DECANOIS
OF THE
CLASS OF 1914
DECATUR · HIGH · SCHOOL
DECATUR · · · · · · · · · ILLINOIS
To

Miss Mary W. French

We, the Class of 1914, respectfully dedicate our first annual in grateful acknowledgment of the many services and sincere sympathy she has given to our school.
Miss Mary W. French
# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title Page</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dedication</td>
<td>2-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contents Page</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High School</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Engleman</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faculty</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decanois Staff</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary W. French Honor Students, '13</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organizations</td>
<td>11-58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvester Panel</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Department</td>
<td>60-76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>77-91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Societies</td>
<td>92-107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni</td>
<td>108-110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Local Events</td>
<td>111-126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calendar</td>
<td>127-132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jokes and Advertisements</td>
<td>133-168</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Prof. J. O. Engleman, Superintendent.
Editorials

From the time of King Alfred, there has been kept a continual history of events. After King Alfred wrote the first English Chronicles, the work was taken up by others, who in turn recorded the history of the times. In history the purpose is to portray the character of the leaders, to describe the customs of the times, and to relate the joys and hardships of the people, in order that the later generations may succeed where the former have failed. We of the class of 1914 are taking the part of King Alfred, in that this annual chronicles for the first time the history of the Decatur High School. Have we not on a very small scale described the characteristics of the leaders—their hobbies and peculiarities; have we not described the customs and habits of our school life; have we not kept a history of our school year? We are aware of the fact that we have made mistakes and reproach ourselves for every one. May the succeeding classes take up the work where we have left it, and profit by our experience. If so, our mistakes will not have been in vain.

One by one classes have been graduated from this school, and have gone out into the world. At that time the graduates knew not what the years before them were to be. We do not know what places we, personally and socially, shall fill as men and women. We shall, however, soon realize, as the others realized, what it means to be out of school—out of high school. I should say, for many will continue their school-days on a higher plane. Those graduates thought just as we think, that a big loss will be felt in the school when we have gone. To the school, however, our departure will make little difference, for another class will take the place we have vacated; but what a world of difference it will make to us! We shall go into different parts of the world, among new surroundings, to play our various roles.

Before we leave, let us look back over our four years of school life. Joys and pleasures are recalled to our minds in abundance, and the few sorrows and disappointments are crowded out. At once we think of the true and lasting friendships we have formed. Here, we have had the same surroundings, the same training, the same acquaintances, and similar tasks. Our aims have been, more or less, the same. Our feelings and thoughts have been kindred. When we shall have left school, our lives will be filled with new events, new tasks, and new acquaintances. In the faces we meet we shall not see that old time look of comradeship and good will. We shall have friends, but of a foreign type and feeling. Then when we see one of our former school-mates, the old smile and hand-clasp will call back to us the happy four years of high school life.

Years from now, when one of us looks through this book, if it recalls the pleasant memories of teachers, students, classes, and clubs, this annual and we, as editors, will have accomplished our purpose.
Winners of the Mary W. French Prize, 1913

Miss Mary W. French, former teacher in the high school, gave one thousand dollars to the school, the interest on which is divided yearly between two students prominent in the senior class. The requirements for winning this prize are—membership in a literary society, membership in this school at least two years, good grades throughout the school course, loyal support of the administration, right attitude towards the teachers, and interest in the activities of the school.

These prizes were awarded for the first time in 1913, Fred Schlarb receiving three-fifths of the money, and Elizabeth Galloway, two-fifths. They were the foremost students in the senior class. Fred Schlarb was president of the senior class, '13; vice-president of the junior class, '12; president of the boys' council, '13; president of the Forum, '12; business manager of the Observer, '12; room representative, '13; senior class play, '13; Latin play, '13; senior basketball team, '13; junior play, '12; and salutatory, commencement program. He is now stenographer in the office of the Shellabarger Elevator Company.

Elizabeth Galloway was editor-in-chief of the Observer, '13; president of the girls' council, '13; member of Agora, '11, '12, '13—president, '11; secretary of the junior class, '12; board of directors of the Junior Art League, '13; room representative, '12, '13; and oration, commencement program. Miss Galloway is now attending the James Millikin University.
ORGANIZATIONS

CLASSES
COUNCILS
CHAMBER
OF
COMMERCCE
Class Motto
"We live in deeds, not years"

Class Colors           Class Flower
Blue and Gold          Red Rose

Helen Aiken
"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired, courteous tho' coy, and gentle, tho' retired."

Moffett Allen
"Blessed be agriculture!—if one does not have too much of it."

Darius Aungst
"A great mind will neither give an affront or bear it."
Track Team, '12, '13, '14; Class Track Team, '09, '13, '14; Basketball Team, '14; Class Basketball Team, '12, '13; School and Class Baseball Team, '14.

Earl Bailey
"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."
Kotaro, '13, '14; Canterbury Tales, '13.
LUCILLE BANTA
"Charms strike the sight, but Merit wins the soul."
Agora, '13, '14; Observer Staff, '14; Calendar Committee of Decanois; General Committee of Junior Class, '13; Class Play, '14.

ALBERTA BARRET
"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."
Commencement Music Committee, '14; Chairman Class Color Committee, '13.

FOREST BARTELS
"No age is shut against real genius."

EDNA BARTLET
"A good face is the best letter of recommendation."
NELLES BENSON

"And what obscured in this fair volume lies, Find written in the margin of his eyes."
Forum, '13, '14; Canterbury Tales, '14; Class Play, '14.

SYLVIA BERGEN

"Virtue, modesty, and truth are the guardian angels of woman."

BEULAH BLALOCK

"A willing heart adds feather to the heel and makes one a winged mercury."

WILLIAM CECIL BOHON

"Let my hand—This hand, lie in your own—my own true friend!
Hand in hand with you."
Room Representative, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14; Boys' Council, '13, '14; Forum, '13, '14; Secretary Junior Art League, '13; Senior Class Pin Committee, '14.
William Bowersock
“Learning makes a man fit company for himself.”
Track Team, '13.

Grace Boyd
“I have a heart with room for every joy.”

John Brant
“The Strength of twenty men!”
Track Team, '12, '13, '14—Captain, '13; Class Track Team, '13, '14—Captain, '13, '14; Football Team, '13.

Mary Alice Bresnan
“In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare.”
Kathleen Brown

"Thy voice is celestial melody."
Decanois Staff, ’14; High School Orchestra, ’13, ’14; Girls’ Glee Club, ’14; Agora, ’14; Committee for Commencement Readings and Orations.

Lottie Bernard

"Her voice was soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

John Kenneth Childs

"Sae true his heart, sae soft his speech,
His breath like couler air;
His very foot has music in’t
As he comes up the stair."
Boys’ Council, ’13, ’14; High School Orchestra, ’10, ’11, ’12, ’13, ’14; Boys’ Glee Club, ’13, ’14; Room Representative, ’10, ’11, ’13, ’14; Observer Staff, ’14; Class Basketball Team, ’12—Captain, ’12; Basketball Team, ’13, ’14; Vice President Junior Class, ’13; Chairman Pin Committee, ’14; Rotaro, ’13, ’14—President, ’13; President Athletic Association, ’13, ’14; Athletic Board of Control, ’13, ’14; Canterbury Tales, ’13; Class Quotation Committee Decanois, ’14; Junior General Committee, ’13; Little Tycoon, ’12; Commencement Program, ’14; Class Play, ’14.

Louella G. Clair

"There’s language in her eye, her cheek, her lips,
Nay, her foot speaks."
Agora, ’10, ’12, ’14; Little Tycoon, ’12; School Carnival Committee, ’13; Senior Play, ’14; Chairman Junior-Senior Hilario Farce, ’13.
Lillian Cobb
"A loving maiden grows unconsciously more bold."
Observer Staff, '14; Girls' Class Basketball Team, '13, '14.

Java Cochran
"How pretty
Her blushing was and how she blushed again."
Princess Chrysanthemum, '12; Commencement Decorating Committee, '13.

Evelyn Cole
"To write well is at once to think well, to feel rightly, and to render properly; it is to have, at the same time, mind, soul, and taste."
Agora, '12, '13, '14; Room Representative, '11, '12; Negative Debating Team, '14; Review Story Contest—third '14, first '12; Observer Staff, '14; Decanois Staff, '14; Junior General Party Committee, '13; William Tell, '13; Canterbury Tales, '13; Senior Class Play, '14; Auditorium Program Committee, '14; Commencement Program, '14.

Dorothy Cooper
"Fun gives you a forcible hug and shakes the laughter out of you, whether you will or no."
Girls' Class Basketball Team, '14.
SOPHIA COSTELLO
"She is herself, of best things the collection."

ROBERT COULSON
"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."
Senior Class Basketball Team, '14; High School Orchestra, '14.

HARLAN R. CRILEY
"He was the very pineapple of politeness."

ALFA DAVIS
"There is no royal road to learning—Only by diligence and study and persevering effort can one become a scholar."
Virgil Davis
"Nor has he spent his life badly who has passed it in privacy."
Forum, '14.

Florence L. Davis
"There is no index of character so sure as the voice."
Girls' Glee Club, '12, '13, '14; Agora, '13, 14;
Little Tycoon, '12.

Earl P. Devore
"I love the man that is modestly valiant."
Football Team, '10, '11, '12, '13; Track Team, '14;
Baseball Team, '14; Basketball Team, '13—Captain, '14; Class Track Team, '14; Boys' Council '14.

William A. Diller
"No man can live proudly or die righteously without a wife."
Rotaro, '14; Room Representative, '10; Canterbury Tales, '13.
Wilbur Downing
"He wears the rose of youth upon him."
Senior Class Treasurer, '14; Chairman Senior Floral Committee, '14; Forum, '12, '13, '14—President, '13; Boys' Glee Club, '12, '13, '14; Auditorium Program Committee, '14; Observer Staff, '13; Circulation Manager Observer, '14; Affirmative Debating Team, '14; Little Tycoon, '12.

Grace Duffield
"Above the vulgar flight of common souls."
Girls' Glee Club, '14.

Helen Durning
"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence and fair and smooth."
Agora, '14.

Anna Duvall
"Happy is she who has laid up in her youth
and held fast in all her fortune, a genuine
and passionate love for reading."
SAMUEL EUSEY
"He who labors diligently need never despair, for all things are accomplished by diligence and labor."
Forum, '14.

LAWRENCE FERRIS
"He was so generally civil that nobody thanked him for it."

CARL GLASGOW
"Once he saw a youth blushing and addressed him 'Courage, my boy, that is the complexion of virtue.'"
Athletic Board of Control, '14; Vice President Athletic Association, '14; Captain Track Team, '14; Track Team, '13; Boys' Council, '13, '14; 2d and 3d Place Medals at Corn Belt, '14.

MARION GODWIN
"One of the most important rules in the science of manners is an absolute silence in regard to yourself."
Senior Class Basketball Team, '13; Junior Team, '12; Football Team, '13; Forum, '13, '14; 3d Place Medal at Corn Belt, '14.
MARY GODWIN
"Deep brown eyes running over with glee,
Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober,
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me."
Class Play, '14.

LILLIAN GOLZE
"Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions."
Agora, '14.

MARIE GOODMAN
"A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty."

JAMES M. GRAY
"Done to death by slanderous tongues."
Alumni Editor Decanois, '14; Junior Party Committee, '13; Senior Party Committee, '14; Junior-Senior Picnic Committee, '13; Review Story Contest—Second Prize, '12; Basketball, Second Team, '13, '14; Class Basketball Team, '13, '14; Committee on Commencement Orations and Readings, '14; Rotaro, '13, '14; Latin Play, '12; Little Tycoon, '12; Class Play, '14.
EDNA GREEN
"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won."

GERTRUDE LOUISE GULLER
"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."
Agora, '14—President, '14; Girls' Council, '14;
Orchestra, '13, '14; Decnois Staff, '14; Observer
Staff, '14; School Representative Reading Con-
test, '14.

FON HALE
"When words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain."
Third in Public Speaking Contest, '14.

BESSIE HALL
"Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble of heritage,
Generous and free."
Girls' Glee Club, '14; Agora, '14—President, '14;
Observer Staff, '14; Canterbury Tales, '13; Sen-
ior Class Play, '14; Twelfth Night, '13.
IRENE HAMMAN
"But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,
When at the same moment she had on a dress
which cost 500 dollars and not a cent less,
That she had not a thing in the wide world
to wear."
Girls' Glee Club, '14.

WALTER HASTINGS
"Man's conscience is the oracle of God."
Rotaro, '13, '14; Negative Debating Team, '14.

GLADYS HOPKINS
"The finest compliment that can be paid to a
woman of sense is to address her as such."

W. B. HOSTETLER
"Eyes that look into the very soul—
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal."

OMA HAYS
"Her voice is soft; not shrill and like the larks,
But tenderer, graver, almost hoarse at times."
Agora, '14.

OMA HAYS
"All who joy would win
Must share it—happiness was born a twin."
Agora, '14.

KENNETH HENDERSON
"His pencil was striking, restless, and grand.
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland,
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manner our heart."
Art Committee, Decanois Staff, '14.

JUNE HILL
"Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed."
Little Tycoon, '12; Princess Chrysanthemum, '11;
Junior Art League Living Pictures, '13; Committee for Selection of Class Photographer; Senior Class Play, '14.

25
HELEN HILL
"To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue."

HOMER HOEWING
"A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off."
Affirmative Debating Team, '14; Class Play, '14.

LUCY HOOVER
"Shalt show us how divine a thing woman may be made."

FLORENCE HOOTS
"A woman's heart, like the moon, is always changing, but there is always a man in it."
Girls' Glee Club, '14.
PAULINE HURD

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."
Agora, '12; Girls' Basketball Team, '12, '13; Little Tycoon, '12; Class Quotation Committee, '14; Class Play, '14.

JULIUS D. JENKINS

"He hath many virtues and clever wit,
And when his arrow flies, the mark is hit."
Vice President Senior Class, '14; Business Manager Decanois, '14; Observer Staff, '14; Boys' Glee Club, '14; Boys' Council, '14; Room Representative, '13; Forum, '13, '14; William Tell, '13; Canterbury Tales, '13; Class Play, '14; Cashier Public School Lunch Room, '14; Moving Picture Operator of D. H. S., '13, '14.

HELEN JOHNSON

"The very room, 'coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceiling."

HERBERT JORDAN

"Never idle a moment,
But thrifty and thoughtful of others."
Secretary Junior Chamber of Commerce, '14; Forum, '13, '14.—President, '14; Assistant Business Manager Decanois, '14; Observer Staff, '14; Chairman Commencement Program Committee on Readings and Orations.
Gail Kemmerer
"Good intention clothes itself with sudden power."

Edna Keller
"Victory belongs to the most deserving."
Agora, '14.

Dorcas J. Kirk
"O she will sing the savageness out of a bear."
Agora, '12, '13, '14; Girls' Glee Club, '14; Girls' Class Basketball Team, '13, '14; Class Play, '14.

Lee Klink
"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one."
HARRY KEUSE
"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

ETHEL KRIEG
"Self respect, that corner stone of all virtue."

MARIE KRAMER
"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple, love made those hollows."
Girls' Glee Club, '12, '13, '14; Commencement Program, '14.

HAZEL KNAPP
"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."
Girls' Glee Club, '14; Committee on Music, '14.
DONOVAN LITTLE

“There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate ‘Well, I told you so.’”
Boys’ Glee Club, ’11, ’12, ’13, ’14; Canterbury Tales, ’13; Class Play, ’14; Twelfth Night, ’13; Little Tycoon, ’12; Princess Chrysanthemeum, ’12; Boys’ Council, ’13, ’14; Room Representative, ’11, ’12; Treasurer Junior Chamber of Commerce, ’14; Rotaro, ’13, ’14; Athletic Editor Decanois, ’14.

LUCIE MACWHERTER

“Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.”
Agora, ’14; Pianist for Orchestra, ’14.

REVA MARSHALL

“She was good as she was fair,
To see her was to love her.”

RALPH MAJOR

“Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven.”
DON MONTGOMERY
"What should a man do but be merry."
Room Representative, '13; Twelfth Night, '13; Canterbury Tales, '13; High School Orchestra, '11, '13, '14; Affirmative Debating Team, '14; Rotaro, '13, '14; Senior Class Play, '14.

ROY MOUNT
"His speech was a fine sample, on the whole, Of rhetoric, which the learned call 'rigma-role.'"
Football Team, '13; Class Baseball Team, '14; Rotaro, '14—President, '14.

LORENE MUNCH
"As pure as a pearl and as perfect A noble and innocent girl."
Agora, '12, '13.

MILDRED MURPHY
"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."
Observer Staff, '14.
Eunice Lucille Myers
"Persuasive speech and more persuasive sighs; Silence that spoke and eloquence of eyes."

Harold Myers
"We grant, although he had much wit, He was very shy of using it."
Track Team, '13, '14; Negative Debating Team, '13; Decanois Staff, '14; Forum, '13, '14; Junior Party Committee, '13; Valedictorian, Commencement, '14.

Mildred Nicholson
"Come and trip it as ye go On the light fantastic toe."
Princess Chrysanthemum, '11; Little Tycoon, '12; Review Prize Story Contest,—First Prize, '14; Literary Committee for Decanois, '14; Class Play, '14.

Dora Patterson
"A lovely countenance is the fairest of all sights."
Beulah Pelton

"Good humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests and maintains the past."

Observer Staff, '14; Decanois Staff, '14; Room Representative, '14; Girls' Council, '14; Agora, '14.

Edna Perry

"A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured."

Arthur L. Price

"He was not merely a chip of the old block,
But the old block itself."

Rotaro, '14; Class Play, '14.

Corwin D. Querrey

"Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief."

Observer Staff, '14; Athletic Board of Control, '14; Latin Play, '13; William Tell, '13; Rotaro, '13, '14; Chairman Commencement Music Committee, '14; High School Orchestra, '11, '12, '13, '14; Room Representative, '13; Basketball Squad, '14; Class Basketball Team, '13, '14; Baseball Team, '12, '14; First in Learned Oration Contest, '14.

33
BRUCE RAE SNIDER
"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without and a warm heart within."

LURA REQUARTH
"I'm sure care's an enemy to life."
Girls' Glee Club, '14; Senior Class Play, '14; Agora, '14; Girls' Basketball Team, '13; Refreshment Committee Junior-Senior Hilario, '13; William Tell, '13; Senior Party Committee, '14; Junior Party Committee, '13.

GRACE RILEY
"The most effective coquetry is innocence."

WALTER J. RISLEY, JR.
"A good old man, sir,
He will be talking, as they say,
When the age is in, the wit is out."
Forum, '11, '12, '13, '14; Observer Staff, '13; Advertising Manager Observer, '14; Junior Art League Living Pictures, '13; Chairman Refreshment Committee, Junior-Senior Hilario, '13; Junior Party Committee, '13; Director Junior Art League, '13, '14; Princess Chrysanthemum, '12; Twelfth Night, '13; Canterbury Tales, '13; Boys' Council, '14; School Representative Public Speaking Contest, '14; Business Mgr. Class Play, '14; Latin Play, '13; Commencement Program, '14; Winner of the Mary W. French Prize.
Eliza Robbins
"Kind and hearty was her nature,
A friend in every sense."
Agora, '14.

Claude M. Roberts
"Most arts require long study and application,
but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire."

Andrew Lee Roberts
"Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright."
Forum, '14; Review Story Contest—Honor Roll, '11; Third Prize, '12; Second Prize, '13; Class Play, '14.

Donald Robinson
"A little good-for-nothing, mischief making
monkey from his birth."
Class Basketball Team, '13; Senior Class Play, '14.
Lucien Rugh
"Truth makes the face of that person shine
who speaks and owns it."

Marguerite Shafter
"Intelect, talent, and genius, like murder, 'will out.'"
Editor-in-chief Observer, '14; Joke Editor Decanois, '14; High School Orchestra, '12, '13, '14; Room Representative, '12; Girls' Council, '13, '14, Agora, '12, '13, '14—President, '14; Canterbury Tales, '13; Twelfth Night, '13; Director Junior Art League, '13; Junior Art League Living Pictures, '13; Chairman Junior Party Committee, '13; Chairman Junior-Senior Hilario Committee, '13; Chairman Commencement Invitation Committee, '14; Class Play, '14; School Representative in Girls' Reading Contest, '14; Senior Class Song, '14; Chairman Senior Picnic Committee.

Ethel Shumate
"A word or a nod from the good has more
weight than the eloquent speeches of others."
Agora, '14.

Frieda M. Smith
"A blush is the color of virtue."
Editor-in-chief Decanois, '14; Assistant-editor Observer, '14; Girls' Council, '14—President, '14; Agora, '13, '14—President, '14; Secretary Junior Class, '13; Secretary Senior Class, '14; Room Representative, '14; Girls' Glee Club, '14; Chairman of Committee to confirm baccalaureate choice; Winner of the Mary W. French Prize.
STANLEY SMITH

"His time is forever, everywhere his place."
Senior Class President, '14; Junior Class President, '13; Decanios Staff, '14; Observer Staff, '14; Canterbury Tales, '13; Class Basketball, '13, '14; Rotaro, '13, '14; Boys' Glee Club, '14; President Boys' Council, '14; Athletic Board of Control, '13; Track Team, '13, '14; Director of Art League, '13, '14; Stage Manager Senior Play, '14; President Junior Chamber of Commerce, '14; First in High Hurdles at Corn Belt, '14.

PAULINE SOLLARS

"And mistress of herself, tho' China fall."
Chairman Carnival Stunt, '13.

CLYDE SONGER

"Men of few words are the best men."
Baseball Team, '11, '12, '14—Captain, '14; Class Baseball Team—Captain, '14; Basketball Team, '12, '13, '14; Boys' Council, '13, '14; Football Team, '11, '12, '13; Athletic Board of Control, '12, '13, '14; Track Team, '13, '14—Medal at Corn Belt.

MILTON STARKEY

"They say
That putting all his words together
'Tis three blue beans and one blue bladder."

37
LAURA STEIN
"Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there's an end."

HELEN STEWART
"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."
Room Representative, '10, '13, '14; Observer Staff, '13; Literary Editor Decanois, '14; Treasurer Junior Class, '13; Junior Party Committee, '13; Chairman Senior Party Committee, '14; Chairman Honor System Committee, '14; Director Junior Art League, '14; Girls' Council, '14; Senior Class Play, '14.

STEWART STODDART
"What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

CHARLES STOUGH
"A man polished to the nail."
Rotaro, '13, '14; Second Team football, '13; Chairman Senior Photograph Committee, '14; Art Committee for Decanois, '14; Boys' Glee Club, '14.
MALCOLM STOUGH

"Though I am not splenitive and rash
Yet I have something within me dangerous."

ADRIANCE DIANE TENNEY

"Faster than her tongue did make offence
Her eye did heal it up."

Girls' Glee Club, '14; Agora, '11, '14; Girls' Council, '14; Junior Art League Entertainment, '13; Chairman Decoration Committee Senior Party, '14; Class Play, '14; Princess Chrysanthemum, '11; The Little Tycoon, '12; Commencement Program, '14.

DON THRELKELD

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

Boys' Council, '11, '12, '13, '14; Room Representative, '12; Rotaro, '13; Football Team, '11, '12, '13—Captain, '12; School and Class Track Teams, '14; School and Class Baseball Team, '14.

GUY TINKEY

"Politeness is like an air cushion, there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully."
Pearl Trimmer
"Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Helen Vaughan
"Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for-silk."

Marie Wacaser
"All musical people seem to be happy."

Helen M. Waddell
"After all, there is something about a wedding
gown prettier than any other gown in the
world."
Girls' Glee Club, '12, '13; Agora, '14; Girls' Council, '12, '13; Room Representative, '12, '13; Decoration Committee for Junior-Senior Reception, '13; Princess Chrysanthemum, '11; The Little Tycoon, '12; Class Play, '14.
FAIRY WAND

"Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom, It is as true as sunbeams."

HELEN WASSON

"I am resolved to grow fat."
Agora, '12, '13, '14; Review Story Contest—Third Prize, '12; Decanois Story Contest Third, '14; Joke Committee Decanois, '14.

LORENA WEHRLY

"To bequeath many and be bequeathed by one."
Room Representative, '11; Honor Roll, Review Contest, '12; Commencement Program, '14.

ELIZABETH WHEELHOUSE

"The hair is the richest ornament of women."
Girls' Council, '12, '13, '14; Observer Staff, '14; Girls' Basketball Team, '13; Captain Girls' Class Team, '14; Class Play, '14.
IVAN WIEGAND
"I can not tell what the dickens his name is."
Class Play, '14.

Hazel Weaver
"My man's as true as steel."
Princess Chrysanthemum, '11; Little Tycoon, '12; Girls' Glee Club, '14; Senior Class Play, '14.

Joseph Wilder
"Whence this prodigy?"
Forum, '11, '12, '13, '14—President, '13; Affirmative Debating Team, '14; Senior Class Basketball Team, '13; Boys' Council, '13, '14; Room Representative, '13, '14; Princess Chrysanthemum, '11; Latin Play, '13; School Representative in Speaking Contest, '14; Athletic Editor Observer, '14; Salutatory Commencement, '14; Joke Committee Decanois, '14; 2d Place in Corn Belt Oratorical Contest, '14.

Roy Wilson
"His hair is of a good color,
An excellent color,
The color of the setting sun."
RAY E. WILLIAMS
"May never lady press his lips, his proffer'd
tone returning
Who makes a furnace of this mouth, and
keeps his chimney burning."
Canterbury Tales, '13.

J. FREEMAN WILMETH
"He loves to save his sesterces better than his
wit."
Boys' Council, '13, '14; Boys' Glee Club, '13, '14;
Captain Class Basketball Team, '14; Junior Class
Basketball Team, '13; Basketball Team, '13, '14;
Chairman Hat Committee, '14; Room Representa-
tive, '12; Canterbury Tales, '13; Junior Art
League Board, '13; Social Committee Junior-
Senior Hilario, '13; Class Play, '14; Commence-
ment Program, '14.

RIVES WOODCOCK
"Some sigh for this and that;
My wishes don't go far,
The world may wag at will
So I have my cigar."
Literary Committee Decanois, '14; Class Play, '14.

FLOYD YOCKETY
"Describe him who can
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in
man."
Football Team, '12, '13; Class Photograph Com-
mittee, '14.

LAWRENCE KAYSER
"A man who's not afraid to say his say,
Though all the world's against him."
Rotaro, '13.

43
Commencement Program—1914

Invocation..............................................Rev. W. H. Cannon
“Wandering in Woodlands”.........................Roeder

Class Chorus

Salutatory..............................................Joseph Wilder
Oration....................................................Evelyn Cole
Vocal Solo............................................Freeman Wilmeth
Reading................................................Lorena Wehrly
Piano Solo.............................................Marie Kramer

Intermission.

Class Song..............................................Marguerite Shafer
Oration....................................................Walter Risley
Reading................................................Ada Tenney
'Cello Solo...........................................John Childs
Valedictory...........................................Harold Myers
Oh, Italia, Italia, Beloved........................From “Lucrezia”—Donizetti

Class Chorus

Awarding of Diplomas................................President Board of Education
Awarding Mary W. French Honor....................Principal High School
Awarding Scholarship................................Superintendent Schools
Benediction.............................................Rev. Roy Catlin

△ △ △

Optimism

Life's a funny proposition, but a pleasant one withall,
And I'm very glad to be here, in this bright world, after all!
If I smile, or sing a ditty, when I'm feeling rather blue,
Or make someone else feel better, presto! I feel better, too!

Out upon you, gloomy cynic, with your prophecies of ill!
You're the sort that makes the failures! Always have and always will!
For the secret of a true life, of a life that's worth the while,
Is contained in these few verbals, just look up, be brave, and Smile!

MARIE WELCH, '17.
The History of the Senior Class

Once upon a time (would you ever believe it?) we, even we, the learned seniors of the class, 1914, were freshmen. Yes, we were ignorant, green, and giddy freshmen! But though "we knew not, we knew that we knew not." So we received, gladly, the advice which the sophomores proffered us. Still, being very young, we were often forgetful of that advice and of the rules our dear teachers taught us.

A great fault of ours was whispering. "Never," said the teachers, "did we have a class which insisted upon whispering all the time as this one does." Then, too, we were guilty of proficiency in the art of snow-balling. Nor feared we to pelt the honourable and awesome seniors, but did it so generously that they were heard to murmur,

"Oh, that this too too solid snow would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!"

When the loathsome name of freshmen could no longer be applied to us, and we became sophomores, we were exceeding glad.

It was at the beginning of our second year that the residence of the school was changed. Within the cool brick walls of the new building, we found that as sophomores we must study. So study we diligently did. We grew used to the confusing x y z's in Algebra; we formed the acquaintance of the great Roman general, Caesar; and we handled juicy, wiggling worms in zoology without flinching.

One day an honor, which caused all eyes in the school to be turned toward us, was bestowed upon the sophomore class. One of us, Evelyn, by name, snatched the first prize of the Annual Review Story Contest from the hands of the seniors!! How glorious! A hint as to what we would be able to do in the future!

In September we returned joyfully (which was not our custom) for were we not juniors? We took seats in the coveted assembly room and were formally introduced to penalizing methods. How great was our chagrin when we realized that as juniors we were insignificant, preposterously so! The great seniors never so much as glanced at us after their first curious inspection. Alas! what could we do but submit meekly to our superiors' tyranny?
After our eyes became accustomed to the dazzling nearness of senior lights, we organized as a class. With Stanley as our president and with green and white for our colors, we grew optimistic. As avowed enemies of the seniors, we yelled lustily for the faculty in the greatly advertised faculty-senior basketball games. O woe unto us, for the faculty lost. Our only consolation in the trying week that followed was this: we had scored one with the faculty for expounding their cause.

Time lagged, so to create a little excitement we gave a party. In spite of all the seniors' warnings and predictions, it was a success. Aha! Pernicious seniors! Following closely upon the heels of this event, came the senior party. There was our chance to ridicule the haughty enemy. Each senior boy was forced to take two girls. My! how jubilant we were when we saw the pale seniors blush.

Spring came with its showers and flowers! And as the days grew warmer, boys' coats grew scarcer. Whereupon the teachers informed the school that those who must go coatless should not go cuffless, but their sleeves should be appropriately finished. On the following morning in careful obedience to their dear teachers, many coatless boys came to school with rows of dainty lace encircling their brawny wrists. Prominent among these rogues were the juniors. Their lavish display of lace was unequalled by the seniors themselves.

An outburst of originality came when we departed from custom and gave the seniors the Hilario. At that time we produced a model for the senior play, "The Rivals," which was an example of our wonderful dramatic ability; and we gave the mock commencement, which was an evidence of our wit. Oh, we were not very meek juniors!

As soon as we came into our rights and acquired that wonderful and sacred privilege of being seniors, we commenced to show marked ability as a class. We had been wonderful enough in the previous three years, but now we bid fair to surpass all classes in the history of the school.

That our literary ability is great is proved by the fact that we are allowed to publish the first annual of the D. H. S. In debates Wilder's outbursts of eloquence, Myers' ability to "clinch a point," and Hoewing's wonderful world-breaking record in the amount of words uttered per minute, cast a glory upon us which will halo us forever. In athletics we starred. The senior basketball team won the championship of the inter-class tournament, and from it were picked the majority of the basketball team.

We are not only great in muscular strength but also in numbers. We are the largest senior class to be graduated from this school—one hundred thirty.

We are a very beautiful class, too. For proof of this read the poem, "The Beautiful Seniors' Eyes" in the Joke section.

But the trait we prize, probably, the highest is our modesty. The faculty tells us that we are more modest than our predecessors, and we hope and believe it is true. Yet though modest, we know our abilities. At last, "We know that We Know" and are wise.

HELEN WASSON
HELEN DURNING
The History of the Class of 1915

The characteristics of a junior are the direct outgrowth of his experiences of the two preceding years. The pretentiousness of the sophomore is but the effect of having safely undergone the varied and more or less amusing experiences of a freshman. Emerging from the foolishly wise state of his sophomore year, the frivolity, perpetual spring fever, and the day dreams of the junior are but the next step in advance,—the step immediately preceding that of the oppressively learned condition of the senior.

The Class of 1915 is no exception. Our class began its struggle for existence when the high school building was first opened for use. As freshmen we entered with fear and trembling, little knowing, but greatly imagining the dangers and pitfalls, the hungry sophomores and dignified seniors that were ready to swallow us as soon as we entered the labyrinth of the new building. This feeling of fear soon departed and a pleasing sensation took its place, for what was our amusement to see staid seniors and otherwise intelligent sophomores looking unsuccessfully on the same door for an entirely different number from that we had hoped to find there. Soon the building became so well known to us that by February we were able to direct the later arrivals of our class to their rooms. Our "unadulterated simplicity and ignorance of high school customs" were all that distinguished us from the higher classmen.

At length, with a strange exultant feeling, we became sophomores, and from what seemed to us an exceedingly high position, we were able to guide the erring footsteps of those lambs who had just entered and to exclaim that never, never were we so green or so awkward as they. Aside from our everyday duty of disdainning the freshmen, we also won the first class basket ball championship, that form of athletics being inaugurated during our sophomore year. As sophomores we gave certain scenes from "As You Like It" as our part on the Shakespeare Anniversary program.

So another year rolled by and a third presented itself. We organized early and elected officers. We entertained the faculty and ourselves at a "Powwow," and later entertained the seniors. This year the annual junior-senior party was a "Flower Festival," the decorations and program being carried out with that idea in mind. Both of these parties proved that, although 1915 is small, it is mighty enough to produce pleasurable entertainments. In the junior year we entered more than ever before into the activities of the school, obtaining thereby a new and broader view of high school life.

At the close of this year we will bid the seniors a hearty farewell, realizing that when the class of 1914 has been graduated, the stage will be cleared and the scenes shifted for the entrance of the class of 1915.

Wilfred Miller.
ACT I

Scene I.—Main lower corridor, D. H. S.  Time: 9:00 a. m.  September ——, 1912.  Curtain rises as bell rings.  Many students enter.  Freshmen laden with books enter staring about in bewilderment.

1st Freshie:  My goodness!  Isn't this place big?
2nd Freshie:  Ooo yes!  Where do you 'spose our room is?
1st Freshie:  I don't know, but let's ask somebody.  (Approaches sophomores) A-please, could you tell us where room one-hundred-and-twenty-one is?
1st Soph.:  (Looking at them, frowning) What is it you children want?
1st Freshie:  Please,—we wer-e looking for room one-hundred-and-twenty-one.

1st Soph.:  Oh, one twenty one?  (Nudges her companion) Why you just go straight ahead and take the elevator to the third floor.  Then walk down three flights of stairs, turn to your right, and you will find yourself at the door of one twenty one.  (Sophomores giggle and pass on.)

ACT II


1st Soph.:  Do look at Johnny!  Isn't he playing fine?
2nd Soph.:  And there's Everett Van.  He's doing good work, too—he's such a heavy-weight.  Our class is certainly well represented, isn't it?
1st Soph.:  Oh, let's watch the game—See that quarter-back over there! He's playing his part, isn't he?
2nd Soph.:  Yes.  Good! they're going to yell.  Well, Johnny surely deserves a great big yell for such playing.

Yell leader:  (From sidelines)  Now, everybody! Nine rahs for Johnny!
(Everyone yells, much to the Soph's delight.)

Scene II.—Balcony of gym during girls' championship basket-ball game.

1st Soph.:  Good, they're going to begin.  Haven't we a great team?  Flo makes a dandy captain, doesn't she?
2nd Soph.:  Indeed she does.  Why, she's a regular shark at baskets.
2nd Soph.:  (After short pause during which they watch the game) Say, have you noticed that team-work the sophs are doing?  Watch them bring that ball down.  Notice that a forward is ready to drop it thru the basket as soon as she gets it.—See?  Wasn't that some?  I don't believe boys could have done better.  (Clap hands and yell with other sophs in balcony.)
2nd Soph.:  That really is fine!  We'll have this game all right, and then the championship will be the sophs.
1st Soph.:  How perfect!  We have a fine boys' team, too.  Why, Archie is as sure of that basket as he is of the cap on his head, and Roy Fitz is great on field baskets.  Percy is a grand center—so tall.
2nd Soph.:  (During full in the game) Wasn't it fine that Irene got second place in the preliminary reading contest?  And Kil Roby entered the effective speaking contest.  Did you know that he is the first soph. to ever try for it.—Oh, we sophs. are up on everything!.....Another basket!
1st Soph.:  That is what I call great!...We've won the championship!  (Sophs. gather in balcony and yell for the sophs.—The Bestest Team of the Bestest Class of the Bestest School on Earth!)  

FRANCES BATTY.
Freshman's Progress

As I wandered through the wilderness of the world, I beheld a youth standing in a field alone, a book in his hand, and on his back a great burden. And he lifted up his voice saying, "What shall I do?"

I looked and saw a man called Ambition coming toward him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I perceive by this book that my ignorance is so great that I cannot pass through the wilderness of this world, and I am afraid."

And Ambition said unto him, "Wherefore art thou afraid?"

Then the youth said, "Because this burden which is upon my back sinks me lower and lower into the mire of the unsuccessful, until I am afraid that I shall perish, and I know not whither to go."

Then Ambition handed him a parchment on which was written: "Freshman Class, 1917. Decatur High School."

The youth read it and inquired, "Whither is this place?"

And Ambition said unto him, "Go thou on foot or by street car to the great building on the corner of North and Franklin Streets and enter therein, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

So the Youth set forth, and Pliable, a neighbor, followed him. And they came to the place and entered therein and gentle masters sat them to their tasks.

As Freshman (for so the youth must now be called) passed through the long corridor, he heard strange and unearthly sounds, and saw many people rushing to and fro and shouting various charms: "11—11—1—7.—Right—Left—Stop." He inquired the meaning of all this.

And the youth said, pointing to strange rows of small green doors whereat many labored, "These are the store-houses of those invaluable assistants on the Rocky Road of Knowledge—Books."

And Freshman said, "May I, by any chance, also acquire one of these?"

"Yea, verily," answered the youth. "Go thou unto the sanctuary of the High Priest, and he will give thee the mystic formula to that which is thine own."

As Freshman and Pliable struggled on, they fell into the Slough of Foreign Languages, from whence the little imps, "German" and "Latin," would not let them escape, and wherein they came near to perishing. And Freshman would have perished had not a damsel, called "Instructor," come to him and assisted him from the mire.

Freshman, as he journeyed on, met Worldly Wise Man, who sought to persuade him from his way, saying, "The way is hard and toilsome. Thou hast met Algebra, English, History, and Physiography, but thou shalt meet Economics, Civics, Geometry, and the Sciences, any of which may destroy thee. Come with me; my path is easier, and thy burden shall be eased to thee."

And Freshman, considering Worldly Wise Man, departed somewhat from the way, but as he went the burden grew heavier until he feared that it would crush him, and so he fled back into his classes.

And then he slew the Appolyon Idleness, and the Giant Despair. And as he came to the second part of his journey, his burden was getting lighter, so that he began to hope that some day he would be eased of it entirely.

Paulyne Myers, '17.
The Girls' Council

The Girls' Council, organized in 1912, is an organization similar to the Boys' Council. It endeavors to insure proper conduct and order, and stands for all that is highest and best in student life. The members of the council try to interest the other girls in keeping the school in good condition.

In 1912, Miss Elizabeth Galloway was president of the council. During that year, the Girls' Council was instrumental in bringing Dr. Harriet Day Chandler to the school for the purpose of speaking to the girls. Dr. Chandler's talk was very interesting and helpful.

This year, Miss Frieda Smith is president of the council. So far, the council has not accomplished all of the things for which it has planned. However, it has been very fortunate in securing as a speaker, Dr. Clara A. Garber.

`Beth Sigler, '15.

The Boys' Council

The Boys' Council, organized in 1912, is made up of representative boys of the school, room representatives and others prominent in school activities being members of this body. It exists not for the purpose of criticizing the actions of the students, but to promote the various school interests. Its duty is to support school activities of all kinds: athletics, debating, school entertainments, and anything that promotes a bigger and broader high school. Almost any week, members of this council may be seen scattering to the various rooms of the building or standing in their own rooms and delivering speeches in the interest of any one of the many phases of school life. The council members see that the school building is kept in good condition, and that the students conduct themselves in a proper manner. They quietly urge any ungentlemanly student to conduct himself properly, and if the student does not take the advice in the spirit offered, the matter is brought up before the council.

Another phase of the work of the council is to arrange talks by prominent men for all the boys of the school. These talks are of a moral and instructive nature. Much pleasure and benefit are derived from them.

The council, since its organization, has fulfilled its purpose, conducting itself in a manner worthy of the confidence placed in it. Its attitude in regard to school activities is very fine and worthy of high commendation.

John Childs, '14.
Decatur High School Junior Chamber of Commerce

All boys of the Decatur High School were invited to attend a meeting in the auditorium on January 16, 1914. In a short speech Mr. Newlon explained the purpose of assembling, namely, to organize a Junior Chamber of Commerce. Next, Mr. Byrne, Secretary of the Decatur Chamber of Commerce, addressed the boys and pointed out the benefits to be derived from such an organization: first, a closer relation to city affairs; second, a better understanding of the problems of Decatur; and third, a growing interest in her welfare. He also showed the relations established with the Decatur Chamber of Commerce, and told of the influence upon school activities, that is, a vital force capable of supporting and promoting enterprises much desired in every school. Other short and enthusiastic speeches were made by several boys of the senior class. Temporary officials were chosen immediately. Permanent organization, however, was not affected until spring, when a constitution was adopted and subjects of general interest discussed. For example, the plan to ask prominent business men of Decatur to come and speak to us at various times upon subjects relating to the city.

The work has begun. Its success depends upon the individual members. It should be borne in mind, that laziness, sluggishness, inertness, and dullness are not traits of "boys of spirit, boys of will, and boys of brain and power." Get into the game, bring others along with you, and let the motto be, "ON!"

HERBERT JORDAN.
Top row—Left to right—Stanley Smith, locals; Mildred Murphy, jokes; Miss Spencer, Mr. Newlon, Miss Bear, Herbert Jordan, Forum; Elizabeth Wheelhouse, Junior Art League; Miss Hawkes.

Middle row—Jennie Long, junior reporter; Julius Jenkins, jokes; Lucille Banta, senior reporter; Wilfred Miller, assistant circulation manager; Robert Adams, assistant advertising manager; Lillian Cobb, locals; Kenneth Childs, Rotaro; William Requarth, sophomore reporter.

Bottom row—Gertrude Geller, locals; Joseph Wilder, athletics; Frieda Smith, assistant editor; Margaret Shafer, editor-in-chief; Walter Risley, advertising manager; Evelyn Cole, Agora; Selah Pelton, exchanges; Corwin Querrey, senior reporter; Beatrix Hall, exchanges.
The Sylvester panels were presented to the high school, for the most part, by the class of 1911. This class, however, would have been unable to present the school with such a memorial had it not been for other organizations and individuals.
CLASS SONG

1. WE LOVE THE DEAR OLD GOLD AND BLUE
THE EMBLEM OF OUR CLASS;
TO 1914 WE'LL E'ER BE TRUE
AS LONG AS LIFE DOOTH LAST.
WE'LL USE THE SHIELD WE'RE WEARING HERE
TO GUARD US AGAINST THE FOE,
FOR HONEST FIGHT WE HAVE NO FEAR
WE'LL WIN WHERE 'ER WE GO.

CHORUS
HERE'S TO THE CLASS WE WILL DEAREST HOLD
IN OUR HEARTS FOR EVER MORE,
HERE'S TO OUR COLORS THE BLUE AND GOLD
MAY THEY EVER HIGHER SOAR!
HERE'S TO DECATUR OF WIDESPREAD FAME,
WE WILL ALWAYS LOVE THAT NAME —
IN ALL THAT WE DO, TO YOU WE'LL BE TRUE
DE - CA - TUR HIGH.

2. WE PASS INTO THE WORLD TO-DAY
EACH ONE TO MAKE A NAME;
WE KNOW THIS CLASS WILL FIND A WAY
TO BRING DECATUR FAME.
LONG MAY HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS TRUE
DISPERSED FROM SHORE TO SHORE,
JOIN HEART AND HAND THE GOLD AND BLUE
TO CHERISH EVERMORE.

— MARQUEDA L. SHAFTER
My First Expedition Into the Wide, Wide World

First Prize Story.

HAD never been so angry before. In vain reason pleaded my mother's headache as an excuse for her most unusual action. I knew she had been ill and nervous all day, and had I been older, I would have remembered and forgiven. But seven is an age not given to remembering and excusing, so I hugged my grievance close and fed the blazing fires of my anger.

It was bad enough to be slapped, goodness knows (force having hitherto been unknown in my upbringing), but to be slapped on Christmas Eve and in the presence of all the cousins and kinfolks—that was too much. And it had all come about because I had lost my temper when Jimmy, my spoiled youngest cousin, deliberately struck my little sister with a stick of wood, and I had given him the shaking he so richly deserved and would certainly never have received had I not taken the law into my own hands.

So I sat, silent and sullen, until some wicked little demon, returning despairingly home after a profitless excursion into the world of Christmas cheer, beheld my unhappy face and congratulated himself on finding a victim so ready and willing for the sacrifice. He was a very knowing little demon. He climbed upon my shoulder and whispered something in my ear. For an instant (be it said to my credit), I hesitated, but the sight of Jimmy, happily enthroned on grandmother's knee, an apple in one hand and an immense slice of cake in the other, looking at me with ill-concealed triumph in his hateful blue eyes, decided me. "Why not?" I thought bitterly, "Who'd care! I don't reckon Santa Claus will come to see me, anyhow." Then with a stealth and carefulness worthy of a better cause, I slipped out into the great hall.

As I arrayed myself in my outdoor garments, I very carefully avoided the disapproving eyes of the old family portraits that hung on the wall. They were all so straight and stiff and stern and so inhumanly good—moreover, it was absolutely impossible to escape their eyes. I had always been afraid of them, and today I was more so than ever, for I knew that they knew what I was planning to do and disapproved. I glanced up and saw great-grandmother Thornton staring at me with menacing, living eyes. A sudden terror came over me, and I fled, throwing open the great oaken doors and tumbling head foremost into the drifted snow. A sharp wind cut me in the face, and the gray touched the tops of the distant hills. But what mattered these, I was running away! A sense of vast importance filled me, and I strutted along as manfully as the drifted condition of the snow would allow.

So—at the tender age of seven, with no place to go; my sole capital three battered pennies discovered in my glove—I left my home behind me and sallied forth into the wide, wide world.

It was fun for awhile, but at last I began to get tired and cold. Suddenly I remembered Henry, who lived down in the Bend and had taken care of me since I was a baby. "Henry'll let me get warm at his house," I thought, "and
maybe his mother will give me something to eat.” So I struck out toward the cliffs. The underbrush grew rank and thick, and the briers claimed their toll of hair, flesh, and clothing. My fingers and nose were almost frozen, but pride forced me doggedly onward. At last I came to the brink of the cliff. Some fifty feet below Hingston Creek flowed swiftly on to join the great Ohio. It was an ugly, black stream and nearly ten feet deep. How horrible the water looked! I drew back quickly, lost my footing and went tumbling—down—down—down. In one brief instant I saw myself drowned and found and buried. I wondered if mamma would be sorry. Then, as terror seized me, I began to pray—not a very appropriate prayer, perhaps, but the only one I knew—“Now I lay me down to sleep.” I was rolling with incredible swiftness. I caught at a tree, missed my hold, and gave up hope. In an instant those black waters would close over me. My prayer had been forgotten. I began again at the very beginning, “Now I lay—.” I screamed, when—bump; and I landed on the safe side of an enormous log on the very edge of the creek.

I guess I must have fainted then, for I couldn’t remember anything for a long time. When at last I recovered enough to notice anything, I saw that the sun was just sinking, and the swift winter twilight was darkening into night. Ghostly shadows flitted round me, ghostly noises broke out, sharp and distinct in the surrounding twilight. I rose and tried to climb back up that fateful cliff, but it was far too steep for my feeble strength. My body was numb with cold; the tears that rolled from my eyes froze on my cheeks; one glove was gone, and my hands were severely frost bitten; blood trickled from jagged cuts in my face and arms; I was a mass of tatters and burrs. A strange, delicious feeling came stealing over me. I was warm and dry and drowsy. “Mamma, please open the door. It’s hot in here,” I muttered, then fainted again.

Half an hour later my father, heading a band of uncles, cousins, and farm men, found me and carried me home. For two weeks, they told me afterward, I raved in delirium, going over and over again my terrible adventures. The cold and exposure brought on a severe attack of pneumonia, and it was only my mother’s nursing that held me back from the terrible Black Gates that seemed opening to receive me.

When I recovered, I was surprised that no mention was ever made of the cause of my illness. I wanted to tell my mother I was sorry, but I did not know how to open the subject, and, as I afterward discovered, my mother was in much the same situation. One day she came and took me in her arms. “I’m so sorry,” she said, and I understood her meaning. I put my head down on her shoulder and sobbed “I’m sorry, too, mamma.” Such a little thing to say, and yet how much it meant! My mother’s frank apology lifted me forever from the ranks of mere daughterhood to a plane which entitled me to the same courtesy and consideration she demanded from me. I have never been slapped since, neither have I ventured again into the wide, wide world.

Paulyne Myers, ’17
ES, Mrs. Perkins," confided Miss Fidelda Spiggs to her nearest neighbor. "I have always said that should I ever consent to marry a man, he would be one who coincides perfectly with the ideal of my dreams."

Fidelda sighed and turned to open the oven door to take out a batch of delicately browned cookies.

When Mrs. Perkins saw the cookies and sniffed their tempting odor, she refrained from making the retort that was on her lips, which would have reflected upon Miss Spiggs' ability to find her ideal on this planet. Instead she replied compromisingly, as she took a cookie from the well heaped plate her friend held out.

"Well, Fidelda! When I was a girl in short dresses, I thought that I would never marry unless a handsome man proposed to me, but the way it turned out was that I married Mr. Perkins. Poor Henry! I'm sure no one has ever called him handsome. Don't be too sure, Fidelda, for you never can tell, you never can tell. Have you seen Eliza Smith's new bonnet? It came from Paris, she says."

Fidelda looked interested.

"Do tell," she said.

So they fell to gossiping, while an hour passed unheeded. When the hands of the little shelf clock pointed to twelve, and the whistle from the big factory blew, Mrs. Perkins jumped to her feet.

"Goodness," she said, "If I don't hurry Henry will be home, and there'll be no dinner ready. Those cakes were mighty good, Fidelda! When I have more time, I want to copy the recipe. Good-by!"

As she opened the door to leave, a cat ran in.

"Why, kitty! Where did you come from?" said Fidelda in pleased surprise. "I've never seen you before. You're a nice kitty-cat, aren't you?" She knelt on the spotless floor and stroked the cat's gray fur, while it purred contentedly. "Are you hungry, kitty?" she asked.

Fidelda placed a blue saucer of milk before the cat and mused as she watched it lap, "It would seem nice to have a cat again. I wonder where it came from, and if it will stay. It certainly is a nice cat."

When the heat of the sun's rays grew less intense, Fidelda put on her sunbonnet and went out into the garden to weed the onion bed. The cat followed, and, settling itself comfortably on the ledge of the white picket fence, went to sleep.

Fidelda weeded vigorously. She did not hear the wheels of a wagon approaching. A big, good-natured voice aroused her from her task.

"Faith, cat, and when did you get on the fence? I was aither thinkin' ye was home playin' with little Moike."
Fidelda looked up to see the Irishman regarding herself and the cat wonderingly. He jumped from his seat and approached the fence.

"Good-day, lady. Is the cat belongin' to you?"

"Why, yes—or rather, no," stuttered Fidelda, taken by surprise. "I guess it doesn't. It's a very nice cat, and it ran into my kitchen, and I was going to keep it if it would stay. Is it your cat?"

The eyes of the Irishman were twinkling, and his freckled face was wreathed with a broad smile.

"The cat was belongin' to me little Moike. I got it yesterday from me friend to be plasin' Moike with it. By me soul! I'm ather forgettin' whose cat it is. If it was crawlin' into your kitchen, it must be belongin' to you now."

The Irishman beamed on Fidelda.

"No, it is Mike's cat. It is a very friendly one. It just paid me a visit," said Fidelda, beginning to see the humor of the situation.

"I'm the foreman of the new factory. Moike and me will be gettin' settled in Walton soon. The lad had to come and lave his foine, black cat in Fielding. He is missin' her badly, I'm thinkin'."

Fidelda turned abruptly, calling back as she ran to the fence, "Wait just a minute."

She soon returned, carrying a sack filled with her delicious cookies.

"Take these to little Mike," she said. "He'll like them. And why, Mr O'Herron, don't you bring Mike's cat to Walton?"

"But it would be runnin' away before we got it home, be jabbers," said Mr. O'Herron excitedly.

"If you will bring the cat from Fielding, I will put it in a big, thick sack in such a way that I'll never find its way back again."

"Begorra!" said the Irishman, delighted. "I'll do that same thing," and he mounted the wagon and rode away.

True to his word, the following day Mr. Mike O'Herron returned bringing a sack with something heavy in it.

Fidelda gave him a seat and after handing him a cool drink of water, said, "Nice weather we're havin'."

"Foine, foine," said Mr. O'Herron between long drinks from the dipper. "And now to be gettin' the cat ready. Little Moike is anxious to see his cat again."

He untied the sack and out jumped a large, black cat which seemed to Fidelda to be the ugliest cat she had ever seen. While she was gone to the attic for the sack and some catnip, Mr. O'Herron looked appraising around the neat little sitting room with its shining windows and white curtains, its flowery rug and old-fashioned furniture.

"And the boss says she's a cranky old maid. Holy mother! Her house, nor her cookies are not ather bein' cranky. And she's sweet as Moike her ownself."

Fidelda soon returned. She put the cat in a thick, heavy sack and threw in some catnip. Then she tied the sack securely.

When Mr. O'Herron was gone Fidelda went over to Mrs. Perkins.
"I always have said," she confided, "that I'd never marry a man unless he was kind and good-natured."

About a week later, Mr. O'Herron returned again. He found Fidelda picking pansies, and the gray cat was dozing on the fence.

"Is the cat belongin' to you?" he asked smiling.

"Oh, yes! The good Mr. O'Herron gave it to me," she laughed. But this time their talk was not restricted to the subject of cats. It drifted from comments on the weather to Mr. O'Herron's work in the factory.

"The only trouble," he was saying, "is that Moike and me get lonesome sometimesss."

Gradually it became a matter of course for Mr. O'Herron to call upon Fidelda every Thursday evening. Often, he came for supper, bringing little Mike with him. Mike was a red-headed little fellow, a trifle less ugly than his father. He and Fidelda became friends at once.

One evening Mr. Mike O'Herron and little Mike came rather early. Mr. O'Herron seated himself in the large rocker by the old oak tree near Fidelda... Mike wandered around the garden.

"Fidelda," said Mr. O'Herron suddenly, "the black cat ran away this afternoon. Moike and meself wants the gray cat back. Faith, and we're wantin' you to share the gray cat with us, if you be willing."

So Miss Fidelda Spiggs became Mrs. Mike O'Herron. And Mrs. Perkins shook her head and said, "You never can tell, you never can tell."

HELEN WASSON, '14.
The Sea Decides

Constance Sheen, '15

It was so strange, and yet so beautiful. She noticed the tiny wavelets, silver-crested, as they danced to the shore, and were finally lost from sight among the white pebbles on the beach. All ajar—as far as the eye could distinguish, they were seen coming, coming, making the sea resemble a great snowy plain. With the bright sun glistening down on them, and the reflected blue of the sky, they looked like so many iridescent gems on the ocean's bosom.

She took a few more steps, unconsciously, bewildered by the shining splendor. Then she turned back toward the little island slumbering so tranquilly under that cloudless sky. What a day! The warm light sea breeze made her heart leap. She felt so free. And it was so good to know that "no price was set on lavish summer; June could be had by the poorest comer."

Twirling her sun bonnet around her finger, Hartna resumed her walk, humming softly to herself. Her destination was the quaint little cottage among trees and shrubbery not far away. She stepped along leisurely, the light sea breeze blowing her hair and gently flapping her skirts about her ankles. Then looking cautiously about her, she drew a small pencil drawing from her bosom. Closing her hands about it, she looked at it smiling. The portrait was that of a young Indian. She drew a pencil from her blouse and touched the eyebrows delicately and shaded the hair a bit darker. Then holding it off from her, still hidden in the palm of her hand, she surveyed it with a tender half smile.

"It looks just like him," she murmured. "Oh, I wonder if I'll ever see him again."

The picture was carefully replaced in her bosom, and she walked on more briskly. "Just wait," she continued, defiantly, "I'm going back before fall. I'll get there some way."

And so, with a determined gesture, she opened the gate and passed on into the house. Just before closing the door, she turned for another look at the ocean. More calm and beautiful it seemed now than ever before, but the thought foremost in her mind now was to get back across that ocean where her invalid mother was and to see her lover, the young Indian. What could that lovely silent sea do? It gave no hope. It would be there forever in that same place. She laughed at herself for such a foolish thought, and, closing the door, stepped into the kitchen. Bertha, her cousin, was at work as usual and said nothing at first when she entered, but Hartna knew she had something in store for her. It was Bertha's joy to reprove her inexperienced young cousin.

"Took you a mighty long time to go to Mrs. York's," she grumbled at length with her back turned.

"Yes, it was so pretty out, I walked slow. I didn't think there was anything for me to do, anyway."
“Nothing for you to do?” Bertha whirled around. “Why, you know mother isn’t here, and there’s just that much more to do. That’s the reason you stayed so long. I’ve never seen anyone as lazy as you are, Harna Burgher, in my life!”

Harna made no reply but looked at her and laughed. She knew that would make Bertha furious.

And so it did. “Talking about going back to Arizona. And that’s the very reason why mother won’t let you go. You haven’t a bit of hustle or get up about you like I have. And besides, they don’t want colored people back there anyway.”

“Oh, stuff, Bertha. Haven’t I been there before. I guess colored people have as much right there as In-Indians.” Something made her hesitate before saying this last. “Do you want these dishes washed?”

“Well, I rather guess so. They’ve been sitting there since morning.”

There was a silence for a while, during which Harna washed and dried the few dishes, and Bertha mixed a cake. Harna did not notice until after she was through, that all of the glorious sunshine had disappeared, and the sky had suddenly become overcast with heavy gray clouds.

“It must be going to rain, Bertha. I’ll run out and see if Aunt Delia and Hall are coming.”

As she opened the door, a great gust of cold wind rushed in. What a change had come over the outside world since she had gone in! Great gusts of wind swept over the island from every direction, the tall oaks rocked to and fro, and doors and gates were slamming everywhere. Harna rushed down to the gate and peered up the road to see if she could catch a glimpse of her brother Hall, and her aunt, but they were not in sight.

Another blast came and tore her sunbonnet from her hand. She started in pursuit, but saw it would be of no use. Finally she went back into the house, troubled. It was growing darker and darker. A terrible storm was brewing, and where was Hall, her brother? Bertha, absorbed in her work, had noticed nothing, but Harna was frightened. Storms never arose on the island in this way. She went to the window, and her eyes rested on the sea. But it was only a calm, smooth, glassy surface. How strange! These surroundings worried her. She turned and tried to direct her thoughts to something else. Up on the shelf hidden behind the clock were her drawings. She took them down to finish the head of a girl she had been working on.

Bertha had begun to fuss about something else, but Harna heard nothing, partly because she wasn’t listening and partly because of the howling of the wind outside. People were passing the house hurriedly, talking excitedly. For the first time Bertha noticed the approaching storm and went into the front part of the house, mumbling something about a storm coming up and the parlor carpet.

It was now so dark she could hardly see and, groping around she found a match and lit the lamp. She was trembling with fear. What was happening? Bertha was calling out something from the parlor, but nothing could be heard above the roar of the wind. The little cottage rocked. She stood in the middle of the room, her face tense. Hall—where was Hall!
She went back to the window, but outside it was black. She listened for
his voice, but the savage wind only mocked her. Pulling a chair up to the win-
dow, she fell into it and leaning on the sill, rested her chin in the palms of her
hands. She peered out into the blackness. Then came a sudden blinding flash
of lightning. Great gusts of wind were sweeping over the island driving every-
thing before them, and in that flash she caught a glimpse of something great
and powerful coming toward the island. It was the sea!

The flash had no sooner disappeared, than there came a great boom, then a
mighty crashing. Grabbing her drawings and fastening them securely in her
blouse, Hartna rushed for Bertha, but Bertha was already there, her face ashen.

"Hartna," she screamed above the clamour, "Hartna, we must get to the
shed and get the boat. The sea has broken in on the land!"

"Oh, but Hall, Bertha! Where is Hall?"

"Never mind about Hall. Come on, or you'll be drowned."

Just at that moment the door burst open, and there stood Hall, drenched
and panting. "Come, Hartna—Bertha. The sea!" he cried. The two girls fol-
lowed him out into the great blackness. The boat was procured, somehow.
Just then they heard a scream. Poor old Aunt Delia could be seen coming
toward them. Hall rushed for her and gathered her into the boat with Hartna
and Bertha.

The little boat tossed for a brief while on the raging waters, then it was
swallowed up by a huge wave. The sea raged and sent destruction over the
unfortunate island. Where once had been a happy village was now a waste
of angry waters.

A livid flash of lightning revealed the scenery now and then—upturned
boats with poor unfortunates grasping wildly for them, beating back the angry
waters with failing strength. A small brown boat floats overturned, a strong
hand reaches for it, finally catches hold of it, turns it over, and, before another
wave interferes, succeeds in placing a young girl in the bottom.

Then the picture is blotted out. * * *

About a week later a great crowd had gathered at the wharf at San Fran-
cisco to watch the ship come in bearing the few survivors—all that was left of
the once beautiful island. There was much cheering and greeting and shaking
of hands when they landed.

Several noticed a young colored girl, leaning on her brother's arm. They
had no sooner stepped from the gang-plank then a young Indian, in cowboy
costume, hurried forward. He touched his hat and smiled at the girl.

"Oh, Leonard—" she cried.

"So glad to see you—both," he replied in good English. "Your mother
was so glad to hear you were safe. She sent me here to meet you. You neither
look as bad as I expected you to."

"Oh, Leonard, it was awful. I'll never go back to that island again," an-
swered Hall, waving his hand in the direction of the island across the ocean.

He departed finally to purchase tickets for them to leave San Francisco
for Arizona. Meanwhile, the young girl talked on to the Indian. Her face
was aglow. That very sea which she had thought so placid, so changeless, had
determined her going back to her lover. It had decided.
Bug Hunting

COLIN A. DIXON, ’15.

HE scene opens upon a friend and myself marching down the railroad track to the tune of "In the Prison Cell I Sit," which issued forth in nasal tones from his capacious mouth, his long measured tramp, coming as the beating of the drum to the music, while his satchel and bug net, extended from his long arms, kept time with his feet.

He had just finished the first verse, and was about to begin on the second when, letting out an immortal howl, he sat down on the rail, and proceeded to remove his shoe, at the same time endeavoring to balance himself so as not to roll down the embankment.

Off came the shoe, and out rolled several life-sized cinders.

"Confound these railroads! Why don’t they use something besides cinders for making track, anyway?" he quoth in aggrieved tones.

Having completed his toilet we sauntered on, all the time watching for anything by the name of Lepidoptera that might come along.

Upon making a swoop with my net at a passing butterfly, I was met by:

“Aw, don’t bother with that, that’s only a Protoparce Quinquemaculatis! Come on, let’s go.”

So on we trudged, our mouths parched, our throats hot and dry, cinders not only filling our shoes, but sifting in uncomfortably through our clothes, and to cap the climax, not a bug had we caught.

“What wouldn’t I do to a nice cherry phosphate right now?” I speculated aloud.

“It is hot,” he agreed, condescendingly, “but I believe that a drink of nice cool spring water, followed by a plunge in the river would be more to my liking.”

On we trudged. I fell to mentally calculating the number of butterflies that would be caught in one year at the rate we were going. My thoughts soon drifted, however, to dreams of cool ice cream parlors, cherry phosphates, banana splits, and vin fiz floats.

Suddenly I was brought back to earth, and resinous smelling ties, by my companion’s slamming the satchel in my face, and, at the same time shouting, "Take this, and come on!" And he went dashing madly off, making wild swoops with his net at frequent intervals.

I set out after him, but he was soon out of sight. Upon reaching the top of a hill, I discovered him, and he beckoned for me to come on.

“Got him?” I breathlessly inquired as I came up with him.

“Sure thing,” was the reassuring response, “Hurry up, and get the bottle.”

Together we got “him,” a little microscopic specimen of misery, into the deadly jar.

“What is he?” I gasped with awe.

The words that followed would have stumped even Noah Webster, but after a struggle I rallied from the shock, and ventured to comment, “Ain’t he a beauty?”
“Rotten specimen! Antenna gone, right hind wing nicked, and proboscis missing.”

I wasn’t so sure about this either, but decided not to discuss the matter. Coming down into a deep ravine, a shadow of golden brown crossed my vision, and I started in hot pursuit in spite of my friend’s proclamation that it was “nothing but a Monarch.”

Thinking differently, however, I continued the chase up and down hill, through woods, thickets, and briars, over fences and bushes. My tongue was parched, my throat full of dust, sweat was streaming from every pore, but I staggered gamely on.

On and on I went, sometimes wholly losing sight of my prey, sometimes almost upon him. I had about reached the last stages of exhaustion. Abandoning the chase seemed inevitable when—

Suddenly my foot caught in a root, and I fell sprawling, my arms extended to catch the fall, but—the earth had disappeared from under me, I was falling through space.

Down, down, I dropped, my past deeds,—mostly misdeeds,—loomed up before me. I remembered with vain penitence the time when, being mad, I had “beat-up-on” my darling kid brother. A very rare occurrence.

Still I fell. Ages seemed to pass—when, with a splash, I struck water and came up neck deep in clear, cool water. Oh! such a relief!

After recovering somewhat from the shock, I hastily donned my bathing costume which consisted of—well, most people know of what a boy’s swimming costume consists. Then after spreading my clothes on a low-shelving bank, I waded back, quite forgetting my companion, till, hearing his voice in merry laughter, I looked up, and saw his smiling face peering over the bank from which I had fallen.

“Laugh, you boob,” I said almost angry, “henceforth you can have all your Lepidopteras, and be hanged. But never again for me,” I added with right arm solemnly raised.
"John! John! Oh, John!" The call was so often repeated that there was evidently no rest for the owner of that name. Always, forever, did that call ring out, especially when we wanted it quiet.

"That poor boy again! Someone is always calling him. It's a wonder if he ever gets to his destination or even gets started." This statement was frequently repeated in our household.

Often while we were busy reading or studying, the shrill voice of our neighbor would call, "John! Oh, John!" Then the neighborhood children, who were "so eager to find him, the dear little things," would take up the call, "John! John! Oh, John!"

But who was he, this child who was continually interrupted in his play? That was the question. We were hardly well enough acquainted with our neighbors to go out and ask them about John. What if we should by mistake, express our feelings to someone whom we should later find to be John's mother? Well, 'twas a foregone conclusion that we should have to "wait another hundred years," as Harry said, before the mystery would be solved.

One day on arriving home from school, I found that great excitement prevailed in the neighborhood. John had left home in the morning when no one was looking, had gone out the back way and had not returned. Now he had often been missing, but never before had his absence been so prolonged. Everyone went to hunt for John. Of course, we went too, though we had no idea of the appearance of the child for whom we searched so diligently.

The houses were searched repeatedly, also the dilapidated chicken house and the three barns nearest John's home. Attics and cellars were not left out of the search. We looked and called, and called and looked. John did not come.

We expected to find some curly headed little youngster who was in the habit of running away. For children often do, you know. Therefore, you may imagine our surprise when one of the girls came rushing in triumphantly carrying a beautiful yellow and white Persian cat. He was large and had the most intelligent look I have ever seen—on a cat. It was the long lost John.

Since then we have often admiringly watched John march majestically up the walk, but at the time we were so indignant to think that our search had been for a cat, that we left for home in high disdain, muttering disgustedly, "John! John! Oh, John."
The Terror of Triumph

MARIÉ WELCH, '17

I worked. I strove, and straining every nerve, I pushed ahead, to gain the prize that I had set myself. Along the narrow way, that I, with help of God, had planned for it, were many obstacles to overcome. Many fears, and dangers, and that ban discouragement beset my way, and many were the tears I shed o'er petty failures. But they all gave me fresh strength, although I knew it not. So onward, upward, forward still, I gained, minute by minute, though I knew it not, and wept o'er my shortcomings. On and on, unconscious of my gain, I pushed ahead. And when at last, the way, it opened out, and there before me stood the Temple where the prize I longed for was, I stood and gazed, and gave thanks unto God. But when I came to cross that sacred threshold, lo! I was afraid.

△ △ △

In Blossom Time

MARIÉ WELCH, '17.

A bonny bird sings on a blossoming spray, while butterflies brilliant dance light on their way, and soft breezes blow through the tender green veils that cover the tree-boughs. Their breath never fails to bring to our nostrils some scents from the flowers, their petals still moist from the warm, gentle showers. We stroll in the woodland, where sunlight and shade play bright on the ground like some fairy brocade, or on the broad meadows, where, under our feet, the new grass is dotted with clover-blooms sweet, or daffodils dance, while the clouds overhead, majestic and silent, by swifter winds led, drift slowly away to some far distant clime, and leave the sky clear for our dear Blossom Time.
Fabulae Adulescentibus-Viridibus

A Senior was hurriedly trying to open her gymnasium locker, that she might not be late to class. After she had tried for several minutes and was about to give up in dismay, a little Freshman stepped up and politely offered to do it for her.

“O, save yourself the trouble,” replied the haughty Senior. “I knew how to work a locker combination long before you ever thought of high school.”

Moral: Do not presume to teach your elders.

△ △ △

A Senior took it upon himself to take a Freshman to task for his conduct in the lunch room.

“Why do you always jam and push while in the lunch room? Haven’t you any manners?” demanded the Senior crossly.

“Why do you jam and push while in the lunch room? Haven’t you any manners?” gently repeated the Freshman. Then continued in a sweet, child-like voice, “You know that we Freshmen know nothing, unless it is to try to follow the example of you Seniors.”

Moral: Preach before you practice.

△ △ △

Once there was a Freshman who was worrying over his exams, because he had, in his recitations, made the teachers think he knew it all.

Freshie tried to put on a bold face, but inwardly he felt like a man condemned to be shot at sunrise. Freshie’s friend, Freshie Number Two, noticed this and asked him, “What’s the matter, brother? You look troubled.”

“It’s these plagued exams.”

“Oh, don’t let that bother you. Why, you are an E student in your recitations. You ought to come through with colors flying.”

“Yes, I expect I shall,” said Freshie Number One, sarcastically to himself. “If I have to, I can do what I do on my recitations.”

The bell tolled the knell of parting hopes, and little Freshie went reluctantly to his first exam, Roman history.

He flopped down in his seat and looked blankly at the questions. He knew nothing of any of them. One was, “Where is Stuhlweissenburg?” “Gee,” he thought, “I never heard of it before, that’s geography, not history, but here goes. It must be in Egypt, it sound like an Egyptian name. There is another, I will tell her we never studied about it.”

The three other exams passed by in the same manner.

Freshie went home saying, “Well, I flunked, and I don’t care. Those questions were too hard. Why, we never even studied them.”

It was a week before reports were given out, and Freshie passed that week in agony. At last the reports were given and lo and behold! Freshie had carried his studies—one the average of M.

Moral: Freshman, if you don’t know, bluff.

PARKE WAGGONER, ’15.
The Studious Senior's Trip to the Dictionary

Every fourth hour, with the usual dignity of seniors, The Studious Senior makes his daily visit to the dictionary. First he stands up. A broad grin spreads over his cherubic countenance. Then a revolutionary movement of his head to ascertain whether he has the attention of the entire study room takes place. Finding all eyes upon him, he meanders slowly down the aisle, facing the back section of Room 322, and, winking and smiling at his audience, progresses hesitatingly toward the dictionary. Slowly and thoughtfully he moves the chair to the desired position, that of facing the back section, and sits down, carefully pulling his trousers up to a jaunty angle, thus displaying a liberal amount of silk sock.

After setting himself comfortably, The Studious Senior opens the dictionary and begins turning the pages importantly, now and then glancing up to mark the effect on the audience, thus resembling a Cheshire cat as he grins at certain people.

After amusing himself in this manner for a while, The Studious Senior stands up, and places the chair in its former position. Next he leans over to reef up the bottoms of his trousers artistically, and looks slyly out of the corner of his eye to see that his audience’s attention is still upon him.

As deliberately as he came, he now returns to his seat, winking at pretty lassies on the way. Finally he resumes his place, and Room 322 settles down to await the morrow’s visit. Frances Mary Batty, ’16.

△ △ △

Once there were Two Bees, who were given their first job, by the Head of the Honey Department, and sent out on their first duty of gathering sweetness and pollen.

Angelina started out in great glee. She flitted from flower to flower, but could not decide from which of the many lovely blossoms she would take the desired sweetness. Jenny, on the other hand, did not waste her time trying to decide any such nonsense, but worked diligently at every flower she came to.

Finally, when evening came, Angelina had nothing to carry back to the hive, but Jenny was almost overlaiden with sweetness. The Head of the Honey Department was very kind to Jenny and commended her on her industry, but he was very severe to Angelina, and threatened to expel her from the hive if she did not work with more perseverance and better results.

Moral:

How should the little Freshman
Improve each shining day,
So when he is a Senior
He all the time can play!

Gertrude Brubeck, ’15.
FAREWELL.

The morning sunlight touched the castle windows.
It glistened on their tiny gem-like panes.
It fell upon the floor in fairy rainbows,
Transfigured like the sunlight in the rains.

The dreamy mystery of departing memories
Was shining through the sunrise light you knew.
The castle was the High School, and the windows,
Vistas of happy times spent long ago.

And so this bright June morning we are parting.
We cannot tell - we may not meet again.
Farewell! We bid it at our life's first crossroad,
To go away, into the world. And then —

We go our separate ways. The nearing future
May hold of joy or sorrow more or less,
But cloud or sunshine, we will all remember
Our happy days in dear old D.H.S.

— Marie Welch, '17.
The football season of 1913-1914 was one of the most successful in the history of the high school. Starting the season with an abundant supply of material in the way of husky youths, Coach H. H. Beneke soon built up a team that appeared to be a championship squad. With a line that averaged near one hundred and sixty pounds to the man and with a backfield that was exceedingly light and fast the football men presented one of the strongest teams in the state.

As is always the case in high school athletics, the game of football aroused more interest on the part of the students than any other part of the athletic sphere of 1913-14. Near the middle of the season it seemed as if the god of ill luck was following hard on the heels of Coach Beneke's warriors. From this cause alone there were two games that were won and lost in the same moment. These two games practically ended all hopes of the high school team attaching the title "Champions" to their name.

Football "D's" for first team were awarded by Walter Jenkins, William Barber, Ralph Goltra, Leland Roblee, Carlos Lyon, Don Threlkeld, Malcolm Stough, Clyde Songer, Earl Devore, Floyd Yockey, Roy Mount, John Leas, John MacWherter, Leland England, Everett Van Gundy, and John Brant.

Many of the men of the season 1913-1914 will be missing in the line-up of the next year. Captain Roblee, Earl Devore, Clyde Songer, Roy Mount, Don Threlkeld, Malcolm Stough, and several others will be graduated this year, and their loss will be heavily felt by the team of 1914-15.

No football team can be complete without the assistance of the "scrubs," The second team, under the able direction of W. D. Waldrip, did much toward making the first team. As a reward for their work the "scrubs" were given second team "D's" for the first time in the history of the school. This practice will be continued in future years.

Football "D's" for second team were awarded to Frank Games, Robert Johnson, Charles Leas, George Synder, Marion Godwin, Charles Stough, William Eisele, Edward Robb, Nifong Smith, Stanley Crabb, Frank Byrne.

At the football banquet at the end of the season Carlos Lyon was elected captain for 1914.

The Decatur team had three men chosen for positions on the "All Star" team of the state. Captain Leland Roblee was chosen for his position as right end, Walter Jenkins as left guard, and Carlos Lyon as right tackle.
The season ended with Decatur winning four games and losing three. The total points give Decatur 158 and the opposing team 41. Following is a summary of the games played:

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The basketball season of 1913-14 was brought unto the notice of the high school students in the latter part of October by the organization of the interclass tournament, under the direction of J. V. Shannon. Over eighty men reported for the various positions on the four teams. Because of weight and experience the seniors were able to take the championship, but they were followed closely by the sophomores. Then the attention of all the students was turned to the varsity team.

F. L. Rand, who took charge of the basketball situation when Mr. Shannon resigned, found it necessary to cut the squad, and this action was taken without delay. Of the 1912 team Captain Earl Devore, Clyde Songer, Freeman Wilmeth, Ralph Goltra, and Leland Roblee were still in position to make the team of 1913-14 a success. Roblee left school in December and this made it necessary to shift the lineup so that with two exceptions the men were playing positions entirely new to them. Devore, as forward, played a game that was far in the lead of his team mates and led his team in every game. Songer at center and Goltra at guard filled these positions in a manner that could not be criticized. Wilmeth, with his steady and consistent manner of playing, easily won the hearts of his followers. Williamson, as utility center, and Childs and Fitzpatrick, as forwards, made good with the rest of the team whenever they had a chance to play.

In the nine games that were played before the tournament at Bloomington the total scores of the Decatur team piled up to 186 with the 184 points attached to the total of the opponents. As compared with the scores of the teams of former years the scores of 1913-14 will show that the Decatur team is still holding its place among the leading schools of central Illinois.
In the fast district tournament, held at Bloomington, in which five of the strongest teams of central Illinois took part, Decatur was able, by dint of much work, to take third place, leaving first and second places to University High and Bloomington, respectively. The record made by the team of 1913-14 is one that the students of the high school should be proud to hold before the students of the neighboring schools.

No little credit for the work of the first team should go to the members of the second team squad under the direction of C. E. Howell. Hard work on their part in fighting the members of the varsity team was one of the main factors in making the success of the basketball team of 1913-14.

First team "D's" were awarded to Devore, Songer, Wilmeth, Goltra, Williamson, Childs and Fitzpatrick.

A summary of the season of 1913-14 follows:

- Decatur ........................................... 18
- Decatur ........................................... 15
- Decatur ........................................... 21
- Decatur ........................................... 20
- Decatur ........................................... 7
- Decatur ........................................... 40
- Decatur ........................................... 23
- Decatur ........................................... 21
- Decatur ........................................... 21
- Totals, Decatur ...................................... 186
- Peoria Manual ..................................... 21
- Bloomington ..................................... 16
- Peoria Manual ..................................... 19
- Peoria Central ..................................... 27
- University High .................................... 37
- Taylorville ....................................... 13
- Peoria Central ..................................... 15
- Bloomington ..................................... 3
- University High .................................... 33
- Opponents .......................................... 184
Basketball is commonly known as a boys' game but the same game can be applied to the sports of the girls as well. The inter-class tournament of the girls' basketball teams was as interesting and as fast as that of the boys. Each class supported its team in good shape and the work of the girls can well be commended. The winners of the class tournament were Sophomores; second place, Juniors; third place, Seniors; fourth place, Freshmen.
Basketball for the season of 1915 will be under the direction of Coach F. L. Rand, who has handled the team in a very pleasing manner during the season of 1914. The material available for the quintet of '15 will not be lacking in any quality nor quantity whatsoever. Of course “Pete” Devore will be numbered among the minus members with, Songer, Wilmeth, and the rest of the mainstays of the 1914 team, but their positions will be ably filled by the new comers in the shape of Fitzpatrick, Williamson, and several others who were noticed in the line-up of 1914.
The spirit of the high school students in supporting the athletic teams of the school was one of the main things that kept the school spirit from ebbing into nothing. At all of the games played at home there was rooting that boosted the home team into hard playing. The yells were always given with a will and no one spared his voice for the sake of singing qualities. When it comes to a comparison the Decatur High School is one of the few that always turns out a crowd to see the local teams compete with sister teams in all branches of athletics.
SOPHOMORE CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM
Upper row, Left to right—Lucy Shawhan, Marie Kibble, Florence Cooper.
Lower row—Alice Peabody, Ruth Peck, Miss Trumble, Lela Ludwick.

JUNIOR CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM
Upper row, Left to right—Beulah Loving, Vera Lohrman, Mary Muir.
Lower row—Margaret Harris, Edith Rawlings, Miss Trumble, Margerie Sanborn.
SENIOR CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM
Upper row, Left to right—Dorcas Kirk, Elizabeth Wheelhouse, Lillian Cobb.
Lower row—Landa Stein, Miss Trumble, Helen Hill.

FRESHMAN CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM
Upper row, Left to right—Ruby Scribner, Charlotte Mueller.
Lower row—Lucille Brown, Thelma Wamsley, Miss Trumble, Valera McDonald.
Taking second place in the fast Corn Belt track meet, the high school team closed the most successful season in the history of the association. For the first time since 1901, when the Corn Belt meet was first organized, the Decatur relay team won this event and covered the distance of one-half mile in 1:38, thereby setting a record for that particular event. John Brant, Stanley Smith, Paul Powers, and Carl Glasgow brought home the winners' flag, and it has been hung in the halls of the school.

Stanley Smith took first in the high hurdle event and second in the low hurdles, besides being a member of the relay team. He brought eight of the twenty-five points to Decatur. Carl Glasgow was second in the running broad jump and second in the two hundred twenty yard dash. He won six of the Decatur team's twenty-five points.

The majority of the members of the track team of 1914 are members of the graduating class of 1914. Harold Myers, Stanley Smith, Captain Carl Glasgow, Virgil Davis, Clyde Songer, and Earl Devore will be missing from the squad next year but the younger members, Charles McCormick, Paul Powers, Lauson Faunce, Lee Glover, John Brant, and Marion Godwin will fill positions for the 1915 team and will bring Decatur nearer the head of the score sheet than it has ever been before.

Springfield was the winner of the meet with a total of 44 points, and Decatur was second with 25 points. Bloomington came third with 14 points and the rest of the schools entered won a few or no points at all.
The effective speaking contest was won by David Shand of Springfield. Joseph Wilder was second, and Walter Risley of Decatur came third. Springfield's total points came to five hundred forty-five and those of Decatur averaged five hundred forty-one. This was the first year that the effective contest was ever held at the Corn Belt meet and the fact that Decatur took places shows that in future years the representative from Macon County will not be numbered among the "also rans."

Baseball was renewed in the Decatur High School in the year 1914 after a rest of two years. The interest in baseball was shown when the organization of the interclass tournament was started, and this interest grew constantly greater until the end of the tournament. The schedule included twelve games, each team playing every other team twice. The exciting series between the sophomore team and the senior team was most interesting throughout the season. The unexpected loss of a game to the juniors by the seniors caused the average to drop, and the sophomores won the series by defeating the juniors in their last game.

**Final Standing of the Teams**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sophomores</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.833</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.667</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>.167</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
FEW years ago a mysterious word appeared upon the blackboard in each of the rooms of the old high school building. The curiosity of each individual who was then attending school was aroused. For weeks the word was talked of. Many students consulted the dictionary as to the meaning of this new word. They were still more puzzled when they found it defined as "an assembly, usually in a market place."

Finally the students’ curiosity was satisfied when they discovered that this word was the name of a girls’ literary society.

This organization is one of the most effective in the high school. It has a powerful influence over the high school girls. The girls who are drawn into its ranks are the best students. They have the most interesting personalities. They are the most broad minded. They are the girls who are enthusiastic in all school activities and who are willing to do anything to help keep the good reputation of our school.

Interesting programs are given each week by the members. Each part of a program is given to the person who is the most talented. Each girl is supposed to perform faithfully and cheerfully any duty which she may be called upon to do. Thus timid girls are given self confidence when they have so much practice in appearing in public.

Although Agora has its faculty advisor, who helps the girls with their programs and advises the president what to do if difficulties come up in business meetings, it is becoming more and more a girls’ society. During the first years of organization different teachers acted as critics. Now the girls are the critics. They are more benefited by being able to see their own mistakes than if they are corrected by the teachers.

Agora does not stand for literary principles alone. It also stands for sociability. Many noted parties such as “kid” parties, masquerades, valentine and lawn parties have been enjoyed. Even our ever trusty Observer tells us of a certain dance in the Guards’ Armory. Even during the time of one of our faculty, a circus was given which surely excelled Ringling brothers’.

Agora originated fourteen years ago. The girls who have been members during that time have been benefited by the literary part and have enjoyed the social activities. May the girls who are members during the next fourteen years enjoy it as much!

WITH the possible exception of The Observer, the Forum Literary Society is the oldest students' organization in the Decatur High School. This society, now fourteen years old, has made a gradual progressive growth, and now it is one of the strongest and most prominent societies in the local school.

Before speaking of the present work it is well to say here that the society has a past history which is the envy of the other two organizations, the Agora and the Rotaro. As a society the Forum has in several instances carried our dear old "crimson and white" to the front in contests with various schools and societies in Central Illinois. Besides this accomplishment, the majority of contestants in various literary events, have been members of the Forum. With the exception of five, every boy contestant in literary events, including debates, oratorical contests, effective speaking, and the Review contest during the last two years, has been a member of the Forum. This record speaks well for the Forum, and it deserves the support of the whole school.

In the years 1913 and 1914, the Forum has made a very marked improvement. It has a new constitution which is strong in every detail. It limits the roll to forty names; it bars from membership all of the undesirable, and it accepts only those who can succeed in being approved by the official cabinet; then after having remained on the waiting list until the membership falls below forty, the society can, if it so desires, accept the candidate as a member of the Forum. The standards of the society will allow only those who rank high in general school life to become members.

Each week a program is arranged and given by the circle. These programs, as planned by the committee in charge, are always full of profit and pleasure. Current events are discussed at each meeting and many valuable thoughts and suggestions are received from the members. In fact, the program committee fits every man in his place; the orator, the writer, the artist, the musician, and the listener are never lost in this society. The motto of the Forum is:

"A Bigger, Better, and Broader Decatur High School."

ANDREW LEE ROBERTS, '14.
FORUM

Upper row, Left to right—Wilbur Downing, Ray Garman, Forrest Hartells, William Travers, Mr. Waldrip, (adviser); Marion Godwin, Harold Myers, Walter Risley, Joseph Wilder, Nelles Benson, Ray Trowbridge, Charles Leas.

Middle row—Colin Dixon, William Elsele, Virgil Davis, George Miles, Ralph Risley, Andrew Roberts, Daniel McCollum, Ben Howenstein, Wilfred Miller, Samuel Eiseey, Robert Johnson.

OR many years there existed but one literary society for the boys. That was the Forum. However, with the increase in demand a new one, called the Rotaro, was organized in February, nineteen hundred and thirteen. This society is made up of junior and senior boys having an average of G in their daily work.

Since its organization the society has met regularly every week. It has never been the plan to get the largest number of boys possible, but on the other hand, to get the best possible. At present the society has a membership of fourteen boys.

The rules under which the society moves and its different procedures are a radical departure from the previous idea of a literary society. Its aim is to have a society that is distinctly literary and so all musical numbers and like things have been prohibited. It is the plan to benefit the members in literary work and at every meeting every member takes part. Since the membership is limited to twenty-five this is comparatively easy to do.

During the remainder of last year the society prospered under the leadership of our most excellent advisor, Mr. Beneke, and our president, Scott McNulta. One speaker represented the society in the extemporaneous speaking contest. At the end of the year a banquet was held and enough sophomores were voted in to take the place of the seniors who were to graduate, as is provided in the constitution. New officers were also elected, Kenneth Childs being chosen president.

The Rotaro started again this year with much enthusiasm. It was the aim to send out the finest debaters and orators the school has ever had. While not succeeding in this, we had three representatives on the debating team. These things and the introduction of interpretative reading were all accomplished during the first three months. During the next period, under the leadership of Homer Hoewing, the society accomplished even more. A society pin was decided upon, joint meetings were started, plans for the continuance of the society were brought up, and many good parliamentary law drill meetings and much speaking gave an infinite amount of valuable training. At the close of the administration Roy Mount was elected president, serving successfully the rest of the year. Indeed for so young an organization, the Rotaro has been an immense success.

Upper row, Left to right—Walter Hastings, Stanley Smith, Mr. Beneke, (adviser); Don Montgomery, Roy Mount.
Lower row—James Gray, Corwin Querrey, Kenneth Childs, Harlan Criley, Charles Stough.
HE JUNIOR ART LEAGUE of the Decatur High School was organized in 1909 with forty members. Its membership has increased annually until, in 1913, the enrollment was one hundred and twenty-five. Its purpose is to promote an interest in art among the students, and to place appropriate pictures on the walls of the school. Although it is auxiliary to the Municipal Art League of Decatur, the Junior organization is actively interested in exhibits held by that league.

In 1909, the Junior Art League arranged a lecture on "Home Decoration," which was given by Mrs. Hessler at the Christian Church. This was one of the yearly lectures or talks given to the high school students. November, 1913, saw one of the prettiest entertainments ever given by the high school. This was presented by the Junior Art League in the auditorium. Famous paintings and statuary were reproduced by living models. The net proceeds were one hundred and twenty dollars. In the spring semester of 1912, after a very active year, the league, at an auditorium period, formally presented to the school, twenty-four framed pictures. The president made the presentation speech, after which chosen members gave sketches of the lives and work of the artists and told the stories of the most important pictures. Two exhibits of famous paintings were brought to the school during the next year. Among the pictures bought during the same year was "The Oath of Knighthood." At the beginning of the second semester of 1913 the Art League was given charge of the bulletin board. Stanley Smith was appointed to take charge of the work and since then the board has assumed a decidedly improved appearance.

Beginning with this year the Junior Art League is to pay annually a small sum into the treasury of the Municipal Art League. At present the Junior League has one hundred and fifty dollars in the treasury and is planning to buy, and place together in one room, several of the pictures of the "Holy Grail" series by Edwin Abbey. In the future the league hopes to decorate the walls of the school more tastefully, and to develop an even deeper interest in art among the students than it has done in the past.

KENNETH HENDERSON.
THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB of the Decatur High School was first organized as regular class work in January, nineteen hundred and ten, although in previous years there had been a girls' glee club. It was organized by Miss Minerva Hall, who is still the director. It gradually became more prominent, and in September, nineteen hundred and eleven, the work was put on a credit basis, each girl receiving one credit a year. The girls meet with Miss Hall once a week, after school, for practice. There were twelve girls in the glee club when it was first organized, and it has grown so that it now contains twenty-five girls. Each part is very evenly balanced, and the girls, during practice, attend strictly to their work. They sing popular and classical music, both of which are always appreciated.

The Girls' Glee Club appears before an audience about eight times a year. They have taken an important part in each of the carnivals given in the high school. This year the girls represented a scene in a Japanese tea garden and sang several selections which were greatly enjoyed. The glee clubs make it possible to give a cantata or operetta each year in the high school. Under Miss Hall's direction the music classes with the orchestra, in nineteen hundred and ten, gave "The Wreck of the Hesperus." The next two years the operettas, "Princess Chrysanthemum" and "The Little Tycoon," were given. A change was made last year and instead of an operetta, a cantata, "The Rose Maiden," was given. This proved to be successful, so the cantata "Joan of Arc" was presented this year. At Christmas time, the girls sang in the grade schools, and took important parts in the Christmas cantata given in the high school auditorium.

The success of the Girls' Glee Club as well as of the Boys' Glee Club and the orchestra is due largely to the work of Miss Hall, who has been faithful in directing them.
One of the most popular musical organizations in the high school is the Boys' Glee Club. It never fails to call forth an encore when it appears in public. It was organized four years ago by Miss Hall.

A great many of their selections are popular songs although they have sung several classical selections. In the cantatas and operettas given by the music classes, the boys in the glee club carried the principal parts for the male voices. The money obtained from these entertainments is used in the music department.

At the carnival this year, one of the most enjoyable features was given by the Boys' Glee Club. Several solos were sung. As we knew each actor, this vaudeville was far more interesting than any we had seen before. The boys have sung several times in the auditorium before the assembly of students. At one time they sang before the Principals' Club of Central Illinois; at another they sang on the anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. When the grade children gave a cantata in the high school, the boys sang several selections. The one most enjoyed was one sung by the quintet of boys. Each year they go with the Girls' Glee Club to the hospitals on St. Cecilia's day and sing for the invalids, who greatly appreciate the music.
BOYS' GLEE CLUB
Upper row, Left to right—Arden Hamman, Donovan Little, Percy Williamson, Stanley Smith, Wilbur Downing.
Lower row—Roy Ives, Charles Stough, Freeman Wilmeth, Julius Jenkins, Earl Voyles, Kenneth Childs.
The largest musical organization of our high school is the orchestra. When it was first organized, in January, nineteen hundred and ten, under Miss Hall, it consisted of only eleven pieces and it now consists of twenty-three pieces. It soon became such an important organization in the school that it was decided to give each member one credit a year.

The music played by the orchestra is always enjoyed, and a great part of it is classical and very beautiful. Each year the orchestra plays for the cantatas and operettas given by the music classes. It accompanied five hundred grade children in a cantata given at the high school this winter. At the senior class plays and on commencement days it furnishes the music. At the two carnivals the orchestra played between the acts of the program given in the auditorium. It has also furnished music twice at banquets given at the school for the School Masters’ Club of Illinois.

The money obtained from the cantatas and operettas has been used in buying instruments to be used in the school. Two years ago, with the help of the senior class, the music department purchased a Mason and Hamlin concert grand piano which is used in the orchestra. Other instruments purchased are traps, a cello, and a Victor.

Although several of the members of the orchestra will be graduated this year, there is a good prospect for an orchestra next year. It is hoped that in the future its growth will continue to be rapid.
Left to right—William Ward, Lois Godwin, Lucy MacWherter, William Heyne, Marguerite Shafer, Miss Trautman, Ralph Cannon, Philip Samson, Frank Stoewssand, Kenneth Childs, Miss Hall, Myron Lingle, Lisle Downey, Don Montgomery, Mr. Hystop, (substitute); Bradford Bishop, Corwin Querrey, Russell Appelman, Robert Coulson, (substitute); Gertrude Galler.

Members not in the picture—Kathleen Brown, and Emil Buechler.
Preparing for the carnival to be given at the high school this year, it was decided that a band would be a great help in making noise. A group of boys who could play instruments were hurriedly gathered together by Mr. Hyslop, and by the time of the carnival we had a high school band. It was at first called “Alexander’s Rag Time Band,” but it soon outgrew that name. Its first appearance was at the carnival.

In the afternoon it led the parade through town to a lively tune, and at night it led the parade through the corridors of the high school.

At the football game played between Urbana and Decatur, the band was there to encourage the players. They also played at the Decatur-Bloomington debate, held in the high school auditorium. Our teams won in both contests and surely some credit is due to the band. At both the girls’ and boys’ basketball games the band has been on hand to cheer the players.

Perhaps the largest event at which the band has ever played was the May festival given at Fairview Park. About two thousand children of the grade schools gave drills and exercises with dumbbells, Indian clubs, and wands, to music furnished by the band.

It is planned to make several additions to the membership in order to fill out some necessary parts for which at present there are no players.

MEMBERS OF BAND
Leader, J. Kenneth Childs
Mr. W. H. Hyslop, Cornet; James Humphrey, Cornet; Corwin Querrey, Cornet; Lucien Rugh, Cornet; Myron Lingle, Cornet; Percy Williamson, Bass; George Williamson, Alto; Bradford Bishop, Saxophone; Robert Coulson, Tenor Trombone; Ralph Cannon, Clarinet; Frank Stoewsand, Clarinet; Donald Montgomery, Bass Drum; Neil Conklin, Snare Drum; Lansing Threlkeld, Snare Drum.
The Alumni Association

The first class was graduated from the Decatur High School in the year 1867. It had four members. Through 1907, there were 1,477 graduates, but in the seven years from '68 to '14, inclusive, there have been 740 more names added to the roster of the alumni, making a total of 2,217.

In order to band these graduates together, on April 12, 1878, I. E. Brown, then principal of the high school, called together the alumni of the eleven classes which had been graduated, 96 in number, for the purpose of organizing an Alumni Association. At the first meeting, a constitution was adopted, officers were elected, and plans were formulated for the first alumni reunion. This was held June 7, 1878, the day after commencement, taking the form of a banquet with a program of toasts following. Since that time, an informal reception and dance have taken the place of the more formal banquet. There were, however, programs at all succeeding reunions for about twenty years.

The arrangements for the reunion of 1891 were the most elaborate of any which had been held up to that time. It was the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first graduating class.

In 1907, E. A. Gastman, for 47 years superintendent of the Decatur schools, resigned that office, and much of the program was taken up with reminiscences and expressions of good will toward him. After that year, the organization was kept up, and the usual reception held, with the program and dance following, until 1912, when the organization disbanded.

Is it not to be regretted that a school, whose alumni numbers over twenty-two hundred and is increasing at the rate of 130 a year, cannot have an organization which shall get together once a year to exchange greetings and to renew the spirit of loyalty to the old alma mater? It is the earnest wish of the class of '14 that the Alumni Association may take a new start. If the older alumni will give the boost necessary to the start, the younger alumni will furnish the enthusiasm to make the reorganization a success.
Review of Athletics

That Decatur High is not a one-sided school is evidenced by the keen interest which the students and the faculty have at all times displayed towards athletics, when coupled with good scholarship. Each of our teams, football, basketball, track, and baseball, has held the center of interest at different times, but the football team has usually claimed the largest share of attention.

Principal J. H. Newlon took charge of this team when he came to the Decatur High School in 1908 and coached for four years. Since then he has been an interested and close observer of the team. He is the only one in the school who is qualified to make a selection of an all-star team, and he has consented to do so. He was urged to pick the team entirely from the alumni, but he said, “I am unable to pick an all-star team from my six years’ experience here, without using some of the men now in school.”

In the selection of these teams, Mr. Newlon has taken several general things into consideration; headwork, grit, speed, aptness to learn, natural ability, and willingness to keep in form and training.

Decatur should certainly feel proud to have a team like either of the two following. The first team has two kickers, Roblee and Bowers, the second team has Long.

**First Team (1908-1913, inclusive):**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Years</th>
<th>Weight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Leland Roblee</td>
<td>L. E.</td>
<td>'11, '12, '13</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlos Lyon</td>
<td>L. T.</td>
<td>'12, '13</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter Jenkins</td>
<td>L. G.</td>
<td>'11, '12, '13</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter Trent</td>
<td>C.</td>
<td>'07, '08, '09, '10</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralph Goltra</td>
<td>R. G.</td>
<td>'13</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarence Bowers</td>
<td>R. T.</td>
<td>'07, '08</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Wolfe</td>
<td>R. E.</td>
<td>'09</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred Turbyville</td>
<td>O.</td>
<td>'07, '08</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marlyn Starr</td>
<td>L. H.</td>
<td>'07, '08</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clyde Songer</td>
<td>F. B.</td>
<td>'11, '12, '13</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phil Will</td>
<td>R. H.</td>
<td>'08, '09</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Second Team (1908-1913, inclusive):**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Years</th>
<th>Weight</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td>Don Threlkeld</td>
<td>L. E.</td>
<td>'11, '12, '13</td>
<td>138</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joe Long.</td>
<td>L. T.</td>
<td>'10, '11</td>
<td>170</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Leas.</td>
<td>L. G.</td>
<td>'11, '12, '13</td>
<td>180</td>
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<tr>
<td>Floyd Yecker</td>
<td>C.</td>
<td>'12, '13</td>
<td>130</td>
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<tr>
<td>Everett VanGundy</td>
<td>R. G.</td>
<td>'13</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kile MacWherter</td>
<td>R. T.</td>
<td>'11, '12</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaizer Nichols</td>
<td>R. E.</td>
<td>'09, '10</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raleigh Lichtenberger</td>
<td>Q.</td>
<td>'10, '11</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earl Devore</td>
<td>L. H.</td>
<td>'10, '11, '12, '13</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kendall Gardner</td>
<td>F. B.</td>
<td>'10, '11</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earnest Hartman</td>
<td>R. H.</td>
<td>'10, '11</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Basketball has also been a favorite sport with the followers of Decatur High School's athletic teams. There is always good material for the team and a creditable showing is made each season. A few former high school basketball players have made a larger name for themselves in the sport world since graduation. Lester Kiick, '10; Phil Will, '10; Marlyn Starr, '04; and George Byrne, '08, have each been captain of Millikin University teams, while several others have played there, among whom are Elmer Kiick, '11, and Floyd Miller, '12. Kendall Gardner, '12, and Walter Doherty, '12, are playing star games as forwards on the local Y. M. C. A. team.
News of the Alumni

There is good reason for the Decatur High School to be proud of its graduates. Many of them have become men of prominence in business, politics, and learning. Only a few have been failures. The highest honor obtained by any Decatur High School graduate, on a college faculty is that of Harry Bunstead, '86, who is professor of physics in Yale University. Will L. Westerman, '90, and Charles Dean Cool, '96, are on the teaching staff of the University of Wisconsin, the former being a professor of history, and the latter of French. Max Westerman, '83, is now registrar in the University of Nebraska, and Ernest Lytle, '94, is a professor of mathematics at the University of Illinois. Two former Decatur boys are professors in the University of Ohio, Edgar Witteman, '01, teaching science, and Alonzo H. Tuttle, '91, teaching history and political science. Mr. Tuttle has also served in the Ohio State Senate. Frank Dixon, '96, now adjutant general of Illinois, has the distinction of being the only graduate who has ever served in Congress. He was elected to Congress on the Republican ticket from the twenty-third Illinois district during the term 1905 to 1907. Wayne C. Williams, '97, has been a member of the Colorado Legislature, to which he was elected on the Democratic ticket. In 1912, he was elected a county judge, a position which he now fills.

Charles H. Dennis, '78, is now managing editor of the Chicago Daily News. He began his newspaper work with that paper, and has been city editor. Ralph Braddock, '01, formerly with the Decatur Review, is now editorial writer on the Los Angeles Times. John Byrne, '03, and George Byrne, '08, have been city editors of the Decatur Review.

The alumni of the Decatur High School is represented in distant missionary fields. Ralph G. Mills, '97, is a medical missionary in Korea, and John Lyons, '06, is a missionary teacher in a boys' school in the city of Shun Pe Fu, the Chi Li Province, China.

These are but a few of the many Decatur High School graduates who have become prominent in their several lines of work.

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Class Memorials

Several notable memorials have been presented by former classes to the high school in the way of sepia and water-color reproductions of famous paintings, but there are two memorials now in the school which are worthy of special mention.

The finest memorial we have is the beautiful mural decoration on the south wall of the library. The panels, "As the Sowing, the Reaping," were painted by Frederick O. Sylvester, and were the gift of the classes of 1909 and 1911, with the help of the Junior Art League and a few public-spirited citizens of Decatur.

Another fine memorial, of which the school is justly proud, is the frieze in the main corridor of the lower floor of the building. It is a copy of "The Triumphant Entry of Alexander Into Babylon," by Thorwaldsen, and was presented by the class of 1912.
LOCAL EVENTS

AUDITORIUM
ORATORY
DEBATE
CLASS PLAY
SOCIAL EVENTS
CARNIVAL
CONVENTIONS

DECATUR HIGH SCHOOL
MCMLXXXIV
HE first auditorium schedule of the year 1913-1914 was held on September 16. Short talks were made by several members of the faculty, and also by some of the football boys for the purpose of inducing the students to join the Athletic and Public Speaking Association. The students were thoroughly convinced that they should boost the teams by joining the Association at the beginning. After an enthusiastic meeting, about three hundred and seventy-five pledged themselves to become members.

Professor S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago, gave a lecture to the teachers of the Decatur schools in the auditorium on Friday afternoon, October 24. Dr. Clark's subject was "The Spirit of Literature," and was addressed especially to the English teachers. As the students were also welcome, many of them took the opportunity of listening to Dr. Clark and were very highly paid for their time. Dr. Clark gave much valuable information concerning the science of presenting English literature to the student.

Professor Clark gave his second masterful reading in the auditorium, Friday, October 24. His audience was even larger than it was last year when he read Victor Hugo's great French novel, "Les Miserables." This year Professor Clark read Stephen Phillips' modern dramatization of the old Homeric poem, "Ulysses." Almost every high school student is familiar with the old story of King Ulysses, yet the characters have always seemed mythical. After Professor Clark's marvelous interpretation was given to the characters, they seemed as real as the characters of a modern novel. Professor Clark is considered one of the greatest interpretative readers of the twentieth century. His greatness is proved by the manner in which he held the respectful and absolute attention of his audience for one and a half hours. The spirit of Professor Clark is irresistible, the audience weeping and laughing with him by turns.

The Decatur High School was honored by a visit from Bishop W. F. McDowell, a prominent Methodist, on Tuesday, November 11. The Bishop accepted the invitation of Mr. Newlon to talk to the students in the auditorium. He talked of the priceless value of "Truth and Goodness." The address was thoroughly appreciated by all; the student body has never been known to give a speaker more undivided attention than it did Bishop McDowell.

On Monday, November 17, the students were entertained by some splendid educational moving pictures. Two of the films contrasted the old, unsanitary method of handling milk in some localities with the modern sanitary method. A third film illustrated the ancient method of farming. The fourth film gave some interesting scenes in Sweden.

The fiftieth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's famous Gettysburg speech was observed in the high school by an auditorium programme on November 19. The programme consisted of the song, "America," by the students; the Gettysburg speech by Joseph Wilder; and an address by President Fellows of the James Millikin University. Mr. Fellows' address consisted of a review of
America’s growth, and a contrast between Lincoln’s and Napoleon’s ideas of government.

An auditorium programme was held Thursday, December 1, for the purpose of awarding D’s to the football boys and numerals to the interclass basketball boys.

Friday evening, December 5, was the date of the triangular Bloomington, Champaign, and Decatur debate. The debate in Decatur was between our affirmative team and Bloomington’s negative team. There were about two hundred people present. The high school band gave a few of its choice numbers which were followed by some excellent yells. Thus, the atmosphere was made very inspiring for the debaters. Our affirmative team consisted of Joseph Wilder, Wilbur Downing, Homer Hoewing, and Donald Montgomery. They convinced the Bloomington team very thoroughly that “Immigration into the United States should be further restricted by the application of a literacy test.” After the judges’ decision was read by Mr. Newlon, the students gave the team some good yells to show their appreciation of the team’s well fought battle.

Miss Jeanette Durno gave a complimentary concert to the high school students Tuesday, December 9. Her programme consisted of six masterpieces of music; the artist giving the students an idea of the best music. Her work was highly appreciated by the school.

A Christmas Cantata was given in the auditorium Friday, December 19. The soloists were Misses Risser and Barnes, and Messrs. Busher and Van Cleve, with Miss Bunn as accompanist. The choral numbers were given by the Boys’ and Girls’ Glee Clubs. The cantata was conducted in a very charming manner by Miss Minerva C. Hall, the supervisor of music.

At a meeting of the boys of the high school, Friday, January 16, a Junior Chamber of Commerce was organized. The question of organization had been before the Boys’ Council for some time. John M. Byrne, secretary of the Decatur Chamber of Commerce, gave a valuable talk to the boys. He pointed out the broad possibilities of such an organization and urged every boy to take part in it. A motion was made and carried that a Junior Chamber of Commerce be organized. Three temporary officers were chosen. They were: Stanley Smith, president; Herbert Jordan, secretary; and Donovan Little, treasurer.

Mrs. Katherine Oliver McCoy appeared in the high school auditorium during the first hour of the session on February 2. She told many interesting incidents of her visit to the home of J. M. Barrie, a modern Scotch author. She then recited several of Burns’ poems. She is considered by many the greatest interpreter of Scotch literature. Her visit to the high school was very much appreciated.

Abraham Lincoln’s birthday was observed by an auditorium programme. The opening number was the song, “America,” by the Boys’ Glee Club. Mr. Newlon then introduced Mrs. Jane M. Johns, the speaker. Mrs. Johns made an extraordinary and interesting talk concerning her personal acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln. She gave many unusual incidents of Lincoln’s home life which could not be found in any book. The high school students are much indebted to Mrs. Johns for the presentation of her subject in such a way as to broaden their idea of Mr. Lincoln.
On February 20, Mr. G. M. Martin, the director of physical training in the central department of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, gave a noteworthy talk on personal hygiene. He contrasted, by simple illustrations, the difference between the healthy person and the physical wreck. Everyone was much pleased with Mr. Martin's address.

At the auditorium period, on March 16, six boys made the final tryout for extemporaneous speaking. The boys taking part were Joseph Wilder, Walter Risley, Fon Hale, Robert Adams, Homer Hoewing, and Wilfred Miller. The first four named were the ones that were given places by the judges in the same order as they are named above.

The high school cantata, Joan of Arc, was given in the auditorium, Friday evening, March 20, in the presence of about four hundred people. Miss Eleanor Barnes took the part of "Joan" and Arthur Van Cleve the part of "Phillip." The James Millikin Conservatory Quartet gave one of the special numbers. The choral numbers were given by one hundred high school students with Miss Bunn as pianist. The cantata was conducted by Miss Minerva C. Hall, the musical supervisor.

An auditorium schedule was held on Thursday, March 26, for the purpose of selecting two people to represent the Decatur High School in the Reading Contests to be held at the University of Chicago, and at the Charleston Normal University. The five contestants were Gertrude Guller, Marguerite Shafer, Ada Tenney, Lottie Bernard, and Irene Hinds. The first place was won by Gertrude Guller and the second place by Marguerite Shafer.

An auditorium assembly was summoned on Wednesday, April 15, for the purpose of holding a Preliminary Learned Oration Contest. Those taking part in the contest were Harold Myers, Corwin Querrey, Robert Adams, Wilbur Downing, Fon Hale, and Ralph Risley. The orations were delivered in a very forceful and impressive manner. Of the six orators, Harold Myers, Corwin Querrey, and Robert Adams were chosen by the judges as the winners of the contest. Of this group Corwin Querrey was chosen to represent Decatur in the contest at Charleston.

On May 15, Mr. W. B. McKinley gave a lecture on his trip to Japan, China, India, and Korea. Several slides and snapshots were shown on the screen. This was very educational as well as interesting.

It seems very fitting that the honor of naming the annual should fall to Frieda M. Smith, its first editor-in-chief. She has been willing and untiring in her efforts to make the annual a success. To have named the annual is, indeed, a great honor, especially since Miss Smith’s suggestion, “Decanos,” was chosen by the annual staff from a list of more than one hundred names, contributed by high school students. The seniors are glad that this honor has been secured by so worthy a member of their class.
On Wednesday, March 25, the first preliminary in the interpretative reading contest was held in the auditorium. Those participating in this preliminary were Ada Tenney, Irene Hinds, Lottie Bernard, Marguerite Shafer, Gertrude Guller, Elizabeth Wheelhouse, James Madison Gray, Lucy Shawhan, Helen Stevenson, Florence Sowash, Frieda Douthit, Selma Nash, Marie Welch, Flora Baker, Margaret Stires, Frances Kuny, George Paisley, Paulyne Myers, Louise Humphrey, and Edna Keller.

The English teachers acting as judges selected the first five young women named above, to read in the final try-out which was held on Thursday during a regular auditorium period. Those chosen from the finals were, Miss Gertrude Guller, for first place, and Miss Marguerite Shafer for second place. Miss Guller represented our school in the interpretative reading contest which was held at the University of Chicago, April 17, and Miss Shafer appeared in a similar contest at Charleston, May 9.

This contest was very interesting because of the fact that it was conducted under new rules. Heretofore the contestants have known for weeks before the contest what selections they would read. They had every advantage of professional coaching; but this year those participating did not, until one hour before the contest, know what selection they would read.

The effective work done by all those taking part in the event shows very clearly that the public speaking course is most certainly of great benefit to those enrolled in it. High praise is due to all of the contestants, especially so to the five young women who appeared in the finals.
The triangular debate, including teams from Bloomington, Champaign, and Decatur, was held December 5. The question this year was: Resolved that immigration into the United States should be further restricted by the application of a literacy test. The debate in Decatur was between our affirmative team and the negative team of Bloomington, our negative team going to Champaign.

Those who attended the debate in Decatur displayed their enthusiasm in various ways. Mr. Hy-slop's band, sitting in the balcony, gave evidence of itself by several spirited selections, among which was the inspiring, "We Win Because We Win," to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." Immediately when the band began to play, everyone joined heartily in the singing. Then the audience, led by Donovan Little, gave many yells for both the visiting and home teams.

Our affirmative team, Joseph Wilder, Wilbur Downing, Homer Hoewing, and Don Montgomery, as substitute, spoke confidently and effectively, their arguments were clear, and they showed good team work. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Much interest was aroused in Champaign on the morning of the debate. During the whole of the debate, an excellent spirit was shown, the Decatur debaters being applauded. The orchestra played several selections, the Champaign high school song, "Fidelity," being of the number. Everybody joined in singing this. As only two judges were able to be present, they consulted and rendered their decision in favor of Champaign, the affirmative.

Our negative team, consisting of Harold Myers, Walter Hastings, Evelyn Cole, and Wilfred Miller, as substitute, did credit to themselves and to their school. The judges said that this debate was one of the best high school debates they had ever heard. The Decatur team had the better arguments, while the Champaign team had the better delivery. One of the judges said it was the closest debate that it had ever been his privilege to judge.
Senior Class Play

On Friday evening, April 24, in the high school auditorium, the Senior Class presented their class play, *Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs*. This is one of the new plays written by Jessie Braham White. It is based on the old German legend of Snow-White, told as a fairy tale by the Brothers Grimm. Special permission to stage the play had to be obtained from Winthrop Ames, who has recently presented it in his unique theater in New York City.

The story is one of intense interest, refined, beautiful, wholesome. Snow-White is the step-daughter of Queen Brangomar. The queen is very beautiful, wicked, unscrupulous and insanely jealous of her step-daughter. Snow-White is an exquisite creature, having the lightness, airiness, and spiritual quality of Ariel in the Tempest, combined with the simplicity, sincerity, and dignity of Elsie in Lohengrin.

Prince Florimond, heir to the kingdom of Calydon, young, handsome, and lovable, comes to the queen’s court, seeking a bride. The Court Chamberlain, Sir Dancliprat Bombas, consequential and fussy, plans court festivities in honor of the Prince.

As the Court ladies dance, the Prince sees Snow-White, whose grace and beauty immediately win his love. In a pretty couplet, he invites her to dance with him, which she does. Later he declares his love for Snow-White to the Queen, who is wickedly angry and determines to destroy Snow-White.

Berthold, the forester, is commanded by the Queen to take Snow-White into the depth of the forest, to murder her, and to bring back her heart as evidence of his obedience to the command.

Snow-White’s trustfulness of Berthold and her winsome sweetness make it impossible for him to murder her; instead he takes back the heart of a pig as proof of his obedience.

The queen is determined to know, and takes the heart to witch Hex, to decide by her magic what is the truth in the matter. When the Queen learns that she has been tricked by the forester, she determines to go herself and kill Snow-White whom she finds living in the forest and cared for by the Seven Dwarfs.

Finally the Queen succeeds in her fiendish design by inducing Snow-White to eat a poisoned apple. The Dwarfs bitterly mourn her death, put her in a coffin of clearest crystal and purest silver, place it under a wide spreading tree in the forest and guard it night and day for a year and a day.

Berthold, because of his disobedience, was imprisoned in the Grey Tower and left to die, but he tunnels his way out, goes to the forest to find Snow-White, and he and the Dwarfs bring her to the Queen’s palace, where again there is song and dance and court gaiety.

The Dwarfs come into the throne room, bearing on their shoulders the coffin of crystal and silver, in which Snow-White lies dead;—but in all the year and a day that she has lain there, her lips have never paled, and now they take on a deeper color, her eyelids quiver, and she lives again,—Berthold denounces the Queen, who is driven from the palace, an outcast. Prince Flori-
mond and Snow-White are wedded; Snow-White is Queen, and there is happiness in all the realm.

This beautiful play was staged by Mrs. C. A. Gille who, for a number of years, has staged the Senior class plays.

We quote the following from the Decatur Review:

"Every seat was taken and many turned away from the large auditorium. The audience was enthusiastic. It would be hard to imagine a more ideal portrayal of the character of Snow-White than that given by Miss Adriance Tenney. Freeman Wilmeth as Prince Florimond, was a convincing lover. Dorcas Kirk, as the villainous Queen, carried well a difficult part. Donald Montgomery, as the Queen's huntsman, essayed a very difficult part. Donovan Little, as the pompous Court Chamberlain, furnished a large part of the comedy in a most happy manner.

"Julius Jenkins and John K. Childs as Witch Hex's cats were inimitable. The portrayal of Witch Hex by Bessie Hall was easily one of the finest pieces of acting in the performance. The Seven Dwarfs were delightful in their characterizations.

"The performance was splendidly staged; the throne room, the witch's cave, and the house of the Dwarfs were set in a manner that fitted particularly well with the fairy story. The lightning effects were also most creditable."

To the Senior class the remembrance of this play will ever be a happy one.

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"Snow-White"

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Queen Brangomar ............................... Dorcas Kirk
Prince Florimond .............................. Freeman Wilmeth
Snow-White .................................... Adriance Tenney
Berthold ....................................... Donald Montgomery
Sir Dandiprat Bombas ........................ Donovan Little
Witch Hex ....................................... Bessie Hall
Fiddle, the Cat ................................. Julius Jenkins
The Pieman ..................................... James Gray
The Peddler Woman ............................ Elizabeth Wheelhouse

MAIDS OF HONOR

Astralaine ..................................... Lucille Banta
Rosalys ......................................... Hazel Weaver
Christabel ...................................... Pauline Hurd
Amolette ........................................ Helen Stewart
Ermengarde ..................................... Mildred Nicholson
Ursula .......................................... Evelyn Cole
Guinevere ...................................... Lura Requarth
Linette .......................................... Grace Clair

DWARFS

Blick ........................................... Donald Robinson
Flick ........................................... Homer Hoewing
Glick ........................................... Andrew Roberts
Snick ........................................... Colin Dixon
Plick .................................................. Harold Dill
Which .................................................. Stanley Nichols
Quee ...................................................... David Jenkins
                                          Ivan Wiegand
                                          Nelles Benson
                                          Arthur Price
                                          Rives Woodcock
                                          Helen Waddell
                                          June Hill
                                          Mary Godwin
                                          Marguerite Shafer
                                          Floyd Hunt
                                          Charles Donaldson
Dukes ...................................................
Duchesses .............................................
Pages ...................................................
Tommy Cat ............................................. John Childs

SCENES OF THE PLAY
I. The Throne Room in Queen Brangomar's Palace.
II. In the Forest.
III. The House of the Seven Dwarfs.
IV. Where the Witch Lives.
V. The House of the Seven Dwarfs.
VI. The Throne Room.  △ △ △

The Decatur Nature Club

For some time the students of the Decatur High School who are especially interested in natural science have wished to organize a club for nature study. However, until recently, nothing had been agreed upon. An early morning trip was planned for March 8, 1914, and because of the interest shown on this trip, a meeting was called March 12, at which the following officers were elected:

President, Clyde Songer
Secretary, Marie Goodman
Field Guide, Percy Williamson
Faculty Advisor, Miss Rice

At a later meeting Florence Hoots was elected treasurer.

At the last meeting of the club, Dean Gorham was elected honorary member because of the interest he showed in natural science while he was in the high school.

The purpose of this club, as stated in the constitution, is, "the association of workers in the field of natural sciences for the observation and discussion of facts and problems in those sciences, and for the adoption of such measures as shall tend to the advancement, investigation, and protection of our natural resources." Membership in this club is limited to twenty-one. Candidates must have some knowledge of natural science. They must be recommended by the executive committee and voted on by the club. The constitution excludes anyone who wantonly destroys any of our natural life which contributes to man's pleasure or profit.

Thus far the attention of the club has been directed mostly to birds. But they intend to extend their study to other nature subjects.

M A R I E  G O O D M A N, 1 9 1 4.
Effective Speaking Contest

By Andrew Lee Roberts, '14

The first preliminary for the effective speaking contestants was held in the high school auditorium at three o'clock, Friday, March 13. A list of twelve subjects was given to them; from this list, each contestant was to choose his subject for discussion. These twelve subjects, had been chosen from the many that had appeared in the January, the February, and the March issues of the Outlook, the Literary Digest, and the Independent.

After an hour of preparation the contestants presented their speeches. These speeches showed that the boys, without exception, had prepared their work so as to make it clear and convincing. Those taking part were Joseph Wilder, Walter Risley, Fon Hale, Robert Adams, Homer Hoewing, Wilfred Miller, Don Montgomery, Corwin Querrey, Andrew Roberts, Kilburn Roby, and Wilbur Downing. The judges, Mrs. Nelson, Miss Bear, Miss Hawkes, and Mr. Beneke, selected the first six speakers to appear in a second preliminary.

In that contest the judges, Mr. Engleman, Mr. Francis Wiley, and the Reverend Mr. Antrim, chose four speakers whom they ranked as follows: First, Joseph Wilder; second, Walter Risley; third, Fon Hale; and fourth, Robert Adams. Joseph Wilder and Walter Risley were sent as representatives of the Decatur High School to the University of Chicago to enter the effective speaking contest, April 17. They won third place. The two boys were sent to a similar contest at Gibson City, Illinois, April 24, at which Walter won third place, and Joseph, seventh. They also appeared at the Cornbelt at Springfield, Illinois, May 12, where they won third and second, respectively.
The Senior party, given in the gymnasium, last October, was in the nature of a Hallowe'en entertainment. The guests, about sixty-five in all, were disguised as various grotesque forms; ghosts, witches, and all other forms commonly seen at that season were there partaking in the fun. The gymnasium was appropriately decorated with pumpkin faces, Japanese lanterns, and corn and autumn leaves were strewn about the floor, giving the room a delightfully hazy and autumnal appearance. The curious figures moving about the room talked very little, thus concealing their identities; the usual greeting was merely a hand-shake and a few motions of the arms.

A grand march was held which allowed the judges to determine which two costumes were the best. Miss English, dressed in a colonial style, was awarded one prize, while Arthur Price and Stanley Smith tied for the other. Arthur was two-faced that night; he wore clothes which made him appear to have two front sides. Stanley's costume was that of a pirate excepting that a fly-swatser replaced the sword. Many of the people could not be recognized until their masques were removed.

A short entertainment was given in the auditorium, after which the guests retired to the gymnasium where a general good time was had. The evening was spent in apple-bobbing, fortune telling, and eating. The refreshments consisted of pumpkin pie, apples, doughnuts, and some very good cider. The seniors might have been there yet had they not been given warning that the lights were about to be turned out, which caused a general scramble for wraps and ladies.
By R. Donovan Little, '14

HE climax of all entertainments of the four years of high school life came to the seniors at the annual junior-senior affair, the "Flower Festival" given by the juniors at the high school on the evening of March 7, 1914.

Of all the receptions and entertainments ever given by the high school the junior-senior function of 1914 was far the most elaborate. Nothing was lacking and everything was at its best even to the attendance. The faculty was present in all its glory and splendor, and shocking as it may seem, a trifle of the dignity of the class room was lost for a time. Nevertheless, the "Flower Festival" was not a place to display dignity.

To try to describe the decorations that rose in all the glory of the senior colors of blue and gold would put Burke and his lengthy expostulations to shame. The two lower corridors were literally covered with blue streamers intermingled here and there with a spot of gold. Potted plants helped to display the shining mark of the SENIOR.

A novel manner of explaining to the juniors, the personalities and hobbies of the seniors was put into play at the "Festival." Each member of the senior class was a topic of a bit of poetry printed on a flower leaf, the verse adhering strictly to the activities of that particular senior. Needless to say the quotations exactly fitted the case. All of the quotations were good.

The feature of the evening was the playlet given by the juniors, entitled "A Bunch of Roses." Each and every part was played with a reality that was in some cases past believing. Stage fright was unknown and individuality was brought into play with great results. The songs and take-offs on the dignified seniors were almost too good to be true and the author of them should have a place in the hall of fame (or in the rogues' gallery).

Refreshments served in the lower corridor crowned the entertainment with shining glory. All persons present were abundant with their praise of the juniors and in the way in which they were treated during the whole of the evening.

It was the common opinion of the seniors that the "Flower Festival" was the best entertainment that had ever been given in the high school and their hopes are that the future entertainments will be as good.
HE carnival held in the Decatur High School, on the evening of November 7, 1913, was a successful undertaking from beginning to end. About sixteen hundred people, parents, and patrons of the school, were present and they entertained themselves at the various attractions to the amount of almost four hundred dollars, which netted three hundred and forty dollars for the departments of Music, Public Speaking, and Athletics.

The first exciting event was the afternoon parade which certainly did advertise well the approaching wonderful carnival. Nearly every concession had its representatives fearfully and wonderfully arrayed, lolling at their ease in the big coaches (automobiles), donated for the occasion by members of the carnival company. The evening parade was limited to the corridors of the high school. Heralded by our large and glorious German band in costume, it was even more gorgeous than the afternoon procession.

The Chamber of Horrors in the basement was so weird and fearful that no timid person was allowed to enter. In these dread regions were ghosts and snake charmers, mummies and skeletons from the catacombs, a legless woman, and Vulcan with his assistants at the fiery forge. In the gymnasium Miss Trumble’s classes, very trim and neat in their blue and white uniforms, went through intricate fancy dances, while Mr. Rand’s classes performed upon the horse and parallel bars and gave an exhibition of drills and marches. In the dining room of the basement, the animated dolls were the delight of the children; in another room, Madame Jarley’s wax-works, the old reliable entertainer of our grand parents’ time, made a popular attraction, and this concession did a good business all evening.

Nor was the throng on the first floor corridor at all miserly. Here were booths with their wares displayed to best advantage to tempt the unwary purse. The candy girls (phrase well chosen), although they began the evening with a fine stock of sweets, which the girls of the school donated, were sold out early, the ice cream cone stands were well patronized until their stock, too, was ex-
hausted. The country store had a fine trade, doubtless due to the “Grand Opening.” Almost everything was sold, and as someone put it, “so were some of the buyers.” The telegraph station made a charge of five cents for sending a message, and in some cases collected also from the receiver. A legitimate and thriving business was the stand selling post card photographs of our First and Second football teams. The Weird Sisters lifted the veil of the future for any curious mortal who crossed their palms with silver. The baby rack was worn out by the time the evening was over. Some of the “babies” named for members of the faculty showed the most signs of wear and tear, but whether the missiles which struck them were tossed in love or hurled in anger, deponent sayeth not. The bandits, who were so terrifying that they made one’s hair stand on end, carried off many a fair captive during the evening and held her for ransom. In the Museum one of the many interesting features was the section containing mirrors, which pulled one out like a lean and hungry Cassius or gave one an equator rivaling ex-President Taft’s.

The first entertainment in the auditorium, perhaps the prettiest and most artistic, was given by the Girls’ Glee Club. The scene was a Japanese tea garden, a very appropriate setting for the informal party. The real stunt of the evening was given by the Boys’ Glee Club, who first appeared forming the notes on a staff. After many songs, the performance was concluded by a cake walk given by six boys, three of whom were dressed as girls. The vaudeville in the auditorium had five features; the first was a shadowgraph showing how the father and his assistants pulled turnips for dinner; the next was a scene with the mother seated by a cradle singing a lullaby to her child, while the father as shown by the shadowgraph, walked the floor in despair, having only a man’s idea of what was necessary to hush a baby to sleep; the third part was a play, The Detective, a tragedy in two acts; then came The Three Bears, which were well received by the audience; the last number was the Witches’ Dance, around a large kettle, done by nine girls, wearing yellow dresses bordered with cats and bats and wearing high pointed hats.

The spirit with which teachers and pupils entered into the task of producing the Carnival atmosphere insured success from the start, and everybody is to be complimented upon the outcome of the undertaking. Special mention is due Kenneth Henderson for his excellent posters used in advertising the features of the Carnival.
Sept. 2. School begins once more. Warm greetings among warm old friends. The thermometer 100 at 10 a.m.

Sept. 15. Rain. The first since May 15. I wish I were as thirsty for knowledge as the corn is for rain.

Sept. 16. Auditorium mass meeting. Pedagogues and athletes urge us to get rid of our two bits by joining the athletic association.

Sept. 17. Everyone in seventh hour English seven class goes to sleep on Burke’s Conciliation with America. Moffet Allen and Robert Greider furnish the front section of the study room their daily concert, the eighth hour. Perhaps Moffet is preparing to rival his sister in the realm of grand opera.

Sept. 18. First Observer staff meeting. Young Observerites are taught their manners.

Sept. 20. Decatur-Clinton football game.

Sept. 24. Mr. Waldrip announces in study room, fourth hour, that he is thankful that Mildred M. throws notes only and is not addicted to the habit of throwing bricks.

Sept. 29. The Seniors organize. They unanimously favor a “second term for Stanley.”

Sept. 30. Anybody finding a wandering mind please return the same to Don Prestley, room 322, D. H. S.

Oct. 1. Joe W. is the center of many social attentions from the girls seated near him in 322 the fourth hour. Mr. Waldrip sighs, “O, Joe! that fatal beauty of yours!”

Oct. 2. Miss English enters 322, the eighth hour, just in time to hear the grand finale of a buzzing solo by Freeman Wilmeth. She likes it so well that she is telling him—(we don’t know what).

Oct. 4. Decatur wins a football game from Champaign. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Oct. 6. The seniors know how to quarrel. Its members will feel quite at home when elected to the state legislature.

Oct. 8. One of our senior marshals resigns. The class meetings have become so harmonious that but one seems necessary.

Oct. 9. President Smith makes a serious study of class millinery and announces that girls’ complexions demand something other than gold next to their faces: Girls mutter in unison, “Mean thing!”
Oct. 10. Seniors plan to present a fly trap to the school as a class memorial.
Oct. 21. Marguerite S. and Freeman W. serve as living models in displaying the new senior head gear for the approval of the class.

Nov. 7th

John Childs in the CARNIVAL Cake Walk

Nov. 11. Bishop McDowell of the Methodist Episcopal church addresses the students.
Nov. 13. The girls are lonesome—the boys have gone visiting to the Wabash shops.
Nov. 14. The boys dutifully tell the girls what they saw on their trip.
Nov. 17. Seniors win class basketball championship. Nine rahs for the seniors!
Nov. 21. Urbana football game. Snake dance on the field. Color day.
Nov. 22. Teachers all go to the University of Illinois conference.
Dec. 1. At assembly D's are awarded to fifty-four boys.
Dec. 4. Booster meeting for the triangular debate.

Dec. 5. Lost, strayed, or stolen—senior spirit. Yet we won our debate from Bloomington. O, Happy Night, because we won, because we won! We do not mention the result at Champaign.
Dec. 11. Usual rush for book reports now on.
Dec. 13. Mildred Nicholson brings honors to the senior class by winning first place in annual Review story contest.
Dec. 15. Don Little joins the White Sox and attracts some attention.
Dec. 16. Seniors beat the faculty at basketball. Jimmy Gray gets his hair rumpled up, also his dignity.

Dec. 17. The class of '14 decides to publish an annual. Class pins and rings begin to appear on proud seniors.


Jan. 5. Back to D. H. S. after Christmas vacation—Seniors begin to feel valedictory. Miss Bear gives them a heart-to-heart talk.

Jan. 7. R. Donovan Little has entered the field of journalism. His article upon the Suffern-Hunt fire is published in "The American Miller."

Jan. 9. We are working under nervous strain all day, at every moment expecting a fire alarm.

Jan. 12. Annual staff being chosen. Today Stanley wears a black shoe and a tan one. Should his class mates follow their leader?

Jan. 13. Our fire drill at last! No catastrophe.

Jan. 14. Accidents will happen—the faculty beat the freshmen at basketball.

FRESHMAN "EXAM."

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Jan. 16. A Junior Chamber of Commerce organized. Once more does Stanley Smith have the honor of holding the gavel. Basketball luck sends Peoria Manual Training High home with a defeat.

Jan. 20. J. M. G. loses his comb. Poor Jimmy!

Jan. 23. The Board of Control decides to restore baseball—a return after discontinuing it one year. Captain Songer feels like a deposed king restored to his realm.

Jan. 24. Decatur learns that Peoria Central H. S. has an excellent team.


Jan. 29. Yea, more of them.

Jan. 30. Crushed, but we may recuperate when the void left by exams begins to be refilled with second semester knowledge.

Feb. 2. We welcome one hundred spring chicks into our brooder.—Mrs. Katherine Oliver McCoy reads Burns to the students.

Feb. 9. The first of the Agora-Forum-Rotaro joint meetings. Meeting of annual staff—the regular staff disagreement.

Feb. 11. We should worry about a name for the annual. “The Log Book” meets with little favor.


Feb. 13. “Pete” caught talking to a girl.


Feb. 16. Julius begins his career as a book agent by taking subscriptions for the annual.

Feb. 17. Invitations are issued by the Juniors to the “Flower Festival.”

Feb. 18. Announcement of auditorium periods for three days in succession. What’s going to happen?

Feb. 19. Auditorium period devoted to the Bloomington game; also to a lecture on tardiness in which it is proved that all tardy pupils become criminals when they grow up.

Feb. 20. Mr. Martin of Chicago, talks on “Attitudes.” He does not mention the “debutante slouch,” however.

Feb. 21. These verses were found on a sheet of paper in the corridor. Who is guilty?

There’s a mountainous youth yclept Mount,
On whose blushes you always may count.
If he makes a home run,
A touch-down or pun,
A deep blush mounts the cheeks of R. Mount.


Feb. 27. Basketball team goes to Bloomington for the central Illinois basketball tournament.
March 1st.

CLASS '14 SWELLS.

March 1. The mumps all the rage in the senior class, also swellings in other parts of the head.

March 2. The few knockers get busy about the results of the tournament.

March 5. Heard at practice for Junior play:
   Beth: "Oh, I have such a headache!"
   Robert: "I had the toothache once, but I had my tooth filled."

March 7. At the Junior-Senior reception, Julius dolefully reads his limerick:

   There was a young lad named J. J.,
   And all that he ever did say—say
   Was, "Oh, Mar-ge-rie,
   You only I see,"
   Till we surely all thought him a J. J.

March 9. Mr. Waldrip requests that students who go to sleep in his Civics class should refrain from snoring.

March 11. No signs of spring except symptoms of love cases. W. H. H. is one young man whose thoughts are lightly turned.

March 12. High school state tournament will begin at the Y tomorrow. If only we were in it!


March 16. Re-selection of orators for obtaining finest specimens for exhibit in foreign parts. Four chosen from six selected Friday, Joe Wilder, Walter Risley, Fon Hale, Robert Adams.

March 18. Winthrop Ames wires permission to use "Snow White and Seven Dwarfs" as senior play.
March 25. Marguerite Shafer chosen poet laureate of Class '14. The prize in the story contest for the annual is won by Paulyne Myers, '17.

March 26. Contest in interpretative reading from “Idyls of the King” is held in assembly. Two seniors, Gertrude Guller and Marguerite Shafer, chosen from a group of six contestants to represent Decatur at contests in Chicago and Charleston.

March 27. The faculty and seniors finally agree to christen the annual “Decanos.” Now that this momentous question is settled we can really enjoy our next week’s vacation.

March 28—April 6. Rehearsals for “Snow White” continued through vacation week.

April 13. The first of the class baseball games.

April 17. Our representatives in reading and effective speaking go to Chicago to enter the contest.

April 24. Track meet with Clinton. Seniors play, “Snow White and Seven Dwarfs.”

May 2. Corn belt meet at Springfield.

May 7. The last of our class base ball games.

May 8. Our representatives go to Charleston to enter the reading and learned oration contest.

May 15. Inter-scholastic track meet, oratorical and effective speaking contest at Urbana.

June 7. Baccalaureate.

June 9 and 10. Examinations.

June 12. Commencement.
is for Agora, staid and demure;
   for heart rending bashfulness 'tis a sure cure.

stands for Baseball, a thing of the past;
   let's resurrect it and see if 'twill last.

stands for Cram and occurs twice a year,
   whenever the finals draw dangerously near.

is the Dungeon where far down below
   the "Tardies" must settle with Waldrip, you know.

's for Exams. Do we like them? Oh, no!
   that's why the Faculty votes them a go.

is for Flunk. Let us pause with a tear
   for the sophomore class of the present school year.

is for Gumption—a trait of our team,
   they never fight back when opponents are mean.

stands for Hustle from morning till night,
   we must to get through—so I guess it's all right.

is Ishkibibble—a common password,
   in the corridors at lunch time often it's heard.

is a Freshman—but perhaps 'twould be mean
   to guy him for being so awfully green.

's for Kriss Kringle, who came this very year
   with gifts for Waldrip's class—little boys, so dea!

is the Lab, where midst smells and thick smoke
   the Seniors through mazes of Chemistry poke.

is for Mercy—don't say a word,
   the Faculty has it—at least so I've heard.
is for Newlon, who's always a brick,
  he shares all our troubles—no matter how thick.

are the Orgies of three-twenty-two,
  chewing gum, paper, and whispering, too.

stands for Pegasus, wooed by the boy
  who indites lovely “pomes” to a maiden so coy.

is the Quiet, which may always be found
  in the library when the sweet girls are around.

is for Rotaro, righteous and rich,
  which throws all the flunkers into the ditch.

stands for Singer. If you want to be one
  just go to Miss Hall, and find out how it's done.

stands for Themes, and suggests mental fag,
  and the feeling next morning of being a rag.

is for Uniform—that's Senior cap,
  it's all that we have and we don't give a rap.

stands for Virgil. Who, pray, was he?
  ask the wise Seniors and then you will see.

is the Waste that goes on every day,
  when dignified Seniors in study room play.

is a darling old Algebra friend,
  may its memory ever be green to the end.

is the Yelling we hear in the Gym,
  it fills us with loyalty clear to the brim.

is for Zenith. It's up pretty high,
  but so is the plucky old Decatur High.
LINN & SCRUGGS
Dry Goods and Carpet Co.

Open for Business Again

Although we have not as yet recovered from the effects of our disastrous fire, yet we are ready for your patronage in the majority of our departments, in the

NEW BACHMAN BUILDING

Corner of North Main and Prairie Avenue. Where we are displaying complete stocks of the latest Summer and standard merchandise in

READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS for LADIES, MISSES and CHILDREN—CORSETS—GLOVES HANDKERCHIEFS—FANCY WARES and TOILET ARTICLES—SILKS—DRESS GOODS—LINENS and WASH FABRICS—LACES—EMBROIDERIES—RIBBONS—NECKWEAR and ART NEEDLEWORK—HOSIERY and UNDERWEAR—BUTTERICK PATTERNS—VICTROLAS, ETC.

These goods are all Brand New and every article is fresh from the makers' hands. Our purchases have been large and we are thus able to offer you the very best that is made in all lines, at prices no greater than you are asked for merchandise that has been in stock all season. If this means anything to you come in and see us.
Short Hand Sketches.

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ALBERTA D.

FRIEDA SMITH

JULIUS JENKINS

HAROLD MYERS

DON MONTGOMERY
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SCHOOL BOOKS and ALL KINDS of SCHOOL SUPPLIES
STATIONERY KODAKS and SUPPLIES PICTURES and PICTURE FRAMING
PARR & PARR
135 Merchant St. 134 N. Main St.

MEECH GRINDLE
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Auto. 1423 Bell 2905

Millikin National Bank
Capital, Surplus and Profits $650,000.00
3% INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS 3%

Rest Room for Ladies
Can You Imagine?

Herbert Jordan sassing the teacher?
W. J. Risley on a pair of roller skates?
Robert Adams with his mouth never open?
W. Hastings in the front row of the Empress with a girl?
“Windy” Ward eating luncheon without soup?
Roy Ives without a necktie?
William Bowersock in short trousers?
“Derby” Jenkins in an English suit?
Floyd Yockey singing a solo?
Mary Redmon weighing only 86 pounds?
Donald Prestley and Marie Wacaser dancing the tango?
Charlie Stough shoveling coal?
Joe Wilder in the pulpit?
Don Montgomery bald headed?
“Pete” Devore as an orator?
Julius Jenkins winning the Mary W. French prize?
Mr. Hyslop chewing tobacco?
Mr. Newlon winning the pole vault at the Corn Belt?
Frieda Smith in the front row of a burlesque show?
Mr. Coonradt smoking a cigarette?
Donovan Little tongue-tied? Can you?
Eliza Robbins in a baby perambulator?
Mr. Waldrip as a monk?
Mr. Newlon riding a Shetland pony?
Miss English chewing gum?
Wilbur Downing using rouge to make his cheeks red?
Harold Myers as a clown in a circus?
Miss Bear saying, “I ’aint got none, nohow, neither”?
Miss Hawkes saying, “McCutcheon is our best author”?
Mr. Beneke reading “Diamond Dick, the Terror of the Plains”?
D. Threlkeld in vaudeville?
Stan. Smith in jail for bigamy?
J. M. Gray as a school teacher?
L. Wehrly in the insane asylum? (easy)
Ada Tenney imitating Chanticleer?
L. England as a dime novel hero?
Lawrence Ferris as a blood-thirsty pirate?
Ivan Wiegand as a beauty doctor?
Harold Myers selling perfumed soap?
Laura Requarth coming to school at eight o’clock?
Helen Stewart as a chorus girl?
We carry a complete line of
SCHOOL BOOKS
AND
SUPPLIES
RIGHT PICTURE FRAMING
AT RIGHT PRICES
SCHUERMAN'S
429 N. Water St.  2nd Door North of Empress Theatre

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H. S. GEBHART CO.
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Mueller Goods carry the name of Decatur to all parts of the world. Decatur people should use nothing else.

They are Unconditionally Guaranteed.

Decatur, Illinois

New York  San Francisco  Sarnia, Ontario
D-10891
Fudge

(From the Alumni.)

Ambrosial sweet, untasted on Olympus,
Thou crumbling bliss that only mortals know,
The Doctor's friend, Dyspepsia's busy handmaid,
In praise of thee melodious numbers flow.
Omnivorous and ever-hungry student,
Be yours alone unquestioned right to judge
If aught transcends the bound of what is fitting
When as the poet sings of toothsome fudge!

Oh, thou epitome of all life's pleasures,
Thou evanescent joy, too swiftly gone;
Divinely luscious, subtlest of temptations
That ever student eyes may look upon;
Thou unsurpassed of all things gustatory,
May they ne'er taste again who dare to grudge
The highest place 'mong saccharine confections
To thee, dulcissima donorum, Fudge!

Without thee midnight revels would be blighted,
Without thee high school wit would cease to flow;
Alas, and when examinations threaten
Where else for inspiration could we go?
Oh, consolation of our studious vigils,
Our comforter as upward slow we trudge
The stony path that leads to higher knowledge—
We'll live by, swear by, die by thee, oh Fudge!

Not white-armed Hebe pouring out the nectar,
Nor Valkyrs crowning Odin's cup with mead,
Can wake such yearning thoughts of gastric triumphs,
Nor fill the hungry student's inmost need
As she who o'er the chafing-dish presideth,
Her apron streaked with many a chocolate smudge;
Dim-seen through steamy clouds of fragrant incense,
High-priestess she, Our Lady of the Fudge!

What though some darkly hint of future anguish?
Still "Pass the fudge," shall be our motto plain;
Our loyalty shall never be abated,
Reap though we must an aftermath of pain!
Thou art the Mecca of our adoration,
Nor shall we ever heartfelt tribute grudge
To thee, delectable, delicious, dainty,
The Apotheosis of Sweetness.—Fudge!

—Clara M. Baker, '02.
A Rembrandt Print will remind you of your school days.

The Rembrandt Studios
314 N. MAIN
Ground Floor

For Portraits, Groups and Cirkuts we are unexcelled.

Summer Clothes
Are Here in Greater Variety Than Elsewhere in Decatur

COOL, dainty and exclusive are the hundreds of styles in women's and children's apparel that we have assembled for the warm weather season. Just now, we are showing our complete 1914 displays of lingerie effects in wash dresses, wash suits and the light, soft silks. Summer millinery, too, combinations of laces and flowers and the flower trimmed panamas. It will be our pleasure to show you.
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Girls Bloomers   Girls Middy Blouses   Girls Bathing Suits   Girls Outing Shoes
Base Ball       Tennis       Golf       Gymnasium
Track Suits     Bathing Suits   Outing Shoes   Shoes for all Sports

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We are now the Home of the New Edison Disc. Come in and listen to a
demonstration of this wonderful new sound producing machine.

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Both Phones 1256       217 N. Water Street

We specialize on the wants of High School Students
YOU HAD TO
WAIT FOR A
TRAIN AGAIN
I SUPPOSE?

YES SIR

Miller '16
WE have the suits that satisfy your artistic taste and your pocket-book, too. They are the kind which make a "hit" no matter where you go.

With our assistance, the clothes question can be solved in a few moments time. Stop in and let us "talk it over" with you.

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Now, that your building may have the proper appearance and make a favorable impression, we have entered this business to assist you in any way possible. Nothing is too small or too great for us to handle. Our experts are here to answer any questions you may want to ask, and a few minutes talk with them about the cost of lumber or the best interior finish of the office or home will save much worry or inconvenience on your part.

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Manufacturers of Sash, Moldings, Doors, Windows, Blinds Brackets, and Wire and Picket Fences. Our line is complete.
Seniors' Garden of Verses
(Apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson)

The Climb

How do you like to climb the stairs
Up to "Three-twenty-two?"
Oh, I do think it's the awfulest thing
Ever we have to do!

'Way up those stairs and thru three flights,
Till we can breathe no more—
Scamp'ring like mice, when the tardy bell rings,
We run to get thru the door.

But looking around here I see Walter Risley
Who minds not these three flights of ground,
For up those broad steps he goes flying again,
Three steps at a time, and down!

△ △ △

The Land of Counter-Pain

When I was in the history class
I was as green, as green as grass,
I did not study e'en a day,
But spent my time in fun and play.

And sometimes at some hour or so,
I saw my laden classmates go,
With different notes and worried mien,
Among the book shelves, tall and lean.

Then one time my dear teacher (?) sweet
All up and down she gave a sheet,
And brought my lack of knowledge out,
By tossing questions all about.

I was the fool, so quiet and grave,
That nothing in exams can save;
Who sees before him "F" so plain,
And feels the sting of Counter-pain!
Neustadts
Decatur's Greatest Clothing Store

We are justly proud of the fact that most well dressed young men buy their clothes at NEUSTADTS.
Our distinctive and authoritative styles and patterns in clothing and furnishings, sold at reasonable prices, will always merit your favorable consideration.
If you are not wearing NEUSTADT CLOTHES, better get acquainted with the best clothing and furnishing service in Central Illinois NOW.

Correct Apparel for Women
Bradley's
Cloaks, Suits, Furs
151 N. Water Street
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The Leading Exclusive Store

Music is Delightful
As an accomplishment, is appreciated and enjoyed everywhere, and may often be turned into a livelihood, if in after life an emergency should oblige you to make a living. We give the most careful individual attention to each student and the methods of instruction employed by us have received the approval of the foremost educational authorities here and abroad.

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You can pay more and get no better.
You can pay the same and not get as good.

Martin-Phares Shoe Company
Water and Main Sts.
The Seniors’ Wonderful Eyes

I am going to tell of the Seniors’ eyes,
So listen to me do.
Oh! I do think they’re the pleasantest eyes
That ever there were; do you?

Eyes that glisten and sparkle and shine,
Eyes of a baby blue,
Eyes that are glorious, fine, and sublime,
Eyes of a dainty hue.

There are Nelles Benson’s golden brown,
Miss Shafer’s lovely blue,
And Mary G’s of wide renown,
And Lucille Banta’s, too.

Eyes that are snappy and hard to control,
Eyes that are big and wide,
Eyes that are daring, saucy, and bold,
All these and more beside.

How do you like the seniors’ eyes?
You agree they are queer in hue?
Ada’s are dark brown, Lura’s are grey,
And Lauda’s pretty, too.

Then Lizzie Wheelhouse’s eyes so dear
Are of a darling blue.
And our dear Prexy’s eyes so clear,
Are green as grass, too.

So now I have told of the seniors’ eyes,
How everyone’s is blue
Or grey, or black, or green as dyes,
Now which belongs to you?

\[ \Delta \ \Delta \ \Delta \]

My Senior Cap

I have a gaudy Senior cap that goes all around with me,
And what can be the use of it, is what we all can see.
It is very, very becoming as it sits upon my head;
And I see one bob before me on every street I tread.

The funniest thing about it is the size that it can take—
Not at all like other caps, which is just like they are made.
For it sometimes sticks way out the back like a big full size football.
And it sometimes stays so little, that we know it’s there,—that’s all.
OUR SPORTING GOODS SECTION

Is the most comprehensive department of its kind in Central Illinois

We have the exclusive sale of the celebrated REACH Baseball goods, carrying practically the entire REACH line, supplemented by the BEST things from other prominent lines. And for the golfer, the tennis player, the fisherman, the hunter there are complete and comprehensive assortments, everything the BEST of its kind GUARANTEED by the makers and by us.

This Store is looked to for Sporting Goods by people who demand the Better Kind

MOREHOUSE & WELLS CO.
134-144 E. Main St., DECATUR, ILL.
Seniors’ Exams

At each semester’s end we have
Exams that weigh each girl and lad,
With books at night to study hard
And make us want to pray, “Oh, ——— I”

We have to dig in books miles deep
When all sane mortals are asleep,
And stay away from movie shows,
Which last our martyrdom quite shows.

And worst of all of fierce exams
Are those which on wise seniors land,
So if exams should choose to leave
Our midst, no senior grave would grieve.

Indeed ’twould be the other way,
We’d all exact a holiday.
And each and every senior’d shout,
“Hurrah, hurrah! We’ll now grow stout!”

Post Examibus

Greenibus Freshibus, grave Sophomorum,
Dignified Junyoribus, et Seniorum,
Allibus lookibus
Sorto relievedibus,
Sayi, “Examibus alli ovorum!”

Sumbuddy popibus up et sayorum,
“Webus passibus, get good gradorum
Yetibus, gecibus!
But we be gladibus
Not any moribus till next yearorum!”

---

151
Service is the Keynote of the Wasson Studios

To what degree we are able to put our ideals into practice can be estimated after looking over the cuts in this book, all of which are made by WASSON'S, who early in the year was chosen official photographer of the 1914 Class.

Sooner or later you will have that graduation picture worked up into a larger portrait. Come to us and you are sure of the best work at a reasonable price and the certainty of getting back your original picture.

C. L. Wasson has been successfully engaged in photographic business in Decatur since 1899—long enough to suggest reliability.

WASSON STUDIOS
351 N. Water        Suffern Building        Elevator Service
"My Pony"
(Apologies to the author of the "Rosary")
The grades I got thru thee, dear book,
Were as the bread of life to me;
I turned thy pages with a grateful look,—
My "Po-o-ny,"—my "Po-o-ny."

Each day a lesson, each lesson a grade,
To quiet the teacher with temper strung;
I used thee slyly up until the end—
And then my knell was rung!

Oh, memories that haunt and burn!
Oh, barren gain, oh, bitter loss!
I count each "F", and try at last to learn
Who stole my "hoss"—my treasure—who stole
my "hoss"!

A Revised Psalm
Tell me not in mournful numbers
Freshmen's life is but a dream.
For the Freshie's lost who slumbers

Their life is real! Their life is earnest.
In his classes, so 'twould seem.
"Upper classmen" is their goal.
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest."
Matters not to Freshman's soul.

The course is long and time is fleeting.
And their hearts, tho' fine as jewels,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the rules.

In the school's broad field of battle,
As they jog from class to class,
They resemble driven cattle—
Noisy youngsters there en masse.

Lives of Seniors should remind them
They'll be grown up by and by,
And departing leave behind them
Tears in many a teacher's eye.

Forward, Freshie, up and doing
With your mind chuck full of spunk.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to study, not to flunk.
Barbey & Cooper
Grocers Wholesale Retail

Always first with Fruits and Vegetables in their seasons. Wholesome line of staple groceries, etc.

Honest, conscientious effort to please every customer has given us a big business. Remember this when you get a home of your own.

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F. N. GOODMAN, Prop.
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The Best of Meats
Dressed Poultry
Fresh Oysters

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YOU young men graduates will want blue serge suits for the "big" event. We've made special preparations to care for you in this respect; assembled the greatest line of "blue serges" you ever saw; fine, soft, pliable weaves, in splendidly tailored young men's styles, in all young men's sizes, and at any price you care to pay. See these at $15, $18, $20.
Ein Brief

By Herbert Jordan, ’14

“Mein lieber Onkel!” schrieb einst Karl.
“I want to write you a letter, ‘nmal.
The words in German I shall speak,
Because zu hören them,—that is a treat!
I cannot speak der German well,
Because I picked it up zu schnell.
Uns’re young cow she had a calf
Das pop soon sellte fer a dollar und a half.
Pete Butcher came dann schnell herbei
Chust als die Henne laid an Ei.
Das calf hat über den shed gejumped,
Sechs Fenster gebusted, und sein’ hide verwundt.
Doch quick lief Butcher Pete ihm nach,
Verwünscht’ das Vieh und gelobte Rach’.
In butcher-shop sah ich’s next day
Und machte aus ihm fein Kalbfleischfricasse.
Mit besten Grüszen verbleibe ich
Dein nephew, Karlos Metternich.”

Mother Goose Rhymes

Little Miss Helen sat eating melon
Up in the lunch room one day
Along came a teacher and started to preach ‘er
Which frightened Miss Helen away.

Principal Newlon was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his wife, she’s the joy of his life,
And so is the faculty.

There was a good teacher in 322
Who had so many students she didn’t know what to do
She taught them some rules, which they learned to obey
Now, “The room is the best in the school,” they say.

Bumpety, bumpety, bingedry bang!
A fall up the steps made a Junior use slang.
But no slang e’er uttered could equal the thing
He said when he heard the tardy bell ring!

Bye, bye, baby bunting!
Brother’s going hunting
To find his little “cute” red book
So he will know how “Woolley” looks.
Compliments of
Union Iron Works
Decatur, Illinois

Good Brothers
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Druggist
117 N. Water Street

The Citizens National Bank
United States Depositary
DECATUR, ILLINOIS

Ellis W. Armstrong
Druggist
117 N. Water Street

The only Barber Shop in the city worthy of its name

When you order the next ton of coal, don’t say “coal”—but say, “send me a ton of Decatur Hand Mined Coal.”

The Citizens National Bank
United States Depositary
DECATUR, ILLINOIS

Capital $200,000.00
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CITY BAKERY
for Better Bread
Rye Bread King of Decatur!

JOHN KRESS
640 East Eldorado Street Auto. 1949
J. J.: "Ever eat any golden soup?"
B. M.: "What is it?"
J. J.: "Fourteen carrot."

M. S. to J. W.: "Have you a date to the joint meeting?"
J. W.: "No, I haven't."
M. S.: "Well, do you want one? I know where you can get one now."
(Looking shyly at herself.)
Moral. They say that girls never propose.

Bob M., in chemistry: "Does thunder and lightning sour milk?"
Mr. C.: "I don't know; we will find out when we get to thunder and lightning."

Shade of Orpheus (listening to K. Childs practicing on the 'cello)—"Great Jupiter! He beats me all hollow. I moved trees and stones; but I never moved my whole family to California in a week!"

Miss Eichhorn (meeting Don Little at dusk)—"Good evening."
Don L.—"I don't know who you are, but we might become acquainted."

The average man's arm is 30 in. long; the average woman's waist is 30 in. around. How wonderful are thy works, oh Nature!

Stan Smith (shaking hands with A. T.)—"Gee, but your hands are cold!"
A. T. (trying to be nice)—"Why, Stan, don't you know what that is a sign of?"
Stanley (after a moment)—"Why-er, cold weather, I guess."

Joke: Who was the first electrician?
Ans.: Noah; he made the arc light on Mt. Ararat. ('Tell this to Mr. H.)

The permanent set of teeth consists of 8 canine, 8 bicuspids, 12 Molars, and 4 cuspsdors.—Ed. Jour.

Guerilla warfare is where men fight on the backs of guerillas. (From a teachers' exam. paper.)

Elizabeth W.'s new yell: "Well, well, well, you can't tell, WE may beat you all to h——; well, well, well."
She really says it and it sounds real cunning.

S. S.—"Look at the sparks my heels make on this granitoid!"
M. S.—"No wonder, there are plates on your heels."
S. S.—"You don't mean plates,—it would take platters for feet like these."
Compliments of
Howard A. Krigbaum
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ESTIMATES GIVEN ON FRAPPE, PUNCHES, ETC.

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Announcement

On Monday, the __th, Miss Ada T.—and Mr. Stan S.—were united in mock marriage in the physics laboratory, Mr. Walt Risley officiating. The bride was attired in a white waist and dark skirt, while hanging gracefully from her head was the dusting cheese cloth. She carried a most magnificently beautiful bouquet of roses in the form of a tin funnel. The simple ring ceremony was used, the groom procuring a luscious diamond from the Lost-Found drawer. Everything went happily, no tears falling. Luckily for the pair, they were enjoying the bliss of their honeymoon in quiet study when their teacher returned from his travels.

△ △ △

A Freshman Plea

Powers that be, before I die
Grant in thy goodness, please, that I
May by myself have power to buy
A smiling glance from teacher's eye,

And then if you will be so kind
As still to grant what's in my mind
On my report may I soon find
A good fat E all strongly lined.

But, best of all, let me some day
In study room quite boldly play
And never hear the teacher say,
"Johnnie, what are you doing, pray?"

Powers that am, if still you hear,
If still you lend a kindly ear,
Grant this wish—to my heart so dear—
That I no longer Algebra fear.

Another wish I fain would gain
[Execrations on me rain,
For you will think me plain insane]
Please let me with the athletes train.

One final wish I needs must tell—
When Seniors try my pride to fell,
I want the strength to wish them well
And ask them please to go to—blazes.
STUDENTS
with clean minds should demand
CLEAN GOODS
Insist on having our Pure Ice
Cream and Pasteurized Milk.
There is none better.

The DECATUR ICE CREAM CO.

Protect Your Eyes
The way to protect your eyes is to have the right kind of light to study your lessons at night. You will find either Electric or Gas Lights in your home one of the very best aids to protecting your eyes.

Decatur Railway and Light Company
114 East William Street
Epitaphs

Here sat Joseph, Beloved pesterer and grinner,
We all miss the sight of this good-natured sinner.
Here sat Carl Glasgow, a sprinter of fame,
We all clap our hands at the sound of his name.
Fled from his place is our heartbreaker “Gus”,
Never famed for his brains—just a good looking cuss.
Thru the bright gates of wisdom Harold Myers has fled,
We hear that he still carries brains in his head.
From these hallways of memories our Julius has gone,
To cheer all the world with a smile and a song.
Departed and left us our good President,
Of the city of Boody he is now resident.
No more will you see our illustrious Frieda,
She is now teaching Dutch to the poor little Siameda.
No more will we look on our dear Marguerite,
We hear she is now a-laying concrete.
Ne'er more can we gaze in that face full of joy,
Cause Helen (W.) has gone and married a (boy).
This marks the place where our Gertrude has sat,
We know she took a fence post and went and got caught.
A man full of spirit, by many called “Muck”,
We hear that he now runs the joke part of Puck.
The greatest add. getter the school ever saw,
All that he does at present is to stoke full his maw.
The greatest joker but never joked,
We hear that Walter’s not (yet?) been choked.

Lives there a boy with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said—
I hope that e’er I go to bed
I’ll get a toothache in my head? (Grapenuts: there’s a reason).

The Soliliquy of a Physics Student

“Mr. Hyslop says there can not be perpetual motion, but he has not been sitting between Mid Murphy and Lizz Wheelhouse for two years, as I have. Maybe two years isn’t a very long time to test perpetual motion, but at the rate at which notes and stage whispers go over my head, I believe this would pass for a test of it, anyway.”

One day Mr. Hyslop asked one of the bright students in his physics class to cite a verse from the Bible.
The pupil replied, “Judas went out and hanged himself.”
“Very good. Now give us another.”
“Go thou and do likewise.”
MANUFACTURERS OF
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Our Specialty — QUALITY
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318 N. MAIN STREET
The Shop where you get those classy, up-to-the-minute Haircuts
Seniorydills

If Pauline will Hurd the cattle, will Hazel take a Knapp?
If Reva can Marshall her forces, will June choose the Hill?
If Roy would Mount the stairs, would he need a Fairy Wand?
If Cecil put his Bohon, would Lee Klink his teeth?
If Lillian has the Cobb, has Evelyn the Cole?
If Corwin brings his Querrey, will Arthur set the Price?
If we gave her crackers, would Lorena Munch?
If Fon is Hale, who pray is hearty?
If Homer does the Hoewing, who will plant the crops?
If Rives Woodcock his gun, could Joseph be much Wilder?
Will Lucien Rugh the day that Florence Hoots at proceedings?
If James is Gray is Edna Green?

To Posterity:

Blame not us, oh seniors of the future, for bequeathing to you an annual with a poor name. For, consider ye with what trials and tribulations we have borne with! For the annual, pelted from all sides by atrocious and silly epithets, has survived with only Decanois tagging it. Look you below at the epithets mentioned; then forgive.

Hash, or Review of Reviews. The Cornicle.
The Olive Branch. The Olio (not to be confused with Oleomargarine).
Ischabibble.
Salamangundi, or mixed pickles. Maize.

We wish to thank all of the teachers who helped us in putting out this book. You have worked with us untiringly, and guided us in the right way at all times. We, the editors, appreciate this and heartily thank you.

We are especially indebted to several students, who are not members of the staff. To say they worked hard to make our book a success, is to say the least. Without the help of these people, the Decanois would have been lacking in many respects. Those to whom we refer are: Helen Wasson, Kenneth Henderson, Pauline Hurd, Kenneth Childs, Joseph Wilder, Mildred Nicholson, Andrew Roberts, Lucille Banta, Rives Woodcock, Charles Stough, Corwin Querrey, and Harold Miller.
Helpful Co-Operation

Is a feature of our service to every customer. We give especial attention to inexperienced publishers, and because of that fact the managers of this Annual will gladly tell you of our earnestness in our efforts to please. When you become connected with an organization or business that requires printing of any kind take advantage of our special service. It satisfies many others, it will please you.

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168