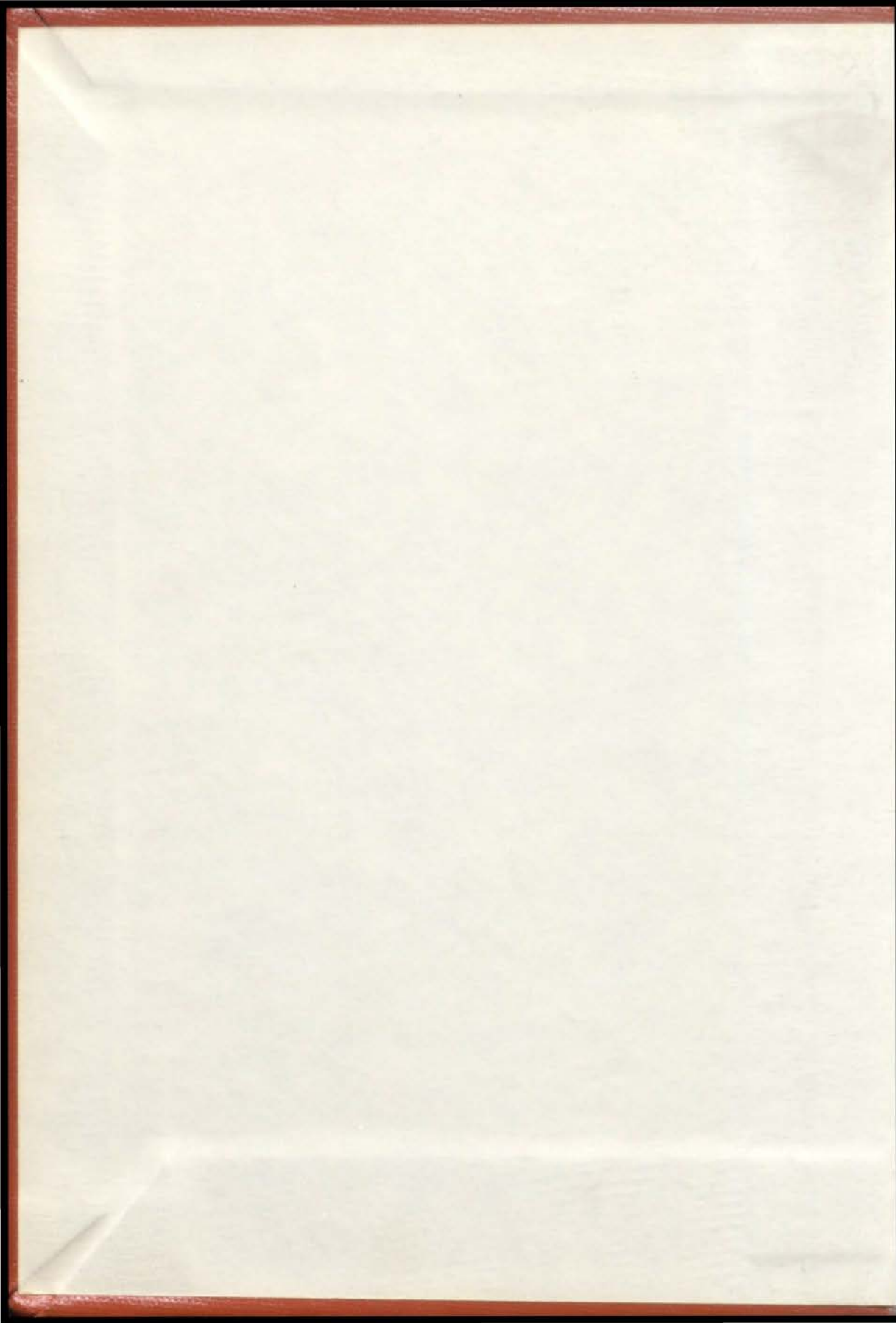


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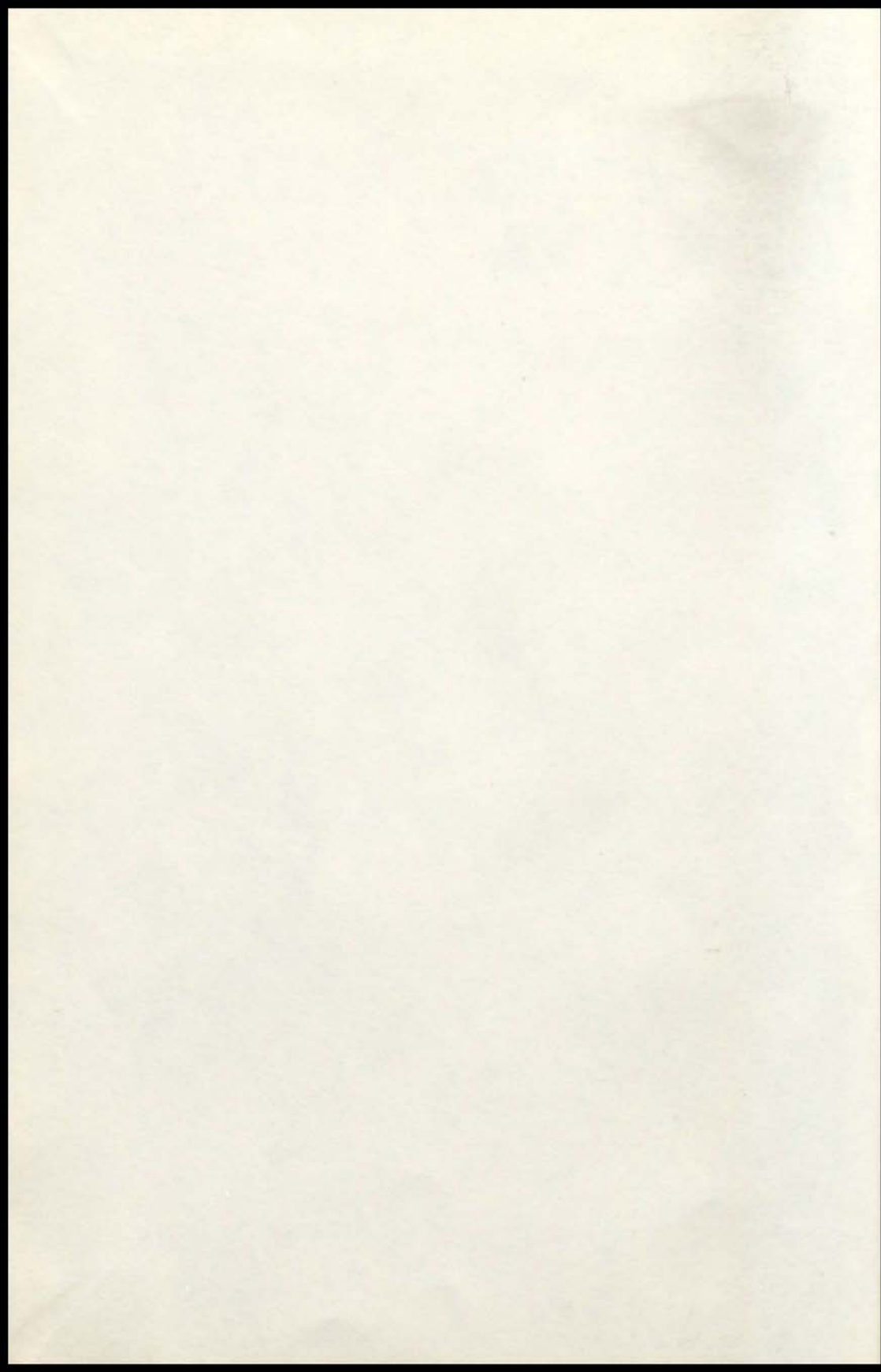
THE OWL



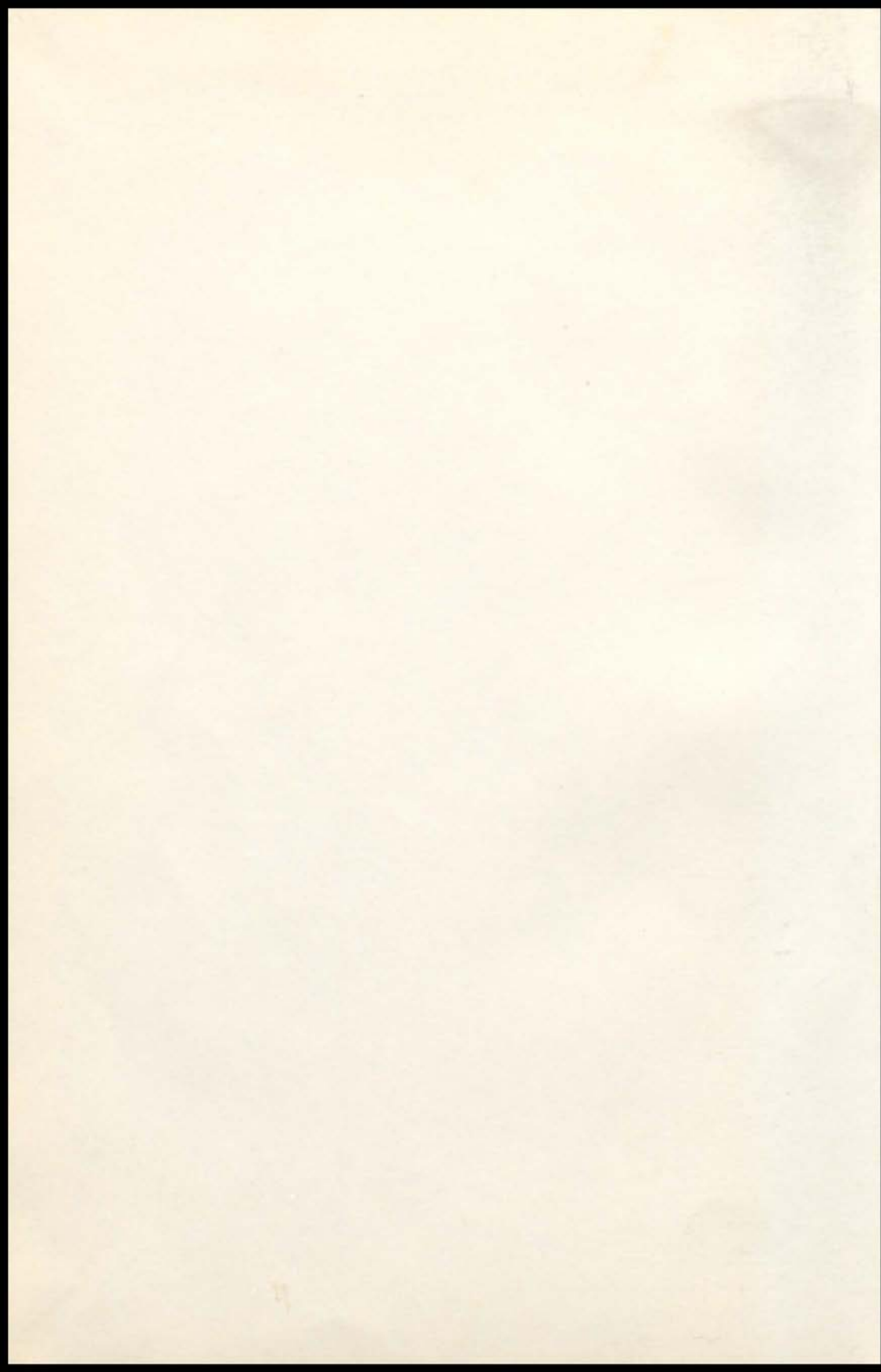


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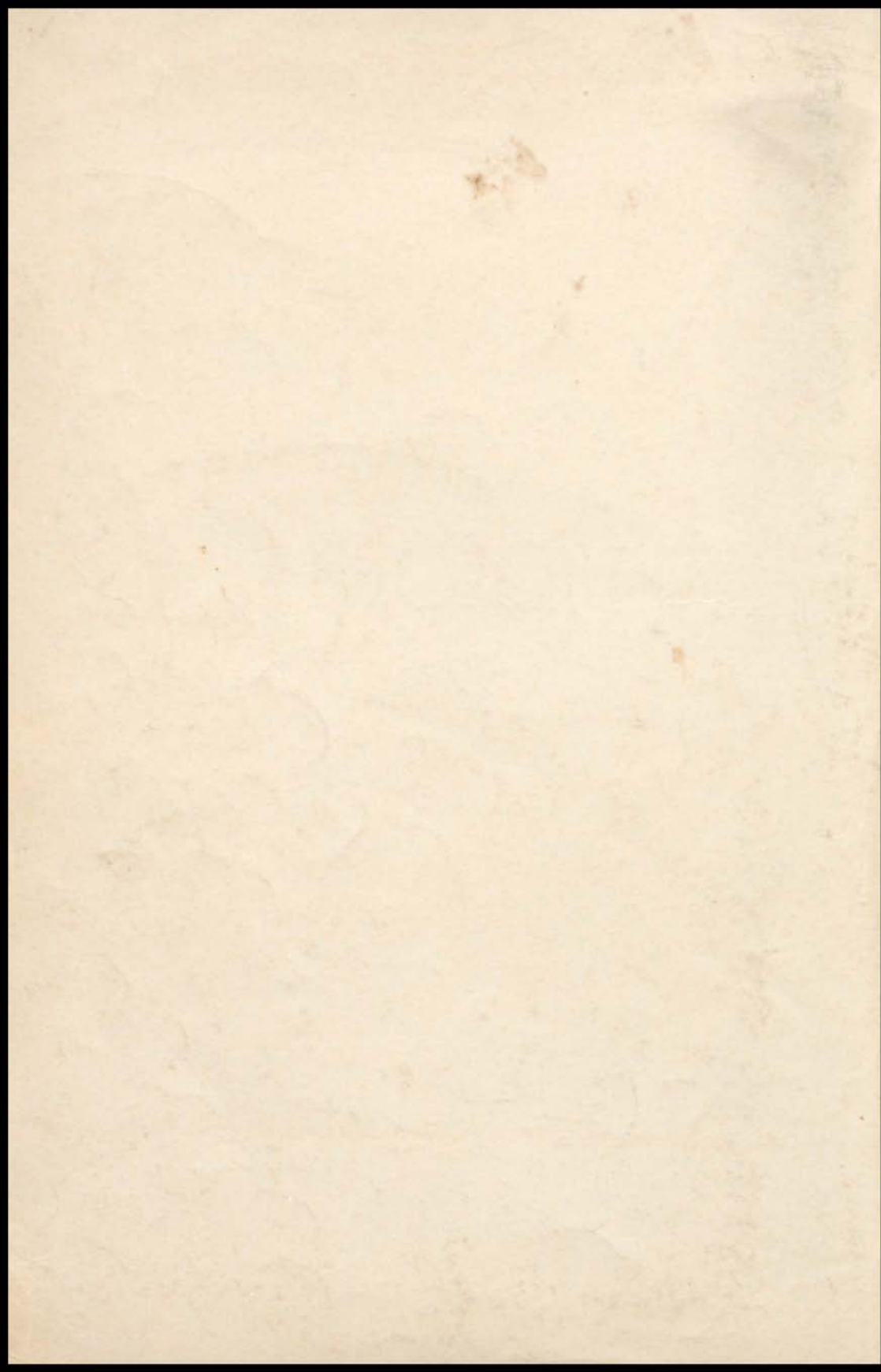
The Owl



The Owl

'99

Marshall, Mich., June, 1899.



A Safe and Convenient Cure for Stomach Troubles.

Drake's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer is not a cure-all, but is intended for the treatment of Stomach and Nerve Troubles only.

This is a combined treatment prepared in pleasant tablet form, associated with a Method Treatment, which is indispensable in treating the various forms of dyspepsia successfully.

Persons having stomach trouble require something besides artificial digestion. Drake's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer not only contains properties for relieving the stomach of indigestible matter, but readily dispels any inflammation of its membrane, and tones the stomach properly for the assimilation of flesh-forming food, which is the only method that will produce pure blood. This is the whole secret of good health, and the common-sense plan that underlies the wonderful success of this new treatment. All druggists sell Drake's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer. Try it.

Fruits...

It goes without saying that for the last ten years we have led all competition in this line, and this year we expect will be no exception. Watch for our daily display throughout the season. ❁❁❁

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
J. S. WHITE & CO.


*The Live Year Round
Department Store....*

J. S. WHITE & CO.

Just This

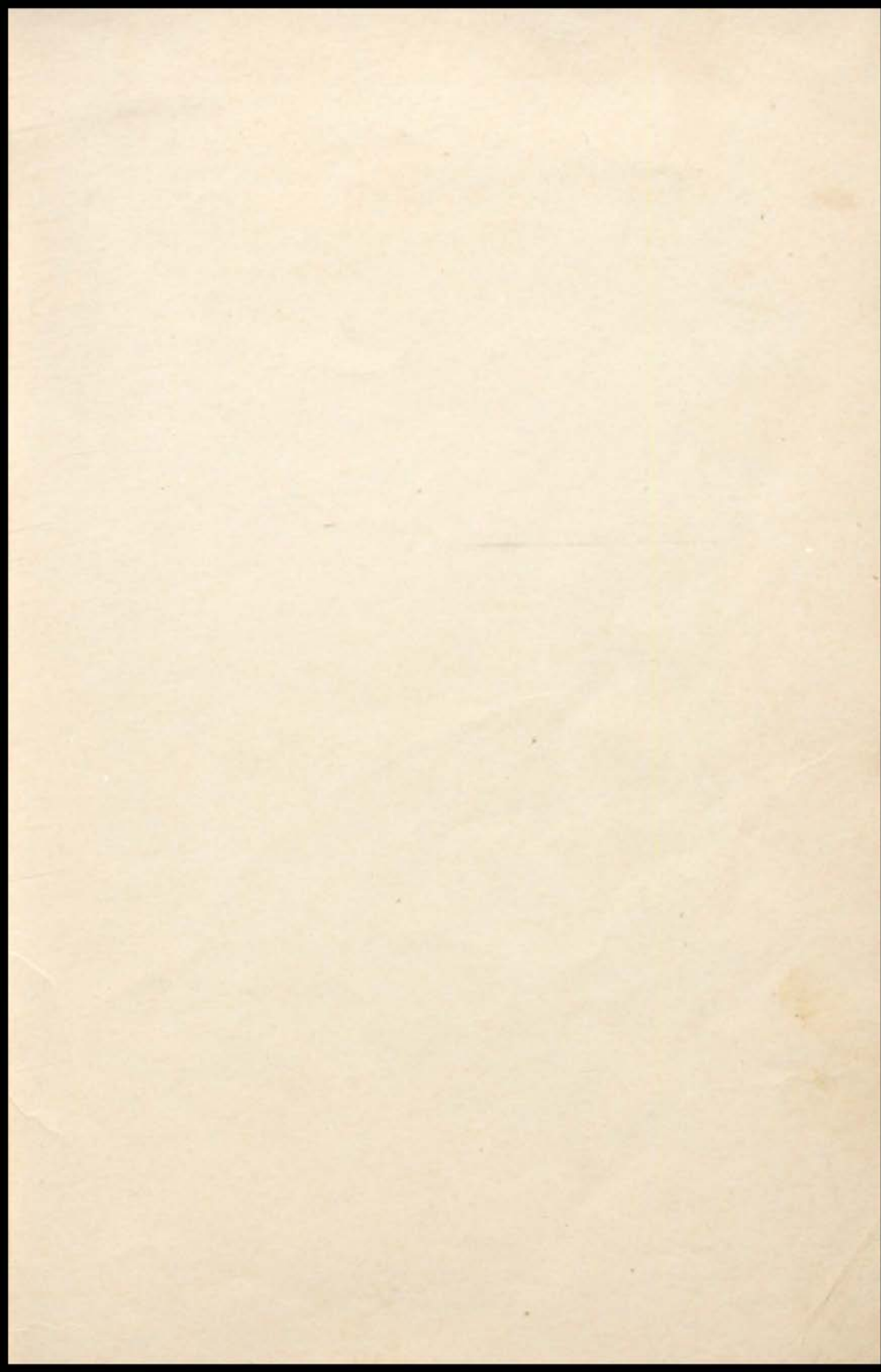
 THE MARSHALL STATESMAN IS IN ITS SIXTIETH YEAR. Today there are many weeklies, but none more appreciated than the first on the ground. The Statesman is a paper which has withstood the ups and downs of the past half-century, and boasts of the distinction of strictly adhering to the principles upon which it was launched away back in the thirties.

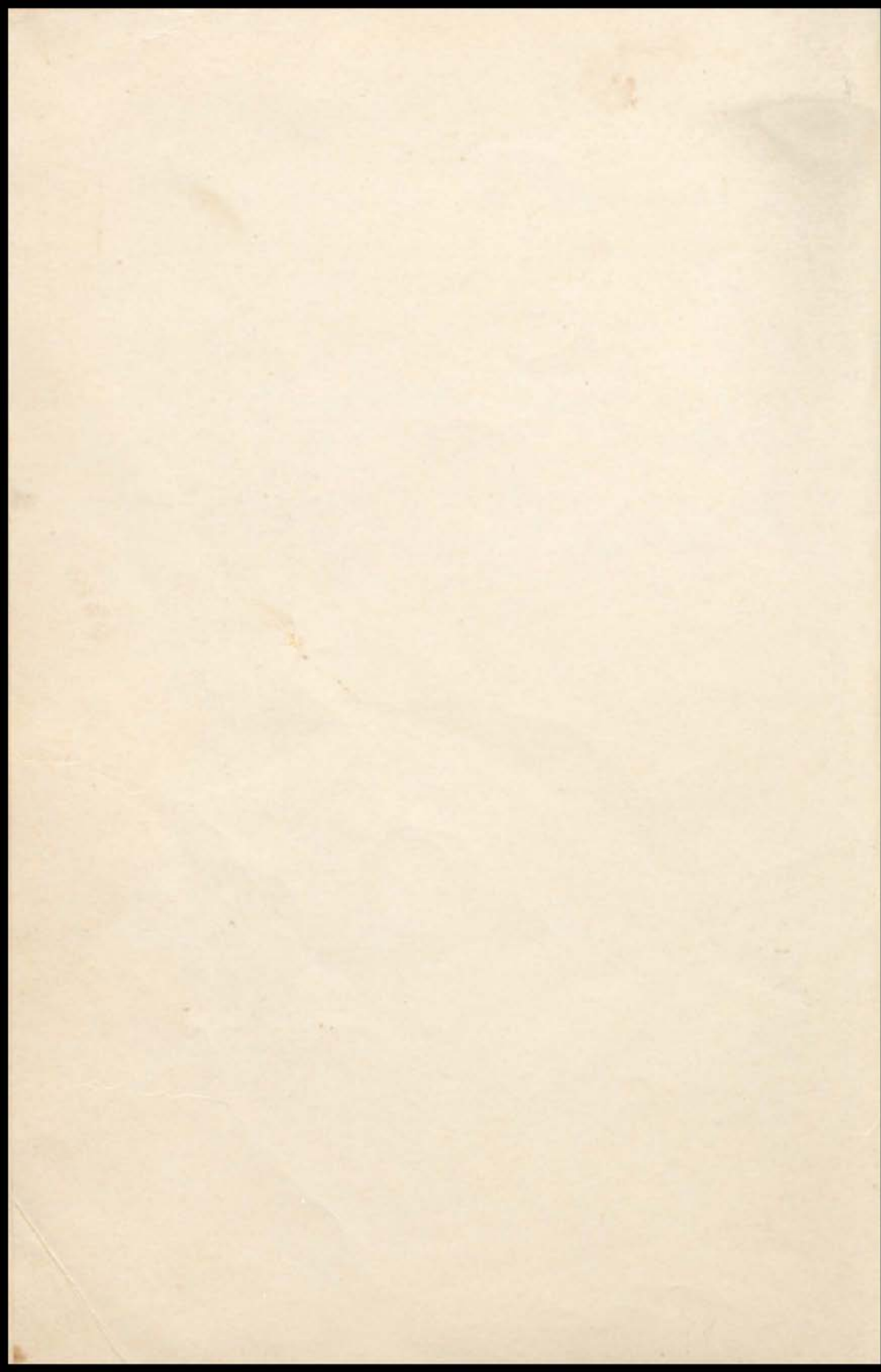
 The Statesman is designed for the whole family in general, containing STORIES, LOCAL and COUNTY NEWS, STATE and FOREIGN NEWS, latest market reports, and in fact, all that's interesting.

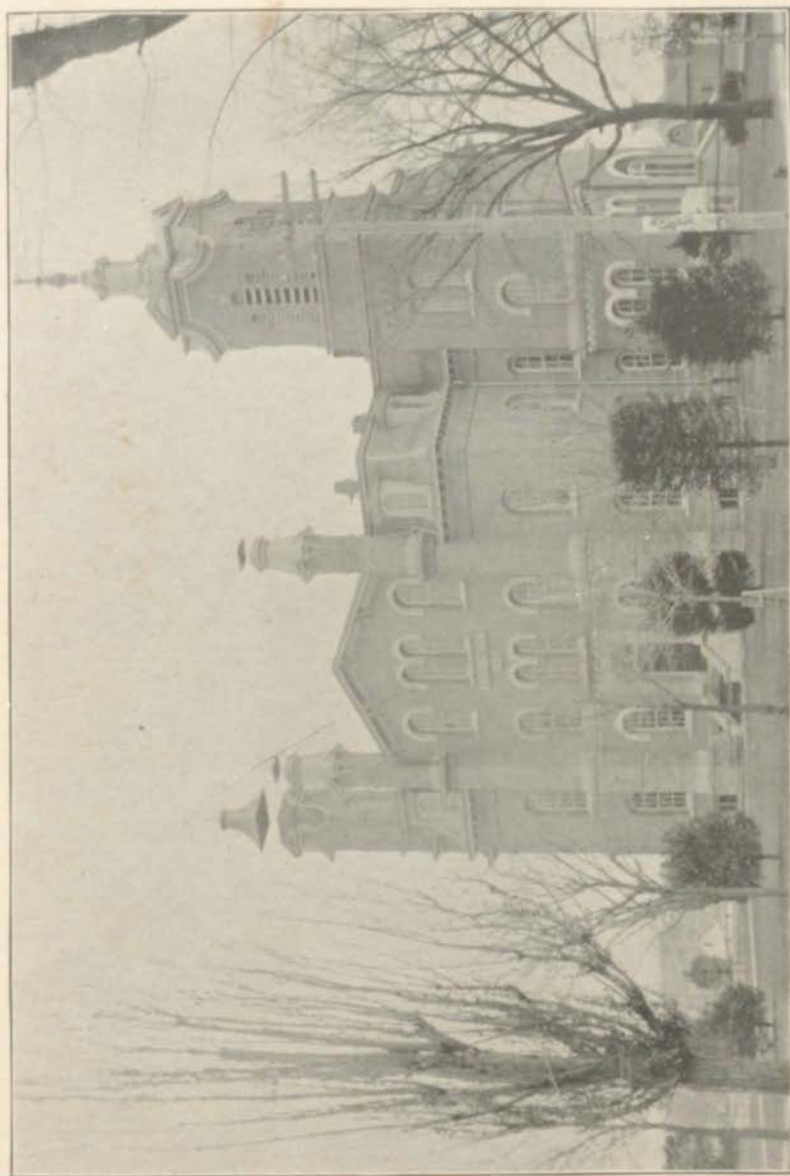
 Judge for yourself which is your paper, THE STATESMAN or some other.

The Statesman Printing Co.,

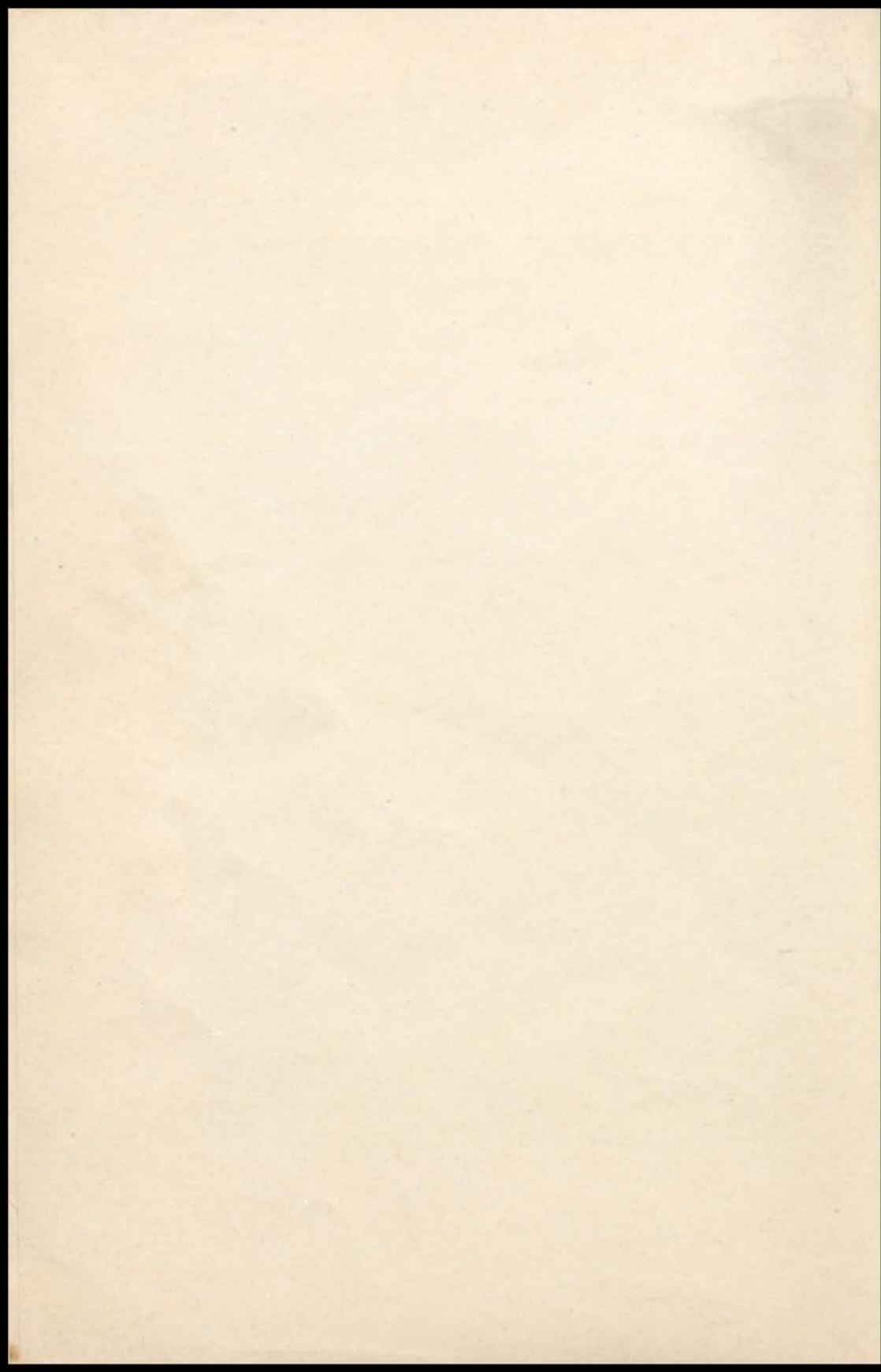
... Publishers, Marshall, Mich.





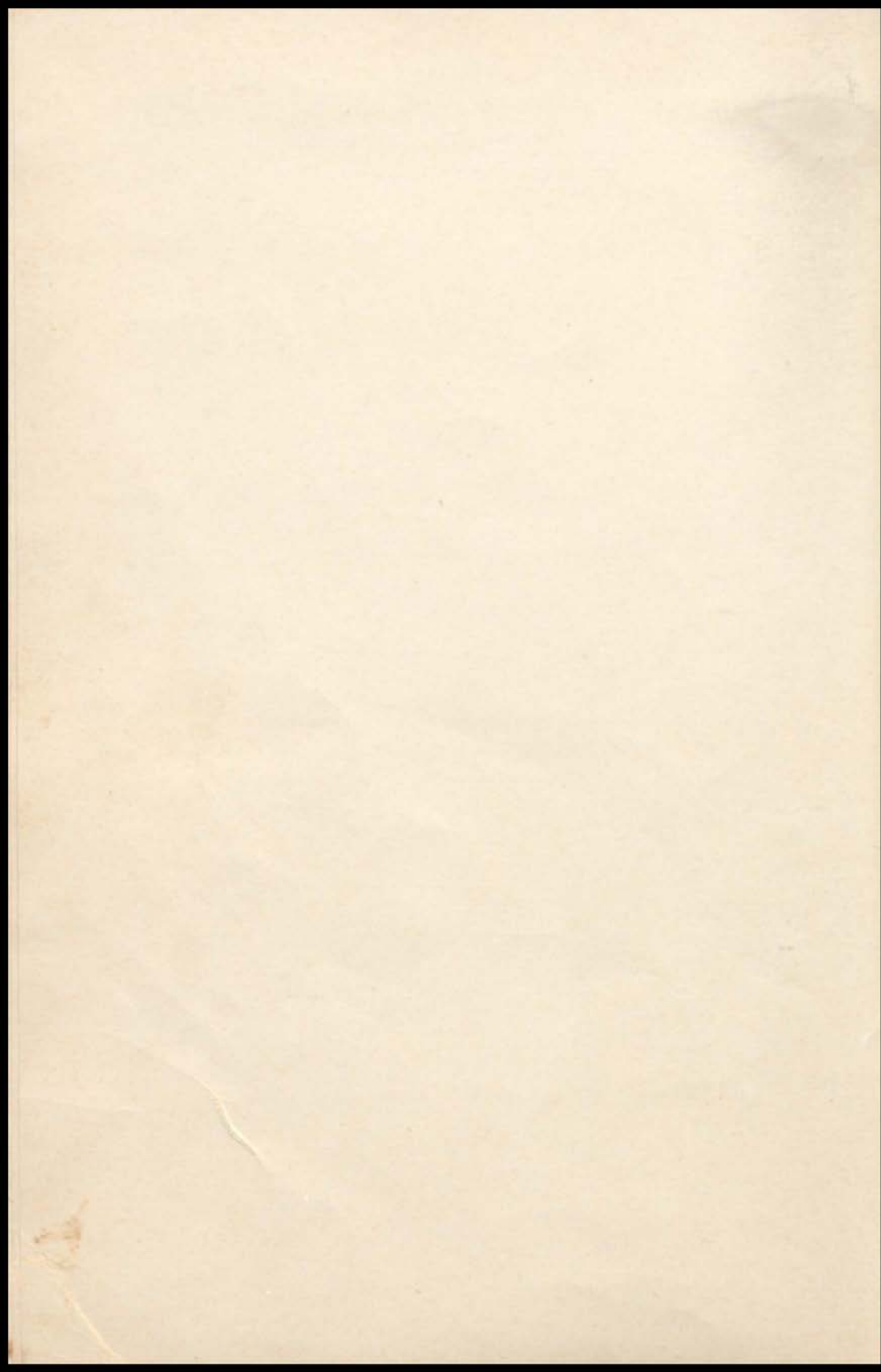


CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING.



To
Ralph S. Garwood

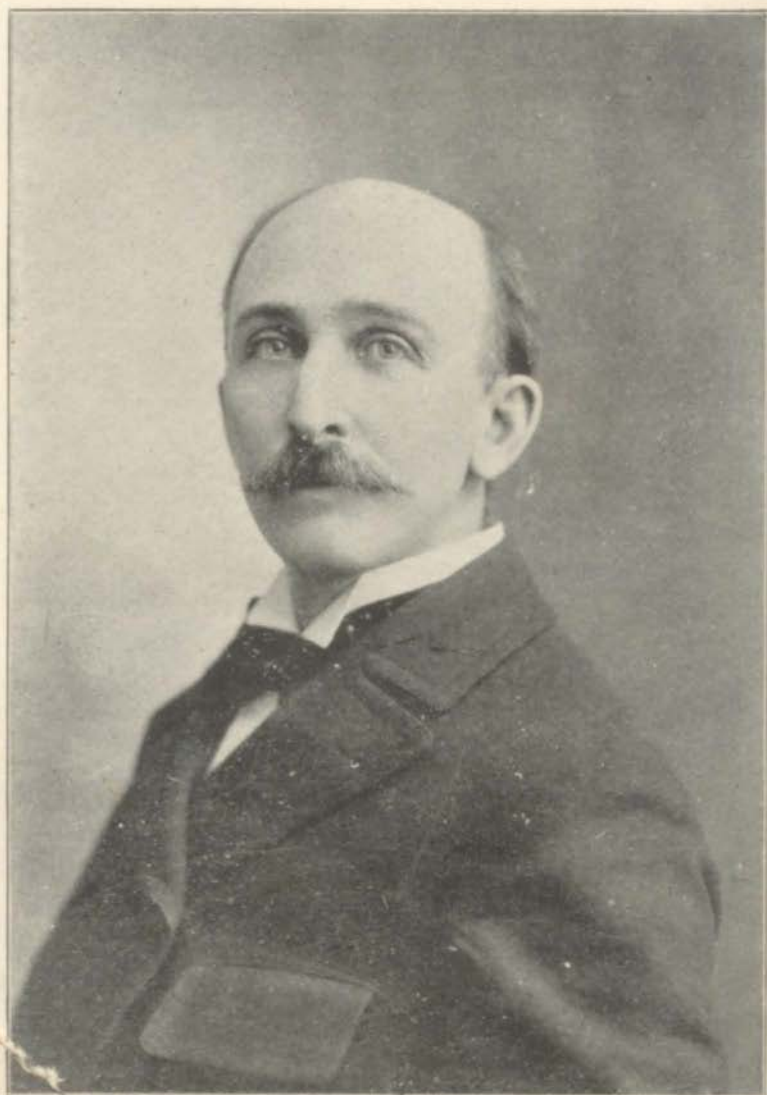
Principal of the Marshall High School, and a "friend in need"
of the editors, this book is gratefully
dedicated.



By Way of Introduction.

THIS IS THE OWL. It comes before the patrons of the Marshall schools, not as a philosophical treatise on Marshall's school system, or a learned comment on what we have done and what we have not done in the course of our school life, but simply as an expression of that phase of life, of such intense interest to those immediately concerned, and but too little understood by those on the outside—our school days.

Our elders tell us that these school days are the happiest of our lives, therefore we believe that they above all others should be permanently recorded in some way more trustworthy than by uncertain memories. We believe that some of this rare happiness should be stored up and preserved for use in future years when life has taken on a more somber hue. With this end in view THE OWL has been published and as a lasting memento of the pleasant days of '99, it makes its bow to the public.



EUGENE F. LOHR.

The Faculty.

Right learned is ye pedagogue,
Fulle apt to reade and spelle,
And eke to teache ye parts of speeche,
And strap ye urchins welle.

IT was under the maternal wings of the University of Michigan as his Alma Mater, that Mr. Eugene F. Lohr received his college education. After his graduation from Ann Arbor, Mr. Lohr accepted a position in the South Bend high school, of which he was afterwards made principal. He held this position for nine years, when he resigned to accept the principalship of the Duluth high school at a large increase of salary. After three years he left Duluth to take a position in collegiate work at Kalamazoo college. But for some time Mr. Lohr had been looking forward to the supervision of a school system as a desirable work, so when tendered the superintendency of the Marshall schools in 1897 he readily accepted. How ably he fills that office is seen by the excellent condition of the schools today. Mr. Lohr has twice enjoyed a trip abroad and is a man of broad culture. His success is no doubt due to his lively interest in his work, his sympathy with the pupils and to the fact that he keeps close to the people.



RALPH S. GARWOOD was graduated from the University of Michigan with the degree of A. B. Directly after his graduation he went to Albion as an assistant in the high school, remaining there one year. He came to Marshall in the fall of '93 to assume the principalship of our schools, and he has faithfully and conscientiously performed the duties of that office ever since. During the different summer vacations he has attended the summer sessions of the University, taking advanced work in

Greek and Latin. Mr. Garwood is a man of marked executive ability and as a teacher of classics ranks as one of the best. A pleasing feature of his teaching is his kindly disposition toward the pupils, among whom he has a host of warm friends.



MISS GERTRUDE B. SMITH has had charge of the department of mathematics in the Marshall high schools for many years, and the high standing and flourishing condition of the institution is without doubt due in a large measure to her unceasing work. During her long connection with the school she has always been a kind, faithful and thorough teacher. She has seen our old Alma Mater pass through its various stages of development and its many vicissitudes and has through all, striven to bring about conditions which would make it strong as a preparation both for college and for life. A notable feature of her teaching is her great interest in her work and her thorough knowledge of the teacher's art.

MISS JESSIE C. PORTER after graduating from the Marshall high school attended the Michigan Female Seminary at Kalamazoo for one year, entering from there the University of Michigan. After receiving a diploma from the University she taught one year in the Port Huron high school and then returned to her home city to accept her present position in our schools. Miss Porter has done much to improve the teaching of those subjects which have come under her control.



MR. F. T. RICHARDS is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, and before his graduation served one year in the Astronomical observatory at Cincinnati as an assistant in physics. He was graduated with the degree of B. S. Our high school is fortunate in having Mr. Richards on its corps of teachers, as he brings to his work not only a thorough command of his subject but also a pleasant disposition and an interest in school affairs that has won for him a warm place in the hearts of the pupils, while his athletic ability has done much toward building up a healthy interest in this important phase of school life.



MISS ADA L. BLAKESLEE was added to the corps of teachers at the beginning of the school year, owing to the large number of pupils in the high school. Miss Blakeslee was choosen for the position because of her high scholarship while in attendance at the high school, from which she graduated in '96, as well as because of her excellent college record. She had reached the junior year in Albion college and expected to return the following year when she accepted her present position. She has proven herself a conscientious and thorough teacher, and by her efforts in behalf of her pupils she has won their hearty appreciation.

MISS OLIVE BENNETT who has charge of the music in our schools, was given her diploma from the Marshall high school in 1893. Before this she had acted as assistant in music, so upon graduation was immediately promoted to her present position. She has taken special courses in music in the Cook county Normal to further fit herself for teaching music, and with her sweet and sympathetic voice and patient teaching, the schools have made steady progress under her instruction and drill.



President's Address.

PATRONS AND FRIENDS:—We of the class of ninety-nine welcome you today to these ceremonies which mark the end of our course in the public schools and give us entrance to the new sphere of life which is opening before us. We are deeply grateful for the interest you have displayed in our welfare and in the welfare of the school.

And to you, fellow-students, who remain to continue your school work we **extend** welcome, realizing that soon you too will have finished your High School course. Do not be discouraged by the difficulties in the way. We have all learned by bitter yet pleasant **experience** that there is no royal road to knowledge, but only the old well-trodden highway. Persevere and you will reach the end, **be** the road never so long.

Fellow-members of the class of ninety-nine: We are assembled today for the last time as a class. We are about to take leave of our Alma Mater, the beloved M. H. S. It is fitting that we should glance back at the life we are leaving, reflect on our progress and note our mistakes. It is fitting that we should look into the future, and ask ourselves to what use we will put the knowledge that we have gained.

Our **school** training has been a means not an end. We have been told again and again that our High School course **is** not so much to give us the thoughts of others as to develop in us the power to think. If then, it has failed in this it has failed indeed. Has it given us self-reliance and good judgment, has it augmented our reasoning powers, **has** it taught us that primary virtue—obedience? Now is the time to show what we have gained. The public has dealt generously with us. It is our duty to give our best service in **return**.

The time has now come to bid farewell to the kind teachers who have guided us through these interesting years of school life. In doing so, we shall always remember the patience with which Mr. Garwood **helped** us construct *Cæsar's bridge*. Nor will we forget how carefully Miss Smith conducted us across that rickety *Pons Asinorum* which has given way under so many would-be mathematicians, since Pythagoras (may he be forgiven) built the abominable thing; or how, after

we had safely crossed this, she taught us the value of Pi as a reward. To all our teachers we owe a debt of gratitude which we can never repay.

We are loath to take leave of our schoolmates who remain behind, and especially of the Juniors upon whom falls the responsibility, not only of upholding the dignity of Seniors, but also of occupying the back seats in the assembly hall. In you, Juniors, we have an especial interest; first, because you are our immediate successors; and then again because you have been longest associated with us in the school. We know your good record in times past and do not doubt but that you will in the future sustain the reputation of the class of 1900—the last of the century.

We wish to express our gratitude for the pleasant relations that have existed between us during the three years past, and for your manifestations of good-will in these closing days of our High School life.

CHARLES DIBBLE.



Junior Reply.

IT is doubtless a matter of surprise to many that the class of '99 should, upon this day of days to them, their commencement day, allow a member of another class and that class the Juniors, whom they have from principle looked down upon, to have any part in their commencement exercises. But as it is fitting that the Senior president welcome the visitors, patrons, and the school to their exercises, as he has so eloquently done, it is likewise fitting that some response be made upon the part of the school to this kind greeting, and certainly no class is better fitted for this duty than that of 1900. We certainly consider it a great courtesy on the part of the Seniors to the Juniors, for the Seniors have never seemed so important to us as today.

All the classes regret the departure of the Seniors as much as the Juniors, but perhaps we as their successors feel it the more deeply. The student seems to become an old friend to his teachers and fellow schoolmates, as they become accustomed to each other. As there are no friends like old friends, so the parting of classes that have been associated for years is at the best one of sadness.

And miss these old friends of our school life we certainly shall, miss them one and all. Dibble with his unassuming manner and modest ways, and Winsor, possibly the best athlete of the class, who has done a great deal to hold up the standard of the school in the contests of the county,—even his pleasant smile and voice is a great loss to the High School. Mr. Richards, we know, will miss Chick Fletcher's quiet laugh in the Chemical Laboratory, even it did disturb a recitation in the Science room across the hall. Bentley, with his oratory, certainly can never be surpassed, and I am sure the whole High School appreciates that he has not only won a laurel for himself, but one for the school. And who, now that Louise Cunningham is gone, will carry the rabbit's foot to bring victory on the foot-ball field? And so I might go on and speak of the Midgets—Bea and Elsie—Swineford with his "vaulting ambition," Mary Higgins with her still, small voice, and Merrill with his still, small voice, but time would fail.

The Seniors have always set a fine **example** for the rest of us to follow. It was industry, perseverance and good aims that have won them the honors they receive today. It is the determination of our class, as well as of the whole school, to follow in their footsteps. If we can improve upon their record we will do it. It would not be courtesy, however, to say we can surpass them, nor loyalty to ourselves to say we can not.

Today, Seniors, begins a new life for all of you, whether your education is continued or not. It is a beginning of a different life from a different stand point. God will accept this, your first attempt, not as a perfect work but as a beginning.

The beginning, however, holds the promise of the end. You have only made yourselves ready for another beginning. In all the walks of life readiness is necessary. It has been truly said that there is no view of life so inspiring as a constant preparation for important and unforeseen emergencies. There is always need for a man to go higher, if he has the capacity to go. The more thorough a man's education, the more he yearns for and is pushed forward to new achievements. The better a man is in this world the better he is compelled to be. That bold youth who climbed up the natural bridge in Virginia and carved his name higher than any other, found when he had done so that it was impossible for him to get down, and that his only alternative was to go on and scale the height and find safety at the top. Thus it is with all climbing in life, there is no going down. It is climbing or falling. Every upward step makes another needful.

I would not wish you to leave here with a heavy heart, and with the thought that life is too serious. Do not make life a drudgery to yourselves or to others. Always appear **pleasant** that you will cast no shadow over another soul. Make your aims high enough that you may take **pleasure** in thinking of your future. As waves phosphoresce during a storm let joys flash from the sorrows of your soul. Often a pleasant face may win you friends, friends that may be of more value to you than money. And, by the way, when you get rich don't forget the High School piano.

And now, as you will today cease to be members of our High School, allow us, as the Senior Class, to **extend** you a warm invitation to visit your old school, where all of your **highest** aspirations originated. We will try to persuade Mr. Garwood to let your dear old trade marks **remain** on the desks. Too many are the graduates that go from our school only to forget it. Your teachers will be glad to

welcome you back. It is a good example. You are still expected to set a good example. Your school may well consider it an honor when visited by some of the alumni who have been out in the world and won honors. You may find strange faces, but these would gladly know of your success, and how you value and use the education you received in this school.

" Make new friends, but keep the old ;
Those are silver, these are gold ;
New-made friendship, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.

" Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best ;
Brows may wrinkle, hairs grow gray ;
Friendship never knows decay."

WADE GREENE.



Class History.

"Sunshine o'er us, joy before us,
Shout aloud the joyful chorus:
Happy meeting, and our greeting
To the Class of '88."

WITH these words we sang the exultation of the members of the Class of '88 as they received the reward of their years of study. Today we, the Class of '99, echo them in our hearts with joy that we have thus successfully completed our High School career, and yet with a feeling of sadness that it is over.

There are but few left with us today of those second-grade pupils who were chosen from the different ward schools to sing for the Class of '88 and yet, although our old members have dropped out one by one and new ones have joined us every year, we feel as a class that we belong to each other and the later members are as dear to us as the first.

How proud and yet timid we felt as fourth "graders" we came to the great Central School. Here, we were joined by Charles Dibble, now the honorable President of the Class of '99 of whom, as a result of our lack of foresight I suppose, we did not stand in so great awe as we do now. In the seventh grade our Lily came to us and, as she has been the cause of our becoming acquainted with the southwestern part of our County, we have been benefited in more ways than one by her coming.

For the eighth grade work we were gathered in Miss Root's room, where for one year a glimpse of High School methods of recitation was given to us. As a result we carried all of our books home at night, and made some brilliant failures the next day. We spent some of the time in arranging all of our little and big differences, for we had been informed of the all-pervading eye of the Principal of the upstairs department. At the end of the year we received our certificates with fear and trembling, lest by some awful mistake we should see an "8" where there should be a "9."

On a lovely day in the Fall of '95, passing by the envious "graders" with that "all-important look," which we had once so disliked, we entered the High School. At first we "Freshmen," as Mr. Garwood often called us from force of habit, no doubt, made many mistakes in regard to rooms and recitation hours. However, the first year which was spent in getting used to High School work, in hard study, and in secret imitation of the Seniors, passed quickly and pleasantly.

In the tenth grade we organized our class. After numerous class meetings our officers were elected and instructed how to perform their duties. We finally decided to have for our colors silver and gold as a proof of the great interest we all took in the political campaign then being carried on. We made a banner of silver and gold paper. The first appearance of this was on "Children's Day" at the County Fair where it was expected it would gain the prize for the handsomest class emblem. Ours proved so successful that everybody stared at it with the utmost astonishment. Perhaps because they thought the silver and gold paper was the real thing. We failed to get the prize but did not fail to take the hint; for the banner has never been seen since.

Among the different clubs organized by the teachers was the Latin Club presided over by Mr. Garwood at the time we were studying Caesar, in whom our class was especially interested. Carrying out a suggestion of Mr. Garwood's, our class met several times with him for the purpose of erecting a pretty battering ram and other machines of war described by Caesar. It was more fun than work, for while busy we cracked jokes, talked, and laughed continually.

One very pleasant evening was spent at Miss Smith's home in the study of the stars. In her interesting talk on astronomy Miss Smith explained and showed us the different constellations, and the groups of stars which form the Little and Big Dipper, the Old Hen and her Chickens, and many others of interest. When the lesson was over we all enjoyed a very pleasant social time.

After the Christmas Holidays we began a story in connection with our English work. Each student succeeded so well with his chapter that I am sure the only reason our story is not now ranked with the best American literature is that it proved too lengthy for publication. Our sophomore year ended quietly, as that year always ends, and we prepared to have as much fun as possible before assuming the awful responsibility of full-fledged Juniors.

Our third year in the High School began with a great disappoint-

ment. We had lost our dear friend and teacher, Miss Obenauer; she who had guided our footsteps through the war-paths of history and the labyrinthian mazes of English since the time when we had entered the High School. Her place was taken by Miss Porter, a graduate of our High School in '92, and hence one who understood what we most needed. She was our English teacher until the Spring term, when, in consequence of the increased recitation work, she gave our class over into Miss Smith's hands. As we had always associated Miss Smith with mathematics, we were greatly surprised to find in her such an excellent English teacher. She made our work very interesting for us and we were as much delighted with the English as when Miss Porter had charge of it.

Our fear in entering the dreaded dominion of physics was allayed by the cheering words of Mr. Miller, who told us that the dread was the hardest part, and by studying and preparing our lessons perfectly each day we would find it no harder than any other of our studies. Our presence here shows that we followed his advice.

As Seniors we were entitled to the back seats — the seats of honor — but, alas, how often this year we found ourselves occupying front seats simply because we did not agree with Mr. Garwood and his favorite quotation, "Silence is Wisdom."

Although geometry was a very serious matter to us just as it had been to the preceding classes, some very amusing incidents occurred. One particular day while Miss Smith was vainly trying to make a refractory demonstration clear to Miss Clark she exclaimed, "Why, Ruth, what angle are you trying to find?" Miss Clark promptly replied, "Why, I want that 'B. O. Y.'" Another day Miss Smith found it hard work to convince Mary that the center of a circle cannot be changed without affecting the circumference. On several occasions, when we had so many questions to ask that we failed to get through our lessons, we were kindly invited to meet in the Mathematics room at 3:45. We generally succeeded in reaching home for supper with a firm resolve never to be caught in that way again.

Although the sum total age of our class is 328 years, Louise would make us even older for she frequently in reading Cicero and alluding to the Roman people, translated "we, their ancestors." While mentioning our age it will not be amiss to give our weight. And, as it is estimated at 2,202, pounds, we will beg you for once to disregard the quotation, "quality, not quantity," for we have both. One feature of late years is the study of current events nearly every morning after

chapel. One morning Lillie informed us that Dewey is the commander of all the army and naval forces of the United States.

Mr. Lohr took up our English class where Miss Smith had left it and continued to make our work pleasant for us. The last part of the year we spent in studying Shakespeare's plays and in learning some of the best quotations. Mr. Winsor still delights in quoting his favorite one, "Sleep, the innocent sleep; sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

We are very proud of Mr. Bentley's oratorical abilities, which he displayed in the contest of the Inter High School association at Battle Creek. We are confident that our hopes for his future fame and glory will be realized.

As this, our last school year, was nearing its completion we began to question ourselves as to whether we had made the most of our opportunities, whether we had studied as diligently as we could have done and whether we had regarded in a true light the efforts made by all of our dear teachers in our behalf. Our minds are filled with misgivings and I believe if we could do our Senior year over again we would give our instructors less trouble and better recitations in repay for all their kindness and forbearance. But regrets avail us nothing and we can only, in thanking our teachers, each and every one, for their patience and care during all these years, beg them to think as kindly of us as possible and forget every careless act and word. May they remember the fact that we now understand and appreciate all they have done for us, and however engrossing our cares may be, we will not forget those to whom so many thanks are due.

As historian of the past I am about to lay aside my pen. Looking back over the pages I utter a silent prayer in my heart that the years to come may be as replete with honest endeavor as the past ones have been. As many of the members of our class are to become students at the different universities we expect to hear more of their history in the future. May the lives of the members of our class ever be bright and happy, and may they ever place their ideals higher in the strife to gain the topmost round of the ladder of knowledge and truth.

MABEL GREY.

Prophecy.

" The cold, white snow has faded fast ;
And stilled now is the wintry blast ;
' Midst purple clover graze the herds ;
' Midst fresh, green branches sing the birds ;
And now the heart, too, growing gay,
Throws off old sorrow, day by day,
And praiseth God with gladness rife
For Spring and flowers and earth and life."

TO the children and young people, especially, this return of Spring meant a frolic and a general good time. But to the house-keepers it meant something more—the tearing up of carpets, the taking down of pictures, a thorough overhauling, cleaning and repairing—in fact, house-cleaning time.

It was during one of these annual disturbances that I noticed in the garret a pile of things sorted out from the other numerous articles that had found their way there. On the top of the pile I discovered an article long since missed, and so thinking that possibly some others had accidentally been placed there, I began to overhaul the heap. I did not, however, search long, for I soon brought to light a copy of The Owl that was issued as our class annual at the Marshall High School when we were Seniors, long years ago.

It had been some time since I had even thought about my classmates, but this book brought them all before me again and my mind was turned from thoughts of house-cleaning and the garret to the whereabouts of the members of '99.

As I surveyed the eighteen smiling faces before me the happy times at school flashed across my mind. What fun we did have then, little knowing that we did!

No, I could not place one of them. Correspondences begun when separations came, had gradually been dropped, news of absent ones had become less and less, reunions discontinued—where were the members of '99?

But here occurred an interruption to my thoughts for just then the postman came to the door and handed me a newspaper and a letter. Naturally I opened the letter first and found it to be from a friend, saying that a newspaper containing information that might be of interest to me had been sent. The latter proved to be from Manila, P. I., and when I had finished reading it I had found out about two of the Class of '99.

Fin Bentley and Charlie Merrill were practicing law there in Manila, for the card

BENTLEY & MERRILL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

appeared as one of the advertisements. But from the account of Fin's eloquent plea before the jury in a famous case of which a report was given I saw that Fin was doing most of the law work while Charlie still clung to athletics and chemistry.

And so while Fin worked on his cases in the front office Charlie was in the back room practicing the standing broad jump or making a precipitate with H₂S. In another column I found that Charlie was also an athletic director of the Philippino College of Medicine and had just conducted a very successful Field Day, taking upon himself the arduous duties of referee, and then I recalled how he loved to run athletics years ago.

Here, too, in this far-away country I found out through Fin, to whom I at once wrote, that Bea Mannings and Elsie Wagner resided. Elsie, it seems, had married when still quite young and had moved to the Philippines, and now she enjoyed the distinction of being the wife of one of the prominent American planters of the islands, and, of course, was an important leader in social circles. And Bea, while making Elsie a visit was greatly admired by the ambassador from Greenland and it resulted in a marriage.

Well, I now knew about four of my classmates and I was determined to learn what had become of the rest. A day or two later I met Consuelo Garwood, who was here on a visit. Of course she could not remember about the Class of '99, M. H. S., but she thought that possibly her father might know something about some of them. And she said she would write and ask him.

In a few days I received a letter from Mr. Garwood himself. He wrote that he had seen it reported that Charles Dibble was recently elected Chief Justice of Cuba, an office for which the fates must have

been preparing him when he studied the old Roman prætorship so industriously and took such an interest in provincial government. Remembering who Charles was Mr. Garwood had written him a letter of congratulation, and in the reply Charles had mentioned Dwight Winsor as a resident of the Hawaiian Islands.

The next morning I sent two letters, one to the Chief Justice of Cuba and the other to Hawaii. In about four weeks I received the answers and I found that Dwight Winsor was an historic writer of great renown. His latest work was, "Why Socrates was not a Christian." Then in addition to his literary pursuits, once a week he marched out with the Honolulu band, acting in the capacity of a drum-major. And then for the first time I saw the reason for that everlasting drumming and beating time, that used to drive us nearly wild, when Dwight was thinking out a geometrical problem.

Both of the boys manifested much interest in my undertaking and each had searched the country in which they resided, and together they had succeeded in finding the traces of five more of our class.

Lillie Smyth lived on another one of the Hawaiian Islands and was now holding the honored position of preceptress of a young ladies' seminary. She delighted greatly in the study of geography and was especially interested in the country round the Isthmus of Panama.

Mabel Gray and Sadie Balcom had together gone to Constantinople, which had lately come under British control. And here they were running a newspaper which was known as "Woman's Rights." This fact I learned from Dwight for whom they had published some articles.

I then wrote to Mabel and Sadie for a copy, and on the receipt of it I noticed that Sadie had written a long editorial about her "Vote," while Mabel wrote an article on "Whether Hamlet Was Crazy or Not."

Through the other letter I found out that Louise Cunningham and Carlotta Cook lived on the Island of Cuba, although Louise lived near Santiago, and Carlotta in Pinar del Rio, at the opposite end of the Island. Louise, after graduation had devoted herself to the study of art, and she was just now interested in nature study. And so she had taken up her residence in the country, at the same time fulfilling her long-cherished hope of living in an old historic mansion. My greatest surprise was to learn from Louise that she was still Miss Cunningham and still carried a rabbit's foot—though why I do not know.

Carlotta had developed many latent talents. She was teaching music, after studying under Paderewski in Russia, and was also conducting a large embroidery and fancy work establishment.

Later on Charles Dibble wrote me about Charlie Swineford. He had become a civil engineer and to him had been assigned the duty of overseeing some improvements and enlargements on the Nicaragua Canal. He had been selected by the government from twenty others as the most able to fill this important position, and, in fact, had been in government employ ever since he took the civil service examination in '99.

A newspaper notice gave me information about another classmate. I was somewhat amazed to read something like this:

"Miss T. Fletcher, the violin soloist of great renown, will travel through Porto Rico the coming week. The people of the island hail her visit with great delight, and they hope her one week may be increased to two. It is understood, however, that she will play as soloist in the Boston Symphony orchestra during its tour through the United States of America."

"Can this be Chick!" I exclaimed. "Yes, it must be."

That night I thought over all of those I now knew about and I found that my list was not yet complete for I had four more members of '99 to account for.

The next morning I eagerly searched the papers and in the end I had my reward; for Ruth Clark had been located.

Ruth was traveling as matron on one of the ocean steamers, and when some slight accident had happened to the steamer the passengers had to be transferred to another vessel. The names of those on the disabled boat were given and Miss Ruth Clark of Marshall, Mich., U. S. A., appeared in the list. As it was still Miss Clark I concluded Ruth had not found her angular B. O. Y. she looked for way back in geometry days.

Soon after reading this article, as I was walking down town, I met a friend who had just returned from the Klondike and he told me that at Dawson City he met two of my former classmates. He said that it was by mere accident that he happened to discover them and it was in this way—but I was so anxious about them that I interrupted him, saying, "Tell me first who they are and what they are doing." So he told me and from him I learned the following:

Earle Houston had gone to the Klondike a number of years ago and here he had become interested in one of the railroads. Now he was vice-president of the road. He was also a great Greek student. And in addition to all this he was teaching military tactics in the Dawson City High School.

It so happened that at the time my friend was there that Maud Pringle was stopping at the same hotel. Maud had become a traveling companion to an elderly lady, and at this time they were spending a month at the Klondike, now, as you know, a great summer resort.

Later in the week I learned what had become of Mary Higgins. Mary, it seems, had had an earnest lover and when he asked her for her hand she refused him. This utterly broke his heart and he soon afterward enlisted in the regular army. After a short time his company was sent to the North Pole. And while here he became the victim of brain fever. As soon as Mary heard of his illness, repenting her answer to his proposal, she set out for the North Pole to nurse her lover. On her arrival she was installed as a regular nurse and under her care he recovered and, and—well, you can guess the rest.

And now I had accomplished my end and I knew where my seventeen classmates were.

"What a record they have made," I thought. "And I think I have just reasons for being proud of my membership in the Class of '99, Marshall High School."

ANNA MARSHALL.



Statistics of the Class of '99.

More or Less Correct.



BALCOM, LILLIAN—

Disposition, pushing.

Strong point, hard work; failing, woman's rights; likes most, voting; hates most, being teased; favorite book, *The American Boy*; nickname, Sate; destiny, reporter; age 16.

BENTLEY, FINIS—

Disposition, quick.

Strong point, oratory; failing, jack-knife; likes most, waltz(ing); hates most, c. D. d.; favorite book, *She*; nickname, Rube; destiny, lecture platform; age, 28.



CLARK, RUTH—

Disposition, positive.

Strong point, English; failing, speed; likes most, to take life easy; hates most, Latin prose; favorite book, *Merry Wives of Winsor*; nickname, ask elsewhere; destiny, choir leader; age, 30.



COOK, CARLOTTA—

Disposition, loud.

Strong point, music; failing, fancy work; likes most, friends; hates most, give it up; favorite book, **First Violin**; nickname, Cookie; destiny, wee wife; age, 25.

CUNNINGHAM, LOUISE—

Disposition, spoony.

Strong point, jokes; failing, blushing; likes most, foot ball captains; hates most, the other girl; favorite book, Spaulding's Foot Ball Guide; nickname, Lu; destiny, school for two; age, 16.



DIBBLE, CHARLES—

Disposition, argumentative.

Strong point, languages; failing, diving; likes most, conjugations; hates most, class rows; favorite book, Side Talks with Girls; nickname, Dib; destiny, minister; age, 50.

FLETCHER, THERESA—

Disposition, vivacious.

Strong point, geometry; failing, stenographer; likes most, strolling; hates most, distance 62 miles; favorite book, Hymn; nickname, Chick; destiny, violinist; age, 20.



GREY, MABEL—

Disposition, impulsive.

Strong point, literature; failing, skating; likes most, traveling; hates most, restraint; favorite book, dictionary; nickname, Mab; destiny, public speaker; age, 18. (Miss Grey declined to allow THE OWL to publish her photograph.)



HIGGINS, MARY—

Disposition, boisterous.

Strong point, gentleness; failing, voice; likes most, solitude; hates most, essays; favorite book, Emerson; nickname, Mary Ann; destiny, housekeeper; age 23.

HOUSTON, EARLE—

Disposition, touchy.

Strong point, firmness; failing, nerve; likes most, Brewer(y); hates most, mathematics; favorite book, Catherine of Aragon; nickname, Stub; destiny, lawyer; age, 20.



MANNINGS, BEATRICE—

Disposition, amiable.

Strong point, hat on straight; failing, height; likes most, 2:15 p. m.; hates most, debates; favorite book, Lover's Quarrels; nickname, Bea; destiny, school teacher; age, 19.



MARSHALL, ANNA —

Disposition, generous.

Strong point, tact; failing, pantry; likes most, bank book; hates most, empty cupboard; favorite book, Cook Book; nickname, Banana; destiny, U. of M. co-ed.; age, 18.

MERRILL, CHARLES —

Disposition, shy.

Strong point, talking; failing, hard work; likes most, to entertain royally; hates most, loudness (in others); favorite book, As I Like It; nickname, Harve; destiny, politician; age, 12.



PRINGLE, MAUDE —

Disposition, loving.

Strong point, chemistry; failing, deportment; likes most, riding; hates most, front seat; favorite book, check book; nickname, Sis; destiny, married bliss; age, 22.

SWINEFORD, CHARLES —

Disposition, slow.

Strong point, studying; failing, serenades; likes most, big fish; hates most, bad creditors; favorite book, Fish Stories; nick name, Nusty; destiny, second Edison; age, 19.





SMYTH, LILLIAN —

Disposition, studious.

Strong point, generosity; failing, singing; likes most, back seat; **hates** most, front seat; favorite book, geometry (B. and S.); nickname, Lil; destiny, language teacher; age, 19.

WAGNER, ELSIE —

Disposition, even.

Strong point, skating; **failing**, sensitiveness; likes most, boat rides; **hates most**, rivals; favorite book, Oliver (Twist); nickname, Ice; destiny, music teacher; age, 12.



WINSOR, DWIGHT —

Disposition, rhythmic.

Strong point, primping; failing, punctuality; likes most, sleep; **hates most**, being hustled; favorite book, Peck's Bad Boy; nickname, Bump or Twilight; destiny, president of Greenland; age, 15.

A Nation's Defense.

(Delivered at the District Contest of the Inter High School Oratorical Association.)

SHAKESPEARE, in that most wonderful drama, "Hamlet," puts into the mouth of his intellectual hero, when he is tried and vexed almost beyond human endurance, the words, "The time is out of joint." There are periods of individual history, in the history of a community, yes, in the history of a nation, when the turn of affairs seems downward; when uprisings imperil our safety; when differences of thought seem almost to divide us and our country asunder. Under these circumstances it is easy to say, "The times seem out of joint;" but later we see the commonalty mounting over its difficulties.

Webster, in his reply to Hayne, after reviewing the prosperity and honor of his country, does not allow himself to view events as out of joint, and thus to seek out the dark recesses into which our nation might be plunged; but, rather considers the chances,—the power within our people for perpetuating this glorious country. And in one glimpse he beholds "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic honored throughout the earth, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, and not a single star obscured." He looks again and sees as this ensign of the the Republic, "Not Liberty first and Union afterwards, but everywhere in characters of living light, blazing in all their ample folds as they float over the sea and lands, that other sentiment—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Hamlet's soliloquy and Webster's visions are but the expressions for the trough and crest of national prosperity; the feebleness and power of national perpetuity.

Analyze the strength of a nation and of what does it consist? Simply of armies and navies, and the brute strength of man? He who reads history aright says "No. Not in these alone but on her people, their intrinsic worth, their ideas, their principles, their ideals—upon these rests the true strength of a nation."

Trace the career of any nation and at times you find her rising in power and influence and then either continuing so or settling back into obscurity. But go one step deeper and as a cause for these advancements you find: in the early ages, the people united in their ideas and striving to obtain Liberty; in the middle ages, you find new ideals and principles working among the people, forthcoming from the old German forests. It is upon these vital elements—high and new ideals, Unity and Liberty,—that a nation must build.

Turn with me to the pages of history. Here I read of the Greeks, disheartened and nearly conquered, rising with one mighty hand under Miltiades against the Persians at the battle of Marathon. Again, I see Charlemagne, the giant of the middle ages, the amalgamator of nations, establishing unity through conquest. He knew that no structure could adequately shelter the European nations which was not established upon the union of German vigor and Christian art. Again, I see Spain rising with one might against the Moors. Again, I see the Netherlands flooded, yet rising with the yoke of Spain broken asunder. Again, I see Holland reaching forth as a great power, through her vigor for commercial superiority. Again, I see Garibaldi crowning his success with the happiest day of his life when he freed Naples and united Northern and Southern Italy. Again, I see Richelieu, base and ignoble, yet loving and patriotic, desiring to see France powerful, united and prosperous. Again, I see England, rising from under the power of oppressive kings, to be the giver of a new liberty. Again, I see the Pilgrims, the embryo of spiritual liberty, landing on a new shore. Again, I see the Thirteen Colonies, the beginning of a new constitutional liberty, lifting one voice against, "taxation without representation." Once more I look, and see the North and South, when the interests of humanity and national honor are at stake, dashing aside all civil dissensions and uniting under one head, one ambition, and one resolve, that innocent blood should never be shed or the honor of Old Glory ever stand insulted while there was a strong right arm to prevent it.

Thus we see that all peoples, all ages, have had their leaders; their watchwords; their defenses. But as civilizations have advanced, the character of these defenses has become better and higher in its attainments. "We are the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

Accordingly our defenses should be the best the world has ever known.

We are in an age of rapid growth. Will our lamp of civilization continue to burn brighter? Have we the principles within our borders,

have we the natural powers and natural resources to gain the goal and realize the visions of our colonial fathers? We have just passed through a struggle and now that the smoke of battle in the recent war between the United States and Spain has cleared away, let us analyze the causes which contributed so materially to the brilliant success of our army and navy, and draw from these the answer to this important question.

Look at our condition when the war broke out. There was a navy, but there was no large regular standing army. Practically, no provision whatever had been made for such an unexpected war. Yet we did fight and the effective manner in which we fought has attracted the attention of the whole world. It was frequently predicted that we should be conquered. How those predictions held true we all know. What glorious victories we won we also know. And now, since most of these victories were gained in the face of the greatest difficulties, the statement that there was an unseen cause for such cannot be doubted.

Every political system displays its character by the place from which its power is exercised. The ancient republics of Greece had their Agora; Rome had her Forum; the great monarchy of Louis XIV had its Versailles; the feudal lords had their castles. But America has her people; and back from the hearts of this seventy million God-fearing people comes thundering the statement, "We are our nation's defense and by us her strength is determined." Such a defense for a nation when her honor and the interests of humanity are at stake has always been found sufficient in time of peril.

Look at our regiments now on duty in various parts of the world. When the war broke out these were not existence. But through the ready response to the call for volunteers, we had in a very brief time an adequate army on the march. This ready response of our countrymen to a call strictly voluntary shows the contrast between our men and those of other nations.

In other nations enlistment is compulsory while in this country we have always been able to rely upon the volunteer soldier and the loyalty of our citizens to our institutions.

And now a few instances may be cited, the results of which all bear directly upon this point of our nation's defense. When a call was made for six men to assist Hobson in the sinking of the Merrimac, hundreds, in fact, nearly all the mariners came forward and offered their services with willingness in a venture which meant almost certain death.

Again, when Hobson was a prisoner in the Spanish fort, he saw officers beat their men to force them to remain at their posts under the fire of our guns. What nation could ever expect to conquer in war when her soldiers disobey their officers in time of battle? Where would America, or any other Christian nation today, be if her men had to be lashed and scourged to take vengeance on the enemies of their country?

" Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command;
'Tis the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest."

Another thing which gives to our nation her strong defense is the desire and capability of our people for inventions; or, in other words, the adaptability to the commercial world of all our efforts of thought to the upbuilding and strengthening of our nation. In this respect American ingenuity leads the world. With these inventions she is able to protect herself and her people against all nations. No matter how much money we have or how willing we are to spend it in behalf of our nation's defense, we cannot buy machines until they are invented. And if the energies of our mechanics and engineers were not directed toward invention we would have none of the modern machines of war with which to protect ourselves and to conquer our enemies.

As a result of these inventions America's commerce, an element most essential to a nation's prosperity and industry, becomes a firm bulwark. And from this commerce comes money which is always required to meet the demands made on our treasury. And, furthermore, the people of this broad continent are united by the telephone, railroad and telegraph. And thereupon better feelings and closer relations exist between the different sections of our people. Thus again the people are responsible for one of America's strongest defenses.

Now let us consider the most important element of our nation's defense—education. In this, America, with her colleges and public schools, stands first pre-eminent. All over this broad continent is found a most efficient system of schools and educational facilities. And what is the result? You find the American youth, the coming man of our nation, being taught new ideals and principles which tend to make him a more perfect American and enable him to withstand the perils of peace which are often more trying than the perils of war.

Shortly after the battle of Santiago there appeared in one of our leading journals a cut of one of the gunners of the Iowa. Underneath this picture was written, "Why we won." It did not need any lengthy description to tell that the cause of our victory was due to the intelligence of our soldiers; the mere picture told more eloquently than words of the sturdy character of the men who made up our army and navy.

And as a result of all this education there enters into the training of our soldiers the ability to understand and obey most implicitly the commands of their officers. And this education also has its effects upon the man of peace.

To the statesman, whose firm hand guides the rudder of the "ship of state" over peaceful and tempestuous seas, it teaches the manly principle of unity. To the people it shows what their country has done for them, and in return they become loving and grateful to their benefactor. It makes them eager to serve their country, even though this may bring them into the greatest danger.

Thus we see that the free, brave and true, homeloving, educated, trained citizen of this, our commonwealth, is the guarantee of our national perpetuity. This defence is unequaled the world over. America is invincible and long may she remain so. May her Waterloo never dawn in an eastern sky. Liberty, now the light of the world? Yes! and forever. Free American citizens, a free, mighty Christian Nation — this is the ideal we present to the world. And our ideal will continue to flourish so long as the people remain as loyal and firm as they are today. Webster's vision was grand and the future is secure, but the past vision is dimmed by the present realization.

We saw an oppressed people struggling under an iron hand. Weak and starving, these loyal hearts, stirred with one impulse, lifted their emaciated hands for help. America heard their cry; responded with a cheer; freed the enslaved, visited the imprisoned, fed the hungry; not seeking Imperialism, but bringing into life the grandest and noblest of themes — Humanity must be free.

FINIS BENTLEY.



CLASS OF 1900.

These Are the Naughty Naughts.

President, Claude S. Stout.

Vice-President, Lola Wagner.

Secretary, Howard Grant.

Treasurer, Wade Greene.

Colors, White and Blue.

Motto, Non Scholæ Sed Vitæ.

IN September, 1896, thirty-two little boys and girls entered the Marshall High School as Freshmen. It was one of the smallest classes that was ever enrolled, but—"quality, not quantity," you know.

Although the events that happened during their Freshman sojourn in our classic halls seem to have faded from the annals of history, still the fame and glory achieved during that first year "will ever be green in the hearts of our countrymen."

At the beginning of the second year the class was organized with a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The class, which is exceedingly fond of social pastime, was entertained at the homes of Norman Inman, Sue Cronin, Wade Greene and others. These meetings were of a purely literary character, consisting of essays, "spat 'em out the room," "wink 'em," recitations and, of course, refreshments.

In 1898 the class entered upon their year as Juniors. The Freshmen regarded them with awe and admiration; the Sophmores treated them with frigid politeness; the Seniors smiled upon them with, to be sure, a very condescending smile, but what else could a Junior expect?

The past year has been exceptionally pleasant as far as intellectual pursuits are concerned. The class has been entertained by nearly every member. The "Spat 'em Out the Room" club turned into a German club called "Die Schiller Verein," organized for the express purpose of studying German. But it gradually resumed its old nature, with the addition of many new features. At the opening of the second semester physiology was begun by the Junior boys, and cats, rats and other beasts soon felt the effects. The girls were filled with righteous indignation at the cruelty which followed and not one of the Junior boys received a smile from them during the massacre which lasted weeks. But the boys in return wanted to know the why and wherefore of the birds and feathers on the girls' hats. Trophies, cat tails, are now on exhibition in Mr. Richard's physiological laboratory. Admittance free.

C. B., '01.



CLASS OF 1901.

Here Are the Naughty Ones.

Glenn Grant, President.
Josephine Dibble, Vice-President.
Laura Fish, Secretary.
Roy Murdock, Treasurer.

THE Sophomore Class was organized the latter part of 1898, and judging from their picture are a good looking class. We hope the Standard Dictionary did not have the present class in mind when it defined Sophomore as one "marked by a shallow assumption of learning or by empty grandiloquence, hence, immature, callow." There is one consolation, you are "wise fools" but one short year, and fortunate is the class that shows as little of its foolish wisdom as the present Sophomores. From the first it has taken an active interest in High School matters.

The athletes of the class are Chauncey Brewer, who cannot be equalled in hammer throwing; Roy Murdock, a first-class kicker (in athletics only), and Miles Townsend, an able bicycle rider. Besides standing high in athletics this class boasts of brilliant debaters and fine musicians. Prominent among the first are Sidney McKee and Reuben Boroughs, who have recently shown that they are skillful attorneys. Among the latter Bernice Gallup and Susie Ferguson are prominent. There is a great deal of push in this class; it is not only sharp in wits but large in numbers, being probably the largest Sophomore Class ever in the High School.

The Minerva Society.

FOR a long time previous to the formation of the two High School societies it had been seen by the teachers that one of the most prominent faults in recitations was a lack of readiness and facility on the part of the pupil to express his ideas clearly. The cause of this defect was known not to be too long lessons nor too little study, but to his inability to concentrate his mind upon the answer, and think rapidly and intelligently. He "knew but could not think." How to eliminate this factor was a serious problem for the teachers, and to the attempt at solving it the Minerva and Delphic societies owe their formation in the Fall of '97.

At the meetings literary programs have been given, usually consisting of music, recitation, oration, debate, and the reading of the paper, the Minerva Moon. The programs have aimed to be and have been instructive, and a source of pleasure and benefit. The debates, in particular, arouse a great deal of enthusiasm, as the subject chosen is usually one of intrinsic interest, while the Moon has attained great popularity, both for its noble work in defending the society against the fiery attacks of the Delphic Sun, and in throwing light on hidden matters, for the "Moon shines when the Sun cannot."

The Minerva society does not claim to be anything wonderful: it is simply a normal society with a large capacity for growth and improvement. But, although it may not have accomplished any great or remarkable tasks, it is a striving organization and has done its share of work in helping the pupils to become more self-reliant, when appearing before an audience. By doing this it has formed a firm basis upon which the future renown of our school may rest; for if pluck and self-control will be needed anywhere, they will be needed in the oratorical contests and debates into which the school has entered. In short the society is doing a good work, a work that is needed and cannot fail to be of value to all of us in the future walks of life.

REUBEN BOROUGH, '01.

The Delphic Society.

SOON after Mr. Lohr became Superintendent of our public schools two literary societies were formed through his efforts and those of the High School teachers. The Delphic society came into existence on the 13th day of December, 1897. Our constitution informs us that, "The object of this society shall be to promote the general intellectual welfare of the members."

There are many reasons given why Apollo should be our patron and his oracle be our name. What society does not need the aid of this patron of order, justice, legality and literary inspiration? When we are searching out deep questions in oration, essay or debate we are following the example of the "darkness-dispelling" Apollo. He also loved music and we give a large part of our program to musical selections, although as yet our nearest approach to a "lyre" is in the shape of our society paper, the Delphic Sun.

The society was launched on its literary career with Mr. Herbert Watson, '98, at the helm and has since sailed on smoothly, although another hand (Mr. Bentley) now holds the rudder.

The Delphic history, although not voluminous, has been quite unlike "the short and simple annals of the poor" Minerva society. Twice have we measured our strength with the Minervan and each time come out victorious. In 1898, that year of great events, there was a spelling match in which we proved that we excel in orthography. Delphians will always remember that on February 22, this year, a contest was held between the two rival societies. We won the essay and oration with a large margin to spare, while the debate and recitation were lost by only a few points. As a result of this contest Finis Bentley, '99, the Delphic orator, represented our High School in the district oratorical contest, where he came within half a point of being sent as this district's representative to the State contest at Ypsilanti.

The work of the society has been very beneficial to all concerned and we look forward with great hope to the future.

SIDNEY MCKEE, '01.



CLASS OF 1902.

And These Are Naughty Two.

EARLY on Monday morning, September 5th, 1898, there was seen in the classic hall of the Marshall High School a rare assemblage of verdured youths and maidens who had come from all over the city and county in order to complete their education. So large was this Freshman Class of seventy-three members, and so small was the seating capacity of the assembly room, that a large number of the pupils have had to sit in one of the recitation rooms during the whole year. The class contains twenty non-resident pupils, a greater number than in any other class. We are glad to see this increase in the number of pupils from out of town; for it shows that the parents are becoming more interested in the education of their own children and the welfare of the school.

The class was organized with Floyd Starr as president; Charlotte Lepper, vice-president, and Claude Wixon, secretary. Owing to the fact that Mr. Wixon has left school the office of secretary is vacant until the next election of officers.

Among the members of the Freshman Class we notice the names of Alexander and Scott who will, beyond doubt, win praise and glory for themselves as did their illustrious ancestry. There is a repetition in '02 of the "Big Four" of '99 in Marshall, Winsor, Dibble and Bentley, who, it is hoped, will be as bright and shining lights as those who have gone before. Perhaps in mixing "the earth-earthy" with intellectual prosperity it will not be amiss to speak of the great pecuniary interest of the Freshmen Class in the Casey broad acres; and far away in the firmament gleams the radiant Starr, whose bright rays ever lend inspiration to faltering foot-steps along the thorny path of wisdom.

From the interest and ability of other illustrious members, who cannot fail to be of great credit to themselves and to the class, we can prophesy a successful and happy future for the Class of Naughty-Two.

E. L. K., '00.

The S(c)erenading Club.

Grand Mistress of Scaremonies — Miss Fletcher.
 Keeper-of-an-Eye-Out — Miss Smith.
 Worshipful Pounder of the Dishpan — Miss Marshall.
 Most High Wielder of the Devil-Scratcher — Miss Cunningham.
 Supreme Chief Sounder of the Cat Calls — Miss Cook.
 Most August Tooter of the Tin Horn — Miss Hoch.

The Germaniac Orchestra.

Supreme Melodious Leader — Arlo Mumaw.
 Glorious Jingler of the Jews' Harp — Miss Brewer.
 Exalted Squeezer of the Concertina — Miss Ferguson.
 Noble Hard Blower of the Bag Pipes — Miss Bradley.
 Most Trusty Keeper of the Pitch Pipe — Miss Alexander.
 Harmonious Beater of the Kettle-Drum — Alice Brooks.
 Enchanting Manipulator of the Mouth Organ — Miss Westfall.
 Tuneful Tinkler of the Tambourine — Miss Dibble.
 Most Ravishing Fingerer of the Fife — Miss Gallup.
 Celestial Slapper of the Cymbals — Miss Lockwood.

The Foot-Ball Team.

(As Seen by Itself.)

Ends	{	Finis Bentley, P. Bentley.	Tackles	{	Phineas Bentley, P. Taylor Bentley.
Center — Phineas Taylor Barnum Bentley.					
Quarter — "Rube" Bentley.					
Gnards	{	Finis T. Bentley, Bentley (the orator).	Halves	{	Better-Bess, Best-Me.
Full-Back — F. P. T. Barnum Bentley.					

Buck Shots.

Two good reasons why a Junior can't mind his own business: First, he hasn't any mind; second, he hasn't any business.—Q. E. D.

Miss Porter (in history class): "What was the greatest discovery in the world's history?" Bright Freshman: "Dr. King's golden medical discovery."

The Junior's Motto: "Never put off till tomorrow what you can put off till the day after."

Why is "Hoch Der Kaiser" such a popular song anyway?

Bess Walz' favorite quotation: "Summum Bonum Finis Est Vitæ."

Mr. Richards ought to have a preparatory course in Physics for the benefit of Clayborne and others who can't read the thermometer.

They must be cracked—Nuts and Sophomores.

"The donkey before the cart," said the Senior motioning the Freshie to pass by.

A Freshman, being asked in the English class to write an essay on the sun, produced the following: "The son is a great thing. It lights the whole world except the high school room. The son rises in the morning when he thinks breakfast is ready, and sets whenever he gets a good chance. After rising the son spends half the day wishing he hadn't rose yet and the other half in looking for a good spot to set on. The rest of the time he sleeps. There are several kinds of sons—the bad son, the prodigal son, the sun, and the son of poor but honest parents, and some folks have sons-in-law. I haven't any."

The Phi Delta Beta Sorority.

SOMEWHAT more than two years ago the Marshall High School awoke to the fact that it had among its members a real live secret society. This fraternity, or rather, sorority, was composed of five girls. The members could easily be guessed by the owl-like expression which they wore, as well as an irritating don't-you-wish-you-knew look. The greatest secrecy was preserved in regard to their ceremonies. Here, for the first time, is given a complete expose of all their blood-curdling mysteries.

The five charter members were: Anna (alias Banana) Marshall, Theresa (otherwise Chick) Fletcher, Louise (Lu) Cunningham, Emma Blankenhorn (or Blinky), and "Bill" Smyth. [Besides these, two honorary members were admitted later; for particulars inquire of Chick and Lu.—Editor.] The society was called the Fifth Root of J Square, S Cube.

No sooner did this cabalistic name make its frequent appearance on the blackboards than the modern Daniels set about to read the writing. At last, after diligent effort, they succeeded. This is the interpretation of the thing: Fifth Root stands for the five girls; J Square, S Cube means two Juniors and three Sophomores.—Q. E. D.

As was natural the girls were somewhat cast down at the discovery, but they put their heads together and with the assistance of Mr. Garwood soon found a new name; this was Phi Delta Beta. What these letters mean the world has not been able to guess from that day to this. THE OWL immediately determined to find the motto, and spared no cost or effort. To this end they secured the services of Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective, who immediately set to work. [Mr. Holmes did not die, as was the opinion of Conan Doyle, but, escaping from the robber, he fled to America in disguise. His hiding-place is known to us, but we are under oath not to disclose it as he fears more the wrath of the Phi Delta Beta than the cunning of the London robber.—Editor.] By his marvelous system of deductive reasoning he decided what the general nature of the motto would be, and then borrowed a Greek **lexicon** and searched for the words having the required meaning.

The first two words were easily found, but the last word was a "sticker." He was about to give up in despair when he discovered one day in the waste-basket a card bearing the word whose initial letter was Phi. He immediately treated the card with different chemicals and to his great delight the rest of the motto appeared and read "Philous Deometha Bad."

On account of something which happened later the motto became inapplicable to two of the members and a change had to be made. The member from the "banks of the Kalamazoo" wanted to have it: "Football Captains Preferred," but the rest objected and it was finally decided to choose a motto to fit the letters, so the following was settled upon: Philous Duo Bound.

After the discovery of the motto the sleuths in the employ of THE OWL determined to probe the mystery to the bottom. So the writer secured admittance to the house where a meeting was to be held and secreted himself in a closet opening into the room where the solemn conclave held its sessions.

When all of the members had finally arrived, the room was darkened and a big plate of alcohol and salt was brought in and ignited. Then Louise Cunningham, who was the Worshipful Grand Master, waved a magic wand three times and chanted the following incantation:

" Thrice the brindled calf has mewed ;
Thrice and once the dock has struck ;
Harlow cries, 'tis time, 'tis time."

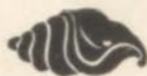
They all bowed to the floor before the Worshipful Grand Master and said, "Que Cum Ita Sint." At this the door opened and the two honorary members entered.

The club now proceeded to business. The subject before the house at this time was the '99 class banner. It was solemnly brought out, talked over and laid on the table till the next meeting. As the important business was now transacted I succeeded in making my escape while the members had left the room to concoct the essentials for an afternoon tea, as one of them was hungry.

The rules of the order are very strict. The penalty for mentioning school is one pound of macaroons. The fine imposed for mentioning the boys is one pound of kisses—the kind you buy at the bakery. Anyone attempting to work on the banner is fined half a pound of chocolates. There is also a heavy penalty for gossip of any kind.

As those of the members who are still High School students are, this year, to be enrolled among the alumni, the order will no longer be a High School sorority. It devolves upon the **students** who remain to keep up the good idea. We understand that Hai Hex, a **society of girls** in the Sophomore class, is already at work. May they have as good **success** as the famous Phi Delta Beta.

Chi Delta, '99.



Athletics.

President, G. H. Grant, '00.
Vice-President, Glenn Grant, '01.
Secretary, C. R. Swineford, '99.
Treasurer, C. L. Dibble, '99.
Athletic Director, F. T. Richards.
Manager Foot-Ball Team, C. M. Brewer, '01.
Captain Foot-Ball Team, R. H. Davidson, '99.
Manager Base-Ball Team, Finis Bentley, '99.
Captain Base-Ball Team, Glenn Grant, '01.
Captain Track Team, M. W. Townsend, '01.

IN the Spring of '97 the present High School Athletic association had its origin in the re-organization of the old association which had fallen by the wayside some three or four years before. We found ourselves then without either funds or officers, and with but little enthusiasm. However, a start was made and that year witnessed the first local field day. This was followed by the county field day at Battle Creek the same year, at which time R. E. Vernor of '97 easily carried off the All-Round medal, winning first in nearly every event in which he was entered. Vernor is still a green spot in the memory of every enthusiastic rooter, and is probably the best all-round man Marshall has ever had. The next county field day was held in this city, but in spite of that fact and the fact that we had an excellent track team, we were defeated in the race for points by Albion, the score standing 81 to 76. Deuel of '02 made a very good fight for the All-Round medal, but lost it to Church of Albion by a small margin. This year's contest was held at Albion and resulted in another victory for that school. Marshall, however, was well represented and stood second in the contest. Church again won the All-Round medal with Deuel his nearest competitor. The following are the different teams sent by Marshall:

Track Team.

Sprints—Deuel, Dickey and Winsor.

Runs—Hawkins and Deuel.

Broad Jumps—Deuel, Hawkins, Murdock, Merrill and Dickey.

High Jump—Deuel, Dickey, Winsor and Merrill.

Weights—Brewer, Dickey and Merrill.

Vaults—Swineford, Murdock and Winsor.

Hurdles—Murdock, Deuel and Merrill.

Kicks—Murdock.

Bikes—Grant and Bentley.

Tug-o'-War Team.

Brewer (anchor).

Townsend (2).

Glenn Grant (3).

Murdock (3).

Relay Team.

Merrill (1).

Bentley (2).

Hawkins (3).

Deuel (4).

Local field days have been held each year and have been the means of developing much strength for the county contest. One of their principal features is the annual contest for the Catheart Cup. This is a silver cup given by A. H. Catheart in 1897, as a trophy for the best all-round athlete of the school. The winner retains possession of it for one year, but at the end of that time, must defend it against all competitors, and if successfully held for two years he has the right to permanent possession. It was held by Vernor in '97, Merrill in '98 and Deuel in '99.

In foot ball Marshall has always been in the front rank, which is no doubt due largely to the very efficient coaches we have had the good fortune to have. Gard and Merrill Hunting, our two first coaches, are probably responsible for the original foot-ball ability of our High School, but they have an able successor in Mr. Richards, who had charge of last year's team. In '97 we had the best team in the history

of the school, winning three out of four games played. The scores were as follows:

M. H. S.—10. Homer H. S.—0.
 M. H. S.—4. Union City H. S.—22.
 M. H. S.—28. Union City H. S.—16.
 M. H. S.—18. Battle Creek H. S.—4.
 Total—M. H. S., 60. Opponents, 42.

In '98 our team played three games, losing two of them. The scores stood:

M. H. S.—6. Albion H. S.—12.
 M. H. S.—24. Albion H. S.—5.
 M. H. S.—0. Olivet College—20.

The general line up was:

Center, Brewer; Guards, McConnel, Townsend, S. Davidson, Rickabaugh, Merrill; Tackles, Grant, H. Davidson; Ends, Murdock, Denel, McConnell; Quarter, Mumaw; Halves, Bentley, Vary; Full Back, Dickey.

EVENT.	HELD BY.	SCHOOL RECORD.	COUNTY RECORD.
100 Yards	Denel, '02	11½ Sec	11 Sec.
220 Yards	Denel, '02	25	25 2-5
440 Yards	Merrill, '99	1:02	58
½ Mi. Run	Hawkins, '02	2:33	2:20
¼ Mi. Bike	Bentley, '99	36 1-5	36 1-5
½ Mi. Bike	Murdock, '01	1:15¼	1:14
1 Mi. Bike	Bentley, '99	2:47	2:27
Stand High	Dickey, '02	4 ft. 5 in.	4 ft. 6½ in.
Stand Broad	{ Dickey, '02 { Vernor, '97 }	9 ft. 6 in.	9 ft. 10 in.
Run High	Merrill, '99	5 ft.	5 ft. 1 in.
Run Broad	{ Vernor, '97 { Denel, '02 }	17 ft. 9 in.	17 ft. 9 in.
Shot	Brewer, '01	33 ft. 3¾ in	33 ft. 3¾ in
Hammer, 16-pound	Brewer, '01	82 ft. 1 in	82 ft. 1 in.
120 Hurdles (high)	Merrill '99	17 1-5 sec.	17 1-5 sec.
Vault	{ Winsor, '99 { Swineford, '99 }	8 ft. 4 in.	8 ft. 5 in.
Drop Kick Rugby	Merrill, '99	143 ft. 7 in.	143 ft. 7 in.
B. B. Throw	Johnson	229 ft. 7 in	320 ft. 3 in.
½-Mile Walk	Merrill, '99,	4:35	4:30
Stretch Kick	Murdock, '01	17 1-4 in.	17 1-4 in.
Hitch Kick	Murdock, '01	8 ft. 2 in.	8 ft. 3 in.
Kick, both feet	Murdock, '01	6 ft. 1 in.	5 ft. 3 in.
1 Mile Relay	'02 Team	4:19	4:04

Grinds.

"Ye mills of ye Gods grind slow,
But they grind exceedingly funny."

Pratt (translating in Mr. Garwood's class): "This donkey teaches us Latin letters."

Winsor (in Greek): "A flock of bees."

L. Wagner (in Physics): "The image will be converted" (inverted).

Mr. Richards (at dinner-table): "I'd like an olive."

Perhaps it was a grass widow that Will Smith meant when in debate he drew a heart-rending picture of "the prisoner at the bar, confronted by his weeping widow."

Merrill (at the bank): "I'd like a quarter's worth of dimes."

Mr. Lohr (in English): "Miss Higgins, what is a buxom lass?"

Miss Higgins: "One that is elastic."

Dibble plagiarizes Shakespeare. Anyway, he sometimes says "most best."

W. Seymour (in Physiology): "I don't remember the name of the first twelve inches of the small intestine (duodenum), but I do know how 'Dewey done 'em.'"

Chauncey B. (at local field day): "What was it you asked me to hold, awhile ago, Laura?"

It is rumored that Stout and Houston will soon start a cold-storage establishment in connection with their large ice business.

Craft (in Caesar): "They lived without either joy or husbands."

Sophomore: "Did you hear that explosion in the lab. today?"

Freshie: "No; what was it?"

Soph.: "Nothing; Richards blew up Stout for singing 'She was bred in old Kentucky.'"

The chemistry students have taken chemical symbols for nicknames. We wonder why they call Merrill H_2S ?

Brackett (in Physiology) : " The corporals in the blood."

Mary Higgins : " Does it make any difference to move the center of a circle?"

In an address to the High School one day Mr. Lohr was telling about a conversation which he had had with a man whom he met on the train. " His ideas on the subject," he said, " were excellent ; in fact, they coincided exactly with mine."

Bentley (during Delphic society meeting) : " The judges on this debate will please retire to one of the adjourning rooms."

Sidney McKee (during debate) : " Why, Mr. President, there are not enough snakes and torpedoes down there to keep the dew off our soldiers."

Miss McDonald is taking an advanced course in Physics. She has already reached the subject of " virtuous images."

Mr. Garwood : " Miss Gray what does ' cum lacrimis ' mean?"

Miss Gray : " With their arms."

Mr. Garwood : " McNames, compare the adjective " thin."

McNames : " Bonus, bonier, ———."

Mr. Richards : " If the star is receding toward you."

The Owl Publishing company has just completed a new book, " Tails From Cats," by the Physiology class.

Winsor (in Greek) : " As the old man walked through the wine-fields."

Friend : " Berenice, why do you like electricity so well?"

Berenice : " There is so much sparking."

Admiring Junior : " Swineford, what profession are you going to follow, now?"

Swineford : " Medical."

A. J. : " What! a doctor?"

S. : No; an undertaker."

Winsor : " Carlyle was born after he died."

Freshie : " Where are the wheels—in your head?"

"That bulletin board would make a good Senior."

"Why?"

"It is so stuck up."

King (translating German): "They procured horses and other weapons."

Mr. Richards: "What would be the effect, Goodrich?"

Goodrich: "Yes, sir; I think it would."

Miss Porter: "Mr. Borough, who is the hero in Milton's Paradise Lost?"

Borough: "The pilgrim."



Answers in Phizzeology.

Phizzeology is a study about your bones, stomach, vertebry. We have an upper and lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time, and the upper moves when we do. The body is mostly composed of water and almost one-half avaricious tissues. The stomach is a small pear-shaped bone situated in the body. The gastric juice keeps the joints from creaking. The chyle flows up the middle of the backbone, and reaches the heart, where it meets the oxygen and is purified. The alimentary canal flows east through Russia and empties into the Caribbean Sea. Floating ribs is a disese to which drunkards are specially liable. The crazy bone is the result of softening of the brain and occurs mostly among idiots and school teachers.

The Owl Would Like to Know.

Did Raesley take that book?

Where L. Smyth locates the Isthmus of Panama?

"Where is the lesson, Graff?"

Why Brewer coughs in class?

Where Winsor learned to drum?

Where Houston spends his Sundays?

Why Merrill wanted the class song to be in a Miner key?

How Dibble would construct a triangular hexagon?

Selections.

" Life is short and so are we."

— Bea and Elsie.

" What a strange drowsiness possesses him."

— Wade Greene.

" It talked, good heavens, how it did talk !

— Merrill.

" And if ye pedagogue be smalle,
When to ye battell led,
In such a plighte, God send him mighte,
To breake ye rogne his heade."

— Mr. Garwood.

" Daye after daye, for little paye,
He teacheth what he can ;
And bears ye yoke, to please ye folke,
And ye committee-man."

— Mr. Lohr.

" Fulle solemn is ye pedagogue,
Amonge ye noisy churls,
Yet other while, he hath a smile,
To give ye handsome girls."

— Mr. Richards.

Editorial.

Dear Reader: We take our pen in hand to let you know we feel relieved, and hope you are the same. THE OWL is ended, and we are pretty nearly so, as it were. After eating phosphorus and pickles and milk (they always make us feel funny), after wearing our hair long, and reading Puck, Judge and Bill Nye, we have gaily dipped our fountain pen into the inkstand, run our long, shapely fingers through the



raven locks that crown our noble brow, and, with tears in our eyes, we have tried our utmost to compose something funny; but all we could think of was ———.

Really, at times we were in despair clear up to our generous ears. If, in these straits, we have struck at the foibles and eccentricities of teachers and students, we crave forgiveness, and humbly acknowledge that we did it on purpose. Of course, we expect to be called vampires and sugar trustees, and all sorts of undesirable "nom de plumes." We don't doubt but that some gently-chided creatures will want their money back, with interest and alimony. We have prepared for the worst. Raving friend, even now, as you are searching for your horse-

pistol and softly swearing **vengeance** on THE OWL management and all its family, we are on our summer vacation tour enjoying the balmy 100° in the shade breezes, recruiting our worn cerebral apparatus and reflecting on the brevity of human life. We dare you to come half way. If you ever do get half way it will be because you can run faster than we can.

We are grateful to those students who so kindly and willingly sacrificed their time to produce drawings and to compose pleasing portrayals of various phases of our High School life. We take very great pleasure in acknowledging our sincere indebtedness to the teachers, who so kindly consented to **rehearse** our copy, and **strike** out the jokes which they did not appreciate.

Assuring you that we appreciate your **excellent** judgment in your choice of present reading matter, and that we will remember you in our Memorial Day exercises, we remain, kind reader,

Yours, without a qualm, a tremor, or a cent,

THE EDITORS.

Read THE OWL's advertisements. They represent the business men of our city who consider the High School of enough importance to be patronized. It is largely due to their liberality that the managers have been able to publish this edition, and it would be but following the ethics of business for every High School student, who feels interested in the publication of another annual next year, to throw his mite of trade, wherever possible, to those men who are willing to help the school. Remember this next year when you buy your stationery. Remember it when you buy your clothing or dress goods. Remember it all the time.



Good Advice

May be wasted, as it is only the wise that profit by other people's experience, but we will give it for what it is worth. You will get more real satisfaction, comfort and wear out of one suit of **CUSTOM TAILOR MADE CLOTHES** than you will out of 20 ready-made Suits. **WHY NOT?**



What is a Tailor for?

To fit every curve, remedy every defect of figure, have your collar lay just so, and give you the style of a gentleman. **WE WILL DO IT EVERY TIME** if you will only give us a chance. We only carry the **BEST GOODS MONEY CAN BUY.**

J. J. De Shane.

Southworth-Houston Block.



Ladies . . .

will always find a complete line of

. . . Modeste Millinery

. . . at . . .

Miss Blanche Graham's.

Old
Postoffice
Block.




Marshall Furnace Co.

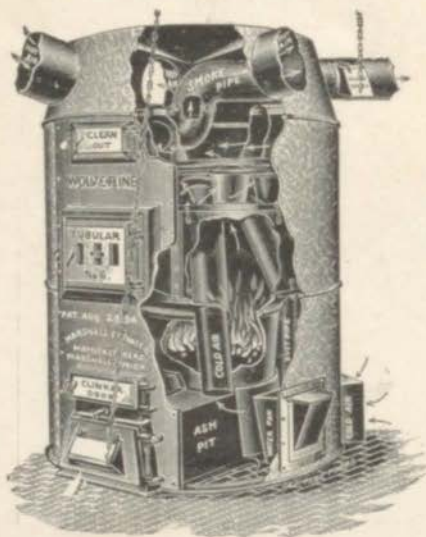
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Warm Air... Furnaces

EXPERTS IN WARMING AND
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FIRE PLACES, GRATE AND TILES.

Furnaces, Mantels, Grates and Tiles.

 WE SEND AN EXPERT TO PLAN YOUR
WORK AND DO YOUR WORK. SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED. CALL OR WRITE US FOR
CATALOGUE, PRICES, ETC.



Marshall, Mich.

WHEN STARTING IN LIFE, START RIGHT!

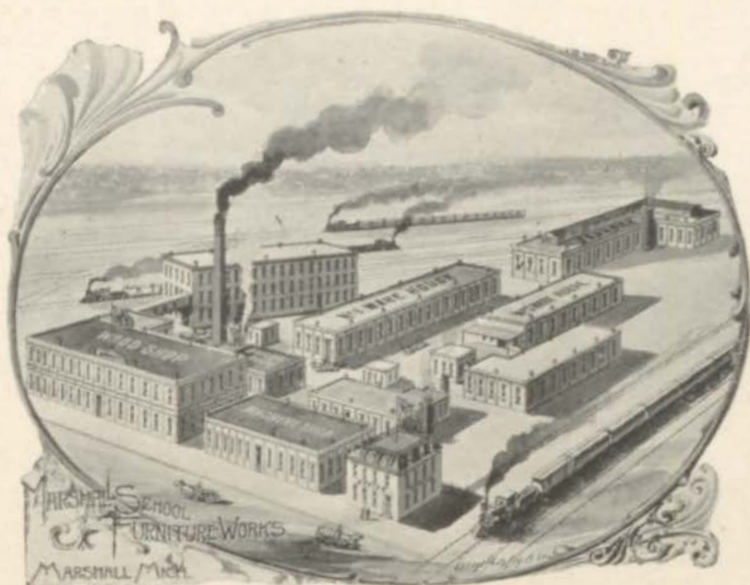
Patronize the

Commercial Savings Bank

and you will make no mistake.

BANKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

W. J. DIBBLE, President.
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FOLDING BATH TUB CO.,

Manufacturers of . .

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OFFICE AND WORKS—

604, 606, 608, 610 S. KALAMAZOO AVE.

✿✿✿✿ Marshall, Mich.

The Elite... Millinery Parlors



*The place to find just what you want in HIGH
CLASS MILLINERY. A large line of STYLISH PAT-
TERNS always on hand.*

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The Misses Easton.



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FIRST CLASS
WORK DONE.

*Get your Collars and Shirts done with the
Fashionable DOMESTIC FINISH, by*

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GAME AND POULTRY IN SEASON.

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Groceries.

 We carry the LARGEST STOCK OF BOOTS
and SHOES in the city, at . . .

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Marshall, Mich.

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... Furniture

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LADIES

GO TO

L. E. GALLUP, M. D.

and let him fill a prescription for you
that he is using to

REMOVE ALL ERUPTIONS
THAT COME ON THE FACE.

The prescription is harmless and costs but 50c.

MRS. MERRILL

... **Millinery Parlors**

Latest Styles in Patterns Always on Hand.

If you should want anything in the line of

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CALL ON


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Our Stock . . .

Is always replete with all the LATEST STYLES
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MILLINERY

 ALL the FADS and NOVELTIES of the Season will
be FOUND HERE.



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Watson & Watson.

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Window Screens, Screen Doors,
Ice Cream Freezers,  Gasoline
Stoves and Refrigerators. 

In the fall and winter you will always find the Jewell and Bement
Coal and Heating Stoves and a full line of Born Steel Ranges. We also
keep a complete line of Electric Cutlery Pocket Knives, Razors and
Shears—every piece warranted, and in fact we keep everything found in
a first class Hardware, with prices to suit our customers. Give us a call
and be convinced. No trouble to show goods.

Yours truly,


LEEDLE BROS.


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*Does That...
Last Summer's Suit*

Look Shabby?

If it does we can DYE IT a nobby blue or black and
MAKE A NEW SUIT OF IT. We CLEAN OR DYE ladies'
and gentlemen's CLOTHES, and we can do it as well as any
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 We also do FEATHER RENOVATING and MAT-
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 DYE WORKS,

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Good grades of LUMBER and SHINGLES and CROSS CREEK LEHIGH
HARD COAL is what wins. For the above see

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Masseure

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In the Tontine Hotel.



She Sells the Celebrated Toilet Preparations of Mme. YALE
Mme. GRAHAM and Mme. BUTLER.

THE NEW SULTANA TREATMENT of the hands, face and feet,
scientifically administered. **LADIES BATHS AND MASSAGE A
SPECIALTY.**

Mme. Taylor
Is An Expert in Her Profession,

being a graduate of the Chastenaught School of Savannah, Ga., with
several month's experience in the Los Angeles Sanitarium. She has
made an exclusive study of this line of work.

LADIES WHO VALUE THEIR COMPLEXIONS too highly to
entrust them to inexperienced hands are invited to visit her parlors.

Madame Taylor is very popular with her customers, and gives com-
plete satisfaction.

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CITY STEAM LAUNDRY.

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Staple and* *...Fancy* **GROCERIES.*

Greene's Drug Store

Perfumery, Toilet Articles,
or any thing that should be
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Dealer in

*Drugs,
Wall Paper,
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.....Our NEW PATTERNS in White and Decorated SEMI-PORCELAIN have now arrived—they are ELEGANT— it will pay you to see them before buying elsewhere.

 WE HANDLE THE ROYAL BICYCLE in connection with the above, the finest, up-to-date wheel made. We invite inspection.

JOHN WISEMAN.



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Full Line of . . .

*Kodaks,
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Best of Everything.
Lowest Prices.*

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Only \$1.00 a Year.

DOES ANYONE KNOW.

A neat little shop at the end of the row,
How long it has stood there, does any
one know?
It has stood there for years and is
flourishing yet
And the reasons for this you must not
forget
When you open your purse and take out
a penny
You say to yourself the reasons are
many
For this little coin, with its value so
slight,
Will buy you an armful—not merely a
bite
Of any old thing, from a loaf to a stew,
And what comes from this shop is sure
to please you.
Ten cents worth of steak means a slice
long and wide,
For when we butcher cattle our profit's
the hide.
If you call for good mutton you get
nothing else,
For when we butcher sheep our profit's
the pelts.
You'll always find pork awful cheap
here for sale,
For when we butcher hogs our profit's
the tail.
This little shop at the end of the row,
How long has it stood there, does any
one know?

The Old Reliable Washington Market.

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Dr. E. J. Marshall,

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In addition to general practice, special
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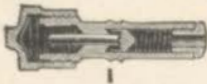
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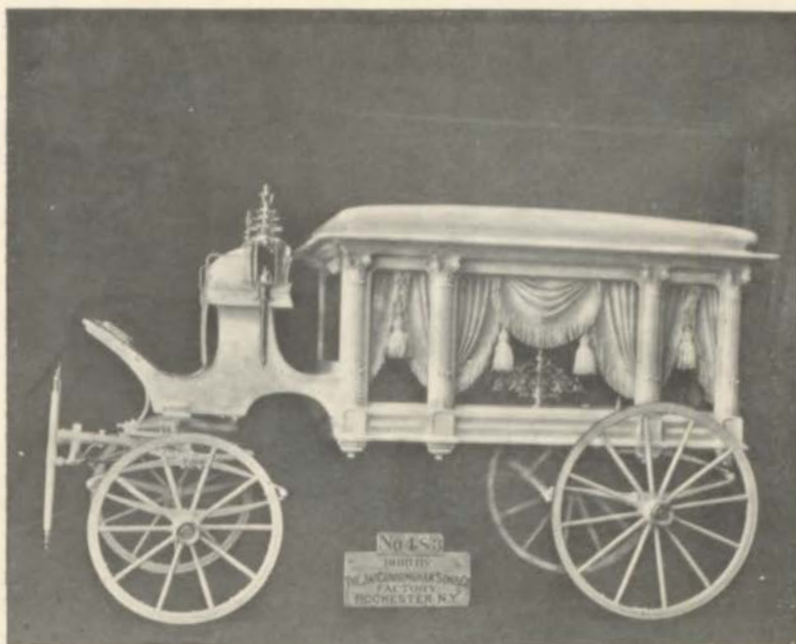
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CURE RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.



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