



# ROCIBILE

Class of 1900.

High School

Mount Pleasant,

Mich.

THE WESTERN TRUST CO.

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EH6 1500-2024

# The Senior Crucible.

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SECOND ANNUAL.

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Published by the

Class of 1900.

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Mt. Pleasant High School,

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

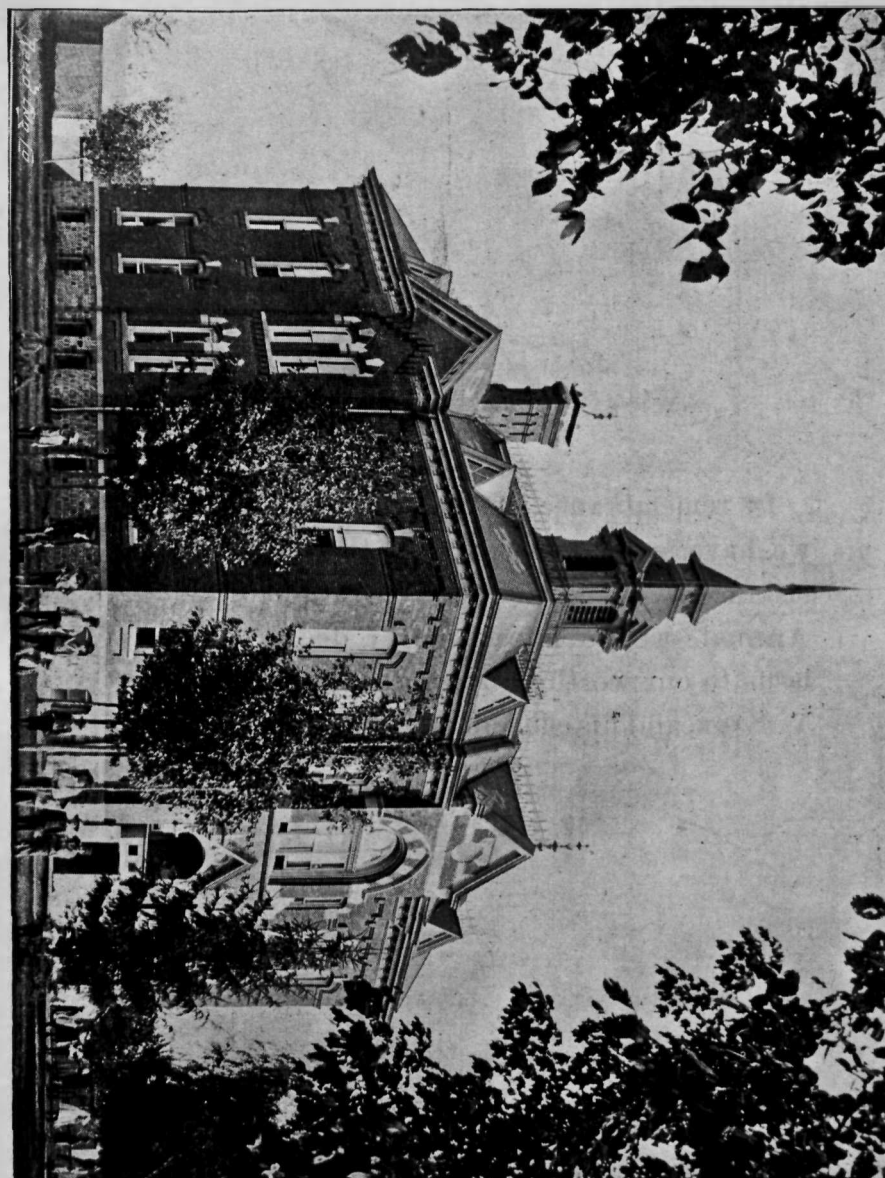


Editorial.

In presenting this our Second Annual of the Mt. Pleasant Schools, we have attempted to show to the public that our school life has not been in vain, and that this little reminiscence of the work done by the High School and Class of 1900 will receive the hearty approval of all those interested in school life.

CLARENCE MEAD,  
Editor-in-Chief.

CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING



**Dedication.**

IN remembrance of the many happy days we have spent together, and the valued assistance rendered in the preparation of this Annual, we do affectionately dedicate this issue to our worthy Superintendent, Mr. W. V. SAGE, and his efficient High School faculty.

EDITORS.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:  
CLARENCE MEAD.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:  
GLEN RILEY,  
ETHEL REDFIELD.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:  
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HATTIE CLARK,  
RICHARD CURTIS,  
MABEL GRAY,  
WALTER HAMILTON,  
FLORENCE PHEIL,  
BELLA RICHMOND,  
WALTER SNIDER.



### Board of Education.

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SECRETARY—E. J. VANLEUVEN.

TREASURER—J. H. DOUGHTY.

C. M. BROOKS.

JOHN KINNEY.

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### High School Faculty.

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MR. W. V. SAGE, Superintendent.

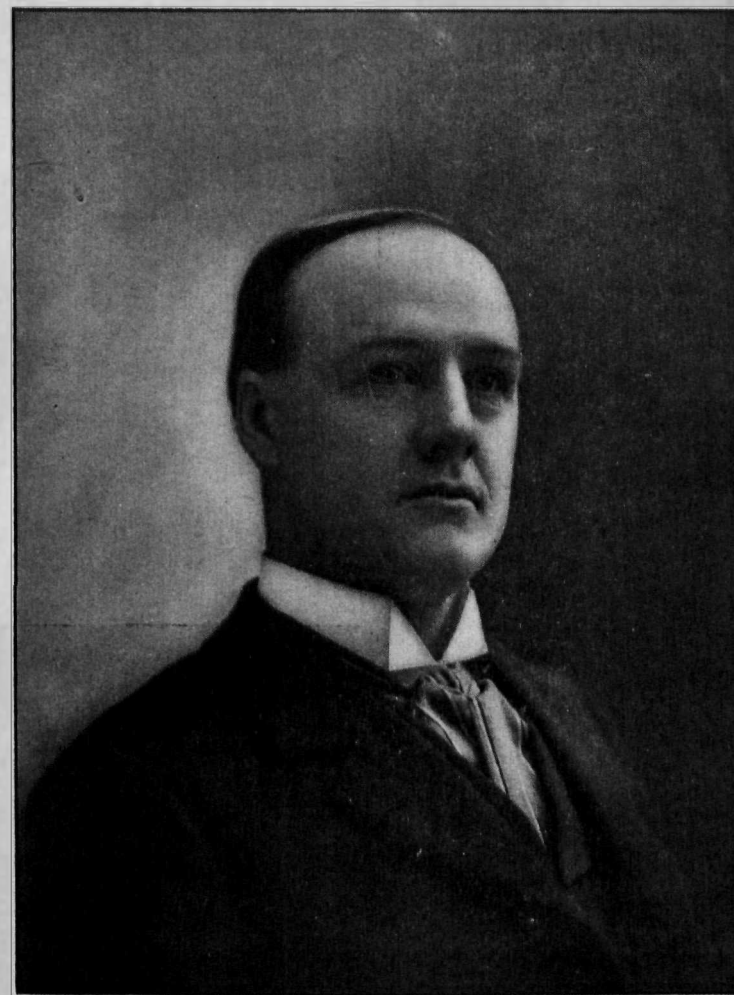
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MISS M. L. SMITH, Languages.

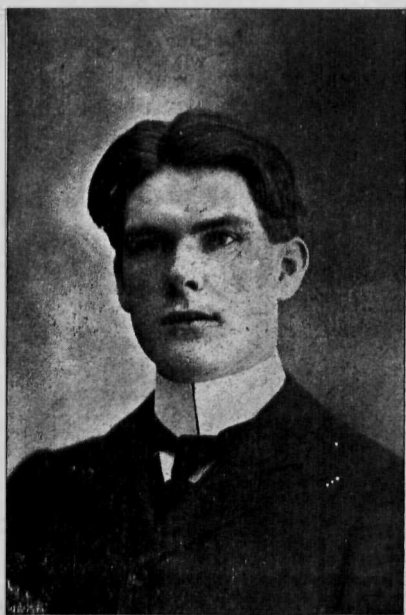
MISS K. C. SLATER, English and History.

MR. A. B. ALBRO, Science.

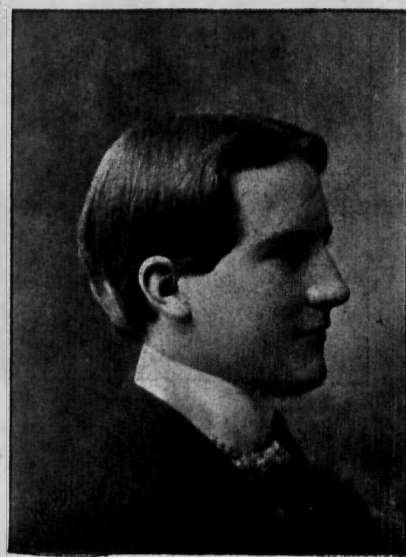
MRS. E. McALLASTER, Music.



SUPT. W. V. SAGE.



BRUCE C. SHORTS.



A. B. ALBRO.



MR3. E. MCALISTER.



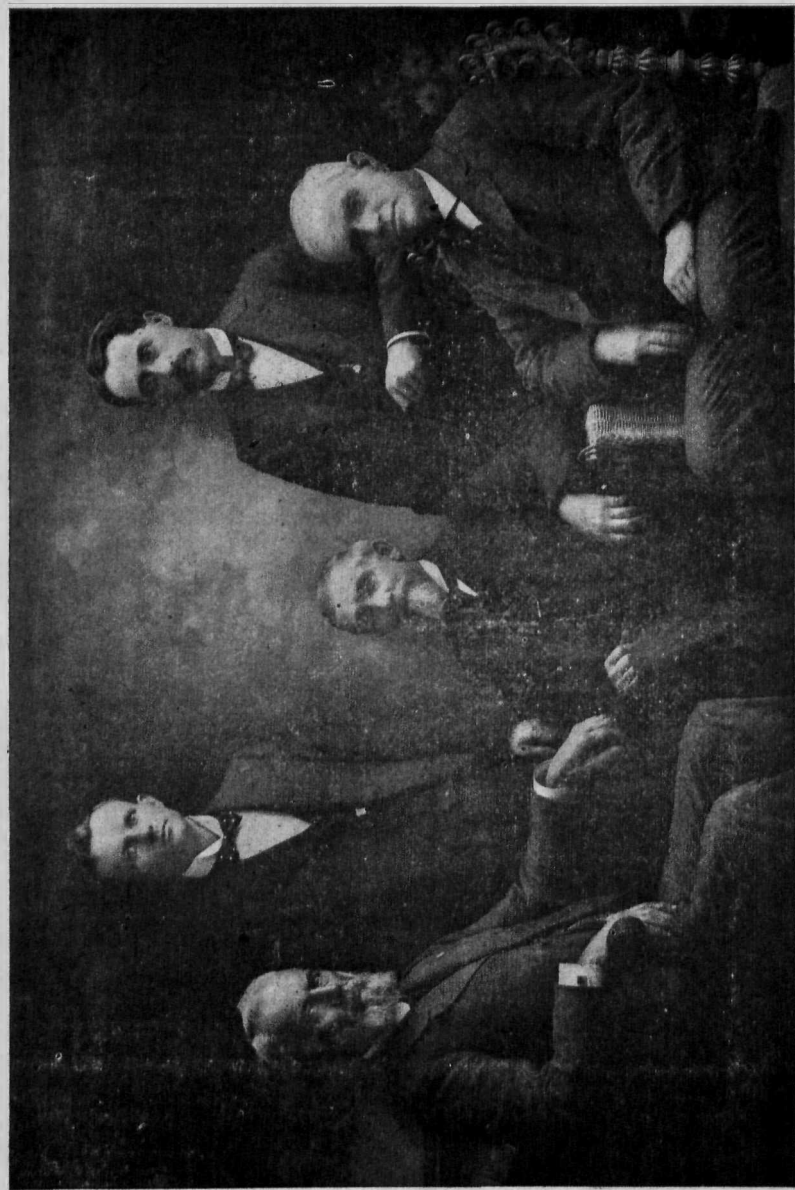
MISS M. L. SMITH.



MISS K. C. SLATER.

HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.





O. M. BECKE.

E. J. VANLIEU.

J. H. DOUGHTY.

DR. C. D. PULLEN.

JOHN KINNEY.

## Senior Class.

### Class Officers.

Walter Snider, President.

Mabel Gray, Secretary.

Fannie Brown, Vice-President.

Walter Hamilton, Treasurer.

### Roster of Class.

Fanny Brown,  
Gertrude Ayling,  
Ethel Redfield,  
Walter Snider,  
Glen Riley,  
Mabel Gray,  
Walter Hamilton.

Clarence Meade,  
Bella Richmond,  
Frances Richmond,  
Richard Curtis,  
Hattie Clark,  
Bessie Houghton,  
Florence Pheil.

### Class Roll

#### Latin Scientific Course.

Ethel Redfield,

Richard Curtis,

Bella Richmond.

#### Latin Course.

Florence Pheil.

#### Scientific Course.

Mabel Gray.

#### English with Grammar.

Walter Snider,

Frances Richmond.

#### English Course.

Gertrude Ayling,

Fanny Brown,

Hattie Clark,

Walter Hamilton,

Bessie Houghton.

Glen Riley.

#### English with Latin.

Clarence Meade.

# First Senior Afternoon

At High School Room

June First, Nineteen Hundred,

2 O'Clock P. M.

## Music.

Longfellow, - - - - -	Gertrude Ayling
The Power of Habit, - - - - -	Bessie Houghton
Can a High School Student Appreciate Shakespeare! - - - - -	Ethel Redfield

## Music.

The Acquisition of a Language, - - - - -	Bella Richmond
The South African War, - - - - -	Walter Hamilton
Expansion, - - - - -	Richard Curtis
The Vision of Sir Launfal, - - - - -	Florence Phell

## Music.

# Second Senior Afternoon

At High School Room

June Eighth, Nineteen Hundred,

2 O'Clock P. M.

## Music.

The Conscience of the American People, - - - - -	Mabel Gray
Methane and Ethane—Their Alcohols, Ethers and Acids, - - - - -	Walter Snider
What Can Earth Do! - - - - -	Harriet I. Clark
Henry Clay, - - - - -	Glen Riley

## Music.

The Rise of the Drama, - - - - -	Fanny Brown
Our Flag, - - - - -	Frances Richmond
The Nicaraguan Canal, - - - - -	Clarence Mead

# Commencement Program of the Class 1900

Baccalaureate Address,

**DR. R. P. RIPPEY,**

At Methodist Church, June 17th, at 8 O'Clock

Presentation of Theses at the High School June 1st and June 8th, 2 o'clock p. m.

# COMMENCEMENT EVENING.

Glass Motto: "To Be and Not to Seem."

## Music.

Invocation, - - - - -	Dr. Addis Albro
Salutatory, - - - - -	Ethel Redfield
Address, - - - - -	Prof. F. A. Barbour
Valedictory, - - - - -	Florence Phell

## Music.

Presentation of Diplomas, - - - - -	Dr. C. D. Pullen
Benediction, - - - - -	Dr. Addis Albro

Glass Colors: Royal Purple and White.

Glass Flower: White Rose.

# Program.

Music, - - - - - Government School Band

# Trial Scene, Merchant of Venice

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Shylock, - - - - -	Clarence Meade
Bassanio, - - - - -	Glen Riley
Antonio, - - - - -	Chas. Southwick
The Duke, - - - - -	Richard Curtis
Gratiano, - - - - -	Walter Snider
Salerio, - - - - -	Walter Hamilton
Portia, - - - - -	Ethel Redfield
Nerissa, - - - - -	Hattie Clark
Sketches from Shakespeare, - - - - -	Wallace P. Mealey, Chas. Southwick

# CONVENTION OF GREEK MUSES.

Clio, History, - - - - -	Florence Phell
Erato, Love, - - - - -	Bessie Houghton
Melpomene, Tragedy, - - - - -	Bella Richmond
Urania, Astronomy, - - - - -	Mabel Gray
Calliope, Epic verse, - - - - -	Harriet Clark
Thalia, Comedy, - - - - -	Frances Richmond
Polyhymnia, Sacred Song, - - - - -	Edith Morrison
Terpsichore, Song and Dance, - - - - -	Ruby Russell
Entropo, Lyric Poetry, - - - - -	Allie Marsh
Music, - - - - -	Government School Band



## Salutatory.

ETHEL REDFIELD.



Ladies and Gentlemen, Patrons of the Public Schools, Kind Parents and Respected Teachers:

We, the last graduating class of the 19th century to emerge from the portals of the Mt. Pleasant High School, make our debut to-night, and our bow to the citizens of our city. We come not with the victorious tread of finished scholars, but with the assurance that our revered Superintendent Sage, with his efficient corps of teachers, considers us prepared to step out into broader, newer, and to us, untried fields of life's experience. Therefore, it is my good pleasure, in behalf of the class of 1900, to extend to you a royal welcome to these, our commencement exercises.

We will not weary you, our guests, with a list of the many discouragements and seemingly insurmountable obstacles

that we have met, and with perseverance have overcome. They are things of the past. We prefer to look ahead, and to hope that our future efforts may be crowned with as great a degree of success as that which has already attended us. We have had sufficient time to consider the story of the past, to learn the lesson which it teaches, and to cherish ideals for the future. For it is only by thoughtful study of the past, that we can safely provide for the perils of the future.

With our high school education as a beginning, we are now called upon to bear the banner of success into broader and deeper realms of learning. We live in a glorious and enlightened age, surrounded on every hand by schools and colleges, provided by the thoughtful generosity of patrons such as you are. We enjoy privileges to-day that few of our ancestors ever thought of, even in dreams. Who amongst us then would not be glad to make his mark in the world, as Lincoln did? Who, with such advantages as surround us, cannot climb the ladder of success and fame? We may have no such difficulties to overcome as Lincoln had, but nevertheless our success depends upon our own untiring effort; for James Russell Lowell tells us in his serious and dignified manner,

"The world angrily shoves aside  
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,  
Until occasion tells him what to do;  
And he who waits to have his task marked out,  
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.  
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds;  
Reason and government, like two broad seas,  
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms  
Across the narrow isthmus of the throne,  
And roll their white surf higher every day."

Every great man has some motto; some little saying which he uses in his daily undertakings; a few words tried and true, which often help him to achieve noble deeds. So our class, while it is not yet great, has selected for its guidance a motto—"To be, not to seem." If we faithfully live up to the sentiment, we shall dwell in the white light of truth, and we "can not then be false to any man." Our class flower, the white rose, will teach us that purity is the companion of truth, and our chosen colors, the white and royal purple, will remind us that purity and truth cannot help but attain the reward offered by the Great King—an eternal home in his palace.

To-night, as we issue from the doorways of the dear old school, we realize that we resign the titles of school boy and school girl, and are thrust out into the world's field of action, soon to take our places as citizens and home-makers. You have aided and encouraged us thus far, and we trust that you may still smile approval upon our efforts, provided that we make an energetic run towards the goal of success. We hope still to be faithful and studious, to be good and great, and not to seem so.

What we have accomplished in the past is but preparatory to that which we hope to achieve in the future. So, by the light of this star of hope which now illumines our horizon, we are more than glad to see here the beaming faces of our parents, teachers and friends, and with the friendly spirit which ever characterizes the class of 1900, we again extend to you a cordial welcome.

## Class History.

FANNIE BROWN.



Herodotus, who lived nearly five hundred years before Christ, is reputed to be the father of history. Since his day histories have multiplied a thousand fold, until at the present time historical writings are one of the most popular fields of literature.

The time was when the poets of history sang only of the glory and pomp of strife. Captivating descriptions were given to the world of the kings and queens, gleaming in their purple and gold. Beautiful pictures were drawn of the brave knights and successful warriors.

But of late a change has overtaken the muse of history. We are now interested not so much in the king and his band of brave knights, as in the people. A careful study of the past has revealed to us not only the ruler but the individual as a builder and

maker of history. We have learned that in each moment of our lives, link by link, we are adding to this history. What it will be is determined largely by our present actions.

Looking over the past of the great class of 1900, we find that each one day by day, has been a class builder and a maker of our history. As we are about to sever the tie that binds us to our school and to each other, as we are about to enter different walks of life we wish to take a look backward. There is much to be gained by a careful study of our past, for by it alone are we able to judge of the future.

In 1896 we first entered the High School. Very proud we were of our new position and, perhaps, a trifle bold. But all the importance arising from the fact that we were High School students soon vanished as our superiors began to call us Freshmen. However, remembering the old adage, "An empty wagon makes the most noise," we disregarded their little jokes and settled quietly down to work.

Thus toiling steadily in our little corner, overcoming the difficulties which beset our path, we have passed successfully through all the stages of High School life. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and last, Seniors, spacious, dignified Seniors.

Looking backward we find only nine schoolmates who have remained with us during our four years as a class. Members have been added to, and subtracted from our ranks, until, at the present time, we number just fourteen.

In September, the first week of school, in order to celebrate the beginning of our senior year, the gentler sex invited their brethren to a picnic, in the park. It was there, on the beautiful banks of the Chippewa, that our

first class meeting was held. We solemnly cast our votes and elected our officers for the coming year. The boys unanimously voted that as a Rose was lacking in our class, we select one as our flower. So the pure white rose was chosen to beautify our colors of purple and white.

Remembering the failings of the sterner sex, we served an excellent supper. Everything passed off smoothly until one girl distinguished herself by eating all the cake, and if we did not suffer from the effects of it we are certain she did. One boy, when asked why he filled a hollow tree with cake and breadstuff, replied: "To feed the birds." We believe it was to lighten the basket he had foolishly promised to carry home for Nell.

Other memorable occasions were our numerous class meetings. Our "tacky" party at Ethel's, and our Hallow'en serenade when one of our instructors taught us "kisses" were made to eat. The sleighride without snow in Clarence's big hay rack, the jolly singing, the ringing of the sleigh bells and our snow balls, made of hay. Last, but not least, the party given by the boys in the basement laboratory; how we girls enjoyed watching the boys in their strange capacity as kitchen maids! Our failure to see the promised meteoric display and certain sleepy looks the next day. All these jolly meetings are passed and are but things of history now. Yet long will they live in our memory as the treasures of school life.

This year, as never before, have we had an opportunity to discover the character of our classmates. Our religion varies from Mohammedism to Paganism, and one claims to be an enthusiastic follower of the Arch Angel. (The result of reading Paradise Lost.) Our class is richer than any class of its size, possessing Richmon(d)s, one musical Bell, one sharp, keen Phell, one poet, one great mathematician, and one Frank girl.

Glen, our brightest speller, has changed his taste lately and now admires Gray, while Walter, the wit of the class, is seriously trying to look upon the Graves side of life.

As to race, we vary greatly; Mr. Curtis claims descent from the apes; Miss Clark descended from Venus, Mr. Mead from the Spaniards, while Miss Ayling descended from a high and exalted position to a cold river of ice, while skating on the pond one frosty day in December.

Our class, composed of all these brilliant and varied characters, has left a bright shining record in the High School, one we shall always be proud to remember.

Now, as we are about to close the history of our lives as a class, it is with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure that we look back. Yet we would not stay the hand of Father Time, for we are impatient to enter the world and gain new victories.

"Ah! Let us hope that to our  
Praise, good God not only reckons  
The moment when we tread His ways,  
But when the spirit beckons.

That some slight good is also wrought  
Beyond self-satisfaction,  
When we are simply good in thought,  
Howe'er we fail in actions.



## National Expansion.

R. F. CURTIS.



Progression! It is impossible to conceive of mind or matter as being in a state of rest. A mighty law seems to govern the universe in respect to changes of form and conditions. All forms of matter are constantly changing. The stone is constantly wearing away; rivers are changing their courses, and the ocean is either receding from, or encroaching upon the land.

Wherever there is action there must be change. And in this change there are only two courses in this universe for either animate or inanimate things, progress or retrogression. One or the other must follow from natural causes. We speak of the progress or growth of plants, the progress of literature, science and art, of nations and of humanity.

An acorn drops into the ground; severe frosts, rains and winds affect it and it grows. As time goes on its rootlets increase in number and size, the body of the plant expands until at last the mighty oak, the king of trees, stands proud and strong, towering above its brethren of the forest. There has been a change. From the seed the embryo plant has grown to the mighty tree. It is action derived of natural causes. It is expansion.

The literature of Chancer's period compared with that of modern times, seems unimportant, but it was important. It was necessary. It was the seed, the foundation of modern English literature. The writings of that time filled the people with a desire to study, to have a better knowledge of the great authors of Greece and Rome. Filled with this desire, they read everything to be had, studied the teachings of Socrates and Plato, commenced to think for themselves and to acquire the culture of those mighty nations of ancient times. Hard study, a broader culture, a "policy of literary expansion," made possible the advent of a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Dryden, and other lights of English literature.

Who shall say that the English nation could have retained the culture, the intellectual activity, the prestige already gained, if it had not been for the mutual reaction of the literature upon the people, their laws and customs, and the people, their laws and customs upon the literature? The higher ideals in literature brought higher ideals in the real life of the people, and the higher the morals and the better the laws of the people, the more refined and progressive was the literature, and thus with every change in the one, there was a corresponding change in the other. It was action. It was expansion.

It has been the same way in the growth of science and art. Sir Isaac

Newton, by constant study, discovered the law of gravity. Had he lived five hundred years earlier, he would not have been able to accomplish what he did. During those five hundred years, many men had spent their whole lives in studying that philosophy, and each revolving cycle of the centuries brought more facts, more laws and more discoveries. And it was these additional discoveries that induced men to go on and labor harder still, for the discovery of more facts and laws. It was through this desire for truth and study that Newton accomplished the deed that rendered his name immortal.

In the growth of nations through all ages, we see another example of man's natural desire for expansion. The ancient Persians, seeing the possibilities of great wealth and revenue, with one blow brought the whole of India under their control. And with this revenue many improvements, such as canals, roads, etc., were constructed through the country, while in the cities, schools and colleges sprung up, until Persia was the first nation in the world in all literature, science and art. In Rome it was the force of the Roman rule in action, which brought that nation's standard above nearly all the countries of the world. In Greece, the high excellence attained in literature, science and art, in physical prowess and in government, came through the union of her states and the extending of her power over a large part of Europe, Asia and Africa. It placed that nation so far beyond the other peoples of the globe, that they were at last completely eclipsed when compared with the brilliancy of her civilization.

Expansion is a necessary requisite to all progress, whether it be national power, literature, or civilization. What has made the world what it is today? Expansion. Upon what is the hope of a higher civilization in the future based? Expansion. Nothing can remain at rest. All must go backward or forward. A nation is continually growing stronger or weaker in power. Spain did not recognize this fact. She believed that, being the most powerful nation in the world, there was no need of further advancement and of keeping step with the forward progress of the times. That her power, once supreme, would always remain so. What is she today? One of the weakest, most despised nations upon the continent of Europe. What was the effect of the defeat of the Spanish Armada upon England? It was expansion for her, but retrogression for Spain. England saw the necessity of advancement. By progression and her policy of expansion she has become one of the most powerful nations of the world, while the elements of progression and expansion grow perceptibly less in Spain each day. What does this show? It shows action and advancement to be necessary to the welfare of any nation, and that expansion is a nation's only safeguard.

And by expansion nations become powerful and advance in civilization. And the advancement of nations in power and civilization is the progress of humanity. Action is necessary in all advancement. And the activity of a nation leads to expansion. England's activity brought her India and Southern Africa. And it is this activity and its reaction, expansion, that has made her what she is to-day.

It may be shown that this expansion of a strong nation is good for the weaker people of the earth. Persia, spreading her puissant arms, clasps the weaker and less civilized peoples, lifting them out of the darkness into the light. Her influence over the people was enormous. Highly civilized herself, she gave to others the advantages of that civilization. She afforded them the means of higher education and loftier ideas. The minds of the people grew better, more powerful, expanded; they conceived a broader culture and a keener desire for study. This was progression, indeed.

The same proposition has been proven many times, and the proof may be read in the history of the expansive influence of all the great nations of the world's history; as Persia, Greece, Rome, England and our own.

The progress of the Roman civilization was rapid. Rome expanded until her eagle was seen in Northern Europe and Briton, in Asia and Africa, carrying to the people of these regions the blessings of the Roman progress. Are not the old Roman roads and fortifications found in England at this day signs of Roman expansion? Do they not give us a glimpse of the civilization and prosperity that the Roman invasion brought to the people of

England? It brought them the culture and refinement of the East. And besides all this, do not the writings of authors of that period, the sculpture and paintings point to the great height humanity had attained in the Roman Empire? And this culture of Rome herself was transmitted to her dependencies.

Rome had a mission to fulfill. It was to carry the refinement and the blessings of progress to the farthestmost nations of the earth. To do this she expanded until, like a wheel, the spokes radiated throughout Europe, Asia and Africa. The collapse of her power, and that of every nation of the past, came not from the weakness of the circumference of the wheel, but from the rottenness, the inaction of the hub.

And what is grander or more praiseworthy in an individual or a nation than to help others in following the paths of right and justice, than to extend to weaker ones the blessings which they enjoy? What is nobler than to assist those fallen by the wayside and who, weary, would be unable to advance farther along the path of progress, but would sink deeper and deeper in the mire of savagery, of retrogression?

China is an example of a nation that has not done this. She has entirely shunned all outward influences, refusing to help or to be helped. Her course has been a course of retrogression. For the last four thousand years she has been continually losing power and influence, until a few years ago she was entirely conquered by a nation of about one-thirtieth her size. And what is China's future? It is to be divided among the stronger nations of the earth, to be opened to the commerce of the world and the light of civilization.

In what way has China helped to make the world better? In what way has she been an aid to the progress of humanity or civilization? In none. She has been a retarding element, an obstacle in the way of all progress. Japan has followed in her footsteps until recently, but she has at last awakened from her lethargy and in the last few years has made remarkable progress.

And what nation is there in the world to-day that has become powerful or has aided in the progress of civilization that has not held expansion a necessary requisite to advancement? England, Russia, France and Germany, and all the strong nations, have their dependencies.

But look back at the history of our own country. In 1803, Thomas Jefferson purchased Louisiana and, in the words of one author of that period, "stretched the executive authority until it cracked, to cover his purchase." In 1821 Florida was acquired. A little later Texas and the territory received from Mexico, was annexed. Then, again, just after the civil war, Alaska was purchased. Has not our policy been a policy of expansion? And what would the nation have been today without this policy? Probably an insignificant strip of settlements along the Atlantic coast, or else the dependencies of some arrogant foreign nation.

And who would now be willing to tear down the old flag which waves above the broad fields and fertile plains of that prosperous country west of the "Father of Waters?" What American is there to-day who would be willing that the government should relinquish all authority over Florida and the gold fields of Alaska? Why, during the past year we have been wrangling with Canada, and would almost tread on the very verge of war before we would consider any proposition looking to the surrender of a strip of disputed boundary, something like twenty-five miles in width.

And now to-day we have a chance to carry to the people of Puerto Rico and the Philippines the blessings which we enjoy, the blessings of a civilized nation. Of course, there are always pessimists. Their terrible prophecies were heard in the days of Jefferson and Polk, and they are heard to-day. Some of them even say that the burden would be too great for the nation to bear, that it would cause the destruction of the republic. Such people must be good Americans! Must have a great deal of confidence in their country! But let me tell them that the powerful nations of the earth must bear the burdens.

We have a mission to fulfill; a destiny to accomplish; an example to be

given of how nations may justly rule themselves, not in license, but in liberty. Shall we falter in our duty? Shall we haul down the flag whose waving stripes speak the white of purity and the red of sacrifice, and whose burning stars stand in the field of blue as an aspiration and an inspiration for all that is noble in life and beneficial in government? No! Let it float! And under its shadows—

"Shall brothers be knit in closer bands,  
From the mountain's crest to the gray sea sands;  
And the world be better, I ween."



## Class Poem.

## THE WHITE ROSE.

FRANCES RICHMOND.



O, wise Muse of Mt. Olympus,  
From the golden summer tide,  
Through the sunshine and the shadow,  
O'er the ocean far and wide.

Come! inspire me with your knowledge!  
O, impart some treasured thought  
From the yellow page of memory,  
For the class of naughty naught!

Round the virgin brow of Springtime,  
In the centuries' laurel wreath,  
Nature's beauties glow like diamonds  
Studded in an emerald leaf.

Youth is blooming all around us,  
Nature's roused from her repose,  
And is smiling like a vision  
From the petals of the rose.

It has the texture of a lily,  
And an opalescent hue;  
And a golden cup of stamens  
That receive the evening dew.

In the morn the restless east wind  
Sang, 'Behold the century rose,  
See its dewy grace unfolding;  
Watch its shining arms uncloze."

And at noon the southern breezes  
Breathed upon the blooming flower,  
And the gentle sunbeams gave it  
All the fragrance in their power.

Then the west wind kissed it softly,  
Lest the breath of worldly mirth  
Shake the petals from their cluster,  
To lie fading on the earth.

O'er the top of snowy mountains,  
Then the north winds homeward fly,  
Lest their cold and icy greeting  
Cause the rose to droop and die.

Rich and poor its beauty envied,  
Young and old its bloom besought;  
Still the rose remains untarnished,  
And its worth remains unbought.

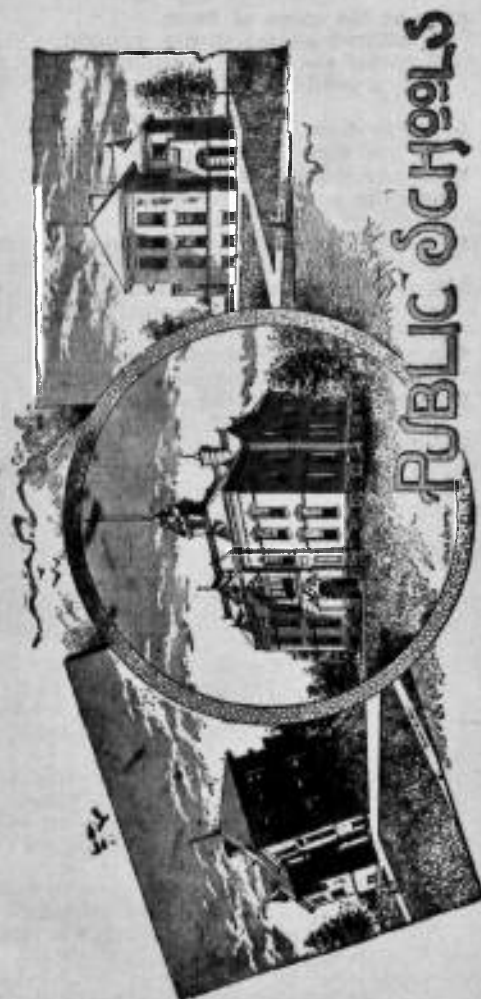
Upward, as into the future,  
With a promise ever bright,  
Turns the queen of all the garden,  
With her petals to the light,

Even as the queen of flores  
In nature's garden slowly wrought,  
'Till to-day she reigns in triumph  
With a peerless perfume fraught.

So we've come from years of study,  
We are here at childhood's close,  
With our daily gathered fragrance,  
Like the pure, celestial rose.

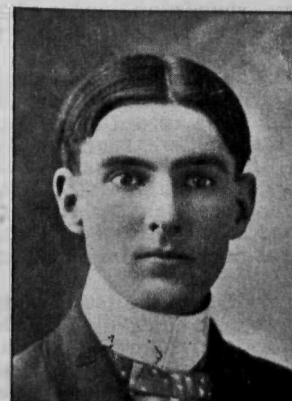
We have reached life's open harbor;  
We have launched on wisdom's stream;  
And the legend on our pennant  
Is, "To be and not to seem."

May the white rose bloom forever,  
Spite of rudest blast and gale;  
May the last class of the century  
Ever out and onward sail.



## Class Prophecy.

CLARENCE HARVARD MEAD.



You have named me prophet. In the days foregone, prophets surrounded themselves with all the charms for summoning the spirits from the vast deep, and conversed with the gods. But I, thinking that there might be something in the books of the present day that would lead me to understand the mysteries of the future, studied astronomy, geometry, psychology, cosmogony, and various other subjects; but all proved in vain. Finally, one evening on my way from school, I beheld directly in front of me a four-leaved clover.

I at once wished that I might be able to lift the veil that hid the future. Scarcely had the whisper left my lips when a great cloud enveloped me and I was borne away as on the wings of fairies. Suddenly I was let down; I heard a queer gurgling noise; a peculiar odor assailed my nostrils; and

I realized that I was at the dread oracle of Delphi, in ancient Greece.

I had but time to realize my strange position, when there appeared before me one likened unto a hag, and with a voice like the grumbling of distant thunder, said: "Wouldst thou know the future?" I nodded assent, and the spectre vanished. Then I saw a deep fissure in the ground, from which came clouds of stupefying vapor. Becoming accustomed to the smoke, I descried the priestess Pythia in a splendid temple erected over the orifice, sitting on a tripod. As she became overpowered by the powerful exhalations, she uttered the message of the gods. I was so terrified by the dreadful aspect of Pythia and her crazy mutterings, that it was some time before I recalled the wish that was responsible for my appearance at Delphi.

Long hours I looked and listened unheeded by the divinity. Finally she noticed my presence, and bidding me in an outlandish jargon (which, strange to say, I understood) to record her sayings on my tablet, she raised her right hand, and in a hollow tone, said: "Thou wouldst know of thy class president, Walter Snider. Clasp the neck of yonder crane. He will bear thee to Walter. When thou hast seen him, return."

As I clasped the neck of the crane he at once took flight and bore me away with such swiftness that I dared not look where I was going. In a short time he alighted and I found myself in a large city, surrounded by a great crowd of little black people, speaking a language that I recognized as Spanish. As I looked around I saw a very tall and odd looking building with the sign: "Manila Publishing Co., W. L. Snider, Prop." I entered the building, and in one corner found Mr. Snider seated behind a great high desk. He informed me that he published a very popular magazine, similar to "Puck," which he called "La Luce Ola." He was chief cartoonist and manager of the press room, and did a very flourishing business, cartooning

the pygmies of the Philippines Islands. As I was not received very cordially, I again clasped the neck of the crane and returned to the Delphian haunts of my mysterious bird.

On my arrival the priestess said unto me: "Thou wouldst know of the other members of thy class. Go with yonder harpy, Aello, she will guide thee and I charge you not to return until you have seen all."

I took the bird-claw hand of the horrible harpy; distance seemed to be annihilated, and in a short space of time I stood before a neat little cottage in an unknown land. I listened, and I heard the songs of the missionaries. I peeped in at the open window and saw Miss Gray, with a happy smile on her face, and with a score of little dark Armenians all about her. True to her nature and teachings, she was working for the uplifting of mankind.

Even as I turned my attention from the window, a sudden change ensued. Space was again passed, and this time I found myself in a large opera house in my own native land. As the program began, Miss Redfield came out on the stage. Contrary to all expectations she had become a great singer. Her sweet voice so overpowered the audience that many of them forgot themselves and were occasionally uttering peculiar nasal sounds, and hurling large bouquets of red clover and mullein upon the stage, and as I gazed upon the scene I feared that Ethel would be buried in the debris.

My fright seemed to be a warning for the harpy to speed away with me again, and I was soon in a foreign land, in the city of Berlin, in front of a large stone building, which I recognized as the home of a United States consul. I was greeted by a dozen white haired little fellows, ranging in age from two to fourteen. I was anxious to learn which one of the old class was in this far-off land, and I was surprised to learn from one of the children that it was none other than Glen Riley. It appeared that Mr. Riley had moved to this distant land so that he might not be embarrassed by some of his pet (?) theorems in geometry, especially that of the maximum distance of two points in a plane.

Even as the child answered me, I found myself landed in the central part of California, beside what I at first thought to be a chicken park, when suddenly two venerable spinsters appeared before me, followed by about fifty hungry looking Angora cats. I instantly recognized them as the Misses Brown and Ayling. They informed me that they had had very poor success in teaching school, and had founded a cat home as a means of supporting themselves.

For fear that I should be recognized, I again set forth and quickly found myself in the renowned city, Athens. I heard a great shouting in a certain part of the city, and accordingly went thither. Before I knew it I was in the grand Acropolis, where they were holding one of those great athletic meetings, in which I fancied that I saw the old Athenians with their splendid bodies, performing great athletic feats. In this cosmopolitan crowd I saw one that was greater than all; it was Walter Hamilton, who had come all the way from the University of Michigan to attend this meet and to win new honors for Mt. Pleasant.

My mysterious harpy again took me, by the hand and seemed to drag me over hills and through dales, and by the time I became impatient, I found myself in a cottage in Georgia. When the hostess appeared before me I saw that it was no other than Bessie Houghton. She had gone south on account of her health. She said that she often had spells, when it was impossible for her to keep awake, and sometimes she spent days in a sort of trance. I thought of "sweet dreams and old school days."

Even as I had come, I was taken away again, only to find myself in a large hospital in Chicago. As soon as I had entered I was surprised to find Miss Belle Richmond, who politely informed me that the hospital was not for sick people, but for pet dogs and cats, and that we could not be taken in. She was so used to seeing people come with pets of some sort that she supposed I had made a mistake and wanted admission for myself and my vulture-like harpy.

I scarcely heard the woful sounds of the hospital coming to my ears when the harpy bore me away to a land that I knew not. At first I thought that

it was not inhabited, but on looking around I espied a house in the near distance. I went thither, and drawing near, I heard some one in an unknown language. I thought that my harpy had made a mistake, and had taken me to some old Indian chief in Central Africa, but on entering the house, I was surprised to meet Florence Pheil. She told me that she had been studying languages for a number of years and was now mistress of fifty-two different languages, and intended to introduce a new one in the near future that was a combination of them all. This, she thought, would soon be accepted as the international language.

Even as she spoke to me, space was again annihilated and I stood before a large mansion in the suburbs of New York. My attention was instantly attracted to a small stone building at one side of the house, by a sharp explosion. I went to the building and found Richard Curtis experimenting with liquid air. He claimed that he had found a new metal in the air by means of spectrum analysis and was trying to extract it.

Hardly had the sound of the explosion died away when the coasts of America again departed from sight and I was again on foreign land. It was sunny Italy, and I was near the Roman Forum. I was surprised to find Hattie Clark, who was there preparing an article on Roman Architecture, and was intending to deliver it in France and Germany.

After this I went to Berne, Switzerland, where I found Frances Richmond writing fables for the Swiss children, which she had translated from the Chinese. She was intending to go to China, although she did not know what she was going to do when she arrived there.

Scarcely had she finished speaking when my harpy seized me by the arms, and forced me back to her haunt. As we entered the temple the priestess again appeared before me and said, "Hast thou seen all?" I answered that I had. Then she led me to a large mirror in another part of the temple and motioned me to take a seat in a mysterious looking chair. I did as she bade me, and soon I was overcome by the stupefying vapors. As I looked into the mirror, I fancied that I was growing old, years came and passed, misfortune and happiness also came in their turns until at last I was an old man, a crusty, crabbed old bachelor, for in my younger days I had been disappointed in the prospects of matrimony, and never had had the heart to attempt it again.

Even as I saw myself in my old age, I came to myself again. The priestess was still before me muttering magic incantations, and as I looked at her she said: "Hast thou seen all? Art thou contented?" I answered: "I am." Then she bade me again to clasp the neck of the crane, to return home and publish the secrets of the future of the class of 1900.



## Valedictory.

FLORENCE V. PHEIL.



The great Julius Caesar, after his victory over the Pontic king, Pharnaces, sent this message to the Romans: "I came, I saw, I conquered," and surely the same words have some meaning for us. We have come, we have seen a portion of life, and thus far we have conquered. But Caesar conquered a band of men by force of arms, while we have conquered ourselves, that is by overcoming those desires which would take us from our books and lead us to things of lesser account. Therefore, our conquest is greater than Caesar's, for Solomon the wise said: "He that conquereth himself is greater than he that taketh a city."

As a tiny, rippling stream, with its source in some shady wood, glides through the green meadows and pleasant fields, bordered on either side by beautiful flowers, continually widens into a broad river, and finally flows into some vast sea, so we in our childhood, emerging from the shadows of our pleasant homes, entered school with happy surroundings, and have quietly pursued our course adown time's hillside, and now we enter the vast sea of life's struggling humanity.

Perhaps, we as a class have anticipated our graduation with intense delight at the thought that our High School course would be completed. But tonight, dear classmates, who among you is not touched with a feeling of sadness mingled with all the joy? Surely the past years have been the happiest of our lives.

In years, decades, or perhaps ages to come, it may be that some student searching in libraries for books, will not be able to find a single name of this class of 1900 affixed to any of the world's great achievements in literature, science or art, along by the side of Shakespeare, Edison or Millet; but I feel tonight that in life's unwritten book, where may be found many of the world's greatest deeds of heroism, noble daring, and right thinking, that there is space in which all of our names may be written. We may do a grand and noble work, yet, perhaps, only a few of those with whom we have come in daily contact, will ever know our life's motive or sacrifices. Nevertheless, it is our duty and privilege to be the very best we can, to have a high aim and work for that. Nor can we hope to be what we would in two or three years. We may labor a lifetime and yet our ideal will not be realized. Shakespeare has said: "Go wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast." But into whatever channel of life we may drift,

"Let us live for those who love us,  
For the hearts that are kind and true,  
For the Heaven that smiles above us,  
And the good that we may do."

Fellow students, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, and pupils from the eighth grade who will enter the High School next year, we now lay aside the mantle, which you will assume, and our vacant places in the school room will be filled by you. May your future schooldays be as happy as ours have been, and may your work surpass ours. Next year and years after, this place will be occupied by you as graduates, and it is our hearty wish that you may succeed, always.

Board of education and patrons of the school, we thank you sincerely for your interest in our welfare and the advantages you have given us. We appreciate to the fullest extent your efforts to assist us in our work by furnishing a splendid laboratory, chemicals, etc.

Kind teachers, who have ever been as guardian angels over our class, words cannot express our gratitude to you.

Mr. Sage, although you have been with us but a year, in that short time we have learned to love and esteem you. As a superintendent, you have made our school most interesting and have labored for our highest welfare. As instructor, you have ever proved faithful and patient, and we will long remember the valuable instruction we have received from you.

Mr. Shorts, Mr. Albro, Miss Smith and Miss Slater, after years have passed, it may be that we will fade from your recollection, but we cannot forget you. We will ever cherish you in our memories and will remember your kind instruction. May your onward pathway through life be strewn with roses, and not with thorns.

And now, dear classmates, we must bid farewell to our high school days. In future years, whether our lives be stormy or peaceful, when we reflect upon the past, a smile will unseal our lips and the deeper emotions will come back to our hearts, as we think of our many class meetings and the happy hours we have spent in the school room with our other schoolmates and kind teachers. To-night we depart from our High School life, and from one another as High School pupils. Though perchance, while pursuing our studies in higher institutions of learning, we may mingle with one another, it will be far different from our former school-days. Now we have finished and must begin our new work.

The ruddy dawn of the beginning, with its rich store of blessings, appears not far distant, and we must hasten our farewells. Then, as we enter this new work, let us be thorough, and not merely seem so.

"New ties perchance may bind us  
To brighter scenes than this,  
But something left behind us  
Our hearts will always miss.

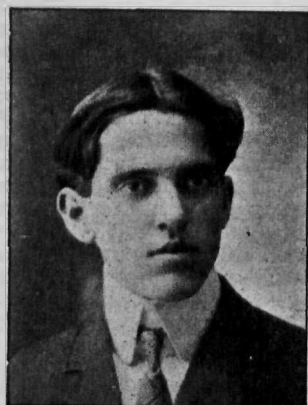
The kind, familiar faces  
Seem silently to say,  
In scenes more fair, remember there  
The friends we leave to-day.

And when at last possessing  
The home that for us waits,  
May God's abundant blessing  
Pass with us through its gates.

We know His hand will guide us  
In mercy, truth, and love;  
And may His care still lead us there,  
To that school formed above."

## Education.

WALTER SNIDER.



Friends, Honorable Trustees, Respected Teachers and Classmates:—

As president of the class, it becomes my pleasant duty to address you upon the occasion of this, the last meeting of the class of 1900, and I know of no better theme for a few minutes thought, at this time, than that of education, from a school boy's point of view.

Classmates, we have been struggling along the pathway of knowledge through many perplexing problems. To-night we may think we have reached our highest ambition, but it is only the first round of the great ladder of education. If we glance back, as it were, upon a rough sea, and trace the winding course of our little bark, which we have carefully and patiently piloted through this dear old High School of ours, we may get some idea of what it

means to be educated. I am persuaded that much that was distasteful to us, and much that was difficult were the very things we needed. We shall soon notice how our education will benefit us, for Bacon says: "Men's thoughts are much according to their inclinations, their discourse and speeches, according to their learning and infused opinions; but their deeds are rather as they have been accustomed." And, therefore, as Machiavel well noted (though in an evil instance), "There is no trusting to the force of nature nor to the bravery of words, except to be corroborated by custom."

We are now able to use sagely, terms which, before, have had no value to us. There is Glen Riley, who, when he gets hungry, can eat whole parallelipeds of bread. For luxuries, we can all dispose of cones of ice-cream, and spheres, such as oranges and peaches. If we should happen to slip upon the lune of an orange, who among us would not think of the incompressibility of the pavements? Or should we be hit in the face by a baseball who would not think straightway of the malleability of one's proboscis? We are also acquainted with the action of HCl upon FeS, as well as we are with that of ancient eggs upon stone. We know why the farmer uses a three-legged milk stool instead of one having four legs, because the plane of his stability is located by three points. We know all this, but we also know that the equilibrium of the plane of life must be determined by three points of a tripod of a well trained perception, intellect and will. This is education. If our teacher should say to us: "Übersetzen sie das," we would not stop and read backwards.

We have solved for ourselves the values of X, Y and Z, and we can look forward into the great unknown future, while the equations of our lives are being solved, realizing that the X depends entirely upon the condition

of our education. Horace Mann, America's greatest leader in the common school movement, thought education to be a series of victories. He said just before his death, that one should "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

We know that we have passed the period of life when our characters are most easily moulded, and tonight stand four years stronger in wisdom and principles than when we entered the High School.

It would now be very fitting, most respected trustees and members of the faculty, who have aided us in this struggle for education, that we assure you that your untiring care has not been all in vain, and that you will ever be remembered by this class of 1900. We affectionately bid you a regretful farewell.

And now, dear classmates, we who have, for sometime, been very dear companions, who have gathered at many class-meetings and who have been very helpful to each other, must to-night bid a farewell to the Mt. Pleasant High School.

## Wealth is Not All.

MABEL GRAY.



"Can gold calm passion or make reason  
shine?  
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the  
mine?  
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less  
To make our fortune, than our happiness."

The richest man in the world is the one who does most for the good of his country, and he who renders the greatest service to the human race.

It is an interesting fact that many poor authors and college students are more popular than some millionaires. The cause may be the baneful influence of money-making and the good results of educational pursuits. Every success in the money-world means failure and desperation to many, while every advancement in the world of intellect is a benefit to society.

There should be something in a man's nature greater than the power to gain wealth.

How often we see a man estimated by the value of his purse! A man should be valued by what he is, not by what he possesses.

Nature expresses in the face and in manners the sentiment which rules in the heart. How very seldom we see a serenely beautiful face possessed by a man who has won worldly fame. It has been said that a man's intellect receives its highest polish where gold and silver lose theirs. Luther left no wealth, but the king of England did not sit as securely upon his throne as Luther did upon the throne of honor.

The true worth of a laborer may be as high above his employer as the sky is above the earth. The greatest success here may become the greatest failure in the world to come.

We often hear the expression, "a self-made man." There are men who make themselves by destroying others. Can we call that man a success who becomes richer by making others poorer? Can we call that person a success who has gained his fortune by taking, but never giving? When petitioned to license the opium traffic, the pagan emperor of China replied: "Nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people." Nevertheless many Christian nations would gladly have seized the opportunity of obtaining an enormous income at the cost of its citizens.

Is it then any wonder that we see such a standard placed by men upon wealth? Should it surprise us to see our citizens willing to be bribed and using their influence to gain wealth rather than to uphold the integrity of the nation?

A man may coin millions and still not be a success. The life of Jay Gould, one of our well-known millionaires, was a decided failure, for he

had but one ambition, he gave his very soul for money. Had he used his wealth properly he would have been a great blessing to mankind. A strong contrast he affords to his daughter Helen, who, succeeding to a portion of the estate donates yearly a large sum for homes for the poor and devotes her life entirely to this work.

When a man dies, we very often hear the question asked: "What did he leave?" Meaning how much money or how much property, not how much good has he done, or how has he made the world better for his having lived in it.

In history also, we find instances of those, who, seeing earth and all its possessions slipping from their grasp, show that friends and the hope of a life eternal are after all worth more to them than the enjoyment of mere earthly advantages. Elizabeth, Queen of England, on her death bed, said: "My kingdom for a moment!" and Richard III, in the battle of Bosworth field, said: "My kingdom for a horse!" but these were gifts wealth could not bestow.

Phillips Brooks writes: "No man can come to greatness who does not feel that what has been given has been given him for the use of mankind." "Character is a mark cut upon something, and this indelible mark determines the only true value of all people and all their work."

Lincoln, one of the nation's idols, was a man of strong character. Money could not induce him to do anything unjust or untrue, and his honor and fame increases each year.

Money-making has been called unhealthful to a man when it causes him to lose all thoughts of the beauties of nature, when it makes him confuse the distinction between right and wrong, and when it causes him to blot out all thoughts of his highest good. It can not be otherwise when it occupies his thought and leads him to live scantily only for the satisfaction that his pile of money is being heaped higher and higher each day.

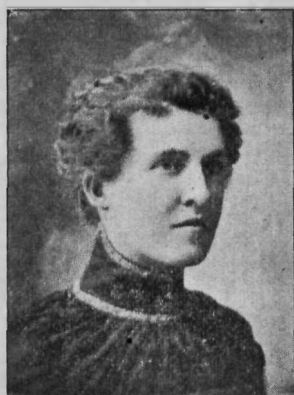
'Think'st thou the man, whose mansions hold  
The worldling's pride, the miser's gold,  
Obtains a richer prize  
Than he, who in the his cot at rest,  
Finds heavenly peace, a willing guest,  
And bears the earnest in his breast  
Of treasures in the skies?"

Although abundance may be regarded as a blessing to the wise, the possession of gold cannot be compared with the happiness that comes from the pursuit of wisdom, or with a character that is strong in the maintenance of right.



## Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GERTRUDE F. AYLING.



Our first artist in poetry, Henry W. Longfellow, was born in Portland, Maine, February 7th, 1807.

In the same year were born the poets J. G. Whittier, and N. P. Willis, the latter also in Portland, while Charles Sumner, R. W. Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne and O. W. Holmes, all New Englanders, were his life-long friends.

Longfellow's father, Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard, a lawyer and legislator, traced his ancestry back to William Longfellow, who came to Portland, from England, in 1651.

Mrs. Longfellow, the poet's mother, formerly Miss Zilpah Wadsworth, was a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Miller, "The Puritan Maiden," as was also the poet, W. C. Bryant.

Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," is, therefore, a tribute to his mother.

The Longfellows were a family in comfortable circumstances, peaceful and honest, for many generations back.

The home of Longfellow was not only a delightful place to visit on account of the cordial welcome by the poet, but for its historic associations, as well, for it was none other than the old "Cragie House," which had been Washington's headquarters during the Revolutionary war.

It was here that he had collected a magnificent and interesting library, the walls of which were hung with crayon portraits of Emerson, Sumner and Hawthorne. A fine statue of Washington was also to be seen, and in the center of the room, at the table where the poet wrote, lay, the "iron pen," a gift of his native state, made from a link of the chain of Bonnivard, prisoner of Chillon; the handle, of wood from the frigate "Constitution," was bound with a circle of gold, set with three gems brought from Siberia, Ceylon and Maine.

Near the pen was Coleridge's inkstand, out of which came the "Ancient Mariner." A fragment of the coffin of the great Italian poet, Dante, rested in a glass box upon the table, and near the table stood the waste paper basket of the poet Thomas Moore.

But the best beloved of all the treasures in his room was the arm-chair given him by the Cambridge school children on his 72d birthday. It was made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree, and Longfellow prized it very dearly and expressed his thanks in a beautiful poem entitled, "From My Arm-Chair."

"Only your love and your remembrances could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches,  
leafless now so long,  
Blossom again in song."

He ordered that all children who wished to see it, at his home, should not be turned away; so for days the patter of feet was constantly heard.

Mr. Longfellow attended various schools in Portland until he was fourteen years old, when he was sent to Bowdoin College, where he was graduated in the class of 1825, Hawthorne being his classmate. He soon went abroad for travel and study, and on his return took a professorship at Bowdoin, and subsequently at Harvard.

While teaching yet in Bowdoin, he married Miss Mary Potter, a beautiful and highly accomplished woman, and while abroad lost his young wife at Rotterdam. How deeply the loss touched him one may see by his poem, "Footsteps of Angels:"

"And with them the being beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven."

For seventeen years Longfellow was professor at Harvard, beloved and esteemed by all. It was during this time that he purchased the "Cragie House." Having married Miss Fanny Appleton in 1843, he now took up his abode in his long coveted mansion. His second wife was a lady of remarkable loveliness, being a striking brunette, queenly, dignified, gentle and considerate.

Mr. Longfellow passed twenty years in unmingled bliss with his wife, in their beautiful Cambridge home, and during this time it is said one could not look at him without a sense of his happiness.

During these years three daughters, "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair," were born, as well as two sons, Ernest and Charles.

His greatest works were written also during this period, *Evangeline*, *Kavanaugh*, "The Golden Legend," *Hiawatha* and the *Courtship of Miles Standish*.

On the eve of July 9, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death, her light muslin dress catching fire from a muslin taper with which she was sealing an envelope, enclosing some of the curls she had cut from the head of one of her children. In spite of her husband's effort to save her, the flames did their terrible work.

This crushing grief made Longfellow an old man, yet he continued his literary labors, exhibiting the same kind courtesy to all. Mr. Longfellow was well paid for most of his poems, though many of his best were unrecompensed. He would never promise to write a poem, although he was promised a thousand dollars to write a sonnet on the death of Garfield, but he refused, not knowing whether he could satisfy himself.

Mr. Longfellow was of medium height, with a full, broad chest; he had a high, prominent forehead, square temples, blue eyes, full, sharply outlined lips, closing with firmness, a rosy complexion and, in later life, snowy hair and beard.

He had, of course, many distinguished friends, and three special favorites who spent Saturday afternoons with him for many years, are described in his poem, "Three Friends of Mine." These were Charles Sumner, the statesman, Professor Felton, professor of Greek at Harvard college, and Professor Agassiz, professor of natural science at the same place. Mr. Hawthorne was another visitor. Longfellow's poem entitled, "Hawthorne," written at the latter's death, shows his high regard for the great American Romance writer.

In 1882 the bells of Cambridge tolled seventy-six strokes, when all who

heard knew that the beloved poet, "The First Citizen," as the Cambridge people called him, had passed away. Tokens of mourning were exhibited on all houses, and his draped portrait was in the shop windows.

In regard to his works, the words which Motley quoted in a letter to Longfellow in 1826, was appropriate to the latter:

"I heard a brother poet of yours, for whom I hope you have as much regard as I have, say the other day that you had not only written no line which, dying, you would wish to blot, but not one which, living, you had not a right to be proud of."

Mr. Longfellow stood, in learning, in themes, and in his wonderful power of telling stories in song, in front of all other poets who have enriched American literature.

"Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction,  
That follows after prayer."

This song has found a place in every American household, "swaying the hearts of men and women whose sorrows have been soothed and whose lives raised by his gentle verse."

Pure as crystal are all his works. His life was likewise lofty and blameless, sweet and unselfish.

During a heavy fall of snow he was laid to rest in Mount Auburn cemetery.

Governor Long, who spoke at the public funeral services, said: "May we, like him, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time; may our sadness resemble sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain; may we know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong; may we make the better soul that slumbers to a holy, calm delight; may we never mistake heaven's distant lamps for sad, funeral tapers, and may we ever hear the voice from the sky like a falling star.—Excelsior."

## Life and Works of Thomas A. Edison.

C. DE BE VOISE ROYAL.

Thomas Alva Edison was born in Milan, Erie County, Ohio, February 11, 1847. His ancestors on his mother's side were Scotch, and on his father's, Dutch. From his mother he inherits the keen mind and deep thinking power of the Scotch, and from his father, the sturdy determination and the power of endurance of the Dutch, and it is this great strength of mind and body which has enabled him to attain success in so many of his great experiments.

His mother, who had been a school teacher, superintended the early education of Thomas. It is said he attended a public school but two months in his life.

At a very early age he exhibited a remarkable talent for experimenting. One of his first experiments he made at the age of four. He had often wondered how little chickens came from eggs, and on being told that the warmth of the hen's body caused them to hatch, he thought he would experiment for himself. One day they missed Tom, and after hunting a long time they found him curled up on a nestful of eggs in the barn, trying to hatch them out with the warmth of his body. His sister vouches for the truth of this, but it annoys Mr. Edison even now, if anyone speaks of it.

When Tom was about seven years old his family moved to Port Huron, Michigan. At the age of twelve he secured a position as newsboy on the Grand Trunk R. R. He spent his spare moments in reading good books, and soon became very fond of chemistry. He liked to try experiments contrary to directions, and by so doing he often got into trouble.

Edison's idea was that all learned men read all the books ever printed, and as one end of the railroad run was at Detroit he determined to visit the public libraries and read all the books he could secure.

He early showed a tact for business, as is shown by the following story: When he was but fifteen years old the "Detroit Free Press" gave him the exclusive right to sell its papers at the towns along the railroad. At this time the battles of the Civil War were being fought and the people were very anxious for the news. The operators along the route agreed to assist him by telegraphing ahead that the news would be found in the "Free Press." He often bought extra copies and sold them at advanced prices. After the battle of Pittsburg Landing he bought one thousand extra copies and sold them at an average of twenty cents apiece, although they cost him but two and one-half cents each.

With this money he bought some old type and set up his printing press in one end of the railroad car. Here he published the "Grand Trunk Herald," which gave the news of the road. One day while experimenting he dropped a bottle of acid on the floor and came near burning the car. The baggage-man was so angry that he threw Edison and his printing press out of the car door and boxed his ears so hard that he has ever since been deaf in one ear.

He soon joined a printer in Port Huron and began the publication of the "Paul Pry." They printed many jokes on prominent people. One day, when walking along the river front he was met by one of his subscribers, who attempted to make him apologize for certain statements in the paper. Edison laughingly refused, whereupon the man threw him into the river. Edison now began the study of electricity, that he might become a telegraph opera-

tor. He had saved the life of the little daughter of the station-master at the risk of his own life, so the master kindly offered to teach him telegraphy.

A few months' diligent study prepared him to accept a position in a Port Huron office, and it was not long before he was able "to pound brass," as the operators say, for fifty dollars a month.

Trouble at this place caused him to leave for Canada, where he soon obtained employment. In this office he was required to print the word "six" every few minutes. This was too much trouble for Edison, so he invented a machine which did the work for him. One day he was reading a very interesting book and failed to get a message directing him to stop one or two trains which were moving towards each other. Discovering his mistake he jumped on the train which was then leaving and came to the United States.

He again secured an office on the Grand Trunk Railroad, but place after place he lost by experimenting. Finally he secured an office in Cincinnati. One night when the men were off on a "spree" Edison remained and did the work of several men. The manager was so pleased that he raised Edison's salary from sixty to one hundred dollars a month. From here he went to Memphis, where he commanded a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. His ability won the respect of some, but others grew very jealous of him. One of the managers, who was himself trying to invent a machine, now known as a repeater, was very jealous of Edison.

Edison finally invented a repeater, which saved the company the work of one man. This added greatly to his growing reputation, but so enraged the manager that he made a false charge against Edison and had him dismissed.

While Edison earned a large salary, he sent most of it home to help his poor parents, and the rest he spent for telegraph instruments and other apparatus for experiments. He determined to go to Louisville, starting from Memphis. He walked about one hundred miles, then, by fortune, he met a conductor, who secured him a pass for the rest of the distance. When he arrived at Louisville, the operators took him for a tramp, but their minds were soon changed when they saw him at the key-board. He remained at Louisville for some time, but lost his place, as usual, by experimenting. He then went home to Port Huron, where he remained until he was twenty-one. At this time he discovered how to make one wire do the work of two, thus saving telegraph companies thousands of dollars. A company was so pleased with his work that they gave Edison a pass to Boston, and a position in the Franklin office. Having traveled several days, he was in a very untidy condition when he presented himself to the manager. The well-dressed operators dubbed him the "jay from the woolly west," but the "jay" became one of the best liked in the office.

In 1864 he conceived the idea of sending two messages at the same time over the same wire; he did not perfect an instrument, however, until '71. He afterwards improved this instrument so that it would send sixteen messages over one wire, eight in each direction. This has saved millions of dollars to telegraph companies.

He also improved the telegraph system so that instead of sending fifty or sixty words a minute, as they had formerly done, they could send several thousand words a minute.

Later he invented a printing telegraph, which is used in all the large stock quotation houses. This brought him thousands of dollars profit. About this time Bell invented the telephone in an imperfect state. Mr. Edison completed it by inventing what is known as the transmitter, which is used with the Bell telephone all over the world.

His next invention is known as the megaphone, by which people can whisper and be heard a quarter of a mile apart, and communicate with ships far out at sea. Mr. Edison invented the phonograph, which is considered one of his greatest works. His phonograph alone has made him a millionaire.

Mr. Edison and Mr. Simms invented the electric torpedo, which runs in the water and blows up ships in battle. He also made what is known as a water telephone, a chemical telephone and a mercury telephone, and later produced the kinetoscope, out of which has grown the vitascope and the biograph.

He has given to the world the electric pen, and best of all, the beautiful electric light, which is used all over the world.

In 1873 Mr. Edison was married to Miss Mary E. Stillwell, a young lady who had been helping him in his experiments. She was sitting at a machine when Edison proposed. When the wedding day came Mr. Edison was so busy he forgot his matrimonial engagement, but she forgave him, and they were married the next day. Mr. Edison lives in Menlo Park, New Jersey, where he has a beautiful home, and devotes his entire attention to the invention of electrical machines. Here he invents many scientific instruments which are a great help to the world. He is known as the "Wizard of Menlo Park." He has a large library in his home and also one in his workshop for his workmen. It is said that every scientific magazine in the world comes to this library, and he encourages his men to read and study as he does.

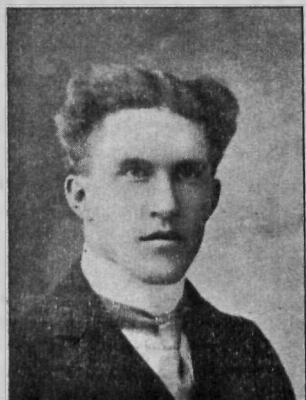
While friendly and kind to his men, he is at the same time a very hard worker. Sometimes he works for two days without stopping to eat or sleep. At one time he locked the doors and compelled his important workmen to stay in the shop with him two days and a half without any sleep, in order that he might carry out some important work which could not be delayed. At the end of that time he sent his workmen home for two days and he himself slept for thirty-six hours.

The world has been greatly benefited by the inventions of this great man, and watches with interest the movements of "The Wizard of Menlo Park." One of the great lessons learned from this life is that industry and perseverance have their reward.



## Henry Clay.

GLEN RILEY.



Every age has its great men; every great event has its great men, and there are great men to fill every great place. There never has been a time in America's history when we needed a great man that he was not produced.

There are many men that would be great if some opportunity would present itself in order that they might show their greatness. But a man who will rise to greatness in the ordinary events of life and shine brighter than his fellow men is doubly great. The man, in my mind, is a person whom you all know by the title of "The Peace Maker," or, in other words, Henry Clay.

Many of his biographers have attempted to find for him a noble ancestry in England, but in vain. The greatness of his name rests entirely upon his own in-

dividual efforts. Henry Clay was born April 12, 1777, in Hanover county, Virginia, in a neighborhood called the "Slashes." His father died when Henry was but four years old, leaving a widow and seven children. Henry was the fifth. He received no better schooling than the other poor boys of the neighborhood.

Let us imagine the old log school-house that he attended, standing beside our Mt. Pleasant High School. His, a log hut six or seven logs high, with two small windows and an opening at one end for a door; with logs for seats and the ground for a floor. At one end is the teacher, with more hickory switches lying near than books. This was the incubator in which the American eagle reared her fledgling who was to be the stern defender of her rights, and whose voice should not be the scream of defiance, but rather that of "Peace" and "Right." Ours is a beautiful two-story brick building, with a flag floating over it so large that it could embrace the little log school-house in its starry folds. What a difference there is!

Friends! It is not education alone that makes the man, but it is the will power and determination behind it.

The year 1797 found Henry Clay at Lexington, Kentucky. The society he found here was congenial to him and he was congenial to it. It has been said that here he made his first public speech. "While attending a debating club he was unexpectedly called upon to express his opinion on the subject in question. In the embarrassment and excitement of the moment he began: 'Gentlemen of the Jury.' A muffled laugh went around the audience, increasing his embarrassment, and the awkward words came out again. But after he could get his thoughts collected he poured forth a flow of reasoning so lucid, and at the same time so impassioned that his hearers were spell-bound."

This speech stamped him as a remarkable man in the community and laid open before him a road to success. He was a man of uncommon brightness of intellect, of fascinating address, with little effort making the little he knew pass for much. He was of high spirits, warm sympathies and a cheery nature. The educated readily recognized him to be a man of striking ability. Such, in brief, were the natural advantages of the man, who with but meagre school advantages, we shall follow through some of the most important questions ever laid before this republic.

He first took up the study of law, and it is said that he soon gained a reputation as a lawyer. "No murderer defended by Henry Clay was ever sentenced to death, and very early in his professional career he acquired the reputation of being able to assure the life of any criminal, whatever the degree of guilt."

Perhaps no public character in America's history has been the subject of more heated controversy than Henry Clay. During the long period of his life, covering nearly half a century, he had a larger share in national legislation than any contemporary statesman—not, indeed, as an originator of ideas and systems, but as an arranger of measures, and as a leader of political forces. This may be illustrated by any one of the great measures with which his name is associated as, for example, the appropriation of land for the cutting of the canal at the rapids of the Ohio river, the Missouri compromise, and the Omnibus bill.

December 29, 1806, marks the date of Clay's first taking a seat in the senate of the United States. When a man at so early an age is chosen for so high a position, a place reserved for the seniors in politics, if only to serve out an unexpired term, it shows that his constituents consider him to be a man of exceptional ability. Although at the time of his entering the senate he lacked three months and seventeen days of the age of thirty years, the constitutionally required age of the United States senators, it appears that this point was not noticed.

Clay immediately plunged into the current of proceedings as if he had been there all his life. During the remainder of the unexpired term, he showed himself to be a master of men and national principles.

Clay was no sooner elected a member of the House of Representatives, in 1811, than he was chosen speaker of the House. Of all political elements this was to Clay the most congenial. He was its natural leader. It may be said without exaggeration that it was his leadership in the House that hastened the war of 1812. In this again he was not an originator of the war question, he was the greatest and most active patriot in the war, an arranger of the measures, and leader of the party. And we know to-day something of the importance of the leader of the House to the President and army.

Who knows what the hot-headed members of Congress, burning with revenge for the sunken Maine and the dead mariners, might have enacted had it not been for that great leader of the House who controlled its deliberation during the Spanish-American war?

The question of the Missouri compromise was one of the most portentous that ever threatened the Union. Every one will admit that the peaceable settlement of that question was mainly due to Henry Clay's zeal, perseverance, skill, and the moving warmth of his personal appeals. He did not confine himself to speeches, addressed to the House in this question, but he went from man to man, expostulating, beseeching and persuading in his most winning way.

His success in this question added greatly to his reputation as a statesman and orator, and gave new strength to his influence. It was here that he gained the life-long title of "The Great Pacificator," or "The Peacemaker." No man can tell the debt we owe to Clay for this measure alone. This measure postponed the rupture between the North and South until a later date. Had the rebellion come at that time, no one can tell what would have resulted, or what might have been the history of this Western world. In this, again, he was not an originator, but he took such a prominent part in its progression, that it appeared his.

Henry Clay was twice nominated candidate for the Presidency of the United States, but he was defeated both times. He was defeated because he was on the unpopular side, but he was on that side because he sincerely believed in the principles that he advanced. He often said during his campaigns: "I would rather be right than President." Such a defeat was victory to our hero. Would that we had more such men now. The common lot of politicians would rather be President than to be right.

Clay could not be elected in this day. The great parties are looking for men who have never antagonized any class of people in any section of our nation, or that the daily papers have not maligned. Nevertheless, Clay's star shines just as brightly now as ever.

He is described as a man of "tall stature; not a handsome face, but a pleasing, winning expression, an eloquence always melodious and in turn majestic, fierce, playful, insinuating, irresistibly appealing to all the feelings of human nature; a certain magnificent grandeur of bearing in public action; a noble, generous heart, making himself always ready to help the needy; a cheery, sympathetic nature, withal, gay, spirited, always ready to enjoy and always glad to see others enjoy themselves," such a man was born to be popular.

At his feet we lay our gifts, and upon his brow we place the wreath of honor and glory—his great national achievements.

## Vergil and Homer.

FLORENCE PHEIL.

While in an art gallery a few days ago, admiring different pieces of sculpture, my eye suddenly rested upon two statues, the faces of which appeared familiar. After a few moments my thoughts flew back to my old schooldays, when I had studied Latin, and I knew instantly that these statues could be no other than those of the great poets, Vergil and Homer. Strangely enough the statues of these two illustrious men, who had written and thought so much alike, stood side by side. As I gazed upon the beautiful works of art, I had a great longing to hear them speak and express their opinions of the present day.

Hark! Someone is speaking. I turn to see who is behind me, but no one is near. I hear the voice again. Can it be that statues have life? As my eye rests upon them again, to my great astonishment I perceive that Vergil's lips are moving, and I hear these words:

"Ah, Homer, I have been here many years and have observed the people and the customs of the present time. I can remain silent no longer. How unlike the times in which I lived, when we made our native offerings to queenly Juno, mighty Jupiter and bright-faced Venus. It is said that now there is but one God, a God of love, whom all worship, with love and not with offerings. Well, it is much better. One object of my Aeneid was to bring the people back to the old loyalty and fidelity to the gods, which was rapidly dying out. But that purpose was not accomplished.

Today our works are being studied in every school, and it is said that scholars find a great resemblance between the Aeneid and the Iliad and Odyssey. Well, Homer, I was a great admirer of you and studied your works with the greatest interest." He paused a moment, and Homer replied: "It is true, Vergil, that your Aeneid does resemble my Iliad and Odyssey, some, but do not let that trouble you. Mine was the first epic ever written, and consequently you had no other to study, and applying yourself to it, as you did, you could scarcely do otherwise than imitate. Moreover, later writers have imitated you in their works. For instance, Milton in his famous epic, Paradise Lost, and Dante, in the Inferno. And besides, no great natural epic can be produced in a country where the mythology is borrowed as it was in Italy. All of their myths came from Greece, you know.

When I wrote there were no others with whom to contend. You were court poet, and with famous contemporaries sued for the emperor's favor. However, there is one difference in our works, Vergil. I lived upon the earth in a time when everything was peopled with gods, when they came to earth in disguised forms, and even took part in the wars, and when I said: 'Sing, Muse,' I meant that the poem was to be sung, and really besought the muse of poetry to tell me the events, and believed that she did. I also had a personal interest in the battles of Troy and the adventures of Odysseus, while you wrote simply for the beauty of the poem and to please the people. But do not let the similarity between the poems trouble you, for you were justified in imitating."

"It gratifies me to hear you speak thus, Homer," responded Vergil. "I have been thinking of this matter for a long time. But there is one thing that I regret, and that is that I was not permitted to live longer to complete the Aeneid and not to leave it in the rough."

Homer spoke again. "Your Aeneid is really a beautiful piece of work and does not require much polishing. But is it not strange, the simple faith we old Greeks had in the gods? In your time the faith was fast dying out. I wonder who in civilized countries at the present day would worship cruel, resentful Juno, or jealous Pallas. But let us discuss some of the modern writers. What a fine epic Tennyson produced in the Idylls of the King! And as for Milton's Paradise Lost, every age should be proud of that. Then, aside from epics, how do you suppose the magnificent Macbeth or Hamlet of Shakespeare would have suited the later Greeks and Romans? By the way, there seems to be no modern Greek writer of fame, and the names of only a few from Italy have come before the world. Ah, who would believe that dear old Greece, with all of her culture and refinement, would ever become the comparatively unimportant country that she now is?"

Vergil answered: "Glorious Italy, governing the whole world, is now nearly as unimportant as Greece. Famous now for its sunny skies and beautiful ruins. But in speaking of modern literature, we must not omit Evangelina, the production of an American writer, nor should the German poets be overlooked. How I should like to pass a lifetime in this enlightened age!"

He paused. Some of my friends entered just then and I was not permitted to hear any more of this interesting conversation indulged in by these classic authors of the marble lips.

## History of the K. O. H.

BY H. G. MILLER OF THE "SACRED ORDER."

Omnipotence decreed that the natal hour of the K. O. H. should come in that month of the year when on great Olympus stormy heights the gods do mostly strive with concoctions of their ancient arts to terrify and awe the souls of men—March.

As when, in mountain heights, the tourist oft sees upon the distant peaks, shrouded with the storm-king's pall the frolicking sun-beams gambol in sportive revelry, transforming the scene into one of grandeur as nature's great searchlight steals momentarily from behind its prison clouds, so on a day in March, of the year '97, the plodding traveler, foot-sore and weary, pausing to rest within the shadow that great Olympus cast as storm-legions gathered round her crest, might well have wondered in whose honor the gods suddenly transformed her into a mountain of light and beauty, as in the full effulgence of noon-tide glory, the K. O. H. was born.

The cause which gave it birth was the Normal High School oratorical contest.

In the early portion of the year of 1897 the Mount Pleasant High School challenged her older sister, the State Normal, to a contest in oratory, to be held in the Opera House Friday evening, March 26, '97.

A friendly rivalry had sprung up between the two schools on the field of athletics, which was to be deepened into bitterness by the contest.

The Normalites organized a society, led by McCormick and Burdick, for the purpose of supporting their contestants. The High School immediately mustered into action a force, strong of muscle and loose of tongue, that rallied with youthful zeal and bull-dog determination, to the needed support of the old school which is so dear to the heart of every member of the K. O. H.

This organization was the forerunner of the present society.

As the time for the contest approached, the strife between the two schools became intense. McCormick and Burdick, on behalf of their school, succeeded, by the use of windy buffoonery and hot-house oratory to so arouse dormant enthusiasm and so-called ambition, that they actually raised \$15, and all for the sneaking purpose of appropriating the heart of the Auditorium that they might have plenty of space in which to absorb oxygen. But ere they could realize the fruition of their cherished scheme, the unexpected happened, for it is the unexpected that is always happening. I believe it was an angel, or an inspiration, that brought this timely news to the ears of the K. O. H. For lo and behold, when the seats went on sale, the entire parquet had been purchased for the High School through K. O. H. tact, and McCormick and Burdick with features grief-warped, followed by a mob of howling and wrathful disciples of learning, wended their way like a storm-beaten funeral cortege to Michigan's hub of learning to bemoan their fate and petition divine interference.

The outcome was that Superintendent P. H. Kelley was asked to break bread in company with the Normal principal. Next followed a peace adjustment, and though not of such sublimity as our late Hague conference, yet the little differences were adjusted to the honor of both parties, and the pipe of peace smoked in an atmosphere of fraternal love.

The court declared that the parquet be surveyed and a line drawn divid-



ing it into equal sections, one of which was, of course, to be donated to the High School. But as this constitution contained no clause disposing of the gallery, K. O. H. foresight secured that also.

And, when on that night of February 26, the High School went down, to defeat, they at least were compensated by the gallant and brilliant support of the K. O. H. Down from the gallery, alive with ribbons and streamers of yellow and blue, thundered the molten torrent of their invective, completely swallowing up all Normal enthusiasm.

Shortly after a regular society was formed and officers elected. They have held numerous banquets, and by their effort the reputation and dignity of the school was upheld and progress made. In accordance with the laws that govern their life vocations, the members are now separating, but never, I know, till that hour when God summons them to the life beyond, will they forget the old school and the fond remembrances connected with the society known as the K. O. H.

## The High School Alumni.

The Alumni Association of the Mt. Pleasant High School was organized in 1893, with thirty-four school graduates as members. Many large classes have since been graduated from the High School, and the membership of the Alumni Association now numbers 125. The organization attempts, as its main work, to follow each of its members in his life's progress since the year of his graduation. A strong effort is made to keep a correct list of the names, homes and vocations of the Alumni members, which list is published annually in the School Manual and the Senior Annual.

On the Friday evening following commencement day, in June of each year, the Alumni Association gives a reception, in the Commercial hall, to the members of the graduating class, at which time the graduates are welcomed as new members of the Alumni. The annual Alumni banquet and ball follow the reception. This event is the climax of the social events of the school year, and the Alumni and friends look forward with much pleasure to it.

The annual meeting of the association is held in the High School on the evening of the second Friday in May, at which time the officers for the following year are elected, and the various committees are appointed.

The following statements are of much interest to Alumni members and school patrons:

Up to the present year, seventeen classes, a total of 125 students, have been graduated from the High School, of which number, 73 were girls and 52 were boys. To date, 20 of the 73 girls have been married. The greater part of the graduates became teachers, 58 of the 125 having taught in the schools of this state. Sixteen have attended the State Normal College at Ypsilanti, and 50 have been students in the Central State Normal School. Twelve have attended the various departments of the State University at Ann Arbor, others have entered Albion College and the Michigan Agricultural College. The various offices and business houses of this city have been fortunate in securing the services of 28 of the graduates, while the city banks have engaged as bank clerks, five of the Alumni members.

The largest class graduated from the High School was the class of 1898, which numbered 20. The smallest class was the class of 1889, which had but two members. There have been graduated five classes of four members each, and three classes of three members each. There are 12 deceased members of the Alumni Association.

—B. C. SHORTS.

## From "Indianism."

(Read at the Chippewa Club.)

P. F. DODDS.

I once heard a tale from an old pioneer,  
That seemed at the time, most remarkably queer;  
He told it with force, and in vigorous prose,  
With oaths interspersed from beginning to close.  
The story described such a wonderful shot,  
That I scarcely know whether 'twas truthful or not;  
But that you may hear it, and judge of its truth,  
I'll gladly repeat it as heard in my youth:  
"Once on a time," as the stories commence,  
"I found myself lost in a forest so dense  
That the rays of the sun never entered therein;  
I was hungry and weary and wet to the skin,  
When near where I stood I espied a young squaw  
That I knew at a glance was a proud Chippewa.  
And just at that moment I felt very glad  
To encounter the damsel instead of her dad.  
Her name I since found to be "Little Maw-chun,"  
which her father, a rascally "son of a gun,"  
Had named her, because by old Dame Nature's freak,  
Each foot had one toe for each day of the week,  
And looked very much like an old-fashioned fan,  
Of course, very dark, on account of the tan.  
As soon as she saw me she gave a low cry,  
And quick as chain-lightning an arrow let fly;  
Not one such as Cupid would flash from his bow,  
But one such as Tell sent with force through his foe.  
Yet speeding fast onward towards that very part  
That Cupid would choose for a target—the heart.  
Before it could reach me and pierce my poor breast,  
I leaned gently forward and "pulled down my vest"  
So far that a package of Hoyle's playing cards—  
Which has great attraction for hunter and bards—  
Just covered that organ so needful to life,  
And which ought to be sheltered in every strife  
When I had withdrawn, with a terrible groan,  
That arrow of ash-tree, sharp-pointed with stone,  
I made up my mind let them say what they would,  
There's nothing too bad to contain something good,  
For the point of the arrow had pierced that blest pack,  
And thus saved my life, for a second attack  
Which very soon followed, for quick as a flash  
She drew a small dagger that hung from her sash,  
And made a bee-line for the place where I stood—  
I did not retreat, 'twould have done me no good—  
But when she arrived within plain, easy reach  
With her dagger upraised, I recovered my speech

And asked her forgiveness for being abroad  
In that forest intended for Indians, by God.  
She stared in surprise and her dagger she dropped,  
A course I had prayed she might deign to adopt,  
And held out her hand in a confident way,  
Then smiled, as if wishing my fears to allay,  
And with sign and grimace, led me off to the right,  
Where at some little distance we saw the bright light  
Of a fire, near which sat an old withered hag,  
On a cushion made out of the skin of a stag.  
Her face was so horrid the imps would rebel  
In case the Almighty consigned her to hell;  
Yet down by her side, with my back to a tree,  
I was placed in a trice, by the maiden's decree.  
I then thought that "Little Maw-chun" was in love,  
And I banked on the hope that her passion would prove  
Sufficient to save me from danger or harm,  
But soon I had plenty of cause for alarm,  
For "Little Maw-chun," as she passed to and fro,  
Had quietly severed the string from her bow,  
And in less time than I have been telling it, she  
Had bound me as tight as a brick to the tree.  
In this situation I sat quite a spell,  
Expecting each moment a summons to dwell  
All the unknown hereafter, in Heaven or Hell—  
For which place I'm going to, no one can tell—  
Then quickly I started on hearing a yell,  
And a noise just behind me as if something fell:  
And glancing around I beheld such a sight  
As filled me with rapturous joy and delight,  
For there at my feet, on the stag's ample pelt,  
Lay the horrid old heldam, as dead as a smelt;  
The ball that had killed her, just grazing the tree,  
Had severed my bond, and at once set me free;  
And there near the tree sat the "Little May-chun,"  
With a foot in each hand, for it seems that the gun  
Had shot through the head, just behind the hag's nose,  
Cut my bonds and poor "Little Maw-chun's" fourteen toes  
As she stood on a stone keeping guard over me,  
While I sat there most helplessly bound to the tree.  
I may grieve some at "Little Maw-chun's" hapless lot,  
But I'll bless that old hunter for that matchless shot.

## Athletics.

### A. B. ALBRO.

A meeting, in the assembly room, of sixteen enthusiastic boys; several weeks of earnest, hard, systematic work on the High School playground; bumps, bruises and sprains galore; a record of four victories and one defeat, and as a fitting finale, a glorious banquet to our fair friends—such is the history of the High School football team during the season of ninety-nine.

When it was decided that the High School should be represented on the gridiron, immediately the cry of "impossible" was raised. Backed by the three "p's"—push, pluck and persistence—overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and obeying orders, the team rounded out into fine form in about four weeks. Considering the fact that no candidate for the team had ever played football before, it was a very remarkable showing.

Alma High School was our first victim. One Saturday morning in October we gathered to appear at seven o'clock sharp. Undoubtedly our "center" forgot to wind his clock the night before—as it was nearly eight when he rounded the corner of Broadway, mounted on his fiery white steed. A jolly crowd of High School girls, under the chaperonage of Miss Slater, accompanied us and materially aided in Alma's defeat. On the way to Alma some of the boys showed a remarkable amount of artistic skill in scaling fences and carving pumpkins. The story of the game is brief. During the first half, line bucking by our left half-back, ably assisted by G. Riley at right half, scored a touch-down, from which a goal was kicked. Alma's long-drawn out signals caused us much annoyance. In the second half our tricks came into evidence, and Albro, on the "quarterback run" and Snider on "full-back across," made rapid gains, which resulted in a second touch-down. No goal. Score, 11—0.

This ended our first game. No words can do justice to the ride back and the excitement of the fire at Shepherd.

Our second game was played on the Normal campus with the team from the St. Louis High School. The team had been strengthened by the addition of Conrad, who took our half-back's place. In this game the boys showed remarkable sprinting powers, and the St. Louis boys were out-classed from the start. Mt. Pleasant began to realize that there was a quality as important in good football as weight—called snap—and that our boys possessed that quality to a remarkable degree. Hamilton made a run of 60 yards, Conrad one of 65 yards, and Albro one of 40 and one of 80 yards for touch-downs. The score of 38 to 0 tells the tale better than idle words ever can.

The third game recorded our only defeat. Despite the fact that the fates had been daily invoked to give us a dry field and a pleasant day, a continual downpour was our lot at Ithaca. If our center had not misunderstood one signal, the score would have been different, but Ithaca's guards would eventually have won the day for them. Aided by a muddy field, these two men won the game for their team, and with each of their three touch-downs our chances of the U. of M. cup faded further and further away. A plucky up-hill battle, interspersed with brilliant dashes by our quarterback (Albro), Snider's elegant line bucking, and Conrad's brilliant tackling, tells the story. Score, Ithaca 17, Mt. Pleasant 0.

'Tis said "revenge is sweet," and surely no revenge was ever sweeter than

that which was accomplished in what Mt. Pleasant people have chosen to call "the best game of football ever played in Mt. Pleasant." Ithaca came here for a return game, and the fates were with us, for we had a dry field and a pleasant day. Our old left half-back played at right half; the team braced up and Ithaca's guards were as naught before our onslaughts. The visitors won the toss, and by slow progress came within striking distance, thus securing a goal from the field. We kicked off and finally held them for downs. Then came our attack. Our left half bucked the line for repeated gains. Snider crossed tackle for yards at a time, and Conrad proved himself a tower of strength. Our quarter fairly outran Mercury on the fake pass, and a touch-down and goal soon rewarded our efforts. Score, 6—5.

In the second half, Conrad's fumble of the kick-off lost us the ball, and Ithaca, by stubborn work, secured their only touch-down, from which they kicked a goal. Score, 6—11.

We kicked off, and a pleasant piece of kicking caused the ball to bound back from Ithaca's center and Collin fell on the ball. A few minutes later Snider went over the line for our second touch-down. No goal. Score, 11—11.

Ithaca then kicked off and we steadily advanced the ball to our fifty-yard line. Our quarter was informed that it was "now or never," and on the next down, ably interfered for by our left half and Conrad, Albro ran through a broken field for a touch-down, cleverly dodging the fullback and sprinting away from their fastest runners. Score, 16—11. Here time was called and our revenge was complete.

Our last game was with Clare. They showed some good individual work, but great lack of system, so that our boys were able to duplicate the St. Louis score. The feature of the game was the 105-yard dash between our quarterback and Clare's quarterback, when we tried the quarterback run on the first down after a kick-off. Albro won out after running ninety yards, and so scored a touch-down. Hamilton almost duplicated it on a double pass, when he ran unaided eighty yards, and Albro another of the same distance. Final score, Mt. Pleasant 38, Clare 0.

The banquet at Gruner's was a fitting close to the season. Our coach presided as toastmaster, and Mr. Shorts, Miss Slater and Walter Snider responded to toasts. The season was a financial success and shows that good, hard, earnest work always accomplishes its end. The school is to be congratulated on possessing a team composed of bona fide High School pupils which has a record such as the team of ninety-nine earned. The members of the team who earned the right to wear the letters M. P. H. S are: Hamilton (Capt.) and E. Riley, ends; Hudson, Ward and Mead, tackles; Buckley and Brubaker, guards; Collin, center; Albro, quarterback; G. Riley, Young and Conrad, halfbacks; and Snider, fullback.

Our indoor Athletic Association was organized and gymnasium classes formed. Work went along nicely until warm weather came, when all interest was lost. It is to be hoped that the apparatus will be used all next winter as thoroughly as it was during the short existence of the gymnasium this year.

The baseball team is fairly under way as this article goes to press, and will undoubtedly maintain the excellent standard established by the football team. In all our athletic work this year it has been the aim to secure that physical development which will enable the High School pupils to possess the sound body in which to house a sound mind—thus raising, both physically and mentally, the standard of the school to the point where none can excel.



## Girls' Athletic Association.

(September, 1899; June, 1900.)

### K. C. SLATER.

Early in the fall, some 16 girls in the H. S. determined to have an athletic club. So after a few preliminary meetings, the momentous step was taken, and we were actually organized into the H. S. Girls' Athletic Association.

Our constitution was simple but binding, and capable of being "expanded" indefinitely. Moreover, we had officers—Miss Slater, President; Florence Pheil, Vice-President; Miss Smith, Treasurer—thus equipped we prepared to do business.

First, owing to the perfect financial working of our constitution, we were able to purchase a tennis set, which was used constantly until cold weather. But although now we are somewhat experienced, still we do not pretend to be champion tennis players. Indeed, the world will probably never hear of our rackets in this connection. We "aim high," however, and our balls have been known to fly in all directions, nothing in the vicinity, in fact, being out of their reach.

We also formed a valuable annex to the football team, and when a game between the Mt. Pleasant and Alma High Schools was arranged, a bus load of twenty girls, chaperoned by an elderly spinster lady, drove over to Alma to participate in the fun. Modest though we be, nevertheless we have always felt that the victory which followed, was largely due to our vigorous yelling.

Later in the season, when the football team won a hard-fought victory over Ithaca, on the Normal campus, not having money enough to erect a triumphal arch, we straightway voted them an oyster supper instead—and the same evening it was celebrated amid cheering and applause.

Nor would we forget the grand banquet of innumerable courses, flowers, fruits, toasts and speeches, to which we were invited by the football team a few weeks later.

Thus we maintained a happy existence for several months, until we lost our identity and were merged into that gigantic movement known as the H. S. Athletic Association. But you will hear from us again this spring, for we intend to reassert our individuality and then—look out for our balls!

### GRINDS.

Common occurrence in English IV. class, room 2 by 4, sixteen pupils, eight chairs, two visitors.

Mr. Sage—Miss Richmond, what is your opinion of Nerissa's conduct; do you censure her for looking out the forbidden window and eloping with Gratiano?

Miss Richmond—I think she was strictly up-to-date.

Some men there are who like a hammock, but some boys in Mt. Pleasant like a (Sofa).

Senior Girl—"Why, Glen, how do you buy enough rubber to cover those

feet?"

Glen—"I buy it by the foot."

Nell, reading the Iliad, trying to make rhyme—

"But raging still amidst his navy sate, (sat).

The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate, (hat)."

Found written on the cover of Belle's chemistry book:

"If there should be another flood, for refuge hither fly,

Tho' all the world be submerged, this book would still be dry."

Mr. Shorts, after the commotion of the fire alarm had ceased—"Why, you were so excited one girl burned, and one aisle marched up and down the third row three times."

We notice Hattie Clarke no longer moors her bark by the Riley Glen, but paddles her own canoe.

Miss Slater (to class in English)—"Now, children, please bring a sentence to class containing the following words—bee, bear, boys."

Fred (the next day)—"Teacher, here it is: 'Boys bee bear when they go in swimming.'"

We notice an Alma young man is Ayling over the loss of a Brown Fan.

Of all the classes  
That 'ere has been,  
The oldest of all  
Is the Senior "Chem."

It didn't take much  
Of the "laughing gas,"  
To cause commotion  
In the "naughty" class.

For at that time  
A joke on "feet,"  
Had been passed around  
From seat to seat.

But now they all  
Are keeping cool,  
For the kissing bug  
Has come to school.

Why does Will Campbell think he is the whole thing?  
Because he belongs to a royal family.

You would not think that the study of languages would make a teacher look Sour, but it did.

Walter Hamilton believes in keeping single file, (Pheil).

Mr. Sage (to class reading Paradise Lost)—"Arch enemy means Satan; he is the supreme enemy; we are all below him somewhere, I suppose."—Miss Gray next—(Miss Gray reads).

Mr. Riley's description of silver—"Silver is a bright metal, found free in nature in the pure state and also in the state of California."

Senior (reading Shakespeare with enthusiasm)—"Whyfore could I not pronounce 'Amen? I had most need of blessing, and a-man stuck in my throat."

Mr. Shorts (to class in orthography)—"I in isle is long, I indeed is short."

Miss Redfield in Chemistry Class (earnestly seeking for information)—  
"Mr. Albro, does it waste so much oil if you turn the light down real low?"

Frances returning from an examination, and holding up her returned paper—"Red ink shows the force of teacher's power; it is an attribute to awe and majesty."

Mr. Albro—"Miss Houghton, what is the color of red oxide?"

Miss Houghton—"A bright green."

Mr. Shorts (to geometry class at the board)—"Make that line A B blacker with the chalk."

Senior—"Dryden was an Englishman born in Dublin."

Miss Slater (after making an announcement in the chapel room)—  
"Class is excused." All laughed.

Richard (reading Paradise Lost—"And thou profoundest hell receive our new professor," (possessor).

Pupil in Latin I. Translates—"Cassius filium luci amat." Cassius loves the daughter of Lucina.

Another Pupil (raising his hand)—"Filium" means son.

W-n S-s (in contemptuous tones)—"Filium" means daughter! Of course Cassius would love a girl!

A leaflet is a little leaf,  
So the freshmen say;  
A riverlet, a river small,  
Down by the T. & A.

A brooklet is a little brook,  
Coursing the shady dell,  
And brooklets are the little brooks  
Of which the Juniors tell.

A streamlet is a little stream,  
Reflecting the summer sky.  
Hamlet is not a little ham,  
Can the Sophomores tell why?

—SENIORS.

## M. U. M.

The valuable work accomplished last year by the illustrious A. T. E. is known to all of the school, and this year the senior girls determined not to fall behind in importance. Accordingly, one pleasant autumn afternoon, at the close of school, ten stalwart feminine members of this renowned class sought a remote corner of the school building, famous as the retreat of the Professor of Science, whom they kindly requested to withdraw. Then, after the door was bolted, one of the most secret meetings on record was held.

They organized themselves into a society which the school recognized as the M. U. M.'s, the meaning of the letters being Mocguirevo Vellisefid Myan. This name contained the pledge, which all have faithfully obeyed. Officers were then chosen, each girl holding some office, and Ethel Redfield was made M. U. M.-in-chief. The colors chosen were dark brown and dull gray, symbolical of two of the chief members, Fannie Brown and Mabel Gray.

Their meetings were always mum, and they were the object of much ridicule by the school until the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, when each girl was seen to depart, one by one, from the school room. The last class hour was granted to them, and the following "drama" was produced by them and Thanksgiving eatables were presented to the faculty.

### DRAMA.

#### Characters:

Hestia—Goddess of Hearth and Home.....	Ethel Redfield
Minerva—Goddess of Wisdom.....	Fannie Brown
Ceres—Goddess of Grain.....	Florence Phell
Juno—Goddess of Beauty.....	Hattie Clark
One of the Graces.....	Nella Kennedy
Guests.....	Bella Richmond, Mabel Gray, Bessie Houghton, Gertrude Ayling
Stranger .....	Frances Richmond

#### Scene 1. Platform in H. S. room. Hestia.

"Teachers, schoolmates, one and all,  
You know what festival is here,  
Now I will give you a history  
Of the most thankful day in the year.

Way back in colonial days,  
When our forefathers first came  
To plant their crops in the new world  
And reap their harvest of grain,

Bradford, a kind, honest governor,  
When the fruit of their labor was reaped,  
Appointed a day of Thanksgiving,  
Which the pilgrims did piously keep.

Neighbors soon observed the practice;  
Soft like a snow storm it came,  
Till we fought for our dear country's freedom—  
The western states keep it the same.

## THE SENIOR CRUCIBLE

Today we're a glorious nation,  
Each governor, like Bradford, has said,  
'Let the public praise God and be thankful,  
For the blessings the nation has had.'

So to-morrow, thousands of people,  
Will kneel down together in prayer,  
And thank our kind Heavenly Father,  
For guiding our nation so fair."

Mabel—

"A noise in the distance like thunder—  
Tis Minerva, the wise, coming here."

Hestia—

"Yes, to bless all the good, faithful pupils,  
Who fought their own battles this year.  
Goodmorrow kind friend of wisdom!"  
(Enter Minerva with a plate of cakes.)

Minerva—

"Hestia, goddess of hearth and of home,  
I have a reward for the teachers,  
Who so much for the pupils have done.

You know that on last Hallow'een,  
When serenades, the Seniors did make,  
They gladly took Miss Slater's 'kisses,'  
Now, she may just take the cake."  
(Presenting Miss Slater with cake.)

"You need not express your feelings,  
The right words will not serve you here,  
When eating your dinner to-morrow,  
Remember the M. U. M.'s of the year."

Mabel—

"When first you came to instruct us,  
We Seniors were Sophmores true—  
Climbing the ladder of knowledge,  
To gain a point higher in view."

Bella—

"You aided and helped to advance us,  
Tried to model our characters 'oer;  
We hope you will linger among us,  
For many a Thanksgiving more."

Bessie—

"Here is Ceres, goddess of fruit and of grain,  
I wonder why she comes to-day?"  
(Enter Ceres, with dates and toy pears.)

Ceres—

"Hestia, lend me a pearl from your chain  
A moment of time, I should say."

Hestia—

"You may have three golden minutes,  
But coin well the words before spoken,  
For many a word at random sent,  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

## THE SENIOR CRUCIBLE.

Ceres—

"Good sentences and well pronounced;  
You request I will kindly obey,  
But I'm sure it won't take a moment  
For the few words that I have to say.

We heard Miss Smith at the phone,  
And know she likes dates with her peaches;  
But it takes a 'pair' to make a date,  
So Bible history teaches.

Miss Smith, this fruit we present to you;  
I think you can carry it home,  
For we are sure the pear is not sour (s),  
As the merchant said it was stone."  
(Presenting Miss Smith with fruit.)

Gertrude—

"Here's Juno, Jupiter's queen, who was  
Reared in a bright, sunny hall;  
Listen attentive to what she now says,  
In talking, I think she beats all."

(Juno enters with chicken dressed in garlands of sage.)

Juno—

"I reward as I am rewarded,  
And to him who is sagely wise,  
In return for his zealous labors  
I will give an appropriate prize.

Mr. Sage, just see what's for you,  
We hope you'll admire the gown,  
For the style is wholly original,  
There's no other like it in town.

You needn't even say, 'thank you,'  
But as a reward for each little lass,  
Just mark her a few numbers higher  
In the English Literature class."  
(Presenting chicken to Mr. Sage.)

Bella—

"The graces have something to offer  
To one who has worked for a name,  
By climbing the ladder of knowledge  
To reach the apartments of fame."

(Enter a grace with two chickens dressed in Normal colors.)

Grace—

"I have come with a fowl premium  
For two young men teaching here,  
Who tried by all means in their power,  
To make school pleasant this year.

Hope understood all their wishes,  
Their whispers Faith overheard,  
Now the other two graces have sent me,  
To present to each one a 'bird.'

Take this gift from the ten M. U. M.'s,  
Who wish you success everywhere,  
And hope all the Normal girls'll use you  
Exactly as honest and fair."



(Presenting Mr. Shorts and Mr. Albro with chickens.)

A pause—

Hestia—"Well, girls?"

Girls—

"Let the good play go on."—(Shakespeare.)

Enter Frances—

"Schoolmates, you needn't feel slighted  
'Cause you got no cake, fruit or chickens  
A teacher we used to have told us,  
The best thing for students is 'lickens.'

But that doesn't make any difference,  
'Give justice where justice is due;'  
We girls have some rosy red apples  
We gathered on purpose for you.

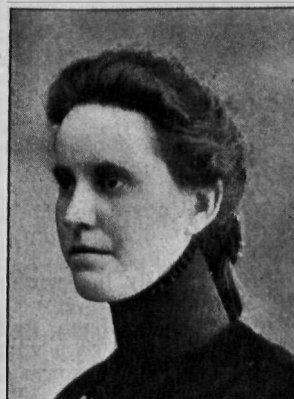
If we'd known Mr. Kelley had been here  
We would have brought him, too, a bird,  
But he'll have to put up with an apple,  
As he never sent us a word."  
(Distribution of apples to school.)

FINIS.

Senior boys actually stared for ten minutes after this little event, to think the girls had outwitted them. Finally, the coach of the football team proposed three cheers for the team, which were given with a will.

## Power of Habit.

BESSIE HOUGHTON.



Habit makes up the sum of life. What is habitual in us recommends us either favorably or unfavorably to the world about us.

Psychologists say, that no act or thought ends with itself. There is left in the nerve center a tendency to perform the same act again, and those cells which were torn down by the action are built up stronger than before. In this way, with an inclination to repeat, and more capability each time for performing, it is repeated again and again, and it becomes what we call a habit.

From this it can easily be seen that if it were not for the law of habit, it would be just as difficult to perform an act the last time as it was the first. The very act of standing or walking would require one's whole attention. The mind would be oc-

cupied in giving commands to various muscles, some to contract, others to relax, in order to hold the body at a balance. The brain would not have time to give commands, and carry on a train of thought at the same time.

There could be no such thing as skill in many of the arts if it were not for the gift of habit. For instance, in the art of writing; skill in this, is the result of habit. At first we make every curve, loop and line very carefully. Here habit has wonderfully aided, until our minds are almost free from the thought of forming the letters. The habit of writing grows upon us until it requires no effort at all to perform the act which at first was very difficult.

How beneficial to us is this in many things, as with a pianist, a teacher, or a typewriter; all of these need to acquire the habit of dividing their attention.

But we are more concerned with the power of habit in forming our lives. The same law that helps one to advance in good acts helps him to retrograde in evil ones as well.

The boy who imagines that manhood comes by doing what he has seen some men do, perhaps had to exercise all his power and courage to take the first cigar, the first oath, the first drink.

Were habits (bad habits, of course) to go no farther than to secure the easy performing of an act, then the result would not be so much feared, but with repetition the habits grow upon us until they are like powerful bonds which cannot be severed. And most people are proud of their attainments, though they may be at variance with the world.

No less powerful is a well-formed evil habit, than the rapids of the Niagara river. It is as hard and doubtful a task to draw back from the destruction that follows a well rooted evil habit, as it is to draw back from the brink of a precipice when once fairly balanced for the descent.

It is said that out of one thousand drunkards that try to reform, only three permanently succeed. It may thus be seen that we are traveling a road which will of itself lead us to a broader expansive plain of life, ever increasing, or it may lead to moral and physical destruction.

Youth is the time to form good habits and root out bad ones.

"No change in childhood's early days,  
No storm that raged, no thought than ran,  
But leaves a track upon the clay,  
That slowly hardens into man."

Recent psychology has done a great deal toward showing the formative-ness of the nervous matter in each life, and to show that the longer one defers the forming of a habit, the harder it is; until, late in life, it becomes almost impossible.

The plasticity or plaster of paris and the plasticity of a child's mind have been pointed out as being analogous. Freshly mixed plaster of paris can easily be shaped and moulded, and so can a child's mind.

Persons at thirty seldom change their habits completely. The habits started early in life are so firmly rooted by the time a person attains this age, that their power is uncontrollable. Most of the habits formed at twenty are so permanently fixed that we as mortals are doomed to carry them, through life.

How necessary it is that we form correct habits of study, not slighting our tasks and putting them off until some future time, but go at it as if we meant to do something in life.

If we do not form habits of industry in youth, we shall never be able to form them later in life, except by compulsion. Then it is so difficult that it would be labor in itself.

It is possible for one to make certain rules to aid greatly in forming desired habits. The following are a few suggestions:

First, to avoid all temptations that might draw you away from your new resolutions, as the great hero, Ulysses, who would stop his ears with wax, and lash himself to a spar while he was within sound of the songs of the sirens, that he might not yield to temptation and be overcome. We need to be pushed down that we may be able to rise again.

Again, when forming a new habit, repeat it at every favorable opportunity, not as one determines to study and who reads one page with great attention and the next four or five without knowing what he reads, but let excellency be your motto and live up to it in everything you undertake, for "things done by halves are never done right."

Lastly, let there be no interference with that which you are making habitual. He who takes his first choice cigar, or drinks his first glass of liquor, after promising himself never to touch those again, knows (or appears to know) very little about the power of habit.

Habit is a gift from God, and when rightly used it raises one above the vice and baseness of the world; but when wrongly used it lowers, degrades and brings unhappiness and adversity, and causes untold physical, mental and moral misery.

Attention, then, is necessary to a correct direction of one's energies.

## The Refining Influence of Literature.

W. V. SAGE.

"I will make thee to love literature, thy mother; I will make its beauties pass before thee." Such are the words of the Egyptian proverb, which has found its way to that typical city of the Western world, Chicago, and is inscribed upon a wall of the public library. And this saying from the time of the Pharaohs is true in its application, for literature preserves the thoughts of the wise and the good even as a mother takes the golden curl severed from her boy's head and places it in a treasure box for safety.

If we have not a real love for literature, we can, and ought to cultivate a taste for it by reading those works that are considered masterpieces. We need not at first attempt to soar to the heights traversed by Shakespeare. We may begin with authors of lesser magnitude, whose light thrown upward, will illumine the rocks above them, where still brighter stars are shining. Thus climbing, "hill on hill, and Alp on Alp," we shall gradually increase in knowledge until our soul has to pause in its flight, and, like the sun-worshipping Peruvians of old, prostrate itself before the solar beams of Shakespeare's genius.

All the fine arts, such as painting, sculpture, music and literature, are universally acknowledged to be refining in their influence upon those who practice them, as well as upon those who strive to understand them. But of the four sister arts, literature exerts the most widespread influence, as it is the easiest to comprehend and make our own. We may never be able to reproduce the figure that the artist has painted, or the sculptor has chiseled; we may never be able to imitate the musician's symphony; but we all may have the power to read the words of the greatest writers and to interpret their very thoughts in the books wherein their ideals are treasured.

He is never lonely who has good books at hand, and the ability to read them; for while they fill up his time, they are leading him to appreciate more fully the beauties of nature, the sublimity of human character and its achievements, and the divine goodness of the Creator. Longfellow's "Rainy Day" will be a solace for discouragement; Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, will teach the beauty of charity; Hawthorne's weird writings will stimulate the imagination; Dickens' descriptions will make one see with a quiet humor every old building, every queer specimen of humanity in his city, and he will laugh with them and not at them.

In this happy frame of mind he is ready to forgive the frenzy of Byron, the sarcasm of Dean Swift, the peevishness of Pope and the instability of Dryden, and to be thankful that their uncertain tempers were softened by the refining influence of literature, long enough for them to hang imperishable garlands upon their mother's brow. The reading and writing of books seemed a very plank of salvation for these unhappy men; for with their dispositions, what would have become of them had they been reared without a knowledge of books? Ask the madhouse, the prison, the gallows. Many such have passed away under these grim sentinels of public safety, geniuses whose fire was never kindled by the flint of education, for whom literature had provided no safety valve as an outlet for their pent-up feelings. Cicero said in his oration in behalf of the poet Archias, (to translate freely) "For other occupations of the mind are not of all ages, times and places; this study nourishes youth, delights old age, ornaments favorable circumstances,

affords a refuge and solace in adversity, delights us at home, offers no hindrance abroad, passes the night with us, travels about and goes to the country with us." In the same oration he argues that it is a source of moral strength, when he says: "For unless I had persuaded myself from my youth up, by the precepts of many writers and by wide reading, that nothing ought more greatly to be desired in life than merit and honor, moreover, that in acquiring these every suffering of the body should be endured, and all the dangers of death and of exile should be considered of little moment, I could never, on account of your safety, have thrust myself into so many and so great contentions and into these daily attacks of lawless men."

If literature so fortified Cicero in a pagan age, and kept him unsullied with the cloak of its refinement, what will it not do for us in this dawn of the twentieth century, when even the tiny children of our schools are taught to enjoy Hiawatha and the little classic myths so much, that they are wont to mingle them with the innocent childish games in which they delight to take part?

## The World from Shylock's Point of View.

HARRIET I. CLARK.



Shylock, one of Shakespeare's greatest characters, is the subject of my paper, and when I say "greatest character," I mean it in the sense of Shakespeare's capability of bringing him so vividly before our eyes.

I can see him now, as he totters along, a gray bearded old man, bent beneath the cares of many years. His quick, piercing eyes are ever on the alert, and he is always seemingly very busy with his own thoughts; but he has a cringing attitude, that puts one in mind of the cur dog that is used to the cuffs and kicks of all that care to bestow them.

I see him again as he stands in the court room and demands the forfeit of his bond. His sarcastic speeches and important manners picture to us a man that has at last triumphed. Revenge is sweet to

him, and now when the hour has almost come, he watches his victim as a spider does a fly that he knows is securely bound in his web.

But Shylock's revenge is of short duration, and we next see him a weak, half dazed old man, groping his way from the court room, saying: "Send the deed after me."

I am not going to try to persuade any one into my opinion, or to accept the light in which I view Shylock's character, for you have all, probably, drawn your conclusions long before this. However, here is my opinion of "The world from Shylock's point of view."

In Shylock's time Jews were the most despised of all human creatures. They were knocked and cuffed about and even spat upon in the streets. The laws of Christian nations gave no protection to the Jews. Their lives were valued along with the dumb beasts. They were not used as well as we now use our dogs. Shylock was no exception, he was not a Christian, and, of course, was used as a "dog Jew." He disliked the Christians, and can you blame him? All he had ever received at their hands was the utmost contempt and loathing. I think you will all agree that this was not a very good Christian example.

His dislike soon grew into a deep hatred. He despised the Christian as strongly as he ever was despised. But he could not show his hatred. He dared not. He was one Jew among many enemies. So he took this hatred to his heart and nourished it. Every day his longings for revenge grew more intense. Every day he had more insults to endure. Even a worm will turn when trodden upon. Shylock was only human. He never thought of returning good for evil. He only thought of his revenge.

At last the climax came when his only child ran away with a Christian. Almost at the same time he came into possession of the bond.



Remember his wrongs, insults and usage, then ask me why Shylock was so cruel and inhuman. I say simply because he was thirsty for revenge. He had waited and he now thought his hour had come. But again he was foiled.

We can have but the utmost pity for Shylock as he leaves the court room, a wreck of what might have been a pure, noble life, had he lived in this enlightened age. Amid the jeers of the crowd, he wends his way to the door, a broken-hearted old man. His daughter gone, he himself in bankruptcy, not a shelter for his head, and only enemies to live among. Then his words, so full of wretchedness and entreaty: "Nay, take my life, spare not that, you do take my house when you do take the prop that does sustain my house. You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live. I am not well, send the deed after me."

Thus, Shakespeare leads Shylock from the trial scene and leaves him, poor, miserable and abused. And as I look at his wrongs, a great many of which were so submissively borne, methinks I see the world as Shylock then saw it—a hated institution of laws, where, at one stroke, all his wealth and power are taken, leaving him the most wretched of God's creatures—a wandering, penniless, ill-treated Jew.

## The Procession of the Years.

FRANCES RICHMOND.

Marching onward, ever onward, like a serried host, appears,  
With its slow and measured footsteps, the procession of the years;  
Looking far adown the ages, one unbroken line of kin;  
Whither, whither do they journey? For they come not back again.

On they go, across the river, silent river deep and wide;  
There the long procession halteth, marshaled on the other side,  
Waiting till the last one crosseth, till the angel by the shore  
Shall proclaim with voice of trumpet tones that "Time shall be no more."

Each division is in order, for the discipline is famed;  
Every regiment is numbered, every company is named;  
"Eighteen ninety-eight" has vanished, with its blessings and its woe;  
"Ninety-nine" is pressing onward, pausing not for friend or foe.

January's snowy whiteness, February melted fast;  
March came on with noise and bustle and its storm clouds whirling past;  
April skies looked down upon us, violets blossomed by the way,  
And while birds sang sweetest carols, April glided into May.

May, with all her happy voices, laughter in the very air,  
Fragrant with a thousand springing, budding blossoms everywhere,  
Deeper grew the blue above us, tender grew the song-birds' tune,  
Life, and joy, and love exulted with the thrill of blissful June.

While the breath of roses ravished all our senses with delight,  
Lo! the July sun was shining in its splendor clear and bright;  
And the gorgeous, glowing summer days went swiftly by and soon,  
As the ripened fruits of August shone beneath the August moon.

Then the cool September mornings showed us many a falling leaf,  
And another summer left us only memories sweet as brief;  
And October with her rainbow hues did bathe the maple tree,  
And her brilliant colors banished all the wood from sea to sea.

And again with garnered harvest, we are gathered round the fire,  
In Thanksgiving's glad reunion—maid and master, son and sire.  
While November rains were falling, tenderly we said "goodnight;"  
In the morning, lo! December's snows are glistening pure and white.

Ah! December, with its Christmas, with its watch-night and good-bye  
To the Old Year. How the parting touches every heart and eye.  
So they leave us—while they journey onward, whither we shall go;  
Sweet the thought that we shall gather all the gifts that they bestow.

## Graduates of High School.

1880.

Flora Bouton, Mt. Pleasant.  
Kitty Fessenden Wilson, Benton Harbor.  
Harmione Dofds, deceased.  
Anna Myers, deceased.

1881.

Byron Lower, teaching in Idaho.  
Will Taylor, traveling man in Saginaw.  
Worth Preston, Grand Rapids.

1884.

Ella Maxwell Purdy, Northville.  
Anna Moss, Mt. Pleasant.  
Helen Sterling Bowen, deceased.  
May Lower, deceased.

1886.

A. Dwight Kennedy, Washington, Illinois.  
John Richmond, mailcarrier, Ann Arbor.  
May Loveland Sherman, printer, Mt. Pleasant.

1887.

Edna Bouton, Mt. Pleasant.  
Sara Balmer Gorham, Mt. Pleasant.  
Stratton Brooks, professor in University of Illinois.

1888.

Kittie Duel, Granville, Saginaw.  
Carrie Coon Allenbaugh, South Bend, Ind.  
Bessie Wightman, teaching Mt. Pleasant.  
Michael Leahy, teaching Arizona.  
Louisa Garrett, Detroit.  
Anna Preston Mitchell, Loraine, O.  
Fred Bellinger, Mt. Pleasant.

1889.

Orion Burdick, county school commissioner, Mt. Pleasant.  
Lizzie Loomis, Mt. Pleasant.

1890.

Nora Ballard, deceased.  
Gertie Robinson, teaching Mt. Pleasant.  
Princie Peak Carnahan, Mt. Pleasant.  
Maggie Richmond, Mt. Pleasant.

1891.

Della Burdick, deceased.  
Edna Saunders Seaman, Riverdale.  
Mamie Kinney Van Benschoten, nurse, South Bend, Ind.  
Emma Saxton, teaching Mt. Pleasant.

1892.

Joe McCue, University, Ann Arbor.  
James Kennedy, Mt. Pleasant.

Frank Russell, Mt. Pleasant.  
Clara Hunter Butcher, Mt. Pleasant.  
Ethel Conlogue Harris, Shepard.  
Herbert Rose, lawyer, Chicago.  
Christine Sterling-Vowles, Mt. Pleasant.  
1893.

James Butcher, lumber dealer, Mt. Pleasant.  
Lester Kinney, deceased.  
Belle Miller-Tise, Traverse City.  
Claud Tremper, deceased.  
Mason Bamborough, lawyer, Chicago.  
Beulah Kimball, deceased.  
Etta Smith-Bickal, Toledo, O.  
Ada Thayer-Dayton, music teacher, Traverse City.  
1894.

Pauline Foster, teaching, Holland.  
Bernard Richmond, physician, Indiana.  
John McCann, teaching, Mt. Pleasant.  
Fred Vowles, clerk, Mt. Pleasant.  
1895.

Thomas Bamborough, student, Ann Arbor.  
Allen Dusenbury, bank clerk, Mt. Pleasant.  
Elizabeth Dusenbury, teacher, Benton Harbor.  
Jesse Parker, physician, Owosso.  
Bruce Shorts, principal of high school, Mt. Pleasant.  
Raymond Collins, printer, Mt. Pleasant.  
Jeanette Doughty-Horning, Mt. Pleasant.  
John Sours, druggist, Mt. Pleasant.  
Mabel Vowles, student, Ypsilanti.  
1896.

Maude Bergy, teaching, Charlevoix.  
Alice Brown, teaching, Grayling.  
Addie Cassady, teaching, Mt. Pleasant.  
Helen Jeffords-Kinch, Mt. Pleasant.  
Mary Slater, teaching, Millington.  
Ward Butcher, clerk, Mt. Pleasant.  
Pearl Carnahan, Mt. Pleasant.  
Grace Dayton, teaching, Louisiana.  
Ray Horning, student, Ann Arbor.  
Howard James, Mt. Pleasant.  
Robert McCann, attending Normal.  
Grace Thayer, teaching, Holland.  
Josie Jameson, teaching, Wyandotte.  
Robert Kane, bookkeeper, Chicago.  
Alice Nelson-Fitch, Socorro, New Mexico.  
1897.

Jessie Manners, teaching, Wolverine.  
Frank Gardiner, deceased.  
Fannie Partridge, Grand Rapids.  
Anna Slater, bookkeeper, Mt. Pleasant.  
Edith Gullick, Mt. Pleasant.  
Clare Dean, student, Lansing.  
Iva Ellis, deceased.  
Frank Potter, student, Ann Arbor.  
Lillian Vowles, teaching, Charlevoix.  
1898.

Nell Bennett, teaching, Benton Harbor.  
Blanche Garvin, Mt. Pleasant.  
Florence Kennedy, teaching, Boyne City.  
Frank Garvin, Mt. Pleasant.  
Anna Murtha, Mt. Pleasant.  
Bessie Slater, teaching, Holland.

Effie Campbell, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Emma Clark, teaching, Menominee.  
 Ross McDonald, teaching Ewan.  
 Maude Wightman, teaching, Manton.  
 Cora Burr, studying music, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Bernice Cook, studying music, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Faith Robinson, student, Ypsilanti.  
 Frank Dusenbury, student, Ann Arbor.  
 Perry Shorts, student Normal, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Ralph Case, student, Lansing.  
 Clyde Sheline, dentist, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Luella Dimon, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Floyd Oliver, student, Ann Arbor.  
 Tilden Whitney, merchant, Mt. Pleasant.

1899.

William Anderson, clerk, Detroit.  
 Herbert Bailey, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Virgiline Doughty, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Ross Dusenbury, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Grace Hall, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Grace Jameson, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Harry Miller, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Will McDonald, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Jennie McDonald, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Dennie Maloney, Normal student Mt. Pleasant.  
 Dora Reugsegger, Normal student Mt. Pleasant.  
 Everard Wilson, Normal student Mt. Pleasant.  
 Roy Barnum, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Clarence Cox, deceased.  
 Anna Kerns, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Louverne Smith, Port Huron.  
 Allan Sheldon, Mt. Pleasant.  
 George Taylor, Mt. Pleasant.  
 Elton Young, Normal student, Mt. Pleasant.

## Junior Class.

### CLASS OFFICERS.

Edith Morrison, President.	Nell Graves, Secretary.
Wallace Parmely, Vice-President.	Hazel Saylor, Treasurer.

### ROSTER OF CLASS.

Nell Graves.	Nellie Barnum.
Wallace Parmely.	Michael Brondstetter.
Nellie Maurer.	Emmet Duffy.
Charles Southwick.	Harry Gray.
Edith Morrison.	Nellie Kennedy.
Hazel Saylor.	Archie Gilpin.
Fay Dodds.	Frank Collin.

### JUNIORS.

At the opening of the school in 1897, the Juniors entered the High School as Freshmen, thirty three in number. Since then they have greatly decreased, only about eight remaining of the original class. Some have left the High School to enter the Normal, others have moved away, while about four expect to graduate with the present class of 1900. Although we miss them from our class, we are proud to think they were able to do so. Class officers were elected at the beginning of this year as in preceeding years, but no class-meetings have been given as formerly. During the year the Juniors held an entertainment and the proceeds were given for the purchase of music for the High School. Each grade was expected to give one but this is the only one that has materialized for that purpose. Altogether the class is a hard working one, and is looking forward expectantly to the time when it may be graduated, although the time spent in the Junior class was both pleasant and profitable.



## Sophomore Class.

The Sophomore class has decreased in size since last year. Many have left to take Normal work. But as it stands now, it is a bright, hard working class, striving to gain all that is possible in the High School. The Class President gave a class meeting in the winter which all enjoyed; but the other members did not follow suit, as the old love for class meetings seems to have died out in the High School. The most notable feature of this class is its passion for causing excitement.

### CLASS OFFICERS.

President, Fred Young. Vice President, Johanna Leaton.  
Secretary and Treasurer, Olive Bergy.

### ROSTER OF CLASS.

Anna Patterson.	Burtice Shank.
Evelyn Pierce	Olive Bergy.
Edward Robinson.	Mabel Cox.
Ruby Russell.	Willie Cox.
Mary Royal.	Dolph Clark.
Lester Royal.	Lorraine Chatterton.
Earl Riley.	Fabian Dodds.
Lulu Stanton.	Blanche Doughty.
Cora Shafer.	Bessie Elmore.
Harry Smith.	Robert Hidy.
Carrie Vowles.	Ernest Hall.
Pearl Ward.	Lee Newton.
Fred Young.	Harry Hudson.
Ivan Wallington.	Ethel Johnson.
Blanche Wright.	Jam s Kenney.
Ames Albro,	Johanna Leaton.
Fannie Faulkner.	Peter McFarland.
Mae Vought.	Josie McDonald.
Walter Getchell.	Sadie Murtha.
	Harry Maurer.

## Corps of Teachers.

W. V. SAGE, B. S.,.....Superintendent

### HIGH SCHOOL.

Bruce C. Shorts,.....Principal  
A. Bliss Albro, A. B. ....Sciences  
Kate C. Slater, Ph. B.,.....History and English  
Mary Louise Smith,.....Languages

### CENTRAL SCHOOL.

John McCann,.....Eighth Grade  
Mrs. Minnie Termaat,.....Seventh and Eighth Grades  
Gertrude Dobson,.....Seventh Grade  
Rose Garvin,.....Sixth Grade  
Effie Bozer,.....First Grade

### KINNEY SCHOOL.

Sophia Bunn, ... ..Principal  
Lydia Roberts,.....Second Grade  
Mary McCue, .....Third Grade  
Laura Kinney .....Fourth Grade  
Adaline Cassady,.....Fifth Grade

### MAPLE STREET SCHOOL.

Frances Burt, .....Principal  
Lois Wilson,.....Second Grade  
Irene Getty, .....Third Grade  
Carrie Simpson,.....Fourth Grade

### NORMAL.

Myrta Wilsey,.....Fifth Grade  
Gertrude Robinson,.....Sixth Grade

### WEST SIDE SCHOOL.

Emma Saxton,.....First, Second and Third Grades

### SPECIAL TEACHER OF MUSIC.

Mrs. Eva McAlaister.

## Classes of High School.

### FRESHMAN CLASS.

A fairly large class entered the High school last September from the Eighth grade, and proudly took their places as dignified (?) Freshmen. They have conducted themselves throughout the year as becomes Freshmen, and, with the exception of a few small boys, have given the faculty little trouble. A class excelling the Freshies of 1900, will probably not soon enter the High School.

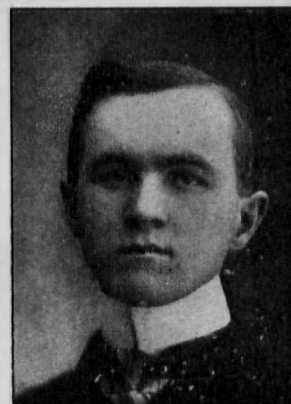
### CLASS OFFICERS.

President, Ray Buckley. Secretary, Grace Wilcox.  
Vice President, Ralph Dusenbury. Treasurer, Will Campbell.

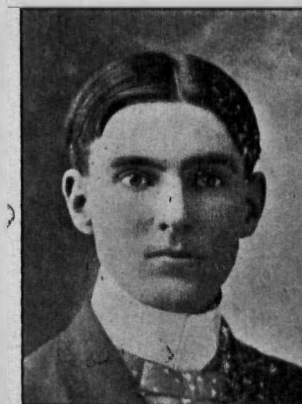
### ROSTER OF CLASS.

Maud Hart,  
Russell Sheldon.  
Ida Cassidy.  
Fanny Delamater.  
Lewis Strong.  
Ross Fleury.  
Mildred Hess.  
Olie Keck  
Kitty Moore.  
Nettle Bush.  
Georgia Taylor.  
Tim Jamison,  
Iva Clark.  
Clarence Dean.  
Leo Garvey.  
Florence Neff.  
Eolah Slater.  
Will Campbell.  
Grace Wilcox.  
Ray Buckley  
Ralph Dusenbury.

Hazel Livingston.  
Eva Gargett.  
Howard Gilpin.  
Charlie McDonald.  
Anna Freeman.  
Emmet Powell  
Joe Donovan.  
Anna Ratliff.  
Grant Bush.  
Bertha Cooper.  
Alice James.  
Warren Shorts  
Howard Jeffords  
Russel Collin.  
Maude Wiley  
Judd Brubaker.  
DeBe Royal.  
Samuel Hess  
Sophia Murtha.  
Valentine Sampson  
Florence Dains.



WALTER HAMILTON.



CLARENCE HARVARD MEAD.



RICHARD CURTIS.



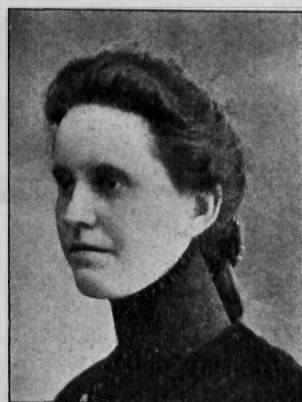
WALTER SNIDER.



GLEN RILEY.



HATTIE CLARK



BESSIE HOUGHTON



MABEL GRAY



BELLA RICHMOND.



FRANCES RICHMOND



GERTRUDE A. LING



FANNIE BROWN.



FLORENCE PHEIL



ETHEL REDFIELD.



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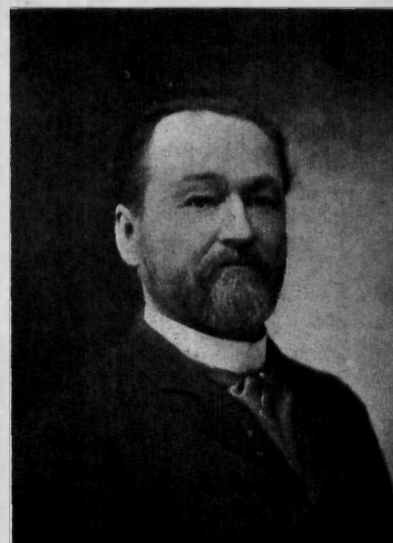
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
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**BUY** a high-grade Wheel, or don't buy any, as the first cost of a cheap Wheel represents about as much as the repair bill will amount to in a short time.

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The wheel that its riders never change their mount.

Chainless, - - - \$65.00  
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Good Evening, Lady. IT IS THE BEST.

Are you thinking of a new Spring Suit or Coat? If not, you may pass on to the sporting column or "Tea Table Talk."

If you are, we want you to stop right here for a minute and read.

It will be short and to the point.

We have always had the largest stock of Dry Goods in Mt. Pleasant.

This fall our stock will be larger than ever. We bought our goods ahead of the late rises.

We got quantity prices because we bought large quantities.

We have all the newest goods and latest cuts; for instance, our Capes. We guarantee full lasting satisfaction or your money back.

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We thank you for your attention.

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wanting anything in Dry Goods,  
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Kinch &  
Gravenstein.

If you want a hair cut, Gus,  
Get it done by Zeigenfuss;  
He'll shave your chin, and cut your hair,  
And your face won't feel the worse for wear.  
His razor's sharp, his hand is smoothe,  
And always will your temper soothe  
As o'er your face he glides with ease;  
I tell you he will always please.  
Gus felt his chin, 'twas very rough,  
He started down to Zeigenfuss to get his  
whiskers cut.  
The Normal Barber Shop, says he,  
Is the only place in town for me;  
My hirsute appendages he trims  
And caters to my every whim that's in the  
barber line;  
And now the students ever sing,  
"Success unto this barber king."

*A man who looks  
fine wears fine laun-  
dry. If you wish  
to look fine bring  
your laundry to us.  
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