.
 Jan. 3—Lois Dennis and Frank Wrisk enjoy sitting on front seats.
 Jan. 4—Senior class meet.
 Jan. 5—Eugene Peyton chases a frog through the hall.
 Jan. 6—The Tatler is again on the program.
 Jan. 7—George, 'Gene and Jap nearly ruin Pharr's camera.
 Jan. 10—Wanted:—Contributions for the Tatler.
 Jan. 11—Gene and Guy have moved into front seats for good.
 Jan. 12—Semester examinations.
 Jan. 13-14—Semester examinations.
 Jan. 14—Mr. Bangert wears a pink tie.

"Who well deserves, needs not another praise"—Wayne Shroll

- Jan. 19—Mrs. Dolly, Miss Renick that used to be, visited school.
- Jan. 20—Miss Mitchell and Mr. Bangert are subjects of interest in the newspaper.
- Jan. 21—Annual staff had pictures taken.
- Jan. 25—Plans for Senior play discussed.
- Jan. 27—Seniors choose a play.
- Jan. 28—Literary Society I. gives a program.
- Jan. 31—Miss Mitchell is absent.
- Feb. 1—Frank Wrisk gets the “dickens.”
- Feb. 2—Helen Philbrook returns to school after being absent for some time on account of illness.
- Feb. 3—Partial eclipse of the sun observed by H. H. S. students through smoked glasses.
- Feb. 4—Assembly room is orderly for once.
- Feb. 7—B. B. boys seem slightly “heart-broken” since their visit to Villa Grove.
- Feb. 8—Guy fell out of his chair in the Lab.
- Feb. 9—Mary Baird visited school.
- Feb. 11—No school. Teachers’ Institute.
- Feb. 14—Girls plan to advertise the Leap Year basket-ball game.
- Feb. 15—Several students practice their spasms for the literary program.
- Feb. 16—Yell practice. Best of the season.
- Feb. 18—Homer beat Mahomet 69 to 3.
- Feb. 21—Miss Mitchell is preparing for the future with a Sears-Roebuck catalogue.
- Feb. 22—Miss Mann appears at a very unfortunate time in the Lab. where Seniors were practicing play.
- Feb. 23—Josephine exhibits an acrobatic stunt in Lab.
- Feb. 24—Boys start for Bloomington.
- Feb. 25—Waiting patiently for news from Bloomington.
- Feb. 28—B. B. boys were defeated. G. D. B. comes home knocked out.
- Feb. 29—Plays—Plays—Plays.
- March 1—Hulda is the center of attraction in the assembly room.
- March 2—Pearl Oakes reads the Tatler.
- March 3—Julian would make a splendid “Topsy” if his complexion was darker.



“Studious she sat with all her books around”—Edna Brown

Gleanings from "The Tattler"

Mr. Bangert went up after the window blind the other day but the blind wasn't the only thing that came down.

Edith Rodgers—"I never can understand him."

Mr. Bangert—"Miss Royce, where is the pancreas?"

Beryle—"Below the stomach."

Mr. Bangert—"So are my feet."

Found—A good cook. Rev. J. McEwin.

Jasper in Eng IV.—"Say, 'Gene did you know the Board of Health is after the Germans?"

Gene D.—"No, what are they after the Germans for?"

Jasper (cunningly)—"For not cleaning up the Allies quicker."

Wanted—A photographer to take a picture of George Bone learning to crawl in the office.

Mr. Bangert is going to get a megaphone and every time he gets ready to ask Edith a question he is going to yell, "Look out, I'm coming."

Harold, to Pauline—"If you love me, the jewelry store is mine."

Does Grace Hall make a good chaperon?

Julian Wallace tried to sell Mr. McEwin a Paige automobile, but he said, "Oh, Julian, there is no use talking, I wouldnt have anything but a Mitchell."

Notice—Mr. Bangert wears a pink necktie so his complexion will look as sweet as a baby's.

Grace—"Jo, have you read 'Freckles?'"

Jo—"No, mine are light brown."

"To know her is to count yourself her friend"—Edna F. Mann

Mr. Weisiger—"You are behind in your studies again this week.
Guy—"Well, I couldn't very well be pursuing them if I weren't."

One evening as the school was passing out, Mr. Bangert, glancing up quite suddenly, spied Jo and Grace engaged in a little punching match all by themselves. As they passed him, he meekly bowed his head and murmured, sadly, "And they are Seniors, too."

Mr. Bangert, holding up a corn stalk for botany class to see, said, "Here, class, is your model."

In practicing for the Senior play, "Mose," Jo had to say "Yes" to George and immediately afterward fell down—"who wouldn't?"

George Bone is hard up, he can't even afford to get a shave, only fifteen cents, too. Instead he tries rubbing them off on some pretty girl's cheek.

Miss Mitchell—"Where does the story begin?"
Bright Pupil—"At the beginning, of course."

We wonder if Hulda likes Red.

Lost, strayed or stolen—Mr. Weisiger's mustache.
Earl Yount said as Ethel McElroy stepped in the doorway, "Oh, I thot somebody was coming."
Chas. Broyles—"Oh, no, it's only the frame work."

Jasper amused himself one day in school by drawing a picture of G. D. B., (Girls' Darling Boy) when four months old.

Is Frank Cotton bashful?

Wanted—To live and die in the second room. George D. Bone.

Mr. Bangert to Botany class—"There is lots of green around here, especially in this class."

Mr. Weisiger—"Miss Hardesty, did you ever have a chaperon?"
Jo—"No, but I had a boil on my neck one time."

Does Gene Peyton use whitewash or shinola to polish his school shoes?

Looking for a girl—Albert Riggs.

"Pluck up thy spirit, look cheerfully upon me"—Paul Oakes

Mr. Bangert is happy because of the approaching warm weather so he can go without his coat and show more of his Scotch plaid table cloth.

Pearl O., telling about her fall down stairs—"Girls, my feet were on the fifth step and my head down on the floor."

Stasia, on St. Patrick's Day—"Alma, you're not as green as I thot you'd be."

Miss Dexter to Opal S.—"Next time Julian touches you, just slap him."
Ada M.—"You bet your life **I** would."

Miss M. in Civics—"What is the duty of the Postmaster General?"
Guy S.—"Lickin' stamps."

QUESTIONS.

Why is John Finnegan so polite?

Does Hazel Morrison like red?

Does Guy tease Miss Mitchell?

"Vot iss it? Vot iss it? Vot iss it?"—Harold Spencer.

"Iss dat sho?"—Guy Strahorn.



"With countenance demure and modest grace"—Mary Roberts

Die Deutsche Seite

Schüler studieren fremde Sprachen weil sie es müssen oder wollen, oder weil sie sehen wollen wie es geht. Warum studieren Sie Deutsch?

Wir haben vier und zwanzig Schüler in unserer Classe dieses Jahr. Letztes Jahr hatten wir keinen deutschen Lehrer, so ist die Classe gröszer als die andere Classen.

Die deutsche Sprache ist interessant. Zum Beispiel, "Der Lehrer sendet das Mädchen in die Schule." Da haben wir drei Geschlechter in einem Satz. In dem Satz, "Die Lehrerin des Mädchens ist in der Schule," haben wir noch immer einen Lehrer, ein Mädchen und eine Schule, aber die Artikel haben sich verändert. Das ist nicht möglich in der englischen Sprache.

Aber die Artikel sind nicht so schlimm. Wenn man zwischen die Fürwörter und die Modalen kommt, fingt man erst an auszufinden, wie leicht es ist Deutsch zu lernen.

Der Mann musz gehen wenn er kann und er soll gehen wenn er musz, aber er mag und will nicht gehen, aber darf nicht bleiben.

Die Frau griff den Mann bei dem Haare und da war sie fest zu dem Gang.

Die Lorelei war eine Jungfrau, die sehr schön war. Sie hatte eine wunderschöne Stimme und saz dort oben und sang eine gewaltige Melodei. Sie sang: "Du, du liegst mir im Herzen." Der Fischer dachte, dasz das Lied so schön war, dasz er ins Wasser fiel und damit endet die Geschichte. Traurig zu erzählen, sagt der Herr Peters.

Wir haben auch eine Getchichte gelesen worin die drei dummen Brüder ihr Glück suchten. Der Dummste der drei war der glücklichste. Es ist doch gar kein Wunder, dasz wir kein Glück haben.

Braver Schüler
 Studiert nicht
 Schlafft in der Schule
 Kleiner Wicht.

Es ist doch wunderbar wie viel man in einem Jahr lernen kann. Letztes Jahr konnten wir kein deutsches Wort sprechen. Jetzt sprechen wir so viel dasz der Lehrer uns nicht verstehen kann.

Wir haben Mitleid mit dem Präsident. Wenn wir seine Briefe zu dem Kaiser lesen, erkennen wir, dasz es doch fürchtbar sein musz einen solchen Brief auf Deutsch zu schreiben.

Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rio Grande.

"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway" — Mr. Weisiger

JOKES



Jokes

"Old Memories."

"I used to go with George,
 But now I go with Jap.
 I used to be in love with George,
 But oh, you other chap.

Miss Mitchell, leading the basket-ball song at school, said, "It's to the tune of 'Kiss Me Good-Night;,' guess all the Senior girls know it."

J. Hardesty—"Is Prof. Bangert ill?"
 Grace H.—"No, he's home sick."

Heard at assembly—After boys had come upstairs with great confusion, Mr. Bangert arose and said, "Now, all you fellows who are hogs go home."

Earl Yount—"Professor, I couldn't find that in my dictionary."
 Prof. Bangert—"I would advise you to use Webster's."

Dedicated to Seniors—Pictures That Cannot Be Painted.

Ethel M.—Singing a solo.
 Gene D.—With tobacco.
 Gene P.—Without recruits.
 Stacia F.—In confusion.
 George B.—Not running things.
 Alma P.—Without a smile.
 Guy S.—With a girl.
 Pearl O.—Mad.
 Joe H.—Without a lesson.
 Grace H.—Alone.
 Jasper P.—Without an answer.
 Albert R.—With a shave.

"Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face"—Elizabeth Baird

McKinley T.—“Why is a tomato called a love apple.”

Grace H.—“Because it grows best after dark.”

John F.—“How do you know that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer.”

Guy S.—“Just look at the spelling.”

Heard in the assembly room, cause unknown—“Mr. Wrisk, Mr. Cotton,
Mr. Peyton, you are very naughty boys this afternoon.”

Mr. Bangert (in History class)—“Dates seem to be your failing.”

Pauline A.—“Yes, I make only six a week.”

Miss D.—“What’s the technical name for snoring?”

Clara R.—“I bite.”

Miss D.—“Sheet music.”

Angry Father—“What made you flunk in German?”

Harold (meekly)—“A case of “unpreparedness” dad.”

Glen W.—“Did you notice that girl smile at me?”

Mae L.—“That’s nothing, the first time I saw you I laughed all over.”

Paul O.—“This match wont light.”

Frank C.—“That’s funny, it lit all right a minute ago.”

Hulda P.—“Where are you going?”

Frances C.—“Over to the photographer’s to get shot.”

Hulda P.—“Well, you certainly are dressed fit to kill.”

Elizabeth B.—“What is an unknown quantity?”

Frank Canaday—“How much dad is going to give me this week.”

Edna Brown—“I thot you said he was good looking.”

Helen Philbrook—“I said he was as good looking as he could be.”

Gladys W.—“Some kid, isn’t she?”

Frank W.—“Must be; he’s the goat all right.”

“*Ambition has no rest*”—Mae Lee

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"Disgruntled Ma."

Lois—"Mother was rather angry with you last night."

Jasper—"Why? I didn't kiss you."

Lois—"Just so, and she waited all the evening at the keyhole for nothing."

Leslie T.—"You don't believe all you hear, do you, Miss White?"

Martha White—"Gracious, no! Why, I don't even believe all I say."

Nola O.—"Do you think marriages are made in Heaven?"

Julian W.—"Perhaps, but a back parlor and a dim light will help the game a lot."

Ada M.—"Did you ever see our family tree?"

Opal S.—"No, but I bet it's a peach."

Roy Dusan—"How would you define the word poet?"

James Mc.—"As the guy that first put verse in universe."

"Environment."

Nola O.—"Why do they call Jasper a gay old bird?"

Gene P.—"Because he is always surrounded by chickens and cocktails."

Nellie H.—"Since you have been in love you seem to have a far-away expression in your eyes."

Bernice C.—"There's a reason, dear. Gene always kisses me when I'm not looking."

Fern S.—"It was awfully dark where we met under the trees, and the first thing I knew he'd kissed me."

Wayne S.—"I wouldn't be angry about it. I don't think he'd have dared had it been daylight."

"Please. Oh, please, wont you let me take you to the show?"—Geo.

Mrs. Hamill—"When you were in the hammock with that young man didn't I see his arm around you?"

Edna—"Why, mama, we couldn't both sit in that hammock without squeezing a little."

"Learning by study must be won"—Edith Rodgers

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Tudor's Drug Store

Miss Mitchell—"Ronald, don't ask so many questions. Remember, that curiosity killed the cat."

Ronald—"Whose cat?"

Senior (to impudent Freshman)—"That was a nasty look you gave me."

Freshman (drawing closer)—"Sure, that is a nasty look you've got, but I didn't give it to you."

Alma Philbrook (purchasing an alarm clock)—"Never mind, thank you. I won't take one if they are made in Germany. It would be sure to play some dirty trick. Go off in the middle of the night or something of that sort."

"It's Necessary."

Gene D.—"They do things differently in Mexico."

Albert R.—"How's that?"

Gene D.—"The Presidents do most of their running after they are elected."

Hazel M.—"I gave George one of my doughnuts last night and what do

Lois D.—"I don't know. Did he eat it?"

Hazel M.—"No, he took it out into the garden and buried it."

Lois—"No! Really? And yet they say dogs have no reasoning powers."

Miss Mitchell—"Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Gene D.—"Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Sophomores—"They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Pauline—"What tense do I use when I say, 'I am beautiful?'"

Frances C.—"Remote past."

Mr. Weisiger—"There are more ways than one of illustrating the weight of a lead ball."

Albert R. (reading in newspaper)—"I see the smallest cows in the world are found in the Samoan Islands. Their average weight does not exceed 150 pounds, and they are almost the size of a sheep."

Jasper P.—"I wonder if that's where they get the condensed milk?"

"There's naught as cruel as a merry maid" — Bessie Hays

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WANTED—Intelligent students. Mr. H. P. Bangert.

WANTED—To grow taller. Gene D.

FOUND—A grouch. Gene P.

WANTED—Someone to get my Latin for me. Martha S.

WANTED—A girl. Albert Riggs

LOST—A dog. Martha White.

FOUND—My own. Jasper Peters.

WANTED—Better grades in Physics class. Mr. Weisiger.

WANTED—Someone to tease. Frank W.

WANTED—A girl. "Tub" Dusan.

WANTED—A graduating diploma. John F.

WANTED—Class rings. Seniors.

WANTED—Colored hose. Beryl Royce.

WANTED—Someone to flatter. Edna H.

WANTED—A graceful walk. Opal S.

WANTED—Claude. Ethel McElroy.

WANTED—Romantic German students. Harry Philip Bangert.

LOST—My ability to dance. Frank C.

WANTED—A checker board shirt. Mr. B.

FOUND—Nov. 18, our school spirit.

WANTED—A safe place to keep my athletic records. G. D. Bone.

WANTED—A high school newspaper. Mr. B.

WANTED—A mustache. Mr. Weisiger.

FOUND—On front board, daily. "Junior class meeting at recess."

FOUND—The Homer step, on the stairs. Senior boys.

Lois D.—"Well, did you succeed in teaching that blond girl to swim?"

John S.—"No, I'd hardly begun when she saw her fiance on the float and she swam out to him."

Adolph S.—"If a child has an English father and a German mother and is born on a French ship flying the Austrian flag in American waters, what is he?"

Beryle R.—"He's strictly neutral."

"What a spendthrift is she of her tongue"—Beryl Royce

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HOMER, ILL.

To the Juniors.

(Before the J. and S. Reception.)

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold, gray stones, O, sea,
 But though you broke for a hundred years,
 You would not be as broke as we.

Charlie B. (at soda fountain)—“Your cream is very good.”

Guy S.—“It ought to be, I just whipped it.”

Mr. W. to Grace H.—“What is meant by “laying by” the corn?”

Grace H.—“Shucking it and putting it in a crib.”

Miss Mitchell—“Long engagements are not fashionable these days.”

Mr. Bangert—“Oh, well, neither are long marriages.”

Miss Mitchell—“I wish John wouldn't wear a fountain pen in his breast pocket.”

Mr. Bangert—“Why?”

Miss M.—“I am continually running the point into my ear.”

Lois Dennis—“Shall I play ‘Stars and Stripes Forever’?”

Gene P.—“No, only for a little while please.”

Mr. W.—“Now, Charlie, get to work. The world is your oyster.”

Charlie B.—“Just so, Mr. Weisiger, but oysters won't be in season for a month yet.”

I hope the man who took my watch
 Whoever stooped so low,
 Will miss more trains than I have missed,
 Because the d—— thing was too slow.

G. T. S.

Jasper P.—“Surely you can spare the price of a cigar.”

George B.—“Here's two cents, I smoke stogies.”

Luck is all right but hustling for some things beats it many a lap.

“Good to be merry and wise”—Helen Philbrook



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The devil always finds some work
 The idle hands to greet,
 And then with equal ease he finds
 Some work for idle feet.

True Philosophy.

Apologies are often additional insults.
 Order cannot be preserved in alcohol.
 Self-made men should be seen, not heard.
 Some prohibitionists are intemperate in the use of ink, if not of drink.
 If our business interested us as much as other peoples' business does,
 most of us would be rich.
 You don't need credit to borrow trouble.
 If it's in style, anything looks like a hat to a woman.
 It isn't always easy to address a man who is wrapped up in himself.
 A man that believes beauty is skin deep is entirely too credulous.
 Theatrical managers and astronomers are always trying to discover new
 stars.
 The church with the highest steeple isn't always the nearest Heaven.
 A wise teacher never attempts to teach more than he knows.

George Bone (at banquet)—"Please pass the cow."

Josephine H.—"Jasper drive in the cow, the calf is bawling."

Dedicated to Gene Peyton (during practice for Senior play)—

Lip to lip,
 Nose to nose,
 Smash to smash,
 And that's the way it goes.

Pearl O.—"What's Spencer doing now?"

Josephine H.—"He's a storage egg tester."

Pearl—"Hm. A student of ancient history."

"A face tho' seldom sad but ofttimes merry"—Bernice Cusick

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John F. (throwing away letter he was reading and uttered an exclamation of impatience)—“Doggone! Why can't people be more explicit.”

“What's the matter, John?” asked Miss Mitchell.

“This letter from home,” John answered, “says father fell out of the old apple tree and broke a limb.”

Mr. Weisiger (to wife)—“Why do you feed tramps that come along; they never do any work for you?”

Mrs. Weisiger—“No, but it is quite a satisfaction to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking.”

Frank Cotton (asking for a date)—“Er—I don't know how to express myself.”

Gene D.—“Why don't you try parcels post?”

Mr. Bangert—“Did you throw that paper wad, Mr. Yount?”

Earl (looking from the destination of the paper wad to Mr. Bangert)—“Did you see me?”

Mr. Bangert—“No, but——”

Earl—“Then I didn't do it.”

Mr. Thompson—“Do you think it is right to quarrel with one's sweetheart over the telephone?”

Mr. Bangert—“That's the only time to do it, you can shut her off before she can get in the last word.”

Pauline A.—“How long did it take you to learn to run a motor car?”

Hulda P.—“Oh, three or four——”

Pauline—“Weeks?”

Hulda—“No, motor cars.”

Paul Oake's mother—“This is a pretty time of night for you to come home, Paul.”

Paul—“I know, mother, but I hadn't anywhere else to go.”

“He is broad and honest, breathing an easy gladness”—Roy Dusan

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Edna H.—"What kind of an accident was it?"

Ronald R.—"Unavoidable. He tried to cross the street and an auto hit him."

George (to Hazel behind the scenes before the curtain arose for the third act in "Mose")—"Hazel you wont get mad if I put my arms around Jo, will you?"

Hazel—"No, but arms that embrace her shall never embrace me."

Mr. Thompson—"Is she a woman of affairs?"

Mr. Bangert—"Yes, everybody's. She's the neighborhood gossip."

Mildred Thompson—"So you do not like living in Odgen. What do you miss most since moving out of Homer?"

Mae L.—"Trains."

Many a man preaches home rule and his wife practices it.

Ethel Mc.—"Miss Dexter spoke of you in a flattering way the other day."

Harold W.—"Did she? That was nice. What did she say?"

Ethel Mc.—"She said if she had your assurance with her brains she'd run for president."

"Truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love"—Edna Hamill

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Miss Mitchell—"Mr. Bangert, do you know anything about the language of the flowers?"

Mr. Bangert—"Only this much, a five dollar box of roses talks a heap louder to a girl than a fifty cent bunch of carnations."

Mr. Bangert—"Wie kommst du, Herr?"

Harold S.—"Yes, I combed it myself."

Bone believes if you love a girl, tell her so. He says there are three stages in engagement.

1—Soul engagement.

2—Facial expression.

3—Physical and voice emolument.

If these jokes aren't new, please respect and appreciate them for their age—G. P. S.

Mr. Bangert will have an excellent runner next spring if G. Daugherty keeps on running from Bernice Cusick's house.

Stacia F.—"Say, what does Y. M. C. A. mean?"

Alma P.—"Why, Stacia, it stands for Young Monkeys Carefully Assorted."

Eugene P.—"I found a button in the salad, last night at the party."

Jasper P.—"That's all right, it belonged to the dressing."

McKinley T.—"I missed you at the dance last night."

Hazel M.—"Yes, thank goodness, you ran into everybody else."

Miss Mitchell (in English), students making much noise—"Now are we all settled?"

Jasper P.—"No, I owe three dollars yet."

Huldah Palmer—"Martin Luther had a diet of worms."

"Eternal sunshine on a spotless mind"—Mr. Thompson

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